PERIODICAL DEPARTMENT

SAN FRANCISCO HISTORY ROOM

R

X




Class

Accession

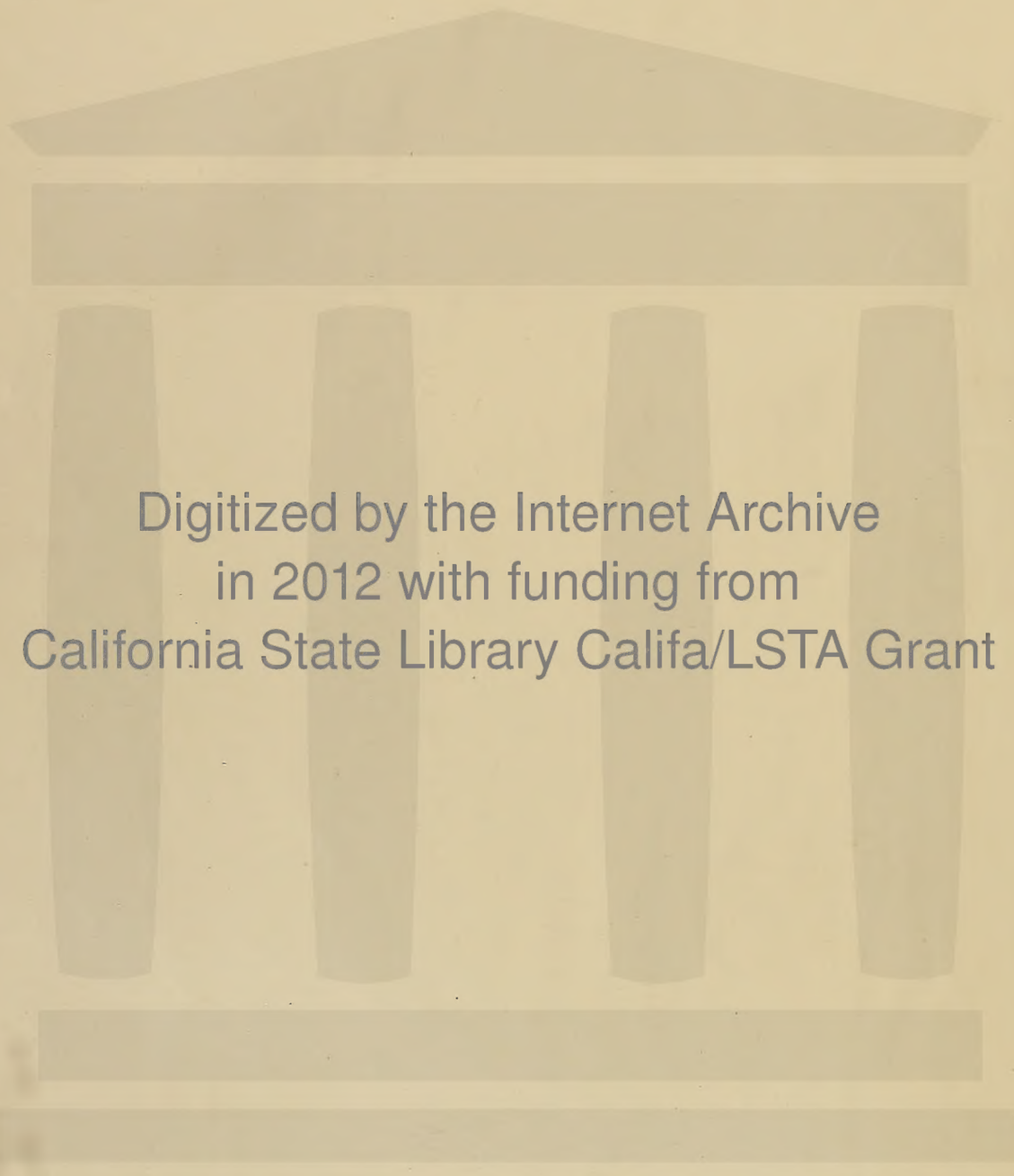
f51 Ar 38 14

100918

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE LIBRARY

Form No. 64—5M.—12-6-12 19

PERIODICAL DEPARTMENT



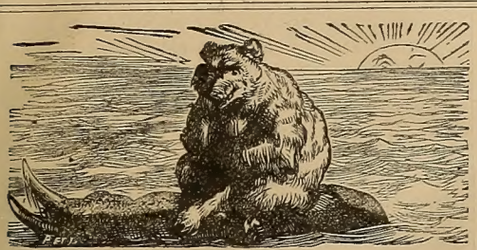
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
California State Library Califa/LSTA Grant

http://www.archive.org/details/argonaut151884sanf

# The Argonaut.

+ f 51 Ar 38 14

VOL. XIV. NO. 1. 100918 SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 5, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: The Recent Fire at Port Costa—New Developments—A Drunken Orgy while Millions of Dollars were in Jeopardy—A Temperance Lesson which Should Not be Neglected—The Great Railway Lines of the United States, and How they Spread the Terrible Traffic—The Coming Question for Politicians to Answer—Local Option, High License, and Prohibition—TheWine Interests of California and Their Influence in the Conflict—The Absurdities of Christmas.....1-2
CHIT-CHAT: By "Una"..... 3
THE BLOOD-SEEDLING: By John Hay. The Supposed Origin of "The Bread-winners"..... 4-5
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS..... 6
SOCIETY: "Bavardin's" Letter—Notes and Gossip..... 7
MORE MONEY FOR THE ROYAL FAMILY: "Cockaigne's" London Letter... 8
LITERARY NOTES..... 8
VANITY FAIR..... 9
INDIVIDUALITIES..... 9
SPORTING NEWS FROM NEW YORK: "Flaneur's" Weekly Gossip..... 10
STORYETTES..... 10
THE KING OF GAMES: A Brief History of Chess..... 11
THE LATEST VERSE..... 11
THE INNER MAN..... 11
DAISY MILLER..... 12
THE TUNEFUL LIAR..... 12
THE DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Musical Notes—Theatrical Gossip.... 14

Some weeks ago we extracted a temperance sermon from a fire originating in a gin-mill at Port Costa, which destroyed one hundred thousand dollars' worth of property and imperiled a million more. Since then we have ascertained that the fire was attended with a shameful drunken debauch. Whisky rescued from the flames was drunk by the mob until it became drunk. The orgy was a fearful one, and lasted for more than one day and night. The same incident, happening in any place not thoroughly protected by police, is liable to occur again, and Port Costa, with its wharves, great warehouses, coal-bunks, ferry steamers, and flouring-mills, may any night go up in flames. This was a temperance lecture not suggested by any humane or Christian sentiment, not dictated from any sympathy with the victims of the alcoholic habit, not made with a view to the rescue of any imperiled soul. It was a simple, cold statement of hard facts, addressed to five wealthy corporations doing all the business and owning all the property at Port Costa, to convince them that, as a dollars-and-cents proposition, they could not afford to allow the gin-miller to ply his vocation in vicinage of their inflammable properties. It is a monstrous anomaly—we are not writing or thinking of morals and conscience—that capital, employing labor and demanding of that labor a clear head, cool nerve, strong heart, and steady hand; asking from it ten hours of constant strain for six days of each week, and for fifty-two weeks of each year, and expecting of the laboring man that he should marry, raise children, support, and educate them, acquire a home, pay taxes, perform jury and other public duties, be industrious, economical, and a good citizen—it is strange that sensible and level-headed capitalists should authorize the venders of alcoholic drink to come among its labor-people, poison them, rob them, and so demoralize them that they come to their work, on Tuesday morning, weak from a debauch which commenced on Saturday night—a debauch in which they beat their wives, destroyed their furniture, and spent the money necessary for the decent food and clothing of their children for the ensuing week. It is a traffic the direct effect of which is to impair the efficiency of labor, then demoralize, and then destroy it. It is the more anomalous, because capital knows that just to the extent the laborer neglects to support his family, the family becomes dependent upon the public fund maintained by taxing property. When the laborer becomes a pauper, capital must take care of him. When the laborer is ill, capital must furnish him an asylum. When the children of labor turn criminal, or when, from the use of alcoholic drink, there ensue idleness, poverty, disease, and crime, then capital, prosperity, industry, accumulation, and thrift must put its hand in its pocket and repair the waste. A farmer in our neighborhood employed a tramp to do a day's work, and paid him for it in whisky. The tramp slept under the hay-stack, got drunk, and burned it. This taught the farmer a good practical lesson in temperance. The farmer did not consider the question as a moral one; but when he saw his hay-stack on fire he determined not to employ any more drunken tramps for whisky. A trial in Marin, originating in beer, cost the county twenty-seven thousand dollars. The supervisors of that county would think that amount of money an extravagant expenditure on roads or school-houses. The Central Pacific Railroad and its system employs thirteen thousand adult males. These, with their families, number not less than fifty thousand people. All its millions earned in the past, and all its expected future millions, have come, and will come, from labor. It is interested—as a business proposition—in maintaining the character of its employees and the comfort of their homes. With sober, hard-working, well-fed, well-clad, well-housed servants—whether heads of departments or track-walkers—its interests are better maintained than with servants of a different character. A sober engineer is better than a drunken one, and he is less liable to destroy the lives and property entrusted to his charge. The same is true of the conductor, the brakeman, and the man in charge of warehouse or depot. If the damages, losses, casualties, and destruction by fires traceable to drink could be ascertained, they would be interesting facts; and yet this company has authorized the establishment of gin-mills wherever its laborers congregate. Along its line and the Union Pacific line of construction, from Omaha to Sacramento, there was a continuous orgy of drunkenness, profligacy, and crime, in which gamblers, desperadoes, and prostitutes lived off the railroad laborer. From the railroad pay-cars came every dollar. The same was true of the Southern line, the Atchison, Topeka, and Kansas line, the Atlantic and Pacific, the Northern Pacific, the Denver and Rio Grande, the roads through Texas, the roads built by Vanderbilt, Gould, and almost everybody else. It was not true of the Canadian Pacific, where the liquor traffic was prohibited. Every great railroad in the United States maintains a saloon in proximity to its works. In its depots and places of refreshment there is the saloon. In the vicinage of all its workshops is a saloon. Engineers, conductors, brakemen, and other train employees are boarded at whisky-selling taverns or restaurants. Upon every ferry a saloon is established, two upon the one at Carquinez Straits, one on each of the ferry-boats to Oakland and Alameda, to Saucelito and San Rafael, and to Berkeley and Donahue. There is a whisky saloon at every station along the track. Upon some trains bars are being established. Upon every ocean, coast, and river steamer there is the ever convenient place to get drunk. When Vanderbilt, Gould, our own railroad and corporate millionaires, and the lesser business men have considered the economical bearings of this temperance question, have considered it from the standpoint of political economy as affecting them in their pockets and in increasing their taxes, we will suggest they contemplate it from another point of view—viz.: All the agrarianism, communism, and discontent that are or in the past have been created in the United of America come from the saloon. The headquarters of socialism in the city of New York is the beer saloon of Justin Schwab, in Fourth Avenue. The exhibition in parade of one thousand seven hundred liquor-swilling Germans in Chicago, armed with rifles, came from its beer-shops. There was never a labor riot in America that did not come from alcoholic drink. There was never a riot of any kind in America, in which blood was shed or property destroyed, the inspiration and impulse of which did not come from drunkenness. The industry that is sober never conspires, never riots, and never murders. Jealousy of wealth and a desire to injure wealthy men never in the world's history came from well-fed, sober labor. There is no class so reasonable in its demands, so easy to manage, and so law-abiding as the sober, well-recompensed labor class. There is no class so valuable to society or upon whom good government so much depends. It is the class that pays all of the taxes and does all the hard work. It makes wealth first possible and then enjoyable, and it is an anomaly that wealth and the wealthy classes will conspire to rob it of its earnings and despoil it of all its virtues in the interest of an idle, vicious, foreign, gin-selling class which engages itself in promoting leagues of freedom in opposition to law, and in sowing the seeds of jealousy against wealth, that in riot and disorder they may reap a harvest.

And now the inquiry naturally arises, what practical measures can be instituted to correct the very obvious abuses to which we have referred? There are a great many good citizens who are following our line of thought. There are not a few liquor dealers who confess their anxiety to inaugurate some practical reform, and who are willing to aid any sensible effort in the right direction. There are thousands of good citizens, not prepared to go to the length of prohibition, who declare that they have the right to drink if they please; who think the use of light wines and beer not only not injurious, but look upon them as temperance agencies; who urge, in defense of their views, that there is but little inebriety in the wine and beer-drinking countries of Europe. There are good citizens and plenty of them who, in consideration of the vast and growing wine interest of the State, are unwilling to have it jeopardized by hostile legislation, declaring their belief that the use of pure, unadulterated wine may be so regulated as to prove a good and not an evil. And yet all the classes agree that, while prohibition is unwise, illegal, impolitic, and impracticable, regulation and control are necessary. An intelligent liquor-dealer, who is just as good a citizen as a liquor-dealer can be, informed the writer that he favored high license, the prohibition of bars in corner-groceries, good moral character on the part of licensed dealers, an inspection for the detection of adulterated liquors, and various other provisions for the purpose of protecting the laboring man, children, and others from temptation to tipple. It must be apparent that it is a crime for the municipal authority to permit one of the criminal class to sell rum in a dive. These places are dens of sin. That the grocer who sells family provisions should be authorized to keep a bar is simply to license a trap for robbing the day-laborer and demoralizing his children. High license, desirable as a means of providing a revenue and devolving the consequences of alcoholic drink upon those who make money as dealers, has much to commend it to those who are looking for means of controlling, rather than prohibiting, the traffic. And in this connection it is suggested that a higher license be demanded from those who sell the "hardware" of the trade than from those who deal in the lighter beers and the pure wines of California production. That this question should be carried into politics, no one can doubt. There is where it belongs, and where alone it can be settled. Moral suasion is a device of the gin-miller. There is, we would also suggest, a line of conduct on the part of the Prohibitionists which might work temperance results more quickly than the programme laid out by them. We have great respect for enthusiasts, specialists, and men of one idea. These are the men who move the world. But the true reformer who has judgment as well as zeal, must not discourage the allies who would work with him. The "high license," "local option," "no bar in grocery," "light beer and pure wine" temperance man is not to have his judgment despised, nor his motives questioned, because he does not go the whole hog of prohibition. The *Argonaut* is in favor of temperance reform, and just now finds itself snubbed from the front and assaulted at the rear. It is not good enough, nor on high ground enough, to suit the advance line of temperance skirmishers; and it is altogether too good and on too high ground to suit the mass in the rear, who, as manufacturers, jobbers, retailers, and consumers,

have a selfish and personal interest in maintaining the gin industry. We are considering this question of regulating the consumption of alcohol as simply an economical question, and one involving most directly the interest of the working class. As the question stands to-day, the employers of labor—those who are interested that the working force of the country should remain sober, strong, willing, and content; the tax-payers who are interested in economical expenditures; and the property owners, whose wealth and comfort depend upon the maintenance of order under the law—are in conspiracy to demoralize, debauch, and destroy the labor class; all conspiring to make it poor, break up its homes and families, bring up its children in ignorance, and teach the poor to indulge in jealous distrust and hatred of the rich. This sowing of the wind will in time reap the whirlwind. We earnestly wish that the preacher people would stop praying for temperance reform, get out of the way, and permit sensible, level-headed, common sense, tax-payers, labor employers, and property owners to consider the question, not as a religious, or moral, or sentimental one, but as na economical business proposition.

There was once a time, away in the long ago, when we were glad that Christ was born. We looked forward to the Christmas week with its hopeful anticipations of Christmas pleasures, and to the Christmas eve when, ere we crawled away to our cot, we saw the Christmas stocking pendant in the chimney-corner. We believed in Santa Claus, and his sleigh, and his team of reindeer; and as we grew older, we appreciated the love of parents that took as much pleasure in providing the childrens' gifts as did the children in receiving them. We hung up our stocking, and in the morning it was filled with such simple and inexpensive gifts as filled our childish heart to overflowing with joy; and as we older grew, our mother gave us embroidered slippers, and our sisters, in secret cunning, wrought us a pair of suspenders or winter gloves. We recall our painted sleds and jack-knives as among the most charming of our recollections of the good old Christmas days; ere Santa Claus and St. Nicholas were taken captive by the shopkeeper, and ere the manger and the cradle of the infant God were invoked as incentives to patronize the jeweler. Christmas week is anticipated as a dreadful annoyance, one in which the pocket is to bleed and the pride to be mortified. To give presents has become a duty, exacted by the most rigid canons of social life, and the rule is the more inexorable if the giver is but ill able to conform to it. In the olden time, gifts were confined to the family circle, and were appreciated for the kindly sentiment that prompted them. Now the stranger presumes to put you under the obligation of a Christmas gift, and subjects you to the inexcusable familiarity of a present. The shopkeeper sends you his daub of a colored card with fringe of silken cord and tassel. The sacred precincts of the family circle are invaded by the present-maker. We can conceive of nothing more obtrusive or vulgar than the sending of gifts without the license of relationship or intimate friendship. Christmas day, from its early simplicity, in which religious sentiment was mingled with the exchange of family greetings, has become commercial. Ostentation and display have taken the place of the good old homely Christmas festival. The Christmas board of the olden time was a table bountifully laden with good things, to which were invited the poor relations, and at which hearts were made to expand with generous emotion, as stomachs distended under the filling of stuffed turkey, chicken-pie, and plum-pudding. Christmas eve, and day, and night were times of wassail and feasting; a time in which the poor were remembered by a load of wood, a Christmas basket with a bottle looking boldly out from its corner, not a bottle of ginger-pop or iced tea, but of good old cognac, with its fiery cheer to make glad the heart that was beating slow with age, and swift the pulse that was tardily throbbing in its measurement of time. Christmas eve and night gathered the young folk to the games of forfeit, to a night of frolic and fun; entertainments beginning with sitting around in embarrassed modesty—for young folk were modest fifty years ago—and ending with a rollicking Virginia reel, whenevery body in the dance whirled everybody else; or if in one of our Puritan homes where dancing was prohibited, in the game of "snap-the-whip," where everybody tumbled over everybody, and everybody kissed everybody on their "road to Rome." The Christmas dinner is no longer a family banquet; Christmas eve is no longer set apart for a family gathering, Christmas gifts are no longer confined to friends, and the Christmas poor are altogether forgotten in the receipt of Christmas gifts. Fashionable society has stolen this festival of Christ and turned it over to the shopkeeper, and in thus doing has robbed it of all the sentiment it ever possessed.

And, while we are scolding, let us regret that New Year's calling upon New Year's day is falling into disuse. It is an ancient and honorable custom, coming to us New Yorkers from our Holland ancestors; and by us generously extended to New England, and, as our surplus population moved westward, carried westward and planted in all the Northern States. It had extended to the South as well, till it had become one of the too few holidays of our people. It had become so universal that in all our country there was scarce a town or hamlet where friends did not extend friendly greetings; and the cheery salutation of a "happy new year and many of them" was heard throughout the land. On New Year's day, the business man, too much engaged to observe the amenities of social life during the year, made penitential pilgrimage to all his lady acquaintances, and was absolved in baptism of wine for all his past social sins. The custom broke down the barriers of caste somewhat; and to the houses of the affluent and the well-loaded table the humble friend was not an unwelcome guest, as he came cleanly clad with his hearty greeting of "a happy new year." It is not true that the custom has been abused any more than any other social custom; nor do we know that it has been abused at all, except by the fashionable minority, who made it so expensive by their ostentatious and costly preparations for reception that the middle and not wealthy class was driven from its observance. And then these wealthy ones, tired of their own folly and cured of their ostentation by consideration of its cost, shrinking from the trouble of keeping up a custom they had demoralized, began to hang baskets on their door-knobs. We always feel like placing a cobble-stone in one of these baskets, for assuredly the domicile that expects a New Year's call may pay the caller the compliment of keeping a flunky to open the door, so that it may appear that the seeming inhospitality is not the premeditation of indifference nor the result of a poverty so great that it can not afford a welcome smile to the New Year's visitor. There may be many reasons why well-bred people can not receive guests; but we think of no possible condition which justifies locking the front door and putting a basket where the latch-string ought to hang. We hope to see this most excellent old custom revive, and hope that next year in San Francisco we shall again enjoy a rollicking, happy New Year's day by the exchange of greetings. We call upon the ladies to throw open their houses, give us a cup of coffee and a sandwich, and a glass of sherry, with a cracker; give us old fellows, who can only call once in a year, the welcome of smiling faces—never mind about the showy set-out of an expensive banquet; and let the ornamental Temple of Freedom and Goddess of Liberty, done in starch, be omitted. If the young boys and editors of the *Bulletin* can not make New Year calls without getting drunk by over-drinking, and sick by over-stuffiing, we see no reason why gentlemen should be discouraged from making New Year calls upon their lady friends.

A second meeting of representative citizens, Governor Stoneman presiding, was held at the Grand Hotel on Thursday evening, to consider the possibilities of a World's Fair to be held in San Francisco in the year 1887. The discussion took a very practical turn. The magnitude of the enterprise, and the large expenditure of money necessary to its success, were very fully considered. The general current of opinion was in the direction of a serious effort to bring about the result. Let San Francisco raise from her citizens a fund of, say, one million of dollars, as an assurance of our good faith toward those whom we shall invite to contribute toward its success. Then let us ask from the plethoric treasury at Washington, say two millions of dollars, in aid of the enterprise. Let California, through its Legislature, give one million of dollars; and the city of San Francisco, through its municipal government, half a million. The adjacent States and Territories, and the counties of the State, will be asked to build, each for itself, a structure for their peculiar exhibits. Eastern States will be solicited to do the same. The General Government will be solicited to erect a building for a display similar to that made at Philadelphia. Our Mexican, Central, and South American neighbors, Australia, the Islands of the Pacific, Japan, Corea, China, and India, would be looked to for attractive exhibits. San Francisco is the centre of strange peoples, who, could they be brought together, would make a curious and interesting exhibition, and one which would attract to our coast a large concourse from all parts of the world. The enterprise is entrusted to an executive committee of fifteen citizens, who are charged with all the preliminaries.

When Peter Cooper—who was loved and honored when living—died, some enthusiastic, super-zealous friends undertook to raise for him a monument to cost forty thousand dollars. The subscription sticks at four thousand dollars. The average journalist thinks this fact evidences a lack of appreciation and generosity on the part of the public. It does no such thing; but is a rebuke to that impulsive sentimentality which rushes in to attempt the impossible. If the heirs of the Cooper millions had desired to erect for him any other monument than the one he reared for himself in his lifetime, let them build it. We can not conceive of any combination of circumstances that justifies the soliciting of funds to erect either tomb or monument to a dead millionaire. If, during his lifetime, he has builded for himself, by his acts of generous philanthropy, some proud memorial which will carry his name in honor to the future, he will need no commemoration in marble or bronze. If, during his lifetime, he has not so builded for himself, he will then deserve to rot in obscurity and be soon forgotten.

If Mr. Villard had saved the half million of dollars expended by him in entertaining English lords and German barons in their overland junketing when his road was completed, he would have broken his financial fall and enlisted a greater sympathy for himself than he is now likely to receive from the victims of his blind pool. Mr. Villard blazed like a comet across the financial horizon, and, like the comet, his spread of luminous tail has been more striking and effective than the soundness of his nebulous head that so brightly illumined our northern sky and coruscated across our arctic firmament. Let us, however, be grateful that the road is built, and that it has opened up to settlement a valuable territory which was heretofore almost unknown and inaccessible.

The *Chronicle*, with display heading, announces "A Lively Breeze" over the Huntington letters, and proposes a Congressional investigation. The lively breeze is evidenced by extracts from some twenty-one of our least important country journals—the small weeklies of small towns. As an illustration of the independence of the independent press, and its earnest opposition to monopoly, is the pregnant fact that none of those anti-railroad newspapers have any railroad advertising. All of us who have a paying column of railroad notices are presumably hired to think that this tempest in a tea-pot will not throw the lid off, nor burst the pot.

Captain Northrop, of the De Molays of Kentucky, who won the first prize, and selected the fifth in point of value and artistic beauty at the triennial conclave in San Francisco, has been presented with a life-size portrait of himself by appreciative comrades. We think the kind of fantastic drill accomplished by the competitive commanderies of Knights Templars is fittingly recognized by a portrait of the captain of the squad who has the patience to teach the performance of such absurd and senseless manœuvres.

Senator Sabin, of Minnesota, is charged by the *Examiner* with the possession of ten millions of dollars; and he is Chairman of the Republican National Committee. He is also accused of brains. The *Examiner* is owned by a millionaire; but he is not accused of writing for it; and if he were, the columns of that journal would either acquit him of the accusation, or convict him of having no brains.

Several Eastern papers have recently offered prizes for the best original stories, and although the term of one—the *Story-Teller*—has already expired, the *Youth's Companion* and the Chicago *Current* prizes are still open for competition. The *Story-Teller's* prize was five hundred dollars for the best original American story, by an American writer, that should be handed in before January 1, 1884. The *Youth's Companion* offers four prizes, of five hundred dollars each, for a boy's story, a girl's story, a short humorous story, and a story of adventure. For the second-best, in point of merit, there is a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars, in each case. These stories must be in before May 20, 1884. The *Current* offers prizes, aggregating one thousand dollars, for forty-three stories, of four thousand words each. The first prize will be one hundred dollars, two second prizes will be fifty dollars each, five third prizes will be forty dollars each, twenty-five fourth prizes will be twenty dollars each, and ten fifth prizes will be fifteen dollars each. The manuscripts must be in by March 1, 1884. In this connection, it is interesting to note the prizes offered by *St. Nicholas* for original illustrations to a story, in which awards will be given to those experienced in the art of drawing, as well as to those who never received instructions.

The immense number of baggage checks which the principal railways are now obliged to keep involves an expense which should receive more consideration from the general baggage agents. The Baltimore and Ohio road, for instance, is said to have over one million checks, and as they cost about eight dollars a hundred, this alone indicates an investment of eighty thousand dollars. So far as travelers are concerned, the American system of handling baggage is greatly preferable to that in European countries, where paper labels are pasted on the baggage; but in the matter of economy, the European roads probably have the advantage. American travelers will never willingly surrender the advantages of having their solid metallic checks in their pocket, representing each piece of baggage, and it is not all desirable that the present plan be given up; but the vast multiplicity of checks can certainly be diminished considerably by some concerted plan among baggage agents.

At the Mathew Arnold reception in New York a guest asked the distinguished poet if he were a relative of Benedict Arnold, and another said: "I can't tell you how delighted I have been with your poems, 'The Light of Asia' and 'Enoch Arden.'"

## CHIT-CHAT.

"There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend—
A new face at the door."

No one opens the door to the new year, and looks it in the face, without a hopeful uplifting of the heart. In all the sweep of the rushing years, bearing with them in their resistless flow, as we so soon learn to know they must bear, the driftwood of our wrecked loves and ambitions, never a new one comes but that we hail it with a joyous welcome.

"A happy New Year! A happy New Year!"

We cry it out to each other with honest intent. We whisper it to ourselves with tremulous hope. We lay the left hand with a careless touch of pity and good-bye upon the grizzled pall of the old one going out. But we stretch out the good right hand, and give the warm smile of welcome to the new year coming in, the glad young new year that so soon, alas, grows old. Now and again we may yearn for some past year that was borne away from us all too soon with all the sweetness and good that was in it. But we turn even from that willingly enough to peer into the short, defined, yet fathomless future of a new twelvemonth. Somewhere in its familiar succession of foliage, fruitage, and desolation, we look to find something brighter, better, and more beautiful than in the glory of life we yet have had. Never a year has swept away into the limitless sea, that its winds were not the sighs from breaking hearts, and its waves the tears from anguished eyes. Yet never a year has swept away this seedling of hope from the human heart. Its tiny roots are too firmly fixed to be loosed by the tremulous wash of life, and once a year it puts forth its pale, courageous little blossom, in the familiar yet not habit-worn greeting, "A happy New Year!"

That was a good joke the critics played on us last week. Being compelled to bolt their Christmas dinner and go to report the opera, they were unkind enough to visit their indigestion upon a harmless public. They reported everything so glowingly *couleur de rose* that we all put on our opera-cloaks and our dress-coats and went to hear "Faust." We did not *hear* Faust. Several things prevented his being audible. Imprimis, a bad cold—a very bad cold. In fact, no one ever dreamed there was enough climate in California to give so much tenor so much cold. Secondly, a bad drunk—a very bad drunk. It might be more graceful, more rhetorical, to say that he was inebriated, or intoxicated, or tipsy. But it was not so. He was mutely, gloriously, exquisitely drunk. An alcoholic suggestion permeated every wave and bend of him. The very feathers of his hat seemed to have been dipped into the insidious wine-cup, and ogled, and fluttered, and disported themselves generally in a highly undignified manner. Such tipsy feathers, such an altogether improper pair of feathers, no one ever saw before. If the feathers had brief recurring moments of lucidity, and the tenor's locomotion discontinued for a moment to be a rebus, his pudgy little fists immediately became violently intoxicated, and waved his sentiments in a delirious manner. This was all highly enjoyable in a way. But unfortunately, we had gone to the opera, and no one seemed to care to accept a circus instead.

A Scotch troubadour passed through this city not many years ago whose favorite lay was the slogan of the MacGregor. As his voice rang out with trumpet peal, "Gather! gather! gather! gather!" it seemed as if every Highlandman that ever wore a plaid, and left off "breeks" as a superfluous luxury and fit only for a proverb of the weather, would rally to the cry. *En passant*, the Scotch troubadour always announced, with a rich Highland roll, that he sang it by request. He at last left it off the programme, also by request. Some guilty man here must have been singing the slogan of the sloggers. New York is full of prima donnas. San Francisco is full of sloggers. And they continue to come. Presently the newspapers will come out with conundrum editorials, headed "What shall we do with our gladiators?" The gladiators themselves have been as versatile as their possibilities would admit. But the gladiator is not a various person, and it is possible to have an embarrassment of him. Such of him as rows, has rowed. Such of him as wrestles, has wrestled. Such of him as poses, has posed. There is nothing left but to come back to first principles. Our friends, the Etruscans, having a lot of gladiators on hand, turned them to good account, and gave the burying business a lively boom. An Etruscan gentleman, bound for the Stygian shore, was accompanied by a platform whereon a wrestling match was in active course. It may have distracted attention from the corpse, but it certainly enlivened the duties of the pall-bearers. At present it is very difficult to secure a heavy citizen to see a comrade to the grave without such an amount of kicking as kicks all the sacredness out of the privilege, and all the Damon and Pythias out of one's ideas. The Irish alone have continued the ancient and interesting ceremony, in the form of "waking" the dead. But as among them the gladiatorial combats are entirely the work of amateurs, and generally come up with a suddenness which precludes any idea of pre-arrangement, the ceremony may be said to have been preserved in a somewhat mutilated form. It lies within our power, with this swarm of gladiators on hand, to restore the custom in its pristine purity. We may now feel justified in quite cheerfully awaiting the exit of the next pioneer.

Clara Belle, who is, perhaps, more difficult to shock than some others of her species, yet confessed the other day to having been horrified by an original oath on the lips of a fair, delicate, porcelain-looking girl in the vestibule of the opera house. Some one stepped upon her train, and the girl exclaimed, naturally and spontaneously, "Goddlemity!" There must be just a trace of affectation in Clara Belle. No one knows better than she that most women say "damn!" when they get mad. It is not a virile or a venomous damn. Its being quite intransitive may take the harm out of it, for they never damn anything or anybody. They simply emit the expletive itself with considerable force and brevity, and with a triumphant satisfaction in their faces of having done something enormously wicked. But they always say it. "Goddlemity" is probably the young woman's company damn. Young women, like young men, like to embellish their oaths with the fanciful tricks of their imaginations. A young lady with a pale, rapt, angelic sort of face, occupied the adjacent divan to mine in the Turkish bath the other day. One hundred and forty degrees of heat did not take the perfect pallor from her face or the rings out of her hair. Whilst I was admiring her as one of the pale, high-bred type of girls, she went out into the massage-room to cool for a moment, and, slipping upon the wet marble, fell prone upon the floor. With the readiness of habit, she exclaimed: "Hellity-devilty-cussedy-damn!" Strange to say, this awful piece of epitomizing did not sound profane. And yet I do not think of any addition the young lady could have made to it.

One could not help thinking the other night, as Miss Jeffreys-Lewis launched herself at Mr. Joseph Grismer in one of her snow-slides, how hard it would have gone with him if the alcoholic tenor had been in his place. As it was, Mr. Grismer had to keep a pretty sharp lookout. While every one is prepared for this sudden posturing on the part of Miss Lewis, no is prepared for just the posture which comes. As for Mr. Joseph Grismer, he looked like a San Rafael swell in the throes of tennis. When the gentle avalanche of emotion and toilet on the other side of the room threatened to drop down somewhere, an expression of wild alarm settled on his eye. He didn't dare to dodge it, and he didn't dare to drop it. It was never quite certain whether Miss Lewis was heading for the sofa, the floor, or Mr. Grismer's arms. But whatever she headed for she struck, and landed looking as if she grew there. Once she settled herself on his vest pocket, and looked unqualifiedly comfortable there, and the amazed actor managed to screen the daze in his countenance from the audience. Only once did he permit himself to look astonished. When Jeffreys-Lewis arose and twirled, till her draperies swirled around her in white continuous folds, and she appeared to be about to plunge out somewhere toward the Farallones and landed with mathematical exactness in his arms, a slight spasm of astonishment convulsed his face. He had expected her to vault over his head. But it relaxed immediately into a gratified smile over his own prowess. He deserves half the applause. Jeffreys-Lewis's part is easily understood. She has had a special frock built for the scene, which is the very "adultery of art," as Ben Jonson puts it.

"A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindle in clothes a wantoness."—*Herrick.*

After this she removes her stays, then, upon the inspiration of the moment, lets go and flops. But how does Grismer know which way she is going to flop, and when? Honor to whom honor is due. Grismer is not yet a great actor, but he is a fine "catch."

Perhaps there is no word in the language that has been more glibly used in the last decade of years than "style." It has been hackneyed, worn out, dropped, and picked up again. Nothing very well replaces it, it being one of those comprehensive, elastic words which expresses the many different ideas of many different minds. A tonsorial artist of this city, who regards himself as the great apostle of *chic* in this country, was good enough to favor his lady patrons last week with New Year's cards. He wished them the compliments of the season, with his name affixed in a cramped foreign hand. But the feature was a large assortment of circumflex accents, distributed, like the rain of heaven, on the just and the unjust alike. They capped t's and l's quite as liberally as any more privileged letter, and occasionally decorated an empty space. Being questioned concerning the free hand with which he had sown his accents, the tonsorial artist informed his clientèle that he used them for "style."

UNA.

A few years since, says the *Railway World*, the Union and Central Pacific companies inaugurated the humane plan of providing sleeping-cars for emigrants, or rather day cars which could be converted into comfortable sleeping places at night, and for which no extra charge was made. This thoughtful action greatly lessened the inconvenience and often suffering of a journey across the continent, and the plan is now in use on all the transcontinental roads. The Northern Pacific company has gone a step further in protecting emigrants from rapacious eating-house keepers and traders, by arranging to have the conductors of the dining-cars, which now run on their through trains, carry supplies of canned meats, coffee, etc., which emigrants can purchase at reasonable rates. The emigrant cars of this company, too, are supplied with a stove for cooking and a sink for washing dishes, and each passenger is supplied with a sleeping berth and mattress, the berths for women being supplied with curtains.

Railway companies in this country, says the *Railway World*, are now generally coming to the adoption of rules prohibiting the use of intoxicating liquors of any kind by their employees under penalty of dismissal. This is a great and beneficial change from the state of things only a few years ago, when the use of liquor by railway men was the rule rather than the exception, and was indeed considered almost indispensable to popularity and good-fellowship. Railway officers can do a vast amount of good by strongly discountenancing the use of liquors, by example as well as precept, and by educating their employees to feel that manliness as well as efficiency is promoted far better by abstinence than by even a moderate use of intoxicating drinks.

The strange and violent opposition to Mr. Cox on the ground that he has been a humorist recalls the advice once given to a young orator by an old politician. "Young man," said he, "if you want to be regarded as a great man, a great leader, never tell a story, never utter a joke; look solemn and pound the table."

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Turnham-green, England, railway station.—Young lady, arriving just in time to see a train leaving station, inquires: "How often do they run to the Mansion House?" Porter: "Every quarter of an hour, miss." Young lady: "When is the next?" Porter: "In twenty-five minutes, miss."

The Vicomtesse de Saint-Frusquin is at confession. Her sins are grave ones, without doubt, for the priest orders the penitent one to fast every day until noon for a month. "Yes, holy father," says the vicomtesse, "I will observe the fast, and in order that God's mercy may be greater, I promise you to make all of my domestics fast with me!"

Charles Sumner, when in London, gave a ready reply. At a dinner, given in his honor, he spoke of "the ashes" of some dead hero. "Ashes! What American English!" rudely broke in an Englishman; "dust you mean, Mr. Sumner. We don't burn our dead in this country." "Yet," instantly replied Mr. Sumner, with a courteous smile, "your poet Gray tells us that

"'Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.'"

The American was not criticised again that evening.

"Mamma," said a fashionable New York young lady to her mother, "the papers are making a great fuss over a Mr. Tennyson, of England." "Yes," responded the mother, "he has been raised to the dear, delightful peerage." "He has been made a baron, I see," said the daughter. "Yes, and his wife will be a baroness, I suppose," reflected the old lady; "how exquisitely beautiful it must be to be a baroness." "What has he been a-doing of to be a baron?" asked the cultured young lady. "What has he been a-doing of?" repeated the mother; "why he is the sole survivor of the noble six hundred who made the famous charge at Balaklava."

A pleasant retort was that given by Admiral Marsden (now the eldest officer in our navy) at a dinner in Malta several years ago. It was given on the fourth of July by him to the American officers on a man-of-war, and all the English officers in the harbor were guests. They were no better bred than many Englishmen of that day, for when the regular toast, "The day we celebrate," was read, they set down their glasses untasted. The venerable host added, gently: "The day, gentlemen, when England celebrates the coming of age of her eldest daughter." Every face cleared, and the toast was drunk with hearty cheers. Wit never finds its way to the mark so swiftly as when it is aimed with kindness and good-will.

A long-waisted man, with the nose of a fox and an eye full of speculation, walked up to a second-hand clothier in Buffalo, the other day, and said: "See that overcoat hanging out down there?" "Of course." "Well, I've taken a fancy to it. It's rather cheeky to ask you to go down there, but I'll make it an object. I won't give but eight dollars for the coat, but I'll give you one dollar to buy it for me. You are also a Jew, and know how to beat him down. Here are nine doliars." The dealer took the money and started off, and in five minutes was back with the coat. "Good!" chuckled the other. "I reckoned you'd lay him out. How much did you make for your share?" "Vhell, ash dot is my branch store, and I only ask six dollar fur de goat, I was about tree dollar ahead!"

To a place of entertainment had resorted a gracious and gaudy youth, gotten up regardless, and resplendent in goodly apparel. Enamored was he of one of the singers in the opera, and he had brought with him a bouquet. The lady appeared upon the stage to sing her principal air, and with feverish eagerness he handed his floral tribute to an usher, and adjured him to pass it over the foot-lights as soon as the song was ended. But when the air was done the admirer of embodied art saw the singer retire without his bouquet, and directly afterward the usher was perceived lugging the trophy up the aisle again. "You see," said the usher, on reaching the surprised youth, "I really didn't have the face to hand up your flowers for that sort of singing. Why, she blurred her staccato passages frightfully, and her crescendo near the finale broke right in two in the middle. And her trills! Great Scot! you yourself couldn't have failed to notice that she made a complete slump of them. I can't encourage that kind of work even while acting as somebody else's deputy," and he shoved the bouquet into the young man's arms and disappeared into the lobby.

Alexandre Dumas contributed to the *Curieux* an anecdote told him by the late Henri Didier, who was a deputy under the Second Empire. Didier's father was secretary to the Ministry of the Interior at the time when the Duchesse de Berri was arrested at Nantes at the end of her attempt to raise the country against Louis Philippe and in favor of her son, the Count de Chambord. The traitor Deutz agreed to sell to the Government the secret of her hiding-place for five hundred thousand francs, and it was the elder Didier's duty to pay the scoundrel for his dirty work. He took his son Henri into the office and said: "Look well now at what passes, and never forget it. You will learn what a *lache* is, and the method of paying him." Deutz was then brought into the room where Monsieur Didier was standing behind his desk, on which were placed two packets, each of which contained two hundred and fifty thousand francs. As Deutz neared the desk Monsieur Didier made a sign to him to stop. Then, taking a pair of tongs, he extended the packets, one after the other, into the hands open to receive them. Not a word was spoken, and, when the transfer was effected, Monsieur Didier pointed to the door.

## THE BLOOD SEEDLING.

By John Hay.

[No story has for years attracted so much attention in an American magazine as has "The Bread-winners," just concluded in the *Century*. Numberless have been the conjectures as to the author. It has been attributed to nearly a score of different writers. Suspicion seems now to be settling upon John Hay. A correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader*, who knows him well, recently wrote: "The author of that story is John Hay. Any one who would read 'Castilian Days,' and then take up 'The Bread-winners,' would immediately conclude that the same person had written both books. Note in the new story the frequent illusions to balls or evening parties in Spain, Cordovan leather, and the discussion of Spanish wines. There are more points of similarity between the two books than one would suppose. In 'Castilian Days' Colonel Hay uses the expression, 'And the trail of the Neapolitan serpent is over them all.' In 'The Bread-winners' Arthur Farnham is made to say, while relating an anecdote, 'Even here the trail of the fire is over the land.' One of the characters in 'The Bread-winners' is described as having passed his earlier days in Salem, Ind. Colonel John Hay was born in Salem, Ind. The service of the latter in the war, his life in Washington, and his experience in the West, and later his long residence in Cleveland, where he took an active interest in local politics, would qualify him to write intelligently of the events of the late Rebellion, of the troubles of office-seekers in Washington, and of society and politics in Cleveland, and these features of the story are conspicuous throughout. The cynicism displayed is characteristic of Colonel Hay's writings and his conversation, too. I think it will be shown in time that John Hay is the author of the new novel. I understand, however, that every precaution is being taken to prevent the authorship from being discovered. For instance, the editor of the *Century*, who alone of the staff of the magazine knows the name of the author, conducts all correspondence with him, and addresses him by a fictitious name."

In this connection, it may not be amiss to resurrect a short story written by John Hay a number of years ago. It bears a strong resemblance in style to "The Bread-winners." There are some characters in it which are akin to those in the later story; compare, for instance, the "sperrit-mejum" in "The Blood Seedling" with the one in "The Bread-winners"; compare Allen Golyer, the stolid young farmer, with Sam Sleeny, the dull young carpenter; compare Susie Barringer with Maud Matchin; compare Offit and his untimely taking-off with Leon, the drummer, and his end. These may, of course, be but resemblances, but they are strong ones. "The Blood Seedling" appeared in *Lippincott* twelve years ago.—EDS. ARGONAUT.]

In a bit of green pasture that rose, gradually narrowing, to the table-land that ended in prairie, and widened out descending to the wet and willowy sands that border the Great River, a broad-shouldered young man was planting an apple-tree one sunny spring morning when Tyler was President. The little valley was shut in on the south and east by rocky hills, patched with the immortal green of cedars, and gay with clambering columbines. In front was the Mississippi, reposing from its plunge over the rapids, and idling down among the golden sand-bars and the low, moist islands, which were looking their loveliest in their new spring dresses of delicate green.

The young man was digging with a certain vicious energy, forcing the spade into the black, crumbling loam with a movement full of vigor and malice. His straight black brows were knitted until they formed one dark line over his deep-set eyes. His beard was not yet old enough to hide the massive outline of his firm, square jaw. In the set teeth, in the clouded face, in the half-articulate exclamations that shot from time to time from the compressed lips, it was easy to see that the thoughts of the young horticulturist were far from his work.

A bright young girl came down the path through the hazel thicket that skirted the hillside, and, putting a plump brown hand on the topmost rail of the fence, vaulted lightly over, and lit on the soft springy turf with a thud that announced a wholesome and liberal architecture. It is usually expected of poets and lovers that they shall describe the ladies of their love as so airy and delicate in structure that the flowers they tread on are greatly improved in health and spirits by the visitation. But not being a poet or in love, we must admit that there was no resurrection for the larkspurs and pansies upon which the little boots of Miss Susie Barringer landed. Yet she was not of the coarse peasant type, though her cheeks were so rosy as to cause her great heaviness of heart on Sunday mornings, and her blue lawn dress was as full as it could afford from shoulders to waist. She was a neat, hearty, and very pretty country girl, with a slightly freckled face, and rippled brown hair, and astonished blue eyes, but perfectly self-possessed, and graceful as a young quail.

A young man's ears are quick to catch the rustling of a woman's dress. The flight of this plump bird in its fluttering blue plumage over the rail fence caused our young man to look up from his spading; the scowl was routed from his brow by a sudden incursion of blushes, and his mouth was attacked by an awkward smile.

The young lady nodded, and was hurrying past. The scowl came back in force, and the smile was repulsed from the bearded mouth with great loss: "Miss Tudie, are you in a hurry?"

The lady thus addressed turned and said, in a voice that was half pert and half coaxing, "No particular hurry. Al, I've told you often not to call me that redicklis name."

"Why, Tudie, I hain't never called you nothing else sence you was a little one, so high. You ort to know yer own name, and you give yourself that name when you was a yearling. Howsomever, ef you don't like it now, sence you've been to Jacksonville, I reckon I can call you Miss Susie—when I don't disremember."

The frank amende seemed to satisfy Miss Susie, for she at once interrupted in the kindest manner: "Never mind, Al Golyer; you can call me what you are a-mind to." Then, as if conscious of the feminine inconsistency, she changed the subject by asking: "What are you going to do with that great hole?—big enough to bury a fellow."

"I'm going to plant this here seedlin', that growed up in Colonel Blood's pastur', nobody knows how—belike somebody that was eatin' an apple and throwed the core down like. I'm going to plant a little orchard here next spring, but the colonel and me, we reckoned this one 'ud be too old by that time for moving, so I thought I'd stick it in now, and see what come out'n it. It's a powerful thrifty chunk of a saplin'."

"Yes. I speak for the first peck of apples off'n it. Don't forget. Good-morning."

"Hold on a minute, Miss Susan, twell I git my coat. I'll walk down a piece with you. I have got something to say to you."

Miss Susie turned a little red and a little pale. These occasions were not entirely unknown in her short experience of life. When young men in the country in that primitive period had something to say, it was something very serious and earnest. Allen Golyer was a good-looking, stalwart young farmer, well-to-do, honest, able to provide for a family. There was nothing presumptuous in his aspiring to the hand of the prettiest girl on Chaney Creek. In childhood he had trotted her to Banbury Cross and back a hundred times, beguiling the tedium of the journey with kisses and the music of bells. When the little girl was old enough to go to school, the big boy carried her books, and gave her the rosiest apple out of his dinner-basket. He fought all her battles and wrote all her compositions; which latter, by the way, never gained her any great credit. When she was fifteen and he twenty he had his great reward in taking her twice a week during one happy winter to singing-school. This was the bloom of life—nothing before or after could compare with it. The blacking of shoes and brushing of stiff, electric, bristling hair, all on end with frost and hope, the struggling into the plate-armor of his starched shirt, the tying of the portentous and uncontrollable cravat before the glass, which was hopelessly dimmed every moment by his eager breath—these trivial and vulgar details were made beautiful and unreal by the magic of youth and love. Then came the walk through the crisp, dry snow to the Widow Barringer's, the sheepish talk with the old lady while Susie "got on her things," and the long, enchanting tramp to the "deestrict school-house." There is not a country-bred man or woman now living but will tell you that life can offer nothing comparable with the innocent zest of that old style of courting that was done at singing-school in the starlight and candle-light of the first half of our century. There are few hearts so withered and old but they beat quicker sometimes when they hear, in old-fashioned churches, the wailing, sobbing, or exulting strains of "Bradstreet," or "China," or "Coronation"; and the mind floats down on the current of these old melodies to that fresh young day of hopes and illusions—of voices that were sweet, no matter how false they sang—of nights that were rosy with dreams, no matter what Fahrenheit said—of girls who blushed without cause, and of lovers who talked for hours about everything but love.

I know I shall excite the scorn of all the ingenuous youth of my time when I say that there was nothing that our superior civilization would call love-making in those long walks through the winter nights. The heart of Allen Golyer swelled under his satin waistcoat with love, and joy, and devotion, as he walked over the crunching roads with his pretty enslaver. But he talked of apples, and pigs, and the heathen, and the teacher's wig, and sometimes ventured an allusion to other people's flirtations in a jocose and distant way; but as to the state of his own heart, his lips were sealed. It would move a *blasé* smile on the downy lips of juvenile Lovelaces, who count their conquests by their cotillions, and think nothing of making a declaration in an avant-deux, to be told of young people spending several evenings of each week in the year together, and speaking no word of love until they were ready to name their wedding-day. Yet such was the sober habit of the place and time.

So there was no troth plighted between Allen and Susie, though the youth loved the maiden with all the energy of his fresh, unused nature, and she knew it very well. He never dreamed of marrying any other woman than Susie Barringer, and she sometimes tried a new pen by writing, and carefully erasing, the initials S. M. G., which, as she was christened Susan Minerva, may be taken as showing the direction of her thoughts.

If Allen Golyer had been less bashful, or more enterprising, this history would never have been written; for Susie would probably have said 'yes,' for want of something better to say, and when she went to visit her Aunt Abigail, in Jacksonville, she would have gone *engaged*, her finger bound with gold, and her maiden meditations fettered by promises. But she went, as it was, fancy free, and there is no tinder so inflammable as the imagination of a pretty country girl of sixteen.

One day she went out with her easy-going Aunt Abigail to buy ribbons, the Chaney Creek invoices not supplying the requirements of Jacksonville society. As they traversed the court-house square, on their way to Deacon Pettybone's place, Miss Susie's vagrant glances rested on an iris of ribbons displayed in an opposition window. "Let's go in here," she said, with the impetuous decision of her age and sex.

"We will go where you like, dear," said easy-going Aunt Abigail. "It makes no difference."

Aunt Abigail was wrong. It made the greatest difference to several persons whether Susie Barringer bought her ribbons at Simmons's or Pettybone's that day. If she had but known!

But, all unconscious of the fate that beckoned invisibly on the threshold, Miss Susie tripped into "Simmons's emporium," and asked for ribbons. Two young men stood at the long counter. One was Mr. Simmons, proprietor of the emporium, who advanced with his most conscientious smile:

"Ribbons, ma'am? Yes, ma'am—all sorts, ma'am. Cherry, ma'am? Certingly, ma'am. Jest got a splendid lot from St. Louis this morning. This way, ma'am."

The ladies were soon lost in the delight of the eyes. The voice of Mr. Simmons accompanied the feast of color, insinuating, but unheeded.

The other young man approached: "Here is what you want, miss—rich and elegant. Just suits your style. Sets off your hair and eyes beautiful."

The ladies looked up. A more decided voice than Mr. Simmons's, whiter hands than Mr. Simmons's handled the silken bands, bolder eyes than the weak, pink-bordered orbs of Mr. Simmons looked unabashed admiration into the pretty face of Susie Barringer.

"Look here, Simmons, old boy, introduce a fellow."

Mr. Simmons meekly obeyed: "Mrs. Barringer, let me interduce you to Mr. Leon of St. Louis, of the house of Draper & Mercer."

"Bertie Leon, at your service," said the brisk young fellow, seizing Miss Susie's hand with energy. His hand was so much softer and whiter than hers that she felt quite hot and angry about it.

When they had made their purchases, Mr. Leon insisted on walking home with them, and was very witty and agreeable all the way. He had all the wit of the newspapers, of the concert-rooms, of the steamboat-bars, at his fingers' ends. In his wandering life he had met all kinds of people; he had sold ribbons through a dozen States. He never had a moment's doubt of himself. He never hesitated to allow himself any indulgence which would not interfere with business. He had one ambition in life—to marry Miss Mercer and get a share in the house. Miss Mercer was as ugly as a millionaire's tombstone. Mr. Bertie Leon—who, when his mustache was not dyed nor his hair greased, was really quite a handsome fellow—considered that the sacrifice he proposed to make in the interests of trade must be made good to him in some way. So, "by way of getting even," he made violent love to all the pretty eyes he met in his commercial travels—"to have something to think about after he should have found favor in the strabismic optics of Miss Mercer," he observed, disrespectfully.

Simple Susie, who had seen nothing of young men besides the awkward and blushing clodhoppers of Chaney Creek, was somewhat dazzled by the free-and-easy speech and manner of the hard-cheeked bagman. Yet there was something in his airy talk and point-blank compliments that aroused a faint feeling of resentment which she could scarcely account for. Aunt Abigail was delighted with him, and when he bowed his adieux at the gate in the most recent Planters' House style, she cordially invited him to call—"to drop in any time; he must be lonesome so far away from home."

He said he wouldn't neglect such a chance, with another Planter's House bow.

"What a nice young man!" said Aunt Abigail.

"Awful conceited and not overly polite," said Susie, as she took off her bonnet, and went into a revel of bows and trimmings.

The oftener Albert Leon came to Mrs. Barringer's bowery cottage, the more the old lady was pleased with him, and the more the young one criticised him, until it was plain to be seen that Aunt Abigail was growing tired of him and pretty Susie dangerously interested. But just at this point his inexorable carpet-bag dragged him off to a neighboring town, and Susie soon afterward went back to Chaney Creek.

Her Jacksonville hat and ribbons made her what her pretty eyes never could have done—the belle of the neighborhood. *Non cuivis contigit adire Lutetiam*, but to a village where no one has been at Paris the county town is a shrine of fashion. Allen Golyer felt a vague sense of distrust chilling his heart as he saw Mr. Simmons's ribbons decking the pretty head in the village choir the Sunday after her return, and, spurred on by a nascent jealousy of the unknown, resolved to learn his fate without loss of time. But the little lady received him with such cool and unconcerned friendliness, talked so much and so fast about her visit, that the honest fellow was quite bewildered, and had to go home to think the matter over, and cudgel his wits to divine whether she was pleasanter than ever, or had drifted altogether out of his reach.

Allen Golyer was, after all, a man of nerve and decision. He wasted only a day or two in doubts and fears, and one Sunday afternoon, with a beating but resolute heart, he left his Sunday-school class to walk down to Crystal Glen and solve his questions and learn his doom. When he came in sight of the widow's modest house, he saw a buggy hitched by the gate.

"Dow Padgett's chestnut sorrel, by jing! What is Dow after out here?"

It is natural, if not logical, that young men should regard the visits of all other persons of their age and sex in certain quarters as a serious impropriety.

But it was not his friend and crony, Dow Padgett, the livery man, who came out of the widow's door, leading by the hand the blushing and bridling Susie. It was a startling apparition of the Southwestern dandy of the period—light hair drenched with bear's oil, blue eyes and jet-black moustache, an enormous paste brooch in his bosom, a waistcoat and trousers that shrieked in discordant tones, and very small and elegantly varnished boots. The gamblers and bagmen of the Mississippi River are the best-shod men in the world.

Golyer's heart sank within him as this splendid being shone upon him. But with his rustic directness he walked to meet the laughing couple at the gate, and said:

"Tudie, I come to see you. Shall I go in and talk to your mother twell you come back?"

"No, that won't pay," promptly replied the brisk stranger. "We will be gone the heft of the afternoon, I reckon. This hoss is awful slow," he added, with a wink of preternatural mystery to Miss Susie.

"Mr. Golyer," said the young lady, "let me interduce you to my friend, Mr. Leon."

Golyer put out his hand mechanically, after the cordial fashion of the West. But Leon nodded, and said: "I hope to see you again." He lifted Miss Susie into the buggy, sprang lightly in, and went off with laughter and the cracking of his whip after Padgett's chestnut sorrel.

The young farmer walked home desolate, comparing in his simple mind his own plain exterior with his rival's gorgeous toilet, his awkward address with the other's easy audacity, till his heart was full to the brim with that infernal compound of love and hate which is called jealousy, and from which pray heaven guard you.

It was the next morning that Miss Susie vaulted over the fence where Allen Golyer was digging the hole for Colonel Blood's apple tree.

"Something middlin' particular," continued Golyer, resolutely.

"There is no use leaving your work," said Miss Barringer, pluckily; "I will stay and listen."

Poor Allen began as badly as possible:

"Who was that feller with you yesterday?"

"Thank you, Mr. Golyer; my friends ain't fellers! What's that to you, who he was?"

"Susie Barringer, we have been keeping company now a matter of a year. I have loved you well and true; I would have given my life to save you any little care or trouble. I never dreamed of nobody but you—not that I was half good enough for you, but because I did not know any better man around here. Ef it ain't too late, Susie, I ask you to be my wife. I will love you and care for you, good and true."

Before this solemn little speech was finished, Susie was crying and biting her bonnet-strings in a most undignified manner.

"Hush, Al Golyer!" she burst out. "You mustn't talk so. You are too good for me. I am kind of promised to that fellow. I 'most wish I had never seen him."

Allen sprang to her and took her in his strong arms; she struggled free from him. In a moment the vibration which his passionate speech had produced in her passed away. She dried her eyes and said, firmly enough:

"It's no use, Al; we wouldn't be happy together. Good-bye! I shouldn't wonder if I went away from Chaney Creek before long."

She walked rapidly down to the river road. Allen stood fixed and motionless, gazing at the light, graceful form until the blue dress vanished behind the hill, and leaned long on his spade, unconscious of the lapse of time.

When Susan reached home she found Leon at the gate.

"Ah, my little rosebud! I came near missing you. I am going to Keokuk this morning, to be gone a few days. I stopped here a minute to give you something to keep for me till I come back."

"What is it?"

He took her chubby cheeks between his hands, and laid on her cherry-ripe lips a keepsake which he never reclaimed.

She stood watching him from the gate until, as a clump of willows snatched him from her, she thought:

"He will go right by where Al is at work. It would be jest like him to jump over the fence and have a talk with him. I'd like to hear it."

An hour or so later, as she sat and sewed in her airy little entry, a shadow fell upon her work, and, as she looked up, her startled eyes met the piercing glance of her discarded lover. A momentary ripple of remorse passed over her cheerful heart as she saw Allen's pale and agitated face. He was paler than she had ever seen him, with that ghastly pallor of weather-beaten faces. His black hair, wet with perspiration, clung clammily to his temples. He looked beaten, discouraged, utterly fatigued with the conflict of emotion. But one who looked closely in his eyes would have seen a curious, stealthy, half-shaded light in them, as of one who, though working against hope, was still not without resolute will.

Dame Barringer, who had seen him coming up the walk, bustled in.

"Good morning, Allen. How beat out you do look! Now, I like a stiddy young man, but don't you think you run this thing of workin' into the ground?"

"Wall, may be so," said Golyer, with a weary smile; "leastways I've been a-running this spade into the ground all the morning, and"——

"*You* want butter milk—that's your idee; ain't it, now?"

"Well, Mizzes Barringer, I reckon you know my failin's."

The good woman trotted off to the dairy, and Susie sewed demurely, waiting with some trepidation for what was to come next.

"Susie Barringer," said a low, husky voice, which she could scarcely recognize as Golyer's, "I've come to ask pardon—not for nothing I've done, for I never did and never could do you wrong—but for what I thought for a while arter you left me this morning. It's all over now, but I tell *you*, the Bad Man had his claws into my heart for a spell. Now it is all over, and I wish you well. I wish your husband well. If ever you git into any trouble where I can help, send for me; it's my right. It's the last favor I ask of you."

Susceptible Susie cried a little again. Allen, watching her with his ambushed eyes, said:

"Don't take it to heart, Tudie. Perhaps there is better days in store for me yet."

This did not appear to comfort Miss Barringer in the least. She was greatly grieved when she thought she had broken a young man's heart; she was still more dismal at the slightest intimation that she had not. If any explanation of this paradox is required, I would observe, quoting a phrase much in vogue among the witty writers of the present age, that Miss Susie Barringer was "a very female woman."

So pretty Susan's rising sob subsided into a coquettish pout by the time her mother came in with the foaming pitcher of subacidulous nectar, and plied young Golyer with brimming beakers of it with all the beneficent delight of a Lady Bountiful.

"There, Mizzes Barringer; there's about as much as I can tote. Temperance in all things."

"Very well, then; you work less and play more. We never get a sight of you lately. Come in neighborly, and play checkers with Tudie."

It was the darling wish of Mother Barringer's heart to see her daughter married and settled with "a stiddy young man that you knowed all about, and his folks before him." She had observed with great disquietude the brilliant avatar of Mr. Bertie Leon, and the evident pride of her daughter in the bright-plumaged captive she had brought to Chaney Creek, the spoil of her maiden snare. "I don't more'n half like that little feller." (It is a Western habit to call a well-dressed man a "little feller." The epithet would light on the Farnese Hercules if he should go to Illinois dressed as a cocodés.) "No honest folks wears beard onto their upper lips. I wouldn't be surprised if he wasn't a gamboller."

Allen Golyer, apparently unconscious, in his fatigue, of the cap which Dame Barringer was vivaciously setting for him, walked away with his spade on his shoulder, and the good woman went systematically to work in making Susie miserable, by sharp little country criticisms of her heart's idol.

Day after day wore on, and, to Dame Barringer's delight and Susie's dismay, Mr. Leon did not come.

"He is such a business man," thought trusting Susan, "he can't get away from Keokuk. But he'll be sure to write." So Susie put on her sun-bonnet, and hurried up to the postoffice. "Any letters for me, Mr. Whaler?" The artful and indefinite plural was not disguise enough for Miss Susie, so she added: "I was expecting a letter from my aunt."

"No letters here from your aunt, nor your uncle, nor none of the tribe," said old Whaler, who had gone over with Tyler to keep his place, and so had no further use for good manners.

"I think old Tommy Whaler is an impident old wretch," said Susie, that evening; "and I won't go near his old postoffice again." But Susie forgot her threat of vengeance the next day, and she went again, lured by family affection, to inquire for that letter which Aunt Abbie *must* have written. The third time she went, rummy old Whaler roared, very improperly: "Bother your aunt! You've got a beau somewhere—that's what the matter."

Poor Susan was so dazzled by this flash of clairvoyance, that she hurried from that dreadful postoffice, scarcely hearing the terrible words that the old gin-pig hurled after her: "*And he's forgot you! that's what's the matter.*"

Susie Barringer walked home along the river road, revolving many things in her mind. She went to her room, and locked the door by sticking a penknife over the latch, and sat down to have a good cry. Her faculties being thus cleared for action, she thought seriously for an hour. If you can remember when you were a school-girl, you know a great deal of solid thinking can be done in an hour. But we can tell you in a moment what it footed up. You can walk through the Louvre in a minute, but you can not see it in a week.

*Susan Barringer (sola, loquitur):* "Three weeks yesterday. Yes, I s'pose it's so. What a little fool I was! He goes everywheres; says the same things to everybody—like he was selling ribbons. Mean little scamp! Mother seen him through in a minute. I'm mighty glad I didn't tell her nothing about it." (Fie, Susie! your principles are worse than your grammar.) "He'll marry some rich girl—I don't envy her, but I hate her—and I am as good as she is. May be he will come back—no, and I hope he won't—and I wish I was dead!" *(Pocket handkerchief.)*

Yet in the midst of her grief there was one comforting thought—nobody knew of it. She had no confidant—she had not even opened her heart to her mother. These Western maidens have a fine gift of reticence. A few of her country-side friends and rivals had seen, with envy and admiration, the pretty couple on the day of Leon's arrival. But all their poisonous little compliments and questions had never elicited from the prudent Susie more than the safe statement that the handsome stranger was a friend of Aunt Abbie's, whom she had met at Jacksonville. They could not laugh at her; they could not sneer at gay deceivers and love-lorn damsels when she went to the sewing-circle. The bitterness of her tears was greatly sweetened by the consideration that in any case no one could pity her. She took such consolation from this thought that she faced her mother unflinchingly at tea, and baffled the maternal inquest on her "redness of eyes" by the school-girl's invaluable and ever-ready headache.

It was positively not until a week later, when she met Allen Golger at choir-meeting, that she remembered that this man knew the secret of her baffled hopes. She blushed scarlet as he approached her. "Have you got company home, Miss Susie?"

"Yes—that is, Sally Withers and me came together, and"——

"No, that's hardly fair to Tom Fleming; three ain't the pleasantest company. I will go home with you."

Susie took the strong arm that was held out to her, and leaned upon it with a mingled feeling of confidence and dread, as they walked home through the balmy night, under the clear, starry heaven of the early spring. The air was full of the quickening breath of May.

Susie Barringer waited in vain for some signal of battle from Allen Golyer. He talked more than usual, but in a grave, quiet, protecting style, very different from his former manner of worshiping bashfulness. His tone had in it an air of fatherly caressing which was inexpressibly soothing to his pretty companion, tired and lonely with her silent struggle of the past month. When they came to her gate, and he said good-night, she held his hand a moment with a tremulous grasp, and spoke impulsively:

"Al, I once told you something I never told anybody else. I'll tell you something else now, because I believe I can trust you."

"Be sure of that, Susie Barringer."

"Well, Al, my engagement is broken off."

"I am sorry for you, Susie, if you set store by him."

Miss Susie answered, with great and unnecessary impetuosity: "I don't, and I'm glad of it!" And then ran into the house and to bed, her cheeks all aflame at the thought of her indiscretion, and yet with a certain comfort in having a friend from whom she had no secrets.

I protest there was no thought of coquetry in the declaration which Susan Barringer blurted out to her old lover under the sympathetic starlight of the May heaven. But Allen Golyer would have been a dull boy not to have taken heart and hope from it. He became, as of old, a frequent and welcome visitor at Crystal Glen. Before long the game of chequers with Susie became so enthralling a passion that it was only adjourned from one evening to another. Allen's white shirts grew fringy at the edges with fatigue duty, and his large hands were furry at the fingers with much soap. Susie's affectionate heart, which had been swayed a moment from its orbit by the irresistible attraction of Bertie Leon's diamond breastpin and city swagger, swung back to its ancient course under the mild influence of time, and the weather, and opportunity. So that Dame Barringer was not in the least surprised, on entering her little parlor one soft afternoon in that very May, to see the two young people economically occupying one chair, and Susie shouting the useless appeal: "Mother, make him behave!"

"I never interfere in young folk's matters, especially when they're going all right," said the motherly old soul, kissing "her son Allen," and trotting away to dry her happy tears.

I am almost ashamed to say how soon they were married—so soon that when Miss Susan went with her mother to Keokuk to buy a wedding garment, she half expected to find, in every shop she entered, the elegant figure of Mr. Leon leaning over the counter. But the dress was bought and made, and worn at wedding and *infair*, and in a round of family visits among the Barringer and Golyer kin, and carefully laid away in lavender when the pair came back from their modest holiday and settled down to real life on Allen's prosperous farm; and no word of Bertie Leon ever came to trouble her joy. In her calm and busy life the very name faded from her tranquil mind. These wholesome country hearts do not bleed long. In that wide-awake country, eyes are too useful to be wasted in weeping. My dear Lothario Urbanus, those peaches are very sound and delicious, but they will not keep forever. If you do not secure them to-day, they will go to some one else, and in no case, as the Autocrat hath said with authority, can you stand there "mellering 'em with your thumb."

There was no happier home in the country, and few finer farms. The good sense and industry of Golyer and the practical helpfulness of his wife found their full exercise in the care of his spreading fields and growing orchards. The Warsaw merchants fought for his wheat, and his apples were known in St. Louis. Mrs. Golyer, with that spice of romance which is hidden away in every woman's heart, had taken a special fancy to the seedling apple tree at whose planting she had so intimately assisted. Allen shared in this, as in all her whims, and tended and nursed it like a child. In time he gave up the care of his orchard to other hands, but he reserved this seedling for his own especial coddling. He spaded, and mulched, and pruned it, and guarded it in the winter from rodent rabbits, and in the summer from terebrant grubs. It was not ungrateful. It grew a noble tree, producing a rich and luscious fruit, with a deep scarlet satin coat, and a flesh tinged as delicately as a pink sea-shell. The first peck of apples was given to Susie with great ceremony, and the next year the first bushel was carried to Colonel Blood, the Congressman. He was loud in his admiration, as the autumn elections were coming on: "Great Scot, Golyer! I'd rather give my name to a horticultooral triumph like that there than be Senator."

"You've got your wish then, colonel," said Golyer. "Me and my wife have called that tree The Blood Seedling sence the day it was transplanted from your pastur'."

It was the pride and envy of the neighborhood. Several neighbors asked for scions and grafts, but could do nothing with them.

"Fact is," said old Silas Withers, "those folks that expects to raise good fruit by begging grafts, and then layin' abed and readin' newspapers, will have a good time waitin'. Elbow-grease is the secret of the Blood Seedlin', ain't it, Al?"

"Well, I reckon, Squire Withers, a man never gits anything wuth havin' without a tussle for it; and as to secrets, I don't believe in them, nohow."

A square-browed, resolute, silent, middle-aged man, who loved his home better than any amusement, regular at church, at the polls, something richer every Christmas than he had been on the New Year's preceding—a man whom everybody liked and few loved much—such had Allen Golyer grown to be.

If I have lingered too long over this colorless and commonplace picture of rural Western life, it is because I have felt an instinctive reluctance to recount the startling and most improbable incident which fell one night upon this quiet neighborhood, like a thunderbolt out of blue sky. The story I must tell will be flatly denied and easily refuted. It is absurd and fantastic, but, unless human evidence is to go for nothing when it testifies of things unusual, the story is true.

At the head of the rocky hollow through which Chaney Creek ran to the river lived the family who gave the brook its name. They were among the early pioneers of the county. In the squatty, yellow stone house the present Chaney occupied, his grandfather had stood a siege from Black Hawk all one summer day and night, until relieved by the garrison of Fort Edward. The family had not grown with the growth of the land. Like many others of the pioneers, they had shown no talent for keeping abreast of the civilization whose guides and skirmishers they had been. In the progress of a half century they had sold, bit by bit, their section of land, which, kept intact, would have proved a fortune. They lived very quietly, working enough to secure their own pork and hominy, and regarding with a sort of impatient scorn every scheme of public or private enterprise that passed under their eyes.

The elder Chaney had married, some years before, at the Mormon town of Nauvoo, the fair-haired daughter of a Swedish mystic, who had come across the sea beguiled by dreams of a perfect theocracy, and who, on arriving at the city of the Latter-Day Saints, had died, broken-hearted from his lost illusions.

The only dowry that Seraphita Neilsen brought her husband, besides her delicate beauty and her wide blue eyes, was a full set of Swedenborg's later writings in English. These became the daily food of the solitary household. Saul Chaney would read the exalted rhapsodies of the northern seer for hours together, without the first glimmer of their meaning crossing his brain. But there was something in the majesty of their language and the solemn roll of their poetical development that irresistibly impressed and attracted him. Little Gershom, his only child, sitting at his feet, would listen in childish wonder to the strange things his silent, morose, and gloomy father found in the well-worn volumes, until his tired eyelids would fall at last over his pale, bulging eyes.

As he grew up his eyes bulged more and more: his head seemed too large for his rickety body. He pored over the marvelous volumes until he knew long passages by heart, and understood less of them than his father—which was unnecessary. He looked a little like his mother, but while she in her youth had something of the faint and flickering beauty of the Boreal Lights, poor Gershom never could have suggested anything more heavenly than a foggy moonlight. When he was fifteen he went to the neighboring town of Warsaw to school. He had rather heavy weather among the well-knit, grubby-knuckled urchins of the

town, and would have been thoroughly disheartened but for one happy chance. At the house where he boarded an amusement called the "Sperrit Rappin's" was much in vogue. A group of young folks, surcharged with all sorts of animal magnetism, with some capacity for belief and much more for fun, used to gather about a light pine table every evening and put it through a complicated course of mystical gymnastics. It was a very good-tempered table; it would dance, hop, or slam at the word of command, or, if the exercises took a more intellectual turn, it would answer any questions addressed to it in a manner not much below the average capacity of its tormentors.

Gershom Chaney took all this in solemn earnest. He was from the first moment deeply impressed. He lay awake whole nights, with his eyes fast closed, in the wildest dreams. His school-hours were passed in trance-like contemplation. He cared no more for punishment than the fakir for his self-inflicted tortures. He longed for the coming of the day when he could commune in solitude with the unfleshed and immortal. This was the full flowering of those seeds of fantasy that had fallen into his infant mind as he lay baking his brains by the wide fire in the old stone house at the head of the hollow, while his father read, haltingly, of the wonders of the invisible world.

But, to his great mortification, he saw nothing, heard nothing, experienced nothing but in the company of others. He must brave the ridicule of the profane to taste the raptures which his soul loved. His simple, trusting faith made him inevitably the butt of the mischievous circle. They were not slow in discovering his extreme sensibility to external influences. One muscular, black-haired, heavy-browed youth took especial delight in practicing upon him. The table, under Gershom's tremulous hands, would skip like a lamb at the command of this Thomas Fay.

One evening, Tom Fay had a great triumph. They had been trying to get the "medium"—for Gershom had reached that dignity—to answer sealed questions, and had met with indifferent success. Fay suddenly approached the table, scribbled a phrase, folded it, and tossed it, doubled up, before Gershom; then leaned over the table, staring at his pale, unwholesome face with all the might of his black eyes.

Chaney seized the pencil convulsively, and wrote, "Balaam!"

Fay burst into a loud laugh, and said: "Read the question?"

It was, "Who rode on your grandfather's back?"

This is a specimen of the cheap wit and harmless malice by which poor Gershom suffered as long as he stayed at school. He was never offended, but was often sorely perplexed at the apparent treachery of his unseen counselors. He was dismissed at last from the academy for utter incorrigible indolence. He accepted his disgrace as a crown of martyrdom, and went home to his sympathizing parents.

Here, with less criticism and more perfect faith, he renewed the exercise of what he considered his mysterious powers. His fastings and vigils, and want of bodily movement and fresh air, had so injured his health as to make him tenfold more nervous and sensitive than ever. But his faintings, and hysterics, and epileptic paroxysms were taken more and more as evidences of his lofty mission. His father and mother regarded him as an oracle, for the simple reason that he always answered just as they expected. A curious or superstitious neighbor was added from time to time to the circle, and their reports heightened the half uncanny interest with which the Chaney house was regarded.

It was on a moist and steamy evening of spring that Allen Golyer, standing by his gate, saw Saul Chaney slouching along in the twilight, and hailed him:

"What news from the sperrits, Saul?"

"Nothing for you, Al Golyer," said Saul, gloomily. "The god of this world takes care of the like o' you."

Golyer smiled, as a prosperous man always does when his poorer neighbors abuse him for his luck, and rejoined: "I ain't so fortunate as you think for, Saul Chaney. I lost a Barksher pig yesterday. I reckon I must come up and ask Gershom what's come of it."

"Come along, if you like. It's been a long while sence you've crossed my sill. But I'm gitting to be quite the style. Young Lawyer Marshall is a-coming up this evening to see my Gershom."

Before Mr. Golyer started he filled a basket, "to make himself welcome and pay for the show," with the reddest and finest fruit of his favorite apple-tree. His wife followed him into the garden and kissed him—a rather unusual attention among Western farmer-people. Her face, still rosy and comely, was flushed and smiling. "Al, do you know what day o' the year it is?"

"Nineteenth of April."

"Yes; and twenty year ago to-day you planted the Blood Seedlin' and I give you the mitten!" She turned and went into the house, laughing comfortably.

Allen walked slowly up the hollow to the Chaney house, and gave the apples to Seraphita, and told her their story. A little company was assembled—two or three Chaney Creek people, small market-gardeners, with eyes the color of gooseberries and hands the color of their currants; Mr. Marshall, a briefless young barrister from Warsaw, with a tawny friend who spoke like a Spaniard.

"Take seats, friends, and form a circle o' harmony," said Saul Chaney. "The me'jum is in fine condition; he had two fits this arternoon."

Gershom looked shockingly ill and weak. He reclined in a great hickory arm-chair, with his eyes half-open, his lips moving noiselessly. All the persons present formed a circle and joined hands.

The moment the circle was completed by Saul and Seraphita, who were on either side of their son, touching his hands, an expression of pain and perplexity passed over his pale face, and he began to writhe and mutter.

"He's seein' visions," said Saul.

"Yes, too many of 'em," said Gershom, querulously. "A boy in a boat, a man on a shelf, and a man with a spade—all at once. Too many. Get me a pencil. One at a time, I tell you, one at a time!"

The circle broke up, and a table was brought, with writing materials. Gershom grasped a pencil, and said, with imperious and feverish impatience: "Come on, now, and don't waste the time of the shining ones."

An old woman took his right hand. He wrote with his left very rapidly an instant, and threw her the paper—always with his eyes shut close.

Old Mrs. Scritcher read with difficulty, "A boy in a boat—over he goes;" and burst out in a piteous wail, "Oh, my poor little Ephraim! I always knowed it."

"Silence, woman!" said the relentless medium.

"Mr. Marshall," said Saul, "would you like a test?"

"No, thank you," said the young gentleman. "I brought my friend, Mr. Baldassano, who, as a traveler, is interested in these things."

"Will you take the medium's hand, Mr. What's-your-name?"

The young foreigner took the lean and feverish hand of Gershom, and again the pencil flew rapidly over the paper. He pushed the manuscript from him and snatched his hand away from Baldassano. As the latter looked at what was written, his tawny cheek grew deadly pale. "Dios mio!" he exclaimed to Marshall. "This is written in Castilian!"

The two young men retired to the other end of the room, and read by the tallow candle the lines scrawled on the paper. Baldassano translated: "A man on a shelf—table covered with bottles beside him; man's face yellow as gold; bottles tumble over without being touched."

"What nonsense is that?" said Marshall.

"My brother died of yellow fever at sea, last year."

Both the young men became suddenly very thoughtful, and observed with great interest the result of Golyer's "test." He sat by Gershom, holding his hand tightly, but gazing absently into the dying blaze of the wide chimney. He seemed to have forgotten where he was; a train of serious thought appeared to hold him completely under its control. His brows were knit with an expression of severe, almost fierce, determination. At one moment his breathing was hard and thick—a moment after, hurried and broken.

All this while the fingers of Gershom were flying rapidly over the paper, independently of his eyes, which were sometimes closed and sometimes rolling as if in trouble.

A wind which had been gathering all the evening now came moaning up the hollow, rattling the window-blinds, and twisting into dull complaint the boughs of the leafless trees. Its voice came chill and cheerless into the dusky room, where the fire was now glimmering near its death, and the only sounds were those of Gershom's rushing pencil, the whispering of Marshall and his friend, and old Mother Scritcher feebly whimpering in her corner. The scene was sinister. Suddenly a rushing gust blew the door wide open.

Golyer started to his feet, trembling in every limb, and looking furtively over his shoulder out into the night. Quickly recovering himself, he turned to resume his place. But the moment he dropped Gershom's hand, the medium had dropped his pencil, and had sunk back in his chair in deep and death-like slumber. Golyer seized the sheet of paper, and, with the first line that he read, a strange and horrible transformation was wrought in the man. His eyes protruded, his teeth chattered; he passed his hand over his head mechanically, and his hair stood up like the bristles on the back of a swine in rage. His face was blotched white and purple. He looked piteously about him for a moment, then, crumpling the paper in his hand, cried out in a hoarse, choaking voice:

"Yes, it's a fact; I done it. It's no use denying on't. Here it is, in black and white. Everybody knows it; ghosts come spookin around to tattle about it. What's the use of lying? I done it."

He paused as if struck by a sudden recollection, then burst into tears and shook like a tree in high wind. In a moment he dropped on his knees, and in that posture he crawled over to Marshall.

"Here, Mr. Marshall—here's the whole story. For God's sake, spare my wife and children all you can. Fix my little property all right for 'em, and God bless you for it!" Even while he was speaking, with a quick revulsion of feeling he rose to his feet, with a certain return of his natural dignity, and said: "But they shan't take me; none of my kin ever died that way; I've got too much sand in my gizzard to be took that way. Good-bye, friends all!"

He walked deliberately out into the wild, windy night.

Marshall glanced hurriedly at the fatal paper in his hand. It was full of that capricious detail with which in reverie we review scenes that are past. But a line here and there clearly enough told the story—how he went out to plant the apple-tree; how Susie came by and rejected him; how he passed into the power of the devil for the time; how Bertie Leon came by and spoke to him, and patted him on the shoulder, and talked about city life; how he hated him and his pretty face and his good clothes; how they came to words and blows, and he struck him with his spade, and he fell into the trench, and he buried him there at the roots of the tree.

Marshall, following his first impulse thrust the paper into the dull red coals. It flamed for an instant, and flew with a sound like a sob up the chimney.

They hunted for Golyer all night, but in the morning found him lying as if asleep, with the peace of expiation on his pale face, his pruning-knife in his heart, and the red current of his life tinging the turf with crimson around the roots of the Blood Seedling.

---

Throughout the Empire of Morocco there are villages where the eldest members of the adult population follow professionally the pursuit of fattening young girls for the matrimonial market of Barbary. The Moors, like the Turks, give a decided preference to "moon-faced" over lean ones, and are more solicitous as to the number of pounds which their wives weigh than about the stock of accomplishments which they possess. The fattening process begins when the girl is about twelve years old. Stiff maize porridges kneaded up with grease is daily fed to her in the form of boluses. If she declines to take them, they are crammed down her throat.

---

There are still four hundred and eighty-three street lamps in Paris fed by oil.

## A NOVELIST BY CHANCE.

### How Marion Crawford Awoke and Found Himself Suddenly Famous.

[F. Marion Crawford, who recently won sudden fame by his novels, "Mr. Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius," and the "The Roman Singer," is the subject of this interesting article in the London *World*.]

From the half-dozen windows illuminating an apartment some twenty-four feet square may be seen the Pincian, the Castle of St. Angelo, St. Peter's, the Capitol, and a magnificent stretch of the Campagna. It is a large apartment for a writing-room, and is cumbered with very few books. From the red arm-chair rises a tall, dark-haired, blue-eyed young man, whose feet are encased in red slippers and red silk stockings, and around whose throat is a red and blue cravat. His welcome is hearty, and his voice has a bright English tone. His powerful shoulders and muscular limbs make him appear less than his true height, and the pose is distinctly that of a trained athlete for the moment at rest, the glance of the blue eyes frank and merry, the laugh at quip or jest long and ringing, the utterance quick and entirely devoid of the exasperating slowness and precision which in some Americans convey the impression that they are always speaking for reporters. The general effect is that of a black-bearded Northerner.

Yet Mr. Crawford is an American, born at the Baths of Lucca, twenty-nine years ago, and by accident the recipient of a cosmopolitan education, if there ever was one. But although he has pursued his studies by turns at Cambridge, Carlsruhe, Bombay, and Rome, he remains a true American.

Francis Marion Crawford is the son of Mr. Thomas Crawford of New York, the sculptor of the Washington monument, who lived in Rome, and died young, after having married Miss Louisa Cutler Ward, the sister of "Uncle Sam," who has since married Mr. L. Terry, and resides in Rome. With Italian and French as his native languages, Mr. Crawford was sent to New Hampshire to learn the English tongue, and from the age of twelve to that of fifteen studied under Doctor Coit, whose school is still famous. After three boyish years in America, Mr. Crawford went back to Rome to his family, and there studied Greek and mathematics. He came to England to a private tutor's at Hatfield Broadoak, in Essex. From this seat of learning the transition was easy to Trinity College, Cambridge, where Mr. Crawford passed four terms in boxing and tandem-driving, passing, however, his "little go" very smartly. Presently he found languages to be his strong point, and acquired rapidly German, Swedish, and Spanish. His fondness for Oriental languages made him acquainted with Mr. J. G. Da Cunha, who won the first prize at the Oriental Congress at Florence in 1878, and who is now practicing as a physician in Bombay. In his companionship Mr. Crawford went to the East, studied Zend with a Parsee high priest, and read the Zendavesta.

It was in India that Mr. Crawford, after his polygot education, began to write for the press. Indian papers are greedy of writing by young men fresh from Europe, and from the *Times of India* the transition was easy to the *Indian Herald*, a venture launched at Allahabad. As editor of the latter journal, started in the native interest, Mr. Crawford did much hard work for a little more than a year. Then his health compelled him to leave India and he came home to Rome, where his mother has lived for nearly forty years. In India he had improved his Sanscrit and learned to speak Hindustani, and to read and write Urdu. Returned to Italy in delicate health, he passed many months in wandering in the Abruzzi, where, thanks to his disguise and a good knowledge of the language, he passed as a native vine-dresser. It was a rough time; there was nothing to eat in the Abruzzi but milk, salt-fish, and corn-cake. Family reasons then called Mr. Crawford to America, where he remained on a visit to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in Boston. In that pleasant city he inscribed himself as a student of Harvard University, and finally took a diploma in Sanscrit, after studying under Professor Charles Lanman. He wrote on the "Silver Question" a pamphlet for the Bankers' Convention, at Niagara, which was subsequently reprinted in the *Bankers' Magazine*, and a long list of reviews concerning political, social, and economic philosophy, but never touched fiction, either as creator or reviewer. The young athlete thought he had no imagination. He believed in his knowledge, rare and varied, as an Orientalist, and had at various times and seasons attacked the Theosophists, who are "very difficult fellows to understand." The now famous novel, "Mr. Isaacs," was an accident. Mr. Crawford was on one occasion sitting at the same table with his uncle, Mr. "Sam" Ward, at the old New York Club in Madison Square. Gossip turned on India, and in particular on a Mr. Jacobs, a diamond merchant of Simla. Mr. Jacobs's romantic story, told over clams and terrapin, so seized on the mind of "Uncle Sam" that he insisted on its being put in type. He brought his nephew home to Clinton Place, over against the Brevoort House, and set him to work then and there. Like young hands at anything, Mr. Crawford worked fiercely on, and finally saw his way to a plan; wrote on again, and finished his book in thirty-five days.

While his first work of fiction, begun in the spring of 1882, was in the hands of Messrs. Macmillan, he wrote the second, "Dr. Claudius." This more carefully composed novel was by no means the consequence of the success of "Mr. Isaacs." It was rather the result of a newly acquired taste. It has been said of scribbling generally that *qui a bu boira*, and the writing of fiction had a similar effect on Mr. Crawford. As "Mr. Isaacs" was suggested by the story of Mr. Jacobs, a diamond dealer of Simla, so was "Dr. Claudius" by events which actually occurred, if not under precisely the same circumstances as in the narrative. "Mr. Isaacs" appeared just a year ago, while the author was busied in writing articles on Indian architecture. To secure the copyright, he made a journey to Canada, and then, on his return to Boston, undertook "The Roman Singer" for the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Begun in January, this novel was completed in the following month, and on the appearance and success of "Dr. Claudius" the author returned to his home in Italy.

## SOCIETY.

"Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: New Year's day the custom of calling was indulged in by the gentlemen to a degree—that is, society men were out in full force, but many of those who hitherto have made it a practice to wish their friends "A happy New Year" *viva voce*, contented themselves with sending one of the numerous devices wrought upon pasteboard as their substitute. So too with the ladies, very many of whom did not "receive." Those who did, however, had in almost every instance surrounded themselves with a phalanx of beauty and wit. Mrs. Doctor Gwin was assisted by her daughters, Mrs. Henly Smith, the Misses Thornton, and Miss Maggie Gwin. Mrs. Eyre had her daughters, the Mesdames Girvin and Pinkard, and Miss Perry. Mrs. Tevis and Mrs. Haggin, with their respective families, united forces, and made a goodly showing of fair dames. Mrs. Frank Pixley was assisted by Mrs. A. J. Bryant. Mrs. Hecht had some very pretty faces to be seen in her drawing-room, I heard. The bride, Baroness Schroeder, was with her mother, Mrs. Peter Donahue, and aunt, Mrs. Martin. Mrs. McMullin and daughters were aided in welcoming their friends by several ladies, matrons and girls, and in the evening several neighbors of California and Taylor streets closed their own houses and came to unite in a dance under her hospitable roof; but the beaux came so tardily it was quite late ere the dancing began. Mrs. Frederick Low was among those not receiving, as was also Mrs. William Ward. Miss Flora Low, I believe, was with her friend Miss Flood at the Palace Hotel. I heard a good deal of grumbling going on during the day from the young people on the subject of there being no big balls in immediate prospect. Really society should be most grateful to the Merry Cricket Club, as by its unceasing energy there is a dance every fortnight *sure*, at least. The next meeting will take place at the Lows, and after that I believe it is not yet determined where. The Philharmonic concert will come off on Friday evening of next week, and I hear that a very jolly party is being made up to attend it, and partake of an appetizing little supper *apres* at the Maison Dorée. The getter-up of the affair being a bachelor, is forced to play host in that well-known *café;* and now comes a whisper stealing through the circles of society that we are to have a sensation in the way of a theatrical performance done by amateurs more or less gifted—a sort of vaudeville, for there will be a good deal of singing in it. The projectors of the entertainment do not wish the details yet given to the public, as they fear that some of the ladies may grow nervous if discussed beforehand; but it seems generally understood that a leading rôle will be taken by a lady who some years ago made quite a success in amateur opera. Society will suffer disappointment in the loss of several large balls which would have been given but for untoward circumstances. Mrs. Drury Melone, being thrown into mourning by her mother's death, will, of course, abandon her anticipated ball, and the début of Miss Ivers, Mrs. McLaughlin's *protégé*, will be given up also. It looks, too, uncommonly like "no cards" in the matter of the looked-for reception to the baroness bride, which has been almost a settled thing by Mrs. Adam Grant, as that lady has gone with her husband and son, accompanied by Mr. Robert Morrow, on a trip to the Sandwich Islands. It is possible, however, that the ball is but deferred till after Easter. The Lenten season falls rather late this year, so that the gay world will have a good stretch of time from now till Ash Wednesday wherein to disport themselves. *On dit* young Mrs. J. Coleman will, upon her return from New York (where she is spending the Christmas holidays with his mother), reopen the Sutter Street mansion, and give the reception promised to the recently wedded Miss Parrot, now Mrs. Payson. Mrs. Hearst will soon be with us again, which will be good news to society. Mrs. Butterworth has gone to see her daughter, Mrs. Pringle, in New York, but will return in time to keep open house for her friends for the next season at her hospitable San Rafael house. The wedding of young Donahue and Miss Wallace is at last definitely settled for the 16th of this month, and will no doubt be a brilliant affair. The bridesmaids will be, as I said in a former letter, the Misses Phelan, Thornton, McKinstry, and Myra Burnett, cousin to the bride. The wedding will be a boon to society, not only for the gay evening itself, but the numerous festivities which will follow in its wake, the first and foremost of which will be the grand bridal ball at the Peter Donahues, in honor of the two bridal couples—son and daughter—of the house. Pretty Miss Nellie Trowbridge, of the Palace Hotel, was married on Wednesday evening last to Doctor Allison, of Arizona, the ceremony taking place in the parlor of the bride's mother, Mrs. Sugsdin, at the hotel. The room was decorated with flowers and smilax, and the bride looked charming. Company F seem determined to make their forthcoming concert, on the 16th, a success, and have engaged Mrs. Henry Norton and Mrs. Carmichael-Carr for the occasion. The respective balls given on New Year's eve by the Concordia and Verein clubs were each a great success. The latter balls are always largely attended by the American element of society, as well as the foreign, their annual masked ball in February being a feature of the gay season.

BAVARDIN.

### Notes and Gossip.

Edgar Mills returned Sunday from Nevada. Wednesday Robert Morrow left on the *Mariposa* for a trip to the islands, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant and Mr. Joseph Grant; Messrs. Adolph and Claus Spreckels also leaving by the same steamer. Mrs. Howard Coit will close her residence in Napa, and winter at the Palace. Mrs. Arthur Briggs has returned from the East to her Oakland home. Owing to Senator Farley's ill health, his family will not leave for Washington until some time during the month. Miss Crockett of Fruit Vale has gone East, and will remain with Mrs. Hearst for the winter. Mrs. William Watson and family, formerly of Napa, with Mr. Williams, a large ranch-owner of that locality, are among the several guests who are at Etna Springs. Mrs. William H. Brown spent her holidays in Sacramento. Among the social events this week in Sacramento was the party given by Mrs. E. B. Crocker, for which a large number of invitations were issued in compliment to Mr. Elwood Crocker, who spends his vacation there. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crocker have returned from a few days spent there. Miss May Breckinridge returned Tuesday from New York; also Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Houghton returned Tuesday last from their Eastern trip to their home in Benicia. Mrs. Houghton remained over the New Year with friends in the city. Mr. and Mrs. John Pomeroy also returned the same day. Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Ferrington, of Carson, are in San Francisco; also Colonel and Mrs. Preston from St. Helena. Mrs. John O. Earl will winter at the Lick House, having returned from San Rafael. Doctor William B. May and wife are also among the latest arrivals mentioned, returning Thursday; while Mr. and Mrs. Wise (*née* Marian McAllister) have concluded their visit to Mrs. Hall McAllister, of Mason Street, and already arrived at the East, where they are to remain. Charles Warren Stoddard, since his return, has been the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Savage, corner of Rincon Place and Harrison Street. Mrs. William H. Grattan and Mrs. Hans Kohler (*née* Davis) were also her guests New Year's, assisting her to receive. The Reis party, New Year's evening, was the leading social event of the week, many of the receptions of the day being deprived of their fair hostesses in consequence; and, as if by mutual appointment, the calling and receiving element there met in goodly number. The McMullin mansion offered a serious opposition the same evening. Those who could not divide the honors equally were at a loss to choose between the two. The party-callers were numerous, and hardly less brilliant was the gathering than that of a week previous. As usual, the Southern element predominated. Mrs. Governor Stoneman with her daughters were the guests of Mrs. Redfield, at Mare Island. They did not receive. Saturday evening, in response to an invitation of the Lawn-tennis Club, a large number of society people assembled at the old Olympic Club rooms, on Howard Street, to witness the game for which the appointments had previously been made, and which was warmly contested. Mr. Fred. Peterson won the game each time, in the second instance with the aid of Miss Paige, having for opponents Mr. Brigham and Miss Tours. An hour of roller-skating succeeded, and then dancing. So delightfully informal and enjoyable was the affair, that a periodical recurrence of them is hopefully looked for by the members and their friends. It is not fully determined at whose residence the next reunion of the club will take place. Mrs. J. A. Faull is visiting her sister, Mrs. Peart, in Woodland. Before leaving, she assisted on Saturday evening at the celebration of Mrs. William Faull's mother's seventy-fifth birthday. Among the guests were Captain and Mrs. William L. Merry, Dr. and Mrs. Fiske, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Merry, Miss Mamie Hill, Miss J. Howard, and Mr. A. Clark. Dr. and Mrs. Herzstein's Tuesday reception will be held at their present place of residence, with the bride's mother, Mrs. Wallace, on Broadway. The golden wedding reception of Walter Leman has been looked forward to by the many favored ones, not only on account of the attractions of the dainty invitations, but of the rarity of the occurrence. All who could made an effort to asssist last evening, and the result was a gathering brilliant in every particular. The Grayson mansion in Oakland was, as a prelude to coming events, enlivened with beauty and good cheer for the occasion of the New Year. Among the eleven receiving with the fair hostess, Miss Mamie, one was inclined to wonder how many would be selected to act as bridesmaids at the coming nuptials, which have been announced for an early day, the prospective groom being Harry Hinckley, son of Mr. Hinckley, of the firm of Hinckley, Spears & Hayes. The departure for the East of J. O. Eldridge has its significance, inasmuch as a wedding is projected on his arrival in New York to a Mrs. Benton. Regarding the subject of weddings, that of Miss Nellie Trowbridge to Dr. Allison of Prescott, Arizona, Wednesday evening, at the Palace, was an event contemplated since the advent of the Knights Templars in this city for the conclave. Another quiet but very elegant wedding was that of Charles H. Congdon of the Central Pacific Railroad, to Miss Louise Brandt, at the Palace, on Wednesday last. None but the relatives and intimate friends attended. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Barrows, after which a large number of friends took occasion of the after-reception to offer their congratulations. In a few days the couple leave for the Sierra Madra Villa, to remain until their return home to Tulare. General Hancock was tendered a grand reception on his arrival at Los Angeles. He was escorted from the hotel to Nadean Hall by military and civilians in carriages and on horseback. At least five thousand paid him their respects during the day, among whom were those he had known during his former residence there, and also those who had served under him during the war. He will return home by the Southern route after a brief sojourn in our southern country. Among the Eastern visitors at Los Angeles are Doctor Newton and wife of Hartford, Mr. Loomis of Hartford, Doctor Pendleton and family of Booneville, Mr. Charles E. Gant and wife of Chicago, B. F. Holbock of Baltimore, J. B. Buckley of New York, and W. B. Sargeant of New York. Another party, who are at the Pico House, and who are visiting there for their health, are J. K. P. Wood and wife of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, Miss Mamie Deane of New Hampshire, A. S. Egant and wife, and Mrs. J. S. Bean of Ogdensburg, New York, and Miss Mary Bassett. The Hon. E. B. Washburne will spend the winter in California. Lady Lester Kaye has returned home to her Sacramento ranch, while Lord and Lady Mandeville (her sister), with their family and suite, sailed for England the 22d ultimo. The younger sister, Miss Yznaga, will spend a part of the winter with her parents on their plantation near New Orleans. Of Californians in Washington who received on New Year's were Mrs. ex-Senator William M. Stewart, at her residence "Castle Stewart"; she was assisted by the Misses Agnes Payne of Warrentown, Miss Price of Philadelphia, Miss Lucy Page and the Misses Peabody and Armstrong of Washington, Mrs. J. R. Glascock, wife of Representative Glascock, Miss Wall and Miss Beame of California, and Mrs. Cassidy, wife of Representative Cassidy, of Nevada. Of other ladies of this coast who assisted Washingtonians in receiving was Mrs. John Mullen, assisted by her cousin, Miss Williamson of New York, and Miss Moale of Baltimore. The Misses McCeney were assisted by Miss Eddy, daughter of Colonel Eddy, and Mrs. Barclay Henley, of California. Mrs. George, wife of Representative George, of Oregon, and Mrs. Le Breton, of San Francisco, received at 1310 Connecticut Avenue. Miss Williamson and Miss Moale will be the guests of Mrs. Le Breton this winter. Mrs. Senator Dolph, of Oregon, and her niece, Miss Odeneal, also received. The latest intelligence from India was that Sir Sydney and Lady Waterlow were, with Miss Hattie Crocker, still there, expecting to leave shortly for London, which looks as if there was a season to be spent there and another introduction at court for Miss Hattie. Californians registered at the various hotels in London are Mrs. T. D. Phelps, H. Lingensmith, G. W. Butterfield, N. J. Coleman, E. E. De Crago, George Gray, J. Herd, Robert Hamilton, C. G. Ives, and Doctor L. Robinson. Among those at various New York hotels are T. W. Smith, Mrs. and Miss Chambers, H. G. Williamson, C. B. Johnson, H. Willey and wife, E. Elroy, H. L. Breed, L. M. Smith, A. L. Robbins, S. M. Cohen, General Ham, F. X. Cicot, C. Bush, J. M. Bassett, L. M. Bunking, E. A. Hall, W. S. Newhall, D. S. Coppeus, G. H. Craney, C. T. Milliken, E. L. Southworth, and C. H. Wassen. From Berlin one hears of Samuel Fabian, who, at a recent concert given by the Philharmonic orchestra, received the lion's share of applause. Herr Joachim and several other musicians of note played with him. Since his departure he has been an earnest student under the court pianist, Professor Frank; his technique is so fine and his conception of the great masters so correct, that already has he won for himself laurels, being recognized as one of the leading pianists of that city.

### The Gwin Party.

Mrs. Doctor Gwin's reception, on Thursday, at her residence, on Sacramento Street, was welcomed by the many friends of the hostess. The event was in honor of her nephew, Mr. George Pinkard, and his bride, as also to introduce Miss Maggie Gwin, her niece, into society. It was an elegant affair, characterized by a spirit of enjoyment which usually attends gatherings in that mansion. The toilets were remarkably elegant, that of the débutante being a white silk grenadine and costly lace, while the bride was attired in an imported robe of white satin with stamps of the great Parisien dressmaker upon it. A court train elaborate with valenciennes, the front of which was embroidered in delicate floral designs, and diamond ornaments completeted the *tout ensemble*. The hostess, in a heavy black velvet, *en train*, trimmed with rare point lace, and diamond ornaments, received her guests with courtly grace. Her daughter, Miss Carrie, was dressed in a handsome Parisian costume of pink surah, with elegantly embroidered front, the pointed corsage and elbow sleeves trimmed with point d'Alencon lace, which garnished the skirt. Her sister, Mrs. E. J. Coleman, wore a pink satin, with garniture of point d'Alencon, and diamonds. Mrs. A. N. Towne was majestic in a court-trained robe of maroon velvet, costly lace, and diamond ornaments. Mrs. Attorney-General Marshall was attired in a stylish robe of black velvet, *en train*, and diamonds; Miss Nellie, in a sweet, girlish costume of white and lace. Among other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gwin, Colonel and Mrs. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mr. and Mrs. Crittenden Thornton, Mrs. Daniel Cook, Judge Ogden Hoffman, Miss Rita Haggin, Mrs. Kittle, Miss Bessie Kittle, Mrs. and Miss Atherton, Mrs. and Miss Ashe, Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. Breckinridge, Governor and Mrs. Low, Miss Flora Low, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Jarboe, Messrs. George and William Crocker, Mrs. and Miss Macondray, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Marshall, Colonel and Mrs. Sullivan, Miss Jacmire, Misses Mizner and Selby, Mr. and Mrs. Schmiedell, Miss Nettie, Mrs. J. C. Talbot, the Messrs. Talbott, Mr. and Mrs. Freeborn, Mr. and Mrs. Eastland, the Pages, Brumagims, Wilsons, Smiths, Jones, Washingtons, McAllisters, McDowells, Sillems, Taylors, Balfours, Howards, McAffees, Boyd, were all represented. Dancing preceded and followed the eleven o'clock supper, for which the Gwin mansion is famous. The guests retired late, hoping that this most successful party but inaugurated a series of the Gwin hospitalities.

### Art Notes.

Theodore Wores has just completed the portrait of a young lady of this city. It is much admired, and will probably be placed on exhibition.

William Keith, having taken a studio at Munich, is busily working from models and studying in the public galleries.

Miss Nellie Hopps will shortly return to her old studio, on Montgomery Street, near Jackson. She has just completed several charming landscapes.

Morris & Kennedy have on exhibition in their gallery two paintings by Miss Mary Selfridge, who is at present studying art in Europe, where she has resided for the past two years. The pictures represent scenes in an old French town, and denote great progress on the part of the artist.

---

A young widow, well connected, comfortably endowed, living in one of the most sacred streets which climb Beacon Hill, found herself without near relatives, without occupation, and with a restless, Bohemian disposition which craved excitement, and found ordinary social pleasures lonesome, writes the Boston correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*. She had in her time played a very pretty part in private theatricals, and not so very many winters have passed since her rendering of the rôle of a lover in a French vaudeville, given by and for ladies at the house of a Commonwealth Avenue millionaire, created a genuine furor in fashionable circles. All the steps between that performance and her donning masculine garb in which to see Boston by gaslight I am not able to give, but to the latter escapade she came. Accompanied by her physician, a gentleman a few years her senior, she visited unsuspected a good many places which it is safe to say no member of her set of lady friends ever saw before her. So far as I know she was never detected but once. One night she and her friend visited a factory, and were requested to throw away their cigarettes for fear of fire. Mrs. X. had forgotten her cane that night, and, deprived of her cigarette, did not know what to do with her hands. In her nervousness she committed the folly of setting them akimbo upon her hips, and the foreman of the room, who was talking with her escort, at once suspected her sex. No harm came of this, however, as he had no clue to her identity, and willing as I should be to draw a moral for the warning of those tempted to such ill-judged proceedings, truth forces me to own that I know of no evil results in the case of which I speak. There was absolutely no impropriety connected with the affair beyond the risk the lady ran of ruining her reputation. The relations between herself and the doctor were, I am sure, perfectly correct, and their friendship was of a frank sort, which could not have existed without mutual respect. The lady has since remarried—with great social éclat—and should her husband stumble upon this and be able to identify its subject, he has no reason to disquiet himself.

---

One would suppose (says the New York *Times*) that a stranger visiting the capital would have no difficulty in finding that very interesting historical relic, the original draft of the Declaration of Independence. But such is not the case. Judge William Hardman, the publisher of the London *Morning Post*, who was in Washiugton a short time ago, learned the fact to his great personal inconvenience. He was told at the hotel where he stopped to seek it at the Patent Office. From the Patent Office he was directed to the Smithsonian Institution. From that place he was invited to look through the National Museum; and it was not until he had wasted a large part of a day in an ineffectual hunt, that he found the relic, late in the afternoon, in the library of the State Department.

---

The foreign matrimonial market is in a bad way. Our consul at Crefeld reports that all the marriages between American girls and German noblemen which he has heard of, thirty-one in number, have resulted in divorce, abandonment, or separation.

---

Frank S. Johnson, Carlton C. Coleman of this city, and Richard Delafield of New York, have been admitted as partners into the firm of William T. Coleman & Co.

---

The reaction has set in strongly in England against over-education, and the evils of competitive examination are forcibly dwelt upon by doctors.

---

A review recently started in India is entitled *Cream*, the intention being to skim the magazines of Europe and America.

## MORE MONEY FOR THE ROYAL FAMILY.

"Cockaigne's" London Letter.

Jobs for the especial benefit of members of the royal family, and for their favorites, seem to be the order of the day. First came the appointment of the Queen's third son, the Duke of Connaught, to the coveted post of military commander at Murat, in Bengal, a position that of right, and in reason, belonged to a much older man, and officer of longer service. Four thousand a year is the pay attached to this post, and, of course, the perquisites add a good deal more to it. To a man like the duke, who draws from the good people's pockets the modest yearly sum of twenty-five thousand pounds, this must seem a small addition to his income; but to aged generals who have little besides their pay, and many of them with large families to look out for, four thousand a year is a grand prize. To give it, therefore, with the accompanying éclat of a commandant's post in India, to a young man between thirty and forty, whose only claim consisted of his royal blood, was a barefaced job, and a crying shame.

The fact is, the Duke of Connaught is settled upon as the ultimate successor of the Duke of Cambridge as Commander-in-Chief; and this Indian post was thought a proper stepping-stone upon which his feet should first be placed. Connaught has not had any experience of actual service, his soldiering—with the exception of his farcical campaign in Egypt, when his presence in command of them kept the Guards brigade carefully *out* of action on every occasion—consisting solely of sham-fights at Aldershot, and field-days in Windsor Park. He is a very proper young man, and is excessively fond of making himself popular in a small way. His chief form of excitement is "bear fighting," for which he has a great liking. This bear fighting, by the bye, is a sort of after-dinner amusement much in vogue among the officers of the Guards.

After mess, especially on guest nights, they indulge in a game called by the suggestive name of "Tear-clothes," the object of it being to divest each other of their outer clothes by the ripping of seams and severance of buttons in as short a space of time as possible. Whoever dines at mess with the Grenadiers, Scots, or Coldstreams, is therefore justified in donning an old dress-coat for the occasion. It is not on the whole a very dignified proceeding on the part of her Majesty's officers, but, if it takes the place of gambling, the sacrifice of clothing is a good one, and the tailors benefit by it.

Scarcely had the army recovered from its chagrin and disgust at this "royalty" being ruthlessly put over the heads of war-worn veterans, when the country at large was astounded at the announcement that the Marquis of Lorne was to be called to the House of Lords as Baron Sundridge. What Lord Lorne had done to justify the honor nobody seems to know. He did his duty in Canada, I dare say; but why shouldn't he do it? Lord Dufferin was not the Queen's son-in-law, and that makes the difference. I shouldn't be surprised if many people in America were not somewhat puzzled to understand how the Marquis Lorne could be promoted by being made a baron, the title of marquis being the greater of the two. Lord Lorne, it should be borne in mind, is only a marquis by courtesy. As the eldest son of the Duke of Agyll, he takes by courtesy the second title of his father, as do the eldest sons of peers in general, and is *called* the Marquis of Lorne only, being entitled to no seat in the House of Lords in consequence. When he is created a baron, it is in his own right, and as such he has a seat among the peers, being one. It may seem difficult to understand at first glance, but such is the fact.

Now, the navy is up in arms. The queen's second son, the Duke of Edinburgh, has just been appointed to the command of the Channel squadron, one of the best posts in the naval service. Not only does his appointment to the position cause dissatisfaction in the navy, but in order to provide the berth for his royal highness, the admiral occupying it was politely ordered to vacate it, by his being appointed instead to the command of the China station. Besides unfairly shortening Admiral Dowell's term of service, it works great injustice to a great number of unemployed admirals, whose claims, no matter what their services to their country, were nothing by the side of those put forward by the blood royal. The Duke of Edinburgh is looked upon as quite unfitted to the position. He is not old enough to have had the requisite experience to make him a proper commander of so important a fleet as that in the Channel should a war break out. When Lord Beaconsfield sent the English fleet up the Dardanelles as a bluff to Russia, in 1878, I remember the duke was not thought sufficiently trustworthy to be given the command of a ship. Now, in five years, with no experience to speak of, he gets the command of the crack squadron of the royal navy. It is curious that he took no part in the bombardment of Alexandria. He likes snug berths on shore in a dock-yard, or cruising near by, where he can play the fiddle to his heart's content. He, too, has twenty-five thousand pounds a year from the country.

Yet another job, in a small way it is true, has just come out. The son of Colonel Ellis, one of the Prince of Wales's equerries, has been made a page of honor to the queen, a position which always results in a free commission in the Guards when the appointee gets too old to hold up court trains, and dawdle his time away in the company of gold sticks-in-waiting and exons of the guard. Of course, if he hadn't the Prince of Wales to back him, he would have had to take his chances like other youths. In no place more than in England does the saying, "There's nothing like having a friend at court," so aptly fit. People used to blame Disraeli for jobbing, but certainly Gladstone is getting no way behindhand in the same line of business.

Of course, every one is pleased at Tennyson's elevation to the peerage. It is most refreshing in the face of the usual huckstering which goes on when a title is to be bestowed in these days. Undoubtedly merit won it for him, but his having Gladstone for a friend had more to do with it. There is a considerable difference between merit when unrecognized and when taken by the hand. It is a curious thing that no doctor of medicine or surgeon has ever been elevated to a peerage, though Sir Benjamin Brodie is said to have been offered one, nor is there any peerage which has sprung out of a medical baronetcy. Physicians, for some reason or other, never get higher than baronets. Socially, neither physicians nor surgeons stand very high in England. Certainly they do not at all occupy the position in society they do in America. With one or two exceptions—the brother of Lord Cameron being one—none of the scions of noble houses have adopted physic or surgery as a profession. Why this should be so I am unable to say. It seems absurd that so noble and grand a calling should be looked down upon from a social standpoint; yet so it is. You will find many noble names among the bar and in the church, but not among the doctors.

Mary Anderson still continues to draw good houses at the Lyceum, and to attract many of the professional mashers away from the Gaiety bar. I hardly think she has made the immense success certain papers, which never seem to tire of puffing her and chronicling her movements, would have one believe. She is thought very handsome and fine-looking, but her acting is too statuesque and "woodeny" to create enthusiasm; besides which her poses and gestures are too painfully studied, and her voice is harsh and heavy. One hears and sees no end of things about her that it is as well to take *cum grano salis*, when one reflects that a knowing card like Abbey is her manager. Mrs. Langtry could tell a tale or two about his methods of advertising. Unfortunately the people an actor or actress would most wish to play before are not in London now, and will not be until Parliament meets. Until they see Miss Anderson (and I hardly think Patti would bring them to town at this time of year), you can not tell what England thinks of her acting.

Of all things, place less reliance on what is telegraphed by cable to America than on anything else. I myself have read the most egregious yarns sent over in that way. The stuff and nonsense I have come across about the Chamberlaines, too. Why, the Chamberlaines have lost whatever freshness they ever had, and have grown lamentably stale. They are asked nowhere. Mrs. Chamberlaine and her daughter run about as much as possible in public, but you never hear of them at a private house. Even the papers here have grown sick and tired of the "famous Ohio beauty." The fact is, the Princess of Wales was just too many guns for Miss Jennie, and the Prince himself is too fond of novelty to stick long by one woman. I wish some thoroughly nice, well brought up, properly managed American girl would come over and take the taste of Miss Chamberlaine out of the English mouth. Among the best people she has left anything but an agreeable flavor. Why can't some one like Minnie Stevens-Paget turn up? She was a credit to America. I wish I could say as much for her mother. But she is *passée* now, and though she is asked with her husband to stay at some of the best houses, and is still a great favorite, naturally she does not attract the attention she used. When the new girl does make her appearance, not only will she have to be well accredited, but she will have to fight shy of the Prince of Wales, and keep clear of all association of her name with his. Otherwise she will get into the papers, but nowhere else. Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlaine were so dazzled by the Prince's notice of their daughter that they did not seem to care how much talk it caused. I fancy now they are beginning to realize their error. Unfortunately it is too late. I hardly imagine they will force their daughter before the English public another season.

The engagement of Lord Garmoyle, Earl Cairn's son, to Miss Fortescue, the Savoy Theatre actress, is said to be off. I hardly believed the report, after the vehement manner in which the young gentleman asserted his determination to marry the woman of his choice. His father is a cunning old fox, a wily Irish royalist, and his nobility, let alone gentility—albeit he has been Lord Chancellor—is of too recent a date not to make him wish to prevent any act of his heir likely to drag him down from his hard-earned position, and, if the affair is at an end, he has doubtless brought it about. A good round sum is the reported salve applied not only to cure the young woman's broken heart, but to prevent any recourse to the intervention of a judge and jury to determine the measure of damages for the breach of promise. Actresses will in future not place much faith in young lordlings with long-headed fathers. By the bye, talking of the stage reminds me that a young baronet, Sir Randal Roberts, has just joined Wyndham's company. Aside from his histronic abilities, Sir Randal is quite a foremost man in other respects. When but sixteen he entered the Thirty-third Regiment, known as the Duke of Wellington's own, and as a lieutenant served in the Crimean war, and obtained the Crimean medal for his services. He also was decorated with the Order of the Legion of Honor of France. Later on, during the Franco-Prussian war, he was attached to the staff of the First Prussian Army Corps as special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, and, having been wounded at the battle of Gravelotte, was decorated with the Order of the Iron Cross by the Emperor William.

LONDON, December 11, 1883. COCKAIGNE.

---

Nathan Appleton, in a letter to the *Graphic*, objects to the pedestal proposed for the Bartholdi statue, on the ground that it is too big. He says: "It seems to me entirely opposed to good art and architecture to have a colossal figure like that of Liberty perched upon a pedestal twice its height, where it will be dwarfed, and its effect greatly diminished. Supposing the statue to be one hundred feet in height, the pedestal should be somewhat less than that, say eighty feet. I do not think Mr. Bartholdi ever contemplated so great an altitude, while, I am certain that he never for a moment imagined that the pedestal would cost so much more than the statue. I remember going with him and a party of gentlemen to Bedloe's Island during the autumn of 1876, when he expressed himself as delighted with the site, which he thought was admirably adapted for the modern Colossus. I am sure that with the one hundred thousand dollars already subscribed, or perhaps a slight addition, a proper and fitting pedestal can be built."

## LITERARY NOTES.

One of the popular books of the season is "Don't." In fact, it has attained a sale of twenty-five thousand copies. It consists of imperative warnings against mistakes and improprieties more or less common in conduct and speech. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

Mr. William J. Rolfe, whose excellent annotated edition of Shakespeare's plays was recently completed, has yielded to the urgings of European and American critics, and now adds the tragedy of "Titus Andronicus" to the list, with the opinion, however, that Shakespeare had little or nothing to do with the play. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 56 cents.

Miscellany: "Nasby's" son has been appointed United States Consul at Newcastle, England. His name is Robinson Locke. ——Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop has resumed her residence in Boston for the winter.——Sam Ward and William H. Hurlbert are both in London.——Theodore Tilton is living quietly in Paris, attending to his literary work.——Mr. Blaine has injured his eyes by close application to his book.——Mr. Cable's readings are regarded in Boston as a new departure in literature.

"The Folk-Lore of Shakespeare" is a valuable work, written by the Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer, M. A., Oxon., who is also the author of a standard work on "British Popular Customs." The volume consists of chapters on nearly a score of subjects, such as Ghosts, Witches, Plants, Marriages, Births, and Burials, Rings, Dances, etc., as they occur in the text of Shakespeare's plays and poems. The book shows very careful research, and will prove of the utmost importance to Shakespearean students. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York and London; for sale by Bancroft.

Announcements: Carl Schurz is said to be writing a life of Henry Clay.——Monsieur Lemerre, of Paris, has just published a French translation by Zola Dorian of Shelley's drama, "The Cenci." The volume contains a preface by Mr. Swinburne.——Doctor W. C. Bennett is bringing all his energies to bear in providing poetry for the workshop, for the barrack-room, the forecastle. His new venture, called the *Lark*, is published monthly at the price of one penny. He is supported by the best English and American poets, either as original contributors or as friends of the movement, allowing the use of poems from their published works. Doctor Bennett's first list comprises a large number of well-known names, including Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Robert Browning, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Lewis Carroll, and Mr. Thomas Woolner.——Madame Adam, who has created a profound feeling of irritation throughout Germany by the publication of the spiteful but clever caricatures of German sovereigns and statesmen in the *Nouvelle Revue*, over the pseudonym of "Comte Paul Vasili," intends to follow up her advantage by publishing further installments of the series. When completed, "Comte Paul Vasili's" articles will be collected for publication in book form. The volume will, of course, be forbidden to cross the German frontier.——Edward Eggleston continues in the January *Century* his series on early colonial history, with a paper on "Husbandry in Colonial Times."——The new illustrated weekly paper which is to be published simultaneously in England and France, is to be called *The International*. Artists and authors of both countries will contribute to its pages.——The Duke of Coburg has allowed Professor Lorenz to compile his memoirs, giving the duke's impressions of the court of Berlin, Brussels, and London. The memoirs are to be published after the duke's death.——Henry James has written an article on Matthew Arnold for the *English Magazine* for January.——"Thirlmore," the last work of William M. Baker, the author of "His Majesty, Myself," is to be published serially in the Philadelphia *Call*.——"The Conquest of England," the posthumous work of J. R. Green, treats of the period A. D. 829–1071.

Edgar Fawcett's latest novel, "An Ambitious Woman," appears in book form. During the last six months it has been issued serially by the New York *Tribune*, and attracted much attention in New York and Boston. It exceeds any one of the author's former novels in strength and interest. A beautiful woman loves society more than she does her loving husband. She possesses great strength of character, but looks upon her husband's adoration as a weakness. By a financial panic his immense fortune totters on the brink of destruction. He appeals to her for sympathy that is denied; and finally, awakening to a consciousness of his wife's feelings toward him, reproaches her in the bitterness of his soul. She pities him, and would repent, but he repulses her. In pique, she writes to an importuning adorer, consenting to his prayer that she should join him in Paris. The note by accident falls into the hands of a society enemy, who mails it to her husband. Meanwhile, a turn of fortune has recouped the latter's losses. The wife, by reason of several occurrences, has repented her rashness. The betraying letter arrives as the couple are at breakfast. She throws herself at his mercy, and he nobly forgives her everything. The materials are not by any means original, but they are admirably worked up, and the novel deserves the praise which it has so freely received. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, $1.50.

January Magazines: The *Continent* for January 2d contains a beautifully illustrated article on Lord Tennyson-d'Eyncourt.—— "A Christmas Pilgrimage," which was performed by the children of the First Unitarian Sunday-school at Christmas time has been published in book form.——The *Art Age* is a very striking journal just beginning in New York. It has for its object the development of printing and book-making, and is a model of beauty and elegance in both appearance and style. Published by A. B. Turnure, 132 Nassau Street, New York.——The catalogue for 1884 of the Dental College, attached to the University, has just been issued.——The *Modern Age* for 1884 presents a brilliant prospectus.——The *Plymouth Pulpit* begins the second year of the new series with the first number in January.——The *Current* is an ambitious weekly just started in Chicago. The first number is elaborately and elegantly gotten up, containing work from a number of prominent American writers.——*Ogilvie's Popular Reading* is the latest cheap monthly issued.——The January number of the *Eclectic* contains a steel engraving of "The Titian Family." The first article is on "The Poetry of the Early Mysteries," by F. M. Capes, which gives a description of the old miracle play of the Middle Ages. The celebrated Orientalist, W. R. S. Ralston, contributes a paper on the folk-lore and myths of India, under the name of "Some Indian Stories." "The Wonders of Photography," from *Cornhill Magazine*, is an explanation of an interesting topic. Don Laureano Figuerola, a noted Spanish statesman, has an article on "The Political Condition of Spain." The stories of the number include "Medusa," by H. Arthur Kennedy; "The Count de Rochmont," a story of the French Revolution, and "A Blowpipe," a tale of life in Borneo.——The contents of the *Popular Science Monthly* for January are "The Classical Question in Germany," by E. J. James, Ph. D.; "Early Colonists of the Swiss Lakes," by F. A. Forel (illustrated); "The Morality of Happiness," by Thomas Foster; "Female Education from a Medical Point of View—II.," by T. S. Clouston, M. D.; "The Control of Circumstances," by William A. Eddy; "Religious Retrospect and Prospect," by Herbert Spencer; "The Iguanodon" (illustrated); "Defective Eye-sight," by Samuel York At Lee; "The Chemistry of Cookery," by W. Mattieu Williams; "Catching Cold," by C. E. Page, M. D.; "The Source of Muscular Energy," by J. M. Stillman, Ph. B.; "Idiosyncrasy," by Professor Grant Allen, and "Etienne Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire" (with portrait).

## VANITY FAIR.

"All the royal ladies of Europe," says a Paris correspondent of the Boston *Courier*, "are patrons of Worth, excepting one—Queen Victoria. Besides furnishing these with many, not all, of their dresses, he sends also many an hermetically sealed case of dresses to far-away places like Peru, Archangel, and the Cape of Good Hope. Parisian society, therefore, gets but a share of his work. During the twenty-five years of his establishment in Paris, he has seen very many competitors rise and fall, and, while he is yet in no wise in his decadence, there are other houses as much sought as his own, each great dressmaker having a distinctive style. Some produce models even more elegant than those of Worth, but none are so fertile in new ideas. The *essayeuse*, or trier-on, in Worth's establishment, is an accomplished fitter, who puts the garment upon the client, and makes, under Worth's directions, any changes in the fit or the position of the trimming of the dress."

One of Worth's favorite ideas for this season is a very simple use of the fashionable tulle for young girls' ball-dresses. The model consists of half a dozen straight, full skirts of white tulle, the upper one being embroidered with little flowers. The corsage is of the simple shirred "madonna" pattern, and the accessories are all to be light and girlish. This dress, having such high sanction, ought to be fashionable for two or three seasons. Unhappily it will not be adopted by our distant population until after its favor is fallen in Paris. The shades of lilac seem to be as much chosen for evening dress by mature beauties as copper color is for visiting toilette. The Grand Duchess Vladimir has just received from Worth a dress in velvet of Persian lilac shade, of which the skirt is draped and fringed with silver. The demi-train is embroidered on the edge with silver from under which falls a rich trimming of malines lace. The corsage has a Marie Antoinette fichu of malines lace. This model could be copied easily for a dinner dress in America.

The personal life of these great dressmakers, like that of all leaders in any art or profession, is such a matter of common curiosity, that we are sure of interesting our readers in a description of the house and manner of life of the latest risen among the great establishments, the Maison Morin. There is little generally known about this firm, excepting that they came from Vienna at the instance of Sarah Bernhardt, and made the wonderful dresses for "Fédora," of which all the world has read. In fact, the Morin ladies are Parisians, who went to Vienna, as New York dressmakers go to Chicago, because the field was crowded at home, and they saw fortune beckoning afar. The two sisters were forewomen in Paris. They set up for themselves in Vienna, with Monsieur Blossier, who married one of the sisters, as their man of business. The work is well divided among them, and the profits are all kept in the family. One sister has a talent for fitting corsages, probably unequaled at present in all Paris. The other stays in the reception rooms and talks to dozens of clients and employees at a time, directing, deciding, distributing, advising, setting, in short, all the wheels a-going, and always serene and sympathetic.

The Morins remained ten years in Vienna, gathering in money, receiving orders even from Paris, and competing with Parisian rivals for the custom of the most finished court ladies in the world, the Austrians. At length, after much vague invitation and discussion, they decided suddenly to move to Paris, only last April. They took a hotel—that is, of course, a complete house—on the corner of the Rue de la Paix and Rue Daunon, and furnished it charmingly in Genoese velvet, with old hangings and great mirrors in carved wood frames. There are between two hundred and three hundred workmen and work-women employed in the house. Some of these employees take their meals in the basement, where are kitchens and dining-rooms for the common folk. On the ground floor are the rooms for packing and sending off the dresses, living rooms for the men employed in this service, and the gas apparatus from which the house is lighted. Next above is the low story called the *entresol*. Here are the private apartments of Madame Blossier, where live her children and their nurses and governurses, as one little girl called that genteel functionary who has so much less comfort and independence than the menials. Mademoiselle Morin has her private rooms on this floor, where are assembled the Morin family portraits, and certain souvenirs of their friend, Mademoiselle Bernhardt—portraits of her and sketches made by her, having her signature.

We now come to the "first floor" in Parisian language, the large high floor, where customers are received and the trying-on rooms are. This is Mademoiselle Morin's domain, she having that difficult part of the business, the personal interviews, to attend to. There are half a dozen trying-on rooms, so that no lady is obliged to wait, and each, when fairly in her new gown, can be visited for a little five minutes by the chief, while being for the rest of the time attended by an inferior official. The second floor holds stores of dress-goods, brocades, velvets, silks, embroideries, furs, gauzes, flowers, and lace, metal ornaments and bead garnitures of all sorts. Here also is the corsage department, under Madame Blossier's charge. The reader is doubtless sufficiently well informed to know that at a good dress-maker's the humblest work-women have their talent studied, and that the plainest dress has its portions made separately. The corsage-maker never sees the skirt, the sleeve-sewer never sews a dart, the draper never cuts the gores, and the designer never has shears in her hand. If you want a striking illustration of the history and process of that evolution which takes place in every growing organization, be it material or immaterial, study the dress-making art. The clever young woman at home who can do almost any sewing moderately well may be compared to the shapeless jelly-like animal with no segregated parts, any portion of its substance being able to do all that any other portion can. The whole Morin establishment with its hundreds of people, each doing his own work and no others, becomes the parallel to the highly organized animal, with all its parts complete and each part unfitted for other function than its own.

The corsage-rooms, then, make a separate department on the second floor. On the third, cutting-rooms, rooms where trimmings are made, rooms for sewing-machine work, and another kitchen and dining-room for girls who are employed in these departments. The fourth floor has the rooms for skirts and for skirt trimmings, finishing-rooms, etc. The fifth has bed-rooms for servants and resident employees. In the corsage department is to be noted a vast wardrobe with pigeon-holes, where every client has a fitted lining kept in a numbered and ticketed case. Among the ladies, who, having ordered dresses from the Morin house, possess their "number," are the Queens of Greece and Denmark, Queens Christine and Isabella of Spain, the Empress of Austria, and half-a-dozen imperial arch-duchesses and Mrs. Mackay. The same Grand Duchess Vladimir, who ordered the Persian lilac dress of Worth, ordered from Morin lately, a dinner toilet of Parma-violet color. The skirt was all draped in tulle, caught with pearls upon lilac satin ground. Demi-train in violet lampas, lined with ivory *epingle* velvet, attached at one side by a panel of shells made of the lilac, lined with the ivory materials. On the other, lace of English point carried down in zigzag. Heart-shaped corsage with fichu of English point.

Mrs. Mackay wears from this house a tea gown which has a round skirt of hortensia satin veiled with cream tulle, all caught with pampiles of steel, suspended by a gold thread. Overdress in Toledo gray *epingle* lined with hortensia satin. Over the bouffant tulle chemisette, which forms part of all these tea gowns, is the famous Morin vest, which is a long, coat-shaped garment of gray *epingle*, lined with rose satin.

"Digitated half-hose," responded a salesman in a furnishing-goods store on Broadway, near Madison Square, to a New York *Sun* reporter, "oh, yes. We have them, of course." Of soft, nice-feeling material, but an unpleasant mashed-potato color, the men's socks laid out by the salesman had bags for the toes separately, just as a glove has for the fingers. The toes looked small individually, but collectively they made the foot of the sock look queer. There was a disagreeable impression that it wasn't really a sock, but a glove made for some awfully mutilated hand. But the salesman said the toes would stretch to fit anybody's toes. And he went on: "They are invaluable for people who have tender feet, and are liable to have soft corns, or hard corns, or bunions, or in-growing nails, or anything else the matter with their pedal extremities. Why, there was an Englishman in here the other day who affirmed that they had cured him of the gout. They are worth only thirty-six dollars a dozen. We would charge twenty-one dollars a dozen for the same quality of hose non-digitated, and the small advance is very little when you come to consider the great amount of additional labor required to make those toes. They are woven, you observe, and there is no seam that can hurt the foot. Thirty-six dollars is absolutely nothing in comparison with a soft corn, and what would an infinitely greater sum be if weighed in the balance against an in-growing nail? They are not silk; merely merino. But to anybody who wants that sort of a sock that is just the sort of a sock that he wants, and the price is no object—to the buyer at least. They are all imported. I don't know why they have not been made in this country, but I suppose it is because they are so little known here as yet. We have only had them for sale a couple of years, and we never made any effort to push them. Not for ladies, so far as I know, but I don't see why they shouldn't be made for ladies just as well as for gentlemen. Come to think of it, I have heard that some famous opera bouffe singer in Paris, playing a character in which she had to appear supposably barefooted, had her silk tights made to fit her toes separately. But I don't remember now who she was, or anything more about it, only that she wore a form of digitated stockings, and that this sort of thing will be what the world will demand and children cry for, though, perhaps, not at the price of thirty-six dollars a dozen."

Paris, it seems, says a writer in the London *Whitehall Review*, has invented a new amusement. It gives what are called dinner-parties *en tete*, at which each of the guests must come with his head made up to represent some historical person, or at least in the style of some picturesque period. Only the head is to be made up; the rest of the body may be clothed in the ordinary garb of the nineteenth century. As one reads of this strange custom, one can not help thinking how very ludicrous a dinner-party got up on this plan must appear to the more reasonable among its members, and how curiously appropriate in the mouth of each guest might be the words of the Athenian weaver Bottom: "What do I see? You see an ass-head of your own, do you?" One æsthete, who had amused two continents with the cut of his clothes, lately tried to carry out some portion of the new plan in London by going wherever he was asked with his head made up in what he fondly fancied to be the likeness of a Roman emperor; but it was not a great success.

An advertisement for a "painter on satin" stirred a New York *Sun* reporter's curiosity, and the man who advertised said: "We make odor-cases, comb and brush-cases, toilet and dressing-cases, and many other fancy articles out of velvet, satin, and plush, all elegantly painted by hand. Plush is most in demand this season. No, it is not printed in colors. That could be done, of course, but it would not pay, because persons who can afford to buy such things at all would not have them if not painted. Besides, there are so many young people now doing this sort of painting, and doing it very well, that prices for it are very low. Good ordinary painters on those materials can earn from twelve dollars to eighteen dollars a week. Those who are capable of making acceptable designs get something more, according to what they turn out.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The talk of an English regency is revived among London Court gossips.

They say that the Queen always objects to letting the Prince of Wales go to Paris.

Ellen Terry's breakfast consists of a hard-boiled egg and bread dipped in sherry wine.

Count Gleichen is now making a bust of Miss Mary Anderson, to be presented to the Princess of Wales.

Marie Van Zandt, the opera singer, is twenty-two. About thirty or forty years hence she will be about twenty-nine.

Walter Besant suggests that authors' proofs be prepared by young girls using type-writers. It would give women a new line of usefulness.

Johann Strauss, the well-known waltz composer, has been suffering from poisoning by nicotine, the result of smoking strong cigars to excess.

An alleged grandson of Marie Antoinette, and pretender to the French throne, has just died in great distress in Holland, and was buried in a pauper's coffin.

Mrs. Tabor tells a reporter in Denver that her husband, the ex-senator, now away from home, sends her "a postal card every day, and once a week a sweet letter."

Rosamond Dale Owen, a granddaughter of Robert Dale Owen, insists that the actor should never leave his dressing-room to go on the stage without uttering a prayer.

It is said that at the Papyrus Club dinner, in Boston, Miss Ellen Terry wrote on one of the *menu* cards sent up for her autograph: "Those who love me call me Nellie."

The late Sydney Blanchard, of London, who rose to prominence there and in India as a journalist, was the man who once proposed to his associates, "Suppose we start a *comic Punch?*"

The lady to whom Mr. Oscar Wilde is engaged to be married is Miss Constance Lloyd, daughter of the late Horace Lloyd, Q. C. There is utterly no foundation for the rumor that he is about to be raised to the peerage.

Once, when Liszt was at the height of his popularity in Paris, he was seen holding a crossing-sweeper's broom at the corner of the street. "The fact is," said Liszt, simply, "I had no small change for the boy, so I told him to change five francs for me, and he asked me to hold his broom for him till he returned."

Alphonse Daudet is forty years old, wears his black hair so long that it reaches his shoulders, and has a benign, almost ministerial, countenance. Owing to his extreme short-sightedness he some years ago met with a serious accident on the street, and since then he has walked out but little, and has become as well known to Paris cabmen as Victor Hugo used to be to omnibus-drivers. He is greatly assisted in his literary work by his wife.

Lord Tennyson-d'Eyncourt will find that if all his comrades in the peerage are not the cotton-spinners for whom a generation ago he expressed such eloquent contempt, it is because—in the cases of some of them—they are engaged in other industrial pursuits. The most recent noble recruits to the army of trade are Lord Londonderry, who sells coal by the ton, hundred-weight, and bushel, and Lord Sudely, who manufactures jam and marmalade.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Deutsch Montagsblatt* says that the Princess Dolgourouki, widow of Alexander II., recently had a personal interview with the present czar concerning the education of her son, Prince George. Alexander III. wanted the lad to enter M. Katkoff's gymnasium at Moscow, but the royal mother would not consent to this, insisted on retaining for the prince the private tutors selected by his father, and left the presence of the czar in a state of great excitement.

Miss Josie Mansfield, who is notorious in connection with the Fisk-Stokes assassination, is said to be living in France. A correspondent, while walking recently through the gardens of St. Cloud, saw her leaning on the arm of her last husband, a portly man who looked like a Russian. "Josie," the writer adds, "was elegantly and most richly dressed, but in plain black and lace. She had grown thinner, had lost the flesh that for a while made her look gross and sensual, and was radiantly beautiful. Her husband is enormously wealthy, I am told, and is devoted to her."

An indirect but important maker of history was Jean Michael Badinguet, a common mason, who died last month at Chantenay, near Paris. He was employed at making repairs in the fortress of Ham when Louis Napoleon was imprisoned there, and he aided the latter to escape by lending him his clothes, his short black pipe, and his name, wearing which, with a board on his shoulder, the future emperor passed by all the sentries unchallenged. For this Badinguet was thrown into prison, but after the *coup d'etat* Napoleon set him free and granted him a pension out of his private purse. After his release from prison he always went by the name of Rudot, and only at his death was his real identity discovered.

Doctor B. W. Richardson, the well-known Engligh authority on hygiene, at the annual meeting of the Tricycle Union in London, said that in his vacation he pursued cycling as a great pleasure and as a greater restorative. He regarded this recreation as one of the healthiest of all exercises, and was deeply grateful for the perfection to which the machines had been brought. He deemed it best that the bicyclists and tricyclists should each have a separate and independent organization, for the protection of their rights and the promotion of their interests, seeing that there was a large body of ladies and gentlemen who were essentially tricyclists, and nothing else. His desire was that cycling should be not only one of the most delightful and healthy of recreations, but intellectually one of the most useful as well.

## SPORTING EVENTS IN NEW YORK.

"Flaneur's" Weekly Gossip.

It would be a source of immense satisfaction to New Yorkers if San Francisco's two wonderful sprinters would come over here. We can not believe the alleged records of Joseph Masterson and Walter C. Lubbock, and we believe we have the fastest flyer in the world in Myers of the Manhattan Athletic Club. His record is certainly the top one as far as New York is concerned for one hundred yards, and New York men are firmly convinced that there is no one in this country who can top him. When it comes to the English runners, every one is afraid to back heavily. There are more good runners in England than in America to-day, but the best of them can not run one hundred yards below ten seconds. One Englishman, whose name I have forgotten, recently averred that he could run one hundred yards in nine and four-fifths seconds, but when he was matched against another fleet runner and accurate time taken of his speed, in London, he found it impossible to better ten and one-quarter in five trials.

There seems to be no doubt that Masterson and Lubbock are clever sprinters. I doubt sincerely, however, if Masterson can do seventy-five yards in seven and one-fifth seconds, and one hundred yards in nine and four-fifths seconds, as he is reputed to do. The race between Masterson and Lubbock, in California, on the 8th instant, excited more interest in New York than the flyers are probably aware of. There was a great deal of betting, particularly in the Manhattan and New York athletic clubs on the result of the match as far as time is concerned. The men are not well enough known here to excite any partisanship. The time, ten and three-quarters, was extremely slovenly for dashers who claim as much as Masterson and Lubbock do. If these two men, running against each other, can not do better than ten and three-quarters, what becomes of the ten seconds and lower records that have been so much talked about heretofore?

Amateur running in New York increases in favor every day. Every college man who goes into athletics at all is obliged to run, as it is by all odds the best all-around exercise in the gymnasium. Men who train for the foot-ball teams in Harvard and Yale, for instance, are obliged to run three miles every morning as a sort of breaker-in, to prepare for the more vigorous training which follows. Then, again, the honors and awards which follow a successful runner are so great, and the exercise can be indulged in with so much more convenience than rowing or sculling, that the number of runners is necessarily larger than any other class of athletes. Perhaps the most attractive thing about one-hundred-yard sprinting is the utter impossibility, so far, of getting the time below the portentous ten seconds. Away back—in 1852, I think it was—a famous English runner reduced the time to nine and four-fifths seconds. This figure has never been equaled since, on an accurate track, with thoroughly reliable time-keepers. Hundreds of college and city athletes, after a little training, get down to ten and three-quarters, and, having gone thus far, they are tormented with the ambition to get a fraction of a second further. Many a time I have seen a bunch of eight or ten sprinters start off from the line in the different athletic grounds here and fly home together, and, in many instances, fully two-thirds of them would arrive in less than eleven seconds.

Another sport, which has recruited the ranks of amateur runners, is the adoption here of the English game, hare and hounds. The country above New York, and particularly that which lies near the Harlem River, is admirably suited to hare and hounds. The game, while it is not a particularly exciting one, is always pleasant, as the hares usually run in such an adroit manner that they fetch up at a convenient country-house or hotel, where they can have a dinner, or at least a very heavy luncheon, before starting home together. A couple of fleet hares will lead a pack of thirty hounds a ten-mile race, and at the best every one of the thirty men will be in at the death. I don't know whether this is complimentary to the speed of the hounds or their anxiety to get to the hotel in time for dinner. Bicycle-riding has also done a good deal to develop the legs of New Yorkers.

Boxers are pets just now. One reason why amateur sparring is so popular is because it is so easy for Wall Street, professional, and business men to indulge in the sport. They have not time to go to the Harlem River or the athletic grounds, but they can all go the city athletic clubs, which are all located below Fiftieth Street, in the evenings, without suffering inconvenience, unless they get slugged. Glove contests occur more frequently among men of good social standing than is generally believed. It is said that boxing improves men. I suppose it does physically, but it certainly develops a good many of the animal traits that are just as well when dormant.

I never was more forcibly reminded of it than a few nights ago when lounging in the Racquet Club. There were four of us there, and we were resting after a good deal of hard work. Then somebody said that Dan Costey and Jim Sweeney would face each other in a disreputable den in Bleecker Street at midnight. The den in question is about the lowest and most abominable den of the sort that I have ever seen. But so interesting was the bout expected to be between Sweeney and Costey that no one thought of the character of the place, and we all went down there. When we arrived, we went down a steep flight of stairs into the cellar; there were about one hundred and fifty of the worst blackguards, cut-throats, wife-beaters, tramps, pickpockets, plug-uglies, and bruisers that I ever saw in my life. I have seen a number of such crowds at various times, but compared to this one the others were refined and beautiful. Everybody was smoking grocery-store cigars, and those who couldn't find seats had casually knocked the glasses from the bar and seated themselves there. The room was dense with tobacco-smoke and reeking in profanity. I regret to state that I saw at least a score of men whose social position is above reproach, and whose families would have gone into mourning if they had known of their presence in such a place. But the men were all amateur sparrers; that is the reason they were there, and that is exhaustive proof that sparring improves and refines men.

Mr. Costey and Mr. Sweeney had been on bad terms for a year; each had boasted of his ability to reduce the other to mush at the slightest provocation, and each had panted for a twelvemonth to get his hands on the other. These are the sort of men to be wary of, for they never practice what they preach. I mean wary from a spectator's standpoint. If you want to see a good fight, don't expect it where men have been quarreling. It is the calm and scientific ones who fight for the glory of fighting, and not those who fight to settle differences, that are worth seeing. Therefore I expected that the fight would not turn out very well. It didn't. Mr. Costey got up in front of Mr. Sweeney, and tapped him lightly on the shoulder. Then Mr. Costey danced back lightly on his toes to the farther corner of the ring and panted heavily. Mr. Sweeney displayed a wicked smile, which was intended to convince people that he appreciated the fact of the preliminary tap was only a feeler, and that he would lay back stiff for a moment and then carve the insect Costey into small slices. The two men approached each other once more and sparred until time was called, and returned to their corners without having exchanged a square blow.

A temporary interruption occurred here. A gentleman, apparently a burglar, differed with another gentleman, who was unquestionably a Mick, as to the scientific points displayed by Costey. Thereupon the Mick lifted a beer glass and smashed in the gentlemanly burglar's head. The burglar was dragged up stairs and thrown out on to the street—his reward for having held independent opinions—and the referee was about to call time, when he observed that a chair was poised above the heads of the crowd in another portion of the room. He paused, sympathetically, to see what was to become of the chair. The gentleman who held the chair, an escaped jail-bird, brought it down on the head of a modest young wife-beater who had claimed that Sweeney could best Costey. After this victim had been removed, the master of ceremonies decided that it was time to go on with the match, and Costey and Sweeney came in the ring again and began to dance around like a couple of children. Each was afraid of the other.

It was at this interesting period that the master of the place, Mr. The. Allen, came into the room and looked about him. First he looked at the broken glass which had been swept from the bar; then at the crowd, and then at the platform. He walked down through the middle of the floor, and tossing aside the fighters who impeded him as though they were children, he jumped on the platform. The two fierce and bloodthirsty fighters looked like lambs. The proprietor is not a particularly heavy man, but he is muscle from his heels to his head, and he is what all pugilists fear—a bar-room fighter. He jumped upon the platform and looked contemptuously at the two men who stood there with their hands down, and then he remarked, in English lavishly embellished, that the two pugilists were no good, and threw them, one after the other, down among the crowd. Then he took out his watch, and said he would whip any man who was found in the room after the expiration of four minutes. I was the first out.

While I am speaking of boxing and sparring, it will perhaps be as well to exhaust the subject. The only absolutely new thing here is the exhibition of boy boxers. There are four or five pairs of boys who travel regularly about town giving exhibition matches, and they are generally successful in a financial sense. Some of them spar well, too, though of course none of them have any noticeable strength. They all have managers, and they devote their time between the variety shows and the music halls. They have entirely succeeded female boxers as an attraction. Nearly all of the female boxers who formerly sported about town, have gone on the variety stage. Their boxing was ever a delusion and a snare. They invariably tried to fight without hurting each other. The result is not exciting.

The various telephone, electric light, telegraph, steam-heating, and steam-power companies are still having fun with the city. Two horses have recently been killed by coming in contact with the electric light wires, and an unassuming citizen blown several feet in the air by the exuberance of one of the steam-heating company's pipes. Broadway has been in a state of eruption for four months owing to the inquisitiveness of the Western Union Telegraph Company, which doesn't know exactly how its pipes lay under America's greatest thoroughfare. The telephone and electric light wires caused actual danger to the firemen in managing the Masonic Temple fire, and the electric light wires were so wound about the Windsor Theatre that when that building caught fire the chief kept his firemen away until the circuit could be turned off at the main station. Meanwhile, half the building was consumed. Chief Bates showed extreme unction and common sense when he said he didn't propose to have two or three of his firemen killed by the electric wires, and so the building burned.

Huge, repulsive, and misshapen telegraph-poles disfigure the streets from one end of the city to the other. Ash-barrels, many of them half broken, stand along the curbs of some of the principal thoroughfares, so that a high wind blows the ashes into the eyes of pedestrians. Fifth Avenue, which is undoubtedly the most impressive street in the country, is full of holes, and has not been paved throughout its length in twenty-four years. Dingy and smoky awnings disfigure many of the most beautiful thoroughfares, and show cases, exhibition stands, and advertising signs encumber the sidewalks on every hand. Petty tradesmen leave their wagons and carts standing in the streets all night to save stable hire, and coal-holes and cellars are so feebly and inefficiently protected that citizens are taken to the hospitals every day with broken legs.

This is not cheerful, but it is the truth. It shows the condition of things in New York at the present time, and it certainly is not complimentary to the efficiency of the city government. If New York is behind the age in these respects, it is even worse in the matter of monuments. New York may not be great in every respect, but it has the proud consciousness of being the stingiest city in the world when it is necessary to show its regard for a dead citizen. Take Peter Cooper, for instance. There never was a man who held a warmer place in the hearts of the people than this philanthropist. His life was devoted to advancing the interests of New York's young men and women, and the vast fortune which he accumulated by his own toil he gave liberally to others. His funeral was seized upon by the citizens of all classes and degrees as an occasion for testifying love and respect for the dead philanthropist. Volumes of praise were written about him, and he was exalted to the highest point in the esteem and love of all New Yorkers.

Then some inspired idiot suggested a monument, and a committee was formed, composed of the Mayor, Corporation Counsel, and a member of the Board of Aldermen, to receive subscriptions. Boxes were placed in the police stations, postoffices, hotels, theatres, libraries, and other public buildings of the city, and quite a hurrah was started over the Cooper monument. The enthusiasts at first insisted upon attempting to raise one hundred thousand dollars, but this was finally cut down to thirty thousand dollars, and after several months of enthusiastic work and an enormous expenditure of eloquence and ink about three thousand dollars has been raised. More than a million people, through the generous outpourings of hearts inspired with gratitude and kindness for the dead, succeeded in raising during the month of September the enormous amount of twenty-seven dollars and thirty-six cents. Thus far this month, fourteen dollars has been subscribed. Nobody knows exactly where the balance of twenty-six thousand dollars and odd is coming from.

The same mismanagement which has all along characterized the doings of the Bartholdi Statue Committee is prominently displayed at the Loan Exhibition. Fewer people visit the Academy of Design every day. The exhibition is above the heads of the people, and interesting to art students only. The price of the catalogues is one dollar, and they are so scientifically arranged and the objects so queerly grouped that no one can find the numbers they search for. The exhibition is another failure. The weather is bad, too.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, December 25, 1883.

---

There are now in the United States, says the *Car-Builder*, about 145,000 miles of railway track, including sidings and second track. This with the number of ties to the mile (estimated at 2,640) makes a total of 382,800,000 ties on the existing roads. Assuming the average life of ties to be six years, the number of renewals each year would be 63,800,000, or 440 ties to each mile of track. We do not know just how many ties an acre of average woodland will yield, but calling the number 100, which is a fair estimate, the quantity of woodland required per mile of track for each year's renewals would be 4.4 acres; and the quantity required for the yearly renewals upon 145,000 miles of track would be 638,000 acres, or an area not quite as large as one-half of the State of Delaware. On the basis of present mileage this does not seem to be a very alarming inroad on our forests so far as railroad ties are concerned, especially when it is borne in mind that a new growth of timber is everywhere in progress where the existing forests are not being destroyed. Looking at the matter from a tree-planting point of view (a mode of providing against a scarcity of tie material that is beginning to attract considerable attention) the results are somewhat different. Supposing the renewals of ties for the present mileage of 145,000 were all to be made from planted trees, what would be the extent of plant required? An acre contains 160 square rods. If one tree is planted to each rod and grows to a size that will make two ties, the yield would be 320 ties per acre, or 204,800 per square mile of planted trees. This would require a planted area of 311.5 square miles—a little less than one-fourth of the area of the State of Rhode Island—to produce ties enough for one yearly renewal of 63,800,000 ties for 145,000 miles of track; or a planted area of 1,869 square miles, which is 250 square miles less than the area of the State of Delaware, to produce ties enough for six yearly renewals, or 382,800,000 ties for the existing track mileage of 145,000 miles. This, however, is on the supposition that the trees are already grown to a size large enough to make two ties each. The growth of trees being comparatively slow as contrasted with the growth of railways and the consequent consumption of ties, this element of the problem must not be lost sight of. Assuming that it will take twenty years for a planted tree to reach a size large enough to make two ties, it would require 6,230 square miles of tree plant—an area exceeding that of Rhode Island and Connecticut—to yield a supply sufficient for the above-named mileage during the twenty years the trees are growing, or for three and one-third six-year renewals for 145,000 miles of track, and requiring 1,276,000,000 ties, or the product of 27½ acres of tree plant (2,800 ties) to each mile. These figures merely indicate in a rough way the scale upon which tree culture would have to be carried on in order to meet the wants of a track mileage such as we have at present. Railway construction, however, is bound to go on until it reaches a limit at which it ceases to be profitable.

---

Letters have just been received from their agents in Mandalay, by Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson in New York, confirmatory of the recent news concerning the purchase of a sacred elephant from King Theebaw. The animal purchased is described as nine feet six inches high. It appears that the purchase was effected only by the influence of Queen Soojahat, the wife of King Theebaw. Many prayers and petitions were addressed to his "Golden-faced Majesty," accompanied by large presents of money. The elephant was finally delivered to Barnum's agent by the king's master of elephants, and was then hurriedly placed on board the British and Burmese Steam Navigation Company's steamer, *Tenasserim*, sailing from Rangoon on December 8. A dispatch received from London states that the steamer reached Suez on her way to England about Christmas, and Mr. Davies, the agent who brought Jumbo to this country, left at once for London to meet the sacred elephant and arrange for its transportation to New York.

---

An interesting social problem is the marvelous way in which the number of survivors of the Balaklava charge increase each year.

## THE KING OF GAMES.

Some Reminiscences of Great Chess Players, Living and Dead.

[With the beginning of this volume the *Argonaut* commences a weekly chess column. The first article, which is here appended, is a preliminary essay. The succeeding articles will contain chess problems and other matters of interest to chess players, and matters of purely local interest will be touched upon. The chess column will be conducted by Mr. J. Fennimore Welsh.]

Much has been written, still more remains unsung, relative to the origin and honor of the invention of *Caïsa*. It is exceedingly difficult to discover who was the inventor of this imperishable game. Some say it was Philosopher Xerxes, others the Grecian Prince Palamedes, while others still ascribe the credit to the ancient Egyptians. Certain it is that the first mention of the game in literature is found in the first book of the Odyssey of Homer, who flourished about one thousand years before Christ; and it is claimed by certain writers that it is the only amusement indulged in and countenanced by the Messiah while on earth.

Some students claim that the game has existed in China from time immemorial. But if evidence be required to prove that chess was invented by the Hindus, we may be satisfied with the evidence of the Persians, who, though as much inclined as other nations to appropriate the ingenious inventions of a foreign people, unanimously agree that the game was imported from the west of India, together with the charming fables of Vishnusarman, in the fifth century of our era.

It seems to have been immemorially known in Hindustan by the name of "Chaturanga"—that is, the four angas, or members of an army, which are said in the "Amara-cosha" to be "hasty as warat in hapádátum," or elephants, horses, chariots, and foot-soldiers; and in this sense the word is often used by epic poets in their descriptions of real armies. By a natural corruption of the pure Sanscrit word, it was changed by the old Persians into "Chatrang," but the Arabs, who soon after took possession of their country, had neither the initial nor final letter of that word in their alphabet, and consequently altered it still further into "Shatrang," which found its way presently into the modern Persian, and at length into the dialects of India, where the true derivation of the word is known only to the learned. Thus has a very significant word in the sacred language of the Brahmins been transformed by successive changes into "scacchi," "echecs," "chess," and by a whimsical concurrence of circumstances given birth to the English word check, and even a name to the exchequer of Great Britain.

The beautiful simplicity and extreme perfection of the game, as it is commonly played in Europe, Asia, and America, prove that it was invented by one effort of some great genius, and not completed by gradual improvements, but formed, to use the phrase of Italian critics, "by the first intention."

The ancient Chinese game differed from modern chess in having two pieces whose moves were distinct from any which we use. The "mandarin," which answers to our "bishop" in his station and oblique movement, can not through age cross the river (which divides the contending forces); and a rocket-boy (still used in the Indian armies), who is stationed between the lines of each party, and acts literally with the motion of the "rocket" by vaulting over a man and taking his adversary at the other end of the board. Except that the "king" has two sons to support him, instead of a "queen," the game in other respects is like ours.

On the introduction of the game in Persia, the board changed with the dry and arid nature of the region, and the contest was decided on *terra firma*. In all probability the game was invented by an experienced soldier, based on the principles of war—not, as some claim, to dispel love-sick vapors, or instruct ladies in a science which would neither enrich them nor enhance their beauty, but to quiet the murmurs of a discontented soldiery, employ their vacant hours in lessons on the military art, and to cherish the spirit of conquest in the bosom of winter quarters. The Chinese themselves claim that the game was invented three hundred and seventy-nine years after the time of Confucius, or one thousand nine hundred and eighty-five years ago.

One thing is certain, chess has been played by the learned and accomplished members of society in all the nations of Europe and America for many hundreds of years. Distinguished students and masters of the game have flourished in all ages, whose fame has spread abroad throughout the world. Labourdinais, Phillidor, and Morphy are names revered by every lover of the noble science. Perfection at the game is almost an impossibility. A moderately thorough knowledge of the history, laws, and practice of the game is rare, and is all the modern student aspires to acquire.

Hundreds, if not thousands, in every large city amuse themselves by playing at the game, but very few attain to even a moderate degree of excellence. The noted players now living in Europe and America can almost be numbered upon the fingers of the hand. We mention them in the order which their rank and strength deserve:

First and foremost, incomparably greater than any who lived before his time, or who have flourished since, stands Paul Morphy, probably the only man who ever lived that played *perfect chess*. Poor fellow! Bereft partially of his reason, he roams around New Orleans arrayed like an exquisite of the time of Louis XIV., "a melancholy sight to look upon." Spurred on by an utterly heartless but ambitious and beautiful woman to whom he was betrothed, he attempted to master the study of the law, and to memorize whole law libraries in order that he might shine preëminent in law as in chess. He was but human, and his mind collapsed under the gigantic strain.

Next in rank among living experts we mention Doctor Zukertort, the renowned savant who recently won first honors at the International Tournament held in London. Like Morphy, possessed of an almost clairvoyant mind, his memory is so wonderfully retentive that the writer remembers seeing him, a few years ago, at the close of an evening at whist—after three games had been played—take the cards and assort to each player, in regular rotation, the hands held during the entire evening. Then comes Steinitz, who, in the opinion of many good judges and critics of the game, has no superior; Winawer, the great Russian expert; Baron Kolisch, who has retired from public contests; Mr. Blackburne, who is one of the greatest blindfold players; Louis Paulsen, who now lives in Germany, and the only man who was able to conduct successfully a game against Morphy in the tournament of 1857; Captain McKenzie, of New York, who is one of the most accomplished and versatile players in the world; James Mason, who bids fair to outrank all competitors; Mr. Hosmer, of Chicago, who, with the time limit barred, has no superior; Mr. Morgan, a wealthy citizen of Illinois, who is the only American with an equal score against McKenzie; Mr. Reichelm, of Philadelphia; Mr. Martinez, President of the Philadelphia Chess Club; and Max Judd, of St. Louis. Among the renowned European players we omitted mention of the celebrated experts De Re Vere and Rosenthal, of France, and Messrs. Englisch, Tschigorin, and Bird, all diamonds of the first water.

There are no strictly *first-class* experts who are residents of San Francisco, but quite a number of second and third-grade players. Among leading lights may be mentioned, in about their just rank, Messrs. Jefferson, Wise, Redding, Yerworth, Franklin, Kendrick, Marshall, Holstein, Chace, Pfeifer, Van Vliet, Peck, Scott, Shipman, Oakley, White, and a few others whose names we do not now recall, who are but little, if at all, inferior to those whose names we have already mentioned. It is highly desirable that there should be a much more strict observance of the rules and etiquette which obtain among first class players by our local lights; and to this end we suggest a universal observance of the law that a piece touched must be moved, and allowed to remain upon the square first touched with it after the intention of moving that piece has been manifested. In future articles we propose to publish the laws and rules of the game entire, as observed by the leading clubs in this country and Great Britain.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

### "At the Golden Gate."

Before the golden gate she stands,
With drooping head, with idle hands
Loose-clasped, and bent beneath the weight
Of unseen woe. Too late, too late!
Those carved and fretted,
Starred, rosetted
Panels shall not open ever
To her who seeks the perfect mate.

Only the tearless enter there;
Only the soul that, like a prayer,
No bolt can stay, no wall may bar,
Shall dream the dreams griefs can not mar.
No door of cedar,
Alas, shall lead her
Unto the stream that shows forever
Love's face like some reflected star!

They say that golden barrier hides
A realm where deathless spring abides;
Where flowers shall fade not and there floats
Through moon-rays mild or sunlit motes—
Mid dewy alleys
That gird the palace,
And fountained spray's unceasing quiver—
A dulcet rain of song-birds' notes.

The sultan lord knew not her name;
But to the door that fair shape came;
The hour had struck, the way was right,
Traced by her lamp's pale, flickering light.
But ah, whose error
Has brought this terror?
Whose fault has foiled her fond endeavor?
The gate swings to; her hope takes flight.

The harp, the song, the nightingales
She hears, beyond. The night-wind wails
Without, to sound of feast within,
While here she stands shut out by sin.
And he that revel
Of angel or devil.
She longs to sit beside the giver,
That she at last her prize may win.

Her lamp has fallen; her eyes are wet;
Frozen she stands, she lingers yet;
But through the garden's gladness steals
A whisper that each heart congeals—
A moan of grieving
Beyond relieving,
Which makes the proudest of them shiver.
And suddenly the sultan kneels!

The lamp was quenched; he found her dead,
When dawn had turned the threshold red.
Her face was calm and sad as fate;
His sin, not hers, made her too late.
Some think, unbidden
She brought him, hidden,
A truer bliss that came back never
To him, unblest, who closed the gate.

—*George Parsons Lathrop in January Manhattan.*

### Pictures.

Long rolling surges of a falling sea,
Smiting the sheer cliffs of an unknown shore;
And by a fanged rock, swaying helplessly
A mast with broken cordage—nothing more.
A full sun blazing with unclouded day,
Till the bright waters mingle with the sky;
And on the dazzling verge, uplifted high,
White sails mysterious slowly pass away.
Two at a banquet board alone,
In dalliance, the feast being done;
And one behind the arras stands,
Grasping an axe with quivering hands.

—*Lewis Morris.*

### Goldoni.

Goldoni—good, gay, sunniest of souls—
Glassing half Venice in that verse of thine—
What though it just reflect the shade and shine
Of common life, nor render as it rolls
Grandeur and gloom? Sufficient for thy shoals
Was Carnival; Parini's depths enshrine
Secrets unsuited to that opaline
Surface of things which laughs along thy scrolls.
There throng the people; how they come and go,
Lisp the soft language, flaunt the bright garb—see
On Piazza, Calle, under Portico
And over Bridge! Dear king of Comedy,
Be honored! Thou that didst love Venice so,
Venice, and we who love her, all love thee!

—*Robert Browning in Pall Mall Gazette.*

## THE INNER MAN.

"Of one fact there is no doubt," writes "Nasby" from Rome. "The monks of the church of the Three Fountains, as in the monastery of Certosa, near Florence, manufacture a most delicious liquor, which they call chartreuse, which is the most seductive fluid, except absinthe, that human mind ever conceived for the speedy and certain manufacture of drunkards. It is as palatable as a sweetheart's kiss, and as smooth as a book-agent's talk, and, mixed with brandy, will produce an intoxication that comes almost inperceptibly, but has staying qualities unknown to any other liquor. One becoming intoxicated on chartreuse and brandy commences getting drunk three or four hours after the fact, but he stays drunk for an indefinite period."

"Where do these beggars dispose of the surplus food they collect?" asked a reporter of a New York police officer. "They sell it to saloons of the lower class for free lunches. Am I sure of it? Well, I am as sure as any man can be of a thing which he never actually saw. I have had the admission from beggars themselves, and in speaking in our society the other night about this practice, I was interrupted by a lady who said she knew positively of one case in which it was done. In short, there can be no doubt at all that after collecting their baskets full of eatables, the beggars sell enough to buy whisky and tobacco, and then eat the remainder. One day I had an old woman up in court with an enormous basket full of food which she had just collected from charitable donors, and I asked her what she was going to do with it all, and she stammered some reply about having a large family, but there was no possible doubt about her habit of selling her collection. She was committed, and took the basket to prison with her. There was enough in it to make her independent of prison fare for many a day."

Such mighty relics of a bibulous age as the so-called "Welcome of Kaefernburg"—a horn-shaped beaker holding exactly two quarts of liquor—bear witness to the absorbent capacities of the fifteenth and sixteenth century Germans. Whosoever in those days long past visited the Count of Kaefernburg for the time being was invited to empty the brimming "Welcome" at a single draught; and the names of those who drained, or attempted to drain, the puissiant beaker were inscribed in a register kept for that purpose. Down to the year 1586 every toper whose feat in connection with the "Welcome" has been recorded in this register succeeded in tossing off the cup's contents without drawing breath; but from that date to the year 1608 barely a moiety of those who attempted the arduous enterprise in question proved at all equal to its achievement. From 1608 to 1700 the "Welcome" was never once emptied at a pull, although many of Kaefernburg's visitors made strenous efforts to do it honor in the manner prescribed by ancient custom. Their failures are duly set down in the register above alluded to, and conclude the chronicle of potatory exploits associated with this famous drinking-vessel; for since the year in which Prussia became a kingdom no one has as much as attempted to fulfill conditions which were obviously not regarded as insuperable, or even oppressively onerous, by valiant topers three centuries ago. In these degenerate days it would be no easy matter to discover a drinker throughout the length and breadth of the Fatherland, even among the "mossy-headed renowners" of Heidelberg, Bonn, and Jena, capable of swallowing half a gallon of Rhenish in one stupendous kuhschluck, or cow-gulp, as such extraordinary draughts are idiomatically designated in the language of Goethe.

"Lord Lytton and Lord Beaconsfield," says a writer in London *Society*, "have carefully developed the culinary element in their writings. Perhaps the novel-reader has observed the strong gastronomical element that is to be found in Lord Beaconsfield's stories. How he apostrophizes soup, fish, and game: 'The warm and sunny flavor of brown soup, the mild and moonlight deliciousness of white. Ye soups, o'er whose creation I have watched like mothers o'er their sleeping child.' The whiting is 'the chicken of the ocean.' So of the ortolan: 'Sweet bird, all paradise opens! Let me die eating ortolans to the sound of soft music.' 'Sherry has a pedigree as long as an Arab's; a bouquet like the breath of woman. A lobster has all the arts of a coquette.' So far my Lord Beaconsfield in the days of Lady Blessington, and when he might meet Louis Napoleon at *petits soupers*. He laid down that immortal principle which Mr. Bright quoted in the House of Commons—that the great secret of good dinners is to have hot plates. Disraeli had some curious remarks on the dinners of celebrated people: 'A dinner of wits is proverbially a palace of silence; and the envy and hatred which all literary men really feel for each other, especially when they are exchanging dedications of mutual affection, always insure in such assemblies the agreeable presence of a general feeling of painful constraint. If a good thing occurs to a guest he will not express it, lest his neighbor, who is publishing a novel in numbers, shall appropriate it next month, or he himself, who has the same responsibility of production, be deprived of its legitimate appearance.' The personal interest of this passage is that it is somewhat descriptive of Disraeli himself. For the most part he was a very quiet and observant diner-out, who, as a rule, talked very little, but when he did, talked a great deal. Sydney Smith always made a point of making a good meal before he brought out any of his good sayings. One of those who used to meet Disraeli says 'that his mouth was alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness,' and then he would burst forth into a 'perfectly successful cataract of expression with a curl of triumphant scorn worthy of Mephistopheles.' In his riper days the great earl eliminated the Mephistopheles expression, which would scarcely conduce to sociability, and was known as the most delightful of diners-out. It is curious that, so far from complaining of silence, Sir Archibald Alison, in his 'Autobiography,' complains of the strain caused by the incessant conflict of the wits, and their efforts to cut one another out."

## DAISY MILLER.

### Revelations Proving She was Not an Exaggeration.

There is no point (observes a writer in the New York *Hour*) upon which Americans are more sensitive than their manners. Generally speaking, they are sincere when they say that they do not care about family, so long as their ancestors were honest. It is rather the fashion, indeed, except in a few narrow circles, to be entirely frank in owning descent from commonplace people. Nor do they set too great store by riches. There are fewer money snobs among them than is generally supposed. But when any reflections are cast upon the manners or breeding of Americans they are roused to wrath at once. Our countrymen want it understood that they know just as well how to behave as any people in the world, and that they do conduct themselves like ladies and gentlemen. No one has yet forgotten the rage into which the American public fell when Mr. Henry James published his sketch of "Daisy Miller." It was hardly safe to admit that Miss Daisy represented any class of American girls, or was in any sense a type. Daisy did nothing very bad except to receive the attention of strange gentlemen in a frank way. There was no real harm in her, yet Americans declared that she was a libel on the girls of this country.

Now, we should like to know what the thousands of men and women within our boundaries, who were so angry at the suggestion (not made by Mr. James) that Daisy Miller was a fair specimen of American young womanhood, have to say about the state of affairs revealed in the sworn testimony given in the recent Higbie-Vaughan case, at New Utrecht, Long Island. [Walter Vaughan and Annie Higbie, together with a number of other boys and girls, were united in mock marriage, by a boy-companion at a Flatbush church sociable. The parents of Annie Higbie brought suit against Vaughan for failure to provide for his alleged wife. The trial developed alarming facts concerning the freedom of kissing, etc., prevalent among the Long Island youths and maidens. —Eds.]

The stories told in the court-room there give us a truthful picture of the social life of that part of the country. It is not a pleasant picture. But it is a painful fact that the people who figured in that comedy belong to what we would call our middle-class in all the towns and cities of the country. The parents are considered perfectly respectable, well-to-do, or even rich as riches go in small places. The daughters have received some education, and always dress well. They consider themselves ladies. They live in leisure in their fathers' homes, do fancy-work, and play the piano. The young men are in business and dress well, and are as well educated as the majority of young men who are not sent to college. There is, apparently, much gayety in Flatbush, New Utrecht, and the surrounding neighborhood, and most of it centres, or revolves rather, around the churches. In New York and all the large cities there are people who are much more intelligent, much richer, and who differ decidedly from the New Utrecht people; but in small places East and West, North and South, a large class in society is made up of people who are situated almost exactly as the Higbies, the Vaughans, and the Bennetts of New Utrecht are, and who are no better and no worse than they. And yet what a picture of village manners the testimony in this now celebrated case has shown! The familiarities, the liberties, and, indeed, the indecencies exchanged between these young people when described in the broad glare of a court-room, seem to be positively frightful. The hammock performances, the mock weddings, the mock wedding tours, the suggestive frolicking of pretended husbands and wives, indicate a state of manners and morals which is positively shocking, since it passes for respectable.

If it be denied that these people are representatives of the well-to-do masses in the United States, it will give us great relief; but do they not look, and are they not situated financially and socially, exactly like the men and women whom we generally have in mind when we speak of the middle-class in America? Are they not even rather above than below the average so far as worldly goods go? Is there any reason to suppose that they are worse or better than the majority of respectable church-going people in our towns and villages? If anybody, before these revelations were made, had denounced these Flatbush people as vulgar, or even immoral, would he not have been in danger of being sued for libel, and obliged to pay heavy damages? Did not these same girls, the Annies, the Katies, the Gussies, and Gerties, all read "Daisy Miller," and declare that she was "horrid"? Do they not all read the *Century*, play on the piano, and take their fashions from *Harper's Bazar*? We fear that frank answers to these questions would only strengthen our impression that the manners and morals of the mass of society in this country are exceedingly bad, and that the mere fact of being of American birth does not prevent a great many people all over the United States from being vulgar, or positively low, although they and their neighbors think they are "perfect ladies and gentlemen," and "just as good as anybody else, you bet."

Now, it does not follow, even if the worst be the truth, that we are going to the bad socially as fast as we can. On the contrary, signs are everywhere visible that stricter views of what constitutes proper behavior and decent manners among young people are beginning to prevail widely. In all the villages and towns where people like the Flatbush specimens exist, are also to be found many people of marked refinement and innate breeding. The young folks in the family are not allowed to associate promiscuously with others of their own age who think they are as good as anybody else, but who are not. Fathers and mothers are present more frequently now when callers are received, and do not retire to a back room to leave the "girls and their beaus alone in the front parlor." The European idea—it was once treason to mention it—that young ladies need chaperons is favorably received. In a word, sensible fathers and mothers have seen that just such performances as these at Flatbush, more or less modified and refined, are likely to occur, unless young men and women are kept in some restraint, and therefore while they give their daughters much liberty, they deny them license. The idea of chaperon is carried to excess already in some of our cities, and thus has become ridiculous.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

### New Poems.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

"I hold it best, whate'er befall—
I feel it when I sorrow most—
'Tis better to have quail on toast
Than not to have a quail at all."

Home they brought her warrior drunk,
And as she cast on him her eyes,
And saw the tea-pot, then she thunk:
"He's surely won the prize."

"He cometh not," she said:
"Alas! I am aweary, aweary;
I guess I'll go to bed.
Oh, where is my O'Leary, O'Leary?
Alas! I fear that he is beery;
I would that I were dead!"

—*Baron Tennyson-d'Eyncourt.*

### The Vere de Vere to Tennyson.

It is not generally known outside the selectest London circles that when Lady Clare Vere de Vere learned that Mr. Tennyson had been made a baron, she hastened to write and send him the following verses:

Baron Alfred T. de T.,
Are we at last in sweet accord?
I learn—excuse the girlish glee—
That you've become a noble lord;
So now, that time to think you've had
Of what it is makes charming girls,
Perhaps you find they're not so bad—
Those daughters of a hundred earls.

Baron Alfred T. de T.,
When last your face I chanced to see,
You had the passion of your kind,
You said some horrid things to me;
And then "we parted," you to sail
For Oshkosh, in the simple steerage,
But now, excuse my girlish glee,
You're reappearing in the peerage!

Baron Alfred T. de T.,
Were you indeed misunderstood?
That other day I heard you say,
"'Tis only noble to be good"
I really thought that you affirmed,
"'Tis so the words came back to me,
"Kind hearts are more than coronets"—
My lord, excuse my girlish glee.

Baron Alfred T. de T.,
There stand twin spectres in your hall,
Soon as they found you were a lord,
Two wholesome hearts were changed to gall;
The two, an humble couple they,
I think I see them, on my life,
The while they read of "Baron" T.,
That gardener Adam and his wife!

Baron Alfred T. de T.,
You've treated them, it seems to me,
In quite a shabby sort of style.
You have—excuse my girlish glee;
You praised their garden sass, you did;
You flirted with them—don't deny,
And now you fix a vacant stare,
And never speak as they pass by.

Trust me, Baron T. de T.,
From yon blue heaven above us bent,
This simple granger and his spouse
Smile as you read your title clear;
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
Nor must you call my language cruel,
It seems, excuse my girlish glee,
Consistency's a lovely jewel.

Baron Alfred T. de T.,
I know you're proud your name to own;
You're pride is yet no mate for mine,
My blood is bluer than your own;
You'll bid me break your heart again
For pastime e'er to town I go,
I'll not do that, my noble lord,
But give you something that I owe.

Baron Alfred T. de T.,
When you were in that angry fit,
You turned to me and thundered out,
"Go teach the orphan girl to knit";
I am an orphan girl myself,
And that my knitting you may see,
Here is a mitten that I've knit—
Excuse my gushing, girlish glee.

—*New York Tribune.*

### Echoriambics.

Tell me, sweet sprite, what shall I give to best
Secure Jocusta's active interest?
—"A rest."

How shall I melt her heart? The merry masquer
Would have me think her cold as all Alaska.
—"Ask her."

I see the point; but tell me, on the quiet,
Just how to reach that point, and not go by it?
—"Go buy it."

And yet, my rival! Was it "Yes" or "No,"
Whilst bending o'er his gaudy jacqueminot?
—"Jack may know."

Methinks her eyes shone with suspicious lustre;
What was't the rascal said to my Jocusta?
—"Cussed her."

Zounds! Think you that bold mushroom of a fop
Said aught to bring a blush to my snow-drop?
—"Oh! Drop."

Go to, thou demon! Yet, another answer:
Whom likes she best? Speak true, thou rank romancer!
—"A man, sir."

I pray you, finally, do not deceive me;
When I proclaim my love, will she believe me?
—Leave me."

A pretty priest to whom I cry "*peccavi!*"
I'll not repeat again this useless *Ave*.
—"*Sabe?*"

Was ever luckless wight so great a martyr?
To seek for kindly words and catch a tartar!
—"Ta-ta."

—*J. F. Duffield in Life.*





**The Strongest and Best!**

THOMAS PRICE, Analytic Chemist, pronounces the GIANT BAKING POWDER nearly one-third stronger than any manufactured or sold on the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 24, 1883.

H. E. BOTHIN, President Bothin M'f'g Co:

DEAR SIR—After careful and complete chemical analysis of a can of Giant Baking Powder, purchased by us in open market, we find that it does not contain alum, acid phosphate, terra alba, or any injurious substance, but is a pure, healthful Cream Tartar Baking Powder, and as such can recommend it to consumers.

WM. T. WENZELL & CO.,
Analytic Chemists.

We concur:
R. BEVERLY COLE, M. D.
J. L. MEARES, M. D., Health Officer.
ALFRED W. PERRY, M. D., } Members of San
W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D., } Francisco Board
AUG. ALERS, M. D., } of Health.

**Manufactured by**

**BOTHIN M'F'G COMPANY,**

**17 and 19 Main Street, San Francisco.**

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

# An Old Soldier's
## EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas,
May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe **cold**, which terminated in a dangerous **cough**. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for **throat and lung diseases.** J. W. WHITLEY."

**Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections,** by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

Sold by all Druggists.

**Hunyadi** THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
NATURAL APERIENT WATER. **János**

*"A natural laxative, superior to all others."*
Prof. Macnamara, M.D. of Dublin.

"SPEEDY, SURE, & GENTLE."
*Prof. Roberts, F.R.C.P. London.*

*"Relieves the kidneys, unloads the liver, and opens the bowels."*
London Medical Record.

*Ordinary Dose, a Wineglass ul before breakfast. Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.*

**FOR SALE BY**

**A. F. EVANS & CO.**

**522 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**


**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 523 California Street, corner Webb. For the half-year ending with December 31, 1883, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after January 2, 1884.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.


# GRANULA

An incomparable Food for **Invalids** and **Children**; oldest and best health food known; delicious as a diet; grocers and druggists sell it. Manufactured by **OUR HOME GRANULA CO.**, Dansville, N. Y.

Wholesale Agents: HICKOX & CO., San Francisco, Cal.; WATSON, WRIGHT & CO., Portland, Or.; H. JEVNE, Los Angeles, Cal.

# NOW READY THE FINEST CIGARETTE
## "CLOTH OF GOLD."

**(Straight Mesh.)**

**SWEET, DELICATE, AND MILD!!**

This Cigarette is made from the finest and most costly leaf from that region of Virginia particularly adapted for growing tobacco for Cigarettes. Our long experience in manufacturing enables us to secure the most suitable kinds of tobacco and thus present this superior article, with the full assurance THAT ITS EQUAL HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN OFFERED. A higher grade Cigarette can not be produced. We call particular attention to the superior quality of our old brands of Cigarettes. They can not be surpassed.

**Twelve First Prize Medals.**

**Peerless Tobacco Works.**

**WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

BONESTELL, RICHARDSON & CO.
ALLEN & CO.
PAPER WAREHOUSE
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR. ADDRESS BYRON JACKSON, 625 SIXTH ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. HAS NO SUPERIOR for Economy and Durability.




# FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL FOR 1884

Will be mailed **FREE** to all applicants and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains illustrations, prices, descriptions and directions for planting all Vegetable and Flower Seeds. Plants, etc. Everybody to all.

**D. M. FERRY & CO.** DETROIT, Mich.


*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE CALIFORNIA* SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY-Northwest corner Powell and Eddy Streets. For the half year ending with Dec. 31, 1883, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 60-100) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, and two (2) per cent per annum on Commercial Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1884. By order.

VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE GERMAN* Savings and Loan Society. For the half year ending Dec. 31, 1883, the Board of Directors of the GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY has declared a dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of four and thirty-two one hundredths (4 32-100) per cent per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of three and six-teuths (3 6-10) per cent. per annum, payable on and after the 2d day of January, 1884.

By order. GEORGE LETTE, Secretary.

*MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER* Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 26th day of December, 1883, an assessment (No. 25) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the thirtieth (30th) day of January, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 2 th day of February, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary,
Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California

*DEPARTMENT No. 6.—In the Superior* Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

AGNES MAYERS, Plaintiff, *vs* ALFRED MAYERS defendan

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the amended Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to ALFRED MAYERS, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the amended complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or if served elsewhere within thirty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said amended complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty and desertion, as stated in the amended complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby made, and that plaintiff be allowed the sole custody of their child.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said amended complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this seventh day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three. WILLIAM T. SESNON, Clerk.

[L. S.] By A. J. RAISCH, Deputy Clerk.

# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Saturday, October 20, 1883.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 9.30 A.M. | ..Antioch and Martinez..... | 2.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia. ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa..... | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | } Deming, El Paso } Express.... | 2.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | } and East..... } Emigrant .. | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | } Galt and } via Livermore..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | } Stockton } via Martinez..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Ione..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | ..Los Angeles and South..... | 2.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | ..Madera and Fresno..... | 2.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | ..Merced ..... | 2.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | } Mojave, Needles, } Express.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | } and East..... } Emigrant .. | 2.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | ..Marysville and Chico..... | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " ..... | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | } Ogden and } Express..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 5.30 P.M. | } East..... } Emigrant..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | } Red Bluff } via Marysville.. | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | } and Tehama } via Woodland... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Redding ..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers.... | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José..... | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | .. " ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| .. " ..... | | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Virginia City..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 4.30 P. M. can meet Pacific Express from Oregon at Benicia; and that leaving at 9.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from the Needles and El Paso at Antioch.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, ‡11.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oaklano—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52; 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Daily, except Sundays. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over **3,200** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**

**227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.,**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

**118** Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.

Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.


NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

**BROAD GAUGE.**

## WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, November 11, 1883,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| †6.50 A.M. | | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | *8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | 3.36 P.M. |
| *5.10 P.M. | | †4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Soquel, Aptos.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, broad gauge, no change of cars | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 5.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (sportsmen's train).

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS

Sold on Saturday and Sunday—good to return on Monday—to Santa Clara or San José, $2.50; to Gilroy, $4.00; to Monterey or Santa Cruz, $5.00, and to principal points between San Francisco and San José.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Sunday, November 4th, 1883,**

and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—*10.15, †10.15 A. M., †1.35, *1.45, *4.50, †5.00 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—7.00, *8.45 A. M., *3.45, *5.30, †5.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—*8.00, †8.50 A. M., *12.00 †12.00 M., *2.30, †3.35 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—*6.50, †6.40, *8.45 A. M., *3.20, †5.10 P. M. * Week Days. † Sundays only.

For SAUCELITO (Week Days)—8.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.00, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 2.00, 5.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (Week Days)—7.45, 9.30 A. M., 12.30, 4.20 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.00, 3.15, 6.10 P. M.

Extra trips—From San Francisco, on Monday, at 6.50 A. M.; on Saturday at 1.30 P. M. From Saucelito, on Saturday at 2.15 and 6.15 P. M.

**10.15 A. M.** Daily, Sudays excepted (via San Quentin Ferry), THROUGH TRAIN, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through Train from Duncan Mills arrives in S. F. at 1.10 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning except Mondays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kiocsillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**7.00 A. M.** from Saucelito Ferry, Excursion Train every Sunday for Point Reyes and Way Stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco (via Saucelito Ferry) 6.50 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


# MORRIS & KENNEDY'S

## ART GALLERY,

NOS. 19 AND 21 POST STREET.

**We have just received a very fine collection of New Etchings and Engravings, and a lot of choice Bronzes and Casts, suitable for Holiday Presents. Also, the very latest style of Frames.**

**ART GALLERY FREE. OPEN EVENINGS.**

# CHARLES R. ALLEN,

Dealer in House, Steam, Foundry, and

CUMBERLAND COAL,

**ENGLISH COKE AND PIG IRON,**

**120 Beale Street, San Francisco.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA**

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

From San Froncisco for

STEAMER **1884.** HONGKONG.

ARABIC.....Thursday, February 7th.
OCEANIC.....Saturday, March 8th.
ARABIC.....Saturday, April 26th.
OCEANIC.....Tuesday, May 27th.

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Rio de Janeiro..... January 9, 1884**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Blas.....January 15**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, SAN BLAS, MANZANILLO, and ACAPULCO, and via ACAPULCO for Lower Mexican and Central American ports, calling at SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA and LA LIBERTAD to land passengers and mails.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West India ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Zealandia.....January 18**

At 4.30 P. M., or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on the 5th, 10th, 15th, 20th, 25th, and 30th of every month. The steamer sailing the 30th of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every three days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER**

**MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR,
MANAGER

**Corner First and Market Streets.**

SAN FRANCISCO.

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 In Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President;
James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.
J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital .....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama.

## The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK

LIMITED,

**N. E. corner Pine and Sansome Streets.**

London Office, 3 Angel Court. New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street.

**Authorized Capital Stock.....$6,000,000**

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections, buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, and issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED F. LOW, IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.
P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.,** Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation** Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company** Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company** Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.
JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1882..... 684,332 83**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# ALASKA

# COMMERCIAL CO.

**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

## R. P. HAMMOND, Jr.,

**CIVIL ENGINEER AND LAND SURVEYOR,**

Room 38, 318 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyor

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Ex... between Montgomery and Sansome, ... fornia. Take elevator.




"La Belle Russe," having been written during the fiercest rage of the Russo-mania, still retains its incongruous name. Incongruous, for even as the *nom de guerre* of that very improper person, Beatrice Hatherly, it would have had little meaning in London fifteen years before the story commences, and, consequently, long before "The Danicheffs" made the Czar's realm the fashion.

But otherwise, "La Belle Russe," after a lot of careful revising, expunging, and re-writing, has ceased to be amusing, and becomes interesting. The kind of women whom Jeffreys-Lewis is so successful in representing is indigenous to the stage. Now and then some one like the Princess Salm-Salm dashes across Europe, and wakes a world to wonder by the zig-zags of her erratic flight. But it is only a meteor flight. The last that was heard of the Princess Salm-Salm there was still a spell of fascination in her presence, but the lustre of her eye was dimmed, and the gray was in her hair. Her race as an enchantress was run.

These sirens of the stage, these Zickas, and La Belle Russes, and Forget-me-Nots, go through a career which would break down a man with nerves of iron and muscles of steel. After fifteen years of unholy hours, of gambling hells and bagnios, wine and wassail and crime, she turns up in the play looking as if she had just turned twenty.

It is always just fifteen years ago that the avenger knew her—a dramatic license this, too, for all the world knows that ten years is a woman's tether of beauty and power. Though she be indigenous to the boards, this class of women has come to be accepted as a type, and Jeffreys-Lewis as one of the three actresses who can play that type.

Her study of "La Belle Russe" has most evidently been a labor of love, for the lady has never before submitted to this public a part which she had so thoroughly elaborated. Of a truth, the elaboration in the second and third acts is over-wrought. Jeffreys-Lewis has reduced posturing to a fine art, to so fine an art that in one act it completely absorbs the interest of the play. She does it all in a startling, daring, thoroughly complete way, and can herself feel the shock of surprise vibrate through the audience with each swift change. She gives a succession of most beautiful pictures—a couching Cleopatra in every one of them. Perhaps, indeed, it is the Cleopatra in them that makes them relevant, and that the actress has so chosen to make them a part of her by-play. The instincts and the habits of such a woman as La Belle Russe would not be likely to be immediately overcome by the heavy respectability of Calthorpe Manor. A thoroughly respectable woman is very rarely thoroughly graceful. Virtue is unbending, and abandon is unknown in the ethics of Philistia. Perhaps thus circuitously one may be brought to acknowledge that Jeffreys-Lewis has a motive in all she does, and that her motives in "La Belle Russe" are all right. But she loses sight of all these theatrical affectations in the fourth act. This she plays in deeper and more serious earnest than she has ever played before. The fourth act is much changed since its first amusing representation. The war between the adventuress and her once victim is carried on with lighter preliminary skirmish. La Belle Russe borrows a trace of the insouciance of Forget-me-Not, and is calm, secure, impertinent, and defiant, before she becomes fierce, desperate, murderous, yet is vanquished at last.

She plays it all with exquisite change of expression, and carries the sympathy with her for all the stormy record of this most experienced of heroines. Every one has read Thackeray's sequel to the story of "Ivanhoe," which, to his mind, the Wizard of the North had left with loose sympathetic threads. When La Belle Russe goes out with the night, broken and vanquished, and goes, by the way, in a most beautiful costume of flaming orange satin, every one in the audience follows the story to its finish. The returning twin, the real Geraldine, has wisely been eliminated from the last act, so far as her actual appearance is concerned; but we all know that the returned wanderer is there waiting in an ante-room for her welcome home. Considering the prompt thoroughness with which Sir Philip Calthorpe, cool, commonplace Englishman that he is, falls in love with the beautiful flamingo, who dazzles Calthorpe for a day, will he be contented with the little brown sparrow, splashed by the mud of virtuous adversity, and changed by time, who comes to claim her own?

Mr. Grismer plays the bluff, believing soldier, with much spirit in his one spirited scene. And Mr. Mestayer, considering that the part of Dudley Brand is entirely out of the range of his style, does exceedingly well with it. A sad straining for a character-comedy part has been made in the rôle of the family lawyer, and the boisterous actor who plays it tries to see how infinitely idiotic he can make it. He succeeds beyond his own most sanguine expectations. Miss Violet Campbell is rather well placed as Lady Calthorpe—a very English mother.

On Monday night, the luckless but ever fascinating "Diplomacy."

The opera season suffered a severe blow on Friday last, owing to the complete fiasco of Signor Baldanza as Ernani. The blow could not have fallen at a more critical moment. The public was just fairly roused to the knowledge that a season of really good opera was going on at the California. They arrayed themselves in grand toilette, and went to prove the truth of rumor. And what a fall was there! The tenor was inexcusably amusing, and the prima donna, who, possibly, never had sung Marguerite before in her life, was frightened half out of her life between the two terrors of the situation.

The climate has not yet suffered Signor Baldanza entirely to redeem himself, but his voice is gradually recovering its sweetness and strength. He nurses it in "Ernani" with experienced care, not forcing it at all, and only using it when it is necessary for the ensemble, so that all traces of huskiness will shortly disappear, and then, notwithstanding that luckless Friday night, we shall have a tenor worth hearing.

Signorina Antoinelli's voice seems to improve nightly. It is evident that in becoming the *prima donna* an enormous responsibility has been thrown upon her. She devotes herself to the business of singing with an absorbed assiduity which is really touching. Any such little outside affair as love-making or acting does not cross the horizon of her thoughts. She is engaged to sing, she has come to sing, and she sings. And, being gifted with a fair voice and good training, her devotion has its reward, and she sings pretty well.

Signor Bologna, a shapely little gentleman, is only by courtesy a basso. His voice is really nothing more than a heavy baritone. But it is smooth and well modulated, and he has been most cordially received, both as Mephisto and Don Ruy Gomez. A new *prima donna*, Signorina Rosetti, will sing Norma's rôle on Friday night. A *prima donna* in reserve is more than any one expected. "Ernani" has been really very satisfactorily given, though the choruses are a little light in point of volume, not in point of weight. The famous finale has been redemanded every evening.

There is no great rush of new operas announced, but as it is not a subscription season, all the operas will bear repetition, and be better for it; and the new ones be better for thorough rehearsals. The comet is not due yet, and we have time to take the season leisurely.

Spanish America is the asylum for all those Italian singers who have nearly or distantly missed being great. The pleasure-loving children of the cities in the lands of the banana and the orange look upon Italian opera as one of their daily needs. We are apt to look upon them as, if not half-savage, yet something outside of the pale of the higher civilization, and yet they are feasted daily upon the flower of civilization—grand opera.

Such of their troupes as have come to us have come in disorganized sections, driven hither by pestilence, politics, or internal dissensions. Yet never a one has come that has not made at least a partial success.

One often wonders what becomes of the failures among the armies of musical students in Italy. It is soothing to know that after their years of toil, and struggle, and hope, there is a place where they may find balm for frustrated ambition.

The steel-throated Montaldo was one of these, and so, too, was the beautiful, sweet-voiced, big-eyed, big Visconti. Aimée herself first learned to be saucy, and knowing, and naughty in the *cafés-chantants* of Brazil, and Paris has never forgiven her for it.

But it is the grand opera swan, who has just missed being a Patti or a Nilsson, who best thrives in these tropical lands. May many more of them drift up our coast to cool sea-winds and safety. It is one of the darkest horrors of Yellow Jack that he clutched and strangled the silver throat of the beautiful Peralta, and left us sorrowing for unheard music.

BETSY B.

---

"If you'll come up the ladder with me I'll show you what a bird's-eye view of a play is like," said the "boss" flyman of one of the leading metropolitan theatres to a New York *Sun* reporter. As he finished the words he sprang, with an agility that did credit to the name of his occupation, up a perfectly perpendicular stationary ladder, built against the side wall of the stage. The reporter followed, with less celerity and considerable trepidation, till he reached a square hole in the fly gallery. Having climbed through this, which strongly suggested the "lubber's hole" in the maintop of a ship, and stepping out upon the platform, the resemblance was heightened by the wilderness of ropes depending from the ceiling and twisted round cleats and pins on the front edge of the gallery. "Looks kinder confused at first, don't it?" said the flyman. "But we know every one of those ropes, and can be almost sure of grabbing the right one with our eyes shut. Each of these is used in hoisting or lowering a border, or drop, or border light, or chandelier, or ceiling. Look up above you. There's a pretty good lot of stuff." The reporter gazed up and saw, closely crowded together and extending from the proscenium arch to the back of the stage, clouds of canvas and rows of gas jets not then lighted. "Risky! Well, now, if ever a fire gets a headway up here, I'm going to get out as quick as I know how. Of course, we have occasional bits of blazes that the public knows nothing about. A border will get caught on a light, but we pull it to one side and stamp it out, and we have fire-extinguishers and water buckets handy. The great danger is in the constant heat during a performance. The temperature then up there over the borders isn't far short of 100°, and ropes and canvas get like so much tinder. Electric light is going to be a great thing for stage use. I worked this summer in Haverly's Theatre, Chicago, and there all the border lights are Edison's incandescent. There is scarcely any heat from them, and absolutely no danger, for if a globe is broken the carbon instantly goes out. No there is no risk from wires crossing, because whenever the current gets too strong a fusible plug melts and the connection is broken. We shall have 'em by and by everywhere. Rankin's new theatre is so fixed, and also the Bijou in Boston. We get very familiar with most of the standard plays, but these modern society plays are hard on us. All the interiors are now set with ceilings, and we can't see a bit of what is going on. Besides, these ceilings give us a great deal of extra work, each having at least three lines to it. Some are very elaborate. The one in the 'Parisian Romance,' for instance, is in about ten pieces, each of which mitres at a different angle, and is worked by a line rove over a pulley up there in the rigging loft. We get to be pretty fair judges of acting, though, and some of the boys can spout Shakespeare by the yard. I knew a fly-man who once 'threw the line' to a noted tragedian who had 'stuck,' when the prompter was off somewhere seeing about some lights. I'll bet those words sounded like an angel's voice from the clouds to the fellow who wanted them. He treated all the boys afterward. Yes, 'stars' are, for the most part, pretty liberal to the boys, especially if they play a good engagement. We don't always have the same ideas about what makes good acting as the critics have. Now, if you were to ask any old fly-man through the country whose Hamlet he thought best, do you know what he'd say?" "Booth's." "Right you are, but do you know why?" "Because it is the best?" "No, because he gets through eight minutes earlier than any of the others."

---

The rather abrupt dispersion of Miss Sadie Martinot from the forces of Mr. Boucicault has occasioned a good deal of debate in the profession, says the *Dramatic Times*. It was generally supposed that Mr. Boucicault could not possibly do without Miss Martinot—that no play in which Miss Martinot failed to appear with Mr. Boucicault had a leg to stand on—that Miss Martinot, in short, was the essential element of Mr. Boucicault's support, if not an object of equal public interest with him. The critics, at all events, soon arrived at a fair idea of Mr. Boucicault's estimate of her services, and lauded her accordingly. Some time ago Miss Nina Boucicault, a sweet and lovely girl, who combines the charms of her mother with the wit and intelligence of her father, joined the company of which Miss Martinot was a member. It was whispered, when she did so, that she represented her mother in Mr. Boucicault's wandering camp, and would try to cloak the disunion of her parents with her own fond and filial loyalty to both. It is an open secret that shortly after joining her father she expressed herself as highly displeased with the obvious attention wrung from Mr. Boucicault by the talents of his young soubrette. As a devoted daughter, she could not help resenting Miss Martinot's influence over him, and was especially disturbed by the latter's incessant interference with his privacy. In a few days both young ladies dropped every pretense of friendliness, and, in the language of the popular ballad, "did not speak when they passed by." Miss Boucicault sniffed the air and looked in a different direction when she saw Miss Martinot, and Miss Martinot made a piquant little mouth when she descried Miss Boucicault. Mr. Boucicault placidly arrayed himself on his daughter's side of the controversy. Naturally Miss Martinot's sensitive nature was sorely wounded by the sudden change in Mr. Boucicault's manner to her. She sought opportunities to speak to him, but Miss Nina always insisted on being present during the interview. She endeavored to talk with him in the wings, when both were off the stage, but Miss Nina invariably burst upon the discussion as suddenly and dramatically as if she had been suddenly shot up through a star trap. Miss Martinot grew miserable—even desperate. To be slighted with a mere nod or "good evening" by her dear adopted father was bad enough, but to see a triumphant rival walk off with his sacred and parental person, in his real daughter, was more than she could stand. So one night, recently, during a performance, having first stimulated herself by recalling her wrongs into a condition of hysteric defiance, she addressed herself to her employer and his lawful offspring with such a wealth of nouns and adjectives that everybody in earshot was insensibly reminded of the earlier associations of the charming speaker (Miss Martinot is proudly claimed by Sixth Avenue as one of the most delightful of its products). Mr. Boucicault, in horror and alarm, dashed down to his dressing-room and forthwith indicted a stinging note of dismissal. He had just signed it when there was a rap at his door, and a member of the company handed him a tear-stained billet, in which Miss Martinot accused him of being "a cruel man," and bade him accept her resignation. "Too late!" said Mr. Boucicault, savagely; "give her this discharge." "Yes," added Miss Nina; "she has been discharged—for cause." To make the fate of poor Miss Sadie all the more doleful, Mr. Boucicault's real daughter is now playing the very parts recently impersonated by the adopted article.

---

Gallagher & West, the great Eastern artists, make their appearance at the Standard Theatre next Monday night. Laselle, the "Water Queen," is an attraction.

---

"La Belle Russe" has proved a success at the Baldwin Theatre. Next Monday night "Diplomacy" will be played.

---

"Skipped by the Light of the Moon" has enjoyed unprecedented success at the Bush Street Theatre.

---

The Julian Martinetti Pantomime Company successfully continued "The Seven Dwarfs" another week.

---

The Italian Opera Troupe is drawing fair houses at the California Theatre.

---

The Berlin police authorities possess an almost complete collection of photographs of living German murderers, forgers, thieves, bigamists, and criminals generally, and have found it so useful that they have now decided to make a collection of photographs of the scoundrels of other countries. They have therefore communicated with the Detective Department at Scotland Yard, the Central Police Office in New York, and the Bureau of Police in Paris, and have begged to be favored with the likenesses of all persons who shall be henceforward convicted of serious crimes in England, the United States, and France. They have also asked to be supplied with information as to the aliases, handwriting, and physical characteristics of every criminal, and have offered in return to send photographs and descriptions of the convicts of Germany.

## DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Mary Dickens, the granddaughter of the novelist, is a striking feature as the Beggar Girl in the drama of "Claudian."

Pictures of Mary Anderson, taken in London, represent the young actress in profile, with an excessively diaphanous raiment over her bust.

Jeanne Samary has declined an American engagement of thirty-two thousand pounds for the tour, after consulting with Monsieur Perrin, the manager of the Théatre Francais.

Mr. William T. Doyle has left John T. Raymond's company as leading man. He says he will sue the star for a season's salary. He is the sixth leading man Raymond has had this season.

Joseph Proctor, the actor, well known through his performances in "Nick of the Woods," first appeared on the stage in Boston on November 29, 1833, and his fiftieth anniversary is to be celebrated in that city by a special benefit matinée at the Boston Theatre on Friday of next week.

The rehearsals of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera are taking place daily. D'Oyly Carte advertised for twelve young ladies of five feet eight inches in height. A sensation was caused around the doors of the the theatre when a crowd of stalwart women appeared in response to the advertisement.

Miss Anderson is not likely to be readily forgotten in England. Twenty-five thousand of her photographs, taken since her arrival in England, have been sold, and Mr. Van der Weyde, to whom alone she has sat, has prepared a photograph heroic size of "the Grecian maiden." This measures eight feet by three, carbon, and is therefore permanent. This enlargement, on the greatest scale ever taken, is remarkable for perfection of the half tones and purity of the light.

Messrs. Robson and Crane's new play, by Clay Greene and somebody else, looks like a funny conceit, says the *Dramatic Times*. It is a travesty on the melodramatic line of plays. Crane plays the part of a murderer, who places the body of his victim in a trunk. The trunk is checked along with the rest of the baggage, and gets lost. Mr. Crane starts in terrified pursuit of the trunk, and Mr. Robson, as a detective, starts in hot pursuit of Mr. Crane. It finally transpires that the man is not killed, and the piece ends at that.

Stage settings are sometimes not only ludicrous but sarcastic, yet contain a happy thought. While Rhea was recently playing in Detroit, "School of Scandal" was put on for the matinée. As the piece was written in 1777, two maps hanging on a screen, labeled in large black letters "Erie Railway to New York" and "Missouri R. R. to the Pacific," the lines of Sir Peter in referring to the maps as being very handy "when you want to find anything in a hurry," were very appropriate. To think of those maps being used in 1777 makes us all agree with Sir Peter that they were a little too quick for that day and generation.

Charles Wyndham, the actor, relates that, in his first attempt at starring in England, Henry Irving was the light comedian of the company. It was speedily seen that Wyndham was not qualified to star, and that he was only a very ordinary young man, worth no more than fifteen dollars per week. This sum the manager offered him as being the same received by Irving. Those were the days when an English actor had to serve a long and hard apprenticeship in the provinces before he could go to London. Irving had been serving thus for ten years. Six months after that Irving and Wyndham, both out of an engagement, turned up in the lobby of a Liverpool theatre seeking the same position—that of comedian. Irving was the fortunate man. At the close of the following year both went to London, where they played together in comedy and burlesque. In comedy Irving always played the villain, and his colleague the good man. They were both dissatisfied with this arrangement, and longed to reverse the rôles, which they succeeded in doing, only to find that success lay in the original methods. Irving in burlesque played well. Indeed, most of the prominent actors now on the London stage were burlesquers in their early days, and Wyndham says that it is the best way to begin.

The experience of actors and actresses, remarks the *St. James's Gazette*, occasionally includes the performance of parts not altogether unattended with a risk of bodily injury. Mr. Barry Sullivan was the victim of a very serious accident on the stage some two or three years ago, and later still Mr. Charles Warner received a sword-thrust in the hand. Mademoiselle Bartet had her head badly bumped the night of the first performance of "Le Roi s'Amuse," as she was being dragged along in the sack by the infuriated Triboulet; and the rude assault and violent shaking which Madame Bernhardt had to submit to in the last act of "Fédora," as played at the Vaudeville, would have been very trying to a weaker organization. According to a Parisian paper, Mademoiselle Galli-Marié, who is now playing Carmen with so much success at the Opera-Comique, made Monsieur Mauras, the young tenor, take a solemn oath before the performance that he would restrain his impetuosity in the assassination scene, and not imitate some his predecessors, who were so carried away by the part as to pound her with their fists, and even inflict some severe scratches with the dagger which the tenor carries in the piece. Quite lately she had her cheek cut open while playing Carmen at Barcelona. Monsieur Mauras promised, and kept his word. Madame Galli-Marié still feels, notwithstanding, uneasy before each representation of "Carmen," and says she would be much better pleased if she had to do with a tenor of seventy. Monsieur Mauras is only thirty.

At the third Philharmonic Concert at Platt's Hall, next Friday evening, January 11, Saint-Saens's great "Suite Algerienne" will be performed for the first time in this city, as is the case with Spontini's "Ferdinand Cortez" overture. Miss Jessie Gregg, one of our most promising young pianistes, will play two brilliant numbers with orchestral accompaniments. She departs for Europe next spring, to finish her musical education. The rehearsals for this concert have been numerous, and the final grand rehearsal will take place on Thursday at one o'clock.

**CCCIV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, January 6.**

Soup à la Minute.
Smelts à l'Espagnole.
Broiled Teal Ducks.
Asparagus. Mushrooms.
Potatoes.
Roast Beef. Yorkshire Pudding.
Cress Salad.
Chocolate Cream.
Orange Cake.
Bananas, Oranges, and Apples.

Soup a la Minute.—See No. CXXXV.

Chocolate Cream.—Two-thirds of a box of gelatine, soaked in a cupful of good milk; three half-pints of thin cream, scalded in a double boiler. Stir and dissolve the gelatine with the cream at boiling point, add four teaspoonfuls of grated vanilla chocolate, and a salt-spoonful of salt, and stir well, and keep hot. Beat the yolks of four eggs to thick foam, add a cupful of sugar, and beat well. Pour the hot cream and gelatine very slowly on the yolks and sugar, whipping steadily, and continue to whip until very light and quite cold. Then hand to an assistant, who will keep whipping until you have beaten the whites to perfect stiffness. Add the whites to the rest, and whip all until frothy throughout. Flavor with one tea-spoonful of vanilla, and turn into moulds that have been wet with cold water.


## German Educational Institute.

**Chateau Concordia, Remagen on the Rhine, Prussia, conducted by MISS LINA LINDEN and MRS. HUNDERT (formerly Schniewind).**

This establishment receives a limited number of Young Ladies. No exertion is spared to render the house a comfortable home, and to combine the blessings of a Christian and moral training with instruction in the various branches of a superior Female Education.

The course of general instruction comprises: *Religion, the German and French languages, Literature, History, Geography, History of Arts, Arithmetic, Natural History, Plain and Fancy Needlework, and all the usual branches of Education.*

The Principals are assisted by eminent Professors and two resident ladies—French and English.

TERMS—Board and Education, $300 per annum, to be quarterly paid in advance.

Lessons in Music, Drawing, Painting, Italian, Dancing are given on moderate terms, by able and experienced masters.

Each young lady is to be provided with Chamber Towels, Table Napkins, Sheets and Pillow-cases, Knife, Fork, and Spoon.

A quarter's notice is required previous to the removal of a Pupil.

Remagen is most charmingly situated on the Rhine and very easy of access, by train an hour's journey from Cologne.

Satisfactory references to parents of pupils can be given, if required.

Further inquiries may be addressed to MISS LINA LINDEN, *Chateau Concordia, Remagen on the Rhine, Prussia.*

**Refers by permission to A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.**


— All the inventions and improvements that have been made in railway science during the past few years have been at once adopted and utilized by the Missouri Pacific Railway Lines. Their Dining-cars are of the newest and most elegant pattern. The Reclining-chair cars are furnished with luxurious seats, which may be adapted to any inclination by a simple touch. The Buffet-cars are the latest discovery in the art providing traveling comforts. They combine all the conveniences of parlor and dining-room in one car, where an elaborate lunch may be had at a moment's notice. As if this were not sufficient, the unequaled "Lunch-basket" service has been added to the numberless luxuries, by which each traveler may secure a basket containing elegant luncheons. Pullman Palace Sleeping-cars run daily between this city and New York, making only one change, and that at St. Louis. The scenery on these lines is unrivaled, affording the tourist a grand panorama of Southern California, the majestic New Mexican scenery, and the unequaled Arkansas Hot Springs. H. B. Smith Jr., 116 Montgomery Street, is the Pacific Coast agent for these lines, and will furnish any further information concerning them.

— Next Tuesday evening, at half-past seven o'clock, Messrs. Easton & Eldridge will sell at public auction, in Dashaway Hall, the magnificent collection owned by H. J. Booth, Esq., consisting of rare and valuable paintings, bronzes, clocks, bric-à-brac, and other costly articles of virtu. The collection may now be seen every day at Dashaway Hall, where may also be obtained complete and elaborate catalogues. The collection of pictures consists of paintings by many celebrated foreign and local painters, including the works of Brandner, Verboeckhoeven, Tavernier, Hill, Detrick, Denny, Marpel, Modon, and many others. The bronzes are unique in their way, and should be seen by everyone.

— An experienced teacher from the East would like to make an engagement. Address Miss A, this office.

— A lady who has been principal of a school for a number of years would like to fill a similar position. Understands French, German, and Spanish. Address Miss H., this office.

— Oliphant–Reamer.—In Portland, Or., December 25th, by Rev. E. T. Lee, D. D. Oliphant, of that city, to Anna E. Reamer, of Auburn, Cal. No cards.


— As a remedy for coughs and colds, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has never been equaled. Its name is a household word throughout the world.


— There is but one Hall in the city really suitable for lecturing purposes, and that is the Metropolitan Hall. The splendid arrangement of the seats and the unequalled acoustic properties which it possesses place this hall at the head of all similar public auditoriums.


— Ayer's Sarsaparilla stops the nauseous discharges of scrofulous catarrh, and cures the complaint.

— Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.




— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— Use South Prairie Coal.

— C. O. Dean, D. D. S., 126 Kearny Street, (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

## PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

**THIRD CONCERT, THIRD SEASON,**

....AT....

PLATT'S HALL,

**ON FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 11, 1884**

**MISS JESSIE GREGG, Piano Soloist.**

GUSTAV HINRICHS.....CONDUCTOR.

Programme includes works by Spontini, Saint-Saens, Weber, Chopin, Burgel, Svendsen, etc.

Grand Rehearsal, Thursday, Jan. 10th, at one o'clock. Sale of Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store, Wednesday, January 9th.

HENRY HEYMAN, Secretary.

## ELITE BOUQUET

.....AND.....

## PECK'S TRIPLE EXTRACT

FOR THE

## HANDKERCHIEF!

**IN ALL ODORS. TRY IT.**

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE

**WESTERN PERFUMERY CO.,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

**L. GREENBAUM, PROPRIETOR.**

**FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.**

**JOHN DANIEL & CO.**

Importers and Dealers in Italian Marble and Scotch Granite

**MONUMENTS AND MANTELS,**

No. 421 Pine Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco, Cal.

☞ Manufacturers of Monuments, Headstones, Mantelpieces, Plumbers' Stones, Table and Counter Tops, Imposing Stones, etc., at lowest cash prices.

GERMEA
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!


**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

OFFICE OF THE STANDARD CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY, San Francisco, January 2, 1884.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named company, held this day, Dividend No. 63, of Twenty-five cents (25c) per share, was declared, payable on Saturday, January 12, 1884, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, in New York.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.


## EASTON & ELDRIDGE

**AUCTIONEERS.**

**OFFICE AND SALESROOM, No. 22 MONTGOMERY STREET.**

**On Tuesday next, January 8, '84, at 7:30 P. M., we will sell at Dashaway Hall, Post Street, between Dupont and Kearny, south side, by order of H. J. Booth, Esq., his elegant collection of rare and valuable PAINTINGS, STATUARY, BRONZES, CLOCKS, etc., comprising the celebrated paintings:**

**"Columbus in Prison," by Brandner;**
**Horse's Head and Sheep, by Verboeckhoven;**
**Fruit and Flowers, by Detrick;**
**"Fire in Santa Cruz Mountains," by Tavernier;**
**"Drinking Health," by Modon;**
**Paintings by Thomas Hill, Marple, Denny, Carlo Dolci Manzuoli, Krussman;**
**Apollo Bronze, the Marble Faun, Amazon, Venus with Apple, Troubadour, etc.**

**NOTE.—Catalogues will be ready at the Hall and our Salesroom on Saturday, Jan. 5th, and to this attractive, rare, and beautiful private Art Collection we specially invite the attention of all lovers of Art. The instructions being positive to sell, we shall close the collection without reserve. The Hall will be open on Saturday, Jan. 5th, and the pictures on view till 5 P. M., the 8th. We will mail catalogues to parties so desiring at a distance, and obey orders sent us. TERMS CASH.**

**EASTON & ELDRIDGE,**
**AUCTIONEERS.**

FINE

**Suits, $25.** TAILORING **Suits, $30.**

Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.

**Suits, $40.** TAILORING **Suits, $50.**

Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.

**Suits, $60.** TAILORING **Suits, $70.**

**J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.**



**The Union Under-Flannel**—the best Hygienic Garment made. Highly recommended by physicians for its uniform warmth, there being no lap over the abdomen as is the case with the old-fashioned suits. The universal verdict is, TRY THEM ONCE, and you will never want to wear the others. All sizes and grades on hand for Ladies and Children. We import these goods direct from the manufacturers, and have unusual facilities for suiting customers to them. Send for Illustrated Catalogue of our Corsets, Waists, Shoulder-braces, etc., which took the First Prize (a Silver Medal) at the late Mechanics' Fair.

**Mrs. M. H. Ober**
**326 Sutter Street.**
Parties at a distance can [illegible] by mail.

D. H. McDonald, President, San Francisco, Cal.

PACIFIC BANK

Established 1863.

Capital Stock $1,000,000.00

Surplus 460,800.70

San Francisco, Cal., July 1, 1882.

PIANOS

KOHLER & CHASE,

117 POST STREET. Decker Brothers', Fischer, and Emerson Pianos, and Mason & Hamlin Organs. Send for catalogue.

THE

AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.

Office, 208 California Street.

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY

OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.

Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.

C. SPRECKELS, President.

J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.

A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.

Commission Merchants,

San Francisco.

OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.

Liberal advances made on consignments.

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.

Shipping and Commission Merchants

San Francisco,

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON.

Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.

Shipping and Commission Merchants

204 and 206 California Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

TABER, HARKER & CO.

Importers and Wholesale Grocers,

108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHEESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.

Shipping and Commission Merchants

UNION BLOCK,

202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,

Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.

(Established 1854),

HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS

And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,

415 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed

TILES

For Decorations.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.

Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.

119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

BUY AND RENT

YOUR PIANOS OF

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.

Sole Agents of the celebrated Henry F. Miller Piano of Boston, the Hemme & Long Piano of San Francisco, and the Taylor & Farley Organ.

101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.

WALL PAPER,

Artistic Designs, American, French, and English. Cornice Poles and Fixtures. Sole Agents on Pacific Coast for LINCRUSTA WALTON, the new and indestructible Wall Decoration. Imitation Stained and Ground Glass, for residences, churches, etc. Frescoing and Interior Decorating a specialty.

WINDOW SHADES.

Samples and Estimates furnished on Application.

G. W. CLARK & CO., 645 & 647 MARKET ST.

FIREMAN'S FUND

INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.

CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - - $750,000

ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1882, - - - $1,350,000

D. J. STAPLES, President. WILLIAM J. DUTTON, Secretary.

ALPHEUS BULL, Vice-President. E. W. CARPENTER, Asst. Secretary.

AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

KNABE PIANOS

"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*

A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St. S. F., Sole Agents.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Cerebral Congestion, etc.

Prepared by GRILLON, SOLE PROPRIETOR,

Pharmacien de première classe de la Faculté de Paris,

27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.

Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BOUND VOLUMES

.....OF.....

THE ARGONAUT.

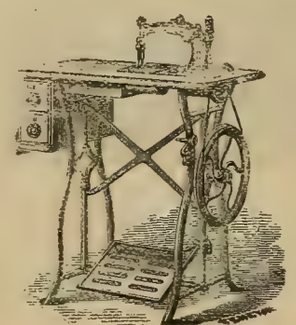
Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, and XIII.

Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office, No. 213 Dupont Street.

WANTED.

Back Numbers of The Argonaut.

Vol. IV, No. 4; Vol. XII, No. 9.—We will pay twenty-five cents each for either of these numbers at the Business Office of this paper.



Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.

WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.

303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

MACRAMÉ TWINE

IN ALL COLORS,

Best assortment in the city at the

"DOMESTIC"

SEWING MACHINE AGENCY

29 Post Street,

Also at 1152 Broadway, cor. Thirteenth St., Oakland.

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.

Stationers, Booksellers,

Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers

204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS

MAGNESO-CALCITE

FIRE-PROOF

JEWELRY CASES

D. S. BROWN & CO.,

General Agents. 36 California Street.

THE CALIFORNIA

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

Junction Market and Powell Sts.

Deposits received. Loans made on city and country property at low rates.

MARBLE WORKS.

MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.

W. H. McCORMICK,

827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

HALL'S PIANO TYLER ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.

No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

VAN NESS SEMINARY,

Formerly Mrs. Colgate Baker,

No. 920 VAN NESS AVENUE.

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children. Easter Term begins January 7th.

MRS. SARA B. GAMBLE, } Principals

MRS. E. H. WOODS, }

REMOVAL

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

HAVE REMOVED TO

311, 313, 315, and 317

MARKET STREET

Between Beale and Fremont.

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIV. NO. 2. SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 12, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: The Flood-gates of Europe through which are passing Vast Hordes of Paupers into the United States—An Awakening which must Come in the Near Future—How we are Wasting the Patrimony of our Children, that the Democratic Party may have more Voters—A Criminal Tide rushing into our Midst which must be Checked—California's Determined Stand on the Chinese Question a Valuable Lesson for the Country—Santa Clara Raises the Temperance Standard—Will the Republican Party take the same Direction?—Other Counties in California that are Agitating the Temperance Question.....1–2

COBWEBS: Gossip about San Francisco People and Things, by "Arachne." 3

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes Concerning Prominent Men and Women. 3

KINGS IN EXILE: "Passe-partout's" Paris Letter..... 4

THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes on the King of Games..... 4

THE WITCH'S RING: The Story of a New England Graveyard..... 5

SOCIETY: "Bavardin's" Letter—Notes and Gossip..... 6

THE NEW YEAR IN NEW YORK: "Flaneur's" Gossip..... 7

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: "Bill Nye's" Story of Two School-teachers—The Perkins Donation Party—Sold Again..... 7

VANITY FAIR: The World of Small Talk and Fashion..... 8

LITERARY NOTES: The New Books and their Authors..... 8

THE ROBBER WHO ROBBED HIMSELF: An Irish Story..... 9

VERS DE SOCIETE: Taken from "Life."..... 9

STORYETTES: Grave, Gay, Epigramatic and Otherwise..... 9

AFTER DINNER: "Viveur" talks of the Army and its Generals..... 10

THE SHEIK'S VISION: A Weird Arabian Tale..... 11

THE INNER MAN: The Abolition of Turtle Soup..... 11

AN OLD FAVORITE: The Ballad of Judas Iscariot..... 12

THE DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—The Theatres During the Week—Theatrical Gossip..... 14

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I inclose an editorial from the Chicago *Times*, also from the *Daily News*, showing that the leading journals of the country are beginning to note the wholesale immigration to this county of impecunious, diseased foreigners as you and I do. Our high protective tariff men claim that the great advantage of protection is to prevent the competition of the pauper labor of Europe with American labor. It seems to me the best way to accomplish that would be to stop the importation of, not only laborers, but paupers, whom Americans are being taxed to support in our prisons, poor-houses, and insane asylums. I believe a law, similar to your law regulating the importation of the Chinese, regulating the importation of all foreigners, would be the greatest blessing to the whole country. Nothing but our great extent of new and unoccupied territory enables us to stand the pressure of this addition of nearly a million annually of this class of immigrants to our population. Were we limited in territory like the nations of Europe, every laborer and tax-payer would see the effect at once, and kick like steers until the wrong was righted. I believe it is only a question of time when we will be compelled to regulate this thing by law. B. F. P.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., December 29, 1883.

What a splendid thing it would be if in the Congress of the United States some eloquent and earnest member would dare to rise in his place, and, with exhaustive figures and carefully prepared statistics, propose a law that should embody the sentiments of our correspondent. Of the something like four hundred Senators and members of the House of Representatives there will be no man found with courage to voice the sentiment of a majority of the native-born Americans upon this question. Yet when discussion shall have been transferred from the breakfast-table and home-circle, through the newspapers, to the politicians, the politicians will have been taught, by the enthusiasm of its reception, another lesson as to their inaptitude to reflect an honest, courageous national sentiment. If some plan could be devised to poll the real opinions of those citizens who are possessed of intelligence and property, in reference to this unrestricted European immigration, it would be ascertained that a vast majority of both foreign and native-born are in favor of its limitation. We pass tariff and revenue laws to protect home industries against cheap European labor, yet we throw down the bars and open wide the gates for this class themselves. We endeavor, by stringent municipal and State enactments, to guard against pauperism aud crime, yet we have no enforced system of laws to prevent the immigration of paupers and criminals from any country that may organize for their exportation. When California, under the pressure of an invasion from China, made the resolve of self-protection, and stood in the attitude of revolt against the law in order to limit the incursion of rice-eating barbarians, there went up from every flannel-lined Eastern throat a prayer for our Christian enlightenment. From New England there came a snotty sentimentality, pitched in the shrillest key possible to the most pinched of noses; from New York, a shoddy commercial morality; and up from all over the land there arose the wail of the demagogue and the bray of the parson that we were outraging the generous traditions that made our continent the asylum of the oppressed, the refuge of the persecuted. The argument of an unoccupied hemisphere, that needed the aid of strong arms and willing hearts to possess, and cultivate, and redeem it from savagery—the argument of a period not then emancipated from ecclesiastical authority and feudal tyranny, and the oppression of ruling classes—is now made to do duty in favor of European beggars, criminals, political adventurers, land-leaguers, Pope's ignorant Irish, German socialists, French communists, Russian nihilists, and pauper Jews. The old idea of America throwing wide its welcoming arms to those persecuted by church, oppressed by State, or in any way suffering for conscience's sake, is made an apology for the exercise of the unlimited audacity of an ecclesiastical hierarchy and an excuse for the introduction of every foreign nastiness imported by Chinese lepers, English sloggers, or Continental dudes. We refuse to admit through our custom-houses debauching literature, but there is no restriction to foreign bawds. Deleterious drugs are condemned, foreign rags demand a certificate of thorough disinfection, but the vilely diseased may come to the land, and the mendicant clad in rags needs no disinfectant. We have laws of criminal extradition, but we demand no certificate of character or bond to keep the peace from any criminal that seeks our shores. Not only do we not discourage immigration, but by the sending abroad of agents, by the dissemination of seductive literature, by the preparation of carefully arranged statistics, by arrangements for reduced fares, by taking up the immigrant at Castle Garden, we have brought some millions of undesirable Europeans to our land. To have left them alone and unaided, we should have received our share of the enterprising, the young, and the profitable, while the result of all this unnatural haste to populate the country has sacrificed its most desirable parts and the best of our public lands to an immigration that must have at least two generations for improvement before it is at all comfortable. We have crowded our cities with beer-guzzling, whisky-drinking, discontented aliens; we are building up a new Scandinavia in Dakota; we are establishing a polygamous brothel at Utah; we are squandering our rich inheritance of public domain; we are wasting the patrimony of our children; and for what? That the Democratic party may get more votes, the railroads sell more lands, the country boast of more millions, the land speculator get rich faster, and the business man make more money. All this results in letting our civilization down to the level of the imported article. There is no field of legislation offering so profitable an opportunity for good work as this one in the direction of limiting foreign immigration, excluding the bad elements so far as possible, and passing laws withdrawing from them all the privilege of the elective franchise. The foreign nation that assists criminal and pauper emigration to the United States of America, whether it be England for its criminal Irish, or Italy for its pauper organ-grinders, or China for its coolie slaves, should be warned that persistence in this direction would be the provocation of war. In a word, the time has come when it is essential that the United States of America should have a foreign policy, and that policy should be American; and by American we mean a policy that should recognize the interest of our country and our people as paramount to the interests of all the world that lies outside of our boundaries.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your article in the last number of the *Argonaut* is replete with good, solid sense in every respect, and fully expresses my views as to what temperance people should do in the way of meeting the substantial interests of all concerned on some practicable plan of procedure, in place of contending for extreme views. I send you a paper, published here, with an article in it which explains the course which the temperance people of this county propose pursuing in the next campaign. We expect to nominate a candidate for the Legislature who will pledge his support to the Beard bill; and we will make no other nominations, so that every fair-minded voter in the county can vote with us, whether he is strictly a temperance man or not. Any good citizen ought to be willing for the majority to rule. If we could induce other counties all over the State to pursue the same course, I think we could elect enough members to insure that the Beard bill would become the law of the land. There are over two hundred substantial voters who have signed the call for the mass meeting. I am surprised that any true-hearted Prohibitionist should object to our plan, as it can not possibly interfere with their object. And as ours is something practicable and theirs not, they ought to unite with us; they ought to help us nominate and elect a member to the Legislature in each county, if possible. Yours, etc.,

SAMUEL M. MCLEAN, M. D.

MODESTO, Cal., January 7, 1884.

The above is a specimen of numerous letters constantly received by the editors of the *Argonaut*, indicating a new departure in the temperance direction. This direction is a political one. It is not away from the church or Sunday-school, but invites the preachers to locate their parsonages along this great highway of reform, and asks them to build their church and school edifices upon it, and so near to it, that worshipers and pupils may look upon the multitude passing along, and allow the multitude to look into their windows and observe what they are doing. We do not now recall the exact provisions of the "Beard" bill, nor do we think the support of that particular bill, or any other, by a pledge, a sufficient inducement to support anybody for the Legislature. In every community in this State there are intelligent, unobtrusive temperance men. They may not be teetotalers; they may not be prohibitionists; they may not be professors of religion; they may own apple-orchards and vineyards. But if they are sensible, level-headed, honest men, with families to raise and property to tax; are moral in their lives and temperate in their habits; free from party prejudice or ecclesiastical influence; independent and courageous; who do not expect to be sent from the Legislature to Congress—they will make good and safe representatives, and may be relied upon to favor some legislation in the general direction of temperance reform. We do not much believe in pledges made as an inducement for votes. A man's past life and record, his known characteristics, his chosen associates, his reputation among his neighbors, are better guaranties of his political conduct than any pledge he may take. We should be very glad to see in the next Legislature a majority of temperance men; but it must not be forgotten that there are other questions of political importance besides that of the regulation and control of the alcoholic traffic. We had rather have a drunkard in the Legislature than a knave; and rather two knaves than a fool; and rather all drunkards, knaves, and fools, than unprincipled cowards.

The people of Santa Clara are making the temperance a political question, "carrying temperance into politics." On Saturday last a public meeting was held in San José, endorsing the supervisors for their action in endeavoring to control the liquor traffic. The issue is "free rum against rum in bond." The German "League of Freedom" is imbued with the idea that "liberty" in America means liberty to sell gin and swipes; that "freedom" means freedom to get drunk; "equality" means the dead level of the county poor-house; and the "pursuit of happiness" embraces gin, lager, blood-sausages, Limburger cheese, and music in a sawdust cellar on Sunday or past midnight. The Young Men's Christian Association, the Grangers, the Champions of the Red Cross, the Patriotic Sons of America, and the clergymen with their congrega-

ions, are, we are glad to see, recognizing the necessity of carrying temperance reform to the ballot-box. Wherever this question has been made a political one, good has resulted; wherever it has not, less than nothing has been accomplished. It has become a political question in this State, and one of first importance. There is no other issue of equal importance. The Democracy is compelled, by the character of its rank and file, and in gratitude to the foreign saloon-keeper and corner-grocer who sell whisky, to favor the gin industry in all that it demands. Not five per cent. of the gin-millers and beer-sellers are of American birth. If the Republican party does not take up this challenge of the foreign rum-dealer; if it does not make issue with the allied League of Freedom and the Democracy, and espouse the cause of temperance, it will evidence want of judgment and lack of brains. There are more native-born Americans than foreigners in this State of California and in the United States; there is more intelligence than ignorance; more men of independent means than paupers; more temperance people than gin-millers or rum-guzzlers and lager swine; more people that respect the Sabbath, and favor its decent observance, than care to have a debauch in a cellar or a frolic in a beer-garden on Sunday. When we use the expression "temperance reform," we intend it to embrace every kind of control that shall lessen the evil which now attends the traffic. Any wise, moderate, and sensible legislation upon this question of alcoholic drink which shall lessen the amount consumed, which shall improve the quality of liquor sold, which shall increase the revenue, reduce taxation, make the vendors more responsible, and make their places and themselves more respectable, lessen poverty, crime, and taxation, we shall favor. When the Republican party has the courage to take the first step in the direction of temperance reform, we shall not question its ability to intelligently work out desirable results.

Original Abolitionists will, at mention of the name of Hinton Rowan Helper, recall a marvelous book written by him, and not long before the war, entitled the "Impending Crisis." It was not only marvelous in the terrible array of figures showing the burdens which the slave institution imposed upon the country, but it was terrible in its denunciations of the crime of slavery. It was the more wonderful to us Northern men, because it was written by a native of North Carolina. The "Impending Crisis" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were potent factors in educating the Northern mind to the evils of slavery. In these and kindred works was sown the seed that grew to the harvest of armed men that crushed the slaveholders' rebellion, emancipated four and a half millions of slaves, cemented the National Union, wiped a national stain from off the republic, and enabled fifteen States of the Union to lay the foundations of a healthful prosperity. For some years past, Mr. Hinton Rowan Helper has identified himself with a plan to unite North, Central, and South America in one commercial confederacy, by connecting them by rail. From Canada to Patagonia he proposes a continuous road, spanning the vertebræ of the hemisphere. Starting from Barrow's Straits, or Baffin's Bay, down past Lake Winnipeg and the Lake of the Woods, crossing the Yellowstone Park, taking in the old town of Santa Fé, the City of Mexico, Guatemala in Central America, traversing the Isthmus of Panama, touching at Bogota in Colombia, siding along the eastern slopes of the Andes, across Brazil, skirting Bolivia, Paraguay, Uraguay, and the Argentine Republic to the Straits of Terra del Fuego in Patagonia, with collateral branches to New York, San Francisco, New Orleans, Mazatlan, Lima, Buenos Ayres, and Santiago. This would seem to be a sufficiently ambitious project to satisfy the ordinary railroad magnate. But Mr. ex-Attorney-General Evarts communicates to Mr. Helper the suggestion of widening his enterprise till it shall embrace the three other continents of Asia and Europe and Africa, by extending this road through Alaska, across Behring's Straits into Tchuktch; along the Sea of Okhotsk, Mantchuria, Outer Mongolia; along the line between Russian Tartary and Turkistan, keeping northward of the Black Sea; along the border line between Germania-Austria; through France and Spain; crossing the Straits of Gibraltar at Cadiz; through Morocco, Algeria; across the great Desert of Sahara and the Soudan, to the sources of Nile; along the western borders of Zanzibar and Mozambique; through the Hottentot country, to Cape Town, near the Cape of Good Hope. This extended trunk line would necessitate branches to pick up the collateral trade of important commercial centres in Asia, Europe, and Africa: one to St. Petersburg by way of Moscow; an important branch road from the vicinity of the head of the Caspian Sea would be required, through Persia, crossing the Euphrates at Bagdad, taking in Damascus and Jerusalem, crossing the Isthmus of Suez, and joining the main line in Fezzan; ferries would cross the Baltic, uniting Sweden and Norway with the great lines; a ferry and branch line would run north from Switzerland to the British Empire; with a southern branch from Mongolia, across the Chinese Empire, through Thibet, Hindustan, Burmah, Siam, and Malaya, with ferry connections to Sumatra, Borneo, and Java, New Guinea, Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. This scheme embraces everything but the Hawaiian Islands; but for the present they must be content with a reciprocal treaty. We have not space to demonstrate the feasibility of this project; we can only declare that our opinion concurs with the Hon. ex-Attorney-General in thinking it entirely possible. It would require a great deal of money and the formation of a strong syndicate; but the world is full of money, and money can accomplish anything within the possible. All needed to accomplish this work is the organizing brains of such men as Mr. Helper and Mr. Evarts, and the executive ability of such men as Mr. Villard, who is just now available for this new enterprise. The thing would pay by its excursion tickets for the round trip; would develop the unknown resources of new countries; bring strange people to the knowledge of each other; command a profitable freight and passenger trafic; and, could it meet the approval of Mr. Foote and the San Francisco *Daily Examiner*, would undoubtedly so command the confidence of the financial world as to secure its speedy accomplishment.

That Judge Hoffman is conscientiously interpreting the law limiting Chinese immigration, no reasonable person can doubt. That its interpretation is attended with many embarrassments, is apparent. That the action of Irish political clubs, asking for the impeachment of the Federal judges, is prompted by demagogical ignorance and utter stupidity and malevolence, is beyond doubt. That the course of the *Bulletin*, in its criticism, is ill-timed and unwise, is, we believe, the opinion of all sensible and intelligent persons. The operation of this law is as effective as possible, and while it is undoubtedly true that many Chinese immigrants are being landed who are not entitled to come to the country, it is clear that the flood of invasion has been arrested, and there are less Chinese now coming than departing. If the United States Attorney, Mr. Hillborn, and his associate, Mr. Cook, or others else connected with the law department, are, by their interviews and newspaper communications, pandering to the popular prejudice, and reflecting upon the judges, they are guilty of most unprofessional and improper conduct. It is quite evident that Judge Hoffman is convinced that these gentlemen are not innocent of demagogism in this direction; hence his action of Thursday, in attempting to ascertain to what extent the officers of his court have loaned themselves to such a questionable and compromising course. There are no judges of any Federal court who have passed, with honor to themselves, through more important legislation than those of California. Judge Hoffman has creditably discharged the duties of his judicial position for more than thirty years. The vast landed property of the State has been submitted to him and his associates for a decision. He has passed upon millions of property values. Important land and maritime cases have been passed upon by him, involving large amounts, and in which, if money or favoritism could have been used, hundreds of opportunities have been presented for corrupt decisions. During this long judicial career there has never, from any quarter, been breathed even the suspicion of favoritism or corruption. Any hint, from any source—newspapers, politicians, or demagogues—that the Federal courts in these Chinese decisions are not conscientiously, intelligently, and honestly performing their duty will receive no favor from any respectable part of the community. If any Republican official thinks he is making political capital by ungenerous insinuations against the motives or integrity of Judge Hoffman, he is making a serious mistake. It is the duty of every good citizen to uphold the courts just so long as the judges, with earnest and honest purpose, endeavor to do their duty. When the courts and the judges shall no longer command the respect and confidence of the people, the breeching is broken and the whole concern of constitutional liberty, human life, and property rights, the Goddess of Liberty, the bird of freedom, and the star-spangled banner, are on the swift downward road to where it is eternally hot.

The discharge of Cox for the killing of McLaughlin, by the examining magistrate, was an undoubted surprise to this community. While there was never a more generous feeling entertained toward the slayer of another than in this case, and one which found more universal expression, there is yet such a reserved horror of all blood-shedding that there is no properly educated and disciplined mind which does not regret that the vindication of Jerome B. Cox should have been at the expense of the law. The same men and women who apologized for this crime, who found excuse for the verdict of the Coroner's jury, find no excuse for the magistrate who undertook to reach a not unnatural conclusion by a sentimental journey, across lots, over the law. It would have been better for Mr. Cox, and better for every other citizen, that his vindication had come from a jury, as the result of trial under legal forms. It was an immense presumption for the magistrate to determine the question of self-defense upon the not supported evidence of the person accused. The whole thing seems to have been loosely considered and hastily decided, and may become the precedent of worse possible future killing.

Now that Senator Pendleton of Ohio has been beaten by Mr. Payne, of the Standard Oil Company, we shall hope to read in Democratic journals less about monopoly, less about the malign influence of money in politics, less about Republican millionaires in the United States Senate. If Mr. Payne is chosen senator for any other reason than because he is rich, or through any other influence than money, we are ill-informed. If Senator Pendleton is exiled from public life by the Democracy, it is because he is a gentleman and in favor of civil service reform. Democracy represents the two extremes of social life—moneyed aristocracy at the top, a very bad-smelling politician at the bottom, with a middle filling of demagogues and Pope's Irish.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

An old lady in Portland, Maine, who had played blindman's buff with Ralph Waldo Emerson in his youth, and knew him well later, says he was so indolent that she was not surprised when he left off preaching and went to live in Concord simply to do thinking.

Miss Ellen Ford, who went to Ireland to distribute money to the families of the deceased Phœnix Park patriots, has returned. She says that she visited the mother of Oscar Wilde while in Ireland, and found the estimable lady very much incensed against the people of the United States on account of the treatment vouchsafed her sweet son while pretending to lecture over here. She confided to Miss Ford the fact that she would never feel satisfied until she had shot an American editor.

Mr. P. T. Barnum is determined, if possible, to prevent any contest over his will on the ground of insanity. He has just drawn up a codicil to his will in presence of his family physician and two other well-known physicians of Bridgeport, Conn., one an allopathist and the other a homœopathist, all of whom witnessed his signature and made oath to his sanity and ability to dispose of his property. The question may be asked, however, whether these unusual precautions are not evidence of a mild form of insanity.

"Joel Chandler Harris" (Uncle Remus), a Georgia man is quoted in the Philadelphia *Record* as saying, "is a little, red-headed, freckled-faced farmer's boy, just about as handsome as a burnt shoe. He is a good fellow, and bright, but indolent. He has been well treated by the Atlanta *Constitution* people. They give him a good salary for writing an hour or two every day, in addition to a very nice house which they gave him outright as a Christmas gift, I think. So he has plenty of time for literature and a pleasant place to write in."

Benjamin F. Butler, who is soon to be ex-Governor of Massachusetts for the remainder of his natural life, was in Washington the other day, and, according to the *Chronicle* of that city, tried to get into the Senate chamber by a door the keeper of which didn't or wouldn't recognize him. "You can't go in there, sir," said the door-keeper, "the Senate is in session." Butler merely growled out, "I'm Butler," and persisted in his effort to enter. "Oh, no, my antiquated masher," said the other, with a wink at a bystander, "you can't play me for a sucker. Senator Butler has just gone in through this door. Mash 'em from the gallery, my dandy," General Butler was paralyzed for a moment, and then wheeling upon the astonished door-keeper, he fairly yelled: "Butler of South Carolina be d—d, I am Butler of Massachusetts. Governor Butler, you impudent fool," and amid the profuse apologies of the door-keeper he entered the chamber.

In Miss Thackeray's article on Mr. Tennyson, in *Harper's Magazine* for December, says the London *Athenæum*, there is reference in connection with his appointment as Poet Laureate on the death of Wordsworth in 1850: "There is a story that at the time Sir Robert Peel was consulted he had never read any Tennyson, but he read 'Ulysses,' and warmed up, and acknowledged the right of this new-made poet to be England's Laureate." This is a mistake. The Prime Minister at the time of Mr. Tennyson's appointment was Lord John Russell. The story told by Miss Thackeray is substantially correct, but it relates to an earlier period, when, on the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Tennyson received a Civil List pension. A writer in the Leeds *Mercury*, commenting upon these facts, observes that Peel was dead before Tennyson received the dignity of Poet Laureate. This also is an error. Mr. Tennyson was appointed Poet Laureate at the close of April, 1850, and Sir Robert Peel's fatal accident did not occur until the end of the following June.

Representative Belford, of Colorado—also of red-hair renown—is making a lively campaign for the position of "great American humorist." When Mrs. Langtry was playing in Washington, a few days ago, he armed himself with a gigantic binocular field-glass, with which he declares he can see a deer wink at five miles distance, and went to the theatre. After he had been staring at the actress through his twin telescope for several minutes, he replied to a friend who asked him "what he was up to": "I'm looking at Mrs. Langtry. I've settled it. She's the handsomest woman that ever trod this continent." A few evenings later, in the maddest of mad after-dinner moments, he propounded to his companions a scheme for making Mr. Blaine President, General Grant Secretary of State, and Roscoe Conkling general bulwark of the administration in the Senate. Having demonstrated the perfect practicability and utter loveliness of the arrangement, he was asked what disposition he would make of the present incumbent of the executive chair. "Oh, Arthur? Why, we'll make him an Indian agent out West!"

## COBWEBS.

The use of flowers is the expression of culture. In our lack of appreciation of these frail, expensive beauties, we show the vulgar side of the Western character. The San Francisco people who spend money generally want something solid to show for it. They deal in ducats, not in sentiments. I don't believe there are a dozen standing orders for flowers at all the florists in the city put together. The florists are all behind the times—all need educating. I don't know whether they are stupid for want of patronage, or lack patronage because of their stupidity. Be that as it may, they rarely produce an artistic piece of work. For years and years they have not diverged from the beaten grooves. The same funeral pillows with "rest" in violets, the same broken pillars, and the same anchors. For weddings, the same white bouquets with hideous paper-holders, the same wedding-bell of white flowers. For the theatre artistes, the same old baskets with or without handles, and the everlasting stars and wreaths—once in a while a ship, a piano, or something with a dove on it. In San Francisco we rarely give flowers, save on "occasions." West of the Rockies gentlemen naturally drop the habit of sending flowers out of compliment, respect, affection, or as an acknowledgment of hospitalities received. So the florists have acquired a small stock of emblems, supposed to fit these occasions, and we are treated to them over and over again, year in and year out, as the "occasions" roll around. It is strange that the mania for the novel, æsthetic, and artistic in decoration has played like lightning all around them, leaving the florists untouched. In the East the passion for flowers is a mania. In their selection and arrangement the utmost refinement and discretion are exercised. They pick them carefully, and in arranging them do not butcher them with wires. There are certain flowers which have no stems, and these are stuck on fine broom-straws, which absorb and carry a little moisture and preserve the flowers for a reasonable time. When it is practicable, the flowers have long stems, and always a few leaves —sometimes a few buds also. Here they are chopped off like so many Brussels sprouts, and stabbed with wires, one and all, indiscriminately. I would like to organize a crusade on wire frames. Let us force the florists to give us something newer and prettier. Baskets and holders of straw, splints, willow, bamboo, twisted ribbons, fancy china—anything and everything but wire; knots of "bonnie blue ribbon" to tie up the "farin's"; flowers with stems, and buds, and leaves, lovely as nature made them; baskets white, colored, gilded, silvered, striped, spotted, checked, and variegated; handsome satin bows in dainty colors to tie the basket handles; baskets with lids, wide open, three-quarters open, half open, with overflowing contents of natural, graceful posies—we must insist upon them all. Then, too, there are some flowers which deserve a rest. I am weary of scentless, stiff camellias, planted like a price-mark in the heart of everything. I protest against the powerful tuberose. I am tired of nothing green but maiden's hair. I can imagine so much that is artistic and pretty in which they hold no part. Fancy a miniature market-basket of olive straw, packed with moss, and overflowing on either side with gorgeous nasturtiums, leaves and all. The lids should be tied up to the handle with a large loose knot of ribbon—bronze and gold, say. Or imagine a pompadour basket, turquoise blue straw tied with pink ribbons, filled with pale-pink pinks and many sprays of blue forget-me-nots. As this paragraph is not exactly a "florist's complete guide," I say no more. My designs are original, and I promise half a dozen better ones to any one who will help me train the local florist in the way he should go.

There is a revival of ostrich feathers for state occasions. The idea is not absolutely new. But the few whom I have seen attempt it here, have overdone the matter and spoiled the effect. The average San Francisco woman feels herself cheated of her glory if she wears small tips when she might easily afford large plumes. I have, in a private letter, a description of a fashionable wedding in New York. The bride's dress was from Worth, remarkable for its simplicity and effectiveness. The train was of brocaded white velvet, the bodice and petticoat of white satin entirely covered with duchesse lace. The veil was also of duchesse lace, and was caught to the hair and at intervals to the dress by clusters of small, fine, white tips. Instead of the traditional bouquet, she carried on her arm a dainty basket of flowers. She received under a floral emblem of most original design. It was a horse-shoe magnet of red flowers, to which was attached, by a magnetic attraction perhaps, a needle of white flowers.

Baldanza, the tangle-foot tenor, has divided society and the clubs into factions. Those who heard him the first night were justly delighted. Those who heard him the second night were justly disgusted. On the third night he was absolutely non-committal—neither good nor bad. His admirers were in despair. They began to fear themselves the victims of an auricular illusion. They marveled secretly and intensely that even Christmas champagne could so liquefy and sweeten the tones of the obese Baldanza. But in "Norma" he saved his bacon. I really think there is no objection, after the two previous performances, to calling him bacon. With a steady step and a triumphant glare in his eye, he strode to the footlights and roused a storm of bravos with the very first phrase. His admirers, having collected on a forlorn hope, felt themselves reëstablished in their good opinions, and endeavored to point the finger of scorn at his detractors. But the detractors were not there, and they never will be there. They heard him in "Faust" and they are satisfied. I firmly believe that these benighted people will go to their graves unconscious of the fact that from Baldanza drunk to Baldanza sober is from a vinous jackdaw to a silver-voiced nightingale.

If it were not sad, it would have been amusing to watch the grand old ruin who assumed the rôle of "Norma." She was entered under a name that almost smelled of garlic—it was so intensely Italian. At the close of the first act, she was a trifle breathless, but still there. At the close of the second act, she had lost her wind and wheezed badly. At the third act, she felt the pressure of necessity and dropped all disguise. She let out her corsets, planted her feet firmly, and came to the front in a hail-storm of guttural German. It rather knocked the poetry out of the liquid syllables, which indicated her name on the programme. However, the mother-tongue revived her failing energies, and, flinging style to the winds, she got through bravely. The contrast from Italian to German was, as it always has been and ever will be, like stepping from a velvet carpet on to cobble-stones.

That reminds me. Some time ago two well-known enthusiasts went, for want of something better, to hear "Faust" sung in English at a local beer-garden. While engaged in an æsthetic and apropos discussion of Goethe, mysticism, music, and all that sort of thing, they paused to listen to a very queer tenor who had just come out to apostrophize an equally remarkable Margherita. His voice rang out the length of the beer-hall. His enunciation was painfully distinct. The words he sang were:

"Ah-h-h! Margherita, do I love thee? *Well, I guess so.*"

Shades of Goethe! Ghost of Gounod!

I have a thrilling episode, which I freely bestow upon story-writers and dramatists. It is the outcome of a perusal of the daily papers and a mince-pie nightmare. It reads something like this:

"A black cross on Lone Mountain, sharp against the lurid sky. A dummy dashing madly into the sunset. Angelina clinging, like a pale porous plaster, to the dash-board. Women shriek, children cry, and strong men fly—to liquor. Small boys—harbingers of danger—crowd the way. Oh, horror! that dummy! Wings it hath none, yet it flies; feet it hath not, yet it rushes; claws it hath not, yet it tears; jaws it hath not, yet it crushes. More terrible than the mosquito, more dangerous than the yellow dog, more rapid than the naughty broker, more fetching than many cocktails, more expensive than electricity, more comprehensive than a water company, more reckless than a butterfly—what bird, what beast, what *thing* in heaven or earth can compare to this? Onward it rushes! The human hands which made it can not control it now. It has become a thing of life—a monster. It speeds, like a poisoned arrow, through the throbbing heart of the great city. In its wake is Death. Onward this juggernaut rushes—onward toward the silent city of the dead—onward toward the dark cross that alone can check its dread career. Angelina still clings, in pale splendor, to the dash-board. Suddenly from out the throng there rushes a Form. It is a magnificent Form. It generally costs one dollar to see it. But few can raise it. In ex-officio, non-sectarian garb it is still superb. It is the Form of William Muldoon d'Eyncourt. With his celebrated right arm he tears the dummy from the track. With his left, which bears a pie-knife, he gently detaches Angelina from the dash-board. The multitude falls upon its knees and chants a barcarole in praise of the humerus. William flings the dummy into futurity, and clasping—— [This thrilling narrative will be continued in the *Mills Seminary Marguerite*, a serious semi-daily, published elsewhere. Subscribers must provide their own accommodations. Children, half price.]

I object to the local fashion of dressing children. It is inartistic, unhealthy, and behind the times in point of style. There are a few exceptions to the rule—but not many. Kate Greenaway should go down to posterity as the Apostle of Comfort for children. Her books, barring the most exaggerated types, are excellent fashion plates for the little ones. Loose, flowing garments, easy to put on and take off, dark and serviceable in color, long enough to keep the little legs warm, and picturesque to look at—they can not be improved upon. For the tiny babies, little French caps that cover the ears and do not over-weigh the head, and, for the larger ones, picturesque bonnets and caps of all kinds. Stout, heelless, buttoned boots for all—from the wee babies up—and warm leggings for cold days. In our streets it is very common indeed to see little children in light stockings, with slippers or open-work shoes, and dresses up to their knees. The dresses too often look like the soiled remnant of mamma's finery—odds and ends of red and blue, and faded pink. They are usually short and "skimpy," and over-loaded with ragged-looking, inappropriate trimmings. I have been astonished to observe these things among the children of very well-to-do parents. I have also noticed the same with the children of mothers supposed to be more or less cultured and intellectual. These clever, well-to-do people show the same poverty of understanding in relation to flannels, food, and early hours. But they expose themselves to public criticism when they send their children on the streets in thin shoes, light stockings, short, gaudy dresses, insufficient wraps, and top-heavy, over-trimmed hats. There is a three-year-old baby in this town who is the very model of a well-dressed child. She belongs to a wealthy family, but the fact is never advertised in her clothing. The other day I purposely took notes of her costume. She wore stout, well-made French shoes, almost an inch longer than the foot, and black merino stockings. Her cloak was a perfectly plain "Mother Hubbard" of black camel's hair, the broad collar bordered with black marabout trimmings. This cloak was so long as just to clear the ground, and seemed to be warmly lined. A chance movement of the child's revealed the fact that she wore a perfectly plain "Mother Hubbard" dress of white flannel. It looked soft, and warm, and comfortable. The bright little face was framed by a tiny frill of black lined with pink—the only ornament, save the Alsatian bow on the top of a plain, close-fitting hood of black silk. She wore comfortable-looking gloves of black undressed kid. The child's motions were unfettered; there was nothing in her apparel that cold could pierce or weather destroy. There was nothing to make her vain or conscious. And yet she was so lovely in her unconscious innocence and baby beauty that every one who saw her turned to look again.

I have seen Mr. Henry Guy Carleton referred to as the editor of that admirable pictorial, *Life*. I presume the accusation is correct. He frequently signs articles in that paper, and many unsigned articles are brilliant enough to have been written by him—notably, the sparkling paper on "American Aristocracy." In his early youth, Mr. Carleton was a budding scientific man, and there is a hint of scientific method in the construction of these articles. The point is this: If Mr. Carleton either wrote or edited the paper on "Monsignor Bunthorne Catesby-Capon," then, indeed, the times do change. It is a refined, clever, cruel satire on that prince of twaddle and platitude, Monsignor Capel. It is the first time, I believe, that he has been frankly put, from an intellectual standpoint at least, where he belongs. What amused me was the fact that Henry Guy Carleton was educated for the priesthood by the Jesuits. When his preliminary education was complete—and it was a good one—Mr. Carleton changed his mind, and decided that he would not be a Jesuit priest. In this he is said to be one of the very few people who ever got away with the Jesuits. I don't think it is more than three years since I heard a priest speak of Mr. Carleton as a marvelously bright young man who had done himself a great injustice in not joining the priesthood, "However," said the reverend father, "he has had a good religious training, and I think he will always be devoted to the church." If Mr. Carleton wrote the article referred to, and it looks as if he had done so, it only proves what a crystal clear vision it gives a man to interview holy life at close quarters. The personal attacks that have been made upon Monsignor Capel are, of course, vulgar and reprehensible, and they do not prove anything. But I have a genuine regard for this (supposed) Mr. Carleton, who speaks with the freedom of knowledge, and deftly inserting a pin in this large, imported wind-bag of doctrines, permits the gas to escape with a sound like the fluttering of agitated robes in a ghostly, inquisitorial corridor.

The fashion notes say that gilt cornucopias, filled with flowers, and held by a loop of smilax, are the thing for young ladies to carry to dancing-parties, instead of the customary bouquet. It is a novel and pretty idea. I have also read in a paper, not likely to be copied, of the favors at a sleighing-party, which consisted of fans of flowers made to close, and presented in boxes of tiger-skin tied with ribbons. There were also tambourines of flowers with ribbon streamers, and muffs of flowers with cords of smilax. The muffs were made to be worn and warmly lined with cotton batting. They are generally made of roses with trimmings of some other flower. The rage during the holidays in the way of house decorations was for something emblematic and appropriate. Immense quantities of ivy, laurel, cedar, holly, English and Southern mistletoe, and colored berries were used. For New Year's there were cupids, and hearts, and arrows, etc., made of flowers and berries on evergreen backgrounds. Let us take pattern. ARACHNE.

### The Perkins Donation Party.

The recent Bartholdi Loan Exhibition, though most laudable in its aim, is a reminder of the experience which befel the Rev. Mr. Josiah Perkins, of Waco, Texas. Mr. Perkins was a fervent and long-winded Methodist, and had undertaken the spiritual charge of a flock in Waco upon that somewhat slender benefice known as "boarding round." Under this régime he lost about four pounds of flesh for every convert, and was, last August, a subject for tempting offers from worldly minded proprietors of dime museums who were short of living skeletons and what-is-its. About this time Waco became alarmed over the prognostications of local savants that a tornado was expected, which might considerably mix up landmarks and do other damage to personal and real estate in this city. To pacify heaven, satisfy the gnawings of conscience, and stave off the phenomenon, the affrighted congregation turned to their pastor, and bethought them of fattening him up against the day of wrath by giving him a donation party. The arrangements for this propitiatory festival were duly made, and one evening the party, numbering two hundred of the faithful, swooped down upon the emaciated shepherd, had an exceedingly pious and convivial time, danced all the plaster off the walls, broke the windows, spilled the kerosene in the flour barrel, and ate him out of house and home. The receipts were, as exhibited by his private memorandum:

"1 pek appels, 2 pint vinyjer, 4 mins Pise. 1 gall merlases, 3 busted clox, a haf jar of pikles very sawr, a small qwilt wh. belongd to a child wh. died of meezles, 106 biskits made with sally-rattis, 1 melling, 1 mush ditto, 1 hare larryit, 2 knary burds, both femail, and one cord wood."

The day after this catastrophe he was asked by a deacon how he felt, and thus replied:

"Wal, brother, I am truly thankful, fer now, whatever ken come, the tornader hez no terrers."—*New York Life.*

### Sold Again.

A cobbler's sign in a country town bore the announcement: "Shoes half sold seventy-five cents." A passing drummer, observing the omission of the "e" in soled, stepped in, and thus addressed the artisan:

"You advertise shoes half sold here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I would like to understand what you mean; whether you sell half of a shoe or half of a pair for seventy-five cents, or whether you have a lot half sold or have a lot half of which you want to sell. It's the most ambiguous advertisement I ever saw."

The cobbler scratched his head and looked up over his spectacles in surprise at the drummer. After a pause he asked:

"Can't you understand by the sign that I put half-soles on shoes for seventy-five cents?"

"No, sir," replied the drummer; "I can't understand any such thing from your sign. You have left an 'e' out of the word 'soled,' and as it stands now it means to sell, or already sold."

The cobbler smote his hand upon his knee, and said:

"By jinks! I thought that word 'sold' didn't look just right. I thought it wanted an 'e.' Thank you, sir, for calling my attention to it."

After the drummer's departure the cobbler went outside with a brush and added an "e" to the word, making it "solde."—*Somerville Journal.*

Mrs. Caroline Hampton Preston, who died in Columbia, South Carolina, recently, was the daughter of General Wade Hampton of the Revolutionary army. Her husband was the late General John S. Preston.

## KINGS IN EXILE.

"Passe-partout" Describes the First Night of Daudet's New Play.

Emotions are growing such luxuries nowadays that it was with a feeling of delight the gilded youth of the Café de la Paix and Bignon's heard of the production of Alphonse Daudet's long-promised "Kings in Exile," at the Vaudeville, the other night. Here, at last, was an opportunity of making a disturbance, and showing in action that their devotion to unfortunate royalty was not a mere matter of talk and family tradition, as the persistent stability of the Republic had almost persuaded us it was. The Bonapartists mustered their "dudes," the Bourbonists called together their dandies, the ladies of the half-world (who have not prospered greatly under the Republican *régime*) put on their feathers and their war-paint, and, having previously stimulated their indignation by a generous dinner, met at the Vaudeville on the night of the *premiere* to damn the work of the traducer of the virtuous Isabella and the King of Naples. The Republicans were not a bit less active than their monarchical enemies. All the long-haired poets from the *Gil Blas* office, all the blood-and-thunder Radical editors, all the cream of the cream of the Government offices, made it a point of honor to attend the performance and applaud Daudet. Between the two parties it was impossible, of course, to hear whether the play was good or bad. The actors were hissed and "bissed" until they became as frantic as the excited spectators; and the curtain fell at last on a scene of confusion which recalled the memorable nights of "Rabagas."

Daudet and Paul Delair (who helped to adapt the original novel) were perhaps cooler than most of the people in the theatre. They had quite made up their minds there would be a scrimmage, and Daudet, at least, never expected the work to be a success. He has never had any luck on the stage. His first effort at the Vaudeville, "L'Arlésienne," failed dismally, and a still earlier attempt at the Odéon was withdrawn after a run of a few nights. People cared very little, besides, whether "Kings in Exile" turned out a good play or a bad one. They wanted a peg to hang a political demonstration upon, and it suited their purpose. There are lunatics who think the Prince of Orange and Queen Isabella worth defending, though the first was in his life-time a rake of the most disreputable description, and the last has for forty years been notorious as one of the cruelest, most immoral, most indecorous women in Europe. Her Catholic majesty, however, as it happened, stood in no need of defenders. From reasons of political decency the "Censure" had insisted on her being cut out of the play. In the novel, you will remember, too, she only figures incidentally—under a disguise as transparent as that of the hopeful Prince of Orange (in the novel, Prince d'Axel) and the other respectable sprigs of royalty who flit through Daudet's clever story.

Although Daudet steadily denies that he took him for his model, the King of Naples has long since been identified with that most melancholy of heroes, Christian, King of Illyria. (He returned to Paris, by the bye, a few days ago.) In the story, his decayed majesty inhabits the suburb of St. Mandé, but in real life he lives in a furnished apartment on the second floor of a handsome mansion in the Rue Boissy d'Anglas, close to the Madeleine and the Boulevard Malesherbes. His means are limited, and only allow him to keep up a small household. Besides his private secretary and a major domo, he has only four servants. He seldom ventures on the expense of a *soirée* or ball, and, with the exception of a few relations and "intimates," scarcely ever sees a visitor.

Opinions have been much divided as to the identity of Frédérique, the charming heroine of "Les Rois en Exil," and the Queen of Naples. Many still think she is a great deal more like the daughter of the late King of Hanover. Whoever she may be, she is a noble and a beautiful character. By herself she almost outweighs all the corruption, and vice, and dishonesty of the other royal personages drawn by Daudet. What's more, she is splendidly dramatic—an unmistakable tragedy queen. But she needs a tragedy queen like Modjeska or Sarah Bernhardt to represent her, and at the Vaudeville it was only a talented and pretty woman played the part.

There are a good many kings, and queens, and princes, "in exile," knocking about Paris, as a rule. To say nothing of Isabella, whose gigantic form and face are commonplaces on the Boulevard, we have usually two or three reprobate Russian "highnesses," and we have that insignificant little creature, the titular king of Spain (otherwise Don Francis d'Assisi) and Princess Dolgorouki, morganatic wife of poor Alexander. When we hear of them, it is generally in connection with some scandal. The queens have a singular talent for running up bills and omitting to pay them.

Apart from the involuntary exiles, there are those, too, who expatriate themselves. Among these shines conspicuously H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. To him Paris has become almost another fatherland. He revels in the facile pleasures of the Café Anglais and the Maison Dorée, and is quite as well known there as the Duc d'Aumale, or Aurélien Scholl, of the *Evenement*, or Delphine Delizy. His usual headquarters are at the Hôtel Bristol, in the Place Vendôme. Just across the street is the pet house of the Prussian imperial family, the Hôtel du Rhin. Both houses would have queer tales to tell if they could speak—tales that would horrify the poor princesses who sit and weep in lonely state at home. But as the old song reminds us, "woman *must* weep"; however high their birth they can not hope to escape their lot. And men *should* work. But when the men are heirs-expectant of empires, they have their own ideas on that subject.

The oldest, and worst probably, of the whole batch of royal exiles we have seen in Paris in this generation was the Duke of Brunswick. He painted and padded like an actress, and would have given any *roué* in France or Germany a thousand yards start in a mile for wickedness, and have beaten him in a canter. Next to him might be [illegible] that shameless old sinner, William of Holland. [illegible]ontent with breaking his first wife's heart by his neg- he has since taken a second young enough to be his daughter. She came very near losing her crown, though—or, I should say, very near to not getting it—for eight or nine years ago her present lord was in the clutches of a fascinating actress, and so infatuated was the royal sinner that he had twice proposed to marry her. *On dit* Mademoiselle Ambre, to oblige the Hollanders, twice declined the honor. She was made Comtesse d'Amboise, however, and soon after went on the operatic stage, where she may be to this hour, for aught I know. In the days of her left-handed glory she lived in a superb hotel the king had given her, in the Rue de Clichy. Almost facing it was the apartment formerly occupied by Victor Hugo, and next door stood the rowdy place then styled the Skating Rink, now the Palace Theatre. The mansion was magnificently furnished, and the chairs, I am told, were adorned by the embroidered initials "A" (Amélie) and "W" (William) intertwined and surmounted by a crown. Over the mantelpiece was a portrait of her "protector," side by side with other portraits of half a dozen earlier "protectors." King William was very tolerant of such trifles. So long as his Amélie smiled on him, he minded not who else had basked in her favor.

Her story was romantic. She was a child of the desert, and in her youth had begged in the streets for a living. Her Algerian blood gave a strange and voluptuous attraction to a face which, by all the canons of the Greeks and Romans, would have been pronounced ugly. In her movements she reminded one of a beautiful and treacherous serpent. Like Sarah Bernhardt, she had the serpent's suppleness, and grace, and fascination. Besides all this, she had a more than passable voice. Amélie Ambre had her quarter of an hour of success at the Italiens, in "Traviata" an opera which fitted her and her talent to perfection. I never saw her act in any other opera, and, unless I am much mistaken, shortly after her *début* she left for America.

Little Alfonso of Spain was for many years an exile here, with his lady mother. He was a thorough Frenchman then, and loved Paris as much as he seems now to detest it. It was in Paris he learned to love his first wife—poor Mercédes, whose memory he forgot so quickly. After he left us, we saw a good deal of his hopeful, throat-cutting, braggadacio cousin, Don Carlos, who would probably ask no better than to settle down somewhere near the Bois, and do his plotting and intriguing at a distance. The French authorities have had so much trouble with this lively Bourbon, however, that they do not encourage him to stop long when he occasionally honors the Champs-Elysées by a visit. He will find them more disagreeable than ever now that his friends have been setting him up as the successor of the Comte de Chambord. Don Carlos, after all, is a less objectionable specimen of "seedy" royalty than William of Holland, or the late lamented Prince of Orange. He is a sort of royal Dick Turpin, and has played a bold and picturesque part in the highway robberies of his time. His adventures in love and war are sensational and amusing. He might write some wonderful memoirs if he chose. They would lick "M. Claude's" into a cocked hat in point of criminal interest. But Don Carlos prefers to go on writing political manifestoes. He regards himself as a martyr and a champion. I am afraid he will be a "king in exile" till the end of his natural life. Yet there's no telling.

I am inclined to think Daudet slightly deludes himself when he tells people he had no intention of putting this king and that queen into his novel. The pen-pictures he draws are too speaking. He might as well expect us to believe that the Duc de Mora, in "Le Nabab," was not sketched from the Duc de Morny, or that the original of Jansoulet was not the adventurer Bravais. Daudet has in his comparatively short experience amassed an almost inexhaustible stock of notes about the men he met when he was the Duc de Morny's private secretary. He is finishing another novel now, which will be entitled "Les Ruptures." (The exact name is not decided yet.) When it appears you may expect a very pretty disturbance. The characters he introduces are all well known, and two of them at least are historic. As usual, most of the incidents described are not only founded upon fact, but are facts. There will be considerable difference of opinion, no doubt, as on previous occasions, as to the artistic value and the morality of the kind of realism affected by the author of "Kings in Exile"; but of one thing there is no doubt whatever: everybody will want to read the book and enjoy the disclosures. Like "Le Nabab," and "L'Evangeliste," and "Les Rois en Exil," it will run through its fifty or sixty editions. By the time people have grown tired of being scandalized by it, Daudet will have nearly finished another volume. Then we shall hear the whole outcry about realism and unrealism, morality and immorality, decency and indecency, over again.

After all, perhaps this sort of realism is better than Zola's, of which we are being shown a sweet specimen in the adaptation of "Pot-bouille," which has just been produced at the Ambigu. With all his literary audacity, Daudet is a man of refinement. What Zola is, those who have read "Pot-bouille" know as well as I do.

PARIS, December 17, 1883. PASSE-PARTOUT.

---

Since the wooden pavement was laid down in Pall Mall, the clubs in that thoroughfare have, for the first time, obtained the full use of the buildings they occupy. So intolerable was the racket of the passing carriages during the height of the season in the old days, that conversation in any room which looked upon the street was practically impossible. All this has been changed since wood was laid down, and a party of diners can now sit at a window looking upon Pall Mall and converse with each other with ease and comfort.

---

Prospective brides may be interested to learn that there are thirty-two days in the year on which it is unlucky to marry, according to the authority of a manuscript dated in the fifteenth century. These days are: January 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 10, 15; February 6, 7, 18; March 1, 6, 8; April 6, 11; May 5, 6, 7; June 6, 15; July 5, 19; August 15, 16; September 6, 7; October 6; November 15, 16, and December 15, 16, 17. Consequently, January is the worst month and October the best month in the year for marriage.

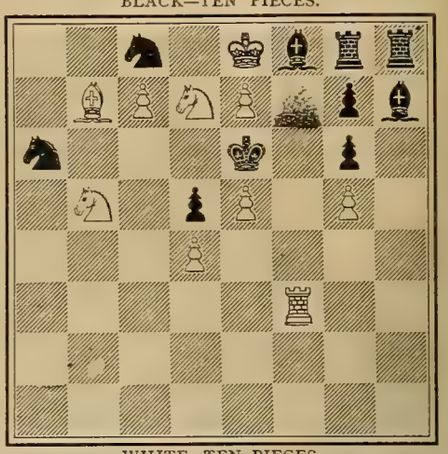
## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

Problems and Other Topics of Interest in the King of Games.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 2115 Fillmore Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

Problem I.—By T. B. Rowland, Dublin, Ireland.

BLACK—TEN PIECES.



WHITE—TEN PIECES.

White to play and checkmate in three moves; or,
White to play and stalemate in three moves; or,
White to play and selfmate in three moves; or,
Black to play and checkmate in three moves; or,
Black to play and selfmate in three moves.

---

The following is a game recently played in the Nuremberg tourney between Messrs. L. Paulsen and Leffman:

(SCOTCH GAMBIT.)

| *White.* Herr P. | *Black.* Herr L. | *White.* Herr P. | *Black.* Herr L. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K 4 | 1—P K 4 | 13—Q Kt sq | 13—P Q Kt 3 |
| 2—Kt K B 3 | 2—Kt Q B 3 | 14—P Q R 5 | 14—K K 2 |
| 3—P Q 4 | 3—P tks P | 15—R Q sq | 15—P Q B 4 |
| 4—Kt tks P (a) | 4—Kt K B 3 | 16—P K B 4 | 16—Q B 3 |
| 5—Kt Q B 3 | 5—B Q Kt 5 | 17—P K 5 (c) | 17—Kt Kt 5 |
| 6—Kt tks Kt | 6—B tks Kt (ch) | 18—B Q B sq | 18—P R 6 |
| | | 19—B K B sq | 19—Kt tks R P |
| 7—P tks B | 7—Q P tks Kt | 20—Q Kt 5 | 20—Kt B 6 (ch) |
| 8—B Q 3 | 8—B Kt 5 (b) | | (d) |
| 9—P K B 3 | 9—B K 3 | 21—K B 2 | 21—P tks P |
| 10—Castles | 10—Q Q 2 | 22—K tks P | 22—Kt K 8 (ch) |
| 11—B K 3 | 11—P K R 4 | 23—K B 2 | 23—Q B 6 (ch) |
| 12—P Q R 4 | 12—P R 5 | 24—K tks Kt | 24—Q Kt 6 (ch) |
| | | And wins. | (e) |

(a) B B 4 preferred.
(b) Very like lost time, as the Bishop is driven to K 3 at once, without damage to White's position.
(c) Exposing his King to the direct attack of the adverse Queen. 17—P B 5 seems the right move here.
(d) A pretty and effective stroke.
(e) He has no better resource. If:

| *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|
| 21—P tks Kt | then Q tks P |
| 22—R Q 2 | P R 7 (ch) |
| 23—R tks P | R tks R |
| 24—K tks R | R R sq (ch) |

And Black wins easily.

---

Before leaving New York Doctor Zukertort left on record with the *Herald* the following as his conclusions of the relative standing of American players, and the status of the art among them. He says: "There are not nearly so many champions here as there are in England; and as to their abilities, while I have met some excellent amateurs in New York, yet it seems somehow as if chess in your city was a season behind, if I may so express it. Now, in London there are twenty-eight chess clubs of the better class, and I don't know how many little ones besides. The employers of large numbers of clerks have in several instances established chess clubs for their benefit, paying the expenses, which are moderate themselves, and thus affording their employees a better kind of amusement, under better surroundings, than they would be likely to find otherwise. There being so many more clubs, so many more good professional players, and a more wide spread interest in the game in London than here, it follows that your players are a little behind the English in their knowledge of the modern development of the game. I look forward to a time when chess shall be more popular in every large city than it is to-day, for it is a recreation which requires no other stimulant than it possesses inherently, and it exercises the brain without exciting and injuring it. Of course, a man may play chess to excess, as he may do anything else to excess; but when done moderately, I believe it is the best amusement that the brain can find." Words fitly spoken, and handling our amateurs with the daintiest of gloves. Let them ponder and profit.

---

Captain Kelley, together with several other gentlemen amateurs, recently inquired of us the derivation and signification of the word *rook*. In the Indian armies an armed chariot, generally drawn by elephants, constitutes an important feature in military organization, and a powerful engine of war for offense and defense alike. This chariot is called a *rath*, which the Bengalese pronounce *roth*, and the Persians pronounce *rok'h*, whence comes the rook of European nations. In the same manner the *vierge* and *fol* of the French are supposed to be corrupted of *fers* and *fil*, the prime minister and elephant of the Persians and Arabs. The word *gambit* is derived from an Italian phrase in wrestling, and signifies a movement by which the adversary is tripped up. In chess, this is attempted by the first player putting a piece or pawn *en prise* of the enemy early in the game, by which he is enabled more rapidly and effectually to develop his superior pieces.

## THE WITCH'S RING.

### A Midnight Adventure in a New England Graveyard.

A very curious, straggling, sleepy old village is Adlingtune. Half a century behind the rest of the world, it still sits between the green hills of an Eastern State, with its elbows on its knees and its chin in its hands, musing on bygone days, when old King George held the land under his sway, and when, as its old folk sagely remark, things were not as they are now. There are a great many old people in Adlingtune—in fact, very few die young there. The atmosphere is so dreamy and peaceful that excitement can not exist, and the wear and tear of the busy world is unknown, or, at most, only hums faintly over the hills, like the buzzing of a fly on a sunny pane on a summer day. And so they still sit in their chimney-corners from year to year, and muse, and doze, and dream, until they dream their lives away and take their final sleep. It was to an old crone of this description that I was indebted for my adventure.

In the course of my idle ramblings about the village, I chanced, one day, to peer over a crumbling wall and discovered an old, disused burial-ground. The brown slabs were broken, prostrate, and scattered, with only here and there a forlorn, unsteady stone standing wearily, and waiting for the time to come when it, too, might fall down and rest with the sleepers beneath. Scrambling over the low wall, I stooped about among the grass, pushing away the tangled masses of vines and leaves from the faces of slabs that I might read the inscriptions there. But the suns and storms of over an hundred years had obliterated nearly all the letters, so that only portions of names and dates remained. Finally, down in a deep corner of the enclosure, where the weeds grew densest and the shade was darkest, I found an old stone which, leaning forward, had protected its face from the storms, and on this stone I read the words:

BARBARA CONWAIL.
BORN 1670, DIED 1730. AGE, 60 YEARS.
*Having been lawfully executed for the practice of witchcraft.*

My curiosity was at once aroused. I inquired of several persons as to the history of this woman, but without success for a time. Finally, however, I found an old woman, who told me the history of Barbara Conwail, as it had been handed down by her ancestors:

Living in an old stone house at the edge of the village, she was rarely seen—for no one ever crossed her threshold—save when she was occasionally met by a frightened party of children idling away a summer afternoon's holiday in the woods, when she would scowl and pass away, stooping along over the fields, gathering herbs with which to brew her mighty potions. No one ever interfered with her, however, until a sad year came to Adlingtune.

An epidemic broke out, and raged with a fury that nothing could withstand. People began to mutter that Barbara the witch was the cause of it. Passing along the road, she was stoned by a party of boys, to whom she turned, and, shaking her bony hand, shrieked that the curse was upon them.

Two of the lads sickened and died in a few days, and though scores were carried away in a like manner, an especial import was attached to their death. Barbara began to be watched. They looked through her windows at midnight and found her bending over a seething cauldron, throwing in herbs, muttering cabalistic words, and stirring the mixture with what they reported to be a human bone. Old Barbara was working her charms.

So when, one morning, a man came into town, bruised and covered with mud, and testified that as he rode past old Barbara's house, at twelve o'clock the night before, he saw the Arch Fiend and the witch in conversation upon the house-top, surrounded by flames, and laughing fiendishly in the lurid glare as they shook their fists at the plague-stricken village sleeping below, his tale found ready credence. The fact that he was an habitual drunkard, and had, on more than one occasion, rolled from his house in a drunken stupor and passed the night in a ditch, dreaming wild dreams, did not in the least detract from the belief of the villagers in his account of this scene; and when he related how this pair of demons had pounced upon him, and had first tortured and then thrown him senseless into a ditch, their indignation became uncontrollable.

Old Barbara was tried, condemned, and hanged, though she protested in her innocence to the last. The little sum of money found in her possession was used to buy that grave-stone—as no one would dare appropriate it—and to this day, if any one were bold enough to go to her grave at midnight on the same day of the year on which she was hanged, and say: "Barbara, I believe you were innocent," at the same time stretching out his hand over the grave, she would appear to him and place in his hand a talisman.

This talisman would bring good fortune as long as he retained it, but at some time in his life the witch would return to him and claim her own.

The old woman ended her story in a low, impressive monotone, which, with her earnestness and sincere belief in what she said, almost carried conviction to me in spite of reason. As I sauntered away, ridiculing these ignorant and superstitious village folk, I found myself almost unconsciously wandering back through the old burial ground to the witch's grave. Carelessly glancing at the inscription, I was surprised to find that upon that very day was the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of her death, and still more surprised when the thought occurred to me of watching at her grave that night. I ridiculed and scoffed the idea. Where was my boasted common sense and incredulity? But, still returning ever, came that wayward thing called fancy—and it conquered.

The world was wild and weird that night, when I stole forth from the village. The wind was moaning through the trees and sobbing piteously; the black clouds were driven in broken patches across the sky, now letting down the moonshine, and again shrouding all in blackest night, and making the shadows chase each other about and steal around corners upon one in a manner that made me wince in spite of myself. Climbing the low stone wall—rather nervously, I confess—I stole away through the old, down-trodden graves, pushing through the weeds and briars as silently as possible, and making my way toward that dark, dreary corner where the old witch reposed. A graveyard at noon is a very different spot from a graveyard at midnight, especially if one is there to seek an interview with a spirit.

I reached the place and stood by the tomb. It still lacked a few minutes of twelve, and as I stood there watching the moonlight flitting over the graves, I longed for a little ray to creep in with me. But no—approaching and receding and wavering all about me, it never touched this grave, but fled away as often as it approached, as though frightened at the black shadow forever lurking there.

By and by the village clock tolled twelve. As the slow, tremulous tones stole out on the night, the wind ceased moaning, the clouds covered the face of the moon, the insects stopped chirping, and when the last stroke was finished, the almost unbearable silence was broken only by my own breathing, which I strove in vain to suppress. The darkness was intense, and I could see nothing. A terrible feeling of guilt and terror seized me, that I, a mortal, should be intruding there at such an hour. Mechanically I strove to speak the words I had been told, but my lips refused to form a sound.

Still I stood in that awful, black silence, chilled with fear, until with a mighty effort I reached out my arm over the grave, and grasped—a hand.

It was only for an instant—not that, for it was jerked away in a twinkling—but long enough to feel how warm and velvety it was, and how small. Not that I lingered there to reflect upon these novel qualities in the hand of a ghost—and an old witch at that—for you altogether mistake my bravery in supposing it; but it was after I had cleared the old wall at a bound and was out on the moonlit road, walking at a rattling good pace toward town, that I recalled it.

From a state of intense cold, I had changed to burning heat. The touch of those soft fingers thrilled me through as with an electric shock, and I walked faster still in my excitement. Gradually the consciousness forced itself upon me that I held something in one of my clenched hands. There was first a glitter and then a sparkle, as the moonlight fell into the hollow of my upraised hand, and I saw there a glittering ring set with flashing stones. The icicles began slipping down my back again, and I hurried on.

Some persons may be inclined to deride my nervousness on this occasion, but I assure such that I am not naturally a timid man. I have a medal hanging in my room at home, which asserts that I am not a timid man, and, above all, I had always been particularly devoid of superstitious fear; but truth compels me to say that I not only lighted all the lights on reaching my room at the little inn that night, but turned them very high into the bargain; and that I made a systematic inspection of all the closets, and removed from its peg a long cloak that was hanging in a very suggestive position on the wall. This done, I sat down—with my back against the wall—and examined the ring.

It was a quaint old ring, curiously carved and massive. The setting was composed of several small colored stones set in a circle about a large diamond. My financial circumstances had rendered it unnecessary for me to acquaint myself with precious stones and their values, so that I could only surmise that the ring was somewhat valuable. Considering the excited condition of my nerves by this time, it was not strange that I should start when my eye fell upon the name that was inscribed in quaint letters inside the ring—"Barbara."

I sat and mused upon the whole adventure; what the crone had told me—the graveyard, the ring, and (this was returned to me the oftenest) the thrilling touch of that soft hand in the darkness.

Perhaps I should say right here that I called myself an old bachelor, and had never been in love—that is, with any mortal. I did not think that I was devoid of sentiment or feeling, for I often dreamed of love, and worshiped beautiful things of my own fancy; but my life had been thrown among boys and men, and woman was far away and a mystery. A motherless home, a stern father, a hard-working student's life at college, a stranger struggling for bread and reputation in a great city—one can perceive how it could be that I had made few acquaintances among women. In reality I was only twenty-five, but much experience and a busy life had made me feel older; so, as I said, I called myself a bachelor.

I have given this brief history of myself in order to prepare the way for another confession. I was falling in love with the owner of that soft, warm hand. It is preposterous, but it is true. I began to doubt my reason. In vain I tried to remember that Barbara, the witch, was an old, ugly woman. The only picture I could call up was that of a beautiful young girl with—but words fail me; only she was far from ghastly, but was as warm, and substantial, and full of life as that hand had seemed to be.

The fire-irons fell with an unearthly clatter and startled me out of my dreams. I went to bed to soothe my nerves with sleep, and lay awake most of the night with the lamps burning.

Fortune smiled upon me from that night. Two years of busy, city life had passed, and old Barbara's talisman was still unreclaimed, when one day—Do you believe in love at first sight? Well, if the first appearance of Walter Wyman's sister had not conquered me, as she stood under the parlor lamps, a revelation of beauty and youth, the touch of her hand when she welcomed her brother's friend would have enslaved me forever. Never had a touch so thrilled me since—since I had held the witch's hand in the graveyard. The same peculiar shock passed through me, and the memory of that spectral night came over me like a flash.

But I did not start out to tell a love story. Let me briefly say that I fell in love, hopelessly and ridiculously in love, and that I acted just like all lovers have done since the world began. It doesn't matter much about a man's age. At twenty-seven he will conduct himself pretty much as he would have done at seventeen, and so I wrote verses, and sighed, and tormented myself with a thousand hopes and fears, and grew hot and cold by turns, and wonderfully timid, and prided myself upon concealing it all, when, as a matter of fact, the state of my feelings was perfectly apparent to all my acquaintances.

Matters were in this interesting state, when one day an opportunity occurred of which I availed myself with a degree of skill and presence of mind that I am proud of to this day. It all came about through my asking the young lady if she believed in ghosts.

"I suppose I should," said she, laughing, "considering my experience."

Leave a woman alone to make an evasive answer. Of course, I implored an explanation, and she related to me the following story:

"It was about two years ago when a party of girls, just home from school, were visiting a friend down in the country. One of the girls had heard a foolish old story about a witch's grave, and some nonsense about her annual appearance, and a talisman, and when I expressed my incredulity, they braved me to put it to the test. What is the matter? The place? A little town called Adlingtune.

"Foolishly I accepted their challenge, and received a terrible fright. I carried out the instructions and stretched my arm over the grave. It was so dark I could see nothing, but some one seized my hand. I was so benumbed with fear that I could not cry out, but could only fly through the lonely graveyard to where my trembling companions were awaiting me in the field. It was a foolish adventure, for I fell ill, and it cost me a valuable ring, which was left to me by poor Aunt Barbara. 'For her little namesake,' she said, when she sent it across the sea to me. You see, the ring was a little large for my finger, and was pulled off by—by"——

"By me," I interrupted, taking the lost ring from my pocket.

It was time for Barbara (I forgot to say that was her name) to be startled now. I hope I may say that I came out strong on that occasion. I told my story in a very impressive way; lingered over the effect of the witch's hand on my heart; spoke of the good fortune the talisman had brought me; made a very pretty allusion to Barbara the witch reclaiming her own—for was she not a witch, after all, as I could testify, having felt her charms?—and, finally, not only offered to return the ring, but to give myself into the bargain.

She took both.

F. R. H.

January, 1884.

---

"A gentleman who does business in Buenos Ayres," says a writer in the Washington *Capital*, "gave me the other day many interesting details in regard to E. D. Winslow, the Boston forger, who it now such a prominent figure in that South American city. His present name, as many readers know, is W. D. Lowe, a name assumed by him on his arrival in Uruguay. I do not remember ever to have heard of a more interesting and romantic career than his. Winslow was dropped out of the navy in 1869, having served as chaplain from 1864. His newspaper and other enterprises in Boston, which were cut short by the discovery of his forgeries, occupied him for three or four years, and his present career dates, I believe, from about the year 1875 or 1876. Since his arrival in Buenos Ayres fortune seems to have smiled upon his every endeavor, and, although his former record is well known, he is treated as a reputable person, and is regarded as one of the most successful men of the place. Almost immediately on his arrival in Buenos Ayres he succeeded in borrowing money sufficient to establish his newspaper, the *Daily Herald*. This has been a success from the start, and is now published in French and Spanish, as well as in English. This is a Sunday paper as well as a daily, and Mr. Winslow's religious homilies in his Sunday edition are said to be as good reading as the latitude of Buenos Ayres affords. He has become the owner of a handsome block of buildings, drives the best pair of horses in Buenos Ayres, which, by the way, is a city of half a million people, and lives in a handsome quinta on the outskirts. He has a telephone from his business office to his residence, and does most of his editing there. Soon after his arrival in Buenos Ayres he succeeded in marrying a young woman, and went to England on his wedding trip, but remained there but a short time for fear of an application from the United States for his extradition. My informant says that since he has been in Buenos Ayres he has been to Europe twice on important missions for the government of that country; that he has the entrée at the President's house, where he even takes precedence of the President's ministerial advisers, who are obliged to wait until his business is done before they go in so do theirs. He is so powerful that he would have no difficulty in breaking down any person who should undertake to expose or oppose him, and no one cares to do it. He is a member of the principal club of the place, and is personally intimate with the American Minister. He has experienced only one rebuff since his residence in that country began, which was his expulsion from the church on account of the disclosure of the base treatment of his first wife, whom he abandoned to penury in Massachusetts. It is said that he has not manifested any disposition to pay off the amounts realized out of his forgeries in Boston. His credit in Buenos Ayres is said to be exceedingly good, and prominent merchants are always ready to lend him all the money that he wants. If this is not a remarkable career, then I never heard of one."

---

There is another monster trial to come up shortly before Vice-Chancellor Bacon, in England, which promises to last as long as the Tichborne case, of which Lord Coleridge was a great part. The amount in dispute is $2,500,000. There are ten defendants, who make separate defenses and employ separate counsel. Three counsel are engaged for each defendant; and the plaintiff, a well-known company, has five. The company's leading lawyer has $5,000 marked on his brief, and the others on both sides from $2,500 down to $1,500. The pleadings make up a large folio volume. As Sir James Bacon is eighty-five, it is likely to finish him.

## SOCIETY.

"Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: Despite the flattering hopes which were raised in the beginning of the season, when a few parties succeeded each other so rapidly that society became sure of a briliant campaign, the present outlook is anything but a realization of those hopes. Not a single big ball on the tapis for the month (unless Miss Addie Mills's ball is fixed for the end of it). Mrs. Hager's ball will not be given until just before Lent, and as that season opens on the 27th of February, it is yet some distance off. The chief topic in fashionable circles is the approaching Donahue-Wallace wedding, on Wednesday evening next. A large reception at Judge Wallace's residence, on Van Ness Avenue, will follow the ceremony at the Cathedral. The entire house—which is a large one—will be thrown open and utilized for the occasion. I hear that the floral ornamentation, both of church and house, will be something beyond the common. The bridesmaids are to be the Misses Thornton, McNally, McMullin, McKinstry, Holladay, and Gwin; the groomsmen, Messrs. Hyde R. Bowie, J. D. Phelan, George Duval, H. C. Gilmor, Samuel Ralston, C. F. Hanlon. The gay world is anticipating several parties in honor of the young couple, and I hope it will not be disappointed; but I fear chances are that the bridal ball, at the Donahue mansion, on Bryant Street, will be the only one given. It is possible that Mrs. Con. O'Sullivan may give a reception, but Marquis Oliver's entertainment is to take the form of a dinner, which is a pity, for his beautiful house on Pine Street is so admirably suited for ball-giving. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Donahue gave a family dinner last week—for which I use the term family as applied to the guests, for the *menu* was worthy of being a styled a banquet. The Wallaces and Donahues united around the festive board to wish health and happiness to the young representatives of the relative families about to be joined in marriage. Baroness Schroeder held a reception on Monday last, at the Occidental Hotel, and will be "at home" there again on next Monday, which will be her last reception before departing for the baron's ranch, immediately after the wedding of her brother and its consequent festivities. Young Donahue and his bride will also take up their residence at the Occidental, for a time, at least. On Monday evening Mrs. Phelan gave a dance to her daughters, Miss Mollie Phelan and Mrs. Frank Sullivan. Although of an informal character—invitations having been verbal—all the concomitants of a formal party were there—viz: large rooms for dancing, Ballenberg's band, and an elaborate supper. *On dit* it was but a forerunner of a more extended affair to be given in honor of the bride of next week. *Nous verrons*. Does it not seem a pity that our society should not manage that their parties should follow each other, and thereby, as it were, stretch over space, rather than two or three fall upon the same night and then have no more for a week or two? Thus the different dances on New Year's evening came near spoiling each other, at none of them enough dancing men being present to make either a success. On Friday evening the Crickets met at Mrs. Fred. Low's, it being Miss Flora's turn to play hostess to that merry club. The night being damp, a long awning was most considerately stretched over the steps leading from the carriages to the hall-door; and inside, the rooms were all thrown open, decorated with bright flowers, and canvased for dancing. Here, too, Ballenberg presided over the music, and every one united in declaring they had a "splendid time." Miss Katie Babcock will receive the Crickets next in turn on the 18th, at her father's residence, on Essex Street, when, it is safe to say, they will enjoy themselves, as Miss Babcock makes a charming hostess. I heard yesterday that Miss Flood intends making the occasion of her welcoming the Crickets the time of the long-expected german also; and, as it will be in all probability the "wind-up" of the season, something extra will be indulged in. On the same evening as Miss Low's party, Mrs. Lissak gave a dance for her daughters, and Mrs. Wallace gave a reception to her newly married daughter, Mrs. Herztstein, both of which are spoken of as having been very pleasant affairs. I understand that there is a movement on foot, among some of the young gentlemen at the Palace and Grand Hotels, to have a fancy-dress german, either before Lent or after Easter, at the Palace. The small dining-room is to be used for dancing. Indeed, I heard one young lady say that a member of the San Rafael Lawn-tennis Club (as it existed last summer) was composing a costume to represent that lively game, to be worn on the occasion. After Easter will come the house-warming given to Mrs. Porter Ashe by her mother, in the fine house she has been building while the young couple were absent, and which will be completed about that time. Mrs. E. B. Crocker does not confine her hospitalities to any locale, though she gave a charming young people's party last week in Sacramento, when quite a party of her young friends from here went up to attend it, among the number Miss Mollie Ashe, who will make her formal début into society ere long. It is a matter of regret among music lovers that the amateur concert, which was at one time all but announced, should seem in danger of abandonment altogether. With such trained sweet voices as those of Miss McDowell, Miss Edith McAllister, Miss Holladay, and Miss Sibyl Sanderson, to say nothing of the accomplished Mrs. Hall McAllister, surely a most attractive programme could be made out, that would fill not only the hall selected to overflowing, but also exchequer of whatever charity might be chosen as the beneficiary. The news of the day, musically, is that La Diva Patti is actually coming to us for a two weeks' season of opera at the California Theatre in March; so now opera cloaks will be in order, and high-priced tickets ardently longed for. What a chance this will offer for some of our *jeunesse dorée* to give a swell opera party, following the old adage, "the more cost, the more honor"! Among the recent departures Eastward this week were Major Rathbone and his wife. The major's many friends sympathize with him in the recent painful affliction in his family which ded him to his mother's side in Albany. Mrs. George rst is protracting her stay in the East in order that her young friend and *compagnon du voyage*, Miss Crockett, may enjoy some of the pleasures of a New York winter; but her friends look for her return to us before very long, when it is safe to say the beautiful house on Van Ness Avenue will be again the centre of hospitality. Mrs. Fair is said to be deliberating between a dancing reception or a musicale. I saw it stated in a foreign paper, the other day, that one of our heiresses had been captured by a British peer, and that the recent trip East was for the purpose of selecting a *trousseau*. Can this be true? BAVARDIN.

### Notes and Gossip.

Among the departures last week for the Sandwich Islands were F. F. Low and Gustave Touchard. Miss Juliet Corson left Oakland Saturday for her home in the East. Miss Mattie Whitney will spend the winter in Chicago, having left last week. Miss Mamie Findley is the guest of the Misses Tyrrell, in Sacramento. Miss Julia Bray, of Fruit Vale, and Ailane Joers, of San Francisco, are visiting the Misses Carroll of Sacramento. Miss Rowena Hunt, of Woodland, Miss Scott, daughter of Irving Scott, and Miss Quint have been guests of Miss Mamie Findley since the New Year. Miss Lucy Williams and Miss Lulu Tyrrell have returned from their vacation to Notre Dame Convent. Miss Ella Pierson, daughter of H. H. Pierson, of the Baldwin, has been the guest of Miss Florence McKune. While there, she assisted Thursday at the wedding of Miss Kate Green, niece of Mrs. Judge McKune, and Captain B. B. Suttle, of Portland, Oregon. The house was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and under the time-honored marriage-bell the ceremony was performed by the Rev. M. M. Gibson, of San Francisco, and the Rev. J. E. Anderson, of Davisville—the bride's home. After an elegant repast, the couple left for the Bay. Los Angeles and then Davisville will be included in the wedding trip before their final departure for Oregon, where the Captain is connected with the Postal Department. Mrs. Egbert Mott will make her future home in San José. Miss Mamie Denson is home again from Carson. Mrs. Judge McFarland joined her husband Friday in San Francisco. Mrs. C. W. Rosenstock and her daughter Hilda, a recent débutante, spent the New Year at Monterey. Messrs. T. H. Goodman and J. C. Stubbs, of the Central Pacific Railroad, Major Rathbone, with a number of railroad people, including several ladies, left last Tuesday for the East. José F. Godoy left last week for a six-months' sojourn in Mexico, where he is engaged in building a cable road. James Banks Taylor, of the firm of C. Adolphe Low & Co., left Friday for his home in England, being in a very precarious state of health. Mrs. Isaac E. Davis, who for the past year has been with her daughter, Mrs. E. S. Pillsbury, traveling in Europe, returned last week. Mrs. George Hearst is expected home next month. J. Elliot Condit arrived from the East Saturday. Hon. John Conness, from Boston, is in the city, but will leave shortly for Mexico, where he has interests. Ex-Mayor Frank McCoppin, at present resident of San Luis Obispo, also Hon. John Scott, of Siskiyou, are among the later arrivals at the Palace. Messrs. C. S. and D. A. Joy, sons of the railroad king of Michigan; also State Superintendent W. T. Welcker, are at the Grand. Hon. J. M. Fulweiler is at the Lick, while Hon. John Corcoran, Superior Judge, of Mariposa, and Hon. L. B. Mizner, of Benicia, are at the Occidental. O. T. Layman and family will remain for the winter in Alameda, residing with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Thompson. Mrs. W. C. Watson and family, accompanied by Miss Foley, have returned from Ætna Springs. Commodore and Mrs. J. Maury have returned to the Palace from a three months' sojourn at Riverside. Mrs. Charles S. Elmer, of Hartford, Conn., is visiting her parents in Oakland. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Main returned from the East last week, and will winter at the Palace. George A. Low and family returned Wednesday from the East. Among the San Franciscans who made a flying trip to Sacramento to attend the Crocker party, returning the next day, were Mrs. Green, the Misses Deming, Fannie and Lizzie Crocker, Millie Ashe, Messrs. William Ashe, Henry J. Crocker, and Mr. Wood. Ex-Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Charles Laughton, of Carson, remain Mrs. E. B. Crocker's guests previous to leaving for Arizona, while Mrs. Henry G. Crocker has returned from her visit there, and is at the Palace. In compliment to the Misses Olmsted and Billings, who have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller in Sacrameneo, a very enjoyable musicale was given last Wednesday evening in Sacramento. The Phelans signalized their return by an initial effort at entertaining their friends at their Valencia and Seventeenth Street residence Monday evening. The reception, being of rather an informal character, was for that reason more enjoyable. Over eighty responded to the verbal invitations, while Ballenberg and a delicious supper was provided for the guests, who were most hospitably received by Mrs. Joseph Phelan, Miss Phelan, and Mrs. Frank Sullivan. The last reunion of the Cricket Club Friday evening at Mrs. ex-Governor Low's was a more than unusually brilliant affair, an exception being made to the rule of excluding all but members to the number of sixty, who were received by the charming hostess and her daughter, Miss Flora, most cordially. Among those present at this pleasant seunion were the Misses Atherton, Pomeroy, Page, Brumagem, Haggin, Cornelle, Flood, Sullivan, Babcock, Otis, Hammond, Hunt, Bessie Sedgwick, Sibyl Sanderson, Jarboe, McAllister, Dodge, McKinstry, Cheeseman, Polhemus, Smith, Champion, Neill, Mrs. W. May, Mrs. Newhall, Mrs. Breckinridge, Mrs. Favre, Mrs. G. M. Pinchard, Mrs. Pomeroy, Messrs. G. Page, Platt, C. J. Swift, William M. Newhall, Cheeseman, Winfield Jones, Martin, De Lacey, Griswold, Barnard, Dexter, Chamberlain, Robertson, Baldwin, Taylor, Howard, Babcock, Campbell, Montford, Wilson, Nuttall, Hooker, Sharon, Nickel, Carolan, Spencer, Henry Redington, Mizner, Hunter, H. Wheeler, Consul Olarovsky, C. J. Swift, Sheldon, Harry Tevis, W. Crocker, H. Folsom, Captain Dillenbeck, Lieutenants Tate and Baily, and Perrie Kewen. Mrs. Babcock will entertain the club at their next reunion, the 18th instant. The same evening the Misses Ortez gave a delightfully enjoyable party to a number of their young friends, among them being, besides the Misses Virginia, Julia, and Minnie Ortez, the Misses Eva and Lena Maynard, Miss Sallie Maynard, and Miss Estelle Maynard of San Mateo, Miss Meares, the Misses Edith and Susie Rising of Virginia City, Mrs. Judge Rising, Mr. and Mrs. McGaven, Mr. W. Fisher, Mr. M. Selden, Mr. Stafford Parker, Mr. F. B. Washington, and Mr. C. J. Swift. The residence of Mrs. Joseph de la Montanya has been open to a series of merry-makings of late, succeeding the delightful New Year's party. A reunion of the Anonymous Club, announced for Friday night, will be the next on the *tapis*, or rather canvas. A most delightful dinner party was given Thursday last by Mrs. Colonel Donahue, in honor of the coming event of next Wednesday, the wedding of her only son, Mervyn Donahue, to Miss Belle Wallace; assisting were Judge and Mrs. Wallace, Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder, and Mrs. Edward Martin, with a number of intimate friends of the family. The dinner souvenirs were bouquets of exotics tied with ribbons of blue, engraved upon which were "A Happy New Year," in gold. A large number of the Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder's friends took occasion to pay their respects Monday last at their elegant apartments at the Occidental, for which over five hundred invitations had been issued. The afternoon and evening were both devoted to the affair, which was in every particular a success. A second reception will be held Monday next, previous to their departure for the South, and subsequent to the nuptials of Wednesday, for which elaborate preparations have been made. The reception following the ceremony at St. Mary's Cathedral will be at the residence of Chief-Justice Wallace, and promises to be the leading social event of the season in fashionable circles. Apropos of approaching weddings, that of Doctor John F. Morse to Miss Alice Howell, daughter of D. M. Howell, a leading capitalist of Oakland, will take place the evening succeeding. That of Miss Bessie McHenry, daughter of the late Judge McHenry, and sister of Mrs. William Keith, is fixed for a no distant date to a son of a leading capitalist. Saturday evening last the new Belgian Consul was the recipient of a banquet given him at the Maison Dorée by a number of prominent Belgian citizens. A very pretty expression of gratitude from the Belgian ladies, in the form of an elegant inkstand surmounted by a flag enameled in the Belgian colors, was presented by Professor Van der Naillen for them, thanking him for his assistance in their charitable efforts. This was most gallantly responded to by the Consul. A goodly sprinkling of Oakland's élite have enrolled themselves as members of the Social Benedict's Club, and, as rather an innovation upon the usual rules of the club, a large number of invitations were extended to outside friends at their last reunion, last week, at Milliken Hall, on Twelfth Street. Among those present were the Graysons, Alexanders, Kirkhams, McNears, Knowleses, Bugbees, Houghtons, Joys, Bunkers, Hales, Bolles, Rathbones, McCoys, Wards, Dargies, Gordons, Hinckleys, Steeles, Horens, Davises, Hayeses, Quinns, Prentisses, Graves, Cohens, Deanes, Rabés, Coghills, Allemanys, Olivers, Wheelers, Prathers, Montagues, Wymans, Tabors, Tafts, Stanfords, and others. Appropos to Oakland affairs, the second of the social musicales (amateur), of which the first was inaugurated last week at General Kirkham's, will be at the residence of Doctor J. C. Tucker's, next Wednesday, the third taking place at A. A. Cohen's residence in Alameda. The Pacific Coast people who are stopping at the various hotels in New York are G. F. Winterburn, R. Wheeler, and J. E. Blake at the Metroplitan; H. F. Willey and wife and G. F. Grant at the Gilsey House; J. F. Pratt and wife at the Everett House; J. F. Wall and wife and G. H. Atkins at the St. Denis; C. A. Irwin at the Devonshire, F. M. Perkins, Grand Central; C. H. Hopkins, Westminster; J. J. Nead, Commercial; G. Gray, Union Square; W. Ellinger, Sinclair; Miss Davis and Miss Callomen, St. Nicholas; F. S. Mills, E. Mills Jr., and Mr. Frolich R. Francis, Windsor; D. P. Hammond, St. Stephens; Mrs. Higgins, Clarendon. Doctor H. P. Wakelee's recent accident in New York is feared to be quite serious. Those who remember Doctor Edward Lasker, while in this city as one of the Villard Party, will be surprised to hear of his sudden demise, after dining with his friend Jesse Seligman. His residence while in New York was 102 Lexington Avenue. He was on the eve of returning to Germany, called thither by the opening of the Reichstag, of which he was a prominent member. He has a cousin in this city, Charles H. Richler. Lord and Lady Roseberry sail the 17th for England. The many friends of H. W. Scudder look for him in this city, *en route* to his former field of labor in India. The American board being so urgent for his return, he has been induced to resign his pastorate in Glastonbury, Conn. At Washington, ex-Senator Mitchell and family are at the Ebbitts House; the *menu* cards for the Christmas dinner there were most unique and appropriate, each course was designated by some apt quotation from Shakespeare. Miss Lulu Edwards will spend the winter with her grandfather, General Edwards, at 1638 Fifteenth Street, N. W. Miss Jessie Mallory, of Iowa, will be their guest. Among the thirty-eight ladies who assisted the President in receiving New Year's, at the White House, were Mrs. Senator Miller, dressed in a crimson velvet robe, with front formed of cascades of point lace placed between folds of velvet, a full parure of diamonds completing the costume; Mrs. Senator Jones, of Nevada, wore a white surah, richly trimmed with fine lace, an aigrette of white ostrich tips ornamented her hair, with superb diamond ornaments which stirred with each movement; Miss Beale wore blue crêpe cloth, with garniture of jacqueminot roses; Miss Nellie Arthur wore a simple white muslin and embroidery, while her brother, Allen Arthur, assisted the ladies at their pleasant task of receiving. John W. Mackay arrived in Paris on last Christmas eve. Miss Eva's society friends were much disappointed at her non-appearance in the choir of the Passionist Church Sunday, where she was to have made her début as soprano. An ultra fashionable gathering crowded the church in anticipation of the event, and were pained to learn of the young lady's severe attack of bronchitis. Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wilson and son Frank are in Naples. The Houghtons are in Paris. Doctor and Mrs. Salfield are in London. Mademoiselle Marie Caroline de Jouffray, a relative of the French Chancellor de Jouffray, of this city, was married recently to Monsieur Billou Daguerre, the inventor of daguerreotypy. Henry George arrived in London. His reception by the Land Reform Union Committee partook of the nature of an ovation, a large crowd welcoming him on his arrival at the Eustin Square Station. His speech from the top of a wagonette fully expressed his sympathy with the working masses. Lee D. Craig has just returned from a visit East. Miss Lillian Linekin has gone to Belmont for a week's visit.

### Art Notes.

Fred Yates has almost recovered from his recent attack of illness.

Virgil Williams has also been out of health for several weeks, but is now on the way to recovery.

Toby Rosenthal's latest picture, "The Immolation of Constance de Beverly," will arrive in about ten days from Munich. Its owner, Irving M. Scott, Esq., has very generously offered to place it on exhibition at the Art Association Rooms, on Pine Street. The offer has been accepted, and it is now proposed in art circles that the occasion be made for a grand exhibition of all the Rosenthal paintings on this coast. General W. H. L. Barnes is the owner of "Love's Last Offering," the exquisite study which won the artist's first fame. Mrs. Robert C. Johnson possesses the famous "Elaine," and other pictures, including a number of portraits, are in the private galleries of various citizens. The idea is very commendable, and should at once be carried into execution. The different owners will, without doubt, be very willing to do honor to San Francisco's brilliant son.

The Public Kindergarten Society of San Francisco feels it an absolute duty to reopen its kindergarten on Clementina Street, formerly in connection with the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, and closed not long ago for lack of funds. In order to make the reopening a permanent thing, the society requires subscriptions insuring an income of not less than sixty dollars per month, and appeals to the generous-hearted men and women of San Francisco to guarantee it this amount. If the fathers and mothers who earnestly strive to keep *their children* in the right way will but think of the many little ones, in the by-ways and lanes of our city, who need constant, developing care to hold them from evil, and to make them self-reliant, they *can not* refuse the material assistance necessary to procure it. The names of those desiring to subscribe may be sent to Mrs. Hardy, 820 Sutter Street, or, if preferable, to the undersigned, Mrs. Ramon Wilson, 1413 Larkin Street.

SITUATION WANTED.—The undersigned, a sober and reliable man, desires a situation as president of a railway. One with steel rails preferred. Understands bonding and borrowing thoroughly. Can give references from last situation. No objection to going into the country. Address Henry Villard, 1304 East Thirty-eighth Street (up-stairs, back), New York.

A well-known society girl who made her début the other day in New York is very indignant because some wretch sent her a bouquet of roses, imbedded in which was a tiny ivory prayer-book with certain passages marked.

Barbara Freitchie's clock is said to be in existence yet, with its hands fixed at ten o'clock, the hour at which its pendulum was shot away by a soldier's bullet.

Hartley Coleridge once being asked which of Wordsworth's productions he considered the prettiest, very promptly replied: "His daughter Dora."

## THE NEW YEAR IN NEW YORK.

"Flaneur's" Gossip.

There was a wild and altogether unexpected burst of generosity on the part of New York millionaires during holiday week. The city is noted enough for its charities, and its hundreds of institutions devoted to the care of the lame, the halt, and the blind are famous; but heretofore private citizens have not exerted themselves to any unwonted extent trying to make their fellow-creatures happy. The burst of benevolence, philanthropy, and good cheer which surprised everybody on Christmas was owing mainly to Police Justice Steckler, President Corbin, and the Lorillard brothers. These gentlemen with one accord rushed into the papers the Monday before Christmas, and announced that they proposed to advance money and food to those citizens to whom they were in any way indebted. Justice Steckler is a smart young German-American, who was once a contented clerk in a boot and shoe shop, but afterward conceived the brilliant scheme of becoming the leader of a certain faction of German Democrats who were opposed to the Tammany and County Democracy branches of their party. The Tammanyites, as all the world knows, are the worst set of flannel-mouthed Micks extant. They talk Irish habitually, and live on short pipes, East River rum, and eloquence. They have only two ambitions—one to become President of the Board of Aldermen, and the other to lead the Land-league movement in Ireland, and to thump the life out of Her Majesty.

The Germans in the eastern wards of the city object to these idiocyncrasies on the part of the Irish citizens. They prefer to drink Budweiser, eat Sweitzer cheese, and mature schemes for murdering Vanderbilt, Gould, Keane, and the other unfortunate wights who have been criminal enough to make more money than the lager-beer-drinking Germans. Justice Steckler saw that if he could gain the leadership of this particular element of Seventh Ward German society, he would have a large and influential backing. Therefore he grew a beard, after considerable mental effort, and began to stand on the tops of barrels and street corners and harangue the assembled multitudes. In the course of a few weeks he made himself notorious. He had the happy faculty of talking an incomprehensible jargon about "rights," which so impressed the people that they began to believe him an apostle even before he had really perfected his plans. After a good deal of hard political work, he succeeded in getting his clan together, and forced the local political leaders to recognize him. Hence he got an appointment as a justice. The berth is worth, to a man of Justice Steckler's shrewdness, at least forty thousand dollars a year. He had no sooner got comfortably fixed than he began to branch out in a way that kept his name in the newspapers constantly.

The day before Christmas he came out in a card to the public, in which he said he would give every one in his district a big turkey on Christmas day. Accordingly, on that morning the justice stood on the steps in front of the Strickler Assembly Rooms, and gave away birds of various degrees of attenuation and emaciation. The residents of the district received the turkeys, took them home, cooked them, and ate them. Many of them still live—I don't refer to the turkeys. These schemes so fired Austin Corbin (whose crusade against the Jews identified him in some mysterious way with the corpse of the late A. T. Stewart), that he, too, invested in all the turkeys that the marketmen found it impossible to dispose of to rational buyers, and, packing them away like sardines in a baggage car, went the whole length of the Long Island road, and gave each of the station-masters a turkey. The gift was accompanied by a shake of the hand and a few kind words. Up to this moment the baggage-masters are still sublimely happy. The collision which occurred at Jamaica on the 26th is not attributed to any of the turkeys.

But these gifts were thrown in the shade by those of the Lorillards. Anybody who doesn't know that the Lorillards are in the tobacco business should take lessons in geography. Their names are plastered all over the landscape in this section of the country, and they are famous as race-horse breeders. More than this, they know how to make presents. Therefore, like sensible men, they doubled up the salaries of their employees on Christmas day, and thus expended about thirty thousand dollars, while Justice Steckler and Corbin, with greater parade, expended less than three thousand dollars. These are only three instances of the philanthropy of prominent New York men. I should like nothing better than to add my modicum of praise to the disinterested and noble efforts of these men to alleviate the sufferings of their less fortunate fellows, but Justice Steckler's motives are so very apparent that one is compelled to look at him askance, and both Corbin and the younger Lorillard have been so impressed by the brilliant political career of Mr. Perry Belmont that their eyes have turned longingly toward the capital.

The only man whose motives are apparently beyond criticism is Mr. Henry Kimball, who gives away food on the City Hall steps to a rapacious multitude. He gives them flour, feed, grain, pork, crackers, and, indeed, anything else that enthusiasts are willing to give him. He has a small room in the basement of the City Hall, where he keeps his supplies. These he distributes every week from the City Hall steps. About two hours before the services begin, tramps, outcasts, waifs, and actors gather from all portions of the town in the City Hall Park. They carry paper bags, pails, and baskets. The instant Mr. Kimball appears there is an overwhelming rush by the multitude, and the services of policemen are called in to prevent the crowd from carrying the philanthropist away. He doles out the food to them, brushes the flour and grain from his clothes, and goes back to his parish, up town. He receives no pay, and works like a beaver collecting food.

The holidays were rather doleful this year on account of the disagreeable weather. Each day has been more uncomfortable than the other, and we have done nothing but wallow in slush and mud and water ever since the wassail-bowl began to flow and the yule-log was lighted on the hearth. I don't know what either of these things are, but throw them in with the other holiday tidings.

I begin to suspect that Uncle Bill Vanderbilt is "working the press." He wishes to shine as a man of genius and culture. The preliminary indications of this desire were evinced by his elaborate art receptions, and it was at one of them that Mr. Vanderbilt's first alleged witticism was due. It isn't a witticism exactly; it might be more properly styled a remark. It is modeled after the large and exhaustive habit among the French of telling appalling lies with an expression which indicates that the person spoken to is being flattered. These sayings among the French are essentially polite—I have never known them to be original. The most famous expressions of the Vanderbilt family, father and son, so far, are the remark of the commodore just before his death, "William always was a blamed fool," and the no less famous "public be damned" expression of William H. last summer in Chicago. Neither of these will be repeated in polite society to any extent this winter. The public may be educated up to them, though, in course of time.

A few days ago William added to his repertoire by a *mot* which has been repeated from one end of New York to the other, but has not yet to my knowledge found its way into the newspapers. As the story goes, William H. was called upon by a lady who is not beautiful; in fact, in the vulgar parlance of the "street," she would "stop a Chinese funeral," which is usually considered to express a higher degree of facial ugliness than "stopping a clock." Mr. Vanderbilt was showing one of his pictures to this lady in which was portrayed a face of rare and singular beauty. The lady admired it; thereupon Mr. Vanderbilt cast his glowing orbs on her, and said:

"I told the artist to put the most beautiful woman in the world in the picture, but"—bowing very low and smiling with a rare and entrancing smile—"I see that he has not succeeded."

A servant who guarded the entrance of the gallery fell into an Etruscan vase in a dead faint, and several of the statues turned on their pedestals, but William H. V. still wore his tranquil smile, and told his now celebrated *mot* at dinner that night with satisfaction and delight. This tendency of the Vanderbilts to become refined and cultured ought to be checked. It is a tendency which of late is showing very strongly, and, if they go on, the public may in time find that they are cultivated and sociable people. This would be a mistake. Vanderbilt should ever remain in the public eye as the foremost example of the vulgar rich of the new world.

Business is dull in New York. Nobody is making money, and the holiday season, from a financial standpoint, is anything but gratifying. The fact is, people have very little money to spend now, and everything has to come down to bed-rock prices. The lambs have been sheared and clubbed with such indefatigable persistency in Wall Street, that they have all run away, and the bulls and bears have to eat each other. This is not a pleasing condition of affairs for the bulls and bears. The joyousness which formerly characterized the doings in the Stock Exchange is conspicuous by its absence. The brokers no longer smash each other's hats, play merry-go-round, thumbs up, and puss in the corner, but smoke strong cigars and glare at each other while they shave down to the last cent. Yachts and dog-carts have been superseded by ferry-boats and the street-cars, and the tailors don't complain so much of the rarity with which brokers order new clothes, as of the singular revulsion they have toward last year's bills. The decline in real estate is decided, and, taken all in all, the financial outlook for the coming year is not gratifying.

Speaking of the new year reminds me that the old and honored custom of calling was continued on Tuesday with disastrous results. Most of the young men called, but they didn't call upon ladies. They called upon the man who stood behind the bar, and the result, as the day advanced, was positively staggering. I never before appreciated how large the liquor interests in New York were. I am inclined to think, from the condition of the streets on New Year's night, that fully 192,500,012 gallons of raw spirits were retailed over the bars yesterday. What intensified the difficulty was the glaze of ice on the sidewalks, and the dreadful slush in the streets. Between the two, the unfortunates who were wandering around the streets dropping their visiting-cards in the letter-boxes, and "whooping-up" with the boys, had a particularly disastrous time. Compared with last year, few ladies received formally. Many of those who sent cards and kept open house cast gloom and depression over the hearts of their callers by refusing to offer refreshments.

The wives of public officials and men of note all received, and almost every lady whose circle of acquaintances was at all extended saw a few old friends in the evening, but the custom of promiscuous calling is almost abolished, and so the young men resorted to the last resort. The hotel and saloon proprietors took advantage of the occasion. Elaborate free lunches, many free drinks to old customers, and free distributions of cigars, kept their places crowded all day, and they made money notwithstanding their generosity. You can trust a saloon-keeper to do that every time.

Plunger Walton is endeavoring to so arrange his finances that he can pay off his debts to English book-makers and return to Great Britain again in time for the races. Walton got an awful black eye on the English turf this time. He says the book-makers combined and laid traps for him, which resulted in his ruin. He probably tells the truth. They never forgave him for winning so much of their money two years ago. He came home with nearly three-quarters of a million of dollars in his pocket. The English book-makers were down on him to a man. He went back a year later, and scooped them once more. But the last time they got the best of him, and took away all his winnings and his private fortune besides. Walton has many sympathizers, but he has more enemies. His method of placing bets has been severely condemned both here and abroad. He is believed to be quite "broke," and he will have to borrow capital to recoup himself. However, there are people who still believe faithfully in "Walton's luck," and they will back him without a murmur. He will have to win heavily, however, before he can liquidate his debts to his English friends. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, January 3, 1884.

## CONTEMPORARY COMMENT.

From the "Current."

The average man is made up of intelligence and prejudice—mostly of prejudice.—*Judge Hubbard, North American Review (January).*

A great many Americans swagger about the world in an aroma of exceedingly brittle vanity.—*Editor's Easy Chair, Harper's Magazine (January).*

It has long been settled that a corporation has no soul—only a pocket-book and a memory.—*Judge Hubbard, North American Review (January).*

It is safe to say that nearly, if not quite, one-half the business of all the country is in the hands of corporations.—*Judge Hubbard, North American Review (January).*

In our day there is too much of the notion prevalent that the holder of even a petty office is above the people, not under them.—*W. C. Prime, Harper's Magazine (January).*

When the temperance element of the Republican party goes out of it, the party will be dead. Its soul will be gone and its body offensive.—*Senator Blair, North American Review (January).*

The substitution of a ballet for the kissing games that form a feature of many "church fairs" is not only a step in the direction of true art, but is also a clear gain to the cause of morality.—*New York Times (Dec. 22).*

All classes of men delight in Shakespeare; he is the universal genius; but Wordsworth's has more the character of a message, and a message special and personal to a few readers.—*John Burroughs, The Century (January).*

A young girl's name cannot be mentioned too seldom in the newspapers. In fact, twice in a lifetime is often enough, and one of them should be a funeral notice.—*From "The Bread Winners," The Century (January).*

There is a class of men, fortunately not large, who are so fond of a place in the public eye that any change which promises notoriety is eagerly embraced as a much-needed reform.—*Judge Hubbard, North American Review (January).*

Conspicuous among the recipient of railroad passes are judges, legislators, and politicians. If any harm can come to the public through the free-pass system, it must come through this class of passes.—*Judge Hubbard, North American Review (January).*

It is somewhat remarkable that most of the great men of this age are robust in health, even though many of them have reached the stage of life at which business pursuits are abandoned by ordinary men for rest and retirement.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean (December 28).*

Let it never be forgotten that, come what may, the mighty engines of Education and the Press must always remain in the hands of men far above the multitude in mental culture, if not in social position.—*Hon. George Brodrick, Nineteenth Century (November).*

Those Americans who are a little indignant when they contrast the public attention paid to distinguished Englishmen in this country with that which is accorded to distinguished Americans in England do not allow for the differences of national temperament.—*Editor's Easy Chair, Harper's Magazine (January).*

Nature had built her, from head to foot, on a skeleton scaffolding in perfect proportion. Tall or short matters little to the women who possess the first and foremost advantage of beginning well in their bones. When they live to old age, they often astonish thoughtless men who walk behind them in the streets.—*Wilkie Collins "I Say No."*

The Puritan may have fined a man for kissing his wife on Sunday, but he led the battle of religious liberty. He may have put a boy in the stocks for insulting the magistrate, but he founded the freest of free commonwealths. By their fruits, not by their roots, ye shall know them.—*George W. Curtis, at the New England Society's Dinner, New York.*

He had the lordly air that tells with women, the quiet assurance that springs from social success rather than from conceit, and attracts where conceit would repel; above all, he had the genuine courtesy of a naturally unselfish disposition, showing quaintly through the veneer of polite selfishness which fate and circumstance had done their best to make his second nature.—*From "Witness my Hand," Cassell's Magazine (January).*

How often am I to tell you that luck, as you ignorantly call it, is of another world, not this?—that it is lent as a loan, not given as a gift?—and that, if rashly boasted of or unthankfully taken, it is as the fairy gold we've most of us heard tell of when we were bairns in the inglenook, and like fairy gold will turn to dust and withered ivy leaves on our hands?—*J. Berwick Harwood, Cassell's Magazine (January).*

Every successful novel does not make a successful or even a passably good play. In fact, the number of pieces dramatized from novels that have had a durable success is very small. The novels of adventure and intrigue are sometimes put on the stage with sufficient success to pay for the trouble of adapting them, but the novels of observation and analysis are, as a rule, utterly unfitted for such transformation.—*New York Times, Paris Letter.*

Oh, cursed poverty! I know thee to be of Satan, for I myself have eaten at thy scanty table, and slept in thy cold bed. And never yet have I seen thee bring one smile to human lips, or dry one tear as it fell, from a human eye. But I have seen thee sharpen the tongue for biting speech, and harden the tender heart. Ay, I've seen thee make even the presence of love a burden, and cause the mother to wish that the babe nursing her scant breast had never been born.—*W. H. H. Murray's Christmas Story, Harper's Weekly (December 22).*

## VANITY FAIR.

The extremely décolleté dresses worn by many ladies at the opera, balls, and elsewhere in society circles at evening gatherings, this season, have attracted universal attention, remarks a writer in the New York *Exchange*. While last year and the year preceding very décolleté dresses were worn by some ladies, they were the exception, and not almost the universal rule, as is the case this year. The subject has formed a topic of conversation at the clubs and elsewhere, and many and various have been the reasons assigned for the seemingly all-prevalent fashion. The young married ladies are the most conspicuous in this matter of dress, or rather undress, and several who have occupied prominent boxes at the Metropolitan Opera House during the season just closing have attracted public notice from the unblushing display of natural but generally concealed beauty. Last year low-necked dresses used to be held in place by shoulder-straps; but this year these have been discarded, and to the observer the arm-straps seem entirely insufficient and inadequate to hold the corsage, and there is a feeling of momentary expectation lest the entire bodice fall down. A prominent society woman being questioned on the subject, said: "It is a subject I do not much care to discuss, but the whole question rests on whether woman is modest or immodest. The fashions change in this respect every few years, and a year after dresses have been cut lower in Paris they begin to cut them lower here, but as to where a lady shall draw the line rests with herself and her own ideas and feelings. Under the Directory, when high-waisted dresses were worn, the bosom, except in the case of young girls, was often entirely exposed, and I do not know that that period was much more immoral than this. For myself, I should never care to wear a dress or allow my daughter to wear one which could excite the slightest suspicion or thought of immodesty on our part in any observer's mind. Dresses, save by members of Roman Catholic families, are cut quite as low in England as here, and a certain American society girl, who married an English lord, and who has been making quite a long visit here, recently created quite a sensation by her low-cut dresses when she first returned home last year. She may, to a certain extent, have started the fashion."

An old club man being asked his opinion on the décolleté question, replied: "The present fashion of low-cut dresses is, I think, carried to an indecent and disgraceful extreme. I can not but consider it demoralizing to young men and girls to attend our balls and mingle with and observe women whose charms are often wholly uncovered. I know by personal experience, when I have heard young men in this club talk the day after a Delmonico ball, that the husbands and relatives of some of the ladies they discuss could have no possible ground for resenting their imputations did they hear them. And yet I believe these ladies to be pure, good women otherwise, and in the majority of cases excellent wives and mothers. They do not stop to think how greatly, in yielding to an indulgence in a foolish fashion, they aid in lowering the moral tone of the community. It seems to go from bad to worse every year, and I do not see where it will stop unless we boldly adopt the entire customs of the French Directory. The dowagers are the worst, I think, and there are two or three conspicuous examples who display their charms bedecked with diamonds at opera, theatre, and ball, who ought for the sake of public decency to be suppressed." A fashionable dressmaker was asked regarding the matter, and said: "The fashion is certainly this year for slightly lower cut dresses than usual, but it is largely an individual matter after all. Some of our most lady-like and most demure-looking customers order the lowest cut dresses, especially if they have handsome necks, bosoms, and arms. The general rule is, in the case of a débutante, to so cut an evening dress as to just suggest the contour; for an older society girl we allow the bosom to be well defined, and for a matron or chaperone there is no particular or decided limit. How are the dresses supported by mere arm-straps? Well, these are made to fit so tightly that the dress can not slip, but if they should happen to break—well, disastrous consequences might follow. The whole matter, after all, is a good test as to whether a lady is modest or immodest; but I do not wonder that some of the dresses this year have raised an outcry."

A London paper says: "The fashion now is decidedly in the direction of wall lamps. Some are of great beauty. Two of a set I have seen are opal-tinted glass, and two rose-colored. The sconces in which they are fixed are fitted in frames of mirrors, with beveled edges. These, in their turn, are framed in brass, beautifully chased. These lamps are placed near the four corners of a pretty drawing-room, the opal-tinted and the red alternately. As the wall-paper is a pattern of daisies in gold and pink on a ground of warm cream color, the effect is very good. Candles with pink shades are scattered about the room in pairs, and at a table in a corner a low reading-lamp sheds a softened radiance upon books and writing materials."

Chief among the latest colors and shades which are now in the extreme of fashion in Paris are enumerated, first, of the new shades among the grays, all of which are in high favor, Soldat, a light greenish-blue tint, of the shade of the overcoat worn by the French army; Hussard, a bluish shade, similar to the uniform of the French hussars; Afghan, a bluish gray, a trifle darker than the preceding; Pigeon, a dove gray; Fer, an iron-gray; Ardoise, a dark slate; and Plomb, a rather dark lead color. Among the new browns are some very handsome shades, as follows: Hanneton, a light shade; Acajou, somewhat darker; Bois Doré, a light-yellowish brown; Marron Doré, a very rich dark brown; Cigare, darker than the foregoing; and Loutre, a rich seal brown. Of the shades on the greenish tint are Reseda, meaning mignonette; Vipere, a somewhat grayish green, darker than the foregoing; and Grenouille, a frog or dark green. In evening colors, many delicate and beautiful shades are shown, among the blues being Virginal, a very delicate light shade; Celeste, a trifle darker; Lune, still darker; Vague, supposed to resemble the waves of the ocean in hue; Sèvres, a delicate shade of porcelain; Myosotis, another delicate shade, similar to the forget-me-not; and Azur, a rich sky-blue. Among the greens, in evening shades are Lumiere, a very light greenish shade, of the hue of an electric spark; Vert d'Eau, almost white; and Azoff, which somewhat resembles Nile green. Of the pinks there are quite a number of new shades, the following being the latest: Petit Duc, a very delicate light tint; Hortensia, a little darker; Rose Bengale, a trifle darker still; Rose, meaning the tea-rose; Saumon, a salmon color; Cherubim, somewhat deeper than salmon; Crevette, a shrimp color; and Bouton de Rose, a full pink. Among the whites and creams are Blanc de Neige, snow white; Blanc Mat, creamish white; Blanc Ivorie, an ivory white; Blanc de Lait, a milk white; and Blé, a corn color.

In Paris the minuet is again in full favor, and it is now danced so proficiently, exactly, and gracefully that it is entitled to this lasting favor. The costumes of the times of Louis XV. are at many houses *de rigueur* and not objected to, as they add grace to grace. It would not be a bad idea if the minuet should become the fashionable dance in this country. People have murdered the waltz with their hopping and sliding, and it is no longer the graceful dance that it used to be.

"The butterflies of fashion," says an Eastern writer, "are far behind actors in the methods of 'making up,' and in the artistic use of paint, rouge, and powder. Occasionally we meet a beautiful woman, gorgeously dressed, sitting in her carriage with a cross-eyed pug dog by her side, and a cast-steel coachman on the box seat. What strikes us more particularly is the lady's face. It is ghastly white, deathly in its pallor. On each cheek she wears a brilliant red blotch, and under each eye is a black line. Her eyelashes are as black as Egypt, while her hair is of shimmering gold. Such a woman is 'made-up.' She has taken the utmost pains to make herself look pretty, but the result is she is simply hideous, and excites the laughter of the clever people who understand the mysteries of a stage 'make-up.' The trouble with our society beauty is that she does not realize that a face made up for the stage is a very different thing from one made up for daylight. An actress makes her face very white to neutralize the effect of the yellow gaslight. She draws a black line under each eye, because the footlights shining up from below destroy the shadow of her lower lashes, and make the eye look flat. So she makes an artificial shadow with cosmetic, India ink, or burnt cork. The ladies in front of the footlights study all this through their opera-glasses; and, not understanding the difference between gaslight and sunlight, they appear on the street the next morning horribly made up. Ladies who are determined to paint, and powder, and draw black lines under their eyes, should bear in mind the fact that the light of the sun is a hundred times whiter and brighter than that of the footlights, and, moreover, it does not shine up from below."

"Why is it," remarks a New York society man, "that a simple glass of water, the one thing most in request in the supper-room at every dancing party is almost invariably so hard to find? Wines there are in great abundance, champagne and lemonade flow freely, but water is seldom seen."

Entirely too much informality, remarks the *American Queen*, prevails among men in society nowadays in regard to answering invitations. There was a time when the accepting or declining of a lady's invitation was a serious matter, requiring more or less deliberation before a reply was forwarded; and when once such an invitation had been accepted the man considered himself bound to attend the entertainment to which he had been bidden. If any unforeseen obstacle arose afterward, such as sudden sickness, to prevent his attendance, he at once sent a note of apology to his hostess, regretting that his absence from the coming entertainment was unavoidable. Now many of our young men make a practice of accepting all invitations with a reckless disregard as to whether or not they will eventually attend. He has accepted the invitations, received a week or ten days in advance, to three or four or more parties for one evening, reserving to himself the right to stay away from any of them if he feels like it. A well-known society woman was heard to say a short time ago that she never knew how many men would be present when she was giving a dance, as the acceptances received did not by any means represent the number of men who would actually be present, as so many of them, without the slightest intention of being rude, but merely in conformity with the modern custom, would simply stay away.

"Many of Boston's pretty girls," says a correspondent, "are seen to better advantage on the road than any other way, sometimes one alone, sometimes two together; sometimes mother and daughter roll in quiet state in the family carriage—usually a landeau or barouche—out to Brighton and back. Oftener, I think, the stranger's heart is touched by the rosy-cheeked girls, straight and lithe as Indian maidens, who flash by on horseback in gay and laughing couples. They all ride well, and are more or less beautiful; at any rate they seem so much more approachable than they do in their modest little high-necked dresses in their own drawing-rooms, that I know of one man who has braved them thus, but who fell desperately in love with six of them, who, booted and spurred, in trousers and habits, with beaver hats, and whips, boarded a Beacon Street car the other day on their way to their stable further down the road; and a gossipy Quill is led to remark that 'if Mrs. Howe had seen a beautiful girl hold in a refractory, high-strung, inclined-to-bolt, and very fresh steed for two hours on the Mill Dam the other afternoon, she never would have said, as she did at the Chicago Congress, that the women of to-day have no muscle, and that is what is the matter with them.'"

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Raising the Pearl" is another bright children's story by James Otis, whose "Toby Tyler" was so popular year before last. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"A Day in Athens with Socrates" consists of translations from the "Protagorus" and "Republic" of Plato. These works, and especially the latter, are two of the most valuable of the great philosopher's writings. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons; for sale by Bancroft.

"The English Bodley Family" is the latest volume of the ever-delightful "Bodley" series, by Horace E. Scudder. This time the family visits some English cousins of their own name; and what they see during their stay in England is pleasantly and instructively described by the author. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, $1.50.

The "Life of Edward Lytton Bulwer, Lord Lytton," reads like one of his own novels—that is, all the autobiographical portion. The personal experiences and adventures of the great author were to a large extent reproduced in his various romances, but it adds to them a new interest when they are considered in reference to his daily life. He was a man of great talent, who, by indefatigable labor, accomplished more and better work than most geniuses. His methods and his perseverance are shown at great length throughout the volume. Long extracts from successive novels explain their development, and numerous autograph pages from "Pelham," "Devereux," and other romances, are interesting by reason of the omissions, erasures, and bracketed notes. The first portion consists of Bulwer's autobiography; the latter half is the first book of his life, written by his son, the Earl of Lytton. The large number of family pictures are especially valuable in a work of this kind, and give much insight into the novelist's inherited qualities. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft.

Announcements: The title of Miss Braddon's forthcoming novel is "Ishmael."——Mr. Henry James's forthcoming book, "Portraits of Places," will contain his first impressions of Venice, Paris, Normandy, England, London, and his reflections on an English New Year and an English winter watering-place, with some thoughts on Saratoga, New York, Quebec, and Niagara.——There is a rash rumor that Mr. Wilde, in his volume of poems, has "studied more what he calls the 'conventionalities' of English morality than in the old one."——Roberts Brothers are to be the American publishers of Miss Dudu Fletcher's new novel of "Vestigia."——Some hitherto unpublished drawings by Thackeray will shortly appear in the *Century*, in an article entitled "Thackeray as a Caricaturist." One of these drawings represents the late James Spedding, the editor of "Bacon," reading, and shading his eyes from the heat of a lamp.——Mr. Gosse's "Seventeenth Century Studies" are to be reprinted by J. R. Osgood & Co.——John Burroughs, Maurice Thompson, and Dora Read Goodale, contribute to the January number of *Outing and The Wheelman*.——An edition of Doctor Bucke's "Walt Whitman" is announced for publication in Glasgow.——Mr. Swinburne denies that he has at present any intention of visiting the United States. He says he has had an offer of an engagement to lecture in this country, but has postponed his acceptance of it.——Mr. Charles Francis Adams Jr. has privately printed six copies of an historical sketch of the early settlement of Boston. A part of the book consists of a paper on the Antinomian controversy.——A comical poetical collection is about to be published in England in monthly parts. It will consist of the parodies of famous English authors. Each part will present the parodies on a single author, with biographical notes. Tennyson is to lead the list. Mr. Walter Hamilton is the editor.——Robert Louis Stevenson has revised and enlarged his "Silverado Squatters," and the book will shortly be published by Roberts Brothers, who will also bring out Lewis Morris's new volume of poems, "Songs Unsung," and Philip Bourke Marston's "Wind Voices."——The next novel of the No Name series will bear the name of its heroine, "Diane Coryval." It is a story of domestic life in France, and is the work of a writer who has lived for many years in Paris.——A new German translation of Burns's poems has just appeared in Stuttgart. It is reported to be an excellent one.——It is Tennyson's "Princess" which Mr. Gilbert has "comicalized" for Mr. Sullivan's music. It has not yet been announced what subject Mr. W. D. Howells and Mr. George Henschel have taken for their forthcoming comic opera.——Mr. Robert Grant is said to be engaged in rewriting for publication in book form that portion of his new novel which has appeared in the *Century*. It is a wise procceding.

Miscellany: The first two drafts of Longfellow's "Excelsior" are now in the possession of Harvard. The first of the two is inscribed on the back of a note from Sumner to Longfellow, and is dated "September 28, 1841, 3.30 o'clock, morning. Now in bed." These drafts show many variations and erasures, each change being in the direction of greater strength and simplicity.——Lady Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, it is said, writes all her husband's letters, signing them for him in his own name. This will hardly be pleasant news for autograph hunters.——One of the sons of Edward Everett Hale is studying for the ministry.——Mr. Cable is not interrupting his readings from his own works because of the illness of his wife, as reported, but because he wanted to spend Christmas at home in New Orleans. He will return presently to the North, and will give a series of his readings in New York.——Disraeli, when wearied, went down to Hughenden with a pile of French novels.——Monsieur Vambéry, the traveler, has a marvelous talent for languages. Latin, Greek, German, Hungarian, Slavonian, English, Danish, Swedish, and Turkish he knew before he was twenty; and to these he has added many other European and Oriental tongues.——An old friend of Keats says that the poet was passionately fond of music, and would sit for hours while she played the piano to him. It was to a Spanish air which she used to play that the song, "Hush, hush! tread softly," was composed; and so sensitive was he to proper execution that when a wrong note has been played in a public performance he has been known to say that he would like to "go down in the orchestra and smash all the fiddles."——A telegram from England states that Doctor Charles Waldstein, the young American Archæologist at Cambridge University, has just been placed in charge of the well-known Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. Doctor Waldstein has recently made what he considers an important discovery in connection with Phidian art, which is described and illustrated in the December number of the *Century Magazine*.——England is agitating the question of an Academy, after the manner of the French. The names of eligible members have been voted for, at the suggestion of a London paper. They range from Tennyson, who heads the list, to George Augustus Sala.——The wife of the famous Hungarian novelist, Jokaimor, has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of her first appearance on the stage of the National Theatre, at Buda-Pesth, of which she was for many years the leading star. The event was made a national affair, as both her own and her husband's popularity is unbounded. The Emperor sent her, through the Hungarian Prime Minister, the golden cross of merit, with a very flattering letter.——Victor Hugo has been visited by a delegation of Mormons, who urged him to join their body, and endeavored by appeals to his poetic sense to make a convert of him. Such, at least, is the story that is going the rounds of German newspapers, which assert, further, that the aged poet's visitors introduced two Mormon girls to him, and gave him to understand that he might have them both as wives if he should conclude to become a follower of Brigham Young.

## THE ROBBER WHO ROBBED HIMSELF.

An Irish Story.

The Bishop of Cashel, having occasion to visit Dublin accompanied by his wife and daughter, determined to perform the journey by easy stages, in his own carriage.

One part of his route was through a wild and mountainous district; and the bishop made a point of quitting his carriage at the foot of every hill and walking to the top. On one of these occasions he had loitered to look at the scenery, and in so doing suffered his family and servants to be considerably in advance; perceiving this, he hastened to make up for lost time, when a fellow leaped from behind some loose stones, and accompanying the flourish of a huge club with a demoniac yell, demanded "Money!"

The bishop gave the robber all the silver he had loose in his pocket, hoping that it would satisfy him; but he was mistaken.

"And is it with the likes of this I'm after letting you off?—a few paltry tinpennies! Arrah, don't stand shivering and shaking there, but pull out your purse immediately, or I'll bate you as blue as a whetstone."

His lordship most reluctantly yielded his well-filled purse, saying in tremulous accents:

"My good fellow, there it is; don't ill-use me; I've forgiven you all, pray let me depart."

"Fair and softly, if you plase; as sure as I'm *not* a good fellow, I haven't done with you yet. I must sarch for your note-case, for I'll engage you have a few bits of paper payable at the bank; so hand it over, or you'll sup sorrow to-night."

It was given up. The bishop made an instinctive movement as though anxious to escape from further pillage.

"Wait a while, or may be I shall get angry with you; hand over your watch and seals, and then you may trudge."

Now it happened that the divine felt a particular regard for his watch—not so much from its being of considerable value, but because it had been presented to him by his first patron—and he ventured to expostulate.

"Surely you have taken enough; leave me my watch, and I'll forgive all you have done."

"Who ax'd your forgiveness, you old varmint? Don't force me to do anything I'd be sorry for—but without any more bother, just give me the watch, or"——

And he jerked the bludgeon from his right hand to his left, spat in the horny palm of the former, and regrasped the formidable weapon, as though seriously bent on bringing it into operation; this action was not unheeded by his victim—he drew forth the golden time-piece, and, with a heavy sigh, handed it to the spoiler, who, rolling the chain and seals round it, found some wider aperture in his apparel into which he crammed it; and giving himself a shake to ascertain that it had found, by its own gravity, a place of safety, he said:

"And now, be off with you, and thank the saints that you lave me without a scratch on your skin or the value of your little finger hurt."

It needed no persuasion to induce the bishop to turn his back upon the despoiler of his worldly goods, and, having no weight to carry, he set off at what equestrians term "a hand canter." Scarcely, however, had he reached the middle of the precipitous road, when he perceived his persecutor running after him.

"Stop, you nimble-footed thief of the world!" roared the robber—"stop, I tell you! I've a parting word with you yet."

The exhausted and defenseless clergyman, finding it impossible to continue his flight, suddenly came to a standstill. The fellow approached, and his face, instead of its former ferocity, was lit up with a whimsical roguishness of expression, as he said: "And is it likely I'd let you off with a better coat on your back than my own? and will I be after losing the chance of that elegant hat and wig? Off with them this moment, and then you'll be quit o' me."

The footpad quickly divested the bishop of his single-breasted coat, laid violent hands upon the clerical hat and full-bottomed wig, put them on his own person, and then insisted on seeing his late apparel used in their stead; and with a loud laugh ran off, as though his last feat had been the most meritorious of his life.

Thankful at having escaped with unbroken bones, his lordship was not long in overtaking his carriage.

"My dear William!" exclaimed his affectionate wife, after listening to the account of the perils to which her husband had been exposed, "for heaven's sake, take off that filthy jacket, and throw it out of the window. You can put my warm cloak over your shoulders till we reach the next stage, and then you will be able to purchase some habit better suited to your habit and calling."

"That is more easily said than done, my love," he replied; "I have lost all the money I possessed; not a single guinea is left to pay our expenses to-night. My watch, too, that I so dearly prized! Miserable man that I am!"

"Never mind your watch or anything else just now; only pull off that mass of filth, I implore you; who knows what horrid contagion we may all catch if you persist in wearing it?"

"Take it off, dear papa," observed the daughter; "but don't throw it away; it may lead to the detection of the wretch who robbed you."

The obnoxious garment was removed. The young lady was about to place it under the seat when she heard a jingling noise that attracted her attention, and, on examination, found secreted in various parts of the coat, not only the watch, pocketbook, purse, and silver of which her father had been deprived, but a yellow canvas bag, such as is used by farmers, containing about thirty guineas.

The surprise and joy of all parties may be imagined. They reached the inn where they proposed stopping for the night, and as the portmanteaus had escaped the dangers of the road, the bishop was speedily able to attire himself canonically. Before the party retired for rest, intelligence arrived that the highwayman had been taken after a desperate resistance.

Up in Washington Territory they call it "lady suffrage."

## VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

*Taken from "Life."*

### To Fleurette.

(VILLANELLE.)

With Queen Marie Antoinette
Were you not a shepherdess
In the olden days, Fleurette?

Like a Sèvres statuette
In a flowered "Watteau" dress
With Queen Marie Antoinette?

Moving through the minuet
With a lively gracefulness,
In the olden days, Fleurette?

Just a little arch coquette
Waiting ere you answered "Yes,"
With Queen Marie Antoinette,

Just to see your lover fret,
Thinking that you loved him less
In the olden days, Fleurette?

There are things you can't forget,
They were learned so well—confess,
With Queen Marie Antoinette
In the olden days, Fleurette.

—*Sydney Herbert.*

### Un Voyageur Moderne.

Of *chère Paris* he ceaseless sings,
Absinthe, grisettes, and Bullier flings;
Our Yankee accents sorely grate
On Gallic soul disconsolate,
As weary gull with wounded wings.

Each time he opes his lips outsprings
Some memory of his wanderings
Through royal ruins desolate
Of *chère Paris*.

At every dish that Phillis brings,
He wails for Voisin's messy things;
You'd hardly think, to hear him prate,
He'd but a week within the gate
Of *chère Paris*. *Curtis Guild Jr.*

### Rondeau.

*Ma chère amie*, I ofttimes rue,
That e'er I saw your eyes of blue,
So archly do they look askance;
They pierce my heart as with a lance,
And I am fain compelled to woo;

And then your lips of ruby hue,
As fresh and sweet as mountain dew,
Might well an anchorite entrance,
*Ma chère amie*.

I would that I could say adieu
To all my follies, and to you;
How gladly then I'd fly your glance,
And lips whose smiling makes me dance
To all your whims, and they're not few,
*Ma chère amie*.

*William J. Duggett.*

### Good-night, a la Mode, He and She.

RONDEAU.

[*To him:*] Good-night!—
[*Aside:*] And yet he does not go;
What can it be that keeps him so?
Even the owls have gone to bed.
(That is the tenth good-night he's said!)
He's very nice—and very slow;
He talks as if he didn't know
How dreadful tired a girl can grow.
I can not hint; it's too ill-bred.—
[*To him:*] Good-night!

[*Aside:*] Who cares if people think this beau
Is held here by my charms, although
To see him move, if brother Fred
Should at the window show his head,
Might change their minds—
[*To him:*] What! Going? Oh,
Good-night! —*Karl M. Sherman.*

### A Study in Spasms.

Novi ingenium mulierum;
Nolunt ubi velis, ubi nolis cupiunt ultro.—*Terence.*

[*With anger:*]
I refused his outrageous request
For a kiss—which I took him to task for!
[*With greater anger:*]
And he said—the mean thing!—'twas a *jest!*
[*With only conscientious anger:*]
I refused his outrageous request—
[*With falteringly argumentative anger:*]
He's offended, and—I—DON'T fear lest
Another he never will ask for!
[*More in sorrow than in anger:*]
I refused his outrageous request
For a kiss, which I took him to task for.

—*Harrison Robertson.*

### The Difference.

I saw him first at the opera there
(It was "Carmen" they played that night),
With his crisp, blonde curls and his smile most rare,
And the flush on his face so *debonair*
As he stood neath the box's light;
And the Parma violets down he threw
To the gipsy, whose cymbals clashed anew
When he cried: "*Vive la reine d'amour!*"

I came to know him. His hand could touch
All the chords of each master's mood;
Nay, the songs he wrote himself were such
As are born of a spirit feeling much,
And in tongues he well understood;
But the song that he gave the "Carmen" girl
Was something about a woman's curl,
And he called it "*Le gage d'amour!*"

I hardly knew how it came around—
But for all that siren's grace
The song in her throat was nothing but sound;
While sung in his sentient soul profound
It lighted her soulless face!
I painted a picture when he died—
"Died he of love?"—Nay, jests aside,
But I called it "*Le prix d'amour!*"

—*John Moran.*

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A young doctor of twenty-six, but who looked scarcely twenty, was presented in a salon. "What, monsieur, so young and already a doctor!" said the lady of the house. "Yes, madame," replied the young physician, "but I only attend very little children as yet!"

"Well," says the examining judge to a beggar, who has just owned that he was once a millionaire, "how were you ruined? Did you gamble?" "No, monsieur." "Were you betrayed by women, luxury, gluttony, or speculation?" "No, monsieur." "Well, what was your vice?" "Friends."

Mario, the illustrious singer who died a fortnight ago, was engaged with Grisi, his wife, at St. Petersburg. Out walking one day with their children they met the Czar. His majesty patted the children on their heads, and remarked to Grisi: "I suppose these are your little Grisettes?" "No, sire," she replied, with ready wit, "they are my little Marionettes."

In North Carolina a white man was arraigned for stealing chickens from a negro. The jury was composed of seven white men and five negroes, and one of the latter was made foreman. They came into court and the clerk demanded: "Have you agreed upon a verdict?" "Yes, sah." "What is it?" "De jury am gone Democrat, sah, and de prisoner am not guilty."

Schopenhauer, when staying in Geneva, used to go every day to a *table d'hote* at which now and then appeared other distinguished visitors. Once Lady Byron sat next to him. "Doctor," said the host after she had left, with a twinkle in his eye, "doctor, do you know who sat next to you at the table to-day? It was Lady Byron." "Why the deuce did you not tell me this before?" replied Schopenhauer; "I should have liked to be rude to her." "That was what I feared," said the host; "and for that reason I kept it quiet."

Early in the autumn of the present year, says a correspondent, a Scotch nobleman happened to learn, while in Washington temporarily, that a certain distinguished family of Petersburg, Virginia, were related to him. How he found it out is not told. But at any rate, after much correspondence, preparation, etc., upon the part of the Virginians, he went to visit them. Exactly what the mistress or master of the Petersburg household may have taught their servants with regard to the manner of address proper toward a nobleman is not recorded, but at dinner, the evening of his arrival, a colored man handed him a dish, with the perfectly audible request, "My God, take some."

The late Professor Sophocles, of Harvard, was a short but finely built man, with bushy, snow-white hair and beard, olive complexion, and piercing black eyes, and looked like some venerable Arab sheik. Reserved and shy in manner, he was yet full of genial humor. Once, in the class-room, he asked a student: "What was done with the bodies of the Greeks who were killed at Marathon?" "They were buried, sir." "Next!" "Why, they—they were burned." "Next!" "I—I don't know, professor." "Right. Nobody knows!" He was never married, but lived alone in one of the college buildings, and prepared his own food, getting up curious Turkish dishes. He allowed a servant to visit the room to make up his bed, but would endure no further disturbance, and the floor was unswept from October to June.

A United States Senator, who is fond of a joke, has been initiated into the mysteries of an alleged caramel, which one of the boys of his hotel had invented for the purpose of making miserable the lives of other children. The senator owed Garland, of Arkansas, one, and saw his opportunity. He procured some of the alleged sweets and placed them carelessly on his desk. The game succeeded. Garland spied the deceptive chocolates, and, carelessly sauntering by, picked up one of them, and said: "What are these, senator?" "They are caramels. Take one." "Thank you, I will," and he took one. Now, the caramel was filled with soap, and the jokers expected to see Garland spit out the nauseous stuff. That was where the laugh was to come in. But Garland disappointed them. He ate up the whole thing, soap and all, and never made a sign. The perpetrator became frightened and ran out into the cloak-room, exclaiming: "Good Lord! I'm afraid the man's poisoned." "Oh, you needn't be alarmed," said Butler, of South Carolina; "Garland's got an Arkansas stomach." To this day no one knows whether Garland tasted the soap or not.

Old Governor Mattocks, of Vermont, who, when in Congress, boasted that he could "beat 'em all writing bad," was no speech-maker. The nearest he ever came to making a political harangue, according to a writer in the Lowell *Courier*, was once when his friends gathered around him to congratulate him upon his nomination as Governor of the State. He was in a tight place, for he was compelled to reply. His speech was as follows: "Boys, I thank you; and now, if you will elect me Governor, I will tell you what I will do. I will appoint two Thanksgivings and no Fast. Good-bye." Still, he wasn't often at a loss to find something to say when something had to be said. One New Year's day morning, as he was bathing and preparing for breakfast, he unfortunately leaned against the door at the head of the stairs leading to the kitchen. The door gave way, and the maids of the household, while busy preparing the morning meal, were astounded to see, rolling and tumbling into their presence, a chubby, fat old gentleman in a most unpresentable attire. But his wits were with him. "Ladies," he exclaimed, politely, "I wish you a happy new year;" and then bounded up-stairs again, four steps at a time.

## AFTER DINNER.

A bill has been introduced into Congress to make Sheridan General, and Hancock Lieutenant-General, thus continuing offices which would otherwise lapse with the death or retirement of the present holders. This is ill-advised, and inconsistent, moreover, with the history of both titles, as shown by the acts of Congress that created them. It was never intended that both these offices should exist at the same time. The first deviation from principle took place when Grant was made General. He had already held the office of Lieutenant-General, and he could really hold no higher title; but to further a political boom, he was made The General of the Army, and was the first to hold that office. Sherman was made Lieutenant-General in Grant's place. When Sherman became General, naturally enough, Sheridan became Lieutenant-General, and so the confusion continued. It is about time, now, that it should cease. If these titles are to be conferred as a reward for personal services, all well and good; it is a manifest absurdity that they should become part of the permanent military establishment.

I see that Mr. E. V. Smalley, in his otherwise admirable paper on Sherman, in the *Century*, states that the first commander-in-chief of the army, with the full title of General, was Washington, "upon whom the rank was conferred by Congress a few weeks before his death, and a few months after he had been made Lieutenant-General, in anticipation of a war with France." In a note to the above paragraph, however, among the commanders-in-chief he gives "George Washington, who was created a Lieutenant-General, and resumed the command of the army from July, 1798, to December, 1799." Now, overlooking the fact that Congress "creates an office," but does not "confer a rank," Mr. Smalley is wrong in the first instance and right in the second. Washington never held the title of General. Congress created the office of Lieutenant-General; President Adams appointed Washington to fill the vacancy, and the appointment was confirmed. Congress, however, on March 3, 1799, passed another law, declaring "that a commander of the army shall be appointed and commissioned by the style of General of the armies of the United States, and the present office and title of Lieutenant-General shall thereafter be abolished." This measure was introduced by Washington's friends, who wished to have him made General. Bull-headed John Adams, however, absolutely refused to carry out these wishes. The bill, he claimed, was aimed at him. He, as President of the United States, was *The* General of the Army and *The* Admiral of the Navy. Consequently no appointment was made under the Act, and the grade was discontinued by Act of March 16, 1802, which authorized but one general officer (a Brigadier-General) for the army. If, as Mr. Smalley says, Generals Grant and Sherman corrected the proof-sheets of his article, they are in error as well as himself.

The title of Lieutenant-General, curiously enough, is much older historically and etymologically than the title of General, from which the former is popularly supposed to have sprung. Indeed, it seems that the word *general* was not a noun, but an adjective. The French expression, *lieutenant-général*, would mean, in our parlance, *general-lieutenant*. The Lieutenant-General, therefore, was an officer who commanded *generally* in place of the king all over the kingdom. When Jean Dunois, Bastard of Orleans, among his other titles took that of *Lieutenant-Général du Roi*, he was guilty of an innovation. There already existed an office, *Le Connétable de France*, which answered to the same purposes. A great deal of confusion arose from this fact; for when, in process of time, these offices became hereditary in two great families—the Guises and the Montmorencies—there was a conflict of power. It came to be settled, however, that Le Connétable was supreme in time of peace, the Lieutenant-General in time of war. The Montmorencies, accordingly, were always for peace and the Guises for war. It was a long while before the adjective *général* definitely became a noun; and even when this did take place, an idiomatic distinction was still observed. It was proper, indeed, to say *Condé est un grand général*, but not *Le Général Condé*. The question, however, was not finally disposed of until the Revolution, when the grade of Lieutenant-General was abolished and that of General of Division substituted in its place. John Adams, therefore, was not actuated by a spirit of churlishness when he refused to make Washington the General of the Army; the grade Lieutenant-General was in every way more expressive and more consistent with the letter and spirit of the Constitution.

Nothing played so fast and loose with the principles of miltary discipline before the war as the practice of giving commissions by brevet. A commission by brevet, in technical language, took effect "in a detachment from a main body consisting of several corps." A man, for instance, who was but a simple captain in a "main body" might, by virtue of his brevet command in a "detachment," be his own major. A good story illustrating this, is told of an old fellow in New Brunswick, who, after many years of service in the English army, was but a captain of the line and a major by brevet. Through long custom and the courtesy of the other officers, he had been allowed the privilege of commanding according to his brevet rank. But a young snip came from England who had purchased a commission of major.

"Take your place in the ranks," said the young upstart to the aged officer.

Without a word the later obeyed. The men were almost inclined to mutiny. They were, however, speedily avenged. A detachment from a main body joined them.

"Take your place in the ranks," said the major by brevet to the major of the line!

Brevet rank was practically done away with at the beginning of the late war. Congress abolished the double pay, the uniform, and the office; the title, however, it retained as a cheap honor to be lavished with a generous hand. The best instance of this is the case of Adam Badeau, known chiefly to fame as the writer of a life of General Grant, who, for "meritorious service during the war," was breveted in a single day captain, major, lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and brigadier-general.

An officer of much sensibility and delicacy of feeling once remarked that "promotion was a sad business, for it necessitated stepping into dead men's shoes." Still, this is pretty much true of all professions. The fact is more patent in the army—that is all. The true soldier will never refuse promotion; will always expect it; should always deserve it; and should always get it when he deserves it. "La promotion," said a wise Frenchman, "c'est la fortune du soldat."

It has been the disgrace of the American service, however, that its officers have meddled with politics and politics with them. Men who should have been generals have remained captains; and some generals there are, who should never have commanded even a corporal's guard. Sherman is a scatter-brain who owes his one success—the March to the Sea—to the generalship of Thomas; Sheridan is a dashing cavalry officer and nothing more; Schofield has done so little that he has found it necessary to dispute a dead man's laurels; Pope, owing to political cabals, never had half a chance; Terry suffered from being a volunteer officer; Miles has only been tried in Indian fighting; and Howard is a canting Methodist, perfectly willing to sacrifice lives on week days and not willing to save them on Sunday. Those, by the way, who interest themselves in the piteous spectacle of inconsistent human nature, will be pleased to contrast this last general's frequent humanitarian professions with his recent opinion that men should be branded to save trouble to the recruiting officer!

Military punishments, no doubt, are often necessary, but there are some, such as shooting a man for sleeping on post, for instance, that can be defended only on the ground of expediency. People who think mounting guard an easy pastime, should try it; those who have tried it do not find it so. Apropos, an anecdote:

"Who goes there?"

"Officer of the guard."

"H—l! I thought it was the relief."

Howard is a great admirer of General Sherman, and an army wit once availed himself of this circumstance to get the better of the former's sanctimoniousness. The occasion was an Indian war. Howard and his officers were gathered around the camp-fire. Howard, I believe, had just preferred charges against a young officer for "cussing a government mule," and was holding forth at length on spiritualism and the efficacy of prayer, when he was interrupted by our wit;

"That reminds me," said the latter, gravely, "of what General Sherman used to say."

"And what did General Sherman say?" asked Howard, with great affability.

"General Sherman used to say," continued the officer, "that Fighting Joe Hooker was such a d—d fool, that he would charge hell with a fire-bucket."

It is needless to say that General Howard did not this time institute court-martial proceedings.

It is a matter for regret that officers, in time of peace, do not make better use of their leisure time. To be flaming-mouthed tigers in war and useless old hulks in peace is surely not consistent. Something ought to be done to keep the machine a-going. There are some honorable exceptions, of course. In this very city there is an army surgeon who has earned the proud distinction of F. R. M. S.; another officer, the sobriquet of being the Sullivan of America; and a third, applying himself more directly in the line of his profession, is the inventor of one of the best explosive compounds known. All honor to these workers among the drones.

I know one officer in the service whose deeds in time of peace have far outshone the most glorious in war. An officer of the volunteers, entering the ranks as a private, mustered out of service as a major and judge-advocate, he received a letter asking whether he would take a captaincy in the army and report for duty at New Orleans. In spite of the prospect of a brilliant career in civil life, the soldierly instinct is strong within him. He accepts, reports for duty as instructed, acts as captain on the rolls of the regiment for three months, only to be informed at the expiration of that time that his appointment was a clerical error, and that his appointment is really that of second-lieutenant. His plans have been disarranged; he can not indeed afford to resign, and he who had been a staff-officer becomes a subaltern.

The yellow fever breaks out at the post where he is stationed, some distance from New Orleans. Many officers are absent on leave; the men, however, are compelled to remain. The fever rages. Among the first to be struck down are the colonel of the regiment and his wife. To add to the horror of the scene, the wife is about to become a mother. The discipline of the post is completely demoralized; men are deserting by the score, until finally none remain but the sick and the dying. The army-surgeon remains at his post, so does the second-lieutenant, and so do the nuns. But after a while the nuns are called away; only the doctor and the second-lieutenant remain.

But little avails medicine in yellow fever. The disease must run its course. It is all a matter of nursing, and if the sufferer succeeds in getting temporary relief and eternal rest by throwing off his blankets, all is over.

The colonel and his wife were in the same building, across the hall from one another. This was unavoidable, for only in this way could both be taken care of. The poor woman was conscious of her husband's critical condition, and her soul was tortured with the reflection that he had never been baptized. Half crazed with grief, she repeatedly begged and implored that this should be done before it was too late.

The pangs of childbirth were approaching. The doctor was at his post, the officer at his. With this difference: the former's responsibility had just commenced, the latter's had ceased for ever. The colonel was dead. To be certain, the officer bent over his body. He felt his pulse; it had ceased to beat. He placed a mirror over his mouth; it was undimmed. He put his ear against his heart; all was still! Then, with the orderly instincts of a soldier, he sat himself down and wrote a dispatch announcing the colonel's death. In a few moments he was rejoined by the doctor. The officer pointed silently to the bed. The doctor made a brief examination, and he also pronounced the colonel dead. Together they laid out the body and reverently placed a cloth upon it. It was a dreadful scene. The morning light was just coming through the shutters and mingling with the yellow flare of the candle burning to its socket. Sickened and discouraged, the doctor turned to go. Not so the officer, he stopped a moment.

"He wasn't baptized, after all," he said, grimly. "It may please *her*, and it won't do any harm."

So saying, he removed the cloth from the wasted features of the dead colonel, and, dipping his hand into a glass of water, on a table near by, he made a rude sign of the cross on the colonel's forehead. To his surprise the body made a slight movement. The colonel opened his eyes and stared.

"Gentlemen," he said, "what do you mean?"

A drop of water had been just sufficient to restore the vital current; the colonel was once more in the land of the living. From that moment he rapidly recovered, and as soon as he did so he gave a curious account of what so nearly proved to be his death-dream.

He felt, he said, as if his soul had gone out of his body, and as if that which was freest in him was moving upward through the stars in space. Higher and higher he seemed to go through the ether, until he could faintly hear sounds of celestial music and be sensible of the effulgence of celestial light. Still higher he went, and higher, until at length he lay beneath a triple throne of precious stones. As he lay there for some time in delightful trance huge cubes of gold and silver rained upon him. Then he awoke, and, to his great regret, he saw that he was alive again. The colonel is firmly convinced to this day that he was dead, and that the vicarious baptism he received literally brought him back to life.

VIVEUR.

### Woodtick William's Story.

"We had about as ornery and triflin' a crop of kids in Calaveras County thirty years ago as you could gather in with a fine-tooth comb and a brass band in fifteen States. For ways that was kittensome they was moderately active and abnormally protuberant. That was the prevailing style of Calaveras kid when Mr. George W. Mulqueen come there and wanted to engage the school at the old camp, where I hung up in the days when the country was new and the murmur of the six-shooter was heard in the land. George W. Mulqueen was a slender young party from the effete East, with conscientious scruples and a hectic flush. Both of these was agin him for a promoter of school discipline and square root. He had a heap of information and big, sorrowful eyes. But the kids of the school, they didn't seem to respcct literary attainments or expensive knowledge. They just simply seemed to respect the genius that come to that country to win their young love with a long-handled shovel and a blood-shot tone of voice. George had weak lungs, and they kept to work at him till they drove him into a mountain fever, and finally into a metallic sarcophagus. It seemed kind of tough to me, and I couldn't help blamin' it onto the school some, for there was a half-a-dozen big snoozers that didn't go to school to learn, but just to raise Ned and turn up Jack. Well, they killed him, anyhow, and that settled it.

"The school run kind of wild till Feboowary, and then a husky young tenderfoot, with a fist like a mule's foot in full bloom, made an application for the place, and allowed he thought he could maintain discipline if they'd give him a chance. Well, they ast him when he wanted to take his place as tutor, and he reckoned he could begin to tute about the week follering. Monday he sailed in about nine A. M. with his grip-sack, and begun the discharge of his juties. He brought in a bunch of mountain willer, and, after driving a big railroad-spike into the door-casing over the latch, he said the Senate and House would sit with closed doors during the morning session. Several large, white-eyed holy terrors gazed at him in a kind of dumb, inquiring tone of voice; but he didn't say much. He seemed considerably reserved as to the plan of the campaign. The new teacher then unlocked his alligator-skin grip, and took out a Bible and a new self-cocking weepon that had an automatic dingus for throwing out the empty shells. It was one of the bull-dog variety, and had the laugh of a joyous child. He read a short passage from the Scriptures, and then pulled off his coat and hung it on a nail. Then he made a few extemporaneous remarks, after which he salivated the palm of his right hand, took the self-cocking songster in his left, and proceeded to wear out the gads over the various protuberances of his pupils. People passing by thought they must be beating carpets in the school-house. He pointed the gun at his charge with his left and manipulated the gad with his right duke. One large, over-grown Missourian tried to crawl out of the winder, but, after he had looked down the barrel of the shooter a moment, he changed his mind. He seemed to realize that it would be a violation of the rules of the school, so he came back and sat down. After he wore out the foliage, Bill, he pulled the spike out of that door, put on his coat and went away. He never was seen there again. He didn't ask for any salary, but just walked off quietly, and that summer we accidentally heard that he was George W. Mulqueen's brother."—*Bill Nye, in Puck.*

A pair of Queen Elizabeth's gloves can be seen in an English museum. She had a hand like a brakeman. The thumb of the glove is five inches long and the palm measures three and a half inches across. No wonder the kingdom trembled when she brought it down.

## THE SHEIK'S VISION.

### A Story of the Night.

[The following is a translation of a manuscript recently found in Algiers, and now in the library of the University at Montpellier, France. Abd-el-Eshir, sheik of the Oud-M'latirhs, was educated in France, where he devoted himself mainly to the study of the military system in the French army and of modern warfare. He fought, successfully at first, against both Bugeaud and Pélissier; but, after the nearly total destruction of his tribe by the awful massacres of the French, he retired from public life, and shut himself up with his books, of which he was very fond. The date of his death is not known. The translator has endeavored to retain in the English version as much as possible of the picturesque language of the original.]

A loud rapping at my chamber-door startled me out of my feverish sleep; it was one of those knocks we must answer; we want to resist, we can not; they *seem* loud and commanding, they are hardly audible; yet is there in their faintness a concealed and irresistible force that warns us that resistance is useless. Who can withstand Fate? Hastily throwing a covering over my shoulders, I started from my couch to see who this early and commanding intruder might be, and in what I must obey him.

My bed-chamber had but one door, opening on my library and study, and at the outer door was this curious knocking heard. They were quaint and impressive rooms these, in which the uniform smooth black thread of my life spun its ever decreasing length on the swift-turning wheel of time. The inner chamber, which I had chosen to rest in, lay in one of the high turrets of my now decayed and crumbling castle-fort, and there was but one mode of access to it—through the library door. Huge and high Gothic windows took up one half of the walls and admitted but a weird and ghostly light through the small panes of colored glass, which, in their casing of lead, had stood the brunt of many a storm; and the rains had often swept from their scarred surface the deposit of dust which the breath of the hot desert had whirled toward me. In a projecting niche, on a low stage between the windows, stood the massive Oriental divan, on which I tossed and turned hour after hour of the weary night of life. My gloomy taste and hypochondriacal habits had prompted me to increase the weird darkness of this alcove by excluding the few, faint rays that struggled in, by huge and heavy hangings of tapestry for which I had sent to Venice, and which, with their uncouth arabesques and sombre cloudy grounds, suited my no less sombre taste.

Opposite the couch, the hangings being held by two antique bronze statues, from whose arms the dense, drowsy smoke of incense curled night and day, and shed a dreamy atmosphere over quick and dead, was the no less antique gothic door, always thrown back on its hinges of chiseled and polished brass.

The vaultings of the ceiling were of that peculiar, low, Moorish pattern which harmonizes so well with the Gothic, and from their deep recesses the light was reflected back by numberless golden stars which stood out in relief on the shrinking blue beyond—numberless and without order, they seemed to change and glide from belt to belt as the eye wearied and lost itself in the desert between them.

It was an unusual and unwelcome intrusion for a stranger to throw himself at any time upon my meditations; none but the discreet and gliding step of my mute Egyptian follower ever pressed the dark velvet carpet. My own steps I heard no more, for they seemed, as they fell, to have lost both weight and sound, so thoroughly did my physical being harmonize with the morbid dreaminess of my thoughts and the gloomy silence of my abode.

Yet as I hastened to the doorway the light seemed to me more weird than before; the curtains shuddered in their lengthy might, and, as the clouds curled out from the censers, the bronze faces above them seemed to move; yet I heeded them not. Who can resist Fate? The two suits of armor on the inside of the door seemed again to cover flesh and lip, and to thrill with fiercer thoughts of days long ago; yet I heeded them not—who can resist Fate?—but rushed toward the heavy panel, and, throwing it violently open, I peered into the darkness beyond.

I strained my sight to its utmost, yet no outline shone out on the black background. My ears refused to detect any sound, but as I stood there, peering into the darkness, a passing breath crossed my brow. A strange sensation of fear crept over *me*—whom they had once named fearless—and as the blood in my veins flowed with a creeping and sluggish pulsation back to my heart, I felt the marrow in my bones grow cold and dead. With all the little life I could command I turned the panel on its supports, and, as the click of the spring echoed along the vaulted ceiling, I glided as a shadow—for I was scarce more—toward my unhallowed recess. In whose hand is Fate?

But now, as my foot pressed the threshold, the hand of fear weighed heavily upon me, and I paused. The rays through the colored panes were brighter than I had ever seen them, but bright with that brightness that must light up the caves of hell, if hell there be. The fluttering tapestries seemed to restrain their whisperings, as devils must at the approach of Satan, and, although the ear perceived no sound, the air seemed to my sick brain as saturated with unknown clamors no mortal ear ever heard before.

I gazed not back, because in darkness lay all behind me; but I *felt* the darkness behind me as I felt the light before me, and my fevered reason endeavored, but in vain, to divine this mysterious source of phosphorescence.

But as my eye—and fear too made it roll wildly—but as my eye turned from one to the other window, I saw—*it* saw (for I could no longer see, nor hear, nor feel, as though my senses worked for themselves, and not for me) a something, a mysterious unaccountable something on the couch. I felt it there. I knew it there. But what was it? Was it my soul, that, weary of its weary body, had left now forever? Was it my brain, that, in the impassioned fever of too ardent thought, had abandoned my body to its fate? Was it my heart, that could never be a heart within my breast, and had fled this dead flesh? Oh, how the instinct of brute matter shuddered! How worked the nervous, throbbing temples to supply those icy beads of sweat that fell like lead upon the ground, and burnt it! How coursed the sick and weakly blood through its sicker vessels, to prove the matter be yet in life, and could live, were heart, and brain, and soul departed!

Yet the eye seemed riveted upon that vaporous something upon the couch, and lo! an unseen hand folded the tapestry away, and the light, now red and smiling, shone and glittered on *it*. There, upon the couch—there, in the very place I had scarce left, under the lion's skin I had just thrown off—lay a being so supernaturally beautiful that my thoughts, in their most poetical hours, could never have built even the frame to so glorious a picture.

Is it a spirit? No; it must be mortal! See how at each breathing the breast undulates! It is—is it an angel? O great God, if not an angel sent to me in the last hour, tell me, is it a spirit sent by Thee—to redeem—to teach? No! it is a demon sent to tempt me in my solitude! Is it Satan himself come to bargain for my tottering soul? Is it ambition to make my blasted, unhappy life unhappier still? Is it jealousy to kill me as Tantalus must die? Is it remorse come to blast me in my prime?—or is it love to pity my lonely unhappiness?

It is a spirit. Who else, what else, could have entered? How could I not have seen it; and why these warnings I neglected, in the whispers of the curtains, in the faces of the statues, in the uneasiness of the armor, in the lurid glow of that half-darkness that suddenly was turned to light?

Leave me, mortal fears! Why shake I so? Is it the presence of the supernatural that can intimidate, that can petrify me, the sheik? Is this return of the spirit to earth to teach me that the false prophet spoke true? Ha! what boyish fears! If it is a spirit I will drive it away; if it is a mortal I will kill it slowly—slowly, in the darkness of my shadow; if it is *nothing*, then it must die with me and my malady.

Yet, I moved not. Who can comprehend Fate? I could not move, for will was dead within me, and my body fell against the casement for support, while my eyes, into which all the magnetism and vitality of my person streamed, absorbed by the fearful magnetism of that awful "it"—strained to their utmost and more. Poor, deluded body!—poor, weak flesh! how it ached in its mute immovability; how it sweated in its passive lassitude! Poor, overwrought brain, how it worked to lose and lose itself again in the mazes of thought, in the fearful tension of its endeavors to solve, and its shuddering fear of finding an awful, yet true solution!

But suddenly, the all-conqueror—Curiosity—drove me on, and with the mechanical step of the entranced medium, or of the yet uninvented automaton, I traversed the ten or twelve steps that separated me from it, and, standing on the estrade, I gazed on the fair features before me, so fearful in the uncertainty of their substance.

At last, my fears being silenced by curiosity and admiration, I found courage to kneel and kiss the hand that lay, white as a snowflake, on the black ebony support. Yet I touched it not, for it seemed sacrilege, and I feared it would dissolve into vapor again before I had gazed my full. A slight, nearly imperceptible shudder shook her frame, and, as the lips parted, I knew that those lips I must kiss, though there hovered a warning in the atmosphere around me that seemed to say: "Fail, and thou art lost."

O wandering Abd-Amma! hast thou in thy mighty peregrinations, in thy restless wanderings over the desert of sand, and the desert of snow, and the desert of water, hast thou, among the awful sights that thou hast witnessed, ever seen this being, this mortal, this spirit, this indefinable form? Has thou ever yielded to this supernatural embodiment of temptation? Tell me, tell me, am *I* to yield?

And the tapestry waved as a sudden gust seemed to hiss through its texture, and the brazen statues seemed to part their lips to hiss, and the light burned and hissed in the censers, and the dead knights in their armor seemed to mutter a hollow hissing.

But I—I understood: "*Kiss!*"

And I kissed.

And her eyes opened and quenched mine, though they burned them; but the indescribable languor that was wasting me in its slow malady, and that heavy hand of ignorance and fear that weighed so irresistibly upon me at the threshold, vanished and left me—a man. For the blood coursed freely through my veins again, and from black and sluggish flowed red and fiery through them as ne'er before; and I lived, for that stupor of all my senses was death.

But those eyes, fixed on mine, told me nothing, for they dazzled me so that I could not see, and the lips moved not.

Then I asked, in our language: "Who art thou?" and in all our dialects of the mountain and of the plain, and in the strange tongues of beyond the blue sea; and at last in that of our enemy.

And she spoke; but hardly seemed the voice to spring from those lips, so musically was it wafted through the incense smoke, so harmoniously sounded its ring on the bronze statues; and even the oak panels and vaulted ceiling breathed it back in music:

"Roi ne puis,
Prince ne daigne,
Rohan suis."

"Rohan!" I cried; "Marie de Rohan; dead two hundred years?"

"I am Marie de Rohan, and my lot is to visit mortals till one has courage to kiss me as thou hast done. Two hundred years have I been embodied every day, and every night my bones arise and stand rattling in the mocking wind, to mortify my spirit when it returns at dawn from that awful chaos where spirits wait and sigh. This is the last day of my torment, though my bones at sunset will rise again, and wither only when night has swept onward to the west; yet it matters not, for my spirit is freed, and at last I am at rest. But, man, knowest thou what thou hast done? Knowest thou not that thy spirit must follow mine? For I am thy guide downward to the black vaults where spirits only abide—down in the silent graves of death."

What cared I that death was near? Did I not live in death? Was my body not my ghost? My room my coffin? Ha! I rejoiced. Was it not freedom after imprisonment? Even though it be the freedom of death, was not my stay on earth the imprisonment of life? Ah, life! how little do I owe thee! How hast thou repaid my love for thee? By blasting my prison before it was finished, and the prisoner by malady.

* * * * * * * * *

I gazed through the western sash, and beheld the orb mortals adore—for *I* am no mortal I am no more. A few spans more, and my life was run; and as I gazed, it stood still and looked long and sadly upon me; but its red glances found no echo in my heart, and they shot back from out my eyes—all of them, all; not one could I keep. And it sank. Not slowly and gracefully, but with one plunge, and that was the plunge of eternity.

I turned, and my blood froze with horror; for though I said, "It is soon over"; for though I muttered, "It is but a moment"; my knees shook and my flesh trembled.

For the lion's skin was thrown back with violence—with such violence that the panes shook, and crashed, and fell, and through the gap gushed a green and blue and yellow light, and it was the light of death. Then from the couch arose a ghastly, grinning skeleton, and laughed as it advanced upon me. Oh, that laugh! It was the howl of triumph of Satan, who had bought a soul, and as it struck me I fell; for I knew, I felt I was lost—and how willingly had I lost myself! How I struggled for a prayer, for one word, for the name of God! But my brain was Satan's, and my heart was Satan's, and my soul was Satan's; and he knew no longer the name of God. So I, his creature, knew it not, and fell. And as he advanced, the tapestries fell, and withered, and were consumed; the brazen cencers paled, and paled, and melted; the stars above dropped; the armored knights withed convulsively in their red mail, and the walls crumbled.

And the icy hand was upon me.

J. H. S.

San Francisco, January 7, 1884.

## THE INNER MAN.

"Society," writes a London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, "has been shaken here to its foundation. Doubts have been circulated as to the origin of turtle soup. Sir Henry Thompson, the famous surgeon, known as 'Stone Thompson,' on account of his specialty, wrote a little pamphlet for the Fisheries Exhibition on 'Fish as Food,' and so forth, wherein he stated that the basis of turtle soup was a stock made of conger-eel. This provoked a 'ballade' published in the *Daily News*, and written, I shrewdly apprehend, by the brilliant pen of Mr. Andrew Lang. Now there is a severe controversy in the daily papers, including the *Times*, in which the most celebrated makers of turtle soup entirely disclaim the use of conger-eel—a coarse sea-fish I have never beheld in America. It is never eaten in the civilized parts of this country. In Cornwall it was consumed by the curious alternately mining and fishing population, always on the sea or under the earth. I have seen many a dozen of dried conger in a mining-fisherman's cottage, hung up in rows like sides of bacon, and I have heard that conger soup is eaten in the Channel Islands, on the northern coast of France, and in other uncivilized places, but nobody will buy it in England proper. It is therefore a fearful thing to hear that the best soup in the world is made of conger-eel, and that the green-turtle fat, as it is called, is all that there is of the turtle in it.

"On the face of any discussion I am always ready to suspect restaurant keepers, who, as a rule, lie without compunction. I have been served in New York city with a *vol-au-vent à la financière* without a single cock's-comb—the article by which it is distinguished from kindred dishes. Within a week I was served at an English hotel with a partridge instead of the widgeon I had ordered, the waiter maintaining that the animal *was* a widgeon—a small wild duck, a little larger than a teal, and as unlike a partridge as any bird imaginable. My confidence in cooks is therefore not very profound, but I must confess that I had some doubt as to the accuracy of Sir Henry Thompson. I had always heard that if the 'stock' of turtle soup was eked out with anything, it was with 'veal stock,' the foundation of the most agreeable soups. It is now declared that green turtle are so cheap that there is no occasion for this device, and that the turtle themselves supply abundant stock for the fine soup which bears their name. Green turtle soup here is, I may observe, very different from the preparation of the same name sold commonly in New York, and is made with great care and great cost. It is the most expensive soup in the world except the *ouka* or sterlet soup of the Russians, and is also the best. I admit the virtue of terrapin in soup (I prefer that excellent little animal in a stew), I have eaten oyster soup, clam soup, and gumbo as prepared by Delmonico, and I know the French soups by long practice, including that famous fish-soup or stew known as *bouillabaisse*, but I still think English green-turtle the perfection of soup. Scotch broth, when well made, hotch-potch, good cock-a-leekie, and grouse-soup, as well as hare-soup with boiled celery in the Scotch manner, are all good as dishes, but coarse when compared with *real* turtle, as we call it to distinguish it from an imitation, good in its way, made from calves' heads.

"The chief maker of turtle soup in London is the host of the 'Ship and Turtle,' a celebrated tavern in Leadenhall Street, opposite the site on which once stood those offices of the old East India Company to which Charles Lamb went so late in the morning that he made up for it by leaving very early in the afternoon. The 'Ship and Turtle' has an entirely special reputation for turtle soup, fins, and cutlets, and is in other ways an excellent restaurant. It is not long since the Prince of Wales dined there on a special turtle dinner, which was perfect. The proprietor writes letters to the papers and indignantly disclaims the conger-eel. Speaking individually, I must say that my view is that Sir Henry Thompson (of Stone) has made a distinct mistake."

A German has computed that from 1802 until 1813 Napoleon I. "consumed" five millions eight hundred thousand men, or at the rate of half a million [illegible].

## AN OLD FAVORITE.

### The Ballad of Judas Iscariot.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay in the Field of Blood;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Beside the body stood.
Black was the earth by night,
And black was the sky;
Black, black were the broken clouds,
Though the red moon went by.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Strangled and dead lay there;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Looked on it in despair.
The breath of the World came and went
Like a sick man's in rest;
Drop by drop on the World's eyes
The dews fell cool and blest.
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did make a gentle moan:
"I will bury underneath the ground
My flesh, and blood, and bone.
I will bury deep beneath the soil,
Lest mortals look thereon,
And when the wolf and raven come
The body will be gone!
The stones of the field are sharp as steel,
And hard and cold, God wot;
And I must bear my body hence
Until I find a spot."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
So grim, and gaunt, and gray,
Raised the body of Judas Iscariot
And carried it away.
And as he bare it from the field
Its touch was cold as ice,
And the ivory teeth within the jaw
Rattled aloud like dice.
As the soul of Judas Iscariot
Carried its load with pain,
The Eye of Heaven, like a lanthorn's eye,
Opened and shut again.
Half he walked, and half he seemed
Lifted on the cold wind;
He did not turn, for chilly hands
Were pushing from behind.
The first place that he came unto
It was the open wold,
And underneath were prickly whins,
And a wind that blew so cold.
The next place that he came unto
It was a stagnant pool,
And when he threw the body in
It floated light as wool.
He drew the body on his back,
And it was dripping chill,
And the next place he came unto
Was a Cross upon a hill—
A Cross upon the windy hill,
And a cross on either side;
Three skeletons that swung thereon
Who had been crucified,
And on the middle cross-bar sat
A white Dove slumbering;
Dim it sat in the dim light,
With its head beneath its wing.
And underneath the middle Cross
A grave yawned wide and vast,
But the soul of Judas Iscariot
Shivered and glided past.
The fourth place that he came unto
It was the Brig of Dread,
And the great torrents rushing down
Were deep, and swift, and red.
He dared not fling the body in
For fear of faces dim,
And arms were waved in the wild water
To thrust it back to him.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Turned from the Brig of Dread,
And the dreadful foam of the wild water
Had splashed the body red.
For days and nights he wandered on
Upon an open plain,
And the days went by like blinding mist,
And the nights like rushing rain.
For days and nights he wandered on
All through the Wood of Woe,
And the night went by like moaning wind,
And the days like drifting snow.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Came with a weary face—
Alone, alone, and all alone,
Alone in a lonely place.
He wandered east, he wandered west,
And heard no human sound;
For months and years, in grief and tears,
He wandered round and round;
For months and years, in grief and tears,
He walked the silent night.
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Perceived a far-off light—
A far-off light across the waste
As dim as dim might be,
That came and went like the lighthouse gleam
On a black night at sea.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Crawled to the distant gleam,
And the rain came down, and the rain was blown
Against him with a scream.
For days and nights he wandered on,
Pushed on by hands behind,
And the days went by like black, black rain,
And the nights like rushing wind.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
Strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone at dead of night
Before a lighted hall;
And the wold was white with snow,
And his footmarks black and damp,
And the ghost of the silvern moon arose
Holding her yellow lamp;
And the icicles were on the eaves,
And the walls were deep with white,
And the shadows of the guests within
Passed on the window light.
The shadow of the wedding guests
Did strangely come and go,
And the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretched along the snow;

The body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretched along the snow,

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Ran swiftly to and fro;
To and fro, and up and down,
He ran so swiftly there,
As round and round the frozen pole
Glideth the lean white bear.

'Twas the Bridegroom sat at the table-head,
And lights burnt bright and clear;
"Oh, who is that," the Bridegroom said,
"Whose weary feet I hear?"
'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,
And answered, soft and low:
"It is a wolf runs up and down,
With a black track in the snow."
The Bridegroom, in his robe of white,
Sat at the table-head:
"Oh, who is that who moans without?"
The blessed Bridegroom said.
'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,
And answered fierce and low:
"'Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot
Gliding to and fro."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did hush itself and stand,
And saw the Bridegroom at the door
With a light in his hand.
The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he was clad in white,
And far within the Lord's Supper
Was spread so broad and bright.
The Bridegroom shaded his eyes and looked,
And his face was bright to see:
"What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper
With thy body's sins?" said he.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stood black, and sad, and bare;
"I have wandered many nights and days;
There is no light elsewhere."
'Twas the wedding guests cried out within,
And their eyes were fierce and bright:
"Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot
Away into the night!"
The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he waved hands still and slow,
And the third time that he waved his hands
The air was thick with snow;
And of every flake of falling snow,
Before it touched the ground,
There came a dove, and a thousand doves
Made sweet sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bare it off
Were like its winding-sheet.
'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door,
And beckoned, smiling sweet;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in, and fell at his feet.

"The Holy Supper is spread within,
And the many candles shine,
And I have waited long for thee
Before I poured the wine!"
The supper-wine is poured at last,
The lights burn bright and fair,
Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet,
And dries them with his hair.

—*Robert William Buchanan.*

---

The statistics of the universal postal union for 1881 show that the United States ranks first in the number of post-offices with 44,512; Great Britain takes second place with 14,918; Germany has 11,088, and France 6,158. Japan, with 5,004 offices, is far in advance of Russia, British India, Austria, Italy, and Spain. Switzerland has one post-office to every 985 inhabitants, and the United States one to every 1,126. The United States conveyed the most postal-cards, Germany next, and Great Britain and Austria in order. In respect to the number of letters and postal-cards to each inhabitant, the countries rank as follows: Great Britain, 38.7; the United States, 27.3; Switzerland, 19.9; and Germany, 15.8. The United States had 91,571 miles of railroad; Germany, 20,573; France, 16,822; and Russia, 14,439 miles. In number of newspapers conveyed in domestic mails, the United States ranks first, with 852,180,792; Germany second, with 439,089,900; France third, with 320,188,636, and Great Britain fourth, with 140,789,100. In gross postal revenue, Germany has 205,324,215 francs; the United States, 194,630,444 francs; Great Britain, 175,690,000 francs, and France, 152,968,569 francs. Great Britain, Germany, and France had a net revenue in 1881 ranging from 68,525,100 francs to 19,900,440 francs, but the United States, Russia, and Japan had a deficiency in revenue the same year ranging from 14,418,075 to 1,320,846 francs.

---

Doctor Coleman was once traveling in the wilds of Ohio, and entering a hotel, called for dinner. He noticed, upon sitting down at the table, that there was a glass of whisky beside his plate. On receiving the bill he found the landlord charged him with the whisky. "But," said the worthy doctor, "I have made no use of it, and never do." "It was there, and you could have had it; you must pay for it." "Very well," said the doctor. Some time afterward the doctor was there again, and before eating he placed his medicine case beside his plate. After eating, when paying his bill, he brought in charges for medicine. "But," said the host, "I have not had any." "Ah, but you could have had it; it was on the table," said the doctor.

---

Patti has been communicating a few personal reminiscences to the Paris *Figaro*. Among them are the following: "Once during a performance of 'Linda,'" she says, "I received a number of bouquets, the last of which was composed very oddly. One of the flowers fell out on to the stage, making a regular thud. It consisted of an enormous ball of lead, which, if it had been more firmly tied to the bouquet, must have hit my head. As it was, the bouquet struck my shoulder." On an another occasion the curtain fell on Madame Patti's head, and she was saved only by the fashion then prevailing of rolling up her hair high on her head. But it was not mere accident. She had matches put into the water she drinks, and has even received poisoned gloves with a request to let the maker call them by her name.





**The Strongest and Best!**

THOMAS PRICE, Analytic Chemist, pronounces the GIANT BAKING POWDER nearly one-third stronger than any manufactured or sold on the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 24, 1883.

H. E. BOTHIN, President Bothin M'f'g Co.:

DEAR SIR—After careful and complete chemical analysis of a can of Giant Baking Powder, purchased by us in open market, we find that it does not contain alum, acid phosphate, terra alba, or any injurious substance, but is a pure, healthful Cream Tartar Baking Powder, and as such can recommend it to consumers.

WM. T. WENZELL & CO.,
Analytic Chemists.

We concur:
R. BEVERLY COLE, M. D.
J. L. MEARES, M. D., Health Officer.
ALFRED W. PERRY, M. D., } Members of San
W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D., } Francisco Board
AUG. ALERS, M. D., } of Health.

**Manufactured by**

**BOTHIN M'F'G COMPANY,**

**17 and 19 Main Street, San Francisco.**

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

---

# A HOME DRUGGIST
## TESTIFIES.

**Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as**

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

**The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—**

**RHEUMATISM.** "Eight years ago I had an attack of **Rheumatism**, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

**SALT RHEUM.** GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with **Salt Rheum** in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

**PREPARED BY**

**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

**Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.**

---

*Apollinaris*

**"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."**
*British Medical Journal.*

*"Tonic, Restorative, and Enlivening."*
**Dr. Thilenius.**

*"Exhilarating, good for Loss of Appetite."*
**Peter Squire, Chemist to the Queen.**

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.

*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*

**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.**

**FOR SALE BY**

**A. F. EVANS & CO.**

**522 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**

---

**HEALD'S** BUSINESS COLLEGE.
No. 24 Post Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

---

# GRANULA

An incomparable Food for **Invalids** and **Children**; oldest and best health food known; delicious as a diet; grocers and druggists sell it. Manufactured by
**OUR HOME GRANULA CO.**, Dansville, N. Y.
Wholesale Agents: HICKOX & CO., San Francisco, Cal.; WATSON, WRIGHT & CO., Portland, Or.; H. JEVNE, Los Angeles, Cal.

---

# NOW READY THE FINEST CIGARETTE
## "CLOTH OF GOLD,"

**(Straight Mesh.)**

**SWEET, DELICATE, AND MILD!!**

This Cigarette is made from the finest and most costly leaf from that region of Virginia particularly adapted for growing tobacco for Cigarettes. Our long experience in manufacturing enables us to secure the most suital le kinds of tobacco and thus present this superior article, with the full assurance THAT ITS EQUAL HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN OFFERED. A higher grade Cigarette can not be produced. We call particular attention to the superior quality of our old brands of Cigarettes. They can not be surpassed.

**Twelve First Prize Medals.**

**Peerless Tobacco Works.**

**WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

---




411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

---

## ANTI-FAT.

**The Greatest Discovery of the Age** by an English lady, who has, by close study and practice, found a remedy whereby people of either sex can be reduced in flesh at the rate of five to seven pounds a month without injury to health or looks, the skin on body and face retaining its smooth appearance. This treatment strengthens the nerves and muscles, destroying only the fat, which is simply a watery fluid in the tissues, producing gout, rheumatism, incipient paralysis, apoplexy, and fatty degeneration of the heart. Address ANTI-FAT, office box 1925, city.

---

**CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of January, 1884, an assessment (No. 10) of Twenty (20c) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the eleventh (11th) day of February, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the eighth (8th) day of March, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

---

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

OFFICE OF THE STANDARD CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY, San Francisco, January 2, 1884.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the abovenamed company, held this day, Dividend No. 63, of Twenty-five cents (25c) per share, was declared, payable on Saturday, January 12, 1884, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, in New York.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

---

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 523 California Street, corner Webb. For the half-year ending with December 31, 1883, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after January 2, 1884.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

---

**WANTED.**

**Back Numbers of The Argonaut.**

Vol. IV, No. 4; Vol. XII, No. 9.—We will pay twenty-five cents each for either of these numbers at the Business Office of this paper.

---




Will be mailed **FREE** to all applicants and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains illustrations, prices, descriptions and directions for planting all Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, etc. **Invaluable to all.**

**D. M. FERRY & CO.** DETROIT, Mich.

---

*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE CALI-*FORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY-Northwest corner Powell and Eddy Streets. For the half year ending with Dec. 31, 1883, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 60-100) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, and two (2) per cent per annum on Commercial Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1884. By order.

VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

---

*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE GER-*man Savings and Loan Society. For the half year ending Dec. 31, 1883, the Board of Directors of the GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY has declared a dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of four and thirty-two one hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent. per annum, payable on and after the 2d day of January, 1884. By order.

GEORGE LETTE, Secretary.

# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Saturday, October 20, 1883.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 9.30 A.M. | ..Antioch and Martinez..... | 2.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia. ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa..... | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | } Deming, El Paso } Express.... | 2.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | } and East..... } Emigrant .. | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | } Galt and } via Livermore..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | } Stockton } via Martinez..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Ione..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | ..Los Angeles and South..... | 2.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | ..Madera and Fresno..... | 2.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | ..Merced ..... | 2.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | } Mojave, Needles, } Express.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | } and East..... } Emigrant .. | 2.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | ..Marysville and Chico..... | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " ..... | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | } Ogden and } Express..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 5.30 P.M. | } East..... } Emigrant .. | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | } Red Bluff } via Marysville.. | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | } and Tehama } via Woodland... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Redoing ..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers.... | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José..... | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | .. " ..... | 2.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Virginia City..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 4.30 P. M. can meet Pacific Express from Oregon at Benicia; and that leaving at 9.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from the Needles and El Paso at Antioch.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡11.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Daily, except Sundays. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over **3,300** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**

**227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.,**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.

Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.


NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

**BROAD GAUGE.**

## WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, November 11, 1883,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| †6.50 A.M. | | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | *8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | 9.03 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| *5.10 P.M. | | †4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | .....Principal Way Stations... | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Soquel, Aptos.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, broad gauge, no change of cars | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 5.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (sportsmen's train).

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets — at Reduced Rates — to Monterey, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS

Sold on Saturday and Sunday—good to return on Monday—to Santa Clara or San José, $2.50; to Gilroy, $4.00; to Monterey or Santa Cruz, $5.00, and to principal points between San Francisco and San José.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Sunday, November 4th, 1883,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—*10.15, †10.15 A. M., †1.35, *1.45, *4.50, †5.00 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†7.00, *8.45 A. M., *3.45, *5.30, †5.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—*8.00, †8.50 A.M., *12.00 †12.00 M., *2.30, †3.35 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—*6.50, †6.40, *8.45 A. M., *3.20, †5.10 P. M. * Week Days. † Sundays only.

For SAUCELITO (Week Days)—8.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.00, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 2.00, 5.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (Week Days)—7.45, 9.30 A. M., 12.30, 4.20 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.00, 3.15, 6.10 P. M.

Extra trips—From San Francisco, on Monday, at 6.50 A. M.; on Saturday at 1.30 P. M. From Saucelito, on Saturday at 2.15 and 6.15 P. M.

**10.15 A. M.** Daily, Sudays excepted (via San Quentin Ferry), THROUGH TRAIN, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through Train from Duncan Mills arrives in S. F. at 1.10 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning except Mondays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**7.00 A. M.** from Saucelito Ferry, Excursion Train every Sunday for Point Reyes and Way Stations.

Returning, arrives in San Francisco (via Saucelito Ferry) 6.50 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


# MORRIS & KENNEDY'S

**ART GALLERY,**

**NOS. 19 AND 21 POST STREET.**

**We have just received a very fine collection of New Etchings and Engravings, and a lot of choice Bronzes and Casts, suitable for Holiday Presents. Also, the very latest style of Frames.**

**ART GALLERY FREE. OPEN EVENINGS.**

# CHARLES R. ALLEN,

**Dealer in House, Steam, Foundry, and**

CUMBERLAND COAL,

**ENGLISH COKE AND PIG IRON,**

**120 Beale Street, San Francisco.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA**

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| STEAMER | 1884. | From San Francisco for HONGKONG. |
|---|---|---|
| ARABIC | | Thursday, February 7th. |
| OCEANIC | | Saturday, March 8th. |
| ARABIC | | Saturday, April 26th. |
| OCEANIC | | Tuesday, May 27th. |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Rio de Janeiro..... January 14, 1884**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Blas.....January 15**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, SAN BLAS, MANZANILLO, and ACAPULCO, and via ACAPULCO for Lower Mexican and Central American ports, calling at SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA and LA LIBERTAD to land passengers and mails.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West India ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Zealandia.....January 18**

At 4.30 P. M., or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on the 5th, 10th, 15th, 20th, 25th, and 30th of every month. The steamer sailing the 30th of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every three days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, NO. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER**

**MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR,

**MANAGER.**

**Corner First and Market Streets,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.

London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital.....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.

THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.

BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama.

## The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK

LIMITED,

**N. E. corner Pine and Sansome Streets.**

London Office, 3 Angel Court. New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street.

**Authorized Capital Stock.....$6,000,000**

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections, buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, and issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED F. LOW, IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.

P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**
Of London. Instituted 1803.

**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.

**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.

**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1882..... 684,332 83**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# ALASKA

# COMMERCIAL CO.

**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

**R. P. HAMMOND, Jr.,**

**CIVIL ENGINEER AND LAND SURVEYOR,**

Room 38, 318 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal

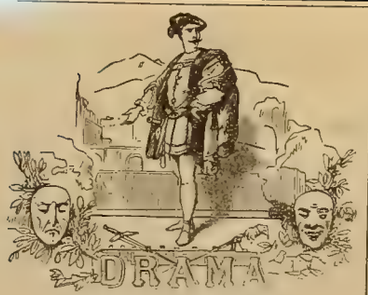
JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, ... between Montgomery and Sansome, San ... fornia. Take elevator.




"Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

"Diplomacy" may come to worse grief in a harder cast than that at the Baldwin Theatre, but both propositions are doubtful. It requires a great deal of courage to present the play with such a cast, but the theatres are not lacking in that sort of courage.

One could not help thinking what a vast deal of injustice must be done to lesser playwrights when this *chef d'œuvre* of one of the immortals lost its distinguishing characteristic in the mangling.

The very name of the play suggests the very refinement of finished elegance. Elegance is the study of the men who pull the wires that make the nations dance. Perhaps it is most generally conceded that the greatest natural diplomate now living is the Princess Alexandra of England. Placed in the most difficult position which the world can offer, that of long-waiting for a crown which must come to her, she has yet never seemed to desire to hasten her glory, other than by bearing herself always just as an apprentice queen should. She has completely won the hearts of the British people; she has thoroughly commanded the respect of her doughty, cranky mother-in-law. More than all, she has extracted that royal rake, her husband, from each one of the innumerable scrapes into which he has run his bull head with a delicacy, a finesse, and an infinite tact, which has triumphantly saved his self-respect and hers, and left the professional beauty of the moment altogether uncertain as to the completeness of her conquest.

When Thackeray, like every other English writer of note, penned his welcome to Alexandra, when her marriage bells were ringing, he quoted dispraisingly a bard who wrote:

"May never sorrow dim those dove-like eyes,
But peace, as pure as reigned in Paradise
Calm and untainted on creation's eve,
Attend thee still."

"Assuredly," says Thackeray, "our fair princess will shed many tears out of the dove-like eyes, or the heart will be little worth. Is she to know no parting, no care, no anxious longing, no tender watches by the sick, to deplore no friends and kindred, and feel no grief? Heaven forbid!"

Heaven has forbidden, and the gentle Alexandra has had her share of salt tears. But she has never posed as a weeping wife. The public knows only her bright, apparently spontaneous smile, her gentle high-bred dignity, her gentler patronage, which is almost familiarity but for its ineffable elegance. Even Albert Edward himself, who should know his wife better, yields to her winsomeness, without suspecting that she is the shrewdest diplomate in Europe.

I should recommend Alexandra as an example to every embassador who goes accredited to a foreign court—to every fledgling like Algy Fairfax who fancies himself studying statecraft at a desk in an embassy.

How much more is such a model to those who play at playing embassadors, and seek, in the mimicry of the stage, to convey an idea of the habits, and thoughts, and lives of these people who imbibe diplomacy, and all its corresponding elegancies and refinements, almost with their mother's milk.

I mentioned something of this exalted train of ideas to Jack, as we strolled up the wide thoroughfare on our way to see "Diplomacy."

"I foresee a blow for you, Betsy," Jack was kind enough to say. "Your ideas about diplomatic people are all very well, but I feel sure that they will cast Mestayer for the English embassador, and really, my dear, I have never been able to detect any marked resemblance between his manners and those of the Princess of Wales."

The blow fell. Mestayer was cast for the English embassador, and succeeded in making of Mr. Henry Beauclerc a very unpresentable person.

"My dear," cries Jack, shortly, "is it not the custom for diplomates to black their boots? If they do not, I am quite sure Grismer will enter presently in patent-leathers, at least properly equipped to make a morning call upon a lady in the ordinary walks of life."

"Jack," I begin, coldly, "remarks of this sort are not criticism."

"Great heavens, Betsy!" interrupts Jack, "you don't mean to say that any one would deliberately criticise such a—a—an impersonation I believe the critics call it—as that? The man is not capable of playing Henry Beauclerc; but he is capable of paying so much tribute to the compliment of being called upon to do it as to have his boots blacked. At five cents a shine, too! Why, no self-respecting man approches to simplest social undertaking without such a preliminary, to say nothing of playing a leading part in one of the great plays of the age."

"It would be very much more of a compliment to his privilege," I said to Jack, later in the evening, "if the gentleman had had the grace to learn his lines. The stage bristles with prompters. Miss Jeffreys-Lewis is obliged to destroy the continuity of some of her best scenes to give Mr. Mestayer the word. Grismer is continually doing the same. The prompter's voice follows Henry Beauclerc about the stage as the calcium light follows Henry Irving in "The Bells." When he gets befogged in a scene with the Marquise de Rio Zares, they both give it up, and stare hopelessly at each other. This is all very fine to make the play go; but it is really stretching a point to expect Jeffreys-Lewis and Joseph Grismer to support Mr. Charles Mestayer."

Jack assented that it was rather a curious turn turn of affairs. "However," said he, "I don't find his defective memory so actively disagreeable as his facetiæ. As I recall the play, when it was played, Mr. Henry Beauclerc permitted himself to be faintly but most dignifiedly amusing for a brief line or two; but when this actor shows the Baron Stein into the room with a piece of buffoonery, I really expect the baron, even in the play, to give him just one straight from the shoulder for his impertinence. He has interpolated two or three bits of this form of humor, and I don't like it."

"Jack," I suggest, "let us return to the Marquise de Rio Zares."

"The Marquise de Rio Zares is a very amusing person, and I will not have her aspersed. All the same, Betsy, I should like to know what you women call that pink outbreak in which she first burst upon us?"

"That, my dear," I said, "is a mere sketch in nun's veiling. It has neither lining nor finish, and it threatens to fail to contain the Marquise; but we will hope for the best until the end of the week."

"And the dun-colored one in the second act?"

"It's the *delirium tremens* in dry goods. In short, the whole outfit, Jack, is one of the last relics of the fast dying traditions of British dowdyism. The Princess, the Countess Dudley, Mrs. Langtry, and many more, have done much to disperse this once all-prevailing idea; but while we have such marquises on the stage it will not become wholly a tradition."

At some tide in the conversation, an expression of the most poignant alarm settled upon Jack's face.

"I am quite sure," he said, "there is something serious the matter with Orloff. Of course, he is very unpleasantly placed in the play, and this young gentleman evidently intends to make the most of it in two languages, one of which, by the way, the world would never suspect to be French, though I have reason to believe that French is his intention. But I do not think the situation guarantees the downright agony the man is suffering. In point of fact, Betsy, not to be irreverent, he has caught the exact expression of the great *Ecce Homo*."

"Jack," I say, quite shocked, "I beg that you will change the conversation."

"She's a nice chubby little Dora, isn't she?" veered Jack immediately, as though continuing something else begun. "I shouldn't call her highly emotional, and she seems to be standing around a good deal doing nothing; but I suppose she means well. Besides, she looked very well in that dress with the preserved roses and the imperceptible sleeves."

"It seems to me Jack, that, considering that we are assisting at a representation of the great play, 'Diplomacy,' our remarks have been chiefly a dissertation upon dress."

"We are assisting at the slaughter of the great play, 'Diplomacy,' Bess. The Henry Beauclerc is execrable; the Orloff is bad; the Dora is inexcusably weak; the Lady Henry Fairfax is a mere dramatic phantom; the Marquise de Rio Zares is amusing in the wrong way; Algy Fairfax is not amusing in any way, and it is his duty so to be; the Baron Stein is made up well and acts well, but he has an accent like the old clothes dealer; Grismer is a good Julian, in an American way, for the part suggests an Englishman as almost a necessity; still, as Asa Trenchard is often played by a cockney, this is no serious mischance. He is so immeasurably a better actor than any one around him, that there is positive comfort in his presence upon the stage. As for Zicka, poor Zicka, who is eliminated from one act altogether, the play not having been written for her—yet she the very one we come to see; she appears quite cast down and overwhelmed to-night by this debasing of her pet play. And yet, I warrant you, she will rally to her confession with all of her accustomed fire, and wring our hearts with pity for her, and send us home as usual, thinking that the good women are all wrong and the bad women all right, and the distribution of our fate packages all awry."

And she did rally to it, and did send us home full of pity for the outcast? Fortunately, she had the last few moments of the play to herself, and left a good impression, which helped to efface the horrors of the previous hours.

Had Sardou been there in person, he would have had a rush of indignation to the brain, and been carried home on a stretcher before the end of the second act.

On Monday, "Forget Me Not" will be produced, the third of Jeffreys-Lewis's successes, for Stephanie is close kin to their fiery ladyships, Geraldine and Zicka. It is out of the power of the company to ruin this play, as the cast is small, and there is only one great part it.

"Mein Gott in himmel!" cried Jack—that being all the German he knows—when the large Norma of Friday burst suddenly into German.

Polyglot opera is good enough to laugh at, but any artist who claims to have had the proper training has no right to disturb the harmonies by repeating the comico-tragedy of Babel. That pretty Miss Thorn, who has perhaps twenty words to sing of a night, has certainly no right to sing them in English. If she have a singing-master—and it is fair to presume she has—a few moments a day, with his assistance, would suffice to give her the Italian of these twenty words, and prevent her from making her brief lines absurd.

If such be the duty of this young and unimportant singer, who is almost a lay figure, how much more is it the duty of the *prima donna* to preserve the unities.

In undertaking the rôle of Norma, Madame Rosetti essayed what is considered one of the great dramatic rôles in Italian opera. She was singing, with an Italian troupe, the work of an Italian composer, and a work which is considered one of the chief exponents of the Italian school. Her bolting suddenly into German at intervals was unpleasant, inartistic, inexcusable—nay, barbarous. There are traces that Norma was once a fine piece of work in her hands, but the "Casta Diva" seemed to exhaust her reserve of strength, and she simply screamed her way through the remainder of the opera. Signora Zeppili was a most charming Adelgisa.

A benefit has been tendered to Mr. Fred Bert, on Monday evening, when they will present "Ernani." This and "Il Trovatore" have been the most successful operas of the season, partly because the public revel in the tunefulness of the early Verdi, before he became Wagneresque, partly because the singers themselves seem to best enjoy interpreting him, and principally because in these operas Baldanza—who is a favorite even in the teeth of his unrecovered voice—is decidedly at his best.

BETSY B.

An incident which occurred the other night, says the Boston correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, illustrates the perfect training of the actors and their absolute self-control. In a scene where only Irving and two other actors were on the stage, or, in other words, King Louis, a courtier, and a ruffian, a fly representing a group of trees standing directly behind the King became loosened and tottered. As nonchalantly as if it were a part of his regular stage business the ruffian sauntered quickly but coolly up to the group of trees, and, bracing himself firmly, stood as if leaning against the trunk of one of them thinking over the King's words. Irving did not betray by the trembling of an eyelash that he was aware of the fact that his life was endangered by the insecurity of the heavy piece of scenery, and the courtier waited until his lines allowed him to do so easily before edging up to the wings to call for aid from behind. The scene was not in the least interrupted, and it is doubtful if one person in fifty in the audience was aware of the incident at all. Next week Mr. Irving is to be the guest at the St. Botolph Club, where, it is safe to predict, he will be met by as notable a company as gathered to meet Mr. Cable and Matthew Arnold. Miss Ellen Terry the same evening is due at the Papyrus dinner, where she is to accompany Mr. Hatton, the genial journalist who is to serve as the medium through which the world is to receive Mr. Irving's impressions of America. This ladies' night dinner, by the way, is to be the most brilliant the club has ever given. W. D. Howells, who was once a member, and made the club serve as a model in "A Modern Instance," is to be present; Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett comes from Washington expressly to be there; Miss Nora Perry is to be a guest; Mr. and Mrs. Brooke Herford are coming from New York; and there will be many another brilliant social and literary light. For literary exercises Mr. J. Wheelright (author of "Rollo's Journey") reads an imaginary record of a meeting of the club; Robert Grant, a droll account of the trials attending the management of a ladies' night dinner; Mr. B. F. Ticknor an occasional poem devoted largely to Miss Terry; the Rev. H. Bernard Carpenter responds in rhyme for the ladies; Arlo Bates reads a suite of Cuban poems; Mr. W. E. Apthorp gives a musical impersonation, Mr. Adamowski a violin solo, while the president, Mr. George F. Babbitt, is expected to do something remarkable in the way of an address. The *menu* cards will bear a photograph of the club punch-bowl, loving-cup, and beer-mug, which have been cleverly grouped into a very artistic bit of still life; and a gorgeous time generally is expected.

"I get up the whole business of an amateur performance, or any part of it," a New York man said to a *Sun* reporter; "put up the scenery, or supply not only the scenery, but the performers, for anything—farce, pantomime, society drama, tragedy, or variety talent, inclusive of ventriloquism, magic, and contortion acts. The main part of my trade, however, is the simple setting of stages for folks who want to do their own performing. For that I have thirty or more engagements through the winter season, and the business is growing from year to year very satisfactorily. Of course, I have have had a fair amount of theatrical experience, and I know just what is wanted, and all my scenery is so built that it will fit any place, from the back parlor of a private residence up to a good sized hall. In a private house I raise the stage eighteen inches above the floor, but in a hall set it up to the regulation three feet. Where I can do so I like to give them a good set of four, or even five entrances, for, of course, I take some pride in seeing my work look well, and, besides, it is to my interest to have it please my customers, but it is not often that I get a place deep enough for such sets. Sometimes I have to cut traps, but not very often, and they are little or no trouble. I have some easily-fitted traps ready for such emergencies, and, where they will not serve, others can be made at little cost for the occasion. We always have time for that, as our orders are generally received a month or six weeks before the things will be wanted. As a rule, however, amateurs do not venture into plays that require traps or other elaborate stage mechanism. If they risk their little barks any distance on the histrionic sea, away from the solid shore of common life, it is in the direction of sublime impersonation of grand characters, not merely spectacular effect. Speaking of traps reminds me of a little incident that happened a few years ago in a little Michigan town. Miss Blanche de Bar and a moderately tart company were hunting fickle fortune in towns more or less not on the map. They struck one place that had an entirely new hall, and opened it with a performance of 'The Hidden Hand.' When their carpenter came to cut the trap in the stage for Black Dan—or whatever his name is—to fall into when Capitola presses her foot on the spring in the floor, he was astonished to see that he had cut right through into the store below, which belonged to the owner of the hall. The owner, a jolly, good-natured, ready sort of chap, came up, and, finding that the trap was necessary for the play, said: 'All right, you go ahead and cut it. I'll fix it up some way so that it will be all right for to-night.' He and the carpenter did fix it up, in some way best known to themselves, while the rest of the company went away until time for performance. In the evening the carpenter told them, 'Look out for those boards over the trap under the carpet, and don't kick them away, or you'll leave the trap open. When the time comes I'll take 'em away, and all Black Dan will have to do will be to step forward on the space, and the carpet will give way with him.' As he said, so it was done. When Capitola put her foot on the imaginary spring, and Black Dan took a step toward her threateningly, he dropped out of sight quicker than a flash. There was a moment's silence, and then up from that trap came a volley of half-smothered howls, ejaculations of profane amazement, and wild yells of 'Where am I?' that were not in the play. They rang down the curtain and investigated. The ingenious landlord and the carpenter had nailed securely in the trap by its mouth a huge wool-sack, about fourteen feet long. When the actor went through the trap, he dropped clear to the bottom of it, and there he was, swinging like a pendulum in darkness, suffocated, and frightened almost to death. I never go out to put up scenery for less than thirty dollars, and sometimes that may run up as high as seventy-five dollars, according to what people want. That includes my working the stage on the night of performance. I can give as many as five scenes, if they are required, but the pieces done by amateurs seldom call for more than two or three. My curtain does not roll, but draws, like that at the Casino. Of course, I keep everything as bright as possible, and that is not difficult with the amount of scenery I carry—a very different matter from the stock of a regular theatre."

At the Baldwin Theatre "Forget-me-Not" will be produced next Monday night. "Odette" and Celia Logan's "An American Marriage" are in preparation.

Next Monday evening Manager Bert will be tendered a grand benefit at the California Theatre, when the Italian opera troupe will produce "Ernani."

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Mr. and Mrs. Edouin will soon return from Europe.

The whole Christmas number of London *Truth* is devoted to P. T. Barnum.

Ten members of John McCullough's company have been with him for from six to ten years.

Mr. Charles Coghlan, who is still acting under the management of Mr. John Stetson, has sued that gentleman for arrears of salary.

The Abbey Italian Opera Company consists of three hundred persons, and is by far the largest theatrical company that has ever traveled.

C. B. Bishop has abandoned the one-piece system, and is doing very fairly with his repertoire—"Our Boys," "Strictly Business," and "Want-ed, a Thousand Milliners."

Charles Barras, a young man who represented himself to be a son of the author of "The Black Crook," is discovered to be a swindler. He has already victimized many. The late Barras never had any children.

Miss Florence St. John has been retained to "create" the part of Nell Gwynne, in Monsieur Lanquette's forthcoming opera, which, however, will not be produced in London until January 7th, or probably later.

"The Beggar Student" is at present being played in three cities—New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. McCaull's company, now playing in Chicago, also carry it in their repertoire, and the Thalia Theatre company (German) present it occasionally in New York city.

It is said that Patti's Welsh *protégé*, the young baritone she heard and admired so much when in the rough, has been soon, thanks to her kindness, restored to the requisite standard to appear in public next season. Report says he has a wonderful voice, powerful, of rich quality, and great compass.

George Fawcett Rowe has sold Al. Hayman the exclusive right of doing "Pop" in the Australian colonies. Hayman will produce it with Kate Castleton and her company. James Allison made the purchase. Mr. Rice denies that Rowe has the right to dispose of the piece, as he (Rice) owns "Pop" outright.

Millocker's opera comique, "The Beggar Student," is still greeted with fashionable and delighted audiences at the Bijou Theatre. Suppé's new opera, "A Journey in Africa," which was successfully produced at the Thalia Theatre in New York on Thursday evening, will be produced during the present season. Solomon's "The White Sergeant" will immediately follow "The Beggar Student." Suppé's opera will be the succeeding attraction.

During a performance of the "Stranglers of Paris" in Philadelphia, Oliver Wren was severely injured by a bayonet in the hands of a "super." The accident occurred in the scene representing a prison cage on board the ship. The super charged bayonet and ran the point in Wren's temple, where it broke off and had to be probed for. Mr. Wren was very low for several days, lying in a unconscious state. He is now convalescent, but still not able to assume his rôle in the play.

Mr. Gilbert's new play, in which Miss Mary Anderson will enact the chief part, is entitled "Comedy and Tragedy." It will be produced at the London Lyceum Theatre about a fortnight after "Pygmalion and Galatea" is brought forward, and then the two pieces will be given together; and it is expected that this bill will keep the stage until next April. In case a change should be thought desirable, however, Miss Anderson will appear in Juliet. Her engagement is advancing in ample prosperity. Acting in "The Lady of Lyons," she has drawn crowded houses, and hundreds of persons have been turned away from the doors for want of room.

The leading part in Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, "The Princess," which was produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, January 5th, writes a correspondent, is the Princess Ida, taken by Miss Lillian Russell, the young American mezzo soprano, whose rich, full, and sympathetic voice, agreeable presence, and lively style of acting, render her a valuable acquisition to the company. The King Gama of the occasion is Mr. George Grossmith, while Mr. Rutland Barrington represents King Hildebrand. Mr. Bracy, the tenor—a new comer—Mr. Lely, and Mr. Riley, play the three Princes, and Mr. Temple one of the Princess's sturdy brothers. The other performers are Mr. Warwick Grey, Miss Brandram, Miss Jessie Bond, and Miss Leonora Braham; Miss Barnett is not included, there being no part suited to her peculiar style. The costumes will be magnificent, even beyond anything yet seen, even at the Savoy. The "sweet girl graduates'" robes, and an armor scene in the last act, in which the whole company with the chorus appear in glittering armor, are the chief "sensations" of the occasion. The opera is in a prologue and two acts—a departure from the usual form of the author and composer, and it is claimed that the music is more ambitious than Sullivan has heretofore attempted for the stage, and that thirteen thousand dollars has been spent on costumes alone.

At the Bush Street Theatre, next Monday, will begin the last week of the Harrison-Gourlay troupe, when "Photos" will be presented by special request. January 21st the Raymond Holmes Comedy Company in one week of "Whims."

Jay Rial's "Taken From Life" will succeed the Pantomime Company next week at the Grand Opera House.

Next Monday night the Sheridans will appear with Emerson's Minstrels, at the Standard Theatre.

Mr. Alma Tadema denies that he arranged Mary Anderson's dress as Galatea. He was not even present at the stage rehearsal. She was dressed, he says, from the design of Mr. Frank D. Millett, the New York painter. He thinks the impression of the piece more Parisian than Athenian.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

### Song of the All-wool Shirt.

My father bought an undershirt,
Of bright and flaming red—
"All wool, I'm ready to assert,
Fleece-dyed," the merchant said.
"Your size is thirty-eight, I think;
A forty you should get,
Since all-wool goods are bound to shrink
A trifle when they're wet."

That shirt two weeks my father wore—
Two washings, that was all—
From forty down to thirty-four
It shrank like leaf in fall.
I wore it then a day or two,
But when 'twas washed again
My wife said: "Now 'twill only do
For little brother Ben."

A fortnight Ben squeezed into it,
At last he said it hurt.
We put it on our babe—the fit
Was good as any shirt.
We ne'er will wash it more while yet
We see its flickering light,
For if again that shirt is wet
'Twill vanish from our sight.

—*Eugene Field in Chicago News.*

### The Wm. and the Tile.

A goat stood by the orchard wall—
A goat serene and fat;
He spied a little distance off
On the ground a white felt hat,
And in a jiffy swallowed it whole,
And his heart went pit-a-pat.

Then joyfully on his hinder limbs
He assumed a buttfull pose,
Then stood in a gentle reverie,
Like a bard in a poppied doze,
And wriggled his tail and blinked his eyes,
And twisted his purple nose.

"Oh, I can the boot, and the oyster-can,
And the old hoop-skirt digest!"
Just then he jumped ten feet off the ground,
With a motion of vague unrest—
He suddenly learned that that white felt hat
Was a raging hornet's nest.

—*R. K. Munkittrick in Puck.*

### Baron Alfred Vere de Vere.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere
Of me you win no new renown;
You thought to daze the country folk
And cockneys when you came to town.
See Wordsworth, Shelley, Cowper, Burns,
Withdraw in scorn, and sit retired!
The last of some six hundred earls.
Is not a place to be desired.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
We thought you proud to bear your name;
Your pride is yet no mate for ours,
Too proud to think a title fame.
We hail the genius—not the lord;
We love the poet's truer charms.
A simple singer with his dreams
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
I see you march, I hear you say,
"Bow, bow, ye lower middle-class!"
Is all the burden of your lay.
We held you first without a peer,
And princely by your noble words—
The Senior Wrangler of our bards
Is now the Wooden Spoon of lords.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head?
For just five decades now have flown
Since we all mourned young Arthur dead,
Oh, your wet eyes, your low replies!
Our tears have mingled with your tear;
To think that all such agony
Should end in making you a peer!

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
Our England has had poets, too;
They sang some grand old songs of yore,
But never reached such heights as you.
Will Shakespeare was a prince of bards,
Our Milton was a king to hear,
But had their manners that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere?

* * * * * * * * * *

Trust me, Baron Vere de Vere,
When nobles eat their noblest words,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the airs of poet-lords.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Plain souls are more than coronets,
And simple lives than Baronhood.

I know you, Baron Vere de Vere;
You pine among your halls and bays;
The jaded light of your vain eyes
Is wearied with the flood of praise.
In glowing fame, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vain disease,
You are so dead to simple things,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Alfred, Alfred Vere de Vere,
If Time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no toilers in our streets,
Nor any poor in all these lands?
Oh, teach the weak to strive and hope!
Or teach the great to help the low,
Pray heaven for a noble heart,
And let the foolish title go.

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

### Her Great Understanding.

The diamonds she wore of brilliancy rare,
And she dressed in fine laces and satin;
She spoke French and German with accent most fair,
And wasn't a novice in Latin.
Her wonderful wealth was almost on a par
With her rare and correct nomenclature,
But her feet were regarded by all, near and far,
As grand and sublime freaks of Nature.

—*Bismarck Tribune.*

ICHI BAN

Frank Chanfrau has a grown son, Harry, who has lived in a theatrical atmosphere since he was born. Traveling with his father and mother in their winter professional tours, and spending his summers at their Long Branch home in the midst of show people, it might be supposed that he would be able to step into view on the stage with self-possession, if not with artistic acceptability, whenever he chose. But, on his recent début, he was stage-frightened. At the most dramatic juncture in his rôle he was to deftly take one portrait from under a curtain on an easel, and substitute another. Two hands were not enough, and an extra one might not have qualified him for the feat, so complicated did it become to him. According to a correspondent's description, when he got one picture in his right hand and the other in his left, the curtain fell over the easel, completely frustrating him. When he tried to elbow the cloth aside, one canvas dropped to the floor. The heartless giggling of the audience increased his embarrassment, and he grabbed and fumbled wildly. His fingers, which had all the while been thumbs, were turned into mere stumps at the ends of his arms, and his ruination of the scene was ingloriously complete.

### CCCV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, January 13, 1884.

Harrico Soup.
Deviled Crabs.
Broiled Snipe on Toast.
Spinach. Corn Sauté.
Roast Pork, Apple Sauce.
Potato Salad.
Baked Batter Pudding.
Oranges, Apples, Japanese Persimmons, Raisins, and Walnuts.

HARRICO SOUP.—Cut some mutton cutlets from the neck; trim and fry them of a light brown; stew in brown gravy soup until tender. Have ready some carrots, turnips, celery, and onions; fry them in butter until done. Clean the soup from the fat; then add the vegetables; color it, and thicken with butter and flour; season, and add to it a little port wine and katsup. If the gravy is ready the soup will require no more time to prepare than may be necessary to render the chops and vegetables tender. If wished to be more highly flavored, add a little curry powder.

## A New Enterprise.

### Something that will Prove a Benefit to Strangers visiting the City.

Mrs. R. G. Lewis, the renowned modiste of San Francisco, whose dress-making parlors are in Thurlow Block, 126 Kearny Street, has introduced a new enterprise to her already successful business, which will prove highly beneficial to strangers in the city. Her method will be to send competent persons to guests upon their arrival at hotels, who can then designate what purchases they desire to make, and they will be conducted at once to the most reliable stores in the city. In this way, the buyer will be saved time, inconvenience, and exorbitant charges by unprincipled sellers, who invariably take advantage of strangers. This is a system of business entirely new here, although extensively carried on in the East, and in the larger cities of Europe. Ladies of the interior can send an order, with bust and length measurements, with piece, to Mrs. Lewis, and have any article forwarded to them.

— THE METROPOLITAN HALL IS MORE elegantly upholstered and conveniently arranged than any other hall west of the Mississippi River. In fact, there are few theatres which can equal it for size and beauty.

— THE BAR AT THE MOUTH OF THE RUSSIAN River, near Duncan Mills, was opened a few days ago, and large quantities of salmon are coming in, giving excellent sport to fishermen.

— IF FAITHFULLY USED, AYER'S SARSAPARILla will remove the scrofulous taint in whatever form it may exist.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— FOR CLEANSING THE THROAT AND FOR strengthening the voice, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable to singers and public speakers.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES 235 KEARNY ST. S.F.

Southwest cor. of Bush. Established 1877.

PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

ELITE BOUQUET

.....AND.....

PECK'S

TRIPLE EXTRACT

FOR THE

HANDKERCHIEF!

IN ALL ODORS. TRY IT.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE

WESTERN PERFUMERY CO.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

L. GREENBAUM, PROPRIETOR.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

JOHN DANIEL & CO.

Importers and Dealers in Italian Marble and Scotch Granite

MONUMENTS AND MANTELS,

No. 421 Pine Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco, Cal.

Manufacturers of Monuments, Headstones, Mantelpieces, Plumbers' Stones, Table and Counter Tops, Imposing Stones, etc., at lowest cash prices.

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS

And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,

415 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco



The Burr Parlor Folding Bed SAVES RENT

Holds all the bedding, including pillows. Prices from $30 to $300, according to size, style, and finish.

F. S. CHADBOURNE & CO., 741-3-5 Market Street, S. F.

H. H. Gross, Manager Folding Bed Department.



FINE

Suits, $25. TAILORING Suits, $30.

Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.

Suits, $40. TAILORING Suits, $50.

Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.

Suits, $60. TAILORING Suits, $70.

J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.



The Union Under-Flannel—the best Hygienic Garment made. Highly recommended by physicians for its uniform warmth, there being no lap over the abdomen as is the case with the old-fashioned suits. The universal verdict is, TRY THEM ONCE, and you will never want to wear the others. All sizes and grades on hand for Ladies and Children. We import these goods direct from the manufacturers, and have unusual facilities for suiting customers to them. Send for Illustrated Catalogue of our Corsets, Waists, Shoulder-braces, etc., which took the First Prize (a Silver Medal) at the late Mechanics' Fair, to

Mrs. M. H. Ober & Co.,

326 Sutter Street, S. F.

Parties at a distance can be supplied by mail.

R. H. McDonald, President, San Francisco, Cal.

PACIFIC BANK

Established 1863.

Capital Stock $1,000,000.00

Surplus 460,800.70

San Francisco, Cal., July 1, 1882.

PIANOS

KOHLER & CHASE,

137 POST STREET. Decker Brothers', Fischer, and Emerson Pianos, and Mason & Hamlin Organs. Send for catalogue.

THE

AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.

Office, 208 California Street.

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY

OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.

Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.

C. SPRECKELS, President.

J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.

A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 309 SANSOME STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.

Commission Merchants,

San Francisco.

OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.

Liberal advances made on consignments.

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.

Shipping and Commission Merchants

San Francisco,

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON.

Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.

Shipping and Commission Merchants

204 and 206 California Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

TABER, HARKER & CO.

Importers and Wholesale Grocers,

108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.

Shipping and Commission Merchants

UNION BLOCK,

202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,

Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.

(Established 1854),

HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed

TILES

For Decorations.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.

Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.

119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

BUY AND RENT

YOUR PIANOS OF

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.

Sole Agents of the celebrated Henry F. Miller Piano of Boston, the Hemme & Long Piano of San Francisco, and the Taylor & Farley Organ.

101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.

WALL PAPER,

Artistic Designs, American, French, and English. Cornice Poles and Fixtures. Sole Agents on Pacific Coast for LINCRUSTA WALTON, the new and indestructible Wall Decoration. Imitation Stained and Ground Glass, for residences, churches, etc. Frescoing and Interior Decorating a specialty.

WINDOW SHADES.

Samples and Estimates furnished on Application.

G. W. CLARK & CO., 645 & 647 MARKET ST.

FIREMAN'S FUND

INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.

CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - $750,000

ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1882, - - - $1,350,000

D. J. STAPLES, President. WILLIAM J. DUTTON, Secretary.

ALPHEUS BULL, Vice-President. E. W. CARPENTER, Asst. Secretary.

AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Cerebral Congestion, etc.

Prepared by GRILLON, SOLE PROPRIETOR,

Pharmacien de première classe de la Faculté de Paris,

27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.

Tamar — unlike pills and the usual purgatives — is agreeable to take and never produces irritation.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BOUND VOLUMES

.....OF.....

THE ARGONAUT.

Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, and XIII.

Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office, No. 213 Dupont Street.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

MAGNESO-CALCITE

FIRE-PROOF

JEWELRY CASES

D. S. BROWN & CO.,

General Agents. 36 California Street.

THE CALIFORNIA

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

Junction Market and Powell Sts.

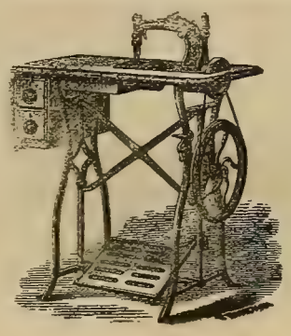
Deposits received. Loans made on city and country property at low rates.

MARBLE WORKS.

MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.

W. H. McCORMICK,

827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.



Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.

WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.

303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

MACRAMÉ TWIN

IN ALL COLORS,

Best assortment in the city at th

"DOMESTIC"

SEWING MACHINE AGENC

29 Post Street,

Also at 1152 Broadway, cor. Thirteenth S Oakland.

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO

Stationers, Booksellers,

Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacture

204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

VAN NESS SEMINARY,

Formerly Mrs. Colgate Baker,

No. 920 VAN NESS AVENU

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children. Easter Term begins January 7th.

MRS. SARA B. GAMBLE, } Principals

MRS. E. H. WOODS, }



TRINITY SCHOOL.

Church, Boarding, and Day School for Young Men a Boys, 1534 Mission Street, San Francisco. Prepares college and university. Easter session opens Thursd Jan. 4, 1884. Refers to Wm. F. Babcock, Esq., Col. E. Eyre, Joseph Powning, Esq., Gen. L. H. Allen, W T. Coleman, Esq., Geo. W. Gibbs, Esq. For informatic address REV. E. B. SPALDING, Rector.

CALIFORNIA

MILITARY ACADEMY

OAKLAND, CAL.

A firstsclass Boarding-school for Boys. Thorough a practical instruction in all departments. First-class boar Special attention given to care and comfort of cade Term begins THURSDAY, January 3, 1884. For circ lars, address COL. W. H. O'BRIEN, Principal.

HOPKINS ACADEM

OAKLAND, CAL.

REV. H. E. JEWETT.....PRINCIPA

Send for catalogue.

EMBROIDERY. Our Book "Manua of Needlework," 100 Pages, is a complete guide to all kinds of EMBROIDERY Gives diagrams and full instruction in KENSINGTON, ARA SENE and all the new embroidery stitches, also gives direc tions for Crocheting and Knitting with cotton twine, severa handsome patterns of window and mantle Lambrequins also to crochet and knit fifty other useful and ornamenta articles. Teaches how to make Modern Point, Honito and Macrame Lace; also Rug Making, Tatting, &c., &c. Pro fusely illustrated. Price 25 cents post-paid; Four for One Dollar. Stamping Outfit of 10 full size perforated Em broidery Patterns, with powder, pad, &c., 60 cents. Book of 100 Embroidery Designs 25 cts. All the above $1.00. Patten Pub. Co. 47 Barclay St. NewYork

REMOVAL

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO

HAVE REMOVED TO

311, 313, 315, and 317

MARKET STREET

Between Beale and Fremont.

GERMEA

FOR BREAKFAST.

DELICIOUS.

TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIV. No. 3. SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 19, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: The Irish Mob which has Seized on Public Property—A Suggestions to Henry George and his Fellow Reformers for an Experiment—What is to be Done About it?—Our Eastern Brethren and the Delights of their Arctic Climate—Bartholdi and the Generous Gift which New York Parsimony ill provides for—Let the Sculptor Offer his Statue to San Francisco—A Fitting Pedestal and Resting-place—Leo XIII. Displays Asinine Qualities—The Contemplated Papal Bull against American and British Free-Masonry—A Retaliation on France and Germany for ill treating the American Hog..... 1-2

CHIT-CHAT: "Una" Discourses on Men, Women, and Things..... 3

ENGLISH LORDS AND AMERICAN GIRLS: "Cockaigne's" Gossip about our Heiresses and Foreign Titles..... 4

MY NEW YEAR'S GUESTS: A Poem of Reminiscence..... 4

A WOMAN OF THE TOWN: The Story of a New Mexican Town..... 5

SOCIETY: The Wallace-Donahue Wedding—"Bavardin's" Letter—Notes and Gossip..... 6

LANGTRY'S LATEST SENSATION: "Flaneur" tells the New York Town-talk..... 7

VANITY FAIR: Its Women and its Fashions..... 8

LITERARY NOTES: The New Books and their Authors..... 8

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Gossip about Prominent People..... 9

OLD FAVORITES: Psyche—To Helen..... 9

STORYETTES: Grave, Gay, Epigramatic, and Otherwise..... 9

THE HAUNTED FLAT: A Tale of Mendocino County..... 10

OUR CHESS COLUMN: An interesting Local Contest..... 10

LITERARY PORTRAITS: Pen Pictures of American Authors..... 11

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS..... 11

THE INNER MAN: A Restaurant in Venice..... 12

THE TUNEFUL LIAR: Lyrics for Leap Year..... 12

THE DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—The Last Philharmonic Concert—Theatrical Gossip..... 14-15

The colony which has, in defiance of God's wrath and popular indignation, squatted upon the great highway by the sea, in a vain endeavor to steal from the people of San Francisco their pleasure resort, is mostly Irish. So far as we can learn, there is but one American (selling candy), one Jew (exhibiting a fish), and three Germans (in the general enterprise of peanuts and pop-corn). All the balance are from that "distressful" country where the green has not yet gotten above the red; where the law recognizes the ownership of land, and enforces the collection of rent. This Irish attempt to appropriate the ocean beach and the great highway for commerce in gin, for the liberty of recreation with fire-arms, for practicing the manly art of slogging, for gambling, violence, and vulgarity, is perhaps wisely ordained as a test of the adaptability of the Irish people for self-government. If the members of this colony by the sea can preserve order enough to protect themselves from violent deaths at the hands of each other, can preserve their stolen property from violent appropriation by their own kind, and can demonstrate that the gin industry is sufficient to maintain a prosperous community, it will prove an instructive lesson to the government of Great Britain, and demonstrate the progress made by the Irish race since "the union," in the direction of its capability for self-government. This experiment will demonstrate several important problems in government. We wish our friend Harry George could be present to inaugurate the working of this first instance of practical appropriation of God's earth. He ought to be employed to formulate a code of laws—that is, if laws are to be permitted in this genuine democracy. Our other friend, John Swinton, of New York, should be invited to bring "his paper," and establish it as the organ of a community where all are equal and all are free, where property is not recognized, and where, as yet, no millionaires have been generated. Perhaps our friend John Swinton will permit us to remark that "his paper" has disappointed us. When anybody promises to "unchain the tiger" it is awfully tedious to be compelled to wait till the keepers can feed, and tickle, and coax the tiger up to the fighting point. We have not lost our respect for our friend John Swinton or "his" paper; but we are somehow acquiring a very contemptible opinion of the tiger; and yet even a tiger would be justified in resenting the very thin and unsatisfactory porridge with which he is being fed only once a week from the trough of John Swinton—"his" paper. "Letting loose the cyclone" is a better and stronger simile than "unchaining the tiger." One conveys the idea of a demagogue stirring up a very cowardly beast with the chance that he may stick his tail between his legs and skedaddle for safety. "Loosing the tempest" and stirring the hearts of men to assert their rights, to revenge their wrongs, to resent encroachments upon their liberties, and for the general vindication of their manhod, conveys the idea of a god-like and irresistible power—one that does not come from demagogues, idlers, drunkards, and criminals; but from God and oppressed humanity; and when John Swinton comes, let him bring his friend Justin Schwab and his lager saloon, for our ocean beach needs one temple of liberty presided over by a "Dutchman." We are often asked about this ocean beach squatting, "What is to be done, and when?" Our answer is that when the daily press—nearly all of whom, except the *Chronicle*, have treated the matter with indifference, or as a joke—shall have done its duty in correctly representing the facts; when the decent part of the community shall realize the extent of the loss it has incurred by the pillage and pollution of this its ocean resort; when the authorities of San Francisco shall be prepared to do their duty without fear or favor to law-breakers who vote—legal proceedings will be instituted to abate this criminal nuisance. So long as the Street Commissioner declines to perform his duty; so long as the police do not recognize the authority to act under direction of the Park Commissioners; so long as certain Supervisors secretly favor the squatters; so long as no court can find a vacant day upon its calendar to try the case of selling liquor without a license until the twentieth day of next March—so long must our people remain patient at the apparent slowness of those whose duty it is to set the machinery of the law in motion. The court will have an opportunity to determine the law, and the executive officers of San Francisco an opportunity to enforce it. If either or both fail, the Irish colony will doubtless continue to work out its land-league government experiment upon our ocean beach park and great highway. Gladstone is not awaiting the result with more interest than ourselves.

We congratulate our Eastern friends upon their delightful climate. "Ice in East River has destroyed a pier." "The Buffalo, New York, and Philadelphia train encountered a fearful storm, and struck a snow-drift five miles from Dunkirk. Snow covered the entire train and locomotive. Passengers remained snowed up seven hours." Advices from Mobile say the late cold weather caused immense damage in that section. "The loss to orange-growers is estimated at nearly one million dollars." "The value of vegetables destroyed reaches an immense sum." A former citizen of San Francisco falls upon the ice in Broadway, and the fall results in death. "A farmer in Kansas, going from his wood-pile to his kitchen, is frozen to death." "An unprecedentedly cold season," says one of our exchanges; "great suffering among the poor and destitute," says another; "cattle freezing" in Illinois; "immense ice-jams threatening Pittsburg"; "terrible suffering in the tenement houses." These are specimens of news cut from Northern journals; men and animals dying from cold; starvation and suffering resulting from the cold weather; property being destroyed by frosts and snows and ice; men and women with red noses, frozen ears, frost-bitten toes; colds and chillblains ending in consumption, rheumatism, and gout; all the North from Maine to the Rocky Mountains blanketed in the cold death-robes of ice and snow; storms howling through leafless forests, bearing sleet and hail; the sun looking out with passionate, angry face from behind black, drifting clouds; farmers compelled to exercise their cattle at midnight to keep their blood in circulation; poor people with nothing to eat crowding together in beds, imperfectly blanketed, to keep warm enough to live. And we of California in the enjoyment of bright and balmy days; the sun goes down in the western horizon with its rich golden after-glow; our markets abounding in vegetables, fruits, and flowers; our orchards still bending with golden fruit; our lovers walking by moonlight; our sheep are lambing in the meadows; our flocks are grazing in the open fields. So far into the winter we have only seen the hoar-frost touch the shadowed sides of our houses in the early mornings; ladies shopping in full dress, riding in open landeaus without wraps; business men without overcoats; ice, thick as a pane of glass, makes children enthusiastic over the novel sight; three inches of snow last year, and the only snow in three decades; three inches of soft, fleecy snow, dropping like wool-flakes or down from the bursting cotton boll, set us all wild with pleasure at the unexpected surprise of the beautiful snow. A festive restaurant-keeper of New York City endeavors to cool his brains, heated by the ripe, rich wines of his own cellar, and dies in New Jersey from exposure. The friends accuse the climate and not the wine of this untimely death. Here the wine kills, and has no pretext to charge the climate with being a confederate in guilt. We sympathize with those Eastern people who are too rich to give up their sumptuous palaces, where for five long dreary winter months they fight with snow and slush, with hail and storm, with cold and discomfort. We sympathize with the poor of the tenement houses and the homeless poor, that they cannot get away from the land of inhospitable cold and sunstrokes; of storms that sweep the ocean's beach, and cyclones that scatter death and destruction abroad in the land; away from lightning strokes that slay, and from mad dogs that bite, and craze, and kill. We do not sympathize with the great, strong middle class that has the health to walk or the money to ride away from such annoyances—that, with resolution and nerve, could get to California, the land that God has blessed with fruitful soil, with genial, bright, and sunny skies, with fruits, and grains, and flowers, and wine.

When the artist Bartholdi selected the city of New York and the island of Bedloe in its harbor as a fitting place for the erection of a colossal statue of the Goddess of Liberty, he made a serious mistake—in fact, several mistakes. The people of New York lack the taste to appreciate the sentiment of the gift; lack the generosity to provide for the statue a proper pedestal; and the island known as Bedloe is but a small mud flat in the bay of New York, only twenty feet above the level of the tide. There is a general inappropriateness in selecting the city of New York as a place from which, by any stretch of imagination, Liberty may be presumed to attempt to enlighten the world. The statue of Liberty should be set on a hill. The torch should not be hid under a bushel. The surroundings should be broad and free. New York is low and cramped; its people lack intelligence, independence, and courage. With New York we associate trade, Tweed, Irish rule, Democratic supremacy, anti-draft riots, Copperhead loyalty, and John Swinton. This statue should have been given to San Francisco. We would have the sense to appreciate it; and the generosity to provide for it. We are ashamed of New York parsimony, its grab-bags, donation parties, art exhibitions, and lotteries, to raise money for a pedestal to the Bartholdi statue. If it had been sent to San Francisco, we would have received it and welcomed it; placed it upon Strawberry Hill, four hundred feet above the sea level, where it could hold aloft its blazing torch to send the reflection of Liberty over a continent of space, over an ocean of boundless extent; a spot upon which Eastern lands and ocean islets could gaze and catch the inspiration of free government and self-control; a place where the inspired image would catch the first ray of the auroral light and the last glimmer of the after-glow in our Western sky. It would look westward to Oriental lands, with its flame illuminating its scroll, and inviting the redundant hives to enact their declarations of independence, prepare themselves for receiving the blessing of free government, and relieving us

from the curse of a slave invasion. New York has acted, and is acting, very meanly, and we embrace this opportunity of saying to Monsieur Bartholdi, the architect and artist, that if he will recall his offer to the people of New York, and present his bronze colossal goddess to us of San Francisco, we will give it home and welcome. We want it for our World's Fair. We want it to light the world's international fleet, as it seeks our harbor in the year 1887.

Pope Leo XIII. is accredited with the intention of an encyclical letter recognizing a distinction between Masonry in the States of Continental Europe and Masonry in England and America. If his Holiness shall do this asinine thing, he will demonstrate that his title of "Leo" is but ill-deserved, and that it should have been "Asinus I." of pious memory. While we do not intend to admit that there have been no predecessors with the characteristics of long ears, mulish obstinacy, and harsh bray, in the pontifical chair, so also we do not intend to charge that the successors of the fisherman who have worn the triple crown, have, as a rule, been guilty of cowardice or inconsistency in their long centuries of ecclesiastical rule. The Pope knows, and, if he does not, he ought to know—and if he does not know, his cardinals and advisers know—that the institution of Masonry is more ancient than the papal hierarchy; that its rise and its progress for some centuries of time were not a whit more enigmatical and cloudy than that of the ecclesiastical industry known as the Roman Catholic Church; that its adult members are to-day more numerous than those of "Rome"; that it is wider spread, and extends to climes and nations where the zeal of religion has not penetrated and the courage of self-abnegating priest has not dared to go. The lights upon its altars shine where burn no other altar-lights. It illuminates regions and penetrates to the dark places where the Church of Rome has not had the enterprise to extend its worship. It teaches a religion more sublime and more simple than that of Rome. It has a ceremonial more grand and more sensible than that of Rome. Unlike Rome, it does not appeal to the imagination of the ignorant, the superstitious, the barbaric, and the simple, through their senses, by the display of images graven in wax and adorned with the blazon of tawdry millinery. Its teachings are not hid in a language which is dead, nor buried in the incomprehensible dogmas of revelations made to keep pace with the ambition of its leaders and its priests. Unlike Rome, it does not claim to arrogate to itself divine powers, to dictate to human governments, and in meddlesome spirit to interfere with the politics of nations and arrogate to itself the right to control the human conscience, by limiting and directing human intelligence. It has no financial machinery to gather, absorb, and squander the hard earnings of the ignorant poor in building cathedrals of architectural splendor, and for the maintenance of a civil government and throne with palaces and princes. True Masonry worships God, and dispenses charity to the poor. Rome worships itself, and its charities, as a rule, begin and end at home. Rome is ambitious, arrogant, and aggressive; Masonry seeks to make no proselytes, and is content to mind its own business. "Semper eadem" is not the exclusive boast of Rome; "always the same, and everywhere," is the boast of Masonry. And it is affectation for the Pope and his Consistory to assume to think that Masonry in Europe is in any sense different from Masonry in America or the Island of Great Britain. Masonry is the same everywhere in its organization, aims, and objects; in its grips, passwords, and ritual. If it works with a different spirit in those Catholic countries where the church has assumed toward it an attitude of hostility, from that in those free Protestant countries where freedom of conscience, and freedom of opinion, and freedom of speech are without the reach of ecclesiastical oppression, it is because the Church of Rome has abused its power by persecuting Masonry. Rome looks upon Masonry as a rival religion; and it is. Rome fears that it is a purer and better religion; and it is. It is the cowardice and Jesuitry of Rome that now prompt it to draw an imaginary line between the Masons of Protestant countries, like England and America, and papal countries, like Italy, Spain, and Portugal. Rome, with all its assumptions of divine authority, sees how utterly impotent and farcical are its pretensions in those countries where men and women are permitted to think for themselves. It sees the heir to the English throne assume the highest degrees of Mark Master in the Scottish rites of Masonry; and subdues its cachinnatory demonstrations of rejoicing over the apostacy of the double-titled Earl of Ripon and Grey. It sees Masonry growing and strengthening in all Roman Catholic countries—in its secret organization, its solemn pledges of secrecy, the strength of its organization, the intelligence of its memberhood, and the earnestness of its purposes; and fears that if the conflict shall ever come between Rome and its adversaries, Masonry will stand in the front of the battle. Rome would sow the seeds of dissension and jealousy between Masons in Europe and Masons in England and America, in order that it may divide their ranks. It is a vain attempt. There is not in the secret conclave of the Jesuit order so thorough, so secret, so impenetrable, so united an organization as in the ancient and honorable Order of Free and Accepted Masons. There is the same difference, and none other, between Masons in Catholic and Protestant countries, that there is in an army in time of war in the enemy's country and divisions of the same army at home in time of peace. In Catholic Europe Masonry sleeps upon its arms, and is wary, vigilant, and suspicious. In England and America, where ecclesiastics do not rule nor spies abound, and where the secret intrigues of priests and Jesuits are not to be feared, Masonry occupies itself in acts of benevolence and deeds of charity. But if the time ever comes in America when the ambition of the Roman power shall expose its claws and uncover its fangs, Masonry will leap fully armed and well equipped into the conflict which shall forever dispose of the insolence of a church that has the presumption to dare to dominate a republican State. If the time shall ever come in any part of Europe when the bull of Rome locks horns with the Masonic order, and European Masons ask the assistance and coöperation of the Masons of England and America, and their aid financially, the Pope will think his perennial driblet of Peter's pence a sorry, piddling brook beside the Masonic cataract of coin which would pour in from lodge, and chapter, and commandery throughout those free countries where the free and accepted rites meet with no suspicion or opposition from ignorance, bigotry, and priestcraft, exercised in the interest of an ambitious and dangerous ecclesiasticism.

The New York *Journal of Commerce*, in an editorial of December 21st, embodies, without doubt, the opinion of the average swopper of things in New York upon the Chinese question. The New York trader has a conscience, and morals, and policy all confined within the limits of money-making. His statesmanship and loyalty are bounded by the same lines. There has never been a question of governmental policy, touching the interest and welfare of the American people, that the New York trader has not endeavored to make it conform to his money-making instincts. In the ante-revolution days, New York City was a nest of Tories, because, in the opinion of the "trader," separation from Great Britain would injure commerce. In the days of slave-trading, New York merchants upheld the inhuman and brutal traffic, because they could make money out of merchandise in the souls and bodies of black men, and women, and children. When the slave-owner was on the hunt in the Northern States for the "fugitive," he found the warmest sympathy and the most cordial welcome from the New York merchant. When the war of the slave-holders' rebellion was declared, New York city was the home of the Copperhead and the scene of anti-draft riots; and the vote of the merchant class could always be relied upon to give aid to treason and countenance to rebellion. New York has been overrun by thieves, political rings, and foreign adventurers, which the New York merchant, as a class, has never dared to attempt to destroy. It is only when politicians quarrel among themselves and eat each other that there is any relief from pillage, exaction, and brigandage. And now, when American interest and American labor are threatened by a barbaric invasion from China, the New York merchant is alarmed, lest his trade in tea, opium, and silk may decline; lest his profits may fall off. Whether Christian civilization may suffer by the introduction into America of the redundant millions of Asia; whether the established industries of the country shall be ruined and the American driven to despair by the competition of Chinese adult male-workers, who can live on tea and rice and under-bid the labor of those who demand meat and flour; whether the coolie without family, and from whom no civic duty is possible, shall be allowed to compete with the citizen who must perform the duties of citizenship, shall be encouraged to destroy a community based upon the family relation, which demands of the head of the family that he shall educate his children and clothe them decently—does not in the least concern the New York trader and his organ, the *Journal of Commerce*, who see nothing in civilization, religion, patriotism, country, or humanity, but opportunities to make more money by swopping things. Hence, the *Journal of Commerce* sneers at the Chinese law, misrepresents the motives of all who aided in its passage, and demands "not its amendment, but its repeal." *It will not be repealed.* The merchant-trader class is not strong enough in numbers or influence to control the legislation of Congress in this respect. The mechanics and working-men of the United States will never consent to its abrogation. The men who represent the wealth of the country well know that their interests are too closely allied with labor to justify them in oppressing it. The relations between capital and labor are too strained to admit of this folly. As a popular question, there is no city in America in which, if submitted, the vote would not be overwhelmingly against Chinese immigration. It would, in the city of New York, be five to one. No ambitious party leader dare propose its repeal. No party dare vote to repeal it. The question of Chinese immigration is a battle fought and won. The *Journal of Commerce* may as well employ its time in making mouths at the moon as to seek to repeal the law restricting the immigration of Chinese laborers. This is no longer a California question, but a national one; so the organ of the New York swappers and traders need not strain itself in the endeavor to throw stones across the Rocky or Sierra mountains to hit the man who hates a Chinese coolie. If the editor will walk up his own stairs into his own printing-room, or down stairs to his own press-room, or consult with the people who make his type and paper, or with the employees, clerks, or laborers who work for the swappers and traders whose organ he is, he will find a universal, popular sentiment against Chinese immigration under his own nose. Our advice to the editor of the *Journal of Commerce* is to smell around his own premises, and write his homilies concerning the duties of American citizenship to his own neighbors, and let California and Californians have a rest. We have been scolded and schoolmastered so long upon this Chinese question that we are getting tired of it. In marked contrast to this ill-natured diatribe of the *Journal of Commerce* is an editorial in the New York *Tribune* of January 9th, questioning the advantages that California has received by the practical workings of the restrictive law. We might answer that *our* convenience or *our* profit is not of importance as compared with the higher and broader questions involved. Whether California *is* or *is not* increasing its white immigration, whether certain industries *are* or *are not* languishing for want of cheap labor, are local considerations, important only to ourselves, and not demanding the sympathy of anybody else. Lest the *Tribune* should be disquieted on our account, we beg to inform it, and through it the entire sympathetic Eastern world, that we are doing very well, and are very well content under the operation of this law. Our Chinese have not so far raised their wages, nor become so idle, nor so arrogant in their monopoly of the labor-market, as to seriously inconvenience us, or to arrest the healthful progress of our State. Our infant industries have not been paralyzed, nor do we know of any branch of manufacturing or mechanical employment that has been discontinued. There has been only one strike since the law went into effect, and that was by printers. There are no Asiatics in the Printers' Union. The cultivation of small fruits is still pursued with profit, and no embarrassment has as yet resulted from the limitations or exactions of Chinese labor. The boys and girls *can* be depended upon to pick fruit. They do it in New York, and our boys and girls are as reliable as those of any Eastern State. No fruit-gatherer in the State has been compelled to give up or curtail his occupation. No vine, nor bush, nor tree has remained ungathered of its fruit for want of labor. In vineyard and orchard we are planting thousands of acres, and in no year of California's history so many as during the past year. In no year since the period of the gold placers have we received so many and such valuable immigrants. In our domestic service we are getting on very well, and there is a fair proportion of our people, a fair average with those of New York city and State, who wear a clean shirt every week, and have three warm meals every day. California is grateful to the *Tribune*, and to the Eastern people, for the interest manifested in the welfare of its people and the concern evinced for their happiness. There is only one direction in which the Eastern press and the Eastern people could more entitle themselves to our gratitude, and that would be in minding their own business, and letting severely alone such matters of ours as do not in any sense concern them.

We are not quite convinced that the French are altogether unreasonable in their treatment of American pork. We hear a great deal here of hog cholera and diseased meats, and it may be true; and, if true, we are glad that all the diseased pork is sent to France and Germany. As between French, Germans, and hogs, our sympathies are with the hogs, because they are American hogs. *Similis simili gaudet*—we have great respect for the American hog. He was the playmate of our youth, the associate of our riper years, and is the stay of our old age. He possesses unnumbered virtues. We look back to hog-killing time as among the most agreeable of our early sports. What American youth has not blown bladders? Who can look back to the period of spare-ribs, and sweet-breads, and sausages, strong with sage and summer savory, without pleasant memories? Of crispy roast pig we have sweet and tender reminiscences. Ham, sugar-cured, and smoked bacon, accompanied us in our journey across the plains. Side pork sustained the Western pioneer in his combat with primeval forests and the unbroken prairie sod. The patriotism of our early statesmen, the valor of our revolutionary soldiers, the beauty and the virtue of our grandmothers and their associate maidens, came from the pork barrel. We have populated a continent with fifty millions of people, all of whom have been reared on pork—that is, all except the Jews, and we are glad to observe

that in changing the ritual from Hebrew to English, and Saturday for Sunday, and the throwing aside of the old orthodox absurdities of the Mosaic sanitary laws, the Jews are learning to eat pork. When they do, we shall become one nation. We are very fond of the hog; we mean the genuine animal—the whole hog. We abominate the spurious resemblance, the human hog, whose grunt is but a cultivated imitation of the genuine thing, whose uncleanliness alone is natural, and whose accumulated fat is stolen through usury and over-reaching from the lean kine around him. The animal hog will get his reward in that better land where corn and comfort abounds, and to which the selfish human hog will not be permitted entry. If the French and German governments inhibit the introduction of the American hog, we would retaliate by amending our immigration laws, that no German hog or French pig should come to this country, and, if they did we would refuse them the privilege of the elective franchise, and we would inhibit spurious French wines. We think we would not so far punish ourselves as to exclude the genuine article, but there should not be imported a single pretzel, or Limburger cheese, or Frankfurter sausage from all Germany; and we would exclude the French dancing-master, modiste, and demi-monde from the country. We would plant the iron heel of the law upon the new French industry—viz: the manufacture of imitation oysters; and would prevent any but the native-born American citizens from eating frogs or the diseased livers of geese, known as the *paté de foie gras*. In fact, proceeding to the last extremity of severity toward the empire of Germany, we would compel the Germans to eat our diseased American pork, or we would leave the present very extraordinary minister plenipotentiary, Mr. Aaron Sargent, to be a permanent annoyance. We never would recall him. We would throw upon the Emperor William, his Prince Chancellor Bismarck, and the Reichstag, the disagreeable alternative of Sargent or trichinæ, and let them take the consequences.

Our friend Tyler has caught a good, healthy reprimand from the Supreme Court, costing him just five hundred dollars; and we are awfully glad of it. His treatment of Judge Toohy and his manner toward him were insolent, unprofessional, ungentlemanly, and improper. Mr. Tyler should be taught respect for the courts, if he has none for the judges. Contempt of court is properly punishable when it manifests itself in act, expression, or writing. Contempt of judges—not openly demonstrated—is not an offense against law or morals. If there is any class whose interest should prompt it to uphold the dignity of legal tribunals, it is the profession that acts as common carrier between court and client. When lawyers shall have succeeded in tearing down the pillars of the temple of justice, they will find themselves overwhelmed in its ruins. The demagogue supervisor from under "the shadows of the flag which floats from the dome of our national capitol at Washington" is another instance of an official who ought to be punished for "contempt of court" by the contempt of every honorable man in San Francisco. Two of the men who voted with Strother for a resolution to impeach Judges Sawyer and Hoffman ought to be pilloried in the stocks, because they know better, and because their vote was dictated by an ambition that will never be gratified. It is hard for small men of small minds to learn that honest and honorable conduct is the surest and safest passport to municipal advancement. In every Board of Supervisors there are at least seven who desire to be elected Mayor. We have had, since the time of the pueblo, in ayuntamiento, town council, double boards of aldermen and supervisors, about one thousand members, of whom fully six hundred have desired to be made into prefects, alcaldes, or mayors; and yet, from Alcalde Leavenworth down to Supervisor Bartell, not six have succeeded. We recall Alderman Van Ness and Supervisor McCoppin as the only exceptions. We recall the names of Mayors Webb, Burr, Coon, Selby, Alvord, Otis, Bryant, Kalloch, and Blake. None of these served as aldermen or supervisors. It has become the rule of our nominating conventions to avoid those slimy, oleaginous, accommodating men who think to become popular by pandering to the prejudice of the vulgar and ignorant. The man who does his duty, speaks his own mind, minds his own business, and stands manfully up for the right, is the kind of man whom of late it is becoming popular to advance to executive position. In the Senate of the United States, Edmunds, of Vermont, and John Sherman, of Ohio, are squirming upon the Chinese question. Their course at the time of the passage of the law restricting Chinese immigration was inconsistent and cowardly; and if they are attempting to place the responsibility of an imperfect enactment upon the Federal judges, they are guilty of most contemptible conduct, altogether unworthy of statesmen aspiring to become candidates for the Presidential office. If Senator Edmunds had tried as hard to perfect as he did to defeat the law, it might have presented less incoherencies and absurdities than it now does.

## CHIT-CHAT.

The umbrella is as old as Egypt. It is at least as old as Egyptian art, for time out of mind the pictures of Egyptian princesses going abroad to take the air show them to be protected from the fierce yellow sun of the mystic land by a sort of pony phaeton canopy attachment. They did not get the idea from us. They managed umbrellas more wisely in Egypt than we do even in our most inspired moments. The handle was always carefully affixed to something, though it were nothing more than a convenient slave. They did not go about gouging each other's eyes out and launching their fellow-beings into an extra edition of Egyptian darkness. It was only as the umbrella became modern that it became dangerous. With the refinement of its handle came the refinement of its cruelty. When the first Englishman carried an umbrella, he carried it upon such a long, thick handle that, had he tucked it carelessly under his arm, after the fashion of the present day, he might have inadvertently gouged a man out of the population, but it would have been practically impossible for him to have gouged out an eye. But the natty little weapon of the present day is a godsend to the oculists. I stood just behind an umbrella in a struggling crowd in a street-car the other day. The butt of it was within one inch of my eye. The umbrella was carried by a young woman whom, under other circumstances, I might have considered beautiful. She herself was quite unaffected by the circumstances, and thought so anyhow.

In moments of danger thought is quick.

"In one moment," I said to myself, "this smiling, happy, young creature will put out my eye. Two lives will be embittered. I shall go through the world a horrible female Cyclops, with all the charm of living gone. There really is not much in life for a one-eyed woman. I shall spend my substance on oculists, and my time in railing. I shall look upon all things fair and beautiful with a one-eyed glance through a green haze of bitterness and despair. This young woman will herself be pursued by a life-long remorse. The well-springs of life and happiness will be dried up within her at the thought of having darkened a fellow-being's vision. The bright eyes of children will reproach her. The faded eyes of age will remind her. She will never look upon a green shade, or a goggle, or glass eye, without a vibration of pain. And all because I have not the courage to ask this young lady to carry her umbrella properly, lest I be considered an ill-natured and grumpy traveler."

At this point in my meditations the car became further crowded, the young lady moved on and imperiled the eyesight of my neighbor. But I was not yet safe. Two young gentlemen tucked their sticks under their arms while they looked in their pockets for their tickets, and in the course of their movements the mud-caps of their sticks dodged at every one behind them, barely escaping a tragedy with every dodge. Unconscious of their crime, they chatted freely and gayly, and no one dared ask them to lower their bayonets. There is a law against the carrying of concealed weapons. There should be one as to the manner of carrying exposed weapons.

"What a sad thing this is," said the Lion, as he read of the finding of Charles Delmonico's body. "What an irony of fate, that a man at whose board thousands have fed died literally of exposure and starvation!"

As I find the Lion's fire of remark an easy way of reading the morning paper, I rarely dip into it myself. The Lion's phrase struck me happily, and I used it quite liberally during the day. I felt sure of its success, for whenever I was not quick enough some one else got in ahead of me and remarked that Delmonico's death was the very irony of fate.

"Poor Charley Delmonico!" was Eusebius's first remark when he dropped in that evening. Eusebius was born in California, and never saw Delmonico in his life, for he only stopped in New York "twenty minutes for refreshments." "Poor Charley Delmonico! To think of the greatest caterer of the age dying literally of starvation. It is the very irony of fate."

"What a world it is!" mused Philistratus, who came in later. "Here were the paragraphers trying to get up a scandal about this poor fellow, putting, upon theory, a woman at the bottom of it, even inventing the usual flight into Europe, and there he lay, poor fellow, a man at whose tables thousands had fed, were perhaps at that moment feeding, the great restaurateur of the age, and starved to death! It seems the very irony of fate."

At this moment a quizzical expression jumped into the eye of Flavius Placidus, who had heard them all. "I do not like to knock the bottom out of your rhetoric," said he, "but the plain fact of the matter is that Charley Delmonico did not starve to death at all. He went out into the woods when the thermometer had one of its unreasonable spells on, and he froze to death—froze stiffer than his own richest confections or choicest champagnes."

"Delmonico frappé!" I begin; "how very consistent"—

But at this moment Eusebius, Philistratus, and the Lion cry in chorus, but without preconcert: "It seems like the very irony of fate!"

The three looked very sheepish, and Flavius Placidus was grimly amused. "I have grown so familiar with that phrase, since people read this morning's news, that I feel quite married to it," said he; "but it strikes me that if Fate had really desired to be ironical, she would have frozen an ice-peddler."

We are shortly, *dit-on*, to have a San Francisco Delmonico's, a palace of gastronomy, where the *chef* will draw as big a salary as a mining superintendent, and the very scullions will be proud of their posts. Perhaps Delmonico's is the only eating-house in the world, for its companion, the Brunswick, is a hotel, where it is really good form for ladies to be seen dining. But it is so peculiarly an institution of Gotham, that it will be difficult to establish the prestige elsewhere. The ladies of New York like to dine at Delmonico's, not for the perfection of its incomparable *cuisine*, but for the unblushing enormity of its incomparable price-list. Your genuine New Yorker adores expense. The women of the East are less *bons vivants* than the women of California. I had almost said *bonnes vivantes*, but *bon vivant* is a magnificent male noun, and not subject to grammatical liberties. It is a more general custom there for the head of the household to dine down town than it is here, and any epicure will shudder at mention of a dinner gotten up for women solely. But the women of California honestly like good eating, give the subject considerable attention, and look upon the new project with a favorable eye. It is their lords who have taken alarm. Under existing circumstances, it is impossible for them to treat their ladies to a dinner down town. If the *morale* of the place be unexceptionable, the *cuisine* is sure to be execrable. By a curious pulley system, the morals go down as the cooking goes up, and at the only place in town where a really excellent dinner is to be procured a respectable woman dare not show her face. One might think, therefore, that the outlook for the new restaurant would be very good. Its tone, its prices, its *cuisine*, its possibilities as a great neutral parade-ground for society, all recommend it. But it will require patronage, and it remains to prove to the *gourmets* of San Francisco that an atmosphere of respectability is a capital condiment to a good dinner. This can only be done if judicious womankind can succeed in laying its merits before them as a startling novelty.

Some one said, the other day, that Worth made dresses for all the royal ladies of Europe. Some one else said, just on top of it, that he was now given over wholly to actresses and Americans. I fancy Worth's dresses, like the Prince of Wales's peccadilloes, are very much overcounted. No one comes from France, especially actresses, who make brief, flitting trips to the Continent, that they are not reported to have brought away boxes full of Worth's dresses with them. As Worth will not put the scissors in the cheapest fabric under two hundred and fifty dollars, the story must sometimes be stretched a point. It was said of Jeffreys-Lewis's dresses, before she opened her boxes, that they were Worth costumes; but the brand of the great designer is not upon more than one of them at most, if upon that. If he composed the blue skirt in "Forget-me-Not," he had eaten something which disagreed with him. The train, like all the others, is of a rich and beautiful texture, but the surest sign that they do not come from Worth is that they are all made alike. So great an artist composes that others may repeat him, but he never repeats himself. Yet, though the frequent repetition of one model is a great mistake in stage dresses, Jeffreys-Lewis's costumes are all handsome. The uncompromising orange is the most striking of them, but the warm brown graduated tones of the last "Forget-me-Not" dress make it the most beautiful. The characteristic of them all is the independent train. This is really an invention of Worth, for I saw one straight from his *atelier* not long ago, a pale-blue satin petticoat with a ruby plush train. It was one of Worth's failures, for the train was intentionally a mere suggestion of one, and it looked as if a loop in the lady's polonaise had come down and she was badly in need of a pin. Miss Lewis's dresses are becoming from a front view, and graceful from a back view. But from the side she seems to have discontinued making her toilet with her dress half-way on. And any woman, tragedy queen or duchess, has a serio-comic look as she stands in her petticoat.

I was injudicious enough to say to a lady friend, the other day, that while I loved a bargain as dearly as any of my sex, it gave me a feeling of gloom to see the selling-out placards in the leading shops. My friend hooted at me for saying "shops," accused me of affectation, Anglomania, and several other disagreeable diseases of the kind. She waxed so eloquent that she silenced me, and I addressed no further conversation to her till next day. Then I called upon her, and asked her to go "storing" with me. She affected to misunderstand me. I was obliged to explain that if Anglo-maniacs went shopping in shops, Americo-maniacs must necessarily go storing in stores. Whereupon she complained that while my logic was unanswerable, my conclusions were unreasonable. Was she right? My friend herself has engrafted an *eyether* upon her speech within the year, where it bristles with English discomfort among her Americanisms, and a very varied selection of peculiar grammar. An adopted *eyether* always has the effect of point lace upon calico. It needs very harmonious surroundings. She violently disclaims Anglomania, and says *eyether* is Boston dialect. My friend has a measured enunciation, which gives to the world the impression that she speaks rather elegantly, yet I have known her frequently to say: "Those sort of people." Her grammar is of that kind which betrays itself readily only to the careful ear; but, like many people who speak in that way, she has a grammar craze. I spoke with deliberate intention the other day of the Baldwin Theatre being *in* Market Street. She jumped upon me for saying such a thing. But, when I gave Richard Grant White for authority, she was delighted with it, and has been jumping upon every one who does not say "*in* the street," ever since.

I closed my grammar with *Deo gratias* on my graduating day, and thought never to hear the name of the hated study again. But society seems to have resolved itself into one big grammatical tribune, and one does not dare to let one's speech come "trippingly on the tongue." I shiver before the objective case, and am abashed by a pronoun. The craze has permeated all classes, and I even approach the shop-girls (beg pardon—the sales-ladies) with a consciousness that my grammar is being impaled upon the lance of their frank opinion. I have heard them holding such discussions behind the counter. The only comfort left for just a plain ordinary woman, is to talk to a man. The men—*Dieu merci!*—outside the world of letters, are still blissfully ignorant of the sinuosities of grammar. Their disdain for it is as fine as their ignorance is complete, and, as represented by the average man, the heart of an ungrammatical woman could not ask more.

USA.

Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes is said to be arranging and cataloguing his correspondence and papers, of which he has an astounding mass.

## ENGLISH LORDS AND AMERICAN GIRLS.

"Cockaigne's" Letter.

Rich American girls as wives for impecunious Englishmen (noblemen and others) are still in great demand in the English marriage market. Indeed, it is a question if the supply could ever come up to the demand, so numerous are the gentlemen with impoverished coronets or temporarily crippled estates, ready and decidedly willing to be pulled out of a hole or lifted down from "up a tree" by the aid of a moneyed wife, and so popular has this method of paying up old debts and establishing fresh credit at the tailor's and horse-dealer's become with slender-allowanced younger sons of poor dukes and bankrupt-threatened title-bearers of every degree. In the present overcrowded state of every profession, and the difficulties which hard competitive examinations throw in the way of getting into the army and navy, or the civil service, there are but two courses open to young men of good family and small means: One is to go into trade, and the other is to marry money. Now, while there are many who have shaken off the rust-corroded shackles of Tory prejudice against a gentleman engaging in trade, and a number have already become stock-brokers on the London Exchange, and tea-merchants and partners in shipping firms, there is still a large majority of young lordlings, honorables, baronets, etc., who, aside from shrinking from the assumed social degradation it would entail, do not take kindly to work of any sort, least of all to the enforced confinement and unbroken drudgery of "business."

Accustomed from their earliest boyhood to unlimited open-air exercise in hunting, shooting, and fishing, at home, and in tennis, cricket, and boating, at school and college, it is not, perhaps, to be wondered at that the course which would at once provide them with the means not alone to continue their field sports, but to evade the physically debilitating precincts of the hated "city," should be only too eagerly embraced, especially when a fascinating transatlantic belle, with the melting eyes and fairy-like feet of her countrywomen, accompanies the bestowal of the wherewithal. I don't mean to say that all, but I still blush to confess that most, Englishmen of rank and position, no matter what their own means may be, marry for money. It is a shameful thing to admit, but I'm rather afraid it is the truth, and that facts will bear me out in asserting it to be the rule (not without some exceptions necessarily) that in high life no man will marry a woman, be she a Hebe and a Venus combined, unless she can bring him some money of her own (the more the better), or have some settled upon her by somebody else—generally, of course, her father; and the money must be paid over or the settlement made as legally secure as family lawyers and government-stamped parchment can make it ere the ring goes on.

Of course, some men marry for love and a pretty face, or for a voluptuous form and small ankles, but it is a curious fact that seldom will you find either sentiment or passion getting the better of the love of money with young men. Witness, for instance, the second marriage of the Duke of Westminster, at fifty-five, to a penniless girl of statuesque outline, for pure love, etc.; and that also of the Earl of Dudley, when close upon fifty, to a portionless beauty young enough to be his daughter. Then think how impossible it is to estimate the number of young men who gazed fondly at Lady Burdett-Coutts and her plethoric bank-book, before the ancient and painfully unattractive dame was captured by a youth of eight-and-twenty, who actually broke off his engagement to a young girl so as to marry the woman who could settle ten thousand a year upon him, though she was ten years more than twice his age. When beauty and money join, then, of course, the young chaps let their affections go flop fast enough. Lord Brook, the Earl of Warwick's heir, hit it off successfully in this respect. Not only did he get one of England's greatest heiresses, but one of the prettiest girls into the bargain. Had she not been the former, it is well known she might have remained the latter as Miss Maynard, to this day, for all Lord Brook would have cared. But heiresses like her are deplorably scarce, and English girls with money of their own, be the sum great or small, do not remain long on the roll of spinsters. You see, it is not in England as it is in America.

In America girls' fathers behave most handsomely by their daughters, and give them splendid dots, if they marry to suit them. In England, the sons get the lion's share, and the poor daughters haven't a chance. The law of primogeniture, and a preference for males, is at the root of it all; but it's rather hard lines on the poor girls, all the same, and they slide on and verge into old-maidenhood, their paltry and be-trusteed dower of five or ten thousand pounds lying unnoticed in the glare of untrammeled American millions. The ease, too, with which an American marriage is managed is immeasurably attractive to men who have nothing but their titles to give in return for what they get. There is none of the preliminary "arranging" and tying up in trustees' hands among the foggy archives of the Court of Chancery, of a sum hardly able to bear the lawyer's fees drawn from it in the cautious circumlocution to which it is subjected to insure its being preserved for heirs. Neither is there the dull routine of passing under the approving observation of ramifications of relations and fifty-sixth cousins, one hundred and twenty times removed, and having to please each one; nor are there any of the empty forms and ceremonies which precede the wedding day, and, in their wear and tear, try the soul and warp the temper of the unfortunate man for whose especial torment they seem to have been brought over to England by the Conqueror and kept up by the descendants of his Norman blooded followers ever since.

On the contrary, an Englishman who marries an American girl finds not only that he has not to go through preliminary torture before he gets her, but that afterward he will not discover himself to be married to her relations. I do not mean for the purpose of supporting them, but as an object for each and all of them to watch, and criticise, and bore with their intermeddling. He marries his wife and no one else. Small wonder is there then that American girls (with money) find no difficulty in getting their pick and choice of husbands in England. And therefore it is that I would here say to American young ladies of beauty (and money) or money (without beauty) who are desirous of marrying an Englishman with a title—don't be in a hurry. "Sir" is such a very *petty* and vastly numerous title in England. It may sound well in America, but we think little or nothing of it here. Of course, everything depends on how much you have. Girls who can bring their husbands no more than fifty or a hundred thousand dollars—which is ten or twenty thousand pounds only—should perhaps be content with a baronet or a younger son of an earl—an honorable. But a girl, for instance, like Miss Flood, with her millions, could as easily get a duke as look around, were the affair properly and knowingly managed for her. The idea of her thinking seriously for a moment of Lord Beaumont!

Setting aside the fact that he is a professional fortune-hunter—which I take it would not enhance his chances with Miss Flood—he is only a baron, the lowest grade of peer there is. The reason I speak of it is that Lord B. is reported over here to have proposed to the young lady in question, and to have demanded a fortune of five hundred thousand pounds with her from her father. I truly like his cheek. He knows as well as I do how much better she could do, and so, doubtless, did Mr. Flood when he refused the cool offer. From what we learn over here, Mr. Flood would seem to be an extremely sensible individual, and not at all apt to be carried away by the glamour of "nobility." However, there is only one unmarried duke at present, of a suitable age, and that is the young Duke of Portland. I see, by the bye, that some American papers have reported him as going to marry Mary Anderson. I can assure you he is far too great a swell to think of marrying an actress, and far too cautious a young man to do anything so silly were he not a swell. I can not imagine who could have started such a report, unless it be the same person who cabled over the hoax about a prize fight between Lord Charles Beresford and Jem Mace several months ago.

But then there are marquises, and earls, and viscounts to choose from before a girl need think of considering the barons. The Marchioness or the Countess of So-and-so sounds decidedly better than simply Lady So-and-so, which is the only title of a baron's wife (she is now called baroness in England), possessed in common with the wives of baronets and knights. Some people think that Lord Beaumont is peculiarly eligible because he is a Roman Catholic. But the Earl of Ashburnham is also a Roman Catholic, and a bachelor besides. Now, he would be a much better match than Lord B., and I hardly fancy he could be accused of fortune-hunting, as he has one of the most beautiful places in Sussex. Then just see what Minnie Stevens did for herself in her hurry to get an English husband. To begin with, she began the wrong way, or rather her mother did. She was literally thrown at dukes' and lord's heads, instead of holding back and letting them come forward—which they didn't do. Then she got tired of waiting, and took Captain Paget, a connection of Lord Anglesey, whose chief recommendation was that he was a friend of the Prince of Wales. I haven't a word to say against Paget. He is a very good fellow, and is thoroughly liked; but a nice girl like Minnie Stevens, with all the money she has, ought to-day to be, at least, a countess, instead of a plain and simple "Mrs." Miss Chamberlaine's cards have been ruinously badly played. Had she and her papa and mamma given the Prince of Wales a wide berth, and gone in for the respectable instead of the fast side of high life, and not thought the young lady was going to be accepted by London society simply because Albert Edward liked to dance fast waltzes with her, she might have made a grand marriage instead of being still a maiden all forlorn, and a very *passée* one at that. She has been sat upon pretty conclusively by her own sex. As for Miss Yznaga, of New York, who married Lord Mandeville, I don't count her. She had no money, and the only wonder is that, notwithstanding her impecuniosity, she could marry such a physical and moral wreck as the man she took for her husband.

Mr. Sharon's daughter, too, could have done far better than she did. With her father's immense fortune to back her, she might just as well have been the wife of a marquis as of a plain baronet. Sir Thomas Hesketh is of a tremendously old Lancashire family, and was formerly an officer in the Rifle Brigade, one of the best regiments in the service, but his estates are not as unincumbered as they might be, and he is almost unknown (for some reason or other) in London society. One never hears of him now in the yachting world either. I dare say he was the first "title" Miss Sharon chanced to encounter, in which event the running was easy to him. I do not by this in the very least mean to say that Sir Thomas is not all that any girl might wish in a husband. I only speak from a title point of view—as I take it, in nine cases out of ten, that is the chief attraction an Englishman can present to an American girl. Another thing that I would give a word of warning about to American girls is this. Either upon the passage across the Atlantic (both ways), or when stopping at any English hotel, have nothing whatever to say or do with smartly dressed men, captains and majors in militia regiments, but who can furnish no other credential of gentility. They are dangerous fellows, whose heiress-hunting proclivities are about the least of their detrimental qualities. In view of the many impostors already shown up, I hardly think it necessary to add: keep at arm's length all "lords" and "sirs" until you *know*, from indisputable proof and inspection of the peerage—a copy of which all Americans who like English society should become possessed of—that they are all they profess and claim to be. It is the easiest thing in the world to detect the spurious article from the Simon Pure, and it has always been a wonder to me how titled impostors could keep up their game so long as they have done in America on several occasions without raising even a suspicion. The dropping of one solitary *h* would be quite enough in itself.

LONDON, December 29, 1883. COCKAIGNE.

---

A Texas man who had lost both arms in a saw-mill learned to fire off a revolver with his toes.

## MY NEW YEAR'S GUESTS.

[SCENE: *A chamber in Virginia City, one of the pictures on the walls being the reduced photograph of over five hundred Californian pioneers of 1849.* —TIME: *Midnight, December 31, 1881.*]

The winds come cold from the southward, with incense of fir and pine,
And the flying clouds grow darker as they halt and fall in line.
The valleys that reach the deserts, the mountains that greet the clouds,
Lie bare in the arms of Winter, which the prudish Night enshrouds.
The leafless sage on the hillside, the willows low down the stream,
And the sentry rocks above us, have faded all as a dream.
The fall of the stamp grows fainter; the voices of night sink low;
And, spelled from labor, the miner toils home through the drifting snow.
As I sit alone in my chamber this last of the dying year
Dim shades of the past surround me, and faint through the storm I hear
Old tales of the castles builded, under shelving rock and pine,
Of the bearded men and stalwart I greeted in forty-nine;
The giants with hopes audacious; the giants of iron limb;
The giants who journeyed westward when the trails were new and dim;
The giants who felled the forests, made pathways o'er the snows,
And planted the vine and fig-tree where the manzanita grows;
Who swept down the mountain gorges, and painted their endless night
With their cabins, rudely fashioned, and their camp-fires' ruddy light;
Who builded great towns and cities, who swung back the Golden Gate,
And hewed from a mighty ashlar the form of a sovereign State;
Who came like a flood of waters to a thirsty desert plain,
And where there had been no reapers grew valleys of golden grain.
Nor wonder that this strange music sweeps in from the silent past,
And comes with the storm this evening, and blends its strains with the blast;
Nor wonder that through the darkness should enter a spectral throng,
And gather around my table with the old-time smile and song;
For there on the wall before me, in a frame of gilt and brown,
With a chain of years suspended, old faces are looking down;
Five hundred all grouped together—five hundred old pioneers—
Now list as I raise the taper and trace the steps of the years:
Behold this face near the centre; we met ere his locks were gray;
His purse like his heart was open; he struggles for bread to-day.
To this one the fates were cruel; but he bore his burden well,
And the willow bends in sorrow by the wayside where he fell.
Great losses and grief crazed this one; great riches turned this one's head;
And a faithless wife wrecked this one—he lives, but were better dead.
Now closer the light on this face; 'twas wrinkled when we were young;
His torch drew our footsteps westward; his name is on every tongue.
Rich was he in lands and kindness, but the human deluge came,
And left him at last with nothing but death and a deathless fame.
'Twas a kindly hand that grouped them—these faces of other years—
The rich and the poor together—the hopes, and the smiles, and tears
Of some of the fearless hundreds, who went like the knights of old,
The banner of empire bearing to the land of blue and gold.
For years have I watched these shadows, as others I know have done;
As death touched their lips with silence, I have draped them one by one,
Till, seen where the dark-plumed Angel has mingled them here and there,
The brows I have flecked with sable the living cloud everywhere.
Darker and darker and darker these shadows will yearly grow,
As, changing, the seasons bring us the bud and the falling snow;
And soon—let me not invoke it!—the final prayer will be said,
And strangers will write the record: "The last of the group is dead."
And then—but why stand here gazing? A gathering storm in my eyes
Is mocking the weeping tempest that billows the midnight skies;
And, stranger still—is it fancy?—are my senses dazed and weak?—
The shadowy lips are moving as if they would ope and speak;
And I seem to hear low whispers, and catch the echo of strains
That rose from the golden gulches and followed the moving trains.
The scent of the sage and desert, the path o'er the rocky height,
The shallow graves by the roadside—all, all have come back to-night;
And the mildewed years, like stubble, I trample under my feet,
And drink again at the fountain when the wine of life was sweet;
And I stand once more exalted where the white pine frets the skies,
And dream in the winding cañon where early the twilight dies.
Now the eyes look down in sadness. The pulse of the year beats low;
The storm has been awed to silence; the muffled hands of the snow,
Like the noiseless feet of mourners, are spreading a pallid sheet
O'er the breast of dead December and glazing the shroud with sleet.
Hark! the bells are chiming midnight; the storm bends its list'ning ear,
While the moon looks through the cloud-rifts and blesses the new-born year.
And now the faces are smiling. What augury can it be?
No matter; the hours in passing will fashion the years for me.
Bar closely the curtained windows; shut the light from every pane,
While, free from the world's intrusion and curious eyes profane,
I take from its leathern casket a dinted old cup of tin
More precious to me than silver, and blessing the draught within,
I drink alone and in silence to the Builders of the West—
"Long life to the hearts still beating, and peace to the hearts at rest."

—*R. M. Daggett.*

---

"Is Life Worth Living."

[The following verses are sent us by a correspondent, with the remark that "they were found among the effects of a melancholy individual who occupied a room in a Kearny Street lodging-house, and who suddenly disappeared, leaving the impression that he had committed suicide." This is probably untrue, but we print the verses.]

"What is the use?" Why struggle and grow weary?
What the reward for all this toil and strife?
If we succeed, the road is endless, dreary;
Death and decay rule all—there is no life.

"What is the use?" What we would have to-morrow
We cast aside because it comes to-day.
Wealth, honor, hardly earned, but bring us sorrow;
When death appears, what can we take away?

No one can tell what is the joy of living;
No one escape the stony hand of care.
Why should we feel a pleasure in the giving
This world more life—to taste its bitter fare?

Friendship and love but please us when they vanish;
Do what we will, the ending is despair.
Who from his soul the misery can banish
Of faith misplaced? Who is without his share?

"What is the use"—this living and this losing?
All that we wish turns ashen; what excuse
Have we to hold a life not worth the using?
Let us have none of it—"What is the use?"

## A WOMAN OF THE TOWN.

A Story of New Mexico.

An evening in June, year of our Lord 1881, in Deming, a little New Mexican station at the junction of two southern railroads. The sun had gone down in a crimson splendor, and as it sank from sight there appeared the opaline tints peculiar to a sunset sky in the rarefied atmosphere of high elevations in that southern latitude. A roseate belt encircled the heavens about twenty degrees above the horizon, melting into a fiery gold in the west and shading off elsewhere, through prismatic hues, into dull, leaden tones which lay against the earth and distant mountain-tops, and the cold blue of the zenith, where the stars began to march out one by one.

The little settlement, boasting as yet but three months' growth, was still in a state of chaos, and consisted of a motley array of tents, with here and there an unpainted wooden shanty, which served as shop and dwelling-place. The large Union Hotel, in process of erection by the railroad companies, was but a shapeless pile of masonry and timber. A row of freight-cars, standing upon a disused side track, with rudely constructed flights of steps affording ingress and egress, served as abodes for the more aristocratic element of the town, consisting at that time of the local railroad officials and their families, and thrifty housewives made these unique habitations tidy and comfortable, sighing meanwhile for the civilized homes they had left.

The occasional travelers who found it necessary or desirable to sojourn for a brief season in this embryotic town resorted to various expedients to obtain shelter. A party of this sort, consisting of a gentleman, his wife and little daughter, with a nurse-girl, on their way to the sunny orange groves of Southern California, had arrived the previous night, and found themselves the sole occupants of a palace-sleeper, switched off by the railroad officials to do service as a temporary hotel.

The halt in their journey had been imperative, for the lady was an invalid, and the long ride over the plains had exhausted her failing strength. Forced to rest and recruit for a brief period, they had wisely concluded to make the best of their stay, had curiously studied the odd mingling of humanity that made up the population of the small hamlet, and strolled about on the plain, gleaning odd bits of translucent chalcedony and bright crystals from the sandy soil, and making their portable abode charming with the boughs of mistletoe, dainty grasses, and hoary tufted plumes unknown to the conservative botanist. They had brought in great branches of mesquite, with its fern-like foliage, and royal pyramids of the snowy bells of the Spanish bayonet.

As the day drew to a close they were startled by the discovery that the baby-girl was missing. Heated and tired with play, she had fallen asleep in the middle of the afternoon, and been laid carefully in her berth, with the curtains drawn to give free play to the soft breeze which stole down from the north, tempering the scorching air. But when they went to look in upon her at night-fall, marveling that the wee creature slept so long and heavily, their very hearts stood still as they saw an empty bed, and realized that the little sleeper was gone.

The cry that a child was lost spread like wild-fire through the place. Had there been a philosopher there it would have gladdened his heart to see how tender impulses and forgotten instincts wakened in the hearts of the rough and lawless set who formed a goodly proportion of the population, and one and all eagerly prepared to join the search.

A week before a train had been ditched and robbed, and the engineer killed, not twenty miles from Deming. A band of mounted men had organized from the surrounding country, and struck out for the mountains in pursuit of the robbers, a famous gang, who had been a terror throughout the whole region for years. That night the "Rustlers," as they were called, rode daringly into Deming, to defy the authorities and "set up the liquor" for the crowd. They were in the leading saloon of the place, "bracing up" with a final drink all around, preparatory to taking a hurried departure, when a man came in with news of the calamity which had overtaken the travelers.

Every man among them knew that to remain long in one spot menaced them with a terrible vengeance at the hands of an infuriated people. Yet not one of them but looked assent as their leader said, gravely:

"Reckon we've got to stay, boys, and look up the kid, now we're here."

From a rough bench at one side a woman had risen up a moment before, and pushing back from her face her unkempt hair, struggled to rouse herself to a comprehension of what was being said. If her face had ever been beautiful in the freshness of girlhood, every vestige of its charms had been effaced. Upon her haggard features was written with indelible imprint the story of her life. Vile and sinful, soul and body, she had fallen so far below the level of her class that unchaste women passed her with a shudder, recognizing in her a prophecy of what the future might hold in store for them, while among men and women she was known by the unenviable sobriquet of "Bad Moll."

On that June night she had been on a spree for a week—a "tear" the boys called it, and mentioned it from day to day with pardonable pride, as an eventful occurrence in their unorganized society, destitute of church wrangles, the charms of litigation, political controversies, defalcations in office, or aught that is legitimate in the way of excitement. That afternoon she had undertaken to clean out a Chinese wash-house, and a mob had followed her, hooting and yelling, as she pursued the frightened Mongolians, and cheering her roughly as she reeled, cursing, through the streets. After the outburst she had sunk into a drunken stupor, from which something she heard seemed to have aroused her. She had listened, with a puzzled look, twisting and untwisting the ends of a soiled rose-colored shawl that hung about her shoulders. At length she staggered heavily up to the bar.

"Gimme some water!"

The crowd of men laughed and jeered. The bar-keeper seemed spell-bound.

"Curse you! Quit yer foolin'. Gimme a drink of water, I tell you."

The bar-keeper took a glass from a shelf back of his counter, and went slowly to a large *olla*, into which he dipped it. He ventured only one remark, in a tone of mingled inquiry and timid expostulation:

"Will you take it straight, Moll?"

The woman did not deign to reply, but deliberately drained the glass to the last drop. The cold, pure draught seemed to clear the mists away from her brain. She fingered the tattered shawl with intelligent recollection. Standing in the entrance to her tent that afternoon, and looking, with bleared eyes and befogged brain, off in the direction of the Floridas, she had seen something of that same color moving through the mesquite. To her drunken fancy it had first seemed a bird of brilliant plumage, then a warm-tinted tropical flower, blown about by the wind. A slow intelligence seemed to dawn upon her.

"How was the kid dressed?"

The men looked at her in dull amazement. One of them vouchsafed an answer:

"Some kind of a pink frock, all ruffles from top to bottom. Looked like a rose. I seen her playin' round the car this mornin'," he added, half apologetically, as if to extenuate his poetic simile. "'Twere a three-year old girl."

His closing information was addressed to the crowd. The woman was forgotten and turned to the door with a sudden determination. The dim recollection had taken shape and form at last. The men sprang to their horses and set out to scour the country in various directions.

Over the trackless plain, with its clumps of mesquite and greasewood, a woman went swiftly along. Stumbling over the rough ground, her feet pierced with the minute needles of cactus or stabbed with the harsher thrusts of Spanish bayonet, she never once faltered. The cool night winds played about her bare head, and refreshed and restored her heated brain. Her step grew firm and steady, and, ere long, she left far behind her the circuit within which a hundred men were beating every foot of ground.

She had progressed several miles upon her rough pilgrimage, when her pace slackened and she commenced to wander to and fro, her head bent in anxious scrutiny, calling out at times in a soft, low voice, which her rough companions would never have recognized. But she ever moved on in the direction of the Big Floridas.

"She was taking a line as straight as a bee," she said to herself. "I see it all—she was running away to the mountains. Don't I know? I must have been just about her age when I set out for Mount Katahdin. I had gone down to Aunt Jones's on a visit with mother"——

Something choked her with that word, forbidden herself even in thought for so many years. Yet she pronounced it over and over again, moaning all the time. Out upon the desolate plains, far from any human habitation, with only the mountains, the sky and stars in sight, she was nearer the old life than she had been for years.

A sharp cry in the distance, multiplied until it became a discordant chorus, arrested her attention.

"The cowardly coyotes!" she muttered. "They'd never harm the child, but they'd frighten the little thing to death, out here alone."

A sudden recollection made her shudder. The Floridas out there were said to have lately harbored another foe, cowardly and treacherous as the wolves of the plain, but sparing neither babe nor woman. A band of marauding Apaches had been lurking in the neighborhood. What if, attracted by the bright raiment of the child, they had swooped down upon her? The frail mother, helplessly wringing her hands as she wandered up and down the car, or sobbing as she placed to her lips some battered toy or little garment belonging to the lost child, hardly felt a deeper anguish in her heart than swayed the abandoned woman at the terrible vision she had conjured.

Suddenly she stopped short. What was that faint wail that echoed in the distance? The moon had risen and stood high above Cook's Peak, a silver globe in the sky, lighting up every clump and bush. Harkening a moment, gazing intently in the direction she had first heard the cry, she then went swiftly toward a small object she descried afar off, and came at last to where a little child sat, frightened and exhausted, beside a bunch of sage-brush, and lifted her tiny arms appealingly.

"Mamma! me want mamma!"

"Yes, darling, I will take you straight to her."

The woman's voice was fine and low, with a strange, affectionate thrill.

She took from her shoulders the tattered shawl and wrapped it around the little one; then lifted her in her arms, and, with soothing words and tender reassurance, turned back toward the town. In the bright moonlight her path was plain as day, and she picked her way carefully to save the child any unnecessary jolt or jar. From time to time, as she looked down upon the little creature's face and met the gaze of innocent, inquiring eyes, strange emotions stirred in her heart. Ah, God! had it been her lot to fold as her own such a baby to her heart! What talisman could be so mighty against evil as the love of an innocent child! She did not heed the cold night air, which chilled her through and through. Forgotten were her thorn-pierced feet, her torn and bleeding hands.

As she neared the town, a mounted horseman spurred forward to meet her, in eager inquiry. Then he lifted his revolver and sent up into the air the glad signal that the child was found.

By the time she reached the settlement and turned down the main street, the scattered searchers had all fallen in, and a crowd surrounded her and followed at her heels. But something—was it the pure child that nestled in her arms, or the new look that had been born into her face?—created a subtle barrier which protected her from any rude approaches.

Under the bright glare of the lamps in the sleeper the two women met—the one with the blight of disease wasting her body; the other with the pitiless curse of a moral blight fastened upon her soul.

The child, warm and safe in her nest in the tawdry shawl, held out her arms with a glad cry, and the mother, her eyes shining through her tears, snatched the baby to her breast and covered her with kisses. Then she turned with gentle gratitude to the woman who stood watching her, with her soul's hunger speaking through her eyes.

"Poor girl! You must be cold—you are not half clothed. What can we do for you? It is a priceless service you have rendered."

Some tender chord that had been touched that night in the fallen woman's heart vibrated sharply again. The softened look became more marked upon her face. As the two women gazed at each other, a slow recognition dawned in the mother's eyes.

"Mary!"

The voice was tender and forgiving, as if with that word she would bridge some terrible chasm that had widened between the two sisters' lives.

The woman of the town put out her hand with an imploring gesture, and half turned away as if to free her eyes from some phantom of the past.

"Don't! I can not bear it." Unconsciously to the other, she too was holding out the sceptre of mercy, resolved not to betray, by look or tone, that her own ruin had been wrought by one near and dear to the other.

She was the first to break the mournful silence that ensued.

"If I might only just kiss the baby's lips. I swear I never so much as laid my finger on her soft cheek all the way."

With tears flowing down her face, the mother held out the laughing baby. The woman before her—scum of the brothel, outcast of humanity—stooped gently over the child and left one kiss, pregnant with remorse and regret and loving tenderness, upon the velvety lips, which met her own with a little chirrup. Then she turned and left the car. Unheeding the rough crowd, she walked rapidly to her tent, put on some dark garment, and speedily emerged, hurrying along the southern road in the direction of the Tres Hermanas.

Whether she found her way to some obscure mining camp, there to resume her former wild career, or, purified and regenerated by the baby's kiss, dedicated the remainder of her life to good and kindly deeds in some far away spot, the people of Deming never guessed.

But the child's mother knew.

January 10, 1884. FLORA HAINES APPONYI.

### The Bell.

In some strange land and time—for so the story runs—they were about to found a bell for a midnight tower—a hollow, starless heaven of iron. It should toll for dead monarchs, "The King is dead," and make a glad clamor for the new prince, "Long live the King." It should proclaim so great a passion or so grand a pride, that either would be worship, or, wanting these, forever hold its peace.

Now, this bell was not to be dug out of the cold mountains; it was to be made of something that had been warmed by a human touch and loved with a human love. And so the people came, like pilgrims to a shrine, and cast their offerings into the furnace, and went away. There were links of chains that bondsmen had worn bright, and fragments of swords that had broken in heroes' hands; there were crosses, and rings, and bracelets of fine gold; trinkets of silver, and toys of poor, red copper. They even brought things that were licked up in an instant by the red tongues of flame, good words they had written and flowers they had cherished, perishable things that could never be heard in the rich tone and volume of the bell.

And by and by the bell was alone in its chamber, and its four windows looked forth to the four quarters of the heavens. For many a day it hung dumb. The winds came and went, but they only set it sighing. The birds came and sang under its eaves, but it was an iron horizon of dead melody still. All the meaner strifes and passions of men rippled on below it. They outgroped the ants, and outwrought the bees, and outmatched the shepherds of Chaldea, but the chambers of the bell were as dumb as the cave of Macplah.

At last there came a time when men grew grand for right and truth, and stood shoulder to shoulder over all the land, and went down like reapers to the harvest of death; looked into the graves of them that slept, and believed there was something grander than living; glanced into the far future, and discovered there was something bitterer than dying; and so, standing between the quick and the dead, they acquitted themselves like men.

Then the bell awoke in its chamber and the great waves of its music rolled gloriously out, and broke along the blue walls of the world like an anthem. And every tone in it was as familiar as a household word to somebody, and he heard it, and knew it was a solemn joy. Poured into that fiery heart together, the humblest gifts were blent in one great wealth, and accents, feeble as a sparrow's song, grew eloquent and strong; and lo! a people's stately soul heaved on the waves of a mighty voice.—*B. F. Taylor.*

The recent snow-fall in Washington recalls to the mind of a Pittsburg *Dispatch* writer the experience of the Hon. Hamilton Fish, who, when Secretary of State, had a fine sleigh sent down there from New York. The day it arrived there were ten inches of snow on the streets of Washington, and the stable-men worked half the night to get the sleigh ready for use next day. Before daylight the weather grew warmer, and by ten o'clock in the morning all the snow was gone, and no more fell that winter. "Oh, well," said Mrs. Fish, "we'll use the sleigh next winter." But there was no snow next winter, and the handsome sleigh was finally sent back to New York without ever having been used.

"I caught on to as neat a trick this morning as you ever saw to beat the company," said an Elevated Railroad gateman to a *Tribune* reporter the other day. "In the early rush for down town, a fellow came past the box with a ticket in his hand. As he passed he apparently threw the ticket in the box. I happened to be watching him, and saw the ticket go up his sleeve like a flash. I collared him and found that he had the ticket attached to a piece of rubber, and when he let go it went up his sleeve instead of into the box. A good deal of ingenuity to save five cents, wasn't it?

## SOCIETY.

"Bavardin" tells About the Donahue-Wallace Wedding.

DEAR ARGONAUT: Society can draw a long breath! The long-expected, much-talked-of Donahue-Wallace wedding is an accomplished fact. Luckily for the crowd that besieged the doors of St. Mary's Cathedral, the night of the wedding was a pleasant one climatically, as they were kept out in the cold so long. Every one of that throng of guests will unite with me in saying, that the manner of admitting the guests into the church was badly managed. Instead of receiving the cards as they were presented, and allowing the invited guests to pass on and in, they were kept crowded together outside the gates in a struggling, surging mass, pushing and grumbling, a singular mixture of gay costumes, waving feathers, and policemen's stars. Entrance to the sacred edifice at last being granted, the ladies and their escorts rapidly filled the pews and aisles, and late-comers were forced to find standing-room as best they could. The Christmas decorations of the church still remained, and added greatly to the festive appearance of the interior —garlands of green being hung from the galleries and twined around the pillars, and delicate smilax vines running in and out of the chandeliers. The main altar was literally ablaze with light from myriads of tall wax candles, between which were placed vases of bright flowers. At the entrance to the chancel, the bridal arch was erected; spiral columns of smilax supported a long scroll of green, on which was written "Faith and Love" in white and red carnations; a double heart in pure white flowers arose from the centre of the scroll, bearing the letters "W" in red and "D" in violets; from this depended a huge marriage bell, wrought in tuberoses and violets, surmounted by twin doves facing each other; the scroll bore from the centre, pointing upward, a cross of green with a colored japonica at each of the points. After viewing the floral devices, the guests turned to view each other, while waiting for the bridal party to arrive. The assemblage was a very fashionable one, and the ladies being mostly in evening dress added to the brilliancy of the scene. Among those most noticeable were Mrs. E. Martin, in black velvet and point lace, coiffure of white ostrich tips. Baroness Schroeder, in bridal robe of white brocaded satin, embroidered in pearls, the long train borne by a little boy in black velvet. Mrs. Peter Donahue, gray satin, brocaded with velvet flowers. Mrs. Phelan, brocaded velvet of crimson. Mrs. Newton, in white and red. Mrs. Sillem, in white and brocade; bonnet of violets. Miss McGlyn, white silk costume; crimson feather coiffure. The Misses Brummagem, one of whom was attired in white nun's veiling with garniture of pink roses; the other in blue. Mrs. Elliott in salmon color. Mrs. Whitney in blue. Mrs. Hensley in black velvet. Mrs. Francklyn, white satin and swan's-down. Ballenberg presided over his full band in the organ-loft, but did not indulge the audience with any of his sweet strains until the notes of the wedding-march heralded the approach of the wedding cortege; and a very pretty sight it was. First came two little couples, boys and girls; then the bridesmaids and ushers, May Thornton, Ruth Holladay, Laura McKinstry, Lizzie McNally, Susie McMullin, and Maggie Gwin, and Messrs. Allan Bowie, Hanlon, Samuel Ralston, J. Phelan, George Duval, and Harry Gilmore; then the fair bride, leaning on her father's arm. Arrived at the chancel, she was met by the groom, who stood awaiting her, accompanied by his best man, Ryland Wallace. Then the marriage ceremony was performed by Archbishop Alemany, and in a few minutes the happy pair were proceeding down the aisle again, and all was over, so far as the church services were concerned. Mrs. Wallace, the mother of the bride, was escorted by her brother, and wore a robe of orange-colored taffeta draped with lace. Miss Addie Wallace, the eldest daughter, was in lavender satin, and Daisy, the youngest, in pink. The bridal dress was of exquisite beauty, being of d'Alencon over white satin, with garniture of white feathers and orange blossoms. A wreath of orange blossoms encircled the bride's brow, and over all hung a simple tulle veil. The diamond necklace she wore was a gift from Peter Donahue, the solitaire ear-rings coming from the groom. Every one remarked her graceful, modest bearing. The bridesmaids did not adhere to any set costume, each being attired to suit their own taste and fancy, lavender, green, pink, white, and blue being the colors chosen. The blonde in blue was especially admired. From the church the guests repaired to the reception, held at Judge Wallace's residence on Van Ness Avenue, where they found the bridal party already in position under a floral arch in the large bow window of the right-hand drawing-room. A constant stream of guests were coming and going all the evening, but the majority of the young people remained until the "wee sma' hours," to enjoy the dancing to Ballenberg's band, which at a late hour could be more thoroughly enjoyed. The crowd having diminished, the entire house was thrown open, supper being served upstairs. The veranda-like inclosure off the library was used as a punch and refreshment room. In one of the rooms the presents were displayed, and seemed to comprise everything conceivable in silverware. The floral offerings, too, were numerous and costly.

The other events of the week have been two military receptions which were held—the one by Major and Mrs. Winthrop, at the Presidio, which was largely attended by the officers and their wives, and the one on Wednesday evening to General Pope and staff by General Turnbull. The reception took place at the Palace Hotel, after which "all hands" adjourned to the social and musicale given by Company F at Platt's Hall. Mrs. Henry Norton and Mrs. Carmichael-Carr furnished the musical portion of the entertainment. Friday evening was signalized by the reception of the Cricket Club by Miss Katie Babcock and Mrs. W. T. Wallace's reception in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Herzstein. Miss Hecht gives a masquerade this evening at her mother's residence, on Van Ness Avenue. On Monday night Baroness Schroeder held her reception d'adieu at the Occidental Hotel. Afternoon and evening being named on the cards, many chose the latter time, and the result was a gay assembly from nine o'clock until midnight. A new device for killing time has been inaugurated by several of our *haut ton*, but I must defer telling you about it until my next letter. BAVARDIN.

### Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Arnold has returned from Sacramento, and is the guest of Mrs. Charles Crocker. Miss Lutie Jones returned to San Francisco Sunday; while in Sacramento, the guest of Mrs. L. L. Lewis, a delightful informal dance, at which forty guests assisted, was among the courtesies which were shown her. Peter Donahue Jr. returned from the East Sunday to assist at the wedding Wednesday. Miss Genevieve White has returned to East Oakland from New York, where she has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. John Mack. She is the daughter of the late General Frank White, and grand-daughter of the late Judge White of New York. Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Yerrington, accompanied by Alonzo Hamilton, arrived from Carson Tuesday. The Misses May and Annie Fargo returned Wednesday last by the steamer *Alameda* from the Sandwich Islands, as did also Mrs. D. T. and Miss Katie Staples. Mrs. Paul Neumann will return by the next steamer from there. Superintendent W. T. Welcker arrived in town from Sacramento Monday, also Captain B. B. Tuttle with his bride, from a brief sojourn at Monterey; they will remain at the Palace until their departure for Oregon. L. J. Rose and daughter, of San Gabriel Mission, returned from the East Thursday and are at the Palace, as are also H. E. Nichols and Edgar F. Warburton, of the United States Navy. Mrs. Captain Pearne, with her mother, Mrs. Doctor J. F. Geary, and Mr. and Mrs. Chancellor Hartson, who arrived from Napa Tuesday, are registered there; Doctor Cluness, of Sacramento, arrived Monday, also Hon. Grove Johnson, and Robert Barton from Fresno, and A. W. Rose and wife, of San Mateo, are also at that hotel. Mrs. George Tait and Captain J. W. Dillenbeck are among this week's arrivals from the East. Douglas Gunn, editor of the San Diego *Union*, and R. M. Shackleford, are at the Grand. Mrs. Thornberg, Mrs. S. W. Sanderson, and Miss Sibyl Sanderson, returned Thursday from a short sojourn at Monterey; Miss Tevis, sister of Lloyd Tevis, who went down Tuesday, will remain two weeks. H. M. Heuston will sojourn for a short time at Del Monte; he will return in May to Paris, where he has resided for the last sixteen years. Mrs. John Boggs and daughter Alice were down last week from their present residence in Benicia. Hon. Thomas Fitch has returned to Tucson. General A. J. Hatch left last week for Nevada; he is now in Reno. A. G. Bierce, editor of the *Wasp*, is in Auburn for his health. Mr. and Mrs. George Emerson, of Oakland, shortly leave for Boston. They are remaining in the city previous to their departure. Colonel Mark McDonald, accompanied by his family, are as far as Los Angeles on their way by the Southern route to New Orleans, where they will spend the winter, remaining over the Mardi Gras festivities. Mrs. George Hearst has postponed her return home until after the same event, at which she will be present, when a visit to Florida will be made. George Griswold, of New York, being the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Coleman, a dinner party Thursday was given in compliment to him, at which a number of friends assisted. Regarding the entertainments across the bay, the reception of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Harmon, of East Berkeley, to celebrate their recent wedding, was an event which called together the *élite* of that locality and Oakland, with a goodly sprinkling of society representatives from San Francisco. The second of the series of benefits for aid of the Homœpathic Hospital has been materially assisted by many on this side. Taking the form of a kettle-drum given at the Galindo Hotel, under the management of Mrs. H. J. Glenn, Mrs. S. W. Sawyer, and Mrs. J. B. Dayton, the success of last evening's entertainment was already assured before its occurrance. The young Benedicts of Oakland took occasion for mutual congratulation at the residence of Mrs. B. Coffin, on Sixteenth Street, last Friday evening; keno, dancing, and supper were heartily engaged in. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kendall, Mr. and Mrs. George Toy, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Donnell, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Savage, Mr. and Mrs. George Reed, Mr. and Mrs. T. Mitchell, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Nelson. The keno party of the evening previous at Mrs. Colonel Bromwell's, 126 Tenth Street, was an event which not only called together the leading society people of that side of the bay, but many from this—General and Mrs. Kirkham, General J. F. Houghton, Captain and Mrs. W. C. Little, Mr. and Mrs. Heitshu, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Havens, Judge and Mrs. A. J. Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Bugbee, Judge and Mrs. Noble Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hale, Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Grow, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Grayson, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Hinckley, Mr. and Mrs. T. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Metcalf, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Marwedel, Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, and Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Pennoyer. The reception of the Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder Monday evening at the Occidental well inaugurated the week's festivities. At the second and final leave-taking of their friends, nearly four hundred assisted during the day and evening, to make it almost an ovation. The Baroness was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Sillem. Her dress was of salmon-pink satin *en traine*, with high corsage, beautifully brocaded in front with chenille, and ornamented with embossed strawberries. Her ornaments were diamonds. The couple will leave for their rancho, near San Luis Obispo, Friday next, to remain until April, when they will leave for Berlin, the groom's home. Their intention is to spend the next winter in California. Monday last, the occasion of Miss Belle Sullivan's return to school at the San José Convent, was the plea for another merry-making and leave-taking at the Phelan mansion. Mrs. James Phelan, (with her daughters, Mrs. Senator Sullivan and Miss Mollie Phelan), Miss Fannie Morrison of San José, and Miss Ada Sullivan with Miss Belle, received the guests. A number of works of art have been added to their collection since the last entertainment, making a noticeable change, while the conservatory contributed its wealth to the floral decorations. The floor having been previously covered with canvas, Ballenberg was brought into requisition, and dancing continued uninterruptedly with but the intermission for supper. The costumes were charming, and the affair well worthy of note. Platt's Hall was crowded on Wednesday night with guests to assist at the hop of the First Infantry Regiment, N. G. C., Company F, which was prefaced by a song recital by Mrs. Henry Norton, Mrs. Carmichael-Carr presiding at the piano, and the Eighth United States Infantry Band contributing the orchestra. The attendance was brilliant in the extreme, comparing favorably, as a social event, with the Philharmonic concert of the Friday previous, being quite as fashionably attended. The Ladies' Choral of Thursday last quite sustained its reputation for creditable amateur performances, and was most fashionably patronized. The bridesmaids and groomsmen of the Donahue-Wallace wedding party were enjoyably entertained by Mrs. Judge Wallace on Friday evening of last week with a theatre party, two boxes at the Baldwin being brought into requisition, and an elaborate supper afterward at the Van Ness Avenue residence. The Crickets met at Miss Katie Babcock's, on Essex Street, their party being a brilliant affair. The Pacific Coasters registered at the various hotels in New York are: Hon. H. F. Page, at the St. James; Mrs. N. P. Perine and the Misses Eldridge, from Europe *en route* to San Francisco, at the New York Hotel; Mrs. Haggin, at the Clarendon; N. Kelsey and wife, of Oakland, at the Coleman House; J. H. Ball and N. Cole Jr., of Oregon, at the Astor House; L. H. Smith, Park Avenue Hotel; J. L. Daily, Westminster; W. H. Wilkinson, Sinclair; J. H. Bowman, at Merchants'; J. Welcker, Oakland, at the Grand Union; Albert Cerf, Metropolitan; Major and Mrs. J. L. Rathbone, Hotel Brunswick; E. A. Hall and G. A. Pope, Windsor Hotel. Miss Hooper, daughter of Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper, now a resident of Paris, will winter in Washington, with the Misses Hastings, nieces of the late Charles Sumner, as the guests of Mrs. Lander. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill have had a new acquisition to their household, in Philadelphia, that of Master Craig Hill Sterling, aged at present two weeks. Mrs. Senator Jones and family are most delightfully located at the Arlington, and will remain there for the winter. The Countess of Trobriand, Lady Charles Wolseley (*née* Murphy), Countess Telfener (*née* Hungerford), and Lady Hesketh (*née* Sharon), are among the titled American ladies who will pass a portion of the season at Nice. Doctor and Mrs. Wines, of Boston, entertained their nephew, Charles L. Wines, and friends, on Tuesday evening, at the Palace Hotel. The wedding of Frank Glenn, of Oakland, to Miss Dita Bradley, niece of Governor Bradley of Nevada, was the social event over the bay Wednesday last. The same evening that of Colonel Harry Williar (of the firm of A. Carlisle & Co.) to Miss Ollie B. Troutt engaged the attention of the southern element; also that of Oscar Hermann to Miss Katie Evans was a noticable event, inasmuch as the names of the two families are asssociated with the early history of our State. The wedding of Katie O'Connor, eldest daughter of General P. Edward O'Connor, of Eureka, Nevada, to Mr. P. B. Oliver took place on Tuesday. On Thursday, the 24th, Eugene Ackley Crouch, nephew of Mrs. E. B. Crocker, will be united to Miss Sophie Stevenson, niece of Mrs. W. R. S. Foye, of Sacramento. It promises to be a leading social event in that locality, very many of our San Franciscans being interested in the affair. Mr. J. D. Sherwood, who was graduated from Harvard University last June with honors, is visiting Mrs. Colonel J. T. Fry, and will remain in the city for several weeks. He is the son of Mrs. B. F. Sherwood, formerly of San Francisco, but who has of late years resided in New York city.

## OBSCURE INTIMATIONS.

"A. F. W."—If the poem appeared in the *Chronicle* credited to Swinburne, it was a mistake. It is a *ballade*, the refrain of which is "Give us, ah, give us but yesterday," and its title is "The Prodigals." Its author is Austin Dobson, and it is to be found in his collected works.

"Constant Reader," San Buenaventura.—We printed both kinds in the Xmas number. If you have the poem you refer to, you might send us a copy.

"Jack."—We printed it to please several thousand other people, and not you.

"Collic."—You say you think the story you send is "very, very funny." Perhaps it is, but it is also very, very vulgar.

"C. Y. L."—Much obliged for the metrical version of the goose story; but it is rather late now.

"Father," Oakland.—We do not know of any place in San Francisco where practical knowledge of that kind could be secured. You might apply to one of the electrical companies.

"Pinole," Contra Costa Co.—We do not think, from your note, that stories from you would be available to us.

"J. J. A.," Flagstaff Station.—1. The best Spanish newspaper published in the United States is *Las Novedades*, issued at 23 Liberty Street, New York, at eight dollars per year. 2. We would not advise you to subscribe for any of the San Francisco Spanish papers; they are not worth reading. 3. Yes, the perusal of newspapers is one of the best methods of acquiring a *reading* knowledge of a foreign tongue.

"How Zenas was Pleased."—Declined.

"New Year's Poem."—Declined.

"Two Thanksgivings."—Declined.

"Evelyn Wentworth."—Declined.

"The Surprise."—Declined.

"Snobbery."—Declined.

"The Returned Xmas Card."—Declined.

"She Works for a Living."—Declined.

"Housekeeping."—Declined.

"The Last Quarrel."—Declined.

To "NEMO": I have completed a novel and was on the point of disposing of the same, but considering your dilemma—*i. e.*, a novel without a climax—I am influenced to submit for your consideration the following:

Time—March 20, 1884. Scene—Summit Mount Diablo. Dramatis Personæ—Heroine, rustic maid from Santa Clara Valley; beautiful, pure, and womanly. Hero, sturdy youth from Oregon; occupation, salmon-spearer on Umpqua River. (Note—These localities are chosen to give *local* interest to story). Desire of hero and heroine to wed. Hero, descendant of Fire Worshipers, and receives mysterious and supernatural revelations relative to portentous appearance of present red sunsets and dawns. Hero and heroine fly (on mule) toward Monte Diablo. Parents of girl and *posse* in hot pursuit. As youth and maiden near summit of Monte Diablo, sky becomes blood-red, appalling pursurers, though they continue in pursuit. Youth and maiden reach summit, comet approaches, they dismount from mule, are embraced in tender folds of nebulæ of comet, and are carried into space before astonished gaze of pursuers.—*Finis*.

If you wish to introduce a strain of humor, you could so arrange the climax that the mule also should be enveloped and carried up by the tail of the comet, and, after being raised to the height of several thousand feet, have him kick himself loose. The idea of a mule getting the best, or, rather, the better of a comet, and falling six thousand feet through "cosmic ether," would be ludicrous in the extreme. The red appearance of the sky at present, morn and eve, is undoubtedly caused by cometic influence, and would give a color of reality to story. The best way to remit money is by U. S. Money Order. ELIJAH.

ROSEBURG, January 5, 1884.

Elijah, you have misunderstood me. I have a story, but no climax. Anybody can write a story. It takes a genius to produce good climaxes. Thanks awfully, all the same. NEMO.

### The Pacific Bank.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The attack on Dr. McDonald's management, by a few stockholders of his Pacific Bank, is only what has been expected by his friends. The liquor interest, General Naglee, the largest brandy-maker in this State, and others, are at the bottom of it. They have only made public their long-existing opposition, shown how singularly alone the grand old temperance chief is, and how firmly he stands for the right. Even were it true that he is supported only by "clerks, youths, women, and non-residents," it is a brave sight, and one which will arouse and rally around him and his bank the sympathies of sober, thinking people. The "resolutions" against the bank's management are cunningly worded to mislead the public, but they will be seen through by shrewd business men as being mere pretexts—"whisky lies"; and where the Pacific Bank loses one customer it will gain two by this exposure where it is understood, for it will advertise all the bank's friends and many others all over this State and East. Temperance people will rally to it, while many others will be at least neutral. It is already known as the most hospitable bank in town, and if "women and reformers" do get a hearing, so much the better for the public that there is at least one place of such hearing in business circles. The Pacific Bank pays good dividends, and that is the best test. There is none of its stock to be had, and that is another. Since two years, and especially the past year, its profits have increased considerably. The public is not going to help the liquor interest in any such interference, on any such thin pretexts. I congratulate the Doctor and his bank, on the other hand, upon the way in which "the wrath of man is being made to serve" their good cause. I have never seen a better New Year's business card than his opponents have been unwillingly instrumental in giving to him and the Pacific Bank. A PACIFIC BANK DEPOSITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 17, 1884.

## LANGTRY'S LATEST SENSATION.

"Flaneur's" New York Gossip.

Mrs. Langtry's reappearance here in "Peril" served to show what a particularly bad actor Charles Coghlan has become and how much Mrs. Langtry has improved. Coghlan was engaged to support Mrs. Langtry, because he had acted in the rôle of Captain Bradford in London. Over there he was pronounced a success; here he acted preposterously. Coghlan is the mystery of the hour. It would seem unkind, perhaps, to claim that he was either insane or under the influence of liquor on Monday night; but it is impossible to explain his conduct on any other presumption.

"Peril" is one of the stupidest plays I have ever witnessed. As originally written by Sardou, it was of absorbing interest. The story is a very common one. An unsuspicious husband takes a handsome young friend into his family and his confidence, and the handsome young friend shows his gratitude by making love to the unsuspicious husband's wife. In every play which has dealt with this situation (and the number of such plays is almost unlimited), the perfidy of the handsome young friend is apparent to every character in the play. The husband never suspects anything until the last act. One can easily imagine what such a master as Sardou would do with a theme of this kind. It would seem that even after the play had been translated it would not become dull. But vast is the power of the average British adapter. Two adapters struggled with the original "Peril." They have evolved a play in which the absorbing motive, and the only real interest of the play, which is, of course, the love episode between the beautiful wife and the handsome friend, is subordinated to a lot of prosy and commonplace dialogue, which has nothing whatever to do with the plot. It was necessary, apparently, to eliminate everything from Sardou's play which was at all suggestive. In doing this, the moralists also cut out everything of contemporaneous human interest.

The play was magnificently set at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. This setting was copied from the London presentation, which was engineered by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft. Thus, to quote the play-bill, "Peril," by Sardou, translated by Stephenson and Beck, and produced in London by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, is presented by Mr. John Stetson at the Fifth Avenue Theatre by Mrs. Langtry and Charles Coghlan, with Joseph Clare as scenic artist. This was enough to damn "Peril" at the outset. It is no wonder that the play did not make a go. It has been so dreadfully doctored, fathered, reproduced, reset, and rewritten, that it had come to be utterly stupid and commonplace.

However, it served to show that Mrs. Langtry—who, when she last appeared here, was decidedly amateurish—had gained professional repose on the stage, and really exhibited pronounced dramatic talent on Monday night. No one who sees her in "Peril" can doubt that she has devoted herself assiduously to study during the past year. Every detail of her acting was perfect, and she gave, on the whole, a smooth, well-rounded, and life-like picture of the well-bred English gentlewoman. She walked the stage with ease, her poses were natural, and the general "business" of her part was admirably conceived and worked up. What she lacked is what I fear she will always lack—force and originality. She is already a good and conscientious actress, but she hasn't the faintest particle of genius and few indications of talent. She is apparently what any woman of like social education, position, and breeding might become through earnest study, with similar advantages as far as accessories are concerned.

Mrs. Langtry never looked more beautiful than she did on Monday night. Many people who have heretofore considered her decidedly plain were won over among her admirers. She has a new fashion of dressing her hair, which makes her more youthful, and the awkwardness which once characterized her stage movements has entirely disappeared. Four of the costumes about which so much was written when Mrs. Langtry was in Paris last summer were worn in "Peril." They must have been marvels, for the women instantly went wild over them, and they have been the subject of newspaper talk ever since the first night. Mrs. Langtry made a decided hit by an accident.

In the third act of "Peril" is a somewhat dramatic situation. The lover (Coghlan) meets his kind friend's wife (Mrs. Langtry) alone in an ante-chamber. He makes fast and furious love to her, and things begin to look interesting for the first time in the evening, when the husband appears on the scene. This is a disagreeable habit of husbands, in life as in plays. Fortunately, however, the lover succeeds in sliding through a window and out on a balcony before the husband sees him. This, too, is habitual with lovers. Other people come into the room and a conversation on general topics is instituted.

Meanwhile the unfortunate Romeo is on a perch outside of a window, having a series of cold chills and praying for deliverance. The wife, overcome by the intensity of her intrigue, the heat of the room, and the extremely dull conversation of her husband, feels faint. Thereupon the husband goes to the window to throw the shutters back. This is the time for the wife to have a cold chill. She has it, and makes some trifling excuse to keep her husband away from the window. Meanwhile a doctor, who is one of the characters in the play, and a friend of the lover, conveys to that interesting youth the advice to jump to the ground at once for his life. This does not attract the attention of the husband. A moment later there is a dull thud, and the audience understands intuitively that the masher is off his perch. Thereupon the husband throws the shutters open. As he does so he sees something in the garden beneath the balcony, and steps out. His wife shrieks despairingly and faints away on a neighboring sofa. It is here that Mrs. Langtry made the great hit on Monday night.

She stood with her back to the audience in the middle of the rear of the stage, facing the window. As her husband rushed out on the balcony, she raised her arms high in the air, uttered a shriek, and threw herself backward with her head toward the audience on a sofa, which was also pointed toward the audience. The sofa had springs, Mrs. Langtry fell upon them with intense fervor. She is not a feather-weight. As she struck the sofa on her downward career, the springs recoiled, and shot her up into the air again. She turned completely over and dropped with an awful thump flat on her back on the floor. It was the signal for an outburst of terrific applause. People stamped, and shouted, and yelled. For a moment there was a feeling of chagrin at the conviction which settled upon every American's mind, that our own actress, Fanny Davenport, had been outdone in the fainting act; but national pride was gulped down in an enthusiastic wave of admiration for the Græco-Roman and thoroughly reckless manœuvre of Mrs. Langtry. Meanwhile that famous woman lay flat on her back. The curtain was rapidly lowered. The applause went on and the curtain was raised again. Mrs. Langtry, quite pale, trembling, and panting, was led to the footlights. A smile of triumph played about her lips, however, as she bowed her acknowledgments. If Mrs. Langtry's manager is wise he will star her all over the world on this fainting rôle. Compared to it the handsprings of Fanny Davenport sink into delicate insignificance. It will probably break Mrs. Langtry's back before the season is over, but her manager will unquestionably make money.

Of Charles Coghlan's failure little can be said, because of its utter incomprehensibility. He is by all odds the most ill-balanced and erratic actor that I have ever seen. Mrs. Langtry seemed to be afraid of him in the love scene in the third act. He appeared to gloat over her lavishly revealed charms in a coarse and brutal way, and several times he seized her hands roughly. She struggled quietly to disengage herself, and moved away from him when his outbursts became too passionate. He narrowly escaped being hissed.

A great many men left the theatre after the second act, as I did, and went round the corner to see Pendergast attempt to knock out Hughey Burns at the Madison Square Gardens. There were about three thousand people there, and, take it all in all, it was a very respectable crowd. I mean respectable for a New York glove-fight crowd. After the "fight" was over, the majority of the men who had been to see Mrs. Langtry went back there. The fight was more of a fizzle than "Peril." You may or may not know that Pendergast is the ambitious Brooklyn man who challenged Sullivan to a fight for two thousand five hundred dollars and put up his forfeit money last October. Mr. Pendergast has succeeded in knocking out two boxers, neither of whom amounted to much physically, but were highly scientific. Pendergast is a big man. He stands six feet and half an inch in his stockings, and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds. He had rather fight than eat, and he is confident that he will whip Sullivan. If he ever attacks the Boston pugilist he will feel as if he had been struck by a cyclone. A great many men really had a high opinion of Pendergast's ability as a boxer because they had seen him in bouts with his trainer. Therefore they expected him to knock Mr. Hughey Burns out, as he had promised.

Hughey Burns is, undoubtedly, the ugliest man personally I have ever seen. His face is positively awful. Strong men have been known to weep at the sight of him. He looks like a caricature of one of Doré's demons. All of his teeth have been knocked out at various times, his jawbone broken twice, one of his eyes gouged and the other turned astray from its natural course, and his nose has been pounded in so many diverse directions at various times that it has apparently become confused and compromised by spreading in every possible direction at once. It is only called a nose by courtesy. Hughey's head is shaped like a flat-head Indian's, and his ears are large and canopy. He is gaunt, and bony, and narrow-chested, and old. This extraordinary specimen got up in front of Pendergast on Monday night, and, after being divested of his wraps, stretched his skinny arms, looked around upon the audience, and smiled. A shudder passed over the throng. Then Pendergast bounced up on the platform.

Gloves were tied on their hands, and the two men faced each other. Everybody expected that Pendergast would sail in and do the work that was cut out for him. He had agreed to knock Burns out in four rounds or forfeit fifteen hundred dollars. The preliminary of knocking each other out consisted in dancing round and sparring gently for an opening. This lasted for some time, when Pendergast suddenly made a rush like a mad bull, and pushed his antagonist against the ropes. Here he held him for a time, and then began to pound him on the head as if he were driving tacks in a carpet. This continued for a little while, and then Mr. Pendergast gave a final shove and sent his antagonist over the ropes, and down on the floor beneath the platform. Mr. Burns was placed on the platform again, and put up in front of Pendergast. Instead of fighting, he tried to get away from the Brooklyn man. Thereupon the vigorous knocker-out rushed for him again, and shoved him against the rope. Here he held him tightly for a while, and continued driving tacks into Mr. Burns's shapeless head. After a while he grew weary of this, and thumped him violently in the region of the belt. This doubled up Mr. Burns like a suddenly closed jack-knife, and he shot under the rope to the floor below. Once more Hughey was thrown up on the platform, and once more Mr. Pendergast got him up against the rope. This time Mr. Burns, to save trouble and time, went over of his own volition. Half of the audience was screaming with rage, and the other half was yelling with laughter.

Time was called, and the men went to their corners. Their seconds rushed around them, squeezed brandy into their mouths, put lemon-juice on their lips, slapped wet towels over their backs, sponged their necks, rubbed their arms and shins, and fanned them vigorously. This was even more ludicrous than the knock-out, for the men had absolutely done nothing in the way of fighting. When the "fight" was resumed, Mr. Pendergast began once more to plaster Mr. Burns against the ropes. It went on for a little while, and then Captain Williams stopped the show amid a volley of hisses.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, January 10, 1884.

Westminster Abbey is shortly to be lighted by the electric light.

## THE RAILWAY WORLD.

Notes of Interest to Employees and Travelers.

The town of Pullman, which was created out of nothing by the establishment of the Pullman car works, now has a population, as shown by a census just completed, of six thousand six hundred and eighty-eight. This is a wonderful growth for three years, especially when it is considered that all the buildings and improvements are of a costly and permanent order. There is not a frame structure in the town; everything is of a character worthy of a great metropolis.

A writer in an English journal undertakes to show that railway trains are safe in proportion to their speed. He argues that "high speed by trains is conducive to great care and the finest work on the part of railway engineers," and promulgates this formula: "Mechanical energy increases as the square of the speed, and the higher the speed the better the work." Unfortunately, the engineer's work is only one element in the operation of railways, and no sophistry can cover the fact that the danger of breakage of rails, wheels, axles, driving-rods, couplings, etc., is increased by increase of speed. Moreover, the wear and tear of road and rolling stock are so greatly augmented by high speed that the manager has to count the cost before yielding to the fancy of the traveling public for fast running.

In 1883, there were completed only 6,608 miles of railroad, against 11,591 miles in the previous year. But an examination of the progress of railroad building in different sections discloses some remarkable facts. The results show a surprising development of the railway system in the Northern States between the Hudson and the Mississippi rivers, a sluggish growth in the region south of the Potomac and Ohio and east of the Mississippi, a remarkable decrease in railway building in the Southwest, and the completion of 1,712 miles last year, and 4,780 miles within three years, in Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon. But for the continued and rapid growth of the system in that direction, and in New York, Pennsylvania, and the five States between Pennsylvania and the Mississippi, railroad building last year would have been a rather insignificant matter. The details of area and population show, moreover, that the growth of the railroad system is governed by very different laws in the Northern belt of States from those that restrict its development in the South and Southwest.

Eight railroads in the State, remarks the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, have killed 221 persons this year, against 216 last, and injured 535, against 483 last year. The Boston and Albany has killed no passengers, but injured 6; has killed 13 employees and injured 147, killed 18 other people and injured 48. The New York and New England has killed no passengers, but injured 27; has killed 31 employees and injured 100; has killed 21 others and injured 25. The New York, New Haven, and Hartford has killed 4 passengers and injured 11; has killed 11 employees and injured 75; has killed 35 others and injured 27. The Boston and Lowell has killed 1 passenger and injured 1; has killed 7 employees and injured 6; has killed 9 others and injured 2. The Boston and Maine has killed 3 passengers and injured 1; has killed 4 employees and injured 5; has killed 6 others and injured 8. The Boston and Providence has killed no passengers and injured 1; has killed 2 employees and injured none; has killed 5 others and injured 5. The Eastern has killed 7 passengers and injured 3; has killed 6 employees and injured 10; has killed 15 others and injured 10. The Old Colony has killed 1 passenger and injured 2; has killed 6 employees and injured 10; has killed 16 others and injured 8. The Boston and Albany had one accident in 33 employees; New York, New Haven, and Hartford, one in 46 employees; the New York and New England, one in 31; the Old Colony, one in 172; the Eastern, one in 161; the Boston and Maine, one in 233; the Boston and Lowell, one in 124; and the Boston and Providence, one in 436. The Fitchburg figures are not given.

According to the Mexican government records, corrected up to November 30, 1882, the following concessions or grants have been made. The name of the grantee is appended, but, of course, changes have been made in that respect owing to transfers:

Mexico to Vera Cruz, with Branch to Puebla, and a horse line from Vera Cruz, to Jalapa Mexican Railway Company (English). ——Jalapa to San Marcos by Perote—same grantee.——Vera Cruz to Anton Lizardo and Alvarado; and Rio de San Juan to Minatitlan—Government State of Vera Cruz.——Merida, Ticul, Tekas, and Peto—Government State of Yucatan.——Mexico to Morelos and Acapulco, with branch to Cuernavaca—Government State of Morelos.——Puebla to Matamoros Izucar—Government State of Puebla.——Tehuantepec to the Rio de Coatzacoalcos—Federal Government.——Culiacan to the Port of Altata—State of Sinaloa.——Vera Cruz to Jalapa, Perote, and San Marcos—Delfin Sanchez.——Perote to San Andres and Mexico, with branch to Tezuintla—Francisco M. Prida.——Irola to Pachuca, with branch to Tulancingo—State of Hidalgo.——San Agustin to Huehuetoca —State of Hidalgo.——Mexico to Queretaro, Guanajuato, Leon, Zicatecas, Durango, Paso del Norte, with branches to San Blas and Tampico (Mexican Central Grant)—Robert R. Symon and associates.——Mexico to Tolucca, Morelia,, and Manzanillo, with branch to Guadalajara—Palmer and Sullivan.——San Luis Potosi to Zacatecas and Lagos—Palmer and Sullivan.——Irolo to San Martin Texmelucan, with branch to Tlaxcala—Government of the State of Tlaxcala.——Merida to Calkini, with branch to Celestum —Government State of Yucatan.——Puebla to San Marcos—Government State Puebla.——Guaymas to Hermosillo and Paso del Norte, with branch to Alamos and Ures—Sebastian Camacho and David Fergusson.——Mexico to Cuernavaca, Toluca, and Punta de Ixtapa, with branch to Tancitaro—J. M. Amat.——Irolo to Los Reyes—Delfin Sanchez.——Guaymas to Rio Yaqui—Robert R. Symon.——Merido to Valladolid, with branch to Motni—F. G. Canton——Tlalmanalco to Compana. with branch to Calco—State of Mexico.——Campeche to Calkini—State of Campeche.—— Mexico to Puebla, Tehuachan, Oaxaca, and Puerto Angel—General U. S. Grant.——Tehuantepec, Tonala, Guatemala, Vera Cruz, and Anton Lizardo—General Grant.——Progreso to Conkal—F. Canton.——Puebla to Acatlan, with branches to Tlaxiaco and Chapa—M. Romero Rubio and Revuelta.——Minatitlan to San Juan Bautista, Teapa, and Pichucaclo—Sarlat and Maldonado.

## VANITY FAIR.

The New York *Morning Journal* contains the following list of fashionable New York equipages: "Mrs. Cornelius Garrison rides in a handsome carriage drawn by a pair of dark bays, while the commodore has a landaulet and a pair of blacks. The commodore drives down in the morning, and keeps his carriage at his office door until he returns in the afternoon. Mrs. Russell Sage rides in a Brewster carriage, drawn by a pair of blacks; in which Mr. Sage sometimes accompanies her to church, or in a drive through the Park on a holiday. He uses the elevated railroad, and does not keep an equipage for himself. Mrs. Gould, when in town, rides in a carriage and pair of roans. Mr. Gould drives a fleet-footed Hambletonian to a single-seated roadwagon in the Park when he has time. Young Gould often takes a coupé down or up town with Ham Opper or Geff George, though he as often walks. Mrs. Travers's family carriage, the door-panels of which are emblazoned with a crest, is drawn by a magnificent pair of blacks of noble lineage. Mr. Travers has a stable full of horses, and generally drives out in a phaeton, having a coupé for his chance ridings. Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt generally goes out in a family carriage richly lined with maroon satin, and drawn by blacks or grays. It is, indeed, a family carriage, as the seats are always occupied by some member of the family, one of the married daughters, or a relative from the South. Mr. Vanderbilt drives his celebrated horses on the road, but for his business engagements he rides in a landaulet drawn by a pair of dark bays. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt has a high-springed carriage drawn by a pair of mottled grays, while her liege lord drives a road-wagon and pair of fleet-footed pacers. Mr. Bonner has a stable full of celebrated horses, and delights in his afternoon drive; but Mrs. Bonner does not care for the road, and has a carriage and pair of sorrels to go out with whenever she wants. Mrs. Paran Stevens enjoys herself in a carriage and grays; but when on business intent down-town charters a coupé. Mr. Rockefeller's family go out in a capacious carriage drawn by either bays or grays, while he drives his famous pacers. Like most of our rich men, he travels on the elevated to and from business. Both Mrs. Robert and Mrs. Ogden Goelet have double-horse coupés, while their husbands respectively have single-seated roadwagons and drive, singly or in pairs, fleet-footed horses. Mrs. Belmont drives a carriage and a pair of dark bays, while Mr. Belmont drives a phaeton or pair, or a roadwagon and one or two trotters, and frequently a four-in-hand. He has a coupé for his private use, in which he drives to and from the bank, keeping it at the door all day. Mr. Keene has no horses in town. His family have left Newport, and are now residing at Babylon, Long Island. Mr. E. D. Morgan Jr. rides in a landaulet drawn by a pair of stylish brads. Mr. Morgan has a stable of some fifteen or more blooded horses, and goes out himself in a road-wagon or phaeton always well horsed. Mrs. Frederick Neilson's Victoria and pair of noble bays are again daily seen on the avenue in the mornings, driven by herself, she being generally conceded to be the best amateur lady whip in the city. She takes the children out in the afternoon in a Brewster coach and pair of heavy bays. Mr. Frederick Gebhard (Mrs. Neilson's brother) drives a dog-cart and roan. Mrs. Langtry has commissioned a well-known horseman to purchase her a pair of Kentucky coach-horses. All the prominent physicians drive carriages and pairs, and notably Doctor Hammond, who has a royal barouche and team of noble bays, and is generally accompanied by his family. Mrs. Albert Gallatin, and, indeed, nearly all the rich widows, drive stylish carriages and pairs. Many rich people keep their horses at their country residences, and resort to the livery stables for their town riding." The use of "ride" and "drive" in the foregoing paragraph is to be taken by our readers "without prejudice." The *Journal* is responsible for it, and not the *Argonaut*.

Concerning the latest fashions in English ball-dresses, the London *Daily News* says: Faint-hued satin is one of the ideal fabrics for the setting forth of woman's beauty. There is a sumptuous softness about it that fascinates the artist's eye and inspires the poet's pen. Its gleaming surface seems to irradiate the form it envelops, and the shifting folds produce an effect of light and shade in which any less glossy material must fail. Nor is the mode of to-day calculated in any way to lessen the excellence of the fabric as adapted to ball dresses. The too abbreviated skirts of some three years ago have disappeared, together with the superlative tightness which made the dancer look as though her knees were in danger of coming through her dress. The length of the skirt is now regulated by the convenience of the dancer, not by the beauty or otherwise of the feet and ankles that a short dress displays and a long one hides. The rule at present is that the front and sides of the evening dress shall clear the floor by some two inches, while the back just rests upon it. In the gentle swing of the dance, this portion also sways upward from the floor, and on a graceful *valseuse* (the waltz is now scarcely known by its former name, but has become the *valse!*) there is no more becoming length. The very low bodices of some seasons ago are now considered "bad form" (a quite untranslatable slang phrase), while that essayed to do duty as sleeves would, if worn by a girl or young matron, at once condemn her as belonging to the fast contingent. In a frock just designed by one of our leading court milliners, the materials are satin and lace. The former is in a shade of bright golden yellow, and is entirely covered by light draperies of brown Spanish lace. The edge of the skirt is fretted into ripples of shining golden yellow, just appearing beneath the filmy brown of the lace. The bodice and paniers are in a similar style, the latter consisting solely of the lace, which is draped toward the back in graceful folds. Knots of yellow satin ribbon serve to bring out the veiled gold of the satin, while the folds of lace, where they fall together, form the contrasting deep tones of the composition. Among the new fabrics for ball dresses is an English crape, snow-white in color, and dotted with pearls. The crinked surface is effective over white satin. The pearls have affinities with the satin, while the crape presents opposite qualities. The three combined form a perfect union, free from monotony or any suspicion of insipidity. The satin is in a shade of flesh-pink, and of incomparable softness of texture. Curving lines of yellowish lace describe a section of a circle on the skirt near the front, and down the left side runs a panel of the satin embroidered in many brilliant colors, softened by contiguity to each other. Lace of a similar tint is effective upon dresses of eau-de-Nil green; but by far the most beautiful trimmings of dresses for dances consists of the exquisitely made flowers and leaves that are turned out by the skillful fingers of the artificial florists. A beautiful dress is in brocaded gauze of the color known as imperial yellow, one so bright and glowing that one comprehends easily why the children of the Flowery Land have called it "the daughter of light." The bodice is edged round the shoulders with large yellow beads. Paniers and drapery are of yellow tulle, spotted with leaves of the same color. This dress, without presenting any loud or inharmonious feature, could not permit its wearer to be unseen or unnoticed in any ball-room. It would need some grace of carriage and an air of distinction in addition to beauty for any lady to appear in such a dress without becoming subservient to it. An insignificant woman must be extinguished by it. A shy one would be overwhelmed. Only a brilliant one would feel at ease in it.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice, says the London *World*, will stay at Osborne till the third week in February, when they will return to Windsor Castle. Her Majesty proposes to leave England for Germany about April 7th, and will remain abroad for four weeks. Except for a couple of days at Darmstadt, the Queen will stay during this period at Baden-Baden, at her pleasant residence, the Villa Hohenlohe, where she lived on her former visits to Baden in 1876–1880. The Queen will take another course of baths at Baden, as she derived much benefit from her former use of them. The Queen is always rejoiced to get away from Windsor, and her annual residence there, made as brief as possible, never exceeds four months. There is constantly some State formality coming off at the Castle—a council, an investiture, or a tiresome ceremonious reception; and almost every day "distinguished visitors" arrive to dine and sleep. Here, too, it is necessary that the whole Court *entourage* of lords and grooms in waiting, and other ornaments of the household, shall be in constant attendance. Business, both public and private, is always heavy when her Majesty is at the Castle, and ministerial audiences are frequent. In the ordinary routine of life at Windsor, the Queen is now rarely seen outside the extensive private demesne. An early drive to breakfast at Frogmore, followed by a long morning of work there, a stroll in the gardens, and then back to lunch at the Castle, after which another walk on the slopes at East Terrace, or a drive in the Great Park, and back for some quiet reading before it is time to prepare for the quarter to nine dinner, is the programme of an off-day; and very soon after the dinner-party, the Queen again retires to her own private rooms. Windsor is very splendid, and also very comfortable; but it is not, and never could be, a cheerful residence, and her Majesty's associations with the place are sad and depressing. Among the legion of Christmas parcels which went down to Osborne, on December 21st, were the three dishes which are invariably to be found on the Queen's sideboard on Christmas day: the royal baron of beef, the boar's head, and the woodcock-pie. They are always cooked at Windsor Castle, and are forwarded thence to Osborne on Christmas eve. The Queen usually receives presents of several genuine wild boars' heads from German relatives. From 1837 till his death in 1853, King Ernest of Hanover regularly sent a real *hure de sanglier* to each of his English friends; but his list was a very small one during the last few years, as any one who abandoned his majesty's rigid creed of Holy Alliance Toryism was at once struck out. A roast sucking-pig, which had been carefully nurtured on mother's milk from the hour of its birth, was formerly another royal dish on Christmas day; and George IV. was particularly fond of the head of a sucking-pig, split, well seasoned, and deviled. The old Duke of Cambridge reveled in pig; and Mr. Hayward relates how, when H. R. H. was staying at Belvoir for the late Duke of Rutland's birthday, he was shown the *menu* for the dinner, and was asked whether there was anything else he fancied. "Yes," was the answer; "a roast pig and an apple dumpling."

A new amusement for ladies is reported from Austria. In fashionable circles at Vienna the custom has been introduced from France of instructing ladies in fencing. A well-known fencing master, who is the most popular with the Viennese ladies in this science, recently gave a tournament, at which he presented his pupils before a select audience of fifteen hundred persons. The enthusiasm among the audience was very great, and it was equally divided between the skill of the fair fencers and the tasteful arrangement of the fencing costumes. They consisted of tight-fitting, high-necked garments of claret-colored or sky-blue material reaching to the knees, with tricots and plastrons to correspond. The hands were protected by fencing gloves, and the faces by steel masks.

Last spring Justice Lawson committed Mr. Dwyer Gray, of the Dublin *United Irishman*, to prison for contempt of court. When Gray got out again, a few weeks later, he found Lawson's country villa at Bray to let for the summer. "Just what I want for the season," he exclaimed, and rented it forthwith. That evening Lawson's agent said to the justice: "I rented your house to-day, and to whom do you suppose?" "I'm sure I don't know." "Dwyer Gray." "Well, that's better quarters than I gave him before."

Mr. Hart, the millionaire stockholder of the Third Avenue Surface Railway, is seen in the neighborhood of Printing-house Square every day. He dresses comfortably, but plainly, and is vigorous and healthy. A stranger would be more likely to take the ruddy-faced and jolly looking old man for a well-to-do butcher than for one of the wealthiest and shrewdest New York business men.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The latest issues of the "Franklin Square Library" are R. E. Francellon's "A Great Heiress," price, 15 cents; Annie Thomas's "Jennifer," price, 20 cents; and Mrs. Caddy's "Adrian Bright," price, 20 cents. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth has just issued her old novel, "Ishmael, or In the Depths," in book form. It first appeared serially in the New York *Ledger*, where it attracted much attention. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by Bancroft; price, 75 cents.

Mr. Jonathan Norcross, who is well known as a writer on sociology and political economy, has just written a little volume entitled "The History of Democracy," discussing it as a party name and as a political organization. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

Mr. Edward Armitage, R. A., lecturer to the Royal Academy from 1876 to 1882, is an academician of the most vicious kind. He is the commonplace expression of the worst features of the English art of the year 1840. His "Lectures on Painting," which have just been issued in book form, are a lengthy wail against the modern school of painters. He mourns over the bad taste of the *dilettanti* and smatterers who like "the sketchy, imperfect work" of the Paris Exhibition, at which "the cultured artist shrugs his shoulders, but tries to view it leniently, as he would the work of a savage." He groans in describing the bad public taste that prefers the impressionist school to "good, sober art." But the terrible shadow of foreboding evil which haunts him is the Muybridge Instantaneous Photograph. He views with horror the possibilities of a school of art arising that should adopt such hideous realisms in its drawings. However, there is a good side to Mr. Armitage's work, and that is the four or five chapters which treat of the historical side of painting, and the sculpture and dress. These are valuable for their information. Otherwise, the volume is of little use in this age of progression and sham-hunting. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* has now issued four numbers. The January number gives great promise for excellent things during the coming year. The frontispiece of Matthew Arnold accompanies a well-written article on the English philosopher by Henry James. Archibald Forbes, ever charming in his romantic war stories, writes of "The Emperor and his Marshal," relating an incident of the Franco-Prussian war. Professor Geike's paper on "Rivers and River Gorges" is admirable. One of the most attractive features of the number are Caldecott's illustrations to the old fable of "The Hares and the Frogs." The following authors have written, or are to write, for the *English Illustrated Magazine:* Walter Besant, William Black, Austin Dobson, E. W. Gosse, Thomas Hardy, Professor Huxley, Henry James, Andrew Lang, George Meredith, William Morris, J. H. Shorthouse, R. L. Stevenson, A. C. Swinburne, the author of "John Halifax," Mrs. Thackeray Riche, and Miss Yonge. To these names should be added the names of the following artists: George H. Boughton, Randolph Caldecott, W. J. Hennessey, E. Burne Jones, Alfred Parsons, D. G. Rossetti, Arthur Severn, L. Alma-Tadema, and Charles Whymper.

Announcements: A new poem by Mr. Swinburne will appear in this week's issue of *Harper's Weekly*.——"The Story of Chinese Gordon," a book which promises to be one of exciting interest, is to be republished in this country by R. Worthington.——Mrs. J. T. Fields will contribute to the forthcoming *Harper* an attractive paper full of personal anecdotes of Mr. Emerson. Mrs. Fields is quoted as saying of Emerson that he could not easily forgive any one who made him laugh immoderately.——Mr. J. T. Trowbridge has written for the March *Harper* a sketch of Will Carleton, author of "Farm Ballads. A portrait will accompany the sketch.——Handsome editions of "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel" are to be brought out by David Douglass, of Edinburgh. The London *World* calls "The Guardian Angel" Doctor Holmes's "masterpiece," Ryles Gridley the "most delightful of scholars and kindly of men," and Gifted Hopkins "one of the most quietly humorous creations of American literature."—— A cheap edition of Mr. Browning's poems is at last to be brought out in England.——Mr. A. J. Symonds's new book, "Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama," is nearly ready for publication.——Mr. Courthope's "Addison," in the "English Men of Letters" series, is just coming from the press of the Harpers.——Pollock's romance of "Peter Wilkins," beloved of Lamb and Leigh Hunt, is to be reprinted in London from the first edition of 1851. The old plates will be reproduced.——Mr. Robert Buchanan's last novel, "Annan Water," like all his latest books, breathes of the villainy of man and the sorrow of woman. It is not without dramatic strength, but it is in no sense an agreeable story.——Mr. Gosse declares that it was not the critics who killed John Keats, but shallow-hearted Fanny Browne. Mr. Forman's new edition of Keats is enthusiastically praised in London.

Miscellany: "Thackeray," Mr. Yates says, "was upon one occasion heard to speak in the highest terms of Richard Doyle's conception of Colonel Newcome; but he was never satisfied with the artist's sketches of the proud and pretty Ethel. 'Doyle can not draw a woman,' he used to say; and those whose taste and imagination Doyle's slim, wooden, expressionless girl has always offended will agree with the author."——There has been a notable reduction in the price of the first edition of Dickens's works, the demand having brought into market in England a large number of copies.——Gail Hamilton, in her hot-headed but vigorous tirade against Carlyle, says that "Forever and forever the bedbugs of his household will crawl across the pages of Carlyle's history to defile and defame."——A young gentleman bearing the name of "Maloney" has been amusing himself by publishing as his own, though under a slightly different title, Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." This kind of literary conveyance is not so novel as to be remarkable; but what is strange, indeed, is the absent-mindedness of the editor of the *Niagara Falls Gazette*, the paper in which Mr. Maloney's "Legend of the North Woods" appeared.——Of three English poets a literary authority, recently home from a visit to Great Britain, gives some concise notes to the *American*. "Swinburne," he says, "has turned pietist; Morris, Fenian (and Socialist?), and Browning, Methodist."——"Alfred," wrote Carlyle to Emerson, of the Poet Laureate, "is one of the few British or foreign figures who are and remain beautiful to me—a true human soul, or an approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say brother."——A writer in the *Century* says that Dumas *père* was never an Academician. In his time the Academy would have fainted at the idea of letting in a man so spontaneous, irrepressible, imaginative, exuberant, and original, to say nothing of the Bohemianism of his life and the Africanism of his head. Guizot was then king of the Academy, and he was a prig.——Henry James agrees with Lord Coleridge that Matthew Arnold is the most distinguished man of letters now living in England.——Algernon Swinburne denies that he has at present any intention of visiting the United States. He says he has had an offer of an engagement to lecture in this country, but has postponed his acceptance of it. ——One word for Tennyson, two for Tupper: "If," says the latter in the London *Times*, "any foolish rule has heretofore existed that any writer, however excellent, must—as possibly Bohemian—be excluded from national recognition through the fountain of honor in the way of titular distinction, we may well rejoice that, as our noble Tennyson has now broken through the pale, there is hope for some of his literary brethren and sisters being thought worthy of public honors from our great and good queen."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lamartine's old home in Paris, and the chalet presented o him by the city in 1848, are for sale.

Bret Harte was a guest of the Duke of St. Albans at Westwood Lodge during Christmas week.

Lord Ernest Hamilton, a younger son of the Duke of Abercorn, has left the Hussars in order to become a stock-broker.

At a breakfast in Philadelphia, Thursday morning, Henry Irving was presented with the watch once worn by Edwin Forrest.

It is reported that Mr. George Augusta Sala has again grown tired of England, and will soon go to Australia on a lecturing tour.

The Duke de Chartres is the leading winner on the French turf this year. His winnings amount to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Professor Leopold Von Ranke, the historian, has just completed his eighty-eighth year, and still works industriously seven hours a day.

The critical *Sunday Courier* complains because the Jessica in Edwin Booth's company appeared the other evening in the costume of a Circassian girl in a Bowery museum.

Mrs. Bonaparte, the wife of Colonel Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, has assumed the "Madame," so long used in connection with the name of Colonel Bonaparte's grandmother.

Pope Leo XIII. daily dines at a cost of thirty-seven cents, on a simple soup, a little bread, a leg or wing of a chicken, six or seven grapes and one pear, with a big glass of best Marcia.

Lucy Hooper says Queen Victoria almost invariably gives India shawls for wedding presents, because they cost her nothing, but come to her as a part of the annual tribute of the Princes of India.

The report that Miss Mary Anderson was engaged to the Duke of Portland is again denied. The rumor was part of a scheme to keep Miss Anderson's name before the public. The actress and the duke have never met.

Judge Ezra B. Taylor, who now represents Garfield's old Congressional District, is a tall, slender man, with a long, sandy beard, cold gray eyes, and intellectual features. He has the reputation of being a good story-teller.

It is said that the proposal to present Mr. Gladstone with a china dessert service, said to be the gift of the workingmen of Derby, turns out to be only an advertising dodge by the manufacturers, who have put up the greater part of the cost.

The life-size portrait of Miss Jennie Chamberlaine, the American beauty, which was ordered by the Prince of Wales, has been placed in Marlborough House. The Chamberlaine family are about to visit the Duchess of Edinburgh, at Eastwell Park.

When the late Dr. E. S. Frazer, of St. Louis, was returning from the Black Hawk war, in which he was surgeon, he crossed a ferry, and, having no money, got the ferryman to trust him for the fare—ten cents. A year later he rode sixty miles on horseback to revisit the ferryman and pay the debt.

A portrait of the late "Tom" Taylor has been presented by Miss Taylor to the subscription library in Sunderland, England, in which town Taylor began his career as a journalist, writing leaders for the Sunderland *Herald*. During his holidays, his place was filled by his friend Lord Lytton, then chiefly known as "Owen Meredith."

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* has wonderful accounts of the linguistic aptitude and achievements of the Crown Prince of Portugal, who is only a few weeks over twenty years of age. He has already acquired a private library of some forty thousand volumes, containing many rare and precious editions of the leading authors of the world. But he promises, in addition, to develop into the Mezzofanti of his age, for he not only speaks English with competent facility after no more than two years' study, but converses in no fewer than fourteen languages, so that he is the master approximately of all the languages of Europe.

Two distinguished citizens in Washington, says a correspondent, have lately received demijohns, containing some priceless whisky, fifty-nine years old, that was accompanied by the compliments of John W. Mackay. Somewhere abroad Mr. Mackay found a few gallons of this old nectar ripening in a cellar's seclusion, and he brought it back with him to the United States this fall. President Arthur and Colonel Robert Ingersoll were the recipients of Mr. Mackay's little demijohns, and these two connoisseurs, and the friends permitted to taste the golden fruit, pronounced it the apotheosis and sublimation of rye. The six gallons that Mr. Mackay got hold of were divided into three portions, and these three men sip each drop grudgingly, knowing that no more of the costly stuff can be had, even by the bonanza king.

As an illustration of the care with which Mr. Gladstone is guarded at his home in Hawarden, the Manchester *Examiner and Times* tells the following anecdote: "It was after dusk, and an officer posted near the castle espied a figure approaching on horseback. When the horse had come within a few paces of the police officer, the latter accosted the rider with 'Good-night.' No reply being made, the officer seized the horse's head, and refused to allow the stranger to proceed a step further without stating his business. To his bewilderment, however, the stranger said he was staying at the castle, and that he was the Duke of Westminster. The officer at once released his hold of the horse's head, and was most profuse in his apologies to the duke, repeatedly expressing a hope that he had not insulted his grace. The duke assured the officer that such was not the case, because he had only done his duty."

## OLD FAVORITES.

### To Helen.

I saw thee once—once only—years ago:
I must not say *how* many—but *not* many.
It was a July midnight; and from out
A full-orbed moon, that, like thine own soul, soaring,
Sought a precipitate pathway up through heaven,
There fell a silvery silken veil of light,
With quietude, and sultriness, and slumber,
Upon the upturned faces of a thousand
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,
Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe—
Fell on the upturned faces of these roses
That gave out, in return for the love-light,
Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death—
Fell on the upturned faces of these roses
That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted
By thee, and by the poetry of thy presence.
Clad all in white upon a violet bank
I saw thee half reclining; while the moon
Fell on the upturned faces of the roses,
And on thine own, upturned—alas, in sorrow!
Was it not Fate, that, on this July midnight—
Was it not Fate (whose name is also Sorrow)
That bade me pause before that garden-gate
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses?
No footstep stirred: the hated world all slept,
Save only thee and me. (O Heaven!—O God!
How my heart beat in coupling those two words!)
Save only thee and me! I paused—I looked—
And in an instant all things disappeared.
(Ah, bear in mind this garden was enchanted!)
The pearly lustre of the moon went out:
The mossy banks and the meandering paths—
The happy flowers and the ripening trees—
Were seen no more; the very roses' odors
Died in the arms of the adoring air.
All—all expired save thee—save less than thou:
Save only the divine light in thine eyes—
Save but the soul in thine uplifted eyes.
I saw but them—they were the world to me;
I saw but them—saw only them for hours—
Saw only them until the moon went down.
What wild heart-histories seemed to lie enwritten
Upon those crystalline, celestial spheres!
How dark a woe! yet how sublime a hope!
How silently serene a sea of pride!
How daring an ambition! yet how deep—
How fathomless a capacity for love!
But now, at length, dear Dian sank from sight,
Into a western couch of thunder-cloud;
And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees
Didst glide away. *Only thine eyes remained.*
They *would not* go—they never yet have gone.
Lighting my lonely pathway home that night,
*They* have not left me (as my hopes have) since.
They follow me—they lead me through the years—
They are my ministers—yet I their slave.
Their office is to illumine and enkindle—
My duty *to be saved* by their bright light,
And purified in their electric fire,
And sanctified in their elysian fire.
They fill my soul with Beauty (which is Hope),
And are far up in Heaven—the stars I kneel to
In the sad, silent watches of my night;
While even in the meridian glare of day
I see them still—two sweetly scintillant
Venuses, unextinguished by the sun!

—*Edgar Allan Poe.*

### Ode to Psyche.

Oh, goddess! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung
By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,
And pardon that thy secrets should be sung,
Even into thine own soft-couchèd ear:
Surely I dreamed to-day, or did I see
The winged Psyche with awakened eyes?
I wandered in a forest thoughtlessly,
And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,
Saw two fair creatures, couchèd side by side
In deepest grass, beneath the whispering roof
Of leaves and trembling blossoms, where there ran
A brooklet, scarce espied;
'Mid hushed, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,
Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,
They lay calm-breathing on the bedded grass;
Their arms embracèd, and their pinions too;
Their lips touched not, but had not bade adieu,
As if disjoinèd by soft-handed slumber,
And ready still past kisses to outnumber
At tender eye-dawn of aurorean love:
The winged boy I knew;
But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove?
His Psyche true!

Oh, latest-born and loveliest vision far
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!
Fairer than Phœbe's sapphire-regioned star,
Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky
Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,
Nor altar heaped with flowers;
Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan
Upon the midnight hours;
No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
From chain-swung censer teeming;
No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.

Oh, brightest! though too late for antique vows,
Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,
When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
Holy the air, the water, and the fire;
Yet even in these days, so far retired
From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,
Fluttering among the faint Olympians,
I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired.
So let me be thy choir, and make a moan
Upon the midnight hours;
Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
From swingèd censer teeming;
Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heart
Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
In some untrodden region of my mind,
Where branchèd thoughts, new-grown with pleasant pain,
Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind;
Far, far around shall those dark clustered trees
Fledge the wild-ridgèd mountains steep by steep;
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
The moss-lain Dryads shall be lulled to sleep;
And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreathed trellis of a working brain,
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same;
And there shall be for thee all soft delight
That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
To let the warm love in!

—*John Keats.*

## STORYETTES.

### Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Fédora," as played by Miss Fanny Davenport, is a very thrilling play, and perhaps the most exciting part of it is where Fédora poisons herself. A physician of Norfolk, who had not attended a theatrical performance for some time, went to see the play a few nights since, and when the part came where she, having swallowed the poison, is dying, and her lover and friends are wringing their hands and crying, helplessly, "What can be done?" the doctor was seen to be laboring under considerable excitement. At last the terrible scene was too much for him, and, forgetting where he was, he jumped to his feet and shouted: "Give her coffee, you ——fools; give her coffee!" Then a friendly hand pulled him back into his seat, and the surprised actors went on with the play.

The other day, says the Boston *Globe*, a very nice young lady, who lives somewhere out on the line of the Providence road, while coming between the posts at the Park Square entrance to the Common, accidentally collided with a man who was rushing blindly in the opposite direction. The stiff rim of his tall hat came in violent contact with the bridge of her nose. The young lady did not scream, nor call out for the police; but, to the great astonishment of the owner of the hat, suddenly drew off and hit him three sound blows on the shoulder. "There," she said, "hit my nose again, you old clown, if you dare." He either did not dare, or preferred not to, for, after giving her a blank look of amazement, he trickled quietly across the square, occasionally looking back, and presently got out of sight. The incident was nearly forgotten by the young lady, until yesterday it was vividly recalled to her mind when she opened a Christmas box and found a pair of boxing-gloves and a pair of hard-wood dumb-bells. A slight suspicion that there was some mysterious connection between this little remembrance and the encounter on the Common dawned gradually upon her mind. She will probably proceed at once to get up her muscle, and the next time a man goes fooling with her nose heaven help him.

When the late Mr. Frank Leslie changed his patronymic from "Carter" to "Leslie," he also assumed the armorial bearings of the Leslies. These are inherited by Citizen Alfred Leslie, the Reade Street publisher. They are—"arms, quarterly 1 and 4, argent, on a bend azure, three buckles, or, two and three, a lion rampant, gules, debruised by a ribbon, sable. Crest—a demi-griffin proper. Supporters—two griffins per pesse argent and gules. Motto—Grip fast." It is related that while on a visit to Paris the late Mr. Leslie had this heraldic galaxy painted on his carriage. The Right Hon. George William Evelyn Leslie, twelfth Earl of Rothes, Baron of Leslie and Ballenbreigh, who died in 1859, was also in the French metropolis at the same time. One day, my lord, walking down the Rue de la Paix, noticed Mr. Frank Leslie's carriage with all its bonnie display of lions and griffins waiting outside a shop door. He stopped, looked at the coat-of-arms, and then asked the coachman: "Whose carriage is this?" "Mr. Frank Leslie's, of New York, sir." "I never heard of Mr. Frank Leslie of New York. What is he?" Hardly giving the coachman time to answer, my lord earl whipped out his pen-knife, deliberately cut out the heraldic-painted canvas panel, took a visiting-card from his case, and presented both to the astonished coachman, with the remark: "My man, give this card to your master, Mr. Frank Leslie of New York, and tell him it's with the compliments of the Earl of Rothes, the head of all the Leslies."

Whist stories: There is a well authenticated story of the late Lord Granville's devotion to whist. Intending to set out in the course of the afternoon for Paris, he ordered his carriage and four posters to be at Graham's at four. They were kept waiting till ten, when he sent out to say that he should not be ready for another hour or two, and that the horses had better be changed. They were changed three times in all, at intervals of six hours, before he started. When the party rose they were up to their ankles in cards, and the ambassador, it was reported, was a loser to the tune of eight or ten thousand pounds. About this time there was a set at Brooks's—Lord Sefton, an excellent player, being one—who played one hundred guinea points, besides bets. We still occasionally hear of three hundred pounds and five hundred pounds on the rubber, but five pounds points are above the average. The spirit of play absorbs or deadens every other feeling. Horace Walpole relates that, on a man falling down in a fit before the bay window at White's, odds were instantly offered to a large amount against his recovery, and that, on its being proposed to bleed him, the operation was vehemently resisted as being unfair. When Lord Thanet was in the Tower, for the O'Connor riot, three friends—the Duke of Bedford, the Duke de Laval, and Captain Smith—were admitted to play whist with him, and remain till the lock-up hour of eleven. Early in the sitting Captain Smith fell back in a fit of apoplexy, and one of the party rose to call for help. "Stop," cried another, "we shall be turned out if you make a noise! Let our friend alone till eleven; we can play dummy, and our friend will be none the worse, for I can read death in his face." The clergy, especially of the West of England, were formerly devoted to whist. About the beginning of the century there was a whist club in a country town in Somersetshire, composed mostly of clergymen, who met every Sunday evening in the back parlor of a barber. Four of these were acting pall-bearers at the funeral of a reverend brother, when a delay occurred from the grave not being ready, or some other cause, and the coffin was set down in the chancel. By way of whiling away the time, one of them produced a pack of cards from his pocket, and proposed a rubber. The rest gladly assented, and they were deep in their game, using the coffin as their table, when the sexton came to announce that the preparations were complete.

## THE HAUNTED FLAT.

A Story of Logging Life in Mendocino County.

One hundred and fifty miles north of San Francisco there is a headland extending out into the sea, making a harbor and shelter from the northwest trade-winds in the summer, so that during one-half of the year vessels go in there and load lumber for San Francisco and foreign ports. It is one of the largest of the hundred open roadsteads of this coast where lumber is gathered for our city. Emptying into the harbor is the largest river in Mendocino County, called Big River in consideration of that fact. The mouth of the river, at the ocean, is closed by a sand-bar during the summer, but in the winter the rains wash a channel through the sand. Above the bar the river is broad and of good depth, and at the time of which I am writing was surrounded by some very beautiful scenery. One of the very prettiest spots on the river then, and to this day, is the haunted flat.

In 1852, Harry Meiggs located this harbor and built a saw-mill on the bluff at the point, calling the place Mendocino City. He covered the country on each side of the river for miles back with school scrip, so as to embrace the forest and cut the trees for lumber.

There were two logging-camps on the river, and the lumbermen had stripped the banks of their best redwood trees for three miles up. There they had come to a narrow place formed by two bluffs, and the camps had to be moved to the flats up the river. The haunted flat was the camping-place chosen, it being so large that the two camps could be combined into one. Trees from six to twelve feet in diameter extended a mile back on the flat from the river-bank, and then the land made a gentle rise to the top of the hill. So great a quantity of timber as this offered the camp work for two summers.

The Indians had given the flat its name of "Haunted Place," and in going up and down the river they never would camp there. Even the hunters employed by the logging-camp told wild stories of the place around their camp-fires. Although at that time the woods were full of elk, deer, and bears, never yet had one been met with on this flat.

But all the stories that were told had no effect upon the thrifty spirit and worldly wisdom of the logging contractor, who was from the State of Maine; so the carpenters and lighters of lumber were taken up there to build the camp and have it ready by the time work was finished down the river. The carpenters went up in the morning and back at night in a boat, taking their lunch, consequently nothing was heard or thought of the stories that had been told about the place.

At last a large barn-like house, with four rows of berths around its sides, and an opening for a door, was finished for the three hundred men to sleep in. There was also a cook-house and bakery, and a large space, merely roofed over, without sides, to cover two long tables for an eating-place. A corral was made to hold the forty yoke of oxen used in the camp, and on the first Sunday after everything was in order the men were moved up the river into their new camp. After supper a camp-fire was lighted by each team of men—twenty-five or thirty constituting a team—and between smoking, singing songs, and telling stories, the time passed swiftly and merrily by.

In the early part of the evening some timid ones spoke of hearing a "sighing" in the air, but the others laughed at the idea, and said it was all imagination. Nevertheless the former held to their belief that they had heard some, thing like sighing or a stifled groan. But as story after story was told and song after song given with a will, the matter was forgotten.

Here and there a man would get up from around the camp-fire and go off to bed, until by midnight not more than two or three were left at each fire, when suddenly out upon the stillness of the night there rang a startling shriek and a cry of "Help! help!" followed by what seemed to be the baying of a pack of dogs.

Every man jumped instantly to his feet and waited to hear what should come next, and those in the bunks who were not asleep, jumped up and ran out to see what was the matter. Nothing more being heard, a party was organized, which tramped all around the flat whence the noise had been heard, but finding nothing to account for it they returned. The men then gathered around the fires, now piled high with wood, to drive away the gloom, and spread themselves on the ground by the fires to try to sleep. They had all been so startled they did not like to leave the cheerful blaze, particularly as the barking of dogs was heard faintly in the distance two or three times before morning. Now, only one dog was known to be on the coast, an old dog belonging to one of the hunters, and that had been left at the mill, being too old to travel.

Day broke at last, and the camp was all life and motion, choppers building stages around the butts of the trees, others chopping, or making a road down which to roll the big logs into the river, while some were preparing a boom to catch the floating logs. Two of the foremen, after seeing that the men were all at work, went around the flat to try to discover the cause of the night's disturbance; but they returned no wiser than before. All day trees were felled and sawed into lengths for the mill, but none were rolled into the river, for the noise in the night had so frightened the oxen that they broke their corral and had wandered off to the old camp, where they were found, and could not be gotten back until night.

On the second evening the men gathered again around the fires, tired with the day's work. Those who had slept through all the noise of the previous night were anxious to hear all about it, and so the story was told over and over again, until at a little after nine o'clock, just as the men were going to break up and go to bed, there came again that awful shriek, as of a female voice crying "Help! help!" accompanied by the barking of a pack of dogs.

Half a dozen men started to their feet and ran toward the place whence the cry had appeared to come, but when they got into the under-brush, away from the fire-light, their courage failed. They made for camp as fast as they had left it, got some candle-lanterns that were there, and started out again; but for all their search they again found —nothing! So they returned to the fires, which were kept burning at their brightest all night, for no one thought of going to bed, but got what sleep he could on the ground.

The next morning the contractor came up from the mill at the mouth of the river. With him the ground was once more thoroughly examined, and still nothing was discovered to explain the mystery. The work of logging was therefore continued, and on the next night, with the exception of the barking of dogs, the camp was not disturbed. On the one following, however, the scream and cry of "Help! help!" was heard just after three o'clock in the morning, which turned the whole camp out. These nightly alarms were having their effect upon the men, who could not sleep, and who, therefore, instead of retiring after a hard day's work, would gather around the fires and talk of the mystery.

On Friday night, at eleven o'clock, most of the men were lying around the fires, when the shriek rang out, ten times louder than ever before. "Help! help!" was called so that it pierced to the marrow of every hearer, and although it was bright starlight overhead, a loud and heavy peal of thunder shook the ground.

For a moment all was still, and then they seemed to hear the trees fall, crashing and creaking. It sounded as though the whole forest was falling and rolling down to bury the camp. The ground trembled and shook so that the men grew fairly sick as they ran toward the bank of the river; and the increasing barking of the dogs, and groaning as of some one in agony, made the terror of the scene complete.

They stopped on the banks of the river for an hour or more, momentarily expecting the camp to be destroyed, but nothing further occurred; and after waiting long enough to become somewhat reassured, they went back in a body to the camp-fires. During their absence the oxen bellowed and appeared very uneasy, and now it was found that they had broken out of the corral and run off the flat.

The men gathered in little squads around the fires and consulted seriously together, and, when morning broke, they had come to the conclusion that they would not do any more work on the flat. The contractor had been out all night with the men, but, in spite of everything, it grieved his thrifty soul to leave so good a logging-camp. However, he saw that it was of no use to object, and the camp was forthwith moved two miles further up the river, where there was no disturbance.

The old camp upon the flat is now all overgrown with underbrush, and the buildings are falling to decay. Its only visitors are the parties of picnickers who go to spend the day on the Haunted Flat, gathering wild raspberries and blackberries. No one, for years, has camped on the place or spent the night there; and the boatmen passing it in the night tell strange tales of hearing sighing and groaning in the air. Although all up and down the river elsewhere, the bank has been stripped of its forest, and the loggers have to go miles above to get timber for the mill, still on the Haunted Flat the great redwoods are standing, protected from destruction by an awful and impenetrable mystery.

A. P. S.

San Francisco, January, 1884.

---

If the Pacific Bell telephone in the writer's office is a specimen of the average machine used by that corporation, then the whole thing is an unmitigated, inexcusable, altogether unprofitable, and utterly abominable nuisance. We pay five dollars per month at our office, and five dollars at our house; one hundred and twenty dollars a year for an ornamental box at one end of a set of complicated and tangled wires, and a lot of giggling girls and careless boys at the other, over which, as a rule, we get but a confused jumble of other people's concerns. How often we are compelled to pay five cents for being rung up by mistake, or from being provoked to soul-imperiling profanity by the stupid and blundering messages which would confuse the devil himself, we shall never know until Saint Peter opens the purgatory page in his final account. The institution that sends a messenger-boy at the summons of a bell, who bears your message promptly and surely for twenty-five cents, is a success and a satisfaction. The telephone—may the devil take it! And, while we are in the angry and honest mood, let us warn the suburban districts that they are to be connected with this infernal complication. Let them avoid it. If the farmer must ever come to the city, let him yoke up his cattle and drive in; he will get here quicker, do his business in a more satisfactory manner, and get home sooner, and at less expense, than by any telephone fraud we have ever had the bad luck to be swindled with.

---

The *Chronicle* is authority for the following statistics in reference to Chinese immigration: For the year and a half preceding the passage of the law restricting the invasion the arrivals averaged fifteen hundred per month. Since the time fixed for its operation, the arrivals are only sixty per month, of which number one-half are regarded as unauthorized. This showing would give three thousand seven hundred for the ten years in which this law is to be forced. These figures demonstrate how absurd is all the criticism against the laws, and how unreasonable all the unkind comment against the Federal courts. The reflections of Senators Edmunds and Sherman—who opposed the passage of the bill—against Judge Hoffman are both unkind and unreasonable.

---

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher believes in the Trinity, accompanying the statement with the admission that he does not understand the mystery. We are glad to know that this sensational humbug of the pulpit does believe in something, or, at least, thinks he does. It is of very little importance, in our opinion, what he believes; and of less consequence how long he will profess to believe anything. One of the very strongest of evidences that indicate the truth of religion is the fact that the extravagant antics of such fantastic clerical mountebanks as Beecher do not disturb it, or destroy faith in the church of Christ.

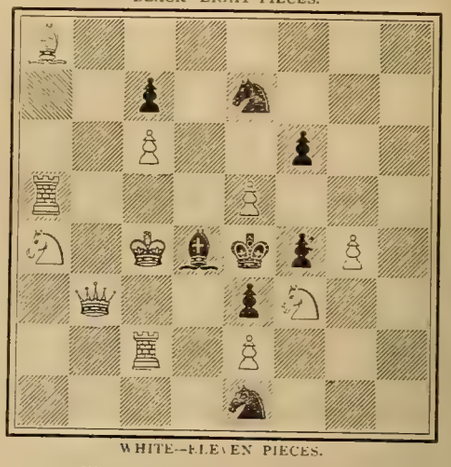
## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Problems and Other Topics of Interest in the King of Games.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 2115 Fillmore Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

Problem II.—By A. Cyril Pearson.

BLACK—EIGHT PIECES.



WHITE—ELEVEN PIECES.

White to play and mate in two moves.

---

The following is the first game in the friendly consultation match between Prof. Piepers, Mr. Peck, and Capt. Scott on one side, and Dr. Marshall, Mr. Wallstein, and Mr. Welsh on the other:

| *White.* | *Black.* | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Peipers, Peck & Scott. | Marshall, Wallstein & Welsh. | 19—Kt Q5 | 19—KR K4 |
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 20—P KR3 | 20—Kt KB3 |
| 2—KKt B3 | 2—QKt B3 | 21—Kt x Kt | 21—P x Kt |
| 3—P Q 4 | 3—P x P | 22—QR Q5 | 22—K KB sq |
| 4—KB QB4 (a) | 4—P Q3 | 23—P QKt3 | 23—QR K sq |
| 5—Kt x P | 5—Kt x Kt | 24—K KB2 | 24—P Kt4 |
| 6—Q x Kt | 6—P QB4 | 25—P x P | 25—P x P |
| 7—Q Q3 | 7—B K2 | 26—Q Q3 | 26—R x R |
| 8—QKt B3 | 8—KKt B3 | 27—P x R | 27—Q Q2 |
| 9—Castles | 9—Castles (b) | 28—R x R ch | 28—Q x R |
| 10—P KB4 | 10—B K3 | 29—Q K3 | 29—Q K4 |
| 11—QB K3 (c) | 11—P QR3 | 30—Q x Q | 30—BP x Q |
| 12—P QR4 | 12—Q Q2 | 31—P KB6 | 31—P R3 |
| 13—QR Q sq | 13—QR QB sq | 32—P Kt4 | 32—K Kt sq |
| 14—P KB5 | 14—B x B (d) | 33—P KR4 | 33—K R2 |
| 15—Q x B | 15—Q QB3 | 34—P KR5 | 24—K Kt sq |
| 15—B KKt5 | 16 KR K sq | 35—K K3 | 35—K R2 |
| 17—KK K sq(e) | 17—Kt KKt5 (f) | 36—K Q3 | 36—P QKt5 |
| 18—B x B | 18—R x B | 37—K K4 | 37—K Kt sq (g) |

(a) Very fine, but old birds are not caught with chaff.
(b) And the advantage of the opening is neutralized.
(c) Very like lost time.
(d) Forced, or black loses a piece.
(e) An error. Better abandon the pawn and play for position. QR to K square is much stronger.
(f) This looks enticing, but is not good.
(g) And the game is drawn by mutual consent.

---

A splendid work, says the London *Field*, of three hundred and seventy-one pages, entitled "Book of London International Tourney," edited by J. Innes Minchin, has been published by James Wade, 18 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. The book contains the usual historical matter; and then, the main thing, the games. Of these, there are two hundred and forty-three in major tourney, and fifty-three selected from the Vizayanagaram Tourney. Unlike some writers, we have expressed our satisfaction with the arrangement that the great masters were applied to, to annotate each his own games. We still applaud this course. Dr. Zukertort annotated all his games, thirty-two in number, and they stand an imperishable record and monument of every quality that can adorn a chess genius and scholar, and command the highest honor for a chess-master. Herr Steinitz edited his thirty, omitting the two with Zukertort. Blackburne's games are ably and impartially supervised by Mr. Bird, as well as most of his own. Mason's games are analyzed by himself, and in a very modest, unpretentious way. Tchigorin has been criticised by the Rev. W. Wayte, and no critic could more fairly or appreciatively enter into the spirit of his principal. Mr. Mackenzie is annotated by Rev. A. B. Skipworth, two by Bird, and the rest by the editor; as are mostly Englisch's and Rosenthal's games; also the few remaining games of Winawer. Lastly, of a batch of nine games by Mortimer, Noa, Sellman, and Skipworth, three are by Rev. Mr. S., the rest by the editor. The current notes of *The Field* and *Chess Monthly* have been pretty freely drawn on, but always appreciatively acknowledged. The Vizayanagaram games are edited by W. M. Gattie. The committee justly prides itself on the promptitude with which it has closed its labors; and that its "Book of the Congress" is incomparably nearer the events that produced it than any other ever before issued. The criticisms on the "Book" seem to be the absence of an analytical index and illustrative diagrams.

---

"Chess," says Franklin, "is not merely an idle amusement. Several very valuable qualities of the mind—useful in the course of human life—are to be acquired or strengthened by it, so as to become habits, ready on all occasions. For life is a kind of chess in which we have points to gain, and competitors or adversaries to contend with, and in which there is a vast variety of good and ill events that are, in some degree, the effect of prudence or the want of it."

---

### Love vs. Chess.

When lovers linger o'er their moves at chess
They love their game, but love themselves not less;
With deep-drawn sigh, with ardor unabating,
It may be seen
Both King and Queen
Are thinking of another kind of mating.

---

The Mechanics' Library Association is just about adding four fine new tables and sets of Staunton men to their chess-room—a sort of New Year's present to their members, which they propose to celebrate next week by a friendly tournament among themselves. Contributions for prizes to be awarded may be forwarded to the chess editor of the *Argonaut*.

## AMERICAN AUTHORS.

### Pen-Portraits of the Poets and Novelists of the Period.

Hanging on the walls of not a few parlors and private libraries in the land, says a writer in the Boston *Herald*, is an old engraving portraying, with Sunnyside as a background, Washington Irving and a dozen or so of his literary friends, including Emerson, Bryant, Halleck, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Holmes, Cooper, and others. The peculiarity of the engraving is that everybody in it, with the exception of Cooper, who has a white beard, appears to be of precisely the same age. A later and better engraving of a group of American authors, and also a very common print, presents a smaller number of figures, and with more distinct differentiation as to age and characteristics of their *personnel*. But both of these engravings are a score or two of years behind the time, neither of them including the active authors of the past decade or more. They are, in a considerable degree, devoted to the fame of those who have ceased forever to yield the pen. Bryant's gray beard, Longfellow's genial countenance, Emerson's calm, strong features, Nathaniel Hawthorne's tall and slender frame, all so familiar, have passed away. Many new figures must be brought together to form the author's group of to-day. There are, to be sure, a few well-known and venerable forms and features remaining, as those of Doctor Holmes and Whittier, which serve as a connecting link between the literary eras and need no names on the margin beneath, but the majority of the faces would require introduction.

The portraits of W. D. Howells rarely do that popular novelist any approximate measure of justice. They make him look just a trifle sleepy, not to say stupid. No one who has ever read his admirable novels would dream of applying either of these adjectives to him, and those who have met him wonder how the photographic art has ever been able so to misrepresent him. In physique, Mr. Howells is a little under the medium height, and compactly built, with a tendency to comfortable stoutness, as the years slip by. He is now forty-six. His features are mobile, well-rounded, and close shaven, with the exception of the upper lip, which is adorned by a heavy mustache, verging on the gray. His thick hair, which is apt to fall over his broad, capacious forehead in careless fashion, also reveals the touches of time. His eyes are keen, penetrating, and humorous, and most expressive in conversation. At such times one forgets that the face is, on the whole, a bit heavy in its mold.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich appears to be a little taller than Mr. Howells, and of lighter build. He is of light complexion, while the author of "A Woman's Reason" would be considered dark. He is about a year younger than Mr. Howells. He has a fine forehead and well-cut features. His expression is alert, a bit fastidious, perhaps, but decidedly genial. He wears a light and very becoming mustache, the ends of which are apt to be waxed. His profile is particularly fine. In dress he is neat and stylish, but in no wise foppish. In manner, both Mr. Howells and Mr. Aldrich are extremely courteous, and both of them possess a generous amount of the delightful quality the French call *bonhomie*.

Henry James is now full in figure, but not stout, and is of medium height. He has a rather ruddy complexion and dark brown hair and eyes, and he wears his beard close cropped. He is slightly bald, and is said to resemble the Prince of Wales in face and figure. He has an appearance of excellent health, but this is far from being the fact, for he is much of an invalid and often suffers intensely.

Julian Hawthorne in appearance and manners is not unsuggestive of his father, but still has some English traits which would distinguish him from a Yankee who has clung to the home of his nativity. Unlike some of our authors, he can, without flattery, be termed a handsome type of a man; of liberal frame, fine eyes, and flowing hair, and heavy mustache, with a refined, cultivated, liberal air. He is about thirty-five years old. He has traveled the world over, and is pleasantly chatty about where he has been and whom he has seen.

Bret Harte is a rather spare, nervous man, of forty-five years, with features naturally somewhat delicate. His dark hair is now longer than fashion dictates, and glossy mutton-chops adorn his cheeks. His eyes are alert and uneasy, and were wont to look haggard when he hung about the theatres where his plays didn't succeed. Fickle fortune has smiled upon him recently, in reparation, perhaps, of a degree of neglect in the not remote past.

James Russell Lowell is a strikingly fine-looking man. He apparently possesses a good deal of muscular power and vigorous health for his years. He has kindly blue eyes. His hair, naturally brown, and beard, natural auburn, are fast losing their distinctive hues in the encroachment of the silver threads. In manner, he is genial, courteous, and kind, and to strangers one of the most approachable of men.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is well preserved for a lady who has reached the scriptural limit. Her figure is not heavy, her face of a thoughtful cast, with features expressive of some decisiveness and strength of opinion. Her gray hair is plainly arranged. She dresses with simplicity, and has an air of New England domesticity.

Joaquin Miller, whose real name is Cincinnatus Heine Miller, is forty-two years old. He has lived a very romantic life, and in the past has been wont to dress in very picturesque fashion, carrying his peculiarities to such an extent as to wear a broad-brimmed Texan straw hat and open collar through the rigors of several New York winters. But latterly he has clipped his long light hair and donned more conventional hats and garbs, and may now pass in a crowd without attracting particular attention. His eyes are blue and his features rather open and well defined. He talks like a shy man to strangers, but in his intercourse with his friends there is no embarrassment.

In person, Walt Whitman, the "good gray poet," is tall, erect, and stout, and moves about with the aid of a large cane. His white hair, thrown straight back from his brow, and full white beard, give him a patriarchal appearance. His cheeks are fresh and ruddy; his forehead is deeply furrowed with horizontal lines; his eyes light blue, but not large; his lips full; his cheeks round and full; his five senses are exceptionally acute; his voice clear and firm. In dress he is very simple, but always scrupulously neat.

Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) has paced so many lecture platforms that the public is more familiar with his personal appearance than with that of most authors. He is compact in figure, of medium height, and has a frank, sensible face, touched with good nature, but revealing behind that no small amount of resolution. His conversation is replete with the humor that characterizes his writings. He is just forty-eight years of age, was married thirteen years ago, and enjoys much domestic comfort with his wife and two charming little girls at a pleasant mansion in Hartford, Connecticut.

"Gail Hamilton," or Mary Abigail Dodge, which is her real name, is a plain, brown-eyed lady, short in stature, and inclined to stoutness. She is said to be very fond of dress, adopting the most advanced styles, not invariably suited to her advancing years. But she could probably argue this delicate stricture of the feminine correspondents until it would seem almost profanity to abate a ribbon.

Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, who has done some pretty poetry and lives at Lexington, Virginia, is in person somewhat below the medium height. Her light hair, mingled with gray, combed over the temple, is coiled in a graceful knot behind. Her cheeks are fresh and ruddy, giving her the appearance of one much younger than she really is. Her incessant literary labors have subjected her eyes to a severe strain, producing at times almost total blindness. She is a very fluent conversationalist. She is domestic, however, as well as literary, and her jellies and other dainties have acquired a local renown.

Charles Dudley Warner, of medium stature, has features thoughtful, refined, and full of character. His thick hair and unshaven beard are somewhat gray, but he looks decidedly under fifty years of age.

Björnstjerne Björnson is a man of strong and stalwart frame, bearing a marked resemblance to Rev. Robert Collyer. He is a little over fifty years of age.

George William Curtis, fifty years of age, is a tall man with stooping shoulders, the physical result of years of labor at the editorial desk. His gray hair and side-whiskers are sometimes allowed to grow as they please, free from the pruning of the tonsorial shears. His ears are not always observable, on account of his capillary growth. His forehead is full, and, with bushy eyebrows, projects over a pair of kindly and resolute eyes. His other features are large, but flexible, expressive, and good-humored.

John G. Saxe shows unmistakably the effects of years and family bereavements. He will be sixty-eight next June. He is also suffering from the effects of an accident received some years since. His massive frame is bent, his luxuriant hair has grown thin, and his eyes are getting dim.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who had her thirty-fourth birthday just before Thanksgiving, is a lady of tolerably petite stature, a trifle given to embonpoint. Her hair is of a reddish tinge. Her features are large and expressive. In conversation she is most vivacious and entertaining, and people who have talked with her go away with the impression that she is a charming person. Her dresses are a marvel of the modiste's art.

Miss Nora Perry is an interesting blonde, petite in stature, with a figure that correspondents speak of as "exquisitely perfect in its modeling," with a strong, well-controlled face, that quickly reflects every mood from grave to gay, with calm gray eyes, and profusion of what is termed new gold hair, which persists in curling. She is said to be as mercurial as a French woman in temperament.

Joel Chandler Harris is a young man with red hair, a short mustache, and a complexion that shows the effect of the Southern sun. He is rather slight and of medium height. He would not be called handsome, but there is no doubt about his quaint and ready humor and never-failing good nature.

Miss Louisa M. Alcott carries her burden of fifty-three years very lightly. She is a stately lady, unusually tall, with thick dark hair, clear-seeing, blue-gray eyes, and strong, resolute features, full of varied expression.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is a slender, graceful woman of thirty-nine years, with dark brown hair, sympathetic blue eyes, a rather long, thin nose, a facile mouth never at rest, and a gentle, tender voice, which is not an unwelcome sound among the poor people of Andover and Gloucester. Her health is delicate.

Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly is a handsome, stalwart Irishman, with piercing dark eyes, fine, dark hair, and noble mustache and rich complexion. He is about medium height, and is debonair and convivial.

Richard Henry Stoddard is a man of average proportions, with white hair and a shaggy white beard, which was once black as coal. He has a leonine head, with strongly marked features.

Edgar Fawcett, thirty-six years old last May, is as tall as the average, and of shapely, solid build, with a squarish head, black hair, mustache, and eyes, and dark complexion. He does not make himself up for an author, but rather gives the impression of a man of the world.

Miss Lucy Larcom is a medium-complexioned, pleasant-featured, comfortable-looking, middle-aged lady, who dresses very simple and converses very agreeably.

Colonel Thomas W. Higginson has a tall, athletic figure, full dark beard and hair, and a deep, agreeable voice.

Miss Blanche Willis Howard is said to be a magnificent blonde of generous proportions, with charming eyes of a hazel cast—such a woman as, one of her admirers recently remarked, men were once wont to fight for in the lists.

George P. Lathrop is a pale-complexioned man, with full, dark beard and hair, of medium stature.

Mrs. Susan Coolidge is tall and elegant in figure, with dark eyes and a gracious manner.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth is a tall, spare woman, with a sad, grave face and gray hair. She always dresses in black.

Miss Sally Pratt McLean is a young lady of light complexion, with no small array of personal attractions, not entirely unlike, it is said, her charming and vivacious heroine in "Cape Cod Folks."

## THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB.

A special meeting of the Thompson Street Poker Club was held Saturday evening, for the purpose of discussing the ways and means of aiding the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund. Mr. Tooter Williams, who had, unfortunately, not quite recovered from an acute attack of malaria, contracted on New Year's Day, was found to be too unparliamentary and uproarious to occupy the chair, so that power was conferred on the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith, who, though evidently convalescing from the same malady, was drowsy but dignified, and banked as usual.

Mr. Rube Jackson opened the question and jack-pot by remarking that he had seen a photograph of the statue, and thought that its complexion should strongly recommend it to the zeal of the colored race.

Mr. Gus. Johnson passed out with the remark that he never didn't have no luck on jackers nohow, and wanted to hear the Bartholdi matter more fully discussed before venturing an opinion.

Mr. Cyanide Whiffles came in without remark.

Mr. Tooter Williams woke up, and said he would open the pot for a dollar and a half. Mr. Rube Jackson, who saw there was trouble coming, hastened to mildly assure him it had already been opened for thirty-five cents. Then said Mr. Williams, in a voice of war:

"I rise dat two dollahs, 'n I'll knock de tar outen de niggah wot doan' rassle."

This definite proposition had the effect of scaring Mr. Jackson half to death, and of recalling the Rev. Mr. Smith from the temporary state of coma into which he had lapsed. He drowsily ran over his hand, inquired who had opened the pot, and on being informed of Mr. Williams's belligerent burst of chips, electrified all present by drawing forth the honorable wallet and slapping it on the table with great violence. He then said to Mr. Williams:

"Look hyar, Toot, what yo' doin'?"

"I jess—jess rised dat pot," faltered Mr. Williams, who had not forgotten past experiences with that wallet.

"Yo' *rised* it did yer?" sarcastically inquired Mr. Smith; "*yo'* rised it?" Here he opened the wallet and shook out a roll of bills. "I see dat rise 'n' I swole dat pot ten, twonny—fohty dollahs." Here he leaned back and smiled reassuringly on Mr. Jackson, who had begun to breathe again.

Mr. Williams ran his hand over. It somehow didn't seem to be as large as before. He then said:

"I—I 'sidered dis pot was fer—fer de fun'."

"Wot fun'?" asked Mr. Smith.

"De pedstal fun'."

"Dat's why yo' swole de jacker?"

"Ye—yes."

"Well, den, for de sake ob de pedstal fun', I jess swole it fohty dollahs."

Mr. Williams's respiration was labored for a few minutes, during which time he ran his hand over again.

"Ise a patriot," he said, "an' I'll do anyting for de cause."

"Den yo' call dat rise?"

Mr. Williams threw up his hand. The Rev. Mr. Smith raked in the jack, counted it over twice, and said:

"De gross proceeds of dis entertainment am five dollahs 'n' seventy-two cents. Five from thirteen, nine, carry one; six 'n' four 's nine—dat leaves jess seven cents profit fer de fun'. Brudder Jackson will take charge of de seven cents," he concluded, passing that sum over in coppers.

"Bud whar—war's de res' ob de money goin'?" inquired Mr. Williams.

"De res' ob de money," said Mr. Smith, impressively, "is absorbed by de 'spenses ob de entertainment. Brudder Jackson will now pass round de aces."—*Life*.

---

The publishers, says the New York *Tribune* who have just bestowed upon the American people the "Memoirs of Sarah Barnum," and two literary contractors under whose superintendence "fifty-three ladies and gentlemen" turned the stupid French original into stupid and ungrammatical English, refer with amazing complacency to an exploit which entitles them to the notice of Mr. Anthony Comstock. The book is the most hideous mass of vulgarity and filth that ever fell under our eyes. It is not in the least amusing, even to the depraved taste which delights in personal scandal; it not piquant, nor witty, nor "racy," nor even severe. Its indecency is of the most brutal and sickening description, and the malice with which it is filled is so repulsive as to defeat its own purpose. We find it hard to realize a state of society in which a man can write such a book, or a woman show her face in public after giving her name to it. Probably there is no class of readers in this country bad enough to take pleasure in such literature, and the firm which made haste to reproduce it will not soon outlive the disgrace of the enterprise. In Paris, however, the book is treated as the sensation of the season. The two women most concerned in it figure in a fight which would have disgraced Billy McGlory's dance-house; creatures in the costume of gentlemen assist in the row; the scandal becomes a dramatic event of the first magnitude and a newspaper topic of the most thrilling moment; society doubtless finds it a theme of more serious conversation than the fortunes of the French arms, or the alliance of the Republic. Nothing excites Paris so much as the affairs of a woman of bad character. What are we to think of a great, brilliant, and polished city, which professes to teach refinement, elegance, manners, art, science, letters, politics, to all the world, and yet make an abomination like this the talk of the town? The truth is that French literature has been tending for many years toward the "Memoirs of Sarah Barnum." That disgusting pamphlet is the natural development of the long-cherished love of lubricity to which a distinguished lecturer recently made a just reference on one of our platforms. The novel of society, the comedy of contemporary manners, the sprightly and salacious *chronique*, the *risqué* opera bouffe, the dirty realism of Zola, and the blackguard bestiality of Marie Colombier, are the stages of a literary decay to which nothing in the history of modern or of ancient times can show a parallel.

## THE INNER MAN.

A Venice correspondent writes: "In front lies a Mediterranean steamer, which all day long has been discharging cargo. Gazing westward up Giudecca, masts and funnels bar the sunset and the Paduan hills; and from a little front room of the *trattori* the view is so marine that one keeps fancying one's self in some ship cabin. Sea captains sit and smoke beside their glass of grog in the pavilion and the café. But we do not seek their company at dinner time. Our way lies under yonder arch, and up the narrow alley into a paved court. Here are oleanders in pots, and plants of Japanese euonymus in tubs; and from the walls beneath the windows hang cages of all sorts of birds—a talking parrot, a whistling blackbird, goldfinches, canaries, linnets. Athos, the fat dog, who goes to market daily in a barchetta with his master, snuffs around. 'Where are Porthos and Aramis, my friend?' Athos does not take the joke; he only wags his stump of tail and pokes his nose into my hand. What a Tartufe's nose it is! Its bridge displays the full parade of leather-bound, brass-nailed muzzle. But beneath, this muzzle is a patent sham. The frame does not even pretend to close on Athos's jaws, and the wise dog wears it like a decoration. A little farther we meet that ancient gray cat, who has no discoverable name, but is famous for the sprightliness and grace with which she bears her eighteen years. Not far from the cat one is sure to find Carlo, the bird-like, bright-faced, close-cropped Venetian urchin, whose duty is to trot backward and forward between the cellar and the dining-tables. At the end of the court we walk into the kitchen, where the black-capped little padrone and the gigantic white-capped *chef* are in close and confidential consultation. There can be no difference of opinion about the excellence of the *cuisine*, or about the reasonable charges of this *trattoria*. A soup of lentils, followed by boiled turbot or fried soles, beefsteak or mutton cutlets, tordi or beccafichi, with a salad, the whole enlivened with good red wine or Florio's Sicilian Marsala from the cask, costs about four francs. Gas is unknown in the establishment. There is no noise, no bustle, no brutality of waiters, no *ahurissement* of tourists. And when dinner is done we can sit a while over our cigarette and coffee, talking until the night invites us to stroll along the Zattere or a *giro* in the gondola."

A Bordeaux correspondent writes to the London *Times*: "Beer contains about nine per cent. of proof spirits, light wines about eighteen per cent., strong wines thirty-four or thirty-six per cent., and gin, whisky, rum, and brandy eighty to ninety per cent., being very seldom sold of the full strength of proof spirit, much more frequently from ten to seventeen per cent. under proof. Taking all this into calculation, it is very easy to prove that for every three gallons of proof spirit consumed in wine in the United Kingdom—and forty gallons are taken as spirits—there are fully one hundred gallons taken as beer, although beer contains only nine per cent. of proof spirits. This ought to be better known. It is important that people should be taught how much alcohol they drink in a pint of beer—that a pint of beer contains as much spirits as half a pint of claret, a quarter of a pint of port or sherry, or a wineglassful of gin, whisky, or brandy. Whether a pint of beer, or half a pint of claret, or a quarter of a pint of port or sherry is the better for the drinker, is what each one must settle for himself. It is a question of individual experience or liking. But so far as alcoholism is concerned there is no difference. The quantity of alcohol consumed is the same. This question came up at one of the Médoc ch teaux, where we met a pleasant party—Mr. Howard, the member for Bedfordshire, whose papers on French husbandry are so interesting, and who had been suggesting some improvements in machinery and land-drainage, and Sir Spencer Wells, who had been in consultation with an eminent Bordeaux surgeon. 'Half a pint of claret never does me any harm,' said Sir Spencer. 'I drink a bottle every day,' said the French surgeon, 'sometimes two bottles, but it never does me any good.' 'Then why take it?' asked the other. 'Because I like it,' was the honest reply. And if all pleasant things were as harmless we should not go very far wrong. A pure light claret mixed with good water is probably as near the ideal of drink as can be taken with any pleasure by people who exercise mind and body, who suffer from indigestion after drinking beer or tea, whose head suffers from strong wines or spirits, and yet who do not work, or sleep, or digest well without a moderate quantity of alcohol in some form, or who, like the French surgeon, take some wine because they like it and it does no harm."

A writer has thus described a dinner at the White House in Washington's time: "First was soup, fish, roasted and boiled meats, gamnon, fowls, etc. This was the dinner. The middle of the table was garnished in the usual tasty way with small images, flowers (artificial), etc. The dessert was first apple-pies, puddings, etc.; then iced creams, jellies, etc.; then watermelons, muskmelons, apples, peaches, nuts. It was the most solemn dinner ever I sat at," continues Maclay. "Not an health drank, scarce a word said, until the cloth was taken away. Then the President, taking a glass of wine, with great formality drank the health of every individual by name around the table. Everybody imitated him—charged glasses, and such a buzz of 'health, sir,' and 'health, madam,' and 'thank you, sir,' and 'thank you, madam,' never had I heard before. The ladies sat a good while and the bottle passed about, but there was a dead silence almost. Mrs. Washington at last withdrew with the ladies. I expected the men would begin, but the same stillness remained. The President told of a New England clergyman who had lost a hat and wig in passing a river called the Brunks. He smiled and everybody else laughed. He now and then said a sentence or two on some common subject, and what he said was not amiss. The President kept a fork in his hand when the cloth was taken away, I thought for the p rpose of picking nuts. He ate no nuts, but played with the fork, striking on the edge of the table with it. We did not sit long after the ladies retired. The President arose, went up stairs to drink coffee—the company followed. This precedent was followed at President Arthur's dinners last year."

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

### Leap-Year Lyrics.

I.

Can I forget that winter night
In eighteen eighty-four,
When, Nellie, charming little sprite,
Came tapping at the door?
"Good evening, miss," I blushing said,
For in my heart I knew—
And, knowing, hung my pretty head—
That Nellie came to woo.

She clasped my big, red hand, and fell
Adown upon her knees,
And cried: "You know I love you well,
So be my husband please!"
And then she swore she'd ever be
A tender wife and true—
Ah, what delight it was to me
That Nellie came to woo!

She'd lace my shoes, and darn my hose,
And mend my shirts, she said,
And grease my comely Roman nose
Each night on going to bed;
She'd build the fires, and fetch the coal,
And split the kindling, too—
Love's perjuries o'erwhelmed her soul
When Nellie came to woo.

And as I, blushing, gave no check
To her advances rash,
She twined her arms around my neck
And toyed with my mustache;
And then she pleaded for a kiss,
While I—what could I do
But coyly yield me to that bliss
When Nellie came to woo?

I am engaged, and proudly wear
A gorgeous diamond ring,
And I shall wed my lover fair
Some time in gentle spring.
I face my doom without a sigh—
And so, forsooth, would you,
If you but loved as well as I,
And Nellie came to woo.

II.

Miss Jennie is a winsome girl—
The fairest lass of many;
And I would be a heartless churl
Did I not love Miss Jennie.
But when into my listening ear
Her tide of passion gushes,
I scream and run away, for fear
She'll see my telltale blushes.

Miss Susie is so sweet and mild,
And loves me, oh! so dearly;
I can't reject the little child—
'Twould drive her crazy, nearly.
But as she hangs upon the gate
And sings her hopeless sorrow,
I murmur: "It is getting late.
Please come around to-morrow."

And there is rosy, romping Belle—
And there is proud Ophelia—
And pensive, lofty-minded Nell,
And prattling little Delia;
And I am wooed by Eloise,
And courted, too, by Jessie,
While Maggie falls upon her knees,
And ditto charming Bessie.

There's still another—homely she—
The gaunt, uncouth Eliza;
When first she came a-wooing me,
Oh, how I did despise her!
But as she fondly lingered near
There fell, like dripping honey,
The sweet assurance on my ear
She had a heap of money!

So, though I sigh for Jennie's curls
And Delia so impassioned,
And hanker for the other girls
So sweetly, grandly fashioned,
It seems decreed that I should part
From all these charming witches,
And sacrifice my manly heart
To gaunt Eliza's riches!

—*Eugene Field in Chicago News.*

### The Wails of a Musical Victim.

Though full of great musical lore,
Old Bach is a terrible bore.
A fugue without tune
He thought was a boon,
So he wrote seven thousand or more.

I don't think that ever I swore so
As when I first heard a Liszt *Morceau.*
Chromatic suspensions
And other dissensions
Are what people say they adore so.

When a tune is with sugar o'erladen,
Just the thing for a boarding-school maiden,
With sweet viols and flute,
Then beyond all dispute
It's some composition by Haydn.

When all the brasses are sturdy,
When the tune's like an old hurdy-gurdy,
When the cornet's turned loose
And the drum plays the deuce,
It's all operatic—by Verdi.

Wagner hates all the music Semitic,
But his music knocks some paralytic.
Why they all can't agree
I never could see,
But I do not set up for a critic.

—*Musical Herald.*

### Abou Ben Butler.

Abou Ben Butler (who has just been fired)
Awoke one night, almighty cross and tired.
He saw within the moonlight in his room,
The Spirit of a Presidential Boom,
Who wrote on parchment tanned from human skin.
Exceeding "cheek" caused Butler to begin,
And to the Presence in the room he said:
"What writest thou?" The spectre raised its head,
And answered, with a gesture most uncouth:
"The names of demagogues who love the Truth."
"Is mine left out?" said Butler. "I should smile,"
Replied the Spirit. Butler thought a while,
And then he said: "Please put it in your note,
I only lie to gain the colored vote."
The Spirit wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with evident delight,
And showed the names of politicians dead,
And lo! Ben Butler's name was at the head!

—*Leigh Hunt (adapted) in Life.*





**The Strongest and Best!**

THOMAS PRICE, Analytic Chemist, pronounces the GIANT BAKING POWDER nearly one-third stronger than any manufactured or sold on the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 24, 1883.

H. E. BOTHIN, President Bothin M'f'g Co.:

DEAR SIR—After careful and complete chemical analysis of a can of Giant Baking Powder, purchased by us in open market, we find that it does not contain alum, acid phosphate, terra alba, or any injurious substance, but is a pure, healthful Cream Tartar Baking Powder, and as such can recommend it to consumers.

WM. T. WENZELL & CO.,
Analytic Chemists.

We concur:
R. BEVERLY COLE, M. D.
J. L. MEARES, M. D., Health Officer.
ALFRED W. PERRY, M. D., } Members of San
W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D., } Francisco Board
AUG. ALERS, M. D., } of Health.

**Manufactured by**

**BOTHIN M'F'G COMPANY,**

**17 and 19 Main Street, San Francisco.**

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

# An Old Soldier's

## EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas,
May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe **cold**, which terminated in a dangerous **cough**. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for **throat and lung diseases.** J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all **bronchial and lung affections**, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

Sold by all Druggists.

**Hunyadi** THE BEST AND CHEAPEST LAXATIVE. **János**

"THE RICHEST OF NATURAL APERIENT WATERS."
Baron Liebig.

"SPEEDY, SURE, & GE TLE."
*Dr. Lo er's, Univ. Coll. Hosp*
*London, England.*

*Ordinary Dose, a Wineglassful before breakfast*
*Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.*

**FOR SALE BY**

**A. F. EVANS & CO.**

**522 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**

**HEALD'S** BUSINESS **COLLEGE.**
**No. 24 Post Street,**
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

# GRANULA

An incomparable Food for **Invalids** and **Children**; oldest and best health food known; delicious as a diet; grocers and druggists sell it. Manufactured by

**OUR HOME GRANULA CO.**, Dansville, N. Y.

Wholesale Agents: HICKOX & CO., San Francisco, Cal.; WATSON, WRIGHT & CO., Portland, Or.; H. JEVNE, Los Angeles, Cal.

# NOW READY THE FINEST CIGARETTE

## "CLOTH OF GOLD."

**(Straight Mesh.)**

**SWEET, DELICATE, AND MILD!!**

This Cigarette is made from the finest and most costly leaf from that region of Virginia particularly adapted for growing tobacco for Cigarettes. Our long experience in manufacturing enables us to secure the most suitable tobacco and thus present this superior article, with the full assurance THAT ITS EQUAL HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN OFFERED. A higher grade Cigarette can not be produced. We call particular attention to the superior quality of our old brands of Cigarettes. They can not be surpassed.

**Twelve First Prize Medals.**

**Peerless Tobacco Works.**

**WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

FINE

**Suits, $25.** **TAILORING** **Suits, $30.**

Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.

**Suits, $40.** **TAILORING** **Suits, $50.**

Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.

**Suits, $60.** **TAILORING** **Suits, $70.**

**J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.**

BONESTELL, RICHARDSON & CO.
ALLEN & CO.
PAPER WAREHOUSE
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F.

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

## ANTI-FAT.

**The Greatest Discovery of the Age** by an English lady, who has, by close study and practice, found a remedy whereby people of either sex can be reduced in flesh at the rate of five to seven pounds a month without injury to health or looks, the skin on body and face retaining its smooth appearance. This treatment strengthens the nerves and muscles, destroying only the fat, which is simply a watery fluid in the tissues, producing gout, rheumatism, incipient paralysis, apoplexy, and fatty degeneration of the heart. Address ANTI-FAT, office box 1925, city.

**CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of January, 1884, an assessment (No. 10) of Twenty (20c) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the eleventh (11th) day of February, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the eighth (8th) day of March, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**WANTED.**

**Back Numbers of The Argonaut.**

Vol. IV, No. 4; Vol. XII, No. 9.—We will pay twenty-five cents each for either of these numbers at the Business Office of this paper.

**FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL FOR 1884**

Will be mailed **FREE** to all applicants and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains illustrations, prices, descriptions and directions for planting all Vegetable and Flower Seeds. Plants, etc. **Invaluable to all.**

**D. M. FERRY & CO.** DETROIT, Mich.


*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE CALI-*FORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY—Northwest corner Powell and Eddy Streets. For the half year ending with De . 3 188 , a dividend has been declared a the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 60-100) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, and two (2) per cent per annum on Commercial Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, Janua y 2, 1884. By order

VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE GER-*man Savings and Loan Society. For the half year ending D c. 31, 1883, the Board of Directors of the GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY has declared a dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of four and thirty-two one hundredths (4 32-100) per cent per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent. per annum, payable on and after the 2d day of January, 1884.

By order. GEORGE LETTE, Secretary.

# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Saturday, October 20, 1883.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 9.30 A.M. | Antioch and Martinez | 2.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " | 8.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | Deming, El Paso and Eastern Express | 2.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | Deming, El Paso and Eastern Emigrant | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and Stockton via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Galt and Stockton via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Ione | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | Los Angeles and South | 2.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | Madera and Fresno | 2.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | Merced | 2.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Mojave, Needles, Express | 5.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | and East Emigrant | 2.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | Marysville and Chico | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Ogden and Express | 8.40 P.M. |
| 5.30 P.M. | East Emigrant | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | and Tehama via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Redding | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " via Benicia | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | " " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | " " | 2.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " " | 8.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| | " " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Virginia City | 8.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | " " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 4.30 P. M. can meet Pacific Express from Oregon at Benicia; and that leaving at 9.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from the Needles and El Paso at Antioch.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, †3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 0.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.08, 9.08, 10.08, 11.08.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Daily, except Sundays. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½x11½ inches, with over **3,300** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you. Respectfully,

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**
**227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.,**
**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**
118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.
J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.
Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.


# NORTHERN DIVISION SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

**BROAD GAUGE.**

## WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, November 11, 1883,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| †6.50 A.M. | San Mateo, Redwood, and Menlo Park | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | *8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| *5.10 P.M. | | †4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | Santa Clara, San Jose, and Principal Way Stations | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Salinas, and Monterey | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Hollister and Tres Pinos | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Watsonville, Soquel, Aptos, (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, broad gauge, no change of cars | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Soledad and Way Stations | 5.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (sportsmen's train).

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS

Sold on Saturday and Sunday—good to return on Monday—to Santa Clara or San José, $2.50; to Gilroy, $4.00; to Monterey or Santa Cruz, $5.00, and to principal points between San Francisco and San José.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, January 21st, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—†10.15, *11.15 A. M., *4.50, †5.00 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†7.00, *9.20 A. M., †12.30, *3.20, *5.30, †5.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—*8.00, †8.50 A. M., *12.30, †3.35 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†6.40, *6.50, *9.15 A. M., †12.00 M., *2.50, †5.10 P. M. * Week Days. † Sundays only.

For SAUCELITO (Week Days)—9.20 A. M., 1.15, 3.20, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.00, 10.00 A. M., 12.30, 2.00, 5.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (Week Days)—7.45, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.50 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.05, 3.15, 6.10 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.

**11.15 A. M.** Daily, Sudays excepted (via San Quentin Ferry), THROUGH TRAIN, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through Train from Duncan Mills arrives in S. F. at 1.45 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning except Mondays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**7.00 A. M.** from Saucelito Ferry, Excursion Train every Sunday for Point Reyes and Way Stations.

Returning, arrives in San Francisco (via Saucelito Ferry) 6.50 P. M.

Fares for round trip,—Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


# MORRIS & KENNEDY'S
## ART GALLERY,
NOS. 19 AND 21 POST STREET.

**We have just received a very fine collection of New Etchings and Engravings, and a lot of choice Bronzes and Casts, suitable for Holiday Presents. Also, the very latest style of Frames.**

**ART GALLERY FREE. OPEN EVENINGS.**

# CHARLES R. ALLEN,
**Dealer in House, Steam, Foundry, and**
CUMBERLAND COAL,
**ENGLISH COKE AND PIG IRON,**
**120 Beale Street, San Francisco.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**
**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA**

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| STEAMER | From San Francisco for 1884. HONGKONG. |
|---|---|
| ARABIC | Thursday, February 7th. |
| OCEANIC | Saturday, March 8th. |
| ARABIC | Saturday, April 26th. |
| OCEANIC | Tuesday, May 27th. |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Rio de Janeiro..... January 14, 1884**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Blas..... January 15**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, SAN BLAS, MANZANILLO, and ACAPULCO, and via ACAPULCO for Lower Mexican and Central American ports, calling at SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA and LA LIBERTAD to land passengers and mails.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West India ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Zealandia..... January 18**

At 4.30 P. M., or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on the 5th, 10th, 15th, 20th, 25th, and 30th of every month. The steamer sailing the 30th of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every three days.

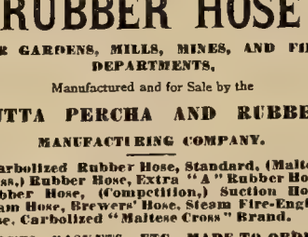
For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose. Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES

JOHN W. TAYLOR,
MANAGER
**Corner First and Market Streets,**
SAN FRANCISCO.

# PALACE HOTEL.
**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## THE NEVADA BANK
OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital.....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Gothenburg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama.

## The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK
LIMITED,
**N. E. corner Pine and Sansome Streets.**

London Office, 3 Angel Court. New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street.

**Authorized Capital Stock.....$6,000,000**

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections, buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, and issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED F. LOW, IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.
P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.** Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation** Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company** Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company** Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.
OF CALIFORNIA.
**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.
JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. K. MANN.
## HUTCHINSON & MANN,
**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1882..... 684,332 83**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# ALASKA
# COMMERCIAL CO.
**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

**R. P. HAMMOND, Jr.,**
**CIVIL ENGINEER AND LAND SURVEYOR,**
Room 38, 318 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.
**NEWSOM & GASH,**
# ARCHITECTS
Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings.

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.




Miss Jeffreys-Lewis's gallery of disreputable characters increases in point of interest as it increases in point of numbers. Forget-me-Not is, perhaps, the least interesting woman of the trio from a criminal standpoint. Zicka is a thief, and La Belle Russe a would-be murderess. Stephanie de Mohrivart has gone no farther in this part of the criminal calendar than to escape assassination. Though it is vulgar to be the object of an attempted assassination—it being the imperial prerogative of the Czar only, to escape aristocratically—it is not a crime. Hence, Stephanie is a shade less deeply dipped than her more erring dramatic sisters, and, perhaps, a shade more natural by consequence. She is a saucy jade, too, and one admires impertinence upon the stage, when it is the airy impertinence of reckless wit, as in the case of Stephanie. That of La Belle Russe is a different article. Hers is the ineradicable mark of her old life. Stephanie is a woman who knows and acknowledges the power of *les convenances*. La Belle Russe, within twelve hours of her arrival, distributes herself about the sofas of Calthorpe in a series of limp attitudes, any one of which would shock the most ordinary English woman properly brought up with a backboard, as all English gentlewomen are. As Miss Lewis has not posed since the retirement of "La Belle Russe," it is evident that these poses were really a part of her play—a study of themselves. Indeed, if Jeffreys-Lewis's acting has lost just a trifle of its spontaneity, it is study that is accountable for the change. She has played so often in San Francisco that perhaps we scarcely recognize the subtleties of her improvement. But she is an infinitely better actress than she was three years ago. She barely escapes being a great one. By just how much, who can say? Sometimes one almost yields the delicate defining line to her, but never altogether. She is yet too theatrical to be altogether a queen of the theatre. She has the effect of being always keyed up to concert pitch, and even in her most languorous moment in "La Belle Russe" does not suggest the repose which is one of the moods of greatness.

Perhaps it is because "Forget-me-Not" is a much lighter play than either of the others, and that the Lewis tension must of necessity be relaxed, that she is most enjoyable in it.

The social rehabilitation which Stephanie de Mohrivart seeks is a so much simpler and more every-day affair than the Tichborne trick. All that she asks is a few respectable cards upon her table, a few fashionable names upon her visiting-list, a few invitations to make one of the swell mobs.

Little things in themselves, and yet, that is about all there is in this great seethe we call society, is it not? A bubbling, boiling crater of factions and discontent, of foaming passions and fiery unrest. And yet they who are without seek to climb in, perhaps only because they must climb.

Perhaps no one looks upon the world with more infinite yearning than the intellectual woman of the half-world. Perhaps no one more thoroughly understands its hollowness, for she knows the men, and by nature she suspects the women. But no one knows better than she the value of push to make her way, once she can obtain a foothold upon the slippery globe.

We have no half-world in San Francisco. Society is crystallizing, as people are fond of saying. And we have the world and the middle-world. Our *déclassées* are too far beyond the pale to be ranked at all. The half-world, properly understood, belongs to an older civilization; but we have had a Stephanie or two from abroad even in our small society. They have fought their way into it by intimidation, even as Stephanie does in the play, and at least half a hundred in that fashionable audience of Monday night must have recognized the picture.

Though much of "Forget-me-Not" is well written, and the war between Stephanie and Sir Horace Welby admirably made, the play is childishly weak in spots. The Corsican is fairly dragged in by the ears whenever he does come, and the invalid is trotted in and out once or twice, apparently just burrowed out of a sick bed, just to show that she really is on hand. The Corsican with his vendetta is really quite an admissible article, the story being entirely of continental Europe, but no character was ever inaptly introduced as he. Mestayer, by the way, does this small part exceedingly well, in a picturesque costume and with a very fair case of Italian accent. But so interesting a play should not be allowed to go longer without re-modeling in this particular. His sudden and necessarily aerial flight from the balcony of the drawing-room window to the hall staircase is remarkable, yet may be allowed to pass. But his first entrance is simply and entirely ridiculous.

Mr. Joseph Grismer, as Sir Horace Welby, foils Miss Lewis admirably in their brief war of wit. The author has made Sir Horace rather a laggard lover, for such a discreet, cautious, and thoroughly non-committal, conservative, thoroughly English proposal was never given a hero before. But he is dauntless in this drawing-room war, which he conducts with both force and finesse. Mr. Grismer plays it very neatly, for it is a neat part, and does not accentuate his victory with the figurative crow of triumph which used to take all the fineness out of the play of another actor in the same rôle.

Jeffreys-Lewis has studied light and shade to a considerable extent since she went away, but her greatest improvement is in facial expression. She has a Spanish face, though her eye is blue, and the Spanish face is rather immobile. The eye may melt with love or fire with hate, but there is little play about the lips. Miss Lewis has learned to transform her face with her transforming moods, and there is a very long play of expression between the smiling impertinence of the Stephanie who comes to conquer and the fear-contorted visage of the vanquished adventuress who flees. A happy thought that, to make the woman a physical coward who was so metaphysically blunt that a fusillade of insult could fail to pierce her invulnerable effrontery.

Perhaps the most artistic touch in "Forget-me-Not" is the fact that though the part is charmingly played by a charming woman, she does not carry a touch of sympathy. One breathes a sigh of relief rather for the uninteresting little English household from which an incubus has been removed.

Next week we shall have "Odette," for the first time in English, in San Francisco. The furor over it is worn out in the East, and, as we keep close pace with our Eastern friends, we have been kept so long waiting that it is pretty well worn out here. We like our novelties while they are novelties. Nevertheless, there will be a grand rally of first-nighters for "Odette."

"Photos," resurrected, proves to be more sparkling than upon its first appearance. The inefficients in "Skipped by the Light of the Moon" having been carefully eliminated from this cast, there is a very bright group engaged in rollicking through "Photos." The first act of "Photos" is very bad indeed. Of course, it is only a note of preparation, as is the first act in all the specialty plays, but there really seems to be no reason why a lot of people who are going to sparkle, shouldn't begin to sparkle early in the evening.

When it comes, however, it is all good, the Harrisoniana especially so. Louis Harrison is as amusing as he is tireless. Strange to say, his only failure is his imitation of Stuart Robson. Perhaps it is a feather in his cap that it should be bad. A bad one is certainly a novelty, for the faithful imitations are worn stale.

Miss Helen Dingeon sings two songs most sweetly and unaffectedly, and to the unequivocal delight of the audience. The action of the extravaganza keeps her otherwise in the background.

Maccabe's melodrama is too recent not to have taken some of the edge off Gourley's "Alice Again," but his ballet-dancer is still triumphant.

The Bush Street Theatre has definitively resolved itself into a vaudeville house, and will continue to give that species of entertainment whice has always the widest circle of patrons.

"There is music in the air." Upon the principle that all the dentists settle in one block and all the doctors in another, one musical season seems to brir g many more. The "late Peralta troupe" broke the ice of long musical silence, and has sung the public into the musical mood. Though their list of operas is very circumscribed, the season has been mildly enjoyable, and is approaching its end, since Sheridan's name begins to loom up as a foot-note on the bills. BETSY B.

"Taken From Life" has been running this week at the Grand Opera House. Next Monday evening the Harrison-Gourlay Troupe will appear in "Skipped by the Light of the Moon."

At the Baldwin Theatre next Wednesday night Miss Jeffreys-Lewis will appear in "Odette." The Emma Abbott Opera Company opens a season at this theatre, February 4th.

At the California Theatre the operatic season closes with to-day's matinée. Mr. W. E. Sheridan will shortly open a season at this theatre with "King Lear."

The Harrison-Gourlay Company finish their season at the Bush Street Theatre this evening in "Photos." Next week the Raymond Holmes Troupe open in "Whims."

## MUSICAL NOTES.

### The Third Philharmonic Concert.

Whatever imperfections may be laid to its charge, the Philharmonic Society can not be accused of indifference in the matter of its selections. Each one of the three programmes given thus far has contained numbers entirely new to San Francisco audiences; and although these various compositions might not be counted as novelties in musical centres, they have certainly been unhackneyed, and have been chosen with discrimination from the works of agreeable and standard authors. They have also been sufficiently well played to acquaint one with, at least, their purpose and design; and in some cases their rendition has been marked with real artistic excellence.

Among these unfamiliar selections none has afforded greater pleasure than the interesting "Suite Algérienne," by Saint-Saens, given here for the first time at the third concert, on Friday evening of last week. Not only is this Suite itself original in its construction and harmony, but it deals, musically, with an entirely new set of ideas, or rather of tone-pictures. Hitherto we have known Saint-Saens in symphonic poems, whose motives have been drawn from mythological or legendary sources; but here he writes under the spell of Algierian memories. In the "Prélude"—"En vue d'Alger"—he recalls to himself the deep blue of that tropical sky, and how the brilliant light struck down upon the low-domed buildings. There are slender-stemmed palm-trees in the picture, and gliding Arabs, with long, white robes. The "Prélude," however, is less striking than the second movement, a "Rhapsodie Mauresque." This, with strange notes from the wood-wind, and wild, barbaric cries from the violins, was exceptionally fascinating, though not as smoothly played as the succeeding "Rêverie du Soir." The latter, carefully shaded, and characterized by both finish and repose, proved to be one of the evening's best efforts in point of intelligent rendition. The concluding "Marche Militaire Francaise," a bright, tinsel-decked fancy in the form of a spirited little parade march, seemed out of keeping with the measures that had preceded it. Crisp playing and good reading were not denied; but its lightness clashed upon the dreamy quiet and refinement of the "Rêverie."

The overture of the evening, "Fernando Cortez," written at the beginning of the century, was one of Gasparo Spontini's great works; and, considered as the production of so grand a personage as he appeared in Paris and Berlin long ago, the sound seemed empty, and the meaning insignificant. Yet it was capitally played, and full of interest. Nesvadba's excellent paraphrase of the "Loreley," which was a feature at the first concert of the Philharmonics' first season, was repeated by request on this occasion with so much success as to be re-demanded. Boccherini's second Menuett in A was also given, but roused no special interest, as its style is exceedingly monotonous. Meyerbeer's rather noisy "Marche aux Flambeaux," No. 3, completed the distinctly orchestral numbers.

Two important contributions to the programme consisted of compositions for piano and orchestra, Chopin's Rondo de Concert, "Krakowiak," op. 14, and the Weber-Liszt "Polonaise," the piano part in each being most ably assumed by Miss Jessie Gregg. In her admirable playing of these difficult works, this talented young girl won anew for herself the praise which has already recognized the remarkable ability she possesses. Although Miss Gregg had once before played the Chopin Rondo in concert, her rendering of it upon this occasion was a fresh surprise and delight. Aside from more strictly technical qualities, Miss Gregg's playing has an intellectual individuality that thoroughly charms and wins one. She scarcely plays as if she wholly comprehended the purport of what she expresses; that could not be expected just now—in her interpretation, for instance, of Chopin's super-sensitive and sophisticated imaginings. But she does play with a reasonableness, a resolution, and a bright transparency which give one confidence in her methods and a firm belief in her future. An impressions prevails in some directions that Miss Gregg is to leave California shortly for study abroad. This, however, is not the case. Her musical education will be continued in this city. Miss Gregg's second number, the brilliant Weber-Liszt "Polonaise," was played without a seeming thought of its difficulty, but was rather heavily accompanied by the orchestra. A similar support in the "Krakowiak" was also over-loud, though affording more variety and color than a piano accompaniment is able to provide. The fourth Philharmonic concert will take place on Friday evening, February 15th. F. A.

Next Monday evening Kelly and O'Brien, the Irish comedians, join Emerson's Minstrels, at the Standard Theatre.

It is said that Marie Prescott will shortly produce Oscar Wilde's play of "Vera" in London.

## LOTTA IN LONDON.

### What the Papers Said about Miss Crabtree.

The London papers to hand by mail corroborate the cable in its accounts of Lotta's opening. The first night was disastrous. The London *Times* says:

We can only say, as Miss Lotta has doubtless learned from her reception at the Opera Comique on Saturday night, that in this country a different standard of taste prevails. The peculiar "business"—art it can scarcely be called—which she has brought across the Atlantic, and which has already been illustrated in London by her younger rival, Miss Minnie Palmer, would doubtless find favor in a London music-hall, viewed through a friendly medium of steaming grog or tobacco smoke. In a London theatre it is apt to provoke the same reflection as the presence of the fly in the amber. It may be said at once that Miss Lotta's claims to attention, at all events in the piece selected for her first appearance in England, rest mainly upon the sprightliness of a diminutive figure, which she turns to account by assuming short skirts and pinafores, and affecting the airs of a "tomboy." She is not an actress, but a gamin, and her comedy consists in making faces, kicking up her heels, sitting on tables and swinging her legs, spooning with a booby called Billy, and generally indulging in a mischievous hobbledehoyishness, without the repose of a moment. Singing and dancing do not fall within her capacity, though she occasionally attempts both. The singing of a hymn by Miss Lotta and Billy in the midst of their fooling was sharply resented, so much so that the débutante, in some perplexity, said: "I don't understand this, gentlemen," and abruptly left the stage, and there was also a marked show of impatience at certain floral tributes of suspicious origin which were indiscreetly passed to the actress across the footlights.

The *Referee*, a theatrical organ says:

When the curtain fell on the first act Miss Lotta was called and cheered with genuine English warmth. But at the close of the second act there was a loud call for Mr. Fernandez, and none whatever for the stranger. This coldness was not due to any further treading on British corns, but to the simple fact that so far Miss Lotta had done nothing beyond what we are accustomed to from average music-hall performers. And as she did nothing more in the third and last act, the début can only be *described as a ghastly failure*. We are exceedingly sorry for this, and we think the principal blame for such an unlooked-for result must lie rather with the management than with Miss Lotta herself. She came to us as a stranger, and, possibly, with no definite idea of our tastes in matters dramatic. She has now discovered that the kind of fare which will please Californian miners, in a log theatre, will scarcely prove palatable to an audience of educated people in the English metropolis. Her fiasco was due in great measure to the exreme badness of the piece. Such story as it possesses is quite incomprehensible, and there is neither brilliancy of dialogue nor effectiveness of situation to atone for the poorness of the groundwork.

The London *Observer* remarks:

A lamentable failure was the result last night of the début in this country of Miss Lotta, an actress whose remarkable popularity in America had led London play-goers—as they had doubtless led her—to expect a very different result from her efforts . . . . Her management of her short skirts, her fancy for kicking up her heels to emphasize her remarks, and her habit of sitting on tables or hammocks, swinging her legs to and fro, can not certainly be commended for their gracefulness. They may, however, be adopted merely to illustrate the characteristics of a phase of girlhood not very easy for an actress of mature years to portray; and in this case the actress is to be pitied rather than to be blamed for the disagreeable necessities of her task . . . . At the close of the disastrous performance there were, of course, presented still more of the baskets of flowers, which might, under happier circumstances, have passed muster as tributes of public admiration as well as of private friendship.

*Lloyd's Newspaper* said:

She wears a short dress, and is in the habit of accentuating her emotions of delight or rage by kicks, nudges of the elbow, and other pronounced mannerisms ascribable perhaps to impulsiveness uncontrolled by education. She sings well and dances better. Some of her songs by the way, are not wisely chosen, and early in the piece Miss Lotta last night had to listen to some sturdy hisses when, with Howard, she came to the front of the stage to sing the Moody and Sankey hymn known as "The Sweet Bye and Bye." . . . . The curtain last night fell to loud hisses. In courtesy to the stranger who appeared under such distressing circumstances, a call was, however, made for Miss Lotta, and she came forward and bowed.

Soldene, says the New York *Dramatic Times*, after taking a bumper in the shape of a farewell benefit, *on her retirement from the stage*, turns up this week at the Trocadero Music Hall. Rather a come down from the position of prima donna to balladist in a smoking concert-saloon. So, likewise, has Willie Edouin and his talented wife (Alice Atherton) taken a tumble from "stardom" to their original level in a stock company—rather a backward, and, in our opinion, an unwise, move on their part. They are under salary to Alexander Henderson, and will appear in "Blue Beard" when "La Vie" disappears at the Avenue Theatre. Of the other members of the original company brought by Edouin last spring from America, Dick Golden and his wife (Dora Wiley) open in pantomime at the Theatre Royal, as does James Powers, the lively boy, at Her Majesty's, in London.

Not to be eclipsed in enterprise, Adam Forepaugh has also purchased a white elephant, so Barnum will not have the whole field to himself for that novelty next season.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We are continually receiving complaints from *Argonaut* subscribers, concerning missing numbers. We are sorry, but we can not remedy the evil. The trouble is in the mail. Our papers are all properly directed; the addresses are *printed upon the wrappers*, and not pasted to them; thus they can not be accidentally removed. We are convinced that the trouble is in the mail for these reasons: Certain numbers are more subject to loss than others. For instance, we have received over two hundred applications from subscribers who did not receive the Christmas number. Yet these were all duly forwarded. This loss has been specially annoying to us, for we are unable to make it good. Both editions of the Christmas number were at once sold, and we are now unable to procure, from the dealers or elsewhere, perfect copies to supply those subscribers who failed to receive them. Another fact showing that the trouble lies in the mail is this: A package of six papers was sent to a certain address; the package came duly to hand, but it contained only three papers; the other three *must* have been abstracted.

Under these circumstances, we scarcely know what to do. We are now considering the advisability of using the San Francisco *Call* as a wrapper for the *Argonaut;* in that case we think our papers would go through untampered with.

Emma Abbott, whose operatic career in the United States has been a noticeable one for the past five years, is soon to visit the Pacific Coast. She is accompanied by a large company of noted artists, and will present during the season some twenty different operas. Miss Abbott's career has been an eventful one, and she has known all the gradations of life from extreme poverty to affluence, and this, too, within the past decade. Briefly, she was a young girl traveling in little interior towns, singing for bread, when the beauty of her voice drew the attention of Clara Louise Kellogg, who sent her to New York. There she attracted the notice of some wealthy *dilettanti*, who sent her to Europe, where in turn she was equally noticed, and became the protégée of the Baroness Rothschild, through whose assistance her musical education was completed. She made successful débuts in Florence, Paris, and London. Her operatic career has been a success from the beginning, and she is now a petted *prima donna* where a few years ago she was unknown. In these few years she has appeared in more than forty different operas, among which are "Daughter of the Regiment" (in which she made her début in New York), "Linda," "Lucia," "Favorita," "L'Elisir d'Amore," "Rigoletto," "Faust," "Fra Diavolo," "Mignon," "Sonnambula," "Barbiere," "Martha," "Romeo and Juliet," "Paul and Virginia," and "King for a Day," creating the rôles of Juliet, Virginia, and Nemea in the three last named. Of her voice, even when a student, Adelina Patti said: "Your mezza voce and sostenuto are simply perfect." Miss Abbott carries with her a score of "Faust" in which Gounod wrote, after hearing her sing "Marguerite, "Voix juste, claire, égale, lumineuse, bien timbré." Among the company supporting Miss Abbott are the following: Julie Rosewald, who has sung in over seventy operas in this country and abroad; Madame Sinico, an artist held in high estimation in England; Zelda Seguin, the rich-voiced contralto; Signor Fabrini, formerly tenor of Her Majesty's Opera Company; William Castle, the well-known tenor; Tagliapietra, a baritone who has sung here before; Signor Campobello, basso cantanti and late a member of Carl Rosa's English Opera Company, and half a score of other soloists. The troupe is accompanied by its own orchestra and chorus.

Marie Prescott lost twelve thousand five hundred dollars recently. The Superior Court reversed the judgment granted in favor of Miss Prescott as against the American News Company. Shortly after the verdict had first been given the American News Company, Miss Prescott was offered eight thousand dollars to compromise and she refused; now she gets nothing. The judge writing the opinion takes the general ground that the American News Company, or any mere wholesale dealer in newspapers, can not be held responsible in exemplary damages for the publication of a libel in an article they are not supposed to be able to read in the short time they have it in their possession.

Levy David Cerf, familiarly known as Père David, who for forty years was the head of the *claque* at the Paris Opéra, has just died. He was born on the day of Marie Antoinette's execution (1793), was present at the battles of Lutzen, Bautzen, and Leipsic, was a St. Helena medalist, and retired from the Opéra on the accession of the present manager. His operations are described by the *Figaro:* "Seated in the front row of the pit, having a part of his forces around him, while the others were placed in the second gallery, he directed from his seat, by his stick, the intensity and the duration of the applause. A short, sharp rap on the floor meant that the *claque* was to confine itself to a moderate clapping of hands. But when he gave a rapid and prolonged movement of rotation to his stick, his followers knew that they were to indulge in an outburst of enthusiasm, recall the actor on the stage, and give him an 'ovation.'"

It is related of Tennyson that at the famous luncheon party on Sir Donald Currie's yacht in the harbor of Copenhagen, he asked the Empress of Russia and the Princess of Wales by what title he ought rightly to address them. "I do not know," he said, "what I ought to call you." "Oh," said the princess, "there is no difficulty; Minnie and Alec, to be sure."

Bartley Campbell, the playwright, is in poor health, the result of overwork and business anxiety.

**CCCVI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, January 20, 1884.**

Mock Turtle Soup.
Beef-steak, with Mushrooms.
Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Spinach. Salsify Croquettes.
Chicken Salad.
Roast Mutton, cooked as Venison, with Port Wine, Currant Jelly, and Spices.
Paradise Pudding.
Apples, Pears, Grapes, and Oranges.

SALSIFY CROQUETTES.—Boil oyster-plant, or salsify, until very tender. Drain off the water and rub through a colander; add butter, pepper, salt, and a little milk; mix well together. Make into croquettes, dip in beaten egg, and roll in bread-crumbs. Fry in a wire basket until golden brown.

PARADISE PUDDING.—Three eggs, half a pound bread-crumbs, three apples, finely mixed; a cup of currants, the juice of half a lemon, nutmeg and salt to taste. Beat the eggs and stir all together. Rub the currants in flour and add them last. Boil one hour and a half. Eat hot with sweet sauce.


### German Educational Institute.

**Chateau Concordia, Remagen on the Rhine, Prussia, conducted by MISS LINA LINDEN and MRS. HUNDERT (formerly Schniewind).**

This establishment receives a limited number of Young Ladies. No exertion is spared to render the house a comfortable home, and to combine the blessings of a Christian and moral training with instruction in the various branches of a superior Female Education.

The course of general instruction comprises: *Religion, the German and French languages, Literature, History, Geography, History of Arts, Arithmetic, Natural History, Plain and Fancy Needlework, and all the usual branches of Education.*

The Principals are assisted by eminent Professors and two resident ladies—French and English.

TERMS—Board and Education, $300 per annum, to be quarterly paid in advance.

Lessons in Music, Drawing, Painting, Italian, Dancing are given on moderate terms, by able and experienced masters.

Each young lady is to be provided with Chamber Towels, Table Napkins, Sheets and Pillow-cases, Knife, Fork, and Spoon.

A quarter's notice is required previous to the removal of a Pupil.

Remagen is most charmingly situated on the Rhine and very easy of access, by train an hour's journey from Cologne.

Satisfactory references to parents of pupils can be given, if required.

Further inquiries may be addressed to MISS LINA LINDEN, *Chateau Concordia, Remagen on the Rhine, Prussia.*

**Refers by permission to A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.**

### A New Enterprise.

**Something that will Prove a Benefit to Strangers visiting the City.**

Mrs. R. G. Lewis, the renowned modiste of San Francisco, whose dress-making parlors are in Thurlow Block, 126 Kearny Street, has introduced a new enterprise to her already successful business, which will prove highly beneficial to strangers in the city. Her method will be to send competent persons to guests upon their arrival at hotels, who can then designate what purchases they desire to make, and they will be conducted at once to the most reliable stores in the city. In this way, the buyer will be saved time, inconvenience, and exorbitant charges by unprincipled sellers, who invariably take advantage of strangers. This is a system of business entirely new here, although extensively carried on in the East, and in the larger cities of Europe. Ladies of the interior can send an order, with bust and length measurements, with piece, to Mrs. Lewis, and have any article forwarded to them.


— THE METROPOLITAN HALL POSSESSES THE largest and the finest organ on the Pacific Coast. Besides this valuable feature, its unsurpassed acoustic facilities renders it unequaled as an auditorium for concerts and musical festivals.

— MR. ALFRED KELLEHER DESIRES TO announce that he has resumed teaching at his rooms, Nos. 62 and 63 City of Paris Building.

— A COMPETENT WOMAN WISHES A SITUATION as housekeeper's companion, or would take entire care of an infant. Call, or address 1003 Mission Street.

— AN EXPERIENCED TEACHER FROM THE EAST would like to make an engagement. Address Miss A., this office.


# ICHI BAN

— A LADY WHO HAS BEEN PRINCIPAL OF A school for a number of years would like to fill a similar position. Understands French, German, and Spanish. Address Miss H., this office.

— THE BLOOD-CLEANSING QUALITIES OF AYER'S Sarsaparilla render it invaluable in all skin disorders.

— AYER'S HAIR VIGOR PREVENTS THE HAIR from turning gray, and restores gray hair to its original color. Try it.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

# MACMILLAN & CO.'S

**New Illustrated Magazine.**

Yearly Subscription, $1.50.

## THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Single numbers, 15 cents. Yearly subscription, $1.50.

CONTENTS OF NO. 4—JANUARY—NOW READY.

I. "MATTHEW ARNOLD." Engraved by O. Lacour, from a drawing by F. Sandys. Frontispiece.

II. DARTMOOR AND THE WALKHAM. Frederick Pollock.

Illustrations, by L. R. O'Brien: Dartmoor Weather-Post Bridge, Dartmoor—Cottage on Dartmoor—From Pu Tor, Dartmoor—Merivale Bridge with Mt. Tor—Vixin Tor, Dartmoor—A Devonshire Lane—Hall's Farm, Dartmoor.

III. THE PIANO-FORTE AND ITS PRECURSORS. A. J. Hipkins.

Illustrations: Orpheus and Eurydice. Panels forming part of the decorations for the side of a piano-forte. Designed and painted by E. Burne Jones for the instrument in the possession of W. Graham, Esq.—The Green Clavichord—Eighteenth Century. South Kensington Museum—Rossi Spinnet. Sixteenth Century. South Kensington Museum—Italian Octave Virginal combined with cabinet, Circa, A. D. 1600. South Kensington Museum—Angel playing on a psaltery. From the pictures by Orcagna in the National Gallery.—Roman clavicembale or harpsichord, A. D. 1521. South Kensington Museum—Spinet by Player. South Kensington Museum—Piano by Cristofori, A. D. 1726. Kraus Museum, Florence—Silbermann Grand Piano, A. D. 1746. From the original used by J. S. Bach in the town palace, Potsdam. Published by permission of H. I. H. the Crown Princess of Germany—Piano belonging to L. Alma-Tadema, Esq., R. A.—Cover of a piano-forte. Designed and Painted by E. Burne Jones, for the instrument in the possession of W. Graham, Esq.—Piano-forte by Hawkins, A. D. 1660. In the possession of Messrs. Broadwood—Southwell's piano, A. D. 1798. In the possession of A. Simpson, Esq.—Cerberus. One of a series of panels illustrating the story of Orpheus and Eurydice painted by E. Burne Jones on the piano belonging to W. Graham, Esq.

IV. THE HARES AND THE FROGS. THE FABLE—APPLICATION.

Illustrations by Randolph Caldecott.

V. THE EMPEROR AND HIS MARSHAL. Arch. Forbes.

Illustrations, by F. Villiers: In the Bow Window of St. Cloud—"I saw the first man fall that met his death in the Franco-German War"—They drank a brewery dry, and kissed all the girls in the Rheinische Hof"—Awakened by a shell at Longueville—"Follow me, Father"—The Emperor's Fête Day—"What happened on the following morning was told me in Zululand by the poor Prince Imperial."

VI. MATTHEW ARNOLD. Henry James.

VII. RIVERS AND RIVER GORGES OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW. Archibald Geikie.

Illustrations: View of the Gorge of the Rhine from Bacharach—View of the Gorge of the Rhine at Bopnard—View of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

VIII. THE ARMOURER'S PRENTICES. Chapters VIII, IX, X. (To be continued.) Charlotte M. Yonge.

ORNAMENTS, INITIAL LETTERS, ETC.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK.
112 FOURTH AVENUE.



The Burr Parlor Folding Bed
SAVES RENT
Holds all the bedding, including pillows.
Prices from $30 to $100, according to size, style and finish.
20 Styles.
F. S. CHADBOURNE & CO.,
741-3-5 Market Street, S. F.
H. H. Gross, Manager Folding Bed Department.



# ELITE BOUQUET

.....AND.....

# PECK'S TRIPLE EXTRACT

FOR THE

## HANDKERCHIEF!

IN ALL ODORS. TRY IT.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE

**WESTERN PERFUMERY CO.,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

**L. GREENBAUM, PROPRIETOR.**

**FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.**

**OFFICE OF**

## UNITED GAS IMPROVEMENT CO.

(Lessee of CENTRAL GASLIGHT CO.),

**841 MARKET STREET.....ROOM 1,**

San Francisco, January 2, 1884.

### To the Public.

The officers of the Central Gaslight Company respectfully notify the public that they have leased their works for a term of twenty (20) years, from November 1, 1883, to the United Gas Improvement Company, for whom they bespeak a continuance of the support and patronage given to their company in the past. Respectfully,

G. D. NEWHALL, Secretary.
A. D. SHARON, Vice-President.

The United Gas Improvement Company will be represented in San Francisco by MR. ALBERT MILLER. No effort or expense will be spared to give the citizens good gas at a low price.

**UNITED GAS IMPROVEMENT CO.,**
By SAMUEL T. BODINE,
Secretary and Treasurer.

# J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.

## MERCHANT TAILORS

**And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,**

**415 MONTGOMERY STREET,**

**Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco**

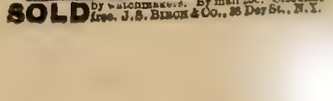


**The DRESS REFORM CORSET.—The Finest Corset on the Coast.**—TRY IT, AND YOU WILL LIKE IT.—Glove-fitting, graceful, comfortable, "just the thing" for stout figures. BONES ARE SO PLACED THEY WILL NOT BREAK. Sold by us for the past 6 years STILL IT ON ITS MERITS. Sent to any address post-paid, $3.00. Will exchange if it does not fit. In ordering, send a tight waist, hip, and bust measure, taken outside of your dress. Send for illustrated book of our Union Under-Flannels, Shoulder Braces, Corded Waists, Hose and Skirt Supporters, etc.—which took the first prize (a silver medal) at the late Mechanics' Fair—to the only Depot for these goods.

**M. H. OBER & CO.,**
**Boston Dress Reform Rooms,**
Established 1876. 326 Sutter St., S. F., Cal.

## MARBLE WORKS.

**MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.**
**W. H. McCORMICK,**
827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.



## HOTEL
## SIERRA MADRE VILLA,

**On the mountain side,**

**In an Orange Grove, Near Los Angeles.**

Has been enlarged to accommodate One Hundred Guests. For climate, health, comfort, pure water, and beauty of scenery, it has no equal on this coast. General Sherman says it surpasses all other places on the American continent for a quiet good time.
For further information, address
**W. COGSWELL, Proprietor,**
San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, Cal.

## CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY

**OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.**
**Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.**

C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

**THE**
## AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**
Office, 208 California Street.

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
## COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

**No. 309 SANSOME STREET,**

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
**Commission Merchants,**
**San Francisco.**

OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.

☞ Liberal advances made on consignments. ☜

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
**San Francisco,**

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, On., LONDON.

Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.
ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,
Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
**204 and 206 California Street,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

**TABER, HARKER & CO.**
**Importers and Wholesale Grocers,**

108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHRESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**

UNION BLOCK,

202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,

Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
**(Established 1854),**
**HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.**

SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
**39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.**

**JOHN DANIEL & CO.**

Importers and Dealers in Italian Marble and Scotch Granite
**MONUMENTS AND MANTELS,**

No. 421 Pine Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco, Cal.

☞ Manufacturers of Monuments, Headstones, Mantelpieces, Plumbers' Stones, Table and Counter Tops, Imposing Stones, etc., at lowest cash prices.

**Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed**
## TILES
**For Decorations.**
## W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
**311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.**

## LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.

**Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.**

119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
## HENRY F. MILLER
**(Factory Boston, Mass.) and**
## HEMME & LONG
**(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)**
**CELEBRATED PIANOS, and the TAYLOR AND FARLEY ORGANS.**

## WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
**101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.**
**Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.**

## WALL PAPER,
**Artistic Designs, American, French, and English. Cornice Poles and Fixtures. Sole Agents on Pacific Coast for LINCRUSTA WALTON, the new and indestructible Wall Decoration. Imitation Stained and Ground Glass, for residences, churches, etc. Frescoing and Interior Decorating a specialty.**
## WINDOW SHADES.
**Samples and Estimates furnished on Application.**
## G. W. CLARK & CO., 645 & 647 MARKET ST.

## FIREMAN'S FUND
## INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.

**CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - - $750,000**
**ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1882, - - - - $1,350,000**

**D. J. STAPLES, President.** **WILLIAM J. DUTTON, Secretary.**
**ALPHEUS BULL, Vice-President.** **E. W. CARPENTER, Asst. Secretary.**

**AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.**

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY.

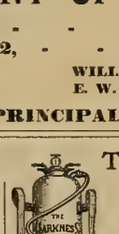
**TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON**

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for
**CONSTIPATION,**
Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Cerebral Congestion, etc.
Prepared by
**GRILLON,**
SOLE PROPRIETOR,
Pharmacien de première classe de la Faculté de Paris,
27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.

Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

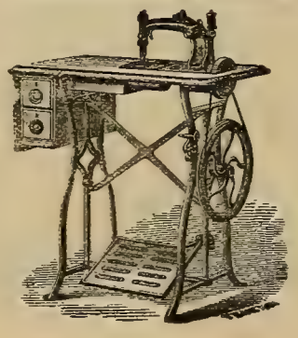
## PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
**Stationers, Booksellers,**
**Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,**
**204 Sansome Street, near Pine.**




THE HARKNESS
## FIRE EXTINGUISHER
**First Premium Mechanics' Institute, 1882.**
**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**
**36 California Street, San Francisco,**
General Agents Pacific Coast.

## THE CALIFORNIA
**SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.**
**Junction Market and Powell Sts.**

Deposits received. Loans made on city and country property at low rates.



**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world**
**WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO,**
**303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.**

## MACRAMÉ TWINE
**IN ALL COLORS,**
**Best assortment in the city at the**
## "DOMESTIC"
**SEWING MACHINE AGENCY**
**29 Post Street,**
**Also at 1152 Broadway, cor. Thirteenth St., Oakland.**

## VAN NESS SEMINARY,
**Formerly Mrs. Colgate Baker,**
**No. 920 VAN NESS AVENUE.**

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children. Easter Term begins January 7th.
MRS. SARA B. GAMBLE, } Principals.
MRS. E. H. WOODS, }



**TRINITY SCHOOL.**

Church, Boarding, and Day School for Young Men and Boys, 1534 Mission Street, San Francisco. Prepares for college and university. Easter session opens Thursday, Jan. 4, 1884. Refers to Wm. F. Babcock, Esq., Col. E. Eyre, Joseph Powning, Esq., Gen. L. H. Allen, Wm. T. Coleman, Esq., Geo. W. Gibbs, Esq. For information address REV. E. B. SPALDING, Rector.

**CALIFORNIA**
## MILITARY ACADEMY
**OAKLAND, CAL.**

A firstsclass Boarding-school for Boys. Thorough and practical instruction in all departments. First-class boarding. Special attention given to care and comfort of cadets. Term begins THURSDAY, January 3, 1884. For circulars, address COL. W. H. O'BRIEN, Principal.

## HOPKINS ACADEMY
**OAKLAND, CAL.**
**REV. H. E. JEWETT.....PRINCIPAL.**

Send for catalogue.

BOUND VOLUMES
.....OF.....
## THE ARGONAUT.
**Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, and XIII.**

Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office, No. 213 Dupont Street.

## REMOVAL.
## W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
HAVE REMOVED TO
**311, 313, 315, and 317**
**MARKET STREET,**
**Between Beale and Fremont.**

**GERMEA**
**FOR BREAKFAST. DELICIOUS. TRY IT!**

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIV. NO. 4. SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 26, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: What will the Tax-payers of San Francisco do with the Hoodlums who are Growing up to be Murderers, Prostitutes, and Thieves?—Crime, and the Encouragement of Criminals—A Way to Prevent Ignorance, Idleness, and Poverty—The Remedy which a few Philanthropic Men and Women are Employing in our Midst—Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes and the Awful Mass of Manuscript he is Preparing to Thrust on the World—The Texas and Pacific Railway Question—The Great Work which its Promoters have Accomplished in a Few Years—The Hanging of Wheeler, the Strangler—A Good Lesson to the Criminal Classes..... 1–2

COBWEBS: "Arachne" discusses the Humorous Eastern Visitor..... 3

OUR CHESS COLUMN: Problems and Notes..... 3

AFTER DINNER: "Viveur" talks about Philosophers and Dramatists..... 4

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Gossip about Prominent People..... 4

FRIENDS: By Peter Robertson..... 5

PICTURES FROM LIFE: Taken by the Reporters..... 5

SOCIETY: "Bavardin's" Letter—Notes and Gossip..... 6

NEW YORK STAGE TALK: "Flaneur's" Weekly Budget..... 7

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS..... 7

VANITY FAIR: An Afternoon with Worth..... 8

LITERARY NOTES: The New Books and their Authors..... 8

THE LATEST VERSE: From the New Magazines..... 9

STORYETTES: Grave, Gay, Epigrammatic, and Otherwise..... 9

A CAPTURE AT THE BOULE NOIRE: A Story of the Paris Secret Police..... 10

THE PIONEERS OF BAJA CALIFORNIA: Bancroft's History of the North Mexican States..... 11

AN EDITORIAL WAIL: Geo. Wm. Curtis Voices the Woes of Editors..... 11

THE INNER MAN: Some Famous Menus..... 12

CENTURY BRIC-A-BRAC: Five Poems by Austin Dobson..... 12

THE DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip..... 14

It would be wise if the financial and business classes would occasionally pause in their industrial and money-making pursuits to observe how the social forces are operating in reference to their interests. It would be wise if rich men, the property-owning, tax-paying people, would now and then stop to look around them, and inquire whether nearer and better relations might not be established between themselves and members of the less prosperous class. We do not mean for them to inquire whether it would not be more humane, Christian, and charitable for them to maintain more generous and sympathetic bonds between themselves and the poor, but more profitable relations, more economical, and less expensive. Ignoring all questions of humanity, and all considerations of sentiment, it has seemed to us, that if the accumulating, working, property class, upon whom the ultimate burdens of government fall; who are in the end called upon to maintain the sick, the idle, and the criminal, would spend somewhat more of their time, their brains, and their money in suggesting and perfecting expedients to prevent disease, poverty, and crime, it would be a great saving to them. It is altogether more economical to prevent these evils than to remedy them. As the child is treated in the impressible years of its early youth, so grows the man. The seeds of evil are early sown; and when the ground is favorable, and the cultivation diligent, there is a certain and abundant harvest of crime. In every large community there is an improvident, idle, ignorant, and criminal class. Its children, if neglected, grow up to improvidence, idleness, ignorance, and crime; and thus the vicious class increases, and draws to it recruits from the wayside. How to govern it is always one of the problems which organized society finds it most difficult to solve. We in San Francisco have hoodlum youth of both sexes, bright specimens, full of capacity, and therefore the more difficult to manage. Our hospitals, reformatories, and prisons are filled with those whose line of march, from the cradle, has been an undeviating and natural one. Organized society supplements its original neglect of poor children by supplying them with intoxicating liquor all along their path of life, starting with beer and gin at the family grocery. At all places of amusements, on all public occasions, on all holiday festivals and frolics, there is afforded the opportunity to get drunk. When the habits of idleness are fully fixed, when disease has established itself in the system, when the career of crime has been entered upon as the only pursuit, then organized government brings to bear upon this class its forces; humanitarian societies are established to relieve poverty; reformatory societies, to attempt an occasional rescue; asylums and hospitals are fostered, and the great ponderous machinery of the criminal law is set in motion to punish crime. A costly burden is this system to our industrious, provident, tax-paying citizens. We make an inebriate, and then take care of him in a "home." We make an idle vagabond, and then support him in an almshouse. We make a ruined one, and send her to a Magdalen asylum. We permit debased women to pursue vicious lives in defiance of inspection or sanitary precaution, and then support the victims in our hospitals or mad-houses. We allow criminals to breed criminals, and by our neglect we encourage them to grow up criminals, and then, after costly processes of law, we wall them in to an idle life, where we support them.

We believe there is a way to prevent a great deal of this idleness, poverty, ignorance, and crime; a way to lessen the numbers entering upon careers which lead, through idleness and dissipation, to such fearful results. We believe a remedy has been discovered; that it has been introduced to San Francisco, where, under the direction of a class of most worthy women, and by the aid of many generous and intelligent persons, the experiment has been so far tried as to justify us in commending it to the attention of the tax-paying citizen, as worthy of the most serious consideration. We refer, of course, to the kindergarten system of education, introduced to this city in 1878, by Felix Adler; encouraged by Judge Solomon Heydenfeldt; in the following year receiving the aid of Mrs. S. B. Cooper; and since that time having the hearty coöperation of so many teachers, and the charitable donations of so many generous persons, that we have not space in this article to name them. The kindergarten school establishes itself in the midst of the children whom it seeks to educate. It goes to the families of the unfortunate, the very poor, and the criminal, and asks the privilege of taking their youngest ones—even those of less than three years of age—to the school-room for education. This education is an intelligent adaptation of instruction, so blended with amusement as to interest the children and teach them to think. It subjects them to a discipline so attractive that they do not feel its chains; and leads them along a path so pleasant that they are not tempted to wander from it. The system teaches order, cleanliness, and obedience; it inculcates habits of industry; it corrects the very earliest tendency to bad language, and curbs, at the very outset, vicious propensities. With pictures, toys, blocks, charts, games, exercises, music, and innocent recreations, the child absorbs a practical instruction which makes the school-room more attractive than the street, and more comfortable than their own poor homes. This system gives children, for their models, kind, loving, chaste teachers, in contrast to a social circle where ill-mannered, and sometimes brutal, deportment prevails. Nothing so certainly demoralizes children as to feel that they are not cared for; nothing is so sure to set them right and keep them right as to feel and know that they are loved and looked after. The influence of the vicious home is corrected in the model school, and the influence of the children is carried home to reflect itself upon the parents. Maternal love and pride never leave the most abandoned; and when the mother prepares a clean apron and fixes a button, that her child may look as well as other children, there is opened a mine which, if properly worked, may lead to a bonanza of moral results. There are fourteen hundred children now being taught in some eighteen of these kindergarten schools, and all dependent upon the charitable gifts of a few generous persons. Kindergarten work is no longer an experiment; it is a demonstration. It has worked, and is working, admirably in other and older countries; it is a success in Eastern States, and it is a success in San Francisco. We commend it to the moneyed and property men of this and other communities, as a cold business proposition, altogether free from religious or sentimental ideas. To arrest idleness, vagabondage, and crime at the fountain head—to direct, by education and care, the children of our criminals from the career of their parents, to the end that they may become industrious, productive, and useful citizens, contributing to, and not abstracting from, the public wealth, aiding to support the burdens of government, instead of becoming burdens themselves—is a matter worthy the consideration of statesmen and worthy of the very careful consideration of the class which pays taxes. If kindergarten work is as useful as we think it is, it should not be left to the charities of the generous, but its cost should imposed upon the public budget. There are two kinds of wealthy citizens—the liberal and the mean; the enterprising ones who make the world move, and the sordid ones, who get rich from the labor of others, and who acquire fortunes from usury. It is not right to demand of the generous their charity, when we have a right to take the usurious money-lender by the throat, compel him to bleed in taxes, and make him contribute his share toward the prevention of crime. Kindergartens will largely prevent the growth of the idle, vicious class; will relieve our eleemosynary and penal institutions from the support of the diseased, and destitute, and criminal; will lessen the expenses of our judicial machinery, and be a step in the direction of a better and less expensive administration of justice. The kindergarten should be imposed upon our common schools; and, in order that the burdens of this system should not become altogether insupportable, we should lop off all the unnecessary top branches of ornamental growth. Instruction in the higher studies is now practically monopolized by the children of parents who can well afford to pay, and who ought to be ashamed of themselves for stealing for their children a mendicant education at the expense of the public. Cosmopolitan schools ought to be abolished. They are a cowardly concession to foreigners whose children ought to be encouraged to speak no other language than English. All the fancy branches—of music, languages, and all that nonsense—ought to be abolished. It is simple theft to take the school moneys for educating the boys and girls of the rich in Latin, in higher mathematics, in French, and German, and music; and it is worse than theft when thousands of poor children can find no room within the school-house for their accommodation. The money squandered at the upper end of the system could be profitably expended at the base. This argument is not addressed to the churches whose members have as much as they can do in maintaining their costly establishments; in dressing themselves in a manner by them deemed essential to proper worship, and to support their choirs of music; but it is addressed to the ordinary tax-paying sinner who desires that the economies of government, leading to reduced expenses, be not overlooked nor forgotten. But, in the mean time, and while society is being educated up to its duty in this respect, our charitable and wealthy people can not employ their money in a more profitable use than in sustaining and encouraging the most excellent ladies who, in the eighteen schools of San Francisco and vicinity, are engaged in the education of more tnan fourteen hundred pupils at kindergarten schools.

Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes is said to be arranging and cataloguing his correspondence and papers, of which he has an astounding mass. We wish he would get his house and his papers fully insured in some foreign insurance company, and that the lightning would strike and burn his enormous mass of correspondence, so that it should never see daylight. We feel an ominous presentiment that when Oliver Wendell Holmes shall die, some friendly and admiring idiot will pounce down upon his literary remains and edit them. We shall be inflicted with at least a two-volume obituary of this not great, but interesting, man. So fearful are we of this infliction that we would almost rather

Doctor Holmes would never die. The age of interesting letter-writing has gone by. We are getting an occasional endurable book of biography, with correspondence revealing the inner workings of certain political conspiracies in the past, and an occasional book where secret plots, and crimes, and scandals, concerning great men, interest us. But the "times" must have been in the somewhat long ago, and the great men must have been truly great in their lives, to at all reconcile us to reading books about them after they are dead. Doctor Holmes can not by any possibility have an interesting or readable letter in his possession the idea of which has not been filtrated either through his own writings or the published writings of their authors. Original ideas have been too scarce in New England for the past forty years to justify Mr. Holmes, or anybody else, in locking them away from the printer. We will venture to observe that if there is, in any of his correspondence, a good, breezy, original thought, the doctor has already stolen it for his "Autocrat" or "Professor," or ground it through the cullender of his verse-machine. We all know all about Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and all about all the professors, preachers, original abolitionists, strong-minded women, and long-haired men that have been produced in Yankee-land since the time when little Oliver was a bright, precocious boy, born of poor but humble parents, in some Yankee village made illustrious by his birth. We can guess at his early struggles—at the moral firmness exhibited by him in resisting temptation to play hookey and steal watermelons. We will take it for granted that he met and conquered all the obstacles which beset the paths of those men who relieve God of the responsibility of their creation by assuming to be self-made. We will draw upon our imagination for all the difficulties he has overcome and concede to him all the greatness he may claim to have acquired, if he will only spare us the memoirs and the correspondence. We have just survived the dreary autobiography of Thurlow Weed.

The country lying along the southern border, from the western line of Texas to the Pacific Ocean, was some ten years ago an almost unoccupied land. To the extent of its occupation it was possessed by savage Indians, vagabond whites, wild animals, and tarantulas. Criminals banished from the pale of American civilization and bandits escaping from the semi-civilization of the Mexican border found refuge among the Indian tribes of Arizona and New Mexico. American cowboys and Mexican greasers debased the savage to lower moral depths than his original nature. Crime held high carnival all the way from Texas to the Pacific Ocean. Smuggling was the only commerce. The "ships of the desert" were Mexican jackasses, the "burros" of the land. A railroad was deemed desirable, and it was an era when railroad favors were easily and promptly granted by the American Congress. Tom Scott, taking advantage of the favorable condition of things, and desirous for purposes of his own to hold in his hands a weapon which would compel the Union and Central Pacific roads to pro rate with him their freight and passenger earnings, obtained from Congress a grant of land from the western borders of Texas to the Pacific, to aid in the construction of a road along the line of the thirty-second parallel. A railroad along this border was desirable to the General Government, because it would open up to exploration and development, and eventually to partial settlement, an almost unknown region. It would settle irritating border questions. It would solve the Indian problem. It would enable the Government to move to and distribute through this disturbed section a military force of one thousand men with the effectiveness of an army corps twenty-five thousand strong. In the transportation of troops, mails, and munitions of war, and in the event of border difficulties with Mexico or with Indian tribes, it would prove of vast advantage to the Government and a vast saving to its Treasury. With these considerations influencing its political councils, the Government of the United States hung up its purse and said to the railroad builders: We will give in aid of this undertaking each alternate section of this, to us, worthless land. To Thomas Scott, "his successors and assigns," the grant was finally made, and he entered into an obligation to construct a railroad to the city of San Diego. The Government pledged its faith, as governments do which deal with citizens or subjects, that when the work was done by Scott, or "his assigns," the patent should issue for the lands. Governments are presumed on all occasions to deal generously and equitably, because they can not be coerced. Scott, finding himself unable to build the road, assigned the grant to Gould, and Gould assigned it to the Southern Railroad people. Huntington and his associates having obtained an assignment of the land grant, built the road, and now ask the Government to honorably perform its part of the contract, keep its promise, and demand that, in obedience to a popular prejudice and popular clamor, it [illegible] to forget to keeps its faith. The substantial facts are: The Government wanted the road, and offered its lands as inducement for its construction. The road is built, and the lands belong—by the fair equities which govern men in their business relations—to the assignees of the contract who built the road. This road was never intended to cheapen transportation in competition with northern routes. It was known that it could never underbid the ocean route. It was known that the Central and Union roads were not employed to the one-tenth of their carrying capacity. This road was intended as a conservator of the peace along the line, and it has had that effect. It was intended for military transportation, and has been so used. It was intended as a means to settle up the country and to give value to the ungranted lands, and it has had that effect. The whole conflict with Tom Scott was in the interest of California and the Pacific Coast. It was built to render our people more independent of Eastern railroad connections. It was intended to develop Arizona, and to make the trade of New Mexico and Arizona tributary to our coast. This is accomplished, and California is to-day reaping the benefit of the far-sighted wisdom and enterprise of our railroad builders. Mr. Huntington and his associates feel that they have fairly and honorably earned this land, and that, under the law, they are entitled to it. Its extent in acres (fifteen millions) and its value (forty millions of dollars) are grossly exaggerated by hostile journals. The value of the land in controversy is not five millions. It comprises no land in Texas, as the Government of the United States has no land in that State; it is mostly arid and desert land, lying between Yuma and the west line of Texas. Better lands have sold in the valley of the San Joaquin for twenty-five cents an acre; better lands are opened for preëmption and homestead location in every county in California. The road was built within the time and in compliance with all the conditions of the grant. That Mr. Huntington promised to build the road without a land grant cuts no figure in the premises, because his proposition was not accepted or acted on by Congress. He obtained this grant by a legal assignment from the original grantee, complied with all the conditions that had been agreed upon, and has thus fairly earned the land. The Government has received all it bargained for; and if this was not an anti-railroad session of Congress; if this issue was not a political one; if it did not involve votes for the next Presidential election; if it was not a party measure; if demagogism and business rivalries were altogether disentangled from its consideration—there would not be an intelligent and honest man in America who would not admit that, in equity and fair dealing, as between a government and its citizens, the Southern Pacific Railroad is honorably and equitably entitled to this land grant. That Mr. Huntington threatens to appeal to the courts, is criticised by the Chicago *Tribune* and the San Francisco *Chronicle* with great severity. Since when has it become a crime, or the fair subject of censorious criticism, for individuals or corporations to appeal to the courts for justice, when they think they are being deprived of their property without due process of law? What citizen would not, if he thought himself entitled to five millions of dollars in value of lands, endeavor to substantiate his claim to it, as though he had a just claim? We can not at all understand the motives which prompt San Francisco journals or residents of the Pacific Coast to oppose this concession. The Eastern person, or the Eastern editor, might find some reasonable pretext; but for the Californian there is no excuse, unless he thinks railroads an evil, and desires to arrest their construction west of the Mississippi; unless he thinks we have too great a population, and that immigration is pouring in upon us too rapidly; and unless he thinks that our present progress and prosperity are altogether independent of the railroad system. We sincerely hope Mr. Huntington and his associates may be successful in securing this land grant, for the reason that it strengthens their credit, enables them to build more roads—more avenue and beach roads for the accommodation and pleasure of our people. It aids them to continue the line to Oregon for the development of our trade, build branches throughout our valleys to give value to our lands and increase the trade of our cities. In a word, it enables them to perfect a railroad system which, when completed, will have accomplished for us and for all our industries more than all other schemes and enterprises that have been inaugurated upon our coast. Without this railroad system, our coast, and State, and city would have not attained their present prosperous conditions. That this opposition to a system of Pacific Coast roads should find its fiercest development in Chicago and San Francisco journals, is indeed surprising. Without railroads, Chicago would to-day be but a thriving village and prosperous lake port, instead of the splendid metropolis and commercial centre it now is. Without railroads, San Francisco would be an embarcadero for hides and a port of shipment for tallow, as compared to its present greatness. Except for railroads, our population would hang along the Atlantic border, and this, our empire of the Pacific, would be a desolation. The lands granted for subsidies would have remained unoccupied and unsalable, the home of the savage, and the haunt of the wild beast and criminals exiled from civilization.

There is reasonable fear that we are going to have a dry season. We call the attention of the reverend clergy to this fact, and bespeak their early and earnest intercession at the throne of Divine Grace for Omnipotent attention to our local wants. We sincerely hope they will not neglect to point out to the all-intelligent Ruler of the universe that His longer neglect to give us rain will work to our serious inconvenience, and suggest to the All-Powerful that the average rainfall deemed necessary for the welfare of our State is twenty-seven and one-half inches. It would be well to suggest that it is not yet too late to secure for us abundant crops, provided it should be convenient to the Divine economy that we might have warm rains, and not attended with north winds. We are not unmindful of the services rendered us last year in this direction by Bishop Kip and Archbishop Alemany, and the clergy of their respective establishments; nor would we dissuade those clergymen attached to churches without a bishop from efforts in the same direction. If, in spite of all the efforts of all our clergymen, we should have a dry season, we beg of the press to say as little about it as it can. A rainless season is not in itself a great calamity; it can be made so if the press shall unite to create a business panic by its clamor over a dry season. A season of limited rain is not without its compensations. It gives a needed rest to lands under cultivation, which the greed of the farmer oftentimes denies them. It enables the tule and island farmer and the owners of reclaimed lands to have their good time. Summer-fallowing and irrigation will give us comparative crops. Fruits and wine are not seriously injured by a dry season; and a dry season is always followed by a rainy one. So let the dry farmer reflect that his land is recuperating, and let him improve his time by improvements upon his farm. Let him refrain from grumbling. Let him induce his country editor to refrain from grumbling. Let the city press refrain from lugubrious and commentitious dissertations upon the evils of a dry winter, so that Eastern capital and Eastern immigration may not be unnecessarily directed from coming to this, God's own best country, because every once in seven years God thinks it best to give the land a rest from the vexation of hoe and plow, and a respite from the greed and extortion of the grain-grower. If California does not give us grain enough for bread, nor hops enough for beer, Oregon will supply the deficiency. The wine is better in a dry season than a wet one. We have so many things to be thankful for that it seems ungrateful when we hear the sound of croaking throughout the State. Even at this writing, it is not improbable that the bucolic throat may not yet swell with complaints of too much rain.

The Central Pacific Railroad people have determined to pay their contested taxes for all the years of 1880, 1881, and 1882, in full. The amount is nearly two millions of dollars. One million has already been paid, and the State treasury will now receive between eight and nine hundred thousand dollars additional. This determination of the railroad companies is the more commendable because the courts have twice decided in their favor. To now come in and pay the amount justly due indicates a willingness to bear their share of the public burden, and is a complete answer to the charges of their enemies that they endeavored to shirk through the machinery of the courts. The companies have always claimed that their property should be valued by the assessor, and their taxes be gathered by tax-collectors, under the same laws as governed the taxation of all other persons and all other property. When that plain principle of right is recognized, the companies have always said they would pay, and until then they would not. The courts having decided that their property is taxable as is all other property, they do pay. We doubt whether there is another individual or corporation in this State who would pay nineteen hundred thousand dollars under like conditions. We shall look to the anti-railroad journals to suggest that this generous payment is prompted by some evil purpose, and to advance the accomplishment of some evil scheme.

**Liquor Not Sold on the Oregon Navigation Company's Line.**

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Referring to your excellent temperance article in No. 1, current volume, I quote, by way of introduction: "Upon every ocean, coast, and river steamer there is the ever-convenient place to get a drink." In general that is too true. But that honor may be given to whom honor is due, your attention is called to the fact that, five or six years ago, Captain J. C. Ainsworth (now of Oakland), then president of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, banished bars from the boats of his company. And to the credit of the officers of the succeding company, the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, they have not been restored, for which the better class of the traveling public will ever hold them in grateful remembrance. Villard, late president of the North Pacific Railroad, is reported to have forbidden the sale of the *Police Gazette* and other kindred abominations on the trains of the road. When you come around to it, I hope to see an article from your terse pen on obscene and other demoralizing literature. I wished to commend you for your temperance lecture, hence this letter. I hope you will be able some time to commend to the public the worthy gentleman referred to, Captain Ainsworth, for his meritorious conduct (though I have heard that it was in reality his wife who instigated the banishing order).

Yours respectfully,
M.

Moscow, Idado, January 14, 1884.

## COBWEBS.

I have a *bête-noire*. It is—shut the door, whisper softly—it is the funny man from the East. He is all ours. He is as distinctly local as the seal rocks, the Sharon suit, or any of the rest of our permanent institutions. He may not be a funny man at home, but with us he is "very, very funny." He thinks that because we live in the wild West we know nothing of literature, have never read any papers or periodicals, never heard of Joe Miller, or been to a minstrel show. Pitying our inexperience, he proceeds to make it pleasant for us. With the utmost complacency and a slightly patronizing air, he tells us droll stories of Indo-Germanic origin, jokes of the paleozoic period. His drolleries are worn so smooth by the friction of ages, that there is not even the hint of an excrescence on which to hang the ghost of a smile. We are silent—with a pale, colorless politeness that is almost ghastly. He takes our silence for mute admiration, and proceeds.

Immunity from danger makes him bold. Presently he himself becomes the hero of adventures that antedate Confucius, petrified lies that, too dry to molder, have a mummified eternity. We are still silent. He is delighted with his success. Regretting that he had not posed as lion earlier in the day, he confides to us that he was also the hero of the first batch of stories. With the generous hospitality for which we are famous, we refrain from doing him bodily injury. There is no doubt in the world but that this blooming blunderer returns to his Eastern home fully convinced that he has mightily entertained us.

Most trustfully I pray that this may meet his eye. It is almost sure to, there are so many of him. Most prayerfully I trust that, seeing, he may comprehend, and, comprehending, beware. I believe that the politeness of the entire State has been stretched to its uttermost limit in this matter. Woe betide the next Eastern man who springs an antediluvian, desiccated joke or story upon us and poses as the hero. Whether he be a strolling player from Nowhere, Mass., or a president or Something from Washington, D. C., his fate shall be the same. I feel that I am distinguishing myself as a prophet when I say that the very next Eastern humorist endeavoring to trade on our ignorance and innocence will be informed that, unless he feels he is wanted over the border-line, he must consent to fill a permanent place in the public cemetery.

When Adam wooed Eve I wonder how he first impressed her with his own importance, and his superiority to all the other men the Lord might have created for her had she been more critical and refused the first comer. He told her, I suppose, that he was a man of vast experience, and that his thrilling adventures with the fair sex would fill a volume—inappropriate for publication, but quite too deliciously awful. At all events, such assertions would not be in the line of anticipation any more than those made by countless descendants of his from that time to this. No doubt he said to her, while appearing to confess a wrong, but really making a boast, that he had in his day been a most horrible drunkard; that no one was a better judge of wine than himself—drunk or sober, he could never be deceived in such matters. Probably he whispered, also, that all the morrows to come would never produce such another judge of horse-flesh as himself—though he said it who should have kept it dark. Then she must have gazed on him with innocent wonder and budding love in her eyes. She was probably a quiet, innocent, dangerous little woman, whose forte it was to look more things in one minute than she would ever have time to think in all her lifetime. And as she looked, and seemed to listen, she was probably calculating, in an aimless, womanish way, how many fig trees there were in Adam's fifty-vara, and whether the orange trees were in blossom. However that all may be, in course of time she must have shown that she was a woman who could be persuaded, thereby making her first mistake and giving the serpent a point against her. Now, I don't know that these speculations in ancient history are particularly profitable. I was only going over them to try and prove the constant rhymes of standard authors to the effect that love is just the same to-day as in the beginning, etc. It isn't so very long since I heard a sprout of our 'Frisco nobhill-ity endeavoring, in his own sweet way, to make an impression on a young lady; and he appeared to be moderately successful. After proving himself the wickedest man in the world, and the very best judge of women, wine, and horses in existence, he bent his baby intellect to the task of showing her how greatly it was to her credit that a man of his experience and attainments should find her "not half bad"—in fact "jolly nice." What the girl thought no one will ever know. I don't suppose she knows herself; but she knew she was being complimented, and sunned herself in the fact. As I listened to this thrilling love episode, I wondered if the tender passion were really—as poets and philosophers tell us—the same through time and eternity. This certainly was a love affair, as liable as any other to end in matrimony. I wonder if Adam and Eve were up to the same sort of thing?

There is a pretty little bit of writing somewhere about a maiden who was good and beautiful, and who hopped into bed leaving a snowy mound of warm, soft, white apparel on the floor. If that same poet were to describe the incident now, he would want the language of a painter at his command. Instead of the trite, traditional snow-heap, the aggregated attire of lovely woman at present resembles nothing so much as a kaleidoscope gone wrong. What with black stockings and bronze boots, pale blue underflannels, pink flannel skirt trimmed with black lace, cherry balmoral embroidered with olive floss, corsets of hunters' green finished with scarlet, etc., etc.—leaving something for the poet and a little to the imagination—the bard who writes the thing up in this day will want a vocabulary that would leave a color chart far behind, and make the solar spectrum ashamed of itself.

It is wired from New York that at the Astor ball each lady received a large bouquet of roses. This does not sound like a particularly important fact, unless one knows the price of roses. At present in New York city, jacqueminots and bow-silènes are bringing two dollars each, tea-roses are one dollar and seventy-five cents each, Baroness Rothschilds the same. On the occasion of an Astor or Vanderbilt ball, or a small wedding, the price advances. It takes just three dozen roses to make a large bouquet—such as are commonly carried at balls. So that the Astor bouquets cost in all probability seventy-two dollars each. There were several hundred ladies present. These calculations duly made, it begins to be very obvious why the bouquets were telegraphed.

Carnation pinks are very fashionable just now. It is not correct to garnish a bouquet of these pinks with smilax or maidenhair, but with spiky green leaves, such as resemble the natural leaf of the plant.

There is a positive revolution in regard to flowers in favor of what is natural and consistent. White papers and silver foil are no longer tolerated. Hot-house, field, and garden flowers are no longer mixed in wild confusion. There is a prestige about bouquets composed of a single variety of flower, or, at the most, two or three varieties. To be really correct, a bouquet must consist of flowers with stems seven or eight inches long, plenty of the natural leaves of the plant, and loosely tied with a knot of ribbon. The effect is so artistic and pretty that, having once tried it, one could never again submit to the traditional article. Like all other apparently simple things, it must be well done to be properly effective. It requires rather more than less skill on the part of the florist. Then, too, somebody ought to hint to the small boys, who haunt the corners with little wads of violets, that in the spring-days that will soon be here there is nothing so salable as soft knots of buttercups, or johnny-jump-ups, or blue-bells, fresh from the fields and wet with the morning dew.

Mrs. Langtry seems to have discovered several things this last summer. One of them was how to dispense with her best advertiser, Mr. Gebhardt. Another was how to improve her acting, which really seemed hopeless before. Still another was the fact that her hair is more becoming dressed high on her head. The old Langtry coiffure, the fluffy bang and low, braided coil, is now quite a thing of the past. I am glad that it is so. All the women, without discrimination, *would* wear it, and it was so trying to plain faces and ill-shaped heads. When the hair is worn high it is possible for any woman with a hand-glass and two eyes to build her head to at least a tolerable shape. When it is worn low it reveals all the horrors of the situation, whatever they may be. It is good that Langtry has set the fashion of a high, close, simple coiffure; there is nothing prettier or more universally becoming. I have never seen more than half a dozen women who looked better with the hair worn low than any other way—and Langtry was not one of them.

Langtry is a puzzle. In spite of the fact that Charles Coghlan, who is supporting her in "Peril," has made as bad a failure with her as he did with Stetson, at the Fifth Avenue; in spite of the fact that no one in or out of the papers acknowledges her to be an actress—she is doing well. I am told in a private letter that it is quite the thing to go to see Langtry, and that she is drawing good houses right along. She is said to be handsomer than ever with her new style of hair-dressing and her new toilets.

The rage for novelties has brought forth a new salad, invented, I believe, in the Manhattan Club, New York. It consists of fresh fried oysters and celery cut as for celery salad. It is served with a Mayonnaise dressing reduced with vinegar. For luncheon, or late supper, this is really the very newest, most fashionable, and, very probably, the most indigestible thing that one can order.

There is a terrible struggle just now to make money take the place of brains. It is very successful. In the good old days people were invited to dinner for the sake of the good cheer and genial companionship. They really ate and enjoyed what was before them, and really indulged in conversation while partaking. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Now people are bribed to come with expensive menu-cards, gifts, favors, and bon-bons. To eat or to enjoy your food is to appear singular or a trifle vulgar. It is no longer good form to have brains to appreciate or stomachs to endure. Those who can afford it hire a band of music to dissipate the silence and render the poverty of the conversation less apparent. A dinner is remembered, not for the *bons mots* of X, or the famous roast pig, but because the gifts on that occasion were satin tambourines, hand-painted, and procured from Tiffany at great expanse. The celebrated hostess is known, not by her wit, her grace, her good dinners, or her winning ways, but by the length of her purse and the quality of her gifts. Thus, to be a good hostess no longer require taste, or brains, or tact, or skill, but simply money. A woman who knows where to go can have amusement or occupation provided for every minute of the time of her guests while they are with her, and confine her personal efforts to the simple act of paying the bill. This has led to the decay of wit, tact, personal friendship, and all the pretty old-time qualities. It has led to the deification of the dollar. If Madame Récamier could now revisit this earth, she would die a broken-hearted woman in less than a week. There is no longer any place in society, or in the great world, for such a woman. In short, as I have remarked before, money has entirely taken the place of brains, and it is, for lazy people at least, by no means an uncomfortable state of affairs.

ARACHNE.

John L. McMillan, who is making a type-setting machine in Ilion, New York, with which he expects to set five thousand ems an hour, says that five hundred thousand dollars was spent on the Alden type-setting and distributing machine before it was given up as impracticable, and that one million dollars was wasted on the Page machine, whose patent right was subsequently sold for ten thousand dollars.

## GRANT'S NEW RÔLE.

It is a pity that General Grant should do so many things that seem to justify the opinion of those who do not think him great. It was a great mistake for him to wreck the splendid position held by him on his return from Europe by running into the open, yawning gulf of the third-term endeavor. It was a vulgar mistake. Had the nation been in danger, had the times been troublous, had the future looked dark, those who think patriotism the leading trait of his character might have pleaded for him a desire to serve his country. Patriotism demanded of him no such sacrifice, while the history of his last term of the presidential office did not justify his most ardent admirers in claiming for him the possession of that virtue to the sacrifice of his own interests. As a soldier, General Grant is esteemed great; as a President, his first term was a succession of mistakes, his second a series of crimes—these in the politician are blunders if exposed. There is no admirer of General Grant, and no true friend, who does not wish that, when he returned from conquering the world, he could have been content to remain in private life, the first and most honored of American gentlemen. His mistakes in civil life had been condoned, and there would have been retained no memory of them. His brilliant and serviceable career as a soldier would have been treasured. His reputation would have grown. The gratitude and affection of the people would have strengthened. There was for him a life of ease, comfort, competence, and rest. The fate of the aged, poor, and blind Belisarius could never have overcome him; and the gratitude of all the people of the rescued Union, as the nation grew in greatness, wealth, and population, would have deepened toward him. If he could have drowned his boys and his brothers-in-law, there would have been for him in all the country only the manifestation of pride and admiration. To-day General Grant is regarded, not by his former enemies, but by tens of thousands of his former friends, as the hub of a political party machine—as one of an intriguing, plotting, money-making syndicate of politicians who are not altogether honorable or patriotic. We hear of General Grant as the figure-head of great corporate speculations. He is the tail of a kite flown by Jay Gould in Mexico. He asks patronage in Washington; he moves pawns with Logan and Conkling on the chess-board of politics. And now comes his demand to be placed upon the army retired list. This means more money, and from this point of writing we transcribe from the proceedings in Congress of January 19th. The subject-matter of discussion was the Fitz-John Porter Bill. Mr. Cutcheon, of Michigan, and member of the Military Committee, said it was embarrassing to stand and hear the opinions of military men so distinguished as the gentlemen from California and New York—Rosecrans and Slocum—and to differ with them in regard to military matters; but the embarrassment disappeared when he remembered that the principal question was not a matter of military strategy, but the sifting of facts and laws. Referring to the denial in Grant's letter, he asserted that no one would go further than himself in admiration of that great soldier; but he could not forget the eight long years when General Grant was in the presidential chair and Fitz-John Porter stood knocking in season and out of season at the doors, while the House was asking Grant to permit him a new hearing. He could not forget that Grant said in 1873 and in 1874 that he had examined the papers submitted and was not prepared to grant the request asked; but in 1881, when both houses of Congress were in the hands of the opposition, and when the bill pending before Congress reäppealed to General Grant as General of the Army to place him on the retired list, there came a burst of sunlight from heaven, like the light which struck down Paul at Damascus, and at once the light broke on his mind, and he found that for eighteen years he had been doing Fitz-John Porter an injustice. [Applause on the Republican side.] The opinion of General Grant could not have the influence on him which otherwise it would have. After the running fire of a debate, in which General Slocum took prominent part, and which indicated a party feeling of the Democracy in favor of Fitz-John Porter, Cutcheon, in reply, briefly outlined the events which led to Fitz-John Porter's dismissal, and said that Porter's action could only be explained by his hatred of General Pope. When his country cried, "Fitz-John Porter, this way," he thought it the voice of Pope and not his country, and refused to go. He went on to describe the battle on the 29th of August, and pictured Porter lying in under the trees of Bethel Church, without making an attempt to aid his comrades in arms, because there was tall pine brush in the way. Already clemency had been exercised toward Porter. Were General Garfield alive this bill would not be here. It would never receive his signature. But Garfield was dead, and the bill was here. He expected it would be passed by the aid of the votes of men who fought against the Union; but in the name of the brave men who died on the field that August evening, crushed by the troops Porter should have engaged, in the name of their widows and orphans, in the name of a wronged country, he protested against the bill. [Applause on the Republican side.] The point to which we direct the attention of our readers is the very pointed allusion to General Grant, and the almost direct charge of the honorable member of Congress that the new light which has so recently illumined his conscience came from the selfish and mercenary desire to win Democratic support to put himself upon the retired list of the army. This sentiment was received WITH APPLAUSE UPON THE REPUBLICAN SIDE. This Republican applause to the utterance of a sentiment which charges so much upon General Grant is significant, and measures the infinite depth to which he has sunk in the estimation of his former Republican friends. The charge is that his opinions, after careful consideration and eighteen years of time, had undergone a change, because he desired to conciliate the Democratic party for a place on the pay-roll of the army, and *there was applause on the Republican side.* There is only one lower point obtainable by this distinguished soldier, and that is the success of an intrigue which shall condone the treason of Fitz-John Porter and give himself a place on the list of retired army officers through Democratic votes and the support of rebel brigadier-generals.

## AFTER DINNER.

Zola's "Nos Auteurs Dramatiques" is a great book. It has many faults. It is full of the many prejudices of the author. But it is wholesome, stimulating, and instructive.

It supplies, moreover, the largest abstract to the dramatic art. For Zola, the theory of realism is summed up in two expressions, "Bonne Observation" and "Le Formule Littéraire." It must be observed that this is the language of accuracy. It is not enough that there should be "observation"; this "observation" must be "good." "Bonne Observation," again, is a constant factor; "Le Formule Littéraire" varies with the epoch. In regard to style, Zola is at least candid. He admits that there is a charm in good style to which he is not insensible, and he concedes, moreover, that this admission goes against his theory. But then he can well afford to do this, for what theory ever was complete?

Zola's opinions of the great dramatists of France, if at times somewhat paradoxical, are interesting. Molière, Corneille, and Racine are, for him, the well-spring of inspiration. Fancy this from the author of "L'Assommoir"! To be sure, their plays bore the audiences of the Théâtre Français; but then that is because their formula is obsolete. Their "observation" is of the best. Victor Hugo, the great apostle of the romantic school, he convicts of want of originality and lack of true dramatic sensibility; Sardou, he finds to be a literary pastry-cook; Labiche is *un farceur;* Dumas *fils*, curiously enough, is immoral; and—paradox of paradox!—he has discovered in Erckmann-Chatrian's sweet pastoral of Alsatian life, "L'Ami Fritz," the complete fulfillment of his realistic dream.

As he passes down the centuries from "Le Misanthrope" to "L'Ami Fritz," he doles out, amid the fulminations of his criticism, a little praise. Dumas *fils's* "Demi-Monde" he admits to be a distinctive and original work, and a curious, if not altogether faithful, study of a certain phase of Parisian life; and to the great trio scene in "Dora," widely known in this country as "Diplomacy," he gives, for him the rare praise of being "De Bonne Observation."

Zola has a large and important following. Daudet, infinitely the better artist, recognizes his supremacy, and has paid him the delicate compliment of giving to his last book, "L'Evangéliste," the sub-title of "une observation." Sidney Lanier, in his "Lectures on the Modern Novel," was among the first to give Zola his proper place in literary criticism. Howells, fitted in every way to carry out the new theory, began modeling himself on Zola in "A Modern Instance." Like every departure into a new field, this work, perhaps, took on a little stiffness in process of construction. But in "A Woman's Reason" he so carefully concealed his art, that with many a slop-reviewer it passed for conventional and commonplace.

Contemporaneously with Zola, there have been many theories of realism falsely applied. Trollope, for instance, in his life of Thackeray puts forth the doctrine that the facts may be as improbable as you please, but the style (Zola would say the "literary formula") must be realistic. A second theory is the stating of "realistic" facts in a romantic manner. To cite instances, Henry James is an example of a writer whose facts are improbable and absurd, but whose style is realistic; Bret Harte, on the contrary, is affected with the opposite vice. His facts—or rather his observations of them—are intensely real; his presentation of them, often false, immoral, and melodramatic.

Zola marks a point of progress in the literary world. He is just as much the head of a school as was Victor Hugo. With this difference: Victor Hugo came only to destroy and to put his fantastic night-dreams against the dull classicisms of the past; Zola, however, came not only to destroy, but to build up. Still, if VictorHugo was falsely heroic in literature, he could in real life pay a graceful tribute to a great man.

He was asked to contribute something to the Sanitary Fair in New York during the war. He sent a sketch of the house Benjamin Franklin lived in when in Paris, placing under the drawing a few verses in honor of the great philosopher and statesman. The price paid for this interesting object was one hundred dollars. It was bought by Emerson, and should have been among his effects when he died. On making the purchase, Mr. Emerson said:

"I shall value this very highly, for it is a link between two great men."

He might have said—after he had bought it—*three.*

I remember distinctly the last time I saw Emerson. He was standing on a street corner. The wind was playing with his hair, and he was looking about with the benevolent smile that had crowned a noble life.

"Young man," said he to me, in his sweet voice, "can—you—tell—me—where—Doctor James—lives?"

I am ashamed to say it, but I was almost tempted to laugh, there was something so tragically incongruous about the question. Doctor James was one of his best and oldest friends; not a day passed but he was at his house; he was standing on the very block—and yet he did not know where he lived!

"I am going to Doctor James's," I said, reverently, feeling, to a certain degree, the sense of my responsibility, "and I shall be happy to show you the way."

We walked together. I was constrained, embarrassed, and said not a word. There was something in his presence that overawed me. He, in the meanwhile, went on dreaming in the great world he had created for himself. When we arrived at the door, he was received by his friends with open arms. They took him away, and I saw him no more. When walking homeward, I could not help puzzling over a strange thought: What was it, in this experience of mine, that seemed so familiar?

Suddenly I remembered: it was the story of Old Gobbo and Young Gobbo over again. Great is Shakespeare [illegible] the ancients!

The Jameses are a remarkable family. Passing by Henry James, the novelist, there was Doctor James, the father, the queer metaphysician, who could boast the friendship of Emerson, Whittier, and Longfellow; and Doctor James, the son, a philosopher doubtless, but no metaphysician, and quite the opposite of queer. Indeed, Doctor William James is one of the most remarkable *young* men in the United States. Reputation he has, as yet, little or none. The *hoi polloi* do not know him. But his influence on thought is enormous. It is strange, however, that a man whose achievements have been so surprising should not have found his way to notice. Occupying a chair of philosophy in a great university, writing trenchant and distinctive articles in the different magazines, noticed by Herbert Spencer as an antagonist, attacked by John Fiske in consequence thereof, appointed with Professor Childs one of the lecturers to Johns Hopkins University—surely this man is not a *vir ignotus.*

William James possesses the wonderful style of the family, and writes as easily in French as in English. Many of us fancy we can do this ourselves, but the opinion is a delusion. He sent an article on "Pessimism" to Renouvier, the editor of a leading philosophical journal in France. The style was so charming, the points made so original, and the philosophic criticism so sound, that Renouvier placed it at the head of an issue with a life of the author, which he took the trouble to send for; remarking at the same time that he would in future make the article the corner-stone of his review.

The culminating point of James's thesis was expressed in an illustration.

"Theoretically," says Doctor James, "the pros and cons of pessimism are matter of indifference; practically, however, the matter is of supreme importance. Suppose there are one hundred million disagreeable sensations, and but one million agreeable sensations, who is to prove this? A man brought up among agreeable impressions will have a tendency to be an optimist, and the man who is brought up among disagreeable impressions, or who thinks he has been brought up among them, may sometimes be foolish enough to be a pessimist. Take your optimist and pessimist and place them before a mountain chasm. They both have to jump. There is no escape from that; it is one of the conditions of the problem. The optimist may be supposed to say to himself: 'By Jove, this is awkward; but, if it has to be done, I'll do the best I can.' He jumps and clears. The pessimist, on the other hand, looks down into the chasm, and shakes his head gloomily. 'The chances are a thousand to one against me!' *he* says. His will is paralyzed; with weak knees and failing courage he also jumps, but does *not* clear. He falls crashing into the abyss below."

This seems very simple for philosophy, but many great thoughts appear simple; and this one in particular has been approved of by high authorities.

A good story is told of James's peculiarly contemplative temperament. He was lecturing to a class in philosophy. He had deftly removed a frog's brains, leaving only the *cerebellum* and other *ganglia* of unconscious sensation. Then, with the delicacy of an artist, he touched the left leg with a little nitric acid. The frog drew up the member convulsively. The class winced—they had not yet been hardened.

"Does it hurt?" said James, with a quizzical smile. "Gentlemen, that's *just* the question."

Reverting again to Zola and his praise of the trio scene in "Diplomacy," it seems to me that he could scarcely wish for a more complete vindication of the truth of his doctrines than the marvelous success of that scene on the American stage.

From all accounts it passed by almost unnoticed in artificial France, but in this country, whose dramatic instincts are still fresh and strong, the scene thrilled every one who witnessed it. "This is strong—this is true," the American heart seemed to say. It is indeed the happy privilege of realistic work to commend itself as being true to nature even to those of limited experience.

It is now many years ago when a dramatic incident took place which bears a close analogy to this situation in Sardou's play, which, as Zola says, is too good ever to have been invented. There were two officers named Smith, both stationed at West Point, and both attentive to the same young girl. One was apparently very much in love with her; the other was offering only that light homage men pay to a woman who is simply bright and pretty, and nothing more. The former could not bear to have her name mentioned, while the latter received his friends' chaffing with a lack of chivalry that augured ill, it seemed to them, for his estimation of her character. One of these friends in particular, however, was much relieved at the turn things had taken, for he himself did not approve of the girl.

Time wore on, and many changes took place; the two Smiths remained at West Point; the friend was ordered out West. After an interval of two years, during all of which time he had been in the wilds of Montana, practically cut off from all communication with the world, he returned to West Point, where he was warmly received by Smith at the wharf. As they walked up the hill together they talked over the things that had happened during their separation.

"What a pity that Smith should have married that girl," said the friend, mentioning her name, and coupling it with some rather strong language. Smith grew pale, turned, and faced his friend with clenched fist.

"That *girl*, sir, is my wife."

There was a moment of intense silence, and then the truth flashed across the friend's mind. He had been away on the plains; he had heard in a vague way of Smith's marriage; it had never occurred to him that it was his *friend* Smith who was the victim.

"My God!" he groaned, in helpless agony, "knock me down, Smith; knock me down."

VIVEUR.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Clara Schumann, who has been giving piano recitals in Berlin, will this season revisit London.

The Boston *Transcript* can not believe that Oscar Wilde has so far forgotten himself as to love another.

President Arthur has bought a Kentucky bay riding cob in hopes of reducing the circumference of his waistband.

Beethoven became deaf in 1801, blind in 1823, and died in 1827, after composing one hundred and thirty-seven works.

The Hartford *Times* calls the Hon. William M. Evarts "Old-man-afraid-of-his-long-sentences." The *Times* is in error. It is not Mr. Evarts who is afraid.

Ellen Terry dined with the Papyrus Club while in Boston, and on one of the menu cards sent up for her autograph she wrote: "Those who love me call me Nellie." The exclamation which naturally rises to a man's lips on reading this is ——

Being complimented by one of his interviewers the other day on his power of eloquence, the Spanish King said: "I know I speak with a bold and easy freedom. That is a gift I derive from nature. When I came to Spain as a youth of seventeen, I had to make a speech on horseback on the first day of my arrival at Barcelona. That was my best speech, and ever since then I have always been able to speak."

Herr Krupp, the great German gunmaker whose works are said to have turned out twenty thousand cannon, is described as a tall and rather stern-looking man, with sloping shoulders, a long neck, and full white beard. He is delicate, nervous, and intellectual, and looks like a clergyman. His only son and heir, Fritz Krupp, who will succeed to an estate valued at forty millions of dollars, is an inventor of considerable ability, and is thoroughly familiar with his father's business.

General Charles Gordon, generally known as "Chinese Gordon," was only thirty years old when placed in command of a division of the Chinese army. He always went unarmed in battle, even when foremost in the breach, directing his troops by waving a little cane. As he was uniformly victorious in his engagements, his Chinese soldiers considered the cane to be a magic wand, which insured his protection and their triumph. The general is a lofty and admirable type, honest as he is brave.

"What sort of man is Uncle Remus?" I asked of a Georgia friend, writes a Washington correspondent. "Joel Chandler Harris," he replied, smiling; "he's a little, red-headed, freckle-faced farmer's boy from Putnam County. Just about as handsome as a burned shoe. He's a good fellow, though, and bright but indolent. Sort of a singed cat. He has been very well treated by the Atlanta *Constitution* people. They give him a good salary for writing an hour or two every day, in addition to a very nice house, which they gave him outright as a Christmas gift, I think. So he has plenty of time for literature and a pleasant place to write in."

Alboni at the age of nineteen one day amused herself by singing at the top of her voice the arias she had heard some then famous artists sing. She was all alone in her parlor, and much enjoyed what she considered her extravagant burlesques of operatic performances. But Franz Liszt was somewhere within earshot, and suddenly he burst into the room with his face aglow. "Who was that singing?" "I." "Who are you?" "Marietta Alboni." "Well, then, Fraulein Marietta Alboni, do you know that you sing like a great prima donna?" Thirty years later the two met again in Rossini's salon, and Liszt reminded her of the incident and of his comment upon her singing, which had been so signally justified.

Ex-Governor Butler's farewell gift of a Bible to Massachusetts reminds a Washington *Post* writer of the time when Mr. Bell, on becoming Governor of Texas, began his inaugural address with: "Fellow-citizens: In the chaste and beautiful language of Job, 'Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this sun of York.'" The result of this remarkable pronunciamento was that the Governor was presently overwhelmed with gifts of Bibles from every State, and from foreign lands—Bibles in English, Latin, French, Russian, and Hindu; illustrated, illuminated, polyglot, hieroglyphic; bound in paper, leather, velvet; sent by mail, by express, by special messenger. Another result was that from Galveston to the Pan-Handle almost every man, woman, and child got a Bible and a copy of Shakespeare, and "read up," until Richard III. and Job became the best-known and most talked-about men in the State.

An extraordinary mishap, says the *Tribune*, has befallen Mr. Swinburne—a mishap which is not without its ludicrous phase. In a holiday annual appeared over his name a poem entitled "Dolorida," the authorship of which he immediately and vehemently disclaimed. But things were not what they seemed; he was grievously mistaken when he thought that he knew his own poetry. "Mr. Swinburne," the editor of the annual gently rejoins, "is one of my literary gods. It is my misfortune, not my fault, that he does not recognize his own inimitable style. Nobody but himself would, and as far as I at present know nobody but himself has dared to, doubt the genuineness of the lines which bear the indelible impress of his genius. Perhaps, when I tell him that I discovered this pearl of pearls in the treasure-house of a friend who is the direct inheritor of the same from a lady who was proud of Mr. S.'s friendship, as he was proud of hers—from Miss Ada Isaacs Menken—when I tell him that I copied the poem from his own unforgeable handwriting, I am sure that even the fancies of poetry will permit him to recognize the stern fact that the lines are his. 'Palmam qui meruit ferat!' Mr. Swinburne's acquaintance with my name—a pleasure hitherto denied to me, but now an accomplished fact—will alone sufficiently repay me for the trouble I have taken in making the beauties of his own work known to him."

## FRIENDS.

Scene—A Conservatory adjoining a Ball-room.

*She.*—A bit of heliotrope. Pretty, is it not?

*He.*—Yes, very pretty.

*She.*—Are you fond of heliotrope?

*He.*—Of that heliotrope, yes.

*She.*—I would put it in your button-hole, but I'm afraid.

*He.*—Afraid? Why?

*She.*—Miss Winthorpe might object. She is watching us.

*He.*—Why should Miss Winthorpe object?

*She.*—I don't know if you don't.

*He.*—I don't think Miss Winthorpe has any special interest in me.

*She.*—I do.

*He.*—Are you jealous of her?

*She.*—No. Why should I be jealous?

*He.*—I wish you were.

*She.*—Why?

*He.*—Oh, I don't know. A fellow likes to be of sufficient interest to a woman to make her jealous.

*She.*—Yes, I suppose he does. Are you trying to make Miss Winthorpe jealous of me?

*He.*—Why do you bring in Miss Winthorpe so often? Will you put the heliotrope in my button-hole?

*She.*—You might think too much of it.

*He.*—I couldn't. Perhaps Mr. Winthorpe might object.

*She.*—Why should *Mr.* Winthorpe object?

*He.*—If you don't know, I don't.

*She.*—I don't think Mr. Winthorpe takes any special interest in me.

*He.*—I do.

*She.*—There! It looks decidedly æsthetic on its background of black.

*He.*—May I think as much of it as I like?

*She.*—Oh, yes; a flower means nothing. If it did, how would I read the bouquet a gentleman sent me to-day?

*He.*—What is it you call this cluster you wear in your—corsage, is it? I am not up in milliner's terms.

*She.*—You will be some day.

*He.*—What do you mean?

*She.*—When you marry. Your check-book will be your dictionary.

*He.*—If money could buy such a thing of beauty as this—

*She.*—That will do. Don't carry my joke so far.

*He.*—Is it very expensive?

*She.*—What?

*He.*—A wife.

*She.*—I don't think so. But I've never been a wife.

*He.*—You might be some day.

*She.*—I shall. But I have not seen my husband yet.

*He.*—Are you sure?

*She.*—I see plenty of gentlemen I like. I have no heart, I am afraid.

*He.*—I'm afraid you have not.

*She.*—What do you know about it?

*He.*—A good deal. I have been looking for it.

*She.*—Are you as foolish as all the rest? I don't like men who talk nonsense.

*He.*—It is not nonsense. Men sometimes mean what they say.

*She.*—Very rarely.

*He.*—We have not known one another long enough to mistrust one another.

*She.*—To trust one another, you mean.

*He.*—No; I do not mean that—I mean what I say. Do you remember our first meeting?

*She.*—No. Our acquaintance never seems to me to have had any beginning. I simply knew you.

*He.*—And trusted me?

*She.*—And trusted you? My! I don't know. It was not——

*He.*—What?

*She.*—Never mind. What a lovely dress Miss Winthorpe wears.

*He.*—Will you not finish your sentence?

*She.*—It was nothing—a thought that should not have been uttered anyway.

*He.*—Stay. You are not engaged for this dance?

*She.*—If I stay I shall not be.

*He.*—I do not wish to detain you, but——

*She.*—I don't care about dancing any more.

*He.*—It is curious that I too have almost forgotten the first time we met.

*She.*—I don't quite know if that is complimentary.

*He.*—It never occurred to me that we were to be more than mere acquaintances, and now—for a year——

*She.*—We have been friends.

*He.*—Have we been truly friends?

*She.*—I think so. I always liked you. You did not speak to me as other men spoke. You did not pay me a single compliment for the first six months—except one.

*He.*—I have forgotten. What was it?

*She.*—That is your flattery—a flattery no woman ever passes unnoticed.

*He.*—Flattery. Wherein is it flattery?

*She.*—Don't you know?

*He.*—I only know that if it was a compliment, it was meant.

*She.*—And that is the most effective flattery. What was the compliment? That I was perfectly lovely with my hair in this style.

*He.*—And so you are.

*She.*—The compliment does not go a second time.

*He.*—The truth goes always.

*She.*—Have you heard anything more about your New York appointment?

*He.*—Yes. I told you I should hear to-day. You are the only one who knows anything about it—yet.

*She.*—I am afraid you always put too much confidence in my opinion. The idea of your consulting me on such a subject.

*He.*—You have always been so sensible.

*She.*—I think you taught me that. I heard from my sister to-day. She thinks you were perfectly right about the compromise in our law business, and says she would very much like to meet my adviser.

*He.*—Does she know of all our confidences?

*She.*—Oh, yes. Everything. She wrote a week ago to tell Harry—we always speak of you as Harry—I forget what the message was now. Of course, she knows of our friendship.

*He.*—I am glad to have her good opinion.

*She.*—Oh, she thinks I ought to— But tell me, are you going to New York?

*He.*—Yes. I suppose it is best for me.

*She.*—I suppose—it—is.

*He.*—There will be a field for me there, and I will have an opportunity to make both money and fame.

*She.*—Yes; you are right. This is but a sorry place for a man as clever as you are.

*He.*—I shall not be so happy there, I know.

*She.*—Oh, yes, you will. There where there is life, and gayety, and society, you will find another—I mean other friends.

*He.*—Is this so sorry a place for you?

*She*—A woman is different. She must patiently await her fate. A man may go and meet it.

*He.*—And so you wish me happiness.

*She.*—Indeed—indeed, I do. You have been more to me than all the rest.

*He.*—And you to me.

*She.*—I have been nothing but a helpless woman, left fatherless, who has found one man among the barren lot who did not sicken her with adulation or bore her with love; who was as tender as a woman, and as manly as a man; who did his services with such evident pleasure that thanks were out of place. You thought all this was nothing. You thought the word of sympathy was of no value—the little office of friendship that everybody was ready to do, that everybody did.

*He.*—If I have helped you, it is all the world to me to know it.

*She.*—We have talked frankly enough before; let us talk frankly now.

*He.*—If there is anything we may not tell one another frankly, our friendship has been wasted.

*She.*—I know of nothing. I have never felt the slightest hesitation in trusting you. You are going away, To say I shall miss you is to say nothing. I dare not speak so to anybody else—not to any man living. *You* will not misunderstand me.

*He.*—No; you may be sure of that. I do not believe I need to tell you the feeling with which I shall part from you. As I hold your hand and look into your face, I feel that we are alike. Neither you nor I need terms of endearment to show how much we think of each other.

*She.*—You need not squeeze my hand quite so hard.

*He.*—I think you are cruel. But am I not right?

*She.*—You are—perfectly right.

*He.*—And when I am gone——

*She.*—You are not gone yet.

*He.*—Shall we be as dear friends as ever?

*She.*—Yes.

*He.*—And when the man comes who is to take my place—perhaps to be dearer?

*She.*—You will be here.

*He.*—You speak as if you were never to have a real sweetheart.

*She.*—I want no sweetheart who can not be my friend.

*He.*—And he who would be both——

*She.*—*Must* be both.

*He.*—I have never spoken of love. Sometimes a little sentiment has stolen in, but you have not encouraged it.

*She.*—I don't like sentiment. It's always hollow and foolish.

*He.*—But have you not sometimes thought I loved you?

*She.*—Yes. Sometimes that you have not encouraged it.

*He.*—I was afraid it might throw a doubt upon the purity of my friendship.

*She.*—I know that. I shouldn't wonder if you sometimes thought I loved you.

*He.*—I have, sometimes.

*She.*—How could I love a man who never sought to be anything but a friend? Why should I fetter the man who was so kind and good to me, and tie his love to my miseries, when he had so many qualities that might draw him a worthier wife?

*He.*—And why should I ask the woman who trusted in my friendship and gave me hers, to accept my love as a reward for her interest, and to give me hers as a reward for mine? If I had made love to you I would have come to the level of all the rest.

*She.*—Now you are talking nonsense. Do you believe that I would ever have given you my confidence if there had been nothing but friendship?

*He.*—Take care; you are committing yourself.

*She.*—And I am very much mistaken if friendship ever could be so warm as yours that had no deeper motive power.

*He.*—This is leap year, and you must take the consequences.

*She.*—Leap year or not, why should I not speak? Harry, you are going away; you are going to leave me here without a friend, without any one that I can rely upon. You have taught me to trust you. You have weaned me from all other confidants and made me one half of you. You have said we are not the kind who break our hearts. We are not. If there is any other woman whose love will make you happier than mine, tell me, and I will join your hands, so dear is your happiness to me. You have known all the time that I loved you. If I have read you wrongly, it has not been your fault. Our friendship calls for us to speak the truth—woman or man.

*He.*—You have read me aright, as I have you. No woman that had not all my love could have had all my friendship, as you have had. You are my other self; and now you have spoken, let me speak. I believe that God made us for one another. "Where thou goest I will go, where thou abidest there I will abide; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

*She.*—Boaz did not propose to Ruth in a conservatory, but, Harry, darling, I don't mind if you do indulge in a little sentiment now.

PETER ROBERTSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1884.

## PICTURES FROM LIFE.

The Busted Dicer.

Shortly after 4 P. M. a long man came over the bridge, and, on arriving at the steps on the New York end, uttered a shriek and shot down to the sidewalk, whence he coasted cheerfully into the gutter.

"Thash a silly thing to do," he said, after a moment's reflection. "A small cat would know better'n that."

Then he resumed his torn hat, put the lighted end of the cigar in his mouth, took it out and put it in his trousers pocket, and achieved a position that bordered upon the upright. Presently his face expressed a pang. He thrust his hand into his pocket, pulled out the cigar, put it in his mouth, smiled, and began to pick his way in a perverse and labyrinthine course toward the City Hall.

Two small boys, with their chins depressed, their shoulders humped, and their hands in their pockets, trudged along the eastern edge of the park. One of them stopped and looked at the man, who had just escaped a perilous maze composed of equal parts of bob-tail cars, eight-horse sweepers, and milk-trucks.

"Scotty," he cried, in the clear, ringing tones of happy childhood, "get on to his jogs wid de busted dicer!"

They darted toward the long man, and, seizing him by the arms on either side, conducted him with gentleness and kindness to the sidewalk. The man, who evidently saw eight-horse sweepers and bobtail cars careering fiercely about him on every side, muttered his thanks and asked them to start him toward the Sixth Avenue cars. The boys started him. They began with a slow walk, but increased the speed until the unfortunate man was tearing along the eastern walk of the park at a rate that bore the impress of disaster in every frantic lunge. Ice and snow, as well as alcohol and speed, perplexed his feet. As he approached the curb formed by the asphalt piazza which runs across the park, the boys gave him a shove and he went sprawling over the edge and shot south.

Ultimately he stopped. After considering things for a while he struggled into a sitting posture, and looked at his hat, which was about ten feet in advance of him. At this point one of the boys slid a large and dripping icicle down the back of the man's neck. The man evidently felt the passage of the ice down his spine, and its subsequent lodgment. He looked as though life was not worth living. Then the other boy picked up the hat, ran with it to the fountain, and set it on one of the four corners. With a snort of rage, the bedraggled and ice-hampered man plunged after his hat. He fell four times, and when he arrived at the fountain found that his hat had been removed to another corner. He pursued it until he had slipped and struggled around the fountain a dozen times after the always-elusive hat, and then a brawny policeman came along, seized him by the collar, and yanked him backward with:

"Phat kind av an exh'bition iz this here, onyway? Y'oughter be ashamed uv yersel'. On Sunday, too."

"Take me to th' bridge, pleash," moaned the man.

He was dragged there. As he put his arm around the bridge policeman's neck, he muttered, slowly:

"Send—me—home—in—the—carsh. Sendmebacktobrooken. Lemgetoutfnyork."—*New York Sun.*

O Woman, in Our Hours of Ease!

"Will you please let me look at your Directory?" a nicely dressed, pleasant-faced little woman asked yesterday in a down-town office.

"Certainly," said the obliging clerk, as he stepped down from his high stool and placed the book at her disposal. Then getting up to his desk again he proceeded with his writing. The lady opened the Directory, examined it for a while, and then turning to the obliging clerk, whose head was full of figures, interrupted him by asking, with a pleasant smile on her face: "Have you any of those calendars for 1884?" The clerk gasped, as he was in the middle of a long column of figures; but he politely went to the rear of the office and brought back the calendar.

"Thanks," the lady remarked, smiling pleasantly, and as she was examining the calendar, the clerk climbed on his high stool and started on the column of figures again. Thinking that the pleasant little lady would see that he was busy, and, furthermore, believing that her wants were attended to, he paid no further heed to her, and had proceeded about two-thirds of the way down a long column of figures when she again approached him, and, without waiting for him to finish the column, remarked, with the same pleasant smile on her face: "That's very pretty; can't you spare me another?"

The obliging clerk said nothing, but went back for the other calendar. He reappeared, and handed the second one to the lady, waited a while to be sure that he would not be bothered again, and had just seated himself, when the pleasant voice once more sounded in his ears:

"Have you any business cards? My little daughter is making a collection, and I would like to have yours."

The 7 by 9 smile on the obliging clerk's face now gave way to a stare of astonishment, but he gave her the cards, and, as he did so, formed a resolution not to get upon his high chair again until the lady had gone; so, appearing to busy himself in looking over a book, he awaited the next question.

"Will you oblige me with a small piece of wrapping paper, so that I can do these things up?" she asked.

The clerk, only too glad to do anything now, to hasten her departure, again did as she requested. Of course, that is all she will ask for, thought he, and, congratulating himself that he could now go on with his figures, he climbed up to his desk once more, and had just got his attention fixed upon his work, when, to his dismay, the pleasant lady again approached him, and, with the same winning smile, said:

"Excuse me, but can you oblige me with a small piece of cord to tie these up?"

One of Henri Murger's jokes: "The Bank of France issued some new hundred-franc notes a few months ago. *They say* they are blue!"

## SOCIETY.

"Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: The festivities of the *beau monde* during the past week have consisted chiefly of formal dinner-parties. No large balls have been given, and none are announced, although several are devoutly hoped for by society in the immediate future. I imagine, however, that this season will repeat what has been the case many times before where a lull occurs after the holidays—all the remaining gayety will be rushed into the month before Lent. Apropos of that period, church people are *au désespoir* to know that Patti will come during that penitential season. It will be a severe test of scruples and principles—will it not? Of the recent entertainments given in the dinner-party line, the most elaborate were: the one given by Mrs. Fair to the newly made Coadjutor-Bishop Riordan, whereat the archbishop, Alemany, shared the honors of the feast, and at which I hear the floral decorations were something unusually beautiful and lavish; and the dinner Mrs. Samuel Mayer gave in compliment to Baron Schroeder and wife. At the latter affair the guests were augmented by evening arrivals, and the entertainment became a *musicale*, Mr. and Mrs. Mayer being ably assisted in their vocal efforts by Mesdames Henry Wetherbee and W. C. Little. Mr. Carlton Coleman and Mr. Hans Kohler each entertained a party of friends at dinner during the week; but as they were stag parties, I have given precedence to the others, adhering to the old saying, *place aux dames*. In the dancing line, parties have been of a purely informal character, limited to a gathering of party callers. This was the case of both Miss Bell Reis's and Mrs. Lissak's, on Tuesday evening, when a merry company assembled at each residence, and enjoyed a social dance, which they prolonged until midnight. Mrs. James Phelan, with her well-known kindness to the young people, gave them another frolic on Monday evening last, and, like the former, of a fortnight previous, had the floors canvased, Ballenberg's band to play for them, and a supper as finale. *On dit* this lady is meditating a ball in honor of Mervyn Donahue and his bride. This happy couple have been spending their honeymoon at the Sierra Madre Villa. The bridal cortege of maids and ushers are clamoring for a speedy return, so that the grand ball promised at the Donahue mansion, on Bryant Street, may come off. It will be a matter of regret to her many friends that, should the ball become *un fait accompli*, the Baroness Schroeder will be missed from the wedding circle, as she will accompany her husband, some sime this week, in a visit to his ranch, in the southern part of the State. The pleasant receptions which have been given weekly by Mrs. Wallace, of Broadway, in honor of her newly married daughter, Mrs. Hertzstein, will culminate in a large reception, for which cards have been issued; and rumor has it that we may look for a reception ere long in the antique residence on California Street, to celebrate the engagement of the son of the house with his charming country neighbor. Of course society will know that I allude to Faxon Atherton and Miss Jenny Selby, for as the engagement is announced it is not amiss to name them. I hear the wedding will not take place for some little time yet. Army circles have been bestirring themselves in the way of lawn-tennis, at Black Point and at Angel Island. Colonel and Mrs. Winthrop, whose pleasant reception at the Presidio was noted in my last letter, have taken General Rosecrans's residence in San Rafael, the change being made for the benefit of Mrs. Winthrop's health. The musicale and reception of Company F was so great a success that their friends hope for a repetition ere long. Oakland has been very ambitious of late in a festive way. The kettle-drum given for the benefit of the Homœopathic Hospital was a brilliant success in a pecuniary sense as well as social. Mrs. Tucker's musicale and Mrs. Sather's lunch, all taking place in the same week, made the city of the oaks quite lively. Mrs. E. B. Crocker, who seems never so happy as when giving pleasure to others, particularly her young friends, organized a novel entertainment for them last week in the form of a leap-year dinner, the appointments of which were on the most extended scale; a merry party went up from here to attend it, returning next day. Very much to the regret of society at large, Mrs. Hearst will not return to us until the spring, having decided to visit Florida and New Orleans en route; her kind wish that her young traveling companion, Miss Susie Crockett, should view the Mardi Gras jollities, will doubtless be somewhat marred by the recent death of the young lady's father. Mark McDonald and wife have also gone to pass the time of that gayety in New Orleans; and I hear several young people have been petitioning good-natured Mrs. Crocker to make up a party for the same purpose. What a place this is for society to get hold of an idea, agitate, discuss, and almost execute it, and then suddenly abandon it altogether! Thus it has been with the much-talked-of amateur concert (which, if given at all, should be done before Patti comes), and the suggested cotillion parties to be got up by the bachelors of society. Both were on the eve of being definitely announced, but for some reason have not been, and apparently "hang fire." Meanwhile society disports itself in the pleasure afforded by the agreeable reception evenings of the Gwins, Parrotts, and McMullins, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays; and next in order will be opera-parties to hear Abbott, and then Patti. Mrs. Tevis is going to give a ball either before Lent or immediately after Easter. Mrs. Hager's ball, *on dit*, is fixed for February, in which month will be given the last of the present series of Philharmonic concerts. I think I told you some time ago that a monster opera-party, to fill the front row of the dress-circle, would signalize Patti's first night. The guests are being invited now. The host is the only son of one of our rich men. BAVARDIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 23, 1884.

### Notes and Gossip.

Ex-Governor A. C. Gibbs, of Portland, Oregon, has been spending the week with Mr. A. B. Hunt, of East Oakland, *en route* to St. Louis and New York *via* the Southern route. The French Consul, A. Vauvert de Mean, and wife are at the Arlington, Santa Barbara, as is also Mrs. Selby and Mr. A. Gerberding. Mrs. Capt. Blair is entertaining Mrs. William H. Kelly and Mrs. A. McCullum, of Mendocino. Mrs. Richard Carroll is at present in San José, visiting her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Murphy. Hon. Frank McCoppin returned to his home, at San Luis Obispo, last week, by the Ancon. General J. F. Houghton, of Oakland, left last week for the East. He may probably join his family abroad. Frank Jaynes, superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company has gone to Virginia City, accompanied by Mr. C. H. Summers, of Chicago. Major Winthrop has quitted the Presidio, and has located in the Rosecrans residence at San Rafael, on account of Mrs. Winthrop's health. Captain Taylor installed himself at the Presidio on Monday, after a residence since his arrival at the Beresford House. Henry Hinckley is home for a month at Fruit Vale, at the expiration of which time he will return to Mr. Grayson's ranch, where he has been sojourning for some time. Consul Berton is still very ill at the Grand. Mrs. Troutt, mother of Mrs. Colonel Wilbor, the bride of last week, left on Monday for El Paso, to visit her other daughter, Mrs. Martin Davis. Mrs. Rathbone will remain with her mother, Mrs. F. F. Atherton, on California Street, during the absence of her husband. Mrs. Paul Neuman, who arrived Tuesday on the *Mariposa*, from the Islands, will return by next steamer to reside there, having secured a residence. Among the other arrivals by the same steamer were Governor F. F. Low, Gustave Touchard, A. B. Spreckels, Mrs. George McLane, Mrs. M. Philips and son, Captain A. Von Schmidt and wife, Captain B. Dexter, and Doctor Caldwell. Mr. and Mrs. E. G. L. Steele have been visiting Mr. Bierce, in Auburn. J. D. Redding has returned from his trip to Los Angeles. Mrs. Robert Hastings will entertain her mother, Mrs. John Hemphill, next month. Captain and Mrs. Henry Hall are once again installed at the Palace, having returned quite recently from the East. Mrs. Creed Haymond has returned from her visit to Sacramento, as also have Mrs. Frederick Green and Miss Millie Ashe. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Requa, of Piedmont, registered on Friday at the Palace. Mrs. B. B. Cutter is for a time sojourning at Los Medanos, having for guests Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey, of Los Angeles. Meanwhile Miss Tot Cutter superintends the household menage at the Van Ness Avenue residence. Another trip to Europe is contemplated by Alexander Del Mar in the course of about six weeks or two months. Mrs. F. J. Fletter has returned to San Francisco from her visit to Mrs. N. S. Peck, of Sacramento. Previous to her departure, and in compliment to her, a most agreeable entertainment was given at the residence of her hostess—music, dancing, singing, and refreshments being the order of the evening. Apropos of Sacramento affairs, previous to Mrs. E. B. Crocker's coming down to the bay, Friday, the leap-year dinner party at her residence was an occasion of unusual merriment, the appointments of which being, as they always are, perfect in every respect. The table, with its centre garlanded with smilax and decorated with flowers in every device, topped by a huge ball of exotics, suspended from the chandelier, was a most appetizing adjunct to the delicious repast. Accompanying the fringed *menu* card was a corsage bouquet for each lady and a boutonnière for each gentleman; and to crown the amusement, the musical instruments accompanying each plate, and consequently the impromptu orchestra, were the source of much fun, and offered much opposition, if not accord, to the band which discoursed in the adjoining apartment. The feature of the evening was the responses to the toasts, by the ladies, and, by virtue of their leap-year privilege, choosing their partners for the dance, which was indulged in until a late hour. Among the guests were Mrs. ex-Lieutenant-Governor Laughton, of Nevada, Mrs. Fred. Green, Miss Millie Ashe, Miss Lizzie Crocker, and the Misses Deming, Waters, and Hanchette. The gentlemen were Messrs. Carroll, Houghton, Dillman, Van Vliet, Russell, Davis, Brown, and Ormsby. The dinner-party of Saturday evening, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hans Kohler, on Sacramento Street, was a decided success and enjoyable in the extreme. The guests were Messrs. William and Henry Crocker, Frank Carolan, George Redding, Montford Wilson, and Henry Durbrow. In compliment to the Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder, before their departure Friday for San Luis Obispo, and in consideration for the attention received by the hostess from relatives of the Baron while in Hamburg, Mrs. Colonel Samuel Meyer's dinner party of Friday was an affair of unusual elegance, both in the completeness of its appointments and on account of the charming musicale which succeeded, contributed to by Colonel and Mrs. Meyer, Mrs. Captain Little, Mrs. Arnold, and Mrs. Wetherbee, Henry Chauncey, and Doctor Graves, a number being invited to join the dinner guests in the evening. Full dress was *en régle*, the guests being Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dodge, Captain and Mrs. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Swift, Mr. and Mrs. David Brown, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Doctor and Mrs. Bucknall, Mr. and Mrs. Wetherbee, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Poett, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, Colonel and Mrs. W. C. Little, Rev. and Mrs. C. D. Barrows, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reed, Mr. W. E. Brown, Mr. B. Natorp, Mr. H. Chauncey, and Doctor Walter Graves. The Harasztthy party of Thursday was participated in solely by the unmarried friends of the young hostess, dancing absorbing the interest of the guests until long after midnight, with but an intermission for supper. The noticeable costumes were those of Miss Belle Bee's, of white satin and embossed velvet; Mollie Phelan's, of white satin; Miss Mamie Burling's, of white nun's veiling trimmed with marguerites; Miss Ada Sullivan's, of white satin and turquoise ornaments; Miss Mamie Sullivan, white silk with garniture of red poppies; Miss Jones's, of Los Angeles, blue satin and diamonds; Miss Harasztthy was in pink satin with white lace overdress, and was assisted in receiving by her aunt, Mrs. Hancock, who wore a robe of black velvet and diamonds. Among the other guests were the Misses Bolton, the Misses Hughes, the Misses Morrison of San José, the Misses McKinnon, Miss Plum, Miss Kate Woods, Miss Maud Naunton, Mr. Henry Crocker, Mr. A. Castle, Mr. Charles Leonard, Mr. James Phelan, Messrs. Holladay, Fred and Lucien Burling, R. and T. Borden, George Duval, H. Hall, Thomas F. Grogan, E. and F. Hughes, H. Woods, Montgomery Godley, George Randon, and Messrs. Hinckley, Bolton, Dillon, Heyman, James, Baker, Daniels, McCormack, Church, Mathews, Block, H. Woods, Charles Kelley of Boston, and Doctor Graves. Lieutenant-Colonel Charles F. Hanlan usually celebrates the anniversary of his birthday by dining his bachelor friends. Monday he varied the rule by entertaining the Governor and his staff, of which he is a member, and a number of others, at his residence in South Park. Though the invitations were verbal and the affair supposed to be informal, brilliant uniforms and full dress honored the occasion. The guests were Governor George Stoneman, General George B. Crosby, Colonels Charles Sontag, Grif. Shirley, W. H. Hall, G. G. Tyrell, H. W. Carroll, J. M. Donahue, C. McLean, C. H. Kimball, C. H. Maddox, A. Andrews, D. E. Ashby, J. J. Tobin, H. R. Williar, Major-General Jno. Pope, Major-General Walter Turnbull, Brigadier-General W. H. Dimond, Captain J. W. Dillenbeck, U. S. A., Lieutenant C. J. Bailey, U. S. A., and Lieutenant De Lisle Tait, U. S. A. At the Harvard Club reunion and banquet over forty members were present. The newly elected officers' health was drunk in punch. The first of a series of organ recitals was inaugurated by Harry Hunt Friday afternoon last and most fashionable and appreciative were the audience. The Reliance Club is occasionally heard from; the party of last Monday was, as usual, a select and enjoyable affair. Cards are issued for a cotillion to be given by Mrs. Pomeroy Thursday evening at her residence, 1327 Leavenworth Street. Of Oakland gayeties during the past week, the lunch party of Mrs. Peder Sather, Friday, was the most noticeable, and among the guests many society ladies of that locality, among them Mrs. McNear, Mrs. David Hinckley, Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Hoyt, Mrs. Flint, and Mrs. Timothy Bockel. The musicale Wednesday last of Mrs. Doctor Tucker was no less thoroughly enjoyable, and the selections rendered by amateurs most excellent. The vocal numbers, which were heartily enjoyed, were contributed by Mrs. Doctor Tucker, Barstow, Boyer, and Gregory, while Miss Boalt and Miss Alice Gibbons assisted on the piano, Miss Etta Tucker on the violin, Mr. Clifford Page the French-horn, Robert Gibbons the flute, and Theodore Poindexter the cornet. The next of the series of musicales will be held at the residence of A. A. Cohen. An event in New York of interest to Californians was the wedding on Saturday last of Moses B. Hopkins to a young lady of that city. Mrs. Condit Smith (*née* Swearingen), sister to Mrs. Chief-Justice Field, is in Buffalo, her late husband's home. Miss Nellie Gibbs is in Germany, under chaperonage of her aunt, Mrs. Eugene Gibbs, of New York. Madame de Bodisco has safely arrived in St. Petersburg. On the evening of the 12th, Mrs. Senator Jones gave a musicale at her delightful rooms at the Arlington, in Washington, being assisted in receiving her guests by the Misses Whitney and Miss Van Buren, of New York. The occasion was a compliment to Miss Maude Crowley. The feature of the evening was the singing of Miss Hall, of New York, who was assisted on the programme by Miss Morgan on the harp, Miss Whitney on the piano, Miss Doremus on the banjo, Miss Sturgis on the zither, and Miss Kilbourne and Mr. Madranna on the piano. The guests, mostly young people, numbered seventy-five, among whom were Miss Eddy, of California; the Misses Frelinghuysen, Miss Page, the Misses Maude and Alice Crowley, Miss Roessle, Miss Morgan, the Misses Mathews, Lila Johnson, and Miss Bryan. It was in every way a notable occasion. Mrs. Justice Field was assisted at her last Monday reception by Miss Tower, of Maryland, who is at present her guest. The most notable weddings during the past week were those of Dr. John Moore on Thursday last to Miss Alice Howell, at the residence of the bride's mother, the ceremony being followed by an informal reception. Supplementing the wedding gifts, which were numerous, were many floral tributes, the most important being a large floral piece from the German Hospital, with which the doctor is connected. A wedding trip to Monterey followed. The evening previous that of Lieutenant E. E. Vreeland, of the ship *Hartford*, to Miss Follson, of Mare Island, aroused the usual quiet of the Baldwin. A few friends were present, the Misses Hawes and Taylor, also Lieutenants Bibb and Swift, standing with the bride, who was given away by Colonel Hawes. The afternoon train transported the couple to Monterey for a brief sojourn. Another wedding across the bay of note was that of Reuben H. Mastick, son of Edward Mastick, the lawyer, to Miss Josie Hinchman, of Alameda. The ceremony, by the Rev. Dr. Perkins, was witnessed by the immediate friends at the bride's home, after which congratulations and an elaborate supper followed. A unique feature of the floral decorations was a large floral wish-bone suspended over the bridal party. After a trip through the interior of the State, the happy couple will occupy a home prepared for them at the corner of Santa Clara Avenue and Willow Street, Alameda. Miss Carrie Adams, of Menlo Park, is reported engaged to Mr. Cerf. Dr. W. F. Newlands, of Paso Roble Springs, brother of Frank B. Newlands, of this city, is engaged to Miss Ada Johnson, only daughter of ex-Governor and Mrs. James A. Johnson. Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Jones and Miss Gracie Jones leave for Honolulu on February 1st.

### The Pomeroy Cotillion.

On Thursday evening Mrs. John N. Pomeroy gave a cotillion at her residence on Leavenworth Street, in honor of Miss Wright, of New York, now visiting the family. There were present about twenty couple, and the cotillion was led by Lieutenant Emmet, of General Pope's staff, and Miss Pomeroy. Of the others there were Miss Wright, Mrs. Emmet, Miss Atherton, Miss Flood, Miss Lucas, Miss Sanderson, Mrs. Carlton Coleman, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Miss Page, Miss Andrews, Miss Dodge, Miss Hooker, Mrs. St. Albans, Miss Cushing, Miss Adams, Mrs. Pinkard, and Mrs. Whitney; besides Lieutenants Bailey, Tait, Stoney, Chamberlain, and Febiger, and Messrs. Mizner, Coleman, Crocker, Hooker, Campbell, Greenway, Skelton, St. Albans, George and Arthur Page, Swift, Spencer, Pomeroy, and Carter Pomeroy. A large number of new figures were introduced into the cotillion which have never been seen here before. Dancing began at nine o'clock to the strains of Ballenberg's band. The favors were especially beautiful. Among them were large numbers of satin bags, beautifully hand-painted by well-known artists. The lady's bag would contain half of a familiar verse, and her partner's the remainder of the couplet, thus creating an amusing excitement. At half-past eleven o'clock there was an intermission, that the guests might partake of an elaborate supper provided by the Maison Dorée, after which dancing was resumed, and prolonged until after two o'clock.

### Art Notes.

Thomas Hill's beautiful painting of a "Winter Scene on the Merrimac River" is now on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's gallery. It is one of the most successful studies that this artist has executed for some time.

Theodore Wores is now at work on another fine study of life in Chinatown. It is entitled "The Chinese Musicians," and will undoubtedly be a success when completed.

Brooks has finished his picture of the "Salmon Trout," and it is attracting much attention at Morris's.

"Point de Neff," now on exhibition at the same gallery, is a picture painted by Mrs. Campion, a very talented artist, who has recently come from Paris, where she has been pursuing her art studies. It is a study of autumn on the French coast, and possesses some excellent color effects.

Never did a criminal choke in the hempen noose with less of sympathy, or deserving less, than the man Wheeler, who was hanged on Wednesday. Even the cowardly old proverb, "de mortuis nil nisi bonum," a proverb which has become the pawn-broker's shop, the fence, and hiding-place of crime, does not require us to speak well of a man who is hanged. Wheeler's life and crime entitled him to neither pity nor compassion; and if the interference of the clergyman has succeeded in snatching his cowardly soul from the deserved penalty of a reasonable time in purgatory, it is not the subject-matter of congratulation. We are glad to know that this murderer has been permitted to go up to God with a somewhat less effusive display of morbid and unhealthy sentiment over him than usual. We have heard of no clergyman wrestling for him; and no sane or sensible women sniveling over him; and, what is unusual, we have had no preacher, nor frowzy female, nor Democratic politician ask us to sign a petition for his reprieve or pardon. We tnink the spectators at executions should be confined to physicians and officers of the law. Let the Sheriff invite country sheriffs, so that it may prove to them a matter of education. Let the strangulated body be given to science. Let the immortal part take its chances; and hereafter, if the courts will perform their duty more promptly, and future Governors act as sensibly and firmly as has Governor Stoneman, we may hope that great good may come from the gallows.

"I learn," says a writer in the Washington *Capital*, "that the New York *Times*, in addition to setting its matter in large type, has recently cut down its rates of payment of purchased matter two dollars a column. The late reductions in price of the New York dailies have proved detrimental to every one of them, and it is safe to say that the managers of every paper who made a reduction are heartily sick of their action. The aggregate reduction in the net annual income of the New York *Herald*, *Times*, and *Tribune* for 1884 can not be less than half a million dollars as compared with 1883.

## NEW YORK STAGE TALK.

"Flaneur's" Letter.

Miss Emma Latham of San Francisco is to make her appearance here at the Star Theatre as soon as Booth finishes his engagement. It will probably be about the time this letter appears in the *Argonaut*. Miss Latham has made her preparations for her metropolitan *début* in a dignified and quite remarkable manner. The preliminaries to the engagement have been characterized by good taste and an utter absence of the clap-trap and buncomb which usually precede the appearance of an ambitious dramatic star in New York. In fact, Miss Latham's coming appearance has attracted attention purely on this account. It is such a rarity for Western stars to come to New York quietly, and make an appearance without a stupendous amount of preliminary puffery and tiresome sensationalism, that Miss Latham's modesty commended her to us. The only thing to fear is that it may be too modest, as was the case with Sheridan in his engagement here with Booth.

Aside from the interest which New Yorkers feel in this singularly quiet actress, there is a general desire to see the play she has chosen for her *début* again. It is called "The Love Chase." It was written by Sheridan Knowles, and has not been played in New York for fifteen years. Miss Latham, or her managers, have been shrewd enough to get admirable actors for her support. Harry Edwards plays Sir William Fondlove, and Effie Germon Widow Green, with Barton Hill as Wildrake. The result ought to be a capital performance if Miss Latham has any artistic ability whatever.

Mrs. Langtry is growing homesick. She feels her isolated position more keenly than at first, and she actually dreads the trip to Australia, which she projected last season. Her triumph here has rendered the city more attractive than ever to her, and she says she absolutely dreads the long series of one-night stands in the country, with the ultimate result of sailing for Australia after she has finished her San Francisco engagement. Australia seems a very great distance from New York. Mrs. Langtry has just bought another house here, which she says she will occupy as her home hereafter. It is a quiet little house in Thirteenth Street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues. The location is very far from being fashionable, but it is thoroughly homelike and respectable. It within a block or two of the busiest thoroughfares in New York, and a long distance from the fashionable quarter of the city. The neighboring streets are devoted to business or residences of decidedly second rate, but the block upon which Mrs. Langtry's new house is situated, is one of the prettiest in the city. There are a number of trees and some pretty gardens in front of the houses. Very many thoroughly respectable and quite a number of eminent citizens live there. It is one of the down-town streets which old New Yorkers cling to.

By the way, I have learned, by a second visit to the Fifth Avenue Theatre, that Mrs. Langtry's celebrated Græco-Roman, acrobatic, and catch-as-catch-can fainting act was purely intentional, and not an accident born of undue excitement on the first night of her re-appearance in New York. Mrs. Langtry has indeed added a new feat to her now famous act, and the result throws the most muscular achievements of Fanny Davenport, in the fainting way, quite into the shade. When I saw Mrs. Langtry faint the second time, she did it something in this wise: She stood with her back to the audience, raised her arms perpendicularly, fell over backward, stiff and stark, upon the sofa, and, as she struck it, stretched her arms out longitudinally from her shoulders; then, as she was bounced up in the air by the springs, and turned over, she clasped her hands together and came down with a flop on the floor. The effect was much more tragic than if she had held her hands continually above her head, as she did on the first night. It is a fortunate thing that she is a thoroughly healthy woman. Any one of less perfect muscular development and superb physical balance would be used up in two nights by this sort of thing.

Night before last three Spanish officers in full uniform alighted from a cab on Twenty-ninth Street, and with considerable difficulty ascended the long flight of steps, on the exterior of the building, to the stage-door of Haverly's Comedy Theatre. Within were Aimée and Angèle, and the other beautiful women of Grau's French Opera Troupe, preparing for the evening's performance. The chorus girls were running hither and yon, the prime donne were swearing in piquant French, and the male singers were growling like grizzlies. There are not enough dressing-rooms in Haverly's Theatre to accommodate one-half of Grau's troupe. Hence there is continual bickering and warfare. It is a little theatre on the second floor of a Broadway building, and the opera company is very much disgusted because it is obliged to perform there. Every night there is more or less of an uproar behind the scenes before the curtain arises.

It was while the usual circus was at its height that the three Spanish officers, in superb uniform and with majestic manners, kicked open the stage-door and strode down upon the stage. The chorus girls, who would appear in the scantiest of raiment before the other members of the troupe or the attaches of the theatre, fled wildly in every direction, and the prime donne chattered like magpies as they retreated to their dressing-rooms. With one accord the three Spanish officers dived after Madame Angèle. At this instant an Irish stage-carpenter, a scene-shifter, and the gas-man arrived upon the scene, and the three Spanish officers were unceremoniously dragged to the stage-door and tossed down the long flight of stairs on the exterior of the building. Then the preparations for the performance went on, and the stage-carpenter, scene-shifter, and gas-man went out and had a friendly drink at Mr. Grau's expense.

It was nearly an hour later when the three Spanish officers, still in uniform and liquor, returned with half a dozen wiry and tough-looking sailors from their ship, and once more mounted the steps on the exterior of the building. They were seen by a ticket-speculator, who gathered others of his kind and rushed around to the entrance of the theatre, and thence to the stage to reinforce the stage-carpenter, the scene-shifter, and gas-man. Once more the Spaniards kicked in the door. Once more they descended the steps tumultuously, despite their reinforcements. The stage-carpenter, scene-shifter, and gas-man followed them down stairs, and the whole thing ended in a riot, which was quelled by the police. The Spanish officers were taken to the station-house, and were afterward discharged on payment of ten dollars fine. This episode is decidedly complimentary to Aimée and Angèle. They must still be very beautiful women when three men are impelled to such heroic efforts in order to get at them. Either this is the case, or else the Spaniards were very drunk. I rather suspect it is the latter, because Aimée is getting very old and Angèle very fat. It is rather odd that three Spanish officers, presuming to be gentlemen, should forget themselves and their flag by a wild and furious love chase after our very old and our very fat woman.

I can't imagine anything more mournful than the death of poor Charlie Delmonico. He had everything on earth to make him live. He was worth several millions, and surrounded by friends. He was once very popular with the boys, and he made a great deal of money in Wall Street. His insanity and subsequent death were solely the results of his excesses. He took no care of himself whatever, and was absolutely reckless for years of his bodily health. His laziness was as pronounced as that of the other Delmonicos. It was impossible to induce him to take even an ordinary amount of exercise. The Delmonicos were always lazy. They ate too much, drank heavy wines, and refused to stir about.

One thing has been proved conclusively by the history of Mr. Delmonico's life, as revealed by the newspapers, and that is that for fully a year he has been looked upon by his family as more or less of a burden and a nuisance. Despite the assertions of his nephew and his sister, the facts show conclusively that no care at all was taken of a man who was not only very sick, but decidedly insane. It would be different if there had been the slightest doubt of Mr. Delmonico's insanity, but he has been notoriously crazy for months and months. He was allowed to wander at will, without regular nurses or watchers, until at last he wandered off into the Orange Mountains, stumbled headlong into a gully, and froze to death within thirty yards of the mansion of General George B. McClellan, with whom he was on terms of the warmest friendship.

All the preparations for the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Princess Ida" are on a superb scale. It will be produced within a week or two, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, by John Stetson, who has secured the American rights at an enormous expense. The most interesting thing about "Princess Ida" just now is the fact that Sullivan and Gilbert sent to Boston early last year and imported into England a Simon Pure American citizen, whose birthplace was Massachusetts and whose citizenship papers are beyond question. This man, whose name is of no earthly consequence, was associated with Sullivan in preparing the music for "Princess Ida." He did little to speak of, but he was there and wrote at least a page or two of the music. Nobody knew for a time why this was done, but the secret now transpires. Mr. Sullivan went through this extraordinary rigmarole simply to secure the American right to his work. Inasmuch as an American had something to do with the opera, it does not come under the foreign author's act, and will be protected by the Government.

Stetson, to still further protect the work, in ordering the costumes for the play compelled the costumers to sign a bond not to duplicate the dresses for any other "Princess Ida" company. Thus it will be seen that the "Princess" starts out in America under very favorable conditions. Later reports from London indicate that the opera is a more baleful failure than was at first suspected. It will cost Stetson twelve thousand dollars to mount it. He will probably lose money on it, as the Bijou Opera House and the Casino have secured all the pretty girls who are at present in the comic-opera market.

Mr. Richard Mansfield, more familiarly known as "Bighead Dick," has been engaged by Mr. Charles Wyndham to act both here and in Europe. Mr. Mansfield is the hero of one success, innumerable floggings, several disastrous failures, and a stupendous amount of conceit. His future is, therefore, assured. How he ever came to think he could star is a mystery. He is the only man I know, with the exception of that disagreeable person named Schwab, who constantly makes enemies. No matter where Mansfield goes, squabbles and disagreements result. Among the quiet and well-bred people of Mr. Wyndham's company he will prove a veritable firebrand. The story of the flogging he received in the West is very rich; but the richest part of all was that he should have been flogged because he outraged an actress's sensibility by the use of the word "bloody" in the sense of "gory." The state of development which this actress's moral sensibilities have attained must be truly amazing.

Mr. Henry Lee, another of the extraordinary younger men of the American stage, who is suffering from the conviction that he is great and famous, has come to grief. Mr. Lee, or more properly, Mr. Harris Rosensweig, started out with the "Stranglers of Paris" early in the season to play on a percentage of the profits. Mr. Lee was offered a fat salary, but he refused it, because he thought he was going to raise the deuce through the country by his character-acting in the "Stranglers," and he wanted to reap the full rewards of his success. Hence, at his own proposition, he went out on the road with the agreement that he should have a share of the profits after the legitimate expenses had been paid.

The troupe had a triumphant tour of two weeks, and then, when Mr. Rosensweig went to look after his money, he found that the concern was one thousand five hundred dollars in debt. This was surprising, and far from gratifying, but he kept on with the company, hoping things would pull up to a higher standing. So they did, but they didn't pull up high enough to satisfy the ambition of Mr. Lee. Meanwhile he acted with enthusiasm and vigor, but the people steadily refused to go and see him act, until at last he gave up in disgust, and returned to New York. He is now on the "Square."

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, January 17, 1884.

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Problems and Other Topics of Interest in the King of Games.

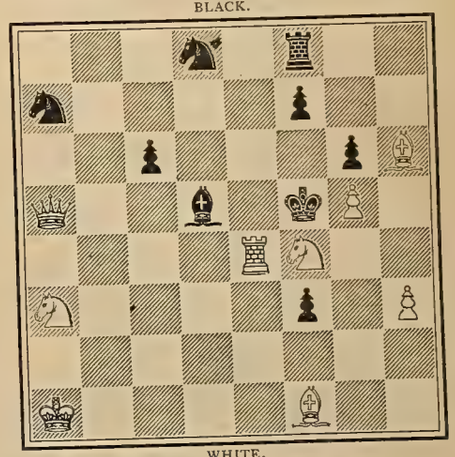
[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 2115 Fillmore Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

### Problem III.—By T. M. Brown.

The problem we give this week was composed and presented to the editor by the late Theodore M. Brown, one of the most accomplished musicians, skilled chess-players, and profound composers of problems the century has produced.

(First prize in the American Chess Congress of 1871.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

The game which decided the first prize at the second American Chess Congress at Cleveland, December 5, 1871, is as follows:

| White | Black. | White. | Black. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Capt. MacKenzie. | Mr. Hosmer. | | |
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 8—Kt x QP | 8—Kt x Kt |
| 2—Kt KB3 | 2—Kt QB3 | 9—Q x Kt | 9—Kt QB4 |
| 3—B QKt5 | 3—P QR3 | 10—B QKt3 | 10—Kt x B |
| 4—B QR4 | 4—Kt KB3 | 11—QRP x Kt | 11—P Q3 |
| 5—P Q4 | 5—KP x QP | 12—P x P | 12—Q x P |
| 6—Castles. | 6—B K2 | 13—Q x KtP | 13—B KB3 |
| 7—P K5 | 7—Kt K5 | 14—R K sq ch | 14—K Q sq |
| | | 15—B KKt5 and wins. | |

The following is a game played by Captain MacKenzie and an amateur, the captain handling the white pieces:

| White. | Black. |
|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 |
| 2—B B4 | 2—Kt KB3 |
| 3—P Q4 | 3—Kt x P |
| 4—P x P | 4—Kt x P |
| 5—Castles | 5—Kt x Q |

White mates in two moves.

Interest in the tournament to be inaugurated at the Mechanics' Library Association chess-rooms next week grows apace. Everybody who understands chess is on the *qui-vive*, and the best and most satisfactory methods of conducting tournaments are the subject of daily discussion among prominent players. It is suggested that a handicap committee of three be appointed by the players intending to enter, and that any player demanding odds of another shall accept the award of such committee, as to the amount of odds to be given, with cheerfulness and good faith. It has been suggested that each person entering shall contribute two dollars toward the amount necessary for the purchase of suitable memen-toes of victory. Each player is to play two games with every opponent—the time limit to be fifteen moves per hour. The general rules governing play which obtained at the recent international London tournament are to be observed as far as circumstances will permit. All players resident upon the Pacific Coast are cordially invited to enter, becoming for the time guests of the members of the Mechanics' Library.

The bulls and bears of Wall Street find time during the excitements of business to pay their devotions to Caissa, as is shown by the flourishing condition of the Chess Club, which has its domicile in the New York Stock Exchange, within the sound of the war of the stock-market.

The annual tourney of this club is now under way in the Stock Exchange building. The following are the competitors, classes, and prizes:

Class A—R. B. Hartshorne gives Class B P and move in first game, and Kt in second game. Gives Class C the Kt. Gives Class D the R.

Class B—M. Meyer, F. W. Gilley, M. Isaacs, G. T. Green, A. W. Shepard, F. Hardy. Gives Class C P and move. Gives Class D the Kt.

Class C—C. A. Grymes, M. E. De Rivas, D. A. Walch. Gives Class D P and move.

Class D—E. A. Drake, J. Parker.

Each player plays two games with each other in the rooms of the Stock Exchange, or elsewhere by mutual agreement.

The prizes, presented by several gentlemen of the board, are as follows: First Prize—Set of ivory Staunton men. Second Prize—Ivory statu quo set. Third Prize—Set of Staunton men.

Eight of the contestants are members of the Manhattan Chess Club.

The costumes for a recent game of living chess, at Brighton, England, were designed chiefly by the well-known actress, Mrs. John Wood. On the white side were Henry VIII. and Katharine of Aragon. The Queen wore a white satin and black velvet dress, handsomely trimmed with jewels and ermine, also having a jewel coronet, from which depended, at the back, a white veil. The royal pair on the French side, were designed to represent Francis I. and his queen. The lady wore an amber satin dress, richly trimmed with pearls, and also had a coronet of pearls. Venerable and dignified were the Bishops, and attired in full canonicals and resplendent tapes, their figures stood out conspicuously, the effect being heightened by the slow and solemn measure of their steps, and the use of their long croziers. The Knights made very picturesque appearance, clad in their plate armor and coats of mail, with swords and plumed helmets, and their manner of salute was much appreciated, those on the French side especially creating a favorable impression. Capital specimens of beef-eaters were the English Rooks, and equally good were the two on the other side, as Yeomen of the Guard. The white Pawns were charming little girls dressed in light blue satin; and the black Pawns were boys attired as pages, in costumes copied from a dress worn by the French Prince at that period.

## VANITY FAIR.

It is October, and Paris is full of foreigners. The King of Dress holds a levee daily from two until five P. M., No. 7 Rue de la Paix, first story above the *entresol*. He is the only absolute monarch left in Europe, and his court is the most cosmopolitan. There is no need of minister or master of ceremonies to present you, however; you push open a double swinging glass-door at the head of the staircase, through which, for once, you see yourself as others see you in a long looking-glass facing the entrance, which surprises you, on your first visit, with the vision of a familiar stranger about to go out as you come in, and you find yourself in a long, light corridor, lined with settees. At the end, to the right, are rooms for fitting dresses, inspecting colors by gaslight, private consultations, afternoon tea, very likely; at the opposite end, to the left, are the showrooms, the sovereign's audience, and ante-chambers. There are four in open communication, well lighted by long windows on the Rue de la Paix, not large, and blocked in various directions by counters covered with goods, wall-cupboards with doors ajar, and goods ranged on shelves, chests of drawers half-open, revealing more goods. On a door-post is pinned a bunch of scraps of every color and stuff, like a secret signal; above is a card covered with figures and letters intelligble only to the initiated. There are very few chairs, as people who go to Mr. Worth's are not expected to sit down; but there is not much standing room either. If you had been there about the middle of the afternoon, one bright day in the early autumn, 1883, this is what you saw and heard:

Mr. Worth himself is the centre of constantly changing groups of men and women, American, English, French, Russian, Spanish, and unclassified. They are not speaking or listening to him, only those who understand English or can guess at his French do that; the others are waited upon by underlings, who address them in their native language. But the majority cluster round Mr. Worth. He is dressed in a blue flannel sack-coat, buttoned across his burly person, brown trousers, a turn-down collar, and crimson scarf, all shabby. The immediate object of his attention is a single lady of great wealth, from New York; gray-haired, quiet in dress and demeanor, but with something about her which marks her as being somebody, as distinguished from anybody. The interview is drawing to an end. "Then you'll be sure to let me have it to-morrow?" she asks. "Yes, yes. I don't like to see you going about in that thing. You look like an undertaker." They laugh, and she departs. A pretty Frenchwoman, who has been waiting her turn, advances for inspection in a dress which has just been tried on. Mr. Worth steps aside to an inner-room, in full sight of the rest, where there are a few feet of polished floor clear, seats himself on the only chair, and motions her to turn round. She obeys; turns right, left, advances, retreats, crosses her arms, throws back her head, walks off a few paces, then returns. Mr. Worth makes a criticism to the fitter—a slender damsel dressed in green silk and brocade, with a deep, square linen collar edged with point-lace, like the pictures of Queen Henrietta Maria of England—and dismisses Madame la Baronne. The next in order is an English family. The father is rubicund, clever-looking, well-dressed, and alert; he has the air of a new rich M. P. The mother is gentle and staid; the daughter so pretty and elegant that she might pass for an American but for the silver dog-collar she wears outside her jacket. Worth summons a shopman, and they begin discussing the merits of the various black silks. But you find it impossible to fix your attention on one group; it is distracted at this moment by a charming French girl, who is exhibiting herself to her mother in a bewitching little mantle. An imposing shopwoman of fifty or upward, with a pearl-powdered face, and hair dyed blonde, in an amber and gold Medicis costume (the fashions are of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, at present), is abetting the young lady in over-riding her mamma's objections to the extravagance in buying a garment which will be out of season in three weeks. The daughter tosses her pretty head, and looks appealingly at her mother over her pretty shoulders, with a movement and expression instinct with natural coquetry and desire to please.

Before the question is decided, a loud, inarticulate sound, between a yawn, a groan, and a grumble, issues from the breast of a sharp, good-looking American, in a rough coat and felt hat, who is walking to and fro as if he had been doing it for a long time; looking out of the window, into the boxes of dry goods, and at the slim shop-girls in their fine clothes with the same wide-awake, uninterested glance. "My dear," he says, stopping short by a knot of beautifully dressed women, who are in close council over heaps of shiny stuffs, creamy satins with bouquets of tea-roses, silvery brocade with velvety bunches of begonia leaves, and other blooming fabrics as lovely as flower-paintings, "Julia, my dear, I can't hold on any longer. You don't want me. Have you got all the money you want? If you don't know what the figure will be, I'll send a check. I guess that's the best plan, any way. Good-bye, girls. I suppose you'll all turn up about dinner-time." Off he goes. The shopwoman who is waiting on his wife and daughters has a pale, faded, handsome, refined face, and is dressed with severe simplicity in black silk, with a white fichu. She has been part of the establishment longer than any one else, except the head of it. She bestows a discreet smile upon the ladies, as if to say that one may well be tolerant of the oddities of such a man as that. "Well, name a figure," Mr. Worth is heard to say. "Will you say two thousand francs?" "*That* you won't," interposes the English husband. "Let us see something reasonable." "A thousand francs, if you like," returns Worth; "one must fix a sum to begin." The pale, sympathetic shopwoman tells the American ladies that she knows exactly what will suit them. Mademoiselle —— is to marry Prince Radziwill next week, and they shall see some of her dresses; and she gives an order to a man in livery. "That would make a good gown, I should say," observes the Englishman. "Of course it would. There's nothing here that wouldn't make a good gown," Mr. Worth responds; "but for my part, I don't like to put fine wine in dirty glasses." The mother and daughter giggle; the father observes: "I don't quite understand." "Why, I like to see a fine bust in a handsome dress, and I shouldn't like to put that young lady's form in a second-rate silk." A louder buzz of voices drowns the rejoinder; then there is a momentary hush, and a line of porters in livery make their way into the room, each holding a magnificent dress-skirt, followed by a frowzy little girl bearing the train. It looks as if the Princess Radziwill's clothes were going to court without her. Everybody draws back with involuntary respect as the splendid array sweeps by. The American ladies burst into rapturous exclamations, and at once order similar dresses.

Meanwhile people have been coming and going, but the rooms are now full. There is not room enough; there is not air enough; there are not hands enough to wait upon the customers. There are loud calls for Miss Mary, Miss Ella, Madame Bouillon, Madame Emile, Mademoiselle Hélène. There is an incessant subdued slamming of the swing-doors. Untidy minxes of twelve or thirteen, with pert London faces, dressed in threadbare stuff gowns, run in and out on errands among the elegantly dressed shopwomen and purchasers. The clerks dash about, running against the women of the house, in their costumes of Charles II.'s time, catch them in their arms, dodge, laugh, and rush onward. Incessant questions assail the forewoman: "Where shall Mrs. S. try on her dress?" "When is the Duchesse de B. to call again?" "Who is to fit the Queen of Bohemia to-morrow?" "Which are Miss L.'s patterns?" "How much will you make my costume for?" "Why has my coat not been sent home?" The answers come as clear and prompt as if read from a book: "Mrs. S. to the second dressing-closet. The Duchesse can call the day after to-morrow, at eleven o'clock. Madame Emile is to fit the Queen to-day, at five o'clock. Miss L.'s patterns went this morning by post. The lowest we can make you that dinner-dress for, madame, is fifteen hundred francs; if you use your own lace, it will be fourteen hundred and seventy-five. Your coat is only waiting for the buttons, miss. Those you desired had to be made to order." The speaker is an Englishwoman, tall and thin, but well made and graceful, with a small head, sharp, little features, and a bold, intelligent, irritable face; in all the hubbub and confusion she keeps her head, her temper, and her civility. There is not a pretense of order, quiet, decorum—what the French call *terme*. Mr. Worth sets the example. "Here, Ella!" he shouts from the inner room to a girl who is in the act of showing goods to a lady. The slender Ella drops the silk, leaves the customer, and flies; in a minute more she is to be seen gliding about in a flame-colored satin mantle, which Mr. Worth is recommending to an immensely stout, swarthy, elderly woman, whom he addresses as "*Altesse*" (your highness). The clerks laugh and talk with each other, leaning against the counters, in the brief breathing spaces of their attendanee on purchasers. "How, Alfonso! You a Spaniard, and not gone to pay your respects to the king to-day?" "Well, Danicheff, has your grand duchess sent for you yet? She must need some new clothes, as the nihilists blew up her old ones." The principal male personages are an ugly, common-looking, shabby little man of fifty or thereabout, with a clever, cynical face, and a great gift for remembering people whom he has once seen, and a supple, sinuous young fellow, with a delicately cut Jewish profile, and extremely long, dark eyes and slender eyebrows marking an almond-shaped outline on his ivory-tinted complexion, hair and beard worn very close in the Venetian fashion of the sixteenth century; he is extremely civil and capable, but the chief direction evidently lies with the women.

Mr. Worth has become invisible, but is audible, haranguing a new party: "That's the dress you want; it sets off a good figure. When a lady rises and comes forward to receive, her skirt must take a graceful sweep—so. This new silk falls into the right folds. I made one like it for a rich Philadelphia lady. Philadelphia ladies are very particular. I'll make yours blue. Like this brocade? I made it up last spring for Mrs. B. of Boston. She wanted something else, but I said, 'Now, Mrs. B., I know what'll suit you better than you do yourself. You leave it to me, and I know you'll be satisfied.' But Mrs. B. thought she knew better, and we had a difference, and she went off to somebody else." "Where did she go?" asked a listener. "Lord, how do I know? To the Bon Marché, I suppose, ha, ha, ha! But she came back in a week or two, and said she, 'Well, Mr. Worth, you *do* suit me better than anybody else, and I'm going to let you make me that dress. What will you make it for?' I said, 'Mrs. B., if you want cheap stuff, you had better go somewhere else; but if you'll trust me, I'll make you the handsomest dress you ever had on your back, and not charge you too much, either.' So I made the dress and sent it home; and Mrs. B. came and said to me, 'Mr. Worth, you've been better than your word——'" Here the din drowns the remainder of the story, if there is any. The rooms overflow into the corridor. "There is Monsieur Carolus Duran," says a show-woman to a group of foreign customers. They hasten to the door to see the celebrated painter, a tall, thin figure, with a dark rather handsome face, though a little of the Mephistophelic type, attired with an artist's privileged carelessness. He is inspecting the dress of one of his fair sitters, made according to his order, to see whether it meets his views, and will be worthy of the portrait he is to make of her.

Without, the show-rooms have not half their life, so you go up-stairs. On the story above there are several rooms, with waxed floors, velvet sofas, and carved walnut clothes-presses, through the half-open doors of which you see gleams of satin, velvet, or fur, ready-made garments, for sale or as models. In these rooms there are few people, and it is quiet. On one of the sofas sits an elderly French couple; she is a hard-favored, intelligent-looking, aristocratic woman, and is choosing a wrap for driving; he has gray hair and mustache, and a superb Bonaparte profile, although from their simple dress and distinction of manner, both he and his wife probably belong to the Legitimist society of the Faubourg St. Germain (which does not patronize Mr. Worth), a supposition which is strengthened by their being in the slight conventional mourning, such as is being worn by that set for the Comte de Chambord. In the same room an American lady is looking at opera-cloaks, which are displayed to her by a tall, undulating creature, with warm brown hair, and half-shut eyes of the same color, a creamy face, and a mouth like a large crimson blot upon it. She drapes herself in the plush and cashmere, and advances and recedes to show the effect, unconscious, to all appearance, of the presence of anybody except her especial customer. The French gentleman watches her out of the corner of one eye, without turning his head half an inch; but the French lady keeps a sharp lookout, in the midst of her canny bargaining. At length their showman says that if Madame la Marquise will take the trouble to step into the next room she can see the grey wrap to better advantage, as there are more windows and the light is fading. "Yes, the light is fading," says the marquise, rising briskly and about to follow him; but on the threshold she turns sharply around to her marquis, who sits fast: "Venez, mon ami," and whisks him off from the dangerous propinquity. The light *is* fading, and it is time to go.—*January Atlantic.*

## LITERARY NOTES.

Amid the pæans of praise which have been going up all over nation to "The Bread-winners," there is one chord of dissonance—the dissatisfaction of certain literary critics who voice the opinions of a considerable class of readers. They admit the strength of the book, and its fidelity of description; but they assert that it is too strong, that it is coarse and snobbish, and that its author knows too much about bad society and too little about good society. This is just what could have been expected when the story first opened in the *Century*. The secret of the dissatisfaction is readily solved. "The Bread-winners" is the first book that has attempted to deal with the modern social problem of the United States. The author has handled matters without gloves; he has dealt with the shams of Alice Belding's society as well as those of Maud Matchin. He has scattered blows in every direction; but it is the rude assailing of cherished social institutions that has awakened dissent. Maud Machins in embryo and full-fledged are attending every public school in the land, and dwell on every block in every city east and west. As a rule, they do not make good wives, and they do not make good mothers. Their problem is one which must be decided by the future. It has been clearly put forth in "The Bread-winners" for the first time; but its solution is as far off as ever. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, $1.

February Magazines: Carl Schurz defines his position upon the question of "Corporations, their Employees, and the Public," in the *North American Review* for February. To the same number of the *Review* J. C. Shairp, Principal of the University of St. Andrews, contributes an admirable sketch of the life and works of "Henry Vaughan, Silurist," a poet of the seventeenth century. Senator J. J. Ingalls writes of "John Brown's Place in History." The question, "Must the Classics Go?" is discussed by Professor Andrew F. West, of Princeton College. "Race Increase in the United States," is by Congressman J. Randolph Tucker. The Rev. M. J. Savage points out sundry "Defects of the Public School System." Finally an important question in hygiene, "Rival Systems of Heating," is treated by Doctor A. N. Bell and Professor W. P. Trowbridge.——The *Modern Age* for February opens with a Spanish story, entitled "The Moor's Tower." "A Relic," from the French of Maupassant, is also very bright and entertaining. Madame Henri Gréville's "Little Russian Servant," is a picture of domestic life in the times before the abolition of serfdom. "Genius and Versatility," gives an idea of Matthew Arnold's standing in the English world of letters. Krapotkine's "Outcast Russia" is a description of what exile to Siberia means. The *Modern Age* announces that a strong piece of fiction, entitled "The Story of a Genius," will begin in its March number.—— In the issue of *The Current* for January 19th, C. C. Bonney, a lawyer of Chicago, discusses "The Silver Question" in a brief but comprehensive paper. Mary W. Botsford, of New York, has a story entitled, "When He Will, He Shall Have Nay." "Southern Silhouettes" are continued by James B. Cable, of New Orleans; in Joaquin Miller's serial, "The Wonderful City," a chapter called "Blindman's Bluff," in Central Park, is presented; General Alvin P. Hovey, of Indiana, ex-minister to Peru, in his "Peruvian Pictures," tells a strange and romantic legend of "Virey Amat and Perra Chola"; Lucy H. Hooper, in her papers on the "Celebrated Personages of France," presents a picture of the great French novelist, Emile Zola.

"John Bull and His Island," translated from the French of Max O'Rell, is the cleverest study of the British people since Emerson's masterly work. The criticisms are witty, satirical, and laughably true, and it is no wonder that the little book has had such a sale in London. Although the information has in some instances been exaggerated—with evident unconsciousness, however—the facts are remarkably correct; and it is surprising to find so much thoroughness and completeness of knowledge and observation. The author has noted everything minutely, gives ample and satisfactory reasons for it—very sensibly going to *Punch* for a solution when he can find none other. Some of his observations are bristling with Gallic piquancy: "If you happen to be born a lord in England, you are born a legislator, diplomatist, artist, learned man—anything you like."—"In England religion is the idea that absorbs and dominates all others. The prisons and mad-houses are full of religious maniacs. In France, when we hear of a great crime having been committed, we exclaim: 'Where is the woman?' In England, sift the matter and you will find a chapel. There are few bankrupts really worthy of the name that have not built a church or chapel to win the confidence of investors."——"The oratorio flourishes in England. John Bull likes these biblical subjects set to music. Look at him in his stall (profanation! I should say pew): he does not move, his eyes are closed, that he may hear the better, just as he closes them when he listens to a sermom. It is true that these oratorios contain splendid passages, and that a great number of them were written by such men as Haydn, Händel, Bach, and Mendelssohn. But it is rather a curious thing that most of them were composed in England by these masters—perhaps under the influence of spleen; it is Thames fog set to music. An oratorio lasts three hours and a half; and oratorios are often given every day for a whole week, beginning with the 'Creation,' and so on through the whole list—'Abraham,' 'Joseph' (the indignation with which Joseph rejects, in B flat, the improper propositions of Mrs. Potipher is epic), 'Elijah,' 'Judas,' 'Maccabæus,' 'The Messiah,' 'St. Paul,' etc., etc. The English will not be happy until the whole of the Bible is set to music."—— "The English are fond of their ancient customs, and the Lord Mayor's Show, which would be quite a success at our Paris Hippodrome, is not likely to die out." Speaking of British dogged-perseverance the writer says: "The Englishman has traced himself a programme; nothing will prevent him carrying it out. He leaves England with his dairy written before-hand. He has settled to be on top of a certain mountain at a certain time; he is bound to be there. General Wolseley announced to his countrymen that he would subdue Egypt in twelve days. He took fifteen. It was high time; John Bull was beginning to grumble." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, fifty cents.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

### The Butchers' Row.

We wandered down the Butchers' Row
In old Limoges, the fair;
My love was dressed like May or snow
Under her ruddy hair;
It happed to be St. Maura's fête,
And all the bells rang out,
And through the ruinous English gate
There streamed a merry rout.

The butchers' shops were black as night,
The flags were blue and red;
My love walked on in laughing white,
And a merry word she said;
And down the Row to the river shore
She passed, so pure and gay,
The people took her for St. Maure,
And crossed themselves to pray.

*—Edmund W. Gosse in February Century.*

### No, Thank You, Tom.

They met, when they were girl and boy,
Going to school one day,
And "Won't you take my peg-top, dear?"
Was all that he could say.
She bit her little pinafore,
Close to his side she came,
She whispered, "No! no, thank you, Tom,"
But took it all the same.

They met one day, the self-same way,
When ten swift years had flown;
He said, "I've nothing but my heart,
But that is yours alone.
And won't you take my heart?" he said,
And called her by her name;
She blushed, and said, "No, thank you, Tom,"
But took it all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years
Have brought them care and joy,
She has the little peg-top still
He gave her when a boy.
"I've had no wealth, sweet wife," says he;
"I've never brought you fame."
She whispers, "No, no, thank you, Tom,
You've loved me all the same."

*F. E. Weatherly in London Society.*

### The Appeal to Harold.*

Haro! Haro!
Judge now betwixt this woman and me,
Haro!
She leaves me bond, who found me free.
Of love and hope she hath drained me dry—
Yea, barren as a drought-struck sky;
She hath not left me tears for weeping,
Nor will my eyelids close in sleeping.
I have gathered all my life's-blood up—
Haro!
She hath drunk and thrown aside the cup.

Shall she not give me back my days?
Haro!
I made them perfect for her praise.
There was no flower in all the brake
I found not fairer for her sake;
There was no sweet thought I did not fashion
For aid and servant to my passion.
Labor and learning worthless were,
Haro!
Save that I made them gifts for her.

Shall she not give me back my nights?
Haro!
Give me sweet sleep for brief delights?
Lo! in the night's wan mid I lie,
And ghosts of hours that are dead go by:
Hours of a love that died unshriven;
Of a love in change for my honor given:
She caressed and slew my soul's white truth,
Haro!
Shall she not give me back my youth?

Haro! Haro!
Tell thou me, not of a greater judge,
Haro!
It is he who hath my sin in grudge.
Yea, from God I appeal to thee;
God hath not part or place for me.
Thou who hast sinned, judge thou my sinning:
I have staked my life for a woman's winning.
She hath stripped me of all save remembering—
Haro!
Right thou me, right thou me, Harold the King!

*—H. C. Bunner in January Manhattan.*

* The right of appeal to Harold of Normandy was like the Roman citizen's right of appeal to Cæsar. The cry of "Haro!" was the invocation that called him to protect or to avenge the wronged.

### For Those who Fail.

"All honor to him who shall win the prize,"
The world has cried for a thousand years;
But to him who tries, and who fails, and dies,
I give great honor, and glory, and tears.

Give glory, and honor, and pitiful tears
To all who fail in their deeds sublime,
Their ghosts are many in the van of years,
They were born with Time in advance of Time.

Oh, great is the hero who wins a name,
But greater, many and many a time,
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame,
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn,
And good is the man who refrains from wine;
But the man who fails and yet still fights on,
Lo, he is the twin-born brother of mine.

*—Joaquin Miller in the Philadelphia Press.*

### A Shadow.

My Lady paces up the broad oak stair;
Men smile to see her face so soft and fair.
"Look up! She's worth a glance!" does one declare;
"My Lady there."
Tender and fine, from 'neath a cloud of lace
Crowning her hair, gleams forth her clear-cut face,
Its eyes alight, upon its lips the grace
Of smiles so rare
And gay, that those who pass her feel their light
Warm their own smiles until they grow more bright.
"She looks her best," they say—"her best—to-night,
My Lady there."
The music pulses in the rooms below;
Outside, the moon falls on the soft, deep snow;
Inside, the dancers' rhythm seems to flow
Through all the air.
My Lady paces up the broad oak stair,
The smile still on her lips so red, so rare.
"Look up!" she hears, "and smile then an you dare,
My Lady there!"
The music pulses in the room below,
The dancers to its pulsing come and go:
Out from her face is blanched all light and glow—
*It* fronts her there!
"I am thy Grief! I am thy Grief!" it cries,
"The Grief that darkens for thee all thy skies,
That blights thy bright life for thee as it flies!
And dost thou dare
"To smile and wear thy mask and play thy part
As though thy white breast held no broken heart—
As though it bled not 'neath my stab's fierce smart?
When did *I* spare?
"I am thy passionate grief, thy bitter pain.
Turn on the world thy light, sweet, cold disdain,
But not on me! Here stand I—here again!
Thy fierce Despair!"
She smiles—her smile more sad, but not less sweet
(She hears the music swell, and throb, and beat).
"I know thee!" she says, gently. "Strong and fleet,
Thou dost not spare!
"Lead me, and I will follow to the last;
Or follow *me*—until the light be past.
May I not pray this from a friend so fast?
'Tis all my prayer.
"Once in the darkness, lying at thy feet,
With lips to bitter dust, as it is meet,
Before thine eyes my breast shall bleed and beat,
Throbbing and bare.
"But here, leave me my mask, my smile, my play;
Thou art my friend by night, my shame by day;
With fiercer pang for all thou grant'st I pay—
I speak thee fair;"
"Pass on!" the Shadow answers. "Wear thy mask;
Thus do I grant the boon that thou dost ask.
To wear it be thy weary, bitter task,
Thy ceaseless care."
Onward my Lady passes—all the light
Aglow and trembling in her jewels bright.
"She looks her best," 'tis said, "her best to-night,
My Lady there."
The music throbs and surges soft and low;
Amid the dancers threads she to and fro,
And, following close, and dark, and sure, and slow,
Her Grief is there!

* * * * * * *

My Lady lies upon her dying bed—
"So bright and fair!" her friends have, weeping, said,
"With all youth's flowers upon her golden head
Crowning her hair!"
My Lady meets dark Death with patient grace;
There is a little smile upon her face—
Within her eyes of fear or pain no trace,
No touch of care.
Before her gaze pass shadows moving slow.
"And you are Youth," she says, "but you may go!
And you are Life—and Hope. Pass by also,
Though you were fair!
"But you, dark Shadow, standing at my feet,
Leave me not lonely now; it is not meet;
Though you were bitter, you were true and sweet.
Nearer—not there!
"Clasp close my hand—lay head upon my breast;
My Grief and I—we bore the bitter test!
Let thy sad lips upon my sad ones rest,
And this too share!
"I love you better than my joys," she said,
"Better than all my summer skies!" she said;
And, with her sad smile on her lips, lay dead—
My Lady there.

*—Frances Hodgson Burnett in February Century.*

### Vos Deos Laudamus.

THE TORY JOURNALIST'S ANTHEM.

As a matter of fact, no man living, or who ever lived—not Cæsar or Pericles, not Shakespeare or Michael Angelo—could confer honor more than he took on entering the House of Lords.—*Saturday Review, December 15, 1883.*
Clumsy and shallow snobbery can do no hurt. *Ibid.*

O Lords our Gods, beneficent, sublime,
In the evening, and before the morning flames,
We praise, we bless, we magnify your names.
The slave is he that serves not; his the crime
And shame, who hails not as the crown of Time
That House wherein the all-envious world acclaims
Such glory that the reflex of it shames
All crowns bestowed of men for prose or rhyme.
The serf, the cur, the sycophant is he
Who feels no cringing motion twitch his knee
When from a height too high for Shakespeare nods
The wearer of a higher than Milton's crown.
Stoop, Chaucer, stoop; Keats, Shelley, Burns, bow down;
These have no part with you, O Lords our Gods.

O Lords our Gods, it is not that ye sit
Serene above the thunder, and exempt
From strife of tongues and casualties that tempt
Men merely found by proof of manhood fit
For service of their fellows: this is it
Which sets you past the reach of Time's attempt,
Which gives us right of justified contempt
For commonwealths built up by mere men's wit;
That gold unlocks not, nor may flatterers ope
The portals of your heaven; that none may hope
With you to watch how life beneath you plods,
Save for high service given, high duty done;
That never was your rank ignobly won:
For this we give you praise, O Lords our Gods.

O Lords our Gods, the times are evil; you
Redeem the time, because of evil days.
While abject souls in servitude of praise
Bow down to heads untitled, and the crew
Whose honor dwells but in the deeds they do,
From loftier hearts your nobler servants raise
More manful salutation: yours are bays
That not the dawn's plebeian pearls bedew;
Yours, laurels plucked not of such hands as wove
Old age its chaplet in Colonos' grove.
Out time, with heaven and with itself at odds,
Makes all lands else as seas that seethe and boil;
But yours is yet the corn, and wine, and oil,
And yours our worship yet, O Lords our Gods.

*—Algernon Charles Swinburne in Pall Mall Gazette.*

### To-Day.

Voice, with what mounting fire thou singest free hearts of old fashion,
English storners of Spain sweeping the blue sea-way,
Sing me the daring of life for life, the magnanimous passion
Of man for man, in the mean, populous streets of To-day.

Hand, with what color and power thou couldst show in the ring, hot-sanded,
Brown Bestiarius holding the lean, tawn tiger at bay,
Paint me the wrestle of Toil with the wild beast Want, bare-handed;
Shadow me forth a soul steadily facing To-day.

*—Helen Gray Cone in February Atlantic.*

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Doctor B——, after having bought a lot in the Montparnasse cemetery, went to the marble-worker to order the tomb. After the details were arranged the marble-worker said: "Monsieur did well to select this cemetery; it is so quiet. And then, monsieur le docteur must know a good many people here."

The conversation was about bishops, and one fervent dame said: "How good the dear Bishop of Peterborough is! What a good man!" Instantly a gentleman replied: "There is no merit in that; bishops ought to be so. They get five thousand a year for being good, while we are expected to be good for nothing—and most of us are."

Thomas Jefferson used to relate an incident that occurred when he was Vice-President, on one of his journeys homeward from Philadelphia, then the national capital. The landlady of a hotel where he stayed had just returned from the funeral of a young relative. "But, Mr. Jefferson," said she, "we have one comfort in our affliction. We have the consolation of knowing that everything was done for him which could be done. He was bled, sir, six-and-twenty times."

Archbishop Whately was once endeavoring to elicit the ideas of an Irish candidate for the office of teacher on the market value of labor with reference to demand and supply; but being baffled, the prelate put a question in this simple form: "If there are in your village two shoemakers with just sufficient employment to enable them to live comfortably, or, say, tolerably, and no more, what would follow if a third shoemaker set up in the same village?" "Why, a fight, sir!" said the candidate. Which was likely enough, but it was not the reply the reverend prelate looked for.

When the king of that mythical empire, Monomotapa, located in eastern Africa, sneezes, the whole court is thrown into confusion. Those nearest his majesty salute him with a benediction, which the attendants in the adjoining rooms repeat with a loud voice. Those outside the palace take up the salutation, and from them it is communicated to the people in the city. Two minutes after the majestic nose sneezes, the entire city is yelling at the top of its voice: "Heaven preserve his Majesty!" Imagine the racket in the dominion of the King of Monomotapa, when his majesty has a severe cold in the head!

Chancellor Kent used to tell an amusing incident in his own life to illustrate the prejudices cherished among even intelligent people against lawyers: Having put up his shingle in a small town, where there was little law business, he was visited one evening by several of the leading citizens. While congratulating himself that good times were coming, the words of their chief speaker almost took away his breath. "Mr. Kent," he said, "we have been talking over the question of your settlement with us, and have concluded that we do not want any lawyer here." Then he added, as a kind of salve for the wound: "If we were to have one, we would rather have you than any one else."

The relations between royal personages and literary men have always been unconventional. Carlyle had an interview with Queen Victoria, and the position of Prussia as a European power came up for discussion. The Queen has a well-known aversion to sitting down. Carlyle was accustomed to sit and talk, and, perhaps, a little to dogmatize. "I think, your majesty, as this is likely to be a big subject, we had better be seated before we discuss it." The Queen sat and listened, and was delighted with the historian. But then Carlyle had a frankness about him that may have been a relief after so many courtiers. The ignorance of the young prince at Oxford has considerably surprised his tutor. It is said that it was necessary to explain to him the existence of a dog tax as a source of national revenue, and of the Magna Charta as one of the great factors in the working of the constitution. Outside his book-room his knowledge seems to be more extensive. When he got on the river, he sought to show a new stroke to a fellow-student. That under-graduate was not respectful to his prince. "You teach your grandmother to——" The speaker did not finish the sentence, remembering who that august relative actually was.

At a meeting of the Washington Press Club, the other night, Colonel Wintersmith, of Kentucky, told the following story: "I was a candidate for Senator from Kentucky in 1876," he said, "when I told one story that defeated me; but I can tell it now without any such danger. One day I was in the gallery of the Senate when McCreery, of Kentucky, arose to make a speech. Every Senator on the floor sought the cloak-room, except his colleague, Garret Smith, and the President. I could not help that, but when a stampede from the galleries began I felt that my opportunity had come. Jumping to my feet, I shouted: 'Senator McCreery is a Kentuckian, so am I. The first man who moves out of this gallery shall die.' All took their seats under duress, and for more than five mortal hours even, we sat still, listening to his address. When it was over I lowered the pistol which I had held ready in my hand, and the crowd started. With a gesture one man stopped the rush. 'Colonel Wintersmith,' he said, 'we have stayed here under duress at your request. Now let me ask you a favor.' 'It is granted before it is asked,' I said, not to be outdone in courtesy. He went on: 'Colonel Wintersmith, we have been here nearly six hours because we preferred to stay rather than be shot. But if this emergency ever happens again, we ask you simply this—shoot, without any parley.' Some newspaper men got hold of it. McCreery's friends were so angry with me that rather than see me elected they turned in and chose Beck. It does not pay to be indiscreet, and telling this story spoiled my being a Senator."

## THE CAPTURE AT THE BOULE NOIRE.

A Story of the Paris Secret Police.

The 15th of March, 1882, at nine o'clock in the evening, a cab stopped in front of the entrance of the ball of the Boule Noire. A man stepped out of the vehicle; he was about thirty-five years old, tall, thin, with an intelligent and bold face, slightly blonde mustache curled up and carefully tended, a jacket of black velvet, a soft felt hat a little on one side of his head, and Swedish gloves. Another man had been walking up and down on the footpath for the last quarter of an hour. He had on a frock-coat, buttoned up to the chin, a dirty collar, ragged black necktie, large hat, heavy mustache, and whiskers cut squarely on his cheeks. He carried a heavy cane. The two men accosted each other, and in a rapid tone exchanged these words:

"This way, Dubrisart, this way."

"Marcou! Is it you who sent for me?"

"Yes; but there is too much light and too many people on the footpath. Let us cross the boulevard."

They crossed the street, and when they were on the other side, leaning against the wall of a whitesmith's shop that turns the corner of the Rue des Martyrs, Marcou, the man with the frock-coat, took Dubrisart's two hands in his and pressed them with effusion.

"Dubrisart, I am glad to see you again. You never come into our quarters now; you work in high politics; you go on foreign missions. I have been told of that. And when I think you began as a little auxiliary of no account in my brigade! I was your superior."

"And you are still my friend, my dear Marcou. I have had luck and protection."

"And then you have education and distinguished manners. There is not a man at the prefecture who knows how to dress as you do, not even the prefect himself. You belong to an honorable family. You speak English, so you were sent to England under the Empire to see what was going on at Li—Toni—Tiken, where the Orleans princes were."

"Twickenham."

"Yes, that's it. I, my dear fellow, have gone on vegetating in paltry service. But to-night I have a rather important affair in hand. In the course of the day a certain Aglaë Ripon came to the Prefecture. Ah! you don't know her? She's a celebrity at the balls and taverns about here. We were then—four or five of us—chatting around the stove. The woman came into the office furious, saying that she knew one of the chiefs of the Commune—a man who had pillaged, shot, committed arson, and done the whole thing in fact. Naturally, we asked Mademoiselle Ripon to take a chair. She came to offer to give up to us, this evening, at the Boule Noire, Stafner, who had been an officer under the Commune."

"Stafner? The man who stabbed me in a little café at Belleville in 1860?"

"Yes; and it is because I know the story of that stabbing that I asked you to come. I don't know Stafner, and I thought that you would not mind helping."

"Gladly; and I shall recognize him, do not fear. He is to be at the ball to-night?"

"At ten o'clock."

"And Aglaë Ripon?"

"Three of my men—Cervoisier, Poilat, and Chaulet—are going to bring her. They ought to be here already. When she had made her declaration she wanted to go away, but I did not lose the young lady. I know what woman's anger is—it goes up and down in five minutes. She had only to find her lover to feel a moment's remorse, to warn him, and our little plan would have been spoiled. She had a rendezvous with Stafner at ten o'clock this evening, and that was all I wanted. I told her that the government would pay for her dinner and a cab to go to the ball; but that she would not be allowed to go home until she had served us up Stafner. Ah! probably there they are. The cab is stopping on this side of the boulevard."

The door of a cab opened a few steps from Dubrisart and Marcou. Out of it came, accompanied by three policemen in plain clothes, a tall girl in a woolen dress, a cape of gray cloth, and a black hat with a big bunch of red roses hanging from the left side. One of the men came up to Marcou, while the two others kept a watch on the woman, who looked around her with an air of alarm.

"Monsieur Marcou," said the man, "you ought to speak to the girl. She alarms me. She would not eat any dinner. She has been crying in the cab. For certain, she regrets what she has done, and is afraid of what remains for her to do."

"I'll talk to her," said Marcou; and he went up to the woman.

"Listen," he said to her, "no nonsense, you know. You have your record at the Prefecture. I have been glancing over it to-day. There are some bad things in it, and if we wanted to send you to Saint Lazare for five or six months, we should not want pretexts. You know the house."

"You are wrong," said Dubrisart to Marcou; "you must never be brusque with a woman. Let me talk to her." And approaching Aglaë Ripon, he said: "Listen to me, my pretty maid. If you are reasonable, we will take care of your reputation, and no one shall know that you gave up Stafner. We shall take you into the ball, and you shall sit at a table by the side of the orchestra, near the little door that leads into the garden. You will remain there with these three gentlemen, and drink as much sugared wine and smoke as many cigarettes as you like. The government will pay. This gentleman and myself will be in the garden. When Stafner arrives you will go up to him; if you try to lead him toward the street door, our men will seize him, but they will not touch you; they will tell everybody that you betrayed your man for fifty francs. But if you bring him quietly into the garden, we will pack off the pair of you. There will be no disgrace for you; you will be taken to the Prefecture; you will be set at liberty a quarter of an hour afterward, and you can finish your evening at Vauxhall or at the Elysée Montmartre. Do you understand? Yes? And you will be reasonable? That is right. Now go with these gentlemen; we will wait for you in the garden."

Aglaë and the three policemen crossed the boulevard and entered the ball. Marcou and Dubrisart followed them, passed through the room, and went and sat on a bench at one end of the garden. The evening was cool, and the garden was deserted.

* * * * * * * *

"I can offer you a fine cigar," said Dubrisart to Marcou; "I bought three or four excellent boxes at Antwerp."

"Ah! you have been at Antwerp?"

"Yes, three weeks ago, for the Comte de Chambord."

"Do you travel much?"

"Since the 4th of December I am always on the move."

"You did not stay in Paris during the siege?"

"No; on September 5th I already saw what the government of the national defense was worth. Those gentlemen had the idea of keeping Paris without secret police. Lunatics, pure lunatics. As I was supposed to have a certain merit, I was offered the post of secretary to a police commissioner who had been newly appointed, and who could not perform his duties without assistance. I refused. I do not like sedentary parts. I said to myself: 'Some day or other the secret police will be reorganized, and I shall be wanted.' I left Paris with a company of sharpshooters. For two months we beat about in the forest of Orleans, and then went to Tours to recruit. It was about the middle of November. The first man I met in Tours, in the Rue Royale, was that big Versac, who, before the 4th of September, was in the brigade of the Château, and who took me at once to the headquarters of the Sûreté-Générale. He told me, as we were going along, that Monsieur Gambetta was a man who had some idea of government; that since his arrival they were trying to reorganize a secret police, but that they were in great difficulties. The government of Tours found it easy enough to improvise prefects and generals; but they can not improvise a police. That is where our force lies. They are always obliged to come back to us. They made me a very fair offer, and when they knew that I had been at Twickenham, at Baden, and at Woodnorton, to keep an eye on the Orleans princes, they said to me: 'That is capital. We know that the Prince de Joinville is hiding somewhere in one of the provincial armies. Try to find him!' So I went to seek the Prince de Joinville. It seemed to me odd to be doing the same business for the republic as I had been doing for the empire for ten years. Ah! old fellow, we get to be philosophers after fifteen years of political police. The empire sent us to run after the Orleans princes. The republic sent us to run after the Orleans princes. The more it changes, you see, the more it is still the same thing. We caught the Prince de Joinville at last. It was in the army of the Loire that he was fighting against the Prussians. We kept him prisoner at the prefecture at Le Mans for five days, and then it was I who accompanied him to Saint Malo, when he took the boat for England. The fact is that our business is not monotonous. When I think, for instance, that I who am here talking to you in the garden of the Boule Noire—I arrested, January 13, 1871, the Prince de Joinville, at Le Mans, and, the 17th of July the same year, the painter Courbet, at Paris, hidden in a cupboard; when I think that I presented my respects to the Emperor Napoleon, at Chiselhurst, on January 18, 1872, and to the Comte de Chambord, at Antwerp, on the 24th of February following"——

"You have spoken to the Emperor and to the Comte de Chambord?"

"As I am speaking to you, Marcou. At Chiselhurst it was nothing to boast about; you left your name and address with the gate-keeper, and the following day you received a letter of audience. I had arranged for myself a nice little Bonapartist story: 'My grandfather, captain in the Imperial Guard, killed at Waterloo,' etc. We were received one Sunday, after mass, in a batch of ten or twelve. We all entered together a little blue saloon on the ground floor, and whom did I see at the Emperor's side? Our former chief, Pietri. Then when my turn came to say a few words I made up a phrase about the state of Paris, where there was neither security nor police. I added that everybody regretted the empire and the administration of Monsieur Piétri. The emperor smiled as I was going out. Monsieur Piétri came and shook me by the hand, and said to me that I had spoken like a good Frenchman.

"My campaign at Antwerp was more difficult. They had sent for me at the Prefecture and had told me to go to Antwerp and see what was going on there. I asked permission to fix my own day and hour of departure, and to be allowed to act as I thought proper. They gave me the authorization, and it was agreed that there should be no questions asked about my expenses. Five or six persons were sent to Antwerp. I allowed my comrades to start, and I set out on February 22d. The pilgrimage to Antwerp was then at its prime. I arrived in good time at the Northern Railway station. I examined the passengers as they came in. I said to myself: 'The train starts at seven in the morning and arrives at Antwerp at three in the afternoon. I must choose my compartment carefully, get into conversation with my fellow-passengers, and have some sponsors when I arrive at Antwerp. For that I have eight hours. It is more than enough.'

"I was, as you may imagine, irreproachably dressed. I had taken with me, as my valet, Versac; you know Versac, whom I found at Tours. We are great friends now, and always work together. He is a clever fellow, but he prefers minor rôles, where there is no responsibility. He was, too, well repaid for his journey. He fell in with a charming little Legitimist chambermaid, and she told him heaps of things about one of the greatest houses in the Faubourg Saint Germain. Versac is a handsome man, he won her affection, and he found her when he returned to Paris, and so we have a good door open there.

"At the station I saw an old gentleman with a lady of some thirty years of age, not pretty, but very agreeable. I looked at them. I said to myself: 'That is my affair,' and I got into their compartment. I was not mistaken. They were going to visit the king—once in the train, you know, we said not the Comte de Chambord, but the king! At the station of Luzarches we exchanged our names and titles. The old gentleman was named the Marquis de Boustasson. I called myself the Baron de Martonne de Lustrac. Besides my Bonapartist story I have a Legitimist story, which is connected very adroitly and in a very complicated manner with two names of extinct families. At Creil I learnt the name of the young woman. She was the daughter of the old marquis and widow of the Comte de la Riballière. Between Creil and Compiègne the old marquis told me his history. Between Compiègne and Tergniers I related to him mine. I was a Frenchman from beyond the seas, who had come over for the war with the volunteers of Montevideo. At Tergniers we breakfasted at the same table, the marquis, the countess, and myself. At Antwerp we put up at the same hotel, and in the evening Versac took our two requests for an audience to the Comte de Blacas at the Hôtel Saint-Antoine. The marquis in his letter had spoken of me, and I in mine had spoken of him. I was no longer alone. I had a sponsor, and what a sponsor! A marquis, with long, silvery hair, and a majestic and venerable air. In short, I assure you, the best there was in the train.

"The following day we were received, all three of us, at the Hôtel Saint Antoine, in a series of twenty to twenty-five persons. We were introduced in batches, as at Chiselhurst. When the king entered, there was great emotion. The old marquis, especially, was as if he had been crushed. He fell on his knees, and they had all the trouble in the world to raise him up. He wanted to kiss the king's hand. He began to ramble in his talk, to say that now he could die, etc. We brought him back to the hotel where we had put up. He took to his bed, and I and the countess passed the evening with him. Eight or ten persons who were in our batch came to ask after the health of the old marquis. The next day we returned all the visits that we had received. I remained at Antwerp until the departure of the king, and saw a great many people. I returned with a report and notes, which did me much honor. And if I had had a little fatuity, I might even add that the countess had a way of leaning on my arm and looking at me sideways when we went to see the pictures in the museum at Antwerp—— Ah, I might, perhaps, have made a very fine marriage!"

* * * * * * * * *

"Monsieur Marcou, the man has come, and the woman is bringing him into the garden."

At these words, uttered by one of the policemen, Dubrisart and Marcou rose, traversed the garden, and, remaining on the door-sill, looked into the dancing-room. They saw Aglae Ripon coming along the circular promenade on the arm of a little, red-haired man in a grey coat and wearing a soft felt hat. The little man was talking much and seemed very animated. The woman did not seem to be listening. Her gait was uncertain, her glance vague. She must have drunk a great deal of sugared wine. By a mechanical gesture of her left hand, she almost constantly pushed back the bunch of red roses that beat against her face. The two policemen followed.

"Do you recognize him?" said Marcou to Dubrisart.

"No; he wore all his beard; he had dark hair. I see before me a beardless man with red hair. But we shall soon see; I have certain means of knowing if it is he."

When the woman saw the garden door, and when she recognized Marcou and Dubrisart, who were waiting on each side of the door, she drew herself up, screamed, and tried to rush back. But the policeman seized both the man and the woman and pushed them violently into the garden. Marcou shut the door. At that moment the quadrille finished, and five hundred voices cried furiously, "Encore, encore!"

"Let the woman go," said Dubrisart, "and bring the man here under the gas-lamp. Then—and now, my friend, show me your left hand. Open it. Ah! there are my three teeth. It was I who gave you those three marks in exchange for a cut from your knife. Handcuff him. It is Stafner."

* * * * * * * * *

Dubrisart and Mrrcou arrived at the Prefecture at half-past ten that evening. One of the chief detectives was there. They gave him an account of their expedition.

"Very good," he said. "Marcou, I thank you; but you, Dubrisart, remain. I have a question to ask you. I have had several reports about the reception at Antwerp. In one of my reports a Baron de Martonne de Lustrac is mentioned as having been very violent in his language. He spoke most insultingly in public concerning Monsieur Thiers. You did not see this Baron de Martonne de Lustrac?"

"Yes, I saw him."

"Well, you say nothing about him in your report. Why?"

"Because it was myself."

"I thought so. And this is what comes of our fantastic police, without orders or discipline. At every line in your report you speak of a Comtesse de la Riballière"——

"Yes, who was very fervent, and whose father"——

"The Marquis de Boustasson. Yes, I know. Wait a minute."

The chief opened a door.

"Madame Robert," he said, "will you come in, if you please?"

And the Baron de Martonne de Lustrac saw the Comtesse de la Riballière enter, dressed in the most modest fashion. Both of them, the baron and the countess looked at each other astonished.

"Monsieur Dubrisart, Madame Robert; Madame Robert, Monsieur Dubrisart. Look at each other well, I pray you, and be good enough when you meet not to practice your secret police against each other."

Dubrisart and Madame Robert left the chief's office and while they were going down one of the staircases of the Prefecture, Dubrisart said:

"There is only only one thing that puzzles me—it is the old marquis. He had a positively noble air. Where did you discover him?"

"He is my father," replied Madame Robert; "he used to be an actor. He was perfection in the rôles of noble fathers."—*Ludovic Halévy.*

## THE PIONEERS OF BAJA CALIFORNIA.

### Bancroft's "North Mexican States."

The latest number of H. H. Bancroft's "History of t Pacific States of North America" is "The North lexican States," which is volume ten of the series. It e braces a period of nearly three hundred years, from 1511 to 1800, and chronicles the events occuring between t se two dates, from the first explorations of Hernan Cortez to the settlement and subjugation, by Spanish ests and soldiers, of the States discussed. In many re- cts this volume is more important than its predecessors this time, and it is certainly of more especial interest to readers in California. The North Mexican States em- aced what now corresponds to Texas, Coahuila, Duran- o, Chihuahua, New Mexico, Sinaloa, Sonora, Arizo- a, and the two Californias. Of the later, Baja Cali- rnia receives fuller treatment than Alta California, and so, in a great measure, than its modern importance ould admit; but this is for the reason of its geographical sition and historical prominence.

The early navigators and explorers, after Columbus, re ever pushing northward in search of the Asiatic ast. This cause brought about the discovery and set- ment of the northern provinces much sooner than other- se. Gradually, however, they gave up the hope of ding a shorter route to India; and then the greed of nquest, lands, and gold took possession of the number- ss petty commanders, who found the more southern rtions of Mexico not as fabulously rich as they desired. ogether with them came the friars—Jesuits and Francis- ns—planting the cross and founding missions wherever e presence of Indians rendered the location propitious r the faith. As the explorers and colonists pushed rthward, they continually looked for strange and unheard- creatures and peoples, beside fabulous gold mines and ver mountains. In some cases they certainly did meet ith curious adventures. At Jalisco they found the native uses, for purposes of defense, were built round interior urts; and horrid masses of snakes, with intercoiled bod- s and protruding heads, lay in the dark corners of the wellings, where they were tamed, venerated, and finally ten. Nuño de Guzman had, as his strongest incentive r exploration (and the same dream filled the head of ortez), the discovery of the rich and mysterious Isles of mazons, where the women were ravishingly beautiful. his idea at last seemed to be realized in the reports of e country surrounding what is now known as the town of lazatlan, and what was then called Ciguatan; and thither uzman went, with all his followers. As they drew nearer Ciguatan his hopes were greatly excited. Natives along e route were willing to gratify the Spanish desire for the arvelous, or whatever else it was. "The women of Ci- uatan were represented as living alone, except during four onths of the year, when young men from the adjoining rovinces were invited to till their fields by day, and were ewarded with caresses at night. Boy babies were killed r sent to their fathers; girls were allowed to grow up." hese details, with many variations, are repeated by each riter as having been told before they arrived, and as cor- oborated, more or less completely, by what they saw and eard at Ciguatan, where they found many women and ew men. But this happened from the fact that all the en had either fled to avoid the Spaniards or to make reparations for an attack. "The Amazon bubble had urst," says the author, "but the soldiers were by no eans inclined to forget the marvels on which their imagi- ations had so long feasted; they continued to talk long fter their return to Mexico of the wonderful City of Vomen."

The first permanent colony made by the Jesuits in Baja Lower) California was under the direction of the Spanish Admiral Isidro Otondo, in 1683, at San Bruno, north of La Paz.

But after two years of toil and trouble in a rugged and nproductive region, the mission had to be given up on ccount of the withdrawal of Otondo and his garrison. The next attempt of the Jesuits was in 1797. Father Kino, who was quite a remarkable man, and did more than any of the explorers to ascertain the resources and features of Northern Mexico, had infused another Jesuit—Father Juan Maria Salvatierra—with a fervor to convert and col- onize Baja California. Salvatierra applied to the king and o the viceroy, but all in vain; and even the *audencia* re- used to hear any word of the enthusiast's entreaties.

This discouragement only impelled Salvatierra to fresh efforts; and he was cheered by a letter from Father Juan Bautista Zappa, who assured his old friend that he was chosen by God to plant the faith in California. Zappa promised a speedy visit, and it is even said that he paid it the next year in spirit form just after his de- cease. By his advice Our Lady of Loreto, the invincible conquis- tadora, was made by Father Juan Maria his spiritual queen and patroness of his great enterprise. Still the years dragged on, and the end seemed no nearer. Salvatierra was transferred from the college at Guadalajara to that of Tepozotlan; and in 1696 he visited Mexico, where he met Kino, and the two vainly exhausted their powers of argument, each returning in disappointment to his labors. But the general of the comany, Tirso Gonzalez de Santaella, had become interested, and visiting America openly espoused the cause. The crown solicitor. José de Miranda Villaizan, had long been Salvatierra's friend; and the provincial, Palacios, had been won over. Under such influences, the audencia saw the scheme in a different light, and represented it favorably to the viceroy. The sky looked brighter. Salvatierra was released by his provincial from other duties to seek pecuniary aid from private sources, it being understood that nothing could be expected from the crown. He went to Mexico for that purpose early in 1697. There he met Father Juan Ugarte, professor of philosophy in the Jesuit college, a man as shrewd as he was pious, with a remarkable address in the management of temporal affairs, who, with unlimited zeal, joined Salvatierra in the work of collecting funds, and consented to act as general agent of the enterprise in Mexico. The first fruit of their united efforts was a promise of two thousand pesos from the Count of Miravalles and the Marquis of Buena Vista. The gener- ous example was quickly followed, and soon the contributions amounted to fifteen thousand pesos. Then the congregation of Dolores in Mexico gave eight thousand pesos to endow a mission, afterward increasing the sum to twelve thousand or an annual reve- nue of five hundred pesos. To crown all, Juan Caballero y Osio, a wealthy priest of Querétaro, subscribed twenty thousand pesos as a fund for two other missions, promising, moreover, to honor all drafts bearing Salvatierra's signature. These generous contri- butions were the foundation of the famous *fondo piadoso de Cali- fornias*. Pedro Gil de la Sierpe, treasurer at Acapulco, gave a *lancha*, or long-boat, and promised to lend a galliot to cross the gulf. There was a royal cédula forbidding expeditions to Califor- nia; but it was urged that the Tarahumara war, the foundation of that order, was ended; and an argument of still greater weight was that the royal pocket was not to be touched. After much discus- sion, the viceroy, Conde de Moctezuma, granted a license on Feb- ruary 5, 1697. It empowered Salvatierra and Kino to undertake the conversion of the Californias on two conditions; first, that it should be at their own expense, and, second, that the country should be taken possession of in the name of the king. They might enlist and pay soldiers, appoint and remove officials; indeed the whole affair was left in their hands. Thus the boon so long and patiently sought was obtained—permission to enter at their own risk and cost a poor and unattractive country for the purpose of converting the heathen; and no conqueror ever craved more persistently leave to invade and plunder a rich province. It has been the fashion to see sinister and selfish designs in all Jesuit un- dertakings; but, however much Loyola's followers in other parts of the world may have merited this opprobrium, no just person will suspect that the founders of the California missions were act- uated by any but the purest motives. That the founders in serving God sought to advance the glory of their order, and that the Jesuits not only dreamed of undiscovered wealth in the northwest, but attached an otherwise inexplicable importance to the arid pen- insula in comparison with other missionary fields, by reason of the exclusive control given the society, are facts that by no means de- tract from the credit due to Salvatierra and his associates. Nor is it strange that Jesuit and other Catholic writers have exagger- ated the difficulties overcome and the magnitude of the achieve- ment.

For twenty long years did Salvatierra work for the mis- sions of California with untiring energy. The settlement which he established at Loreto was many times on the point of being abandoned for want of food and money, and because of the terrible diseases which swept through the land, carrying off soldiers, monks, and Indians; but Salvatierra strove, with encouraging words and never-fail- ing effort to tide over the troubles, until finally, just as he sank down into his grave, an aged man, wearied and pain- racked with sickness, substantial aid came from the gov- ernment to put the mission on a lasting basis. The story of his trials and brave unselfishness is well set forth in the history, and proves one of the most fascinating portions of the work.

The government of the early Jesuit missions is an inter- esting subject for study. As an example, the system of the Baja California missions, which afterward served for the Franciscans in Alta California, was as follows: The chief authority on the peninsula was the Father Superior, and under him were all the missions. Under him, in suc- cessive steps, came the provincial, visitador-general, visitador, rector, and missionary. The following suc- cinctly states the plan on which each mission was formed and conducted:

> When a new mission was to be founded, care was taken that it should not be isolated or cut off from communication with its near- est neighbor by an impassable country or by intervening hostile tribes; the people of the chosen district were, indeed, generally visited, propitiated, and prepared for conversion beforehand. The father who was to make the foundation was usually accompanied to his new field by several soldiers and a number of neophytes be- longing to another mission, who, with the assistance of the people of the vicinity, soon put up the few rough buildings necessary, and then left the padre and his solitary guard to their own devices. Meanwhile the missionary drew his new converts together, and these were instructed and maintained till the establishment was in good working order. A nucleus being thus formed, the padre turned his attention to the neighboring rancherias, and as fast as he brought these to a proper state of subjection, incorporated them into *pueblos de visita* of a manageable size and at a convenient dis- tance from the mission proper, which thus became the capital of a little community of Christian villages. Each pueblo had its In- dian governor, appointed by the padre, whose duty it was to main- tain order and report to the father and the soldier disturbances which he could not remedy. There was also a native *maestro de la doctrina* in each pueblo, who superintended the simple religious observances which were expected of his people, such as the repeti- tion of prayers, litany, and catechism. The inhabitants of the pueblos came in to the mission at regular intervals, and in stated numbers, to hear mass, receive instruction, and celebrate feasts, and were in turn frequently visited by the missionary; but these arrangements, as well as the amount of food and clothing they ob- tained from the padre, varied according to the condition and re- sources of the mission to which they were attached. In most cases they were expected to find their own subsistence, which they did after the primitive fashion of their fathers in the plains and mount- ains, though at regular hours and under the supervision of an elder. The exact status of the pueblo Indians of Lower Califor- nia is, in fact, not very clear. Though required to observe a cer- tain degree of order and discipline, they did not enjoy all the ad- vantages of their brethren at the mission; but we must suppose that comparative liberty of action and exemption from labor com- pensated for this distinction. It appears besides, that in some in- stances the mission had no permanent Indian population, but was occupied in routine by the people of one or two pueblos, who, after partaking of the padre's bounty and instruction for a week or so, returned to their village, and made room for an equal number of their brethren. It was sometimes the custom, too, for the padre to personally instruct and maintain all new converts until they were fit to join a pueblo community, in which cases the mission was little more than a religious nursery, so to speak, and could have afforded room but for very few stationary neophytes. It is certain that in the mission itself the daily routine was much more elaborate and regular, and the discipline more strict than in the dependent villages. Early every morning, mass, at which all the neophytes assisted, was celebrated by the padre; the doctrina was recited, and a song of praise was chanted by all present. Then a breakfast of maize gruel, or porridge, was distributed, and as soon as this simple meal was concluded the Indians went into the field to work. The labor, however, was light, for there was little to do and there were many to do it. At noon all returned to the mission for dinner, which consisted of maize porridge, with meat and vege- tables when such luxuries could be afforded. After a long rest, the field work was resumed until a little before sunset, when the church bell tolled for more religious services; after which came a supper of *pozole*, an hour or two of recreation, and bed-time. Every Sun- day the padre preached and every feast-day was a holiday. The boys and girls were kept apart in separate houses, the former un- der the eye of an experienced male superintendent, the latter under a native matron. These young people did not labor, but were in- structed by the padre in person in religious matters and in various little arts, particularly those of shearing, preparing, and weaving wool. Father Ugarte even went so far as to send to Nueva Galicia for an experienced weaver named Antonio Moran, who was en- gaged at a yearly salary of five hundred pesos, and who lived for many years in California, instructing the natives in his trade. With the coarse stuff thus woven at home, and various kinds of very indifferent cloth imported from Mexico, the neophytes were clothed.

It was in this manner that all the Mexican States and provinces were finally occupied and settled. Baja California became so flourishing in its missions that the govern- ment, ever greedy of gain, turned the Jesuits out and placed Franciscans in their places. This was not done without great trouble, but the result was extremely disap- pointing to the authors of the scheme, for instead of find- ing vast stores of gold and silver, supposed to have been concealed by the Jesuits, they learned at last that the padres had with the greatest economy and indefatigable la- bor managed to feed themselves and their Indian neo- phytes.

The Franciscans were placed under the surveillance of thieving *comisionados*, "who lacked skill, interest, and conscience for an economical administration." The mis- sions rapidly declined, and it soon became apparent that, unless things were speedily changed, all the great work would be undone. The matter was finally solved by abol- ishing the *comisionados*, and giving the Franciscans, in their turn, full sway. This brought about a more satis- factory state of affairs. The new missionaries with un- bounded zeal colonized and explored, gradually working their way up the coast, until San Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey, and finally San Francisco itself became flour- ishing missions, and the foundations of future cities of un- told greatness.

## AN EDITORIAL WAIL.

### George William Curtis Voices the Woes of the Editorial Fraternity.

It will probably never be possible to satisfy the writer of a paper for a periodical which the periodical does not find available for its purposes that its return is not due to some other consideration than an honest estimate of its availa- bility. To every editorial office come scores of com- plaints, indignant, and satirical, and incredulous, and Thackeray, the first editor of the *Cornhill*, found the storm of reproach so pitiless that he was at last driven from his chair. Some months ago the Easy Chair endeavored to soothe the minds of authors who are naturally disappointed by the return of their manuscripts, by a plain narration of the facts in a recent case, where the writer was sure that the editor had been caught tripping, and had even re- turned a paper without reading it. Indeed, there seems to be a wide-spread suspicion that this particular wrong to the author is very common, and manuscripts are often received for examination with dexterous little devices to test the actuality of the examination. This fact enables the Easy Chair to remind poets and other kind contributors that they have not probably found it necessary to read Pollock's "Course of Time" from the first word to the last to deter- mine whether it was a poem to their taste, and to suggest that a few pages of Tupper undoubtedly authorized them to pronounce upon his comparative merit with Milton and Shakespeare. Is it really necessary to read every page in a book to discover that it is not worth reading? If a man- uscript of five hundred pages or less, therefore, be intrusted to the editor for examination, it is not necessary for him to ponder every page in order to reach a satisfactory opinion of its suitability. So if the stitch ingeniously inserted from pages forty to fifty be intact when the manuscript returns, it does not demonstrate that the editor has betrayed his trust. In the instance to which the Easy Chair has alluded the author cited dates and postmarks to prove that the pa- per had been returned without examination. The author was undoubtedly of that opinion, but a few plain words from the editor were conclusive upon the point that it had been carefully considered, and had been declined for rea- sons perfectly satisfactory to the editor. To complain that they are satisfactory to him is to complain that he is him- self and not another. For it will perhaps occur to every writer who sends a paper for consideration that he sends it because he thinks it to be peculiarly suitable for publica- tion, and consequently, if the judgment of the author should decide, it might be properly assumed that every- thing which is submitted would be accepted. In that event the world would not contain the volumes that must be printed. It is worth while to consider for a moment the letter of a distant correspondent who writes that the Easy Chair left it to be inferred from its remarks upon the incident just mentioned, although not distinctly saying so, that articles are rejected or accepted solely upon their own merits. Now, says our correspondent, who bravely signs his name, this is not generally believed to be the fact, and "I find it impossible to suppose that any editor of expe- rience would accept or publish so puerile a story as that called ——, which was published in your magazine for the month of ——." That is to say, the editor does not de- cide upon merit because he accepts what the correspondent does not consider to be meritorious. The Easy Chair sub- mits to its correspondent that this is illogical.

But the Easy Chair has never alleged that articles are accepted or declined solely upon their abstract merits. On the contrary, any such judgment is carefully dis- claimed, and it is announced plainly that the verdict is rendered solely upon the ground of availability. The Easy Chair is of opinion that the editor would have re- turned Jonathan Edwards's treatise upon the will had it been offered for serial publication in *Harper*, but solely for the reason that he did not think it to be suitable for the magazine. So if the correspondent's epic, or lyric, or essay, or sketch, or tale, or whatever his offering may have been, was returned, it was not because it was thought not to be meritorious, but because it was not available. And is it not clear that a paper may be unavailable for many reasons quite independent of its intrinsic merit? It may treat of a topic which has been already copiously treated in the magazine. It may be of a kind which is not held to be suitable for the magazine. It may be of a kind of which the supply is ample and adequate. It may be un- available, indeed, for a hundred reasons, apart from its excellence. Our correspondent, therefore, will wait in vain for an unequivocal declaration that articles are ac- cepted or declined solely upon their merits, unless the word merit be elastic enough to cover availability. And if the editor's taste suffer in his correspondent's opinion for admitting a puerile story, what shall be his guarantee that if he had declined the story and accepted the cor- respondent's paper, the sarcastic story-teller whom our correspondent contemns might not have informed him that he was proud to be rejected by a magazine which accepted such trivial stuff as—alas! alas!—our correspondent's epic!—*Harper for February*.

## THE INNER MAN.

With reference to the substitution of English for French in bills of fare, writes the London *Caterer*, there is something to be said *pro* and *con*. There are many people who are unequal to the task of grappling with a *menu* in the French language. But then so many French culinary terms have been naturalized, and so many are almost, if not quite, untranslatable, that the endeavor to write *menus* in English results in an objectionable mixture of the two languages, resembling a mongrel *patois*. Messrs. Gordon, of the Holborn restaurant, print their *menus* both in French and English. Here is an example:

| | |
|---|---|
| POTAGES. | SOUPS. |
| Mulligatawny. | Mulligatawny. |
| Paysanne. | Peasant. |
| POISSONS. | FISH. |
| Cabillaud, sauce aux huitres. | Cod, Oyster Sauce. |
| Barbue Frite, sauce tomate. | Fried Brill, Tomato Sauce. |
| Pommes de terre bouillies. | Boiled Potatoes. |
| ENTREES. | ENTREES. |
| Ris de veau en caisses. | Sweetbreads in Cases. |
| Pommes de terre à la maitre d'hôtel. | Potatoes à la Maitre d'Hôtel. |
| Salmis de gibier aux champignons. | Salmis of Game with Mushrooms. |
| Epinards au jus. | Spinach au Jus. |
| RELEVES. | REMOVES. |
| Côtes de bœuf au raifort. | Ribs of Beef with Horseradish. |
| Mouton à la gelée de groseille. | Mutton and Red Currant Jelly. |
| Choufleur à la Béchamel. | Cauliflower, Béchamel sauce |
| Pommes de terre naturelles. | Boiled Potatoes. |
| ENTREMETS. | SWEETS. |
| Poudings de Cobourg. | Cobourg Puddings. |
| Jalousie à la crême. | Jalousie à la Crême. |
| Gelée à la Macédoine. | Macédoine Jelly. |
| GLACE. | ICE. |
| Napolitaine. | Neapolitan. |
| Fromage. Salade. | Cheese. Salad. |
| DESSERT. | DESSERT. |
| Melons, Pommes, Noix, Ananas, Avelines, Raisins, Olives. | Melons, Apples, Walnuts, Pineapples, Filberts, Grapes, Olives. |

The following are a number of menus that have figured in prominent Paris dinners during the last year:

Menu of the Baronne Nathaniel de Rothschild for a dinner of nine persons:

Potage printainer aux œufs pochés.
Filets de sole normande.
Bœuf à la godard.
Filets de poulet au pointes.
Salmis de bécasses.
Haricots verts.
Poulardes rôties.
Timbales de pêches Parisiennes.

A dinner given by the Comte de Mercey-Argenteau:

Potage crème de pigeons.
Saumon sauce génevoise.
Selle de pré salé macedoine de légumes.
Foies gras à la Bagratinon.
Chaudfroid de cailles.
Poulardes des Maus.
Salade.
Asperges en branches.
Mousse aux fraises.
Gateaux.
Madère, rhin, chateau-yquem, champagne, porto, alicante.

A dinner given by the Comtesse Cornet:

Consomme Bagratinon.
Petites caisses à la régence.
Filet de bœuf à la Richelieu.
Côtelettes aux pointes d'asperge.
Soufflé de volailles à la Pompadour.
Chaudfroid de mauviettes.
Faisans truffés sauce Périgord.
Paté de foie gras.
Salade de laitue.
Petits pois à l'Anglaise.
Pommes à la Condé.
Biscuits à la Nesselrode.
Génoises au citron.

A dinner given by Madame Dundas:

Potage à la princesse.
Petites croustades de foie gras à la Lucullus.
Filets de sole à la maréchale.
Pommes de terre.
Salade de concombres.
Filet de bœuf à la parisienne, sauce madère.
Poulardes à l'ambassadrice.
Suprêmes d'agneau aux petits pois.
Gradins de mauviettes en belle vue.
Sorbets.
Dindonneaux truffées à la Périgord.
Salade à la russe.
Asperges sauce hollandaise.
Bombe glacée fraise et vanille.
Gelé à la muscovite.
Petits napolitains sur socle.
Petits pains au parmesan.

A supper given by the Princesse de Sagan:

Consommé aux quenelles de volaille aux pointes.
Saumon sauce crevettes.
Filet de bœuf sauce Périgord.
Chaudfroid de cailles.
Mayonnaise de homard à la russe.
Poulardes rôties.
Galantine de dinde aux truffes.
Jambon d'York à la gelée.
Salade royale.
Asperges sauce ravigote.
Gelée de fruits au champagne.
Pains de mandarines à la parisienne.

A supper given by the Baronne Alphonse de Rothschild:

Consommé de volaille.
Saumon sauce génevoise.
Côtelettes d'agneau aux pois.
Chaudfroid de cailles.
Salade de homard à la russe.
Galantine de dinde.
Jambon à la gelée.
Poulardes rôties sauce Perigneux.
Asperges sauce hollandaise.
Gelée de fraises au champagne.
Gâteaux.

Menu of a dinner of forty covers given by a foreign diplomate to some French friends:

Mexicain, à la reine.
Croustades à la Victoria.
Truite à l'écossaise.
Filet de bœuf à la Rivoli.
Canetons à la Monglas.
Suprêmes de pré salé à la Béhague.
Poulardes à la zingara.
Filets de caneton à la Bigarrade.
Aspics de foie gras à la Talleyrand.
Chaudfroid de homard à la russe.
Faisans flanqués de calles, sauce Perigneux.
Salades de saison.
Cardons à la moelle.
Cèpes à la bordelaise.
Mille-feuilles. Biscuits portugais.
Glaces. Dessert.

## CENTURY BRIC-A-BRAC.

### The Wooing O't.

A lawyer once, unlike most of his class
A modest man, fell dead in love. A lass
He worshiped quite, but still his secret kept
Till up the scale his cautious courage crept,
And, well assured no one his purpose knew,
He started out with this sole aim in view—
To wit, to woo.

His way led through a wood, the shadows fell,
His waning courage shadowy grew as well,
Until he asked himself, disheartened quite,
"Why am I here at this time of the night?"
An answer from a tree-top loud and clear,
In legal language couched, fell on his ear—
"To wit! to woo!"

He fled in fear, although he no one saw;
For fear, like many a lawyer, knows no law.
The bird of wisdom perching overhead
Slow flapped his wings, winked warily, and said:
"Why should this be? Such haste I never knew.
He sure an unwise purpose had in view—
To wit! to woo!"

ENVOY.

Take well to heart this text drawn from the wood:
Your modest wooer never comes to good.
Though all the world your secret clearly knows,
And through unheard-of shades your pathway goes,
Let not your courage fail whate'er you do;
Your wit keep always clearest when you woo.
—*William Howard Carpenter.*

### Leisure Lines.

FROM A POET TO HIS FRIENDS.

[Mr. Austin Dobson has the pleasant habit of writing kindly verses in the books he gives his friends. We have been permitted to collect five of these little poems. Four of them were written in copies of "Old World Idylls" (substantially identical with the American edition of "Vignettes in Rhyme"), and the fifth was prefixed to a copy of Mr. Dobson's monograph on Fielding.]

FOR H. C. B.

Witness my hand (and seal thereto),
All ye who wrong, by word or sign,
This unprotected Muse of mine:
I wish you—something else to do.
May all your bills at once be due!
May she, whose grace you seek, decline!
Witness my hand!

But you, acute, accomplished, true,
And *candid*, who in every line
Perceive a spark (or sparks) divine,
Be blessed! There's luck in store for you.
Witness my hand!

FOR ——.

Old friends are best! And so to you
Again I send, in closer throng,
No unfamiliar shapes of song,
But those that once you liked and knew.
You surely will not do them wrong,
For are you not an old friend too?
Old friends are best.

Old books, old wine, and Nankin blue,
All things, in short, to which belong
The charm, the grace that Time makes strong,
All these I prize, but *(entre-nous)*
Old friends are best!

TO L. H.

There is no "mighty purpose" in this Book.
Of that I warn you at the opening page,
Lest, haply, 'twixt the leaves you careless look,
And, finding nothing to reform the age,
Fall with the rhyme and rhymer in a rage.
Let others prate of problems and of powers;
I bring but problems born of idle hours,
That, striving only after Art and Ease,
Have scarcely more of moral than the flowers,
And little else of mission than to please.

FOR J. B. M.

In vain to-day I scrape and blot:
The nimble words, the phrases neat,
Decline to mingle and to meet;
My skill is all foregone, forgot.
He will not canter, walk, or trot,
My Pegasus. I spur, I beat
In vain to-day!

And yet 'twere sure the saddest lot
That I should fail to have complete
One poor (the rhyme suggests) "conceit!"
Alas! 'tis all too clear I'm not
In vein to-day.

TO E. C. S.

Pleasant to get one's book from press
After a month (or more or less)
In something like a decent dress;
And pleasant, too, to sit and guess
Whether the world will ban or bless
Out of its Great High Mightiness;
But pleasantest—I must confess—
To post it off to E. C. S.
—*Austin Dobson.*

### A Sonnet by Browning.

Mr. Rawdon Brown, an Englishman of culture, well known to visitors in Venice, died in that city in the summer of 1883. He went to Venice for a short visit, with a definite object in view, and ended by staying forty years. An incident of his death is recorded in the following sonnet, which is printed by Mr. Browning's permission, and that of the lady at whose request it was written.

"Tutti ga i so gusti e mi go i mii."*
(*Venetian saying.*)

Sighed Rawdon Brown: "Yes, I'm departing, Toni!
I needs must, just this once before I die.
Revisit England: *Anglus* Brown am I,
Although my heart's Venetian. Yes, old crony—
Venice and London—London's Death the Bony
Compared with Life—that's Venice! what a sky,
A sea, this morning! One last look. Good-bye,
Cà Pesaro! ne lion—I'm a coney
To weep! I'm dazzled; 'tis that sun I view
Rippling the . . the . . Gospetto, Toni! Down
With carpet-bag and off with valise-straps!
"*Bella Venezia, non ti lascio piu!*"
Nor did Brown ever leave her; well, perhaps,
Browning, next week, may find himself quite Brown!
—*Robert Browning.*
November 28, 1883.

* "Everybody follows his taste, and I follow mine."
—*February Century.*





**The Strongest and Best!**

THOMAS PRICE, Analytic Chemist, pronounces the GIANT BAKING POWDER nearly one-third stronger than any manufactured or sold on the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 24, 1883.

H. E. BOTHIN, President Bothin M'f'g Co.:

DEAR SIR—After careful and complete chemical analysis of a can of Giant Baking Powder, purchased by us in open market, we find that it does not contain alum, acid phosphate, terra alba, or any injurious substance, but is a pure, healthful Cream Tartar Baking Powder, and as such can recommend it to consumers.

WM. T. WENZELL & CO.,
Analytic Chemists.

We concur:
R. BEVERLY COLE, M. D.
J. L. MEARES, M. D., Health Officer.
ALFRED W. PERRY, M. D., } Members of San
W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D., } Francisco Board
AUG. ALERS, M. D., } of Health.

**Manufactured by**

**BOTHIN M'F'G COMPANY,**

**17 and 19 Main Street, San Francisco.**

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

**FROM THE PRESIDENT**

OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

*Gentlemen:*

**Ayer's Hair Vigor**

Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,

WM. CAREY CRANE."

**AYER'S HAIR VIGOR** is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

Sold by all Druggists.

*Apollinaris*

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."
*British Medical Journal.*

*"Its purity offers the best security against the dangers which in rural districts, as in towns and cities, are common to most of the ordinary drinking waters there."* London Medical Record.

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.

*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*

**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.**

FOR SALE BY

**A. F. EVANS & CO.**

522 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

**HEALD'S** BUSINESS COLLEGE. No. 24 Post Street SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

**GRANULA**

An incomparable Food for **Invalids** and **Children**; oldest and best health food known; delicious as a diet; grocers and druggists sell it. Manufactured by **OUR HOME GRANULA CO.**, Dansville, N. Y. Wholesale Agents: HICKOX & CO., San Francisco, Cal.; WATSON, WRIGHT & CO., Portland, Or.; H. JEVNE, Los Angeles, Cal.

**NOW READY** THE FINEST CIGARET

**"CLOTH OF GOLD,"**

(Straight Mesh.)

**SWEET, DELICATE, AND MILD**

This Cigarette is made from the finest and most c leaf from that region of Virginia particularly adapte growing tobacco for Cigarettes. Our long experien manufacturing enables us to secure the most suital le of tobacco and thus present this superior article, wit full assurance THAT ITS EQUAL HAS NEVER FORE BEEN OFFERED. A higher grade Ciga can not be produced. We call particular attention t superior quality of our old brands of Cigarettes. can not be surpassed.

**Twelve First Prize Medals.**

**Peerless Tobacco Works.**

**WM. S. KIMBALL & C**

FINE

**Suits, $25.** **TAILORING** **Sui $3**

Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny

**Suits, $40.** **TAILORING** **Sui $5**

Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Stree

**Suits, $60.** **TAILORING** **Sui $7**

**J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Cloth 314 Kearny Street.**

BONESTELL, RICHARDS & ALLEN & CO. PAPER WAREHOUSE

411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST.

**Importers of All Kinds of Pape**

**ANTI-FAT.**

**The Greatest Discovery of the Age** by English lady, who has, by close study and practice, fo a remedy whereby people of either sex can be reduced flesh at the rate of five to seven pounds a month with injury to health or looks, the skin on body and face reta ing its smooth appearance. This treatment strength the nerves and muscles, destroying only the fat, whic simply a watery fluid in the tissues, producing gout, rh matism, incipient paralysis, apoplexy, and fatty degene tion of the heart. Address ANTI-FAT, office box 19 city.


**POTOSI MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francis California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey Coun Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Boa of Directors, held on the 18th day of January, 1884, assessment (No. 14) of Fifty Cents per share was levi upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable imme ately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at t office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 3 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain u paid on Wednesday, the twentieth day of February, 188 will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public au tion, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold Thursday, the thirteenth day of March, 1884, to pay t delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertisi and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directo

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisc California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board Directors, held on the 4th day of January, 1884, an asses ment (No. 10) of Twenty (20c) Cents per share was levi upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable imm diately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the offi of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Mon gomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain u paid on Monday, the eleventh (11th) day of Februar 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at publ auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sol on Saturday, the eighth (8th) day of March, 1884, to pa the delinquent assessment, together with costs of adve tising and expenses of sale.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Stree San Francisco, Cal.

**WANTED.**

**Back Numbers of The Argonaut**

Vol. IV, No. 4; Vol. XII, No. 9.—We will pay twenty five cents each for either of these numbers at the Busines Office of this paper.


**FANCY WORK:** 12 Elegant Darned Net Patterns; 50 Artistic Designs for Kensington Needlework, such as sprays, and bunches of Roses, Dalsies, Pansies, Ferns, Apple-blossoms, &c, &c.; 25 Border Designs of flowers and vines, for Embroidering dresses and other garments; and 25 Elegant Patterns for Corners, Borders and Centres for Piano-covers, Table Covers or Scarfs, Tidies Lambrequins, &c., all for 25 cts., post-paid Stamping Outfit of 10 full size Perforated Patterns, Powder, Distributing Pad, Instructions, &c., 60 cents. Our Book "Manual of Needlework" teaches how to do all kinds of EMBROIDERY, Knitting, Crocheting, Lace Making, &c., 35 cents, 4 for $1. All the above for One Dollar. Address **Fatten Pub. Co. 47 Barclay St. N. Y.**

**Gold Watch Free.**

The publishers of the Capitol City Home Guest, the well-known Illustrated Literary and Family Magazine, make the following Liberal Offer for the New Year: The person telling us the longest verse in the Bible, before March 1st, will receive a **Solid Gold, Lady's Hunting Cased Swiss Watch**, worth $50; If there be more than one correct answer, the second will receive an elegant **Stem-winding Gentleman's Watch**; the third, a key-winding **English Watch**. Each person must send 25 cts. with their answer, for which they will receive three months' subscription to the Home Guest, a 50 page Illustrated New Year Book, a Case of 25 articles that the ladies will appreciate, and paper containing names of winners. Address Pubs. of HOME GUEST, HARTFORD, CONN.

# C. P. R. R.

**...e Schedule, Saturday, October 20, 1883.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE OR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Antioch and Martinez..... | 2.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia. ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 10 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa..... | *10.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 10 A.M. | ..Colfax..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 10 A.M. | {Deming, El Paso} Express.... | 2.40 P.M. |
| 10 P.M. | {and East.....} Emigrant ... | 7.10 A.M. |
| 30 A.M. | {Galt and } via Livermore..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 30 P.M. | {Stockton } via Martinez..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 30 A.M. | ..Ione..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 30 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 30 A.M. | ..Los Angeles and South..... | 2.40 P.M. |
| 30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| 30 A.M. | ..Madera and Fresno..... | 2.40 P.M. |
| 30 A.M. | ..Merced..... | 2.40 P.M. |
| 00 P.M. | .. " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 00 A.M. | {Mojave, Needles,} Express.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 30 A.M. | {and East.....} Emigrant .. | 2.40 P.M. |
| 30 P.M. | ..Marysville and Chico..... | 7.10 A.M. |
| 30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 00 A.M. | .. " " ..... | 3.40 P.M. |
| 00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| 30 P.M. | {Ogden and } Express..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 30 P.M. | {East.....} Emigrant..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 00 A.M. | {Red Bluff } via Marysville.. | 5.40 P.M. |
| 00 A.M. | {and Tehama} via Woodland.. | 6.40 P.M. |
| 00 A.M. | ..Redding ..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 00 A.M. | .. " " via Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 30 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 30 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers.... | *6.00 A.M. |
| 30 A.M. | ..San José..... | *3.40 P.M. |
| 00 A.M. | .. " ..... | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 00 A.M. | ..Vallejo ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 30 A.M. | .. " ..... | 2.40 P.M. |
| 30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 00 P.M. | .. " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 30 P.M. | ..Virginia City..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 00 A.M. | ..Woodland ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 4.30 P. M. can meet Pacific Express from Oregon at Benicia; and that leaving at 8 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from the Needles and Paso at Antioch.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**OCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00. ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *9.35.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Daily, except Sundays. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over **3,300** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you. Respectfully,

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**
**227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.,**
**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**
118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.
J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER
Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.


NORTHERN DIVISION
# SOUTHERN PACIFIC
RAILROAD.
BROAD GAUGE.

## WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, November 11, 1883,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| †6.50 A.M. | | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | *8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | 9.03 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| *5.10 P.M. | | †4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Soquel, Aptos.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, broad gauge, no change of cars | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 5.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (sportsmen's train).

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS

Sold on Saturday and Sunday—good to return on Monday—to Santa Clara or San José, $2.50; to Gilroy, $4.00; to Monterey or Santa Cruz, $5.00, and to principal points between San Francisco and San José.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, January 21st, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—†10.15, *11.15 A. M., *4.50, †5.00 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†7.00, *9.20 A. M., †12.30, *3.20, *5.30, †5.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—*8.00, †8.50 A. M., *12.30, †3.35 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†6.40, *6.50, *9.15 A. M., †12.00 M., *2.50, †5.10 P. M. * Week Days. † Sundays.

For SAUCELITO (Week Days)—9.20 A. M., 1.15, 3.20, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.00, 10.00 A. M., 12.30, 2.00, 5.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (Week Days)—7.45, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.50 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.05, 3.15, 6.10 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 6.15 P. M.

**11.15 A. M.** Daily, Sudays excepted (via San Quentin Ferry), THROUGH TRAIN, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through Train from Duncan Mills arrives in S. F. at 1.45 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning except Mondays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**7.00 A. M.** from Saucelito Ferry, Excursion Train every Sunday for Point Reyes and Way Stations.

Returning, arrives in San Francisco (via Saucelito Ferry) 6.50 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


# MORRIS & KENNEDY'S
**ART GALLERY,**
**NOS. 19 AND 21 POST STREET.**

**We have just received a very fine collection of New Etchings and Engravings, and a lot of choice Bronzes and Casts, suitable for Holiday Presents. Also, the very latest style of Frames.**

**ART GALLERY FREE. OPEN EVENINGS.**

# CHARLES R. ALLEN,
**Dealer in House, Steam, Foundry, and**
CUMBERLAND COAL,
**ENGLISH COKE AND PIG IRON,**
**120 Beale Street, San Francisco.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**
**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA**

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| STEAMER | 1884. | HONGKONG. |
|---|---|---|
| ARABIC | | Thursday, February 7th. |
| OCEANIC | | Saturday, March 8th. |
| ARABIC | | Saturday, April 20th. |
| OCEANIC | | Tuesday, May 27th. |

From San Francisco for Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Peking**..... **February 20, 1884**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Colima** .....**February 1**

At 10 o'clock A.M., taking freight and passengers for MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West India ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**City of Sydney**.....**Friday, February 15**

At 4.30 P. M., or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on the 5th, 10th, 15th, 20th, 25th, and 30th of every month. The steamer sailing the 30th of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every three days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

# RUBBER HOSE
**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER**
**MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose. Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR,
**MANAGER**
**Corner First and Market Streets,**
SAN FRANCISCO.

# PALACE HOTEL.
**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## THE NEVADA BANK
OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital**.....**$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital** ..... **$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD. ..... President.
THOMAS BROWN..... Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR..... Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama.

## The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK
LIMITED,
**N. E. corner Pine and Sansome Streets.**

London Office, 3 Angel Court. New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street.

**Authorized Capital Stock**.....**$6,000,000**

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections, buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, and issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED'K F. LOW, IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.
P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**
Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.
OF CALIFORNIA.
**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.
JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,
**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold)**.....**$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1882**..... **684,332 83**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT .....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# ALASKA
# COMMERCIAL CO.
**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

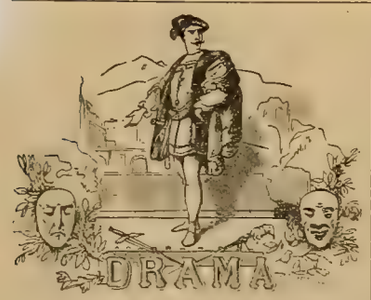
WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

## R. P. HAMMOND, Jr.,
**CIVIL ENGINEER AND LAND SURVEYOR,**
Room 38, 318 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**
# ARCHITECTS
Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings.

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. **Take elevator.**




Some acutely considerate person remarked, upon the opening night of "Whims," that he thought the company were all very nervous, and Mr. Raymond Holmes especially so. It is unnecessary to say that this idea was a phantasm of the speaker's own imagination. Mr. Raymond Holmes is certainly one of the most eminently self-possessed young gentlemen who ever displayed that quality in a theatre. He reminds one of a piece of crystallized quartz, an article which is, I believe, valuable only as a specimen.

As a piece of crystallized effrontery Mr. Holmes and his attendant whims are interesting. In the line of acting they are utterly valueless. The play is conceded to be a combination of "Hobbies," "Pop," and "Photos," but it is not probable that the originator of either of the three would quarrel seriously with the resemblance.

A certain enchanted jewel was wont to lose its lustre when it passed by fraud or theft into alien hands. "Hobbies" is nothing without Goodwin; "Pop" is nothing without Castleton and Mackay. The theft of the tenuous thread of either plot matters nothing. Plagiarism is not a crime. It is simply an accomplishment. Boccaccio claimed that he lived his plots before he wrote them, but Shakespeare never cared to put himself about so much for material, so he simply drew from the Italian [illegible] draws from the [illegible] repeatedly charge [illegible] he did, the [illegible] should [illegible]

But Sardou [illegible] fresh in [illegible] his work in a sniffling way, as if he didn't dare to take it all. He cuts Professor Whiffles's name in two, and takes the better half of it. He alters the title of the play with an evading synonym. He wears the professor's velvet coat and his red wig, and what then? Why, then nothing. He resolves himself again into Mr. Raymond Holmes, and as Mr. Raymond Holmes can neither sing, dance, speak, act, nor be funny in the superlative manner which one expects of a star, the result is flat. In fact, the chief thing about Mr. Holmes's comedy is such an infinite willingness to be funny that it becomes infinitely touching if one remains long enough to be brought around to this state of feeling. No one really minds his stealing the business of "Whims" and "Pop." Those things are done every day. But it was injudicious of him to submit himself to a fire of comparison with Nat Goodwin.

Goodwin is undoubtedly the greatest exponent of pure natural fun upon the stage. Any one must suffer following in his footsteps; how much more one who is neither by nature, art, nor the greatest stretch of courtesy, a comedian. His appearance in "Whims" is a throwing of the glove, a challenge of comparison with Goodwin and Mackay; and the audience cheerfully picked up the gauntlet.

Mr. Holmes is quite inexpensively supported. Miss Ethel Lynton, the soubrette, is one of those active young women who keep one drawing long breaths for them by way of sympathy. She has a pleasant voice, quite good enough for the demands upon it, and in the Prince's dress, or undress, a pair of the most unexceptionable nether limbs that ever opened the field of burlesque to an actress. She has many affectations of the feet, an affectation peculiar to soubrettes, which comes of long courtesy nigher "yes, sirs," as pretty peasants in the opera or the Irish drama. Ethel Lynton betrays her operatic experience by the fact that she is all well enough when she is singing, but falls down the moment she has a line to speak.

There is a "Pop" Romeo, with a tenor leggiere—very leggiere. The "Pop" Romeos, like the Madison Square ingénues, are all cut on one pattern. To have seen and heard one is to have seen and heard all. There is a Major Growl and a Fairy, both of whom answer very well, as growls and fairies go, and a Miss Rita Stanford, with a pretty little voice and a bad cold, and with distinct traces of talent, obscured as yet by some amateurish ways. And there is a tooter! At least a young girl is adjured by the Professor "to come out and toot her tooter." Her "tooter" is a cornet. Heaven, in planning out women, made no special provision for their playing cornets.

If they had flown in the face of Providence in this manner earlier in the history of the race, Shelley would never have written his passionate serenade; there would have been no pseudo-translations of sonnets from the Portuguese by Elizabeth Barrett Browning; Swinburne might have drifted into insurance soliciting or commercial drumming; Leigh Hunt would never have written those pretty quatrains so famous in the poetry of the kiss:

> "Jenny kissed me when we met,
> Jumping from the chair she sat in,
> Time, you thief, who love to get
> Sweets into your list, put that in.
>
> "Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
> Say that health and wealth have missed me,
> Say I'm growing old, but add
> Jenny kissed me,"

if Mrs. Carlyle had had a corn on her lips from playing the cornet.

Nothing daunted by all this, the young girl at the Bush Street Theatre attacked the unfamiliar instrument. She blew into it that classic lay, "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By," with all her might and main. The melody was peculiarly phrased, but the audience recognized it instantly. It was well that they did, as an audience, upon principle, always applauds familiar music. They applauded this vociferously.

The young girl then blew some more, exhibiting at the same time a startling insufficiency of wind. This they applauded as a matter of habit, all the more as the young woman with the cornet was bowing her retirement.

The second applause she construed to mean encore, and, having got a long breath in the flies, came forward again. At this point permit me to interpolate the familiar words of the familiar novel: "What then passed no one knows but God and her own heart." But the cornet episode requires mention as the only feature of the entire entertainment which was not borrowed from something.

"Odette" is far and away—as indeed, in the light of its own fame and that of its author, it should be—the most striking performance of the [illegible]reys-Lewis engagement. The story is hackneyed enough. The discontented fashionable [illegible] disturbs the monotony of pleasure with the [illegible]tement of a liaison, and goes just far enough [illegible] the English translation at least—to compromise herself irretrievably without actual guilt. Her punishment seems too swift, too awful to be condign; but it may be that in the French original the situation was too *risquée* for absolute translation. The hopelessness with which Odette at once accepts the situation seems to intimate as much.

But that it all plays very skillfully upon the chords of human nature is evidenced by the close, almost painful, attention of the audience throughout. The interest started immediately with the very beginning of the first act with the careless discussion of the servants over their mistress's doings. It recalled a line in some light story: "Have we any secrets from the detectives who eat our salt, take our wages, and do our bidding?" What would the drama be without servants for the *deus ex machina*?

If there is a weak place in "Odette" it is the second act; but if that were played by the sprightly polished people whom Sardou has always in his mind when he writes, it would be simply a pleasant transcription of a familiar bit of continental life. Even at its worst—for Sardou is never a bungler in his art—it bears well upon the story, and traces Odette naturally enough to Doctor Oliver's unfragrant premises.

All the weaknesses of the play lie in this one act. The Count Claremont de la Tour pursues a prospective son-in-law with all the ardor of his prototype in the other sex. When he thinks he has just escaped him, to him enters the son-in-law in the person of that startling young actor, Mr. T. Queer Seabrooke, and the Count immediately has a fit of emotion, accompanied by tears in his eyes and his voice. This had the effect to make Mr. Grismer, who was otherwise playing the grim Count very grimly, very amusing. The fact that Mr. Seabrooke always looks like a young man who wants to be a comedian, but is forced to be a lover, enhanced the comedy of the situation, and when the Count's two attending friends retired ostentatiously into their handkerchiefs and wept profusely with him, the situation became broadly hilarious. It is touching—in France.

Mr. Mestayer, as Béchamel, one of these emotional gentlemen, is once more far afield as "a man of the world"; and George Osbourne, as Phillippe la Hoche, is undeniably bad. In mitigation of the circumstance, it is the first time that he has been really bad. But Jeffreys-Lewis rises triumphant above all of these surroundings. She plays the third act with a grace, a spirit, a fire, and a naturalness which carry the sympathies with her in one great wave against her pitiless judge, hopeless as the outlook is. She is as thoroughly natural in this act as she is thoroughly artistic. The curtain has never fallen upon a greater triumph for this favorite of our public.

The last act, difficult and different as it is, was played equally well—tenderly, pathetically.

Miss Ida Aubrey's Bérangère, partly through nature and partly through art, was just such an old-fashioned, half-affected, prim, yet altogether child-like girl as might have grown up under just such circumstances, and did her part of the scene admirably well.

The audience meantime played the part of the two friends earlier in the engagement, and rushed into their handkerchiefs at the beginning of the act and remained there even to the end. A series of soft snuffles, the truest emotional sound, accompanied Odette's retirement to convent peace.

BETSY B.

---

*Reynold's Weekly*, a prominent English paper, publishes a romantic sketch of Lotta: "Her father was a gold miner, and her first years were spent in a log cabin on the banks of Rabbit Creek, California. Luck was, however, dead against him, and the gold never came, in any quantity at any rate. His daughter Lotta was the petted and spoilt child of the miners; every one of them she knew, and they called her 'the little lady.' One day a dancing school was opened in the camp. Lotta, at this time about seven years old, quickly mastered every step that could be taught her, and soon evinced a capacity for music. A theatre had, meanwhile, sprung up in this mushroom township, and the manager after a great deal of pressure, persuaded Lotta's mother to allow her to appear. The night came, and the child made her *début* in this log theatre, crowded from end to end by rough miners. She sang to them, she danced for them, and a storm of applause is said to have run through the building. The applause took a practical form. A silver shower of half-dollar pieces almost overwhelmed 'the little lady.' This success made it evident that Lotta was a born actress. She appeared at St. Louis and other towns, and afterward in San Francisco, where she studied for a while. Ever since, the story has been one of repeated successes. She is said to be 'imensely rich,' and some years ago, as an evidence of her affection for Californians, she presented a drinking-fountain, which cost some five thousand pounds, to the city of San Francisco."

---

A telegram from Chicago, dated January 21st, says: "E. D. Rice's 'Pop' Company concluded an engagement here last night, and were to have left for San Francisco, where at the Bush Street Theatre they were to have opened under the management of Mr. Leavitt. Toward the end of last week, for certain reasons, John Mackey and Miss Kate Castleton positively refused to visit San Francisco, because of her contract with Hayman. At the solicitation of his brother, Abe Leavitt came from Pittsburg on Saturday night and tried, in the absence of Rice, who had left for New York, to induce the two objectors to change their determination, but his efforts were unavailing."

---

Emerson's Minstrels, at the Standard Theatre, have had a number of successful stars added to their extensive company. The latest hit is Ben Clark's rendering of "California," a new ballad by Ella Sterling Cummins, which, by the way, has been published by Gray, with the engraving of "California" from the *Argonaut's* Christmas number as a vignette title-page.

---

The Young Ladies' Choral, under the direction of Miss Ellen Coursen and Professor Joseph Roeckel, gave their eighth musicale at Dashaway Hall, on Thursday evening January 10th, to a large and enthusiastic audience.

---

The Harrison-Gourlay Company end their engagement at the Grand Opera House to-night. Next Monday evening the Knights of Pythias receive a benefit, at which the Jay Rial Troupe will perform "London Assurance."

---

Charley Reed, manager and director of the Emerson Minstrels, left on Tuesday for Los Angeles to enjoy a vacation of two weeks. On his return he will produce a new conceit, called "Mooneyville, or the Fate of a Seal."

---

Miss Jeffreys-Lewis has been playing "Odette" at the Baldwin Theatre since Wednesday night. Her engagement closes with next Saturday night.

---

William Sheridan, the tragedian, opens next Monday night at Haverly's California Theatre, in "King Lear."

---

The Raymond Holmes Company, in "Whims," at the Bush Street Theatre have drawn well.

---

February 11th, "Princess Ida" will be produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York.

---

Jay Rial enters on the business management of the Bush Street Theatre shortly.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

### The Schumann Club.

Last October studies were commenced, [illegible] number of ladies, under the direction of Mr. W. Loring, with a view of forming a musical [illegible] similar in plan and purpose to the Loring [illegible] Various meetings and regular rehearsals [illegible] taken place since that time, the organization [illegible] assumed the name of the "Schumann Club," [illegible] an invitation concert will be given next Thursday evening, January 31st, at B'nai B'rith Hall. [illegible] interest has already been manifested in the [illegible] and numerous applications have been made [illegible] active membership. Fifty-five ladies will [illegible] part in the concert; and, as the full number [illegible] limited to sixty, it is plain that the lists even [illegible] are threatened with over-crowding. New [illegible] bers have been refused admission until after [illegible] concert, as that affair will, in a measure, [illegible] mine the future of the club. It is highly probable that, like the Loring Club, it will be [illegible] on a permanent basis, with associate members. In any case it will not be given up, although the exact manner of its future existence is yet undecided. Many charming effects are capable of being produced by a chorus of ladies' voices [illegible] and a fine musical literature awaits any movement in this direction. The programme prepared for Thursday evening is an excellent illustration to point. Among its many attractions, the Spinning Song, from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," Rubinstein's "Song of the Summer Birds," and the "Bridal Chorus" from Rheinberger's cantata "Clara of Eberstein," are included. "Presage of Spring," by Hollander, a four-part song for women only will be given; also "Fidelin," by Brambach, "Spring again with azure band," by Eichhorn, Vierling's "Briar Rose," and "The Naiad" (with alto solo) by Rubinstein. In the "Little Bird" a Swedish song by Soedermann, a tenor solo will be taken by Mr. Tippett, who is announced to assist the club. Schubert's soprano solo, "The Erl King," also furnishes food for anticipation, and the occasion, as a whole, promises to be one of exceeding interest.

F.

---

The Emma Abbott English Opera Company opens at the Baldwin Theatre Monday evening, February 4th, in "Lucia di Lammermoor." The following artistes compose the troupe: Miss Emma Abbott, prima donna; Madame Zelda Seguin, contralto; Mademoiselle Marie Hindle, mezzo-soprano; Mademoiselle Julie Rosewald, soprano; Madame Sinico, soprano; Signor Fabrini, tenor; William Castle, tenor; Victor Novello, tenor; Signor Tagliapietra and Walter Allen, baritone; and Signor Campobello and William Broderick, bassos. The grand chorus and orchestra are under the leadership of Signor J. H. Rosevelt. The following is a list of the operas to be produced next week, together with the singers who are embraced in the respective casts: Monday, opening night, "Lucia"—Abbott, Hindle, Tagliapietra, Campobello, Novello, and Fabrini; Tuesday, Verdi's opera, "Rigoletto"—Abbott, Seguin, Tagliapietra, Broderick, Allen, and Fabrini; Wednesday, Adolph Adams's opera, "[illegible] for a Day"—Abbott, Seguin, Tagliapietra, Campobello, Allen, and Castle; Thursday, three prima donnas in "Mignon"—Abbott, Rosewald, Seguin, Campobello, Broderick, Allen, and Castle; Friday, (Abbott's "Last Rose of Summer"), "Martha"—Abbott, Seguin, Tagliapietra, Broderick, Allen, and Fabrini; Saturday afternoon, grand matinee—Emma Abbott and entire company; Saturday night, second production of "King for a Day"; Sunday, Verdi's opera, "Il Trovatore"—Rosewald, Seguin, Tagliapietra, Broderick, and Fabrini.

---

A benefit has been tendered to Mr. Stephen [illegible] Leach, the veteran actor and musician, by his many friends. It is under the auspices of the Bohemian Club, and will take place at Platt's Hall, Friday evening, February 1st. The programme is not entirely decided upon, but its principal features will be about as follows: Two choruses (for male voices) will be sung by members from the Loring and Bohemian Clubs; these choruses were composed by Mr. Leach, and will be sung under his direction. A novel feature of the evening will be a monologue by Monsieur Paul Juignet, a retired French comedian; this was written specially for him by Victorien Sardou, and has been most successful in Paris. Mr. J. R. Grismer will deliver a recitation, and there will be a baritone solo by Mr. Harry Gillig. A violin solo, "a "Serenade in D minor" (composed by Mr. J. D. Redding) will be played by Mr. Henry Heyman; this has never been given in public before. It is expected that solos will be sung by Miss Louise Elliott and Miss Paulie Olmstead, and Mr. Leach will give some of his specialties. The beneficiary is a most popular gentleman, and there will doubtless be a large and brilliant audience.

---

"Conspiracy," Dan O'Connell's new comedy-drama, has been taken for Australia.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. — Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*Newsdealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., or the Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


## A FLOATING THEATRE.

### The Chapman Family on a Dramatic Flatboat.

The project now being mooted of a floating theatre," said Mr. George F. Browne to a New York *Sun* reporter, "reminds me of the only one that was ever a success. It was that built by William Chapman, the eldest of the wonderful Chapman family, not one member of which but was an artist, and hardly one but was a musician. They were so many that it would take a long time to give a separate history of each. Caroline Chapman was for a long time in Burton's company. Harry Chapman, a nephew of W. B., married Sue Drake, and was the father of the Chapman sisters, Blanche and Ella. The Chapmans were English, and dated from Drury Lane, London, by far back—two centuries ago the name was in the English play-bills.

"William B. Chapman, born in 1769, was the first of the family to come to our shores. He made his first appearance on the American stage in 1827, at the old Bowery, as Billy Lackaday. He was one of the finest Doctor Pangloss I have ever seen; but he did not confine himself to pure comedy or any one line of business, and was equally fine in all.

"The family were call 'the gypsy family,' because they spoke a gibberish among themselves that none but themselves could understand. It was neither a dead nor a living language, unless perhaps that of some gypsy tribe. It used to make those acting with them nervous to hear them jabbering this jargon. The name of the gypsy family was afterward fastened upon them for their traveling in their floating theatre. It was in reality only a Mississippi flatboat, but was exceedingly large, as it could seat four hundred people, and contained the scenery, properties, etc., and living accommodations for the entire family.

"I can not tell you exactly how many years they ran the flatboat, but you may judge that it was no inconsiderable period from the fact that a large family of children was born to William Hamilton on that floating theatre. Hamilton married one of old man Chapman's daughters, and what with the original family, the marriages, and intermarriages, they had sufficient people to cast even the fullest of Shakespeare's tragedies. Of course, some of the parts had to be doubled occasionally, and a man who was killed in one scene would appear in the next, alive and well, as some other character; but that was only in such plays as demanded very large casts, like 'Hamlet.'

"Orchestra they had none—that is, not in the front of their theatre—but they played all the necessary music behind the scenes. That was in the day of music in plays. No actor or actress could come on then without a chord. The 'front-wood robber,' dressed in top-boots and buried in inky whiskers and wig, delivered himself of his villainous schemes confidentially to the audience to pizzicato music. Everybody died to slow music. In one piece Harry Chapman, who was first violin, was off the stage, and so was every one else. Harry received a fatal sword-thrust, and fell with his head and shoulders off the stage, and spoke his last speech, and played slow music for himself to die by. The Chapman family were even more ingenious in stage expedients than the best of the strollers of that time.

"They hardly ever bought anything to eat on the boat, but subsisted mainly on the fish they caught. The lines were always out trolling during the performances, and any one of them would rush off even in the middle of a speech to pull in a fish. One night the elder Chapman was playing 'The Stranger.' He had just exclaimed:

"'O God! O God! What are chains or death'—— when some one behind cried out:

"'A bite, a bite, Bill!'

"He flew off, pulled up his line, returned and continued his speech.

"'——compared to misery like mine?'

"In the same play The Stranger calls 'Francis!' twice, but Francis does not appear until the second time of calling. The Stranger then impatiently demands: 'Where were you when I called?'

"One night The Stranger called four times before Francis made his appearance, and in reply to The Stranger's question, the Chapman who played Francis answered, with a smile of great satisfaction:

"'I was hauling in the finest nine-pound catfish you ever laid eyes on.'

"It was jokingly said that the Chapmans always smelt fishy, even years after they had given up the flatboat. I used to fancy so."

"Did they eat nothing but fish?"

"Oh, yes, they had plenty of provisions. They would take chickens, eggs, hams, meat, flour, butter, corn, and anything of that kind, as admittance fees, and as the farmers were very liberal with such commodities, you may be sure the floating actors had a variety of food and plenty of it. Of course they charged an admittance fee, and as it was in the old slavery times, the Southerners were not stingy. They would inquire: 'How much to see the show?' And being told—I forget the scale of prices, but think it was high—they would fling down a ten or twenty-dollar gold piece, and never wait for change. Then, too, there prevailed a custom of throwing money to the performers instead of flowers, and if anything pleased the fancy of the audience, like a dance or a song, they would shower down the 'yellow boys.' I fancy that custom would even now be acceptable to some of our performers.

"I do not think the floating gypsies had any bills—certainly not any programmes. A bill of a performance by them would be a great curiosity now. I have never seen one, and my collection of play-bills is very large and varied. They drew up to a wharf, moored, and put out a canvas announcing their entertainment. This was sufficient. The news that 'the players had come' soon spread among the country folk, and long before the doors were opened the farmers and planters, with their families, were on hand, in every style of conveyance, and loaded down with the best products of that rich and fertile country.

"It took the Chapman family pretty much a whole season to travel down the Mississippi and Ohio. The men did the navigating, the women the cooking. They finally broke up the show, becoming weary of the life, but not because it was not profitable, for the small places they usually played in never saw any theatre but theirs. They never played in the large cities, like Cincinnati, although they often laid up there for a while.

"They drifted apart, going various ways, winning more or less renown. Death has claimed nearly all of them now, although I understand that the widow of Hamilton is living in New York. She was a fine singer and brilliant musician, and, although of a great age, still earns her subsistence by teaching music."

---

There was no performance at the London Lyceum on a recent Monday night, Miss Anderson wisely preferring to give herself three consecutive nights' rest. After the performance on Saturday night, all the company were called together, and each member of it, including the stage hands, ushers, etc., received a Christmas present from "our Mary," together with an autograph likeness of herself. At the conclusion, three hearty English cheers were given with a will for her and "Papa" Griffin."

### Traveled the Royal Road.

There is but one royal road to success. It is paved with honesty, fair-dealing, industry, enterprise, and sagacity.

It is by traveling this royal road that the Pacific Bank has obtained its wonderful success.

It is the practice of the principles mentioned that has been the means of guiding it to the high and honorable position which it has always occupied.

Business men, therefore, very naturally place an abiding faith in the safety of their interests which they entrust to its care.

## A New Enterprise.

### Something that will Prove a Benefit to Strangers visiting the City.

Mrs. R. G. Lewis, the renowned modiste of San Francisco, whose dress-making parlors are in Thurlow Block, 126 Kearny Street, has introduced a new enterprise to her already successful business, which will prove highly beneficial to strangers in the city. Her method will be to send competent persons to guests upon their arrival at hotels, who can then designate what purchases they desire to make, and they will be conducted at once to the most reliable stores in the city. In this way, the buyer will be saved time, inconvenience, and exorbitant charges by unprincipled sellers, who invariably take advantage of strangers. This is a system of business entirely new here, although extensively carried on in the East, and in the larger cities of Europe. Ladies of the interior can send an order, with bust and length measurements, with piece, to Mrs. Lewis, and have any article forwarded to them.

---

— Mr. Alfred Kelleher desires to announce that he has resumed teaching at his rooms, Nos. 62 and 63 City of Paris Building.

---

— Iron, potash, and the best vegetable alteratives render Ayer's Sarsaparilla unequaled as a blood medicine.

---

— The Metropolitan Hall is the finest auditorium in the city for Lectures, Concerts, Readings, Recitals, or Public Meetings. The upholstery is new and elegant, and the arrangement of seats is unequaled in any theatre or hall on this coast.

---

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

---

— Ayer's Cathartic Pills cleanse the system, stimulate the appetite and digestive organs, vitalize the blood, and thus renew the golden age of youth.

---

— Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

---

— Use South Prairie Coal.

---

— C. O. Dean, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.


**ASK FOR SOFT FINISH**

As well as

**GLACE**

**Spool Cotton.**

BROOK'S GLACE AND SOFT FINISH WHITE, BLACK & COLORS. SPOOL COTTON

Experienced operators on all Sewing Machines recommend it in preference to all others.

For sale by all dealers.

**Pacific Coast Agency, 310 Pine Street, S. F.**

ICHI BAN

**KNABE PIANOS**

"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*

**A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St. S. F.,** Sole Agents.

**BALDWIN THEATRE.**

**Opera Season Commencing Feb. 4th, 1884.**

ENGAGEMENT OF THE RENOWNED

EMMA ABBOTT

**GRAND OPERA COMPANY.**

ABBOTT, ROSEWALD, SINICO,
SEGUIN, FABRINI, NOVELLO,
CASTLE, TAGLIAPIETRA, CAMPOBELLO,
BRODERICK, ALLEN.

**COMPLETE CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.**

J. H. ROSEWALD, DIRECTOR.

**Monday** .....**Lucia, Bride of Lammermoor**
**Tuesday**.....**Rigoletto**
**Wednesday,** first time .....**King for a Day**
**Thursday,** three prima donnas.....**Mignon**
**Friday,** Abbott's "Last Rose of Summer"...**Martha**
**Saturday Matinee, 1st Emma Abbott Matinee**
**Saturday Night**.....**King for a Day**
**Sunday** .....**Il Trovatore**

Choice seats now on sale at the box office. Orchestra and Dress Circle, $1.50: Balcony, reserved, $1; Boxes, $8, $12, and $15.

TO CONSUMERS

....OF....

SPRING VALLEY

WATER.

**Two dry seasons have so diminished the quantity of water in our Storage Reservoirs, that we are compelled to ask consumers to use every precaution to prevent waste.**

**We shall do everything in our power to keep the city supplied with water, and spare no expense to accomplish it; but unless waste is stopped it may be necessary, before the expiration of the season, to limit the supply of water to each consumer.**

**As your property is endangered by a lack of pressure in the mains for the Fire Department, we trust that all consumers will assist us in this emergency.**

**By order of the Board of Directors.**

**W. H. LAWRENCE,**
**General Superintendent**
**Spring Valley Water Works.**



The Rurr Parlor Folding Bed SAVES RENT

Holds all the bedding, including pillows. Prices from $50 to $250, according to size, style and finish.

F. S. CHADBOURNE & CO., 741-753 Market Street, S. F.
H. H. Gross, Manager Folding Bed Department.



**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES 235 KEARNY ST. S.F.

**Southwest cor. of Bush. Established 1877.**

PROF. De FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

ELITE BOUQUET

....AND....

PECK'S

TRIPLE EXTRACT

FOR THE

HANDKERCHIEF!

**IN ALL ODORS. TRY IT.**

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE

**WESTERN PERFUMERY CO.,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

**L. GREENBAUM, PROPRIETOR.**

**FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.**

**J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.**

MERCHANT TAILORS

**And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,**

**415 MONTGOMERY STREET,**

**Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco**



**The DRESS REFORM CORSET. – The Finest Corset on the Coast. –** FOR LADIES AND MISSES. Glove-fitting, graceful, comfortable, "just the thing" for stout figures. BONES will not BREAK. THEY WILL NOT BREAK. Sold by us for the past 6 years. SENT TO ANY ADDRESS postpaid, $2.00. Will exchange if it does not fit. In ordering, send a tight waist, hip, and bust measure, taken outside of your dress. Send for illustrated book of our Union Under-Flannels, Shoulder Braces, Corset Waists, Hose and Skirt Supporters, etc., which took the first premium silver medal at the late Mechanics' Fair to the only Depot for these goods.

**M. H. OBER & CO.,**
**Boston Dress Reform Rooms,**
Established 1876. 12 Sutter St., S. F., Cal.

**MARBLE WORKS.**

**MARBLE MANTELS,** made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. **Monuments and Headstones.**

**W. H. McCORMICK,**

840 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

HALL'S PIANOS

NO. 152 & 16 TYLER ST. SAN FRANCISCO

R. H. McDonald, PRESIDENT. L. Vesaria, VICE-PRES'T.
Z. S. Eldredge, ACT'G CASH'R.

# PACIFIC BANK

Established 1863

Capital Stock $1,000,000.00
Surplus $450,000.00

*San Francisco, Jan. 1, 1884*

**The following statement** shows the condition of this bank January 1, 1884:

**Ours** is the oldest chartered banking institution on the Pacific Coast.

**Our connections** are complete for the transaction of any and all kinds of banking or collection business.

**Individuals, firms, corporations,** contemplating a change in their present banking arrangements, or opening an account in this city, will do well to communicate with us.

Assets.

| | |
|---|---|
| Solvent Bills Receivable | $2,509,721 35 |
| Real Estate—Banking house | 150,000 00 |
| Other Real Estate | 14,998 60 |
| Govt. Bonds, Bankstocks &c. | 111,993 05 |
| Due from solvent Banks | 358,206 64 |
| Money on hand | 633,160 16 |
| | $3,778,077 80 |

Liabilities.

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital Stock | $1,000,000 00 |
| Surplus Fund | 450,000 00 |
| Undivided Profits | 6,120 35 |
| Due Depositors | 2,167,652 57 |
| Due Banks | 114,304 88 |
| Due Dividend No. 69 | 40 000 00 |
| | $3,778,077 80 |

**All matters** intrusted to our care will be attended to with promptness, fidelity, and in strict confidence.

R. H. McDONALD, Pres't.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
**Commission Merchants,**
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
☞ Liberal advances made on consignments. ☜

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON.
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 309 SANSOME STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

**TABER, HARKER & CO.**
**Importers and Wholesale Grocers,**
108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHEESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco.
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

**JOHN DANIEL & CO.**
Importers and Dealers in Italian Marble and Scotch Granite
MONUMENTS AND MANTELS,
No. 421 Pine Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco, Cal.
☞ Manufacturers of Monuments, Headstones, Mantelpieces, Plumbers' Stones, Table and Counter Tops, Imposing Stones, etc., at lowest cash prices.

**Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed**
# TILES
For Decorations.
W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

# LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
# HENRY F. MILLER
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
# HEMME & LONG
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

# WALL PAPER,
Artistic Designs, American, French, and English. Cornice Poles and Fixtures. Sole Agents on Pacific Coast for LINCRUSTA WALTON, the new and indestructible Wall Decoration. Imitation Stained and Ground Glass, for residences, churches, etc. Frescoing and Interior Decorating a specialty.
WINDOW SHADES.
Samples and Estimates furnished on Application.
G. W. CLARK & CO., 645 & 647 MARKET ST.

# FIREMAN'S FUND
INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.

| | |
|---|---|
| CAPITAL, | $750,000 |
| ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1882, | $1,350,000 |

D. J. STAPLES, President. WILLIAM J. DUTTON, Secretary.
ALPHEUS BULL, Vice-President. E. W. CARPENTER, Asst. Secretary.
AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

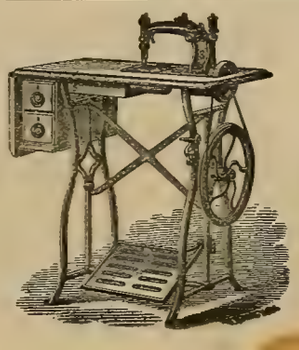
UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY.
A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for
TAMAR CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Cerebral Congestion, etc.
INDIEN Prepared by GRILLON, SOLE PROPRIETOR,
GRILLON Pharmacien de première classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.
Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



THE HARKNESS
# FIRE EXTINGUISHER
First Premium Mechanics' Institute, 1882.
D. S. BROWN & CO.,
36 California Street, San Francisco,
General Agents Pacific Coast.

# PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

# THE CALIFORNIA
SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.
Junction Market and Powell Sts.
Deposits received. Loans made on city and country property at low rates.


Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

# HOTEL
SIERRA MADRE VILLA,
On the mountain side,
In an Orange Grove, Near Los Angeles.
Has been enlarged to accommodate One Hundred Guests. For climate, health, comfort, pure water, and beauty of scenery, it has no equal on this coast. General Sherman says it surpasses all other places on the American continent for a quiet good time.
For further information, address
W. COGSWELL, Proprietor,
San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, Cal.

**CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY**
OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.
Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Sts.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

**THE AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,**
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.


**TRINITY SCHOOL,**
Church, Boarding, and Day School for Young Men and Boys, 1534 Mission Street, San Francisco. Prepares for college and university. Easter session opens Thursday, Jan. 4, 1884. Refers to Wm. F. Babcock, Esq., C. E. Eyre, Joseph Powning, Esq., Gen. L. H. Allen, T. Coleman, Esq., Geo. W. Gibbs, Esq. For information address REV. E. B. SPALDING, Rector.

**CALIFORNIA MILITARY ACADEMY,**
OAKLAND, CAL.
A firstsclass Boarding-school for Boys. Thorough practical instruction in all departments. First-class Special attention given to care and comfort of c Term begins THURSDAY, January 3, 1884. For lars, address COL. W. H. O'BRIEN, Princi

**HOPKINS ACADEMY,**
OAKLAND, CAL.
REV. H. E. JEWETT.....PRINCIPAL
Send for catalogue.

BOUND VOLUMES
.....OF.....
# THE ARGONAUT
Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, XI, XII, and XIII.
Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office, No. 213 Dupont Street.

# REMOVAL
W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
HAVE REMOVED TO
311, 313, 315, and 317
MARKET STREET,
Between Beale and Fremont.

GERMEA
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIV. No. 5. SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 2, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: The Vast Tracts of American Farming Land which are being placed on the London Market—Can Speculative Monopoly in Land be Prevented by Act of Congress?—The Dividing Up of Our Magnificent Inheritance—A Way in which the Difficulty may be Solved—Tax the Unprofitable Land-owner and the Enterprising Farmer Alike—Frederick Douglass's Marriage—The Foolish Prejudices of the Southern ex-Slave-holders—What a Woman of Culture Thinks of the *Argonaut*—Poets and Poetry—Originality versus Art—How a Chromo can Surpass an "Old Master" in Popularity—The Literary Editor Sat Upon—A Poem which will Illustrate the Editorial Meaning ..... 1–2

CHIT-CHAT: "Una" discourses on Men, Women, and Things ..... 3

SEVEN TIMES NINE: The Diary of a Man who Braced ..... 4

STORYETTES: Grave, Gay, Epigrammatic, and Otherwise ..... 4

THE NEW YEAR IN PARIS: Passe-Partout's Gossip ..... 5

PICTURES FROM LIFE: The Dudes—The Chicago Maiden—A Woman's Way ..... 5

SOCIETY: "Bavardin's" Letter—Notes and Gossip ..... 6

A CALIFORNIA GIRL'S DEBUT: "Flaneur's" New York Budget ..... 7

NAPOLEON AND BAZAINE: A Bit of History by Archibald Forbes ..... 8

INTAGLIOS: A Sheaf Gleaned from French Fields ..... 9

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Popular Catechism—The Train Boy ..... 9

VANITY FAIR: Its Women and Fashions ..... 10

OUR CHESS COLUMN: Problems and Games of Recent Note ..... 10

CORRESPONDENCE: Grant and Fitz-John Porter—Pro and Contra—The Theosophists and their Society ..... 11

LITERARY NOTES: The New Books and their Authors ..... 11

OF HOPE IN GOD: From the French of Alfred de Musset ..... 12

THE DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Stage Gossip—The Theatres of the Week ..... 13

The value of American farming land is attracting the notice of moneyed Europeans, and large investments are being made in agricultural property. The English, with their keen appreciation of landed estates, are prominent in the movement. Great blocks of wild lands in Texas and in the States and Territories west of the Mississippi are being purchased. If these lands were to be subdivided, sold to actual occupants in small holdings, and brought under actual cultivation by so respectable a class of immigrants as English farmers are admitted to be, the movement would be free from its present serious objections. To allow Englishmen, or anybody else, to invest in large tracts of land with the intention of holding them for speculative rise in value, is altogether inadmissible, if we have any law to prevent such monopoly. Our public domain should, by proper acts of Congress, be at once guarded from spoliation; and it would not be an unwise policy for our Government to devise a code regulating the ownership of landed property in this country. Observing the difficulties that in older and more densely populated countries arise from the tenure of landed property, and from the extent of landed estates, it would be prudent for the Congress of the United States, and the individual States, to chart out and limit the extent of ownership in landed property. We have had no fear that the donation of public lands to railroad companies as subsidies in aid of constructing roads would work inconvenience to the public or injury to the public good; nor has it. The first grant of public land of which we have personal knowledge and opportunity to observe its effect was the grant to the road through the corn lands of Illinois. The construction of this road gave value to the land through which it passed, induced immigration, and the result has been most beneficial. We have seen the steady, onward, westward march of empire from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean keep step with the progress of railroad building. Those great midland plains where the buffalo roamed were within our generation valueless and unoccupied. The great, dotted American desert of our school-day maps is now the seat of empire and civilization. Wherever, from the cold northern land of the Dakota to the Arcadia, where, in the land of the magnolia, Evangeline sought the son of Basil the blacksmith, national development has kept pace with the construction of railroads, as in the case of the Central Pacific and Union Pacific, the Northern and the Southern Pacific roads. Intervening gaps of mountain, plain, and desert have been leaped by the immigrant, and this our coast of the Pacific has become the seat of an isolated empire. The gap of less genial climate and less fruitful lands is yet to be filled, and is filling through the same agencies which have promoted the settlement of the valley of the Mississippi and the slopes of the Sierra. Grants to aid railroad building place the title where it is to the interest of the grantee to sell in small subdivisions, in order that settlement and production may afford passengers and merchandise for transportation. The ownership of land by non-residents who will not sell nor cultivate, who hold for speculation and future descendants, presents the land question in an altogether different and more objectionable form. The one thing on God's earth which wealth should not be allowed to monopolize is land. The extent of territory is fixed; the extent of population is only limited by land. If the law shall make it possible for wealth to absorb and not cultivate, then the law makes discrimination in favor of land ownership against human life. It is the question of the life-raft in mid-ocean with the storm lashing it. It is the question of brute physical force, in which the strongest and the most brutal is triumphant. The difficulty is not, however, without local remedy; and titled Englishmen would do well to reflect upon the fact that the ramifications of republican government extend from the bronze feather of the Indian which surmounts the dome of our national capitol, down to the grass-roots of the school district and town organization of the most sparsely settled rural district. Taxation is the highest prerogative of popular sovereignty; and it is possible for the electors of a locality to determine that roads shall be constructed with culverts and bridges of cut granite, and that school-houses shall be erected of architectural beauty and costliness, though there be not a vehicle nor a child in the township. Whenever the small farmers and small property-owners of a locality shall determine to tax themselves, and equally tax the non-resident land-holder, open roads, and build bridges, school-houses, county court-houses, and other improvements, they will make land speculation a costly experiment for English dukes, and lords, and things. The vicious and criminal practice of assessing improved and cultivated farm lands at higher prices than the unoccupied lands of the vicinity ought to be corrected. This is, if not a premium to non-resident speculators, a penalty imposed upon the enterprise and industry of the farmer. Nothing has more surprised us in California than that this practice has not met the united and indignant protest of the farmers, and that the agricultural interests have not combined to compel both parties to choose the local assessor in view of this principle, and compel him to assess the unoccupied and unimproved land at the same value he does that which is improved. It will come to this in time; and the first political party that will recognize the justness and equity of the rule shall profit by its adoption.

The marriage of Frederick Douglass, aged seventy, colored, with the young lady of Avon, New York, aged thirty-five, white, seems to us to have stirred an indignation quite incommensurate with the results which are likely to flow from the miscegenation. Perhaps the most curious fact in this connection is that both races object to the amalgamation, and both for presumably the same reason—viz: the deterioration of their race. The negro is afraid that the African family will be let down to the level of the European, if he does not raise his voice of warning. The proud Saxon, as we all know, is, of all people, the most fearful lest the dignity of his character and the purity of his blood shall be affected by contact and crossing with some inferior breed. Another curious fact develops itself—viz., all the old colored bucks resent the conduct of the black Douglass, while all the white spinsters of uncertain age are indignant at the conduct of the young woman from Avon. Now, as for ourselves, we see no reason why this respectable and venerable old colored gentleman should not solace his declining years with the connubial companionship of a white female of the strong-minded class; and if the white female finds her happiness in acting as a staff to the aged negro, we see no reason why we should not allow them to limp along the down grade into the valley of shadows without throwing stones at them. The Washington woman who had read of the Bastile in France, and wished she could put this wife into it for life, is not only cruel but illogical. In Paris it is not an offense for black men to marry white women. The history of the family of Dumas illustrates our meaning. In no creed of any Christian church of which we have ever heard, unless it be some local denomination where African slavery has existed, is the marriage of different races inhibited. Civilization and religion unite in assenting to such unions. Knowing the prejudice which exists in the South against the legal relation of marriage between the white man and the colored woman, and knowing that in the South there is a generous recognition of the union of the sexes when not recognized by law nor sanctioned by religion, we presume the special indignation exhibited in Virginia was not against the union of this colored gentleman to this white lady, but because that act had the authorization of the State and the sanction of the church. We wish Frederick Douglass joy of his new wife, and his new wife joy of her old husband. We raise our arms and say: "Bless you, my children."

A lady temporarily residing at Athens, in Greece, for the education of her children, writes to her husband in San Francisco: "The *Argonaut* is the only Californian paper received at our hotel. I assure you it is very welcome, and I am proud of it as a representative American journal." The *Argonaut* is not indifferent to the compliment of any intelligent and cultivated person; but it is especially proud when it is approved by a highly cultivated woman. If our journal can be clean enough in all its departments, honest enough in all its utterances and in mode of expression, good enough for a highly educated wife and mother, to allow it to be read by her daughters and sons in the belief that it will not defile their morals or their English, and if she finds that in it which interests herself, we feel that all has been said of us that we are endeavoring to deserve. Once in the early time of our enterprise, when it was hard scratching to live, one of the best citizens of San Francisco—one with a son growing to manhood and daughters becoming women—wrote us a note of encouragement, saying that "he had read the *Argonaut* long enough now to justify a confidence in laying it uncut upon his library table for the young people to read." We wished then that this wealthy banker had increased his advertisement; at that time we were more in need of coin than compliments. That we have now a sufficiency of both—compliments and coin—is due to the fact that, with brains, courage, and conscience, we have had the confidence to believe that a brave expression of honest opinions would find a metallic echo. The *Argonaut* was a mercenary venture. Like all business enterprises, it was expected to pay. The journal which does not pay is not worth reading. There is not in all the vast circumference of the round globe a useful or valuable paper, daily, weekly, or semi-occasional, that is not on a profitable financial basis. The *Argonaut*, therefore, as a matter of course, wants coin; always wants it; and, curiously, but naturally enough, the more it gets the more it wants; the more it gets the better paper it will be; the better paper the more money. The only thing about the *Argonaut* is that it does not want money badly enough, nor anybody's patronage badly enough, nor any man's advertisement badly enough, to forego the immense luxury of saying just what it thinks concerning anything and everything that is within the fair limits of journalistic discussion. There is no theme so far above the inquiring mind, none so far below it, and none so wide of its jurisdiction, that an honest man should feel that he has not the right and privilege to discuss it. There is nothing so holy, so con-

secrated by age, so hedged about by venerable traditions, that it ought not to become the subject matter of intelligent and reasonable discussion. There is, and ought to be, nothing in the whole broad range of God's universe taken for granted. An honest creature has the right to challenge the omnipotence of his Creator; to question His wisdom, and to demand the end, object, and purpose of His creative act. The brine of ocean would become stagnant and offensive, except for action and agitation. The power that is not challenged ends in arbitrary abuse. Cæsar, in the struggles of his ambition, had no occasion to be reminded that he was a man, till, victorious over the Gauls, enriched with their spoils, with captive kings in chains at his chariot's wheels, he was accorded a triumphal entry into Rome. There is no scientific inquiry, nor philosophic code, nor religious creed, nor any thought, nor thing, nor man, which deals in humanity, which may not be challenged to clothe itself in white, and in the daytime stand in the world's great forum and answer honest inquiries of the passer-by. When any organization frets under such assaults, it is evidence that it is dangerous or hollow—either a terror or a sham; and, if either, that its existence ought not to be tolerated in a free Republic. The *Argonaut* does, sometimes, write with seeming lack of respect for things by some deemed sacred. It does, sometimes, exhibit apparent lack of regard for institutions by some deemed holy. It does, sometimes, hold up to the cold analysis of reason dogmas and doctrines by some held in great veneration. It does, sometimes, present for pitiless derision and contempt the pretenses of a mercenary, ecclesiastical sham, that, through the ignorance it has promoted, has created for it a superstitious regard. The *Argonaut*, above all things else in this world, hates "sham." Above all other vile things, it despises hypocritical and priestly sham. To come back to the lady in Athens, the business manager of the *Argonaut* desires us to say that the price of the paper is four dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance, and that postmasters are allowed twenty-five per cent. for their trouble in making up clubs and remitting the money.

A controversy has arisen in the *Argonaut* office over the publication of the following piece of verse. The *Argonaut*, by a sort of traditional policy, has divided itself into three parts. The editorial writer is permitted the control of *his* columns, the literary editor is authorized to have his own way in *his* own department, while the business manager is authorized to use a certain space for advertising announcements. As a rule, we get on well enough together—at least, well enough not to trouble our readers by reference to the controversies that do occasionally arise between us. The present one having assumed unusually serious proportions, the following calm and impartial statement is submitted: The editorial writer says the verse is good; our literary colleague says it is not poetry, and asks, with a sarcasm which is crushing, why the writer doesn't put his ideas into prose. We answer, that is his business; he has chosen to express himself in rhyme. Then our associate comes at us in a vernacular we do not understand; he talks of poetry as one of the fine arts demanding the most careful and elaborate work—as demanding genius and imagination, allied to the highest culture, and the most patient and careful industry. And then our co-worker gets upon his winged Pegasus, and cavorts into a field of argument where we can not follow him, by reason of our ignorance of technical terms. We were tangled in the wildest forest of feet and meters; lost in iambus, trochee, anapæst, and dactyl; all confused with lyric measure, heroic meter, Alexandrine verse, dactylic accentuations, hexameter and hypermeter, amphibrach and spondee. Then we caught specimens of hymns, and ballads, and stanzas, assonant rhymes and blank verse in couplet, triplet, and stanza; stanzas in strophe, canto, chorus, and refrain; with specimens of narrative, lyric, dramatic, descriptive, didactic, pastoral, satirical, humorous, and epic, by all the writers of accepted poetry, from Homer down to Sidney Lanier. We fled to our own room, leaving our associate reciting to himself Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," but not till we had quoted from Jeffrey that "the end of poetry is to please;" not till we had said that the essence of any writing was in the ideas it conveyed, and that, when a thought was strong, original, and valuable, it made but little difference whether it was conveyed in the polished diction of measured verse or the rougher vehicle of good sound Saxon phrase. We said, "this verse has strength, if it does lack the perfection of your artificial rules. It will interest our readers." "Then print it upon the editorial page," said our irate junior; "any faults it may have will not attract attention there." Hence this appeal. We used to read Martin Tupper, as everybody else did, and thousands of volumes have been printed and read, but the dilettant in literature has said it is not the right thing, and to him it is an object of derision. All the same, Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" is read by a mass of common folk to whom Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" is a blind conundrum. In the centennial year we attended the Fair at Philadelphia. Through the picture gallery—where hung the finest specimens of modern art, the best copies of the old masters, and many originals of extremest value—there rushed a daily throng of tens of thousands. Where one stopped to examine the canvas of modern art or the copy of old masters, a thousand lingered before the "Spirit of '76," and it was done by a carriage painter, of Cleveland, Ohio. Even its rudest copy in colored chromos seems to stir the emotions of the dullest American—the wild, old drummer and fifer, the bright-faced, eager boy, and patriotic emotion bursting from every line of the picture; the flag is a poem; the whole an epic story in color. Whether the drawing is good, or the color perfect, or the grouping artistic, we do not know or care. We have seen the world-renowned pictures in basilicas, royal palaces, and national galleries, but we would rather have the "Spirit of 76" than any picture done by human hand. We have heard the finished orator and listened to his artificially formed and well-turned phrase; we have heard the earnest, passionate utterance of unlearned men, and with the latter was true eloquence. Perhaps it is only Praxiteles who can chisel the marble to artistic shape, but it is God who forms the quarry.

IS THE WORLD GROWING BETTER?

Has the world been growing better since Jesus Christ was born,
In the city of Bethlehem, on that eventful morn?
Would we turn away the Virgin, careworn, unclothed, unfed?
Would his birthplace be a stable, and a manger be his bed?

Would we have looked upon the child, and recognized in him
The Son of God, the Friend of Man, the Deliverer from Sin?
Would we soothe His Mother Mary in her trials and distress,
And from our store of plenty the friendless outcasts bless?

Would we have followed Christ on earth, and owned His power supreme,
And in the dark Gethsemane consoled the Nazarene?
"Away with him! Away with him!" would we have joined the cry
Of that mad crowd that hurried Him to suffer, bleed, and die?

Would we build new Inquisitions, with thumb-screw, rack and chain,
To crush out life from noble hearts by agony and pain—
Dig out the deep, damp, sunless cell, where innocence expires,
And light again, on every hill, the martyr faggot-fires?

We gaze with holy horror, when the past our minds review,
On the bloody Reign of Terror and black Bartholomew;
And we try, but fail, to number the myriad hosts of man
Who fought and fell for Truth and God since Time his race began.

With Bibles, happy hearts and homes, in eighteen-eighty-four,
Indeed, we are much better than our friends in days of yore.
There's no land blest as this land is, beneath the glittering stars,
And none who would more willingly suppress religious wars.

The busy stir of industry from shore to shore extends,
And every heart in gratitude and praise to God ascends;
There is love, joy, peace, and plenty, throughout this favored land,
And to all nations of the earth we hold out friendship's hand.

Long may the Flag of Freedom wave beneath Heaven's arch o blue,
Supported and defended by hearts that's loyal and true;
And palsied be the traitor-wretch who, Arnold like, would stain,
By a word or deed, unjustly, its world-wide honored name.

OGDEN, U. T., January 17, 1884. ALEXANDER ROSS.

The County Committee of the Republican organization of the city and county of San Francisco is not so strong, or so respectable, or so clean, in the personnel of its members, that it can afford to act other than with common decency toward the non-active members of the party. If it does, the non-active members will resent the insolence of any such arbitrary conduct, and so sit down upon the committee that its usefulness will be destroyed, if its existence be not imperiled. Not having the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the foreign-born gentleman by the name of J. A. Schmidt, which, in respect to the country of his adoption, he has so Anglicized that it is now spelled "Smith," and pronounced as spelled—who was ambitious to be elected Chairman of the Executive Committee, but who was beaten by Mr. Stumphf—Anglicized to J. C. "Stump"—we can not express our opinion upon his fitness to fill so responsible and honorable a position. We would, however, suggest that in such places it is desirable the person shall be able to so speak the English language that it is comprehensible by the close attention of a perfect and practiced American ear. For any county committee to undertake, by sending one of its members to a district with authority to organize ward clubs in opposition to the wishes of the Republicans of the district—the member to name the president and secretary, and five members to act as enrolling committee with the authority to say who shall be members of the club—is rather bare-faced. It is these clubs who are to elect delegates to conventions. Persons not enrolled are disfranchised from primary election. So it follows that the majority of the County Committee determines delegates to all party conventions, and arrogates to itself the arbitrary control of the party in the county of San Francisco. We have no knowledge of the aims or objects of either division of the County Committee. We have no disposition to favor either of the contending parties. We do not care very much who leads. All we ask is fair, open, honest, and honorable work. That being conceded, we are to the last degree loyal to the party; without it, we are in private rebellion.

*"ILIUM FUIT"; so was Squatterville-by-the-Sea. "DELENDA EST CARTHAGO"; such is also the unhappy fate of the embryo metropolis.*

## LITERATURE AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

An English publisher is reported to have recently said that it is impossible to obtain as good illustrations in his own country as those which appear in the American magazines. He also said that there is something about the American climate which is conducive to art, that the Americans are acquiring a skill like that of the Italians. This is flattering to our vanity; and we will, of course, accept it as a truthful statement. Yet there is another side to the question of illustrations, besides that of a welcome recognition of the growth of art among us. We may well rejoice that the people are being educated to appreciate the beautiful in artistic creation; but, if this development is secured at the expense of literature, it is not an unmixed good.

No one who has carefully watched the growth of the illustrated magazines can believe that the advancement in art-skill has been wholly conducive to the interests of literature. The aim of the editors of our popular magazines is to secure articles which can be illustrated. The better opportunity an article gives for art-display the more acceptable it is. Even if its literary merits are the most meagre, the art is supposed to redeem every defect. As a necessary consequence, the younger literary men are diverted from the work they love, and through which they would attain valuable and enduring results, to provide the milk-and-water literary pabulum which is served up from month to month in the illustrated magazines. As the literary market now is, the young author must sell his wares where they will bring him the largest pecuniary returns. However strongly he may wish to give his days and nights to the best of which he is capable, he finds there is a market for those light and jaunty productions which will display the engraver's art, and comparatively little for the better work to which he would prefer to give such genius as he has. Under this condition of things it is not to be expected that our literature will make very rapid strides.

As a matter of fact, our literature of the last ten years, since the art of illustration has reached its height, does not equal the literature of any previous ten years since 1844. To this statement it may be replied, that we never before had such writers as James and Howells, and that our novelists show great skill and literary ability. This is to be admitted; but in this one direction alone have the last ten years been thoroughly fruitful. And then it is only the work of the novelist which can properly keep pace with the art of illustration, satisfying the same demand and ministering to the same purpose. In poetry, aside from the work of such men as Longfellow and Whittier, who have long had an established reputation, the last ten years have given us very little of value. Even poets of such excellent promise as Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson have been diverted into dishing up out-of-the-way corners of the country for illustration. The magazines, and even the newspapers, are filled with excellent poetic writing; but the fact remains that hardly one volume of genuine poetic promise has been published in this country during the last decade.

The English magazines are filled every month with excellent essays of genuine ability and interest. We have almost nothing of the same kind, or that answers to the same purpose. This is equally true in the field of criticism, where we are even more hopelessly drifting away from what is sound and helpful. In history, one or two works of merit have redeemed us from the charge of sterility. Even here, however, the result is anything but encouraging, when one looks at the time and talent perverted by the demand for illustrated books. For this devouring devil of illustration is not confined to the magazines, but takes its way through all literature, corrupting whatever it touches. Writers of promise and ability are continually being drawn away and seduced by the demand for illustrations, giving their genius to the making of holiday books, or something else which will catch the eye and sell readily. That authors will do this is to be expected as long as publishers and public demand it.

It is often complained that the age of Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Bancroft has passed away, that there have arisen no literary men competent to take their places. It is true, and the demand for illustrations has had much to do with it. Not merely, of course, the growth of interest in illustrated literature; for this is only one of the symptoms of a general tendency. Since the beginning of the period of reconstruction there has been an immense awakening of interest in literature; but much of it has been of a merely surface and ephemeral character. The new millions who have come to demand something to read have wished to be amused, not to be instructed. At the very time of this new demand has come the marvelous development of the art of engraving; and the two interests have played into each other's hands. For the present the result is one of serious evil to our literature, corrupting the public taste, debauching the talent of authors, and stunting the growth of a genuine love of books.

That this condition of things will long continue is not to be expected. There are already signs of a healthy reaction in the other direction. This backward movement toward a healthy literary activity should be aided by every author who loves his calling, and who wishes to promote its highest interests.—*Geo. Willis Cooke in the Current.*

## CHIT-CHAT.

News of the day:

*Telegraph News:* Mrs. Langtry has changed the style of wearing her hair.

*New York Letter:* Mrs. Langtry has completely altered the style of her hair.

*Feuilletoniste:* Mrs. Langtry now combs her hair up on top of her head.

*Private Letter:* You ought to see Mrs. Langtry with her hair high! She looks strange, but handsomer than ever.

*Fashion Journal:* The pug has gone out since Mrs. Langtry abandoned it.

*Dramatic Critic:* Mrs. Langtry now dresses her hair in a round wad on the crown of her head. It is much more becoming than the old style. Her acting has improved.

*Mrs. Langtry's Manager:* In addition to other startling novelties, this wonderful woman has changed the manner of wearing her hair.

*Facetiæ:* The Australians will now never see the original Langtry pug.

*Facetiæ Continued:* Freddy has not seen Lily since she has worn her hair the new way.

*Hair Dresses in Chorus:* D—n Mrs. Langtry! Why couldn't she have dropped the simplicity racket when she changed her hair?

*Photographers:* Portraits of Mrs. Langtry with her hair in the new style now on sale.

Etc., etc. *Verbatim et literatim.*

Talking of hair, when Boucicault's play of "Formosa" was in the height of its first run, the actress who played the leading part made quite a point with her hair. When she was down in deep green country, in the pure atmosphere of her old home, where her people knew nothing of her life of shame, she wore a simple cotton gown. Her own dark-brown hair was "banded smoothly on her brow," as the novelists say, and coiled in a Grecian knot at the nape of her neck. When she returned to the glare and splendor of her sinful London life, she put on immediately, as a sort of badge of her calling, a false chevelure of flossy golden locks.

Jeffreys-Lewis in "Odette" transforms herself, for almost the first time, with a red wig. She has always made rather a point of wearing her own hair, and wearing it always one way. To so simple a reason many ascribe the undeniable similarity of all her rôles. Her red wig has developed a singular fact. She has frequently been compared to a beautiful fury, to a stormy gypsy, and to many other violent varieties of the brunette type. People have been known to intimate that they wouldn't care to be shut up in the same room with Jeffreys-Lewis and a carving-knife, and it is not uncommon to hear an audible murmur in the audience to the effect that the lady must be a Tartar. All of these remarks simply point to a fiery temper. It is only in "Odette" that she has ever succeeded in looking really improper. It is rather hard on the pink variety of the human race that, though the lady never plays respectability, she never looked morally shady till she put on red hair! Perhaps, after all, the immorality is only in the dye. Cleopatra was red-haired, and so was Elizabeth, the quasi-virgin queen; and there is a story extant that many of the famous poisoners of the world were scarlet blondes. Yet it is undeniable that there be many very respectable persons born with red hair. It is a beautiful color in itself, and the greatest of the fleshly artists loved to paint it. Yet the moment a woman dyes her hair with it, there rests upon her the *onus probandi*. Perhaps this is why it is going out of fashion. Aureoline went out long ago. Aside from its being most conspicuously vulgar, its action upon the hair made it conspicuously unbecoming as it grew stale. Auburnine, or whatever be the name of the preparation which makes beauty Titianesque, is going out too. It is no longer the style to look fast. One must look modest, retiring, discreet, high-bred. Hence, exit manufactured red hair. It is a curious process to watch this gradual resumption of dun-brown locks and self-respect. A vast moral expurgation is going on. A huge red cloud of wickedness seems to rise with the gradual evaporation of red dye from the fashionable head. An idea: perhaps this is the true cause of the red sunsets!

There is a panic among the florists. They want a new murderer. The extinction of Wheeler has left them comparatively out of business, and the Leroy boom has not begun to be whooped up. Neither will Leroy be the darling of the female jail missionary when he does come to be looked up. He only killed a man. To become a floral pet the assassin must have killed a woman. If he throttle her he is irresistible. The logic is simple. The strangler assails a woman in her strength, and those of the assassin worshipers who wield the weapon still abase themselves before his prowess. For the rest, they are under certain obligation to him for having thinned the superfluous side of the census by one.

"Una," said Cynthia, gravely, the other day, "we must manage to get hold of a copy of 'Sarah Barnum.' The boys say it is the most beastly thing that ever emanated from the pen of a Frenchman."

I intimated to Cynthia that I liked the naïveté of her reason for wanting to read it, but hinted that I myself had not the necessary cheek to try it after "the boys'" dictum. "The boys," I may say, are a lot of brothers and cousins, with whom Cynthia is in proud kinship. The points that she picks up from them when she does not seem to be listening would stagger them if they knew it. They look upon her as a super-refined snow-drop, and she has a genius for keeping them in that state of mind.

Cynthia flouted my scruples, and made bold to disbelieve them. "Confess, now," she said, "that you would read the book if you had it in your hand, just to be sure of the worst. It is like profiting by your own experience. If it is bad, you want to know just how bad it is."

I confessed; but confessed, also, the lack of sufficient gall to approach a book-dealer and ask him for it.

"Oh, I shall send the old man after it," said Cynthia. "He doesn't know French from Sanscrit; and as he never reads the newspapers, he will never suspect anything."

"But," I urged, "he belongs to the clubs, and the clubs have been buried in the book for days."

"Be perfectly assured, Una; the clubs never took the pains to talk Sarah Barnum to such an old fogy as my old man."

The old fogy, I am sorry to say, is Cynthia's husband. But she knows how to gauge him, for he meekly and unsuspectingly bought the book.

"We never could read it together, you know," said Cynthia. "I really couldn't have the face to turn the pages with any one, after what I have heard of it. It may be an overweening curiosity on my part, but I think I had better look it through first, and see if it is fit reading for you." [She is five years younger than I.]

Cynthia retired to an inner apartment. It was not many minutes before she came forth, with blazing face, and holding the pamphlet in the tongs. She silently committed the book to the flames.

"But Cynthia," I cried, seeking to stay the work of destruction, "I do not yet know how bad it is,"

"It's not the bad we thought it was, at all," said Cynthia, almost weeping with rage against herself; "it's—it's—just nasty."

"But *I* do not yet know how nasty it is," I expostulated.

"Una," remarked Cynthia, quite severely, "I observe this depraved taste in you with the greatest pain. When I tell you that the book is a disgusting thing, it is your womanly duty to not want to read it."

Cynthia's sequences do not dovetail.

If that skillful weaver of silver webs, "Arachne," will permit me to differ with her, I take issue with her upon the deification of the dollar. There are more dollars in the air, more rich men, more millionaires, more floating money, than ever before in the history of time. But the most dollarous millionaire of them all would buy brains with his money if he could.

It is the age of the Aristocracy of Brains.

In Paris, which leads the world in these matters, the artistic coterie is the present aristocracy. The opening of the Salon is the event of the year, and the great artists and writers of France are better known to the nethermost ends of the capital than the proudest duke in the Faubourg St. Germain. The leading salon of the world is that of Madame Adam, an editress, and the material entertainment is said to be of the simplest kind.

In England, Tennyson is the greatest man of the day. When he sat at table at the famous yacht lunch-party in Copenhagen, empresses, queens, and princesses were as thick as dahlias at a flower-show, and he was the honored guest of them all. The doughty Queen unbends only to the knights of the pen, and meekly suffered something next door to impertinence from both Dickens and Carlyle, which is more than she would take from her prime minister. She has tried to belong to the literary circle herself with a book or two, while the Princesses Louise and Beatrice follow in her track with feeble illustrations. But the royal people do not take high rank in the Aristocracy of Letters.

The doorstep of Longfellow's old house in Cambridge has been for many years the American Mecca. Genius, youth, beauty, money, power, brains, all have figuratively bent the knee upon that honored threshold. Have they ever flocked like this upon the marble steps of Jay Gould or William Vanderbilt?

W. D. Howells is more sought for socially than any man in the United States, and James Russell Lowell is popular because he is a poet rather than an ambassador. Exclusive Boston opens its arms to George Cable, a Southerner from the farthest South. Mark Twain holds the *open sesame* to any house, and Bret Harte is the familiar guest at ducal tables. In New York alone money is king, and New York redeems itself. It is the emporium for all the brains in the country. And these names are the great ones only. The principle carries itself through the entire leaven of modern life. The artist, the poet, the musician, the writer, hold an enviable place in the world's esteem.

And when it comes to dining, what hostess would rather not have one of these at her table than any gilded favor or Tiffany tambourine? The favors, the bonbons, the bands of music, are mere concessions to brains. They say plainly that the lack of them must be supplied. After all, it takes brains to produce these favors, and thus, once more, tribute is paid. If the hostess of the sparkling eye, the ready tongue, the nimble wit, supplement her charms with these favors in all modesty, she is only so much the more charming. They will not pale her intellectual splendor. If she have wits at her table, she must also supplement the bonbons with a good dinner, else the guests will not return to her. As gastronomy has become a fine art, this also requires brains, for it has come to pass that the brainy diners actually pick out their hostesses. This is the sublimity of impertinence, but it is, at least, a local truth. That the best diners and the most complete hostesses are not found in the richest houses, is also a conceded local truth. Even in our little berg, brains shine the dollar down, especially when it comes to dinner. How much more must this be so in Paris, the Brain Capital.

Gentle "Arachne," if the beautiful and sympathetic Récamier could revisit the pale glimpses of her familiar moon, might she not be put to it to hold her own in the aristocratic Bohemia which has taken the place of her famous salon? The world is wider, as well as richer, than in her time. There are more women, and correspondingly more brains in it.

UNA.

A new social craze, says the *Nation*, has been started in England which promises well as far as it has gone—a ghost and haunted-house revival. England, being a country of old families, is full of haunted houses and of ghosts, and the spread of spiritualism in the last twenty-five years has probably done something to create a good atmosphere for a general ghost "racket." It will, perhaps, have a good economical effect in raising the rents of dilapidated houses having a good ghost record. The market for these have always been depressed, but if society takes up the craze with a will, it may possibly bring such dwellings into fashion yet, and this result of the movement would be a godsend to many an old family whose heavily encumbered estates fail to yield the income they once did.

## CONTEMPORARY COMMENT.

From the "Current."

A man's best is by no means always his most. —*Sir John Nichol, Fortnightly Review (November).*

Only man can be a fool. It distinguishes him from the higher animals.—*F. Marion Crawford, Atlantic Monthly (December).*

Journalism is ubiquitous even when it is not omniscient; and no inoculation can ward off the plague of interviewers.—*Saturday Review (December).*

It is only a man of no imagination who has no vanity. He can not imagine himself any better than he is.—*F. Marion Crawford, Atlantic Monthly (December).*

With the person who manifests any curiosity about our private or business affairs we always need to be on our guard.—*Chicago Weekly Magazine (January 19).*

Intimacy between father and son is difficult. Happy, thrice happy, is the son who has shared it, and wise above men the father who secured it.—*Philadelphia Press (January 13).*

The private character of the individual actor is a matter entirely aside from the sphere of genuine criticism. The public is not concerned with the man; all that it is concerned with is the performance of the artist.—*Geo. C. Miln in Chicago Saturday Herald (January 12).*

It seems to me that a stronger moral sense is needed than the majority of people possess, to induce the necessary forbearance in married life, where that alluring Divorce court is so handy—ready, only too ready, to set the captive free.—*Emily Faithfull, Dio Lewis's Monthly (December).*

There are the novels we ought to read, and will not; the novels we want to read, and can not; the novels we dread to read, and must; the novels that any one may write, but that none should print; the novels that should have remained alike unprinted and unwritten.—*Saturday Review (December).*

Most of our managers are jobbers, and few of our actors look beyond their own personality in the artistic elevation of their work. When an exception to the rule of indiscriminate adventure comes among us we are apt to regard him or her as a phenomenon.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean (December 30).*

The standard of commercial integrity is low. Many things pass for sharp and shrewd which are simply disreputable. The man who robs by deception is no better than a sneak-thief, and far more dangerous. "Business is business," is a phrase that covers more sin than charity.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean (January 1).*

The study of words, the chief scholarly occupation, is mentally debilitating, because it leaves unexercised, or exercises very imperfectly, the most important faculties of the mind—those which can only be aroused to vigorous action by direct application to the facts of the phenomenal world.—*Popular Science Monthly (December).*

A polygamous Mormon household is a thing of itself so archaic and un-American that it can not be got rid of by modern American remedies. The treatment of it has to be, as it is itself, somewhat Oriental. In short, we must tell a man who wants too many wives that we will not let him have any women.—*The Nation (December 20).*

The news comes from across the ocean that Oscar Wilde contemplates matrimony. Having had his hair cut, and patiently endured all the miseries of having an original drama sat down upon by the American people, the famous English æsthete would seem to be to an eminent degree qualified for the vicissitudes of married life.—*Eugene Field, Chicago News (December 14).*

Take away the poor young men earning small salaries, and the gambling-dens anywhere in the city could not run a month. It is an axiom with gamblers that the mechanic is "satisfied with small winnings." This becomes highly intelligible when it is known that a man loses three or four times for each winning he makes, and that when he loses he loses heavily.—*Chicago Tribune (December 28).*

Every woman has little points about her face and figure which she knows all women observe, but which, she has learned by experience, men seldom notice. When women are chatting together, they refer to any unfortunate blemish in quite an ordinary way, but they never mention them to men, for fear of drawing attention to the defect.—*A Woman Photographer in the New York Sun (January 13).*

As for the papers of the West and South, I have an honest admiration for their ability as collectors of news. The further west you go the more news there seems to be. In Chicago, if a hoop flies off a barrel it is recorded. Half their news could be compressed in your hand, and then there would be nothing there.—*Henry Ward Beecher, Speech at Franklin Anniversary Dinner (January 18).*

The restlessness which makes servant girls frequently quit even good places, apparently without adequate motive, is simply, in a cruder form, that which every year sends their masters and mistresses to Europe or elsewhere, if they can afford it, and sends them to theatres and concerts in the evening to amuse themselves, instead of staying at home and reading good books.—*The Nation (January 3).*

The reports of breach-of-promise proceedings count their readers by thousands rather than by the hundred, and obtain infinitely wider circulation than Parliamentary debates. Happily for themselves, most people, like the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus, are easily amused. They sympathize with the roars of laughter which greet a remark from the Bench that women are fickle or that lawyers like fees. The young lady who burst out laughing when Sidney Smith said grace, has plenty of counterparts in the Royal Courts of Justice.—*Saturday Review (December 22).*

## SEVEN TIMES NINE.

Diary of a Man Who Braced.

My father, excellent person that he still is, having by the practice of economy and a system of cent-per-cent which, although I never hope to understand it, I shall never cease to admire, accumulated a great deal of money, now variously and wisely invested. His office in this city is presided over by a wonderful little man who can tell you just how much seven times nine is almost while you are asking, and can figure a year's interest on a thousand dollars—if you only give him the rate—right out of his own head, without using pencil or paper. He is, in fact, my father's secretary, and I, the only other person in the office, am his clerk, learning business at fifty dollars per month. My father, however—who finds it cheaper to keep a continent between us rather than have me with him—allows me two hundred and fifty dollars per month. Thus, I find, my income is three hundred dollars per month; but, alas! my expenses are three hundred and fifty, and my present total indebtedness fifteen hundred dollars. This is not right. I must brace. If I brace, see what will come of it: when I am out of debt and have learned business—what seven times nine are without a pencil—my father, I am certain, will settle a nice sum upon me; when I am out of debt and have saved a thousand dollars, Clara, I am certain, will consent; when I am out of debt I can tell the duns to go to the devil. How I have longed to tell a dun to go to the devil! A snug sum, Clara, the duns—oh, happiness! I shall brace.

Let me see: out of three hundred dollars I pay the hostess of the very fashionable "American" boarding-house I call my home fifty dollars per month. I shall allow myself for club dues, occasional theatre tickets for Clara's sake, moderate smoking, and coupé—no, I shall ride in the cars—and car-fare, fifty dollars more. That makes—fifty and fifty make—one hundred, leaving—one hundred from three hundred leaves—two hundred per month. What an exact science is mathematics! Now, applying that to my debts—one from fifteen leaves fourteen, and two is in fourteen seven times, and one is half of two—I find I shall be out of debt in seven and one-half months. I am beginning for the first time to understand the beauty of mathematics—I shall certainly read up on seven times nine some day.

My mind is made up; this is Monday, the very day to begin to brace. Farewell, extravagance! Snug sum, Clara, appear! Duns be damned!

DIARY OF THE MAN WHO BRACED.

*Monday, January 14th.*—To-day I began to brace. Already I feel a stronger and better man. As it is a resolution to which my soul is wed, I resolved not to be boyish about it, and overthrow it by foolish haste, so I took a farewell dinner at the club; not in the spirit of treating the resolution, but merely to taper off the old life properly. The fellows at the mess-table howled at me in derision; they will howl differently at the end of this week. As I shall have to endure these American dinners at home here for seven months and a half, I allowed myself a bottle of wine besides claret, which made my dinner card an even five dollars. I refused to join a theatre party afterward. How easy it is to brace when one has firmness—besides I am tired of "Whims," to which the party was going. On my way home I stopped in at the pipe-store and bought a meerschaum—one of the loveliest pieces I have ever seen. I paid fifteen dollars for it, which I could easily afford, as I intend to stop cigar-smoking and that will make up the fifteen dollars in a week. I really believe the inspiration of my father's financial qualities has descended upon me. The fifteen dollars paid for the pipe, was, curiously, exactly the amount of coin in my pockets. Not having credit with the street-car company, I was obliged to ride home in a coupé.

*Tuesday, 15th.*—Lansing arrived from New York to-day. I consider it very fortunate that he arrived at just this time, as I wanted to repay his attention to me on my way out from college, and one naturally feels like showing some attention to an old school chum, which attention I felt particularly able to afford just now, for, having begun to brace, I will speedily make up what little expenses attached. I took him to the club for dinner. Lansing always did drink like a fish, so I consider the four qts. Pom. Sec we had a modest allowance. We went to the Baldwin Theatre, and afterward had oysters and beer. I told Lansing I had braced, and he suggested beer as cheaper. I find myself assisted in my good resolutions on all sides. It is easy to brace when one finds one's self—if the diary will pardon the pun—in a bracing atmosphere. I take Lansing to the beach in the morning with a four-in-hand, as he did the park for me in New York. He mentioned the fact that the fellows in New York all drink beer with oysters now, that being an English fad. To-morrow afternoon I shall call on Clara and I feel sure—but not too sure. Be still, my heart!

*Wednesday, 16th.*—How could Clara have treated me so? I called, told her I had braced, and begged her to help my resolution, which I already found wearing upon me, by consenting to what I had so often proposed. She asked if I had dined at home yesterday and Monday, and what else I had done since the brace began. I told her, and she replied that if I finished as nobly as I had begun, another brace would bankrupt me. Misery! that I should love so unreasonable a woman. One might as well try and understand discount and exchange as to fathom the moods of women. I think I said something like this to her, and then she began pouting, and said that for my sake she had only that morning refused her aunt's invitation to go to Europe, and she was sorry she had refused; and if I was going to be cross she should yet go with her aunt. Then I said I supposed Captain Dancer's being in Europe was a great attraction, and then she flounced out of the room, and sent in her little sister to entertain me. The nerves of a man who has just begun to brace are not calculated to endure a little sister who talks to him about Tennyson. I departed, a broken-hearted, hopeless man.

Dined at the club. I could not come home here to dinner, for two vegetables on the same plate with a roast and an entrée are more than any man whose soul is crushed can contemplate with composure. The club dinner was excellent, although I only threw a pair to Simpkin's threes in shaking for the wine. Received a note from papa's secretary, asking if he should inform papa I was ill. Propitiated him by sending his wife some flowers and his six-year-old boy a pair of boxing-gloves.

That rascally liveryman this morning charged twenty-five dollars for the four-in-hand, vulgarly mumbling something about its being less if the amount didn't have to be added to a bill already amounting to so-and-so—displaying a distressing familiarity with the exact amount of my bill, which I have forgotten. Ah, Clara, if you knew what I suffered for your sake! It is so exhausting to brace.

*Thursday, 17th.*—I now know what it is to live on ten cents a day. I have done it. Walked to the office this morning and found the secretary all right, although he remarked that the six-year-old had knocked out the baby with the gloves, and that Mrs. Secretary had sent her compliments, and suggested that the next time I honored the family with a present it should be a pair of fencing-foils for the baby. These people who know what seven times nine is have such weird ideas of wit. Worked hard in the office all the morning and rode up here in the cars for lunch—cold meat on a warm plate. Walked down and worked hard in the office all the afternoon. Then went out and ordered a box of fine cigars to send to Lansing with my compliments, as he complained of not being able to find any fit to smoke. Sent some flowers to Clara, and shall call on her to-morrow. Rode up here in the cars, dined here, and propose remaining all the evening. Find that bracing gives me a bent and opportunity for intellectual improvement, as I read an entire French novel at the office to-day, and think I shall read another before I go to bed. Actual expenses of the day, ten cents. Papa will be pleased.

*Friday, 18th.*—My throbbing heart now feels its fill of bliss—rather neat, that line. Called on Clara this afternoon. Her mood was propitious, and I made the most of it; excited her sympathy by a word-picture of the hardships of bracing, and told her of yesterday's triumph, my discovery how to live on ten cents a day. She asked, but not unkindly, if the flowers I sent her were included in the ten cents. I had to explain how, they being charged by the florist, went under the head of "bills payable," which was quite a separate thing from "cash liabilities." She couldn't understand, but the great problem of finances will always remain hocus-pocus to women. Then I urged her: I pointed out how needless it was for us to wait until my debts were paid, for, having demonstrated my own ability to live on ten cents a day, the balance of my salary and income would support her comfortably. My wooing, my unexpected familiarity with financial matters, her mood, all combined to win me victory. She first said she would not go to Europe; then she—ah, my soaring soul!—she named the day. When I left her I sought for Lansing—my boyhood's chum—to tell him of my great happiness, to which we drank in small bottles. We dined together at the club. Could I insult Clara by eating, on such a day, baked tomatoes pasted with white sauce of chicken, which unfortunate combination on one plate greeted me at my dinner here last night? No; on such a day, braced as I am, I should relax decently the austerity of my new life, and I did so. I have no regret that to the champagne for dinner I added Burgundy.

*Sunday, 20th (Morning).*—I find that the hardships of bracing have quite unnerved me, for last night, after my return, I felt wholly unequal to the task of writing up this diary for yesterday. It being Saturday, I did not work in the afternoon. Lansing and I went to the matinée, and afterward I showed him around a bit. I felt I could afford to, and arrived at the conclusion by an inspiration in abstract finances that at the time, I remember, pleased us both much.

Having reduced my expenses on Thursday to ten cents, it suddenly occurred to me yesterday that what expenses I might then incur in showing Lansing around I could charge to Thursday's account, which would leave Saturday's account as clean as though no expenses were incurred. I have tried diligently, but failed to see how, under this plan, I incurred any expenses whatever. I realize now how truthfully my dear father speaks when he says: "There is nothing that favorably compares to the fascination of money-making except the fascination of money-saving." Lansing and I saw considerable of the town, and dined—rather late, I suspect—at Charmand's, I think. I should breakfast here at home this morning except that it is too late, so I am compelled to go down to the club, where I have an engagement to meet Lansing for a one o'clock breakfast. My first week of bracing has passed, and I firmly write down my satisfaction with its results. What though its austere requirements have paled my cheek, and made my fine eye lustreless—as I just now observed from a glance in the mirror—have I not won Clara? Has not the secretary written a favorable report of my business progress to papa? Have I not learned how much is seven times nine? Yes, that is the great secret of my happiness—my knowledge of seven times nine, which is—— But no, not even to my diary will I impart so great a secret—the secret of seven times nine.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 21, 1884. BOUTVILLE.

---

While traveling recently in Germany, Mr. Henry Labouchère entered himself in a hotel register as "Elector of Middlesex," and was greeted on all sides with lavish honors. But this little joke had been played before by an American, the late Mr. William A. Seaver, formerly of the staff of *Harper's Weekly*, who boldly traded on his title of "Elector of New York" with much success and merriment.

---

Major William Arthur, of the army, bears a strong personal resemblance to his brother, though of lighter build and a more distinctively military bearing. He has seen a great deal of active service on the plains, and was a brave and efficient officer during the Rebellion. He still bears the scars of severe wounds received in battle. For politics he cares little, his tastes being purely military.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

On one occasion Boswell called upon Lord Eldon and desired to know what would be his lordship's definition of taste. "I must decline to give you my opinion," said Eldon, "because I know you will publish it, and I don't choose to submit my definition of taste to public criticism." Boswell, whom no refusal could drive away, continued to importune Eldon. "I have got," he said, "Henry Dunda's, Sir Archibald Macdonald's, and John Anstruther's definitions of taste, and I would like much to have yours." The gentlemen whose names he mentioned were three notable Scotchmen, who had made their mark in London. Eldon, seeing in this fact his opportunity, said: "Well, then, Boswell, we must have an end to this. Taste, according to my definition, is the judgment which Dundas, Macdonald, Anstruther, and you manifested when you determined to quit Scotland, and to come into the South. You may publish this, if you please." But he never did.

---

Mr. Lockwood, Q. C., had occasion recently to write his name in the visitors' book of a well-known Oban hotel. The last entry had been made by a Highland laird, who, following the custom of his "forbears," designated himself and his wife thus: "Ballachulish and Mrs. Macnab." Not to be outdone, Mr. Lockwood wrote: "17 Kensington Garden Square and Mrs. Lockwood." The laird's name was not really Macnab—which is a pseudonym employed for obvious reasons—but that of the hero of the story was. He was a personage who, in his time, made himself sufficiently notorious in Canada, the land of his adoption, by his participation in Mackenzie's rebellion, as well as by other eccentricities, more or less harmless. On one occasion the chief of his clan, traveling through the Dominion, left his card upon the ex-rebel, inscribed "The Macnab." The chieftain's feelings may be imagined when, on the following day, there was left at his hotel a pasteboard bearing the legend, "The Other Macnab."

---

The late R. T. Daniel, Attorney-General of Virginia, was particularly absent-minded, and had a habit of thinking aloud. Once, it is related, the present Senator Riddleberger was making a speech in the Legislature, of which he was then a member, when Daniel strolled in, and, during a momentary pause, remarked, unconsciously aloud, that Riddleberger was "the blankedest fool he ever saw." The House roared, Riddleberger finished his speech with difficulty, but Daniel had no idea of what he had done. Soon after he was elected Attorney-General, and Riddleberger came to him, shook hands, congratulated him warmly, and said he had worked for him as hard as any man in the State, "although," he added, "you said one day when I was speaking in the Legislature that I was the biggest fool you ever saw." "Why—why—Mr. Riddleberger—my dear sir!" exclaimed the astonished Daniel, "you have been misinformed!" "No, I haven't," said the other, "for I heard you say it myself. Now, what have you to say?" "My dear Mr. Riddleberger," said Daniel, wringing his hand cordially, "I shall have to say—good-morning!"

---

When General Grant was inaugurated President, after his first election, it is said that a few families who had long ruled Washington society combined to exclude the new comers from their circle. The official families were to be recognized as officials; but socially they were to be ostracized. The alleged cause for this sentence of banishment was the fact that the President had once been a tanner, and had frequently been seen driving a cart in the streets of St. Louis. A brilliant ball was given by one of the leaders of fashion, to which none of the new comers were invited; and the hostess took occasion to observe to a foreign minister who was present: "We may have to accept tradesmen and mechanics as our rulers, but we are not obliged to associate with them." The remark was repeated widely. A few days later a paper was privately circulated, bearing the names of nearly all the American guests at the dinner, with an appended note of their origin, as "Mrs. A, daughter of a blacksmith;" "Mrs. B, granddaughter of a horse-jockey;" "Mr. C made his money by swindling the Sioux," etc., etc. The act was that of a vulgar and malignant nature. But no one can deny that the punishment was deserved.

---

"You see that large factory?" said a man to a New York *Sun* reporter. "It covers the entire block. Half a million of money wouldn't buy it. Well, it was built by a little piece of cord not more than six inches long. Eight years ago there lived on the west side, in the third story of a cheap tenement, down near the North River, a poor mechanic, who was kept poor because he had a passion for inventing; it amounted to a passion. He didn't drink and didn't travel with the politicians, and all who knew his family wondered why they should be so poor. Time passed on, and still the man was poor. But at last he perfected an invention—the simplest thing on earth—and with his patent in his hand he went down town one day, and called for the head of a house whose check was current for five figures anywhere in 'the street.' The inventor offered to sell two-thirds of his patent for twenty-thousand dollars if the house would bind itself to put one hundred thousand dollars into factories for producing the little thing that he had invented. The firm signed papers in less than an hour from the time of hearing the proposal, and in another hour the inventor had converted the firm's check for twenty thousand dollars into greenbacks. Lots were bought, and a factory was erected. The business speedily grew to gigantic proportions, and at length the firm acquired all the rest of the block, and covered it with brick and mortar, and now the inventor is able to associate with the millionaires. The little glove-fastener—a piece of cord about six inches long and a dozen little metal hooks or buttons—is the thing that was invented."

## THE PARIS NEW YEAR.

"Passe-partout's" Letter.

New Year's day is the day of days, the fête of fêtes—the *jour de l'an* in a word—when concierges for once are civil, and servants are obedient, and the milkman, as he cometh up the stairs with the matutinal bottle, hopefully whistleth. For days past the boulevards have been lined with the booths of the annual Christmas fair, and the shop-windows in the Rue de la Paix and the Avenue de l'Opéra have been tempting men and women to destruction, and Mademoiselle Mimi (in the Quartier Bréda) has been wondering what all her admirers of the past twelvemonth are going to bring her; and perhaps Madame la Duchesse de Montmorency-Perigord, of the Rue de Grenelle, St. Germain, has been wondering in the very same fashion. For love, and intrigue, and feminine weakness for diamonds, flowers, and sweatmeats, are peculiar to no class of society, and the *jour de l'an* brings all castes in contact for a moment.

The social exigencies cost the poor bachelor a pretty penny in Paris on this festive occasion, unless he be a poor, mean-spirited creature, heedless of convention and female smiles. He can not very well avoid giving at least a ten-franc bouquet of Parma violets, or a twenty-franc *sac* of bonbons from Boissier's, to every one of the ladies at whose house he has been a regular visitor during the past year. While if he has had the misfortune to be an occasional diner anywhere, or has flirted with any fair dames, or has any Mimis on his conscience, he will do well not to think of getting off so cheaply.

Now, the number of bachelors who can afford more than ten or twenty francs for each of their lady friends is naturally limited. Many, therefore, who would gladly lavish rich, rare gems, or old masters, upon their lovely acquaintances, abstain from looking them up at all on the *jour de l'an* and meanly profess to have important business at Marseilles or Dijon, which precludes their sending any souvenir except their visiting-cards. The number of cards which pass through the post in Paris on or about the 1st of January is positively appalling, even to readers of London valentine statistics. And every year, as population increases and human nature grows meaner, the quantity becomes greater. Although "society" has again and again decreed that the visiting-card trick is obsolete and rude, it is more popular than ever. Artists and literary people are gradually freeing themselves—very sensibly—from the fetters of *jour de l'an* conventions. In the very highest "sets," too, the practice of periodically deluging one's chance acquaintance with bits of pasteboard is being discarded; but the mighty upper and lower sections of the *bourgeoisie* cling to their pasteboard politeness with the tenacity of leeches; and though you may argue and argue that leaving a card is *only* a pasteboard apology for not climbing up fifty or a hundred stairs and doing their congratulations in person, it is of no use. Convention and lazy meanness are stronger than all arguments, and the postman still groans under his *jour de l'an* afflictions.

Mademoiselle Mimi (de Trois-Etoiles) and Madame la Duchesse de Montmorency-Perigord have been sitting in state all day, waiting for their visitors. Strangely enough, if they only knew it (don't they know it?) their visitors have had a strange resemblance. Each has been favored by calls from the same perfumed dandies, and has murmured the same commonplace thanks for the same satin *bonbonnières* from the same Boissier or Gouache. The only difference has been that Mademoiselle Mimi's *sacs* and caskets have been rather handsomer than the duchess's, and that now and then, when a diamond-lizard, or a golden spider, or a "cat's eye" blue-bottle (jewels which seem to have an especial fascination for the frail beauties of the Bréda quartier), have been discovered underneath the *pralines* and chocolate creams, Mademoiselle Mimi has been roused to such a feverish display of gratitude that she has sent away her visitor happy with a fond embrace and an unconventional "Merci, mon gros chien-chien chéri." Now, however grateful the duchess might feel, she could hardly embrace one before her friends, and call you "her big dog-dog cherished;" so she has not had many lizards or spiders.

Even more fashionable, by the bye, than these reptilian and entomological offerings has this year been the golden chanticleer (vulgarly cock), symbolic of Gallic cockiness, crowing, and covetousness. Since the two-penny half-penny victories in Tonkin, and the heroic bombarding feats of Admiral Galiber, in Madagascar, the national Chauvinism has revived as perky as ever. The popularity of the golden symbol is, therefore, not to be wondered at. The pretty Parisiennes all have chanticleers dangling from their watch-chains or necklaces just now, as a couple of years ago they had those hideous little porcine *porte-bonheurs*. As "Etincelle," the ultra-fashionable gazetteer says this week in the *Figaro*, "May the old Gallic cock be an emblem of good omen, and may its crowing herald the dawn of a truly New Year." What "Etincelle" means, of course, nobody has the faintest notion.

We live in a republic here, and you live in another republic, but nothing could better show how different the same institution may be, in everything except the name, than the official ways of celebrating the New Year in Washington and Paris. I need not tell you anything about Washington, but perhaps, you would like to have an idea of what a New Year's reception means at the Elysée, under the régime of even easy-going, unassuming, simple President Grévy. It means a series of stiff visits from claw-hammered officials, ministers, judges, heads of departments, and under-secretaries. White ties and crush-hats are the rule, though not nominally exacted, and nothing could well be more unlike the hail-fellow-well-met attitude of the citizen who drops in to pay his respects to President Arthur at the White House than the deferential, not to say obsequious, bowing, and mincing, set phrase, salutations of the *jour de l'an* visitor at the Palace in the Faubourg St. Honoré. Later on in the day, President Grévy drives round to the Presidents of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies to return the visits of these dignitaries; and in the evening there is generally what is *called* an "open reception" at the Elysée. In point of fact it doesn't greatly differ from any other Elysée reception, and is poorly attended. Claw-hammers and crush-hats are again donned by most, if not all, the callers, and as there is seldom much to detain one at the refreshment buffet, Monsieur Grévy gets to bed rather earlier than if his reception had not been an "open" one.

The eve of the new year in Paris has been fertile in theatrico-social sensations. First and foremost, we had the tragic episode at Marie Colombier's, when the sublime and ethereal Sarah, exasperated by the villainous insinuations and—"revelations" of her erewhile comrade (now her pitiless foe), repaired to her house escorted by a chosen friend and her handsome little son, Maurice, to chastise the traducer, and, if necessary, to slay her. Then, when the excitement caused by that incident had slightly subsided, leaving an unparalleled craving for copies of the libelous book behind it, there came Sarah's début in "Nana Sahib" at the Porte St. Martin, and immediately after the quarrel between the aforesaid Sarah and her leading tragedian, Marais, who (as you doubtless know already) summarily broke his engagement at the theatre and was replaced—on the "spur of the moment"—by the author of the play, Monsieur Jean Richepin. Lastly, we have had the sensation of a new essay by Emile Zola, in *Figaro*, apropos of the adaptation of his filthy novel, "Pot-bouille," at the Ambigu-Comique.

Some of the critics, showing their critical acumen less than their detestation of Monsieur Zola, were mistaken enough to raise a shout of "Immorality!" when Monsieur Busnach's very feeble adaptation of "Pot-bouille" was produced, the other night; and the virtuous Emile is (or affects to be) mightily indignant. He writes three columns of indigestible prose to the *Figaro*, proving to his own complete satisfaction, and, no doubt, to Monsieur Busnach's, firstly, that "Pot-bouille," the play, is as profoundly moral as the book itself, which is the most moral work, by a long chalk, written since the Book of Genesis saw the light. Secondly, that the real reason of all the abuse flung at "Pot-bouille" is its unshrinking veracity, which seeks out all the secret ulcers of its critics' lives, and fustigates them mercilessly. Thirdly, that there is so striking a resemblance between "Pot-bouille" and a little work of Beaumarchais's, entitled "Le Mariage de Figaro," that the preface to the latter might do for either. And, finally, winding up by the remark (which is certainly truer than any other made in the whole article) that "he defies any romantic maiden, or any guilty wife, to leave the Ambigu without a shudder." I should smile. The translations of the delectable story told in "Pot-bouille" have given you at all events an approximative idea of the original lucubration. Zola is literally right when he asserts that the book is not immoral. It is only foul, nauseating, disgusting; like filth in a gutter or a putrefying cat. Nobody who reads it, and nobody who goes to the Ambigu, will certainly feel tempted afterward to wander from the narrow paths of virtue. Possibly it may even stop some foolish virgins and reckless wives from plunging into vicious whirlpools; for it shows vice in its nastiest aspect, concealing nothing. All this, however, does not make it either a good, moral, artistic, or a pleasing work, or one which a man of pure mind would be proud of writing. To be sure, Monsieur Zola's mind is not pure. His imagination is of the nastiest, and it is not corrected by either taste or a sense of humor.

Emile Zola has never mixed in what is called polite society, though he has been fortunate enough to enjoy the companionship of men of genius like Tourguéneff, Flaubert, the Goncourts, and Alphonse Daudet. He lives a retired life—six months at his country house at Médan, and six months in Paris. In both you find—as you find in the face and manner of the individual himself—a curious mixture of the *bourgeois* and the artistic elements. I was very much struck by this, I remember, one day at Médan, where I had spent the best part of an afternoon, some years ago, with the "naturalistic" prophet. In person, to begin with, Zola is fat, sensual-looking, with an air of combativeness and even impertinence about him. He has a heaven-aspiring nose, generally—though not in his case—associated with humor. His lips are thick, and overhung by a grayish-brown mustache. The whiskers which adorn his cheeks are short and scrubby, like the beard they merge into. His forehead is intellectual, and he has the eye of a thinker.

The country house which he inhabits is not out of harmony with the man. It is an ugly building—yellow brick with red brick facings—standing on a gentle slope within a stone's throw of the railway line from Paris to Dieppe. Round about it is a bare-looking garden, and not far away you get a view of the silvery Seine. Inside the house you first see a hall and staircase, and walls hung with checkered china matting, such as you might see at any retired grocer's. On the right of the hall is a billiard-room, with nothing remarkable about it; while on the first floor is the study and work-room of the great man himself—a lofty chamber with something of the studio and something of the harem about it, furnished with gothic chairs and tables, and terminating on the left, as you come in, by a deep recess, in which is a broad, low couch, of the most Oriental pattern. It is to this that the author of "Pot-Bouille" and "Nana" retires when the muse is unkind. Here he rests from his virtuous labors, and gains fresh strength for his mission. In the voluptuous comfort and solitude of his harem-like recess perchance he meditates the essays which he flashes upon us later in the *Figaro*. And here, perhaps, he silently chuckles to himself over the gullibility of the innocent and moral public which makes him what he is—a literary success—and over the tactlessness of his best friends—his enemies the critics—who, by attacking him, give him such wonderful advertisements gratis, and *make him sell*.

PASSE-PARTOUT.

PARIS, January 1, 1884.

---

Mrs. John A. Logan, the brilliant wife of the Illinois senator, a handsome and stylish woman, on New Year's Day at the President's reception wore a corsage and train of black velvet, brocaded on a white ground, over a petticoat of steel gray satin, embroidered with steel and jet. She carried a hand-bouquet of loose, long-stemmed roses.

## PICTURES FROM LIFE.

### The Chicago Maiden.

Two fashionably dressed girls met yesterday on the Campus Martius. Said one:

"Hello! you sweet thing, what do you know?"

"Know noth—'cept that they've got a new clerk in ——'s store—a regular dandy. Went in, you know, for plaid sewing-silk. Tell you, he's a swell. Wow! got any money?"

"Sem, but not metch. Why?"

"Oh, they've got the boss creams at ——'s. I've got a whole nickel; thought we might whack up. Met Kit and Sue with a bundle of 'em; they never offered me a smack, the old cranks! Let's set up opposish."

"How mean! Been to the postoffice?"

"Steen times."

"That ain't many. Come with me. We'll get the candy and sail in and make the pumphandle's eyes stick out. Funny, ain't he?"

"Funny, not so funny. Went to the dance at Nell's with him, and he walked all over my feet. Say, you know Willie Wall-Eye?"

"I should smeel! Did he talk an arm off you?"

"One, Cæsar! The other one felt weak. He told me that old joke about his going into the hotel"——

"Oh, Jemime! I've heard that once or more and a half or twice. Say, they've got telephone communications with down-town!"

"Wow! s'pose I don't know that—talked down the other day to Josiah. Jinks! he was sweet."

"Thought you didn't know him?"

"Oh, you sweet thing! What's the diff? Told him he would find me if he took the cars with the blue light on."

"Going to see him?"

"Not much."

"Have you seen the new college tough?"

"Wow! He's no earthly!"

"Why? Is he crushed on anybody?"

"No; seven girls gave him the dead march the other day. He caught step with himself steen times, he got so rattled; wrathy, too, I guess, for he turned around and says, 'Thanks, awfull'!'"

"Have you seen Da' Leonard's new mash? Came over in two ships—it's a soft snap for her—turns its toes in, and says: 'Naw! don't you knoaw'—two of a kind, ain't it?"

At this time a runaway team put an end to the most interesting conversation on record.—*Chicago Tribune.*

### The Dudes Gave it Up.

Three perfected dudes, accompanied by three accomplished belles, occupied six chairs in the orchestra of Daly's Theatre, a few nights ago. Their conversation previous to the rising of the curtain was such as to convince a hearer that they were of the most cultured society. They discussed the opera like accomplished musical amateurs. Any one could see with half an eye that the men were graduates of Harvard. Just after the curtain descended at the close of the first act one of the ladies caught sight of the embroidered motto in its centre. Turning to the gentleman next to her, she said:

"What does that mean? It's Latin, is it not?"

The gentleman adjusted his single eye-glass and carefully read the line: "Palmam qui meruit ferat."

"By Jove, you know," he remarked, "I'm dreadfully rusty in my Latin. Say, Charlie, can you translate that rubbish?"

The man addressed took a long look at it, and then said: "I could if I had a dictionary here, don't you know; but I can't remember what any of those words mean except qui—that means 'who' or 'which,' or 'what.'"

The third man was called upon, and, after a few moments of study, he said:

"Well, now, it's funny, but I can't seem to remember all of the words myself. Palmam means 'a palm," and ferat means 'he makes.'"

"'He who makes a palm,'" murmured the first gentleman. "Don't seem to be much sense in that, does there?"

"No, by Jove," said the second man; "I don't believe it is classical Latin. It must be a quotation from one of those idiotic old mediæval fathers."

"Perhaps I can help you," remarked the youngest of the three ladies, who had not before spoken. "I think it means, 'Let him take the cake who deserves it.'"

The three men looked puzzled for a moment, and then burst out laughing.

"Ha! ha! deucedly clever! You're always so witty, you know!"—*New York Times.*

### A Woman's Way.

"Let me have five two-cent stamps, please," said a lady to the retail stamp clerk in the postoffice, yesterday.

"Yessum," he said, handing them out.

"Can't you let me have them in one piece?" she asked.

"Certainly, ma'am," said the clerk; "can I send them home for you."

"Oh, no; I don't live far—only on the North Side—and I am going right home. I wouldn't want to put you to the trouble."

"No trouble at all," said the clerk. "I haven't very much to do to-day, and could very easily spare an hour."

"Very much obliged," said the lady, smiling sweetly. "Dear me," she said, putting on a stamp, "what a horrid bother it is to stamp letters!"

"Yes, ma'am," said the clerk.

"That's the second letter this week I have sent to Gerty," said the lady, buttoning her gossamer. "Gerty is the sweetest girl—going to Vassar now."

"How does Gerty like Vassar?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, Gerty likes Vassar first rate; only she says they don't see much company." And she sailed away.

"Who is that woman?" asked the next man in line, who was shaking and shivering with rage.

"Bust me if I know," said the clerk.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

## SOCIETY.

"Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: The rain, which brought such gladness to the hearts of our farmers, has been anything but welcomed by society people. Continuous dripping of the watery element is certainly not conducive to a pleasurable "outing," whether it is taken in the form of a theatre or concert-party, dinner or dance. Gayeties of late have been mild but frequent, several parties coming off on the same evening. The most elaborate entertainment of the past week was that given by Mrs. Wallace of Broadway, as a finale to the receptions she has been giving in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Hertzstein. The beautiful residence of Mrs. Wallace was entirely thrown open to her guests, and flowers were profusely used in adorning the rooms. The art gallery was utilized for dancing, and a bountiful supper was served, and on the whole the reception was a brilliant one. Mrs. Pomeroy's german took place on the same evening, but her guests were chiefly young people, the great attraction of the evening being the cotillion, wherein a number of new and pretty conceits were introduced. Miss Mamie Burling's gathering of young friends was of a purely informal character, music both vocal and instrumental alternating with the dancing. The reception of the Misses Maynard of Folsom Street, on Wednesday, was also of an informal nature; a feature of the entertainment was a huge bowl of punch which was both decocted and most daintily served by the young hostesses' fair hands. On Wednesday evening the Parrotts' reception was largely attended, and on Thursday evening the charming bride, Mrs. Mervyn Donahue, held her first wedding reception at her father's residence on Van Ness Avenue, and, as the guests were numerous, and music and supper provided, the affair assumed the proportions of a regular dancing-party. On Monday last the Donahue family entire "assisted" at the launching of the new ferry-boat owned by Peter Donahue Sr. Mrs. Donahue the elder performed the ceremony of breaking the champagne bottle, and after the dip was taken the party partook of an appetizing *déjeûner* on board. Of the dinners given in society circles, the most noteworthy have been those of Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Savage, Mrs. Friedlander, and last, though by no means least, Mr. William Alvord, who essayed the rôle of host to seven gentlemen at the Pacific Club. The New York capitalists who recently arrived, on cable thoughts intent, have also been extensively wined and dined by old friends and many new ones of "our best society," to whom they brought letters. Mrs. Tevis's dinner was followed by an evening reception. Mrs. Savage's and Mrs. Friedlander's dinners were composed of gentlemen guests alone. On Tuesday evening of this week Mrs. J. B. Haggin gave a dancing party, which was very well attended, notwithstanding the inclement weather; a number of our fashionables were there, including the Parrotts, McMullins, Gwins, Colemans, etc. The party was given as a farewell reception in honor of Miss May Smith, that young lady being on the eve of departure Eastward. Society will miss her bright face, as she has always been a great favorite in that charmed circle. Of the parties to come not much can be said. The big balls are still in the dim distance, but several entertainments of various kinds are on the tapis, which promise much pleasure to the participants. That energetic lady, Mrs. L. L. Baker, has most kindly undertaken the management of an affair to be given as a benefit for the Decorative Art Society, which will be a sort of *mélange* of good things. Charades, tableaux, and music are spoken of as among the attractions to be offered. Mrs. Baker and her sister, Miss Kitty Stone, have promised to take part actively—so, surely, the result, financially as well as pleasurably, will be a satisfactory one. The Merry Crickets are to the fore again. The disappointment caused by the non-meeting at the Babcock's having made an interregnum of four weeks instead of two, the gathering of the club at Mrs. Eyre's this week will be doubly enjoyed. Old residents—and doubtless many new ones—will have heard with genuine regret of the death of Mr. Frederic Macondray, which occurred on Monday last. The sad event was not unexpected, he having been an invalid for several years past. His widow was a Miss Atherton; consequently, society can not expect the promised reception at Mrs. Atherton's house, quite yet at least. I heard yesterday—and from undoubted good authority, too—that we are not so perfectly sure of a visit from La Diva Patti, after all. What a terrible disappointment it would be! The Emma Abbott season promises to open brilliantly, so far as crowded houses and gayly dressed audiences can make it. The "first night" will see a very fashionable opera party in one of the proscenium boxes. Among the old friends coming back to us ere long will be the popular little Mrs. Hemphill, who, both as the widow Coghill and the wife of the Rev. John, made hosts of friends, who will receive her warmly on her return. I understand that her visit will be passed between her daughter, Mrs. Robert Hastings, and her friend, Mrs. J. D. Fry. The lively city of the oaks, across the bay, is getting very ambitious in the social line; first a series of *musicales* were inaugurated, and lately a club has been formed for weekly dances at the different members' residences. Mrs. A. A. Cohen's will be the next in order of the *musicales*, and I hear extra preparations are being made to render the programme unusually fine. The arrival of the noted philanthropist, Miss Emily Faithful, though not, strictly speaking, a society event, is worthy of mention, and very much to the delight of many of our citizens. This talented lady has consented to deliver a lecture, choosing for the object of her donation the kindergarten system under Mrs. Cooper; her subject will be "Modern Shams." There is a whisper afloat that the Peter Donahues *will* give the bridal ball, and very soon. It may be the cards will be out *au même temps* with this letter. And still another ball is spoken of among the friends of the young couple as sure to come off, to be given by Mrs. O'Connor. Among our French residents quite a pleasant little dance was given on Thursday evening by Madame Gros. Still no definite arrangement seems to be arrived at in regard to the bachelors' cotillion parties; but it is possible they they may be only postponed until Eastertide.

BAVARDIN.

### Notes and Gossip.

General Walter Turnbull returned from his Los Angeles trip Friday, where for the past week he has been visiting Walter S. Maxwell. The evening of his arrival his residence was given over to the younger members of the family, they having invited a large number of their musically disposed little friends. The programme was mostly confined to classical studies, which were rendered in a manner that would have done credit to older and more experienced musicians. It was indeed a most creditable array of musical talent, and it is to be hoped it will be the inaugural of a series so happily begun. Games and dancing followed, concluding by a most appetizing supper. Joseph Redding has also returned. Governor Stoneman, with Colonel J. J. Ayres, Superintendent of State Printing, are still in Los Angeles. A. B. Titcomb is registered at the Pico House. Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills frequently visit Sacramento, their old home. Their flying trip of Friday, returning Monday, was in consequence of the Bric-à-brac Club reception, of which they are members, and which was held at the residence of Frank R. Miller. The contributions of the evening, both literary and decorative, evinced much talent. Mrs. J. H. Baird and family, who are wintering at the Arlington, at Santa Barbara, have been spending a few days in the Ojai Valley. Lieutenant and Mrs. Vreeland have returned from their wedding trip to Monterey. Mrs. J. R. Wilkinson has returned to San Francisco from her trip to Marysville. General John F. Sheenan returned home Sunday. Miss Emily Faithful, the philanthropist, arrived Sunday in San Francisco. She is a cousin of Mrs. George W. Stillwell, formerly of San Rafael. The proceeds of her lecture Monday night will be for the Jackson Street Kindergarten at the solicitation of Mrs. Cooper. Mrs. Henry S. Crocker returned Tuesday last from her visit to Gridley. Mrs. General George Crook, of Arizona, is in San Francisco, registered at the Palace. Major and Mrs. Beck are visiting their old home, Sacramento. Judge and Mrs. W. N. Hall, of Virginia, are at the Lick, and will remain there some time. Mrs. W. A. Rose with her sister, Mrs. W. T. B. Baggett, will pass the remainder of the winter in New Orleans and Memphis, having left last week by the Southern route for that purpose. Mrs. E. B. Crocker is entertaining as guest Mrs. J. O. Heppner; Miss Lizzie Crocker has concluded her visit there. Mrs. A. S. Hovey is at the Sierra Madre Villa visiting relatives. Mrs. and Miss Berger returned last Tuesday from the East. Mrs. J. J. Johnson, accompanied by Miss Etta Oban, are among the Southern Californians registered at the Palace. Among the later arrivals who will winter there are Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bailey and daughter. Miss Mamie Belden has returned from her lengthy stay in New York, and will resume her Monday receptions there. Among the distinguished visitors there registered are C. F. Vallin y Alfonso, Secretary of the Spanish Legation at Rome, Sir John Lister Kaye, England, and the Jerome party, consisting of the following gentlemen, who arrived from New York Wednesday: Lawrence B. Jerome (of sporting fame), Eugene M. Jerome, William B. Murray, W. Stanard Wood, James Gamble, E. F. Searles, John Travers, Mr. R. Schuyler, U. S. N., and Lieut.-Com. L. Chenery, U. S. N., after a two years' absence. Mrs. J. T. Miles returned from the East last Sunday, as did also Mr. and Mrs. Holbrook and Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Bailey. Charles Ross returned Thursday; Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Gamble, Wednesday; and P. F. Butler, Tuesday. Major J. P. Alvy, of Baltimore, is in the city establishing a manufacturing interest; he is the guest of his brother at 1815 Stockton Street. Mr. G. W. Burton, journalist of Los Angeles, returned home Thursday. Mrs. Ezra Ackley, of Alameda, mourns the loss of her sister, Mrs. Henry L. Batchelder, who, with her husband, was lost on the *City of Columbus*. They visited this city during the Conclave, with the Boston Commandery. W. H. Lean left for the East last Monday. Senator James Farley is at the Palace, and will leave for Washington in a few days, having been detained here on account of illness. Claus Spreckels, Hon. W. J. Irwin, and ex-Governor F. F. Low, have established a banking house at the islands. John W. Mackay was to have arrived yesterday in New York. Among the Pacific Coast people registered at the various hotels there were Ed. Hopkins and wife, R. R. Grayson, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and daughter, and F. Shay, at the Windsor, and Mrs. Dennison and Miss Woodworth at the Everett; W. S. Newhall, at the St. James; H. L. Jones Jr., at the Continental; S. A. Furlong, at the Occidental; D. Crittenden, J. A. Harrington, and F. A. Smith, at the Metropolitan; and Mrs. Stillard and L. Field, at the Grand Central. Miss May Smith left Thursday for St. Louis; the occasion of her departure accounted for the unusually crowded Tuesday evening reception at Mrs. J. B. Haggin's; though somewhat informal, the many friends who assisted rather invested it with the air of party—dancing, conversation, promenade, and a supper being in order. Charles Crocker, Major R. P. Hammond, William A. Norris, John H. Redington, William T. Coleman, William F. Babcock, and Colonel J. P. Hoge, were the invited guests who partook of the Hon. William Alvord's good cheer and dined with him at the Pacific Club, last Thursday evening. It was a most enjoyable affair, the company not rising from the table till nearly midnight. Miss Maud Younger's birthday was celebrated by a children's party last Friday night at the residence of Doctor Younger, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The children were all in full dress, and, with dancing, games, and a bounteous spread, the little ones enjoyed themselves hugely. Rosebud parties are occasionally being revived, the luncheon of Miss Blanche Simons, at the Occidental, Friday last, partaking of the nature of one, at which assisted the Misses Mamie Burling, Haraz thy, Otillie and Amelia Albucht, Hattie Peterson, and Miss Morrison. Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hermann (*née* Kittie Evans) have returned from Del Monte, and will receive at their residence, 141 Hancock Street, the 6th, 13th, and 26th prox. Thursday the music-loving as well as fasionable element thronged B'nai B'rith Hall, upon invitation of the Schuman Club—a ladies' glee club, under the directorship of David Loring, and composed of many of the leading voices in the city. Being the initial concert, curiosity was on the alert, and the finished manner with which the charmingly selected choruses were rendered elicited much surprise, when considering the short time which has elapsed since the elements were brought together. On Wednesday night Mr. Loring will again direct the Loring Club, at the same hall, when, as usual, the demand for invitations is always in excess of those issued. The ball which took place in Washington on the 7th ultimo, given by Mrs. ex-Senator Stuart, at Stuart Castle, in honor of the Misses Payne, of Warrenton, Va., and Miss Lu Price, of Philadelphia, was one of the most brilliant entertainments yet given this season. Mrs. Stuart was assisted in receiving by her young guests and Mrs. Fox. The dress of the hostess was cardinal satin and drapings of Spanish lace, red and gold roses as garniture; Miss Irva Payne, pink satin and velvet, flowers; Miss Cora Payne, white brocaded satin, and garniture of Maréchale Neil roses; Miss Agnes Payne, white satin with tulle trimmings; Miss Amenia Payne, white satin, cream lace, and roses; Miss Lu Price, white brocaded satin, Spanish lace, and cardinal roses; Mrs. Fox, Nile green surah, with garniture of daisies and red roses. The diplomatic and civilian element were largely represented, with a goodly sprinkling of army and navy officers. Quite a delegation from California also assisted; among the familiar faces were to be seen Chief-Justice and Mrs. Stephen Field, Judge and Mrs. Hillyer, Hon. and Mrs. Glascock, Lieutenant and Mrs. Mason, Senator, Mrs. and Miss Miller, Senator and Mrs. Jones, General and the Misses Sturgis, and Mrs. and the Misses Eddy. Senator Fair entertained at dinner the other day twenty-four guests, in Wormley's, where, with his sons, he is domiciled for the winter. Nothing was spared to make the banqnet complete in all its appointments. The choicest of wines and the rarest of floral garniture were secured. Among the guests were Senator, Mrs. and Miss Bayard, Senator, Mrs. and Miss Jackson, Senator Camden, Senator and Miss Morgan, Mrs. Lieper, Representative, Mrs. and the Misses Beach, Miss Hall, Clarence and Calhoun Deringer, Delegate and Mrs. Maginnis, Senator and Mrs. Vance, Senator Kenna, and Representatives Le Fevre and Ramsey. A fancy-dress ball has been announced for February 5th, at the residence of Senator Miller, Among the fashionable weddings out of town that of Eugene Ackley Crouch, nephew of Mrs. E. B. Crocker, to Miss Sophie Stevenson, at the residence of the bride's aunt, Mrs. R. S. Foye, in Sacramento, was an event which claimed the attention of most of the leading Sacramentans and a large number from the Bay. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Carroll M. Davis. A large reception was held, Mrs. E. B. Crocker and Mrs. Crouch assisting Mrs. Foye in receiving the guests and presenting them to the newly-married pair, who received their congratulations under a large umbrella of the choicest exotics and maiden hair, suspended in the alcove, which was arrayed with all the skill and taste of the florist's art. The whole residence was arrayed with an endless profusion of flowers. Most noticeable among the pieces was a huge fire-screen arranged with the rarest taste and skill. The presents were numerous and costly, among which was a solid service of silver, presented by a number of gentlemen employed in the freight department of the Central Pacific Railroad, accompanind by a waybill, made out in a very humorous way. The billiard-room was utilized for supper, the appointments of which exceeded anything attempted this winter, while a full orchestra discoursed the whole evening from the conservatory. One of the pleasantest keno parties this winter was that given last Friday night, in Oakland, by Captain and Mrs. Knowles, on Jackson Street. The entrances to the grounds were hung with Japanese lanterns. About one hundred invitations were sent out, and most of them were accepted. Among those present were Judge and Mrs. Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. Heitchu, Dr. Hanely and wife, Judge Hamilton and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Bugbee, Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. Coghill, Mr. Dyer, Miss Alice Dyer, Miss Jennie Dyer, Mrs. Lohman, Mr. Gordon, Dr. and Mrs. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton, Mr. and Mrs. Upham, Harry Houghton, Mrs. Grayson, Miss Mamie Grayson, Mrs. Hackett, Mrs. Folger, Miss Folger, Mr. Tabor, Dr. Samuel Merritt and family, Mrs. Gregory, Miss Boyer, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stanford, Miss Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Clement, Miss Ruth Dyer, Miss Minnie Dyer, Mr. and Mrs. Gunn, Miss Knowlton, Miss Dean, and many others. Last Wednesday evening, Mayor Bartlett gave a banquet at his residence to the members of the Board of Supervisors and the Hon. John How, ex-Mayor of St. Louis. The company remained seated at the repast till long after midnight. Many toasts were drunk in honor of host and guests. The managers of the Deeorative Art Society will give an amateur musicale at the residence of Mrs. L. L. Baker, 1882 Washington Street, on Tuesday evening, February 12th. The Presidio Band will be present, and dancing will begin at ten o'clock. Company F give its second song recital and hop on Thursday evening, February 14th, under the charge of the former committee. Friends in the city have received the announcement that the wedding of Miss Sadie Bonne, of Napa, at present residing with her family in New York, to Mr. Horace Moody, will take place on the 6th instant. The receptions on the days following the ceremony will be held at the residence of the bride's mother. Mr. Moses Hopkins, whose recently announced wedding to Miss Emily J. Benedict, of New York, was followed by a trip to Washington, will soon return.

### Archbishop Riordan's Lecture.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The highest orders of the Roman Catholic clergy are the most polished and highly cultivated in the world. Being gentlemen who receive every advantage that a lavish expenditure of money can secure to prepare them for their high positions, it is natural to suppose that they would be men of extraordinary abilities, of vast learning, of brilliant exploits in social life, in literature, in theology, in politics; and that they would exert a powerful influence on the world. Being integral parts, each in his particular sphere, of the most perfect and thoroughly organized imperial government on the globe, I may naturally infer that *all* their teachings and actions would be in substantial accord with the teachings of the chief ecclesiastical authority of the church. Believing, therefore, in view of this theory, that in Archbishop Riordan's lecture, at the Grand Opera House, the sentiments of the Catholic Church were enunciated, I am glad to note a great improvement upon the sentiments of earlier times. The prelate admitted that the Lutheran revolt against Romanism was a revolt against abuses. His exact words, as reported, are these: "The Reformation was not an uprisal against the principle and doctrine of the church, but against the mode of application." That is to say, against the "mode" of teaching the doctrine and applying the discipline of the original Apostolic Church of Jesus Christ. This is a grave admission from so high an authority, and is the first weak point in the Archbishop's address, and fatal to its argumentative symmetry and force. Every student of history knows that many "flagrant abuses" arose in the church, as the Archbishop admits; and that they finally culminated in the indiscriminate sale of indulgences, which was the climax of abuses beyond which human endurance could not go. This last great overshadowing abuse, the result of the exercise of unauthorized spiritual and ecclesiastical power for centuries, was the occasion for the actual commencement of hostilities in the church, between those on the one side who believed in Christian liberty, and those on the other who believed themselves divinely authorized to rule. I express no opinion concerning the character of either party. The "mode" of applying the doctrine and discipline of Christ at the time of the Reformation was so different from that which existed in the beginning that a great revolt arose against the Roman Church when the people were permitted to read the New Testament in their own tongue. In a brief reply, I can, of course, not enter into the details of the matter so as to emphasize all the historic facts and transactions which changed the whole face of Europe, and produced a new civilization; I can only state the plain truth, that the "flagrant abuses" which even the good Archbishop bewails were the causes that produced the great, far-reaching result which the lecturer admitted extended over Europe, so that "only one nation remained faithful to the See of Rome." I therefore take the liberty of dissenting from his conclusions concerning the causes of the Reformation. They were religious not political or social causes, except in so far as kings, princes, and people felt it their duty in an organized capacity, to give assistance to the religious movement. But why should the Roman Catholic Church iterate and reiterate the arguments to prove her antiquity and historic identity with the early church? If Catholicism has nothing to offer to the nineteenth century but labored arguments to prove that Protestantism is a mere heresy of the same substance and character as the heresies of the first centuries, then the nineteenth century will turn elsewhere for light. I may perhaps be permitted to tell even a great and honored Roman ecclesiastic that the nineteenth century, unlike the centuries which preceded the Reformation, has no respect for a church just because she has a historic character, *even though that character were stainless*, nor for a church just because she has great learning, wealth, and power, and a line of historic precedents running into the misty regions of antiquity. The church that will do the work which needs to be done for the age must deal with living issues of the present, and show her intrinsic merits by breathing the breath of Christ and do the work He appointed to be done. Mere questions of theological terminology are of little account in the face of an Agnostic world which is becoming amazingly populous. Does not Archbishop Riordan recognize the importance of bringing about a cessation of hostilities between Romanist and Protestant, between Jew and Gentile? He must see that the present time calls not for controversy between those who believe in Christ in essentials, but for union of all against the common foe. It is becoming more and more plain every day that the great questions which now agitate the mind of the thinking world are questions which lie deeper than the mere *superficies* of Christianity. The great questions with which some of the greatest thinkers are grappling are those which lie at the very foundation of all religion, whether natural or revealed, and without the proper solution of which religion is impossible—whether there is a Supreme Being, whether man is immortal, and whether the Bible, even as an historic record, is reliable and authentic. Let Romanism and Protestantism rise up before the nineteenth century with their hands full of the bread of knowledge on these great questions, instead of contending with each other about their past unnecessary differences; and we believe the nineteenth century will listen, believe, and act.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 31, 1884. A. F. C.

## A CALIFORNIA GIRL'S DEBUT.

"Flaneur's" New York Gossip.

Miss Emma Latham probably regrets by this time that she ever came to New York. Her *début* here as Constance in "The Love Chase" was singularly unfortunate. It was a matter of general congratulation by Miss Latham's friends that she did not indulge in any bombastic preliminaries. She appeared quietly on Monday night at the Star Theatre without excessive advertising, and with an evident desire to have a fair and simple trial. Her failure was overwhelming. It is said that New York is the worst show-town in America, and managers have a harder fight here in their efforts to secure public patronage than in any other city in America.

There are very few stars who play successful engagements in New York, though they may be successful everywhere else. It is so with Edwin Booth, and Lawrence Barrett, and with Robinson and Crane. Keene, the tragedian, so well known throughout the country, has never acted in New York. He says, however, that he is on a solid financial basis out of town now, and he is ready to risk a New York failure. Heretofore, he has feared that the set-back which a New York failure would give him would act injuriously upon his country patronage. Having secured, however, a strong backing out of town, he will make an attempt to win a favorable decision here.

That a typical first-night New York audience is a most trying one for any actress to face will never be denied. The difficulty to be encountered is the audience's general sense of weariness, familiarity with the best acting, and utter lack of sympathy. It is an unavoidable result of too much play-going.

Right here, it is worth while to note the character of the people who compose the first-night audience in New York. They are more closely allied to each other than any other single body of amusement-seekers. As a rule, the first-nighter never attends a play on any other than its initial night. It is a matter of religion for him to be on hand at every important theatrical event. He goes, not so much because he enjoys the play, for the novelty soon wears off, but because the opportunity for passing a criticism on an initial performance and hob-nobbing with cronies is too great to be missed. Every actor out of an engagement goes to a first-night. Actors are proverbially bitter critics. Every newspaper man who can spare time also attends a first-night. They are the least enthusiastic of theatre-goers. Hundreds of men-about-town and club men attend first-nights regularly, because it is the proper thing to do. They are not over-intelligent, though they have a certain amount of shrewd judgment, and when a play bores them they get up and walk out to the nearest *café*. Then there is a small contingent of real lovers of the drama who attend for the sake of art alone. Sandwiched among them all is a throng of young men and more or less over-dressed women, who have a strong liking for theatrical affairs and have got the first-night fever.

It is seldom a first-night audience in New York allows itself to applaud anything. That is the reason the majority of theatres here have a well organized claque among their accessories. When a first-night audience is aroused, however, and stamps the play as a success, managers assert that the verdict is worth thousands and thousands of dollars to them.

It was a cold, critical, and by no means well disposed audience which greeted Miss Latham at the Star Theatre Monday night. Fully one-half of the men were in evening dress. They were destined for the French ball at the Academy of Music, and "took in" the débutante merely as a matter of convenience. They suspected that Miss Latham would not be a success, but they went partly because it was a first night, and partly because it would kill the time which must elapse between dinner and the ball. They came in late, interrupting the action of the play, lolled back in their seats, and gazed critically at the latest aspirant for theatrical honors. To these men—and their verdict is one which goes far toward making the success or failure of a star—Miss Latham was a failure before she began to act at all.

In the first place, she committed the almost inexcusable mistake of over-dressing. The day has gone by for over-dressing women on the stage. Bernhardt, Coghlan, Patti, and Davenport, to say nothing of a host of less famous women, have been clad with such consummate taste by the greatest dressmakers of the world for so many years, that the woman who over-dresses is handicapped from the start. Miss Latham's figure is fragile, to say the least. It is a mistake for a thin and far from well-made woman to wear costumes designed for an amazon. Miss Latham actually looked as though she could never stand up in the dress she wore in the second act. In weight, breadth, depth, and color, it was absolutely prodigious. It was a heavy brocaded velvet, with a monstrous train. The whole costume was decorated with a mass of gold and silver work which increased its apparent weight, and made the weak-looking woman who wore it appear ridiculous.

A better choice than that of Constance could not have been made—had Miss Latham been a good actress. As she is an exceptionally weak actress, with a small voice and an utter lack of grace, and a far from intelligent conception of the character, Constance was actually the worst choice in the whole repertoire of the stage. The part calls for an actress of extraordinary power. Above all, it calls for one of perfect poise and confidence on the stage. Such a woman as Rose Coghlan could give it brilliancy and dash; but she could scarcely give it the requisite pathos and finesse. It is, in fact, difficult to select an actress today who could come up to the general standard set for Constance. Mary Anderson essayed the character one or two years ago, but made such a signal failure of it that she has not revived it of late.

So Miss Latham returns to San Francisco without a metropolitan indorsement. It has been shown in many instances that this is of small consequence. As I said above, many actors and actresses who have failed in New York have been highly successful elsewhere. So far as my individual opinion is concerned, Miss Latham is a weak, inefficient, inexperienced, uncultured, and tiresome actress. She showed no evidences of grace or ease on Monday night; and her reading of the lines was commonplace, trite, and even quite unintelligible.

Miss Anita Fallon, who is a rather pretty soubrette, is not quite so unfortunate as Miss Latham. She is good to look upon, and has a fine pair of eyes. She smiled prettily, and that is about all that can be said of her, for the lines that she spoke were hardly distinguishable at times, and were never characterized by originality or intelligence.

Two balls were given on Monday night in New York city; one was by Mrs. Astor, and the other by the Cercle Français de l'Harmonie, both of them very successful.

At Mrs. Astor's the guests were serene, aristocratic, and more or less uninteresting. At the Academy of Music they were under-dressed, hilarious, and intoxicated. I doubt if a more indecent French ball has ever been given than that on Monday night. These little affairs have been growing yearly more and more wicked, until they have reached a point now which calls for some action on the part of the authorities. The police were appalled by the indecency of the thing. When the police are appalled, things are in a bad way. Heretofore it has been the habit of these guardians of the peace to devote themselves to the dancing-floor, wandering up and down in twos and threes. In former years they interfered to keep the dancing somewhere within the limits of decency. This year they gave it up at twelve o'clock, and let the floor take care of itself. They devoted all of their attention to the boxes. The boxes needed it.

The costumes of the women were extraordinary. The majority of them looked as though they had come away from home and forgotten something—the something was the costume. There were about three thousand women in all, and they were of every degree of ugliness. There was a time when I thought every woman at a French ball was beautiful; but I have slowly changed my mind, until I believe that not over five per cent. are even presentable in appearance. Maybe this is because I am getting bald; but it seems to be a fact, just the same.

The reason women at the French balls are so attractive is because they are so negligent in the matter of attire. The negligence was pushed to an awful point on Monday night. Many respectable citizens sat in prominent boxes surrounded by more or less disreputable women. The more respectable the men, the more they seemed to enjoy the racket.

The wine-room was given over to the younger guests. By "given over" I mean the younger guests took it. They drank during the early part of the evening, and spent the latter part in dancing on the tables, clashing champagne bottles together, and shying the glasses at waiters across the room. It was an elevating and cheering atmosphere. It was a scene of revelry and glee. The floor was strewn with slippers, handkerchiefs, fans, opera hats, clothes, men, women, waiters, and occasional policemen, overcome by the gayety of the occasion. I suppose these routs are enjoyable; I know I enjoyed them once, but they seem unutterably stupid now. Meanwhile the bald spot on the back of my head grows larger daily. Old age is creeping on us fast.

Mrs. Astor's ball was unquestionably the first and foremost social event of the season in New York. It has been eagerly looked forward to for months, and, although nine hundred invitations were issued, the competition for them was bitter in the extreme. Delegations of well-known society people from Philadelphia, New York, and Boston attended; and all the prominent English noblemen, including those who are traveling in distant parts of the country, came back to New York to attend Mrs. Astor's ball. The house was magnificently decorated with flowers, and the affair was, throughout, as successful as entertainments given by the Astors always are. There was no ostentation, in spite of the fact one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars worth of silver decorated the supper-table, and the arrangements were characterized by perfect taste. The Astors deserve to be the leaders of New York society, for they have always been self-respecting and thoroughly hospitable people. No scandal has ever disgraced the name; and they are as rigid and careful of the proprieties as though their position in society had not been assured by the leadership of a hundred years. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, January 25, 1884.

---

Chateaubriand, the celebrated French writer, had all the rare innocence that sometimes goes with genius. Among his most intimate friends was the gifted and charming Madame Récamier. It was a regular habit with him to spend his evenings at the madame's house, who evidently preferred him to all other men, and who took great delight in his company. His growing fondness for the lady in question became very conspicuous, and one day a friend asked him: "My dear Chateaubriand, why do you not marry Madame Récamier?" "Marry the madame!" exclaimed the author in a tone of amazement; "why, if I should marry the madame, I would have no place to spend my evenings!"

---

The last of the twenty-five heavy freight locomotives ordered by the Central Pacific Railroad Company from Cook, of Patterson, N. J., have been received at Sacramento. Also, three or four passenger engines, from the McQueen Works, Schenectady. These are to be used, it is understood, on the Monterey trains, and are calculated to run at a high rate of speed, the drivers being six feet one inch in diameter, or six feet four inches including the tires.

---

The theory that certain characteristics of sex are transmitted throughout the animal kingdom receives confirmation from a well-known American naturalist, who says such a thing as a lady bird giving in to her lord is unknown. Female birds of all species are exacting, obstinate, and tyrannical.

---

Lord Cavendish, one of the victims of the Phœnix Park murder, is to have a tower ninety-four feet high erected to his memory by the electors of Yorkshire.

## THE RAILWAY WORLD.

Notes of Interest to Employees and Travelers.

Robert Harris, the new president of the Northern Pacific Railroad, is described as a tall Yankee of the Lincoln type, with black beard, eyebrows, and abundant stock of black hair, keyed up to the highest pitch of nervous intensity, and putting chain-lightning into all he does, whether it is telling stories and having a good time or running railroads.

---

A train on the Union Pacific Railroad in Nevada recently ran into a flock of fifteen hundred antelopes. The snow had drifted deep, and the animals had taken to the track as the easiest road to travel in. Several were killed, and the engineer slowed up, fearing the train would be derailed. The antelopes were strung along a quarter of a mile. They delayed the train three-quarters of an hour.

---

A train of cars in Buffalo has become a wall of ice. The Buffalo *Express* describes it: "One of the most striking things on the lake front is a long train of cars on a siding next the open lake. They were hauled out there when the breakers began to run high, three days ago, in order to protect from ice the adjoining tracks. Some of these cars are empty, the others loaded with lumber. There are, perhaps, a quarter of a mile of the cars. From one end to the other they are a solid wall of ice. Most of the cars can not be seen at all. On the lake side the ice is two or three feet thick. The spaces between the cars are filled solid with ice, and the space between the wheels under the entire length of the train is a miniature Mammoth Cave—a gallery of stalactites and stalagmites. Several of the cars have crushed and caved beneath the weight of the ice. It is a veritable train of ice."

---

As to railroad progress in Mexico, the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* says: "The English were twenty years in building 263 miles of railroad from Vera Cruz to the capital. The Americans have built 2,500 miles of railroads on Mexican territory within five years. The Central Company alone has constructed 1,400 miles at different points, and the Mexican National about 900 miles. The subsidy granted these companies will average $11,000 in round numbers per mile. It results then that the present administration has paid these two companies the enormous sum, for 2,000 miles of road, of $22,000,000. It is probable that more than 1,000 miles of road have been built by Mexican and other companies during the same period, which enjoy the same or even greater subsidies. To the above sum must be added $11,000,000 more. This total of $33,000,000 has in a great measure been paid in cash."

---

An Erie (Pennsylvania) dispatch, dated January 10, says: Thirty years ago to-day the first locomotive, the "Erie," came into Erie. It was an odd-looking concern, but was of the best pattern in the market at that time. It was of 16x18 cylinder, five-foot wheels. It was hauled from Dunkirk, New York, on sleds to the State line, where it was set up, and, with a couple of cars attached and with Nathan Norton engineer, made Erie, eighteen miles distant, in one hour. On the engine were Colonel T. N. Camp, now city engineer, then chief engineer of the road, William Brewster, James C. Reid, J. F. Tracy, Isaac Moorhead, W. W. Reid, all of the corps of engineers. The arrival of the engine was greeted by thousands of people who had gathered in from a great distance around the country. The engine was afterward sold to the Illinois and Western Railway, now a part of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway.

---

"Yes, sir," continued the conductor to the reporter, "we railroad men have some funny adventures with the tramping fraternity. Nearly all of those who beat their way have money, and prefer to take the risk incident to stealing a ride than to pay their fare. In an accident some years ago a beat was killed who had on his person over five hundred dollars, and papers showing him to be the proprietor of a livery-stable in California. It is remarkable how persistent some can be. Six of them secreted themselves in the water-tank of a 'dead' engine that was being hauled in the middle of a freight train, and when discovered refused to come out, and told the conductor that they would like to see him crawl in there and put them out. A better plan suggested itself, that of pulling the engine up to the tank and drowning them out. They capitulated when about six inches of ice-cold water had been soused on them, and all came forth like drowned rats with the exception of a big Irishman, who could not force himself through the hole until he had removed his clothing, and the engineer had lubricated him with black oil. The engineers on a Western division were compelled to blow their engines out quite frequently owing to the bad water. This is done by opening a cock that lets the water and steam out directly under the cab. While one of the express trains was rushing along in the night, the engineer found it necessary to 'blow her out,' and, opening the cock, a most unearthly scream went up from under his feet. Jumping to the air-brake and reversing the engine, the train was quickly stopped, and all hands rushed back to ascertain the meaning of that unusual cry. There, on the track, torn to pieces by the wheels and scalded beyond recognition, were the remains of a man who had been stealing a ride on the brake-beam of the engine-tank, so as to be near the heat of the fire-box, and had received the full charge of steam and hot water on his body, and been blown from his insecure seat without a moment's warning into eternity, adding one more to the great list of 'missing.' Bootblacks that are up to the times never pay fare. They wait until the train is under headway, run along beside a car, catch on to the irons of the door, swing themselves under, and find a comfortable seat on a brake-beam, where they while away the time playing cards and sleeping. Winter, however, drives them to shelter, and those who do not migrate to the sunny climes of the South find a haven in some county jail, under whose friendly roof they sleep away the cold days, and are fat and ready for the summer trip when spring opens."

## NAPOLEON AND BAZAINE.

By Archibald Forbes.

It is an old story now, you will say, the Second Empire; and why recall the half sombre, half ludicrous memory? I do not know that I have a valid excuse. Others have had no such stimulus of personal interest in the successive catastrophes of the late Napoleon as that which the chances of my profession have brought to me. I have seen Napoleon III. at the pinnacle of his hollow splendor. From the German picket line on the 2d of August, 1870, I heard the distant cheering on the Spicherenberg that greeted him and the lad whom he had brought from Metz to receive that day his "baptism of fire." Again I saw him on the morning after Sedan, as the broken man—broken in power, in prestige, in health, in spirits—sat with Bismarck on the grass plot in front of the weaver's cottage on the Donchery road. Next morning I witnessed his departure into his Wilhelmshöhe captivity. I have seen him doddering about Brighton and strolling under the beech trees that encircled Chislehurst Common. And for the last time of all I saw that stolid, careworn face, as it lay on the raised pillow of the bier in the broad corridor of Camden Place; and when the face was no more visible I witnessed the coffin laid down in the little chapel among the Chislehurst elm trees. I knew the boy of the Empire when the shackles of the Empire had fallen from his limbs, and he was no longer a buckram creature, but a lively, natural lad. My acquaintance endured into his manhood. When the twilight was falling on the rolling veldt of Zululand, and his day's work in the staff-tent was done, he liked, as it seemed to me, to gossip with one who knew the other side of the picture, about the early days of the Franco-German war—a war that had wrought at once his ruin and his emancipation. And finally, poor gallant lad! I saw dimly through tears the very last of him, as he lay there dead on the blood-stained sward by the Ityotyosi River, with a calm, proud smile on his face, and his body pierced by countless assegai stabs. Men have called his death ignoble. Petty as was the quarrel, wretched as was the desertion that wrought his fate, I call him, rather, happy in the opportunity of his death. Had he lived, what of artificiality, what of hollow unreality might there not have been in store for him! As it was, he had moved in the world a live ghost. Better than this, surely, to be a dead hero—to end the Napoleonic serio-comedy with his young face gallantly to his assailants, and his life-blood drawn by the cold steel!

I do not know how the Palace of St. Cloud looks now; but when I saw it last it was a ghastly fire-blackened wreck. A German picket of infantry men were quartered in the roofless salon, where they had built themselves a shelter of a kind of scorched tapestries and singed carpet scraps. A troop of Uhlan recruits were practicing the *manège* on the little bend bordered by the stream—a spot that had been the Empress's flower-garden. Six months earlier who, in the wildest speculation of fancy, could have imagined the possibility of such a fate as this for the beautiful château? There was the gaunt framework of a bow-window whose outlook was up the Seine in the direction of Paris; this was the chief window, I was told, of the room that had been the private bureau—the "study," as we should perhaps call it—of the Emperor Napoleon. At that window he sat late on the afternoon of the 16th of July, 1870. It was a fair scene that lay before him. Out on the lawn close under his eye was the toy-railroad track that had been one of the rare playthings of his boy. But it was hardly a time for admiring scenery or thinking about toys. The dreamy-eyed man with his head on his chest had more serious food for reflection. War had been declared. The Germans were mobilizing like clock-work; The French were trying to mobilize, and finding that the attempt produced chaos. Ollivier had proclaimed his lightness of heart in taking the arbitrament of war. It was in the council chamber next door where Le Bœuf had proclaimed the army ready to the last button on the last soldier's gaiter. But the gloomy, brooding man shared none of Ollivier's *insouciance;* and he knew too well how hollow had been Le Bœuf's swagger. He knew that the sham empire had deteriorated the once puissant French army into nearly as great a sham as itself.

Who were his servants? His lip must have curled as he thought of his ministry. And his generals? In MacMahon, a valiant chief and a fair tactician, he might put some faith, begotten of experience. Le Bœuf, his chief of staff—for, Heaven help him, he himself was to be his own commander-in-chief—he knew well had come in by the back-stair behind a petticoat. The others were mostly grown in the imperial hot-house, forced products of the *sabreur-bon-vivant* family of military botany. He knew of some tried and clean officers, but then they were not Imperialists, and such was the precariousness of his position he could trust only Imperialists. "Ah, Bazaine!" Well, in him was one Imperialist at least, true and honest, whose allegiance had not been won and kept by invitations to Compiegne. Perhaps he was not a profound military genius; but he did not regard *déjeûner* as absolutely indispensable; he had an un-French capacity for taking pains; he knew the theatre of war; he was a favorite with the troops (it had come to that with the French army that this was a consideration); and he was coming this very afternoon to pay his visit of farewell before going away east to take the command to which he had been nominated the same morning. This was he whom the page ushered in.

Not a very grand soldier, in the physical sense, this man, who in forty years of steady, purposeful duty had raised himself from out the very ranks to the position of Marshal of France. He was short, somewhat fat, long in the body, short and bulgy about the legs, and with a puffy, rather pasty face. But there were physical features that were to be marked favorably. He had a good, straight, manly eye; his mouth had a habit of setting itself firmly; his voice, rather hoarse in its lower notes, had a clear-sounding ring when raised, as it many a time and oft had been raised to bid men follow him in the charge. He could be silent, and he could sit still—two rare virtues in the Imperialist soldiery.

The interview was doubtless cordial enough, but there could have been little comfort in it for the Emperor. Bazaine had lately held a district commmand on the north-eastern frontier, where the army was concentrating, and which a German offensive would menace. He could tell, and no doubt did plainly tell, of the state of universal unpreparedness, the inefficiency of Metz for resistance, the emptiness of the local magazines, the studied neglect of the requisitions he had made while in the Nancy command. He would do his best, of that his master might be sure; but "beware the offensive!" was his reiterated caution. Bazaine had gathered some knowledge of the German military system; he knew that the French army had degenerated to no system at all. The defensive might be possible with energy and good fortune; but the offensive could have no other significance than ruin. And so the simple soldier-man took his *congé*, and went to pack his campaigning trunk. Within twenty-four hours Bazaine was on his journey to the frontier. What chaos he found there need not be described, because for one thing it would be indescribable. No money, food already scarce, ammunition defective, fortresses inadequately supplied—are not these things written in the histories of the world? Bazaine could not get the chiefs of any corps to report to him; they exercised a fine independence of insubordination, recognizing, doubtless, that the omnipotent Le Bœuf—who by no means loved Bazaine—would not take them severely to task. True to his convictions, Bazaine had insisted on a strict defensive, but Le Bœuf was to overrule this wisdom, and had force enough to persuade the Emperor out of the resolutions he had taken on Bazaine's representations. To facilitate this Bazaine was ordered out of Metz before the Emperor arrived on the 26th July, and was hindered from access to the Imperial presence until misfortune on misfortune rendered it necessary to fall back on his counsels.

Froisard, in command of an army, was lying on the Spicherenberg, within cannon-shot of the frontier line running between the Spicheren and Saarbrück. He was an engineer officer, and had been the governor of the Prince Imperial, in which capacity he had gained the Emperor's ear. He had conceived the notion of commencing the campaign, making its *début*, as he phrased it—as if the campaign had been an actress—by a sudden dash on Saarbrück. As a means to the end of resolute alert invasion, such a scheme would have been practical; carried no further, it was in itself a childish folly, a conspicuous confession of inability to do anything more. Bazaine was opposed naturally to such a stale-mate, but Le Bœuf was an advocate for the enterprise; and the hope that his presence and that of his son in the field would have a good effect in Paris, tempted the poor Emperor to give his consent.

This occupation of Saarbrück was the sole attempt on the part of the French during the war at the offensive outside their own frontier. On this occasion they penetrated into the bowels of the land of the Teuton barely two miles, and then certainly not without impediment. Three French army corps took a greater or smaller part in the operation. The French force of some sixty thousand men had opposed to it—what? A German infantry battalion eight hundred strong, and two squadrons of Uhlans—in all, a force of barely a thousand men. This mighty host was commanded by one of the bravest and funniest of mortals, Colonel von Pestel. He had been ordered to retire and leave Saarbrück bare, but he begged hard to be allowed to stay on, promising faithfully to fall back when molested. At length, on August 2d, the Spicheren volcano erupted, and its red-trousered lava floods poured down toward Saarbrück. Von Pestel made a laughably good defense. Some outlying points were manned with stuffed defenders, with a live man or two among them to fire an occasional shot. He held the line in front of Saarbrück for about four hours, and then retired fighting in good order, only because his orders were not wantonly to sacrifice lives.

Spicheren, Wörth, and all the early ruin, presage true of the wretched end, came bickering and crumbling about the Imperial ears. Bazaine, in the real stress of things, had got the handling of three corps, but the insubordination and confusion of commands hampered him at every turn. All he could do was to work—out there in the front, conducting the retreat, covering the ragged edges, trying to keep the men in heart, as became a manly soldier. At length, in a paroxysm of worry, the Emperor came out to consult with Bazaine—the man he turned to when he found Le Bœuf and the others like the crackling of the thorns under a pot. Bazaine was in the midst of a disorganized horde of wearied and dispirited soldiers. His advice had a ring of soldierhood in it, but the wretched Emperor, quivering with nervousness because of the Paris mob, would take no counsel that involved the uncoverment of Paris, even in appearance. The blackness of the cloud overhanging the Empire grew denser, and the plot began that ultimately was to ruin poor Bazaine. To do him justice, the Emperor did not devise the baseness; I question whether he ever had cognizance of it in its naked ugliness. Pietri telegraphed an urgent "confidential" to the Empress that it should be insisted on that the Emperor should surrender the command-in-chief to Bazaine. Mark the modern Iago: "If misfortune should still pursue the army Bazaine would then be the object of obloquy, and so take the onus of the responsibility off the Emperor's shoulders." Bazaine was victimized accordingly. He did not know of the plot; but he recognized the eventuality, and, being an honest, loyal man, accepted it as part of the duty of a subject to take the skaith from his sovereign. That burden of duty never troubled him; but he had a modest mistrust of his own intrinsic capacity for the post. There were two officers in the Army of the Rhine who were his seniors. So, when he got the letter of service to take the command, he betook himself to the Imperial headquarters, and told the Emperor, straightforwardly, that both MacMahon and Canrobert were older and better officers than himself. McMahon had other work reserved for him; Canrobert was equal to his Crimean antecedent of shirking responsibility in a tight place. "You are the right man," said the Emperor to Bazaine, "and it is an order I give you to take the duties." Well, there was no more to be said—was there? I can conceive Bazaine saluting in silence, and going right-about-face on his heel, as he was wont to leave the guard-room when a sergeant. The old war-dog was not the man to bandy words with his superior officer.

A commander-in-chief in name, a buffer and a scapegoat in reality, Bazaine had toiled hard amid many other discouragements to get the army out of Metz, and forward on the march of retreat toward Verdun. That army's rear the masterful Germans had struck at on the 14th August, and brought about the battle of Borney (as the French call it), or Courcelles (as the Germans name it), on the eastern face of Metz. A poor organizer, Bazaine was himself the moment that the war music began to make the air throb. He turned fiercely and skillfully at bay, and although the fight won the Germans the delay for which they had made it, Bazaine at least charged them a dreadful effusion of blood for the advantage which he had no alternative but to concede.

Bazaine was a man to whom Fortune was not stingy in the matter of wounds. At Borny there came to him the leaden reminder that he was mortal, though this time it was but a gentle hint. The fragment of a shell hit him on the left shoulder, but it had been well spent, and because of the protection of the epaulette gave him but a contusion, from which he had pain for several days, especially when on horseback. The Imperial headquarters had been fixed at the château of Longeville. Thither in the dead of night, struggling his way through the chaos of the retreating army jammed into the narrow streets of Metz, Bazaine hied himself, carrying his bruised shoulder from the battle-field. Of what followed I think it best to let the simple soldier-man tell in his own blunt, short, but surely not ineffective way. "I found his Majesty unwell and in bed"—the malady that killed Napoleon a few years later was already debilitating him—"and I was immediately admitted into his bedroom. The Emperor greeted me with his wonted kind affability. The Germans, said I, were finding the routes free to them by which to travel to gain a position between the Moselle and the Meuse, and consequently athwart our line of retreat. I represented to the Emperor that I was suffering physically, and adding my fear that I could not endure the pain the contusion caused me when on horseback, I begged of him that he would relieve me from the command. His Majesty, touching my shoulder on the part where the torn epaulette showed where I had been struck, answered me with that kind humor that charmed all who came within its influence: 'This is nothing serious, dear Marshal, it is a matter of but a few days; and the blow you have got is but the token that it is you who are destined to break the spell of our ill-fortune!'" And then, as Bazaine tells with a modest pride, the Emperor bade him good-night with the final words: "I am leaning on you." One can fancy Bazaine leaving the chamber with a lump in his honest throat. How he felt about the future may be gathered from a chance colloquy. As he passed through the outer room the officers of the household, who sat watching, called out to him in the jaunty tone of such people: "You are going to fetch us out of this hole we have got into, are you not, Marshal?" "I am going to do my best, gentlemen," replied the honest Marshal; "*tout mon possible;* none of us can do more, and there are none of us who would do less!" And so he went out into the darkness, and consoled his bruised shoulder with an hour or two's sleep.

This was on the night between the 14th and 15th of August. What happened on the following morning was told me in Zululand by the poor Prince Imperial. He was asleep in the bedroom next to his father's. They will show you the two rooms still in a wing of the gray-fronted château with the mansard roof. A crash awoke him with a start, and he was sitting up in bed bewildered, when the Emperor rushed into the room: "Get up and dress—quick, my son, quick, Louis! The German shells are crashing through the roof." It was so. An audacious German horse-battery seeing soldiery about the château, had galloped up to within range on the opposite side of the river, and had opened that "quick fire" at which the German gunners were so handy. As the Prince looked out of the window while he dressed hurriedly he saw a shell fall on the table in the garden, at which a group of officers of the battalion on guard were breakfasting, and when the smoke of the explosion blew aside three of the officers lay dead men. St. Quentin began to reply from its great siege-guns, but a horse-battery is not a big mark, and the Germans stuck to their work with characteristic persistence. The carriages and baggage might follow; Gravelotte was the rendezvous given; but meanwhile the business in hand was to get from under that shell fire. There was a hurried cup of coffee for Louis and his father; then they and the suite went to horse, and the German shells were soon left behind.

An inauspicious commencement, truly, of this 15th day of August—the poor harried Emperor's fête day, of all days! The imperial party pushed on toward Gravelotte how it might, by the road cumbered with all the impedimenta of a disorderly retreat. Presently, about the village of Lessy, an absolute block was encountered. The road was bounded by heavy fences, there were three wagons abreast of each other hopelessly broken down, and a battery of horse-artillery tangled up in the débris. Interminable delay confronted the imperial party. But Prince Louis, during the early days in Metz, while as yet the Germans were afar off, had employed much of his time in riding around the adjacent country. He had mastered the "lie" of it, and gained a knowledge of the by-tracks. Quietly ordering some soldiers to make a gap in the fence on the St. Quentin side, he called out: "Follow me, father!" and led the way across country at a canter for a vineyard track, whose trend he knew. So the boy-guide conducted the gray-beards down into the valley by Chatel, then up on to the ridge which in three more days was to be covered with corpse-mounds, past the auberge of St. Hubert, then not yet battered into dust and that dust made into mud by blood, down into the hollow of the Mance, then not yet a ghastly shamble; and so up the slope between the poplar trees to the auberge of Gravelotte, standing in the angle where diverge the upper and the lower roads from Metz to Verdun.

Thither, at least as yet, came no German shells, and the Napoleons could there draw their breath. Thither,

about one of the afternoon, came, too, the harassed Bazaine. He approached his master. Poor, loyal old fighting henchman! Childish you may call this, in the throes of a climax so sombre; but does it not move you, nevertheless? "I complimented him on his *fête* day by presenting him with a little nosegay I had gathered in the garden of my last night's quarters." The Emperor gave thanks for the present, and then, his trouble recurring on him, he asked in a loud voice, "Must I quit the army?" Bazaine, in surprise, bewilderment, and embarrassment, begged of him at least to wait events just a little longer. So Napoleon turned to his people and said: "We will remain, gentlemen; but do not have the baggage unpacked." Poor Bazaine sometimes shows a rare incisive gift with that blunt, clumsy pen of his. "During the colloquy," he writes, "the soldiers, melancholy and beaten out, continued to defile along the road along the auberge. Not a single cheer, not one 'Vive l'Empereur!' came from the tumbled ranks at the sight of that sovereign and his son, so enthusiastically acclaimed but a few days before. The moral influence of the retreat had already so lowered the tone of the army!" Is it not a sombre etching bitten in deeply by a few strong strokes?

These two men, Emperor and Marshal, parted next day and forever. I think Bazaine may be allowed to draw down the curtain in his abrupt, rugged fashion: "On the morning of the 16th August the Emperor sent a galloper to fetch me. I lost not a moment, but rode alone, at full speed, to the imperial quarters. I found his Majesty already in the carriage along with the Prince Imperial and Prince Napoleon. The baggage had been sent off, under escort, in the course of the night. General de Franck's cavalry brigade was already on horseback to escort the Emperor. I had got no intimation in advance of those arrangements. I rode up to the carriage without dismounting. The Emperor seemed in suffering, and he said to me but a few words: 'I have decided to leave for Verdun and Chalons. Get you on for Verdun as best you can. The gendarmes have left Briey, because the Prussians are in it.'"

Bazaine does not record a farewell, so abrupt seems to have been the parting. Napoleon whirled away out of bad into worse, until what relief the very worst brings came to him after Soudan. An hour after the imperial postilions had cracked their whips Bazaine was in the heart of the fierce mêlée of Mars la Tour, stemming all he knew, with his own sword-blade flashing through the dust of the hand-to-hand struggle—one of the whirlwind charges of the Brunswick Hussars. Ah, why did heaven deny him then a straight thrust from the beautiful "white weapon," to give him the good death a man so soldierly had surely earned?—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

---

Certainly the Crown Prince of Portugal, says the London *Truth*, has not been treated with any excess of hospitality during his visit to England. The cold reception which he has experienced is the more strange, inasmuch as the Prince of Wales was received with the utmost splendor when he visited Lisbon a few years ago. He lived in a sumptuous palace; balls, races, and various reviews were got up in his honor, and every conceivable attention was lavished on him. The Duke of Braganza, after having been quartered in palaces at the other capitals which he has visited, was relegated to an inn in London, although Buckingham Palace was, as usual, standing empty. The official answer to complaints on the subject is, that it has never been the custom to invite foreign princes to the palace during the absence of the Queen, but this is gross and palpable nonsense. The English court has gradually acquired a most unpleasant reputation abroad for extreme parsimony, and one would think that instead of the Civil List charges amounting to over four hundred thousand pounds a year, the Queen was only in receipt of a tenth of that amount. So far as expense goes, it saves a royal visitor little or nothing to be a guest at "the Palace." The tips which are given are enormous. When the Emperor Nicholas passed Ascot week at Windsor Castle, in 1844, he left three thousand pounds for the servants, and gave twelve gold and diamond snuff-boxes to the lords and gentlemen of the household. In 1855 the Emperor Napoleon gave fifteen hundred pounds to the Windsor servants, and last year the King of the Netherlands expended nearly one thousand pounds in the same way. In fact, we believe the Lord Steward keeps a regular tariff of what is expected, the amount varying according to the rank of the guest, and this is formally presented to the principal personages in attendance on him. A novelty was introduced at Hatfield during the recent visit of the Duke and Duchess of Albany. Instead of there being one long dining-table, as is usually the case, small tables for four were dotted about, and had a very pretty and sociable effect. The duchess sat with Lord Salisbury and another couple at one table, and Lady Salisbury sat with the duke at another. The duchess wore a dark crimson dress, with a profusion of white lace, caught up with diamonds. It was one of the four lovely dresses given to her by the Queen on her marriage.

---

An English vessel which was becalmed on September 22d, off Pitcairn Island, was visited by a boat-load of the islanders, with whom one of the passengers, a lady, went ashore. The people were delighted to see her, telling her that she was the first English woman who had visited the island in twenty-five years. They loaded her with fruits and flowers, with shells, baskets, relics of the *Bounty*, fresh fish, cocoanut oil, and a score of other things which she couldn't possibly carry, and then rowed her back with all her treasures to the ship. In a private letter, from which an extract appears in the London *Times*, she writes: "The vegetation of the island is simply magnificent, everything appearing to grow spontaneously. Some of the orange and bread-fruit trees were gigantic, and the whole place was sickly with the scent of the orange blossoms. Flowers grew everywhere, heads of double geraniums as large as my head, and some splendid lilies. Our cabin was like a florist's shop for the next fortnight. They have built a nice little church and schoolhouse, and they seem perfectly happy and contented."

## INTAGLIOS.

### The Grave and the Rose.

VICTOR MARIE HUGO.

The Grave said to the Rose:
"What of the dews of dawn!
Love's flower! what end is theirs?"
"And what of spirits flown,
The souls whereon doth close
The tomb's mouth unawares?"
The Rose said to the Grave.

The Rose said: "In the shade
From the dawn's tears is made
A perfume faint and strange,
Amber and honey sweet."
"And all the spirits fleet
Do suffer a sky-change,
More strangely than the dew,
To God's own angels new:"
The Grave said to the Rose.

—*Translated by Andrew Lang.*

### In the Mulberry Leaves.

FREDERIC MISTRAL.

(*The Magnarello are women-rearers of silk-worms.*)

Sing, magnarello! merrily,
As the green leaves you gather!
In their third sleep the silk-worms lie;
And lovely is the weather,
Like brown bees that in open glades
From rosemary gather honey,
The mulberry trees swarm full of maids,
Glad as the air is sunny.
Sing, magnarello! merrily.
The green leaves ever piling!
Two comely children sit on high
Amid the foliage, smiling.
Sing, magnarello! loud and oft—
Your merry labors hasten!
The guileless pair who laugh aloft
Are learning love's first lesson.
Sing, magnarello! merrily,
As the green leaves you gather!
The sun of May is riding high,
And ardent is the weather.

—*Translated by Harriet Waters Preston.*

### Behold the Meads.

GUILLAUME DE POITIERS.

Behold, the meads are green again,
The orchard-bloom is seen again,
Of sky and stream the mien again
Is mild, is bright!
Now should each heart that loves obtain
Its own delight.
But I will say no ill of Love,
However slight my guerdon prove:
Repining doth not me behoove:
And yet—to know
How lightly she I fain would move
Might bliss bestow!
There are who hold my folly great,
Because with little hope I wait;
But one old saw doth animate
And me assure:
Their hearts are high, their might is great,
Who will endure.

—*Translated by Harriet Waters Preston.*

### A Ballad of Old-Time Ladies.

FRANCOIS VILLON.

Tell me, where, in what land of shade,
Hides fair Flora of Rome?—and where
Are Thais and Archipiade,
Cousins german in beauty rare?
And Echo, more than mortal fair,
That when one calls by river flow,
Or marish, answers out of the air?
—But what has become of last year's snow?

Where did the learn'd Heloisa vade,
For whose sake Abelard did not spare
(Such dole for love on him was laid)
Manhood to lose and a cowl to wear?
And where is the Queen who will'd whilere
That Buridan, tied in a sack, should go
Floating down Seine from the turret-stair?
—But what has become of last year's snow?

Blanche too, the lily-white Queen, that made
Sweet music as if she a Siren were?
Broad-foot Bertha, and Joan, the Maid,
The good Lorrainer the English bare
Captive to Rouen, and burn'd her there?
Beatrix, Eremburge, Alys—lo!
Where are they, virgins debonair?
—But what has become of last year's snow?

ENVOI.

Prince! you may question how they fare,
This week, or liefer this year, I trow:
Still shall this burden the answer bear—
But what has become of last year's snow?

—*Translated by John Payne.*

### Of His Lady's Old Age.

PIERRE RONSARD.

When you are very old, at evening
You'll sit and spin beside the fire, and say,
Humming my songs—"Ah, well! ah, well-a-day!
When I was young of me did Ronsard sing."
None of your maidens that doth hear the thing,
Albeit with her weary task foredone,
But wakens at my name, and calls you One
Blest, to be held in long remembering.
I shall be low beneath the earth, and laid
On sleep, a phantom in the myrtle shade,
While you beside the fire, a grandame gray,
My love, your pride, remember and regret.
Ah, love me, Love! we may be happy yet;
And gather roses while 'tis call'd to-day.

—*Translated by Andrew Lang.*

### Madame D'Albret's Laugh.

CLEMENT MAROT.

Yes! that fair neck, too beautiful by half,
Those eyes, that voice, that bloom, all do her honor;
Yet, after all, that little giddy laugh
Is what, in my mind, sits the best upon her.
Good God! 'twould make the very streets and ways,
Through which she passes, burst into a pleasure!
Did melancholy come to mar my days
And kill me in the lap of too much leisure,
No spell were wanting, from the dead to raise me,
But only that sweet laugh wherewith she slays me.

—*Translated by Leigh Hunt.*

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

### Popular Science Catechism. The Train Boy.

*What is this?*

This, darling, is that perambulating and inexhaustible depot of supplies known as the train-boy.

*And that quiet little gentleman who seems to be so uncomfortable?*

He is a director of the road.

*Why, I thought he was a literary person. Where did he get all those books?*

They were given to him.

*By whom?*

The train-boy.

*What are they?*

The "Biography of Jesse James;" "Red-handed Bill, or the Terror of Texas;" "How to Win at Cards, or the Gambler's Scrap-book;" "Bunko-steering Made Easy."

*Why, what a nice lot of books?*

Very.

*And does the kind train-boy give these books away to everybody?*

Oh, yes.

*And what do the grateful passengers do?*

They look at the pictures, dog's-ear the corners, and give them back again.

*Then what does the good train-boy do?*

He hands around the antediluvian bananas.

*And then?*

He passes the Louis Quatorze gingerbread.

*Next?*

The peanuts of the Renaissance.

*And then?*

The Pompeiian sandwiches, and the figs which were brought over in the Ark.

*Gracious! what will the passengers do with the figs?*

They tie a string to each of them.

*Why?*

To keep them from running away before the train-boy gets back.

*But if the train-boy does not come back soon?*

They will picket them out on the coal-box until they get warmed up and active.

*And then?*

Run them up and down the aisle.

*Are not the passengers grateful to the good train boy for all these books and good intentions, figs and civilities, bananas and amusements?*

Oh, yes; they are so grateful they can not think.

*Will they not take up a collection for him?*

No; he will take up the collection.

*What will it be?*

The novels, bananas, and sandwiches he distributed.

*Oh! then he does not give them away?*

Certainly not.

*Why?*

Because nobody would take them as a gift.

*But in course of time the sandwiches will get ear-marked, and the bananas get too soft and rich, and the figs too active by constant handling?*

Yes, dear.

*Then the good train boy will lose his little all?*

Not much.

*What well he do with his stock in trade?*

Sell it to a church fair.

*But you said the bald-headed director whom the good train boy so loaded up is a director of the road?*

Yes, darling.

*Why, then, does he not stop this bombardment of passengers with bad literature and bananas?*

Simply because he is a director.

*Then the road makes money out of it?*

Certainly.

*Did the director ever eat one of the train boy's sandwiches?*

I am certain he never did.

*What makes you so certain?*

He still lives.

*Did the director ever sample any of the train boy's gingerbread?*

Oh, yes.

*When?*

In 1849.

*Well, it is not going to kill him?*

He does not yet know.

*Why?*

Because his stomach is still struggling with it.—*New York Life.*

---

### "Who's Dat Knockin'?"

"The game was in a little old log-cabin, and there were three niggers playing poker. One of 'em was an old nigger preacher, and the other two was a-kukluxin' him and winning all his money as fast as they could. I watched the game a while, and was standing where I could see the nigger preacher's hand. After four or five deals, the preacher got four aces dealt to him before the draw.

"He turned his head clear around, and says he: 'Who's dat knockin' on dat do'?'

"There wasn't anybody knocking at the door, but you see the old preacher wanted to give the other two a chance to fix up a hand. They wasn't playin' straight flushes, so he turns clear around with his back to the table, and says he: 'Who's dat knockin' at dat do'? Is dat you, Mariah? All right. I'se comin' in a minit!'

"One of the other fellers had two kings, and they gunned through the pack and got out the other two kings before the old preacher looked around to the table again. One of 'em bet a dollar. Then the old preacher went down in his pocket, an' got out all the money he had, forty-seven dollars, and put it up. 'You fellers,' says he, 'has been winnin' my money, and youse can just as well have it all. I'se a-raisin' ye forty-six dollahs.'

"The feller that had the four kings borrowed all the money his partner had, and called the preacher's raise. The old preached raked in the pot and got up, and says he: 'I knowed dat was you knockin' at dat do', Mariah. I'se a-comin'.' Then he went out."—*Washington Republican.*

## VANITY FAIR.

On the 5th of February Lieutenant-Commander Frederick Pierson, United States Navy, says the New York *Journal*, will lead to the altar Miss Leslie J. Ayer, the daughter of the late Dr. J. C. Ayer. Miss Ayer is one of the great heiresses of New York, if not the greatest, her fortune amounting to something like ten millions of dollars. With all her wealth and position she is handsome, gentle, and unaffected in manners. She is a little above the medium height, and has a graceful figure. Her skin is cream-white, and her eyes gay and expressive, with arched eyebrows. Her hair is a bronze brown, and she wears it in a bang on the forehead, with a coil at the back. She has very pretty hands, with taper fingers. She is a fine linguist. Although many had sought her in marriage, none had been successful until Commander Pierson appeared on the scene and won her affections and her hand. Commander Pierson is the son of the late Edward P. Pierson, of Reading, Pennsylvania, and grandson of Hon. Frederick Smith, late Chief-Justice of Pennsylvania. He is tall, commanding, and handsome, and a gallant officer. Miss Ayer's trousseau is magnificent. Most of her costumes are direct from Worth and Pingat, but many of the simpler ones were made in New York. Her bridal dress is of heavy white satin, made with a full court train, the front being of rare point lace caught up with lilies-of-the-valley. The neck is cut low and the sleeves short. The veil is of web-like point lace of rare value, and is to be fastened with natural orange blossoms and diamonds. She will wear white satin slippers embroidered in pearls, and pearl and diamond jewels. Her bouquets will be composed of white roses and lilies. An elegant evening dress is of ivory-white silk, with a bouffant train; Watteau front of white velvet brocade, embroidered in pearls and draped with old point lace. The square neck is fastened by a pearl clasp made of ropes of pearls, and the elbow sleeves are bordered with the lace. A ruby velvet and pale-pink satin with duchesse lace is a very handsome dinner dress, and a brown velvet with fur trimming an elegant walking costume.

Philadelphia dudes have been greatly startled by the appearance in several tailors' show-windows of a colored fasnion-plate, which depicts a very mild and blonde young man, arrayed in a garnet-colored coat of the "shad-belly" pattern, with flesh-colored lining, a figured white vest, a flowing cravat of a delicate tint, and trousers to correspond. This is declared to be the dress-suit of the near future, the invention of a New York man, and the result of years of profound reflection. It does not appear whether or not the inventor has communed with Oscar Wilde, and received his apostolic benediction.

"I recently," says a Paris correspondent, "had the pleasure of examining one of the finest collection of jewels outside of a royal treasury that exists in Europe, and it belongs to an American lady, Mrs. J. W. Mackay. Many of the stones are unique, and the ornaments in general are characterized as much by the artistic beauty of their workmanship as by the splendor of the gems. Foremost in the collection shows resplendent the famous set of sapphires which attracted so much attention when exhibited by the jeweler Boucheron, at the Parisian Universal Exhibition of 1878. It is valued at three hundred thousand dollars, and comprises the diadem, bracelets, ring, ear-rings, and necklace, with a large pendant. The necklace is double, the upper row being a band of large square diamonds and sapphires, fitting the throat closely, while the lower row, a wide arabesque of the same stones, supports the pendant. This last is composed of one enormous sapphire, peerless in color and in water, and set in large diamonds. This stone is of the size of a pigeon's egg cut transversely, a perfect oval in shape, and cost thirty thousand dollars. Next in beauty and in value come the pearls, the set including the necklace, bracelets, and diadem. The necklace has five rows, the pearls in the lowest row being of the size of the largest gooseberry, and those in the uppermost one being bigger than a large pea. Each pearl is perfect in color and in shape, the strings having been composed with the greatest care. The clasp is a sapphire set in diamonds. The diadem is of an arabesque pattern in diamonds, surmounted with five graduated pear-shaped pearls, the central and largest one being an inch and a half in length. The bracelets are formed each of five rows of pearls held in place by narrow bands of diamonds. The set of turquoises, like that of sapphires, is unique in character, so large and fine in color are the gems of which it is composed. It includes the diadem, bracelet, ring, necklace, and heart-shaped pendant, ear-rings, and brooch—the latter being a Prince of Wales plume in diamonds, held at the base with a single enormous turquoise. The necklace is peculiarly magnificent, being a broad band of arabesques in diamonds, studded with large turquoises. This set is said to surpass the parure of the same stones belonging to the Empress of Russia, the ear-rings being especially beautiful in shape and hue. The parure of diamonds is remarkable for its workmanship, the broad, arabesque-patterned necklace sustaining a pendant shaped like a lotus flower. Another necklace is of Egyptian pattern, being composed of three rows of pointed diamond leaves. For the hair there is a long garland of small fern-leaves in diamonds, studded with diamond dew-drops, a most graceful and poetic-looking ornament. It is also arranged to be worn as a necklace or to ornament the corsage of a ball dress. A broad, collar-shaped ornament in diamonds, bordered with large single stones, can be worn either as a necklace or a diadem. The brooch is a large cluster of slender, willow-shaped leaves. The bracelet is a diamond serpent, that encircles the arm above the elbow five times; it is formed of a single row of very large diamonds, three hundred in number. The ear-rings and ring are very fine solitaires. A pair of wide-band bracelets, composed of diamonds and sapphires, go with this set. In black pearls Mrs. Mackay possesses a necklace and a pair of ear-rings, the latter being composed each of a single round pearl as large as a cherry, and she owns a pair of white pearls of similar size and beauty, and a pair of large pink oval pearls. Three fine rubies are set, two as ear-rings and the third as a ring. The set of pink coral is remarkable, even amid its brilliant surroundings. The coral is of the palest and most delicate rose tinge, and is cut in oval bean-shaped pieces, which are linked together with small diamonds. It is very large, comprising a full suite of ornaments. A parure in antique filigree, set with cat's-eyes and small diamonds, is noticeable for its artistic workmanship. Among the minor ornaments are a brooch, representing a peacock standing on a globe of polished pink coral, the plumage of the bird's outspread tail being composed of diamonds, sapphires, and emeralds; an eagle with extended wings in diamonds, a slender diamond serpent with a large pear-shaped black pearl pendant from its mouth (this ornament is to be worn as a necklace), and other beautiful and artistic jewels. The sapphire set has been photographed at Monsieur Boucheron's request, and an engraving of it will figure in a work that is shortly to be published in Paris, entitled, "The Famous Jewels of Europe." These treasures are not kept in the hotel of Mrs. Mackay, as they would constitute a far too potent attraction for burglars, but are deposited in the bank. They are inclosed in a small chest of metal, closed with a secret spring. The interior of this chest is lined with red velvet, and is divided into three compartments, each fitted with a series of numbered trays. I have never heard the value of the contents of this chest estimated, yet it can not be far from a million dollars; and yet, withal, there is probably scarcely another wealthy lady in Paris who does not wear more jewelry at balls, or dinner parties, or the opera, than does Mrs. Mackay."

"It is curious how many orders I have from young ladies this year," said a florist to a New York *Journal* reporter. "They seem to be taking things into their own hands, and send young gentlemen bouquets for the german, and rosebuds tied with pink ribbons, ornamenting satin boxes of bonbons or something of that sort. I had an order last week that I thought a very good one. The design was sent by a young lady living on Fifty-third Street to a Wall Street broker. It was in the form of a reversed table on a ground of pale pink carnations. The table was made out of forget-me-nots bordered with daisies, and on it was written 'Leap Year' in pale pink roses. The young man wore it at a german suspended from his neck by a pale pink ribbon. Then I had another design I made up yesterday sent by a wealthy widow to a young man to whom she wishes to propose. Well, it was very lovely, far too lovely to send to a young man, I think, but then probably he sent it off to some other girl, so it was all right. It cost sixty dollars and stood on a gilt stand covered with pink roses. The design was a hollow half-globe inverted, to represent as much of the universe as we see. It was covered with beautiful Russian violets, the dark purple representing the heavens, and the yellow centres the stars. The monogram of the young man was the only other object on the sky, meaning, you know, that he was the only thing in the universe she saw or cared for. I trust he took the hint, but I have my doubts. I have an order next week from a pretty débutante," continued the florist. "I am to make her a heart of crimson carnations, which she is to send to her partner for the german, tied with a long white ribbon. He is to wear it about his neck. Her monogram is on one side in corn-flowers and his in white pinks on the other." "Japanese umbrellas of flowers are very popular among brides this winter," said another prominent florist to a *Journalier*. "They are something a little new, you know, and admit of more variety and unique designs than wedding-bells. I furnished a very handsome one the other day for a Newark bride. It was four feet in diameter, and was inverted over the heads of the bride and groom, the stick being caught in the ceiling. The umbrella had eight ribs, and each division was made of different roses. Each rose cost fifty cents, and a couple of hundred were used. The first division was of pink roses, with cluster of Jacques in the centre; the next Marechal Niels, with a cluster of the pink roses; then Jacqueminots, with yellow roses; the fourth of white roses, with Jacqueminots; the fifth of Douglas and blush roses, the sixth of tea and Rothschild, the seventh of Mermets and Moraison, and the last of English garden roses, with a cluster of deep pink ones. The stick was of violets, with a dotting of marigolds."

"Do you not think it wicked to dress up dogs as the Parisiennes do?" asks an English writer. "Lily has paid a visit to Madame Ledouble, the famous dog-modiste in the Palais Royal. All day long a series of pugs and smooth-haired terriers arrive at her salons to try on their garments and have their paletots fitted. As they have occasionally, like their owners, to await their turn, small mats and rugs are scattered over the waxed floors, so that the little dogs may be comfortable while anticipating their interview with their modiste. They have several changes of dress in their wardrobes, which they wear according to the hour or the temperature of the day. When they take their morning walk in the Bois with their mistress, the 'correct thing' is a paletot of dark blue cloth, warmly lined with red flannel, and a military gorget coming high up under the leather collar, which is hung with bells. The monogram of the dog's mistress is no longer embroidered on one corner of the paletot. That is out of date—and why should a little dog be out of the fashion? So mortifying, you know, when it sees other doggies carrying *their* monograms in the middle of the back, the 'correct' place. To complete this morning toilet, a bunch of violets is fastened on the left shoulder. On mild days the little creatures have 'Excelsior' paletots in dark green cloth, lined with bright yellow silk, and embroidered in silk of the color of the lining. The monogram is worked in similar silk. The collar is black velvet, with gilt bells pendant from it. On very cold days the paletot is sealskin, with handsome buttons, and the pampered little things wear fur collars mounted in silver. For traveling a tartan paletot is *de rigueur*, with harness of red leather, having detachable reins. What do you think of it? How humiliated the dogs must feel when they are first dressed up."

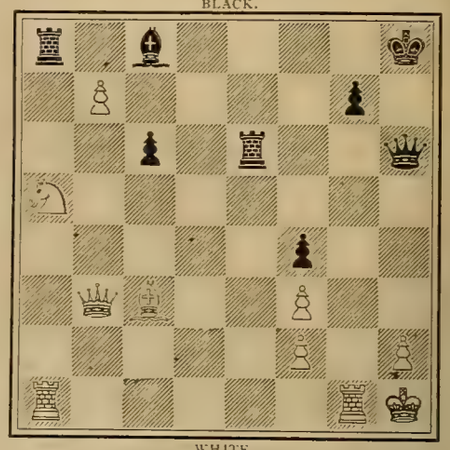
## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

**Problems and Other Topics of Interest in the King of Games.**

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 2115 Fillmore Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

The following is an interesting position which occurred in a game between Dr. Marshall (black) and Capt. Scott (white) recently:

BLACK.



WHITE.

It is Black's move, and he announces mate in four moves.

**Answers to Correspondents.**

WM. O. DICKSON, San José.—Yours of the 14th received. Your remarks are pertinent. The mistake was a typographical error. The first line of the proposition should have read, "two moves."

U. HARTNELL, Salinas.—Your solutions are correct.

W. M. L.—See explanatory paragraph in this week's issue.

In the short game of chess, which was printed in last week's issue as a sample of Capt. MacKenzie's play, the words, "Remove White King's Knight," were omitted, which renders the game unintelligible, as White could not castle on his fifth move unless he were conceding the odds of King's Knight.

The arrangements for the chess tourney at the Mechanics' Library rooms are not yet completed, partly owing to the delay caused by the extreme scarcity of fine qualities of ebony and boxwoods in this market. The new sets of club chessmen after the Staunton model are now being turned, and we hope by next week to be able to announce that war has actually begun.

The editor of the Nevada *Tribune*, in a leading editorial criticism upon our article of January 5th, takes the chess editor to task for a want of proper reverence, in stating that the Saviour had played chess while on earth. We have the authority of Pope Innocent I. and Paul *the Deacon* (recorded in his "De Gestis Longobodorum"), Salvio, Ruy Lopez, and Panormitano (and others in "Cap. Lator de Homicid"), for the statement that the Messiah did play chess while on earth, and that, with the exception of indulging in the festivities at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, it is the only recorded instance of his taking any recreation in the way of amusement while on earth. It is also confirmed by the canon law of ancient Rome; and Verci, in his entertaining and valuable letters, says that the game had received the countenance of the Church from the earliest ages, and further quotes that it is "also confirmed by the canon law that priests are permitted to play at chess; and even if any priest or clerk playing at chess, and a quarrel consequently arising, should kill his adversary, such homicide should be accounted casual and not intentional, which would not be allowed after any other game; and the reason is, because *debat operam rei licitae*." The foregoing facts are also recorded in the "Navicula sive Speculum Fatuorum," by Johannes Geyler, about the close of the fifth century.

Chess has included among its votaries the following celebrated men and women: Burton (author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy"), the Earl of Chatham, Helvetius, Commenius, Condé, Leibnitz, Sir W. Jones, Charles XII. of Sweden, Sir Walter Scott, Raleigh, Queen Elizabeth, Rousseau, Voltaire, Frederick the Great, Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Buckle (the historian), Tamerlane, Richelieu, Edmund Burke, Wollaston, Chamfort, St. Foix, Marmontel, Grimm, Marshal Saxe, Dr. Roget, Ferdinand of Arragon, D'Alembert, Murat, Marshal Berthier, Eugene de Beauharnais, Lord Bacon, R. A. Proctor, Robespierre, Henry I. of England, Charlemagne, Phillip II. of Spain, Emperor Charles V., Catherine de Medicis, Pope Leo X., Innocent I., Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., James I. of England, William of Orange, Sidney Smith, Verda, the late Duke of Brunswick, Howard Staunton, Sir John Harrington, Lord Lyttleton, Baron Rothschild, Commodore Vanderbilt, M. Grévy, Lord Lytton, the Duke of Wellington, Napoleon Bonaparte, Prince Albert, Victoria Queen of England, Napoleon III., Francis Joseph of Austria, Mary Queen of Scots, Hannah More, Jenny Lind, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Charlotte Cushman, and a host of other names equally prominent in philosophy, science, the arts, music, literature, and drama.

**Art Notes.**

Miss Jeannie Lucas's magnificent study of "The Peacock" has been purchased by a gentleman of this city.

Miss Chittenden has just completed a beautiful flower painting in which a beautiful spray of white roses is thrown across a branch of rich yellow acacia blossoms. It is on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's.

On Wednesday afternoon the principal artists of the city held a meeting in the Art Association exhibition rooms, for the purpose of discussing the recent formation of the Palette Club, and also for inquiring into the question of auction sales, etc., under the auspices of the association. A number of speeches were made by Jules Tavernier, Director Williams, and Messrs. Bush, Robinson, and others, and finally the meeting adjourned with a resolution to call a general meeting at an early date, to take action in regard to the April exhibition.

The Government of Hawaii has decided to construct a complete system of works for supplying the city of Honolulu with water, and plans for the same are already under consideration. Major A. S. Bender, of this city, has been engaged as consulting engineer, and left for the Islands on Friday's steamer. This gentleman came to California nearly twenty-six years ago, in the capacity of civil engineer in the United States navy. Since that time he for six years held the position of deputy surveyor-general of the State, for two years had charge of the construction of the Western Pacific Railroad, and has been actively employed in the construction of other important works at different points on this coast.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### The Fitz-John Porter Case—Pro.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Permit me to say a few words in reply to the article in your last week's issue, entitled "Grant in a New Role." In this article exception is taken to General Grant's position in the Fitz-John Porter case. The charge upon which Porter was cashiered and dismissed the service was disobedience of orders. A somewhat analogous case, but with different results, and one cited by some of the enemies of Porter as an example that he should have emulated, is the famous one of the French General Desaix, at the battle of Marengo. Desaix had received orders from Napoleon to move with his division toward the town of Rivalta, the latter believing the enemy would make an attack from that direction. Desaix, on his march some thirty miles distant, hearing the sound of guns in the battle then raging, took upon himself to disobey Napoleon's orders, and returned to the battle-field in time to turn the battle in favor of the French. Here disobedience of orders, in this case, turned out advantageously for the army of which Desaix's troops formed a part; and in disobeying Napoleon's orders he exercised the discretion that every separate commander must exercise, when away from his chief. Events proved to him that the orders were given under a mistaken idea of what was actually the true position of the enemy; for, instead of being in the neighborhood of Rivalta, the Austrians were actually attacking Napoleon himself, on the field of Marengo. Upon the correctness of his views, and the necessity of the course he pursued, depended his justification for disobedience. As regards the above case, the enemy having been utterly defeated in consequence of Desaix's return to the field, history awards him the credit of the battle and justifies his conduct, as did Napoleon also. At Marengo the Austrians were the attacking party, and having moved forward for a considerable distance from their original line, of course were somewhat disorganized by this forward movement, when they were unexpectedly confronted by Desaix's troops, fresh arrived on the field. With reference to General Pope at Bull Run, he had given an order to Porter under a misapprehension of existing facts, in a similar manner as Napoleon had given to Desaix. The order to Porter was that his line of march would bring him on General Lee's right flank—that he should attack this flank, while Pope would engage them in front. This misapprehension of facts consisted in supposing that Porter would have to contend only against Jackson's corps, which Pope would be engaged with. Porter, on arriving on the ground, in addition to the troops which Pope supposed he and Porter would have to attack, found Longstreet's whole corps in such position as to effectually interpose between Porter and the point he was ordered to attack, the nature of the ground likewise preventing communication with General Pope. Porter's orders contemplated the finding of no such force in his front interposing between him and the troops he was ordered to attack; and in deciding not to do so, he exercised the discretion allowed every commander when away from his superior and unable to receive fresh instructions, the correctness of his judgment being his justification. Was his judgment, then, correct? That it was so is proved from the fact that General Pope's order to Porter was issued under the belief that a condition of things existed entirely different from the actual state of affairs. And this belief was that Porter would not have to meet Longstreet, while the facts were that he was on the ground with his whole corps, a force superior to Porter's, posted on the heights in a most advantageous manner, and only too willing to compel, if possible, the Union forces to make the attack. What the result would have been to the whole army had Porter done so and been defeated we can only surmise. Judging from analagous cases, it would have resulted in the most overwhelming disaster to the Union arms. The truth of the matter is, and after-history will prove it, that Pope did not know where Lee's army was, what was his force, or what he was about. In consequence of this uncertainty—excusable to a degree, no doubt, by reason of interference from Washington—his orders were conflicting and confusing; and General Porter, finding that Pope's orders were predicated on an entire misapprehension of the true state of affairs—that is, the force and position of the troops opposed to him—applied for further orders; and, exercising a proper discretion, refrained from attacking troops which he had no orders to attack, when the result might be disastrous to his own troops and the whole army. It seems to me it requires no military training to understand the above simple explanation of the case. For doing as he did, General Porter's whole career has been blighted, he has lived under the stigma of unmerited disgrace for more than twenty years, and even now, though military men of all nations are unanimous in declaring the unjustness of his sentence, he is compelled to hear members of Congress proclaim him a traitor, and deny him the justice his brother officers, the most eminent in the entire army, have long since earnestly desired that he might get. The court-martial which tried and convicted General Fitz-John Porter had no means of ascertaining at his trial the exact time when Longstreet and his troops were in position. This, however, has been ascertained from General Longstreet, in his evidence given since the war; and the finding of the court was based, in absence of this then unobtainable evidence, on the presumption that Longstreet's troops had not arrived on the field. It is this, and other evidence not procurable at the time of the trial, as also a subsidence of the passions of the hour, that have created for General Porter so many friends, among whom is ex-President Grant. And it is unfair and unjust to both Porter and Grant to condemn the one as a traitor, or to accuse the other as acting for interested motives. Members of Congress and the press are, and have been, debating a purely military matter as though it was a party question. As to General Grant, it undoubtedly would have been better for Porter, and perhaps for himself, had he opened this question during his administration at Washington; but Presidents of the United States in these times, while filling their office, can hardly be expected to have either time or inclination to investigate thoroughly the affairs of every individual whom misfortune impels to implore their aid. While in office, the President must in such cases be governed to some extent by the opinions of those whom, from business pressure, he must of necessity delegate to investigate them. Further, he may have been more or less controlled by influence of persons surrounding him, who were doubtless inimical to Porter. Grant, while in office, was not as free to act as he has been since the expiration of it, and has had more leisure and greater opportunity to investigate for himself the whole matter. As to General Porter being a traitor, if guilty of the charges for which he was cashiered, he should have been shot. But as all unprejudiced minds, both civil and military, that have investigated his case have declared him innocent, no reparation possible to be made can compensate him for what he has undergone. EXLUSA.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 29, 1884.

### The Fitz-John Porter Case—Contra.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The telegraph day by day continues to keep the name of Fitz-John Porter before the public eye. Porter, after years of persistent lobbying, and emboldened by a Democratic Congress, knocks loudly at the door closed against traitors, for readmission to the army. The court-martial assembled in November, 1862, at Washington, to try Porter for his disobedience of orders, and misbehavior before the enemy, found him guilty and sentenced him "to be cashiered and to be forever disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit under the Government of the United States." The court was merciful. The punishment for such an offense was mild, for Porter's conduct was treason, and in other countries death would have been his portion for half the crime. After such a sentence, many a man of spirit would have shot himself. Porter preferred to play the martyr's rôle. He hired lawyers to work him up a case; he haunted with a conspirator's perseverance the mutinous spirits of rebeldom for favorable opinions of his generalship under Pope. He obtained rebel recomendations innumerable. His lobby laid siege to Congress and the White House. Lincoln had approved the sentence of the court. Grant had for eight long years closed the doors of the White House against Porter. Garfield, having been a member of the court, was not likely to stultify himself and his brother officers by reopening a case which had been patiently and fully heard, when all the events were fresh in the minds of men. It was upon Hayes, weakest of the Presidential line, that the lobby at last prevailed to appoint an illegal board of army officers to hear new matter in the Fitz-John Porter case. It was a board without judicial power—unable to force witnesses before it, unable to punish them for false statements. We know the rest. Porter's case, which had been sixteen years preparing, was presented, and a favorable report was obtained from the illegal board. Hayes was not bold enough to attempt to reinstate Porter, so Porter once more appeared before Congress. His cause was championed by all the Democrats, and by all the ex-Confederates; and well it might be, for Porter's inaction under Pope had been worth some thousands of lives to the States' rights, slavery-loving cause. Yet Porter was not strong enough. Logan stood in the way. Logan remembered, though others forgot, Porter's sneering when he should have been fighting; his hiding his corps in the woods, while the roar of battle echoed all around him; his cold-blooded inaction, while his comrades were slaughtered; his desertion of Pope. Porter tempted Grant, the "great Ulysses," the friend of Logan. The infamous bargain was made. General Grant was captured by Democratic promises to replace him, too, in the army; but John A. Logan has still an honorable record, and when Porter's bill reaches the Senate, Logan's voice will be heard in tones that will pierce Porter's heart. It is regarded, however, as a foregone conclusion that Porter's bill will pass. The army is to be congratulated. It is to have Porter and Grant back again. The people are to pay the injured Porter (God save the mark!) one hundred and sixty thousand dollars back pay, to salve his wounded honor. Has Benedict Arnold no relatives or heirs? If there be any, let them stand forth; they will be pensioned. If there be none, let the army engineers erect a monument to Arnold (cost one hundred and sixty thousand dollars) by the side of that of Washington, to show the world how America alone forgives her traitors. C.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 31, 1884.

### Theosophy and the Theosophical Society.

The parent Theosophical Society was organized in 1876 in New York by Madame Blavatsky, a Russian lady of high birth and rank, and of an energetic and active temperament, possessing peculiar and unique qualifications for her task, which was the reunion of Eastern and Western science, and the advancement of human knowledge of the most vital character. For her associate in the great work before her, she chose Colonel Olcott, the author of "People from Another World," an energetic, able, and honest man, who had struggled to obtain from nature the key to her obscure principles, but who was, and is, not content with anything short of a satisfactory, rational solution of the enigmas. The society was established by earnest inquirers after truth. Its purpose was, and is, to trace back to their source the currents of an occult science, which force themselves from time to time upon the perceptive and receptive minds, bearing on their surface the promise and possibility of a higher knowledge than has hitherto been vouchsafed to mankind. Its scheme embraces the study of Occultism, especially the Occultism of Asia, the investigation of Oriental religions and systems of philosophy, the elucidation of the Aryan mysteries, the restoration of that ancient knowledge which gave to its possessors abnormal power over nature, and ultimately the solution of the momentous problem of man's ultimate destiny.

It is now easy to comprehend what theosophy really is. It may be defined, however, as the study, knowledge, and practice of spiritual things; it is the realization of man's spiritual nature and powers; it is the subjection of matter unto mind, body unto spirit; it is, if persistently lived, a regeneration of the whole being of man, crowned by a life of charity, of purity, of self-abnegation; and is eminently progressive. The Theosophical Society is meant to be a platform of universal and enlightened brotherhood, founded on the basis of mutual tolerance, an investigation of the nature and powers of the human soul and spirit with the primary object of self-growth, and, secondly, to increase the amount of human health, goodness, knowledge, wisdom, and happiness, and consequently to decrease the causes of misery and crime. A Theosophist worships the Infinite as a necessity of his soul and through his love of mankind; he tries to comfort the sorrowful, to animate the weary, to keep the temple of the spirit pure, to cherish the divinity within him, to be faithful to the intellect and to the inner voice, to educate and develop those powers intrusted to him, and to employ them in the service of humanity; he cultivates spirituality as the highest kind of intellection, which takes cognizance of the workings of nature by direct assimilation of the mind with her higher principles. The cultivation of occult power over the forces of nature, the investigation of her subtiler secrets as regards the inner principles controlling physical results, are worthy of his notice and study, although regarded by him as occult science of a lower aspect.

The Theosophical Society attracted from the first many thoughtful and inquiring minds, which were unsatisfied with science and dissatisfied with religion, and which welcomed a promising endeavor to gain vital truths. In 1877 a most remarkable and extraordinary work was published by Madame Blavatsky, "Isis Unveiled." This title may not be satisfactory, as there is more of a statement, review, sometimes elucidation, than of an unveiling or revealing of mysteries toward which it leads and guides. In two large volumes is reviewed the history of the supernatural, with special reference to Occultism in relation to science and religion. There is no work like it in ancient or in modern literature, both concerning its marvelous erudition, its contents and tendencies, as well as its authorship. It is no secret that Madame Blavatsky was aided and inspired by, and at other times an amenuensis of, some members of the Brotherhood of Adepts, who, since the inception of the society, have taken such an important, even vital, though hidden and secret, interest in its aims, growth, and welfare. The publication of this work created considerable sensation; and it will ever remain a perfect storehouse of information and reference on Occultism. A complete review of the work would necessitate the citation of half of its contents, therefore the inquiring reader is referred to the book itself. In 1878 the headquarters of the Theosophical Society were removed to Bombay, India, and in 1883 to Madras, whereto the founders repaired, and have since devoted themselves to the organization of branch societies all over India and Ceylon, with the central purpose of inducing the revival of the study of Aryan science and religion, and the abandonment by the population of the superstitions which have grown up so thickly under the fostering care of the priesthood as to choke the pure primitive faith of the Aryans. And now it came to pass that, although in its general and elevated aspects animated with the same feelings as the Christian missionaries, both devoted founders have encountered not only the opposition of the persecutor, but have received their godly share of vituperation, ire, and abuse. It is singular to state that the most uncharitable attacks came from the *ex-tirant* followers of Him who was the personification of gentleness, charity, and good-will. But the indomitable founders of the society have not only rebuked and survived, and do survive, all attacks, but have grown stronger and more influential than ever, and their cause flourishes and progresses.

In October, 1879, the *Theosophist*, a monthly magazine, was published, and has been issued regularly ever since. The *Theosophist* is "devoted to Oriental philosophy, art, literature, occultism, embracing mesmerism, spiritualism, and other secret sciences." It has from the beginning been ably conducted by Madame Blavatsky, and is a very remarkable journal, gaining lately an additional interest and significance by the fact that some of the Adepts consented to the contribution of certain papers by their disciples, or pupils, to the *Theosophist*. To its columns are referred all those who are interested in and desirous for further information and deeper insight into Theosophy EDWARD WOLLEB.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 31, 1884.

## LITERARY NOTES.

We have received from Gregoire, Tauzy & Co., Post Street, a handsome illustrated *brochure* entitled: "Paris Illustré—h'Exposition de Nice."

The *Critic* and *Good Literature*, two New York literary journals which, in their respective styles, have had no equal in this country, now appear in a united form, under the joint title of the two papers.

"Martin Luther" is a brief but well-written history of the great reformer, by Elizabeth P. Weir, the German authoress. It has been transfated into English by Julius Kœstlin. Published by Cassell & Co., London; for sale by Bancroft.

"Where did Life Begin?" is an interesting monograph by G. Hilton Scribner on the probable place of beginning and the natural courses of migration therefrom of the flora and fauna of the earth. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"The Elements of Botany" is one of the most complete manuals in this line published for some time. It embraces organography, vegetable physiology, and systematic and economic botany, besides a complete glossary of botanical terms. Its author is Doctor W. A. Kellermann, Professor of Botany in the Kansas State Agricultural College. Published by John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia.

Poetry is not less popular in England than it has been, and the London *Globe* slyly suggests that perhaps the over-cultivation of the sonnet has had its natural influence upon a generation preeminently eager to be excited and amused. As for novels, in England the rate of publication is nearly one every day, not reckoning new editions.

Fourteen jealous English publishers tried to get hold of the English translation of "John Bull et son Ile." The first and the second to whom it was offered so disgusted the author by beating down his price that he would have nothing more to do with them. The third publishing-house, Ye Leadenhalle Presse, was wiser. It not only acceded to Max O'Rell's price, but offered a check on the spot; and it is now reaping the reward of its cleverness in a sale of a thousand copies a day.

Announcements: Mr. Barclay, M. P., in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* highly eulogizes the socialistic system of the Mormons, and strongly condemns any attempt at interference with their propaganda.——"Mr. Browning," says the *Academy*, "has given leave to Mr. Dunthorne, the art publisher of Vigo Street, to reprint his 'Pied Piper of Hamelin' in a little volume to be given to the purchasers of Mr. Macbeth's etching of Pinwell's well-known picture from this poem."——Sir Theodore Martin is revising the Queen's new book, "More Leaves from a Journal of Life in the Highlands; from 1862 to 1882." A public edition of the book will be ready in February.——Professor Lounsbury, of Yale, has prepared for the *Century* an open letter advocating the publication in a scholarly shape, of a complete edition of Henry Fielding's works. He has found much brilliant and valuable matter with which no editor of the English novelist has seemed to be acquainted.

Mr. Grant's novel, "An Average Man," has not been received with much favor. A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* says: "I think that the conversations in which Mr. Grant's young ladies and gentlemen engage, are about as vapid and stupid as one can imagine. The silly nothings spoken behind fans and over ices will not bear translation into cold type. They are only interesting when bright and pointed; and if they are dull and witless they reveal characteristics so shallow and frivolous that we can not become interested in them. We are told that Mrs. Fielding is a refined, charming woman. I should say, rather, that she is a sentimental milk-sop. 'Adorable, are they not?' she says, commenting on some lines of Swinburne. 'There is a wealth of deliciousness in Swinburne,' and her pupils, dilated with their sense of enjoyment, sought his own. Let us trust that they found what they were seeking, and that their 'sense of enjoyment' was heightened when the young man to whom these rapturous words were addressed, replied: 'Exquisite.'"

The contents of the *Popular Science Monthly* for February are "The New Toryism," by Herbert Spencer; "College Athletics," I, by Professor E. L. Richards; "The Remedies of Nature—Nervous Maladies," by Felix L. Oswald, M. D.; "Dangerous Kerosene," by Professor John T. Stoddard (illustrated); "The Morality of Happiness," by Thomas Foster; "The Aurora Borealis," by M. Antoine de Saporta; "Defenses of the Lesser Animals," by Professor L. Glaser; "The Comet of 1812 and 1883," by Professor D. Kirkwood; "How we Sneeze, Laugh, Stammer, and Sigh," by F. A. Fernald; "The Chemistry of Cookery," by W. Mattieu Williams; "Under-ground Wires," by Doctor William W. Jacques; "An Overdose of Hasheesh," by Mary C. Hungerford; "The Causes of Earthquakes," by M. Daubrée; "Last Wills and Testaments," by Joseph W. Sutphen; "Fifty Years of Mechanical Engineering," by A. C. Harding; "A Prehistoric Water-System," by M. A. Lüders; "Working Capacity of Unshod Horses," by A. F. Astley (illustrated); "House-building in the East;" "Sketch of Sir Charles William Siemens" (with portrait).

We have received parts I—IV of a new Spanish-English Dictionary, entitled "Diccionario Tecnológico de los Terminos y Frases usados en las Ciencias Aplicadas, Artes Industriales, Bellas Artes, Mecánica, Maquinaria, Minas," etc., etc. The sheets we have received are from the English-Spanish part. The author is Señor Nestor Ponce de Leon. The work is destined to be a most valuable one. No one who has not experienced it can tell the trouble resulting from an attempt to find technical terms in translating from Spanish to English, and [illegible]. The ordinary dictionaries are singularly barren in this direction. Appleton's octavo Velasquez, although an excellent dictionary in other respects, is almost useless in this line. Appleton's duodecimo, Seoane's Neumann & Barretti, is in this regard beneath contempt. And here let us say that it is unworthy of a house like Appleton & Co. to continue printing editions from the plates of this latter dictionary. It is poor and meagre almost beyond expression. There is the basis for a dictionary in it, and that is all. It should be revised, amended, emended, and modernized before another edition is printed. But to resume: the "Technological Dictionary" before us is a methodical and valuable work. It is largely based on Tollhausen, but to his work are added all the technical terms found in thirty-three other dictionaries, as well as a number of trade manuals, business catalogues, etc. The scope of the work can best be shown by some quotations:

[illegible]

The work will consist of two volumes, each volume comprising twelve parts of forty-eight pages each. These parts are sold at fifty cents apiece, and are issued once every two months. Published and for sale by N. Ponce de Leon, 40 and 42 Broadway New York.

## OF HOPE IN GOD.

From the French of Alfred de Musset.

Because my feeble heart, still full of youth,
Will not to its illusions say farewell,
I fain would hold those ancient truths which made
Of Epicurus once a demi-god.
I long to live, to love, to know mankind;
To seek for joy, but not o'ervalue it;
Fill out my span of life like other men,
And look to Heaven without inquietude.

It is impossible: despite myself
Infinity intrudes upon my mind.
I can not think of it sans fear, sans hope;
And reason stands appalled, whate'er is said,
At what I see, but can not understand.
What is this world, and why are we,
If we must veil the skies to live in peace?
Is pleasure found in wandering like the brutes,
With eyes cast down, denying all above?
No; it but kills the man—degrades the soul.
I am of woman born, unhappily
Or happily; I can but human be.
What then? "Be merry," pagan reason says,
"Be merry then and die—the gods but sleep."
The Christian faith says: "hope, hope on,
The Heavens guard thee; thou canst never die."
Between these paths I hesitate and stop.
I should prefer some gentler way apart.
A secret voice declares none such exists;
In Heaven's sight one must believe or must
Deny. I feel the truth; tormented souls
Fly, turn by turn, from this to that excess.
Those who are unconcerned are atheists;
To doubt an hour would banish sleep and rest.

I must submit; and since the conflict leaves
Within the breast a longing full of fear,
My knees will quake; I hope—and wish for faith.
What will befall? What duty do I owe?
Behold me in the power of a God
More dread than all the evils here below;
Behold me wandering, miserable, alone,
Beneath the eyes of One who leaves me not,
Who watches, and who follows me. My heart,
If it too quickly seems to beat, offends
His grandeur and divinity. A gulf
Yawns at my feet, and, should I plunge therein,
Eternity would scarce atone an hour.
My judge, a hangman, plays his victim false;
Vile snares arise, and names are but deceit;
Love is a sin, and happiness a crime;
God's work of seven days serves but to tempt.
My conscious human nature lives no more;
For me exists nor virtue nor remorse.
I wait for the reward and shun the pain;
My only guide is fear, my only goal
Is death. But infinite rest awaits, 'tis said,
A few elected ones—who may they be?
If it be false, will life be given back?
If it be true, will I pass Heaven's gate?
Alas! this beautiful realm your prophets preach,
If it exists, must be a desert waste.
The happy ones you dream are far too pure;
Their joy, when it has come, has cost too much.
I am but man, and wish not to be less,
Nor strive for more. What then shall I resolve?
Since I must doubt the promise of the priest,
Shall I consult those heedless of a creed?

If, weary of its reigning dream, my heart
Would calm in real life its wild unrest,
Deep in the lees of all the idle joys
And pleasures I have called unto my aid,
I find such loathing that I wish for death.
E'en on those days when thought is blasphemy,
When I would fain deny that doubt might cease;
Though all within this life of vast desires
That man could ever lust for should be mine;
Though given me were power, riches, health,
E'en love—the only guerdon here below—
And blonde Astarte, idolized of Greece,
Should leave her azure isles to be my own;
Though I might wrest from out the heart of earth
The mysteries of her fecundity,
Mold life, enfolding matter at my will,
And antique beauty for myself create;
Though Epicurus and Lucretius both
Should call me happy seated at their feet;
And though old Nature's lovers all should sing
Of joy to me and of the gods contempt—
Still would I say: "In vain! Speak as you may,
I suffer; 'tis too late, the world too old.
A mighty hope has gone throughout the earth;
Despite ourselves, we lift our eyes to heaven."

What then remains? My reason, in revolt,
Tries vainly to believe, my heart to doubt;
The Christian frightens me, the Atheist
I can not listen to, despite my sense;
The truly pious find me infidel,
And the indifferent will think me mad.
To whom shall I betake myself? What voice
Of friend console the heart that doubt has stung?
'Tis said that a philosophy exists
That, with no revelation, all explains,
And which has power to guide us through this life
Between religion and indifference.
'Tis well. Where are these framers of new creeds,
Who, lacking faith, know how to find the truth,
Poor sophists who believe in self alone?
What are their proofs and their authority?
The one presents two principles at war—
Immortal both, though vanquished turn by turn;
The other sees afar a useless God
In heaven, solitary and alone,
Who wishes not for altars nor for fanes.
While Plato dreams and Aristotle thinks
I watch, applaud, and follow on my way.
Beneath despotic kings a tyrant God
I find, who yields, at man's decree, His throne
To one the sophist vaunts republican.
By Leibnitz and Pythagoras my soul
And being are transfigured to my view.
Descartes abandons me in mazy whirls.
Montaigne, in self-review, knows not himself.
From his own visions, trembling, Pascal flees.
By Pyrrhus' reasoning thought is obscured,
While Zeno leaves me senseless and dismayed.
Whate'er Voltaire finds fixed he overthrows.
Aweary of impossible attempts,
Spinoza, vainly seeking for his God,
Believes that he has found Him everywhere.
The ruin of Philosophy at last
A German orator achieves, and shrieks
That heaven is void, while chaos reigns o'er all.

Of human science mark the fragments here!
And of five thousand years that doubt has ruled,
With such rude perseverance and fatigue,
All that remains to us is here comprised.
Ah, poor, insane, and miserable brains
That in such various ways would all explain,
To reach to heaven you needed spirit wings.
The faith was lacking, though you had desire.
I pity you; pride stabbed your wounded souls;
You felt the torments that o'erwhelm my heart;
And you have known it too, that bitter thought
That makes men tremble at infinity.
Ah, well, let us abjure the misery
Of all your speculations infantile,
But vain and fruitless labor in the end,
And humbly here let us together pray!
Come, men of science, pagan orators,
With Christians dead, and dreamers of to-day;
Believe me, prayer is but a cry of hope!
That God may answer us, let us address
Ourselves to Him, for He is good and just,
And doubtless, even now, has pardoned you.
You suffered, all; forgotten be the rest.
If Heaven is a desert waste, then none
Do we offend. Or if One listens there,
In mercy and in pity may He hear!

O Thou, whom none can comprehend,
And, without falsehood, none deny,
Respond—Thou who didst bid me live,
And may to-morrow bid me die!

Since Thou wouldst let Thyself be known,
Why dost Thou make us doubt of Thee?
What gloomy gladness canst Thou own
In tempting thus our fealty?

Whenever man uplifts his head,
His faith beholds Thee in the skies;
His realm, o'er all creation spread,
Is one vast temple in his eyes.

When thought reverts with inward sweep,
We find Thee there, Thou livest in us;
Whene'er we suffer, love, or weep,
It is our God that wills it thus.

Of Thy existence proofs to find,
And signs by which to spell Thy name,
Is to the noblest human mind
The study of sublimest aim.

Whate'er Thou'rt called, howe'er uncouth,
Be it Jesus, Brahma, God, or Jove,
Eternal Justice, or but Truth,
All arms outstretch to Thee in love.

The lowest one of earthy mold
Fails not to render thanks to Thee,
If seeming pleasures but unfold
One gleam in his dark misery.

To laud Thy might the world is fain;
The bird sings praise upon its nest;
And for a drop of gentle rain
Their blessings myriads attest.

In all Thy works is nothing vile,
And naught is lost, however small;
All nature prays, and at Thy smile
In worship on our knees we fall.

Why then, O Master, Lord supreme,
Hast Thou created ills so great
That reason, virtue even, they seem
To terrify and violate?

When on the earth all things declare
A great Divinity above.
And seem to attest a Father's care,
Benevolence, and might, and love,

Why is it 'neath the holy light
Are witnessed acts so hideous, vile,
That prayer itself is turned to blight
On lips of misery and guile?

Why rises in Thy works sublime
Such strife at Thy creative breath?
What good are pestilence and crime?
Oh, God of Justice, why is Death?

Thy pity sure must have been deep,
When, with its good, and ill, and shame,
This poor and wondrous world from sleep
Of formless chaos, weeping, came.

Since 'twas Thy will it should submit
To so much pain at Thy decree,
No glimpse of Thee shouldst Thou permit
To pierce Thy dread infinity.

The earth, through doubt, is desolate—
Too little or too much we see;
O God, why let us speculate,
Or dream of Thee, in misery?

Or if Thy creature—feeble, mean,
Unworthy is to near Thy throne,
Then shouldst Thou draw a veil between
To hide Thy visage from his own.

Thy might, which nothing can enhance,
Would still remain to prompt despair;
But then repose and ignorance
Had made our ills less hard to bear.

If earnest prayer and and anguish deep
Can not attain Thy majesty,
Thy solitary grandeur keep,
And close for aye immensity.

But if our ceaseless mortal pains
Can rise and even reach Thy throne,
If in the vast eternal plains
E'en Thou canst sometimes hear us groan,

Break down the vault profoundly high
That o'er creation's face we find;
Tear off the veil from earth and sky,
And show Thyself, God, just and kind!

Upon the earth then shalt Thou see
An ardent love of truth alone,
And all of poor humanity
Will prostrate fall before Thy throne.

The bitter tears that it has shed,
And that stream now from weary eyes
Like gentle dews the meads o'erspread,
Will rise in incense to the skies.

Then shalt Thou only hear Thy praise,
A concert loud of joy and love,
Like that alone Thy angels raise,
To fill eternal day above;

And in the grand hosanna's chime
Will vanish to our voiceful song
All blasphemy, and doubt, and crime,
While even Death the chant sublime
With his last accents will prolong.

*Translated for the Argonaut by Dr. Wm. F. Smith.*





**The Strongest and Best!**

THOMAS PRICE, Analytic Chemist, pronounces the GIANT BAKING POWDER nearly one-third stronger than any manufactured or sold on the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 24, 1883.

H. E. BOTHIN, President Bothin M'f'g Co.:

DEAR SIR—After careful and complete chemical analysis of a can of Giant Baking Powder, purchased by us in open market, we find that it does not contain alum, acid phosphate, terra alba, or any injurious substance, but is a pure, healthful Cream Tartar Baking Powder, and as such can recommend it to consumers.

WM. T. WENZELL & CO., Analytic Chemists.

We concur:
R. BEVERLY COLE, M. D.
J. L. MEARES, M. D., Health Officer.
ALFRED W. PERRY, M. D., } Members of San
W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D., } Francisco Board
AUG. ALERS, M. D., } of Health.

**Manufactured by**

**BOTHIN M'F'G COMPANY,**

**17 and 19 Main Street, San Francisco.**

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

# IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you,

**SCROFULA** AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh,

**CATARRH** AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

**ULCEROUS SORES** "Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882. "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore.

**SORE EYES** Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

PREPARED BY

**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
NATURAL APERIENT
Hunyadi WATER
"Speedy, Janos
Sure and Gentle."

**FOR SALE BY**

**A. F. EVANS & CO.**

**522 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**

**HEALD'S** BUSINESS **COLLEGE.**
No. 24 Post Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

# GRANULA

An incomparable Food for **Invalids** and **Children**; oldest and best health food known; delicious as a diet; grocers and druggists sell it. Manufactured by **OUR HOME GRANULA CO.**, Dansville, N. Y.

Wholesale Agents: HICKOX & CO., San Francisco, Cal.; WATSON, WRIGHT & CO., Portland, Or.; H. JEVNE, Los Angeles, Cal.

# NOW READY THE FINEST CIGARETT

**"CLOTH OF GOLD,"**

**(Straight Mesh.)**

**SWEET, DELICATE, AND MILD!**

This Cigarette is made from the finest and most cos leaf from that region of Virginia particularly adapted growing tobacco for Cigarettes. Our long experience manufacturing enables us to secure the most suitable kin of tobacco and thus present this superior article, with full assurance THAT ITS EQUAL HAS NEVER B FORE BEEN OFFERED. A higher grade Cigaret can not be produced. We call particular attention to t superior quality of our old brands of Cigarettes. Th can not be surpassed.

**Twelve First Prize Medals.**

**Peerless Tobacco Works.**

**WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

FINE

**Suits, $25.** **TAILORING** **Suits $30.**

Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.

**Suits, $40.** **TAILORING** **Suits $50.**

Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.

**Suits, $60.** **TAILORING** **Suits $70.**

**J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.**

BONESTELL RICHARDSON & CO.
PAPER WAREHOUSE
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F.

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

## ANTI-FAT.

**The Greatest Discovery of the Age** by an English lady, who has, by close study and practice, found a remedy whereby people of either sex can be reduced in flesh at the rate of five to seven pounds a month without injury to health or looks, the skin on body and face retaining its smooth appearance. This treatment strengthens the nerves and muscles, destroying only the fat, which is simply a watery fluid in the tissues, producing gout, rheumatism, incipient paralysis, apoplexy, and fatty degeneration of the heart. Address ANTI-FAT, office box 1925, city.


**POTOSI MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 18th day of January, 1884, an assessment (No. 14) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the twentieth day of February, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the thirteenth day of March, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of January, 1884, an assessment (No. 10) of Twenty (20c) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the eleventh (11th) day of February, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the eighth (8th) day of March, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**WANTED.**

**Back Numbers of The Argonaut.**

Vol. IV, No. 4; Vol. XII, No. 9.—We will pay twenty-five cents each for either of these numbers at the Business Office of this paper.


**Gold Watch Free.**

The publishers of the Capitol City Home Guest, the well-known Illustrated Literary and Family Magazine, make the following liberal Offer for the New Year: The person telling us the longest verse in the Bible, before March 1st, will receive a **Solid Gold, Lady's Hunting Cased Swiss Watch**, worth $50; If there be more than one correct answer, the second will receive an elegant **Stem-winding Gentleman's Watch**; the third, a key-winding **English Watch**. Each person must send 25 cts. with their answer, for which they will receive three months' subscription to the Home Guest, a 50 page Illustrated **New Year Book, a Case of 25 articles** that the ladies will appreciate, and paper containing names of winners. Address

Pubs. of HOME GUEST, HARTFORD, CONN.

**FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL FOR 1884**

Will be mailed **FREE** to all applicants and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains illustrations, prices, descriptions and directions for planting all Vegetable and Flower Seeds. Plants, etc. **Invaluable to all.**

**D. M. FERRY & CO.** DETROIT, Mich.

# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Saturday, October 20, 1883.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 9.30 A.M. | ..Antioch and Martinez..... | 2.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa..... | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | Deming, El Paso Express.... | 2.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | and East..... Emigrant .. | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and Visalia Livermore..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Stockton via Martinez..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Ione..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Knight's Landing..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | ..Los Angeles and South..... | 2.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | ..Madera and Fresno..... | 2.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | ..Merced..... | 2.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Mojave, Needles, Express.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | and East..... Emigrant .. | 2.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | ..Marysville and Chico..... | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " ..... | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Ogden and Express..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | East..... Emigrant..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville.. | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | and Tehama via Woodland... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Redding..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers.... | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José..... | *3.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | 13.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | .. " ..... | 2.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| .. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Virginia City..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 4.30 P. M. can meet Pacific Express from Oregon at Benicia; and that leaving at 4.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from the Needles and El Paso at Antioch.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, †7.05, †7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52; 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Daily, except Sundays. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.




The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over **3,300** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you. Respectfully,

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**
**227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.,**
**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**
118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.
I. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.
Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.


NORTHERN DIVISION **SOUTHERN PACIFIC** RAILROAD.

**BROAD GAUGE.**

## WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, November 11, 1883,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| †6.50 A.M. | | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | *8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | 9.03 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | .. .....Menlo Park..... | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| *5.10 P.M. | | †4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Soquel, Aptos.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, broad gauge, no change of cars | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 5.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (sportsmen's train).

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS

Sold on Saturday and Sunday—good to return on Monday—to Santa Clara or San José, $2.50; to Gilroy, $4.00; to Monterey or Santa Cruz, $5.00, and to principal points between San Francisco and San José.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, January 21st, 1884,**

and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—†10.15, *11.15 A. M., *4.50, †5.00 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†7.00, *9.20 A. M., †12.30, *3.20, *5.30, †5.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—*8.00, †8.50 A. M., *12.30, †3.35 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†6.40, *6.50, *9.15 A. M., †12.00 M., *2.50, †5.10 P. M. * Week Days. † Sundays.

For SAUCELITO (Week Days)—9.20 A. M., 1.15, 3.20, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.00, 10.00 A. M., 12.30, 2.00, 5.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (Week Days)—7.45, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.50 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.05, 3.15, 6.10 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 6.15 P. M.

**11.15 A. M.** Daily, Sudays excepted (via San Quentin Ferry), THROUGH TRAIN, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through Train from Duncan Mills arrives in S. F. at 1.45 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning except Mondays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**7.00 A. M.** from Saucelito Ferry, Excursion Train every Sunday for Point Reyes and Way Stations.

Returning, arrives in San Francisco (via Saucelito Ferry) 6.30 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


# MORRIS & KENNEDY'S
## ART GALLERY,
NOS. 19 AND 21 POST STREET.

**We have just received a very fine collection of New Etchings and Engravings, and a lot of choice Bronzes and Casts, suitable for Holiday Presents. Also, the very latest style of Frames.**

**ART GALLERY FREE. OPEN EVENINGS.**

# CHARLES R. ALLEN,
Dealer in House, Steam, Foundry, and
CUMBERLAND COAL,
ENGLISH COKE AND PIG IRON,
**120 Beale Street, San Francisco.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**
## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| STEAMER | 1884. | From San Francisco for HONGKONG. |
|---|---|---|
| ARABIC | | Thursday, February 7th. |
| OCEANIC | | Saturday, March 8th. |
| ARABIC | | Saturday, April 26th. |
| OCEANIC | | Tuesday, May 27th. |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Peking..... February 20, 1884**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Colima ..... February 1**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers for MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West India ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND and SYDNEY,

**City of Sydney..... Friday, February 15**

At 4.30 P. M., or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freigiit and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on the 5th, 10th, 15th, 20th, 25th, and 30th of every month. The steamer sailing the 30th of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every three days.

SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose. Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR,
MANAGER
**Corner First and Market Streets**
SAN FRANCISCO.

# PALACE HOTEL.
**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## THE NEVADA BANK
OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital.....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama.

## The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK
LIMITED,
**N. E. corner Pine and Sansome Streets.**

London Office, 3 Angel Court. New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street.

**Authorized Capital Stock.....$6,000,000**

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections, buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, and issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED F. LOW, IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.
P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

## Imperial Fire Insurance Co.
Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.
OF CALIFORNIA.
**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.
JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,
**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.
W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1883..... 684,332 83**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# ALASKA
# COMMERCIAL CO.
**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

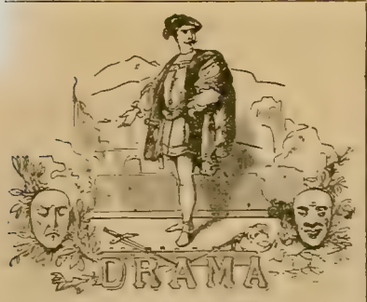
WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

## R. P. HAMMOND, Jr.,
**CIVIL ENGINEER AND LAND SURVEYOR,**
Room 38, 318 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

## NEWSOM & GASH,
# ARCHITECTS
Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.




San Francisco, having arrogated to itself the credit of the discovery of Mr. W. E. Sheridan, is determined to bellow itself hoarse over its "sacred nugget."

If Mr. Sheridan had been Salvini, Irving, and Booth rolled into one, the rafters of the California could not have rung to more tumultuous plaudits than signified his welcome on Monday night. The intentions of his friends were perfectly kind, but, as a matter of fact, the effect of this ardor broke the actor all up, as the slang says, and nothing else so graphically expresses the situation. His heart presumably got into his throat, and the excitement into his head; and by the time all this got into his Lear, the old king was highly wrought, I promise you.

The scene explains why Sheridan is not a great actor. Salvini, accustomed to the extravagance of Italian manifestation, would have accepted the welcome as his personal due, and plunged, without further thought, into the familiar, if artistic, routine of his great Lear.

Irving would have accepted it as a polite attention, half to himself and half to the Union Jack, and gone calmly and melodramatically on with the figure of the evening.

Booth would have bowed, with his distant, far-away manner, apparently unimpressed, and gone on, line for line, breath for breath, and pause for pause, as he always goes, reception or no reception.

But Sheridan is not made of such unimpressive clay. He gratefully resolved to give the shouting, clamorous mob of friends all the Lear that he could. He gave them too much. Having let slip the reins of command over himself, his Lear became an hysterical, weak old man.

His curse was a shriek, a lot of unintelligible ranting. No one but those perfectly familiar with the text would have known what bolt from heaven he was invoking upon his graceless child. Having commenced upon this pitch, all went wrong.

Some one says somewhere that "Lear is a good-natured, passionate, and rather weak old man; it is the old age of a cockered, spoilt boy." I can not see how the commentator ever dared to say anything so true and natural.

At a very tender age I was put upon a diet of Shakespeare for the cultivation of my taste. I was told that as Felicia Hemans had read Shakespeare understandingly at six, I ought at least to commence at ten. I have been reading it ever since, but do not yet read it understandingly. "Lear" was then pointed out for my reading, with the information that it was the "sublimity of pathos." I have never read a commentator since who did not say that it was the "sublimity of pathos." I have rarely read a dramatic criticism that did not quote the familiar phrase. A nudging sense of duty seems to intimate that even in this column of irreverent dramatic chatter the words own a place. But pathos is a contagious warmth of emotion; and no one shed a tear over the "Lear" of Monday night. He was simply a weak, passionate old man who lost his head and his voice when he got mad.

Salvini, in his article on "Lear" in the February *Century*, says that although the king has reached fourscore and upward when the play begins, he is still a hale, strong man, owing to the hygienic principles of early Saxon training. He has constitution enough to carry him through five acts of overwhelming trouble and arduous action. Consequently, he has strength and voice enough to give full effect of the awful words of the curse.

Sheridan's voice slipped him; but in the tension of his body, the clench of his hands, and the lines of his face, he was a powerful study of ungoverned passion. He is, as he always has been, great in spots, but not intentively. He has a fine voice, an admirable elocution, and a patient and close study. His Lear is a choleric, autocratic, exigent old man at first, as he ought to be, and a very pitiful, weak old madman afterward, as he ought to be. There are clever touches, but there is not the "sublimity of pathos" in it.

In fair justice, Rumor credits him with a finer Lear every night since Monday; but on Monday—dare one say it?—both play and player were a trifle tedious.

All the actors choose to be great in such very unpleasant plays. It is difficult to fancy a more disagreeable lot of people than are collected together in "Lear." The old king himself is an ill-balanced, grouty, impetuous old gentleman, with an irrational appetite for taffy. What is the English elegant for taffy? I do not know, but this I know, what he asks of his daughters upon the occasion of his ostentatious abdication, is pure, straight taffy. Goneril and Regan give it to him with an abundance which ought to turn his royal stomach. And Cordelia withholds it with most unnecessary discretion. Edmund, the bastard, is a lesser Iago—smooth, cunning, cruel, yet for love of whom the bad sisters quarrel. Goneril poisons Regan, and stabs herself, having first had the presence of mind to order Cordelia hanged in her cell, and before that to have Gloster's eyes put out, and he himself turned out into the night and the storm with the sockets yet bleeding. Kent is one of those grumpy old fellows, aptly described in the play by Cornwall:

> "This is some fellow
> Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
> A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
> Quite from his nature."

Edgar affects madness. There is no good reason for it, especially as he does it prowling about by himself on a lonely heath. Like all the mad in Shakespeare, he plunges into the hay-mow for decoration.

They all stab, and sear, and betray, and go mad, for no one keeps his wits, his character, and his life, but the Fool; and he effects a mysterious disappearance. Simms would not dare to put the half of it in one of his melodramas. But who dare question Shakespeare? Though his play be riotous with incident, though it smell of blood, though its construction would be hooted in a modern play, though he set history itself forward several hundreds of years, though he bristle with anachronisms, he is still the Titan of literature, and his huge shadow screens every imperfection.

Perhaps no one ever really enjoys "Lear" except the actor who plays it. But our pigmy minds rise to an unaccustomed awe before the might of the conception, the pregnance of its philosophy, the richness of its poetry, and the strength of its character-drawing. In the unfamiliar sensation we find our pleasure.

According to the custom of reigning stars, Mr. Sheridan ought to be supported by a very bad company, but the trammels of the traditions of the last five years have been broken through. Astonishing to say, he is unusually well supported. One begins to get used to the idea with a gasp. When the preliminary trumpets begin to sound and the supers huddle around in their mailed doublets, the days of the old California seemed to have come back; and with a very fair company upon the scene, the legitimate, which has lain so low for so many long days, seemed to draw a long, reviving breath. Good luck to it, for with much of absurdity there is more of matter in it than in the *soufflé* which has long replaced it.

With every revival of the legitimate, it becomes interesting to watch the actors, even the least of them, who enter upon the work with an earnest, conscientious spirit which is plainly felt. Every actor, whatever his training, has a certain reverence for the legitimate.

Even the scenery took a fresh start. The dark and lowering background of the heath, with its play of lightning, was a fit adjunct to the scene; the dethroned, storm-tossed king in the foreground, catching madness from the feigned babblings of naked Edgar, and heedless of the pithy sayings of his Fool.

The stricken old tree called to mind Salvini's description of Lear himself when viewing him as a man not broken with years: "I would compare him rather to some historic oak, shorn of its leaves by the fury of wind and storm, but with limbs and trunk still vigorous, still unshaken."

Miss Davenport "plays dead"—as the children say—with such startling fidelity that some people seriously thought her a wax figure imported for the occasion. A wax Cordelia would be a curious addition to a star's box of properties. Miss Adele Waters's Shakesperean lines are not colloquial, but otherwise she is an excellent Regan; and Miss Henrietta Osborne is singularly forcible as the indomitable and imperious Goneril. The male support is not quite so good, but immeasurably beyond the familiar material of the traveling support.

"Odette" has been flashing retributive indignation at her grim husband to full houses all the week. The success of the play can not be better attested than by the fact that it has plunged a lot of otherwise amiable people into a sea of hopeless argument. Miss Jeffreys-Lewis and Mr. Grismer have played their two scenes so thoroughly well that no other line of action seems possible than just what they take. But if one dares to venture timidly, in a room full of people, that the injured husband's judgment is too sudden, and that Odette might have been spared her degradation, one is pounced upon by such a flood of argument that one goes to see "Odette" again to find the weak places in it.

One finds there a long string of people waiting their chances for the opera. Whether it is Emma Abbott's national reputation, or the cleverness of her advertising, or the starvation of the people for music, or that startling rumor floating in the air that society intends to make it a very full-dress season, every one is going on Monday night, and for many nights thereafter who can get in. The thanks of the community should be tendered to the management that neither for the first night nor for the first matinée have they announced "Il Trovatore." "Of all the operas that Verdi wrote," etc, but one may become too familiar even with the most popular opera ever written. A new opera every night is something new in the annals of song; and the only embarrassment is which to choose.

Are we to have no "Pop"? Wise Kate in her day and generation! No one knows better than a pet of the public how rapidly inflammation subsides; and Mackey profits by his coadjutor's wisdom. Like Alexander, Kate sighs for new worlds to conquer; and prefers to take her lace petticoats and her Quaker bonnet to some fresh field where their novelty will do their accustomed execution.

BETSY B.

"Miss Marie Jansen," says the New York correspondent of the *Musical Observer*, "is about to be married to Mr. Barton Key, son of the late Philip Barton Key, who was shot and killed by General Dan Sickles twenty years ago in Washington. Miss Jansen has not much of a voice, but her kittenish ways and handsome face have turned the heads of all the young swells in the city. It is not uncommon to see five or six rows in the orchestra solidly filled with young dudes, dressed in the most 'touching and tender' style, not a lady among the number. Every night mammoth baskets of flowers are handed over the footlights, and her rooms in the hotel have the appearance of a perennial conservatory of camellias and violets." We thought that she was already married to Barton Key.

Miss Lilian Russell is to sue Mr. D'Oyly Carte for canceling her engagement. Miss Russell's contention is that she was engaged for the run of "Princess Ida" at fifty pounds per week, and that she was to receive twenty pounds per week for rehearsals; and that there was a clause in the contract stipulating that if absent from two rehearsals without a doctor's certificate, or if absent two weeks from illness or otherwise, the engagement would be canceled. She insists that she was absent only once from a rehearsal, and then with a doctor's certificate, and that the second time that she was charged with being absent was not at a rehearsal, but was a private appointment with Mr. Gilbert to run through the part of the Princess.

"We have always imagined," says the critic of the Atchinson (Kansas) *Globe*, "that Patti was large and fat; but she is really very little and *chic*—which, we believe, is French for cute. She was plainly dressed, and did not change during the evening. Her manners, while pretty enough, impress you as amateurish, in comparison with the extravagant gestures of ordinary actors and singers. The singer's bow is not all elaborate, like Mr. Pomeroy's or Miss Kellogg's, but quite subdued. Her figure is not larger than that of Miss Aggie Finney, of Atchinson, but in voice she may be compared to Mr. Noah Clites, the apple merchant."

On Tuesday night the Rial Company played "London Assurance" for the benefit of the Knights of Pythias; on Wednesday and Thursday "East Lynne"; last night they appeared in "Camille," and the same play will be produced at to-day's matinée. This evening and to-morrow night "Ticket-of-Leave-Man" will be played.

According to the London *Truth*, Sarah Bernhardt has secured for "Nana Sahib" the services of a young Mahratta girl, whose grandfather, one of Nana Sahib's partisans, was killed by an English soldier during the mutiny. Her name, Djamma, has been bestowed by Richepin on the heroine of the drama, and the real Djamma will carry Sarah's fan in the play.

"Whims" has been played by the Raymond Holmes Troupe this week, at the Bush Street Theatre. The Harrison-Gourlay Troupe come back for one week next Monday night. It is said that Katie Putnam will succeed the Harrison-Gourlay Troupe.

The annual grand masquerade ball of the Verein-Eintracht will take place at the Mechanics' Pavilion on Saturday evening, February 9th.

Sheridan is enjoying a success in "King Lear" at the California Theatre. Next Monday night he will appear in "Louis XI."

The chief attraction of Emerson's minstrels at present is "Insanity," in which Kelly and O'Brien appear in laughable rôles.

Last evening Stephen Leach was tendered a benefit, under the auspices of the Bohemian Club, at Platt's Hall.

The Emma Abbott Opera Company opens next Monday night at the Baldwin Theatre in "Lucia de Lammermoor." The following is a list of the operas to be produced during the first week, together with the singers who are embraced in the respective casts: Monday, opening night, "Lucia"—Abbott, Hindle, Tagliapietra, Campobello, Novello, and Fabrini; Tuesday, Verdi's opera "Rigoletto"—Abbott, Seguin, Tagliapietra, Broderick, Allen, and Fabrini; Wednesday, Adolph Adams's opera, "King for a Day"—Abbott, Seguin, Tagliapietra, Campobello, Allen and Castle; Thursday; three prima donnas in "Mignon"—Abbott, Rosewald, Seguin, Campobello, Broderick, Allen, and Castle; Friday, (Abbott's "Last Rose of Summer"), "Martha"—Abbott, Seguin, Tagliapietra, Broderick, Allen and Fabrini; Saturday afternoon, grand matinee—Emma Abbott and entire company; Saturday night, second production of "King for a Day" Sunday, Verdi's opera, "Il Trovatore"—Rosewald, Seguin, Tagliapietra, Broderick, and Fabrini. For the second week, beginning with February 11th, the following is a list of operas and performers: Monday, "Mignon"—Abbott, Rosewald, Seguin, Campobello, and Castle; Tuesday, (double bill), entire opera of "Sonnambula" and scene from "Hamlet"—Abbott, Rosewald, Hindle, Campobello, Allen, and Fabrini; Wednesday, "Maritani"—Abbott, Seguin, Hindle, Campobello, Broderick, Allen, and Fabrini; Thursday, "Linda, the Pearl of Savoy"—Abbott, Seguin, Tagliapietra, Broderick, Allen, and Fabrini; Friday, "Faust"—Abbott, Seguin, Hindle, Tagliapietra, Campobello, Allen, and Castle; Saturday afternoon, Emma Abbott matinée—Emma Abbott and entire company; Saturday night, "Rigoletto"; Sunday, "Martha."

Schiller as an actor was a painful spectacle. A German newspaper in 1807 published this frank notice of a performance in which he gained no honor: "Schiller lived so entirely in the theatrical world that he conceived the desire to try his powers on the stage. It was in 1780 that some pupils of the Stuttgart Academy proposed to celebrate the birthday of their duke by acting a play. The choice of the play, the disposal of the parts, and other arrangements were left to Schiller. He chose Goethe's 'Clavigo,' and himself took the chief part. And how did he appear? How did he play? Without exaggeration, we may say disgustingly. Parts which should have been touching and solemn, he rendered strikingly, boisterously, and noisily; tenderness and passion he expressed by howls, snorts, and stampings—in short, his acting was altogether preposterous; now repulsive, now ridiculous. In the conversation where the poet says, in parentheses, 'Clavigo moves in great confusion on his chair,' Schiller writhes on his chair in such wild contortions that the audience laughingly expected he would fall down. To the truth of this statement many persons can testify who to this day live at Stuttgart."

"Sarah Barnum," says a Paris correspondent, "has got even with her rival in more ways than one. Marie Colombier, as you probably know, errs in the opposite extreme to that spareness of form upon which her friends are perpetually rallying Sarah. In fact she is—don't say I told you—distinctly and unmistakably fat; which explains the Bernhardt's answer to an indiscreet inquirer: 'Combien Marie Colombier a-t-elle de baleines dans son corset?' 'Elle n'en a qu'une, et c'est assez!'"

At Nice, Sardou, instead of resting, is working hard at four plays. He is transforming his drama, "Patrie," into the libretto of an opera, he is writing a play promised to the Vaudeville, another for the Porte St. Martin—of which Sarah is, of course, to be the heroine—and he is composing the *scenario* of a play for the Comedie-Francaise.

The new play, "Prawns and Pommery," is drawing large houses at the London Globe Theatre.

### The Diet of Worms.

I'll take it for granted you know,
Or, at least have been recently told,
That had Luther stayed till the present decade
He'd have counted four hundred years old.

But he died in the course of events,
As history duly affirms;
But the one thing that gets me, and constantly frets me,
Refers to his Diet of Worms.

To be sure, he was only a monk,
And good they're supposed to deride:
But I'd feed upon mush, or any such slush,
Before I'd take such things inside.

That his mind was remarkably bright,
And of reason contained all the germs,
We'll agree in great haste—but think of his taste
In prefering a Diet of Worms!

But may be the secret is here
Undisguised, in unlimited terms,
And we'll all of us find the best food for the mind
Is a plentiful Diet of Worm. F. I. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 31, 1884.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


Monsieur Hubinet, the manager of the great champagne house of Pommery & Greno, has been interviewed by the reporter of a city journal, and gives the following interesting information:

The annual sale of champagne amounted in the year 1882 to twenty and one-half million bottles, of which 2,670,000 were consumed in France. The average stock in the champagne cellars is seventy million bottles; but the 1883 vintage, which was extraordinarily abundant, yielded seventy-one million bottles—more than sufficient for three years' consumption. It will, luckily, fill up the gaps left by the total failure of the crop of 1879, and by the exceedingly short one of 1880. Owing to the northerly latitude of the champagne districts, a large crop does not occur more than once in every four or five years. England and her colonies take the largest quantity of champagne. The United States comes next. In England the duty is only four cents per bottle, and John Bull can drink at home the very best champagne for $1.75 per bottle. Brother Jonathan, on the contrary, is obliged to pay five dollars a bottle for his, since the duty is $7.36 on the dozen quarts. Russia used to be the best consumer of champagne, but the abolition of serfdom impoverished the aristocracy, and it will take years to build up a wealthy middle-class that will be able to afford to spend the same amount in foreign luxuries. The Russian aristocracy were the first, however, to bring champagne into fashion, and it is still the favorite drink of those Russians who can afford it. The Russians and the Germans, generally, like sweet champagne. The English and the Americans prefer it dry; and they show their good sense thereby, for the dry wine is certainly more easily digested, and contains less of the principles of headache.

— MISS EMILY FAITHFULL WILL GIVE HER noted lecture on "Modern Shams" at the First Congregational Church, corner of Post and Mason streets, on Monday evening, February 4th, at eight o'clock, for the benefit of the Jackson Street Kindergarten Association. This lecture has received the highest encomiums from the London and New York press, and has crowded the large halls of the cities in which it has been delivered. The Cincinnati *Commercial* says: "No lady who has ever essayed the platform in this country has met with a more cordial host of friends and admirers than Miss Faithfull."

— THE METROPOLITAN HALL IS THE MOST elegantly upholstered auditorium in this city, and is especially adapted, both by acoustic facilities and seating arrangements, for concerts and lectures.

**CCCVII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, February 3, 1884.**

Noodle Soup.
Fried Tomcods. Potato Croquettes.
Breaded Veal Cutlets.
Asparagus. Cauliflower.
Roast Ducks.
French Artichoke Salad.
Frangipani Tart.
Apples, Grapes, Pears, Persimmons, Pomegranates, and Oranges.

FRANGIPANI TART.—Sheet a tart tin with puff paste; pour in some of the following cream: Beat well four eggs; add to them a pint of cream, four spoonfuls of flour, and sugar to taste; put these in a stew-pan, and rasp in with a lump of sugar the peel of a lemon; simmer the whole, constantly stirring it, for about twenty minutes; then stir in a dozen sweet and bitter almonds, previously blanched and beaten to a paste with a few drops of water. Having filled the tart with this cream, bake it, and sift over it powdered loaf sugar.


### A New Enterprise.

**Something that will Prove a Benefit to Strangers visiting the City.**

Mrs. R. G. Lewis, the renowned modiste of San Francisco, whose dress-making parlors are in Thurlow Block, 126 Kearny Street, has introduced a new enterprise to her already successful business, which will prove highly beneficial to strangers in the city. Her method will be to send competent persons to guests upon their arrival at hotels, who can then designate what purchases they desire to make, and they will be conducted at once to the most reliable stores in the city. In this way, the buyer will be saved time, inconvenience, and exorbitant charges by unprincipled sellers, who invariably take advantage of strangers. This is a system of business entirely new here, although extensively carried on in the East, and in the larger cities of Europe. Ladies of the interior can send an order, with bust and length measurements, with piece, to Mrs. Lewis, and have any article forwarded to them.

— HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENewer restores to its former color the hair when turning gray, and renews its youth and beauty.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

**Value of Long Experience.**

Long experience is a priceless recommendation in any branch of business. There is no commercial pursuit where it is of greater value than in banking. It is to the long experience of its President, R. H. McDonald, that the extraordinary popularity of the Pacific Bank, as a safe and enterprising institution, is largely due.

For twenty-nine years its affairs have been managed with wonderful sagacity and success. The Pacific Bank has been kept constantly in the front rank of the monetary institutions of the Pacific Coast.

— MR. ALFRED KELLEHER DESIRES TO announce that he has resumed teaching at his rooms, Nos. 62 and 63 City of Paris Building.

— AYER'S SARSAPARILLA STRAINS OUT FROM the blood, and expels, all poisonous elements. Sold by all druggists.

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

**BALDWIN THEATRE.**

**Opera Season Commencing Feb. 4th, 1884.**

ENGAGEMENT OF THE RENOWNED

## EMMA ABBOTT

**GRAND OPERA COMPANY.**

**Week of February 4th.**

**Monday** .....**Lucia, Bride of Lammermoor**
**Tuesday**.....**Rigoletto**
**Wednesday**, first time .....**King for a Day**
**Thursday**, three prima donnas..... ....**Mignon**
**Friday**, Abbott's "Last Rose of Summer"....**Martha**
**Saturday Matinee**.....**Lucia**
**Saturday Night**..... .....**King for a Day**
**Sunday**.....**Il Trovatore**

**Week of February 11th.**

**Monday**, by special request.....**Mignon**
**Tuesday**, double bill, entire opera of **Somnambula** and scene from **Hamlet**.
**Wednesday**..... .....**Maritani**
**Thursday**.....**Linda, Pearl of Savoy**
**Friday**..... .....**Faust**
**Saturday**..... .....**Emma Abbott Matinee**
**Saturday Night**..... .....**Rigoletto**
**Sunday**.....**Martha**

**MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. A. K. CLAPPE'S**

## SELECT SCHOOL

**FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,**

At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N. Y. Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalogue.

**Every reader of the "Argonaut" should see a copy of**

**THE ILLUSTRATED NEW YORK**

## • LIFE •

**The leading Humorous and Satirical Paper.**

TERMS: At the rate of $5.00 a year, postage free. Sample copy free. **1155 Broadway, New York.**

## PLANTS! PLANTS!!

The finest assortment of

## JAPANESE PLANTS,

**Dwarf Gardens, Camellias, Azaleas, Giant Bamboos, Paeonies, Lilies, Ornamental Trees and Shrubs,**

JUST ARRIVED.

**H. H. BERGER & CO., 317 Washington Street.**

## OLIVE
### AND OTHER FRUIT LANDS

**FOR SALE,** in ten, fifteen, and twenty acre lots, at one hundred dollars an acre, at Suñol Glen, in Alameda County, on the Livermore or old overland route, thirty miles from Oakland, or thirty-six from San Francisco, four trains a day; excursion tickets, $1.50. Terms, $25 an acre, or 25 per cent. cash, deed given, balance to be paid in three annual installments. Trees furnished at fifteen cents apiece, land plowed, trees planted, and well cultivated for one year, at $20 an acre; well cultivated each succeeding year at $5 an acre; ninety per cent. of trees warranted to grow, or will be replanted without extra cost. Choicest vineyard land on the same terms. This land is situated in a warm belt, exempt from the prevailing coast fogs, and is well supplied with wood and water. The situation is picturesque, and the climate is equal to that of Santa Barbara. Reference, by permission, is given to W. F. Goad, 606 Montgomery Street; J. A. Robinson, 530 Montgomery Street; J. F. Gawthorne, 444 California Street; H. W. Hon. C. N. Felton, 123 California Street; C. W. Crane, 318 Pine Street, room 39; Captain H. H. Ellis, I. F. Bachelder, and Charles Hadsell, Suñol Glen. For further particulars apply to

**J. A. JOHNSON, Suñol Glen, Cal.**

P. S.—LOANS MADE and FARMS BOUGHT AND SOLD on commission, at moderate rates, in Alameda County.

## ICHI BAN

**ASK FOR BROOK'S SOFT FINISH**

BROOK'S GLACE AND SOFT FINISH WHITE, BLACK & COLORS. SPOOL COTTON

As well as

**GLACE**

**Spool Cotton.**

Experienced operatives say all Spool Cotton is good, but we prefer the Brook's preference to all others.

For sale by all dealers.

**Pacific Coast Agency, 219 Pine Street, S. F.**



The Burr Parlor Folding Bed
**SAVES RENT**
Holds all the bedding, including mattress, to size, style and finish.
Prices from $50 to $300, according
F. S. CHADBOURNE & CO.
741-745 Market Street, S. F.
H. H. Gross, Manager Folding Bed Department.





**The DRESS REFORM CORSET. The Finest Corset on the Coast.**—TRY IT, AND YOU WILL LIKE IT.—Glove-fitting, graceful, comfortable, "just the thing" for stout figures. BONES SO PLACED THEY WILL NOT BREAK. Sold by us for the past 6 years STRICTLY ON ITS MERITS. Sent to any address postpaid, $3.00. Will exchange if it does not fit. In ordering, send a tight waist, hip, and bust measure, taken outside of your dress. Send for illustrated book of our Union Under-Flannels, Shoulder Braces, Corded Waists, Hose and Skirt Supporters, etc.—which took the first prize (a silver medal) at the late Mechanics' Fair—to the only Depot for these goods.

**M. H. OBER & CO., Boston Dress Reform Rooms,**
Established 1876. 326 Sutter St., S. F., Cal.




**MARBLE WORKS.**

**MARBLE MANTELS,** made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. **Monuments and Headstones.**
**W. H. McCORMICK,**
827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

## THE ARGONAUT

is regularly mailed to the following commercial exchanges, hotels, and reading rooms throughout the world, and will always be found on file in said places:

**Athens**—Hotel d'Angleterre.
**Antwerp**—La Bourse.
**Baden-Baden**—Hotel d'Angleterre.
**Baltimore**—Merchants' Exchange.
**Barbadoes**—Albion Hotel.
**Batavia**, Java—Commercial Society.
**Belfast**—Commercial Exchange.
**Berlin**—Hotel du Nord.
**Birmingham**—*Daily Post*; Queen's and Northwest Hotel; Great Western Hotel; Midland Hotel; Chamber of Commerce.
**Bombay**—Chamber of Commerce.
**Bordeaux**—Hotel de Paris.
**Boulogne-sur-Mer**—Hotel des Bains.
**Bristol**, England—Commercial Rooms.
**Brussels**—Grand Hotel.
**Buenos Ayres**—Chamber of Commerce.
**Calcutta**—Chamber of Commerce.
**Callao**—Colville & Co.
**Canton**—Jardine, Matheson & Co.
**Cape of Good Hope**—Commercial Reading Rooms.
**Chepstow**, England—Beaufort Arms Hotel.
**Colombo**, Ceylon—*Times* newspaper.
**Como**, Italy—Hotel de la Reine d'Angleterre.
**Constantinople**—Baltozzi Frères; Hotel d'Angleterre.
**Copenhagen**—Royal Exchange.
**Cordova**, Spain—Hotel Suisse.
**Dresden**—Grand Hotel de Saxe.
**Dublin**—*Irish Banker* newspaper; Shelbourne Hotel; Hibernian Hotel.
**Dunedin**, New Zealand—Chamber of Commerce
**Edinburgh**—Douglas Hotel; Royal Hotel; Balmoral Hotel; Chamber of Commerce.
**Florence**, Italy—Hotel de Montebello.
**Frankfort**—L. Livingstone; L. Dinkelspiel.
**Geelong**, Australia—*News of the Week*.
**Geneva**—Hotel Metropole; Hotel Nationale; Hotel de Beaurivage; Grand Hotel de la Paix.
**Genoa**—Grand Hotel de Genes; Grand Hotel Isotta.
**Gibraltar**—Turner & Co.
**Glasgow**—Chamber of Commerce; Queen's Hotel; St. Enoch's Station Hotel.
**Halifax**—White Swan Hotel.
**Hamburg**—Lutterroth & Co.
**Havre**—Que nel Frères et Cie.
**Interlaken**, Switzerland—Victoria Hotel; Hotel des Alpes.
**Jamaica**—Middleton & Co.
**Jersey**, England—Commercial Reading Room.
**Leamington**, England—Regent's Hotel.
**Leeds**, England—Chamber of Commerce.
**Leghorn**, Italy—Hotel Anglo-American.
**Lima**—William Gibbs & Co.
**Lisbon**—Unias Commercial.
**Liverpool**—Northwestern Hotel, Lime St. Station; General Bankers' Association; Chamber of Commerce; Adelphi Hotel; Compton Hotel.
**London**—Langham Hotel, Portland Place; Westminster Palace Hotel, Victoria Street, S. W.; Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square; Royal Hotel, Blackfriars; Charing Cross Hotel; Midland Grand Hotel, St. Pancras Station; Bridge House Hotel, London Bridge; Grand Hotel.
**Lucerne**, Switzerland—Hotel Schwanen.
**Lyons**, France—Hotel d'Europe.
**Madras**—Chamber of Commerce.
**Madrid**—*La Epoca*; Banco de Castilla.
**Manchester**—Queen's Hotel; Chamber of Commerce
**Marseilles**—Grand Hotel de Marseilles; Pascal, Fillis & Co.
**Mauritius**—Chamber of Commerce.
**Mazatlan**—Kelly, Myrtle Co.
**Melbourne**, Australia—Chamber of Commerce.
**Milan**—Grand Hotel Continental.
**Montreal**—; Windsor Hotel; St. Lawrence Hotel.
**Moscow**—St. Nicholas Hotel.
**Munich**—Hotel d'Angleterre.
**Naples**—Grand Hotel.
**New York City**—Fifth Avenue Hotel; Hoffman House; Brunswick Hotel; Sturtevant House; Gilsey House; Delmonico's; St. Nicholas Hotel; Astor House; The Windsor; Chamber of Commerce.
**Nice**, France—Hotel Continental
**Nottingham**, England—Maypole Hotel.
**Ostend**, Belgium—Bath Hotel.
**Ottawa**, Canada—Russell's Hotel.
**Palermo**, Sicily—Hotel de France.
**Paris**—Hotel Continental; American Exchange; Grand Hotel de Louvre; Grand Hotel; Hotel Meurice.
**Plymouth**, England—Duke of Cornwall Hotel.
**Quebec**—Stadocona Hotel.
**Ramsgate**, England—The Grandville Hotel.
**Rome**—Bristol Hotel.
**St. Petersburg**—Hotel Demuth.
**Seville**, Spain—Grand Hotel de Paris.
**Shanghai**—*Mercury* newspaper.
**Sheffield**, England—Royal Hotel.
**The Hague**—Hotel Paulez.
**Toronto**—Queen's Hotel.
**Venice**—Hotel Victoria.
**Vienna**—Grand Hotel; Hotel Kaiserin Elizabeth; Grand Hotel de la Cour d'Autriche; Grand National Hotel
**Washington**—Wormley's Hotel; Arlington Hotel; Ebbitt House.
**Wiesbaden**—Hotel du Rhine.

## J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.
### MERCHANT TAILORS

**And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,**

**415 MONTGOMERY STREET,**

**Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco**

## BETHESDA
### SUPERIOR TABLE WATER
**L. CAHEN AND SON, 418 SAC. ST. S. F.**

R. H. McDonald, PRESIDENT. L. Vesaria, VICE-PREST.
Z. S. Eldredge, ACT'G CASH'R.

PACIFIC BANK

Established 1863.
Capital Stock $1,000,000.00
Surplus $450,000.00

*San Francisco, Jan. 1, 1884*

**The following statement** shows the condition of this bank January 1, 1884:
**Ours** is the oldest chartered banking institution on the Pacific Coast.
**Our connections** are complete for the transaction of any and all kinds of banking or collection business.
**Individuals, firms, corporations,** contemplating a change in their present banking arrangements, or opening an account in this city, will do well to communicate with us.

Assets.

| | |
|---|---|
| Solvent Bills Receivable | $2,509,721 35 |
| Real Estate—Bank'g house | 150,000 00 |
| Other Real Estate | 14,996 60 |
| Govt. Bonds, Bank stocks &c. | 111,993 05 |
| Due from solvent Banks | 358,206 64 |
| Money on hand | 633,160 16 |
| | $3,778,077 80 |

Liabilities.

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital Stock | $1,000,000 00 |
| Surplus Fund | 450,000 00 |
| Undivided Profits | 6,120 35 |
| Due Depositors | 2,167,652 57 |
| Due Banks | 114,304 88 |
| Due Dividend No. 69 | 40,000 00 |
| | $3,778,077 80 |

**All matters** intrusted to our care will be attended to with promptness, fidelity, and in strict confidence.

R. H. McDONALD, Pres't.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.
Commission Merchants,
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
☞ Liberal advances made on consignments. ☜

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON.
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 309 SANSOME STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

A. HARKER & CO.
Importers and Wholesale Grocers,
108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHEESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

JOHN DANIEL & CO.
Importers and Dealers in Italian Marble and Scotch Granite
MONUMENTS AND MANTELS,
No. 421 Pine Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco, Cal.
☞ Manufacturers of Monuments, Headstones, Mantelpieces, Plumbers' Stones, Table and Counter Tops, Imposing Stones, etc., at lowest cash prices.

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
TILES
For Decorations.
W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
HENRY F. MILLER
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
HEMME & LONG
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

FIREMAN'S FUND
INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.
CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - - $750,000
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1882, - - - - $1,350,000
D. J. STAPLES, President. WILLIAM J. DUTTON, Secretary.
ALPHEUS BULL, Vice-President. E. W. CARPENTER, Asst. Secretary.
AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

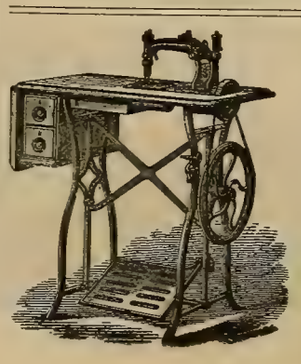
WALL PAPER,
Artistic Designs, American, French, and English. Cornice Poles and Fixtures. Sole Agents on Pacific Coast for LINCRUSTA WALTON, the new and indestructible Wall Decoration. Imitation Stained and Ground Glass, for residences, churches, etc. Frescoing and Interior Decorating a specialty.
WINDOW SHADES.
Samples and Estimates furnished on Application.
G. W. CLARK & CO., 645 & 647 MARKET ST.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY.
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Cerebral Congestion, etc.
Prepared by GRILLON, SOLE PROPRIETOR,
Pharmacien de première classe de la Faculté de Paris,
27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.
Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

THE HARKNESS
FIRE EXTINGUISHER
First Premium Mechanics' Institute, 1882.
D. S. BROWN & CO.,
36 California Street, San Francisco,
General Agents Pacific Coast.

THE CALIFORNIA
SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.
Junction Market and Powell Sts.
Deposits received. Loans made on city and country property at low rates.



Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

HOTEL
SIERRA MADRE VILLA
On the mountain side,
In an Orange Grove, Near Los Angeles.
Has been enlarged to accommodate One Hundred Guests. For climate, health, comfort, pure water, and beauty of scenery, it has no equal on this coast. General Sherman says it surpasses all other places on the American continent for a quiet good time.
For further information, address
W. COGSWELL, Proprietor,
San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, Cal.

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY
OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.
Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

THE
AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.



TRINITY SCHOOL.
Church, Boarding, and Day School for Young Men and Boys, 1534 Mission Street, San Francisco. Prepares for college and university. Easter session opens Thursday, Jan. 4, 1884. Refers to Wm. F. Babcock, Esq., Col. E. E. Eyre, Joseph Powning, Esq., Gen. L. H. Allen, Wm. T. Coleman, Esq., Geo. W. Gibbs, Esq. For information, address REV. E. B. SPALDING, Rector.

CALIFORNIA
MILITARY ACADEMY,
OAKLAND, CAL.
A firstsclass Boarding-school for Boys. Thorough and practical instruction in all departments. First-class board. Special attention given to care and comfort of cadets. Term begins THURSDAY, January 3, 1884. For circulars, address COL. W. H. O'BRIEN, Principal.

HOPKINS ACADEMY
OAKLAND, CAL.
REV. H. E. JEWETT.....PRINCIPAL.
Send for catalogue.

BOUND VOLUMES
.....OF.....
THE ARGONAUT.
Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, and XIII.
Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office, No. 213 Dupont Street.

REMOVAL
W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
HAVE REMOVED TO
311, 313, 315, and 317
MARKET STREET,
Between Beale and Fremont.

GERMEA
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIV. No. 6. SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 9, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: A New Plan for Political Club Organization—The Republican County Committee's Suggestion—Will it Work?—Is the Respectable Element Going to Come to the Rescue and Cease to Ignore Politics?—What the Board of Supervisors might do for the Golden Gate Park—The Serious Need of Immediate Action in Regard to Improvements—The Decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Water Company's Case—A Death-blow to Investors—A Vast Corporation which will be at the Mercy of Thieves and Party Plunderers—The Lawyers who Appeal from the Courts to the Newspapers—A New Book which is attracting Attention in the East—Its Author and its Subject ..... 1–2
THE PRESS ..... 3
RHINEGELD: Gold-washers of the Winding River Rhine ..... 4
AFTER DINNER: "Viveur" discourses on Early American Manners and Customs ..... 5
STORYETTES: Grave, Gay, Epigrammatic, and Otherwise ..... 5
SOCIETY: "Bavardin's" Letter—Notes and Gossip ..... 6
NEW YORK STAGE TALK: "Flaneur's" Weekly Gossip ..... 7
PICTURES FROM LIFE: Why the Crook Smiled ..... 7
THE BRITISH BISHOPS: "Cockaigne" Reviews the English Church Dignitaries ..... 8
LITERARY NOTES: The New Books and their Authors ..... 8
VANITY FAIR: Its Women and its Fashions ..... 9
THE LATEST VERSE: Poems by Swinburne, Browning, and Cable ..... 9
OUR CHESS COLUMN: Notes and Problems in the King of Games ..... 9
IR MAGICAL CARDS: And how their Owner Outwitted Hell ..... 10
OBWEBS: "Arachne" talks of the Emma Abbott "First Night" ..... 11
INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Gossip about Prominent People ..... 11
THE INNER MAN: A Literary Menu ..... 12
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: A Lay of Lingerie—Bostonese ..... 12
THE DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Notes of the Week ..... 14

The plan of club organization suggested by the Republican County Committee will work well if the respectable element will turn out and turn the crank. If not, it will work ill. If it is incubated in the interest of any man for sheriff, or any man for any place, it is probable that the result will be the old thing—a dirty scramble, which clean and quiet men will avoid. It is not safe for good citizens to ignore primary politics; but if they do neglect their duties, and the clubs go wrong, and the conventions are filled with mercenaries, and nominees are sleek-faced demagogues, with secret promises binding them, still that idle, cowardly thing which we style "good citizen" has the right to grumble, has the right to stay at home from the polls, or go to the ocean beach on election day, and then has the right to bear his burdens and pay his taxes cheerfully. The County Committee has so far made no mistake, and there are enough men in it who are so far above suspicion as to give us the assurance of honest work. There is a most miserable gang of contemptible Irish blackguards on the outside which is endeavoring to obtain the mastery of the clubs and the control of the primary system. This gang is Democratic and Republican. Its leaders plot and conspire within both parties. If either party gains a victory, its soldiers of fortune are in for the loot, and plunder, and spoils of office. The City Hall is filled with these conspirators' tools, who are supposed to pay thirty-three and one-third per cent. of all their salaries to the chiefs. We believe the County Committee is doing its duty honestly and disinterestedly, and, we are inclined to think, intelligently. How to outwit the expert knaves who make of politics an industry is not always an easy task; and if we observe anything on the part of the County Committee which looks arbitrary in the organization of clubs, we are disposed to excuse it on the ground of necessity. Our politics has one grand aim, and that is to drive all the blackguards, criminals, Pope's ignorant and bigoted Irish, political adventurers, and all of the unprincipled and unpatriotic class, into the Democratic Party. We are not unmindful that this may leave us in the minority. We prefer to be with a clean, respectable minority rather than with a vicious and unprincipled majority. Draw the lines as we suggest, and if there are more respectable than disreputable citizens, more who are interested in maintaining than in destroying society and good government, the time will come when they will be in the ascendant. If, through neglect of duties and indifference to results, the vicious class gets political control, and tramples law and order under foot, then it serves the law and order class aright. The political history of New York, with its one hundred and sixty millions of dollars of municipal debt, is a warning to all American cities. The low Irish were banded together, and voted together by Irish bosses. The Roman Catholic Church and priesthood was used, and shared in the municipal plunder. The result was jobbery, thievery, and debt. A less prosperous city than New York would become bankrupt, and be driven to repudiation in less than ten years. If the citizens of San Francisco do not profit by the history of New York, and free the City Hall from the Irish bosses in San Francisco, everybody who owns property and pays taxes will have occasion to regret it.

We can not avoid the conviction that our Board of Supervisors might give the Board of Park Commissioners fifteen or twenty thousand dollars for expenditure upon Golden Gate Park. The recent incursion of barbarians upon the ocean beach has been attended with some expense. The large influx of visitors to the seaside renders it necessary to provide certain accommodations for their convenience and comfort. There are many improvements suggested, which, without detracting from the view or taking anything from the beauty of the locality, would make it more desirable as a pleasure resort. It is observed that since the crush of people to the beach by rail, the number of vehicles is largely increasing. Thus, it has become a necessity to widen, straighten, and improve the main drive from Conservatory Valley to the ocean. It demands a more frequent stone-dressing. It needs this now. There is a large acreage of pine forests now suffering from lack of the pruning knife. Unless in many parts the trees are thinned, they will be destroyed. In a few weeks, flowers and flowering shrubs must be transplanted from the nursery to the open grounds, demanding an increased labor force during the spring months. Thanks to the generosity of Mr. Charles Crocker, the conservatory has been placed in thorough and elegant repair. It has been rebuilt where destroyed by fire, strengthened, and repainted, till it is now in better condition than when erected. A fountain is necessary to spray the centre dome, and new furnaces are indispensable. It requires money to convert ten hundred and fifty acres of drifting sand into a flower-garden and shrubbery where lovers can wander on moonlight nights, to keep grassy lawns where children may play, to maintain roads against the beating of iron hoops, to keep in flowering beauty a conservatory as large as ours, to provide music for an occasional summer afternoon, and to preserve the ocean shore and beach from the incursion of the vile and criminal. If the Supervisors could realize this fact and believe that the money would be intelligently and honestly expended for the convenience, comfort, and innocent recreation of the people, it is our opinion that they could not do a more graceful or popular act than by squeezing out somewhere from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars to be expended on Golden Gate Park and the avenues leading to it.

The logical result of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Spring Valley Water Company's case destroys the value of that property, and ultimately confiscates it, in a dilapidated condition, to the city of San Francisco. A private corporation goes beyond the boundaries of the county of San Francisco and without its political jurisdiction, purchases land for catchment, builds reservoirs for storage, lays pipes for transportation, and brings water to the city for distribution and sale. The court says that it is lawful for twelve supervisors, elected by the water consumers, to annually fix the rate at which the corporation shall sell its water to the buyers. If this is law, it destroys private property. If, under such conditions, the purchasers can fix the cost of commodities in demand by them, there can be no person found to invest his accumulations in that direction. Business relations between individuals or corporations and the public are dead. We know there is a refinement of legal logic which invests a legislative body with some attributes of fairness, impartiality, and honesty, and which gives to it a judicial character. But when a water company is compelled to furnish water at rates fixed by political demagogues, nominated by Irish bosses, and elected by water consumers, it is in a poor fix. Our water company is in that fix to-day. It may to-day be its good fortune that there are more reasonable and honest men in the board than knaves and demagogues. It may be its misfortune that next year the political rascals will be in majority; then the price of water and the profits of the corporation will be fixed by the greed and avarice of the supervisors. Water stock, under such conditions, has just the value that seven political rascals, under the dictation of a greedy Irish boss, may put upon it. This Spring Valley Water property is no longer for investment; it is not for widows, and orphans, and trust funds. It simply becomes a speculative stock for gamblers to toss up and down the street.

When lawyers appeal their cases from the courts to the newspapers, as have Messrs. Delmas and Rhodes, in the railroad tax cases, to the *Chronicle*, we are always delighted when the editor gets the best of the lawyer, as he has done in this case. When an attorney would not compromise a case of old taxes, involving eight hundred thousand dollars, because forty thousand dollars of penalties are not collectible, we are inclined to think he has more interest in the litigation and in the forty thousand dollars than he has in any principle involved, or in the welfare of his client. If there was ever a business man in the world who would not compromise a doubtful case involving eight hundred thousand dollars, in which he had been twice beaten, by sacrificing forty thousand dollars, to which he had no legal claim, it was because he had an ass of a lawyer to advise him.

To that class of small minds who pride themselves upon being consistent, who think to-day what they have thought before, who say to-day what yesterday they spoke, whose opinions are never changed by changing facts or modified by natural reflection, we commend the following extract from Emerson's essay on "Self-Reliance": "Speak what you think now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day."

Our readers will recall the name of Nathan Kouns, who for several years contributed to the *Argonaut* some of its most valuable contributions, over the *nom de plume* of "Nathan the Essenian." From the house of D. Appleton there has been issued a work by him, entitled "Arius the Libyan." In our estimation it is a wonderful book, one which may be profitably read by more than one class of people. The author is an enthusiastic believer in the divine origin and divine character of Jesus Christ. He regards Him as the greatest moralist, philosopher, statesman, and law-giver that the world has produced, necessarily because he is the Son of God, and clothed with all His attributes. Primitive Christianity he regards as the perfection of organized society. Property was held in common, Christians were brothers of the same family, and faith in Jesus could work miracles. Pronounced in his love of Christ, enthusiastic in his admiration of the early Christians, the author grows eloquent over the simplicity and beauty of their lives, and the generosity and nobility of their characters. If he is eloquent in portraying the early, simple Christian life, he is more eloquent in the denunciation of "ecclesiasticism," and the evils which have grown out of the establishment of a money-making industry. "Mammon worship" is the rock on which the Christian church was wrecked. Constantine, the first Christian emperor, deliberately, and for the purpose of

consolidating and strengthening his empire, dethroned Jesus Christ from being the head of His church on earth, and set up himself as its visible leader. Constantine was a Pagan; was never baptized; was an unscrupulous politician, who used Christianity for the purpose of building himself up as the emperor of Byzantium and Rome and seizing for himself all earthly power. When, through the Ecumenical Council at Nicæa, he succeeded in making himself the head of the church, Christianity received a blow from which it has not since recovered. Practical Christianity in the early ages, in its teachings and practice, developed a radical, uncompromising democracy. The early Christians belonged to a kingdom which was *in*, but not *of*, this world; a kingdom for which no earthly potentate had right or power to legislate. The early Christians paid taxes, and rendered cheerful obedience to all laws not conflicting with their consciences. They would not hold office nor accept any civil honors. They steadily refused to bear arms, to own slaves, to seek redress in civil courts, and all property was held in common. Discarding the practice of polygamy and concubinage, they adhered to the monogamic marriage, which Christ had elevated to a holy sacrament. With them originated the idea of personal liberty; the early Christians repudiated the doctrine of the divine character and right of kings. Their officers were deacons, presbyters, and bishops, elected by the body of the membership of the Christian congregation. The early Christian indulged only in plain food and simple dress, grains, fruits, and vegetables. Light and pleasant wines were in general use. The flesh of sheep and kids were in more common use than beef. Swine's flesh they never used. The every-day dress of both sexes was cotton cloth —a short kilt from the shoulder to the knee, and over this a loose gown, from neck to ankle, of finest wool or linen, with girdle of bright-colored cloth. There were none who were poor, for all labored, and each assisted the other. Christ taught the freedom, equality, and fraternity of all men. All differences among Christians were adjusted by arbitrament. The wicked were admonished by the presbyter, and, if incorrigible, the offender was dropped from fellowship.

The scene of this story is located upon the southern shore of the Mediterranean; the time anterior to the council of Nice and the reign of Constantine. Ammonius and Arreta, husband and wife, were Egyptians and Christians. They owned the farm of Baucalis, near the sea, a beautiful home, where they lived surrounded by a Christian colony, of which Ammonius was the leading member. "There," says the author, "by the waters of the Mediterranean, was, in the year A. D. 265, a comfortable stone farm-house, pleasantly located in the midst of a considerable tract of cultivated lands. The farm faced a small bay and the limitless sea northwardly; southwardly the high range of the Barcan Mountains rolled grandly away; then nearer slopes, inclosing the farm between the highlands and the bay, imparted to the beautiful place a most attractive sense of quiet and seclusion from the busy world. The house was one story high, containing seven rooms. The ground plan of it was the outline of a cross, there being four rooms and a portico in the length thereof, and three in its greatest width. Here Arius was born, and by his parents from birth consecrated to the ministry of Christ. Here he grew to the age of twelve years, instructed by his parents in all the simple lore of the Christian faith. He was taught by his father in Latin, Hebrew, and Greek, but not in his native tongue—the Egyptian. The teachings of the church up to that time were the four gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. The letters of St. Paul, the epistles of Peter, of John, of Jude, of Hermas, Iræneus, Polycarp, and others, were held in high esteem as the utterances of pious men. All the wilderness of creeds and dogmas which have since appeared are the growth of a later age, when the church had become corrupt. They were the inventions of priestcraft." One bright afternoon, when Arius was about sixteen years of age, he wandered westward beyond the limits of the farm. Wearying with climbing over the endless hills, he reclined to rest upon a projecting rock beneath the ample shade of forest trees. Here he saw pacing slowly back and forth upon a diminutive plateau, denuded of its trees and cultivated as a garden, a tall, gray-haired, venerable man. Arius respectfully bowed and saluted him. The ancient returned his recognition in Egyptian, when the lad said: "I think thou speakest the language of Egypt, which I do not comprehend. If thou wilt speak in Greek or Latin, I can understand thy wishes or thine orders." "Surely," he replied, "thou art an Egyptian, and in the course of a long life I have never met with a son of Egypt that could not speak his mother-tongue." "Yea, sir," answered Arius, "I am altogether a son of Egypt; but my parents would never use that language."

"And thy father was wise," cried the ancient; "for, if ever the powers of darkness gave any gift to man, it surely was the strange language of the dwellers of the Nile. Centuries before there were any such people as the Greeks and Romans, centuries before the Israelites became a nation, so long ago that the universe seems growing old since then, and the earth itself hath nodded out of the line on which the mighty pyramid was built up to point to the polar star—even then, boy, the language of Egypt was a perfect instrument of thought, adapted with superhuman cunning to the purposes of idolatry, with rhythms and intonations in the utterance of it, that prick the sensuality of human nature like a goad, and deaden conscience with some mysterious, witch-like power which the intelligence can no more resist than the charmed bird can escape the python's fascination, and no more explain than it can explain why the iron touched by the magic stone pointeth for evermore unto the north. It is the natural language of sensualism and idolatry, and ought to be blotted out of human speech. I tell thee, lad, thy father was wise to forbid thee from seeking to acquire that fearful tongue!"

This old eremite of the Barcan Hills was Am-nem-hat, an Egyptian priest, dedicated to the service of the great temple at Thebes. For fifty years he mastered the wisdom, learning, and mysteries of the priesthood; and attained the highest rank in sacerdotal service. He was ordained high priest at Ombus, where he served twenty-five years longer, and studied the mysteries of medicine, astronomy, and mathematics. Driven by the quenchless curiosity of an unsatisfied soul, he studied the sacred writing of the Christians. Realizing that, with all his learning, he had consumed his days in teaching error, he fled the temple and sought refuge in the hills which bordered the Mediterranean, where he lived in a stone hut, surrounded by goats and kids, subsisting upon goats' milk, bread, dried fish, and fruits. Arius went to the old priest's home, when he questioned the boy of his new religion. "Thou art a Christian, boy; in what, then, dost thou believe? Tell me briefly, what dost thou believe?"

Then the lad stood up as he had been accustomed to do at home: the fine but peculiar head involuntarily erected itself upon his long and shapely neck, and drooped a little forward, a strange, scintillant light gleamed in his sweet, dark eyes; his elevated and extended right hand waved gently from side to side like the *bâton* of a music-master, and his musical, penetrating voice rang out clearly and incisively as he said: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ, His only-begotten Son, our Lord, who was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, crucified under Pontius Pilate, dead, and buried; the third day He rose from the dead, and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty, whence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost, in the holy common Church, in the forgiveness of sin, in the resurrection of the dead, and in the life everlating. Amen!"

"When didst thou learn this faith, thou whole Egyptian; and dost thou never doubt it?"

"I know not when I learned it," answered Arius; "I was learning it from my mother when I lay helplessly upon her breast; I was learning it from my father when he dandled me upon his knees; every day and hour of my life I have learned it more and more;" and then, involuntarily rising upon his tiptoes, like a python standing upon its tail, with his head erect and bending slightly forward, and sparkling eyes agleam, he exclaimed, "and I was never such an idiot as to doubt it at all."

"O glorious certitude of youth and hope!" said the ancient, mournfully. "O bold, triumphant faith, fitting its possessor for happy and jubilant exertion in the accomplishment of all life's aims and purposes! Thou wast 'never such an idiot as to doubt it!' But I, that have seen nigh fourscore years of misery, do doubt it much and painfully. I that have mastered all the arts, science, and religion of ancient Egypt—a land that was wrinkled with age centuries before the era of old Moses; I that know both all that the priests of Kem ever taught the people, and also the higher and more recondite forms of ignorance in which the priests themselves believed—I verily know nothing! I can scarcely believe in anything save universal spiritual darkness, for which no day-spring cometh, and universal wretchedness, for which there is no cure. O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death?"

One night there came a tempest upon the sea, and on the following morning Arius, walking by the shore, discovered a raft, and upon it two women. Springing into the sea, he roused one of the sleepers, and, as she raised her head and threw back the woolen covering, he saw the swarthy face of a young Egyptian girl turned upon him with wide-open, wondering eyes. Then he said: "Maiden, canst thou speak in Greek?" and she answered: "Yea, for in Alexandria Greek is the common language of all." It was a mother and daughter—the mother a wife of one of the rulers in Egypt, one who in his office persecuted the Christians; the husband and father had been drowned, the mother, Hatasa, and the daughter, Theckla, were carried to the farm-house at Baucalis. Around the conversion of these and the old Egyptian priest, Am-nem-hat, revolves the story, ending in their conversion to the Christian faith, and the loves of Arius and Theckla. We quote from the story to illustrate how the argument is woven in with romance. In kindness, Hatasa and Theckla had not been informed that they were receiving the generous hospitality of a family of the persecuted and despised Christians.

On the evening of the day on which she had been rescued from the waves, the boy and girl were playing and chatting together in the shade before the cottage. The sun was just sinking beyond the distant mountain-range, when the girl said: "Do you go at sunrise or at sunset?"

"Go whither?" said Arius.

"Why, to worship Mentu, or Atmu, of course! Do you not worship?"

"Worship whom?" asked Arius.

"Oh," she answered, "old Ra, or Ptah, or Hesiri-Hes, or the other gods, any of them you prefer."

"I do not worship any of them," said Arius.

"Perhaps, then," said Theckla, "thou art an atheist, and hatest all of the gods; and that is very wrong. For papa says that the atheists are little better than the Christians themselves, and that it is owing to their evil influences that so many young people in Alexandria are growing up to believe in nothing. But, blessed be the gods, I have been brought up in religion."

"And which of the gods dost thou love and worship most?"

"I love none of them surely, but I fear and worship Ptah, Ra, and Hesiri-Hes, the cross old things, because mamma says that they are the most respectable; and I fear them much, especially the terrible, implacable, pitiless Ma-t."

"But do you not think," said Arius, "that you would rather worship some loving, compassionate, and holy deity, whom you could love, and obey because you loved him?"

"Oh, that would be funny, would it not?—for a girl to fall in love with a god! I never thought of such a thing before, but I believe," she added, with an arch glance at Arius, "that I would like a really nice, handsome boy better than any of the plebeian gods!"

"What dost thou mean, Theckla, by saying 'the plebeian gods'?"

"Oh, I mean the new-fangled deities that have come into fashion during the last two or three thousand years—the cheap, low-priced divinities worshiped by the slaves, and by the mechanics, like Sebek, the crocodile-headed, and all that contemptible crowd. Mamma says that we—that is, the nobility, you know—ought not to pay any attention to any of them except the dreadful old gods, like Ra, Ptah, Hesiri-Hes, and the other ancient divinities; because our own family is older and more honorable than any of them except the high, dreadful old fellows that have lived forever. Still, boy, thou hadst better worship even the wretched Sebek than to be an atheist or a Christian; for papa says so."

Then the boy's heart yearned to tell the beautiful pagan of the God in whom he believed, but, remembering his father's caution on that subject, he chose rather to avoid further conversation of the kind, and started off toward the bay to take his evening bath.

"Whither goest thou?" asked the little maiden.

"I am going to the bay to take a bath, as I do daily."

"That will be fine sport," she cried, "and I am going with you!"

And Theckla sprang to her feet, and ran along beside him. The boy reached the water's edge, and, casting aside the loose gown habitually worn about the farm, he plunged into the bay and struck out from the shore, the play of his limbs being almost unimpeded by the close-fitting under-garment reaching from the neck to midway of the thigh; and instantly the young girl, whom old Thopt had arrayed in the short, sleeveless kilt and long gown which the women usually wore, threw off her outside gown and plunged in after him, exclaiming: "Oh, it is nicer than Lake Mareotis! But I have swum with papa from the great Pharos to the Kibotos in the little harbor of Eunostos!" and she swam after the boy as gracefully as a mermaid. Soon she caught up with him, and, having placed her little hand upon his head, she suddenly straightened out her arm with all her strength, and raising herself up with a lithe and joyous spring above him, with all her weight she plunged his head down far beneath the surface, and swam laughingly away. The boy came up instantly and pursued the fleeing maiden, and as soon as he could catch up with her, which was no easy task, he said: "Thou shalt go under too, Theckla!" but she was so excellent a swimmer, and so quick and active, that for a long time she baffled all his efforts to get her head beneath the waves. She laughed, and struggled, and defied him, and exulted greatly that he was not able to give her such a ducking as she had given him, until, at last, he wound his long arms around her, pinioning both of hers, and, clasping her to his bosom, stood straight up, and they sank together until his feet touched the bottom, from which he sprang upward to the surface. Then the lad kissed her and released her, saying: "Wilt thou dip me again, Theckla, or hast thou had enough of it?"

But the girl clasped her hands above her head, threw herself suddenly downward, and for a moment her little feet flashed above the water as she dived, and instantly afterward she clasped the boy's legs in her arms and pulled him again beneath the surface, and rose above the waves before he had recovered himself. And so they sported in the calm waters of the bay until the twilight began to thicken over the valley, when they started for the shore, and the girl swam beside him as lightly as a gull, and, having thrown their long gowns about them, hand in hand they walked back to the cottage.

* * * * * * * * *

"Where hast thou been all the morning, Arius?" asked Theckla.

"I have been at work in the garden," replied the boy.

"At work!" she exclaimed; "digging with thy hands? Why, thou art not a slave!"

And the boy answered, laughing merrily: "Nay, I call no man master; I am as free as any Cæsar."

"Why, then, dost thou work? Verily, I thought that none but slaves and mechanics ever labor."

"But thou dost greatly err. It is true that some Greeks, Romans, and Jews suppose that none ought to labor but those whom they call 'vile'—or rather they call all who labor 'vile'; but I do not accept their monstrous definitions, having been thoroughly taught that the only man who is free is he who lives by his labor, without dependence on relatives, or upon the offices which are distributed by the favoritism of the dissolute and wicked creatures whom they call emperors, Cæsars, pro-consuls, and such titles; and I am free-born, and will maintain my liberty."

"Why, then, dost thou toil?"

"Because we need to toil in order to live comfortably and independently, as we are not rich, and do not desire to be so; but I never will be any man's servant. And, also, because it is noble and right to toil in some way, and every one who is not idiotic, deformed, or afflicted, is unfit to live unless he follows some honorable and useful vocation."

"Thou art the very nicest boy I know," she said, "but it seemeth so strange to me that thou shouldst labor with thy hands, and shouldst talk as if thou didst believe that it is good and not degrading to do so. I never heard such things. But I will go with thee this afternoon and see what thou doest."

"Thou mayst do so," said Arius, "and thou mayst help me with my work if thou wilt."

But the little maiden held up her hands that looked like delicate wax-work, and laughingly cried out: "Even with these hands?"

"Yea," said the boy, merrily, "even with those, tender and pretty as they are."

So after the mid-day meal, when Arius went back to the patch of onions at which he was at work, Theckla accompanied him, and stood a while watching him as he dug up the tubers.

"What is to be done with these?" she asked.

"They are to be gathered up in little heaps, and carried hence to the house, and stored away until wanted."

"Why, I can pile them up for you," she cried, and straightway she began to gather the onions up as fast as the boy dug them, saying: "I wonder what mamma would think if she knew I was learning to work? But it is good, and I will help thee every day."

"What other work hast thou to do?"

"Nothing else, Theckla, except to take some salt to the cattle in the pasture, beyond the field, and thou mayst go into the house. I will not be long absent."

"But I will not go to the house, Arius; I will go with thee, and see the large-eyed beasts."

"Come on, then," said the boy; and, taking up the bag of salt which he had brought from the barn, he led the way along the shore of the little bay until they had passed beyond the field, where they came upon the edge of the pasture-land, and where Arius scattered the salt along a great trough of wood, to which some of the cattle had hurried up as soon as they saw the boy, and others came one after another, until more than a score were contentedly licking up the salt; and among them a fine bull-calf that was peculiarly marked. The kindly treated herd were tame and fearless, and, as soon as young Theckla saw the bull, she gazed at him with the most intense interest, and ran up to the animal, crying out, excitedly:

"Lo, the god! the god! the beautiful young Apis!"

"What dost thou mean now?" said Arius.

"Why, boy," she answered, joyously, "thou art the most fortunate boy that ever lived. Seest thou not the god—the sacred bull—the beautiful young Apis? Seest thou not the black-colored hide; the triangular white spot upon his forehead; the hairs on his back roughened out into the form of an eagle; the crescent white spot upon his right side? Oh, if he hath a knot under his tongue in the shape of a scarabæus, the sacred beetle of Ptah, he hath then all the marks that reveal the bull to be a god! Wilt thou not look under his tongue and see?"

The boy gazed upon her with mingled pity, amusement, and contempt. He had read and heard of the worship of idols and of beasts, but had never before witnessed an actual exhibition of such idolatry. "Why, Theckla," he answered, "the bull is no more a god than thou art a cow. I am amazed that so sensible a girl should be capable of such folly as to think this beast a god."

"But he is an Apis, Arius, and the priests of the temple at Memphis would give thee his weight in gold for him. They would come hither in a royal procession to carry him hence; they would keep him for forty days at Nilopolis, and for forty days at Memphis, and the noblest of the women in the city would go in naked and worship him; and he would be fed like a great king as long as he lives, and when he dies he would become an Osor-hapi, a great god, and would secure thy soul. Surely the priests must know that he is a great god, or they would not build such grand temples in honor of Apis, and worship him with such magnificent and costly ceremonies and processions. I verily fear that thou art an atheist, Arius, but I have been raised up to be religious, and I know."

"Theckla," answered the boy, "I can take a goad in my hand and drive this sort of god whithersoever I will; I can catch his tail in my hands and twist it until he shall bellow with pain. If thou wilt hold out to him an ear of corn in thine hand, he will follow thee about like a dog; and thou callest the beast a god! Theckla, I am verily ashamed of thy foolishness."

But the young girl looked gravely at her companion, and said in tones of solemn warning and reproof: "Arius, thou dost not believe in Ra, Ptah, Shu, Seb, Set, Mentu, Atmu, nor in Hesiri-Hes; and thou dost laugh at the sacred Hathors, and thou dost mock the bull-god Apis! Boy, dost thou believe in anything? Or art thou an atheist?"

"Yea," cried Arius, laughing, "I believe thou art the brightest and the prettiest little pagan in the world; and some time I shall explain to thee what I believe, and convince thee of the folly of thy polytheistic and idolatrous notions. But not now, for thy god and the other beasts with him have salt enough, and we must return home."

They went back along the bay-shore, and the sun was nigh the tops of the distant mountains; and Arius, walking a little in advance of Theckla, heard a sudden plunge into the water, and looking back he saw the little maiden swimming boldly out into the bay, and immediately he plunged in after her. They swam, dived, raced, scuffled, and sported in the pure and healthful element until twilight began to gather over the lowlands, and then, hand in hand, they wandered back to the cottage.

We may not follow this interesting story without reproducing the book. Theckla is ascertained to be of the aristocratic Egyptian class, of large wealth. When her mother dies in the Christian faith, and it is time for Arius to go to Antioch, in Syria, to pursue his studies with the Bishop Lucanius, and to prepare himself as a preacher of the gospel, Theckla resolves to return with Am-nem-hat to Alexandria, and there devote her wealth to the building of a church for Arius, to be called "Baucalis," after the farm.

On the evening before Arius left Baucalis, he and Theckla wandered along the shores of the little bay, until they happened to come unto the spot at which she had been rescued from the raft, and the girl said: "Even there thou didst bring me unto the shore, Arius. It seemeth to me to have been ages and ages ago; and yet the time hath passed so pleasantly."

"Yea," said Arius; "yet it is only four years since then; and, after to-morrow, it may as long a time before I see the dear old farm again, or thee. Theckla, wilt thou forget thy friend and our happy life at Baucalis, and all the things which made us blessed here so long?"

"Nay," she said. "Life opens wide before us both, Arius, as we stand here upon its threshold—wide as the sea out yonder, and unknown. But Baucalis will always be the dearest place on earth to me."

"Theckla," said the young man, taking one of the girl's hands in his, "I love thee truly and tenderly. When I shall have finished the course of study at Antioch, I desire to come for thee and claim thee for my wife. Dost thou love me, Theckla, so that thou couldst be happy as my wife?"

And the girl laid her head against his shoulder, and raising her dewy eyes to his, she said: "If thou so lovest me, Arius, I would be the happiest woman in the world to be thy wife."

Then the young man kissed her tenderly, and said: "Theckla, let this be a covenant between me and thee before the Lord, that when I shall have finished the studies required at Antioch, I will come for thee, and thou shalt be my wife."

And she answered: "Yea, Arius; let this be our covenant."

Old Am-nem-hot and the beautiful Theckla fell as martyrs, and were burned in an anti-Christian riot at Alexandria, so that when Arius returned from his studies, he found ready for his use the beautiful and costly church of "Baucalis." Informed of his terrible loss, the broken-hearted man sought the church at eventide, opened the door, and passed within.

It was twilight, and the full moon shed a soft and mellow light through the vast area of the sacred edifice; not far off, the gentle waves of the sea glanced in the golden sheen and lapsed along the quiet coast. Back and forth, along the great aisle, with slow and heavy footsteps—back and forth, until the long night waned away, and the muffled tread of the sufferer seemed to become regular, unceasing, continuous, as part of the very course of nature itself—all night long, back and forth, wrestling sorely with his sudden, mighty grief, the young man trod the desolate aisle, and his bosom heaved with anguish, but not a single word escaped his compressed, ashy lips. The first faint light of dawn mottled the eastern sky; then the glad sunlight streamed far out along the peaceful sea, and the freshness of the morning laughed from earth and heaven. Then went he slowly unto a window opening unto the east, and the sun was rising gloriously, and then the man raised up his right hand reverently, and, gazing away into the glowing heavens, with trembling lips and broken heart, he murmured: "Yea! He doeth all things well; and blessed be His name!"

Tried in the furnace of affliction; exercised by grief; strengthened, hardened, and chastened by the bitter cup of woe, Arius entered upon the ministry, serving Christ and his fellow-men, till in his ripe and learned age he was summoned by Constantine to the Council of Nicæa. Those who would know the history of the early church in this, its age of trial—who would understand the Arian controversy which disturbed it; who would be informed of mutations and changes wrought through political ambition, till the beautiful doctrine of the Nazarene was destroyed by engrafting upon it the absurd dogmas of a corrupt ecclesiasticism, and the simple religious practices which adorned the life of early Christians, were overrun by the pomp and ceremonial of a later and more gorgeous service—will find in this work vast erudition, clothed in magnificent language, and forming, in our judgment, a most interesting and instructive work.

Arius was sacrificed to the ambition of the Emperor Constantine. After the Council of Nicæa, and his stern and uncompromising opposition to Athanasius and the Eusebi, he was exiled, and for long years imprisoned. At the request of Constantia, he was released and offered the highest ecclesiastical honors at Constantinople. He preferred to die, offering the example of a noble Christian life ending in a noble Christian death. No intelligent man or woman, whose education was at the side of a praying mother, no matter how widely he may have departed from his belief in her teachings, can peruse this work without laying it down with kinder and better feelings toward the religion of Christ. His mind, however warped with unbelief, is carried across the gulf of ages, back to the primitiue time when Christians practiced a pure religion; when, in their hard and dangerous lives, and in their cheerful martyrdom, they bore the testimony to their professions of their faith. The agnostic, the materialist, the infidel is, by the challenge of the author of "Arius the Libyan," bound to stand and answer whether, in his wisdom, he has evolved a more rational solution of spiritual mysteries, or whether he has found a better or more rational substitute for the ever inward craving of the human soul, than the sweet and simple religion of the early Christians as illustrated in their beautiful and generous lives and in their heroic deaths.

---

One day, Coleridge was standing in a picture gallery, absorbed in gazing at a new painting. After looking at it for fifteen minutes, he deliberately came to the conclusion that the only epithet which could be used of the picture was the adjective "majestic." Just as he reached this conclusion, a gentleman entered the saloon with two ladies. "What a majestic scene!" exclaimed the gentleman as he stopped before the painting. Coleridge walked up to him, and, bowing, said: "My name is Coleridge. I thought I knew the English language, but it has taken me fifteen minutes to discover that the word 'majestic' applied to this picture. You have hit upon the right word at once." "Yes, yes," replied the gentleman, with a gratified simper; "it is a splendid, a beautiful, a lovely painting!" "Ah!" rejoined Coleridge, "I retract my previous statement. You used the word 'majestic' only by chance, and not after deliberation." And the great man walked away with a thoughtful smile.

## THE PRESS.

"The Lever Which Moves the World."

Many otherwise intelligent persons attach a factitious importance to the utterances of the press. Words which are printed speech affect them as does Voudoo an African negro. They are fond of talking of the "power of the press," the "influence of the press," and kindred imbecility. The press has no greater nor higher power than that of multiplicity. A lie repeated by a thousand men has a thousand times the effect of the lie of a single liar. A lie repeated a thousand times by a notorious liar has no greater effect than has his single lie. We do not say the press is a notorious liar, but many people think so. We do not attempt to sort out the lies from the mass of mingled mendacity and fact herewith appended; the reader may do that for himself. We only say—and the fact is perfectly patent—that much, if not most, of this stuff is lies. There is one comfort—the lie, whether written, printed, or spoken, carries with it its own antidote; the reputation of the notorious liar serves as a cure to his lie; the almost utter disbelief in and contempt for the press serves as an antidote for theirs.

These remarks are occasioned by the fact that there was an operatic performance at the Baldwin last Monday evening, which was the subject of general comment by the press next day. If from the daily papers any one can find out anything at all definite concerning it, we wish him joy of his discernment.

The subjoined mess of incoherent contradiction is most disrespectfully submitted to the press:

THE PRIMA'S VOICE.

The lady was weak in voice all through the opera. The mad scene was carefully prepared, so that it called forth no extra exertion.—*Call.*

Miss Abbott has a light, clear, and flexible voice, with a great deal of sympathetic power. Her management of her voice is .....remarkably artistic. The mad scene was rendered with a display of careful and effective technique, and especially in it the flexibility and training of the voice were more particularly noticed. —*Chronicle.*

Miss Abbott's voice was anywhere but where it ought to have been. She could scarcely make herself audible, and apparently made no attempt to follow the score.—*Bulletin.*

Miss Abbott's voice is of an exquisitely pure quality, firm, clear, and marvelously true. The upper notes have a velvety smoothness and roundness.....She uses her voice with perfect ease, without a hint of effort or strain. Every high note was struck with the precision of a well-tuned musical instrument.—*Examiner.*

Miss Abbott is not an acknowledged artiste—and never can be. She lacks the first requisite for an operatic singer—voice. Her lips move, her face takes on an expression of keen anguish, her arms swing like automatic flails, and she looks as if she was about to sing. But she emits no melody, and scarcely any sound. When the orchestra is thoroughly subdued, and the tenor and baritone are still, a thin, piping voice is borne out to the dress-circle. But there is no quality in it. It is wholly destitute of vocal color. It is a weak, puny voice, and excites nothing but pity. When she sings in a duet, the scene is telephonically suggestive. The audience can hear the other person sing and see Miss Abbott's lips move, but her voice is, to all intents and purposes, an unknown quantity.—*Stock Report.*

THE RÔLE.

Miss Abbott, in our opinion, makes a mistake in selecting the *exigeant* rôle of Lucia for the opening of her season.—*Call.*

"Lucia" is an opera which everybody knows, which everybody likes. Its simple motive, the sustained beauty of its music, the opportunity for popular effect on the part of the singers, all make it a work eminently suitable for opening an engagement such as this.—*Chronicle.*

The lady was nervous, without strength in action, and weak in voice all through the opera. Her handling of the rôle may be called a sketch, rather than a completed portraiture of the gentle Lucy.—*Call.*

The whole part was sung with great felicity of expression. Miss Abbott sustained the rôle with an ability and spirit that proved her well worthy of her position.—*Chronicle.*

Miss Abbott is, without doubt, the weakest and worst Lucia ever seen on the San Francisco stage, and it is to be regretted that the ensemble of so popular an opera should be sacrificed in the business interests of a vain and wholly incompetent woman. The quartet in the second act was weakened that her voice might be heard. The Lucia of Miss Abbott, aside from the vocal deficiencies, is childish and namby-pamby. The performance, as a performance, was not satisfactory, because of the complete failure of Miss Emma Abbott. Possibly she has not unpacked her voice yet. In that case, of course, the opinion we have expressed may be modified. But thus far, despite the puffing she has received, Miss Abbott has not won even a qualified triumph in San Francisco. These are facts which the public are entitled to know, and for which they will thank this paper.—*Stock Report.*

THE AUDIENCE.

It was a gala night, evidently, for the moneyocracy; but, strange as it may appear, the principal representatives of that much-talked-of feature, our local "society," were absent..... Certain it is, the absence of the *crême de la crême* was noticed and freely commented on.—*Call.*

A more select and elegant audience has seldom been seen in any place of public amusement in San Francisco, and it may with truth be said that the wealth, beauty, and intelligence of our city were well represented.—*Chronicle.*

The absence of many very wealthy people who will have places in the coming Patti season was noted.—*Bulletin.*

The notables of wealth and society were present.—*Post.*

An operatic audience in San Francisco should contain a large proportion of the musical and music-loving people of the city. The audience at the Baldwin was notably deficient in this respect. There was more money than taste in it. It was not a representative operatic audience.—*Stock Report.*

THE LADIES.

The dress-circle was brilliant with opera costumes. The ladies' costumes were elegant, and, in the ensemble, picturesque. It was the finest display of fashion on record in the Baldwin Theatre.—*Call.*

While many of the toilets were elegant, persons who had been accustomed to attending the opera in New York or European cities were struck by the incongruity of the ladies appearing in bonnets or hats. Good taste and a regard for the *tout ensemble* teach that ladies in evening costume should appear with their hair dressed. It is beautiful, it is becoming, and lends a harmony to the toilet which, in too many instances, was destroyed last evening by the use of bonnets, which, while proper for street [illegible] have no place at a full-dress opera.—*Chronicle.*

The ladies deemed the occasion worthy of their best efforts in the way of dress.—*Bulletin.*

The auditorium presented a beautiful spectacle of incongruities of costumes. It reminded one of the florist's garden, in which is found a lovely and modest lily-of-the-valley, or the humble violet, overtopped by the glaring tiger lily, or the rudely pushy. Ladies in full evening dress, adorned their heads with Gainsborough hats in order to hide their dislike of notoriety and the stage from those who sat behind them.—*Post.*

It was altogether the best dressed audience that any theatre in town has held since the Nilsson concerts.—*Examiner.*

THE SWALLOW-TAILS.

There was not a universal observance of full dress by the gentlemen. On the contrary, the dress-coat and the white cheker were in the minority, and the best people wore an ordinary evening frock, and seemed to be entirely easy in their selection of costume. —*Call.*

The dress-coats of the gentlemen who lined the space between the seats and the wall served as a background [to the parterre in the dress-circle]. The number of gentlemen in opera costume was unusually large, which added materially to the satisfaction of everybody and their own comfort.—*Chronicle.*

*Some* gentlemen here and there were *conspicuous* in ball-room attire.—*Bulletin.*

Gentlemen wore wide and well studded shirt fronts, swallow-tails and vari-colored neckties. Semi-full dress was attempted by many whose experience in life has not taught them how to dress.—*Post.*

Evening dress was the rule with the gentlemen, and each man's expanse of snowy shirt-front was a factor in the holiday aspect of the house.—*Examiner.*

"The suggestion about the manner of dressing came from some usher or bouquet-tender who has heard of New York."—"*Operagoer" in the Bulletin.*

THE APPLAUSE.

The audience was warm and appreciative, and the performers had no cause to complain either of a lack of attention or feelieness of applause. The cordial nature of the reception given to them as they appeared was most encouraging.—*Chronicle.*

The audience should have been inspiring, but it did not seem to have that effect on the prima donna. The appearance of Miss Abbott in the second scene was the signal for applause, sustained by a few officious hands until it became embarrassing.—*Bulletin.*

Miss Abbott was recalled twice after this act, and after the wedding scene .... the applause .... was overwhelming.—*Examiner.*

The applause came from the dress-circle, and was purely mechanical. In no single instance did the applause ring out full and free in unrestrained admiration.—*Stock Report.*

Nearly everything Miss Abbott did last night was very warmly applauded, and recalls were frequent.—*Chronicle.*

---

A Series of War-whoops.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Emma Abbott, the concert-singer, appeared in opera at the Baldwin last night and gave complete dissatisfaction.—*Stock Report, Tuesday.*

PUFFING.—Various devices have been used for the purpose of luring the public to the Baldwin—but in vain. All at once the people grew suspicious. "Who is Emma Abbott, anyway?" was a common interrogatory. And no one appeared to know. As near as the public could learn, she was a young woman who appeared in opera and offset unfavorable criticism with flash advertising. The demand for seats quickly ceased.—*Stock Report, Tuesday.*

TAFFY FOR JOURNALISTS.—If taffy for newspaper men were the one thing needful to achieve operatic success, Miss Abbott would this morning be the most successful prima donna in America, instead of just about the reverse. Since her advent in San Francisco she has dealt it out by the ladleful. It has not been without its effect. One or two newspaper men have been flattered into giving the influence of their columns to attempt to convince our people that Miss Abbott is a great operatic star. But others have been too wise and too wary, and give the public the benefit of their experience and of the truth.—*Stock Report, Tuesday.*

NOTHING IN IT.—The opera last night was a failure, not only musically, but socially. The newspapers which state otherwise act foolishly. Why should they try to deceive their readers? There is nothing in this sort of deception. In other words, the opera season is going to be a fizzle, and, therefore, our contemporaries, who always want to be on the winning side, have made a great mistake in ranging themselves on the losing side.—*Stock Report, Tuesday.*

EMMA ABBOTT.—The Emma Abbott opera season opened last night, and to those who did not know something of this aspirant for operatic fame was a great disappointment. Nature has been very unkind to Miss Abbott in that it has failed to furnish her with a voice. We now understand why she does not succeed in the great cities of the East. The *Report* warned the public not to be lured into the purchase of season seats for this Abbott scheme. The *Report* is quick to detect a fraud, and equally quick at exposure.—*Stock Report, Tuesday.*

AN INTERESTING NOTICE.—In another column of to-day's *Report* appears a notice of last night's performance at the Baldwin, which Miss Abbott will not paste in her scrap-book, or which, should it be pasted in her scrap-book, will certainly not appear in that of her agent. It is the truth about Miss Abbott and her performance, and, therefore, it will receive no circulation from her or hers. It is a pity that more newspapers do not tell the truth about opera companies; if they did, we should have fewer opera companies and no Miss Abbotts. Besides, the truth is ever so much more interesting, not only to the public, but to the prima donnas.—*Stock Report, Tuesday.*

---

It may be interesting to add that every seat in the Baldwin has been filled every evening this week, and that in addition many people have been standing. This does not result, in any way, from anything said in any paper quoted above. It simply proves that when people want to go anywhere, they go. The press can not damn a good performance; this has been demonstrated time and again. The press can not make a success of a poor performance; this, too, has often been demonstrated. The "lever that moves the world" has as much need of a fulcrum as had Archimedes; but the fulcrum it needs is public imbecility.

---

It may be some consolation to travelers in this country to learn that a Mr. William Jackson, according to his statement in a London journal, paid three hundred and thirty-five times to travel third-class from Dalston to that city, and one hundred and forty journeys was obliged to stand; thirty-five times to "jump on anywhere," as he graphically describes it, and twenty-three times to let the train go without him. So that only one hundred and thirty-seven journeys were made in comparative comfort.

## RHINEGELD.

### Gold Washers of the Winding River Rhine.

My journey was up the Rhine from Cologne to Basle. This is the picturesque part of the river; but, although I viewed the scenery with interest and pleasure, I did not find it so beautiful as I expected. Its features were too small; its details too artificial. The boat was a double-decked steamer, crowded with tourists, most of whom, guide-book in hand, were too much engaged in *reading* their way onward to be enjoyable companions. Every time a hill with a ruin on top of it came into view, it was, "Oh, look there!" or, "I say, look there!" or, "That is the castle of Such-and-such, and the legend *(vide* Murray) runs so-and-so!" To me the mountains seemed to be molehills; the vineyards, five-acre lots with grandiose names; and the landscape generally, like those miniature scenes in frames, in which a mill-wheel revolves, a tiny cataract descends, a man is sawing wood, a woman is drawing water, and a church clock marks the time on the background. The whole country appeared as though it had been settled by pigmies, who had utilized every inch of ground for a show scene.

I was glad to break the journey at Wiesbaden, to which, from the riverside, one drives through a bit of more natural scenery, and where there are good hotels and sights to be seen that are somewhat less monotonous than a long succession of artificial landscapes and advertised ruins. These are a well built, well paved, thoroughly clean city, embellished with elegant stone and stuccoed residences, the Kursaal, or gambling hall, the springs, and the Roman antiquities. All these are fully described in the guide-books, and I shall only allude to two of them very briefly—the Kursaal and the springs. The former is a large edifice with central Ionic portico, which encloses with its two wings three sides of a spacious lawn, and comprises several magnificent apartments, among them a grand salon one hundred and forty feet long and fifty feet in height. In the centre of this are the gambling tables, with rouge-et-noir, roulette, and other attractions. Doré has so truthfully painted this scene of beauty, fashion, folly, and dissipation, that to retouch would be to mar it. But a few years ago the Kursaal was open to all the world; now it is a private club, with tickets of admission and a preliminary introduction. One night of it was enough for me, and next morning I did the warm spring business. The prescribed regimen is to get up at five or six o'clock, go to the spring, buy your glass or two of disgusting-looking and sickly-tasting water, and walk, with a glassful of it in your hand, sipping as you walk. The promenade is paved, covered overhead with vines, and lined with shrubbery. The principal attraction is beauty; the principal object, courtship or flirtation; the incident, the excuse, the apology, is the waters. If I had been ten or fifteen years younger I dare say I should have liked it very well; as it was, I found but little attraction in sipping a solution of muriates and sulphates of soda, muriates of magnesia, lime, and potassa, etc., and so I gave it up, and started for the railway and Basle.

The Rhine is to be divided into three distinct portions—the upper, the middle, and the lower river. From its sources to Basle is the upper Rhine; from Basle to Cologne, the middle Rhine; and from Cologne to the sea, the lower Rhine. The auriferous portion of the river is from Basle to Mannheim, and it is this that I particularly went to visit. To properly understand this portion, however, it is necessary to briefly sketch the whole. The sources of the Rhine are in the Alps, about 7,500 feet above the sea. At Chur, in the Grisons country, the altitude of the river is 6,580 feet; at Lake Constance, some forty miles below, the altitude is only 1,260 feet; so that from Chur to Constance the river is a mountain torrent. Twenty-five miles below the lake are the Falls of Schaffhausen. Here the altitude of the river is 1,250 feet. At the Falls of Zaufenburg the altitude is about 850 feet, and at Basle it is 827 feet. This marks the termination of the upper Rhine. From Basle to Strasbourg, or Kehl, the river falls at the average rate of four and one-third feet to the mile, the current is impetuous, and the stream is clogged by sand banks, bars, and islands. This is the beginning of the auriferous portion. The washings here rank as third-class. At Strasbourg the altitude is about 500 feet. From Strasbourg to Carlsruhe is the best mining ground. Here not only are the sands of the river auriferous, but there are some small placers in the valley of the Rhine, and others in that of the Ill, which flows into the Rhine near Strasbourg. Twenty miles below Carlsruhe is Phillipsburg, and between these points are the second best river washings. From Phillipsburg to Mentz, or Wiesbaden are the third best river washings. From Strasbourg to Wiesbaden the river falls at the average rate of one and three-tenths feet to the mile, and the current runs about three miles per hour. At Wiesbaden the altitude is about 270 feet. Near Coblentz, at the mouth of the Moselle, and at another place some fifty miles up the Moselle, are situated several extinct volcanoes, whose lava is said to be auriferous; but no traces of mining are to be observed in the vicinity. At Cologne the altitude of the river is 110 feet. Below this point the stream is sluggish and finds its way into the North Sea through six mouths, two of which, the Yssel and the Zeck, were opened by the Romans—the former in B. C. 12, the latter in A. D. 50. Between these several mouths lies the delta, which is the largest in Europe, its length along the coast being 110 miles, and from Emmerich to the sea 72 miles, while its area is 4,150 square miles. The sediment conveyed to the sea is less than that of either the Rhone or the Po, amounting to not more than one million cubic yards annually. The width of the river at Chur is 260 feet; at the falls, 370; at Basle, 550; from Strasbourg to Spiers, 1,000 to 1,200; at Mentz and Coblentz, 2,000; at Cologne it narrows to 1,500, and below this it widens again to about 2,000 feet, until it divides at the delta. At Basle the depth is only twelve feet; from Strasbourg to Cologne it is navigable in its channel for light draught steamers; below Cologne it is navigable for ships. Above Chur the bed of the river is formed chiefly of gneiss and porphyritic granite, which probably contain gold, of which, however, little or none can find its way below Lake Constance. From Lake Constance to Basle the formations are tertiary, and contain no gold. At Basle, granite, gneiss, and mica schist fill the entire valley, and appear high up in the hills, and these rocks, no doubt, furnish the gold for which the river is washed. On the hillsides near Basle, and three hundred feet higher than that city, are banks of loess, which are a standing puzzle to geologists. Deposits of similar material occur in the gorge between Bingen and Bonn, in the country between Mayence and Basle, up the valleys of the Neckar and Main, in the Tannus Gebirge, west of Frankfort, and in other localities. These deposits are sometimes two or three hundred feet thick, and consist of argillaceous matter with an admixture of quartzose and micaceous sand; and were it not for the incongruous situations in which some of them are found, might be taken for the tailings of long-worked placer mines. The total length of the Rhine is about 950 miles. Down to Basle the banks are rocky; to Cologne, hilly; to Dusseldorf, sloping. Below this point they are flat, and the river is leveed or dyked to the sea. Such is the Rhine. Now for its golden treasures.

In the time of Julius Cæsar the prolificacy of the Rhine Valley in gold must have been very great, for there are frequent allusions to gold-spoil in his account of the conquest of Germany, and his remittances of gold from this country to Rome were very heavy. The method employed to obtain it was to impose a tribute of gold upon the conquered, and enforce it at the point of the sword. This simple but efficacious method continued in vogue for several centuries, until the Roman Empire began to decay. As this decay proceeded, the vigilance of the imperial officers of the revenue became relaxed, and the slavery of the German gold-washer came to an end. Between the fifth and tenth centuries it is probable that the Rhine washings, which had grown to be odious from the slavery connected with them, were abandoned. Daubrée (1846) says that at one time the magistrates of Strasbourg leased out the privilege of washing the river for gold, and it is probable that similar powers were exercised by other municipalities. By the year 1718, the washings had become so poor that the share of the Strasbourg magistrates was only four or five ounces of gold per annum. In 1846, the entire produce was estimated at thirty-six pounds troy. Each washer treated about four cubic yards of gravel per day, producing altogether from thirty to forty cents. In rare instances the washer gained from two dollars to three dollars per day. The richest gravel contained about fifty cents, the second class about twenty-two cents, the third class about twelve and one-half cents, and the poorest worked about two and one-half cents, in gold, to the cubic yard. There were upward of five hundred washers along the river, but it is to be presumed from the paucity of the total produce of gold that they only worked at intervals during the year. This is the case at present. The principal points washed were, first, between Chur and Mayenfeld, above Lake Constance (this was the scene of the Peasants' Revolt of A. D. 1396); second, near Waldhut, not far from the River Aar; and third, between Basle and Mannheim. This last is a stretch of one hundred and fifty miles, and of this portion of the river the best spots are between Kehl and Carlsruhe.

Owing possibly to the fact that the Rhine washings have always been confined, with little exception, to the channel of the river, the subject of mining debris did not assume sufficient importance to appear in the scanty chronicles which antiquity has bequeathed to us on the subject. Nevertheless, the fact that the Romans found it necessary to dig two additional mouths for the river, proves that the discharge of its waters must have been obstructed. That such obstruction was caused by mining débris can not be deduced from historical evidence, for history says nothing on the subject, either concerning this river or several other important mining streams, as the Nile, the Sarabut (Pactolus), the Rhone, etc. On the other hand, when the importance of the gold tribute of ancient Germany is considered, coupled with the fact that every dollar of this tribute represented at least four or five cubic yards of sand dug out of the river-bed, washed, sifted, and flung back again, or left to be swept back into it by freshets, it cannot be supposed that this industry could have been conducted upon so large a scale as these facts imply without greatly disturbing the previous condition of the river. Vast quantities of fine sand and slickens, held in mechanical suspension, must have been carried down the river from the gold-washings, and deposited at every bend, to be again and again carried down until a portion of the material reached the mouth, where it was arrested by the action of the tide, and precipitated upon the delta. However, this is a subject which can not be studied by itself without great danger of arriving at wrong conclusions.

The most important consideration connected with it is the sinking of the continent. It is by no means certain, although it is tolerably well established, that the entire southern coast of the Baltic and North seas, and of the channel, are slowly sinking. If so, this fact would account at least in part for the formation of the Rhine delta. Now, what are the evidences of the sinking? On the coast of Brittany and Normandy are found submerged forests and buildings surrounded by sea water. In 709 the monastery of Mount St. Michael was ten leagues from the sea; it is now almost surrounded by water. Submarine forests are found near the mouth of the Somme, and peat bogs below the Bay of Somme, which contain the remains of fresh-water animals and plants. Banks of sand and modern shells are found at heights of fifty feet above the sea. What was once the plain of Dordrecht is now a tule marsh. At Calais the tide has invaded the domain of agriculture, at Dunkirk the fields are plowed at a level of not more than a yard above the sea, at Furnes and Ostend the streets once high above the water's edge are now within a few inches of it, at Rotterdam and Amsterdam the streets are below the highest tides. This sinking of the northern portion of the European continent is most marked at the mouths of the Scheldt, the Meuse, and the Rhine. On the western coast of Schleswig the continent has sunk at least thirteen feet during historical times. When the little Bay of Husum was dyked and drained, there was discovered beneath the bottom a submerged forest of birches, and in the forest a human tomb. On the eastern coast of Schleswig, at the mouth of the Schlei, the waters cover the remains of an ancient castle. Farther on is to be seen a submerged forest. In the Straits of Fehmarn are found the remains of an ancient wall, and near Travemunde the sea surrounds two blocks of stone, which so recently as the beginning of the present century stood high and dry on the beach.

Many of the gold-seekers are women. They seize a wooden bowl, charred inside to render the glistening grains more readily visible, kick off their sabots, pull off their stockings, tuck up their frocks, and wade into the Rhine. After securing a bowlful of the auriferous sand, they select the soft side of some emergent bolder for a seat, and go to work. The stones and pebbles are raked out of the bowl with the fingers, then a sort of sifting and gyrating motion is imparted to the bowl, which is held low enough in the water to permit the surface of the sand to be washed off, and so little by little all the sand is washed out of the bowl and the gold remains at the bottom. A man can wash one hundred and twenty bowls in a day of nine hours; a woman can wash one hundred. Each bowl contains a cubic foot of sand and about one-fifth of a cent in gold. Some of the washers believe that the gold is sacred.

"My dear," said I to a buxom, yellow-haired lass of some twenty summers, who was washing gold near Strasbourg, "how much do you earn a day?"

"A mark, kind gentleman," she said.

"Then if I give you a mark will you come out of the water and sit by me here, to tell of the river, and the gold, and the beautiful lasses who dig for it?"

"Nay, kind sir, I may not exchange your mark for mine."

"And why not, pretty maid?" said I. "Is not my mark as good as yours, and more easily earned?"

"Easier earned, it may be," rejoined the maiden, "but not so good; for mine"—and here the minx cunningly turned her eyes up to the firmament—"mine is Rhinegeld!"

E. WALTER.

January 15, 1884.

---

The following letter from John F. Swift, dated at Calcutta, December 3, 1883, has been received by a gentleman of this city:

I am awfully sorry you did not come with me on this trip; I think you would have enjoyed it. Not for its comforts, for it is singularly and distressingly uncomfortable in every material; that is to say, every personal way—of course, referring to eating, drinking, and sleeping. In all these respects, it could not well be worse. But laying these aside, or adapting yourself to whatever comes, I must say that British India, taken as a whole (first its native population and then the dominant race, and the curious relations of the two, what has grown up and what it is likely to lead to, and how it will end, if end it ever does), is by all odds the most interesting country on this footstool of the Almighty. I have always thought, and I have no doubt you have thought, for we are average Americans, and the average American certainly thinks that British rule in India has worked, and is likely to continue to work, great benefits upon that country. I do not say I have changed my mind, for I think I have not, but I do think that the benefits and blessing are much the same as those conferred by the slave-catcher who saves the Hottentot from the miseries of savagery, and fetish, and Dahomey customs, by knocking him down with a club, tying his legs, and chaining him in the hold of a slaver, and running him through the tropics to the civilization of Cuba or Louisiana. And it does seem to me that the Indian slave has not yet reached Cuba, but is still *en route* sweltering in the middle passage; and the happy state of civilization, and Sunday preaching, and corn-bread and bacon, and moderate tasks in the cotton patch, with only an occasional stripe lightly laid on by the owner through fear of damaging his chattel, is still in the future. They are most likely coming, but come they have not. They do lick 'em now to their heart's content. Anybody licks a native—or, at least, most anybody does. A very intelligent young barrister, a Cambridge graduate, told me that he was always wanting to lick them, but that he did not dare to. "You see," he said, "the beggars have all got diseased livers, and if you hit 'em ever so light a tap, they will just curl up and die, without any sort of reason, only just to get you into trouble." But they do lick 'em on all sides. I have seen in the few days I have been here a dozen or more licked with canes, with whips, with everything, and they have only howled like boys twelve years old, but did not die. I shall remain about ten days in Calcutta. Then I go into Benares, Cawnpore, Agra, Delhi, and finally to Bombay, and so out of India and into Europe with reasonable dispatch. I was pretty lonely here till I ran across John Wilson, the old circus man, who is here, and a great man in his way. He has a circus which makes money, and he deals in horses and makes more. He has been excessively kind. I won a law-suit for him once, and we have always been friends. He took me to the races yesterday, where he had two horses running, and who do you think rode one of John's horses? Lord William Beresford, a high-up secretary at Government House, and brother to the Marquis of Waterford. True, the horse, though ridden in so distinguished a manner, was beaten, but he must have felt very proud even in his defeat. I am here at a most fortunate time in the way of seeing great parades and public shows. And here I will say that I have never seen any public displays to compare with what is done out here. It would appear that the British Government deliberately goes in to impress the natives with its power through the extent and splendor of all public events. The Viceroy (Lord Ripon) came to town yesterday from his country seat. The powder burnt in salutes, the fire-works, the military and civic display, I have never seen equaled anywhere. It was literally gorgeous, and, I hear, this is the custom and is always done.

---

"We were great friends," said Madame Nilsson the other day, speaking of Mario. "In 1867 we were at a reception given by the Duchess of Buccleugh. The old Duchess of Cambridge was there—the mother of her present royal highness. The princess was fond of Mario, and asked him to sing the duet in the third act of 'Faust' with me. I was delighted to sing with Mario, and I turned my face to him in expectation. He was frowning with vexation, and feeling in all his pockets: 'Mais—my lorgnette, my eye-glass,' he exclaimed; 'where he is got? I can not sing without my eye-glass.' 'But, my dear Signor Mario,' I cried, in surprise, 'surely you do not require any glass to sing music which you must know by heart. You have sung it a hundred times!' 'Yes, but I do not know it, nevairetheless. *Pestel* I have left him in the paletot of yesterday. We must sing, but you must assist my memory. I can do nothing wif a piano. I remember very well on the stage. There is the conductor with his arm in motion. That aids me. So does the boom! boom! of the big fiddle and the gabble of the prompter. Come, let us begin.' We sang, but I had to prompt him with music and words all the way through the duet."

## AFTER DINNER.

o girl should marry a Southerner without being able to
are a ham. This is about the process: The ham is
oughly boiled, and then allowed to steep with a little
egar until the water is cold. The ham not only be-
es tender, but the addition of the vinegar, it is said,
als away the greasy taste. Northerners fancy that the
be hogs can be raised on large dairy farms, and to this
en swell "piggeries" have been erected, with marble
troughs and conduit pipes running from the barn, whereby
th pigs are made happy with an ample supply of sour
mi . No doubt the pig *is* perfectly satisfied with this ar-
rangement, but does the consumer profit? That is the
qu tion. Down South, where there is plenty of mast and
nu , the hogs are permitted to run wild. It is not enough
th a porker should be fat and corpulent, he should pos-
se a good flavor as well; and this is an element entirely
le out of Northern calculations.

early times the process of curing hams throughout the
h and West was an important feature of every well-
establishment. In the South to a darky, and in the
t to the small boy of the family, fell the lot of taking
ge of the smoke-house. Corn-cobs, when obtainable,
considered the best fuel. They were heaped up in a
pile in the middle of the earthen floor, and covered
just enough earth or ashes to make a smoke without
ing the fire out. Possibly the fact that the hog is what
South has to depend upon largely accounts for this fos-
g of the porcine industry.

the hog was slain on the premises, everything was
ed; even the drippings, which were converted into a
of sausage. Among the country people in France
article of food is called euphemistically "le boudin
" It is given as a present to friends, and considered
at delicacy; and very rightly, too, for the black pud-
is indeed the very prince of sausages.

h, those early days of old America, will they ever re-
?—when young people married young; when the girls
red-cheeked, healthy, and loving; when prostitution
unknown, and when marrying for money was a vice
et imported; when young girls were worshiped, as I
they no longer are; when they made loyal sisters, good
hters, and loving wives. I am not inclined to the be-
hat, as old Father Time wears on, he grows weaker and
decrepit, craftier and more sinful. On the contrary,
perfectly willing to concede that, in the long run,
the progress of civilization, life is longer, more com-
ble, more refined, and, in a quiet way, susceptible of
g just as noble. Still, if ever I should indulge in Uto-
theories, I should place the golden age of man at the
d when this fair continent was being settled and de-
ped by the grand Anglo-Saxon race.

is a pity that some one does not do for America what
st of Englishmen have done for England, and what
tag, perhaps more than any German, has done for
nany—viz., illustrate and reconstruct the early life of
Americans, from their beginning as a people with one
rnment and common hopes, and, if infused with the
iness of young, vigorous effort, still under the influence
e time-hallowed traditions of the old world. Indeed,
is is not done soon, by the medium of old letters and
spapers still in existence, it is to be feared it never can
one at all. There are many curious customs that are
entirely obsolete. Who gives or goes to "infairs"?
dances now to the tune of "Come, Haste to the
lding," and "Money Musk"? Where are now the old
stry dances, Sir Roger de Coverley and the Coquette?
it recently I overheard a young girl discussing the
cers and quadrille, and openly confessing that she could
endure them. "They can't dance the minuet," she
, with a superb toss of her head (old bachelor as I am,
I should like to have been able to dance the minuet
her), "and so they murder the quadrille instead."
ky girl, and quite right, too! Fancy any one attempt-
o dance the Coquette nowadays! The girl advancing,
rently, to one conceited fellow and then darting off
nother perhaps more conceited still, and then, sorry
ner misdeed, returning again to Number One in gra-
s feminine condescension. And all this done strictly
in the rhythm and with the delicious coquetry of the
, whose resources, when she chooses to employ them,
xceed, in variety and potency, the supposed sprightli-
of *la fille ordinaire*. What movement in all this,
poetry of motion, what firmness of step! What ab-
e of the romping which is now supposed to be "such
fun"! What an absence of the coarse, loud, horse-
h with which the modern country-dance is danced!
is all over now, nothing but self-consciousness and
*ruderie* remain.

henever I hear any one declaiming against early mar-
s, I think of the time when girls married at fifteen and
en and men at nineteen and twenty. Doubtless this
as you say, very rash; yet many a grandfather has out-
l his grandsons. Let the philosophers have it other-
if they please, the fact will still remain that the pru-
ial marriage, so-called, produces weak and sickly
lren, and often conceals under the thin cloak of the
d's approval much real, if secret, misery. These
sophers, indeed, are very fond of pointing to the large
ber of unhappy marriages without the slightest refer-
to the much greater number that are quite the reverse.
ct, a happy marriage creates no great stir in the world.
ple are supposed to marry largely for the sake of being
y, and the presumption is that they have gained what
desire. The chronicles of a congenial married exist-
e do not readily find their way into the newspaper or the
ce-court.

hatever may be the case now, there is the amplest
ence that our forefathers were clearly against anything
love-match. It is certain that before them, at least, the comedy of January and May was seldom rehearsed. If any old fellow should presume to take unto himself a young wife, there was a fearful row in consequence. The whole neighborhood would be up in arms with tin pans and horns, making night hideous with shrill discord and horrid clamor. This ceremony, which crept into the Western country from the South, was called a "chivaree" (Chari-Vari?). It was nothing, after all, but the well-known "horning" of Scotland and the north of Ireland, but it clearly voiced the sentiment of the community; as the old song goes, "Pour jeune femme il faut jeune mari."

Another curious marriage custom of the early West is the "infair." After the bridal party had proceeded to the bride's father's house and had partaken of the wedding breakfast, another entertainment was given by the groom on the occasion of the bride's entrance into her husband's house. This entertainment, which consisted mainly of a supper, was called an "infair," and no doubt grew out of the not altogether obsolete custom of "bedding the bride." The word "infair," or more properly, "infare," is an Anglo-Saxon word of great antiquity, and was peculiar enough to attract the attention of our forefathers, who seldom, indeed, troubled themselves about the origin of a word they perfectly understood. They derived the word thus: *In-fair*, "the going in of the fair." This is something quite unique in the way of philology, and it is a pity to disturb so gallant an interpretation; but compound words are rarely formed with an ellipsis of both noun and verb. The root *fare* means "to go," and *in*-fare means simply "entrance." The word was preserved in the Lowlands of Scotland, and brought to Virginia by the Scotch-Irish, and thence was carried by the early settlers over the whole Western and Southern country. Though both an Anglo-Saxon and Scotch dialect word, there is no record of its having been applied anywhere except in the United States to a bride. This, however, does not prove much, for it was long absent from our own dictionaries, though I see that the late editions of Webster and Worcester have the word both correctly derived and explained.

No language is so interesting philologically as the English. It not only contains the latest changes from the root-type, but it also often preserves that root-type unchanged in all its primeval symplicity. This peculiarity is found lurking in the simplest words. Take "foot-pad" for instance. The word "foot," of course, is easily classified. It belons to the same group as the Latin *pes*, *ped-is*, the Greek *pous*, *pod-os*, the German *fuss*. According to Grimm's law of progression of mutes, the *p* in English changes into *f*, the *d* into *t*. In this way the consonants are accounted for, but how about the vowels? The sounds *oo*, *ou*, and *e* are evidently weakenings; we must go, therefore, to some older form. Accordingly in an elder-sister language, Sanskrit, we find the root *pad*, "to go." This brings us back again to our word "foot-pad." Both words, then, have the same root—one has submitted to change, the other has remained as it was. If our reasoning is true, "foot-pad" must have originally been a very innocent word, meaning simply a man who goes on foot. We do not know why respectability should have been so generously accorded to horsemen, and denied to their less fortunate brethren; but evidently the foot-goer did not behave himself through the centuries, for the word is now applied exclusively to those gentlemen who, combining business with pleasure, exercise both themselves and you by taking the air and relieving you of your watch and purse at the same time.

I have implied, if I have not said it, that no one has devoted himself to the study of early American life and institutions. Perhaps I must make two honorable exceptions, Mr. Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus") and Mr. Charles G. Leland ("Hans Breitmann"). The former has "worked the claim" through the negro, and the latter is now doing it through the Indian. Mr. Harris, if I am not mistaken, has established the existence of the Reynecke Fuchs myth in this country. To the evidence he has already collected I may perhaps be allowed to add my mite. Every one who has read in any of the different forms the strange adventures of Reynard the Fox, will remember the ruse by which the wily fox entraps his enemy, Bruin, by telling him that he knows where some excellent honey is to be found. After some careful manipulation, Reynard succeeds in getting Bruin to go to a tree that has been split and wedged. Bruin is told that the honey is inside, and when he is busily engaged looking for the coveted delicacy, Reynard knocks the wedge out and Bruin is held fast. He succeeds in wrenching himself out, to be sure, but only to be beaten by the farm hand, stoned by the children, chased by the whole population to the river side, where, by plunging in, he finds release from torment, and swims to the other side very much used up and his winter suit very much the worse for wear. Is it merely a coincidence that one of the commonest *woods* stories out West in early times dealt with the trials of an unsuspecting red-man who had been similarly served by a brave backwoodsman?

It is difficult to imagine that what is now the fair and populous State of Kentucky should have been only fifty years ago the dark hunting-ground of the Red Indian. Indeed the sufferings and hardships of Daniel Boone and his followers have hardly been sufficiently realized. Imagine what must have been the life of the handful of men, women, and children, who were right in the middle of a territory where Indians came not to live, but to fight. The Indians of the South came to fight with the Indians of the North. A touching story is told (the story is touching because it is true) of an American mother who was surprised by Indians while doing the week's washing. She had one hand in her wash-tub, and she was ladling out some hot soft-soap with the other, when she espied the face of an Indian peering in at the window. Quick as thought, she threw the whole contents of the ladle full into the red man's face. The brave howled with pain. He had never been quite so highly *flattered* before. The other Indians, however, were delighted, and grunted out their satisfaction in such expressions as these: "Good squaw! Ugh! ugh! Plucky squaw!" They further testified their appreciation by sparing her life, and by taking her and her child away into captivity with them. Through the long winter nights the mother nursed her poor babe in the Indian wigwams. But the life was a distressing one. The food was bad, and the smoke of the wigwam made the child cry. The mother, fearful lest the chiefs would become impatient and kill her child outright, would croon to it in a pleading voice: "Don't be cross, honey; don't be cross." Death upon came to the poor mother; the child, however, lived, grew up to be a fine girl, and was adopted by the tribe. With bungling pathos her Indian foster-fathers called her "Cross-Honey." The devotion of the American mother had touched even the Indian heart.

VIVEUR.

## STORYETTES.

### Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A shop-keeper sounds upon the counter a piece of money that a citizen had just given him. "I do not like to have my money examined so minutely," says the customer. "But the piece might be counterfeit, sir." "Exactly; that's just the reason!"

In a little restaurant: One of the regular customers offers the cook a large hair ring as a New Year's gift. "A ring made of your hair!" cried the astonished cook. "No, Josephine, they are yours; I have picked them out of the soups that you have served us during the past year."

Yves Guyot, the Paris journalist, tells how King Louis XVIII., when he returned from exile, asked Fouché if his movements had been watched by spies. Fouché admitted that the Duke de Blacas had been so employed: "And how much did you give him?" asked Louis. "Two hundred thousand livres," was the reply. "Good," said the monarch, "I find he did not cheat me. We went halves."

"Gentlemen," said the professor to his medical students, assembled in clinic, "I have often pointed out to you the remarkable tendency to consumption of those who play upon wind instruments. In this case now before us we have a well-marked development of lung disease, and I was not surprised to find, on questioning the patient, that he is a member of a brass band. Now, sir," continued the professor, addressing the consumptive, "will you please tell the gentlemen what instrument you play on?" "I blays der drum," said the sick man.

A well-known clergyman in the north of England entertained recently a brother clergyman from some distance. The evening being unpropitious, he asked him to remain for the night. At dusk the clergyman asked his guest to step into the manse while he gave orders to have his conveyance ready in the morning. As the visitor entered the manse the clergyman's wife mistook him in the dusk for her husband, and, seizing the pulpit Bible which was on the lobby table, brought the full weight of it across his shoulders, exclaiming emphatically: "Take that for asking the ugly wretch to stay all night."

A gentleman in a street car, while reading a newspaper, discovered a paragraph that struck him as particularly funny. "Here is something good," said he to his neighbor, and he read the item to him. A tired look swept over the gentleman's face, but he never smiled. Presently the reader came across another paragraph that tickled his fancy. "I will try him with this one," he said. He did so, and a tear actually welled out of his neighbor's eye and coursed slowly down his cheek. "Heavens, man!" was the exclamation, "what's the matter with you? Have you no sense of humor? What do you do to pass away the time, anyway?" Looking mournfully out of the window, the stranger replied: "I am a proof-reader on a comic weekly."

The last seat in the horse-car had just been taken, when a very pompous, nervous old gentleman boarded it, and, casting his eye around in search of a place in which to deposit himself, discovered that a little boy occupied the corner seat at the farther end. The old gentleman evidently made up his mind to have the corner seat, and, approaching the youngster, he said: "My good little boy, you are younger than I am, and can stand the strain upon your legs better than I can, for I have so much more to hold up. Won't you, like a good little boy, give me your seat?" "Naw," said the boy, stonily gazing at the old gentleman. "You should be more polite, my boy, and more obliging. You know that if your father were to come in now and ask you for your seat you would give it to him." "You betcher life I would," answered the boy in a truly obliging spirit, "'cause I wouldn't ride in no car wid no ghost."

How did they drink in the good old days? The king once said to Sir John Irwin, the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland: "They tell me, Sir John, you like a glass of wine?" "Those who have reported that fact," answered Sir John, bowing profoundly, "have done me great injustice—I like a bottle." Pitt and Dundas drank at one sitting seven bottles at an inn on the road to Walmer. The Duke of Rutland killed himself by drinking all night and then eating six or seven turkey's eggs for breakfast. Claret was the favorite drink in Ireland. A French traveler, after incautiously refreshing himself with a tumbler of whisky cried out: "Le vin du pays est diablement fort!" So it is, but claret taken in moderation hurts no man. When another convivial Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Richmond, who, of course, being a duke, had married a daughter of the Duchess of Gordon, was dining with Mr. Sneyd, the great wine-merchant, Mr. Sneyd drank so much of his own claret that he tumbled under the table. Mr. Sneyd was lifted up and replaced in his chair, upon which somebody said: "I believe this is the first instance of a Protestant Lord Lieutenant being present at the elevation of the host."

## SOCIETY.

"Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: The winter season still remains, so far as society gayeties are concerned, in an unsatisfactory state. The most enthusiastic member of the *beau monde* must acknowledge that the winter is dull. All the large balls, bridal receptions, and cotillion clubs, so confidently expected—nay promised—at the opening of the season, have faded into shadows as time has gone on. Even the hope that the last of the Cricket Club receptions would witness Miss Flood's long-talked of "german" has proved delusive. However, Lent is still a fortnight off, and Mrs. Hager is yet to be relied on, and several other affairs are spoken about, of which more anon. The festivities of the past week have been largely in the musical line. Our goodly city is somewhat famed socially for taking things in fits and starts. One season kettle-drums were all the rage; then commerce parties held sway, followed by weekly and fortnightly dances of various clubs; but this year *soirées musicales* and formal dinner-parties seem to have been the favorite form of entertainments in society circles. Of the *musicales*, that given by Mrs. Governor Stoneman, on Friday evening, was a pleasant little gathering, very informal and unpretentious. On Monday evening, Mrs. Jewett at the Grand Hotel and Mrs. Henry Newton at the Palace held receptions, at which music, vocal and instrumental, was the distinctive feature, Miss Sibyl Sanderson and Mr. Fred Sharon proving the "bright particular stars" vocally at the latter gathering. On Thursday evening the Schumann Club gave its initial concert at B'nai B'rith Hall. The feature of this club is the fact of its being composed entirely of female voices, at least sixty in number, and their skillful leader, Mr. David Loring, has shown what can be accomplished by the "female voice divine," unaided by the deeper tones of the masculine organ. The audience was extremely fashionable and highly appreciative, comprising some of our noted *dilettanti*. On Wednesday evening of this week the Loring Club gave one of their present series of concerts; which was crowded with society as well as musical people. Among the dinner-givers have been Mayor Bartlett, who most hospitably entertained ex-Mayor Howe of St. Louis and the members of the Board of Supervisors on Wednesday evening at his residence on Hyde Street. A most agreeable evening was spent, toasts and humorous speeches having been freely indulged in. Marquis Oliver gave a very elaborate banquet in honor of Archbishop Riordan on Tuesday evening, when twenty gentlemen were guests. The decorations of his residence are said to have been remarkably fine, the *pièce de résistance* having been a monster bank of choice exotics in the centre of the dinner-table. Surely the newly arrived prelate must be convinced that there never were more hospitable people than his present flock. The Sam Mayers gave a *partie carré* during the week, and on Wednesday evening General Barnes entertained the visiting party of New Yorkers at a stag dinner. In the dancing line the chief event has been the Bradley kettle-drum given to bring out Miss Grace, the second daughter of that agreeable family. The invitations were issued for last Saturday afternoon, but it was past ten at night when the guests departed, so pleasantly did the time pass. The whole house was thrown open for the occasion, and draped with the customary garlands of smilax and greens, and profusely decorated with cut flowers and elaborate pieces. Eight young ladies—the Misses Durbrow, Dodge, Lent, Hull, Brown, Godley, and Dearborn—assisted the fair *débutante* and her sister in presiding over the duties of the several small tables ranged in the dining-room, from which refreshments were dispensed. The long drawing-room was canvased for dancing, for which amusement Ballenberg furnished the music. So it goes without saying that it was all that could be desired. On Friday evening the Crickets held their last meeting this season at the residence of Colonel Eyre, on Sutter Street. There was a full attendance, and the young people enjoyed their dance greatly, although the efficient and popular secretary of the club, Miss Jarboe, who has been so energetic a promoter of its success, was absent, having left that day on the steamer *Mariposa* for a six-weeks' trip to the Sandwich Islands; Miss May Smith was also among the missing. The club will reorganize during the summer for lawn-tennis, at San Rafael, the place whence it originally sprang into existence. On Monday evening of this week the ladies of the Grand and Palace Hotels gave the first of a series of dances, which they intend giving weekly, in the dining-room of the Grand Hotel, during the rest of the season. Monday night, also, the first night of the Emma Abbott opera season, drew out a large audience of fashionable people, who filled the Baldwin Theatre, making the scene a brilliant mingling of pretty faces and gay toilets. Several opera parties were present, notably one in the left hand proscenium box, but one of the party said the rain dampened their fun considerably, taken as an afterpiece when supper was in order. Miss Faithfull's lecture on the same evening drew a more sedate and serious portion of our society, who enjoyed greatly her remarks on "Modern Shams." This talented lady has been cordially received by our people; she has accepted the compliment of a reception tendered by the Ebell Club of Oakland. On Tuesday evening last Mrs. E. G. Lyons gave the second of her musical receptions this winter, notwithstanding the inclement weather. The guests were numerous, and the musical exercises of a satisfactory nature; a gay cotillion, led by Mr. M. Birchanton, terminating the festivities. Mrs. Mark Hopkins has returned to us, bringing Mr. Moses Hopkins and his bride, so society may reasonably hope for a wedding reception in the beautiful home on Nob Hill. The evening of their arrival Mrs. Timothy Hopkins made the residence *en fête* with exquisite floral devices of welcome, and a party of intimate friends assembled to greet the owner and her guests. Miss Anna Lathrop, Mrs. Stanford's sister, was also one of the traveling party. *On dit* Mrs. Coleman, of Sutter Street, has decided to pass the remainder of the winter in New York, so the many-windowed mansion will doubtless be closed to society this season. Quite a number of prominent members of the *haut ton* are meditating an Eastern hegira ere long. Mrs. Henley Smith and Miss Gwin are, I hear, arranging a party for the *Mardi Gras* festival in New Orleans, and will join Dr. Gwin in the East. Miss Griffiths left last week for New York, accompanied by her brother, who, report says, will bring a bride back with him. From New York comes the news of Miss Sadie Bourne's wedding, the groom, Mr. Moody, being a brother of her sister's husband. Rumors of different engagements are flying through society, none of them sufficiently reliable to speak of positively. That accredited to Mr. Morrow, however, is looked upon by his friends as a "sure thing." The ladies owe the Park Commissioners a special vote of thanks for their prompt and effectual action in ridding the beach of its late most disagreeable occupants, thereby rendering a ride or drive along there once more a "thing of beauty and a joy," etc. On Saturday afternoon, should the weather hold up, a merry party of equestrians will enjoy it in a canter. Mrs. L. L. Baker's musicale for the benefit of the Decorative Art Society, on Tuesday evening next, is exciting much interest in society circles. Henry Heyman will preside over the musical exercises, which will be of an exceptional order. Dancing and refreshments will probably prolong the affair until after midnight.

BAVARDIN.

### Notes and Gossip.

It is reported that Robert Morrow is engaged to Miss Townsend of New Orleans; that young Mr. Griffiths of Harrison Street, who left for the East last week in company with his sister, will return in the course of six weeks with a New York belle as his bride; that Alfred Ver Mehr will shortly be united to Miss Stewart, daughter of the Hon. C. J. Stewart of Glen Ellen, Sonoma; that Miss Cassie Adams is engaged to Charles Coon; that Miss Hattie Crouch is the fiancée of Charles Jackson, son of Colonel Jackson of Sutter Street; and that Commodore Dana, U. S. N., is engaged to Fannie T. Smith, daughter of Denton T. Smith of New York. Next Wednesday evening, February 13th, Miss Emelie Runyon, of Santa Rosa, will be united in marriage to Mr. Edwin T. Earl, at the Church of the Incarnation, in Santa Rosa. Miss Runyon is well known in San Francisco society, and is a sister of Mrs. Arthur Brown, wife of the civil engineer of the Central Pacific Railroad. A reception will be held at the residence of the bride's mother after the ceremony, to attend which a large number of San Franciscans and Oaklanders will go up to Santa Rosa on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. John A. Benson, Miss Lillie Benson, and maid, and Miss S. Kip Pomeroy, will pass the winter in Washington. Miss Carrie Gwin, accompanied by Mrs. Henley Smith, are among the Pacific Coasters who purpose assisting at the Mardi Gras festivities in New Orleans, returning later with the Hon. William M. Gwin, who is now in the East. Mrs. James Coleman has concluded to prolong her stay East. Mr. F. S. Chadbourne has left for a month's absence. Among prominent society people who left for the islands by the last steamer were Captain and Mrs. J. C. Ainsworth, the Misses Ainsworth, Miss Jarboe, Miss Anderson, Mrs. Paul Neumann, the Misses Neumann, Major A. S. Bender, Doctor J. H. Stallard, and others. The Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder are finally, though temporarily, installed in their San Luis Obispo ranch, previous to their European tour, which they contemplate in about three months. They will in the immediate future visit Paso Robles Springs, the Sierra Madre Villa, Los Angeles, and several other points of interest in the southern portion of the State. Mrs. R. F. Allan and daughter, Miss Viola, are at present visiting in Santa Barbara. Captain J. O. Eldridge and John McKee, manager of Tallant's Bank, went up on Monday to Sacramento to attend a meeting of the Capital Gas Company. Miss Edith Thorne is visiting Mrs. Doctor Thorne in San José. Captain and Mrs. Goodall are also visiting there in consequence of the Stewart-Martin wedding last Tuesday, a social event of much interest in that locality. Mrs. Hamilton Smith and daughter left Thursday last for the East. Ex-Governor Kincaid, of Nevada, will leave shortly for Washington, to be gone about three months. Mrs. Joseph A. Richmond has returned from a three months' visit to Napa. Captain and Mrs. Metcalf returned home last week after a year's absence. Edward Hopkins, who came down from the capital to remain a few days, has returned; and Mrs. E. B. Crocker, in company with Mrs. C. H. Hubbard, returned home Wednesday. Miss Katie Grimm remained as guest of Miss Fannie Hubbard during their absence. Mr. and Mrs. Crouch have returned there from San Francisco. Mrs. John Boggs, of Colusa, having completed her visit to Red Bluff, returned to her temporary home in Benicia. Consul and Mrs. F. A. Bee are for the present entertaining Mrs. M. Denny, wife of the United States Consul-General to China. Mrs. John McMullin has had for guests the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Shepard, of Santa Rosa. She is anticipating a visit shortly from her eldest daughter, Mrs. J. C. Hayes (*née* Anna); her second daughter, Miss Lilo, at present the guest of General and Mrs. Willey, at the Ebbitts House, in Washington, and Miss Dora Miller, are classed among the acknowledged belles of Washington this winter. Miss Lilo will return home shortly, and en route will visit New York. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Brooks Jr. are in town, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Brooks. Mrs. D. W. Earl has for the winter Mrs. Sanger, mother of Mrs. Pullman, of Chicago, visiting her, who will remain until spring. Among the Eastern people who will seek our shores with the early spring are ex-Minister and Mrs. Seward; also Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Grant (*née* Lizzie Chapman) are expected next month by her sister, Mrs. Mason, of Alameda, with whom she will remain a portion of her time while here. Hon. John Conness is in Los Angeles, stopping at the Cosmopolitan. Miss Luttrell, daughter of ex-Congressman Luttrell, is also there on a visit. Her Majesty the Queen of Tahiti has arrived in New York, en route to Europe. Several members of her court, who accompanied her as far as San Francisco, return by the next steamer; they will probably rejoin her here on her return from abroad. Miss Hattie Crocker is said to be in Italy, traveling with Sir Sydney and Lady Waterlow. Madame de Bodisco is reported to be traveling through Italy with General Douglass Scott and wife. The most recent account of Pacific Coast people registered in the metropolis is that J. A. Benson and family, and Miss Pomeroy, are at the Everett; W. S. Newhall and C. C. Dexter are at the St. James. On Friday of last week, Mrs. Governor Stoneman entertained a number of her friends at an informal musicale. Selections were rendered vocally by Miss Holliday, Mrs. Nichols, Mr. Bowie, baritone, and Mr. Keith. Mr. Mann and Mr. Duffy each played violin solos, and Master Stranss played a solo on the 'cello. Those present were Mrs. Nichols, Miss Kaufman, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Williar, Judge and Mrs. Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. C. Thornton, Miss Thornton, Miss Haraszthy, Miss Moore, Miss Stoneman, Miss Hyde, Miss Holladay, the Misses Howe, Mr. Hyde, Mr. Hall, Mr. Kelley, Dr. Graves, Dr. Bowie, Mr. Bowie, Mrs. Stoneman, Mamie Strauss, Haraszthy, Duffy, Keith, and Mann. The evening previous (Thursday of last week), a reception d'adieu was given at the Jones residence, on Pine Street, by Miss Gracie, who, with her parents, left the day succeeding for a six-weeks' trip to the Islands, at which assisted the Misses Findly, Rice, Joliff, Eerrill, and Messrs. Webster, Jones, Cutter, Page, Everett, Bee, Louis Monteagle, George Godsey, Thomas Gegan, Frederick Johnson, J. M. Kilgariff, Charles Weller, Henry Gibbs, Beck, Moore, Sherwood, Low, and Kelly. The reception given by Mrs. Alfred Gros, on Hyde Street, was attended numerously by the fashionable French element. Following the dancing, which was the feature of the evening, and a twelve-o'clock supper, a german of fifteen minutes was engaged in by about thirty couples, led by the hostess and the Italian Vice-Consul, introducing some new and very unique figures, among them the "ribbon dance," not unlike the old May-day dance; "the dice," "the scarf," and the "Marionette" being the most attractive. The hostess, in a combination costume of light blue satin, nun's veiling, and lace, with a corsage bouquet red poppies, received her guests, among whom were M. De Brichar tur, Vice-Consul of Italy, and wife, Commander and Mrs. J Voisin, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Lyons, Mr. and Mrs. Dubedat, Mr. a Mrs. E. Gallois, Mr. and Mrs. E. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Char Patron, the Misses Francœur, Wilson, Lyons, Thomas, Hen Consul Olarovsky, Henry Veuve, and Doctor Bazan. One of social events of the week was the Bradley kettle-drum, last S urday afternoon, at their new residence on Bush Street. profuse floral decorations rendered the scene charming in extreme. Over three hundred guests responded to the invi tions during the time specified by the card—from four till eig The occasion was the introduction into society of Miss Gra Bradley, the second daughter. She was assisted in receiving her mother and sister, Miss Annie, the labor being infinitely lig ened by the coöperation of several young friends—Miss Mol Dodge, Miss Fannie Lent, Miss Florence Godley, Miss Lou De born, Miss Gracie Brown, Miss Lizzie Hull, and the Misses D brow. Exquisite floral designs met the eye on every turn, wh smilax lavishly entwined staircase, chandelier, mirrors, and pi ures. The number of floral balls suspended by ribbons harmon ing in color with the flowers of which they were composed w remarked for the taste displayed in their disposal, while the *p de résistance*, a floral kettle-drum, was hung in the drawing-roo Dancing was commenced at six and kept up by the younger gue until ten. During the reception a most appetizing collation served in the dining-room, which was provided with small tête tête tables for the sociably inclined. The costumes worn w mostly short, with bonnets to correspond, some being of the lig est shades, pink predominating, and long, undressed kid being prevailing hand-gear. The hostess wore a robe of black ve which was profusely trimmed with duchesse lace. Miss Anni costume was of shaded red with jacket and passementerie, givi it quite a Spanish effect, and forming a pretty contrast to the d cate white lace dress of the young débutante. Noticeable amo the guests were Judge and Mrs. Wallace, Miss Wallace and Messrs. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Governor a Mrs. Stoneman, Mr. and Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mr. and M Henry Newton, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Fra Goad, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Mr. a Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. Captain Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. W iam Brown, Consul and Mrs. Severance, Mrs. Ben Holliday, and Mrs. Jerome Hastings, Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mr. and M A. H. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Durbrow, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubb Judge and Mrs. Rising, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Badlam, Mr. and M Clark Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. Godle Dr. and Mrs. C. T. Deane, Colonel and Mrs. Andrews of Presidi the Misses Wright, Montague, Adams, Hyde, Bessie Sedgwic Masten, Holliday, Severance, Schmiedell, Peters, Ivers, Cadu Pope, Ida Palache, Nettie Reynolds, Fannie Fargo, Suydam, Ha tie Rice, Andrews, Rising; the Messrs. Harold Wheeler, Boswe Charles Swift, Henry Janin, F. Peterson, Doty, Beasley, Mour ford Wilson, Bowie, E. Sheldon, Pray, Bergin, R. Sherwoo Murphy, Donald Campbell, Henry Crocker, Charles Baldwi George Redding, Robt. Woods, Ed. Greenway, Febiger, Myr Earnst, Spencer, Buckbee, Albert Miller, Page, and Frank Car lan, including a large number of army and navy people. Mrs. S. Hallidie entertained about forty friends at a reception given her residence on Washington Street. The initial hop at the Gran Monday night, occurred simultaneously with the opening nig of the English Opera, and was thereby slightly affected. Mr. D. Falkner, of San Francisco (who is connected with the litera staff of Mr. H. H. Bancroft's histories), was married on Janua 29th to Miss Kate Higgins, of Ophir, Placer County.

### Art Notes.

Jules Tavernier has just completed a study in the huge redwoo forests near Russian River. A number of Indians have encampe amid a dense grove, and one of the squaws, robed in a blanket brilliant red, stands in the foreground. The effect of the vivid co oring is very fine.

A prospectus of the American Art Union has been received fro New York. Among its officers are to be found the names Messrs. Huntington, Perry, Dielman, Bierstadt, Beard, and Eas man Johnson, while in the membership list are the names of Ge eral Grant, President Arthur, William Evarts, Charles O'Cono D. O. Mills, Bishop Potter, and others. The institution is ve similar to the famous Royal Scottish Art Union, and in a simil manner issues famous etchings, etc., to its subscribers. Mr. Wil iam Morris of this city has been appointed Honorary Secretary the American Art Union, and will take charge of its interests this coast.

An improvement in the artistic execution of valentines has bee noticed for the last two years. L. Prang & Co., the art publisher have this season and last been issuing valentines in about the san style as their well-known Christmas cards. The valentines f this season have not arrived, they having been delayed on the roa The publishers announce, however, the following names as tho of the artists who have contributed the designs, and when they arrive they will doubtless be worth looking at: F. S. Church, F Giacomelli, C. Y. Turner, Harry Beard, F. Schuyler Matthew Miss L. B. Humphrey, Miss Rosina Emmett, Miss L. B. Comin Mrs. O. E. Whitney, and Miss A. Adams.

### Obscure Intimations.

"A Woman in the House."—Declined.

"The Sarcophagus."—Declined.

"The Belleville Claim."—Declined.

"C. F. C.," Shasta.—Declined.

"Hidden Springs."—Declined.

"Only a Boy."—Declined.

"A Symphony in Gray."—Declined.

"All Saints' Day in New Orleans."—Declined.

"A Mother-in-Law's Story."—Declined.

"Graham."—Declined.

"G. G. R."—Answer will be sent by mail.

"Elocutionist."—We shall endeavor to comply with your request. Do you remember the date?

"H. M.," "D. S.," and "B. B."—Your themes are all good, but the results are crude and undeveloped. The scene where Alphonso learns from the old baby-farmer that he is really the son of Coun Waldemar de Lacy and Lucille l'Estrange is well wrought; so is the incident of Madeline Grey Otis, the Boston girl, winning awa the love of Isaac Perkins, the master of a Cape Cod schooner from Eunice Dexter, the fisher-maiden; and so also is the abduction from her father's hacienda of Donna Isabella Prietas, by the bandit chief, Pedro Carrifal, on the eve of her marriage to Don Sancho Eschevaria. But it was a trite device for Pedro, in his schooner, to rescue the maiden from the vast ocean, where she ha been turned adrift by the jealous fisher-girl; it was false art to make Isaac Perkins ruin his noble father at cards, and then, after disclosing his identity, make full restitution of the winnings; and it ruins the availability to have Alphonso die from his wounds after he has rescued his blushing bride from the robbers' den Thanks awfully, all the same.

NEMO.

A correspondent sends us the following communication

"Arachne" is right in supposing that it was the California H Guy Carleton who wrote "Mons. Bunthorne Catesby Capon." He is editor of *Life*, and made a capital hit in his "American Aristocracy" papers. This young man is a son of the late General J. H. Carleton, United States Army, and in his "teens" was a correspondent on the staff of the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

## NEW YORK STAGE TALK.

"Flaneur's" Weekly Gossip.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett considers it "a bitter and a burning shame that a gentleman should be forced, by the pounding of disreputable newspapers, to deny a story which is repugnant and abhorrent to his sense of delicacy." It took Mr. Barret three weeks to find out that the story in question was abhorrent and atrocious. Prior to that time the story had been traveling all over the Union, and had been published from one end of the country to the other. Very many papers, and respectable ones at that, had called upon Mr. Barrett to deny it, but the tragedian remained silent until it had advertised him thoroughly; then he came out in a letter in which he repudiated all knowledge of the lie.

The story, in brief, is this: Last year Mr. Barrett engaged a press agent by the name of Levy. This gentleman devoted his whole time to "working the press" for the tragedian. Mr. Barrett's name began to appear in connection with odd paragraphs in different papers, and Mr. Levy joyfully announced, whenever he came to New York, that he was working up a big boom for his star. About this time the papers here began to receive some of Mr. Levy's effusions. They were printed neatly on proof slips, and were labeled "Please print," and signed by Mr. Levy. The paragraphs were all in the interest of Mr. Barrett, but the majority of them were so ridiculously fulsome that they received small attention. Still they found their way occasionally into the papers. About a month ago the papers received proof slips, in the identical type of those sent last year, each marked "Please print," as before. The *World* printed one of these slips. The story was so disgusting and monstrously indelicate that every other newspaper in town threw it away.

The paragraph as it appeared in the *World* told about the many occasions on which Mr. Barrett had crossed the sea, and how his popularity had increased on each successive visit. He had been a favorite guest at all the prominent clubs and in society, and was a companion and friend of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

"Not only that," said the article, "but it is whispered that the Princess of Wales has taken an unusual interest in him, and that her patronage is the prospective guaranty of his brilliant triumph in the British capital. Among the few of Mr. Barrett's friends who are aware of this rumor opinions differ whether the princess is more charmed with him personally or histrionically, or whether, piqued at the prince's attention to American ladies, she has found a worthy subject and thinks to retaliate in kind."

This abominable and insulting lie must have been sent out without Mr. Barrett's knowledge. It is impossible to believe that a man of his intelligence and apparent culture, to say nothing of the instinct of manliness and fairness which every man must possess in a more or less degree, would submit to having his name coupled with such an atrocious insult to a lady whose whole life, as a wife and a mother, has been far above the blemish of suspicion. The Princess of Wales is a true woman, in every sense of the word. It is outrageous that her good name should be sacrificed to the schemes of a pushing and vulgar Jewish advertising agent. Mr. Barrett has been attacked on all sides for his alleged complicity in the matter. One must believe him, however, when he denies all knowledge of the lie. He does not deny that his agent wrote the story, however. It is a contemptible piece of business from beginning to end.

The death of John B. Wood removed the most popular man from the ranks of the working journalists of New York. There is no one who can take his place. Every newspaper worker in the city, and they number several thousands, was familiar with the good-natured and agreeable old doctor. A more cheerful and generous man never lived. He was poor because he gave away his money as fast as he made it, and his life was spent in good deeds. The doctor was the sort of man who was always ready to "loan" something to an impecunious friend. No worn-out printer, exhausted reporter, or broken-down newspaper hack appealed to him in vain. His pocket was open to every one. I have never known him to refuse a single applicant for help. He left a little property behind him, and his widow will probably need assistance. If a fund is started for her she may depend upon a generous one.

The manner of the doctor's death was unfortunate, but his burial was one that any man would have commended. The rooms of the Press Club in Nassau Street, where the body lay in state two days, were crowded constantly by friends of the unfortunate journalist. His burial service, which was conducted by Doctor Talmage, was eloquent and cheerful. The clergyman said in one part of his sermon that a more remarkable throng of mourners had never gathered at a funeral in New York. There were politicians of every degree and shade of belief, and officials, from judges of the Supreme Court to gray-haired stenographers. There were men from every newspaper office in the city, men about town, clergymen, lawyers, business and Wall Street men. It was a heterogeneous crowd. Doctor Wood was buried in the plot of ground belonging to the New York Press Club. It is situated in one of the most beautiful sections of Cypress Hill Cemetery. It was impossible to crowd all the floral tributes that were sent to the funeral into the hearse. He was a simple and unpretentious man, who dressed quietly and often negligently, whose appearance was not striking, and who never had made a great name, and yet his funeral elicited as much comment and sorrow as any funeral which has occurred in New York for several years, with the solitary exception of that of Peter Cooper.

Georgia Cayvan and Marie Burroughs are expected to create a sensation Thursday night at the Madison Square Theatre. They are both extremely pretty, and they are to be picturesquely clad in the costumes of Tyrolese peasant-girls. "Two Alpine Roses" was written by Professor Boyesen, of Columbia College, and it will receive the benefit of a superb cast of actors. Besides Miss Cayvan and Miss Burroughs, Mrs. Whiffen and Madame Von Stamwitz will play. The comedy element will be supplied by Richard Mansfield and Tom Whiffen. George Clark is, of course, the leading man. "Two Alpine Roses" ought to be a success.

Miss Mary Blackburn, who is said to have come from San Francisco, is making a great stir over the production of "The Yellowstone," at the Cosmopolitan Theatre. Miss Blackburn has started in at a tremendous pace. If she can keep it up she will succeed in making the Cosmopolitan Theatre popular again, but she will have to work very hard. The Cosmopolitan has been the scene of so many failures that it is stamped with the seal of bad luck. People will not go unless induced by some very strong attraction. Miss Blackburn takes the house at the tail-end of the season and with everything against her. She has neither name nor fame in New York, and she has an unpopular house to manage. The chances of her success are small.

Miss Emma Latham's last week in New York was embittered by Mr. Eaves, the costumer, who seized all of her wardrobe just before she was to make her third appearance. It strikes me that Miss Latham's stage-fever must by this time be pretty well abated. Every time she appeared here she added to the unfavorable opinions of her acting. The balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," which she played on Saturday night to a house one-eighth full, was, by all means, the most amateurish and maudlin performance I have ever witnessed. The fraction of an audience which witnessed Miss Latham's abortive Juliet sat and guyed her unmercifully. Her voice could not be heard even by people within three rows of the stage, and her artificial gestures, absurd grimaces, and utterly silly manner of rolling her eyes about, called for the jeers of the ill-natured auditors. Miss Latham has been very roughly treated here; but I am afraid that she deserved it. She is a wretched actress.

Bartley Campbell's new play, "Separation," seems to have been a success on Monday night at the Union Square Theatre. I say seems to be, because all the papers say it is, and Mr. Campbell was called out four distinct times. I went away from the theatre after the performance was over, with the firm belief that "Separation" was tiresome and trite. The people who were with me and those in my vicinity were of the same opinion, and the two or three score of newspaper men whom I met in the Morton House between the acts said that they were sorry that Bartley had not made a go of his new piece. The next day we all discovered that the play had been a success. I have come to the conclusion that my verdict of the drama was the result of too much theatre-going, overwhelming sleepiness, a bad cold, and Mackaye's atrocious chairs combined. It takes a strong man to sit for three hours in one of Mackaye's modern inventions. He will not be a strong man after the three hours are over.

The principal scene in "Separation" is stolen from Sardou's great play, "Odette." Its characters are all commonplace, its plot old, and the story on which the whole play hangs ridiculous in the extreme. The play opens with a scene in a country villa. A Fond Mother is bending over the sleeping form of an Infant Child. In rushes Reserved Husband who has just returned from a journey. Hugs wife and babe. Wife kisses him kindly on towering forehead, says "Good-evening," and goes off to act in amateur theatricals in a public theatre, with a handsome masculine friend. Reserved Husband, after she has been absent three minutes by the watch, packs up Innocent Babe, Nursemaid, and Family Servant, and the whole party decamps at once for Brazil. Two minutes by the watch after the decampment, Fond Mother returns overwhelmed with remorse, and without the handsome masculine friend, to the arms of the Reserved Husband, but he has gone to Brazil with the Babe. It would occur to the majority of people that a man can not get very near Brazil from Irvington-on-the-Hudson in the course of two minutes, but Bartley Campbell overlooks a little thing of this sort. Meanwhile the curtain descends upon the prostrate form of the Fond Mother.

Fifteen years elapse. The curtain rises and reveals the Innocent Babe grown up in the person of Effie Ellsler. The scene is in a hotel in Trouville. The Mother, who has become a great and famous soprano, turns up in the same hotel, and four long acts are devoted to reconciling her to her husband and her child. It is ridiculous to assume, in the first place, that a man would go off to Brazil and leave his wife and family estate for a bit of a lover's quarrel. The manner in which the drama is brought to a close by the daughter's intercession in the last four acts of the piece is foreseen from the first. The audience grow restless and is decidedly bored in the last act. One reason why the play has been called a success is because it had a magnificent cast. Charles Coghlan, who has left the Fifth Avenue Theatre and joined the Union Square Company, acted with all his old-time vigor and power, and created his only decided success since he has returned to America. The part he had to play was an ungrateful one. The author made the character ridiculous. The actor made it appear pathetic and attractive. In the cast, besides Mr. Coghlan, were Messrs. Parselle, Stoddart, and Whiting, and Eleanor Cary, Effie Ellsler, and Maude Harrison.

NEW YORK, January 31, 1884. FLANEUR.

---

The Philharmonic Society give their fourth concert next Friday evening, February 15th, at Platt's Hall. The grand rehearsal, to which subscribers are admitted, will take place on Thursday afternoon, the 14th instant, at one P. M. This concert promises to be the most important of the series, and numerous rehearsals have been had by the orchestra. As may be seen in the programme, four pieces will be performed for the first time in this city, among which will be a Romanza for violin, performed by Mr. Henry Heyman, with full orchestral accompaniment. The following is the programme:

1. Overture, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage".....Mendelssohn.
2. Symphony Militaire.....Haydn.
3. Romance for Violin and Orchestral Accompaniment, first time. By Henry Heyman. Saint-Saens.
4. Church Scene from Meistersinger, first time.....Wagner.
5. Norwegian Melody for strings, first time.....Svendsen.
6. Funeral March of a Marionette, by request.....Gounod.
7. Trot de Cavalerie, first time.....Rubinstein.
8. Overture, "Fraüenverschwörüng".....Hinrichs.

---

The fact that Harper & Bros. publish "The Bread-winners," is urged in support of the claim that Miss Woolson is the author of the book.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

Concerts of Last Week.

The first concert of the Schumann Club took place, as announced, on Thursday evening of last week. The occasion was one of peculiar interest, as the club (composed entirely of ladies) is a new departure for San Francisco in the musical line. It so closely resembles the Loring Club, however, in its general plan and intention, and its work bears so distinctly the characteristic impress received from the same directing hand, that it is impossible not to compare the two organizations in formulating one's first impression of the new society. The appointments of B'nai B'rith Hall, the faces of the audience, the arrangements of programmes, and so forth, were all such natural approximations to Loring Club style and manner that it gave one an odd sensation at the outset to see the little stage filled with feminine forms, and to hear the rustle of silken finery, as the singers crossed to their places. Yet, with the first strains of the opening chorus, the Spinning Song from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," a chill of disappointment struck across the delicacy of expectation. The voices were loud, penetrating, and self-assertive. They were even shrill; and that attenuated quality, that thinness, which must exist to a greater or less degree wherever feminine voices are used alone, seemed out of proportion to the given force and quality of tone. In the light of better work which followed, it is difficult to account for the poverty of effect, and harsh, mechanical rendering of this first number. The second, "Presage of Spring," by Hoffander, sung without accompaniment, was infinitely more enjoyable. In this lovely snatch of harmony, the voices seemed to have struck a true balance, and, instead of repelling, to assimilate with each other. The sopranos, to be sure, were sadly out of tune, but there was greater repose and quietness than one would have believed possible from the Spinning chorus. In truth, improvement was steady and constant with each succeeding number. "Fidelin," by Brahms, was heartily redemanded, and a more gracefully melodious composition can scarcely be imagined. The concluding "la" was invariably a trifle "off," and certain voices were unduly prominent; yet the parts followed on, and melted into each other with a sustained rhythm. In the Bridal Chorus, by Rheinberger, from "Clara of Eberstein," the tenor solo was obligingly taken at very short notice by Mr. Moore, of the Loring Club. Owing to a severe cold, Mr. J. E. Tippett was unable to be present, as had been expected. Mr. Moore's voice is well known as a high, mellow, light tenor, but it is of such insubstantial calibre as to have been almost over-borne by the accompanying chorus in the Bridal Song. In the second selection for solo and chorus, a captivating Swedish song by Soedermann, "The Little Bird," Mr. Moore was heard to better advantage, as the support from the chorus was only a vocalized musical sigh. The charm of an effect thus produced is impossible to describe. The song itself runs on to end in uncertainty:

> "And there the birdling sings to-day;
> But whether her mate will return that way,
> Can say or mortal or angel?"

And the chorus breathes out, meantime, a gentle, wordless lament, which rises and falls with ineffable sweetness. In the "Naiad," by Rubinstein, Miss Anita Murray sang the important solo with a true but apathetic alto voice, admirably suited, in this case, to the spirit of the composition. That indefinable quality which may perhaps be called the *timbre* of Miss Murray's voice is something rather out of the ordinary. She sings with irregular force, and distrusts herself at critical points. She is insufficiently trained by art, but not meagrely gifted by nature. The "Briar Rose," by Vierling, was another song to praise. "Spring again with azure band" was less successful, by reason of an abnormally high note, verging dangerously on the confines of a scream, and the "Song of the Summer Birds," by Rubinstein, concluded the programme. Mrs. Van Brunt, the soloist of the evening, sang Schubert's "Erl King" with a strength and impetuosity which was almost dramatic—which would have been wholly dramatic if it were not necessary to say of Mrs. Van Brunt as Johnson said of some one else, "She goes out herself without going into other people." She forgets herself as the singer, but she does not make herself the song. Schubert's difficult accompaniment, and all others of the evening, were well played by Miss Bessie Marshall, who is always to be depended upon, although her support is too loud at times. Indeed, the fault of unevenness seems most to beset the Schumann Club—a strained prominence of individual voices here, a surplus of accompaniment there. With greater unity of purpose, practiced flexibility, and a willingness to blend which now seems foreign to its desire, the society will accomplish much of musical value. Considering its short existence, a remarkable responsiveness has already been established between singers and leader. All dynamic effects were managed with admirable control by Mr. Loring, to whose untiring efforts the success so far attained is altogether due.

On Saturday evening the young men of "Our Orchestra" gave a "Von Suppé night" before an immense audience. This society may lack good musical taste, but it does not lack a throng of friendly admirers. With endless indulgence and good nature, the latter listened on this occasion to an entire programme of Von Suppé's flimsy music. The various overtures, waltzes, divertissements, and so on, were played by amateurs, many of whom possess excellent training and discrimination. The wonder is that these young men, whose individual judgment is so praiseworthy, should unitedly agree to present in a mass nothing but the light and unprofitable. A few numbers of Suppé might have been for the best, but a programme exclusively from this writer was tedious, to say the least. With the exception of one clarionet and one cornet (both these favored instruments being manned by comparatively good players) the reeds and brass were universally out of tune. The strings were good, and in the instance of a 'cello solo by Mr. Mathieu in the overture to the "Poet and Peasant," very enjoyable. Professor von der Mehden was vigorously assisted in beating time by audible movements of the foot on the part of many of his orchestra. The benefit of this habit is of an extremely questionable value to any musician. One might perhaps beg leave to suggest that its omission, in this case, would materially improve the stage appearance of "Our Orchestra," and also add to the polish of their playing. The Misses Payot, two bright and careful young pianistes, gave as a duet "The Wanderers," and were fondly recalled. One of the sisters added an unobtrusive though somewhat monotonous harp part to various numbers, and piano accompaniments were also furnished by the same performers.

On Friday evening a complimentary benefit was tendered to Mr. Stephen W. Leach, at Platt's Hall. The following programme was carried out: Chorus of male voices by the members of the Loring Club; "When Icicles Hang on the Wall," by Leach; horn solo, Mr. E. Schlotte; "O mio Fernando," from "Favorita," by Miss Louise Elliot; Monologue en vers, "La Mouche," M. Paul Juignet; a violin solo, "Serenade in D minor," by Joseph Redding, was played by Mr. Henry Heyman; Miss Jessie Gregg contributed a piano solo, Stephen Heller's "Im Walde," op. 86; Miss Phoebe Davis recited "The Bridge;" Mr. Harry Grilg sang "Where Lindens Bloom," by Buck; Miss Elliot, "Good-bye," by Tosti; Mr. Leach, an aria; and Mr. Benjamin Clarke, "The Anchor's Weighed." A waltz-chorus by Leach concluded the entertainment.

A song-recital by Mrs. Norton is announced for the present month. F. A.

---

A musicale will be given for the benefit of the Decorative Art Society, at the residence of Mrs. L. L. Baker, 1882 Washington Street, on Tuesday evening, February 12. The music will be under the management of Mr. Henry Heyman, and promises to be of the best quality. The concert will begin at eight o'clock precisely. Dancing and refreshments will follow at ten o'clock. The affair promises to be a brilliant one.

---

Mademoiselle Judith Gautier, daughter of Theophile Gautier has written an Eastern romance.

## THE BRITISH BISHOPS.

"Cockaigne" Gives Reasons for Disestablishing the English Church.

Among the many political issues over which England is in future to be agitated, and which have been slowly but surely vitalized by the passage of time and the dearly bought experience of the people, there are perhaps none which have of late years attained such important proportions as has the question of the disestablishment of the established Church of England. That it will follow, if it does not precede, the abolition—at least reorganization—of the House of Lords would seem to be a foregone conclusion. By disestablishment, of course, is not meant the destruction of the church. There are no more church-going people on the face of the earth than are Englishmen, and no people are to-day more ready to stand up for their religion and church than are the English; and they would be the last to submit to having their church annihilated. But disestablishment would not cause that. It would simply result in the re-formation of the English Church upon the plan of the Episcopal Church of the United States, and would put an end to everything connected with the Church of England at variance with the principles and tenets of the religion it was intended to uphold.

Naturally the separation of church and state has always been one of the chief aims and objects of the Radicals, and not a few Liberals will be found of the same mind. But when Conservatives begin to admit a thing probable which, not so long ago, they regarded as impossible, it looks as though the progress of events was as rapid, and, in its consequences, as enlightening as the most rampant republican could wish. Nothing will, of course, be done during Gladstone's premiership—of which there are yet about three years to run, if he serves until the next constitutional dissolution of Parliament. Whatever may be said of the "grand old man's" radical tendencies and republican propensities in other respects, he is, and always has been, a staunch churchman, and he will not let one of the last acts of his political career be the disintegration of his cherished church. Even now—and he is fast climbing up to eighty—he reads the lessons every Sunday in the parish church at Hawarden (pronounced Harden), and his unquestionably orthodox views on the established religion of his country are both frequently expressed by him and thoroughly understood by his countrymen. He is not only a good churchman, but a very High Churchman as well, and this latter bent is as often displayed in his clerical appointments as in any other way. Of course, he can't interfere with the proceedings when a High Church clergyman undergoes a series of legal prosecutions at the hands of Low Church puritans—as in the late shameful case of the unfortunate Mr. Green; but let any bishoprics, snug deaneries, or fat livings he may have in his gift fall vacant, and see how many Low Church clergymen will get them.

Of the four divisions of "views" into which the church is at present divided—viz., high, low, broad, and moderate—the man who is a possessor of the "high" will get the preferment. It does not always follow that his choice is, in other respects, a felicitous or a proper one. Take, for example, his appointment the other day of Mr. Ernest Wilberforce to the newly formed bishopric of Newcastle. Mr. Wilberforce is, even in the estimation of his friends, about the last man fit for a bishop, and in saying so I give all the latitude customary in England. He is a son of the late famous Bishop Wilberforce, whose courtly manners and political ability gained for him the sobriquet of "Soapy Sam," and the intimate friendship of Gladstone. He is a clergyman, of course, "does the service beautifully," as I once heard a young lady say, and can preach a neat sermon. His other chief qualifications consist of an inordinate fondness for lawn-tennis and a wonderful ability as a tricyclist. Prior to his appointment he was indeed, seemingly, never so happy as when his rotund form was encased in white flannel and a tennis-bat was in his hand, and he would play at the game without cessation, to the neglect of duty. I have been told, too, that in his conversation with young ladies he has sometimes not been as delicate as a gentleman, let alone a clergyman, should be, and his partiality to the charms of the fair sex is abundantly exhibited in his choice of wives.

He has been married twice, his first wife, a daughter of Sir Charles Anderson, being noted for her beauty, and his present wife, whom he married shortly after the loss of the first, being about the sort of woman a self-indulgent sensualist would pick out among a thousand. She is a daughter of the late Dean Connor, of Windsor, and is not only fifty times prettier in face and more perfect in figure than Mrs. Langtry, but in form she is a model for a sculptor. Even the women admit her wonderful beauty, and you can not go beyond that criterion. How Mr. Wilberforce got her is a wonder, for he is not a beauty himself to look at. Altogether she is hardly the wife for a clergyman, not to say a bishop. When a man stands up and preaches to a lot of poor mortals about self-denial, and keeping the fleshly lusts in check, he has no right to have a wife like that, you know. That she has already had several children is a fact that may have had some weight with Gladstone in giving her husband his lawn sleeves, for if one may judge by the Bishops of Salisbury and London, philoprogenitiveness seems to be one of the distinguishing characteristics of our bishops. Another little matter in connection with the new Bishop of Newcastle may fit in just here. Some years ago, while a widower, he visited Cape Colony, and while there became engaged to the daughter of the Colonial Bishop of Grahamstown. Her trousseau was ordered from England, and Mr. Wilberforce came back to England promising to return for his bride. On reaching his native land, the first thing he did was to go and countermand the trousseau, a notification of which fact was the only intimation Miss Merriman received from him that he wished the engagement broken off. The treatment is said to have broken the poor girl's heart. So, you see, he is not exactly the sort of man to inspire confidence in his sincerity, or to uphold the purity of the church.

Indeed, the formidableness of the disestablishment movement is due in a great measure to the clergy themselves, and, most of all, to the bishops. That they are good men counts for nothing. It is their business to be good, and they are paid for it. They dare not be otherwise than good, for that matter, for the retention of their benefices and sees depend upon their being so. Therefore, in my humble opinion, I prefer the goodness of people who don't get from fifteen thousand pounds a year (the income of the Archbishop of Canterbury) down to two (which the Bishop of Sodor and Man gets) for being good. I have more confidence in goodness that is not paid for in this world by yellow sovereigns and crisp Bank of England notes. Then look at the grand state and pomp of their lives and surroundings. It strikes a thinker as all wrong, and inconsistent with their profession. Then, again, there is the scheming that goes on for preferment, and the family favoritism that is indulged in. Draw it as mild as one can, it has a worldly look, out of keeping with the cloth. It is all a mistake, too, having the bishops sit in the House of Lords. What good they do there, no one can tell you. At all events, they would do more good in their dioceses than sitting there in their robes and lawn sleeves wasting their time listening to secular debates that they can have no interest in. But the delight of being "my lorded," and feeling what swell company they are in, seemingly overcomes solicitude for the souls of their flocks, which they leave to the care of the suffragans and subordinates. If they were all like the Bishop of Peterborough, and said something now and then, it would perhaps be different. But Bishop Magee, of Peterborough, is the grandest Bishop in England to-day. If all the bishops were like him, you wouldn't hear of disestablishment. When it is remembered that the Archbishop of Canterbury takes rank—*worldly* rank, mind—next after the royal dukes, and just before the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of York then following, and that the bishops rank at the head of the barons, it is difficult to a reflecting mind to reconcile these honors with the renunciation of the pomps and vanities of this world.

Again, there is the disgraceful favoritism shown in the appointments to livings. There are in England I don't know how many thousand "livings"—as the positions of rectors and vicars in parishes are called. Of these, the Archbishop of Canterbury has the appointment of one hundred and eighty-three in his gift; the Archbishop of York, ninety-six; and each of the bishops a certain number, varying from the Bishop of St. David's, who has one hundred and thirty-five, down to the Bishop of Sodor and Man (the lowest prelate) who has but four. As for the patronage and how it goes, it will be sufficient to note that out of five sons, the Bishop of Salisbury has four who are clergymen; the Bishop of Bath and Wells has two sons clergymen, and the Bishop of Winchester three sons (out of four) who are clergymen, and all of them in or waiting for livings. A nice way to get a "living" is to marry a bishop's daughter. This is prettily demonstrated in the case of the Bishop of London, six of whose eleven daughters are married to clergymen. Now, such a state of things not unreasonably shakes people—not with the church, but with the men who not only, themselves and their families, live out of it, but grow fat and rich into the bargain; and it does not take the possession of a very high order of religious acumen to determine that such is not the object and purpose of the church. If the men could be disestablished, and the church allowed to remain, it would answer every requirement; but, unfortunately, the barnacles are too firmly fastened to the structure, and the whole fabric must come down in order to dislodge them. It is a curious thing that the clergy in parishes do not object to disestablishment. It would not hurt them. They would all be pensioned off with allowances equivalent to their present incomes, and have the chance besides of retaining the rectorships of the churches as re-formed on an independent basis. This is very selfish in them, I dare say, and not at all the sort of feeling one has a right to expect from religious men.

It would be only the "dons"—the deans, the archdeacons, and the bishops with their aprons, and gaiters, and shovel hats—who would have to step down from off their worldly pedestals. But, like Tennyson's "Brook," one could "go on forever" in this fashion. I will, however, only add a short narration of some interesting facts connected with Bishop Sumner, the late Bishop of Winchester, and how *he* obtained his preferment in the church. When a young clergyman he was a tutor in the family of the Marquis of Connyngham, who was Master of the Robes to George IV. The marchioness was a most disreputable woman, and a mistress of the King. In the Connyngham family was a pretty governess named Miss Isabel Manoir, and the marquis's eldest son, Lord Mount-Charles, took it into his head to fall in love with her. The marquis and marchioness were in a great state of mind over it, fearing their son would marry the governess, and they hit upon the plan of getting young Sumner to marry her at once, and so prevent the possibility of so disgraceful a misalliance. What inducements were held out to Sumner to marry the pretty girl are very clear in the light of subsequent events. He married her, and through the marchioness's influence with her regal paramour afterward became, first, Bishop of Flandaff, and the year following was promoted to the Bishopric of Winchester, a see then worth the splendid income of thirty thousand pounds a year. From then on he grew into a great swell, and lived at his bishop's "palace," Farnham Castle, in a style more befitting a luxurious duke than a man whose duty it was to teach humility.

Though these facts are now pretty well known, his sons (who have held for years two of the best livings in their father's gift) and their families continue to indulge in the most insufferable swagger to the people in the neighborhoods in which they live. With "honors" obtained in such a way one would think they would be more humble. As a gift to the governess, the King gave a costly diamond star, and this ornament is worn with much pride to this day by the wife of the bishop's eldest son, to whom it was left as an heir-loom. Coming to their possession in the way it did, and fraught as it must be with reminiscences of anything but a creditable nature, one would think they would never let it see the light of day. But of the descendants of a man who would sell himself for preferment got through the influence of an immoral connection nothing else could be expected.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, January 7, 1884.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Augustin L. Faveur, of New York, is issuing his "Poems" in two volumes, of which the first has just been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

We have received "Of Work and Wealth," a summary of economies, by R. R. Bowker, being the tenth "Economic Tract" issued by the society for Political Education, 4 Morton Street, New York.

"Erring Yet Noble" is a novel by Isaac G. Reed. It deals mainly with New York life, occasionally with Paris and the Southern States. It is as vulgar, immoral, and sensational as those who may read it will wish. Published by T. B. Peterson Bros., Philadelphia; for sale by Bancroft; price $1.25.

"Anecdotes of the Civil War" is a volume which will interest all military men, and those who participated in the Rebellion. It author is Major-General E. D. Townsend, and the book consists of reminiscences of Generals, Presidents, Government officials, and army incidents and bits of secret history. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

The issue of *The Youth's Companion* for February 7 contains the first of a series of papers by Miss Mamie Dickens, giving reminiscences of her father, the novelist. She refers with tender feeling to his love of children: "I can see him now through the mist of years, with a child nearly always on his knee, his bright and beautiful eyes full of life and fun. I can hear his clear and sweet voice as he sang to those children, as if he had no other occupation in the world but to amuse them. . . . . At juvenile parties he was always the ruling spirit. He had acquired by degrees an excellent collection of conjuring tricks, and on Twelfth Nights—the eldest son's birth day—he would very often, dressed as a magician, give a conjuring entertainment, when a little figure which appeared from a wonderful and mysterious bag, and which was supposed to be a personal friend of the conjurer, would greatly delight the audiences by his funny stories, his eccentric voice and way of speaking, and by his miraculous appearances and disappearances. Of course, a plum-pudding was made in a hat, and was always one of the great successes of the evening."

One of the most charming books of the season is "Fair Words About Fair Women." It consists of selections gathered from the poets in praise of the gentler sex. The gleaner is O. B. Bunce, author of "Bachelor Bluff," and well known throughout the country as a writer of excellent taste and rare judgment. The volume is beautifully illustrated with etchings and wood-engravings. The chapters are designated by "evenings," and the volume is divided into eight of these evenings, of which the first consists of poems concerning woman in the abstract; the second partakes more of the beauty of woman; the third is devoted to Tennyson; the fourth to the Scotch and the Irish poets; the fifth to the Greek, Roman, French, Italian, and Spanish writers; the sixth to lovers; the seventh to wives and daughters; and the eighth to the famous heroines of poetry, such as Evangeline, Enid, Una, Juliet, Rosalind, Haidée, and others. The poems and selections are all, as a rule, well known, but many gems which are often overlooked have been inserted, and the whole forms a splendid tribute to the women of every clime and century. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

Miscellany: Lord Lytton's biography of his father meets with no sale in England. The price is too high, the work is bulky, and there appears to be little English interest in the work on the great novelist.——*Le Petit Journal* of Paris has a circulation of six hundred and fifty thousand copies daily—the largest circulation in the world.——George W. Cable's stories are being translated into French.——James Russell Lowell's first literary work was for a Boston newspaper.——Charles Dudley Warner has been made a lecturer on English literature at Cornell University.——Mr. Labouchère does not spare a sneer at the Poet Laureate. Noting that Tennyson has been for the past thirty-nine years in receipt of a yearly pension of a thousand dollars from the civil list fund, he says: "I presume he will now relinquish this annuity from the tax-payers, as, if he can afford to accept a peerage, he can not possibly be in need of a grant from the public funds."——"The Bread Winners" has received more attention from the American newspapers than has been bestowed upon any other work published during the past five years. Even the small local sheets, which do not usually present book notices at all, have long original reviews of the work. Much of this criticism is severe.——Monsieur Alphonse Daudet is a man of forty, with long, black locks of hair, like an artist, and a serene, evangelical look. He is short-sighted and slightly lame.——The Philadelphia *Press* sarcastically observes that James Russell Lowell continues to be one of the most popular Englishmen in London.——Of the one hundred and eighty authors and writers convened in Paris to promote the erection of a statue to Balzac, three declined to adhere to the project—Messieurs Alfred Assolant, J. de Goncourt, and Emile Zola. The monument will cost one hundred and thirty thousand francs. The money is to be raised by a collection of sketches and essays by the authors, and by four theatrical performances.——It is said that for every novel printed and published in England ten are written and rejected. This makes an average of three thousand novels which are written in that country every year.

Announcements: Mark Twain has announced the sequel to "Tom Sawyer." It will be called "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn."——Jules Verne has ordered the construction by a firm at Nantes of a large sailing-vessel, in which he intends to make a cruise in the Antarctic Sea to collect materials for future romances.——The Macmillans announce that they have purchased the right to publish all of Tennyson's works, and next week they will issue an entirely new edition, which has been corrected throughout by the poet himself.——General "Chinese" Gordon has written a theological treatise, which will be published after its revision by Prebendary Barnes.——Beginning on February first next, Charles Scribner's Sons will issue *The Book Buyer*, a monthly literary journal containing a concise summary of American and foreign literature. The editor has arranged to print a London correspondence, which will be furnished by Mr. Charles Welford. The subscription price of the periodical will be fifty cents per year.——The first volume of Michelet's "Memoirs" is just coming from the press in Paris. It deals with his childhood and early youth.——"The Bible in Waverley" is a new book by Doctor Dickson, of Glasgow, treating of the use made by Scott of the Scriptures in his novels. The Presbyterians never got over his ridicule of their phrases and mannerisms, as illustrated in "Andrew Fairservice," "Cuddie," and "Mause Headriff," and other characters in "Old Mortality." There is no doubt that Scott's historic and poetic sympathies inclined him toward the Roman communion. The best, perhaps, of his heroines, "Di Vernon," was a fervent Roman Catholic.——Mr. Tennyson is reported to have written a poem on "Donald," Mr. Browning's first subject in his "Jocoseria," before that volume appeared.——Two volumes containing "A Sketch of the Modern Languages of Africa" have lately been published in England. They represent an enormous amount of hard work, and are said to be invaluable to the specialist.——Rand, Avery & Co., of Boston, the original publishers of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," announce the speedy publication of a Mormon story which "will do as much to kill polygamy as Mrs. Stowe's book did to abolish slavery."——Queen Victoria's new book is to be ornamented with numerous portraits and other illustrations.

## VANITY FAIR.

Of all Oriental carpets the Persian are by far the best, d the test of a true Persian carpet is that used by the tives themselves—namely, to drop a piece of red-hot arcoal upon it. This leaves a singed round spot. If e carpet is a good one of the first quality, the hand can en brush off the singed wool without the least trace of e burn being afterward discernible.

The latest novelty in parasols, says the *Pall Mall Ga-te*, at present in use among the ladies at Nice is a sun-ade covered outside with living flowers on a silk lining. is true they last but three days at the longest; but, ac-rding to an old saying, only that is beautiful which is of ort duration, and a parasol of violets with a border of samine, or another of white and scarlet geraniums, is ubtless very beautiful.

The Duke of Edinburgh, says the London *World*, has nost accomplished the impossible. In the delicate mat- of uniform regulations he has actually given general sat-action to the officers of the Channel squadron. His est order is even admitted to be universally popular. It that tail-coats are never to be worn without epaulettes, t dress being reserved for balls and full-dress dinners; ile for ordinary official dinners, or when present at a gimental mess, jackets, blue waistcoats, and gold lace users are to be worn.

Last autumn, among the guests at a shooting lodge in otland, was a young and beautiful Australian lady, with additional attraction of fifteen thousand dollars a year her own. She moved about a good deal with the shoot-g parties, and in doing so had many opportunities of serving a rather good-looking young game-keeper. Ob-vation begat fancy, and fancy love. We are told if re is one thing which distinguishes Australians from nericans and English it is decision of character and mptness of action. So, when she realized her feelings, at once took quick action, proposed, was accepted, d started in a week for Australia.

Another fashionable craze in Paris, according to the ndon *World*, which is rivaling the craze for amateur atricals, is *tableaux vivants*, and in order not to be out-ne by the actresses and the ladies of the ballet, chate-nes and bourgeoises alike take advantage of plastic ses to reveal beauties that the most prodigious *décolletage* l conceals. This one chooses the pose of Phædra in banel's famous picture in order to display *la ligne de la uche*, which is lost nowadays under the full drapery of niers. Another chooses Esmeralda because it enables to show her legs; another chooses Henri Regnault's ome for the sake of showing her bare ankes and of ting off her eyes with the thick black wig that covers whole forehead; another, fresh from the convent, presents Greuze's "Cruche Cassée" for the sake of the voking cut of the corsage.

There is a change in the fashion of the decoration of oms in England. The reign of the *fouillis* of plush, silks, l *bibelots*, is passed, and the cabinet-maker proper is re-ering the supremacy which for many years he had left the upholsterer. The rooms are no longer to look as if y had been fitted up by a dressmaker; they are no long-to be encumbered by bronze monsters, gigantic Chinese es, multitudinous screens, cascades of embroidered silk, l numberless nothings, that render circulation next to possible, and give a room the appearance of a museum of a curiosity shop. The reaction is in favor of sim-city; in each room just the necessary furniture and the essary hangings, each object perfect in style and work; or no *bibelots*, and no cascades of plush or silk or old e. Simplicity, severity, and a style based on that of uis XVI., with modifications and adaptations of the mod-English.

"It is not always wise to make a rule that no one is to be mitted during the evening," says a writer in the *Atlantic*. On the contrary, a guest may be heartily welcomed, if it nown at the outset that he has come in for a short time; t he is cheerful, and friendly, and amusing, and, in rt, worth listening to and entertaining. But the poorly ncealed gloom that settles down upon one tired face r another, while the clock strikes the succeeding half-rs, and each member of the family in turn comes de-iringly to the rescue of the faltering conversation, is a plorable thing. Picture some one who has assured him- that he is not likely to find amusement under his own f setting forth in search of a more agreeable place in ich to spend the evening. He hunts from door to door; ling that one family has honestly paid its money and e to a play, another is dining out, the third enjoying its ited guests, while at the fourth he is met at sight with information that the ladies are engaged. Perhaps at fifth he gains an entrance. One person rises hurriedly n the sofa; another puts down her book with a sigh; ther comes reluctantly from a desk, where some notes l letters must be written at some time during that even-, and the stricken group resigns itself to the demands of ndship and society. The master of the house returns sently to his vocation with a brave excuse. It may be it o'clock when the guest comes; it may be nine, and nay be kind-hearted and unobjectionable; he may even profitable and entertaining; but he stays until after ten; rybody thinks that he never means to go, and inwardly ets his presence. For half an hour he could have felt of welcome; in that time he certainly could have said done all that was worth doing, and have been asked to longer, or to come again soon, when he took leave. re is no greater compliment and tribute to one's integ- than to be fairly entreated to sit down for ten minutes ger. Of course, we treat each other civilly in an even-visit, but it is a great deal better to come away too soon n to stay too late."

## THE LATEST VERSE.

### The Blackbird's Song.

Aye, when the weary sun comes round
To greet the hospitable West,
And, in her crimson curtains wound,
From fevered labor sinks to rest,
Men revel in the scene profound,
And restful rapture fills each breast—
But 'mid the wealth of sight and sound
One golden note I love the best.

For soon as sunset flames the day,
With music throngs the dreamy air
Clear as when cornets sweetest play,
And rich as wine of vintage rare,
Down the pure song-stream floats a lay
That ravishes both heart and brain—
Thick foliage screens the trembling spray
Where, hid, the blackbird pours his strain.
—*Walter Buchanan in Good Words.*

### To "Fatima."

["Those who were readers of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, in 1879 and 1880," says its editor, "can hardly fail to remember the letters of the lady who wrote under the *nomme de guerre* of 'Fatima.' The following impromptu lines were addressed to her by Mr. Cable when presenting to her, on his return from one of his Northern journeys, a bronze Japanese card-tray"]:

In all my travels, the pleasantest man
I met 'twixt Siberia and Soudan,
Was Ayoob Khan,
Of Afghanistan,
A scholar and much of a gentleman.
He bade me hand you this modest tin-pan;
'Tis battered and bent,
But so 'twas sent—
I have not mashed it; that is the plan
Of its smiling artist in deft Japan.
A leaf of the lotus! crimped and curled,
From the oriental side of the world;
To Fatima! smiling behind her fan
At the low, slow bow of Ayoob Khan.
*New Orleans, October 12, 1880.* *George W. Cable.*

### Helen's Tower.

[The publication of Tennyson's lines on "Helen's Tower" has drawn out from Mr. Browning a permission to print the lines which he wrote on the same subject, and also at Lord Dufferin's request. They are as follows, the date being April 26, 1870]:

Who hears of Helen's Tower, may dream perchance
How the Greek Beauty from the Scæan Gate
Gazed on old friends unanimous in hate,
Death-doomed because of her fair countenance.

Hearts would leap otherwise at thy advance,
Lady, to whom this Tower is consecrate!
Like hers, thy face once made all eyes elate,
Yet, unlike hers, was blessed by every glance.

The Tower of Hate is outworn, far, and strange;
A transitory shame of long ago,
It dies into the sand from which it sprang;
But thine, Love's rock-built Tower, shall fear no change;
God's self laid stable earth's foundations so,
When all the morning stars together sang.

### Post Mortem.

It is not then enough that men who give
The best gifts given of man to man should feel,
Alive, a snake's head ever at their heel:
Small hurt the worms may do them while they live—
Such hurt as scorn for scorn's sake may forgive.
But now, when death and fame have set one seal
On tombs whereat Love, Grief, and Glory kneel,
Men sift all secrets, in their critic sieve,
Of graves wherein the dust of death might shrink
To know what tongues defile the dead man's name
With loathsome love, and praise that stings like shame.
Rest once was theirs, who had crossed the mortal brink:
No rest, no reverence now; dull fools undress
Death's holiest shrine, life's veriest nakedness.

A man was born, sang, suffered, loved, and died.
Men scorned him living: let us praise him dead.
His life was brief and bitter, gently led
And proudly, but with pure and blameless pride.
He wrought no wrong toward any, satisfied
With love and labor, whence our souls are fed
With largesse yet of living wine and bread.
Come, let us praise him: here is naught to hide.
Make bare the poor dead secrets of his heart,
Strip the stark-naked soul, that all may peer,
Spy, smirk, scoff, snap, snort, snivel, snarl, and sneer:
Let none so sad, let none so sacred part
Lie still for pity, rest unstirred for shame,
But all be scanned of all men. This is fame.

"Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!"*
If one, that strutted up the brawling streets
As foreman of the flock whose concourse greets
Men's ears with bray more dissonant than brass,
Would change from blame to praise as coarse and crass
His natural note, and learn the fawning feats
Of lap-dogs, who but knows what luck he meets?
But all in vain old fable holds her glass.
Mocked and reviled by men of poisonous breath,
A great man dies; but one thing worst was spared:
Not all his heart by their base hands lay bared.
One comes to crown with praise the dust of death;
And lo, through him this worst is brought to pass.
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

Shame, such as never yet dealt heavier stroke
On heads more shameful, fall on theirs through whom
Dead men may keep inviolate not their tomb,
But all its depths these ravenous grave-worms choke.
And yet what waste of wrath is mine to invoke
Shame on the shameless? Even their natural doom,
The native air such carrion breaths perfume,
The nursing darkness whence the vermin broke,
The cloud that wraps them of adulterate ink,
Hath no sign else about it, wears no name,
As they no record in the world, but shame.
If thankfulness nor pity bids them think
What work is this of theirs, and pause betimes,
Not Shakespeare's grave would scare them off with rhymes.

* "Titus Andronicus," act iv., scene 2.
—*A. C. Swinburne in the Fortnightly Review.*

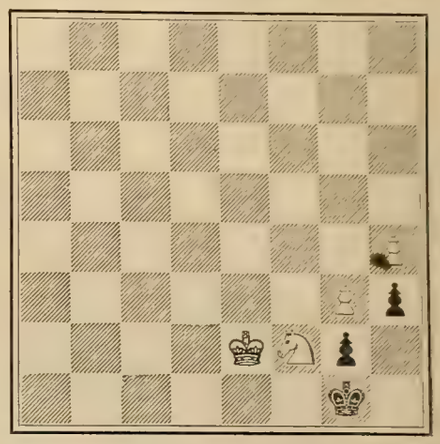
Beau Brummell, the dandy of George the Fourth's day, owned a valuable snuff-box, which he once exhibited at a dinner-party. As it was passed around, a gentleman, finding it difficult to open, applied a dessert-knife to the lid. "Will you be good enough," said Brummell to the host, "to tell your friend that my snuff-box is not an oyster?"

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

### Problems and Other Topics of Interest in the King of Games.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 2115 Fillmore Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

The following intricate position occurred in a game between Mr. Jacobi, of San Francisco (white), and Mr. Gale, formerly of Baltimore (black):



The game was abandoned as drawn. White should have announced mate in seven moves.

**La Bourdonnais and Cochrane—Cochrane Gambit.**

| *White.* La Bourdonnais. | *Black.* Cochrane. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 16—Q Kt sq | 16—QB KB4 |
| 2—P KB4 | 2—P x P | 17—Q x Q | 17—Kt B7 ch |
| 3—Kt KB3 | 3—P KKt4 | 18—P Q3 | 18—P x Q |
| 4—B QB4 | 4—P KKt5 | 19—R KKt sq | 19—QR Q sq |
| 5—Kt K5 | 5—Q KR5 ch | 20—QB x B | 20—Kt x B |
| 6—K B sq | 6—P KB6 | 21—R x P | 21—Kt x QP |
| 7—P KKt3 | 7—Q KR6 ch | 22—Kt x Kt | 22—B x Kt ch |
| 8—K B2 | 8—Q Kt7 ch | 23—K B sq | 23—KR B sq |
| 9—K K3 | 9—B KK3 ch | 24—QKt Q2 | 24—KKt B4 |
| 10—K Q3 | 10—P Q4 | 25—KB Q sq | 25—Kt K6 |
| 11—B x P | 11—QKt R3 | 26—KR Kt sq | 26—B KB8 |
| 12—P QB3 | 12—P QB3 | 27—P QKt3 | 27—KR B7 |
| 13—B x KBP ch | 13—K K2 | 28—R x B | 28—Kt x R |
| 14—KB QKt3 | 14—QKt B4 ch | 29—Kt x Kt | 29—QR x B ch |
| 15—K B2 | 15—QKt x KP | 30—K x R | 30—R x Kt ch |
| | | | And wins. |

### Francois Andre Danican Philidor.

Comparatively little is known of the actual strength or style of this famous player, owing to the remote date, as well as to the limited number of his games which have been preserved. His fame, nevertheless, has become a matter of history, and to no other player (with the exception of Morphy) has such an undisputed title of chess champion of the world been accorded. The records of his victories, to a limited extent, together with the minutest details of a long and varied life, have been faithfully preserved by his grandson, who resides in Paris. We find that in the early part of the seventeenth century an Italian hautboy player of the name of Filidori visited France, and produced such a strong impression upon Louis XIII. by his brilliant and artistic performance, that when a young French musician by the name of Danican appeared in Paris some years subsequently and secured audience of the King, his skill and execution seemed so marvelous that the King exclaimed: "I have recovered my Philidori! I have found a second Philidor!" Which title of "Philidor," so brilliantly won, was adopted by Michael Danican and his numerous descendants. His children became famous musicians, and were attached either to the court or royal chapel. Francois Andre Danican Philidor, the youngest of eight children, was born September 7, 1726, and at the age of fourteen became a professional musician, at which time he had also acquired the reputation of being a most skillful chess player, and the best Polish draught player who had ever lived. At the age of eighteen he was engaged to give a series of concerts throughout the Continent; but, owing to some mismanagement, the enterprise, financially, was a failure, and resulted in a prolonged chess tour. From this time forward we find that he contested games or played matches with the leading players of Europe, returning to Paris after an absence of nine years. The London Chess Club entered into an engagement to pay him a liberal income to spend a few months of each year in London. Either for this or for political reasons which forbade his return to France, he spent the remainder of his days in England, devoting his time to the composition of music and illustration of the beauties and difficulties of chess. He died in England in the year 1795, having been for upward of half a century the acknowledged chess champion of the world, never having met his equal at the royal game. In a future number we will publish a sample of his blindfold games.

Dr. J. H. Zukertort arrived in Chicago on Wednesday, January 16th, as the guest of the Chicago Chess Club. He found that there are some very good players in Chicago whom it takes all his skill to overcome. The first game played was with South Park Commissioner J. H. Morgan, Thursday, which lasted for six hours, and then resulted in a draw. In four hurriedly played games with Mr. J. A. Adair, the lawyer, Mr. Adair won two out of four, though it is not claimed that he is by any means so skillful a player as Dr. Zukertort. On Saturday, Morgan was the opponent in a game which lasted four hours, and resulted in a victory for Zukertort. Dr. Zukertort is expected in San Francisco very shortly.

The origin of "That Lass o' Lowrie's" has been described by its author to a correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader*. "The character," Mrs. Burnett said, "was taken from a strong, handsome woman, among the miners in the village where I lived with my parents before I came to America. I was a very little girl at the time, not more than seven or eight years old, but I can remember her perfectly, she was such a contrast to the others with whom she was associated. They were ordinary miners, she seemed like a queen among them. I was at the time too young to appreciate that she was beautiful. My idea of beauty then was of the china doll order, pink cheeks and delicate features. I had not yet conceived the nobler kind of beauty, but as I grew older after leaving this place, and thinking over this woman I perceived that she was really beautiful. She was finely formed, stately in her movements, and her neck was as graceful as that of the Venus of Milo. I used as a child to watch her with great interest, and when she would not pass my father's gate for some time, I remember that I would almost long for her. In later years I wove around her the story of 'That Lass o' Lowrie's.'"

## THE MAGICAL CARDS.

How their Owner was able to Get into Heaven and out of Hell.

[This tale is very popular in the Kingdom of Naples, and, like many other tales owing their origin to that country, is remarkable for a curious mixture of Greek mythology and the beliefs of Christianity.]

Once upon a time there lived a young nobleman named Federigo, a handsome, well-built fellow of courteous manners and pleasing address, but alas! of dissolute habits. He was excessively fond of wine, women, and play, especially play. He never went to confession, and only haunted churches in quest of fresh opportunities for sin. Thus it happened that Federigo, after having ruined at play twelve young men of good family, who in their desperation became bandits, and perished unshriven in a bloody conflict with the king's soldiers, experienced himself a turn of luck, and in a short time lost, not only all that he had won, but, in addition thereto, all of his inheritance except a small estate in the country, where he retired to conceal his poverty and shame.

Three years he spent in retirement, hunting by day and gambling for small stakes with his steward at night.

One day, just after returning from the most successful day's hunt he had ever had, a party of strangers, thirteen in number, came to his door and claimed his hospitality. Federigo, who was blessed with a generous soul, was rejoiced at the opportune arrival of guests on a day when he had ample provision for their entertainment. He accordingly bade them enter, made them welcome with the best grace in the world, and begged their indulgence if he did not entertain them suitably, as their visit had taken him completely by surprise.

"We will content ourselves with what you have," said the leader of the party, "but have supper ready as quickly as possible, as it is late and my friend here," pointing to the most aged of his companions, "is very hungry."

Federigo did not wait to be told twice, but began preparations, and being desirous of treating his visitors to something better than the fruits of his hunt ordered his steward to slay the last remaining kid. No sooner said than done, and the kid lay broiling on the spit.

When supper was ready Federigo expressed his regret to the chief of his guests that his wine was not of better quality. Whereupon the stranger, having tasted the wine, replied:

"What do you complain of? Your wine is perfect. I leave it to my friend here," pointing to the old man previously referred to.

The latter having sipped it, pronounced it excellent, and begged his host to drink with him. Federigo, who attributed all these compliments to the good breeding of his guests, filled his glass. What was his surprise to discover that the wine was more delicious than any he had ever tasted in his most prosperous days.

Divining from this miracle the presence of supernatural visitors, he immediately rose from the table, feeling himself unworthy to eat in such holy company, but the stranger commanded him to resume his seat, which he did.

After supper the visitors retired to the apartment that had been prepared for them, and Federigo, left alone with his steward, sat down to his customary game of cards, and drank up what was left of the magical wine.

The next day, the visitors being about to depart, their leader said to Federigo:

"We are well pleased with your treatment of us, and desire to reward you. Make three requests and they shall be granted, for we are all-powerful in Heaven, on Earth, and in the Infernal Regions."

Federigo drew from his pocket the pack of cards which never left him, and said:

"Master, let me win every game I play with these cards."

"So be it," was the reply.

The old man of the party, who stood close to Federigo, and who was no other than Saint Peter, said to him in a low voice:

"What can you be thinking of, miserable sinner? Why don't you ask for the salvation of your soul?"

"I'm not worried about my soul," replied Federigo.

"You have still two wishes," resumed the Master.

"Since you are so good to me, Master," said Federigo, "let it come to pass that whoever shall climb into the orange tree that shades my door shall be unable to come down without my permission."

"So be it."

At these words the good Saint Peter exclaimed:

"Miserable sinner, do you not fear the hell that awaits you? Ask the Master for a place in Paradise. You still have time."

"Oh, there is no hurry," replied Federigo, edging away from the keeper of the heavenly keys. Being asked to name the third request, he said:

"I wish that whoever shall seat himself on that stool at my fireside, shall be unable to rise without my consent."

This request was also granted, and the visitors departed on their journey.

They were not out of sight before Federigo, in his haste to test the powers of his precious pack of cards, hastily summoned his steward and engaged him in a game. Federigo played carelessly, scarcely looking at his hand. He won the first game without effort, then a second, then a third. Convinced that thenceforth he could infallibly win, he immediately hastened to the city, alighted at the finest inn, and engaged its best apartments. The news of his arrival soon spread, and his former companions in debauch came in droves to see him.

"We thought we had lost you forever," said Don Giuseppe, "we heard that you had turned hermit."

"You heard the truth," replied Federigo.

"How the deuce did you pass the time all these years that we have not seen you?" demanded the others.

"In prayer, my dear brethren," said Federigo, assuming a sactified air; "and here, my brethren," continued he, "is my prayer-book," drawing from his pocket the pack of cards that he had guarded with tender care.

This sally elicited general laughter, and every one was convinced that Federigo had retrieved his fortunes in some foreign country, at the expense of players less skillful than themselves; they were therefore burning for a chance to clean him out a second time.

Some of them, in their haste, proposed a game without further delay. But Federigo, having begged of them to postpone play for a while, invited them to an adjoining chamber, where a magnificent repast awaited them.

Before the arrival of his guests, Federigo had provided himself with a pack of cards precisely similar to the old one, with the view of substituting one for the other, as occasion might demand; his intention being to lose one out of every three or four games, in order to divert suspicion. He carried one pack in his right pocket, and the other in his left.

After supper, the company having seated themselves around a green-covered table, Federigo first brought out his profane pack, and fixed the limit of the game at a reasonable sum, Being anxious to enjoy the game and to measure his strength, he brought his utmost skill into play, but lost both the first and second games, not without secret vexation. He then ordered wine brought in, and took advantage of the moment when his guests were drinking to their past and future successes to introduce his lucky pack. The other was deftly transferred to his pocket.

When the third game was in hand Federigo paid no further attention to the game, but employed himself in watching the others, and caught them cheating.

"Good," said he, "this justifies my fleecing them without mercy."

His ruin had been the result of their trickery, not of their superior play or better luck. This theory gave him much comfort. It enabled him to entertain a higher opinion of his own relative skill, an opinion based on previous successes.

The third game was followed by many others, of which Federigo contrived to win the greatest number, so that he gathered in enough on the first night's play to pay for the supper and a month's rent. This was glory enough for one day. His disappointed companions promised on taking their leave to return the next evening.

The next day, and every day following, Federigo lost and won so judiciously that in a short space of time he had accumulated quite a fortune, without awakening any suspicion as to the source of his good luck.

In due course of time he moved from his inn to a grand palace, where from time to time he gave magnificent entertainments. The most beautiful women vied with each other for his favor; the most exquisite wines furnished his table, and the palace of Federigo became famous as the centre of pleasure.

At the end of a year of discreet play he determined to put the crowning touch to his vengeance by impoverishing the leading noblemen of the country. To this end, having converted into precious stones the bulk of his wealth, he invited these noblemen eight days in advance to a feast of extraordinary magnificence, for which he placed in requisition the best musicians and ballet-dancers in the country. It was announced that the festivities would wind up in a game without limit to the betting. Everybody was anxious to go. Those who had no money squeezed it out of the Jews. The others brought their all. Federigo made a clean sweep of it, and departed the same night with his gold and precious stones. From that time on he adopted a rule not to use his lucky pack except against players whom he suspected of cheating. In a fair game he felt himself a master for all comers. In this manner he traveled all over the world, winning always, and living everywhere on the fat of the land.

In spite of all this, the memory of the twelve victims would thrust itself upon his conscience, and embitter all his joys. At last he resolved one day to deliver them or share their fate.

Having taken this resolution, he started for the lower regions, with a stick in his hand and a sack on his back, and without other escort than his famous greyhound, which was called Marchesella. Arrived in Sicily, he scaled Mount Gibel, and plunged into the mouth of a volcano.

When he arrived at the bottom, he was still separated from the entrance to Pluto's dominions by a court-yard in which Cerberus stood guard. Federigo, taking advantage of a moment when Cerberus was busily occupied in making the acquaintance of Marchesella, ran rapidly across the yard, knocked at the door, and was forthwith conducted into Pluto's presence.

"Who art thou?" demanded the King of the Lower Regions.

"I am the gambler Federigo."

"What do you want here?"

"Pluto, if you think that the most expert gambler in the world is fit company for you to play with, here is what I propose: I'll play you as many games of cards as you please. If I lose a single game you may have my soul to enrich your collection; but, if I win, it shall be my privilege to select one of your subjects for every game I win, and to carry him away with me."

"Agreed," said Pluto, and called for a pack of cards.

"Here's one," immediately said Federigo, and drew from his pocket the magical pack, and they began to play.

Federigo won the first game, and demanded the soul of Stefano Pagani, one of the twelve that he had come to save. It was immediately delivered, and Federigo placed it in his sack.

In the same way he won the second game, and the third, and so on up to twelve, and every time he won a game he called for one of the souls in which he was interested, and placed it in his sack. When he had completed the dozen he offered to keep on playing.

"Willingly," said Pluto (who was becoming wearied with losing), "but let us go out for an instant, it's getting uncomfortably hot here."

The truth was, he only sought a pretext to get rid of Federigo; for no sooner was he outside with his twelve souls than Pluto shouted, at the top of his lungs: "Let the door be shut upon him."

The interview in the front yard between Cerberus and Federigo's grayhound was still going on, enabling Federigo to recross the yard without attracting the attention of that redoubtable watch-dog. He then called Marchesella, who lost no time in rejoining his master, and, with difficulty, ascended to the mouth of the volcano on the summit of Mount Gibel. After emerging from the crater, he descended in the direction of Messina, more rejoiced at his spiritual victory than he had ever been over any earthly success. Arrived at Messina, he embarked for his native land, to end his days on his ancient manor.

At the end of thirty years (Federigo was then seventy) Death came to him and warned him to put his conscience in order, as his hour had come.

"I'm ready," said the dying man; "but before you carry me off give me some of the fruit of that tree that shades my door, and I will die happy."

"If that is all you want," said Death, "I am willing to gratify you."

He got up into the tree to gather an orange; but when he started to come down, he found it impossible to move.

"Ah, Federigo," cried he, "you have fooled me. I am now in your power. Let me down and I will give you ten years of life."

"Ten years! That's a liberal proposition, isn't it?" said Federigo. "If you want to come down, old man, you'll have to raise the limit."

"I'll give you twenty."

"Your offer is moderate."

"I'll give you thirty."

"You must go higher."

"Do mean to say that you wish to live a century?"

"I do."

"But, Federigo, you are unreasonable."

"I can't help it. I love life and must have one hundred years. I need them in my business."

"All right, a hundred years it shall be," said Death.

No sooner said than he was able to get down.

As soon as he was gone, Federigo rose from his bed in a condition of perfect health, and began life anew with the vigor of youth and the experience of age.

The hundred years rolled around, and again Death knocked at his door, and found him in bed.

"Are you ready?" said Death.

"I have sent for my confessor," replied Federigo; "take a seat near the fire till he comes. I only await absolution before plunging into eternity with you."

Death, who was a good fellow sat himself down on the stool, and waited an entire hour for the priest to arrive.

Beginning at last to get bored, he said to his host:

"Old man, haven't you had time to put yourself in order during the century which has elapsed since our last meeting?"

"I had lots of other things to attend to," said the old man, with a mocking smile.

"Very well," replied Death, shocked at his impiety, "you have not another moment to live."

"Bah!" said Federigo, while Death tried in vain to rise. "I know from experience that you are too accommodating to deny me a few more years of respite."

"Several years, wretch!" and again he made futile efforts to get away from the chimney.

"Yes, certainly; but this time I'll not be so exacting, and as I don't care any longer for old age, I'll be satisfied with forty years for my third course."

Death saw that he was fixed to his seat, just as he had before been to the tree, by a supernatural agency, but in his rage he was disinclined to yield.

"I know a way to bring you to the scratch," said Federigo; and he threw three fagots on the fire. The flames soon flew up and made it so hot for Death that he suffered torture.

"Spare me, spare me," he cried, when he felt his old bones burning; "I'll give you forty years of health."

At these words Federigo dissolved the spell, and Death flew off, half roasted.

At the expiration of the allotted time he came after his man, and found him ready with a sack on his shoulder.

"This time," he said, "I've got you sure; there is no retreat now. What are you going to do with the sack?"

"It contains the souls of twelve gamblers, friends of mine, whom I delivered from hell."

"Let them return there with you, then," said Death. And, seizing Federigo by the hair, he flew into the air, turned toward the south, and plunged into the yawning mouth of Mt. Gibel.

Arrived at the doors of hell he knocked three times.

"Who's there?" said Pluto.

"Federigo, the gambler," replied Death.

"Well, he can't come in here," said Pluto, who immediately recalled the twelve games he had lost; "that scamp would depopulate my empire; keep that door closed."

As Pluto was firm in his refusal to open, Death transported his prisoner to the gates of purgatory, but the angel on duty refused him admission, as he found him in a condition of mortal sin. It therefore became necessary, to the great disgust of Death, who hated Federigo, to steer towards the Celestial Regions.

"Who art thou?" said Saint Peter to Federigo, after Death had dropped him at the gates of paradise.

"Your former host," replied he.

"Dost thou presume to present thyself here in a condition of sin?" exclaimed Saint Peter.

"Saint Peter," said Federigo, "is this the way I received you when you came with your master, about a hundred and eighty years ago, and asked my hospitality?"

"All that's fine talk," rejoined Saint Peter in a scolding tone, though somewhat touched; "but I can't take the responsibility of admitting you; I will inform the Master of your arrival; we will see what he says."

Our Lord, having been advised of the occurrence, came to the gates of paradise, and there found Federigo kneeling on the threshold with his twelve souls, six on either side of him. Then, touched with compassion, "Thou mayest enter," he said to Federigo; "but these are twelve souls that are claimed below. I can not in conscience permit them to accompany thee."

"Lord," said Federigo, "when it was my blessed privilege to receive you in my house, were you not accompanied by twelve travelers, whom I entertained?"

"There's no resisting this man," said the Master; "let them all enter since they are here."

And through the golden gates they passed, and so did Federigo.—*Translated from the French of Prosper Merimée.*

## COBWEBS.

At the Baldwin, on Monday evening, it was amusing to see the involuntary start of astonishment which Baldanza gave at his first entrance in "Lucia." The full house, brilliant toilets, and pretty women must have been a surprise to him after the rusty emptiness to which he sang at the California. At his enthusiastic reception I had the pleasure of turning to Diogenes, who is anti-Baldanza, and calling his attention to the fact that the public seemed to like him.

"Nonsense," said Diogenes. "Some garlicky countrymen of his, to whom he has given seats, are applauding him—that is all."

I demurred, and just then I had the satisfaction of hearing a voice from the gallery, in distinctly American accents: "Baldanza! Baldanza! Wow! Baldanza! Betcherlife!"

The first night at the opera being stormy and cold, the management thoughtfully refused to take charge of more than a baker's dozen of wraps out of the several hundred that presented themselves. The maid in the dressing-room refused to allow any wraps to be left there, and the slangy, small boy, in the little cubby-hole where they check things, refused to take charge of them there. There were only two alternatives. One was to retire to the Baldwin Hotel and take a room in which to put one's things—a matter of time and expense. The other was to drag through a narrow aisle, past ladies and gentlemen in full dress, with a large, "moist, unpleasant body," consisting of umbrella, wraps, overshoes, hood, etc.—the arrangements being such that even those who came in carriages were bound to get more or less wet in passing from the carriage to the theatre. It is hard to estimate what amount of masculine profanity and helpless feminine wrath an improvised *porte cochère* would have saved. If managers expect the compliment of full-dress audiences, they should return that compliment by full-dress accommodations.

The typical American woman adopts every new style as soon as she sees it or hears of it. She is attracted above all things by novelty, and becomingness is a secondary consideration. A typical French woman will find a style that really becomes her, and wear it two, three, or four seasons—until she finds another more becoming. There is in this city an exception to this rule in the person of a handsome American society woman, who is never seen in a bonnet that is not more or less of the Marie Stuart shape. A very beautiful French woman never appears in anything but the most unobtrusive of small bonnets. I know another, also French, who always wears an oval-shaped hat or bonnet of moderate size. There is a distinct and special charm about a woman who has a style of her own—always provided it be good style. An originality or distinctiveness in the matter of head-gear is, of course, more noticeable than any other. I recall the wife of an artist who once spent some months here. She was commonly called a beautiful woman, but was in reality somewhat plain, with a very poor complexion. The fact that she wore the Spanish mantilla, and wore it gracefully, and habitually had such a peculiar charm, that people were really in earnest in calling her beautiful when she was in reality a plain, but infinitely charming woman.

I remember another, one of the loveliest women San Francisco ever knew—now dead these many years—who was celebrated among all her acquaintances for her collars and cuffs. She had found out some time in her girlhood that a bit of linen, snowy and shining, at the wrists and throat, was an indispensable aid to her peculiar complexion. No one ever saw her without it, save in full dress. The linen was always perfectly plain, of exquisite fineness and immaculate whiteness. At one time she left here for several years, living in Washington and European cities, but neither time nor travel ever caused her to change that fashion. She kept it to the day of death. It was astonishing what an amount of comment and admiration that one little peculiarity of dress created among the many gentlemen who knew her. It seemed to heighten her individuality and to add to the wholesome freshness of her appearance—two of the most fascinating attributes possible to woman. I believe she received more compliments, and was better known among the gentlemen by reason of her fine linen than was ever any other woman by reason of her fine laces.

I have just received a chatty letter about Mademoiselle Nixau, who recently turned the heads of all New York as being the very prettiest and most captivating French woman ever seen. We all remember her recent escapade with a rich Texan, who paid her fine for breach of contract, and carried off the prize, with whom he contracted a supposed marriage, since discovered to have been a *soi-disant* left-handed affair. At all events, she is now back in New York, minus the Texan, plus untold diamonds, and the very darling of the dudes. There is nothing the wealthy young New Yorker, with more inherited wealth than brains, so craves as notoriety. Personal charms, disinterested affection, talents of whatever order, are as dust in the balance. It is a curious, if rather hackneyed, fact that these young men will spend any amount of time and money for the sake of a mere speaking-acquaintance with a woman of notoriety. It is also a fact that in New York these sensation-seeking young men are sufficiently numerous to form a large class, and have so little individuality that they all appear to have been cut off the same piece, and are as much alike as brothers. At a recent Sunday night concert, Nixau occupied a box, and, with her diamonds, bright face, and her notoriety, these dudes surrounded her like flies on a lump of sugar. She is already growing a little fatter and coarser. With a few years more of unlimited truffles and champagne, she will have gone the way of all French flesh, and blotted out her beauty in adipose tissue. She is making her popularity pay just now, and although she never means to drop her mask, her merry face and bright eyes are very cold and calculating in repose. There are a good many French actresses in New York just now, and they all affect one style of bonnet. It is a small poke, short on the sides and in the back, with a sharp dent in front. Neither Aimée nor Nixau is ever seen in anything else.

I suppose women are the best letter-writers in the world. They are never monotonous, and have an easy grace in skipping from topic to topic that is simply delightful. I heard a gentleman from that interior Babylon, Sacramento, read aloud a letter from his wife, the other day. The close was something like this:

> Now, darling, I don't want you to be anxious about Willie's whooping-cough. I am sure it will get better, although I am very anxious, and one can never tell what is going to happen. I was really dreadfully frightened yesterday, and thought we would surely lose him. But although he is no better, I hope you will not worry, and will have a good time, and come home soon. I do hope you will enjoy yourself, and not be anxious. Do try to get home for the church sociable next Friday. Little Willie sends his love to papa, and says come home soon. The poor, little fellow wants to see you so much. Now, dear, I want to ask you to buy me a bustle. You can get them at Shrewd's, and they are only two dollars and fifty cents. Do come home; we miss you so much.
>
> Your affectionate wife, ANGELINA.

Yes, for getting over the ground with the greatest possible speed and safety, commend me to a woman. I like the style of "Una," who, on the question of Money *vs.* Brains, licks me into shape with a compliment, before swallowing me whole, and then calls me "gentle Arachne." Gentle forsooth, since presumably obliterated. But although "Una" wields a facile and experienced pen, I find a flaw or two in her argument. She calls this "the age of the Aristocracy of Brains." Space is too limited for detailed argument, but I can find a precedent among some of the brightest thinkers and writers of the day for calling it "The Age of Steam," "The Age of Electricity," "The Age of Invention," "The Age of the Aristocracy of Wealth." And it seems to me that I remember the "Aristocracy of Brains" as a matter of history. Invention is doubtless a matter of brains—but not of literary brains. There are several sides to every question. For instance, there has always existed a class of literary men—Thackeray of the past and Matthew Arnold of the present—who have been insufferable toadies to wealth and rank, and have used their brains very often as a passport to that wealthy world where they paid for luxuries with their only coin—wit and reputation. In such cases Riches did not pursue Brains, but Brains ran after Riches. The Bohemia of to-day is pleasant enough—if it be Bohemia, which I doubt. But since conversation is a lost art, and argument worthy the name unknown, if is not a circle that will ever live in history. Culture and cleverness in moderate degree are too general, the age too irreverent and too flippant, to allow of a coterie whose ideas are profound and sincere, or whose wit or arguments are worth remembering. I can not believe that such society could stagger the trained diplomatic intellect of Récamier, used to the endless society of men of leisure who were men of letters. This, O sanguine Una, is a Commercial Age. Brains are worth just what they will bring per page—no more. Every coterie is a small mutual admiration society which believes itself superior to any other. Every circle or clique believes itself the envied of all others. It is a little crumb of cold comfort which the poor but clever man always thinks that the rich man is burning to buy his brains. It is, perhaps, equally fortunate that the rich man jingles the twenty-dollar pieces, and says to himself that the ability to get and to hold the "yellow boys" is talent enough for any man. Paris may be the Brain Capital; but a capital that supports Emile Zola and buys untold editions of Marie Colombier's book is hardly at its best days. Fair and softly, Una. It behooves a woman who has a literary Lion in tow to believe in brains. But, honestly now, if the world is wider, don't you think it is just a little more shallow and a trifle more vapid than it used to be?

A certain famous special car, with its precious freight of New York swells, has quite upset this village of late. There is no end of stories left floating about, and some of them are not bad. They tell one of Jack T——, who, when he breaks a greenback, likes to get his money's worth. On his arrival at the Palace Hotel he sent for a barber to come to his room and give him a shave. That being done he had his hair cut, then was shampooed, and asked the barber how much he owed him.

"Four dollars," replied the gilt-edged tonsorial artist.

Mr. T—— stutters in a manner not to be outdone by his father, William R. "F-four d-d-dollars!" he gasped. "I-i-if I'd have k-k-known that, I-I-I'd have h-h-had you c-c-cut it sh-shorter!"

Another: Early—very, very early—one morning, the party having been wined and dined until Californian hospitality had become a burden no longer to be borne, two of them started for the Hammam to take, as they hoped, a refreshing steam bath. Their guide was a young gentleman from Sacramento, known, through no disrespect to the real official, as "The Governor." It was raining torrents. Arrived at the Hammam they found that institution closed, and on no account could they open it. Nothing daunted, and on no account could they open it. Nothing daunted, the party put down their umbrellas and decided, clothes and all, to take a shower of Nature's own providing. They found it rather refreshing, and continued to take it *en route* as they walked slowly toward the Palace Hotel. On the way they spied an unobtrusive individual crouching in a door-way.

"What are you doing there?" thundered the Governor, in a voice of authority.

"Tryin' to keep out of the rain—what do you s'pose?" replied the man.

"What!" said the official, "have you so little patriotism? Don't you know that this rain is worth twenty dollars a second to the country? Come out and let it beat upon you, as I do. Come out and try to grow above yourself. Come out and be a crop!" ARACHNE.

Don Carlos owns one of the finest gondolas on the canals of Venice, manned by four gondoliers in red and black uniforms.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Paddy Ryan says if his mother hadn't been s[illegible] would have paralyzed Sullivan in one round.

Such is fame. The *English Churchman* devotes a detailed article to the consideration of the writings of "Mr. Gail Hamilton."

An action is proceeding in Dublin against Oscar Wilde for a sum due for the unæsthetic commodity of guano for his farm in Caug, County Galway.

Randolph Caldecott carries an artist's commonplace-book, and whenever—on the street, in company, anywhere—he sees a striking or odd feature, be it eye, or nose, or mouth, or limb, out come book and pencil, and it is sketched for future use.

Miss Bertie Boyd, daughter of Captain John Boyd of St. Andrews, N. B., has been presented with a handsome gig-boat by the Dominion Government, in recognition of her courage displayed in rescuing two men from drowning in the fall of 1882. Miss Boyd and her father have, within the past few years, rescued twelve persons from drowning.

While discrediting the report of Mr. A. C. Swinburne's proposed American lecture-tour, a writer in the Cardiff (Wales) *Times* says: "He is one of the best talkers we have. Like Carlyle and like Metternich, his wont is to take a subject and to exhaust it. But then there is always a danger lest he should exhaust you. He likes to hear himself talk."

A boy of thirteen years, whose violin-playing has long been the wonder of a Cossack village, recently reached St. Petersburg after a journey of fifteen hundred miles on foot, allured by the hope of obtaining free instruction at the Conservatory. But hardships and over-exertion had worn the little fellow out, and he was taken to a hospital dangerously ill of typhoid fever. Should he recover he will certainly find abundant opportunity to show whether his talent is equal to his courage.

The publication of Lord Lytton's autobiography moves a correspondent of the London *Daily News* to remind the public that Lady Lytton lived for many years at Sydenham in comparative poverty, latterly attended by one servant, and assisted by friends; that she died in March, 1882, and was buried at Shirley, near Croydon. No monument marks the grave, but a new "Communion Table" has been presented by friends as a tribute to her memory. Her will was proved, and effects sold; but the proceeds were insufficient to pay her trifling debts.

The late Mr. Holloway, of London, the renowned manufacturer of pills and ointment, began his business in a small way on the Strand, he and his wife living over the shop and doing all their own work. His first advertisement appeared in a newspaper on October 15, 1837. In 1842 he spent $25,000 for advertisements; in 1845, $50,000; in 1851, $100,000; in 1855, $150,000; and for the past twenty years an average of $200,000 per year. The size of the fortune left by him can only be guessed at, but for many years his net profits from his business have averaged $1,000,000 a year. It is most pleasant to add that he was a man of great benevolence, and that his medicines really were good.

Balzac entertained many wild ideas, but never attempted to carry them into execution. One was to cultivate poppies in Corsica and beat England in the Asiatic opium trade. Another was to make forty thousand dollars a year by growing pineapples at Ville d'Avray. Again, he proposed to search the bed of the Tiber for jewels, to open silver mines in Sardinia, and to sell a ring he had, which once belonged to a Grand Mogul, to the Emperor of China for millions. But his most picturesque project was to open a grocery store on the Boulevard des Italiens, put up the sign, "Honoré de Balzac," dress himself in a blouse and serve his customers, and have Gautier to roast the coffee, Gerard de Nerval to sell mustard, and George Sand to take the cash. This, he said, would set all Paris agog, customers would flock in by thousands, and he would make an enormous fortune.

Of Mr. Hamilton Mabie's promotion on the staff of the *Christian Union*, and the generous tribute paid to him by Dr. Abbott [in which the reverend doctor acknowledged that much of the journal's success was due to Mr. Mabie's efforts, and placed that gentleman's name beside his own], a *Congregationalist* correspondent writes that Mr. Mabie, as is his wont, "made up" the New Year's number, put it in the printer's hands, took the cars for Greenwich, and, another week's work off his mind, slept the sleep of the just. But Dr. Abbott had "seen" the printers, proof-readers, and all concerned, and made them partners in his little game. When the newly promoted editor the next morning reached his chair in Lafayette Place, and took up the first copy of the *Union*, instead of his opening page, the proof of which he had carefully read the evening before, Dr. Abbott's "Announcement" met his eyes—his very first intimation that the change of position had been thought of.

Mezzofanti's unique position among linguists is threatened, according to the Moscow *Gazette*, by a young Russian officer, who, at the age of twenty-six, has mastered the French, German, English, Danish, Swedish, Italian, Polish, Finnish, Serbian, Czech, Japanese, Chinese, and Malay languages. Besides these he is acquainted with three different Japanese, one South African, and two Chinese dialects, and is at present occupied with the study of Hebrew. Monsieur Pakovitch has, with the exception of French, English, and German, acquired the knowledge of these languages without any help, after his own method. It is said that he is compiling a Russo-Japanese dictionary, but when he is about it, why should he not compose a polyglot dictionary for the twenty languages which he has already mastered? If this goes on at his present rate, how many languages will he not have learned by the time he is fifty? Mezzofanti lived till he was seventy-five, and before he died he spoke fifty-eight different tongues.

## THE INNER MAN.

At the request of numerous readers who are interested in such matters, we publish the *menu* of the banquet given to General Barnes some months ago. The literary part of the *menu* was compiled by Major R. H. Pond, Consul for Costa Rica. Copies are now difficult to obtain:

"I do not purpose merely to survey these regions like an augur, taking auspices, but like a general who seems to take possession."—*Bacon.*

"And see, he cries, the welcome, fair guests, that wait you here."—*Horatius—Macaulay.*

Eastern Oysters on the half shell.

"Why, then, the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open."—*Shakespeare.*

Vin blanc—Chateau Yquem or Hockheimer.

"Puer huc adfer Scyphos,
Et Chia vina aut Lesbia." *-Horace.*

"Oceans of Hockheimer. A throat like that of Ojiuchus."
—*Carlyle.*

Potage—Ochra à la Creole.

"La soupe est l'aliment des estomacs paresseux."
—*Mme. Emile de Girardin.*

"Oh! rare soups and salads! Salads and soups encore! 'Tis too much for sinners."—*Sterne's Sentimental Journey.*

POISSON.

Truites.

"Fishes, are you doing your duty."—*Arabian Nights.*

Saumon bouilli au sauce Portugaise.

"Methinks it is like a whale."—*Hamlet.*

Pommes de terre à l'anglaise.

"Poetry is not an article of prime necessity, and potatoes are."—*O. W. Holmes.*

Sherry.

"Not a single drop of liquor has passed my lips for the last fifteen years. I don't let it pass, I reach for it as it's going by."—*Artemus Ward.*

RELEVES.

"Comme on me mene, helas!"—*La Belle Helene.*

Poulets braisés à la Dantzic.

"What, all my little chickens!"—*Macbeth.*

Choufleur, à la Hollandaise.

"'Come into the garden, Ward,' said the landlord; and we went, and culled some cabbages."—*Artemus Ward.*

Claret, Château Margaux.

"'Claret for boys; Port for men!' said Samuel Johnson. 'Then give me Claret,' said Burke; 'I like to be a boy, and partake of the honest hilarity of youth.'"
—*Prior's "Edmund Burke."*

ENTREES.

"They have their exits and their entrances."
—*As You Like It.*

Ris de veau sauté, à la Commodore.

"Mangez un veau le Vendredi, mais soyez toujours Chrétien, Monseigneur."—*Fenelon, au Duc de Bourgogne.*

"Why not take a spare-rib
To replace your own?"—*Advice on Marriage.*

Côtelettes de Volaille, à la Royale. Asperges nouvelles, sauce au beurre.

"What bard—O Time, discover—
First painted thee with wings."—*R. B. Sheridan.*

Agneau de printemps rôti, mint sauce.

"A leg of mutton, my Lucy, I prithee get ready at three. Have it smoking, and tender, and juicy, and what better meat can there be?"
—*Ad Ministram, Thackeray.*

Pommes de terre nouvelles, à la crême.
Petits pois nouveaux, à l'anglaise.

"A man's nature runs to herbs and weeds."—*Bacon.*

Vin rouge, Burgundy.

"Took his Oeil de Perdrix,
Till he could scarcely see."—*Ingoldsby Legends.*

"Je rougirais de mon ivresse,
Si tu conservais ta raison."—*Beranger.*

Galatine de chapons en Bellevue.

"With good capon lined."—*Shakespeare.*

Aspic de foie gras de Strasbourg.

"Such a goose is man, and will cackle with his whole soul."—*Carlyle.*

Langues de bœuf.

Mayonnaise d'homard décorés.

"And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn."—*Hudibras.*

PONCHE A LA ROMAINE.

"What noble Lucumo comes next to taste our Roman cheer?"—*Macaulay.*

"Punch! brothers punch! punch with care."
—*Mark Twain.*

Perdrix rôtis au Cresson.

"Toujours perdrix."—*French Proverb.*

Champagne—Frappé.

"Chaque fais que nous nous rencontrons, il y a une croute de glace, à rompre entre nous."—*Prosper Merimee.*

"Ille impiger hausit
Spumantum pateram."—*Virgil.*

PATISSERIE.

"His sweetest confectionery had a delicate but stimulating flavor."—*Voltaire's Compliments—Macaulay.*

Temple Génois.
Pyramide aux Oranges.

"The pavement of life is strewed with orange peel, and who has not slipped on the flags?"—*Thackeray.*

Pyramide de Nougat, à l'Italienne.
Pyramide Cristallisée.
Pyramide Glacée.

"From the Pyramids forty centuries look down on me."
—*Napoleon.*

Royal Cabinet Pudding.
Pound Cake. Silver Cake ornamented.
Charlotte Russe en Corbeille. Gelée au Madère.
Gateaux assortis. Crême à la Vanille.

"All people who have natural, healthy appetites love sweets."—*Thackeray.*

Fruits.

"There is only one fruit of this terrene life—a good disposition and social acts."—*Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.*

Café, Cognac et Cigares.

"Coffee—That kind of crink helpeth digestion, and procured alacrity."—*Burton's Anatomy.*

"Brandy for heroes."—*Samuel Johnson.*

Telegram of Maguire to A. Ward, on lecturing tour: "What will you take for twenty nights in California?" Reply: "Brandy and water.—*A. Ward.*"

"Tobacco, rare, divine, superexcellent tobacco, beyond all panaceas, potable gold, and philosophers' stones."
—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

"The sweetest canticle is *Nunc Dimittis*, when a man hath attained worthy ends and expectations."—*Bacon.*

---

Some interesting figures as to the cost of operas and ballets produced in Paris are given. "L'Africaine" cost some $55,000; "Le Prophéte," $44,895; "Robert le Diable," $38,000; "Faust," $37,500. The cost of "Aïda" was $36,500; "Francisca da Rimini," $46,500; "Le Tribut de Zamora," $36,400.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

### A Lay of Lingerie.

Oh, chemisette, the fairest yet
That e'er hid bosom, fairer, whiter;
Thou canst not know what envious woe
Thy veiling snow hath given the writer;
So trimly frilled, so plumply filled—
And then the eyes that shine above it!
I burn, I long, nor is it wrong—
At least in song—dear girl, to love it.

Oh, chemisette, the coral set
To bind thy folds in gentle duty
Fling round a glow upon thy snow
That heightens so thy flashing beauty;
And ne'er before on sea or shore
Did coral find a softer billow,
Nor could the gold around it rolled
Though ten times told deserve the pillow.

Sweet chemisette, below thee met
A rosy ribbon binds her bodice,
And in her mien is clearly seen
One-half the queen and half the goddess.
Her voice is low, how sweet its flow!
Her upper lip disdains the under;
Her curls are like dark waves that strike
A marble cliff—then rush asunder.

Oh, ripening grace! oh, radiant face!
When love is Love he knows no measure;
Her hands are small, yet they can call
The power of music at their pleasure;
And as they peep from fringes deep
Of Brussels white, *la mode Ramillies*,
Her fingers seem—or else I dream—
Like stamens in the bells of lilies.

As clouds of spring on feathery wing
Obscure the blushing heaven a minute,
So, chemisette, thy silvery net
Half veils the heaven that glows within it.
Oh, hold me up! I faint, I droop;
My glowing pulses throb and tingle—
Immortal bliss! But grant me this:
In such a heaven one hour to mingle.
—*The Judge.*

### Bostonese.

High o'er the Ecmyrean mount
Where stern Euphrastos plumes his wings,
While by the pure Castilian fount
Cephalia softly sips and sings,

There on his huge agetic seat
Great Atropos his treasure spreads,
And heeds no more the storms that beat
In doubled thunders o'er our heads.

Oh, Atropos, majestic name,
One boon I crave, one blessing seek,
One spark of that celestial fame
That animates our modern Greek.

I yield, I bow; I know not whence
The highest intellections flow;
But though there may not be a Thence,
The present Thisness I would know.

He heard, and from his torch of light
One lambent ray responsive shook,
Which, darting through the nether bright,
A hitherward direction took.

And on my brow its radiant glow,
Absorbed, resistant, reigns sublime;
I thrill with ecstacy; I know
The Thisness of recursive time.

O joy superm! O extant bliss!
Oh, ye who understand the These,
I know the Otherness of This!
I'm one of you; I'm Bostonese!
—*New York Liar.*

### Melody of Musical Maidens.

I'll sing you a song of musical maidens,
Whose lives have been long with a cruel decadence.

The first, a too frisky, bold girl, christened Scherzo,
Once flirted her skirts so—at least, they assert so—
She angered her nervous old chum, Aggie Tato,
First cousin, though weaker, to strong Annie Mato.
And then there's a lovely, fair maid, Airy Oso,
Ann Dante, sedate, and imposing Mae Stoso.

Now tell I a tale of six lachrymose lovers;
A languishing love in their hearts there still hovers.

The first is a soft-hearted lad, Con Amore,
A very good friend to the sad Con Dolore;
Precise and exact is the prim Ben Marcato,
And then there's a snappish old boy, Pizzic Cato.
Another is gentle, retiring Cal Ando,
Just like his first cousin, the mild Allen Tando.

Alas for these lovers! Confiding affection
Was doomed to a direful and jeering rejection.

With notes that were sweet, and in measures alluring,
The lovers asserted affection enduring.
With slurs cast upon them, they firmly persisted
In pressing their suits; but the girls still resisted.
No one of them e'er could be more than a brother,
For one was too lively, too dull was another.

So endless distress to musicians they're giving,
Though still they're together in harmony living.
—*Boston Times.*

---

Mr. D. Appleton Morgan sends to *Appleton's Literary Bulletin* the following clipping from his scrap-book. It is the card of a new hotel in Havana, thirty years ago: "The Both Wold Hotel, Num. 80 San Ignacio Street, Plasa Vieja. In this establishment set as the European style receives lodgers which will find an splendid assistance so in eating as in habitation therefore the master count with the elements necessary." Mr. Morgan copied the following in the summer of 1872, from the glazed original, hanging on the walls of the Hotel Danieli, in Venice: "Notic. The nobility and gentry frequents this hotel are advised most respectful that Couriers or Valet de Place can do the purchas of goods and objects d'art at shops to this place thereby to great savings effecteds wherefore be produced by the Bureau of this Hotel."





**The Strongest and Best!**

THOMAS PRICE, Analytic Chemist, pronounces the GIANT BAKING POWDER nearly one-third stronger than any manufactured or sold on the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 24, 1883.

H. E. BOTHIN, President Bothin M'f'g Co.:

DEAR SIR—After careful and complete chemical analysis of a can of Giant Baking Powder, purchased by us in open market, we find that it does not contain alum, acid phosphate, terra alba, or any injurious substance, but is a pure, healthful Cream Tartar Baking Powder, and as such can recommend it to consumers.

WM. T. WENZELL & CO., Analytic Chemists.

We concur:
R. BEVERLY COLE, M. D.
J. L. MEARES, M. D., Health Officer.
ALFRED W. PERRY, M. D., } Members of San
W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D., } Francisco Board
AUG. ALERS, M. D., } of Health.

**Manufactured by**

**BOTHIN M'F'G COMPANY,**

**17 and 19 Main Street, San Francisco.**

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

---

# An Old Soldier's

## EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas,
May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for **throat and lung diseases.** J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all **bronchial and lung affections,** by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

Sold by all Druggists.

---

# *Apollinaris*

**"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."**
*British Medical Journal.*

**THE PRIMEVAL CHAMPAGNE.**

*"Of great value to the cause of temperance and good health."*

**Dr. Norman Kerr, F.L.S. London, Eng.**

**ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.**

*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*

**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.**

FOR SALE BY

**A. F. EVANS & CO.**

**522 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**

---

**HEALD'S** BUSINESS COLLEGE.
No. 24 Post Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

---

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

---

# GRANULA

An incomparable Food for **Invalids** and **Children**; oldest and best health food known; delicious as a diet; grocers and druggists sell it. Manufactured by

**OUR HOME GRANULA CO.**, Dansville, N. Y.

Wholesale Agents: HICKOX & CO., San Francisco, Cal.; WATSON, WRIGHT & CO., Portland, Or.; H. JEVNE, Los Angeles, Cal.

---

# NOW READY THE FINEST CIGARETTE

## "CLOTH OF GOLD,"

**(Straight Mesh.)**

**SWEET, DELICATE, AND MILD!!**

This Cigarette is made from the finest and most costly leaf from that region of Virginia particularly adapted for growing tobacco for Cigarettes. Our long experience in manufacturing enables us to secure the most suitable kinds of tobacco and thus present this superior article, with the full assurance THAT ITS EQUAL HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN OFFERED. A higher grade Cigarette can not be produced. We call particular attention to the superior quality of our old brands of Cigarettes. They can not be surpassed.

**Twelve First Prize Medals.**

**Peerless Tobacco Works.**

**WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

---

FINE

**Suits, $25.** **TAILORING** **Suits, $30.**

Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.

**Suits, $40.** **TAILORING** **Suits, $50.**

Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.

**Suits, $60.** **TAILORING** **Suits, $70.**

**J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.**

---

BONESTELL RICHARDS ALLEN & CO. PAPER WAREHOUSE
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

---

## ANTI-FAT.

**The Greatest Discovery of the Age** by an English lady, who has, by close study and practice, found a remedy whereby people of either sex can be reduced in flesh at the rate of five to seven pounds a month without injury to health or looks, the skin on body and face retaining its smooth appearance. This treatment strengthens the nerves and muscles, destroying only the fat, which is simply a watery fluid in the tissues, producing gout, rheumatism, incipient paralysis, apoplexy, and fatty degeneration of the heart. Address ANTI-FAT, office box 1925, city.


---

**POTOSI MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 16th day of January, 1884, an assessment (No. 14) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the twentieth day of February, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the thirteenth day of March, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

---

**CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of January, 1884, an assessment (No. 10) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the eleventh (11th) day of February, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the eighth (8th) day of March, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

---


## BOUND VOLUMES

OF

# THE ARGONAUT.

**Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, and XIII.**

Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office, No. 214 Bryant Street.


---

**WANTED.**

**Back Numbers of The Argonaut.**

Vol. IV, No. 4; Vol. XII, No. 9.—We will pay twenty-five cents each for either of these numbers at the Business Office of this paper.


## Gold Watch Free.

The publishers of the Capitol City Home Guest, the well-known Illustrated Literary and Family Magazine, make the following liberal Offer for the New Year: The person telling us the longest verse in the Bible, before March 1st, will receive a **Solid Gold, Lady's Hunting Cased Swiss Watch,** worth $50; If there be more than one correct answer, the second will receive an elegant **Stem-winding Gentleman's Watch;** the third, a key-winding **English Watch.** Each person must send 25 cts. with their answer, for which they will receive three months' subscription to the Home Guest, a 50 page Illustrated New Year Book, a Case of 25 articles that the ladies will appreciate, and paper containing names of winners. Address

Pubs. of HOME GUEST, HARTFORD, CONN.

# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Saturday, October 20, 1883.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 9.30 A.M. | Antioch and Martinez | 2.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| *8.00 A.M. | Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " | 8.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | Deming, El Paso and Express | 2.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | Land East Emigrant | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | (Stockton) via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Ione | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | Los Angeles and South | 2.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | Madera and Fresno | 2.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | Merced | 2.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Mojave, Needles, Express | 5.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | and East Emigrant | 2.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | Marysville and Chico | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 1.00 A.M. | " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *3.00 P.M. | " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Ogden and Express | 8.40 P.M. |
| 5.30 P.M. | East Emigrant | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | and Tehama via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Redding | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " via Benicia | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | 10.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San Jose | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡11.00 A.M. | " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | " | 2.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " | 8.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " | *12.10 P.M. |
| | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Virginia City | 8.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 4.30 P. M. can meet Pacific Express from Oregon at Benicia; and that leaving at 9.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from the Needles and El Paso at Antioch.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, 16.45, ‡9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.37, 8.37, 9.37, 10.37, 11.37.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.13, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Daily, except Sundays. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over **3,300** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**

**227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5237.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.,**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.

Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.


# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

NORTHERN DIVISION

**BROAD GAUGE.**

## WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, November 11, 1883,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| †0.50 A.M. | San Mateo, Redwood, and Menlo Park | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | *9.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 3.35 P.M. |
| *5.10 P.M. | | †4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | Santa Clara, San Jose, and Principal Way Stations | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 3.33 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Salinas, and Monterey | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Hollister and Tres Pinos | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Watsonville, Soquel, Aptos (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, broad gauge, no change of cars | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Soledad and Way Stations | 5.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (sportsmen's train).

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS

Sold on Saturday and Sunday—good to return on Monday—to Santa Clara or San José, $2.50; to Gilroy, $4.00; to Monterey or Santa Cruz, $5.00, and to principal points between San Francisco and San Jose.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, January 21st, 1884,**

and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—†10.15, *11.15 A. M., *4.50, †5.00 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†7.00, *9.20 A. M., †12.30, *3.20, *5.30, †5.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—*8.00, †8.30 A. M., *12.30, †3.35 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—*6.40, *6.50, *9.15 A. M., †12.00 M., *2.50, †5.10 P. M. * Week Days. † Sundays.

For SAUCELITO (Week Days) 9.20 A. M., 1.15, 3.20, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.00, 10.00 A. M., 12.30, 2.00, 5.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (Week Days)—7.45, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.50 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.05, 3.15, 9.10 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 6.15 P. M.

**11.15 A. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted (via San Quentin Ferry), THROUGH TRAIN, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through Train from Duncan Mills arrives in S. F. at 1.45 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning except Mondays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Ribesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**7.00 A. M.** from Saucelito Ferry. Excursion Train every Sunday for Point Reyes and Way Stations.

Returning, arrives in San Francisco (via Saucelito Ferry) 6.50 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


# MORRIS & KENNEDY'S

**ART GALLERY,**

**NOS. 19 AND 21 POST STREET.**

**We have just received a very fine collection of New Etchings and Engravings, and a lot of choice Bronzes and Casts, suitable for Holiday Presents. Also, the very latest style of Frames.**

**ART GALLERY FREE. OPEN EVENINGS.**

# CHARLES R. ALLEN,

**Dealer in House, Steam, Foundry, and**

**CUMBERLAND COAL,**

**ENGLISH COKE AND PIG IRON,**

**120 Beale Street, San Francisco.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA**

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai

| STEAMER. | 1884. From San Francisco for HONGKONG. |
|---|---|
| ARABIC | Saturday, February 16th. |
| OCEANIC | Saturday, March 8th. |
| ARABIC | Saturday, March 29th. |
| OCEANIC | Tuesday, May 27th. |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Offices, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 222 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Peking** . . . . . **February 20, 1884**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Jose** . . . . . **February 15**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, SAN BLAS, MANZANILLO, and ACAPULCO, and via ACAPULCO for Lower Mexican and Central American ports, calling at SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA and LA LIBERTAD to land passengers and mails.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West India ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**City of Sydney** . . . . . **Friday, February 15**

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on the 5th, 10th, 15th, 20th, 25th, and 30th of every month. The steamer sailing the 30th of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every three days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

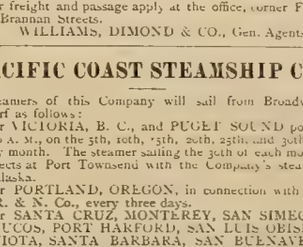
For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose. Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR,

**MANAGER**

**Corner First and Market Streets**

SAN FRANCISCO.

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital . . $3,000,000 in Gold**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President.
Geo. E. Brander, Vice-President;
James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.
J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier.
Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Limited.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital . . . . . $3,000,000**

William Alvord . . . . . President.
Thomas B. Ayer . . . . . Cashier.
Burke Mc[illegible], Jr. . . . . Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Switzerland, Gothenburg, Christiania, Locarno, Mexico city, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama.

## The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK

LIMITED,

**N. E. corner Pine and Sansome Streets.**

London Office, 3 Angel Court. New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street.

**Authorized Capital Stock . . . . . $6,000,000**

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections, buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, and issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED F. LOW, H. N. STEINHART, } Managers.

P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.,** Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation** Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company** Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company** Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold) . . . . $300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1882 . . . . . 684,332 83**

PRESIDENT . . . . . J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT . . . . . J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY . . . . . CHARLES R. STORY.

# ALASKA

# COMMERCIAL CO.

**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

**R. P. HAMMOND, Jr.,**

**CIVIL ENGINEER AND LAND SURVEYOR,**

Room 35, 3rd Fire Street, San Francisco, Cal.

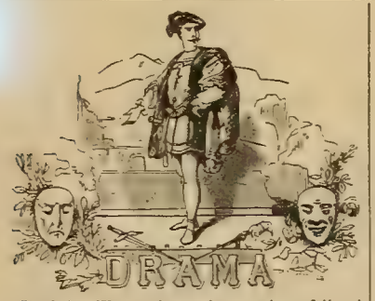
JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendence of Construction of Buildings.

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.




Doubting Thomas has a long string of lineal descendants, and they have located largely in San Francisco. In the face of the long lines of people who have been besieging the Baldwin box-office this fortnight past, these croakers have been foretelling a brief, disastrous season. They reported a large sale of seats for Monday and Thursday nights, and a shocking falling off on the intervening nights. Then, of course, every one wanted to go on those two nights. We like to be in at the death, we San Franciscans.

If we have been bamboozled by flaming, fanciful advertisements, we each like to be one of many to sit up and glare with cold, stony disapproval at the hapless singer or player who has dared to trifle with us. We like to freeze their miserable souls to the marrow with a dead, unresponsive silence, and to make them feel in all its poignancy the futility of seeking to amuse us with a meagre talent. We are a generous public withal. We give to each comer with any pretensions whatsoever the benefit of a big opening house. After that it rests with themselves. No one ever has to fight a way in San Francisco. There is always a full tribunal to make or mar them on the opening night. There is an "all San Francisco" as well as a "*tout* Paris," and its verdict is as fixed and unappealable as that of the older city. Furthermore, this is no *nil admirari* guard with a delicate, polite clapping of kidded hands. Its applause, when it comes, is hearty, spontaneous, and complete.

I think we all went into the theatre on Monday night—or were blown in, swept in, or swam in—got in out of the storm, at all events, according to our various methods—with a faint doubt in our hearts. No one had the look of faith in their eyes but the girls, the beautiful, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, red-lipped girls. The theatre was full of them, in bevies, in groups, in braces, with the cool kiss of the San Francisco sea-fog in their blooming complexions, and the pleasant flutter of enjoyment in their bearing. Not a doubt disturbed the pretty creatures. They gazed at the curtain with the eager anticipation of Charles Lamb at his play, and, perhaps, by and by, their unquestioning faith became communicative.

The company was almost handicapped by the praising and puffing which had gone before. Emma Abbott herself never came near to danger till they broke out in biographies. The completeness of the statistics upset all the charm of wonder and mystery, and there was left to her the onerous task of coming up to half what had been said of her. She skirted the difficulty by being something quite different from what the minute biographies had led one to expect. They seemed to infer a rather portly, good-natured person, with a clarion voice, particularly adapted to singing "The Star-spangled Banner" on the Fourth of July, together with other rampant and religious Americanisms.

As a matter of fact, Emma Abbott is almost petite, having a trim, well-rounded little figure, which is always thoroughly well dressed. She has not a magnetic presence, but there is a certain indomitable energy about her which appeals unfailingly to her public. She says, in effect, "All that I can do I will do; the best that is in me you shall have." And they have it. It is much in her favor that she is a good actress. This is something which even the great lyrical queens are apt to lose sight of. Adelina Patti is a frivolous little kitten in the heaviest tragedy, and Nilsson is said to be actually wooden, outside of Marguerita.

Albani, without so much voice as either of them, is the noblest singer of them all. She has a deep, strong, dramatic temperament, and thrills and fills you as she sings with the might of her combined powers. When Annie Louise Carey discovered herself by an accident to be the possessor of a great voice, and a career opened itself alluringly to her eyes with one night's triumph in Copenhagen, she was unsatisfied with her one gift. She withdrew from the stage for one year to study dramatic action, and returned to it a complete artist to satisfy and delight the thousands who now regret her premature retirement.

Emma Abbott evidently went to work to study for an operatic career with a thorough business head upon her shoulders. All that could be made of her gifts has been made. Her voice is one of those high, light sopranos which are only effective in *fioriture*. It has neither strength nor resonance, and in recitative especially, it becomes strikingly insufficient. In "A King for a Day," which is overburdened with recitative, its defects are most strongly shown. But even in this opera, her principal aria brings her voice out at its very best. She is not an inspirational singer, but she is an excellent musician. Her pitch is accurate, her attack sure. Aside from an occasional inflexibility, her execution is brilliant and delicate; and she sings with all her might, it is true, but with ease. Her voice lacks sadly in volume, but it is pure and clear, and with whatever distrust an audience may listen to an aria at the beginning, she is pretty sure to conquer them at its close.

Altogether, she is a most satisfactory little prima donna, and has been a happy disappointment. The part of Lucia may be a trifle heavy for her, but its music falls in the best part of her voice, and she acts it thoroughly well. As Gilda, in "Rigoletto," she is simply and entirely delightful, and if Nemea is faintly dissatisfying, it is in the opera rather than the prima donna. Its pretty Oriental tale furnishes a good libretto, but the music is mildly sweet, thoroughly monotonous, and utterly characterless.

It is an opera bouffe without any of the bouffe snap and sparkle, and barely holds its place in English opera, that debatable music land, between grand and bouffe opera. Emma Abbott selected wisely in selecting it for her field. She has a certain capacity for giving expression to the rebellious English, and will stand well with a certain class of people who think it an affectation to prefer Italian, and conceive it to be distinctly meritorious to choose English words to Italian music.

Italian links itself with music as naturally as the laugh of a child links itself with happiness. How the farewell song of Gilda and her student lover pointed this the other night, when to the soft *addio* of the lover responded the fare-we-e-el of the girl! It is almost with a pang that one hears Tagliapietra break into English, pretty good English, too, in "A King for a Day." It is simply unpardonable for any one to sing in English in an Italian opera; but there is always grace and condoning for the Italian who cleaves to his native tongue in English opera. Polyglot opera is distinctly objectionable, but no one seemed to mind the three Italians in "Lucia." Baldanza, of course, can not sing anything else, and no one wants him to. There seems to be an especial fluency in his Italian, and when the molten music of his voice is heard behind the scenes he is the most irresistible of tenors.

Verdi has a passion for making his tenors invisible. Manrico's two sweetest arias are sung behind the scenes; and when the Duke in "Rigoletto" retires to rest in the tower of the suspicious inn, with nothing between him and the night air, by the way, but a flimsy portière, his little aspersions upon the fidelity of womankind ring out with peculiar tunefulness.

Signor Baldanza doubtless has as good an opinion of himself as all tenors have; but he always has the grace to seem thoroughly astonished at the impetuous warmth of San Francisco's greeting. He may as well make up his mind to it. His mezzo-voce is husky, and his shading too abrupt, but he has some magnificent notes, and these they recognize, and are determined to make a favorite of him. What would they have done without him? Fabrini is laid low by the climate, and Castle, who is acceptable enough in his circumscribed and familiar round, could not meet the requirements of grand opera. He acts cleverly in "A King for a Day," and uses his lightly veiled voice to its best advantage; but the voice *is* veiled.

As for the two baritones—or can it be by any chance that Signor Campobello is a basso?—they might sing in Choctaw, and it would be accepted. Glittering, gorgeous twain that they are, they have come, and seen, and conquered. Both are young, both are handsome in their several ways, and both are artists. Signor Campobello's rôle was brief but satisfactory, and his re-appearance is pleasantly anticipated. Signor Tagliapietra as Henry Ashton, and again in the gorgeous many-colored robes of an Haroun al Raschid—his gown edged with a Greek border, by the way—in "A King for a Day," was quite a vision of stage magnificence.

In "Rigoletto" he ceased to be beautiful, and devoted himself to being artistic. There is a superb ring of strength in his voice, which he uses with better effect than when he sang last in San Francisco, albeit there is a rough note or two yet, and he has the natural Italian power to act. His Rigoletto is at moments really pathetic—something quite unusual in opera.

What a curious thing it is that the contralto, who has, by nature, all the sympathy in her voice, always gets what comedy there is in an opera. The heroine either goes mad or dies of a broken heart, in a shower of notes and a rivière of cadenzas, which, in the throat of a skylark, would be the voice of his highest joy.

In two operas Madame Seguin has flitted and flirted through a brief scene in a part introduced by the composer in "Rigoletto," only to get her voice in tune for the famous quartet in "A King for a Day" to better purpose. In voice and appearance the lady is quite unchanged, and easily resumes her old place in favor.

There are left still some good minors, a good chorus, an excellent orchestra, and a couple of *prima donnas* yet to come.

The ensemble is excellent, as all the papers and all the population have been saying all the week. It is really amusing to watch the New York pilgrims applauding all this to the echo, in their dollar-and-a-half seats, and turning green at thought of the eight-dollar seats they invested in a few weeks ago in Gotham. And the performance they declare to have been better—only in a spot or two the ensemble really not so good. But perhaps they are prejudiced. One is apt to look obliquely at money that is gone.

Sheridan—whom ill-luck seems to malignantly pursue—selected just the wrong time for his visit. Yet there are enough faithful adherents to remember the power of his "Louis XI."

It is a graphic picture of the old French monarch as history draws him—crafty, sinister, diplomatic, with the crudeness of the earliest diplomacy, and consumed by a savage and sombre melancholy. He is deceitful with the habit of deceit, and devout with the fanatical devotion of that superstitious time which blindly believed that outward practices would cover any enormity.

In feature and character, Sheridan gives a horribly faithful picture of him—a picture which always remains in the mind as an authentic copy of the famous king who lived so wickedly and died so reluctantly, grudging his crown to the weak-kneed young dauphin who had been permitted to learn so little, but to whom he himself had carefully taught his one Latin lesson: "Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare."

BETSY B.

---

Last night, a testimonial benefit was given at Bush Street Theatre to Louis Harrison and John Gourlay. A varied and attractive programme was presented. Next Monday night, Katie Putnam and company open in "The Old Curiosity Shop."

---

The Frohman Brothers are trying to induce George Rignold to play a four weeks' engagement in San Francisco on his way to Australia. Gus Frohman is on his way here, via New Orleans.

---

At the Grand Opera House the Jay Rial company close in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" this evening. Next Monday night, Jeffreys-Lewis and company open in "The Ruling Passion."

---

Mrs. Langtry has signed a contract with the Frohmans to play under their management in this city in May.



Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.

ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.

ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.

THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

The Emma Abbott Opera Troupe at the Baldwin Theatre appears in "Lucia" this (Saturday) afternoon. This evening "King For a Day" will be produced, in which appear Abbott, Seguin, Tagliapietra, Campobello, Allen, and Castle. To-morrow (Sunday) night "Il Trovatore" will be produced, in which will appear Rosewald, Seguin, Tagliapietra, Broderick, Allen, and Baldanza. For next week the following is a list of operas and performers: Monday, "Mignon"—Abbott, Rosewald, Seguin, Campobello, and Castle; Tuesday (double bill), entire opera of "Sonnambula" and scene from "Hamlet"—Abbott, Rosewald, Hindle, Campobello, Allen, and Fabrini; Wednesday, "Maritana"—Abbott, Seguin, Hindle, Campobello, Broderick, Allen, and Fabrini; Thursday, "Linda, the Pearl of Savoy"—Abbott, Seguin, Tagliapietra, Broderick, Allen, and Fabrini; Friday, "Faust"—Abbott, Seguin, Hindle, Tagliapietra, Campobello, Allen, and Castle; Saturday afternoon, Emma Abbott matinée—Emma Abbott and entire company; Saturday night, "Rigoletto"; Sunday, "Martha."

---

On the evening of Washington's Birthday, February 22d, the lady managers of the California Women's Hospital will give a kettle-drum at B'nai B'rith Hall, at which numbers of young society ladies will preside at the various flower and refreshment booths, and the Presidio Band will perform for dancing. The following are the ladies interested in getting up the affair: Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. General McDowell, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, and Mrs. B. B. Redding. The Hospital building is situated on Sacramento Street, between Baker and Lyon, and is under the immediate supervision of Dr. Scott, surgeon-in-chief. It is a worthy charity, and deserves success.

---

At Haverly's California Theatre Sheridan has been playing "Louis XI." during the week. The "Merchant of Venice" will shortly be produced.

---

We have received from A. Waldteufel & Co., 737 Market Street, "Amour et Printemps," a waltz-song, composed by E. Waldteufel.

---

George S. Knight, a dialect comedian, and wife, have been engaged for a short season at the Baldwin, commencing in April.

---

Next Monday night, Charley Reed's long-expected "Mooneyville" will be produced at the Standard Theatre.

---

This evening the grand prize carnival ball of the Verein-Eintracht takes place at the Mechanics' Pavilion.

---

"A curious incident," writes a Paris correspondent, "occurred the other day at the Comédie-Francaise. A new artist, Mademoiselle Marsy, made her début in the rôle of Célimene. In the fifth act Delaunay has to say:

'Il court parmi le monde un livre abominable,
Et de qui la lecture est même condamnable.
Un livre à mériter la derniere rigueur.'

Immediately the audience saw the complete appositeness of the lines, a roar of laughter sounded through the hall amid loud cries of Sarah Barnum."

---

**CCCVIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, February 10, 1884.**

Clam Chowder.
Broiled Teal Duck. Saratoga Potatoes.
Shrimp Salad.
Corn Fritters. Stewed Tomatoes.
Roast Veal.
Lettuce, Celery, Beet, and Hard-boiled Egg Salad.
Pumpkin Pie. Wine Jelly.
Apples, Oranges, Japanese Persimmons, and Pears.

LETTUCE, CELERY, BEET, AND HARD-BOILED EGG SALAD.—Put the lettuce in the centre; then a row of hard-boiled eggs sliced around the lettuce, a row of sliced beets around these, and then a row of fringed celery on the outside. Pour French dressing over all.

A correspondent sends us another translation of Hugo's Poem, "La Tombe et la Rose," of which we printed a translation (by Andrew Lang) last week. In order that the two may be compared, we give the original as well:

LA TOMBE ET LA ROSE.

La Tombe dit à la Rose:
"Des pleurs dont l'aube t'arrose
Que fais-tu, Fleur des Amours?"
La Rose dit à la Tombe:
"Que fais-tu de ce qui tombe
Dans ton gouffre ouvert toujours?"

La Rose dit: "Tombeau sombre,
De ces pleurs je fais dans l'ombre
Un parfum d'ambre et de miel."
La Tombe dit: "Fleur plaintive,
De chaque âme qui m'arrive
Je fais un Ange du Ciel!"

---

THE TOMB AND THE ROSE.

The Tomb said to the Rose:
"What dost thou at day's close
With tender dews that thy soft petals kiss?"
The Rose said to the Tomb:
"What dost thou, thing of gloom,
With that which falls within thy dark abyss?"

The Rose said: "Tomb so drear,
Of each bright pearly tear
That forms, I make a perfume rich and rare.'
The Tomb said: "Flower of Love,
I make for Heaven above
Of every soul an angel pure and fair."

XANTIPPE.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 4, 1884.

---

The following will be of interest to musical people and composers:

The *Musical Observer* Publishing Company, believing that the production of a representative American opera has been largely hindered by the want of pecuniary support on the part of managers and others, offer hereby a prize of TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS, for the best opera, comic or otherwise, sent into the office of this paper by the first day of July, 1884. Subject only to the following conditions:

1. The opera must be *bona fide* the work of an American-born, or naturalized, and resident in this country. The libretto must be original and the work also of an American.

2. The opera must be of at least two acts in length, and must be scored for full orchestra, and must be capable of being produced upon the stage without material alteration.

3. The right of representation, of publishing the score, and the copyright of the opera, shall be transferred to the *Musical Observer* Publishing Company upon payment of the sum above specified. The company further reserve to themselves the right to purchase any of the operas sent in at the same price, or at such other price as may be placed upon it by the authors, not to exceed two thousand dollars.

4. The company do not bind themselves to award the above or any prize should the judges not consider that any operas entered come up to the desired standard of musical excellence.

5. Should the time-limit above specified not prove sufficient for the completion of such operas as may be entered for competition, the judges will be empowered to extend the limit as they may think fit.

6. The names of the judges appointed will be published as soon as practicable.

THE MUSICAL OBSERVER PUBLISHING CO.
BOSTON, January 12, 1884.

---

Some of the former students of Trinity School will give the Trinity School Library a dramatic benefit, on Wednesday evening, February 20, at Platt's Hall, on which occasion will be produced George M. Baker's play, "Nevada, or the Lost Mine."

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. . Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing mpany.*

*Sc ription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; ee months, $1.50; payable in advance—post- e prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample ies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*Ne Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied the San Francisco News Company, Post St., ose Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade ould be addressed.*

*Pons mailing single copies of the Argonaut ot affix a two-cent stamp.*

*Sc ribers wishing their addresses changed should ve their old as well as new addresses.*

*T American News Company, New York, are gents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut ay be ordered from any News Dealer in the nited States or Europe.*

*ress all communications to "The Argonaut, o. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


among the great artists now in America, it is s.ed that Madame Patti was born in Spain; dame Nilsson is Swedish; Madame Gerster, ngarian; Madame Alwina Valleria and Ma- ne Minnie Hauck, American; Madame Tre- li, French; Madame Sembrich and Madame ppenheim, German; while the leaders of the lian party are Madame Scalchi, Signor Cam- ini and Signor Galassi. Madame Albani is a ench Canadian; Madame Marie Roze is a ench lady, but was partly educated in an Eng- h boarding-school. Madame Pauline Lucca, adame Trenelli and Mademoiselle Stahl are istrian; Messrs. Gaillare and Nicolini, French.

— THE METROPOLITAN HALL OFFERS COUNT- s advantages for vocal and instrumental recit- s, testimonial benefits, concerts for chamber usic, lectures, dramatic readings, school exhibi- tions, sacred concerts, panoramic displays, and ery other kind of entertainment.

— MISS ELLEN COURSEN. THOROUGH IN- ruction in Vocal Music. Classes in Singing. all, 317 Powell Street, opposite Union Square.

**Prang's Valentines.**

These beautiful Valentines, after an unfortu- ate delay, are now in the hands of the dealers.

— TO CREATE AN APPETITE AND GIVE TONE o the digestive apparatus, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is nequaled.

— MOTHERS SHOULD REMEMBER, IN THE AB- ence of their physician, that Ayer's Cherry Pec- oral promptly relieves the croup.

— DR. F. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MAR- ket, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photo- graphic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— MR. ALFRED KELLEHER DESIRES TO AN- nounce that he has resumed teaching at his rooms, Nos. 62 and 63 City of Paris Building.

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thur- low Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

## PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

## FOURTH CONCERT

**THIRD SEASON,**

....AT....

PLATT'S HALL,

**ON FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 15th.**

**GRAND ORCHESTRA,**

GUSTAV HINRICHS.....CONDUCTOR.

Programme includes novelties by Wagner, Rubinstein, Svendsen, Gounod, and Saint-Saens.

**Violin Solo by Henry Heyman.**

Grand Rehearsal, Thursday, Feb. 10, at one o'clock P. M. Box Sheet at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store open on Wednesday, Feb. 13th.

## FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES

235 KEARNY ST.

**Southwest cor. of Bush. Established 1877.**

PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

## MARBLE WORKS.

**MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.**

**W. H. McCORMICK,**

827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

OFFICE OF THE STANDARD CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY, San Francisco, February 2, 1884.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named company, held this day, Dividend No. 64, of Twenty-five cents (25c) per share, was declared, payable on Tuesday, February 12, 1884, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, in New York.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

# VALENTINES

In great variety, at wholesale price, at the

ARGONAUT BOOKSTORE

**215 Dupont St., near Sutter.**

**MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. A. K. CLAPPE'S**

## SELECT SCHOOL

**FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,**

At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N. Y. Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalogue.

**For Sale, on account of departure,**

**AN UPRIGHT**

## CHICKERING PIANO

Nearly new. Apply 1130 McAllister Street.

M. J. BURKE. **(Established 1858.)** F. H. BURKE.

## MADISON & BURKE,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS

**And Rent Collectors.**

**FULL CHARGE TAKEN OF REAL ESTATE.**

**401 and 403 Montgomery Street,**

**N. W. corner California St.**

## OLIVE

**AND OTHER FRUIT LANDS**

**FOR SALE,** in ten, fifteen, and twenty acre lots, at one hundred dollars an acre, at Suñol Glen, in Alameda County, on the Livermore or old overland route, thirty miles from Oakland, or thirty-six from San Francisco, four trains a day; excursion tickets, $1.50. Terms, $25 an acre, or 25 per cent. cash, deed given, balance to be paid in three annual installments. Trees furnished at fifteen cents apiece, land plowed, trees planted, and well cultivated for one year, at $20 an acre; well cultivated each succeeding year at $5 an acre; ninety per cent. of trees warranted to grow, or will be replanted without extra cost. Choicest vineyard land on the same terms. This land is situated in a warm belt, exempt from the prevailing coast fogs, and is well supplied with wood and water. The situation is picturesque, and the climate is equal to that of Santa Barbara. Reference, by permission, is given to W. F. Goad, 606 Montgomery Street; J. A. Robinson, 309 Montgomery Street; J. F. Gawthorne, 444 California Street; Hon. C. N. Felton, 123 California Street; C. W. Crane, 318 Pine Street, room 39; Captain H. H. Ellis, T. F. Bachelder, and Charles Hadsell, Suñol Glen. For further particulars apply to

**J. A. JOHNSON, Sunol Glen, Cal.**

P. S.—LOANS MADE and FARMS BOUGHT AND SOLD on commission, at moderate rates, in Alameda County.

# VALENTINES

**In great variety at**

## SNOW & CO'S

**12 Post Street, Masonic Temple.**

**Notice is hereby given that JOHN J.** NEWSOM, of Oakland, Alameda Co., Cal., and JOHN GASH, of San Francisco, Cal., have renewed their partnership as Architects, and that they comprise all the members of the firm of NEWSOM & GASH.

JOHN J. NEWSOM,
JOHN GASH.

San Francisco, January 29th, 1884.

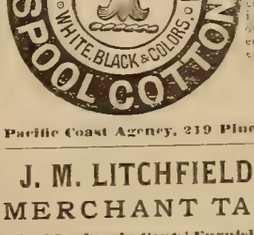
Acknowledged before John E. Hamill, N. P., January 30th, 1884.

[Endorsed] Filed in the office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of February, A. D. 1884.

WILLIAM T. SESNON, County Clerk.
By EDWARD MYERS, Deputy Clerk.

Office, 33 Merchants' Exchange, California St., S. F.

**ASK FOR BROOK'S SOFT FINISH**




As well as

**GLACE**

**Spool Cotton.**

Experienced operatives on all Sewing Machines recommend it in preference to all others.

For sale by all dealers.

**Pacific Coast Agency, 219 Pine Street, S. F.**

## J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS

**And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,**

**415 MONTGOMERY STREET,**

**Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco**

## BALDWIN THEATRE, - - - AL. HAYMAN, MANAGER.

**Choice Seats for First, Second, and Third Weeks on Sale.**

## EMMA ABBOTT GRAND OPERA COMPANY

## SALE FOR THE THIRD WEEK

## OPENED TO-DAY.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON—EMMA ABBOTT MATINEE. Emma Abbott and entire company.
SATURDAY NIGHT—**KING FOR A DAY.** Second time.
SUNDAY—**TROVATORE.** Rosewald, Seguin, Tagliapietra, Broderick, Allen, and Barsizza.

**Week of February 11th:**

MONDAY—**MIGNON,** by special request.
TUESDAY—Double Bill—Entire Opera of **SONNAMBULA** and Scene from **HAMLET.** Abbott, Rosewald, Hindle, Campobello, Allen, and Fabrini.
WEDNESDAY—**MARITANA.** Abbott, Seguin, Hinds, Campobello, Broderick, Allen, and Castle.
THURSDAY—**LINDA, PEARL OF SAVOY.** Abbott, Seguin, Tagliapietra, Broderick, Allen, and Fabrini.
FRIDAY—**FAUST.** Abbott, Seguin, Hindle, Tagliapietra, Campobello, Allen, and Fabrini.
SATURDAY—**SECOND OPERA MATINEE.**
SATURDAY NIGHT—**MIGNON.** Last time.
SUNDAY—**TROVATORE.**

## OPERAS

## FOR THIRD AND LAST WEEK BUT ONE.

**NOTE.—Positively Last Performance of Operas Announced.**

MONDAY, February 18—**MARTHA.** Abbott's "Last Rose of Summer." Abbott, Seguin, Tagliapietra, Broderick, Allen, and Fabrini.
TUESDAY—**BOHEMIAN GIRL.** Abbott, Seguin, Broderick, Allen, and Fabrini.
WEDNESDAY—**RIGOLETTO.** Abbott, Seguin, Tagliapietra, Broderick, Allen, and Fabrini.
THURSDAY—**MIGNON.** Three Prima Donnas.
FRIDAY—**LINDA, PEARL OF SAVOY.** Abbott, Seguin, Tagliapietra, Broderick, Allen, and Fabrini.
SATURDAY—Emma Abbott Matinee, **MARITANA.** Abbott, Seguin, Hindle, Campobello, Broderick, Allen, and Castle.
SATURDAY NIGHT—**FAUST,** with a brilliant cast.

PRICES—Orchestra and Dress Circle, $1.50; Balcony, $1; Gallery, 50 cents; Boxes, $8, $12, $15. Doors open at 7:15; carriages may be ordered at 10:45.

# J. H. CURLEY & CO.

**Desire to call the attention of the gentlemen of San Francisco to their REGULAR SPRING OPENING on MONDAY, February 11th, of the finest line of goods ever brought to this market. These goods have been personally selected by our MR. CURLEY in the leading marts of Europe and the East, and comprise all the very LATEST NOVELTIES in designs, material, and colors, in Fancy Cassimeres and Suitings, fine Black Cloths, and a full line of both heavy and light-weight Coatings, etc. PRICES THE LOWEST, and the very best fit guaranteed.**

## 14 MONTGOMERY STREET.

# KNABE PIANOS

"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*

**A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St. S. F.,** Sole Agents.



**The DRESS REFORM CORSET.—The Finest Corset on the Coast.—** TRY IT, AND YOU WILL LIKE IT.—Glove-fitting, graceful, comfortable, "just the thing" for stout figures. BONES ARE SO PLACED THEY WILL NOT BREAK. Sold by us for the past 6 years STRICTLY ON ITS MERITS. Sent to any address postpaid, $3.00. Will exchange if it does not fit. In ordering, send a tight waist, hip, and bust measure, taken outside of your dress. Send for illustrated book of our Union Under-Flannels, Shoulder Braces, Corded Waists, Hose and Skirt Supporters, etc.—which took the first prize (a silver medal) at the late Mechanics' Fair—to the only Depot for these goods.

**M. H. OBER & CO.,**
**Boston Dress Reform Rooms,**
Established 1876. 326 Sutter St., S. F., Cal.







## A PRIZE

Send six cents for postage and packing, and receive free a costly box of goods which will enable you at once to go to work and make money right away than anything else in America. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

**STAMPING** Patterns for Kensington, Arabesque, and all other Embroidery, 10 full-size sheets of patterns, including scollops, Borders, and Kensington Stitch, for Embroidery and dress trimming, patterns for Crocheting Stockings, Sunflowers, Borders, Corners, &c., for Tidies and Lambrequins, Chair Backs, &c., and your own business for Handkerchiefs, Hat Bands, &c., with Powder, Pad and Instructions, sent postpaid for 60 cents. Can be used a hundred times. Book of 100 Designs for Embroidery, Braiding, etc., 25 cts. Our Book "Manual of Needlework," 350 Pages is a complete Instructor in all branches of Embroidery, Knitting, Crocheting, Lace Making, Rug Making, &c., 35 cents. Four for $1.00. All for a set for $1.00. Address Pattee Pub. Co. 47 Barclay Street, New York




# BETHESDA

SUPERIOR TABLE WATER

L. CAHEN AND SON. 418 SAC. ST. S.F.

R. H. McDonald, PRESIDENT. L. Vesaria, VICE-PREST.
Z. S. Eldredge, ACT'G CASH'R.

# PACIFIC BANK

Established 1863

Capital Stock $1,000,000.00

Surplus $450,000.00

*San Francisco, Jan. 1, 1884*

**The following statement** shows the condition of this bank January 1, 1884:

**Ours** is the oldest chartered banking institution on the Pacific Coast.

**Our connections** are complete for the transaction of any and all kinds of banking or collection business.

**Individuals, firms, corporations,** contemplating a change in their present banking arrangements, or opening an account in this city, will do well to communicate with us.

Assets.

| | |
|---|---|
| Solvent Bills Receivable | $2,509,721 35 |
| Real Estate—Bank'g house | 150,000 00 |
| Other Real Estate | 14,996 60 |
| Govt. Bonds, Bank stocks &c. | 111,993 05 |
| Due from solvent Banks | 358,206 64 |
| Money on hand | 633,160 16 |
| | $3,778,077 80 |

Liabilities.

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital Stock | $1,000,000 00 |
| Surplus Fund | 450,000 00 |
| Undivided Profits | 6,120 35 |
| Due Depositors | 2,167,652 57 |
| Due Banks | 114,304 88 |
| Due Dividend No. 69 | 40,000 00 |
| | $3,778,077 80 |

**All matters** intrusted to our care will be attended to with promptness, fidelity, and in strict confidence.

**R. H. McDONALD, Pres't.**

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**

**Commission Merchants,**

**San Francisco.**

OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.

☞ Liberal advances made on consignments. ☜

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**

**Shipping and Commission Merchants**

**San Francisco,**

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON.

Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

**No. 309 SANSOME STREET,**

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**

**Shipping and Commission Merchants**

**204 and 206 California Street,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

**A. HARKER & CO.**

**Importers and Wholesale Grocers,**

108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHEESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.

**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**

**Shipping and Commission Merchants**

UNION BLOCK,

202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,

Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**

**(Established 1854),**

HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

**39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.**

**JOHN DANIEL & CO.**

Importers and Dealers in Italian Marble and Scotch Granite

**MONUMENTS AND MANTELS,**

No. 421 Pine Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco, Cal.

☞ Manufacturers of Monuments, Headstones, Mantelpieces, Plumbers' Stones, Table and Counter Tops, Imposing Stones, etc., at lowest cash prices.

**Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed**

# TILES

**For Decorations.**

**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**

**311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.**

# LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.

**Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.**

119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE

# HENRY F. MILLER

**(Factory Boston, Mass.) and**

# HEMME & LONG

**(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)**

AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.

# WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.

**101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.**

**Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.**

PIANOS

# ICHI BAN

# FIREMAN'S FUND

## INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.

**CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - - $750,000**

**ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1882, - - - - $1,350,000**

**D. J. STAPLES, President.**
**ALPHEUS BULL, Vice-President.**
**WILLIAM J. DUTTON, Secretary.**
**E. W. CARPENTER, Asst. Secretary.**

**AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.**

# WALL PAPER,

**Artistic Designs, American, French, and English. Cornice Poles and Fixtures. Sole Agents on Pacific Coast for LINCRUSTA WALTON, the new and indestructible Wall Decoration. Imitation Stained and Ground Glass, for residences, churches, etc. Frescoing and Interior Decorating a specialty.**

## WINDOW SHADES.

**Samples and Estimates furnished on Application.**

## G. W. CLARK & CO., 645 & 647 MARKET ST.

# PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.

**Stationers, Booksellers,**

**Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,**

**204 Sansome Street, near Pine.**

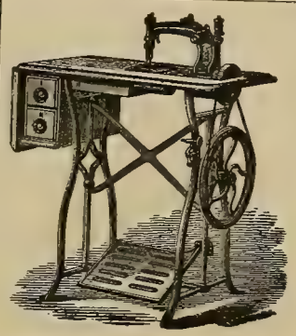
**Every reader of the "Argonaut" should see a copy of**

**THE ILLUSTRATED NEW YORK**

# • LIFE •

**The leading Humorous and Satirical Paper.**

TERMS: At the rate of $5.00 a year, postage free. Sample copy free. **1155 Broadway, New York.**



**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.**

**WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.**

**303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.**

# HOTEL

## SIERRA MADRE VILL

**On the mountain side,**

**In an Orange Grove, Near Los Angele**

Has been enlarged to accommodate One Hundred Gu For climate, health, comfort, pure water, and beaut scenery, it has no equal on this coast. General Sher says it surpasses all other places on the American conti for a quiet good time.

For further information, address

**W. COGSWELL, Proprietor,**

San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, Ca

**CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINE**

**OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.**

**Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Stree**

C. SPRECKELS, President.

J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.

A. B. SPRECKELS, Secreta

**THE**

**AMERICAN SUGAR REFINER**

SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, includi Loaf Sugar for export.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**

Office, 208 California Street.

# THE CALIFORNIA

**SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY**

**Junction Market and Powell Sts.**

Deposits received. Loans made on city and country property at low rates.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for

**TAMAR** **CONSTIPATION,** Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Cerebral Congestion, etc.

Prepared by

**INDIEN** **GRILLON,** SOLE PROPRIETOR,

Pharmacien de première classe de la Faculté de Paris,

**GRILLON** 27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.

Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.




THE HARKNESS

# FIRE EXTINGUISHER

**First Premium Mechanics' Institute, 1882.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**

**36 California Street, San Francisco,**

General Agents Pacific Coast.

# REMOVAL

**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**

HAVE REMOVED TO

**311, 313, 315, and 317**

MARKET STREET,

**Between Beale and Fremont.**

# GERMEA

FOR BREAKFAST.

DELICIOUS.

TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIV. No. 7. SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 16, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: General Grant's Chronic Attack of Opinions on the Presidential Question — The Third Term Conspiracy and how the People Crushed it—One Hundred Thousand Dollars a Year to Provide High Schools for the Children of Independent Citizens—Shall they Continue to be Fed at Public Expense?—A List of the Occupations of Men who have the Assurance to Stand in the Relation of Mendicants toward the Public—The Text-books Used at the Boy's High-School—A Vast Multitude of Poor Children to be Rescued from Ignorance and Crime—Let the Large Slice of the Common School Fund which Goes for High Schools be Used for the Lower Grades — The Proposed World's Fair to be Held in 1887—A Review of what has been done during the Past Six Years as Regards Railway and Steamship Transportation —The Mexican Central Railroad and its Coming Completion—A Vision of the Future ..... 1-2
OLD FAVORITES BY THACKERAY ..... 3
STORYETTES: Grave, Gay, Epigrammatic, and Otherwise ..... 3
FAST LONDON LADIES: "Cockaigne" names them ..... 4
THE RAILWAY WORLD: Notes of Interest to Employees and Travelers ..... 4
VANITY FAIR: Its Women and its Fashions ..... 6
INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Gossip about Prominent People ..... 5
SOCIETY: "Bavardin's" Letter—Notes and Gossip—The Baker Musicale ..... 6
MUSICAL NOTES: The Loring Club Concert ..... 6
OUR NEW YORK LETTER: "Flaneur" gives the Gossip of the Week ..... 7
LOVE'S RANDOM SHOT: By Wilkie Collins ..... 8
OUR CHESS COLUMN: Notes and Problems in the King of Games ..... 9
HOW TO EAT: By Charles Monselet ..... 10
LITERARY NOTES: The New Books and their Authors ..... 10
CHIT-CHAT: "Una" talks of Opera and Opera-goers ..... 11
PICTURES FROM LIFE: A Crook's Device—Another Crook ..... 11
THE INNER MAN: A Parisian *Menu* ..... 12
THE DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Notes of the Week ..... 14

With the regularity of an intermittent fever, there comes to us through the associated press dispatches, once in about thirty days, what General Grant thinks about the prospects of the next Presidential election. In this connection, reference is made to the Honorable Roscoe Conkling, General William T. Sherman, Senator Logan, and one or two other illustrious ones connected with the late conspiracy for Grant's third-term nomination. We have too lively a recollection, and too great an indignation, to recall this dark spot of treason in our political history with other than angry resentment. Toward those persons engaged in it, we have no generosity. The conspiracy was too deliberate, and those who are responsible for it were too prominent in the councils of the Government to be entitled to be looked upon otherwise than as traitors to the country. We do not believe that any one of the persons who deliberately plotted to impose General Grant upon the country for a third term has any future in the Republican party. The act was too criminal to be condoned. There are crimes recorded in history so desperate in their character that the perpetrators command a certain respect, because they never had the assurance to expect, or the audacity to ask for, forgiveness. When Grant's unsuccessful administration of eight years was brought to an end by an unsuccessful attempt to make Senator Conkling his successor, it might have been supposed that the Catilines would have withdrawn themselves from any further effort in that direction, or, if that kind of ambition never dies, it might have been carried on with some little respect for the traditions of the country. Had Logan, Cameron, or some of the lesser conspirators in this political plot, been advanced for the party nomination, history would not have been compelled to also write "Blunderers," where it now writes "Conspirators." The defeat of Grant was more than a party victory; it was a political lesson—a lesson incompletely learned, if the American people shall forget or omit to punish any of the greater criminals who endeavored to impose a third time as President one whose *only* claim was military success. The victory at Chicago was not a victory for Garfield. It was a triumph over what the American people believed to be a treasonable conspiracy against the perpetuity of republican government. Republican success was due to the reaction which grew out of the destruction of that conspiracy. The first opportunity offered for the American people to show their appreciation of the conspirators was when Roscoe Conkling, in the exhibition of the petulance of a small mind, left his seat in the Senate of the United States because he was not pleased at the appointment of a collector of customs. When he stepped down from his great office into the arena with other men, and was beaten, it was then, for the first time, fully realized how much of this greatness was flatulence and how much was substance. Roscoe Conkling passed into private life with the regret of a very small number of Republican partisans, and without the sympathy of anybody else. The same fate will attend a similar experiment by Logan. It is a matter of small importance what General Grant may think as to the future of Logan or the fate of the party. In our opinion it will be to the last degree unwise to endeavor to blow the embers of this old conspiracy into a new flame. It will end in smoke. The men at the East who think the military fame of General Sherman sufficient to render him available as a Presidential candidate, do not consider all the questions which his candidacy will involve. It is better such questions be not raised at this time, nor at any time. Give the school-houses and the independent press another generation, and the cloud which the nomination of Sherman would prick and burst will pass harmlessly overhead.

Two hundred and fifty boys in the High School, with nine professors, and run at a cost of $1,565 a month. Estimate rent at, say, $250 per month; add taxes (if taxes were payable), and insurance, and cost of repairing building, and it is a safe estimate to say that the cost of the High School is $25,000 per annum. In the Girls' High School are an average of seven hundred and fifty girls; hence we may estimate the cost at three times as much, or $75,000, making a grand total for Boys' and Girls' High Schools of $100,000 a year. This is nearly one-seventh of the whole appropriation for the education of the youth between five and seventeen years of age, who are entitled to draw public money, numbering fifty-eight thousand and sixty-one. One-fifty-eighth part of the pupils draw more than one-eighth of all the school money. These favored young gentlemen are educated in Latin and Greek, and lately in French and German, in chemistry, philosophy, higher mathematics, and English literature. The principal of the High School claims for it that it is a preparatory school for a university or college education. And who are the fortunate young gentlemen to whom the inheritance of life has furnished the opportunity of education at public expense?—and who are the parents who have such cheeks of bronze that they can justify the imposition of the education of their children in the higher branches of learning upon their neighbors? Why not ask us to board and clothe them? We provide for the poor and destitute, because they *are* poor and destitute. We educate the children of the poor in the elementary elements of an English education. We educate your children in Latin, Greek, German, French, and the higher branches of classical and literary learning, simply because the world has run mad on the subject of education, and you have taken advantage of the craze to impose your children upon our charity. You have assumed toward us the relation of pauper, mendicant, and beggar, and when we denounce the imposition, you have simply the right of the beggar to remain silent. The principal of the Boys' High School, instead of giving us honestly the names of his pupils, with the numbers of their homes, so that we may obtain some intelligent idea of the class of society to which they belong, disguises the fact, the undoubted fact, which the writer charges—viz., that the High School pupils are from the independent and wealthy class—by pretending to give the occupations of their fathers; and yet, with all his ingenuity, this is the showing he makes: There are three sons of bankers, nine sons of capitalists, eleven sons of commission merchants, three of contractors and builders, one of a flour manufacturer, one of a grain merchant, three of grocers, one of an iron merchant, seven of lawyers, three of liquor-dealers, five of dealers in lumber, one the son of a major in the United States Army, and one the son of a major-general. Forty-one are the sons of merchants, three sons of clergymen, twenty-four of parents retired from employment; eight are the sons of physicians, one of a railroad president, one the son of the real estate agent of the Central Pacific Railroad, one the son of the chief engineer of the Southern Pacific Railroad, one son of a ship-builder, four sons of stock-brokers, one son of the superintendent of the Oriental and Occidental Steamship Company, and one of the superintendent of the United States Coast Survey. Four are the sons of teachers, seven of tobacconists, two of wholesale butchers, and one of a wholesale liquor-dealer. These are average solid men, we take it, with enough of money and pride, presumably, to raise them above the position of mendicancy assumed by them toward the tax-paying community in which and upon which they live. And now, in order to ascertain upon what pastures these young gentlemen and ladies of the favored class are so luxuriously feeding, let us name some of their text-books: Ahn's "German Readers," edited by Doctor Henn; Otto's "French Grammar"; French and German "Principia"; Rolfe's "Shakespeare"; "Un philosophe sous le toit"; Avery's "Chemistry"; Mrs. Fawcett's "Political Economy"; "Undine"; Allen's "Latin Method"; Liddell and Scott's "Greek Lexicon"; White's "Latin Dictionary"; Jones's "Greek Composition"; "Principia Latina"; Goodwin's "Reader" and "Grammar" in Greek; Boise's "Homer"; Gasc's "French Dictionary"; "Physiology and Hygiene"; "La Littérature Française Contemporaine"; Allen's and Greenough's and Chase and Stuart's "Latin Classics"; and Smith's "History of Greece." We weary of transcribing this long list of text-books. We have not quoted one-third. It embraces poetry from Milton to the later and smaller American verse-makers; readings from history; exercises in Latin composition; elements of natural philosophy; books of rhetoric; novels; "Tom Brown"; Irving's "Sketch-book"; the works of fiction of Hawthorne, Scott, Dickens, and George Eliot; works on geometry, astronomy, zoölogy, political economy, floriculture, elocution, music—ending with Ovid, Cicero, and Virgil. This absurd and wanton extravagance is being practiced in favor of the children of well-to-do and independent citizens, when, by the report of Superintendent Moulder, thousands of poor children are deprived of school-rooms, huddled into close and unhealthy quarters, taught eighty in a gang by over-worked, poorly paid, nervous women. It is a shameful parody on the common sense of a public which undertakes to govern itself. It is all based upon a sham, and the result of it all is a fraud. Not one boy in ten at the High School acquires a real education which better qualifies him for the practical duties of life; and not one girl in fifty from the Girls' High School is any better woman, or any more self-helpful, or any more serviceable to her parents, when she leaves the school, than when she enters it. The whole business, from top to bottom, is so closely allied to the swindle which comes from demagogy, place-seeking, pedagogism, and jobbery, that we are not taking very much pains in its discussion to spare the feelings of those persons who have their hands in our pockets. The average output of High School boys and girls is not so far above the average of humanity as to challenge any especial forbearance in that direction. If the *Argonaut* should ever enter upon the scheme of offering prizes, we will set aside five hundred dollars as a gift to any High School boy who—having left that school and not having entered and graduated at a learned university—can construe correctly any ten lines of simple and elementary Greek or Latin that we may give him; or to one whose parents are not French or German, and who has not been educated elsewhere than at a cosmopolitan school, can pronounce one hundred French or German words correctly; or to a High School girl or Cosmopolitan girl, of American parentage, who can, without dislocating her neck and

twisting her tongue into a double bowknot, write a simple bill of fare for the dinner of six persons, in Latin, Greek, French, or German; then we would give her a second prize if she had the courage herself to eat the dinner she had, without assistance, cooked. The salaries of teachers are shamefully disproportioned. Female teachers are treated with cowardice, because they can not vote. Some forty teachers get over one hundred and fifty dollars per month; another sixty get over one hundred dollars; while the female six hundred average, say sixty or sixty-five dollars. The teacher works less than ten months in the year, but five days in the week, and six hours in the day. All of this business is the more provoking because it hides itself, in a cowardly way, within a system which is justly regarded as one of the props or foundation-stones of our political and social structure. It is a thieving parasite that has interwoven itself completely with the whole educational system. There is a place for all school moneys, all our philanthrophy, all the best exertions of earnest men and Christian women, in another field of the educational work. There is so vast a multitude of poor children in every city to be rescued from poverty, ignorance, idleness, and crime, that it is a sin for anybody to steal from them the public money, the sentiment, and the sympathy which of right belong to them. The man of independent means who sends his boy to the High School for education, at the cost of kindergarten, primary, and grammar education for those whose parents lack the means of educating their children in the rudimentary elements of an English education, lacks both pride and honesty. The citizen who defends himself from the just reproach of giving his children education in the higher branches of classical, scientific, and literary learning, at the public expense, would feed and clothe his family at the public crib if the opportunity should ever present itself. The time will come when the middle class will not stand this robbery, and then a Board of Education will be elected which will abolish both the high schools, all the cosmopolitan ones, remove all the rot and rubbish from the system, and give us a class of schools with an administration which will be more in obedience to the common sense requirements of an intelligent and sensible community.

Answer to half an hundred correspondents: Simply because the matter does not interest or concern us, and, in our judgment, ought not to interest or concern any healthy mind; because we think it is a conspiracy on the part of a criminal syndicate to blackmail a rich man. We have no sympathy with the man of wealth who lives in violation of the proprieties of civilization. Something is due to appearance and decencies in life. If we were drawn upon the Blythe jury, we should find for the claimants—for all the claimants, each in their turn. We have half a dozen millionaire acquaintances living in concubinage, and when they die we hope that, as each turns up his toes to the daisies, they will be watered by the tears of a brevet wife, and that we may be drawn upon the jury in order that we may find for the plaintiff. The misadventures of the demi-monde do not enlist our sympathy; and we have no sentiment to expend upon a demi-rep who makes a sham display of anxiety over the loss of what she calls her "honor." The man who will betray the confidence of a bad woman, and for hire give away guilty secrets, is himself a more contemptible wretch than the thing he betrays. We would not believe him under oath, if we knew what he testified to was true. Nothing justifies a lawyer who is a gentleman for dragging the name of an innocent daughter into a domestic scandal. The man who would do it, or counsel it, or consent to it, is simply a blackguard. If a rich man is beset by blackmailers, and is conscious that he is the subject of a conspiracy of mercenary lawyers, criminals, prostitutes, perjurers, and other unprincipled persons, to extort money from his indiscretions, he is doing a worthy public service in bravely defending himself, and with courage and firmness refusing to be blackmailed. Only criminals pay hush-money. Blackmail is the tribute which cowardice pays to crime.

It was about six years ago that the writer was conversing with Governor Stanford, at his residence, in the room overlooking the Bay of San Francisco, and the railroad depot, offices, and terminus at Townsend Street. "In ten years," said the governor, "I shall look down upon the constant arrival and departure of steamers and trains from all parts of the world to our city. From India and China, from our own northern possessions, from the Hawaiian Islands and Australia, from the south coast of Central and South America, lines of steamers will be established in frequent communication with our bay. By that time the Southern Pacific trains will be constantly arriving and departing from New Orleans, and direct communication with St. Louis will be established. From the Mexican port of Guaymas, and from the City of Mexico direct, trains will daily arrive and depart. We shall be in communication by rail with Oregon and Washington Territory; Puget Sound and the mouth of the Columbia will have direct rail connection with the cities of Boston and New York; and San Francisco will have close upon a million of population." We have four years more to await the fulfillment of all this magnificent prophecy. We look forward to the accomplishment of all these results, excepting that of the number of the promised population. Nearly all these things are now accomplished. Between our port and China we note the successful establishment of two lines of ocean steamers engaged in a profitable commerce. With the Sandwich Islands a steam line runs with prompt regularity. With Australia we have frequent and regular steam communication. With the northern and southern ports we have constant intercourse by steam. The Southern Pacific Railroad unites the waters of the Bay of San Francisco with those of the Gulf of Mexico. The road to Guaymas and the road to St. Louis direct are built. The road connecting the valley of the Sacramento with the valley of the Willamette is being pressed with great energy. This conversation is recalled by the information that the Mexican Central Railroad, uniting the city of San Francisco with the city of Mexico, is so nearly completed that the fifth of May has been fixed upon for the formal opening of the line. On the fifth of May the political and railroad magnates of the two North American republics will unite to celebrate, with the driving of the golden spike and other appropriate ceremonies, the consummation of this great international achievement. This valley of Mexico, home of the Aztecs, and halls of the Montezumas, which in our youth we regarded as a land of romance, a dreamland, where Cortez and the mail-clad warriors of Spain planted the banners of a Christian nationality, and the cowled monks of the church established the cross, is now for us a pleasure excursion, and for our business men the opportunity of direct daily trade. It is probable that the proposed treaty of commercial reciprocity between the governments of the United States and Mexico will be speedily ratified. We are not sufficiently posted in affairs of trade to know how such a treaty will operate with reference to the productions of our State or the business of our merchants. It is the duty of our merchants to investigate in this direction, and to be prepared to act with prompt decision if they desire to share with the business men of the South and East the profits of this proposed intercourse. It is beyond doubt that between Mexico and the United States there will develop very intimate business relations. It is not improbable that the political relations between the two republics will be drawn much closer than those now existing. It is not impossible that in the not distant future the two countries may be united under one government and one flag. We are not unmindful of an existing prejudice on either side of the border to the possibility suggested; nor are we unmindful of the difficulties to be encountered and overcome before this consummation could be achieved. Expressing no opinion upon the desirability or probability of extending our borders southward, we are not ignorant of the fact that there exists among business men and politicians in both countries a sentiment in this direction. The wise merchant is not indifferent to such a possibility as is herein hinted at. It may be a wild scheme to dream of so enlarging the boundaries of our country that its southern border shall be the southern shore of the Panama Canal; but there are men, not altogether visionary, who entertain it.

We received a circular a few days since from Dr. Lyford, conveying to us the cheerful information that, in event of our death, his services were available to embalm our body. His is a chemical, process which transforms the clay to stone. This is an undoubted improvement over the Egyptian mode of embalming; but is it quite fair to the worm? It is a more comfortable idea than that of cremation, but, supposing every human body to be thus petrified, what will be the result? Bohn and Wagner estimate the world's population in round numbers at 1,468,000,000. The Biblical period of the world's age is six thousand years; the Talmudic gives another thousand years; the geological calculation is that the world's duration numbers countless æons. Let us guess that the world has existed, say, 100,000 years; this will give us, as having existed, 1,468,000,000,000,000 people. The average weight of the human body is one hundred and twenty pounds. This calculation gives us in pounds 176,160,000,000,000,000. The weight of the earth, at 354 pounds to the cubic foot, gives us 6,768,838,943,539,200,000,000 tons. The area of land upon the earth's surface is only 52,000,000 square miles. Upon the whole earth there is standing-room for only 869,806,080,000,000 persons. If all the inhabitants of the earth who have lived and died had been turned to stone, the whole of the earth's surface would to-day be a great stone quarry. Mindful of our duty to future generations, the *Argonaut* can not encourage Dr. Lyford in his attempt to introduce his plan for the petrifaction of the dead. It would not be just or fair toward those who are to come after us, and who will need the land for cultivation, to convert the whole superficial area of the earth's surface into a stone heap. Upon principle, we refuse to give the number of Dr. Lyford's office, or what he charges for his process. Our advertising columns only are available for this unprincipled business; at reasonable rates he may cover the whole available area of the habitable globe with human débris. After us the stone quarry.

The proposed World's Fair for our coast, to be held in the summer of 1887, begins to assume the possible. The address put forth by the Executive Committee is rational and modest, not underrating the difficulties of the undertaking, and not overestimating the benefits to be realized therefrom. New Orleans holds a fair during the coming winter; St. Louis proclaims a quadri-centennial for 1892, celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus; Chicago enters the list for some intermediate day. It would not be an unprofitable or an unpopular precedent for our Congress to establish, if, to each of these localities and to others in turn, it would vote a million or two in aid. To no part of the country would an international exposition prove more profitable than to California. In no part of the country could an exposition be made that would be of greater service in the establishment of commerce and comity. It would be at once useful and interesting. Asia could be seen here upon our coast, and we could reflect upon her people the results of our younger and more active civilization. A world's fair will not be held in San Francisco unless her wealthy citizens shall make the first move. The first move for them is to place their hands in their own pockets.

When party issues come to be made up and discussed, we hope the *Examiner* and other Democratic papers, and the Democratic orators, will not forget the attitude of the Hon. Perry Belmont, M. C. from the city of New York, upon the Chinese question. We hope they also will remember the fact that he is the son of his father, and that his father is the Hon. August Belmont, banker of the house of Rothschild, and for many years chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Curious fact, by the way, that the Pope's Irish, composing the rank and file of the unwashed portion of the unterrified, should acknowledge as a leader a member of the tribe of Levi. The Belmont boy is, by virtue of his money and his cheek, an acknowledged lion of the house of Judah, a leader of the hosts of the Democracy, a boss in the wigwam of Tammany. He is a recognized Democratic party leader, and is an open advocate of unrestricted Chinese immigration.

Rome, proud mistress of the world, who sat in grandeur on her seven hills, was undoubtedly a much over-rated institution; only great in comparison with the littleness with which she was surrounded, only strong because she had the opportunity to measure her strength with weakness, and only civilized in contrast with barbarism. Her Hills, the famed Seven, the Aventine, Capitoline, Cœlian, Esquiline, Palatine, Quirinal, and Viminal, are only about one hundred and fifty feet in height, and not at all comparable to our Seven Hills of San Francisco—Telegraph, Clay Street, Russian, Pacific Heights, Rincon, Strawberry, and Lone Mountain. The famous Appian Way is a narrow and unserviceable road of unshapely bowlders. The wall which Romulus built Remus jumped over, and there has never been a wall around Rome since which would for a moment resist a modern siege. The Tiber is a muddy rivulet; the Campagna an unhealthy morass; the Castle St. Angelo is an exaggerated cheese-box; St. Peter's, her famous basilica, is but the monument of a fading superstition which succeeded the Pantheon and Coliseum, ruins of a defunct paganism. A pope is but a weak imitation of a Roman emperor. The cardinal, with his purple mantle, is a burlesque pantomime of the Roman senator in his toga. The "States of the Church," under the civil dominion of the pope, was in extent of country a cabbage-garden, in point of government a sort of cross between an Irish wake and a Methodist camp-meeting. The city of Rome, under the government of Italy, and as Italy's capital, is undergoing transformation, is being improved and modernized, is well governed, and is prospering. The malignant shadow of the Cross crawls slowly in as the sun of the new day rises above the horizon. Old superstitions disappear, giving to new Italy a new and better Rome with liberty and religious freedom.

It is not easy nowadays, says the *Continent*, in the settled portions of the country to find a place where one can be sure of not hearing the omnipresent locomotive's whistle. Here are a few figures that have recently been published giving the distances to which the sound is conveyed under favorable atmospheric conditions. Mr. J. J. Stranahan states that the whistle and the noise of the train on the trestle at Erie were formerly heard at Bœuff, Pensylvania, a distance of nineteen miles, air line. W. J. McC., of San Pablo, California, writes that on calm, clear days, especially in the fall, they hear the rumble of the cars on a trestle located eighteen miles distant. J. H. S. says he has frequently heard the railway shop whistle at Grand Island while living at Oroville, a distance of twenty-eight miles, and has seen moving trains with unaided eye twelve miles. Mr. C. V. Swarthout, Cape Vincent, N. Y., frequently hears the railway whistle at Kingston, Ontario, eighteen to twenty miles. It is evident, then, that to secure immunity from the whistle one must be in the centre of a circle at least forty miles in diameter uncrossed by lines of railroad.

## PICTURES FROM LIFE.

### Why the Crook Smiled.

[S]ated at a table near the window of a Bleecker Street res[t]urant not far from Mulberry Street, a daintily dressed cro[o]k was sipping a cup of coffee yesterday morning. On the opposite side of the street was a young man with a he[a]vy trunk. The young man alternately rolled and dr[a]ged the trunk laboriously along toward the Bowery. [M]akes hard work of it," said an acquaintance near by, wh[o] was also watching the young man and the trunk. The cro[o]k's face grew grave at once.

"Yes," he said, "but I wouldn't laugh at his misfortun[e]. The trunk made me think of a game we often work wit[h] cheering success. My father always taught me to cultiv[a]te a cheerful disposition. He probably would not have ad[v]ised me to take my present profession as a means to the[e]nd, but there is nothing like it for real pleasant reminis[c]nces. It has been many years since the trunk game was imported from Paris. To work it some money is ne[e]ded for postage, some printed letter-paper and envelop[e]s, and a list of rural addresses. The letter-paper should ha[v]e the cut of a large hotel, and a neat heading printed o[n] it. Envelopes should be similarly printed. Then to [e]ach address a letter is written like this:

OFFICE OF THE COMMERCIAL RESORT, }
NEW YORK, ——— —, 1884. }

"J. JOHN SMITH, Smithville—Dear Sir: Your brother Henry, who has been stopping with us for a few days, died suddenly in his room last night. The house surgeon says he died of heart disease. He was writing you a letter at the time, the written portion of which we inclose. His body is now with Hopkinson & Hopkinson, undertakers, 1187 Seventh Avenue, awaiting your orders. His effects, consisting of a large trunk full of wearing apparel, a heavy gold watch with gold neck-chain, a diamond pin, and a self-revolver, will be forwarded to you by express on receipt of twenty dollars, the amount of his board bill due us. Permit us to express our regrets that you should suffer this loss. Respectfully

J. PLANTAGENET BROWN, Proprietor.

"P. S.—You can send a twenty-dollar bill loose in a well-sealed envelope.

"The unfinished letter reads thus:

NEW YORK, ——— —, 1884.

"HENRY SMITH, ESQ., Smithville — Dear Brother: Although I am —

"This is written in a different hand entirely, and the last few words are jumbled up."

"Yes, but any one who got that letter would know that he had no brother Henry in New York," said the crook's acquaintance.

"Certainly he would. That makes me laugh. He thinks he will get a gold repeater, and a diamond pin, and a gold watch-chain, and a new revolver, for twenty dollars. He may wonder how it happened that the deceased was writing to him, but in his desire to get portable property he does not reason much. Why, we've even had them come on to see us. We've coralled them in one or two hotels where friends of mine and we've taken in the sequins every time. The last game I worked that racket I got in nearly seven hundred dollars in three weeks."

### Another Tale from a Crook.

"A Bleecker Street crook was eyeing the dirty street from the top step in front of a high-stoop house not far from Mulberry Street yesterday, when an acquaintance passed. "Been in luck lately?" the latter asked.

"No, sir. There is no such thing as luck. Success comes only as the result of persistent, intelligent endeavor. Such success have I lately attained, and having pretty thoroughly garnered the harvest, I will relate to you the details. Some years ago I devised a scheme for teaching printers a practical lesson in business affairs, and at the same time gaining for myself fame and wealth. My first move was to prepare some beautifully lithographed letter paper, with a cut of a large factory on one side and the printed heading of a corporation beside it. Then I wrote to men who had patented any sort of small machinery a letter like this:

OFFICE OF THE ATLANTIC MANUFACTURING CO., }
No. — BLEECKER STREET, NEW YORK. }

"DEAR SIR: My attention has been called to the fact that you have received letters patent on a new device for cleaning brooms. The manufacture of such machines is a specialty with us, and we desire to add to our present list of machines all the improvements that may be devised, whenever it is demonstrated to us that no improvement exists of which we have not the control. From the very brief description of your machine contained in the Patent Office reports, we are inclined to think that you have something that we want. I am authorized by the directors of the company to say that if your machine does all you claim for it, and if your patent is as strong and as broad in its claims as it should be, we will give you ten thousand dollars cash for the exclusive right to make and sell them in the State of New York and all other States west of the Hudson River. We will, in addition, allow you a reasonable royalty on all machines sold, rendering accounts quarterly or otherwise, as may be agreed. The ten thousand dollars will be paid you as soon as the papers are ready for signature.

"We shall expect you to share the expense of the examination into the merits of your machine and the validity of the patent. Our Washington attorney charges fifty dollars for this service. On receipt of twenty-five dollars from you, we will have the investigation made at once. It will require ten days to complete the examination, at the end of which time we shall be ready to prepare the papers. We shall then be happy to invite you to visit the city as our guest, so that everything can be arranged satisfactorily *viva voce*.

"Very respectfully yours, R. BERNARD PELHAM,
Secretary.

"P. S.—Please send money in postal order, or registered letter.

"It should be distinctly understood that I wrote out each letter, putting in the names of the different machines as occasion demanded. Lithographed autographic letters would not do. I mailed my letters all so that the replies were likely to be scattered along over a couple of weeks' time, and thus avoided awakening suspicion at the postoffice."

"How did you manage to get the addresses?"

"Very easily. There are numbers of what are called trade-papers in the country, devoted to special manufacturing interests. These papers publish from week to week the list of patents taken out for machines."

"How many feathers line your nest as the result of your little literary effort?"

"I got in all ninety-eight letters and packages that contained the cash."—*New York Sun.*

## OLD FAVORITES BY THACKERAY.

### When Moonlike ore the Hazure Seas.

When moonlike ore the hazure seas
In soft effulgence swells,
When silver jews and balmy breaze
Bend down the Lily's bells;
When calm and deap, the rosy sleap
Has lapt your soal in dreems,
R Hangeline! R lady mine!
Dost thou remember Jeames?
I mark thee in the Marble All,
Where England's loveliest shine—
I say the fairest of them hall
Is Lady Hangeline.
My soul, in desolate eclipse,
With recollection teems—
And then I hask, with weeping lips,
Dost thou remember Jeames?
Away! I may not tell thee hall
This soughring heart endures—
There is a lonely sperrit-call
That Sorrow never cures;
There is a little, little Star,
That still above me beams;
It is the Star of Hope—but ar!
Dost thou remember Jeames?

### Jeames of Buckley Square—A Helegy.

Come all ye gents vot cleans the plate,
Come all ye ladies' maids so fair—
Vile I a story vill relate
Of cruel Jeames of Buckley Square.
A tighter lad, it is confest,
Neer valked with powder in his air,
Or vore a nosegay in his breast,
Than andsum Jeames of Buckley Square.
O Evns! it vas the best of sights,
Behind his Master's coach and pair,
To see our Jeames in red plush tights
A driving hoff from Buckley Square.
He vel became his hagwilletts,
He cocked his hat with *such* a hair;
His calves and viskers *vas* such pets,
That hall loved Jeames of Buckley Square.
He pleased the hup-stairs folks as vell,
And o! I vithered with despair,
Misses *vould* ring the parlor bell,
And call up Jeames in Buckley Square.
Both beer and sperrits he abhord
(Sperrits and beer I can't a bear),
You would have thought he vas a lord
Down in our All in Buckley Square.
Last year he visper'd, "Mary Ann,
Ven I've an under'd pound to spare,
To take a public is my plan,
And leave this hojous Buckley Square."
O how my gentle heart did bound,
To think that I his name should bear!
"Dear Jeames," says I, "I've twenty pound,"
And gev them him in Buckley Square.
Our master vas a City gent,
His name's in railroads everywhere,
And lord, vot lots of letters vent
Betwigst his brokers and Buckley Square.
My Jeames it was the letters took,
And read them all (I think it's fair),
And took a leaf from Master's book,
As *hothers* do in Buckley Square.
Encouraged with my twenty pound,
Of which poor I was unavare,
He wrote the Companies all round,
And signed hisself from Buckley Square.
And how John Porter used to grin,
As day by day, share after share,
Came railway letters pouring in,
"J. Plush, Esquire, Buckley Square."
Our servants' All was in a rage—
Scrip, stock, curves, gradients, bull, and bear,
Vith butler, coachman, groom, and page,
Vas all the talk in Buckley Square.
But O! imagine vot I felt
Last Vensday veek as ever were;
I gits a letter, which I spelt
"Miss M. A. Hoggins, Buckley Square."
He sent me back my money true—
He sent me back my lock of air,
And said: "My dear, I bid ajew
To Mary Hann and Buckley Square.
Think not to marry, foolish Hann,
With people who your betters are;
James Plush is now a gentleman,
And you—a cook in Buckley Square.
"I've thirty thousand guineas won,
In six short months, by genius rare;
You little thought what Jeames was on,
Poor Mary Hann, in Buckley Square.
I've thirty thousand guineas net;
Powder and plush I scorn to vear;
And so, Miss Mary Hann, forget
For hever Jeames of Buckley Square."

### Lines upon my Sister's Portrait.

BY THE LORD SOUTHDOWN.

The castle towers of Bareacres are far upon the lea,
Where the cliffs of bonny Diddlesex rise up from out the sea;
I stood upon the donjon keep and viewed the country o'er,
I saw the lands of Bareacres for fifty miles or more.
I stood upon the donjon keep—it is a sacred place—
Where floated for eight hundred years the banner of my race;
Argent, a dexter sinople, and gules an azure field:
There ne'er was nobler cognizance on knightly warrior's shield.

The first time England saw the shield 'twas round a Norman neck,
On board a ship from Valery, King William was on deck.
A Norman lance the colors wore, in Hastings' fatal fray—
St. Willibald for Bareacres! 'twas double gules that day!
O Heaven and sweet St. Willibald! in many a battle since
A loyal-hearted Bareacres has ridden by his Prince!
At Acre with Plantagenet, with Edward at Poictiers,
The pennon of the Bareacres was foremost on the spears!

'Twas pleasant in the battle-shock to hear our war-cry ringing:
O grant me, sweet St. Willibald, to listen to such singing!
Three hundred steel-clad gentlemen, we drove the foe before us,
And thirty score of British bows kept twanging to the chorus!
O knights, my noble ancestors! and shall I never hear
Sir Willibald for Bareacres through battle ringing clear?
I'd cut me off this strong right hand a single hour to ride,
And strike a blow for Bareacres, my fathers, at your side!

Dash down, dash down, yon mandolin, beloved sister mine!
Those blushing lips may never sing the glories of our line;
Our ancient castles echo to the clumsy feet of churls,
The spinning-jenny houses in the mansion of our Earls.
Sing not, sing not, my Angeline! in days so base and vile,
'Twere sinful to be happy, 'twere sacrilege to smile.
I'll hie me to my lonely hall, and by its cheerless hob
I'll muse on other days, and wish—and wish I were—A SNOB.

## STORYETTES.

### Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An old friend of Archbishop Whateley, who was with him at Oxford, went, after many years' absence, to visit him at the palace, in Dublin. On entering the grounds he spied an old man digging, despite a pitiless storm of sleet. "I shall venture to rebuke the archbishop for this," said the visitor to himself; "he should show more consideration for his servants." Presently, on going into the house, he found the decrepit old digger was the archbishop himself.

Arthur Hugh Clough was once the guest of a lady lion-hunter whose social triumphs were greater than her scholarship. He enduring with equanimity all the evening her unvarying mispronunciation of his name in introductions—she calling him "Mr. Clow"—and when the time for leaving came he bade her good-night with elegant courtesy and left the drawing-room, closing the door behind him. A moment later he reopened the door, thrust in his head, cried with emphasis, "The name is Clough!" (Cluff), and disappeared amid shouts of laughter from the rest of the company.

Wealthy Americans show an increasing tendency to be ashamed of the shops of their fathers, and to affect disgust at trade, and an exclusiveness which they imagine belongs to the nobly born in England. They forget that the memory of their low origin is kept alive by this puerile vanity, while, if their bearing was manly and simple, no one would remember, except in their honor, the obstacles through which they, or their fathers, have climbed upward. "Sir," said an angry opponent to Andrew Johnson, "I know that you were once a tailor!" "Sir," replied the President, "if you had ever been a tailor, you would have been one to this day."

A young lady recently addressed a letter to Ruskin on the subject of art training. Desirous of becoming an artist, and wishing good advice, she thought she could do no better than to apply to so high an authority. The reply was characteristic and rather disappointing. The great critic, without giving her any hint as to the right course to pursue, told her "it would be better to write less, and cultivate a good and beautiful handwriting. No one who writes as you do could make a good artist." It took five people to decipher the hieroglyphics in which Ruskin clothed these few words. The young lady framed this curious production and hung it in her studio.

An old Newport lady is a great believer in coal-oil as a cure for everything; in fact, as a cure-all, she has coal-oil on the brain. And a few evenings ago, while some old women friends were calling on her, one or them said: "I don't know what's the matter with my Johnny's knee. It's swelled, and it makes him so lame he can hardly walk." "Bathe it with coal-oil," said the old lady; "I'll guarantee you it'll cure it." Another one said: "My Sarah has such a pain between the eyes." "Well, all she's got to do is to rub it well with coal-oil three or four times a day, and it'll cure her," hastily remarked the old lady. "Well," said the third woman, "I aint got nobody sick about my house, but if a body hasn't got trouble one way, she's got it in another. All I can do I can't get my Jennie to stay at home of evenings." "Rub her with coal-oil," said the old lady, in good earnest, "and I'll guarantee you it'll cure her."

Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe went from Buffalo to Genesee the other day to administer the rite of confirmation. He got in a train going the wrong way, and had to hire a carriage. Getting there he found that his valise, containing his vestments, which had come by the train which he should have taken, was locked up in the station, and it took some time to find the station-master, who had the key. Getting out his vestments, he ran to the church, where the service was under way, but thought it necessary to have a drink of water before beginning his duties. The only man presumably able to get the water was the organ-blower, and he could only go for it on condition that the bishop took his place at the bellows. Even then no water could be obtained, and the bishop had to undertake the service with his throat full of dust. When it was over, by some misunderstanding, there was no carriage in waiting to take him to the house where he was to spend the night, and he had to ride thither in a fish-wagon. The horse ran away and upset him into the gutter.

One morning, while on his way to the rooms where a number of young gentlemen were to be examined for admission to the college, a professor in a New England university was joined by a candidate for the freshman class. The youthful appearance of the professor, and the bundle of books under his arm, caused the youth to think that he had fallen in with another subject for examination. "I hope," said the youth, in a tone which indicated the fear of failure, "the professor will give us an easy examination. I'm afraid I'll not pass if he doesn't. Don't you hope so?" "Yes, indeed," said the professor. "Well, how do you stand? Do you think you'll get through?" "I don't know; but I'll try it, anyhow." By this time the two had reached the place of examination, two rooms whose doors faced each other. The professor, as he was entering his own room, said to the young man, pointing to the opposite door: "I think you had better go in there, as that is your room. Hope you'll get through all right." The professor began his work at once, and after the examination had progressed a little, he looked around. Over by the door, some distance off, he saw the youth who had questioned him, staring in amazement, and looking as if scared out of his wits. "Well," said the professor, in telling the story, "I didn't let on at all, but just kept at work with the examination; and when I came to him—I passed him."

## FAST LONDON LADIES.

"Cockaigne's" Letter.

A fast woman in England is a totally different creature from her sister in America. When I first went over to the States in '75, I remember finding this fact out in a manner which has left a lasting impression on my mind. I had been driving with a member of the Union Club of New York, and after dinner he introduced me to several other members. As is usual in the exclusive haunts of men, the fair sex took their share of the conversation while we sat and smoked together, and several well-known "society" ladies were discussed. Among them the name of Miss —— (then a reigning belle of New York, but since married and grown fat) was mentioned. I had happened to have met the young lady in question at a ball in Fifth Avenue the night before, and as she was the only one I knew of those spoken of, I hazarded, in all innocence, the remark: "She's a fast un, though, by Jove!" I should have thought nothing of saying it in a London club under the same circumstances.

But you ought to have seen the way those men looked at me; yes, and heard the things they said to me. It would take too long to describe the scene or tell how it ended, except to say that after considerable difficulty and not a little self-control on my part, for England and the English, myself included, came in for much bad language. I explained to their satisfaction that I meant no more by "fast" than what is understood by the word in England when it is applied to a woman. And that is, an independent manner and self-possession in talk and act that carry the possessor not only beyond the bounds of affected prudery and straight-lacedness (as some claim), but give her a mannish style in all she says and does, of which horsiness and slang are the usual accompaniments. It does not follow, nor is it necessary, that she should be a flirt (though, of course, she may be, being a woman), for her fastness, as such, does not lie in the direction of affection for the opposite sex. On the contrary, should there be any love exhibited by her, one would expect it to be for another woman, instead of a man.

In short, though she may be rough and loud, and do things that shock one by their lack of feminine softness and refinement, she is never immoral—that is to say, so far as her fastness is concerned. At all events, if she is, we should not describe her want of chastity by the term "fast." We are given to calling a spade a spade in this country, and I fancy her derelictions, be she maid, wife, or widow, would be classed under a more definite and decidedly less mealy-mouthed heading than "fast." Now, I do not in the least wish to defend the ways and actions of the women we denominate fast, for nothing is more repugnant to me than they are. A forward and masculine woman is, I take it, as distasteful to all men, as must a bashful and effeminate man be to a woman. My object only is to point out the distinction that exists in both countries as to the meaning and application of the term. An instance in point in my own experience on this side may not be inappropriate here.

A few years ago I was showing a young American friend of mine the London season. He came to me one night at a ball, and said:

"You know Mrs. A., don't you?"

I told him I did.

"Well, what sort of a woman is she?"

"One of the prettiest women in town, this year, I should say," I replied.

"That's not what I mean, for I know it already; but—never mind, I'll tell you why I asked you. Now, what do you think she just said to me?"

"Asked you to dance, or to give her a cigar; she's like enough to do either."

"No," said he, "she didn't; but I asked her if she was going to the B.'s dance to-morrow, and she said 'no,' adding with a smile: 'You see, the B.'s are awfully proper and strict, and won't have fast people in their house, and you know I'm fast, so people say.' I looked at her a minute, quite dumbfounded, and then managed to say, as meaningly as I could: 'I shouldn't have thought so, but I'm awfully glad to hear it,' when up comes her husband, who had been standing near by unobserved by me, and he chimes in: 'More than I am, my dear fellow; for Amy gets confoundedly sat upon by the dowagers, and left out of no end of balls in consequence. I wish she'd make up her mind to reform a bit.' Then she went off to dance with a fellow who came up, and I left. But what am I to think about it?"

I told him nothing, and that Mrs. A. had meant no more by what she said than what I have already explained. He was loath to believe me, but did so at last, and it was not long ere he found out from his own experience that I was right.

Without these few remarks, therefore, as an explanatory preface, it would not be believed when I say, that in her own quiet way the Princess of Wales is fast. That is to say, she has a good time of her own, and picks out all the good-looking fellows to dance with at a ball. Of course, I know she is very dignified, and cold, and all that sort of thing—in public. She can't well be otherwise, with the eyes of Europe upon her. But in private, when staying at a country-house with a jolly party, it is safe to say she is as larky as the rest of them. There is another thing, too, that people seem to forget when they hold her up as such an icy paragon; and that is that she wears her gowns as *décolleté* as an opera-bouffe actress. I know she set her face against the sleeveless garments, and why? No one would wait long for an answer who saw her arms. But I have seen her myself in a dress, the bodice of which was as low as it well could be. She has plenty of chance, indeed, to be, and do, anything she pleases, for the Prince's neglect gives her every opportunity.

The Princess Louise is decidedly fast. She talks unblushingly with men on subjects which are usually supposed to come exclusively within the masculine province of discussion, and can appreciate the point of a joke whose recital would have delighted Dean Swift, or would make some other women's hair stand on ends. She has a jolly, hearty laugh, which is never heard to more advantage than when she retells the story of how, on her return from her honeymoon, she telegraphed to the Queen, at Windsor: "The Campbells are coming," and how her mother absurdly supposed it was a delicate announcement of an interesting character.

"It was too utterly silly of mother," she always ends up. "Why, we were hardly a month married, not that time has made any difference in that respect, I am happy to say."

She is a confirmed smoker, a tip-top judge of tobacco, and won't stay at any place as soon as she finds out the wine isn't good. She is given, too (unknown to her mamma, be it understood, for Lorne doesn't care a button), to driving out alone with young gentlemen, and goes on fishing and sketching excursions with them quite unattended by any one else. She never hesitates to show, not only her feet (which are better out of sight from their size), but a considerable portion of the stockings above them whenever occasion offers; and what is more excusable, for she has one of the prettiest necks in the world, her evening dresses are about as *décolleté* as a man could wish. She is very partial to the attentions of good-looking young officers, and her husband's Canadian suite had more than one attached to it.

Another fast one is the Countess of Lonsdale—I mean Gladys. Though scarcely more than a girl, she goes about by herself, like a man, and does things that young women of her station, in her mother's time, wouldn't have dared. She is wonderfully pretty, and has a most perfect figure. She is another extremist in the matter of *décolleté* evening dress, her frequent trips to Paris, which she makes quite alone with her maid, having doubtless rendered her decidedly Frenchy in that respect. I am aware that enough things have been said about her to justify her being classed as fast in the American sense, if they were true, which is extremely doubtful. The envy of less favored women has had much to do with the stories about her. Still, that she sails pretty close to the wind can't be gainsayed in the face of her remark to a man who sat next to her at a dinner-party one night. "I know there are lots of women who say I wear my gowns too low, but they should remember it is not for *their* benefit I do it, at all events."

Her bosom friend, Lady Augusta Fane, is unmistakably fast. She is a daughter of the Countess of Stradbroke, who got herself into such a mess some time ago by writing some scandal to the *World* about the present Earl of Lonsdale and his wife. She goes an out-and-out quick pace, does Lady Augusta, and is a fit companion for the rapid Gladys. Her husband doesn't seem to care what she does. Lady Hilda Higgins, Lord Winchelsea's daughter, can slap a man on the shoulder, and say, "Tip us the torch, me boy," when she wants a light for her cigarette, with as much ease as though she were only asking to be shown a new stitch in crochet; and to see her chase her partner at times all over the place to hit him a whack with her bat because he missed an easy half-volley, is only equaled by the extensive display of decorated hosiery she unreluctantly makes during the performance. She was a great beauty as Lady Hilda Finch-Hatton, and exchanged her father's patronymic for the plebeian one of Mr. Higgins of the Guards—a great swell, by the by, and one of the Prince of Wales's set—whose money made up for the lowness of his name.

Lady Sebright is undoubtedly fast. She is an amateur actress of the most prononcé character, and thinks nothing of sending to dashing young gentlemen such telegrams as these: "I am Pauline to-morrow night at Windsor; come and be my Claude"; or "Will you be my Romeo for two nights at the Willoughby's?" She is a great gambler, and can sit up all night over baccarat or lansquenet without losing her appetite for breakfast, though she may have made a painful hole in her quarter's allowance at her banker's by the checks she has parted with to her adversary. She is more like a man than some men one meets.

Lady Florence Dixie I need not speak of. She is too well known to need any reference from me. For the same reason do I leave out Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Cornwallis-West. Not that either could fairly be put beside those I have mentioned. There was a time, I dare say, that the Jersey Lily's little ways justified no stronger designation than fast, and that she was thought to have no harm in her. I don't say that she has now. But assuredly her unblushing behavior with Mr. Freddie Gebhardt, and her acceptance of jewelry from him and other young Americans, must put her beyond the pale within which the others have kept. In England I might say that Mrs. Langtry is now socially, as she was financially, ruined—no matter what the newspaper correspondents say to the contrary.

As for Mrs. Cornwallis-West, her husband stands by her, and he has position enough to assist him in slurring over the things she does. But her tawdry style and painted cheeks are getting too *passée* now to attract the attention they used. The same may be said of Mrs. Irvington-Thompson, with perhaps the exception of paint. Mrs. Wheeler no one ever so much as hears of now. These women, however, unlike the others, got their start of notoriety by their intimacy with the Prince of Wales. When he dropped them, so did every one else, and they have been dropping themselves ever since. The Chamberlaines, I fancy, understand this. They have much reason to do so. There are many others whom I might mention who are fast; but most of them are ladies whose names are unknown to fame—at least so far away from home as the Pacific Coast.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, January 14, 1884.

---

Monsieur du Sommerard, the founder of the Cluny Museum, in Paris, was one day in a common public house in St. Denis, where, on the wall, he noticed a brass frying-pan of a somewhat uncommon shape. He took it down to examine it more particularly, and discovered some engraved letters under a thick crust of coal and soot. Without saying anything about his discovery, he bought the pan from the astonished owner, and, after a process of cleaning, it appeared that it was the plate from the coffin of Louis XIV. The three legs were taken out, and the original shape restored, but the holes in which the legs had been fastened remain. It is now in the Cluny Museum.

## THE RAILWAY WORLD.

Various Notes of Interest to Both Employees and Trav

The idea of numbering the hours from one to four is still prevalent in southern Italy, and was k France over three hundred years ago. A promine company has for some years made small nickel clocks for China which show twenty-four hours o ner circle of the dial, the two twelves being w English dials, the twelve and six are, with one t between. The clock strikes up to twelve and the again. The long hand goes round once in two ho the short hand once in twenty-four hours. Out inner circle of the dial are twelve Chinese ch which, we suppose, indicate time as we are accust mark it.

An ex-conductor tells a Leadville *Chronicle* how some porters in the sleeping-cars accumulate "A Pullman passenger jumps aboard late at som mediate station. He is tired and sleepy. He war to bed at once. Usually the berths are made up. certainly,' the porter says, 'tumble right in. Just your fare, and when the conductor comes along I it over to him.' The passenger is delighted w courtesy. He pays his Pullman and car fare, ten or twenty dollars, as it may be, and retires for th Meanwhile the conductor has got a number of trip most likely from the hats of some fellows who are away in the smoker, and, presently returning, he one under the hat-rim of the belated traveler. T conductor comes around in the morning, takes checks, and everybody is happy."

A singular freak of a train at Montpelier, recentl ported. The train leaves that station at a quart three A. M., and stands on the track for two hours fore that time, with no employees on it. A watchma the engineer at three o'clock, and was just returni that errand on the night in question when, to his s he saw the train draw slowly out of the station. H at once summoned, and pursuit was begun with The runaway was found standing just on a curve sc miles from Montpelier. Why the train started is a n When found there were but thirty pounds of steam the lever was only one notch ahead of the "centre. only person on board was a passenger, a man who s ing in one of the passenger cars. He had no int that anything was wrong until the train came to a still, when he hastened forward to the cab and four serted. He then sought the nearest farm-hous lantern, and was just returning when the pursuer up. No person is known to have been near the tra the passenger, and he is known to have had nothin with the runaway.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Post* sta the French government proposes to sell the state ra It is believed that the Rothschilds, in behalf of railway companies, have offered the government fo dred and twenty millions of francs for the lines. sale is effected, the government will be enabled pense with its contemplated loan of four hundred n of francs. At the close of 1882 there were sixtee sand one hundred and forty-five miles of railway for traffic in France. Of the whole, only two th three hundred and thirty miles belong to the state, eighths of the remainder being in the hands of si companies. By a law passed in 1878 there will be ten thousand miles of railway before end of 1888, vide for the cost of which the Assembly granted a of six hundred millions of dollars. This credit is shape of a state guaranty of four francs per cent. i with sixty-five francs additional as a sinking fund, capital expended by the private companies in the co tion of the new lines. All the lines now in operati cept six thousand four hundred and fifty miles, rep ing the main arteries of traffic, have received superintendence, and, when necessary, aid from the The two thousand three hundred and thirty miles tioned above constitute, however, the only portion French railway system owned outright by the goveri The proposed purchase price is, therefore, a little le thirty-five thousand dollars per running mile, whi cludes, however, the entire outfit of rolling stock, c etc.

A Central railroad engineer, says the Savannah talking about the recent accident at ninety-two-mil complained that engineers are subjected to too great a in a three-hundred-mile run. The fast mail train collided with the freight recently makes an eleve run between Atlanta and Savannah, leaving Atlanta o'clock P. M., and reaching Savannah at eight o'clo next morning. "The strain is just here," said the neer: "when the train rolls out of the car-shed in A at nine o'clock at night, the engine plunges into the ness as a man running blindfolded. The engineer his eyes to see as far down the track as the rays headlight will extend. The first care on his mind safety of his train, for he knows not what minute the light will flash a tie or two across the track, a washc what is more dangerous still, a coming train. Ther subjected to a thousand little annoyances that the p and very few of the officials, ever know or dream of may have a new fireman, may have to stop now and to cool off a hot-box, the conductor may ring him do a cross-road, his pumps may not work right, his may have a wrong thump in it, the air-brakes may n he may have to wait for a belated train to pass, an Lord only knows what else. All these things bear h on his mind, and yet no matter how many worrying happen, he must keep his mind on the schedule a member fifteen or twenty other trains to meet or pass to his home troubles, he is expected to forget kith an He must forget them while his hand is upon the leve his eye upon the illuminated section of the track. constitute the mental strain on an engineer."

## VANITY FAIR.

he following caustic review of the Berlin "upper ten
s'd" is taken from the fourth and last of a series of
leon German society, which have lately appeared in
Pis *Nouvelle Revue*, over the signature of "Paul
li. As soon as the series was completed, it was
ed into German, and published in Berlin; but the
o ies immediately confiscated the entire edition:
n is not Paris. In the capital of the new German
pi, as in Russia, there are prejudices which have long
pared in France. Among these must be reckoned
n repugnance to shaking hands publicly with a Jew,
to exchanging visits with him. I say publicly, be-
private all these little scruples vanish. There is
in the world where the children of Israel are more
t of society, and where society makes more use of
Whatever may be alleged, the German aristocracy
nti-Semitic. It is even too complaisant with the
Moses. It speculates with them in all stock ex-
business, and shares in the profits of great public
but it makes a mystery of all these things, and, if
ury, boldly denies them. The Berlin aristocracy
n general, to evade responsibility for its conduct by
g a profound disdain for everything having the
st connection with Jewish financiers. Berlin society
ike other societies. It has none of our intelligent
cism. It is even devoid, as regards the upper classes,
ural German propriety. It has something archaic
n-civilized, which seems to date from the first ages
ory (I am speaking, of course, of questions of mo-
It is perfectly unconscious of its actions. Its man-
e neither vicious nor degenerate; they are simply
vere the manners of our ancestors before the mean-
propriety was invented. At Berlin adultery flour-
ike a plant in its chosen soil. It ripens in the broad
ht, and reaps its fruits without scruple. Most mar-
omen have a lover, or long to have one. Vice is
ooked upon as vice, and virtue is among the things
ned useless. As to love, it is seldom met with.
ns are formed according to caprice and instinct.
ntry is unknown. A Lauzun or a Richelieu would be
sible. Everything is carried on vulgarly, without
r or gracefulness, without that half-restless, half-hypo-
l preoccupation which in other countries is at least
nage rendered to virtue. But the people of this so-
so unscrupulous in their own manners, are very
e on the morals of others. One-half of Berlin may
id to pass their lives in spying on the other half. As
is intellect, no attempt is made to cultivate it. The
n lady of the upper classes does not read, or work, or
any occupation. Her life is spent in chattering,
ing, and undressing. She is ill-bred, tactless, noisy,
erfectly ignorant of what is going on in the world.
gside her is the woman of the home, who, however,
respectable to be described, and who, like happy
le, has no history. As regards the men, they excel
omen in gossip, and when young their only thought
food. Yet Berlin society, in spite of its vices, is in-
ting to observe. One can admire in it a certain pride,
acking power, in a victorious people. The Germans
ain other peoples, and accuse them of all the defects
possess themselves. That a race is of easy morals is
most frequent accusation. You see this accusation
be turned against themselves. If they have not the
heartedness of Frenchmen, it is, perhaps, because
mental equipment is still smaller."

here is ever a controversy reigning in fashionable
ety East, West, and South, over the pronunciation of
luckless letter *r*. New York accuses Chicago of
thing the *r;* and both attack the South for slurring
it altogether. A writer in the *Atlantic* remarks:
hile condemning with proper severity the cockney mal-
tment of the eighth letter of the alphabet, we might
something, on this very point, to censure in ourselves.
American, confident that no countryman of his ever
ied the aspirate its full right, has not listened with crit-
ear, else he has not happened to meet the people who
*w'ich, w'at, w'en, w'y*, etc. Such slighting of the letter
by no means uncommon, while it is especially charac-
stic of certain sections of the country; stranger yet, the
sons thus transgressing are, as often as otherwise, pos-
sed of liberal education and mental refinement. I have
rd these suppressors of their *h*'s complain that, in trying
mend the fault, they fell into error on the other side:
estoring the *h* to *w'ich* and *w'at*, they are apt to insert
here it does not belong; for example, converting *will*
*whill*. What shall be said, O conservers of English in
purity? Will you find it a lesser cruelty to smother *h* in
middle of a word than to strike it down at the begin-
g? But perhaps we shall not be able to prove ourselves
ltless of the latter offense. The decapitated words in
e met 'im' and 'I love 'er' may present a strange
pearance in print, but when tried orally are recognized
only too familiar acquaintances. The letter *r* is per-
ps subject to more trying vicissitudes than is the letter *h*.
you travel westward in this country, you shall hear (so
s said) an ever-increasing burr, or roll of the final *r;*
*es acquirit eundo*—going West. I confess that the burr
es not offend my auditory nerves; I even like it; it brings
the rear so bravely. All honor to *r* final, by whose
ency horrors are rendered more thrilling and effective,
ers more suggestive of strong and turbulent currents.
f course, these onomatopoetic sounds are not heard in
e East save as your Westerner imports them; there, in-
ed, the letter *r* reaches the lowest ebb of its fortunes.
et, unless I am misinformed, there are some New Eng-
nd regions where it succeeds in foisting itself into the
od graces of the vernacular. Ghost of an alphabetical
anquo, it rises at the most unseemly times, to avenge its
king off. The place it chooses to fill is at the end of a
ord, following the vowel *a*. Thus it happens that we
metimes hear such peculiar feminine appellations as
lar and Emmar; from this source we receive a novel
lear in orthoëpy. I sometimes think there is a disease of
ie ear corresponding to what in the eye is termed color-
lindness. Color-deafness might be defined as the inabil-
ity to distinguish the nice shades of difference between related sounds. It is possible that persons afflicted with this infirmity are unable to recognize all the values of the vowels and consonants of spoken language; the sounds of certain letters may not reach their ear, or their ear may report unwarranted sounds. A school-teacher (from New England, I believe) was instructing a class in the science of punctuation. On her calling attention to the use of the comma, some of the children laughed. 'What are you laughing at?' asked the teacher. 'You said commar,' answered a forward boy. 'And what do you say?' 'Comma' (with sharp precision). 'Well, I say commar, too,' was the teacher's reply. In much the same way, a Southern lady of my acquaintance suffers from color-deafness, mistaking broad *a* for *r*. On being charged with defrauding the *r* in 'good-morning,' she good-humoredly attempted to acquit herself: 'Listen: I say good-mawning, too'; but she only dwelt a little longer than usual on the *aw* sound." A somewhat similar difficulty exists in Great Britain. The upper class is prone to touch too lightly on its *r*'s while the letter receives a hundred varieties of sound, from the Yorkshire "burr" to the Irish roll.

The Paris social season tends to begin later and later every year. You hear at present of few dinners, few receptions, and still fewer balls. Two or three hostesses, however, are trying to galvanize contemporary French youth into life by seeking some novel attraction. One announces an eighteenth century ball where the waltz, the polka, and such modern affairs will be replaced by the minuet, the gavotte, and other stately steps that will need to be danced in Louis XV. dress and powdered hair. Another hostess announces a Spanish ball, another an Italian ball with sixteenth century costumes, and an amiable Spaniard is trying to introduce flower fêtes. But these are only isolated cases. Society at the present moment meets chiefly at the Opéra, the Théâtre Français, and the Théâtre Italien, which continues to be very fashionable, especially on Saturdays. An American prima donna, Giulia Walda, who, I am told, is simply Miss Wheelock, of Boston, has lately been singing Elvira in "Ernani," with considerable success.

Jewelry appears to run more than ever in the line of bangles. The slender porte-bonheur of plain gold, however, is now replaced by narrow bands set around the outer half with gems of some description, small diamonds being the most popular. Or else one large diamond is sunk into the solid band, or sometimes a device in jewels, such as a buttercup, a daisy, a lizard, or a leaf, takes the place of the single stones. A very pretty set lately presented as a birthday gift consisted of a pair of bangle bracelets, with hoop earrings, and slender finger-ring to match, all set round with tiny diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, the gems representing the initials of the young lady's name.

While a writer for a Western journal was in a store so essentially feminine that he felt as though he was a wholly unwarranted intruder, a gossamery creature entered. "Can you measure me now," she asked. "Right off," the woman behind the counter replied, taking up a tape line and opening a note-book. The man started to retire, but the fair customer was not in the least perturbed. "Don't let me turn you out," said the saleswoman; "I'm only going to take the lady's measure for a bonnet." Artistic millinery, the measurer explained, has become as precise as dressmaking in its relation to the individuality of the wearer. To be becoming it must be nicely harmonized with the head and face that it is to be brought into contact with.

The doctors having advised her to give up hunting and steeple-chasing, the Empress of Austria is going to write poetry, and print it, too, at her own private press. If those tasks do not prove sufficient for her boiling-over energies, she may read the poems aloud to the assembled Court, and if she writes them in that delightful Galician dialect, which is said to consist exclusively of double consonants, she will doubtless find the task better exercise than the longest run with the hounds on the bogs of Ireland.

"A few days ago," says a correspondent at Constantinople, "a gentleman was about to leave here for London, having among his luggage a very valuable copy of the Koran in manuscript, some five hundred years old and unique, which had been in the possession of his family for a hundred years. Only recently a very large sum, reported to have been as much as six thousand pounds, had been offered for the work, and it would probably have found its way into one of the European museums had not an inquisitive custom-house official discovered it among its proprietor's personal effects. To the chagrin of the latter, the officials, with many devout exclamations, took possession of the treasure as State property. From the custom-house the Holy Book, originally a gift from the Sultan Mahmoud to the Mosque of St. Sophia, was forwarded to Yildiz Kiosk, where Abdul Hamid now derives the benefit of its wise teachings. Its late proprietor, notwithstanding every effort, has failed either to regain possession of the work or to obtain compensation."

An extraordinary scene took place on Sunday night, January 13, on the top of a Welsh mountain, says the London *Standard*. The inhabitants of the Vale of Glamorgan were startled by witnessing flames ascending from the summit of a mountain near the town of Llantrissant. About a thousand people made their way to the top, and in the midst of a centre of fire saw an aged physician, named Price, standing, clothed in white, chanting a Druid funeral hymn. Doctor Price has long assumed what he calls the dress of the Druids. The people presently discovered that the body of the doctor's own child was in the midst of the flames, and they became greatly excited. The police having secured the doctor, the crowd rushed forward and snatched away the corpse, which they conveyed to the Llantrissant police station. The hill on which the attempted cremation took was the doctor's own property.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. Stern, an American banker, recently married Mademoiselle Croizette, of the Théâtre Français, in Paris.

Mrs. R. B. Hayes is attaining new distinction as the owner of one of the best poultry-yards west of the Alleghanies.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is recovering from his attack of neuralgia, but is threatened with paralysis, and is still unable to walk.

The prize of one hundred thousand francs, at the Paris Art Lottery, was won by a one-franc ticket, owned by a servant girl, Josephine d'Aire.

Alphonse Daudet does most of his writing between his two breakfasts—the coffee and roll on rising, and the meal of meat, eggs, and wine early in the afternoon.

The ex-King of Naples has, owing to poverty, sold his villa, near Paris, noted as the scene of Daudet's "Rois en Exil," and now lives with the queen on the third floor of a house in Paris, with a retinue of three servants.

The late Mr. Holloway, the pill-maker, was a man of most precise and methodical business habits. He always used to pay every one of his employees every night, and insisted on transacting all his business on a cash basis.

Miss Kate Field, who is now in Salt Lake City, says she has discovered that whenever Brigham Young wanted to entertain any one he would send him to the Townsend House. Thousands of dollars were lost by the landlord in this way. Brigham never paid. United States officials were among these guests. Governor Axtel and George C. Bates are named by Miss Field.

Ludovic Halévy at forty-nine does not look his age. He is lean, grave, pale, taciturn, heavily and darkly bearded, and altogether morose and melancholy looking—in strange contrast to the wit and drollery of the pages to which he has affixed his signature. He has given up his former gay haunts and rollicking companions, and lives quietly in the company of his children and his books.

Count Vasili, who has resumed his letters in the *Nouvelle Revue*, describes Count Moltke as old, dry, and taciturn, and rather "green" at the age of fourscore. He is a recluse, living inclosed in his egotism, and impatient of being in any way disturbed in his tranquillity; a cold, impassive man, incapable of doing good to any one, having never in the course of his long life either obliged any one or been under an obligation to anybody.

Miss Lloyd, who is to go into history as the only genuine "Bunthorne's Bride," is not only pretty and talented, but rich, so that when she becomes Mrs. Oscar Wilde, she and that poet of passion and of pain will not (happily for them both) be dependent upon his publishers for their bread and butter. The story that they were to live in Dublin, her present home, is contradicted, and neither will the Grosvenor Gallery be closed, nor Mr. Du Maurier be forced to resign from *Punch*, by the loss of his best subject.

Young Henri Rochefort has returned to Paris a physical wreck after his experience with Monsieur de Brazza on the Congo. African fevers have robbed him of his hair and teeth, but in those respects, his father tells him, the wigmakers and the dentists will soon make him as good as new. The young man is disgusted with Monsieur de Brazza, whom he regards as an impracticable dreamer. He is trying, Rochefort says, to win the favor of the savages by flattery, which takes the form of imitation. Thus he goes without clothes, drinks only water, and lives on cocoanuts and bananas.

Mr. A. Thorndyke Rice, editor and proprietor of the *North American Review*, is an Oxford graduate. He is a bachelor of very large fortune, which received last year a great accession. Mr. Rice is a Bostonian, but lives chiefly in New York, where Mr. Laurence Oliphant was his guest one winter. He speaks French with great correctness and facility, has lived much abroad, and wherever he has been has found his way into the best society. He has been very desirous to secure contributions from celebrities, and is said to have even asked for an article or two on European politics from Prince Bismarck, but, unhappily, as yet in vain.

Mrs. Loretta Fern, a music teacher, demands twenty-five thousand dollars damages, and has rejected offers of a compromise, made by the attorney for the "Bee Hive" store in Chicago. As she was going out of the store, a floor-walker, who is employed as a private detective, detained her, and, with offensive words, insisted upon her being searched. A lady of wealth, who heard him, demanded the privilege of seeing the search, and he, it is alleged, told her that if she got "very fresh" she should be put out. But she persisted, and attended the accused lady into the searching room. Nothing was found. The strain was too severe for Mrs. Fern, and after her vindication she fell into a faint. Her husband proposes to give private detectives and some of their employers a lesson.

An industrious English writer computes, according to the *St. James's Gazette*, that Mr. Barry Sullivan on the stage has committed 17,000 murders, and has himself been killed 9,000 times. Mr. Henry Irving's record is not quite so full of blood; but even he has taken 15,000 lives, and on 7,000 occasions has been violently done to death in the full glare of the footlights. Mrs. Bancroft has been foully betrayed or abducted 3,200 times; Mr. Henry Neville has 3,100 times been ruined in consequence of the treachery of his friends; Miss Ada Cavendish has been betrayed, deserted, or abducted 5,600 times, and is still suffering similar misfortunes; Mrs. Kendal has been 2,000 times deserted or betrayed, and has likewise been otherwise badly treated 1,100 times; Mr. Kendal has 900 times fallen dead suddenly; and Mr. John Clayton has nobly befriended 1,800 miserable and deserted women, and has been married to about half of them. As for Mr. Charles Wyndham, he has been divorced from 2,800 wives, and is now continuing his disgraceful and heartless conduct.

## SOCIETY.

"Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: The "nipping air" which Shakespeare speaks of, and the unusually cold weather which is our present visitant, seem to have had a chilling effect upon the hospitable thoughts with which several of our society leaders have been credited. However, the young folks live in hopes that a good deal of fun may yet be in store for them before Ash Wednesday comes. Opera parties still continue the rage of the hour. It is a pleasant and easy way for a bachelor to return the many hospitalities he has enjoyed at the hands of his lady friends, by an invitation to the opera and a supper at the Maison Dorée afterward. Chief among those who have organized this form of entertainment of late have been Frederick Sharon, Mr. Haraszthy, Mr. Dargie, and Mr. Jones. The latter gentleman being the fortunate possessor of an æsthetic cottage, his friends were given their supper at his residence instead of at a restaurant. If Abbott has proved such a *motif* for pleasure parties, what will not Patti be? Or even Gerster, with real bona fide Italian opera? There has not been very much going on in the gay world worthy of record—a few small dances, a dinner or two, and now and then a "ladies' lunch-party." *Voilà tout.* There seems to be a fashion nowadays of hinting to the young people to make their "party calls" in the evening, and the result is that the gathering after a reception is apt to be as jolly as the party itself. This was notably the case with Miss Bradley's friends, who called *en masse* on Thursday evening; and as both music and a supper were provided, dancing was a natural concomitant of the evening's enjoyment. On Friday evening young Mr. Sherwood, son of the well-known stock operator, celebrated his birthday by a gathering of young friends for a dance. About sixty guests were present, who kept the fun going till a late hour. Miss Daisy Page's informal reception, and the hop at the Grand Hotel on Monday evening last, have filled in the quota of the week's dances. Company F gave their second musicale and reception on Thursday evening. Miss Louise Elliott, Mr. Benjamin Clark, and Miss Bessie Gregg were the artists chosen to fill the programme, and filled it most acceptably, after which dancing was in order. The Lawn-tennis Club seems to be an unusually lively organization, as not only did they play tennis at their last meeting, but indulged in roller skating and dancing as well. This week has been signalized by the entertainment gotten up in aid of the Decorative Art Society by Mrs. L. L. Baker. That it would be a success in every way was a foregone conclusion from its first inception, having so able a manageress at its head; but I think the projectors of the undertaking must have been fairly astonished at the crowd that flocked to the beautiful residence on Washington Street so kindly opened for the occasion. It was a brilliant success. "Society" was present in full force. The ladies and gentlemen who lent their aid to furnish the entertainment offered filled their respective parts to perfection. The music, both vocal and instrumental, was more than creditable for amateurs, the skillful management of the musical exercises meriting great praise for Mr. Henry Heyman, who directed. The ladies in charge of the fancy table were charmingly attentive to the wants of the passer-by, and the refreshments were delicious. Dancing was indulged in later in the evening to the strains of the Presidio Band, and every one united in voting the whole affair a deiightful one. The entire house was thrown open, and decorated with flowers; and to add to the brilliancy of the scene, many of the ladies were in full evening dress. Energetic little Mrs. Wetherbee is busy getting up the entertaiment to be given on the 22d, at B'nai B'rith Hall, in aid of the Woman's Hospital; and yet another appeal to the charitably disposed will be made by the British Benevolent Society in the form of the operetta, "Trial by Jury," which will be given under their auspices at one of the theatres by some talented amateurs (names withheld so far.) Rumor has it that Mrs. Fair will ere long give a large reception in honor of her young guest from Los Angeles, Miss Freeman, and the *quid nuncs* say that the fact of Miss Anna Lathrop being a guest of Mrs. Hopkins is another reason why a Nob Hill reception may be reasonably counted upon as forthcoming before Lent. Time is getting "small by degrees and beautifully less" between now and that penitential season, and the next ten days will doubtless see a good deal of gayety rushed into that space. Mrs. James Robinson is confidently relied on by her friends for a dance, and Miss Sibyl Sanderson is said to be about to combine a musical and dancing reception for an evening next week. On Wednesday last, Mrs. Judge Hager gave a luncheon in her apartments, at the Palace Hotel, in compliment to Miss Emma Abbott. The guests numbered ten, and the floral devices provided were of a very unique description. The menu cards were, in this instance, silk bags, hand-painted, serving as bon-bon receptacles also. At the close of the *déjeûner*, the floral centre-piece which had adorned the table was presented to the prima donna. The German Club, San Francisco Verein, will give their annual mask and fancy-dress ball on the 21st, and judging from the flutter going on among the ladies' anent mysterious costumes, it is fair to suppose a brilliant attendance will make this ball equal any of its predecessors. The Oakland people are still keeping up their musicales. The last one, which was given at Mrs. Cohen's residence, was a very enjoyable affair, the musical selections having been contributed, not only by several of the best amateurs of the ambitious "City of the Oaks," but some of our 'Frisco talent, who crossed the bay in quite a large party to join forces with their friends. The young ladies composing the St. Agnes Guild of St. Luke's Church will give a social on Tuesday evening next, at Great Western Hall, on Bush Street, on which occasion tableaux and recitations, followed by dancing, will furnish the entertainment. As the Guild numbers some very charming and energetic young ladies, the affair is sure to be a pleasant one. I am afraid society will look in vain for the big balls at the Palace Hotel. I heard to-day that one—the date of which was almost fixed—has been postponed until after Easter. The Edgar Millses have gone back to their Menlo Park home, so none can be hoped for in that quarter. The J. F. Boyds have also betaken themselves to their San Rafael residence; but, oh! how cold the country must be in this weather. The party comprising Mr. Sidney Dillon, of the Union Pacific, and his friends, lately here on a visit from New York, have been the recipient of a good deal of attention from their *confrères* of the Central Pacific. They have been entertained at Monterey by Mr. Charles Crocker, shown the marvels of the Palo Alto stock-farm at Governor Stanford's, and viewed the neighboring Flood and Sharon palaces en route to town again. They speak in glowing terms of the wonders of our young State, and will carry back to their Eastern home many pleasant impressions of California

BAVARDIN.

### Notes and Gossip.

Colonel and Mrs. Baun, of Colorado, left Monday for San José, having completed their visit in the city. Mrs. J. W. Gashwiler will join her sister, Mrs. Dominic Verdenal, in New York, leaving for the East this week. Lieutenant C. J. Bailey is visiting his mother in New York, having obtained a three months' leave of absence. Colonel A. P. Zane leaves this week for an extended tour abroad. Colonel and Mrs. A. S. Waterford will leave here shortly for a year's trip in Europe. Mrs. Doyle, who has been for some years a resident in Japan, arrived with her children last week for educational purposes. During the following month the Count and Countess de Tocqueville will conclude their visit to this coast and return to France. Hon. Eugene Sullivan left Sunday for Guaymas, *en route* to New York. Miss Rose Watson will reside permanently in New York, for which place she departed last week. Mr. and Mrs. La Motte, of Geary Street, left Friday for Australia; they will include a visit to Lima, Peru, leaving thence for Europe, traveling extensively abroad before they return. Miss Mary Tully, daughter of our Congressman from this State, left last week for Washington, proposing to pass the winter there as guest of Mrs. Congressman Henley. Doctor Alexander J. Younger leaves on the next trip of the *Oceanic* for China. Mr. and Mrs. Sylvain Weill contemplates an early departure for Europe, probably next month. Mrs. N. Banks, of California Street, leaves for Hankow, China, in April, to visit her daughter, Mrs. Breedon (*née* Lillie Banks), a former society belle here. Sarah B. Cooper, with her daughter Miss Hattie Cooper, sailed Saturday for Portland, in response to an invitation from the Social Science Association of that city to deliver there her lecture on the "Kindergarten as a Character Builder." Miss Ella Smith, of Sacramento, who has been spending some time at the Cutter residence, on Van Ness Avenue, is the guest of Mrs. Captain Watson, in Oakland, with whom she will remain for the winter. Miss Tot Cutter, accompanied by Miss Madelaine Gregory, went up to Los Medinos Saturday to welcome the little stranger, the latest acquisition to the family of Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey; they returned the first of the week. Mrs. M. H. Yerrington, of Virginia City, has her mother and sister visiting her from here. Mrs. J. A. Yerrington has been the guest of Mrs. Commodore Rogers, at Mare Island. Miss Polhemus, of San José, is entertaining Mrs. Blitz Paxton. Miss Annie Lathrop, sister of Mrs. Leland Stanford, remains the guest of Mrs. Mark Hopkins, the Stanford residence remaining closed. Mrs. L. L. Baker and family, Doctor and Mrs. Stone and Miss Kitty, and Mrs. McCleery, have already secured their cottages at Blythedale for the season. The Hon. Thomas Beck is rusticating on his ranch in the northern part of the State. Mrs. William Ralston, with one of her sons, is visiting Georgetown, El Dorado County. Miss Maud, daughter of the Hon. M. M. Estee, is still an invalid at the Palace, though convalescent. Mrs. John R. McCormick, of Los Angeles, has for guests the Rev. J. H. C. Bates, Secretary of the State University, and his wife. Charles F. Crocker and Lloyd Tevis arrived Friday on the overland train. William B. Bourne Jr. and Mr. A. W. Stoddart returned home last week from Grass Valley, as did also Alexander Del Mar, who, arriving here on Friday, stopped at Sacramento *en route*. Miss Julia Rosewald, one of the prima donnas of the Abbott Company, is stopping while in the city with her sister, Mrs. M. Hechi, on Van Ness Avenue. Mrs. Zelda Seguin-Wallace, who is at present stopping with her relatives, Major and Mrs. Jones, at the Palace, will at an early date be the recipient of a musicale, given in compliment to her by Captain and Mrs. David Hall. Miss Emma Abbott while here has been the recipient of many social attentions; on Sunday a lunch at the residence of General Walter Turnbull, and Wednesday a breakfast given her at the Palace by Mrs. Judge Hager. The evening previous to Miss Lou Dearborn's departure for Prescott, Arizona, as guest of Mrs. Doctor Ainsworth (*née* Nellie Trowbridge), she was the recipient of an opera party at the Baldwin, gotten up for her by Mr. T. T. Dargie. The Misses Bessie Sedgwick, Sheda Torbett, Nettie Reynolds, Messrs. Osgood, Hooker, Seward, Cole, and Walter Deane, composed the party, chaperoned by Mrs. W. H. Booth. An adjournment to the Maison Dorée for supper wound up the evening's amusement. Regarding theatre parties, the one of Thursday, also at the Baldwin, given by Arpad Haraszthy, terminated as enjoyably, with a supper at his residence, on Ellis Street, at which were present Mrs. Governor Stoneman, Miss Stoneman, Mr. Stoneman Jr., the Count and Countess de Tocqueville, Miss Mamie Burling, Benjamin Burling, Mr. Church, and the ladies of the house, chaperoned by Mrs. Hancock. The reception of Madame Sinico and Signor Campobello was another event of interest at the Baldwin Friday afternoon, at which a number assisted, among them Colonel and Mrs. Sullivan, the Misses Sullivan, Mrs. and Miss Phelan, Mrs. and Miss Masten, Monsieur and Madame Enrico Sorge, Mr. and Mrs. Barnett, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. McCaulay, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Stover, Mr. Brenner, and others. Madame and Signor Campobello sang several arias and duets, much to the delight of their guests. Irving Scott is daily expected home from Washington, with his latest acquisition in art, the last work of Toby Rosenthal, the exhibition of which is an anticipated treat in art circles. Many friends of Mrs. General Traimo in this city will be pained to learn of her death, Sunday night, at Fortress Monroe, at the residence of her mother, widow of the late General Ord. Mrs. General Crook returned last week to Arizona, accompanied by her niece, Miss Jeanie Sullivan, who will remain some time her guest. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jerome are, for a short time, in Los Angeles; they purpose remaining permanently in San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. John Boyd have returned to their home at San Rafael, not permanently however. Mrs. Doctor Bowers and family, of that town, have just terminated a visit to the city, where she has been stopping at the Ralston during the opera season. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Mills and family returned last week to their country-seat, at Menlo. Miss Lizzie Hull has been the guest of Miss Mills. Thomas Wade with his family are now occupying their new home in Oakland. The birthday luncheon of Mrs. Henry Newton, at the Palace, on Wednesday, was a pleasant occasion; many of the guests, remembering the day, presented the hostess with some very pretty floral pieces, the *pièce de résistance* being a huge butterfly and fan. Among those assisting were Mrs. W. H. Newhall, Mrs. George Low, Miss Holladay, Mrs. Lawrence Poole, Mrs. Farre, and several others. The day following the dinner of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Baker occurred at the Baldwin—Frank Newlands, George Grant, Edward Sheldon, H. P. Irwin, George Wines, and Edward Sutton being among the guests. Attendant upon the Bradley kettle-drum of Saturday week was the party-calling. The regular reception day, Thursday last, was chosen as the occasion. The beautiful decorations of the previous week yet remained, and with the adjunct of good music, subsequently dancing, the pretty evening toilets, and unusually nice supper, the affair was a noticeable event. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. John Quincy Adams, Mrs. Captain Whitney, the Misses Durbrow, Hooker, Reis, Wright, Masten, Peters, Godley, Sedgwick, Hall, Brown, the Misses Bradley, and Messrs. Mountford Wilson, Frank Carolan, Greenway, Howard Pomeroy, William and Henry Crocker, Mizner, Wood, Mann, Darby, Seymour, Church, and Lieutenants Chamberlain and Cotton. Despite the rival attractions elsewhere, the hop on Mond at the Grand was well attended; a week from Monday, the 25 will conclude the dances for the season. The Lawn-tennis C seem indefatigable in keeping their hands in, stimulated no do by the prospect of out-door diversion at some future date. W roller-skating, and dancing to the music of a full band, the aff of Saturday evening concluded at midnight. Very many soci people were present at this enjoyable occasion, among them w the Misses Schmiedell, Peters, Stetson, Findley, Rice, Paige, M ler, Ivers, Peterson, Bingham, Nelson, Bliss, Hinckley, Miss Fa nie Hubbard of Sacramento, and Miss Ethel Spring of Stockto Messrs. Crocker, Leonard, Pease, Hall, Ivers, Nuttall, Chryst Coon, Pinto, and Johnson. Dr. and the Misses Tucker, with t Misses Bronson, Flint, Folger, and Simpson, were the guests fr Oakland. Miss Louise Belden, of New York, who later will joined by her mother from the East, was the recipient last week a luncheon given her by Mrs. Theodore Payne. Invited to me her were the Misses Schmiedell, Peters, Pope, Stetson, Gray, a Boswell. The event of Miss Fannie Hubbard, of Sacramento, a Miss Ethel Spring, of Stockton, visiting the Misses Paige, of Su ter Street, was the occasion of an informal party at their residen last week; the Misses Holladay, Crystal, Nelson, Peterson, Ha and Crane, and the Messrs. Wilder, Pease, Louis Monteagl George Cheeseman, M. E. Holladay, Crystal, Frederick Ol Frank Peterson, Charles Call, and Cutter Page, were among tho present. The song-recital and hop of F Company, First Reg ment, at Platt's Hall, was a social event. At the song-recita Miss Louise Elliott and Benjamin Clark contributed to the voc numbers, while Miss Jessie Gregg, the recent pianiste débutant of Oakland, presided at the piano. The Eighth United States I fantry Band filled up the intervening pauses with music, and a sisted materially in the dance. The fashionable element of Oa land society assisted numerously at the Wilcox residence on Alic Street, at the reception given the newly married couple, Mr. an Mrs. W. D. Lawton. The affair was full-dress; Ballenberg w thoroughly appreciated by the dancing element, which predomin ated, and it was long after the choice supper that the many guest dispersed. On Wednesday evening, the Oakland Young People Society, so happily inaugurated at Miss Simpson's a short tim since, met at Dr. J. C. Tucker's, on Market Street. Miss Dais Hoyt's party was another event of the week in that locality; whil the musicale of Friday last, at the residence of A. A. Cohen, inte ested many of the society element. One of the enjoyable feature of the affair was that many of the guests, meeting at the residenc of General Kirkham, were driven over four-in-hand. The Cohe family contributed largely to the programme, while the Misse Ruth Holladay, Dargie, Murry, Dyer, and Messrs. Duffy an Mann assisted vocally, the 'cello being manipulated in obligat and solo by C. L. Mathieu, and the violin by Miss Tucker and Mr Mann. A dainty supper was partaken after the musical exercises The next will be held at the residence of Albert Miller. The Homœopathic Home was again benefited by a high-tea or kettle drum, given Monday evening at the residence of Mrs. Hugh Glenn on Jackson Street; it was a crowded and fashionable affair, an the result most satisfactory. The Young Benedicts are again t the front in the matter of a leap-year party, given Saturday even ing last, which was a jolly affair, at the residence of W. E. Savage, on Ninth Street. They will give their seventh social Monday next, and positively the last of the season. Thursday a luncheon at Mrs. Peder Sather's called together Mrs. H. P. Livermore, Mrs. George H. Wheaton, Mrs. Albert Miller, Miss Lottie Miller, Mrs. Sawyer, Mrs. George W. Grayson, Mrs. C. Watson, Mrs. T. L. Baker, and Mrs. Doctor Hardy. The wedding reception of the week was that of Mr. and Mrs. James Gorevan (*née* Calverwell), Saturday evening, and that of Mr. and Mrs. George Herman (*né* Kittie Evans), Wednesday evening. Of the prospective weddings one is of Miss Edith Wooster, who, shortly after her return home, will be united to a wealthy Irish gentleman with whom she became acquainted abroad. She is at present in New York with her sister, Mrs. Metcalf, with whom she has just returned from a year's tour is Europe. Miss Lillie Schweitzer is announced as engaged to Mr. Léon Guggenheim. Of our young ladies recently married abroad is Miss Mamie Carpenter, who was united, February 6th, to the son of the late General Meagher. On Wednesday evening last, Miss Emelie Runyon, of Santa Rosa, was united in marriage to Mr. Edwin T. Earl. The ceremony took place at the Church of the Incarnation, numerous society people attending from this city, Sacramento, Stockton, and Oakland.

### The Baker Musicale.

The fashionable event of the week was the musicale on Wednesday in aid of the Decorative Art Society, for which purpose Mrs. L. L. Baker kindly placed her house at the disposal of the charitably minded. The result was as profitable as the crowd was great. Full dress was *en regle*, and the corsage and butt n-hole bouquets sold so well as to realize a profit of one hundred and fifty dollars. The supper was an equally profitable venture. Henry Heyman conducted the musical exercises, which were, in consequence, a great success. The following was the programme:

1. Quadrille, "Thou Lovely Wood"..... Jansen.
   Messrs. E. M. Moore, W. A. Taylor, J. E. Tippett, C. B. Stone.
2. "Ave Maria"..... Bach-Gounod.
   Miss Holladay. Violin obligato by Mr. C. L. Mann.
3. Aria, "La Favorita"..... Donizetti.
   Mr. W. H. Keith Jr.
4. Piano Solo, "Prelude in E Flat"..... Wely.
   Miss Conner.
5. Serenade, "Ruy Blas"..... Wekerlin.
   Miss Kaufman.
6. Song, "Medjé"..... Gounod.
   Mr. C. B. Stone.
7. Violoncello Solo, "Ballade"..... Goltermann.
   Master Edgar Straus.
8. Song, "Yearnings"..... Rubinstein.
   Miss Maggie Williams.
9. Recitation, "Her Letter"..... Bret Harte.
   Miss Edith Rising.
10. Song, "Le Tortorelle"..... Arditi.
    Miss Thornton.
11. Violin Solo, "Serenade in D Minor"..... Redding.
    Henry Heyman.
12. Air d'Isabelle, "Le Pré aux Clercs"..... Herold.
    Miss Sanderson.
13. Song, "Where Lindens Bloom"..... Buck.
    Mr. H. M. Gillig.
14. Hungarian Dances, for Piano, four hands, Violin, and 'Cello..... Brahms.
    Mrs. L. Henry Newton, Miss Dodge, Messrs. Straus and Henry Heyman.

ACCOMPANISTS—Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mr. J. D. Redding.

Miss Holladay's song was received with especial enthusiasm, and, as an encore, the lady sang a German song entitled, "Thoughts on Viewing an Absent Mother's Picture."

After the music, dancing was indulged in to the music of the Presidio Band; and about half-past eleven o'clock a delicious supper was partaken of. Among the many present were Judge and Mrs. Sanderson, Doctor and Mrs. Cole, Henry Heyman, Mr. and Mrs. N. Kittle, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, Judge and Mrs. Coon, Captain Eldridge, Miss Eldridge, Mrs. Ormsby, Mrs. McClung, Mrs. Sielcken, Mrs. Reis, Miss Reis, Mr. and Mrs. Sam. Wiggin, Mr. Keith Jr., Miss Keith, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Moore, Mrs. Stoneman, Miss Stoneman, Mr. Stoneman Jr., Misses Finley, Miss Peters, Miss Schmiedell, Mrs. and Miss Bates, Mrs. Theo. E. Smith, Mrs. Judge Thornton, Mrs. Dan Cook, Mrs. Kaufman, Miss Kaufman, Mrs. John Swift, Miss Miller, Judge Curry, H. Landsberger, Mrs. Robert Sherwood, Mr. Sherwood, A. Hesperman, Albert Miller, M. Gonzales, Harry Coon, and others.

### Art Notes.

Henry Raschen is visiting the northern portion of the State, on a sketching tour.

Narjot has just completed an interesting study of mining life, which is on exhibition at Morris & Kenedy's.

Mr. Irving M. Scott is expected shortly from the East. He brings with him Toby Rosenthal's new painting, "The Immolation of Constance de Beverly," which it is expected will be placed on public exhibition at the rooms of the Art Association.

## "THE ALPINE ROSES."

"Flaneur" Describes the Latest Success at the Madison Square.

Marie Burroughs will make a sensation before she dies. Half the town is talking about her beauty, and though she is the youngest actress in the Madison Square Company, and two months ago was almost unknown, she at present easily takes the honors away from such actors as Richard Mansfield and George Clarke, and from two of the most popular women on the stage—Georgia Cayvan and Mrs. Whiffen.

The first night of "Alpine Roses" was sanctimonious, solemn, and severe. The house was filled with a crowd of regulation first-nighters, who took off their hats at the doors of the theatre and wandered down the aisles with the waver-ing steps which characterize the entrance of sinners into the house of God. Such enthusiastic patrons of the bar as Joe Howard, Nym Crinkle, George Edgar, Ed. Sond-heim, Fred. May, Freddie Gebhardt, and Stephen Fiske sat through the whole performance without once attempt-ing to slide out between the acts. Every one seemed to feel it would have been a desecration to have left the holy Madison Square for a drink across the way. This crowd of first-nighters at "Separation," a few nights before at the Union Square Theatre, distinguished itself by lunging by one impulse towards the Morton House as soon as the curtain began to descend after each act; but none of them thought for an instant of leaving their seats at the Madison Square. They remained to gaze at Burroughs. The theory has been advanced that Burroughs is not intrinsically beau-tiful, but that the charm of her presence is entirely due to her graceful carriage and superb eyes. An accurate de-scription of her face would not give any one the impression that she is a beautiful woman. There is something wrong about her profile, and her chin seems weak, but the whole effect of her face is captivating. San Francisco, of course, knows more about her than New York. [Miss Burroughs's real name is Lillie Arrington.—ED.]

She had an extremely difficult rôle on Thursday night, as she was expected to laugh the piece into favor. The dramatist makes a grave mistake who allows any one to laugh on the stage within one hour after the play has be-gun. The people are not thoroughly settled and have no idea of being amused, and incessant laughter on the stage jars on their nerves. It is a difficult thing for a woman to laugh on the stage, and it is specially difficult for a girl who is almost a débutante to begin a play with laughter and carry it on through a greater part of the first act. Miss Burroughs's laugh is infectious. She was highly success-ful, and put the audience in a good humor at once.

"Alpine Roses" was written by Mr. H. H. Boyesen, the novelist, who is the Professor of Literature at Colum-bia College. It is a literary play. The English is pure and eloquent at times, though occasionally it is highflown, and the plot of the play is what might have been expected from a man who makes elegant English sentences for a live-hood. There was nothing new in the story. It was trite in the extreme. A Prussian nobleman goes to the Alps for rest and recreation, and while there falls in love with two beautiful country girls. He doesn't know which he loves the more. In the next act the girls are found in a great city, where one has become a great prima donna. This ruse is what is commonly called a chestnut. The nobleman, who is a man of the world, acts honorably toward the two friendless girls while they are in the city. This, in a dissipated man of the world, is preposterous. Eventually, the nobleman decides which one of the girls he wants to marry, but is prevented from doing so by a shrewish mother. In the last act, when the girls go back to the Alps, the nobleman escapes from the shrewish mother and marries Miss Burroughs, who was one of the Alpine roses. The other Alpine rose is Miss Georgia Cayvan. She played a rôle, in which there is very little common sense and a great deal of gush, with care and considerable perfection of detail; but, in endeavoring to lift it out of the commonplace in the second act, she over-acted woefully.

Mr. "Swell-head" Mansfield did the Prussian noble-man. He made of him a sort of young son of Baron Chevrial. The son was very like the father. He had the same weak back, the same stooping shoulders, faltering gait, and peculiarly palsied gesture of the right arm. Despite this, and it was a very serious fault of Mr. Mans-field's acting, the actor gave a distinct and intelligent ren-dering of his rôle. Mansfield is unquestionably a man of ability. He was the only actor on the stage who gave his character a distinct individuality, and his conception of the part was carefully worked out, and was consistent throughout. George Clarke played an Alpine hunter. He had the face of a stock-broker, the legs of a Hibernian masquerader, the figure of a Worth Street dry goods man, the voice of an elocutionist, and the manners of a society man. The combination was somewhat confusing. In appearance, Mr. Clarke was a sort of dazzling collection of various things; his acting was intense and heroic.

It may sound paradoxical to say that despite these in-congruities the play was a success, but such was the case. A large part of the success was due to the scenery. The scene-painter received a recall; the author of the play, though he sat in evening dress in the right-hand box, and as undoubtedly ready to respond, did not get a hand of applause, and he went home without having approached the foot-lights. I hope Mr. Boyesen is writing for money and not for honor. There is little honor in writing a play when the audience doesn't care to see you on the night of its first performance. The Alpine scene was extremely beautiful; all sorts of queer effects were arranged for the sky in the background, and the view of the mountains was extremely pretty. While the characters were acting the sun went down, and an aurora borealis appeared, and then the moon rose. The sun looked like the sun, and not like a cheese-box with a magic-lantern inside. The aurora was as beautiful in the extreme. Shafts of light shot up from the horizon, and flashes of lightning went from peak to peak of the mountain heights. The moon rose with dig-nity and serenity. It did not bob about or glare unnatu-rally, but was majestic and silvery. Clouds drifted across its face at times, and quite obscured its light. The voices of the Jodlers were heard in the distance. Altogether, the scene was picturesque in the extreme. The production was a triumph for the scene-painters and the ma-chinists.

The weather seems to be unpropitious for leading ladies of more than nineteen summers. The public has about made up its mind that the old girls will have to go. It is so long since we have had pretty women of juvenile years on the stage, that when the season brings out such charmers as Marie Burroughs, Sadie Martinot, Florence Gerard, and Kate Forsythe, the more mature sirens must go to the wall. Agnes Booth, Ada Dyas, Maud Granger, Marie Prescott, Charlotte Thompson, Ada Gray, Rose Eytinge, and other antiquities too numerous to mention, have been floating about for the past year taking whatever fell in their way, but gradually losing their hold upon popularity. I don't wish to be understood as casting any reflections upon the abilities of any of these ladies as actresses. Agnes Booth is a finished artiste; a more charming comedy actress can not be found upon the American boards to-day. Ada Dyas retains all the qualities which made her Wallack's leading lady years ago. Maud Granger, Miss Prescott, and the rest, are too well known to need comment, but the fact remains that they are all of them getting a little too far along in life for playing juvenile rôles without calling for imagination on the part of the audience. Youth is a great thing. It has been proved by the success of Minnie Palmer over Lotta in London. Lotta is ever so much brighter than Palmer, but old age is creeping on her fast. Palmer can kick twice the height of Lotta without changing the expression of her face, and she jumps on chairs and tables with much greater success than does her older rival. She does not have to paint her face, and her spirits are always jubilant. Her success is much greater than Lotta's.

The question of what is to become of the leading ladies as they pass into the sear and yellow leaf has been solved. They go to John A. Stevens. If my memory serves me, Mr. Stevens has been in San Francisco. I think I had the pleasure of reading several articles in the *Argonaut* which insinuated, with delicate suggestiveness, that Mr. Stevens was not exactly everything that the *Argonaut* would wish Mr. Stevens to be. It is singular that men of Mr. Stevens's kind can achieve such remarkable financial success in the theatrical field. I need say nothing about John A. Stevens. He has been in San Francisco; that is enough. Recently Mr. Stevens's theatre, in the lower Bowery, burned down. He took a flimsy house in upper Broadway, known as the New Park Theatre, put his own name, in letters seven feet long, over the entrance, and announced his future policy.

"Wallack ain't no good," said Mr. Stevens, biting off a fresh chunk. "I'm going into this stock company biz, and I'm going to whoop her up. I've got Agnes Booth, Ada Dyas, and shall shortly have Miss Prescott; and I propose to give plays here that'll knock the Union Square and Wallack's higher than a kite. I know who I am. I'm John Stevens, I am; and I'm on deck every time. What this town wants is a good company, and I'm going to give 'em one that'll knock the spots out of every other one on the face of the earth."

Mr. Stevens will inaugurate his policy four weeks from date. The play will be "That Man," which has thus far enjoyed a run of two weeks in New York. It will be re-produced when Mr. Stevens's new policy has begun. "That Man" was written by Celia Logan, and was origi-nally called "An American Marriage," but the failure of Judge Barrett's "An American Wife" caused Miss Logan to change the title, so that her play would not be con-founded with the Barrett failure. Mr. Stevens dreams of a time when the superb galaxy of tried and true ladies of former years will appear on his stage in one play. Stevens is making money, and he may in the end succeed in get-ting them all together, but I don't know what he can do with them, unless they are gathered in an Amazonian march, with blue lights and martial music.

Agnes Herndon begins a bold flight for prosperity and renown every year by the assertion that she is first cousin to President Arthur. Miss Herndon seems to think that this ought to carry her up to the topmost pinnacle of fame in the theatre, but it doesn't. People won't pay one dol-lar and a half to see an actress because she is President Arthur's first cousin. If she were his maiden aunt five times removed it would be quite as strong a card. Miss Herndon has been gathered into the Madison Square fold, and is at present scouring the country in one of the Madi-son Square's numerical organizations. I think it is Com-pany No. 217. It is possible that Miss Herndon's relation-ship to the President is what caused her to be engaged by the Madison Square Theatre. It certainly is not her capa-bilities as an actress. It is surprising, by the way, how many utterly commonplace actresses there are floating about just now. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, February 6, 1884.

---

The Westinghouse Air Brake Company has recently ob-tained a patent for an arrangement of the hose-pipes be-tween the cars in connection with the automatic brake, the use of which will prevent the application of the brakes by the bursting of any one hose. With this arrangement trains will never be stopped by the bursting of hose, be-cause it requires two pieces of hose between each car to burst at the same time to empty the brake-pipe. By the use of this arrangement the hose-pipes can be kept in use until they are actually ruptured; whereas, without it, the hose must be examined *and removed if it appears to be defective.* Cars provided with the double couplings can be run in connection with cars provided with the single coupling.

---

A clergyman in Durham, England, some short time since, taught an old man in his parish to read, and found him an apt pupil. After his lessons were finished he was not able to call for some time, and when he did, found only the wife at home. "How is John?" said he; "how does he get on with his reading?" "Oh, nicely, sir." "Ah, I suppose he'll read his Bible very comfortably now?" "Bible, sir! Bless you, he was out of the Bible and into the newspapers long ago."

## MUSICAL NOTES.

Concert of the Loring Club.

If Mr. Bickerstaff, of the *Tatler*, had lived to write about the Loring Club, he would doubtless have expressed himself as moved by "an invincible prejudice" in favor of all it undertakes. And this would be not only because its musical proficiency and ability give what he would call a "certain tincture" to its concerts, but also because its programmes are so unfailingly excellent. That of the seventh season's third entertainment, which took place last week, was no exception to the reigning rule; and it was so well sung throughout as to make the concert unusually enjoyable. A very strong and noble "Festgesang," by Mendelssohn, was given as the opening number. The absence of anything like raw-ness, or precipitation, or over-zealousness in the full yet softened volume of voices, seemed more apparent than ever. The singers had themselves well in hand, and an absolute obedience to the baton followed, as a matter of course. "The Rose of Wörther-see," by Koschat, one of those carefully adapted tone-pictures whose deft combinations tell much in little, proved to be of rather tragic and sombre color. It was read with exquisite finish and feeling, and was a delightful piece of work at all points. Abt's "Lotus Flower," with the solo by Mr. Howland, has been given in the same way before, and is always interesting. "Œdipus at Colonos," by Mendelssohn, a double chorus, No. 3, op. 93, consti-tuted the most classical number of the evening, and was finely sung. "Come forth, O youth," by Ernst Frank, was least suc-cessful, and somewhat rough in places. An exceedingly beautiful "Slumber Song," by Joh. Naret-Koning, showed the club at its best in certain particulars. In writings of a subdued style the spirit of the composition naturally calls for a modulation of tone, which is most happily obtained by these voices. Their quieter singing produces a sound of infinite richness and musical purity vastly more effective than the force of heavy passages. Brambach's "Night on the Ocean" is also one of the finest studies ever taken up by the Loring Club. It was not new last week; but its har-mony is so close, so thoughtful, and so fascinatingly worked out that it will bear many repetitions. The feature of the concert in musical novelty and elaborate title-page illustration were several bright holiday scenes from "Karinthia," by Koschat. Important solo parts were taken in these by Miss Pauline Olmsted, the solo-ist of the evening, and also by Mr. Edward Moore. The music, of rather a light order, was exceedingly gay and charming, and the merry peasant scenes it set forth were delineated with great spirit and vivacity. In her little duets with Mr. Moore, her various short solos, and parts carried on to accompaniment by the chorus, Miss Olmstead's voice was delightfully clear and effective. In-deed, her best work of the evening was connected with the holiday scenes; for although she sang three lovely songs earlier—"Clear and Cool," by Henschel; "Oh, Lay thy Cheek on Mine," by Jen-sen; and "Clover Blossoms," by Rogers—that cautiousness and that feeling for her way which still mark Miss Olmsted's vocal-ism, were then far more apparent. In the "Karinthia" music she was forced out of the slowness, which is almost a languor, and her indistinctness of pronunciation was also less noticeable. Miss Olmsted's selection from George Henschel was especially interest-ing, and the Jensen song was interpreted with the utmost care, but without freedom. The accompaniments were played by Mrs. Car-michael-Carr, whose taste and good judgement need no new praise.

F. A.

---

### TO A FLIRT.

Last night I dreamed that by the sea
I sat, at eventide,
And in the waters deep and clear
A mermaid I espied.
I saw in hers your witching face,
Your glance of light divine.
Her graceful form, enchanting smile,
And coquetry were thine.

With care I set my keenest hook,
A fly with wing of gold;
My line a trusty silken thread
That ne'er had failed to hold.
I threw the snare upon the wave
With all my practiced skill,
And as your eyes toward it turned
I felt the angler's thrill.

At first, with sweet approving look,
You met my anxious gaze,
Then, darting like a lightning flash,
You lit the depths ablaze.
Around the bauble bright you sailed,
Then touched it as you passed;
My heart leaped throbbing to my throat,
I thought I had you fast.

Then back you came, with cautious air,
And lingered very nigh it,
And looked as if you really had
A half a mind to try it.
Anon you tossed your graceful head,
Your bright eyes archly winking;
I thought I almost heard you say:
You'll not catch me, I'm thinking.

Coquetting thus, now near, now far,
'Twixt yes and no vibrating,
You held me captive by a spell
Of bliss intoxicating.
But hope, and faith, and patience oft—
Though bold to do and dare—
May fall like heroes 'neath the shafts
Of famine and despair.

There came along a fairy fish
As bright as morning dew.
As dawn awakens night, it waked
My dreaming soul anew.
At first 'twas timid, then but shy,
Till, with increasing pleasure,
It trustier grew, when, quick as thought,
I caught the sparkling treasure.

And when I placed it in a fount
Of crystal pure and white,
Its artless trust, its sportive way,
Each day gave new delight.
You kept your freedom, but no more
The angler's line disdained;
And though you courted capture oft,
A mer-*maid* you remained.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 14, 1884. ALFRED WHEELER.

---

Mr. Franz Lachner, until lately director of the Munich court orchestra, was asked by his successor, Hans von Bulow, after a concert, if the orchestra had not done well. "Why shouldn't it?" was the reply; "an orchestra which I have directed for thirty years could scarcely be spoiled by you in two months."

## LOVE'S RANDOM SHOT.

A New Story by Wilkie Collins.

The scene is a famous city in Scotland.

The chief personage is the best police officer we had, in the time when I served the office of Sheriff.

He was an old man, about to retire on a well-earned pension, at the period of his life to which my narrative refers. A theft of a priceless picture, which had escaped discovery by the other members of our police force, roused old Benjamin Parley to exert himself for the last time.

Going to Lord Dalton, the owner, he stated his own conclusions and offered to take the case.

"As a well-informed officer," Lord Dalton said, "you are no doubt aware that I am one of the three richest men in Scotland. Have you also heard that I am a stingy man?"

"I have heard exactly the contrary, my lord," Parley answered, with perfect truth.

"Very good. You will be inclined to believe me when I tell you that the money value of my picture (large as it may be) is the least part of its value in my estimation. The sheriff tells me that you have a wife and two daughters at home, and that you were about to retire on a pension when you offered me your services. At your age, I must take that circumstance into consideration. Do you mind telling me what income you have to look forward to, adding your other pecuniary resources (if you have any) to your pension?"

Parley answered the question without hesitation and without reserve. He was not an easy man to astonish; but Lord Dalton's next words literally struck him speechless.

"Put my Raphael back in the frame within a month from to-day," said his lordship, "and I will treble your income, and secure it to your widow and children after you."

In less than three weeks from that date Benjamin Parley (just arrived from Brussels) walked into the picture gallery, and put the Raphael back into the frame with his own hands. He refused to say how he had recovered the picture. But he announced, with an appearance of self-reproach which entirely failed to deceive Lord Dalton, the disastrous escape of his prisoner on the journey to Scotland. At a later period, scandal whispered that this same prisoner was a vagabond member of my lord's family, and that Parley's success had been due, in the first instance, to his wise courage in daring to suspect a nobleman's relative.

### II.

In relating the circumstances which made the generous nobleman and the skilled police officer acquainted with each other, I have borne in mind certain results, the importance of which you have yet to estimate. The day on which Benjamin Parley received his magnificent reward proved to be the fatal day in his life.

He had originally planned to retire to the village in Perthshire in which he had been born. Being now possessed of an income which enabled him to indulge the ambition of his wife and his daughters, it was decided that he should fix his residence in one of the suburbs of the city. Mrs. Parley and her two girls, established in a "genteel villa," assumed the position of "ladies," and old Benjamin, when time hung heavy on his hands, was within half an hour's walk of his colleagues in the police force. "But for my lord's generosity," his wife remarked, "he would not have had that resource. If we had gone to Perthshire, he would never, in all likelihood, have seen our city again."

To give you some idea of this poor fellow's excellent character, and of the high estimation in which he was deservedly held, I may mention that his retirement was celebrated by the presentation of a testimonial. It assumed the quaint form of a receipted bill, representing the expenses incurred in furnishing his new house. I took the chair at the meeting. The landed gentry, the lawyers, and the merchants were present in large numbers; all equally desirous of showing their respect for a man who, in a position beset by temptations, had set an example of incorruptible integrity from first to last.

Some family troubles of mine at that time obliged me to apply for leave of absence. For two months my duties were performed by deputy.

Examining the letters and cards which covered the study-table on my return, I found a morsel of paper with some lines of writing on it in pencil, signed by Parley's wife: "When you can spare a little time, sir, pray be so good as to let me say a word to you—at your house."

The handwriting showed plain signs of agitation; and the last three words were underlined. Was the good woman burdened with a domestic secret—and were her husband and children not admitted to her confidence?

I was so busily occupied, after my absence, that I could only make an appointment to see Mrs. Parley at my breakfast time. The hour was so early that she would be sure to find me alone.

The moment she entered the room I saw a change in her, which prepared me for something serious. It may be, perhaps, desirable to add, by way of explaining a certain tendency to excitement and exaggeration in Mrs. Parley's ways of thinking and speaking, that she was a Welsh woman.

"Is there anything wrong at home?" I asked.

She began to cry. "You know how proud I was, sir, of our grand house, and our splendid income. I wish we had gone where we first thought of going—hundreds of miles away from this place! I wish Parley had never seen his lordship, and never earned that great reward!"

"You don't mean to tell me," I said, "that you and your husband have quarreled?"

"Worse, sir—worse than that. Parley is so changed that my own husband is like a stranger to me. For God's sake, don't mention it! In our old age, after sleeping together for thirty years and more, I'm cast off. Parley has his bedroom, and I have mine!" She looked at me—and blushed. At nearly sixty years of age, the poor creature blushed like a young girl!

It is needless to say that the famous question of the French philosopher was on the tip of my tongue: "Who is she?" But I owed it to Parley's unblemished reputation to hesitate before I committed myself to a positive opinion. The question of the beds was clearly beyond the reach of my interference. "In what other ways does Parley seem to be changed?" I inquired.

"Seem?" she repeated. "Why even the girls notice it! They say their father doesn't care about them now. And it's true! In our present prosperity we can afford to pay a governess; and when we first settled in the new house, Parley agreed with me that the poor things ought to be better educated. He has lost all interest in their welfare. If I only mention the matter now, he says, 'Oh! bother!' and discourages me in that way. You know, sir, he always dressed respectably, according to his station and time of life. That's all altered now. He has gone to a new tailor; he wears smart cutaway coats, like the young men; I found an elastic belt among his clothes—the sort of thing they advertise to keep down fat, and preserve the figure. You were so kind as to give him a snuff-box on his last birthday. It's of no more use to him now. Benjamin has given up taking snuff."

"I am at your service," I said, "if you will only tell me how I can advise you."

"Some hussy has got hold of Benjamin!" cried the poor woman, "and I don't know where to find her. What am I to do? Benjamin's too deep for me—I believe I shall go mad!"

She fell back on her chair, and began to beat her hands on her lap. If I permitted this hysterical agitation to proceed in its usual course of development, the household would be alarmed by an outburst of screaming. There was but one way of composing Mrs. Parley, and I took it.

"Suppose I speak to your husband?" I suggested.

"Oh, Mr. Sheriff"——

In Mrs. Parley's excitable Welsh nature even gratitude threatened to express itself hysterically. I checked the new outbreak by putting some necessary questions. The few facts which I succeeded in eliciting did not present my coming interview with the husband in an encouraging light.

After moving in the new house, Parley had found some difficulty (naturally enough) in reconciling himself to the change in his life. From time to time (as his wife had suggested) he looked in at the police office, and offered the benefit of his experience to his colleagues when they were in need of advice. For a while these visits to the city produced the good results which had been anticipated. Then followed the very complete and very suspicious change in him, already related to me. While the husband and wife still occupied the same room at night, Mrs. Parley discovered that Benjamin was disturbed by dreams. For the first time in all her experience, she heard him talking in his sleep. Here and there, words escaped him which seemed to allude to a woman—a woman whom he called "my dear"—a woman who had apparently placed some agitating confidence in him. Sensible enough under other circumstances, Mrs. Parley's jealousy had hurried her into an act of folly. She woke her husband and insisted on an explanation. The result had been the institution of separate bedrooms—on the pretense that Parley's sense of conjugal duty would not permit him to be the means of disturbing his wife's rest. Arriving, correctly enough, at the conclusion that he was afraid of betraying himself, Mrs. Parley had tried the desperate experiment of following him privately when he next left the house. A police-officer of forty years' experience, with a secret to keep, sees before him and behind him, and on his right hand and his left, at one and the same time. Poor Mrs. Parley, discovered as a spy, felt the look that her husband gave her (to use her own expression) "in the marrow of her bones." His language had been equally alarming. "Try it again," he had said, "and you will have seen the last of me." She had naturally been afraid to try it again; and there she was, at my breakfast table, with but one hope left—the hope that the sheriff would assist her.

### III.

Such was my interview with the wife. My interview with the husband produced one result, for which I was in some degree prepared. It satisfied me that any interference on my part would be worse than useless.

I had certain claims on Parley's gratitude and respect, which he had hitherto recognized with heartfelt sincerity. When we now stood face to face, before a word had passed between us, I saw one thing clearly—my hold over him was lost.

For Mrs. Parley's sake I could not allow myself to be discouraged at the outset. "Your wife was with me yesterday," I said, "in great distress."

"I am sorry, sir, that my wife should have troubled you."

His voice told me that he had suffered, and was still suffering keenly. I also noticed that the lines marked by age in his face had deepened. He evidently felt that he stood before me a man self-degraded in his old age. On the other hand, it was just as plain that he was determined to deceive me if I attempted to penetrate his secret.

My one chance of producing the right impression was to appeal to his sense of self-respect—if any such sense was still left in him.

"Don't suppose that I presume to interfere between you and your wife," I resumed. "In what little I have now to say to you, I shall bear in mind the high character that you have always maintained, not only among your own friends, but among persons like myself, who are placed above you by the accidents of birth and position."

"You are very good, sir. I assure you, I feel——"

He paused. I waited to let him go on. His eyes dropped before mine. He seemed to be afraid to follow the good impulse that I had roused in him. I tried again.

"Without repeating what Mrs. Parley had said to me," I proceeded, "I may tell you at what conclusion I have myself arrived. It is only doing you justice to suppose that your wife has been misled by false appearances. Will you go back to her, and satisfy her that she has been mistaken?"

"She wouldn't believe me, sir."

"Will you, at least, try the experiment?"

He shook his head doggedly. "Quite useless," he answered. "My wife's temper"——

I stopped him there.

"Make some allowance for your wife's temper," I said, "and don't forget that you owe some consideration to your daughters. Spare them the shame and distress of seeing their father and mother at enmity."

His manner changed; I had said something which appeared to give him confidence.

"Did my wife say anything to you about our girls?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"She thought you neglectful of your daughters."

"Anything else, sir?"

"She said you had, at one time, acknowledged that the girls ought to have a good governess; but she now finds you indifferent to the best interests of your children."

He lifted one of his hands with a theatrical gesture quite new in my experience of him.

"She said that, did she? Now, Mr. Sheriff, judge for yourself what my wife's complaints of me are worth! I have this day engaged a governess for my children."

I looked at him.

Once more his eyes dropped before mine.

"Does Mrs. Parley know what you have done?" I inquired.

"She shall know," he answered loudly, almost insolently, "when I return home."

"I am obliged to you for coming here, Mr. Parley. Don't let me detain you any longer."

"Does that mean, sir, that you disapprove of what I have done?"

"I pronounce no opinion."

"Does it mean that you doubt the governess's character?"

"It means that I regret having troubled you to come here—and that I have no more to say."

He walked to the door, opened it, hesitated, and came back to me.

"I ask your pardon, sir, if I have been in any way rough in speaking to you. You will understand, perhaps, that I am a little troubled in my mind." He considered with himself, and took from his pocket the snuff-box to which his wife had alluded. "I've given up the habit, sir, of taking snuff. It's slovenly, and—and not good for the health. But I don't feel the less honored by your gift. I shall prize it gratefully as long as I live."

He turned his head away, but not quickly enough to hide the tears that filled his eyes. For a moment all that was best and truest in the nature of Benjamin Parley had forced its way to expression. But the devil in possession of him was not to be cast out. He became basely ashamed of the good impulse that did him honor. "The sun is very bright this morning," he muttered, confusedly; "my eyes are rather weak, sir. I wish you good-morning."

### IV.

Left by myself I rang the bell, and gave the servant his instructions. If Mr. or Mrs. Parley called again at the house they were to be told that I was not able to see them.

Was this a harsh act on my part? Let us look the matter fairly in the face and see.

It is possible that some persons, not having had my experience of the worst aspects of human nature, might have been inclined to attribute Mrs. Parley's suspicions to her jealous temper, and might have been not unwilling to believe that her husband had engaged a governess for his children in perfect good faith. No such merciful view of the matter presented itself to my mind. Nothing could be plainer to me than that Parley was an instrument in the hands of a bold and wicked woman, who had induced him, for reasons of her own, to commit an act which was nothing less than an outrage on his wife. To what purpose could I interfere? The one person who could help poor Mrs. Parley must be armed with the authority of a relation. And, even in this case, what good result could be anticipated if the woman played her part as governess discreetly, and if Parley held firm? A more hopeless domestic prospect, so far, had never presented itself to my view. It vexed and humiliated me to find myself waiting helplessly for events. What else could I do?

On the next day Mrs. Parley called, and the servant followed his instructions.

On the day after (with the pardonable pertinacity of a woman in despair) she wrote to me.

The letter has long since been destroyed; but the substance of it remains in my memory. It informed me that the governess was actually established in the house; and described her, it is needless to say, as the most shameless wretch that had ever breathed the breath of life. Asked if he had obtained a reference as to her character, Parley had replied that he was old enough to know how to engage a governess; that he refused to answer impertinent questions; and that he had instructed "Miss Beaumont" (this was the lady's well-sounding name) to follow his example. She had already contrived to steal her way into the confidence of her two innocent pupils, and to produce a favorable impression on a visitor who had called at the house that morning. In one word, Mrs. Parley's position was, on her own showing, beyond the reach of help. As I had anticipated, the false governess played her part with discretion, and the infatuated husband asserted his authority.

Ten days later, I happened to be driving through the suburb of our city, and I discovered Mrs. Parley in close conversation with one of the younger members of the detective police force, named Butler. They were walking slowly along a retired path which led out of the high road, so interested apparently in what they had to say to each other that they failed to notice me, though I passed close by them.

The next morning Butler presented himself at my office, and asked leave to speak to me. Being busy that day, I sent a message back, inquiring if the matter was of any importance. The answer returned was, "of most serious importance." He was immediately admitted to my private room.

V.

The little I had heard of this young police officer represented him to be "a rising man," resolute and clever, and not very scrupulous in finding his way to his own ends. "Thoroughly useful, but wants looking after." There was the superintendent's brief description of Mr. Butler.

He thus began: "My business relates, sir, to something that has happened in the house of Benjamin Parley. He has got himself into a very serious scrape. Mrs. Parley told me, sir, that you had permitted her husband to speak to you. May I take it for granted that you have heard of the governess? Parley met the woman in the street. He was struck by her personal appearance; he got into conversation with her; he took her to a restaurant, and gave her a dinner; he heard her interesting story; he fell in love with her, like an infernal old fool——oh, I beg your pardon!"

"Quite needless to apologize, Mr. Butler. When he permitted the woman to be governess to his children, he behaved like a scoundrel, as well as a fool. Go on. You have discovered, of course, what object she has in establishing herself in Parley's house?"

"I will ask leave to tell you first, sir, how I made the discovery."

"Why?"

"Because you won't believe who the woman really is, unless I convince you beforehand that I have committed no mistake."

"Is she a person of celebrity?"

"She is known wherever there is a newspaper published."

"And conceals herself, of course," I said, "under an assumed name?"

"And, what is more, sir, she would never have been found out but for the wife's jealousy. Everybody but that old woman was wheedled into liking Miss Beaumont. Mrs. Parley believed the charming governess to be an imposter, and, being determined to expose her, applied to me for advice. The one morsel of evidence that induced me to look into the matter came from the servant girl. Miss Beaumont's bedroom was at the back of the house. One night the servant heard her softly open her window, and saw her empty her wash-hand basin into the garden. The customary means of emptying her basin were, of course, ready and waiting in her room. Have you ever dropped into an actor's dressing-room, sir, when he has done his work on the stage?"

"Sometimes."

"Have you accidentally looked at the basin when he washes his face before he goes home?"

"Not that I remember."

"In such cases, sir, the actor often leaves, what you may call, a tinge of his complexion in the water; and the color might strike an observant person. If I had not begun life on the stage, it would never have occurred to me that Miss Beaumont's reason for privately emptying her basin might be connected with a false complexion—occasionally removed, you know, at night, and put on again the next morning. A mere guess, you will say, and more likely to be wrong than right. I don't dispute it; I only say that my guess encouraged me to make one or two inquiries. It's needless to trouble you, sir, by speaking of the difficulties that I found in my way. Let me only say that I contrived to get the better of them. Last night, after old Parley was safe in bed, his wife and his servant and I invaded the sanctuary of Miss Beaumont's room. We were not at all afraid of waking the lady, having taken the precaution (at supper time) of giving her—let us say, the blessing of a good night's rest. She had seemingly been a little irritable and restless before she went to sleep. At any rate, her wig was thrown on the floor. We passed by that, and went to the bed. She lay on her back, her mouth was open, and her arms were flung out on either side of her. Her own pretty fair hair was not very long, and her false color (she was disguised, sir, as a dark lady in public) was left that night on her face and neck and hands. So far we had only discovered that she was what Mrs. Parley believed her to be—an impostor, unknown. It was left for *me* to find out who the woman really was. The fastening of her night-dress around the throat had given way. Her bosom was exposed. Upon my soul I was terrified when the truth burst upon me! There it was, sir, and no mistake—there, on the right side, under the right breast"——

I started out of my chair. On my writing-table lay a hand-bill, which I had read and re-read until I knew it by heart. It had been distributed by the London authorities throughout the United Kingdom, and it contained the description of a woman suspected of a terrible crime, who had baffled the pursuit of the police. I looked at the hand-bill; I looked at the man who was speaking to me.

"Good God!" I cried, "did you see the scar?"

"I saw it, Mr. Sheriff, as plainly as I see you."

"And the false eye-tooth on the left side of her mouth?"

"Yes, sir—with the gold fastening to speak for it."

Years have passed since the conversation took place which I have just related. But some persons must remember a famous criminal trial in London—and would recognize, if I felt myself at liberty to mention it, the name of the most atrocious murderess of modern times.

VI.

The warrant was issued for the woman's arrest. Competent witnesses identified her, and the preliminaries of the law took their course.

To me, the serious part of the discovery was the part which cast suspicion on the unfortunate Benjamin Parley. Appearances were indisputably against him. He was not only suspected; he was actually charged with assisting the murderess to escape from justice. For the trouble that had now fallen on him, I could be of some use in assisting Parley, and in comforting his unhappy family.

You will hardly believe the assertion, but I declare it to be true, the man's infatuation kept its hold on him more firmly than ever. His own interests were of no sort of importance to him; he seemed to be but little affected even by the distress of his wife and family; his one overwhelming anxiety was for the prisoner. "I believe in her innocence," he actually said to me, "as I believe in my religion. She is falsely accused, sir, of that horrible crime." He was incapable of resenting, he was even incapable of appreciating, the cruel deception that she had practiced on him. In one word, he was more devotedly in love with her than ever.

The order came to have the woman removed to London, to be tried at the Central Criminal Court. Parley heard of it. In the most moving terms he entreated me to have him set at liberty, and to trust him with the duty of taking charge of the prisoner.

It was my business to see her placed in the railway carriage under proper guard. The train started in the morning. She refused to leave her bed. As a matter of course, I was sent for in this emergency.

The murderess was not a beautiful woman; she was not even a pretty woman. But she had a voluptuous smile, a singularly musical voice, a fine figure, and a supreme confidence in herself. The moment I entered the room, the horrible creature tried her powers of fascination on the sheriff. She assumed the character of an innocent victim overwhelmed by suffering of body and mind. I looked at my watch, and told her she had no time to lose. Not in the least disconcerted, she shifted to a new character; she took me, gayly and cynically, into her confidence. "My dear sir, you would never have caught me," she said, "if I had not made one mistake. As governess in the family of an ex-police-officer I should have been safe from discovery if I had not taken it for granted that I could twist Parley's old woman round my little finger, like the rest of them. Who would have thought she could have been jealous of an ugly old husband at her time of life? Wouldn't you have said yourself, 'All that sort of thing must have been over long ago, when a woman is sixty years old or more'? Can there be jealousy without love? And do we love when we are hideous, flabby creatures, covered with wrinkles? Oh, fie! fie!"

I took out my watch once more.

"If I don't hear that you are up and dressed in ten minutes," I said, "I will have you wrapped in a blanket and taken to the railway station by main force."

With that warning I left the room. The women in charge of her told me afterward that her language was too terrible to be repeated. But she was quick enough to see that I was in earnest; and she was up and dressed in time for the train.

VI.

When I tell you that Parley was one of the witnesses examined at the trial, you will understand that we had relieved him of the serious charge of being (in the legal phrase) "an accessory after the fact." He went to London still firmly convinced of her innocence. She was found guilty on irresistible evidence, and sentenced to death.

On the conclusion of the trial, Parley had not returned to his family; he had not even written. His wife followed him to London. He seemed hardly to know her again.

Through the influence of friends in London, who were known to the city authorities, the poor wretch gained admittance to the prison, while the criminal was waiting for execution. His wife heard what happened at the interview; but she was never able to repeat it to any one.

On the evening before the execution, he burst into a fit of hysterical crying. That outbreak of violent emotion was followed by a cataleptic seizure. More than eight and forty hours passed before consciousness returned. They feared the loss of reason when he had regained the capacity to feel and to suffer. No such result attended his recovery.

On the same day he spoke of her to others for the first and last time. He said, very quietly, with a remarkable stillness in his face, "Is she dead?" They answered, Yes. He said no more.

The next morning his wife asked if he would go back to Scotland with her. He was quite ready to do anything that she wished. Two or three days after their return I saw him. His gray hair had become perfectly white; his manner was subdued; his face, full of vivid expression in past days, seemed to have fallen into a state of changeless repose. That was all.

I was not quite satisfied. A month later Mrs. Parley asked me if I thought a friend of mine, who was one of the greatest living physicians, could do Benjamin any good. I asked what was the matter with him. "He seems to be getting weak," was the only reply.

The same day I took my friend with me to Parley's house. After looking at the patient, and putting some questions, he asked to be allowed to make a complete examination. The two retired. When they returned, Mrs. Parley was naturally a little alarmed. "Is there anything that's wrong, sir?" she asked. And, to my astonishment, the doctor answered, "Nothing that I can find out."

When we had left the house, I put the question to him, "What does this mean?"

"It means," he answered, "that the old man is dying, and I can't find out why."

Once in every week the great physician visited Parley, always refusing to take his fee; but now and then asking permission to bring a medical friend with him. One day he called on me, and said, "If you want to say 'good-bye' to the old police officer, you have no time to lose." I went to the house the same day. Parley was asleep. I returned some hours later. Parley was dead. I asked what he had died of, and the doctor said, "We have obtained the widow's permission to make a post-mortem examination. Wait a little."

I waited until the funeral was over, and then I returned to the subject.

"What discoveries did you make at the post-mortem examination?"

"We made no discoveries."

"But there must have been some cause for his death?"

"I called it 'decay of nature' on the certificate," my friend answered. "A mere pretense! The man's constitution was sound; and he had not reached seventy years of age. A registrar of deaths has nothing to do with questions of sentiment. A doctor's certificate is bound to deal with facts, otherwise——"

He paused, and drew me out of hearing of the mourners lingering in the churchyard.

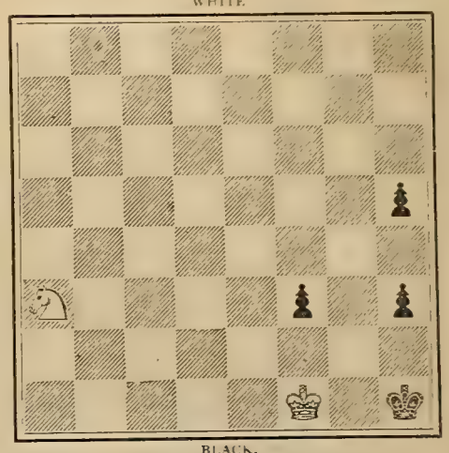
"Don't mention it among my colleagues," he said. "If there really *is* such a thing—Benjamin Parley has died of a broken heart."

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

**Problems and Other Topics of Interest in the King of Games.**

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 2115 Fillmore Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

As a sequel to the interesting position given in our last issue, we this week print the celebrated problem from the German "Handbook," which is equally interesting and instructive:



WHITE.

BLACK.

White play and win in any of nine variations.

The following rather curious game was played in the Vizayanagaram Tourney:

(FOUR KNIGHTS.)

| *White.* | *Black.* | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. Gossip. | Rev. Mr. Ranken | 27—Q KB3 | 27—Q B2 |
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 28—Q Q3 | 28—Kt K5 |
| 2—Kt KB3 | 2—Kt QB3 | 29—K B3 | 29—Q R5sq |
| 3—Kt B3 | 3—Kt B3 | 30—QR KBsq | 30—R K3 |
| 4—B Kt5 | 4—Kt Q5 (a) | 31—P Bsq | 31—KK Ksq |
| 5—Kt x P (b) | 5—Kt x KP | 32—P QKt3 | 32—P KKt3 |
| 6—B B4 (c) | 6—Kt Q3 (d) | 33—K Rsq | 33—Q K2 |
| 7—B Kt3 | 7—Kt x B | 34—R B2 | 34—Kt B3 (e) |
| 8—RP x Kt | 8—B K2 | 35—P Q4 | 35—K K7 (f) |
| 9—Castles | 9—Castles | 36—Q K B2 | 36—R x R (g) |
| 10—P Q4 | 10—Kt Ksq | 37—K x R | 37—K B2 |
| 11—P B4 | 11—P Q3 | 38—K Ktsq | 38—Q K5 |
| 12—Kt B3 | 12—P KB4 | 39—Q QB3 | 39—Q Kt5 ch |
| 13—Kt Q5 | 13—B B3 | 40—R Bsq | 40—Q R7 (h) |
| 14—B K3 | 14—B K3 | 41—R Rsq | 41—Kt K5 |
| 15—Kt x B ch | 15—Kt x Kt | 42—R x Q | 42—Kt x Q |
| 16—P B4 | 16—P Q4 | 43—B x Kt | 43—R K5 |
| 17—Kt K5 | 17—Kt Q2 | 44—R KB2 | 44—R K6 |
| 18—Kt B3 | 18—P B3 | 45—R B3 | 45—R x R |
| 19—P B5 | 19—B B2 | 46—P x R | 46—K K3 |
| 20—Q Q3 | 20—B R4 | 47—K B2 | 47—K Q2 |
| 21—P QKt4 | 21—B x Kt | 48—K K3 | 48—K B2 |
| 22—R x B | 22—P QR3 | 49—B Ksq | 49—K Ktsq (i) |
| 23—P R3 | 23—Q R5 | 50—B R4 | 50—K B2 |
| 24—K R2 | 24—Q R4 | 51—B B6 | 51—K Ktsq |
| 25—R Kt3 | 25—P R3 | 52—B Kt7 | 52—P R4 |
| 26—B Q2 | 26—Kt B3 | 53—K B2 and wins. | |

(a) An interesting variation, about which but little is known.

(b) B to B4 is slightly preferable, but the text move is good enough.

(c) If 6 Kt takes Kt, then Q to K2, which preserves Black from any serious damage, though White would have a slight superiority.

(d) If 6 Q to Kt 4, 7 Castles, Q takes Kt, 8 Kt takes Kt with an advantage. N. B.—7 B takes P ch would not turn out well for White.

(e) The fighting since the opening moves, if not free from grounds for exception, especially on White's part, has been on the whole fairly well fought. Black has a slight advantage, and it may be assumed that White would be content with a draw. The onus, therefore lies upon Black, who, if he play to win against White's well-defended position, must necessarily incur risks. There is this much, however, to be said, that with Knight against Bishop, and having regard to the enemy's doubled Pawn, Black is quite justified in trying to win.

(f) Black, being in perfect possession of the King's file, is in a position to make all profitable preliminary moves, such as P to KR4 and K to B2. The former need not necessarily be followed up by P to R5, though in some contingencies such further advance would be good.

(g) K to B2 or P to KR4 would still be our choice, not minding if the Rook and Queen be changed off, for Black would then have a promising end game.

(h) Intended on his last move. It is, of course, a great blunder. One would think that he must have forgotten that Kt to K5 and Kt takes Q would take two moves.

(i) Thinking, perhaps, to draw, but such positions are never drawn.

(j) The game is lost, however he plays. White has, in fact, three strings to his bow. He can get his King to Q7, and then play P to QKt4; or conduct his Bishop by way of P to K7, as in the text; or, keeping his King at K3, play P to KKt4, so as to break through easily if the Bishop be taken, or win, as in the actual game, if the KRP goes to R4.

Doctor Zukertort, in response to the challenge of Herr Steinitz to play him a match at the Paris Chess Club upon the doctor's return to Europe, writes as follows: "I do not propose to play Herr Steinitz outside of London. Neither of us is a member of the Paris Chess Club. It is a mistake to suppose that I will only play in the St. George's Club, of which I am captain. I will play Herr Steinitz in any respectable club in London."

On Tuesday, January 13th, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, Mr. Blackburne played twenty-two simultaneous games, of which he won nineteen, lost one to Mr. F. Downey, and drew two (with Miss Kate Spence and Mr. J. Campbell, respectively); and on Thursday, the 15th, he played eight games, simultaneous and blindfold, at the Newcastle Art Gallery, of which he won five, lost one (to Mr. Zellner), and drew two (with Messrs. J. Nicholson and W. Park, respectively).

They say that Miss Ellen Terry went into a Chicago store the other day, looked over some photographs, and then picked up one of herself and asked the clerk who it was.

## HOW TO EAT.

By Charles Monselet.

[Charles Monselet is one of the most famous French gastronomers of the day. He is also a witty and brilliant *chroniqueur*. He resides in Paris, and has been dubbed the "Mark Twain" of French literature. His remarks on how to eat and what to eat will be followed with much interest by our readers.]

That man was right who said that the stomach was the *stronghold* of the human body. It is the key to all else—health, merriment, and pleasure. The stomach lords it over the brain. Théophile Gautier, who was at times slow with his *copy*, would say to Dr. Cabarrus, his medical adviser, "Doctor, give me something to eat and drink that will induce me to write," and the doctor—who was also Emile de Girardin's medical adviser—gave him the something he wanted, so that Théophile Gautier was enabled to spin out another *feuilleton*.

To have the mastery over one's stomach, how grand! To have the secret of one's appetite, what a triumph! Is not this the object to which all our efforts should tend, and should we not bear ever in mind D'Aigrefeuille's dignified retort, when Cambacérès said to him: "D'Aigrefeuille, you are on the high road to indigestion." "I know it, *monseigneur*."

The great point in eating is to know what one needs, and how far one may go. The reader may believe it or not, but the fact is that many researches in cookery have oftentimes been stimulated by an anxious feeling for the public weal. I bear a tender interest toward articles of nutriment.

* * * * * * * * *

Good feeding is to be met with in all conditions of life. Such is the aphorism that I have boldly inscribed at the head of this article. The pleasures of the palate are within the province of both rich and poor. The sumptuous pheasant is on a par with *omelette au lard*.

There is *la grande cuisine* and *la petite cuisine*.

The former is essentially French. It includes the complicated and high-fangled *potages* or soups, such as bisque, *purée de gibier*, *crèmes de blanc*, *de volaille*, and *d'avelines*, turtle and oyster soups, or *à la Bagration;* the superb fishes, such as carp from the Rhine *à la Chambord*, big pike *glacé*, *saumon à la Régence*, perch *au vin de Champagne*, sturgeon *piqué*, *alose* with its silvery corselet; then come the finer pieces of meat, the smoking viands, the imposing *braisés*, *filets mignons*, scallops, *émincés*, *épigrammes;* then the proud feathery tribe, the classic turkey with truffles, the capon *à la cavalière*, the highly savory duck, the poulet *à la Reine*, *à la d'Escars*, *à la hussarde*, *à la Saint-Florentin*, the moorcock and moorhen; then the army of big game, the wild boar with its *récherché* haunches, the bear from the Tyrol, the roebuck of the Ardennes, the fallow-deer from the Nivernais; then again the magnificent pheasant, the red-footed partridge, the coy quail, the fat ortolan, the snipe, and other such like small birds; in short, everything that goes to make the broad old earth assume the aspect of a gigantic larder.

There is nothing, for instance, so majestic as a turbot *grillé à la Laguipierre*. The eminent cook, who gave his name to the dish, speaks of the preliminaries as of the highest importance. It needs a large-sized grill, well lubricated with a cloth steeped in oil, and then placed on a broad, low fire, which is made to rise on every side above the grill, so as to concentrate the heat-rays upon the fish. Live embers must be added as the cooking of the fish proceeds. When it takes on a light golden hue, baste with the juice of its own seasoning, and turn it over. Add a fresh layer of embers. The cooking may be accounted over as soon as the flesh yields readily to the finger. Put on a dish, and servé up with a ragoût of mushrooms and mussels *à la hollandaise*, a portion of which must be set apart in a sauce-boat.

"I, for the first time, served up this piece at the table of the Prince Regent, in England," said Laguipierre, with evident pride.

* * * * * * * * *

But *la grande cuisine* is not within the reach of everybody. Luckily we have in that which Antonin Carême call *la cuisine ordinaire*, or every-day cooking, pleasures of an order not to be despised. It extends all the way between *pot-au-feu* (or what we call bouilli beef) and *œufs à la neige*, including the various kinds of ragoûts: *civets de lièvre*, *blanquettes de veau*, *pieds de mouton*, *à la poulette*, *poitrines au salsifis*, beef *à la mode*, *rognons sautés*, etc., etc. If these are not fashionable dishes, they may, at any rate, be accounted good and wholesome.

Among all these at once substantial and inexpensive rations, the *abattis de dinde à la bourgeoise* holds an honorable place. I will here devote a few lines to the preparation of this most savory dish.

*Abattis* or (if we adopt the less usual orthography of the French Academy) *abatis de dinde* are what we call turkey giblets. These must be chosen fresh, tender, and fat. Scald, singe, and thoroughly clean. Slice the neck into three, the pinions into two, and the gizzard into four pieces, taking care to lay aside the gravel-bag in the latter, and the head, which is ugly. Reserve the liver for cooking ten minutes before serving.

Put a good lump of butter rolled in fine flour into a stew-pan with a thin, broad slice of bacon; then place on a large fire, and, when in full fry, add the giblets, and let the whole stew for seven or eight minutes.

Pour on gently some hot broth, add a *bouquet garni* (parsley, chervil, thyme, sage, laurel, leeks, etc.), with two onions, in each of which a clove is inserted. Let the whole boil a quarter of an hour or so; then add turnips, red potatoes, four or five slices of carrot, and a small root of celery. Do not peel your turnips, only scrape them, as the slightest departure from the manner of preparing this fine old ragoût, would mar its homely grace and natural simplicity.

That is why a little bit of sugar is indispensable.

Cook for one hour and a half.

Ten minutes before the time is up, take the liver as above mentioned, and add it to the rest.

Take away the fat very carefully, and suppress the *bouquet*.

Serve on a dish with the giblets in the middle—the pinions on top—and the vegetables all around.

It is impossible, I think, to be more precise and clear. With the foregoing directions, any housewife with the least gumption will be enabled to prepare a dish of turkey giblets with turnips; and her guests, to use a homely expression, will not fail to "lick their chops over it" to the last morsel.

Beware, however, of the treacherous turnip. If not excellent, it is abominable.

* * * * * * * * *

After this *cuisine bourgeoise* or middle class, we have the more plebeian *pabulum* of *la cuisine populaire*. Nor should the latter be despised—far from it. How often, when obliged to walk around and hail my cabby from the threshold of a cabaret on the Quai Voltaire, have my nasal organs been tickled by the savory smell of wholesome victuals, and my sight made glad at sight of the well-cooked food set before him. On the first occasion, *Maître* Jean was feasting on a superb haricot of mutton; the second time he was in the act of plunging his spoon into a plentiful bowl of cabbage soup, from which arose a whirling cloud of fragrant fumes.

Shall I avow the fact, Master John? Well, I experienced at the time a feeling of envy, which as often occurs as I think of it. Yes, you are a lucky rogue, and you have a thousand excuses for being one. You can eat what you like, and especially that unctuous commonplace fare, which is denied to rank and fashion, while the *beau monde*, poor gentlefolk, are condemned never to forego *la cuisine noble* and to eat truffles all the days of their life. They are to be pitied, in very truth. You, John, can feast when you list off a *miroton*, or ingest a whole quagmire of red haricots *à l'étuvée*, smacking of Roussillon wine and bacon. Nothing prevents you from buying two sous' worth of fried potatoes in a coffin of paper, from the street-vender, and gobbling them at leisure. Master John, you little wot the number of solemn individuals who cast a longing look on that inviting esculent as they walk along, of so deliciously golden a hue, and frizzling so merrily in its pan of grease. If they only dared! But they don't, you see, and pass on, with a sigh.

And I, too, am loath to come down one more round of the social ladder; for there is, in fact, a circle lower yet. After the choice, the homely, and the plebeian dishes, there are those—well, the reverse of respectable, *les plats canaille* (real vulgar dishes).

But let us get back to a purer atmosphere. An Englishman, at once thoughtful and ingenious, gave himself up one day to a strange speculation. He imagined an epicure, after the manner of Grimod de la Reynière or Lord Seldon, placed, at seventy years of age, on the summit of a lofty eminence, whence his eye may embrace all the things that have served to appease the pangs of hunger of such a gourmand since he first had an appetite for solid food.

Our most renowned nomenclators, Homer and Tasso; Martin, the painter, whose works offer in every case a vast accumulation of things on canvas; and the author of *Le Ventre de Paris* and *Au Bonheur des Dames*, would recoil at sight of such an enormous concourse of animals and vegetables. In an extensive plain might be seen grazing all the oxen, calves, and sheep he had eaten; from the wheat whereof his bread was made escape thousands of larks, quails, and young partridges, which have decked his table. At the foot of the hill flows a river, which is all the wine, and its tributary streams, which are all the cordials and the tea, drank by the amiable septuagenarian in his day. In the river swim the fish which were his delight, and on its banks swarm the ducks and drakes and the rabbits whereon his cook continually made such sanguinary onslaughts. An important fortification, including a triple row of tarts and puddings, piled on numerous layers of watermelons, winds around the base of the acclivity; while at stated intervals large barrels of rice, allspice, and pepper project outward, like so many pieces of ordnance.

Our century has made large strides in the art of feeding. First came Grimod de la Reynière, with his *Almanach des Gourmands*, which he published for eight consecutive years; later on, during the Restoration, Brillat-Savarin appeared on the scene with his *Physiologie du Goût*, and, at the same time, Carême, with his own well-digested work. The labors of Bernard and Jules Gouffé have since upheld the traditions of the French gastronomic school.

It seems to me that the moderns have not been overprodigal in their praise of Baron Brisse. He was a typical, perhaps a transcendent, epicure, and, as such, deserving of encomium. His corpulence was such that the Paris cabmen denied him the use of their vehicles. He was, however, little ruffled at this refusal on their part, and rather took vanity from the thought that he was one of the very few in the gay capital to whom such a thing could happen. It is evident that if the criterion of an author were his weight, Baron Brisse would have been without a compeer.

I first made his acquaintance at the charming dinners given by Monsieur Opigez-Gagelin, at his private house in the Rue de Richelieu, where every Sunday I met Benjamin Antier, Roger de Beauvoir, Mahiet de la Chesneraye, Countess Dash, and other guests. His *verve* delighted me, although somewhat vehement and raffish. He was then at the height of his culinary reputation, and had just brought out his journal *La Salle à Manger*.

About that time Emile de Girardin got him to compose the bill of fare for his subscribers, and his *menus* got to be quite the rage. The baron, who had considerable powers of persuasion—he was of provincial stock, from Nimes or Barbentane—induced his patron to give some of those dinners he was so well qualified to arrange. Monsieur France, the director of the organ *La Presse*, was present at one of these convivial bouts, where he, like all the rest of the guests that evening, wore the white apron and the white cotton cap of the *chef de cuisine*.

Until his last hour Baron Brisse fought the good fight of gastronomy. Death found him with a fork in one hand and a pen in the other. In the modest village of Châtillon, where he now lies digesting his life, I propose that the following simple words be inscribed on his tombstone: "*Serve hot!*"

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Old Mark Langston, a Tale of Duke's Creek," is a Southern story of great interest, by Richard Malcolm Johnston. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"Aunt Charlotte's Stories of American History" is a volume written after the "Peter Parley" style, for the easier education of children. Its authors are Charlotte M. Yonge and H. Hastings Weld, D. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

Miscellany: The *Beacon*—the new weekly which will shortly appear in Boston—is to be an eight-page paper of six columns. It will give a continued novel, with a weekly illustration, short stories and poems, a sermon, and criticisms and correspondence. All its matter will be original; and it proposes to keep itself a purely literary paper of a high standard. It will present every week a large humorous and satirical cartoon; but it will not print matter allied to sport or daily news.——Holman Hunt, the artist, believes that Shakespeare's sonnets were addressed, not to any unknown love or cherished male friend, but to his wife, Anne Hathaway. When confronted by the argument that all this exquisite fondness could not be intended for the lady to whom the poet left the slighting legacy of a second-best bed, he replies that as it was then English law and custom that a man's heir should inherit his best bed, Shakespeare gave the choicest that he could legally give to his widow. So strongly has the fair image of Anne Shakespeare impressed itself on Mr. Hunt's mind that he has been painting a very beautiful and noble picture of her.——"The Bread Winners," says the *Tribune*, continues to funish material for comment to the paragraphists—not always fair. A good many papers have pretended to find a Hibernicism—which they charge upon the author—in Mrs. Belding's saying that "a young lady's name ought not to be printed more than twice in her lifetime, and one of these should be her funeral notice." These clever critics seem quite unaware that this is only one of the many such speeches put into Mrs. Belding's mouth; which are entirely consistent with the character given her of unrefined common sense and blundering expression. It may perhaps be said that the author of the "Bread Winners" is sometimes too Saxon—he (or she) is certainly never Irish.——Mr. Sala wants somebody to write a book on "The Extent to which History has been Falsified by Poets and Painters." A writer in the *Catholic World* presents as a subject of one chapter the story of the Cenci. He writes of the beautiful Beatrice as of an utterly depraved wretch.

Ten years ago the historical and scientific world had, after a century of controversy, arrived at a complete agreement and understanding that the story of Troy and its famous siege was a pretty fable, invented for the amusement and edification of story-loving Greeks, and that the fiction was only another form of the oft-repeated allegory of the storming of heaven by the giant mortals. This had been the conclusion of Grote, and it was the decision of the great Niebuhr school of historians and critics. But Doctor Henry Schliemann was strong in the belief that Charlemagne and Cyrus are the heroes of romance only because they were first of all heroes of reality, and that for the same reason the exploits of Achilles and Ajax must have some basis of reality. In this idea he was ably supported by several of the ablest men in Germany, of whom none greater could there be than the renowned Curtius. Doctor Schliemann proceeded in the explorations with untiring enthusiasm, and the consequence is that the heroes of the Iliad and Odyssey have become to us men of flesh and blood, and the recovery of long cherished but recently lost conceptions is now assured by the unassailable proofs of excavations, and the universal acknowledgment accorded them in the world of science. The explorer in his first excavations at Troy discovered what he considered to be the Ilium of Homer, and he so stated in his "Ilios"; but later explorations, made in 1882, under the patronage and protection of Prince Bismarck, bring to light new and important facts which are now embodied in a new volume of great interest entitled "Troja." The latest results reached in this new exploration are embodied in the following: It is proved that in a remote antiquity there was in the plain of Troy a large city destroyed by a fearful catastrophe, which had on the hill of Hissarlik only its acropolis, with its temples and the few other large edifices (thought to comprise historic Troy in the first excavations), while the lower city extended in an easterly, southerly, and westerly direction, on the site of the later Ilium, and that consequently this city answers perfectly to the Homeric description of the sacred Ilios. The pretensions of the small city on the Bali Dagh to be the site of Troy are destroyed, and the town is proved to date from a much later time. The volume is very carefully illustrated, annotated, and indexed, and possesses some admirable maps. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

Announcements: Tennyson, who is now carefully and conveniently called by the English journals, not "baron" nor "lord," but "the laureate," will shortly print his poet-dramas or dramatic poems, "The Cup" and "The Falcon."——There is a rumor that Mr. William Black and Mr. Abbey are at work on another new novel—Mr. Abbey, of course, doing the illustrating only.——The first number of a new series of *The Book-Buyer*, a summary of American and foreign literature, has just appeared in New York. It is well edited, and makes a valuable addition to the literary press.——A new portrait of Tennyson will accompany the edition of his works which the Macmillans are bringing out.——Miss Robinson is preparing a volume for the "Eminent Women Series"—one upon Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre.——Two books at least, it is said, will be the result of Mr. Arnold's visit to this country—the volume containing the lectures he has given here, and (in the autumn) the record of his impressions of people and things in America.——Mr John Habberton is said to deal with important social questions in a serial novel which he has nearly completed. The publication of this story will be begun in the spring, in the new Chicago weekly, *The Current*.——Mr. Charles Reade's new novel is coming out, not in one English magazine, but in a number of provincial newspapers.——Anthony Trollope's last completed novel, "An Old Man's Love," will soon be published by the Blackwoods.——The first parody of the collection of parodies on Tennyson's poems is one which appeared in *The Snob*, the undergraduate journal which Thackeray conducted for eleven weeks in 1829. It is said to be from the pen of the novelist himself, and cleverly travesties the prize poem, "Timbuctoo." The most frequently parodied poem, as one might expect, is "The May Queen."——Mr. W. D. Howells and Mr. George Henschel have hit upon a very original subject for their proposed comic opera. Mr. Howells will have finished by the first of March the story for *Harper's* which he is now engaged upon; and he and his collaborator will then begin their daily work together. The plot is already entirely laid out.——Walter Besant, the novelist, is writing a new story, called "Julia." It will appear in the *English Illustrated Magazine*.——The English poetess, Miss Robinson, is about to bring out a new volume of poems—mostly tragic stories of country life—to which she gives the name of "The New Arcadia."——*Le Messager Franco-Americain* prints a capacious and interesting eight-page paper on Sundays. It is now publishing a romance, "The New Wandering Jew," from the pen of Mr. Paulin Niboyet. It is a story of the anti-Semitic war which raged in Trieste from 1829 to 1830.——*Literary Life* is a valuable little periodical just begun in Cleveland, Ohio, and devoted to authors and their books.——Herbert Spencer is writing an article entitled "The New Toryism," for the *Contemporary Review*. It is the first of a series of articles to be written by Mr. Spencer on current political topics.

## CHIT-CHAT.

Unanimity among the newspapers is a beautiful and fraternal thing. It is unusual, and, as a rule, it only happens when they are all wrong together. After the auspicious opening of the opera season they all disagreed radically upon everything else, but they all maintained that Signor Baldanza subdued the strength of his style to meet the weakness of his surroundings.

This hints at a rare *entente cordiale* existing in the corps. It also tells plainly that during the marriage scene in "Lucia" the entire newspaper fraternity must have been out taking a drink. If Signor Baldanza was repressing himself then, I should not care to be within Creedmoor distance when he breaks loose.

There was a brief but spirited scene of collar-and-elbow wrestling, which gave to the familiar old opera quite a new and different interest.

Abbott rallied to the call as promptly as Baldanza, and during the first few moments the contest was quite equal. They dodged, and parried, and jumped around the stage, and got entangled among the referees, much to the alarm of that gentry, but with no serious result.

The tenor proving to be more slippery than the soprano had anticipated, she concluded to try Whistler's dodge, and butted her head at his breast. This enraged the little Italian to such a degree that he summoned all his strength to his aid, and he had his opponent half way to the floor in a jiffy. Abbott's presence of mind did not desert her, and she concluded to try the famous Muldoon bridge. Baldanza read the coming arch in her eye, and anticipated her with his master-stroke. He grabbed her by the bracelets and shook her as a terrier shakes a rat, until she was as limp as a yard of cambric. Then he let out a note that shook the house until the chandeliers quivered, and made a triumphant exit, like a little Italian chanticleer, just as Emma's shoulders both touched the floor.

The dour and glowering master of Ravenswood was a suckling babe compared with this ferocious fellow. And this is what the critics call Baldanza repressed! In the face of such opposition the whole muscular community has temporarily retired. Nothing has been heard of them since the operatic wrestling-match.

Baldanza's chest notes are the fashion. But people are purists nowadays, and do not care to see the arts mixed. If ever Baldanza be cast with a muscular Italian diva, like Montaldo, for instance, when he is likely to get on an artistic rampage, the odds are fair, and the bout will have a muscular interest. But if he be cast again with a comparatively under-sized and fragile prima donna, it would be simple chivalry to go to Alameda and listen to him by telephone.

* * * * * * * * *

Gilbert, in the libretto of "Princess Ida," pays tribute to the latest fad in verse-making with this little rhyme:

> "Oh, dainty trio-let,
> Oh, fragrant violet,
> Oh, gentle heigho-let
> (Or little sigh.)"

This curious diminutive is the very essence of delicate burlesque. All the others who have attacked the boudoir poets have rung upon the "dotlet on the *i*" with jingles which were Jumboesque as compared with this little touch. Tearlets and sighlets have been tossed off by the score, but a heigho-let is the very infinitesimal of a sigh, the very gentlest exhalation of mild unhappiness that ever moved a slightly perturbed bosom. It is one of the clean, incisive cuts which only the skillful hand can make. The little parenthesis, too. It suggests, naïvely, that the fancy is too light for the gross, ordinary understanding to catch. It does a double office. It gives him an extra line, an easy rhyme, and makes clear his little prank of thought.

What will they think of us in 1984 if Gilbert continues to write! It is the stage which transmits the manners of the time. When the salon of Mademoiselle de Scudéry was in full blast, that eminent French maiden had such an exaggerated idea of its importance that all of its members took names to themselves, and habitually lived in false rôles. One of them was appointed to chronicle the doings of the habitués—to become the laureate of the drawing-room, as it were, for the benefit or posterity. But posterity knows little about them. Mademoiselle de Scudéry ought to have had herself and the affectations of her salon put in a play. We learn something of the mincing affectations of English high-life, a hundred years ago, from Lady Teazle's little imitation at Mrs. Candour's kettle-drum. Molière attacked the foibles of the salons of his times in "Les Précieuses Ridicules." The brief dominion of Æsthesia will go down to posterity in "Patience." It will live longer than any work of Gilbert's, unless his practical eye should see the wide field which opens itself alluringly before him—unless he comes to America, incorporates himself with us for a while, and puts the American Anglo-mania in a libretto. He is the only man of the time who could touch its absurdities lightly and skillfully. It would be his *magnum opus*.

* * * * * * * * *

Why does not some one put down the brakes on our local writers, and keep them from giving away the secrets of the village. If there is anything a Californian thoroughly enjoys, it is to sit upon a New Yorker, and to affect to fail to see anything overwhelming in New York. They like best to say that the place is really small, and that all of it lies between Fourteenth Street and Twenty-sixth. I was reading the diary of a distinguished man the other day, who complained that London was so small that he was continually meeting the same little circle of people at dinner, ball, opera, or church. It reminded me of any returned Californian's description of the big, bustling, wonderful, rich city, where the pulse beats like a trip-hammer all the year round, and the Californian loses his breath and does not recover it till he is half-way home.

Meantime, the New Yorkers are so oblivious of us that one of the habitués of Delmonico's, where Californians most do congregate, when bound for this city some time last year gravely consulted one of the Californians as to whether it would not be wise for him to bring a lot of tinned meats and other luxuries of the table to a country where he was morally certain we lived, if not on grizzly steaks, at least on a customary diet of *frijoles* and *tortillas*.

In this oblivion lies our safety. And yet, who knows what New Yorker might by some strange chance fall upon a California paper, some one of those issued lately, which gravely describe the costume of the gentlemen at the opera. A woman's dress is always describable. Its numerous changes and its vast expense demand the compliment of a description. But it is something adjacent to an insult to report a man's being in full-dress. A spike-tailed coat should go upon him by instinct as naturally as it should fail to occur to him when it is not admissible. It is not a matter of mere habiliment, it is a social form. It would be just as consistent to report that he took his soup from the side of a spoon rather than the point, as to report that he went to the opera in "ball-room attire," as one exact writer puts it.

Now and then a dress-suit arises upon the field of vision which is interesting *per se*. Such a one was recently the despair and envy of the young gentlemen whom it accompanied on the rounds.

The trousers were a dream. The coat was a miracle. But the actual resplendence of the outfit lay in the waistcoat. There was not very much of it either. It was an impressionist waistcoat, and the greater part of it had been scooped away. But it bore the look of having been scooped by an ancestral shield, with a decided clip, as a pastry cook uses a cake-cutter. It left a shield-shaped expanse of linen as broad and shining as a poet's summer's sea, and the general effect was indescribably dazzling.

The California guides asked their friends: "Have you met Van Wrestler, or Van Swartout, or Van Tuyfel? Charming fellows!—charming fellows!" But they never asked: "Have you met Forest?" But they went about asking each other, with bated breath and awe-stricken eyes: "*Have* you dropped on Forest's dress-suit?" Great was the sensation caused by this especial bit of gorgeousness: yet upon our honor, O scribes!—by our halidom!—nay, across our breath—our citizens were known to wear their dress clothes before the opera season set in.

* * * * * * * * * *

People never swear by their halidoms any more, nor by Saint George or Saint John, nor their trusty swords, nor their father's bones. As an accomplishment, swearing is obselete. An individual and characteristic oath is comparatively unknown. "Damn" is a mere expletive, and is devoted to collar-buttons and monthly bills. In moments of extreme feeling a man may swear by Jove; but as he is a mere heathen, and a sort of property-man on Olympus at that, the effect is not appalling.

Oaths of individuals have become matters of history. Each king had his own. William the Conqueror swore by the "Splendor of God!" no less—an oath whose magnificent irreverence became the giant whose thigh-bone the despoilers of his tomb declared to measure four fingers longer than that of the tallest man of the time.

Louis XI. swore always "By our Lady!" and rewarded her for the free use of her name by making her Countess of Bologne.

Max O'Rell, in his serious and unconscious little sarcasm, "John Bull and his Island," traces this oath to a curious degradation. In speaking of the vulgar and obscene language used by the lower class of Englishmen, he makes especial mention of their pet adjective. He describes it circumjacently as "a word which happens now to be spelt like the synonym of *sanguinary*." He claims it to be a corruption of "By our Lady," spelt in Shakespeare "by 'r lady." A corruption, truly!

* * * * * * * * * *

A portly, perspiring, and profusely uncomfortable gentleman sat two seats in front of us on Monday night. He arrived too late for the announcement of the change of bill, and it was painfully evident from the moment of his noisy entrance that his arrival at all was something wholly against his will.

His engineer sat beside him smiling and triumphant, but with that uneasiness in her mien which, to the initiated, betokens a domestic storm. A portentous domestic silence lay between. Sometimes this means that a married couple are talked out of mutually interesting subjects; sometimes it means only that they are shy of conversing before strangers. But this was that unmistakable kind which means a forced cessation of hostilities.

By and by, the lights, the music, the gayly-dressed company, the applause, the spirit of enjoyment in the air, began to take effect. An acute observer—that is to say, in this case a married observer—could easily see that they were dying to make up.

The principal *aria* did the work. As the encore applause subsided, the portly gentleman mopped his forehead violently, fidgeted, and finally managed to turn to his lady, to whom he had been carefully presenting the broad of his back.

"Dear," he said, in a large stage-whisper, "you must excuse me if I was a little rough just now. The fact is, I thought this 'Mignon' was one o' them hifalutin' French things that are too high for me. If you had only ha' told me 'The Last Rose o' Summer' was in, I wouldn't ha' kicked a minute. I'd ha' trotted out like a little daisy. Now, wouldn't I?" (this most imploringly).

"Well, John," observed the lady, just barely mollified, "you know you are so quick, I never get a chance to put a word in edgewise. Besides, I wanted to give you a pleasant surprise."

Admirable woman! And not an eyelash flickered when she told it.

UNA.

---

Colonel E. G. Cooper has told the Denver *News* of a hairbreadth escape he had from death in the jaws of a Colorado mountain lion. He was skating on a lake near his gold mine, and the lion sprang for him. There was a chase for some miles, the colonel occasionally getting the best of the lion by making a sudden curve. At length one skate began to loosen, and he felt that the supreme moment was at hand. He had heard that music might soothe a brute, and he began to sing; but this enraged the lion, and bethinking himself of a rival newspaper he had in his pocket, he drew it forth and read the lion to sleep.

## STORIES OF THE STAGE.

Tommy Russell, of New York, aged five, brother of Annie, is in Booth's support. The other night he looked up seriously into his principal's face, and said: "Mr. Booth, I think you are the greatest actor in the world, and I've seen a great many of 'em." The tragedian was staggered, but managed to gasp his thanks for the compliment. "Yes," continued the youngster, "and I have influence with the newspapers, and I'll see that you don't get any bad notices."

---

On the occasion of the presentation of a silver service to Mr. Joseph Knight, a London dramatic critic, which took place recently in that city, the chairman, Mr. Toole, told, among other things, with much pathos, how a few days ago a friend of his had gone into a barber's shop to be shaved. Said he, in his gravest manner, to the barber: "Have you got that razor you shaved me with the day before yesterday?" "Oh, yes, sir," replied the barber, with much exuberance and delight at the favorable appreciation and tender interest evinced in his instrument, rubbing his hands and reaching it down; "here it is, sir." "Ah, well," said the visitor, dryly, after a little hesitation, "then—yes—then—I'll take chloroform, please."

---

The fine lately imposed upon Monsieur Clovis Hugues by the French Chamber of Deputies calls to mind the case of Grassot, of the Palais Royal Theatre. At that house there was a rule that bad language should be punished with a fine. Grassot came late to rehearsal one day and was roundly scolded by the director, Monsieur Dormeuil. Suddenly he interrupted the lecture with "Pardon me, Monsieur le Directeur; but how much would it cost me to call you an idiot?" Dormeuil, boiling with fury, thundered: "You would be fined twenty francs!" "*Twenty* francs?" murmured the other softly, and with a sigh: "Ah, me! it is too much; too much! I can not, in the present state of my finances, afford the pleasure. But if it had been only five francs"——

---

A correspondent of the Boston *Herald* writes that he once saw Mr. Boucicault in a rehearsal of "The Heart of Midlothian." "In the scene where the attempt to rescue Effie occurs, one of the supes repeated his one line in a meek, small voice: 'Down with the Tolbooth.' Boucicault stopped the rehearsal, and, going over to the offending supe, exclaimed in his rather peculiar tone: 'Young man, you will just imagine yourself remaining here without anything to eat until to-morrow morning, during which time you and I will rehearse this one line of yours, unless you can instead imagine that your breakfast and a week's salary are behind that wall and you want to get at them! Now try again.' It is needless to say the young man tried, and with good effect."

---

It is very singular that no matter how old an actor grows, he generally thinks that if he has to portray an aged man it is necessary to line his face. There is a true story in the profession of a veteran actor who had grown almost too infirm for work, and had been given the place of prompter in a city theatre. One night one of the actors was taken ill, and in the emergency the part was given to the prompter. The character was supposed to be that of a little man fifty years old, and the prompter owned to sixty-eight. But at night he was found in his room, drawing lines over his face until it looked like a railroad map. "What on earth are you doing there, Jack?" asked the actor who shared his room. "Doing!" responded the veteran, as he corked in a couple of heavier lines, "why, making up for this darned old fossil."

---

Foote and Garrick (the latter, it is well known, was extremely penurious) were leaving the Bedford one night, when Foote, pulling out his purse to pay the bill, dropped a guinea. Impatient at not immediately finding it, "Where on earth can it be gone to?" he said. "Gone to the devil, I think," rejoined Garrick, who had sought it everywhere. "Well said, David," cried Foote; "let you alone for making a guinea go farther than anybody else." One day, at one of Foote's levées, a mendicant author, who was fond of offering wagers, shouted out: "I lay my head you are wrong upon that point." "Well," said Foote, "I accept the wager; any trifle among friends has a value." A clergyman in Essex, who used to wear boots when on duty, gave as a reason for it that the roads were so deep in some places that he found them more convenient than shoes. "Yes," said Foote, "and I dare say equally convenient in the pulpit, for there, too, the doctor is generally out of his depth." Among other anecdotes of Foote is one about a dinner in Paris at Lord Storment's, where the thrifty Scotch peer dispensed a choice wine in the most diminutive of glasses, descanting much the while on its exquisite quality and extraordinary age. "Well," said Foote, holding up his tiny glass, "it is very little for its age." Talking once at a dinner, and coming to the very point of one of his best stories, Foote was suddenly interrupted by a member of the party, who said, with an air of most considerate apology: "I beg your pardon, Mr Foote, but your handkerchief is half out of your pocket." "Thank you, sir," said Foote, replacing it, "you know the company better than I do," and finished his joke. "Why are you forever humming that air?" he asked a man without a sense of time in him. "Because it haunts me." "No wonder," said Foote, "you have murdered it so often." Much bored by a pompous physician of Bath, who confided to him as a great secret that he had a mind to publish his own poems, but had so many irons in the fire he really did not know what to do, "Take my advice, doctor," says Foote, "and put your poems where your irons are." The then Duke of Cumberland, it seems, came one night into the greenroom of the Haymarket Theatre, and accosting the English Aristophanes: "Well, Foote," said he, "here I am, ready as usual to swallow all your good things." "Really," replied Foote, "your royal highness must have an excellent digestion, for you never bring any up again."

## THE INNER MAN.

The following bill of fare is from the Christmas number of the Paris *Figaro*. It is a menu which will make an epicure's mouth water. It is the result of the combined cogitation of the most famous *chefs* of Paris. Appended to the bill will be found recipes for a number of the dishes, approved by the various *chefs:*

Bill of Fare for a Dinner.
Twelve dozen Oysters.

SOUPS.
Consommé with Lapwing's Eggs.
Bisque of Crayfish with Forcemeat Balls.

HOT AND COLD HORS-D'ŒUVRES.
Caviare, canapés of Crawfish, Kromeskies.

RELEVES.
Salmon à la Valois.
Carp in aspic.
Salmon Trout à la Pyrénéenne.

ENTREES.
Fillet of Beef à la Montpensier.
Chicken Pilau à l'orientale.
Fillets of Larks en croustade, or Croustade à l'impératrice.
Timbale à la Vladimir.

SORBETS.

ROASTS.
Truffled Pheasants.
Larded Woodcock.

MIXED SALAD.

ENTREMETS.
Green Peas à la Parisienne.
Crayfish en branche.
Egg Plant Fruit à la Provencale.
Ice Rock à la Sisyphe.

DESSERT.

WINES.
At discretion. Burgundy, Claret, Champagne.

LIQUEURS.
Ad libitum.

**Recipes Countersigned by the Chefs de Cuisine in Paris.**

SALMON A LA VALOIS.

Tie up a piece of salmon in the usual way. Cook it in some *court-bouillon* made with white wine, thyme, bay leaf, parsley, and coriander seed. When done, serve it on a napkin on a dish garnished with scalloped oysters and potatoes *à la duchesse*. Serve with crayfish sauce.

CARP IN ASPIC.

Put a fine carp (a river fish in preference to one from a pond) into a fish-kettle, cover it with red wine, and season with salt and finely ground pepper. Prepare a "Mirepoix" with sliced onions, thyme, bay leaf, parsley, chopped carrots, and two cloves of garlic; fry in oil, and when of a pale straw-color, pour it into the fish-kettle with the carp, and stew from twelve to fifteen minutes, according to the size of the fish; then draw it back to the side of the fire. Put into another saucepan a wineglassful of olive oil; when boiling throw into it five or six cloves of garlic and a good bunch of rosemary, with a few drops of vinegar; add this to the stew and cover the kettle immediately, so that the aroma may not be lost, and that the fish may be thoroughly impregnated with the flavor of the infusion. Leave the fish to cool in the sauce; when nearly cold, strain off the liquor through a fine cloth, clarify it, adding, according to the temperature, more or less gelatine. Place the fish on a dish, covering it lightly with the cold sauce. Have ready some round mushrooms, stick into them five or six prawns, blanch some carp's roe and arrange them in circles all along the carp, and put a layer of sauce over the mushrooms and roes. With what remains of the jelly, garnish the dish with *croutons* arranged artistically. Serve with a sauce made with oil and vinegar, to which must be added capers and fine herbs.

CHICKEN PILAU A L'ORIENTALE.

Cut up a fowl, and toss it in butter, with some chopped onions, thyme, and bay leaf. When a pale straw-color, add a half-pound of butter and some well-washed rice. Cook altogether over the fire until the rice is well swollen, and has absorbed all the gravy from the chicken. Season with salt, pepper, nutmeg, and with a small quantity of cayenne; add also some fresh tomatoes cut up into dice. Moisten the pilau with some good white stock, and simmer over a gentle fire for twenty minutes, by which time it will be firm. Lastly, add a pat of fresh butter and a spoonful of veal stock (blond de veau). Take the rice from the fire, lay the fowl upon it, and serve up.

CROUSTADE A L'IMPERATRICE.

Take the fillets from two dozen larks, skin and trim them, well butter a stew-pan, and place them in it, lightly seasoning them. Butter another stew-pan, and in this place a duck's *foie gras*, which has been cut up into strips and seasoned with pepper and salt. Slice some truffles, cutting them also into strips, and put them into a buttered dish, then pass them over the fire for a minute. Make a rich ragoût with the rest of the larks, flavoring it with two good spoonfuls of Spanish sauce, and, after an hour's cooking, skim well and strain; then reduce over a hot fire, stirring well at the time with a spatula, untill of a sufficient consistency to cover lightly the fillets of larks. Two minutes before serving, toss the fillets, the *foie gras*, and the truffles over the fire. Cover them all with reduced sauce, and place on a croustade of bread, previously prepared, and with a border of chicken kidneys, arranged in a circle round the timbale, and serve up.

SALMON TROUT A LA PYRENEENNE.

Take trout of medium size, cut them in slices of about four inches long, remove all bones after scaling them. Prepare a very fine forcemeat of carp and place it inside the slices of trout, adding to it truffles and crayfish tails. Roll up the slices of fish, keeping them as round as possible, and wrap each piece tightly in a small piece of linen or muslin, so as not to interfere with the rounded shape. Line a stewpan with fresh slices of fat bacon, adding onions, carrots, thyme, bay leaf, together with a little parsley. Moisten with some good white wine and brandy, and let the slices of trout simmer gently for half an hour, leave them in the liquor until quite cold, then remove the muslin envelope and put the fish up in ice. Take the liquor in which they were stewed and add to it a rich *velouté* sauce. Reduce this with some mushrooms and a good piece of aspic jelly (the sauce should be of an ivory color and very firm.) Let it cool until firm enough to support the spoon. Take the slices of trout which have been laid on ice, and entirely cover them with the sauce—this will require much care. Have ready a *socle* with *Montpellier* butter prepared very artistically, and place on it four pieces of the trout, arranging them in the form of a rampart. At the foot of the *socle* there should be a handsome row of crayfish tails ornamented with *canapés* of anchovies.

FILLET OF BEEF A LA MONTPENSIER.

Lard one side of a fillet of beef and tie a slice of fat bacon over the other, then put it to braise with some good veal stock and half a bottle of Malmsey. When cooked, reduce the gravy, keeping it quite clear.

Strain through a tammy cloth and dish the fillet on a *socle* of rice, secured with skewers and garnished with small timbales of chicken, with salpicons of green peas and French beans, and with croustades of asparagus points. Place at each end of the dish a bunch of truffles.

TIMBALE A LA VLADIMIR.

Butter well a timbale mold and decorate it with truffles and lobster coral. Arrange all around it a layer of quenelles of fish, and, about half an hour before serving, fill up the timbale with a ragoût made of crayfish tails, carp's roe, small oysters, and quenelles of soisson beans (green and red), and lastly fillets of soles, cut into small rounds, and truffles cut into the shape of balls. Cover all with a well reduced sauce, to which has been added some crayfish butter and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Fill up the timbale with forcemeat, and cook it *au bain-marie*. Just before serving turn it out on to a silver dish, and pour around, but not over it, a rich crayfish sauce.

FOWL A LA HENRY IV.

Remove the fillets from two young rabbits and put them to steep for two hours in a marinode of oil, with shalots, truffles, mushrooms, parsley, chives, pepper, and salt, all finely minced. Draw a fine fowl without breaking the skin, and stuff the inside with the fillets of the rabbits, and with forcemeat which has been passed through a tammy cloth. Stew the fowl for an hour and a half with two glassfuls of good gravy or two of champagne, some slices of bacon or ham, and sprigs of fennel. Have ready some fresh mushrooms, dressed in oil, with a dozen fine truffles. Serve up the fowl with the mushrooms and truffles around it, and with the liquor in which it was cooked, well reduced, poured over it.

Approved by the undersigned:

*T. Brébrant.*
*G. Zignan.*
*Adolphe Reignard,*
*Prop'r dit "Lyon d' Or."*
*A. Duglére.*
*Charles Verdier.*

### The Tomb and the Rose.

[The following is another original translation of Hugo's "La Tombe et la Rose," of which we have already printed two English versions]:

The Tomb said to the Rose:
"With the dew that o'er thee flows
What dost thou, Love's own Flower?"
The Rose said to the Tomb:
"What dost thou with those whose doom
Is thy yawning gulf each hour?"

The Rose said: "Sombre Grave,
Heaven's tears, transmuted, gave
A perfume sweet and rare."
The Tomb said: "Tender Flower,
Each soul that feels my power
Becomes an angel fair!" E. S.

SALINAS CITY, February 11, 1884.

### Tamalpais.

Purple mount to God uplifted,
Crimson-tipped and fair,
Many suns have round thee faded,
Leaving impress rare;
All their color blending,
Through the far skies sending
Glory grand, unending.

Violet clouds around thee linger,
Rarely tinged with gold;
Mists from sunset seas enwrap thee
In their amber fold.
Gorgeous glow and gleaming,
Peace and starry dreaming,
Glorious is thy seeming!

Peace steals upward to thy splendor
From the earth and sea,
Sorrow loses sorrow, looking
Sunward unto thee.
Oh, thy precious bringing
O'er the pale seas winging
Glory, earthward flinging.

Peace-crowned height in seas of splendor,
Holy, facing God,
Sacred unto men thy mission,
They of grosser clod.
Oh, the boundless measure
Of thy sinless pleasure,
Meed of heaven's treasure!

FANNIE ISABELLE SHERRICK.

### Virelai.

*Death on her eyes his purple finger laid.*—TASSO.

She lies asleep, my pretty maid,
Bright eyes with slumber overweighed,
Sweet blossom blooming but to fade;
To please his will, though we inveighed,
Death on her eyes his purple finger laid.

I strive to wake her with a kiss,
But all too deep her slumber is;
She was too fair for world like this;
And since the fair he does not miss,
Death on her eyes his purple finger laid.

Bring fragrant lilies from the glade,
Where oft her gentle step hath strayed;
Too soon she'll rest beneath their shade;
Alas! I see, with heart dismayed,
Death on her eyes his purple finger laid.

But from her earthly chrysalis
She fairer still will rise, I wis,
In radiant palingenesis.
That she might shine in worlds of bliss
Death on her eyes his purple finger laid.

FLORENCE M. BYRNE.

GRASS VALLEY, California.





THE SAN FRANCISCO CHEMICAL LABORATORY produces the GIANT BAKING POWDER nearly one-third stronger than any manufactured or sold on the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 24, 1883.

H. E. BOTHIN, President Bothin M'f'g Co.:

DEAR SIR—After careful and complete chemical analysis of a can of Giant Baking Powder, purchased by us in open market, we find that it does not contain alum, acid phosphate, terra alba, or any injurious substance, but is a pure, healthful Cream Tartar Baking Powder, and as such can recommend it to consumers.

WM. T. WENZELL & CO.,
Analytic Chemists.

We concur:
R. BEVERLY COLE, M. D.
J. L. MEARES, M. D., Health Officer.
ALFRED W. PERRY, M. D., } Members of San
W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D., } Francisco Board
AUG. ALERS, M. D., } of Health.

**Manufactured by**
**BOTHIN M'F'G COMPANY,**
**17 and 19 Main Street, San Francisco.**
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.



## HEADACHES

Are generally induced by **Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Costiveness, Deficient Circulation,** or some **Derangement of the Liver and Digestive System.** Sufferers will find relief by the use of

## Ayer's Pills

to stimulate the stomach and produce a regular daily movement of the bowels. By their action on these organs, AYER'S PILLS divert the blood from the brain, and relieve and cure all forms of **Congestive** and **Nervous Headache, Bilious Headache,** and **Sick Headache;** and by keeping the bowels free, and preserving the system in a healthful condition, they insure immunity from future attacks. Try

## Ayer's Pills.

PREPARED BY

**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

Sold by all Druggists.

**Hunyadi János** THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

*SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER LAXATIVES.*

"SPEEDY, SURE, & GENTLE."
*Prof. Roberts, F.R.C.P. London.*

The most certain and comfortable cathartic in cases of constipation and sluggish liver or piles.

*Ordinary Dose, a Wineglassful before breakfast.*
*Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.*

FOR SALE BY

**A. F. EVANS & CO.**
**522 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**

**HEALD'S** BUSINESS COLLEGE.
No. 24 Post Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortune awaits the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

## GRANULA

An incomparable Food for **Invalids** and **Children**; oldest and best health food known; delicious as a diet; grocers and druggists sell it. Manufactured by **OUR HOME GRANULA CO.**, Dansville, N. Y.

Wholesale Agents: HICKOX & CO., San Francisco, Cal.; WATSON, WRIGHT & CO., Portland, Or.; H. JEVNE, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE FINEST
## NOW READY CIGARETTE
**"CLOTH OF GOLD,"**
(Straight Mesh.)

**SWEET, DELICATE, AND MILD!!**

This Cigarette is made from the finest and most costly leaf from that region of Virginia particularly adapted for growing tobacco for Cigarettes. Our long experience in manufacturing enables us to secure the most suitable kinds of tobacco and thus present this superior article, with the full assurance THAT ITS EQUAL HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN OFFERED. A higher grade Cigarette can not be produced. We call particular attention to the superior quality of our old brands of Cigarettes They can not be surpassed.

**Twelve First Prize Medals.**
**Peerless Tobacco Works.**
**WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

FINE
**Suits, $25.** TAILORING **Suits, $30.**
Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.

**Suits, $40.** TAILORING **Suits, $50.**
Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.

**Suits, $60.** TAILORING **Suits, $70.**
**J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.**

BONESTELL, RICHARDSON & CO.
PAPER WAREHOUSE
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F.
**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

## OLIVE
**AND OTHER FRUIT LANDS**

**FOR SALE,** in ten, fifteen, and twenty acre lots, at one hundred dollars an acre, at Suñol Glen, in Alameda County, on the Livermore or old overland route, thirty miles from Oakland, or thirty-six from San Francisco, four trains a day; excursion tickets, $1.50. Terms, $25 an acre, or 25 per cent. cash, deed given, balance to be paid in three annual installments. Trees furnished at fifteen cents apiece, land plowed, trees planted, and well cultivated for one year, at $20 an acre; well cultivated each succeeding year at $5 an acre; ninety per cent. of trees warranted to grow, or will be replanted without extra cost. Choicest vineyard land on the same terms. This land is situated in a warm belt, exempt from the prevailing coast fogs, and is well supplied with wood and water. The situation is picturesque, and the climate is equal to that of Santa Barbara. Reference, by permission, is given to W. F. Goad, 606 Montgomery Street; J. A. Robinson, 509 Montgomery Street; J. F. Gawthorne, 444 California Street; Hon. C. N. Felton, 123 California Street; C. W. Crane, 318 Pine Street, room 39; Captain H. H. Ellis, T. F. Bachelder, and Charles Hadsell, Suñol Glen. For further particulars apply to

**J. A. JOHNSON, Sunol Glen, Cal.**

P. S.—LOANS MADE and FARMS BOUGHT AND SOLD on commission, at moderate rates, in Alameda County.

## ANTI-FAT.

**The Greatest Discovery of the Age** by an English lady, who has, by close study and practice, found a remedy whereby people of either sex can be reduced in flesh at the rate of five to seven pounds a month without injury to health or looks, the skin on body and face retaining its smooth appearance. This treatment strengthens the nerves and muscles, destroying only the fat, which is simply a watery fluid in the tissues, producing gout, rheumatism, incipient paralysis, apoplexy, and fatty degeneration of the heart. Address ANTI-FAT, office box 1925, city.


**POTOSI MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 18th day of January, 1884, an assessment (No. 14) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the twentieth day of February, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the thirteenth day of March, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

OFFICE OF THE STANDARD CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY, San Francisco, February 2, 1884.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named company, held this day, Dividend No. 64, of Twenty-five cents (25c) per share, was declared, payable on Tuesday, February 12, 1884, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, in New York.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

☞ **Notice is hereby given that JOHN J.** NEWSOM, of Oakland, Alameda Co., Cal., and JOHN GASH, of San Francisco, Cal., have renewed their partnership as Architects, and that they comprise all the members of the firm of NEWSOM & GASH.

JOHN J. NEWSOM,
JOHN GASH.

San Francisco, January 29th, 1884.

Acknowledged before John E. Hamill, N. P., January 30th, 1884.

[Endorsed] Filed in the office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of February, A. D. 1884.

WILLIAM T. SESNON, County Clerk.
By EDWARD MYERS, Deputy Clerk.

Office, 33 Merchants' Exchange, California St., S. F.

# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Friday, February 8th, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| *9.30 A.M. | ..Antioch and Martinez..... | *12.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia. ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa..... | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.30 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | } Deming, El Paso } Express..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | } and East..... } Emigrant ... | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | } Galt and } via Livermore..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | } Stockton } via Martinez..... | *12.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Ione..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ..Los Angeles and South..... | 9.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | } Merced, Madera, } ..... | *12.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | } Fresno, and Tulare } ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Marysville and Chico..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | } Mojave, Needles, } Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | } and East..... } Emigrant .. | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " ..... | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | *6.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | } Ogden and } Express..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 5.30 P.M. | } East..... } Emigrant..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | } Red Bluff } via Marysville.. | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | } and Tehama } via Woodland... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Redding ..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers.... | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José..... | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 9.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | *12.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| *4.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| | .. " ..... | *9.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Virginia City..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 4.30 P. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Benicia; and that leaving at 8.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from the Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, 1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52; 7.22, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Daily, except Sundays. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over **3,200** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you. Respectfully,

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**
**227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.,**
**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**
118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.
J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. POR RR.
Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.


NORTHERN DIVISION
# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.
**BROAD GAUGE.**

## WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, November 11, 1883,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| †6.50 A.M. | | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | *8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | 9.03 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| *5.10 P.M. | | †4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | .....Principal Way Stations..... | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | .....Salinas, and Monterey... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Soquel, Aptos.. | |
| *3.30 P.M. | (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, broad gauge, no change of cars | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 5.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (sportsmen's train).

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets — at Reduced Rates — to Monterey, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS

Sold on Saturday and Sunday—good to return on Monday —to Santa Clara or San José, $2.50; to Gilroy, $4.00; to Monterey or Santa Cruz, $5.00, and to principal points between San Francisco and San José.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, January 21st, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—†10.15, *11.15 A. M., *4.50, †5.00 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†7.00, *9.20 A. M., †12.30, *3.20, *5.30, †5.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—*8.00, †8.50 A. M., *12.30, †3.35 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†6.40, *6.50, *9.15 A. M., †12.00 M., *2.50, †5.10 P. M. * Week Days. † Sundays.

For SAUCELITO (Week Days)—9.20 A. M., 1.15, 3.20, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.00, 10.00 A. M., 12.30, 2.00, 5.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (Week Days)—7.45, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.50 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.05, 3.15, 6.10 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 6.15 P. M.

**11.15 A. M.** Daily, Sudays excepted (via San Quentin Ferry), THROUGH TRAIN, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through Train from Duncan Mills arrives in S. F. at 1.45 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning except Mondays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**7.00 A. M.** from Saucelito Ferry, Excursion Train every Sunday for Point Reyes and Way Stations.

Returning, arrives in San Francisco (via Saucelito Ferry) 6.50 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


BOUND VOLUMES
.....OF.....
# THE ARGONAUT.

**Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, and XIII.**

Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office, No. 213 Dupont Street.

**WANTED.**

**Back Numbers of The Argonaut.**

Vol. IV, No. 4; Vol. XII, No. 9.—We will pay twenty-five cents each for either of these numbers at the Business Office of this paper.

# CHARLES R. ALLEN,
**Dealer in House, Steam, Foundry, and**
# CUMBERLAND COAL,
**ENGLISH COKE AND PIG IRON.**
**120 Beale Street, San Francisco.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**
**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA**

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| STEAMER | 1884. | From San Francisco for HONGKONG. |
|---|---|---|
| ARABIC | | Sunday, February 10th. |
| OCEANIC | | Saturday, March 8th. |
| ARABIC | | Saturday, April 26th. |
| OCEANIC | | Tuesday, May 27th. |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Peking. ..... ..... February 20, 1884**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Jose..... .....February 15**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, SAN BLAS, MANZANILLO, and ACAPULCO, and via ACAPULCO for Lower Mexican and Central American ports, calling at SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA and LA LIBERTAD to land passengers and mails.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West India ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**City of Sydney.....Friday, February 15**

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on the 5th, 10th, 15th, 20th, 25th, and 30th of every month. The steamer sailing the 30th of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every three days.

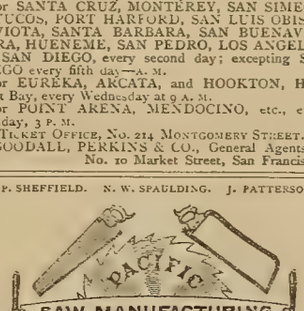
For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR,
**MANAGER.**
**Corner First and Market Streets,**
SAN FRANCISCO.

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The Restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## THE NEVADA BANK
OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay. J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital .....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BARON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama.

## The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK
LIMITED,
**N. E. corner Pine and Sansome Streets.**

London Office, 3 Angel Court. New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street.

**Authorized Capital Stock.....$6,000,000**

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED F. LOW, H. N. STEINHART, } Managers.
P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**, Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation** Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company** Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company** Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.
OF CALIFORNIA.
**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.
JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.
## HUTCHINSON & MANN,
**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.
W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1882..... 684,332 83**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# ALASKA
# COMMERCIAL CO.

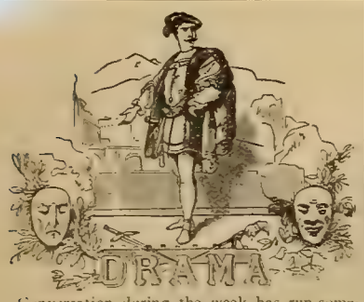
**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

**R. P. HAMMOND, Jr.,**
**CIVIL ENGINEER AND LAND SURVEYOR,**
Room 38, 318 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.
**NEWSOM & GASH,**
# ARCHITECTS
Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.




Conversation during the week has run something in this manner:

"Oh, how d'ye do. Isn't it cold. Frightful weather, isn't it?—and for February, too. Been to the opera? How do you like it? What do you think of Abbott? Aren't the two baritones too beautiful for anything in this world? What do you think of the new tenor? Good orchestra? Well, pretty good, for a dollar and a half, anyhow—isn't it? Well, good-bye."

Perhaps Doctor Johnson would not call this conversation. When I recall his crushing remark one evening, after his return from an incursion into society, "that there had been much talk, but no conversation," I think that, upon the whole, he would frown upon the idea of calling it by so grand a name. Perhaps the great man would even call it gabble.

Yet we all take a great deal of pleasure in our gabble, and never stop to classify it. The opera has given it a brisker and easier turn, and the gabble shows how much the pleasure-going public is engrossed in it. We do not stop each other on the street to ask what is thought of Sheridan's Shylock, or Katie Putnam's Marchioness, or Charley Reed's "Mooneysville," or Jeffreys-Lewis's Twin—she having returned, by natural rotation, to being a twin again.

Yet Sheridan's Shylock is something which no lover of Shakespeare should miss seeing. Each succeeding artist draws a Shylock to suit himself. Shakespeare did not put him upon such a height as many actors have done. He drew him as a Jew, with more than ordinary intelligence, but with the idiosyncrasies of his race strong upon him.

Friedrich Haase, a wonderfully versatile German actor who passed for a great one here, but only ranks third or fourth in his own theatre at home, played a different Shylock from that of any of our own actors. He made a thoroughly German Jew of the old money-lender, and even emphasized his point with the Jewish dialect. The Germans applauded the comedy of the situation, for "The Merchant of Venice" is a comedy, though no one ever pauses to think of it as such; perhaps because it is only the tragedians who ever play the part of Shylock.

No writer, the least or the greatest, the modest paragrapher or the commanding poet, knows just how he will be interpreted. Shakespeare himself would be amazed to see the long procession of Shylocks of many kinds who have been evolved from his shrewd old money-lender. According to the caprice of the actor, he has been an English Jew, a German Jew, an Italian Jew, and an Oriental.

In the dignified bearing of Sheridan's Shylock, one traces his Eastern descent, and there is a consistently Oriental touch throughout. No actor likes to play against sympathy, and it is only in elevating and refining Shylock, great as are his wrongs, that the sympathy goes with him.

Shakespeare made the play from two stories, and to him the sale of the three caskets was quite as interesting as that of the Jew's bond. Indeed, in his comedy he only placed the latter to bear upon the former, and almost unwittingly threw in a stronger and more complex character than he had foreseen in the part of the Jew.

Portia is the most intellectual of Shakespeare's women—a bold, daring, spirited creature, with the heart of a woman and the mind of a man. Miss Davenport is a rather milk-and-watery sort of actress to represent such a one.

"Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,"

Bassanio says, and here all resemblance ends. She is more in the line of those clinging creatures, Desdemona and Cordelia. As for Bassanio, he says this in precisely the same tone of voice in which he says—everything else. If Mr. Aveling should accidentally trip up against an inflection some day, he may break his neck. At the present writing there is little danger that he will trip.

The company assisting Sheridan just now is in a wonderfully good school. His own voice, which must be by nature something rebellious and intractable, has been schooled by artistic care. When he has control of it, it is thoroughly well modulated, and his English is rich, round, and pure. He is familiar with traditions of the legitimate, and his methods are admirable. If Clifton, who is going to make a good actor one day, will abandon his Barrett mannerisms for a while, and study Sheridan instead, he will be the better for the change. If Frank Wright will set his manner back for several centuries, and study Sheridan also, it will avail him much. Thayer and Simms shine quite radiantly in the company—merely by reason of their legitimate training.

We have a school of schools in the theatres just now. Beside the legitimate at the California, we have the modern emotional at the Grand Opera House, and Katie Putnam in a combination of the Lotta and Maggie Mitchell schools at the Bush Street Theatre. If one had never seen Lotta, and the "Old Curiosity Shop" were not an English play, Katie Putnam would be a most excellent Marchioness. She has not the spirit of pure fun in her at all; but she understands to a nicety all mechanical tricks and antics which go to make it. She is as quick as a flash, and repeatedly startles with her nimbleness. She has a sweet, clear, little voice, with a childish ring in it, and she plays the banjo. That's all.

The Dick Swiveller looked very much as he ought to, and promised for a few minutes to be very much what that airy-fancied young gentleman ought to be, but, either from the coldness of the house or because he had no more, his sprightliness soon gave out.

The success of the opera season has had a certain depressing effect, as well as a thinning one upon the audiences elsewhere. At Emerson's Minstrels there was a full house on Monday evening, to celebrate the return of Charley Reed, who moves in a roseate atmosphere of flattery and popularity very like that surrounding a prima donna. But, like the prima donnas, Charley Reed is not always great. A minstrel last-act is always bad, but "Mooneyville" is very, very bad. If the minstrel had spent that much-talked of vacation in Mooneyville itself, there might have been more of it in the sketch. As it is, he has let one of the best opportunities for local burlesque go to waste. This is something unusual in the history of his success. That success has depended so much upon his keeping up with the times.

At the Baldwin the Abbott company have most faithfully redeemed their promise of giving many changes from their bountiful repertoire. With the close of the first fortnight they will have given ten different operas.

Of these, "Rigoletto" and "Martha" have been the favorites. There has been but one disappointment, the substitution of "Martha" on Monday night for "Mignon," owing to the illness of Madame Rosewald. Madame Rosewald, in her familiar rôle of Filena, shows her voice to have somewhat thickened and coarsened since her last visit. It does not play among the notes in the famous Polonaise as it once did. The lady was very injudicious to rise from a sick-bed to sing Ophelia's music in the mad scene. It is a most exigent twenty minutes, both in the line of singing and acting, and the lady emitted two or three extraordinary whoops which spoiled the scene and scattered the sympathy. She is happier in "Mignon," an opera which, being at first in the greatest demand, has aroused less interest than any other. Emma Abbott herself sings "Connais-tu le pays" most charmingly, with more artistic excellence, perhaps, than any other one aria that she has sung, but does not altogether satisfy in the remainder of the opera. Its recitative heavily taxes her middle register, which is her weak point. Like the skylark, the higher she soars the better she sings. The action of "Mignon," like that of "Faust," is always a little slow. Both operas are rich with music, yet a performance of them always drags, no matter who is singing.

Emma Abbott has had the warmest applause, since "Lucia" and "Rigoletto," for "Scenes that are Brightest" in "Maritana." This is partially due to the indisputable liking of the public for ballad opera, and partially to the fact that she sang it exceedingly well. Abbott is accused of a great deal of trickery in the use of her voice, but no one will accuse her of laziness. She is the most indefatigable of prima donnas, with an acute desire to please and an unexampled readiness to respond to an encore which she thinks to be really desired. Every one has a respect for hard work. Tenors, and baritones, and sopranos go to pieces and retire for a night, change the cast, and mix things up generally. Yet there is the redoubtable little prima donna, night after night, fresh and unflagging under her many burdens of actress, singer, prompter, manager, and general director. She certainly deserves the success she has won.

Fabrini, the new tenor has been very successful without making an absolute hit. His voice is a very robust tenor, strong and resonant, with a quality of hardness in it. It has an intermittent huskiness which seems to belong to the voice rather than to be the work of the climate. He is a very earnest actor, but not a good one; and he always sings well enough to please, but does not stir the house into a storm of huzzas.

Mrs. Seguin's Azucena is such a fine piece of work that it is a pity she sang it only to a Sunday-night constituency. The contralto's opportunities are, at best, limited, but she found hers in the bird-song in "A King for a Day," and in the "Holy Mother" duet in "Maritana."

It is an undoubted fact that the interest of the season centres itself in the baritones. Campobello is enrolled as a basso, but Broderick, the young gentleman who frowns himself into self-possession, has the only basso voice, with the exception of a fine one in the chorus. As Broderick has a good presence and a good voice, he only needs to know his parts and be sure of himself to be very much liked. Campobello goes down among the bass notes when he likes, and even occasionally goes up-stairs in his voice, and takes a note which might almost be a tenor note. He trills like a woman when he likes, and he has altogether a fine voice and a superb method. Why, then, did he sing the closing strains of "In Happy Moments" with a wa-wa-wa which was highly ridiculous? Perhaps this is the way he satisfies his grudge against singing in English. Campobello is a noble Lotario, a mildly humorous Plunkett, a superb Conte di Luna, an excellent prime minister, and will be, doubtless, a superlative Mephistopheles. Tagliapietra, having succumbed to a cold, has left the field for a week to Campobello.

It is the manifest duty of this beautiful, gilt-edged creature, to sing "Don Giovanni." It is plainly written in his bearing that it is in his repertoire, and it is as plain that there is a set of "Don Giovanni" equipments somewhere in his trunk. Furthermore, the company bristles with prima donnas, and, further still, "Don Giovanni" is one of the most beautiful—some maintain the most beautiful—opera ever written.

And is Castle going away without singing "Fra Diavolo"? As for Tagliapietra, he disappeared in a blaze of glory in "A King for a Day," but the effect of it has lasted pretty well, even through Campobello's week of magnificence.

Tagliapietra almost fatally dissipated his impression by appearing in the front of the house, the other night, with a violent cold and a violent red and yellow bandanna to match it. Fortunately for his future, he was not generally recognized.

On Friday they will appear together in "Faust," both in good parts, and then will begin the genuine "War of the Baritones." BETSY B.

---

The following are underlined at the Baldwin: Miss Sarah Jewett, in Celia Logan's latest success, "An American Marriage, or That Man"; Langtry, supported by her own company; the Madison Square Theatre Company in "The Rajah" and "Alpine Rose," with original cast and scenery, direct from New York; Brooks & Dickson's latest success, "In the Ranks," with the original New York company and scenery; Mr. and Mrs. Nat Goodwin in "Those Bells," Mr. Goodwin's personation of Irving having created a furor in New York; Kate Castleton in "Pop"; Mr. and Mrs. George Knight, and Gustave and Charles Frohman's latest success, Belasco's "The Stranglers of Paris," the company and scenery coming direct from New York.

---

Mr. Sheridan has drawn good houses during the week. "The Merchant of Venice" was played on Monday night, and continued until the middle of the week, when "Othello" was substituted.



PHOTOGRAPHY.

Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.

ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.

ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.

THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

The Abbott troupe appeared in "Il Trovatore" last Sunday night to large houses. Monday evening, "Mignon" was to have been played, but owing to the sudden illness of Miss Rosewald, "Martha" was substituted. The lady, however, recovered from her indisposition sufficiently on Tuesday night to sing the mad scene from "Hamlet," which followed the performance of "La Sonnambula." "Maritana" drew a large house on Wednesday evening, while on Thursday, "Linda" was given," and last night, "Faust." For this afternoon "Sonnambula" is announced; for this evening, "Mignon," and for to-morrow night, "Faust." During next week, which is the third week of the series, the following operas will be produced: Monday, February 18th, "Martha"—Abbott, Seguin, Tagliapietra, Broderick, Allen, and Fabrini. Tuesday, "Bohemian Girl"—Abbott, Seguin, Broderick, Allen, and Fabrini. Wednesday, "Rigoletto"—Abbott, Seguin, Tagliapietra, Broderick, Allen, and Fabrini. Thursday, "Mignon"—Three prima donnas. Friday, "Linda"—Abbott, Seguin, Tagliapietra, Broderick, Allen, and Fabrini. Saturday matinee, "Maritana"—Abbott, Seguin, Hindle, Campobello, Broderick, Allen, and Castle. Saturday night, "Faust." The operas announced for the fourth and last week are the following: Monday, Friday, and Saturday matinee, Victor Masse's romantic love lyric, "Paul and Virginia." Tuesday, "Mignon," positively last time—Three prima donnas. Wednesday, Gounod's masterpiece, "Romeo and Juliet." Thursday, "Martha." Saturday night, Abbott's farewell—"Rigoletto" and scene from "Trovatore."

---

It is not as yet certain whether Patti will really visit this city or not. The Wednesday telegraphic report of an interview with the prima donna contained her own statement that she intends to carry out her California tour. It has, however, been semi-officially announced that Mapleson will begin a season of eight performances on March 10th. If Patti does not come, the list of singers will be headed by Madame Gerster, who is Patti's rival in many places, and a very brilliant prima donna. The other ladies are Mademoiselle Dotti, Madame Nordica, Mademoiselle Valerga, Signora Bianchi-Fiorio. The tenors are Signors Anton, Vicini, Rinaldini, and Bieletto. The celebrated baritone Galassi comes, with Caracciolo as buffo, and Cherubini and Lombardello, bassos. Signora Sacconi, a harp soloist, will also come. Signor Arditi will conduct the orchestra, which will be complete, and a large chorus comes with them. A different opera will be given every night. Prices will range from one to five dollars, according to place. The private boxes will be from twenty-five to forty dollars, and a reduction will be made for season tickets. There is another report being circulated, that should Patti not come this time, she will be here a month or two later.

---

Katie Putnam began a season on Monday night at the Bush Street Theatre in "The Old Curiosity Shop." "Fanchon" was produced, and next Monday night she will appear in "Lena."

---

Jeffreys-Lewis opened in "The Ruling Passion" at the Grand Opera House on Monday night, and has scored a fair success.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


## NEW OPERAS.

**By Gounod, Audran, Von Suppé, Nessler, and Massanet.**

Von Suppé, author of "Boccaccio," has just finished an opera called "Die Afrikareise." Its plot is as follows: The trip to the interior of Africa, which in reality is never made, is contemplated by Miradillo, a young, jovial sporting man of Palermo. He arrived in Cairo and remained there several weeks, where he incurred a bill at the hotel of Pericles to the amount of about twelve thousand francs. In the beginning of the opera we find the young man threatened by Pericles, who peremptorily demands his money, saying that he will have Miradillo arrested if he does not settle at once. At this moment Titania Fanfani, the niece of the Egyptian Pasha, arrives. She is the heiress of two million francs, left to her by testament of her father, but she will only receive this money if she is married when nineteen years old. Titania, having been educated in Italy, recognizes Miradillo, whom she had met in Palermo, determines, on not having married yet in compliance with the testament, to introduce Miradillo to her uncle as her husband for the purpose of deluding him and getting the two million francs in her possession, Miradillo consents to this scheme by being promised by her that she will pay his debts. The Pasha is at his wits' end, as he has spent the money, and can not pay. At the same time, suspecting that something is wrong, he determines to test the veracity of their marriage, and orders them to occupy one pavilion as man and wife during their stay with him. When Miradillo is about to follow his so-called wife to the pavilion she shuts the door in his face, and threatens him with a revolver if he attempts to come in. Titania has, during this time, fallen in love with a prince of one of the Maronite tribes, who arrived in Cairo at the same time that she did, while Tessa, Miradillo's former bride, whom he has deserted, and her mother, Buccametta, arrive in Cairo, where they recognize Miradillo, and are enraged at him because they believe him to be the husband of Titania. At the summer residence of the Pasha, during a grand fête in honor of the Beiram festival, celebrated on account of the rising of the Nile, the Pasha intended to begin his little intrigue for the purpose of making Tessa his forty-seventh wife, but is frustrated in his intentions by Antarsid and Miradillo, who, when the festival is at its height, escape with Titania and Tessa. In the last act the Pasha pursues them into the interior of Africa with his Bedouins, overtaking them just in time to find out that at very hour both pair have been married by a Koptic priest, leaving him to take old mother Buccametta for his forty-seventh wife. The music is said to be bright, sparkling, vivacious, and catchy.

I have to chronicle, says the London correspondent of the Boston *Musical Observer*, the opening of the Royal English Opera Company at Covent Garden, in Nessler's "Piper of Hamelin." The story of the Piper of Hamelin is familiar to every one, thanks to Mr. Robert Browning's admirable poem, founded on the old legend which has inspired Hofman's operatic libretto. For dramatic purposes it was necessary to introduce "love-interest," and this has been furnished in the enchantment of Gertrude by the magical piper, and her self-sacrifice for his sake. The lovers of Regina and Heribert are introduced solely for the sake of the Piper's wager that he will win a kiss from Regina. This he succeeds in doing by means of his magic art, and thereby induces Gertrude to believe him false to her. As a sorcerer, he is doomed to be burnt alive. Gertrude, invoking an imperial statute, obtains his freedom by taking on herself the penalty he has incurred. Directly he is set free, she throws herself into the Weser, and Hunold the Piper avenges himself on the cruel people of Hamelin by luring their children to destruction. The libretto of the opera, the plot of which is decidedly feeble, dramatically speaking, is redeemed by the musical setting of Nessler, whose score is melodious throughout.

The chief event in Paris recently, says a correspondent, has been the production of a new *opera bouffe* by Audran, the composer of "Olivette" and the "Mascot," entitled "La Dormeuse Eveillée." The new piece has been produced at the Bouffes Parisiens, and has met with a most favorable reception. The story is, of course, as old as the hills. It comes originally as far as from the "Arabian Nights," but is capable of constant rejuvenation. More than once it is to be found on the lyric stage—"Si j'etais Roi" is an instance of a clever paraphrase which occurs to all of us—and Weber himself has dignified it by his opera of "Abou Hassan." The most notable departure in the new version is the alteration in the sex of the heroine. Suzette is employed as a servant by the hotel-keeper, Gorju, her uncle. She has one regret that has tinged all her life hitherto with bitterness. It is that of not being born a man. The Marquis de Follebranche, who happens to pass by the inn, conceives the idea of endeavoring to persuade her that her dream has been accomplished. He carries her off while asleep to his château, where, after having changed her dress, he persuades her, when she awakes, that she is in fact the Marquis de Follebranche. But the girl—not unnaturally, as one may suppose—is still hardly satisfied of the desired change having taken place, and undertakes, in her turn, a revenge upon the playful marquis. She succeeds in making him take a narcotic, and dresses him as a girl in turn. The marquis is still more annoyed at the condition in which he finds himself, as the same day he is ordered to join his regiment, and, by Suzette's orders, he is hurried off, petticoats and all, to assume this command. Under these circumstances he appeals to Suzette for the return of his clothes, and that young lady sells them to him—demanding for the coat a position for her fiancé, Saturnin; for the culotte, a dowry of three thousand francs; for the waistcoat, a renewal of Gorju's lease at half price, and so forth. The score is as far in advance, musically speaking, of Monsieur Audran's previous efforts as the book is inferior to the ordinary production of the operatic librettists.

The novelties at the Paris Grand Opera House after the new version of Gounod's "Sappho," which is nearly ready for production, will be Salvayre's "Egmont," Monsieur Massenet's "Le Cid," and a work on the subject of King Arthur, by Saint-Saëns.

---

Following the Abbott season at the Baldwin, Manager Hayman will produce Celia Logan's "An American Marriage," or "That Man," with Sarah Jewett in the title rôle, supported by Harry Lee, Barton Hill, and the original New York cast, the company coming in its entirety from New York.

---

Monsieur Hubinet, the manager of the great French champagne house of Pommery & Gréno, which is now owned by the Widow Pommery, has been visiting America, and extended his trip westward as far as San Francisco. He traveled extensively through the interior, and visited many of our famous vineyards. He was astonished at the progress which California has made in wine production, and speaks very highly of the prospects of this State as one of the great wine producers of the world. Monsieur Hubinet left last week for Rheims, in which French city is situated the establishment of the famous Pommery champagne.

---

**CCCIX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, February 17, 1884.**

Beef Noodle Soup.
Boiled Turbot, Genoise Sauce.
Chicken with Maccaroni.
Stewed Mushrooms. Asparagus.
Roast Beef. New Potatoes fried in Butter.
Cucumber Salad.
Beignets de Pommes.
Fruits in season.

CHICKEN WITH MACCARONI OR WITH RICE.—Cut the chickens into pieces; fry them in butter the size of an egg: when nearly done put the pieces into another saucepan: add a heaping teaspoonful of flour to the hot butter, and brown it. Mix a little cold water to this and make it smooth: then add a pint or more of boiling water, and pour this over the chicken in the saucepan. Add a chopped sprig of parsley, a clove of garlic, pepper, and salt. Let the chicken boil half or three-quarters of an hour: then take out the pieces of chicken, pass the sauce through a sieve, and remove all the fat. Have ready some maccaroni which has been boiled in salted water, and let it boil in this sauce. Arrange the pieces of chicken tastefully in a dish, pour the maccaroni and sauce over them, and serve. If rice is used, manage the same way.

---


— TO LET, SUNNY ALCOVE ROOM IN A private family in Alameda, suitable for gentleman and wife or two gentlemen. Address Post-office Box 6, Alameda.

— MISS ELLEN COURSEN. THOROUGH INstruction in Vocal Music. Classes in Singing. Hall, 317 Powell Street, opposite Union Square.

— EXPERIENCE PROVES THAT NOTHING ELSE so surely destroys scrofula, root and branch, as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

— THE METROPOLITAN HALL CONTAINS THE finest organ on the Pacific Coast, and its capabilities as a concert hall exceed those of any similar auditorium west of the Mississippi River.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.


---

## BALDWIN THEATRE.

**Crowded and Fashionable Houses Nightly.**

ENGAGEMENT OF THE RENOWNED

# EMMA ABBOTT

**GRAND OPERA COMPANY.**

**Second Week.**

Saturday Matinée—SONNAMBULA.
Saturday Night—MIGNON. Three Prima Donnas.
Sunday—Grand Italian Combination. FAUST.

**Third Week.**

Monday, February 18th—MARTHA.
Tuesday—BOHEMIAN GIRL.
Wednesday—RIGOLETTO.
Thursday—MIGNON. Three Prima Donnas.
Friday—Holiday Italian Matinée. IL TROVATORE.
Friday—LINDA, Pearl of Savoy.
Saturday—Abbott Matinee. MARITANA.
Saturday Night—FAUST.

**Fourth and Last Week.**

PAUL AND VIRGINIA. ROMEO AND JULIET.

Monday, Friday, and Saturday Matinee—Victor Masse's Romantic Love Lyric, Emma Abbott's Great and Original Creation, PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

"By the air that we breathe,
By the heavens above us,
I swear I will live but for thee."

Tuesday—MIGNON. Positively last time. Three Prima Donnas.
Wednesday—Gounod's Sublime Masterpiece, ROMEO AND JULIET.
Thursday—MARTHA. Abbott's "Last Rose of Summer."
Saturday Night—Abbott's Farewell. RIGOLETTO and scene from TROVATORE.


# J. H. CURLEY & CO.

**Desire to call the attention of the gentlemen of San Francisco to their REGULAR SPRING OPENING on MONDAY, February 18th, of the finest line of goods ever brought to this market. These goods have been personally selected by our MR. CURLEY in the leading marts of Europe and the East, and comprise all the very LATEST NOVELTIES in designs, material, and colors, in Fancy Cassimeres and Suitings, fine Black Cloths, and a full line of both heavy and light-weight Coatings, etc. PRICES THE LOWEST, and the very best fit guaranteed.**

# 14 MONTGOMERY STREET.

— FOR THE REMOVAL OF DANDRUFF, AND for curing humors of the scalp, nothing can be better than Ayer's Hair Vigor.

**A. P. HOTALING & CO.**

429 to 437 Jackson St., sole agents for the J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky. "O. P. S." "O. O. K." "O. K." "A No. 1." "A." Established 1852.

**MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. A. K. CLAPPE'S**

# SELECT SCHOOL

**FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,**

At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N. Y. Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalogue.

**MARBLE WORKS.**

**MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones. W. H. McCORMICK,**

827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

**For Sale, on account of departure, AN UPRIGHT**

# CHICKERING PIANO

Nearly new. Apply 1130 McAllister Street.

**ASK FOR BROOK'S SOFT FINISH**




As well as

**GLACE**

**Spool Cotton.**

Experienced operators on all Sewing Machines recommend it in preference to all others.

For sale by all dealers.

**Pacific Coast Agency, 219 Pine Street, S. F.**

M. J. BURKE. (Established 1858.) E. H. BURKE.

**MADISON & BURKE,**

**REAL ESTATE AGENTS**

**And Rent Collectors.**

**FULL CHARGE TAKEN OF REAL ESTATE.**

**401 and 403 Montgomery Street,**

**N. W. corner California St.**




**STEM WIND AND STEM SET MUSICAL WATCH**

Each Watch finely made, silver plated and the greatest novelty ever offered to the boys and girls of America. It is a **Complete Musical Instrument**, size and shape of a Watch. With Music Box attachment concealed within, so arranged that when wound at the stem, plays one of the following Tunes:—"Home, Sweet Home," "Yankee Doodle," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Coming Through the Rye," "Swanee River," Carter and Vesper," "Grandfather's Clock, Waltz, Polka, Schottische, and "Walt Till the Clouds Roll By." The notes, time, and tones are correct. It instructs and entertains both Old and Young. On receipt of **36** Cents, will send it by mail, postpaid. Just think of it! A Music Box for **36 Cents.** Postage Stamps taken. **SPECIAL OFFER:** If you will order before April 1st, we will send you FOUR for only **$1 00.** You will be delighted with them. Address **A. E. PRATT & CO.,** No. 27 Park Place New York.

**J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.**

**MERCHANT TAILORS**

**And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,**

**415 MONTGOMERY STREET,**

**Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco**

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE




HOME INDUSTRY

# VALENTINES

In great variety, at wholesale price, at the

**ARGONAUT BOOKSTORE**

**215 Dupont St., near Sutter.**




Will be mailed **FREE** to all applicants and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains illustrations, prices, descriptions and directions for planting all Vegetable and Flower Seeds Plants, etc. **Invaluable to all.**

**D. M. FERRY & CO.** DETROIT, Mich.



**The DRESS REFORM CORSET.—The Finest Corset on the Coast.—**Try it, and you will like it.—Glove-fitting, graceful, comfortable, "just the thing" for stout figures. Bones so placed they will not break. Sold by us for the past 6 years—SELF-ADJUSTING—Sent to any address on receipt, $2.00. Will exchange if it does not fit. In ordering, send tight waist, loose or just measure, taken over one of your dresses. Send for illustrated book of our Union Under-Flannels, Shoulder Braces, Corded Waists, Hose and Skirt Supporters, etc., which took the first prize and silver medal at the late Mechanics' Fair—the only Depot for these goods.

**M. H. OBER & CO.,**
**Boston Dress Reform Rooms.**
Established 1870. 26 Sutter St., S. F., Cal.

# BETHESDA

**SUPERIOR TABLE WATER**

**L. CAHEN AND SON, 418 SAC. ST. S.F.**

R. H. McDonald, President. L. Vesaria, Vice-Pres't. Z. S. Eldredge, Acts Cash'r.

# PACIFIC BANK

Established 1863

Capital Stock $1,000,000.00

Surplus $450,000.00

*San Francisco, Jan. 1, 1884*

**The following statement** shows the condition of this bank January 1, 1884:

**Ours** is the oldest chartered banking institution on the Pacific Coast.

**Our connections** are complete for the transaction of any and all kinds of banking or collection business.

**Individuals, firms, corporations,** contemplating a change in their present banking arrangements, or opening an account in this city, will do well to communicate with us.

Assets.

| | |
|---|---|
| Solvent Bills Receivable | $2,509,721 35 |
| Real Estate—Bank'g house | 150,000 00 |
| Other Real Estate | 14,996 60 |
| Govt. Bonds, Bankstocks &c. | 111,993 05 |
| Due from solvent Banks | 358,206 64 |
| Money on hand | 633,160 16 |
| | $3,778,077 80 |

Liabilities.

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital Stock | $1,000,000 00 |
| Surplus Fund | 450,000 00 |
| Undivided Profits | 6,120 35 |
| Due Depositors | 2,167,652 57 |
| Due Banks | 114,304 88 |
| Due Dividend No. 69 | 40,000 00 |
| | $3,778,077 80 |

**All matters** intrusted to our care will be attended to with promptness, fidelity, and in strict confidence.

R. H. McDONALD, Pres't.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**

**Commission Merchants,**

**San Francisco.**

OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.

☞ Liberal advances made on consignments. ☜

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**

**Shipping and Commission Merchants**

**San Francisco,**

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON.

Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

**No. 309 SANSOME STREET,**

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**

**Shipping and Commission Merchants**

**204 and 206 California Street,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

**A. HARKER & CO.**

**Importers and Wholesale Grocers,**

108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHEESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.

**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**

**Shipping and Commission Merchants**

UNION BLOCK,

202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,

Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**

**(Established 1854),**

HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION

**MERCHANTS.**

SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

**39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.**

**JOHN DANIEL & CO.**

Importers and Dealers in Italian Marble and Scotch Granite

**MONUMENTS AND MANTELS,**

No. 421 Pine Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco, Cal.

☞ Manufacturers of Monuments, Headstones, Mantelpieces, Plumbers' Stones, Table and Counter Tops, Imposing Stones, etc., at lowest cash prices.

**Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed**

# TILES

**For Decorations.**

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

**311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.**

# LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.

**Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.**

119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE

# HENRY F. MILLER

**(Factory Boston, Mass.) and**

# HEMME & LONG

**(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)**

AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.

**101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.**

**Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.**

PIANOS

# ICHI BAN

# WALL PAPER,

**Artistic Designs, American, French, and English. Cornice Poles and Fixtures. Sole Agents on Pacific Coast for LINCRUSTA WALTON, the new and indestructible Wall Decoration. Imitation Stained and Ground Glass, for residences, churches, etc. Frescoing and Interior Decorating a specialty.**

WINDOW SHADES.

**Samples and Estimates furnished on Application.**

G. W. CLARK & CO., 645 & 647 MARKET ST.

# FIREMAN'S FUND

INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.

| | |
|---|---|
| CAPITAL, | $750,000 |
| ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1882, | $1,350,000 |

D. J. STAPLES, President. WILLIAM J. DUTTON, Secretary.

ALPHEUS BULL, Vice-President. E. W. CARPENTER, Asst. Secretary.

**AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.**

# PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.

**Stationers, Booksellers,**

**Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,**

**204 Sansome Street, near Pine.**

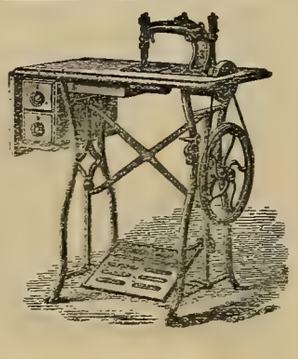
**Every reader of the "Argonaut" should see a copy of**

**THE ILLUSTRATED NEW YORK**

# • LIFE •

**The leading Humorous and Satirical Paper.**

TERMS: At the rate of $5.00 a year, postage free. Sample copy free. **1155 Broadway, New York.**



**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.**

**WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.**

**303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.**

# HOTEL

## SIERRA MADRE VILLA,

**On the mountain side,**

**In an Orange Grove, Near Los Angeles.**

Has been enlarged to accommodate One Hundred Guests. For climate, health, comfort, pure water, and beauty of scenery, it has no equal on this coast. General Sherman says it surpasses all other places on the American continent for a quiet good time.

For further information, address

**W. COGSWELL, Proprietor,**

San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, Cal.

**CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY**

**OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.**

**Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.**

C. SPRECKELS, President.

J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.

A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

**THE**

**AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY**

SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**

Office, 208 California Street.

# THE CALIFORNIA

**SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY**

**Junction Market and Powell Sts.**

Deposits received. Loans made on city and country property at low rates.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for

**TAMAR** **CONSTIPATION,** Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Cerebral Congestion, etc.

Prepared

**INDIEN** **GRILLON,** SOLE PROPRIETOR,

Pharmacien de première classe de la Faculté de Paris,

**GRILLON** 27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.

Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.




THE HARKNESS

# FIRE EXTINGUISHER

**First Premium Mechanics' Institute, 188**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**

**36 California Street, San Francisco,**

General Agents Pacific Coast.

# REMOVAL

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO

HAVE REMOVED TO

**311, 313, 315, and 317**

MARKET STREET

**Between Beale and Fremont.**

**GERMEA**

**FOR BREAKFAST**

**DELICIOUS**

**TRY IT!**

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIV. No. 8. SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 23, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: Prince Bismarck, Herr Lasker, and Tom Ochiltree—The Design of the German Socialist in Visiting America—His Opposition to the German Government—May Congress Properly Interfere in European Affairs, or Shall our Government Uphold the Monroe Doctrine?—Our Friendly Relations with Germany—A Texas Congressman and the Magnificent Joke which he Perpetrated on Two Nations—An Issue Ready-made for the Democrats in the Next National Campaign—The Representative Ticket which They Might Adopt—Demagogism in the United States—How our Second-rate Politicians Appeal to their Foreign Constituents—The *Chronicle's* Latest Attack on the Railroads—Why Should not Corporations Organize for Common Safety with as Much Propriety as the Merchants and Laborers who Form Exchanges and Coöperative Societies?—The Prospects of an Extra Session of the Legislature..... 1–2

THE HISTORY OF A REMARKABLE MYTH: A Pennsylvanian's Newspaper Joke..... 3

AFTER DINNER: "Viveur" talks of Conversation and Art..... 4

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Gossip about Prominent People..... 4

VANITY FAIR: Its Women and its Fashions..... 5

THE RAILWAY WORLD: The Color-blindness of Engineers and Conductors. 5

SOCIETY: "Bavardin's" Letter—Notes and Gossip..... 6

OUR NEW YORK LETTER: "Flaneur's" Gossip..... 7

THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB: The Hoboken Barber who was Not a Sucker..... 7

FABIANA'S TWO LOVERS: How a Mexican Woman Saved a Friend and Avenged her Lover..... 8

THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERSE: "A New World Legend"—"The Girdle of Friendship"..... 9

STORYETTES: Grave, Gay, Epigrammatic, and Otherwise..... 9

A VISIT TO PHILISTIA: A Briton's Attack on America..... 10

LITERARY AND JOURNALISTIC NOTES: Three New Journals..... 10

COBWEBS: "Arachne's" Weavings..... 11

OUR CHESS COLUMN: A Singular Problem—The Game Between Mason and Tschigorin in the Berlin Tourney of 1881..... 11

THE INNER MAN. New York Chefs..... 12

THE DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Notes of the Week..... 14

As we understand the affair, Herr Lasker was a leader of the Socialist party in the politics of Germany, in opposition to the Government. That he was an able man and earnest advocate of the so-called liberalists—that he was a patriot—may be admitted. All the same, he was in opposition to the policy of the German Empire, and an opponent of Prince Bismarck. He had a strong following, was the representative of republican ideas, was endeavoring to change the existing political condition of his country, was in harmony with republican sentiments, and his purpose was to make Germany a republic. All this being conceded, it is apparent that Herr Lasker was the exponent of principles and the representative of a political movement in opposition to the rule of Emperor William. His visit to this country was in furtherance of his general design, the ultimate object of which was to overthrow the Hohenzollern dynasty, and upon its ruin to build up a democracy. He held the same relations to the empire that Gambetta held to France in the time of Napoleon—that Castelar does to Spain. He died in America, and the Congress of the United States sent, through our minister at Berlin, certain resolutions of condolence, which were in substance an indorsement and approval of his antagonism to his Government. It is reported that Prince Bismarck, as Premier of the German Empire, refuses to allow these resolutions to be presented to the Reichstag, and orders that they be returned to Congress with the disapproval which his rejection conveys. Many of the English, French, and European papers, and some of our own, affect to see in this an insult from the German Government to the American; and prophesy as the result an interruption of the friendly relations which have so long existed between the Government of the United States and the Government of Germany. There are two standpoints from which this act may be considered. If the Congress of the United States may properly interfere in the political affairs of European governments; if it may properly endeavor to proselytize in favor of republican government; if it may endeavor to aid the socialistic movement at Berlin, favor the attempt of royalists to overturn the Republic of France, or take sides with Irish nationalists against the Government of England, or in any way cast its influence for or against political movements in Europe—then this action in Congress may be approved. But, if the contrary policy is the one to be observed; if, in upholding the Monroe Doctrine, we will not permit foreign interference in our hemisphere; and if we are right in the claim of managing our own affairs, without the privilege of any foreign power to interfere—it is not quite apparent that we have good cause to criticise this act of the German Premier. If it is right for our Congress to endeavor to strengthen socialism in Germany, we are opening wide the door to political entanglements with Russia in its conflict with nihilism, with England in its contest with Irish nationalism, and with all other European countries in their partisan and dynastic controversies. The United States of America too recently passed through a struggle growing out of civil dissensions, that we should be unmindful of the jealousies which such interferences engender. If, during our civil war, Davis, or Lee, or any of the lesser advocates of slavery and disunion, had died in Berlin, we would not have kindly received from the Reichstag any expression of sympathy for the individual which conveyed the idea of sympathy for the cause to which he had devoted his life. If Jefferson Davis—as is not improbable—should be returned to Congress, and go to Berlin to die, would that part of our people who have not needed reconstruction hail the return of his body with letters of condolence commending his principles and approving his acts? The answer of the nihilist, communist, socialist, nationalist, or republican, who has found refuge from foreign countries in our own, is most naturally this: "The war to uphold slavery and to divide the Union was an unholy one, while our cause is right." We do not enter upon this discussion, and all we intend to suggest in this argument is the general propriety of the American Congress keeping itself entirely free from all entanglement in these foreign political controversies. That it is somewhat difficult to do this, and to refrain from expressions of sympathy and condolence at the death of an eminent man and patriot, is recognized, especially when the dead patriot happens, as in this instance, to be a German and a Jew, or, as would be the case were he a member of the English Parliament, and an Irishman and Roman Catholic. So large a part of our population are Germans, Jews, Irish, and Romanists, that it is expecting much of parties or politicians that they should deny themselves the advantage of commending themselves to the foreign voter by funeral sympathy expressed over the graves of their honored countrymen and co-religionists. Had the eminent Irish leader and member of Parliament, Parnell, or any of the other eminent Irish orators and money-gatherers who have stirred the patriotism of their enthusiastic countrymen in their recent visits to the United States, died upon our soil, would it have been in good taste to send home the bodies with an expression as to their political careers, directed to the Parliament of England? And had Congress done this thing, would we have expected Gladstone to gush over it? It is clearly the duty of an American Congress to refrain from interference in the political affairs of European governments, and from expressing sympathy with any of the political parties or chiefs who are there contending for political power or personal supremacy. With Germany we hold the most friendly relations. From Germany we have received a large number of most valuable citizens. We may endeavor to compel them to eat our pork, and we may refuse to import their stockings, or allow our girls to knit the pastor slippers from their Berlin wool, and ourselves decline to eat Schweitzer kase, Limburger, or blood sausage; but we are clearly wrong in endeavoring to compel Bismarck and the Emperor William to place Herr Lasker in the Valhalla of their political gods.

It is interesting to know just how this Herr Lasker resolution happened to be introduced to the House of Representatives. It demonstrates the value that ought to be attached to such demagogism as this. The United States of America, great in its area of territory, grand in its history, prolific of statesmen, abounding in wealth, its population advancing in millions, among its boasted productions of statesmen, orators, littérateurs, poets, millionaires, and men of affairs, claims to have produced the monumental liar of the age. "Liar" seems harsh and unpoetic in connection with one whose only efforts in the romantic line have been for the amusement and innocent gratification of his fellow-men, and who has successfully reached the highest position attainable by the votaries of the silver-wing-heeled Mercury. Funny, red-headed, long-tongued, brazen-faced Tom Ochiltree is a member of Congress. A wag of wags, he conceived the magnificent political joke of securing a position among the honorable legislators of the nation, where he would be for a term exempt from arrest upon civil process, and where he would find a companionship which had time to listen to, and intelligence to appreciate, his jokes. The Honorable Thomas, having passed unscathed through the fiery ordeal of the civil war in the commissary department of the Southern side, condoned the national crime of victory over the rebellion by taking office as a reconstructed United States Marshal. He buried the bloody hatchet still deeper, and consented to represent the State of Texas in the national assembly. Contrition and personal humiliation could go no farther. The Hon. Tom Ochiltree, from Texas, has an important German constituent engaged in converting the leading productions of Texas (barley and hops) into lager beer—named Lasker. The Texan Lasker is brother to the Prussian Lasker. The Texan Lasker was serviceable to the Hon. Tom, in sending him to Congress, and the Hon. Tom, in lively gratitude for future service to be rendered by the Texan brother in sending him again to Congress, introduces the Lasker joke, and Congress perpetrates the international joke of passing it. Everybody votes for it, because of the German constituents of the Hon. Thomas Ochiltree, of Texas, and because of their own German constituents at home. A Presidential election already paints the political horizon with the red glow of its coming dawn, and the German vote is in demand. Everybody is happy—the Texan Lasker, Tom Ochiltree, the Democratic party, and all the German Laskers, and German Socialists. The Hon. Aaron A. Sargent, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Germany, is happy; and everybody is happy, except Bismarck. Things have come to a pretty pass indeed if Tom Ochiltree and a Democratic Congress can not have these little harmless jokes, deemed by them as indispensable to securing the German vote, without this arrogant and supercilious servant of a Dutch Emperor getting mad about it. We have been wanting an issue for the next Presidential election, and here is one ready made. It is national; it is patriotic; it stirs the heart of the man who loves his native land. Let the Democracy accept this challenge of battle from the irascible Bismarck, declare war against the German Empire, recall our double Aa'd embassador, and proclaim "Pork" to the oppressed and down-trodden masses of Europe. Let the Hon. Thomas Ochiltree, of Texas, become the Democratic Presidential candidate, with his own red head for the "oriflamme" of war, and his own stories the "slogan" of battle. Such a campaign as this would rally to the red-headed standard-bearer of the Democracy every German socialist whose enthusiastic love of the German fatherland illustrates itself in drinking lager beer, and plotting, first, the destruction of the German Empire, and, secondly, the American Republic, in order to afford foreign socialists, nihilists, communists, agrarians, land-leaguers, and other criminally disposed levelers, an opportunity to steal a share in the division of property they have not earned and do not own. This would place the Democratic party in frank and o[illegible]

position before the people; it would define its principles, and go to the country upon live and real issues. It would tear the disguise and mask from the face of a party which has for half a century plotted treason against the country, which for four years involved it in the horrors of a civil war, and which for now two decades has been planning and plotting under what fraudulent device and in what false disguise it can best sneak back to power. The Democratic party presents to the American people no one single plain issue of governmental policy, suggests no principle of administration, and makes no pretext of statesmanship higher than its desire for office. The Democracy has now for so many years played at tragedy, and so often gone through the mock heroic, that the people are beginning to suspect it of chewing soap, to simulate the froth of a passion it does not feel. Hence, it is in seriousness that we propose to it one campaign of comedy and farce. Try the people on their less serious side: Tom Ochiltree for President; Sunset Cox for Vice-President; Proctor Knott for the portfolio of State; Samuel Tilden for the funny old man who does not want to be President; with a chorus of curbstone bummers who would not take an office or a pair of pantaloons from the party in power. If any element of seriousness is desirable, let the social German Democracy again parade Chicago with bayonets; let the riotous demonstrations which have occurred at the East be reproduced; let the incidents of Pittsburg and San Francisco be reënacted. And if the Democratic party would make the issue more direct than is embraced in the generalization of assault upon corporations, monopolies, and the tyrannies of vested property rights, let them provide charts, with diagrams and specifications, of the particular properties which the particular Irishman, or German, or drunken, worthless American, is to have in the final break-up and divide. Let the rabble know in advance of the crucifixion the particular vestments which are to fall to its share by the allotment of the party dice.

We are not at all in sympathy with the demagogism which in the United States is endeavoring to make political capital from the foreign vote by such exhibitions as this of which we are writing. While neither party is free from the accusation of doing just such inexcusable and impertinent things, we are glad to be able to truthfully say that the Democracy is responsible for most of it. It is with such men as the red-headed Ochiltree of Texas and the shock-headed Robinson, M. C. from the city of New York, that this and kindred follies are perpetrated. The member of Congress who sees behind him the scowling faces of a foreign constituency, the representative of some large city with its ignorant and vicious mob of alien voters whom he must please or be retired from public life, is placed in a very hard position. If he is young and ambitious, and has marked out for himself a public career, he is compelled to choose the alternative of sacrificing his pride, his manly independence, and often the best interests of his country, to maintain his position, by pandering to the ignorant prejudices of a vicious and criminal mob. By self-abasement and humiliation alone can he occupy an official place. The time will come, we think, and the *Argonaut* hopes to hasten that coming time, when the more intelligent foreigner, with a better and higher appreciation of the benefits of our republican form of government, will dissociate himself from the vile of his own country. We would first drive all that is bad and vicious of the foreign element into the Democratic party, in order that the Republican party may be clean enough to entice the virtuous and intelligent of the foreign-born to it. To the vicious and undesirable of the foreign riff-raff will naturally gravitate all the mercenary and unprincipled of our native-born politicians. We would have these compose the rank and file of the Democracy, to be led by such demagogues as find with them congenial companionship. In opposition to this aggregation we would have an honorable party, with high purpose, charged with patriotic aims, led by statesmen; and whether it be called Republican or not, we would have it distinctly and emphatically "American." Herr Lasker was from Posen, of the ultra type of irreconcilables, who had, by his talents and earnestness of purpose, earned for himself the position of leader and leading dissenter in German politics. In association with him were the ultramontane Catholics, who would, in the interest of the Church of Rome and under the dictation of its former pope, have dismembered and destroyed the German empire; to whom the welfare of the German people and the solidarity of the German empire were of less consequence than the maintenance of ecclesiastical power and the civil authority of the pontificate. With him were those radicals and socialists who would trample on all governmental authority, defy all law, and who hold in contempt all social regulations or legal hinderances that would restrain them from the unlicensed seizure and division of the accumulations of thrift and industry. With him was mixed up the Semitic question, which has caused so much uneasiness and bad blood between the German farmer and the Jewish usurer. Under his leadership were marshaled all the political forces which could give annoyance to Bismarck and uneasiness to the Government of the Emperor William. Out of his teachings, and from such as he, grew the inspiration of assassination, which attempted at different times the life of the emperor, and which has ever since disturbed the harmony of the government. In alliance and political sympathy with Herr Lasker were the representatives from Alsace and Lorraine; around him gathered those Roman bishops who, renouncing German authority, acknowledged a higher ecclesiastical allegiance to Rome, bringing about a condition of things which made the Falk laws a necessity. Socialism invaded the universities, and students became an element of disturbance and unrest. We speak of these things, not to denounce the motives or the patriotism of Herr Lasker, but to suggest the attitude which he held toward a government with which we have ever been in friendly relation, and with whose political affairs we have ever declared it to be our policy not to interfere. We desire to show how improper and meddlesome it was for one branch of our Congress to transmit the resolutions it did to the Government of Germany. This incident properly calls up the kind of policy which should be adopted and adhered to in our intercourse with foreign governments.

The *Chronicle*, with its aptitude for smelling the rat in railroad meal, scents danger in a recent New York incorporation for the protection of railroad property and the interest of railroad shareholders. The *Chronicle* sees in this corporation a secret and dangerous organization, to wage an aggressive and criminal war against the communities in which railroads are operated, and in the interest of railroads to bribe courts and legislatures, to maintain corrupt lobbies, to steal public lands, to defeat the operation of laws, to obstruct justice, hinder the administration of all departments in the execution and enforcement of decrees against railroad properties, and to cripple and destroy rival enterprises, in order to maintain unjust and discriminating rates for the carrying of passengers and the transportation of merchandise. In addition to these nefarious practices, newspapers are to be subsidized for coin, and public men so compromised that they shall not dare to assume toward monopolies a hostile political attitude. If all this is true, it indicates the progress and march of civilization. It is the first time, we believe, that a criminal industry has been clothed with corporate powers, and that the crimes of perjury, bribery, larceny, obstructing an officer, etc., etc., etc., have been attempted to be carried on by corporate authority. We do not know that the scheme is at all impracticable, or that presidents, directors, and stockholders might not be found fully competent to carry out, with great efficiency and to the minutest detail of success, all the villainies which this organization contemplates. Just how the corporate machinery would be worked puzzles us somewhat. There would be an executive committee, of course, divided perhaps into sub-committees, charged with the commission of certain crimes, with a particular detail to one person where some crime was to be committed demanding great circumspection and secrecy. And how about reports at the annual meeting of stockholders? Would there be tabulated statistics showing the number and official rank of officers bought, of judges bribed, with a detailed statement of moneys paid to newspapers and politicians? Would this be a sworn statement, under oath, as demanded by law? Might the stockholder be always at liberty to demand an investigation of the books, and to file his bill in equity for an accounting? Might he marshal the assets? And would the laws passed and defeated, the officials and judges bribed, the newspapers and politicians bought, figure as such? How would the property be inventoried and valued; and how, if the institution should be disincorporated, would the property be disposed of? Take an editor, to illustrate: Would he be sold to the highest bidder, like a slave, or to the one who would keep him the longest term, like a pauper? And how about the dividends; would they be in sin, or cash? The whole affair bothers us—more about the detailed workings of the corporate machinery than about the principles involved. Until the *Chronicle* suggested the iniquitous character of this organization, it had not occurred to us as strange, nor did we think it at all unnatural, that $7,000,000,000 worth of property, scattered in ownership through one hundred thousand persons, and throughout all the world, crossing state and international lines, demanding local and general legislation, threatened on all hands by demagogues, and imperiled on all sides by jealousy, ignorance, and greed, attacked by the press, black-mailed by politicians great and small, robbed by attorneys, petit and grand; fleeced by jurors, cornered by stock-gamblers, paralyzed by labor strikes, should organize for protection and for the defense of its rights. When we reflected that we had "exchanges" in the interest of merchants, "chambers" for the protection of commerce; that traders in corn, cotton, and wool, in grain and gold, all combined for furthering the interests of their calling; that brokers, mechanics, farmers, laborers, bankers, and teachers had their boards, exchanges, granges, guilds, clearing-houses, and institutes, we did not think it unnatural or unlawful that so vast and so useful an industry as that known as "railroading" should do the same thing. We hear constantly of the "Knights of Labor," of "Labor Unions," the "Miners' Union," the "Printers' Union," the "United Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers," the "union" of clerks, tailors' apprentices, and telegraph operators; and, being in sympathy with every honest movement for the protection of the rights of labor, we saw no very good reason why property might not have the same privilege of organizing for its protection; and if any property, then why not railroad interests, which are now being more constantly and more unjustly assailed than anything else in the country? We see no objection to an honest movement on the part of railroad owners, inspired by the laudable determination not longer to suffer the assault of every demagogue, adventurer, lobbyist, and unprincipled journalist who may choose to attack them, for no other and better reason than that they have large interests to protect and large affairs to administer. If it is an honest organization, it has chosen a field of broad usefulness, where it may accomplish results in which all the industrial and property classes are largely interested. The less of annoyance, exaction, and extortion placed upon the operating of our railroad system; the less of unhealthy and dishonest rivalry; the less of illegitimate competition; the less of bribery and blackmail, to which it may be subjected—the cheaper it will be able to transport passengers and merchandise, and the sooner will railroad managers and the people be brought into friendly and mutually profitable relations. We suspect, however, that this "Railroad Association" is the private enterprise of some personal adventurer to fleece railroad corporations, and to be paid therefor by the animals fleeced. Who Mr. Livingstone may be we do not know. All the illustrious ones of that honored name are dead. It is, however, known that the leading railroad men of the country disavow any knowledge of Mr. Livingstone, and any membership in his organization. Through the Eastern press dispatches this disclaimer is broadly circulated. Mr Crocker, for himself and his associates upon this coast, denies any knowledge of the affair, but admits the receipt of circulars, to which they have not replied and to which they attached no importance. All this the *Chronicle* knows, and yet during the week it has treated its readers to three long editorials upon the dangers which are likely to attend this creature of its own imagination. On the whole, we guess it is a like incident to that of Paddy and the ghost. Paddy informed the priest that in passing the church in the night time he saw a spectre upon the wall of it. "In what shape did it appear?" inquired the priest. "A monstrous ass," replied the man. "Go home my son," said the priest, "and say nothing about it, for you are a very timid man and have been frightened by your own shadow."

A correspondent of the *Globe*, the oldest evening paper in London (established in 1803), writing from Constantinople under date of January 26th, says:

> We had a great American millionaire passing through Constantinople last week. A Mr. Stanford, an ex-Governor of California, who held office during the first years of the war with the South, and was supposed to have done good service in preventing the Western States from sliding away from the Union. The Sultan desired to see him, hearing that he was a great railway man, and, after the mosque ceremony on Friday last, he was taken to the Yildiz by General Wallace. His Majesty, I hear, wanted to know how it was that America managed to get rid of her own war debts so easily, and to secure the construction of so many thousand miles of railway. Mr. Stanford got a hint that the Sultan would like him to undertake the Bagdad line, but he would not bite at all, and, to avoid an offer, bluntly told the Padisha that he was tired of work.

There are some embarrassments, doubtless, attending railroad building in Egypt, but a road from Constantinople to Bagdad would carry with it most romantic associations. With the Sultan at one end and the Caliph of Bagdad at the other, there would be a better assurance of common sense administration and common honesty than is attainable under the present condition of affairs in California, under present laws. We hope, however, that Governor Stanford may not be induced to prolong his stay. He is one of the few men of our State whose absence is really felt.

From Berlin, by way of Paris, comes the information that the Extraordinary Minister Plenipotentiary and Ambassador from Washington to the Court of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Germany is held in but little esteem—is, in fact, "ignored," which is the diplomatic phrase for being "snubbed." Our Aaron has the misfortune to have had for his predecessors at the Court of Berlin eminent Americans and gentlemen. The contrast is to his disadvantage. Bayard Taylor was a gentleman and scholar, largely traveled, highly cultured, of finished deportment, speaking the German language with elegance and precision, and conversant with German literature.

Sargent was the printer of a country village, the lawyer of a justices's court, not conversant with the higher literature of his own language, and with but a hedge-row education in any other; untraveled, lacking elegance, and ease of manner and deportment; ignorant of the German language, and with but superficial knowledge of its history, or its literature; too frugal, if not too parsimonious, to live up to his salary, and holding no social position in the country to which he is accredited. Commanding no respect for honorable achievements in civil, military, or literary career in his native land, he is at the court and in the higher circles of Berlin a simple nobody. He is there esteemed for just what he is—the accident of American politics, the representative of American pork. He is at Berlin because he was no longer possible at Washington. We bury our dead, and sometimes burn them. Our dead politicians we send into honorable exile as ministers plenipotentiary and ambassadors extraordinary at foreign courts, where the best service they render their country is to do nothing. This part of his duty Sargent performs well.

It is announced that Governor Stoneman will call an extra session of the Legislature. We regret this, because, so far as we are informed, there is no necessity for it. There should be good cause to justify the Governor in exercising this prerogative of his executive office. The interests of the State alone, and not the interests of party, justify the calling of an extra session. We have so much respect for Governor Stoneman, and so much confidence in his intelligence and patriotism, that we are unwilling to criticise this act until we are better informed of the cause or causes which have governed him. His proclamation will be carefully scrutinized, and the doings of the extra session be jealously regarded by a people who have already too little confidence in legislatures to desire their frequent assembling, and who have too little respect for politicians to willingly afford them too frequent opportunities for putting their hands in the public treasury.

The Morning *Call* makes a cruel assault upon Prince Bismarck, and directly charges that "he is not a statesman." It is such painful disregard of the amenities of international courtesy that keeps us in constant dread of foreign wars. If our leading journalists, like Mr. Pickering, will persist in doing these things, it will be very likely to provoke this hot-headed and obstinate German Premier to induce his Emperor to declare war against the United States. The calamity might be so overwhelming and the national wreck so complete, that the circulation of the *Call* among the servant-girls of San Francisco would be diminished, and its now "leading" influence be seriously impaired.

Mr. George C. Gorham announces his intention of withdrawing from official life, with the somewhat pathetic admission that "his public career has been a failure." It has been more than a failure; it has been a shameful violation of all honorable social relations which ought to exist between gentlemen, even when drawn apart by the conflicts of party interests. We congratulate ourselves and our readers that he leaves an arena which, in our judgment, he has so long disgraced, and seeks an employment in which we may ignore him, because it is private, and may cease to regard his public and political career, which is ended.

An amusing incident occurred at Fortress Monroe on the breaking out of the war. The fortress commanded the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, and the sentinels were ordered to hail all passing boats and make them "come to," in order that they might be searched for contraband articles. Early one morning, a sentinel saw the oyster fleet passing by, each boat in command of a negro slave. The sentinel hailed the fleet, and ordered the boats to "heave to." But the ignorant negroes, not recognizing the authority of the United States, kept right on for Norfolk. In a few minutes, a shot was fired far ahead of the foremost boat, and then another, and another, until one was sent right over the boat's stern. This was too much for the negro captain to stand. Raising himself to his full height, he shouted to the soldiers: "Quit your foolishness! You'll be killing a valuable nigger if you don't mind. I'm gwine straight home and tell massa. Do ye heah!" And he did. When his master told him that war had been declared, and he must not go "oystering" any more, the negro was bewildered. "Well, massa!" he exclaimed, scratching his head, "what will become of missus and the children? I ain't got any odder way to s'pote 'em!"

Edward W. Bok, the young autograph-collector of Brooklyn, New York, commenced his interesting career somo twe or three years ago, at the age of seventeen, and has now a collection which numbers over fifteen hundred letters, sentiments, etc. Out of the whole collection of fifteen hundred, only seven were actually purchased. In his collection are the autographs of Queen Victoria, Emperor Wilhelm of Germany, Prince von Bismarck, King Willem III. and Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, Kings George II. and III. of England, Louis XV. and XVI. and Henry IV. of France, Prince Eugene of Savoy, Prince Talleyrand and President Thiers of France, William E. Gladstone, Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge, Gambetta, Louis Kossuth, John Bright, Counts von Moltke and de Lesseps.

## CENTURY BRIC-À-BRAC.

### Rosa no Mar!

(FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF A. GONCALVES DIAS.)

Rosa, rosa de amor purpuréa é bella,
Quem entre os goivos te esfolhan da campa!

On the sand-beach gray and lonely
Wanders only
One fair maid, with dreamy paces;
Wanton winds come laughing, playing,
Loosely straying
Through her unbound raven tresses.

Shadows light as fairy lightness
Dim the brightness
Of her brow, and pass so swiftly
That she knows not of their coming;
Like the roaming
Of the winds that fan her softly.

Vaguely questioning, ne'er replying,
Vaguely sighing,
Fears and smiles are mingled ever;
Smiles as sweet as summer gladness,
Shades of sadness,
Never bitter, darkening never.

Where the beach is wide and dreary,
Solitary,
Comes she daily, fancy-driven;
There the sea-waves, almost sleeping,
Softly creeping,
Moan along the sands at even.

Now, as ever, slowly wandering,
Vaguely pondering,
Buried in her dreamings vagrant,
She has placed upon her bosom
One fair blossom,
One moss-rose, bedewed and fragrant.

In her careless walk, the maiden—
Fancy laden—
Drops the rose from out her bosom;
And the ripples, ever wayward,
Draw it seaward,
Bear away with them the blossom.

On the blue waves gleaming whitely
The rose floats lightly,
Washed about in the ebb and flow;
And the maid, with softest laughter,
Follows after,
Close to the fearful undertow!

Now the wave comes laughing nearer,
Quick to bear her
Once again her stolen treasure;
Now it flies her eager fingers;
And she lingers—
Will not cease her vain endeavor.

Many times the rose deceives her—
Ever leaves her—
Yet she will not give it over;
Chasing nearer, and more fearless—
Growing careless
O the sea that bears her rover.

In the hateful water gleaming,
Backward streaming,
White robes float an instant only;
Then the sea, all smooth and smiling,
Fear beguiling,
Plays along the sand-beach lonely.

And they sought her, hoping, fearing,
Yet despairing,
All the night with footsteps weary—
Only found the moss-rose lying,
Crushed and dying,
On the sand-beach gray and dreary.

—*Herbert H. Smith.*

### A Seville Love-Song.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DANUBE RIVER."

Look down from your window, dearest;
The mists of night are fled,
Venus, of stars the clearest,
Burns just above your head.
I am not at your sweet eyes' level,
Nor above, where the jasmines blow
Round the golden towers of Seville—
I am here, at your feet, below!

Send me a flower, dearest,
A word from that common speech,
To all mankind the clearest,
Which peasant, like king, may reach.
I am here, as it were, in December,
And you are in May, up above—
Oh, send me a bud to remember
The spring's first promise of love!

—*Hamilton Aïdé.*

### The Ideal.

"Das Dort ist niemals hier."
(The There is never here.)—*Schiller.*

O dream of Beauty ever hovering round me—
Now almost mine, now far and far away;
My longing when the slumber-chain has bound me,
My day's intenser day!

So near—so far! now close beside me glistens
The white robe, and the breath has warmed my brow;
And now—it sweeps the immeasurable distance,
The deserts part us now.

The organ song, that through the aisle rejoices,
The star-isled midnight, shoreless sea serene,
Are forms that clothe the Formless—are the voices,
The whispers of the Unseen.

The mid-noon sunbeam, flooding earth with splendor,
Is but a veil that shrouds light more intense;
And wordless feeling, thrills of rapture tender,
They spring to being—whence?

O beauty infinite! the sparks are shaken
From off thy vesture of celestial fire;
They fall, they kindle in the soul, they waken
The unquenchable desire—

The yearning, and the restlessness that lonely
Seeks through Creation for thy face alone,
And in material loveliness sees only
Thy shadow downward thrown.

The finite to the infinite aspireth,
The unbounded ever stretcheth on before;
The spirit's white wing pauseth not nor tireth.
Nor draweth near the shore.

*March Century.* —*Constantine E. Brooks.*

## REMARKABLE HISTORY OF A MYTH.

It was during the dull season of 1880 that, in obedience to the orders of the managing editor, the following paragraph appeared in one of the leading Philadelphia papers:

"In the midst of a vast forest, six miles back of Damascus, Wayne County, Pennsylvania, lives Henry Merrill, a well-known hunter and trapper. He has but one companion in his solitary abode, a daughter, aged about eighteen years. Lottie Merrill can row a boat, shoot a gun, or trap a bear as well and skillfully as any man in the county of Wayne. A day or two ago she started to cross a large inland lake, on the border of which her home is located, in a light skiff. She carried, as was her custom, a small rifle, slung across her shoulder by a leather strap. She was paddling along leisurely, and when nearly half-way across the pond discovered an object moving in the water, and, upon approaching closer, found it was an immense five-pronged buck, which had been driven into the water by dogs. She immediately drew her rifle, and, after taking careful aim, fired. As she pulled the trigger the buck made a sudden movement, and the ball, instead of reaching its mark, entered the animal's neck, making an ugly and painful wound. The buck, enraged by the pain, struck at the boat with one of its forelegs, shattering the frail bark in pieces. The boat sank at once, leaving Miss Merrill in the water with the struggling and infuriated animal. But she was plucky and could swim. She grasped the buck by the horns, and deliberately drawing her hunting-knife, which was as sharp as a razor, from her belt, she plunged it into the deer's neck, killing him instantly. She then swam to shore, about an eighth of a mile, and hurried home, where she put on dry clothing; and, after procuring another boat, rowed out to where the dead buck was floating, and towed the animal ashore. When dressed, the buck weighed more than two hundred and seventy-five pounds, and was the finest one killed in this section for years. This is the eighteenth deer Miss Merrill has killed, and she is proud of her last adventure, which is the most thrilling one she has ever had. She intends having the buck's head stuffed, as a memento of her terrible struggle for life. Miss Merrill is uncommonly good-looking, worth considerable money, and is well educated, and only keeps up her Diana life because it pleases her. Her father wishes to move into a more civilized region, but she will not hear of any such proposal."

This was the tale. All the afternoon papers, with but one exception, printed what purported to be a "special dispatch." The following morning the New York papers came out with the story, and it spread all over the country. Patent-outsides of country weekly papers took up the refrain, and the Western press joined the chorus. From this country the foreign exchanges clipped the tale, and reprinted it, verbatim, and in less than six weeks letters from all quarters began pouring into the little country postoffice at Damascus. All these epistles I caused to be forwarded to Philadelphia, with the exception of twenty-two letters which the postmaster at Damascus had sent to the Dead-letter Office prior to the receipt of my request. From among the score of amusing documents in this way collected are selected the following.

This epistle is written upon cream-laid note-paper in a most delicate refined hand:

"ROSSIA *Via* MOSCO JAROSLAW ET ST. BARANOWO.

"MADEMOISELLE: Ayant tué le 18ieme cèrf, vous m'avez tué aussi. Je serais heureux d'etre toujours auprès de vous et je n'ose pas vous proposer tout entier. Je suis Russe, par profession chimiste industriel et je vous aime. Votre, A. LIDOFF.

"Je ne comprends pas l'Anglais—mais pour lire votre réponse je l'etudierai. ALEXANDRE LIDOFF."

"*28 Decembre.*"

Poor Alexandre! He was spared the trouble of learning the language, for Lottie Merrill never answered his unique proposal. The next letter is more devoted to business than to lovemaking. It is dated "Dorney's Trout Ponds," South Whitehall, Lehigh County, Pa., and reads:

"LOTTIE MERRILL, DEAR MADAME: I have noticed in the papers that you have caught 2 young *bears*, just what I was looking for, for a year. Now please let me know by return mail whether I can get one or two of you and also price of each. I remain,

"— — —."

As this correspondent inclosed a stamp for reply, he was informed that the young bears were not for sale. It will be noticed that the various newspapers which had reprinted the story had so embellished it and improved upon it, that all vestige of the original deer had been lost, and the "five-pronged buck" had been replaced by a den of bears.

This letter comes from Moorehead, Minnesota, and it is a singular looking document. It begins on an ornamented card, and concludes on a sheet of musk-scented, rose-colored paper, with gilt edges and rounded corners:

MOOREHEAD, Minnesota, February 20.

"MISS MERRILL it is with feelings of pleasure that I seize the opportunity of writing you wich I trust you will lend a kindly ear. And before proceeding further I deem it necessary to make an apolgy for the boldness I have thus taken and hope that you will pardon. Having seen your sweet name brought before the public as connected with acts of great bravery in which you came off victorious and for which I heartily congratulate you such acts of daring is almost unheard of as performed by the weaker sex. To be brief as possible, my motive in writing to you is to gain your consent an aproval to a pleasant correspondence an I trust that I will not be disappointed. I have up to the present time lived in a state of single blessedness and carrying a good record which I defy the reproaches of any one—I am not afraid of any one accusing me of acts unbecoming to a quiet and peaceable citizen. And as I have traveled along through life, I have carefully watched my chances for a partner one that will be pleasant and happy. And now that I am growing tired of single life I come to you begging a correspondence and hope that you will look upon me with much favor—That our correspondence will eventually affect an interview is my greatest wish and now before closing I will ask you to pardon me for this boldness mistakes and bad writing and that I may look for a speedy answer. Address

"MOOREHEAD MINNESOTA.

"*Write soon.*"

On the rose-colored sheet of paper he has added these words:

"Now Miss Lottie I have written you this letter and will finish on this sheet. And I do hope that if you do not wish to encourage my acquaintance that you will at least write a few lines Immediately and oblige a Sufferer yours truly. — — —"

These letters illustrate the general tone of Miss Lottie's admirers. This remarkable myth received within seven months one hundred and sixty-three applications for autographs, sixteen declarations of love, ten offers of marriage, seven offers from enterprising showmen and speculators, and one donation of five dollars, which was promptly returned to the "sincere admirer of bravery," at G[illegible] Texas.—*C. H. Wells in the Continent.*

## AFTER DINNER.

Mr. Travers, the New York stock-broker, is a great stutterer. The story is told of him that, driving out on Long Island one day, he came to a farmer's house where there was a parrot.

"Pr-e-t-ty p-polly," said he, "c-c-c-can you sp-peak?"

The parrot made no answer.

Mr. Travers then turned to the farmer, who was standing by, and addressed himself to him.

"I say, P-Peters, c-can your parrot t-talk?"

Before its master could make reply, the bird turned its listening ear and muttered out these startling words:

"If he couldn't talk better than you did, he'd have his damn neck twisted off!"

Theologians talk a great deal of the divine faculty of speech, and base much of the vaunted superiority of man over animals on the possession of that gift. And yet the mere ability to talk does not seem so great an attribute when we consider that it is shared with jackdaws and magpies, not to speak of the talking machine. Many people talk without doing much thinking. Women talk.

Apropos of unintelligent women in contact with intelligent men, there is no more striking instance than that of Mrs. Sargent, of Boston. Possessed of no physical attractions—indeed, being positively plain, quite uneducated, and even illiterate—she has for many years held a sway in literary circles persistently denied to many women of far greater gifts. A little knot of brilliant men were wont to assemble at her house. They called themselves the Radical Club. How or why, it is not easy to say. They were not radical, except in the sense that all Bostonians are. They were not a club, having no by-laws, no membership, no admission fee (except a smile for Mrs. Sargent), and no officers. Stop, I am wrong; there was one officer—the silver-haired Doctor Bartol, called, with gentle irony, "the moderator." The Radical Club was an elastic institution, and therefore, at one time or another, carried on its imaginary rolls the names of many distinguished men—Emerson, Alcott, James Freeman Clarke, Doctor James the elder, Edward Everett Hale, David A. Wells, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Greenleaf Whittier, Celia Thaxter, Julia Ward Howe, and, last and not least, Wendell Phillips. Many others there are who have not been mentioned. The Radical Club would have delighted the soul of Jean Jacques himself. Without the semblance of organization, it moved on quietly but successfully. Perhaps it was this absence of organization that made it a success.

The Radical Club was the favorite stamping-ground of that grand war-horse, Wendell Phillips. The precincts of Mrs. Sargent's old-fashioned, though comfortable home were his favorite environments. Put him against David A. Wells, or some other foeman worthy of his steel, and lively times could be expected. Phillips was one of the few men who could argue dogmatically—sometimes even insolently—and yet, if the paradox may be excused, never depart from his noble courtesy of manner. Of no man was it easier to form a false estimate from newspaper accounts; few men have been as little understood. Phillips was a true friend of the oppressed—no one can say he was a demagogue—and his energies were so much taken up in fighting evil that he never seemed to have had time to build up the good. His methods were entirely Socratic. He prided himself upon being a practical man, and was very fond of such expressions as these: "Theoretically I am a free-trader, but practically I am a protectionist; theoretically I am for hard money, but practically I am for 'the dollar of our fathers.'" Nothing that he has written will remain; little that he has spoken, bereft of the charm of his delivery, will be remembered. He was, in short, not a thinker, but an advocate, a stylist, and an orator.

I have been looking over the score of "H. M. S. Pinafore." A friend of mine, really a virtuoso, having told me that the air, "For I hold that on the Seas," properly executed, was the most effective piano piece she knew, I confess my curiosity was excited. I wondered what there could be in sisters, cousins, and aunts that I had not heard before. I have come to the conclusion that there is more in my friend's remark than meets the ear. Take the opening bars:

"For I hold that on the seas
The expression if you please"

—this is all on one note, but there is a little modulation in the bass; next comes—

"A particularly gentlemanly tone implants,
And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts."

Here the rhythm hastens, but the music remains the same. The final crescendo, however, moves up through exactly one octave, producing a Greek chorus effect, which I hold to be inimitable. Here lies the secret of much of Sullivan's success, appreciating that there is a prose as well as a poetry to music. In the qualities of delicate modulation, or, in rhetorical parlance, proper suspense, he is unrivaled. Most of his airs, so-called, are musical sentences, chaste, perspicuous, and elegant. In fact, he might be described as the Addison of music.

Crossing the bay on the *Piedmont* the other day, I seized the opportunity to look at Keith's and Robinson's pictures, and confess I enjoyed them much more than if I had seen them under all the advantages of a good light and artistic surroundings. I have heard these gentlemen criticised not a little for what some are pleased to call, "degrading their art." But I confess I do not see the justice of the criticism. If the art is good, how does it degrade it to be placed in a conspicuous place? The old masters painted in churches, refectories, on wedding-chests—everywhere, where their work could be seen. Why, it would not be too much to say that even sign-painting is worthy of a master's brush. As Oscar Wilde would say, "It would at least educate the people." This way of making a picture and putting it in a portable frame is comparatively a new-fangled thing, and is not half so respectable as the art that was once the handmaid of architecture.

Speaking of art on steamboats, I recall another story of Mr. Travers—there are thousands of them—in which he figures, not as the butt, but as the wit. The original projectors of the Fall River line of steamboats were Travers, Jim Fiske of sainted memory, and Jay Gould. However, it was not long before Travers got the experience, and the others got the steamboats. Travers never entirely got over this, as the sequel shows. On either side of one of the boats running to Newport were portraits of his old confrères, Fiske and Gould. Mr. Travers was ascending the stairs with a party of friends. They pointed them out.

"Y-e-s," stuttered Travers, "but where's the other?"

"What other?" echoed the party.

"W-w-w-here's Christ?"

Justin McCarthy's new book, "The Maid of Athens," is unpleasantly like Cherbuliez's "Cheval de Phidias." I confess to a strong partiality to the latter book. Besides being a charming novel, it involves the most profound and subtile views on art that have ever appeared. No, I do not except Lessing's "Laocoön." What disquisitions on the art and manners of old Greece, what descriptions of Attic skies and landscape! By the way, I note that the sculptured horse of Phidias is not unlike one of Muybridge's photographs. What clairvoyants these Greeks were, to be sure! They could see better than we can photograph.

Nothing is more natural than the attempt to sell the picture of an artist friend, especially when you respect that artist friend and his work. So thought Felix as he looked at a fine nude study by his friend Vautrin. She (the nude) was a superb specimen, life-size, of beautiful proportion, and cool in color.

"I think I can sell that," said Felix.

"Indeed," said Vautrin.

"I feel sure I can. Now, fix her up a little with some leaves and so forth, and call the picture by some name. I know a barkeeper that will jump at it."

Vautrin, being a little short just then, was nothing loath. Her ladyship was neatly set off with some few flowers, and deposited upon a mossy bank.

"What have you decided to call the picture?" said Felix, when it was completed. "You must call it something."

"Well, it's only a sketch," said Vautrin, with some compunctions, "but if it must be called something, I can't think of a better name than 'Summer.'"

"Capital!" said Felix, enthusiastically; "just the thing. Remember, then, it's 'Summer.'"

At the duly appointed time, the knight of the bar-room made his appearance. Felix stood by to inspire him with the proper enthusiasm. He praised the "handling," the "color scale," crying repeatedly: "Ain't it good! oh, ain't it good!" But all to no effect. The barkeeper didn't enthuse worth a cent. Though he praised the picture, it was plain he did not intend to buy.

"Seems to me like," said the barkeeper, "as if she was a kind of too melancholy for 'Summer.'"

"Oh, confound it all!" said Felix, now thoroughly disgusted, "call her 'Repentance' then." VIVEUR.

Monsieur Henri Rochefort's paper, the *Lanterne*, has shocked and horrified the Legitimists by stating that the expiatory chapel in the Rue d'Anjou, in Paris, which it is proposed to demolish, contains not the bones of Louis XVI., but those of Robespierre. The assertion, however, is not new. In his memoirs, Viel-Castel states that the autobiography of Barras had been read by Rausselin de Saint-Albin, who found there ample evidence of the truth of the statement. Barras wrote that, after the death of Robespierre, he was present at the opening of the king's grave, when a quantity of quicklime was thrown upon the remains of the unfortunate monarch, and Robespierre was buried on top of them. Barras added that proof of the truth of his extraordinary assertion could be found in the grave, in the shape of the buckles of Robespierre's shoes and *culottes*. He wore silver shoe-buckles, but had gold buckles on his *culottes*.

Senator Bayard, of Delaware, is known by his friends to be a thorough believer in the whipping-post, which has so long been established in his State; and Mr. Bergh, when in Egypt, made careful and repeated inquiries as to the results of the bastinado as a preventive of crime, and found only one instance in which a criminal who had been subjected to that punishment was twice convicted of the offense that had brought it upon him. Mr. Bergh is free to say that there are certain low-browed, thick-necked ruffians in the community whom the majesty of the law can impress only through their skins.

"An officer tells me," says Labouchère in the London *Truth*, "that when a private in his corps was tried the other day for selling his medals, and was asked by the president of the court-martial what excuse he had to make for such a disgraceful proceeding, the man answered: 'Disgrace, sir! I have grown to think the medals almost a disgrace, having been chaffed so much by my friends about my picnic to Egypt. I was tired of the subject, and, as I supposed the medals were my own, I sold them for half a crown.'"

The death of Hayward, the London barrister, essayist, and diner-out, elicits a general tribute of respect and regret, says a correspondent, for a man who occupied during the last thirty years a unique position in London society as the last of the famous talkers. He was unrivaled in his way, and had marked influence in politics, which was quietly exerted. He was an intimate friend of Mr. Gladstone, who was present at the funeral. He was at the head of one department of literature.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

One of Lord Fitzwilliams's daughters remounted an continued hunting lately after having been dragged in th stirrup.

Mr. William Morris declares himself in favor of abolish ing useless toil, and the London *Echo* cruelly invites hir to begin by giving up lecturing.

"Rich men's daughters," observed a Brooklyn lady "know the value of money, and are careful of it. The therefore make the best wives for poor men, although the may be poor themselves."

John Roach kept in early life a small shop in Goerc Street, near Jackson, where he repaired boilers and di other work in iron. He was his own workman. He live with his wife and children in two small rooms on the sec ond floor of a tenement near by.

Mademoiselle Daire, a domestic servant who is th happy winner of a twenty-thousand-dollar prize in th French "Arts Decoratifs" lottery, arrived in Paris the othe day, accompanied by an old friend, and received th amount. She invested the whole sum, excepting two hun dred dollars, in the funds. Since her good fortune becam known, she has been besieged with offers of marriage She intends to give a dowry to her elder sister, and i spoken of as a well-conducted girl.

The habits of Mr. F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, ar described as modeled upon a tropical scheme. Durin the morning he remains in his rooms, giving himself to light breakfast of fish, game, tomatoes, fruit, and tea, t cigarettes, and to work. At Sorrento he did his work ever day on the sea-shore. He swam before luncheon, an rowed in the evening. His home is in Rome. In hi writing-room a few busts and a couple of pictures are al most the only articles of decoration. Carpets, cushions curtains, and arm-chair are red, and the large plain tabl is bare of everything but paper, inkstand, and pens. Mr Crawford is tall, dark-haired, blue-eyed, with powerfu shoulders and muscular limbs.

Meissonier's suit against Mrs. Mackay for fifteen thou sand dollars, the price of his portrait of her, which she re fuses to accept, will give secret and sweet satisfaction t the majority of portrait painters in this country and in Eu rope. The fact that Meissonier never sued a sitter before and that none of his most celebrated Parisian contempo raries ever carried their rejected canvases into court, d not signify that no French painter ever felt himsel wronged by a refusal to pay for a completed portrait. Sit ters, especially ladies, are constantly finding fault with their painted portraits, and declining to accept them; anc the worst temptation that besets a painter is to "idealize" his sitters, as Cabanel does, in order to satisfy their vanity

Mrs. Weldon is a lady who wants the English Divorce Court to compel her husband to live with her. She has brought a suit for "restitution of conjugal rights," and the court had no option but to compel Mr. Weldon to live with her or send him to jail for contempt. The court, however, sympathizes with Mr. Weldon, and considers that this procedure of compelling persons to live together is preposterous. It has, therefore, suspended any punishment of Mr. Weldon pending an appeal he has made. So impatient, however, is the lady, that she actually applied to the Lords Justices of Appeal to get her husband's appeal taken out of its turn, which was refused. He has offered her twenty-five hundred dollars a year, but in vain. She is a notorious litigant, always carrying on a suit against some one, and nothing pleases her better probably than a suit against her husband. She had a marvelously beautiful voice, and was very much in society some years ago.

Mrs. Mary A. Miller's application for a certificate as "master" of a steamboat on the Mississippi, is considered highly improper by the Solicitor of the Treasury, who reads her a moral lecture on the subject. We take it for granted that the Soliciter never heard of Mrs. Captain Patten, of Bath, Maine, who, while her husband was lying ill in his berth, navigated his ship around Cape Horn and up to San Francisco, although his timid first officer wanted to stop at Valparaiso for assistance; nor of Mrs. Captain Abbie Clifford, of the brig *Abbie Clifford*, who, after her husband had been washed overboard, brought the vessel safe into New York harbor from below the equator; nor of Mrs. Captain Reed, of the ship *Oakland*, of Brunswick, Maine, who was a practical navigator of celebrity; nor of Miss Janet Thoms, who often used to navigate her father's ship, who is now teaching a school of navigation, and who was in part the author of "Thoms's Navigator," a book of authority among mariners. These cases are all of recent date.

An interesting account appears in the London *World* of the respective conversational powers of some of the lights of French literature. Alexandre Dumas does not shine in a salon. "He has a tendency to stand in corners, with arms folded, and nursing his chin between the thumb and the index of his right hand, while he relates some anecdote of himself or of his father in a roughish, hoarse voice, and with a certain brusqueness of language." Augier is a nervous and incisive talker, "joyous, *gaulois* at times, and gifted with a communicative laugh." Rénan is "urbane, unctuous, priestly, and unaffirmative." Alphonse Daudet retains the awkwardness of Bohemian antecedents; Sardou "will talk your head off; a single word is sufficient to start him." Edmund de Goncourt talks "well and elegantly, and with great originality of language." Victor Hugo "used to be reputed an excellent talker." Barbey d'Aurevilly, who is one of the lions of the Baronne de Poilly's salon, is a master of the art of causerie, both as a narrator and in repartee. About, "of course, is a capital talker." Zola is a "boor in all respects; he never appears in a salon, and when by chance he visits one of his colleagues in naturalism, he invariably talks about the circulation of his books and the scurvy thievery of those American publishers who translate his novels and never pay him a cent."

## VANITY FAIR.

The Astor ball, says a writer in *Harper's Bazar*, ought to the fore the latest fashions in favors, among hich were bracelets of oxidized silver, having an imita- n antique coin depending from the chain. The attempt decipher these inscriptions caused much amusement. lver hair-pins, in all the curious new forms of yachts, lettes, grasshoppers, battle-axes, and domestic imple- ents, flies and butterflies, silver bangles with horseshoe with pencil and note-book attached, were introduced; d one with the "heathen Chinee" arranging his cards, a iniature of the celebrated Bret Harte hero, was a novelty uch admired. This comes from Vienna. Iron jewelry so is a favorite offering as a favor in the german. There e pretty designs in ear-rings, combs, and necklaces, quite coming to a white skin. Quaint Spanish crockery in all pieces, as boxes, bottles, and tea-cups, the famous reptile ware" from Gibraltar, little boxes filled with bon- ons, carved cork in small frames, and even oval mirrors t in leather, are offered. One opulent lady had tickets sued instead of favors given, and each lady, after her ince, went into the next room to find what she had drawn. his adds the element of chance to the joys of the ball- om, and is a very good idea, for to be tied to one part- r through a long figure of the german has its drawbacks, d the carrying around of a large number of favors is al- ays troublesome. If a young lady draws a fire-screen as favor, or any large object, it can be sent home to her ext day.

A critic of some recent observations of the Easy Chair pon Mr. Jenkins, says George William Curtis in *Harper's*, of opinion that the Easy Chair has confounded that iend of the domestic butler, lady's-maid, and purveyor ith a more modern personage, who records with grim im- rtiality the social pleasures of Fifth Avenue and of rand Street and Corlaer's Hook. The old Jenkins, says ne critic, had a genuine reverence for the gold plate and iamonds, the "old families," and dainty exclusiveness hich with conscious inferiority and self-abasement he escribed. He dealt, according to the critic's theory, with hat Mr. Richard Grant White holds to have been the ue aristocracy—a circle which still survives in the midst f the golden sheen of the present high society, although ften without any gold of its own to speak of, and without much as a solitaire in its refined and delicate car. But is grave work, it is alleged, can not be compared with ne perfunctory, half-satirical, and contemptuous hodge- odge of gossip from Saratoga and Newport and Long Branch, the columns of "society news," full of the most xtraordinary juxtapositions, lamentably jumbling the fes- vities of Mrs. Midas and Mrs. Crœsus with those of Mrs. Butcher, Mrs. Baker, and Mrs. Candlestickmaker, "lump- ng"—if the apposite word may be pardoned—in the same xclusive column the dinners, and dances, and weddings f those who have nothing in common but humanity, love f money, and show, and, above all, love of mention in ne "fashionable intelligence." This shocking want of iscrimination, so outrageous as to suggest a hidden satiri- al purpose, this astounding mingling of Mrs. Millionaire's oings with those of that mere Mrs. Ten-Thousand, is not he work of Mr. Jenkins, who has the keenest scent, says ur critic, for a genuine aristocracy, but of that modern Mephistopheles who writes the "society column," and ells us that yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Alfonso Smith enter- ained Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Brown, and that Lord Tom Noddy and Lady Hoyden Screamer were among the spec- ators at the daring hunt of the anise-seed bag, and then, without the change of a muscle, announces that the beau- iful daughter of Mrs. Inspector of Elections was married ast evening in the church in the lower Bowery to the son of Mr. Janitor of the Courts, and that Mr. Mullooly was best man. These are touches of which, it appears, Mr. enkins is incapable, because nobody of well-regulated ocial curiosity—and for such only does he write—cares to hear of a Bowery wedding, nor can it be supposed that the respectful interest with which we regard the clothes and he dinners of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse when he is worth ive hundred thousand a year extends to the dinings and dressings of that gentleman when he is reduced to five hundred a year. Mr. Jenkins must be released, therefore, of all suspicion of the guilt of writing the glossy, undis- criminating "fashionable news" which appears in the pa- pers, and which records the dinners, dresses, dances, and doings of certain very rich people, totally regardless of the manner in which the riches were acquired, or the time during which they have been enjoyed. "My dear friend," said an experienced citizen of Vanity Fair *sur mer*, to a young inquirer, "that lady is worth several millions, ac- quired by her deceased spouse in the manufacture of black- ing. This year the gentry whose money was made in dry- goods or watered stocks will call her Lady Day and Mar- tin, and her daughters the Misses Shoe-Brush. Next year, however, they will be of the *haute noblesse*. *Courage, mon enfan!* Bless your young soul! all of these fine folks cut- ting these droll capers go back in the last generation to the corner grocery and calico by the yard."

It is not of such that Mr. Jenkins discourses, according to our critic (continues Mr. Curtis). But at least even he has been contaminated by his modern imitator, for in a re- cent issue of the sacred book of Jenkins, *The Court Jour- nal and Fashionable Gazette*, there is a chapter devoted to the late "marriage in high life" of a California damsel which was appropriately celebrated at the Church of "Our Lady of Victories," in London, and the notice not only mentions the guests and the dresses and the bridal gifts in detail, but also informs the readers where the flowers were bought, and who furnished the dresses of the pages, and Mr. Jenkins concludes his story with this noble passage, which the startled reader might truly call a snapper: "The magnificent sapphire and diamond bracelet and ear- rings, as well as many of the other presents to the bride, were supplied by Mr. Streeter, of New Bond Street." If the original Jenkins can venture upon such a stroke as this, and turn the august history of so dazzling and choice a nuptial ceremony into a jeweler's advertisement, it is not surprising that his Yankee imitator and successor, in the language of a familiar game, goes him one better. In the *Season*, a chronicle of Saratoga, the later Jenkins, for the benefit of whom it may concern, mentioned last summer "Miss ——, a tall brunette from ——, stopping at the States, a daughter of ——, the wealthy —— grain specula- tor, dresses splendidly, and has all the accomplishments of the most attractive lady of society." But still more to the point: "Miss ——, a blonde, and very beautiful, and daughter of Rev. ——, the wealthiest clergyman in the United States, worth, it is said, about two millions of dol- lars, stopping at the United States, is a very modest, pretty, interesting lady, attracting much attention, and having many admirers." A fine, practical genius appears in all of these passages, and this modern Jenkins, or Jenkins junior, promises to be of some real use. Next year let us hope that he will mention the lowest prices at which Mr. Streeter will furnish the magnificent sapphire and diamond brace- lets and ear-rings, and also the precise dowry which will be given by the grain speculator and the wealthiest clergy- man with their modest-mannered and beautifully dressed daughters.

Many young ladies having thin arms now wear very low-necked dresses with long sleeves of a different color and material from the dress, says a New York fashion writer. The effect is curious—as, for instance, a pink dress with a long, light sleeve covered with black tassel-fringe, or loops of ribbon reaching to the wrist. This and the correspond- ing oddity of a high-necked dress and no sleeves at all, may be said to be holding fashion at arm's length. The young girls wear very short dresses to dance in, and in- crease their apparent simplicity by having them trimmed with real buttercups and daises—now more expensive than roses. Short dresses are pretty for small, slender figures, but not for large persons, nor do they look appropriate for married women. Masses of tulle embroidered in chenille, and much white jet embroidery on white satin and lace, seem to be the most conspicuous novelties. Fanciful head-dresses are also in vogue. A tulle cap of scarlet studded with innumerable diamond pins was one of the prettiest head-dresses at the Astor ball. At five-o'clock teas the Anna de Bretagne cap is very stylish. It is made of velvet and satin gathered into a curtain behind. It comes from Austria, and was invented or adopted by the Arch- duchess Maria Theresa, who placed on her queenly head the cap of a peasant of the sixteenth century. These are made of blue velvet embroidered in silver, of terra-cotta- colored velvet embroidered in gold, or in any color the wearer pleases. One fashionable woman of New York, who receives a few friends every afternoon at five o'clock, wore an elaborate tea-gown of gold-colored satin, trimmed with deep flounces of tulle duchesse embroidered in gold. A loose jacket of orange-colored velvet, embroidered in gold, opened over a chemisette of tulle; a "*train indé- pendant*" of orange-colored velvet completed this elabor- ate "undress," which was very much admired. This is only one of the many eccentric and almost fanciful dresses of the present fashionable era. A tendency to fancy dress is very prevalent, also the expensive habit of painting dress- es by hand. One young lady wore a beautiful dress all covered with *fleurs-de-lis* painted by her mother; another, green with painted swallows, done to the life—the work of a clever young artist. There is a great novelty in neck- laces, many of them being made of flowers, natural and artificial. Indeed, the very low cut of the dresses gives many thin people a good deal of figure to cover up, which they do by improvising these necklaces, which often have a pretty effect. Shoes are made with colored heels to match the dress, even if the satin or kid does not match.

A fashion at the latest New York balls is to pass alter- nately hot tea and ices all through the evening. Thus the cold can be warmed up; the warm-blooded can be cooled off. The chaperons like the tea; the young dancers like the ices.

In stationery we notice one or two new fads, says a New York correspondent. It is to cross the envelope with a ribbon, dropping on the knot a bit of sealing-wax, which is impressed with a Cupid, or some other favorite deity. The direction should be written after the note is sealed, so that the ribbon should not cover the words. This is a very old fashion, one which Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary and all royal ladies used to patronize, and it is a very pretty one. But the note thus fancifully guarded must be sent by a servant, and not through the post. Among fancy papers the grained morocco has taken the place of the alligator-skin paper. Ragged-edged paper is still *chic*, and there are artistic designs representing in one corner various articles of bric-à-brac, such as a Japanese cabinet, vases, and tea-pots, silver punch-bowls, a sheaf of wheat, horseshoe, saddle and bridle, etc. A sunken square of a darker color than the paper, with the monogram of the owner stamped in raised letters, is a good novelty. A *fac- simile* of the handwriting, scratched as if with a hasty pen, in one corner, in letters of gold, on ragged-edged paper is, however, the most stylish of all. In mourning note-paper the crape-finished border is very elegant. Parchment pa- per, old, musty, and moldy-looking, is also one of the freaks of fashion. If one should remember the meaning of palimpsest, which is one writing on a parchment rubbed out to make room for another, this parchment paper might bear many a romantic secret within its breast. All kinds of invitations are, however, still engraved on pure white paper. Square envelopes of a modern size are in the best taste. Guest or dinner-cards begin to feel the influence of St. Valentine, and have become very sentimental. Cu- pids, Kate Greenaway figures, and Rosina Emmet's lovers (in "Pretty Peggy"), are copied on these delightful bits of æsthetic luxury. The comical and the grotesque, of course, are in favor with the young. A very good device is to have a conundrum on one card answered on another. Owls, horses, cats, tigers, snakes, and weasels are made to do duty as elegant dinner guests; and also, though rather far away from these inanities, we find witty and apropos quotations from Shakespeare on the card and "by the card."

## THE RAILWAY WORLD.

### Color-Blindness.

The officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company have recently been conducting experiments to ascertain the extent to which color-blindness prevailed among their fifteen thousand employees. The three great difficulties involved, says the Philadelphia *Times*, were, first, how to examine so many men who are mostly coming and going on their trains over thousands of miles through different States; second, what uniform test to adopt that would be convenient and infallible; and third, what to do with em- ployees who would be obliged to give up their positions as engineers, conductors, and flagmen when found color- blind. The solution was found in the invention by Professor Thomson of a "color-stick," which admitted of the tests being made by the division superintendents. This consists of two thin pieces of wood about the size and shape of a newspaper-file, and put together in much the same manner. Fastened in between and dangling down are forty thin skeins of yarn, each of a different tint. Be- tween the sticks each skein is numbered. The arrange- ment is such that the first twenty skeins are a test for the color-sense of green, and the other twenty the test for red. But these are by no means all the colors on the stick. Between the green skeins are skeins of pink and blue, and between the pink and rose skeins, skeins of various tints of green and gray. In order that no mistake growing out of simple misconception of the names of colors can occur, the man is not asked to pick out reds or to pick out greens. A green caution flag is tied to one end of the stick and a red danger flag to the other, and the stick being then placed in the man's hand, he is asked to match the colors by throwing over the first half of the stick ten skeins that look to him like the flag at that end, and over the other half ten that look to him like the flag at that end of the stick. It is said to be a very startling thing to division superin- tendents when, as has quite frequently happened, they have seen regular engineers of passenger trains, men who have had the safety of thousand of lives a thousand times in their hands, pick up a skein of green yarn and then in succession threw over a lot of other neutral tints and call them all red. When the skeins have been thrown over, a part of the stick is slipped aside, showing the number of every skein. The numbers of the skeins selected are then entered upon a blank, and this blank forwarded to Profes- sor Thomson, who, according to the figures set down, is able to tell at once if the person examined is color-blind or not. Even should the superintendent who conducts the examination prove to be color-blind, the effect is the same. If the figures show the man examined to be defective in color-sense, he is at once displaced and sent to Philadel- phia to undergo personal examination. Thus the color- stick test, although effective in itself, is only made the means of designating the employees in need of more thor- ough examination. It quite often happens that even the division superintendent says: "Well, A has been running passenger engines for ten years and never had an accident, and, although he can't tell the color of skeins, he gets the lamps all right, and its a shame that he should have to give up his position for such new-fangled notions." It has been established by means of infallible tests, in this and other countries, that on average at least four per cent. of the male population of all large cities are color-blind. In the United States the rule holds good, wherever examinations have been made, that one man in every twenty-five is color- blind—that is, sees no difference between the leaves of a plant and the red berries or fruit that grows upon it. The defect is almost unknown among women. Inherently women seem to have the sense of color highly developed. At Professor Thomson's office, on Walnut Street, there are a dozen or more of the most ingenious arrangements for testing color-blindness that have ever been devised. When the employee who has failed to tell red from green on the yard-stick comes for final examination, generally accompanied by his friends and sometimes by his superin- tendent, he is usually subjected to two plain and convinc- ing tests, one by means of flags, and the other by means of lights. As is well known, a white flag, which means "safety" in use on a railroad, soon gets gray and always looks so at a distance. To most color-blind persons green or red is taken for gray, and on the railroad the green flag means caution and the red "danger; stop instantly." What usually happens, then, is that Professor Thomson, in a sunlit room, stations himself a proper distance from the employee and waves a green flag. "What does that mean?" he asks. Most likely with this first experiment the answer is correctly given, "Caution." "Very well. Now, what is this?" and he picks up a soiled white flag. Having had his eyes on the green, and his defective color- sense beginning to assert itself, the answer is almost sure to be: "Red, that means danger." Slowly picking up a brilliant red flag, the professor asks: "And this?" "That, why that's white; that means track clear, go ahead." This answer, coming from an engineer of many years' ex- perience, sounds almost thrilling to non-professional wit- nesses of the oft-repeated experiment. It has happened repeatedly with engine men, freight and passenger firemen, brakemen, flagmen, conductors, division foremen, and even superintendents. In order to satisfy the persons themselves they are placed in a dark room, at the end of which is a small signal light, such as is used in the block system in operation on the Pennsylvania Railroad. By a graded scale the operator is enabled to increase or dim- inish the size of the light, and thus tell at just what dis- tance the employee's sight fails entirely, and to what extent it is only partially defective. After a few lights of other colors are tried, the red light is flashed. As no one, no matter how bad his color-blindness, gets any colors confused excepting red and green, the question is often asked: Why do not railways and vessels at sea use blue and yellow lights and flags, which every one can dis- tinguish? The answer is that there are chemical reasons which make it impossible to use these colors effectively at night, and consequently, railways, and ocean steamers, and sailing vessels, the world over, use red, white, and green lights only.

## SOCIETY.

"Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: As the days flit by and Ash Wednesday approaches, "society" seems to be realizing the fact that the hours for festivity are numbered, and apparently is bending its energies to the illustration of *multum in parvo*, by crowding all they can into the remaining few days before Lent. Last week the elements conspired to make every one bent upon pleasure unite in maledictions on the rain; however, several luncheons and dinner-parties were given, notwithstanding. Mrs. Governor Stoneman's lunch was given in honor of Mrs. Judge Hager, the guests limited to eight, and although, like all Mrs. Stoneman's entertainments, of a modest and unpretentious character, was charmingly served and thoroughly enjoyed by them. Bishop and Mrs. Kip gave a dinner on the same evening chosen by Mrs. Parrott for a very elaborate dinner to celebrate the christening of the infant of Madame de Guigné (*née* Minnie Parrott), at which the large family connection assisted. I hear the vestments worn by the officiating clergyman were presented by Mrs. Parrott, and were of great beauty. On Friday evening the Philharmonic concert was fashionably attended, many of those occupying boxes going at its conclusion to the reception of Mrs. Judge Sanderson, where further music was given them by Miss Sibyl, the daughter of the hostess, Miss Holladay, and Mr. Fred. Sharon. This young gentleman's beautiful voice is becoming quite an acquisition to our musical circles. After the music came dancing. In fact, the reception was really on the order of a ball; the large house having been completely at the service of the guests, beautifully decorated with flowers, good music, a handsome supper, and numerous guests, entitled it to be ranked as such. On Saturday, Miss Jennie Ogden, daughter of our old townsman, R. L. Ogden (now a resident of New York), was married to Mr. Leonard Abbott Jr., of Boston. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Doctor Beers, at Mrs. Ogden's residence in South Park in the afternoon, the young couple leaving later for a trip in the southern counties. Although none but the most intimate friends were invited to the wedding, the house was a veritable bower, so profuse and beautiful was the floral adornment. The bride received many valuable and beautiful gifts, and the good wishes of all who know her. On Sunday evening Mrs. Charles Crocker gave a very elaborate dinner to twenty guests, in honor of Miss Emma Abbott, and, as is always the case at any of the Crocker entertainments, flowers were a marked feature, being wrought in every conceivable form and hue. Miss Abbott has been fortunate in being the recipient of many social attentions, and this week will be the guest of Madame de Tocqueville in a Cliff-House drive and breakfast. Monday evening of this week the combination hotel hop of the Grand and Palace took place, in the billiard-room of the Grand Hotel; and next Monday the last of the series will come off at the same place. Next Monday evening has also been chosen for the Bachelors' german and the Palace Hotel as the *locale*. The gentlemen rejoicing in that appellation, headed by the male members of the Cricket Club, having at length come to a decision in regard to the long-talked-of cotillion party, have issued invitations for that evening. One feature of the affair is likely to prove troublesome—*i. e.*, a secret committee was appointed to pass upon the names of the guests, with the idea of keeping dark those who did the rejecting. This plan is all very well in theory, but in practice don't always work. If my memory serves me right, it was adopted by a bachelors' party several years ago, and resulted in a social breeze which threatened to become a tempest, as those things always leak out. Tuesday evening Mrs. Tevis had a musical and dancing reception of an informal nature; Mrs. Walter Dean gave a charming opera and supper party; and on the same evening took place the social given by the young ladies of the Agnes Guild belonging to St. Luke's Church. The entertainment was given at Grand Western Hall, and opened with the farce of "Poor Pillicoddy," which was exceedingly well done by the young ladies and gentlemen who took part, notably Mr. Pillicoddy, personated by a son of Barton Hill, and Miss Mattie Cole as Sarah. Tableaux followed, "Charlotte Corday preparing for execution" being especially good, pretty Miss Lena Merry looking the character to perfection; and the group of "Pleiades," wherein Miss Vic Whitney showed to particular advantage was also much admired. Refreshments were next in order, and then came dancing, which was kept up with spirit to a late hour, all uniting in thanking the young ladies and their charming president—Mrs. Miller—for a very delightful evening. Wednesday evening the students of Trinity School gave a theatrical performance at Platt's Hall, in aid of the library of the school. A brilliant and fashionable audience was present. The performance was very creditable. Thursday evening was the grand masquerade ball of the San Francisco Verein, at their fine club-rooms, on Sutter Street. The *élite* of our German residents are always represented at these balls, with a large sprinkling of American fashionables. The costumes were varied and many were beautiful, and the ball pronounced worthy of its predecessors, than which no greater praise can be bestowed. The event of the week proved to be the kettle-drum at B'nai B'rith Hall, in aid of the Women's Hospital, on Friday. So many of "our best society" appear among the list of managers it is not surprising that the affair should have been a social as well as financial success. I will describe it more in detail next week. Various are the devices of society people for killing time during Lent. Some energetic young ladies have organized a walking club, in imitation of their British sisters, but they should bear in mind that the roads traversed by these famous pedestrians are much more favorable for the exercise than any we can boast. BAVARDIN.

Notes and Gossip.

The event of the week was the California Women's Hospital kettle-drum of last evening. B'nai B'rith Hall, with its floral accessories, for the time being presented a brilliant appearance. After a programme of vocal and instrumental music, dancing to the music of the Presidio band was indulged in. Of the familiar faces interested in the charity were noticed Mrs. General McDowell, Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. B. B. Redding, Mrs. C. D. Barrows, Mrs. W. H. Sears, Mrs. Doctor J. H. Hatch, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Henry Newton, Mrs. S. D. Mayer, Mrs. J. C. Bates, Mrs. Douglas A. Miller, Mrs. D. F. Neales, Mrs. F. D. Stadtmuller, Mrs. J. Elliot Condict, Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Mrs. George Frink, Mrs. H. B. Colby, Mrs. M. E. Searby, Mrs. T. L. Tracy, Mrs. A. H. Ball, and many others. The McMullins' Thursdays succeed each other in a variety of attractions, taking the form of a musicale this week, which was as well attended as the dance of last week, in which about sixty of their young friends assisted. The opera-party of Mrs. W. E. Deane, followed by a supper at the Baldwin, and which preceded the dinner given by that lady Thursday, was heartily enjoyed by the party of young folks who assisted; it was among the most delightful of the many given of late, not excepting that of Wednesday last by Mrs. J. C. Flood, with the winding-up supper at the Palace, or the one given the same evening by Mrs. John B. Felton, of Oakland, at which assisted Miss Effa Felton, Miss Annie Miller, Miss Annie Gregg, Miss Hattie Case, Mr. Charles Redington, Mr. Edward Blair, Mr. Frank P. Baker, Mr. Charles L. Wines, and Lieutenant Curtis of the *Adams*. A reception was given by Mr. and Mrs. John Rae Hamilton, Monday, at their new residence on Pacific Avenue. The first floor, rich with its frescoing and upholstery, hardly requiring the aid of floral decoration, was given over wholly to dancing to the music of Ballenberg, stationed in one of the bay-windows. At midnight an elegant supper, served on the second floor, was partaken of by the guests, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. George F. Bowman, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith, Doctor and Mrs. Currier, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Keise, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McClung, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Sieleken, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Z. P. Clark, Mrs. G. W. Prescott, the Misses Annie and Grace Bradley, Miss Watson, Miss Helen Aldrich, Miss Alice Prescott, Miss Louise Currier, William Cunningham, Frederick and Charles Peterson, and Messrs. Allen, Bernicken, and Pilsbury. The same day Mrs. Colonel Savage, at her Harrison Street residence, breakfasted a number of her friends. Covers being laid for ten, at one o'clock all sat down with the exception of Mrs. Governor Stoneman, who had been called to Sacramento suddenly by the illness of her husband. The guests received as souvenirs of the occasion pretty hand-painted menu cards in devices of birds and flowers, also satin name-cards in various devices of fans, umbrellas, etc. The enjoyment of the occasion was as hearty as the welcome of the hostess. The ladies present were Mrs. W. H. Grattan, Mrs. Doctor Bucknall, Mrs. Boyson, Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. Michael Castle, Mrs. Jarviss, and Mrs. Richard Savage Sr. Miss Emma Abbott was given a dinner Sunday, at the Crocker mansion, at which assisted Judge and Mrs. Sanderson, Governor and Mrs. F. F. Low, Captain and Mrs. Moor, Mrs. Easton. Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Crocker, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Sanderson, Miss Low, Miss Deming, General W. H. L. Barnes, Mr. Redington, and Messrs. George and William Crocker. Seven o'clock was the hour named by invitation, and, as the guests entered the dining-room, there was a general exclamation of admiration at the unique floral display. From the chandeliers were suspended flower-balls of yellow and red, also a cluster on one of red camellias of unusual elegance; the smaller burners were decorated with alternate balls of crimson and pink and purple violets. Large, square baskets, laden with choice exotics, decorated the centre of the table, while each lady guest was delighted by similer unique designs placed at her plate; slippers of pansies and carnations; tea cups and saucers composed of heliotrope, pinks, and marguerites; square baskets of white carnations, red, and tea roses, and cradles of carnations and violets. The gentlemen were also remembered in boutonnières. The menu and service were unexceptionable. During the evening the liquid notes of the prima donna reverberated through the apartments, sparkling and pure, in the familiar strains of the "Last Rose of Summer." The ladies who assisted at the luncheon of Mrs. Hager, given to Miss Abbott, Wednesday last, at the Palace, were Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Judge McKinstry, Mrs. Boardmann, Mrs. Howard Coit, Mrs. Favre, Mrs. Doctor Whitney, the Misses Corbell, and Miss Morrison. The dresses of the ladies were mostly of black velvet relieved by bright bonnets; almost the only exception being the dress of the hostess, of cardinal velvet trimmed profusely with white lace; and that of the guest of the occasion, of wine-colored velvet and steel trimmings. The initials of the prima donna were everywhere wrought in flowers, while they graced each menu-card, upon which, at the same time, was painted some character she personated in various operas. The ladies each appropriated them, with the autograph of the fair songstress, which she complacently wrote upon them. Among those who assembled at the Chinese restaurant of Wong Lun Low in response to an invitation of Colonel and Mrs. Bee, and in compliment to Major and Mrs. W. A. Jones, U. S. A., were Mr. Wetherill, William Castle, Mrs. Seguin Wallace, General and Mrs. G. L. Brigham, U. S. A., Surgeon and Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Haddoway, and Miss Goddefroy. The usual accompaniment of Chinese music was a revelation to many, as well as a great source of amusement to all. Signor Tagliapietra was the recipient, Wednesday last, of a dinner given him by Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hawes, at which a number of their friends were invited to meet him; his rendition during the evening of "Non e ver," with a fervor seldom surpassed, called forth enthusiastic applause. On Friday a luncheon was given by Mrs. Governor Stoneman to eight of her lady friends. The Grand Hotel hop, last Monday night, was, as usual, a success, and even more brilliant than its predecessors. The dancing lasted from nine o'clock until midnight. Among those present were: Mrs. J. H. Jewett, Mr. Claude Hamilton, Mr. George W. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van Wyck, Mr. George Knowles, Miss Lillie Knowles, Messrs. George and Henry Crocker, Miss Lizzie Crocker, Mr. Dennison, Mr. Miller, Miss Fannie Danforth, Mr. and Mrs. James Findlay, Colonel and Mrs. George Kimball, Mr. Dwinelle, Misses Fannie, Alice and Lizzie Chipman, Mr. Henry Bothin, Doctor and Mrs. Lawlor, Mr. Alexander Heyneman, Doctor and Mrs. W. L. Dickinson, Surveyor J. M. Morton, Lieutenant Broadbent, U. S. R. M., Captain and Mrs. David Hall, U. S. R. M., Doctor and Mrs. De Soto, Miss Taliaferro, General and Mrs. Thomson of Stockton, Miss Norma Johnston, Judge and Mrs. Ross, Mr. G. Shaw, Miss Emma Shaw, Doctor and Mrs. Thomas Flint, Doctor and Mrs. Rattray, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Staples, Miss Kittie Staples, Mrs. Doctor Tewksbury of Boston, Mrs. D. E. Tewksbury, Doctor M. Gardner of Sacramento, Doctor R. D. Johnson, Miss Lillie Johnson, Doctor R. H. McCarty, Mr. and Mrs. Shackleford, Miss Shackleford of New York, Miss Eliza Cole, the Misses Wiggins, Mr. Wiggins, Mrs. T. J. Phelps, Mrs. Doctor Lord, Colonel C. W. Bush, George Berton, Mrs. Henry Weatherbee, Miss Butler of Oakland, Madame C. Berton, Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hawes, Miss Wade, Mr. and Mrs. George Frink, Miss Abbie Frink. The Sanderson reception, on Friday, was decidedly the party of last week. The floral decorations were particularly noticeable: a huge bank of hyacinths of every hue screened the mantel of the drawing-room, between the folding-doors of which hung suspended a large, unique design; every available space being occupied by some device in flowers. The Presidio band, stationed in the parlor, discoursed, alternately, military and dance music to those who occupied the dining-room, with its highly polished floors, its stained windows, its deep embrasures, carved ceiling, and antique fire-place. Punch was served in the library, and a most delicious supper in the billiard-room. The hostess received her guests in a toilet of black velvet elaborate with duchesse lace, assisted by Miss Sibyl, in a trained robe of white satin and lace. Mrs. William Babcock was dressed in a black velvet, *en train*: Mrs. J. W. Withington, white satin draped with crêpe; Mrs. Coit, pink brocade and diamond soltaire; Mrs. John Brumagim, in costume of black velvet; Mrs. Lucy Arnold, in black satin, *en train*; Mrs. Henry Newton, in dress of figured pink silk; Mrs. Breckinridge, white silk and Spanish lace draperies; Mrs. Otto Force, white satin and crêpe; Mrs. R. C. Hooper, black velvet and chantilly; Miss Sheda Torbert, white cashmere and marguerites; Miss Ada Johnson, white cashmere and swan's down; Mrs. Captain Floyd, black velvet *en train*, with garniture and loopings of delicate vari-colored shades; Miss Mollie Dodge, white nun's veiling; Miss Maggie Thornton, pale pink silk; Miss Bessie Sedgwick, white silk; Mrs. J. Robinson, white satin and cashmere; Miss Deming, blue silk and white grenadine; Miss Lizzie Hull, combination of black and cardinal; Miss McAllister, black silk, *en train*; Miss Severance, white silk and nun's veiling; Miss Jennie Flood, black lace costume and amber comb and ornaments; Misses Brumagim, white silk and cashmere; Miss Fannie Friedlander, white silk costume; Mrs John D. Yost, black grenadine and lace, *en train*: Miss Wright, ashes of roses costume, Miss Pomeroy, black silk and black lace; Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, white silk draped with crêpe; Miss Cora Matthews, white satin and white crêpe; Miss Paton, black satin and Spanis lace, draped; Miss Newlands, white silk and Spanish lace. Among the other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. John McMullin, the Misses McMullin, Judge and Mrs. John S. Hager, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Judge and Mrs. McKinstry, Mr. and Mrs. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. William Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Doctor and Mrs. Gwin, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, Governor and Mrs. Low, Miss Flora Low, General and Mrs. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Cheeseman, the Misses Smith, the Misses Polhemus, Mills, Holladay, and Merrill; and Messrs. Wilson, Carolan, Sharon, Redding, Greenway, Friedlander, Baldwin, Sheldon, Jones, Nuttall, Dexter, Nichols, Goddefroy, McAllister, Consul Chapman, Baron de Bonnemains, Major Darling, and Messrs. Oyster, Dillenback, Hunter, Hein, Tate, Chamberlain, Doty, Chenery, and Heathcote. The musical contributions of the evening were by the Misses Sanderson and Thornton, Mrs. Breckinridge, and Mr. Frederick Sharon. On Wednesday evening of this week occurred the second reunion of the Oakland Young People's Society at Dr. J. C. Tucker's residence. The cards of invitation were unique. About fifty assisted. Dancing was the feature of the evening, for which Ballenberg and Yanks played. Of the affairs to come is the party of the Crickets, which will be given by the gentlemen of the club at the Palace, on Monday evening next. It promises to be a brilliant affair. Of the weddings in the near future that of Miss Emma Bray, of Fruit Vale, to Alfred H. Cohen, son of A. A. Cohen, of Alameda, next Thursday, at the residence of the bride's parents, is a matter of interest to the fashionable element of that locality. That of Mr. Sigismund Hermann to Miss Lillie Burns, of Baltimore, will take place shortly after Lent. The marriage of Miss Lucy Jones, niece of the late B. B. Redding, to a gentleman of Sacramento, is announced to take place some time next month. Miss Fannie Hamilton, daughter of Judge Hamilton, of Oakland, will shortly be united to the son of the late Rev. Dr. Hamilton. Miss Nettie Irwin and George W. Lamb will be united on the 27th at the Irwin residence. Of our Californians' doings elsewhere, we hear from Washington of Senator Miller having given the handsomest private dinner of the season, subsequent to the fancy-dress party at his residence. The affair was in honor of President Arthur. The table was elaborate with flowers, the centre being of crimson plush bordered with smilax, with a large basket of cut flowers as a centre-piece, and mounds of fern in wicker frames at each end; also vases on either side containing favors, those for the ladies being satin bon-bon bags painted by a Japanese artist, and those for the gentlemen gilt Aladdin shoes. The flowers for the ladies were baskets of single colors and rare blossoms. The name-cards were designed by Tiffany, of New York. The President, with the hostess, occupied one end of the table, while Mrs. McElroy was seated by the general at the other end. The other guests were Minister and Miss West, Russian Minister and Madame de Struve, Mr. and Mrs. Blaine, Representative and Mrs. Curtin, Representative and Mrs. Morrill, Senator Butler, Postmaster and Mrs. Gresham, General Beale, Miss McMullin (of California Street), and Miss Dora Miller. The dinner embraced fifteen courses. The toilet of Mrs. Miller was of white moire, hand-embroidered with yellow flowers; that of Miss Dora, pale-blue satin draped with silvered brocade, and corsage ornamented with blue ostrich tips. The state dinner to the Justices of the Supreme Court, given by Judge and Mrs. Field, was postponed until Thursday, owing to the dinner (seventy-ninth birthday) to David Dudley Field taking place the evening of the 13th. Covers were laid for twenty, the menu cards being printed on satin. The President occupied the seat at the right hand of Mrs. Field, Chief-Justice Waite being seated on the left, Senator Edmunds and Speaker Carlisle occupying seats on either side of the Judge. The only other lady at table, beside the hostess, was Mrs. Dudley Field Jr. Cyrus Field and the Rev. Henry Field completed the group of brothers. The other guests were Justice Harlan, Senator Gibson, Representative Hewitt, Representative Dorsheimer, Justice Gray, Secretary Frelinghuysen, Justice Blatchford, Representative Randall, Representative Randolph Tucker, and Senator Bayard. At a drawing-room reception of Mrs. McElroy, on the 9th, she was assisted in receiving by twelve ladies. Her toilet was of pearl-silk and white embroidered lace; that of Mrs. Senator Jones, of Nevada, being of rose-pink Ottoman silk, with full draperies of Spanish lace; corsage-bouquet of pansies, and hair dressed with pansies and rose pink ostrich tips.

Art Notes.

Theodore Wores is busily engaged on his "Chinese Musicians," and the picture is fast approaching completion. The figures are handled with great skill.

Miss Hopps is engaged on a study of "Springtime in California," for the April exhibition. The scene is laid on the banks of a wide creek, in one of the northern counties. The reed-grass bends low over the rocky bed, and the trees are donning their new bark. As a whole, the composition is very attractive.

Mr. Yelland has placed on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's his latest study of ocean from the Cliff House beach. It has attracted much attention during the week, and is considered by many of the other artists as one of the most striking pictures that Mr. Yelland has ever painted. The boldness and vigor of treatment, in both sea and sky, are especially noticeable.

At the same gallery is a study by Benoni Irwin, entitled "My Daughter Edith, Aged Six." It shows a dimpled, ruddy-faced child, on whose golden hair rests a crimson "Tam O'Shanter" cap. The picture is a charming one, although the handling of the flesh is slightly hard.

The many friends of Miss Strong, who went to Paris several years ago to continue her art studies, will be delighted to hear of her great success. The following is taken from the French correspondent of an Eastern paper: "It is of an American painter that I would speak, a Western girl, Miss Strong, of San Francisco. She came out here a few years ago, and entered the studio of Van Marcke, the cattle-painter, and the greatest living master in that line, her forte being the representation of animals. She studied hard and faithfully, and last year she sent her first contribution to the Salon. It was a study of a large dog, life-size, and, though lacking in finish, the general excellence of the work and the evidence of talent that it displayed caused the kindly and courteous colonel to interest himself warmly in the young painter, and moved, too, the jury in her behalf. At all events the picture was accepted and was hailed as a work full of promise. Van Marcke himself shows the deepest interest in his gifted young pupil, and has counseled her to paint sheep and cattle instead of dogs, as the former subjects afford a wider scope for her talent. The young student has now gone to live in the country to study her new models from the life, and, if the half that I hear of her talent be correct, America may have given to the world the true successor to Rosa Bonheur. Van Marcke thinks so highly of Miss Strong's talent that he has positively forbidden her to paint any pictures for sale as yet, desiring to train her hand and eye to the highest point of artistic excellence before she gives any of her work to the world."

It is natural, says the *Hour*, that Mr. Barrett should be impatient to appear before the London public, and that he should reject the offer of £1,000 if he would consent to defer it until next season.

## "ONE OF THE FINEST."

"Flaneur" describes High-handed Outrages by the New York Police.

The influence which a blue uniform with brass buttons exercises over the run of policemen, is incomprehensible to the average citizen. It has always been accepted as a truth, and there is no gainsaying it, that the police own the city of New York. America may be a republic, but New York isn't. A citizen who has any pride at all spends the early years of his life in a fierce hand-to-hand conflict with the free powers that have the handling in New York. In the first place a man must protect himself against the violence of the police, and he is obliged to fight for his rights with hack drivers; and in the last, to spend otherwise valuable time in altercations and expostulations with insulting waiters. What with the police, the brigand hack-drivers, and the average restaurant waiter, the life of a citizen of New York is not a happy one.

Mr. Joseph Howard Jr., of the *Herald*, who is perhaps the best known newspaper man of the country, and Mr. Blakely Hall, of the *Sun*, stood on the sidewalk at the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge last Tuesday, while their attention was called to a wrangle between the driver of a truck with a lot of theatrical scenery, and the toll-taker of the bridge, one Barry by name. Barry, who wore a uniform as a special policeman, was yanking the truck horse backward. This shoved the scenery back against the sidewalk and the heads of the horses who were standing in line in the rear. There was a shout of expostulation from the drivers, and Mr. Howard, knowing that the toll-taker could not see the teams behind the truck, stepped forward and spoke to him. The driver dropped the reins of the horse, and, turning sharply toward the journalist, used insulting epithets and thrust him backward against the wheel of a truck. Mr. Howard's companion jumped forward. The collector yelled for another policeman, and a moment later there was wrangling and pushing on both sides. It resulted in Mr. Howard and his friend remaining exactly where they were.

A crowd of several hundred people had collected and hissed the policemen. Upon this the policeman who had been called by the toll-taker ran off and got another officer to come to his assistance. There was a renewed quarrel; the police insisted upon both the newspaper men leaving the roadway, but both decided to stay where they were. It is to be noted that at this time they stood within four or five feet of the Chatham Street sidewalk, and at least fifty feet from the toll-taker's entrance to the bridge. They were on the public highway, and in no sense on the bridge structure. As citizens and tax-payers they had the right to stand upon the public highways of New York, and as newspaper men they had the privilege of witnessing any altercation or sensation of any sort in the public streets. Indeed, Mr. Howard had a particular right to be exactly where he was, for he has been writing about the obstructions to the entrance of the bridge, pending the suit for the removal of the Elevated Railroad station, for some time past, and the incident of the scenery truck was a point directly in his line. Mr. Hall stood there because he wanted to.

There was another wrangle, and the crowd grew larger and larger; everybody was yelling at the top of his lungs, when suddenly the truck-driver started up his horse. This scattered the crowd for a moment. The two men who had been the innocent cause of all the uproar stepped out of the roadway and up the flight of five stone steps to the entrance of the bridge. Here they stood and waited further developments. The crowd gathered round them, but there was no disturbance. The police were in consultation on the roadway below. Presently Policeman Clark—who was, by all odds, the most officious of the three—came up the steps, grabbed Mr. Howard, and tried to pull him down the steps. Mr. Howard shook him off. Then he turned and seized Mr. Hall. The next moment he went down the steps himself; whereupon the other policeman stepped up, and the party adjourned through the muddy streets to the Oak Street Station, followed by several hundred people.

It was a cheerful spectacle; the mud was half a foot deep and there was a drizzling rain. There was a policeman on either side of Mr. Howard, and they insisted upon guiding him about in the most brutal manner, in spite of that gentleman's continued assertion that he would go with them quietly if they would cease their violence. When they got to the Oak Street station, the sergeant at the desk—whose life has been somewhat embittered through his failure to be appointed to the captaincy of his precinct last fall—roughly entered a complaint of disorderly conduct on the part of Mr. Howard, and ordered the whole party off to the Tombs. Several gentlemen pressed forward from the crowd and attempted to testify for Mr. Howard, but the sergeant ordered them out of the room, and wouldn't hear a word; whereupon the procession was resumed. The policemen by this time, emboldened by the conduct of the sergeant, grew more abusive at every step. After a walk of half a mile, through the mud and rain, with the attendance of the same mob that had followed the principals to the police station, they arrived at the Tombs. Here the police shoved their prisoner into a pen filled with pickpockets, beggars, and tramps. At this moment Justice Powers recognized Mr. Howard and Mr. Hall, waved his hand gently, and smiled.

"How are you?" he said. "Won't you come in?"

He descended from the bench, retired to his private room, followed by the two men who had committed the awful crime of standing on the public highway. Shortly afterward court was held, the prisoner was discharged at once, the policemen were reprimanded, and subsequently discharged from the force.

The reason Mr. Howard was not fined, and, perhaps, imprisoned, and the reason his friend was not imprisoned and compelled to undergo a similar punishment, was simply because they happened to possess a modicum of influence, and were tolerably well known. If two men, say merchants, workmen, or tradesmen of any sort, who had no acquaintance with either the police or the politicians, had been arrested, the chances of their having been discharged would have been lamentably small. There is not a word of exaggeration in the above statement. I saw the whole affair myself, plowed through the mud in the interest of the principals, and was there from beginning to end. From beginning to end the two men had a perfect right to stand in the public highway and listen to the altercation between the toll-collector and Policeman Barry. As newspaper men, their rights were even greater; but they did not take advantage of this.

It is all well enough to say that no man need get in a row with a policeman; but what are you going to do when insulted and pushed about by one of them? Any one who will stand still under such circumstances deserves to be clubbed. And so many men have stood still when insulted by the police and have meekly received their clubbing, that the so-called "guardians of the peace" have apparently come to the conclusion that the first inalienable and sovereign right of any policeman is to club every citizen upon whom he can lay his hands.

Mr. Gilbert has become extremely tiresome, and Mr. Sullivan—beg parding, Sir Harthur Sullivan—has repeated himself so much that his latest efforts musically are but dim and constant echoes of a famous past. In other words, Gilbert and Sullivan are written out, and "Princess Ida" is not a success. They set the standard too high. Their first work was their greatest and best, and they have tumbled from it ever since. They fell from "Pinafore" to the "Pirates," from "Pirates" to "Iolanthe," and from "Iolanthe" to "Princess Ida." The last of the series would not run a week were it not for the prestige of the authors' names. The libretto is the same as the librettos of all the other operas. That is, the same characters are to be found in this last opera as appeared in the first. I think it would have been better for the composers to have numbered their opera, "Pinafores, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5," and kept the names of the original types through the operas.

Why should not the character of Sir Joseph Porter, for instance, be carried through the series of operas. Why call him Lord Stanley in the "Pirates," the Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe," or King Gama in the "Princess?" He is always precisely the same; he invariably has twenty or thirty daughters or wards, who in the end marry the male chorus. He comes dancing in on the stage when the first act is half through, sings a patter song in a very loud tone, which song explains who he is, what he is, and what he is going to do in a number of apt and terse lines. Little Buttercup, who afterward appeared in the other operas as Ruth, Fairy Queen, and Lady Jane, appears in the new opera as Lady Blanche. She is precisely the same throughout all the operas. Only she is infinitely tiresome now in the new one, as she is a reproduction of all the worst features of her predecessors. The humor, so-called, consists of the same stale, old notion of a lot of women trying practically to carry out a theory. In "Patience" it was æstheticism, and it was funny; in "Princess Ida" it is celibacy, and it is extremely dreary. There is scarcely a funny line in the whole opera, and the book is notable because there is not a single witty saying or bright bit of dialogue which the audience remembered after it had left the house. Mr. Gilbert's part of the work is extremely commonplace. There is no plot at all, and the production ranks little or nothing above the pantomimes and burlesques given at the London Theatre every year. Mr. Sullivan's music is, with the exception of two numbers, very commonplace. There is only one air which received a double encore on Monday night. Every time the orchestra struck a new melody, it recalled some of Mr. Sullivan's previous operas.

The audience was enormous, and ready to give the new piece a hearty welcome, but went away heartily disappointed. I don't think I ever saw so many beautiful women as there were there that night. Comic opera has a fascination for women. I never knew a girl yet who could sing above middle C, who didn't think she could shine in opera bouffe. The company selected by Mr. Stetson to produce the new opera is made up of the unemployed singers floating about in the profession. The occasion was notable for the reappearance in public of Miss Eily Coghlan, younger sister of Mr. Wallack's leading lady. Miss Eily, whose face looks very much like Rose's when in repose, is tall, possesses a voluptuous figure, superb gray eyes, and a mass of jet black hair. She was quite the handsomest woman on the stage Monday night; she played a minor part, but will be cast in the rôle of the Princess shortly.

The Coghlans are a talented family by the way. All three of the children, Charles, Rose, and Ida are successful. They are the children of a journalist who died some years since in London. And, contrary to a silly story that is traveling about town at present, they are on the best and most affectionate terms with each other.

Mr. Rice has left the Bijou Theatre Company, Messrs. Boughton and Miles having secured the three prize beauties for another year, and promptly ousted Rice. Rice is in hard luck; through his enterprise and efforts Miss Wallace, Miss Pauline Hall, and little Ida Mulle have become the talk of the town. It was Rice who rescued them from obscurity, who dressed them in costumes which made the audience gasp for breath the first night, and then had their photographs distributed over town. Rice is unfortunate. Ever since his great success, "Evangeline," he has been through a series of ups and downs. He left the Bijou because of certain charges affecting his integrity with his partners. He will have a new sensation before long; he always falls on his feet. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, February 14th, 1884.

---

Iceland is attracting more and more attention. The interior of the island—an area of glaciers, sandy wastes, and lava fields—has never been decently explored, and offers a field for adventure. The sulphur deposits are now extensively opened by an English company, and prospecting for other minerals is going on. The fisheries were very successful last season, and as the products of these furnish two-thirds of the exports, Iceland is just now seeing a period of unwonted prosperity. With the opening up of the new industries, this bleak country will assume an important place among the world's producers.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

### The Fourth Philharmonic Concert.

The fourth and last concert of the Philharmonic Society's third season was not so largely attended as it might have been, owing to the threatening weather, but those who dared the stormy night lost nothing in their venture against wind and rain. The programme, which had promised in moderation, paid in profusion. The musical atmosphere was genuine, at least that portion of it enveloping leader and players. One little circumstance—a point to be mentioned further on—raised a question as to the diffusion of this subtile ether throughout the entire assembly. Encores, however, are variable indicators. Perhaps it is not always fair to judge an audience by them. Haydn's "Militaire" Symphony, No. 11, in G major, held the place of prominence in a programme otherwise notoriously modern. A possibility of unkind comparison between the old style and the new suggested itself in connection with a rather prosy rendering of the Allegro and the succeeding Allegretto. But with the Menuetto and the measures of the Finale, so pure and so gay, the orchestra roused itself from dullness and entered most heartily into the vivacious spirit of this cheerful and sunny music. Selections from some half-dozen living authors were played after the Symphony, but the beauty of none exceeded the charm of serene and genial Papa Haydn. He is never violent or furious. Even in a so-called martial symphony, which to Wagner or Berlioz would have signified a noisy outburst and universal bang, Haydn is so placid and so still that one can but smile at the gentleness of his most boisterous orchestral effects. In his composition known as the "Surprise" Symphony, Haydn introduces what was considered in his day a tremendous crash from the full orchestra, at the close of a long, slow, *pianissimo* passage. A good story is told of a gentleman who was present at a recent performance of this work in London. Accustomed to the turbulent raging of Wagner, Liszt, and Saint-Saëns in modern orchestral music, he had been lulled to rest by the soothing strains of Haydn's quiet adagio; and when its calm conclusion was suddenly interrupted by the famous uproar, it is related of this hardened listener that he only opened one eye sleepily, and said, "Come in." Preceding the Symphony, Mendelssohn's overture, "A Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," was played in an exceedingly satisfactory manner, despite several inglorious disasters on the part of the brass-wind players. It sometimes looks—sounds rather—as if these gentlemen had agreed to

"Swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,"

never to be in tune, never to attack their parts promptly, never to do anything but blare and break. They have held to this supposable vow more strictly in times past than upon this especial occasion; but their insufficiency is the chief flaw in the Philharmonic forces. In the ponderous harmonies and movement of the "Church Scene" from Wagner's "Meistersinger," given here for the first time, prominent work is allotted to both wood and brass instruments. These responsibilities were unusually well assumed by them, and the number, as a whole, was impressive and interesting. Yet not so much so as the Norwegian melody by Ole Bull, "Säterjentens Söndag," arranged for strings only by Svendsen. There is something in the quality of music for strings alone which always seems to convey the impression of buoyancy. A melody voiced after this manner rises, and floats, and soars away; at least it was so with this lovely brief Norwegian song. And why a number so poetically played was not redemanded, instead of Gounod's march, is the point that casts suspicion upon the taste of the audience. The "Funeral March of a Marionette" is a clever enough little burlesque. Of course, it is descriptive music. With a clash of melancholy chords, "la marionette est cassée!" Then follow subdued murmurs of regret from the troupe, and, after a few measures of *allegretto* preparation, the procession moves off to a doleful little tune and the sound of miniature funeral guns, fired at sad and regular intervals. In the midst of these gloomy festivities several leading spirits of the troupe pause to refresh themselves. The music changes from a minor to a major key, and a season of jollity ensues, which speaks but poorly for the depth of marionette grief. The duty of mourning is eventually resumed, however, the march is taken up again, and all ends with appropriate solemnity. Gounod has been faithful to the story part throughout, and the music is sufficiently pleasing; but the "Funeral March" was as poorly played as anything upon the evening's programme. To the march proper, the brass groaned out an accompaniment that, for irrelevance of tune, was fit to move a dead marionette to tears. There were innumerable jerks and hitches, and the whole thing was disappointing. Rubenstein's "Trot de Cavalerie," heard for the first time, gained favor at once, and was generously applauded. As its title indicates, it is in military style, and was stirringly presented. The overture to Mr. Gustav Hinrich's opera, "Frauenverschwörung," formed another number of value and interest. Although last upon the programme, its performance was listened to with strict attention and much pleasure. The overture abounds in effective harmony and orchestration, and exhibits throughout that refinement which characterizes all Mr. Hinrich's work. The soloist of the evening, Mr. Henry Heyman, played with delicacy, circumspection, and great fidelity, one of the most beautiful selections that has been given during the season. This was a "Romance" (op. 48) for the violin, with orchestral accompaniment by Saint-Saëns, completely charming at every point. A slight heaviness marred the support in places, but for the most part it was unusually musical and sympathetic, aside from being so lovely in itself. In response to a warm recall the number was repeated.

The conclusion of this delightful series of concerts is a matter of regret to our musical public. The course has been excellent and praiseworthy in all respects, and the fourth season will be awaited with impatience. F. A.

---

A recent disaster to the *City of Columbus*, says a correspondent of the *Free Press*, brings to the minds of many the necessity of some sure means of individual identity. All are liable to fatal accidents, and those who make long journeys are exposed to diseases that change the looks of an individual so that near friends would not recognize him. Many such unfortunates in a condition unable to account for themselves find their way to hospitals. The writer has seen several bodies after the Mill River flood, French Catholic Church at Holyoke, and the Scioto steamer on the Ohio, near Wheeling, in each case rings were an easy means of identification. The writer has worn for many years a ring with his name and address, in full, engraved upon the inner surface. A ring of this kind will also prove a handy article as a means of business identification to every person who travels any distance from home. At least, such is the writer's experience.

---

A curious and novel idea, that of a spoken newspaper, has been carried into practical effect in Paris, without, however, meeting with any great encouragement from the public. Properly speaking, the newspaper in question is no newspaper at all, the fact being that a number of journalists appeared before an audience at the Athénée Théâtre, and delivered addresses similar in form to the different articles in a daily journal. One gave an account of the previous day's sitting in the Chamber of Deputies, another spoke of politics, a third gave the telegraphic news, and so on. The reading of a *feuilleton* in imitation of the style of Emile Zola caused amusement, and some sketches by Monsieur le Petit, the well-known caricaturist, which were added, were well received; but the serious articles or addresses fell quite flat.

## FABIANA'S TWO LOVERS.

How a Mexican Woman Saved a Friend and Avenged Her Lover.

There had been a *pronunciamiento*—a petty bloodless revolution, and a city had changed hands. The *Porfiristas*—the adherents of Porfirio Diaz—held possession of the port, whose inhabitants appeared not ill content with their rule. But the *comandante*, insufficiently supplied by his government with the sinews of war, or wanting replenishment of his private purse, it may be—such things are not unknown in the free and ever-sovereign republic—the *comandante* was once or twice too frequent in exercising his deputed power to levy forced loans.

The worthy merchants of the port held a conference or so, carefully dissimulated under the guise of unpolitical and rather riotous card-parties convened in the salon of Don Enrique Nadadice. Those were harmless-looking parlors, all mirrors, and gilding, and India matting, brilliantly lighted, their persians thrown open widely to view from the streets—altogether too public and innocent-seeming for the rendezvous of discontents and conspirators.

But there was formulated the dissatisfaction which inevitably is engendered in depleted purses, and thence issued orders whereby couriers rode out swiftly in lonely midnight hours, and through the dark silence and safety of the dawn, skimming forest paths through tropic lowlands, and climbing stair-like roads winding up the mountain-wall, to where Velado's men crouched around their camp-fires, waiting the word that should launch them on the town far below, unsuspected as a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky. And Velado, on the double-quick, marched the rest of his command up the *cuestas* from the loyal old plateau city of Durango. He climbed the heights, passed over all the perilous ways, losing nothing but one mule that forgot himself long enough to frisk with his left hind hoof, and so tumbled over a precipice, his load of *metatl* stone and kitchen equipage dashed to atoms with him. Down they went along the tortuous winding, slipping paths, across the belt of tropic jungle, over the desolate reaches of barren sand outside the town, and into the port, with colors flying and drums rolling jubilantly, ere the good folk had lost the taste of their morning chocolate.

It was dramatic enough perhaps, but certainly not tragic. When the fifes began to sing in suburban streets, all along the chief thoroughfares ran the progressive clap of slamming doors, in sequence as regular as if a slow flaw of wind had deliberately undertaken the office of hall-porter-in-general. Servants out on morning errands, street-hawkers, and the proprietors of *enchilada* booths, open-air fried-fish-stands, and such like enterprises, scuttled away in sudden fright to holes of retreat, like the great overfed rats of their own market-place.

For a brief space the town was so still that all the *zopilotes*—buzzards, the town scavengers—stretched their loathly naked necks in alarm at the subdued hush, and ran with awkward skipping gait along beach and streets for impetus to rise and flap heavily away out of possible danger. The plebeian *poblacion* was cowed, cringing, breathless. But many a household there was of caballeros of *sangre azul;* their birth and breeding told, as good blood tells ever, prate how we will of the equality of men. Promptly and placidly those gallant gentlemen reopened the broad-leaved *zaguan* doors, and stepped forth, languid indeed, but in valiant readiness for any fate.

So it was that, when Velado's men rode into the sandy streets of the town proper, they found a goodly concourse of reception. For many Spanish ladies were there in whom family affection, and perhaps curiosity as well, had triumphed over the conservatism of their order. The timid *gente baja*, reassured, crept out to the leadership of their superiors, and saw a brave sight. In Velado's battalions were gathered the flower of the Mexican army. Officered by the best blood of their land, his men were equipped and drilled far beyond and above the standard of the country. The officers bent to their saddles in response to flashing salutes of gratulation and multiplying cries of "Viva Velado!"

It was long since the port had been occupied by the regular army, to whom the sympathies of the aristocrats naturally leaned; and their influence swayed the masses. Perhaps it is the lingering effect of a feudal loyalty that renders this race so little inclined to communism. At all events, the versatile populace, long complaisant to the *Porfiristas*, now lent themselves with equal grace to welcome the new régime.

On the corner made by the Calle de los Leones and the Calle del Recreo a little group was gathered of neighbors—Pelagio Quintana, whose legal acumen was not shrewder than his sarcasms were keen, for all his stolid and somewhat lumpy appearance; Pelagio's wife, Rafaela, and his sister, Fabiana; Benigna Cysneros, she of the Moorish oval countenance and indescribable grace, a woman whose radical views were too advanced for her day and station; and the fat, dark printer, Luis Campuzano, whose joyous face was a smiling rebuke to ill-humor. Two of Luis's sisters were there also, but Concha and Amada were commonplace girls enough, of the regulation pattern, and in no wise to be distinguished from the mass of their kind.

"That's a stern-looking rascal," said Pilagio; "he of the many medals."

"Stern?" said Fabiana, meditatively; "brave, rather, *hermanito*, is it not? Else how come the medals to be his? That shall be my officer. Señor," she continued, half in archness, half in mischief; "señor, salute the lady who chooses you her knight."

As if he had heard her soft murmur, the soldier, riding slowly, with drawn sword, lowered that flashing blade and profoundly saluted the party.

"But, 'Biana," cried Benigna Cysneros, "how impudent art thou! Young girls of breeding do not such acts of boldness."

And calm Rafaela, too, reproved.

"Luis!" the culprit cried, "do but hear how they gird at me. And Beni, with all the independence that she has! Bid them be silent, else thou wilt not dance with them at the ball—surely there will be a ball for the *militarios*. No, Pelagio?"

"No doubt, no doubt," the lawyer answered; and Luis obediently made merry threats of vengeance upon Fabiana's mentors.

"But, indeed, *amiguita*," said the printer, with some gravity, as he and Fabiana fell behind the others, returning home after the procession had passed; "indeed, then, it were well to be something more than discreet with these military men, who are often vain and forward, and given to light speech. It were great pity should this Napoleon-face presume on your jesting."

"Why, Luis," cried Fabiana, "he heard me not; and how should he presume? Is it that I shall see him again?"

But that very lean-faced, French-whiskered officer was the first partner presented for pretty Fabiana's consideration when her party entered the ball-room in one of the great German warehouses on the *Olas Altas*—the port's sea-front boulevard. The huge room, canvased and airy, was brilliant with lights, and decked with many flags, and garlands of flowers, and branches of palm. A gay assemblage warmed the cold, white floor and walls; a cocoa-palm was rustling in the court within; the plunge and grating hiss of great waves came through the open windows, together with the cool, salt scent of the sea.

Fabiana put her dusk, slim hand on her heart, in a very pang of rapture. So little of romance—that she recognized as such—had come into her life. She was of bourgeois order, therefore with liberty restricted to the narrowest limit of the land. Thanks to her intense vitality and her quick intelligence, all untrained as it was, she saw, with the eyes of the flesh, all the beauty round about her—the tropic landscape of rocks, and sand, and plumy palms, and swooping sea-birds, with wide, white wings aslant; the glassy green walls of water in combing waves, spume-crested; the grim pathos of the old, crumbling fort, high perched on the peninsular eastward hill; the marvels of form and color in the quaint market-place, full of nameless strange birds, and fish, and fruit, where perhaps a mailed armadillo caught on the inlying lowlands stretched its tethering rawhide thong, to shrink behind a heap of plantains; or where a crested *chacalaca*—kingly game-bird of the Sierra—hung head down, with blood-drabbled plumage, beside a string of delicate silvery flying-fish.

But the eyes of Fabiana's soul were still sealed—only pulsing with the will to unclose. Was this the helper whose firm and gentle touch would unveil to her dormant spirit the beauty and the grandeur of life—this tall Galan, bowing before her to ask the coming dance, the smile on his lips overclouded by his sombre eyes? There was no other couple to compare with this, whirling lightly down the room. Whether his foreign air or his melancholy face, something gave the tall major a distinction all his own. And Fabiana was the traditional type of Mexican beauty.

Benigna Cysneros, an artist born, had superintended the girl's dressing. The Quintanas, for whom Benigna was oracular, had made Fabiana's attendance contingent on Benigna's taste. And the loving tirewoman had thrown away the *cascarilla* with which Fabiana would have opaquely whitened the exquisite speaking olive of her skin, and bad remorselessly demolished the complicated structure erected of the girl's long, fine hair.

"No, *querida*, thou art a Mexican maiden; thou wilt show, then, thy national style. Where else is thy patriotism?"

And Fabiana was fain to submit. So now the rich blood beat and bloomed in unpainted cheeks, and the two thick feathering braids of her black hair hung over her shoulders to her knees. Major Galan swept his companion out of the valse, and paused beside a window giving toward the sea. Far out on the bay, along the outer reef, a sheet of phosphorescent water gleamed with pale, weird light, and the tops of inrolling waves held it as well.

"It is so wide, that sea," Fabiana murmured; "to know and see what lies beyond it—ah! how sweet that would be!"

"Will you come there with me? *Linda! preciosa! mi alma!*"

The major's thin sallow face was crimson; his gloomy eyes shone lambent. Fabiana lifted her soft eyes to his face in veritable astonishment. No doubt in her sixteen years other men had felt to love her; but she had been so secluded that she had not known of it. None had spoken to her of so loving, save only Luis. But the intoxication of novelty, and the romance of time and place, and aught, it may be, of instinctive coquetry, moved her. And it was her first ball, moreover, and Fabiana was very innocent. It may be forgiven her that she would dally with the unused pleasure of the hour.

"I, señor? Ah, but you would soon weary of companion so simple as I—an ignorant girl, never yet away from this port, where I was born. And I know not anything of this life, even. For, look you, señor major, my brother lets me not even go to the *tertulias* of good families here."

Her soft face was entrancing with its slight shade of half-affected grievance; the low brow perplexed, the shining eyes appealing, the sweet, tender mouth tremulous. No doubt this young and innocent simplicity had a mighty charm for a world-worn man.

"So much the better, if I can show you first what wonders lie beyond this sea-bound prison. Weary of you, little witch! enchantress! Thou dost know better"——

"Come, Fabiana, the dance is done, and thy sister is well vexed with thee, I promise."

The major instinctively put his hand to his hip, as he faced Luis Campuzano, breathing hard after a brief turn with light-footed Benigna, and wielding vigorously a broad fan.

"The young lady is in my charge. You forget yourself, sir!"

But Benigna bravely left her seat, and came over to them.

"It is Major Galan who forgets the customs of his own country," she said; "else he would return his partner to her guardian after the dance. Pray let her go with Luis. They are very strict with the child," she added—her liquid, insinuating voice melting the harshness from her words.

Over and over again the tall major led Fabiana away from her own middle-class set, among the patricians of his caste. If those high-born ladies resented her introduction among themselves, their good breeding, worthy of all emulation, let their displeasure manifest itself in nothing harsher than a gentle reserve toward the attorney's sister.

And further, more than one taught herself to feel satisfaction that the pretty damsel had won a suitor who might freely have chosen from their higher circle. For Juan Galan was a man of excellent family in Guadalaxara, with a military record of the best. He had refused parole, and had gone prisoner to France in Maximilian's day, lad though he then was. He had somewhat of private means, and his personal beauty, albeit of saturnine cast, was unquestioned. *Mauvais sujet* he had been, it was whispered; but what less is expected of a soldier and man of the world?

Altogether, Fabiana's beauty had done well for her, and her début had been successful. So said Rafaela and her gossips, after *siesta* the next day.

"But thou, Benigna, how cleverly thou didst rebuke the major!"

"And how bravely she crossed the room alone!"

"Oh, but no!" Benigna said, in ironical deprecation; "not the room, but a little corner of it!"

"For me," lisped Concha Campuzano, "I could not do it. But Beni, then—well, perhaps because she is so old."

Generous Benigna could not help wincing; she was twenty-four, and, by the computation of the place, already destined to spinsterhood.

"Say, rather, because she is so informed," Fabiana protested, with loyal anger; "because she has learned independence, being much with the Americans, and because she has friendship for your brother. But for her, Major Galan might have challenged him for interfering"——

"Eh!"

"Ah!"

"Oh!"

"So?"

"Thou admittest, then?"

"But what a sly child it is!—living here always quiet, like a little nun, and at her first ball setting men by the ears!"

"And thou fanciest the major would fight for thee"——

"*Chut!*"

"Ta!"

"Be silent! Dost not see the major is at the door?"

* * * * * * * * * *

In Pelagio's garden, behind the house, Fabiana had a hammock under a big tamarind tree, close by a high adobe wall. Almost daily Benigna Cysneros came from across the way, and Luis Campuzano, when he could steal away from his press, would mount the cistern reservoir behind his office, and swing himself over and down by a limb of the tamarind tree.

But Luis came more and more seldom as weeks went by after the citizens' ball. For Major Galan made his way thither, day after day, and sat, a picturesque figure in his plaited, French, loose trousers, and belted frock, sometimes barred all across the breast with half a dozen medals, well earned in battle. His epaulettes and glistening gold galloon, his clanking sword, his long, waxed, and pointed mustachios, found favor in the eyes of pretty Fabiana.

She would lie for hours in her gaudy hammock, just keeping astir by its swinging rope, watching the major's grave, sallow face. But little of comment she made on his converse, leaving to the other women rhapsodies of words and gesture over his recitals, that were indeed as fascinating as well might be. But from an arch, prattling child, Fabiana had grown shy and silent. She would say nothing of her intentions, her convictions, nor her preferences. Only she made Juan Galan always timidly welcome, and seemed to shrink away with something of fear or repulsion from honest, hearty Campuzano.

As for the major, there was no doubt he had fallen victim to such a genuine and absorbing passion as sometimes enthrals men of his ilk, when an artless creature is its object. He paid his court at Pelagio Quintana's in manly and earnest fashion, marched his troops through that street as unfailingly as review day came around, and saw that Fabiana's favorite airs were played by the barracks band before tattoo nightly. Perhaps her people rather urged the major's suit, swayed by worldly considerations.

But that influence was temporarily removed; for, midway in Lent, Pelagio and his wife were called to Tepic by illness in Rafaela's family. It was natural enough, perhaps, that Fabiana should elect to remain for the while with the mother and sisters of Luis Campuzano. Benigna Cysneros, herself dependent, could not receive the girl, and other intimates she had none.

Of Luis his mother's guest saw little. His drooping spirits had rallied at the carnival, and he had joined the revelers in the streets, as blithe and merry as any flour-sprinkler or *cascaron*-breaker of them all. But he was back again in his office, buried in work.

Again through the streets of the port ran alarm and excitement. All manner of rumors were bruited about the streets. The rebels were coming to invest the town; Velado's men had declared for Don Placido Vega; the governor was murdered; the *comandante* and the German consul had fought a duel. The matter finally resolved itself into a question of desertion. A detachment of soldiery had gone out to the *estero* to bathe, and half of them had decamped with all the arms, while the remainder were in the shallows of the bay.

Men had been detailed for pursuit, and, overtaking the deserters, had shot down seventy odd in the road. Nine were brought back to town, bound to stakes on the parade-ground of the *cuartel*, and received the fire of a company with alternate blank cartridges. The riddled bodies were left for hours where they sank, still fast to the sustaining posts, and half the town flocked to see those ghastly figures, stark in the noonday sun.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

---

Celestin Collet, King of the Chiffoniers, who died the other day at Neuilly, aged eighty-one, was in receipt of a pension, for the last twenty-five years, of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year, from the Empress Eugénie. In 1858 the empress lost a valuable diamond bracelet, which he found in a dust-heap and carried to police headquarters. The next morning he was sent for and thanked, and the pension conferred, which the empress has expressed her desire to continue to his family while she lives.

## THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB.

For three weeks, until last Saturday, the Thompson Street Poker Club had had no session. This was partly due to the fact that the proprietor of the building had sordidly closed the room, and kicked Mr. Gus Johnson, the treasurer, down stairs on learning that, owing to some inexplicable phenomenon not understood by the Club, the kitty had not yielded enough to pay for the kerosene, much less the rent.

As a regular rake on two pairs and upward had been made, for a month, this delinquency amazed the Club. Various scientific theories were advanced, among them one involving a search of Mr. Johnson's private pockets and bootleg, but investigation had shown them to be false. An inspection of the table-drawer was then made. It was shown that a knot-hole existed in the bottom thereof, large enough to admit of the insertion of two fingers or the abstraction of three dollars, which was the amount of the missing kitty. It was also demonstrated that the knot-hole had been in perihelion, so to speak, with Mr. Tooter Williams. Therefore, while it was clear that the money was hopelessly gone, it was impossible to account for its absence upon any other theory than that offered by Mr. Williams himself, that "de mice done smell dat las' welch rabbit offen Mr. Johnson's fingahs on de bills, an' run off wid it." This explanation was received in lieu of a better; the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith paid the rent and assumed charge of the kitty until he should be reimbursed; Mr. Johnson magnanimously forgave the gentleman who had kicked him down stairs; Mr. Tooter Williams expressed his belief in Mr. Johnson's integrity as treasurer, and all was again harmony.

Mr. Cyanide Whiffles, for a moderate percentage, had volunteered to steer his brother-in-law against the game, and, to use a technical expression, blow him in for all he was worth. The gentleman in question was a Hoboken barber with a steady income, a total ignorance of draw-poker, a child-like confidence, and other advantages of mind and person which impressed Mr. Williams favorably.

The Rev. Mr. Smith instructed the neophyte in those fundamental principles known as "coming in," "straddling," "rising," and "sweetinin' de jacker," and by tacit consent he was allowed to win some small successive pots and thus got himself into a glorious humor. Then Mr. Williams winked at Mr. Gus Johnson, and that gentleman dealt.

Mr. Williams had straddled the blind and the Rev. Mr. Smith straddled him. All came in, and drew three cards apiece except the stranger, Mr. Highland Dilsey, who only wanted one. Mr. Williams bet a dollar. Mr. Smith raised him two.

Professor Brick called, as did also Mr. Whiffles. All eyes were upon Mr. Dilsey, and the silence was so profound that Mr. Johnson could hear his hair grow.

"Does yo' jess—jess call, Mistah Dilsey," inquired Mr. Williams, with a sweet smile, "or does yo' rise it?"

Mr. Dilsey passed his cards in review, hesitated, and said:

"Kin I rise it?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Williams, who had a great deal of benevolence and also three kings. "Rise it all yo' want."

Thus encouraged, Mr. Dilsey raised the pot six dollars. Everybody breathed hard with suppressed excitement, and Mr. Johnson's eyes might have served for a hat-rack. Mr. Williams raised back and Mr. Smith raised him. The others, according to previous agreement, fled.

Mr. Dilsey called. "Whad yo' got to beat two par?" he inquired.

"Is sev'ral big, fat, smilin' kings any good?" asked Mr. Williams, kindly.

"Kin a spade flisk, queen high, do nuffin?" queried the Rev. Mr. Smith.

"Shome up," said Mr. Dilsey, apparently nursing his left foot.

Mr. Williams unfolded his private collection of royalty, and Mr. Smith exhibited a panorama of spades which reflected great credit upon Mr. Johnson's dealing.

"Ise sorry, Mistah Dilsey," observed Mr. Williams.

"Dad's de way wif cyards," remarked the Rev. Mr. Smith, sententiously. "Gamblin's onsartin."

Mr. Dilsey spoke not, but began to count up the pot.

"Wha—whad yo' doin' wif de spondles?" asked Mr. Williams.

"Leggo my pot!" commanded Mr. Smith.

Mr. Dilsey coolly rolled up the bills and inserted them in an abyss under his vest, and then swept the coppers and Mr. Whiffles's plated watch-chain into his pocket.

"Look hyar, niggahs," he said, in a tone which made Mr. Johnson feel like a refrigerator, "Ise from Hoboken, an' Ise a barbah. When a Hoboken barbah comes ter Thoms'n Street, he kerries his profession wif him. Ise got dose boot-legs an' a hip pocket full er de implements ob de craff. Yo' hear me?"

All signified by silence that they heard. Then Mr. Dilsey laid down three jacks and a pair of sixes, and coldly jammed Mr. Whiffles's hat down over his eyes and quitted the room.

The club sat stricken for three minutes. Then the door slowly reopened and Mr. Dilsey's voice sounded sepulchrally:

"Dar's no suckahs in Hoboken."

With that he vanished.—*New York Life.*

---

Here is a very singular illustration of optical delusion which a change of position will sometimes effect. Take a row of ordinary capitals and figures:

SSSSSSXXXXXX888888.

They are such as are made up of two parts of equal shapes. Look carefully at these and you will perceive that the upper halves of the characters are a very little smaller than the lower halves—so little that an ordinary eye declares them to be of equal size. Now, turn the paper upside down, and, without any careful looking, you will see that this difference in size is very much exaggerated; that the real top half of the letter is very much smaller than the bottom half.

## THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERSE.

### The Girdle of Friendship.

She gathered at her slender waist
The beauteous robe she wore;
Its folds a golden belt embraced,
One rose-hued gem it bore.

The girdle shrank; its lessening round
Still kept the shining gem,
But now her flowing locks it bound,
A lustrous diadem.

And narrower still the circlet grew;
Behold! a glittering band,
Its roseate diamond set anew,
Her neck's white column spanned.

Suns rise and set; the straining clasp
The shortened links resist,
Yet flashes in a bracelet's grasp
The diamond, on her wrist.

At length, the round of changes past
The thieving years could bring,
The jewel, glittering to the last,
Still sparkles in a ring.

So, link by link, our friendships part,
So loosen, break, and fall,
A narrowing zone; the loving heart
Lives changeless through them all.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes in March Atlantic.*

---

### A New-World Legend.

Of the many beautiful fancies
With Indian legend wrought,
The bridal of Winds and Waters
Enfolds the happiest thought.
It grew as the forest blossoms,
Without touch or tint of art,
A greenwood spray of living truth
Fresh out of Nature's heart.
In the East, that realm of story,
Where even the gods were born,
Was the fairest of all the wigwams,
The lodgings of the dawn;
Behind its rose-red curtains,
In his lonely majesty,
Dwelt the viewless one, the Heart of Heaven,
Soul of the azure sky.
He saw the new world lying
Barren, and drear, and cold,
Nor voice nor prayer uplifted
To the morning's gate of gold.
He spoke, and four strong Brothers
From his breath had instant birth,
Who came as gods, with rushing wings,
To each corner of the earth.
Of keen and boundless vision,
And swifter than eagles are,
One made his lodge with the daybreak,
Just under the morning star.
Jewels of glistening amber
Fastened his garment's fold,
And his head was crowned with tossing plumes
Yellow as burnished gold.
One flew to the glowing southland,
His garments all of red,
And feathers of lurid crimson
Drooped darkly on his head.
The third to the land of sunset
Sped with the fading light,
And his lodge was curtained with ebon shades,
For the slumber-couch of Night.
The last to the ice-world hastened,
The realm of the Lord of Death;
Snow-white were his strong, keen pinions,
And pitiless cold his breath.
Then to and fro unceasing,
Wilder and fiercer still,
Roamed over the earth these four great Winds,
Each seeking his own rude will.
Then murmured the Heart of Heaven:
"Though strong these Brothers be,
They can not ripen the spring-time,
Blossom, nor fruit, nor tree.
I must give them loving-helpers,
Who, with wiser, gentler hand,
Will guide their aimless power to bring
New life to the waiting land.
Come forth, O Falling Water!"
Then a shining one had birth,
And in bright Cascade swift springing
She took her place on earth.
"Come forth, O Beautiful Water!"
And the great blue Lake was seen,
With dripping lilies lifted up
On her breast of azure sheen.
"And thou, O Water of Serpents!"
In sinuous, gliding grace
Went forth the queenly River
Unto her chosen place.
Then called he the youngest, the fairest:
"Step softly, Water of Birds!"
And the silver-footed Brook stole out,
Singing songs that had no words.
Ah! wondering, rejoicing,
Were the fierce Brothers four.
The North Wind sung his greeting
Close to the blue Lake's shore.
The East Wind's trumpet music
With the Cataract's voice was blent;
And the West Wind down the River's tide
His passionate whispers sent.
Long under the forest branches,
Swift-footed, playful, shy,
Fair Water of Birds evaded
The South Wind's glowing sigh.
But he gave her the wildwood roses
And violets for her wreath,
And a murmur at last of sweet response
Stole on her perfumed breath.
Glad was the watching Father,
The soul of the bending sky,
When he saw this happy wooing
From his hidden lodge on high.
The cloud-birds clapped their pinions
Loud over crag and plain,
And the wine they poured for the bridal cheer
Was the bountiful, sparkling rain.
Now, ever in happy union,
The Winds and the Waters live.
Blossom, and fruit, and harvest,
And wealth of the maize, they give.
And when from invisible beakers
Dashes the midsummer rain,
They are keeping the feast of their bridal day
With the wine of heaven again.
—*Frances L. Mace in March Harper's.*

## STORYETTES.

### Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At the club: "Where are you going, Raoul?" "I'm going first to Monte-Carlo and then to Naples." "My dear boy, if you take my advice you will begin with Naples and finish with Monte-Carlo; it is more prudent."

---

Mrs. D.—"Isn't this awful?" Mr. D.—"What, dear?" Mrs. D.—"The paper says that in Brooklyn Mr. Benjamin R. Hubbell tried to kill his brother-in-law, David Kemlo, by shooting a pistol at him. I can't understand why families should"— Mr. D.—"Did he succeed?" Mrs. D.—"No. Kemlo's life was saved by a button, which turned the bullet." Mr. D.—"His wife evidently keeps his buttons sewed on. If any one should shoot at me I should be a dead duck."

---

While General Lee's army was in winter quarters in Orange County, Virginia, only a limited number of furloughs were granted. A regimental band applied for a furlough, and the application was approved by both the colonel and the brigade commander. But when it reached headquarters, the general sent it back with the following endorsement: "Respectfully returned; disapproved. Shooters must have furloughs before tooters." There was no music by the band that evening.

---

When the late Professor Sophocles was a proctor in Holworthy Hall, Harvard, one night a tipsy student, rolling up to bed, fell against his door, and, upon being interviewed, was anything but respectful in his language. Next morning, awaking with remorseful stomach and an aching head, the offender felt it to be the part of discretion to go to the proctor and apologize. He had not proceeded far in his halting explanation, however, before the other interrupted him with the words: "Not yourself, sir? You were drunk, sir!—drunk! But you were so drunk as to be a curiosity, and therefore I shall not report you."

---

Very trivial matters, the New Bedford *Mercury* says, sometimes influence a jury, and nobody understands this better than the habitués of the court-room. An officer called for a young lady, the chief witness in an assault case, recently, and she appeared in a hat in which bright yellow predominated. "If you want to win your case you will change that hat," said the officer; "it will prejudice the jury against you." The girl put on a black hat with a red feather, and got a compromise verdict. The officer said that if the hat had been plain black without the red feather, she would probably have convicted the defendant of the crime alleged.

---

A temperance orator in England related the other day that a friend who took the pledge found that abstinence did not agree with him. His doctor recommended a slight alcoholic stimulant. "How can I violate my vow?" said the sick man; "I have even forbidden my servants beer, and am going to preside at a Blue Ribbon meeting next week." "Well, it is positively necessary," said the doctor; "you had better get a bottle of whisky, hide it away, and when your shaving water comes up just mix yourself one tumbler of whisky and water." Meeting his servant a few days after, the doctor inquired how his master was getting on. "Oh, finely in health," was the answer, "but I think there is something wrong in the head—he has taken to shaving himself six times a day."

---

A story is told of a young sophomore, the newly appointed editor of a college paper in New England, who, on his way home in vacation some years ago, made the acquaintance of a quiet gentleman on a railroad train. "Englishman, I perceive," airily began our college boy. The stranger bowed. "You must find much to amuse you in this country. We are so very crude, so new!" said the sophomore, who was an Anglo-maniac. "There is one thing, however, on which I flatter myself we compare favorably with John Bull—our newspapers. The journalists of this country rank high, sir—high!" Having received a civil reply, he continued: "I am myself an editor. Like to look at a copy of our paper?" pulling out a small sheet from his pocket. "Now, you have no idea—nobody not in the profession can have any idea—of the labor and mental strain involved in that small sheet. Keep it. There may be a paragraph or two in it that is worth considering, even if it does come from this side of the water." His companion changed his place soon afterward, and the amused conductor, who had overheard the conversation, said to the young man: "Do you know who that was?" "No." "It was Mr. Walter, of the London *Times*."

---

When Gordon Pasha was lately taken prisoner by the Abyssinians he completely checkmated King John. The king received the prisoner sitting on his throne, or whatever piece of furniture did duty for that exalted seat, a chair being placed for the prisoner considerably lower than the seat on which the king sat. The first thing the pasha did was to seize this chair, place it alongside that of his majesty, and sit down on it; the next, to inform him that he met him as an equal, and would only treat him as such. This somewhat disconcerted his sable majesty, but on recovering himself he said: "Do you know, Gordon Pasha, that I could kill you on the spot if I liked?" "I am perfectly well aware of it, your majesty," said the pasha; "do so at once, if it is your pleasure; I am ready." This disconcerted the king still more, and he exclaimed: "What! ready to be killed?" "Certainly," replied the pasha; "I am always ready to die; and so far from fearing your putting me to death, you would confer a favor on me by so doing, for you would be doing for me that which I am precluded by my religious scruples from doing for myself—you would relieve me from all the troubles and misfortunes which the future may have in store for me." This completely staggered King John, who gasped out, in despair: "Then my power has no terrors for you?" "None whatever," was the pasha's laconic reply. His majesty, it is needless to add, instantly collapsed.

## A VISIT TO PHILISTIA.

### A Briton's Slashing Criticism of America and Americans.

[The following is taken from an article by Sir Lepel Griffin, K. C. S. I., which appeared in the London *Fortnightly Review*. As will be seen by the reader, Sir Lepel Griffin found nothing to admire in this country. On the contrary, he considers our government a failure, our institutions shams, our women ugly, and our people boors.]

America is the country of disillusion and disappointment, in politics, literature, culture, and art; in its scenery, its cities, and its people. With some experience of every country in the civilized world, I can think of none except Russia in which I would not prefer to reside, in which life would not be more worth living, less sordid and mean and unlovely. If, then, there be those, like myself, who believe that no greater curse could befall England than for her to borrow political methods, dogmas, and institutions from America, there seems every reason why such should explain the grounds, good or bad, for their belief, with which American travel may have furnished them. The good in American institutions is of English origin and descent; what is bad is indigenous, and this she now desires to teach to us. But Britannia, who, since her daughter has become independent and carried her affections elsewhere, has escaped the dreary rôle of chaperone, may surely refuse invitations to see Columbia dance, in fancy dress, to the tune of Yankee Doodle, and may plead her age and figure when asked to learn the new step. Republican institutions have had a trial for a hundred years, and, so far as outsiders can judge, their failure is complete. France under a republic has become a by-word in Europe for weakness and truculence abroad, and financial imbecility and corruption at home; while America, which boasts of equality and freedom, does not understand that, with the single exception of Russia, there is no country where private right and public interests are more systematically outraged than in the United States. The ideal aristocracy, or government of the best, has in America been degraded into an actual government of the worst, in which the educated, the cultured, the honest, and even the wealthy, weigh as nothing in the balance against the scum of Europe which the Atlantic has washed up on the shores of the New World.

The stranger would be far more disposed to accord an ungrudging admiration to the many improvements and conveniences which America has introduced into common life, if it were not demanded so peremptorily with regard to numerous matters on which there may be a reasonable difference of opinion, or on which impartial observers would give the preference to English methods. But whether it be hotels or railway-cars, horses or carriage-building, banks or beautiful women, oysters or engineering, the ordinary American loudly asserts his superiority over England, and treats an Englishman as an imbecile creature to whom he was deigning to expound the elementary principles of life.

The English are not popular in the United States, although there is a far more friendly feeling between the two nations than existed some years ago. This is most evident in the Eastern towns, such as Boston and New York, where the imitation of English manners and amusements has become for the time the fashion. There is no reason why the English should be popular in America. They are almost the most disagreeable race extant, and are often unendurable to each other; nor is there any part of Europe, except perhaps Hungary, where they are not more disliked than in the United States. It is indeed probable that the Americans are, intrinsically, as disagreeable as ourselves; for although on the Continent of Europe they are comparatively popular, this is probably because they are less known. Annually, a flight of pork-packers and successful tradesmen cross the Atlantic, with their families, to complete an education, which has in reality not begun, by a contemplation of Paris hotels and Rhine steamboats. But the American pork-merchant is silent in the presence of his peacock-voiced wife and daughters; and the complete party, Philistine though it be, is infinitely preferable to the swarm of London shop-boys with their sweethearts, whose uproarious felicity makes hideous all foreign resorts in the near neighborhood of England. In the continental dislike of England is an element of jealousy and suspicion, in which America has no part. We have fought and bullied in every quarter of the world, and to-day we stand with crossed swords with Russia in Central Asia and Armenia, with France in China and Egypt. Eight hundred years of victory—for the English never own a defeat—has left much soreness on every side, while the too fortunate Yankee, navyless and armyless, is not regarded, in a city like Paris, as a past or future enemy, but merely as the welcome victim of hungry shopkeepers. If America were as closely connected with Europe as is England, her citizens would be as much disliked as Englishmen. The two nations, however diverse their special characteristics may appear to a superficial observer, are curiously alike. The true Americans are unaffected by the stream of German, or Scandinavian, or Irish emigration, with which they have never mingled. They are now, and will remain, Englishmen in thought, genius, and weaknesses—the physical type modified by an uncongenial climate mostly in extremes, the commercial spirit intensified by unrivaled opportunities for its successful employment, and the national genius for mechanical invention developed by the high wages of labor precisely as the monkey developed a prehensile tail.

Another English characteristic, strongly developed and even grotesquely caricatured in America, is the love of big things—which is, after all, a feeling akin to virtue, and which will guide America into fair pastures when adversity and Mr. Matthew Arnold shall have chastened and purified Philistia. At present Americans are satisfied with things because they are large; and if not large, they must have cost a great deal of money. One evening, at the Madison Square Theatre, an American observed to me: "That is the most expensive drop-scene in the world." It was a glorified curtain of embroidery, with a golden crane and a fairy landscape, and might justly have been claimed as the most beautiful drop-scene in the world; but this was not the primary idea in the Yankee mind. The two houses most beautiful architecturally in Michigan Avenue, at Chicago, were shown to me as half-a-million-dollar houses. A horse is not praised for his points, but as having cost so many thousand dollars; a man, who certainly may possess no other virtue, as owning so many millions. The habit of making size a reason for admiration is less jarring to an educated taste than that of making money the standard of beauty and virtue. The Metropolitan Opera House, at New York, which has been opened this season, is the latest illustration of the American love of big things because they are big. This theatre is said to be the largest in the world, and was built by wealthy New Yorkers who were unable to buy boxes at the original opera house, as their proprietors did not think fit to die or vacate as quickly as the aspirants made money. The result has been the present house, in which may be nightly seen the miserable and unmusical millionaire, from Vanderbilt, like royalty, in the centre, to Jay Gould in the depth of his stage box, like a financial spider, waiting to suck the blood of a new victim, feigning a pleasure they do not feel, applauding, with consistent ignorance, at the wrong time and in the wrong place. A similar scene of anguish was surveyed by Satan when, in Milton's song, he rose from the fiery marl and addressed his peers. The new house can not be compared with those of Paris, Vienna, Moscow, and London, which have all and each their special charm. Its architect visited Europe, and carefully collected, for reproduction, everything that he could find ugly and inconvenient, and then built the largest, the meanest, the most ill-arranged opera house, the worst for sight and sound, to be found in the world. New York, whose opera-going society is hardly a twentieth of that of London in the season, can not support two opera houses; and on the six or seven occasions that I have been in the new house it was half empty. But the love of big things has been gratified, although the interests of music and the public have been sacrificed.

There can be no doubt that Americans honestly believe their women to be the most beautiful in the world; nor to them would there appear any extravagance in the remark of the New York *Sun* on the audience which attended Irving's first performance, "in respect of the beauty it contained far surpassing any audience that Mr. Irving ever bowed to in his life." But the opinion of foreigners—I do not speak of Englishmen alone—is very different; and I have never met one who had lived long or traveled much in America who did not hold that female beauty in the States is extremely rare, while the average of ordinary good looks is unusually low. More pretty faces are to be seen in a single day in London than in a month in the States. The average of beauty is far higher in Canada, and the American town in which most pretty women are noticeable is Detroit, on the Canadian border, and containing many Canadian residents. In the Western States beauty is conspicuous by its absence, and in the Eastern towns, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, it is to be chiefly found. In New York, in August, I hardly saw a face which could be called pretty. Society was out of town, but an estimate of national beauty is best formed by a study of the faces of the people; and the races at Monmouth Park had collected whatever of beauty or fashion had been left in the city. Even at Saratoga, the most attractive face seemed that of a young English lady passing through on her way to Australia. In November, New York presented a different appearance, and many pretty women were to be seen, although the number was comparatively small, and at the Metropolitan Opera House, even American friends were unable to point out any lady whom they could call beautiful. A distinguished artist told me that when he first visited America he scarcely saw in the streets of New York a single face which he could select as a model, though he could find twenty such in the London street in which his studio was situated.

The American type of beauty is extremely delicate and refined, and London and continental society will always contain some American ladies who may rank among the loveliest in the world. Such are known to us all, but they are more common in Europe than America. A beautiful girl is, in the first place, more likely to travel than a plain one, for she is anxious for new worlds to conquer; the pride and affection of her parents are more likely to second her legitimate ambition, and, having reached Europe, she is obviously more likely to remain there. If American girls be anxious to marry Englishmen, as a study of contemporary novels, plays, and society would seem to show, it is a proof of their good sense; for America, which is the best place in the world for making money, is the very worst for spending it. Life revolves round the office, and the shop, and the counting-house, and a woman of spirit doubtless prefers a society like that of London, where even the men, to say nothing of the women, from the time they rise at eleven till they go to bed at three o'clock in the morning, think of nothing but how they amuse themselves. America will grow day by day more like the Old World in this respect, and when its citizens shall have learned the science of amusement it will become a far more agreeable place than it is at present. The change in the habits of the men will have a direct effect upon the beauty of the women. The English are an athletic race, and the amusements in which they delight are in the open air. As are the men so are the women. Riding and rowing, walking and tennis, have developed in them a beauty, the chief charm of which is that it is healthy. The late hours of the ball-room do not take the bloom from a cheek which is daily renewed by a gallop in the park before luncheon or a game of lawn-tennis in the afternoon. In America life is sedentary. The national game of base-ball is mostly played by professionals, the national pastime of trotting-matches cannot be counted as exercise in the English sense of the word. The men, with few exceptions, have no country life—few of them even know how to ride; they neither hunt, nor row, nor shoot, nor play cricket; and the women, being everywhere the shadow of the men, are accomplished in none of those outdoor exercises in which their English sisters find and renew their beauty. The charm which is born of delicacy may be a very lovely thing, like the finest porcelain, but it does not constitute the highest form of beauty, which is inseparable from good health.

## LITERARY AND JOURNALISTIC.

We have received the first number of the *San Franciscan*, a weekly journal published in this city. It is a handsome sixteen-page paper, filled mostly with original matter, and in that which is not the selections are judiciously made. It is well written and well made up. The type is new and clear, the paper good, and the printing excellent. This new venture is under the charge of Messrs. Joseph T. Goodman, Arthur McEwen, and Thomas E. Flynn. All three are practical journalists and brilliant writers. We can not give a better idea of the *San Franciscan* than by printing its table of contents:

The Carson Fossil-Footprints.....Mark Twain.
The Crime of England against Ireland.....Hon. Thomas Fitch.
Strange Hawaiian Traditions.....Hon. R. M. Daggett.
California. A Pioneer's Lecture to her People on their Duties.
Hon. C. C. Goodwin.
The Reporter's Revenge.....Sam Davis.
Why the Gold Gulch "News" Suspended.....Arthur McEwen.
The British Colony. Illustrated.....Thomas E. Flynn.
The Origin of the Tea-Plant. A Chinese Fairy Tale. Translated by.
Luly A. Littleton.
Extracts from "Persia." An Unpublished Poem.....Anna M. Fitch.
Peace.....Ina D. Coolbrith.
My Faith.....Joseph T. Goodman.
Moonlight on the Bay.....An Unpublished Poem by "Dion."
The American Hog.....A. S. Young.
Pine-Street Methods in the Mountains.
The Recent Rainfall. [After the style of the *Bulletin*.]
A Regular Hoodoo.
A Real Reformer.
The Danger of Ambition.
Approbation for the Athletes. Illustrated.
Editorial—Introductory: The Field Conspiracy; Mr. Foote's Report; Jenkins; Miscellany.
Brahma.

Published at 420 Kearny Street. Price, $4 per year.

There have been sent us several copies of the *Ingleside*, which bears the sub-title, "A Journal for Home Reading." The *Ingleside* is a sixteen-page sheet, 32x46 in size. It is an eclectic story-paper, made up mostly of selection from English periodicals and translations from Continental ones. There are, however, some American stories in each number, and a variety of selections from the American "humorists" of the day. There are a number of departments, all of which seem to be edited with good judgment. A peculiar feature of the paper is the printing at the head of each story of a short sketch of the author, or biographette. We give the contents of the numbers before us:

Jack's Courtship. A Romantic Tale of the Sea.....By W. Clark Russell.
Left Out on Lone Star Mountain. A New Story.....By Bret Harte.
I Say No; or, The Love-letter Answered.....By Wilkie Collins.
The Burglar's Story. A Whimsical Narrative.....By W. S. Gilbert.
Zara. A Love Story.....By "The Duchess."
The Register. A Comedietta.....By W. D. Howells.
The New Columbine. A Theatrical Sketch.....By Dutton Cook.
The Denver Express. How It Met a Gang of Railroad Robbers. A. A. Hayes.
The Silver Hatchet. A Story of Mysterious Murder.....By A. Conan Doyle.
An Old Southern Home.....By Sherwood Bonner.
A Curious Coffin.....By Edward I. Stevenson.
The Cipher Advertisement. An English Detective Story..By Henry Radcliffe.
A Woman's Greed. A Lesson for Husbands and Wives.
From the French of Laboulaye.
The Ill-starred Brigantine. A Story of a Mysterious Quadroon and a Negress's Amulet.....By Robert Louis Stevenson.
The Devil's Flirtation.....From the Russian of Nicholas Gogol.
Mavra. The Little Servant.....From the Russian.
Dandy. A Dog Story.....By F. Anstey.
The Mental Masquerade. The Story of a Double Surprise..By Esther Warren.
The Moor's Tower. How a Manuscript Caused the Death of Five Men.
From the Spanish.
Fashion Letters.....By Clara Belle.
The Obelisk. Things that Don't Generally Get Out.....By the Man Inside.
Peck's Bad Boy. I—He Waxes the Floor for a Dancing-party. II—His Pa is Knocked Out by the Minister. III—His Dissertation on Tramps. IV—He becomes Wicked Again and Takes his Father out Rabbit-hunting.
Mr. Spoopendyke. I—He Prepares for a Hunting Excursion. II—Mrs. S. Finds a Lottery Ticket. III—They Both Go a Crab-fishing. IV—They Hang a Picture. V—He has a Sore Foot.
Miscellany. Household Recipes. Answers to Correspondents. Short Stories, etc. "The Four Henrys." "How We Fought the Fire," by Will Carleton. "The Way of Wooing," by W. S. Gilbert. "An Algerian Lion Story." "The General's Visitor." "The Story of a Cat," a side-splitting yarn. "The Telephone," by George W. Peck, author of the "Bad Boy." "Mr. Plunkett's Evening Reception." "The Chinese God," by Bill Nye. "Two Women," by G. R. Sims. "The Ballad of Charity," by Hans Breitmann. "The Mystery of Gilgal," by John Hay. "The Wonderful Adventures of a Sign-painter." "A Bob-tail Mystery." "Luke," by Bret Harte. "The Vacation of Mustapha," by R. J. Burdette. "Women at Sea," by Prentice Mulford. Paragraphs from all the Funny Men.

The *Ingleside* is issued over the names of Henry B. McDowell as editor, and George F. Bigelow as business manager. Published at 712 Montgomery Street; price, $2.50 per year.

The first number of the *Evening Star*, a new venture in San Francisco daily journalism, made its appearance last Saturday. It is announced as issued by the "Daily Star Publishing Co.," of which S. W. De Lacy and Jas. H. Barry are managers. It is a six-column folio, 21x28 in size. It is reasonably well printed, although the paper might be better. The following paragraphs, printed at the head of the editorial page, may give some idea of its policy:

"We are not publishing this paper to suit everybody. It will not be radical enough for some, and not conservative enough for others. Knowing this to be true, we've concluded in the main to please ourselves. 'Now, what are you going to do about it?'

"We believe that worth and not wealth should be recognized as the true standard of greatness in politics, and in every other walk of life.

"As labor with the head or hands produces all wealth, it is but justice that those who labor be entitled to a full share of the wealth labor produces."

We commend the first paragraph. He who attempts to publish a paper to please every one will please no one. The *Star* is published at 411 Bush Street. Its price is 2½ cents per copy; per week, 10 cents; per annum, $4.

The *Pacific Coast*, a San Francisco journal which was begun in December, has suspended. Its life was brief, like those of the roses. Mr. Pickering has prepared a tasteful headstone, and the *Pacific Coast* will be buried on the corner of Sigh Street and Cypress Avenue, left hand side as you enter Mr. P.'s cemetery—*coté des enfants*. Friends will attend the funeral without further notice. No flowers.

Announcements: "Prusias," a romance of ancient Rome under the Republic, by Ernst Eckstein, translated from the German by Clara Bell, has just been issued by William Gottsberger & Co., of New York.——The *Musical Observer*, lately started in Boston, is said to be proving a success. It is well gotten up, and bids fair to become as good a representative of American musical interests as the *Dramatic Times* is of the stage.——The *Critic and Good Literature* of February 9th contains letters from many of the best known writers in America, in answer to the quesion, "Should authors be paid cash down, or a percentage on the sale of their books?" The views expressed are varied and interesting.——The finest poem which Mr. Whittier has written for a long time will shortly appear in *Harper's Weekly*. It is entitled, "Banished," and is to accompany a beautiful drawing by Mr. Abbey, which represents a mournful group of Quakers driven from the Massachusetts shores by the persecutors of 1660.——It is reported that Signor Edmondo di Amicis, the accomplished Italian author, is coming to this country, not only to write a book about America, but also to give a course of lectures. He is said to have been guaranteed the sum of forty thousand lire, whatever may be the result of the lectures. He will, moreover, receive a share of any profits that may accrue.

## COBWEBS.

Charity is an indispensable section of the back-bone of society. Were all the poor suddenly made comfortable; if it should rain flour, and bacon, and coal; if the whole community were to go cross-eyed and buy all the monstrosities in fancy-work offered for sale by indigent gentlewomen; if our millionaires had themselves hashed up in one huge chopping-bowl, and the auriferous particles evenly divided among the citizens; in short, if there were no occasion for charity, what would become of the possessors of amateur talent? They would certainly burst. Or perhaps they would form a Society for the Propagation of Deserving Indigent, and thus create a class who should give them an excuse for the exercise of their gifts.

There is so much that is utterly vague and purposeless in all social gatherings that an object in view, a *raison d'être*, is a veritable oasis in a desert. It is hard for a man to rise in an assembly of his friends and give the last act of "Lucia" in the small, sitting-room tenor that sounds so big to him. One's friends always talk, and—being one's friends—do not consider the super-protestation of applause as necessary. But this same man has visions by night, and wild imaginings by day, of delighted multitudes hanging on his little high C with real, audible, rapturous enthusiasm. In charity he hopes to find fulfillment of his dreams. But this kind of long-fermented benevolence is apt, like an over-loaded gun, to recoil. That is to say, it often works backward, and the people who sing are more benefited than the people who are sung for.

It was really very jolly at the B.'s the other night. The B.'s are wealthy people who honestly take a liberal and enlightened interest in all matters of culture and of charity. Of course, they are rather eccentric in this respect, but other people admire although they do not emulate them. They gave an amateur concert to which all the world flocked. It was for culture and charity combined, and was worth twice the admission fee to those who could manage to see or hear, and three times as much to those who could not. For, with all due respect to the programme, which was excellent and beautifully carried out, it is no common experience to be crushed to a jelly by a fashionable, full-dress, good-natured crowd, seeing nothing but the back of your neighbor, and deafened with floods of small talk from everywhere—while from a not-to-be-located corner there arises at irrational intervals, on which the programme throws no light, like a spooky voice from the spirit land, a plaintive tootle-tootle, or gurgling trill, or giddy tra-la-la. It was like trying to witness from behind a grove a pyrotechnical display, of which only occasional stray and high-flown rockets could possibly be visible.

One mignonne miss had a little fun out of it. She gave a bright recitation which was enjoyed by those who could hear it over the din of conversation. After the concert was over she was much congratulated. Some of her friends who had not studied their programmes, and had seen—not heard—her from a distance, complimented her warmly on the success of her *song*. The young lady, who is as quick-witted as she is pretty, enjoyed the joke and accepted the compliments smilingly—leaving her friends to gasp with astonishment when they discovered their mistake later.on.

Lent, this year, will be a season for study and meditation. The last craze, which will reach its zenith this coming summer, is the passion for palmistry and fortune-telling. It is one which requires a little reading and a trifle of thought. During the solemn hours in the Lent just at hand, our society belles will "cram" on these subjects for the summer campaign. In auld lang syne the fortune-telling witch was wrinkled, and shriveled, and barefoot. She had bleary eyes and skinny hands, and sent unpleasant shivers up and down your body. We are improving on these things. The fortune-telling witch of to-day has red lips and bright eyes, a soft, little, white hand, with rosy, polished nails, and an electric battery in every finger-tip. She wears dainty French slippers and a coquettish smile, and carries a lace umbrella with a rose-pink lining big enough to tint a whole summer afternoon for two. Besides all this, I have heard it said that the modern witch is twice as likely to reveal to you the true image of your temporarily loved one as was ever the ancient article. And then, too, with this change, men have grown more self-sacrificing and humane. Instead of burning witches at the stake, as they used to do in olden time, men now lead them to the altar, and mayhap, most likely, dance a sort of "witches' dance" for them forever after.

It is not by any means to be despised, this having one's fortune told by a society amateur. In fact, it is rather an exhilarating amusement. It is also very nice to have your character read. Suppose you are a susceptible man—of course, you are not—and that a beautiful young lady is about to read your character for you. You seat yourself in just the least bit of a flutter, presenting first one hand and then another for her view. It takes two to play the game—two hands, I mean, the left for the emotions and the right for the sterner qualities. The minute she begins to talk you feel that the situation is horribly personal, and begin to fear that perhaps there is something in this palmistry, after all. She takes one of your hands, palm upward, in both of hers, and carefully scans the lines and creases. She tries to look purely scientific—and fails. You try to look humorously skeptical—and fail. In spite of yourself you are a little anxious as to what she will say, and you suddenly perceive that your hand is larger, redder, and altogether less attractive than you ever thought it before. You mentally apologize for the fact. As you do so, she paralyzes you with a meaning smile. Your hair begins to rise, and you wonder if she can tell where you were last night. It is only your guilty conscience—the smile is part of the programme. Then she knits her brows, half-closes her eyes, and assumes that profoundly searching look which women often use when they haven't an idea on earth, and don't know what to say next. You are deceived by it, and begin to have a respect for her intelligence. Then she tells you that the mound of Mars is wonderfully developed. You are proud, courageous, fearless. You straighten yourself up, forget all about the red hands, and admire the girl for her penetration. She goes on about the mounds of Mercury, Venus, Apollo, Jupiter, and of the moon—life-line, heart-line, head-line, and line of success. She tells you that you are generous to a fault, that it is your fate that all women should love you. She says that you have a brilliantly successful career before you, and that your heart is your strong suit, but, happily, kept in check by your great intelligence. You go all to pieces, ask innumerable questions, and become gelatinous with gallant appreciation of her wit and cleverness. She answers you with nods, sighs, shrugs, and non-committal interjections. In fact, she is away beyond her depth, and the one clever thing that she does is to look wise and conceal it.

You leave her with an unsatisfied yearning. You don't know what's the matter with you. You think without regretting it that possibly you are in love with this girl, who certainly understands you better than any one. The fact is, you have been started on a line of introspection and self-inquiry, and you haven't the courage to finish the task by yourself so nobly begun by the young lady. You go off and smoke, and build castles in the air about this girl who appreciates you. When you come back she is holding another fellow's hand—just as she held yours. You approach—she is saying to him the self-same things she said to you.

You retire, in a cold, polite rage, from her false, perfidious presence. That night you drink a little more than you meant to. Before you are led to bed you tell your male associates that for many years you have had a wide and varied experience with women, and that you know by personal experience that they are all—all vain, immoral, deceitful, and dangerous. Next day, next week, or next month, according to your temperament, you will do exactly the same thing over again. Here endeth the first lesson in palmistry.

That reminds me of a good joke, told on himself, by a gentleman known to his friends as "William":

"You see," said William, "we were storm-bound in that house for over two mortal weeks, and that Boston girl was there all the time. I hated her, and she hated me, and we used to lay for each other from morning till night. I was getting rather the best of it in a quiet way, when, one night, she offered to read my character by my hands. Like a fool I let her do it. Well, if that girl didn't most eternally score me, I'm an Injun. She turned loose a flood of Boston learning on me, and, under pretense of reading my hand, she gave me a character that would have ruined anybody in less than a minute. The worst of it"—here William scratched his head and shook it—"the worst of it is, she told me a lot of things I knew myself, but thought nobody else did. But if reason holds its throne, and I hope it will, you may take my head for a foot-ball if I ever let another woman see the inside of my hand."

The other day I saw a gentleman out calling in the afternoon. He had on a black broadcloth coat, pale lavender gloves, and boots that were boots. The Christian name on his visiting card was a pagan one—old Roman, like his nose—and he wore that name parted in the middle. He carried a cane of before-the-war pattern, and was invested, by reason of a consciousness that his cut was ancient, with a sort of deprecating dignity. He didn't seem to be quite at his ease until he looked into his hat. Then he braced up, like a man who knows his world and is prepared to be as stylish as anybody. What was it? Just a hat-band—nothing more. A hat-band on which some kindly feminine fingers had broidered the five initials of his awful name, and wreathed them with forget-me-nots. And as he looked at it, he seemed to say to himself:

"By my boots, madame, a man who can have a thing like that done for him is fit to take any position—and maintain it."

The very same day I had another hat-band experience. By the way, a hat-band, in the latest acceptation of the term, is not a hat-band, but a piece of ribbon fastened within the crown. I met, in a shop, a young man who had been, in happier days, a dudelet among the Southern chivalry of this city. Now, alack! he is shabby, unkempt, unshaven, and almost out at the elbows. Some say it is genius; some say it is whisky; some say it is plain, simple shiftlessness. Be that as it may, he is like the new City Hall—a grand young ruin, with an impressive style and nothing to back it up.

I talked with him a little. Presently I saw him straighten up proudly, and beam a latitudinal smile into his hat. I looked at the hat. It was ancient and greasy. I looked within it. There was the universal hat-band, worked with the Southron's initials intertwined amid the sempiternal forget-me-nots.

Oh! woman, woman! There is no man so old, or so shabby, or so fallen from his high estate, that some gentle soul among you will not warm his weary heart with a hat-band, broidered with forget-me-nots.

One more. I was in a car with a couple of shop-girls. One of them fell upon her companion, and, in a long, gigglesome whisper, proposed some larking scheme.

"No," said number two, looking straight before her with a broad, far-away, chewing-gum smile; "no, I can't. I got to stay home. I'm workin' a hat-band for my feller—and it's a daisy. Forget-me-nots on it, and don't you forget it."

In vain did number one entreat. Number two remained firm to her hat-band and her purpose. There is no doubt about it, there is a mysterious charm about the hat-band.

ARACHNE.

A new source of caoutchouc has been discovered in Southern India. This is a plant called *Parameria glandulifera*, which seems to be a native of the forests of Cochin China. In China it is known as *tuchung*. The twigs of the plant contain caoutchouc in abundance.

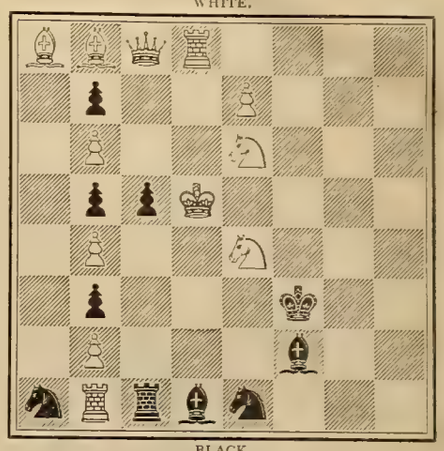
## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

**Problems and Other Topics of Interest in the King of Games.**

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 2115 Fillmore Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

**Problem by Thomas Randell.**

WHITE.



BLACK.

Checkmate in four moves.

**Van t' Kruy's Opening.**

The following interesting and high-class game was played in the fifth round of the Berlin Tourney, 1881, between Mr. James Mason and Herr Tschigorin:

| *White.* Mr. Mason. | *Black.* Herr Tschigorin | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K3 | 1—P KB4 | 30—P x QP | 30—P x P |
| 2—P Q4 | 2—P K3 | 31—B B4 | 31—Q Q2 |
| 3—Kt KB3 | 3—Kt KB3 | 32—R K2 | 32—R K sq |
| 4—B K2 | 4—P QKt3 | 33—B K5 | 33—R QB3 (h) |
| 5—Castles | 5—B Kt2 | 34—QR K sq | 34—P Kt3 |
| 6—P B4 | 6—P Q4 (a) | 35—Q Kt3 | 35—KR K3 |
| 7—Kt B3 | 7—B Q3 | 36—P B4 | 36—R R sq |
| 8—P QKt3 | 8—Castles | 37—R QB sq | 37—R R6 |
| 9—B Kt2 | 9—QKt Q2 | 38—Q Kt4 | 38—R R4 |
| 10—Kt QKt5 | 10—Kt K5 (b) | 39—KR QB2 | 39—Q Kt4 |
| 11—Kt x B | 11—P x Kt (c) | 40—Q Kt3 | 40—R K2 |
| 12—Kt Q2 | 12—P x P | 41—Q KB3 (i) | 41—R (K2) R2 |
| 13—Kt x Kt | 13—B x Kt | 42—Q Kt2 | 42—Q Kt5 |
| 14—P B3 | 14—B Kt2 | 43—Q K2 | 43—R R6 |
| 15—P x P | 15—R B3 | 44—P Kt4 | 44—R K2 |
| 16—B R3 | 16—R Kt3 (d) | 45—P x P (j) | 45—Kt x B |
| 17—R B2 | 17—Kt B3 | 46—QP x Kt | 46—Q Q5 ch (k) |
| 18—Q Kt3 | 18—Q Q2 | 47—K R sq | 47—R K6 |
| 19—R Q sq | 19—R QB sq | 48—Q Kt2 | 48—K B2 |
| 20—B Kt4 | 20—B R3 | 49—R B6 (l) | 49—Q Q6 |
| 21—B B sq | 21—Kt K sq | 50—R x KKtP | 50—R K8 ch |
| 22—B Q3 | 22—Q QB2 (e) | 51—R x R | 51—P x R |
| 23—R QB sq | 23—P Q4 | 52—Q x KtP ch | 52—K B sq |
| 24—P B5 | 24—B x B | 53—R KKtsq | 53—Q K5 ch |
| 25—Q x B | 25—K R3 | 54—Q Kt2 | 54—R QB2 |
| 26—P Kt3 | 26—Kt Q3 (f) | 55—Q x Q | 55—P x Q |
| 27—B Q2 | 27—Kt B5 (g) | 56—R K sq | 55—R B5 |
| 28—P x P | 28—P x P | 57—K Kt2 | 57—R B7 ch |
| 29—P K4 | 29—R B3 | 58—K Kt3 | 58—R B6 ch |
| | | 59—K Kt4 | Resigns. |

(a) Not good. B to K2 should be played.

(b) B to K2 is best.

(c) Kt takes Kt, though the position yielded thereby illustrates the weakness of his opening, is preferable.

(d) Ingenious and sufficient for the occasion. It intends Q to Kt4 as an answer to 17 B takes P.

(e) Completing a series of moves which rehabilitate him somewhat. Nevertheless K3 continues to be a weak spot, and his game generally has not a healthy appearance.

(f) Apparently the best mode of getting the Knight into play, but the conformation of the game is such that there is no particular vocation for this piece.

(g) There is much to be said for P takes P.

(h) R to B2, intending a defensive policy, is to be preferred.

(i) By the light of this move it will be seen that all future chances are with White. Black's attacking line of play, though not absolutely unsound, has therefore been of no advantage to him. He ought now to withdraw his forces, and through not adopting that course a bad quarter of an hour comes to him.

(j) A powerful stroke.

(k) Q takes BP, whether before or after checking, leaves Black with a lost game, and the same of any other line of play.

(l) Quiet, but effective.

The words "white" and "black," designating the ends of the board in our last week's diagram, became transposed. They should have been placed "eend for eend."

**Obscure Intimations.**

"The Way of the World."—Declined.

"Why the Leaves turn Red."—Declined.

"A Lover's Lament,"—Declined.

"Cheap Literature."—Declined.

"The Future."—Declined.

"Ascending Mount Shasta."—Declined.

"Niagara in Winter,"—Declined.

"W. D. H.," City.—1. The *Book-Buyer* is published monthly, by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, at a subscription price of fifty cents a year. 2. The *Critic and Good Literature* is published weekly, at 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York, at a subscription price of three dollars a year. 3. He is still alive; a letter addressed care of G. & C. Merriam, Springfield, Mass., would find him.

"Nicholas of Damascus."—In the first part of the letter "Cockaigne" explained what he meant by "fast," and that the word did not possess in England the odium attaching to it in America. You had better read his letter over again.

"A Reader," writes: "Will you kindly club your society correspondent for his or her disgust for English? Witness: 'Au désespoir,' 'beau monde,' 'musicale,' 'place aux dames,' 'on dit,' 'un fait accompli,' etc. Is not English quite good enough?" We think English is good enough for any one even for "society" people and "society" writers.

"E. A. S. P."—Thanks; we have read it with interest.

"C. A. W."—The poem, "The Chemisette," should not have been credited to the *Judge*. It appeared in a collection of verse entitled, "Lyrics by the Letter H.," which was published in 1854.

"Lilian."—Much obliged, but we are afraid to print any more. They come now in battalions.

## THE INNER MAN.

In France, says a writer in the New York *World*, a cook serves a regular apprenticeship. He learns at the beginning to make pastry, and during the first year or two he receives little or nothing for his labor. In fact, he is obliged to pay in some of the best establishments. When he has become a competent pastry cook he is taught to make sauces and dressings. From this time on he gradually learns the various branches, and if fortunate he may become a *chef* after working ten years at the art. Then he presides at the head of some establishment, but his work is still of the most arduous nature unless he be *chef* in a private family. In a hotel, restaurant, or large club he has the following assistants: Second cook, roast cook, cold-meat cook, first butcher, second butcher, and night cook. Nearly every wealthy family in French cities has its *chef*. In Paris no establishment with any pretensions is without this functionary. There many gentlemen give their *chefs* a certain amount of money, out of which they are to furnish the table and retain the balance. This incites them to economize. Others pay a salary which amounts to five thousand francs in many instances—a sum which will go very far in that sunny land. Besides, there are often perquisites attached to the office. The Emperor William has a French cook named Dubois, to whom he pays a large salary. He is relieved every other month by an assistant, and goes to Paris regularly during his vacation. For twenty-five years he has held this position, and he now holds the rank of a commandant in the army, with none of the duties, but all of the advantages annexed, including retirement and pension after a certain age. In this country a number of families have imported French cooks, and the larger hotels and restaurants have had them for many years. But the *chefs* in private families are very few compared with the number of affluent people here. Among the New York *chefs* who have been here the longest are D. Piretti, now of the Park Avenue Hotel, and Charles Renhofer, of Delmonico's Twenty-sixth Street place. The former, although an Italian by birth, has the French schooling, and has been in New York twenty-six years. He was for seven years with F. Martinez in the old Maison Dorée, Union Square. He cooked at one time for Mr. Sherman, the banker; again for James Gordon Bennett, and he opened the Gilsey House. The Buckingham Hotel and the Union Club have known his art. For twenty-two years Charles Renhofer has presided over the kitchen of one of the Delmonico restaurants. He opened the Fourteenth Street house in 1866. Among the persons who keep a *chef* are ex-Mayor Havemeyer, for whom Jule Bivien cooks. Madame Wolf employs Camilo Lopez, the only Spanish *chef* in New York, who formerly worked for P. Lorillard. He receives one hundred and fifty dollars per month. William Astor has Louis Cabassub, at a salary of one hundred and thirty-five dollars monthly. W. K. Vanderbilt brought hither at a fancy price a Parisian, by name Grandet, to superintend his cuisine. Cornelius Vanderbilt employs August Schelcher, whose uncle Edward has charge of the Grand Union at Saratoga. For P. Lorillard, Victor Bafney acts as private *chef* at the rate of one thousand six hundred dollars a year. Adrien Tenu prepares Jay Gould's dainty dishes. His salary is about one thousand four hundred dollars. Émile Hederer is employed by Mrs. F. Neilson. Louis Peugnaud cooks for D. O. Mills, and Eugene Mercier for his son. They receive one thousand two hundred dollars each. David Wetmore employs Gallie. William H. Fearing has the services of Pierre Reitz as private cook. Mr. Dana, when keeping house, generally employs Albert Gatti. Judge Hilton, Mrs. Paran Stevens, Mr. Sheldon, Mr. Langdon, and others, employ private cooks. The reports of the immense salaries paid here for this class of work have often been fictitious. Very few private *chefs* receive more than fifteen hundred dollars per annum. In hotels and restaurants, where their tasks are much more arduous, two thousand dollars is considered a fair salary. However, it is said to be a fact not generally known that in a private family the cook makes a percentage upon the price of provisions consumed, as he is at liberty to carry the trade whither he chooses. The preparation and cooking of the food for a family is done almost wholly by the *chef* in person, and where the number of members is small the highest perfection of the art can be attained. The taste of each one is known precisely, and the intelligence goes far in making the dishes tempting. Furthermore, a few portions can be better served than a large number. So more dainty and rare luxuries can be had than most public tables are willing to keep on hand. However, the tastes of regular habitués of a public table are soon learned by the *chef*, and then there can be little difference between the two, provided the artists at the range are equally expert. The French cooks here say that there is every excellence in a first-class table in this city which can be found on Parisian boards. They record a great improvement in the last ten years. Not only have more and better varieties of meats and vegetables come to this market, but public taste has improved in these matters. The great advance has been in the excellence of sauces, dressing, and manner and style of service. The demand has brought a supply. Many epicures who have resided abroad for extended periods of time have nothing but praise for the tables of the restaurateurs they frequent. Among the cooks favorably known in this city are Felix Deliee, of the New York Club, and President of the Société Culinaire Philanthropique; Henry Dupin, of the Union League Club; Ferdinand Fere, of the Astor House; Charles Lallouette, of the Buckingham Hotel; Just Lallement, of the Everett House; A. Caron, of the Hoffman House; Louis Cuppinger, formerly of the White House. The cooks, as a class, are a jovial class. The old monks are not described as more rotund, rosy, and merry than these men. With their clean white caps, and jackets, and smiling faces, they present pictures of pleasant contentment and thrift. The qualities which are indispensable to the *chef* of a large establishment are executive ability, methodical and precise habits, and some knowledge of accounts.

It is asserted that there have never been more scandalous sheets hawked about Paris than at present. Sometimes the police seize them.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

### Telephonic.

Hello! Hello! My darling Nell,
I know your touch upon the bell;
It thrilled, as often does my heart
When you your loving glances dart.
I can't hear, dearest. Louder! Yell!
Speak lower, loved one, you must spell,
For what you say I can not tell,
We are so very far apart—
Hello! Hello!
I'm at the office and must sell—
What do you say? To go to—well?
Good gracious! Tell me who thou art?
"Shut up, young feller, and depart!
I want the druggist—calomel!"
Hello! Hello!
—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Orthographical.

A young lady said to her beau,
"I'm glad the sneau's coming down seau.
Because now, I kneau,
We'll a sleigh riding geau,
So hail to the beautiful sneau!"
The youth shook his head and he sighed.
"I'm sorry," he sadly replighed;
"I can't hire a sleigh,
For I'm dead broke to-deigh,
And the pleasure to us is denighed."
—*Somerville Journal.*

### A Bunch of Roses.

Sweet rose, in thee the summer bides:
Thy deep red breast a secret hides,
Which none may know but that dear she
Whose eyes are stars lit up for me.

Red rose, unto her sweetly speak
And glow against her burning cheek—
Breathe this into her shell-like ear:
"Thou mak'st it summer all the year."

*(On receiving bill from florist)*
Great Scott! List to my heart's dull thud!
Those Jacks a dollar cost a bud;
And she is now my rival's bride.
I still must wear that ulster tried! —*Life.*

### An Old Song Adapted to the Year.

Why don't the girls propose, papa?
Why don't the girls propose?
Each one seems coming to the point,
And then away she goes.
Though 'tis their privilege this year,
As everybody knows,
They flirt in quite an awful way,
But, oh, they won't propose.

I've read the latest fashions,
I can talk of plait and frill,
And discuss the newest color
With a quite consummate skill;
I am *au fait* on bonnets,
Know a thing or two of hose,
And I seem to interest them,
But they won't—they won't propose.

That most feminine of columns
In the excellent *Bazar*,
Where the queerest sort of queries
About making dresses are,
I have studied with attention,
Till one really would suppose
That my language must attract them,
Yet still they won't propose.

I've practiced charming innocence,
And weeping at the play;
And I can drop my eyelids
In a most engaging way;
I've studied hard to blush and lisp
My "yes"es and my "no"s,
And smiled with sweet persistence;
But they will not propose.

It's really very hard, papa;
There's cause for just complaint.
I'm even trying to teach myself
The way to scream and faint;
But while I practice every art,
Too fast the leap-year goes.
Why don't the girls propose, papa?
Why don't the girls propose? —*Puck.*

### The Cat Show.

Come, get your hats and coats, boys, and let us all go
To see the funny creatures at the great cat show!
Scratch cats, Thomas cats, pussy cats, and all
Yellow cats, and cats that shriek upon the garden wall;
Cats that sing in alto notes which pierce the listening ear.
Loud enough for people half a mile away to hear;
Pet cats, and tabby cats, and cats that love to fight,
Cats that wander through the streets very late at night;
Big cats, stout cats, cats that fiercely squall,
Little kits that seem to be almost no cats at all;
Maltese, and tortoise shells, and cats with green eyes;
Fat cats, lean cats, and cats so wondrous wise;
Speckled cats, striped cats, with coats sleek and nice;
Sly cats, of rare skill at catching rats and mice;
Bob-tailed, squirrel-tailed, bow-legged beasts;
Cats that make of stolen meat the most majestic feasts;
Cats with fur like buffalo or hair fine as silk,
And cats that fatten cheerfully on rich condensed milk.

What a strange, elastic beast our ordinary cat!
Drop him from the housetop and you'd think he'd fall flat:
See him light so gracefully on all his four feet,
And scamper like a lightning flash away down the street!
Whatever woeful accidents this animal befall,
You can't hurt a Thomas cat by any means at all;
You hit him with a shovel or a poker on his head,
And leave him stretched upon the ground, appearing to be dead;
Soon he gathers up himself and calmly walks away,
And goes to play with other cats, and spends a happy day;
On knocks, and blows, and kicks, and cuffs the creature simply thrives,
For every cat, as is well known, has just nine lives. —*New York Liar.*


The Strongest and Best!




The Strongest and Best!

THOMAS PRICE, Analytic Chemist, pronounces the GIANT BAKING POWDER nearly one-third stronger than any manufactured or sold on the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 24, 1883.

H. E. BOTHIN, President Bothin M'f'g Co.:

DEAR SIR—After careful and complete chemical analysis of a can of Giant Baking Powder, purchased by us in open market, we find that it does not contain alum, acid phosphate, terra alba, or any injurious substance, but is a pure, healthful Cream Tartar Baking Powder, and as such can recommend it to consumers.

WM. T. WENZELL & CO., Analytic Chemists.

We concur:
R. BEVERLY COLE, M. D.
J. L. MEARES, M. D., Health Officer.
ALFRED W. PERRY, M. D., } Members of San
W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D., } Francisco Board
AUG. ALERS, M. D., } of Health.

**Manufactured by**
**BOTHIN M'F'G COMPANY,**
**17 and 19 Main Street, San Francisco.**
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

# AYER'S Sarsaparilla

**Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin; as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.**

**Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.**

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years.
W. H. MOORE."
Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY
**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**
Sold by all Druggists: $1, six bottles for $5.

# *Apollinaris*

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."
*British Medical Journal.*

*"A necessity at every Table and at every Bar."* **New York Tribune.**

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.

*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*

**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.**

**FOR SALE BY**

**A. F. EVANS & CO.**

**522 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**

**HEALD'S** BUSINESS **COLLEGE.**
**No. 24 Post Street,**
**SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

# GRANULA

An incomparable Food for **Invalids** and **Children**; oldest and best health food known; delicious as a diet; grocers and druggists sell it. Manufactured by
**OUR HOME GRANULA CO.**, Dansville, N. Y.
Wholesale Agents: HICKOX & CO., San Francisco, Cal.; WATSON, WRIGHT & CO., Portland, Or.; H. JEVNE, Los Angeles, Cal.

**MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. A. K. CLAPPE'S**

# SELECT SCHOOL

**FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,**

At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N. Y. Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalogue.

M. J. BURKE. **(Established 1858.)** F. H. BURKE.

# MADISON & BURKE,

## REAL ESTATE AGENTS

**And Rent Collectors.**

**FULL CHARGE TAKEN OF REAL ESTATE.**

**401 and 403 Montgomery Street,**
**N. W. corner California St.**

# NOW READY THE FINEST CIGARETTE

**"CLOTH OF GOLD."**

**(Straight Mesh.)**

**SWEET, DELICATE, AND MILD!!**

This Cigarette is made from the finest and most costly leaf from that region of Virginia particularly adapted for growing tobacco for Cigarettes. Our long experience in manufacturing enables us to secure the most suital le kinds of toba co and thus present this superior article, with the full assurance THAT ITS EQUAL HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN OFFERED. A higher grade Cigarette can not be produced. We call particular attention to the superior quality of our old brands of Cigarettes They can not be surpassed.

**Twelve First Prize Medals.**
**Peerless Tobacco Works.**
**WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

**FINE**

**Suits, $25.** **TAILORING** **Suits, $30.**
Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.

**Suits, $40.** **TAILORING** **Suits, $50.**
Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.

**Suits, $60.** **TAILORING** **Suits, $70.**
**J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.**

**BONESTELL, RICHARDSON & CO.**
**ALLEN & CO.**
**PAPER WAREHOUSE**
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F
**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

**Ladies** DO YOUR OWN STAMPING for EMBROIDERY, with our STAMPING PATTERNS for Kensington, Arasene, Outline, Braid Work, &c. Easily transferred to any fabric or material and can be used a hundred times over. 10 full sized working Patterns including Flowers, Corners, Borders, Scollops, Braid strips, outline figures, and your own initial letters for handkerchiefs, hat bands &c., with Powder, Pad and directions for working, all for 60 cents, postpaid.
Book of 100 designs for Embroidery, Braiding &c **25c.**
Our Bro., "Manual of Needlework," is a complete instructor in Kensington, Arasene and all other branches of Embroidery, Knitting, Tatting, Crocheting Lace Missings, &c. 35 cents; Four for $1.00. All the above for $1.00.
**Patten Pub. Co., 47 Barclay Street, New York**

## ANTI-FAT.

**The Greatest Discovery of the Age** by an English lady, who has, by close study and practice, found a remedy whereby people of either sex can be reduced in flesh at the rate of five to seven pounds a month without injury to health or looks, the skin on body and face retaining its smooth appearance. This treatment strengthens the nerves and muscles, destroying only the fat, which is simply a watery fluid in the tissues, producing gout, rheumatism, incipient paralysis, apoplexy, and fatty degeneration of the heart. Address ANTI-FAT, office box 1925, city.


**POTOSI MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 18th day of January, 1884, an assessment (No. 14) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the twentieth day of February, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the thirteenth day of March, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

☞ **Notice is hereby given that JOHN J.** NEWSOM, of Oakland, Alameda Co., Cal., and JOHN GASH, of San Francisco, Cal., have renewed their partnership as Architects, and that they comprise all the members of the firm of NEWSOM & GASH.

JOHN J. NEWSOM,
JOHN GASH.

San Francisco, January 29th, 1884.

Acknowledged before John E. Hamill, N. P., January 30th, 1884.

[Endorsed] Filed in the office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of February, A. D. 1884.

WILLIAM T. SESNON, County Clerk.
By EDWARD MYERS, Deputy Clerk.

Office, 33 Merchants' Exchange, California St., S. F.

# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Friday, February 15, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| *9.30 A.M. | ..Antioch and Martinez..... | *12.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia. ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa..... | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.30 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Deming, El Paso } Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | and East..... } Emigrant .. | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and } via Livermore..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Stockton } via Martinez..... | *12.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Ione..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ..Los Angeles and South..... | 9.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | Merced, Madera, } ..... | *12.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Fresno, and Tulare } ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Marysville and Chico..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Mojave, Needles, } Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | and East..... } Emigrant .. | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " ..... | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| 5.00 P.M. | Ogden and } Express..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 5.30 P.M. | East..... } Emigrant..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff { via Marysville.. | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | and Tehama { via Woodland... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Redding ..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers.... | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José..... | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 9.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | *12.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| *4.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| | .. " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Virginia City..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 4.30 P. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Benicia; and that leaving at 8.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from the Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *9.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.37, 8.37, 9.37, 10.37.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Daily, except Sundays. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11¼ inches, with over **3,300** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**

**227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.,**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.

Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.


NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

**BROAD GAUGE.**

## WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, November 11, 1883,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| †6.50 A.M. | | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | *8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | 9.03 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| *5.10 P.M. | | †4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ...Salinas, and Monterey... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Soquel, Aptos.. | |
| *3.30 P.M. | (Camp Capitolan & Santa Cruz, broad gauge, no change of cars | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 5.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (sportsmen's train).

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS

Sold on Saturday and Sunday—good to return on Monday—to Santa Clara or San José, $2.50; to Gilroy, $4.00; to Monterey or Santa Cruz, $5.00, and to principal points between San Francisco and San José.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, January 21st, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—†10.15, *11.15 A. M., *4.50, †5.00 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†7.00, *9.20 A. M., †12.30, *3.20, *5.30, †5.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—*8.00, †8.50 A. M., *12.30, †3.35 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†9.40, *6.50, *9.15 A. M., †12.00 M., *2.50, †5.10 P. M. * Week Days. † Sundays.

For SAUCELITO (Week Days)—9.20 A. M., 1.15, 3.20, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.00, 10.00 A. M., 12.30, 2.00, 5.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (Week Days)—7.45, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.50 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.05, 3.15, 6.10 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 6.15 P. M.

**11.15 A. M.** Daily, Sudays excepted (via San Quentin Ferry), THROUGH TRAIN, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through Train from Duncan Mills arrives in S. F. at 1.45 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning except Mondays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**7.00 A. M.** from Saucelito Ferry, Excursion Train every Sunday for Point Reyes and Way Stations.

Returning, arrives in San Francisco (via Saucelito Ferry) 6.50 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


BOUND VOLUMES

.....OF.....

# THE ARGONAUT.

**Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, and XIII.**

Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office, No. 213 Dupont Street.

**WANTED.**

**Back Numbers of The Argonaut.**

Vol. IV, No. 4; Vol. XII, No. 9.—We will pay twenty-five cents each for either of these numbers at the Business Office of this paper.

# CHARLES R. ALLEN,

**Dealer in House, Steam, Foundry, and**

**CUMBERLAND COAL,**

**ENGLISH COKE AND PIG IRON,**

**120 Beale Street, San Francisco.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA**

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| STEAMER | 1884. | From San Francisco for HONGKONG. |
|---|---|---|
| ARABIC | | Sunday, February 24th. |
| OCEANIC | | Saturday, March 8th. |
| ARABIC | | Saturday, April 26th. |
| OCEANIC | | Tuesday, May 27th. |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Offices, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**Oceanic** ..... **March 8**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Granada** ..... **March 1**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers for MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West Indian ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Australia** ..... **Friday, March 14**

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage appl, at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on the 5th, 10th, 15th, 20th, 25th, and 30th of every month. The steamer sailing the 30th of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every three days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

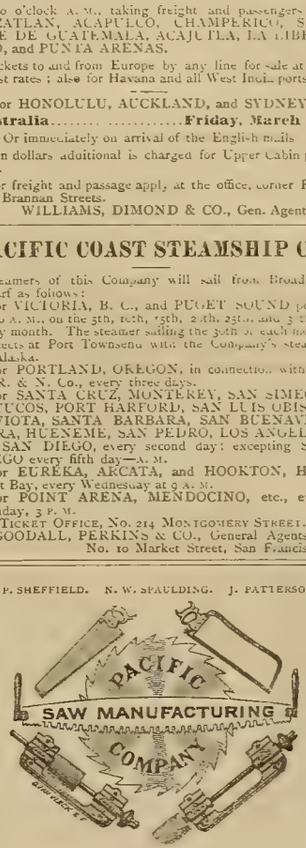
For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

**JOHN W. TAYLOR,**

**MANAGER.**

**Corner First and Market Streets,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital..... $3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President. Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.

London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Limited.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital ..... $3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD ..... President.

THOMAS BROWN ..... Cashier.

BARON MICHAEL J. ..... Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California: Boston, The Second National Bank: Chicago, Union National Bank: St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank: New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand: London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons: China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Gothenburg, Christiana, Lonando, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama.

## The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK

LIMITED,

**N. E. corner Pine and Sansome Streets.**

London Office, 3 Angel Court. New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street.

**Authorized Capital Stock.....$6,000,000**

Will receive Deposits, Open Accounts, make Collections buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED'K F. LOW, } Managers.
ISAIAS STEINHART, }

P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**
Of London. Instituted 1803.

**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.

**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.

**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**

**Assets, Jan. 1, 1882..... 684,332 83**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.

VICE-PRESIDENT .....J. N. L. SHEPARD.

SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# ALASKA

# COMMERCIAL CO.

**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

**R. P. HAMMOND, Jr.,**

**CIVIL ENGINEER AND LAND SURVEYOR,**

Room 38, 312 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.

JOHN GASH, JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California Street, between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.




That most charming of essayists, George William Curtis, who makes the history of the times as he goes along, touched, in the last "Easy Chair," upon the decadence of taste for the Italian opera. He says: "The Italian opera has reached a point in its history where it has passed from the realm of art into that of society..... It has become a part of mere social display, like exquisite porcelain and rare wine. The thing is not valued for itself, but as a stamp and sign of a certain social standing. The Italian opera is no more a matter of art than an assembly or a Patriarch's ball is a matter of proper society."

And then he goes on to tell us that it has resolved itself into a convenient form of social intercourse, in which the performance itself is a secondary consideration.

We all of us have some one writer on whom we pin our faith. I believe anything that George William Curtis chooses to tell me. I know of no more delightful form of literary loafing than to browse among the old "Easy Chairs," and cull the history of New York in choice fragments. It is rather the history of New York gossip, perhaps; but as that, in its turn, discusses everything, it becomes also a history of the time. Curtis's judgment is almost always impartial, considering that he writes for the most radical publishers in the land, and his prophecies generally come true.

He does not foretell the future of opera in his own city, but, by a certain prophetic angle, he lets us know what is coming to us.

We are always just one year behind New York. Before the railroad we were always just three years behind. Now, for some occult reason, though the mail comes in six days, it takes fashions, changes, ideas, plays, and operatic fevers a twelvemonth to reach us.

A year ago New York was wild with enthusiasm over Patti, Scalchi, Campanini, and longed for Nilsson in opera. To-day, at the close of a most spirited contest, neither of the two primas has come out with flying colors, and both are slightly chilled by open-mouthed criticism.

We on this side of the Rocky Mountains are just beginning our musical revels. Our taste is in its flower, while that of the New Yorkers is in its decadence. True, it is a flowering only for English opera at the present moment, but Emma Abbott has not had a hand the less nor a dollar the less because we have been expecting Patti and Gerster.

Patti, it transpires, is not to come; and, strangely enough, the disappointment is not general. Every one is willing to accept Gerster in her stead, for her greatest detractors say nothing worse of Gerster than that she has thick ankles. As for Patti, the magnitude of her fame and salary are such that the public fear her greatness may dwarf the ensemble. And there is nothing which your Californian public so thoroughly demands as a good ensemble. It has been the secret of the phenomenal success of the Abbott season.

It will carry the Gerster season even in the teeth of the advanced prices following hard upon four weeks of opera, if they give it. It will foredoom it, if they fail.

The public have had most fair and honorable treatment from the Abbott management, and they have repaid them in kind.

People anticipating the Gerster season want to know just how many nights Gerster will sing, just what nights they will be, and just what operas she will sing in. As the season is to be so short, there is nothing to prevent their making a full announcement of programmes and casts for the entire eight performances simultaneously with the opening of the box-office.

If they do this, there is no further food for the croakers, and for that curious feeling of antagonism which seems to exist in the air. The season should be much more brilliant artistically than the one we are now enjoying, and in that case it will surely be quite as brilliant socially.

Etelka Gerster has the fame of a great artist. So has Galassi. For the rest, they will be judged upon their merits, as the Abbott people have been—applauded to the echo when they deserve it, and received with chilling silence when they do not. Signor Fabrini, for example, has some beautiful notes in his voice, upon which he very much relies. But it is a clumsy voice, with a predisposition, in critical stages of the music, to go off and try another key now and then. He ruined a duet in "Rigoletto" with one of these experiments, and also spoiled his last singing of "La donna é mobile." He was rewarded in both cases by a dead silence, though he threw in one of his silver notes at the last to take the horrors off the edge of dissonance. At the first singing he gave the tuneful little aria very well, though with not the dash and style of Baldanza. *Per contra*, he is a better Faust than the Italian, who goes to pieces in Gounod's music.

The first performance of "Faust," by the way, has been one of the most enjoyable evenings of the season. Campobello's Mephisto is the most thoroughly artistic piece of work of anything that has been done in the long repertoire, and Emma Abbott was unexpectedly satisfying as Marguerite.

All the English opera heroines are much alike—the Simon-Pure English opera heroines, not the translated Italian ones. Arline, Maritana & Co. are promoted gitanas, who go through a series of rather agreeable melodies from red stockings and a tambourine in the first act, to a trained dress and diamonds in the last.

But the heroine of Italian opera, for generally "Faust" is Italian opera, are women of soul, and fire, and passion, and tragic fervor. Emma Abbott has been denied the full power of expression, but she enters fully into the sentiment of the rôle she sings, and there is never lack of feeling, though there be sometimes lack of strength. It is because she has so thoroughly revealed the spirit of them that she has been best liked as Gilda and Marguerite.

And how far acting goes is shown when Signora Zeppili takes Mrs. Seguin's parts. Signora Zeppili has a more beautiful quality of voice than the English contralto, though not so heavy a one, but Mrs. Seguin is infinitely preferable as Azucena, as Siebel, and as Madalena, the three parts in which she has been duplicated. She is also the tenderest of Pierottos in "Linda," the nattiest of Frederics in "Mignon," and it is always a pleasure to find her name in the cast. Signor Tagliapietra has sung in three rôles since his recovery, Valentine, Antonio, and Rigoletto. He added much to the general excellence of the "Faust" nights, and sang, and died, and cursed Marguerite with true dramatic fire. A douche of disappointment fell upon his admirers under the necessity of his becoming an ancient Alpine granger in "Linda," but no one regrets his gray hairs in "Rigoletto," which is his best rôle.

Next week, which is to be a particularly interesting one, is to be devoted almost entirely to the French composers, when "Paul and Virginia" and "Romeo and Juliet" will be given for the first time.

Rumor hath it that a set of "Iolanthe" costumes and accessories are among the properties of the troupe, but the preëngagement of the theatre will possibly forbid their bringing it out. If so, it is much to be deplored, as we are getting sadly behind the times with Gilbert's and Sullivan's operas. It would be a treat to hear one so well sung as this would be, and it can hardly be beneath the consideration of the company, for Sullivan's music should rank that of the "Bohemian Girl," "Maritana," or "King for a Day."

Although the main interest is centred in the opera, the attendance at the other theatres has not severely dwindled. Katy Putnam, who seems to be a bit of a politician, has established a clientèle of her own at the Bush Street Theatre; the minstrels are crowded always, and Jeffreys-Lewis is taking a rest from the fierce play of passion by acting very prettily in the rôle of a mild, winsome woman.

Mr. Sheridan is the only actor living who ought to play Louis XI. But he should forswear Richelieu. For some reason the crafty cardinal is beyond his grasp.

Edwin Booth made an aristocrat of him to his polished finger tips, and Lawrence Barrett followed his footsteps to some extent. Both weakened him with illness when the proper time came, but neither made of him the curious comingling of emotions, physical strength, and perfect decrepitude which Sheridan presents.

His curse is not the invocation of an awful and rarely used power. It is the blind and ungovernable rage of an undisputed old tyrant with a very bad temper. In short, Mr. Sheridan rants, and roars, and tears a passion to tatters whenever the Cardinal-Duc gets one of his bad spells. He thus eliminates all real dignity from the character of the great man who commanded the admiration of all France, though he never reached its love. Sheridan is too rugged an actor for Richelieu, who laid aside the sword and ceased to be a warrior before the beard grew on his chin. His Cardinal needs fining and toning; and even then, if he lay it upon the shelf for some other actor, his reputation will lose nothing.

Miss Davenport as Julie de Mortimer is simply inane. Mr. Henry Aveling played De Mauprat with great dash and spirit, and did much to rescue a most tedious performance of a great play from actual stupidity. Still there were numerous incidental little divertissements of a humorous character. The young gentleman who played Francois, and played it very well indeed, too, insisted upon converting "my lord" into *mullord*. What fatuous idea of managers is it, by the way, to so frequently give this part to women? It takes all the serength out of it. Mr. Clifton as De Baradas was apparently the least conspiring of conspirators. He had not done his audience the compliment to study his lines, and his halting detracted from his villainy. Also, he set off the sombre black of his costume with a pair of lace ruffles at the knees, of such exceeding whiteness that they seemed to set him back to a comparatively early stage of his career. His legs looked as if they belonged to a real good little boy, and it became difficult to remember that the dark and passionate De Baradas was walking about on them. Mr. Willie Simms, as De Beringhen, remarked airily, at one period, that he was going into the other room to discuss a party. The deliberateness of it seemed quite horrible, till it occurred to some one that he was putting the French twist on *pâté*.

Mr. Frank Wright, who was particularly well made up as the French King, and playing with most meritorious repression of the general bounce of his style, almost imperiled the dignity of the Thirteenth Louis by a speculative series of glances at the auditorium, as if he were counting the house.

Mr. Thayer put in his contribution to these snatches of comedy by a most extraordinary make-up as Joseph. Possibly it is traditional—historical. If so, it is no wonder the unfortunate man took to holy orders. Besides the unmitigated ugliness of his embellishment, he took on a new nationality. He looked as if he had been blown over into France out of Ireland on the night of the big wind.

These were all variations in the customary "Richelieu," but in themselves they proved to be quite interesting.

BETSY B.

---

The Emma Abbott Opera Company produced "Martha" on Monday night; Tuesday, "The Bohemian Girl" was sung; Wednesday, "Rigoletto"; Thursday, "Mignon"; Friday matinée, "Il Trovatore"; and Friday night, "Linda." This afternoon "Maritana" will be played; and this evening, "Faust." The following is next week's programme, which is the last week of the season: Monday, Friday, and Saturday matinée, Victor Massé's romantic love lyric, "Paul and Virginia"; Tuesday, "Mignon," positively last time—three prima donnas; Wednesday, Gounod's opera, "Romeo and Juliet"; Thursday, "Martha" Saturday night, Abbott's farewell, "Rigoletto" and scene from "Il Trovatore."

---

At the California Theatre Mr. Sheridan played "Richelieu" on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights, and will repeat it to-day at the matinée. Thursday evening and last night he played "Hamlet"; at yesterday's matinée, "Othello." This evening he will appear in "Hamlet." Next Monday night the attachés of this theatre will be given a benefit, when "Louis XI." will be given.

---

The "Danicheff" is soon to give rise to a law suit. Monsieur Dumas, one of the authors, has given the director of the Odéon permission to play the piece, while Monsieur Corvin, the other author, wants it played at the Gymnase.



GOSSIP.

Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.
ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.
ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.
THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

The Boston *Traveller* gives the following synopsis of Celia Logan's new play, "That Man," which will be presented at the Baldwin following the Abbott engagement:

The play was first produced in Providence, under the title "An American Marriage," and being afterward rewritten, with its name changed, was brought out in New York city. While not especially original in plot (the story smacking strongly of a flavor of "Miss Multon" and "East Lynne"), its construction and direct dialogue possess decided literary merit. The scene is laid in Brussels, with the present time as its period, and at the opening of the drama, Muriel Chantrey, the heroine, and an American woman, is living in the house of the Marquis de Tanguay as a governess to Vivienne, the little daughter of the Marquis, and the supposed daughter of the Marquise. Muriel had become an inmate of the house during the protracted absence of the Marquis, during which time she had become endeared to both the Marquise and her little daughter; not knowing, of course, who the husband was under his present title. The brother of the Marquise, Baron d'Emonde, falls in love with Muriel. In declining his offer she tells him she was married years before to a man who abandoned her after wronging her deeply. She is about to describe her husband and give the Baron his name, when the Marquis suddenly returns and rushes through the room to embrace his child. Recognizing her husband, Muriel, left alone, ejaculates, "My God, that man," and faints. In the second act there is an exciting scene between Muriel and the Marquis, who tells her that after he had left her he had discovered and established his right to the title and estates of a French nobleman, and had secured those rights by marrying the daughter of his predecessor. On her spurning his bribes to purchase silence and his prayers for mercy, he tells her that their marriage, not having been made under the laws of France, is illegal. She is unmoved by this menace, but finally promises silence to save the reputation of the child, whom she had promised the Marquise to protect at any sacrifice of herself. In the second act there is a spirited scene, first between the Marquise (whose jealousy is aroused by the gossip of Madame Lucette) and Muriel, and afterward between the Marquise and her husband, in the course of which Muriel discovers that little Vivienne is her own daughter, whom her false husband had stolen from her and reported dead. Muriel returns late the next night from a ball at Madame Lucette's to prepare for flight. Her departure is prevented by the Marquis, who, on her refusing to promise silence as to her right to bear his name, attempts to poison her. As she is about to swallow a glass of poisoned water, the child rushes in and puts her lips to the glass, on which the Marquis wrenches it from her. The Marquise and her brother, who had been hidden spectators of this scene, step forward as Muriel threatens to reveal the infamy of her husband, and in his desperation the wretched bigamist swallows the poisoned draught himself.

Sarah Jewett, Henry Lee, and the original cast will appear. The sale of seats commences Monday next.

---

Miss Katie Putnam appeared in "Fanchon" at the Bush Street Theatre until the middle of the week, when "Lena" was substituted. Wednesday and Friday afternoons matinées were given. This evening, the lady will receive a benefit from the comrades of Lincoln Post, G. A. R. Next Monday night, Leavitt's "Great European Specialty Company" will appear.

---

Miss Jeffreys-Lewis has been playing "Won at Last" during the week, at the Grand Opera House. At yesterday's matinée "Forget Me Not" was produced.

---

"Mooneyville" is enjoying a success at the Standard Theatre.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


The Mapleson Opera Company is definitely announced to open here on March 10th, at the Grand Opera House. The troupe contains a number of prominent artists, and during the eight nights of the season will produce the following operas: "La Sonnambula," "Elisir d'Amore," "Rigoletto," "Traviata," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Il Trovatore," "Linda di Chamouni," and "I Puritani." The prima donna of the company is Madame Etelka Gerster, an Hungarian lady, who is well known throughout Europe and the East. This is her second visit to America, her first appearance in New York being two or three years ago in the production of Wagner's operas. The tenor, Signor Anton, is a new acquisition. He is a handsome Spaniard, about thirty years of age. He received a thorough musical education at the Madrid Conservatory, and became an accomplished performer on many instruments. He made his début in Venice, 1878, appearing with Madame Galletti. His repertoire is remarkable, and includes a large range of operas. His voice is said to have won him fame in the different Spanish and Italian countries where he has appeared. "In singing the 'Di quella pira,' in 'Il Trovatore,'" says a gentleman who has heard him sing, "he does not resort to the old trick of transposition, by which, with the aid of the new pitch, the high C becomes in reality a B flat. He can sing it in a correct key without any trouble at all, and he generally sings it a note higher. Instead of the *ut*, he takes the *re di petto*—the high 'D.' They have been selling tuning-forks in Havana, so that when the people went to hear him in 'Il Trovatore' they could strike the forks on the arms of their orchestra-seats, and test the pitch of the note he was singing." Colonel Mapleson had a long chase before finding him. "I first heard of him," says the impresario, "from Signor Gayarre, the great tenor, who wrote me a long letter about him. The fellow, however, sang only a short time in Italy, and when I went to look for him he was gone. When I arrived here in the fall, one of my earliest social engagements was to dine with Admiral Cooper and a number of his officers. The admiral told me a long and interesting yarn about his last cruise and its discomforts. 'But,' said he, 'we had one recompense for all our sufferings.' I asked him what it was. 'We heard a tenor,' said he; 'a fellow with a divine voice, a lovely method, good looks, and ability as an actor.' I besought him immediately to tell me where on earth this rare bird was, and, of all places in the world, it was in Caracas—Santiago de Leon de Caracas, capital of Venezuela and its federal district, a city blessed with a pleasant and healthful climate, well built, with regular streets, crossing at right angles, a fine cathedral, twenty churches, and a university—just the kind of a place one wouldn't expect to find in the middle of South America, but where a fine tenor could get appreciation and a healthful salary. Well, I sent inquiries to Caracas for my gorgeous tenor, but he had again disappeared, no one knew whither. However, I did not give up the chase. A short time ago I heard of a fine tenor who was singing in Havana. I made inquiries, and, to my joy and surprise, found it was the same man, Signor Anton, who had been in Caracas. I dispatched a special agent to hear him, and now he is mine." The contralto, Signora Fiorio, is young, and, according to the New York papers, very beautiful. "She is tall and slender," says the *Times*. "Long, languishing eyes, shaded with dark lashes, seem to light up a complexion which appears faultless. Her voice, when speaking, has musical intonations which are ever varying. She was born in Milan, educated in that city by a Neapolitan maestro, and it was there that she made her début in 1876, in 'Faust.' Signora Fiorio has a very large repertoire, including forty operas. Signora Fiorio sang in Bucharest, Warsaw, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Barcelona, Berlin, Vienna, and the principal towns of South America. She has appeared with Massini, Nilsson, Gerster, and Campanini." Of the other artists, Madame Nordica is an American by birth, whose real name is Miss Norton. She has studied a long time in Europe, and sang successfully at the Grand Opera House in Paris. It is stated that she was materially assisted in her earlier musical studies by the celebrated bandmaster, Gilmore. Signor Galassi, the baritone, is a New York favorite. Signor Cherubini is considered one of the best European deep bassos, Signor Carracciola is the *buffo*, and Signor Vicini second tenor. The harpist, Signora Sacconi, is especially popular at Milan. Signor Arditi, the conductor, is so well known throughout the country that he needs no detailed mention. He brings with him a large orchestra, and will add to it some of our best local musicians. The foregoing particulars are taken from various sources, and are given in order to satisfy curiosity concerning the *personnel* of the troupe. As to their abilities as artistes, we can only judge from hearing them. The sale of seats begins on Monday, February 25th.

In the absence of one of the actors in the burlesque of "Prospero," lately performed at a London theatre, the blind daughter of one of the property-keepers took the part of Ariel, directing her action entirely by sound. More than this, at one performance she played the rôle of the heroine, Miranda, and although, of necessity, often prompted and occasionally even "spoken for" by another actress, she went through the play without causing the audience the least suspicion that she was blind.

It is said that Madame Ristori's engagement in New York next fall will last six weeks. This is a long time in which to draw the fickle New Yorkers. Madame Ristori must now be about sixty. She is wonderful, both as a woman and actress. But at this period of the world, sixty is an advanced age in an actor—and especially in an actress—at which to attract the public, unless extraordinary novelties are presented.

A New York gentleman, who claims to be well informed, says that the father of Salvini, the tragedian, was an Irishman of good family who left his country for political reasons, settling in Italy, as did the Neills in France and the O'Donnells in Spain. It is certain that there is a hint of this in likeness between the name of the actor, Tomaso Salvini, and that of his alleged ancestor, Thomas Sullivan.

During Lawrence Barrett's run of "Francesca da Rimini" at the New York Star Theatre, James Bailey, the circus manager, was among the audience on three different occasions. During his third visit, pointing to Louis James, as Beppo Pepe, the jester, he remarked: "There is a man worth three hundred dollars a week in the ring." This was a compliment to James's versatile powers.

When Bartley Campbell found a goodly number of his plays rejected in the manuscript, he bethought himself that if it were printed, a play would stand a much better chance of careful perusal and candid judgment. He judged correctly, for his first printed play was immediately accepted, and now he never shows a new piece to a manager until it has been put in type.

It was believed, says an Eastern journal, that Mademoiselle Bernhardt did not intend to revisit this country until the season of 1885–6. It now appears that she intends to be here next season, and it is to be presumed that between now and then a number of sensations will be made either by her or for her.

Dan Rice, the old-time circus clown, is lecturing in Florida.

CCCX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday February 24, 1884.

Bean and Tomato Soup.
Fried Halibut, Maître d'Hôtel Sauce.
Boiled New Potatoes.
Quail on Toast.
Green Peas. Cauliflower.
Roast Pork, Apple Sauce.
Cress Salad.
Pineapple Pie.
Apples, Bananas, and Oranges.

BEAN AND TOMATO SOUP.—Take a quart of bean soup, and add to it a pint of canned tomatoes well boiled. Mix and pass through a sieve; heat again and serve.

MAITRE D'HOTEL SAUCE.—Mix butter the size of an egg, the juice of half a lemon, and two or three sprigs of parsley chopped very fine, pepper, and salt. When mixed, spread over the fish when hot: then put the dish into the oven, to allow the butter to penetrate the fish.

PINEAPPLE PIE.—A grated pineapple and its weight in sugar, half its weight in butter, five eggs (the whites beaten to a stiff froth), one cupful of cream. Cream the butter, and beat it with the sugar and yelks until very light: add the cream, the pineapple, and the whites of the eggs. Bake with an under-crust. To be eaten cold.


— AN EDUCATED LADY WOULD LIKE THE situation of proof-reader. Address E. D. K., this office.

— COMPANION, OR GOVERNESS — TEACHES English, French, Spanish, and music. Address M. D. C.

— THE MOST RELIABLE LIFE INSURANCE Company in the State is the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, whose office is at 418 California Street, and which numbers among its officers and directors some of our first citizens. During the year 1883 this company paid thirty-three death losses, amounting to over one hundred and eight thousand dollars.

— TO LET, SUNNY ALCOVE ROOM IN A private family in Alameda, suitable for gentleman and wife or two gentlemen. Address Post-office Box 6, Alameda.

— CANCERS AND CANCEROUS TUMORS ARE cured by the purifying effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

— MISS ELLEN COURSEN. THOROUGH INstruction in Vocal Music. Classes in Singing. Hall, 317 Powell Street, opposite Union Square.

— THE METROPOLITAN HALL IS UNEQUALED on this coast for the facilities and advantages it offers for concerts, lectures, and entertainments of a general character. Its seating capacity excels that of any similar auditorium in the city.

— WE SINCERELY BELIEVE THAT EVERY CASE of pulmonary disease, not already beyond the reach of human aid, may, if promptly treated, be relieved and cured by the faithful use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**

FREDERICK W. BERT.....LESSEE AND MANAGER.

**HER MAJESTY'S OPERA COMPANY,**

Under the direction of J. H. MAPLESON, will commence a season of EIGHT PERFORMANCES ONLY on

**MONDAY, MARCH 10th, 1884.**

This splendid company, the largest and most complete operatic organization in existence, includes the following world-renowned artists:

**Madame Etelka Gerster,**
**Madame Nordica,**
**Mademoiselle Dotti,**
**Mademoiselle Vallerga,**
**Madame Bianchi Fiorio,**
**Sig. Anton, Sig. Galassi,**
**Sig. Vicini, Sig. Lombardelli,**
**Sig. Cherubini, Sig. Bulletto,**
**Sig. Caracciolo, Sig. Rinaldini,**
**Signora Sacconi, Harp Soloist.**

Director of the Music and Conductor, **Signor Arditi.**

A DIFFERENT OPERA WILL BE GIVEN AT EVERY PERFORMANCE.

**PRICES OF ADMISSION.**

Orchestra.....$5 00
Parquet, first four rows.....3 00
Parquet, other rows.....4 00
Dress Circle, first three rows.....5 00
Dress Circle, other rows.....3 00
Family Circle, reserved.....2 00
General admission all over the house, standing room.....2 00
Gallery.....1 00
Mezzanine Boxes.....22 00
Stage Boxes.....from $25 00 to 40 00

**Season Tickets.**

Orchestra and first rows of Parquet and Dress Circle, $32, making a difference of $1 on each single ticket.
Other rows, Parquet and Dress Circle, $28, making a difference of $4 on the eight tickets.

**Special Notice.**

The sale of SEASON TICKETS ONLY for private boxes and seats will commence at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store, Monday, February 25th, at 10 A. M, and continue Tuesday, 26th, and Wednesday, 27th.

The sale of single tickets will commence Thursday, February 28th, and continue until further notice.

**BALDWIN THEATRE.**

**Last Week of the Brilliant**

**EMMA ABBOTT**
**GRAND OPERA COMPANY.**

First and only productions of the exquisite love lyrics,

**Paul and Virginia. Romeo and Juliet.**

EMMA ABBOTT and ZELDA SEGUIN sing at every performance this week.

Monday—"Paul and Virginia."
Tuesday—"Mignon." Three Prima Donnas.
Wednesday—Only time. "Romeo and Juliet."
Thursday—Abbott's "Last Rose." "Martha."
Friday—Double bill. "Paul and Virginia" and Toreador's song from "Carmen."
Saturday—Emma Abbott Matinée. "Paul and Virginia."
Saturday Night—EMMA ABBOTT'S BENEFIT. Triple Bill. "Bohemian Girl," Abbott's famous "Down upon the Swanee River," and Tagliapetra's grand rendering of "The Palms."
Farewell appearance of the Company on Sunday Night, in "Il Trovatore."
This Afternoon—Emma Abbott Matinée. "Maritana."
To-Night—"Faust."
Sunday Night—"Rigoletto," with Rosewald, Seguin, Baldanza, Broderick, and Tagliapetra."

**BALDWIN THEATRE.**

AL. HAYMAN.....LESSEE AND MANAGER.

**The Coming Dramatic Festival!**

MONDAY EVENING, March 3, first appearance of Miss

**SARAH JEWETT,**

Supported by MR. HENRY LEE and the entire New York cast, in a new emotional drama of intense interest, in 4 acts, by Celia Logan, entitled

**THAT MAN.**

During Miss Jewett's season all the latest successes will be presented in rapid succession.

SEATS ON SALE ON MONDAY NEXT.



**The DRESS REFORM CORSET.—The Finest Corset on the Coast.**—TRY IT, AND YOU WILL LIKE IT.—Glove-fitting, graceful, comfortable, "just the thing" for stout figures. BONES ARE SO PLACED THEY WILL NOT BREAK. Sold by us for the past 6 years STILL ON ITS MERITS. Sent to any address postpaid, $3.00. Will exchange if it does not fit. In ordering, send a tight waist, hip, and bust measure, taken outside of your dress. Send for illustrated book of our Union Under-Flannels, Shoulder Braces, Corded Waists, Hose and Skirt Supporters, etc., which took the first prize (a silver medal) at the late Mechanics' Fair—the only Depot for these goods.

**M. H. OBER & CO.,**
**Boston Dress Reform Rooms,**
Established 1876. 329 Sutter St., S. F., Cal.

"By their Fruits shall ye Know Them."

**THE**

**PACIFIC MUTUAL LIFE**

**Insurance Co. of California.**

**Office, 418 California Street, S. F.**

**Officers.**

GEO. A. MOORE.....President.
W. R. CLUNESS, Vice-President and Medical Director.
J. N. PATTON.....Secretary.
SAMUEL M. MARKS.....Assistant Secretary.
C. N. FOX.....Attorney.

**Directors.**

Robert Sherwood, B. F. Langford,
George W. Beaver, James Carolan,
L. S. Adams, Samuel Lavenson,
Columbus Waterhouse, George A. Moore,
W. T. Garratt, J. F. Houghton,
W. R. Cluness, Hugh M. Larue,
D. W. Earle, Henry T. Scott,
Charles N. Fox.

**Assets, Dec. 31, 1883, $1,182,151.98**

**Death Losses Paid A. D. 1883.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| John P. Scott | Deer Creek, Cal. | $10,910 |
| Bartuel Miller | Stockton, Cal. | 1,012 |
| Henry M. Osgood | S. L. Obispo, Cal. | 1,045 |
| Edgar Mason | Crescent City, Cal. | 1,045 |
| Johann Meyer | Stockton, Cal. | 5,720 |
| Robert C. Clark | Sacramento, Cal. | 10,000 |
| Charles Maynard | Placerville, Cal. | 1,029 |
| Patrick Hogan | Portland, Or. | 10,000 |
| Richard Astill | Antelope, Cal. | 1,000 |
| Augustus Ash | Virginia, Nev. | 1,500 |
| Owen Henry | Knappton, W. T. | 1,500 |
| Mary Donegan | Nevada, M. T. | 2,500 |
| James A. Brown | Red Bluff, Cal. | 2,000 |
| John Byrns | Antelope, Cal. | 600 |
| Martin Blim | Waterloo, Iowa | 2,000 |
| William A. Long | Faston, Ind. | 1,056 |
| James Strain | Marysville, Cal. | 2,000 |
| Emerson R. West | Grass Valley, Cal. | 1,000 |
| Jacob Arnold | Sacramento, Cal. | 612 |
| Charles Hodge | Portland, Oregon | 10,000 |
| Francis Durning | Virginia, Nevada | 1,046 |
| Barbara Eisenmenger | Sacramento, Cal. | 5,000 |
| John P. Gibson | Iowa City, Iowa | 2,500 |
| Le Roy Southmayd | Virginia, M. T. | 10,000 |
| James R. Fennell | Tuson, Cal. | 370 |
| Jacques London | San Francisco, Cal. | 1,500 |
| C. H. Chapman | Chicago, Ill. | 8,384 |
| John Conly | San Francisco, Cal. | 735 |
| John McDonald | Santa Rosa, Cal. | 2,068 |
| Augustus Sauvain | Oakland, Cal. | 5,000 |
| Peter Kessler | Bullard's Bar, Cal. | 1,520 |
| Thomas H. Williams | Cherokee Flat, Cal. | 2,000 |
| Adam Bergman | Sacramento, Cal. | 2,000 |
| Total | | $108,592 |

**Annuity Bonds**, secured by deposit in the office of the Treasurer of State of California, for sale upon favorable terms.

The only Life Insurance Company transacting business in the United States whose stockholders are by law made responsible for all the debts of the corporation, and whose Directors are responsible for the acts of officers.

Residents of the city desiring life insurance will obtain favorable terms by applying directly to the Company.

**Competent, Reliable Agents Wanted.**

**BEAUTIFUL REPRODUCTIONS**

....OF....

**Ancient Armor, Arms, Plaques, Shields, Bas Reliefs, etc.**

**Original Designs in Ornamental**

**MOLDINGS, FIRE-PLACES,**

**MANTELS,**

**PANELS, FRIEZES,**

**And other interior decoration finished in Silver, Bronze, Brass, Copper, Iron, and Nickel. For sale by**

**TAYLOR GOODRICH,**

**Pacific Coast Agent for Magee Ranges, Stoves Furnaces, and Sinks,**

**8 and 10 PINE STREET.**

**FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES**
**235 KEARNY ST. S.F.**

**Southwest cor. of Bush. Established 1877.**

PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

**HALL'S PIANOS**
**TYLER ST.**
**SAN FRANCISCO**

**BETHESDA**
**SUPERIOR TABLE WATER**
**L. CAHEN AND SON, 418 SAC. ST. S.F.**

R.H.McDonald PRES'T S.G.Murphy CASHIER
Established 1863.
Oldest Chartered Bank on the Pacific Coast
PACIFIC BANK
Capital Stock $1,000,000.00.
Surplus $ 450,000.00.
Resources $ 3,778,077.80.
San Francisco, Cal. Jan. 1, 1884.
All matters intrusted to our care will be attended to with promptness, fidelity, and in strict confidence. R. H. McDONALD, Pres't.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.
Commission Merchants,
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
☞ Liberal advances made on consignments. ☜

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON.
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 309 SANSOME STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

A. HARKER & CO.
Importers and Wholesale Grocers,
108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHEESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

JOHN DANIEL & CO.
Importers and Dealers in Italian Marble and Scotch Granite
MONUMENTS AND MANTELS,
No. 421 Pine Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco, Cal.
☞ Manufacturers of Monuments, Headstones, Mantelpieces, Plumbers' Stones, Table and Counter Tops, Imposing Stones, etc., at lowest cash prices.

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY
OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.
Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

THE
AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS
And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,
415 MONTGOMERY STREET,
alifornia & Sacramento, San Francisco

Painted, Plain, and Glazed
TILES
For Decorations.
W. MONTAGUE & CO.
', 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
HENRY F. MILLER
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
HEMME & LONG
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

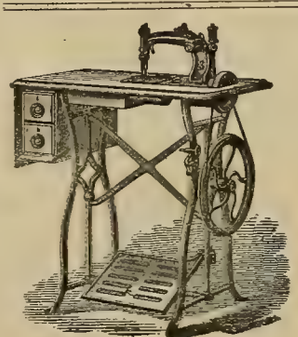
ICHI BAN

WALL PAPER,
Artistic Designs, American, French, and English. Cornice Poles and Fixtures. Sole Agents on Pacific Coast for LINCRUSTA WALTON, the new and indestructible Wall Decoration. Imitation Stained and Ground Glass, for residences, churches, etc. Frescoing and Interior Decorating a specialty.
WINDOW SHADES.
Samples and Estimates furnished on Application.
G. W. CLARK & CO., 645 & 647 MARKET ST.

FIREMANS FUND
INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.
CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - $750,000
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1882, - - - $1,350,000
D. J. STAPLES, President. WILLIAM J. DUTTON, Secretary.
ALPHEUS BULL, Vice-President. E. W. CARPENTER, Asst. Secretary.
AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

Every reader of the "Argonaut" should see a copy of
THE ILLUSTRATED NEW YORK
• LIFE •
The leading Humorous and Satirical Paper.
TERMS: At the rate of $5.00 a year, postage free. Sample copy free. 1155 Broadway, New York.



Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE


HOME INDUSTRY

HOTEL
SIERRA MADRE VILLA,
On the mountain side,
In an Orange Grove, Near Los Angeles.
Has been enlarged to accommodate One Hundred Guests. For climate, health, comfort, pure water, and beauty of scenery, it has no equal on this coast. General Sherman says it surpasses all other places on the American continent for a quiet good time.
For further information, address
W. COGSWELL, Proprietor,
San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, Cal.

THE CALIFORNIA
SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.
Junction Market and Powell Sts.
Deposits received. Loans made on city and country property at low rates.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY.
A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for
TAMAR CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Cerebral Congestion, etc.
INDIEN Prepared by GRILLON, SOLE PROPRIETOR,
GRILLON Pharmacien de première classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.
Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



THE HARKNESS
FIRE EXTINGUISHER
First Premium Mechanics' Institute, 1882.
D. S. BROWN & CO.,
36 California Street, San Francisco,
General Agents Pacific Coast.

MARBLE WORKS.
MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.
W. H. McCORMICK,
827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

A. P. HOTALING & CO.
429 to 437 Jackson St., sole agents for the J. H. Cutter Old Fourbon Whisky. "O. P. S.," "O. O. K.," "O. K." "A No. 1," "A." Established 1852.

GERMEA
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIV. No. 9. SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 1, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: Society in San Francisco—Our Aristocrats and their Origin —The Argonauts of Early Days, and "Who's Who" in 1884—Money the Key to Fashion's Portals—The History of Our Best Society which a Lady is Writing—Editorial Advice to the Venturesome Author—The Aristocracy of New York before the Vanderbilts and the Astors—The Wonderful Change which Wealth has Wrought—A Walorff Peddler, and a Staten Island Ferryman—Their Descendants who Lead New York *haut ton* of to-day—Political Rumors—Blaine's Political Chances—The Grant Conspiracy, and what it Wrought—Jews and Jewish Traders—How they have Made their Way Throughout the United States—The Levy Family, and How they Disowned their Sister Justine—A Jewish Lady's Letter on the Intolerance and Bigotry of Her Race ..... 1–2
FAVORITES ..... 3
ANA'S TWO LOVERS: Part II ..... 4
RARY NOTES: The New Books and their Authors ..... 4
TY FAIR: Its Women and its Fashions ..... 5
VETTES: Grave, Gay, Epigrammatic, and Otherwise ..... 5
ETY: "Bavardin's" Letter—Notes and Gossip ..... 6
JESKA'S NEW PLAY: "Flaneur" Describes its New York Production 7
GHT WITH EDWIN FORREST: Some Reminiscences of the Great Actor 8
S WHO LABOR: "Cockaigne" Enumerates them ..... 9
CHESS COLUMN: A Chicago Game—The Jefferson-Redding Tournament ..... 9
RES FROM LIFE: The Policeman and the Maid—O'Garrity's Uncle—How Cholley and Horace Cleaned Out the Saloon ..... 10
VIDUALITIES: Personal Gossip about Prominent People ..... 10
-CHAT: "Una" Talks of Perfumes and Flowers ..... 12
RAILWAY WORLD: Notes of Interest to Employees and Travelers .... 11
INNER MAN: Why Americans Like Champagne—Red Wines versus White Wines ..... 12
TUNEFUL LIAR: An After-dinner Orator ..... 12
DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Notes of the Week ..... 14

WE INVITE ALL ELECTORS OF CALIFORNIA, OREGON, AND NEVADA, WHO READ THE ARGONAUT, TO WRITE US THEIR CHOICE FOR PRESIDENTIAL AND VICE-PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATIONS BY THE NATIONAL CONVENTIONS OF BOTH POLITICAL PARTIES. We shall be glad, also, if reasons for the choice be embodied in the communications. The information thus obtained, and the expression of opinions in reference to candidates and the policy of parties, to be put to such use as we may deem proper. Real names, with postal addresses, desired. Correspondence marked "confidential" will be so treated. We invite this correspondence with a special object and for a useful purpose. As number of signatures may be attached to the same letter where the expressed views are not dissented from by any signer. Our object is to secure such an expression of intelligent opinion as will embody the honest sentiments of both parties upon this coast. This invitation will be held open until the meeting of the National Conventions.

Money is the passport to fashionable society in San Francisco, as elsewhere—as everywhere. This remark is made in no disparagement of our people, because the same influence is potent in every city of the world. Money can, and does, secure a social consideration in London and in New York which is denied to birth, or breeding, or honorable achievement. It demands more of patience, and more of intrigue, and more of money to reach certain of the higher circles; but genius, pertinacity, and coin are equal to the accomplishment of any achievement in the social world. The "best" English rank is that which bears the guinea's stamp. The title commanding the most respect is that connected with the broadest acres and the largest rent-roll. To a man of abundant wealth, good deportment, gentlemanly manners, and honest antecedents, there is no door closed in England for more than one generation. To a woman of great wealth, with beauty, virtue, and brains, the door to the royal drawing-room is always open. The brewer, the banker, or the man of affairs, who is successful as a money-maker, demands the highest official position, and somehow acquires title without serious difficulty. If in the forest of English heraldry there was dug up every family tree which is not rooted in age, and if from the proudest of them so rooted there were cut the branches which had been budded in or grafted upon the main trunk through marriage for money, every shoot which had come from luck or crime; and, if from its body were drawn all the impure sap which gives life to its boughs and vigor to its shoots—it would to-day present a most drear aspect. It would resemble more the desolation of an abandoned rookery in the winter time, than the present strong and vigorous thing which English aristocracy is admitted to be. Society in America is less exclusive than in Europe, and has less reasonable pretense to maintain any exclusiveness at all. Our country is so young that there is only here and there in it a man or woman, however distinguished, who will not, in running backward, strike some ignoble ancestor, some progenitor ignoble from poverty or toil, some self-made fore-parent who has been compelled to work. California, the youngest of civilizations, has a "good society" which, if analyzed and tested by the social solvents which are applied in older communities, would exhibit much that is comical and much that is absolutely pretentious. It is to us a matter sometimes of great amusement to turn to the social letter of our own "Bavardin," and recall what in the thirty-five years of residence we have personally gathered concerning the lives and history of the people who are now flourishing in our columns as "good society." When we reflect upon the early society; who we were when we came; what we came for; what occupations we left at home; what occupations we engaged in when we arrived—it seems surprising that any one of us should have the assurance to claim for himself any superiority over anybody else, except for the luck which enables him to show more coin than his less fortunate argonaut of '49. An awfully funny book would be the faithfully detailed narrative of the history of our first families. We are informed that a society lady is gathering, and for years has been collecting, the personal history of us all. Our advice to this lady is, that it be not printed till her death. These reflections grew out of a recent conversation over the existing struggles now being made by parvenu families of sudden wealth to acquire social standing among our ice-cream families. There is common birth, there are the antecedents of early struggles, there are scandals in these families, there are bars sinister; but there is wealth, genius, ambition, cheek, and an unconquerable resolution to succeed. We have bought a pool that the thing goes, and this article is written to whoop up speed on the home stretch of the last quarter. We wish these people success; and we have issued private instructions to the gatherer-up of our social trifles that their names be not omitted from the roll whenever they shall succeed in pushing themselves into a prominence justifying print. We do this in reparation of mistakes heretofore made, for we are convinced that we have placed too great importance upon the accident of an honorable birth from a respectable family, and that we have considered opportunities in early youth, and a stainless life, and an honorable career, as of undue consequence, when compared with money, cheek, and luck.

New York has just witnessed a proud triumph in this direction, and it—better than argument—illustrates the idea we are endeavoring to convey. There was a time, and only so long ago as when we were a sucking calf upon the Genesee flats, that the titled names of New York were the Van Rensselaers, Livingstons, Schermerhorns, Stuyvesants, and others, patroons with broad acres, or the descendants and inheritors of vegetable gardens and cow-pastures, within the area now echoing the music of Trinity chimes. These old families—and they were only, say, two hundred years old—were honored for their wealth; and if any of the descendants still hold the money, they are honored; but if not, not. Most of them have gone to the slumber-land; and even thirty years ago, newly gained wealth had given a new aristocracy to New York. At the head of this, by virtue of income from houses, stood the Astor family. They had fought their way into the charmed circle of the previous rich; the third generation of the emigrant Dutchman, who, with peddler's sack upon his shoulders, dared to penetrate the wilderness where the beaver built his dam and the silver-gray fox had his nest, had achieved the highest social triumph. Then came the son of the gruff old ferryman, himself of toiling youth and middle life, with inherited and added millions, who knocked at the mansions of the exclusive rich with his gold-headed cane and demanded admission. He built a grander mansion, bought choicer pictures, gave more brilliant entertainments, dressed his family in more gorgeous jewels, and only a week or two since the proud family of the Heidelberg peddler threw open its doors to the admission of the entire Vanderbilt family. Political honors are piled in upon the wealthy ones to give anchor and stolidity to the solid coin. Grant's first blunder was to tender the administration of the finances of the Government to Stewart. The son of Belmont goes to Congress. Waldorf Astor is minister at Rome. Twenty-one millionaire senators adorn our Senate Chamber. States have become pocket boroughs, where rich men may buy the honor of a Senatorial position. Our sister State of Nevada illustrates—Stewart, Jones, Sharon, and Fair had the wealth, and embraced the opportunity. The conservative old-fashioned State of Ohio, under the demoralizing influence of this new custom, turned out a gentleman, and statesman, and man of wealth, and sold the Senatorship to the attorney of the Standard Oil Company, an old man of seventy years, and not in public life, because he had the money and the kind of morals which justified him in purchasing it. Mr. George Hearst, of California, without the first qualification, or any qualification, and without any political claim or intellectual capacity for the Senatorial office, presumes to purchase it, and is already in the field with coin to forestall any other bidder. If there are any considerable number of preachers who do not preach for money, or any considerable number of philanthropists and humanitarians who are not following the profession for coin, we do not know of them. We only know one editor in all the world who does not run his journal for gain, and "he is fat and growing old." Our young dudes look out for dudelettes with expectations. The old folks are on the same lookout. If money is the one leading object of all our exertions; if to the acquisition of wealth we bend the energies of our youth and the strength of our manhood, and if, to retain our accumulations, we devote the prudence and wisdom of our maturer years—then the success which crowns the efforts of a life is the best evidence of possessing qualities most esteemed among men. The one possessing wealth is, by the canons of society, entitled to be on top. The poor are, by the laws of God and the universal assent of humanity, in all ages and in all countries, at the bottom of the social ladder.

In San Francisco, and, doubtless, all over the State, the more active of the Republican politicians are taking the preliminary steps to organizing for the Presidential campaign. The Republican County Committee of our city and county seem to have devised a mode of club organization which is working satisfactorily. Clubs are in process of formation, out of which will come delegates to a State Convention which will send delegates to the National Convention, to be held at Chicago in June. The almost universal sentiment, so far as we have heard it expressed, favors the nomination by the Republicans of James G. Blaine. This is the abiding loyalty of twelve years toward this distinguished citizen. Had the popular wish of our State been regarded, he would have been the nominee instead of Hayes. Had the delegates to the last National Convention had their way, he would to-day have been President of the United States. The same confidence in

his statesmanship continues. Respect for him has increased, and the California Republicans would be glad if he could be their standard-bearer in the coming fight. If Mr. Blaine is again destined to defeat at the hands of the men who have so long and so successfully pursued him, it is probable that in the future, as in the past, they will reap but little benefit from the conspiracy. Messrs. Conkling and Grant are chargeable with his first defeat. Instead of Blaine they got Hayes; instead of securing a ruler in King Stork, they found they obtained King Log, whom they could not use. It was Grant, Conkling, Logan, and Cameron who again defeated Blaine, but it was Blaine who nominated Garfield and became his Secretary of State. It is perhaps possible that Grant, Logan, Cameron, and Conkling may again defeat him; but it is not probable that any one of the conspirators will ever be recognized either as King or Warwick in the Republican party. If Mr. Blaine does not become himself the candidate, he will be quite apt to know who is to be. It would not surprise us that there might be a better understanding between President Arthur and Mr. Blaine than we have been led to think. They are personal friends. We recall no instance in which they have collided. One of the Blaine leaders at the Chicago convention is in the Cabinet of President Arthur. Arthur would be a more acceptable candidate to the Republicans of this coast than any of the distinguished conspirators who have prevented Senator Blaine from becoming President of the United States.

Where do they live?—the people whom one meets, those who constitute, to use the phrase that steeped in joy the soul of the late Mr. Thackeray, "carriage company." There is one knot of them along Taylor Street and its vicinage, Nob Hill. There is a string of them along Bush and Pine streets. There is a select handful hard and fast on the crown of Rincon Hill. There are those who made the mistake (in the opinion of the rest) of going out to the Mission at a date before the heights had been brought into town. There are a few stranded in the lee of the cemeteries. [The present depreciation in the value of leeward property, due to the existence of these plague-centres, exceeds five millions of dollars. The owners of this property will do a service to the public, hardly less than that they will do themselves, when they shall combine to demand a cessation of interment in a part that will shortly be —that is already—far in town. Resuming:] There is a flock has settled itself near the Protestant Orphan Asylum. There are a far-seeing few sheltered under the lee of the Presidio hills. Then comes the great body, occupying all that broad belt that, commencing about Jefferson Square, sweeps along the face and brows of the hills to the end of Pacific Avenue. This is too much scatteration to be permanent. There will, no doubt, for years to come, be very charming people inhabiting all the localities named, but it is a question of speculative interest to all, and of practical interest to many, to divine the select locality of the future. Will it be out toward the Park? Will it rather be out toward the Presidio? This question is not mainly one of cable roads. Cable roads insure the occupation of all eligible sites that they render accessible; but the question now is that of occupation by a particular class of people—a class whose convenience is greatly promoted by living within moderate distances from one another, a class which has always and everywhere shown its disposition to bunch in one place. And they pay a price for this privilege that is not all snobbism. To live far away from "everybody" is a grave inconvenience, and no good thing. Now, the social centre of the future may be out toward the Park, but just at present the Park is a very long way from the corner of California Street and Van Ness Avenue. It is more squares distant than one can count without the aid of a map. It is far enough, in all conscience, from the corner named to that of Broadway and Fillmore Street; it is as far in the opposite direction to the corner of Turk and Leavenworth streets. How far it may be out to the eligible heights on Haight Street we do not know without reference to a map that is not at hand. That locality is delightful when one gets there; but living there, to undertake a visit to the bulk of one's acquaintances would be as foreign travel for magnitude. And that quarter is as yet cut off, in a sense, from direct communication with the present centre of residence, by the intervention of that blighted district lying to leeward of the cemeteries. Still, the undoubted fact to-day is that the two localities most distant from each other—namely, the Park and the Pacific Heights—are drawing in opposite directions and in obvious competition. Each possesses rare attractions along with some special drawbacks of its own. That interment in the cemeteries will be prohibited in time, that afterward the leeward district will improve, that meantime many desirable neighbors will yield to the attractions of the Park district, and that ultimately that section will become one of the most valuable, as it is, by natural endowment, one of the most favored in the town, need not be doubted. The "set" of population and improvement is often determined by some small thing, and directed into a channel that it deepens and widens for itself, and from which it is slow to be diverted. The offering on the market at the present juncture of the Alex. Baldwin tract, overlooking the Presidio, may prove to be a circumstance of this kind; by giving an additional impulse to the building movement already in progress in that direction, accompanied by the corresponding rise in the value of land, and the speculative feeling which would thus be engendered, the sale and improvement of the tract named, may settle for the time being any question of rivalry between the Presidio and the Park as "swell" neighborhoods.

Sir Lepel Griffin, Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, has been traveling in these United States, taking notes, and faith, he's prented 'em! The *Argonaut* last week reproduced some of them. The readers of those excerpts may remember that Sir Lepel had pointed out to him, in New York, a very beautiful curtain at a theatre as "the most expensive drop-scene in the world," and certain fine specimens of domestic architecture at Chicago as "half-million-dollar houses." It is to be deplored, for Sir Lepel's sake (whom we suspect to be quite a knowing person), that he associated during his visit only with stockbrokers and "successful," also "eminent," business men. Or he may have even met a newspaper fellow or two, equally capable of discussing the merit of a work of art in its cost. Nay, since the best of men is

> —"oft'nest eloquent on what
> He hates or covets, but possesses not,"

it seems probable that Sir Lepel did meet some Ass not unconnected with the press who gloated over the cost of the drop-scene or of somebody else's residence. But, to confess the whole truth at once, Sir Lepel Griffin might have traveled this great republic far and wide, and have brought very decent letters of introduction with him, and still not have been exceptionally unfortunate if he encountered only men who pointed out to him the cost of drop-curtains and the bigness of Things in general. Within ten days past, a party of ten sat down to dine, most of whom were "successful," and several even "eminent" in walks of life, that ranged from the discounting of "paper" down to making arguments at the bar. The introduction of some California wine drew forth appropriate and enthusiastic comment on the profit realized in its production, and from that auspicious moment until midnight, dollars, gold, coupons, millions—and still the steady burden of "dollars" sounding through the whole—rendered the reunion refreshing and profitable; it rendered it also instructive and shameful. We are not in position to assure the readers of Sir Lepel Griffin's observations that the gathering of which the above tale is told was exceptional either in its selection of, or devotion to, the topic of its dinner conversation; but we are in position to affirm that so long as it is not possible to give such an assurance; so long as it is possible for such topics, so treated, to find any footing at all on such an occasion in the United States—so long foreigners of gentle breeding will be unable to recognize in the persons whom they meet representatives of the class to which they themselves belong.

One of Sir Lepel Griffin's remarks, however, is a mere parrot repetition of an assertion ignorantly made to him by untraveled Americans, one which his own observation could not have been sufficient either to sustain or disprove, and which is quite unworthy to be found among the shrewd and just notes that are really his own. Sir Lepel pronounces the American woman unsound as an animal. This is gammon. Look at the offspring of her—for there, and no other where, the proof lies. Is the American boy rickety? Are these rosy girls, that one sees daily trooping to and from school, scrofulous, or doomed victims of pulmonary complaint? This chatter—of home origin and begotten of pure ignorance of foreign parts—about the physical feebleness of the American woman is mere rot. If there were any foundation for it at all, the American woman could not be the enormous success she is wherever she shows herself abroad. True, her success might be due to a superior charm of manner, or to her wealth, if, in either of these respects, she were generally superior to the natives of other lands with whose attractions her own are brought into competition. But it is noteworthy on the one hand that in a number of the more brilliant foreign alliances contracted by American girls, there has been no dowry, and the judicious among her friends will rather palliate than praise most of what is peculiar in her manners. One undeniable truth is that she has better brains than the average of her foreign sisters; and it is equally true that they are, as a rule, less well cultivated. Any lack in this respect she is clever enough to cover up at first, and make up for afterward. Without numbing her own nimble wit, she picks up, with rare readiness, whatever is best worthy of adoption from those with whom she is thrown. To suppose that a career like this is achieved by an ailing creature during the too brief period of its downward course to premature interment is silly. No; there is no country in which there are not rosy-fac and tallow-faced women, the lithe and the limp, both be found; but the sick sort, the waxy, doughy, und done, and unwholesome kind abound with an aboundi ness in all foreign countries whatever, beyond what th do in these United States of America, and the other Brit colonies.

The impulse, or the wish, is a burning one to take h —the Californian croaker—by the ear, lead him across State boundary line, into Nevada, or Arizona, or Mexi or the frozen Northwest, or the flooded Southwest, or crowded Middle or the stony New England States, miss him with no gentle kick and the objurgation: "The my discontented friend, hoe your row in this genial clim for twelve calendar months, and then come back to C fornia and thank the benefactor who gave you the m useful lesson you ever learned; who taught you, name to know when you were well off." He would come ba and give thanks with a mighty thankfulness that he allowed to do so. If this average Californian croa could only be made once to understand the greatness privilege that he enjoys three times a day in the sim matter of food, he must, out of pure grace of heart, de himself of the elect among men. It is much to be lame ed, for the good of the poor creature itself, that it can be forcibly deported and put for a competent term o diet of salted hog-products among the piney woods Michigan, or on the storm-swept praries of Minnesota the cactus-decorated wastes of Arizona, or on a riot course of *tortilla* and *frijol* among our Spanish-Ameri neighbors, to return with a penitent and chastened s to the best bit of country the sun shines upon—the hea ful, fruitful, jocund, prosperous State of California. Un the whole of Christendom and half of pagandom is becile, the course of immigration shows the best cou for a man to better his condition in, is these United Sta And if any man does not know that the best of these St to live and work in is California, it is because he has tried the rest. Your true Californian is a man w whether he has improved or neglected the unrivaled portunities which his fifteen to thirty-five years of reside in the State have given him, croaks. It is his one n as native to him as to the frog. In prosperity he fore disaster; in adversity, his wail is that of lamentation, his note the note of woe; the burden of his speech grievance; his temporal state is fraught with immi ruin. If the rains withhold, presently he bucks aga Providence by getting himself "long" of cereals; if rains descend, he discerns the flood that impends. echo of his plaining is got into his press, and its edit utterance is a monotone of whine and whimper about rages suffered and wrongs endured. It is a miser business all around—untruthful, unmanly, and stu Give us a change. If that may not be, then—oh, give us a rest!

The German Government will do injustice to the fri of Herr Lasker in America, if it attributes to them the ac of Congress, or holds them in any sense responsible f inexcusable and foolish resolutions. There was no pose in the matter, no premeditation, no intention on part of our House of Representatives to do anything. was the impulsive act of a rattle-brained Democra strengthen his own position with his German Texas stituency, one of whom was the brother of Herr Las In the confusion of the morning hours, the Hon. T Ochiltree presents a hastily pencil-scribbled resolu The clerk read it. Nobody heard it. The Speaker s "All in favor of the resolution, say 'aye.'" Tom Ochil said, "aye." "All opposed," said the Speaker, 'no.'" Nobody said "no," and thus the American C gress did a most unwise act, an act which was at meddlesome and impertinent. It may be difficult f German statesman to believe that such a thing is pos to a legislative body like Congress, but every intelli American understands. There will not be a politicia editor, or individual of intelligence in America who not understand it; and the party man, or writer, or cit who will contribute to the irritation between America Germany on account of it, has some selfish and sin end in view.

In numbers, wealth, social position, and diversit interests, the Jews are acquiring a strong position, only upon this coast, but throughout the whole We part of our continent. Wherever the pioneer, with miner's pick, or the woodman's axe, or farmer's plow, there accompanies him the Jewish trader. Wherev laid the foundations of a new community, there is the Wherever is planted the germ of city or State, there, a the first, most adventurous, most likely to be prospe ones, are the Jews. Keen traders, cool money-len cautious, prudent, economical, sometimes unscrupu usually successful, they have fixed themselves in part of this western country, from Alaska to the ci Guatemala. They have come to stay. Out of the te thousands who in the past generation have planted t

selves, and the hundreds of thousands who in the next will become of us, and exert among us the influence of brains, energy, industry, and wealth, not five per cent. will do aught besides trading. In view of this fact, it is to them in the highest degree desirable that the barriers be broken down which race, tradition, religion, prejudice, and education have erected between them and the people among whom they live. To show that this barrier of race exclusiveness does exist, we print the following from our daily press. Just such an incident occurred in San Francisco. The prejudice exists everywhere; it is absurd, unreasonable, and wicked. It is the privilege of every Christian to assault it, and it is the duty of every intelligent Jew to take up arms against it; Christians of all denominations, Jews, Gentiles, and sinners, can make no mistake in forming cosmopolitan and holy alliance for its utter eradication, extirpation, and destruction; for, until it is destroyed, the Jews will have no real seat at the fireside of American civilization. In Pennsylvania, John Farr, a well-educated, industrious, and sober Welshman, secretary of the Scranton school board, openly made love to, and honorably wedded, a sixteen-year-old Jewess, named Justine Levy. He is twenty-six and she sixteen. The Levy family then made an ass of itself, by the following printed announcement:

> We mourn the marriage of our sister
> Justine Levy to John Farr.
> We hold her dead. Disown her for life.
> The Levy Family.

There is not a Levy this side of Jerusalem who would not seize any Welshman around the neck, and embrace him, and call him brother, to sell him a suit of clothes; but when it comes to marriage, the Levys, who represent Judaic bigotry, mourn the daughter and sister as dead. In America there has been no oppression or persecution of the Jews, and very little even of prejudice. The prizes of business, intellectual, and political life have all been open to them; and if the time shall ever come when the Jew finds himself despised or suspected, it will be the fault of no one but himself. Our laws give them equal opportunity with the native-born. They are educated at public schools in common with the children of the soil. And if the next generation grows up to be a tribal and peculiar class within the great American family, it will be the crime of parents and the calamity of children. The splendid opportunities of citizenship within this free republic are too great and the age too grand a one to encourage the sacrifice of a class of boys and girls, born upon the soil, bright, intelligent, and gifted beyond most other classes, to the stupid, narrow, and unprogressive prejudices of a past which regards the use of unleavened bread and kosher meat as symbols of a religion worth preserving. The following letter from an intellectual Jewish woman will perhaps be read with less of prejudice than the same opinions editorially expressed:

Editor Argonaut: I ask the privilege of discussing a subject which has excited an interest among all deep thinkers. I beg that you will give me the right "to hold the mirror up to nature," and show the Israelites wherein they provoke and seem to justify the ill-will and prejudice now too often dealt out to them most bountifully. As their co-religionist, my birth and creed entitle me to a hearing and to consideration of my views; furthermore, I am hence permitted to make choice of broaching this vital question before the outside world, since frequently privacy or secrecy tends to foster and increase an unconfessed evil. My attention has been gradually drawn and finally riveted to the matter in hand during the past three years, throughout which period I have by the medium of the press canvassed theological subjects and topics of general interest to Americans, and most particularly to Jewish Americans. I propose to lay bare a few of the abuses and sore spots now cherished and covered over by a people who lend a hand to bring about self-destruction, or, what is next door to that, the disrespect of all classes differing from them in faith. To begin with: The Jewish press should be a vehicle of free thought—for a full exchange of ideas, for amicable discussions founded on reason, for courteous, yet eloquent, disputation of doctrinal points as they are understood by one member of society or another. It ought to be open to the layman as well as the clergy; it is not intended that priests alone should conduct it, or that reformed movements should be anathematized. Does it come up to these requirements? Does it show that liberal spirit which proclaims the Jew as willing to hear, able to canvass, and magnanimous to acknowledge a defeat? A very few may perhaps lay claim to this honor, but the fingers of one hand would more than number those journals which are guided by the merit and originality of the contributions brought them for print. If an article is offered for publication upholding the infallibility of the Bible, let that article be poor in diction, careless in expression weak in argument, it is nevertheless welcomed, and inserted with a complimentary notice of its convincing power, and the "talent displayed" by the author. On the contrary, should another contribution be sent, filled with strong reasons why we should not believe that our Creator commissioned the Israelites to steal slyly in upon whole nations that had in no way injured them, and blot these from the earth, even putting women and babies to the sword; if the daring doubter venture to advance the idea that the exultant ferocity of Joshua or the savage cunning displayed was neither warranted nor ordered by God, his contribution will be suppressed. The sponsors of the Jewish press confiscate the manuscript and destroy it utterly. And again, in other particulars do we find the Jewish papers at fault. Instructors, trustees of synagogues, and other officials are sacred in their eyes. To attack the bigotry and intolerance of these men is a heinous sin—an insubordination to be repressed and crushed into silence. The Jewish press invariably pays obsequious court to those men of the congregations who best represent, not the intellect, but the wealth of their co-religionists. For these reasons the tone of the Jewish press is lowered, and carries with it no weight among the enlightened Hebrews. The better class of Jews know that these editors are a peculiar class of newspaper men, subservient to wealth and gauging a man's importance by the depth of his purse. They comprehend, too, that a priestly spirit conducts the press—such as that which guides the Jesuits, to encourage a blind faith which can spring only from ignorance. As soon as Jewish papers shall admit testimony from all sides, and cease to resent argument and discussion as insults offered to Jehovah, they will gain that which they are rapidly forfeiting—an assured footing in the place held by the powers of the press, all through the United States. And now we come to the Jewish people themselves. They stand in their own light, and are unaware of it. They come from Europe to America, are adopted here as citizens, and become naturalized. Their children are born on the soil, and, whether their parents be Russians, Poles, or Germans, the tongue they should speak is English, that being the language considered national in the United States. Yet in families the Jewish parents make every effort to foster the mother-tongue. How can Christian Americans be censured, if they find it difficult to understand that a child who believes in Israel's God, when born in America, is an American, having precisely the same feeling and love of his native land as an Episcopalian would if also born there? How can the Hebrews find fault with the Christians for still thinking of them as "German Jews" if they themselves persist in acting as if they were foreigners planted in an alien state? Half the outrages perpetrated in Russia, half the invectives hurled against Jews, spring from the deplorable fact that a great majority of those Jews use a language differing from that of the other natives of the same country in which they dwell. The first step toward universal equality will be made on the day when we find Jews using in France pure French, and in America and England unmixed English, free from any foreign accent. Can they afford thus to furnish an excuse to bigotry? Can they not see that their pretensions must consequently be circumscribed to the narrow limits of resident strangers just so long as the children of coming generations are led to adopt their parent's language instead of that to which birth entitles them? Not till their knowledge of English is perfect should any other tongue be taught them, and then only as an acomplishment; so that Jews, even when born of foreign parents, may be as easily and fully recognized as Americans as if they had sprung from English stock, and settled in our land from the day Columbus reached it. Again, there is a weakness of another kind which brings about its own punishment. I allude to the frequent practice among Jews of abandoning ancestral names and assuming others, which will not, by sound, betray a Hebrew origin. Is not this a cowardly and contemptible subterfuge? Was there ever an instance of a man being called Brown and exchanging it for Mordecai? Why is this? Simply because Brown is common among Christians, and its owner is not ashamed of his lineage nor desirous of being supposed to lay claim to another. Yet we find only too often that a Mordecai will drop his own name and take up that of Brown, seeking to mask his faith and to hide the fact that he follows an unpopular creed. Naturally we must suspect his motives; and outsiders are led to abhor a belief which is supported by such lukewarm followers. If a Jew is ashamed to be known as a Jew, never should he find fault with those who consider his faith an unpardonable offense. Another serious fault is Jewish intolerance. The Israelites have alienated some of the most brilliant minds, some of their ablest men, by a spirit of exclusiveness. They will expel from their midst any who openly advise the desirability of improving on an ancient code, formed in a past age, and for an ignorant—nay, almost barbarous—people. They refuse to recognize an allegiance which is not given in a circumscribed form. Their deepest thinkers are held up to the censure and abuse of those beneath them in intellect; and often a whole class or congregation will disown the man who deviates from the beaten track, and declare him unfit to be called a Jew. They wish to force him to give up the faith he professes, and, with the ardor of narrow-minded zealots, they absolutely goad him into leaving the ranks. Thus has been lost to Judaism such men as nature fitted to become the mouth-pieces of their race; men who were formed by a Master-hand to replace bigotry by liberality, to institute everywhere judicious inquiry for blind adherence to antiquated forms; men who would forcibly prove to Christianity that Jews are of a faith compelling respect, since it can bear examination, and, therefore, must be founded upon reason. Invariably, the men who doubt, ask, inquire, examine, weigh, and ponder, are men of strong and acute minds, sometimes talented, and often even attaining to genius; yet *these* are the limbs which are wantonly cut off from the old tree. Is it strange or wonderful that the tree thus robbed of its strength can no longer challenge the admiration of those who do not wish shelter beneath it? Last, but not least in importance, is the sacrifice they make to retain a time-honored Sabbath day—not a sacrifice of their moneyed interest, but of the respect of their fellow-citizens. For the sake of trade, and for the sake of adding to wealth, the so-called "holy Sabbath" is desecrated every week. They work on Saturday, because they would be poorer if they did not, and Christianity contemplates with disdain the contradiction of a toiling Jew who is commanded by his own laws to "rest." Here, in America, they are at least not a persecuted people. They can choose their own course, yet to the Jew alone can a finger of scorn be pointed, because on *no* day will he cease from labor! Why should he not conform to the same one which all his neighbors use? Nothing but a self-destroying pride prevents the adoption of Sunday. Jewish forms and ceremonies could be kept just as at present, and the creed remain unaltered. In conduct alone would an improvement be marked by respecting the Sabbath, for *no* reason now exists why Jews should desire to be selected as a "peculiar people." Has not *one* Father made every race? A Jew will sacrifice much for his religion, yet it is he who is surely slaying it by giving the outside world the laughable spectacle of refusing to exchange his "day of rest," while he himself never rests one hour in the twenty-four. He says, "this *seventh* day is God's," and yet he puts Mammon before God, and even refuses Jehovah the homage of giving up any other to his worship. The holding to Saturday is surrounded with difficulties; law compels the cessation of trade and outside business on Sunday; if, therefore, Israelites fulfilled the mandate of their Bible by properly observing the old Sabbath, two days' work would be lost to them, and this, to the poorer classes, would mean poverty or absolute want. Yet they should not ignore the good will and sacrifice the esteem which a community owes them, as now they do. They should suit themselves to their surroundings, and, as the Christians outnumber the Jews, they should yield to the majority by worshiping in their synagogues on Sunday. There never has been any means of proving which day is the first; how, then, can they be sure that Saturday is the seventh? But let us call it Sunday; first, or last, it will nevertheless prove quite as acceptable to God. Let us cut loose from the traditional Sabbath, since we can not afford to honor it by rest. When that time comes, when the Israelites can show the respect and attention due their chosen rabbis by filling their synagogues with listeners, instead of buying and selling on the Sabbath; when every Sunday the pews shall be properly filled, not only with women, but men, then Christians will begin to understand that a Jew does not desert his faith by praying on that day, but that he suits himself to circumstances, and, while practicing the true religion of his father, modifies its rendering; that while retaining the tenets of his creed, he substitutes its spirit for the letter, and by so doing has conquered himself sufficiently to cast aside old prejudices, and conform to a day which will not interfere with the toil requisite to sustain and supply his bodily wants, and yet will permit him once a week to devote himself to the public worship of God. Religion should be a holy matter between man and his Maker. No one has a right to condemn him for it, whatever name it bears—even Paganism should be deemed sacred if it is proved to be sincere. But when the Jews proclaim Saturday as set apart by a divine command for devotional purposes, and thus "calling for rest," when they do this and yet work on this day, they destroy all credit in their truth, they furnish their detractors with a valid excuse for mistrust, and they wantonly draw upon themselves the disrespect of even their most liberal-minded neighbors. Either they should depart from their ancient Sabbath or fully observe it; but since the last seems impossible, save to a few of the very wealthy, they should remember that a persistent refusal to adopt Sunday as their Sabbath is an act of fatal blindness, helping to slay the esteem to which all God-fearing and law-abiding Israelites are justly entitled from every whole-souled and generous-hearted Christian. Caroline C. Joachimsen.

New York, February 19, 1884.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

How J. C. Flood, Esq., may Lose the Nevada Block.

Editors Argonaut: As an American citizen, I have the highest respect for every institution of my country; and for no one of them have I a higher respect than for its judiciary. Our laws are founded in equity, and, in the main, are sensibly expressed. Our judges, as a whole, are exceptionally learned and honorable. There are few exceptions in the matter of learning, and still fewer in the matter of honor. The members of the American bar will compare very favorably, in education, ability, and honor, with any other class of our citizens, whether they be merchants, manufacturers, doctors, or divines. And yet, with all these elements in favor of justice in our courts, it is a most remarkable and lamentable fact that the administration of law in our country is not only infamous, but silly. Any lawyer would find it a pleasant task to denounce this statement; but no lawyer will find it possible to deny the fact that no sensible, level-headed business man, of any experience in litigation, can go into court without fear and trembling, even when he feels the utmost possible confidence in the justice of his case. It is not now my purpose to express an opinion as to the cause of this deplorable condition of affairs. I believe the lawyers could themselves point it out more effectually, and suggest remedies more readily, than any other class. I shall here merely apply an actual case, of recent occurrence, to the hypothetical caption of this letter. A Barbary-Coaster may take a notion that he would like to wrest the Nevada Block from its owner. He may find a lawyer in San Francisco not overburdened with business. He may induce that lawyer to take a case against J. C. Flood on a contingent fee. He may himself write out a sham contract between himself and Flood, in which Flood agrees to deed to him the Nevada Block on certain easily fulfilled conditions; and he may himself sign the document for both. The attorney may bring a suit against Mr. Flood for damages, and another for specific performance. The complaint in the damage suit may be so ridiculous as to excite only the derision of Mr. Flood's attorney. Mr. Flood's attorney will demur to the complaint, and the demurrer may be overruled by the Superior Court. On the trial of the case the plaintiff will bring in other Barbary-Coasters, who will swear as instructed. When the plaintiff's testimony is all in, the defendant's attorney may claim that not only is there no case really in court, but that the plaintiff's evidence does not sustain a single allegation in the complaint; and that therefore the defendant will introduce no evidence, and will let the case go to the court without argument. The court may render a decision in favor of the plaintiff, and grant him all the damages prayed for. Mr. Flood's attorney will take an appeal to the Supreme Court. After several years of waiting and watching, the case will be tried, and the Supreme Court, in a lengthy decision, will administer a scathing rebuke to the lower court, in these exact words: "The evidence in this case does not justify the findings of the court, and its findings do not justify its verdict." Meantime the specific performance suit will have been tried in the same court before the rendering of the Supreme Court decision in the damage suit. The complaint will be exactly the same as in the damage suit. The demurrer will be the same. It will be overruled, and on the trial of the case the identical witnesses will give in the identical testimony as before. Mr. Flood will instruct his attorney not to send this second case to the court without rebutting testimony and argument, as was done in the former case. His attorney will obey the instructions of his client, and while in the midst of his conduct of the case he may be called away to argue a case in another court. He will turn the Flood case over to an attorney sent by Mr. Flood, and will thus instruct him: "You don't need to know a thing about this case. There is really no case in court, and all the testimony, without a particle of exception, is wholly irrelevant. You need do nothing but object to every question asked of every witness. Every one of your objections will be overruled, and you will merely see that your objections are noted." The case will be argued, and the court, as before, will find for the plaintiff, and will decree that J. C. Flood shall deed the Nevada Block to the Barbary-Coaster. Mr. Flood's attorney will take an appeal, and, after several years of waiting and anxious watching, Mr. Flood's attorney will see the case at last placed upon the Supreme Court calendar. It is possible that urgent business may call Mr. Flood to New York a few days before this second case is to be called up in the Supreme Court. His attorney may inform him of the necessity of preparing for it, and may ask if he is to argue it. Mr. Flood may have other business for this attorney, and may request him to turn the transcript on appeal over to another of his attorneys. The attorney may misunderstand Mr. Flood, and may send the transcript by the hand of his clerk to be placed on Mr. Flood's desk. Mr. Flood, thinking that his case had been duly and effectively turned over to the attorney he had selected to argue it, will go to New York, and may be gone several weeks. When the case is called in the Supreme Court the defendant will not be represented, the plaintiff will move that the decision of the court below be affirmed, and the Supreme Court will so order. On Mr. Flood's return he will see by the report that he has lost the Nevada Block. He will fly to the office of Attorney No. 2, and will furiously demand to know why he has lost his case in the Supreme Court. Attorney No. 2 will express surprise that he was expected to know that he was to argue that case. Mr. Flood will fly to Attorney No. 1, and will demand to know why he did not obey his instructions to turn that case over to Attorney No. 2. Attorney No. 1 will declare that he understood Mr. Flood to intend to himself turn the case over to Attorney No. 2; and that he promptly sent the transcript on appeal to Mr. Flood's office to be so turned over. Mr. Flood will find the transcript safe among a mass of accumulated mail matter on his desk. Now comes the fun for the Barbary Coast! Mr. Flood, Attorney No. 1, and Attorney No. 2 make affidavits to the foregoing facts, and, presenting the same humbly to the Supreme Court in bank, respectfully beg that the case be heard before it be decided. The Supreme Court of California will take the case under advisement for a week, and will then decide, not in words but in effect, that the question as to whether or not the Court should decide a case without hearing it is of no moment, but the great and momentous question before the august tribunal is whether or not it is in accordance with etiquette for a client to request one of his attorneys to turn a case over to another one. And the highest tribunal of justice in California will poke its august nose into the matter of personal etiquette between client and attorney, and will decree that in requesting a responsible attorney to turn his case over to another attorney, Mr. Flood was guilty of neglect, and had not exercised due diligence in the conduct of his case; but that if Mr. Flood had sent for a little two-bit messenger boy from the District Telegraph Office, and had confided to him and to his pockets, full of tops and marbles, the matter of transferring his case from one attorney to another, then he would have exercised due diligence, and would have deserved to have the court hear his case before deciding it. And the Supreme Court will cause the remitittur; Mr. Flood will move out of the Nevada Block; and the Barbary-Coaster will move into it. Exactly this has already happened to William S. Chapman, in the matter of real estate in Fresno. Why may it not happen to J. C. Flood in San Francisco? B. Marks.

Fresno, January 31, 1884.

---

The "Marguerite Home," for aged ladies of limited means, has been established at Sacramento by Mrs. E. B. Crocker. The *Bee* says that there are twenty-four bedrooms, each intended for but one lady, and all these rooms are finely furnished. The property cost thirty-eight thousand dollars, and has been deeded to five trustees, whose wives will have immediate supervision of the Home. It is thought that the monthly cost of supporting each inmate will be thirty dollars or less. Mrs. Crocker has given to the trustees fifty thousand dollars in bonds, the income from which will pay about half of this expense. To assist other aged ladies of more limited means, Mrs. Crocker has given the trustees twelve thousand dollars, to be applied toward establishing a sufficient endowment fund for each individual case.

## FABIANA'S TWO LOVERS.

How a Mexican Woman Saved a Friend and Avenged Her Lover.

II.

Benigna Cysneros came over to the Campuzanos, her calm Madonna-face rigid with pity and horror.

"Men are more cruel than the brutes!" she cried. "Oh, the poor, bleeding bodies! The soiled souls sent home unshriven! It is worse than war—this is deliberate murder."

"Is all execution murder?" Luis said, solemnly. "These things are but part of the fortune of war. You are not *filosofica* to-day. You indulge your sympathies and emotions."

"But to be shot down like that, in cold blood! And one was Mariano, the cobbler, whose family, starving almost since he was impressed, live down the street by the beach. Thou art not wont to be heartlessly logical, Luis. What if thine own case were in point?"

As if her passionate vehemence held prophecy to his ear, the printer's kindly face took on a look of solemnity.

"Traitor I can never be, nor coward of any manner, I trust. If unjust doom be mine, then I pray heaven for one boon—to let me face death like a man."

Benigna took home with her Fabiana, and it befell that on the way were borne past them litters holding bodies of some of the dead soldiers. The passionate woman burst forth again in protest.

"I have always dreaded and distrusted Galan, 'Biana mine; thou wilt rue the day he is thy husband!"

"But, Beni, death is the penalty of desertion. Did not Luis say it? And Major Galan is not to blame for this. He must do his duty."

"But with his own hand? Ah, no! And seven he shot down himself, out yonder. He told it me as he returned, their poor blood spattered on his stirrup! I tell thee, he is cruel, and relentless, and deadly. And for him thou wouldst sacrifice that great warm heart of Luis?"

And then Fabiana, moved by stress of the day's emotions, fell on her kees, and, with her head in Beni's lap, sobbed out the conflict raging in her awakening soul, where ambition and promise of a stirring and adventurous future weighed heavy in the balance against long-settled affection.

"And Luis helps me not. He is so cold of late, and indifferent if I go or stay."

"Indifferent! he! And how should he lift a hand to withhold you from the life of wealth and ease Galan offers? A humble home, that his mother and sisters must share; nothing but poverty, and a strong, true heart to lean upon."

And so, steadfast and generous in her self-renunciation, Benigna compassed the understanding that was a death-blow to her own chance of happiness.

Major Galan had necessarily diminished somewhat his attendance since Fabiana had been the Campuzano's guest. He made no farther cessation when he came to perceive the restored relations of his lady with the printer, although at this time increased duties weighed upon him.

There was an insurrection in Zacatecas, and but two men in the legitimate branch of the service were strong enough to quell it. Ramon Corona could put the outbreak down—Ramon Corona, the idol of the people, from whose lowermost depths he sprung—Ramon Corona, who might have had the Presidency for his own, but who well knew how surely assassination would reach him in that high estate. But General Corona was on an embassy in Spain. Velado remained to Mexico, her strong, determined son; and Velado marched on walled Zacatecas, leaving the port occupied by three companies, under command of Juan Nepomuceno Galan, major of Battalion Fifteen.

Lent was over, and Peralta was singing a season of opera at the port, where, a few years hence, the yellow scourge should still her silver voice forever. The little theatre was thronged, for Peralta was their very own, the pride of Mexico.

Just inside the auditorium door Luis Campuzano leaned on his cane, in a group of young men awaiting an intermission to take their seats. A shabby *peon*—one of the broad-hatted gentry who perform the duties of *commissionaire*—put his head in and told the printer a friend wished speech with him. This friend proved to be half a dozen soldiers, whose petty officer desired Campuzano to accompany them, under arrest.

Luis made some slight, nonchalant protest. He supposed the matter was only fault to be found with some item in the last issue of *La Voz del Puerto*.

The squad moved silently until they reached a narrow, dark street, running between tall warehouses. Then the leader called a halt.

"You know your duty, men."

The stolid fellows discharged their pieces, and then marched on back to their *cuartel*, leaving Campuzano dead in the paved roadway, the victim of as dastardly and cold-blooded a murder as ever even unhappy Mexico knew.

Poor Campuzano's slaying aroused a profound and universal indignation, which was, however, impotent, and for the most part silent. Indeed, it was not prudent to exercise freedom of speech where martial law was so despotic and execution so summary. Outside the few who knew the esoteric motive for Galan's enmity, it was supposed that something published in Campuzano's journal had given umbrage.

Fabiana bent under the blow like a slender palm storm-beaten.

"I am all to blame," she said to Benigna Cysneros. "If I had known my own mind, if I had kept better faith, this would not have been. The innocent all suffer for my sin—my Luis, the poor old mother, Concha, and Amada. Now let him come and kill me, too."

But Benigna by no means acquiesced in this passivity of despair. Her fellowship with the resident Americans stood her in good stead now. She found protectors for Fabiana in a family returning to San Francisco, and wrote to Pelayo, also, to go thither from Tepic, well knowing the enemy would avenge on the brother the sister's absence.

"He will hardly care to war on the Campuzano women farther," she told herself, standing on the wharf to watch the little boat that skimmed over the bay to the steamer in the roadstead. So swiftly, so subtly had been made her preparations, that none knew of Fabiana's departure until the hour of her embarking.

"'Biana has the artist's eye and heart; she will outgrow her grief in study, and it may be bring fame one day to *la patria*." For Benigna's patriotism was a consuming fire.

"Thank God!" she said aloud, "for their safety, and that only I remain. My Aunt Josefita can live not many days, and then—blood for blood, a life for a life."

Even while the drop of Indian blood wrote that thought of vengeance on her oval cheek, a leisurely footstep came down the *muelle*. Major Galan, the *comandante*, was sauntering hither for a glance of languid curiosity at what might be of emigration. He had never liked Benigna. Her progressiveness and her satirical speech were not in consonance with his idea of womankind. Yet he saluted her now with grave courtesy.

"Alone here, señorita? Ah, truly you have the independence! Is it that some friend of yours is in the *embarcadero?*"

"Ay, señor; a friend who is a martyr. See you that *bote*—that speck that rises and falls on the water? Look well, for in it you look your last on Fabianita Quintana."

The major's swarthy, sallow face flashed pallid; the latent glow in his eyes went out, as dies the last spark in lifeless ashes. He swayed, and, staggering, leaned against the timbers of a hoisting-derrick. On these his sword-hilt struck, and the weapon jarred clanking out as its point went up, and fell through the decaying, broken wharf, down into the water and slimy mud beneath.

Benigna raised her beautiful hands to heaven with a gesture of sublime invocation.

"An omen, thou dastard! A sword lost and dishonored, love departed, hope fled, and before thee a foe who will not fail to avenge the love of a lifetime!"

And Major Galan, gazing stricken on that Cassandra-like countenance, read aright and fearfully the deadly enmity in its mingled love and hate.

* * * * * * * *

"May I ask how these documents came into your hands, Señorita Cysneros?" General Velado was shuffling a handful of letters in no mild mood. "*You* are never in correspondence with the Guerristas?"

Benigna started up indignantly.

"*Senor General!*" But the look of mingled amusement and admiration reassured her. "It was like this, señor. In the last *borrego*—that of the deserters—was shot one Mariano, a cobbler of this port, who leaves a family here; and his wife's sister, Martina, has a lover, a brave lad enough, who has made his way to lieutenant and secretary to Donato Guerra. It seems Guerra distrusted this proposition to betray the port into his hands, and the secretary sends the letters through Martina to Guerristas here, to test the major's faith. Martina being obsure, and unknown politically, the packet reaches her uninspected. But Martina can not read, and I—well, I can, a little."

"Ah!" said General Velado, dryly; "yes, I fancy I have heard you have some slight ability of the sort."

For this girl, full of jealousy and shame for the ignorance of the land, gave freely the service of her own talents to the poorest and lowest of the populace.

"Well, Martina let me bring you the letters only because Galan shot Mariano. Otherwise they would have furthered the scheme, for they are strong Guerristas."

"It is well. Thus personal hate and private grudge work for the good of our country. You, señorita, have done the land service by just so much as secret treachery is worse than declared enmity. You may trust me to deal stern justice to that *infame* Galan. *Por Dios!* how have I not trusted that traitor!"

"General Velado, I can not believe Galan is guilty of this, after all. This is not his handwriting. Then he has fought well for his country, and the brave are not traitorous!"

Benigna had a most unwoman-like sense of justice.

"Naturally," said Velado, "he would employ other handwriting than his own. As for loyalty, every man has his price—I have mine, for that matter—granted that it is high. No doubt Donato Guerra gives him a pretty figure. Much good may it do him in purgatory, for the devil shall sup on his soul!"

"You would not kill him now!" Benigna cried; "not to-day!"

"And why not? Young lady, your patriotism is intensely masculine, but your squeamishness is feminine; therefore, suspicious. What interest can you have in the major's respite? Can it be that his melancholy eyes have awakened a romantic sympathy?"

Benigna stood up, her slender, rounded shape tense, her piquant, oval face full of disdain.

"If Galan dies at your order, you rob me——of my right of vengeance. In all my life I have loved but one man, and Luis Campuzano's murderer should yield his life to none but me."

"Ah," said General Velado, "I see. But discipline must be enforced, and treachery punished. Only, before God, I would rather thrice over trample down those Zacatecan rebels again. To sentence a man I have trusted—a companion-at-arms—a messmate! No matter; his shrift shall be short, and his trial afterward! I am not afraid my government will condemn me for undue expedition. Señorita, have the goodness to step into the next room, and you shall witness my farewell to your friend."

Galan came in, nonchalantly enough.

"What word, my general——" He stopped short at sight of Velado's frowning face.

"Give me your sword, sir!"

The major saluted, and, unbuckling his new blade, presented it to his superior. Velado put one stout knee against the steel, and snapped it in twain.

"And now, sir, present yourself to Lieutenant Castro as under arrest for immediate execution."

"But my offense?"

"It is known. Proceed!"

There was no jest; there was no room for doubt. Galan was only too familiar with the arbitrary and absolute power of the *comandante*. He had seen other instances of this fate that was recoiling on himself. He looked out of the window at the street below; white walls, shining in the sun, sheaves of feathery palms, and the wide blue sea open beyond. It was a beautiful world; too fair a one to leave—to die from. He must have realized the despair and bitterness of its last sight to eyes that he had closed forever.

Velado called an orderly outside. Galan heard vaguely an order given for Lieutenant Castro. Standing with one hand on the casing in apparent unconcern, he stood, passing a life, no doubt, in swift review, nor stirred until the tramp of men sounded in the hall without. Then he faced Velado.

"Obedience is a soldier's first duty, but——" He smiled in mocking deprecation, dropped his hand to the sill, and leaped into the barrack-ground, with one desperate effort for life and liberty. As Benigna sprang into the room, General Velado, with unmoved face, gave her his arm with courtly grace, and led her to the window, as if placing her for a dance.

"He will not escape. Castro will have been prepared for this."

Castro had been prepared. Already his men had forced Galan into the angle of the buttress, and surrounded him there. He fought them, a dozen to one. Fought their rifles and lances with one small pistol and a dirk from his belt. Fought desperately against a death of dishonor, with an added pang in that he knew not of what he stood accused.

And, indeed, of this last evil he was guiltless; no man more loyal bore the emblem of eagle and serpent. Long afterward it transpired that the conspiracy was the work of an unsuspected captain who had plotted in Galan's name. Surely it was retribution that brought the major to the bitterest death of all—the unmerited death of a traitor. Surely, too—unless we delude ourselves when we call heaven-born the love of valor—surely, heaven must have forgiven much for the man's dauntless, deathless courage, that laid three assailants lifeless before him, and drained many a crimson drop from their fellows, ere Galan fell, striking fiercely out with his last bubbling breath.

Benigna Cysneros and Velado faced each other with white set faces. But Benigna caught her breath with something very like a sob of homage.

"He died," she said, "oh! he died *like a* MAN!"

February 19, 1884. Y. H. ADDIS.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"On the Differences between Physical and Moral Law" is a treatise by the Rev. William Arthur, author of the well-known "Tongue of Fire," in which he endeavors to discuss these important subjects in a manner which is lucid and free from technicalities. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

Mr. G. P. Lathrop's long-expected "Newport" has at length appeared. It is a clever society novel, and will doubtless meet with success. The situations are quiet, but strong, and the character sketching good. The author's work shows a diligent study of society small-talk and a careful use of the note-book. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, $1.25.

In 1880 the Rev. G. T. Bedell and Julia Bedell set apart the sum of five thousand dollars to establish a series of lectures at the Theological Seminary connected with Kenyon College, Ohio, the subject of which was to be "The Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion." The lectures have been delivered every year, and that for 1883 has just been issued. It is by the Right Reverend Henry Cotterill, D. D., Bishop of Edinburgh, Scotland. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

The Duke of Argyll has just completed a work on the "Unity of Nature." The author considers the fact that modern doubt has called in question not only the whole subject of inquiry in regard to theology, but the whole faculties by which it can be pursued. He says: "It has appeared to me that not a few of the problems which lie deepest in this inquiry, and which perplex us most, are soluble in the light of the unity of nature. Or if these problems are not entirely soluble in this light, at least they are broken up by it, and are reduced to fewer and simpler elements. The volume is an attempt to follow this conception along a few of the innumerable paths which it opens up, and which radiate from it through all the phenomena of the universe, as from an exhaustless centre of energy and suggestion." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

Announcements: Browning's new poem will appear in April. ——Louis J. Jennings is engaged in writing a life of John Wilson Croker, a prominent politician of a generation ago. He will give letters from the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, written during the early reform agitation.——Mr. Brinsley Richards is writing an answer to "John Bull and his Island," in the shape of a description of France and a characterization of its people.——A comprehensive cyclopædia of German poetry is announced by Henry Holt & Co. Each selection will be printed both in German and English, and the volume will be enriched with copious notes by the editor, Mr. Karl Kuortz.——Lady Brassey has written an account of her recent voyage in the *Sunbeam* to the West Indies, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Longman under the lengthy, but descriptive, title of "In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties." It will be illustrated with several maps, and with numerous woodcuts after drawings by Mr. R. T. Prichett.——A new story by Thomas Hardy, "Emmeline, or Passion versus Principle," is printed in the *Independent*.—— "An Old Man's Love," Anthony Trollope's posthumous novel, will soon be published by Messrs. Blackwood. Another edition of Mr. Charles Francis Adams's address, "A College Fetich," has been prepared. With it are bound up some of the articles which it has called forth.——*Harper's Weekly* for March 12th, says the *Critic*, will contain a double-page engraving from a drawing by Mr. Edwin Abbey illustrating a poem by J. G. Whittier on "The Expulsion of the Friends from Massachusetts in 1660." The drawing was sent to Mr. Whittier as a sort of bait, and he "took hold" at once. The story told by Mr. Abbey's pencil seemed to inspire his pen, and he sent the poem—which is said to be one of unusual strength and vigor—within a few days. This suggests an excellent plan for getting contributions from eminent poets. The only drawback to its repeated execution is the comparative dearth of Abbeys—to say nothing of the lack of Whittiers.——"The Life and Poems of Theodore Winthrop," edited by his sister and accompanied by a portrait, will soon be brought out by Henry Holt & Co. The firm will publish at the same time the Queen of Roumania's tales, "Pilgrim Sorrow" and "The Pagans," a novel by Mr. Arlo Bates, editor of the Boston *Courier*.——Lieutenant Totten, one of the officers who took part in the storming of the Corean forts, and who is now executive officer of the training ship *Minnesota*, is preparing for publication an account of the Corean expedition of 1872.

## VANITY FAIR.

The fashionable engagement ring is simply a circle of small diamonds and sapphires alternately.

At the wedding of the Marquis of Kildare with the Lady Hermione Duncombe he presented each of the bridesmaids with a specially ordered watch.

It used to be the fashion in Paris to lunch at one of the cafés. Now, after the English custom, among Louis XV. pretty and costly toys, gay friends, the rustling of silk, the tinkling of gold spoons and bracelets, and the accompaniment of merry laughter, the five o'clock tea is made the excuse for the most charming of reunions.

"Last Thursday," says a writer in a London newspaper, "I assisted at a wedding quite *en canari*, a girl of twenty summers being led to the altar dressed in yellow rep—yclept by dressmakers' Terry velvet—lined with satin, looking as if the bridegroom's mother had made the bride a present of one of her curtains for the bridal dress, as well as the lace; and the eleven bridesmaids—some quite little girls—had gowns of yellow plush."

Dresses to be worn to church services during Lent, says a New York paper, are already shown by fashionable modistes. One of the prettiest is of gray nun's cloth, with the skirt kilted the whole length from the belt to the hem. Above this is a long, plain redingote, which fits the form to perfection. The garment is devoid of drapery, but is trimmed with moderately wide bands of silver-fox fur. Another dress is of black ursuline, exquisitely embroidered with silver-gray silk.

The great object in the care of the hair at present is to keep it soft and light, so that it will lie in loose coils and stand out in shape. School-girls and ladies at home may wear it "high and low" as it is called, all in one soft mass from the crown to the ears and down over the nape of the neck. There is no part, and the bang is lightly frizzled, left in soft ringlets over the forehead and pinned back with incisive hairpins over the dividing line between the bang and the rest of the hair. The back hair is then brushed out plain, divided into two parts, crossed, and carried up around the head with the ends tucked away, and a net over the whole.

"Barry Wall, the king of the New York dudes," says a correspondent, "who changes his clothes five times a day, has canes and dogs to match each suit and wears stockings with five toes to them, gave a big hunting-dinner to twenty-five of the boys Tuesday at Delmonico's. He is a great fox-chaser, is only twenty-three years old, and has an enormous fortune, which he earned by the sweat of his father's brow in Colorado. The dinner was given at his place in Park Avenue, and the guests were all required to come in their scarlet fox-hunting jackets. I hear that one of the party performed a hornpipe with remarkable agility on the table at two o'clock in the morning."

[illegible] has rather become the fashion of late, says the *American Queen*, for New York women, who have money enough, to have their portraits painted by celebrated foreign artists. Miss Wilson, Mrs. Ogden Goelet's sister, has had Lefébvre paint hers. The picture is exceedingly beautiful. Miss Wilson is represented seated in an easy, graceful attitude, and wears a toilet of white tulle over white silk. Miss Jean Turnure has an excellent likeness of herself painted by some renowned artist, and Mrs. Henry Clews has just received her picture from Mr. Millet, the English painter. The suit for seventy-five thousand francs which the great Meissonier is bringing against Mrs. Mackay in Paris, for a likeness he made of her, and which she refuses to accept, is attracting a great deal of attention. Nobody can understand why Mrs. Mackay should refuse her portrait, as it is said to be her very image.

A letter from Nice to the London *Truth* says: "The season here has not as yet been a very successful one. The hotels are not full, and there are a great many villas and apartments unlet. The Niçois are too greedy; people will not stand being obliged to take an apartment for six months when they only want it for two or three. There have been a good many receptions and dances. The best have been on the American flagship *Lancaster*, at Villefranche. Admiral and Mrs. Baldwin gave a reception and dance every Thursday afternoon, and they and the officers of the ship managed things admirably. Captain Potter is the handsomest man that was ever seen, and, if the officers only fight as well as they dance, we should have to look out for ourselves if we were at war with the United States. It was quite a pleasure to look at them dancing. The receptions have now come to an end, as the Admiral has left for Rome."

Little dogs are growing more luxurious every day, says *Harper's Bazar*. Mats, rugs, and biscuits crumbled in cream are made ready for them at the fashionable dressmakers while they and their mistresses are waiting to be fitted. The little dog must have a paletot of velvet trimmed with fox, so that he carries the conquered skin of his hereditary enemy on his back. In the morning, when he is not paying visits, he wears a plainer paletot of flannel lined with scarlet, with the monogram of his house embroidered on the back, and a gorget coming up high under his bell-hung leather collar, with also a bunch of flowers on the left shoulder. For his afternoon drive his coat is lined and faced with silk, and the collar is of velvet. If the weather is below zero, he wears seal-skin; and for traveling, the Campbell or Murray tartan, with red leather harness and reins. Dog-collars are made of massive gold or silver, with diamonds, emeralds, opals, and rubies spelling out the name of the favorite. Let us hope that these are of imitation stones, else Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart will get stolen for other than their own intrinsic merit, however great that may be. Two very stately lion poodles, with their fair mistress, walk every day in the Fifth Avenue. They are said to be worth their weight in silver.

Fancy fairs, *tableaux vivants*, and *bals costumés* are in the wind in New York, says the *Bazar*, for fancy fairs as held in England are beginning to win their way here, American beauty being, in spite of Sir Lepel Griffin, able to hold its own with any sort of costume. The Luther commemoration, held in November at Eisleben, brought thirty thousand Germans together, and old costumes in great variety, made famous by the German painters, were shown at a fair. This was copied in England, and now is talked of as a possible feature of Lenten gayety. The head-dresses of Catherine de Bora and her maids were singularly attractive. A patch-and-powder comedy, played by amateurs at the Madison Square Theatre, on February 12th and 13th, also tableaux representing Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," taxed the artistic resources of New York belles. Mr. Chase and Miss Rosina Emmet posed and dressed the tableaux.

"The American girl is champagny," says an Italian writer. "She glittering, foamy, bubbly, sweet, dry, tart—in a word, fizzy! She has not that dreamy, magical, murmury loveableness of our Italian girl. And yet there is a cosmopolitan combination in the American girl that makes her a most attractive coquette in her frankness, in her pardonable frivolity, in her being a phenomenon of veritable intrigue! You may lose your head with her easily in a week, and in the way of recollecting what you had said to her yesterday, for she is gifted with memory; but your heart—jamais! It takes a longer time for that. But be sure she will have both, sooner or later, and, like a true belle, will sing to you amid sighs and smiles. I don't believe she is half as mercenary as she talks—in the vein of 'what female heart can gold despise?' Yet she gives you a strong impression that the alpha and omega of life are a modiste and a millionaire. My impression of the American girl is one never to be forgotten. She is bright, brisk, and business-like. To be concise, I would call the American girl a sort of social catechism—full of questions and answers. In many instances she omits the answers, and becomes an incarnate '?'. I never experienced such a pleasurable witness-box position in all my life."

"Plush is used to a large extent in making picture-frames," a frame-maker said to a New York *Sun* reporter, "especially the smaller frames. Some are made entirely of it, and some have borders only. A flat gold-leaf frame, with bands of silk plush next to the picture, makes a very pretty effect. Red and old gold are mostly used. The red, however, seems to be liked better. On the small easel frames used for photographs blue is also used. Oil-paintings are rarely put in frames with plush on them. Engravings, water-color pictures, and painted china generally have plush framing—chiefly good silk plush. Some very common frames are made from cotton plush, but their inferiority is too palpable to deceive any one. Squares of plate looking-glass with beveled edges are set in plush frames. They are large and small, and there are great numbers sold. There are large establishments where hundreds of them are made daily. They are very showy, and they set off a room even more than a picture. I don't believe there has ever been so much plush manufactured as there is at present. Not only is it used for frames, but for the covers of albums, ladies' satchels, and lots of other articles. It is much cheaper, too, than it was. Very lately there has been a demand for bronze and bronze and silver frames. Figured brass frames seem to be well liked. I have no doubt that plush will be in fashion for a long time to come."

The latest phase of dandyism in Paris, says a correspondent, is marked by the brilliancy of the toilet. Everything in gentlemen's dress that can be made to shine is brought to the highest degree of polish. The linen is sent to England to be done up, that it may receive the mirror-like finish given at the English laundries. The boots are varnished with a material which, like old wine, has been preserved under ground to perfect its qualities. The hair of the "luisant," as this type of dandy is called, is made lustrous by brilliantine, and his silk hat receives a treatment by the valet with a delicate oil obtained like that which the gold-leaf gilders use—namely, from the human forehead in perspiration, as it is wiped off by a silk handkerchief. The "luisant" is rendered further glorious by the single jewel of enormous size which he wears in his shirt-front, and by the large bouquet at his button-hole. The different varieties of "luisant" may be named by the flower they usually wear. The "white carnation," for instance, is very deferential to ladies, rides and drives elegantly, and understands all about house decoration and the organization of fêtes and parties. His white hair is the object of particular care, being treated with lemon juice every morning to preserve its snowy appearance. The "narcissus" is more effeminate. He uses perfumes and unguents. The pins that fix the knot of his cravat are always harmonized with his complexion. When he is a little sallow, the pins have rose coral heads, when he is quite fresh they are of turquoise, and when he has lost money at cards they are of white pearls. He has always a wearied air, and speaks with pity of the ladies whose peace of mind he has troubled. He attenuates sometimes the truth. The "snowdrop" has athetic strength under his languid appearance. He has a large collection of scarf-pins, rings, and studs, and is said to order sixty-four waistcoats at a time from his tailor. He set the fashion of wearing the large single shirt-stud, and of entering a drawing-room without his hat. The cane that he carries is disproportioned to his height. The "lily of the valley" is altogether for out-door sports, rides two or three horses a day, walks in the morning, plays polo and lawn-tennis, visits in the country and in England, running up to Paris for conference with his bootmaker. Some of the "luisants" went without fresh flowers during the war of 1870, and as soldiers were as brave as they were elegant. Some of them are grave magistrates. Age does not disqualify them from being leaders in the world of dandyism.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The hymn beginning, "The consecrated cross I'd bear" had just been sung, and in the momentary quiet that followed, a perplexed youth turned to his father: "Say, pa, where do they keep the consecrated cross-eyed bear?"

Two students who were not rolling in wealth used to go each morning in turn to buy provisions for the day. One day he whose turn it was to make the purchases had hardly put two cutlets upon the table before the cat grabbed one and ran away with it. "Ah!" said he to his friend, "the cat has run away with your cutlet."

A pleasant little instance of the genuine rapprochement existing now between the church and stage occurred the other day at St. Paul's Cathedral, in London. Toole, the comedian, being recognized among the vast crowd gathered to hear Canon Liddon, one of the dignitaries, coming up to him, whispered, "A crowded house, eh?"

The late Bishop Jacobson, of Chester, England, was once present when two dignitaries of his church were discussing a sermon preached by a dean, who—to introduce political slang into ecclesiastical affairs—was somewhat "on the fence." Said one: "It struck me as being rather Low." "That's curious," said the other, "for I thought it was pretty High. What did you think of it, my lord?"—appealing to the bishop. "Why," replied his lordship, "to tell the truth, I thought it decidedly *long!*"

Representative (and Senator-elect) Blackburn, of Kentucky, was once stumping his district in company with his opponent. At one meeting he spoke first and charmed the audience by the manner rather than the matter of his remarks. Then the other man got up and turned the tide of popularity with a single sentence, in which he likened Mr. Blackburn to the swan, "that beautiful bird, which glides along, the perfection of grace, and dips and curves in lines of beauty—but only draws an inch or so of water!"

It is told of Victor Hugo that he once figured as a theatre scene-painter. It was at the Comédie-Française, at the first performance of "Lucretia Borgia." Hugo had not noticed the scenery before, and now, just as the curtain was about to rise on the second act, he, looking about the stage to see that all was well, discovered that the secret door in the wall through which Gennaro escapes had been made anything but secret, being surrounded with a rich ornamentation. "Hold the curtain," he cried. "This is infamously absurd! Call the scene-painter!" But that worthy was not to be found, and the audience grew impatient at the long *entr'acte*. "Then give me a paint-pot and brush, quick!" and the illustrious hand that had penned the drama quickly repainted the scenery, and the only harm done was that Lucretia and Gennaro got some fresh paint on their hands and costumes.

"Father," said a youth of tender years and sympathetic nature, as he paused for a moment before dipping into the bread-pudding which formed the dessert of his dinner, "father, I wish the cook wouldn't use the bread to make it up into puddings; why don't she crumble it up and throw it out to the poor birds?" "But," responded his more practical sire, "that would prevent you from having any bread-pudding, which you like so much." "But the poor birds," said the tender-hearted boy; "I am afraid they will starve." "Yes," returned the parent, "but if you have no pudding you may starve yourself. If you should throw away your food to the birds and then find that you were hungry yourself, what would you do?" The boy was silent for a moment, then his face brightened, a touch of his father's practicality illumined his eye: "Why, then," he said, softly, "couldn't we go out and kill the birds?"

It is hardly credible that the United States Supreme Court Justice Stanley Matthews, at the bidding of a prima donna, turned a somersault in a parlor in the presence of ladies and a select company of gentlemen, but still it goes down in history that the feat was performed. Some twenty-five years ago it so happened that there was at the same time assembled in a hotel at Columbus, Ohio, Mrs. Allan G. Thurman, the Hon. Tom Corwin, ex-Senator George E. Pugh, Senator George H. Pendleton, and Justice Stanley Matthews. That winter Ole Bull, the renowned violinist, made a tour through the West, accompanied by Adelina Patti, who was a young girl of fifteen, and just then making her reputation as a songstress. One evening, after the entertainment at the opera house was over, the whole party assembled in the parlors of the hotel, and of course Patti was asked to sing. This she consented to do, on condition that each one present would follow in a song or a story. All agreed to the proposition, and as it was a brilliant party, wit and merriment ran high. The young people were extremely loath to disperse, as the fun had not been finished, and that the sport might go on, Mrs. Thurman kindly invited the party into her own private parlor. Scarcely had the good time been resumed when Patti's mother came with the unwelcome announcement that "it is time for Adelina to go to bed." The dutiful daughter was about to obey, when Stanley Matthews besought her to sing again, before she retired, his favorite "Home, Sweet Home," accompanying his request with the promise to do anything she might name if she complied. After some hesitation, she seated herself at the piano, and, to the delight of all hearers, sang the song again. As soon as she uttered the last note, she turned on the stool, and, looking at Matthews, said: "Now, sir, turn a somersault." No sooner were the words uttered than the now dignified justice, without more ado, turned heels over head on the floor, much to the astonishment and amusement of the distinguished party.

## SOCIETY.

### "Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: Lent has come, and in what charming weather. I fear the mood penitential will be sadly at variance with drives and rides along the beach and through the Park. It may be, however, that society will do penance by self-denial in such pleasures. The last week has been one of activity in fashionable circles, its chief features having been the Verein masked ball and the Bachelors' party at the Palace. The former was, I hear, unusually brilliant, being favored with many gorgeous costumes and a very large attendance. Opera parties are still favorably regarded by gentlemen as a means of paying attention to their lady friends; and in some cases kind young matrons have organized them on friendly thought intent. Miss Flood's and Will Crocker's were the most noticeable of those of the past week. Several of great magnitude are in contemplation for the Mapleson opera season. Several dinners are also among the list of recent society doings. Mrs. Maggie Blanding gave one to a few intimate friends; Mrs. Friedlander a more formal affair; and the Henry Wetherbees an exceedingly enjoyable one, followed by music and dancing, the last part of the evening being spent in an adjournment to the hop going on at the Grand Hotel. The most pretentious of any dinner given of late was that in honor of Bishop Riordan, at the residence of Mr. Joseph Donohoe, on Friday evening last, when all that wealth could accomplish was done to render the banquet a feast fit for his grace. The guests numbered twenty-eight of our most distinguished citizens. After the discussion of the viands, the gentlemen were treated to a feast of sweet sounds from the Philharmonic orchestra, directed by Mr. Louis Homier. Several distinctive features of British origin were introduced for the first time in this city—as, for example, using wax-lights exclusively in lieu of gas, and serving champagne from decanters. The floral adornment of the table was profuse in the extreme. I promised you more of the kettle-drum in detail this week. The hall was trimmed with greens, flags, and flowers. On each side were ranged tables devoted to the sale of flowers and refreshments, which were presided over by the lady manager with some youthful assistants. The idea of a concert was abandoned, and the music was solely that of the Presidio band. The attendance was large and fashionable. People spent their quarters and half-dollars liberally, and the younger portion danced, while the elder sipped tea and gossiped; so that the affair may be said to have given satisfaction to all, especially the promoters of the enterprise, who report a good financial showing—and that is the main thing to think of after all. On Saturday evening the Lawn-tennis Club held its usual gathering, when the members and their friends indulged in tennis and roller-skating alternately. On the morning of the same day the popular young physician from San José, Doctor McMahon, was married to Miss Jones of that place. The ceremony took place in the Cathedral here, and was performed by Archbishop Alemany. After a visit to their old home the young couple will return to San Francisco to reside permanently. Young Mr. Griffith has also assumed the rôle of Benedict, his recent trip East having resulted in his marriage at Fountain Hill, Pennsylvania, with a Miss Coppe, daughter of one of the professors of the Lehigh University. The bridal party will make its appearance here after Easter, when Mrs. Griffith the elder will give a wedding reception to welcome them. The Bachelor's party was voted a success. How could it be otherwise, considering the givers and their guests? A large number of invitations was issued, and they were almost all responded to with an acceptance. The usual suite of rooms set apart at the Palace for such occasions was used. The gentlemen prided themselves upon the decorations of the ball-room, floral-pieces, wreaths, banks of violets, and balls of bright flowers being seen in every direction. A large design, bearing the word "Welcome," was especially noticeable. Among the most beautiful toilets were those of Mesdames Chas. Crocker, Woods, Schmiedell, Hager, and Jarboe. The young ladies all looked charmingly. White was the prevailing color in their costumes. A very appetizing supper was served at midnight, after which dancing was resumed and kept up until "the wee sma' hours." The dancers seemed determined to make the most of their last dance until after Easter. The Grand Hotel people had their hop, as usual, apparently undisturbed by their big neighbor's festivities. San Francisco has become so large that it is quite possible nowadays to have two "sets" or more in society. I hear that the disbanded Crickets have organized whist and commerce parties for Lent, while still another clique will have "readings," interspersed with music, etc. Surely there is material enough among our society people for no end of occupation and diversion, apart from the exercise of the "light fantastic," the employment of which will result in profit as well as pleasure, even considered matrimonially. A large riding-party for the approaching moonlight is now being arranged, to have a bite—one won't call it *supper* at this season—upon their return at the house of one of the party in the Western Addition. Every one is agog over the promised Italian opera season, and becoming cloaks, wraps, and mantles are being discussed and eagerly devised among our belles. After Easter there is some hope of a short period of gayety before the country hegira begins. The Flood german may be given at that time at the Palace, or in July at Menlo. It is wavering in the balance. Mrs. Hager, too, has promised her young friends to give them a cotillion party. Rumor has it that Mrs. Hopkins will have a musicale ere long, if that form of entertainment is permissible in Lent. Mrs. Hall McAllister's Sunday evening teas, although informal in the extreme, are always attended with pleasure by her friends. Since Miss McDowell's return from the East, a friend tells me, the idea of a long-talked-of amateur concert is being revived.

BAVARDIN.

### The Cricket Club Bachelors' Reception.

The gentlemen of the Cricket Club gave a reception on Monday evening to the lady members, in order to reciprocate the many hospitalities heretofore tendered them. The parlors and adjoining corridors of the Palace, with beautiful decorations of flowers from the gardens of Mrs. D. O. Mills and Mrs. James Flood, presented a more than brilliant appearance when the many guests engaged in dance and promenade to the delightful music provided. The children's dining-room, on the same floor, which also showed the hand of the decorator, was utilized for supper. Dancing continued until a late hour. Among the most noticeable costumes of the lady members and guests were those of Mrs. Judge Hager, court train and corsage of cream white satin, with embossed velvet rows, sides, and front of chantilly in panels and flounces, hair dressed with scarlet plumes; Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, skirt of lace flounces and overdress of white corded silk embroidered in pink and red roses, with a magnificent parure of diamonds; Miss Nettie Schmiedell, overdress of pale blue brocade, with skirt of flounced blue silk and valenciennes trimming, and corsage bouquet of peonies; Mrs. Charles Crocker, salmon colored silk with red velvet panels; Mrs. E. E. Eyre, robe of pearl satin, with linings and trimmings of scarlet, trimmed with black lace; Mrs. Jarboe, white Ottoman silk, with overdress of embroidered white crêpe; Mrs. Breckinridge, striped white satin skirt and bodice, with overdress of Spanish lace; Mrs. Henry Scott, corsage and court train of cardinal surah, with petticoat of flowered brocade; Mrs. J. B. Haggin, black velvet, *en train*, with front of pearl satin and chantilly lace; Mrs. C. Ashe, overdress of black embroidered velvet, with point lace trimmings; Mrs. Russ Wilson, white silk, *en train*, with overdress of Spanish lace and corsage bouquet of white marigolds; Mrs. Withington, black velvet elaborate with jet and black lace; Mrs. J. T. Shackleford, black silk; Mrs. John McMullin, black velvet, *en train*, with front of pearl satin embroidered with black satin roses; Miss Rebecca McMullin, body and train of blue plush, with underskirt of pink satin trimmed with white lace flounces; Miss Susie McMullin, white satin embroidered in white jet and pearls; Miss Bettie McMullin, blue Ottoman silk, with trimmings of colored embroidery; Mrs. M. H. de Young, white tulle flounced and diamonds; Mrs. Boardman, skirt of blue satin with overskirt of flounced brocade; Mrs. Nathan Britton, white satin trimmed with point lace and white flowers; Mrs. Colonel Dickinson, white satin and nun's cloth; Mrs. Martel, white silk elaborate with passementerie and chantilly; Mrs. Mathias Gray, fawn-colored silk embroidered in lighter shades; Miss Matie Peters, overdress of white brocaded silk with skirt of lace; Miss Louise Belden, orange Ottoman, with front of white tulle embroidered with yellow roses, and brown velvet bodice; Miss Blanding, flounced mull, edged with valenciennes and white satin bodice; Miss Miller, cream satin in plaits with corsage, sleeves, and front embroidered in white jet; Miss Thornton, pale pink crêpe, flounced and trimmed with white lace; Miss Sheda Torbett, white mull, flounced and trimmed with valenciennes; Miss Allie Hawes, white organdie with lace-trimmed flounces; Miss Estelle Maynard, blue satin with crêpe overdress, Spanish lace, corsage bouquet of red japonicas; Miss Sallie Maynard, white mull and valenciennes; Mrs. Brumagim, pale blue tulle-bouffante; Miss Booth, pale pink silk, draped and trimmed with chantilly lace; Miss Ford, pink satin, *en train*, and white lace; Miss Sanderson, black lace flounces and black velvet bodice; Miss Hubbard, blue silk and striped grenadine; Miss Katie Felton, blue satin, plaited and puffed; Miss Mizner, blue satin and Oriental lace; Miss Florence Godley, blue silk and blue tulle and white lace; Miss Annie Bradley, blue silk, and overdress of tulle with bodice embroidered in garnet beading; Miss Grace Bradley, overdress and bodice of white nun's veiling, with blue satin skirt; Miss Meares, white silk and tulle with white jet trimmings; Miss Nellie Hopps, white silk brocade and lace; Miss Lizzie Carroll, white silk and Spanish lace; Miss Harvey, light blue velvet, white satin front; Miss Ella Hale, black lace and bodice of red velvet; Miss Quint, white silk and nun's veiling, lace trimmed with pearls; Miss Whitcomb, white silk and nun's veiling; Miss Eva Tucker, blue silk and flowers.

### The Grand Hotel Hop.

The result of the efforts of the Grand Hotel Club, on Wednesday evening, were very satisfactory. Being the final dance of the season, it was gotten up with a little more pretension, each of the sixty members being entitled to a certain number of invitation cards, while the arrangement of the affair was managed by a committee—Mrs. General Phelps, Mrs. Doctor Lord, Mrs. George. H. Kimball, and Mrs. Doctor Flint for the Grand, and Mrs. M. M. Estee, Mrs. Commodore Harrison, Mrs. W. L. Dickinson, and Mrs. Doctor Boyson for the Palace. The music-room, with its smooth floor, was a most attractive feature to the dancers, who were joined later by a large number from the Palace reception. Punch and elaborate refreshments were served in the apartments to the left of the reception-room. Among the noticeable costumes were those of Mrs. T. G. Phelps, black velvet court train, elaborately trimmed with jet, point lace, corsage bouquet of camellias, ornaments diamonds; Mrs. Doctor Thomas Flint, garnet satin court train, magnificently embroidered, ornaments diamonds; Mrs. Virginia A. Lord, lilac satin court train, overdress point appliqué, pompon of lilac feathers, ornaments diamonds; Mrs. Colonel Geo. H. Kimball, elaborate black silk *en train*, pearls; Mrs. Doctor W. L. Dickinson, white satin, *en train*, point lace, diamonds; Mrs. Commodore Harrison, black velvet court train, roses, and diamonds; Mrs. S. F. Thorn wore a white silk skirt, with an overdress of white brocaded satin trimmed with rich lace and blue feathers, pearl ornaments; Madame Berton wore a white silk plush, *demi-train*, trimmed with ox-eyed daisies, diamonds; Madame De Soto, silk embroidered in pink and blue roses, ornaments diamonds; Mrs. Horace Hawes, plain cream-tinted satin skirt, with an overdress of blue brocaded satin, pearl ornaments; Miss Lizzie Chipman, pink brocade and surah, water lilies, pearls; Miss Alice Chipman, light blue silk, crimson roses; Miss Fannie Chipman, garnet satin, corsage, pink roses; Mrs. Tewksbury, black satin court train, point lace, diamonds; Mrs. Doctor Lawlor, long train pink satin, full overdress of lace, diamonds; Mrs. Captain David Hall, pink nun's veiling, point appliqué lace and feather trimmings; Miss Kittie Staples, steel gray satin, trimmed with profusion of lace and flowers, diamonds; Mrs. M. H. de Young, in a dress cut dancing length, of white tulle, flounced to the waist and a surplice body, rich diamonds; Miss Helen Dodge, elm silk and lace; Miss Florence Tingley, white satin, with overdress and trimming of black lace; Miss Eva Tucker, of Oakland, blue silk, garlands of flowers. Among those present were Hon. William Sharon, General and Mrs. Thompson, Hon. David and Mrs. McClure, Mr. McLean Stoneman, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Thorn, Major William A. Jones, U. S. A., Mrs. Zelda Seguin-Wallace, Miss Ada Wallace, Judge and Mrs. Ross, Doctor and Miss Nightingale, Mr. George W. Fox, Doctor Edward Younger, Surveyor J. M. Morton, Mr. T. M. Osment, Colonel C. W. Brush, Mr. and Mrs. David Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Van Wyck, Judge and Mrs. Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Burr, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. Bannister, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. M. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Burns, Doctor and Mrs. Boyson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Booth, Doctor and Mrs. Morse, the Misses Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Plate, Mr. and Mrs. Shackleford, Miss Shackleford, Miss Minnie Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. James Gregory, Captain and Mrs. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. F. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Barnard, Doctor and Mrs. Lawler, the Misses Tucker, Doctor and Mrs. Tucker, Miss Bannister, the Misses Crane, Mr. Crane, Messrs. Albert Miller Jr., Danforth, Percy Rothwell, Charles W. Swasey, Frank McMullin, Edward Labadie, J. T. Reynolds, Roberts, Henry Landsberger, F. Beasley, John W. Young, Seymour Davison, William T. Hatfield, W. S. Stone, Taber, Harville, Winsor Brown, George Swasey, Edward Curtis, W. Mau, C. M. Grant, Rothwell Hyde, E. Wakeman, McEllory, Frederick Gay, B. C. Howard, S. Chipman, and Alfred Holman.

### Notes and Gossip.

The series of Oakland amateur musicales terminated for the time being with the fourth, which took place on Tuesday, at the residence of Albert Miller. A number of well rendered vocal and instrumental pieces made up the programme, which was succeeded by dancing, and a good time generally. As regards musicales, that of Mrs. McMullin, on Thursday, consisted of musical selections both vocal and instrumental, followed by a dance, which is always a feature of the McMullin parties. Mrs. McMullin's Thursday receptions will continue as usual during Lent, much to the satisfaction of many who murmur at the cessation of gayeties during that penitential season. A number of theatre parties wound up the ante-Lenten festivities on Tuesday, though none exceeded in gayety that of Saturday night, given by Messrs. Henry J. and William Crocker, Charles L. Hines and George Hermann, to the Misses Hattie and Annie Bliss, May Miller and Elise Kelley; nor yet in brilliancy that of the Tuesday previous, which was chaperoned by Mrs. ex-Governor Low, and given by Mr. William Crocker to Miss Flora Low and Miss Bessie Sedgwick, accompanied by Messrs. George and Henry Crocker. Of the dinners of late were those of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, on Friday, to a number of friends, and of Mrs. W. E. Dean, at the Baldwin, the evening previous, in compliment to Miss Laura Belden, of New York, at which assisted the Misses Belden, Jeannie Hooker, Ella and Nina Adams, Stetson Kirketerp and Severance, and the Messrs. Wm. and Henry Crocker, Charles Belden, Osgood, Hooker, Flenn, John W. Taylor, and T. S. Dargie. The decorations were of smilax entwining mirrors, and numerous floral designs. The *prize de résistance*, which so beautifully ornamented the table, was diamond-shaped; in the centre was a mass of violets and camellias, while in each corner were grouped flowers in individual colors—marguerites in one, pinks in another, marigolds in the third, and in the fourth hyacinths. Each lady's plate was graced by a Japanese basket laden with some distinct flower, and tied with ribbon to correspond. The past week was noticeable also for the musicale given by Mrs. Governor Stoneman, during which the hostess herself contributed to the exercises in a French song. The Governor arrived the first of the week from Sacramento, and is recovering from his recent attack of illness. On Saturday, accompanied by Mrs. Stoneman, Colonel Sontag, and Lieutenant-Colonels McLean and Kimball of his staff, he visited Alcatraz, his arrival being saluted by seventeen guns fired in his honor from the fort. The party were pleasantly entertained by Colonel Frank, who commands the post. The San Francisco Verein bal masque at the club-rooms, on Thursday last, was a brilliant affair. On Monday evening next there promises to be a crowded and fashionable attendance at the California Theatre. Miss Jeffreys-Lewis will play "Article 47" for the benefit of the San Francisco Female Hospital; judging from the many tickets disposed of there will be a crowded attendance. The usefulness of this charity needs no more eulogy than has heretofore been accorded it, and the institution should obtain all the assistance it asks. The Saturday evening meeting of the Lawn-tennis Club was largely attended by the fashionable element. An hour of skating succeeded the practice of lawn-tennis. A string-band greatly added to the enjoyment of the occasion. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, the Misses Annie and Grace Bradley, Miss Nettie Schmiedell, Miss Matie Peters, Mrs. Ben Holliday, Miss Ailene Ivers, Mr. and Mrs. Nat Messer, Miss Myra Giffen, Miss Shreve, Miss Susie McEwen, Miss Edith Rising, Miss Susie Rising, the Misses Weller, Peterson, Daisy Paige, Edith Wooster, Helen Flint, Etta Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Al. Pratt, Captain and Mrs. Williams, Mrs. H. Hanlon, the Misses Rice, and Miss Ethel Sperry of Stockton, Miss Lizzie Crocker and Miss Flora Carroll, of Sacramento, Mrs. Deming, Messrs. Sherwood, Peterson, Horton, Woodward, Flint, Phelps, Shreve, Bergin, Wood, Cutler, Paige, Pease, Kelly, Mathieu, King, Ball, Natholl, Stetson, Corn, Monteagle, Brigham, Rice, Pinto, Cheeseman, McKee, Church, Peterson, and Elliott. From Arizona we hear of Miss Lou Dearborne with Mrs. Doctor F. K. Ainsworth (*née* Nettie Trowbridge). Miss Russell, of Sacramento, and Mrs. F. A. Little and daughter assisted at Mrs. General Crook's last Tuesday evening reception, which was largely attended, very many of the officers who were holding court-martial at Fort Whipple, being present. J. D. Spreckels has returned from the East. Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Grant are visiting Florida; during the coming month Mrs. Senator Miller and Miss Dora contemplate a trip to that State. The Count and Countess de Tocqueville made up a most enjoyable yachting party Tuesday last, when an elaborate breakfast was partaken of at the new club-house in Saucelito. Miss Flora Carroll, of Sacramento, is the guest of Mrs. Charles Crocker. Miss Fannie Hubbard has terminated her visit here, and returned home. Miss Bessie Crouch, niece of Mrs. E. B. Crocker, Miss Stevenson, and Miss Waters, of Sacramento, left in company with several friends of this city for a round trip to Australia with Captain Dearborn; they will be absent about ten weeks. A number of our leading society ladies contemplate spending the summer in Paris, among them Mrs. and Miss Fair, Mrs. Captain Blair and daughter, and possibly Mrs. Judge Sanderson and daughter. At the same time Miss Hattie Crocker, who, with Sir Sidney and Lady Waterlow, is now in Italy, will visit the French capital. Mrs. S. L. Bee, sister-in-law of Colonel Bee, left last Monday for Los Angeles; she may possibly make a brief trip East before returning. Miss Daisy Bullock will leave soon for Europe to complete her musical studies. Mrs. Creed Haymond is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. P. Milliken, in Sacramento. Mrs. Bender, of Carson, is the guest of Mrs. E. B. Crocker. Mrs. Henry Scott, having completed her visit there, has returned. Mrs. Thomas Buckingham is sojourning at Monterey. Captain R. H. Waterman has gone there to remain some time. Among the Eastern tourists who returned to the Palace from Monterey Thursday last, were H. H. Hutchins, Alexander J. Hutchins, Miss Hutchins, A. B. Magorn, and Miss Nellie Atwood. Hon. Grove Johnson, C. H. Hubbard, and S. C. Denson, of Sacramento, have been here for a while. Doctor R. H. McDonald starts soon on a visit to Kentucky. Captain Goodall and wife, also Doctor Jewell and family, will leave for the East shortly, going to Philadelphia. J. C. Conkling, brother of the late David Conkling, with his wife and eldest daughter, have been here visiting from the East; at present they are guests of Mr. Conkling's sister, Mrs. Ben Horn, in San José. Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Griswold, of Alameda, are in New Orleans, assisting at the Mardi Gras festivities, after which they will return home. Mrs. J. W. Gashwiler and daughters, the Misses Lottie and Laura, *en route* to New York, are visiting Mrs. W. B. C. Brown, of Sacramento. The return of the newly wedded couple, Mr. and Mrs. S. Leonard Abbott Jr. (*née* Jeannie L. Ogden), from their wedding trip is expected to-day. The ceremony, which was performed at the residence of the bride's father, Captain Richard L. Ogden, the 16th of February, and though little more than a family affair, was a social event of note. The Rev. Doctor Beers officiated in uniting the couple, while Mr. J. C. L. Wadsworth, in the absence of the father, gave the bride away. Those present at the ceremony were Mr. and R. H. Pease, Mrs. Frederick Crocker, Mrs. Easton, Mrs. and Miss Beers, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. H. Scott, Miss Eldridge, Miss Mary Bates, Miss Bessie Raymond, Miss Loring, Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock, Miss Babcock, Harry Babcock, Mrs. Keeney, the Misses Ogden, Captain and Mrs. Moore, David and Mrs. Loring, Mr. and Mrs. O'Keefe, Mr. and Mrs. Ganswoort, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mr. Winfield Jones, Mr. E. Sheldon, Mr. W. Fisher, ex-Mayor Alvord, Mr. G. Ashton, Mr. Edward Moore, Mr. Chandler Howard, Messrs. Beck and Reed, and Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Booth. Another wedding was that of Mr. Edwin L. Griffith, son of Captain M. Griffith of Rincon Hill, and Miss Eugenie Coppé, daughter of Professor Coppé of Lehigh University, which took place at Fountain Hill, Pennsylvania, at the Church of the Nativity, on Friday, the 15th instant. It is probable the couple will make San Francisco their future home. The wedding reception of Mr. and Mrs. William Price, on their return home, was a notable affair of last week. Doctor A. McMahon, of San José, was united the 16th instant to Miss Mary Jones at St. Mary's Cathedral. The social event of this week in Oakland was the wedding at Fruit Vale, Thursday, at the residence of the bride's parents, of Miss Emma Bray to Alfred H. Cohen, of Alameda. Intimate friends and relatives assisted at the ceremony, after which a reception was held, most brilliant in point of numbers. The *élite* of Oakland and San Francisco were present, and a special train was ready for the conveyance of the guests back to San Francisco. The engagement is announced of William Herrmann of the German Bank to Miss Lillie Burns of Baltimore, the wedding to take place shortly after Lent.

## MODJESKA'S NEW PLAY.

### "Flaneur" Describes its New York Production and its Dreadful Details.

No one, to look at the sleek, well-fed, and athletic Barmore, would suspect for an instant that he could conceive such a dreadful play as "Nadjezda." I went to the Star Theatre last night. I was full of life and good spirits, and felt contented with all mankind when I entered the theatre; when I emerged, three hours later, along with the crowd of subdued and pallid men, passion-tossed women, and sobbing children, I felt as though there was nothing on earth worth living for. Such an accumulation of horrors as "Nadjezda" presents has never before been seen on any stage. Murders, suicides, desertions, intrigues, and explosions are only minor things that serve to bring out vividly the more monstrous crimes of the play. The audience at the end of the second act was completely played out. Everybody on the stage turns out to be somebody else's sister, illegitimate son, or unnatural father, and horrors accumulate so rapidly, that at half-past ten o'clock it was a toss-up with fate whether the leader of the orchestra will survive until midnight or not. It is gone.

I shall retail the plot with certain reservations; if I were to give it literally, the *Argonaut* would probably be suppressed by the police before one hundred copies had been on the news-stands. It opens vivaciously with the picture of a gray-haired woman, sobbing at a window and tearing her said hair. The door opens and in comes Mr. Frank Clements, who carries a Russian name sixteen letters long, and sobs pathetically. The audience discovers with a thrill of horror that his left arm has been wounded. It is a gory spectacle. Surgeons come in, the arm is stripped, and a disgusting wound dressed, the arm bandaged, and some water poured down the parched throat of Mr. Clements. Meanwhile the old woman at the window keeps tearing the gray hairs from her head; the orchestra soughs solemnly; and Mr. Clements draws deep, heavily intoned, and tragic breaths. This pleasing picture of domestic life is interrupted by finding a letter from one Prince Zabarouff, who is the Russian Governor of the resort at which this little entertainment takes place. This letter is addressed to Modjeska. Modjeska had received the letter and had gone into the palace of the Prince. Clements, who is already deadly pale from having his left arm dressed, reads the note, shrieks "Gerr-ate Hevings!" and drops in a faint on a chair. Presently he comes around, and, to slow music by the orchestra, reads as follows:

"Your husband lies in my power. I have long adored you. Come to me for an hour to-night and I will return your husband to your arms. Affectionately, ZABAROUFF."

When Clements finds this letter, Modjeska has already been gone for over an hour. He gasps four times, rushes to the window, apparently to assist the old woman in dragging the few remaing hairs from her scalp, when the doors are thrown open, and Modjeska, in a state of complete wreckage, drags herself in. She has just come from the prince. She is dressed in a black robe torn open at the bosom, her hair is disheveled, and her hands trembling. She shrieks wildly upon entering the home which she has desecrated, sinks upon her knees before a terra-cotta image of the Virgin Mary, and begs forgiveness. She is so debased that she finds it necessary to howl at the top of her lungs, in order to reinstate herself in her position as the mistress of the house. She offers as excuse for her crime, that she did it to save her husband, and she anxiously awaits for his return from prison.

After Modjeska has exhausted herself and sunk on an antique chair for rest, Clements, who has apparently finished the old woman, for she does not appear again during the evening, bursts forth from the curtained window, and delivers a philippic against Prince Zabarouff. At this moment a knock is heard on the door in the street below. Clements, with the facility that all actors possess in that respect, sees that this is the husband returning, and begs the wife to retire into the next room for a moment. After more impassioned outbursts, she leaves the apartment. The doors are thrown open and six Russian policemen walk in, carrying upon a bier the blood-stained and ghastly corpse of Modjeska's husband. Pinned upon his breast is a note from Zabarouff, who, by the way, is rather giddy in the matter of notes. This one reads somewhat as follows:

"DEAREST: As I promised, I return him to you.
"Yours, ZABAROUFF."

Clements delivers a few words over the remains, which are more or less tinged with personal feelings, the orchestra makes another break, the chamber door opens, and Modjeska walks in to confess her sin to her husband. Her eyes fall upon the ghastly corpse; the eyes distend and the jaw drops. The orchestra trembles violently, the children in the audience begin to weep. Frank Clements starts in on his long-drawn intonation, and the audience grasps the sides of the seats and waits. The lights turn down slowly, then up again. Suddenly a peal of girlish laughter comes from Modjeska's lips; it ends in an awful scream. Then she says her little piece, draws a vial from her bosom, and takes a large and deadly dose of poison. I must say right here that Modjeska's death by poisoning is a disgusting thing. It is indelicate to the last degree. If she were a child you would say she had a pain in her stomach; this seems hardly poetical for a woman, however, but then there is nothing poetical in Modjeska's death. After tearing everything to pieces, including her own costumes, Modjeska wails for her child. Thereupon a bright-eyed, golden-haired child rushes in upon the stage and into her arms. Clement ceases his labored breathing long enough to kiss the child with cold esteem upon the forehead, and then resumes the duet.

Modjeska says some more unpleasant things about his ribs, Zabarouff, and then suddenly plunges her hand into the wounded breast of her husband, brings it forth reeking with blood, and spatters it upon the golden bang of the child. The blood trickles down the child's face, and Clements, in trying to keep up with the procession, breathes so hard that he narrowly escapes a fit. Modjeska turns twice upon her heel, and falls with her back toward the audience, over the body of her husband, and thus, to the relief of every one, dies, with her arms over the bier, as she lies on her back, while her eyes turn upward and her tongue protrudes from her mouth. Then the curtain descends, leaving Clements in the act of hugging the child to his left knee.

This isn't the play. This is merely a little thing which precedes it, called the prologue. When the play really begins, it is seen that Mr. Barrymore has grappled with some real tragedy. Without going into dangerous details, I will say that through the play the most amazing mystery exists as to who is and who is not the sister or father of any given character. The ordinary relations of life seem to have been turned topsy-turvy, and every one has some criminal design upon some one else. The play opens twenty years after the prologue. Modjeska appears in this act as the golden-haired girl grown to real life. The blood has been removed from her forehead, and she has become a magnificent woman. Frank Clements has arrived at a condition of prosperity, wears lavender trousers, a white wig, an oily smile, and directs the movements of a band of Nihilists. The chief villain of them all is Modjeska, who is now known as the beautiful Nadine. She spends her life in luring eminent Russians into her toils, and then has them murdered. This cheerful pursuit does not interfere with her falling casually in love with a warm-hearted and outspoken young Englishman, who is played by Maurice Barrymore, the author of the piece. Nadine actually falls in love with Devereaux—Barrymore's stage name—and refuses to sacrifice him and his fortune to Nihilism, as Frank Clements, her guardian, orders her to do.

It is at this period that the identical Prince Zabarouff, who acted in the extremely ungentlemanly manner toward her mother, looms up upon the scene. He is the most awful specimen of a worn-out voluptuary that the stage has ever presented to us. Beside him, Baron Chevrial is an amiable, accomplished, and philanthropic old gentleman. This horrible creature sets his eyes upon Nadine and desires her. He writes her a note, which is read by Frank Clements on the stage. It is certainly the riskiest thing I ever heard in a play; in fact, it is absolutely indecent. Clements, for a reason of his own, backs the prince in his efforts to get Nadine to go with him to his castle. She is honestly in love with Barrymore, and will not submit to the degradation. Suddenly Barrymore receives a note from the Council of Nihilists ordering him to kill Prince Zabarouff at once. A lot of complications appear here which tangles the audience up into an awful snarl. It is at this period that the family history of the various characters is brought out. There is a suggestion of incest. Suddenly the stage is deserted, with the exception of Nadine, who wanders up and down like a caged tigeress, wondering how she can save her lover from committing the crime of murdering the prince. The prince comes into her apartment, and she resolves to give in to his overtures and keep him in her room, so that her lover will not have a chance to murder him. She dances about the apartment, opens several bottles of champagne, sits upon tables, and makes it so exciting to the dissipated old scoundrel that he goes to sleep. It subsequently transpires that he had been drugged before he arrived at the house. Meanwhile, the other characters have raised the deuce.

The next act shows Nadine in his castle with Prince Zabarouff. I do not yet understand exactly how this came about, but she is certainly there, and a supper is laid for two. Another risky scene ensues between the prince and Nadine, and they sit down to supper. The prince has no knife to cut the wire about the champagne cork, and so goes to the wall and takes down from one of the armor stands a small dagger, with which he cuts the wires. The girl picks up the dagger and examines it curiously; suddenly she turns pale, as she discovers her coat of arms upon it. The dagger reminds the prince of a pleasant after-dinner anecdote, and he tells her the story of how he duped her mother, and sent her home the body of her husband with this identical dagger. The mother, it seems, had once attempted the life of the prince with the dagger, and he returned it with the corpse of her husband. Nadine now sees that she is with the prince that the life of her lover may be saved, just as her mother went to the prince to save the life of her husband. The prince played the mother false, and the daughter sees that he is on the same tactics with her. Therefore, after a little more impassioned talk, she plunges the dagger into the prince's heart, and he falls dead upon the floor. She conceals the corpse just as the lover jumps in at the window and reproaches her bitterly for her infidelity. She swears to him that she has not been untrue, when he suddenly remarks that he is not an Englishman, and tells her, as an item of news, that he is the only son of Prince Zabarouff, whom she has just killed. A moment later he stumbles upon the corpse of his father, turns to the murderess, and finds that she is drinking poison out of the same talisman from which her mother took her final dose. There is more dying agony, more pains in the stomach, an expiring wail from the orchestra, the curtain falls, and the people crowd toward the door.

Mr. Barrymore has attempted to write a better play than "Fédora." He has succeeded in writing the most horrible drama I have ever seen. It is gloomy and disappointing. It has been called a great play by the majority of the critics, and the houses for the first few nights were overflowing; but last night the theatre was only half filled. The play is an accumulation of horrors. It breeds unhappiness, discontent, and nightmares. It is indecent in plot, and unnatural from beginning to end.

NEW YORK, February 21, 1884. FLANEUR.

### Art Notes.

Another artist, Mr. Alexander, has arrived in this city from Munich, and he is welcomed to the ranks of the representatives of the Munich school already here, among whom are numbered Messrs. Wores, Kunath, and Raschen. He will shortly exhibit one of his pictures at Morris & Kennedy's gallery. It represents the interior of "St. John's Church" at Munich, and will undoubtedly attract much attention. The decoration, fresco-work, and iron traceries are produced with great minuteness and with startling effect. The figures are studies in themselves, and the composition, as a whole, is one that will produce a decided impression.

Mr. Straus is busily engaged in preparing for the coming spring exhibition of the Art Association. His subjects are Californian scenes of out-door life, in which the rolling meadows and country brooks, in which this artist delights, are depicted.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Christine Nilsson told a Chicago reporter that outside of New York she had to sing in theatres where her voice seemed to stick in her throat. She thought Americans the most intrusive autograph-hunters in the world. She was often asked to give money for various objects, but preferred relieving the sick and destitute to helping build churches.

Perhaps the wealthiest woman in the world is the Russian Grand Duchess Catherine, widow of the Duke George of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. She inherited, through her mother, one-half of the fabulous wealth amassed by the Empress Catherine II. and her son Paul, the other half having descended to the reigning family.

At a recent sale, in Baltimore, of the effects of the late W. W. Carter, a hair from the head of Henry Clay was sold for thirty cents; a piece of the towel used in stanching the blood from Abraham Lincoln's death-wound for one dollar and thirty-five cents, and an autograph of Chief-Justice John Marshall for fifty-five cents.

Mr. A. M. Broadley, the legal defender of Arabi Pasha, has rooms in the Temple, London, furnished in strange contrast to the remainder of that sombre, dingy, and prosaic precinct. Their entrance is a Saracenic archway, hung with a Tunisian portière, and within are Shiraz carpets, divans, colored lamps, velvet wall-hangings blazoned with Koran texts—once palls covering the catafalque over the grave of the Sidi Ben Awib, who was buried in Kairwan nearly twelve hundred years ago—and a host of brilliant, quaint, and curious tokens of North Africa and the Orient.

Earl Cairns, who is not by any means rich, and owes most of the wealth he possesses to the gift of his brother-in-law, Robert McCalmont, recently deceased, can ill afford the one hundred thousand dollars which he will certainly, by settlement or by verdict, be compelled to pay for his son's indefensible conduct to Miss Fortescue. When poor and struggling himself, in early life, he was jilted by a wealthy girl to whom he was engaged, and felt it bitterly. He is very unpopular in his native Belfast, to whose adoption as a Parliamentary pet when young he chiefly owed his quick advancement. Since obtaining the full measure of his ambition, he has never visited the foundation of his fortunes, but resides wholly at Bournemouth and in Scotland.

Earl Grosvenor, the eldest son of the Duke of Westminster, who has just died, was chiefly remarkable for his great, and, for his age, immense size; his habit, which probably occasioned this size, of staying in bed until three in the afternoon, and his passion for engine driving. He had been subject from one-and-twenty years and upward to epileptic attacks, but when on the engine "Wild Irishman" was always accompanied by the usual driver and stoker, so that the public suffered no risk. His young widow is one of the beautiful daughters of Lord Scarborough, and their little boy, Lord Belgrave, who is destined to inherit the vast estates, is a fine little fellow, called in the family "Bend-Or," after his grandfather's Derby winner.

"It is very likely," says a writer in the New York *Times*, "that many people think that the libel suit of one of the persons whom Miss McLean put into her book, "Cape Cod Folks," is an advertising dodge. This is not so. The personages who figure in the book thought that they ought to have been paid for being put in the book, as the author was reputed to have made a great deal of money by it, which would not have amounted to much if real persons had not figured in it. Finding that no money was coming to them, the next thing to suggest itself was a suit for damages. The first person to air her griefs was a very excellent and worthy woman, who had figured in the book in a light by no means discreditable or vulgarizing. The poor lady died before her suit could be brought to trial. The young man who succeeded her in a libel suit has made some reputation as "the young fellow who kissed the teacher," and last summer it was "quite the thing" for young ladies of "culchah" to go down to the Cape to see "the Cradle-bow" of Miss McLean's book. Miss McLean is a mild-mannered and modest lady, with a scared look in her gray eyes, and a shy manner so out of keeping with everything connected with courts and libel suits that I laugh every time I think of her sudden notoriety."

The death is announced from Florence of Giambattista Giuliani, one of the great Dante scholars of Italy—or Dantiste, as the Dante scholars love to call themselves. The late King of Saxony, himself a Dantiste, who wrote on the great Florentine and translated his works into German under a pseudonym, loved the *incognito*, and often traveled thus with the queen. Once, when on board a Rhine steamer, they overheard a knot of civilians discussing some literary theme. The king joined the circle and entered into the debate, displaying rich and varied literary knowledge. After some time he went away, and, during his absence, one of the party addressed the queen with the query as to who her husband was, for surely he must be a man of literary note. "C'est mon mari," said the queen, replying in the language in which the whole conversation had been carried on, "et mon mari est le premier Dantiste d'Allemagne." There was almost a scandal among the little circle at the thought that they should have talked so long and familiarly with a dentist, for of the party were some petty German nobles, who are snobs of the first water. The queen noticed this change of front with some amusement, and when the king rejoined her she whispered something into his ear, at which he nodded and spoke no more. Soon after the steamer stopped at a little station. Three or four personages in full gala costume stepped on board, went up to their majesties, bowed humbly, and craved that they would halt to see the celebrities of their town. Renewed surprises among the circle of disputants. One of them, a Frenchman, approached one of the dignitaries who had spoken to the supposed dentist, and asked, pointing to the king: "Mais, c'est vraiment le premier dentiste d'Allemagne?" "Oui, monsieur." "Et le nom?" "C'est le Roi de Saxe!"

## A NIGHT WITH EDWIN FORREST.

Some Reminiscences of the Great Actor.

Now that Edwin Forrest has left the world and that smaller stage of which he was incontestably one of the brightest lights for over forty years, innumerable anecdotes, more or less true, are told of him. What I am about to relate is the result of a few hours' conversation with the great actor on the night he closed his last engagement at the St. Charles Theatre, in New Orleans.

It was in the season of 1871–2. I had witnessed his performance of Lear. I had seen the character rendered often, but I never saw such a mighty piece of realistic treatment of the part before, and I am quite sure I have not seen it done so well since. Forrest looked "every inch a king." His reading of the lines,

> "I am a very foolish, fond old man,
> Fourscore and upwards; and, to deal plainly,
> I fear I am not in my perfect mind,"

has never been effaced from my memory. The auditors were moved to tears. At the close of the play I entered the dark alley of the theatre, and at the foot of the stairs I met Joe McCardle, Forrest's business man, who said, "Here comes the governor now," and in a few moments Forrest was grasping my hand.

"How are you, doctor?" said he, in a gruff voice; "I heard you were sick, and I was afraid I should leave town without seeing you."

He then placed his arm in mine, and we walked and talked all the way to the St. Charles Hotel. We went into the supper-room, and the old man ate heartily. After that we were soon cozily ensconced in his comfortable quarters.

"Mr. Forrest," said I, when we were seated, "were you ever a circus performer?"

"Yes, I was," he answered, from the depths of his throat. "I was with a dramatic company in 1826 or 1827, in Lexington, Kentucky. The company broke up; I had to do something. Pepin and Bishard, two Frenchmen, came along with their circus, and I joined them. I never rode except in the entry, but I went into the ring and leaped and tumbled as well as the best of them," and the old man laughed at the remembrance.

"When did you first come to New Orleans?"

"I first came here about 1827, from Nashville, as a member of the stock company at the old Camp Street Theatre, with James H. Caldwell, the father of the drama of the South, and the inaugurator of gaslight in New Orleans. I was forfeited [fined] twice during the season—once for refusing to play Romeo, and again for not playing Hamlet, because I did not think I was old enough to play either part. I think Romeo should be played by a man of mature years. I saw Charles Kemble play it with wrinkles on his face, and it was an excellent performance. During my first visit in the Crescent City, I was wandering one night along Camp Street, when, at the corner of Canal, I was attracted by the noise of a roulette wheel in a gambling house. I had but a single dollar in my pocket, yet I went in to try my luck. In a few hours I had won a thousand dollars—a fortune to me at that time of life. With my lucre I went home to bed; but there was no rest for me that night. Whether by the change of my pecuniary condition, or the fascination of the gaming-table, I do not know; but I arose and returned to the gambling house. In a short time I was 'cleaned out,' and this was my first and last gaming experience. I have never put down a dollar since.

"I was once on board a steamboat on the Mississippi River, going somewhere—I don't know where; but one day, as I was reading a book, a fine-looking gentleman accosted me, and said that he owed his fortune to me. 'I am,' said he, 'very wealthy.'

"Now, not knowing how I could have been instrumental in making a fortune for a man I had never seen before, I naturally asked him to explain.

"'Well, sir,' said the gentleman, 'a few years ago I was a ruined man, disgusted with the world and mankind. One night you were performing 'Damon and Pythias,' at the Camp Street Theatre. I dropped in at the theatre and saw the play out. I was so struck with the feeling with which you imbued the character of Damon, and the devotion which exists between the two friends, that I concluded the world was not so bad as I had pictured it. I left the theatre with wholesome impressions, nerved myself once more for the struggle of life—and now you see before you a successful and happy man. I live over here near Bayou Sara. I own a large plantation, and, as I owe everything I have to you, I would be happy to share it with you.'"

Forrest, however, declined. He was growing in popularity, his attachment for the stage was fixed, and he maintained it to the last.

"I understand, Mr. Forrest," said I, "that the first time you appeared prominently before the public was when playing with Edmund Kean."

"Yes," he replied, "I was at Albany when Kean played his first engagement there. 'Othello' was 'put up' for the opening night. I was cast for Iago. I went to the theatre in the morning. Kean did not come. I went to his hotel, sent up my card, and was ushered into his presence. I saw a little pale-faced man, with curly black hair, with an eye—by God! he had a perfect mirror of an eye. I told him I was the person cast for Iago, and, as he did not come to the rehearsal, I had come to him to say if he had any particular business that he might want done at night, I would attend to it.

"'Sit down,' said he. 'With regard to business, all I want you to do at night is to come on the stage and look at *me;* it will be all right.'

"Kean then sat down at the piano and sang one of Moore's melodies: 'Believe me if all those endearing young charms.' He had a splendid voice, and sang with great feeling.

"At night," continued Forrest, "when in the play, I had to say:

> "'Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio.
> Wear your eyes—thus, not jealous *nor secure,*'

as much as to say don't be too sure of her. At the same time I placed my face close to his and gave him a very meaning look. Kean glanced at me with surprise. After the curtain fell he came to me and said:

"'Young man, where did you get that idea from?'

"'What idea?' I asked.

"'The idea of looking so intensely in my eyes when you said, "*nor secure.*"'

"'Why,' I replied, 'I got it where you got your great style of acting—from *nature.*'

"Kean grasped me warmly by the hand, and said:

"'Young man, you will make a name!'

"A few weeks after Kean was the recipient of a grand dinner in Philadelphia, during which he drank to the health of Edwin Forrest, and urged the assembly to encourage, as he said, 'the coming actor of the day.'

"The speech was reported, but the fellow who did it got drunk and lost the copy. I would give one thousand dollars to-night for that report, as I heard that Kean spoke of me in the warmest terms.

"In the following spring I went to New York, and put up at a boarding-house. I was without a dollar. I did not have two shirts in the world, my clothes had been seized for board in Albany. I was thoroughly disgusted with the world, and resolved to kill myself. I went to a drug store and bought some arsenic. I told the apothecary I wanted to kill rats. I went to my room and mixed it, and was upon the point of taking it, when, just as such things happen on the stage, I heard a gentle rap on the door. A man came in who said he was an actor, and that his name was Woodhull. The object of his visit was to get me to play at his benefit. He said that he had never seen me act, but he had heard Ogden Hoffman, a member of the Legislature, and others capable of judging, say that I was very fine.

"I told him hastily that I had done with acting, and that I did not know anything about him or his benefit.

"The actor looked downcast and said: 'I am a poor man, and have a long summer to run through. I had hoped you would come to my aid and assist me in supporting my family; otherwise I am beggared.'

"These words touched me so," said Forrest, "that I finally consented. I played 'Othello' for him. It was a grand sweep, financially and dramatically; for hundreds were turned away from the doors of the theatre. Next morning Mr. Gilford, manager of the Bowery, put five hundred dollars in my hand, and engaged me for a year at his theatre. From that time till now my course has been onward and upward.

"In 1829 I appeared in the first of my American dramas, commencing in 'Metamora,' written by an actor by the name of William Stone; for the play I gave him five hundred dollars and a benefit. He eventually committed suicide by drowning in the Delaware River. In 1831 Doctor Bird, of Philadelphia, wrote 'The Gladiator' for me, and afterward 'The Broker of Bogota,' and then 'Oralousa.' Then Judge Conrad wrote 'Jack Cade' for me. I afterward paid one thousand dollars for a play entitled 'Mahomet,' which I subsequently concluded was more fitted for the closet than the stage. I did all I could to encourage native talent, as in this case the play had much merit, but the under-plot was bad, and it did not suit my purpose of founding the American drama."

"Apropos," said I, "Mr. Forrest, what do you think of the relative position of the legitimate drama and the sensation business? Do you believe that the legitimate will soon recover its just preëminence?"

"No," he replied, in a deep tone; "the sensational has got such a strong hold upon the public that it would take a Shakespeare and a Garrick combined to upset it. However, when there shall come a time we have a man who can look and act Antony, and a woman who can look and act Cleopatra, and the play is gotten up with the same care of detail and expense as the 'Black Crook' was, with a panorama of the Nile, why it will run a thousand nights."

Mr. Forrest then spoke of his relations with the press.

"I have seldom been criticised, but often attacked; but, I am happy to say, my detractors have been almost exclusively foreigners. One exception I make, and that was while I was in England. Douglas Jerrold wrote the finest article on my 'Othello' I ever had in my life. I am prouder of that than any other notice I ever received."

"Did you not form your style upon the methods of Edmund Kean and Thomas Cooper?"

"I did," replied the veteran.

"You are of Scotch descent, are you not?"

"My father was of that race, but my mother was Dutch—of a Holland family. She was extremely pious. I was not a strong child. I often heard the old people say, 'Ned is a weak child; we fear we shall never be able to raise him.' I wondered why I should not live, like the rest. Early in life I took a great deal of exercise, and made myself what I am—a Hercules. I have conquered everything, and I will conquer this gout." At the same time he gave his left arm a blow with his right hand.

I asked Mr. Forrest what he thought of Barrett. He took occasion to say that he was a "talented fellow, who had struck out a path of his own; he copies no one. He rose from the lowest round of the dramatic ladder, with no one to help him. I know what it is," he added; "nobody helped me. Barrett will make his mark."

"Fechter," he observed, "is a melodramatic actor, not a tragedian. His Hamlet is good, but there is more trick than art about it. He can play Claude, Ruy Blas, and Monte Christo finely."

"I always thought," said I, "that Iago was a more difficult part to play than Othello. Am I right?"

"By no means. There are an hundred men who can play Iago, but very few who can play Othello," replied the old man.

Forrest was a fine mimic. During the evening he gave me an imitation of John Green, in his Irish part of Dennis Bulgruddy. He also mimicked a French priest whom he heard delivering a sermon in Montreal. But the best of all his dialect delineations was an imitation of Daddy Rice, of "Jim Crow" notoriety. It was true to the life. In fact, Forrest was an actor in a very eminent degree. Upon my complimenting him upon his Irish brogue, he said:

"I think I must have some Irish in me, for when I was a young man I was constantly getting into fights. I used to get the scene-painter to paint my face, to hide the marks."

Jefferson was held in high esteem by the old man. He remarked that he came of good dramatic stock.

"I think the grandfather of the present Joe one of the finest actors I ever saw. I have a bill in my possession at home in which a Jefferson played a prominent character with David Garrick. Of Boucicault, Forrest had a profound contempt. "He never wrote an original play in his life; and, as a man to do business with, he is a rascal."

"I rank Homer first—the greatest of all poets," he remarked; "next comes Virgil, and then Shakespeare. Byron could write description finely, but could not write dialogue. Shakespeare excelled in both."

Forrest then told a story connected with his trip to California. He was deathly sea-sick, and yet it did not prevent him swearing. A preacher who was on board undertook to admonish him for his profanity, but Forrest only answered that "his Lord and Master, when at sea, was devilish glad to get out and walk." The captain of the vessel now approached them, and sought to soothe the old man by remarking that "he loved the sea; that he went to sea as a matter of choice, and would not live on shore."

"That's a d—d lie, sir," said Forrest; "I know of but one man who took to the sea from choice, for if he had remained on shore he would have been drowned—and that was Noah."

One night, during the war, Forrest was in Washington. The play was "Richelieu." President Lincoln, accompanied by Forney, Seward, and several prominent members of the administration, was seated in a private box at the left of the stage. In political opinions, Forrest was directly opposed to them. When in the grand apostrophe to the "pen," Mr. Forrest rose, solemnly and deliberately facing the President's box. With the pen held majestically aloft, his eyes flashing fire, the tones of that wonderful voice vibrating through the theatre, and speaking with unusual deliberation and emphasis, he gave such a rendering of Bulwer's lines as must have astonished the President:

> "Beneath the rule of men *entirely* great
> The *pen* is *mightier* than the sword.
> Take away the sword;
> States can be saved without it."

He looked the whole party squarely in the face, as much as to say: "And that's my personal opinion, too." The shot hit its mark. There ensued some whispered remarks between Forney and Lincoln, and a deprecatory shake of the head on the part of the latter, accompanied by a dubious elevation of the eyebrows, as much as to say: "Well, I never heard that passage read in that way before."

Forty years ago, the American stage contained several actors of no mean promise; among them was Augustus Adams. Of him Forrest said:

"He was a splendid fellow, and, had he not abused the gifts of nature, he would have soon acquired a prominent place on the stage of the day, but he was 'his own worst enemy.' He fell a victim to the actor's bane—strong drink."

Another actor who promised to take a front rank was Charles Eaton. Forrest said of him he committed the too common error of copying others. He not only imitated Booth on but off the stage. He was killed while in a state of intoxication by falling from the balcony of a hotel. Forrest did not share in the general opinion of Edwin Booth, and said, significantly:

"He had a father born before him, and he had a brother; both of which facts helped to make his reputation."

It was nearly daylight when I was about to take my leave. I asked him if he intended to come to New Orleans next year?

"What do we know of next year?" said he.

Sure enough, he died the following spring.

Forrest was a very singular man. Beneath his rugged, stern manner, which, perhaps, "the rude blows and buffets of the world" had given him, there was a deep well of natural tenderness. The simple utterance of the word "Cordelia," as King Lear kneels by the body of his dead daughter, seemed to bubble up from his very heart. There was something in the subdued pathos of his utterance of the line: "Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low," which went straight to the heart. And now that wondrous voice is stilled; and "the noblest Roman of them all" is laid away in the silent tomb forever.

During our conversation, Joe McCardle was packing up the trunks, preparatory to the old man's departure for Galveston.

"Joe," said Forrest, "don't put up that volume of Shakespeare, I want to read it on the road."

"What! Do you read Shakespeare at your time of life?" I asked.

"Read it," he replied, "I read it every day. Shakespeare was a greater man than Jesus Christ."

After a hearty shake of the hand, he said: "Don't forget to come and see me next June in Philadelphia."

I took my leave, little thinking then that a man of his physique was so near his end.

> "Out, out, brief candle!
> Life is but a walking shadow – a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more."

G. A. Kane.

San Francisco, February 19, 1884.

---

The engineers of the Mexican National running between Laredo and Saltillo, Mexico, have organized, and, it is said, will present their resignations unless some protection is guaranteed them against arrest and imprisonment in Mexico, when, in discharge of their duty, they inadvertently run over and kill a Mexican, who through carelessness gets on the track. The cause of this move was the imprisonment for a number of weeks of an engineer who ran over and killed a Mexican who was walking across a bridge near Saltillo.

---

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania is a painter of some repute, and writes as well as a newspaper reporter.

## LORDS WHO LABOR.

"Cockaigne" Enumerates the British Peers who Work for a Living.

There is a very prevalent idea abroad, especially in America, that the aristocracy of England are, without exception, an idle set of men, with no occupation save that afforded by fox-hunting, shooting, yachting, horse-racing, or ball-going during the London season, and with no aim or object in life higher than the constant desire for amusement. In fact, that the only place you will ever find a titled Englishman, when in his own country, is either at his club, in the park, in the hunting-field, on board of a yacht, playing at cricket, polo, or tennis, lounging away an afternoon in a Belgravian drawing-room, or knocking over tame grouse, partridge, or pheasants on the moors of Scotland, in his own turnip-fields, or among the well-stocked preserves of some friend or relation. In short, that he is an idler and a drone, living upon the exertions of his fellow men—such a thing as *work* never entering his head.

Nor does this idea obtain solely out of England. Among certain branches of the middle and lower classes, with whom prejudice and ignorance hold unlimited sway, the same belief undoubtedly prevails to an astonishing degree. That it should prevail is, of course, mainly owing to the efforts of the Radical press and politicians, who seem never to grow weary of running down the nobility on every possible occasion.

Now, I don't for a moment wish to defend the present state of things so far as the Civil List is concerned. There are, I know, many shameful sinecures held by rich noblemen. But it does not follow that all are subject to the same objections. The proper and dignified maintenance of the crown is as necessary as the crown itself, and many offices, which to the present-day eye seem useless and absurd, have as ancient an origin as the rules of the common law itself. That time out of mind they should have been filled by noblemen, is a sufficient reason to the followers of *stare antiquas vias* that they should be filled by noblemen still, and that is all there is in it. It is, at all events, a sufficient reason to the average Englishman, who *at heart* detests everything new, no matter what he may be led into saying with the hope of political power before his eyes. But however this may be, it is very evident that the object of the publication referred to is to give the idea that the nobility in office, as well as in private life, live off the pockets of the people without giving any return in labor.

That this is not true, either in the one case or the other, can be shown without much difficulty. In the first place, peers as members of the House of Lords get no pay, as do Senators in the United States; nor do members of the House of Commons receive a farthing during the term of their service. The Lords are, of course, *all* noblemen; and of the six hundred and fifty members of which the House of Commons consists, sixty-seven are noblemen and sixty-four baronets or knights. In the army and navy there are hundreds of noblemen and other members of the aristocracy, whose "pay" is but a small part of their income, and whose return in work and labor for their country far overbalances the meagre drafts upon her exchequer. The diplomatic service and the judiciary have many representatives who, it is safe to say, earn their salaries as faithfully as do the public servants of other countries.

A few instances (among many) which I have got together may not be without interest as showing that the aristocracy are not, by any means, *all* the drones and do-littles their belittlers would have one believe. That so few are in "business" does not mean anything against them. "Business" in England is quite a different thing from what it is in America, and quite a different class of men engage in it in both countries. Did Americans who come to England understand this, they would not be so much surprised at finding so few men they meet engaged in "business." The only noblemen I can name at present who are engaged in "business," strictly speaking, are Lord Wolverton, who is a banker; Lord Ardilaun, who is a brewer; Lord Sudeley, who is a manufacturer of jam; and Lord Borthwick, who is a member of the London Stock Exchange. Lord Ernest Hamilton, the Duke of Abercorn's son, is also a stock-broker. Of course there are loads of baronets in business. If their titles have been gained by success in it (as is often the case nowadays), they naturally stay as they were. But that many of the aristocracy are workers in other occupations and professions, and are not merely pleasure-seekers, may be seen by the following names:

The Duke of Devonshire is chairman of the Furness Railway; the Marquis of Londonderry is chairman of the Cambrian; Lord Coleville, of the Great Northern; and Lord Brabourne, deputy-chairman of the South-Eastern. The Earl of Silborne is the lord-chancellor, and Lord Coleridge, lord chief-justice. The Earl of Clanwilliam is an admiral, and Earl Howe and the Earl of Longford are generals. Lord Colchester is a barrister. The Marquis of Normanby, the Earl of Buckinghamshire, Lord Dynevor, Lord Plunkett, and Lord Saye and Sele are clergymen. Lord Arthur Hervey, the Marquis of Bath's son, is the Biship of Bath and Wells. Lord Gifford (who possesses the Victoria Cross, or is a "V. C." man, as it is called, for personal bravery in the army) is colonial secretary for Western Australia. Lord Lyons is the embassador to Paris. Lord Claude Hamilton, son of the Duke of Abercorn, is deputy chairman of the Great Eastern Railway; and Lord Sackville Cecil, son of the Marquis of Salisbury, is the general manager of the Metropolitan Railway. Lord Frederick Hamilton, another son of the Duke of Abercorn, is secretary of legation at St. Petersburg; Lord Alcoyne Compton, the Marquis of Northampton's son, is dean of Worcester; Lord John Thynne and Lord William Russell, the sons respectively of the Marquis of Bath and the Duke of Bedford, are clergymen also—the first a canon of Westminster, the other a canon of Windsor. Lord Blachford, Lord Lisgar, Lord Denman, and Lord Falmouth are barristers. Lord Rayleigh is Professor of Physics at Oxford University. The Earl of Caithness is an inventor of a locomotive road steam-engine and patentee of the Caithness gravitation compass. Viscount Canterbury is registrar of the Faculty Court, and Lord Penzance is judge of the Probate Court. Lord Hawke is a clergyman.

Lord Fairfax is a physician, and lives in the United States. Lord F. is the only nobleman who is a doctor, the professions of medicine and surgery being, for some reason, rather looked down upon, socially, in England. Lord Carnarvon's brother, the Hon. Alan Herbert, is, however, a physician. But he, like the other, finds it more congenial to reside abroad, and lives in Paris, of the medical faculty of which city he is an M. D. Sir William Gull, who got his baronetcy for the success of his medical skill at the time of the Prince of Wales's illness in 1871, and Sir William Jenner, the Queen's physician, are invited to court, but they are exceptions to the general rule. Lord Bilhaven's father was a surgeon in the army; but the present peer succeeded a distant kinsman in the title. The Hon. Paul Methuen, eldest son and heir of Lord Methuen, is military attaché of the embassy at Berlin, and the Hon. Hugh Gough, eldest son and heir of Lord Gough, is the secretary of legation at the same place. The Hon. Hussey Vivian, eldest son and heir of Lord Vivian, is minister to Berne. The Earl of Warwick's son, the Hon. Louis Greville, is secretary of legation at Copenhagen. The Hon. Francis Plunket, son of the Earl of Fingall, and who, by the by, is married to Miss Morgan, of Philadelphia, is one of the secretaries of legation at the Russian court. The minister to the United States is the Hon. Sackville West, who is a son of Earl Delaware; and the Hon. Power Trench, son of the Earl of Clancarty, is one of the secretaries of legation. The Hon. Michael Herbert, brother of the Earl of Pembroke, is a secretary of legation at Paris, and the Hon. Ernest Lyon, son of the Earl of Strathmore, is an attaché

As a rule, the position of consul is not regarded in high society with favor, and only in exceptional cases do gentlemen (in the English sense of the word) fill the office. Viscount Gort's son, the Hon. Henry Vereker, is the only member of the aristocracy who is a consul. He is the consul at Cherbourg. I may say, *en passant*, that the new consul at San Francisco, Mr. Stanley, is one of the few gentlemen connected with the English consular corps. A name shows a gentleman in England as much as anything else, and Stanley, which is the family name of the Earl of Derby, and Lord Stanley of Alderly, dates back early in the seventeenth century. The Hon. George Herbert, son of the Earl of Powis, is the dean of Hereford, and the Hon. Francis Pakenham, son of the Earl of Longford, is minister to Santiago. The Hon. Ralph Dutton, a brother of Lord Sherburn, is chairman of the Southwestern Railway, and the Hon. Henry Brougham, son of Lord Brougham, a clerk of the House of Lords. The Hon. William Petre, eldest son of Lord Petre, is a Roman Catholic priest. Lord Blantyre's brother, the Hon. William Stuart, is minister to the Hague. The Hon. Thomas Bruce, son of the Earl of Elgin, is a barrister, as is also the Hon. Bernard Coleridge, eldest son of the Lord Chief-Justice. The Hon. Slingsby Bethell is a barrister also, and is one of the clerks of the House of Lords.

I was much amused, by the bye, at reading the various accounts of the Hon. Slingsby's behavior, and that of his sons, during their recent visit to America, as published in the American papers. While not in the least surprised at any unseemly conduct they might exhibit, I was at the same time sorry that such persons should be taken as specimens of the English aristocracy to which, in name, they unfortunately belong, but of which they are in no other sense a part. To expect such people to evince the qualities which are supposed to flow from the axiom of *noblesse oblige* would be an absurdity within itself. Their "nobility" only dates from 1861, in which year Mr. Bethell's father was created Lord Westbury on his being made Lord Chancellor. The career of Lord Westbury at the bar, prior to his elevation to the wool-sack, was tainted by considerable corruption and jobbery, and his term as Lord Chancellor marked by his bitter controversy with Bishop Wilberforce, who, at its close, nearly annihilated him by one of his most telling speeches in the House of Lords. Though I mention him as an aristocrat who works, I do not regard Mr. Slingsby Bethell as a sample of the class he represents so badly.

One of his latest exploits here was to have Sir Percy Shelley summoned before a police magistrate for keeping a theatre without a license. Sir Percy has a private theatre attached to his house, on the Thames embankment at Chelsea, and gives amateur performances for charity, now and then, and is quite a fair amateur actor himself. It appeared at the trial that Mr. Bethell lived near by, and his beauty sleep was disturbed by the carriages of Sir Percy's departing audiences as they passed his house; and as, of course, the baronet had neglected to request the pleasure of the Hon. Slingsby's company at his entertainments, the latter thought he would get even in this way. It was as silly as it was wanting in gentleman-like behavior. There was, it seems, a technical breach of the law, which no one else would have taken notice of, and the magistrate showed his disgust at the whole proceeding by fining Sir Percy one shilling.

To those already enumerated I might add the Hon. Lowther Barrington, Viscount Barrington's son, who is a clergyman and registrar of Durham, and the Hon. John Baillie, the Earl of Haddington's brother, who is a canon of York; the Hon. William Jocelyn, son of the Earl of Roden, who is chargé d'affaires at Carlsruhe and Darmstadt, and the Hon. Edmund Monson, son of Lord Monson, who is minister to Montevideo. Although baronets, as a class, are not, strictly speaking, included among the aristocracy, there are enough of them whose creation of title antedates their own birth to justify their consideration at the same time. Among those who are neither doctors nor engaged in trade, but who are occupied in some manner as workers in the world, may be mentioned Sir Horace Rumbold, who is minister to Buenos Ayres; Sir William Clerke, who is a clerk in the Treasury; Sir John Walsham, who is secretary of the embassy at Berlin; Sir James Ferguson, who is Governor of Bombay, and Sir Frederick Gore-Ousely, who is professor of music at Oxford University.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, February 7, 1884.

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

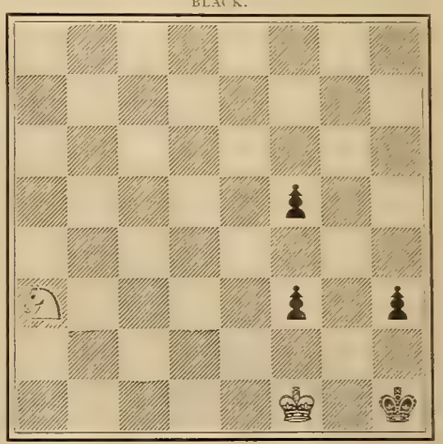
Problems and Other Topics of Interest in the King of Games.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 2115 Fillmore Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

Strangers visiting San Francisco, who are fond of chess, are cordially invited by the officers to make themselves known at the Librarian's desk of the Mechanics' Institute, where they will be provided with visitors' tickets, and introduced to members, who are always pleased to meet and welcome lovers of Caissa from abroad.

At the request of several correspondents, we reprint the problem which was incorrectly published in our issue of February 16th:

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win in any of nine variations.

A pretty specimen of the Allgaier-Thorold, contested January 10th, at the rooms of the Chicago Chess Club, between Mr. John A. Adair, secretary of the club, and Dr. Zukertort. Score and notes indicated by italics from the Milwaukee *Sunday Telegraph:*

| *White.* | *Black.* | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. Adair. | Dr. Zukertort. | 12—Kt Q2 (*d*) | 12 —QB B4 |
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 13—B K3 (*e*) | 13—R B |
| 2—P KB4 | 2—P x P | 14—Kt x P (*f*) | 14—K R2 |
| 3—Kt KB3 | 3—P KKt4 | 15—Kt Kt3 | 15—K R |
| 4—P KR4 | 4—P Kt5 | 16—Q Q2 | 16—Q Q3 |
| 5—Kt Kt5 | 5—P KR3 | 17—B B4 | 17—Q QKt3 |
| 6—Kt x KBP | 6—K x Kt (*a*) | 18—QR K | 18—QKt B3 |
| 7—P Q4 (*z*) | 7—P Q4 | 19—B x KRP | 19—B Kt 3 |
| 8—B x KBP | 8—P x P | 20—B x B ch | 20—K x B |
| 9—B B4 ch | 9—K Kt3 (*y*)(*b*) | 21—Q KKt5 | 21—R x R ch |
| 10—Castles (*c*) | 10—B Kt2 | 22—R x R and Black resigns (*g*) | |
| 11—P QB3 | 11—Kt K2 | | |

(*a*) The moves now made constitute the true Allgaier in which Mr. Adair has few equals.

(*z*) For the benefit of younger players, we may add that this continuation, introduced by Mr. Thorold, one of the leading English experts, is now considered the only advisable form of pursuing the attack in the Allgaier proper.

(*y*) 9—K Kt2, followed by 10—Kt KB3 (whether White play 10—Castles, or 10—B K5 ch, or 10—Kt KB3) is the approved continuation at this point. We can not but think the text play looks very hazardous, to say the least.

(*b*) It is quite customary with European players to move thus in order to play B Kt2, but——

(*c*) It is also their practice to play here P R5 (ch)

(*d*) Forcing the undesirable answer which follows.

(*e*) Threatening R tks B, etc.

(*f*) If B tks Kt, Q tks P (ch).

(*g*) This game is remarkable for the number of unhappy moves White forces his great antagonist to make—especially the 12th, 14th, 18th, and 19th.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

An exceedingly interesting match at chess is in progress between Messrs. Redding and Jefferson, two of the strongest players on this coast. The first game of a series of seven was played last Friday, at the house of Mr. Redding, on California Street, in the presence of a few invited friends of both gentlemen. The opening was made by Mr. Redding, who developed a Scotch Gambit, which resulted, after a hard-fought contest of three hours and ten minutes duration, in a draw. The second game was contested the early part of the week at the same place, when Mr. Jefferson opened with a Ruy Lopez, which, after four hours, was also declared a drawn game.

| *White.* | *Black.* | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. Redding. | Mr. Jefferson. | 26—B x KRP | 26—B KB2 |
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 27—B KB5 ch | 27—K Kt sq |
| 2—KKt B3 | 2—QKt B3 | 28—KB Q3 | 28—R Q sq |
| 3—P Q4 | 3—P x P | 29—B KB sq | 29—P QKt3 |
| 4—Kt x P | 4—B KB4 | 30—P KR4 | 30—B B3 |
| 5—Kt x Kt | 5—Q KB3 | 31—R QB sq | 31—B K4 |
| 6—Q Q2 | 6—QP x Kt | 32—K R2 | 32—R Q5 |
| 7—B Q3 | 7—Kt K2 | 33—K R3 | 33—B K3 |
| 8—Castles | 8—Kt KKt3 | 34—K Kt2 | 34—QB KB4 |
| 9—K R sq | 9—Kt K4 | 35—B K2 | 35—QB Q6 |
| 10—B K2 | 10—QB Q2 | 36—R K sq | 36—R K5 |
| 11—P KB4 | 11—Kt KKt3 | 37—K Kt3 | 37—R x B |
| 12—P K5 | 12—Q K2 | 38—R x R | 38—B x R ch |
| 13—P QR3 | 13—Castles QR | 39—K x B | 39—B x KKtP |
| 14—B Q3 | 14—P KB3 | 40—P R5 | 40—P QKt4 |
| 15—P QKt4 | 15—B QKt3 | 41—K Q3 | 41—B K4 |
| 16—P QB4 | 16—KB Q5 | 42—Kt B3 | 42—B x Kt |
| 17—R QR2 | 17—BP x P | 43—K x B | 43—K B sq |
| 18—K K sq | 18—Q KB3 | 44—K Q4 | 44—K Q2 |
| 19—BP x P | 19—B x P | 45—P QB5 | 45—K K3 |
| 20—Q KKt5 | 20—QR K sq | 46—K K4 | 46—K KB3 |
| 21—QR K2 | 21—KKt B5 | 47—K B4 | 47—P KKt3 |
| 22—QB x Kt | 22—Q x B | 48—P R6 | 48—P Kt4 ch |
| 23—Q x Q | 23—B x Q | 49—K Kt4 | 49—K Kt3 |
| 24—R x R ch | 24—B x R | 50—P K7 | 50—K x P |
| 25—P KKt3 | 25—KB KKt4 | 51—K x P | |

And the game was abandoned as drawn.

At a druggist's door, in Seville, appeared the sign: "Spirits of all kinds sold here." A joker, passing by, thought it funny to go in and ask the druggist for "all you have on hand of the malignant spirit." The druggist, without an instant's hesitation, turned to an assistant and gave the order, in an imperative tone; "Joaquin, run up to the second floor and bring down my mother-in-law. Here is somebody to buy her."

## PICTURES FROM LIFE.

### Policeman and Maid.

An austere and inexorable policeman stood on the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street yesterday, and gazed stolidly at the areas on the opposite side of the way. He had the air of solidity and reserve power common to members of the force.

A trim maid, wearing a calico dress, a white apron, a French cap, and an Hibernian smile, emerged from a neighboring house and tripped toward the policeman. She nodded pleasantly, but with an expression of deep respect. The policeman wheeled about and stared at her coldly and impassively.

"It's foine weather we're havin," said the maid, cheerfully but timidly.

The policeman looked her over solemnly. He was of large girth, had a mustache that was red at the root, black in the middle, and yellow at the ends, and his eyelids dropped far down over his eyes. The maid looked at him reverentially. Her eyes wandered up and down the brass buttons of his coat, and dropped to his square-toed boots.

"I hear," she said, "as how ye wint over to see Mary Brannagan last evenin'?"

"I wuz."

"Wuz what?"

"Wuz wint," said the officer, sedately. The maid tossed her nose in the air—so to speak—and remarked, snappishly:

"She has a wart on her ear, an' she's only second upstairs girl. Why didn't you come an' see me?"

For the first time the policeman's face assumed a smile. It was a thoroughly reserved and dignified smile. Then he said, carelessly:

"Oi was at your house last week, an' Oi left hungry—Mary Brannagan got me full."

"Oh, the cook's all right now, sure. Come this avenin' an' I'll trate ye well—ah, do come, will ye?"

The smile spread into a broad and gratified grin, and the eyes half closed. Then he chucked the pretty maid under the chin, swelled out his chest, and remarked, in a loud voice: "Bet cher life," and resumed the austere and inexorable manner that he wore before.

The pretty face of the tidy maid flushed with pleasure as she tripped away, looking back occasionally to smile at the ponderous guardian of the peace, who did not bestow another glance upon her, but stared, with pursed lips, straight in front of him, as before.

Presently he turned round to a man who stood hard by, winked with immense significance, and remarked:

"There—no—flies—on—that—sor?"

"She's a very neat sort of a girl."

"She's my sort," said the officer, waxing confidential; "and my sort's the right sort, every time. Oi've been on the av'noo too long fur to make errors. You kin gamble on wan thing—the waitin' maids is the best. They're higher toneder, an' they has a pull wid the cook. A good many coppers makes love to the cook herself, but Oi never fell as low as that. Oi stands in wid th' maids, an' me suppers an' breakfasts is immense. Yer don't want to be too free wid thim though, er they'll trate ye wid contumelly," he added, as he brought forth a package of tobacco, reduced it by half, returned it to his pocket, shook himself together again, and stood as before. "Let thim respect ye, an' yer meals'll be warrum."

With which he winked again, and strolled up Fifth Avenue with the swagger of a plumber on Sunday afternoon. —*New York Sun.*

### How Cholley and Horace Cleaned Out a Saloon.

A short, stout gentleman, with a heavy black mustache, whose aspect of subdued ferocity was heightened by a week's growth of coarse stubble upon his chin, stood upon the front platform of a Fourth Avenue car yesterday morning, with a high silk hat cocked over his left eye and an extremely bad cigar projecting from a corner of his mouth at a very acute angle. As the car rolled downward this gentleman of prepossessing exterior discoursed upon men and things to Haroun Al Raschid and the car-driver, showing a marked partiality for the opinions of the horseman as compared with those of his other auditor. From his conversation it appeared that his profession was that of a mixer of drinks in a hostelry in Tenth Avenue.

As the car passed through Union Square a brace of youths in very broad-brimmed hats, very short overcoats, and very brilliant gloves, with very thick walking-sticks, skipped lightly over the street under the horses' heads, and moved onward at that india-rubber lock-step pace which Harvard University confers upon her alumni. The bartender laughed a horse-laugh as he gazed after them, and said to Haroun Al Raschid:

"A couple o' them dudes had a lot of fun with me night before last. Haw, haw, haw! I 'most break my heart laughin' every time I think of it."

The driver having signified an inclination to learn the circumstances that afforded the passenger so much pleasure in retrospection, the bar-keeper consented to relate the tale.

"I was sittin' down behind the bar," he said, "about eight o'clock in the evenin'—an' nobody in the place—when in comes a couple of the dudest dudes I ever see. They were about as wide as a bed-slat, and the way they walked wouldn't have broken egg-shells. One of 'em says:

"'Aw, Cholley, what'll it be?'

"'Give me some arf-an'-arf,' says Cholley to me.

"'I'll take the same,' says the other dude.

"'Arf-an'-arf of wot?' I axes 'em.

"'Arf seltzer an' arf sasparilla,' Cholley says.

"'The same fer me,' puts in the other dude, 'an' say, baw-tender,' he says, 'put a little dash of ginger-ale into mine. There's alcohol in ginger-ale,' he says to Cholley.

"'You can put some ginger-ale in mine, too, baw-tender,' Cholley says, big as life.

"Well, I fixed the drinks up fer 'em an' they poured 'em down their necks. Then the other dude axes me how much

"'Half a dollar,' I says.

"'By Jawve!' says Cholley, 'do you take us for gillies, baw-tender?'

"'Naw,' I says; 'I take yer fer gentlemen. That's the reg'lar price for them strong, mixed lickers,' and then for the life of me I couldn't help laughin' at em.

"'He's guyin' us, Horace,' said Cholley.

"'Confound you, baw-tender!' said Horace, 'what d'ye mean? I've a great mind to clean out this place, by Jawve!'

"That almost made me laugh agin, they was such light weights. Why, I'd been afraid to touch one of 'em fer fear he'd come apart, and I says kinder meek to 'em:

"'Aw, come now, young gentlemen; you don't want to ruin a poor man with a family on his hands by smashing up his stuff.'

"'You've insulted us,' said Horace, ferocious as a bulldog. 'Blawst you, baw-tender, you've insulted us! If you don't apologize, I'll clean out this place.'

"'Well,' I says to 'em, 'that's just what you will do,' and I come out from behind the bar. Horace fell away a ton, but I never touched 'em. I only went to the door and locked it and put the key in my pocket. Then I got a pail of water and a scrubbing-brush and a mop, and I says to 'em:

"'Now, you fellers said you was goin' to clean this place out, and I'm just a-goin' to make you do it!'"

"Did they do it?" inquired the driver, so much interested that he was entirely oblivious of a fat woman who was frantically waving an umbrella, and shouting to him to stop the car.

"Well, you juss betcher life they did it. Do I look like the kind of a man what allows a dude to insult him in his own shop?"

And the bar-tender got off the car at Broome Street, and stalked loftily down the Bowery with an air of conscious superiority.—*New York Star.*

### The Wanderings of O'Garrity's Uncle.

An unusual sort of man, whose more prominent characteristics consisted of an untamed growth of vermilion chin-whisker, weak blue eyes, turn-up nose, and a head over the shining surface of which there waved sprays of claret-colored hair, drifted down the aisle of the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday night. His long, dun-colored ulster was up in the neck, his trousers were rolled high from his galoshes, and a disarranged scarf of ethereal blue dangled coyly from his neck. A half smile wreathed his lips.

The fashionably attired audience, which had come to greet Mrs. Langtry, became absorbed in watching the movements of the man. There was something about him, as he floated toward the stage, which impressed people. Presently he arrived at the orchestra rail, on which he leaned with both hands, while he fixed his gentle gaze upon the back of the leader's head. At this moment a voice floated down from the gallery. It said:

"Why, Freddie, ain't you ashamed! Go back."

He turned, with the same quiet smile, and began to move toward the door. A few rows back from the stage were two vacant chairs next to the aisle. He looked at them kindly, lowered the seats, felt of the arms, and drifted away. He returned a moment later with a pretty girl in his wake. She had big eyes, a cart-wheel hat, yellow gloves, a green ribbon at her throat, and well-plastered bangs. The indistinct man bowed her, with an air of high-bred courtesy, into one of the vacant seats, sat down comfortably beside her, and gently stroked his chin-whisker with a hand on which was a faded white cotton glove.

"Git on to dem kids," said the voice.

The man looked up with a benevolent expression toward the gallery. At that instant the usher arrived, followed by the holder of the coupons for the seats in which the unusual man and the girl sat. They rose and wandered up the aisle. Two seats a little farther on attracted his attention. He examined them critically, was apparently pleased, and sat down with his companion.

The curtain rose and the play began. Two late comers appeared and dispossessed the unusual man, who wandered up the aisle until he came to another pair of unoccupied chairs. After he had established the lady he sat down beside her. A moment later two ushers came down and conversed with him in argumentative tones, while others were put in possession of the chairs. The unusual man referred the ushers to the manager. They both rushed out to the box-office. While they were gone, the man, who had drifted down toward the orchestra again, pushed his way serenely by eight or ten persons, who arose to allow him to pass, and ensconced himself and his girl once more in two vacant seats. The interest in the play lagged, and every one watched the man.

Seven minutes by the watch elapsed before he was discovered by the ushers, who were prowling up and down the aisle in search of him. Then he was once more brought into the aisle, and started toward the door. Presently he disappeared in the lobby, and people settled back in their seats and regarded the play.

Three minutes later it drifted down again accompanied by its consort, and with the same gentle smile. Then the gallery voice remarked, in a tone of intense conviction:

"It must be Mr. Langtry."

Even the actors watched the man this time. He soon got another berth, and then another, and this was kept up until the close of the performance. At the end his serenity was undisturbed, but the girl looked tired and sad.

"Why didn't you throw that freak out?" a man asked the usher.

"Couldn't. He's got inflooence."

"Who is he?"

"The uncle of O'Garrity, the Jersey City bill-poster. He's fond of the play, he is."—*New York Sun.*

A New York merchant, who has had some experience in raising and trading horses, rode up to a suburban railway station in a buggy drawn by a handsome steed. "A very decent beast," remarked one of his friends, as the owner descended from the vehicle. "He ought to be," was the reply; "it cost me ten thousand dollars to learn how to buy that horse."

## CHIT-CHAT.

That sharp wit, Douglas Jerrold, says: "Fine ladies who use excess of perfumery must think men, like snails, most assailable at the nose." This is a well-turned sentence, but it does not mean much. It is a trite truth that men are assailable only in their vanities and their stomachs, and only by flattery and cookery. Perfume is a toilet elegance which women like only because it is extravagant. They depend far more for its effect upon the trained noses of their kind than upon the scent-dull senses of men.

They make a little mystery of it when they have found a choice one, and they like to affect some peculiar extract. It *is* an affectation. The identity of perfume is lost after a half-hour's wearing of it, if one may be said to wear a perfume. The lady herself does not know whether she conveys subtile recollections of a rose-garden, a violet-patch, or a musk-ox.

Musk is admittedly a vulgar perfume, as in its nature it must be, and is favored only by women of coarse and violent natures. Patchouli, frangipanni, and ylang-ylang are but a degree less objectionable, being in some measure, according to Wood and Bache, akin to musk. Perhaps the most delightful fragrance in the world is that produced by the fusion of pure castile soap and hot water. But it is not the most popular. It should lay a foundation for all other scents; but as every flower of field and garden has been rifled of the mystery of its sweetness for the toilet, it can not be expected to usurp the entire atmosphere.

Furthermore, perfumes have the history of tradition. They are historical, and their fashions come and go like many others.

There is a description somewhere of the "Tout Paris," of the days of the Grand Monarque, who used to go to the first nights of Molière's comedies. In those days men were "dressy," and women simply magnificent in their accoutrements. But, more than all, it speaks of "the flowers, feathers, and the pulvillio."

Pulvillio was nothing more than a fragrant powder which ladies carried about with them in fanciful satin bags. The bag itself came to be known, generically, as pulvillio, and eventually the sachet was born of it.

I saw its latest youngling at the opera the other night on the box-railings, and on the rail in front of those who had had the first choice of seats. It was stuffed with lorgnettes, and programmes, and handkerchiefs, and powder-puffs. But it was scented extraneously, and had lost its quaint foreign name. It was called an opera-bag.

It is gratifying to observe the gigantic strides which religion is making.

Once, Lent used to steal upon us unawares. There was no sign of its coming or going, excepting in the kitchen. "The girl" used to get bad spells on, owing to the lack of meat in her diet, a lack which she conscientiously filled with other matter, and there was no end to her nights out. She prayed herself thin and cross by Good Friday, and she generally succeeded in praying all the religion out of her mistress before the forty days were half up.

"The girl" is almost a thing of the past. She declines to accept a situation where there is no other help, and the domestic solitaire is now a Chinaman.

The religious festival has shifted—a custom with religious festivals—and the Chinese New Year's has superseded the Roman Lent. Meantime, the up-stairs world has become religious. The swinging cycles of time may yet bring us to observe the the Chinese New Year. At present we have not got any farther along than Lent, but we have that pretty bad. The deep religious spirit which animates the community has manifested itself in a dozen ways. It has brought the fashionable season to a close with the ushering in of Ash Wednesday. It has made it very bad form to be seen at any but a strictly defined line of entertainment. It has made a new dress, during the season of fasting and prayer, a transgression of social etiquette. It is *convénable* to go to the opera, but that is only by special dispensation, as Catholics marry rich heretics or eat *pâté de foie gras* on Fridays.

There is a certain amount of spiritual consolation in knowing that all this is done for the glory of God. Meantime the religious boom has extended to the lower classes, and they have broken out in a *bona fide* Mardi Gras.

They have had a night procession, a carnival king, twenty floats (whatever they are), *carascone*, *confetti*, a frightfully improper ball, and a various and most interesting collection of Ash Wednesday heads. Their owners may have failed to get up in time to get the print of the sacred ashes on their foreheads, but they filled all the figurative sack-cloth and ashes they could lay claim to.

The heads any one will attest. For the procession and its concomitants, we have only the word of the *Bulletin* and the lower classes.

There were undoubtedly "floats." The streets were as dark as a pocket, but something did float through the silence of the night, dejected and spiritless. Although the stillness was oppressive, we had every reason to believe, from the remarks of our neighbors on the sidewalks, that it was the procession. Nothing else was expected, but it had forgotten to illuminate itself, and a procession which you can feel in the air, but can not see, loses interest as a spectacle.

It might just as well have been a cloud, or a bat, or an Eastern oyster, or anything which is large, and slow, and noiseless. The crowd of masked carnival revelers had neither *carascone*, *confetti*, nor good spirits along with them. The transplanted Mardi Gras was an ignominous failure.

We have succeeded with shad and oysters, mulberry trees and ostriches. But this comedy of religion will not graft. It must grow from roots, and they must strike deep in the soil of their "ain countree."

The Lazarillo in "Maritana" on Saturday addressed his noble master, Don Cæsar de Bazan, alternately as signor and señor.

A day or two after I was astonished to hear a well-educated woman address a Spaniard as signor.

The difference in sound is apparently slight, yet to an Italian addressed as señor the title must sound as strangely

s it would sound to George W. Simpson to be addressed s Cavalliero Simpson, or to Don Ruy Gomez to be hailed s Herr Gomez.

I have sometimes heard that it is the custom of many entlemen under intense mental stimulation to "paint the own red." The process is reported to be an involved and ot unpleasant one. I have never witnessed the painting art, but I am quite familiar with the afterglow. From ex- ressions used in that *dies iræ*, I gather that painting the own red is the *ultima thule* of what is popularly known as "bat." But "Our Boys" will now have to change heir form of speech.

A red town would be a striking-looking settlement; but here is a worse possibility. They might paint it in olive reen, picked out with red streaks. The olive green night shade from a deep dark olive at the base to a ivid pea-green at the roof, with ribbons of scarlet paint ntersecting the joins, and painting the pagoda style. In hort, let them paint the town à la Nob Hill Joss house.

It amazes the population, paralyzes the children, and rightens the dummies. But it is what would-be seekers of style often call "awd."

Every man's house is his castle, and he has a right to aint it like a Joss house if he chooses. But every other nan has a right to stand on the outside and look at it, and alk about it as freely as he pleases. There is a lawn arther down street, a high bank, moist and green, and vell tended; yet it always gives me the shivers. The fash- onable, high-priced gardeners have dotted it with huge tars and crescents and palm-leaves, in fancy, hybrid plants.

Yet there it slopes, with its back to the cutting west vind and its face under the kiss of the sun; its warm heart earning to nurse brilliant blossoms. Imagine it dazzling vith the glory of the fruitful verbena, with its endless mis- egenation. The whole bank or hillside would be a very torm of color, a mass of the endless evolutions of the ter- iaries.

Then there is the ready, cheerful petunia, the bright, pen-eyed convolvulus, the flaming calceolaria—humble plants, it is true, but ready, cheerful workers. I have planted that bank, in fancy, a thousand times. But by the ime I reached Jones Street, I always realized myself to be hort both of the bank and the bank account.

Talking of flowers, that magnificent piece sent by the Floods on Monday night was quite the feature of the Cricket party. Everybody made a pilgrimage to it, and carefully read the sign-board, with its slice of wisdom set n hyacinths. The cricket itself was a remarkable piece of handiwork. A little galvanized and statuesque, perhaps, but any one would know it was a cricket, who read the motto, and knew what was going on.

This tendency to suit the flowers to the occasion will result unpleasantly by and by. This kind of wire-work belongs to that school of art where they make statues in butter, and put candy-brides on a wedding-cake. But, as here is a greater demand for flowers than for butter- statues and candy-brides, a greater degree of perfection will be attained in their arrangement. Harps and lyres, chairs and ships, scythes and locomotives, wreaths and bells, balls and cradles, bows and arrows, fans and anchors, seem almost to have exhausted the imagination. There is a device for every stage in life, from the cradle to the tomb.

The florists have taken to making crickets; they will take next to making corpses. The condolence of a friend will come to the funeral in the shape of a small wire figure, tastefully laid out on a moss bank. The shroud will be of hyacinths, the hair of violets, the eyes of pansies. Ugh! ugh! Let us return to our muttons.

In New York it requires a great deal of money and a great deal of prestige to live on the wrong side of Broad- way. In Philadelphia it is social extinction to live on any street, however, broad, well-paved, tree-planted, and beautiful, if it be prescribed by a certain clique.

In San Francisco you can live almost anywhere you like, and almost anyhow you like, and still be somebody. It is only demanded of you not to live at the Mission or in a Real Estate Association house. And even from this latter the stigma may be lifted if the Real Estate Associa- tion house be cut up into flats. A curious vagary of fashion this—that you may not live in a whole house with romping room for the children, and sunlight in the cham- bers; but cut it in two, sleep in a dungeon, and divide your front steps with your next-door neighbor, and you keep yourself within the pale.

It is all the queerer since there is not yet in San Fran- cisco one single flat, in the fashionable New York accept- ance of the term. Ours are simply tenement houses, as that expression is usually accepted. UNA.

The water controversy has, we think, been wisely settled for the year. The general opinion prevails that the Spring Valley Water Company supplies this indispensable necessity at reasonable prices, all things being considered. Stock-holders are not earning dividends at the present time, and never at any time have they received the average of the earnings of other legitimate investments. When it is considered how intimately are the questions of con- venience and domestic comfort connected with the water question; how largely our protection from disease and the protection of our property from fire depend upon a constant and abundant supply, with a free and uninter- rupted delivery—it will be appreciated that a political and personal opposition to the Spring Valley Company can not be popular, so long as the company furnishes water so abundantly and of such good quality, and at such moder- ate price as it does now. This controversy is not likely to advance any more politicians to place so long as the com- pany makes no dividends, but uses its surplus moneys for such improvements as are necessary to the better accom- modation of citizens. Our advice to Mayor Bartlett is that he crawl quietly down from the limb upon which the *Bulletin* has placed him, and gracefully surrender. Our advice to Strother is that he go drown himself, in order to demonstrate that he was not born to be hanged.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Little Laurette.

Little Laurette was sitting beside
Her dressing-room fire, in a dream alone;
A mignonne mixture of love and pride
She seemed as she loosed her zone.

She combed her tresses of wondrous hair,
Her small white feet to the fire peeped out,
Strangely fluttered her bosom fair,
And her lips had a willful pout.

It is fear that dwells in those weird blue eyes?
For it is not love, and it is not sorrow.
Ah! little Laurette, from your dream arise,
You must be married to-morrow—

Married to one who loves you well,
Whose wealth to your life will a glory be.
Yet I guess you are thinking—who can tell?—
Of Frank, who is over the sea.

How wretched they were, that boy and girl,
When for the last, last time they met,
And he carried away a soft, bright curl,
And the heart of little Laurette.

Pooh, pooh, her heart? Why she hasn't a heart;
She waltzed that night with Sir Evelyn Vere.
Into the greenhouse they strolled apart—
He's got twenty thousand a year—

A house in Park Lane—a château in France—
A charming villa on Windermere.
She made up her mind in that very first dance
She'd like to be Lady Vere.

The news will go out by the Overland mail;
In a month or two poor Frank will hear
That London has nothing to do but to hail
The beauty of Lady Vere.

She'll be Queen of Fashion, that heartless elf,
Till a younger comes, and the world grows cool.
And as to Frank—will he shoot himself?
Well, I hope he's not quite such a fool.

—*Mortimer Collins.*

### Two Women.

To-night is the midnight meeting, and the Earl is in the chair;
There's food and a little sermon for all who enter there,
For all of our sisters who, finding their trade is slack,
Have time to sit down and listen to the holy men in black.

To-night is the midnight meeting, and in from the filthy street,
They are bringing the wretched wantons, who sin for a crust to eat;
There's cake to be had, and coffee, as well as the brimstone tracts
That paint in such flaming colors the end of their evil acts.

There's cake to be had, and coffee, and a seat, and warmth, and light,
And shelter for just a little from the pitiless lash of night;
And as for the scolding sermon, though it comes through the preacher's nose,
There's a bit of it now and then, too, that tells on the ghastly rows.

There are streaks on the ruddled faces when a long-lost chord is struck,
For women are quick to whimper when they're ill and out of luck.
Some picture of early childhood—of the innocent long ago—
Is raised by an artful preacher, and the tears begin to flow.

It is only a trick of the platform, a trick that they always try,
For they reckon it half the battle if the women are made to cry;
They soften them down and smooth them, and then, when they're ripe for seed,
They paint them an awful picture of the wicked life they lead.

To-night is a midnight meeting, and out of the rain and dirt
There creeps in a sinful woman, drenched in her draggled skirt:
Drenched are the gaudy feathers that droop in her shapeless hat,
And her hair hangs over her shoulders in a wet untidy mat.

She hears of the fiery furnace that waits for the wicked dead;
Of the torture that waits for the outcast who sins for her daily bread;
She hears that a God of mercy has built, on a sunlit shore,
A haven of rest eternal for those who sin no more.

Anon, by the silent waters she kneels with her eyes upcast,
And whispers her Heavenly Father: "O God, I have sinned my last.
Here in this cruel city, to live I must sin the sin;
Save me from that, O Father! pity and take me in!"

A plunge in the muddy river, a cry on the still night air,
And the waters upon their bosom a pilgrim sister bear.
She has laved the stain of the city from her soul in the river slime;
She has sought for the promised haven, through the door of a deadly crime.

* * * * * * * *

To-night is a midnight meeting, a ball in a London square,
And rank, and fashion, and beauty, and a prince of the blood are there;
In the light of a thousand tapers the jeweled bosoms gleam,
And the cheeks of the men are flushing, and the eyes of the women beam.

Round in the sensuous galop the high-born maids are swung,
Clasped in the arms of *roués* whose vice is on every tongue;
And the stately Norman mothers look on the scene with pride,
If the *roué* is only wealthy and in search of a youthful bride.

But fair above all the women is the beautiful Countess May,
And wealthy, and great, and titled yield to her queenly sway;
Her they delight to honor, her they are proud to know,
For wherever the countess visits a prince of the blood will go.

The story is common gossip; there isn't a noble dame
That bows to the reigning beauty but knows of her evil fame.
She is married—had sons and daughters when she humored a prince's whim;
But her husband is proud of her conquest—the prince is a friend to *him*.

The bishop who christens her babies, the coachman who drives her pair,
The maid who carries her letters, the footman behind her chair,
The marquis, her white-haired father, her brothers—as gossips say—
All know of the guilty passion of the Prince and the Countess May.

The doors of the court are open, and the great Lord Chamberlain bows,
Though he knows that the titled wanton has broken her marriage vows;
And all of the courtiers flatter, and strive for a friendly glance—
On her whom the *Prince* delights in who shall dare to look askance?

She is crowned with the world's fresh roses; no tongue has a word of blame;
But the woman who falls from hunger is a thing too foul to name.
She is blessed who barters her honor just for a prince's smile;
The vice of the court is "charming," the vice of the alley is "vile."

So, world, shall it be forever—this hunting the street-girl down,
While you honor the titled Phryne, and hold her in high renown;
But when, at the great uprising, they meet for the judgment day,
I'd rather be that drowned harlot than the beautiful Countess May.

—*George R. Sims.*

## THE RAILWAY WORLD.

### Various Notes of Interest to Both Employees and Travelers.

The Mexican Central Railroad is completed, and regular trains are running from the city of Mexico to Zacatecas, and there only remain to complete the whole line about one hundred and forty miles. Through trains will run from El Paso to the city of Mexico by April first. Through tickets are now being sold by the company, a stage carrying the passengers from Zacatecas to the end of the railroad, south of Villo Lerdo.

Four men, says the New York *Sun*, half hidden in the smoke-cloud of a smoking box of a sleeping-car on the Hudson River Railroad, spent an hour discussing which part of a car was the safest to ride in. They finally agreed to leave it to the conductor. "Middle of middle car, right-hand side," said that personage when asked. "Everybody asks me that question, and I am so used to answering it that I have got it down to the fewest words possible. I shouldn't wonder if you were to ask me that when I am asleep if I wouldn't answer it without waking up. The middle car of a train is the safest, because it is the farthest removed from a collision either in front or behind. Even if an engine plunged into an open drawbridge, it might not take more than a car or two with it. Couplings would be likely to break you know. Always sit in the middle of a car, because when cars telescope they are not apt to telescope many feet. As you can't tell which end will telescope, and as both ends may telescope, take the middle. Whatever car you go in sit on the right hand side of the car, which is to say the side furthest from the other track, because it sometimes happens that freight projects too far beyond a flat car, and rips the window out of passing trains. Railroad men do not observe these rules when they ride. They take no precautions at all. Those that I have mentioned are sensible. But you can't always sit where you like, and there are plenty of people unlucky enough to be killed wherever they sit. Railroad men never consider the possibility of accidents. They could not be railroad men if they did."

There is a distinct railroad population that is constantly growing. It is composed of commercial travelers, lecturers, show agents, actors, and actresses. They eat more meals in hotel cars and railroad meal stations than they do at home or in hotels. They spend more nights in sleeping-car bunks than in beds. To a person who travels only occasionally it is interesting to note how thoroughly equipped these professional journeyers are. Upon entering a sleeping-car early in the morning, for instance, they remove their shoes and put on slippers, hang their hats up and don silk traveling-caps, take off their coats and put on short sack coats or smoking jackets. In the morning, when the occasional traveler, obliged to wear the only clothing he has brought, goes to the toilet compartment in his coat and vest, and thus struggles in an effort to cleanse his skin without soaping his sleeves or his coat-collar, these professionals again excite his envy. They come along all smiles, having slept well, and feeling perfectly at home. They hang up their smoking-jackets and display snowy white robes, ornamented with colored binding and braid, and capable of being thrown open at the neck and rolled up above the elbows. From a pocket in the suspended jacket one produces an ivory-backed brush and costly comb, a tooth-brush, and perhaps a nickel-plated soap-box. Another opens out a prettily-embroidered receptacle, composed of many folds, each one a pocket, and each one labeled. In these pockets are a comb, a brush, a tooth-brush, shaving-brush, soap-box, pair of razor-cases, nail brush, whisk-broom, hand-glass, and cologne bottle. Their familiarity with their surroundings is as noticeable a part of their equipment. A glance out of the car-window is almost certain to reveal to them their whereabouts when they arise or when they are waked up, or about to go to bed. They carry their time-tables in their heads, and give good advice as to which station has the best caterer. They are sociable and democratic.

"Was I ever in an accident?" said the brakeman to a Chicago *Herald* reporter, as he took off his gloves, readjusted his necktie, and brushed off imaginary dust after putting some coal in the heater. "Never had an accident in my life, sir, but I came mighty close to it several times. Closest call I ever had was down near Laporte. We stopped to fix up a hot-box, and as I knew the Limited was close behind us I skipped back with my lantern in a hurry. Hadn't gone more'n ten or twelve rods when I heard her a-comin' about a mile off, perhaps more. There was a curve right there, and I couldn't see her. Hearin' of her made me a bit anxious, and I started to run faster—it was a snowy, blowy night—when I slipped down, broke my lantern, and the wind blew it out. Here was a fix—me a hundred feet from the rear of my train, expected to stop No. 20, and her a-comin' down the grade and round the curve, and my lantern out! Now, I tell you I did some pretty quick thinking then. I hadn't time to get back to the train, get another lantern, and get far enough to stop her. Couldn't strike a match in that wind, certain, and for a second or two I didn't know what to do. Then it came to me like a flash, and didn't I hustle! Run back to my train, pulled the rope for our engineer to go ahead, yelled with all my might to the conductor, who was ahead where the hot-box was, and grabbed the red bull's-eye from the rear platform, climbed up on the brake and then onto the coach, and when I got there held my bull's-eye up high and waved her across the track. It was as I thought. I could see twenty's headlight from up there—would she see me? Apparently not, for she came along like mad as I felt myself going crazy. But as soon as she struck the tangent of the curve the engineer looked my way, saw the red light, and put her down hard. You see, if I had stayed on the track he couldn't have seen the light at all; but even as it was, nothing saved us but the fact that our train started up in time to get fairly going before twenty saw my bull's eye. Not a passenger knew what a close call we'd had. Neither did the superintendent, you bet. Elkhart! Elkhart! Twenty minutes for dinner!"

## THE INNER MAN.

"Why do Americans drink champagne in preference to claret or Burgundy?" said a connoisseur in wines to a New York *Tribune* reporter. "I'll tell you. In the first place, champagne suits the climate and the people. It is exhilarating, appetizing, and easily digestible. In the second place, it is about the only wine you can count upon getting unadulterated and good. You can easily tell a genuine label or a genuine cork, if you know anything at all about the subject, and whether you are in New York or Oshkosh you can get a bottle of Pommery or Clicquot which is what it pretends to be. Again, champagne is a wine which is easily kept. If you let it lie on its side, and do not freeze it, temperature can not affect it. If it freezes, you will find that the bottoms of eleven bottles out of each dozen will be cut off as neatly as if a glazier's diamond had performed the job. The twelfth bottle will have its contents broken—*cassée*, as the French call it—and of course will be worthless. For these reasons the love of Americans for champagne need not seem surprising, especially when one takes into consideration the fact that every firm of champagne producers has its agents constantly traveling through the country and actively engaged in pushing the wine. As regards other wines, Burgundy, the king of them all, is practically exiled from this country. You can not get it here, in the first place, and, in the second, could not keep it here if it were possible for it to arrive in good condition. Burgundy won't bear a sea voyage. Madeira and some Xeres, Malaga for instance, are improved by crossing the ocean. Some Bordeaux wines suffer no harm; but unless fortified, Burgundy is killed by the voyage. I have known several cases in which an American traveling in the Cote d'Or tastes a thoroughly good wine, rushes to the merchant and buys a quantity, which he orders to be sent to New York. Arrived here after his travels, he receives the invoice and the wine. After giving it a reasonable time to recover, he orders up a bottle, rubs his hands in anticipation, draws the cork, and pours out a glass of vinegar. 'That rascally wine-merchant,' is the cry, when it should be 'That rascally voyage,' or 'This rascally climate.' The wonder is to me how any wines of delicacy can be kept at all in this city. There is not in the whole of New York a real wine-cellar. I don't call basements or sub-basements next door to the furnace wine-cellars; but a real wine-cellar, as the term is understood in Europe, can not be found here. Pierre Lorillard has a magnificent one at Newport, and a friend of mine living near New York has another at his country-place, but those are the only two in the country I know of. How can a wine-merchant pretend to keep wine worthy the name when at three o'clock in the afternoon the temperature is probably seventy or eighty degrees Fahrenheit, and at three o'clock in the morning it is down to ten or twelve degrees? That is what at present prevents the California wines taking the place they some day inevitably will. They have not yet found out how to give them maturing properties. When they do, this will become the vineyard of the world."

"Dining out the other night," says a writer in the London *World*, "I came across the best winter salad I ever ate. It improved on the hackneyed mixture that Sidney Smith has perhaps immortalized in verse, inasmuch as there were added anchovies, truffles, and olives; and the sauce was the ordinary mayonnaise. The question then arose—did Sidney Smith invent the salad mixture on which he wrote, or did he rout it out from some old book unknown to the multitude? What did he put into it? While we all agreed that the salad then before us, excellent as it was, could not compensate for the failing of green turtle or even tough venison, it certainly was a dinner by itself; and then the components so admirably wholesome—celery, beef-root, Spanish onions (which must be cooked, but, of course, eaten cold), potato. It was, indeed, an estimable dish. It appears, if we may believe the authorities, that celery has certain agreeable properties. The ancients used it to counteract the effects of a too repeatedly passed bottle. It is also said to contain all the elements of a love-philtre. But I have seen young people munching this vegetable with their cheese at dinner, and watched their behavior afterward. It has no deterrent effect on the duets they sing in the drawing-room, which duets may or may not express love. But as on these occasions I invariably go to sleep, perhaps I am not a fair judge. The anchovy is one of the admirable productions of Provence. Wedded to its native oil—and January is the month when the oil is dispatched thence all over the world—it is said to possess exciting and digestive qualities. Beware of the oil of Italy and Spain. In England there used to be only one place to get oil pure—Barto Valle, in the Haymarket. The dreadful ideas suggested by the cotton-stopped fiasco of the grocer's can not be alluded to in this polite sheet. Of the beet-root I have little to say. Rightly or wrongly, I mistrust its sugary qualities. It has, however, an agreeable blush about it, like that of the woman of forty years, when she does blush, which—which—which—but bah! I leave the rest to the imagination—blush, sugar, and all. The onion and potato are, of course, the finest natural food that a kind Providence has bestowed on man. The former is a native of Brittany. Visitors to the coast of Devon will have recognized from time to time the sturdy Britons hawking about their 'ropes' of onions. With the proceeds they load their boats with our produce, and return rejoicing."

French doctors almost invariably prescribe red wine rather than white, and Liebig bears them out, as the following passage, found among his writings, prove: "The white wines are hurtful to the nervous system, causing trembling, confusion of language, and convulsions. The stronger wines, such as champagne, rise quickly to the head, but their effects are only of short duration. Sherry and strong cider are more quickly intoxicating than the generality of wines, and they have a peculiar influence on the gastric juices of the stomach. The intoxication of beer is heavy and dull, but its use does not hinder the drinker from gaining flesh. The drinkers of whisky and brandy are going to certain death. Red wine is the least hurtful, and, in some cases, really beneficial."

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

### The After-Dinner Orator.

He sits amid the social throng,
A gloomy, silent man;
He scarcely once has spoke or smiled
Since first the feast began;
He seems a sufferer under some
Mysterious, cruel ban.

The soup has passed untasted by—
It was not to his wish;
He takes no interest in the plate
That bears a piece of fish;
The same is subsequently true
Of every other dish.

In vain the lady at his side
Her kindness would display;
He blankly looks her in the face,
And nothing has to say,
Or answers, if he speaks at all,
Some inappropriate way.

The band strikes up a merry tune;
It only makes him groan;
A voice of mocking laughter seems
To sound in every tone:
"He! he!" remarks the fiendish flute,
"Ho! ho!" the deep trombone.

A speaker rises now to speak
With eloquence and wit;
His every word draws smiles or tears,
Or thunders, after it;
That writhing man in agony
More dreadful seems to sit.

Each moment his sad spirit seems
In deeper depths to sink;
He fain would take a glass of wine;
But no! he may not drink!
He mutters: "Wine is not a friend
To thought; and I must think!"

O Memory, mother of the Muse!
How dear art thou to each!
And what a woe invades the soul
When thou art out of reach!
This hapless wretch has got to speak,
And has forgot his speech.

But Fate will never pause for Woe:
And Fate, in accents grim,
That issue from the chairman's lips,
Soon makes a call for him—
As if the table were a stream,
The faces seem to swim.

He feels more like to drown than swim;
He clutches at a chair;
With trembling fingers he essays
To smooth his startled hair,
And then, with all his might and main,
Assumes an easy air.

He says he would have been prepared
If they had let him know;
But catching here the chairman's eye
He lets that statement go,
And says the chairman is his friend,
If he may call him so.

He pauses; and to pass the time
Repeats again the same;
He glows, but not with heat produced
By the right kind of flame;
For inspiration he has yearned,
And perspiration came.

Ah, yes! that story that had seemed
So humorous to him erst!
He tells it, leaving out the point
And putting wrong end first;
Of all the failures of the night,
Methinks this is the worst!

The kindly listeners say, "Hear! hear!"
When he is most distressed;
And where his story's point should be
As near as can be guessed,
They spread a laugh, like charity,
That covers all the rest.

At last he takes his seat. But lo!
What wondrous change is this?
He smiles, he sips, he chats, he seems
No chance of mirth to miss;
In short, the late unhappy man
Is beaming now with bliss!

Unto his lady's soft remarks
He gayly answers back.
Says she, "A dinner-speech must be
A torture, like the rack!"
"*Oh, no!*" says he, "*it's not so hard,*
*When once you have the knack!*"
—*Rossiter W. Raymond in the Continent.*

### A Wise Man of Gotham.

Unto her papa, with face serene,
Said one of Gotham's fairest daughters;
"What does this old expression mean—
This 'casting bread upon the waters?'"
Her father, with a soft caress,
Replied with earnestness surprising:
"My dear, 'tis nothing more nor less
Than most judicious advertising."
—*New York Morning Journal.*

### "A Bottle."

In a cabin locker for many a year
A bottle lay;
And whether the weather was fair and clear,
Or whether the ocean was rough and gray,
The bottle had nothing to do or fear;
Yet the ship was an iron-braken mass
And the other was nothing but brittle glass—
A bottle.

Where the billow rose highest the storm-king flew over the sea;
And the water foamed and the wild winds blew,
While the mad waves tossed in a whirling glee,
And all that was left of a ship and crew
Came, bringing its message with silent lips
Of the perils of those who go down in ships—
A bottle. —*The Current.*


The Strongest and Best!

GIANT BAKING POWDER

The Strongest and Best!

THOMAS PRICE, Analytic Chemist, pronounces the GIANT BAKING POWDER nearly one-third stronger than any manufactured or sold on the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 24, 1883.

H. E. BOTHIN, President Bothin M'f'g Co.:

DEAR SIR—After careful and complete chemical analysis of a can of Giant Baking Powder, purchased by us in open market, we find that it does not contain alum, acid phosphate, terra alba, or any injurious substance, but is a pure, healthful Cream Tartar Baking Powder, and as such can recommend it to consumers.

WM. T. WENZELL & CO.,
Analytic Chemists.

We concur:
R. BEVERLY COLE, M. D.
J. L. MEARES, M. D., Health Officer.
ALFRED W. PERRY, M. D., } Members of San
W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D., } Francisco Board
AUG. ALERS, M. D., } of Health.

Manufactured by
BOTHIN M'F'G COMPANY,
17 and 19 Main Street, San Francisco.
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

An Old Soldier's
EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas,
May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

Hunyadi JÁNOS
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

"*A natural laxative, superior to all others.*"
Prof. Macnamara, M.D. of Dublin.

"SPEEDY, SURE, & GENTLE."
*Prof. Roberts, F.R.C.P. London.*

"*Relieves the kidneys, unloads the liver, and opens the bowels.*"
London Medical Record.

*Ordinary Dose, a Wineglassful before breakfast.*
*Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.*

FOR SALE BY
A. F. EVANS & CO.
522 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.
No. 24 Post Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.
118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.
ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,
Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

GRANULA
An incomparable Food for Invalids and Children; oldest and best health food known: delicious as a diet; grocers and druggists sell it. Manufactured by OUR HOME GRANULA CO., Dansville, N. Y.
Wholesale Agents: HICKOX & CO., San Francisco, Cal.; WATSON, WRIGHT & CO., Portland, Or.; H. JEVNE, Los Angeles, Cal.

MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. A. K. CLAPPE'S
SELECT SCHOOL
FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,
At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N. Y. Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalogue.

M. J. BURKE. (Established 1858.) F. H. BURKE
MADISON & BURKE,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS
And Rent Collectors.
FULL CHARGE TAKEN OF REAL ESTATE.
401 and 403 Montgomery Street,
N. W. corner California St.

NOW READY THE FINEST CIGARETTE
"CLOTH OF GOLD,"
(Straight Mesh.)
SWEET, DELICATE, AND MILD!!
This Cigarette is made from the finest and most costly leaf from that region of Virginia particularly adapted for growing tobacco for Cigarettes. Our long experience in manufacturing enables us to secure the most suitable kinds of tobacco and thus present this superior article, with the full assurance THAT ITS EQUAL HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN OFFERED. A higher grade Cigarette can not be produced. We call particular attention to the superior quality of our old brands of Cigarettes They can not be surpassed.
Twelve First Prize Medals.
Peerless Tobacco Works.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

FINE
Suits, $25. TAILORING Suits, $30.
Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.
Suits, $40. TAILORING Suits, $50.
Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.
Suits, $60. TAILORING Suits, $70.
J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier,
314 Kearny Street.

BONESTELL ALLEN & CO.
PAPER WAREHOUSE
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F
Importers of All Kinds of Paper.

ANTI-FAT.
The Greatest Discovery of the Age by an English lady, who has, by close study and practice, found a remedy whereby people of either sex can be reduced in flesh at the rate of five to seven pounds a month without injury to health or looks, the skin on body and face retaining its smooth appearance. This treatment strengthens the nerves and muscles, destroying only the fat, which is simply a watery fluid in the tissues, producing gout, rheumatism, incipient paralysis, apoplexy, and fatty degeneration of the heart. Address ANTI-FAT, office box 1925, city.

OPIUM and MORPHINE HABIT
DR. H. H. KANE, of the DeQuincey Home, now offers a Remedy whereby any one can cure himself quickly and painlessly. For testimonials and endorsements from eminent medical men, &c., address H. H. KANE, A.M., M.D., 160 Fulton St., New York City.


### POTOSI MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 18th day of January, 1884, an assessment (No. 14) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the twentieth day of February, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the thirteenth day of March, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

☞ **Notice is hereby given that JOHN J.** NEWSOM, of Oakland, Alameda Co., Cal., and JOHN GASH, of San Francisco, Cal., have renewed their partnership as Architects, and that they comprise all the members of the firm of NEWSOM & GASH.

JOHN J. NEWSOM,
JOHN GASH.

San Francisco, January 29th, 1884.

Acknowledged before John E. Hamill, N. P., January 30th, 1884.

[Endorsed] Filed in the office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California this 4th day of February, A. D. 1884.

WILLIAM T. SESNON, County Clerk.
By EDWARD MYERS, Deputy Clerk.

Office, 33 Merchants' Exchange, California St., S. F.

# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Friday, February 15, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| *9.30 A.M. | ..Antioch and Martinez..... | *12.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia. ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | †10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa..... | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.30 P.M. | .. " " ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | {Deming, El Paso} Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | {and East.....} Emigrant.. | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | {Galt and} via Livermore..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | {Stockton} via Martinez..... | *12.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Ione..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ..Los Angeles and South..... | 9.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | {Merced, Madera,} ..... | *12.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | {Fresno, and Tulare} ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Marysville and Chico..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | {Mojave, Needles,} Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | {and East.....} Emigrant.. | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | {Ogden and} Express..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 5.30 P.M. | {East.....} Emigrant..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {Red Bluff} via Marysville.. | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {and Tehama} via Woodland... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Redding ..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers.... | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José..... | *3.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 9.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | *12.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| *4.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| | | 9.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Virginia City..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 4.30 P. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Benicia; and that leaving at 8.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from the Needles and Mail from El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

For EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

For FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

For FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

For ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

For BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

For WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 19.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.05, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52; 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Daily, except Sundays. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year; 216 pages, 8½ x 11¼ inches, with over **3,300** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**

**227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.,**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER. Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

NORTHERN DIVISION SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

**BROAD GAUGE.**

## WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, November 11, 1883,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| †6.50 A.M. | | *6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | *8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | 9.03 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| *5.10 P.M. | | †4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Soquel, Aptos.. | |
| *3.30 P.M. | (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, broad gauge, no change of cars | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 5.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (sportsmen's train).

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS

Sold on Saturday and Sunday—good to return on Monday—to Santa Clara or San José, $2.50; to Gilroy, $4.00; to Monterey or Santa Cruz, $5.00, and to principal points between San Francisco and San José.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, January 21st, 1884,**

and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—†10.15, *11.15 A. M., *4.50, ‡5.00 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†7.00, *9.20 A. M., †12.30, *3.20, *5.30, ‡5.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—*8.00, 18.50 A. M., *12.30, ‡3.35 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—16.40, *6.50, *9.15 A. M., †12.00 M., *2.50, ‡5.10 P. M. * Week Days. † Sundays.

For SAUCELITO (Week Days)—9.20 A. M., 1.15, 3.20, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.00, 10.00 A. M., 12.30, 2.00, 5.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (Week Days)—7.45, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.50 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.05, 3.15, 6.10 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 6.15 P. M.

**11.15 A. M.** Daily, Sudays excepted (via San Quentin Ferry), THROUGH TRAIN, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through Train from Duncan Mills arrives in S. F. at 1.45 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning except Mondays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**7.00 A. M.** from Saucelito Ferry, Excursion Train every Sunday for Point Reyes and Way Stations.

Returning, arrives in San Francisco (via Saucelito Ferry) 6.50 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.

## BOUND VOLUMES

.....OF.....

# THE ARGONAUT.

**Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, and XIII.**

Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office, No. 223 Dupont Street.

**WANTED.**

**Back Numbers of The Argonaut.**

Vol. IV, No. 4; Vol. XII, No. 9.—We will pay twenty-five cents each for either of these numbers at the Business Office of this paper.

# CHARLES R. ALLEN,

**Dealer in House, Steam, Foundry, and**

CUMBERLAND COAL,

**ENGLISH COKE AND PIG IRON,**

**120 Beale Street, San Francisco.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA**

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| STEAMER | 1884. | From San Francisco for HONGKONG. |
|---|---|---|
| ARABIC | | Sunday, February 10th. |
| OCEANIC | | Saturday, March 8th. |
| ARABIC | | Saturday, April 26th. |
| OCEANIC | | Tuesday, May 27th. |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**Oceanic** ..... **March 8**

**City of Rio de Janeiro** ..... **March 27**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Granada** ..... **March 1**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers for MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West India ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Australia** ..... **Friday, March 14**

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on March 3d, 11th, 19th, and 27th, and every eighth day thereafter. The first steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR, MANAGER.

**Corner First and Market Streets,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital .....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama.

## The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK

LIMITED,

**N. E. corner Pine and Sansome Streets.**

London Office, 3 Angel Court. New York Agents, J. W Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street.

**Authorized Capital Stock.....$6,000,000**

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED F. LOW, IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.

P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**, Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation**, Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company** Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company** Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1882..... 684,332 83**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# ALASKA

# COMMERCIAL CO.

**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

## NEWSOM & GASH,

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings.

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.




It is inevitable that an idyl put upon the stage should become coarsened and thickened, and lose the fragility of its loveliness.

The love of "Romeo and Juliet" was an idyl, but it became so strongly tinctured with climate that it passed into the realm of heroic passion, and became a tragedy. But the love of "Paul and Virginia" was purely idyllic to the end, and might have belonged in the garden of Eden, before the orchard was planted.

One thinks of them always as rambling in the forest under their leaf parasol, or swinging lovingly together in their vine-twined swing. The floating draperies of Virginia are of most revealing gauze, and Paul's garment is barely worth a mention. Paul is a stripling, and Virginia a child, with the freedom of the forest in their bearing and the innocence of heaven in their faces.

With this fanciful, gauzy, leafy, pastoral idea in one's mind, it is rather disconcerting to find that the libretto has converted the pretty little tale into a sort of idealized "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Eva has grown up instead of going to heaven, and has found a lover on a neighboring plantation. Domingo is Uncle Tom, Mealа is Cassy, St. Croix is Simon Legree.

The locality has been shifted from the island of Martinique of the old story to an island on the coast of Africa, a necessity of the times, to give the picture the necessary distance and perspective.

When the Queen of Tahiti passed through San Francisco, a month ago, she electrified the reporters by expressing herself as elegantly in English as she did fluently in French. There is not much unexplored territory left for the romancers, excepting on the coast of Africa, when a Tahitian, crowned though she be, is a linguist and a lady. As we are in a way neighbors of the Tahitians, the day may not be distant when the South Seas will be overrun with Mills Seminary graduates. Meantime, idyls have nowhere to flourish except upon the inhospitable coast of Africa; and the story bore the transplanting right hardily.

It ceases to be an idyl and becomes an opera, a vastly different affair; and, being unlike the usual opera, it is perhaps happily particularized as a "love lyric."

The music did not hit the popular taste. In fact, the popular taste is having a very hard time of it. First, it graduated from the prejudice that it was putting on airs to really like Italian opera. Then, just as it became reconciled to—even appreciative of—the tuneful Verdi and his compatriots, Italian music went out of style, and the deep and wonderful harmonies of German music came in. Then the Frenchmen, not to be outdone, took to writing operas, and the popular taste finds itself in an international stew. Gounod it raves over, Ambroise Thomas it accepts—for "Mignon" is not really popular—but Victor Massé it will have none of, at least at one hearing.

But the popular taste is a pig-headed animal, and in its liking for the old tunes it has even requested Emma Abbott to sing the "Swanee Ribber." It will listen patiently to this hybrid tune of no-land, and fail to see the musical beauties of the barbaric chant in the *bamboula* chorus, or the fantastic characteristic music of the negroes throughout the opera of "Paul and Virginia."

It will cheer Mrs. Seguin to the echo for the low notes which she is forcing to destruction in Meala's dramatic *morceau*, the song of warning; but it is the forced notes they applaud, and not the dramatic fire with she undoubtedly sings it. Out upon the popular taste! There has been more unintelligent and utterly idiotic criticism passed upon the Abbott season by the people who yet crowded the theatre night after night, than the same people have ever before managed to acquit themselves of in the history of amusement.

Whatever have been its excellences, whatever its defects, in the length of its repertoire and the satisfaction of its ensemble, it has been a brief musical education, and will help us all to greater enjoyment of the musical feast that is to come.

The old operas have been restored to a pleasant familiarity, and within the week we have two absolutely new to us. "Romeo and Juliet" is an opera which Gounod himself considers to equal his "Faust" in parts. Fortunately, no one else will ever agree with him. It sings, and is rhythmic with the music of Gounod, but dramatically it is badly arranged, though it adheres as closely as may be to the great tragedy,

Emma Abbott exhibits more tragic force in it than she has shown before, if she may ever be said to be forcible; but it is emphatically the tenor's opera. Every one is pretty thoroughly elided excepting the two principals; and, of the two, Romeo most constantly holds the stage. As Castle is the Romeo, the effect is dissatisfying. He is a good, useful member of a company, but his first defect as a tenor is that there is no music in his voice. He is a good traditional operatic actor; but the passionate young Veronese did not love by tradition, and the mechanical Castle is the girdle of the earth short of being Romeo. However, "Le roi est mort. Vive le roi!" The season of pleasure is sung away and the season of enchantment is to set in.

Etelka Gerster is as perspicuously advertised for the first week as the most exigent of ticket-buyers could desire. It is a favorite caprice of singers to resurrect an opera which has sunken into comparative oblivion and make it popular. Patti has so resurrected "Semiramide," which was forgotten for all but its overture; and Gerster stands sponsor for "L'Elisir d'Amore." She sings her three great rôles in the first week, Lucia, Adina, and Amina. What could one ask more? And there is more than a whisper, there is something very like a certainty that the great diamond diva is to follow, that the all-conquering Patti will sing in the second week.

Fortunately for the public there is a week's interval in this musical madness, during which time the drama may lift its diminished head.

Sara Jewett's opening night falls opportunely within this week. With her departure from New York set in the annual hegira. All good New York actors now come to San Francisco to get cool and draw summer salaries. Miss Jewett's coming is in advance of the season, since she is no longer a New York actress, but a star. Every one will be glad to see the dramatic season thus auspiciously inaugurated. No actress who ever came here left behind her a pleasanter impression than Sara Jewett; an impression which was perhaps quite apart from her connection with the Union Square Company, popular as that little band of people have always been. Her individuality was marked even among them, and everything that she did had the touch of an intellectual excellence most unusual upon the stage.

It is strange that it should be so. A player feeds and lives upon the work and thoughts of other men. The words of other men are constantly upon his lips. These words are carefully thought out by the least distinguished writer that he studies, to say nothing of the grand diction of the masters.

One would think, by the simple natural process of absorption, an actor would become possessed of the richest and most inexhaustible vocabulary, and of a delicate intellectual perception which would infallibly convey itself to an audience. When one considers that on the top of all this it is an actor's duty to study elocution down to the last refinement of sound, and to the subtilest possibility of a rhetorical pause, what mangling of their art is this they give us!

In the opera of "Paul and Virginia," one of the minor principals executed three lines with this punctuation:

> "And I have lost alas.
> By death him.
> Whom I called husband.
> And from those proud relations, I.
> Once defied I no longer.
> Expect either pardon or help."

Three times within a week I have heard someone on the stage adjure God to "gy-ard" somebody, and they have dared, with changeless, smileless face, to call His blue canopy a "ske-y." A gentleman in the Grand Opera Company last week seriously mentioned the "regyard" he entertained for some.

As the gentleman is to be transferred to the California this week, under that curious system of hawking the same stars around to the different priced theatres, I hope he has discovered that there is no precedent for this class of pronunciation, except in the mouth of "The Crushed Tragedian."

Miss Jeffreys-Lewis is to be the star at the California, and from her apparently exhaustless bag of plays she now draws "Article 47," a play to which she has come by gradual growth.

The company is to be reinforced, the principal member of the reinforcement being Miss Phoebe Davies, a very engaging little actress, who has been too much and too long in retirement. What blindness is it, indeed, which keeps this class of actress out of sight, while Miss Davenport weakens Shakespeare himself?

Every one to his taste. There were found those to wander from the opera itself to the Bush Street Theatre, to see Wanratta robe and disrobe, and disport himself generally upon a wire with as much apparent comfort as though he stood upon an acre of ground; or to view a whole family whirling upon bicycles with as much ease as the royal family of England frolic on their tricycles; or to see a pretty young woman, in a green dress, who has not yet grown out of her skipping-rope. No one has yet lived long enough to have wholly put by childish things. BETSY B.

---

The Minstrels at the Standard Theatre have brought out a number of new specialties this week.

A telegram has been received by Messrs. Taylor and Nathal, from Manager Mapleson, to the effect that Madame Patti will positively come to this city with Her Majesty's Opera Company. The following is the programme for the first week: Monday, March 10—Bellini's opera, "La Sonnambula"—Elvino, Signor Vicini; Conte Rodolfo, Signor Cherubini; Lisa, Mlle. Valerga; Alessio, Signor Rinaldini; Amina, Mme. Etelka Gerster. Wednesday, March 12—Donizetti's opera, "Elisir d'Amore"—Nemorino, Signor Vicini; Belcore, Signor Lombardelli; Dulcamara, Signor Caracciolo; Gianetta, Mlle. Valerga; Adina, Mme. Etelka Gerster. Friday, March 14—Verdi's opera, "Rigoletto"—Il Duca, Signor Anton; Rigoletto, Signor Galassi; Sparafucile, Signor Lombardelli; Monterone, Signor Cherubini; Maddalena, Mlle. Bianchi Fiorio; Giovanna, Mlle. Valerga; Gilda, Mme. Nordica. Matinée, Saturday, March 15—Verdi's opera, "La Traviata"—Alfredo, Signor Vicini; Medico, Signor Lombardelli; Gastone, Signor Rinaldini; Germont, Signor Galassi; Annina, Mlle. Valerga; Violetta, Mme. Etelka Gerster.

---

George M. Robinson, the heavy-weight champion of the Olympic Club, has signed a contract to meet John L. Sullivan, the Boston champion, in a glove-match under the Marquis of Queensbury rules. Robinson has many friends who express a belief in his ability to stand up for four rounds before the pugilist. The Olympic Club has once before furnished an amateur athlete who was able to cope with a professional pugilist—the late Charles Bennett, who once gave Jem Mace a square knock-down. The match is not for a stake, as the law forbids it. Robinson takes one third of the net receipts, and Sullivan two-thirds. It will take place on Thursday next. Robinson has left for Stagg's Ocean View House, and will remain there until the day of the encounter.

---

The Mardi Gras festival took place last Tuesday night. It was modeled after the celebrations at New Orleans, and the partial success of the first festival, which took place last year, encouraged the promoters to repeat the affair. There was a procession with fifteen "floats," together with a large number of maskers. The only thing which marred the beauty of the occasion was an absence of sufficient illumination. The ball was very largely attended, and was what young men about town call "a lively affair."

---

Monday evening "Louis XI." was played at the California Theatre for the benefit of the ushers. Tuesday "King Lear" was played. On Wednesday Mr. Sheridan appeared as Iago to Mr. Aveling's Othello. Thursday, "Richard III." was produced, and will be repeated this evening. Friday Mr. Sheridan received a farewell benefit in "The Marble Heart." This afternoon he will appear in "Louis XI."

---

The Abbott Opera Company appeared in "Paul and Virginia" Monday and Friday nights, and will produce the same opera at to-day's matinée; "Romeo and Juliet" was sung Wednesday night; "Mignon" on Friday; and "Martha" on Thursday. To-night "The Bohemian Girl" will be produced, and to-morrow—the farewell performance—"Il Trovatore."

---

An American critic having charged Mr. Irving with anachronism in permitting members of his company to appear in the play of "Louis XI." in high-heeled shoes, G. A. Sala has been consulting the authorities on the subject, and finds the charge to be well founded. High-heeled shoes did not come in until the reign of Henry IV., a hundred years after Louis XI.

---

Mr. Charles H. Robertson, of London, will give the first of a series of dramatic recitals, at B'nai B'rith Hall, Wednesday evening, March 19th, the subject of which will be "Poets and Humorists. The programme will appear next week.

---

On Monday evening next Muldoon and Bauer will have a wrestling contest at the Mechanics' Pavilion. Muldoon is in training at Mayfield, and Bauer actively getting into condition.

---

This evening there will be given a Grand Prize Masquerade Ball at the Mechanics' Pavilion, for the benefit of the sufferers by the Ohio floods. The tickets are fifty cents each.

---

Miss Jeffreys-Lewis will appear at the California Theatre next week in "Article 47." The proceeds of the first night's performance will go to aid the Women's Hospital.

---

Leavitt's European Specialty Company has been playing to good houses during the past week. There will be an entire change of programme next week.

## THE ELDER DUMAS.

### Reminiscences of the Great Romance Writer.

In a Naples letter to the London *Times* a writer gives some reminiscences of Alexandre Dumas the elder. One paragraph reads as follows: "The kindness—nay weakness—of his heart exposed him to being constantly victimized." "He can not keep money," said a mutual friend. "I brought him recently a handful of notes, and he gave them all away to some poor woman, who told a most pitiful story to him, and now he is leaving Naples for a short time and wants money, and I know not where to get it." "I am writing against time this morning," said he one morning to an early caller, "and doing extra work, and this extra work is for an object I have in view. You know about our conscription? Well, in Brittany there is a protégé of mine. He happens to be in Paris now. Once on a time, on the borders of the sea, I heard a fisher lad playing a violin, and it was music. The boy's hands were stiff with net-dragging, and the fingers cut to the bone with the tugging of ropes; but still I knew the lad had talent. I have been taking care of that boy for five years, and interested the Curé and the Prefect in his department. His talent developed. He was the wonder of the country. Some of my friends paid his expenses to Paris. A week ago he was thought worthy of becoming a pupil of the Conservatoire. Auber says he has genius. But then came the wretched conscription, and a week ago he drew an unlucky number, and unless we can find some one to take his place he will have to go to Africa. It is a bagatelle of six thousand francs. I am good for one thousand francs—that's the overwork of three days. I have promises of one thousand francs more—that's two; but where the devil will I get the rest?" Just then a servant brought in a note. Dumas read it through his face beaming with smiles. "Good, good!" he cried. "A Russian friend buys a picture of mine for three thousand francs, worth five thousand francs. We only want one thousand francs more. But I am stranded. The money must be had to-day, or it will bring an extra expense. I wasted half yesterday in trying to postpone the business for only a couple of days, but the Minister of War is obdurate."

I was fortunate enough to offer some suggestions which I believed would raise the other one thousand francs. This would entail some slight labor of an autographical character on Alexandre Dumas. Dumas rushed from his desk, took me in his arms, kissed me, then opened his door, hustled me out, and said: "Do not waste a moment. I expect you back in an hour." "It can not be done in an hour; give me three, and I think I can do it," I replied. "I will wait for you; I will not budge until you return."

I had not a great deal of trouble in getting the money among the American colony; and about six o'clock I hurried up to the entresol where Dumas was living. He came himself to the door. I struck my hand against my pocket, which gave out the clink of coin. I was embraced the second time. On the mantelpiece I piled up the money which was principally in gold and silver.

"Not there, not there," cried Alexandre Dumas, "for whatever money is put there is common property for my friends. A score of needy men would come in—there are so many needy people in Paris just before dinner—who might be hungry, and seeing the money there would help themselves, and I couldn't deny them. By eight o'clock there would not be a sou left. I wouldn't have the heart to say no. Somehow charity has no definite object. It must be universal, but in this case I must be prudence itself;" and saying this, he took up the money and locked it in a drawer in his writing-desk. I had no trouble in obtaining from Dumas the autographs he had promised. He wrote a whole series of charming letters to my friends as a return for their liberality.

The young Breton fisherman was fully worthy of Dumas's kindness. He became a distinguished violinist, and might have made a mark in the world had he lived, but he died before his patron. Dumas was prodigal to a degree, was careless in money matters, but with him "charity shall cover a multitude of sins." His was the kindest heart that ever beat.

---

Next Monday night Miss Sara Jewett will open at the Baldwin Theatre, supported by Harry Lee, in "That Man," Celia Logan's new play.

---

**CCCXI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday March 2, 1884.**

Crab Soup.
Broiled Snipe. Potato Croquettes.
Asparagus. Cold Slaw.
Fillet of Beef with Mushrooms.
Cabinet Pudding.
Apples, Oranges, Japanese Persimmons, and Pears.

CABINET PUDDING.—Butter a mold well; line the bottom with raisins and with citron cut in fancy shapes; cover this with pieces of cake, then more raisins and citron, alternating with the cake until the mold is full to within an inch and a half of the top. Mix in a bowl three tablespoonfuls of sugar and the yelks of three eggs until they are a cream; then mix in slowly a pint of milk just brought to the boiling point. Pour this over the cake and fruit in the mold. Put this into a pan of cold water, so that the water may cover one-third of the mold. Set it over the fire until the water boils; then put the whole into the oven to bake an hour. Serve with wine sauce.

## REJECTED ADDRESSES.

### Their Wanderings and their Resting-Place.

BIGGSVILLE, MO., August 10th, 1883.

Editor of *The Century:*

Dear Sir: I enclose to your very *valuable* magazine a little thing dashed off in a moment of poetic fancy, and I call it a "Sonnet on a Bonnet," and my friends have all advised me to send it to your periodical. I thought of allowing the Biggsville *Weekly Chronicle* to publish it, but it is so good, at least my friends say so, that I thought I would give you a chance. I hope you will not think it immodest in me to write you so long a letter, but I suppose you are used to receiving communications from authors. Please send the money to Yours truly,

WINNIFRED WISE JENKS.

[Poem enclosed.]

OFFICE OF THE CENTURY,
NEW YORK, August 21, 1883.

The editor desires to express his thanks for having been allowed to examine the manuscript which he respectfully returns, and regrets that he does not find it entirely available for use in *The Century* at the present time. He must be pardoned for neglecting to explain in detail the reasons why this manuscript is not available, since the large number of similar packages received daily render this impossible. The simple fact of refusal does not imply any adverse judgment as to the literary excellence of the article, but is merely a statement of the fact that it can not be used at the present time.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY,
Per C.

N. B.—No MSS. returned when stamps are not enclosed.

[Poem enclosed.]

BIGGSVILLE, MO., August 27, 1883.

Editor *Harper's Magazine:*

Dear Sir: I enclose you a slight child of my poetic brain, *which I have been led to believe* was eminently fitted for the columns of *your very valuable* magazine. I call it a "Sonnet to a Bonnet," and my friends have advised me to send it to you. Please peruse it at your leisure and insert it, if it is worthy of publication. Enclosed find stamps. Address *communication* to

Yours, respectfully,
WINNIFRED WISE JENKS.

[Poem enclosed].

OFFICE OF HARPER BROS.,
NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 1, 1883.

The editor respectfully returns the manuscript with which you have favored him, and desires to thank you for being permitted to examine it. It is obviously impracticable, where the daily mai brings a large number of manuscripts ranging in length from a few pages to bulky packages, to explain in detail why all of them are unavailable. There may be in hand, or already engaged, articles similar in character to those offered. There may be so large a number of accepted manuscripts on hand that it is deemed best not to increase the supply. These, and a hundred other reasons, may cause the rejection of an offered contribution, without reference to its intrinsic merits.

Senders of MSS. *must* enclose postage.

THE EDITOR.

[Poem enclosed].

BIGGSVILLE, MO., Sept. 10, 1883.

Editor of *The Continent:*

Dear Sir: I send you a poem entitled a "Sonnet on a Bonnet" which I think you will find acceptable for your publication. I enclose stamps.

WINNIFRED WISE JENKS.

[Poem enclosed].

EDITORIAL ROOMS OF THE CONTINENT,
PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 19, 1884.

The editor is obliged to state that he finds upon perusal of the enclosed manuscript, that it is somewhat unsuitable for the *Continent.*

Manuscripts are returned only when accompanied with stamps for that purpose; otherwise they are retained for a short time only, to be sent. In all cases manuscripts are sent, examined, and returned at the risk of the contributor.

THE EDITOR.

[Poem enclosed].

BIGGSVILLE, MO., Sept., 25, 1883.

Editor of *Life,* New York City:

Dear Sir: I take the liberty of addressing the enclosed poem to you. It is entitled "A Sonnet on a Bonnet." If you see fit to print it, you may have the manuscript without paying for it.

Yours truly, WINNIFRED WISE JENKS.

[Poem enclosed].

OFFICE OF LIFE, NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 3, 1883.

The editor takes the liberty of expressing his regrets at not being able to use the enclosed MSS.

THE EDITOR.

*From the Biggsville (Mo.) Weekly Chronicle of Oct. 15th.*

### A SONNET ON A BONNET.

BY WINNIFRED WISE JENKS.

A film of lace and a droop of feather,
With sky-blue ribbons to knot them together:
A facing (at times) of bronze-brown tresses,
Into whose splendor each furbelow presses:
Two strings of blue to fall in a tangle,
And chain a pink chin in decorous angle:
The tip of the plume right artfully twining
Where a firm neck steals under the lining:
And the curls and braids, the plume and the laces,
Circle about the shyest of faces.
Bonnet there is not frames dimples sweeter!
Bonnet there is not that shades eyes completer!
Fated is he that but glances upon it,
Sighing to dream of that face in the bonnet.

—*Written for the Chronicle.*

*From Miss Winnifred Wise Jenks to her friend, Miss Nellie Follansbee.*

BIGGSVILLE, MO. Oct. 16th, 1883.

*My Sweet Nellie:*

In the first flush of authorship, and with the novel glow of this achievement upon me, to whom but YOU, *dear companion* of my youthful days, shall I turn for sympathy? At last my puny but *sincere* efforts are meeting with *recognition! Rejoice with me!* To-day I hold in my hands a printed copy of my first published sonnet. I send a copy of the *Chronicle* containing it to you. You will find it in a *much* lighter vein than "Thalia" which we wrote together, but withal it is not, I dare to hope, without piquancy.

Your *happy* and *affectionate* friend,
WINNIFRED WISE JENKS.

—*The Current.*

### Recompenses.

There is a purple flood
Within the vale of years,
Red with the martyrs' blood
And warm with sorrow's tears.

Deep in the silent glen
The noxious vapor lies;
So in the hearts of men
Do silent thoughts arise.

Within the sylvan groves
Natural laws are clear,
While in the whitened loaves
New forms of life appear.

Throughout the realms of art
New streams of thought arise,
And, like the barbèd dart,
Waft upward to the skies.

A vein of sweetest love
Runs through the hearts of men,
Pure as the cooing dove
And gentle as the wren.

Though in the walks of life
Humor and wit abound,
Yet envy, discord, strife,
In every heart are found.

February 24, 1884. BRETA.

### In a Hammock.

Carelessly singing, carelessly swinging,
Now in the sunshine, now in the shade,
What could be fairer, what could be rarer
Than bird-song, day-dream, and flower-bloom together,
All growing out of the sunshiny weather,
Filling their happiness just as they fade?

Branches hang over me, green leaflets cover me,
Whispering their secrets of wood-love sweet;
Fluttering and calling, floating and falling,
Setting in visions of cloud-land palaces,
Pouring out wine from the sun-land chalices,
Kissing my face with their shadows fleet.

Up in the world of sky, out where the echoes die,
Soareth a gray hawk, atilt for prey,
Circling and sinking, carelessly drinking
Draughts of the infinite—how it brims over,
Everywhere waiting for vagabond lover—
Nature's own children alone know the way.

Somewhere a grief-note out of a dove-throat
Troubles the silence like falling tears;
Somewhere a memory comes with a cry,
Calling the Past from its shadowy curtain,
Parting the mists from its visions uncertain,
Breathing the breath of the vanished years.

Swifter the swallows fly, longer the shadows lie,
While I swing idly 'twixt shadow and shine;
Nothing of summer bliss surely can balance this
Service of bird-note and incense of heather,
Perfect content and cups of glad weather—
Nothing care I when all these are mine.

SHERROD WILLIAMS.

Mr. Belasco, of the Madison Square Theatre, has gained the title of "Cock Robin Belasco," from the incident of the bird burial in his new play, "May Blossom," to be produced at the Madison Square.

— DECORATIVE HOUSEHOLD ART STUDIO, 213 Turk Street. Modeling in Clay, Leather, and Wax; Ebonizing, Gilding, and Polishing; Drawing, Crayon, and Ornamental Needlework.

— THERE IS NOTHING TO EQUAL AYER'S Sarsaparilla for purifying the blood, and as a spring medicine.

— HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR Renewer heals every disease peculiar to the scalp, and keeps the scalp cool and clean.

— TO LET, SUNNY ALCOVE ROOM IN A private family in Alameda, suitable for gentleman and wife or two gentlemen. Address Post-office Box 6, Alameda.

— MISS ELLEN COURSEN. THOROUGH instruction in Vocal Music. Classes in Singing. Hall, 317 Powell Street, opposite Union Square.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

## *PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.*

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*



WRESTLING MATCH.

Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.

ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.

ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.

THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

# J. H. CURLEY & CO.

**Have now on sale the finest line of Tailoring Goods ever brought to this city, personally selected by MR. CURLEY in the East and Europe, embracing all the Latest Designs in material and colors.**

## BARNEY CURRAN,

**The celebrated Cutter, can now be found with us.**

# 14 MONTGOMERY STREET.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**

FREDERICK W. BERT.....LESSEE AND MANAGER.

**MONDAY, MARCH 10th, 1884.**

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA COMPANY,

OVER ONE HUNDRED STRONG, for a season of EIGHT PERFORMANCES ONLY, under the personal direction of Colonel J. H. MAPLESON,

REPERTOIRE FOR FIRST WEEK—FOUR PERFORMANCES:

Monday, March 10th—
**LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR,**
With Mme. ETELKA GERSTER as Lucia.

Wednesday, March 12th—
**ELISIR D'AMORE,**
With Mme. ETELKA GERSTER as Adina.

Friday, March 14th—
**RIGOLETTO,**
With Mme. NORDICA as Gilda.

Saturday, 15th—Grand Gerster Matinée, Bellini's Opera,
**LA SONNAMBULA,**
With Mme. ETELKA GERSTER as Amina.

The repertoire of Operas for the second week (four performances) will be published later.

Director of the Music and Conductor, **Signor Arditi.**

**PRICES OF ADMISSION.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Orchestra | $5 00 |
| Parquet, first four rows | 5 00 |
| Parquet, other rows | 4 00 |
| General admission all over the house, standing room | 2 00 |
| Stage Boxes | from $25 00 to 30 00 |
| Dress Circle, first three rows | 5 00 |
| Dress Circle, other rows | 3 00 |
| Family Circle, reserved | 2 00 |
| Gallery | 1 00 |
| Mezz. nine Boxes | 22 00 |

**Season Tickets.**

Orchestra and first rows of Parquet and Dress Circle, $32, making a difference of $1 on each single ticket.

Other rows, Parquet and Dress Circle, $22, making a difference of $1 on the eight tickets.

**Special Notice.**

The sale of SEASON TICKETS will commence SATURDAY, MARCH 1, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store, at 10 A. M., and continue Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, March 3d, 4th, and 5th.

**BALDWIN THEATRE.**

AL. HAYMAN.....LESSEE AND MANAGER.

**Last Three Performances of the**

## EMMA ABBOTT
**GRAND OPERA COMPANY.**

This Saturday, at 2 P. M., PAUL AND VIRGINIA. This evening, at 8 o'clock, Benefit of Emma Abbott, THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

Sunday evening, at 8, IL TROVATORE, and farewell appearance of the entire company.

MONDAY EVENING, March 3, first appearance of Miss

## SARAH JEWETT,

Supported by MR. HENRY LEE and the original cast, in Celia Logan's great success,

## THAT MAN.

# BUTTERICK'S

**Patterns---Spring Styles.**

**Send Stamp for Catalogue. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**



**The DRESS REFORM CORSET.—The Finest Corset on the Coast.**—TRY IT, AND YOU WILL LIKE IT. Glove-fitting, graceful, comfortable, "just the thing" for stout figures. BONES ARE SO PLACED THEY WILL NOT BREAK. Sold by us for the past 6 years STRICTLY ON ITS MERITS. Sent to any address postpaid, $3.00. Will exchange if it does not fit. In ordering, send a tight waist, hip, and bust measure, taken outside of your dress. Send for illustrated book of our Union Under-Flannels, Shoulder Braces, Corded Waists, Hose and Skirt Supporters, etc.—which took the first prize (a silver medal) at the late Mechanics' Fair to the only Depot for these goods.

**M. H. OBER & CO.,**
**Boston Dress Reform Rooms,**
Established 1876. 320 Sutter St., S. F., Cal.

# KNABE PIANOS

"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*

A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St. S. F., Sole Agents.

# BETHESDA
## SUPERIOR TABLE WATER
L. CAHEN AND SON, 418 SAC. ST. S. F.

R.H.McDonald PRES'T S.G.Murphy CASHIER
Established 1863.
Oldest Chartered Bank on the Pacific Coast
PACIFIC BANK
Capital Stock $1,000,000.00.
Surplus $ 450,000.00.
Resources $3,778,077.80.
San Francisco, Cal. Jan. 1, 1884.
All matters intrusted to our care will be attended to with promptness, fidelity, and in strict confidence. R. H. McDONALD, Pres't.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.
Commission Merchants,
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
Liberal advances made on consignments.

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON.
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 309 SANSOME STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

A. HARKER & CO.
Importers and Wholesale Grocers,
108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHEESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

JOHN DANIEL & CO.
Importers and Dealers in Italian Marble and Scotch Granite
MONUMENTS AND MANTELS,
No. 421 Pine Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco, Cal.
Manufacturers of Monuments, Headstones, Mantelpieces, Plumbers' Stones, Table and Counter Tops, Imposing Stones, etc., at lowest cash prices.

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY
OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.
Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

THE
AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS
And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,
415 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
TILES
For Decorations.
W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
HENRY F. MILLER
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
HEMME & LONG
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

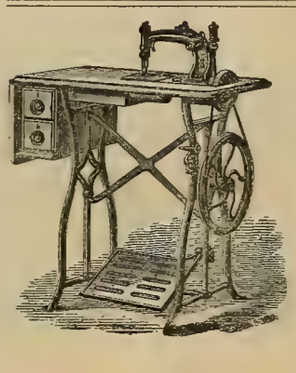
ICHI BAN

WALL PAPER,
Artistic Designs, American, French, and English. Cornice Poles and Fixtures. Sole Agents on Pacific Coast for LINCRUSTA WALTON, the new and indestructible Wall Decoration. Imitation Stained and Ground Glass, for residences, churches, etc. Frescoing and Interior Decorating a specialty.
WINDOW SHADES.
Samples and Estimates furnished on Application.
G. W. CLARK & CO., 645 & 647 MARKET ST.

Every reader of the "Argonaut" should see a copy of
THE ILLUSTRATED NEW YORK
• LIFE •
The leading Humorous and Satirical Paper.
TERMS: At the rate of $5.00 a year, postage free. Sample copy free. 1155 Broadway, New York.

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

BEAUTIFUL REPRODUCTIONS
....OF....
Ancient Armor, Arms, Plaques, Shields, Bas Reliefs, etc.
Original Designs in Ornamental
MOLDINGS, FIRE-PLACES,
MANTELS,
PANELS, FRIEZES,
And other interior decoration finished in Silver, Bronze, Brass, Copper, Iron, and Nickel. For sale by
TAYLOR GOODRICH,
Pacific Coast Agent for Magee Ranges, Stoves Furnaces, and Sinks,
8 and 10 PINE STREET.



Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE


HOME INDUSTRY

HOTEL
SIERRA MADRE VILLA,
On the mountain side,
In an Orange Grove, Near Los Angeles.
Has been enlarged to accommodate One Hundred Guests. For climate, health, comfort, pure water, and beauty of scenery, it has no equal on this coast. General Sherman says it surpasses all other places on the American continent for a quiet good time.
For further information, address
W. COGSWELL, Proprietor,
San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, Cal.

"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."
THE NORTON
DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.

It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.
D. S. BROWN & CO.,
36 California Street, San Francisco,
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

THE CALIFORNIA
SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.
Junction Market and Powell Sts.
Deposits received. Loans made on city and country property at low rates.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY.
TAMAR
A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for
CONSTIPATION,
Hemorrhoids,
Bile, Headache,
Cerebral Congestion, etc.
Prepared by
INDIEN GRILLON
GRILLON,
SOLE PROPRIETOR,
Pharmacien de première classe de la Faculté de Paris,
27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.
Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MARBLE WORKS.
MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.
W. H. McCORMICK,
827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

A. P. HOTALING & CO.
429 to 437 Jackson St., sole agents for the J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky, "O. P. S.," "O. O. K.," "O. K." "A No. 1," "A." Established 1852.

GERMEA
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIV. NO. 11. SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 15, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: How the Democratic Central Committee voted to Sustain His Excellency—Local Elections which Prove the Popular Discontent—An Actor's Views on the Stage—Are they Correct?—Is the Theatre a School of Morality?—The Elegant Vice of Sardou, Merivale, and Dumas—Straws in the Coming Presidential Contest—Minister Sargent's Apologists—His Past History and the Part which he Took in Disgraceful Political Frauds—His Ill-success as an Ambassador—A Prophecy and an Epitaph—The Leading Question in California—Railroad Corporations of Great Power—Their Merits and Demerits—Our State as it Used to be Before the Days of the Central Pacific—The Rise in Population and Property Valuation which has Since given Prosperity to California—A Great Crisis at Hand—Ought an Extra Session of the Legislature to have been Convened?—The Men who Persuaded the Governor to Yield to the Anti-Railroad Clamor—Their Motives—Will this Faction Achieve its Ends?—Buckley and his Mob of Fogartys, Raffertys, Kelleys, and Quinns—The Advisory Committee which they have Formed—Will the Intelligent Tax-paying Citizens of California Submit to these Ward-strikers and Pot-house Politicians?—The Wreck and Ruin of the Late Storm which the Railroad is now Repairing—A Question which Concerns every Railroad in the State..... 1-3

THE LAST REVEL: The Strange Fate of a Voluptuary—A Wild Story of Blasphemy and Perdition..... 4

VANITY FAIR: Philadelphia Belles who are called "Dancing Girls"—Winter and Summer Carriages in New York—The Dealer who supplied Eligible Young Men for Parties..... 5

TORVETTES: An Amusing Anecdote concerning Henry Vincent—Why a Lawyer delayed an Answer—A Soldier who got his Discharge in a Sudden Manner..... 5

SOCIETY: The Third Week of Lent—Fashion at the Opera—"Bavardin's" Letter—Notes and Gossip..... 6

PRIVATE POKER IN NEW YORK: The new Gambling-houses which are becoming Frequent in Gotham—"Stud-horse Poker" as a Pastime—"Flaneur's" Weekly Gossip..... 7

THE RAILWAY WORLD: Travel in Virginia—Special Cars for Nuisances—Notes of Interest to Railroad Men and Travelers..... 7

LORD AND HIS LOW-BORN LADY: The Earl of Euston who is Trying to Rid Himself of a Vice-stained Wife — Some Reminiscences of the Profligate Peer—"Cockaigne's" London Letter..... 8

ARGONAUT VERSE: "Descensus Vitæ," by Dan O'Connell—"Off Point Pinole," by Clarence Urmy—"Hunger and Thirst," by A. E. Watrous—"Platonic," by Alfred Wheeler..... 9

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Gossip about Prominent People..... 9

HIT-CHAT: "Una" describes the Man who was at "Mrs. Patty's" Reception—Which was Nicolini and which was the Valet?—Gerster's dress in "Lucia"—A Scotchman who was Interrogated on a National Specialty—The Storm-bound Bonnets..... 10

CORRESPONDENCE: What will Money do in England?—American Heiresses and English Husbands—An Anecdote of Forrest—General Lytle—The Legal Tender Decisions—Water—A Woman's Protest..... 11

THE CHESS COLUMN: A Subtle Problem—The Fourth Game in the Redding-Jefferson Match—Buckle as a Chess-player..... 11

THE INNER MAN: Made-over Candies — Buckwheat Cakes—American Cookery..... 12

TAGLIOS: "Two Songs," by the Earl of Lytton—"The Dimple on her Cheek," by Samuel Minturn Peck—"To Chloris"—"An Old Friend," by Charles Mackay..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" talk of Patti and Gerster—An Opera Catechism with a Moral and an Application—Theatrical Notes..... 12

WE INVITE ALL ELECTORS OF CALIFORNIA, OREGON, AND NEVADA, WHO READ THE ARGONAUT, TO WRITE US THEIR CHOICE FOR PRESIDENTIAL AND VICE-PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATIONS BY THE NATIONAL CONVENTIONS OF BOTH POLITICAL PARTIES. We shall be glad, also, if reasons for the choice be embodied in the communications. The information thus obtained, and the expression of opinions in reference to candidates and the policy of parties, to be given to such use as we may deem proper. Real names, with postal addresses, desired: Correspondence marked "confidential" will be so treated. We invite this correspondence with a special object and for a useful purpose. Any number of signatures may be attached to the same letter where the expressed views are not dissented from by any signer. Our object is to secure such an expression of intelligent opinion as will embody the honest sentiments of both parties upon this coast. This invitation will be held open until the meeting of the National Conventions. In response to the above (which invitation we shall keep open for further letters), responses are pouring in upon us from all parts of the coast—extracts from which, with an analysis of the vote, we shall print, in order to give delegates to Chicago some indication of the popular choice for Presidential and Vice-Presidential nominees by both parties.

In response to our invitation, asking from readers of the *Argonaut* expressions of choice for Presidential nominations, we are receiving from ten to twenty letters every day. We should receive an hundred. Unless friends of different candidates shall be willing to trust their straws to the wind, they may be surprised at its apparent direction. We have received enough to indicate that the Presidential contest will be marked by some curious and eccentric phases. If we receive five hundred or five thousand replies to our inquiry for expressions of the Presidential choice, we shall assume that they honestly represent the popular will. If the office-holders scent the possibility of advantage in this direction, by indicating their preferences, our country readers must not blame us for the consequences of their own neglect, or for figures that may take them by surprise.

The political incidents of the week are significant. The Democratic State Central Committee, which, within the year, declared it unwise and impolitic to call an extra session of the Legislature, has, in compliment to His Excellency, indorsed his action, six members dissenting. The Democratic County Committee, under the leadership of Christopher Buckley, of the Alhambra saloon, has appointed seventeen of his countrymen to instruct the Democratic party how to suck eggs. The Republican State and County Committees move along with little friction and much dignity, assured of success and rejoiced thereat. A Republican victory achieved at the Oakland municipal election retires Mr. J. West Martin from the mayoralty, with the humiliation of a defeat that is partly personal and partly political. Of the chivalry wing, he is a feather of the iridescent tip—a brother-in-law of Mr. Railroad Commissioner Foote, an adviser of the extra session, a banker of the *crême de la crême*, he was badly beaten. The result at Sacramento was a substantial gain for the Republican party; a victory, in fact, which was just short of a triumphant one. The Republicans carried Salinas, and there is every indication that the incoming tide is to be crested with Republican triumphs. The curious and suggestive events of the week are the nominations made by the Democracy to fill legislative vacancies for the extra session. There are four of them, and they are all chivs, not an Irishman nor Germanlander, not a Northernman nor copperheader, has had a smell of the funeral baked meats. Northern men, the darling Irish, and the ever cherished adopted fellow-citizens are not permitted to even cry at the funeral. We take pleasure in calling the attention of Chris, Mack, Pat, Dennis, Max, Hans, Michael, Bryan, Carl, Fritz, Moses, Samuel, Jonathan, John, and the others, that in the county of Solano the candidate of the Democracy for the Assembly is Mr. Dozier, from the sunny South-land; that Mr. J. W. Breckinridge, of the county of Merced, is Mr. J. W. Breckinridge of Kentucky; that Mr. J. L. Fisher, of El Dorado, is guiltless of birth in, or sympathy for, that part of Yankee-land which desolated the South under the hypocritical pretense of thinking slavery wrong and a union of States desirable. The last and most honorable, and to us the most surprising nomination, is that of the Hon. William T. Wallace for the Assembly. The Hon. ex-Chief-Justice demonstrates his loyalty to the Democracy by the most marvelous of self-sacrifices. Having been defeated in nomination for Congress by the Hon. Charles Sumner, there was left only one possibility of a more supreme humiliation, and that chance Mr. Wallace has given himself by becoming the nominee of Chris Buckley for the Legislature. Our advise to Samuel Tilden, Horatio Seymour, and Judge Wallace, is that they all go to some new territory and grow up with the country, so that, upon its admission as a State, they may get something. We suggest Alaska. We further suggest the calling of a mass meeting of Hibernians at Irish-American Hall, on Saint Patrick's Day, to confirm the chivalry nominations. The gray above the green.

Certain anonymous defenders and apologists for our minister at Berlin charge us with something of personal prejudice against Mr. Sargent. We admit that in discussing political questions concerning Germany we find it very difficult to keep out of sight the contempt we entertain for the representative of the American hog whom the accident of politics has made its plenipotentiary at a foreign court. Our respect for the hog of our country remains unimpaired. It is impossible for us to forget or ignore that disgraceful past party history of our State in which Mr. Sargent took such prominent part. If, from our shameful party intrigues; from Gorham and Carr, and their nasty bargains, from the navy pay office, its felonies and frauds; from the navy yard at Mare Island, its sham contractors and fraudulent contracts, its election frauds and tape-worm tickets; from the mint, and its former irregularities, we could disassociate Mr. Sargent; if we could forget the vindictive and cowardly political vendetta against the writer by Sargent, his pals and confederates, who, while we were engaged in exposing their political crimes, threatened us with penitentiary gates ajar and stalking wardens—we should be more willing to turn that other cheek of bronze, and ask him to again smite it. Our Christian temper fails us when we reflect upon the dishonorable politics of Mr. Sargent, his disingenuous methods, and his blackguard associates. Mr. Sargent was a good printer and a good Baptist. He is temperate and studious. He is uncultured, irascible, ill-tempered, narrow-minded, small-headed, ungrateful, and vindictive. He made, in some respects, a most excellent member of Congress. Wherever industry, zeal, and untiring legs could make up for the want of genius and the lack of brains, he was a success. He is a self-made man, and we are glad of it, because we love God and admire the works of his creation. All the same, it was a mistake to send this small-brained, narrow-minded, uncultured man, of irritable temper, without money and with parsimonious habits, uneducated in the German language, and without the amenities which fit him for the better society which at Berlin, as at all courts, is the diplomatic one. To us here who know him, it is not in the least surprising that this kind of American politician should not have been a success at the Court of the Hohenzollern; that he should not have been welcomed to the inner diplomatic circle, where only gentlemen find entrance; that he should not have found congenial companionship in the society of the men of noble birth, fortune, and scholarship who surround the imperial throne of Germany. It is perhaps not altogether surprising that the great prince, who, through fire and blood, the storm of battle and the diplomacy of courts, had united the German states, principalities, duchies, and free cities, and consolidated them into a great imperial power, should not yearn for the companionship of the American ambassador. It is not perhaps surprising that Prince Bismarck—charged with the guardianship of the empire, its protection from foreign foes and domestic dissensions; charged with the responsibility of Germany's national progress, the maintenance of imperial power, the building up of German commerce, the extention of Germany's colonial empires, the preservation of friendly relations with Russia and Austria; watching Alsace and Lorraine—should find no time for personal association with Mr. Sargent. Perhaps, without lowering the flag of our country, we may admit that he had no inclination to discuss with him the question of American pork, or spend much breath over the rights of those persons who fled from Germany to escape military duty, and sneaked back to evade the duties they owed their fatherland, under protection of an American treaty, in the disguise and under the false claim of American citizenship. Mr. S

gent, as American minister, is entitled to the respect due his position. It will be accorded him by the German premier and the German court. They understand the amenities of diplomatic intercourse, and will fully accord them to the accredited representative of the American Republic. There need be no fear in this direction. There will no war grow out of the Herr Lasker controversy. It was an impertinent piece of demagogism on the part of Congress, for which Sargent is not responsible. Ex-Senator Sargent is now in his true and natural element. He is in a muss. He is in the newspapers, and nothing will delight him more than to know that he is the object of observation. He will not be recalled, and under fire, ought not to be. When a few months have passed, he will resign; he will return to California, and become a village oracle, or a country Cincinnatus. He will adorn private life with his many virtues. He will be a shining light in the Baptist Church. He will lead a life of moral rectitude, and die in the hope of blissful immortality.

Walter M. Leman has delivered a lecture in San Francisco upon the drama and the stage—doubtless an interesting one, as the lecturer is a gentleman of wide information and large practical experience. He asserts—as do all actors, and indeed all clergymen and others who undertake to defend the profession—that its tendency is to advance morals and to elevate the general tone of society. If this is so—and we are not controverting the proposition—if it is so, we beg, most respectfully, to inquire why it is that so many men and women who follow this profession are so unmistakably immoral and depraved? Why is it that in this profession the marriage relation is so lightly esteemed, so frequently ignored, and is so almost uniformly an unhappy one? Upon what other class of business men does a financial obligation sit more lightly, or to whom the forfeiture of contract gives less inconvenience? We would be pleased to be informed by those who think the dramatic art elevating in its moral tone, why it is that the most sensational of vile novels—French and other—are so often dramatized? How is it that a nasty story of deception and intrigue, in which all the domestic proprieties are violated, all moral ideas turned into jest, and all sense of honorable conduct made ridiculous, can elevate or improve? What induces old baldheads to sit in the front orchestra seats at ballet or pantomime? Are dramatic representations in Paris, as a rule, so adapted that they will please the *demi-monde* or the moral monde? In San Francisco is the audience that attends the better order of theatrical representations a purer or a better class, of more elevated tone or better morals, than the class that stays away? Are the male habitués of the theatre better citizens than the class of business men and gentlemen who stay at home o' nights? As to the idle young men who crowd the corridors of our places of amusement, who part their hair in the middle, swing bamboos, dress as dudes, and insult with offensive stare respectable women—are they as moral or as decent as the average student, clerk, or mechanic who minds his own business and works for a living? Is the little smirking, brazen-faced dudelet, who thinks it not improper or immodest to exchange signals with an overgrown and undeveloped hoodlum, improved by the afternoon matinée? How does the average actor in star or stock engagements compare in morals, deportment, habits, and tastes with the gentlemen of other professions?—how the "ladies" of the stage with other ladies? How does the employee of the theatre—the usher, super, ballet, chorus, male or female—compare with the young mechanics and the young women who work for hire at other pursuits? If we might indulge in speculation as to the tendency of the dramatic art, is it advancing the higher and better qualities of the human mind, elevating men's morals, and making mankind more serviceable to man? Might we not inquire whether the present literature of the stage is in any proper sense comparable with the dramatic literature of the past? Why is it that what is known as the legitimate drama—the work of Shakespeare, Molière, Racine, Corneille, Ben Jonson, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and others—is giving way to the light and insufferable trash of Boucicault, George R. Sims, Herman Merrivale, Zola, Sardou, Dumas, and others? Why is it necessary to so adorn and ornament the theatre to make it attractive except to make up for the deficiency of the intellectual part? What relation has the spectacular and sensational exhibition to morals, or the whole business to persons of cultivated intelligence? There are wide differences of opinion among persons of intelligence and liberal thought as to the moral influence of the stage. Society of the better class is beginning to seriously ask itself what is the tendency of this dramatic machine, and whether it will not be well to put on the brakes somewhat as it goes down the grade? It is a curious fact that in the nation of the oldest civilization the profession of the player is regarded as at the bottom, the very lowest and most despised of all professions, and that in China females are never employed in dramatic representation.

To the Englishman, the condition of affairs in Egypt; to the Frenchman, the existing condition of things in Anam or Algeria; to the German, whether Bismarck will turn the American hog out of Berlin; to the Irish, whether they will secure land reform; to the Russian, how he will subdue Nihilism—are all important and absorbing questions. But to the citizen of California the leading question, and one of the greatest importance, is whether the conspiracy hatched among the chivalry Democrats for the purpose of working out political and personal results, by reason of an extra session of the Legislature, shall succeed or not. If from this, to the termination of the extra session of the Legislature, the *Argonaut* shall devote itself somewhat at length to the discussion of railroad questions, we think our readers will appreciate our motives. And by this we do not mean to hint at the danger of their questioning our honesty in this direction. None but the vulgarly dishonest and cowardly ever insinuate what they have not the courage to assert. Upon railroad and all other questions, intelligent minds may honestly differ. Railroad corporations, like all other persons in possession of great power, are liable to abuse it. It may be admitted that the railroad magnates have not in all respects placed themselves above criticism. It may be admitted that they have done those things they ought not to have done, and have left undone many things they ought to have done. It may be admitted that, as they are human, they are not innocent of all of the sins to which humanity is incident. To those holding the affirmative of this issue, we leave the statement and the argument that they have abused or misused their power. For the defense, we may be permitted to assert that the railroad builders have been, during all their California lives, men of average respectability; that they have not been conspicuous as enemies to the communities in which they have resided; and that they have demonstrated by their acts the possession of enterprise, energy, and great business capacity. It may, we think, be admitted that there was no portion of our country more in need of railroad communication than this distant coast; that there was no part of our country's domain so inviting in every respect, so sparsely populated, so unoccupied and unused. There were vast plains, valleys, and mountain sides, almost valueless because of remoteness from the great centres of industry; lands fair and fertile as the sun ever shone upon, lying at waste and uncultivated, because of the fact that grain and fruits, grown and gathered, would not pay for the cost of their transportation to market. Where now are farmers' homes, and homes of independent wealth and comfort, less than twenty years ago was desolation. Over fields, now enclosed and cultivated, bending with grain; over garden spots and orchards surrounding happy firesides, there once roamed wild and worthless Spanish herds. Where now flourish prosperous villages, there were then no inhabitants. What then were dull and thriftless hamlets and missions, are now thriving towns. What then were thriving towns, are now busy, prosperous cities, centres and marts of trade. It may, we think, be conceded that all this—we modify the expression, much of this—is attributable to the railroads. We think we may assert that there is no locality—not one—in all the State which has not been advantaged by railroad building; that there is not a business man—not one—in all the community who has been made poorer by the enterprise of railroad construction. We assert, without fear of contradiction, that to the city of San Francisco there have been added not less than an hundred thousand people, to its property value an hundred millions, to the Sacramento and San Joaquin farm lands and villages an hundred millions more. To the counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Kern and Tulare there has been given a prosperity which, without railroads, was to them forever impossible. The two hundred millions expended by railroad corporations has been generously done. They have generously paid for labor. It is a notable fact that, while strikes and riots have characterized Eastern and European managements, while complaints have gone up from railroad workers of inadequate compensation, over-work, and over-length of hours, in all other States and countries, against their management in this State there has been no complaint. From the time when Governor Stanford with spade of steel turned the first sod at Sacramento, through winter storms and snow battles in the Sierras, through scorching suns in desert passes, down to this Sabbath day of writing, when three thousand laborers are toiling to repair the disasters of flood and wreck of road, there have been no labor complaints. From the twelve thousand workers now engaged in office and shop, on engine and truck, there are no complaints. Ample pay and generous usage is the rule of the Central and Southern Pacific managements. Their schedule is the standard to which the pay-roll of all other transportation companies must conform. The rate of wages maintained by the railroad companies is the standard rate of wages for all the industries of the State. The intelligent labor interest which depends, not only upon direct railroad employment, but which finds occupation from industries incidental to railroad building and operation, is not unmindful of these facts. Hence it is, that, from the time of the glittering blade which turned the primal sod, followed by generous cheers for the successful completion of a great national work, on that day so auspiciously inaugurated, down to the present hour, there has been no conflict between railroad wealth and honest labor. From the workshop and the toiler there has gone out against them no complaint.

And yet to-day we hear a clamor against railroads which dins upon our ears with the deafening rattle of a summer hail-storm. We stand in the presence of so great a crisis that the exigency of the situation demands the convening of an extra session of the Legislature; demands the change of our organic law by half a score of amendments to the Constitution; demands the impeachment, disgrace, and removal of two Democratic Railroad Commissioners, who up to the time of their election, had been regarded as honorable men and gentlemen; demands that the fixing fares and freights be made again the subject of legislative controversy; demands the expenditure of so much money from the State treasury for mileage, per diem, special commissions, stationery, and other expenses as a Democratic Legislature may be content to disburse. The Governor of the State, in a document of the most remarkable character, under the advice of a minority wing of his own party in the personal interest of a few individuals of that minority, has called an extra session. He has done it at the bidding of a faction—the faction controlled by the *Examiner*, the *Examiner* owned by Mr. George Hearst. Mr. George Hearst desires to go to the Senate of the United States; another gentleman from the South desires to be made Governor; another, also from the South, desires to become Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court. These toadies sitting at the Executive ear, have persuaded him to forget that these are the very men who are responsible in a large degree for the adoption of the Constitution which they now seek to amend; they consented, following the wise precedents of twenty-two other States, that the regulation of fares and freights should be taken from the Legislature and entrusted to a special commission. There is no man, we think, in either party, not influenced by personal or passionate feelings, who does not think this extra session of the Legislature unnecessary, and who does not believe that the proposed needful Constitutional amendments and legislation might not have been deferred until the regular meeting of the Legislature. The first pretext to call an extra session was to impeach and remove Carpenter and Humphreys. The second was, by some process, to enforce the collection of railroad taxes. That was removed by the voluntary payment of all taxes assessed against the railroads. In order that there might not be even the shadow of an honest pretext, the railroad attorneys agreed to consent, by stipulation of record in the railroad cases to make these payments on account, leaving the question of penalties and interests to the decision of the courts, and further agreed by stipulation to so advance the cases upon the calendar of the court as to have a speedy decision. Most of the counties interested consented. It met the approval of the Attorney-General. It met the approval of all business men and tax-payers. Not one in one hundred of the intelligent tax-payers did not recognize in this a fair and honorable concession by the railroads. It met the approval of all the independent press, of a large number of Democratic journals, and a majority of the most influential and respectable of Democratic party leaders. It encountered the assent of the *Chronicle*, which journal championed the Constitutional Convention, the new Constitution, and has been the uncompromising opponent of the railroad from the day of the Sand-lot until now. It met the approval of all except a little squad of disgruntled chivalry Democrats composing the ring which surrounds the *Examiner*, whose proprietor would go to the Senate of the United States. What for, God only knows. We do not hesitate to declare, not only that this extra session is unnecessary, but that its call is in opposition both to the wishes of a majority of the people and to a majority of the Democratic party. It is not called at the demand of any responsible class of respectable citizens, nor upon the request of any prominent interest in the State. The Democratic State Central Committee has declared it unwise and inexpedient. None of the more prominent leaders of the Democratic party have allowed their names to be connected with it, and we now recall no single person of prominence in the State, farmer, merchant, manufacturer, or professional man, who is willing to stand forth and announce himself as the champion of this movement; but hundreds of prominent and influential business Democrats have registered their protest against it. The real cause of this call we believe to be the desperate effort of a small minority of ambitious chivs to make false political issues, by which they may force themselves to prominent party leadership, in order to secure offices which they are unworthy to hold and incompetent to fill. The means resorted to by these men and the allies used by them are characteristic. With the Sand-lot, in the time of the In

rebellion, was allied the Honorable Bilks. With the more ignorant and vicious of the Irish were united the more shabby and needy of the Confederate brigadiers, colonels, and majors who achieved titles without danger in the slave-holders' rebellion. The same disgraceful liaison continues. The same insolent threats are now being put forth from the same cowardly sources. The same frothy country journals are breathing the same buncombe threats. From the same cowardly pen and throat goes up the same unmeaning menace of rope and scaffold. A lobby is to be organized to overawe the lobby; anti-railroad bullies are to be invited to the capital from town and county, to protect railroad-phobists from being influenced to impartial and honest legislation. The County Committee of the County of San Francisco, under the leadership of Christopher Buckley, Esquire, by resolution proposed by Mr. Buckley, has chosen a committee of seventeen, one of which is Mr. Christopher Buckley, to confer with like prominent Democrats as to the extra session. Mr. Buckley, the County Committee, and Mr. Fogarty, its president, favor the call for an extra session, and support the Governor. These politicians, from the top of Pisgah, are holding up the hands of the political Moses, as he overlooks the promised land of a Democratic administration, overflowing with the honey of office and the wine of plunder. Perhaps the simile may hold good, and Governor Boneman, like Moses, never reach the coveted land; and that David S. Terry may be the Joshua who succeeds him. To show the kind of allies working with the chivs, we take the liberty to drag from the unveiled obscurity of their private lives the following-named Irish and other adopted citizens, who, with Christopher Buckley, Esquire, compose the committee. We leave our readers to guess which, if any one of them, is native-born; which, if any one, pays taxes; and what proportion of them are connected with the gin industry for their subsistence. If we have the names of all of them who hold office, or want office, or have held office, we would name all but one man. The following "gentlemen"—see *Examiner*—compose the committee of consulting statesmen: Charles Callahan, J. J. Kenny, W. G. Burke, J. J. Flaherty, Christopher A. Buckley, Samuel Newman, M. J. Kelly, J. Rafferty, J. Talbert, J. Flynn, T. Cunningham, Moses Waterman, J. McKee, T. O'Brien, J. Leggett, James Quinne, and John Whalen. Mr. Fogarty is also a member, by virtue of being president of the committee. We would be very much pleased to see this squad of curb-stone statesmen all together at Platt's Hall such men as Judge Hager, Joseph Hoge, William T. Coleman, the Hon. John Boggs, the Hon. Robert Watt, John Q. Brown, Samuel Wilson, and hundreds of others, the leading Democratic business men and farmers, the president and members of the Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade, Corn Exchange, and Mechanics' Institute, United States Senator Farley, and State Senator McCarthy and others, to instruct them in the attitude which the Democratic party should, by legislation and constitutional amendment, assume toward the business industries of the State. We should be pleased to know what advice Mr. Rafferty would give the Grangers, or Moses Waterman the mechanics, or Mr. Quinne or Mr. Whalen the merchants and manufacturers, in reference to the political duties as American citizens. We would be pleased to know just what directions Mr. Buckley would give Judge Wallace and ex-Governor Johnson. This is like teaching one's grandmother to suck eggs.

But this business is too serious for badinage. There is danger that if this squad of Democratic malcontents are permitted, against the better judgment of the better men of the Democratic party, and the united opinion of all respectable men in the Republican party, to raise, under guise of anti-monopoly, this false issue, and again drag into the arena of legislation this railroad question, so prolific of strife, so impossible to adjust, and so wisely transferred to a separate tribunal, that the best interests of the State will be injuriously affected. This agitation comes at an unfortunate time. The State is prospering beyond any former period of its existence. It is just recovering from the blow struck it by the unholy alliance of Bilk and Sand-lot, under which it reeled, under which its industries were paralyzed, and under which its property values shrank by millions. The State was never more prosperous in all its parts and in all its industries than now. Since the adoption of this Constitution and the withdrawal, or promised withdrawal, of railroads from politics, hundreds of miles of rail have been laid in this State. The Southern road, connecting the Bay of San Francisco with the Gulf of Mexico, has been completed; and we are united with San Diego and Guaymas by direct rail. Only this week the steel bands have been joined which unite us in commercial wedlock with the capital of our sister republic of Mexico, with her ten millions of inhabitants. Let our business men, producers, merchants, and manufacturers consider that except for the Southern Pacific Railroad there would be no business connection between the City or States of Mexico and the State of California. Let them contemplate the possibilities of this developing trade, and reflect how far it is wise to allow the railroad to be hampered with the burden of a protracted and vexatious political contest. The contest is assuredly untimely just at present, when the same magnificent storms which had brought gladness and rejoicing to the heart of every citizen, and given us promise of abundant harvest, have so wrecked and ruined railway property as to cost a vast amount of money for its repair. Can any intelligent and honest man, not blinded by passion or prejudice, doubt in what direction lie the material interests of this State, and who are its best friends—railroad-builders or politicians—when it sees the railroad-builders in glen and cañon, in desert and on the mountain, fighting snows, and floods, and land-slides, to restore the broken communication to mails, passengers, and merchandise. Contrast these men, disbursing millions to honest labor, with the contemptible band of party nobodies who, with their arms elbow-deep in the treasury, are fighting under a false issue and false banner, to make a United States Senator of a nobody with money and lacking brains, and other ciphers who would make themselves governor, judges, and State and county officials, in order to live in idleness off men who toil. This appeal of party demagogues for an expression of sympathy from ward clubs, cross-road cliques, and court-house politicians ought to be answered by a counter-appeal to the honest business men of the State. Let every organization of wealth and labor give expression upon this question of dragging railroads into the Legislature only for purposes of blackmail. Let every chamber of commerce, board of trade, stock exchange, mechanics' institute, farmers' grange, or laborers' league meet, discuss, intelligently consider, and deliberately determine whether this Democratic minority faction shall be permitted to open the wounds—now healed—from which, in their first infliction, we suffered so much. This is not, and ought not to be, a political question. It is important, but not political. It involves, by the establishment of a false business principle, questions important to all business men, and all who own property. No one who does not live by other than legitimate industry can afford to ignore it. Of course, all the threats of journals and persons about suppressing the expression of public opinion, or the expression of private opinions by private persons, or any threat intended to prevent anybody from going to the city of Sacramento during the extra session, in any capacity, is the idle rant of cowardly and irresponsible idiots. A brave man would not threaten violence, and a gentleman would not think of it as a means of promoting or preventing legislative action. The suggestion of violence stinks of dynamite.

Nor is this question one which alone concerns the Central and Southern Pacific roads, or the men who manage and direct them. It concerns others, thousands of others, who own their stocks and bonds. It concerns every other railroad and transportation company upon the coast; the steam lines which operate between our ports and China; the Sandwich Islands, Australia, and the coast from Alaska to Panama. It concerns all the lesser roads of the State—the North Coast and North Pacific Coast, the narrow-gauge to Santa Cruz, the projected narrow-gauge road to Colorado, the Nevada County road, the road projected northward to Lake County, and the extension from Redding to connect with the valley of the Willamette. It concerns all those localities in our State now without railroad connection and clamorous for it. It concerns all those valleys, and foothills, and coast counties, southward and northward, desirous of being advantaged by connection with the railroad system. It concerns every manufacturing and commercial industry dependent upon roads already built, and upon the completion of roads begun and roads in contemplation of construction. The burdens placed upon the strongest, best equipped, and wealthiest of the established roads may be borne. The same burdens placed upon the weaker will bring to them disaster and ruin. Legislation must be uniform and equal. There can be neither constitutional nor legislative restriction placed upon one which does not apply to all. Messrs. Stanford, Huntington, Crocker, and the Hopkins estate can not be chosen as the subjects of any law to confiscate property, or for the imposition of any burden, which must not be placed upon all persons and corporations engaged in the business of carrying passengers or transporting merchandise within the political jurisdiction of California. There can be no tax, law, or income impost which does not alike apply to all. There can be established no principle of regulating the business of transportation which may not be applied to any individual or corporation whose business is to deal with the people in their public capacity. When it shall be settled that one kind of property may be confiscated by the agrarian and communistic sentiment which finds encouragement in the class of impecunious political adventurers who are now agitating this question, there will be safety for no business and security for no property. If the consumer of water may regulate its rates, the passenger by ship or rail establish the price of his fare, the owner of merchandise and produce fix the rates of its transportation, then the butcher and baker, the farmer who raises grain or cattle, the miller who makes the flour, the vintner who grows grapes, the dealer who sells wine, the owner of property who has store or shop or dwelling for lease, the hotel-keeper who entertains guests, the saloon-keeper who sells alcohol, malt, or vinous liquors, the barber who shaves, the laundryman who washes, the parson, the doctor, and the lawyer, may all be subjected to the legislative control of those with whom they have professional or business connection. If this principle prevails, labor must submit to reduced compensation or idleness. This is not an altogether novel or untried experiment. In the city of Paris, nearly all these things are the subject of municipal control. The price, weight, and quality of a loaf of bread, and the quality, value, and measure of wine, are fixed by law; nearly all of the necessaries of life, and all the details of business intercourse, are subject to legislative adjustment. The principle is not American, is not in accord with our institutions, and we submit to the laborer at mechanical employments, or the worker for daily wages, to consider his condition to-day in contrast to the situation of similar classes in France, or any country where such relations prevail and such laws are enforced. There are inconveniences under the American system; but there is irremediable slavery under the other system, from which revolution and civil war give no permanent emancipation nor substantial relief.

The Jewish lady, who, with her true name, sends the *Argonaut* a most severe and biting criticism in reply to and review of the communication of Caroline C. Joachimsen, to be printed over a *nom de plume*, must realize how unfair it would be for us to give her such advantage in the controversy. We can not allow any one writing in their own name to be attacked by an opponent in ambuscade. It is not fair that the traveler along the open highway of journalism should be fired at from behind the hedge. How gladly we welcome to our columns sensible articles from intelligent persons, upon any question worth discussing, when they are impersonally and kindly written, this lady may know if she will discuss this question over her own signature. Over her own signature, the epithets used concerning Miss Joachimsen, and the motives attributed to her, would not perhaps subject her to the accusation of cowardice. Over her own signature, it is just possible they would not have been used. One of the beauties of the dueling code is that it equalizes opponents and gives the same advantage to each. To expose a known writer to the personal assault of an anonymous one is to subject her to assassination by the pen. In common fairness, we can not do less than to protect the correspondents of the *Argonaut* from being drowned in *Argonaut* ink. For these reasons we respectfully decline the communication of Miss S. S.

We have great respect for the opinion of Mr. William T. Coleman; but if New Orleans, St. Louis, the City of Mexico, the State of Guatemala, Adelaide in Australia, Japan, and Corea can risk the experiment of an effort at an exhibition of their products in the shape of a fair, it seems to us that it would not be a very dangerous experiment for San Francisco to make at least a reasonable effort in that direction. The drop of a single brick sometimes makes an awful clatter. Whether it does any damage, depends upon where it falls. If Mr. Coleman's brick has fallen upon pockets filled with silver sixpences, we shall hear the jingle; if upon heads that hold brains, it will be echoless as the touch of a feather. We regard a fair as desirable, practicable, and profitable.

The importance of pisciculture can not be well overestimated. In nearly all the parts of this State can the farmer provide means for raising fish with cheapness and in great abundance. As for the modes of preparing ponds, the best varieties, and the manner of treatment, no one is so well informed as Mr. Joseph Redding, the fish commissioner, resident in San Francisco. Persons desiring to experiment in this direction, or engaging in fish culture as a permanent industry, will do well to apply to Mr. Redding for information. It will doubtless afford him great pleasure to furnish advice to all persons thus inquiring. Information cheerfully furnished in regard to black bass and carp. Carp a specialty. There are millions in carp.

The death of their only child will be to Governor and Mrs. Stanford a painful blow. A bright and most promising boy of fifteen; an only son, a gift to their later years, he was their one treasure, better loved and more highly prized than all their wealth beside. If these afflicted parents can derive any consolation in their grief from sympathetic friends, they may know that, even here and now, the clamor against railroad owners pauses for a moment for an expression of genuine sympathy for the sorrow of these bereaved parents.

## THE LAST REVEL.

### A Wild Story of the Strange Fate of a Voluptuary.

I hurried along the road from town, for it was already late. Time had flown faster than I thought, and night had come on intensely dark by the time I reached the gate. The sky was overcast with heavy, lowering clouds, that seemed almost to brush the wavering tree-tops. The air was chill, and the wind blew from the east in unsteady gusts, driving the clouds and mist before it, and making chance wayfarers shiver under their greatcoats and wraps. I paused a moment before the great iron gates, for a wailing sound, that might have come from lost spirits in their torture, struck a strange fear to my heart. It was but the wind whistling through the iron bars; and, with an exclamation of contempt for such weakness, I rang the bell, and the gates were opened by the silent attendant.

As I passed between the massive stone pillars, the couchant bronze lions seemed to start out of the darkness and the gates closed heavily behind me. Their iron clang smote on my ear with a sound as of a knell, and the same strange fear came over me again. It was gone in an instant, and I walked up the avenue that led to the house. The tall trees that lined the path on either side were decked with fantastic lanterns that were tossed to and fro by the rising gusts as though fiends waved them in glee. Beyond the trees the house loomed up—grotesque enough in the daytime, but giving in the darkness an impression of mild grandeur. Lights glittered here and there from its front, like elfin fires, where the curtains now and then swayed back from the windows, and seemed to justify the wild tale, as it ran among the townsfolk, that the house was haunted. Haunted it was, and by as restless and terrible a spirit as ever formed the theme of ghostly story; but he was yet of mortal form. As I walked up the broad steps to the doors, they swung open, and the light burst forth in a blinding glare.

"Am I late, Merton?" I asked of the solem-visaged servant who took my coat as the doors noiselessly closed behind me.

"They're all here, sir," was his non-committal answer.

I entered the long room whence the sound of voices came fast and furious. The wild gorgeousness of the furnishings—the walls covered with rich draperies, the dark-framed paintings (the wildest and most horrible in art) that showed from between the heavy folds as they were drawn back, the chairs and tables, carved of strange woods into grotesque shapes—were mute witnesses to the wanton and eccentric tastes of the owner.

Under the brilliant lights a gay company of roisterers gave the final touch to the scene. Gathered around the tables, feverishly watching the throw of the dice or the turn of a card, their eyes seemed to glow with a brightness of their own, as if to rival the lights themselves. The clink of money, as it was piled up on the table, or swept into the winners' hands, the contagion of example, the confusion of voices, seemed to excite one and all to wilder extravagance. It was an intoxication of gambling. Over the mad scene the host presided, the wildest of that wild company. He was, indeed, the fit leader of those around him. His name is still spoken with bated breath by those among whom he lived. It is, to them, the impersonation of evil. I dare not record it here, for the events of which I write are too recent; but he will be known to these pages as Charles Gordon, for both these names were his by right of christening.

As I entered he was standing by a table, over which three of his guests were feverishly bending.

"A hundred on the red!" I heard him cry, as he threw a handful of gold on the table. Then, as he caught sight of me, he came quickly forward without another thought of his wager.

"Hail again, Gilmore!" he cried, gayly. "You come late. Time flies with us, you know—'flies lightly on the wing,' the poets say. Five minutes yet before the supper is announced. Make the best or the worst of your time. Throw the golden fuel on the fires of Chance. See, how it kindles the blood and gleams in the eye!" He grasped my arm as he spoke, and pointed to the eager group at the table. "But you are pale," he said, suddenly, looking at me sharply.

"It is nothing," I replied. "It is a little chill outside."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "there's nothing like wine and play to stir up the blood. No pale cheeks here, young man!" And he pushed me toward one of the tables.

There in a moment I was in the full tide of excitement, I felt a strange fascination in watching him to-night. His thick, black hair, which he allowed to grow long, reached in irregular waves below his collar. His dark eyes glistened, and his face, though marked and furrowed prematurely by dissipation, glowed with animation and force as he went from table to table, winning at one, losing at another, and talking boisterously all the time.

I have no doubt of it now. I believe—yes, I know—that he was stark mad. We might have known the dreadful truth if we had paused for a moment in the race he was leading us. But we were mad, too, in the spell that his strong will had cast over us. The reckless waste of his fortune, the grotesque fancy that he showed in the form and furnishing of his house, in his speech, in everything about him; his hare-brained acts, his reckless defiance of all laws, human and divine—one and all pointed to the awful fact that we never so much as suspected.

Suddenly there was a single loud tap on the brazen gong that hung above the door. I had heard it time and again, but to-night it gave me a violent start. It struck on my ear as the clanging gates had done before, with a sound as of a knell. I seemed not alone in this feeling, for I observed three or four others start in sudden fear. But Gordon himself felt no check of spirits; and, merrily, boisterously chattering, he led the way into the supper-room.

As we entered, a sudden dread fell upon the few more sensitive, and they halted at the door; for the room was furnished in the deepest black. Heavy draperies hung in sable folds from the walls, and stretched before the windows. Even the ceiling had been tinted to the same sombre hue since we had last been there—but three nights before. The lamps seemed oppressed by the dark draperies, and shed but a dusky light on the table beneath.

"Wh-why is this?" asked one of those who had halted almost timidly on the threshold.

Gordon laughed boisterously.

"Is not black as good a color as the red—or was it blue?—that it displaced? Pah! come in. Don't stand staring there as though we were a muster of ghosts. Our spirits will glow with the color of the ruddy wine," he continued, gayly. "The hangings of a room can not dim them."

In a moment more we were seated at the table, and the supper began. Not Sybaris itself could have asked or wished it more elegant. The wayward fancy of our host was as apparent in the luxuriance and display of strange dishes as in all else about him. But that which attracted the most notice was a large, wide-flaring vase of stone that stood in the centre of the table. Curious figures of men and animals were drawn upon it, and seemed by a phosphorescent play of light from their lines to be endowed with a life and motion of their own. The vase was nearly filled with something unknown. And now, a singular thing happened. As a guest let his eyes fall upon the vase, he became silent, and was not able to withdraw his gaze from the glowing figures. So at last a strange silence—strange for the place, at least—fell upon the company. Even our host waited for some one to speak.

"A curious vase, that," suggested one of the company at last.

"Yes," replied Gordon, gravely. "Very curious."

"Where did it come from?" asked another.

His answer, that it had come from the infernal regions, was received with a wild burst of mirth, in which, I remembered afterward, he did not join. He turned the conversation to some other subject and the mad wit of the company was aroused anew.

At length the wine was brought on, and the glasses were filled. But before we could pledge, as usual, to our host, Gordon himself arose.

"You asked," he began, "why I have decked our festal room in black. I turned aside your question for a moment. I planned a surprise. It is not in sorrow, but in joy, that I have covered these walls with sombre draperies. To-night there is a new guest at the feast. For him have I changed the decorations of the room—to him must the first toast be drunk." So saying, he placed his foot on a secret spring, and a grinning skeleton, fantastically draped in a long robe and wearing upon his head a semblance of a crown, was advanced from behind the hangings at the table's head to the place that had been left vacant. At the same instant he flung a lighted match into the vase. The liquid blazed up with a pale green flame that threw a ghostly pallor on all in the company. "Death is our guest to-night," he cried. "Drink, then, to your king! Fill high! Pledge deep!"

We looked at each other, and even the stoutest quailed as the greenish light threw a pallor as of deadly fear on every face. For a moment there was profound silence, and each one listened to the beating of his own heart. But it was only for a moment. The wild freak of our mad chief was received with a shout of laughter, and the boldest cried:

"Hail to King Death!"

We drank standing, under the greenish light of the wavering flame—looking like a band of corpses drinking to their destroyer. When we were seated again, one of the company asked, with some fling of hare-brained wit:

"Why do we meet with Death to-night? Why do we misuse good wine by pledging *him?*"

"Are we not thirteen at the table?" asked Gordon, with a mocking smile, that the ghastly wavering light changed to one of demoniac mirth. "Is it not foretold by that, that one of us shall die within the year? What then could be more fitting than our pledge to Death? Long live King Death!" And he ended with a burst of laughter, so harsh and horrible that it might have come from the skeleton image of Death itself.

Involuntarily each one counted our number. There were indeed thirteen. But we were not superstitious, and one of our number—I could never learn whom—muttered: "There were thirteen at the Last Supper."

"Bravo!" cried Gordon, taking up the words. And he made the blasphemous proposal that we should mimic that sacred rite. I dare not record the horrible words with which he followed this, nor the blasphemies with which he assigned to each an apostolic name, and assumed for himself a holier one. Wild as we had been, we were honestly shocked. We were not hardened to this. The scene was awful enough without a mockery of what we had once held holy.

"Don't do it, Gordon," said a number of voices at once.

He looked angrily around the table for a moment, and his face wore a horribly distorted appearance under the wavering light. But it cleared almost immediately to the mirthful look, scarcely less terrible, that it had worn before, and his voice rang out over the silent table:

"We must begin with prayer. Who will ask the blessing?" And then, after looking around the table, he addressed the one next to him by an apostle's name, and ordered him to pray.

"Pray! My God! I wish I could," said the one addressed, edging his chair away from Gordon.

"He has turned mollycoddle," said Gordon, with a scornful laugh. Then he asked another and another, but each in turn refused. Low as we had fallen, wild and reckless as we were, we had not the heart for this mockery.

"What! You all fail me?" he cried. "Then if I have not too long forgotten how, I'll pray myself." And he laughed a horrible laugh at his own words.

There was profound silence for a moment, and each looked in fear at the ghastly faces of his companions. Then the murmur rose once more: "Don't do it, Gordon."

He looked at us angrily.

"I'll do it," he cried in a strange, wild tone, "if Satan himself should rise to bid me stay." But he looked in that ghastly light, with scorn and anger in his face, as though he had come from the bottomless pit himself. "Stand up!" he said, imperiously, rising to his feet.

We rose reluctantly, and, at his command, our gla were filled once more. But the wine had lost its flush and sparkle. It had taken on a greenish tint, lay in the glass heavy and dead. The scene, as I loo around the table, was weird and striking beyond desc tion. Only the strange imagination of our host could h planned it, and I doubt if he was conscious of its a character. The sable hangings that threw back no gl of light from their heavy folds, the crowned imag Death that grinned at us from the table's head, and al all, the weird, ghastly light that distorted the fear— premonition of coming evil—on every face to a look was not of earth, made it seem a banquet of fie There was even a new expression on the face of our h I could not analyze it, but it seemed for a moment or as though he halted in his purpose. He put down the g he had taken up, and passed his hand vacantly across forehead. The one that had been boldest in following wild lead noted his hesitation, and said, in a whisper, t sounded in our ears like a clarion:

"Don't do it, Gordon."

He turned upon the objector fiercely. The vacant l was gone, and a light seemed to flash from his eyes. one who had spoken shrank back, for the look turned him was that of a demon.

"Lift up your glasses!" commanded Gordon, in a vo strange and far away.

No one obeyed. Every eye was fixed on our host, there was an expression indescribable and terrible u his face.

Without seeming to notice our fixed gaze, he began, i voice that rose strange and high, a prayer of awful bl phemy. Suddenly he stopped, and stared with eyes st ing from their sockets at the dark wall before him. Th was a look of awful fear upon his face, as though he s there the stony head of Medusa. Then, with a shriek agony, he clasped his hands over his heart, as if he w already in the halls of Eblis, and the fatal hour had cor For a moment he stood thus, staring at the namel horror, then reeled, fell heavily against the table, a dragged the cloth with him to the floor.

In panic and terror we rushed from the fatal room a out of the house. Out in the chilling wind that now bl a gale, we halted without hats or overcoats, and spoke each other with bated breath. But no one dared ask other if he had seen the awful vision that had frozen t blood of our mad host. The one who was last to leave t room whispered that the vase had fallen to the floor, a he had seen the green flame blazing over the prostr form. No one proposed to go back. And as we sto there whispering, fearing, lights began to glimmer at t darkened windows of the room we had left. Tongues fire darted around and between the dark draperies—gree tinted flames that began to glow with a dash of red. O by one the windows were uncovered. and through them could see the flames rising and falling, filling the whc room. One of our number whispered that strange for moved amid the blaze, and, indeed, it took but sm fancy to make them out. Horror at the awful fate of o companion froze all motion from us, and we could on watch the fire creep from window to window until t house was a mass of roaring flames. As they shot upwa from the roof, lighting the country like a great torch, th alarm of fire was raised far and wide, and a crowd gather about. But there was nothing to be done. Hour by ho the flames blazed up and danced before the gale, unt with a mighty crash, the walls fell inward, and the ma man's house was a heap of smoking ruins. E. A. W.

San Francisco, March, 1884.

---

Those writers and newspapers who have always mai tained that the use of the word "reliable" was illegitima and vulgar, will be interested in reading the following ex tract from the "Imperial Dictionary." If the use of "r liable" be vulgar, many famous writers have sinned. Th "Imperial" is the latest English authority:

RELIABLE. *a.* Such as may be relied on; fit or worthy to be r lied on; to be depended on. This word has been again and agai attacked by different writers, having been at various times stigm tized as an Americanism, as irregular in formation, as unnecessary as vulgar, and what not. Against such charges, however, it ha found able defenders, the most notable of whom is Mr. Fitzedwar Hall, in his little work "On English Adjectives in -able, with Spe cial Reference to Reliable." The first instance of its use as known to him was in a paper written by Coleridge to the *Morning Pos* in 1800, the expression in which it occurs being "the best means and most *reliable* pledge." Coleridge used it repeatedly afterward and it has also been used by many good writers since. It is now indeed, of every-day occurrence, though no doubt certain person still object to the use of it. Among those who have employed i Mr. Hall mentions Rev. James Martineau, Mr. Gladstone, Docto Newman, Mr. John Stuart Mill, Doctor Henry Maudley, Bisho Wilberforce, Dean Mansel, Harriet Martineau, and Mr. Leslie Stephen—names surely sufficient to support any one who choose to use the vocable in question. That it is unnecessary is not quite the fact, at least we can hardly admit that its place is already suffi ciently occupied by *trustworthy* or *trusty*, as is usually stated. "I this were true," says Mr. Hall, "inasmuch as we have *trust*, verl and substantive, there would be no need of *rely* and *reliance;* they must be wholly superfluous. But we *rely* where we look for sup port; we *trust* where we apprehend no deception; and *reliable* and *trustworthy* or *trusty*, properly employed, are no less different than their respective verbs. In corollary to this, *rely*, except metaphor ically, has not a personal reference, whereas *trust* has; and the best writers who have hitherto practically accepted *reliable* have applied it to things solely. That many persons use *reliable* instead of *trustworthy* is, of course, no ground for rejecting it." That it is formed after a somewhat uncommon model is also no sufficient ground for rejecting it, when we find in good use such words as *available*, such as one may avail one's self *of: conversable*, such as may be conversed *with: dispensable*, that may be dispensed *with*, and similarly *indispensable; laughable*, worthy of being laughed *at*, and sundry others. Altogether it seems too late in the day to protest against the use of the word now; those who do not like it can let it alone; but as Professor Whitney remarks (the quotation is from Mr. Hall): "We have had to swallow too many linguistic camels to want to make life more uncomfortable by straining at such gnats as that."

---

A very persuasive rascal induced a number of ignorant Illinois women to cut off their hair and intrust it to him to be made up into fashionable forms. They expected to thus achieve a permanent and beautiful style of coiffure; but they never saw the man or the material again.

## VANITY FAIR.

The belles of Philadelphia are what are known as "dancing girls," and not only begin young, but keep it up late in life. The *Times* of that city says there are more dancing married women in Philadelphia, and more young old girls who dance whenever they can get a partner, than in any other place where dancing looms into prominence as a fine art. It is said to be the custom in Philadelphia, before a large ball, for women who have grown rusty to "brush up" a little, and accordingly they resort to the dancing-master. The day before the last assembly, a pronounced old girl"—she was fifty years old if she was a day—entered the domain of a fashionable teacher and told him in a kind way, with a great deal of manner, that he must "consider himself engaged" to practice with her for the assembly, and "the interview must be secret." Wincing at his hard luck, the professor went at it. After a dozen turns about the large practice-room had been made, the wrinkled and venerable belle began to enjoy her lesson. "Faster," she said; "can't you do the galop step? You don't pull me around enough!" "Madame," said the perspiring and desperate professor, "it will be five dollars extra for me to pull you around any more than I am doing." "All right," she said, and the extra sum was paid without a murmur. A gentleman who came in quietly, also to practice, was witness of it all. The same gentleman saw the patient belle at the assembly with a huge bouquet, but in vain she waited for partners—not one came to "pull her around."

The latest development of fashion in France concerns the announcements of births invariably sent out by French parents. For a boy they are pale blue, for a girl delicate pink; in the left-hand corner is the father's coat of arms or monogram, and underneath the sign of the zodiac which was paramount when the babe first saw the light.

"In New York people have their winter carriages and their summer carriages," said a dealer to a *Tribune* reporter. "There has been a decided tendency to what may be termed parade carriages, such as the chariot d'Orsay and the coupé d'Orsay. They are both on what are called double suspension springs, between which the body of the vehicle hangs, so that it rides without any jolting. The lines of the chariot are continuous curves, which are as artistic as anything that can be devised in the business. The wheels are tolerably high, and the body is raised up from the springs, which makes folding-steps necessary. Servants are so unaccustomed to them here that they have to be drilled in letting them down and putting them up. When the carriage draws up the footman jumps down, swings to the door, opens it, lets down the steps, and retains at the side, so that his master if old, feeble, or heavy may use his shoulder as a support in descending. When the master wishes to enter the carriage, he leans upon his shoulder in the same way. As soon as he has taken his seat, the servant folds up the steps, presses them to their place at the edge of the carriage, and closes the door, mounting briskly to his seat beside the coachman. Now, the coupé d'Orsay, although there are suspensory springs, the body is not raised high, and there is an ordinary carriage step. But to obtain this comfort the lines of the carriage have to be sacrificed, the lower part being cut away so as not to interfere with the springs. Both are painted in the prevailing style, upper panels in black, lower in dark green, and molding-lines in some bright color. The coupé brougham is, of course, the working carriage all the year round, and the landau is the park carriage, winter and summer. So that we always make many of these, no matter what may be the latest 'agony.' A modified brougham, called the extension, is exceedingly popular. It has four seats, and yet the lines and the lightness of a brougham are preserved. The cabriolet is the coming vehicle, I think. It is good for both town and country, has many advantages, and in my opinion will very largely take the place of American four-seated buggies. Of course, old-timers immediately think of the old two-wheeled cabriolet which was once so fashionable both in London and Paris. That was driven by the gentleman himself, and was suspended on springs, and a tiger or small boy hung on behind by straps. That was the origin of the English cab, which word is simply a contraction of cabriolet. But the modern trap is a four-wheeled open carriage with a hood; it has two seats, and a dickey or driving-seat in front. It is really on the victoria order, and has so much to recommend it that I am sure it will be widely accepted. Some vehicles are to show off the horses, others are to enable a person to go about with as little fuss as possible. That was the origin of the ladies' village carts. Nothing could be more charming than they were. But they were hung low, and meant for cobs. Ladies want something faster, and they are demanding bodies on high-wheels, and are driving larger animals. A ladies' driving phaeton with rumble is very open and the seat is high; this shows the toilet admirably, and is well calculated for the mistress of a Newport villa. We have something which will be exhibited at our opening in March in the way of ladies' traps, but this is a trade secret. For gentlemen, the *ne plus ultra* of a two-wheel turnout is the Whitechapel cart. It is the true tandem. The T cart is, of course, in great demand for what we term passenger vehicles. It is roomy, and combines utility with good style. Of course, for style for the park or city it would be hard to beat the victoria, which has two wheels, two seats, two horses, and a rumble. It is, in fact, a ladies' phaeton on two wheels. We are lightening up very much in our style of painting, but this, again, is a trade secret."

A New York *Journal* reporter has discovered a dealer in eligible young men for parties and balls. "Can you give me a date?" the bewhiskered man at the desk in the office was asked. "What is your line, young man—can you dance, or are you a good conversationalist?" The caller waltzed down the room in answer to the first question, and rattled off a lot of small talk as a sample of the second. "You'll do," said the dealer; "but have you a dress suit? No? Well, that makes no difference. I'll furnish you a swallow-tail. Let me see what I have on my books. The only thing I see," he continued, after a brief search, "is a call for a whist-player to attend a party this evening. One of the expected guests has been taken ill, and the old lady must have her rubber. How are you on whist?" This was too much of a drop in accomplishments, and the visitor withdrew his application. But the merchant in young men is an enthusiast in his business, and was only too willing to discuss the matter. "Business has been fine all through the season. Any talented youth can make a good living during the winter months by applying here. The greatest demand is for dancers, but that is not the only necessary qualification. Brains have a show now and then. One young man I lend to fashionable debating societies—the side of the question taken by that man is always the winning side. The old dowagers send around for card-players. My card-players are all trained men, and they are careful not to win too often. They come high, as their work is very tedious. But they always have the chance of being remembered in wills, and that is no small inducement. One man struck ten thousand dollars that way last year., and since then this branch of my business has been picking up. I have applications in plenty, but it is not every man who applies that receives an appointment. Only yesterday a man called here for a situation. He said that he had experience, having been one of the first to enter the profession. I had no doubt of it, but he was too far gone to fill the bill. He weighed over two hundred pounds, so you can see he was no fairy. I have had fifteen or twenty men at one time at a party. But that was an exceptional case. There had been great rivalry between two belles of Madison Avenue, and each desired to outdo the other in the way of the number of men at her reception. One of the young ladies engaged me to fill her parlors for her if necessary. By ill luck, she chose a night when many of her gentlemen friends were out of the city. Then I stepped into the breach and threw my men into position, and the belle across the way must have turned green when she saw the success of her rival. Some of the men are clerks with good salaries, who derive pleasure from their evening's enjoyment; while others depend upon their evening's work for a livelihood. In the summer many of them go to the watering places, where the danceable, talkable, and eligible young men are always wanted to fill the places of yachting gentlemen and other rowing spirits, who prefer nature and outdoor sports to life on the carpet."

The "ragged edge" (says a New York writer on stationery) has a large sale, though no longer new. The edges are jagged and torn, instead of being cut evenly. It is in imitation of the hand-made papers of fifty or a hundred years ago, whose edges were always thin and uneven. It is an English novelty, and the first that came had a water-mark of a Roman soldier's head and below the letters "B. C. 55." The Paleographic is an exaggeration of the same idea. The cover of the box says that the paper was found in Pompeii, and it certainly looks so. The edges are blackened, charred, and torn, and the surface of the paper time-stained and rusty. An buyer might call it dirty, but it it is not, it is only "artistic." Twenty-four sheets and envelopes of this cost only two dollars. The inside of the envelope is clean, but the outside has enough spots and dirt to bring the price up to twice that sum. There is a dull red paper with silver and gold dots sprinkled over it, and another with stars. They are a hideous, reduced copy of the paper which covers the walls of some chancels in country churches. The "hammered silver" paper has water-marks, in imitation of the lines in hammered silver work. It is a thin and rather pretty paper. The morocco, alligator, and calf papers are embossed to imitate the surface of those leathers. One lady called them "agitation" papers, so irregularly did the pen career over their surface. They are only interesting as novelties.

"The best-dressed men were the waiters," said a young man to a Broadway tailor, speaking (in hearing a *Sun* reporter) of a dinner he had attended the night before. The tailor smiled, and said: "That is all going to be changed. You are not the first man who has been crushed by the swell clothing of the man who filled your glass. The way to help it is by changing the material of which the dress-suits for gentlemen are made. Broadcloth has been the only cloth since the memory of man for gentlemen and for waiters. The elderly gentlemen and other conservatives stick to the broadcloth, but the thing to get for your next dress-suit is a diagonal, or a basket pattern in black. Coat, waistcoat, and trousers are all made from the same piece. These goods are lined with silk, and are bound with a narrow braid. The cuffs are bound around about four inches from the end of the sleeve, and underneath two imitation buttonholes are worked and two buttons sewed on. The coats are cut closer to the figure than they used to be. It is because we can do it. The diagonals are easier, more elastic kind of goods. They give with the motions of the body. This enables us to fit the form better, and, at the same time, leaves the wearer as easy as if he were dressed in a business suit. The white Marseilles waistcoats hold their own. Full evening dress, where ladies are to form part of the company, is not complete without a white waistcoat, and never will be. The cut of this garment differs from the old style a little. It exposes more of the shirt-front. Trousers are not quite so tight, but they follow the shape of the legs. The use of knickerbockers in Scotch cheviots, with blouses, for gentlemen who are going into the country, is increasing. They are very comfortable to tramp in. The line is drawn at the city limits. The sack-coat will have the run. Many brokers down here will wear four-button cutaway coats in diagonals, with striped trousers. That is really the most elegant business suit. A man is ready in such a suit to go anywhere, except to the opera or to a reception. Some prefer Prince Albert coats, but the majority fancy the sack-coat, and the majority set the fashion."

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The Hon. E. R. Hoar did not love Phillips over much in his later years. It is now reported of him that while the remains of the great agitator were awaiting the final ceremonies a distinguished Cambridge gentleman asked him if he was going to attend Wendell Phillips's funeral. "No," was the reply; "but I approve it."

An ex-Confederate story-teller says that during one of Lee's battles near Richmond, he saw a comrade on his knees, with his hand held high above his head, crying out: "Come along, furlough; come along." He wanted to have a finger taken off by a bullet so that he could go home. An officer came up behind him and gave him a violent kick. The soldier cried: "If that ain't a discharge, I'll be hanged." He said afterward that he thought a piece of a burst shell had struck him.

Senator Riddelberger, the Virginia Readjuster, is a fluent stump speaker, and noted for the ease with which he slips over the strong points scored by his opponents in a personal debate. Upon one occasion, at Winchester, after listening to a masterly presentation of the Democratic issues, the senator arose, and, waving his hand flippantly in the air as if brushing aside a fly, began: "Fellow-citizens, I can write everything the gentleman has said on a ten-cent piece, and still have room enough left for the Lord's Prayer."

Going one night to the gallery of the opera, which he thought the best place for hearing, Samuel Rogers noticed a respectable elderly man gazing at him intently for some time. At last, between the acts, this man left his seat, and, placing himself in front of Mr. Rogers, said in a solemn tone: "Pray, sir, is your name Samuel Rogers?" Mr. Rogers, who cherished the belief that his works were popular with the lower classes, graciously replied that it was. "Then, sir," said the man, "I should be glad to know why you have changed your poulterer?"

Dave Walker, of North Carolina, was one of the best North Carolina soldiers that Lee had. Dave was in Richmond some time ago, and sitting at night in the St. James Hotel, he heard a fellow with a cocked hat on talking everybody nearly to death about the war. He said he had been a colonel. Finally he drew a seat up to Dave, and asked him if he was in the war. Dave said: "Yes, I was there." "What position did you hold?" "None, sir," said Dave; "I reckon I'm the lonesomest man in the world." "Ah, why so?" asked the colonel. "Why," said Dave, "I was a private in the war, and I'm the only one I have ever seen since."

The late Charles A. Woolsey, for many years superintendent of the Jersey City Ferry, was in early life the master of a Stonington steamer. One night, while on the way to New York, the fog became so thick that he thought it best to run into New London harbor. The mist lay low on the water, and nothing could be recognized a dozen feet from the bows; but overhead stars were visible. An impatient passenger asked: "What are you staying here for, captain?" "The fog, sir," was the short but courteous reply. "Fog? There's no fog, captain. Why," pointing skyward, "I don't think I ever saw the stars more clearly." "Very true, sir; but we are not going that way."

When the famous Judge Parsons was at the bar, a client sent him a written statement of a case, requesting his opinion upon it, and enclosed a fee of twenty dollars. After several weeks had elapsed, and no answer had been received, the client again wrote to know the reason of the lawyer's silence. Parsons replied that he had received both letters, had examined the case and formed an opinion, but somehow or other, "it stuck in his throat." The client took the hint and sent the lawyer one hundred dollars. A Scotch lawyer used to measure out his opinions in proportion to the fee. One day, while dictating an opinion to his clerk, he suddenly stopped. "By the bye, Sandy," said he, "what was the fee in this case?" "Two guineas." "Two guineas! Ay, is that all, man? Why didna ye tell me that sooner? Go on to the next case." Davy, an English barrister, once had a large brief handed him with a fee of two guineas. His client asked him if he had read the brief. "Yes," answered the lawyer, pointing to the words on the back, "'Mr. Davy, *two* guineas,' as far as that I have read, and for the life of me I can read no farther!"

The Demosthenes of the Chartist movement, which agitated England fifty years ago, was Henry Vincent. Thousands of Englishmen listened in breathless sympathy, when in burning words he demanded universal suffrage and the ballot. Crowds surged around him wherever he spoke. So great was his influence that the government, looking upon him as a dangerous character, thrust him into prison. The severity of his treatment produced an outbreak. Hundreds of workingmen gathered to release the people's hero. They were repulsed by soldiers and armed policemen, after a conflict in which ten workmen were killed and fifty wounded. Thirty years after this popular demonstration, there was a riot in London. A great crowd, exasperated at not being permitted to hold a public meeting in Hyde Park, broke down the park railings. A mass meeting was held in Trafalgar Square to denounce the action of the authorities. Suddenly there appeared on the pedestal that supports Landseer's lions a portly man, with a fine head and white hair. Silence having been attained, he exclaimed at the top of his voice: "Gentlemen, I think it right to tell you that I am *Henry Vincent*." The once famous orator paused and—*nobody cheered*. The Demosthenes of the Chartists was a forgotten man. Such popularity.

## SOCIETY.

"Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: The chief—one might almost say the sole—topic absorbing society this week has been the opera. The peerless Patti and her hard-pressing rival, Gerster. Never, even in its palmiest days, has our golden city seen opera as it is now being given us. And surely never has an auditorium here presented so dazzling a *coup d'œil* as that of the Grand Opera House on last Monday evening, when the season opened. Literally from pit to dome seemed one vivid mass of coloring and flashing jewels, for full dress was *de rigueur*, and obtained even in the family circle. The proscenium and parquette was fairly ablaze with brilliant costumes, and so many society faces seen on all sides it seemed like one vast *salon*. Mrs. Charles Crocker was particularly noticeable in one of the lower boxes, from the flashing of her tiara and magnificent *rivière* of diamonds. Mrs. Flood and daughter, General Turnbull, the Colemans, Dunphys, De Youngs, Sanderses, Parrotts, Dodges, Tevises, Alvord, Haggins, Keenys, Schmiedells, McMullins, and hosts of others were there. It has had its amusing side as well, this operatic furor, to a looker-on. Two instances which I will cite will suffice to illustrate my remark. One case was that of a gentleman who was too "toney" to take his tickets in line with the common horde, but waited to get them from speculators, and then, in his excitement, took seats for his entire family, "help" included—a reward of merit not often indulged in, even by excitable foreigners. Another instance was that of a well-known society leader, who had arranged a great dinner-party for Thursday; but when the announcement of Patti in "Traviata" appeared, to her dismay notes of excuse came pouring in upon her in such a shower she found herself actually without a single guest! Apart from the opera and its attendant supper parties, society has been doing little in the gay line—one or two dinners on off nights, whist and general card parties (but no dancing) have been the occupation of the *beau monde* of late, unless one may except an impromptu dance gotten up by the McMullinses upon the occasion of a large influx of party-callers. Apropos of that very hospitable family, it seems that we are to have a wedding to look for there after Easter, the happy day having been set for the sixteenth proximo as the time for the nuptials of Miss Rebecca McMullin and Mr. Belleville, of Virginia. Society, remembering what a charming time it had when Miss Susie (now Mrs. Hays) was married, is eagerly anticipating the event. I hear, too, that several large receptions in honor of the fair bride will be given, so that the Eastertide bids fair to eclipse the ante-Lenten season. Among the dinners given were those of Mrs. W. T. Wallace to her daughter, Mrs. Donahue, Mrs. Friedlander to Baron de Bonnemain and friends, and Mr. W. E. Brown in compliment to Mrs. Joseph Austin, all three of which entertainments are spoken of as having been most enjoyable affairs. Mrs. Hager gave a young people's party, prefaced by a game of keno, and Mrs. Tevis entertained informally some friends at a "musical evening." For those who do not observe Lent, there have been various gatherings, known as club parties. The "Lotus," on Thursday evening, gave a large party at B'nai B'rith Hall; on Wednesday evening, the recently organized "Pacific Skaters" invited their friends to their rink, on Mission Street, to witness their efforts in roller-skating, after which skates were unstrapped and dancing indulged in. The twenty-fourth of this month has been fixed upon by the British Benevolent Society for their long-talked-of entertainment. It was intended at first to give the operetta of "Trial by Jury," done by some talented amateurs, but all the arrangements could not be perfected, so a concert has been decided on, wherein several well-known musical people will appear and lend their aid. The musical exercises will be followed by dancing, and a great success is hoped for in order to replenish the society's coffers. The charming weather of the past week has turned the thoughts of those who possess homes in the country longingly in that direction. The Edgar Millses have already gone back to Menlo, and directly the opera season is over the Parrotts will return to San Mateo, as will also the Corbetts and Howards. Mrs. Rathbone will remain with her mother, Mrs. Atherton, on California Street, awaiting Major Rathbone's return from the East, before she resumes the cares of housekeeping. Plans for the ensuing summer are already *en train*, although I do not think there will be so general an exodus of society as last year, especially in the direction of San Rafael. The Hall McAllister place in Ross Valley will be completed by May (Mr. McAllister's many friends will be glad to know that he is convalescing from his recent illness), and already several cottages have been taken over there; still, I do not think fashion will reign as it did last summer. Modest little Saucelito is apparently looming up, several of our well-known society people having announced their intention of spending some time there, and I hear there is a project on foot to turn a private residence of good dimensions into a gentleman's club, wherein the British element will largely prevail. The trips of society people to the Sandwich Islands seem to be on the increase. The last arrival from there brought back Miss Jarboe, the Adam Grants, and Mr. Robert Morrow, and the last outgoing steamer carried away quite a large party, among them Mrs. Mollie Latham and brother, Thurlow McMullin, and popular Mrs. William Ward, who goes in search of benefit to her health. Among our absentees returning to us in the near future will be the Leland Stanfords and Samuel Wilsons, who have already arrived in New York from Europe, Miss Julia Shafter, who has been visiting her newly married cousin (*née* Mamie Carpenter), and Mrs. Julius Bandman and daughter, Miss Tonie, who will début next winter in 'Frisco society, having finished her education in Germany. The Porter Ashes are not expected back until late in the year, as the new house which Mrs. Crocker is building for her daughter will not be ready for occupancy until December. Miss Ashe, however, will return to America next month, and make a tour of the Eastern watering-places under the chaperonage of her aunt, Mrs. Virginia Farragut. Madame Zeiss-Dennis, the well-known cantatrice, is also expected here shortly, being already *en route*. I hear that she has accepted a fine engagement for next year abroad, but will spend the intervening time with her husband, Doctor Dennis, the popular and efficient Surgeon of Police. There is a rumor that one of the Nob Hill palace owners meditates a reception for Patti, whether in the form of dinner with reception following, or the latter *pur et simple*, is as yet undetermined. The moonlight spree is fixed for Saturday night, as it is hoped gentle Luna will not "skip" herself, but shed her beams benignly upon the party, upon their homeward way at least.

BAVARDIN.

Notes and Gossip.

By one of those unaccountable accidents, incident to every journal, there appeared in the social columns of last week's *Argonaut* the account of an elegant and somewhat novel dinner-party given by Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, at their residence, corner of Washington and Franklin Streets, to gentlemen and ladies of the military circle. Employed for the decorations was Miss Mary D. Bates, who has chosen for herself the profession of artistic decorator. The muddle of the affair consisted in attributing this dinner to Mrs. Theodore Smith, and locating it at her residence by number and street. Mrs. Smith is the sister of Miss Bates. One of the prominent social events of the week was the initial meeting, on Wednesday, of the Pacific Skating Club. The rink, corner of Mission and Twentieth streets, was chosen for the gathering. The affair was most select, including among its members many well known in society, among them the Misses Annie and Grace Bradley, Nettie Schmiedell, Matie Peters, Daisy Paige, and the Messrs. William and Henry Crocker, Cutler Paige, Charles Leonard, Seymour Church, Charles L. Wines, and Louis Monteagle. The rain Saturday evening did not deter the élite of our French population from assembling at Platt's Hall to assist, with their many invited guests, at the fête in aid of the French Benevolent Society. Heretofore a picnic has been the chosen mode, but this time a concert and ball were preferred. The keno party, on Friday evening last, at Mrs. Judge Hager's rooms, in the Palace, at which a dozen couples of young folks assisted, was an enjoyable affair. Friday evening "Our Neighbors," across the bay, gave the third of their series of club parties, at the residence of W. D. Miller, on Webster Street. The rain did not affect the attendance, which filled the spacious parlors. Among the elaborate floral decorations, the name of the club, woven with flowers and evergreens and suspended between the folding doors, was the most attractive. The feature of the entertainment being dancing, it was indulged in with zest until the early hours. Doctor Barrows's entertainment, in the parlors of the church, was a most delightful affair. Tableaux, most effectively arranged, were varied by musical selections, vocal and instrumental, to which Mrs. Samuel Mayer, Doctor Barrows, and Miss Eleanor Briggs contributed, Miss Mamie Hyde acting as accompanist. The concluding tableau, "The Magic Mirror," in which eighteen young ladies personated different nationalities, was the feature of the evening. Major and Mrs. Jones, Doctor and Mrs. Lawlor, Mr. George W. Sharon, Mrs. S. F. Thorn, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Morton, Madame Berton, Mr. and Mrs. Drown, the Misses Jessie and C. Nickerson, Theodore Voight, and T. M. Osmert composed the party who made a tour of the bay on Wednesday last, in the *J. M. Hartly*, upon invitation of Captain and Mrs. D. B. Hall. A visit to Angel Island, Alcatraz, and the Heads was included in the sail, which was heartily enjoyed by all. The same day Mrs. Marriner-Campbell and Colonel Samuel Mayer went up to Sacramento to assist, that evening, at the organ recital and concert given to aid the organ fund of the Congregational Church. The musical selections, which were also contributed to by Charles A. Neal and Misss Jessie Cameron, under the directorship of A. Sanborn, reflected much credit on the ability of the participants. The Lyons soirée musicale, and the dinner given at the Occidental by Fred P. Bohn previous to his departure for Brooklyn, New York, at which assisted Wilder Pease, Ed. Sheldon, J. D. Gregory, Charles Wise, and Markley Elliott, were the events of Tuesday last. Jas. G. Fair Jr. returned Thursday last from Europe by the way of Cape Horn, on board the ship *Eclipse*. Master Charlie Fair will remain at Quincy, Massachusetts, preparing for the scientific course at Harvard. General Frisbee, who is now resident in the City of Mexico, will, with his family, in June, visit California and his old home in Vallejo. Mrs. Captain Whitney (*née* Myrick) has returned to San Diego from her winter's visit in this city. Miss Lucille Thornton, who for a time has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Rogers, of Mare Island, has returned. Miss Madelaine Gregory, who has been visiting San Rafael, has also returned. Mrs. W. H. Dimond has concluded her trip to Santa Barbara. Mrs. John Gillig has returned to Virginia City. Mrs. Downey Harvey has returned with her mother, Mrs. Cutter, from Los Medinos, where, with her, she has been sojourning, to Van Ness Avenue. She will visit Sacramento ere her return to her home in Los Angeles. Miss Tot will spend the coming session of the Legislature with her aunt, Mrs. Williams, at the State capital. Adolph Roos returned Saturday from the East, as did also James V. Coleman, who has been since the 1st of December in New York. Père Hyacinthe and wife, with their son and Secretary Chapman, arrived from Los Angeles Thursday, per steamer. L. J. Rose, of San Gabriel, is in town; also Captain Fred Rogers, who is at the Palace. E. A. Olorovsky, J. F. Boyd and wife, and T. F. Rising of Virginia, are at the Palace, which not only numbers them among its guests, but also the distinguished arrivals of Sunday connected with the opera troupe, Patti, Nicolini, Gerster, and Mapleson. Mr. Jeremiah Conkling, wife and daughter, have completed their visit to San José, and have returned in company with Mrs. Ben Horn, who will remain here on a brief visit. Miss Amelia Nye, eldest daughter of U. S. Nye, of Colusa, is in town during the opera season, visiting her cousin Judge Cary and family. She will, at the expiration of a fortnight, return to Cloverdale, where she and her aunt, Mrs. Hattie Deane, have taken a cottage. Among those leaving town is Mrs. S. F. Thorne, of the Grand, who, in April, will visit her old home in Illinois. Mrs. General W. H. L. Barnes, with her son Willie, who is now at Harvard, will leave in June for a European trip. Mrs. Charles Lux, with her niece, Miss Mattie Sheldon, will leave here soon for the same purpose. General Houghton proposes meeting his family abroad and traveling with them this summer. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crocker and son left Friday last for the East; they will cross the Atlantic while away, and perhaps remain a year on the other side. Mrs. John M. Morton, wife of the Surveyor of the Port, leaves the 1st for Washington. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Bancroft and family, who returned from Europe, are visiting the Kimballs in Los Angeles. Ex-Senator Glascock will permanently reside in Sprague, Washington Territory, having left Colusa for that place last week. Mrs. David McClure is at present in Napa, visiting the McClures there. Mrs. Mervyn Donahue will receive with her mother, Mrs. Judge Wallace, on Van Ness Avenue, and will reside permanently in San Rafael. Mrs. William M. Newhall leaves soon to summer in Marin. Thursday ex-Mayor Coon and family left for Menlo. Mrs. George Loomis and Miss Kate Felton leave for there the first, and the Misses Corbett will about the same time take up their quarters at Oak Grove. Mrs. Barroilhet will most probably be detained in town longer than she desires, owing to the severe accident she met with—spraining her ankle at the last Cricket Club party. Mrs. General Colton and daughter, Mrs. Daniel Cook, have taken a cottage in Saucelito, as have also Mrs. Alfred Wheeler with her daughter, Miss Helen Wheeler, and mother, Mrs. Sanders. Mrs. John H. Paxton is domiciled in her country seat, having spent last week in the city. Among those who have secured early accommodations at Napa Soda Springs are Mrs. Vandewater, also Mrs. Stanley and Miss Garber; they will probably remain there all summer. Mrs. Hall McAllister will occupy her new residence in Ross Valley the first of May, when it will be ready for occupancy. Mrs. E. B. Crocker will build a new residence at Idlewild, Lake Tahoe, for the better accommodation of the friends who will visit her there. Mrs. R. E. Kelley and Miss Pansy leave the middle of April for a visit to Carson and Lake Tahoe, after stopping a while at the Kelley ranch. Mrs. Adam Grant, Joseph Grant, Robert Morrow, E. C. McFarland, Captain Ainsworth, wife and daughter, N. P. Jones and wife, Miss Gracie Jones, and Miss Jarboe were among the principal arrivals on the last steamer from the Islands. Leaving Saturday for there are Mrs. Milton S. Latham, Thurlow McMullin, Mrs. Frank B. Latham, Mrs. William Ward, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Hutchinson, Doctor J. W. and Miss Anderson, Miss Wadsworth, Mrs. Frank Dunham, Mrs. J. J. Owens, and a large number of the Raymond party, numbering forty. Mrs. Le Breton is still a guest in Washington, though contemplating a speedy return. Miss Lilo McMullin will visit her brother, who is at Princeton, New Jersey, and then spend a short time with relatives in Louisville, Kentucky. Mrs. Glascock, under whose chaperonage she has been the past season, will spend a portion of this month in New York and Boston with her sister Miss Wall, visiting studios and art collections. Mrs. Senator Jones's diamonds attracted much attention at the President's and Senator Sherman's receptions, a short time ago. White satin with exquisite laces, a parure of diamonds consisting of necklace, bracelets, and ear-rings, with the three white ostrich tips which dressed the hair, caught with large solitaires, was the costume. Miss Berry, who accompanied her at the last reception at Mrs. Judge Field's, was spoken of as being a musician most highly accomplished. Lady Wolseley (*née* Murphy) of San Francisco is said to have worn a peasant dress of marvelous elegance at a recent peasant festival in London, where she sold popcorn, and is said to have given no change. Ex-Governor Leland Stanford contributed, while in Athens, five hundred dollars to the purchase of books for the library of the American School of Classical Studies at that place, Eugene Schuyler, Minister to Greece, being intrusted with the sum. Prince Napoleon will defer the visit of his son Victor to America until he shall have served a term in the Roumanian army. Miss Annie Farnsworth, daughter of the late Captain Farnsworth, was married to Theodore Gray the first instant, at the residence of the bride's mother in Rincon Place. Mr. A. B. Forbes gave the bride away, while the Rev. Doctor Kincaid officiated at the ceremony, at which assisted only a few relatives and friends. Miss Gertrude Gray and Miss Charlotte Farnsworth acted as bridesmaids, and Mr. Walter B. Jones, the groom's cousin, and the brother of the bride, Julian Farnsworth, were the groomsmen. Of the April weddings which are agitating society is that of Miss Rebecca McMullin to Mr. Belleville of Virginia, to take place April sixteenth; and that of Miss Mamie E. Grayson, an Oakland belle and heiress, to Harry G. Hinckley of Fruit Vale, the fourteenth, at St. Paul's Episcopal Church. The young couple will settle on a Nevada County ranch, presented by the bride's father. Miss Hattie Tubbs, daughter of Hiram Tubbs and niece of A. L. Tubbs, will be united to Frederick Delger, of Oakland, some time in April, as will also Miss Wright to Mr. Pike.

Art Notes.

Mr. Alexander, whose picture, "St. Stephen's Church at Munich," was noticed a few weeks ago, has made a number of very interesting studies during his sojourn here. Among them is one entitled "The Old Man's Pleasure," and represents the curiosity shop at North Beach, near Meiggs's Wharf, which has become famous for its spiders' webs. The picture represents the aged proprietor seated among his birds, listening to the prattle of a gorgeous cockatoo. Overhead are the festoons of spider-webs. The still-life and figure painting are both very realistic, and executed with great strength and fidelity. The painting will shortly be exhibited at Morris & Kennedy's.

At the same gallery two paintings of note have just been placed on exhibition. One of them is a "Scene in the Tyrol," by the German artist Schroyerer, which is a charming study of mountain and forest. The other is a marine view, by William Halsall, the English artist who has recently established himself in Boston. It is called the "Mid-Ocean," and represents an old hulk, tossed hither and thither amid giant billows. The translucent curl of the waves, the sentiment of the composition, and the general handling are exceptionally fine.

Straus is hard at work on a number of pictures for the coming exhibition of the Art Association, which will take place in the latter part of April. Mr. Straus is turning his attention to animal life just at present, and has been as successful in his studies of cattle and mountain-quail as he is with his landscape and marine views. The study of some trout and salmon are wonderfully lifelike, and will attract much attention.

Mr. Albert Roullier, the representative of Frederick Keppel, the English dealer in engravings and etchings, recently arrived here from the East with a large collection of plates, valued at thirty thousand dollars, which is now on exhibition at Messrs. A. L. Bancroft & Co.'s. The collection has attracted great attention in all the Eastern and Western cities through which Monsieur Roullier passed on his way hither, and it received extensive notice from the press throughout the country. A detailed account of the engravings and etchings would prove exceedingly interesting, as the collection contains the best specimens of original work by the great masters. A number of etchings, by Albrecht Dürer, the father of etchers, are to be seen, together with many from the hand of the great Rembrandt. The prices range from the hundreds into the thousands. Of the engravers, all the celebrated English artists are represented. Sir Robert Strange, Sir William Sharpe, Woollett, Earlom, and Browne, are all represented. Some of their works have never been excelled or even equaled. Take, for instance, the flesh work in Strange's engravings of Titian's "Danae" and "Venus," or Sharpe's translation of Guido's "Doctors," or, again, the latter's "Diogenes," after Salvator Rosa, engravings which are considered the famous masterpieces of the world. Among the French, engraving was at its height in the reign of Louis XIV., and this age is thoroughly represented in this collection. One of the most noticeable is Drevet's study of Bossuet. Edelinck, Nanteuil, Masson, Bervic, and Desnoyers are among the great engravers whose work may be seen in this collection. Especial attention has been devoted to the works of celebrated John George Wille, many of whose studies after Gerard Dow are to be seen, including the best known "Family Concert" and "La Dévideuse." Of the soft and captivating Italian school, Morghen has been given a foremost place. Longhi, his contemporary, was the founder of a great school. Mr. Keppel purchased the Longhi collection last year from the heirs, and the foremost of the celebrated engravings are now with Mr. Roullier. Of these, "The Magdalen," after Correggio, and the translations of Raphael, Titian, Albini, and Gandolfi, are masterpieces. Toschi preserved in his engravings the frescoes of Correggio for the future ages which might not see them in their original beauty. Of the French classical school, there are countless specimens. Particularly noticeable are the "Laocoön," by Bervic, and Desnoyers's "Napoleon I." Of the modern engravers and etchers, all the best known artists are represented, including scores by Seymour Haden, Tissot, Mandel, Millet, Courty, and unnumbered others. Among these is Martial's etching of Feyen-Perrin's "Les Cancalaises." The original picture was exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1874. The artist received the Legion of Honor, the medal, and 200,000 francs in payment for the picture, which was placed by the government in the gallery of the Luxembourg. Martial completed his etching for the Salon of 1883, when it was termed "the finest print of the year." The great oyster-beds at Cancale, France, are private property. But on a certain day of the year the Cancalaise women are permitted to gather as many oysters as they can carry away. The sale of these oysters provides the only pin-money they receive during the year. On one occasion a number of Parisian ladies at the seaside joined in the oyster-gathering, and it is this scene which the artist has spiritedly depicted. Perrin, who died last November, was madly in love with Adelina Patti, although unsuccessful in his suit. One of the foremost figures, in the beautiful array of women, is the great singer herself, clad in a fishwife's garments, her dimpled arms clasping the huge oyster-basket.

## PRIVATE POKER IN NEW YORK.

"Flaneur's" Weekly Gossip.

A few days ago the attention of the police was directed to a small house in Twenty-first Street, not far from the Union Club. The house in question is a brick structure three stories high, freshly painted, and has the appearance of being the home of a respectable and well-to-do citizen. It had been vacant for some months prior to the first of January, when a man who said that he hailed from Boston went to the landlord, paid six months in advance, and moved in the following night. Moving at night is a custom in New York. It originated in the desire on the part of diffident housewives to conceal the condition and character of their furniture from the prying eyes of their neighbors. Therefore, when the little Boston man moved into his house, the fact that there were a large number of round tables with green baize tops passed unnoticed. The house is within a few minutes' walk of the Union, Lotus, Turf, Manhattan, New York, Racquet, Lamb's, University, Knickerbocker, and St. Nicholas clubs, and within easy distance of all of the popular hotels.

The proprietor is never seen by day. He is supposed to be a high liver, and has cases of wines and fine groceries of all sorts going there every morning, but he never appears before nightfall. He sallies forth usually about six o'clock, takes a long walk, and returns at eight o'clock in the evening in time to see his friends. From eight up to two o'clock club men and amateur gamblers of all sorts drop in at intervals in groups of twos and threes, are admitted by an obsequious negro, and do not appear again until an early hour of the morning. The next door neighbors are probably unaware to this day that the place is a gambling-house, and the police certainly did not suspect it until informed by one of Comstock's men. They can do nothing, as it is quietly run. The proprietor is a man named Dick Merwin, who is one of the best known of the gamblers in town. He runs a perfectly square house, will not allow faro or baccarat to be played regularly, and pretends to keep nothing but poker rooms. Every room in the house, except two on the upper floor, is fitted up with a poker-table and easy chairs, and the facilities for card-playing are admirable throughout.

The proprietor charges rather a stiff price for his rooms, but as he gives the service of his waiters and an elaborate luncheon free, no complaints are made. When a number of men who are known to him as thoroughly responsible, and not given to chattering about their play, get together, they are quietly informed by the proprietor that if they care to fall against a faro game after one o'clock, they can be accommodated on the top floor. As a rule, the faro-table is well patronized. They never play more than four hours, and the game is strictly honest, the proprietor being satisfied with legitimate percentages. The establishment is well conducted, and has this advantage over the old gambling-houses of New York—it does not draw in young and inexperienced players by open play and gorgeous pretensions. No man can get into the house who is not accompanied by some one known by the manager, and the result is that no one but men able to stand the expense gamble there.

I describe this place at length, as it is precisely similar to fifty other poker-houses in New York. Since the police, in a sudden spasm of morality, pounced upon the gambling houses and closed them, the army of men who toy with the cards for amusement or for a living, as the case may be, have been obliged to resort to their own houses or to their clubs for fun. Poker is still the ruling game, and as it is the rule in almost every club in New York to forbid higher than a two-dollar-and-a-half limit game, the players were homeless and forlorn until the gamblers came to their relief and organized the poker-room scheme.

There are now houses in every section of the city where "a quiet game of draw" may be played, a lunch enjoyed, and a pleasant evening passed, at a small actual expense to each man—that is, as far as the accommodations are concerned. As a rule, they play a ten-dollar limit, though there are many games at five dollars, and more than one would imagine at twenty-five dollars limit. Unlimited games are rarely played in New York. The poker-houses do not run faro and baccarat games habitually, as they are afraid of the police; but at intervals, when they know they are safe, they make a lay-out for their customers. The poker play is sometimes very high, nine thousand dollars having changed hands at Merwin's one night last week on one hand. It was an ace full against four eights in an unlimited game. Everybody plays poker now. Whist is relegated to young ladies and old men, euchre to the backwoods, and twenty-one to our foreign population.

Everybody who is alive plays draw or stud-horse poker. The latter game is comparatively a recent innovation here, but it has a mighty grip upon the players now, and grows more popular every day. While it has none of the science of draw, it is an amusing game, as there is plenty of chance for chaffing and raillery, and it is particularly popular because it catches the men-players. Everybody has, of course, met with mean poker-players, and they are certainly the most provoking and aggravating elements that can be intruded into a game of draw. When you get a mean poker-player at stud-horse, however, you have him on the hip. He must play a liberal game, or be bluffed out of his boots, and as it is palpably a difficult or impossible thing for a mean man to play a liberal game, he gets beautifully swiped in playing this peculiar form of the national game. I know no higher joy on earth than habitually and successfully bluffing a mean player at stud-horse poker.

I wonder how long the stories about the private detectives of society women in New York will keep floating around the country. Does any one really believe that the average society woman employs a detective to accompany her to balls, parties, and receptions? If they do, they are mistaken. I doubt very much if more than one woman ever employed a detective for this purpose in New York. It is a fact that Mrs. Astor, when she attended some of the public balls, had a functionary of this sort attend her, but one wore two hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds at a time, when it was necessary to have them guarded by the police. It may be well to state that the majority of women do not wear that amount of money in jewels when they go out at night. Detectives are employed frequently at wedding receptions to guard the presents, but that is reasonable and necessary where as many as a thousand guests are often in the house at the same time. It is, of course, impossible for a hostess to know everybody on her visiting list if she receives largely in New York, and it is, of course, quite probable that objectionable people get into the house occasionally. The duties of the detective in an instance of this sort are to stand around and keep an eye on the presents. I do not know that they have ever detected anybody in the act of stealing. I have not heard of any of them, and it is not likely that many could have been arrested without some publicity. The pay for a detective on such an occasion as this is five dollars a night.

Tennis is a delightful game. Its popularity in New York, though threatened by Badminton, is still very great, and the clubs devoted to it increase in numbers every year. There are two tennis buildings in New York now, which have become club-houses for tennis associations. Buildings are erected for this enterprise and rented to the various tennis players. The best people in the different clubs found each other out and formed the two associations which now occupy the tennis buildings. At the tourney this year there were forty entries, and ten matches were played in the first round. It was the finest exhibition of tennis playing I have ever seen, and it called out a throng of the most fashionable people. The beauty of tennis is that it enables girls to appear in symmetrical, closely wrapped, and altogether charming dresses, and gives the men an opportunity to accurately indicate the outlines of the calves of their legs. I can not say that the exhibition, as a rule, redounds much to the credit of the calves in question. They are sinewy, but seldom symmetrical. However, the men are ever so much more graceful than the girls in tennis playing. This may sound iconoclastic, but it is undeniably so. It is due to nature and art. Men are unhampered by skirts, and they are so built that the play of their arms above their shoulders is as free and unconstrained as below. I have seen a great many otherwise graceful girls play tennis, and I have heard the eulogies of the grace the game imparts to girls, but I have never yet seen a girl play tennis who was not at times awkward, ungraceful, and strained in certain attitudes while playing.

The world was shocked when it learned that the chaste and pure, though decidedly mature, Emma Abbott had decided to associate in opera with that particularly erratic and blithesome young creature, Lillian Russell. It is also shocked to learn that the promoter of the scheme which had this end in view is a no less distinguished man than Mr. Wetherell, the husband of Emma, who has always been known here as Mr. Emma Abbott, and who left the manufacture of pills to steer his brilliant consort on her operatic course. How could Mr. Emma Abbott so far forget himself as to perfect such a combination as this? It must be true, because the Associated Press has telegraphed it all over the world, and everybody knows that the Associated Press never lies—intentionally. I sincerely hope that the wild stories touching Mr. Emma Abbott's wife's fall from the high standard which once distinguished her public life are not true.

It is only a few years ago that Miss Emma refused to sing in public on Ash Wednesday or Good Friday, and now we are told that she not only gives operatic performances on these occasions, but—heavings!—actually on Sunday nights. This does not seem credible, but it must be so because it is in the papers. Another tale is that Emma Abbott Wetherell has actually been playing "Traviata," and this, too, with the sanction of Mr. Emma Abbott. It may not be remembered in San Francisco that Miss Abbott always refused to appear in this opera until two years ago, because of its alleged immorality. After these few preliminary remarks, I would state that Miss Emma Abbott has never played a successful engagement in New York. She has always been looked upon as absurdly pretentious and lamentably destitute of all the attributes of an actress and a singer. Personally, she is looked upon as lady of exceptional goodness of heart, and boundless generosity toward those with whom she has business dealings. [Miss Abbott has not sung in "Traviata" nor appeared on Sunday nights while in San Francisco.—EDS.]

John McCullough has come to New York for the first time since the various rumors of sickness and insanity got abroad. There was an uncomfortable feeling in the minds of his admirers that there might be a grain of truth in the various stories which have been spread about the great tragedian. And it must be said that the stories excited some trepidation. His appearance was waited for on Monday night with more or less anxiety, but he had not been on the stage more than five minutes before the audience saw that he was in the enjoyment of superb health and perfect serenity. He has, in fact, improved vastly since his last appearance here, and his return has called forth a sincere ovation. McCullough does not seem to act Virginius. He *is* a Roman father. What a snarling, shrill-voiced, fidgetty, finicky, and screaming sort of a Roman Barrett is compared to the stately, dignified, and manly McCullough. He is physically a magnificent man, and he acts with more soul than any actor or actress I ever saw, with the exception of E. L. Davenport. By this I mean he seems more honestly imbued with the idea that he is actually the character that he represents than any of our other latter-day actors.

He has with him a little girl named Viola Allen, who takes the line of characters formerly played by Kate Forsythe. Miss Allen has not the force or dignity of Kate Forsythe, but she is altogether the most charming, gushing, and sincere little creature that I have ever seen on the stage. She acts with all her heart and soul from the moment she steps on the boards, and though her methods are somewhat crude, she has decided ability. She reminds one strongly of Mary Anderson when she first emerged from Louisville.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, March 5, 1884.

## THE RAILWAY WORLD.

Various Notes of Interest to Both Employees and Travelers.

It is asserted that passengers perceive a difference in the ease of riding in cars having the larger or smaller wheels, and that they prefer those with the larger ones. This, says the *National Car Builder*, is significant if not conclusive.

At the Vienna Electrical Exhibition, there has been a wire-rope railway, in which the motive power is electricity. The line is raised in the air on posts over the roofs of some buildings, and coal-trucks are transported by it from the railway by the Danube to the Rotunda or Exhibition building. The wire ropes, which serve as rails for the trucks, also convey the electric current to the electric motor on the locomotive, and the current is supplied by a stationary dynamo at one end of the line.

Conductor J. C. Haines, of the Buda and Rushville Railway, Iowa, relates one of the most peculiar railroad accidents on record. Recently, while running freight at the rate of ten miles an hour, a flat car near the centre of his train of twelve cars jumped the track and started across the country, clearing the track entirely, allowing the rear cars to pass without a jolt or a jar. Neither conductor nor brakeman knew they had met with an accident until they saw the ditched car as the caboose was passing it.

Special cars for nuisances: "All passenger trains should have one cattle-car, and compel every man who chews tobacco to ride in it." "And they should also haul one flat car," said the cross passenger, "for the fresh-air woman who always insists on keeping the car-window open. She should sit on a slab seat on an open grated car and breathe ashes and cinders to her soul's content." "And a dark and lonely box car," said the tall, thin passenger, "for the man who whistles. The whistlers could all get together in there and sit and drum on the sides of the car with their fingers and whistle all the tunes they didn't know, and the rest of the train would be happy." "And a Kalamazoo velocipede," said the fat passenger, "for the man who drums on the floor with his feet every time the train stops." Here the man on the wood-box suddenly ceased pounding his favorite overture with his heels. "By the time he had worked his knees on express time forty-five miles," continued the fat passenger, without appearing to notice anything, "he might be able to give his feet a vacation of two or three hours." "And occasionally," the man on the wood-box said, leaning forward to gaze earnestly into the stove, "they might put on Barnum's Jumbo car for the man who always has to ride over the trucks for fear of springing the car." There was an embarrassing silence of a minute or two, when the fat passenger said something about refrigerator cars for the man who was too fresh to keep in a day coach, and then everybody began to fear the conversation was taking on a Congressional aspect, and so the committee rose, and shortly after the house adjourned.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

Northerners, traveling through the South, who have noticed the peculiar methods in vogue on the railways there, will read the following with interest:

Time in Virginia has no value whatever, and, as it is the universal practice there never to do to-day what can be put off until to-morrow, little inconvenience arises. The railways are run on a happy-go-lucky schedule, which is extremely diverting to those who have time in abundance, and the few who are pressed for minutes, being in a hopeless minority, rather afford occasion for mirth when they begin to kick at Virginia methods. The railway time-tables are in perfection in the rural districts. Not long ago a night train with a party of New Yorkers on board was bumping along comfortably at a ten-mile-an-hour gait through a remote part of Virginia, when all at once, with a tremendous jerk, it came to a standstill. The natives in the sleeping-car did not think it worth while to ask the reason of the sudden stoppage; the aliens did, though, and when the conductor strolled through the car a roar of indignant inquiry went up. The conductor soothingly explained that they always stopped at a switch for fear it might not be set. "But, good gracious," exclaimed an irate New Yorker, "where is the switchman!" The conductor explained that the particular switchman they then needed was probably asleep. Followed by objurgations, the conductor got off the train, went to the station-house, and pounded vigorously, shouting at the same time: "Git up, Jim; the train's here, and a passel o' them durned folks from up North is raisin' a breeze 'cause the switch ain't set." Jim called back: "I'm a comin'," and evidently turned over and went to sleep again. The Virginians on the train began to chuckle. Their sympathy was entirely with Jim and the conductor. The latter continued to urge Jim, who was always "comin'," but didn't come. The conductor, at first apologetic, being goaded by the New Yorkers, now became pressing. "Do, Jim," he anxiously said, "git up and set the durned thing so the train can go by." Jim continued obdurate until one of the New Yorkers arose, and, clad in rage and a checked ulster, got off the car and threatened to set fire to station-house and make a burnt-offering of Jim if that switch was not set in ten minutes. Within the specified time Jim appeared, boiling with indignation, and threatened to resign if he were again subjected to similar inconvenience. It is the custom along these provincial roads to stop the train at any point upon being signaled. People can be taken on and put off anywhere they like. A fast train—that is, what they call a twenty-mile-an-hour train—was going through a plantation a month or so ago, and the passengers observed three little girls on the wayside waving their white aprons frantically at the conductor. The train, of course, stopped. The tallest of the girls, a ten-year-old, with long eyelashes, bashfully remarked: "Won't you please give me, and Kate, and Fanny, and the doggie a ride?" The conductor promptly consented, and assisted Miss Eyelashes, her companions, and the doggie on board. They rode on for a mile or two, and then they announced their readiness to get off. The train was stopped, and they jumped down. Just as the train had started, Miss Eyelashes rushed wildly back. "Oh, mister, if you please, don't go away till we get across the creek. Mamma doesn't let us go over it less somebody's watching us, and we have to carry the doggie." The conductor waited until a final waving of white aprons on the other side of the creek signified that his passengers were safe. Nobody in the train expressed surprise except the aliens. Nobody who has ever been there before rushes to meet a train in Virginia. When the first railway train went through the ancient town of Williamsburg, in October, 1881, it was advertised for nine o'clock. It was the time of the Yorktown Centennial, and the town was full of strangers. These rashly appeared at the station at nine o'clock precisely. The natives meanwhile went about their business. Toward twelve o'clock those of the natives who meant to board the nine o'clock train assembled. After waiting a while they went off and sat on the court-house steps, leaving orders with a negro to call them when the train came. It arrived during the afternoon, and the negro ran about town, informing the passengers when the train would start.

## A LORD AND HIS LOW-BORN LADY.

"Cockaigne's" London Letter.

The meeting of Parliament, with all the row about Bradlaugh's oath-taking, the publication of the Queen's "Leaves," as the published selections from her Highland diary are called, and the threatened breach of promise suit against Viscount Garmoyle by his intended bride Miss Fortescue of the Savoy Theatre, all sink into insignificance—in fashionable society and club-land, at all events—compared with the scandal attending the marital misfortunes of the Earl of Euston. To a select circle of the young earl's friends his early marriage to a common courtesan has long been known. It is only since he has become the Earl of Euston and heir-apparent to the wealthy dukedom of Grafton that interest in his affairs has been taken by high society at large, his enhanced position necessarily attracting an attention to him that he never before enjoyed.

For thirty-two years his actions as plain Mr. Fitzroy, comparatively speaking, troubled nobody. It is true, he was the eldest son of the heir-presumptive to the dukedom, and, as such, to far-seeing mothers willing to take a small risk in behalf of a strawberry-leafed circlet for their daughters' brows, he was ever an object of interest. But neither his father nor his uncle were old men (in the English understanding of the term), and no one could tell how long postponed his succession to the ducal honors might be. Besides which, there were too many other and immediately available *partis* to consider before him. Such men, for instance, as the young Duke of Portland, and coming-of-age eldest sons of peers too numerous to mention. But when he actually became the Earl of Euston, and eldest son of the duke, and his father had taken possession of the Euston estates and his seat on the ducal bench in the House of Lords, the young man became quite a horse of another color. He was then an unquestioned eligible, and his name went down on the lists of more daughter-hampered mammas than would fill a column with their names.

But, alas! no sooner had the pæans of joy begun to swell into an harmonious strain, and every débutante of last season had felt sure her fate would be either Portland or Euston, than unpleasant whispers began to get about, and soon the cat was out of the bag, that the prize had been already captured over ten years before by a woman whose associates were pick-pockets and street-walkers, of whom she herself was a shining light, and her habitat the purlieus of the Seven Dials or the slums of Chelsea. Imagine the shock! fancy the disappointment! Instead of Lady Ethel this, Lady Beatrice that, Lady Gwendolin What's-her-name, or the Hon. Muriel Thingumbob, the proud coronet of the house of Fitzroy would encircle the vice-seamed temples and tangled tresses of the abandoned and profligate adulteress and drunkard, Kate Cross. Disappointment at the loss of the earl and prospective duke soon gave way to dismay at the possible chance of the introduction to high society of the new-made countess in the enforced rôle of a reformed sister.

Relief, however, soon came in the intelligence that what Mr. Fitzroy, *as* Mr. Fitzroy, could tolerate and condone for many years, as Earl of Euston he could not endure; and that some means were to be found to bring about a divorce from the woman who up to then had borne him several children—among them a son, who, upon his father's elevation, became Viscount Thetford. A prostitute's son a viscount! A pretty picture to contemplate, truly, but one not so common as might be supposed in the annals of England's peerage, I regret to say. But how he was to get rid of the woman was the question. Numerous and oft-repeated as were the (always condoned by him) grounds of divorce with which Mr. Fitzroy's wife furnished him while he remained without a handle to his name, just so soon as he became the Earl of Euston she displayed the cunning not only of her sex, but of her class; and the Strand, Leicester Square, the Haymarket, and the doorway of the Criterion at night knew her no more, and never was she guilty of even the semblance of an uncharte act. Could he have found but one trifling loophole since his last condonement, it would have sufficed. But he couldn't. Failing in that, it now suddenly appears that the woman was married before to a Mr. Smith!—at least that is what the Earl of Euston says. Who will believe him is quite another matter. Nobody seems able to understand why "Mr. Smith" should have so long kept himself in the background, or why he should only appear when his existence becomes of use to the Earl of Euston. Money, I dare say, is potent in England as elsewhere, and I fancy a thousand prior husbands of the frail countess could be produced from among her associates for as many five-pound notes, were it necessary that she should have them. The fact is, one can not have much respect for the word of a man who for years has been content to share his wife with scores of Browns, Jones, and Robinsons, but who suddenly objects to her having lavished her earliest affections upon Mr. Smith. The depth of such a man's sense of honor is about on a par with the definiteness of his asserted connubial predecessor.

In view, therefore, of the fact that the earl and his troubles are the topic of the hour, a past incident in his career, which I know to be true, may not be without interest, especially as it relates to the subject of marriage. It will show what mistakes parents sometimes make in controlling their sons and daughters in the choice of a wife or a husband.

Some fifteen years ago, and before his marriage to Kate Cross, Mr. Fitzroy was an officer in the Rifle Brigade and stationed with the depot of his battalion at Winchester. About midway between that ancient city and Southampton lies one of the finest places in the county of Hampshire—Cranberry Park, the seat of Tankerville Chamberlayne, Esq. At the time of which I speak, Mr. Chamberlayne's father was in possession, and resided there with his three daughters, Rosalie, Francesca, and Agnes, all of them exceptionally pretty girls, with exquisite figures, bewitching manners, and decidedly (to all appearances) more than fast ways. They were great favorites, naturally, with the officers of the neighboring garrison, and their alabaster shoulders and tapering ankles—the abundant display of which was always assured by the extreme lowness of their bodices in the evening, and the ultra shortness of their skirts in the daytime—were attractions second only to their willingness to be led behind the friendly drapery of the window-curtains, or among the sheltering shades of the bushes, to be kissed. Nor were they averse to moonlight rambles with young gentlemen among the shrubbery at a time when properly managed young ladies were supposed to be under the eye of their mothers in doors. Their reputation for freedom of behavior was not unknown to Mr. Fizroy's father, Lord Augustus Fitzroy, and to his uncle, the Duke of Grafton.

Besides the attractiveness of the young ladies, there was a noisy, horsy, slangy style about the house that suited the tastes of the young riflemen down to the ground, and old Chamberlayne's wines were better than they got at mess, and decidedly cheaper. It wasn't long before Fitzroy found himself a frequent and welcome guest at Cranberry Park. Old Mr. Chamberlayne, though his son is now a great swell, and has the Prince of Wales to stay and shoot with him, was but a parvenu (a condition more marked fifteen years ago than now, luckily for such up-starts as the Brasseys and Sasoons), and his daughters, apart from their behavior, were not associated with by the ladies of the neighborhood on intimate terms. The old gentleman's father was an ex-solicitor who had feathered his nest from his clients' estates, by always inserting in their wills the name of his son as residuary legatee. Much unmentioned property of these clients, owing to the peculiar forgetfulness of their solicitor as to its existence when drawing up their wills, found its way in consequence into the possession of the Chamberlayne family, and to-day they rank among the landed gentry of England.

A man whose father was so crafty in the acquisition of family estates was not one likely to overlook the chance or undervalue the advantage of having one of his daughters a duchess, and it is a question which Mr. Fitzroy enjoyed the most, the old gentleman's dinners and champagne or the *chasse* which lay in his daughters' caresses afterward. He was, I dare say, of an age to prefer the latter, and subsequent events have shown how susceptible he is to woman's wiles. It is safe to say that all three of the girls exerted every wile they could muster to capture him. But as he could carry on the curtain and shrubbery line of business above referred to with all three, it took him some time to make up his mind which of them to take as a partner for life. At last, however, it got abroad that he had picked out the youngest and prettiest, and that he and Miss Agnes were engaged to be married. The report soon reached the ears of his father and uncle. There was a hurried conference between them, and one fine morning Lord Augustus Fitzroy arrived unannounced at his son's quarters in Winchester Barracks. What took place or what was said, no one knows exactly; but from that time on Mr. Fitzroy's visits to Cranberry Park ceased, and shortly after he retired from the army and went abroad.

The Chamberlaynes made the best of it they could. Even though a breach of promise suit was quite in the line of the ex-solicitor's son, there was evidently too much dirty water to encourage a desire on their part to have it stirred. As it was, the affair caused enough talk and scandal in the neighborhood to satisfy whatever longings for notoriety in that particular the young ladies might have had. People talk of it yet. So Miss Agnes tried to forget all about the coronet that had slipped from her brow ere it settled there, and shortly after consoled herself by marrying Colonel Johnstone of the Grenadier Guards, a twin brother of Sir Frederick Johnstone, who was so disgracefully mixed up with Viscount Cole and the Prince of Wales in the Lady Mordaunt scandal, some years ago. Colonel Johnstone, or "Doddy" Johnstone, as he is called by every one, was not so big a fish as Mr. Fitzroy, for besides being handicapped by the face of a Japanese, the manners of a groom, and the language of a cab-driver, he is but the heir-presumptive to his brother's crippled baronetcy, as Sir Frederick may himself marry at any time and have an heir-apparent in the person of a son. He is, in fact, the sort of man who doesn't in the least care what he says or does in the presence of ladies. But the Chamberlaynes rather liked that sort of thing than otherwise, and didn't mind his "off color" yarns in the billiard-room when the men should have been left to themselves.

The other daughters also got married, one to Sir Alexander Chichester, and the other to the Earl of Wicklow. The wonder that they should have got husbands of position is not so great in the light of the fact that each of the girls had a thousand a year in her own right, which annual sum, I suppose, acted as a sufficient veneering to the other fellows' kisses their husbands found on their lips. At all events, Miss Chamberlayne was many degrees better than Kate Cross, as no doubt the present Duke of Grafton and his heir, the Earl of Euston, have abundant occasion to regretfully reflect.

An especial reason for the wish of Lord Euston to sever himself without delay from his present spouse has been advanced, as its being possible that he looks with favor upon the budding charms of Lady Mabel Duncombe, a daughter of Lord Feversham, and sister of Lady Hermione Duncombe, who was married the other day to the Marquis of Kildare, the future Duke of Leinster. Lady Mabel, who promises to be even a greater beauty than her sister, is now but fifteen, a fact which would decidedly favor the blowing over of all scandal connected with the present suit to nullify the earl's first marriage, before she reaches a marriageable age. It would be, were such the case, extremely doubtful if Lord Feversham would consent to such an alliance for his daughter. He has one future duke already in his family, and another might seem attractive certainly. But when the other future duke is also a present blackguard it alters the question. As witness the Marquis of Blandford.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, February 19, 1884.

A gentleman was giving a little Keokuk baby-boy some peanuts the other day. The good mother said: "Now, what are you going to say to the gentleman?" With childish simplicity the little fellow looked up into the gentleman's face and replied: "More!"

## LITERARY NOTES.

Some of Du Maurier's inimitable cartoons in London *Punch* have been reproduced in the "Parchment Paper Series," under the title of "Pictures of English Society." Published by D. Appleton & Co.; for sale by James T. White & Co.; price, 30 cents.

"Health at Home" is another addition to the well-prepared "Home Books." It is written by A. H. Guernsey and J. P. Davis, M. D., and discusses the surroundings, domestic arrangements, and hygiene of a household. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co.

The latest of the "Early Christian Literature Primers" is "The Post-Nicene Latin Fathers," by Rev. George A. Jackson, which consists of short and excellent sketches of Saints Hilary, Jerome, Ambrose, Augustine, and others. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co.

"The Hessians," by E. J. Lowell, is a carefully prepared history of the German auxiliaries to the English in the Revolutionary war. The subject is an interesting one, and its importance has been undervalued by previous historians. The author has made exhaustive research, both in Europe and America, and the result is one which will command attention and interest. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"The Conquest of England," by John Richard Green, was the last work of the great historian, and was not entirely completed when death finished his earthly labors. The author had planned a work of greater pretensions, but it was announced to him that his end was near. He at once drew up a new scheme, and, with extraordinary effort, pushed on the task, writing until sickness had rendered powerless his hand, and then dictating to an amanuensis, through terrible suffering, almost with his latest breath. Numerous assistants were continuing the researches which he was unable to make himself, and their references were brought to Mr. Green's bedside, that he might make the necessary notes and revisions. All this is told by his wife, in the preface, and it is she who has completed the volume, by the addition of manuscript notes and short historical papers, which were to have been embodied in the work. The history shows no departure from Mr. Green's brilliant and incisive style. The work is the result of the author's life-researches, and many portions—especially those treating of Cnut, Alfred, "the growth of laws," etc.—equal, and even surpass his former books. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

Miscellany: Thomas Westwood, artist and poet, writing from Brussels to a friend in New York, says that Miss May Probyn, many of whose charming poems have appeared in the *Argonaut*, was secretly converted to Catholicism and has become a Sister of Charity at her home in England. Among the other worldly things which she renounces is the writing of verses. She is still a young woman, and her poetic vein was by no means exhausted when it suddenly closed.——The proposition made by the *Current* to divide one thousand dollars among writers of short stories, according to merit (nothing to be paid for the prestige of a name), has met with a most extraordinary response. The offer closed March 1st, and has given abundant demonstration of versatility on the part of a great number of hitherto unknown writers. A list of the accepted stories will appear in the *Current* by, or before, May 1st.——The late Abraham Hayward left no autobiography, but he did leave to the discretion of his executor, Mr. Kinglake, an immense and beautifully arranged collection of correspondence and a rich store of anecdotes.——"Don't" has reached a sale of fifty-three thousand copies, and has been burlesqued three times in this country and twice in England.——Among the eighty English authors who have formed an association to aid in securing an English-American copyright are Blackmore, Wilkie Collins, George Augustus Sala, Charles Reade, Charlotte Yonge, Cardinal Manning, and Walter Besant.

Announcements: William Morris, who has for a long time been nursing his muse in silence, has written a poem for the *English Illustrated Magazine*. It is entitled "Meeting in Winter."——The Macmillans are about to publish, under the title of "The Boy Emigrants," a series of letters from Texas, for which Thomas Hughes has written a preface.——Messrs. Sumner Whitney & Co., of San Francisco, are about to publish in their stories of "Legal Recreations" a volume of verse entitled "Lyrics of the Law," embracing selections from Sir William Blackstone, John William Smith, Lord Neaves, George Outram, Mr. Justice Story, Judges Joel Parker and R. M. Charlton, Mr. Punch, and numerous other English, Scotch, and American authors, many of which have heretofore had only private and local circulation.——Doña Paz, the amiable daughter of Queen Isabella, has made her appearance in the world of letters. In a very modest way, however; only a private edition of "The Poems of Paz de Borbon" has as yet been printed.——Apart from American editions, more than thirty thousand copies of the English version of "John Bull et Son Ile" have been sold within three months. The author is said to have received from his English publishers an additional check for half as much again as the sum first stipulated for. He was his own translator.——"The Making of Man" is the title of Rev. W. M. Baker's sequel to his novel, "His Majesty Myself." It is in the press of Roberts Brothers.——The fine edition of "Don Quixote" in four volumes, published by William Paterson of Edinburgh and by J. W. Bouton in New York, is completed after five years of preparation. It is printed from type, and the edition for both countries is limited to one thousand copies. The illustrations are original etchings by Ad. Lalauze, done in Spain.

March Periodicals: The *Caterer* for March has a charming frontispiece engraving entitled "The Mid-day Lunch."——*Le Francais* for February contains the usual number of excellent papers and sketches; published by Jules Lévy, Roxbury, Massachusetts.——*Literary Life* (Cleveland, Ohio) for March announces the early publication of finely engraved portraits of prominent persons.——*The Book-buyer*, the resumption of a former enterprise by Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, has appeared for March, and is fully up to the old series in variety and interest. Among other things, it announces that Charles Scribner's Sons will begin in March the issue of the first volume of "Stories by American Authors," a collection of the most noteworthy short stories written in recent years. The following is the contents of the first two volumes: I.—"Who was She?" by Bayard Taylor; "The Documents in the Case," by Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner; "One of the Thirty Pieces," by W. H. Bishop; "Balacchi Brothers," by Rebecca Harding Davis; "An Operation in Money," by Albert Webster. II.—"The Transferred Ghost," by Frank R. Stockton; "Mrs. Knollys," by J. S. of Dale, author of "Guerndale"; "A Martyr to Science," by Mary Putnam Jacobi, M. D.; "A Dinner-party," by John Eddy; "The Mount of Sorrow," by Harriet Prescott Spoffard. Among the authors represented in the earliest numbers are Fitz-James O'Brien, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. Celia Thaxter, Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson, Mr. J. W. de Forest, Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, Mr. George P. Lathrop, Mrs. Lina Redwood Fairfax, Mr. F. D. Millet, Mr. Edward Bellamy, Mr. David D. Lloyd, Mr. Noah Brooks, and Miss Mary Agnes Tincker.——A spirited little etching by Mr. Thomas Moran ornaments the recent number of *The Art Union*. The journal contains an article on the art schools of the Academy, which will be useful to those seeking instruction.

## ARGONAUT VERSE.

### In Shadow.

"Give thanks!" they say, "give thanks!"
Why? Is not death at hand?
Do not his serried ranks
Gloom down the sullen land?

Lo! there is wealth of gold,
And store of meat and bread;
Yea, and great wealth of cold,
And sorrow for the dead.

The sun shines bright and high,
Too high for those who wait
Where weary deserts lie,
Hot with the breath of hate.

Ineffable! Divine!
So doth the legend run;
Who wins unto His shrine?
Who has His glory won?

His are the rolling seas,
And lands that ring with song;
Who pours the bitter lees,
And nerves the feet of wrong?

His are the blooms that toss
Where ripe wheat slowly waves;
Who binds the sheaves of loss,
And fills the empty graves?

Give thanks for death and pain,
For hunger, war, and crime;
For blood whose sanguine stain
Makes dark the ways of time.

Give thanks! Ah, yes, for this:
For eyes that can not see,
For lips no love will kiss,
For hands that empty be.

Give thanks for winds that smite,
Yea, and for sins that rend,
And for the loathsome night
Whereto our footsteps tend.

When earth is white with snow,
And trees of leaves are bare,
And cries of want and woe
Sound through the heavy air,

Whose are the blows that sting?
Who rules the swords that kill?
Who owns the chains that cling?
Whose are the graves so chill?

Yet, while the fleeting breath
Comes an unwelcome guest,
Let us give thanks for death
Wherethrough we win to rest.

er 1884. THOMAS. S. COLLIER.

### Platonic.

Not in the flame of Passion's fire
Was wrought the blissful bond 'twixt thee
And me. Not madness of desire
Impelled my spirit loyally
To worship thee. And yet thou art
So fair and beautiful that love
Might kneel, in bondage to thy heart,
A suppliant for its priceless love.

Before thy snow-white purity,
With rev'rent fear flushed Eros pales,
And evil thoughts like cowards flee,
Pall'd by the light thy soul exhales.
Guileless, thou knowest not distrust;
But, wise with intuition swift,
Thy judgment and thy heart are just,
The true and good from sin to sift.

No grace of woman but thine own
Shines, goddess-like, the sex among.
Thy voice is soft as murm'ring tone
Of shell, sweet as Æolian song.
E'en thy reproof holds like a spell
My charmèd ear; and thy soft eyes
So tenderly forgive, I dwell,
Beneath their smile, in Paradise.

There, like a pilgrim at the shrine
Before his saint, devout I bend
And bless thee, as thy lips divine
Pronounce my name and call me *Friend*.
O peerless soul! be thou my light,
And mine the soul thou would'st illume!
And love, with radiance infinite,
Eternal burn, but ne'er consume!

ch 884. ALFRED WHEELER.

### On the Last of Earth.

RONDEAU.

Hunger and Thirst alone remain!
Faith fled me first, but when? My brain
I puzzle much with this. I know
Thereafter Hope was quick to go—
They may not dwell apart, these twain.

Love's chubby grace soon swelled their train—
The lad thought thus to vex me, though
Hunger and Thirst.

Last, in a dull time of long rain,
I felt a numbness like to pain—
This was pale Passion's parting throe.
But these wan dotards lead a slow
Life yet—doze, wake, and doze again,
Hunger and Thirst.

h, 4. A. E. WATROUS.

### Off Point Pinole.

To rth, the winding stream that downward flows
ough tangled tule, specked with here and there
white sail bearing south a cargo rare
nestling valleys filled with vine and rose.
o ith, the city shrouded in a pall,
nd in and out through tapering tower and mast.
ast, the straits through which men fiercely passed
Whe ife and love were naught, and gold was all!
o st, the cottage-lights of San Rafael
m 'neath the shadowy slopes of Tamalpais—
Far softly sounds a sweet-toned vesper bell
(S Pablo just beyond yon hilltop lies),
Whil o'er my head the shrieking sea-gulls flock,
g a chill night's rest on cold Red Rock.
4. CLARENCE URMY.

### Descensus Vitæ.

Buds and blossoms, and life renewal—
Strong, passionate life in Nature's plan,
Corn upspringing, and full brooks rushing,
Torpor alone in the heart of man.
Stagnant, and dull, and beyond revival
The once quick pulses, now sad and slow,
Spring joyfully breathes on the smoldering ashes,
But their bright, fierce fervor no more shall glow.

Buds, and blossoms, and leaves outstarting,
Promise of harvest, and promise of wine,
Only the human heart lies dormant—
Dormant, athirst for the thrill divine.
The olden thrill that awoke its music,
And bade it leaf with the leafing tree,
Bud with flowers, with streams expanding,
Swell out and onward to life's great sea.

Is this the goblet that once could gladden?
Call this discord music, those wan lips red?
Bear cup and woman to some sepulchre,
Let those strains be sounded to please the dead.
Ah, the wine is rich and sweet as ever,
The lips as tempting, the harp as true,
'Tis the heart alone has turned to ashes,
The bay to cypress, the rose to rue.

O mother Nature! if life's worth living,
Once more I crave you that glorious sense
Of high endeavor and ancient passion,
With the strength of life and its fires intense;
When grief was greater, and love was deeper,
And music clearer, and grape juice bright,
And the buoyant years were unflecked by shadows,
But all was purpose, and hope, and light.

Must we ever linger while others hasten?
Must we be sighing while others sing?
Is the wine of life for us exhausted?
And winter chill us though it be spring?
No m re for us is the rosy dawning,
The sun creeps downward—we mark its rays;
But oh, for the strong, rich flush of morning
That lit the splendor of other days.

March, 1884. DAN O'CONNELL.

## THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB.

Mr. Tooter Williams had a bad eye and several kings when the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith opened the first jackpot at the regular meeting of the Thompson Street Poker Club, Saturday evening. Mr. Gus Johnson saw that a powerful brew of mischief was at hand, and prudently laid down two pair; while Mr. Cyanide Whiffles, who had a severe cold, a pair of eights, and very little horse sense, came in.

"I rise dat two dollahs," said Mr. Williams, quietly but with truculence of intent.

"Yo' 's gittin' too brash," rejoined the Rev. Mr. Smith, testily. "Ef yo' tinks yo' 's de Vandybilk er dis pahty, jess—jess stack 'em up. I rise yo' six dollahs."

Mr. Williams considered for a moment, during which time he thoughtfully examined the cards which, with great foresight, he had previously pinned to the leg of the table.

"I calls," he said at length. "Gimme two cyards."

Mr. Whiffles fled.

The Rev. Mr. Smith dealt Mr. Williams two cards, and conscientiously helped himself to the last ten-spot remaining in the pack. He then banged the honored wallet on the table and said:

"'Leven dollahs."

"I calls yo'," said Mr. Williams, secretly unpinning the hidden hand, and counting out the money.

The Rev. Mr. Smith swept the pot into his pocket.

"Wha—whadjer doin'?" gasped Mr. Williams, aghast at this unparliamentary proceeding.

"Fo' tens," said the Rev. Mr. Smith, showing down that remarkable hand. "How many freckles yo' got on yo' han'?" he inquired.

"I'se—I'se jess—jess clum over yo' tens," said Mr. Williams, with an effort to be calm and look honest.

"Shome up," said the reverend gentleman.

Mr. Williams unfolded four jacks. They were all there.

"Wharjer get um?" was the next point in the Rev. Mr. Smith's catechism.

"Outen de pack, er course," said Mr. Williams, breathing hard.

The Rev. Mr. Smith's reply was to reach over and weave his fingers firmly through the roots of Mr. Williams's hair. Then he thrashed around the room with him for a few exciting minutes and then sat down upon him. Mr. Williams still breathed heavily.

"Wharjer get dem jacks?"

"Outen de pack," again responded Mr. Williams, making a feeble effort to get up.

The Rev. Mr. Smith butted his head nineteen times against the floor with great rapidity and violence, and again inquired, softly:

"Wharjer gettum?"

"Outen de pack. Leggo my kinks," urged Mr. Williams, still breathing heavily. Again his head was butted violently against the floor until the landlord on the floor below was impressed with the idea that the club was refreshing itself with a solo on the bass drum.

"Whar—jer—git—dem—jacks?" inquired the Rev. Mr. Smith, emphasizing each word with a double butt.

"Outen—de—" here Mr. Williams faltered.

"Outen de what?" asked the Rev. Mr. Smith, with a temporary cessation of hostilities.

"De bug," said Mr. Williams, doggedly. "Lemme up."

The Rev. Mr. Smith unloaded himself from Mr. Williams's abdomen, rose, crossed the room, and possessed himself of the extra cards pinned to the able.

"*Dis* whadjer call de *bug?*" he asked.

"Yezzah," said Mr. Williams, gloomy but respectful.

The Rev. Mr. Smith assumed his overcoat. Then he replied to Mr. Williams:

"Toot, by de prowisuns of rule sixty-fo', yo' am suspended till de next meetin', an' doan yo' work de bug no mo'. Mistah Cyanide Whiffles an' Gus Johnson will now come down ter de s'loon an' rassle wif a sassenger an' some beer."

The club then adjourned.

Mr. Williams breathed heavily.—*Life.*

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir Moses Montefiore, at ninety-nine, is England's oldest baronet, and Sir George Rose Sartorius, Admiral of the Fleet, aged ninety-three, is the senior knight.

Mr. Edwin Booth's new residence in Boston is nearly furnished, in a most artistic style. Mr. T. B. Aldrich's taste has frequently been consulted regarding it.

Mrs. Daniel O'Connell, wife of the Liberator's only surviving son, gave a fancy-dress ball in London lately, at which her son appeared dressed in legal attire similar to that worn by his grandfather, to whom he presented a marvelous resemblance.

Mr. Henry Irving's two sons show much cleverness in tableaux and recitations. They recently took the parts of Joseph and Charles Surface in an amateur performance of "The School for Scandal," and are said to have shown dramatic talent of a high order.

The Emir of Bokhara, in Toorkistan, receives his visitors in a robe of rose-colored velvet studded with precious stones. He is gracious in his manners, but his reception room contains no furniture, and its floor is covered with European carpets. His favorite gifts to the most distinguished guests are beautiful horses.

The Emperor of Germany, now in his eighty-eighth year, is not the only oldest inhabitant. On his hunting trips he frequently meets some hale old pensioner who fought in the war of liberation, or marched against the French at Waterloo. The severe military discipline of Prussia does not seem to shorten the lives of her subjects.

"When I was at Constantinople," remarked the Hon. G. J. Goshen, "I had a conversation with a Turkish pasha, who said that the female slaves were treated with exceedingly great kindness in Turkish families, and that their morals were looked after much more satisfactorily than those of the female servants in any European communities. I did not entirely agree with him."

Thomas Palmer, the "lumber king" Senator from Michigan, is a broad-shouldered, healthy-looking man of fifty-three, with a full, not particularly intellectual face, a black mustache, and restless black eyes. He used to be an amateur artist. When he was in college his eyesight failed, and he went to Spain for his health, with a fellow-student. They went on foot all over Spain, taking pictures of interesting ruins, pretty girls, etc., and thus made up a collection of pictures which the senator still owns and prizes highly.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has recently reappeared in "La Dame aux Camélias," and ladies, and perhaps even gentlemen, who like to know the price of the dresses they see on the stage, may gather some interesting information from the following figures. Monsieur Felix, who designed the dresses, has sent in his bill, and the total cost of equipping Madame Bernhardt was three thousand two hundred dollars. Her manager, M. Derembourg, who has to pay this paltry sum, considers it exorbitant, and the costumer has brought an action in consequence. The case has been referred to an expert to decide whether the clothes are worth the money.

Dumas's rights in "Camille" have realized one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Marguerite Gauthier was sketched from the demi-mondaine, Marie Duplessis, on whose tomb Dumas places every November a wreath. The original of Armand Duval is alive. He wrote a splendid philosophical letter to Marie, announcing that he must put an end to their liaison. She accepted it as a matter of course, and sent him a bantering reply, rolled up in the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, humorously adding, "When one writes such a brilliant letter, one deserves to be decorated," and the lover, strange to say, was decorated with the Legion of Honor, and owes it not a little to his association with the brilliant money-making drama, where he was unconsciously so central a figure.

The great fifty-ton hammer in Krupp's works at Essen gained its name "Unser Fritz," and the inscription it bears, "Fritz, let fly!" in the following manner: When, in 1877, the Emperor William visited Essen, this steam-hammer attracted his attention. Krupp presented to him the machinist, Fritz, who, he said, handled the hammer with such nicety and precision as not to injure or touch an object placed in the centre of the block. The Emperor at once put his diamond-studded watch on the spot indicated, and beckoned to the machinist to set the hammer in motion. Fritz hesitated out of consideration for the precious object, but Krupp urged him on by saying: "Fritz, let fly!" Down came the hammer, and the watch remained untouched. The Emperor gave it to the machinist as a souvenir, and Krupp added one thousand marks to the present.

In Abraham Hayward, English society has lost the last of the diners-out, says the London *World*. In a letter he deprecates the description of himself as the daily guest of innumerable Amphitryons in these words: "During the past fortnight I have dined out only three times; and as for the quality of the dinner, I am almost indifferent. I say with Grattan, cold meat, if you like, but good claret and plenty of it." The meaning of this characteristic observation is simply that Hayward received a good many more invitations than he cared to accept, and that, provided the dishes and the wines were the best of their kind, he could tolerate plainness in the former. According to the same journal, Hayward had good reason "to be proud of the position in English society which he had won. He had lived long enough to see the great ladies whom in their ingenuous youth his conversational daring and anecdotal levity had shocked or scandalized, receiving him with gracious smiles, and listening eagerly to each successive good thing that fell from his lips. It is no exaggeration to say that as Disraeli educated the Conservative party up to his own standard of Toryism, so Hayward educated the best society in England up or down to his own standard of oral propriety. He had other triumphs than these. No man before or since his day, with the same slight commendations of birth or social status, ever won so large a degree of the confidence of public men."

## CHIT-CHAT.

"You oughter a gone down to the Palace to see Mrs. Patty, the other night, at her reception."

The remark caught the ear, not for any intrinsic elegance in its style or lurking humor in its spirit; but it was made by a young gentleman who has the *open sesame* to society by virtue of bearing a name honorable in the annals of the history of the State. By all the rules of probability, he should be reasonably well educated and fairly well cultivated. He is usually seen with "nice" people, and he was talking to "nice" people at the time. His phraseology did not seem to strike them as either amusing or peculiar. In truth, the young gentleman himself is at an age when eccentric grammar is a privilege, for there is a time when boys consider it "putting on airs" to be correct in speech. His mustache has ceased to threaten itself, though not yet an accomplished fact, and it will be two or three years yet before he discards the braggadocio inelegancies of adolescence. His companions did not respond to him in his own grammar, but they echoed his accent.

"Oh, I think Patty's just the cutest, prettiest thing in the world!" gushed one young lady.

And that is just what half the town is calling her. When mention is made of those two of the prima donnas of the company who are the greatest and the least, a barbarian from the frontier who was not up in prima donnas might suspect them to be a pair of interesting twins who had not yet got out of the nicknames into their grown-up baptismal names. Accent is coldly disdained, and they are called everywhere, with unconscious caressing, "Patty and Dotty." But even this has not the jocose, jaunty, American ease of "Mrs. Patty."

Patti patted around the hotel corridors with all the glee of a small child who has just learned to walk and is still proud of it. She wore a short white dress of nun's veiling, simple in fabric, but irresistibly well made, a lace scarf over her head, and she flashed like a head-light every time she moved. Possibly it was not safe to leave the diamonds in the room, so she put them on as an easy way to carry them. Possibly, too, she put them on as a harmless bit of satisfaction for the multitude. Patti is politic. She leaned over the rail as those fierce, discordant shrieks rose from the orchestra, and waved her handkerchief ecstatically as though she had never heard such music before. Probably she never had. Speranza meant well, of course, and God will forgive him because he perpetrated it in a spirit of patriotism, the purest and most exalted of motives.

The multitude made it very uncomfortable for Patti. We surrounded her so pressingly that the little woman had not the amount of room in the corridor which nature intended her to take up in the scheme of space. She was guarded on either side, however, by a couple of apparent Italians, the one short and fat, the other tall, dark, and pale. An Italian valet followed respectfully in the rear, laden with extra shawls. The tall, dark, pale man we assumed to be Nicolini. He was not beautiful, and the public freely told him so. If he understood English, the man must have reached his room after the triumphal parade of the quartet around the corridors with no desire ever to look in the glass again.

"What, is that Nicolini?" the chorus would come in stage whispers from every group that they passed. "That Nicolini? Why, I thought she had at least the excuse of his being handsome; but who in the world could ever stand an old black crow like that!"

The old black crow never winced under this fire of remark, but it seemed to afford some slight amusement to the valet with the shawls.

The valet was Nicolini.

I have met a number of people who imagine that they were very much carried away by Gerster on Monday night. I have heard them declare in the most rapturous tones that they were transported. In fact, I really think they thought they were. They were certainly justified in it. A glorious burst of music of more enchanting excellence never came from throat of cantatrice.

But they were not transported out of themselves. The men may have been. I saw a few of their faces grow pale with feeling, and many more grew red with excitement. They huzzahed themselved out of all dignity, and grinned like baboons with simple pleasure. A grin under such circumstances becomes ennobled. Poets call it a wreathing smile. As a wreather it is a success, but as a smile it is rather bountiful. The women smiled—placid, fishy, beautiful things that they are. They did not grin. They were sitting there in serried ranks, clutching their huge bouquets of hot-house flowers in the excess of their emotion; but sang she never so sweetly, they continued to clutch.

Only one in all the house flung a flower to the prima donna—a modest little twenty-five-cent wad of violets. The other thousands marched out a long procession of beautiful, well-draped, hair-dressed women, with their bouquets safely in hand, unwilted by the warmth of their throbbing, rapturous breasts. And a nice, long, mean, cold, selfish, stingy procession they made!

Gerster is the first Lucia that ever sung in San Francisco who dressed Lucy Ashton as a lady of high degree. Her first dress is of dove-gray satin with long loose side plastrons, whose frequent motion reveals them to be lined with rose-colored satin. The dress is not only of rich texture, but exquisitely made. The sleeve, the index to the period of a gown, is of quaint cut, puffed and slashed with gold lace of a wonderful quality. This lace forms a stomacher in the front of the corsage, and resolves into a pointed ruff cape at the back. The other dresses are equally rich and beautiful, but it is in the national touches she has given the dress that the first one stands out as a point of interest.

Most prima donnas fatuously believe that a little tuft of plaid suggested anywhere about the dress is the entire Scotch racket. Generally it takes the form of a sash, sometimes is nothing more than a band of trimming. Scotchwomen and Scotchmen do not wear plaid to show that they are Scotch. The fact is apt to leak out without any such advertisement. The plaid is the national wrap, as the mantilla is the wrap of Spain, and, as such, is worn around the shoulders. When it is not in active use it is not entirely discarded, for the climate is likely to require it at any moment. But it is dropped off one arm, and left fastened on the opposite shoulder. And in this national manner Gerster carries her plaid in "Lucia." Gerster also wears the snood—a ribbon worn by the Scotch lass in her hair to signify her maidenhood. To those familiar with Scotch poetry, where much is made of it, and where one unaccountably gets the idea that it is a hood or head-dress of some kind, it is a very unobtrusive little bit of gear.

Meeting a Scotchman, a day or two after the opening night, I was fain to ask him if Gerster wore her snood in the accepted style of Scotland.

"Weel, ye see," observed he, cannily, "I caant tell ye much aboot it. They didna wear it much in my pairt of the country. It's an agricultural deestrict, and the lasses are kin o' careless like. However, they mak' vera guid wives when they settle doon."

Hundreds of ladies have been going to the opera all the week bonnetless. The glory of woman, in song, in story, and in the abstract, is her hair. But the San Francisco woman is a concrete, and her glory is her bonnet. It may not be—is not—the correct thing in an opera-house, but it is more expensive and more becoming. A head-dress of any kind gives a character to the face which a mere head of hair can not do. Even a head of another woman's hair does not supply the deficit. Knowing this, the San Francisco woman will not go the opera without her bonnet for anything short of a diamond aigrette or tiara. Expostulation, entreaty, reams of writing, the precedent set by women in other countries, are all in vain. Nothing will make her go bonnetless but a diamond aigrette, or a landslide.

If the writers, or the talkers, or the fashionables from other countries, think they have had anything to do with the dressy effect of the week, they are inflated with baseless pride. There are two desperate milliners in town, with their feet almost on the threshold of the Insane Asylum. There are hundreds of desperate well-dressed women ready to follow them. Every woman that we saw at the opera without her bonnet and without diamonds in her hair was foaming inwardly. Her bonnet was resting peacefully in its box in a wash-out, a hundred miles the other side of Truckee!

A group of economists hit upon a peculiar plan for hearing the opera. They each bought separate admission tickets, and got a seat in partnership. The seat was to be occupied by them turn about, each one holding it during an act. It was an admirable scheme. Those standing against the wall gave it furtive glances of proprietorship. Besides their other operatic furnishings, they wore upon their faces that transfigured look of hope which beautifies the face of the dying Christian. Each hoped for something better in the course of half an hour or so. The man in the seat cultivated an expression of Napoleonic calm, and really managed to look like a season holder. There was considerable good natured wrestling and pushing between the acts. There had been no drawing of lots or regulating of turns, and it was a mere matter of politeness who should follow whom.

The last chance fell to the politest of the five, and he leaned good naturedly against the wall waiting his turn. From their conversation they were habitués of the Grand Opera House, and accustomed to getting five acts for their money.

When Lucia went mad and disappeared from view, the polite man began to look uneasy. When the tenor stabbed himself, beads of anguish impearled themselves upon his brow. When the curtain fell and the people began to disperse, he grew incoherent:

"Say, Ned," he gasped, clutching the arm of the last sitter, "ain't there no more o' this going on? Where do I come in?"

"I don't see how it can go on," answered Ned, calmly and sweetly. "The whole gang is either dead or crazy, and I don't think you come in until the next opera season. You're left, my boy."

UNA.

Inasmuch as various rumors have been published concerning Mr. Thomas Nast's relations with the Harpers, the following will be read with interest. It is from *Harper's Weekly* of March 8, 1884:

The readers of *Harper's Weekly* will extend a cordial welcome to Mr. Thomas Nast on his return to his old field of labor. They will be glad to learn that his sojourn in Europe, and his subsequent visit to the genial shores of Florida, have resulted in the complete restoration of his health, and that he reënters the arena with renewed energy and zeal. It is significant that Mr. Nast's first contribution to the *Weekly* on resuming his pencil should be in the cause of charity—an appeal to the hearts of his countrymen on behalf of the sufferers by the great floods and storms which have devastated the West and South. This admirable and touching picture, which must appeal forcibly to the sympathies of the whole people, is followed this week by a political cartoon, in which our readers will recognize the familiar figure of the Republican Elephant, treated in a manner at once retrospective and suggestive, recalling the principles by which the Republican party has won the confidence of the country, and by strict adherence to which alone it can hope to retain that confidence in the future.

### Opening of the Clementina Street Kindergarten.

The opening of a kindergarten at No. 32 Clementina Street, on Monday morning of this week, was a joyful occasion for the little ones of the neighborhood. Quite early about thirty of them gathered eagerly around the door, and evinced the most keen delight on being admitted. Some few had been to the kindergarten before, and entered readily into the exercises, while the younger and less experienced portion spent their time in examining the pleasant rooms. The members of the Public Kindergarten Society of San Francisco desire to thank a generous public for its hearty coöperation in this undertaking, which only ready contributions could have made successful. Special thanks are due the residents of Rincon Hill, and the business men of Market, First, and other streets in the vicinity of the kindergarten, who have been kindness itself to those soliciting their aid.

C.

## THE IRASCIBLE MEISSONIER.

**Some Notes on the Peppery Painter who Quarreled with Mrs. Mackay**

[The cable has been burdened lately with details of the dispute between Mrs. Mackay and Meissonier, touching the accuracy and artistic value of a portrait made of the lady by the artist. Mr. Mackay settled the dispute by paying seventy thousand francs for the picture, and then burning it. This has caused a frightful tempest in the Parisian teapot, from which duels threaten to arise. At this time, therefore, a sketch of Meissonier by Mrs. Lucy Hooper, the well-known Paris correspondent, will be found interesting.]

A singular and picturesque figure is that which occasionally meets the eye of the visitor to the salon on Varnishing Day—one that, remarkable in itself, is the cynosure of eyes, less for its peculiarities than for the great name which it is the representative. A powerfully built to mounted on a pair of short, thin legs, and surmounted the head of Michael Angelo's Moses, superb with its profusion of gray hair, flowing beard, and piercing eyes—st is the outward aspect of the most famous and the high paid, if not the greatest, of the artists of modern Franc Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier.

He is seventy-two years of age. He lives in magnific style in his superb hotel on the Boulevard Malesherbes the Parc Monceau. For years he inhabited a charm villa at Poissy, where he painted some of the most rema able of his recent works, but he now passes the gre portion of his time in his Parisian hotel, which contai magnificent studio of exceptional dimensions, with an ner one of unbroken privacy.

It is fifty-three years since Meissonier first came to P to study painting. Of the first five or six years of his r dence in that city he does not willingly speak. The t and sufferings that he underwent at that epoch were sin beyond belief. He executed any kind of artistic work came in his way, in order to earn his bread. He pair copies of the pictures in the Louvre at the rate of one lar a square yard. He decorated the tops of bonbon b es, he painted fans, he executed marvelous drawing India-ink for the wood-engravers. I have seen on these drawings, which is now in the possession of an Ar ican art amateur of Paris. It represents a suit of anti armor, covered with artistic chasing, and every deta the ornamentation has been copied with that intellig and painstaking minuteness which forms the basis of M sonier's wonderful talent. Some of these illustration tracted the attention of Tony Johannot, one of the lea draughtsmen of the day, and he did his best to brin young colleague prominently before the public. But exhibition of "The Chess-player" at the salon of 183 vealed to the critics and the public alike that a new great genius had arisen in the artistic world of Fra Henceforward the day of grand compositions, of p and grandiose subjects, of fine grouping, and admi drawing, was at an end. The era of technique had daw

There never was a painter more personally unpo or more widely praised, as an artist, than is Meisso The power of his genius is such that it has overridde prejudices caused by his personal characteristics. H the one uncourteous member of that most refined courteous race of men—the painters of France. H one of the very few French artists who have a rece day, and comparatively few persons ever avail thems of this opportunity of visiting his studio. Those wh venture into the den of the lion must tread warily speak softly if they would avoid irritating their iras host. It will not do to say, for instance, that you one of his pictures to another, for are they not all p tion, and consequently exactly of equal merit? It is gerous to ask if any picture in the studio is for sa Meissonier never condescends to any details of t with the vulgar herd. Americans are usually ver received, for did not an American refuse to send o the painter's works (for which the sum of sixty thou dollars had been paid) from New York to Paris a owner's own risk and perils, to be exhibited at the e tion of 1878? In fact, it is almost impossible to affronting the vain and peppery little man, who has thoroughly spoiled, so far as his disposition is conce by his immense success and by the adulation of his p who call him "the master" *(le patron)*, and never d paint any subject that he may choose to prohibit as h designs upon it himself. But there is one class of p ages to whom Meissonier is invariably cordial and c ing, and those are the American millionaires. He popular with the other great painters of Paris, as he u treats them personally with marked rudeness, and cri their works with pitiless severity.

As an artist, Meissonier is beyond all the praise th pen can bestow upon him. Like Victor Hugo, he is ing the latter days of his life amid the radiance of h immortality. The most carping critic would find n in his work, had he not committed lately the great m of entering upon a line for which his genius had no af When Meissonier commenced to paint portraits he himself up to the Philistines. His portraits are no than colored photographs, most marvelously colore true, but lacking all individuality, all revelation o sonal characteristics, all refinement of bearing, or of expression. Two of his later works in this lin been pronounced by competent critics the great failures of our century. But in the field of art that made peculiarly his own, he knows no rival among the Dutch and Flemish painters of by-gone uries. He is the most careful and conscientious of ers, never suffering a work to leave his studio til himself satisfied of its completeness, and that desp enormous prices that are now offered for the least tant productions of his pencil, and despite the fact t garrets of his house at Poissy are crammed with sk studies, drawings, etc.—the art notes, so to speak, brilliant career. Many of his best paintings are ow America, but three of them—the three that Mei himself recognizes as his masterpieces—are still in h possession, and after his death, by the terms of h become the property of the French Government, a be placed in the gallery of the Louvre.—*The Curre*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: During the six months I have been traveling in the "States" nothing has surprised me more than the dense ignorance which seems to prevail among even intelligent Americans regarding the social world of England. I believe you but voiced the average sentiment of America when you said in your issue of the first instant: "Money can, and does, secure a social consideration in London and New York which is denied to birth, or breeding, or honorable achievement." This may be true of New York, but it is notoriously untrue of London, as more than one shoddy American millionaire knows from personal experience. The doors of the first society of England do not open to mere wealth, no matter how pertinacious and pushing. Many of the most respected, brilliant, and, I may add, exclusive members of that society are absolutely poor. For instance, the Marquis of Salisbury is poor compared with many of the gentlemen of England, while the Earl of Dufferin, one of the most respected and popular (and deservedly so) members of the peerage, is supposed to be in really straitened circumstances, and yet I would like to see mere vulgar wealth win recognition from them. Speaking of the Earl of Dufferin reminds me of a little affair that occurred several years ago that I remember to have read in one of the English journals. When Lord Dufferin was Governor-General of Canada he gave a state ball at the opening of Parliament. Mr. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York *Herald* (and he is possessed of plenty of money and assurance, and I doubt not education, for that matter), doubtless thinking that he would be received with open arms, chartered a special train, and, with a party of friends, started for Ottawa; but found the doors of even a Colonial court closed against him. No; I know whereof I speak when I say that no shoddy millionaire could get an invitation to a Belgravia or Mayfair drawing-room unless by an accident. In another part of the same issue you take Sir Lepel Griffin sharply to task for expressing some doubts as to the physical soundness of American women, and you triumphantly exclaim: "Look at the offspring of her." Well, they are not very numerous, so look at them, and I will be bound not one of them has the clear eye, the rosy complexion, the sound, firm, white teeth, that betoken perfect health. Look at them when thirty more years have pa sed over their heads, and compare them with the same number of English men and women of the same age, and see which makes the best showing as regards physical health. Further on you say: "If there were any foundation for it at all, the American woman could not be the enormous success she is wherever she shows herself abroad." Now, we deny she is this "enormous success," American newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding. She has to take a back seat in Europe unless chaperoned by some one whose social standing is unquestioned, and then she will find it difficult enough to hold her own. Again: "It is noteworthy that in a number of the more brilliant foreign alliances contracted by American girls, there has been no dowry," etc. As it seems to be the great aim of your upstart rich to marry their daughters to titled Englishmen, let us confine ourselves to England, and will you have the goodness to mention *one brilliant* alliance contracted by a *dowerless* American girl in the present generation. I mean by this, brilliant socially, and every way. Please mention one. It is true that a number of American girls have married Englishmen with titles, but they have been mostly very small titles, carrying about as much weight as the title of "colonel" does in Kentucky; and, mind you, I am not saying that many of these are not worthy men; I know they are, but the "catch" can not be regarded as "brilliant" in most cases; besides, we may be sure that there was a nice little "dot" thrown in with the wife. I am aware there is one beautiful American girl who married the heir to a dukedom, but he had gone to the dogs anyway, and he would have found some difficulty in marrying any stunning beauty in England. And in this connection we may leave out such cases as Sir William Harcourt and Sir Lyon Blackfair. They were past their youth when they married, and one was merely a successful lawyer turned politician, and the other a successful scientist, neither of which *per se* carries with it any great social prominence, and in these two cases did not. One word more, and I will draw this letter to a close. I would like to give a word of advice to wealthy girls who are ambitious of marrying a title, and to wealthy parents who are scheming to bring about such an alliance, and that word of advice is, "Don't." You make yourselves and your daughters ridiculous in the effort, and then fail most probably; but should you succeed, you have put your daughter in a position that is in every way foreign to her, and which she is no more fitted to fill than your Irish servant is fitted to fill a position in the best society of your own city. I know this may sound cynical, but it is true nevertheless. The topmost plane of English society represents seven hundred years of culture and breeding, and to-day it is the most aristocratic, the most exclusive, and the most elegant in the world. They all bear the stamp of high breeding. Even the most verdant can not mistake the aristocratic cast of countenance, the well poised head, the nameless grace of manner, and the sweetly modulated voice which distinguishes the English lady; no veneer or surface polish will be mistaken for it. It is born in them and grows up with them, and was not put on as a garment after their fathers made a fortune in cotton, or pork, or oil, or mines, or railroads. Of all the American girls who have married English titles, I am sure not one in ten would have been looked at had they been poor, or their husbands rich, and I will go farther and say that had the husband been plain Mr. So and So, not one in ten of the girls would have looked at *them*. We can rest assured when we see a lord, or even a lesser sprig of the nobility, paying serious court to an American girl that it is her money and not herself that he is after, and he takes her to get the money. It is a fact, perhaps not generally known here, that a man with an American wife is seriously handicapped in England. Those who have lived in England for any length of time know that what I say is true. She is rather looked down upon, and she is a "Yankee" to the end of the chapter. I have in mind a Pacific Coast heiress who married a title, and she is frequently spoken of, rather irreverently and ungallantly, as the "mustang," and they are not very particular that her lord and master should not hear it either. Therefore, if American girls are wise they will not go to England for a husband. JOHN FARQUHARSON GOWER.

SACRAMENTO, March 6, 1884.

### The Legal Tender Decision.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: By telegraph we learn that the Supreme Court of the United States has just decided, in the long-pending legal tender case of Guillard *vs.* Greenman, the notes reissued from the United States Treasury to be valid legal tender money, that the act of March 1, 1878, under which the notes were issued, is valid and constitutional. The same tribunal has several times before held that the Government had the power to issue treasury notes and to make them legal tender money; but the former decisions have come from a majority of the court, while several of the judges dissented. Also, the opinions heretofore have been qualified to some extent with the idea that the treasury notes were issued as "a war measure," and their existence was at least justified by the emergency of the times which caused their issue, leaving it somewhat doubtful, in the minds of many, whether the court would hold that Congress had the power, under the Constitution, to issue paper money and to make it a legal tender in time of peace. The late decision fully answers the latter proposition in the affirmative. The decision is concurred in by all the judges but one—namely, Justice Field—who has placed on record a dissenting opinion in his own clear and forcible style, which presents the negative of the question in the best light possible. It looks as though the tendency of the times was toward a recognition of the power in the sovereignty to make its own money; to make it of anything it may choose; leaving it to the discretion of Congress to place the sovereign money-stamp of the Government upon any material it may deem best, whether it be tin, leather, paper, gold, or silver; or all or any of them. The *science* of this money question is not sufficiently understood by our people. It is a new science comparatively. It is a most important factor in our complex system of government. The manipulation of our currency may make "hard times" and "good times" throughout this nation; and this may be done again, as it has been done before, by the insertion or omission of a single line in a law of Congress. This slight change is sufficient to *bankrupt all those* who own property encumbered for any part of its value; it is particularly fatal to the debtor class of people. It makes the rich richer and the poor poorer. I now write the prediction that many who read this sentence will live to see the time when there will not be, as now, a *speculation* in "trade dollars" made of fine silver, above standard weight, up to-day and down in disgrace to-morrow; nor will there be this shameful quarrel between the speculators in gold and those in silver—called single standard and double standard advocates—nor yet will there be found any one in the national councils so base or ignorant as to advocate retiring the greenbacks to give place to the notes of the national banks. Our people will some day know enough to see that we should have but one kind of money, and that *a full legal tender* for the Government and the people alike, to be issued from the national treasury, dethroning the twenty-five hundred national banks, which have so long dominated and vitiated the legislation of Congress. Let them no longer share with Congress the sovereign power of the government. If the paper of these banks is good because it is indorsed by the Government, then the paper of the indorser ought to be good. The people should carefully read and study the opinion lately rendered on this subject, because it involves their highest temporal interests. S. W. HOLLADAY.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6, 1884.

### Water—A Woman's Protest.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Strolling along one of our pleasantest streets the other day, thinking how comfortable must be the inmates of the many homes about, my attention was attracted by fluttering sheets of paper secured by a pin to the water-hydrant at the corner of the street. Impelled by an idle curiosity, I released them from their impalement, and, if their author's eye chances on this, she will know that her protest was not destined to oblivion:

"Living in one of the most desirable blocks on Nob Hill, well sewered, well graded, and in every way first-class, my house complete for the needs of comfortable living, and furnished with all the conveniences of modern plumbing; yet, for all the comfort the latter advantage brings, we might as well inhabit a farm-house of the past century, whose water-works consist of a moss-grown well. For, of course, we will grant that it be moss-grown, as it adds poetry to the idea and throws a glamour over the plain, practical thought of the backaches caused in working this primitive water company. You wonder how I can compare my habitation and all its boasted 'modern improvements' with this other and its old-time, long gone-by hardships, yet I am infinitely worse off than the dwellers therein, for I had been taught to expect better things which they had no idea of. For nearly four months now we have not had a drop of water for more than two hours continuously, except cold water from the garden faucet. And there is no regularity in the hours selected to dole us out a few bucketfuls, a fiendish delight seeming to be taken in giving the whole household unpleasant surprises—namely, that when you don't want it it's there, and when you do want it not a drop can be had. I take what my husband calls a woman's little satisfaction in looking out upon the houses opposite and upon either side of us, and thinking that every soul in them is just as much imposed upon as I. But this vanishes before the next surprise. For instance, I tell Mary to bring me baby's bath, forgetting for the moment that we have all the modern improvements for the use of water without the old-fashioned luxury of the fluid itself. As I undress the little fellow, and he lies crowing and nude on my lap, suddenly Mary returns, indignation written in every line of her face: 'They've turned it off on us again, ma'am,' she says, and draws her breath in for a lengthy vituperation of the villains, etc. But as I am familiar with her just volleys of wrath, I spare myself, and resignedly tell her to heat the water on the kitchen stove, while I proceed to re-dress the baby, who don't understand this performance and gets awfully angry in consequence. But I know what a long time it will be before the water is heated and brought up two long flights of stairs. I try to be resigned, but don't succeed; then I think of the appointment I shall be late in keeping and which my sex will be blamed for; then I try to be philosophical, and reflect that my indignation will not accomplish anything except perhaps the ruin of my disposition; then I think of a fire, and grow cold all over at the thought of what might happen if the man who turns on the precious commodity should happen to be taking a stroll at the time—this makes me thoughtful and a little frightened. When I complain to my husband, he says, man-like: 'Well, refuse to pay your water-bill, then they will shut you off altogether, and then what will you do?' Upon this I feel helpless once more, but can not resist a little joy when I see him make preparations and start for the bath-room, only to return instantaneously, looking as if he had just met with a very large snag in his business, or as if the laundry-man had outstayed his time a week. I am not by any means a constitutional fault-finder nor very hard to please, and, throughout all the time of threatened drought, I made no complaint, but much in the same martyr spirit that our forefathers manufactured pins and bullets during the Revolution I silently bore the burden placed upon me as a trifle compared to the country's fate. But now that our splendid storms have come and passed and there is water everywhere, it seems not unreasonable to wish to find it flowing in your own water-pipes." A. Q. P.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 7, 1884.

### Forrest.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Apropos of the recollections of Forrest, published week before last, Steve Massett ("Jeems Pipes") was wont to close his after-dinner imitation of the great actor (which imitation, by the way, Forrest told Massett was execrable) with the following story "in two voices:" At a certain rehearsal, a supernumerary actor of careworn aspect had a speech of exactly four words to deliver; this he did so much to the tragedian's dissatisfaction that he ordered its repetition several times. At length, losing all patience, never a difficult thing with him, he thundered the words at the offender, concluding with the query: "D—n you, why don't you say it as *I* do?" "If I could say it as *you* do, Mr. Forrest," meekly responded the super, "I shouldn't be standing here at four dollars a week." "Four dollars a week! Is that all you get?" "Yes, sir." "Then say it as you d—n please!" B.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 10, 1884.

### General Lytle.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: You have done injustice—inadvertently, I am sure—to the memory of a gallant Union soldier. You refer to General Lytle, the author of the verses in the *Argonaut* of March 8th, as a "Southern officer." Pardon me. He was an ornament to the *Northern* army, and was killed at the battle of Chickamauga, bravely leading on his troops. He won his star at Malvern Hill. Yours, JUSTITIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 11, 1884.

[The mistake was owing to a slip of the pen. The only claim that General Lytle could have to being a "Southern soldier" was the fact that in a charge at Chickamauga he was slain within the rebel lines.—EDS.]

The latest novelty in Paris is a private circus, which is owned and managed by Monsieur Molier. The arena, which is as large as that of the public establishment of the same kind in the Champs-Elysées, presents the appearance of the square of some Spanish city, the spectators occupying places at the windows and on the balconies of the surrounding houses, and the effect is heightened when, as on the first night, these balconies are crowded with the prettiest women in the capital, escorted to the evening's entertainment by the most distinguished representatives of the Paris clubs.

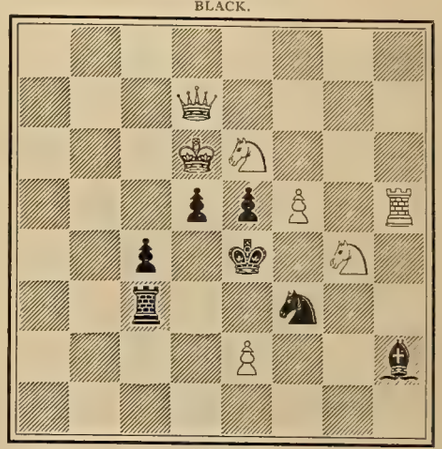
## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

### Problems and Other Topics of Interest in the King of Games

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 2115 Fillmore Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

Strangers visiting San Francisco, who are fond of chess, are cordially invited by the officers to make themselves known at the Librarian's desk of the Mechanics' Institute, where they will be provided with visitors' tickets, and introduced to members, who are always pleased to meet and welcome lovers of Caissa from abroad.

"Vaincre par la douceur."
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Very subtle and clever. For beauty and difficulty this ranks high.

The fourth game of the Redding-Jefferson match was played at the house of Mr. Redding, on California Street, on Friday evening of last week. After the "vicissitudes of war" had illustrated the "fickleness of fate" to both contestants, Mr. Redding finally won a game brimming full of pretty conceptions which were never realized. The score at present makes Mr. Redding look like a winner, the tally-sheet showing two draws and two won games, making the total three to one in Mr. Redding's favor—drawn games counting one-half for each:

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

| *White.* Mr. Jefferson. | *Black.* Mr. Redding. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 20—P KKt3 | 20—KKt x KtP |
| 2—KKt B3 | 2—QKt B3 | 21—QB x Kt | 21—QKt Kt3 |
| 3—P Q4 | 3—P x P | 22—QB x P | 22—R Q sq |
| 4—Kt x P | 4—KB B4 | 23—QKtP x P | 23—QKtP x P |
| 5—QB K3 | 5—Q KB3 | 24—R KB6 | 24—K Kt2 |
| 6—P QB3 | 6—KKt K2 | 25—QR KB sq | 25—Kt KB5 |
| 7—KB QKt5 | 7—QKt K4 | 26—KR x Kt | 26—QR x B |
| 8—KB K2 | 8—P Q3 | 27—KR KB3 | 27—P KB4 |
| 9—P KB4 | 9—QKt KKt3 | 28—Kt QB4 | 28—QR Q sq |
| 10—Castles | 10—Castles | 29—Kt K3 | 29—R x B |
| 11—QKt Q2 | 11—P QKt3 | 30—Kt x P ch | 30—R x Kt |
| 12—Q K sq | 12—B QKt2 | 31—R x R a Q6 | 31—R x R ch |
| 13—P QKt4 | 13—KB x Kt | 32—K x R | 32—B QR3 |
| 14—QB x B | 14—Q KR5 | 33—K K2 | 33—P KR4 |
| 15—Q x Q | 15—Kt x Q | 34—K K3 | 34—B x R |
| 16—P KB5 | 16—P QB4 | 35—K x B | 35—K KB3 |
| 17—QB K3 | 17—KKt x BP | 36—K QB4 | 36—P KKt5 |
| 18—QB KB2 | 18—QR K sq | 37—K x P (a) | 37—P KR5 |
| 19—KB Q3 | 19—P KKt4 | 38—K Q4 | 38—P KKt6 |
| | | 39—K K3 | 39—P x P |

White resigns.

(a) A fatal error. K to Q5 would have drawn the game.

The late Mr. Buckle, after a day's work upon the "History of Civilization," is said to have thought nothing of spending half the night over the chess-board, and probably never mated his adversary with more ease and rapidity than after writing a slashing chapter upon the *ancien régime*. But we may be permitted to doubt whether this superfluity of mental force is to be found in all or any of Mr. Buckle's contemporaries or successors. Such was not the opinion of the late Mr. Staunton, who often regretted that his early passion for the game of chess prevented him in later life from doing free justice to his powers in other paths. Chess requires from those who seek excellence so exclusive a cultus that no other pursuit can be prosecuted at the same time with even equal interest. This explains why no man of great and commanding genius has ever been at the same time a great player. Napoleon was passionately fond of the game, but he was never even a second-class player. A senior wrangler might probably have to receive large odds from the winner of the "wooden spoon," even though both had learned the game at the same time. For success in chess depends upon the amount of the qualities, mental or moral, which can be concentrated on the chess-board. The game must be played as if the stake were life and death. The exact medium between excessive caution and audacity, which so few generals have practiced, must be invariably pursued in the management of so many bits of wood or ivory. Now, it is no paradox to assert that a man of vast genius—a Bacon, or a Descartes, or a Milton—could not throw his soul into such a task. Mr. Gladstone could not construct a chess plan with the care and minuteness with which he would construct a budget. General Ignatieff could not devote the same ingenuity in concealing a deadly onslaught upon the adversary's chess-king that he might have displayed an hour before in dealing with a fellow-embassador. We must pass down the intellectual scale, therefore, until precisely that point is reached where victory in a game of skill can attract and enlist all that a man possesses of invention, knowledge, patience, audacity, and resource. Add to these a fair physical constitution, to endure a twelve hours' sitting, if necessary, an absolute freedom from irritability and nervousness, and a comple knowledge of the theory and practice of the game. The product of these indispensable elements is then called Philidor, or Morphy, or Steinitz, or Zukertort.

"The writer of the melodramatic story, 'J. Habakkuk Jephson's Statement,' lately published in the *Cornhill*, has reason to be proud of his capacity for realism. A sapient ex-advocate-general in Gibraltar has written a long letter to a newspaper to prove that the incidents of the narrative were a fabrication. Referring to the fact that the hero is an American and a mulatto, he dwells on the wickedness of imputing crimes to the citizens of the United States, 'especially the colored population.'" The foregoing is from the New York *Tribune*. This story, by the way, has been reprinted here in the *Ingleside*, under the title of "The Ill-starred Brigantine."

### THE INNER MAN.

"What do we do with stale candies?" repeated a New York confectioner to a *Sun* reporter. "That depends upon what kinds of candies are stale. Some kinds are a dead loss, while others may be melted up and made over again. Finer varieties are lost, such as cream dates, most fresh fruit candies, the choice French mixed, fine gum drops, and chocolate creams. Marshmallow drops get as hard as rocks after a short time. The loss is considerable, because the candies are expensive. The common candies are easily made over. Some confectioners sell the stale candies at a cheaper price, but it is a very bad policy. Candies stand on their own merits, and there is no class of consumers so critical as the people who buy and eat fine candies. I will guarantee that there are hundreds of young ladies who will tell at the first taste whether a candy is older than it should be, even by a day, or if there is any imperfection in it. The harm that comes of selling two boxes of poor candies in succession to a customer is greater than the good that comes of selling a dozen boxes of the choicest. You may lose the customer. A young man comes in to buy a box of candies for his sweetheart. The good candies cost, say, one dollar a pound, and along side of them are the stale ones marked thirty cents a pound. They look alike, and it is near the end of the week. The young man buys a pound of the stale candies and takes them to the girl. She eats one, and cries out: 'What horrid things! Where did you buy them?' The young man basely mentions the confectioner's name, and there, you see, the trouble takes definite form. I could give you many instances where the sale of stale candies would be hurtful. I do not lose much by candies getting stale, because I have steady customers, and only make up enough to supply what I think the demand will be. I believe it better to be out of a certain variety than to lose on it. It is likely that the customer will buy another sort. There was a mint of money lost this season by the small confectioners who do not make their own candies. They thought there was going to be a big demand during the Christmas holidays, and laid in accordingly. There was nothing like the sale that they expected, and they had to dispose of their stock as best they could. It depends on the candies, the temperature, and amount of moisture in the place where they are kept, whether they will keep fresh or not. Some kinds will not last twenty-four hours. Last summer I sold cream strawberries, which were the fresh strawberries coated with the confection. I had to make them up two and three times a day. Those left over night were spoiled in the morning.

"Buckwheat cakes!" said a man in a downtown restaurant, within hearing of a New York *Sun* reporter. "Wheat cakes!" said another man by his side. In a short time the waiter brought three broad, thin disks, that were white within and a crisp brown without, to each man. In looks the cakes were exactly alike. A man with a sensitive taste could have determined after one or two trials that they did not taste alike. "I ordered buckwheat just because the name brings up pleasant memories," said one. "Here is a case in which evolution has ruined the thing evolved. When I was a boy my father used to carry buckwheat to mill and bring back a grayish flour. My mother mixed it up at night, and the next morning I sat down to breakfast before a heap of—but no matter. We won't talk about it. The buckwheat of my youth was cleaned and then ground between the stones like any other grain. Not long ago a man who wanted to make a beautiful flour to look at concluded that he could entirely remove the shuck from the kernel of buckwheat. To do this he made a machine that consists of four serrated or corrugated rollers. Two are placed at the end of a screen over which the grain passes, and as the grain drops between them it gets a nip that breaks it up and separates about all the meats from the husks. Then the meats drop through a short screen, and the husks pass on through the second set of rollers. They are further broken up and the remaining meats are separated. The meats are ground, and this white, tasteless stuff is the result." "That was only the complaint of a man who thinks that there are no times like the old times," said a flour dealer to whom the above was related by the reporter. "If he wants ground husks instead of clean flour he can get it and for less money. Few mills now grind the shucks and all together, but the flour is to be had. If the new process flour was not better than the old, it would not now be taking the lead."

From the dreadful corned-beef and cabbage and the fearful fish-balls of crude American cookery, says the London *Daily News*, the family of Delmonico has by degrees led the American public to the consideration of higher things. The favorite dishes of the Great Republic have been concentrated in New York, and recent arrivals are hospitably challenged to compare anything in the Old World with them. Politeness prevents such comparisons, which would hardly be in favor of either hemisphere. In fish and game, despite its wide area of river and prairie, America can in no way compare with the raw products of this country. But it has its specialties. The oysters of Blue Point and Shrewsbury River may not be denied, any more than the canvas-back nourished on the marshes of the Potomac, the terrapin captured on the shores of the Delaware, the snapping-turtle from the far West, the gumbo-soup of New Orleans, or the pompano-fish which rejoiceth the Mexican Gulf. What the Delmonicos have done is to bring the enjoyments of the two hemispheres into combination. They have known how to make the clams, the oysters, the sheep's-head, and other strange fishes, familiar to the great army of gastronomists who reach Manhattan Island.

Mr. Moquin is called the principal French restaurant keeper in New York, now that Delmonico is no more. He settled in New York twenty-nine years ago, having left Switzerland when a lad. At present he runs a great restaurant, extending through from Ann to Fulton Street, and a large wine house in Park Place. Moquin is yet a young man, and has a wife who takes an active interest in his affairs. The chief peculiarities of his restaurant are that it is always open, and that it is precious hard work to get anything to eat in it without feeing the waiters.

### INTAGLIOS.

#### The Dimple on Her Cheek.

Within a nest of roses,
Half hidden from the sight,
Until a smile discloses
Its loveliness aright,
Behold the work of Cupid,
Who wrought it in a freak.
The witching little dimple—
The dimple on her cheek.

The Sirens' lays and glances
To lure the sailor nigh,
The perilous romances
Of fabled Lorelei,
And all the spells of Circe
Are reft of charm and weak,
Beside the dainty dimple—
The dimple on her cheek.

Were these the golden ages
Of knights and troubadours,
Who brighten olden pages
With tourneys and amours,
What lances would be broken—
What silver lutes would speak,
In honor of the dimple—
The dimple on her cheek!

*—Samuel Minturn Peck in the Manhattan.*

#### Two Songs.

I.—CHILDHOOD.

The spirit of Gladness, I
On the wings of an emerald fly
Sailed by thee, singing a song.
And my song was so sweet to thee
That the sound of it, after me,
As it drew thee, dancing along
(Dancing o'er meadow and lawn
Bathed in the breath of the dawn)
Into thy sweet heart drew
The honey-drops out of the flowers,
And the secretest bliss of the bowers
Drawn out of the drops of dew.
For twin-born sister and brother
We little ones welcomed each other
With never a doubt that day:
And we frolicked so fast, so fast,
That we fell down weary at last
(Weary of wandering play),
Then 'mid the blossoms asleep,
And I, by the side of thee, deep
In the bell of a gentian blue:
Whence silently forth I stole,
And into thy slumbering soul,
With my song in me hushed, I flew.
Then, a thought of thine I became
A thought with a song for a name,
The song that, to solace his flight,
Thy fly to the flower-bell sings:
And I gave thee his emerald wings.
Child, cherish, and keep them bright.

II.—MAIDENHOOD.

I have no name. For they that know me best
Know how to name me not. The nightingale
Sings me when summer nights are silentest,
And the stars tremble, listening to her tale.
Shy Melancholy's sweetest child am I,
Sweeter than Joy. I hover between song
And silence. There is smiling in my sigh,
And sighing in my smile. A thought among
Thy thoughts, I wander like a wind thro' flowers.
And only by their trembling canst thou tell
My secret influence on thy silent hours.
Yet dost thou know me, child, and know me well.

*—The Earl of Lytton in Youth's Companion.*

#### An Old Friend.

You call me *old!* Well, as to age
No doubt there's difference between;
'Tis true, my friend, when I was twenty
You were my junior at sixteen.
But age, though counted by the winters,
Has other measures quite as true;
There's heart, there's love; by these I reckon,
I'm the younger of the two.

*—Charles Mackay.*

#### To Chloris.

Ah, Chloris! you have greatly changed
Since we, then blithe and young together,
Across the summer meadows ranged
Or autumn heather.
I can not always quite forget
The magic of your blush and dimple,
Or choke the wish that you were yet
As sweetly simple.

For, Chloris, as the days went by
You grew, and took to longer dresses,
And next—I ne'er discovered why—
You cut your tresses.
Thus marred, and in a sad loose frock,
The period fearfully uncertain,
You fell in love with Kant and Locke,
And went to Girton.

And there, in cap and gown arrayed,
(How could you, Chloris, copy men so?)
You waxed unconscionably staid
And read Colenso.
And when bright hours you might have spent
In sweet response to my affections,
Your faithless glance was ever bent
On conic sections.

It was too much! How could I brook
The rivalry of mathematics,
Or share the interest you took
In hydrostatics?
I have no sympathy with surds
(I never thoroughly attacked them),
Nor do I understand The Birds,
Or how to act them.

And, though you speedily became
A don, and wore the hood of doctor,
And though you gained a greater name
Than Mr. Proctor,
I half regret you ever turned
To things so very far above me,
And wish that you had merely learned
To live and love me.

Mario and Grisi once declined a very remunerative engagement for a night or two, because he heard the hotel was not quite up to the mark. He was luxurious and expensive in his personal habits.


The Strongest and Best!




The Strongest and Best!

THOMAS PRICE, Analytic Chemist, pronounces the GIANT BAKING POWDER nearly one-third stronger than any manufactured or sold on the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 24, 1883.

H. E. BOTHIN, President Bothin M'f'g Co.:

DEAR SIR—After careful and complete chemical analysis of a can of Giant Baking Powder, purchased by us in open market, we find that it does not contain alum, acid phosphate, terra alba, or any injurious substance, but is a pure, healthful Cream Tartar Baking Powder, and as such can recommend it to consumers.

WM. T. WENZELL & CO.,
Analytic Chemists.

We concur:
R. BEVERLY COLE, M. D.
J. L. MEARES, M. D., Health Officer.
ALFRED W. PERRY, M. D., } Members of San
W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D., } Francisco Board
AUG. ALERS, M. D., } of Health.

Manufactured by
BOTHIN M'F'G COMPANY,
17 and 19 Main Street, San Francisco.
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN
Hair Renewer.

Seldom does a popular remedy win such a strong hold upon the public confidence as has HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. The cases in which it has accomplished a complete restoration of color to the hair, and vigorous health to the scalp, are innumerable.

Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening locks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it disappoints no one.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FOR THE WHISKERS

Has become one of the most important popular toilet articles for gentlemen's use. When the beard is gray or naturally of an undesirable shade, BUCKINGHAM'S DYE is the remedy.

PREPARED BY
R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H.
Sold by all Druggists.

Hunyadi JÁNOS
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST LAXATIVE.

"THE RICHEST OF NATURAL APERIENT WATERS."
Baron Liebig.

"SPEEDY, SURE, & GENTLE."
*Dr. Roberts, Univ. Coll. Hosp., London, England.*

*Ordinary Dose, a Wineglassful before breakfast.*
*Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.*

FOR SALE BY
A. F. EVANS & CO.
522 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.
No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.
118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.
ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,
Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

GRANULA
An incomparable Food for **Invalids** and **Children**; oldest and best health food known; delicious as a diet: grocers and druggists sell it. Manufactured by
OUR HOME GRANULA CO., Dansville, N. Y.
Wholesale Agents: HICKOX & CO., San Francisco, Cal.; WATSON, WRIGHT & CO., Portland, Or.; H. IRVINE, Los Angeles, Cal.

MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. A. K. CLAPPE'S
SELECT SCHOOL
FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,
At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N. Y. Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalogue.

NOW READY THE FINEST CIGARETTE
"CLOTH OF GOLD,"
(Straight Mesh.)
SWEET, DELICATE, AND MILD!!
This Cigarette is made from the finest and most costly leaf from that region of Virginia particularly adapted for growing tobacco for Cigarettes. Our long experience in manufacturing enables us to secure the most suitable kinds of tobacco and thus present this superior article, with the full assurance THAT ITS EQUAL HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN OFFERED. A higher grade Cigarette can not be produced. We call particular attention to the superior quality of our old brands of Cigarettes. They can not be surpassed.
Twelve First Prize Medals.
Peerless Tobacco Works.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

FINE
Suits, $25. TAILORING Suits, $30.
Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.
Suits, $40. TAILORING Suits, $50.
Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.
Suits, $60. TAILORING Suits, $70.
J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier,
314 Kearny Street.

BONESTELL, RICHARDS & CO.
ALLEN & CO.
PAPER WAREHOUSE
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F.
Importers of All Kinds of Paper.

ANTI-FAT.
The Greatest Discovery of the Age by an English lady, who has, by close study and practice, found a remedy whereby people of either sex can be reduced in flesh at the rate of five to seven pounds a month without injury to health or looks, the skin on body and face retaining its smooth appearance. This treatment strengthens the nerves and muscles, destroying only the fat, which is simply a watery fluid in the tissues, producing gout, rheumatism, incipient paralysis, apoplexy, and fatty degeneration of the heart. Address ANTI-FAT, office box 1925, city.


DIVIDEND NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE STANDARD CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY, San Francisco, March 1, 1884.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named company, held this day, Dividend No. 65, of Twenty-five cents (25c) per share, was declared, payable on Wednesday, March 12, 1884, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, in New York.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.


Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.
COWEN, PORTER & CO.,
FUNERAL DIRECTORS,
118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.
J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.
Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

BOUND VOLUMES
.....OF.....
THE ARGONAUT.

Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, and XIII.

Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office, No. 213 Dupont Street.

MARBLE WORKS.
MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.
W. H. McCORMICK,
827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Friday, February 15, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| *9.30 A.M. | ..Antioch and Martinez..... | *12.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa..... | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.30 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ( Deming, El Paso ) Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | ( and East..... ) Emigrant .. | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ( Galt and ) via Livermore..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ( Stockton ) via Martinez..... | *12.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Ione..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ..Los Angeles and South..... | 9.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | ( Merced, Madera, ) ..... | *12.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ( Fresno, and Tulare ) ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Marysville and Chico..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ( Mojave, Needles, ) Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | ( and East..... ) Emigrant .. | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " ..... | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | ( Ogden and ) Express..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 5.30 P.M. | ( East..... ) Emigrant..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ( Red Bluff ) via Marysville.. | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ( and Tehama ) via Woodland... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Redding..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers.... | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José..... | *3.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 9.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | *12.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| *4.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| | " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Virginia City..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 4.30 P. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Benicia; and that leaving at 8.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from the Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.23, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, 7.22, 7.52, 8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 2.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Daily, except Sundays. ‡ Sundays only.

Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

J. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**OPIUM AND MORPHINE HABIT**

DR. H. H. KANE, of the DeQuincey Institute, now offers a Remedy whereby any one can cure himself quickly and painlessly. For testimonials and endorsements from eminent medical men, &c., address H. H. KANE, A.M., M.D., 160 Fulton St., New York City.


NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

**BROAD GAUGE.**

## WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, November 11, 1883,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| †6.50 A.M. | | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | *8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | 9.03 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| *5.10 P.M. | | †4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | .....Principal Way Stations.... | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | .....Salinas, and Monterey... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Soquel, Aptos.. | |
| *3.30 P.M. | (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, broad gauge, no change of cars | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 5.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (sportsmen's train).

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS

Sold on Saturday and Sunday—good to return on Monday—to Santa Clara or San José, $2.50; to Gilroy, $4.00; to Monterey or Santa Cruz, $5.00, and to principal points between San Francisco and San José.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, January 21st, 1884,**

and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—†10.15, *11.15 A. M., *4.50, ‡5.00 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—†7.00, *9.20 A. M., †12.30, *3.20, *5.30, ‡5.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—*8.00, †8.50 A. M., *12.30, †3.35 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†6.40, *6.50, *9.15 A. M., †12.00 M., *2.50, ‡5.10 P. M. * Week Days. † Sundays.

For SAUCELITO (Week Days)—9.20 A. M., 1.15, 3.20, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.00, 10.00 A. M., 12.30, 2.00, 5.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (Week Days)—7.45, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.50 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.05, 3.15, 6.10 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 6.15 P. M.

**11.15 A. M.** Daily, Sudays excepted (via San Quentin Ferry), THROUGH TRAIN, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through Train from Duncan Mills arrives in S. F. at 1.45 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning except Mondays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**7.00 A. M.** from Saucelito Ferry, Excursion Train every Sunday for Point Reyes and Way Stations.

Returning, arrives in San Francisco (via Saucelito Ferry) 6.50 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11¼ inches, with over **3,300** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you. Respectfully,

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**

**227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

**CHARLES R. ALLEN,**

**Dealer in House, Steam, Foundry, and**

**CUMBERLAND COAL,**

**ENGLISH COKE AND PIG IRON,**

**120 Beale Street, San Francisco.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA**

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| STEAMER | 1884. | From San Francisco for HONGKONG. |
|---|---|---|
| OCEANIC | | Saturday, March 8th. |
| ARABIC | | Saturday, April 26th. |
| OCEANIC | | Tuesday, May 27th. |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Rio de Janeiro.....March 27**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Blas.....March 15**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, SAN BLAS, MANZANILLO, and ACAPULCO, and via ACAPULCO for Lower Mexican and Central American ports, calling at SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA and LA LIBERTAD to land passengers and mails.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West India ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Australia.....Friday, March 14**

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on March 3d, 11th, 19th, and 27th, and every eighth day thereafter. The first steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose. Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR, MANAGER

**Corner First and Market Streets,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.

London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital.....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama.

## The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK

LIMITED,

**N. E. corner Pine and Sansome Streets.**

London Office, 3 Angel Court. New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street.

**Authorized Capital Stock.....$6,000,000**

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED F. LOW, IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.

P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.** Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation** Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company** Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company** Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# ALASKA

# COMMERCIAL CO.

**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

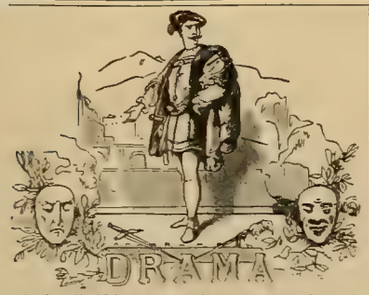
JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.




Jack rolled his overcoat into a wad, and put it on the floor; found a comparatively safe place for his hat, delivered over to me my fancy handkerchief, my fan, my vinaigrette, my opera-glasses, my programme, and my libretto. Having thus comparatively lightened his cargo, he subsided into his seat with a preliminary sigh of ecstasy.

"I anticipate more pleasure than I have ever had in my life in the same length of time."

"Why?" I asked, succinctly.

"Oh, hang it, Betsy, don't sit on a fellow's enthusiasm at a moment like this. Why? Because——"

It is as useless to argue with a man as with a community when they are in a state of exaltation like this. Every one is keyed up to an indescribably high state of pressure, and Jack was keyed with the rest. When the stalwart Galassi appeared, he had his first opportunity to let his enthusiasm bubble over—and it bubbled.

"After all, Betsy," cried Jack, as he listened to the singing notes of Enrico's declared vendetta; "after all, Betsy, there is nothing like strength and power. He reminds me of the *impetuoso toro* that weak-kneed Norman was describing a moment ago, and I like him for it."

"Your comparison is not ill placed, Jack. I like the musical bellow that comes from that massive throat pretty well myself. There is a magnificent roundness, a mellow strength and purity to his tones, an ease and command in his air, and a fund of reserved strength everywhere which is infinitely satisfying. Further than this I will not say. I am going to keep cool. The town is in a state of operatic dementia, and I propose to keep my reason clean and clear, and observe human nature. I have heard Adelina Patti, and I suppose, after that, Gerster can not pluck my enthusiasm up by the roots."

"Ah, here she is," spoke Jack, as thunders of applause gave welcome to the Hungarian. "She is not beautiful," he said a moment later, in a tone of disappointment, "not even fair to middling; eh, Betsy?"

"I never judge of a prima donna's looks till she begins to sing," I spoke didactically. "When a woman's art lies in the expression of the emotions of the human heart, she is beautiful, in so far as her face is susceptible of transfiguration. I suspect her of vast possibilities. It is my experience that this type of woman—square-browed, broad-eyed, heavily molded—is the most gifted in the world of art. She has the deep, inward strength of the North, and not the surface passion of the South, written in her face. I expect much of her. She will sing with her soul."

"Don't you think her voice is just a little small?" questioned Jack, feebly, as she began her recitative. "I like soul as well as anybody, but we have had quite a long soul-season, and I should really like a little volume of sound by way of change."

But Lucia was half-way into her aria by this time.

"Jack, Jack," I cried, clutching him suddenly till he winced, "*did* you hear that descending run?—that cascade of silver notes chasing each other down the scale?—that vocal chime?—that"——

"Hold hard, Betsy, and keep cool," quoth Jack, who was not to be brought up by one single little glimpse of her possibilities. "It is a great accomplishment to know how to wait. These critics are appreciative chaps, and they have these things down to a fine point. In the morning they will give you adjectives enough to last you through the season. Meanwhile, don't get another spasm like that till the mad scene comes on, and then I'll spasm with you. Keep cool."

"I *am* cool, Jack; but when she shies an occasional little scrap of musical marvel at us like that last cadenza, just to show us what she can do with her voice, it is rather exciting."

"What is that?" asked Jack, as a small dark object in a cloak emerged from the wings, and, with a wild shriek of "Lucia!" hurtled itself at the prima donna. He grasped her frantically, and seemed to cry, "Gerster, Gerster, for heaven's sake hold me up, or I will take a header into the prompter's box." But after he had let fly two or three Havanese yells at us—and the audience encouraged him in it—he felt better.

"That," said I, in answer to his question, "is Anton, the new Spanish tenor, drawn in a Havana lottery at enormous expense, and placed"——

But I was interrupted.

"That a tenor? Then why doesn't he sing?"

"He is singing," I said, placidly, but with some remonstrance in my tone.

My spouse turned upon me a look of withering contempt. "My dear," he said, "I do not know a quarter-note from an eighteenth, but I do know that that is not singing. It is simply loud, strained, unmusical bleating."

However, Jack said the same thing next evening of Vicini, and though he doesn't know a note he was keen enough to detect the fact that Anton was a sharp bleater and Vicini a flat bleater. Vicini, however, is a good actor—at least comedian—which Anton is not, and has quite an occasional note. The New York and Boston papers gushed very extensively over "Una furtiva lagrima." Perhaps they have sent another man over to us under the same name, for the pretty Romanza was badly mangled in its treatment. The fact is, there is no tenor in the company. Colonel Mapleson should charter yet another car for his long line, and load it with Doctor Moffat's peroxide of hydrogen. Any one of his three, for poor old Nicolini comes in as an occasional third, is liable to be a tenor at any moment. If he would take that one of the three which is most liable at the critical time, and pump peroxide into him for an hour before the performance, the troupe would be more harmoniously complete.

"He would have to pump some music into the little chap," growled Jack; and only consented to listen when he came to "Chi mi frena."

Poor little man! As he stood wrapped up in his cloak and his indignation, at the head of the staircase, ready to intrude upon the wedding, the whole scene looked like one of those little artificial Italian alleys, or avenues, where the trees shrink gradually as you approach, and a little dot of a statue is placed to give them perspective.

It was in this scene that Gerster began to rise to the full height of her magnificence. Her acting gathered in power, and the silver *timbre* of her voice rang with piercing sweetness through the cadences of the famous sextet. As one of the critics said, it did not ring out above the others, but mingled and melted with them. Yet in every note its purity and sweetness were individual and discoverable.

As the curtain rose upon the disturbed household of Wolf's Crag, the audience settled itself into an attitude of expectancy.

"She has only been playing with us," said Jack; "cantalizing us with those wonderful little fragments."

She had, indeed. She uses her voice playfully. Her throat seems to gurgle with notes clamoring to be let out, and she tosses off a little scale, or a trill, or a turn, or a few interjected *staccati* that are the very perfection of technique, of purity, of ease—in short, of everything that art and nature can combine in a singer's throat.

"Let her go," spoke Jack, with more enthusiasm than elegance, as the chorus parted and the mad Lucia came in. There was no shrill peal of maniac laughter to announce her mind's defeat. She left it all to her sad, speaking face. Her own brown hair was unbound, and fell around her shoulders, and, in her noble simplicity, she looked infinitely pathetic. The house hushed itself into absolute silence as she began to sing, and away she went upon such a flight of music as those who never heard her before have never heard at all.

"My God!" ejaculated Jack, under his breath, and there was not a shadow of irreverence in it.

We shrieked our thoughts at each other through the stormy plaudits of the multitude.

"It is like the voices of a cage of linnets let loose in the sunshine."

"It is the meeting of all the skylarks."

"It is the chime of crystal bells."

"It is a rippling, sparkling, shining, shimmering river of music."

"The audacious courage of the woman in attacking such an appalling string of difficulties!"

"The magnificent triumph of the artist in overcoming them!"

"Such inconceivable velocity of execution!"

"Such daring attack; such unerring flights to the region in *alt!*"

"Such brilliance! Such limpidity! Such strength!"

This Jack and I until we came to a pause for lack of vocabulary, not for lack of enthusiasm, though he entreated me to be consistent and keep cool.

The remarks extended themselves over two evenings, for the sparkling "Prendi, prendi" of "Elisir d'Amore" and the intricate fioriture of De Beriot's waltz drew forth some of them.

"I am cool, my dear," I said, at the close of the last. "Quite cool, and I will abandon metaphor. This is no song of birds, or chime of bells, or rush of water, that we are listening to. It is something better, more beautiful, and far above them all. It is the human voice, the noblest sound in all the world of sounds, in its entire perfection. This is a woman anointed by the chrism of God with the divinest gift in his hand—the gift of song."

And Jack quite reverently said, "Amen!"

And could this sparkling coquette Adina in "Elisir d'Amore" be the grave Lucia of the night before? I was not disappointed in the possibilities of the square, strong face. It beams with expression, for Gerster is a charming actress, and is perhaps the only one who could bring this somewhat frivolous piece of work of Donizetti up to the level of grand opera. It is not satisfying, even topped off as it is with the "Prendi, prendi," and the great waltz which has become incorporated with it since Malibran first introduced it. The first act is even dull, redounding with recitative. The fun of an Italian buffo is not funny to an American audience. Signor Caracciolo is a most excellent one of the class, sings fairly, and acts well by his own traditions. When one reflects, however, that the great buffo Ronconi sang Doctor Dulcamara as the star rôle of the opera, and Adina was a mere side issue, one shudders to think what it would now be under such conditions without Gerster.

Signor Lombardelli is one of those who are generally dismissed with a line something like this: "Signor Lombardelli was in very good voice, and sang exceedingly well." Whereas he does nothing of the kind. He has not a good voice, he does not sing well, and he does not act at all.

"What are those?" asked Jack, pointing to the chorus, which is certainly very large and very satisfactory.

"Those, my dear," I say, knowingly, "are *contadini*—imported, genuine *contadini*."

"I like their accent, and I don't object to their complexions, but I now understand why the Italian exile is so numerous a creature. Ah, my dear girl, even Italian opera has its reverse side. To think that Adelina Patti and those women cry their *vivas* under one flag."

How well the house looks after its renovation, and what fine audiences have filled it; but the construction of the house will never be liked for such occasions. Those down-stairs are simply distracted to know who is up-stairs, and those up-stairs are equally miserable.

Patti, Patti, Patti, Patti! The word rang all day long, all up and down the streets, and within the houses, and around and within the steaming theatre at night, till speech seemed resolved into one continuous patter.

How they swarmed in—men and women! They stood upon stools, they sat upon steps, they hung on to balcony rails by their eyelids. They were five deep in the back of each circle of the auditorium, and fifty deep in the vestibule. They were uncomfortable, hot, cross, nervous, weighted with the importance of the occasion, and sometimes disorderly.

In point of fact, a two-bit gallery is Chesterfieldian beside a two-dollar one.

What is there to say of Patti's voice that people have not been saying for twenty-five years? And how many went to hear her voice? She has become a spectacle, like Jumbo or any other freak, and the world goes to see rather than to hear.

I doubt if twenty women in the house heard the music in the ball-room scene. *La diva* treated the house to a view of as many of her diamonds as she could carry without being brought in on trestles. In the first act she wore a pair of mammoth solitaires, a glittering dog-collar formed of squares of diamonds, a girdle to match, a diamond-studded fan-chain, three sparkling bracelets on each arm, half a dozen ornaments in her hair, and her dress was literally studded with diamond-set gems of various colors.

In the second act, a most distracting white costume with a blush of pink in it somewhere—Patti much affects white, and looks like a gilt-edged angel in it—was set off with a parure of brooches of huge turquoises of most perfect blue, set in diamonds.

But in the ball-room scene all the famous diamonds came to the fore. The wonderful necklace, with its long rivières of huge sparklers; the great horse-shoe shoulder-brooch with its long trail of diamonds running across the breast; a long shoulder-clasp, and another pair of matchless bracelets; diamond pins to stay the draperies of her dress—diamonds, diamonds everywhere! And yet it can not be because of her diamonds that we went to see Patti. These are what people will talk about—about her pretty, mignonne face, her thick jet hair, her marvelous dresses, her pretty little ways—but we all thronged to hear her because she was the greatest singer of the age—of any age. In all the history of the world, there is no history like the history of Adelina Patti, who is left, since Thursday night, like Alexander, with no more worlds to conquer. She has come to the uttermost west, by the shores of the sundown sea, and she can go no farther.

She can draw the biggest house of any woman in the world, since fools have fought like wildcats to pay twenty dollars a seat to hear her. But is she the greatest singer?

It is undeniable that she has the greatest voice in the world, and sings with a method that was born with her, with little aid from masters. Her lower notes are velvety, beautiful, and rich. In the middle registe where almost every other singer has a weakness, they peal out strong, pure, and true.

They say that fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and it seems impertinent for San Francisco people to dare to dispute the verdict of twenty years. Would it be sacrilege to say that Patti screams her upper notes? It would be sacrilege, but it would be truth. However, when one dares to advance such a theory, one is assailed with vituperation, and a woman who can draw a ten thousand-dollar house, and much more, is beyond the actual reach of criticism.

Her welcome was warm and hearty, and besides the ordinary flower-pieces, the Italians sent her an extraordinary affair, in which a pale, petrified white eagle was looking cross-eyed at the American and Italian flags, drooping dejectedly from either side of him. These three stood upon a round purple ball, and that stood upon a step ladder. The sentiment was too intricate for the common understanding. It was probably an Italian rebus. Although all this created a very storm time, Patti did not attain full recognition until the last act, when her acting rose to heights of dramatic power.

Galassi's noble voice and inimitable method stirred the responsive multitude to the quick, and his encore he acknowledged with all due deference. But, being called to the front to receive some flowers, the mighty baritone sniffed with disdain, and refused to have them passed over the footlights. Which shows that he has some good sense and some good taste, as well as a voice.

As for Patti, people rather enjoy paying a big price for anything, and they may say that they enjoyed the Patti night most of all. Comparisons with Gerster are inevitable, but if we could listen to them blindfold, unbiased by fame and surroundings, there are few lovers of music who will not say that heaven gave to Patti the phenomenal voice, but that the gracious Hungarian lady is the greater artist.

It is all folly, perhaps unfair, to institute the comparison; but who can listen to them both without it?

BETSY B.

## THE LONG, LONG, LINGERING LINE.

By One Who Lingered.

I stood in the line at midnight,
As the bells were striking the hour;
And the moon rose up from Berkeley,
Behind the tall clock-tower.

I had plenty of time for reflection;
And the man in front of me
Leaned back as if he were falling
And sinking into the sea.

The man behind leaned forward,
And hummed an opera tune;
The blaze of his long proboscis
Gleamed redder than the moon.

The fogs swept in from the ocean,
The cold crept up from the shore;
We shivered and blew on our fingers,
And wished that the night was o'er.

We smiled with grim derision
As each belated wight
Came streaming into the moonlight
And placed him for the night.

The day at last dawned slowly,
The hours seemed like years;
And a flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often
I had slept at early morn,
And smelt the flagrant coffee
To my avid nostrils borne.

How often, oh, how often
In that night devoid of ease,
My corns had twinged with anguish
That wrenched my very knees.

With an eagle warm and golden
I bought a place more near,
For the burden laid upon me
Had made my back feel queer.

But now it has fallen from me;
My eyes were forced to see
'Twas an endless gouge and swindle—
No ticket was there for me.

Oh, whenever I see thee, Patti,
I shall think of words we spent
On the head of the gallant colonel,
That were somewhat strong for Lent.

I shall think of the mad policemen,
Of the surging crowd of men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
And mourning, perchance, a "ten."

I see the long procession
That stood in the morning light;
And some were gaunt and yellow,
And some were wan and white.

And forever and forever,
When I to the opera go,
When I sit and hear the music,
And watch the leader's bow,

The moon, and my sad reflections,
And the long line, shall appear
As a hideous midnight vision—
The nightmare of the year.

HE-A-WA

## AN OPERA CATECHISM.

*What is this?*
This, darling, is the opera.
*My! but who are all these people?*
The audience, my love.
*But they seem to be bored to death.*
They are, dear.
*Then why do they come?*
To be looked at.
*Gracious! is that a pleasure?*
Yes, precious.
*Why, how?*
Why, the privilege costs about ten dollars an ur.
*Then only rich people can afford it?*
Only the immensely rich, dear.
*But I see there a young man who is not im-ensely rich.*
Yes.
*How can he afford it, then?*
Directly, he can not; indirectly, he can.
*How "indirectly"?*
Why, he will eventually make his tailor foot e bill.
*Those funny people on the stage—*
Sh! dear—they are singing.
*Singing what?*
A duet.
*Why do they duet?*
Hush, darling.
*Are they unwell?*
Why, no, my precious!
*Then why does that queer little gentleman with e short trousers and tin sword throw himself ound as if he were suffering from green water-lon?*
Because he is a tenor.
*Why is he called a tenor?*
He charges tenor fifteen dollars a minute for his ork.
*And the other—the lady with vocal hysterics?*
She is the prima donna.
*Is she singing, too?*
Oh, yes.
*But neither of these people have any notes?*
Yes, they have.
*Where?*
In their pockets.
*Can they sing without these notes?*
Yes, they can; but they won't.
*Is not the poor manager a great philanthropist bring all these people together and pay them so uch?*
Oh, yes.
*We should thank the poor manager very heartily.*
Of course.
*We should be willing to pay him any sum he oses to ask, shouldn't we?*
Certainly, dear.
*He is so disinterested.*
Very, my love.
*We should likewise be very grateful to that ex-ted little gentleman with the ebony stick, who oks like he were flapping his wings and trying to ow?*
Yes.
*He often succeeds in quite drowning the prima onna in a torrent of fiddling!*
Yes, dear—that is his business.
*These people in the boxes seem to be very tired.*
Very.
*They are trying very hard not to listen.*
Yes, sweet.
*But I thought people went to the opera to hear e music!*
That was in the dark ages, love.
*What is music?*
Music is a harmonious combination or succes-on of certain sharps, flats, and naturals.
*What is a sharp?*
A sharp, my dear, is a—well, do you remember hat gentleman we passed in the lobby, with the attery smile and corpulent pocket-book?
*Why, that was the manager!*
Yes, my sweet.
*Well?*
He is a sharp.
*And what are flats?*
They are in the boxes.
*And a natural?*
The young man you spoke of who spent his lit-e all for a seat.
*He is a natural what?*
Idiot. —*Life.*

Gerster appears as Amina in "La Sonnam-ula" this afternoon, and on Monday night ill sing the part of Elvira in "I Puritani." uesday night will be Madame Patti's second ap-earance, when she will sing Leonora in "Il rovatore;" Signor Nicolini will take the part of anrico. Wednesday night, Gerster will appear the title rôle of "Marta."

The present season of Emerson's Minstrels at e Standard Theatre will close March 19th, when e company will depart for a tour through regon. During their absence, the theatre will e entirely renovated.

The present week is the last of the Leavitt Spe-alty Company's engagement at the Bush Street heatre. Next Monday night "Hoop of Gold" ill open at this theatre.

Miss Sara Jewett has appeared as Lea Hender-on in "Daniel Rochat," during the week, at the aldwin Theatre. Monday night "Her Sur-rise" will be played.

**Root Beer.**

A strictly non-alcoholic family beverage, at once licious to the taste and beneficial to the system. he youngest child or the feeblest invalid can rink it with advantage. Put up in pint and uart champagne bottles, with patent stoppers, at enty cents and one dollar and ten cents per ozen. All orders promptly filled. H. L. St. ohn & Co., 14 Hayes Street.

— Decorative Household Art Studio, 213 urk Street. Modeling in Clay, Leather, and Wax; Ebonizing, Gilding, and Polishing; Draw-ng, Crayon, and Ornamental Needlework.

— Miss Ellen Coursen. Thorough in-truction in Vocal Music. Classes in Singing. Hall, 317 Powell Street, opposite Union Square.

**CCCXIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, March 16, 1884.**

Soup à la Julienne.
Fried Mountain Trout.
Broiled Squabs on Toast.
Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Asparagus. Beets.
Roast Veal.
Artichoke Salad.
Omelette Souffié, with Preserves.
Oranges, Apples, Figs, and Walnuts.

Omelette Souffle.—Take the whites of six eggs and the yelks of three, three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and vanilla flavoring. First beat the yelks and sugar to a light cream, and add a few drops of flavoring; then beat the whites to the stiffest froth possible. Have the yelks in a rather deep kitchen bowl, turn the whites over them with a spoon, giving a rotary motion; cut the two, mixing them carefully together. Cover the bottom of an earthenware or tin baking-pan, slightly greased, with a layer of marmalade. Then pour in the eggs, smooth over the top, sprinkle with sugar, and put in a moderate oven. When it has risen well, and is of a fine yellow color, it is ready to be served, which must be done immediately or it will fall. The pan in which it is cooked must be two or three inches high.


**A Fashionable Modiste.**

**Her Handsomely Fitted-up Rooms at 121 Post St.**

The many friends and customers of the well-known modiste, Mrs. K. A. Deering, will be pleased to hear that she has recently moved into the new building, 121 Post Street, over O'Connor, Moffatt & Co.'s immense dry goods store. Mrs. Deering has long been identified with San Francisco, and her customers may be reckoned by the score, all of whom can testify to the excellent work done under her personal supervision. Her work is finished off in the most approved style, and her fitting is absolutely perfect, as she has a most superior fitter from one of the leading houses of Paris. In her new rooms, which are beautifully arranged, she has greater accommodations and more sewing-women employed. Mrs. Deering still continues her commission business on the same terms as formerly; that is, all orders under ten dollars, fifty cents to purchasers, and any sum over that free of charge. Mrs. Deering does not confine herself to dress goods in the commission business, but purchases furniture, carpets, or anything a buyer may require, her facilities being greatly improved by her recent removal.

— Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Ayer's Sarsaparilla is just what you want for a spring medicine—superior to all others.

— The Metropolitan Hall is especially adapted for concerts, song recitals, and all the milder forms of entertainment with which society regales itself during the Lenten season.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**

Frederick W. Bert.....Lessee and Manager.

**MME. ETELKA GERSTER.**

**GRAND MATINEE,**

To-day, Saturday, March 15th, at 2 P. M., Bellini's Opera,
**LA SONNAMBULA,**
Elvino, Signor Vicini; Il Conte, Signor Lombardelli; Amina, Mme. Etelka Gerster.

Monday, March 17th, Bellini's Opera,
**I PURITANI.**
Elvira.....Mme. Etelka Gerster.

Wednesday, March 19th—
**MARTHA.**
Martha.....Mme. Etelka Gerster.

**GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.**

**Second Appearance of**

**ADELINA PATTI**

TUESDAY NEXT, MARCH 18, VERDI'S OPERA,
**IL TROVATORE.**
Manrico, Signor Nicolini (his first appearance); Il Conte de Luna, Signor Galassi; Fernando, Signor Lombardelli; Azucena, M'lle Tiozzo (her first appearance), and
LEONORA. .....MME. ADELINA PATTI.

**PRICES OF ADMISSION.**

Orchestra and Parquet (first four rows), $7; Parquet (other rows), $5; Dress Circle (first three rows), $7; Dress Circle (other rows), $5; Private Boxes, from $25 to $60, according to location; Family Circle (all reserved), $3; Gallery (unreserved), $2.

Not more than Four Tickets will be sold to any one party.

**HER MAJESTY'S OPERA CO.**

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

☞ Full-dress suits for these Operas can be had at J. COOPER'S Tailoring Establishment, 24 New Montgomery Street.

N. B.—No extra charge for the Patti Opera evenings.

**WANTED.**

A SECOND-HAND SET

OF THE

**"LITTLE CLASSICS"**

Address, with terms, condition of volumes, etc., X. Y. Z., care of Argonaut office.



PRESH CLAMS.

Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

Ichi Ban is a Free Exhibition of the Art and Manufactures of the Japanese Empire, to which all are welcome.
Ichi Ban is the largest and most comprehensive collection of Japanese Goods in the world.
Ichi Ban is the most attractive store in America.
These facts are indisputable.

— Thin hair may be thickened, weak hair strengthened, and the color restored to faded or gray hair, by using Ayer's Hair Vigor.

— C. O. Dean, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Use South Prairie Coal.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

**Messrs. FREDERICK KEPPEL & CO., of London and New York, have now on exhibition at Messrs. A. L. BANCROFT & CO.'S a large collection of RARE ENGRAVINGS and ETCHINGS, recently brought from Europe.**

**All Art Lovers are invited to call and examine the collection, whether as visitors or purchasers.**

**PRIZE QUESTIONS**

....IN....

**THE INGLESIDE.**

**Cash Prizes will be given to the successful competitors in answering a list of Prize Questions in the Ingleside. First Prize, Ten Dollars. Second Prize, Five Dollars. Third Prize, One Year's Subscription. The questions are begun in No. 209 of the Ingleside.**

**A SAMPLE QUESTION.**

**No. 1. Of what nationality was the Poet who first described a descent into Hell?**

**For conditions of competition, see the Ingleside, No. 209. Subscription, $2.50 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.**

**Office, 712 Montgomery Street.**

**A SPECIALTY.**

**"INGLESIDE"**

**MARRONS GLACÉS.**

**$1 PER POUND.**

**To be obtained only at ROBERTS'S, corner Polk and Bush Sts. Fresh Daily.**

**FOR SALE.**

**PRIVATE RESIDENCE**

**Eleven Rooms and Bath.**

**All Modern Conveniences, North side of Vallejo Street, No. 2222. Lot 68 feet 9 inches by 137 feet 6 inches. Large Garden, Stable, and Chicken House. Look at the place, and make an offer.**

**CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MINING CO.**

Location and principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 12th day of March, 1884, an assessment (No. 20) of Twenty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the sixteenth (16th) day of April, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the tenth (10th) day of May, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

A. W. HAVENS, Secretary.

Office—Room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**BUTTERICK'S**

**Patterns—Spring Styles.**

**Send Stamp for Catalogue. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**

**FREE** A lady's fancy Box with 25 articles and 80 page book illustrating games, tricks, etc. Send 10c. to help pay postage. E. Nelson & Co., 120 Fulton St., N.Y.

**KNABE PIANOS**

"I have never seen their equal." —*Clara Louise Kellogg.*

**A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St. S. F., Sole Agents.**

**BETHESDA**

**SUPERIOR TABLE WATER**

**L. CAHEN AND SON. 418 SAC. ST. S.F.**

R.H.McDonald PRES'T S.G.Murphy CASH'R
Established 1863.
Oldest Chartered Bank on the Pacific Coast
PACIFIC BANK
Capital Stock $1,000,000.00.
Surplus $ 450,000.00.
Resources $ 3,778,077.80.
San Francisco, Cal. Jan. 1, 1884.
All matters intrusted to our care will be attended to with promptness, fidelity, and in strict confidence. R. H. McDONALD, Pres't.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.
Commission Merchants,
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
☞ Liberal advances made on consignments. ☜

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON.
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 309 SANSOME STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

A. HARKER & CO.
Importers and Wholesale Grocers,
108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

JOHN DANIEL & CO.
Importers and Dealers in Italian Marble and Scotch Granite
MONUMENTS AND MANTELS,
No. 421 Pine Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco, Cal.
☞ Manufacturers of Monuments, Headstones, Mantelpieces, Plumbers' Stones, Table and Counter Tops, Imposing Stones, etc., at lowest cash prices.

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY
OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.
Works.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

THE
AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS
And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,
415 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
TILES
For Decorations.
W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
HENRY F. MILLER
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
HEMME & LONG
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

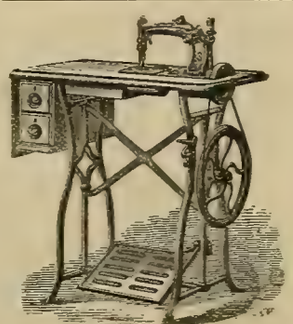
ICHI BAN

WALL PAPER,
Artistic Designs, American, French, and English. Cornice Poles and Fixtures. Sole Agents on Pacific Coast for LINCRUSTA WALTON, the new and indestructible Wall Decoration. Imitation Stained and Ground Glass, for residences, churches, etc. Frescoing and Interior Decorating a specialty.
WINDOW SHADES.
Samples and Estimates furnished on Application.
G. W. CLARK & CO., 645 & 647 MARKET ST.

Every reader of the "Argonaut" should see a copy of
THE ILLUSTRATED NEW YORK
• LIFE •
The leading Humorous and Satirical Paper.
TERMS: At the rate of $5.00 a year, postage free. Sample copy free. 1155 Broadway, New York.

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

BEAUTIFUL REPRODUCTIONS
....OF....
Ancient Armor, Arms, Plaques, Shields, Bas Reliefs, etc.
Original Designs in Ornamental
MOLDINGS, FIRE-PLACES,
MANTELS,
PANELS, FRIEZES,
And other interior decoration finished in Silver, Bronze, Brass, Copper, Iron, and Nickel. For sale by
TAYLOR GOODRICH,
Pacific Coast Agent for Magee Ranges, Stoves Furnaces, and Sinks,
8 and 10 PINE STREET.



Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE


FOR SALE IN THE INDUSTRY

HOTEL
SIERRA MADRE VILLA
On the mountain side,
In an Orange Grove, Near Los Angeles
Has been enlarged to accommodate One Hundred Gue
For climate, health, comfort, pure water, and beauty scenery, it has no equal on this coast. General Sher says it surpasses all other places on the American conti for a quiet good time.
For further information, address
W. COGSWELL, Proprietor,
San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, Ca

"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN"
THE NORTON
DOOR-CHECK & SPRIN

It is PERFE LY NOISELE and renders slamming doors and breaking glass absolut impossible.
D. S. BROWN & CO.,
36 California Street, San Francisco,
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

A. P. HOTALING & CO.
429 to 437 Jackson St., sole agents for the J. Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky, "O. P. S.," O. K.," "O. K." "A No. 1," "A." Established 1859

BEAUTIFUL SNOW
FOR THE COMPLEXION!
This elegant preparation is the most perfect beauti known. It is pure and harmless, delightful in its appl tion, and wonderful in its effects, while the closest scrut fails to detect its use. Prepared by
H. BOWMAN, Chemist, Oaklan
For sale by all druggists.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACUL
A Laxative and Refreshing F Lozenge for
TAMAR CONSTIPATION
Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headac Cerebral Congestion, etc.
Prepared
INDIEN GRILLON,
SOLE PROPRIETOR,
Pharmacien de première cla de la Faculté de Paris,
GRILLON 27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS
Tamar—unlike pills and usual purgatives—is agreea to take and never produces tation.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GERMEA
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

OL. XIV. No. 12. SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 22, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



TERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

RANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

ITORIALS: The *A gonaut* in a State of Happiness—The Reasons for Its Self-gratulations—The Saint Patrick's Day Fizzle—Tattered Demagogues Carrying Banners of Green—Who was Saint Patrick?—A Bit of History which Casts Light on a Long-cherished Myth—The Seventeenth of March as it Once Was, and as it has Now Become—Judge Wallace as an Assemblyman—What Will He do With It?—Is it the First Step in Search of the United States Senate?—The Old Way of Making the Senatorial Canvass—Later and Worse Methods—What Judge Wallace can do in His New Position—The Possible Reward which Might Follow—Sixty Prohibition Votes in the Thirteenth District—Does it Mean Anything?—No Vital Issue in the Contest—The Ill which Preachers and Purity Work for the Temperance Cause—What the Politics of Temperance People should be—The Great Party which Embodies these Principles—Let Prohibitionists Look to that Party in the Struggle—The *Argonaut* Celebrates its Seventh Anniversary—The Factions it has Fought and the Frauds it has Exposed During its Career—A Contest with Sham and Bigotry—Its Contemporaries and all the New-comers—A Response to the Request for Presidential Straws—An Opinion from Montana—Blaine and Lincoln—The Record of the Great Maine ex-Senator—His Maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine—"America for Americans"—A Short but Brilliant Career as a Cabinet Officer... ..... 1-2

BLOW UP WITH THE BRIG": Haunted by a Ghost—A Sea Story by Wilkie Collins..... 4

ORVETTES: Grave, Gay, Epigrammatic, and Otherwise—The Boy Who Needed a Handkerchief—How a Crafty Manager Managed Youthful Playwrights—The Kentucky Man who Bet Against Langtry's Beauty... 5

CIETY: "Bavardin's" Letter—Notes and Gossip—Fashion at the Patti Nights..... 6

IE BROOKLYN DIVORCE-MILL: Monroe Adams, the Lawyer who has Cast a Gloom around the Parted Pairs of America and Europe—A Giant Japanese—His Wrestle with Bibby—"Flaneur's" New York Gossip..... 7

IE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Bill Nye Discourses on the History of the Youthful G. W. Sitting-Bull..... 7

ISTOCRATIC BLACKLEGS: "Babillard" tells of the Terrible Club-scandal which is the Talk of Paris—Gayarré, the New Tenor—How he Once Went to Patti's Rescue—A Story about Rénan..... 8

TERARY NOTES: The New Books and their Authors—The Latest Edition of Lord Tennyson's Works..... 8

NITY FAIR: Women and Their Foot-gear—Big Feet and Little Feet—Americans versus Europeans—The Lady who Wore a Smaller Size than Her Young Daughter..... 9

R CHESS COLUMN: A Problem by McKenzie—The Death of Whisker, the Great Player—A Sample of His Games—Chess Intelligence..... 8

OWEBS: "Arachne" Describes Madame Patti as She appears off the Stage—The Muscles in her Throat—Her Ways of Dressing—Her Taste—How Modistes bow to Her..... 10

IE INNER MAN: A Stock Story for Temperance Lecturers—The Deadly Buckwheat Cake..... 11

IE TUNEFUL LIAR..... 12

IE DRAMA: "Betsy B." Discusses the Patti and Gerster Nights—The Theatres during the Week—Stage Gossip..... 14

The *Argonaut* is happy. It has achieved a triumph—a complete and overwhelming victory over Ireland and that lass of the ignorant and bigoted Irish who, for vain display and political demagogism, delighted to indulge themselves in the absurd show of green banners, tattered flags, and dirty regalia, in a Saint Patrick's procession, on the 17th of March. The thing is played out, and we are now permitted to indulge ourselves in firing this last shot over the grave of a dead superstition, without the least possible danger of the resurrection of the corpse. When the *Argonaut*—now seven years ago—held this absurd and unAmerican pageant of Irish priests and Democratic politicians up to ridicule, it was an important occasion. Saint Patrick's Day was an institution, and our streets were thronged by a parade numbering thousands of Hibernians. Its chief marshal was to be, and always was, the coming Democratic nominee for Sheriff. Open barouches were filled with prominent curbstone politicians, priests in their unclean chokers, and demagogues—some native-born —pandering to the Irish vote. There were pictures of Saints, and Irish military companies marching with unsteady step beneath the shamrock, to the music of national songs; soldiers on dray-horses, with the green above the red, and the red and green above the banner of the blue; civic societies, an imposing array, with orators lacking the inspiration of eloquent thought, and verse-maker wanting the poetic fire. And all this was in honor of a mythical saint who was not of Irish birth, nor within six hundred years of connection with the Church of Rome. He whom the papal church and Irish enthusiasm have adopted as a saint and patriot was not born in Ireland, nor was the Church of Rome acknowledged in Ireland till the tenth century. This Scotchman and Protestant was Patrick McAlpine—son of the mountain—born at Dumboran, near the confluence of the Clyde and Leven, in the year 387; captured by pirates, sold as a slave to Milcho, and for six years made to herd cattle. His captivity ending, he was educated in France; returned to Scotland, and from there went to Ireland, where he engaged in successful missionary work in the founding of schools and churches. There is no evidence that he was commissioned by Pope Celestine or had any connection with Rome. At this time, and for six centuries thereafter, there was no ecclesiastical establishment in Ireland which acknowledged the supremacy of the Italian establishment. The Irish church had flourished for seven hundred years before Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick, the first Papal representative, came to Ireland. Patrick McAlpine, the priest, claimed in his confessions that his commission was divine. "*A Deo quod accepi*" (what I am I received from God). It was not till the twelfth century that the seven sacraments, masses for the dead, and the doctrine of transubstantiation were recognized by the Irish Church, and then not till tithes and Peter's pence were forced upon the Irish people by England and by the act of war. For two hundred years Ireland resisted the imposition upon its people of a foreign religion by English authority. In 1316 the Irish chiefs, in their remonstrance to Pope John XXII. against Pope Hadrian's sale of Ireland to England, declared that their clergy were imprisoned by English officials, and that, after the sale, fifty thousand, exclusive of those who died in prison by famine, were slain by the sword. Patrick McAlpine was a saint, and taught the good old Scotch Presbyterian doctrine of "justification by faith without human merits, and the necessity of a new birth in Christ." His noble life and splendid achievements were seized upon by the artifice of Rome, and the grand old Scotch evangelist was stolen, that he might be canonized and enshrined in the roll of Roman saints. All this would have been endurable, and there could have been no serious complaint that the ecclesiasticism of any church should have appropriated a character so exalted in history; but it passed endurance, that, after sixteen centuries of time, he should be dragged from the apotheosis of church relics, from amid the bones of martyrs, the splinters and nails of the cross, to be paraded in the streets of an American city, to be apotheosized as a Democratic god and conjured and juggled with, merely for the advancement of Irish demagogues to municipal office. We must do the more eminent of the Catholic clergy and the more respectable of the Irish citizens the justice to admit that all this disreputable St. Patrick's-day business was utterly repugnant to them. We are inclined to the belief that it is in great part due to the influence of Archbishop Riordan and the good sense of the better class of our Irish citizens that this vulgar political display has been driven from the streets and from politics to the church, where it may properly belong. He would be a narrow-minded zealot who would not be willing to allow cathedral bells to peal out their solemn anthems, and sacred music to swell through aisles and altars, and that the splendid ceremonial of the Romish Church should put forth its grandest effort, in celebration of the life and services of Patrick McAlpine—St. Patrick—on the supposed day of his birth. The celebration and street parade in San Francisco on St. Patrick's day was a fizzle—a complete, unmistakable fizzle. After the usual preparation, and quarrelsome struggle for marshal, orator, poet, and green-rosetted aids on knock-kneed dray-horses, a sorry little mouse crawled out from under the mountain and "proceshed." There were twelve mounted police, followed by a little squad of Irish boys, glad of an escape from the parish school for an hour, in front of the music; then fourteen aids mounted on horseback; then a band of seventeen musicians; then forty-two in carriages—only one priest hidden in a shabby vehicle. All the vehicles were shabby. One of the turnouts had four horses. It carried heavy-weight: Judge bobby ferral, the orator, and, we presume, also the poet. Then came an hundred more boys —bright-eyed, handsome boys, who will grow up to be ashamed of this parade and indignant that their parents and school-masters permitted them to make such a display of themselves; and then another band of twenty musicians, playing the music of the most distressful land; and then eighty-nine specimens of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, in the old and and unclean regalia of the order; and after these three Irish women, with a child and driver, drawn by a single tired horse. Twice they passed through Kearny Street, and this count, by the writer, was the actual parade of the seventeenth of March. Next year there will be no street parade, and every Irish gentleman and every respectable Roman priest will congratulate himself that he is no longer required to apologize for a civic masquerade which is neither national nor religious—which offended good taste, and was an insult to every American. We recall the time when this Saint Patrick business endeavored to have the seventeenth of March declared a legal holiday; when Irish regiments, with Irish names and Irish banners, paraded our streets in offensive display; when half a hundred priests rode in open barouches, and a Democratic politician gave sore offense if he would not parade or pay for exemption. Our new Constitution now prevents military organizations receiving State support from carrying any device, banner, or flag of any State or nation other than the flags of the United States or the State of California. We congratulate ourselves, and everybody else, that there has been driven from our streets the offensive display of foreign bunting. No more of St. Patrick or St. George and the Dragon; no more of the lilies of France, or the eagles of Austria, or the colors or devices of any other nationality, unless they are modestly unfolded with the American flag high above them.

Judge William L. Wallace has been elected to the Assembly of California as representative in the special session from the Thirteenth (San Francisco) District. The questions now are, What will he do with it?—what does he want out of it? That class of ill-natured persons who are always looking for a mean motive as the incentive to political action, think Judge Wallace is ambitious and desires to go to the Senate of the United States. Perhaps that is so; and, if it is, we are so confident that he has taken the wrong road that we have determined not to abuse him on the way. The old, old-fashioned way of reaching the Senate of the United States was, first, to show intellectual capacity, industry in the minding of one's own private affairs, an honorable career, a character of unimpeachable integrity, a patriotism which under no possibility could be questioned, and with a courage which none but a brave man might challenge. This was the old, old way. This kind of gentleman remained at home during the senatorial canvass. He took no part in it. He spent no money; and, when at Washington, he had the opportunity to become of service to his State and nation. Then, a little later along in our political career, came the politician; one who claimed a senatorial position because he had earned it by party labor. He had done loyal service to the party to which he belonged. He had, upon the stump, or by the pen, or in council, and in the lesser offices, "earned" recognition; and he came to the State capital during a senatorial contest, and, in lobby and barroom, made his own fight. His retainers fought openly under his colors. His men-at-arms stood guard. His assassins stabbed his opponents in the dark. He opened bars and bagnios, debauched and polluted every man debauchable and every woman pollutable, in order to obtain the reward he had so faithfully earned by the most disgraceful and demoralizing of party service. Then came a new and better way to reach the Senate of the Un

States; at least, it is better than the last one. Now, in anticipation of a senatorial election, some ambitious rich man, who can afford the luxury of the honor of a seat in the Senate of the United States, arranges his bank credit, hires his party servitors, inaugurates a political campaign to aid in the election of assemblymen and State senators, "fixes things" with the more active party leaders, promises offices and jobs, finds the price of senator or representative, pays him his money, gets his vote, and the thing is done in a business manner; no scandal, no debauchery, no political demoralization. After the rich man is elected senator, he sends round to the press and asks us what our rates are for editorial arguments that he is an eminent lawyer of distinguished attainments; that he will be an honor to the Senate of the United States; that he has fairly earned it by eminent service to the country; that he has reached the floor with clean hands, and that we prophesy for him an honorable and useful political career. The usual cost of this kind of advertisement is twenty-five cents a line, about the same as charged a slogger for puffing his fraudulent and beastly show, or an unvirtuous woman upon the stage who sings or acts. The *Argonaut* charges half a dollar a line for this kind of work. Judge Wallace is not rich enough to do this last thing; he is too respectable to descend to the other thing; and we prophesy now that if the Democratic party of California ever has the opportunity to again make a senator, it will sell the place to a brainless idiot for coin. Senator Farley ought not to be displaced. He has brains, is a faithful representative of the State, and, by reason of his poverty, has the semblance of being honest. Judge Wallace is a man of brains; and, if he could be induced to think that the old-fashioned road to the Senate of the United States might be successfully opened, and if he had the courage to travel it, he could do this State useful service at this time in the Legislature of California. This extra session has been called by Democratic demagogues to blackmail railroad properties. No honest and intelligent man in public life in this State believes that this Legislature can do anything half so desirable as to meet, appropriate themselves a good round sum for mileage and per diem, and adjourn. If Judge Wallace will manfully seize himself by the straps of his own boots, and lift himself clear above all the small chivalry, Irish, Democratic demagogue politics, get the senatorial maggot out of his brain and the political fever out of his blood, become what he ought to be—a legislator, above party service and beyond party price, willing to investigate fairly, and daring enough to risk the consequences of bravely doing right—it is barely possible that he might be struck with the thunderbolt of a senatorial election. If he shall be enforced to remain in private life, he will enjoy the proud distinction of being entitled to his own respect; and this no man can have who has bought a place in the Senate of the United States, or crawled to it through the slime and mud of the filthy pool.

Out of some five thousand votes cast on Tuesday in the Thirteenth District the prohibitionists cast sixty. Now, what does this mean? That only one in eighty of our citizens is in favor of controlling and restraining the sale of alcoholic drinks? It does not mean that, because everybody knows that of any five thousand voters more than half of them are earnestly desirous to limit the evils attending the traffic in intoxicating liquor. If this were the only grave question, or the only one of importance that demanded immediate action, we might be less impatient at the impolitic action of prohibitionists. The fact is that the temperance question is not like that of slavery, when millions of human beings were held in bondage. It is not a question to stir to prompt and hot indignation the angry blood of every man not interested in the traffic. If it is a great question, it is not by all accepted as the only great question. By many it is not regarded as the most practical question, or the one of greatest immediate importance. So that the temperance extremists, if reasonable, or if they would attain practical results, must learn to work by rational and practical methods. Fools and children are apt to disregard the obstacles which interpose between them and their desires. They are ever impatient, and regard as wasted the time and labor required to remove them. Temperance reform will never, in this world, be brought about in any other way than by intelligent appeal to the reason and interest of the classes affected. There are first necessary, the education of youth, the taking of temperance pledges by the young, and the enactment of laws to restrain sales, to increase licenses, to prevent adulteration, to permit the option of localities, to make responsible the venders, to make all interested in the manufacture and sale bear the cost and burden of the weights they impose—in a word, to put upon manufacturers, dealers, and consumers the taxes that come from gin. If the temperance people will make themselves less pertinaciously impertinent, and become more practical and sensible, they can accomplish results. We approve the carrying of the temperance question into politics; that is where it belongs. We do not believe in the efficacy of prayer, either to restrain an Irishman from keeping a corner groggery, or a Democrat from getting drunk in it. But to carry temperance into politics means a resort to political methods. If, to carry a temperance law through the Legislature, it becomes necessary to get half a score of its members drunk, no sensible, practical temperance man ought to hesitate at the means. If these irreconcilable whisky members could be inveigled into a prayer-meeting or circumvented by an ice-cream picnic, it would be much better; but rather than not to secure the passage of a good, rational law, restraining and controlling the manufacture, sale, and use of alcohol, it would be better to get the whole Democratic party drunk, down to its last Dutchman. When preachers get into politics, they make awful blunders. The fact is, they are too good. They make bad editors, and for the same reason, and we shall hail the time when the temperance question drifts away from their control, not into a higher or purer atmosphere, but down into the strata breathed by average men. This is Jesuitry—"the end justifies the means." The *Argonaut* is a temperance organ, is "THE" temperance organ, and we do not intend that anybody shall forget it; but we would be willing to see Emily Pitts-Stevens, Colonel Babcock, the Reverend Dr. Cummings, and Dr. McDonald, all on a tearing spree, if out of it would come the healthful legislation we are so anxious to obtain. We are prompted to say this in anticipation of the probable action of the one-idea temperance folk, who are even now talking of a candidate for the Presidency. The politics of temperance folk should be, first, to perfect organizations, then sleep upon their arms; when an election comes, aid the party or candidate who will come nearest to them, who will concede most, promise most with guarantees, and then throw themselves into the fight for their friends. The Republican party of this State is composed in bulk of temperance people. It is the party from which temperance legislation will come, if it comes at all; and it will be well if temperance fanatics will remember that they need the Republican party more than the Republican party needs them.

This issue of the *Argonaut* completes its seventh year. Seven years is nearly two Greek Olympiads. It is a long time in the life of one who has crossed the half-century line. The war for American independence, which laid the solid foundations of our republic, took less time. The war of the slave-holders' rebellion, which gave freedom to four millions of slaves, and gave permanent union to the grand confederacy of States, consumed less years. Seven years is a long period; but, long as it is, it is altogether too brief to reform the world, or to accomplish any important results in newspaper achievement. It is fortunate for us that when we undertook the establishment of a journal in San Francisco, we promised nothing more than in an humble way to be honest, to say what we thought, to be fearless in the utterance of our own opinions, and leave the results to time. In part we have been successful. We have done something. We have made men and women think. We have made mistakes. We have assaulted time-honored prejudices. We have planted our little battering-ram at the wall of time-honored traditions. We have hammered away. We have offended some good people. We have angered bad people. We have lacked veneration. We have done things we are proud of. We have done things we regret. But we have earnestly endeavored to uphold the law, to preserve social order, and to support property rights. We have earnestly endeavored not to offer burnt sacrifices upon the altar of popular prejudices or ancient superstitions. We have passed through the Sand-lot rebellion without lowering our flag to the mob. The *Argonaut* has not demoralized the youth, nor pandered to the vulgar, by giving way to the sensational or nasty. It has been decent, and generally dignified. It has been usually just and generous. It has never undertaken to be consistent, and has never pretended to be impartial. It likes its friends; it despises its enemies. It respects intelligent and honest opinion; it has unbounded contempt for fools. It honors all men with brains, courage, and conscience. It scorns with profound contempt and disgust the braggart coward, the conscienceless, the selfish, and unprincipled demagogue, and the hide-bound bigot of the church. It resents the meddlesome interference of Romish priests and foreign adventurers in the politics of the country. It has no sympathy for the worthless, idle, vicious poor who lack the industry and the courage to attack and conquer the exhaustless field of labor and opportunity which, in this country and in this State, offers the broadest inducements to profitable toil. It has nothing in common with the class which, without attempting to lift itself to the plane of independent wealth, would drag the successful down to its own dirty level. The *Argonaut* has never let the opportunity pass to express its sympathy for honest labor, nor has it ever refrained from an open vindication of the rights of labor, as against the prerogatives of wealth. The *Argonaut* is seven years old, and, unlike the squab, it is larger now than when it was first born; it is stronger, and has more money. When the little bark was launched upo[n] sea of journalism, it expected squalls, hidden rocks, [u]rrents, and eddies. It has met them, sailed over s[o] around others, and some it has dodged. Other jou[r]nals have been started in opposition; some have been wre[c]ked and sunk, some still survive, and we wish them luck. [T]he world is large—large enough for all of us. It is not [n]ecessary We do not pretend to own it, nor endeavor to monop[o]lize its readers. We have so far kept along upon our [o]wn course. When any opposition, with more brains, [m]ore courage, more industry, and more money, shall ove[r]take and pass us, we shall salute and wish it God speed [i]n its journey around the globe. We have enjoyed the *Argonaut*, and had large dividends of satisfaction. We [h]ave a comfortable and well-equipped property in whic[h] we conduct our business, and it is paid for. We have [n]o machinery, good type, and are out of debt. We want [o]nly readers at four dollars a year, paid in advance. We [d]o not want more advertisers of certain kinds. We do not want [a]ny body to take the *Argonaut*, or give it business, if the [y] do not think they will get their money's worth. We are [n]ot indifferent to the compliments of those who are intelli[g]ent and sincere. We are not indifferent to the good opi[n]ion of intelligent and respectable people of all countries [a]nd all classes. We would not willingly offend an honest m[a]n. We would not knowingly do anything to conciliate a [d]ishonest person, or placate an unreasonable and false o[p]inion of ourselves. We shall endeavor to run the *Argo[n]aut* for seven other years. We are thankful for patron[a]ge, and, if any admirers remember us in their wills, we [s]hall await their deaths with patience, and be thankful for [t]heir bequests.

In response to our invitation for an expression of ch[oice] for the Presidential candidates, we are receiving from [the] States and Territories of the Pacific Coast many hund[reds] of letters. The following very strong presentation of [the] claims of Mr. Blaine for President comes from Bu[tte] Montana. The writer, whose name we have, but w[ithholds] from modesty, writes over a *nom de plume*, favors Lin[coln] for Vice-President. We are now receiving hundred[s of] letters and postal-cards from all parts; one containing [the] signatures of one hundred and fifty-four persons—st[rong] voted at small gatherings, social and otherwise. Whe[n] are in, we shall be able to reflect with unmistakable p[ower] the choice of the coast. We solicit a continuance of t[he] letters, from many of which we shall take the liberty make extracts, and, if not too overwhelming, to print names of all not marked confidential.—THE EDITOR.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have read your invitation to the elec[tors] of the three Pacific States, asking them to forward you in wr[iting] their choice for "Presidential and Vice-Presidential nominat[ions] by the national conventions of both political parties." [Now] while the citizens of Montana, like those of other territories, [have] not the privilege of expressing their choice for President and [Vice-] President through the ballot-box, they have a vote in the con[ventions] which select the nominees for those high offices, and, [as] ing this much to do with the Presidential question, I think we[ll] entitled to a pigeon-hole in the sanctum of the *Argonaut*, in w[hich] to place the names of our choice. I believe you will agree [with] this view, and pardon me for intruding upon your valuable t[ime]. When I say that, as a Republican, my choice for President [is] James G. Blaine, and for Vice-President Robert Lincoln, I k[now] that I express the wish of thousands of citizens who are labo[ring] in both States and Territories, and would vote for these ge[n]tlemen had they the privilege. Our reasons for selecting Blaine [are] his general great ability, his faultless loyalty to his count[ry], "America for Americans" is his unchangeable motto—and [a] genuine statesmship. As an executive officer, a parliamentar[ian], an orator, and debater, he has hardly an equal. When the his[tory] of his life shall have been written, this opinion will be corrobora[ted]. As a statesman, we maintain that he has no peer upon this bi[g] continent. He is aware that, geographically, our country is [in] no other. He knows that to induce people to settle the val[leys] away back in the interior of the country, and to encourage [the] miner who delves in the mountains for metals, and the manuf[acturer] urer who follows these harbingers of civilization, our great [in]dustries must be protected from the cheap labor and cheap ca[rrying] ing power of Europe. He knows that the lighter textile fa[brics] manufactured in the United States are especially adapted to [the] climate of the South American countries, and these markets, [with] all things we produce which are fitted for them, of natural ri[ght] belong to us; but these, through a a policy which never da[red] look over the lines of the District of Columbia, we have s[een] snatched from our door-steps by England and France. The i[dea] advanced by him, while in President Garfield's Cabinet, of ca[lling] a congress of these countries to meet in Washington, was [the] grandest display of statesmanship that ever emanated from [the] American statesman—the emancipation of the slaves alone [ex]cepted. This master-stroke penetrated too deeply into the fut[ure] for the average modern Congressman and editor to comprehe[nd]. The idea fell upon them like a mountain, and their bewilderm[ent] was only equaled by a community endeavoring to escape from [the] force of a cyclone. Finally, a general disruption loomed up in th[eir] defective visions, and their cry was war! war! with which t[hey] imagined they were surrounded. They could see no extension [of] our market; they could see no Americans building railroads acr[oss] the valleys; they could see no miners climbing mountains in sea[rch] of treasures, and a general development and rapid peopling of th[e] semi-civilized and partially developed countries teeming in natu[ral] wealth and resources, all followed by manufactures and gene[ral] produce from home, and the establishment of an active, perman[ent] business with a great country, partially settled by our own peo[ple] brimfull of their characteristic dash and energy. No, but th[ey] could see war, and war they made on Blaine. All sorts of pr[o]positions and surmises were thrown out from the various cranj[ous] intellects that could see nothing outside of the district or office [in] which they lived or revolved. They accused him of having a So[uth] American "policy," of a desire to establish a "protectorate" o[ver] those countries, and God only knows what more. But, after f[ive] years of reflection, what do we see? Bills introduced in C[on]gress with the express object in view of extending our market [for] agricultural and manufactured products into South America. T[his] is a blunt, novel way of creating a market. France and Engla[nd] generally first make the acquaintance of the party with whom th[ey] wish to deal. They usually assist him a little, when they find h[im] in straightened circumstances, and the party so helped reciproca[tes] by making purchases of general merchandise, etc. And in this w[ay] they have created markets for their material as broad as the glob[e]

An act of Congress does not make a market. It is diplomacy which makes it; and no one knows this better than Blaine. The United States must sooner or later adopt his method, and it is none too soon to begin. For the firm stand he took against Monsieur de Lesseps—or rather France and England—on the Panama Canal question, he again called up the barking, addle-headed politician and editor, who at once repeated the old cry of "War! war!" Blaine does not believe that separation of the United States from South America by a canal fortified at each end by massive forts and European guns, and these again guarded by floating islands of iron and steel, *Inflexibles*, *Invincibles*, etc., carrying eighty-ton cannon as pieces of furniture, is conducive to the safety and future welfare of the country; and, let me ask, who does? But still the stunted harper and burlesque statesman howled and blew their trumpets, without asking themselves the question, "Where do we live?" The canal goes on and the menace approaches. By and by the insatiable fangs of France and England will stretch out, like the tentacles of a devil fish, over the territory on either side of the canal. Then it will take something more than a fishing-smack and pop-gun to rout them. They have a foothold, and henceforth will have a say in American questions. Blaine's policy was not war, but a preventive war. He saw the danger and sought to prevent it, as was indicated. It took no mind-reader to see it. But yet he was hounded like a pickpocket. In all the positions he has held through life he has given evidence of being endowed with a superior intellect—always able, never lacking. His short career as a Cabinet officer was sufficient to indicate his superior foresight; and the policy he outlined would place the United States in that rank among nations to which she is entitled—at the head. This can be accomplished without resort to war with swords. Blaine has the temerity to look Europe squarely in the face, and tell her where she belongs. In every act of his political life we can see that the real interest of the American people is uppermost in his mind. The people know this, and they have called, and will keep calling, for him for President. If he does not receive the nomination, the people will be deprived of their choice, partly through jealousy of his natural brilliant intellect, and partly through spite. With him as President, assisted by an agreeable Congress, a new era in the political history of the country would begin, as was the case with Lincoln. While the natural resources of the country are yet far from being fully developed, the country is rapidly filling up, and the strictly local policy which has hitherto characterized the Government must some day be departed from. It is not, of course, yet necessary to try and gain absolute possession of territory. But we must gain a firmer diplomatic foothold, for the purpose of extending our market for the increasing product of our land. It would pay us, perhaps, to lift the British and French mortgages on South America, and hold them ourselves. Blaine has the power, the combination of faculties, to outline a policy which future generations can follow to their great and lasting benefit. "Doubt" in connection with his election need not be expressed. His election is as sure as was that of Washington. He is the only Republican in the United States who has a following sufficient to make the campaign one-sided. His name in the Democratic camp whispers defeat and terror. His nomination would tear the Democracy in shreds. Should he fail to receive the nomination in the regular convention, I believe he could be elected on an independent ticket, so strong is he with electors you can not reach. Three-fifths of the people want him for President; and in justice to them and the great party of which he is a member, he should receive the nomination at Chicago. He is entitled to it through genuine merit and strength with the people.

MINER.

BUTTE, Montana, March 7, 1884.

The following very pertinent inquiry is submitted to us. We print it, and announce, if the Warden at the prison who is charged with the administration of prison affairs has any excuse, apology, or statement to make in reference thereto, we will give the use of our columns for that purpose. The name of the resident Warden is the Hon. Paul Shirley:

The *law* says that no saloon (*liquor*) shall be maintained within two miles of any State prison (Penal Code, Sec. 172). Now, at Point San Quentin, within a few yards of the prison walls, and within the easy reach of guards (and of prisoners who have the money to persuade them to procure whisky), are *three* fully supplied whisky shops, wherein may be procured any kind of crime-creating liquid that the applicant may be able to pay for. It is a common sight to see guards and other prison officers in these saloons, playing cards and drinking liquor. Why don't the District Attorney of Marin County do his duty and squelch this public shame? Why do not the prison authorities invoke the law?

X.

The following correspondence explains itself:

SAN RAFAEL, March 19, 1884.

EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT: I am in great distress concerning a matrimonial question, and, as I have nobody to consult, I thought I would write to you for advice. I have two suitors for my hand—one rich, who has not my heart; the other poor, who has carried it away completely. I am poor myself, and if I marry the rich I will no longer have to labor for my daily bread. Which would you advise me to accept for my future happiness?

Yours truly, —— ——.

The rich one of course, and be quick about it, lest he should change his mind.

Yours, in haste, ED. ARGONAUT.

During the recent visit of the Illinois Press Association to Washington, among the other places of interest visited by them was the Treasury Department, where, after securing the necessary permit from the Secretary, they were taken by their guide down into the vaults where is stored the millions of surplus revenue that have been so steadily accumulating for the past years. The group of editors were particularly struck with the packages of bonds, which had the value of the contents printed in plain letters on the outside of each. Noticing the interest taken in this direction the guide picked up a package marked ten million dollars, and, handing it to a fat editor, said: "Put that under your arm and you can say that you have had ten millions of dollars in your hands all at once." The scribe hugged the bundle up to his chest convulsively, and a twelve-inch smile split his countenance into two good-natured hemispheres. "What would you do with it, Hawkins, if it were all yours?" asked one of his friends. The bucolic journalist turned pale, the cold sweat gathered on his brow, and his eyes stuck out like the knobs on a hat-rack at the bare thought of possessing so much wealth. "I'd—er—I'd—er go down to Aurora," he at last managed to gasp out, "and—er—by thunder, I'd start a daily newspaper."

Professor Perry, of Williams College, has made a calculation that a student killed there while coasting was moving when hurt at the rate of three miles per minute.

The French Minister of Marine has ordered *droit* and *gauche* to be substituted for *babord* and *tribord*, starboard and larboard, to prevent confusion.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

### Dawn.

Day's fondest moments are at dawn.
Refreshed by his long sleep, the Light
Kisses the languid lips of Night
Ere she can rise and hasten on.
All glowing from his dreamless rest
He holds her closely to his breast,
And sees her dusky eyes grow dim
'Till, lo! she dies for love of him.
—*Ella Wheeler in April Manhattan.*

### The Trodden Violet.

A violet in the morning dew,
With sunshine melting in its spheres,
Whose honey all the wild bees knew
And birds and breezes, happy crew—
A violet in the morning dew
Was like her in the early years.

A violet trodden under foot,
Its breath with piercing perfume rife,
The birds and bees and breezes mute,
And only tears about the root—
A violet trodden under foot
Was like her in her later life.

Sweetness past telling did she shed,
When day by day brought darker dole;
And sorrows with a heavy tread
Crushed her and bruised the lovely head—
Sweetness past telling did she shed,
As the bruised violet sheds its soul,

So was the spikenard bruised and crushed,
And so the precious ointment filled
With odor that about it gushed
As if, within, whole gardens blushed—
So was the spikenard bruised and crushed
That over the Lord's feet was spilled.
—*Harriet Prescott Spofford in Harper's Weekly.*

### Banished.

*The Quakers' Exile from Massachusetts, 1660.*

Over the threshold of his pleasant home
Set in green clearings passed the exiled Friend,
In simple trust, misdoubting not the end.
"Dear heart of mine," he said, "the time has come
To trust the lord for shelter." One long gaze
The good wife turned on each familiar thing—
The lowing kine, the orchard blossoming,
The open door that showed the hearth-fire's blaze—
And calmly answering, "Yea, He will provide."
Silent and slow they crossed the homestead's bound,
Lingering the longest by their child's grave-mound,
"Move on, or stay and hang!" the sheriff cried,
They left behind them more than home or land,
And set sad faces to an alien strand.

Safer with winds and waves than human wrath,
With ravening wolves than those whose zeal for God
Was cruelty to man, the exiles trod
Drear leagues of forest without guide or path,
Or, launching frail boats on the uncharted sea,
Round storm-vexed capes, whose teeth of granite ground
The waves to foam, their perilous way they wound,
Enduring all things so their souls were free.
Oh, true confessors, shaming them who did
Anew the wrong their Pilgrim fathers bore!
For you the *Mayflower* spread her sail once more,
Freighted with souls, to all that duty bid
Faithful as they who sought an unknown land,
O'er wintry seas, from Holland's Hook of Sand!

Aquidneck's isle, Nantucket's lonely shores,
And Indian-haunted Narragansett saw
The wayworn travelers round their camp-fires draw,
Or heard the plashing of their weary oars.
And every place whereon they rested grew
Happier for pure and gracious womanhood,
And men whose names for stainless honor stood,
Founders of States and rulers wise and true.
The Muse of History yet shall make amends
To those who freedom, peace, and justice taught,
Beyond their dark age led the van of thought,
And left unforfeited the name of Friends.
O mother State, how foiled was thy design!
The gain was theirs, the loss alone was thine.
—*John G. Whittier in Harper's Weekly.*

### The Defender.

Care came and laid his hand upon her shoulder,
And Sorrow came, her lids with salt tears wet;
And Pain, with features marred, and white, and set,
Pressed to her side; and then, stern-visaged, gaunt,
Frightening her shaken soul, unpitying Want
Stared in her face; and then, grown bolder
By all these ills, Temptation, smiling, fair,
Spread for her weary feet a charmèd snare,
With tender, cruel hand. So cold the world;
All her weak soul in a strange tempest whirled,
With whitened lips, and sad, imploring breath,
She stretches out her helpless hand to Death.

Then lo! one came, before whose radiant grace
Sorrow grew dumb, and grim Care hid his face;
Before whose presence radiant as the day,
Temptation, vexed and beaten, fled away;
For whose dear sake she trembled at the thought
Of Death, whose pallid kiss she vain had sought.
With a strange rapture, holy, restful, sweet,
Against her own she felt a true heart beat.
O Life! she cried, no ill of thine can hold me,
Since Love, the mighty, in his arms doth fold me.
—*Carlotta Perry in Vanity Fair.*

### On the Death of Richard Doyle.

A light of blameless laughter, fancy bred,
Soft-souled and glad and kind as love or sleep,
Fades, and sweet mirth's own eyes are fain to weep
Because her blithe and gentlest bird is dead.
Weep elves and fairies all, that never shed
Tear yet for mortal mourning; you that keep
The doors of dreams whence naught of ill may creep,
Mourn once for one whose lips your honey fed.
Let waters of the Golden River steep
The rose roots whence his grave blooms rosy red,
And murmuring of Hyblean hives be deep
About the summer silence of its bed;
And naught less gracious than a violet peep
Between the grass grown greener round his head.
—*Algernon Charles Swinburne in the London Athenæum.*

## A NEW PAPER.

A new Democratic daily, No. 1, Vol, I, made its appearance March 15th. It is now the eighteenth, and the paper still lives. It has a good name, composed of three polysyllabic adjectives, "Ultra-Democratic Exponent." All the rest of the adjectives it uses in its editorial columns to prove that to foreigners—the Irish, of course—we owe our independence from Great Britain, our present union of States, and all the blessings incident to our national existence. We quote the conclusion of an article embodying this idea: "History records in characters of indelible black and white, and in this instance most conclusively vindicates, that the foreigner has more right to rule America than the native-born Americans have themselves." We shall never, so long as an Irish tongue can wag or an Irish pen shed lies, fail to be reminded that to the Irish belongs all the valor, and that from the bogs came all the patriotism, which gave us separation from England, and which has preserved our national existence. The simple truth of history is this: In the Revolution there were very few Irish soldiers; and in the civil war, of the Irish-born enlistments, a very large part were teamsters, hospital nurses, and officers' servants. The men who looked across the sights of loaded guns into the eyes of men holding loaded guns; the men who risked their lives on the fields of battle; the men who fought and struggled in the carnival of hell, where death held riot, were native-born Americans, narrow, pale-faced Yankees from New England, from the Middle and Western States, from the shops and farms, from the ocean shore, in the Valley of the Mississippi, and the Western plains. The soldiers of the South were native-born. And it is an exceptional case, and only exceptional, when a foreigner—any foreigner—has the sentiment which we call patriotism so developed that he will risk his life for a country—any country—upon whose soil he was not born; Lafayette, Kosciusko, De Kalb, and the long line of foreign adventurers, who, from first to last, have figured upon our soil, to the contrary notwithstanding. This new Democratic foreign Irish organ is supremely anti-chivalry and supremely devoted to protective tariff. For the purpose of illustrating the tone and temper, and the adjectives and arguments which characterize the new journal, we make the following extract:

Let the aristocratic chivalry of the South, and their kid-gloved, flunky imitators, and *soi-disant* "leaders" of the Democracy of the North, beware how they tamper with the tariff. Let them not dare, when assembled in convention, to ignore the claims of the poor, hard-working man, mechanic, and artisan of the North. Let them but dare to do so, and the false-named Democratic party will be sunk so deep in the bottomless bed of the bedless sea of the great ocean of politics, that it can never again be raised. But it will lie there for ages and ages, sunk deep down in its ocean grave, to rot; with thousands of tons of briny water floating over it, and chanting, in dolorous tones, its *requiem æternam dona eis, Domine*. The working classes will be arrayed against them; and not only this—not only will they be arrayed against them—but they will join with more whole-souled devotion and zeal in the celebration of a grand *Te Deum* over their defeat than did ever Louis XIV. of France for his great victories over the "Protestant fanatics" under William of Orange, at the battles of Steinkirk, Landen, or Neerwinden; for the fall of Mons, or for—his greatest and most brilliant military exploit—the fall of Namur; or than did O'Mullally and the Irish Brigade—the "fierce exiles of Limerick"—over the crushing defeat of their English foes at Fontenoy.

Having thus disposed of Americans, North and South, and placed the control of government in the hands of the Irish, this is a specimen of what this kind of foreign-born, Irish, Roman Catholic Democrat, whose name is Patrick Henry O'Brien, would do with it. The following extract also proves a statement which the *Argonaut* made two weeks ago—that the dynamite conspirators in America made no pretense of secrecy in pursuing their criminal practices against England. We quote:

Emissaries of Fenians, Invincibles, or other Irish liberation societies with portmanteaus filled with dynamite, carried in their hands or under their arms, leave regularly by almost every steamer that clears an American port for London or Liverpool. Their object is to force England, through the terror which they inspire in her for her own safety, to loose the tyrannous clutch which she now has about the throat of Ireland. For this purpose, these devoted men with this dangerous species of explosive concealed about their person, enter as it were the very "jaws of death;" they cross the ocean, brave England and her police, her dungeons, and, if need be her gallows, that they may accomplish their mission. No, Britannia! America can not, must not, will not, *shall* not interfere against O'Donovan Rossa and his Dynamiters in their righteous cause. The people say so; and *the will of the People is Law* over here. If the "powers that be" in the present administering of the Government do assist thee, they will go out of office soon, and be substituted by those of the Jeffersonian stripe, who *will not assist* thee. So, blow away—thou IRREPRESSIBLE O'DONOVAN ROSSA—blow away, and continue to blow, with thy little dynamites, forever—or at least continue to blow until thou hast liberated thy Ireland from her woes, or blown every cockney lord, prince, squire, queen, or other foe and oppressor of thy country into the seventh heaven of Mohammed, or into his seventh hell—if it be necessary to accomplish thy virtuous purpose.

We have not exhausted this new organ of the unintelligent, but we think we have sufficiently quoted from it to demonstrate the inevitable tendencies of the Democratic party, under the instruction and leadership of a class of ignorant, irresponsible, pauper, foreign demagogues. The young Irish gentleman, who was kind enough to bring us this first number of his journal, was of good address, well educated, young, a Romanist we conjecture, a Democrat of course; he looked amiable, as though he would not carry dynamite in his pocket or murder in his heart. Yet his journal breathes the most abominable of doctrines—so abominable that they are absurd, clothed in language which is in itself absurd. It shows the base means to which the Democratic party is compelled to resort, to keep its straggling vagabonds in line long enough to get control of the country, in order to despoil it. We wish the new paper, "THE IRREPRESSIBLE ULTRA-DEMOCRATIC EXPONENT," more success than it deserves. We hope it may escape the early death it merits, and be spared to an old age of well-earned infamy. We want it for a horrible example. We need it to quote from. When the *Argonaut* is charged with severity against the Irish, we shall, by a haphazard extract from this be able to justify our coarsest abuse.

## "BLOW UP WITH THE BRIG!"

A Story of the Sea, by Wilkie Collins.

I have got an alarming confession to make. I am haunted by a ghost.

If you were to guess for a hundred years, you would never guess what my ghost is. I shall make you laugh to begin with, and afterward I shall make your flesh creep. My ghost is the ghost of a bed-room candlestick.

Yes, a bed-room candlestick and candle, or a flat candlestick and candle—put it which way you like—that is what haunts me. I wish it was something pleasanter and more out of the common way—a beautiful lady, or a mine of gold and silver, or a cellar of wine and a coach and horses, and such like. But, being what it is, I must take it for what it is, and make the best of it; and I shall thank you kindly if you will help me out by doing the same.

I am not a scholar myself, but I make bold to believe that the haunting of any man with anything under the sun begins with the frightening of him. At any rate, the haunting of me with a bed-room candlestick and candle began with the frightening of me with a bed-room candlestick and candle—the frightening of me half out of my life; and, for the time being, the frightening of me altogether out my wits. That is not a very pleasant thing to confess before stating the particulars; but perhaps you will be the readier to believe that I am not a downright coward because you find me bold enough to make a clean breast of it already, to my own great disadvantage so far.

Here are the particulars, as well as I can put them:

I was apprenticed to the sea when I was about as tall as my own walking-stick; and I made good enough use of my time to be fit for a mate's berth at the age of twenty-five years.

It was in the year eighteen hundred and eighteen or nineteen—I am not quite certain which—that I reached the before-mentioned age of twenty-five. You will please excuse my memory not being very good for dates, names, numbers, places, and such like. No fear, though, about the particulars I have undertaken to tell you of; I have got them all ship-shape in my recollection; I can see them at this moment as clear as noonday in my own mind. But there is a mist over what went before; and, for the matter of that, a mist likewise over much that came after; and it's not very likely to lift at my time of life—is it?

Well, in eighteen hundred and eighteen or nineteen, when there was peace in our part of the world—and not before it was wanted, you'll say—there was fighting, of a certain scampering, scrambling kind, going on in that old battle-field which we sea-faring men know by the name of the Spanish Main.

The possessions that belonged to the Spaniards in South America had broken into open mutiny and declared for themselves years before. There was plenty of bloodshed between the new government and the old; but the new one had got the best of it, for the most part, under one General Bolivar—a famous man in his time, though he seems to have dropped out of people's memories now. Englishmen and Irishmen, with a turn for fighting and nothing particular to do at home, joined the general as volunteers; and some of our merchants here found it a good venture to send supplies across the ocean to the popular side. There was risk enough, of course, in doing this; but where one speculation of the kind succeeded, it made up for two, at least, that failed. And that's the true principle of trade, wherever I have met with it, all the world over.

Among the Englishmen who were concerned in this Spanish-American business, I, your humble servant, happened, in a small way, to be one.

I was then mate of a brig belonging to a certain firm in the city, which drove a sort of general trade, mostly in queer, out-of-the-way places, as far from home as possible; and which freighted the brig, in the year I am speaking of, with a cargo of gunpowder for General Bolivar and his volunteers. Nobody knew anything about our instructions when we sailed, except the captain, and he didn't half seem to like them. I can't rightly say how many barrels of powder we had on board, or how much each barrel held. I only know we had no other cargo. The name of the vessel was the *Good Intent*—a queer name enough, you will tell me, for a vessel laden with gunpowder and sent to help a revolution. And, as far as this particular voyage was concerned, so it was. I mean that for a joke, and I hope you will encourage me by laughing at it.

The *Good Intent* was the craziest old tub of a vessel I ever went to sea in, and the worst found in all respects. She was two hundred and thirty or two hundred and eighty tons burden, I forget which; and she had a crew of eight, all told—nothing like as many as we ought by rights to have had to work the brig. However, we were well and honestly paid our wages, and we had to set that against the chance of foundering at sea, and, on this occasion, of being blown up into the bargain.

In consideration of the nature of our cargo, we were harassed with new regulations, which we didn't at all like, relative to smoking our pipes and lighting our lanterns; and, as usual in such cases, the captain, who made the regulations, preached what he didn't practice. Not a man of us was allowed to have a bit of lighted candle in his hand when he went below, except the skipper, and he used his light when he turned in, or when he looked over his charts on the cabin-table, just as usual.

This light was a common kitchen candle, or "dip," and it stood in an old, battered, flat candlestick, with all the japan worn and melted off, and all the tin showing through. It would have been more seaman-like and suitable in every respect if he had had a lamp or a lantern; but he stuck to his old candlestick, and that same old candlestick has ever afterward stuck to *me*. That's another joke, if you please, and a better one than the first, in my opinion.

Well (I said "well" before, but it's a word that helps a man on like), we sailed in the brig, and shaped our course, first, for the Virgin Islands in the West Indies; and after sighting them we made for the Leeward Islands next, and then stood on due south, till the look-out at the masthead hailed the deck, and said he saw land. That land was the coast of South America. We had had a wonderful voyage so far. We had lost none of our spars or sails, and not a man of us had been harassed to death at the pumps. It wasn't often that the *Good Intent* made such a voyage as that, I can tell you.

I was sent aloft to make sure about the land, and I did make sure of it. When I reported the same to the skipper, he went below and had a look at his letter of instructions and the chart. When he came on deck again, he altered our course a trifle to the eastward—I forget the point on the compass, but that don't matter. What I do remember is that it was dark before we closed in with the land. We kept the lead going, and hove the brig to in from four to five fathoms water, or it might be six—I can't say for certain. I kept a sharp eye to the drift of the vessel, none of us knowing how the currents ran on that coast. We all wondered why the skipper didn't anchor; but he said, "No," he must first show a light at the fore-top masthead, and wait for an answering light on shore. We did wait, and nothing of the sort appeared. It was starlight and calm. What little wind there was came in puffs off the land. I suppose we waited, drifting a little to the westward, as I made it out, the best part of an hour before anything happened; and then, instead of seeing the light on shore, we saw a boat coming toward us, rowed by two men only.

We hailed them, and they answered, "Friends!" and hailed us by name. They came on board. One of them was an Irishman, and the other was a coffee-colored native pilot, who jabbered a little English.

The Irishman handed a note to our skipper, who showed it to me. It informed us that the part of the coast we were off was not over safe for discharging our cargo, seeing that spies of the enemy (that is to say, of the old government) had been taken and shot in the neighborhood the day before. We might trust the brig to the native pilot; and he had his instructions to take us to another part of the coast. The note was signed by the proper parties, so we let the Irishman go back alone in the boat, and allowed the pilot to exercise his lawful authority over the brig. He kept us stretching off from the land until noon the next day—his instructions, seemingly, ordering him to keep us well out of sight of the shore. We only altered our course in the afternoon, so as to close in with the land again a little before midnight.

This same pilot was about as ill-looking a vagabond as I ever saw; a skinny, cowardly, quarrelsome mongrel, who swore at the men in the vilest broken English, until they were every one of them ready to pitch him overboard. The skipper kept them quiet, and I kept them quiet, for the pilot being given us by our instructions, we were bound to make the best of him. Near nightfall, however, with the best will in the world, I was unlucky enough to quarrel with him.

He wanted to go below with his pipe, and I stopped him, of course, because it was contrary to orders. Upon that he tried to hustle by me, and I put him away with my hand. I never meant to push him down, but somehow I did. He picked himself up as quick as lightning, and pulled out his knife. I snatched it out of his hand, slapped his murderous face for him, and threw his weapon overboard. He gave me one ugly look, and walked aft. I didn't think much of the look then, but I remembered it a little too well afterward.

We were close in with the land again, just as the wind failed us, between eleven and twelve o'clock that night, and dropped our anchor by the pilot's directions.

It was pitch dark, and a dead, airless calm. The skipper was on deck with two of our best men for watch. The rest were below, except the pilot, who coiled himself up, more like a snake than a man, on the forecastle. It was not my watch until four o'clock in the morning, but I didn't like the look of the night, or the pilot, or the state of things generally, and I shook myself down on deck to get my nap there, and be ready for anything at a moment's notice. The last I remember was the skipper whispering to me that he didn't like the look of things either, and that he would go below and consult his instructions again. That is the last I remember before the slow, heavy, regular roll of the old brig on the ground-swell rocked me off to sleep.

I was awakened by a scuffle on the forecastle and a gag in my mouth. There was a man on my breast and a man on my legs, and I was bound hand and foot in half a minute.

The brig was in the hands of the Spaniards. They were swarming all over her. I heard six heavy splashes in the water, one after another. I saw the captain stabbed to the heart as he came running up the companion, and I heard a seventh splash in the water. Except myself, every soul of us on board had been murdered and thrown into the sea. Why I was left I couldn't think until I saw the pilot stoop over me with a lantern, and look, to make sure of who I was. There was a devilish grin on his face, and he nodded his head at me, as much as to say: *You* were the man who hustled me down and slapped my face, and I mean to play the game of cat and mouse with you in return for it!

I could neither move nor speak, but I could see the Spaniards take off the main hatch and rig the purchases for getting up the cargo. A quarter of an hour afterward I heard the sweeps of a schooner, or other small vessel, in the water. The strange craft was laid alongside of us, and the Spaniards set to work to discharge our cargo into her. They all worked hard except the pilot, and he came from time to time with his lantern to have another look at me, and to grin and nod always in the same devilish way. I am old enough now not to be ashamed of confessing the truth, and I don't mind acknowledging that the pilot frightened me.

The fright, and the bonds, and the gag, and the not being able to stir hand nor foot, had pretty nigh worn me out by the time the Spaniards gave over work. This was just as the dawn broke. They had shifted a good part of our cargo on board their vessel, but nothing like all of it, and they were sharp enough to be off with what they had got before daylight.

I need hardly say that I had made up my mind by this time to the worst I could think of. The pilot, it was clear enough, was one of the spies of the enemy, who had wormed himself into the confidence of our consignees without being suspected. He, or more likely his employees, had got knowledge enough of us to suspect what our cargo was; we had been anchored at night in the safest berth for them to surprise us in, and we had paid the penalty of having a small crew, and consequently an insufficient watch. All this was clear enough; but what did the pilot intend to do with *me?*

On the word of a man, it makes my flesh creep now, only to tell you what he did with me.

After all the rest of them were out of the brig except the pilot and two Spanish seamen, these last took me up, bound and gagged as I was, lowered me into the hold of the vessel, and laid me along on the floor, lashing me to it with ropes' ends, so that I could just turn from one side to the other, but could not roll myself fairly over so as to change my place. They then left me. Both of them were the worse for liquor; but the devil of a pilot was sober—mind that!—as sober as I am at the present moment.

I lay in the dark for a little while with my heart thumping as if it was going to jump out of my mouth. I lay about five minutes or so, when the pilot came down into the hold alone.

He had the captain's cursed flat candlestick and a carpenter's awl in one hand, and a long thin twist of cotton yarn, well oiled, in the other. He put the candlestick with a new "dip" candle lighted in it, down on the floor about two feet from my face, and close against the side of the vessel. The light was feeble enough, but it was sufficient to show a dozen barrels of gunpowder or more left all around me in the hold of the brig. I began to suspect what he was after the moment I noticed the barrels. The horrors laid hold of me from head to foot, and the sweat poured off my face like water.

I saw him go next to one of the barrels of powder standing against the side of the vessel in a line with the candle, and about three feet, or rather better, away from it. He bored a hole in the side of the barrel with his awl, and the horrid powder came trickling out as black as hell, and dripped into the hollow of his hand, which he held to catch it. When he had got a good handful, he stopped up the hole by jamming one end of his oiled twist of cotton yarn fast into it, and he then rubbed the powder into the whole length of the yarn until he had blackened every hair's breadth of it.

The next thing he did—as true as I sit here, as true as the heaven above us all—the next thing he did was to carry the free end of his long, lean, black, frightful slow-match to the lighted candle alongside my face. He tied it (the bloody-minded villain!) in several folds around the tallow dip, about a third of the distance down, measuring from the flame of the wick to the lip of the candle-stick. He did that; he looked to see that my lashings were safe, and then he put his face close to mine, and whispered in my ear: "Blow up with the brig!"

He was on deck again the moment after, and he and the two others shoved the hatch on over me. At the farthest end from where I lay they had not fitted it down quite true, and I saw a blink of daylight glimmering in when I looked in that direction. I heard the sweeps of the schooner fall into the water—splash! splash! fainter, as they swept the vesel out into the dead calm, to be ready for the splash in the offing. Fainter and fainter, splash, splash, for a quarter of an hour or more. While these sounds were in my ears, my eyes were fixed on the candle. It had been freshly lit. If left to itself, it would burn for between six and seven hours. The slow-match was twisted around it about a third of the way down, and therefore the flame would be about two hours reaching it. There I lay, gagged, bound, lashed to the floor; seeing my own life burning down with the candle by my side. There I lay, alone on the sea, doomed to be blown to atoms, and to see that doom drawing on, nearer and near with every fresh second of time, through nigh on two hours to come; powerless to help myself, and speechless to call for help to others. The wonder to me is that I didn't cheat the flame, the slow-match, and the powder, and die of the horror of my situation before the first half-hour was out in the hold of the brig.

I can't exactly say how long I kept the command of my senses after I had ceased to hear the splash of the schooner's sweeps in the water. I can trace back everything I did and everything I thought up to a certain point; but once past that I get all abroad, and lose myself in my memory now, much as I lost myself in my own feelings at the time.

The moment the hatch was covered over me, I began, as every other man would have begun in my place, with a frantic effort to free my hands. In the mad panic I was in, I cut my flesh with my lashings as if they had been knife-blades, but I never stirred them. There was less chance still of freeing my legs, or of tearing myself from the fastenings that held me to the floor. I gave in when I was all but suffocated for want of breath. The gag, you will please to remember, was a terrible enemy to me; I could only breathe freely through my nose, and that is but a poor vent when a man is straining his strength as far as ever it will go.

I gave in and lay quiet, and got my breath again, my eyes glaring and straining at the candle all the time.

While I was staring at it, the notion struck me of trying to blow out the flame by pumping a long breath at it suddenly through my nostrils. It was too high above me, and too far away from me, to be reached in that fashion. I tried, and tried, and tried; and then I gave in again, and lay quiet again, always with my eyes glaring at the candle, and the candle glaring at *me*. The splash of the schooner's sweeps was very faint by this time. I could only just hear them in the morning stillness. Splash! splash!—fainter and fainter—splash! splash!

Without exactly feeling my mind going, I began to feel it getting queer as early as this. The snuff of the candle was growing taller and taller, and the length of tallow between the flame and the slow-match, which was the length of my life, was getting shorter and shorter. I calculated that I had rather less than an hour and a half to live.

An hour and a half! Was there a chance in that time of a boat pulling off to the brig from the shore? Whether the land near which the vessel was anchored was in pos-

session of our side, or in possession of the enemy's side, I made out that they must, sooner or later, send to hail the brig merely because she was a stranger in those parts. The question for *me* was, how soon? The sun had not risen yet, as I could tell by looking through the chink in the hatch. There was no coast village near us, as we all knew before the brig was seized, by seeing no lights on the shore. There was no wind, as I could tell by listening, to bring any strange vessel near. If I had six hours to live, there might have been a chance for me, reckoning from sunrise to noon. But with an hour and a half, which had dwindled to an hour and a quarter by this time—or, in other words, with the earliness of the morning, the uninhabited coast and the dead calm all against me—there was not the ghost of a chance. As I felt that, I had another struggle—the last—with my bonds, and only cut myself the deeper for my pains.

I gave in once more, and lay quiet, and listened for the splash of the sweeps.

Gone! Not a sound could I hear but the blowing of a fish now and then on the surface of the sea, and the creak of the brig's crazy old spars, as she rolled gently from side to side with the little swell there was on the quiet water.

An hour and a quarter. The wick grew terribly small as the quarter slipped away, and the charred top of it began to thicken and spread out mushroom shape. It would fall off soon. Would it fall off red-hot, and would the swing of the brig cant it over the side of the candle, and let it down on the slow-match? If it would, I had about ten minutes to live instead of an hour.

This discovery set my mind for a minute on a new tack altogether. I began to ponder with myself what sort of a death blowing up might be. Painful? Well, it would be, surely, too sudden for that. Perhaps just one crash inside me, or outside me, or both, and nothing more! Perhaps not even a crash; that, and death, and the scattering of this living body of mine into millions of fiery sparks, might all happen in the same instant! I couldn't make it out; I couldn't settle how it would be. The minute of calmness in my mind left it before I had half done thinking, and I got all abroad again.

When I came back to my thoughts, or when they came back to me (I can't say which), the wick was awfully tall, the flame was burning with a smoke above it, the charred top was broad and red, and heavily spreading out to its fall.

My despair and horror at seeing it took me in a new way, which was good and right, at any rate, for my poor soul. I tried to pray—in my own heart, you will understand, for the gag put all lip-praying out of my power. I tried, but the candle seemed to burn it up in me. I struggled hard to force my eyes from the slow, murdering flame, and to look up through the chink in the hatch at the blessed daylight. I tried once, tried twice, and gave it up. I next tried only to shut my eyes, and keep them shut—once—twice—and the second time I did it. "God bless old mother, and sister Lizzie; God keep them both, and forgive *me*." That was all I had time to say, in my own heart, before my eyes opened again, in spite of me, and the flame of the candle flew into them, and burned up the rest of my thoughts in an instant.

I couldn't hear the fish blowing now; I couldn't hear the creak of the spars; I couldn't think; I couldn't feel the sweat of my own death-agony on my face. I could only look at the heavy, charred top of the wick. It swelled, tottered, bent over to one side, dropped—red-hot at the moment of its fall—black and harmless even before the swing of the brig had canted it over into the bottom of the candlestick.

I caught myself laughing. Yes, laughing at the safe fall of the bit of wick! But for the gag I should have screamed with laughing. As it was, I shook with it inside me—shook till the blood was in my head, and I was all but suffocated for want of breath. I had just sense enough left to feel that my own horrid laughter at that awful moment was a sign of my brain going at last. I had just sense enough left to make another struggle before my mind broke loose, like a frightened horse, and ran away with me.

One comforting look at the blink of daylight through the hatch was what I tried for once more. The fight to force my eyes from the candle and to get one look at the daylight was the hardest I had had yet; and I lost the fight. The flame had got hold of my eyes as fast as the lashings had hold of my hands. I couldn't look away from it. I couldn't even shut my eyes, when I tried that next for the second time. There was the wick growing tall once more. There was the space of unburned candle between the light and the slow-match shortened to an inch or less.

How much life did that inch leave me? Three-quarters of an hour? Half an hour? Fifty minutes? Twenty minutes? Steady! An inch of tallow-candle would burn longer than twenty minutes. An inch of tallow! The notion of a man's body and soul being kept together by an inch of tallow! Wonderful! Why, the greatest king that sits on a throne can't keep a man's body and soul together, and here's an inch of tallow that can do what the king can't! There's something to tell mother when I get home which will surprise her more than all the rest of my voyages put together. I laughed inwardly again at the thought of that, and shook, and swelled, and suffocated myself, until the light of the candle leaped in through my eyes and licked up the laughter and burned it out of me, and made me all empty, and cold, and quiet once more.

Mother and Lizzie! I don't know when they came back, but they did come back—not, as it seemed to me, into my mind this time, but right down bodily before me in the hold of the brig.

Yes, sure enough, there was Lizzie, just as light-hearted as usual, laughing at me. Laughing? Well, why not? Who is to blame Lizzie for thinking I'm lying on my back drunk, in the cellar, with all the beer-barrels around me? Steady! she's crying now—spinning round and round in a fiery mist, wringing her hands, screeching out for help—fainter and fainter, like the splash of the schooner's sweeps. Gone!—burned up in the fiery mist. Mist? Fire? No; neither one nor the other. It's mother makes the light—mother knitting with ten flaming points at the ends of her fingers and thumbs, and slow-matches hanging in bunches all around her face instead of her own gray hair. Mother in her old arm-chair, and the pilot's long, skinny hands hanging over the back of the chair, dripping with gunpowder. No! No gun-powder, no chair, no mother—nothing but the pilot's face, shining red-hot, like a sun, in the fiery mist; turning upside down in the fiery mist; running backward and forward along the slow-match in the fiery mist; spinning millions of miles in a minute in the fiery mist—spinning itself smaller and smaller into one tiny point, and that point darting on a sudden straight into my head, and then all fire and all mist—no hearing, no seeing, no thinking, no feeling—the brig, the sea, my own self, the whole world, all gone together!

* * * * * * * * *

After what I've just told you, I know nothing and remember nothing, till I woke up (as it seemed to me) in a comfortable bed, with two rough-and-ready men, like myself, sitting on each side of my pillow, and a gentleman standing watching me at the foot of the bed. It was about seven in the morning. My sleep (or what seemed like my sleep to me) had lasted better than eight months. I was among my own countrymen in the island of Trinidad—the men at each side of my pillow were my keepers, turn and turn about—and the gentleman standing at the foot of the bed was the doctor. What I said and did in those eight months, I never have known, and never shall. I woke out of it as if it had been one long sleep—that's all I know.

It was another two months or more before the doctor thought it safe to answer the questions I asked him.

The brig had been anchored, just as I had supposed, off a part of the coast which was lonely enough to make the Spaniards pretty sure of no interruption, so long as they managed their murderous work quietly, under cover of night.

My life had not been saved from the shore, but from the sea. An American vessel, becalmed in the offing, had made out the brig as the sun rose; and the captain having his time on his hands in consequence of the calm, and seeing a vessel anchored where no vessel had any reason to be, had manned one of his boats, and sent his mate with it, to look a little closer into the matter, and bring back a report of what he saw.

What he saw, when he and his men found the brig deserted and boarded her, was a gleam of candle-light through the chink in the hachway. The flame was within a thread's breadth of the slow-match when he lowered himself into the hold; and if he had not had the sense and coolness to cut the match in two with his knife before he touched the candle, he and his men would have been blown up with the brig as well as me. The match caught, and turned into sputtering red fire, in the very act of putting the candle out; and if the communication with the powder barrel had not been cut off, the Lord only knows what might have happened.

What became of the Spanish schooner and the pilot, I have never heard from that day to this.

As for the brig, the Yankees took her, as they took me, to Trinidad, and claimed their salvage, and got it, I hope, for their own sakes. I was landed just in the same state as when they rescued me from the brig—that is to say, clean out of my senses. But please to remember, it was a long time ago; and, take my word for it, I was discharged cured, as I have told you. Bless your hearts, I'm all right now, as you may see. I'm a little shaken by telling the story, as is only natural—a little shaken, my good friends, that's all.

---

"Sealing-wax," a stationer said to a New York reporter, "is quietly resuming its place for the sealing of letters. The use of gum in the place of sealing-wax was a seductive appeal to the laziness of persons, who eagerly adopted that method because it was quick and handy. It is much easier to run your tongue along the flap of an envelope and press the surfaces together than it is to heat the wax and close the letter effectively. But it has now come to be slowly appreciated that a letter easily sealed is nearly as easily opened. It only requires a little dampness to open any letter sealed with gum, and it may be done so skillfully that it baffles detection. It is about as much protection now to put a letter in a gum-sealed envelope as to put the contents on a postal-card. Sealing-wax is a protection against the prying curiosity of persons not dishonest enough to steal your letter out and out, yet willing to possess themselves of your secrets by peering into your letters after steaming open a gum-sealed flap. A pretty feature of the use of sealing-wax is the opportunity to use seals. Seal rings are plenty enough, and, if you have not a seal ring, you may use a coin or a bangle, or any rough surface, the breaking of which might be an indication that a letter had been tampered with. The express companies will not receive a valuable package for transmission unless it is carefully sealed. Seal your letters by all means with sealing-wax if you wish to keep their contents free from inspection."

---

It is quite true, writes Mr. William Black, in a private letter, that "Mistress Judith Shakespeare" has proved to be a very troublesome young woman, but it is happily not true that the careful and difficult work which the writing of this novel has involved has put Mr. Black in so deplorable a condition as a recent cable dispatch suggested. Mr. Black, and Mr. Abbey with him, took refuge for a short season of salmon-fishing in the remote wilds of Sutherlandshire, whence they have returned in good health and spirits. Mr. Black expects to finish "Judith Shakespeare," now running in *Harper's Magazine*, before returning to North Scotland the latter part of March, and Mr. Abbey is hard at work again on the illustrations.

---

A man in Lexington made a wager that he could name one hundred women in that town each of whom is prettier than Mrs. Langtry. He wrote out the list, and took it to the editor of a newspaper there. The editor said that if he published it his hide would be literally riddled with bullet-holes. "Why," said the other, "every word of description appended to each name is highly respectful and complimentary." "You misunderstand me," said the editor; "it's on account of the names not mentioned at all that I would be murdered if I printed your list."

## STORYETTES.

### Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Why," asked one member of a club of another, "is there so much declamation about the cowardice of committing suicide in a country where a duelist is considered a hero, merely because he faced death?" "Oh, you see," replied the other, "a man who commits suicide always has the choice of weapons!"

---

The great composer, Felix Mendelssohn, who died in 1848, was the grandson of the celebrated philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn. His father, a Berlin banker, who came in between these two famous personages, used to say, "I should like to know who I am. When I was young they used to call me the son of Moses Mendelssohn, and now that I am old I'm only called the father of Felix Mendelssohn."

---

A Bangor trader ordered a ton of coal, which he wished to put in the second floor of his store. The coal was dumped before the building, and the merchant went into the loft and put up a target. Going out doors where there were fifteen or twenty countrymen loafing, he said: "Boys, come and have some fun throwing coal at that target." The crowd became interested, and fired away at the mark until all the coal was in the building. What did the merchant do? Give the crowd ice-cream? Oh, no; but he brought water to wash their hands.

---

In France surgeons like to manufacture little pleasantries to show the uncertainties of medicine, and the doctors delight in doing the same thing for surgery. The doctors are now telling the following: The victim of an explosion was pierced through and through by an iron drill. The surgeon felt his pulse. "You are wounded, sir," said he; "you have fever." "I know I'm wounded," said the patient; "I've three feet of iron in my stomach." "Do these accidents often happen in your family?" "Not very often." "Have you ever had such a trouble before?" "First time I ever had it." "It must embarrass you to lie upon your back." "Yes, sir." "And upon your stomach." "Very much so." "You would be easier on your side." "Yes, slightly." "Very well. You have a drill through your body; two courses are open to you—leave the drill where it is and die of inflammation, or extract it and bleed to death. Science will do its best, but you must choose for yourself and take the responsibility as to your life; all of our patients do that."

---

Nestor Roqueplan, who managed the Varieties Theatre in Paris for many years, had an original method of dealing with authors who kept bringing in unsuitable pieces for him to examine. He would give the bore a chair and invite him to read the play, while he himself retired to an alcove separated from the room only by a thin curtain, for, he said, complete isolation was necessary for the proper understanding of a composition. But once out of view, he went on with his ordinary work, and reappeared only at the last line of the piece, of which he had not listened to a word, praised its beauties, regretted that it was "really too good for that theatre—away above the appreciation of the audience," and bowed the visitor out. Manuscripts sent to him he never even looked at, but returned them with the same comments, with any other that might occur at the moment. One young author sent him a roll, tied with blue ribbon, which Roqueplan personally handed back some weeks later, saying he had read it carefully, but the dialogue was not sufficiently brisk for his use. Then the author untied it, and lo! every page was blank! The next piece he offered was accepted.

---

Talk about pretty girls—but she was a wild flower, and no mistake! She got on the train to go over to Meridian from Vicksburg, and she was all alone. There was a sort of sidelong movement among five or six men, but a drummer for a Philadelphia saddlery house got there first. He grabbed up his grip, and walked square up to her seat and took possession of half of it without asking a question, and in ten minutes he seemed to be perfectly at home. She answered his questions briefly, and he had the hardest kind of work to keep up conversation, and, as the train approached Jackson, she suddenly said: "I want to telegraph papa from here. Will you help me?" "Oh, certainly. I have a blank in my pocket. Write your telegram and I will run into the office with it." We missed him when the train started, but by and by he was found in the smoking-car, his hat crushed down, and his nerves all on edge. When asked what had happened, he drew forth the telegram which the girl had requested him to hand in. It read: "Bring up your shot-gun with you to pop over a drummer who has dreadfully annoyed me. Shoot to kill!" "To think," he gasped, "that one so fair could be so murderous!"

---

The Rev. Mr. C—— was troubled with very excitable nerves. Being an incurable old bachelor, perhaps this was not so surprising. For example, he could not sit quiet and see a cat's back stroked the wrong way, and the sight of a spider disturbed his equanimity. One Sunday, while absent on an exchange, he heard from a pew near the pulpit a boy snuffling, as if he were troubled with a severe cold and did not have a handkerchief. His brother sat beside him. Mr. C—— happened to know the boy's name. He bore with this irritation as long as his nerves would permit, but it became so aggravating that he paused in the midst of a hymn which he was reading, and, bending over the pulpit, said: "Johnny, why don't you use your handkerchief?" John, abashed by this unexpected address, and by the fact that the eyes of the congregation were fixed upon him, stammered out, to the general amusement: "Please, sir, I haven't got none." "Then why don't you borrow your brother's?" resumed the minister. "Because, sir, he hasn't got any either," pursued the frightened boy. The audience was convulsed. "Will some charitably disposed person," remarked the clergyman, in a solemn tone, "provide that boy with a handkerchief?" This was done, and the services proceeded.

## SOCIETY.

"Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: To be a faithful chronicler of "society" I shall have to swell the chorus and ring out the refrain pervading its ranks on all sides, of Opera, Patti, Gerster, and Opera. Nothing else has been thought of, spoken of, or done this past week. On the night of Patti's first appearance, the house fairly swarmed with fashion. The Floods, Crockers, Dunphys, and Grants had retained their boxes, while in the orchestra and parquet were seated the Haggins, Hagers, Mrs. J. F. Swift, Mrs. Daniel Cook, Mrs. Frank Pixley, the Schmiedells, Peters, A. J. Bowies, F. W. Sharon, Mrs. Breckinridge, Harry Tevis, General Barnes, Webb Howard, Garretts, Sansemans, Gwins, McMullins, Henley Smiths, Savages, Kohlers, Tevises, Millses, John Perrys, Eastlands, Thos. Madden, Floyds, Con. O'Connor, Townes, Goddeffroy, and Wetherbees. So dense was the crowd in the aisles, the whole theatre looked like a vast mass of human beings packed together from top to bottom. On Tuesday night, when Patti made her second appearance, and offered the additional attraction of Nicolini in the "Trovatore," society was again out in full force, and seated very much as on the "Traviata" night. I think on this occasion Patti gave more general satisfaction than before. People, at first, seemed to expect something superhuman, and were just a trifle put out to find it a woman, but, on second hearing, realized what that woman's voice embodied. I'm afraid that even the most steadfast pillars of the church have swayed somewhat from perpendicular during this season of opera *and* Lent. What is positive delight to some has become actual dissipation in others; and pastors are already beginning to sermonize about it to their wayward flocks. Opera, however, has not been the sole distraction of society people this past week of Lent; dinners and teas, card-parties and luncheons, have filled in the time most acceptably, if not altogether profitably. Mrs. Tevis's dinner was very elaborate in the way of floral decoration, tasteful menu-cards, and bouquets; Mrs. Samuel Mayer's lunch-party also showed a very prettily arranged table; in fact, the adornment of the table is becoming so marked a feature of entertainment that what is placed on it to be looked at is quite as much a matter of moment as the viands to be consumed. Mrs. Staples treated her friends to another reading from her "log" of Honolulu travel, on Thursday evening, when a large company was present. After the reading, refreshments were served, and the party did not break up till a late hour. The same evening the Lotus Club gave one of their dances, and on Saturday, the Pacific Skaters had a sort of full-dress rehearsal for the invitation affair of Wednesday evening. On Saturday evening, the Lawn-tennis Club will hold a reception, and, after the game is ended, dancing will be in order. Saturday evening has also been chosen for the grand banquet given by the Pacific Club to celebrate its thirty-second anniversary. That it will be a most enjoyable affair goes without saying, as the club contains much convivial material. Although each member is allowed but one invitation, a very large attendance is a sure thing. This week opera and supper-parties have held their sway. On Monday evening a very pleasant reception was given in honor of Colonel C. E. Carr, of Illinois, by Mrs. Frank M. Pixley. Tuesday, Patti in "Trovatore." Wednesday, a large opera-party, and supper on Nob Hill afterward. Thursday, a dinner-party of ten young people on Van Ness Avenue. And so it goes. Next week the excitement of opera will culminate. We are told that "blessings brighten as they take their flight" and, if this holds true, the rival songstresses will shine with extraordinary brilliancy their last week. The strong hopes indulged in that we should see the two peerless artistes together in the "Huguenots" have been dashed by the intelligence that the little *diva* will not appear on the same stage with the fair Hungarian. So we must e'en be content with what we get, and be thankful. The proposed reception to Madame Patti, which I spoke of as being mooted, seems to remain in *statu quo;* but a ball has been arranged by the Italian residents in compliment to their gifted compatriot, and will be given on the twenty-sixth instant at Saratoga Hall, under the auspices of Consul Lambertenghi and the Italian Vice Consul. Great is the flutter among our foreign dames as to toilets for presentation to *la diva*. The Benevolent Britons are making every effort to render their coming concert a success, and, judging from the active interest taken in the affair by prominent Britishers, I should say their efforts will be rewarded. Riding and walking-parties still continue a favorite pastime with the young people in the dry intervals of weather. I hear that the several householders along the line of road from Belmont to Menlo Park have arranged parties of guests for next Saturday to spend the Sunday in the country; as on that day Consul Olarovsky has promised to convey Patti and suite on a tour of inspection to the different places in that neighborhood, the *diva* to go down in her own gorgeous car, which will be a sight in itself. Rumor is very busy of late with the names of two well-known families, entwining the younger members thereof in a true lovers' knot and a "hoop of gold." Eastertide will determine if there be any truth in the story or no. Appearances are certainly in favor of yes. The sad intelligence received of the loss of Governor Stanford's only child will no doubt cause a postponement indefinitely of the promised musicale at the adjoining Nob Hill mansion in April. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved parents. Society will hail with pleasure the return of that popular lady, Mrs. Hearst, who is already *en route* home. Her beautiful house on Van Ness Avenue is always a centre of hospitality, and the gay world may safely reckon upon its doors being reopened after Easter. BAVARDIN.

### Notes and Gossip.

Among the arrivals in the city during the past week, on account of the opera, were Mrs. E. B. Crocker, accompanied by Miss Florence McKune and Miss Minnie Clark from Sacramento; Mrs. J. B. Wright, Mrs. John Arnold, and Miss Jeannie Lindley, who came down Friday; Mrs. F. R. Dray, and Miss Louise Phelps. Mrs. E. Mackintosh, of Seattle, who has been spending the winter in Santa Clara, arrived Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Cook, of Alameda, are also over for a brief period. Albert Gallatin and wife, Hon. Frederick Cox, Major Beck, and Major John Q. Brown, returned to the State capital Sunday last. A number of Denver notables, with their wives, are for the present sojourning at the Palace: General Woodbury (formerly editor and proprietor of the Denver *Times*) and wife, Mr. D. H. Moffitt (President of the First National Bank) and wife, Judge Hallett (of the United States Circuit Court of Colorado) and wife, Mr. and Mrs. M. Spanger, and Mr. Courier. Mrs. George Hearst is expected home the first instant, having left New York for St. Louis, where she will remain several days *en route*. Mr. and Mrs. Porter Ashe will not return home until fall. Mrs. Rathbone is still with her mother, Mrs. Atherton, pending her husband's absence. Mrs. Alvarado is visiting her father, James R. Bolton, 2201 Jones Street, during Mr. Alvarado's trip to Mexico. Mrs. M. A. Green and daughters, Mrs. Sydney Peddar and Miss Amy Green, will return with Mr. Peddar in April to their London residence. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fowler are traveling in the East on their wedding tour. Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease have left the Palace and gone to housekeeping on Jackson Street. Judge W. Turner, of Modesto, and Hon. D. S. Terry and wife, are in town at the Rassette House. Commodore Russell, accompanied by Commander Glass, Paymaster Fulton, Paymaster Redfield, Chief-Engineer Kutz, Civil Engineer Walcott, Major Collier, and Lieutenant Barnett, of Mare Island, came down to San Francisco Saturday last; they received much attention socially as well as officially. Mrs. Thomas Buckingham is already occupying her country place at Clear Lake, making it her headquarters for the summer. Mrs. James Anthony, widow of the former editor of the Sacramento *Union*, will summer at Haywards. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cohen, of Alameda, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. Ellard Beans, of San José, last week, whose elegant home during their visit was open to a large number of invited guests Thursday last, on the occasion of Miss Coleman's visit to Miss Mamie Beans. Very many from Oakland and Alameda, as well as from this city, assisted, among whom were the Brays, the Tevises, Dargies, Cohens, Simpsons, Rylands, Pierces, and others. Accompanying Judge and Mrs. Ferry to Seattle, the eleventh instant, were Mrs. J. M. Pearlman and son, and Miss Hope Pearlman. Major Jones and wife, of Chico, and Judge and Mrs. S. M. Bliss, of Marysville, who have been visiting Sacramento, returned here. Major W. E. McCreary left last Monday for a visit to the northern part of the State. Mrs. Judge Sturgis, of Folsom, has returned home. Mrs. William Ward has postponed her Hawaiian trip, and will instead start early for a sojourn at Napa Soda Springs, where in all probability she will remain a greater portion of the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Grant have postponed their visit to California until June, having just returned to New York from Florida. Arriving from the East Wednesday were Mrs. ex-Governor Pacheco and Miss Mabel Pacheco, Mrs. O. L. Shafter, the Misses Shafter, Miss Grace Eldridge, and Miss F. A. Barnard and maid. Rear-Admiral Hughes is among the Thursday's arrivals at the Palace. Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker and C. H. Crocker were on the fifteenth instant registered at the Gilsey House, New York; the Misses Shafter, Mrs. and Miss Reed, of Oakland, at the Westminster; A. Page, Mrs. Fairfax, and Mrs. Leary, at the New York Hotel; J. Cahill and J. P. Webster, at the Union Square; A. R. Derby, Miss Derby, and Miss Simpson, of Oakland, at the Hote' Dam. Madame de Bodisco, when last heard from, was passing a month or two in Sicily. To-night's dinner at the Pacific Club, corner Dupont and Post streets, commemorating its thirty-second anniversary, promises to be a most brilliant affair. On Wednesday night the Pacific Skating Club, an organization which numbers a hundred members, gave an entertainment. Music accompanied the skating, after which a promenade concert and dancing concluded the festivities. Among those present were the Misses Rising, Durbrow, Bradley, Bliss, Peters, Schmiedell and Paige, and Messrs. Greenway, Wilson, Crocker, Paige, Leonard, Monteagle, Wines, and Church. The members of the Lawn-tennis Club still meet at their rooms for practice. Although the attendance of Saturday last was unusually small, their meeting this evening promises to be a more considerable affair, as many invitations have been extended to their friends from the members, the most prominent being the Misses Shreve, Paige, Patterson, Bliss, Miller, and Nelson; also the Messrs. Peterson, Shreve, Paige, Johnson, and Monteagle. Noticeable among the many driving and riding parties the delightful weather of Saturday attracted to the beach was the equestrian party made up in compliment to Miss Minnie Carroll, of Sacramento, by Miss Ivers, whose guest she has been. Among those participating were Mrs. Ben Holliday, Miss Grace Bradley, Messrs. Henry Crocker, Frederick Johnson, Edward Carroll, and J. D. Grant. Accompanying them in a carriage driven by William Crocker were Miss Flora Carroll, Miss Deming, and Frank Carolan. An attention accorded to Mrs. J. H. Carroll, of Sacramento, who has been the guest in town of Mrs. Edward Cadwallader, on Sutter Street, was the lunch party given her by Mrs. Samuel Mayer, on Friday, who asked to meet her Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Lucy Arnold, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, he Misses Flora and Minnie Carroll, and Mrs. Judge Cadwallader. The Lotus Club party at B'nai B'rith Hall, on Thursday evening, was surprisingly well attended, many repairing thither aft r the opera. The Lotus Yacht Club, of recent organization, will make their initial trip the latter part of next month. The new yacht of E. L. Stone, in process of completion, has been chartered for the next six months. A dinner and hop at Saucelito will conclude the monthly sail, ladies being included among the guests. The principal managers are J. W. Pew, Oliver Eldridge, Henry T. Gibbs, W. H. Fowler, and C. P. Farnfield. Judge Boalt, Messrs. J. D. Redding, George Letté, Harry Brady, Dan O'Connell, Charles Josselyn, and Robert Roy constituted the party of gentlemen who were entertained Thursday last by Colonel Hawes at dinner, Mrs. Hawes and Miss Allie doing the honors of the occasion. After the opera, a number of friends joined the dinner guests, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. A party was given the same evening by Mrs. William F. Goad at her residence, corner of Gough and Washington streets. It was determined to adjourn the reception of the Anonymous Club until October next, at the last meeting Thursday. The informal dinner given Wednesday last by Colonel Zacharoff, in his apartments at the Palace, was a most thoroughly enjoyable affair, the floral decorations and menu combining to render it a banquet worthy the distinguished guests, Madame Adelina Patti, Signor Nicolini, Signor Arditi, Lieutenant-Colonel Mapleson, Signor Franchi, Signor Speranza, Major-General Walter Turnbull, and Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young. The party of the evening previous, at Mrs. Daniel Turner's, at which her daughters, the Misses Minnie and Rosina, assisted in receiving her guests, and the dinner given by Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, at which twenty guests assisted, were the principal social events of the past week. Of the out-of-town entertainments, in which many from this city were interested and participated, was that given by Judge Hartson at his elegant residence in Napa. It was a gathering of old-timers, the oldest residents of Napa being represented. A musical and literary programme preceded supper, the decorations for which were most appropriately designed—a bed of pansies shadowed by a floral ship. Of the weddings of the week, that of Miss Marie E. Chapin, of New York, to Mr. Philip L. Crovat, of Tucson, Arizona, was solemnized at Grace Cathedral Thursday last by the new pastor, Rev. E. C. Foute. The affair was intended as a quiet one, owing to a recent loss in the family of Mr. Crovat, though the guests numbered in the neighborhood of one hundred aad twenty-five. The bride was attired in her traveling dress, a combination of bronze silk and brocaded satin, relieved by a pink surah bonnet. The bridesmaid, Miss May Norton, was similarly attired in brown, with the difference of an écru bonnet. The best man was Mr. Gus P. Jeghers. The couple left immediately for Monterey, returning to San Francisco in time to sail on the Saturday's steamer for Los Angeles, where they will remain several days, before their final return home to Tucson. Among the guests who bid the happy couple "God speed," were Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Main, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, Miss Marion Wallace, Mrs. and Miss Malloy, Mr. and Mrs. Langham, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Major and Mrs. McCreary, and Mr. and Mrs. Louis P. Holtz. The morning of the same day, J. J. Owens, editor of the San José *Mercury*, and trustee of the State library, was married to Miss Mamie Patton, at the residence of George Evans, in San José, by the Rev. Mr. Ingram. The wedding was exceedingly private. Immediately following the elegant breakfast, the couple left for San Francisco, remaining until Saturday, when they left for the Islands. The marriage of Mr. Herbert Wright to Miss Isabelle J. Stewart, the 5th, was a quiet, though noticeable affair, inasmuch as the contracting parties were connected with the leading families in the city; the presents, including many floral pieces, were numerous and elegant. Among the engagements are those of Miss Fannie Hamilton, daughter of Judge Hamilton, of Oakland, to Mr. Edward Hamilton, son of the late Rev. Dr. Hamilton, and that of J. L. Beck to Miss Shena Ray, daughter of Captain W. Ray, of this city. to take place in May; also that of Miss Fannie Houstan, daughter of Major Jas. Houstan, of Visalia, to Mr. P. Chilson, at present a resident of Arizona. Thursday afternoon of last week Madame Gerster accompanied Mrs. Blake-Alverson and Miss Marie C. Hyde in a drive through the Park to the ocean beach. She expressed herself as charmed with the scenery.

### Art Notes.

Thomas Hill has just completed a magnificent study of "Bridal Veil Fall" in the Yosemite Valley, which is now on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's. The management of light and shade and the boldness of design and coloring are especially noticeable.

Miss Lucas has placed in the same gallery her charming little picture of "Ah Yeng," a bright little Chinese maiden, *ætat.* 4. The quaint head-dress and the copper and vermillion cheeks are faithfully portrayed.

It is expected that Mr. Alexander's Munich Church Interior will be placed on exhibition next week.

The large collection of engravings and etchings which Mr. Roullier has placed on exhibition at Bancroft's is attracting much attention among local art lovers—one of them, who is already the possessor of some noted gems, having made, according to report, a very extensive purchase. The etchings are exciting especial remark, and when it is stated that one hundred etchings from the studio of Seymour Haden alone are numbered in the collection, its importance may be realized. Of foremost importance among the Hadens is the famous "Shere Mill-pond, Surrey," of which Hamerton has said: "It has been equaled by only one other etching, and that is a small landscape by Claude." In "Shere Mill-pond" the artist has touched neither sky nor water, and yet both are there, so wonderful is his genius. One of the first proofs of "The Agamemnon lying in the Thames," which readers of "Etchers and Etching" will remember, is also here, as is, too, the well-known "Sunset in Tipperary." As Haden leads the world in his branch of the art, so does Tissot, of Paris, in dry-point etching. There may be seen a great variety of the works of this artist. He especially delights in portraying beautiful women, and among the many may be mentioned "The Elder Sister," in which a large-eyed Hebe is seated on the steps of a conservatory, while peeping from under her arm is a curly-haired child with chubby cheeks and plump shoulders. "A Winter Walk" shows a tall, stately Parisian beauty in snow-clad garden. "On Board the Steamship *Calcutta*" displays a bevy of beauties, waving their hands in farewell to the friends they are leaving. The great Jean Francois Millet is also well represented by many of his peasant pictures, such as "La Brouette," "The Diggers," "The Shepherdess," "The Straw-cutter," and others. Belin-Dollet, an eminent Parisian, has etched numbers of Millet's oil-paintings, all of which are here. Flameng and Unger have translated the old masters, and their best work is in this collection, such as "La Lecon d'Anatomie," after Rembrandt, "Le Charlatan," and numerous portraits and studies. Waltner, of Paris, commands enormous sums for his work. In the translation of Munkacsy's "Christ Before Pilate," of which there is a fine proof in this collection, he received twenty thousand dollars. His "Harmony" has become very celebrated in Europe. It shows a maiden in mediæval garb, seated at a towering organ; at her side a lover, with the face of Sir Galahad; in the background the stained window of the minster rising in stately glory. Of the English etchers, Whistler, Joseph Knight, David Law, Birket Foster, Samuel Palmer, Mitchell, and many others are noticeable, while a host of French artists are to be seen, among whom are Charles Jacques, with his famous "Le Soir" and "Le Matin;" Jacquemart, the man who could wield the etching point without looking at his work, so wonderful was his touch; Martial, whose "Cancalaises" we noticed last week; Roc' Bhion, a Normandy nobleman, whose etching has made him famous; Appian, so much praised by Hamerton; Delanay, with numerous landscapes; Schemis, whose moonlight and twilight effects are well known; Daubigney, the painter of field and forest; Detaille's cavalrymen; Méryon, another of Hamerton's favorites; beside Veyvassat, Bréton, De Boissieu, Weber, and others. Casanova, the eminent Spaniard, and Van S'Gravsaude, the celebrated Hollander, are particularly interesting. Among the American artists of note, there are many etchings by Thomas Moran, Stephen Parrish, C. A. Platt, Henry Farrer, Duvenyck, Bellows, Krussman, Van Alten, and Joseph Pennel.

Edward Deakin, who returned not long ago from the East, has opened his studio at 120 Sutter Street, and is busily preparing for the spring exhibition, when he will place in the gallery another magnificent "View in Westminster Abbey"; a dreamy study of "Notre Dame," at Paris; a splendid "Scene in the Wasatch Mountains," and three pictures of "Grapes," in which it would seem possible to pluck the fruit from the canvas, so realistic is the work. During a sojourn in Salt Lake, Mr. Deakin made nearly a hundred sketches in oil of the scenery in the vicinity of the lake and city, all of which he has with him.

Mr. Straus now has at his studio a fine fruit picture called "The Basket of Peaches," which is one of the best bits of still-life painting he has done in a long time. He is at work on a "Market Scene in a German Town," from a sketch taken some time ago, which is a study of some picturesque old buildings.

As a number of comments have been made concerning the presence of various guests at the last Cricket Club party, the following excerpt from last Tuesday's *Chronicle* will prove of interest: "A few weeks ago, in reporting two parties occurring on the same evening in the Palace and Grand Hotels, a mechanical mistake occurred which resulted in mixing up the names of the guests at the two entertainments. The error and its cause were so obvious that it was not thought necessary to make a correction. It appears, however, that several of the ladies who were present at the party in the Grand Hotel were greatly annoyed at seeing their names included in the list of those who attended the Cricket Club hop and think that it is the duty of the *Chronicle* to explain the matter, lest it might lead to social complications, owing to the equivocal position in society of some of the originators of the Cricket Club party."

A foreign reviewer points out that it has been the fate of the pessimistic philosopher Schopenhauer to be studied and exalted by those whom he had bitterly reviled. For women Schopenhauer expressed boundless contempt. The tone of modern conversation had, he maintained, been hopelessly lowered by the free admission of women into society, and it could only have been in a paroxysm of madness that men had given to the "short-legged, narrow-shouldered sex" the epithet of "fair." Yet it was a woman, Miss Helen Zimmern, who made him the subject of a book, and another woman, Miss Elizabeth Ney, who produced the best portrait of him in clay. He abhorred Wagner's music and Wagner's principles; yet the Wagnerites claim that there exist between Wagner's musical system and Schopenhauer's philosophical system points of analogy sufficient almost to constitute an identity.

## THE BROOKLYN DIVORCE MILL.

"Flaneur's" New York Gossip.

A fraudulent divorce mill and a Japanese wrestler of extraordinary strength are the principal topics of conversation in New York this week.

Of course, the divorce mill is located in Brooklyn. Things of that sort always are. New York occasionally has murders, scandals, assaults, and desertions, but when it comes to wholesale sin and utterly remorseless wickedness, Brooklyn easily takes its place at the head of the list. The prevalence of divorces in Brooklyn has long been a cause of remark. A great many people claim that unfortunate persons went to Brooklyn to get divorces, because so many of the residents there have been divorced at more or less remote periods of their lives that the atmosphere has a congenial and friendly influence. People often came from England, Scotland, and Wales to be divorced in Brooklyn, and if a man and his wife disagreed even such remote villages of the State as Pen Yan and Geneateles, their first impulse, after battling each other with every available article of cutlery, was to rush down to Brooklyn to get a divorce. When to these is added a large quota of the divorced natives of Brooklyn—a species of human being entirely distinct from the rest of mankind—it will be seen at a glance that separations in that city are unusually numerous. It appears now that most of these divorces were obtained through an establishment owned and run by one Monroe Adams, Attorney.

This gentleman conceived the idea some years ago that a divorce is a shallow and human thing at best, the fact of it being fraudulent was of small consequence. He has put himself on record as believing that matches are made in heaven, and that if a man put away his wife, or a wife put away from her husband, the laws of God are outraged. Under such circumstances the grandiloquent decrees of a few puny human law-makers are of no consequence. Having sinned against heaven by parting from their partners, it is a matter of no moment whether a shallow judge or a sharp attorney sins against the papers. Thereupon Mr. Adams, having satisfied his alleged conscience, began to develop his business. He advertised extensively, and fitted up commodious offices near the City Hall. The victims came in swarms. Year by year they increased in number until Mr. Adams had all he could possibly attend to. They came from every section of the world. Adams's fame as a divorce lawyer spread, and his wealth increased.

His method was easy. He kept a lot of blanks in his office, and when the unfortunate pair visited him, he took their names, collected a preliminary fee, proportionate to the wealth of the applicants, and sent them away. A month later they came again, and their divorce decrees were delivered to them on payments which ranged from one hundred to five hundred dollars. In a few instances he received as high as a thousand dollars, for what he called particularly difficult cases to manage. To procure a divorce, he simply forged the name of Judge Platt, County Clerk Law, and the court clerk. The name of the opposition lawyer, who was a part of Mr. Adams's mill, and who also collected his fee (turning it over to Mr. Adams), appeared in the papers. Thus divorces were procured generally without publicity, for nobody knew anything about them except the two lawyers and their clients.

Now that the whole affair has blown out, the papers have taken to printing long lists of fraudulent divorces found on record in Adams's office. Only this morning, a list of nearly a column appeared in the papers. There were about three hundred cases unearthed yesterday. Many of these people have re-married since, and their positions have thus become equivocal, not to say mixed. They will all have to be re-divorced and re-married. This will clog the wheels of divorce court machinery, and delay matters so that it will be many years before all of the persons fraudulently divorced by Monroe Adams can be legally divorced by the courts. The existence and prosperity of this scoundrel suggests the thought that he is not alone in his scheme. If Monroe Adams can run a fraudulent divorce court, why can not other men? I wonder if there are not lawyers in every great city in the country who practice such deceptions as this? They are almost secure from detection, and sure of a fat fee. I shall be much mistaken if the Catholic Church does not draw a strong lesson from this recent deluge in Brooklyn.

Divorced women are extraordinarily prevalent in this section of the country. One meets them everywhere. For a long time Connecticut was the El Dorado of unhappy wives. A residence of two years in Connecticut legally separates any woman from her husband—provided, of course, her husband does not live in Connecticut. Two people can live forever together in Connecticut and they will be one; but if one remains out of the State and the other in it for two years, they become two. So it was that a great many women went on the north shore of the Sound for the purpose of procuring divorces from their husbands. In the course of time, however, they found that divorces could be procured with ease and cheapness. And so they fell into the clutches of Monroe Adams and deserted Connecticut.

The wealthier class of New York women, however, when they wish to leave their husbands, go to Newport. The city by the sea is now known as the home of unhappy wives. There is a small army of society women who reside there pending the issue of their divorce decrees. Among them are the wives of such men as Oliver Perry Belmont and Henry Turnbull of the Union Club. They are all wealthy, and most of them dress as widows. They form a charming circle of society, but are strictly proper and exclude bachelors as they would mice. A residence of three years in Newport, Rhode Island, is the same as that of two years in Connecticut. The advantage of this court of a divorce, which is after all little more than a legal separation, lies in the fact that there is no publicity by the court proceedings.

The Jap wrestler has just been discovered. He came to America three months ago, and announced that he would pull down a house when he got here just to show the Americans how strong he was. He was quite sure that there was no wrestler in this country who was in any way qualified to compete with him. His backers arranged a match with Edwin Bibby, at Irving Hall. Bibby was the champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler of the world until Joe Acton defeated him. When the Englishman and the Japanese met it was evident that Sorokichi had a small opinion of his opponent. He stamped on the stage, waved his hands in derision, and gave a frightful shriek, which he afterward admitted was intended to terrify his antagonist. Then the two men came together, and in a few seconds Bibby had secured a back lock on the Japanese, rolled him over his head, and landed him on his back on the stage. They came together again, and the Jap was flopped over like a hot griddle-cake. That ended the Jap. It was evident to every man in the room that the Japanese was the stronger man of the two, despite his defeat. He was thrown simply because he was ignorant of the English style of wrestling. Twice he secured advantageous holds upon Bibby, and each time he turned his face pleadingly toward the audience with an expression that plainly said that now he had got it he didn't know what to do with it. He was, in fact, the victim of his own ignorance of the English rules. When he got through, he cried with mortification.

A return match was made, and the Japanese tossed Bibby around the stage at Clarendon Hall as though the Englishman was made of putty. This second match was made according to Japanese rules, and Sorokichi had his antagonist completely at his mercy. According to the rules of Japan, if any part of a man, except his feet, touch the stage it is a fall. Sorokichi amused himself by stretching Bibby over backward and then yanking him violently on his belly on the stage. Bibby is a perfectly developed athlete and a man of great strength, but he was like a child in the hands of Sorokichi. At the end of the second match everybody realized that the wonderful strength which Sorokichi's physical development indicated was actually there. He is a man of medium stature, but of great width of chest. The muscles stand out all over him in ridges, like boiled potatoes, and they move up and down under his chocolate skin like the muscles in a race-horse's leg.

He moves with the stealthiness of a panther and the quickness of a cat. Everybody has seen a cat play with a mouse. The cat, after badgering the mouse, will lie perfectly still, and then when the mouse prepares to steal away, he will suddenly shoot out his paw and draw the mouse back again. No one can fail to be impressed with the marvelous quickness with which the cat makes this move. It is done so quickly that the eye scarcely follows it. Every movement of Sorokichi's arm instantly suggests this cat's claw to the spectator's mind. All that he does is accomplished with marvelous quickness. If he takes a towel from the table near which he is sitting, his hand will shoot out and whisk the towel toward him with an abruptness and rapidity that fairly startle one.

A great many stories are floating around town concerning the wonderful strength of this celestial. Yesterday, I met Mr. Billy Harding, the well-known sporting man and referee, and, after a chat with him about the strength of this same Japanese, we strolled down Chatham Street to visit him. He lives in a boarding house near Baxter Street, in a neighborhood that is largely given over to Chinamen, Japanese, and Israelites. It reeks. We entered a narrow passage, climbed two long flights of stairs, and knocked at a dingy door; it was opened by a neat-looking woman, who had a clean-cut profile, a pretty figure, and eyes that were slightly almond-shaped. One would have taken her for an Italian rather than a Japanese. Probably she was a cross between the two. Several solemn children, ranging from seven to four years, sat in a row against the wall, dressed in smock-frocks and slippers. A gigantic Japanese lounged by the window smoking. He rose courteously and greeted us.

"Matsadaa Sorokichi," said the gigantic Japanese, bowing profoundly, "comports himself in the yard below."

Then he bowed again, and resumed his seat. The woman gravely held the door open for us to pass out, and also made a profound obeisance. This is an agreeable way for people to act. A man grows taller when he enters a Japanese circle. Irishmen and Germans never consider one half so distinguished as do the Japanese.

However, we descended to the yard, a dingy little court, by the way, and there found Sorokichi lifting a beam up and down over his head for exercise. A group of urchins watched him from the neighboring fences with wide-eyed wonder. He dropped his beam, and bounded toward us as we came in. He was extremely friendly and good-natured. After a chat, during which we understood one word out of every five that the Japanese spoke, he showed us the now renowned door which he had butted with his head to amuse the children. To illustrate the reason of his great strength in butting, he stood off about seven feet from a little woodshed which stood there, placed both feet together, sprang forward on his left foot, then dropped on both feet again a little in advance, and shot head first into the woodshed.

It brought my heart up in my throat. I thought the man had killed himself, but he sprang up in the air on the rebound, and waved his hands cheerfully. By his tactics he gained a momentum from the first little jumps and the strength from the last two-foot plunge forward. He split the board that his head struck, and the blow resounded half across the block. He explained that anybody could become an expert butter by practice. It is a favorite move of the Japanese in their street fights, and he had been butting as long as he could remember. In Japan, he usually hung a board from a rope and practiced at it every day. He said it never set his head aching, or in any way injured the scalp.

As we left the place, two truckmen laboriously dragged a barrel of rice weighing three hundred and twenty pounds into the passage-way. Sorokichi was delighted when he saw it. He motioned to us to wait a moment, pushed the truckmen aside, picked up the barrel by the rims at either end, and walked up two pair of stairs with it as though it weighed less than twenty pounds. Then the truckmen and we adjourned to the corner and talked it over.

NEW YORK, March 12, 1884. FLANEUR.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Bill Nye on the History of G. W.

Many years ago, near the head of the great Parent of Waters, there lived a little nut-brown papoose with eyes like black beads and hair like the tail of a two-year-old colt. His name was George W. Sitting Bull, Heir Apparently to the Royal Succession in the Sioux Nation, and Roast Grasshopper-eater Extraordinary to His Nibbs, Old Man Sitting Bull.

George W. Sitting Bull, with all his royalty, pride, pomp, and circumstance, was not proud. He did not vaunt himself, neither was he puffed up. He hunted the aromatic polecat with the other papooses of his tribe, and at night returned hungry, happy, and redolent of their ferocious game.

When George was seven years of age, his father gave him a bright new tomahawk that had never been used, and told him to wield it like a true warrior, and never to tell a lie. George was greatly pleased with his beautiful tomahawk, and had all he could do to keep from hacking something with its bright new blade. He remembered, however, that his father had warned him to take care of it and not to use it ignobly; so he controlled himself and obeyed.

One day he was tempted to cut some kindling with it for his royal mother; but he remembered that it would be unworthy a warrior of the royal wigwam of the Bulls to cut kindling, and he resisted.

Toward fall, little George W. Sitting Bull walked over into the neighboring agency, with his glittering tomahawk in his belt. The morning was magnificent, and the air full of ozone. He was very fond of ozone, and frequently went forth in the crisp air to gather in ozone and huckleberries.

Near the huckleberry-patch was the agency potato-vineyard, and through its clustering underbrush George could see the agent bugging potatoes. George's little black eyes gleamed and his mouth watered. He slid through the grass on the pit of his stomach as quietly as a rattlesnake toward the potato-patch. He felt at his belt to see if his tomahawk was still there. It was.

George knew the agent was a great favorite with his father, and yet he felt a strong desire to crawl through the fence and dedicate the tomahawk while the agent stooped over his task. He struggled to throw off the spell, but it was useless. He took a fresh chew of tobacco, hesitated a moment to spit on his hands, then he clutched the weapon, slid noiselessly through the brush behind the agent, and as he stooped to mash the never-dying soul out of a large black-and-yellow potato-bug, George jumped upon him like a panther, and clove the skull of the white man with the flashing blade. The agent fell with a sickening thud among the potato-vines, his new chip hat beside him, with a hole chopped in it where George's murderous weapon had sped.

Hastily abstracting a partially used plug of Climax tobacco and a pocket-book from the agent's clothing, George Washington Sitting Bull, with his gory hatchet at his belt, fled into the forest like a frightened fawn.

All day he wandered through the woods; but at night he resolved to go to his father and meet his fate. When he came to the royal tepee, old man Sit called the lad to him and said:

"I know what you have done. You have cut down my favorite agent."

"Ah, sir," said George, "as you seem to have the bulge on me, and know all about it, I can not tell a lie. He come after me with a grub-hoe to take my life, and I had to do it in self-defense."

"Bravely done!" said the aged chieftain. "I hate to lose my pet Indian agent, it is true; but I'd rather see all the Indian agents in Christendom hacked up till their skins wouldn't hold their honest convictions than that my little George should tell a clumsy and improbable falsehood."—*Puck.*

"You want to watch out for alligators very carefully at first," was the advice given a Northern invalid on his arrival in Florida; "but after you have been here a few weeks it won't so much matter." "Why not?" was the question; "why should I be more cautious at one time than another?" "Because," was the reply, "after you have been here a little while you will have grown too thin to be an object of interest to the alligators. They only want fresh arrivals."—*Philadelphia Call.*

"Me husband can't come to work to work to-day, sorr," said a lady, addressing the boss of the street-laborers. "Ah, indeed, Mrs. Murphy. Then there must be something serious the matter with him, for he is not the kind of a man to loaf." "Thrue for you, sorr; he's not afraid of work. He's very sick, sorr." "I'm sorry to hear it. What's the trouble?" "A very bad complaint, sorr. He's got the New Mahoney."—*Somerville Journal.*

"Now, darling, will you grant me one favor before I go?" "Yes, George, I will," she said, drooping her eyelashes and getting her lips in shape. "What is the favor I can grant you?" "Only a little song at the piano, love. I am afraid there is a dog outside waiting for me, and I want to scare him away."—*Philadelphia Call.*

It is hard to realize, during the present cold spell, that in less than two weeks the small boy, on the day he is too sick to go to school, will be boasting to his companions after school-hours, as he lets them feel the dampness of his hair, that he was "the first to go in swimmin'" this year.—*Norristown Herald.*

A wide-mouthed bottle, filled with chloride of lime, and placed on a shelf or mantle, will purify the air of a room and prevent contagious diseases, such as diphtheria. It will also make the place uninhabitable to anybody but a man without the sense of smell.—*Boston Post.*

Guest—"This beer is very poor; I can hardly drink it." Host—"Just close your eyes and drink it down." Ten minutes later. Host—"Hello, this is only half the price of your beer." Guest—"Just close your eyes and put it in your pocket."—*Fliegende Bältter.*

## ARISTOCRATIC BLACKLEGS.

Our Paris Correspondent's Budget of Club, Society, and other Gossip.

The *Cercle*, or club, of the Rue Royale, is one of the most aristocratic clubs in Paris. Its president is the Prince de Sagan, and it numbers in its list some of the most noted society men. It is no wonder then that the discovery of a disgraceful scandal in its rooms should have set the papers and the other gossips to raking up every conceivable bit of testimony or reminiscence bearing upon the question.

The other night, while a game of quinze was in progress, at which a large sum was at stake, one of the players excitedly snatched up two or three cards, and cried:

"Gentlemen, these cards are marked!"

There was a great sensation, and the members crowded about the man, incredulous and amazed. The game of quinze is all the fashion now, and is particularly fascinating from the fact that the play is always very high. In this game the player who counts fifteen by the spots on the cards, or who counts nearest to it, is the victor. It was a very significant fact, therefore, when it was discovered that the tens, court cards, and fives were specially marked. The marking was done by means of a tiny spot of dried gum-arabic, causing a roughness of surface which might be readily detected by a dishonest player. These spots were in various corners, according to the cards. The chairman of the committee on games immediately instituted a grand investigation. Five or six packs were found to be similarly marked, and in one of the servants' rooms a box was discovered beneath a bed in which were many of the fraudulent cards, together with securities to the amount of one hundred thousand francs. The servant was at once brought before the committee. He was obstinate and sullen when questioned sternly by the *commissaire de police*, who had been called in. He said:

"You needn't ask any questions. I shall make no reply."

The president and the Duke de la Trémoïlle accompanied the prisoner to the Prefect of Police, and requested that authority to aid the club in a rigid investigation. So far nothing has been disclosed which can afford any certain information on the subject. The servant protests that the money found in the box was the result of six years' savings while in the service of the club. Now, this might be believed—for there are many extraordinary perquisites—were it not for the evidence of the marked cards which lay beside the bonds; and just the day before the audacious fellow had applied to two of the committee for a raise of fifty francs in his wages.

In his trunk were found some papers bearing the name of a prominent broker, who, at the request of the police, showed the large account which he had carried on with the prisoner. The dates of the various investments coincide with those occasions on which great gambling settlements had been made at the *Cercle;* and it is hoped that, by ascertaining the identity of those who may have habitually received large sums, sufficient evidence may be procured to discover the offenders, for, of course, the lacquey was only the tool of unprincipled players. The scandal is the talk of the clubs, and all sorts of rumors prevail. The five hundred members of the Cercle de la Rue Royale throng in its corridors and chambers nightly. No one dares remain away for fear his absence should be a pretext for suspicion.

There are two members whose names are whispered through the clubs as the possible criminals. One of them is a gentleman who came from Marseilles, and entered the club by the aid of members who looked more to his bank account than to his credentials. The other is a sad-eyed Italian prince. He was always known to be extremely poor, but his blue blue-blood and his three hundred quarterings with every noble house in Europe have thus far carried him through. He is a careful player, but people can not remember definitely that he has ever enjoyed any very remarkable run of winnings. However, they whisper the following story, and whether it be true or not, it is nevertheless ingenious.

At a certain fashionable seaside resort last summer, baccarat flourished to the utmost in the casino. A young Italian was at the resort, professedly to recover the use of his eyes. He wore an enormous pair of blue glasses, and frequented the casino assiduously and successfully, often rising from the table many thousand francs the wealthier. One evening, while he was dealing, a card fell from the pack and fluttered under the table. He did not notice it, but a bystander quietly got down on his knees and reached for the truant pasteboard. What was the man's surprise to see five luminous points on the card shining in the darkness. On bringing the card to the light the spots vanished. The card was the five of clubs. The man announced his discovery to the players. They pressed around him and closely examined the card. It proved to have five spots of phosphorus on the back corresponding with the spots on the card. The enraged victims turned about to secure the sharper, but he had vanished in the confusion, taking with him the rest of the contraband pack of cards. His blue glasses had rendered the phosphorus points visible in the light, and it is probable that the back of each card had been carefully adorned. And it is claimed that a suspicious similarity exists between the general appearance of the Italian prince of the Cercle de la Rue Royale and the hero of the phosphorus.

Miss Emma Nevada has left the Opéra Comique. She had a severe quarrel with the manager, Monsieur Carvalho. It was about the costume which she was to wear in the revival of the opera "Don Pasquale." Although great magnificence characterizes the production of plays here, the correctness of costume and scenery is not always absolute; and anachronisms frequently creep in, for the sake of fashion or the actor's whim. But Carvalho rather prides himself upon his realism in the matter of faithful representation of epoch and nature in his theatre, and is especially accurate in minor details of dress. Now, when Patti last sang in "Don Pasquale" in Paris, she wore a Worth dress made in the extreme of fashion; and it has been the tradition among the singers of this rôle to dress in modern style. So, when Mademoiselle Nevada was notified that she must dress in a costume made after the Spanish pattern prescribed by Monsieur Carvalho, she protested. The manager was firm. He announced his unalterable intentions to abide by his first decision. Now, I must confess that I sympathize with the prima donna, for she has had rather a hard time of it, considering all things. In "Mignon" she was compelled to wear a perfect fright of a costume which she had not seen till the night of the performance. In the "Perle du Bresil," Carvalho insisted on her wearing what he termed a "South American head-dress," but which was a frightful disfigurement. And in both these cases the papers have called attion to the faulty costuming. The lady went down to the first rehearsal, and declared that she would not make a guy of herself again for any manager. She would break the contract first.

"Would you like to do so in this case?" asked Carvalho, softly.

"Certainly, if I am to be compelled to submit to such treatment," replied the irritated singer.

"Very well, then, here goes," said the manager, seating himself at his little desk.

And in two minutes he had signed her release, and accepted his in return. Mademoiselle Nevada immediately received a large number of offers. The agents of the Royal Opera at Madrid present flattering terms, but she is wedded to Paris, and finally accepted the advantageous offer of the Théâtre Italien. She will first appear in "Lucia di Lammermoor," and will be supported by the new tenor, Gayarré.

This is something to be congratulated upon, for he has become a famous man within a few days, Paris has thirsted for a tenor for many a year, and she is at last gratified beyond her fondest dream. Gayarré was the son of a blacksmith, in an out-of-the-way valley of northern Spain. He sang in the church choir, and attracted so much attention that some rich patrons had him educated musically in Italy. He is over thirty, although he looks much younger, and is beautiful in form and countenance. He won his first fame ten years ago in Vienna. It was during one of Patti's engagements. The diva was to sing the part of Dinorah, in the "Pardon of Ploërmel," which, next to Violetta, is her great rôle. I doubt whether she can manage Meyerbeer's difficult music with as much ease now, but at that time she was in her prime, and gloried in the part. The story goes that Gayarré saw the fair Adelina in tears early in the day, and, on asking, learned from her that the opera could not be given because the second tenor had suddenly been taken ill.

"Why, if that's all," cried Gayarré, "I can easily sing the part; in fact, I almost know it now."

And a few hours later he sang the comic rôle of Sainte-Foye—one of the composer's hardest pieces of writing—successfully, and with much applause. Since then he has appeared once in London with Madame Scalchi for a very brief season. He sang the rôle of Fernand in "La Favorita," but English ears were still ringing with the notes of Mario in the same part, and Gayarré again disappeared in Italy.

However, he has emerged into triumph, for when he made his début at the Italiens, the other night, as Gennaro in "Lucrezia Borgia," he reached in the first ten minutes the summit of popularity. Every one compares him to Duprez, and they say he is fully equal to Mario in his best days, although his acting will still bear a little pruning and bending here and there. I hear that he sings Wagner's music as well as he does the Italian composers'. I should think that the robust and dramatic style of the German master would particularly suit him, and I fancy that his Vienna experience (for he was there for several years) gave him the requisite training. Nevertheless, it is not likely that we shall hear his rendering of "Lohengrin"—or at least for many a day.

They are telling an amusing anecdote concerning a certain well-known and very brilliant woman who gathers about her table all the artists, critics, novelists, and dramatists in Paris. The hostess believes in observing the conversational rules of the days of Louis XV., when philosophers and wits discoursed as in a comedy, each one in his turn. For instance, when one person is talking, no one else must say a word until the speaker has finished. Then another may begin and take his turn. This seems to succeed admirably, for certain literary men like to talk without interruption.

This is especially true of Monsieur Rénan. The other night the famous author of "La Vie de Jésus" began with the soup to speak on one of his favorite subjects—Moses. He traced the life of Israel's leader from the bulrushes to the Red Sea. Just as he was coming to the Ten Commandments, a journalist at the end of the table, who is quite a modest man in daily life, however sarcastic may be his reviews, opened his mouth as if about to speak. The hostess raised her hand, in mock severity, with a gesture which bespoke silence. The journalist blushed, and shrank back into quiescence.

But the great Rénan talked on, as course succeeded course. He ascended Mount Horeb; he accompanied Moses on his forty-years' trip through the wilderness; and finally, just as the company arose and passed up into the *salon*, Monsieur Rénan was looking with Moses from the summit of Pisgah into the land of Canaan. He had ended, and they all breathed freely again.

The hostess at once turned to the meek journalist, and said:

"Now, monsieur, it is your turn."

"Oh, thanks, madame, but it was of so little importance that I have forgotten it."

"But I beseech you to tell me what it was. I am sure that it was of great importance. You can remember it if you will only stop and think."

And then the whole company joined in the endeavor to elicit his comment.

"But I assure you it is of no importance now," protested the blushing journalist.

"Well, tell us what it was, at all events," they insisted.

"Why, I was only going to ask for another helping of string-beans!" BABILLARD.

PARIS, February 17, 1884.

## LITERARY NOTES.

We have received from the Bureau of Education, Department of the Interior, three interesting pamplets. The first relates to the conditions and particulars of the five thousand *lire* prize offered by the famous Italian scientist, Buffalini, for the best essay on the "Experimental Methods in Science." The second treats of "Education in Italy and Greece"; and the third is a summary of recent "School Law Decisions." Compiled by L. A. Smith.

"A Rosary of Rhyme" is the name which Mr. Clarence T. Urmy has given a little volume containing his complete poetical works. The poet has written many verses for Californian and Eastern publications, most of them graceful in expression and delicate in sentiment. Although the book is privately printed, it may be found at all the book-stores, price $1, or it may be obtained through the mail, on application to the author, in this city.

"Easter Flowers" is the name of a beautiful *brochure* which has been arranged and illustrated by Susie B. Skelding. On the cover, which is enameled in silver and fringed with white floss, is a spray of purple passion-flowers. Across the back is thrown a stalk of Easter lilies. Within are exquisite full-page pictures of violets, trailing arbutus, azaleas, etc., accompanied by Easter verses written by the various poets, such as Keble, Bryant, H. H., Celia Thaxter, Mrs. Hemans, and others. Published by White, Stokes & Allen, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.; price, $1.50.

"The Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate," have just been issued in a new and complete form, bound in two volumes, the first containing all the poems, including the drama of "Queen Mary," and the second the two plays, "The Cup" and "The Falcon." "Dora," the play which the poet wrote in the spring of last year, and which proved a failure, has been omitted from this collection. It has in all probability been consigned to the baronial waste-basket, or else placed in the laureatic vault, to await an inglorious resurrection when the poet's future executors shall publish his "discovered literary remains." A large number of poems which have been written since the last English edition of the poet's works appear in the present volume. A few poems, also, have been added which have not till now been reprinted in English editions since their first appearance in the edition of 1833. We do not see in the volume, however, several poems printed in London periodicals within the last two years, such as "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade," printed in *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1882, and that strange, indefinite monody, "Despair," which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* during the autumn of 1881. Whether these poems have also been laid away in the archives or not, can not be said; but the cold greeting they received may have influenced the poet and publishers. It will be remembered that most of these later poems have been published in the *Argonaut*, it being our custom to keep our readers *au courant* on the poetry of the day. Published by Macmillan & Co., London and New York; for sale by Doxey & Co., 23 Dupont Street; price, $1.50 and $1.

Miscellany: It is reported that Mr. Matthew Arnold has made a huge collection of memoranda on the queer social distinctions in this country.——Alphonse Daudet, while he was De Morny's secretary, collected enough material in the way of personalities for several novels.——It is at last known who wrote that brilliant novel of last year, "Mrs. Lorimer." A daughter of Charles Kingsley is the author.——W. D. Howells locks the door when he is writing a novel.——Mrs. Julia A. Moore, otherwise "The Sweet Singer of Michigan," has ceased writing poetry.——Charles Dickens once received a check for one thousand pounds from Holloway, the pill-man, which was placed at the author's disposal on condition that one line of complimentary reference to Holloway's cures should appear in the book which Dickens was then publishing in monthly numbers. Dickens sent the check back by the messenger who brought it without any answer at all.——The librarian of the Mercantile Library of New York says that Thackeray's popularity seems to be outlasting that of Dickens; that Reade, Collins, "Ouida," Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Stephens, and Mrs. Wood are not called for as much as formerly, and that there has been an increased demand for the novels of Trollope and Hawthorne's works. ——Colonel John Hay receives about one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars as his share of the estate of his father-in-law, the late Amasa Stone, of Cleveland.——A Chinese scholar in London declared the other day that Mr. Tennyson, when he wrote "Locksley Hall," could not have been aware of the exact nature of a Chinese cycle. A Chinese—or Cathay—cycle consists, and has consisted for many centuries, of sixty years. When Tennyson, therefore, exclaimed: "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," he was not saying much for Europe.——There is a report that Walt Whitman was recently paid fifty dollars by a noted publishing firm for a poem six lines long..

Announcements: Mr. H. C. Bunner is engaged upon a story—rather a long one—which, it is understood, will go into the *Century* when finished. Mr. Bunner's book of poems, which promises to be a collection of graceful and truly imaginative verse, will come in a few days from the press of the Scribners. The book is to be divided into "Arcadia," "Bohemia," "Philistia," and "Elsewhere."——The full title of Mr. Blackmore's new novel reminds one of the titles of the eighteenth century. It is "The Remarkable History of Sir Thomas Upmore, Bart., M. P., formerly known as 'Tommy' Upmore." It will be published abroad in two volumes.——The edition of Wendell Phillips's speeches and addresses, which is coming out in Boston, is to be sold at a popular, that is to say, a small price. There is material for other volumes in many speeches which have never been collected from the newspapers in which they were reported. Mr. Phillips left but little matter in MS.——Mr. Tom Wharton, of Philadelphia, a well-educated youth of twenty-three, and a nephew of Dr. Francis Wharton, is the author of the novel "A Latter-Day Saint." The *Beacon* says that the tale is made up from incidents of Philadelphia social life, which are portrayed under a guise of such thinness that it is questionable if Mr. Wharton had not done a wiser thing and called names, *à la* Miss Sally Pratt McLean. Mr. Wharton is now writing another story. Henry Holt & Co. announce a second edition of "A Latter-Day Saint."——Another condensation of a long work has just appeared from the press of Funk & Wagnalls. This is the story of "Merv" epitomized by Mr. O'Donovan himself from his bulky book, "The Merv Oasis." Minute and unimportant details are left out, and the material retained makes a lively narrative.——Mr. John Habberton is to deal with important social questions in a serial novel which he has nearly completed. The publication of this story will be begun in the spring in the Chicago *Current*.——A monograph of the Princess Charlotte will be published soon. It will contain ten miniature portraits of the princess taken between 1799 and 1815.——The Empress of Austria is engaged in printing herself the sonnets she has been writing.——Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton is preparing for the *Manhattan* an article on O'Shaughnessy, the poet, and a paper giving a woman's description of a Spanish bull-fight. ——Sir Lepel Griffin, satisfied with the result of his criticisms of American society, has undertaken to administer similar punishment in the March *Fortnightly* to our political institutions—and this, though in British politics he is known as a strong Liberal. Sir Lepel is now Agent Governor-general for Central India, and has a beautiful home at the Indore Residency. He is only forty-three years old, and is said to owe his rapid official advancement to his political and historical works on India. He it was, who, as chief political officer in Cabul, placed Abdulrahman on the throne as Amir of Afghanistan.

## VANITY FAIR.

The establishment was a small but fashionable ladies' shoe store in the upper part of New York city. The shopman was on his knees before his customer in anything but a devotional sense. She was a fat and pretty woman. He was hard at work, and so was she. He was doing his best to force, coax, twist, and compress a number six foot into a number three button-gaiter, and she was doing her best to assist in the heroic impossibility. Their faces were red and perspiring—the lady's with suppressed agony, not unmixed with unflinching resolve, and the man's with a half-baffled determination to do or die, to leather the foot somehow, if he had to melt it up and pour it into the mold. At length there was a cessation of hostilities. "Excuse me, madam," said the shopman, drawing a long breath while effecting the enfranchisement of the foot, "but are you quite sure that you wear—I mean—ur—would you be altogether comfortable and at home in threes?"

"Why, of course, sir; I always wear threes!" said the stout lady, smilingly smothering a groan of relief. "Anything larger would wabble all over my instep after breaking 'em in. These can't be threes, or they're the pinchiest threes I ever saw."

She surveyed with a puzzled look her plump Chicago foot, and the shopman held the unsuccessful shoe up to the light, and examined it inside and out, with an equally puzzled air. Then he examined several other defeated and woebegone-looking specimens that were scattered over the disastrous field. "Wait!" he said, scratching his head. "I just happen to think of a somewhat roomier three that we have on hand."

"Not too roomy, remember!" the lady shouted, as he tripped to the rear end of the shelves. "There's nothing I dislike more than a slovenly shoe wrinkling and shuffling all over my foot."

He returned with a pair seemingly two full sizes larger than any that had been tested. "But are you sure these are threes?" asked the lady, as he again went down on his knees and got to work on the refractory foot. "For, you see—Bless me! Ouch! Really, sir—ah!"

But at this juncture the foot was fairly encased, with a wrench, a wriggle, and a drag, for the shopman had forced the fighting in sheer desperation, and was plying the button-hook with praiseworthy effect. "There you are, ma'am!" said he, patting and rubbing down the still excruciatingly tight fit admiringly with both hands. "A beautiful fit! Stand on it. Put your foot down! There! Fits like a kid glove! Easy and comfortable, eh?"

"Yes; only a little loose, I'm thinking," said the lady, smilingly, but gritting her teeth while standing up and plumping down on the tortured member. "But I think this pair will do. You see I was right about threes, after all. No; I shan't wear 'em home—not in this weather. Please wrap 'em up and I'll take them along. Thank you."

The reporter, who had been an unobserved observer of the proceeding, turned to the shopman, after the lady had paid her bill and departed with her purchase. "Were they really threes?" he asked. The shoe-dealer smiled. "They were five and a halfs," he quietly replied.

At this juncture a pretty shop-girl came in with a perceptible hobble and seated herself.

"Twos, if you please," she chirped, whisking aside her skirt and exposing a shabbily shod but genuine gem of a foot, whose fit she had evidently not underestimated. "And I want real French heels this time, if you please. I've always felt ashamed of these flat heels ever since I had 'em under me."

"Ah, but these are not flat, they're medium," said the shoe-dealer, taking off her shoe, whose tiny worn-down heel was set so far forward as to seem more like a pivot for the centre of the sole than anything else. "French heels, for instance, are set still farther forward"——

"Don't care; they're the style, and they're what I want," said the little lady, cheerily. "And, if you please, I want shoes with shorter vamps. The cross-seam of these long vamps hurts my toes. How much are those?"

The dealer had just brought an ultra-French heeled pair.

"Ah, those are the heels. But I want Smith's best, you know, and not to cost more than three dollars."

"These shoes are just three dollars, and I think they'll suit you."

There was no make-believe about the diminutiveness of the charming foot that was coquettishly submitted to his manipulations, and in a moment it was snugly fitted. "Ah, that is something like," said the girl, rising and balancing herself on the French heel after the manner of a teetotum on its peg. "And you may put heel-plates on 'em, if you please," she added.

The shoes were soon ready for her, and as she airily departed she muttered, complacently: "I was certain I could buy Smith's shoes for three dollars, and this proves it."

"Another case of imaginative self-deception?" asked the reporter.

"Not exactly, though it amounts to the same thing," said the dealer. "That girl knows as well as I know that shoes of the make she pretended to ask for can't be bought for anything like three dollars."

Other customers came in, one after another, and the reporter noticed that button shoes, or button boots as they are mostly called, were in the most demand. "Yes," said the dealer, when again at leisure, "there are but few different styles for every-day wear nowadays. The French kid boots buttoning at the side are much the most popular, and deservedly so, for they not only show off the foot nicely, but are also the easiest to put on. No, not easier to put on than the old-fashioned elastic or congress gaiters, which are altogether out of date now for women's wear, though certain antediluvian old ladies may still adhere to them, just as they would to antiquated rosettes and buckles, were they procurable. The button boots are convenient enough, as you must have remarked while noticing a clever woman putting a pair on. There are just a dozen or so flashes with the button-hook, accompanied by a rippling, tinkling sound, and the job is done. Most of the expensive shoes are of the button variety, though there are also cheap kinds made of straight-goat and pebble goat. However, the most expensive walking-shoes of all are laced shoes—laced up at the inside of the ankle—though they're not in sufficient demand to be kept in stock. Most of them are made to order. Then there is an attempt now being made to bring into fashion, or rather to revive the fashion of the old-style shoe laced up in front, after the manner of most children's shoes as they are now worn. But I don't think it will amount to more than an attempt. The button boot is the prettiest and will doubtless retain its present popularity. The ultra-French heels—regular centre-boards, you know—are now in comparatively light demand, and then mostly by would-be-stylish-but-don't-know-how young persons. A compromise is generally effected by adopting the medium, as it is called, which you notice is still set forward a good deal, but not near so far as the extreme French heel. However, the flat, or common-sense heel, as we call it, is, I am happy to say, coming more and more into vogue."

A well-preserved middle-aged lady was entering, accompanied by two well-grown girls, of about fourteen and sixteen respectfully. "My daughters and I are all in need of being re-shod, Mr. Mac," said the lady as the trio seated themselves. "You first, Eleanor; and fours for her, Mr. Mac, of the same style she is wearing."

She went on chatting while the shopman fitted the girls' feet. This was speedily accomplished in the case of the elder, for whom fours had been demanded, and whose average-sized foot was in excellent proportion with her healthy and robust physique. But the younger Hebe chanced to present a foot fully as large as her sister's, so that the number three demanded did not have the ghost of a chance of covering it. "Threes are too small," said the young lady, in an indifferent, matter-of-fact tone. "You know what I require, Mr. Mac."

"Too small! Threes too small for you, my child," echoed the mamma, with an air of astonishment and a side-long glance at the reporter, who was trying to appear unconcerned, with poor success. "Is it possible you can have grown so fast? Why, I could almost get that shoe on myself."

Suiting the action to the word, she laughingly took off her own shoe, to the revelation of an exceptionally diminutive and pretty foot, over which she quickly slipped the number three, with plenty of room to spare. "Why, bless me!" she cried; "do I wear so much smaller shoes than my own little daughters?"

"Yes, indeed, ma'am; and here's something more to your fit," said the dealer, who now produced a number one, the smallest woman's size. "Try this, ma'am."

But so very exceptional was the lady's foot, that even number one was too roomy for it; and finally, after a long exhibition of her pedal wonder, she satisfied herself, perforce, with a miss's thirteen, and took herself off, still loud in her astonishment at being able to wear smaller shoes than her own children.

"That's her vanity," said the dealer; "and, fortunately, it's of a sort that doesn't bring any self-torture in its train. For a woman of her size—you noticed that she was otherwise amply proportioned—that lady has the smallest foot I ever encountered. However, this little farce of showing it off by contrast with her own daughters' feet becomes a little monotonous after seeing her perform in it every now and then through half a dozen years or so."

"What nationality of women have the smallest and prettiest feet, according to your observation?" asked the reporter.

"Without considering a few creole ladies—of course, I refer to white ladies of West Indian stock—who occasionally come here, and who have feet like little children," said he, brightening up, "I think American women—I mean real American women by right of several generations—have the most uniformly pretty and elegant feet. Irish feet are, likewise, mostly handsome. The French have homely feet for the greater part, while German women have undoubtedly the ugliest feet of all—broad, splayed, shingle-flat, and wholly devoid of instep. In regard to this flat-footed, thrifty nationality, there will be no mistake, ages hence, as to the footprints it leaves upon the sands of time. Strange but true to say, however, the gem of a foot, the very daintiest and most perfect foot that ever treads this carpet-strip, belongs to a quadroon from New Orleans, a barber's wife, who lives in a cross-street tenement only a few blocks away. The size isn't so fairy-like—she wears a three—but the foot is faultless, a perfect Arab, and so slender that she has to have her threes made to order. Ready-mades of her sort in stock would last a century."

"Are not men as vain of the possession of small feet as are women?" asked the reporter.

"Fully as vain," was the reply, "until they approach middle-life; after that, as a rule, not so much so. But then, on the other hand, I think that men with exceedingly large feet are more morbidly sensitive on the subject than are women in the same catagory. I suppose it's mainly because they can't hide the defect so well as women can, for the flowing skirts of the latter afford them a certain degree of concealment which no amount of spring or voluminousness to the bottom of the trouser legs could adequately supply. A young lady came in here the other evening, when the shop was quite full, to buy a pair of fancy slippers for her husband, and asked for the largest size. I offered her a pair of elevens, but, after criticising 'em fore and aft, she didn't think they would be big enough. 'We don't build 'em any larger here, ma'am,' said I; 'but I believe there are some yards where they lay keels for twelves and even thirteens.' 'If that's the case,' said she, laughing, 'I'll take these, and he'll have to squeeze into them somehow. The trouble with my husband is that his feet are not disproportionately large at all, for he is a very large man all over; but he imagines them to be monsters, and he is so sensitive that he will never even get measured for a pair of shoes when any other customer is present.'"—*New York Sun.*

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

### Problems and Other Topics of Interest in the King of Games.

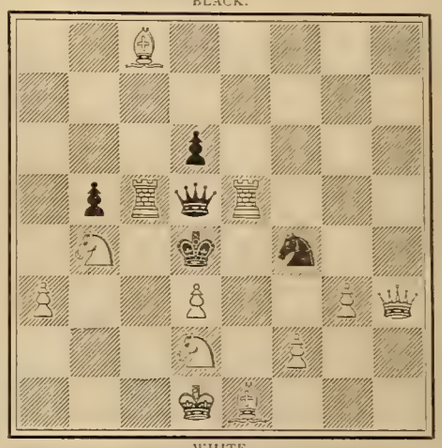
[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 2115 Fillmore Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

Strangers visiting San Francisco, who are fond of chess, are cordially invited by the officers to make themselves known at the Librarian's desk of the Mechanics' Institute, where they will be provided with visitors' tickets, and introduced to members, who are always pleased to meet and welcome lovers of Caissa from abroad.

Problem by Mr. A. F. Mackenzie.

Motto—"Have you got it? Look again."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

### The Death of John Wisker.

The last Australian mail brings us the melancholy intelligence of the premature death of this distinguished player, which occurred at Melbourne, Victoria, on the nineteenth of January last, at the age of thirty-seven years. His death was a sudden one, though the exact cause of it is not stated in the Australian papers. He was in Melbourne a few days before the event, and on the tenth of January had given an exhibition of simultaneous chess at the rooms of the Chess Club in the Coffee Palace, in that city.

### Chess Intelligence.

Mr. Zukertort returned to New York on Saturday last, having, since he left Ottawa, visited Montreal, Quebec, and Boston. Nothing certain is known concerning his future movements. It is stated by one of the Boston papers that he said to "its reporter": "I shall start for New York on Saturday morning. I have some visits to make to Philadelphia and other cities, and I hope to be able to go to Cuba and play a number of games in Havana. Returning, I intend to visit New Orleans. . . . . And I shall engage some of the best chess-players in New Orleans in competition. Leaving there, I shall journey to San Francisco by easy stages, and take steamer there for China and Japan, in some of the cities of which countries there are very expert players of the game."

The annual dinner of the Manhattan Chess Club came off on Saturday evening last at Martinelli's Fifth Avenue restaurant, and under the able management of President Green was a successful and enjoyable event. Over fifty gentlemen sat down to a repast prepared and served in Martinelli's best style. Among those present were George T. Green, president of the club, who presided, Messrs. Steinitz, Zukertort, Mackenzie, Gilberg, McKay, Delmar, Frère, Baird, Cohn, Lipschurtz, and Thompson, of Philadelphia, the last named having come from that city for the purpose. As is usual at the annual dinners of this club, the prizes in the handicap tournament were distributed, the recipients making brief acknowledgments. We report the speech of Captain Mackenzie in full. On receiving the envelope containing his prize, he arose in response to loud cheers and repeated calls, and drawing the paper from its inclosure, said: "Mr. President and gentlemen: It is a good plan to follow the maxim of so many chess-players—never 'miss a check,'" and sat down. Speeches were made by Mr. Steinitz, Mr. Zukertort, Mr. Frère, and others. Mr. Frère presented to the club a fine oil-painting of Paul Morphy, which the Directory had purchased; he stated that the portrait was painted by Elliott about twenty-five years ago, and was recently discovered hidden among the long-forgotten *inutilia* of a picture-dealer's establishment.

### Wisker vs. McDonnell.

For the following specimen of the late Mr. Wisker's style of play we are indebted to the *South Australian Chronicle*. It occurred in a match between himself and the Rev. G. A. McDonnell, which was played in London shortly before Mr. Wisker sailed for Australia:

RUY LOPEZ.

| *White.* Mr. Wisker. | *Black.* Mr. McDonnell. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 27—P KR4 | 27—R Q sq |
| 2—Kt KB3 | 2—Kt QB3 | 28—P KR5 | 28—Kt KB sq |
| 3—B QKt5 | 3—P QR3 | 29—R Q5 | 29—K R2 |
| 4—B R4 | 4—Kt KB3 | 30—Kt K5 | 30—Q K sq |
| 5—Kt QB3 | 5—B QB4 | 31—P QKt4 | 31—P KB3 |
| 6—Castles | 6—P QKt 4 | 32—Kt KKt6 | 32—Kt Q2 |
| 7—B Kt3 | 7—P Q3 | 33—P x P | 33—R x B |
| 8—P KR3 | 8—Castles | 34—Q x R | 34—Q x Q |
| 9—P Q3 | 9—P KR3 | 35—P x Q | 35—B x P |
| 10—Kt K2 | 10—B Q2 | 36—K B2 | 36—B QKt3 |
| 11—P QB3 | 11—B QR2 | 37—K B3 | 37—R QB sq |
| 12—Kt KKt3 | 12—Kt K2 | 38—R from Q Q3 | 38—R QB5 |
| 13—P Q4 | 13—Kt Kt3 | 39—P K4 | 39—K Kt sq |
| 14—B K3 | 14—Q K2 | 40—K B4 | 40—Kt QB4 |
| 15—R K sq | 15—P QB4 | 41—R x Kt | 41—R x R |
| 16—Kt KB5 | 16—Q Q sq | 42—P Q7 | 42—B B2 ch |
| 17—Kt x QP | 17—B QB3 | 43—P K5 | 43—P x P ch |
| 18—P x KP | 18—Kt x P at K5 | 44—K B5 | 44—B Q sq |
| 19—B Q5 | 19—B x B | 45—Kt x P | 45—P QR4 |
| 20—Q x B | 20—Kt x Kt | 46—K K6 | 46—P QKt5 |
| 21—P x Kt | 21—Kt K2 | 47—P x P | 47—P x P |
| 22—Q K5 | 22—Kt Kt3 | 48—Kt B7 | 48—P QKt6 |
| 23—Q KKt3 | 23—R K sq | 49—P x P | 49—R B3 ch |
| 24—QR Q sq | 24—Q Q2 | 50—R Q6 | 50—R QB7 |
| 25—R Q2 | 25—R K3 | 51—Kt x B | 51—R K7 ch |
| 26—KR Q sq | 26—R QB sq | 52—K Q5 | Resigns. |

ENIGMA.—"My Pet."—First prize in Detroit *Free Press*, and a problem to rank with the most profound master-pieces of all time, by Joseph Ney Babson: White—K at K2, Q at QR4, R at QR8, B at QR6, Kt at QB3, Kt at KKt8, Pawns at QB6, QB7, K5, and QKt4. Black—K at his Kt5, Pawns at QB5, KKt2, and KR2. White to play and mate in four moves.

## COBWEBS.

In private Madame Adelina Patti is almost as interesting as when on the stage. On seeing her I found that although I had read a few alleged descriptions of her, they had been rather impressions than descriptions. The average psychological reporter is fond of giving us his vague, sugary reflections on things rather than the facts of the case.

Madame Patti, to a sanguine person, looks about thirty years old. The most rabid Gersterite could scarcely call her much beyond that. She is a sparkling brunette of medium height, with a slender but well-rounded figure. Her proportions are admirable, her hands and feet slender and patrician. She wears her thick black hair in a close coiffure that does not destroy the outlines of her shapely head. Her complexion is a delicate olive with thin red lips and a faint color in the cheeks. If she uses cosmetics it is so carefully done that their use can not be detected. She has a mobility of feature and a lively, natural play of expression that would be completely lost under a plaster of red and white paint. Her face is oval in shape, with aristocratic features, low, broad brow, well-defined eyebrows, slightly aquiline nose, and small mouth. Her eyes are dark, bright, and liquid, with constant changes of expression. Her teeth are white and sound, but the upper teeth are crowded, and over-lap a little on the right side, a defect which is apparent when she speaks. When she raises her head to speak or sing, there is a swelling of the muscle directly under the chin, and a corresponding depression each side of it. It does not seem to be a mark of age, as might be imagined, but rather a special muscular development. She is such a dainty Parisian bit of femininity that it does not seem possible that she is the possessor of a muscle. But I believe I have discovered a prominent one in her throat.

Madame Patti's manner is perfection. She is elegant and easy in bearing, and responsive and agreeable to ladies and gentlemen alike. There is not, either in voice, eyes, or manner, the faintest tinge of coquetry about her—something very unusual in a beautiful woman of any age or station. She is rather like a spoiled child who feels that every one is fond of her, and returns the feeling as a mirror reflects the sunshine.

So much has been showered upon her, and she has so much at her command, that she has lost all knowledge or care of pecuniary value in small things. She shows an equally warm appreciation for a little bunch of violets or a gorgeous floral piece, seeming to care for the sentiment rather than the form of expression. Neither luxury nor adulation will ever blunt her sense of pleasure in the love and admiration her genius commands.

It is beautiful to see her with some honest, awkward admirer who is trying to tell her the old, old story of how her music has moved him. Her bright eyes sparkle, her whole face lights up with a pleasant, friendly smile, and she makes him feel that she is just as much pleased by what he says as if he were the most fluent speaker in the world. Before he gets through he finds himself ready to fight for her—not because she is beautiful and a woman, but rather as if she were some precious child to be protected from accident or danger.

Whenever Madame Patti arrives in New York, her costumes are interviewed and detailed as indications of approaching styles. She is probably the best dressed woman in the world, and it is a well-known fact that all the great Parisian dress-makers give her their first attention, and allow her the new styles months before any one else can get them. It is a liberal education in the art of dress to study Madame Patti. In the first place, notice the fact that she is never gaudy, and that when she wears bright colors, they are so arranged and blended as to form a harmonious whole and not distract attention from the wearer. She, herself, is always the picture; her dress, however gorgeous, is still only the frame. Again, she never wears anything obtrusive in her hair—no feathers, flowers, or combs—only a small jeweled ornament, if anything. She still wears the tan-colored gloves that have remained fashionable for two or three years. The San Francisco ladies have been very hard to convince that tan-colored gloves are full dress. In fact, many of them persist in wearing white dressed-kid, which has been entirely out of style for several years, although white undressed kid is permissible with white toilets.

Madame Patti's evening dresses worn in "Traviata" indicate that an embroidered or hand-painted front breadth, side-panels of lace (flounces or *en jabot*), and a long, plain train of rich material, form the regular combination for a very handsome evening dress. Infinite variation in color and material is possible. Across the front breadth or up one of the panels she wears five distinct bunches of ostrich feathers or flowers, and also one on the left shoulder, but none on the train. This wearing of bunches of flowers instead of garlands is a trifle new, as is also the invariable wearing of something to heighten one or both shoulders. In full dress it is the bunch of feathers or flowers exactly on top of the left shoulder; in demi-toilet, it is a high puffed sleeve or a high roll of tulle or crêpe above each arm-hole. Her waists are all plain, with sometimes a small butterfly drapery on the back of the basque, and little paniers at the sides.

So far she has only worn plain satin slippers and plain silk stockings, the shade of her dress. After the avalanche of embroidered hosiery to which we have been used for years, there is something very neat and refined in Madame Patti's foot-gear. Her slippers are moderately pointed, not very high in the heel, and decorated with a small, plain, satin bow.

The whole town is in a state of alternate excitement and collapse over the opera. There are indignation meetings in the shops, and lunch-parties of condolence at home, among those who can not get seats. The critics and the season-ticket holders are growing pale and pinched from the unwonted excitement. But everybody turns up smiling, and the air is electrical with suppressed excitement when the hour for the opera arrives. That is, everybody but a select few, known as the discontented husbands. These gentlemen hold a growlery in the lobby. They regard it as a put-up job of the most reprehensible kind that their wives have secured season tickets. They look upon the necessary dress-suit as a base infringement of the rights and privileges of gentlemen. They even go so far as to intimate that a shave and a clean shirt are discomforts for which they mean to hold their wives personally responsible later on.

About a year from now they will forget all this, and they will be heard proudly announcing themselves as having been patrons of the finest opera season ever in America.

This drenching musical shower has filtered through every stratum of society, from Nob Hill to the Italian vegetable-gardens. When the beautiful young man of whom I buy buttons tells me the price, he does so in the pauses of "a quell' amor, quell' amor," etc., which he is unconsciously humming. The florist from whom I buy my *bouquet de corsage* greets me with "Ah! non giunge," etc. As I walk the street I could weep to hear a man on a dray trying to whistle the quartet from "Rigoletto" all out of key. Determined to live it down, and trying myself to keep from humming "Libiamo," etc., I repair to the market and order some oysters sent home. Being impoverished by opera, I find fault with a price which I once paid quite willingly. The oyster-man gets back at me with "La donna è mobile" (woman is changeable), and I give up without trying to compete with the lower classes in operatic repartee.

There ought to be an Act of Congress requiring every lady to own a hand-glass, and to look at her side-face and the back of her head three times a day. About ninety per cent. of all women dress for the front view only. I know half a dozen who have pretty faces but are simple caricatures from a side view, because they dress the hair or wear a hat in such a way that it entirely spoils the shape of the head. As a general rule, anything that enlarges the size of the head is to be avoided. A small, well-poised head is the height of elegance. A large, ornate head, is quite the reverse. I mean by that a head increased in size by too many feathers or flowers, or too gorgeous a bonnet. It is true, that to certain faces certain exaggerations are picturesque or becoming; but one can not exercise too much caution in such matters. There are so many beautiful women of all ages in San Francisco that it is a matter of just pride to every one; but it is a pity that even a limited number should lessen their charms by a want of discretion in dress. All the ladies should use, first, the hand-glass; second, the hand-glass; third, the hand-glass. In a mixed crowd, at the opera, in the ball-room, or on the street, absolute symmetry will make a woman stand out from among her surroundings and appear far more distinguished than will a pretty face and no other charm. This symmetry is not so entirely a question of natural gift as many imagine. It may be attained by any one who will have an eye to general effect, and who will liberally use the hand-glass.

In "Her Sacrifice," played this week at the Baldwin, Miss Sara Jewett appears as an artist's wife. In the second and third acts she wears a costume in which she is supposed to have been posing for her husband. It is one of the most artistic and original dresses I ever saw, and in it Miss Jewett is a subject worthy a painter. Made in what is generally called the old Venetian style, this gown gives Miss Jewett the look of an apparition. With her pale coloring and the delicate *fade* hues of her toilet, she seems to be the ghost of a canvas by some of the old masters. The dress is made of soft, striped silk, pale blue in color, and embroidered in dead gold around the square neck, the sleeves, and the hem. It has a high Medicis collar, and sleeves tight from elbow to wrist, but having two large, soft puffs of India mull from shoulder to elbow. The dress is made very high in the waist, almost with no waist, and open in front over a petticoat of India mull embroidered in gold and plaited in loose, soft plaits. In the back it falls away in a demi-train, and is finished on the edge by a fine plaiting of the blue goods. She wore a blonde wig dressed high but very simple, and ornamented by a diamond arrow. No jewels at the ears or on the neck. From her girdle hung a quaint and beautiful pocket embroidered in gold. Rich in material, delicate in color, and chaste in its simplicity, such a costume as this places Miss Jewett in the very front rank of artistic dressers. Moreover, she wore it in such a way as to give a thoroughly satisfying sense of fitness and completeness.

The very latest is an opera-bag. It may be possible to enter society, and even to maintain a position, without an opera-bag, but it would be up-hill work. It is a badge of style not to be dispensed with. As an institution, the opera-bag has been slowly creeping upon us. It began with a microscopic receptacle of silk or satin, in which ladies with a sweet tooth could carry a few candies to munch in the *entr'actes*. At that time the patient escort was forced to carry the fan, opera-glasses, vinaigrette, umbrella, and, if married, a powder-puff. Before leaving home he always hid these things in his most inaccessible pockets, whence he extracted them one by one, with perspiration and suppressed profanity, later on. By the time he succeeded in finding them all, it was always time to pack up again before going home. Now the formerly unhappy escort walks the earth a free, untrammeled person. By process of evolu ion, the candy-bag has grown into an opera-bag, big enough to hold all his load save the umbrella. And what is better still, the lady carries the bag. It is simply the ancient reticule revived. The opera-bag is made square in shape, usually of satin or brocade, and trimmed, lined, wadded, perfumed, and what not, at will. Those in the shops are braided, embroidered, and hand-painted. Those made at home are often the prettiest, and are generally made to match some special toilet. They are closed with drawing-strings, and hung on the arm or laid on the lap or box-rail during the evening. At the close of the performance you open the bag—it measures about eight or ten inches—and in you tumble programme, libretto, glasses, fan, vinaigrette, handkerchief, and all. Your escort beams with a luxurious sense of having nothing to do, and probably proposes next day—all on account of the opera-bag.

ARACHNE.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Clemenceau originally studied English, in order that he might read "Robinson Crusoe" in Defoe's own language.

One of the wealthiest firms in the State of Maine is composed of two brothers of Augusta, whose only original capital was five thousand dollars, which their sister recovered in a breach-of-promise suit.

It is said that William H. Vanderbilt is afraid to trust himself in the hands of a strange barber. He is shaved every day by an old German barber, Jacob Aber, in his own palace, who shaved Fernando Wood for over thirty years.

During a recent debate in Parliament, it is related, Lord John Manners congratulated the House upon a speech just made by Mr. Marriott, whereupon Mr. Gladstone exclaimed, "Bosh!" in a tone audible throughout the House. Mr. Marriott instantly rose and walked out, bowing profoundly to the premier as he did so.

No picture probably has attracted more attention in the Reynolds collection, lately exhibited in London, than that of the famous beauty, Elizabeth Gunning, afterward successively Duchess of Hamilton and of Argyll—the same who snubbed Bozzy when he and Doctor Johnson stayed at Inverary. This lady was the mother of four dukes.

The complete work of Meissonier consists of four hundred and twenty pictures. He is now on a canvas that is nearly ten feet long, representing the Chevalier Bayard and Francis I. saluting in a company of brilliantly equipped warriors. Of late years, the artist has a tendency to paint larger pictures than formerly, because his eyes are not as strong as they used to be.

The Empress of Austria's taste for field sports is by no means exceptional among ladies of rank in Austria and Hungary. Recently the Crown Princess accompanied her husband on a shooting expedition, and proved herself to be an excellent shot. The imperial hunts in Hungary, though the empress is incapacitated from riding this year, are always accompanied by a number of ladies belonging to the higher court circles.

The Mahdi is not an Arab by birth, and is of a black hue, which is unacceptable to the Semitic Moslems. He belongs, however, to the Kadriyeh order, which is held in very high veneration in Egypt, and which preserves all the pagan superstitions, including the worship of the gigantic shoe of their founder. They are distinguished from other orders by their white banners and by carrying always fish-nets in their religious processions. With the Malawiyeh and Ahmediyeh they are among the most powerful of the Dervish orders in Syria and Egypt.

The Continental method of pronouncing Latin is still a little novel at Trenton. One of the clerks of the New Jersey Assembly was called upon to read a joint resolution at a session last week. He read it: "Resolved, that the Legislature adjourn on March twenty-first *see-nee-dee-a*." The Solons made a unanimous request for another reading. It was repeated as before. Assemblyman Cole asked: "For what purpose do I understand the clerk to say that the Legislature is to adjourn?" "*See-nee-dee-a*," was the reply. The resolution was laid upon the table amid roars of laughter from assemblymen, lobbyists, and spectators.

The story goes that when the Emperor William heard of the recent alleged appearance of the "White Lady," boding death to one of the Hohenzollerns, he sent for his physician, who agreed to have a certain noted gipsy called in to prophesy. This was done, and the soothsayer said: "Sire, you will live to be a hundred years old. Your son, the prince royal, will not reign, but your grandson, Prince William, be your immediate successor." Now, it is no secret that His Majesty manifests far more fondness for William than for Fritz, and so this promise of fifteen years more of life, and then to be succeeded by his favorite, pleased him vastly. "Boy," he cried to the sentinel at the door, "if you chance to see the 'White Lady' again, tell her to come back in fifteen years."

The French Academy has now thirty-eight members. They are Miguet the historian, Victor Hugo, M. Nisard, the Duke de Noailles, Ernest Legouvé, the Count de Falloux, Emile Augier, the Duke de Broglie, Octave Feuillet, Camille Doucet, Cavillier-Fleury, the Count d'Haussonville, Xavier Marmier, Camille Rousset, Viel-Castel, Mezières, Alexandre Dumas, Caro, John Lemoinne, Jules Simon, Gaston Boissier, Victorien Sardou, Ernest Rénan, Henri Taine, the Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier, Eugene Labiche, Maxime du Camp, Rousset, Sully-Prudhomme, Pasteur, Victor Cherbuliez, Mgr. Perraud, Edouard Pailleron, the Duke d'Aumale, Emile Ollivier, J. B. Dumas, De Mazade, and Edmond About. François Coppée, the poet, is a candidate, without specifying for which chair, while De Lesseps, Wallon, and Oscar de Vallée will compete for the chair left vacant by the death of Martin, the historian.

Mr. Whiteley relates that when the late King Cetewayo was in London, one evening after a hearty dinner at which an enormous amount of wine was drunk, he presented His Majesty with a magnum of champagne which was not to be tasted until next day. "But why not drink it now?" asked the king. "You have had enough for to-night." "It was in vain that we protested," says Mr. Whiteley. "'Let me take care of it,' said the king. 'But you will drink it,' we said, 'and you have already had enough, and more than enough.' 'No, no,' he persisted; 'I will take good care of it. But I must take it with me to my bed-room; it is not safe elsewhere.' So at last, after making him promise in the most solemn fashion a Zulu could that he would not draw the cork, we allowed him to carry it off with him to his bed-room. He went out of the room hugging the magnum as if it were a precious child. A few minutes afterward, as I went up-stairs, I saw the big bottle standing outside Cetewayo's door drained to the last drop. The temptation had been too much for him. How he found room for so much champagne after all his former libations I can not imagine. Next day, it was not surprising to learn His Majesty had a bad cold and could not appear."

# GERMEA

## FOR BREAKFAST.

**GERMEA** is manufactured from the choicest California White Wheat by a recently patented process through which the germ is extracted from Wheat, forming one of the BEST, MOST ECONOMICAL, NUTRITIOUS, AND HEALTHFUL foods known. It is entirely free from all impurities, containing none of the woody or indigestible matter so common in other cereal foods.

The manufacturers of **GERMEA** believe they can not say too much in its favor or commend it too highly. It is ENDORSED and RECOMMENDED BY ALL PHYSICIANS who have tested it.

THOMAS PRICE, the eminent Analytical Chemist of San Francisco, after a careful analysis of **GERMEA**, says: "*I find it to be a remarkably pure article. It is free from all adulterations and injurious ingredients, and I can safely recommend it as a very nutritious article of food, and well prepared for its purposes.*"

Every intelligent farmer has learned to give careful attention to scientific laws in the feeding and care of his domestic animals, to secure the qualities which are most highly valued. How much more important that Nature's laws should be observed with reference to the more delicately organized human family, in order to reach that mental and physical development so essential to health and happiness. In the search for knowledge shall more thought be given to cattle, horses, and lands than to our children? The importance of proper selection of diet for themselves and families is a matter which thinking men are beginning to realize, and therefore regard most favorably each step forward toward the discovery of a perfect food.

The following extract from *The Roller Mill*, published in Buffalo, New York, referring to the germ as a possible food for mankind, says: "We believe the time is not far distant when the germ of wheat will furnish an excellent and quite new article of diet. We think that this will probably cause the germs to be carefully extracted and run into a separate receptacle, and this wheat germ will form a staple article of sale. It would seem that amid all the preparations for the stomach, sick or well, from puling infancy to tottering old age, a superior article of diet might be extracted from the germ of wheat. Germ can not long escape attention, and he who will first give to the world an article of food endorsed by doctors as nourishing, by consumers as palatable and economical, will have a fortune in his grasp."

MESSRS. SPERRY & CO. have discovered the secret of utilizing this valuable product, and as a result have placed on the market this PERFECTION OF FOOD, the **GERMEA**, the COST of which is NO MORE than the ordinary cereals. It has this important advantage over other cereal preparations:—While it requires from one-half to three-quarters of an hour to prepare ordinary Oat Meal for the table, FIFTEEN MINUTES COOKING is sufficient to prepare **GERMEA**. It is put up in sealed paper packages, containing four pounds each, twenty packages in a case. It has the ENDORSEMENT OF THOUSANDS who have used it as the BEST OF CEREAL food products.

**DIRECTIONS FOR USE ON EVERY PACKAGE.**

MANUFACTURED BY MESSRS. SPERRY & CO., STOCKTON, CAL.

**AND FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.**

# JOHN T. CUTTING & CO.

**SOLE AGENTS,**

116 FRONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## THE INNER MAN.

### Stock Story for Country Temperance Lecturers.

The first time I saw William Perkins he was a smiling lad of eighteen. He was strong, erect, handsome. Upon his cheek there was the flush of health—in his eye the fire of a hearty ambition.

"Tell me," said I, six years later, to an acquaintance, "who is that pale, scrofulous, nervous-looking man standing in front of yonder restaurant?"

"It is William Perkins," was the reply.

"You must be mistaken," I said; "for the last time I saw him he was the incarnation of vigorous manhood. This man is a piteous wreck."

"Ah," exclaimed my friend, "you have not heard, then, the sad story of his downfall?"

"Downfall? No, I have not," I said. "Is it possible that this paragon has stooped so low—has so far forgotten himself as to"—

"It is even so," interrupted my friend. "William Perkins is confirmed in the hideous vice of buckwheat-cakes."

And then my friend told me the story—the old, old story, replete with sadness, reeking with misery; while I—I shuddered and listened. You all know it; why repeat it now? At a social party, under bright lights, with smiling faces around him, William Perkins, yielding to the intoxicating influences of the hour, had tasted his first buckwheat-cake. It seemed to invigorate him—to stimulate him. Alas! that the serpent did not turn and sting when first caught in the embrace of the heedless novice! But, ah, 'tis never so. The pathway of the buckwheat-cakeard lies at first through gardens of roses, by the side of purling streams; it is over flowery meads that it gradually opens upon the black, bleak moor of mental anguish and physical torture. Perkins took another cake and then another. The next morning he arose pale and trembling. He sought a remedy for his weak condition in more cakes, and before he had retired that night sixteen buckwheat-cakes combined to bind him in the fetters of the remorseless tyrant. His taste for cakes grew, until at last every penny he could scrape up was squandered on this appalling habit. He lost his situation. People feared to employ a man abandoned to such a vice. His family suffered for the necessaries of life. He pawned his wife's jewelry, his young children's clothing, and the household furniture to secure means with which to buy buckwheat-cakes. Honor, duty, home, family, friends—all seemed to be forgotten in his wild, insatiate craving for cakes, cakes, cakes!

"I will try to save this man," I said, and I stepped across the street to where Perkins was scratching his back against the door. I spoke kindly to him as he raised his pimply face to mine. I argued with him. I remonstrated.

"'Tis vain," he moaned; "I am broken out all over; 'tis useless to attempt to save a man who has once become a victim to the buckwheat-cake habit."

I took him home with me and locked him up in a room. That night he had a fierce delirium His insane fancy painted buckwheat cakes crawling over the floor, twining themselves about his limbs, hissing at him and threatening him with their poisonous fangs. He plucked imaginary buckwheat cakes from about his neck, tore them from his garments, swept them from the table, saw them everywhere, lowering, threatening, appalling. Oh, my friends, could you but have seen him writhing there, and heard him mingling his piteous shrieks with prayers and curses, not one of you to-day would have the utterly reckless hardihood to say:

"'Tis a harmless thing—this indulgence in cakes."

How we saved him I know not; but this I know, that after days and weeks of confinement, and watching, and encouragement, and kindly advice, we led William Perkins from that room a reformed man.

"My dear sir," said he, "how can I ever thank you?"

"By promising me never to touch buckwheats again," said I.

"I swear it to you!" said he, fervently.

And he kept his word. I saw William Perkins to-day. He is a changed man. He is cashier in one of your banks—rich, prosperous, happy. His step is elastic, his cheek rosy, his form erect, his voice manly, and his eye clear and steady.

"I feel like myself once more," said he; "I have not tasted buckwheat cakes in two years."—*Eugene Field in Puck.*

---

Persons who partake freely of beef tea on an empty stomach are frequently surprised at finding themselves affected as if they had taken a strong cup of coffee. This, however, is perfectly natural, for, says Professor Roberts Bartholow, of the Jefferson Medical College, "nothing has been more conclusively shown than that beef tea is not a food. It is nothing more than a stimulant. The chemical composition of beef tea closely resembles that of urine, and it is more an excrementitious substance than a food. In preparing beef juice the lean part of the beef should be selected. This should be cut into thick pieces about the size for a lemon-squeezer. The pieces should be next placed upon a hot coal fire for a moment, to scorch the exterior; the meat is then transferred to the lemon-squeezer, which has been warmed by dipping in hot water, and the juice pressed out and allowed to flow into the glass, which has also been heated. The juice is seasoned with a little salt and cayenne pepper, if the patient desires it, and taken immediately. In this way the nutritious elements of the meat are obtained, and the slight scorching develops constituents which give the peculiar flavor to cooked meat." This is for a diet, the principle of which is the administration of those elements which are disposed of in the stomach, and do not require the aid of the intestines in their digestion.

---

**Root Beer.**

A strictly non-alcoholic family beverage, at once delicious to the taste and beneficial to the system. The youngest child or the feeblest invalid can drink it with advantage. Put up in pint and quart champagne bottles, with patent stoppers, at seventy cents and one dollar and ten cents per dozen. All orders promptly filled. H. L. St. John & Co., 14 Hayes Street.

---

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

### The Origin of Scandal.

Said Mrs. A.
To Mrs. J.,
In quite a confidential way,
"It seems to me
That Mrs. B.
Takes too much—something in her tea."
And Mrs. J.
To Mrs. K.
That night was overheard to say,
She grieved to touch
Upon it much,
But "Mrs. B. took—such and such!"
Then Mrs. C.
Went straight away
And told a friend, the self-same day,
"'Twas sad to think"—
Here came a wink—
"That Mrs. B. was fond of drink."
The friend's disgust
Was such she must
Inform a lady "which she nussed,"
"That Mrs. B.,
At half-past three,
Was that far gone she couldn't see."
This lady we
Have mentioned, she
Gave needle-work to Mrs. B.,
And at such news
Could scarcely choose
But further needle-work refuse.
Then Mrs. B.,
As you'll agree,
Quite properly—she said, said she,
That she would track
The scandal back
To those who made her look so black.
Through Mrs. K.
And Mrs. J.
She got, at last, to Mrs. A.,
And asked her why,
With cruel lie,
She painted her so deep a dye?
Said Mrs. A.,
In some dismay,
"I no such thing could ever say;
I said that you
Much stouter grew
On too much sugar—which you do!"

---

### Darwinian Man.

A lady fair, of lineage high,
Was loved by an ape in the days gone by—
The maid was radiant as the sun,
The ape was a most unsightly one—
So it would not do,
His scheme fell through,
For the maid, when his love took formal shape,
Expressed such terror
At his monstrous error,
That he stammered an apology and made his 'scape,
The picture of a disconcerted ape.

With a view to rise in the social scale,
He shaved his bristles, and he docked his tail,
He grew mustaches, and he took his tub,
And he paid a guinea to a toilet club—
But it would not do,
The scheme fell through,
For the maid was Beauty's fairest Queen,
With golden tresses,
Like a real princess's,
While the ape, despite his razor keen,
Was the apiest ape that ever was seen.

He bought white ties, and he bought dress-suits,
He crammed his feet into bright tight boots,
And to start his life on a brand-new plan,
He christened himself Darwinian Man!
But it would not do,
The scheme fell through,
For the maiden fair, whom the monkey craved,
Was a radiant being,
With a brain far-seeing,
While a shaven monkey, though well-behaved,
At best is only a monkey shaved!
—*From Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, "Princess Ida."*

---

### The Fate of Tomato Khan.

Old Ragbag Bey, a venerable man,
Arose one morn, and to his servant said:
"Send hither, slave, my son, Tomato Khan—
If, by the Prophet's beard, he's out of bed."
Tomato Khan responded in all haste,
And, kneeling on the earth before his sire,
Kissed thrice his feet, and, clinging to his waist,
"Why hast thou called?" respectful did inquire.

"Mush Allah!" cried the old man in a breath,
"Our country is in dire complaint, I see—
On every hand is desolation, death—
And she demands a sacrifice from me.
From Am el Teiba unto Boghar's wall,
From Batna's palms to Oudig's sandy plain,
I hear the roll of drums, the trumpet's call,
The clash of arms, and war's intense refrain.

"Bend on this scimetar, my son, and go
This day to Boghar on thy dauntless steed—
Join thou the Army of the Faithful, show
Thy zeal for Allah in the country's need!"
Tomato Khan bound on old Ragbag's sword—
His love, the fair Aminie, begged him stay;
In vain the maiden wept, in vain implored;
Tomato Khan strode on his vengeful way.

He did not die as Ragbag hoped he might,
Nor as Aminie thought a warrior should;
He did not perish on the field in fight—
No Christian hands are reeking with his blood.
Kicked by a mule, he fell at Sneez el Snuf—
A cheap Arabian mule, a vulgar beast—
He faintly murmured: "Allah, this is rough!"
And then the throbbings of his sick heart ceased.

So for his country died Tomato Khan,
A youth equipped for great chivalric scenes;
Dead by a mule—a martyred, glorious man—
A patriot, since the end doth glorify the means.
A mausoleum hath old Ragbag built
As tribute to Tomato Khan's brave deeds;
At morn, at night, his bitter tears are spilt;
The fair Aminie wears a widow's weeds.





FOR SALE BY

**C. J. HAWLEY & CO., Sutter St.,**

Who are also introducing as a specialty

**HAWLEY'S NEW BLEND TEA.**

If you want a Tea that is pure, wholesome, and delicious, ask for it at the nearest drug store in the city. Sold at 25, 75 cents, and 50 cents per pound, in 1-pound and ½-pound packages.

**ANALYSIS.**

C. J HAWLEY & CO.—GENTLEMEN: I have carefully examined the New Blend Tea, and found it to be pure, unadulterated, and uncolored.

Yours respectfully, THOS. PRICE, M. D.

**Ask your Druggist for**

**HAWLEY'S NEW BLEND TEA.**

---

# IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

**SCROFULA**

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

**CATARRH**

"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882.

"At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore.

**ULCEROUS SORES**

Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

**SORE EYES**

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

PREPARED BY

**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

---

# *Apollinaris*

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."
*British Medical Journal.*

*"L'Eau de Table des Reines."*
Le Gaulois de Paris.

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.

*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*

**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.**

FOR SALE BY

**A. F. EVANS & CO.**

522 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

---

**HEALD'S** BUSINESS COLLEGE.
No. 24 Post Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

---

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also. Druggists' Glassware.

---

**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

---

# GRANULA

An incomparable Food for **Invalids** and **Children**; oldest and best health food known; delicious as a diet; grocers and druggists sell it. Manufactured by

**OUR HOME GRANULA CO.**, Dansville, N. Y.

Wholesale Agents: HICKOX & CO., San Francisco, Cal.; WATSON, WRIGHT & CO., Portland, Or.; H. JEVNE, Los Angeles, Cal.

---

**MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. A. K. CLAPPE'S**

# SELECT SCHOOL

**FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,**

At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N. Y. Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalogue.

---

# NOW READY THE FINEST CIGARETTE

**"CLOTH OF GOLD,"**

**(Straight Mesh.)**

**SWEET, DELICATE, AND MILD!!**

This Cigarette is made from the finest and most costly leaf from that region of Virginia particularly adapted for growing tobacco for Cigarettes. Our long experience in manufacturing enables us to secure the most suitable kinds of tobacco and thus present this superior article, with the full assurance THAT IT'S EQUAL HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN OFFERED. A higher grade Cigarette can not be produced. We call particular attention to the superior quality of our old brands of Cigarettes They can not be surpassed.

**Twelve First Prize Medals.**

**Peerless Tobacco Works.**

**WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

---

FINE

**Suits, $25.** **TAILORING** **Suits $30.**

Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.

**Suits, $40.** **TAILORING** **Suits $50.**

Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.

**Suits, $60.** **TAILORING** **Suits $70.**

**J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier**

**314 Kearny Street.**

---

BONESTELL, RICHARDS & CO.
ALLEN & CO.
PAPER WAREHOUSE
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F.

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

---

## ANTI-FAT.

**The Greatest Discovery of the Age** by a English lady, who has, by close study and practice, found a remedy whereby people of either sex can be reduced in flesh at the rate of five to seven pounds a month without injury to health or looks, the skin on body and face retaining its smooth appearance. This treatment strengthens the nerves and muscles, destroying only the fat, which is simply a watery fluid in the tissues, producing gout, rheumatism, incipient paralysis, apoplexy, and fatty degeneration of the heart. Address ANTI-FAT, office box 1925 city.

---

**CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 24th day of March, 1884, an assessment (No. 11) of Twenty (20c) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the twenty-first (21st) day of April, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the seventeenth day of May, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street San Francisco, Cal.

---

**CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MINING CO.**

Location and principal place of business, San Francisco California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 12th day of March, 1884, an assessment (No. 20) of Twenty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the sixteenth (16th) day of April, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the tenth (10th) day of May, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

A. W. HAVENS, Secretary.

Office—Room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

---

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.,**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. FOR RR. Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

---

**MARBLE WORKS.**

**MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.**

**W. H. McCORMICK,**

827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*
*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*
*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*
*Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.*
*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*
*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*
*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*
*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Friday, February 15, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| *9.30 A.M. | Antioch and Martinez | *12.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.30 P.M. | " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Deming, El Paso and Eastern Emigrant | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and Stockton via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | | *12.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Ione | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | Kaight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Los Angeles and South | 9.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | Merced, Madera, Fresno, and Tulare | *12.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Mojave, Needles, and Eastern Emigrant | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Ogden and East Emigrant | 8.40 P.M. |
| 5.30 P.M. | | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville and Tehama via Woodland | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Redding | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| 9.00 A.M. | " | *12.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 8.40 P.M. |
| *4.30 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| | " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Virginia City | 8.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 4.30 P. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Benicia; and that leaving at 8.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from the Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.23, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.37, 8.37, 9.37, 10.37, 11.37.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.22, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52; 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Daily, except Sundays. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**OPIUM and MORPHINE HABIT**
DR. H. H. KANE, of the D. Quincey Home, now offers a Remedy whereby any one can cure himself quickly and painlessly. For testimonials and endorsements from eminent medical men, etc., address H. H. KANE, A. M., L. D., 100 Fulton St., New York City.


## NORTHERN DIVISION SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

**BROAD GAUGE.**

**WINTER ARRANGEMENT.**

**Commencing Sunday, November 11, 1883,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| †6.50 A.M. | San Mateo, Redwood, and Menlo Park | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | *8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| *5.10 P.M. | | †4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | Santa Clara, San Jose, and Principal Way Stations | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas, and Monterey | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Hollister and Tres Pinos | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Watsonville, Soquel, Aptos, (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, broad gauge, no change of cars | 5.55 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | |
| 10.40 A.M. | Soledad and Way Stations | 5.55 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (sportsmen's train).

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS

Sold on Saturday and Sunday—good to return on Monday—to Santa Clara or San José, $2.50; to Gilroy, $4.00; to Monterey or Santa Cruz, $5.00, and to principal points between San Francisco and San José.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

**TIME TABLE.**

**Commencing Monday, January 21st, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—†10.15, *11.15 A. M., *4.50, †5.00 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†7.00, *9.20 A. M., †12.30, *3.20, *5.30, †5.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—*8.00, †8.50 A. M., *12.30, †3.35 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†6.40, *6.50, *9.15 A. M., †12.00 M., *2.50, †5.10 P. M. * Week Days. † Sundays.

For SAUCELITO (Week Days)—9.20 A. M., 1.15, 3.20, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.00, 10.00 A. M., 12.30, 2.00, 5.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (Week Days)—7.45, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.50 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.05, 3.15, 6.10 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 6.15 P. M.

**11.15 A. M.** Daily, Sudays excepted (via San Quentin Ferry), THROUGH TRAIN, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through Train from Duncan Mills arrives in S. F. at 1.45 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning except Mondays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**7.00 A. M.** from Saucelito Ferry, Excursion Train every Sunday for Point Reyes and Way Stations.

Returning, arrives in San Francisco (via Saucelito Ferry) 6.30 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11¼ inches, with over **3,300** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**
**227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

**CHARLES R. ALLEN,**

**Dealer in House, Steam, Foundry, and**

**CUMBERLAND COAL,**

**ENGLISH COKE AND PIG IRON,**

**120 Beale Street, San Francisco.**

**OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA**

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| STEAMER | 1884. | From San Francisco for HONGKONG. |
|---|---|---|
| OCEANIC | | Saturday, March 8th. |
| ARABIC | | Saturday, April 26th. |
| OCEANIC | | Tuesday, May 27th. |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Offices, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

**PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.**

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Colima.....April 1**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers for MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West India ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Zealandia.....April 11**

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

**PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.**

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on March 3d, 11th, 19th, and 27th, and every eighth day thereafter. The first steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose. Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR, MANAGER

**Corner First and Market Streets,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

**THE NEVADA BANK**

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

**THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital.....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama.

**The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK**

LIMITED,

**N. E. corner Pine and Sansome Streets.**

London Office, 3 Angel Court. New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street.

**Authorized Capital Stock.....$6,000,000**

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED F. LOW, IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.
P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

CHARLES CROCKER. WM. H. CROCKER. H. C. WOOLWORTH.

**CROCKER, WOOLWORTH & CO.**

**BANKERS,**

**322 Pine Street, San Francisco,** carry on a general Banking business.

Correspondents in the principal cities of the Eastern States and in Europe.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.,** Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation** Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company** Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company** Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

**COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.**

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.
JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

**HUTCHINSON & MANN,**

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

**HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.**

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884.....759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

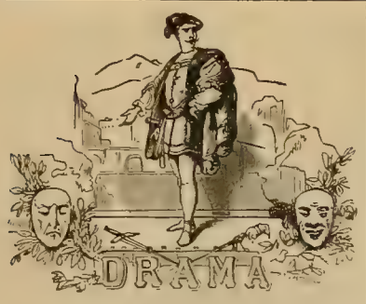
JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

**ARCHITECTS**

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco. Take elevator.




SAN FRANCISCO, March 20, 1884.

MY DEAREST MADGE: It is most unfortunate that this week of all weeks in the year you should be out of town.

The operatic boom continues in all its force, and the community has resolved itself into two musical factions. A war is going on, which, in its little way, is quite as fierce as the war of the Roses or the contest of Guelphs and Ghibellines. One hears of nothing anywhere but Gerster and Patti, and conversation invariably opens with a declaration of fealty to one or the other. One can not settle down to a calm and rational enjoyment of this unparalleled musical feast. You are simply forced to take sides, whether you will or no. It is a mere matter of prejudice, but, for myself, I declare most unhesitatingly for Gerster. As why should I not? Patti sings as naturally and as beautifully as a sensuous little bird in the sunshine. But while one listens with unequivocal delight to a sensuous little bird, it does not plow up the deeps of one's nature. Gerster charms the heart out of your bosom, the chill out of your reason, the equipoise out of your decorum. She is magnetic, delicious, irresistible. Nature has not done so much for her as for Patti. She is cast in a sterner, stronger mold than the tropical luxuriance of Adelina Patti's beauty, and her voice has not that rich, luscious, unapproachable quality which is the divine heritage of Patti, and of no other woman ever born to sing. Gerster, who is in her twenties, looks as old as Patti, who has left them far behind. I did not intend to touch upon that matter, though there is an unaccountable fancy existing for raking up dates against Adelina. Some of them declare an apparent failing in the upper register of her voice, but that is really nonsense. Her voice rings out as fresh, and pure, and young as it ever did, and time has left no touch of his hand upon her. How could he? She has had such care as is given to no princess of the blood royal. Life has unrolled to her a long vista of ease, elegance, luxury, and adulation. Sickness, sorrow, poverty, and death are unknown to her. There has been but one crumpled rose-leaf to disturb her ease, and she soon blew that away. All she has to do is to sing her way through life, at the rate of a thousand dollars a half-hour. What wear could there be on the voice of such a one?

But to return to the factional war. It has assumed some curious phases. With some it is a matter of conventional heresy not to prefer Patti. The great capitals have bent the knee of homage to her for so long, that many of those who have made the grand tour look upon it as rank provincial greenness on our part to dare to dispute the long verdict. They are Patti-ites merely because they think it is the correct thing so to be. All the young men of a certain calibre are for Patti, and all the old fellows of a certain other calibre are for Patti, too. These latter are those who like to be regarded as dilettanti in musical and art matters; but being in their heart of hearts a little shaky with doubt concerning their technical musical knowledge, they feel that there is a certain amount of safety in abiding by the dicta of Paris and St. Petersburg.

There is an impression existing among this class of her admirers that Patti, like the Pope, is infallible. Never tell it on me, Madge, for I haven't the moral courage to say it out loud, but in the teeth of the verdict of the world, I will declare that in "La Traviata" Patti did twice sing out of tune, that she does not reject the aid of the *portamento* in getting at a very high note, that her phrasing is eccentric, since she has twice within the week taken a breath in the middle of a word, that she carelessly slurred some of the most charming passages in "La Traviata," and that in the first two acts of "Il Trovatore" her singing, for a Patti, was downright bad. I will also acknowledge that Gerster gave two little unmusical squeaks in "I Puritani," and that the familiar brilliancy was missing from her voice in "Marta." You will think me carping, captious, and critical, but it is all the fault of the strained tension of the week; and when a community has resolved itself into one vast palpitating, tremulous, eager Ear, these things are borne in upon one. Another peculiar feature of this factional war is that race prejudice has crept in. All of the Latin race are for Patti; the Slavs, the Saxons, and the Anglo-Saxons for Gerster. All of the musical people that I have conversed with are for Gerster. But I have heard of other distinguished musicians who jeer at the idea that another could rise to displace Patti, or even to take her place when she is gone.

Thus, you will see that it is not at all a battle of musical perception. It is merely a question of individual preference, and this depends largely upon the temperament of the listener. Indeed, I have heard two ladies express a preference for Patti because she dresses better than Gerster!

The only rational way to do is to give yourself up unreservedly to enjoyment when either great songstress sings, with no intruding thought of the other.

Have I already written you about Gerster's "La Sonnambula"? It was an afternoon performance, and it was a three hours of matchless delight. It was our good fortune to find the pretty opera very well cast. That most useful little woman, Mademoiselle Valerga, was the rival of Amina, and sang her pretty opening aria with something very like the finish of a prima donna. Vicini's voice still continues to go to pieces at critical moments, but he has a few silver notes in it of the real tenor quality, and he is a thoroughly good actor, more especially in those country-bumpkin parts. Cherubini made practically his first appearance as the Count. He is a handsome man, with a good round voice and a superb method, and, in this rôle, a dashing actor. As for Amina, the arch, the naïve, the merry, the winsome, when was she most charming—as the pretty, shame-faced peasant girl, listening with shy willingness to the mischief-making count's compliments, or as the suffering Sonnambula, wrongly accused? Did ever music flow from throat of woman with greater ease and sweetness than in the plaintive "Ah, non credea"? She stood as motionless as a statue, only her lips moving—for you could not see her draw a breath—and the music rolled out from those parted lips, and sank into our hearts and turned our heads. When she followed it with the sparkling notes of "Ah, non giunge," the effect was perfectly electrical, and we all went home mildly insane. I have not yet met any one who has entirely recovered from the effect of it. The consistency of the entire performance may have had something to do with our utter enjoyment, for the choruses were magnificently sung. We were just congratulating ourselves on this department—for they sang excellently well in sombre, heavy "I Puritani," on Monday night—a sombre heaviness, by the way, which Gerster largely dispelled by her most exquisite acting and singing—but they went all to pieces in "Trovatore" and "Martha." It was said that the company were all deeply affected by the death of Lombardelli, who, poor fellow, was snuffed out like a candle before he had been a week in the new Italy.

Patti, as you must have heard, sang Leonora in "Il Trovatore," on Tuesday. I have a fancy that she did it merely to give Nicolini a chance, for it is essentially the tenor's opera, and any Leonora, even a Patti, is partially obscured in it. He availed himself to the full of the opportunity, and received an amount of applause which must have astonished him quite as much as it did many more. I do not remember ever to have heard Manrico's opening aria, the pretty serenade, with its long procession of accidentals, more atrociously sung than by Signor Nicolini. His voice is worn and strained, and fairly rattles with *vibrato*, but even so, he is better than either of the other tenors, and herein lay his triumph. When he appeared in most irreproachable armor, it was discovered that he was a very personable gentleman. He dressed it throughout with a gorgeousness which no Manrico in these parts has ever attempted before, and he still has a chest high C. All these things the house applauded in the most spontaneous and energetic manner. Indeed, to speak truly, his singing, after the serenade, was fairly good, yet not good enough to warrant the excess of applause.

Patti, as I before said, was rather obscured in the rôle of Leonora. While her voice is dramatic enough for any rôle, these heavy, massive, heroic passions belong in the breasts of heavy, massive, heroic women, and Patti is petite, piquante, and pretty. She is a saucy little witch, and has a way of tossing her head and snapping her eyes when she takes a special note, now and then, which is the essence of *diablerie*. The wonders of her voice grow upon you with frequent hearing, as the ear recognizes more and more the fearlessness and ease with which she dashes through technical difficulties. But she sings only to the ear. I have heard her five times now, always with increasing pleasure, so far as my musical intelligence was concerned, but she has never held my soul in her grasp for one fleeting instant. They do say she can sing "Home, Sweet Home," with most surpassing pathos. Perhaps. The notes of the old song lie just in that range in her voice where those rich, strong, velvety notes abound which separate her voice from any other in the known world—and I can well believe it.

To me, and to many more, Patti is only a voice. She is a phenomenon, a marvel, a freak of nature, and as such she will never be reproduced. This marvelous voice belongs to a very pretty woman who is set in the midst of a lot of most attractive accessories, but there is no evidence yet in this season that there is something more behind the voice. I have a fancy that she will achieve her first real triumph in "Crispino e la Comare."

On the night of "La Traviata" the audience was in a state of acute mental excitement which was mistaken for musical enthusiasm. On the night of "Il Trovatore" there was a reaction, and the house was severely, almost cruelly cold, so that as a matter of truth the *diva* has not yet been received in a spirit of real fairness. Even Galassi received a more spontaneous outburst for "Il Balen." This was as much enthusiasm left over from his duet with Cherubino in "I Puritani," the night before, as anything else. I would not dare to say so among these music-mad people, but I have heard "Il Balen" sung better, though not by such a voice. Galassi's voice is perfect, a big, round, sonorous, smooth, satisfying baritone, with no trace of the Italian tremolo in it. He just opens his mouth and lets it roll out, and perhaps in the easy use of it he has become a trifle mechanical. At all events, his Rigoletto was a disappointment. Perhaps he was totally handicapped by a shrieking, discordant, clamorous Gilda, and perhaps he acts purely by the traditions of measured dramatic action, but there was no trace of greatness in it.

There is also a very bad case of contralto in the troupe—but a truce to music. We think of nothing else, talk of nothing else, hear nothing else. You will be surprised to know that I have allowed a week to go by without seeing the lovely Sara Jewett; but I did not miss Daniel Rochat. I heard a young gentleman wondering, not long ago, why a good, pure woman was never set in a play; and we all told him that she was not an available article. When I see him again I must ask him about Lea Henderson. In Sara Jewett's hands she radiates purity and truth, and illuminates the stage with it every time she appears. But alack and alas! who would recognize this wonderful play, which has actually become clumsy in the hands of the others? Henry Lee is the best Daniel that we have had in the last act, and the worst in the others. But oh, Bidache, and Fargis, and Mrs. Powers, and Esther, where are you all?

The daintiness and trim excellence of Sara Jewett require a harmonious setting, and though these people have all played well enough, according to their lights, they do not accentuate her as her old companions did.

I shall see "Le Maître de Forge," and let you know what kind of a play the novel makes. Adieu.

BETSY B.

---

At the Grand Opera House, this afternoon Madame Gerster will sing her great part of Margherita in "Faust," while this evening Madame Patti will play Annetta in "Crispino e la Comare." The opera company will remain another week, appearing four nights and one matinée. Yesterday tickets for the new season of five performances were sold by Messrs. Easton & Eldridge, at auction, at the California Theatre. On Monday night Gerster will repeat her rôle of Amina in "La Sonnambula." Tuesday Patti will appear in the title rôle of "Linda di Chamouni." Wednesday Gerster will sing in an opera not yet announced. Friday she will appear in "Il Barbiere de Siviglia," and Saturday afternoon a farewell matinée will be given, in which Patti will appear in one of her principal rôles. It has been rumored that a grand concert would be given at the Mechanics' Pavilion, but the report has not yet been confirmed.

---

Miss Sara Jewett has been appearing in "Her Sacrifice" at the Baldwin Theatre, during the week. Next Friday night she will be supported by Henry Lee in "Claire, or The Forge Master," a play which has enjoyed success in New York and Europe.

---

At the California Theatre "Lights o' London" has been played during the week. Next Monday night the European Specialty Company will begin a week's engagement.

---

Manbury & Overton's Company have been playing "The Hoop of Gold" at the Bush Street Theatre during the week. "The Wages of Sin" is in preparation.

---

**CCCXIV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday. March 23, 1884.**

Asparagus Soup.
Fried Clams. Cucumber Salad.
Broiled Lamb Chops. Fried Potatoes.
Green Peas. Mushrooms.
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.
Soft Boiled Custard. Sponge Cake.
Apples, Oranges, Almonds, Figs, and Raisins.

ASPARAGUS SOUP.—To one quart of good beef or veal broth put two onions, two turnips, and some sweet herbs, with the white parts of a large bunch of asparagus. Let them simmer until done, then rub through a strainer, season, and add the tips of the asparagus, previously boiled.

---

— DECORATIVE HOUSEHOLD ART STUDIO, 213 Turk Street. Modeling in Clay, Leather, and Wax; Ebonizing, Gilding, and Polishing; Drawing, Crayon, and Ornamental Needlework.

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### An International Controversy.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Allow me, as an Englishman temporarily in your midst, to concur most fully in all that your correspondent, Mr. Gower, says as to the absurdities surrounding the marriage of American girls to Englishmen of title. I think the American press, both by their own comments and by publishing silly letters from Americans in Europe, make a great deal more of American girls abroad than they are really made of in the places they visit while "doing Yarrup," as our friend Mark Twain puts it. And, after all, to take the American view of the matter, what have any of them achieved in the way of grand marriages? Miss Yznaga, of New York, did the best. She married the heir to a dukedom. But *such* an heir and *such* a dukedom! The one too low of habits to be permitted entrance to decent society in London, and the other an impoverished fourth-rate dukedom whose present possessor has to "speculate" for a living, as all Englishmen well enough know. As for Sir Thomas Hesketh, who married your belle, Miss Sharon, in England he certainly is not regarded as a catch, though he may be out here. Considerably embarrassed financially, and as utter a stranger to high London society as a Hottentot, he has no claim to be considered one.

Faithfully yours, CECIL V. B. HEATHCOTE.
SAN RAFAEL, March 17.

---

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I am indignant—no, that does not half express my feelings—I am furious, literally boiling over; first, with you for publishing a letter that is an insult to every American, and second with your correspondent, John Farquharson Gower, for daring to write such an insulting letter. It is but natural that the English (with a few exceptions) should "look down upon the Yankee." They have never quite recovered their equanimity since the little unpleasantness that resulted so disastrously to them about one hundred years ago. It is all very well to sneer; we all know how much of it is real and how much jealousy. What a pity that "seven hundred years of inbred culture and aristocracy" should show so little upon Englishmen! Think of *gentlemen* calling a lady a "mustang"! We may thank our lucky stars that we live in a land where such *gentlemen* would receive a horse-whipping and be excluded from decent society. Really, English aristocracy is a queer mixture, if any reliance is to be placed upon the tales we hear of it. Then, too, your correspondent will find, if he inquires of reliable persons, that many American ladies who marry titles are *not* wealthy, and are sought, not seekers. S. C.

NAPA, March 17, 1884.

---

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of the 15th you have a letter from John Farquharson Gower which is interesting, but which shows toward the close that abject worship of rank characteristic of the true Briton. His advice to our girls is good, and I wish they would heed it, but not because "they are no more fitted to fill the position than your Irish servant is in the best society of your city," but because it is "casting pearls before swine." "The topmost plane of English society represents seven hundred years of culture and breeding, and is to-day the most aristocratic, the most exclusive, and the most elegant in the world; they all bear the stamp of high breeding," etc., *ad nauseam*. And yet, by the same well-bred crew, a lady, for no cause or fault of her own, is styled in "elegant" language "the mustang," and the British gentleman, her husband, hears it and does not resent it. Give us a rest on British manners. We prefer those of American gentlemen. ALBERT WARNER.

HAYWARDS, March 20.

---

### A Knight Puts Lance in Rest for Patti.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: "Betsy B." states in the last issue of the *Argonaut* that "it is all folly, perhaps unfair, to institute comparison between Patti and Gerster." She is right. It is indeed unfair, but not to the wondrous Adelina. She can hardly be affected by such comparison. It is assuredly folly, and unjust to Gerster, and by suggesting the comparison "Betsy B." must have intended a profound witticism. It would seem that Gerster has succeeded in winning San Francisco, and San Franciscans are at her feet. Perhaps, because she trills so beautifully. Miss Emma Abbott trilled delightfully, and so did Signor Campobello, who was with the company, but somehow, Signor Galassi has thus far omitted to favor us with much of such an indication of his ability; and yet, one would hardly wish to insinuate, on account of this omission of clap-trap, that Signor Galassi is not as great as Signor Campobello. Indeed, Madame Patti's disdainful omission of clap-trap, and Madame Gerster's employing all that is known to the profession to gain plaudits, has resulted in the general verdict that Gerster is great, and Patti is—well—Patti does not suit discriminating San Francisco. She is well enough for London and European musical centres, but for San Francisco, give them Gerster, Abbott, Campobello, and Miss Litta—any of these can trill—and never mind about the sublimest singers of the world, to whom certain methods of maintaining eminence are distasteful. Patti should be extremely grateful to Providence that she had made a reputation and a name before braving a San Francisco audience. Madame Patti, can you realize that you have brought us an assortment of vocal wares that we did not wish? Madame Patti, could you only have presented us with an unlimited quantity of trills, or with "the voices of a cage of linnets let loose in the sunshine," or with "a chime of crystal bells," or with "rippling, sparkling, shining, shimmering rivers of music"; had you shown courage "to attack appalling strings of difficulties" (which apparently you did not show); had you exhibited less brilliancy and less strength; had you, in short, given us what many other prima donnas of eminence can possibly give us, instead of haughtily scorning to do so, and hence rising to greatness and sublimity—you would have had the people of the "musical centre of the Pacific coast" at your feet, subject to your caprice and will. And on your next visit to this city, we beg of you fail not to supply us with something in the realm of song that we have heard before, and something that, from *our* standard, *we* can call sublime.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19, 1884. J. F. F.

## BRIC-A-BRAC.

### Eheu! Fugaces.

Sweet sixteen is shy and cold,
Calls me "sir," and thinks me old;
Hears in an embarrassed way
All the compliments I pay;
Finds my homage quite a bore,
Will not smile on me, and more
To her taste she finds the noise
And the chat of callow boys.
Not the lines around my eye,
Deepening as the years go by;
Not white hairs that strew my head,
Nor my less elastic tread;
Cares I find, nor joys I miss,
Make me feel my years like this—
Sweet sixteen is shy and cold,
Calls me "sir," and thinks me old.
—*Walter Learned in April Century.*

### The Godmother's Gift.

Beside the baby's cradle
She sat the whole night long,
To lay upon his little lips
The kisses six of Song.
"This is the kiss shall make him long
To drink," she softly sighed,
"The fount of Beauty with the thirst
That ne'er is satisfied.
This is the kiss shall ope the eye
And stimulate the brain
To see what others never saw,
And he can ne'er attain.
This is the kiss shall charm his lips
So that his whole life long
There honey-bees of thought shall hive
The stinging sweets of Song.
And here the kiss of Wandering
I print on feet and breast,
That he may for possession have
Desire and unrest.
And this shall be the kiss of Love,
His life to consecrate
To her that shall be lost too soon,
Or be found out too late.
These are the kisses five I give
My baby in his sleep;
The sixth, and sacredest of all,
A little while I keep.
And he shall never know, or, known,
It never shall be told,
Which sweeter is—the kiss I give,
Or the kiss that I withhold."
—*G. T. Lanigan in April Harper.*

### Ode to the Stub Pen.

Though received with reprehension
By the copy-book pretension,
Who call it an invention
Of the most atrocious kind;
Yet its pointless bi-partition
Yields more mental ammunition
Than the sharp and shrill condition
Of its predecessor's grind.

As a source of inspiration,
For the ease of its gyration,
As a means of liquidation
For genius to impel;
As a tool of malediction,
Or to do away with friction,
We cry with firm conviction:
"It has no parallel!"
—*The Magnet.*

### A Returned Poem.

Dear poem, thou art precious to my heart;
Worn with much travel, thou must weary be;
Hast seen, though near the sky, the home of art,
And corps æsthetic of the century?
Hast been where culture had its second birth
(Its first in heaven), in Park Street's inner shrine?
Hast looked upon the chosen few of earth,
Cheering each other with fame's sparkling wine?
Hast visited the great Pacific slope
Where muses die, though history thrives apace;
Where coal, and oil, and iron, with brain-power cope,
And come off victors in the unequal race?
What dost thou lack, child of my heart and brain?
The learning of the sage, the fire of youth?
What praiseful letters bore thee back again;
"Returned with thanks," yet "rich in thought and truth."
What dost thou lack? FAME. Thou hast played the fool:
Merit and modesty the world disowns:
Thou hast no friend to put thee in the pool,
And then thine author's name is simply
—*April Manhattan.* JONES.

### Her First Season.

NOVEMBER.

'Tis my first ball! The flicker and glare
That shake on the ripples of satin and pearls,
The glance of surprise, the conventional stare,
That falls on myself and the other "new girls,"
The murmur of voices, the crash of the band,
The wan, weary faces a-lined by the wall,
My cheek by the whisper of something low fanned—
Ah, can I be dreaming, or is this a ball?
Why cravest thou summer, my heart, my heart,
The whisper of birds and the song of the trees?
Why dost thou long, oh, my heart, weak heart,
For the murmur of night and the sigh of the seas?

APRIL.

The end of the season! At last it is finished!
How could I dream so a few months ago?
The joys that I saw then—how are they diminished—
Vanished and dead with the pale winter's snow.
But something I know of is sweet, so sweet,
That it trembles 'tween silence and sound in my heart,
Yet swells with an unwritten music complete,
And lingers and grows and will never depart.
Still cravest thou summer, my heart, my heart,
The trill of the bird and the lisp of the trees?
I know why thou longest, my heart, fond heart!
Tell it not, tell it not, save to the seas.
—*W. J. Henderson in April Manhattan.*

The following description of Patti was written by Artemus Ward twenty-five years ago. The last clause was prophetic:

"Miss Patty is small for her size, but, as the man sed about his wife, O Lord! She is well bilt, and her complexion is what mite be called Broonetty. Her eyes is dark bay, the lashes being dark and silky. When she smiles the aujence feels like askin her to do it some moor, and continering on to do it to a infinate extent. Her waste is one of the bootifulest wasteses you ever seen. When Mr. Strayhorse led her out I thowt some pretty schule gal, who had just graduated from pantalets and wire hoops, was just come out to read her fust composition in public. She come so bashful like, with her head bowed down, and made sich an effort to pucker her lips so theyed look pretty, that I wanted to swallow her. She reminded me of Susan Skinner, who'd never kiss the boys at parin' bees till the candles were blowed out. Miss Patty sung in a forin tong. I don't know what the sentiments was. For owt I know she may have been denouncing my moral wax figgars & sagacious beasts of pray—and I dont much kere if she did. When she opened her mouth a army of martingales, bobolinks, kanaries, mockin-birds, swallers, etcetery bust 4th & flew all over the haul. Go it little 1 said I to myself, in a highly excited frame of mind, & if some Kount or Royal Duke, which you'll be pretty apt to marry 1 of these days, don't do the fair thing by you, you can always have a home on A. Ward's farm, near Baldwinville, Injiana. When she sung "Coming through the Rie," and invested herself and spoke of that Swaine, did I not wish I was Swaine. No I guess not. O no certainly. (This is ironical.) I don't mean this. It's a way I have of goaking. Now that Maria Pickleshominy has got married (and I hope she likes it), and left the perfession, Adalina Patty is the chamionoess of the opery ring. She carries the belt. There is no draw fite about it. Other prima donnys may as well throw up the sponge, first as last. My eyes don't mislead my earsite in this matter."

### SEVENTY-ONE, THREE-FOUR-TWO.

#### The Combination which Brought Kirchner a Fortune.

"Got the money?" echoed Herman Kirchner in reply to the question of a *Chronicle* reporter, "You can better believe I got it, and 'twas this very morning I deposited it in the German Savings Bank."

The Herman Kirchner to whom the question was addressed is the proprietor of the Crystal Hotel, situated at the corner of Fourth and Berry streets, who purchased one-fifth of ticket 71,342, which drew the first capital prize of $75,000 in the February drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery Company. The nature of the question was whether he had received the $15,000 to which he was entitled, his answer being the very decided affirmative given above. Kirchner, as his name indicates, is a German, and as his good fortune should naturally induce, lives in a state of perpetual smiles and laughter.

"Well, you see, it happened in this way," he went on, nothing loth to tell the story; "the agent of The Louisiana State Lottery came to me and says: 'Do you want to buy a ticket?' 'To Bismarck with your tickets,' says I. But when the agent was speaking he put down a lot of tickets, and I saw that number—71,342. 'That's funny,' I says to myself, and so I puts my finger on the ticket and draws it over. 'I'll take this,' I says, as unconcerned as I could, and takes it home and locks it up in the safe."

"What was queer about the number?" asked the reporter, growing interested.

"Just you listen and you'll see," replied Kirchner, smiling all over. "In the first place, I bought the ticket on the 7th of February, and that was my birthday. There's your seven. In the next place, I was just turned 41, was born in '43, and had that day started in on my forty-second year; so there's your 1 and your 3 and your 4 and your 2. There never was such a combination, and of course I could do only one thing—that is, draw the biggest prize there was."

"And now what are you going to do with the money?" it was asked,

"Well, when I got the money first," replied the happy Kirchner, "I thought of quitting this business, and give the old lady a rest, and let her take a little comfort out of what is left of her life. Then I thought there would be time enough for that; that she could be happy here for a little while longer, and that I would wait until I drew another big prize."

"Do you count on doing that?"

"Most assuredly I do," replied the jolly child of Fortune. "I've bought tickets six times, and have drawn prizes for four out of six, so there's no reason why I should not keep on in the same good way."

The agent was also called on, and very willingly confirmed the good news of Kirchner's lucky draw, and reiterated the statement that the money had that morning been deposited in bank.

"San Francisco has got all the luck," the agent went on, handing the reporter a sheet of paper on which were some 50 or 60 numbers with amounts set opposite to them for amounts varying from $500 down. "These are all prizes for the February drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, and what the proportion will be on the rush for the March drawing, Herr Glueck can only say."—*San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle, March 5th.*

—THE METROPOLITAN HALL IS THE MOST elegantly upholstered and conveniently arranged auditorium on the coast. It is especially appropriate for sacred concerts during Lent, by reason of its magnificent organ.

—A VISITING GOVERNESS, HAVING A CLASS IN the morning, would like pupils for the afternoon. References given. Address Miss R., this office.

—IF YOU COVET APPETITE, FLESH, COLOR, strength, and vigor, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

—AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL IS ADAPTED TO every age and either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.




KAPPA—A MYTH SUPPOSED TO INHABIT FRESH WATER, BUT NEVER SEEN.

Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.

ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.

ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.

THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

### A Fashionable Modiste.

**Her Handsomely Fitted-up Rooms at 121 Post St.**

The many friends and customers of the well-known modiste, Mrs. K. A. Deering, will be pleased to hear that she has recently moved into the new building, 121 Post Street, over O'Connor, Moffatt & Co.'s immense dry goods store. Mrs. Deering has long been identified with San Francisco, and her customers may be reckoned by the score, all of whom can testify to the excellent work done under her personal supervision. Her work is finished off in the most approved style, and her fitting is absolutely perfect, as she has a most superior fitter from one of the leading houses of Paris. In her new rooms, which are beautifully arranged, she has greater accommodations and more sewing-women employed. Mrs. Deering still continues her commission business on the same terms as formerly; that is, all orders under ten dollars, fifty cents to purchasers, and any sum over that free of charge. Mrs. Deering does not confine herself to dress goods in the commission business, but purchases furniture, carpets, or anything a buyer may require, her facilities being greatly improved by her recent removal.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. F. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.


THE
"POPE HOUSE" HOTEL.

The POPE HOUSE, for fifteen years past the leading private Hotel and Boarding-House of SANTA CRUZ, enjoying the first patronage in the State, has changed hands, and will re-open March 20th, under the direct personal management and supervision of the new proprietors,

**Mesdames Gambert and Gamba,**

who hope, by close attention to the wants and comforts of their guests, and the addition of a really first-class French cuisine, to merit a continuance of the valuable patronage so long enjoyed by Mrs. Pope.

Private Family Dining-rooms. French Dinners served to order in the best style.

No charge whatever for conveying guests to or from this hotel. Special omnibus awaits all arriving and departing trains and steamers.

**Messrs. FREDERICK KEPPEL & CO., of London and New York, have now on exhibition at Messrs. A. L. BANCROFT & CO.'S a large collection of RARE ENGRAVINGS and ETCHINGS, recently brought from Europe.**

**All Art Lovers are invited to call and examine the collection, whether as visitors or purchasers.**

THE BIGGEST THING OUT.

Illustrated Book **sent free.** (New.) E. NASON & CO., 120 Fulton Street, New York.

A SPECIALTY.

"INGLESIDE"

MARRONS GLACÉS.

**$1 PER POUND.**

**To be obtained only at ROBERTS'S, corner Polk and Bush Sts. Fresh Daily.**

FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES 235 KEARNY ST. S.F.

**Southwest cor. of Bush. Established 1877.**

PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

BUTTERICK'S

**Patterns---Spring Styles.**

**Send Stamp for Catalogue. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**

FOR SALE.

PRIVATE RESIDENCE

**Eleven Rooms and Bath.**

**All Modern Conveniences, North side of Vallejo Street, No. 2222. Lot 68 feet 9 inches by 137 feet 6 inches. Large Garden, Stable, and Chicken House. Look at the place, and make an offer.**

WANTED.

A SECOND-HAND SET

OF THE

"LITTLE CLASSICS"

Address, with terms, condition of volumes, etc., X. Y. Z., care of Argonaut office.

BETHESDA

SUPERIOR TABLE WATER

L. CAHEN AND SON, 418 SAC. ST. S.F.

R.H.McDonald PRES'T S.G.Murphy CASHIER
Established 1863.
Oldest Chartered Bank on the Pacific Coast
PACIFIC BANK
Capital Stock $1,000,000.00.
Surplus $ 450,000.00.
Resources $ 3,778,077.80.
San Francisco, Cal. Jan. 1, 1884.
**All matters** intrusted to our care will be attended to with promptness, fidelity, and in strict confidence. **R. H. McDONALD, Pres't.**

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
**Commission Merchants,**
**San Francisco.**
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
☞ Liberal advances made on consignments. ☜

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
**San Francisco,**
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON.
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
**No. 309 SANSOME STREET,**
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
**204 and 206 California Street,**
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

**A. HARKER & CO.**
**Importers and Wholesale Grocers,**
108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
**(Established 1854),**
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
**39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.**

**JOHN DANIEL & CO.**
Importers and Dealers in Italian Marble and Scotch Granite
**MONUMENTS AND MANTELS,**
No. 421 Pine Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco, Cal.
☞ Manufacturers of Monuments, Headstones, Mantelpieces, Plumbers' Stones, Table and Counter Tops, Imposing Stones, etc., at lowest cash prices.

**CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY**
**OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.**
**Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.**
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

**THE**
**AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,**
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**
Office, 208 California Street.

**J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.**
**MERCHANT TAILORS**
**And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,**
**415 MONTGOMERY STREET,**
**Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco**
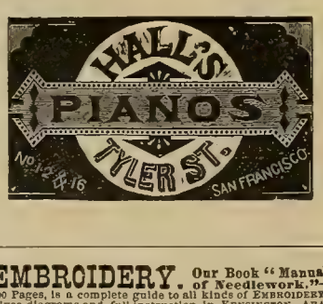
**Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed**
**TILES**
**For Decorations.**
**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**
**311, 313, 315 and 317 Market Street.**

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**
**Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.**
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
**HENRY F. MILLER**
**(Factory Boston, Mass.) and**
**HEMME & LONG**
**(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)**
**AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.**
**WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.**
**101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.**
**Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.**
**PIANOS**

**ICHI BAN**

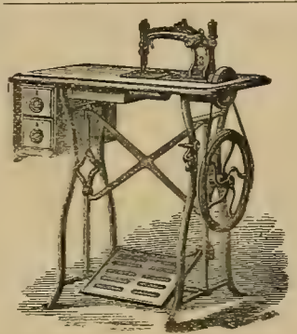
**WALL PAPER,**
**Artistic Designs, American, French, and English. Cornice Poles and Fixtures. Sole Agents on Pacific Coast for LINCRUSTA WALTON, the new and indestructible Wall Decoration. Imitation Stained and Ground Glass, for residences, churches, etc. Frescoing and Interior Decorating a specialty.**
**WINDOW SHADES.**
**Samples and Estimates furnished on Application.**
**G. W. CLARK & CO., 645 & 647 MARKET ST.**




**Every reader of the "Argonaut" should see a copy of**
**THE ILLUSTRATED NEW YORK**
**• LIFE •**
**The leading Humorous and Satirical Paper.**
TERMS: At the rate of $5.00 a year, postage free. Sample copy free. **1155 Broadway, New York.**

**EMBROIDERY.** Our Book "Manual of Needlework,"—100 Pages, is a complete guide to all kinds of EMBROIDERY. Gives diagrams and full instruction in KENSINGTON, ARASENE and all the new embroidery stitches, also gives directions for Crocheting and Knitting with cotton twine, several handsome patterns of window and mantle Lambrequins, also to crochet and knit fifty other useful and ornamental articles. Teaches how to make Modern Point, Honiton and Macrame Lace; also Rug Making, Tattio, &c., &c. Profusely illustrated. Price **35** cents post-paid; Four for **One Dollar.** Stamping Outfit of **10** full size perforated Embroidery Patterns, with powder pad, &c., **60** cents. Book of 100 Embroidery Designs **25** cts. All the above **$1.00.** **Patten Pub. Co. 47 Barclay St. New York.**

**PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.**
**Stationers, Booksellers,**
**Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,**
**204 Sansome Street, near Pine.**



**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.**
**WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.**
**303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.**

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE


HOME INDUSTRY

**HOTEL**
**SIERRA MADRE VILLA,**
**On the mountain side,**
**In an Orange Grove, Near Los Angeles.**
Has been enlarged to accommodate One Hundred Guests. For climate, health, comfort, pure water, and beauty of scenery, it has no equal on this coast. General Sherman says it surpasses all other places on the American continent for a quiet good time.
For further information, address
**W. COGSWELL, Proprietor,**
San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, Cal.

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**
**THE NORTON**
**DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.**

**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**
**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**
**36 California Street, San Francisco,**
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

**A. P. HOTALING & CO.**
**429 to 437 Jackson St.,** sole agents for the **J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky,** "O. P. S.," "O. O. K.," "O. K." "A No. 1," "A." Established 1852.

**BEAUTIFUL SNOW**
**FOR THE COMPLEXION!**
This elegant preparation is the most perfect beautifier known. It is pure and harmless, delightful in its application, and wonderful in its effects, while the closest scrutiny fails to detect its use. Prepared by
**H. BOWMAN, Chemist, Oakland.**
For sale by all druggists.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY.
**TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON**
A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for
**CONSTIPATION,**
Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Cerebral Congestion, etc.
Prepared by
**GRILLON,**
SOLE PROPRIETOR,
Pharmacien de première classe de la Faculté de Paris,
27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.
Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**GERMEA**
**FOR BREAKFAST. DELICIOUS. TRY**

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIV. No. 13. SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 29, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: San Francisco Gone Mad over the Singers—The People who Pay Extraordinary Prices and Premiums for Seats—The Two Parts into which the Community is Divided—Patti-ites versus Gersterites—Good Citizens who Stand Half a Day in Line only to be Disappointed—Ticket-scalper and "Impresario"—The Succession of Crazes which San Francisco has Weathered since 1849—Men who Talk Most About Music, and Know Least—A Promenade in the Grand Opera House Corridors—The Lack of Musical Talent in American Men, and its Prevalence Among the Women—The Extra Session and its Possible Outcome—A Blackmailing Raid on a Successful Enterprise by an Impecunious Mob of Political Adventurers—Counties which are Anxious for Railway Lines—Will their Representatives in the Legislature Join the Demagogues?—Railroad Securities Abroad—A Large Class of Democrats who do not Favor the Governor's Course—Would the Anti-railroad Movement Cease if Traffic Should be Stopped for Six Months?—Does Prohibition Prohibit?—A Question which Maine, Iowa, Kansas, and other States have Answered in the Affirmative—The Money which Comes from Brewery and Distillery to Fight the Temperance Cause—Some of the Preferences Expressed Concerning Presidential Candidates in various parts of the Pacific Coast—A Singular Unanimity—The Letters to be Placed Before the Coming Republican Convention—A Man who is for Blaine—Another who Prefers Edmunds or Windom ..... 1–3

OUR NEW YORK LETTER: "Flaneur's" Gossip about Gotham Men and Things ..... 3

THE COUNTESS AND HER BRIGAND: How She Danced the Czardas—A Story of Hungary ..... 4

OLD FAVORITES: "Saint Brandon," by Mathew Arnold—"Helen of Troy," by Henry W. Longfellow ..... 5

STORYETTES: Grave, Gay, Epigrammatic, and Otherwise—An Idyl of the Front Gate—Abraham Hayward and Thackeray—Bill Nye's Story about Prentice ..... 5

SOCIETY: "Bavadin's" Letter—Lent and the Opera-goers—Coming Weddings—Notes and Gossip ..... 6

CHIT-CHAT: The Family which Wanted to See the Opera—A Divided Bridal Party—Public Opinion Concerning the Divas—The Chinese Cook who Preferred Galassi—Messenger Boys—"Una's" Gossip ..... 7

VICTORIA'S MYSTIC MEANDERINGS: By Her Royal Nibs—Leaves from an Imperial Diary ..... 9

AFTER DINNER: "Viveur" Muses on Grisi and Malibran—He then Considers their Successor, Adelina Patti—A Gala Night in London, Years Ago—The Waltz-song in "Romeo and Juliet"—A Duel which Involved a Prussian, a Yankee, and a Danseuse ..... 8

LITERARY NOTES: A New Guide to Mexico—The Statesman's Year Book—Amusements ..... 8

VANITY FAIR: A Corset Store in New York, and its Patrons—Men who Lace up their figures ..... 9

OUR CHESS COLUMN: A Problem whose Authorship is Disputed—Other Notes of Interest to players ..... 8

ADELINA PATTI'S CHILDHOOD: Some Reminiscences of the Prima Donna when She was not Great, but Little ..... 10

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Gossip about Prominent People ..... 10

THE INNER MAN: London Public Banquets—Their Excellence and their Menus ..... 13

VERS DE SOCIETE: "Boccherini's Minuetto"—"A Bas le Masque"—"Ballade"—"At the Confessional" ..... 13

DRAMA: "Betsy B." Discusses Patti as Annetta, and Gerster as Marguerita—Sara Jewett in a New Rôle—The Theatres During the Week—"Excelsior" and the Kiralfys—Stage Gossip ..... 14–15

The people of San Francisco, and all of them, have gone crazy over the singing folk. Everybody in town, from the highest to the lowest—from the *haut ton*, which pays premiums for reserved seats, down to the eager-eyed rabble which rendezvous in front of the Grand Opera House to see ladies alight from their carriages—has gone stark, staring, crazy mad, except the writer of this article, and he is keeping his senses for two reasons: One, because it is necessary that the country readers of the *Argonaut* should have, from an impartial source, a knowledge of the existing condition of things; and the other, because the writer of this paragraph has not, and never had, the first particle of music in his soul, was not born with enough of a germ of musical taste or talent to justify a father, who also had no talent in this direction, in spending money on its cultivation. Not entirely indifferent to the harmony of sweet sounds, and quite alive to the melody of birds outside of cages (the canary is a nuisance); loving to listen to the wash of waves, the ripple of streamlets, the soughing of winds breathing amid waving branches; alive to the roar of tempest-tossed ocean and heaven's artillery, as wave beats upon rock, and thunders reverberate amid mountain peaks; keen to appreciate the sweet voice of the meadow-lark, the comfortable call of the quail, and the mournful note of the moaning dove at eve, and owl at night, as we hear them at our Corte Madera farm—we would not give one-half of a mutilated nickel to hear all of the prima donnas and divas who have sung since the time when the stars of the heavens were attuned to sing together for joy. The hope of heaven's music was never an inducement to behave ourselves in boyhood. An immortality of harp was no sort of compensation for pleasures denied on Sunday; and we could never become reconciled to the loss of any of the sinful enjoyments of youth in expectation of angel hymns and seraph songs. Heaven presents to us more attractions as we advance in years. The streets are paved with gold, and the harps and stools are golden. In order that we may never again be called upon for a musical confession, we admit that we regard the well-tuned hand-organ, briskly turned by an Italian with a monkey, as the very best music in the world. We have one regret always in this connection, and that is that the monkey can not dispense with the Italian, and save his well-earned sixpences for nuts for his own old age. "Patti" and "Gerster" are the only intelligible words which have been uttered for the last three weeks. These are mixed up in the confusion and jargon of Italian words and musical expressions, and the gibberish and slang of the "technique" of music. The community is divided into two parts—Patti-ites and Gersterites. Those who know least about music, and whose education in the divine art has been acquired in Tivoli and beer-garden, are loudest, longest, and most emphatic in expression of opinion upon the merits of these two ladies. At club and in society the never-ceasing din and racket of this controversy goes on. In the meantime the crazed dupes who love music, or pretend to love it; the husbands of music-crazy wives, who are compelled to attend the opera whether they love it or not, because it is the fashionable thing to do; the young fellows, with sweethearts, and the old society sharps, with bald heads, are swindled by a lot of ticket-scalpers, whom it is fairly suspected are on the divide with Colonel Mapleson, the boss of the whole imported caravan. We beg to inform our readers that the "boss" is called an "impresario." Good citizens stand for hours in line to be informed, after half a day of painful endurance in reaching the box-office, that the seats have all been sold, "more ash a veek ago." And then we swear; and then the gentleman from Jerusalem puts his finger beside his nose, and exclaims, "Vell, by jimminy, dis is a pisiness," and then we fellows, who do not want to buy tickets anyhow, go home and swear at our hard luck in not being able to procure admission. San Francisco is always going crazy over somebody or something. A more mercurial, childish, and irrational set of people were never gathered together in any part of the world. The immigration of 1849 was composed of the restless, adventurous, crazy people of the world; and we have been propagating our kind ever since. Just from memory, let us repeat the occasions upon which we have lost our heads: The Hounds, Vigilance Committees, the hanging of Casey and King of Wm.'s funeral, the death of Broderick, the arrest of Terry, Fraser River, Gold Bluff, Kern County, Washoe, the election of Lincoln, the fall of Sumpter, the victories and defeats during the civil war, the sanitary fund, death and funeral of Lincoln, laying of the Atlantic cable, driving of the golden spike, election and reception of Grant, the White Pine rush, the speculations in mining stocks, the Sand-lot Irish rebellion, and the New Constitution. We never permit ourselves to lose the opportunity of showing that we are but children of a larger growth, elated to the very pinnacle of hope, or depressed to the very depths of despair. One of the curious phases of the present musical furor is that it is not at all confined to musical circles. The truth is, that those who apparently know least about music think it necessary to make the loudest clamor over this business, for fear that their neighbors will think they know as little about music as we honestly admit we do. It is amusing to look over great audiences, such as have been gathered at the Thomas concerts, and over the Opera House on an Abbott, Gerster, Dotti, or Patti night, and note the tired, weary, ennuied look of our business men, especially our native Yankee-born, and contrast them with the foreigners who gather at the Tivoli, and, with pipe and beer-mug, give themselves up to the enjoyment of a luxury which they no doubt appreciate and fully understand. It is worth the three dollars we have, on several occasions, paid during the last three weeks, to walk the corridors of the Grand Opera House, smoke our cigars, and converse with our business men (as they steal out between acts to get cloves), and hear them confess privately and confidentially how they are bored, and to listen to the special excuse which most of them give for being there at all. The fact is, ours is not a musical people, and we are glad of it. The strongest of the conquering races were never musical. Great men never play the fiddle. We except Nero. If we had a son, he should not play the piano. Thank God, there are no Americans in orchestras or musical bands. Our boys play the flute in the spring-time of their lives, when they are in love and the fever of spring poetry overtakes them. There are few fatal cases, and very few of our young men take to music as a profession. Our girls are musical, and we take pride in admitting that there is so much of musical talent among our American girls. It is a profession only becoming to women. What American parent would wish a son to become a tenor or baritone, and sing for a living? As to any comparison between Patti and Gerster, we can not understand how one can be made, more than between the paintings of two of the old masters. Hanging side by side in the art galleries of Europe are the marvelous creations of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Rubens, Murillo, and others; and we recall no instance when they have been compared, the one to the prejudice of the other. The world of creative art has been large enough to admit of a long succession of grand masters, each with his peculiar charms, and none without his peculiar faults. These ladies have doubtless each their charms. The one has been crowned queen by the acknowledged of the world's best judges. She has reigned long and with undisputed majesty in song. She has for many years stood unrivaled in the realm of the divine art. The queen dies; long live the queen! Patti passes down and out, and Gerster rises to fill her place. There is one phase of this business which we wish we could discuss. If we placed upon paper the words of burning indignation which we feel toward those who violate the decencies of our American civilization, and set at open defiance those things which good women and honest men have been taught to reverence and respect, they would burn holes in the *Argonaut;* and more than that, they would offend a large class who openly say, and profess to believe, that one gifted with the divine art of Apollo, and crowned queen, may, in the conscious majesty of her power, do those things virtuous women ought not to do, and which good society ought not to countenance.

---

What will be the outcome of this extra session of the Legislature no one can at this time predict. We are endeavoring to make ourselves pretend to believe that the call for the extra session was because Governor Stoneman honestly thought there was such an exigency as demanded it—such a necessity as could be met by no other mode of relief. Since the day of its issue we have met no single Democrat—not one—who has not affected to regret that the call was made; but then our association is only with the more respectable gentlemen of the party, who pay taxes and do not take their opinions from party bosses. We venture to predict that there is yet sufficient intelligence among the leaders of the Democratic party to arrest this raid upon property. The Democratic party, while it is largely under the control of an impecunious mob of political adventurers, who have nothing to lose, and to whom any universal chaos short of "burning the d—d world" would deal to them a better hand, has still a

very large percentage of men of intelligence and property—enough, we believe, to say to the band of Dugald Dalgettys who have planned this blackmailing raid upon successful enterprise that it must stop. We have no patience with this illogical and demagogical assault upon property, whether in the Democratic or Republican party. We rebelled against the Republican State Convention two years ago, not for any reason personal to Mr. Estee; not because he would not in the ordinary administration of affairs have proved both intelligent and honorable, and in all respects honest; but because, in our opinion, the demagogue spirit so got control of the convention as to lead it to the adoption of resolutions at war with the best interests of the State. The individual, or journal, or party which does not concede the good accomplished by building railroads in California, and which does not admit their inestimable value to the State and to the city, we regard as either lacking intelligence or under the dominance of some selfish motive. The man, or politician, or editor who would arrest railroad building we look upon as the enemy of our progress. If it had not been for this last agitation, beginning at the last gubernatorial election, some millions would have been expended in this State for railroad construction, which will never be undertaken until this anti-railroad war is terminated. Before this time the road from the Southern line to the Yosemite would have been completed; the connection between Soledad and the Southern road at Bakersfield would have been made; the extension of the El Dorado road would have been under way; the Lake County road would have been undertaken; and various other contemplated roads would now have been in process of building. There are innumerable branches from the main lines of the Central and Southern roads to mountain valleys which would ere this have been well under way. The railroad people are now, as we are informed, contemplating the withdrawal of their working force from the north Sacramento Valley. If this work of connecting California and Oregon by rail is interrupted, the land grant will be forfeited and irreparable and lasting injury will be inflicted upon our State. This raid upon the roads, with existing constitutional provisions and the constant agitation of the subject, goes abroad, and so affects foreign money markets that it is utterly impossible to negotiate railroad securities of this State. The effect has been disastrous in this respect, and the result will be that there will be no new roads undertaken until the foreign money-lender can have assurance that the railroad builders will be permitted to administer railroad properties without the interference of political parties. The money-lenders of London, Frankfort, and Amsterdam are thoroughly posted in reference to these matters, and within three years there has been no important negotiation of bonds upon roads subject to California legislation. This is a matter which ought to be understood and fully considered by the business men of California before they allow, through their carelessness or indifference, this anti-railroad feeling to crystallize itself into constitutional legislation. The people of this State will be guilty of criminal neglect, if by their action, they do not give some firmative expression of their opinions before this session shall much further proceed. It is true, and the fact is a most significant one, that there has been from no prominent person or from no class any expression of opinion for this extra session movement, except from a few Democratic politicians of the lower order. The *Argonaut* challenges the *Examiner* or *Chronicle* to name a score of prominent men in this State who favor this session. We challenge them to name ten persons who—not having been in office, not seeking office, not having a personal quarrel with railroad corporations, and paying taxes upon a respectable assessment—are willing to be considered as approving this movement. We challenge them to name five prominent, honorable, business men of wealth in all the State who are against the railroads. We must also admit that, while there has been no affirmative endorsement outside of partisan circles for the extra session, there has been no movement in protest against it. It will be curious for us to observe the course of representatives from those counties in the State which are needing railroads and have none, and from those localities which have been confessedly benefited by railroad building. What ought to be the position of the representatives of Alpine, Modoc, Sierra, Humboldt, Lassen, Plumas, Lake, Del Norte, Trinity, Mendocino, Inyo, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Ventura, and those from parts of San Bernardino and other counties not yet suffering under the oppressions of railroad management? Do the people of the counties named desire to be brought into connection with the railroad system, or do they wish to have railroad building arrested? Will the Democratic senators and representatives permit themselves to be used by a set of very worthless city politicians to destroy the greatest industry of this State, in order that George Hearst or Judge Wallace shall drive the Hon. James T. Farley out of the Senate of the United States?—or that the hangers-on of Chris. Buckley's liquor-saloon may secure office in San Francisco? Will the average country Democratic farmer, living entirely away from railroads, who desires, as every farmer does, that a road shall be built to his part of the State, knowing, as every farmer in the world knows, that a road will advance the value of his land, and, by reducing the transportation of his produce, give it a value that it does not now possess—will these farmers, who do not love to pay unnecessary taxes, favor the expenditure of half a million of dollars from the State treasury, simply to whoop up a boom for a lot of unsavory chiv politicians and a lot of bad-smelling curbstone city loafers? Perhaps so. We shall see when this Legislature adjourns. We declare, without fear of successful contradiction, that a preponderating majority of the intelligent property-owning class of respectable Democrats do not favor this extra session movement; and we further prophesy that it will form the cremating furnace of every ambitious politician who has not the nerve and courage honestly and boldly to declare himself in opposition to it.

This question is important to all those parts of our State not yet accommodated by railroads. It is not to the counties above-named a question of fares and freights; it is a question whether they will have railroads at all or not. To the people of the extreme north—Alpine, Humboldt, and Sierra—it is presented as an alternative of railroads, with their not insupportable tariffs, and mule navigation; wagon transportation over mountains, or roads of broad or narrow gauge, winding along hillside cañons and mountain passes to their fruitful valleys; rail coaches for passengers, with comfortable seats, making twenty miles an hour, or bouncing mud-wagons as passenger coaches, crawling along at five miles an hour. There is not a valley of considerable size in this State which can not and ought not to have a railroad built to it. The world is full of money, and money is cheap; and this is the age of railroad-building. To arrest it here is to arrest the progress of the State. The man who throws himself in front of the engine is a narrow-minded idiot. Either he is killed by the engine running over him, or he throws it off the track and arrests the train. In either case he is an ass, and ought, if killed, to be buried heels up, or, if left alive, to have his ears cut off, because he is a reproach to the whole assassin family. There is not a locality in the State of California to which a railroad will not be speedily constructed, as soon as the railroad capitalist can come into friendly relations with the political power of the State. This is not a question between those localities now having roads and the men who own them. It is not the people of the valleys of Sacramento, San Joaquin, Los Angeles, and San Bernardino against Stanford & Co.; nor the people of Sonoma and Mendocino against Colonel Donahue; nor of Marin against Wm. Walker and his English associates; nor of Alameda, Santa Clara, and Santa Cruz against Mr. A. E. Davis and his associates; nor Mr. Anybody, anywhere, against the owners of existing roads—but it is a question affecting the interest of all those people in the State who have no railroads and want them. The people of the valley of San Joaquin, unmindful of, and ungrateful for, the building of roads which have made them wealthy, given value to their lands, population to their towns, and cheap transportation for themselves and their produce, have a right to quarrel with railroad companies, and to fight for reduced fares and low freights; but now that they have roads they have no right to say to the remaining portions of the State that it shall not also have them. They have no business to play the dog in the manger, and, in their greed for cheap transportation, refuse to give other parts of the State any transportation at all. Now that they have roads, they insist upon the adoption of constitutional provisions which shall make the building of additional roads forever impossible. These are the manners and the attitude of the hog, which stands with all his feet lengthwise in the trough and allows none to eat, except under his well-filled belly. It is a narrow, mean, and selfish policy; it is a greedy and disgusting exhibition for the property owners in localities where roads exist, to encourage this conspiracy of political mendicants and thieves to blackmail existing roads. The sensible people of this State are beginning to awake to a realization of the conspiracy. To those members of the Legislature representing constituencies which in the future will demand the use of foreign capital and the energy of railroad builders, we commend this line of reflection. When some noisy Democrat from a country cross-road complains that his calves have been run over, or, like General Naglee, that it costs too much to get his pigs to market, ask him, if he has not been benefited by railroad building?—if his land has not increased in value?—if he and his produce are not carried cheaper than before railroads were built? In a word, ask him if he would like to have the roads torn up? It would serve the grumblers along the railroad lines right, if, by flood or other casualty, the good God would, say for six months, arrest the turning of a railroad wheel. Half that time would bring the Democratic party to its knees, and so test the efficacy of prayer as to determine of what avail are the supplications of the altogether ungodly.

Engaged in conversation the other evening with a circle of gentlemen upon the temperance question, one of them gave utterance to the oft-reiterated and false assertion that "prohibition does not prohibit." It is a curious fact that a false idea, clothed in such attractive alliteration as makes it euphonic, will gain a popular credence which miles of statistics can never overcome. This is one of them. The kind of disputants who assert without proof, and the kind of persons who, like the Dutch governor, do not think, but only think they think, have so long declared and believed that more liquor is now consumed in Maine than before the passage of the Maine liquor law, and that more alcoholic drink is consumed in Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Ohio, North Carolina, and those other localities where restraining liquor laws have been enforced than before their enactment, that a large mass of unthinking and unintelligent people have come to accept the statement as true. It is not true; but, on the contrary, prohibitory and restraining temperance legislation is producing marvelously beneficial results. Our present object is not to discuss the temperance question, but simply to produce the retort of one of the gentlemen of the circle alluded to, in answer to the assertion that prohibition does not prohibit. "Then, how does it happen," said he, "that all the manufacturers and dealers in alcoholic liquors, and everybody engaged in its traffic, or who makes money out of the gin industry, so determinedly oppose restraining laws?" The inquiry is a pertinent one. If these laws not only do not limit the consumption of alcoholic stimulants, but increase its use, why is it that the keepers of every den and groggery, from the lowest dive to the most sumptuous of our gilded gin palaces, form themselves into Leagues of Freedom to control our elections and prevent legislation, and band together in illegal conspiracies to defeat the operation of our laws? How does it happen that, from brewery and distillery, come our election funds; from the bonded whisky interests money to debauch legislators; from foreigners and criminals the votes which impede and prevent temperance legislation? As soon as sober, intelligent, tax-paying citizens can wrench this temperance question from the preachers, fanatics, and fools, who in the past have monopolized it as a moral, religious, and sentimental question, and allow it to come into politics in a natural way as a question of political economy, temperance legislation will make practical headway. It has come to the States of Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Ohio, and is a growing sentiment everywhere, and it is coming to California.

During the last week we have received from all parts of the Pacific Coast a large number of letters giving preferences for Presidential candidates. Many of these are signed by several persons, but all with the full name and address of the signer, giving assurance of the genuineness of the response. Many of the writers are gentlemen of prominence in the State, personally known to the editor of the *Argonaut*. There is a singular unanimity, both as to the Presidential and Vice-Presidential choice, among the Republicans of this coast. These letters are so numerous, and many of them so ably written, and they so unmistakably represent public opinion among Republicans, that we shall take the responsibility of presenting them in full to the State Convention, which meets at Oakland on the last days of April to select delegates to a national convention, as an indication of the sentiment and opinions of a large class of persons who, for various reasons, are not likely to be represented in party conventions. We print this week the very able letter of Mr. Dempster, an old and well-known San Francisco merchant, and an equally well known clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, whose name, however, we have not been given permission to use. We respectfully solicit a continuance of these expressions for two weeks more.

It seems somewhat absurd to us that there should be whispered threats at Sacramento to read old Democrats out of the party in event of their assuming an independent attitude in reference to railroad legislation. Governor Stoneman declares in all his communications, official and personal, that this call of the extra session is non-partisan. The *Examiner* and its partisan surroundings have proclaimed the same fact. Republicans have been appealed to to go into a common caucus. The Republican County Committee of Alameda has been officially addressed by the Democratic County Committee for non-partisan instruction to the Alameda delegation. Now, when the chivalry wing finds itself hovering over the gulf of certain defeat, it threatens to drive old Democrats out of the Democratic party, because they refuse to support a non-partisan movement to help the *Examiner* make money and George Hearst to get office.

We respectfully submit to our associates in journalism whether the "tentacles of the devil-fish" ought not to be relieved from further duty in illustrating the grasping monopolies. Since the publication of Victor Hugo's novel, "The Toilers of the Sea," this octopus simile has been hard-pressed by writers and orators, and made to

serve on every kind of occasion, from the most refined circle which reads the *Nation* to the ill-smelling mob which gathers each Sunday upon our Sand-lot. As the octopus—we mean not the monopolies, but the devil-fish—has never done us any harm which we know of, and is really a very well-disposed fish if you keep out of his way and let him alone, and doubtless has his uses in the economy of nature, we suggest that our anti-monopoly writers and orators give him a rest. We are the more disposed to this, in view of the fact that we are in the midst of an extra session, called by adventurers and politicians to worry the railroad and transportation companies; and if this octopus simile gets its tentacles fastened about the throats or tangled about the arms of our Democratic orators, the session will be indefinitely extended, and the tax-payers indefinitely fleeced.

We understand that agents of the *Examiner* have been scouring this State to get together the Democratic county committees, to induce them to pass resolutions approving the course of Governor Stoneman in calling the extra session. So far, there have been three counties, out of fifty-two, which have responded. The result of this extra session is important, not only to the Democratic party, but to sundry persons. If it fails, and fail it will, the first thing is the complete destruction of the *Examiner* as a valuable newspaper property, and its deposition as a Democratic organ. It murders the senatorial aspirations of George Hearst and William T. Wallace, and secures the reëlection of James T. Farley. It cooks the chivalry goose, stirs up the Irish banshee which howls around the whisky saloon of Chris Buckley, and the Irish banshee never howls except in anticipation of a death in the family. It seems just now to forbode the death of the entire chivalry wing of the Democracy.

The Attorney-general's conduct is of questionable propriety. He is a member of Governor Stoneman's administration, and owes to the Governor the allegiance that this relation imports between gentlemen. Mr. Marshall's statements of the causes which led to the call of an extra session, as reported in the interview between himself and a *Chronicle* reporter, and which are not by him disowned, were lacking in the essentials of good taste. They were almost brutal in the directness of charging the Governor with falsehood and duplicity. If the official conduct of the Governor is open to criticism, the Attorney-general has the opportunity of reply from his own official position. The Attorney-general has gone into the newspapers, where the Governor can not follow, with a coarseness and flippancy that smells of the dueling code, a practice not encouraged in this State between gentlemen whose courage is not open to question.

There is a somewhat curious variation between Governor Stoneman's call for an extra session and his message to the Legislature. The first is silent as to the necessity of paying a fee to Messrs. Delmas and Rhodes for professional service in the railroad tax cases. In his message, he calls attention to the propriety of letting these gentlemen get their hands into the grab-bag. This is, we guess, one of the little jokers—the pea in the thimble. Fifty thousand dollars is the figure we hear named.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I desire to respond to your request for expression of preferences for Presidential candidates. The life of the nation is secured until the disintegrating forces, born of luxury and greed, shall bring upon succeeding generations a struggle, against which we can do little beyond imbuing our children with convictions of patriotic duty. The negroes need no national assistance, except to see that education is provided for all. At great risk we gave them the ballot, and that will make it the interest of the States to secure such intelligence as permits comprehension of the rudiments of political economy. Their future seems reasonably assured. The vital questions—first, national existence; second, duty to those whom it had permitted to be made ignorant and debased—no longer require us to ignore other subjects, lest the proper solution of these might be imperiled. We must no longer permit national action to be restricted to the question as to which set of office-seeking manipulators of primaries and conventions shall possess access to the Treasury. Those who have this object in view devote their energies to warding off consideration of tariff reform, or of any other matters which may cause or develop divided opinions. Civil service reform is administering a remedy for this cancerous disease in homœopathic doses; but if the treatment is continued, slow recovery seems assured. That it shall be continued appears to me the most vital of existing questions. I think I would rather sacrifice my vote than cast it for any President who did not appear to realize that rotation in office and its attendant evils mortgage the Government to mediocrity, if not to dishonesty, and would in time make it worthless to the people. If we are permitted to choose between men equally reliable in this respect, I think I should take more pleasure in voting for Mr. Blaine than for any other name I have heard mentioned. This, mainly, because he appears to possess and exhibit more of the qualities of a statesman, and because he is likely to have a policy, to submit it to the judgment of the people, and, if approved, to set it in operation. He does not seem afraid to speak out his opinions when questions of importance are being discussed; and he has independence enough to advocate measures which seem quite sure to arouse vigorous, and perhaps organized, hostility. I admired the promptitude and "clear-headedness" with which he suggested what appears the best method of settling the problem of taxation. The Federal income is too great to be wisely administered by the only class of men who are likely to be willing to go to Congress while the paths which lead to Washington are so crooked and muddy. The tariff can not be abolished without reducing the earnings of that large portion of the nation, which lives by physical as contra-distinguished from brain labor, below the standard of development and comfort, a course which would be criminal folly. The internal revenue can not be abolished without relieving from appropriate burden the luxuries out of which spring most of both the crime and the misery which appear to be increasing. Blaine's suggestion in this emergency, that the nation distribute the net proceeds of the latter among the States, and depend upon the former for its requirements, seems like that simple solution of great difficulties which characterizes genius. We are in growing need of a definite commercial policy. We are situated so as to create one to suit us. Few other nations are; circumstances control them. Our great industrial need is customers for the products of the manufacturing machinery which we can set in operation. Heretofore production has overtaken consumption so speedily as to compel frequent struggles for the survival of the strongest, involving all who depended upon daily earnings in disappointment and suffering. This has driven portions of them to the fertile soil of the West, and built up the empire in which we luxuriate. But virgin lands will not continue available for the distressed throughout an indefinite future. Unless we are content to lessen the progress of our industrial development, it is important that we open new outlets for the products of its machinery. This is easier to us than to other nations, because we are very large buyers as well as heavy sellers, and because the articles we purchase can be produced by those who would in time become extensive customers of what we manufacture. The problem is not at all difficult of solution; but, while the distribution of patronage has occupied the attention of most of those to whom the nation has confided power, it is scarcely surprising that the subject of a commercial policy has received little study and less discussion. Why should we continue to buy fifty millions dollars per annum of sugar, for example, from Cuba, when Spain legislates against our products, so that we are prevented from selling her more than twelve in return? Is it wise for us to continue indefinitely our practice of purchasing forty millions dollars a year of coffee from Brazil, while her people compel us to carry our gold to London, where it is more convenient for them to pay it over to the English, French, and German manufacturers, with whom they prefer to trade? Does any student of political economy doubt that, in one or more of many convenient and proper ways, we could easily convince the nations whose industries would be utterly deranged by the temporary suspension or even reduction of our purchases, it is quite reasonable that they should trade with those who trade with them? Is there anything more needed than that we should have a national commercial policy? Would not a determined effort in that direction result at least in tempting into public life some of the talent and ambition which have hitherto scorned to step into the filthy political pool? If, instead of a mere politician, we can seat in the Presidential chair a statesman, such as I believe Blaine to be, and prevent his being torn to pieces by the ravenous wolves who howl for place, may we not hope that his administration would concentrate public attention upon the questions which concern not only industrial progress but national character? It does seem possible to elevate politics by elevating its aims. It does seem possible to confine the influence of the ward politician to the habitués of the grog-shop in which he makes his headquarters. If this can be done, and the ambition of the talented young men of the nation can find a worthy arena in the service of their country and attain contentment in laboring for its welfare, instead of filching from its treasury, the change will do credit to those who helped inaugurate it. I think there are thousands of reflecting patriots on the Pacific Slope who would enthusiastically advocate Blaine's nomination, if convinced that he sincerely believes in, and would sincerely labor for, civil service reform, and felt assured that, while he is endeavoring to aid the Central and South American states to organize such a confederation as would lessen if not prevent the recurrence of war among themselves, and develop a feeling of national Americanism, they could depend upon his prudence to avoid the entangling alliances against which Washington warned us, and refrain from kindling jealousies or arousing fears, lest we cherish ulterior purposes antagonistic to their welfare and independence. We may realize the importance of having a wise patriot of proved ability in the Presidential chair, within the next half dozen years, when the nation awakes to the fact that the Monroe Doctrine has been set at naught, while Congress and the administration have been absorbed with petty affairs. A French corporation has taken possession of the Isthmus; ere long French men-of-war will be stationed in both its Atlantic and Pacific harbors; a commotion may easily be stirred upon shore, affording sufficient excuse for landing soldiers or marines; and temporary occupancy may easily be stretched into a permanent control which it may be almost as difficult to dissipate as it has been for Spain to recover Gibraltar. When we had a million veterans flushed with victory, a few letters written by Mr. Seward persuaded Louis Napoleon to withdraw his troops from conquered Mexico. Before 1890 it may need a new navy and a statesman with all of Seward's wisdom, patience, and persistence to reopen satisfactory communication between our Atlantic and Pacific ports. There are other questions looming in the mists of a not very distant future, the solutions of which may make a statesman of Blaine's vigorous grasp and breadth of thought an invaluable head of the national government. C. J. DEMPSTER.

MONTEREY, March 23, 1884.

From an eminent divine:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: My choice for nominees of the Republican party is, first, EDMUNDS and WINDOM; or second, WINDOM and EDMUNDS, and for the following reasons: Both these gentlemen are representative Republicans and representative Americans. Both are very able; both have first-class records as statesmen and as men; both have lived pure lives, and both are thorough gentlemen. Of course, Blaine is very highly thought of by all Republicans on the Pacific Coast. So is General Sherman. But it is just as well to note and to discuss their drawbacks with some freedom *before* the meeting of the convention, as to shut our eyes to them now, and then have the unwelcome and aggressive discussion of them forced on us by the opposition, *after* they or either of them shall have been nominated, and it is too late to remedy the matter. While Blaine is brilliant, he is *vulnerable*. Like Clay, he has been too long in public life. People know too much about him. He is a strong partisan—too strong, many think, for that high office. The Mulligan episode is not reassuring. That, and every point which can be raised, will be worked against him, if he is nominated, for all there is in them. Some, indeed most, of the great newspapers of the country, and considerable sections of voters, are "down" on him. This was evidenced by the apparently concerted efforts which were made to make odious two "Blaine ideas" (which certainly had merits), to wit: his South American policy, so-called, and his plan for the distribution of the "spirits revenue" among the States. Our partiality as Republicans for Blaine should not blind us to the fact that his candidacy would be a defensive one. As for General Sherman, the point has been raised—and it would inevitably become prominent if he were nominated—that his wife is a Roman Catholic; and his election would mean that the White House would be run by the Jesuits, for one of her sons is a Jesuit priest. The American people are not willing to have the White House dominated by a *foreign* church. At least one Protestant sect, the Methodist, to say nothing of others, would quietly but effectively oppose Sherman for the above reason—especially if a man like Thurman were put up by the Democrats. Blaine, also, to a certain extent is more or less mixed up with Roman Catholicism. The nomination of either Blaine or Sherman would certainly raise that issue. It is better that it should not be raised, for it would very likely assume a prominence in the campaign disproportionate to its importance. In the nomination of Edmunds and Windom it would be avoided altogether. As for Arthur or Logan, they should not be thought of. Neither should Lincoln for the Vice-Presidency—for which he is often mentioned for his immortal father's sake, and not for anything he has done himself—for he has done nothing to entitle him to that honor. Political parties run on lines of mere *sentimentality* are pretty apt to run into the ground. Experience should teach us that it is almost as important to elect first-class men for the second place as it is for the first. Both Windom and Edmunds are such men. Intellectually, Edmunds is equal to any American living. Windom's administration of the treasury was a splendid one. Both are clean, pure men, and as candidates they would be as nearly *invulnerable* as any two men who could be named, from Maine to California, from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico! They would command the respect of the best elements of the Republican party—which is saying about all. They would just "corral" the Independent vote—which, if we did but know it, is getting to be a power in this big Uncle Sam's rancho of ours! *Dominus vobiscum!*

A REPUBLICAN SINCE '56.

LOS ANGELES, March 20, 1884.

### A Criticism on Patti and Gerster.

DEAR ARGONAUT: The "opera craze" is still upon our community. The fever of excitement rages unabated, and in all circles, all classes, the cultured and unlearned alike, the merits of the rival prima donnas are discussed and criticised. It is at once pitiable and amusing to read some of the press criticisms that have argued their claims (!) to the laurels bestowed by the critics of the world's centres of civilization. To judge by nine-tenths of the articles written, one would be compelled to say that it was to see the wardrobe of La Patti, her famous diamonds, and bewildering costumes, that the crowd has besieged the doors of the Grand Opera House nightly. From much that has been said in regard to their *voices*, the painful fact would be forced upon us, as doubtless it has upon the minds of the artistes themselves, that, whatever San Francisco may possess to entitle her to rank with her sister cities, she appears to lack a competent critic of Italian opera in general, and the rival stars, Patti and Gerster, in particular. Of *la diva* herself, one tells us she sings out of tune and slurs her *roulades;* another, that she has a magnificent voice—"that's all"; still another (ye gods!) that "Il Balen" was her triumph in "Il Trovatore," and that Gerster is the superior artiste. The trouble is, people have written their criticisms as they themselves felt. Their judgment has been swayed by their personal emotions of pleasure or distaste, forgetting that the power of emitting a sweet sound, which charms the ear with its silvery *timbre* in one portion of the vocal register, does not constitute a great artiste. To appreciate fully the merits of these two great singers, one must perforce know something of the art of singing. To be simply a good musician is not a sufficient qualification. It is not merely what "pleases the ear," "touches the heart," "charms the fancy," etc., upon which a judgment should be based, but comprehension of the power and skill which produce these effects upon the listener. Did uncultivated individual taste afford a safe guide in such matters, we should have a school of operatic singing as diversified in its style as the changes of a kaleidoscope. A singer can realize the wonderful control which both artistes have acquired over the voice itself, the *perfect system of respiration* (no gasping, straining, audible catching of the breath—local singers take a lesson), enabling the voice to diminish from the strongest *forte* to the faintest echo, or swell into a burst of melody from the softest *pianissimo*. As I say, many and varied have been the criticisms indulged in, some more or less just, but not one that I have read or heard has pointed out the actual difference existing between Patti and Gerster. It lies in the *timbre* of the voice itself. In my humble judgment they are both far and away beyond *criticism*. One can not say too much of their individual merits. Both are great artistes, both are purely of the Italian school, and, as the grandest exponents of that school, vocalize with exquisite ease and finish, execute perfectly all the difficulties of intricate scales, chromatic staccato, trills, and *sostenuto pianissimo*, absolutely ignoring *portamento* and *vibrato* (another lesson for our local celebrities), are faultless in phrasing and melodious in tone. So far they are equal; beyond that there can be no comparison. It is absurd to institute it. As well compare the luscious, mellow Burgundy with delicious Château Yquem. Patti has a voice which has been styled phenomenal. Phenomenal, why? From its absolute *equality* of tone. Glorious in warmth, richness, and purity of intonation, from the lowest notes to the high register all are round, full of melody, and *equal*. It is this marvelous quality of voice which has made her unique, the *diva* of the world, and has placed her where no living singer—in this respect—can approach her. But be it distinctly understood and borne in mind, that, with this great natural advantage, art has been a powerful adjunct. It is the *ars celare artem*, so entirely the *diva's* own, that enables her to sing for so many years, in so bird-like a manner, with so much smoothness, round evenness of tone even in the most elaborate passages, that one loses sight of the difficulties encountered, it all *sounds* so easy. It seems as natural for her to sing as to breathe. Gerster's forte lies in the upper register. Like the skylark, the higher she goes the more she charms, electrifying as she soars by the ease with which she reaches and holds D, E, and even F. She revels in the heights as it were, and showers down upon her marveling, enchanted hearers such a flood of silvery melody, that, under the spell of those witching tones, they do not hesitate to proclaim her the equal—"nay," say some, "the superior artiste." But let the attentive listener wait until the extreme upper notes are left and the medium register is used. It is here, in the middle tones, that the inequality of Gerster's voice betrays itself. The full richness, the extraordinary sweetness of tone so distinctive a feature of the upper notes, is lost, and a "throaty" *timbre* strikes the ear, a defect which is disguisable only in *piano* passages. It is a weak spot which art has done much to bridge, but does not wholly cover. I can not more aptly illustrate this assertion than by pointing to the different effects produced upon her auditors by her singing of the mad scene in "Lucia," or, still better, the "Non giunge" of "Sonnambula," and the simple, medium tones of "Era un re di Thule" from "Faust." Every competent critic will admit that the former was so exquisite and flute-like that here no one can rival her. In the latter, while pleasing all by her charming interpretation and rendition of the hapless Margherita, she did not *enrapture*, being out of her peculiar sphere for doing so, which is, I reassert, the upper register. Gerster is a most delicious singer; but to say that she is the superior artiste to Patti, or even her equal, is unfair to both. Surely the critic who declared that the *diva* "slurred her runs," will have reversed that opinion after hearing her marvelous vocalization of the "Dance Song" in "Crispino," and her wonderful singing of the time-worn but ever-beautiful "Il Bacio," which was a triumph of art. The rapid transition from the ringing joyousness of the opening bars to the soft, languishing murmur of the "Vieni mi diletto," again changing to brilliant runs, given with a clean finish, recalling Joachim's violin. Again mark the difference between her trill and that of Gerster. One is full, bird-like in its *roundness*—the other partakes of the character of a shake. What a treat it was to hear the accompaniment given the waltz by the orchestra, under the *bâton* of its gifted composer, Arditi. Apropos of the orchestra, it has been a revelation to many. Instead of the crashing, braying of instruments, with each individual instrumentalist striving for supremacy, utterly regardless of the fact that they are drowning the singer's voice, their single aim apparently being to avoid the leader's eye, one hears a soft shading of harmony so finely blended that the whole body of players seems one, sustaining and in very truth *accompanying* the voice. The orchestration of the different operas given has been simply perfect, and a delight in itself to listen to. With so world-renowned a *maestro* as Arditi to wield the *bâton*, how could it be otherwise? For the first time, San Francisco has seen and heard Italian opera in its perfection (barring a tenor). Both Patti and Gerster have shown us that the lyric art requires not only singing but acting also; "from grave to gay, from lively to severe."

E. B.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 26, 1884.

Mrs. Frank Leslie is again reported as about to wed the Marquis de Leuville, a son of the famous Madame Tussaud of wax-works fame. The marquis first dazzled second-chop New York society three years ago under the auspices of "Jenny June."

## THE COUNTESS AND HER BRIGAND.

A Story of Hungary.

My dear friends, you know, do you not, the Countess Etiennette de Repey—the young one, of course, not the old one—my black-eyed demon? When I say "my" it is a form of speech, for she is not mine—not in the least mine. You, he, I, we all know her. You, he, I, we have all sighed for her; but none of you have had the happiness, which I have had, of being in the dead of the night with her in her own carriage. It is true that her companion was there also; but, nevertheless, it was a great happiness. And yet I would willingly have deprived myself of it. We were at her château of Kerchvar. It was already very late in the evening when she suddenly remembered that there was a ball the next night at the Arad Casino, and that she had positively promised to be present. She ordered the carriage, and as I was her only guest, she came to me and begged me to accompany her. "Baron, come with me; will you, dear baron?"

What could I answer? "Countess, my goddess, the night is very dark; we shall be upset, we shall break some limb, and how shall we dance after that? We have the three Kœrass to pass; the bridge over one of them is not firm, and we have every chance of being drowned. The forest near Szalonta is a nest of brigands. How can I defend you all alone? And then what is the necessity of going this evening? We can get into the carriage to-morrow morning after we have had our tea; your superb dapple grays will put us down at Arad in the afternoon, and we shall have plenty of time to think about your toilet."

That is word for word what I said to her; but I spoke in vain. The more I dissuaded her the more she held out. She did not wish to drive post haste; she wished to be able to rest after the journey. She did not wish to jump from her carriage, worn out and heated, into the ball-room. Then, too, she thought there was nothing more beautiful than the stars, the frogs, and heaven knows what else. Her whim must be gratified, though the world should come to an end. I could choose: either I could accompany her, or remain in the château alone. I went with her, and as a compensation she granted me the favor of sitting opposite to her in the carriage.

The journey was really charming. The countess loaded me with favors. First of all, she placed a hat-box on my knees, to which she soon added her muff; then she hung a work-box on my arm; then she loaded me with some other package, and, finally, went off to sleep. It was in vain that I spoke; she never answered. Nevertheless, when too sudden a jolt shook the carriage, she condescended to ask me a series of questions about her work-box, her satchel, her basket, and made inquiries as to whether I was not seated on her hat-box. Upon being reassured, she went off to sleep again. Her companion moaned and gave vent to a few *herr Gotts* about her headache. I, in my turn, made believe to sleep.

Suddenly a more violent jolt than any of the others woke us all up. The carriage seemed to have half upset. The countess, who was still drowsy, asked what had happened. The footman got down from the box and came to the carriage door.

"Excellency, we have lost our way."

"Well, what does it matter? Is that a reason for stopping? If there is a road before, we shall arrive in the end."

"Yes, but"——

"What do you mean by 'yes, but'? The road must surely lead somewhere?"

"That is true; but I fear it does not lead to a good place."

"You are crazy! Is there such a thing as a bad place in the world? Where are we?"

"In the forest of Szalonta."

"The forest is not interminable. You can get out of it in two hours, whether you go lengthways or breadthways."

"Yes; but the coachman fears"——

"The coachman, in his contract, did not reserve the right of fearing."

"He fears an accident for your excellency."

"That is no affair of his."

"Or with the horses."

"That is no affair of his either."

"The forest is frequented by poor boys." (*Szegeny legnenijek*—it is thus that brigands are designated in Hungary.)

"The coachman is a goose. Is he not a poor boy also?"

"He means the poor boys who steal horses."

I thought it right to take part in the conversation.

"Countess, my goddess, there is no reason for jesting. You see, it was hardly worth while to start in order to sleep in the depths of the forest. You may have your horses stolen, or your life taken, or lose something else. If I at least only had my revolver!"

"To have that stolen, too."

And thereupon the little demon opened the door, and before I could prevent her she had alighted.

"What a magnificent night! How deliciously the forest smells! How the fireflies sparkle! Just look, baron."

"Look? Why you can't see three steps before you!"

"Yes, yes, you can. Don't you see a light down there among the trees?"

I turned cold. We had fallen into a den of thieves. From the top of his box the coachman answered, in a voice stifled with fear: "Excellency, it is the *czarda* which keeps its guests." (A proverbial expression for saying: The tavern from which you never go out.)

"If it keeps its guests it is just what we want. Let us go there."

I was in despair. "Countess," I said, "in the name of heaven, what do you mean to do? This is a rendezvous for robbers, where we shall have our throats cut; a den, of which the proprietor lives in communication with all the bandits of the country, and where they assassinate people every night."

The wicked creature only laughed at me. She told me that we read of such things in romances, but that they did not really exist; that she would go to another inn if we could find one for her, but as there was only that one she had no choice. And she ordered the coachman to follow with the carriage, declaring that she would go first, in order to serve as our guide.

All objections, all supplications were useless. We were obliged to direct our steps toward the cursed inn, with all our luggage, for she threatened, if we were frightened, to go alone. Truly, she was afraid of nothing. As we approached the *czarda* we suddenly heard the strains of merry music, which reached us through the half-opened windows. The inn was indeed full of bandits.

"Well," said the countess, merrily, "we were going to a ball, and here we find one. We can not escape from fate."

While she was speaking she darted toward the door. For a moment I was impelled to turn on my heel, to leave her there in the lurch, and make good my own escape. But that would not have been proper; besides, I could never have rid myself of her companion, who was clinging, in despair, to my arm. The poor woman was half head with fright, and followed her mistress with trembling steps. Through the door we heard the deafening noise of the dance, and the frantic hurrahs of the men as they rushed about the room. But the countess was not alarmed; she opened the door boldly and walked in.

The room was whitewashed, and was both long and wide. In the first moment of emotion I thought there must be at least fifty men in it, dancing and rushing around. Later, on counting them, I saw there were nine, including the innkeeper and three *tsiganes*, who composed the orchestra. They were all strong, tall fellows. Their pipes, which were stuck through the ribbons of their hats, almost touched the principal beam in the ceiling. Their shoulders were formidable. Their five rifles were placed against the wall in a corner,

We were in a pretty wasps' nest.

When the wretches saw us they ceased dancing, and appeared surprised at our audacity. The countess said to them, with her conquering smile: "Excuse us, my good friends, if we disturb your amusement. We have lost our way, and as we can not continue our journey to-night we have come here to seek refuge."

One fellow, straight as the letter I, and finely formed, broke away from the group, twisted his mustaches, took off his hat with a swaggering gesture, brought his heels together, bowed to the countess, and told her that her appearance did not disturb him; that, on the contrary, it made him very happy; that he was master of the premises for the moment, and that his name was Joszi Feketé (a famous Hungarian brigand). He then asked her excellency who she was.

Before I could pull the countess by the sleeve, to caution her to hide her name, she had already answered: "I am the Countess Repey; I live at Kerchvar, near here."

"Oh! I have the honor of knowing you. I knew the old count, also. He fired his double-barreled gun at me one day, but he missed me."

"A charming acquaintance."

The countess sat down on a bench, and the bandit placed himself beside her. As for me, no one asked me to sit down.

"And where are you going in this way in the middle of the night?"

I made a sign to her not to tell.

"To the ball at the Arad Casino."

Farewell our jewels!

"Then it is very fortunate you have lost your way. Your excellencies have no need to continue your journey. It so happens that we are just giving a ball, and I hope you will accept an invitation. Our tsiganes are excellent; it is the Szalonta troupe. They play magnificent *czardas*. Hallo, *more* (a term of contempt given to gypsies in Hungary), play us the air from the 'Beautiful Woman,' and do not let your eyes wander from the violin."

The rascal did not even ask permission. As soon as the musician had struck up the *czardas*, he threw his dolman over his shoulder, took the countess by the wrist, and drew her into the middle of the room. Another bandit threw himself on Mademoiselle Cesarine and seized her, half frightened to death and half fainting. Ah! she had no need to seek partners, for she passed from hand to hand, and so quickly that her foot hardly ever touched the ground.

The countess showed what she knew. She danced with as much ardor and with as much fire as if she were on the waxed floor of the Arad Casino. Never had I seen her more fascinating, more beautiful. Up to that time the Hungarian dance had never seemed to me, at the best, anything but strange. No one had ever made me understand before what a *vetyar* was (another expression for designating a brigand). He began by dancing round his partner with a lofty mien, affecting to be very proud of her, looking at her from head to foot, and over his shoulder, mingling his cries with the music. When he was weary of this diversion, he placed her in the middle of the room, and it became the lady's turn to dance round her partner. She faced him, whirling round discreetly, with a modest reserve, like that of a butterfly hovering above every flower without resting on any. I can say, without exaggeration, that her feet did not seem to touch the ground. The fellow, with a coquettish gesture, bent toward her, as if he meant to kiss her, but he stopped, striking his foot. The enchantress threw her head back proudly, flew off on the tips of her toes, and pirouetted to the very end of the room; but they never took their eyes off one another. Finally, the brigand turned away impatiently, manifesting his anger by dancing furiously before the tsiganes, then suddenly wheeling round, he seized his partner, and made her fly round him like a whirlwind. Yes, the countess danced like a will o' the wisp.

In the midst of the intoxication of this dance I had one preoccupation, and that was lest the wild fellow, in his fervor, should make some unseemly demonstration before the countess. As you may well believe, the temptation was strong. She was entirely in his power, and for a man on whose head a price had long been set, one crime more or less was of small account. At the first impropriety I was resolved to seize one of the guns in the corner and blow out his brains. On my honor, I was firmly resolved to do it. Happily, there was no need of going so far. The dance ended peacefully with the three traditional turns, and the bandit chief led his partner to her seat, after having kissed her hand very respectfully. He then stepped up to me, and striking me insolently on the shoulder, said:

"And you, my little old chap, don't you dance?"

To call me little old chap!

"Thanks; I do not know how to dance."

"All right," said he, and returned to the countess.

"You must excuse us, excellency, we were not prepared to receive such illustrious guests. Pray accept heartily of what we can offer you. It is little, but it is good."

He alluded to the supper.

The banquet was exceptional. I can well so describe it. They placed on the long table a large saucepan full of *gulyas*, a sort of stewed veal. There was no sign of a plate. They ate with their fingers, holding in one hand a piece of bread and fishing out with the other a piece of meat from the tureen on the point of a knife.

The countess ate as though she had been fasting for three days. The brigand chief was much occupied in catching for her with his pocket-knife the most appetizing pieces of meat (all of which were floating in a gravy of red pepper) and placing them on her white bread. She declared the dish to be excellent.

The bandit presumed to remark that I did not eat.

"Eat, little old chap. This dish will fatten you; it is stolen goods."

Just as I had expected.

"I thank you; I could not eat it; it is too peppery for me."

"All right," said he, and once more left me alone.

There was no use of thinking even of a glass; the wine was served in wooden cans. According to the custom of the peasantry, Feketé drank the first, and having wiped his mouth on the loose sleeve of his shirt, he presented the can to the countess. She drank. Oh! my friends, what an extraordinary woman!

The vagabond then turned toward me and offered me a drink.

"Drink, little old chap," (always the same epithet), "or else you will fall asleep."

"Thank you, I can not drink; I am following a homœopathic treatment."

"Oh! ho!" said he laughing, "*similia similibus*" (the rogue knew Latin.) "I, too, am following that treatment, and as wine made me ill yesterday, I am curing myself with wine to-day."

I was perfectly convinced that, once drunk, they would fall on us. The five of them emptied a cask between them, and yet, when they rose from the table, not one of them staggered.

While the others were giving supper to their musicians, the chief came again to me.

"My little old chap, you do not eat, drink, nor dance. How do you amuse yourself? Are you fond of cards?"

And, at the same time, he drew a pack from his pocket.

"Ah," thought I, "now he wants to know how much money I have with me."

"I know no game of cards."

"I will teach you one in a moment; it is very easy—see. I place one card here, another one there; you cover one, I another, and the first one who draws a court card wins."

He went on explaining to me from point to point a species of lansquenet, as if I had not lost two estates at that game. I was obliged, however, to relearn it from him. What could I do? Sit down and play with him. I had in my pocket a certain amount of copper coin, which I decided to risk, and which I spread out on the table.

"What's that? You do not intend to play with coppers here?"

And he took from his pocket a handful of zweizigers, an Austrian coin worth something less than twenty cents, and some ducats.

I also had some zweizigers in my pocket. Trembling, I placed one on a card. It was a court card; I had won. The chief paid. For nothing in the world would I have dared to pocket that money, so I left it on the table. I won once, twice, thrice, and each time I left my winnings on the table. The fourth, fifth, sixth times, it was still I whom Fate favored. I began to feel excessively warm. My position was dreadful—playing cards with a brigand, and winning his money steadily. The seventh time I won again. I had a whole string of zweizigers spread out before me. A cold perspiration ran down my brow. I continued to leave my winnings on the table, while I silently murmured the following prayer:

"Lord grant that I may lose this money!"

Vain prayer; for the eighth time I won again.

This time, certainly, thought I, I am marked out for death. The wretch said to me, laughingly: "You are probably one of the fair countess's unhappy lovers, for you win outrageously, my little man." He dared to laugh at me.

At the ninth turn I was trembling in every limb. I won again. The robber struck a fierce blow on the table, and still laughing, said:

"Listen, little man; if you go on at this rate I shall lose a province in an hour."

He gathered together what remained of his money on the table, and rose. I offered to return to him the sum which I had gained, but he eyed me from head to foot with the haughtiness of a hidalgo: "For what do you take me? Put up that money, or I'll pitch you out of doors with your zweizigers." Then I took the whole sum and threw it to the tsiganes. It was only when it was too late that I understood that what I had just done was madness, for I had myself revealed my wealth.

The tsiganes surrounded me, begging me to let them play the tune I liked best. I got rid of them by sending them to the countess. The madcap soon made her choice. With her siren's voice she began the popular air:

"My home is in the desert in winter as in summer."

She sang so well, and with such an irresistible charm that I fancied myself in a box at the Pesth Casino, and set to work to applaud her. The brigand chief applauded also, and was kind enough in his turn to regale us with a

me. He drew out a flute and played some rustic melody. What it was I do not remember.

"It is your turn now, my little old chap; sing us something."

This demand embarrassed me cruelly. For me to sing! In a state of mortal anguish! I, who never in my life could sing anything!

"I do not know how to sing," I replied.

Generally the countess laughed at me if I happened unconsciously to hum a few bars from some opera, in my frightful peacock voice. But this time, speaking to me in French, she begged me to sing, if I did not wish by my refusal to expose us all to some insult. This request was all that was wanting to deprive me of the remainder of my confidence. What could I do? With trembling heart and choking voice I began to sing laboriously. For a moment the countess listened to me with great composure, but, in attacking one of the verses, I made an effort to raise my voice, when it broke so ludicrously that she burst out laughing. The whole band followed suit, so much so that at the end I did as the others, although I had not the slightest wish to imitate them.

The dance began again. The countess was indefatigable. She whirled about until daylight. When the sun smote the window-panes, she thanked the brigand for the pleasure he had given her, and begged him to have her carriage got ready, so that she might continue her journey.

Now, surely, our last hour had come!

Joszi Feketé went out, woke up the coachman and the footman, had the horses harnessed, and came back to tell us that we could get into the carriage.

Then I felt sure that he intended to assassinate us on the road.

I got back into the carriage with more fear than I had got out of it. The most suspicious thing to me was that I had not been asked for my pocket-book.

The bandit chief mounted his horse and accompanied us as far as the high road, keeping always by the carriage door. On arriving there he showed us our way, took off his hat, wished us much pleasure, and disappeared.

I felt safe only when we reached Zernid. Then I reproached the countess, and told her that if my presence had not restrained the rascals this sad adventure might have had the most frightful end for her.

She listened to my observations patiently, and, by way of reply, asked:

"Apropos, dear baron, are you not sleepy?"

"No," I answered, curtly.

"Then sing me the end of that tune you could not finish last night."

"In that case I am sleepy."

All along the road I made myself happy by dreaming of the favors which the countess would have to lavish on me in order to buy my silence about this escapade. However, we had only just arrived at Arad, and she had not yet crossed the passage from the hotel door to her room before she had already related the whole story to three persons. When we entered the ball-room every one knew of it. That did not prevent her from being queen of the ball, as she had counted on being, or else why should she have come, seeing that she did not dance once? To those who invited her to dance she replied that she was tired. I should think so! She had danced eighteen *czardas* from midnight to morning. I, who had not moved, could hardly keep on my legs.

I rushed to the gaming-rooms, saying to myself: "Now that Fortune has come to you, press her to your heart." At one table they were playing lansquenet. "Away with you," I said; "I have the devil's own run of luck to-day at this game!" Yes, I was in for one thousand florins! Fortune only pursues me when she sees she terrifies me.

Six months later I took up a newspaper. I read in the official part (I never read any other) that the famous brigand, Joszi Feketé, condemned to death by a court-martial, had been hanged.

I carried the interesting paper to Etiennette de Repey, and showed her the news.

"Ah!" said she, when she had finished reading the sentence, "he was such a good dancer!"—*Translated from the Hungarian.*

---

Chinese Gordon, one of the bravest of modern soldiers, has an honorable hatred of publicity, and a sensitive shrinking from laurels and laudations. An incident recorded in the story of his life illustrates these characteristics. He had sent his journal of the Tai-ping war home from China, "not wishing it to be seen outside his family. A minister interested in the rebellion heard of the manuscript, and was so struck by its contents that he sent it to the press in order that his colleagues might have the benefit of reading it. Late one evening it so happened that Gordon inquired about his journal. He was told what had occurred. He arose from table, left the house, and posted off to the minister's residence. Not finding him at home, he went to the printer's, demanded his manuscript, and gave orders that what copies had been printed should be destroyed and the type broken up. What eventually befell the manuscript is unknown, but it is certain that no one has seen it; in fact, there is every probability of its having been destroyed."

---

At a recent meeting of the Syndicate of French Tailors, in Paris, a member, Monsieur Ducher, made a complaint which would seem to show that the taste for garments cut in the English style is rapidly spreading among Frenchmen. So recently as 1875, Monsieur Ducher said, there were only thirteen English tailors in Paris, doing business to the amount of fourteen hundred thousand francs a year, whereas at present there are thirty-nine, whose dealings amount to thirteen million five hundred thousand francs. Monsieur Ducher went on to give it as his opinion that English taste in dress is "horrible," but at the same time he appealed to the patriotism of his fellow-countrymen to support the native tradesmen.

---

An Austrian artist, Adolph Koenigsberger, has just executed a striking likeness of the Emperor Francis Joseph in characters, forming no fewer than eight thousand words, the whole resembling a copper engraving.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Helen of Tyre.

What phantom is this that appears
Through the purple mists of the years,
Itself but a mist like these?
A woman of cloud and of fire;
It is she; it is Helen of Tyre,
The town in the midst of the seas.

O Tyre! in thy crowded streets
The phantom appears and retreats,
And the Israelites that sell
Thy lilies and lions of brass
Look up as they see her pass,
And murmur "Jezebel!"

Then another phantom is seen
At her side, in a gray gabardine,
With beard that floats to his waist;
It is Simon Magus, the Seer;
He speaks, and she pauses to hear
The words he utters in haste.

He says: "From this evil fame,
From this life of sorrow and shame,
I will lift thee and make thee mine;
Thou hast been Queen Candace,
And Helen of Troy, and shalt be
The Intelligence Divine!"

Oh, sweet as the breath of morn,
To the fallen and forlorn
Are whispered words of praise;
For the famished heart believes
The falsehood that tempts and deceives,
And the promise that betrays.

So she follows from land to land
The wizard's beckoning hand,
As a leaf is blown by the gust,
Till she vanishes into night.
O reader, stoop down and write
With thy finger in the dust.

O town in the midst of the seas,
With thy rafts of cedar trees,
Thy merchandise and thy ships,
Thou, too, art become as naught,
A phantom, a shadow, a thought,
A name upon men's lips.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

### Saint Brandan.

Saint Brandan sails the northern main;
The brotherhood of saints are glad.
He greets them once, he sails again;
So late!—such storms! The saint is mad!

He heard, across the howling seas,
Chime convent-bells on wintry nights;
He saw, on spray-swept Hebrides,
Twinkle the monastery lights;

But north, still north, Saint Brandan steered—
And now no bells, no convents more!
The hurtling Polar lights are neared,
The sea without a human shore.

At last—it was the Christmas night;
Stars shone after a day of storm—
He sees float past an iceberg white,
And on it—Christ!—a living form.

That furtive mien, that scowling eye.
Of hair that red and tufted fell——
It is—oh, where shall Brandan fly?—
The traitor Judas, out of hell!

Palsied with terror, Brandan sate;
The moon was bright, the iceberg near.
He hears a voice sigh humbly: "Wait!
By high permission I am here.

"One moment wait, thou holy man!
On earth my crime, my death, they knew;
My name is under all men's ban—
Ah, tell them of my respite too!

"Tell them, one blessed Christmas-night—
It was the first after I came,
Breathing self-murder, frenzy, spite,
To rue my guilt in endless flame—

"I felt, as I in torment lay
'Mid the souls plagued by heavenly power,
An angel touch mine arm and say:
'*Go hence, and cool thyself an hour!*'

"'Ah, whence this mercy, Lord?' I said.
'*The Leper recollect,*' said he,
'*Who asked the passers-by for aid,*
*In Joppa, and thy charity.*'

"Then I remembered how I went,
In Joppa, through the public street,
One morn when the sirocco spent
Its storms of dust with burning heat;

"And in the street a leper sate,
Shivering with fever, naked, old;
Sand raked his sores from heel to pate,
The hot wind fevered him five-fold.

"He gazed upon me as I passed,
And murmured: '*Help me, or I die!*'
To the poor wretch my cloak I cast,
Saw him look eased, and hurried by.

"O Brandan, think what grace divine,
What blessing must full goodness shower,
When fragment of it small, like mine,
Hath such inestimable power!

"Well-fed, well-clothed, well-friended, I
Did that chance act of good—that one!
Then went my way to kill and lie—
Forgot my good as soon as done.

"That germ of kindness, in the womb
Of mercy caught, did not expire;
Outlives my guilt, outlives my doom,
And friends me in the pit of fire.

"Once every year, when carols wake,
On earth, the Christmas-night's repose,
Arising from the sinner's lake,
I journey to these healing snows.

"I stanch with ice my burning breast,
With silence balm my whirling brain.
O Brandan! to this hour of rest
That Joppan leper's ease was pain."

Tears started to Saint Brandan's eyes;
He bowed his head, he breathed a prayer—
Then looked, and lo, the frosty skies!
The iceberg, and no Judas there!

—*Matthew Arnold.*

## STORYETTES.

### Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

His greatest enemy: A good country priest said to a dying drunkard: "My friend, you must reconcile yourself with your enemies." "Then," groaned the dying man, "give me a glass of water!"

"I don't think much of that," said a waiter, scornfully, as he picked up a two-cent piece given him by a customer. "Neither do I," replied the customer; "otherwise I shouldn't have given it to you."

A man and wife were looking at the snakes in the Zoo when the latter said: "Can you distinguish the male from the female?" "No," he replied; "but it is an easy matter for naturalists." "How do they know?" she asked. "By the extra amount of venom on the female's tongue."

In one of the new girls' schools: The inspector arrives to make an examination. "I wish to have the best informed young lady come to the blackboard," he says, solemnly. No one moves. "Then," says he, gracefully, "I should like the prettiest one to come." They all rise.

They were standing at the front gate. "Won't you come in the parlor and sit a little while, Georgie, dear?" "N-no, I guess not," replied George, hesitatingly. "I wish you would," the girl went on; "it's awfully lonesome. Mother has gone out and father is up-stairs groaning with rheumatism in the legs." "Both legs?" asked George. "Yes, both legs." "Then I'll come in."

On the morning of an academic election a candidate for the vacant chair meets one of his friends. "My dear," says the friend, "allow me to congratulate you; it appears that you have every chance of being elected." "That is to say that I had them a month ago, at the time I made my visits; but now it looks doubtful." "How so? It's impossible! You haven't published anything since!"

Doctor Chalmers, when once invited to address a primitive prayer-meeting in a remote Highland parish, was requested to speak down to the intelligence of his flock, and use only the simplest words and sentences. Chalmers good-naturedly assented, and began with this easy sentence: "My friends, I have been specially requested in addressing you to-night to avoid the technical nomenclature of scholastic theology."

Abraham Hayward, in his younger days and until very lately, held aristocracy in awe. Apropos of this, Thackeray used to tell, when over here, how, on the occasion of their first dining with the Duke of Newcastle, and going together from the Garrick in a cab, he transfixed Hayward with terror and amazement by taking out a shilling at the hall at Portman Square, amid all the caparisoned flunkies, and offering to toss up to see who should pay the fare.

One of Doctor Stubbs's predecessors in the Bishopric of Chester, England, was Sir William Dawes, who afterward became Archbishop of York, and who was a genial, joke-loving prelate. One day, it is said, praising his wife, Mary, who had been dead for some years, and by whom he had been sorely "henpecked," he remarked that he could truly say of her that she was a *mare placidum*. "Yes, my lord," said a clergyman in the company, "but it was needful for her first to become a *mare mortuum*." The bishop so enjoyed this joke, though a rude one and at his own expense, that he presently promoted the perpetrator of it to a handsome living.

"This a story of George D. Prentice which I never saw in print," says Bill Nye, "and which is a better illustration of his ready wit than anything else he said, I think. The old *Journal* office used to be stamping ground of many Southern men, more or less known, who liked to hear the veteran journalist tell a story or warm up a presumptuous young man for lunch. Among those who frequented the *Journal* office was Will S. Hays, the song-writer. Coming into Mr. Prentice's office one day, in that free-and-easy way of his, he sat down in one chair, with his feet on another, and jamming his hat on the back of his head, said, without consulting Mr. Prentice's leisure: 'Seen my last song, George?' Mr. Prentice ceased writing, sighed heavily, and looking up sadly and reproachfully at the young man, said: 'I hope so, Billy.'"

The late C. S. Calverley, who was known at Harrow as C. S. Blayds, was the most audacious and daring of schoolboys, both morally and physically. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that about the year 1848, Doctor Vaughan was endeavoring to teach his pupils a little modern history. The innovation was a startling one, and the sixth form offered to it a passive resistance which, considering the nature of the text-book employed, "Russell's Modern Europe," was from a literary and historical point of view not altogether indefensible. Not finding his questions very readily answered, the doctor on one occasion asked as a sort of final question, and in a voice of, for him, somewhat unusual sternness: "And how, Blayds, did the Huns conduct themselves after their arrival in Italy?" The answer, given *verbatim* from the text-book, and sounding all the more absurd from the relentless accuracy with which the author's almost incredible sentence had been committed to memory, and the calm deliberation with which the words were uttered, ran as follows: "They hunted the bear in the voluptuous parterre, the trim garden, and the expensive pleasure-ground, where effeminacy was wont to saunter and indolence to loll." Young Blayds's mastery of some Latin authors was so precocious and so extraordinary that on one occasion when he was "put on" in school, at the beginning of a lesson, the doctor was so amazed and delighted at the brilliancy of his rendering that he let him go on, in the most unexampled way, to translate some seventy lines of the Second Æneid of Virgil.

## SOCIETY.

### "Bavardin's" Letter.

DEAR ARGONAUT: Now that the turmoil and bustle of the past three weeks are so nearly over, society will calm itself somewhat when it sees the curtain fall on "Crispino e la Comare," for the last time, on Saturday afternoon, and, returning to religious duties, devote the remaining weeks of Lent to penance and fasting. Regular old church members have been growling a good deal of late, and asserting that never before have church people so openly disregarded that sacred season as now. Opera parties have been the rage this last week of the season, and each evening has seen the different boxes and season seats filled alternately with pretty nearly the same set of people. San Francisco "society" has eminently enjoyed the operatic gala, and has certainly done its part toward making a brilliant interior at the Grand Opera House nightly, by appearing in showy, elaborate toilets. A good deal of entertaining has been done in honor of the gifted song-birds, who so soon are to wing their flight Eastward, including banquets, drives, excursions, and balls. Wednesday evening was chosen by the Italians for the ovation to the peerless Patti, in form of a ball at Saunder's Hall; and on Thursday evening the German Verein gave one in honor of Gerster, at their fine club-rooms on Sutter Street. The excursions were made to Menlo Park and Belmont, where drives were taken about the neighborhood to view the different villas scattered along the country side, and partake of luncheon, in the one case at Mr. Felton's place and the other at the Belmont mansion. Each party traveled down the road in the special car of the accompanying artiste, and all, no doubt, had the "splendid time" they said they had. Of the entertainments given outside of opera *motif*, the most noteworthy have been a very elegant luncheon given by Mrs. Charles Crocker in honor of her Sacramento friend, Mrs. Carroll, a formal dinner at the Tevises, and a grand affair to Madame Gerster by Mrs. Hecht, of Van Ness Avenue. On Wednesday evening the Pacific Skaters gave their reception, at which the members and their friends skated to music, and then danced till after midnight. Among those present were the Montgomerys, Godleys, Schmiedells, Petersens, Bradleys, Misses Peters, Rising, and Belle Rice. The concert and ball in aid of the British Benevolent Society was quite a success, in spite of the inclement weather, and must have replenished the coffers of the society. The Pacific Club banquet was also a success; though not so convivial an evening as was anticipated; several shining lights of the after-dinner circle of the members, evidently preferring "Crispino" to the jokes of their fellows, deserted and went to the opera. The Lotus Club will make their next reception a masquerade, but, as it will fall in Passion week, I question if there will be a full attendance. As Easter draws near society begins to look forward to the big wedding which is promised at the McMullin residence early in Easter week, Miss Rebecca and Mr. Belvin being the contracting parties. Although the ceremony itself will be a private affair, attended only by the family and immediate friends, the reception which will follow is to be on a grand scale. What a fair bevy of bridesmaids the bride's sisters will make! Pretty Miss Jennie Selby and Faxon Atherton will be married about the same period, but in this case the wedding will be extremely quiet, to take place at Mrs. Selby's country home, near Fair Oaks. Next week Miss Bessie Raymond and Mr. Ashton will be married at the residence of Mrs. Smedburg, Miss Raymond's sister. The young ladies of society are devotedly hoping for a naval ball, or an afternoon dance at least, on board of the flagship *Hartford*, now in port. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wilson returned to us last week from their extended European tour, and report that Governor and Mrs. Stanford may be looked for ere long, having already sailed for New York. Their present destination is Albany. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Haggin have also got back from their Eastern trip, and rumor says that a wecome home will be given them at the paternal abode early in April. The spring exodus will begin soon now, but I fancy that the watering places will not be so extensively patronized this year as last, at least not until later in the summer. Several engagements are whispered of, but as none are authenticated I will not speak of them at present.

BAVARDIN.

### Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Samuel Butterworth arrived Friday last from the East, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Louis Haggin, after an absence of about three months. J. G. Fair arrived the same day, as did also Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wilson, from their sojourn abroad. Mr. John Fay and his daughter, Miss Mamie, who has been the recipient of many attentions this winter in New York, returned from the East Sunday last. Colonel John M. Dennison returned Monday last. Rowland Hill returned Wednesday, after having been gone since July last. Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft arrived from San Diego last week, his family remaining there at the Florence House. Captain H. H. Curtis, having disposed of his interests in Los Angeles, is for a time stopping with his brother in Oakland, *en route* to Denver, his former home, where he will in all probability permanently locate. General Charles Foreman has returned to his home in Nevada, after spending some time with his daughter, Miss Kittie Foreman, in the city. Other recent arrivals from the East were Byron F. Stone, and William J. Callingham from his European trip. General A. J. Hatch of Nevada is in town; his family returns home in June. W. J. Carlisle of Los Angeles is guest of his sister, Mrs. George H. Kinstell, at the Grand. Mrs. John Hemphill is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Robert Hastings. During the four months' absence of the Rev. Doctor Sprecher in Scotland, as delegate to the convention, Doctor Hemphill will occupy his pulpit at Calvary. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton and family, Major A. S. Bender, Doctor J. S. Stallard, Gilbert H. Taylor and wife, Mrs. Captain Penniman and Miss Penniman, Doctor Charles Ford, Cecil Brown and servant, General H. A. Adams, F. W. Ringe, G. L. Underwood, W. A. Herrick, E. H. Ellis, A. J. Hall, and Joseph Wilson are among the latest arrivals from the Islands. Among the many who came to the city to hear the opera during the past week were Commander Henry Glass and wife, of Mare Island, Henry C. Hyde and family, of San Rafael, General and Mrs. Chipman, of Red Bluff, Miss Jeannie Cox (daughter of Senator Cox of Sacramento), chaperoned by Mrs. A. Gallatin, Hon. and Mrs. A. G. Booth, Mrs. Henry Miller, and Mrs. Charles McCreary, of Sacramento, Mrs. R. N. Clark and daughter, Miss Millie, of Carson, Mrs. Edgar and Miss Addie Mills, of Menlo, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Requa, of Piedmont, and Mr. John Deane and family, of Temescal. At present visiting Mrs. John McMullin, on California Street, is Mrs. Colonel Hays and daughter, Miss Bettie. Mrs. ex-Mayor McCoppin is up from San Luis Obispo visiting Mrs. Judge Sanderson. Mrs. De Greayer is entertaining Mrs. Edwin Merrifield, of Nevada, previous to her visit East. Mrs. N. P. Chipman, of Red Bluff, is for a few days visiting friends in the city, among them Mrs. Faull. Mrs. William H. Grattan, who is at present guest of Mrs. Colonel Grannis, of Rincon Hill, will take up her summer quarters the first instant at her country seat near White Sulphur Springs, Napa County. Among the Eastern tourists and visitors at present in the city at the Grand Hotel are Samuel H. Stennett and daughter, Miss Nanny, of New York, William F. Gonin of British Columbia, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Davis, Miss Edith Davis, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Deney, all of Portland, Maine, arriving Friday. At the Palace are W. J. Anderson, England; the Misses Kerr, Miss Katie Alexander, R. S. Cox, and R. S. Cox Jr., of Toronto, Canada, who also arrived Friday. T. B. Westcroft and Charles Christensen, of St. Louis, are in the city; also C. B. Barnard of Yokohama, and A. Williams of New London, who leaves soon for Honolulu. Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Perine and family resumed occupancy of their home in Fruit Vale, Thursday. Ex-Mayor and Mrs. Coon, with Miss Brigham, return to Menlo this week. Mrs. Judge Wallace and family will summer at Skaggs's Springs. Mrs. Crittenden Thornton, with her family, have taken rooms at El Monte, Sausalito, for the summer, as have also Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Mauldin, George F. Theobald and family, and Mrs. G. W. Thomas and daughters. Mrs. Monroe Salsbury and family will pass a portion of the season at Monterey. Among the guests there the past week were Mrs. Doctor Herzstein (*née* Cora Wallace) and Miss A. Jones, her guest from Mexico, S. F. Thorne and wife, N. J. McConnell and wife, E. L. Baker, Mrs. J. L. Stone, E. P. Stone and wife, and N. J. Stone and wife. Mrs. Doctor Wadsworth and daughter will, for their summer trip, visit the Thousand Islands. Miss Ella Wainright will accompany Miss Florence Krumb (who for the past four months has been her guest) back to Honolulu. Miss Dora Miller still continues to receive informally Thursdays, at her home in Washington, the family not having yet made their proposed trip to Florida, as they had anticipated, during Lent. At a recent reception she presided, beautifully dressed, at the tea-table, on which glittered a samovar recently received from Russia, the tea brewed in it having been sent a present to her father from the Emperor of China. Nothing has been thought of for the past week but opera or opera parties, hardly varied by an occasional luncheon or reception. One of the pleasantest affairs of the kind was that gotten up by Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Paige, who were assisted by the Misses Paige, Doctor and Mrs. Toland, Miss Sperry, Mr. Pease, and Cutler Paige, an after supper at the Palace Hotel winding up the evening. For opera parties, Wednesday seemed the favored evening. That given by Mr. R. F. Morrow included Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. John McMullin and the Misses McMullin, and J. D. Grant, ending with a supper at the Maison Dorée. Another party, gotten up by Mr. Chapman, the Belgian Consul, numbered Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barroilhet, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hooker, Miss Fannie and Cary Friedlander, Mr. Godefroy, Doctor Bowie, Mr. Pillsbury, and Baron Bonnemains, as guests, also finishing with a supper at the Maison Dorée. Mrs. Le Count, Miss Laura Weller, and Mr. Bee were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Booth, at one given the same evening. Miss Flora Low Carter Tevis, Henry Redington, and Terney Nickel occupied, with the Floods, their box for that evening. Seymour Severance got up an opera party for Saturday evening, among whom were Mrs. Sydney Smith, Miss Hockhofler and Miss Rabe. The same evening Mrs. Judge Sanderson's box accommodated quite a number of her friends, including Mrs. Henry Barroilhet, and Mrs. R. C. Hooker. At the matinée Mrs. Withington was the guest of Mrs. J. C. Flood; Mrs. Commodore Harrison and Miss O'Neil were the guests of Chris Reis; and the Misses Atherton and Walker the guests of the Misses Page. Madame Patti's daily diversion has been a drive to the Cliff. Sunday she visited Belmont in her own private car, and was delightfully lunched and entertained. A ball was given in her honor by the Italian colony under the auspices of Consul Lambertinghi and Vice-Consul Brichanteau, at Sanders' Hall, Wednesday evening. The hall chosen was a small one, which, with the exquisite floral decorations, gave it the effect of a large salon. The invitations issued did not exceed two hundred and fifty, the effort being to make it as select an affair as possible. Patti's name was everywhere woven in floral device. The reception given her Friday afternoon by General and Mrs. Turnbull, at their residence, Van Ness Avenue, was a brilliant one. Madame Gerster-Gardini has been the recipient of many attentions. A grand reception was given her last night by the San Francisco Verein. Tuesday she enjoyed a sail on the bay. Sunday she drove out to the Cliff, and in the evening dined with a number of friends. Friday of last week she held a reception at the Palace, which was attended by many prominent society ladies. Among the guests at the dinner and reception given the prima donna by Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht, on Thursday of last week, were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Weil, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Menser, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Greenbaum, Miss Agnes Spreckels, Mrs. E. Hecht, and Bert R. Hecht. The Austro-Hungarian Consul, Mr. Hockhofler, and his daughter, Mrs. Raoul Martinez, accompanied Madame Gerster and party, on Thursday last, through Chinatown and to the Chinese Theatre, a performance being given for the occasion, and a tea at a restaurant, at which several Chinese maidens gave an exhibition of their vocal ability, was most hugely enjoyed. On last Sunday evening Madame Gerster and Doctor Gardini were entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Mathias Gray. The affair was purely a family dinner and entirely informal. Miss Flora Low, Miss Addie Mills, Miss Hull, Count Zacharoff, Colonel Mapleson, Henry Hyman, Signor Arditi, and Signor Franchi were, with Doctor and Madame Gardini, the guests of Count Olarovsky, the Russian Consul-General, on Sunday week, at his Menlo Park residence. A luncheon at the residence of the Hon. Charles Felton, a drive through the surrounding country, and a return home to an evening performance at the German Theatre, was the day's programme. Of the weddings to note the past week was that on Sunday last, at the residence of the groom's brother, the Hon. George E. Whitney, on Fourteenth Street, Oakland, uniting the Hon. Frederick Whitney to Miss Edith Adams, daughter of a prominent merchant of Farmington, Maine. Rev. Doctor Akerly officiated at the ceremony, which was a quiet affair, merely relatives and particular friends assisting. The couple will make their residence at Tubbs's Hotel on their return from Monterey, where they have gone for their wedding trip. Among the engagements announced is that of Miss Bessie Raymond, daughter of J. W. Raymond, to Mr. George F. Ashton. The ceremony will take place at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Colonel W. R. Smedberg, 611 Larkin Street, on Wednesday night. The wedding of Miss Rebecca McMullin to W. Wagner Belvin, of Danville, Virginia, is definitely fixed for the Wednesday in Easter week, to be followed by a brilliant reception.

### Art Notes.

Theodore Wores's new picture, "The Chinese Musicians," is nearly ready for exhibition.

Mr. Alexander's study in the North Beach museum of "The Old Man's Pleasure" is now on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's.

Miss Nellie Hopps will leave for France early in May.

Jules Tavernier has completed a number of landscapes of Colorado scenery, which will shortly be placed on exhibition.

Among the larger engravings in Mr. Albert Roullier's collection are all Toschi's translations of Correggio's famous frescoes. They were made when the frescoes were in good condition, and are the only way in which we can now realize what the great master's conceptions must have been, ere centuries of exposure had wrought their effacement. Among these, "The Coronation of the Virgin" and "The Madonna of the Ladder" are perhaps the most important. "The Descent from the Cross," after Voltierre, the pupil of Michael Angelo, is another of Toschi's more famous engravings. Morghen, the great interpreter of Raphael's works, is also completely represented; the "Transfiguration" and "Last Supper" are perhaps the best known.

## WHAT RUINED "LA VIE."

### "Flaneur" Describes the Ugly Women in the Latest New York Opera.

The Bijou Opera House managers, having achieved one success, have promptly counteracted its effect by a stupendous failure. "Orpheus and Eurydice" was a go because in it were a number of extremely pretty women, with abreviated costumes, and the whole opera was instinct with life, music, and hosiery. The opera ran several months to an immense business, and nearly all of the girls were photographed and exhibited from one end of the town to the other. Until the last, people crowded to the Bijou to see the collection of pretty women, graceful dances, and showy costumes. The managers made money. In the zenith of its popularity they removed "Orpheus," and substituted another of Offenbach's operas, "La Vie Parisenne," which was produced under the title of "La Vie."

They carefully selected all the pretty women in the caste of "Orpheus," and sent them over to Williamsburg; then they went abroad, through devious by-ways, side streets, and secluded alleys, and secured a troupe of strangely repulsive and amazingly tiresome women. Most of them are characterized by an entire lack of teeth, crooked backs, mature manners, and ungraceful movements. In all my experience I have never seen such a collection of startlingly plain women as those at the Bijou theatre. Coming, as they do, immediately after the beauties who made "Orpheus" famous, they seemed doubly repulsive. One woman, the prima donna, was so antique that one felt respect for her as she came upon the stage, and her singing was received with the same mute and respectful silence with which one treats the efforts of a much revered and respected grandmother.

This woman was the most startling innovation in the comic opera line I have ever seen. From the first she seemed to feel that the frivolity, life, and wickedness of an Offenbach opera was quite too reprehensible for her to countenance. So she stalked through the night with a face indicative of virtuous and maidenly disapproval, and a manner calcululated to freeze the marrow in the bones of the most mercurial Frenchman. When she smiled—which she did at one or two intervals of the play—the audience turned pale. She was like the spectre of an ancient opera bouffe queen returned to the stage, decayed, resentful, and morose. Constant allusions were made throughout the opera to her beauty, wit, and vivacity, and she stood like a lump of lead, and received them all without stirring a muscle of her cast-iron face. This may sound a bit abusive, but it is deserved. No manager—I don't care who he is—has the right to so fly in the face of the traditions of comic opera as to put a woman who is described by other women as "a perfect fright" in a rôle that should be filled by a jolly little soubrette.

The prima donna, however, was not a marker to a "thing" which came out in the second act. She appeared and the audience disappeared simultaneously. As an aid to the experiments of the Fire Department she would be of amazing value. People would run from her faster than from any fire that ever burned. She wore a pea-green dress, brown slippers very much run over at the heel, a tiara of alleged diamonds, weak eyes, round shoulders, and a toothless smile. At first glance, she looked like the grandmother of one of the veterans of 1812. When she smiled one could easily imagine her as the great-grandmother of one of Washington's famous nurses. She was the only object I ever saw who really and actually presented a more ancient appearance than these same nurses of the father of our country.

I have always thought that a Washington nurse was the oldest living thing on the face of the earth. Everybody must have encountered these nurses at various periods of his life. I have met several hundred of them. They usually travel with Dime Museums or gipsy bands in this section of the country, though they occasionally live in huts at the outskirts of small towns. There is no doubt whatever that Washington had several thousand nurses. The oldest of them is a giddy, whirling, frolicsome, exuberant, and fantastic young thing compared with the antique bit of bric-à-brac that struggled out to the footlights at the Bijou Theatre on Tuesday night and sang a roundelay. The audience sat in stupefied bewilderment for a short time, and then there was a wild outburst. Some applauded, some hissed, and others went for the door. After she had finished, the audience set to, satirically, and gave her such an ovation that she came forward and sang the thing over again. She was extremely tart; her gestures were copied closely after those of Aimée, and she wagged her head with a coquettish air—it reminded one somehow of an old chicken with the fever and ague—and sang with an alternate snort and gulp that rendered the wildest efforts of the other singers tame by comparison.

Besides this woman, there was a long and thin one, who thought she could warble, and couldn't. There was another who wore boots, sang out of tune, and played the cornet; and still one more, who appeared in the first act in a riding-habit, and who apparently forgot to come in again until the end of the play, and claimed that she was the maiden aunt of somebody or other, and that she was very much disgusted with somebody else.

I would be more accurate if I had the most remote idea what the opera was about, but it was such an extraordinary jumble that even the shrewdest observers were left in the dark as to its plot. "La Vie Parisienne," as Offenbach and Halévy wrote it, was a bright and interesting sort of an opera. It achieved a decided success in Paris. Farnie, the London librettist and composer, thereupon translated it into English. He found it necessary, or at least thought it necessary, to change the moral tone of the opera. It would perhaps be more accurate to say, to give the opera moral tone, as it hadn't any in the French. So he endeavored to turn the wild and reckless freak of a Parisian *roué* into the highly respectable lark of an English lord. The very points which made the French version quaint, risky, and proportionately successful, were rendered dull, commonplace, and unobjectionable by Farnie.

The plot of the original opera is simple enough. A wild

and reckless young rake in Paris falls in love with the photograph of the daughter of a German baron. He learns that the baron and his daughter are coming to Paris on a tour. Thereupon he assumes the dress and manners of a Parisian guide, takes his guests to his own house—assuring them on the way that this house is a hotel—and gives a reception in their honor, at which he dresses all his flunkies, housemaids, and gardeners as noblemen and ambassadors. An amusing and highly precarious love episode goes on between the distinguished Parisian and his lady-love.

You can imagine the tremendous mental strain Farnie must have been under when he transposed his piece into a respectable English opera. When he had ground it down to Sunday-school point, he produced it in London, when it was a prompt failure. Thereupon, our managers rushed over, and, after a fierce competition, it was secured by the managers of the Bijou Opera House. But observe, they did not produce Farnie's version. Instead, they turned the opera over to Mr. Sidney Rosenfeld, a gentleman of Hebraic extraction, who has assisted in several comic opera failures in this country. Mr. Rosenfeld, when he was beginning to get in his fine work, was deprived of the opera, and it was turned over to Max Freeman. Max Freeman did his little best, and then, Richard Mansfield, who had been engaged for the principal rôle, suggested some alterations, which were promptly made.

The complacency of the managers in this respect was really remarkable. It would seem that they were only too glad to make any alterations suggested by anybody. However, after many rehearsals and much preliminary advertising, "La Vie" was produced. The first act was in a railway station, the second in the house of the hero, and the third in the garden of a friend. The semblance of this version of the French opera to the original has almost entirely disappeared. With it went the wit and fun. All that remains is a confusing jumble and a crowd of awful women. The opera deserved to fail.

Mansfield's acting and singing were admirable. He is one of the strongest character actors on the stage to-day, and is sure of a success in comic opera. His make-up as a fat old German baron was almost perfect, and his accent natural. With him was Jacques Kruger. He is one of the funniest men on the stage to-day. He has been a sort of utility man at Tony Pastor's for a few years, but he has never branched out for himself. Two weeks ago, Nat Goodwin engaged him to play in "Warranted." The play failed, and Kruger lost his opportunity; but during the two nights of the play, he quite took away the honors even from Goodwin himself. So it was in "La Vie." He had few lines to speak, but his acting was so forcible, original, and humorous that he focused the attention of the audience whenever he was on the stage.

I witnessed a scene in the London Club last night that was rather impressive. It was in a poker-room on the second floor, and four men were playing. Two of them were members of the Union Club, a third a newspaper proprietor, whose name is known all over the country, and the fourth a colonel in a prominent militia regiment here. They were playing ten dollars limit, and had been at it for several hours when I went in. Just as I got there, the man who held the age raised to the limit; the others all came in until it came around to the dealer, who raised it again to the limit, which was promptly followed by the age man, and it went around once more. It was raised thus until there was nearly two hundred dollars in the pot. The man who held the age was a little fellow with blonde hair and waxed mustache. He is a member of the Long Island Hunt Club, is a calm and fearless horseman, and as plucky as they make them. The men called for cards. The dealer threw one in front of the age, one to each of the next two men, and took two himself. The draw made a flush for the man next to the age, did not improve the two pairs of his neighbor on the left, and gave the dealer, who held three aces, a full hand. The betting went around once. The age man raised it again, and so certain was everybody at the table that the age held four of a kind that the ace-full called him instead of giving him a raise. The players flashed down their hands. The age held four eights.

"Where is your fifth card?" asked the colonel, sharply.

"Here it is," said the youth, carelessly taking up the draw-card from the table. "I forgot to pick it up."

"The pot goes to the next highest hand," said the colonel, calmly.

"Is that the rule?"

The players nodded, and the young Union Club man, without changing the muscles of his face, calmly took the cards from the next man and began to deal them around. He lost two hundred and fifty dollars by his negligence, but he was quite as chippy and pleasant after as before. His fortune is not so enormous that he can stand a loss of that sort without feeling it either. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, March 20, 1884.

Those who are interested in the private lives of sovereigns will find some satisfaction for their curiosity in an article which Monsieur Victor Tissot has written in a Paris paper describing the *vie intime* of the royal family of Saxony. According to Monsieur Tissot, the Queen of Saxony is a model housekeeper. She excels in the making of jam, and all the cupboards in the palace are full of confections prepared by her own hands; but unfortunately there are no children there to eat them. "There are as many pots of jam in the palace," says Monsieur Tissot, with an allusion which his countrymen will understand, "as there are shells in the Berlin arsenals." In the autumn her Saxon Majesty spends days together in the kitchen, vested in a cook's apron, making preserves. Like the wife of the Vicar of Wakefield, "for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none can excel her." The queen is of a frugal turn of mind, keeps her own household accounts, which she balances every day, and will not suffer even that two candles should burn where one will suffice. She is popularly known in the dominions over which her husband is supposed to reign as "The Angel of the Hearth."

Zola writes two novels a year, one article a day for a Marseilles paper, one article a week for a Paris periodical, and one article a month for a St. Petersburg review.

## CHIT-CHAT.

In a certain household of this city where the opera craze has raged the hottest, the lord of the manor has treated every member of the family, down to Bridget and Mary Ann. Ah Gee, the cook, alone was left. This fired his Mongolian pride.

"Boss no catchum ticket fer me!" he remarked, sadly. "I go see Pattum-Gerst myself. I go galley see 'Lomany Lye'; I go galley see Pattum-Gerst."

And he went. How he managed to get in, no one knows; but as no one knows the amount of statecraft that has been invoked in any one's getting in the night they wanted to, Ah Gee's is not an isolated instance.

All that is known is that the prima donna war which had been waging hot and strong above stairs went by gradual steps into the nursery, the kitchen, and the laundry. The lord of the house was for Patti. The lords of all the houses are for Patti. The lady of the house was for Gerster. The ladies of all the houses are for Gerster. Bridget was for Patti. Mary Ann was for Gerster. But Ah Gee, like the boy who would rather go a-fishing, declared himself for Galassi. He has not been able to separate the identity of the two prima donnas, and this has made his opinion a trifle vague. But he is sure of Galassi.

"Pattum-Gerst too muchee squeal. No good. Big man Glassy more good. He walk allee same China actor. He face allee same Confucius!"

It was the misfortune of a family in which a wedding was imminent to invest in season tickets for the opera, the various members thereof to take their chances turn about. They belonged to a stratum lying somewhere between Fourth Street and Nob Hill, and the investment of so large an amount of money was a serious matter. It was also understood to be a matter of fair play that each one should hear both Patti and Gerster, and a family lottery took place. Family fights have been one of the component parts of the opera season. Colonel Mapleson would have left whole battalions of dismembered families behind him, as a souvenir of his great season, if the inevitable division of the funds had not stepped in as peace-maker. As it stands, there are armies of people "who never speak as they pass by."

In this especial family it was agreed that the opera season should not interfere with anything. The wedding was set for Saturday, the 19th, and the lottery went on. All the other members being disposed of to their satisfaction, it was discovered that the father and mother of the bride drew the "Faust" matinée tickets, and the bride and groom the "Crispino" tickets for the evening. The wedding ceremony was set for three o'clock in the afternoon. It took place. The father and mother airily excused themselves and went off to the matinée. They bade their daughter a tearful farewell as Miss Jones at 1:30 P. M. At 6:30 they returned to find her, as Mrs. Smith, hustling the wedding-guests out of the house to give her time to get ready for her Patti night. She sat on the right-hand side of the aisle, pretty well forward in the orchestra, and she enjoyed her Patti night to the fullest. The trifle of having been married that afternoon did not weigh upon her at all. She was much more seriously engaged. Her spouse was less enthusiastic in an operatic way, and began, during the second *entr'acte*, to lapse into a few natural endearments.

"Now, own up, Nell," he murmured, at the close of what seemed to be quite a spirited conversation, "if we had set the wedding for to-night and you had drawn the Patti ticket, what would you have done?"

And she answered without flinching:

"I'd ha' postponed the ceremony."

Signor Cherubini, when he is under full steam, is a large-sized, many-petaled marguerite. We are authorized in stating, as the papers say, that this is also Signor Cherubini's opinion of himself, with the exception that the daisy in his mind is larger-sized and more petaled. At the moment when he ceases to sing, he resolves himself into a gelatinous and unmannerly Italian. A slight disposition of favor on the part of the audience, he takes for rapture—a mild clapping of the hands, for a persistent *encore*. Arditi plunges ahead as if he wanted to get through the opera. Cherubini expostulates in pantomime. Further faint applause. Cherubini looks attentive and anxious. Arditi buries himself in the score and holds his bâton in air. Gradual subsidence of applause. Cherubini gets very wild; salaams to the audience, with the intimation that he would like to honor their rapture with an *encore* if Arditi would permit him. Arditi shakes his bâton as if to say: "You just wait till school's out, and see if I don't thrash you." Cherubini salaams to Arditi, and seems to say: "They insist upon my singing again. What are you going to do about it?" Arditi waves his bâton in despair, and says: "Blank you, go ahead!"

This little play of preposterous vanity goes on every time Signor Cherubini sings. It can not do us any good now the wonderful season is over. But as a mere matter of kindness to Salt Lake and Denver, it might be well to suggest a remedy. The prompter in such a company must fill a comparatively unimportant position. Colonel Mapleson might appoint him Extinguisher-General, and depute him to raise with Cherubini's closing note and promptly snuff Cherubini with his green box.

When the big earth began to shake last Tuesday, at the rate of sixty jerks a second—— But what is the use of trying to talk about earthquakes with the opera still in town? People have tried to change the subject in every possible way. The very weather has acted as if it had St. Vitus's dance, but no one casts one careless remark at its caprices. Muldoon tried to give the conversation a shake-up, by going back on his record. The people hissed for half an hour and then forgot him. The earth itself shrugged its big shoulders at our craze with the biggest shake it has given us in sixteen years. No one got an earthquake panic. People ran about pale and scared, but what they said was, "Do you think this will scare P: so that she won't be able to sing to-night?

One day in Oakland, about ten years ago—— But talking of ten years reminds one once more of the opera. Some fellow with a disposition for research has knocked ninety per cent. of the strength out of Tennyson's famous "Locksley Hall" line, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," by springing figures upon the laureate. A cycle, like many other unfamiliar things, is not as big as it sounds. Colonel Mapleson, in conversation with a reporter, last week, about the *diva*, remarked:

"She is a great woman—a great woman, sir. You don't hear a voice like that once in a decade."

This is rather hard on Patti, but it points out with exact nicety just how often it would be possible to listen to Mademoiselle Dotti.

With the approach of Easter—— But that reminds me once more of the opera. It is said to be a clause in Adelina Patti's contract that the management shall send her a certain number of flower pieces every time she sings. Rumor does not give the number, but I assume it to be two. This, because there are two flat, draggly, characterless pieces that always accompany the beautiful but somewhat unwieldy testimonials of the public. These testimonials of the public have taken on an aggressive character which has become simply amusing. Instead of being purely complimentary to the prima donna of the evening, each stiff wire inscription seems to bristle with defiance and enmity against the one who is not singing. It would be even more amusing if the taste were not execrable which dictates this sort of thing. These flower pieces are always supposed to be arranged with a certain idea of their effect upon the audience. It is rarely that their beauty or their value is discernible, and sometimes the simplest of them are the most admired from the front of the house. The most effective piece sent up this season was a large round basket of Easter lilies, sent to Patti on her "Annetta" night. They were tied with long depending ribbons of various colors. These seemed to have no national significance, and were possibly a mere matter of *chic*. The stiff lilies upreared themselves as cold and white and pure as if Easter morning had come. To people from the other side of the Rocky Mountains they are always beautiful. In their homely abundance we despise them, except upon Resurrection Day. We can not conscientiously help admiring them then, because their price runs up to fifty, seventy-five cents, sometimes even a dollar a dozen!

I live within five minutes' walk of a branch station of the District Telegraph service. Every time I ring my bell I do it with the liveliest hope that a boy will present himself within thirty-five or forty minutes. Every time this lively hope dies the death within my breast. My last ring brought a boy in one hour and sixty-five minutes. I summoned him to an upper chamber, and determined to wring the secret of his delay from his breast. He was an undersized, pale, stupid, shivering, ugly little fellow. His face was elaborately frescoed with dark-brown polka dots, his upper lip looked as if it had been drawn on him by Thomas Nast, his eyes were shifting and unsteady, he had a crick in his voice like Dickens's little Jo, his uniform looked like an irony, and he seemed hungry. I wooed him with a cooky, and asked him why my bell never brought a boy till I was dancing mad with waiting.

"They ain't no boys in the office. They can't get boys."

Familiar reply, and I had watched him lounging leisurely up the street.

I wooed him with twenty-five cents. "I will give you this for yourself," I promised, "if you will hurry my message and tell me why I never can get a boy inside half an hour."

A tear stood in his bright blue eye, and still he answered, with a sigh:

"They ain't no boys in the office. They can't git boys enough."

I wooed him with three packages of cigarettes, and I tipped him with the Mapleson wink, as used with enormous success upon some thirty scalpers.

"My son," I said, knowingly, "I have been watching you through the shutters, but I am not going to report you. The old boys used to answer the bell fast enough. What is the new dodge? I am perfectly willing to pay if I only know what to expect."

"Them first fellers were slouches," said he, coming around at last. "You see, ma'am, this is the racket: When they ring for a telegraph-boy they want him quick. If you keep 'em waiting long enough they git red-hot, and then when you do come they give you an extry to hurry up. If you hurry in the first place they don't think nothin' of it, and they don't give you no extry. Us boys has got to protect ourselves, and business is business."

The philosopher appropriated his cigarettes and his "extry," and departed.

I feel that there is a perfect understanding between this small Jay Gould and myself, should he ever answer my call again. I also feel that I have satisfactorily solved a vexed question. But with all my research, I do not find that my bell is answered any more readily than it was.

UNA.

Twenty-eight cardinals have died since the accession of Leo XIII., and twelve hats are at this moment at his disposal. Of the fifty-eight existing members of the college, one was created by Gregory XII.—Cardinal Schwartzenberg, Archbishop of Prague; thirty-seven were created by Pius IX., and the remaining twenty by the present pope. Of these last, three are German, two French, one English, one Irish, one an Armenian, and one a Pole. Nearly half of them, therefore, now are not Italians, and the whole number of foreign members of the existing college is twenty-six, as against thirty-two Italians, a proportion unprecedented for a very long time past. If the twelve now undisposed of were given to foreigners, a non-Italian majority would be created.

## AFTER DINNER.

Mrs. Jamieson, in her "Lives of the Poets," contends that no great poet ever honored any but a good woman in his verse. I am inclined to apply the theory in another direction, and say that no bad woman ever sang a great air. Yes, my captious friend, these words need no qualification. When I said "sang a great air" I did not mean "sang" *at* one; many women, good, bad, and indifferent, have done that. It is indeed interesting to look back over the roll of great singers, and see that all without exception have been respectable women. These goddesses of song have had no time for trifling with the sons of men. They have not only been *divas*, but *casta divas*.

It is with some impatience that I consider Patti along with Malibran, Grisi, and Alboni. Ye gods! here was greatness if ever it did exist. As for our modern representative, she is positively insignificant. Born on the stage, she has added nothing to it, and will take nothing away. Her only dramatic gift is *enfantillage*. She has never created a single rôle. She is precisely the same in one character as in another. Wisely therefore she plays Rosina in "The Barber of Seville," and Zerlina in "The Marriage of Figaro." To be sure, she tries her hand at Margherita, in "Faust," and also strangely enough does she sing "Traviata"; but this is to prove that she can sing these rôles if she wants to.

I remember Nilsson speaking of an idea that she, Patti, and Capoul had of singing "La Fille de Madame Angot." A pretty compliment to Lecocq, by the way. Nilsson was to be *l'Enfant des Halles*, Patti the too celebrated Lange, and Capoul the insouciant Ange Pitou. The plan was never carried out, and more's the pity. It would have been rare sport to see Patti and Nilsson in a fish-wives' quarrel at the "Jardin de Calypso." Even the Bernhardt and Colombier affair would have paled before it. However, the best part of the idea, artistically, was carried out. Capoul did sing Ange Pitou not long after, and it would have been a pity to spoil Nilsson by making her play la petite Angot. Besides, I doubt whether Patti would not have made a mess of it in playing Lange. There is a touch of grandeur about this Messalina of the opera bouffe stage, and Patti, in truth, is but a grand opera soubrette.

But let me be just. If as prima donna, Patti is not great, she is nearly so as a musical artist. I saw her as late as 1875 in London, at Covent Garden. She was in her prime then. Her lower notes had not become gruff (her friends say *rich*), and she had not come to America—a country which she has deliberately chosen for her declining days. I had paid just two guineas for my stall. The house was full. The Prince of Wales occupied the royal box; it was a gala night. The opera was "Romeo and Juliet," a *fade* composition, though faultlessly sung by principals and chorus, and admirably supported by the orchestra. Nicolini, too, was there; his voice as dry and tuneless as ever. What was it I carried away with me? Not the tragedy of Verona—that had not been brought out; not the composer's charm—it was lacking; but the memory of the waltz-song as Patti sung it. Such incomparable rhythmic song! As each velvety note slipped from one to the other into the final bar, I thought I saw, as did Heine in his poetry, a young girl dancing through the air.

Apropos, what we do need here more than a good opera is a good ballet. American men are losing all instinct for beauty in the human form. In fact, we are becoming so prudish that we can not have beauty even in cold marble; nay, a photograph of the Venus of Milo is considered by some an improper spectacle. How inconsistent this mad world is! It is proper—nay, it is in some sections imperative, to wear gowns low in the neck; it is scandalous, however, to wear them short. However, it is idle to contend with the inevitable; it will be long before the American mother will take a healthful view of these things, and, as the mother, so the girl and the rest of the human tribe. Still, I must confess, I become a little indignant at the assumption that because a woman wears a ballet dress she is past charity and respect.

My first, my only, and, I am quite sure, my last connection with a duel was in relation to a ballet-dancer. Stop, ye chorus of prudes!—the duel did not come off. I did not even know the ballet-dancer, and I was not a principal, but a second. The affair grew out of a little unpleasantness between a Prussian and an American. The innocent cause was a member of the king's ballet at Berlin. The Prussian cast some reflections upon the poor girl, and the American chivalrously took it up. He contended—and he had reason on his side—that the royal ballet was, in a dignified sense, a part of the king's establishment; that they were pensioned off when too old to dance; that the *première danseuse* rode to the opera in one of the king's carriages; that the green-room was, theoretically, part of the king's palace—witness the fact that every man must remain uncovered in it; and, finally, our gallant countryman more than hinted that it followed from these premises that a reflection upon the virtue of one of this chosen number was not only an unworthy attack on a woman, but disloyalty to his king.

By Jove! what a row there was! Insult was given and taken. Then came the stage of cold formality. I, poor, luckless one, was to act for the stars and stripes. I am emphatically a man of peace; I care not for war. Much do I prefer a good glass of wine and Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques." I determined to be a mediator instead of a holder of the sponge. I went to the Prussian, and convinced him that there was much truth in the American's words; that perhaps it might be considered a breach of etiquette; that he might, in consequence, lose his commission (he was an officer in the Prussian army). My Teutonic friend, being good-natured, and, moreover, of a practical turn of mind, consented to any arrangement consistent with honor.

I next went to my own countryman. At first I found him quite recalcitrant. He would not hear of an arrangement. In vain I urged that he had given the insult. That had nothing to do with it—my friend contended that any man might become the protector of a woman. At last a thought struck me. I invoked the all-powerful Mrs. Grundy.

"What do you think your friends in the United States would say when they learn that you have fought a duel for a ballet-dancer?"

He quailed and I triumphed. As I said, the duel did not come off. Indeed, as a Gallic acquaintance of mine said, "America is not ze place for ze generous emotion."

Apropos of Nilsson and Patti, it is a significant fact that the former made her reputation in this country, whereas the latter came over here to impose upon us with one already made. Nilsson, too, can be classed among the respectable class of prima donnas. She married, of course, to secure a ticket agent; but then she paid for her folly like a great woman. Never a word of complaint did she breathe about her husband's follies; and when he, poor fellow, succumbed to his misfortunes, and became insane, she nursed him heroically until he died. However, it is to be doubted whether any man ever disturbed the calm current of her over-healthy organization. So great was her coldness that it sometimes amounted to brazenness. On her first visit here, she found that the American people wanted everything—beauty, art, power, abandon, good taste, and, what was still more terrible, business management. However, as the thing was necessary, she was quite prepared for the emergency. Her tactics were somewhat original. She aimed for the old men and the young girls. In this way she became "solid" with both elements of the family. A favorite trick of hers was to take a benevolent old gentleman and bet him a kiss that she would wear a hat. "I'll take you," would invariably be the cry. The bet was easily and invariably lost, and the old gentleman a victim as long as the opera season lasted. Once, however, she met her fate. She struck a specimen of the craftier sort. He bet with her as the rest. She lost as usual; but alas for her operatic Grace of Devonshire! He coolly remarked that he had a son at home who would much better appreciate the honor, etc. Nilsson was furious, but what could she do? Mastering her impatience as best she could, she paid the necessary forfeit. I have interrogated the happy man—he is older now. He says that if that kiss could be estimated in thermometric terms, he should place the figure at about twelve below zero Fahrenheit.

VIVEUR.

## CHESS NOTES.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 2115 Fillmore Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

Strangers visiting San Francisco, who are fond of chess, are cordially invited by the officers to make themselves known at the Librarian's desk of the Mechanics' Institute, where they will be provided with visitors' tickets, and introduced to members, who are always pleased to meet and welcome lovers of Caissa from abroad.

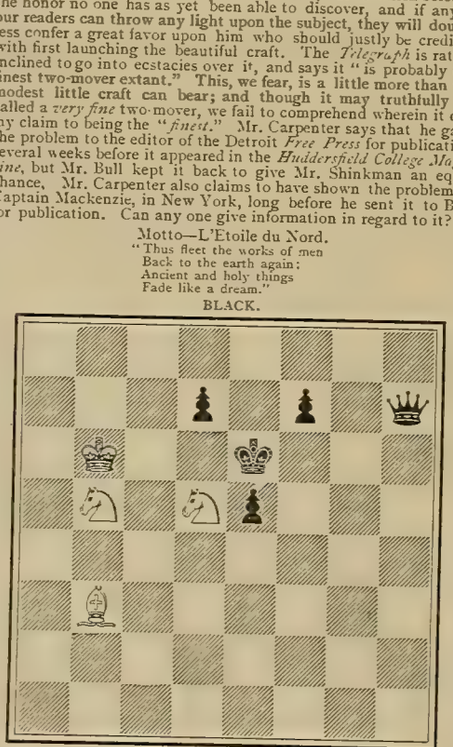
### Shinkman vel Carpenter.

The Pittsburgh *Telegraph* publishes the following problem, which still remains in dispute as to its real ownership. Both Carpenter and Shinkman claim to be the author, but to which belongs the honor no one has as yet been able to discover, and if any of our readers can throw any light upon the subject, they will doubtless confer a great favor upon him who should justly be credited with first launching the beautiful craft. The *Telegraph* is rather inclined to go into ecstacies over it, and says it "is probably the finest two-mover extant." This, we fear, is a little more than the modest little craft can bear; and though it may truthfully be called a *very fine* two-mover, we fail to comprehend wherein it can lay claim to being the "*finest*." Mr. Carpenter says that he gave the problem to the editor of the Detroit *Free Press* for publication several weeks before it appeared in the *Huddersfield College Magazine*, but Mr. Bull kept it back to give Mr. Shinkman an equal chance. Mr. Carpenter also claims to have shown the problem to Captain Mackenzie, in New York, long before he sent it to Bull for publication. Can any one give information in regard to it?

Motto—L'Etoile du Nord.

"Thus fleet the works of men
Back to the earth again:
Ancient and holy things
Fade like a dream."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Some of the friends of the late General Kilpatrick have interested themselves in raising a sufficient sum to discharge a mortgage of five thousand dollars resting on his homestead in New Jersey. It is expected that Mrs. Kilpatrick will return from Chili to educate her daughters in this country, and it is desirable that she should here find an unincumbered home. About twenty gentlemen have already subscribed one hundred dollars each, and the Grand Army posts of the State have begun to move in the matter. Mr. Theodore F. Margarum, executor of the general's estate, and cashier of the National Bank in Deckertown, New Jersey, will receive subscriptions.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"The Statesman's Year-Book" has just been issued for 1884, with the familiar name of the late Frederick Martin missing from its title page, after a tenure of so many years and so many editions. But Mr. J. Scott Keltie, its present editor, has not altered Mr. Martin's original plan, except so far as revision and timely additions were necessary, and the volume bids fair to still remain the most valuable statistical and historical annual extant. Published by Macmillan & Co., London; for sale by Doxey & Co., 23 Dupont Street; price, $3.

Volume forty-six and forty-seven of the "International Scientific Series" are "The Organs of Speech," by George Von Meyer, of the University of Zurich, and "Fallacies," by Alfred Sedgwick, Berkeley Fellow of the Owens College, Manchester. In the first named work, the author has for his object the discussion of the structure and functions of the organs of speech, with special reference to the requirements of philology. The work on "Fallacies" is to a great extent a treatment of methods of Proof, in which the author has endeavored to keep chiefly in view the practical side of the Science of Logic, and to avoid definite adherence to a school. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

"A Guide to Mexico," by Alfred R. Conkling, of the New York Academy of Sciences, and formerly U. S. Geologist, is the most complete work of its kind which has been written on our sister republic. It is not a mere guide-book in the accepted sense of the term, but it combines a treatise on the history, topography, commercial and natural resources, with careful descriptions of methods of travel, of the various cities and towns, and the routes by which they may be reached, of steamship and railway lines, and of the people and their customs. Added to this are numerous illustrations and an accurate map. The appendix contains an extensive vocabulary. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

McCarty's "Annual Statistician" for 1883 has made its appearance, and is the eighth edition. The work has been enlarged, and at present contains 624 pages, aggregating 100,000 facts, over 25,000 of which are new to the present number. In the United States 50 different productions are quoted to June 30, 1883; the important events occupy three pages, and bring the United States chronology down to January 18, 1884. The new data, regarding foreign countries, occupy about 75 pages, 18 of which are foreign cities with their populations; the most complete list ever published, containing, as it does, every city over 10,000 in the world; 6 pages on Japan (never before published), answering every general question regarding that country; 3 pages on Mexico, regarding its area, population, States, governors, weights and measures, and productions; 4 pages on the important events of the Old World for 1883, chronologically arranged, and brought down to January 20, 1884. The productions, armies and navies, finances, weights and measures, and religious creeds of the world, occupy 6 pages more; the balance is of a miscellaneous character, and treats upon nearly every conceivable subject. Weights and measures in general occupy about 25 new pages, on half as many subjects. All the public land concessions to railroads, canals, and wagon-roads ever granted, or now pending in the United States, are tabulated. Last, but not least, California is treated to about twenty pages, giving all the principal productions for 1882, and the resources and production of the precious metals for 1883. Published and for sale by L. P. McCarty, 706 California Street, San Francisco; price, $4.

Magazines and Periodicals: Whether the United States are to regain their former preëminent rank as a commercial and naval power on the seas, is a question which is discussed in the *North American Review* for April, by the Hon. Nelson Dingley, M. C., who opposes the project of admitting foreign-built ships to American register, and by Captain John Codman, who is well known as a zealous advocate of that measure. Judge J. A. Jameson, in the same number of the *Review*, discusses the question, "Shall Our Civilization be Preserved?" The Rev. Doctor Philip Schaff gives a sketch of the "Development of Religious Freedom." Doctor Felix L. Oswald writes of "Changes in the Climate of North America," with special reference to the increasing frequency of disastrous floods. Professor C. A. Eggert offers "A Plea for Modern Languages" in the higher education; and Julian Hawthorne discourses of "Literature for Children." Finally, there is a discussion of "Recent Criticisms of the Bible," by the Rev. Doctor R. Heber Newton and the Rev. A. G. Mortimer.——The *Modern Age* for April opens with an interesting story by Canivet, entitled "Sosthenes Barel." "A New View of Mormonism" is by an English member of Parliament, and gives the side of the case favorable to the Mormons. "The Story of a Genius" is concluded in this number. Mario, the great tenor, is agreeably written of in an article of some length. "Sentenced to Spitzbergen" is a thrilling story by Alarcon, the Spanish writer. The number contains two poems, one by Robert Browning, and the other by R. D. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone. 20 Lafayette Place, New York city; $1.60 per annum.——The *English Illustrated Magazine* for March contains a charming frontispiece engraving. "Mrs. Hartley, with her Child as a Youthful Bacchanal," from the picture by Joshua Reynolds in the possessession of Earl Northbrook; "Meeting in Winter," a poem by William Morris; "Sir Joshua Reynolds," by J. Comyns Carr; "An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"; "Shakespeare in the Middle Temple," by Rev. Alfred Ainger; "Julia," by Walter Besant; "Fables from Æsop—The Kid and the Wolf," translated by Alfred Caldecot, M. A.; and "The Armourer's Prentices,' chapters xii, xiii, xiv," by Charlotte M. Yonge.——Among the articles in the April *Overland* are the following: "A Pueblo Fête Day," by Edward Roberts; "A Shepherd at Court," chapters x, xi; "Barbaric Pageants," by Thérèse Yelverton; "Moslem Influence on the Renaissance," by Walter B. Scarfe; "Pioneer Sketches—IV. To California by Sea," by James O'Meara; "The Doctor-in-Ordinary," by A. A. Sargent; "At Nightfall," by Charles A. Greene; "An Iconoclast," by Wilbur Larremore; "A Pedagogue Primeval," by C. T. H. Palmer; "Longfellow," by Ina D. Coolbrith; "A Heathen," by Mary W. Glascock; "Mowema Lake," by George B. Currey; "A Romance of History," by Emelie Tracy Swett.——The *Critic and Good Literature* has consented to act as a ballot-box in an election for a possible American Academy, consisting, like the French Academy, of "Forty Immortals." Any of our readers who wish to do so may send to the editor of that review a list of the forty living American men of letters whom they consider most worthy of membership in such an institution. The result of the vote will be made known in the *Critic* of April 5th.——In the issue of *The Current* for March 22d Lieutenant J. M. T. Partello, U. S. A., has a valuable paper entitled, "The Frozen Lands of the North." General Alvin P. Hovey, of Indiana, ex-Minister to Peru, resumes his entertaining "Peruvian Pictures," and describes "Lake Titicaca" and the extraordinary ruins of past ages which are scattered upon its shores. A feature of special interest in an early number of *The Current* will be an extended editorial review of the manuscript of a volume soon to be published, the object of which is to absolutely demonstrate the discovery of America in the fifth century by the Chinese. The information of the preparation of such a work is thus given the public for the first time. It author appears before the public in this work for the first time, though, it is said, he is pretty widely known in another capacity.——A sketch and portrait of Sarah B. Cooper, of San Francisco, superintendent of free kindergarten work; and also a brief account of the life and work of Mrs. Rebecca R. Pomroy, a famous nurse of war times, and matron of the Newton (Mass.) Home for Orphan and Destitute Girls, will be found in the March number of *Woman at Work*, published at Brattleboro, Vt.

## VANITY FAIR.

"There is no article of underwear that women are so particular and fussy about as a corset," said the forewoman in the corset department of a New York store, to a *Sun* reporter. "And really there is no other that they have got a better right to be particular about, for a nice, easy, good-fitting corset is a joy forever, and the reverse is enough to try the temper of a saint. With stout women, especially, corsets are a great comfort. They render one insensible to the skirt bands, which otherwise cut into the flesh. They tend to brace up the bust, support and gird up the waist all around from the armpits to the hips, and down over the hips, and by the spoon-shaped busk, or corset board, to hold down and shield the *embonpoint*. But, then, fleshy women are naturally more tempted to tight lacing than any others; so that, after all, those whom sensible corsets are most apt to benefit are just the ones most likely to suffer from the abuse of the system."

"Are not the majority of women tempted to try corsets somewhat smaller than they naturally require?"

"Yes, I think they are," was the reply. "A woman of twenty-six or twenty-eight natural waist measure, will in most cases get a twenty or a twenty-two-inch corset, in order to lace down to that measure. Often one of the natural waist measure mentioned will even try to lace down to eighteen. There is a beautiful young lady who comes here frequently, whose beauty has only one defect. The tip of her pretty little nose is as red as a ruby. It must cost her much secret mortification, and I only wish I might give her a hint as to its being altogether caused by tight lacing, but I would not dare to. It is a wonder to me that her family physician doesn't give her a hint. We have another customer, a beautiful and stately woman, one of the great leaders of fashion, whose lips are habitually as pallid and blue as though she had just stepped out of an icy bath, and whose gloves always look as if about to burst on her painfully swollen hands. Tight lacing, of course; but if she doesn't know it already, she doubtless wouldn't thank me for making her wiser."

A sudden and uneasy silence fell upon the speaker. It was occasioned by the entrance of a stout lady into the rear part of the store, where the conversation had been going on. The stout customer nodded to the forewoman, eyed the reporter rather furtively, and then, elevating a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses, began an interested examination of the first pair of corsets just alluded to. The forewoman signaled a pretty and athletic saleswoman, who seized the corsets and approached the customer respectfully, but at the same time adjusting her wristbands and squaring back her shoulders, as though preparing for some muscular undertaking. As she was ushering the customer through the curtained doorway of a small adjoining room, the latter, whose ample waist seemed to be wholly untrammeled by stays, paused on the threshold with a hesitating, half-pitious air, but she finally disappeared. The reporter, addressing himself discreetly to the forewoman, hoped that the fat lady was not about to encounter any terrible ordeal.

"She is only ill disposed in her imagination as yet," was the reply, "for she knows what to expect. We sometimes all the room in yonder the Torture Chamber."

The reporter eyed the veiled recess with renewed interest. When the customer reappeared at the end of five minutes, followed demurely by the attendant, who seemed somewhat fatigued and flushed, a remarkable transformation had been effected in her appearance. The fleshy customer had crossed the mysterious threshold timorously and with a pallid face. She recrossed it triumphant, but with countenance like a boiled beet, eyes gushing from her head, and with swollen hands and wrists. She had disappeared with a flowing, undulating amplitude of figure. She reappeared girdled and bound at the waist, like a Colorado pack-mule, cinched to the last notch by an inelastic No. 2 rent rope. She respired with fitful gasps. When she moved about it was with a labored, swaying movement, like that of an overladen oyster-sloop in the trough of a ground well.

"Oh, yes, thank you!" she managed to articulate, in answer to the forewoman's gently expressed hope that the new stays were feeling comfortable. "They're just a little loose, perhaps, but I detest tight lacing, and shall, no doubt, feel at home in them after a while. Good-day!"

"That poor lady," commented the forewoman, when the customer had gone, "will perhaps make a round of visits in that painful condition, and reach home exhausted, with her feet distressing her dreadfully."

"Her feet?" repeated the reporter.

"Yes, her feet," was the reply. "The unnatural corset forces the blood into the extremities, and causes them to swell. She can ease her hands anywhere, if she chooses, by taking off her gloves, but she will have to bear the agony in her feet until she gets home. The loosening of the corset will then alone ease the pain in her feet by restoring the natural circulation, even without taking off the shoes, if they are of a sensible sort. Tight lacing and tight shoes generally go together, I find. The vanity that counsels self-torture at the waist will seldom stop short at the extremities."

"Why should women of naturally graceful figures strive to lessen their waists by tight lacing?" asked the reporter.

"They ought to know that men, whose admiration is their chief object, do not generally recognize the supposed improvement of such artificial aids."

"They know that," was the reply, "but the motives of fashionable women are not wholly understood by men. The ladies, as a rule, care more for the envy of their own sex than for the admiration of the men. That is the secret of the extremes to which they often go. They must know that a natural waist, neither scrawny nor obese, is more statuesque and attractive than waspish monstrosities; but the desire to surpass other women in the fashion is supreme."

The afternoon shopping hours were now at their height, and the corset department received a very large share of the fashionable custom of the store. In a position from which he could observe without being observed, the reporter, in the course of an hour, noted as many as twenty entries into the "torture chamber." These entries comprised all descriptions of the feminine form divine, good, bad, and indifferent, with really fine figures, and one that was superb. Finally, a lady accompanied by her three daughters, the eldest not more than thirteen years old, sought the inner temple, much to the reporter's astonishment.

"Is it possible," he asked, "that such children are fitted with corsets?"

"Oh, yes; some children even younger than the youngest of the three you just noticed are made to wear corsets," was the reply, "but I am happy to say that the practice is neither a common nor a growing one."

"Speaking of waists in general," said the reporter, "have you ever thought of studying women's figures with respect to their nationalities?"

"Yes; the study is an interesting one. English women, when they are young, have the noblest figures, as far as I have observed," observed the reporter's informant, after a pause; "but they get corpulent and dowager-like after marriage much sooner than American women, after which they may be said to have no figures at all. English women, as a rule, are less ashamed of their figures, when stout, than most other fashionables, and seldom resort to tight lacing. Mrs. Langtry, who has been in our store several times, is a superbly shaped woman, say what they will, and is a fine specimen of English women in general—though I believe she is only half English, after all. Among fashionables, the French ladies are apt to be spare to scrawniness; but they have such a natural talent for making up and concealing their defects that it is hard to judge of them. There are some pretty figures among the Cuban and other West Indian women, but they are short, age rapidly, and soon grow dumpy; yet such as have French maids manage to make up well. Refined Irish and German ladies have fine figures on the average. So do the Italian ladies. The few Holland and Belgian ladies I have seen are rotund, and essentially tub-built. The best shaped woman in every respect who comes into this store is a Hungarian, wife of a musician in one of our theatre orchestras. Her waist, bust, and shoulders are like sculpture. She is tall, willowy, and statuesque, and her walk is the melody of motion. She doesn't walk at all, in the ordinary sense, but floats over the ground. Her natural waist measure is twenty-eight, and she doesn't lace down an inch below it. However, English figures average best."

"You have not said anything about the American ladies," said the reporter.

"I reserved them for the last, for, as a nationality, there is most to be said against them. American fashionable women, though inclined to fragility as a rule, have naturally excellent figures, but there are no other women who so persistently destroy and deform what nature has given them through tight lacing and generally slavish obedience to the absurdest freaks of fashion. American women are the most unconscionable lacers in the world. But, everything said and seen, the British feminine figures are the best models."

"May I ask if yours is an English figure?" inquired the reporter, with due respect, for his affable informant possessed a figure of which she could not reasonably complain.

"Yes, sir," said the forewoman, with much frankness. "But how did you surmise me to be English? Not by my accent, I hope?"

"By no means," the reporter hastened to say; "but rather by your opinions. Will you now inform me if you know anything of corsets for masculine wear?"

"No; though I have heard of such things," she replied. "I really can't imagine much masculinity about a man who would wear corsets. You must seek information on that head among the fashionable tailors."

It was only after diligent search that the reporter succeeded in finding the fashionable tailor who could or would afford the information desired. He was forthcoming at last, however, and was communicative enough, though prudently careful to name no names.

"Why, there's nothing new in certain men about town wearing corsets," said he, leading the reporter to his plate-glass window that overlooked a fashionable thoroughfare, then at the height of the afternoon promenade. "They always have done so as far back as I remember, though of late years, with the advent of æsthetes and dudism in general, the fashion has been on the increase. The ultra dudes nearly all wear stays, but, bless you, there are others, too, who are by no means dudes, or especially effeminate, either. There go two swell gamblers arm in arm. Yes, of course, you know them by name and reputation—every one does; but what you don't know is that the slenderer and better-dressed one on the outside wears corsets, and has done so for years. I ought to know, for I order his stays for him. Masculine corsets are made to order by two large manufacturers in the city. I assure you that there are few daughters or dames of wealth and fashion with more expensive silk-woven, fine-boned, gold-corded stays under their silks and sealskins than that man yonder carries under his upper linen. There, with that richly-dressed lady is one of the most prominent sporting men about town, who has worn a corset for years. You can't deny that it helps him set off his shoulder pads to advantage. You know the handsome actor swinging his cane in solitary grandeur on the opposite sidewalk? Well, if you don't likewise know that he helps his general-make up, off stage and on, by means of a corset, I don't know why I should tell you. There go three well-dressed men together, all customers of mine. Which would you give the palm to in point of shape? The one in the middle. I knew you would say that, for it's the solid truth; and he is the only one of the trio who wears corsets."

The St. Louis police have unearthed the private account-book of a gambler whose poker-rooms have just been raided. The book shows the percentage of the games played in January to have been one thousand three hundred and sixty-seven dollars over all expenses.

## VICTORIA'S MYSTIC MEANDERINGS.

By Her Royal Nibs.

*January 1st.*—This is the first day of the year, and Beatrice reminds me it is New Year's Day. What a beautiful coincidence! We had cream toast and muffins for breakfast, and I had two helps to each. Brown said he was delighted to see my old appetite for muffins returning.

*January 2d.*—It is snowing. Brown said that the snow was beautiful. It is. Beatrice says that some poet once expressed the same opinion. I will ask Mr. Tennyson about it. Brown came up at two o'clock to announce Mr. Gladstone, who wanted to see me about some horrid affair in Egypt or somewhere. Sent down word I was out. Am very busy knitting a pair of ear-muffs for the Duke of Connaught and haven't time to bother about Egypt. Brown says that Egypt is old enough to take care of itself.

* * * * * * * *

*March 8th.*—Brown has a cold. I made him four mustard-plasters, which were applied by the Royal College of Surgeons. He is better. I ordered Dean Stanley to sing a Te Deum. He sent back word that, personally, he would prefer to whistle it. Wanted Mr. Tennyson likewise to change "Locksley Hall" so as to bring Brown in. He replied that he would be delighted to, but the only rhymes he could find for Brown were syntax, delirium, and meningitis, and he didn't think any of these would do.

* * * * * * * *

*March 20th.*—Brown says it is raining. Mr. Gladstone called. I was not at home. I *do* wish Albert Edward wouldn't worry me so with free tickets to American theatricals. It is frugal, but the boy will drive me wild yet. Brown says, however, that he will outgrow all these freaks. I trust Brown is right.

*March 21st.*—Brown got wet to-day, standing out in the rain telling Mr. Gladstone that I couldn't see him. I do not see why I am to be bothered about those wars in India and Egypt, and other horrid affairs. Beatrice has a pet kitten of which we are all of us so fond. I must really get Mr. Tennyson to write a poem about it.

* * * * * * * *

*April 1st.*—Brown came in this morning with a large placard on his back, which bore the initials "N. G." When I called his attention to it he was real angry, and said he supposed it was done by the Prime Minister, or somebody. I shall ask Mr. Gladstone about it. The cat had a fit this morning, which quite upset us all. The College of Surgeons was in attendance, and said it was meat. Brown says it is likely to die if it had more than a dozen. Dear me!

*April 10th.*—I sent for Brown, and read him this journal for a year. He sat with closed eyes, nodding his head whenever I came to a favorite passage. He then said that he did not think any distinguished woman had ever written anything like it. I chided Brown for flattery, but he assured me it was honest truth. I will read it to Mr. Gladstone.

*April 11th.*—Mr. Gladstone called. I read it to him.

*April 13th.*—Mr. Gladstone is very ill.

*April 14th.*—I wanted to read nineteen more chapters of my journal to Brown, but he said he really could not think of letting me tire myself. Said he would take the book and read it in his study.

*April 15th.*—Beatrice and I went out for a walk. Brown accompanied us. We walked up a hill and then we walked down.

* * * * * * * * * *

*May 2d.*—Brown said this morning that Mr. Gladstone should settle that Egyptian matter at once. I sent for Mr. Gladstone and told him. He said that Brown ought to mind his own business. Poor Brown! I am sure he means well.

*May 4th.*—We went out for a drive. Brown sat on the high seat in front. After driving a while we came back.

*May 7th.*—Mr. Tennyson called. Beatrice showed him the cat, and I suggested the poem. Mr. Tennyson changed the subject. I read him some of my journal.

*May 8th.*—Brown says Mr. Tennyson is quite ill. I wanted to read some of my journal to Brown, but he said it was very enervating for an author to read her own work. I find this literary life indeed wearisome, and I sometimes wonder how Mr. Tennyson stands it. It killed poor Mr. Disraeli. I suppose it will kill me, too, some day.

*May 9th.*—I spoke to Brown about publishing the journal. He said if I did it would create a sensation. To know the workings of the sovereign's heart, and see just how much interest she takes in the affairs of the nation, which is so spendthrift in her honor, is a boon for the people. Brown says it will show them just what kind of a ruler they have. Brown is right. I will publish the book. —*Life.*

Perhaps the revival of the minuet and gavotte may teach us in this generation to be really graceful, which can hardly be said of nine dancers out of ten, as at present. If Hogarth's acquaintance, the dancing-master, spoke not too despondently when he said he had studied the graces of the minuet his whole life and still knew nothing, society will not relish the trial. But then, though certain muscular Christians sneer, professional dancers are grand creatures, and have great conceptions, according to the standard of the arrogant Italian opera-dancer, Gaetano Vestris, surnamed the "God of Dancing," who often said, with magnificent conceit: "There are only three men in Europe, myself, Voltaire, and the King of Prussia" (Frederick the Great). Lord Byron mockingly refers to the rage for the now universal waltz during the Regency, though "gentle Genlis, in her strife with Staël," would have fain proscribed the German importation at Parisian assemblies, little recking that since its introduction into England and France at the birth of the present century its sway would become imperial.

## ADELINA PATTI.

**Some Reminiscences of La Diva when She was not Great, but Little.**

A number of years ago, certain placards and programmes, posted and distributed upon the walls and streets of a small Southern city, heralded the coming of a wonderful entertainment.

Among the artists announced upon the glaring red, yellow, and blue bills there were two old and renowned names—Ole Bull, the celebrated violinist, and Maurice Strakosch, the brilliant pianist; but the largest and leading letters spelled out the name of the youngest and tiniest member of the concert troupe—"Mademoiselle Adelina Patti, aged eleven years—the wonderful child prima donna!"

Tickets for the grand concert sold very rapidly, and there was every promise that a crowded house would welcome to the town the young singer and her veteran companions.

The day was dreary and dismal; a sullen spring rain set in during the morning, and gave evidences of lasting many hours.

Upon the arrival of the troupe at the hotel, the business manager, together with Mr. Strakosch, came over to the music store in the place to see about the sale of seats and tickets, and while there, the pleasant musician discovered, playing behind the counter with their dollies, two little blonde-haired lassies.

He felt at once that here would he find a relief from the dreariness of a whole day in-doors for his sister-in-law, whom he had left already fretting and petulant.

He consequently, at once, made gentle advances toward acquaintanceship by telling the two maidens about the lonely little girl over at the hotel, who was counting rain-drops on the window-panes, and begging them to come and see the "Little Adelina." The children's interest was at once awakened. They obtained permission from their parents to visit the little singer, put on clean aprons, and soon, with their dollies in their arms, they skipped along in the rain beside "the greatest living pianist" of that day.

When they reached the hotel and the room where the strange little girl was to be presented, a curious tableau met the eyes of the lassies, and the first sound which they recollect ever hearing from that voice, which has since sung "pearls and diamonds," was a merry, tinkling, mocking laugh.

The room was a great, dull, dark place, scantily furnished, and bare of comfort; in the middle of the floor there stood a tall gentleman, with long, thick, gray hair, his eyes tightly bandaged, his arms outstretched in vain endeavors to catch the tantalizing sprite whose mocking voice had for several minutes led him an illusive dance all about the room.

There was a sudden pause as the door opened; the gentleman pushed up his bandage, and the little girl opened very wide a pair of brilliant dark eyes. Mr. Strakosch came quickly forward, leading the now timid little strangers, and said, kindly, to the famous little singer:

"I have brought you a couple of playmates, Adelina; you will release Ole Bull, now, from his chase of you, and after you have entertained the little girls, you are to go home with them to dine, and play until tea-time."

The little girl came toward the shrinking lassies, smiled in their faces brightly, and then kissed each on both cheeks, in a funny, foreign manner.

By this time, too, the tall old gentleman had untied his bandage, and was also beaming down upon the little strangers with a gentle, kindly smile, kissing them as well, and saying, in a soft, low voice: "It is well for the little Adelina to have some little ones with whom to play—she tires quickly of us older children. I am too big and tall for her, and I will leave you now to make friends and play together." And he at once walked to the door.

But her imperial highness was not of the same mind. On the contrary, she insisted stoutly that the "more the merrier," and again the mild blue eyes of the Norwegian were blinded, and down upon his knees knelt the famous artist, to "pick up pins and needles."

At the first symptoms of weariness on the part of the children, however, the kind old gentleman quickly went his way, and the little girls, left alone now, looked gravely at one another, from top to toe, with the curious, animal-like gaze with which newly acquainted children regard each other. Then the lassies offered the new friend their dollies, which had lain upon the table during the game; but such playthings were not in her line. She looked scornfully upon their waxen loveliness, and snubbed the idea of "making believe mammas."

"No," she cried, tossing back her long, blue-black braids. "No, I am going to take your pictures. Come, sit down, and allow me to arrange you properly."

Poor child! She had herself been posed and taken so often that she was perfectly familiar with the whole performance. "Hold up your chin. Ah, that is parfait! Now, if you please, look this way—a trifle to the left. So; that is charming, my dears! Now!—a bright, pleasant expression, please!" So she went on, as she arranged to her satisfaction her wonder-eyed and very willing little companions. Then, taking a chair, she threw a towel over her little, shiny black head, looked at the children through the bars of its low back, and then for the space of a few seconds was invisible. Presently she reappeared, looking very grave and mysterious, turned her back, and then, with an imaginary negative in her little hand, came toward the sitters, asking their opinion of the pictures. Over and over again was the play performed, to an admiring and delighted audience of two, though the actors were sometimes reversed, and the strange little girl herself assumed the part of sitter, and threw into convulsions of laughter her amused little photographers, by her sudden changes of face and position.

At noon, Ole Bull and "Maurice"—as the little Adelina familiarly called Mr. Strakosch—returned to the room, and with them came a dark-browed, foreign-speaking gentleman, of whom the child appeared to stand in awe, calling him "Papa," with a more respectful tone than that in which she addressed the other two gentlemen. This dark gentleman assisted her in putting on her little hat and sack, in which she was to cross the street, and accompany her visitors home to dine, tying a handkerchief around her throat, and in a sharp, severe tone, giving her a command which the lassies supposed meant that she must "be a good girl." They afterward discovered that his words were really a strict injunction as what she was *not* to eat at the strange table.

"No, thanks; I *dare* not taste it if there is any pepper in it—papa would be terribly angry," she said, when helped at the table, and then she told how beautifully they cooked maccaroni at home, and wished ever so devoutly that she could have some "that very minute," and the lassies felt very badly indeed because a large dish of her favorite food could not be procured at once for their charming little guest.

After dinner, a few delightful hours were passed in the play-room; and such plays were surely never enacted before or since. Dishes and dolls were swept aside with scarcely a look; but spying a little tin sword and belt in one corner of the room, the little "born actress" exclaimed:

"Come, we will play opera. I will be Lucia, you shall be Edgardo. See, with this sword and belt you will look like a man; and you must love me passionately and be killed; and I shall go mad and rave over your dead body."

Then the two curious little lassies were instructed in the art of killing and dying, with stage directions for entries and exits, while the little Adelina unbound the glossy, long braids of her blue-black hair, and went "mad and raved" over her lover with the tin sword and belt, who lay dying before her.

Many years after, when the famous young prima donna, then but a mere girl, made her début at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, the opera was "Lucia de Lammermoor," but the Edgardo of the play-room sat among the audience—*not* in a tin sword and belt—and wondered if there came a recollection to the *diva* of her childhood's performance in the old play-room.

But I go back to my story. That afternoon was all too short, notwithstanding a full répertoire of operas was gone through, with brilliant effect, and when the summons came for the little Adelina to return to the hotel to prepare for the concert, she was unwilling to obey, protesting forcibly in her pretty, half-broken English, and emphasizing her dislike with shrugs and stamps, and naughty-sounding French and Italian words, which made the lassies open their blue eyes, quite shocked at their *diva's* temper. "Maurice," who was very good-natured, listened, laughingly, to the tirade, and then compromised by allowing his mistress to take back with her to the hotel her beloved little friends to see her dressed for the concert.

Oh, the wonder of it! To see the little pink silk robe, with its graduated bands of black velvet and lace, spread out upon the bed, not by a mother's careful touch, but by a father's hand; the tiny boots laced up neatly, and the tumbled locks braided and looped around the little ears, adorned with velvet rosettes, and diamonds hung therein; then a pair of kid gloves coaxed on the dark, lithe hands, and by degrees before their eyes, the lassies beheld their little, frowzy, careless romp of the play-room transformed into a wonderful young lady in silks and jewels—a prima donna.

"Now, be sure to sit in the very *frontest* seats, so I can see you the whole time, and wait for me after the concert is over, so I can kiss you good night; won't you?" she coaxed, as the lassies were hurried away to be dressed for the evening.

Was it "Addie," they wondered, when there was handed out upon the stage, to a round of rapturous applause, a little, self-possessed, low-courtesying damsel, who scanned the house with indolent, haughty eyes, until they fell upon the "frontest" seats, and then—ought it to be told of her?—actually winked her recognition, as the bright eyes discovered her play-mates of the day, looking up in adoration at the marvelous creature before them.

Then a pause, a prelude, and—was it a lark or a nightingale? "O Luce de quest anima," "Carnival de Venice," "Casta Diva" gushed out of the little brown throat, and the house rocked with merited applause. It was exquisite, wonderful—that voice—as all the world knows now.

The concert was over, a low, sweeping bow, a bright smile, and a quick little nod toward the front row of seats, and presently a whirl of rose-colored silk came rushing down the aisle, and half of the crowd, remaining behind, beheld a pathetic little tableau.

"We are going away to-night, now, and I never knew it!" cried the child, throwing her arms around her two little friends. "And Maurice says I must say good-bye, and I shall never see you again. Promise me you will never forget me!" And with a passion of embraces and tears, she repeated over and over, "Promise me you will never, *never* forget me!"

"Never! never!" came back the sobbing replies. Then, with a long clinging of dark arms to two little white necks, a hurried snatching away of the tear-stained, tragic little creature, and the carriage whirled away—far away upon the "flood of years"—the much-beloved and never-forgotten little child prima donna.—*Augusta de Bubna in St. Nicholas.*

### Obscure Intimations.

"E. P."—The areas of the various French vineyards you ask for we give below. The areas are in hectares, a hectare being equal to 2.471 acres:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Château Lafitte | 67 | Nuits | 68 |
| Château Margaux | 80 | Pommard | 113 |
| Château Latour | 42 | Chambertin | 4½ |
| Clos de Vougeot | 54 | Romanée Conti | 2½ |
| Volnay | 91 | | |

"D. W."—You must tell how many copies you would require before we could give you any idea as to what it would cost you to print your novel.

"E. A. H."—The work was finished by Alfred Andrews, of New Britain, Connecticut; it was begun by Deacon Simeon Hart, but left unfinished by him. The "Hart Memorial" has a complete record of the descendants of Deacon Stephen Hart, 1632–1875, and contains 3,500 names; the "Andrews Memorial," 2,500. The price of each is $3; they may be procured from the author's widow, Mrs. Alfred Andrews, New Britain, Connecticut.

"My Dead Bird."—Declined.
"Yosemite."—Declined.
"The Old Beech Tree."—Declined.
"Santa Cruz."—Declined.
"Bill Irwin's Mill."—Declined.
"Whar's Your Moosic?"—Declined.
"Without a Name."—Declined.
"Worth."—Declined.

"In a Hammock."—The poem was sent us by a lady, who had copied it from the paper you refer to. She was under the impression that it was signed "S. W.," thought that it was by Sherrod Williams, believed it to be very pretty, asked us to reprint it. We did so. But there was no attempt on our part to pass it off as original with us; nor was there any on her part to steal your thunder.

"Siamese Twins."—Your offer is obscure. You had better send some specimens of your work, your names, and your addresses, if you wish to have our attention.

"F. K. A.," Portland, Or.—The matter was touched upon in the issue following the publication of the poem.

"M. C. E."—You had better advertise the volumes, setting a price upon them. We do not know what they would bring. Defective sets, of course, will not sell as high per volume as complete ones.

"H. T."—You were right. Apropos of the testimony concerning a restaurant, given in the Sharon trial, it is stated that a book is shortly to be issed entitled "What I Know about Dinner Parties. By Michel Trois-Etoiles." It will have a very large sale. Many gentlemen in this city will purchase hundreds of copies.

"R. S. S.," Honolulu.—You have wrongly credited that goose story. It was not by J. A. H. Thanks awfully, all the same.

### The "Alta's" Criticism on the Concert.

The eight or nine thousand people at the Mechanics' Pavilion last night have a deep, undying grudge against the one or two hundred male and female exponents of the hog theory, who, in their anxiety to get the first chance at the hacks, left the building during the last number. The men and women who got up, and, with loud-protesting shoes, walked out while Patti was singing "Home, Sweet Home," must have been overlooked when souls were being distributed. The ushers had some trouble at the start, caused by people

SQUATTING IN SEATS

That did not belong to them, but there was no great crush at the door. Some people who bought seats at auction on speculation were

BADLY LEFT.

The crowd was an odd mixture of very swell folks and ordinary people. The swells in all the magnificence of evening dress, put on a blasé air, while the ordinary people, who had gone short on their week's income to buy tickets, made no attempt to disguise their admiration, and it was noticeable that many

A MAN IN SIX-DOLLAR PANTS

Showed as much discrimination in applauding as did their better dressed and less demonstrative neighbors. It was the ordinary every-day folks who showed the most appreciation. It was the plain folks who cried a little, just in a quiet, sneaking way, when Patti's pathetic voice in "Home, Sweet Home" recalled memories of long ago. When the people slowly dispersed, many a man said he would

SOONER LOSE FIFTY DOLLARS

Than miss that last sweet song. Patti may have sung to more titled people, but she never sang to an audience who better appreciated her or felt more enthusiasm for the *diva* than the crowd in the Pavilion last night.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir Henry Brand is a direct descendant, in the sixth generation, of John Hampden, of Long Parliament renown.

Mr. Gladstone doesn't object to being caricatured. Mr. Bannister, of the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, recently sent him his (the actor's) own portrait as the Grand Old Man in the pantomime of "Blue Beard," and received in return a letter from Mr. Gladstone's secretary, saying that the Premier took great pleasure in accepting the photograph, which he thought testified to a very clever impersonation.

A Boston hackman the other evening charged a passenger a dollar more than the lawful fare. The passenger paid it, quietly took note of the driver's number, and then said: "I would like to have you come to my office at noon tomorrow." "All right," said the hackman, "who are you, and where's your office?" "You will find me at the City Hall. I am Mayor Martin," replied the other; "good-night"; and he entered his house and shut the door. When his honor reached the City Hall next morning—several hours before noon—he found the hackman waiting for him with anxiety in his face, an abject apology on his lips, and the extorted dollar in his hand.

Mangin, the celebrated black-lead pencil-maker of Paris, is dead. He drove every day in an open carriage, attended by a servant, to his stands either by the column of the Place Vendôme or on the Place de la Bourse. His servant handed him a case, from which he took large portraits of himself and medals with descriptions of his pencils, which he hung on either side of him. He then replaced his round hat with a magnificent burnished helmet, mounted with brilliant plumes. For his overcoat he donned a costly velvet tunic with gold fringes. He then drew a pair of polished steel gauntlets upon his hands, covered his breast with a brilliant cuirass, and placed a richly mounted sword at his side. His servant then put on a velvet robe and helmet, and struck up a tune on an organ mounted in gold. To the crowds gathered around he then exclaimed: "I am Mangin, the great charlatan of France! Years ago I hired a modest shop in the Rue Rivoli, but could not sell pencils enough to pay my rent. Now, attracted by my sweeping crest, my waving plumes, my din and glitter, I sell millions of pencils." This was true. His pencils were the very best.

The Mackay-Meissonier row reminds a Paris correspondent of a similar incident in the career of Horace Vernet. A young princess, about a couple of months after her marriage, induced young Vernet to undertake to paint her portrait, which her husband ardently desired. Vernet set to work, and every morning the Prince X. used to come to the studio, and, as he was very much in love with his wife, he never found the portrait flattering enough. One day Vernet had not made her eyes bright enough, another day the lips were a little pale, another day the smile had not all the grace and charm of the princess's smile. Vernet, with the greatest patience, took note of all the prince's observations, asked for time, and proceeded to idealize the portrait as the prince had suggested, putting carmine on the lips, charm in the smile, gold in the hair, and vivacity in the eye. A fortnight or so later the prince came. This time, thought Vernet, he will be satisfied. Alas, in a grumbling tone, the prince exclaimed, "That is not my wife's portrait! It is charming, charming, *mon cher maître;* and that is why it does not resemble my wife. She never had such distinction, such beauty. My wife is a coquette, who thinks herself incomparable, and you seem to me to have flattered her weakness at the sacrifice of truth." This time Vernet began to lose patience; but, being a man of the world, he asked again for time, and employed his evening in discovering that, in the course of the past fortnight, the prince had discovered some burning letters addressed by his wife to a young lieutenant, her distant relation. Horace Vernet comprehended the situation, put his foot through the canvas, and wrote to the prince: "I have just learned the misfortune that has befallen you. I abandon all attempts to paint so changeful a model." The prince, however, insisted upon paying for the portrait, and Horace Vernet gave the proceeds to some charity.

The two young newspaper men (says the New York *World*) who are making a tilt just at present in the way of Americanizing Parisian journalism are named Chamberlain and Ives. The former is a son of the late Ivory Chamberlain, and for a number of years he acted as private Secretary of James Gordon Bennett. The holder of that position must be a crack journalist, because Bennett likes to imagine himself an editorial writer, and is forever suggesting subjects, which his secretary has to write out. Chamberlain got ten thousand dollars a year and all his expenses for traveling with Bennett. It is said that some of his former employer's money is invested in the Paris *Morning News*. Ives, who has a slice of the property, used to be in New York journalism. He came to New York from Buffalo, where his parents reside still. He is a tall, slim young man, with an olive complexion and a big black eyebrow that runs straight across his forehead. There is a strain of Indian blood in his veins. Some years ago he married the lovely and accomplished daughter of Mr. Frank B. Carpenter, the artist. He went abroad to work in London for the Associated Press, and distinguished himself by hunting Oakey Hall to his hiding-place when that erratic individual ran away to England some years ago. Ives was then snapped up by the *Herald*, whose work he did in London for two or three years. Finally Mr. Bennett ordered him to Paris, Dublin, San Francisco, and New York, in quick succession, countermanding each order just as Ives got under way. That was too much for the young man's Indian temper, and he sent in a hot letter of resignation, to which Bennett replied: "I have received your impudent communication, and its contents are quite satisfactory to me." Then Ives wrote back: "Glad to know you think me impudent. I have been told that all I wanted to make me a first-class *Herald* man was a complete stock of that article." On the whole, Chamberlain and Ives are the kind of young men who seem likely to make journalism hum in Paris.

# Household Art Rooms.

## Decorative Brass and Iron Work.

Mantels: Grates:
Andirons: Fire Sets:
and Fenders.

Hand-Painted, Plain, Glazed, and Art

## Tiles.

Open Fire-place trimmings a Specialty.



## W. W. Montague & Co.

Nos 309, 311, 313, 315 :·
& 317, Market St.
San Francisco.

## THE INNER MAN.

### The Public Dinners of London Guilds.

"Over-indulgence is the exception, and not the rule, at the modern public table. Gluttony is a stain of the past; it was wiped out along with the three-bottle heroes of bibulous memory. The very profusion of the feast enforces moderation, and public men, with whom dining is a duty nowadays, are for the most part abstemious to a degree. The host at the Mansion House undergoes a good deal of mild chaff on the subject of his numerous banquets; but the truth is, that my Lord Mayor finds it necessary to be sparing in his diet during his year of office. I have known a Lord Mayor who dined off a mutton-chop in the midst of the luxuries he had provided for his guests, and another, who gave his toasts in a glass of water. Your modern alderman, too, is by no means the 'o'ergorged epicure' whom the traditions of an earlier and grosser age have painted for us. An epicure, indeed, he may be, but he dines like a gentleman. He may be 'no quaker' at his food, but he does not, like Johnson, make 'inarticulate noises' over a favorite dish.

"A professional diner of the last century, one of the typical fiery-nosed variety with whom the older caricaturists have made us familiar, would find himself strangely out of place at any reputable public dinner to-day. Probably he would say that we had degenerated from the good old standard; he would esteem our moderate portions and modest libations as lightly as Sancho esteemed the abstinence of Don Quixote. He would see no lying 'among the pots' after dinner, and it would surprise and doubtless disgust him to observe that every guest was capable of walking away from the table without the assistance of the waiter. He would call us milksops; we should retort that he was a gross feeder and a toss-pot, that the color of his nose was a shame unto him, and the feature itself fit only to be modeled in purple wax, and presented as a trophy to the Salvation Army.

"Beyond doubt the table is overburdened in these days, the feast too long drawn-out; but think how we have reformed the *menu* since the age when our estimable forefathers ate what we should now call carrion—porpoise and swan, favorite morsels of an olden day, are among the dishes which educated palates long since discarded. Here is a specimen of a dinner given a good many years ago by the Drapers' Company. It is not a fault on the side of extravagance, but it is hardly the repast which Messrs. Ring and Brymer—those twin luminaries of the kitchen—would serve up to the present court of the Drapers, in their palatial hall in Throgmorton Street:

Half a buck, baked, and five pasties; and, for a reward, five conies, eighteen pigeons, two tarts, and afterward pears and filberts.

"Here is another, the brief record of which reads like an extract from the diary of Pepys:

One neck of mutton in pike broth; two shoulders of mutton, roasted; four conies, eight chickens, six pigeons, and cold meat, plenty, and so departed.

"Considered from the standpoint of the supply of bare necessity, this meal might very reasonably stand for a definition of 'plenty;' but there is no liveryman of the humblest modern guilds who would 'depart,' after partaking of it, until he had had something more than an explanation from the cook.

"A dinner of three courses embraced, in the first course, 'brawn with mustard, and cabbages to the pottage;' in the second, 'venison in broth, and coney standard' (a big roasted rabbit set upright), and in the third, 'pears in syrup, and cold bake meat.' Gallons of 'frumenty' and cream consorted with 'divers spicery,' and wafers and ipocras stood side by side with that ancient delicacy, 'Leche-Lombard,' which is lost to us.

"The inferior kinds of fish would seem to have been eaten with gusto, for we read of a livery banquet which was furnished with eight hundred herrings; but the prime sorts were not altogether unknown, for it is written that a certain bailiff's servant received a reward of 'sixpence' 'for his diligence abaught the samons.' These dainties were washed down with 'ayle and clared wyne in ashen cuppys,' or 'green pots of ayle and wyne,' or sometimes with a simple 'kilderkin of good ayle;' while for the minstrels who made music for the guests, there was brought forth 'a pottell of sweete wyne.'

"From banquets such as these to the modern 'feast of fat things,' at which the court of the Mercer's or Goldsmith's company entertain a royal duke, a victorious general, or some foreign potentate, the remove is almost as wide as from Elijah's bread and meat, or Daniel's pulse, to the lavish epicureanism of Lucullus; or from the feast of dewberries and honeybags which Titania's fairies prepared for the Athenian clown to that very material luncheon, described by Milton, at which Adam and Eve entertained their angelic visit r in the bowers of Eden.

"But if we have reformed *menus* and manners, we have lost something in the reforming process. The public dinner-table of to-day lacks the qualities of bonhomie and jollity which belonged to the dinner-table of the past. Our excellent progenitors neither ate nor drank genteelly, but their banquets appear to have been exceedingly jovial occasions. The ghostly gourmand, whom we may imagine revisiting the scenes of his buried revels, might fairly charge us with eating our dinners sadly. 'The burden of the mystery' of thirty dishes with unspeakable Gallic names weighs heavily on the guests; and 'the solitary ceremony of manducation' leaves little energy for discourse. When the city guilds were charged with spending too great a portion of their substance in good living, they had a stock reply that their banquets served a social end in promoting a species of *liberté, égalité, et fraternité* among the people whom they invited. It sounded well, but did not mean much; for, leaving liberty and equality out of the question, it can not be said that the present-day banquets in the city promote fraternity in any extraordinary degree. It falls out occasionally that the guest who is not a member of the company finds himself seated between two persons whom he does not know and who betray no burning desire to know him. They eat and drink, and are merry within themselves; but for the most part they remain enclosed within their own silence. There is nothing like general intercourse at the table; friends get together in cliques; and strangers are liable to be left in the cold."—*A Reporter in Time.*

## VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ FROM "LIFE."

### A Bas le Masque.

RONDEAU.

*A bas le masque!* Oh, tell me why
Your charms are hidden from the eye!
I guess the charms you will not show—
I see but two, yet still I know
That those I see still more imply.

Those saintly fingers can not lie;
Your form gives promise—by and by—
Of loveliness; if that be so
*A bas le masque.*

The time to doff disguise is nigh;
Let us advance it, you and I.
The crowd goes heedless to and fro;
The boon of just one peep bestow!
Consent is meant by no reply—
*A bas le masque!*

### Boccherini's Minuet.

The summer garden fades away,
And dreamily I close my eyes,
While softly as the fountains play,
Beneath the star-bewildered skies
Of Italy, I hear the flow
Of rhythmic music sweet and low.

From dim Verona's gardens old
There comes the breath of deep perfume,
And cavaliers in lace and gold
Move lightly through the gilded room,
And to the stately measures beat
The dainty touch of satined feet.

Behind the mask with Romeo
I watch a form in robes of white,
And see the soft and slumb'rous glow
Of eyes divinely, darkly bright.
(Hush! In the house of Capulet
Breathe not the name of Juliet!)

The vision fades into the gloom,
And lo! instead I faintly trace,
Far off in a Parisian room,
A calmly beautiful dead face—
And over Juliet, lying there,
The music sobs into a prayer.

No more the balcony will know
Her whispered passion and the pain;
And in the orange groves below
Will Romeo wait, alas! in vain.
Ah, list! and hear the music sigh,
How sad it is that love must die!

* * * * *

The storm of plaudits, wave on wave,
Brings back my wandering soul to me,
With one last glimpse, a grassy grave
Beyond the sullen English sea,
Where Juliet dreams of Montague,
Beneath the roses and the dew!

—*E. J. McPhelim.*

### At the Confessional.

RONDEAUX.

I.

In priestly guise he sat to hear
Confessions, he whose lips austere
Once laughed below a long mustache,
What time he swung a sabretache
And swaggered as a cavalier.

He donned this garb once when his ear
Heard, at a masked ball, troth-plight clear.
'Twas one who marked the soldier's sash
In priestly guise.

Later his sword upon love's bier
He laid; left all life held most dear,
Curbing his froward blood's hot dash,
Till, mortified by fast and lash,
What carnal onslaughts need he fear
In priest'ly guise?

II.

There, to the stall, one eve she came,
A lady free of outward blame;
Heart-heavy, heart-sore, none the less,
For all her rustling, silken dress
And diamonds in the dusk aflame!

He heard that voice absolvement claim,
Whose tones of old—dear Lord, the same!—
Made, at the opera, gallants press
There to the stall.

He heard her whisper but one name—
He, whose strong love years failed to tame.
Vain had been all his strife and stress!
He strangled as he strove to bless,
Feeling how sure was fate's last aim
There to the stall!

—*John Moran.*

### Ballade.

She came, and the roses that lay on her breast
Were ruddy and rich, and sweet at the core,
As they rose and fell in a tangled nest
Of the lace on the Paris gown she wore.
And the gleam of its satin curled white on the floor
Through the Court Quadrille, and a fragrance blew
From a fan that a broidered legend bore—
"*L'amour fait beaucoup—mais l'argent fait tout.*"

And lightly a tremulous pink caressed
The clear, pale curve of her cheek, as o'er
The rhythmic throb of the music zest
Crept the tones of an earnest voice and swore
A love that was life to her life—and more—
While the fan still fluttered its gay *frou-frou*
And flaunted its warning of gold-wrought lore—
"*L'amour fait beaucoup—mais l'argent fait tout.*"

Ah! then was Miladi called to her test!
And she who had broken hearts by the score,
Drooped lower the dusk of her lashes, lest
Her eyes should betray the passion that tore
Through her turbulent thoughts—yet, as before,
She laughed, till love was despair, as she flew
Her fan, with its cynical creed of yore—
"*L'amour fait beaucoup—mais l'argent fait tout.*"

ENVOI.

What, though Miladi may sometimes deplore
Her *mauvais quart d'heure* with a pretty *moue?*
Is she not the Duchess of Saint-Dinore?
"*L'amour fait beaucoup—mais l'argent fait tout.*"

—*M. E. W.*


The Strongest and Best!




The Strongest and Best!

FOR SALE BY

**C. J. HAWLEY & CO., Sutter St.,**

Who are also introducing as a specialty

**HAWLEY'S NEW BLEND TEA.**

If you want a Tea that is pure, wholesome, and delicious, ask for it at the nearest drug store in the city. Sold at $1, 75 cents, and 50 cents per pound, in 1-pound and ½-pound packages.

**ANALYSIS.**

C. J. HAWLEY & CO.—GENTLEMEN: I have carefully examined the New Blend Tea, and found it to be pure, unadulterated, and uncolored.

Yours respectfully, THOS. PRICE, M. D.

**Ask your Druggist for**

**HAWLEY'S NEW BLEND TEA.**

# An Old Soldier's

## EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas,
May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe **cold**, which terminated in a dangerous **cough.** I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for **throat and lung diseases.** J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all **bronchial and lung affections,** by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

Sold by all Druggists.




FOR SALE BY

**A. F. EVANS & CO.**

**522 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**

**HEALD'S** BUSINESS **COLLEGE.**

**No. 24 Post Street,**

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

# GRANULA

An incomparable Food for **Invalids** and **Children**; oldest and best health food known; delicious as a diet; grocers and druggists sell it. Manufactured by **OUR HOME GRANULA CO.**, Dansville, N. Y.

Wholesale Agents: HICKOX & CO., San Francisco, Cal.; WATSON, WRIGHT & CO., Portland, Or.; H. JEVNE, Los Angeles, Cal.

# NOW READY THE FINEST CIGARETTE

## "CLOTH OF GOLD,"

**(Straight Mesh.)**

**SWEET, DELICATE, AND MILD!!**

This Cigarette is made from the finest and most costly leaf from that region of Virginia particularly adapted for growing tobacco for Cigarettes. Our long experience in manufacturing enables us to secure the most suitable kinds of tobacco and thus present this superior article, with the full assurance THAT ITS EQUAL HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN OFFERED. A higher grade Cigarette can not be produced. We call particular attention to the superior quality of our old brands of Cigarettes. They can not be surpassed.

**Twelve First Prize Medals.**

**Peerless Tobacco Works.**

**WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

BONESTELL, RICHARDS & CO.
ALLEN & CO.
PAPER WAREHOUSE
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F.

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

## ANTI-FAT.

**The Greatest Discovery of the Age** by an English lady, who has, by close study and practice, found a remedy whereby people of either sex can be reduced in flesh at the rate of five to seven pounds a month without injury to health or looks, the skin on body and face retaining its smooth appearance. This treatment strengthens the nerves and muscles, destroying only the fat, which is simply a watery fluid in the tissues, producing gout, rheumatism, incipient paralysis, apoplexy, and fatty degeneration of the heart. Address ANTI-FAT, office box 1925, city.


**In the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.**

In the matter of E. DETRICK and J. H. NICHOLSON as copartners, composing the firm of E. DETRICK & Co., and E. DETRICK individually, insolvent debtors.

J. H. Nicholson, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule, and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said J. H. Nicholson is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said J. H. Nicholson, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and all of his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him, or to any person, firm or corporation, or association for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property, until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered.

It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable F. M. Clough, Judge of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, in open Court, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, on the 28th day of April, 1884, at ten o'clock A. M. of that day, to prove their debts, and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor.

It is further ordered, that the order be published in the *Argonaut*, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of creditors.

And it is further ordered, that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated March 26, 1884.

T. H. REARDEN, Judge of the Superior Court.

Attest: WILLIAM T. SESNON, Clerk.

By EDWARD MYERS, Deputy Clerk.

**CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of March, 1884, an assessment (No. 11) of Twenty (20c) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the twenty-first (21st) day of April, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the seventeenth day of May, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MINING CO.**

Location and principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 12th day of March, 1884, an assessment (No. 20) of Twenty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the sixteenth (16th) day of April, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the tenth (10th) day of May, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

A. W. HAVENS, Secretary.

Office—Room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.


Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.,**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

**118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.**

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.

Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

**MARBLE WORKS.**

**MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.**

**W. H. McCORMICK,**

827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Friday, February 15, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| *9.30 A.M. | Antioch and Martinez | *12.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.30 P.M. | " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Deming, El Paso Express and East Emigrant | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Stockton and Martinez | *12.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Ione | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Los Angeles and South | 9.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | Merced, Madera, Fresno, and Tulare | *12.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Mojave, Needles, Express and East Emigrant | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Ogden and Express | 8.40 P.M. |
| 5.30 P.M. | East Emigrant | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | and Tehama via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Redding | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| 9.00 A.M. | " | *12.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 8.40 P.M. |
| *4.30 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| | " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Virginia City | 8.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 4.30 P. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Benicia; and that leaving at 8.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from the Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *9.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52; 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Daily, except Sundays. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**OPIUM and MORPHINE HABIT**

DR. H. H. KANE, of the D. Quincy Home, now offers a Remedy whereby any one can cure himself quickly and painlessly. For testimonials and endorsements from eminent medical men, &c., address H. H. KANE, A. M., M. D., 160 Fulton St., New York City.


NORTHERN DIVISION
## SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.
BROAD GAUGE.

## WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, November 11, 1883,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| †6.50 A.M. | | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | *8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | 3.36 P.M. |
| *5.10 P.M. | | †4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Soquel, Aptos.. | |
| *3.30 P.M. | (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, broad gauge, no change of cars | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 5.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (sportsmen's train).

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets — at Reduced Rates — to Monterey, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS

Sold on Saturday and Sunday—good to return on Monday—to Santa Clara or San José, $2.50; to Gilroy, $4.00; to Monterey or Santa Cruz, $5.00, and to principal points between San Francisco and San José.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, January 21st, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—†10.15, *11.15 A. M., *4.50, †5.00 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†7.00, *9.20 A. M., †12.30, *3.20, *5.30, †5.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—*8.00, †8.50 A. M., *12.30, †3.35 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†6.40, *6.50, *9.15 A. M., †12.00 M., *2.50, †5.10 P. M. * Week Days. † Sundays.

For SAUCELITO (Week Days)—9.20 A. M., 1.15, 3.20, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.00, 10.00 A. M., 12.30, 2.00, 5.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (Week Days)—7.45, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.50 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.05, 3.15, 6.10 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 6.15 P. M.

**11.15 A. M.** Daily, Sudays excepted (via San Quentin Ferry), THROUGH TRAIN, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through Train from Duncan Mills arrives in S. F. at 1.45 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning except Mondays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**7.00 A. M.** from Saucelito Ferry, Excursion Train every Sunday for Point Reyes and Way Stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco (via Saucelito Ferry) 6.50 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over **3,300** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**

**227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

# CHARLES R. ALLEN,

**Dealer in House, Steam, Foundry, and**

## CUMBERLAND COAL,

**ENGLISH COKE AND PIG IRON,**

**120 Beale Street, San Francisco.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**
## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| STEAMER | 1884. | HONGKONG. |
|---|---|---|
| OCEANIC | | Saturday, March 8th. |
| ARABIC | | Saturday, April 26th. |
| OCEANIC | | Tuesday, May 27th. |

From San Francisco for

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Rio de Janeiro.....March 29**

At 5 o'clock P. M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Colima.....April 1**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers for MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West India ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Zealandia.....April 11**

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on March 3d, 11th, 19th, and 27th, and every eighth day thereafter. The first steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

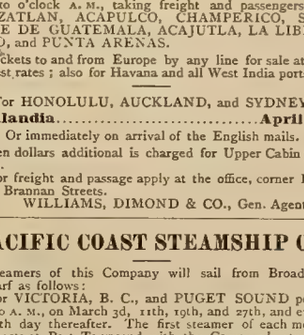
For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

## GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER
**MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose. Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR,
**MANAGER.**

**Corner First and Market Streets,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital.....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Bocano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama.

## The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK

LIMITED,

**N. E. corner Pine and Sansome Streets.**

London Office, 3 Angel Court. New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street.

**Authorized Capital Stock.....$6,000,000**

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED F. LOW, IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.
P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

CHARLES CROCKER. WM. H. CROCKER. R. C. WOOLWORTH.

## CROCKER, WOOLWORTH & CO.

**BANKERS,**

**322 Pine Street, San Francisco,** carry on a general Banking business.

Correspondents in the principal cities of the Eastern States and in Europe.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**
Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# ALASKA
# COMMERCIAL CO.

**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.




It was evident from the moment Adelina Patti set her slender, *bien-chaussés*, pigeon-toed, pretty little feet on the stage on Saturday night, that she meant to sing up to her reputation. There was an unusual sparkle in her eye, an unusual exhilaration in her spirits. The time for her to redeem her laurels had come, and she was great enough to recognize it.

The dismay of the conventional Patti-ites over her Violetta and Leonora had been unmistakable, but they had stood by their colors bravely, and it was only when moved to anger in discussion that they arose and smote San Francisco with the charge of provincialism. This is a charge not often urged against San Francisco by any but the Simon Pure Californian. Let him or her go abroad for a few weeks or months, and shop on Broadway or the Boulevards with some other Californians, and he or she is prone to return with a magnificent disdain for San Francisco's provincialism. It is not offensive because it is so thoroughly amusing. The citizen of the world, on the contrary, is always sure to find in San Francisco a cosmopolitan and metropolitan flavor amazing to him.

Adelina Patti is perhaps more thoroughly a citizen of the world than any one in the world. Born in Spain, of Italian parentage, bred in America, adopted by France, and choosing at last to set the rooftree of her home under shelter of the flag of England, she is, indeed, a woman without a country, and a citizen of the world. Accustomed for twenty years to familiar association with people of all classes, from emperors and empresses down to toadies, she is indeed, in its fullest sense, a woman of the world. Could such a woman thrice mistake the temper and pulse of an audience, and that the best operatic audience in America? New Orleans, "the Great South Gate," as George Cable so appropriately calls it, once bore that distinction. But the gayety of the creole city has long been a tradition of the past, and even the wonders of the Mardi Gras fail to buoy it up again.

New York is notoriously indifferent musically, opera there being a mere social display. Boston is entirely given up to the severe classics, and the other large cities are all severely commercial. Cincinnati, which claims to be the musical centre of America, is not intrinsically musical at all. The College of Music is presided over by George Ward Nichols, a man who doesn't know a sharp from a flat, or a cadenza from a plain scale. His sole idea of music is a gigantic festival of it at cheap prices.

In San Francisco they flee chamber music as Tam O'Shanter fled the de'il, but they are passionately fond of opera. This has always been a characteristic of the San Francisco people. The pioneers tell us that in the early days a good opera company was almost a fixture here.

It has not yet come to pass that we can stroll, as the Italians do, into their summer theatres, and, for a few cents, hear the best works of the great composers done in really good style. Yet the opera we have always with us in some form. At the Tivoli one can hear an opera any night for twenty-five or fifty cents, and it is a good twenty-five or fifty cents' worth. We welcomed Emma Abbott with open arms at a dollar and a half, and they certainly gave us a good dollar and a half's worth.

When Gerster and Patti came with really grand opera, the town rushed in a body to hear them, and no one stayed to count the cost, nor regretted the money after it was spent. In fact, people look upon the regular season prices as being quite small. The Mapleson company have had a disastrous season in New York—a more disastrous one in crossing the continent. Their enormous success in San Francisco has caused the hair of even that veteran of self-possession, Colonel Mapleson, to stand on end with amazement. It is said that Adelina Patti never sang to such a moneyed house in her life as on the night of "La Traviata." It is estimated that the people paid sixty thousand dollars to get in—this, of course, at speculators' prices. Patti realized the excitement in the air, but failed to estimate the musical appreciation. In "Il Trovatore" it was borne in upon her, and by Saturday night she knew what lay before her. In the light of her Annetta, her Violetta and Leonora were impertinences, but she is too great an artist not to have apologized nobly for her mistake, and she did it completely, wonderfully, grandly. Hundreds of people who have been hearing her all over the wold declare that she has not sung as she sang on last Saturday night for ten years. At last we heard the Patti that we have been waiting for and dreamed of; the Patti whom the nations have delighted to honor; the petted, pampered, luxurious, self-confident Patti who wouldn't sing her best till she got frightened.

It is a pity she did not make her triumph in one of the grand rôles. "Crispino e la Comare" is a mere musical trifle, and an opera comique really seems unworthy as the *pièce de résistance* of a great artist. But Patti, who is too artificial ever to be a great actress in anything, is altogether over-weighted, dramatically, by tragic or emotional rôles. Even her comedy is cheap and commonplace.

Patti never allows her personality to be obscured by her rôle. One never remembers her as Violetta, or Leonora, or any of them. In Annetta she was Patti on a lark, and sang with a daring, dashing abandon which astonished those who knew her best. It was this that carried the waltz—a pretty, ringing, swinging waltz, which almost carries itself, being dance-music even when not sung by a Patti. As a piece of vocalization, it did not compare with Gerster's rendering of the De Beriot waltz in "L'Elisir d'Amore," nor with Patti's opening aria in "Linda." This most exquisite gem of singing was absolutely peerless in its perfection. Her notes in the descending scales were like a rain of pearls on a many-runged silver ladder, but it received no such acknowledgment as the "Il Bacio" waltz. Nor was her Linda accepted as Annetta had been, the effervescence of the cobbler's wife being gone, and Patti has not the sympathy in her nature which makes Linda a touching part.

It was amusing to see the flutter in the house, and the domestic cranks uprear their crests with musical pride, as the orchestra struck up the notes of "Home, Sweet Home." It is a good old song. The melody is flowing and the sentiment admirable. But there is more buncombe wasted on this and "The Last Rose of Summer" than any two songs ever born of the brain of man. It goes without saying that great artists can sing these songs better than ordinary people, and Patti and Gerster sang them with beautiful simplicity. They did not affront the composers by the embellishment of so much as one note. Yet I heard some one say that she would rather hear Emma Abbott sing "The Last Rose of Summer." Perhaps she missed Abbott's pet cadenza, which she liked to tack on whenever she could, and into which she always interjected her little alleged trill.

Poor Abbott never could trill. She tried hard enough, poor girl, but she always went into it with a gasp and came out of it with a shudder, and there was a bad join at both ends. As for the trill itself, when she got in it was a poor little *mezzo voce*, even *sotto voce* affair, and there was an intent business look of absorption on Abbott's face while she was at it that rather detracted from its spontaneity. Gerster and Patti trill as if they loved it. Patti made half her reputation in "La Traviata" on the long sustained trill with which she runs off the stage. Gerster, who has perhaps done the most wonderful singing of the engagement in "I Puritani," as all musicians admit who heard her, runs off the stage trilling on C sharp *in alt*, a most wonderful vocal feat. Yet these ladies interject their wonderful trills only where they are written or where the composer plainly gives them an *ad lib*. The contempt for the trill is on a par with the declared opinion of the domestic crank, that "Home, Sweet Home" and "The Last Rose of Summer" are the finest pieces of music ever written.

It is as purely a part of musical culture as deportment and belle-lettres are a part of the education of a gentleman. The greatest virtuosi in any branch of music—the violin, the piano, the human voice—invest more sustained labor on the production of a perfect trill than witless carpers can ever have understanding to appreciate, but once secured it is worth the trouble. As for these royal ladies in the realm of song, they would no more top a homespun ballad off with a trill than they would wear diamonds in the first act of "Linda di Chamouni."

Etelka Gerster's Marguerite is the most exquisite embodiment of a poet's ideal that was ever transferred to the boards. It would seem almost impossible to have thus conveyed in the flesh this extraordinary mingling of mysticism and plain German fact, which is known as "Faust," and which in the opera has been wedded to such wonderful music that it is simply impossible to digest it all at one, or two, or three sittings. It is rich—it is luxurious with music. Just as your ear is fastened upon a singer, some tricksy little phrase crops out in the orchestra; and when you are giving your whole attentive soul to the orchestra, a captivating burst of melody enchains you to the stage. If the march had not been ground out of a thousand organs, drummed on a thousand pianos, shouted out of a thousand public schools, and tortured by a thousand choruses, it would be the most stirring piece of martial music extant. The waltz is the most sensuous of waltzes, and the orchestra sings along in an undercurrent of marvelous melody, which you feel all through the opera without actually identifying it. It is not one singer's opera—for each of them is only part of a consistent whole. Marguerite is only a vision in the first act, and little more in the second. She is a presence, but voiceless, at Valentine's death, and she has only a few interjectional sentences in the cathedral scene. Thus she only sings in two out of six scenes. But Gerster is a great dramatic as well as lyric artist; and there is no actress upon the dramatic stage who could so fully grasp the poetical possibilities of a character which is so easily made colorless. By what mysterious power does she convey the innate purity and beauty of Marguerite's character, and, at the same time, her pitiful defenselessness against supernatural power? One constantly feels the tugging of the strings even with a rather bad Mephisto to hamper her, and at the death of Valentine and in the cathedral scene the audience was awed almost into silence, and their applause sparkled in tears. When the curtain fell upon her last triumphant note, she followed them home more as a living presence stepped out of the poem than as a great songstress in the rôle of Marguerite.

Aside from the exquisite playing of the orchestra, the remainder of the performance was pretty bad. Is there any tenor living who can sing Faust? If so, let us hope Mapleson will bring him next time. "Faust" is given with steady frequency in San Francisco, but the part of Faust has never yet been sung here. Galassi, of course, made a magnificent Valentine. All that we had to be grateful for in Siebel was that Madame Tiozzo did not sing it. Madame Tiozzo has a voice like a jackdaw. Bianchi-Florio has a pretty refined face and no voice at all. Signor Cherubini's Mephisto coming hard upon that of Campobello, who copied his from the two greatest baritones of the century, suffered. In any case he did not sing as well as usual, and he became positively offensive in his too plain demands for *encores*.

The rest of Gerster's week has been all repetition. "Linda" was withdrawn after its first announcement and given to Patti. It was not deemed best that Gerster should sing Gilda in "Rigoletto," one of her favorite rôles, and the music of "Il Barbiere" unaccountably failed to come. And "L'Elisir d'Amore" was repeated.

And so, beautiful, soulful woman, who hast stirred the waters of delight in our breasts, and touched with thy wand of song the fountain of tears in our hearts, hail and farewell!

BETSY B.

---

At the California Theatre, the engagement of Leavitt's European Specialty Company ends with this evening. Next Monday night, Kiralfy's "Excelsior" combination opens at this theatre. "Excelsior" is a strange spectacular piece in which there is much dancing and acting, but in which not a word is spoken. It was known in Paris, where it was brought out at the Eden Theatre two years ago, as a spectacular pantomime. Last year it made its appearance in New York, and was noticed at some length by the *Argonaut's* correspondent. The most important feature is the grand ballet, which is composed of male and female dancers—all of them European artists. The following is the plot of this curious play: Light, the Genius of Civilization, is found in captivity to Darkness or Obscurantism, the genius of opposition to Human Progress, who is aided by Ignorance, Superstition, and Crime. Light wakes, breaks her chain, and defies Darkness, and the scene changes to a most elaborate and beautiful picture of the Temple of Light and Progress. This fills the entire stage with graduated elevations at the back, and the whole space is filled with dancers, including a large number of children in the highest part of the picture, who are dressed as winged cherubs. Light stands beside one of the premiers, all of whom are her friends and assistants at different stages of the pantomime. The rest of the act is filled by three divisions of the ballet—La Renommé, by the full corps, La Civilisation, by Miss Flindt, and La Renaissance by all. The figures are bewilderingly intricate. The scenery and costumes are said to be very elaborate. The spectacle is under the management of Imre and Bolossy Kiralfy.

---

Suppose that earthquake on Tuesday evening had come about four hours later than it did. Suppose it had wiggled the Grand Opera House at fifteen minutes to nine. Suppose that gigantic chandelier had began to clash forth its alarum. Suppose the mass of humanity the house contained that night had been panic-stricken and turned to flee. Now, what do you suppose would have hap—— But a truce to suppositions.

---

On the 22d of February Jacob Price, of San Leandro, sold twenty-two of his village carts. Of these, one order was for fifteen. This order came from Honolulu, and the writer stated that it was the result of seeing an advertisement in the *Argonaut*. Mr. Price was very well satisfied with both his stroke of business and his advertisement.

---

— A LARGE COLLECTION OF BEAUTIFUL EASTER Cards has just been received by Snow & Co., 12 Post Street, under the Masonic Temple. These cards are of all sizes and styles, from the large studies of white lilies to the dainty plush flower-cards.

It will be remembered that shortly after the arrival of the Mapleson troupe in this city, Signor Lombardelli, one of its members, died of pneumonia, leaving his widow here, in a strange city, without relatives and in straitened circumstances. Signors Galassi and Cherubini at once volunteered to sing all his rôles, on condition that the widow should receive his salary for the remainder of the season. To this Mr. Mapleson consented, and they have since carried out their offer, by no means a trifling one, as it has once involved Signor Cherubini's singing three exigent rôles within thirty hours (in "Favorita," "Faust," and "Crispino"). The troupe further arranged a concert for the benefit of Signor Lombardelli's widow, to take place last Thursday afternoon, Madame Gerster and other members singing. This was announced, but subsequently abandoned, for reasons into which we will not enter. Madame Patti gave a concert Thursday evening. A subscription was then begun for the relief of the unfortunate widow, with the following result:

| | |
|---|---|
| J. H. Mapleson | $600.00 |
| Antonio Galassi | 150.00 |
| Ernesto Caracciolo | 25.00 |
| Adelina Patti | 150.00 |
| Ernesto Nicolini | 50.00 |
| J. Angelo and wife | 100.00 |
| Madame Dotti | 50.00 |
| Etelka Gerster-Gardini | 1,000.00 |
| Eugenio Vicini | 20.00 |
| Luigi Arditi | 30.00 |
| Enrico Cherubini | 30.00 |
| André Anton | 10.00 |
| Maria Bianchi-Fiorio | 10.00 |
| Aristide Venturi | 10.00 |
| G. Franchi | 25.00 |
| A. Rinaldini | 5.00 |
| Rosalinda Sacconi | 5.00 |
| Count Zacharoff | 50.00 |
| Italian Consul Lambertenghi | 10.00 |

---

Monday, at the Grand Opera House, Gerster sang the part of Amina in "La Sonnambula." Tuesday night Patti appeared in "Linda di Chamouni." Wednesday night Gerster played the title rôle in "Lucia di Lammermoor." Thursday night Patti, Dotti, Galassi, Nicolini, and other members of the company, gave a grand concert at the Mechanics' Pavilion. Last night Gerster appeared for the last time. The opera was to have been "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," but as the music failed to arrive in time for that opera, "L'Elisir d'Amore" was repeated. This afternoon Patti will bid farewell to the San Francisco public as Annetta, in "Crispino e la Comare."

---

"Her Sacrifice" ended at the Baldwin Theatre Wednesday night. Miss Sara Jewett is ill, and has relinquished her engagement. "Claire and the Forge-master" will be produced Monday night, with Miss Louise Pomeroy in the leading rôle. Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight will open in Bronson Howard's play, "Baron Rudolf," at this theatre on April 14th.

---

Invitations are out for the third anniversary entertainment of the California Dramatic Club, at Platt's Hall, next Tuesday evening. "Francesca da Rimini" is the play, and Master R. L. Levy and Miss Ida Aubrey will fill the leading parts.

---

"The Wages of Sin" will follow "A Hoop of Gold" at the Bush Street Theatre.

---

**Prang's Easter Cards,**

Delayed by washouts, have arrived, and are in the hands of the dealers.

---

**A Fashionable Modiste.**

**Her Handsomely Fitted-up Rooms at 121 Post St.**

The many friends and customers of the well-known modiste, Mrs. K. A. Deering, will be pleased to hear that she has recently moved into the new building, 121 Post Street, over O'Connor, Moffatt & Co.'s immense dry goods store. Mrs. Deering has long been identified with San Francisco, and her customers may be reckoned by the score, all of whom can testify to the excellent work done under her personal supervision. Her work is finished off in the most approved style, and her fitting is absolutely perfect, as she has a most superior fitter from one of the leading houses of Paris. In her new rooms, which are beautifully arranged, she has greater accommodations and more sewing-women employed. Mrs. Deering still continues her commission business on the same terms as formerly; that is, all orders under ten dollars, fifty cents to purchasers, and any sum over that free of charge. Mrs. Deering does not confine herself to dress goods in the commission business, but purchases furniture, carpets, or anything a buyer may require, her facilities being greatly improved by her recent removal.

---

**Root Beer.**

A strictly non-alcoholic family beverage, at once delicious to the taste and beneficial to the system. The youngest child or the feeblest invalid can drink it with advantage. Put up in pint and quart champagne bottles, with patent stoppers, at seventy cents and one dollar and ten cents per dozen. All orders promptly filled. H. L. St. John & Co., 14 Hayes Street.

---

— THE METROPOLITAN HALL IS THE FINEST auditorium on the coast for entertainments, lectures, and concerts. Its magnificent organ renders it especially fitted for Easter celebrations and festivals.

---

— A VISITING GOVERNESS, HAVING A CLASS IN the morning, would like pupils for the afternoon References given. Address Miss R, this office



THE GHOST STORY.

Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.
ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.
ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.
THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.


— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

— FOR THE CURE OF FEMALE DISORDERS AND irregularities, Ayer's Sarsaparilla has no equal.

— TO PROMOTE DIGESTION, AND FOR USE after the midday meal, Ayer's Cathartic Pills have no equal.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

**ATTENTION, RANCH OWNERS.**

A thoroughly instructed FARMER, having managed a large estate and made his agricultural studies in Europe, wishes a situation as Superintendent of a first-class farm. Dairy matters a specialty. Highest references offered.
Address **L. K., 42 Nevada Block**, San Francisco

**$10 REWARD**

**To the successful competitor in answering the Prize Questions of**

**THE INGLESIDE.**

**OFFICE, 712 MONTGOMERY ST.**

**FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.**

**FREE** A lady's fancy Box with 26 articles and 60 page book illustrating games, tricks, etc. Send 10c. to help pay postage. E. NASON & Co., 120 Fulton St., N.Y.

**J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.**
**MERCHANT TAILORS**
**And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,**
**415 MONTGOMERY STREET,**
**Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco**

**FOR SALE.**

PRIVATE RESIDENCE

**Eleven Rooms and Bath.**

**All Modern Conveniences, North side of Vallejo Street, No. 2222. Lot 68 feet 9 inches by 137 feet 6 inches. Large Garden, Stable, and Chicken House. Look at the place, and make an offer.**

**THE "POPE HOUSE" HOTEL.**

The POPE HOUSE, for fifteen years past the leading private Hotel and Boarding-House of SANTA CRUZ, enjoying the first patronage in the State, has changed hands, and RE-OPENED March 25th, under the direct personal management and supervision of the new proprietors, who hope, by close attention to the wants and comforts of their guests, to merit a continuance of the valuable patronage so long enjoyed by Mrs. Pope.
Private Family Dining-rooms. French Dinners served to order in the best style.
☞ SPECIAL OMNIBUS awaits all arriving and departing trains and steamers. No charge whatever for conveying guests to or from this hotel.

**Messrs. FREDERICK KEPPEL & CO., of London and New York, have now on exhibition at Messrs. A. L. BANCROFT & CO.'S a large collection of RARE ENGRAVINGS and ETCHINGS, recently brought from Europe.**

**All Art Lovers are invited to call and examine the collection, whether as visitors or purchasers.**

**MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. A. K. CLAPPE'S**
**SELECT SCHOOL**
**FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,**
At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N. Y. Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalogue.

**EASTER CARDS.**

**A fine assortment of the most artistic of this season's Easter Cards now on exhibition at**

**DOXEY'S,**
**23 DUPONT STREET.**

**BUTTERICK'S**
**Patterns—Spring Styles.**
**Send Stamp for Catalogue. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**


# THE INGLESIDE

PUBLISHED BY

## H. B. McDOWELL,

**712 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**

### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

As the New York agent of THE INGLESIDE, as well as of various other journals throughout the United States, I (S. S. Wood) have arranged with numerous manufacturers for a large variety of goods, which (if ordered) are to be paid for partly in ADVERTISING and partly in CASH. As a means of increasing THE INGLESIDE SUBSCRIPTION LIST, it is proposed to give its readers for TWO MONTHS the benefit of the ADVERTISING PAYMENT by offering these articles as follows:

**1st Offer for April and May.**

For each new subscriber for THE INGLESIDE (at $2.50) which shall be reported to me (S. S. Wood, 230 E. 34th street, New York) by any subscriber, $1.50 worth of any of the articles in the appended list is offered AS A PRESENT. Accordingly any subscriber who shall send a club of one NEW subscriber will be entitled to one of the Poets, or to any other choice from the list to the amount of $1.50, or, for 25 cents EXTRA, a copy of any one of the Zgzags will be sent postpaid. A club of two NEW subscribers at $2.50 each will pay for three dollars' worth, etc. Should you fail to get a club large enough for the article desired, send along the names you have and we will inform you how much additional in cash will be required for it, as well as for any others you may wish to purchase at the same time. Address all orders to S. S. Wood.

**2d Offer for April and May.**

For each dollar's worth of goods which shall be ordered from the following list at the regular retail price for the same, 50 cents worth of THE INGLESIDE (renewal or new subscription) will be allowed AS A PRESENT. For example, any person who shall order a Penograph at $3 will get not only the best fountain pen ever offered at any price, but also a dollar and fifty cents worth of THE INGLESIDE for himself or any one else. Address S. S. Wood.

**3d Offer for April and May.**

Every reader is offered a choice of the following articles IN COMBINATION for the exact amount of the CASH PAYMENT required for them, provided every order shall amount to at least $5 and shall include one or more subscriptions or renewals. For example, I offer John W. Lovell's edition of Charles Dickens' complete works in 15 vols., price $22 50; either Rollins' Ancient History or Knight's History of England in 4 volumes, price $6; Barnes' Popular History of the United States, publisher's price $5; Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men in 3 vols., price $4 50; any five volumes of the Standard Classics, price $6.25; Foote's Science in Story five volumes in one, price $2; Henry George's Progress and Poverty, price $1; 2 copies George's Land Question, 50 cts.; How to Read Character, price $1.25; New American Dictionary, price $1 and five dollars worth of subscriptions for THE INGLESIDE—making a total value of $55 00—all of which are offered in combination for $22 50, which is but the price of Dickens. The person who shall send such an order is expected to collect $5 for THE INGLESIDE subscriptions, which leaves a balance of only $17 50 which secures 34 books worth $50 00, boxed and shipped by express; and the $17 50 is the exact amount of the CASH PAYMENT required (in addition to the advertising) for the goods enumerated. In other words, we pay for the goods partly in advertising and charge subscribers only what we have to pay in CASH. If you wish to know the price for any other combination, please mention the articles desired, give the full name and address of this journal, state whether or not you are a subscriber, and address me as follows: S. S. Wood, 230 E. 34th St., New York.

### Our Special List of Premium Goods.

| | Retail price. |
|---|---|
| No. 1 Gent's Lever Watch, by express | $15 00 |
| No. 2 Boy's or Lady's Watch, by express | 18.00 |
| No. 3 Gent's Watch, by express | 22 00 |
| No. 5 Gent's Gold Watch, by express | 50.00 |
| No. 7 Lady's Gold Watch, by express | 42 00 |
| Set of 6 Triple Plated Teaspoons, postpaid | 3 00 |
| Set of 6 Triple Plated Dessert-spoons, postpaid | 5.00 |
| Set of 6 Triple Plated Tablespoons, postpaid | 6 00 |
| Set of 6 Triple Plated Table-forks, postpaid | 6 00 |
| Set of 6 Triple Plated Windsor Knives, postpaid | 3 50 |
| Child's Set, 3 pieces, Triple Plated, postpaid | 2.00 |
| One Butter Knife, postpaid | 1 00 |
| Penograph, postpaid | 3 00 |
| Lady's or Gent's Gold Pencil, postpaid | 2 00 |
| Round Music Box postpaid | 2 00 |
| Field Glass, by express | 10 00 |
| Opera Glass, postpaid | 6 00 |
| No. 1 Telescope, postpaid | 4 00 |
| No. 2 Telescope, by express | 7.00 |
| No. 3 Telescope, " | 18 00 |
| No. 4 Telescope, " | 50.00 |
| Pocket Magnifier, postpaid | 1 00 |
| Library Microscope, by express | 10 00 |
| Gent's Gossamer Coat, postpaid | 4 00 |
| Lady's Gossamer Newport, postpaid | 4 00 |
| New American Dictionary, postpaid | 1 00 |
| Foote's Science in Story, postpaid | 2.00 |
| Zigzag Journeys in "Europe," in "Classic Lands," in "Northern Lands," in "Orient," or in "Occident," postpaid | $ 1.75 |
| Progress and Poverty, postpaid | 1.00 |
| Henry George's Land Question, postpaid | .25 |
| Barnes' Pop. History of U. S., by express | 2.70 |
| Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men, 3 vols | 4.50 |
| Thackeray's Complete Works, 11 vol | 16 50 |
| Dickens' Works, 15 vols., postpaid | 22.50 |
| Rollins' Ancient History, 4 vols., postpaid | 6 00 |
| Knight's History of England, 4 vols., postp'd. | 6.00 |
| Josephus, complete, postpaid | 2 00 |
| Koran, complete, postpaid | 2.00 |
| Webster's Dictionary of Quotations, postp'd. | 1 50 |
| Smith's Bible Dictionary | 2 00 |

**WOOD'S HOME LIBRARY of 70 volumes, at $1.25 each, postpaid.**

A Lesson to Fathers.
Advice to Wife and Mother.
Æsop's Fables.
Andersen's Fairy Tales.
Arabian Nights.
Boy's Own Book.
Charlotte Bronte.
Children of the Abbey.
Christmas Tales, juv.
Cricket's Friends.
Daffy Down Dilly.
David Copperfield.
Dean's Daughter.
Dickens' Child's History of England.
Dickens' Xmas Stories.
Don Quixote.
Ernest Lyone.
Elmo's Model Speaker.
Evenings at Home.
Five Weeks in a Balloon.
Fox' Book of Martyrs.
Fur Country.
Girl's Own Book.
Gil Blas.
Grim's Popular Tales.
Grandfather's Pocket Book.
Gulliver's Travel's, etc.
Gypsy Queen.
History of A. B. C.
History of Pendennis
How to Read Character.
Irving's Sketch Book
Ivanhoe.
Jane Eyre.
Kettle's Birthday Party.
Kingsley's Sermons.
Kitto's History of Palestine.
Last Days of Pompeii.
Last Days of the Mohicans.
Lesson to Fathers.
Life of Franklin.
Life of Lincoln.
Life of Walter Raleigh.
Life of Webster.
Light House Keeper.
Mysterious Island.
Oliver Twist
Paul and Virginia, Rasselas and Vicar of Wakefield.
Peter the Whaler.
Pilgrim's Progress.
Pickwick.
Red Gauntlet.
Robinson Crusoe.
Rob Roy.
Scottish Chiefs.
Swiss Family Robinson.
Thaddeus of Warsaw.
The Wonderful Bag.
The Newcombs.
The Privateersman.
The War Tiger.
Tom Brown at Oxford.
Tom Brown's School Days.
Tour of the World in 80 Days
20,000 Leagues under the Sea
Use of Sunshine.
Vanity Fair.
Voyage in the Sunbeam.
Waverley.
Willy Reilly.

**Red Line Poets, Gilt Edges, 70 Volumes, $1.50 each, postpaid.**

Arnold.
Aytoun.
Browning.
Bunyan.
Burns.
Byron.
Campbell.
Chaucer.
Coleridge.
Cook, Eliza.
Cowper.
Crabbe.
Dante.
Dryden.
Elliott.
Famous Poems.
Faust, Goethe's.
Favorite Poems.
Female Poets.
Gems, 1001.
Goethe.
Goldsmith.
Heine.
Hemans, Mrs.
Herbert.
Homer's Odyssey.
Homer's Iliad
Hood.
Household Poems
Hugo.
Ingelow, Jean.
Johnson's Lives of the Poets.
Keats.
Kingsley, Chas.
Leigh.
Lucile.
Macaulay.
Meredith.
Mackay, Chas
Milton.
Montgomery.
Moore.
Mulock.
Norton.
Ossian.
Petrarch.
Poe.
Poetry of Flowers
Poets of America.
Pope.
Proctor, Adelaide.
Rogers.
Rossiter.
Schiller.
Scott.
Shakespeare.
Shelley.
Songs for the Household.
Songs, Sacred and Devotional
Spencer.
Tasso.
Tennyson.
Thompson.
Tupper.
Van Arevald, Ph.
Virgil.
Wesley.
White, Kirke.
Willis.
Wordsworth.
Young.

QUALITY GUARANTEED.—Every article is fully guaranteed, and may be returned or exchanged if for any reason it should fail to give entire satisfaction.

SAMPLE COPIES FREE.—Send us the addresses of your neighbors and friends who do not take THE INGLESIDE and we will mail a sample copy free to each of them, provided you will agree to call and solicit their subscriptions after they shall have had an opportunity to read the paper. It will be observed that our first offer of 75 cents' worth of premium goods for getting each NEW subscriber is made only to those who are already subscribers for THE INGLESIDE.

**Before You Order Read the Following Carefully.**

1st. The first offer is made to subscribers only, while the second and third offers are addressed to any reader of the paper as well as to subscribers.

2d. No article in the above list is offered to any one except it be ordered in connection with the paper.

3d. All remittances in accordance with either of the three offers must be addressed to S. S. Wood, 230 E. 34th street, New York.

4th. All orders for sample copies and all remittances for subscriptions without any premiums, must be addressed to this office, and not to New York.

5th. When you write to our agent in New York, you must always mention the full name of this paper, and state whether or not you are a subscriber.

6th. All correspondence relating to any article in the above list, or to either of the offers, must be addressed to S. S. Wood, 230 E. 34th street, New York. SEND HIM YOUR ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD FOR A DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.

7th. More time will be allowed those who shall need it for completing a club or an order.

8th. The manufacturers warrant every article to give satisfaction.

9th. In reporting subscribers, please designate every name as (NEW) or (RENEWAL). Changing from one to another member of the same family does not constitute a (NEW) subscription.

**H. B. McDOWELL,**
**712 Montgomery Street,**
San Francisco, Cal.


**KNABE PIANOS**
"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*
**A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St. S. F.,** Sole Agents.

**BETHESDA**
**SUPERIOR TABLE WATER**
**L. CAHEN AND SON, 418 SAC. ST. S.F.**

R.H.McDonald PRES'T S.G.Murphy CASHIER
Established 1863.
Oldest Chartered Bank on the Pacific Coast
PACIFIC BANK
Capital Stock $1,000,000.00.
Surplus $ 450,000.00.
Resources $ 3,778,077.80.
San Francisco, Cal. Jan. 1, 1884.
All matters intrusted to our care will be attended to with promptness, fidelity, and in strict confidence. R. H. McDONALD, Pres't.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.
Commission Merchants,
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
Liberal advances made on consignments.

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, On., LONDON.
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 309 SANSOME STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

A. HARKER & CO.
Importers and Wholesale Grocers,
108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY
OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.
Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

THE AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.

BOUND VOLUMES
.....OF.....
THE ARGONAUT.
Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, and XIII.
Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office, No. 213 Dupont Street.

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
TILES
For Decorations.
W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
HENRY F. MILLER
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
HEMME & LONG
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

ICHI BAN

WALL PAPER,
Artistic Designs, American, French, and English. Cornice Poles and Fixtures. Sole Agents on Pacific Coast for LINCRUSTA WALTON, the new and indestructible Wall Decoration. Imitation Stained and Ground Glass, for residences, churches, etc. Frescoing and Interior Decorating a specialty.
WINDOW SHADES.
Samples and Estimates furnished on Application.
G. W. CLARK & CO., 645 & 647 MARKET ST.

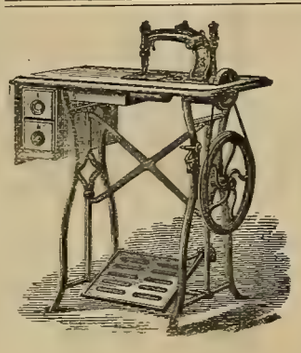


THE STANDARD SILK OF THE WORLD!
YATES & CONKLIN,
Manufacturers' Agents,
18 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Every reader of the "Argonaut" should see a copy of
THE ILLUSTRATED NEW YORK
• LIFE •
The leading Humorous and Satirical Paper.
TERMS: At the rate of $5.00 a year, postage free. Sample copy free. 1155 Broadway, New York.

CRAZY PATCH WORK
How to Make It; how to obtain the silk for it. We send Ten *samples of elegant silk*, all different and cut so as to make one 10-inch block of *Crazy Patchwork*, for 25 cts.; 12-inch block, 35 cts.; with diagram showing how it is put together.
We send 20 *perforated patterns, working size*, of birds, butterflies, bugs, beetles, bees, spiders and webs, reptiles, Greenaway figures, etc., etc., and 10 sprays of flowers of various kinds, all for 60 cts., with powder and distributing pad for transferring, to ornament the silk. These patterns can be *instantly* transferred to any material, and can be used *a hundred* times over.
Our book, "How to Make Home Beautiful," has instructions for making a variety of patchwork, with diagrams and illustrations of many fancy stitches for joining and ornamenting the silk. Also, has illustrations of all the *Kensington* and *Arasene* stitches, with instructions for doing this kind of embroidery and for making many beautiful and useful articles. It also contains a descriptive and illustrated list of nearly 1,000 patterns for various kinds of embroidery. Price, 15 cts. All the above, with ten varieties of silk for 10-inch block, 50 cents; with silk for 12-inch block, $1.00, with silk for both blocks $1.25, all post-paid. Silks in $1., $2. and $5. packages. J. L. PATTEN, 37 Barclay St. New York.

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.


Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.



FOR SALE EVERYWHERE
HOME INDUSTRY

HOTEL
SIERRA MADRE VILLA
On the mountain side,
In an Orange Grove, Near Los Angeles.
Has been enlarged to accommodate One Hundred Gue
For climate, health, comfort, pure water, and beauty
scenery, it has no equal on this coast. General Shern
says it surpasses all other places on the American contin
for a quiet good time.
For further information, address
W. COGSWELL, Proprietor,
San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, Ca

"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."
THE NORTON
DOOR-CHECK & SPRING

It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS and renders slamming doors and breaking glass absolutely impossible.
D. S. BROWN & CO.,
36 California Street, San Francisco,
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

A. P. HOTALING & CO.
429 to 437 Jackson St., sole agents for the J. Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky, "O. P. S.," "O. K.," "O. K." "A No. 1," "A." Established 1852

BEAUTIFUL SNOW
FOR THE COMPLEXION!
This elegant preparation is the most perfect beauti
known. It is pure and harmless, delightful in its app
tion, and wonderful in its effects, while the closest scru
fails to detect its use. Prepared by
H. BOWMAN, Chemist, Oaklan
For sale by all druggists.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACUL
TAMAR A Laxative and Refreshing L
Lozenge for
CONSTIPATIO
Hemorrhoids, Bile, Heada
Cerebral Congestion, etc.
Prepare
INDIEN GRILLON,
SOLE PROPRIETOR,
Pharmacien de première c
de la Faculté de Paris,
GRILLON 27 Rue Rambuteau, PARI
Tamar—unlike pills and
usual purgatives—is agree
to take and never produces
tation.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GERMEA
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIV. No. 14. SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 5, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: Women of the Stage and Women of Society—The Relations which ought to exist between them—The Singers who have just departed —Two Actresses whose arrival we shall look for—The Private Life of each—A Prima Donna who is a Virtuous Wife and Mother—A *Diva* around whom Scandal has flung its Mantle—Their Reception by the Society Ladies of San Francisco—What Respectable People should do to Reform the Stage—Heroic Measures—Some Advice which will not be taken—The Storm which is Brewing in the Democratic Camp—Attorney-General Marshall's Newspaper Interviews—Their Effect on Party Organs —The Suspected Cause of the Extra Session—A Rumored Compromise among the Warring Democrats—The Slate agreed upon—No Turkey for the Irish, and all for the Chivs—A Possible and much-to-be feared Pope's Irish Inundation in Republican Quarters—Irish Patriots to the Front again—The Strife of two Celtic Chiefs—Parnell and Davitt come to open Rupture—The Thriving Industry of Political Agitation..... 1–2

NEW YORK PLAYS AND PLAYERS: The Conversational Bath-scrubber—He Discourses on "Her Sacrifice"—Théo's Expected Return—A Plump Opera Bouffe Artiste—"Flaneur's" Gossip..... 3

THE DEATH TRAIN: A Moonlight Excursion from Bonita to Plumbago City. A Story of New Mexico..... 4

INTAGLIOS: "Under an Umbrella"—"The Bridge of Prayer," by Ella Wheeler—"Smile Fortune," by Harold Van Santvoord—"Three Kisses" —"Off Cromer," by Swinburne..... 5

VANITY FAIR: Silk Mercery for Men—Some Washington Diamonds—The Wives of Clever Men..... 5

SOCIETY: The Summer Hegira—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes, and Gossip..... 6

COBWEBS: The Young Woman who Blackened her Eyebrows—An Artist's Comment on two San Francisco Beauties—A Story of Humphrey Moore —Dyspepsia and Lassitude after the Opera..... 7

PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE EAR: The Muscular and Cartilaginous Systems of Famous Prima Donnas—Some Scientific Applications for the General Reader..... 8

SOCIAL STANDING IN LONDON: Its Status—Some Truths about the Stage— "Cockaigne's" London Letter..... 9

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SOCIETY: Some Correspondence excited by the Recent Letter of Mr. John Farquharson Gower—An Historical Review of English Society—An American Defends Mr. Gower—A Caustic Letter on London Society..... 10

OUR CHESS COLUMN: The Outcome of the Jefferson-Redding Match— Other Notes of Interest..... 11

LITERARY NOTES: Bachelor Bluff's New Book — Bunner's Volume of Poems—Gossip about Authors..... 11

STORYETTES: A Waiter who was not taken Unawares—A New Story of the War in Soudan—Théophile Gautier's Cat..... 12

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Gossip about Prominent People..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B." discusses "Claire and the Forge-master"—"Excelsior" and its Ballet—Stage Gossip..... 14

There is no more fitting time for comment upon the relations which ought to exist between talented women of the lyric and tragic stage and the good women of social life than now, just as there have departed the two distinguished artists whom we have honored by our attentions. Just now, too, on the eve of the arrival of two others equally renowned in the theatrical profession, it may not be inappropriate for us to submit our reflections upon what is an embarrassing subject at any time, and a forbidden one when in the presence of the women who are the subject of discussion. Gerster and Patti present the matter to us in all the completeness of a brief of facts. There is no element of the discussion wanting. We give precedence to the name of Gerster in this writing, because we recognize the dignity of womanhood, wifehood, and motherhood, over all the accidents of phenomenal voice which have accorded to Patti the unchallenged crown as the world's queen of song. We shall not question that, as between Gerster and Patti, the former lady has not attained that prominence of position which is assigned to Patti in the realm of art. Whether the one touches a deeper and a tenderer chord in the human soul, or whether, as she matures and ripens in advancing to the *diva's* age, the younger lady may not suceed to the crown she wears, we will not here stop to inquire. It is no part of our question to estimate or compare the artistic qualities of these women, but to consider what relation they ought to be permitted to hold toward that class of society which has an ambition to be considered respectable. What relation ought the stage to hold to social life? Shall there be forever the great gulf which divides the professional woman from the domestic one? Shall this gulf be deepened till it is impassable? Shall it be filled till no chasm remains? Or shall it be bridged as now, with the narrow bridge over which, from stage to home or home to stage, there is an occasional passer? If the chasm be filled or made altogether impassable, what will be the effect upon both? With the stage cut loose from all restraining social influences, what will be the effect upon it, and, in return, what its influence upon society? They can not be further divided in safety; and they can not be brought together, except upon changed conditions of the stage. We have noted the social phenomena attending this operatic singing. It is the only thing which has interested us. We have observed how these women were received by those whom, for want of a better term, we will designate as the "ladies of society." All have gone to the opera, and while the larger part have been more strongly attracted by the musical power, and fame, and skill of Patti; while Patti has outblazed her rival in diamonds, has been the favorite of the impresario, and been permitted to choose her own rôles; while she has been the petted favorite of the leader of the orchestra, heralded by a world-wide fame, bringing with her the reflected honors of courts and kings; and while she is the wife of a marquis with a noble name, and mistress of a vast wealth in keeping of the Rothschilds —she has been welcomed to the heart of nobody, and to the homes of but few. The other lady, comparatively unknown in this city—not the equal of the *diva* in art, coming in a measure unheralded, not so beautiful of face or brilliant of flashing eye, not so great an actress, not enwrapped in blazing jewels, lacking nearly all the accessories which have thrown so much of interest around Patti, with no history of titled marriage, scandalous divorce, and professional triumphs to make her the subject of curiosity—has nevertheless met with such a welcome as never before had been extended to any professional. The best women of our city have been glad to recognize and be recognized by her. Young girls of the "best families" (again we use a phrase which, in our minds, has a qualification) thronged to visit her, and on their pretty lips bore away womanly kisses. Traveling with her was her husband, a quiet gentleman; behind her was a baby girl, at the mention of whose name the mother's eye moistened; and farther back a family home, nestling in Hungarian hills, with which are associated domestic love, and care, and duty. The madame—the *diva*—traveled in the sumptuous elegance of a private car, with Signor Nicolini, leaving behind him, if memory traveled with them at all, the recollection of wife and children abandoned. The women of good society in San Francisco honored themselves when they recognized in the one the womanly virtues, and in the other did not condone the practices of a life at war with the proprieties of American civilization. Unless the possession of the gift of song breaks down all the barriers of respectable social intercourse, and unless a woman, because she is a great artist, may set at defiance all the decencies of life and violate all the canons of good society, the ladies have acted womanly and well in putting forth with marked emphasis the different kinds of welcome extended to Mesdames Gerster and Patti. One further step should be taken. Respectable society should refuse to attend any theatre or opera house the performers of which are living in open and notorious violation of all the decencies of life. It should withhold its countenance from the immoral and profligate. If this were done, progress would be made in the direction of elevating and purifying the stage. If it did not make professionals any better in themselves, it would compel them to so respect the outward observance of respectability that their immoral practices and examples would not be allowed their present shameful and audacious publicity. We are aware that music-loving and fashionable people justify their attendance at opera or play where notorious women hold leading rôles, by drawing a line between the artist and the woman. There are those whom only the nude in art attracts. The nude was once fashionable. One of the most beautiful of the marbles of Canova in the Vatican basilica, at Rome, wears a clout of lead. Let virtuous women, who adorn fashionable society, in the interests of their daughters resolve that they will not countenance the open, brazen, naked vices of the lyric or tragic stage, and they will soon drive great prima donnas and great actresses to the semblance of virtue, at least. This course will contribute to the elevation and purification of the theatrical profession, and make it a possible occupation of many gifted and talented women who now justly regard it with loathsome aversion. This argument is simply written to fill an editorial space, and in the conscious knowledge that every one will admit its correctness, and that nobody will ever stay away from the theatre, even if the scarlet woman of Babylon should play us a star engagement. Langtry is the next opportunity which will present itself to test the question of how much talent and beauty it may require to make our fashionable and foolish ones forget themselves. If we could have our own way, we would have this friend of the Prince of Wales and Mr. Frederick Gebhard play to a score of old bald-heads in the orchestra seats; and when Sarah Bernhardt, the great international courtesan and polyglot bawd, shall visit our city of San Francisco, we hope the respectable part of our fashionable society will not run crazy over her.

There is just the faintest adumbration of the "devil of a row" brewing in the Democratic camp. Political relations are strained, and it is becoming apparent that there is danger that the party ship, with all its pirates and plunder, may be wrecked by this extraordinary extra session of the Legislature. When the Honorable the Attorney-General made, in his various newspaper interviews, such open accusations as he did against the Governor and the toads which squat and whisper into his too-confiding ear, we thought to hear "music in the air." We listened, but the *Examiner* roared as gently as a sucking dove. Then again came the Attorney-general, lance in hand and visor down, against Mr. Delmas; and we thought to see the moon painted red, and view it swinging its angry orbit through the roaring heavens. But even that most premeditated and deliberate insult has not yet changed ink to blood. If, however, Mr. Delmas and Judge Rhodes choose to sit down under the disgraceful charges made and implied in the Attorney-General's letter, we suppose we shall be deprived of the sensation of a duel; and that is hard upon us. The greater is the disappointment because the weather has been favorable and Marshall willing. We do not, however, despair that something sensational may yet come out of all this mouthing of words. In seriousness, we may be be permitted to say that, in our judgment, the course pursued by the Attorney-General has been in strict adherance to every honorable rule of professional propriety, so far as his conduct of the railroad tax cases has been concerned. It is the opinion of the profession that he has, in all his proceedings, fully reserved all the rights of his clients—the State and the counties. It is suspected that the real cause underlying the extra session, and the refusal to accept tax settlements without interest and penalties, is the greed of Messrs. Delmas and Rhodes for an exaggerated attorney's fee, and the ambition of the *Examiner* clique to give Mr. George Hearst undeserved prominence as a senatorial candidate.

The rumor is in the air that a compromise has been made among the jarring Democratic factions: Hearst for Senator, Foote for Governor, and Wallace to succeed General Miller in the Senate. This seems to us to be all on one side; no turkey for the Indian—all chivalry. We would suggest to our friends of the South that they do not omit to take into consideration the fact that a majority of the voting element of the Democratic party is Irish, and must be considered, or there will be a wake in the party. In this connection we may remark that the Northern, or

loyal, element need not be considered. There is no degree of abasement or humiliation to which the Northern Copperhead Democracy will not submit; but the Irish is a proud race and must be recognized by having assigned to it a fair share and equal division of the spoils and plunder of office. We sympathize with the Democratic Irish, for they have been compelled to bear the heat and burden of these long and toilsome years of Democratic minority. They have done most of the hard work, and all of the dirty work; and now, with the hope of a possible victory, to see Hearst and Wallace in the United States Senate, Foote in the gubernatorial chair, the mayoralty of San Francisco and all the leading positions filled with the same old shellbacks, who, before the war, cracked the party whip over the Irish rank and file, as did the driver his cat-o'-nine-tails over the gang of niggers as he drove them to the cotton field, is too bad. We sincerely hope, however, that this difficulty will be compromised. We hope that the chivs and the Irish will find some ground of adjustment, for we are in mortal terror lest the whole Irish mob should swing over to the Republican party, compelling us to turn Democratic, become chiv, wear a crook-headed cane, live on free lunches, and swear "By God, sah."

The great speech—"the greatest of his life"—promised by the friends of Judge Wallace, has more than answered the expectations of those who feared the worst. He has been safely delivered, and we have the confidence of the country doctor to feel that, though mother and child are dead, "the old man will pull through." It *was* a great speech. It enunciates with blunt directness the full gospel of confiscation. In an half column of newspaper nonpareil he disposes of questions which have challenged the long and labored deliberation of the best minds of modern times. What Adam Smith, and Stuart Mill, and Henry George have demanded the space of volumes to timidly suggest, Judge Wallace has with courageous directness disposed of in a dozen slashing utterances of Saxon word-thrusts. What twenty-two States have legislated at, and appointed railroad commissioners to consider; that which Charles Francis Adams and ever so many official commissioners have examined; that which judges from courts of lowest jurisdiction to those of the highest tribunals have hesitated and doubted over, Judge Wallace solves with the *ipse dixit* of unreasoned assertion. The broad questions involved in the discussion of railroad affairs have been so intricate and profound that they have not been fully mastered even by the editorial talent of the country. The average editor, who finds no topic in philosophy, science, art, or affairs too difficult for him to consider and dispose of, has confessed his bewilderment in the mazes of fares and freights and railroad taxation, and in the true relation that ought to exist between transportation companies and the community wherein they are operated. Judge Wallace, having mastered the science of law by virtue of his seat upon the bench; having mastered the science of legislation during the second week of his legislative career, and has only to spend a few days in the study of medicine and theology to fit him to edit a daily journal, has solved the whole vexed problem. That which most commands our admiration is the simplicity and ease with which he has disposed of it. The perfectly self-poised confidence with which he brushes aside the opinions and decrees of all legal tribunals not concurring with him in opinion, commands our approving wonder. Our Circuit Court, the judges of which we had, up to the time of the "great" speech of Judge Wallace, regarded as learned in the law and honorable men in its interpretation, are flipped away with his legislative thumb upon the following puff of oratorical wind:

> That decision of the Circuit Court sounded to the people of this State like a fire-bell by night. It sounded the alarm of the great progress and the great strides that corporate power was making in this country. It aroused the people; it struck the popular heart, and it arrested the popular attention; and we have come here to devise, if we can, some measures by which such a calamity may be averted, and by which a repetition of such things as these may never again occur within our borders.

If we were permitted to continue this oratorical flight, we might say it dragged this distinguished jurist from the professional privacy of the Colton trial back to the performance of more extended and exalted duties. We dare not say, or even hint, that in his entire self-abnegation and sense of obligation to his oppressed and deeply wronged fellow-citizens, he would consent to go to the United States Senate as the champion of their rights and the defender of their wrongs. That he would not willingly reap any political advantage from the whirlwind he would raise, if he had the power, is apparent from the following quotation, and convinces us of his utterly disinterested and patriotic motives—because he says so:

> I want to say, once for all, that I have no motive except that of doing justice to the people and to the railroad. I have no sympathy with the man, I care not what his political designation may be, who would seize upon the excitement of the hour for the purpose of legislating injuriously against the railroads. Nor have I any sympathy for that man who would take advantage of the popular feeling upon this subject for the purpose of forwarding his own political prospects, or of gratifying his own political ambition. I think, sir, that either course of conduct is infamous, and that it would meet with its just reward, for I have the utmost confidence in the people—although they are slow, sometimes; although they are thrown into confusion, often—at last to see the right and to detect the genuine from the counterfeit among their friends, although they may have failed to do so when they came before them.

Samuel Tilden never wrote a more frank avowal of his determination never to allow himself to become President than this ingenuous withdrawal of Judge Wallace from the Senatorial contest. But we must not let our admiration of Judge Wallace and our eulogy of him tempt us to omit to give our readers his solution of the vexed question of fares and freights, and the general disposition of the whole subject matter of railroad controversy. He assents to the doctrine that under our laws the owner may manage, dispose of, and generally control his own property; but as to railroad property, and all of it (making no reservations of any kind of property, and no distinctions of any kind of ownership), he declares that the men or corporations who have exercised the right of eminent domain to acquire the railroad right of way, or who have had government or municipal aid, do not own railroad property, but that it belongs to the public; that the men or corporations who have built railroads, the capitalists who have advanced money and taken mortgages for their construction, the stockholders and bondholders who in open market have purchased railroad securities, do not own them, but that "*they are the property of the people*;" "public property"; that "legislation should provide for the security of the public owner," and that "the whole subject matter of legislation depends upon the construction of the question, To whom do the railroads belong?" "Railways are State highways. *No corporation has, or can have, any property in them.*" "They may have a franchise empowering them to use them, and to charge for their services—but the property remains in the State!" "There is not, there should not be, any alliance between the railroad and private capital. Capital is placed in a false position when it is made to appear that it has anything in common with the railroads." "To claim that railway companies own the roads is as preposterous as it would be to claim that the supervisors own the county roads." This, says Judge Wallace, is the ancient common law. It appears to us to us to be open and undisguised agrarianism. Except that the ideas are clothed in appropriate and dignified language, they seem to us to be not less objectionable than the blasphemous utterances of Herr Most, or the drunken mouthings of Justin Schwab. The Commune of Paris, at the time when the wealth of that opulent city was at its mercy, gave expression to no such ultra and extreme doctrine of property appropriation. Neither the Nihilists of Russia, the Socialists of Germany, nor any one, save the irresponsible mob of plunderers who hang upon the ragged outskirts of honest reform, have ever laid down a doctrine concerning property more repugnant to the sense of intelligent Americans, than this marvellous one of the ex-Chief-Justice of our State. It double-discounts the Sand-lot when its audacity was at its roaringest height. The right of eminent domain allows private property to be taken for railroad use after condemnation in a court of justice, valuation by a jury, and full payment; and this privilege of laying down the track, in the opinion of Mr. ex-Chief-Justice Wallace, carries with it the right to confiscate the millions of bonds upon which money was raised to construct and equip the road. This right in the soil carries with it the ownership of track, depots, engine-houses, workshops, cars, tools, implements, and every kind of property belonging to a railroad corporation. The way to a practical adjustment of this controversy is for the Attorney-General to proceed against the railroads, take away their franchise, and turn them over to the State to be managed by political authority. As there are about eleven thousand railroad employees in this State, every chiv would get an office, and every Irishman get place as laborers and track-walkers under them. We have stated Judge Wallace's position, and fairly. We have not argued it nor attempted to answer it. There is enough of intelligence among American citizens who have acquired or expect to acquire property, or who hope that their sons may get above the class of daily laborers for hire, to see where this doctrine will lead. If the Democratic party can afford to assume this position, and declare the unlimited confiscation of all corporate property, to be followed as a natural and unavoidable and inevitable result from the confiscation of railroads and railroad property, the issue may as well be made now as ever. The question is one of grave importance. The decision has already been arrived at that the people who consume Spring Valley water may fix the price they shall pay for it. The Spring Valley Water Works are already practically confiscated. Legislation upon the basis of Judge Wallace's resolution will not only practically confiscate the railroads now existing in California, but an aditional mile will never be built, another dollar will never be advanced from abroad. The principle once established, and all property in California has lost the protection of the law. All there is to do is to patiently abide the time when those who have nothing shall outnumber those who have something, and, through the Democratic party, exercise their power at the ballot-box.

Mr. Sargent terminates his unsuccessful diplomatic career by an enforced resignation of his embassy to Berlin. It was brought about by our very accomplished Secretary of State and President Arthur in such a way as to preserve our friendly relations with Germany and to spare the mortified pride of an embassador who had been found incompetent and unfitted for the place. To us of California, who, from personal acquaintance with Sargent, knew how utterly he was disqualified for his position, and how entirely he was wanting in the essentials of culture, deportment, wealth, and breeding to fill so honorable a post in so distinguished a court as that at Berlin, nothing more would have been required than for the President simply to have recalled him. Those who did not know the mental calibre of this small politician; those who did not know the history of his appointment to Germany, and the intrigue which led to it; and those who, whatever may be the conduct or the character of an American embassador, demand for the country he represents the highest respect—will be glad to think that Mr. Sargent has been recalled in a manner which preserves our friendly relations with the leading power. Of course it was understood that, as he *could* not go to Russia, he *would* not go. As he could not speak Russian, and as he is by no means fluent in the court language, French, it would have been like sending a dumb man, and would have made our Government appear most unspeakably ridiculous. Sargent at the court of the princely Romanoffs, clad only in his deportment, would have been too naked to be respectable. If the offer of a position which he could not accept is grateful and cooling to his wounded pride, and will help to break the force of his fall from the place to which he should never have been elevated, we shall not complain. Gorham, Sargent, and Carr!

So it seems that the two great Irish patriots, Parnell and Davitt, have come to open rupture. Thus, for the thousandth time, it is demonstrated that there is not enough of love of country or devotion to its interests in Ireland to prevent its political leaders from wrangling. If the condition of Ireland is so utterly pitiable as it is represented to be, it would seem as though there might be some platform which its more prominent parliamentary leaders might agree to occupy without quarreling. We have somehow come to the conclusion that Irish grievances are a sort of capital in trade for the maintenance of a thriving industry in political agitation, and that it would be a most unwelcome result to the Irish in Ireland and the Irish in America, if they should be deprived of their occupation by a settlement of the Irish question.

A very interesting letter from farther India has just been received by Lieutenant-Governor R. A. Campbell, of Missouri, from his cousin, the Hon. J. F. Swift, of this city. Mr. Swift's letter is dated January 10, 1884, at Darjeeling, a rather out-of-the-way place in Bengal, three hundred and seventy miles north of Calcutta. It stands on the borders of Nepaul and Bootan, and is divided from Thibet by seven majestic ranges of the Himalayas. Mr. Swift says he writes "within sight of the high peaks of the Himalayas," and he gives some account of the country; but the following episode of his stay in Calcutta, wherein a native of St. Louis figures, will be of more interest, and is quoted from the letter. He writes:

> By the way, there is a circus company playing here now, and one of its chief attractions consists of a son of the great Zulu king, Cetewayo. He is called "Young Cetawayo"; sometimes on the bills is posted up as "Prince Cetawayo." He has a band of African lions, five in number, most ferocious brutes, which he claims to have captured in Zululand and brought over here as a sort of lordly or kingly sport. He is showing now in Wilson's circus, and does certainly do the lion-taming business in splendid style. Van Amburg could not approach Prince Cetawayo in making lions perform. He comes out appareled as an African prince, splendid and fierce beyond description. He makes the monarch of brutes jump through burning hoops and over flaming walls, and all that sort of thing wonderful to behold. The circus is near my hotel, and a few days ago I dawdled around there in the forenoon, and strolled into the circus ground, which is on the great open square of Calcutta, known as the "Maidan." There was a baby elephant standing tied to a post which interested me, and I played with the gentle thing for some time. As I turned away I observed a negro man dressed in European clothes, loitering about near by. He reminded me at the first glance of Uncle Jake's boy Whack so strongly that I couldn't help speaking to him. As I got nearer he looked more like Whack than ever. It just seemed to me that if he should speak at all it would be to say: "Mas'r Frank, you hain't got 'ary single dime about you jus' now, have you?" But he did not speak. He seemed, on the contrary, to look shy and disconcerted as I approached him, and to look furtively around for a place to sneak away to. But I was bound not to let that nigger escape me, for while he looked much like Whack, he also looked, save as to dress, which was all Whack, very much like young Cetawayo, the son of the Zulu king. That it was either Whack or young Cetawayo I felt sure, and as Whack was older or dead, I thought I would try him on the African prince, so I said to him: "Look here! ain't you Prince Cetawayo?" The negro looked confused, and he answered: "Dat's what dey calls me on dem hand-bills for sho. Dey ain't no gettin' around dat, mas'r. I ain't a-goin' to deny dat, sah, I ain't." "What part of Missouri are you from?" said I, without giving him time to think. "St. Louis, sah," said he, rather hesitatingly. "I thought so," said I. "What was your master's name?" "W—— was his name," answered Prince Cetawayo; "he lived at about Sixteenth and Carr." It was true enough, and I greeted him as a countryman. It is wonderful how small the world is getting, isn't it?

## NEW YORK PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

"Flaneur's" Gossip.

I lay on a slab at a Russian Bath yesterday and listened to an attendant who has rubbed and scrubbed New Yorkers for fifteen years. I have known him for nine years, and in all that time he has been unvaryingly amusing and talkative.

"The hull crowd of us were up at the Park Theatre last night," he said, rubbing away briskly, "to see 'Her Sacrifice.' It's the giddiest chestnut that I've fallen over since I have been a deadhead."

"How long have you been a deadhead?"

"Ever since I first came into the bath. You see, everybody comes here, and we play it in on them. Actors come here to reduce the size of their heads. They never have any money, you know, and they make it up by making the boys presents of complimentary tickets, where other men would tip us a quarter and have done with it. John A. Stevens, who runs the Park Theatre, doesn't take baths—leastwise not here—but some of his play-actors do, and they had more passes than they knew what to do with Monday night. Every blessed rubber in this place got tickets for himself and lady, and we was all there in couples about ten feet apart all around the balcony. A lot of coons sat in front of me, and the orchestra was dotted all over with bill-boards. I can tell a man who goes into a theatre on a bill-board ticket as far as I can see him. He wears his overcoat during the hull of the play, and looks shabby and unshaven. If he has his aunt's sister with him, the woman sneaks into her seat as if she was ashamed of herself, and the pair of them act like a couple of lovers in a country church the rest of the night. They are afraid to applaud for fear people will think they came in deadhead, and know they would be thrown out into the street if they hissed. Besides the bill-boards and regulation deadheads, were all the fakirs who could be spared from Union Square. I can tell a ham actor as easily as I can a bill-board man. When you see a man with a check suit, spring-bottom trousers, a high hat that looks as if it had been clubbed by the police, a black necktie, and frayed collar, who acts as if he owned all of New York and thirty-seven square feet in the State of New Jersey, you can make up your mind at once that he is an actor. All the old used-up variety men, legitimate failures, and broken-down players of every degree were furnished with tickets by John A. Stevens, who was once as bad as the worst of them."

"What did you think of the play?"

"It reminded me of those Villain-Still-Pursued-Her-Blood-and-Thunder and reekin'-with-gore plays they used to have down in the Bowery Theayter. When they sprung the will on us, I thought I'd drop off my seat. I never seen a play in my life in which there was a hidden will that wasn't like every other hidden-will play. It is the same old murder, the same lovers, and the same justice in all the plays of the kind. Stevens says he's startin' in on a new policy, and 'Her Sacrifice' is his first card. He'd better throw up his hand and make a new deal if he can't lead out better than he has done this time. He has given up the combination business, and will play new pieces, most of which he claims as his own. This here play isn't his, you know; it was written by Julian Magnus of the Union Square Theatre. Was you up there last night?"

"Yes."

"What kind of a chump am I, then, to stand here and tell you all about it!" remarked the attendant in disgust. This reflection seemed to fill him with dissatisfaction, and he rubbed away in silence for a few minutes; then his talkative instinct overcame him, and he continued:

"These actors are a rum lot, sir. I could give you a tip about some of 'em that would make your hair stand on end. You hear rumors and stories about town, f'r instance, that a certain actor who plays juvenile parts in a swell theatre up town drinks hard. You may know that his wife, in a recent divorce proceeding, spoke of him as an habitual drunkard, and there ain't any doubt that he comes on the stage when he is unsteady on his legs and thick in his speech. All these things you hear of, but you oughter to see him when he is brought down here in the mornings at half-past seven in a cab. We have to carry him into the bath, and we often work two hours at him before we get him on his feet. The same is true of a certain pool-player here, who is said to be one of the best in the country. He has lost many a match because he hadn't time between drinks to come here and get straightened up. There is a judge of the Supreme Court who has his dress-suit and entire change of clothing sent down here at five o'clock every afternoon. At half-past five he drives up here in a cab, and we put him through the bath. By the time he has been rubbed and scrubbed, has slept fifteen minutes, and been shaved and dressed, he is as sober as a judge should always be.

"People tell me, and the papers claim, that the stories about John McCullough's illness are nonsense. Don't you believe it. He is sick and weak. He has something the matter with him. It isn't liquor. I have seen him come in here when he could scarcely walk across the bath, and his steps were often so unsteady that I walked behind him to give a prop in case he totters one way or the other. The bath is a great place to study human nature. You meet all sorts of people here. Do you know who that gent was with the sandy whiskers, who was feeling of your arm and talking about Charley Mitchell so confidentially?"

"No."

"It was Red Leary, the bank burglar."

"The deuce it was!"

"Oh, yes. And that sallow little man on the slab opposite, who seems to be asleep, is watching him."

"Who is he?"

"Detective Price."

Upon which I arose and went my way in peace.

Levy, the bald-headed and puffy cornetist, toots in a beer saloon in Fourteenth Street for a modest stipend every night. The "world-famous" find it necessary to live. It takes a good deal of money to keep Levy in eye-glasses and clothes, and he hasn't been making much money lately. As an attraction in New York he has lost his power. He tooted four successive summers at Manhattan and Brighton beaches, then came back and tooted in Koster & Bial's Music Hall. Thence he went to Pittsburg, to a fair; and afterward made such engagements as he could get at Cincinnati and Chicago. Then he returned to New York. He wandered about town, occasionally catching an engagement to play Sunday night at the Casino or a Chickering Hall concert. He is in need of money. A man can not subsist upon gossip about town, and the gossip is particularly rough on Levy, for it usually consists of items about a lady with whom he was formerly on intimate terms. I allude to his alleged wife, Minnie Conway, then Mrs. Levy, and now Mrs. Osmond Tearle. Mr. Levy not infrequently heard about town that Tearle shortly expected to become a father. It is said that it is desperation caused by this awful intelligence that caused him to accept an engagement at the beer garden. The place is the resort of objectionable characters, and its moral tone is so low that you couldn't find it with a diving-bell.

Beautiful little Théo is coming back next year with Grau for a season in America. It is said that she gets a plump sixty thousand dollars for the tour. Probably that means twenty-five thousand dollars, but still it is a nice little sum for a season's work. I would sing in opera bouffe myself for twenty-five thousand dollars a year. I haven't had any offers yet, though Théo, after Aimée, is the most popular of opera bouffe queens who have visited America recently. In fact, I don't know but that she is even more popular than Aimée; and, now that she is well known, I am sure she will make lots of money. Parisians swear that a more beautiful pair of shoulders do not exist on the face of the earth than Théo's. Parisians are apt to be right about those things, too. Sarony vows that she must be photographed this time, if she has to be stolen away in the night and tied in front of his camera. It was a bitter disappointment to Sarony and the other sensational photographers to meet with such a flat refusal as Madame Théo's. It is not often that such a beauty refuses to sell the privilege of her photograph.

Madame Nixau, who was with Théo once, has come back to town. She made a great sensation here for two or three weeks at the beginning of the season, and then married a wealthy Texas cattle man named Dambmann. He took his bride West, then South, and has brought her back to town again, so as to give her a chance to sing once more before she departs with him to Paris. He has given her diamonds enough to satisfy an empress, and she, in return, has rewarded him by losing all her beauty and growing enormously fat. Her superb figure was what first attracted Dambmann's attention. He still looks upon her with immense admiration, however, though her figure is gone. She has a box at the opera every night, where she sits and munches bon-bons, with which the ever obsequious Dambmann supplies her at half-hour intervals.

Speaking of these French women reminds me of the unhappy accident to Mademoiselle Valliot. No one who has seen the Grau troupe can have failed to observe Valliot. She is unquestionably the plumpest woman, without being fat, whom I ever saw in my life. She wore the riskiest bodices that ever appeared on the New York stage, and she was idolized by the grosser part of every audience to whom she sang; she didn't sing, by the way, but simply walked about the stage and submitted to being stared at. She wore French heels sixteen and one-half inches high, lingerie and hosiery of the most ravishing sort, and was, altogether, what men describe as a "stormer." It was said that she was married to Mr. Grau. Ah! She came on in all the operas, and wandered around the stage winking at the people she knew in the audience, and chaffing the players. She was, altogether, a jolly and harmonious person, and was a great favorite in New York. Valliot could always be depended upon for one thing, and that was a late supper. Apparently she was always eating supper, and it was a three-o'clock-in-the-morning spread which indirectly caused her downfall. With five or six others, she was supping on the third floor of an up-town hotel. There was some sort of frolic in the room, and she threw open the window and stepped out on to what she thought was a balcony, but which proved to be one of our treacherous modern fire-escapes. She fell into the basement, and sustained injuries of the most serious character, breaking her arms and fracturing one of her ankles. Tough luck!

Something is to be done with the bad boys of New York. They are becoming so obstreperous now that a special detachment of police is devoted expressly to them. They waylay men in broad daylight, steal everything they can lay their hands on, break windows, storm pedestrians, start up horses they find standing in the streets and whoop them along until they become runaways, blow shot into the faces of people passing peaceably along the street, and disport themselves in ways that cause them to be a terror to good citizens. Their field-day is Sunday, when the little rascals meet and have pitched battles in all the lower wards of the city. The boys in the Fourth Ward will kill the Sixth Ward boys if they can get them alone, because they know they will be treated with equal severity if they venture in the Sixth Ward themselves. Every particular ward has its pet enemy in another ward, and even the streets are antagonistic. Thus, the Mulberry Street Micks and the Baxter Street Terriers are sworn foes. Their fights become almost riotous at times, and they look upon the police with perfect contempt. It is easy enough for a policeman to subdue a boy and take him to the station-house—provided he can catch the boy. It is just here that the vigilant guardian of the peace falls overboard. The boys are as swift as deer. They dodge in among moving carts and cars, creep through cellars, over fences, around alleys, and over roofs. They are incorrigible and irreclaimable. The police are just beginning to realize that it is from this class of the city's disreputable inhabitants that the great body of her criminals grow, and they are at last making efforts to suppress them. It is a great piece of work, and I doubt its success.

FLANEUR.

New York, March 27, 1884.

The English answer to Max O'Rell's criticism of England will soon appear under the title of "John Bull's Neighbor in Her True Light."

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The Whiffletree.

So you would like to know something about the whiffletree, would you? All right, Cornelia, you shall know all we can tell you regarding it. We don't pretend to be a natural history, and we never affect the style and manners of a gazetteer; but when such a charming and delightful creature as you are, or rather as we can not help imagining you to be, asks to be enlightened, we must throw aside our icy reserve, and gently but firmly ladle you out the desired information.

Most young ladies who write to us for information ask such questions as: Is it hurtful to eat ice-cream at breakfast? How do you make caramels? In the language of love, what does "gum-drop" mean? How old was Charles Reade when he wrote "Richelieu"?

You do not belong to that school of females, Cornelia; you ask a solid, sensible question, which shows that you are trying to improve your provincial mind, and make yourself a better woman and a more graceful ornament to society. Therefore, we take pleasure in posting you on the history and manners of the whiffletree.

The whiffletree, Cornelia, is a small tree about the size of the dog-wood. Its branches spread out considerably, and its leaves are hard, brittle, and full of small perforations. It grows in the southern part of Africa, and is much used by the natives in the construction of bows and spears. At night, when everything is wrapped in sweet repose, the wind rustles through the perforated leaves and makes a sort of weird sound, known as a whiffle; hence the name whiffletree.

We think it was Sir William Jones who wrote a moonlight madrigal containing the lines:

> "The twilight has passed, and the moon is up,
> And sails down the sky like a silver cup,
> And the whiffletrees join in the ocean's roar,
> And whiffle and whiffle along the shore."

Many other travelers allude to this curious tree, which lives to the age of a hundred years. It bears a small fruit, something like an apricot, which is a great favorite with the natives, whose superstition leads them often to worship the tree. When it whiffles loud, the native thinks it is angry with him, and beats his breast with a stone to appease its wrath. On the contrary, when it whiffles a low, tender melody, it is thought to be a sign of peace, prosperity, and good luck. We never hear much of its fruit, because the natives will not allow any of it to be taken away. Travelers are always safe under the whiffletree, because wild animals flee from it filled with indescribable terror when it begins to whiffle. Many pleasant legends of this wonderful tree have been translated by travelers, and we should be more than happy to give them to you if we had the space to spare.—*Puck.*

A Cemetery Surprise Party.

A cheerful practice is undermining the cemeteries of San Francisco. The price of cadavers having advanced steadily for four years, the medical colleges found a scarcity of good reliable subjects. The sawbones, therefore, clubbed together and hired a venal sexton to make a midnight raid upon the graveyards lining San Francisco's favorite drive, and anticipate the day of reckoning for a small consideration. Things ran smoothly until last month, when an able-bodied savant was buried. A burst of thunder-sound startled the citizens the following night; there was a patter of buttons and coffin-nails upon the roofs far and wide, and the sexton's wife awoke next morning to find herself a widow. It seems that the savant, a doctor himself, had directed a quantity of dynamite and fulminating silver to be interred with him, and the unsuspecting caterer to the college was thus trapped. The simple ingenuity and effectiveness of the invention seems to have tickled the San Franciscans, and the cemeteries are now being honeycombed with torpedoes and blasting powder, fuses and percussion caps, to such an extent that the science of anatomy is practically brought to an end.—*Life.*

Mrs. Maloney Keeps Lent.

"'Tis foine weather we're afther havin' this Lint, Misses Maloney!"

"Thrue far ye, Misses McCarthy. Barrin' the wit wheather, it's been a dhry saysin."

"Have ye bin kapin Lint with arl yer accoostomed consisthency, Misses Maloney?"

"Wil, Misses McCarthy, Dinnis an' me thought the quistion ovher an' oi sez, 'Dinny, darlint, phwat 'll we shwear off this year?' 'Shwear off,' sez he; 'phwat far?' 'Lint,' sez oi. 'So 'tis,' sez he. 'Tis phwat?' sez oi. 'Lint,' sez he. 'How many toimes hev ye bin ter the theayter?' sez he. 'None,' sez oi. 'Did ye go ter the Ould Gyard Ball?' sez he. 'Divil a wan,' sez oi. 'Have oi tuk you ter Dilmonico's?' sez he. 'Niver,' sez oi. 'Thin,' sez he, 'we'll shwear off goin' nophwere an' commince goin' somephwere.' An' with that he tuk me ter see Edwin Boots, the imminint trajoodian, play Boucicault in 'The Fool's Revinge.' That's how oi'm kapin Lint."

"Moi luv ter yer hoosband, Misses Maloney."

"The same ter yours. Wan fyare shwap ain't no burglhary. Gudday!"

And the two daughters of Erin parted.—*J. K. Bangs.*

Extract from a New English Romance.

"It was at the close of a beautiful summer day in Suakim, Egypt, when a lone Osman might have been seen, closely pursued by British troops, wending his way across the distant," etc., etc.

A letter from a lady in Calcutta says: "There is an opera company here this season. The translation of 'L'Elisir d'Amore' has been adapted to the Anglo-Indian mind thus: Whenever the word 'senatore' occurs it is translated 'collector.' 'Idol mio, non più rigor. Fa felice un senatore'—'my idol, cease that rigor; make a collector happy.' I am assured that 'L'Elisir d'Amore' is [illegible] posed here to be a narrative of 'The Loves of Eli[illegible] for this I can not vouch."

## THE DEATH TRAIN.

A Strange Moonlight Excursion from Bonita to Plumbago City.

A scorching July day in the little New Mexican town of Bonita. At noontime a strange hush brooded over the place. The merchants, tilted back upon high stools behind their counters, lazily waved huge palm-leaf fans, or dozed away from sheer weariness born of the exertion. Lawyers and real estate agents, secure in the conviction that no clients would venture out to discuss their grievances, or customers to look up town lots, in the glare of the pitiless mid-day sun, stretched themselves out for long siestas, with cooling drinks at their elbows. Even the barkeepers felt the general cessation of trade, and lazily watched the various games of chance progressing in shady nooks about them.

Down at the depot went on the usual bustle and commotion incident to the arrival and departure of trains. Porters hurried to and fro, with streams of perspiration coursing down their ebony faces. Exasperated baggage-masters hurled about heavy pieces of luggage, and startled the slumberous air with their profanity. A few citizens, who had found their way thither on various errands, and preferred the cool shelter of the broad platform to crossing the burning stretch of sand which lay between the depot and the business portion of the town, regarded with idle curiosity the various ingredients of the crowd with which they mingled. Conspicuous among these, a tall, well-dressed man, with a half-smile on his handsome face, leaned in careless attitude against the casement of an open window, holding a smoldering cigar between his fingers as he intently surveyed the movements of a group of ladies.

Suddenly a pistol-shot rang out upon the air. With a single, convulsive movement, a tardy upflinging of the hands, as if to ward off an unforeseen disaster, the tall man sank heavily to the ground.

Instantly all was excitement and confusion. Women shrieked, and sobbed, and ran blindly to and fro, as if to seek protection from some undefined peril. Men rushed to the spot, shouting wild inquiries on the way. The only person who remained calm and unmoved was the murderer, a light-haired, heavy-browed man, of middle age, his shoulders bowed as if beneath the weight of a heavy burden, and his blue eyes bent fixedly upon the prostrate form. When the sheriff came up, armed to the teeth in anticipation of a deadly struggle before the surrender of his prey, the quiet blue eyes were lifted to his in mute inquiry; then a pair of hands, horny and seamed with toil, were passively extended, and the click of the key in the handcuffs announced that the law had secured its prey. It chanced that the train for Plumbago City, the county seat, was just moving out of the depot. A signal from the sheriff sufficed to detain it until he had boarded it with his prisoner.

The discharge of firearms was too familiar a note to raise any commotion in the town of Bonita. A few listened indolently for its recurrence, feeling somewhat aggrieved at not hearing the regular fusillade of shots proclaiming that a general row was in progress, or that some idle loungers sought diversion in emptying the barrels of their revolvers into the air. It was not long, however, before intelligence of the crime had made the circuit of the town, and was a general theme of discussion. Public feeling ran high. The young physician who had been killed possessed many of the essential attributes which distinguish the popular citizen in a frontier settlement. He rode well, enjoyed a convivial glass, spent his money freely, played a good hand of poker, told a good story, and was not too fas idious in his choice of language.

"If the fellow had only picked off one of the lawyers we might have spared him; but our only doctor. I swear, it's too bad!" The speaker was the leading grocer.

"Better have selected a provision merchant," politely amended a young attorney.

"Come, boys, no bad blood. We must look at the matter seriously. This sort of thing can't go on any longer. If it is kept up the reputation of the town will be ruined."

The man who spoke was a wealthy stock-raiser named Bradley; a rough-mannered fellow, but possessed of unquestioned honor and integrity of purpose. He restlessly paced up and down the platform for several minutes. Then he resumed his position of spokesman.

"So long as this business has been confined to our own roughs it was bad enough, but when matters reach such a pass that a stranger steps off from the cars and shoots down an inoffensive citizen, with as little ceremony as he would pick off an antelope on the plains, it is time something was done."

His auditors turned from the speaker's face and studied each others' countenances in silence.

Only one man raised his voice. This was the first banker of the place, a spare, bilious-looking gentleman, whose feet were still tender from life-long contact with New England soil.

"Indeed, there should be. While human life is held in such light esteem, not one of us can call himself safe," he assented nervously, and would have continued in the same strain, had he not been suddenly checked by the grave purpose which he read in his neighbor's eye.

As the afternoon drew to a close it became generally understood among the better class of citizens that a pleasure excursion was being organized to visit Plumbago City by moonlight that evening. The arrangements were somewhat peculiar. Although the party was to be very select, and the rowdy element of the town carefully excluded, no formal invitations were issued, but neighbor to neighbor, and man to man, the subtile understanding passed.

As the party gathered in the shadows of a large freight warehouse, long after the light had faded from the western sky, a disinterested spectator could not but have remarked the stern, set faces, the dearth of that hilarity and jest common among pleasure-seekers, and, above all, the total absence of the gentler sex. Yet there were beardless boys with curling hair tossed back from their stern faces; middle-aged men, with deeply graven lines of care upon their foreheads, as well as old men whose keen eyes had not yet lost their fire, although their heads were crowned with masses of silver hair. One man who stood a little apart bore a huge coil of rope upon his arm.

An engine glided out of the round-house, a mile away, and sped down the track, slackening its speed and drawing to a standstill in the shadow of the warehouse.

The engineer, silent and motionless, his hand resting on the throttle, watched the last man mount the car steps, then noiselessly reversed the engine and backed up a mile or more to where the road to Plumbago City branched off from the main track.

Out over the lonely plain, amid low clumps of sage-brush and miniature mesquite forests. The cane cactus raised its Briarean arms, each tipped with a brilliant blossom. The snowy spikes of the Spanish bayonet rose like phantom warriors from their bristling sheaths. The air was heavy with the fragrance of the night-blooming cereus, unfolding its beauty to the desert plain under shadow of the night.

Occasionally a few disjointed scraps of conversation floated out upon the still night air.

"He had a great way with the women, the doctor had. Did you hear how he tried to make up to old lady Pembroke's daughters? You know his office was only three doors above her eating-room, and pretty likely girls they are—the Pembrokes! Well, Doc Raynor he got the old lady's ear, and says he: 'Mighty lovely young ladies, those daughters of yours, Mrs. Pembroke; I always admired brunettes,' says he. But the old lady was too much for him. She fires up and looks him square in the eye, and says she: 'Doctor Raynor, don't you come gallivanting round here with any such nonsense. Haven't I seen you pass this very house a dozen times in the day with a woman on your arm, *and every one of them blondes?*"

The gay Lothario referred to was the victim of the day's tragedy.

"Ever been on this sort of picnic before?" The interrogator was Bradley, the stock-raiser, and his query was addressed to Channing, the cadaverous banker.

"Never," was the positive reply, uttered in a sombre tone.

"Very necessary diversion in a new country where laws are lax, and human life comes to be regarded at a heavy discount."

The young attorney strolled up.

"Gentlemen, do you think there is any possibility that the wires may have conveyed some intimation of our trip to the inhabitants up here? Rather awkward if a committee of reception should be awaiting us at the depot."

"That's all right," said Bradley, carelessly. "Jim has his orders to stop half a mile below town, where the cañon takes a sharp curve to the south."

"If the engineer should forget himself and lay his hand on the whistle," suggested the banker, nervously.

"No danger of that." The lawyer laughed a low laugh without any ring of mirth. "Notice how still we are running? Jim has oiled up extra for the occasion. We shall get in our work and be back before the inhabitants discover how they have been favored."

The narrow-gauge road commenced to wind in among the hills. The vegetation changed, the numbers and varieties of the cactuses increasing, and gnarled mesquite and sagebrush giving way to occasional clusters of cedars, junipers, and piñons. With the turn of each curve the little train climbed higher and higher, until at length, in a narrow valley which seemed like a mere chasm between two lofty peaks, without clangor of bell or shriek of whistle, the train halted and the party alighted. Bradley drew out his watch, and held it up before the head-light. Then he spoke to the man in the cab.

"In one hour sharp, Jim, run up into town to meet us."

The engineer nodded without speaking. He knew his business. The track would be clear for three hours to come.

By common consent the party separated, and approached the town from various directions. Singly or in pairs they silently pursued their way through the streets, all making their way at last to where an old adobe, grim and solitary, occupied a little knoll of ground above the town. As they neared the building, one of the men waved his hand significantly in the direction of a large cottonwood, from which one stout limb ran out abruptly on a right line from the trunk.

"Looks as if it was just made for us—doesn't it?"

Ghastly thought! That smiling Nature should lend herself as a confederate in such a cause.

A light shone through the grated window to the right of the iron door. A whispered consultation was held. Fair words first. Force if necessary. A dull, heavy thumping on the door.

"Who is there?" The sheriff's voice, sharp and imperious.

"Open the door, and hand over the murderer."

"Never. The prisoner is in my charge, and I will defend him with"——

They waited to hear no more, but made a rush for the door. Unable to withstand the shock, the rusty hinges gave way, and the next moment the sheriff was down, held by two men, while others stuffed something into his mouth, and bound him hand and foot. Then a search for the keys. A shout of triumph.

"Here they are!"

The quiet, orderly body was transformed into a wild and brutal mob, eager for vengeance, thirsting for the blood of a fellow-creature. They crowded into the damp corridor back of the office, unlocked a door, only to set up a baffled howl of rage, like wild beasts balked of their prey, at the sight of an empty cell. At the next turn of a key they were more fortunate. Alone in the gloomy cell, with pale face, compressed lips and folded arms, the murderer confronted them. A yell.

"Come on! We want you!"

As after the commission of his crime, the man offered no resistance. Resistance would have availed him little in this instance. Clutched by a dozen eager hands, kicked, pulled, impelled by rough pushes from behind, he was borne along the corridor, out past his helpless guardian, and into the open air, beneath a clear and moonlit sky.

Satiated for a moment by the capture of their victim, or cautious lest the sound of unusual disturbance should summon unwelcome visitants to the scene, the men had grown quiet again, but a hard, relentless purpose replaced the wild excitement of the previous moment. As the prisoner was urged along in the direction of the cottonwood, the man who carried the coil of rope, standing off at a little distance, lifted one end, tied in a large, loose loop, for a moment held it poised high over his head, then, with a sudden dexterous movement, sent the noose whirling through the air and over the head of the prisoner. Bradley interposed.

"Don't be rough, Jack. Slack her up easy. Time enough for that by and by."

They had come to the tree at last. The rope was thrown over the limbs, and a dozen men stood ready to launch their victim into the air at a moment's bidding. A cold beam of moonlight fell straight upon the murderer's face with its rigid features, firm lips, and quiet eyes intent upon the distant moonlit plains. He had folded his hands upon his breast in an attitude of submission, and an indescribable dignity seemed to invest the homely figure, meeting with calm impassiveness a fate so tragical. There was an uneasy movement in the crowd. The banker offered a stammering suggestion.

"Isn't it only proper?—I thought it was customary in such cases—it seems a terrible thing to hurl a man into eternity without giving him a chance to make his peace with his Creator."

Bradley stepped forward. He had been giving some instructions to the men in the rear.

"If you have anything to say to your Maker, John Sherwood, now's your time."

"*He understands.*"

The simple words, uttered in a voice scarcely above a whisper, caused a singular and uncomfortable sensation to pervade the hearers. Even Tom Bradley, accustomed to summary dealings with horse and cattle-thieves who made unlawful descents upon his stock range, was momentarily confounded. Then he addressed the man again:

"If you've any last wishes to express, out with them, and we'll try to see them attended to. But be mighty quick about it, for our time's short, and we're going to hang you as sure as thunder."

The man recalled himself with an evident effort.

"I was thinking about the boy," he said, and suddenly stopped.

"What boy?"

"Her boy. Our boy." His voice broke a little but he struggled to master it. "If you could manage it so that he would never know—keep it out of the papers, perhaps. It might set him to studying up other matters. He does not know—he must never know—his mother's—shame."

His voice sank to a whisper with the concluding words, and the listeners observed that his head sank forward until his chin rested upon his breast.

"Speak up, man, we're listening."

He went on blindly and aimlessly, responding to the call as if unconscious of its source, and seeming to rehearse some oft-repeated argument of his own thoughts.

"If he had only treated her well I'd never have harmed him. A pretty little woman like that! No wonder she tired of her dull life and of me—a rough, stupid fellow at best. But to desert her and break her heart after all she'd given up for him—God! I've sent him where he'll break no more women's hearts——. Why don't you do your work?" he broke off, wildly. "Since she's gone, what do you suppose life is worth to me?"

Bradley took one stride and laid his hand heavily upon the man's shoulder. His voice rang out clear as a trumpet:

"Are you talking about the man you shot to-day? Do you mean he ruined your wife—the mother of your boy?"

The man looked up with pathetic eagerness. "Give me your word you will keep it from him. Spare the lad the misery and disgrace."

The stock man's reply was to quickly loosen the noose about the prisoner's neck and hurl it violently away.

"We don't do such things in this country," he said, laconically. "You've got your freedom, man; make the best of it."

The sudden and unexpected turn affairs had taken seemed to arouse the stranger from his stunned bewilderment. He looked wistfully into the faces of the men about him, faces from which the fierce thirst for vengeance had faded, giving way to some gentler sentiment. All were friendly eyes; some of them had a suspicion of moisture. The dull fortitude and grim reserve behind which he had intrenched himself were battered down in a moment by the touch of a voiceless human sympathy. His face quivered with strong emotion. The anguish of a buried pain arose to his eyes and bared itself in response to their pitying glances. Then he answered, quietly but firmly:

"I killed the man, and I'd rather face the consequences. I will abide by the law."

Several of the men, notably the banker, secretly winced at his last words. He turned back to the jail, walking a little unsteadily, and leaning somewhat heavily on Bradley's arm. At the door of his cell the latter hesitated. Then he held out his hand and clasped the other's in a close, warm grip. The sunburned features of the tall, broad-shouldered fellow visibly softened.

"I had a little sister once," he faltered. "If I ever come across the scoundrel who betrayed her, I'll kill him, so help me God."

He drew his sleeve across his eyes and hurried back along the passage to the sheriff's office, where that functionary, a trifle pale and shaken, released from his bonds and seated in a large wooden arm-chair, was the recipient of much polite attention.

"Well, old fellow, handled you pretty rough, didn't we?"

The officer responded with a cordial growl.

"Well for you you were so quick about it. If I could just have got the use of my pistol there'd 'a' been a dose of lead through some of you."

As the men took their departure, Bradley fell back and added a word or two to their wrathful host.

"Bear in mind, if you have any trouble about him at any time," indicating with his thumb the cells in the rear, "we're your men," with a queer, jerky utterance, and marked stress on the second word.

They hastened down to the railroad, and reached the track just as a locomotive rounded the curve below. Before they could spring on board they found themselves surrounded by a company of armed men. Quick as thought something went flying over their heads and was caught by the keen-eyed engineer, who opened the fire-box and thrust in a strange piece of fuel. It was the coil of rope.

"Gentlemen," said the chief magistrate of the mountain town, "we have a painful duty to perform. We have been informed that you were on your way to visit our city to-night for a lawless purpose, and have been on the watch for your arrival. I regret to declare you our prisoners."

The excursionists received this announcement with exclamations of indignant surprise and a hearty chorus of laughter. A pretty reception to give the inhabitants of a neighboring town, who had merely come up for a little pleasure trip by moonlight! And pray what did anybody apprehend they would do? Ha, ha, ha! Were they afraid they might pillage the town and despoil it of the treasures of art and literature for which it was famed? Or that, as history was traditionally supposd to repeat itself, the ancient rape of the Sabines was about to find a parallel, and that they, the solid, respectable citizens of Bonita, expected to make their way, groaning beneath the weight of the damsels and matrons of Plumbago City—good, comely women that they were?

The volunteer militia of Plumbago City was evidently discomfited. Was it possible that they had been humbugged in an outrageous manner? Or was the attitude of their prisoners merely a blind to cover an infamous purpose? It was manifestly incumbent upon them to do something. After such warlike preparations they could not consistently back down. The mayor spoke again, in a hesitating tone:

"I don't like to inconvenience you, gentlemen. Can we not compromise the matter? If you, Mr. Channing, and you, Mr. Bradley, and some other one of your number, will yield no resistance to being placed under arrest, we will consent to let the rest off, provided they agree to take their leave quietly."

With indignant remonstrances, scathing comments upon the hospitality of Plumbago City, and threats of legal redress, the party acceded to the terms, and three of the most prominent of Bonita's citizens spent the night in the principal hotel of Plumbago City, with an armed patrol before their door. On the following morning, there being no evidence to sustain the charge against them, they were released from custody. When tidings of these proceedings came to the sheriff's ear, he smiled queerly but held his tongue. A requisition which was shortly afterward made upon the county officers for an allowance for a set of stout hinges the sheriff had caused to be attached to the doors of his residence was at once honored by that body, with words of commendation for the sagacity and vigilance of the official in question.

Nevertheless, upon the heels of these events, disaster and humiliation untold descended upon Plumbago City. The Bonita newspaper of the following day came out with an account of

A HIGH-HANDED OUTRAGE
Perpetrated upon Some of the Most Reputable Citizens of New Mexico by the
VULGAR AND IGNORANT DENIZENS
Of Plumbago City,

Followed by an eloquent recital of the stupendous insult offered to a party of inoffensive Bonita gentlemen, who had arranged a little moonlight pleasure trip to their neighboring city the previous evening, and who, upon arrival at their destination, were placed under arrest. The people of the territory at large were warned against exposing themselves to the hospitality of the people of Plumbago City, who were described as a species of modern banditti, eager to pounce upon the unwary tourist. The article concluded with the observation that it would be long before the pleasure-seekers of Bonita would again turn their faces in that direction. The papers in the surrounding towns, and even the metropolitan press, took up the refrain, and the hospitality of Plumbago City became a jest and a by-word throughout the land. The press of the latter place made a frantic protest, but its violent efforts to explain only brought down fresh ridicule upon its head, and incited the journalists of Bonita to more satirical and crushing fulminations. At length the mountain town gave up the battle in despair, and relapsed into the mortified silence of a vanquished and humiliated foe.

Meanwhile the matter did not end there. When public sentiment is once aroused it must find some vent, even though the current of its action be turned in an opposite direction. When the time came for John Sherwood's trial a jury was empaneled without the slightest difficulty. Not a single soul possessed any previous knowledge or bias of opinion which unfitted him to pass upon the merits of the case, or doubted the ability of his neighbor to do likewise. When witnesses for the prosecution were called, a singular and wide-spread ignorance was found to prevail. No one had heard a shot fired or seen a pistol. There was no testimony as to the precise nature of the ailment which led to Raynor's decease, and the annals of Grant County leave the exact cause of the doctor's sudden demise deeply enshrouded in mystery.

Bonita is now the county seat. When a proposition was made for the removal of the county offices, Plumbago City offered but a faint show of resistance. Any stranger who walks the well-kept streets, and inquires for John Sherwood, will have pointed out to him a gentle-faced, gray-headed man, a respected and well-to-do citizen, whose son is the pride of the town, and esteemed one of the most promising lads in Southern New Mexico.

FLORA HAINES APPONYI.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 2, 1884.

German papers record the discouraging fact for book-collectors that the library of Monsieur Korch, the former editor of the St. Petersburg *Gazette*, who recently died at Heidelberg, was sold by auction for the ridiculous sum of twenty-five roubles, although it consisted of about five thousand volumes. If most of the books were in Russian the melancholy fact might, in some degree at least, be accounted for.

## INTAGLIOS.

### Smile Fortune!

"Geld ist rund und rollt weg."—*Heine.*

All vows of thrift my soul abjures
While my cup is full to the brim;
The world, the flesh, or the devil lures,
And though Poverty lurks like a goblin grim,
I'll stint and save some other day,
For money is round and rolls away.

The clinking coin gathers rust and mold
When hoarded by itching palms;
Blue eyes are brighter than discs of gold,
And I girdle the glad earth in my arms.
If love is true, true love will stay,
But money is round and rolls away.

In the spheres above let my spirit roam,
Where there's nothing to win or lose;
While I live in the world I am never at home,
And light my pipe with my "I. O. U.'s."
When my ship comes in all debts I'll pay,
For money is round and rolls away.

—*Harold Van Santvoord in Life.*

### Under an Umbrella.

Where I gained it, you may seek it;
Where I told it, you may speak it—
Love that dares both wind and weather
Draws the maid and man together,
Reconciles to April showers
Hastening May and orange flowers—
Love, and I, and Anabella
All were under an umbrella.

Little hands that held fast to me,
Eyes whose glances shot straight through me,
Lips that murmured thanks for kindness,
Cheeks that mocked my feigned resignedness,
Dainty feet that, when they stumbled,
Touched my heart (which never grumbled)—
Love, and I, and Anabella,
All were under an umbrella.

Walked we—talked, till Cupid, weary,
Made her answer thus my query:
"Why I like the rainy season?
Oh, *because!*" She gave the reason.
Then a blush her dimples hollowed—
You may never know what followed!—
Love, and I, and Anabella
All were under an umbrella! —*The Current.*

### Three Kisses.

An angel with three lilies in her hand
Came winging to the earth from Paradise;
They changed to kisses ere she reached love's land,
And fell upon the brow, the lips, the eyes!

First was the kiss of purity and peace.
Lonely they sat together by the fire—
To him from sorrow came a dear release;
To her, the shadow of a dim desire.
Two aimless souls had ceased their wandering,
Two fettered spirits struggled to be free;
To sweet love's garden came the blossoming,
The tender leaf unfolded on love's tree,
The kiss of sanctity!

Next was the kiss of soul bound into soul.
They stood at night beneath a ruined tower—
Dimly they heard the waves eternal roll,
Life was embodied in a single hour!
The one strong moment in a love divine,
The present shadowing futurity;
No fate, no time, no terror could combine
To rob that silence of its ecstasy,
The kiss of unity.

Last came the kiss of dear love perfected,
Sad in the chamber of the thing called Death!
Two tapers at the feet, two at the head,
The murmured prayer, the low half-sobbing breath;
But brighter yet in distance far away,
A gathered army of the souls that live,
The golden dawn of a transcendent day,
When angels of the lilies come to give
The kiss—eternity! —*Anon.*

### Near Cromer.

Sea beyond sea, sand after sweep of sand,
Here ivory smooth, here cloven and ridged with flow
Of channeled waters soft as rain or snow,
Stretch their lone length at ease beneath the bland
Gray gleam of skies, whose smile on wave and strand
Shines weary, like a man who smiles to know
That now no dream can mock his faith with show,
Nor cloud for him seem living sea or land.

Is there an end at all of all this waste?
These crumbling cliffs defeatured and defaced?
These ruinous heights of sea-sapped walls that slide
Seaward with all their banks of bleak blown flowers,
Glad yet of life, ere yet their hopes subside
Beneath the coil of dull dense waves and hours?

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne in Home Chimes.*

### The Bridge of Prayer.

The bridge of prayer, from heavenly heights suspended,
Unites the earth with spirit realms in space;
The interests of those separate worlds are blended
For those whose feet turn often toward that place.

In troubled nights of sorrow and repining,
When joy and hope seem sunk in dark despair,
We still may see, above the shadows shining,
The gleaming archway of the bridge of prayer.

From that fair height our souls may lean and listen
To sounds of music from the farther shore,
And through the vapors sometimes dear eyes glisten
Of loved ones who have hastened on before.

And angels come from their celestial city
And meet us half way on the bridge of prayer;
God sends them forth, full of divinest pity,
To strengthen us for burdens we must bear.

Oh, you, whose feet walk in some shadowed byway
Far from the scenes of pleasure and delight,
Still free for you hangs this celestial highway,
Where heavenly glories dawn upon the sight.

And common paths glow with a grace supernal,
And happiness walks hand in hand with care,
And faith becomes a knowledge, fixed, eternal,
For those who often seek the bridge of prayer.

—*Ella Wheeler.*

## VANITY FAIR.

The diamonds worn this season in Washington have been most noteworthy, writes a correspondent of *Harper's Bazar*. Among the most noticeable of these are the family jewels worn by the wife of Mr. Oswald Charlton, of the British legation. He is the heir to one of the oldest families in England, and the diamonds his wife wears have long been heirlooms in the family. Yet the fair lady is well remembered as one of the young maidens whose dresses were of the simplest style in the old days when the entertainments at which she met her fate were simple also. Her beauty and lovable character were then her sole fortune, her family being, however, among the most esteemed of the old residents. It is generally conceded that no lady who has been married in Washington in a quarter of a century made a more brilliant match from every point of view than did Miss Mary Campbell, now Mrs. Charlton. Mr. Charlton's family in England showed her from the first as much attention as if she had been a princess of the blood royal, his father and eldest sister even coming to Washington especially to see her the year before the marriage. Among the other ladies who at recent entertainments have worn superb diamonds are the Countess Lewenhaupt, the Swedish minister's wife, the wife of Senator Palmer of Michigan, the wife of Senator Jones of Nevada, and Secretary Lincoln's wife, whose jewels are mostly bridal presents, given when the daughter of Secretary Harlan of the Interior Department married the son of the lately assassinated President Abraham Lincoln. Her gifts at that time were among the most numerous and valuable ever received by a bride in Washington. One of her ornaments, a heart-shaped locket of diamonds, was given her during the time of her engagement to Mr. Robert Lincoln by his mother, who was very fond of her and tried to make the match between them. The diamonds and other jewels owned by the late Mrs. Abraham Lincoln are now, of course, the property of her son, the Secretary of War, and are safely stored away in a fire-proof building. She left no will, and her only bequests were a diamond necklace and a very costly camel's-hair shawl, both of which she marked to be given to her eldest granddaughter, Mr. Robert Lincoln's eldest child, Mary, a very bright girl now about fourteen years old. Mrs. Lincoln at a recent german had several strands of large pearls around her neck, and also a necklace of solitaire diamonds. Many diamond ornaments were worn on the waist of her white satin dress, whose front was elaborately embroidered in pearls. Mrs. Jones of Nevada not only wears at evening parties enormous solitaire diamonds as ear-rings, and three quivering on pins clasping her hair, but the emerald which is set in diamonds as a bracelet is of most unusual size. It is oblong in shape.

Giving up seats to women has almost entirely gone out of fashion in the New York elevated cars. Whether or not the reason is the cushioned comfort which must be relinquished in order to obey the old custom, or that there is a general decline in practical tenderness toward the gentle sex, the newspapers do not explain. No matter how young or handsome a woman may be, they assert, or how well dressed, she is usually left standing in a crowded car. Wall Street brokers, professional men on their way home from down town, merchants with excellent manners—all these now sit complacently while women stand at their very knees. Old women are an exception to this new rule of city railroading, and there is one other, according to observers. During the hours of the late afternoon, when the cars are full of mechanics and working women, mixed in with shoppers in finery, the men in the garb of labor will relinquish their seats readily to those whose dress similarly betokens toil, but never to those arrayed for leisure.

"'I like the society of clever men,' said a lady of fashion in my hearing the other day," writes Austin Brown in London *Belgravia*; "'literary men and that sort, you know; but their wives are horrid.' This is, no doubt, comforting to literary men and others whom it may concern. That the private support and helpmeet should be the public drag and marlplot is, no doubt, a pity, but that in some cases it is so many a struggling and ambitious man has reason to know. I am not going to reconstitute society in these few paragraphs. I don't quite see my way to it. But I have often thought of this question: What is to be done with clever men's wives? I have met a good many of them—seen at home and abroad—come to certain conclusions about them generally. If you marry a woman, depend upon it she will take her place by your side instead of at your footstool. When you rise she will rise. But if you marry a mere drudge—a pink-and-white mother, with her head wholly in the kitchen and heart wholly in the nursery—why, by and by, when the pink-and-white is whity-brown, and she comes up to town with half a dozen children under twelve, and untidy gloves, can you be surprised at Lady Swellington, who likes your good stories, saying, with little fear of contradiction: 'Your wife is horrid!' The fact is, her ladyship is in the right; you have been to blame, with your prospects and ambition, for marrying a mere drudge; and the good-hearted Polly is to blame, poor soul, for being simply herself. If, on the other hand, a presentable wife is not presented, it is her husband's own fault. With a brilliant wife you can always force the hand of the 'upper ten,' if you think it worth forcing. You can always make her way as well as your own, and in society no man can be called thoroughly successful who does not, sooner or later, obtain the usual forms of social acceptance for his wife as well as himself. The sooner it is understood that people's little games are to a great extent in their own hands, the sooner they will get what they want, or reconcile themselves, without undignified grumbling, to failure. Husbands are more sensible about this than their wives. They will not, as a rule, force the partner of their joys upon circles which she is not calculated to adorn. A tacit sense of the fitness of things should rule clever men's wives as well as clever men; and if this were so, there would be less grumbling at home, less rudeness abroad, and few questions in the Swellington boudoir of how to treat the female Turniptop, or what to do with women who stand upon rights which really do not belong to them."

## SOCIETY.

Society has suffered a week of reaction after the opera season, and there have been no events of importance, save the wedding on Wednesday. Preparations are now being made for the coming season's seaside and watering-place campaign. As yet, San Rafael is the only resort toward which society steps are tending; but a number of families are preparing to seek their country seats in other places, and the general flight will soon begin—stopped only for a few brief days by the snowy battalion of young girl graduates.

### The Ashton-Raymond Wedding.

Wednesday morning, at half-past eleven o'clock, Miss Bessie Raymond and Mr. George P. Ashton were united in marriage at the residence of Colonel R. W. Smedberg, 1611 Larkin Street. The wedding was a private affair, only relatives and a few intimate friends being present. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Doctor C. D. Barrows. The bride was attired in a bridal robe of white, with a flowing veil of white lace. She was attended by her two young sisters, also clad in white. The rooms were charmingly decorated by Miss Mary Bates. The ceremony was performed beneath a wedding-bell of orange marigolds, swinging from the bay-window arch by gold and saffron ribbons. The lace curtains were corded and bound with garlands and cables of Cherokee roses, while beds of marguerites, gemmed with crimson camellias, fern-banks from which sprang slender lilies and hangings of passion-vine and smilax, transformed the apartments into a fair garden. A wedding breakfast followed, and the young couple left by the afternoon train for Southern California. They will return from their bridal trip some time during the coming summer.

### The Severance Keno Party.

Thursday night, Miss Severance, daughter of the Hawaiian Consul, gave a keno party at her home, on Octavia Street, near Sacramento. Sixty invitations had been issued, and there was, in consequence, nearly that number of guests. Eight o'clock was the hour fixed upon, but the sets did not begin until after nine. About eleven o'clock the guests were ushered into the dining-room, where refreshments were served, and shortly after midnight the festivities ended. Among the guests were Miss Holladay, Miss Sanderson, Miss Jarboe, Miss Page, Miss Dodge, Miss Ruth Holladay, Miss Bradley, and Miss Otis, and Messrs. Page, Holladay, Wilson, Jones, Hooker, Sheldon, Lieutenants Tate and Baily, and others.

### Reception to Madame Loyson.

Madame Loyson, wife of Père Hyacinthe, now staying in this city, was given a reception by Mrs. Mark Hopkins, yesterday afternoon, at which thirty or forty lady guests were present. It lasted from three until five. During the reception Madame Loyson gave an address, in which she urged the claims of a school for girls, which she intends establishing shortly in Paris.

### The Summer Hegira.

Mrs. Daniel Cook and her mother, Mrs. D. D. Colton, will reside in Saucelito during the coming summer, having leased the Russell cottage, on the hill.

Mrs. Captain Floyd will spend the present month at Monterey, where she has recently purchased a choice tract of land on which a cottage will shortly be erected. Early in May the Floyds will go to their country seat at Clear Lake, to remain there until October.

Mrs. Henry Weatherbee left the Palace the latter part of this week, and went over to her Fruit Vale residence, where she will remain until the latter part of next autumn. During Madame Gerster's stay, that prima donna held an audience for Mrs. Weatherbee's niece, in order to test the young lady's voice, which is said to be of rare compass and flexibility.

The Griffiths have taken the Tompkins place, about a mile out of San Rafael, near the Junction, on a six-months' lease. Meanwhile, Mrs. Tompkins is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Maillard, at Alderney's; later on, she expects to accompany Mr. Tompkins on an Eastern tour.

The carpenters are busy on the Hall McAllister mansion in Ross Valley, but it will not be ready for occupancy until the middle of July.

Ex-Governor and Mrs. Low and Miss Flora Low will visit the Sandwich Islands next month.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes and her daughters went over to their country seat at San Rafael last week, and will remain there until next November.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Coleman will go over to their San Rafael residence, for the season, in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel C. Bigelow will spend the summer in Santa Barbara, where Mr. Bigelow contemplates the erection of a cottage. For several weeks past Mrs. Bigelow's sister, Mrs. Williams (*née* Otis), of Santa Barbara, has been their guest; she will return home next week.

The Babcock cottage in San Rafael is undergoing repairs, and it will be a month before Mr. William F. Babcock and his daughter, Miss Katie, go over there.

Mrs. R. C. Hooker has postponed her contemplated Eastern trip until next winter, and will spend the summer on this coast.

The Morton Fishers are installed in their elegant new mansion, on Laurel Drive, Ross Valley.

Mrs. Horace Hawes went down to her country seat at Redwood last week.

Mrs. Temple Emmet thinks of taking the old Fairfax place for the summer. Meanwhile her own house in Ross Valley has been offered for sale.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Low (*née* Townshend) will probably spend the summer at Saucelito. Mr. Low expects shortly to build a cottage on his property at that place.

H. B. M. Consul Edward Stanley and family will give up their residence at Ross Landing, and move into San Rafael.

Among society people already at San Rafael, are the Pages, who reside in the Johnson house, and Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Donahue, who are installed in their own residence.

Mr. J. B. Walker will sell his San Rafael residence and remove to Saucelito. It is as yet undecided whether he will build a new house there or purchase the elegant mansion of Vice-Consul Mason.

Captain Bradford has moved into his beautiful new residence in the Forbes Addition, San Rafael.

Horace Webster and family have taken a cottage at the Tamalpais, San Rafael, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott will visit Honolulu in May.

Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Kittle and family will go over to their residence in Ross Valley (the old Worn place), about the latter part of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell and family will spend the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Henry Newton have taken a cottage at the Tamalpais, San Rafael, for the season.

John R. Jarboe and Miss Jarboe will pay a visit to the Hawaiian Islands the first part of next month.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Robbins and family have taken a cottage in San Rafael for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Low will summer in San Rafael.

Among those who will go down to the Sandwich Islands this summer are Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster and family will spend the season in San Rafael.

Mrs. F. B. Reynolds, who has been confined to her house through a very severe illness, is now convalescent, and expects to occupy her cottage at Litton Springs in the early part of May.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford contemplate starting on an extended tour through Europe about the middle of this month, accompanied by Miss Jeannette Reynolds.

Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills (*née* Livingston) will spend the summer at Newport. They have taken the Ochre Point Villa, owned by General J. H. Van Alen.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. MacDermott and family leave their winter residence at the Palace for their summer home in Oakland next week.

Colonel and Mrs. Horace Fletcher will leave here for Chicago next week, to be absent from California about four months, during which time Mrs. Fletcher will visit Niagara Falls, Saratoga, and other delightful Eastern watering-places.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Letters from Lord and Lady Rosebery announce their arrival at Durdans, their place near Epsom, England. They had previously expected to come back to San Francisco after their Australian visit, but the severity of the passage to Sydney was such that the countess preferred to postpone the completion of her American visit until some future date, and return to England. Their reception in Australia was enthusiastic and cordial.

Dr. and Mrs. C. G. Toland chaperoned a party of young ladies and gentlemen on a short visit to Monterey, Saturday last. It consisted of Miss Daisy Paige and her guest, Miss Sperry of Stockton, Mr. Kelly, Dr. Autholt, and Mr. Paige. A number of others had arranged to accompany them, but the uncertain condition of the weather caused them to postpone the trip at the last moment. The party returned to the city on the Monday morning train.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jewett, who have been sojourning in Southern California for a short time, returned on Sunday last.

Colonel and Mrs. Baker, of Los Angeles, who have been at the Palace for a month or more, departed for their home during the week.

Mr. Irving M. Scott is at present traveling through the East. He recently forwarded to his home in this city, on Harrison Street, a greater portion of the large collection of art treasures which he collected during his recent European trip. Mindful of the famous "Elaine" robbery, he keeps the new picture by Toby Rosenthal, "The Immolation of Constance de Beverly," constantly by his side. However, he allowed it to be exhibited in New York and Boston, and will give the same privilege to this city on his arrival about the last of the month.

Attorney-General Marshall went up to Sacramento on Tuesday night.

Hall McAllister returned home from Los Angeles on Monday last.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Coleman went to Del Monte on Saturday last.

Hon. Charles Hazeltine and wife, of Michigan, who are very fond of California, are again visiting the coast.

Mrs. S. B. Caswell, of Los Angeles, arrived here on Sunday last.

Dr. J. C. Shorb returned from his southern trip on Monday noon.

Captain and Mrs. W. H. Kohl and Miss Kohl, of San Mateo, are spending a few days at Monterey.

Mrs. Fair's younger son, Charles, arrived on Thursday night from the East, where he has been attending school.

Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Crocker returned from Sacramento early in the week.

Mr. George D. Dornin and Miss Dornin left on the *Mariposa* Tuesday afternoon for the Sandwich Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Onderdonk and family arrived in this city Monday night, by the overland train. Mr. Onderdonk is the contractor for the western section of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and is well known throughout the East and West.

Major A. S. Bender, consulting engineer of the Hawaiian Government, returned to Honolulu by Tuesday's steamer, after a brief stay in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin came down from Sacramento Tuesday evening.

Miss Champion, who came from England last October, on a visit to her cousin, Mrs. Henry Scott, will return home in May. Miss Champion's brother and his wife have recently come to this coast to live, and have purchased a ranch in the southern part of the State.

Mrs. A. N. Fox, who returned from Washington a short time ago, will again visit her mother, Mrs. Steuart, at the national capital, in July.

Miss Ford, a cousin of the Blandings, and related to several other Southern families in this city, who has been spending the winter here, left on Wednesday afternoon for her home, in Louisville, Ky.

Hon. Drury Melone went up to Sacramento Tuesday morning, and is staying at the Golden Eagle Hotel.

Mrs. J. H. Carroll arrived at her Sacramento home Monday night, after an absence of several weeks in this city.

General Vallejo came down from his Sonoma County residence on Wednesday, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

George Cadwalader, of Sacramento, came down to this city Tuesday night.

Clay W. Taylor came down from Shasta the first of the week, and is at the Palace.

A. W. Sisson went up to Sacramento on Tuesday.

Mrs. Henry Edgerton, of Sacramento, who has been visiting Mrs. W. W. Stow, departed for home a few days ago.

Mrs. William P. Daingerfield is at the seashore at Monterey.

### Army and Navy News.

On Monday last Rear-Admiral A. K. Hughes, U. S. N., who has been staying at the Grand during the week, relinquished command of the Department of the Pacific, a post which he has occupied for nearly two years. As he attained his sixty-second year March 31st, he was placed on the retired list. A number of farewell ceremonies were carried out on the *Hartford*—the Admiral's flag-ship—on Tuesday morning. Commodore J. H. Upshur will be the admiral's successor, as commander-in-chief of this department.

Major Wilhelm, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., returned from Fort Bidwell last week.

Lieutenant-Commander Chenery, U. S. N., who has been here on a visit for the last few months, is about to return to the East.

Major Creary, U. S. A., returned, on Friday of last week, from Nevada.

Captain Field, U. S. N., who is now in this city, is a nephew of Supreme Justice Stephen J. Field.

Lieutenant Oyster, First Artillery, U. S. A., left by the Panama steamer, March 15th, for Fortress Monroe.

Lieutenant R. H. Galt, U. S. N., secretary to Rear-Admiral Hughes, just retired, was detached from duty last Monday, and directed to proceed home, to await orders. Lieutenant Galt left for the East Thursday afternoon by the overland train.

Lieutenant Marsh, First Artillery, U. S. A., left for the East, on the steamer, last Tuesday. His destination is Fortress Monroe.

Lieutenant Hunter, First Artillery, U. S. A., will leave for the East on next Friday's overland train. He has been transferred to Fortress Monroe.

The Presidio will receive new accessions very shortly in the persons of Lieutenants Rafferty, Stuart, Capron, Wisser, and Bliss, who are coming from the East to fill vacancies in the First Artillery Regiment, among them those created by the departure of Lieutenants Oyster, Marsh, and Hunter. These latter gentlemen regretted exceedingly leaving the many friends whom they have made during their stay on this coast; but they have the one consoling fact that the celebrated Hotel Hygeia is adjacent to Fortress Monroe, and that to this fashionable resort will shortly throng beauty and fashion from both South and North. The oysters, too, are famous just at that part of the coast, to say nothing of terrapins and canvas-back ducks later on in the season.

Mrs. De Russy, wife of the late General De Russy, who was long a resident of this city and prominent in society, has petitioned Congress for an increase of pension. Her cause is warmly espoused by Adjutant-General Drum, who, in a memorial to the House, states that General De Russy acquired the fatal seeds of disease through exposure in strengthening the harbor defenses in San Francisco Bay.

Mrs. Lieutenant Greeley (wife of the Arctic explorer), who is now residing with her father at San Diego, will shortly leave California for Washington, accompanied by her brother, Mr. Loring Nesmith, of San José.

### Notes and Gossip.

A picture of Miss Lilo McMullin, of this city, will be the next portrait in the "Types of American Beauty Series," now being published in the St. Louis *Spectator*. Miss Eva Mackay and Mrs. Nellie Hazeltine Paramore have already been portrayed.

The return of the Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder, from the Baron's ranch at San Luis Obispo, is looked for during the present month. After a short stay in this city it is expected that they will proceed on the contemplated European tour. Apropos of their expected return, it is not generally known that their experiences in reaching their ranch were as romantic as they were rigorous. When the newly married pair arrived at San Luis Obispo a storm of wind and rain had been in progress for several days. Nothing daunted, they engaged a conveyance to bear them to their destination, and left the town in the pelting rain. After several miles of struggling through an adobe road and fording bridgeless torrents, the wagon broke down. A farm-house being near by, they engaged the farmer to forward them on their way in his ranch-wagon. After several miles of floundering in the successive sloughs which characterized the road, the wagon became hopelessly stuck in three feet of mud. Miles away from any help, with no moon lighting up the night but the *lune de miel*, the young couple started out, hand in hand, to make their way through flood and field to their still far-away home. Happily a kind Providence had provided ready succor. It arrived at the climax of the drama in the person of the Hon. Frank McCoppin, who, as is well known, has been enacting the rôle of Cincinnatus in the vicinity of San Luis Obispo for nearly two years past. The gallant ex-Senator drove up with a stout pair of bays. Through dusk and sleet he espied the wanderers, and quickly discovered their identity. His beautiful home was near at hand, and in less than half an hour they were seated at his blazing

hearthstone. Next day they reached their ranch by easy stages.

Mrs. Captain William Blanding, of San Rafael, is very dangerously ill. She has been an invalid for many months.

The idea seems to prevail that this year San Rafael will not have the same social distinction which it enjoyed last season. Judging, however, by the number of prominent society people who have already engaged cottages in and about that place, the opinion is undoubtedly a miscalculation of affairs. One of the chief inducements to summer residents is the fact that, by the new route just completed, nearly half an hour of time is saved.

A prominent family went East at the beginning of the season, with the avowed intention of hearing Patti sing before she left this country forever. They arrived in New York just in time to miss the last night of the season at the Academy of Music. They were consoled, however, not long after, by learning that Patti would visit San Francisco in March, the month of their prospective return. In due time they set out for the Pacific Coast, but, to their great chagrin, arrived here on Saturday evening, a few hours after the last notes of Annetta, in "Crispino," had become a sweet memory.

At the *Mi-carême Bal Masqué*, given in Washington on the evening of the 19th ultimo, by the British minister and Miss West, Miss Dora Miller and Miss Mitchell appeared in pink dominoes.

During Lent, the St. Cecilia Club meet regularly every Tuesday morning, from ten to twelve, in Mrs. Henry Newton's parlors at the Palace. The two hours are devoted to vocal study. Solo singing is the rule, and as yet no chorals have been attempted. Miss Holladay, her sister Miss Ruth, Miss Sanderson, and Miss Mollie Dodge, of our local amateurs, are all Saint Cecilias. Mrs. Newton has long promised that, at some future date, gentlemen should be permitted to join the club. As a sort of compromise, an evening musicale will be given, either in Easter week or as soon after as possible, at which gentlemen may be present—although not to blend their voices in the saintly harmony.

Mrs. John W. Mackay gave a reception in Paris the other day in honor of the Misses Longfellow, at which numbers of prominent Americans were present, besides many noted Parisians.

The ladies of Grace Church will give a "welcome reception" one of the evenings in Easter week in honor of the new rector, Doctor Foute. The reception was to have taken place before Lent, but owing to the fact that Ash Wednesday found the rector snow-bound on the Western prairies, the festival had to be postponed. A number of well-known society ladies are on the reception committee.

Mrs. Ralph Harrison has been detained in Rome by the severe illness of her elder son, who is now convalescent. She will visit Paris ere her return home here, which is looked for some time this summer.

The clergy have significantly called the attention of many Lent-breakers in high places to the fact that a prominent lady-resident of Pine Street—the mistress of millions—has heroically abstained from all gayety during the penitential season; and that, although she had both the money and the inclination, the opera season passed without seeing her at a single performance.

Saturday, March 22d, Mr. John W. Mackay gave a breakfast to Representative Ochiltree, of Lasker fame. There were present, besides Mr. Mackay and the Congressman, Lord Mandeville, Lawrence Jerome, John McCullough, and W. J. Florence.

Rev. Doctor Platt, formerly rector of Grace Church, in this city, and now residing in Rochester, N. Y., has been made an Associate of the Victoria Institute of Philosophy, of London. Lord Shaftesbury is president of the institute.

Mrs. George Hearst, who arrived here from the East a few days ago, has been the recipient of many warm and loving congratulations from her host of lady friends.

---

The social topic of greatest interest just now appears to be the proposed reinstatement of Baker Pasha in the military position which he forfeited some years ago, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The *Standard*, it seems, received no fewer than two hundred letters from ladies recently, urging that the erring brother should be forgiven. Forgiveness being with many women the heroic virtue, this is not very surprising; but have these ladies no fear that in their impulsive generosity they may be helping to break down the barrier which society, none too careful as a rule for female honor, has placed about their sex to protect them from foulest wrong? "It is only a momentary impulse," they say, but is that any reason for relaxing the penalty which tends to keep these momentary impulses in check. Suppose the victim had been less courageous, the leading to that impulse would have entailed a term of penal servitude, and that, too, we suppose, might have been remitted on the same grounds. "I am mightily amused," writes to us a graceless reprobate, "at the announcement in the *Standard*, this morning, that the editor has been deluged with letters from hundreds of ladies impetuously demanding the reinstatement of a certain gallant officer in the British army. They are all unanimous, it seems; not one dissentient voice among the whole two hundred. It brought to my mind the familiar couplet of Pope:

> 'Men, some to business, some to pleasure, take,
> But every woman is at heart——.'

Let those finish the quotation who will."

---

Viscount d'Ecquevilly, of Pesth, member of a French family long settled in Hungary, is a man of the type of the notorious Colonel Charteris, whom Pope has handed down to infamy. The viscount, having had to leave Vienna by reason of a "difficulty," has for some time been running three gambling-houses in Pesth. It was his custom to "rope" ingenuous youth into these places by employing alluring damsels at theatres as his agents, and a charming French woman presided over his chief hell, on which the police lately made a raid. A number of swells are said to be seriously compromised by their connection with the place.

## COBWEBS.

> "With a woeful ballad
> Made to his mistress' eyebrow."
>
> "'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
> Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
> That can entame my spirits to your worship."
> —*As You Like It.*

"Jennie," said I, "why do you blacken your eyebrows so? If a lover were fain to write a ballad to your eyebrow he might as well make it a carol to a coal-yard, and be done with it."

Pretty Jennie patted her light-brown montagues, knit her fierce black brows, and looked as vicious as a kitten with a sword.

"Now, Arachne, you're just mean, that's all. How would I look without eyebrows? There wouldn't be a bit of character in my face, and you know it."

"Jennie, do you want to know how you look with them? Like a lamb with a pair of black mustaches."

Jennie picked up a stick of inky cosmetique, gave each eyebrow a vicious rub, sniffed at me, and left the room.

I was sorry, for I wanted to tell her something. I wanted to confide to her that walnut bark steeped in cologne will give a beautiful and harmless brown dye. Brown is so much prettier than black for the eyebrows of people with fair complexions. Of course, we all know that slender, arched brows are beautiful and refined; but, since we do, it is passing strange that one-third of the feminine world continues to ruin the effect of delicately modeled faces by two straight black marks for eyebrows.

---

I once knew a fascinating society woman who believed it to be her solemn duty to make herself as beautiful as possible. Powder and paint she abjured, partly because she did not need them, and principally because she thought them vulgar in effect and ruinous to the skin. Nature had given her a pair of straight, heavy eyebrows. She considered this a great misfortune, and on her very first trip to Europe made it her business to study up the eyebrow question. She returned immensely improved in appearance. A famous French artist had, by means of tweezers and depilatories carefully and judiciously used, thinned the heavy, rebellious brows until nothing was left but a slender and aristocratic curved line. So well was the job performed that they never grew again, and gave perfect satisfaction. Whenever I see a pretty woman with brows, already too heavy, disfigured by additional black, I think of my friend who suffered that she might look otherwise, and bless her for her æsthetic heroism.

---

I was talking to Wo Res, the Chinese artist, the other day, and we happened to mention the names of two beautiful but over-embellished San Francisco ladies. I remarked that they were very intimate.

"Yes," said he, "I surmised it, although I did not know it. They wear the same eyebrows and the same complexion."

In fact, so highly enameled and so expressionless are the faces of these ladies, that they look as if they had been carved from unsalted butter and richly decorated by one and the same artist. Ladies who are very intimate often employ the same dress-maker, milliner, and hair-dresser, and grow, in time, to look a sort of family likeness to each other. But when they arrive at such a state of mental adoration that they wear the same complexion and eyebrows, it is a hopeless give-away, and they betray to the heartless world the spuriousness of their respective charms.

---

I can never think of eyebrows without recalling a little incident connected with Humphrey Moore, the artist, who once resided here for a time. He was deaf and dumb, but conversed perfectly well in pantomime, and was fond of giving a funny twist or a bit of humorous exaggeration to his ideas. On the occasion to which I refer, he was introduced to a rarely beautiful girl, who persisted in disfiguring herself by a greatly over-done blackening of the eyebrows and lashes. When she had left the room, someone wrote on the artist's tablet that she was very beautiful, and looked to him for confirmation. He nodded his head and beamed assent. Then, with a deprecating gesture, he walked to the fireplace whence he affected to collect large handfuls of soot which he vigorously pretended to rub into both eyes. Afterward, blinking as if he could hardly see through the soot, he pointed after the young lady, and sadly shook his head. If he had been possessed of a voice to say, "Beautiful, but how foolish and inartistic to thus destroy her natural charm," he could not have spoken so forcibly as he did in that bit of humorous and pithy pantomime.

---

The whole town is indulging dyspepsia and general lassitude after the opera. No one had time to eat dinner while the opera lasted—that is, any dinner to speak of. So suppers became the fashion, and, as emotion always makes people hollow, every one ate too much. It was a grand gala time, and everybody indulged in their favorite dishes, and nobody thought of expense. One night at the Maison Dorée I thought of Brillat-Savarin's time-worn aphorism, "Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are," and it seemed the very simplest thing in the world. I will wager old Dingeon could shut his eyes and tell you precisely who you are by what you order for supper. For instance, if you order a cup of chocolate, a lot of cakes, and a plate of tutti-frutti, it goes without saying that you are a girl. If you order champagne and oysters, you are a capitalist or a very reckless person. If you order bread and butter, cold meat, and a bottle of beer, you are hungry but not æsthetic. If you order a glass of ice-water and a piece of pie, you are a hardy son of temperance from the rural districts. If you order frogs *à la poulette* and champagne frappé, you are probably a poor young man making a night of it. If you desire fried oysters and cold tea, you are a future dyspeptic of purest ray serene. If you take a Welsh rarebit and some Bass's ale, you are a rash person with no fear of a hereafter. If you go so far as to order a golden buck and a cup of coffee, you either have no stomach or are a bilious misanthrope. If you take a bi[illegible] a glass of wine, you are a man who dines heavily [illegible] love. If you take a cup of tea and an oyster st[illegible] an old maid, and if you order a salad of lettuce [illegible] asparagus, a boiled bird, and a little wine, you are a man who respects himself and his stomach, and you have the indorsement of

ARACHNE.

---

"I buy and sell the addresses of people in all parts of the United States and Canada," said an enterprising New Yorker to a *Sun* reporter. "There are hundreds of business men who reach their customers by circulars, as well as by advertising in the newspapers. Thus, a book publisher gets out a new book which he wants to sell through agents. He is anxious to learn the names and addresses of all the men and women in the United States who sell subscription books. He also wants the names of those who sell other goods in the same way, because they are very likely to drop the other article for the sake of the new book. Then he wants the addresses of the people who have never acted as agents, but who want to try it to see what they can do. He advertises for agents in a variety of papers, and at a pretty heavy expense. It costs him several cents for every letter of inquiry about his book that he receives. To that letter of inquiry he sends his elaborate circulars. I come to the relief of the publisher by selling him a very large number of agents' addresses at a small part of the cost of getting them by advertising. Every publisher has a list of agents whom he has employed at one time and another. Nearly every one will sell me a copy of his list for a consideration. The combined copies make a formidable pile of manuscript. Then there are the novelty men, who accumulate large lists of names of agents. Agents form one line of special names. Invalids form another. Every community has a lot of people who are always buying medicine. They are the most valuable lot an advertiser can reach. The consumption remedy circular gives them a hacking cough and a hectic flush. The blood purifier circular flushes them with eczema. So it goes through the list of chronic and acute ills that flesh is heir to. They will buy anything from beef and bark to a steam atomizer to doctor a sprained foot. All these people write to some advertising doctor or vender of the elixir of life. I buy the names from advertisers, classify them according to the number of times the names have been used by medical men and the last diseases that afflicted the writers, and sell them over and over again. Sometimes I sell the original letters outright. The careful advertiser sometimes varies the character of the circulars sent according to the characteristics of the letter writer, even writing a personal letter in some cases. There are two other general classes. One for the sharpers and one for the general advertiser. The latter class is cosmopolitan. It includes all others, really, but it is made up mostly of farmers. For instance, in New York, Rochester, and Detroit, are several firms of dealers in garden and farm seeds. They get hundreds of thousands of letters every year. To those addresses circulars for all kinds of farm and household goods, books, jewelry, anything that a man or woman doesn't need, but is sure to want, can be sent with great profit The names for the use of sharpers are the most profitable of all, and yield the largest returns to all concerned, except the ones addressed. Once we get a name on that list we know it will pan out till the man dies. The addresses of all people who buy tickets in lotteries, who write to dealers in fac-simile greenbacks, and who write to other advertisers that offer to give something for nothing, are very carefully arranged by themselves. They are usually very smart in their own conceit, but they nibble at a bare hook. I have received as high as twenty-five dollars a thousand for names for sharpers' use. Good lists of habitual invalids are worth all the way from ten dollars to twenty dollars a thousand. Agents are so easily obtained that ten dollars is a big price; from three to five dollars is ordinary. General-use lists copied off the letters bring from three to five dollars where they have not been mailed to more than twice. When mailed to oftener than that, and where a year or two old they get down to a dollar a thousand. There are many in this business. Some drop in, make a good thing, and straightway begin mailing circulars on their own account. The number of actual addresses handled by me in one year has never exceeded one million, but it has crowded that figure closely."

---

The King of Italy has offered a gold medal to the Italian wine-grower who shall produce the best effervescing white wine as a substitute for champagne. Sparkling Asti and other Italian wines of the foaming class bear already a certain resemblance to champagne, and a still greater resemblance to sparkling Moselle; for they are sweet, and, taken in generous quantities, are apt to give headache. The Italian champagne must be dry; but this indispensable condition offers no difficulty, for Capri is scarcely sweeter than the natural wine of Champagne before the syrup is added in the process of turning it into effervescing wine.

---

A peer's daughter, who is the wife of a lieutenant-colonel, and has lived with her husband seven years in India and accompanied him to the Mediterranean, in a letter to the London *Standard* declares that "the moral tone of English ladies (especially of those whom one is forced to associate with in military life and at military and naval stations) is decidedly low. Most of them, from their school days, have wasted their time in poring over dangerous novels and immoral books, and their everyday conversation is such as most gentlemen in civil life would blush to hear."

---

"I see the water is running out of this d—d hill yet," said Socrates to Xantippe, as they hopped over a muddy streamlet at the base of Haight Street hill two days after a rain storm.

"You should not use that word," said Xantippe, tartly.

"And why not, may I ask, Mrs. S.?" retorted Socrates, with some heat.

"Because if it were dammed," replied his spouse, "the water would not be running."

The procession moved on.

## PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE EAR.

The Muscular and Cartilaginous Systems of Famous Prima Donnas.

Now that the operatic craze has calmed down, and those two enchanting song-birds, Patti and Gerster, have winged their way eastward, reason, in place of emotion, once more has its opportunity. Hence, it is a most appropriate time to interrogate science, and learn what it reveals of the wondrous mechanism by which are produced the marvelous vocal effects to which we have all listened with such rapture.

Of the thousands of persons who have listened to the celestial strains of La Diva, how many have paused to reflect how much the singer owes to Nature, how little to Art?—how much was inherited from a musical ancestry, how little, comparatively, is derived from instruction? A prima donna at fifteen years of age can not be greatly indebted to art for her power; therefore, it is logical to infer that the mechanism capable of expressing such grand rôles as Violetta, Leonora, etc., is an inherited one, and not created in a generation; on the contrary, it embodies the accumulated and aggregated experiences of a long line of musical ancestors, whose efforts have culminated in the genius which we find in Patti.

Galton, in his work on "Hereditary Genius," gives a list of the musical Bach family of Germany, which extended through eight generations, and terminated in the eminent Sebastian Bach. Of those eight generations all were more or less musical, and *fifty-seven* persons were *eminent* in musical art. It would seem rational to conclude that a race endowed with such exceptional powers should also possess some signs by which those gifts might be discerned and recognized at sight. If we interrogate art or artists on this subject, we find no solution to this question. Science alone can reveal to us where the outward and visible signs of this inward and divine gift of song are to be found.

The organs of the body which are used in the production and reception of tone or sound are entirely muscular, or cartilaginous; hence it follows that we must look to the development of the muscular system for our analysis of singers and musicians. As the expression of music is an imitative art merely, not an intellectual power, we shall find upon investigation that most of its signs are external,



Marie Roze.

easily discerned even by children, and are all of a muscular nature.

The vocal chords, the larynx, the glottis, the tongue, the lips, and the ear are all within the muscular system, and operated by muscular development and construction. When I say muscular development, I do not mean that a singer or instrumentalist must have the development of a prize-fighter, but that the muscular system must be dominant over the bony system. One can no more sing or play by means of the bones than he can love or act with them. Muscle alone is capable of expressing song as well as dramatic action—it alone is capable of expressing emotion. The bones can neither feel nor express emotion, hence it is that we find in artists the muscular system better developed than the osseous.

The indications of this system—the muscular—are found all over the individual endowed with ability for expressing any form of art, such as acting, singing, playing of instruments, painting, modeling, etc. The general signs of the predominance of this system and these capacities are found in roundness of the head, body, and limbs; the shoulders slightly drooping, not square; the fingers tapering; the joints of the entire body not prominent, but small, rounded, and covered with muscle and adipose tissue; the feet relatively short and arched at the instep. Let it be understood that muscle produces curves and roundness, while bones cause angles and squareness.

These are the general and bodily signs for the artistic temperament. The facial signs have a distinct and separate formation for each class, and the *quality* of the individual decides his rank in his own department of art. The signs of quality are as unerring and as easily comprehended as are the forms of the features which indicate artistic ability. The facial and cerebral signs of a singer are common to all singers, yet each retains his individuality.

The following signs will be found in the faces of all eminent singers, and any one having once observed them can detect musical ability and talent at first sight. To comprehend genius requires more study, but *all* can learn the signs for musical ability. The most significant signs are found in the mouth, lips, cheeks, and ear, these being the media which produce and receive sound. The mouth is of medium or large size; the lips full and well developed; the ear rounding at the top, with an unbroken rim, and many flutings or convolutions of the auricle or external ear, for we are now examining only the external signs. The lower portion of the ear terminates in a heavy pendant lobe, and this peculiarity is possessed by all good singers, the lobe being large or small, according to the degree of muscular development of the individual, which, of course, varies in quantity, as well as in *quality*, in different persons. The nose is usually disproportionately short, thick, rounded, and of a soft or cartilaginous nature, with very small bones, hardly discernible. *Relative length of the face from*



Annie Louise Cary.

*the tip of the nose to the point of the chin* is characteristic of all singers who possess powerful voices. This formation is a mechanical necessity, for without it the roof of the mouth would not be high enough to give *volume* of tone. The chin is usually well developed, seldom receding (for here, again, suitable mechanical construction must assist), rounding, soft, and muscular, the bones almost entirely hidden by muscle and adipose tissue; and in the chins of nearly all singers, as well as in the chins of artists, poets, painters, composers, and actors, we shall find a dimple, which is always an indication of an art-loving nature—the eyes large and convex. The cheeks of singers are round, full, and dimpled, the throat full and muscular, the thorax expansive, and the waist ample. Indeed, I have never seen a great singer with a wasp waist, nor a great woman in any department of art or literature with such formation, for it is not possible for the heart and lungs to furnish to the brain sufficient well-oxygenated blood where this species of deformity exists.

In order to comprehend the rationale of the signs of musical ability, we are obliged to analyze the origin of sound, and the instrumentalities which produce it. Sound is caused by vibrations of the atmosphere set in motion by force acting upon various substances, such as wood, metal, reeds, wire, strings, etc. Vocal sounds are originated in the larynx, which is of a cartilaginous nature. The action of this organ sets in motion the air within the lungs, which, impinging upon the external atmosphere, forms tones of longer or shorter duration, and of louder or softer quality, according to the force and time employed in such performance.

Sound, once set in motion, forms waves or curves in the air, which are caught by the external ear and thrown upon the tympanum, or drum, and here the nerves of the ear and brain recognize the sounds thus received, and imitate and modulate them by the aid of the muscles of the glottis, larynx, tongue, lips, cheeks, and ear.

Two of the elements of sound are resonance and elasticity, and these two elements are found in the atmosphere, as well as in reeds, strings, muscle, and cartilage. Hence it is that those endowed with fine and sensitive muscular systems are the best qualified by nature to give forth and receive musical sounds. Another striking fact in regard to sound is that musical or agreeable sounds can only be produced by force acting upon *round* objects, or points. Sounds proceeding from angular bodies or substances are harsh and discordant, and as I have shown that sound proceeding from the larynx comes through circular openings and creates curved or semi-circular waves as it flows through the air toward the ear, so it will be manifest to the reader that rounded individuals are best shaped to receive and give forth tone.

The elements of sound are resonance, elasticity, and circular form. The necessary components of a musician are resonance, elasticity, and a circular formation. Who



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

shall say that the science of Physiognomy, of Man, is not capable of mathematical illustration?

A musician must be like a poet—born, not made. He must be endowed by nature with the right mechanical construction, and also with a fine and sensitive nervous system. This last it is which gives the necessary *quality* to illustrate true greatness or genius in music.

The signs which indicate instrumental ability are most of them similar to the signs which denote singing capacity. Roundness of the entire form, roundness of the top of the ear, are some indications in common; but the lower part of the ear differs in those who are capable of instrumental effort, but have no vocal ability. The pendant lobe of the ear is not observed in the latter class, neither do they require the same length of the face from the tip of the nose to the point of the chin. But we shall expect to find in instrumentalists a good muscular development, with round, flexible fingers, inclined to taper, a round ear, well set out from the head, in order to facilitate the reception of the sound-waves, and of a decided red color. This last peculiarity is present in all musicians who constantly practice music, vocal or instrumental. It is caused by a great supply of blood which the activity of the ear draws to its aid. A pale ear is never so true as a red ear, not having so much vigor and activity as one better supplied with blood.

Where both ears are alike in form and size, they have more *trueness* than where they differ. I have never seen the two ears of any person exactly alike, and the two ears of most people are so diverse as to appear to belong to entirely different persons. This arises from the fact that the right ear is an inheritance from the father or his family, the left ear resembling in shape the mother's ear or that of some of her family. A skilled physiognomist can decide upon the possession of the musical gift by the hands and feet, for, when a person is born a musician, he is a musician *all over*, and the hands, having a prominent part to bear in instrumental music, are the hands of a musician.

The hair of many musical people, as well as poets and actors, is curly or waving; this is yet another indication of the yielding, curving, imitative nature of these classes. Natural curls are never seen on the heads of those in whom the osseous or bony system predominates—their hair is like themselves, stiff, straight, and inflexible. Artists abound in curvilinear forms in all parts of the body and of the features, and, externally to themselves, deal entirely in curvilinear effects and works, whether in the gestures of the hands and arms, the pose of the body, in waving sounds, as in vocalization, elocution and oratory, or in the higher forms of art, as illustrated in the divine chiselings of Phidias or the immortal configurations of Michael Angelo.

The ability to execute curves comes only from muscle, and all art is founded on the circle, or sections of it. In singing, the larynx must be able to construct every grada-



Emma C. Thursby.

tion of the circle. As Swedenborg expresses it, "it must have acquired the faculty of opening the glottis into all measures, figures, and forms whatever that can be described by the geometric compass or summed up by the analytical calculus, from the line or fissure to the complete circle."

Here again we are met with the fact that geometrical measurement and form is yet another element of sound, and we shall find, as we continue to investigate the complex mechanism which we call man, that all the sciences, chemical, architectural, and mathematical, have their exponent and highest illustration in that most marvelous and sublime of all God's creations—man's physiognomy.

Genius, or true greatness in music, as in every branch of art, must be the outcome of a great nature, a rounded and developed manhood or womanhood, with special development in certain directions. If we look over the world of art, and observe closely its masters, we shall find among them only the most beautiful and harmoniously constructed bodies. I can not recall the personality of one genius in art who possessed either an ugly face or a distorted or deformed body. Some artists who have been philosophic have, at times, risen to a scientific comprehension of this idea. Winkelman, the great sculptor of Germany, says: "A mind as beautiful as was that of Raphael, in an equally beautiful body, is necessary first to feel, and afterward to display, the true character of the Ancients." It is true Lord Byron had club-feet, yet his face and body were symmetrical and beautiful. His club-feet were accidental; Nature planned his body in perfection. Medical authority tells us that his club-feet were caused during his pre-natal life by severe fits of anger indulged in by his mother, who came of a family who were at times made *insane* by the indulgence of their vile tempers—a striking illustration of the mother's power in the highest department of art Creation.

The artistic temperament is an emotional temperament; hence it is that those persons who exist in emotional, changeable, shifting moods can not be looked to for the highest expression of morality. Morality infers stability, and stability requires something more solid for its sustenance than the ever-varying movements of the muscles. Bone, which can not express art, can excel in moral power, and, by its integrity, assist in creating moral heroes. The dominance of the osseous or bony system is found in those

historical characters who were colossal in their moral power, and who had sufficient integrity, firmness, and stability to carry nations through great crises.

Washington, with six feet two inches of bone; Jackson, Jefferson, and Lincoln, made of the same rocky, inflexible material, could stand firm and impregnable, though nations rocked to their centres. They were not amusing, artistic men, but they served the world according to their abilities and its needs. They could not have thus stood had they been made of soft and yielding muscle, and to expect people composed of such matter as cartilage, muscle, and gristle to exhibit moral grandeur would be to ask impossibilities.

Emotion and muscle are synonymous. The head and face alone have thirty-two pairs and two single muscles for their expression, and those whose muscles are most elastic and yielding have less stability and more imitation than those with firmer muscles.

Singers have many domestic traits in common, and in a marked manner. Their love for children and pets is possessed in an uncommon degree by all. Di Murska was the despair of managers on account of the menagerie of pet animals with which she insisted upon traveling. Singers are also playful, mirthful, and fond of gayeties and show; are also excessively amative and approbative. All these are traits which inhere in the muscular system, and are operated and manifested by its action.

The cut (Fig. 2) is an exact representation of Patti's ear, and affords a striking proof of the reliability of physiognomical observation and law. It is rounded at the top, with a well-defined rim, well set out from the head, of a roseate hue, and with a large, but thin, pendant lobe. The skin covering the ear is fine and thin; this indicates its sensitiveness, while the color denotes activity of the organ.

Ears reveal to the scientific physiognomist much more of the character than the merely musical, although textbooks of art speak of the ear as "comparatively expressionless." Patti's ear (Fig. 2) is less convoluted than Gerster's (Fig. 1); hence I deduce that the character is not so many-sided nor so well developed as Gerster's, mentally and morally. A comparison of the two faces corroborates the revelations of the ear. There is more womanliness in Gerster's physiognomy, more balance and equipoise of character, more true self-esteem, less of the imitative, playful, childish, emotional, and capricious, which are marked characteristics both of Patti's physiognomy and character.

Patti's ears are nearly alike—more so than those of any singer I have observed, and I have examined hundreds. This indicates inherited musical talent from both father and mother.

I had a good opportunity recently of studying Gerster's ears at a short distance, and find them very nearly alike. They are beautifully expressive of talent, both in singing and instrumentation. She could have excelled in the latter had she devoted herself to that branch. I do not think that Gerster has yet reached the culmination of her power, while Patti's is already on the decline.

The three countenances shown in the engravings are those of women eminent as musicians, and all are corroborations of the laws laid down for discovering musical capacity. Miss Thursby has an ear somewhat like Patti's. That of Marie Roze is individualized and yet decidedly musical, while Miss Cary has an ear which reveals trueness and capacity for deep intonations.

The varying characteristics of the ear present to the scientific student a wonderful field for investigation, and I shall be amply rewarded if this article set in motion earnest study and investigation of the physiognomy of the ear.

In order to make the evidence more complete, let the reader place before him ten, twenty, or more celebrated singers and musicians, and he will find the proof of physiognomy most convincing. Take, for example, the portraits of Madame Materna, Arthur Sullivan, Wilhelmj, Ravelli, Von Bülow, Arabella Goddard, Patti, Gerster, Scalchi, Nilsson, or any other number of noted musicians, and he will have gathered a most useful amount of information in regard to the facial characteristics of singers and musicians.

Composers form a distinct class of character from the merely musical. They must possess greater and more developed powers—more mentality, constructiveness, sublimity, intuition, and a nervous mechanism keenly alive to all sensations.

The faces of Wagner, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Handel, Haydn, Rossini, Beethoven, and all other great composers reveal traits of a higher order than the physiognomies of mere singers or musicians. In order to make art intelligible and of greater use, it must summon science to its aid; and this is true of every department of thought and action, whether of art, government, or religion.

San Francisco, April 2, 1884. Mary O. Stanton.

---

A French paper relates that Alboni, on one occasion finding herself near Como, and learning that Pasta had a villa on the lake, proceeded to pay her a visit. A dreadful-looking old slatternly hag came to the door, recalling, in her appearance, the Compagnonne in "Ruy Blas," who conducted the visitor to a parlor and said the signora would presently be there. In a few moments she made her appearance, and Alboni was startled to recognize in her the old slattern she had seen, now somewhat "fixed up." Reading her visitor's thoughts, she said: "You are saying to yourself, 'Can this be Pasta?' Well, the fact is, I have a horror of mercenaries, and prefer to wait upon myself. Still, there are hours when the old fire lights up in me, and then I abandon a while garden and housework." She had opened the piano, her fingers began to wander over the keys, and a moment later a delicious air from "Tancredi" filled the common little room, and as she sang youth seemed to come back to the old woman.

---

A Paris paper says that the English gamblers at Monaco are the most determined, and lose the most. It is said that each day when the play begins the bank has in hand two hundred thousand dollars; as the play becomes brisker this is sometimes raised to six hundred thousand dollars more.

## SOCIAL STANDING IN LONDON.

"Cockaigne" gives its Status, with Some Truths about the Stage.

There can be no question that the publication of the Queen's book has caused a marvelous revulsion of feeling in her majesty's favor on the part of its readers. There is such an air of honesty and atmosphere of simple womanliness permeating the pages, that even those hitherto most bitter in their denunciation of her "homage for John Brown" are forced to admit that, however ill-judged her regard for the faithful gillie may have appeared to the eyes of people only too willing to see bad in everything connected with royalty, her affection, at least, lacks any ingredient of harm. No one could read the "Diary in the Highlands" without becoming convinced that all which has been said, whispered, written, and hinted about an improper intimacy existing between the Queen and her humble Scotch subject was false from beginning to end, and that her regard for the whilom servant of her fondly cherished husband was but another evidence of the kindliness of heart which she has ever displayed toward those of her subjects in the humblest walks of life.

Though it may seem anomalous to say so, there is one thing which may be said for Queen Victoria: She never has been, and never will be, a snob. Of course, as the Queen of England and Empress of India, it would appear absurd that she should show any preference for people of rank merely as people of rank, being herself above them all; but it can easily be seen how natural it would be for a woman in her position to care only to be surrounded by, and to recognize the existence alone of, the highest grades of her nobility; yet with her this has never been the case. While her treatment of everybody with whom she has been thrown in contact has been imbued with a gracious condescension and perfection of good breeding, she has ever shown in the disposal of her kindness a disposition to favor those in the humblest spheres. It is a noble quality when one thinks seriously of it, and one which women of power and position below her in rank would do well to cultivate. Nowhere is this quality of true and womanly affection more shown in its brightest colors than in the pages of her recently published diary, and no one, I say, can lay down the book, after having read it fairly and honestly, without being satisfied that this is *all* there has ever been in her consideration for the humble-born John Brown. That a different opinion should ever have been seriously entertained, in the light of her spotless life in every respect, is what will surprise one most. However, it is doubtful if a contrary opinion was ever seriously entertained by people constituting the higher grades of English society.

People of the higher grades in England are not given to airing their opinions in public on any subject, least of all one touching the questioned integrity or chastity of their sovereign. So that whatever has gone abroad as English public opinion on the matter has not been the opinion of the best people. Such people are not partial to the elaboration of scandal and gossip for publication in the newspapers, and would accord an "interviewer" a reception as polar in its temperature, as it would be unfruitful in its results. As a general rule, therefore, when one reads in foreign papers that "it is the prevailing impression in England," or "the opinion of England undoubtedly is," etc., etc., it is quite safe to say that the impressions and opinions referred to are those of the middle-class only. What such impressions and opinions should be, is not a very difficult matter to decide when one remembers that the majority of the middle-class are Radicals.

Besides, in England the men who occupy public positions (bar the government offices), fill the professions, or engage in the higher branches of trade, are, as a rule, of a far different sort from the men who do the same in America. Such men do not *per se* at all hold the same place in society in England that they do in America. There is nothing higher than a successful lawyer or physician in America. He can be anything, do anything, or go anywhere he pleases. It is not so by any means in England, for in England he must be a gentleman as well. What his opinion may be on any question touching good-breeding, manners, or the proprieties of social life, will otherwise attract no attention or be given not a moment's consideration by the upper classes. No one above them in class would care a fig for the opinions of Sir William Gull, the famous doctor, or of Prescott Hewett, the celebrated surgeon, on any subject unconnected with therapeutics or anatomy, nor would Sergeant Ballantine or Mr. Charles Russell, Q. C., be regarded as authority, except on matters judicial or legal. A banker, also, *as* a banker, or a retired tradesman, *as* a retired tradesman (and whether a baronet or a knight makes no difference), unless he had some other consideration to offer than mere fortune, could not attempt to lead or control the opinions of anybody except as to foreign loans, the condition of the money market, or the general state of trade.

It is all quite different, I know, in America, where gentlemen engage in every pursuit, and the opinions and ideas of professional men, and bankers, and merchants are considered valuable on every subject that may arise for discussion—social and otherwise. Therefore it is that I would say pay no heed to any "prevailing opinion in England," as written or cabled over to the American press, when it concerns society and the highest grades of it, unless it is shown that it is shared by such men as the Marquis of Salisbury, Earl Granville, Lord Derby, Lord Carnarvon, or some other of the exponents of high-life views who frequently give their ideas to the world in a *Times* or *Morning Post* leader, or in an article in one of the principal magazines. I might add, in this connection, that a rough, illiterate, uneducated boor can not become the editor or proprietor of a newspaper or a magazine in England. Of course, as a matter of fact, he *can*, if he wants to, and has the money to pay for it; but what I mean is, that he gains no advantage in any way from the position, least of all socially. As for his opinions expressed in his paper, nobody cares a straw. They carry no weight with people whose recognition is worth having. This is chiefly why the *Times* has always kept the lead among London papers. Not only is its tone free from a wish to please the lower orders, but its editorial and sub-[illegible] chairs have always been filled by gentlemen not only of education and refinement, but who have taken university honors.

Such is the status of the new editor, Mr. George Buckle, who has just been appointed. The same may be said of the *Morning Post*. Always the mouthpiece and exponent of the swellest side of fashionable life, it retains a place among London journals, I might almost say, of its own—its reduction to a penny paper, two or three years ago, having trodden rather severely on the corns of the *Daily Telegraph*. As for Mr. Levy-Lawson, or Mr. Lawson-Levy, of the *Telegraph*, he is an upstart, and it is safe to say his sky-rocket paper will never recover the place it lost by the scandalous telegram from Egypt accusing the Rifles of cowardice.

Labouchère, of *Truth*, though undoubtedly a clever man—if a grouping of successful cunning and audacity can be considered cleverness—is too spasmodic and erratic, as well as too ridiculously ahead of his age in his radicalism, to convince anybody. Socially he is a nobody. Being a member of Parliament is like anything else in England. *Per se* it means nothing—I mean as an establishment of social status. The greatest blackguard may get into the House of Commons—*vide* Doctor Kenealy and many of the Home Rule members. And then Labouchère married an actress.

Edmund Yates, of the *World*, is a Bohemian, pure and simple; and Bohemians in London don't go into the best society. They couldn't be Bohemians if they did. But that isn't the only thing that "lets the portcullis fall" in front of Yates. But of this subject, perhaps, more anon at some other time. I have only touched on it at present, as incidental to what has been suggested to my mind while considering the effect of the Queen's book itself as a refutation of previously conceived ideas concerning her.

Quite a little breeze has been stirred up among those ladies and gentlemen who are pleased to dignify themselves by the name of the theatrical "profession," anent the reason given by Lord Garmoyle for the breaking off of his engagement with Miss Fortescue, the actress—viz., that the Duke of Richmond had told him the young lady could never be received at court, having been "professionally" on the stage. No doubt the worthy persons who compose in the aggregate the aforesaid profession do feel it keenly as a public slur upon their calling. But, after all, it is only the truth, and much as they may affect to resent it, they know it themselves quite well. Whatever high ideas they have got of themselves before the footlights is unquestionably the fault of the Prince of Wales. Before he took to dining with the Savage and Garrick Clubs, and supping with Henry Irving on the Lyceum stage after performances, and being "hail-fellow-well-met" with Toole, the comedian, English actors and actresses knew their place quite as well as other people, and were content to keep it, too. However, the Irving craze got a gentle, but none the less effective quietus, from the Queen, when she refused to confer knighthood upon that very much over-rated actor, who would have been obliged to accept and bear the honor as Sir John Broddribb. But notwithstanding that, with the prince's continued aid, the "sock and buskin" still aspire. But aspire is all they can do. Now, I don't care a button who says anything to the contrary, I know what I am talking about when I say that in England an actor or an actress has no social standing at all, except among themselves, where their importance is solely dependent upon the length of letters in which their names are printed on the bills.

When they go traveling to the United States they affect to have one, I dare say, but they haven't all the same, and they know it quite as well as I do. For which reason, I may say, it has frequently amused me greatly to read in American papers of the distinguished attention paid to English actors, especially when playing in New York—Wyndham and Irving, for example—and that they are always given the *entrée* of the clubs. Why, they couldn't get their noses inside of a swell West End club, except perhaps to see the staircase pictures in charge of the hall porter, just like any other sight-seer. I know that Irving has just been elected a member of the Reform Club. But the Reform Club is no criterion to go by, socially. It is a political club, and its entrance doors swing in these days on very elastic hinges. Besides, Irving is said to have his eye on a seat in the House of Commons at no distant day. So, naturally the Liberal party, of which the Reform Club is one of the trysting places, wish to make friends with him, as his money and influence among theatrical people would make him a most available candidate. But I can fancy the commotion his simple candidature, let alone election, would create at a club like White's or the Marlborough, where even the Prince of Wales would not dare to propose or second him. It is a great pity that more Americans don't know this, and save their entertaining for a better class of Englishmen.

Even the highest operatic singers, such as Patti, Nilsson, Alboni, and Gerster, haven't the *entrée* at court. They sing twice a year, at what are called state concerts, at Buckingham Palace, and during the intermission the Prince and Princess of Wales, and others of the royal family, will speak to them for a few moments; but further than that it never goes. When the concert is over, they take their departure with no greater ceremony than does the august performer on the big drum. Sometimes the Queen may "command" a singer to come to her presence and sing for her, and receive in return a token of appreciation from her—a diamond locket or bracelet, I forget which. But it is only as a *queen* that it is done, and in the most distant fashion—about as a private gentleman would send for and give sweets to the children of his butler or cook. It isn't likely when such high-class artists are refused admittance, that common "play-actors" would be allowed entrance. Is it? Cockaigne.

London, March 5, 1884.

---

There seems to be no end to news about "The Bread-Winners." It is now announced that Messieurs Hachette & Co., of Paris, will publish a French translation of that brilliant novel, the translator being Madame Le Breton.

## ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SOCIETY.

### The Controversy Excited by Mr. John Farquharson Gower.

#### A CAUSTIC LETTER ON LONDON SOCIETY.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In patience have I possessed my soul this many a day, reading the attacks in the press made by a few English itinerants and adventurers upon American society and American women. Two recent letters in the *Argonaut*, over the signatures of John Farquharson Gower and Cecil V. B. Heathcote, summon me from the silence of lethargy. If a tilt is to be run against our social customs, our hospitality to strangers (for that's what it means), and the mothers, wives, daughters, and sweethearts of America, by these masters of sublime impudence and arrogance, then, sirs, I beg to be allowed to lift lance in behalf of my countrywomen. I touch the shields of these peripatetics with the sharp point of my weapon. I welcome any number of Englishmen to the encounter.

First, to start out fairly, I acknowledge that there is much foolishness exhibited on the part of some rich Americans in the way of toadying to anything in trousers which bears the name of Englishman. To our shame be it said there are a few upstarts—men and women devoid of sense and solidity of character—who vulgarly affect to copy the manners and accent of worthless Englishmen, merely because they are Englishmen. These specimens of slavish deference deserve censure and oblivion. They merit snubs from English snobs. And the Gowers and Heathcotes of the day are quite right to make them targets for their shots.

Now, to business. Mr. Gower (Farquharson John) asserts that "money in New York secures high social consideration, but it is notoriously untrue that it does in London." I grant that this is true *in a measure* about New York. In several notorious instances wealth alone has lifted to the social ladder's top men and women who had no other claim to its eminence. They possessed overwhelming fortunes, and would have been recognized anywhere and everywhere—in London court circles, in Parisian salons, or within the charming but corrupt society of Berlin. But those very people are in the minority. And talent, culture, fame earned in the learned professions, long and honorable business associations and success, old family standing, reputations for exalted character and unblemished honor—all these are factors and *victors* in the field of so-called "society" in New York. They always *have* won. They always *will* win if the struggle comes in earnest between shoddyism and substantiality, either here or elsewhere. The best characters are the brightest coronets in America. They will lead. Lucre alone does not atone for stained escutcheons.

Now, let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that money alone did sway the sceptre. As long as it was honorably made, is there any harm in it? Where would Britain's titled class be without its money? What would London "society" be without the brainless fops with plethoric pockets who constitute its *jeunesse dorée*? Rob them, with one fell swoop, of acres and gold, what would they do—from sire to son? Unfitted for the practical work of life, they would fill almshouses. Our rich, if beaten down, would rise again, because they have been bred to useful ends. The titled class, at whose feet the Gowers and Heathcotes, hovering on the outskirts, throw themselves, are privileged by birth. We pretend to no such class. We have no "topmost plane" (as Mr. Gower calls it) of aristocracy; no coroneted class, descended from a long line of feudal tyrants, landed banditti, ignorant retainers knighted through favoritism by royal maurauders. No such order exercises over us a dominion—an order which causes common Englishmen to practice customs in regard to it which savor of fetish-worship rather than of the thoughtful domestic policy of a great people. Thank God we have no such thing within the limits of our country's jurisdiction! We crook the knee to no sacred circle of titled intolerance. We live in a land which despises cringing and crawling to coronets covering moral leprosy and rotten honor. We live among a progressive people, where the man who honorably achieves wealth has a *right* to aspire to the highest privileges in the social world. We live in a land where the man can retain his pride of place as long as he retains his self-respect, and no longer. He is tolerated as long as he is true to his obligations as a manly man. Social malfeasance cripples him; women "cut him," and men shun him. No man here dare be guilty of the deeds attributed to some noble dukes, earls, and lords of lesser degree—such as frauds on the turf, heavy borrowing and never paying, defrauding of tradesmen, false marriages, filthy carousals—and hope for recognition from chaste women and brave, unspotted men. We glory in the fact that men who have the gift of honorable money-making *can* gain "social consideration" after a life of toil. Their ambition is not an ignoble one. Their money gives education to their children. It encourages a love of refinement, of culture, of art, of science, of good manners, of physical improvement. Let your contributors visit some of these houses of ease and "elegance" in New York or Boston, and see for themselves what some of these people they affect so much to despise have done, and what their surroundings are. And there is not a John Gower or a C. V. B. Heathcote in our midst who would not gladly have and exercise the talent of honest money-getting, provided he could raise himself from the gloom of present obscurity into the glow of recognized prominence and admired individuality. Why do so many of these men come here to seek fortunes? And why are they so eager to accept "situations" in business houses, and in shops or stores of any kind? Is it not in order to make money, wherewith to return to their native land and bask on the outer edges of that lordly class, even if they knock in vain for front seats?

But, sirs, what are the requirements for high standing in the dominant class in London to-day? Only two things—a title and a long rent-roll. Nothing else is absolutely needed. No matter character, no matter honor, no matter virtue, no matter chastity, no matter education, no matter culture—welcome only the title, the coronet, the lucre! My Lords Fitnoodle, Lushington, Tomnoddy, or Gambleton, or Long-acres, or the Duchess of Fuss-and-feathers, or the red-faced ("rosy complexion" Mr. Gower calls it) Lady Gushington, with her pudgy hands and untidy nails, and her priceless lace—these are all bidden to the dance, the "crush," or the feast, simply because they are members of that privileged class of boastful Britons who win worship from the John Gowers and Cecil Heathcotes, who hang like a fringe on the frayed garments of the "blue-blooded"! This topmost plane can set at naught all precepts of good, all principles of justice, all notions of honor, or requirements of chastity, merely because they are dukes or earls, or fat and frowsy dowagers, or the sons and daughters of such. They can, unlike Americans, *deny* all their obligations as gentle folk, and still the doors of "society" swing wide open at their bidding, and their "honored" names are announced in fashionable drawing-rooms by powdered lackeys with excessive unction. Sirs, to be a member of the peerage in England is to win immunity from the ordinary duties of citizenship and the demands of honor. A noble lord may get drunk, be disorderly, decline to pay his tailor, cheat his cabman, commit a dastardly assault, and, in a magistrate's court, not even receive a reprimand. Let a commoner be caught in any of these acts, and straightway comes punishment. Justice is almost palsied when she would strike at the scion of a lordly house.

I know Mr. James Gordon Bennett very well, and will ascertain from him whether that extraordinary episode Mr. G. relates of his trip to Canada be true. I was here at the time, and forget the facts in the case, although many in the party were friends of mine.

Mr. Gower comments on the physical points of American women to their disparagement, when he contrasts them with English women. This is a mere matter of opinion—"chacun à son goût." A pretty thorough tour of travel recently in Europe convinced me that in grace of figure, beauty of face, natural charm of manner, self-possession, modulation of voice, ease of carriage, whether sitting, or standing, or walking, the American woman of from twenty to thirty summers, who had any pretensions at all to good looks, or style, or education, had no superiors in the great capitals of the countries I visited, and few equals. Artists' opinions are worth something. They generally coincided with me. Traveled Englishmen themselves agreed with the universal verdict. I am not alluding now to the loud and vulgar American and English people one meets abroad—I am referring to the best specimens in every way of the two countries. I could make comparisons between those of a certain age in both lands which would not be agreeable to Mr. Gower. I forbear. There is one thing in which the English women of the "topmost plane" carry off the palm. They can display more bone and bosom, more fatness and flatness, as to certain corporeal points, than any women in the world. The indecency of these exhibitions has drawn frequent reprimands from the Queen. I saw no such nakedness in all Europe, whether in "topmost planes" or slums.

Mr. Gower progresses beautifully a little further on. He says, "the topmost plane of English society represents seven hundred years of culture and breeding, and to-day it is the most exclusive, the most aristocratic, in the world"! Shades of Sodom and Gomorrah cover us! Who is Mr. Gower, anyway, to talk like this? Is he daft? A more corrupt, immoral, ill-mannered "society" than that of the "topmost plane" does not exist within the limits of civilization. A faster set of women don't dance to sensuous music, or exchange kisses behind curtains or in shadowy recesses in cool grots, than these same women who have won Mr. Gower's toadyism. Their merry ways, while perfectly delicious to the frisky and salacious gallant, amount to a repulsive deformity in the eyes of the godly-minded like myself. It is a painful thing to say. But it is bald, naked truth. Mr. Gower's ignorance of who is who, and who is "*in the swim*," in Belgravia and Mayfair, is refreshing, although ludicrous. Were he "behind the scenes" he would never write as he does. Let him read "Cockaigne's" letters in your columns to give him some idea that we Americans "know a thing or two" about this "topmost plane."

Let us look at a few facts. The Duke of Portland gave a grand fête when he opened Welbeck. And, parenthetically, let me here remark that one of the most beautiful, cultured, and honored women there, favored by royalty, admired by ladies of rank and lords of high degree, was an American woman, famous for the sweetness of her manners, the unselfishness of her disposition, and the rare quality of her voice. Mr. Gower said that no Americans could gain entrance to this circle. I know of several who were there, and great favorites, too. This grand affair was graced by royalty, by all that was famous in the British peerage and luminous in statesmanship. Among the most honored guests were the Duchess of Manchester, and her ardent attaché, the Marquis of Hartington. Their relations were an open secret. It is said that wherever they go adjoining rooms are graciously placed at their disposal. What a concession from the "topmost plane" of English high-life!

The notoriously famous Lady Lonsdale enlivened the scene with her winning and stately presence. Of the paternity of her child, there is still a blissful ignorance, gossip the "swells" at their clubs, although it is strongly suspected; and her brother-in-law says it was the most fortunate thing of her life that the child was a girl, for had it been of the male persuasion, *that* would have been proven, which would have barred him forever from the earldom! It would have been another Blandford-Aylesbury scandal. Has Mr. Gower ever heard of *this*? Many of the other guests were of the demi-semi-respectable class. Would this have been tolerated at the country residence of any of our wealthy men who occupy a position in this country allied to that of the noble duke, barring his title? Did it take "seven hundred years of culture and breeding" to conceive and bring forth all this, and more which we can cite?

The proud owner of Alton Towers (Lord Shrewsbury) ran away with his neighbor's wife. Her mother met the libidinous earl at Tunbridge Wells Station, and, as a "noble lord" told me, "licked him handsomely with her parasol!" Was this ladylike "circus" born of long years of good breeding? This eloper is a worthy scion of that infamous countess of whom Macaulay makes mention, who held the horse of her lover by the bridle while he fought with her husband; and when the latter was slain, she threw herself into the bloody arms of his murderer! The result of "culture and breeding," Mr. Gower will say, and many hundred years of elegance!

I commend your gifted but mistaken correspondent to the story of the Earl of Euston, who, as plain Mr. Fitzroy, married a daughter of the slums away down in Seven Dials. He made her the mother of several children. But when he became the noble Earl of Euston—the future Duke of Grafton—that woman was not good enough to share his coronet, and a divorce must be procured! His son, now become Viscount Thetford by the father's elevation, must never be confessed the son of a prostitute. In plain Mr. Fitzroy it was all right. In the Duke of Grafton it was all wrong.

Even a man of the transcendent gifts of Lord Byron thought more of his ancestral title and being a peer of the realm, than of all his heaven-sent genius!

Oh, "noble" Englishman! You may lie, you may steal, you may pilfer at school, you may swindle on the turf, you may defraud creditors, you may borrow of your valet, you may commit highway robbery, you may murder, you may commit arson, rape, you may debauch your grandmother, as did Gilderoy—all, all these you may do, but to win entrance at the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem you must preserve your title, and be found with your coronet clutched tight in firm grasp on that last day when Death comes with frigid finger to close your eyes in eternal sleep!

A party once assembled at the Royal Ascot races. It was a distinguished party, but by no means unique in England. If Mr. Gower does not know this, I do. Every couple of that blessed lot, but one, had come to grief—and *they* had been separated. Their names were synonyms for licentiousness. Here are some of them: Lord Dupplin's wife had run away with Mr. Flower. Lady Tempest had taken flight with, I forget now whom. The female member of the third couple, after several "fly-arounds," finally concluded to return to her unhappy and forgiving husband, who had likewise been enjoying himself with the fleshly delights of a forbidden half-world.

But why cite other instances of the morality and elegance of this "topmost plane"? It would only weary you, and nauseate your readers. That charmed circle reeks with corruption. It flows over with moral lepidotes, both male and female. It has had "seven hundred years of culture and breeding"—but alas! its siren song is lust, its sweetest music the sighs of forbidden pleasures! Talk of "seven hundred years of breeding" and good morals! Sirs, we may have our faults, but have we ever had a President or a Cabinet Minister who figured in a filthy scandal case in court, as did Albert Edward, Prince of Wales? Our presidents and famous statesmen have been singularly pure in their private lives, and their wives have been the clean-hearted mothers of incorruptible sons and stainless daughters. Can these itinerant Englishmen say as much for their shining lights, if we run the list down, name by name?

As for the manners of the young "swells" of the "topmost plane," I have seen some of them do most extraordinary things. Some of *our* people are guilty of social offenses. So are these golden youth. I saw one pull up his trousers legs, and tie his drawers-strings, in a drawing-room, never heeding that several ladies of rank looked on. I have heard them call women in their own circle their "pals." Elegant, certainly! I have seen them loll on sofa-edges on the small of their backs, and stretch out their legs wide apart like open scissors. I have seen the son of the Earl of Cork, Master of the Buckhounds, shove his table-knife down his mouth, and smell every particle of food he tasted. Result of centuries of culture, of course! I have heard that, when impecunious, these young lords borrow money of their valets; that they have even accepted fees for "putting up" other snobs at their clubs; and that they play the game of "spoiling tradesmen" successfully. If ordinary mortals had been actors in some of their pranks I have heard of, they would have been chastised, sent to the treadmill, or socially ostracised.

Sirs, the Gowers and Heathcotes who visit us, themselves devoid of titles, are generally content to let "noble" young cubs ride roughshod over them, and thank them for a benefit conferred!

Of what origin is the "well-bred" aristocracy? It was born of rapine. It was cradled in lust. It lifts the pillars of its now quaking edifice in the blaze of barren honor and intolerance. It brings frowns to the face of this republic—its own child—which blushes to own its maternity. Talk of "seven hundred years of breeding"! Who are the creators and progenitors of the royal dukes, anyway? Bastards, whose mothers were mostly low-born and ill-bred. In one case an orange-peddler—Nell Gwynne. Though I must confess I admire the royal taste of Charles II., for Nell was fascinating, fair, and frolicsome!

In conclusion, Messrs. Editors, I think it about time we closed our doors to the carping Englishmen who wander hitherward across the separating seas, to seek our hospitality, our gold and silver, and then turn around and abuse the house or hand which has extended to them its courtesies. Scarcely one who does not misrepresent, or malign, or lie about us. Scarcely one who is sincere in his protestations of regard. They sneer at us, they mock us, they write letters and books against us. And yet, let one of them come here and lecture—no matter how poor a speaker he may be, or how trite his utterances—certain Americans go wild over him. Why, when Matthew Arnold first lectured in New York, his voice was so feeble and his manner so unpleasant, half his audience left because three words in every five were inaudible. When he went to Boston he had to take lessons in elocution, and be "coached"! Never mind, he was an Englishman, and has abused us. Henry Irving comes here and rants and struts. Never mind, he is an Englishman, and the fashion, and therefore a great actor. They all return and batter us—in books or newspapers (witness Sir Lepel Griffin), and why should not we retaliate?—we, who have so much material with which to charge our artillery?

It is all very well to talk sentimentally of the love *we* bear the mother-country, and the undying affection *it* has for us. But that "topmost plane" don't care one rap for all this. They call it "stuff" and "bosh." The masses of the people there are our friends—the mercantile, professional, and scientific classes. The middle class is certainly allied to us in feeling. They long for our freedom as they see it from their humble homes across the sea. These are the people who are progressists, who build up England, who help make her morning drum-beat circle the world. They are honest, virtuous, brave, manly men, and womanly women. I admire and respect them. But that "topmost plane" of the centuries' culture, of which the Gower sings, *loathes us*.

And so, sirs, let us, who know the real value to put upon these things, and what a sham and a shame most of the representatives of the titled class are, resolve to frown down the base cringing on the part of some of our people to its worthless roamers. Let us decry toadyism. Let us turn the keys in our doors against all who come from English shores who can boast as their claim to respect and admiration their high ancestral station.

I think it was Sir Thomas Overbury who said that "the man who has not anything but his illustrious ancestors to boast of is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is under ground"! If your twin marauders of America's fair name want my name, you can give it. Yours, for the truth and my country,

SAN FRANCISCO, March 26, 1884. "BRAKESPEARE."

#### AN AMERICAN DEFENDS MR. GOWER.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: It was perhaps in questionable taste for your correspondent, Mr. J. F. Gower, while visiting or traveling in this country, to obtrude his opinions—and such offensive opinion, too—on the ignorance of English life and manners prevailing among even intelligent Americans. But it is the truth contained in Mr. Gower's letter which is so unpalatable to such parties as "S. C." (of Napa) and Albert Warner—to whom the mention of anything English is as a red flag to a bull. If there is one reason more than another why the average American is so ignorant of the history of English institutions, it is because the study of that history is omitted from the curriculum of the common schools. If the study of any history is to be desired in the schools of this country besides that of the United States, there is certainly no modern history which so well repays the student, and is so full of romance, and therefore intimately connected with English literature, as the history of England—a history which leads one from the dark ages up to the present time, and traces the steady development of a great civilization, a development denied to other countries because they lack political continuity. The writer (an American who can trace back his pure American descent for over two hundred years, and which fact he mentions only to show he is not an alien) is well acquainted with the insular and bigoted class of which the assailants of Mr. Gower are a type; and if, instead of rushing frantically into print at every unfavorable criticism of our crude civilization, they were to take to heart the hints furnished, and mend their manners, they would reap some of the advantages of foreign polish. In a residence for some years in different parts of Europe and the East (Orient)—including England and the colonies—I have had opportunities of observing all the different phases of English life, and in the colonies have seen how the offshoots of the parent stock have erected states which are worthy of the "imperial race," to which we as Americans—that is, American-Americans, not of the hybrids—should be proud to belong. The handsome public buildings, the fine roads, the embellishment of private dwellings, even among the poor, and a graceful variety of architecture to be found in the houses themselves, show what a standard of taste can do, and this standard is found in the old country. As regards gaining the entrée to London society, it is well known that Americans have no show (which partly accounts for Paris being their heaven), except a few privileged and traveled ones whose names may never be heard of in this country, because they are not *nouveaux riches*, and do not announce their gentility by bestowing unusual tips, and dressing like rich barbers or undertakers. There was a time just after the war when London was overrun by American "shoddy," and such was the effect of these screaming vulgarians on the London mind that in self-defense they had to close their doors to the whole American people. These are some of the reasons why the American wives of English husbands are sometimes "looked down upon"; another is that nine times out of ten nothing is known of their origin, and in a country where birth—and not money—is the passport to the *beau monde*, it is not unnatural that the members of the proudest aristocracy in the world should be slow to allow the barriers to be broken down.

To one who knows how little English people knew or cared about this country until quite recently, it is very amusing to hear that "they have never quite recovered their equanimity since the little unpleasantness that resulted so disastrously to them about one hundred years ago." It is natural that people of the oldest and first civilization among Christian nations should regard with indifference, and feel contempt—yes, contempt—for a nation of yesterday, which produces the most audacious braggarts in the world, and allows itself to be ruled and terrorized by the modern scourge—the Irish. I wonder if it has struck any one else as it has me, how lightly the return of the Lasker resolutions has been passed over and allowed to sink into oblivion; and of the certainty that had such an act been committed by the British Premier, we should be now involved in a terrible war, produced entirely by the prejudice of the bigots, united with the Irish-Americans, who think the only reason for the existence of this government is that it may, through such a war, "free" Ireland. And just here I would like to point out to those Americans who object to any class of foreigners dictating a foreign policy to our government, that every hostile demonstration they (the Americans) may make against the English only plays into the hands of the Irish, and will render even more difficult the final political effacement of the curse in our midst—an effacement which must come, or this country will become a New Ireland, untenable for Americans. Not as being apropos to the subject of this letter, but simply because I wish to avail myself of the opportunity it offers, I desire to refer to a recent editorial, in which you make certain statements with regard to British rule in India—I have not the paper by me to quote them—characterizing it as "iniquitous," or something to that effect. Now, I will set out with the statement, and I do not think any unprejudiced person will dispute it, that the government of India of the present

day—the same form of government which has existed since the Queen superseded "Old John Company"—is a model government; and furthermore, that the British Indian Covenanted Civil Service is the model administrative body in the world—a body whose members are trained (in England) from almost childhood to their future Indian career, and who from filling at the outset of their careers such offices as Deputy Magistrate, Deputy Collector, and subordinate political places at the courts of the feudatory princes, are advanced to the performance of functions requiring the greatest ability—such as commissionerships, or the government of provinces remote from the central power, judgeships, collectorships, etc. Of course, the highest appointments are made by selection. During a four years' residence in that country I do not remember ever to have heard of a case of malfeasance in office; of a judge being suspected of corruption; of the governor-general of the time, or any governor, being accused of nepotism; in short, of any member of the Covenanted Civil Service appearing in a dishonorable character. It may be well to explain that this body is composed only of persons called to the higher judicial, administrative, and fiscal offices, and that the subordinate places are filled from the Uncovenanted Civil Service, which is composed largely of natives—Brahmins, Parsees, Mussulmans, etc., with perhaps nearly an equal proportion of Eurasians. The civilians speak the vernacular, and in the *mofassil* (country) mingle freely with the people; and magistrates occupy almost a paternal position toward the members of the native community, and administer exact justice, according to their light—which is a difficult business in a country where false witnesses are the rule and not the exception.

The government of India may be called a beneficent despotism; for since the mutiny, and under the Queen, there has been none of the plundering which—I give it as a mere matter of hearsay—was carried on under the old East India Company; the condition of the people has been greatly improved; productive public works are instituted during famine seasons, and those who can not work are fed at the public charge; vernacular schools flourish throughout the country, and there are many colleges where the native may acquire an English education; railroads ramify the country; a plan for local self-government is being now formulated, and will be soon applied, and the industries of the country receive every encouragement. Famines are the scourge of India; but if it were known how zealously and unselfishly large bodies of officials work for the relief of the people during such a time, there would be a better appreciation of what the Englishman is doing for India. During the famine in Madras, in (I think) 1877, I knew of Sir Richard Temple, the then governor of Bombay (who volunteered his services for famine relief), being in the saddle for days and weeks, almost without rest, and bringing to the duty his great Indian experience, which was invaluable. Such disaffection as there is will always exist among a subject people, and it is recognized by the leaders among the natives that the English *raj* (government) is the best they could have—next to a government of their own!

To show how much prejudice closes one's mind to any desire for information, I may mention that when in Hongkong I attempted, when in conversation with the United States Consul, to give him some description of things as they are in India, but so persuaded was he that nothing good could come out of India, especially if the work of an Englishman, that he could not listen with patience to a truthful account, and I, therefore, dropped the subject, though he often afterward had the curiosity to ask me other questions connected with India. This gentleman had probably never traveled one hundred miles from his seat in Virginia until he went to Hongkong, and he was, therefore, prepared to condemn everything English without a hearing. The subject of India is inexhaustible, but I will not weary you; I only wished to enter my protest against such a government being called iniquitous. I beg to inclose my card.

AMERICAN.

OAKLAND, March 24, 1884.

### AN HISTORICAL REVIEW OF ENGLISH SOCIETY.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Mr. John Farquharson Gower has made a careful computation, and finds that it will require not far from seven hundred years to enable us to stand upon the "topmost plane" of English aristocracy. It seems just that we should be credited with five hundred years at least—the time that we were one people; say from the time of Alfred to that of the bottle-nosed brewer of Huntingdon, he who so ruthlessly upset the cultured aristocracy of Charles I., mixing up matters to the extent that since the reign of brave and virtuous Charles II. it has been difficult to define where the legitimate parentage of the more modern "cultured plane" properly belongs. At times we have had the temerity to claim the wool-comber's son of Stratford-on-Avon ours as well as the present England's; aye, even Spenser, Sydney, and, later on, rare Ben Jonson. About the time of Cromwell we discarded the topmost plane, and came to the capes of Virginia and Plymouth Rock. Things had changed in our old home, and we were tired. Our fathers—those who came with Norman William, as the Saxons had it,

> "William de Coningsby
> Came out of Brittany,
> With his wife Tiffany,
> And his maid Maufas,
> And his dog Hardigras"—

And Harold's thanes, who fought at Hastings, are common stock with England and ourselves. There is little genuine blue blood left in the old home, my dear John. Pirates, tinkers, and swineherds all have stirred in it. O degenerate days! See Percy turned to Smithson—Hotspur Smithson! Think of the Douglas at Chevy Chace, setting his lance to rest at Smithson—Hotspur Smithson! The family name of the Dukes of Northumberland is now Smithson; the descendant of the Plantagenets keeps a toll bar; and the bold Taillefer, who sang the "Song of Roland" before the Duke William's array at Seulac, is now Tolliver, and dresses leather for all I know.

> "The good knights' bones are dust,
> Their swords are rust,
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

Some of the topmost plane have, as John Farquharson Gower truly says, cast their topmost culture to the winds, and taken pity upon our poor American lassies. The daughter of the late Mr. Paran Stevens, whilom host of the "New England House, in Blackstone Square, Boston," "took up" with a Paget, a name, if I remember aright, as old as the oldest Stilton cheese in England, and in some instances with quite as rank a reputation. Sir Thomas Hesketh, although, strictly speaking, not a member of the nobility, yet of a family old when first

> "in Merry Lyndhurst hall
> Red William's stirrup decked the wall,"

Married an American girl, who evidently, poor child, had not the remotest idea of being stalled by the cultured plane as a "mustang." In this benighted country a mustang whip, vigorously applied, would have warmed the blue blood of any of the topmost members indulging in little pleasantries of that nature. But culture, it seems, has parted with pluck. "Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring." J. H. W.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 28, 1884.

*** *We have now given much space to both sides of this controversy. We can not undertake to publish further letters on the subject.*—EDS.

The library of the late famous book-binder, Francis Bedford, is to be sold at auction in London next month. Among the numerous rarities included in the collection will be found copies of the "Breeches" and "Unrighteous" Bibles, and of Gyraldi Cinthio's excessively rare "Hecatommithi." About two thousand eight hundred volumes are of the collector's own binding, the finest example of the bibliopegistic art being the two volumes of Rogers's "Italy," which have several times figured at international exhibitions. The sale will last over five days.

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

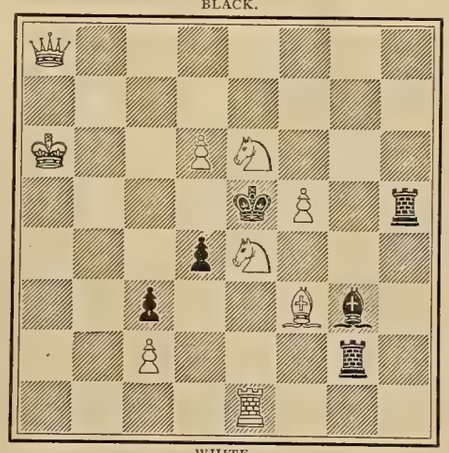
### Problems and Other Topics of Interest in the King of Games

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

In answer to several correspondents concerning last week's problem, it may be stated that, owing to a typographical error, the queen at rook's second square should have been white instead of black. In this connection, we would say: The *Argonaut* apologizes to its readers for the errors which have occurred in this department, and begs to assure them that in future such errors will be avoided.

**Problem by Mr. G. B. Laws, London.**

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

The following game was played the early part of the week at the chess room of the Mechanics' Institute. A golden eagle was the prize, and after a hard struggle of nearly three hours' duration Mr. Van Vliet succeeded in obtaining a draw by perpetual check. Mr. Redding not being in good form, his play lacked the brilliancy which characterized his matches with Messrs. Ware of Boston and White of Cleveland, some years since, both of which he won in fine style with something to spare. Mr. Redding conceded the odds of pawn and move to Mr. Van Vliet:

Remove Black King's Bishop's Pawn.

| *White.* | *Black.* | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. Van Vliet, | Mr. Redding. | 20—P QKt4 | 20—KKt KR sq |
| 1—P K4 | 1—QKt QB3 | 21—K KKt2 | 21—KKt KKt3 |
| 2—P Q4 | 2—P Q4 | 22—KKt KKtsq | 22—KB KKt4 |
| 3—P K5 | 3—QB KB4 | 23—KKt KB3 | 23—KB K2 |
| 4—KB QKt5 | 4—P K3 | 24—P KR3 | 24—P KR5 |
| 5—P QB3 | 5—P QR3 | 25—Kt x RP | 25—B x Kt |
| 6—B x Kt | 6—P x B | 26—P x B | 26—Kt x P ch |
| 7—KKt K2 | 7—KKt K2 | 27—K R2 | 27—P QB4 |
| 8—QKt Q2 | 8—KKt KKt3 | 28—Q KB2 | 28—P x QP |
| 9—Castles KR | 9—KB K2 | 29—BP x P | 29—Q Q6 |
| 10—KKt KKt3 | 10—Castles KR | 30—QR K sq | 30—KR KR4 |
| 11—QKt QKt3 | 11—P QR4 | 31—Q K2 | 31—Q KB4 |
| 12—QB K3 | 12—P QR5 | 32—KR KKt sq | 32—K KB2 |
| 13—QKt QB sq | 13—KB KR5 | 33—Q KKt4 | 33—QR KR sq |
| 14—QKt K2 | 14—Q QKt sq | 34—QR KB sq | 34—Q K5 |
| 15—Q Q2 | 15—Q QKt4 | 35—Q x KP ch | 35—K K sq |
| 16—KKt x QB | 16—R x KKt | 36—Q x QBP | 36—Kt KB4 |
| 17—P KKt3 | 17—KB K2 | 37—Q QB8 ch | 37—K KB2 |
| 18—QR QKt sq | 18—QR KB sq | 38—Q Q7 ch | 38—K B sq |
| 19—P KB4 | 19—P KR4 | | |

And after a few more moves the game was abandoned as drawn.

The recent match between Messrs. Redding and Jefferson has given rise to considerable discussion as to the relative strength of the contestants, and the discussion has not always been conducted with that suavity and good breeding which should have characterized it. Notwithstanding the disparaging opinions so freely expressed of Mr. Redding's ability, the match has closed with Mr. Jefferson not having won a single game—the two draws which he secured making the score stand three to one in Mr. Redding's favor. The first intention was to have the match comprise seven games, but, owing either to inability or disinclination upon Mr. Jefferson's part to meet at the appointed time and place for play, after a lapse of three weeks (the agreement stipulating for at least one game each week), Mr. Redding claims the match both by virtue of the score and by default.

### Answers to Correspondents.

Wm. O. Dickson, San José.—Have not heard from you since the 8th. Will have to ask you to try Campbell's four-mover once more; also, the last three-mover.

D. Crane, Brownsville.—When you solve a problem send us the solution. Will comply with your request.

E. A. Kusel, Oroville.—Your solution of "Look again" has a leak in it. *Nil desperandum!*

George Slusher, Blue Cañon.—You can procure a text-book or handbook which will give you all the desired information; price, $2.50 and $3.50.

Gustave Flaubert, the novelist who founded the French school of Naturalism, laid down the principle that the mission of art is not to paint exceptions—monsters or heroes—but to keep to representations of typical life, and universal and constant truths. "I limit myself," he wrote in a letter recently published, "to the representation of things as they appear to me—to the expression of what seems to me true. I will have neither love, nor hatred, nor pity, nor anger. As for sympathy, that is a different matter; one can never have too much. Is it not time to introduce justice into art? This done, and the impartiality of art shall give it the majesty of law and the precision of science."

The sum of five hundred thousand reis, contributed by the Emperor of Brazil to the Longfellow Memorial, is not so unduly enormous as it looks on paper. It takes a thousand reis to make one milreis, and one milreis means about forty-four cents in our coinage. But at its smallest it is a generous and kindly contribution, and it heads a long list of offerings from Brazilian gentlemen.

Mr. Ruskin detests condensation of favorite books, and exhausts some of his fury in talking about Miss Braddon's "greasy mince pie of Scott." The process of condensation he scornfully terms "chopping up formerly loved authors in crammed sausages or blood-puddings swiftly gorgeable."

## LITERARY NOTES.

The second volume of the excellent "Franklin Square Song Collection" has appeared, containing two hundred favorite songs and hymns. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 50 cents.

"The Creators of the Age of Steel," by W. T. Jeans, is a much-needed work. It is carefully written, and its interest never flags. Among the great inventors discussed are Bessemer, Siemens, Whitworth, Brown, Thomas, and Snelus. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, $1.50.

Mr. Oliver B. Bunce's "My House" will be found to be just as sensible and clever as his other delightful books have been. His advice concerning the interior and exterior disposal of a residence appeals to both the householder and the purposeless reader. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, fifty cents.

"Luther; a Short Biography," by James Anthony Froude, is founded on Köstlin's German work, which appeared last year. It is written in Froude's vigorous and brilliant style, and is a comprehensive review of the great reformer's life and character. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, thirty cents.

"Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere" is a collection of Mr. H. C. Bunner's charming poems. Mr. Bunner is the best of the distinctively "society verse" writers in this country. There is a certain freshness and tenderness about his gossamer rhyme-webs to which no other of our American minor poets have attained. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, $1.25.

The latest numbers of the "Franklin Square Library" are "A Virginia Cookery-Book," by Mary Stuart Smith; "Red Riding-Hood," by Fannie E. M. Notley; "A Short History of Our Own Times," by Justin McCarthy; "Annan Water," by Robert Buchanan; "Mr. Nobody," by Mrs. John K. Spender; and "David, King of Israel," by Rev. Dr. William Taylor. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft.

The following is the contents of the *Popular Science Monthly* for April; "The Coming Slavery," by Herbert Spencer; "The Electric Railway," by Lieutenant Bradley A. Fiske (illustrated); "Photographing a Streak of Lightning," by G. Tissandier (illustrated); "Methods of Instruction in Mineralogy," by M. E. Wadsworth, M. D.; "Physiological Significance of Vital Force," by William G. Stevenson, M. D.; "The Chemistry of Cookery," by W. Mattieu Williams; "A Defense of Modern Thought," by William D. Le Sueur; "The Faculty of Speech," by Dr. E. F. Brush; "Biblical and Modern Leprosy," by George H. Fox, M. D.; "The Remedies of Nature—Miscellaneous," by Felix L. Oswald, M. D.; "The Morality of Happiness," by Thomas Foster; "Why the Eyes of Animals Shine in the Dark," by Swan M. Burnett, M. D. (illustrated); "Prehistoric Art in America," by the Marquis de Nadaillac; "Recent Geological Changes in Western Michigan," by C. W. Woolbridge, B. S.; and "Sketch of August Wilhelm Hofman," by E. J. Hallock, Ph. D. (with portrait).

Announcements: Eadweard Muybridge announces the future appearance of a volume by himself on "Animal Locomotion," an illustrative work, to be published by subscription under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, containing one hundred carbon printed photographs from life, with descriptive text, bound complete in one large volume; or with the illustrations separate in a portfolio. The subscription price will be one hundred dollars.——Mr. Walter Besant's next long novel, which is to be entitled "Dorothy Forster," will be brought out in May.——Mr. Howard Pyle, the artist, has written a story, which will appear in the May *Harper*. It is entitled "A May-day Idyl of the Olden Time," and it has been handsomely illustrated by the author.——Mr. Browning's forthcoming novel will contain twelve poems in blank verse. Each poem will be independent, and yet a connecting thread of thought will be run through the whole book, making it to form one poem with a lyrical prologue and epilogue. The subjects of these poems will all be of a most serious character, and the work will distinguish itself among those of the poet as being his direct speech to his readers.——Mr. W. J. Sendall, a friend of the late C. S. Calverley, will write a memoir of the poet.——An American doctor who is young and wealthy falls in love with Lady Barberina, the daughter of a hundred earls. What happens thereafter is told by Mr. Henry James in the story which will appear in the May *Century*. The scene is laid partly in London and partly in New York.——Monsieur Emile Zola has gone to Anzin, near Valenciennes, where a miners' strike is now going on, to study the workings of the mines and miners. The results of his observations will be incorporated in his next novel, "Germinal."——J. R. Osgood & Company publish in an edition uniform with "The Sleeping-car," W. D. Howells's delicious farce, "The Register."——Arsene Houssaye is writing a biography of the great actress, Rachel.——In the *Manhattan* for April, E. V. Smalley gives his views on "Recent Tendencies of American Journalism," pointing out what, in his opinion, has been the effect of the reduction in the price of leading journals.——The prizes recently offered by *St. Nicholas*, for the best original illustrations by young artists under seventeen years of age, brought more than nine hundred pictures under the notice of the judges. The names of winners and reproductions of the successful drawings appear in the April number.

### Art Notes.

Frederick Yates is at present painting the portrait of General W. H. L. Barnes, and the work, although as yet in an unfinished state, bids fair to be a success. He has just completed the full-length portrait of Master Smith, which is an attractive bit of work, and has nearly finished the portrait of a lady of this city. The face is very beautiful, but the artist has fulfilled its every demand. The soft repose and harmony of color are especially pleasing. "The Awakened Day" is a charming revel of the imagination. A beautiful woman, with a presence serene and imperial, a dazzling star above her golden web of hair, stands in the light of early dawn. Her sister, Night, is softly sinking into slumber on her breast, with black tresses tumbling in shadowy rings about her pearly shoulders. The effect of color and tone is well wrought out.

Theodore Wores's "Scene in a Chinese Restaurant" has attracted numerous visitors to Morris and Kennedy's gallery during the past week. It is thought by the critics to be the artist's greatest success in the line which he has taken up. The composition is excellent, and decorations, rich furniture, gilded tracery, and figured screens are splendid studies in still life. Mr. Wores is exceedingly fortunate in depicting the stolid, bronze features of Chinese men and women, and in this instance he has been especially successful.

The Easter cards which Messrs. Prang & Co. issue this year are said to eclipse their former productions. They have not yet arrived, but the following are the names of the artists who have contributed their talents: Miss F. Bridges, Miss L. B. Humphrey, Mrs. O. E. Whitney, Miss L. B. Comins, Miss Alice C. Swan, Mrs. E. T. Fisher, W. Hamilton Gibson, and Walter Satterlee. These Easter cards are something akin in composition to the Xmas cards issued by the same firm. The custom of sending cards at Easter (says *Harper's Bazar* of this week) is becoming quite common at the East.

Henry Raschen has just returned from Mendocino County, bringing with him a large number of studies made on the seashore, in Indian huts, and among the redwoods.

## STORYETTES.

### Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A lawyer pleading before Sir J. Byles, recently deceased, said: "I would refer your lordship to a work in my hands—'Byles on Bills.'" "Has the learned author given any authority for his dictum? If not, I would not heed him. I know him well," interrupted the judge.

On the occasion of Baker Pasha's battle at El Teb, an English officer placed a revolver to the head of an Egyptian and ordered him to advance. The Egyptian, quietly putting aside the weapon, said, in an astonished tone: "I advance!" adding, proudly, "No; I am an Egyptian," and he took to his heels.

Tim Flannagan, one of the original owners of the celebrated Little Chief mine in Leadville, was stopped in the street one day by an acquaintance, who told him that he was sorry to hear that the Little Chief was in litigation. Tim remarked rather forcibly, as he was wont to do when excited: "Yees can tell thim that says so that it's a domned lie—the mine's in Porphyry, sorr!"

"The sheriff will be here to-morrow, and everything we have will be swept away," and he bowed his head in his hands and groaned aloud. The patient little wife went softly to a bureau-drawer, and taking therefrom eighty thousand dollars, which she had saved from her household expenses, placed the package quietly at his feet. Half an hour later the mortgage was paid, and the man was around the corner playing seven-up for the beer.

Doctor Perry, late Bishop of Melbourne, used to relate that on one of his official rounds he was dining at a settler's cabin "in the bush"; his plate became empty of the solitary vegetable comprised in the primitive bill of fare; and then one of his host's juvenile sons—supposing "Lord" and "God" to be interchangeable terms, and having heard the guest addressed as "My lord"—piped out: "Pa, won't God have some more potatoes?"

Little Nell—"We've got a new scholar in our school." Papa—"What is her name?" Little Nell—"Her name is Minnie." Papa—"But her other name?" Little Nell—"I don't know. I forgot to ask her." Papa—"Is she a good scholar?" Little Nell—"No; she missed the first question. The teacher asked how many pounds make a ton, and she said eighteen hundred." Papa—"Ah! I see. She is the daughter of Mr. Blank, the coal-dealer."

Madame Anna Bishop did not enjoy being reminded of her age. A short time ago, when Albert Weber Jr. was running the Casino, some one proposed an "Old Folks' Concert," with only venerable singers on the programme. Mansfield was the agent of Weber, and he was told to arrange for the concert of the old singers. He saw Brignoli, who was enraged at the suggestion; Max Maretzek, who was disgusted at the idea; Karl Formes, who was chagrined at the selection of himself; and Madame Anna Bishop, who was furious at the insulting proposition. Then Mansfield abandoned the scheme.

It is a remarkable characteristic of the waiters in Paris restaurants that no matter what you may ask for, even if it be a fried piece of the moon, they will invariably reply "Yes," and either bring it to you, or, on returning, assert, with sorrow, that unfortunately there is no more left. It is told of Mery, the author, that by way of trying this as a joke he peremptorily ordered of the waiter a Sphinx *à la Marengo*. "I am sorry to say we have no more," replied the waiter. "What, no more Sphinx?" exclaimed Mery, feigning astonishment. The waiter lowered his voice and murmured in a confidential whisper: "We have some more, monsieur; but the truth is, I would not give them to you, as they are not quite fresh."

Théophile Gautier had a cat which slept on his bed nights, on the arm of his chair daytimes, followed him when he walked, and always kept him company at meals. One day a friend left his parrot in Gautier's charge during his absence. The poor bird sat disconsolate on the top of his stand, while the cat stared at the strange sight. Gautier followed her thoughts, and read there clearly: "It must be green chicken." Thereupon she jumped from his writing-table, crouched flat, with head low, back stretched out at full length, and eyes fixed immovably on the bird. Parrot followed all the movements, raised his feathers, sharpened his bill, stretched out his claws, and evidently prepared for war. The cat lay still, but Gautier read again in her eyes: "No doubt, though green, the chicken must be good to eat." Suddenly her back was arched, and with one superb bound she was on the perch, when the parrot screamed out: "Have your breakfast, Jack?" Pussy was almost frightened out of her wits. She cast an anxious glance at her master, leaped down, and hid under the bed, from which no threat nor caress could bring her out for the day.

A story which, says the Philadelphia *Press*, is worth the attention of the Library Committee of Congress, comes from Washington. It is apropos of Brumidi's historical allegory of the "Goddess of Liberty Dispersing Tyrants," which is in the top of the Capitol dome. The story goes that Brumidi was indiscriminate in his associations with the opposite sex, to whom he promised in return for favors received that he would preserve their faces where they could be seen by the nation. He kept his word, and all the faces of females in the allegory are portraits of his "mashes"; the Goddess of Liberty being an exact likeness of his favorite houri. Another point about the picture is that the tyrants who are fleeing from the wrath of Brumidi's favorites are Jeff Davis, Robert E. Lee, Alexander H. Stephens, "Stonewall" Jackson, Judah P. Benjamin, and "Bob" Toombs. As the narrator of the story said: "Take away the frightened expression from their faces, and they would make good family portraits. Just think of such a collection in the top of the Capitol dome! Brumidi said he was going to do it, and he did. It is a fine scene for the Southern chivalry to look at. Their old war-horses being driven and lashed by such a woman as—well, good day."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

There is a colporteur among the immigrants at Castle Garden who speaks thirteen languages.

James Russell Lowell is said recently to have written to a friend in this country that he likes living in London very much, "all but the living."

John Howson, the actor, is having plans made for a cottage at New Rochelle, in the Dutch colonial style, with changes to meet modern requirements.

The remains of the celebrated tenor, Mario, have been removed to their final resting-place in Cagliari, Sardinia, at the expense of the State and the Commune of Cagliari.

A Philadelphia colored caterer boasts that twelve years ago he served a dinner for Attorney-General Brewster at which one of the dishes was a capon goose stuffed with truffles, and brought, ready for cooking, all the way from France in an air-tight can.

The late Abraham Hayward, the brilliant reviewer and conversationalist, was, like Disraeli, of the Hebrew race, and brought up in a solicitor's office. He had the most bitter personal hatred of Disraeli, which was as intensely returned, and in the *Morning Chronicle*, of which he was editor while it was the organ of the Peelite party, wrote articles against him of the most virulent acerbity.

Bulwer married at twenty-five, in opposition to his mother's wishes, a lady whose position was unusually friendless, and who had not the slightest idea of economy. Without means to meet his ordinary expenses, he wrote novels and articles for the newspapers and the reviews so incessantly that his wife said she seldom or never saw him for five minutes until two or three o'clock in the morning. The pair became estranged irremediably.

There is considerable literary work in progress at Washington this winter. Mr. Blaine and Congressman Cox are at work on political histories. Proctor Knott and Librarian Spofford are writing a history of American humor. John A. Kasson is preparing a diplomatic history of the war period. Dr. Loring, the commissioner of agriculture, is writing a book on sugar culture in the United States. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has a new novel and a new play in process of construction, and there is much lesser literary work being done among the newspaper correspondents.

Recent letters from Athens speak of the popularity which the United States Minister, Mr. Eugene Schuyler, and his wife enjoy at the Greek capital. Their weekly receptions during the winter have been frequented by the best of Greek society. The king and queen were present at one of these. Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler recently gave a dinner in honor of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, who has been the guest of the king for some time, and the evening ended with a ball, which was attended by the Russian admiral and his staff, who have been stationed at Piræus, on the flagship *Svetlana*, which was seen at New York harbor a few years ago.

Lotta's agents in London are gathering a sensation around her. Stories of her life are circulated, in which it is represented that she has accumulated a million dollars, that she has had one hundred and thirty-seven offers of marriage, that the wealth of her rejected suitors amounts in the aggregate to nearly two hundred millions of dollars, and that she has vowed never to marry until her acting days are over. Lotta appeared first in New York in the summer of 1867, at Wallack's, Thirteenth Street, in consequence of the burning of the Winter Garden, where she was engaged. She was then about twenty years of age, was under the management of Mr. Clifton Tayleure, and accompanied by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Crabtree, who are unmistakable Britishers.

By the will of Mrs. Stapleton-Bretherton, which has been published, the Pope is not a legatee for two millions of dollars, as stated. Prior to her decease she conveyed that sum to her near relative, Mr. George Errington, M. P., in trust, to be applied to the Pope's benefit, and the organ of the Vatican states that, while certain journals were ascribing to Mr. Errington secret missions from England to the court of Rome, his business was simply to arrange for this munificent gift to the head of the church. By the will Mr. Errington acquires a large landed estate, and large bequests are made to another Roman Catholic relative, a brother of Lord Gerard, and to the Rev. Dean Kiernan, parish clergyman of the district in which her estates lie.

Says an English paper: Lillian Russell used to exhibit the same hot temper and willfulness that are now getting her into hot water with her managers. In her early teens she took the notion that she would like to study the violin. Her father bought her a violin and hired an instructor. Things went on swimmingly until Miss Lillie began to realize the difficulties of the instrument. Then she wished to give it up, but her father told her he had been to considerable expense in the matter, and she must persevere. One morning she laid her fiddle on the floor, took a running-jump, and landed on the instrument and smashed it into flinders. "There, girls," she remarked to her astonished sisters, "I've done my last fiddling." And she had.

Charles Crist, nephew of Charles Delmonico, who now conducts the Delmonico restaurants, has just passed through the legal formalities attending the change of his name to Charles Crist Delmonico. The plan, which was suggested soon after Mr. Delmonico's death, of putting the business in the hands of a stock company, has been rejected, and the restaurants will remain under a single controlling hand. It is estimated that the combined profits of the various houses will not be far below a quarter of a million dollars per year. Charles Delmonico during the last two years of his life lost nearly seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars in Wall Street speculations, but did not leave the estate or the business embarrassed. One of his largest single operations in the street was the purchase of Oregon and Transcontinental stock to the amount of two hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars. This did not turn out well.


The Strongest and Best!




The Strongest and Best!

FOR SALE BY

**C. J. HAWLEY & CO., Sutter St.,**

Who are also introducing as a specialty

**HAWLEY'S NEW BLEND TEA.**

If you want a Tea that is pure, wholesome, and delicious, ask for it at the nearest drug store in the city. Sold at $1, 75 cents, and 50 cents per pound, in 1-pound and ½-pound packages.

**ANALYSIS.**

C. J. HAWLEY & CO.—GENTLEMEN: I have carefully examined the New Blend Tea, and found it to be pure, unadulterated, and uncolored.

Yours respectfully, THOS. PRICE, M. D.

**Ask your Druggist for**

**HAWLEY'S NEW BLEND TEA.**

# AYER'S Sarsaparilla

**Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron,** and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for **Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin,** as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as **Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.**

**Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.**

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the **Inflammatory Rheumatism,** with which I have suffered for many years.

W. H. MOORE"

Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY

**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

*Apollinaris*

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."
*British Medical Journal.*

*"Most safe, delicious, and wholesome."*

New York World.

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.

*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*

**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.**

**FOR SALE BY**

**A. F. EVANS & CO.**

**522 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**

**HEALD'S** BUSINESS COLLEGE.
No. 24 Post Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

# GRANULA

An incomparable Food for **Invalids** and **Children**; oldest and best health food known; delicious as a diet; grocers and druggists sell it. Manufactured by

**OUR HOME GRANULA CO.,** Dansville, N. Y.

Wholesale Agents: HICKOX & CO., San Francisco, Cal.; WATSON, WRIGHT & CO., Portland, Or.; H. JEVNE, Los Angeles, Cal.

# NOW READY THE FINEST CIGARETTE

**"CLOTH OF GOLD,"**

**(Straight Mesh.)**

**SWEET, DELICATE, AND MILD!!**

This Cigarette is made from the finest and most costly leaf from that region of Virginia particularly adapted for growing tobacco for Cigarettes. Our long experience in manufacturing enables us to secure the most suitable kinds of tobacco and thus produce this superior article, with the full assurance THAT THE EQUAL HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN OFFERED. No higher grade Cigarette can not be produced. We call particular attention to the superior quality of our old brands of Cigarettes. They can not be surpassed.

**Twelve First Prize Medal.**

**Peerless Tobacco Works.**

**WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

BONESTELL, RICHARDS & CO.
ALLEN & CO.
PAPER WAREHOUSE
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F.

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

## ANTI-FAT.

**The Greatest Discovery of the Age** by an English lady, who has, by close study and practice, found a remedy whereby people of either sex can be reduced in flesh at the rate of five to seven pounds a month without injury to health or looks, the skin on body and face retaining its smooth appearance. This treatment strengthens the nerves and muscles, destroying only the fat, which is simply a watery fluid in the tissues, producing gout, rheumatism, incipient paralysis, apoplexy, and fatty degeneration of the heart. Address ANTI-FAT, office box 1925, city.


**In the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.**

In the matter of E. DETRICK and J. H. NICHOLSON as copartners, composing the firm of E. DETRICK & Co., and E. DETRICK individually, insolvent debtors.

J. H. Nicholson, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule, and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said J. H. Nicholson is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said J. H. Nicholson, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and all of his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him, or to any person, firm or corporation, or association for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property, until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered.

It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable F. M. Clough, Judge of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, in open Court, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, on the 28th day of April, 1884, at ten o'clock A. M. of that day, to prove their debts, and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor.

It is further ordered, that the order be published in the *Argonaut*, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of creditors.

And it is further ordered, that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated March 26, 1884.

T. H. REARDEN, Judge of the Superior Court.

Attest: WILLIAM T. SESNON, Clerk.

By EDWARD MYERS, Deputy Clerk.

**CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of March, 1884, an assessment (No. 11) of Twenty (20c) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the twenty-first (21st) day of April, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the seventeenth day of May, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MINING CO.**

Location and principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 12th day of March, 1884, an assessment (No. 20) of Twenty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the sixteenth (16th) day of April, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the tenth (10th) day of May, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

A. W. HAVENS, Secretary.

Office—Room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.


Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.,**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER

Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

**MARBLE WORKS.**

**MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.**

**W. H. McCORMICK,**

827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Friday, February 15, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| *9.30 A.M. | ..Antioch and Martinez..... | *12.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa..... | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.30 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | {Deming, El Paso} Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | {and East.....} Emigrant.. | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | {Galt and} via Livermore..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | {Stockton} via Martinez..... | *12.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Ione..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ..Los Angeles and South..... | 9.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | {Merced, Madera,} ..... | *12.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | {Fresno, and Tulare} ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Marysville and Chico..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | {Mojave, Needles,} Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | {and East.....} Emigrant.. | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " ..... | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | {Ogden and} Express..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 5.30 P.M. | {East.....} Emigrant..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {Red Bluff} via Marysville.. | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {and Tehama} via Woodland.. | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Redding..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers.... | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José..... | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 9.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | *12.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| *4.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| | .. " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Virginia City..... | 8.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 4.30 P. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Benicia; and that leaving at 8.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from the Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52; 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Daily, except Sundays. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**OPIUM and MORPHINE HABIT**

DR. H. H. KANE, of the Dr. Quinby Home, now offers a Remedy whereby any one can cure himself quickly and painlessly. For testimonials and endorsements from eminent medical men, &c., address H. H. KANE, A. B., L. D., 100 Fulton St., New York City.


NORTHERN DIVISION
**SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.**
**BROAD GAUGE.**

## WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, November 11, 1883,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| †6.50 A.M. | | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | *8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | 3.36 P.M. |
| *5.10 P.M. | | †4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Soquel, Aptos.. | |
| *3.30 P.M. | (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, broad gauge, no change of cars | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 5.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (sportsmen's train).

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS

Sold on Saturday and Sunday—good to return on Monday—to Santa Clara or San José, $2.50; to Gilroy, $4.00; to Monterey or Santa Cruz, $5.00, and to principal points between San Francisco and San José.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, January 21st, 1884,**

and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—†10.15, *11.15 A. M., *4.50, †5.00 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†7.00, *9.20 A. M., †12.30, *3.20, *5.30, †5.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—*8.00, †8.50 A. M., *12.30, †3.35 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†6.40, *6.50, *9.15 A. M., †12.00 M., *2.50, †5.10 P. M. * Week Days. † Sundays.

For SAUCELITO (Week Days)—9.20 A. M., 1.15, 3.20, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.00, 10.00 A. M., 12.30, 2.00, 5.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (Week Days)—7.45, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.50 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.05, 3.15, 6.10 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 6.15 P. M.

**11.15 A. M.** Daily, Sudays excepted (via San Quentin Ferry), THROUGH TRAIN, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through Train from Duncan Mills arrives in S. F. at 1.45 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning except Mondays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**7.00 A. M.** from Saucelito Ferry, Excursion Train every Sunday for Point Reyes and Way Stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco (via Saucelito Ferry) 6.50 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11¼ inches, with over **3,300** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**

**227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

**CHARLES R. ALLEN,**

**Dealer in House, Steam, Foundry, and**

**CUMBERLAND COAL,**

**ENGLISH COKE AND PIG IRON,**

**120 Beale Street, San Francisco.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**
## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| STEAMER | 1884. | From San Froncisco for HONGKONG. |
|---|---|---|
| OCEANIC | | Saturday, March 8th. |
| ARABIC | | Saturday, April 26th. |
| OCEANIC | | Tuesday, May 27th. |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Tokio .....Saturday, April 12**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Jose .....April 15**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers for MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West India ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Zealandia.....April 11**

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on March 3d, 11th, 19th, and 27th, and every eighth day thereafter. The first steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER**

**MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR,
**MANAGER.**
**Corner First and Market Streets,**
SAN FRANCISCO.

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital .....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama.

## The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK

LIMITED,

**N. E. corner Pine and Sansome Streets.**

London Office, 3 Angel Court. New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street.

**Authorized Capital Stock.....$6,000,000**

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED F. LOW, IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.
P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

CHARLES CROCKER. WM. H. CROCKER. R. C. WOOLWORTH.

## CROCKER, WOOLWORTH & CO.

**BANKERS,**

**322 Pine Street, San Francisco,** carry on a general Banking business.

Correspondents in the principal cities of the Eastern States and in Europe.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.,** Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation** Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company** Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company** Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# ALASKA
# COMMERCIAL CO.

**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

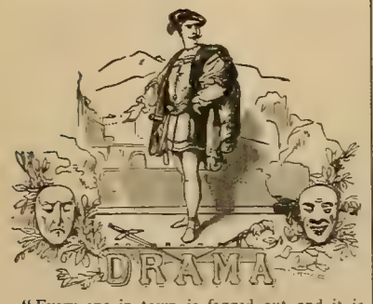
JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings.

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, Co[illegible] between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco. Take elevator.




"Every one in town is fagged out, and it is perfect nonsense to go to the theatre so soon after having spent all our spare moments there during the last three weeks," said Jack, on Monday night; "but as a mere matter of relief from mental strain, I regard it in the light of a physical duty to myself; so I will go."

I implored him to sequestrate himself from the three rows of bald-heads who had been assigned their seats together. A man is known by the company he keeps; and though he have a luxury of locks like unto Absalom's, if he sit by a bald-head in an orchestra on a ballet night, there seems to be a connecting link of wickedness between them.

"Don't sit up for me, dear," went on Jack, quite affectionately. "I probably shan't sit it out, but I know you are worn out after the opera, and you might as well begin your beauty sleep"—

"Oh, I am going with you," I hastened to assure him. "I saw that you had two tickets, and I really feel that I owe it to myself, after the long strain of listening. It will be such a relief to be obliged to do nothing but look."

Jack did not receive the news as cordially as could be wished, but we set out. Either on the way, in the vestibule, or already seated in the theatre were all the season-ticket people left over from the opera. They had shed their feathers to some extent, but they still wore the expression of persistent pleasure-seekers. A light simultaneous murmur ran all over the house which had something of the effect of a chanted chorus. But, being sifted down, it was discovered that it had this effect because the people were all saying the same thing. They were telling each other that they had come to luxuriate in looking, because they were all so horribly tired of the strain of listening.

"About this pantomime, Betsy," said Jack, as we settled ourselves in our seats; "do you know, I never could work myself up to much interest in it? As a component part of a Greek sacrifice, it was, no doubt, a very fine thing; but we have outgrown Greek sacrifices, and, under existing conditions, it seems to me it simply hinders the ballet. And when I come to see ballet, I want all the ballet I can get."

"The art of pantomime," I say, "is a beautiful one, and it is because it is a lost, or rather a buried art, that the expression of any emotion in the race of to-day is illimitably clumsy. I have reason to believe that in 'Excelsior' the Kiralfys have eliminated the time-worn quartet, Pantaloon, Columbine, Harlequin, and Clown, and that we shall really have pantomime in its purity."

"Have with you, Betsy," cries Jack, who at moments becomes early English, "and now let me try an experiment. You know nothing of the plot of this thing; no more do I. Let us not look at our programmes, but guess at the pantomime as the play goes, and see how near to the right we can come."

And therewith the bell jingled, and the curtain arose. A young woman in a remarkably vigorous state of health was outlined against the ruins of a city which seemed to have just come out of a bad earthquake. She was attired in a white silk robe, liberally embroidered with the portrait of an exceedingly ill-favored gentleman; and a tall, Mephistophelian fellow, who looked as Galassi might look in the part, was triumphantly waving something over her. In the course of the pantomime the young woman seemed to get the better of the young man, and he slunk away, looking, as he went, apparently for a pin on the floor.

"What do you think it all means, Betsy?"

"Well, Jack," I answered, "I don't wish to deceive you, but, from several consultations with the posters on the walls, the Brooklyn bridge and other modern features have led me to believe that 'Excelsior" is a tale of to-day. This scene, therefore, I take it, is Chicago after the fire. The young woman in white has been to a fancy-dress ball, and, in the excitement of escape, she has lost her solitaires. Like a true daughter of Chicago, she has come back to look for them, and discovers an exhausted fireman asleep on the spot where she suspects them to have dropped. This is probably the Kiralfy idea of the Chicago fireman, who is, you know, reputed to be a singularly beautiful and wonderful creature, and as far above the ordinary fireman as one of our polished engines is above a Babcock fire-extinguisher."

And with this the curtain rose again, but upon a scene of dazzling light and beauty. There were ... ks upon ranks of pretty young coryphées, all shapely, all graceful, and all radiant with fantastic, glittering costumes. There were dozens of little children variously arrayed, and the male ballet-dancers came to life again in a ballet of wonderful arrangement. Every possibility of varied and studied motion seemed to have been exercised. There were evolutions and convolutions, posturings, whirlings, twirlings, wavings, twinkling feet, and waving hands, and wreathing arms, any one of them almost impossible to identify, but all of them together transforming the stage into a wonderful study of light, color, and motion. It was indescribably beautiful.

"What does it all mean?" queried Jack.

"This," I said, "is the Mohammedan heaven, a place abounding in houris and"——

"My dear," said Jack, "I don't like to dispute you, but from a bird's-eye view there is nothing really Mohammedan about this, and I fear you are wrong. Quite aside from the abundant presence of the male dancer, I note an absence of—not to put too fine a point upon it—an absence of the Turkish trousers. The continual presence of the Chicago girl would also suggest a break in the unities, and I begin to think we had better consult the bill." Which we did, and discovered the pantomime to be nothing more than a long series of illustrative triumphs of Light over Darkness, of Civilization over Barbarism.

The idea is a happy one, and, so far as costuming and ballet are concerned, it is one of the handsomest spectacles ever put upon the stage. The scenery is rickety, shaky, dauby, smeary; the poor Brooklyn Bridge wobbles like a skipping-rope in the wind; and the Suez Canal has a cold, flat look, and might be the first trial of a house-painter's apprentice. The incandescent lights in the last grand illumination might be arranged much more effectively.

And yet, withal, it is a very surfeit of light, and spectacle, and splendor, and a very wonder of most admirable drilling. And, as everybody said to everybody else some ten or a dozen times, it is the very best form of relief that could have come after the long strain of listening.

"Which do you choose?" asked Jack, as we walked home; and I knew without further question that he meant the ballet-girls.

"The pretty little black-eyed one, of course," I said, without a moment's hesitation. "I like her most apparent youth, and her white teeth, and her unworn smile, and the flash of real red in her cheeks, and the wonderful muscles developed by her training."

"Stay you there, Betsy, and give me a chance to say a word about my Nubian, in her swinging, swaying, languorous, oriental dance, so amply shown by the revealing character of her one gauze skirt. I always apprehended a disillusionment in Nautch girls and Egyptian dancers; but if this lithe, copper-colored young woman is a specimen, I shouldn't at all mind spending my summer vacation in Nubia."

"May I beg to point out to you, Mr. Jack," I observed, quite severely, "that Mademoiselle Albertine Flindt apparently holds the rank of *première danseuse assoluta*, and that she is entitled to some recognition on your part?"

"Oh, very well! I'll come and look her up next time," spoke my spouse, quite cheerily; "this is really too much of a spectacle to take in all at once; and people will come again and yet again. My dear, we must e'en do as the rest; and I think it will take some time to relieve us, after the long strain of listening."

"Le Maître de Forge" seems to be of unusually heavy material, after all this light and sparkle, though it is really not a sombre story.

It is, indeed, a better story than play, though the characters are quite sharply outlined, and the incidents rather well arranged; but in the longer scenes, especially the tête-à-têtes, every one talks too much, and the language itself is burdened with a spurious elegance. Madame Derblay, for example, never alludes to herself as a woman who is about to marry, or who has married. She will not do anything less elegant than wed.

The opening scene is curiously confusing. Madame la Marquise de Montbrisson is discovered in her garden, in a perhaps not beautiful, but certainly very comfortable, at-home dress. She is visited by the family solicitor in morning visiting dress. Her daughter, the heroine, rushes distractedly in, in full evening dress—in fact, I may say, full Australian evening-dress. Other people, including the forge-master, stroll in, in full evening-dress. Mademoiselle Marie Derblay strolls in, in a pink matinée. Monsieur le Marquis de Montbrisson strolls in, in a hunting-jacket and knickerbocker gaiters. The Baron and Baroness Lavalle arrive apparently from a stroll in the woods, for the gentleman, being a naturalist, carries with him his net and bug-can; and though I will not swear to them, I remember that his feet twinkled whitely, and gave a general impression of lawn-tennis shoes. Miss Hermoine Jaillot arrives, uninvited, off a journey in a fancy-dress ball costume; and her *parvenu* father is attired *à la* Bardwell Slote, in bucolic broadcloth.

Can any one tell from this what time of day it was in the Montbrisson family, when the play began? Perhaps they were learning to count meridian time, and all got mixed.

The play is interesting enough to make one regret deeply that Sara Jewett sacrificed a part which was susceptible of such good treatment at her hands.

Miss Pomeroy is a very acceptable actress, but she is not at all a finished one. Her voice is soft and low, and very agreeable in colloquial passages, but cracks with rage when she raises it, in the course of the play, as an angry woman always does, but as an actress never should. She is not at all a girlish Claire, nor yet a spirited one, and she lacks the thousand and one opportunities to fine and finish a part which plays so bountifully into an actress's hands as this one.

She is evidently an actress who is full of feeling herself, but has not the power to affect an audience with one whit of it.

The Forge-master is not a very agreeable person to keep house with, as he has a remarkable faculty for keeping his word and his temper. Also, in an iron-bound, copper-fastened, French melodramatic way, the Forge-master is guilty of twitting occasionally. This odious thing must be the fault of the adapter, and, in the face of it, Mr. Henry Lee manages to make a rather agreeable person of him, and to secure some sympathy for his enforced grimness.

The drama is more than fairly well played by every one in the cast, though Miss Edna Carey relaxes into her ancient fault, and becomes inarticulate in her very best dramatic scene. Aside from this, she is quite a sparkling female villain.

Every one seemed to have taken a fresh start with the return of an interest in the drama, and though "Le Maître de Forge" lacked something of the finish and go of frequent rehearsal, it was sufficiently well played to make its popularity in the East easily understood. BETSY B.

A dispatch from Salt Lake, dated April 1st, said: The Patti concert in the large Tabernacle took place April 1st. Excursion trains ran from all over the Territory, and large numbers came from Colorado and Wyoming. The result was an audience estimated at from ten to thirteen thousand. At eight o'clock a crowd of three thousand assembled around the gate. Several ladies were slightly injured, and a few fainted. The concert passed off satisfactorily to all interested, Patti, of course, being the favorite, and Galassi second. Patti was very obliging, and sang three encores. The large organ in the tabernacle was used for the accompaniment, with grand effect. Patti's "Home, Sweet Home" brought applause which seemed to shake the mammoth building. The Tabernacle was beautifully illuminated for the occasion. The audience was very appreciative and attentive. It may be said the concert was one of the grandest which the company has given in the country. Among the audience was John Taylor, President of the Mormon Church, with five wives and seven children. The Church gets one-sixth of the proceeds. This concert was a source of great pride to the citizens of Salt Lake, as they furnished the largest audience outside of New York A little speculating was done in tickets toward night, when twenty-five dollars a seat was offered, the regular price being one dollar and a half and two dollars.

At the crowded Patti matinée, last Saturday, the police had great difficulty in managing the women. They were more refractory than men, for the police could not club them, and what is called "gallantry" restrained them from swearing at or otherwise abusing them—a delicacy which never afflicts policemen where men are concerned. About the middle of the first act a disheveled woman pushed her way through the crowd at the back of the dress-circle, and sat down upon the steps. A policeman followed her, and said: "Madam, you must not stay here." To him the rumpled woman: "Why can't I?" "Because it's against the law to occupy the aisles." "But there's no one else here—what difference can one person make?" Before this feminine logic the policeman was disheartened. "Madam," said he, "if you do not go, I shall have to remove you." "Touch me, if you dare," said the rumpled woman, glaring at him; "just lay a finger on me, *and I'll holler fire!*" The officer gazed around the packed house, and pensively withdrew.

In a certain saloon in this city, famed for its concoction of an insidious beverage called "Imperial Punch," Patti went one day last week, to view a celebrated painting. The proprietor induced the *diva* to partake of a punch, in company with her friends. The *diva* drank the punch, which beverage was borne to her by Joe, the Ganymede of the establishment. When the *diva* disappeared, Joe reverently took the glass which had touched her ruby and expensive lips; he registered a solemn vow, by Bacchus and Apollo, that never again should mortal lips profane it. He twined around it festoons of parti-colored ribbons, and suspended it from the out-stretched hand of a statue. There it hangs, mute witness to the memory of Patti's punch.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

### The Strategy of Tiger Tom.

Thomas Ochiltree, the Texan,
Youngest born and dearest darling
Of the auburn-tressed Aurora;
He, the terror of the Brazos,
Tiger Tom of the Nueces,
Glory of the Rio Grande,
Wonder of the present Congress;
Who, alone and quite unaided,
Set the Lasker ball to rolling;
When he heard how Otto Bismarck
Scorned, and flouted, and defied him,
Striking at him through the Congress;
Thomas Ochiltree, the Texan,
Reared, and flamed, and spoke in fury:
"Order out the old Dictator,
And the ancient Amphitrite,
With the Puritan to help them,
And the wild Miantonomoh!
Let the fearful Roachclad navy
Guard the mouth of the Potomac—
Filled with stones, and slyly sunk there!
Give me then the Tallapoosa,
Well supplied with fresh provisions,
With the choicest wines and liquors,
While I cross the raging ocean,
And proceed to pluck the feathers
From the double-headed eagle.
I will mix a drink for Otto,
With the whisky of Kentucky,
With the mint of old Virginia,
With the sugar of the tropics,
Such as gently shall allure him
From the thorny path of warfare.
Then the double-headed eagle
And the schwein Amerikaner
Sweetly shall lie down together,
Never thinking more of Lasker
Or the fear of trichinosis,
Ay, and Tiger Tom shall lead them."
—*New York Sun.*

### Why He Weds.

If a man could live a thousand years,
When half his life had passed,
He might, by strict economy,
A fortune have amassed.
Then, having gained some common sense,
And knowledge, too, of life,
He could select the woman who
Would make him a true wife.
But as it is, man hasn't time
To even pay his debts,
And weds to be acquainted with
The woman whom he gets.
—*H. C. Dodge.*

### Mahoney's Mule.

Of all the mules that e'er you saw,
The greatest on the kick or draw,
Is the one that lives on blue stone raw—
Mahoney's bob-tail mule.
He lived when Adam went to spark,
And in the time of Noah's ark
He kicked when he was made embark—
Mahoney's fearless mule.
In Pharoah's chariot he was hitched,
And at the Jews his tail he switched,
The Red Sea out his carcass pitched—
Mahoney's deathless mule.
He kicked Tom Asten's modest cheek,
And now they pass and never speak,
He limped on three legs half the week—
Mahoney's maddened mule.—*Life.*

### The Metropolitan Chorus.

A smell of garlic, marked and strong,
Mingled with macaroni,
And then the chorus comes along,
Slouching the lean and bony.
In one act, as rich nobles clad,
The next in garments menial;
In neither lot do they seem glad;
They never can look genial.
And if a drinking song they trill,
Or songs of deep despairing,
They keep their one position still,
And seem at nothing staring.
O mystic singers, leave this calm!
We mean no great detraction;
But still, your beauty can not charm—
Try some dramatic action.
—*New York World.*

### The Ballad of Ameighlia Maireigh.

Miss Amelia Mary Cholmondely,
When in summer-time she rode,
Did not look one whit less colmondley
Than in winter when she slode.
As became a farmer's daughter,
Milk she to the market took;
Mingled flour and eggs with waughter,
And delicious tea-cakes book.
By her blandishments the neighing
Colts and bleating sheep were caught;
And, they tell me, there's no seighing
What a lot of ricks she thaught.
At her orders farm-yard beauties—
Turkeys, geese, and hens—were slain;
From her purse, for weekly deauties,
All her father's men were pain.
Mary, too, was always present
When the frisky lambs were shorn;
And the chicks of many a phesent
By her careful hands were rorn.
'Spite of Mary's fond endeavor,
Once her favorite lap-dog swam
Far from land and sank for eavor,
And her eyes with sorrow dam.
Girl more kind or better-hearted
Ne'er in all my life I saw.
Scores of swains for Mary smearted;
She was perfect, all agraw.
Thus, when to Elisha Farquhar
Hand and heart at last she gave,
Though he was a billiard-marquhar,
Happily with him she lave.
—*St. James Gazette.*

In justice to all parties concerned, it is proper to state that the *Alta* "criticism" of the Patti concert, quoted in last week's *Argonaut*, was not the work of the writer who did the opera critiques for that daily.

"Excelsior" is enjoying an exceptional success at the California Theatre.

## A. WARD.

### And His Panorama Programme.

An old programme of Artemus Ward's has recently turned up, and will prove interesting to those who remember the humorist and his 'show:"

I.

PROLOGUE—By Artemus Ward.—Professedly to introduce the subject, but really to give the accomplished crankist time to unroll the first picture.

II.

THE STEAMSHIP ARIEL AT SEA.—Out on the briny. The sea rough. Passengers unable to remain inside their state-rooms or outside their victuals. An immense sea-serpent in our wake, another in our sleep. Land ho! N. B.—The hoe is now in Artemus Ward's possession. Isthmus of Panama. Interesting interview with old Panama himself, who makes all the hats. Old Pan is a likely sort of a man.

III.

MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.—Life and things in El Dorado. The Chinese Drama—Light Celestial Comedy, in seven hundred and two acts; by a Chinese gentleman of this city. Good quarters to be found here. Playful population, fond of high-low Jack and homicide.

IV.

VIRGINIA CITY.—A wild place. Game abundant; principally Faro and Bluff—Shooting prevalent in consequence—Every man carries a revolver, and every other man two. Silver mines —The treasure carefully guarded, each proprietor keeping a silver watch.

V.

THE GREAT DESERT.—A dreary waste of sand —a perfectly shameful waste, in fact. They ought to save it.

VI.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.—A rather pretty picture, with some entirely serious descriptive talk.

VII.

MAIN STREET, WEST SIDE.—This being a view of Main Street, west side, is naturally a view of the west side of Main Street.

VIII.

MAIN STREET, EAST SIDE.—The Salt Lake House. Lots of salt in this house—salt cellars, in fact. A temperance hotel—nothing stronger cold than butter, which was rather strengthy when A. W. was there. Guests are requested to turn off the candles before retiring at night. Washing not allowed in rooms. You must go out in the porch, and wash with cast-iron soap, though they call it cast-steel.

IX.

THE MORMON THEATRE.—Mormons as theatre-goers—Effects of the Drama on their manners, etc. It accounts for the way they act. Also, for their calling a certain place the "Bottomless Parquette."

X.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S HAREM.—One of the most interesting places in Utah, especially to Brigham Young. Two dwelling houses and a schoolhouse. In the latter, addition is illustrated by Brigham's wives, and multiplication by his children. The pretty girls in Utah mostly marry Young.

XI.

HEBER C. KIMBALL'S HAREM.—Mr. Kimball has a great many wives, who are very dear to him; much more expensive than a less number would be; he is one of the most numerous parents in Utah. Seventy-six Mormon-esses share Mr. Kimball's lot. We do not know how many acres there are in this lot, but there ought to be a lot of them for such a lot of wives, who, should they follow the saline example of Lot's wife, will make Salt Lake City salt indeed. On being tenderly condoled with on the death of one of his wives, Mr. Kimball said: "Oh, never mind. I've got plenty more of 'em at home."

XII.

THE TABERNACLE.—This is the great Mormon meeting-house. The Elders and Youngers "preach" here. A brass band is at one end of the building, and the pulpit at the other. Thus there is brass at both ends. The Mormon sisters sit by themselves, in the middle of the church. Rows by any other name wouldn't be as sweet.

XIII.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.—Curious body of water. Analyzation proves it to contain a large number of old salts. No fish can live in it except salt codfish, mackerel, and red herrings. There are mermaids there, though they have Salt Rheums. Injuns live on the bank of this lake. Little Injuns seen in the distance trundling their war-whoops.

XIV.

THE ENDOWMENT HOUSE.—In this building the Mormon is instructed into the mysterious rites—and wrongs—of his faith.

XV.

THE DESERT AGAIN.—Handsomer than the first view. It doesn't "howl" as much. Indians on the war-path. "Methinks I see a war-whoop!" Ha! redmen. "Would'st scalp a Lecturer?" N. B.—They would'st.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Saccharissa.—"I have no home; where shall I go?" If you want a "Home, Sweet Home," you had better go on a sugar plantation.

Laura Matilda.—"I have an unfortunate tendency, even on trivial occasions, to shed tears. How can I prevent it?" Lock up the shed.

Traveler.—"How long was Artemus Ward in California?" Five feet ten and a half.

Speculator.—"Is petroleum frequent in caves?" No; but caves are frequent in petroleum.

RULES OF THIS HOUSE.

Children in arms not admitted, if the arms are loaded.

Children under one year of age not admitted, unless accompanied by their parents or guardians.

Ladies or gentlemen will please report any negligence or disobedience on the part of the lecturer.

Artemus Ward will not be responsible for money, jewelry, or other valuables, unless left with him—to be returned in a week or so.

Persons who think they will enjoy themselves more by leaving the hall early in the evening, are requested to do so with as little noise as possible.

"It is doubtful," comments a Boston correspondent, "if more fun was ever crowded into the same space—or do you happen to know a current humorist who could write a funnier one? I well remember the first time I heard him. He appeared on the stage looking crest-fallen and with face turned anxiously toward the door at which he entered. 'The gentleman who was to have introduced me seems to have absented himself'; then, after a hesitating pause, he added: 'I am Artemus Ward, the lecturer of the evening.' It was difficult to believe there was much fun in this serious-faced young gentleman. But what roars of laughter he provoked! There was a joke in his lecture which, once good, had been rendered absolutely pointless by some event that had happened. He carefully repeated the joke, while every one in the audience was saying to himself: "You might much better have omitted that, Artemus." The joke uttered, the joker paused, a distressed look passed over his face, and he observed in a frank, pathetic way: 'That little anecdote of mine isn't as good as it was.' The effect was irresistible. Of the countless good stories attributed to him, the best, to my mind, is the one which tells of the advice he gave to a Southern railroad conductor soon after the war. The road was in a wretched condition, and the trains consequently were run at a phenomenally low rate of speed. When the conductor was punching his ticket, Artemus remarked; 'Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?' The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so. 'Well,' Artemus went on, 'it occurred to me it would be well to detach the cow-catcher from the front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train. For, you see, we are not liable to overtake a cow; but what's to prevent a cow strolling into this car and biting a passenger?'"

---

To-night is the last performance of the "Hoop of Gold," by the Maubury and Overton Company. Next Monday J. H. Haverly's company opens in "Our Strategists."

---

"Claire and the Forge-master," with Miss Louisa Pomeroy, has drawn good houses at the Baldwin Theatre all the week.

---

**CCCXV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday. April 6, 1884.**

Vegetable Soup.
Boiled Salmon, Anchovy Sauce.
Broiled Snipe on Toast.
Potato Fritters. Green Peas.
Roast Beef.
Brain Salad.
Almond Custard. Sponge Cake,
Apples, Oranges, Figs, and Caramels.

ALMOND CUSTARD.—Boil two or three bitter almonds in a pint of milk or thin cream, with a stick of cinnamon, a piece of lemon peel, and eight lumps of sugar; let it simmer, then stir until cold. Add the yolks of six eggs well beaten, one ounce of sweet almonds blanched and beaten fine in rose-water. Place over the fire and stir until a proper thickness. Do not boil.

POTATO FRITTERS.—Boil two large potatoes, scraped fine; add four eggs, one tablespoonful of cream, one of wine a squeeze of lemon, and a little nutmeg. Beat the mixture half an hour and fry in boiling lard.

---

**Prang's Easter Cards**

Are now in the hands of the dealers, and appropriately illustrate the sentiment of the occasion.

---

**Root Beer.**

A strictly non-alcoholic family beverage, at once delicious to the taste and beneficial to the system. The youngest child or the feeblest invalid can drink it with advantage. Put up in pint and quart champagne bottles, with patent stoppers, at seventy cents and one dollar and ten cents per dozen. All orders promptly filled. H. L. St. John & Co., 14 Hayes Street.

---

**Easter Cards.**

A large collection of beautiful Easter Cards has just been received by Snow & Co., 12 Post Street, under the Masonic Temple.

---

— A MUCH-NEEDED ENTERPRISE HAS BEEN established by Mr. James McCue, of the National Circus, at 817 Market Street. In addition to his very enjoyable circus performance every afternoon and evening, he has established a riding class, from 10 to 12 o'clock in the morning for ladies, and from 4 to 6 o'clock in the evening for gentlemen. If any man can teach our ladies and gentlemen to ride and drive, it is Mr. McCue.

---

— THE METROPOLITAN HALL IS CENTRALLY located, and possesses greater seating capacity and better acoustic qualities than any other hall west of the Mississippi River.

---

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

---

— IN PLACE OF THAT CONSTANTLY TIRED feeling, Ayer's Sarsaperilla will give you strength and energy.

---

— DON'T LIE AWAKE NIGHTS AND COUGH! Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will relieve the cough and induce a good night's rest.

---

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

---

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

---

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.




REFRESHMENTS.

Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.
ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.
ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.
THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

JOHN MIDDLETON,
COAL.
14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.




THE HALL TYPE-WRITER

Awarded medal over Remington and Calligraph. Simple and durable. Weighs seven pounds in case. No inking ribbon. Interchangeable types of all kinds. Takes all sizes paper. Price, $40.
GILLESPY & CHILDS, 123 California St.,
General Agents for the Pacific Coast.
S. F. Office Empire Portable Forge Co. of Cohoes, N. Y.

FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES 235 KEARNY ST. S.F.
Southwest cor. of Bush. Established 1877.
PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT.
Illustrated Book sent free. (New.) E. NASON & CO., 120 Fulton Street, New York.

A. HARKER & CO.
Importers and Wholesale Grocers,
108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for
CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion, etc.
Prepared by
E. GRILLON,
Chemist of the Paris Faculty,
SOLE PROPRIETOR,
27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.
Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ATTENTION, RANCH OWNERS.
A thoroughly instructed FARMER, having managed a large estate and made his agricultural studies in Europe, wishes a situation as Superintendent of a first-class farm. Dairy matters a specialty. Highest references offered.
Address L. K., 42 Nevada Block, San Francisco

We take pleasure in announcing that our Spring and Summer Goods have now arrived, and comprise all the latest Shades and Patterns.
We have imported a choice lot of English Summer Suitings in plaid and fancy patterns, which we offer at very low prices.
REEVE & STAAB,
Tailoring Parlors,
Corner Kearny and Geary Sts.
Entrance, No. 10 Geary Street.

MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. A. K. CLAPPE'S
SELECT SCHOOL
FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,
At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N. Y. Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalogue.

EASTER
CARDS.
A fine assortment of the most artistic of this season's Easter Cards now on exhibition at
DOXEY'S,
23 DUPONT STREET.

BUTTERICK'S
Patterns---Spring Styles.
Send Stamp for Catalogue. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.

BETHESDA
SUPERIOR TABLE WATER
L. CAHEN AND SON. 418 SAC. ST. S.F.

R. H. McDonald, Pres't. S. G. Murphy, Cashier.
Established 1863.
Oldest Chartered Bank on the Pacific Coast.
PACIFIC BANK
Capital Stock $1,000,000.00.
Surplus $ 450,000.00.
Resources $ 3,778,077.80.
San Francisco, Cal. Jan. 1, 1884.
All matters intrusted to our care will be attended to with promptness, fidelity, and in strict confidence. R. H. McDONALD, Pres't.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.
Commission Merchants,
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
Liberal advances made on consignments.

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON.
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 309 SANSOME STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

R. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY
OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.
Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

THE AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS
And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,
415 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco

Call and See the New Invention,
MAGIC
WINDOW SCREEN
AT 128 GEARY ST.
Solid comfort in the house, with the flies on the outside.
W. LITTLE, Proprietor,
CARPENTER, BUILDER.

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
TILES
For Decorations.
W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
HENRY F. MILLER
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
HEMME & LONG
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

ICHI BAN

WALL PAPER,
Artistic Designs, American, French, and English. Cornice Poles and Fixtures. Sole Agents on Pacific Coast for LINCRUSTA WALTON, the new and indestructible Wall Decoration. Imitation Stained and Ground Glass, for residences, churches, etc. Frescoing and Interior Decorating a specialty.
WINDOW SHADES.
Samples and Estimates furnished on Application.
G. W. CLARK & CO., 645 & 647 MARKET ST.

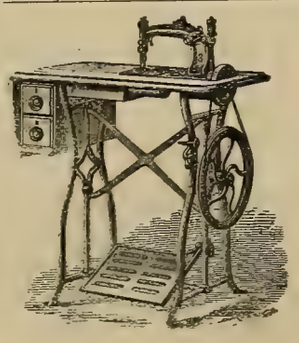


THE STANDARD SILK OF THE WORLD
YATES & CONKLIN,
Manufacturers' Agents,
18 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Every reader of the "Argonaut" should see a copy of
THE ILLUSTRATED NEW YORK
• LIFE •
The leading Humorous and Satirical Paper.
TERMS: At the rate of $5.00 a year, postage free. Sample copy free. 1155 Broadway, New York.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW
FOR THE COMPLEXION!
This elegant preparation is the most perfect beautifier known. It is pure and harmless, delightful in its application, and wonderful in its effects, while the closest scrutiny fails to detect its use. Prepared by
H. BOWMAN, Chemist, Oakland.
For sale by all druggists.

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.


Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE


HOME INDUSTRY

THE "POPE HOUSE"
HOTEL.
The POPE HOUSE, for fifteen years past the leading private Hotel and Boarding-House of SANTA CRUZ, enjoying the first patronage in the State, has changed hands, and RE-OPENED March 25th, under the direct personal management and supervision of the new proprietors, who hope, by close attention to the wants and comforts of their guests, to merit a continuance of the valuable patronage so long enjoyed by Mrs. Pope.
Private Family Dining-rooms. French Dinners served to order in the best style.
SPECIAL OMNIBUS awaits all arriving and departing trains and steamers. No charge whatever for conveying guests to or from this hotel.

HOTEL
SIERRA MADRE VILLA,
On the mountain side,
In an Orange Grove, Near Los Angeles.
Has been enlarged to accommodate One Hundred Guests. For climate, health, comfort, pure water, and beauty of scenery, it has no equal on this coast. General Sherman says it surpasses all other places on the American continent for a quiet good time.
For further information, address
W. COGSWELL, Proprietor,
San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, Cal.

"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."
THE NORTON
DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.

It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.
D. S. BROWN & CO.,
36 California Street, San Francisco,
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

A. P. HOTALING & CO.
429 to 437 Jackson St., sole agents for the J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky, "O. P. S.," "O. O. K.," "O. K." "A No. 1," "A." Established 1852.




FANCY WORK: 12 Elegant Darned Net Patterns; 50 Artistic Designs for Kensington Needlework, such as sprays, and bunches of Roses, Daisies, Pansies, Ferns, Apple-blossoms, &c., &c.; 25 Border Designs of flowers and vines, for Embroidering dresses and other garments; and 25 Elegant Patterns for Corners, Borders and Centres for Piano-covers, Table Covers or Scarfs, Tidies Lambrequins, &c., all for 25 cts., post-paid. Stamping Outfit of 10 full size Perforated Patterns, Powder, Distributing Pad, Instructions, &c., 60 cents. Our Book "Manual of Needlework," teaches how to do all kinds of EMBROIDERY, Knitting, Crocheting, Lace Making, &c., 35 cents, 4 for $1. All the above for One Dollar. Address Patten Pub. Co. 47 Barclay St., N. Y.

GERMEA
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIV. NO. 15. SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 12, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: A Trip to Fresno—Prosperity in the San Joaquin Valley—The Land of Marvelous Things—Hundreds of Square Miles of Wheat-fields and Orchards—The Future of Fresno—Thousands of New Farms—Farming Land Easily and Cheaply Procured—Advice to Despondent Men, Widows, Young Folks, and those who have Lost their Grip—What Twenty Acres will do—Anti-Railroad Measures in the Legislature—War on Corporations—What the Barry Bill Means—Democratic Highwaymen—The Party Fast Drifting to Destruction—The Final Refuge of Paupers, Criminals, Adventurers, Demagogues, and Thieves—The Request for Presidential Opinions—Responses it has Met with Throughout the Pacific Coast—The Democratic Side of the Question—Tilden and Hendricks Forever!—Republicans almost Unanimous for Blaine—Men who Want Arthur—A Correspondent who Doesn't Want Sherman—The Meaning of Blaine's Popularity on this Coast—Robert Lincoln wanted as Vice-President—"The Son of his Father"—An Anonymous Opponent of this Sentiment—Our Own Choice—A Tabulated Statement of the Preferences—An Oregon Archbishop Participates in a Miracle—His Letter from Loretto—Drinking the "Manna" of some Holy Bones—Wicked Nonsense which can have Little Effect in a Free Country.... 1-2

THE WHITE ELEPHANT: Barnum's new Sensation and the People who went to its First Reception—Mrs. Frank Leslie—Fisk's Murderer—The Police Reporter who was Ambitious of Society Writing—"Flaneur's" New York Gossip.... 3

LICENTIOUS LORDS: "Cockaigne" discusses the Wantons and Profligates of England—An Adulterous Duke—A Blackguard Marquis—Lordly Libertines—A few of the Titled Soiled Doves.... 4

LITERARY NOTES: Two California Writers and their Book—Announcements—Miscellany.... 4

VANITY FAIR: The Duchess of Montrose and Henry Hurlbert—Stones for Engagement Rings—Mrs. Langtry's Intentions.... 5

EASTER SUNDAY: Some Historical Facts concerning its Origin and Growth—Easter Eggs and Cards—The Early Church.... 5

SOCIETY: The Wedding on Tuesday—Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip.... 6

CHIT-CHAT: Hyacinthe *versus* Kiralfy—Effect of the Ballet on the Orchestra—An Extraordinary Young Woman—The Ellen Terry Walk—A Poor Actor's Device—"Una's" Screed.... 7

THE PENNY WALK: A Whimsical Story by the Author of "Rudder Grange"—A Young Man and his Lucky Penny.... 8-9

EASTER DAY: "Easter Lilies," by Celia Thaxter—"Arbutus," by H. H.—"Easter Morning," by Francis L. Mace.... 10

AFTER DINNER: Jere Black's Story—The San Francisco Bar—An Art-dealer's Alarm—How a Boston Lawyer rid himself of a Wife—General Magruder's Legal Attainments.... 11

OUR CHESS COLUMN: A new Problem—Zukertort in Pittsburg—The Object of Problems.... 11

STORYETTES: The late Bishop of Bloomfield—Because his Mother made it—A Book-agent's Device—Lincoln's Advice.... 12

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Gossip about Prominent People.... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatres of the Week—Stage Gossip.... 14

The majority of the Assembly, the *Examiner* newspaper, the passage of the Barry Bill, the suggestions of all the anti-railroad statesmen, politicians, and demagogues, indicate that the *real* remedy for the correction of railroad abuses is to take from railroad companies the right to defend themselves in the courts. It is urged against them, as one of the outrages which they are ever ready to perpetrate, that when sued they defend themselves, and when injured they seek the remedy of the courts. It is a strange accusation, that corporate wealth and enterprise should invoke the protection of the law in defense of its rights. The laws are enacted by the people; judges are elected at popular elections; juries are chosen from the people at large; and yet the doctrine that corporations should not be allowed to defend themselves in the courts gains popular favor. A Democratic Legislature deliberately proposes to take from railroad corporations a privilege given to criminals, and justly regarded as the rampart and bulwark to preserve the rights of property and to guard human life. The League of Freedom, composed exclusively of foreign Democrats, is organized for the avowed purpose of resisting in the courts the enforcement of laws regulating the traffic in alcoholic liquors and the observance of Sunday. The Chinese traders in prostitution have availed themselves of the privilege of obstructing the courts in the enforcement of laws against their dreadful traffic, and filled the jails with the unhappy victims of their slavery. Wealthy men use the courts to guard themselves from the consequences of their criminal passions. The vilest criminal who outrages female innocence, the most despicable villain who plots against society, the murderer and thief, all have their day in court, and are all entitled to a trial by jury; but, under the inspiration of such demagogism as the Wallace resolutions, the Barry Bill, and the whole spirit of the extra session movement, in the interest of Democratic party leaders ambitious of political advancement, the railroads are to be confiscated and their owners robbed, without the privilege of defending themselves in court. Robin Hood and his merry thieves of Sherwood Forest never projected a bolder mode of highway robbery than these Democratic communists who suggest and uphold this mode of legal spoliation. When the Democratic party shall have taken its final position (and it is drifting there with swiftness and certainty), that the courts shall not shield property against the demands of popular passion, and that the minority has not rights which the law may guard against the greed of a pauper and thieving majority, then the country will have divided itself into two parties—those who have something and those who have nothing; on the one side men of intelligence and property; on the other paupers, criminals, adventurers, demagogues, agrarians, and thieves; and the name of this party will continue to be the "Democracy."

A gentleman of Portland, Oregon, sends us the *Catholic Sentinel*, of April 3d, a Romanist journal, containing a long four-column letter from Charles Seghers, Archbishop of Oregon City. It is written from abroad, from Loretto, "in the Holy House, where our Divine Lord was conceived." On the morning of the 11th of January this distinguished Oregon prelate "had the pleasure of saying mass on the body of Saint Nicholas, and of drinking of the manna of his bones." Just how Archbishop Seghers could "drink of the manna" of Saint Nicholas's bones we could not quite get through our noddle. We could not conceive of any possible drink, or soup, or substance, which could be picked, or grilled, or gathered from the dry bones of a saint who had been dead for something over sixteen centuries of time. Reading along, however, and skipping the Latin quotations with which all priests interlard their communications to newspapers, we came to the following statement, which, if true, is in itself a miracle: "After my mass and that of F. Scully, the canon who has charge of the sanctuary opened the altar, entered into it, let down a candle (which he had previously fixed in a candlestick with a hollow foot) through a hole made in the lower part of the altar, and then invited us to look through that hole. With the light of the burning candle, which was standing below, we could distinctly see, below the altar, some of the bones of the body of the great saint, and we were informed that we had seen his thigh bone. A solid tomb of marble, uncovered at the top, contains those precious relics; but the hole through the bottom part of the altar is too small to see the whole body. After we had both satisfied our curiosity, the priest raised the candlestick, with a silver chain to which it is made fast; and the foot of the candlestick was found to be partially filled with a liquid substance, of which we drank with much veneration." If any intelligent Romanists can find pleasure in picturing to themselves a learned archbishop of his church, having the spiritual charge of human souls, in the year 1884, in the State of Oregon, down in the supposed crypt of a supposed saint, peering through a hole in the floor into a vault of mouldy bones, by the light of a single dip, and drawing from an eighteen-hundred-year-old thigh-bone something good to drink, we are quite willing to give them a monopoly of the satisfaction. So far as we are concerned, we are convinced that Archbishop Seghers is either a most easily humbugged and bigoted idiot, imposed upon by a stupid and shallow trick, or is himself imposing upon the ignorant and credulous class which reads the *Catholic Sentinel*. If anybody thinks that this kind of ecclesiastical rot can beat free schools, the free press, and the freedom to ridicule all such priestly nonsense, he is welcome to it. There is not a Catholic child attending our public schools, ten years of age, who does not know that the story is an impossible lie, and whose ripening conscience will not revolt against its telling. The *Argonaut* never willingly writes in this line without regretting the necessity which impels it. We would kick ourselves if we lacked the courage to resent and expose this wicked nonsense, when uttered by a high dignitary of the church, and printed in a public journal of general circulation.

A hasty trip to Fresno has confirmed the writer's opinion, formed and expressed four years ago, concerning this part of our State. On Saturday morning, leaving San Francisco, he visited this most marvelous country; and now, at twelve o'clock on Monday, he is at his writing table, recalling the incidents and recollections of an agreeable visit. Every time we pass through the great valley of the San Joaquin, we note the constant development of that region; new fences inclosing a larger breadth of land, an increased area of cultivation; new houses where there were none, better and larger houses where there were cabins; orchards and vineyards newly planted; ditches bringing water to new places; new colonies just planted, the older ones extending; hamlets where a year ago there were but broad wheat fields; flourishing villages which we last recollect as hamlets; thrift, progress, prosperity, the population rapidly increasing; wealth, comfort, civilization growing on every side. The town and vicinity of Fresno was the immediate object of our trip. If this were not the land of marvelous things, we should rub our eyes and doubt whether we had been away at all, and whether we had not awakened from a pleasant dream. If we had not brought home with us a grapevine eleven feet long, the growth of one season from a cutting, and one which we were assured bore a bunch of grapes weighing more than a pound, we should be very much inclined to question whether we had been away from home at all. As we write, our senses grow alive to the recollection of such miles of brilliant wild flowers, such hundreds of square miles of wheat fields, such gorgeous views of breezy plains, clothed with grass and grain, over which the sunlight played, such glimpses of bay and river and distant snow-clad mountain tops, fruit trees in their blossom, the alfalfa and alfilleria in their bloom, that we are quite assured that we have visited Fresno, and we are perfectly certain that we have seen one of the most promising parts of our altogether prosperous State. The future progress of this valley, and the assurance that it will outstrip other localities in wealth and population, is not because it has a richer soil or a more genial climate, or is settled by better people, or that it is more convenient to market, or that it can produce a greater variety of fruits or grain than an hundred other localities in the State, but simply because it has not been cursed with Spanish grants and grasping, land-hungry, greedy speculators, and because it is divided into small farms, colonies with twenty-acre and forty-acre holdings, upon every one of which is an industrious working family. The soil is owned by the man who tills it; they are nearly all Americans; and there is no other spot in California where the signs of future prosperity are more promising. We need not say *future* prosperity, for to-day the town of Fresno and its vicinity are more prosperous than any other place in California, and we attribute it largely to the fact of small farms and small farming. Four years ago, in company with Bernard Marks, we visited the Central Colony, planted by him. At that time we saw more than half an hundred families of ordinary size living upon twenty-acre farms—industrious, poor, working families who had no other source of income than what came from the soil. We visited again the same homes, occupied by the same people, saw better houses, larger fruit trees, older vines, more stock, and more evidences of comfort. We saw demonstrated the fact that an industrious family can live luxuriously off their own labor and the proceeds of twenty acres of irrigated land. We saw thousands of new homes in process of establishment upon twenty, forty, and an hundred acres. The splendid farms of Barton, Eisen, Eggers,

and one or two others, belonging to incorporated companies, have an entire section of land, six hundred and forty acres, but the rule is less than one hundred acres. The evidences of prosperity and comfort are upon every side. The town, with now over three thousand inhabitants, is growing rapidly, and rapidly increasing in population; not a house vacant, not a laborer unemployed, not a grumble of discontent heard from any quarter. It is the busiest and most cheerful community which we have encountered anywhere. The land is a marvel of fertility. Fruit and grapes are the principal productions for sale. It is almost a miracle, the rapid growth and quick bearing of fruit trees and vines. Water goes with the land; both are purchased together. The health of the locality is good. It is demonstrated that malarial fevers are not serious or lasting. A little care in this direction avoids any danger of malaria. The opportunity for poor people who are willing to work is greater than in any other section of the State. A large number of land-owners will pay for labor in land, thus offering the working man a chance for a home stake, if he is willing to work for it. In the adjacent foothills there is public land open to location. Land can also be purchased upon reasonable terms and at fair prices. We do not know of any place where a home can be more easily obtained than in this part of the San Joaquin Valley, nor one which, in the future, is likely to be more profitable and more enjoyable. Since our last visit the number of colonies has largely increased. Washington, Fresno, Temperance, Scandinavian, and other colonies have been established, all of which are doing well. In these colonies there is no community of property; they are simply the association of poor people to aggregate their capital for the purchase of land in larger tracts, then subdividing and distributing at the bed-rock price, with long terms for payment. In many instances lands are sold without any advance payment, it being only necessary that the buyer should come with a good character, and enough to build a cabin and provide himself with farm implements and seed, to secure a farm mortgaged for a term of years at low rates of interest. Every sod which is turned, and every tree, and vine, and alfalfa seed which is planted, so increases the value of the property sold as to increase its value as security for the unpaid mortgage. Every year demonstrates the fact that less water is required for irrigation. Very little water is needed for fruit trees or vines after the first year. Mr. Barton informed the writer that he should irrigate very little this year, as the soil below a certain depth is filled with water. Our advice to a large number of our San Francisco "genteel" folk—that large and pitiable class who are holding on to the ragged edge of "genteel society" by their eyelids, striving to keep up appearances, living in houses of extravagant rent, wearing clothes they can not afford in order to look respectable, and doing things they ought not to do in order to make both ends meet—is to go to Fresno and buy twenty acres of raisin land. Sell the piano, the watch, the house ornaments, the jewelry; sell everything not indispensable; then take the kitchen and common furniture, take a second-class passage on the railroad, go to Fresno and build a cabin. Eight hundred dollars will purchase twenty acres of land. Two hundred and fifty dollars will build a comfortable cabin for a family of six persons. Fifteen hundred dollars is ample capital to get a new and independent start in life. There are many places in California where this can be done as well as in Fresno. Every church society should help its honest poor in this direction. Every rich man should help his poor relations to become independent. It is a splendid way for generous people to help those who are willing to help themselves. We know a multitude of people, despondent men, widows, young folk, persons who have lost their grip, who are poor and proud, folks who are above the destitute class, who have some little property, who have friends who would be vastly benefited if they could be shaken out of the large towns and cities by an earthquake and driven to the country. Twenty acres of land, with two and a half acres in miscellaneous fruits, five acres in raisin vines, a small patch for a garden, and enough in alfalfa to keep a milch cow or two, some sheep, hens, pigs, and a stout horse, afford more of the comforts and luxuries of a thoroughly independent life than any amount of genteel poverty and false pride dragged out within the lines of a city, where religion and social intercourse are indulged in at the expense of independence and self-respect, and not unfrequently at the cost of an honest life and a full stomach.

---

Some weeks since the *Argonaut* put forth an invitation to its readers to express their preferences for Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates. In response, we have received from the Pacific States and Territories a large number of communications. Some of these we have from time to time published. We print to-day a tabulated statement of the writers' preferences. While we have received a considerable number of communications suggesting the names of Democratic candidates, we have concluded that we are not near enough to that party, or its leaders, to justify us in declaring that such letters as we have received express the opinions of other than the better class of Democrats. This being the case, they can but be regarded as the expression of a minority opinion. Hence we have omitted them from any classification; they simply show that, so far as indicated by the expressions sent to us, the overwhelming sentiment is for Tilden and Hendricks—the old ticket. Most of these letters refer to the history of the Election Commission, and assume that Messrs. Tilden and Hendricks were unjustly deprived of their rights; that the affair was such a flagrant violation of every principle of justice and right, and so dangerous an assault upon the underlying principles of republican government, that the American people owe it to themselves, and to future safety, even at this late day, to repair the evil by the renomination and election of Tilden and Hendricks. As will be observed by reading the tabulated statement, the expression of choice for Mr. Blaine is almost unanimous; and while there is, here and there, an occasional expression for some other candidate, they are mostly from personal acquaintances or admirers. There are many—indeed, very many—who express in Mr. Arthur their entire confidence; who are grateful to him for a clean and honorable administration, and (not that they like him less, but Blaine better) would most willingly have seen him the party candidate. One gentleman expressed himself as personally preferring Edmunds, of Vermont, for President, but Blaine for candidate, recognizing, as between two honored and perhaps equally deserving citizens, the question of availability. From Oregon we received a long letter in German, advocating with zealous warmth the claims of the Hon. Elihu B. Washburne for office, reciting his services for the German people while he was minister at Paris, during the Franco-German war. This enthusiastic German charges our people with a crime and a folly in relation to Mr. Washburne; the sin of ingratitude, and the folly of not using him as an available candidate, to bring back to the party the entire German vote, or, as he expresses it himself, "Der letzter verdammter Deutscher" (the last d—d Dutchman). In conclusion, he hopes, if Mr. Washburne shall not be the Presidential candidate, he may be made available for the second place upon the ticket. The friends of Senator Logan are very warmly enthusiastic for his support. They are more zealous than numerous, and belong mostly to the soldier class. General Logan may be justly proud of the esteem in which he is held by the men who served with and under him. For General Grant and John Sherman there has been very little said indicating that they would be acceptable under any circumstances likely to occur. Concerning General Sherman, we have received several letters. The sentiment of opposition to him is simply unanimous, and the cause is embodied in a quotation, as follows: "The man who can command armies and not control his own household is a henpecked fool. No man shall become President of the United States with my vote, who would take to the White House a wife who is a Roman devotee and a son who is a Jesuit priest."

---

The expression for James G. Blaine indicates an almost unanimous sentiment upon the Pacific Coast (embracing the States of California, Oregon, and Nevada, with the contiguous territories) that he shall become the candidate of the Republican party for President of the United States. From every section, from leading men of the entire coast, from all classes, there is but one opinion. The letters received by the *Argonaut* would fill all its columns half a dozen times over. His is not a boom, such as now and then has stirred public opinion in favor of a suggested possible availability. It is not an ephemeral agitation, the growth of some sudden admiration. It is not a sensation growing out of some imaginative service in the past. It is not the stirring of political waters by hidden party machinery worked by secret hands. It is the intelligent realization of thoughtful and patriotic men, that he has earned the honor by a long life of honorable service; that he has the ability to serve his country with a breadth of statesmanship and an earnestness of patriotic devotion which would assure the welfare and dignity of the American Government against any foreign or domestic complication which in any possibility might arise. Leader in Congress, brilliant in diplomacy, broad in his comprehension of business and commercial affairs; understanding more fully than any other man in public life the wants of the people; in sympathy with the labor element, in honorable alliance with property interests, a true partisan in the higher and broader interpretation of that misused expression; true to friends, and, what is better, brave enough to punish his enemies and the enemies of his country; to rebels and all the outgrowth of rebel sentiment irreconcilable and unforgiving, till by their acts of repentance he knows they have become repentant—James G. Blaine is to-day the embodiment of the American idea of American nationality. The spark of diplomacy which flashed out from the State Department during the brief term of his incumbency, followed by the after-gloom of correspondence concerning schweine fleische and Sargent, gave suggestion to the possibilities of a policy which would place fifty-five millions of English-speaking people in the very fore-front of civilization, and command for them such influence and power among nations as would entitle them to decent consideration and respectful treatment. This correspondence favors no dark horse, no available nincompoop to catch votes, but demands that statesmanlike ability, patriotic service, and party labor shall be rewarded with the highest prize the party organization has it in its gift to bestow. If in other parts of the country there shall be the same unanimity, the convention at Chicago will choose its nominee for President by acclamation. For Vice-President there is a seeming unanimity for Robert T. Lincoln. This preference is clearly a matter of sentiment. It so appears in the correspondence. "Because he is the son of his father," is said by more than half the writers. It was as the "son of his father" that he was designated by President Garfield to his cabinet. For the same reason he was retained by President Arthur, when abler and greater men were asked to withdraw, and for this reason alone is he designated as worthy of the second place upon the ticket. We quote from one of our correspondents, who is not carried away by any sentiment, or, to use his own words, "any such d—d nonsense": "I do not at all believe in elevating to high and honorable position any man on account of his birth. Our great men, as a rule, have been blessed with fool sons. Our early presidents, Webster, Clay, Calhoun—in fact, the whole brilliant galaxy of American statesmen—have not transmitted their intelligence or their virtues to those who inherited their names. Sons inherit their qualities from the mother. Every great man had a great mother. Where both sire and dam are great, the get may be illustrious. Where the mother is great, though obscure, and the father unknown, the son will make his way. Where the mother is an idiot, the son is a fool. Where the mother is unintellectual, dull, and commonplace, the son inherits mediocrity. Perhaps Robert Lincoln is the 'son of his mother.' However, let him be nominated as Vice-President. The opportunity may serve to demonstrate his unfitness for the Presidential position; and as the Americans are a fool people, they may realize his unfitness, and arrest him at the half-way house of his upward career." We appreciate somewhat the truth of these philosophical reflections, but are not called upon to give them any further endorsement than to admit that we have seen no such indications of greatness upon the part of the present Secretary of War as to justify us in regarding him as the son of his illustrious and most god-like father. Our Senator Miller, as is natural to State pride, has some votes for Vice-President; and, if Lincoln were out of the way, there would be a geographical propriety in the Republican party stretching its legs across the continent like a huge leviathan, one foot amid the nodding pines of Maine, another planted on the pine-crested summits of the Sierra. It is easier to be poetical than political. Our own choice is: For President, James G. Blaine; for Vice-President, Elihu B. Washburne.

---

The following table will give the Presidential preferences of the many correspondents who have answered the *Argonaut's* request:

| | *California.* | *Oregon.* | *Nevada.* | *Territories.* | *Totals.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **FOR PRESIDENT.** | | | | | |
| James G. Blaine..... | 1,802 | 254 | 390 | 71 | 2,517 |
| C. A. Arthur. ..... | 15 | 3 | 24 | .... | 42 |
| Geo. F. Edmunds... | 7 | 4 | 55 | .... | 66 |
| U. S. Grant..... | 3 | .... | .... | .... | 3 |
| John Logan..... | 12 | 10 | 6 | .... | 28 |
| R. Conkling..... | 6 | .... | .... | .... | 6 |
| R. H. McDonald.... | 13 | .... | .... | .... | 13 |
| **FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.** | | | | | |
| R. T. Lincoln ..... | 1,604 | 190 | 261 | 65 | 2,120 |
| E. B. Washburne... | 201 | 13 | 33 | .... | 247 |
| J. C. Logan.... .... | 33 | 7 | 21 | .... | 61 |
| John F. Miller..... | 132 | 10 | 2 | .... | 144 |

Following are the various places from which we received the letters upon which the foregoing table is based:

CALIFORNIA.

Arcata,
Alameda,
Auburn,
Aptos,
Bakersfield,
Benicia,
Bridgeport,
Biggs's Station,
Booneville,
Cloverdale,
Castroville,
Crescent City,
Carmel Valley,
Colfax,
Chico,
Colusa,
Dixon,
Downieville.
Eureka,
East Oakland,
Fresno,
Firebaugh,
Gilroy,
Gertrude,
Grass Valley,
Hydesville,
Havilah,
Hueneme,
Healdsburg,
Haywards,
Jackson,
Los Alamos,
Little River,
Los Angeles,
Lakeport,
Merced,
Marysville,
Mono,
Mark West,
Middleton,
Nevada City,
Napa City,
Oakland,
Oroville,
Petaluma,
Placerville,
Pine Grove,
Red Bluff,
Redwood City,
Rutherford,
Sacramento,
San Diego,
Santa Barbara,
Santa Rosa,
Siskiyou,
St. John,
Santa Cruz,
San Rafael,
San José,
San Pablo,
Sebastopol,
Salinas City,
Stockton,
San Buenaventura,
San Antonio,
San Francisco,
San Bernardino,
Tomales,
Ukiah,
Vallejo,
Visalia,
Weaverville,
Wheatland,
Woodland,
Westport,
Weldon,
Watsonville,
West Oakland,
Willows,
Yreka,
Yuba City,
Yountville.

ARIZONA.

Mojave City,
Phœnix,
Prescott,
Quijotoa,
Tucson,
Tombstone,
Yuma.

OREGON.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Albany, | Cascade Locks, | McMinnville, |
| Baker City, | Dalles City, | North Yamhill, |
| Butteville, | Empire City, | Portland, |
| Canby, | Forest Grove, | Roseburg, |
| Centreville, | Huntington, | Salem, |
| Corvallis, | Independence, | Tillamook. |
| Cross Hollows, | Jacksonville, | |

NEVADA.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Aurora, | Empire City, | Reno, |
| Austin, | Eureka, | Silver City, |
| Belmont, | Fort Halleck, | Tuscarora, |
| Carson City, | Gold Hill, | Virginia City, |
| Cherry Creek, | Hamilton, | Winnemucca, |
| Carlin, | Mineral Hill, | Wadsworth, |
| Elko, | Palisade, | Washoe City. |

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Cottonwood, | Puyallup, | Steilacoom City, |
| Dayton, | South Bend, | Tumwater, |
| New Tacoma, | Seattle, | Walla Walla, |
| Olympia, | Snohomish, | Wallula, |
| Port Townsend, | Spokane Falls, | Whatcom. |
| Prairie City, | | |

UTAH.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Beaver, | Cedar City, | Ogden, |
| Corinne, | Gunnison, | Salt Lake City. |

We have also received letters from Colorado, New Mexico, Idaho, and Montana, but considering them to belong to the Rocky Mountain group rather than to the Pacific Coast, we have not inserted them in the table. For the same reason a number of letters received from Eastern subscribers to the *Argonaut* do not figure there.

We hope the *Chronicle* of Thursday does not correctly represent Mr. ex-Justice Cope, in his remarks before the House Committee of the Judiciary, concluding as follows: "The Judge added that he was not a railroad attorney, "and that he was an anti-monopolist—'one of the boys' "in fact." As good men and better lawyers than Judge Cope hold retainers from railroad companies. Ex-judges of lesser dignity would not admit themselves as "one of the boys." If true, the fact is not creditable. If not true, it was a piece of facetious demagogism altogether unworthy of one who has occupied so honorable a place as Justice of our Supreme Court. It is a bad sign when gentlemen feel compelled to apologize for being gentlemen, and, in order to conciliate the favor of the rowdy element, to claim companionship with it.

### Mr. Heathcote Heard From.

[Last week we stated we could give no further space to the English-American society controversy. Mr. Heathcote, however, claims the right—with some justice—of closing. For this and other reasons stated in the opening of his letter, we accord him that right.—EDS.]

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Although you say you will not promise to publish any more communications to you on the subject which Mr. Gower's letter has set going, I think I may claim the right of a short reply to "Brakespeare's" remarkable fustian, not only because having assisted in opening the discussion I am entitled to close it, but more particularly as "Brakespeare" has thought proper to make a personal attack upon myself. Now, I don't know who "Brakespeare" is, but that he is not a very knightly person is very evident. No knight fit "to lift lance in behalf of his countrywomen" would publicly calumniate and vilify ladies behind the shield of a *nom de plume*. At all events, no *English* knight would. Now, then, weeded of all his inflated bombast and vaporing, what does this blustering knight really *say?* Does he point to one American lady by name who has made a grand alliance in England, or who goes with the best society there? No. Yet that was the burden, and that only, of Mr. Gower's letter. Instead of doing so, he brings a lot of wholesale accusations against Englishmen and women he has met while "an itinerant" in Europe. In answer to some of them let me remark that the Duchess of Manchester is a *French woman*, Lady Lonsdale is—well, I admit, she is a very bad egg. But one swallow does not make a summer. The "neighbor's wife" with whom Lord Shrewsbury eloped does not, and never did, belong to the "topmost plane" of English society. She was a Mrs. Mundy, and, as her maiden name was Morewood, a name about as unaristocratic as Smith, Jones, or Taylor, her mother's "circus" in "licking Lord S. with her parasol" can't be laid at its doors. As for the party with whom "Brakespeare" went to Ascot, I dare say it is possible they may have been all bad characters (bar "Brakespeare," of course); but if so, why did he go with them? I might now requote for his benefit, *chacun à son gout*. "Brakespeare" says, "our Presidents and statesmen have been singularly pure in their private lives." Yes? How about Aaron Burr, once Vice-President of the United States. His "pure and moral" life, as evidenced by his many seductions, is, I believe, historical. The private lives of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, I have been told, were "singularly *im*pure," so far as the "enjoyment of the fleshly delights of the forbiden half world" were concerned..... To be more recent, what does "Brakespeare" think of Senator Conkling and Mrs. Sprague? "Brakespeare" says he saw a young swell "pull up the leg of his trousers and tie his drawers-strings in a drawing-room, never heeding that several ladies of rank looked on." The absurdity of this charge is simply laughable. Men's drawers tied at the ankles are utterly unknown in England. They are peculiarly an American style of garment. In all England you couldn't buy a pair, and I am sure no Englishman ever wears them. The "swell" referred to must have been an Amerieaan aping us, or, what is more likely, his bootlace had got loosened. Was there any more harm in his tying that than in buttoning his glove? "Brakespeare" is so squeamish I sometimes almost fancy he must be a woman, and an old maid at that. He says I am devoid of a title. How does he know that? Englishmen of title are not in the habit of signing their names with their titles attached, though I believe it is an American custom. And now, in conclusion, let me ask where does the redoubtable "Brakespeare" get his great knowledge of England and the English? If he speaks from experience, from his own showing he didn't at all reach the "topmost plane," but must have fallen in with a very bad lot—acquaintances made at *table d'hôte* most likely. But however that may be, his requital of hospitalities received seems to have taken a rather "questionable shape" for a man who no doubt considers himself a gentleman. I should strongly advise "Brakespeare" to break his own lance across his knees unless he be willing to tilt with a lowered shield and lifted visor.

I am, faithfully yours,

SAN RAFAEL, April 6th. C. V. B. HEATHCOTE.

The last number of *Anglia* contains an appreciative review of Garnett's translation of "Beowulf," from the pen of Professor Schipper, of Vienna. America is awarded the praise of having produced the most exact translation yet given of this difficult Anglo-Saxon poem.

## THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

"Flaneur" describes the Motley Crowd at his Reception in New York.

The white elephant is not white, but he is symmetrical, well rounded, gentle, and smooth. There is about him an air of innate refinement that irresistibly reminds one of a high-bred girl. His toe-nails are white. I don't know whether this carries out the resemblance to a high-bred girl or not, but it certainly adds to the extrinsic beauty of the elephant. He is worth seeing, principally on account of the superb picture which the Turkish hangings, the burnished idols, and the beautifully dressed Burmese make for him. Any one who encountered the white elephant abroad, unattended and unadorned, would not suspect that he was anything but an ordinary elephant suffering from nettle-rash.

As he stands, however, in the Madison Square Garden, he is impressive and spectacularly great. The platform is strewn with richly colored rugs of every variety, the walls are hung in costly tapestries, and golden ornaments of all kinds are scattered about. The elephant stands in the midst of these objects of beauty in calm and holy contentment. Crouched about his legs are fantastically draped and bronzed-looking worshipers, playing on tom-toms, cymbals, and pipes, and singing happily. An elephant on a costly rug has never been seen before in New York. This elephant is not the big-boned, awkward, and restless elephant of the ordinary circus, but is a fat, chunky fellow, without wrinkles, with a tail that touches the ground, and with an eye that is large, soft, and serene. He is never unquiet. He seems to realize that he was made to be worshiped, and he stands calmly, like a statue, with only the movement of his graceful trunk and his eyes to show that he is alive.

He is the only elephant I ever saw who looked intelligent. The effect of having an elephant turn his huge head and gaze at you is more or less novel. The white elephant has a pair of superb tusks, as white as snow, and ornamented with heavy gold bracelets. He eats oats from a magnificent gold salver, held in the laps of two richly costumed Burmese children, who sit cross-legged in front of him for hours. While he is not at all white, he is much lighter than any other elephant that has ever come to America. In a herd of ordinary elephants he would look almost white. He is about the color of the ash of a good cigar, except where he is tinted with pink. Over his back, his head, ears, trunk, and forelegs there is a pinkish tinge, as though some one had spilled a bucket of paint over him. It is a delicate pink, and harmonizes with the neutral color of his body. Even his mouth is pink, and the color runs down his forelegs and around the back of his ears. The ears, by the way, are uncommonly large, and as thin as writing paper at the edges. He fans himself with them gently at intervals.

There is no such thing as a white elephant; that is, an elephant which is of pure white color all over. This elephant is sacred simply because it possesses all the characteristics which the Pagans worship in their idol elephant. When an elephant is found that has a round forehead, convex fore legs, thin ears, large brown eyes with a golden iris, white nails, five on each foot—vulgar elephants have but three—long tail with a tuft at the end, and is in addition of a drab color, he is at once idolized. This is because there are only a dozen or two elephants who combine all these characteristics of beauty now in captivity. Barnum's sacred elephant gives one the impression of having passed a luxurious life, and he is evidently familiar with adulation. I went on the platform to have a close look at him, and found him as gentle as a lamb. His skin is soft and smooth, whereas in an ordinary elephant it is as rough as a frozen door-mat. I went close to him, and he leaned his head down as a horse would to be petted. If you rub his forehead and pat him back of the ears, he will stand with lowered head and the same sleepy expression as a purring cat evinces when you stroke its head. One is not allowed to feed the sacred elephant peanuts, rock-candy, or saleratus biscuit. Such food would be a profanation to one who is popularly supposed to have passed the major part of his existence in feeding on bread and milk and honey.

I have seldom seen a more curious crowd than that which was collected at the first view of the sacred elephant yesterday morning. Barnum issued tickets to newspaper men, physicians, clergymen, club-men, rounders, saloon-keepers, society ladies, and actresses. They crowded there in droves. Everybody seemed to know his neighbor, and the crowd gossiped about the later arrivals as they came in from the street. The greatest interest was excited by the Marquis de Leuville and Mrs. Leslie when they came in, about eleven o'clock. The marquis wore corsets —I have forgotten the masculine name for this article of apparel—high-heeled boots, and a straight brimmed beaver hat. He looked uncommonly greasy as far as his face was concerned, though his linen was elaborately displayed, and of its customary whiteness. He wore a profusion of gold chains, to the ends of which were attached watches, lockets, eye-glasses, and things. Several rings glittered on his white and womanish hands, the nails of which were long, claw-like, and about the same color as the elephant's ears.

He smiled fondly and affectionately upon Mrs. Leslie, and looked neither to the right nor left. He was a model of affection, and seemed to appreciate the fact that he had struck a good thing. Mrs. Leslie looked buoyant, young, and charming. She had on a magnificent costume of brocaded velvet, with a mantle trimmed with marabout feathers—I can't gamble on the correctness of this, but it came from one who ought to know.

The foregoing elaborate description of Mrs. Leslie's costume recalls to mind a reporter on the *World*, named E. B. Fanning, whom I once knew. It has often been said that it was impossible for men to understand the intricacies and technical points of a woman's costume. Fanning made up his mind, when he became a police reporter on the *World*, that he would make a study of the costume business, and make himself the best society reporter in New York. He is a big man, with a prodigious mustache and an overbearing manner, but he has lots of push and enterprise. His history is rather peculiar. He began life in Australia, drifted thence to Canada, was a strolling actor, and eventually became a dancing-master.

In the course of time he was popular and successful, and when the Marquis of Lorne and his royal wife were appointed to the Dominion of Canada, a number of the citizens of Montreal sent Fanning abroad with letters to the Lord Chamberlain and different people in England, for the purpose of studying the court customs, so that he could return and teach the Canadians how to receive the Queen's daughter. At least this is the story Fanning tells in a book he issued three years ago. He went to London and became such a prodigious nuisance that he was sent back to Canada at once. When he got there he ruled the whole Dominion for a week, and then fled to the United States. One would imagine that he would have caught a berth in the *Herald* office, once described by Ballard Smith as the Botany Bay of journalism.

Somehow or other, Fanning escaped the *Herald* and went to the *World*. He devoted himself night and day to his great problem of working up his dress-reporting theory, until he became so expert that he would walk up Broadway with his boon companions, and describe every costume as they came along. It took him some months to get this well worked up. Then he went to the city editor of the *World* and asked for an assignment for some society event. He was sent up to report a ball. He returned at eleven o'clock and wrote a column and a half of the most minute descriptions of the dresses of the lady guests. The next morning he picked up the paper, found a brief five-line announcement of the ball, with a list of the principal guests annexed. Not a costume was to be found in the paper. He hurried down to the office, and indignantly asked the city editor for an explanation.

"We don't really need any such reporting as that," said the city editor, calmly. "We never print costumes unless they are worn by five or six well-known women at a ball or reception which attract universal attention. In that case we sometimes print half a dozen costumes."

"In that case," said the reporter, "you will certainly want my services."

"Oh, no."

"Why not?"

"Because the ladies invariably send us minute descriptions of their costumes themselves."

Fanning is still doing police work on the *World*.

Edward Stokes came in immediately after the Marquis de Leuville and Mrs. Leslie. The white-haired, erect, and handsome proprietor of the Hoffman House was gazed at admiringly by the women. It is seldom that the murderer of Colonel Jim Fiske ventures into a throng of this sort, as he is always afraid of being insulted by some enthusiastic friend of the good-hearted old colonel. Dr. William A. Hammond grasped Stokes's hand cordially, and the two men went forward and chatted about the elephant. Then they walked along side by side through the crowd, the women parting on either side and gazing curiously at Stokes. He is certainly a remarkably handsome man, and he has a distinguished and rather aristocratic carriage. He is worth a million of dollars.

Henry Irving reappeared here Monday night in "Much Ado About Nothing." Ellen Terry captivated the town, and Mr. Irving presented the most perfect stage performance of a Shakesperean comedy that has ever been given in America. Everybody is enthusiastic over the performance, and it seems superfluous to write any more about it after the colums of lavish criticism that have appeared in the daily papers. When one has said that there is absolutely nothing to desire in the way of improvement in the company, in the stage setting, and in the business of the play, what remains to be added? The performance gives one a sense of sustained and thorough enjoyment to the end.

Ellen Terry is the most fascinating, volatile, capricious, playful, and lovable Beatrice imaginable, and Irving is as much fun as a goat. He wears a chin-whisker which looks like an abbreviated section of a hotel broom, has a pair of meagre and romantic yellow moustachios, banged hair, and an imitation cork arm. It looks like a cork arm, and it seems as though it were made of joints worked internally by a system of hidden wires, by the tragedian's left foot. Every time he stamps his foot the arm goes through a series of spasmodic and gyratory motions, which seem to have nothing in common with the rest of his anatomy. He talks alternately in the top of his head and the pit of his stomach, but he smiles agreeably, and seems to realize that he is not an Adonis. His performance is in some respects grotesque, but is always clever. The very strangeness of the thing captivates one.

It was a sad thing, on Monday night, to observe the ignorance of the army of old rounders and first-nighters who were ranged around the auditorium. In the magnificent church scene, in the third act, urns of incense burned upon the altar. When the curtain was raised, and the incense floated over the auditorium, about thirty-three per cent. of the first-nighters asked, excitedly, of their neighbors:

"What the deuce is that? Fire?"

"No. Incense."

"What's incense?"

With this I close. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, April 2, 1884.

"For the last five or six years," observed a distinguished American architect to a writer in *Harper's Weekly*, "I have been occupied almost exclusively with public buildings. I could count on the fingers of my right hand the private houses I have erected. My temper in consequence has become comparatively sweet, for nothing is so trying to an artist's soul as to be subjected to the æsthetic whims of charming women who desire his professional service." These remarks will apply pertinently to the case of a large mansion now in course of construction in this city.

Teacher—"What happens when a light falls into the water at an angle of forty-five degrees?" Pupil—"It goes out."

## LICENTIOUS LORDS.

"Cockaigne" discusses the Wantons and Profligates of England.

The two great scandals of the hour, involving as they do the names and honor of two noblemen, and which at present occupy almost exclusively the "West end" and the "fashionable club" portions of the public mind—viz., the breach of promise suit against Viscount Garmoyle, eldest son of Earl Cairns, and the marital troubles of the Earl of Euston, eldest son of the Duke of Grafton—call up into one's recollection several previous noble recreants, and make one, in contemplating the array of titled backsliders, *nolens volens* regard the saying of *noblesse oblige* as a farcical axiom, as meaningless as any to be found among the many senseless foreign aphorisms with which the English language is becoming every day more burdened.

*Noblesse oblige* had a meaning once, I dare say, but it doesn't seem to have one any longer. The only thing which nobility appears to *oblige* nowadays is that its possessors be blackguards. Certainly, in the estimation of all proper minded people who are not dazzled by titles, such are both Viscount Garmoyle and the Earl of Euston. *Noblesse oblige* in its old acceptation doesn't apply to them. One makes love to a poor, pretty, and virtuous actress, promises to marry her, compels her to leave the stage, advertises himself as a man who will marry the woman he loves, whatever her caste and no matter what his family may say, and then suddenly breaks off the engagement, refuses to marry the girl, and gives no apology, explanation, or reparation, simply because—as he says—the Duke of Richmond told him his wife could never be received at court! The other for years has been married to and cohabiting with a notorious courtesan, whom, upon his coming into a title and the possession of a fortune, he seeks to discard by a trumped-up charge that she had been previously married to another man.

As I say, they are but two more to add to the already long list of noble black sheep, both male and female, who, in the memory of the present generation, have made for themselves reputations for the possession of traits and ways painfully incompatible with the "nobility" their titles are supposed to confer upon them. A short résumé of the most noted ones would seem to be in point at this stage of the proceedings. First and foremost, there is the Duke of Marlborough. His career as a seducer of women—ranging in the social scale from servant-maids to countesses—as an unblushing adulterer, unprincipled scoundrel, and cowardly wife-beater, is too well known and fresh in the minds of everybody to need recapitulation from me.

Next we have the Marquis of Waterford, Lord Charles Beresford's eldest brother. He began life as the Earl of Tyrone by seducing the wife of Captain Vivian, M. P. A divorce followed, with the earl as co-respondent, and, on its being obtained, he married the erring woman. The Earl of Shrewsbury is another youthful libertine. When but eighteen, he seduced the wife of Mr. Mundy, a woman exactly double his age and quite old enough to be his mother, but of strangely fascinating powers for young men, it is said. After the regulation divorce, during the proceedings of which he openly continued the *liaison*, he, two years ago, married the partner of his sin, and there have already been two children—one, a son and heir to the oldest earldom in England—born in wedlock to the ill-assorted couple.

The Duke of Hamilton one seldom hears of now, except as a seller at auction of family heirlooms, priceless to a "nobleman," to enable him to continue an already long and disastrous career on the turf. The duke is perhaps better known in Paris than in London. In the former capital he has long been regarded as a disgusting profligate and libidinous brute, whose sensual habits are as oriental in their peculiarities as they are degrading in their bestiality. He is married to a daughter of the Duke of Manchester, a girl who sold herself to become duchess. She is a sister of Viscount Mandeville, and it is a curious fact, which may throw some light on the alliance, that both she and the duke have French mothers.

The Hon. Walter Harbord, Lord Suffield's brother—I note them just as I recall them—we will consider next. A major in the Seventh Hussars, one of the swellest light cavalry corps in the army, he a few years ago was the friend and pal of the Prince of Wales, a bright and shining light in Belgravian society, and an authority in the best clubs. He was a great écarté player, and on one occasion had such a marvelous run of luck in the holding of winning cards that suspicion was aroused, and he was watched. Result, several kings, etc., were found concealed under his chair and in his sleeves. It is needless to say he was cashiered from the army—losing his commission money, some five thousand pounds—turned out of his clubs, and dropped by everybody. He therefore found it necessary to flee to a more congenial sphere, and he did so, leaving many unpaid debts, the partner of his clandestine flight being no less a person than the sister of the Earl of Euston, but who at the time was only Miss Fitzroy. He now resides abroad at Homburg or Monaco, or some such place as that.

The Earl of Stamford, the head of one of the most ancient houses in England's peerage, while an under-graduate at Cambridge, distinguished himself by marrying a common woman-of-the-town named Elizabeth Billige, and subsequently another courtesan named Ann Cocks, by neither of whom he has had children, fortunately for the future "strain." Earl Ponlett is another noble specimen of similar proclivities. When one-and-twenty he married "Elizabeth Newman," and subsequently "Emma Johnson," his eldest son and heir being born six months after the first marriage. This son is Viscount Hinton, who, in turn, demonstrated his strain and the beauty of the law which legitimated him, by going on the stage as a professional pantomime clown under the name of "Mr. Cosman," and marrying a ballet-dancer named Ann Shippy, who has already presented him with an heir to titles which date from 1627.

The Earl of Orford, when Lord Walpole, distinguished himself by seducing the Countess of Lincoln (whose husband subsequently became Duke of Newcastle), a high-stepping beauty, and daughter of the tenth Duke of Hamilton, the fruit of the *liaison* being a son whom Lord Lincoln refused to father. A divorce followed this little affair also, but Lord Orford declined to marry the woman who had sacrificed so much for him. He however took the boy under his protection, and the young man now passes as "Mr. Walpole" quite satisfactorily to people who don't know that an earl's son should be an "Honorable." Lady Lincoln ended by marrying the tutor of her other sons (a German named Opdebeck), and went abroad with him.

The Duke of Beaufort is, in his way, about as sorry an illustration of *noblesse oblige* as you could find in the whole peerage. A sensual profligate, roué, and rake, no lady would ever dare to be seen speaking to him, much less receive any attention from him whatever. The protector of the pretty Gaiety actress, Connie Gilchrist, since she was thirteen! His female friends consist of women whose names are unknown in even respectable, let alone high society, and his four-in-hand coach at races is always covered by "ladies" of questionable character only. In short, it would stamp a woman directly to have the Duke civil to her in any way. This is a shocking state of things for a man of sixty, whose dukedom dates from 1682, and whose "nobility" on baronial creation goes back to 1308.

The Marquis of Hartington, the Secretary of War in Gladstone's Cabinet, is one of the most outrageously immoral men in London. It would indeed be hard to say how many "villas" in St. Johns Wood he does not keep up, or for how many slips of the feet of titled dames and demoiselles he has not been directly answerable. The Marquis of Huntley has been up in a police court for obtaining money under false pretenses, and for absconding abroad in order to defraud his creditors. Two nice charges against a *nobleman*, truly! Then, the Earl of Aylesford is a debauchee and bare-faced cuckold, his wife having for years under his nose been the mistress of the Marquis of Blandford; while Viscount Mandeville is as confirmed a drunkard as any to be found frequenting the lowest gin palaces. The two latter noblemen have adopted, it appears, the United States as their future residence. I don't think the United States is to be congratulated upon the acquisition. The Earl of Gosford was a short time ago summoned by a cab-driver, and made to pay not only the paltry fare of five shillings, which he had refused, but the costs of the proceedings, and Viscount Cole acted the part of a poltroon with Lady Mordaunt, and had to perjure himself to get clear of responsibility. These are all I can remember just now, but they will suffice.

So much for the men, for I have reversed the rule of *places aux dames*, and will now mention a few of the fair members of the nobility who are decidedly frail also. Of course I do not speak of ladies who have become titled only by their marriage with noblemen, but who have been born so, else I should have to include the Countess of Aylesford, a notorious woman, and the Countess of Egmont, whose reputation as Miss Lucy King an earl's coronet has hardly yet been able to make people forget.

The daughters of the Earl of Fife—the Ladies Duff—are the sort I refer to. The earldom of Fife comes direct from the Macduff immortalized by Shakespeare; yet what are the careers of these daughters of the house? All of them great beauties, they are as unchaste as they are beautiful. The earl's eldest daughter, Lady Ann Duff, married Marquis Townshend, and was soon afterward seduced by Lord Ernest Bruce, the marquis giving the affair publicity, and taking his satisfaction by waylaying Lord Ernest with two friends at night, and giving him a beating! Lady Ida Duff married Adrian Hope, Esq., and in due time was seduced by several men of title, only one of whom—Lord William Somerset—was made co-respondent in the divorce suit which followed. A third sister, Lady Agnes Duff, a woman, if possible, more beautiful than the others, married Viscount Dupplin, the man who wanted to marry Miss Vanderbilt of New York, and, true to her family instincts, was shortly after seduced by Mr. Flower, with whom she eloped from Epsom Downs, during the Derby day. The regulation divorce followed, and she married Flower.

Then, there is Lady Mary Craven, daughter of the Earl of Hardwicke, a mistress of the Prince of Wales while he was but a boy. She resembles Mrs. Mundy in her power of charming men much younger than herself. Long since separated from her husband, the Prince of Wales's great friend and associate, she has been the *chère amie* of more youthful heirs to titles than I could name. She is forty-seven, an age at which most women have quieted down and lost their attractiveness to men; but she still retains her peculiar powers of fascination to an undiminished degree.

The Earl of Dudley, though one of the ugliest men in England, is a sensualist of the most depraved sort, as people well know. His wife, Lady Dudley, the great beauty, was hissed by the crowd when she made her first appearance in public with him, after the honeymoon, the contrast was so marked between the two. They are called "Beauty and the Beast." There are one or two instances more on the part of men, which slipped my memory when I closed their side of the account, and which let us add to the list. The Earl of Cardigan, the leader of the famous charge of the Light Brigade, distinguished himself in early life by seducing the wife of a Mr. Johnson, whom, after divorce, he married; and the Earl of Clare (a title now extinct) seduced his countess before marriage, and while she was the wife of a Mr. Moore, the offspring being a daughter, who is now the wife of the present Earl of Kimberley, the Secretary for the Colonies. The earl's eldest son and heir, Lord Wodehouse, it may be here observed, is a low-minded spendthrift, his eagerness to obtain money to supply his inane squanderings having led him into the commission of forgery on several occasions—little derelictions which his father's influence has always been able to hush up. Though a married man, he lives in seclusion, his allowance from his father being paid to him in weekly sums of twenty pounds, it not being considered proper to trust him with a larger sum at one time.

LONDON, March 18, 1884. COCKAIGNE.

"A Cursory History of Swearing" is the title of a queer monograph which has just appeared in London.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Our Mabel," is a turgid Sunday-school story, by Mrs. E. R. Mason. Published by Cushing, Thomas & Co., Chicago; price, $1.

"La Joie de Vivre," Zola's latest novel, has just been translated into English. It is the story of a young girl's struggles in the world. Published by T. B. Peterson and Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co; price, 75 cents.

An attractive weekly paper has just been started in New York by Leander Richardson and C. A. Byrne, entitled *The Journalist*. It contains everything like'y to interest newspaper men, besides offering much that will strike the attention of the general reader.

A new edition of "Ik Marvel's" works, "Doctor Johns," which many will remember as the story of a Connecticut minister, and "Bound Together," being a collection of delightful essays on men and things, is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"Doctor Barringford's School" is a charming little story for children, by Henry Ogden. The scene is laid in England in the last century, and the book is dedicated to the children of Professor Jevons. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

"A Hand-book of Sanitary Information" consists of suggestions for householders concerning ventilation, drainage, disease, food and water, plumbers, etc. It is issued in the same style and binding as "The Health Primers." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

"Politics" is a volume written by two Californians, the Hon. W. W. Crane and Professor Bernard Moses, Ph. D., who holds the chair of History and Political Economy at the University. It is an introduction to the study of Comparative Constitutional Law. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

Announcements: Miss Alexander, the American lady whose drawings are so much admired by Mr. Ruskin, has prepared for immediate publication a volume of poems illustrated by herself. The book will be called "Roadside Songs of Tuscany."——Dr. George MacDonald has added an essay and various critical notes to the dreary mass of comment on "Hamlet." These will be published with the Longman's edition of the first folio. He is also preparing for publication a second series of "Unspoken Sermons."——The poetry of Wordsworth and Byron will be discussed by Mr. Swinburne in the April number of the *Nineteenth Century*.——Sir Julius Benedict is preparing a history of English music during the first half of this century.

The eighth number of the *Art Age* has been issued—the third issue of this year. Besides a beautiful example of pen and ink portrait work reproduced by photo-engraving and given as an extra supplement, it is illustrated with a print in red and black of the Mediæval Carol Cards that have just been issued as an Easter novelty. In the "Notes on Practice" the process of manufacture is carefully explained in detail. In the contents are five or more columns of "Notes, Queries, and Answers," giving useful information about new books, styles of type, edge gilding and marbling, rare editions, and the like. The Grolier Club, just formed, is described at length, and both a biography and bibliography of this famous bookbinder, man of letters, and political dignitary is added. From the Russian an article is given regarding Ivan Federoff, first Russian printer, whose three hundredth birthday was celebrated recently. Published by Arthur B. Turnure, 132 Nassau Street, New York.

A New York paper says: Some months ago a lady went into the office of Macmillan & Co., on Fourth Avenue, with the manuscript of a novel. There was nothing very remarkable in this, as they have an average of ten manuscript novels a day offered them. A glance at the manuscript was enough to satisfy them that it was worth examination, and the lady was asked to leave it and call at a certain time for an answer. The regular reader employed by the firm to examine manuscript pronounced it extraordinarily good, and it was sent to their London house for examination. Their London reader sent back word that it was the best novel that had come under his observation for many a year. At the appointed time the lady called again at the New York house, and was informed that they would accept the manuscript. She said: "Who is your lawyer?" and upon the address being given, said: "Transact all further business with him." She went to his office, left her instructions, and when a member of the firm called upon him and asked for the price, he was told that it was two thousand dollars. They gave him a check for that sum—the largest amount they had ever paid for manuscript by an unknown author—and put the manuscript into the hands of the printer. The book will be out immediately. The lady concealed her identity from all but the lawyer, and it is known now to but two persons.

Miscellany: The Poet Laureate has thus snubbed a person who sent him a notice of his lordship's self: "Lord Tennyson is much obliged to Mr. Henry Romeike for his inclosure, but such notices do not interest him; so he begs Mr. Romeike not to take the trouble of sending him any more."——The *Gamla Och Nya Hemlandet*, a Swedish journal of large circulation, published in Chicago, began the serial publication of "The Bread-Winners" without consulting the author or the owners of the copyright. A suit which was promptly instituted in the United States Court, by the publishers, Messrs. Harper & Brothers, was decided yesterday adversely to the Swedish publishers, compelling them to respect the author's copyright in the story and pay for their use of it in their journal.——Thackeray is said to have pictured in Mrs. Hobson Newcome and her drawing-room the drawing-room and the personality of Mrs. Milner Gibson.——The advisability of knowing what one is writing about is illustrated by this remarkable paragraph in the London *Echo:* "A Boston paper says that one of the earliest poems of the authoress of 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' that beginning 'Philip, my king,' was addressed to Mr. Philip Bourke Marston. That would indeed be very singular, seeing that Philip Bourke Marston must have been a small boy when Mrs. Craik's earliest poems were written." As the poem happens to be addressed to a baby, the singularity is not so very singular. But it is rather curious that the complacent English critic should not have read one of the best-known poems in his language.——Alphonse Daudet takes his notebook everywhere. Once, it is related, he had a sentimental and dramatic scene with his wife, concerning which he remarked: "This seems, my dear, like a chapter that had slipped out of a novel." "It is more likely, Alphonse," was the reply, "to form a chapter that will slip into a novel." Daudet is at work upon a novel to be called "The Ruptures." In this work he studies the delicate situation of a man who wishes to quit his mistress, and who has no reproach to make against her. The man is an artist already celebrated, who sees that the woman with whom he lives is, by her education, instincts, and birth, beneath him. He sees in the moral and social inferiority a danger for his art and his relations, and he suffers cruelly by it. How can he quit this woman with whom he has lived for a long while? All the development of the book is in the struggle which takes place between the man's conscience and ambition. As for the denouement, the author has not yet found it.

## VANITY FAIR.

A writer in the Chicago *Sanitary News* describes the "Moorish room" in Mr. J. H. Jewett's house, of that city. It is very luxurious, with its geometrical ceiling, broad divans, and Oriental carpets. The wall space on one side is filled by a genuine Cairo lattice window, brought here after a service of two hundred years in the picturesque Egyptian city. The latticed panels swing outward, and its spindles, circles, and squares are as perfect as they were two centuries ago. The cedar wood is dark with age, but still retains its delicate spicy fragrance.

"I'm a duster," said a young woman whom a New York reporter met in a private house up-town; "a professional duster. I'm not the only one. It's a regular profession, dusting is, nowadays. The parlors of the rich have grown to be so many museums of delicate and costly ornaments. To dust and arrange these collections every day would too severely tax the strength of the wealthy ladies. To set the servants at the work was found to be bad management, not because they were bungling and liable to smash the delicate fabrics, but because the servants have no time to spare from their other duties. Therefore the mistresses employ competent women to keep their parlors in order. The dusting business is an established industry, but it is confined to the metropolis, and almost entirely to the region of brown-stone fronts. All the dusters I know of are women who have seen better days; but, of course, it isn't every educated and refined woman who can make a good duster." "What are the requirements?" "She must be light-footed, quick, and strong in her wrists and arms. To visit a dozen houses in the forenoon before callers arrive, and dust and arrange things, is no child's play. A woman must fairly jump at her work. The remuneration? Well, a dollar or seventy-five cents a visit; sometimes more. At some houses, where the hostess entertains a good many guests the rooms are arranged every day. Orders are given to the duster to change the arrangement of the appointments every time they come. Then, again, a duster must know how to take hold of every sort of knick-knack, and how to move it safely. She must know just what sort of brush to use for every sort of dusting. The brush that will not break a filmy tissue of glass is useless on a piece of furniture, and would not reach the ceiling corners. She must have several brushes, and she must not be careless or slapdash for an instant."

Domino parties are fashionable entertainments in New York, the women, but not the men, wearing masks. At one entertainment a young man was flirting desperately with a domino, when, to his astonishment, the voice from behind the mask said: "Why, Bobby, where did you learn such frightful things?" The domino proved to be his mother.

It is an open secret, says a correspondent, that the fascinating Mr. William Henry Hurlbert, late of the *World*, is to become the husband of the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, the sportive peeress after whom Clay and Sims called their opera "The Merry Duchess." Her grace of Montrose was the wife, in second marriage, of Mr. Crawford, one of the most famous and successful owners of race-horses on the English turf. His noble consort was as well known in his stables as he was himself. She is an authority on the technicalities of training and racing, and thinks no ill in being familiar to a great extent with the tricks as well as the jargon of the betting-ring. She is an accomplished turfwoman in fact, and has made many a thousand pounds by her judgment in giving or taking odds. Nor is she lacking in the stouter and sturdier qualities which go with the sporting temperament. For, when our own distinguished compatriot, Mr. "Plunger" Walton, was more than suspected of using illegitimate means to further his ends at Epsom and New Market, it was her grace the Dowager Duchess of Montrose who publicly announced that, if he were ever caught *flagrante delictu* in his nefarious operations among jockeys and trainers, she would horsewhip him with her own well-born right hand. It must not be supposed, however, that the Duchess of Montrose is a vulgar, ill-bred hoyden. On the contrary, she is said to be one of the brightest and most intellectual women in England. Her jointure as dowager is a large one, and Mr. Crawford, her second husband, whose name, as she was the widow of a duke when she married him, she did not assume, left her quite a fortune. It is true that she is not so young as she used to be, but she is still a very charming and captivating woman. Mr. Hurlbert, whose intimacy with the nobility of Great Britain is scarcely less than that of Mr. Sam Ward, made the acquaintance of her grace while a guest at Dunrobin Castle, the beautiful seat of the Duke of Sutherland; for Mr. Hurlbert's fascinations of wit and person have secured for him in England a visiting list equal to that of no other plain American.

The length of the train of a dress worn on the occasion of a presentation at the English Court is from three and a half to four yards, and these are usually three widths of material, the petticoat also being trained.

According to those who are supposed to be best acquainted with Mrs. Langtry's intentions, says a New York journal, that lady will finally take up her residence in London as soon as she realizes an ample fortune on this side of the Atlantic. She is credited with picking up all sorts of choice and costly knick-knacks for her London house, which she has made up her mind shall be one of the wonders of the metropolis. Recently, in an old second-hand store up town, she saw a grand old set of French furniture of the First Empire period, a large couch, two arm-chairs, and ten smaller, *en suite*. The backs were of mahogany, which had been kept so well polished as to look like ebony, with gilt mounts of a very striking character. Mrs. Langtry became the purchaser, and the suit is to be covered with very old gold-colored French brocade and then forwarded to London.

A *fac-simile* of the diamond necklace of Lady Dudley, of England, has just been made for a woman of New York. There are forty-one blue-white old mine stones in it, the largest of which is four and a half carats, and the smallest one and a half carats. Its total weight is ninety-seven and a half carats. The diamonds are all of one lustre, and are beautifully matched. Pendent from the necklace is a five-pointed diamond star, which may also be worn as a lace-pin or a hair ornament. The necklace and star are worth more than twenty thousand dollars.

Says a writer in *Vanity Fair;* "I see that Lady John Manners, the wife of a prominent politician, has been startling London society by writing and publishing an article on the inexcusable prodigality of the rich. Judged by the sums they expend on their dress and food, it would appear that each member of the favored few must be as huge as a leviathan and as insatiable as an ostrich. The amount they consume and the rivers of wine they swallow are appalling, unless I conclude that it is quality, not quantity, which costs so much. The same idiotic extravagance is becoming a feature of American society, and yet it occasions surprise that the working classes are so dissatisfied with their condition. I am not surprised. As it can be shown that more is spent for useless luxury in a year than would be necessary to provide every poor family in the United States with the comforts of life, it seems natural that such senseless waste should embitter the thousands who find it difficult to procure a crust to stay their hunger, and a second-hand fig-leaf to hide their nakedness. Nor will it astonish me if such a 'vanity fair' as this becomes a howling 'Donnybrook.'" This is the veriest balderdash. The more extravagant are the rich, the more it inures to the profit of the poor. The young blood who flings his fortune right and left is of more use to the poor, through setting the money in motion, than was old Hunks, his father, who kept it securely tied.

The mourning for the Count of Chambord is at an end, says a Paris correspondent, but one poor *nouveau-riche* has suffered in the weakest part, her social relations, for neglecting to observe it to the last. While other ladies wore lilac and brown unpunished, this one appeared in a flame-colored toilet. Result: her husband was black-balled at the Jockey Club. It will take that family five years to recover the lost social ground.

The owners of stones for engagement rings are thus regarded in the great world which occupies itself with such small matters of taste and superstition: The diamond, of course, is good all the year around. If it is sufficiently pure it will warn the wearer of the treachery of his beloved object by breaking at the least blow of steel. The pearl is fashionable, and also preferred by ideal poetic lovers, but it has a frightful secret influence, impelling to treachery or death. The ruby, by its color or brilliancy, is the image of eternal flame, and is the best possible omen. The sapphire means tenderness and truth. In Poland the stones are chosen according to the month in which the engagement is made. The ruby for July, the pearl for May, the sapphire for January. For March the turquoise, which will turn green upon the inconstancy of the giver. The emerald, in June, is for fidelity, and Russians expect always to have one emerald among the wedding gifts from the husband, as it is the omen of certain happiness.

Gentlemen in Paris are not to be outdone by the be-diamonded women, for they now wear diamond studs in the necktie, where it goes around the throat, to keep it in place. A young American girl, who danced with a titled personage at the ball given by Mrs. Wilbur (the former president of Sorosis in New York), writes home that her partner actually blazed with these precious gems, and she supposes before long the dear creatures will be wearing necklaces and pendants, if not ear-rings, to enhance their charms.

The swell New Yorkers have ordered white satin waistcoats for the Easter Bachelors' Ball.

Our much-abused and laughed-at American dude appears, after all, says the New York *Sun*, to be a much more decent and inoffensive individual than his brother on the other side of the pond. Some time ago the Duke de Morny got up a performance, in which he appeared as a ballet girl, and more recently, at an amateur circus at Pau, a young man of society appeared as a bareback female rider in short tulle skirts, low-neck corsage, and all the head ornaments of a circus woman. All our dudes do is to make fools of themselves, and this they certainly have the privilege of doing.

Somebody remarks: The New York girl says "Mar-r!" with a jerk on the "r." The Philadelphia girl says "Mayar" through the nose. The St. Louis girl says "Ma-már"; the Boston girl says "Mur-mur"; the Baltimore beauty, "Mur-mur" and "Pur-pur." The little Canadian says "Pa-ah," "Ma-ah." The Alabama girl says "Paw" and "Maw." The Brooklyn girl says "Pah-pah" and "Mah-mah." The San Francisco girl says "Mom'-mer" or "Ma-már," according to neighborhood. The London girls say "Now, Po-pow-ah, you make me lowof!"

A new set of shirt-studs has a watch in the middle one. The dial is three eighths of an inch in diameter.

Mother Hubbard gowns, says the *American Queen*, for grown-up girls and women have gone entirely out of fashion. Miss Ellen Terry still affects them, but then every woman has not the figure, face, and taste of Ellen Terry. Miss Terry's gowns are really marvels of taste and beauty. She looks as much of a picture off the stage as on it. One of her morning gowns is made of white camel's-hair embroidered in gold, and looped in an inexplicably charming way over a skirt of yellow satin.

## EASTER SUNDAY.

Some Historical Facts Concerning its Origin and Growth.

The celebration of Easter in the United States is now an established practice. New England was the last section to adopt a festival upon which the settlers of Puritan Massachusetts looked with particular abhorrence. All this is changed, and in a general way the cities are setting the fashion to the country with such heartiness as to indicate that before long the festivities of Easter will invade every village and hamlet throughout the country. Some of the States, like Virginia and Louisiana, have always kept Easter after a fashion, and so have certain denominations, like the Catholics, the Anglicans, and the Lutherans. But fifty years ago these denominations were neither strong nor popular in this country, and the influence of Virginia and Louisiana upon the manners of the American people was not as great as it perhaps deserved to be. Where people now give Easter cards, it was once customary to give Easter eggs. These latter are used in this country, but far more in England. Easter eggs are still the fashion in Paris, where it is customary to imitate them in expensive materials, carefully wrought, while the Germans frequently combine the Easter eggs and the hare. In France it is not unusual to give away Easter eggs made of silver. French Easter eggs are chiefly red and gilt; in Germany yellow is preferred; and in some portions of rural England it is customary to ornament Easter eggs elaborately. Easter cards may be traced genealogically to Easter eggs, and these to the sacred records of ancient Persia. Easter flowers have no such antiquity. The love of flowers is modern, and the popular custom of placing bouquets in our churches is very recent. The English language, however, used the word "Easter-flowers" long before it was customary to place any of them in the churches on the day of the resurrection.

The term "Easter-flowers," or "pass-flowers"—the latter a corruption of "pasque-flowers"—was applied to the anemone and other flowers found about Easter-time. This term has not become popular in the United States, where the word "Easter-flowers" is applied chiefly to those sold at Easter time for use in churches. A few of our immigrants still cling to certain Easter superstitions. But these have no general interest, and are likely to die out. It is far more interesting to note that the American name for Easter is Saxon, although our Spanish, French, and Scandinavian citizens cling to the Semitic word, derived from the Aramaic "*pesach*," which means "to pass by," and has been translated into "passover." In England the Semitic term, amply explained in the book of Exodus, appears in words like "pass-flower," "pass-lamb," and "pace," "past," or "paste-eggs." Wyckliffe called the passover "fase," and a diary of the sixteenth century speaks of Peace and Zuill, where Easter and Yule, or Christmas, or meant. The Saxon word "Easter" is usually derived from "Ostara," the name of a goddess of spring, mentioned by the Venerable Bede. But this seems doubtful, especially when an eminent student of language is disposed to consider "Ostara" identical with the Latin word "*auster*." All nations, except the German and English, call Easter by its Semitic name, and so does Bishop Ulfilas, who translated the Bible for the Goths in the fourth century of our era. The English New Testament has retained the use of the pagan word, "Easter," in Acts xii., 4.

The early church made Easter the model for all Sunday observances, and in that way there arose many Sunday usages to which the Puritans, the Society of Friends, the Calvinists, and the Methodists objected quite properly. In the early church Sunday was a day of joy, worship, leisure, and social pleasure. The abuses of Sunday arose during the Middle Age, and it was to these that the reformed churches objected. The Easter joys of the Middle Age were often grotesque, and helped to bring on the Protestant Reformation. It was customary at one time to eat the Easter lamb in a Roman basilica, and during the Dark Ages it was common for the clergy to relate absurd Easter tales in the pulpit for the purpose of exciting the *risus Paschalis*, or Easter smiles of the broadest kind. The Russians still retain the Easter kiss. During the fifteenth century, some monks and clerics used to have regular games of ball in the church, and purely pagan traditions were appropriated, if not sanctified, by the church, to make the day impressive. The Easter dance of the sun, an optical illusion, was explained in a German pulpit as a miracle; water or dew gathered on Easter morning was pronounced a cosmetic; and both superstitions still survive in England, where the story of the Easter dance has led to the "three lifts." In imitation of the sun, supposed to rise on Easter morning in three leaps, the men in some English villages used to lift or heave the women on Easter Monday, and the women returned the compliment on Easter Tuesday, the victim being lifted three times, and then let off for a consideration.

The United States and Scotland are probably the only countries in which the celebration of Easter is confined to one day. In England and Ireland, Easter Monday is a holiday, and on the continent of Europe the following day is usually a popular holiday. From the seventh to the eleventh century the Easter festivities lasted until Wednesday; in the year 1094 the Council of Constance limited the Easter observances to three days. These prolonged celebrations again point to a Jewish precedent, and so do the tansy cakes mentioned by Pepys and later writers. Even the Easter tapers have been thought to be due to a Jewish precedent. But they are sufficiently explained by the gospel story of the resurrection, and the fact that the latter was celebrated before daybreak. In luxurious Constantinople these tapers were enlarged into pillars of wax. The German Easter fires, on the other hand, are clearly pagan, as they are always lighted on mountains or hill-tops, and tally well with the outlook which the Northern barbarians, according to Procopius, used to send out for discovering the first traces of the rising sun after the darkness of winter. The Easter hare of German folk-lore may be due to the unwillingness of the Germans to have passover-lambs, or, indeed, anything typically Jewish.—*April Lippincott's*.

## SOCIETY.

The past week has been a quiet one for society people, and a majority of those who have persistently broken the past Lenten season returned from their backsliding during this, the Holy Week. Next week, however, the round of pleasure will begin again, and innumerable weddings, receptions, and excursions are planned for ensuing weeks.

### The Pike-Wright Wedding.

Last Tuesday evening, at the residence of the bride's parents, 1615 Jackson Street, Miss Annie A. Wright, daughter of the architect, was united in marriage to Charles W. Pike, of this city. The wedding was a private one, only twenty or thirty guests being present. The rooms were beautifully decorated with smilax, Cherokee roses, hyacinths, and lilies. The marriage ceremony was performed in the bay-window, underneath a huge globe of white marguerites. Rev. Dr. Scott, of St. John's Presbyterian Church, officiated. The bride was clad in a robe of white silk, heavily corded at the bottom with satin. She wore a flowing white lace veil, which was fastened to her hair by real orange-flowers. Her sister, Miss Wright, was bridesmaid, dressed in white satin. The bridegroom had for his best man Mr. Jeff Martin. Two little girls, dressed in white tulle, attended the bride. About ten o'clock the guests were ushered into the dining-room, where refreshments were served. The young couple left for Monterey on Wednesday afternoon.

### An Excursion on the Bay.

Mr. Harry Lee, who came out here in support of Miss Sara Jewett, brought many letters of introduction from officers in New York to army men stationed here. On Thursday, Major Wilhelm, of Alcatraz, invited a large number of friends, together with Miss Sara Jewett and Mr. Lee, on an excursion around the bay in the *McPherson*. In the party were the Misses Holladay, Severance, Bradley, and others, and Messrs. Dargie, Hooker, Sheldon, Johnson, and a number of army officers. An elegant luncheon was partaken of in the cabin of the steamer, and the party returned late in the afternoon.

### A New Society.

A society has been formed, through the instrumentality of Madame Loyson, wife of Père Hyacinthe, for the purpose of establishing a newspaper in Paris devoted to the interests of education and charity. Mrs. Mark Hopkins is the president; Mrs. General Redington, vice-president; Miss Very, treasurer; and Miss Fay, corresponding secretary. A large number of ladies have joined the society, and subscriptions will be made periodically, until the journal becomes self-supporting.

### Events in the Future.

The wedding of Mr. William Belvin to Miss Rebecca McMullin will take place at the residence of Mrs. John McMullin, next Wednesday evening, at half-past eight. A reception will follow.

Next Monday evening Mr. Henry G. Hinckley, of Fruit Vale, will be united in marriage to Miss Mary, daughter of George Grayson, of Oakland. The ceremony will be performed at St. Paul's Church, Rev. Hobart Chetwood, the rector, officiating. Mr. Louis F. Monteagle will be Mr. Hinckley's best man.

Will Crocker is getting up a large party to go down to Monterey next Friday, and remain at the Hotel del Monte until the following Monday morning. Many invitations have been issued already, and the maidens are all in high expectation of a splendid time.

Miss Folger, daughter of J. A. Folger, will give a german next Wednesday evening, at their Oakland residence, on Jackson Street. There will be a reception from five to eight, and the cotillion will begin at nine o'clock.

The Griffiths will give a farewell reception and dancing party at their Rincon Hill residence on Thursday, previous to their going over to their country seat, at San Rafael.

A new lawn-tennis club has been formed in Oakland. The members have secured a fine lot near the Observatory, and there will be three tennis-fields. The first meeting will take place next Saturday, and numbers of San Franciscans, as well as Oaklanders, have already joined. Among the members are the Misses Hubbard, Tucker, Flint, Hunt, Shepard, Miller, Wilcox, Kirkham, Bray, Rabé, Holladay, Edmunds, Wilcox, and Dayton, and Messrs. Miller, Alexander, Pomeroy, Foulkes, Henry and William Crocker, Rabé, Peterson, Doty, Dargie, and others.

A new singing club has been started in Oakland, under the auspices of Mrs. Silas Gregory. It is very select, and candidates for admission have to pass a rigid examination before admission.

Next Monday night Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Boruck will celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding by a reception to their numerous friends at their residence, 2125 California Street.

Mr. George E. Raum, son-in-law of Mrs. R. B. Woodward, will give a banquet to a number of his friends this evening, at the Palace Hotel.

### The Summer Hegira.

President Reid, of the University, will summer with his wife and daughter at his country place in Yolo County.

Eugene Sherwood and Mrs. Sherwood, and the Misses Jessie and Rose Sherwood, leave for Europe the twentieth instant.

Robert Dickson and wife will shortly take up their residence at Piedmont for the summer.

Mrs. Alexander, of Oakland, and Miss Carr went up to Napa Saturday last, and will remain there during the summer.

Doctor Shorb will spend a portion of the summer at Bartlett Springs.

General Darr and family are in San Rafael, and will spend the summer there.

W. H. Porter, General Auditor of the Central Pacific Railroad, and wife, will leave for New York about the fifteenth of next month. They will sail for Europe on the seventh of June, and expect to be away there four or five months.

Major Winthrop and family will spend the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. N. G. Kittle, following the example of his brother, Mr. John G. Kittle, who lives in Ross Valley, has been negotiating for the purchase of a residence in San Rafael.

Henry C. Hyde and family have gone to San Rafael.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Hall McAllister has returned to Santa Rosa to resume work on the Colton trial. His health is greatly improved since his return from Los Angeles, where he has been spending a number of weeks at the large ranch of Dr. Shorb's brother, in company with Dr. Shorb himself.

Mrs. H. S. Hobart went to Monterey on Saturday, to remain a short time.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. Charles Crocker, and Mrs. Bourne have been spending a few days at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. H. B. McLellan, of Los Angeles, is visiting friends in San Francisco.

Mrs. Lucy Arnold, of Sacramento, has been at Monterey during the week.

Miss McAllister, of Benicia, has been visiting friends in the city since Monday last.

Miss Lilo McMullin returned home from her Eastern trip on Saturday last.

Mr. T. H. F. Robertson leaves for Mexico this week, to be absent some months.

Mrs. Judge Fawcett, of Santa Barbara, who has been spending the season in Washington and New York, has returned home.

Mr. L. L. Baker returned from his Sacramento visit last week.

Mrs. George M. Pullman, her daughter, Miss Florence, and her two sons, Masters George and Lareger, with Mrs. H. O. Stone and Mrs. A. J. Cakon, arrived on Monday evening from the East in the special car "Chicago."

Attorney-General Marshall returned from Sacramento the first of the week.

Mrs. ex-Governor Pacheco has returned from the East with her daughter, Miss Mabel, who, by the way, was quite a belle in Washington society during the past season. They are visiting Mrs. Pacheco's sister, Mrs. Wilson, in Oakland.

General John McCombe is staying at Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Boruck have returned from Monterey, where they have been staying a week.

Judge Lorenzo Sawyer left for Oregon on Tuesday, to be gone several months.

Hon. John Conness and son arrived in this city on Wednesday morning.

Hugh Tevis has returned from Babacomari, Mexico.

Chief-Justice Morrison will not attend the present session of the Supreme Court in Los Angeles, owing to ill-health. Justice McKee will take his place. Justices McKinstry, Thornton, Sharpstein, and Ross went down last week, while Judge Myrick arrived there on Monday afternoon.

Mr. Covington Johnson has gone to New York, whence he will return to Hermosillo, Mexico, where he is superintendent of a mine.

General and Mrs. P. Banning, of Los Angeles, are at the Palace.

Mrs. Shafter, mother of Mrs. Charles Webb Howard and Mrs. John Orr, has returned from New York, accompanied by her daughters, Miss Eva and Miss Bertha. She is at present visiting Mrs. Orr in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Phelps, who at present reside in New York, are contemplating a visit to this coast during the coming summer.

Miss Kate Shepard will return in June to her Oakland home from New York, where she has been spending the past season.

Hon. John S. Hager has been spending the past week at Sacramento.

Mr. W. P. Callingham returned last week from England, where he has been on a four months' visit to his home.

Mrs. J. F. Swift has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Glover, in Sacramento, during the past two weeks.

### Army and Navy News.

Rear-Admiral Upshur, U. S. N., arrived from the East last week, and went up to Mare Island on Monday. He visited the *Hartford*, which is now in dock. The admiral's flag was hoisted, and was saluted by the yard battery. He succeeds Rear-Admiral Hughes (retired) in the command of this department, and his recent command, at the New York Navy Yard, has been assumed by Commodore Fillesbrown, detached from the Naval Examining Board at Washington.

Captain Piper, U. S. A., and Mrs. Piper, arrived here from the East on Monday last.

There is great uneasiness at Mare Island concerning the new chaplain, John S. Wallace (Episcopal), just ordered to that post. In rank he is second of his corps on the active list. He ranks as a captain in the navy, and is senior to every officer of the yard but the commodore. In the plan of the yard the houses for officers' residences were regularly assigned to the different grades of the line and staff. The one which, by etiquette, should go to the new chaplain is at present occupied; but the officer occupying it would of course be forced to move out if the chaplain insisted. This would possibly end in a succession of changes. The officers' wives are living in a daily hope that the chaplain will be sufficiently Christian to waive his rights, and rest content with the house recently occupied by Lieutenant-Commander Brice.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon Rufus H. McCarty, who has been for nearly three years attached to the Coast Survey steamer *Hassler*, and who is one of the most popular of the naval surgeons on this coast, has been detached, and left on Thursday week for Philadelphia.

Lieutenant George M. Stoney, commander of the *Ounalaska*, who was down here last week, returned to Mare Island on Saturday. The *Ounalaska* received her sailing orders on Monday last, and started for Alaska the middle of the week. With Lieutenant Stoney will go Ensign John L. Purcell, gunner George P. Cashman, and a crew of eight men and one machinist, the latter to look after a small steam-launch. The party is to explore a large river discovered in Alaska by Lieutenant Stoney, about one year ago, to which he gave the name of Putnam, in memory of Master Putnam, of the government steamer *Rodgers*, which was destroyed in northern waters a year or so ago. Putnam was attempting to communicate with a party sent ahead and was carried to sea on a cake of ice, and the last seen of him his dead body was drifting about the icy waters on the same block of ice. The Stoney expedition is supplied with rations for eighteen months, and is expected to return here within a year.

Second Lieutenant William H. Layton of the Marine Corps, arrived from the East Monday evening.

The *City of Merida* arrived in New York some weeks ago, having on board the remains of the late General E. O. C. Ord, who died some time ago at Havana, of yellow fever. General Ord for many years resided on this coast, and some of his relatives are now living in this city. Upon the arrival of the steamer in New York harbor, General Hancock, accompanied by Generals Whipple, Perry, and Clarke, and a military escort, received the remains. The cortege then proceeded to Governor's Island on the steamer *Chester A. Arthur*, whence the casket was transferred to a special train on the Pennsylvania railroad. Lieutenant Ord, son of the late General, then took charge, assisted by a military escort under Lieutenant Romer. The train arrived next day in Washington, where it was met by a large detachment of soldiers and all the prominent army officers in Washington. General Sheridan and his aids took their places immediately behind the hearse. The pall-bearers were Generals Benet, MacFeely, Wright, Hazen, Sackett, Rochester, Holabird, and Murray. The remains were interred at Oak Hill Cemetery with military honors. In the same grave was buried General Ord's daughter, who was the wife of General Treviño, of Mexico, and who died not long ago. General Treviño has been spending a few weeks in Washington with Mrs. General Ord, and will return to Monterey during the latter part of April. Between General Ord and General Treviño there existed a strong friendship. General Ord once presented his friend with a most peculiar gift. An aerolite having fallen near his barracks, General Ord had the meteoric iron made into steel, from which was forged a sword. Upon this was engraved in Spanish this legend: "I am made of iron that fell from the sky. I am the gift of one soldier to another."

"Soy hecho de hierro caido del cielo.
Soy el don d' un soldado á otro."

The strong friendship existing between the two soldiers paved the way for a love-match between Miss Ord and General Treviño. Of the three people so strongly linked together by affection, but one remains—the other two are in the grave.

### Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. General J. F. Houghton, who has been in Europe nearly two years, left Paris the seventh of last month and is now in Nice, where her daughters, Miss Fannie and Miss Minnie, are spending their vacation, accompanied by some young English friends. About the latter end of this month the party will go to Italy and remain at San Remo until the early part of June, after which they will visit Germany. There they will be joined by General Houghton, who will leave here during the latter part of the summer.

The following is an excerpt from the Louisville *Courier-Journal's* Washington letter:

This is the picture I saw the other afternoon: Senator Miller's house is a corner one, and there is a tower on the corner side which makes a pretty recess room in the front parlors. There are three windows in the tower, facing north, east, and south. A Persian rug covers the highly polished floor, and the walls between the windows are covered with choice water-colors. One sofa, a few chairs and window seats, constitute the furniture of the tower. On a seat, with a tea-table in front of her, sat Miss Dora Miller. She is pretty and piquante—a spoiled, indulged, and idolized only child; dearer than ever to her parents since the death of her brother four years ago. She wore maroon-colored satin rhadimir, with petticoat of currant-colored satin laid in kilt plaits, each plait lined with pink satin; the Louis XIV. vest was of pink satin and low in the neck, and a high standing collar rising at the back; the collar was of maroon satin, lined with pink; frills of lace enshrined her white throat and toned the rich colors of her dress. Resting on a dainty footstool were the tiny feet, in lace stockings and pink satin slippers. A prominent object on the tea-table was the glittering "samovar," and in front of it were the teapot and cups and saucers. No two pieces of china were alike in shape or painting. Each was exquisite in design and finish. Slices of lemon were on a cut-glass dish with a silver pickle fork, and a plate of wafers was near it. There were also glass dishes filled with conserves, as some persons prefer these in the cup of tea to the slices of lemon or the old-fashioned sugar and cream. The tastes and preferences of every one were consulted. The beaux like bees swarmed around these sweets, caring for the tea only because it was made by such pretty little hands and by such a charming hostess.

Young Master Fair, who returned from the East two weeks ago, has been preparing for Harvard at Quincy, Massachusetts. He will enter the scientific department at Cambridge, as his destined profession is civil engineering.

Miss Dora Miller was one of the twenty young ladies who assisted Mrs. McElroy in receiving the hundreds of Washington officials who attended the last reception of the season at the White House Saturday week.

A portrait of Miss Lilo McMullin accompanied the last issue of the St. Louis *Spectator*. It is a very creditable piece of work, although it can not, of course, do the lady justice. The following is taken from the *Spectator's* description:

Miss Lilo McMullin was born in Flemingsburg, Kentucky. Her father, Captain John McMullin, was an officer in the famous Texas Rangers during the Mexican war, and was one of the pioneers in the gold-fever days of California. Her mother was Miss Eliza Morgan, a native of Kentucky, and a kinswoman of General Daniel Morgan of Revolutionary fame, a niece of Commodore Morgan of the United States Navy, and a cousin of the renowned Confederate cavalryman, General John Morgan. Mrs. McMullin is a very intelligent lady, strikingly handsome, cultivated, and preëminent in social qualities. Miss McMullin is tall, slender, and beautifully proportioned, with an exquisite blonde complexion, golden hair, and dark brown eyes, with long dark silken eyelashes and eyebrows, making a picture that would be striking in any assemblage. She is queenly in her carriage, charmingly free and unaffected in manner, delightfully gifted in conversation, and possessed of an infinite fund of delicate womanly tact. She dresses with taste and elegance, many of her costumes during her recent season in Washington being almost royally magnificent. During her stay in Washington this winter no entertainment was deemed complete without her, and she was in perpetual demand at receptions, dinners, luncheons, soirées, germans, balls, and theatre and opera-parties.

On the fourteenth of March Miss Hattie Crocker, who has been staying in London with Lady Waterlow, was presented at court. The dress which she wore was a very tasteful and elegant one. It was thus described by a London paper:

The dress was of white tulle, with a new and original trimming around the edge. It consisted of a thick ruche of the tulle, in the centre of which were placed ostrich feathers, also white, with the tips turned downward so as to form a kind of flounce. This trimming was beaded with the softest possible marabout. A tunic of folded tulle crossed the front of the skirt (or petticoat, as it is called when drawing-room dresses are in question), and fell into a slight point at one side. A plume of ostrich feathers was placed at either side, just where they appeared to hold the plaits of the tulle together. At the sides, which the tunic leaves uncovered, it could be seen that the entire skirt was covered with longitudinal plaits of tulle. A bodice and train consisted of a lovely white brocade, the design of which was snow-drops, the stems being enwreathed so to form a kind of lattice-work through which the blossoms looked out.

During the past Lenten season the Maynards, on Folsom Street, have held informal receptions every Wednesday evening, at which there have generally been thirty or forty young people present. A little dancing would be indulged in, and roller skating in the large room below-stairs. About eleven o'clock refreshments would be partaken of, and the guests would go before midnight. Among those who have participated are Miss Ashe, the Misses Findley, Miss Wilde, Miss Jones, Miss Meares, the Misses Masten, McMullin, Thornton, Schmiedell, and Mrs. Quinan, and Messrs. Greenway, Pomeroy, Washington, Alexander, Mather, Swift, Findley, Kelley, Meares, and Lieutenant Tate.

April twenty-third the young ladies of St. Luke's Church will give an entertainment at Saratoga Hall in aid of the building fund, as the church quarters are shortly to be transferred to its Van Ness Avenue lot. There will be a farce, tableaux, and dancing.

Miss Mollie Torbert made her début at the reception tendered to Gerster, March 27.

Friday evening, April 25th, there will be an entertainment at the Mechanics' Pavilion for the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society. The First Infantry Regiment, N. G. C., will go through a drill and dress parade, after which there will be a dance.

Thursday night about six thousand persons assembled at the Mechanics' Pavillion to witness the exhibition drill of Golden Gate Commandery No. 16, which has been practicing diligently ever since the Conclave for the expected competition between California commanderies. However, no other commandery entered the lists, and the members of No. 16 decided to drill without competition. The evolutions and sword exercises were faultlessly executed, and won enthusiastic applause. Sir Knight Stafford, at the end of the drill, was presented with a golden badge, as a prize for his excellence in drill. Among those present in the grand stand, were ex-Governor George C. Perkins, Reuben C. Lloyd, A. W. Lott, and many others, while a large number of prominent citizens were scattered through the hall.

### Art Notes.

Fred Yates will go over to San Rafael, early in June, and establish his studio there for the summer.

Henry Alexander's "Morning Prayer" is now on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's.

Henry Raschen has placed two charming studies on exhibition at the same gallery. One represents an "Indian Hut at Fort Ross," and the other is a still life study of "A Basket of Abalones."

Thomas Hill will shortly exhibit another Yosemite landscape.

The pleasure trip to British Columbia, which the Marquis of Lorne took while he was Governor-General of Canada, cost the Dominion ten thousand eight hundred and seventy-one dollars.

Mr. John Morley having, in one of his books, persisted in spelling God with a small g, a reviewer spelt Morley with a small m.

## CHIT-CHAT.

As Eusebius and I were sauntering along our main thoroughfare the other day at the hour of the promenade, we met a remarkable man. Eusebius had returned only some few days ago from the interior, and I was pointing out to him the notables who had accumulated on the sidewalk while he was gone. This man, who seemed to have stepped out of history on to Kearny Street, bore at a glance the unmistakable air of being some one. His hair depended in frost-bitten locks almost upon his shoulders. A pair of mild dark eyes beamed lambently under the shadow of a pair of thick black eyebrows, and there was the mark of an indomitable will, wherever there was room for such a mark, on each of his fine features. He wore a large, soft, black hat, but otherwise he was indefinably clerical. If clerical, he could be none other than a Catholic priest, for a Catholic priest always walks with the gait of one accustomed to the clattering of drapery about his feet. His identity flashed upon me.

"There goes Père Hyacinthe," I remarked, quietly, to Eusebius, putting the French twist on the whole of his name as no one ever does in America. They always speak of him as if he were a spring bulb just liable to become plural.

Eusebius had been to see "Excelsior" the night before, and was scanning the streets for *ballerine*. He is sluggish of hearing, but the foreign accent attracted him, and he turned to look after the famous little man.

"The ballet-dancer is never a graceful bird in heels," he remarked, pensively, as he looked, "and this seems to be rather a worse case than usual. How different these fellows do look on the stage, to be sure. I didn't quite catch what blessed Hungarian front name you called him by; but he was a credit to the family last night in that athletic dance of his. I never should have recognized him—but you are not apt to pay much attention to a fellow's face when he is jumping back and forth over his other foot."

He had mistaken Père Hyacinthe for a Kiralfy!

Something will have to be done for the fiddlers. People who saw "Excelsior" in New York groan that the music here is mere caterwauling, and sigh for the strains of "Iolanthe." The fact is, the orchestra have not had a fair look at the show. When Mademoiselle Flindt's toe is pointed like an index finger at the calcium man up in the gallery, the orchestra sees only the tip of it. They rise as one man to investigate further, and sink back into their seats like a stage wave at the close of a *pas seul*. With every fresh burst of applause there is a fresh rise in the orchestra. Ballenberg bobs up like a cork between the other bobs, and when Mademoiselle Brianza comes on they all bob up together. They also all lose their places in the music together. As they continue to scrape and blow, however, in order to keep up the average, the music assumes a weird, uncanny character which is not in consonance with the progress of civilization. This noise is of such a tooth-edging kind, that nothing but Mademoiselle Brianza could keep the audience in the house while it is going on. Perpetual motion is one of the secrets of the effective Kiralfy drill, but perpetual motion is not expected of the orchestra. Either the management should give a dress rehearsal with the orchestra for audience, or they should set up the sentry box and give each fiddler a night in it, turn about.

A young lady may have been seen any time during the last few weeks ambling around town at a gait which is something between a Kentucky single-foot and a champion pedestrian's stride. If you have not seen her, it is because you have been in another part of town. When she is heading west from Kearny Street, she looks as if she wanted to get to the Cliff House suspension bridge quick, and she could take in the Western Addition and the Point Lobos extension in about four strides. When she is heading east she wears a wild look, and her appearance infers that she will catch the Bartholdi statue in three more laps. Her gowns are made of material of extraordinary richness, but they "never stand of themselves," the old-fashioned standard for rich stuffs. They cling to her like a weeper to a hat-band, and are of such an unusual length for *trottoirs* that they flip-flap, flip-flap, with every step, and make a cheerful dado to a dress which is otherwise dejected looking from an absence of *tournure*. Her bang seems a component part of her make-up, for it, too, is long and fluffy, and takes on new character from the disturbance of the wind. In addition, she bears the appearance of having been carefully articulated before she was sent out, and no one dares jostle against her lest she go into fragments on the sidewalk. For that matter no one has time to jostle her, for one of her strides carries her past while you are saying "Jack Robinson." I have never said Jack Robinson myself, when I was in a hurry. I have never heard other people say it when they were in a hurry. I myself would much rather say "Tomaso Probasco," or "Sarasate Donatelli," or something of that kind, if I were given any choice in the matter. But I am not an iconoclast, and will not tear Jack Robinson from the prominence he has so honorably occupied for so many generations. All this, however, is neither here nor there.

What I was about to say is, that this young lady is not a ballet-dancer, as many, from her looseness of limb, have supposed. She is not a crank, as many, from a certain wild look she wears, have supposed. She is not a book-agent, as many, from her apparent staying powers, have feared. She is just a plain, fashionable girl who wen East for a few months, and has come back with the Ellen Terry walk.

Whenever there is a celebrity in town, he or she is sure to look like some one. Patti was the image of the prettiest woman in San Francisco who wears gray hair Gerster looked like half a dozen well-known people. When Ellen Terry was in Boston she was discovered to be the *fac simile* of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. I was injudicious enough to read a serial story by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop not long ago, and I took a mental photograph of the author, which I now find to be not unlike the original. It was the story of a man who met with the woman who had jilted his friend. The friend had died of a broken heart in consequence, and the man of the story determined to avenge him by marrying the woman himself. This delicious bit of satire on her hero, the author failed to see. He did marry her, and took her for the wedding journey to the friend's grave, which was in a very bad location under any circumstances, and particularly ill-adapted for a honeymoon. The author left them there in a high wind, and I could never quite make out whether they fought it out and made up, or fought it out and separated.

At the same time, another scheme of vengeance was running in another serial under the title of "Newport." In this a widow and widower meet at the famous watering-place. The widower discovers, among his late wife's effects, a letter containing a declaration of love and offer of marriage from the defunct husband of the widow. Instead of burning it, as a man with a grain of sense would have done, he keeps it, and, by some hook or crook, the widow sees it. She immediately makes up her mind, in a spirit of revenge, to make the widower fall in love with her and jilt him. Her programme goes through without a break. She then changes her mind, and summons him from New York to accept him. Happily, a Long Island steamer explodes. He is translated to another and better sphere, and saved from the widow. This story is by George Parsons Lathrop. He probably has sane intervals, for he afterward published "Spanish Vistas," a most charming book of travel. The identity of the names struck me, and I made a metaphysical match. There was something singular in this division of one idea.

"These," said I to myself, "are the two lobes of one brain. Separately, they emit only senseless drivel; but, brought together as they belong, their collaboration might bring forth an intellectual wonder. This is a case of acute mental affinity. These people should find each other and marry."

Alas for mental affinity! Within a week I read in a New York paper that these two were getting a divorce from each other upon the urgent application of both.

Eighty years ago or thereabouts, an English actor, being out of employ and his larder empty, hit upon a bold plan to turn a penny. Supers did not drift to America in those days, and become leading men for the mere crossing of the Atlantic. So this merry fellow in his need one day hung out a sign, which read:

> CLERGYMEN TAUGHT TO READ THE LORD'S PRAYER.
>
> *By Robert Suett, Comedian.*
>
> Address to the Cat and Feathers, No. 21 Drury Lane.

The story does not tell how the clergymen took it, but like the beginning of everything it must have had some after effect. Clergymen do sometimes read the noble prayer as if they were really asking the God of All to give.

If Mr. Robert Suett were alive to-day, I think he could put in some pretty good work on the congregations. I don't mind the composite character of the ordinary responses. With all due reverence for it, it seems to me the service is arranged very much in the

"Eena meena mona mi,
Casa lana bona stri"

plan. But to hear the bottom, the soul, the sympathy, the helplessness, the appeal, knocked out of these few words which are the very wail of prayer, commend me to a congregation growling out in all the diversities of the human voice, "We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord."

A writer in the New York *World* completes a very chatty and interesting paper describing the Morton House on a Saturday night, by telling us why women do not make good general correspondents from a large city. When Napier was publishing the Edinburgh *Review*, Leigh Hunt once wrote offering to send him a "chatty" paper. The erudite editor, who already disapproved of the colloquial turn of this charming essayist, took fright, and sent him a harsh letter recommending dignity and severity of style. If I had any object in disturbing Mr. Napier's comfort in another and a better or worse world, as the case may be, it would only be necessary to send him a specimen journal of to-day. There would be enough chat in it to spoil his comfortable eternity.

I am convinced it is the "persuadin' woice of woman" that has wrought the change. Women do an enormous amount of hack-writing nowadays. It is not their nature to mount an encyclopædic stool and stay there. They dodge all difficulties with lively chat.

The New York *World* man is good enough not to object to the style of the female writers. He claims only that they have nothing to say. They are obliged to write everything out of their heads. Such places as the Morton House on a Saturday night, where items grow like mushrooms, are not open to them. The amount of it all is that it is impossible for them to haunt the purlieus of gossip. This is all true; but oh, the delicious naïveté of the man. UNA.

Judge McRae, says the Charlotte *Observer*, who is now riding this judicial district, was a wearer of the gray, and a most gallant fighter throughout the war. Last week at Mechlenburg court, J. H. Potts was one of the jurors, and Judge McRae recognized him as a comrade at the first battle of Bethel. Judge McRae loaded the gun with which Mr. Potts shot and killed Colonel Theodore Winthrop in that battle. They had two guns, and Potts would do the shooting while the judge lay in the ditch and loaded them for him. It was with one of these guns, which Judge McRae had loaded carefully, that Potts took deliberate aim at Colonel Winthrop and shot him down. After this, Potts asked the judge: "Don't you want to shoot a little bit?" But Judge McRae, lying in the ditch, convinced him that loading was a heap the harder work, and Potts continued shooting.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"C. O. D.—Allow Examination."

"Say, I have ordered a dog from the East, and it is to be sent to me on approval," said a citizen to the express agent a few days ago. "The man I ordered the dog of said I could have him sent by express, C. O. D., and be allowed to examine him, and if he didn't suit I needn't take him."

"Well, you can't take no dog out of here without you put up the money," said the express man. "Do you suppose you can take the dog and go duck-hunting every day for a week, and bring him back every night for us to feed, and then if you don't like the dog leave him on our hands? Not much. We don't keep no dog boarding-house. This 'C. O. D.—allow examination,' is played out."

"Why, I supposed that was a part of your business," said the citizen. "I see advertisements in the papers every day of all kinds of goods, and the advertiser offers to send them C. O. D., subject to examination. Guess you are getting too smart."

"Not too smart, just smart enough," said the express man, as he licked some hot sealing-wax off his thumb nail. "You have not seen any such advertising lately. They got to sending goods that way, but the express companies kicked on it. It would require a hundred extra clerks, and an office as big as the exposition building. Why, some days we had a hundred people in the office at once, having clerks open packages and trying things on. Everything got to coming that way, from trotting-horses to silk socks. See that hole in the ceiling? A man had a Winchester rifle come, subject to examination, and he loaded her up and blowed a hole through the rim of his hat and the ceiling. Liked to have killed an insurance agent up-stairs. The bullet went up, struck him, and flattened itself on his cheek. We had nine women in here one day trying on seal-skin cloaks, and four had packages of corsets come subject to examination, and when one of them began to unbutton her dress waist, to try on a corset, I just fainted away. When the boys brought me to, I was wild, and said: 'Take her away.' A fellow had an accordeon come subject to examination last fall, and I pledge you my word, he sat on an old hair trunk out in the freight-room all the afternoon playing it, until we had to blow him up with dynamite. See the dirty spot on the ceiling, where it looks as though the roof leaked? Well, that's where he struck, and he was flattened out all over there, and we had to scrape him off with a case-knife. Actually, one woman had one of these electric belts come by express subject to examination, and she had the gall to ask if she couldn't go into the superintendent's office and try it on. You know what a modest man our superintendent is. He blushed so you could touch a match to the top of his head, I pledge you my word. We let the woman go into the money vault and try on her belt, and she came out as though she was shot out of a gun. I guess there was so much iron about the safe that the electric belt struck fire. Oh, they got to receiving cough syrup, plasters, and pills, subject to examination, until we got tired. One man put some kind of a new plaster on his back and wore it off, and kept it on for three days, and came back and said it was no good, and wanted to return it. Why, he had the cheek to ask me to rip it off his back for him. The day before a reception here last winter, we had six women trying on silk hose they had ordered from New York; one man trying a bald-headed remedy; two Markses of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe trying a trick mule; a woman examining an opera hat from Chicago, and kicking because we didn't keep a plate-glass mirror, and four men sampling a case of old Bourbon whisky sent subject to examination. It got too busy around here. The clerks couldn't work, and I was so near crazy that a man had to take me out and walk me around a block. No, sir, we will deliver goods anywhere in the civilized world, if we are paid for it; but we can't make this office a dry-goods bazaar, or a shooting-gallery, or a millinery shop, or a dog foundry, all at once, and retain our self-respect or remain law-abiding citizens. When goods come subject to examination that way, the clerk who waits on you becomes a salesman, and it takes more of his time than it does of the man who sends the goods to you. I never kicked very much, not even when I fainted away the time the woman opened up the box of corsets, but when a man opened a bottle one day, and asked me take a drink with him, and I sampled the bottle and found that it was cod liver oil, that he had ordered for consumption, I was hot, and told them they'd better get another man in my place who wanted to die. No, if your dog comes you must pay for him, and take the chances; and if he does not suit, you can send him back by paying charges in advance; but there will be no more examination of goods. Why, one man ordered a pair of boots from Chicago, and he sat down to try them on, and he got one half-way on and couldn't get it off, and I had to straddle his foot and pull it off; and then he blowed me up because we didn't keep French chalk to sprinkle in boots so they could go on easy. I pledge you my word, a man ordered a set of false teeth that way, and he put them in his mouth, and wanted me to go out to a free-lunch place and get him something to chew, to try them on. Gall! I should think so." And the express man went out to help unload a coffin from a wagon.—*Peck's Sun.*

An English trade journal says: Men's silk mercery at this time of year used to be largely sent to the States, a considerable trade being at one time done in gentlemen's scarfs, neckties, etc. The New York houses now make up all their men's ties, etc., themselves, buying their "cut-up" materials direct from German manufacturers mostly, and although cotton, merino, and other hosiery goods—hose proper—are still largely bought by them in this market, very little of it goes from London, the trade being done direct by Nottingham and Leicester houses.

The persistency of the London dailies, with the exception of the *Chronicle*, in column and a half editorials is curious. The French papers give about half, notably John Lemoine, in the *Débats*.

## THE PENNY WALK.

A Queer Story by Frank R. Stockton, Author of "Rudder Grange."

As there may be those who do not know what a penny walk is, I will begin by explaining its nature. It is a promenade taken by persons who wish to walk, but have not made up their minds where they would like to go; they then give a holiday to their reasoning powers and faculty of judgment, and leave the direction of their steps to blind chance. When the penny walker is ready to start he stops outside the door of his house, and tosses up a penny, as a cent is generally called when it is tossed up. Any coin will do for the purpose, and it is not necessary actually to pitch it into the air; it may be shaken between the hands, or tumbled about in the pocket. If "heads" come uppermost, the walker turns to the right; if "tails," to the left; and, in either case, he proceeds until he comes to a cross-street. Here he again tosses up his penny, and turns to the right or the left, as heads or tails may direct. When he reaches another corner he tosses up again, and so on, for as long a time as he chooses to continue his walk. It may easily be imagined that a stroll of this kind may take a person through novel and interesting places, or it may lead him through ways he may not fancy; it may speedily bring him back to his house, or it may turn out to be a long and devious ramble. In any case, the interest of the walker is stimulated by a pleasant curiosity as to the way the little guide he carries in his pocket will take him next.

One pleasant afternoon, late in May, Mr. Horace Logan, a young lawyer in one of our large cities, arose from his desk and determined to take a penny walk. He needed exercise; and there was really no reason why he should stay in his office any longer that day. Mr. Logan's practice had never been a profitable one, and of late he had had so little to do that he might have taken penny walks all day, if he had not felt it his duty to keep regular office hours, so that possible clients might find him, and to read as steadily as he could, that he might better know what to do when the clients came.

As a rule, the young lawyer had no trouble in determining the direction of his walks; he liked to stroll up the principal avenues of the city, and to find himself among the brightness and beauty that was to be met with there on fine afternoons; but of late he had not cared to frequent these fashionable thoroughfares. To-day he would take a penny walk for two hours, and let chance lead him where it would. He had in his pocket a little copper cent with a spread eagle on the side on which would ordinarily be found the head. This kind of coin was rather new at that time, and as the cent he possessed was the first of that style he had seen, he determined that it should take him upon his first penny walk, a mode of exercise of which he had but recently heard.

At the first toss the eagle came uppermost, and young Logan turned to the right and walked up a broad business avenue to a cross-street; at the corner the tail of the coin turned him to the left, and he soon reached a side street, where the eagle indicated that he should again turn to the right. This Mr. Logan did not like; and, for a moment, he stopped; but he was a man of principle, and if the terms of his contract with his penny had made it incumbent upon him to mount into the air, he would have tried, at least, to do so. In this street, in the block through which he must go, was the shop of his tailor; and this he did not wish to pass. He did not owe his tailor anything; it was not that that made him unwilling to pass the shop of the talented Kolby. It was the indisposition to owe him anything that restrained him. Kolby had lately missed the regular visits of his customer, and had called at the office to see what was the matter. Horace had told him that he could not afford to buy new clothes at present; but at this the tailor gravely shook his head. "The fact is," said he, "you can't afford to do without them." Mr. Kolby was not a tailor of the common sort. He had read a great deal and observed a great deal, and had his ideas of the influence of dress upon the welfare and destiny of the individual. He made himself the sartorial guardian of each of his customers, many of whom had been under his charge for years; and he dressed them properly, whether they liked it or not. In dressing a man he not only considered his age and figure, but his circumstances and prospects in life as far as he knew them. It had not infrequently happened that a young fellow, just beginning to make his way up from some subordinate business position, had been quietly opposed in his desire to array himself in attire too dashing for a person in his circumstances. And not infrequently, too, this advice had been of more advantage to the young man than he ever knew. And if a president of a railroad, or any other man, so far forgot himself as to order a pair of trousers which did not harmonize with the coat he intended to wear with them, he could not have them made by Kolby.

The young lawyer had given an indefinite promise to attend to the important matter of his outward appearance; but he felt no desire to-day to meet Mr. Kolby, a man very difficult to get away from until his advice had been accepted. "At any rate," said he to himself, "if Kolby is attending to his business, as he ought to be, he can't see everybody who passes along the street, and so I shall go on; and not on the other side either, for, if he does see me, I don't want to appear to be avoiding him."

Mr. Kolby was standing at his door, taking leave of a customer. "Glad to see you," he said, extending his hand to Horace. "Been expecting you every day. Walk in."

"There is no need of that," said the young man. "I have not come to order clothes to-day."

Mr. Kolby looked at him seriously, with a sort of paternal sorrow in his countenance.

"You should have come a good many days ago," he said, lowering his voice somewhat. "That suit you have on was very well two years ago; and even last year, when I put it in order, I made no objections to it; but it is entirely unfit for your present wear."

Horace knew this very well; and it was the reason why he had of late avoided the fashionable promenades. But he replied firmly: "That may be; but I can not help it at present. My means, just now, will not allow me to buy new clothes."

"Business dull, I suppose?" said Kolby.

"Decidedly," was the answer.

"Walk right in," said the tailor, gently taking Horace by the arm. "If a man wants business, he must look as if he doesn't need it. I have something I wish to show you. In fact, I've been keeping it for you."

"It will be of no use for me to look at clothes," said the young lawyer. "I do not wish to order any, for I have no idea when I would be able to pay for them."

"The sooner you get my clothes the sooner you will be able to pay my money. That's my opinion," said Kolby; "and the fact is that it is an injury to me, as well as to yourself, for you to be ill-dressed. Now, here is a suit of clothes which I made for one of my out-of-town customers, who, unknown to us, and apparently to himself, has been engaged all winter in getting fat. He sent for samples, and I sent him these clothes, made according to his usual measurements. They were too small for him; but it is my belief that they will fit you exactly."

Kolby spread out the suit upon a counter; but Horace shook his head. "Even if I wanted them," he said, "those things are too stylish for me."

"You are mistaken there," said the tailor. "I have been thinking for some time that your dress should be of a less serious character. The social disposition in this respect has been gradually changing, and you should change with it. Just walk into this dressing-room and try them on. You will then agree with me."

"But"—— said Horace.

"Please walk in," interrupted Kolby, opening the door of the dressing-room. And then, being out of the hearing of his employees, he added: "You can pay me when you are ready. I have no other customers who can wear these clothes, except, perhaps, some young clerks, for whom this light overcoat is entirely too toney."

"Are you going to make me take that, too?" said Horace, laughing.

"They all go together," said Mr. Kolby.

The clothes fitted perfectly, and Horace could not deny that they were entirely compatible with his age, his social status, and his aspirations.

"Keep them on," said Mr. Kolby. "There is no use of going to the trouble of changing again. Take the things out of the pockets of this old suit, and I will put some new buttons on the coat and send them home. I knew those would fit you, for I had looked over your measurements, and had the coat-sleeves shortened half an inch, so as to be ready when you came."

When the young lawyer stepped again into the street, it was impossible for him to restrain some emotions of moderate elation. The consciousness of being well dressed gives to many men a feeling of confidence and self-reliance, entirely unassociated with vanity, which it would be difficult to summon up while wearing a shabby suit. A true Kolby at the back of a young man, in certain lines of life, often proves a very important element of his success.

Horace was now inclined to turn his course toward one of the fashionable streets; but his guiding penny was in the pocket of the less serious trousers into which he had progressed, and he determined to adhere to the plan he had proposed to himself when he set out. At the next corner tails turned him to the left; then he went up a block; then to the left again; and so, keeping mainly westward, he walked on, through uninviting and crowded streets, until he emerged upon the river front. Here he went up a block; and then his penny directed him to turn to the left. To do this he must go out on a long pier; and out he went. There were carriages at the entrance of the pier, groups of drivers standing about, people hurrying in and out, a crowd of travelers gathered around a great assemblage of trunks and baggage. It was evident that a steamer from Europe had just come in. A scene of this kind was interesting to Horace; and he was grateful to his penny for bringing him on the pier. He looked at the passengers gathered around the baggage, which was undergoing examination by the Custom House officers; and in a few moments he saw a man he knew. This was a tall, thin gentleman, about sixty years old, with a yellow-white mustache and side-whiskers, a hooked nose, a face unevenly reddened by good living, and dressed, not by Kolby, but in a style far more fancifully fashionable than that in which our good tailor ever habited a gentleman of his age. He was an American, but he looked like an Englishman; and of this he was proud. His name was Bristowe; he was a lawyer; and young Logan did not like him. He had reason for this, for, about a year previously, before his departure for Europe, Mr. Bristowe had made him understand, in a manner very decided and not at all pleasant, that he did not wish him to visit his daughter. As Horace very much wished to continue these visits, his dislike of the father assumed proportions equal to those of his admiration for the daughter. His indisposition to meet this elderly gentleman, who was nervously pushing about among the trunks, the people, and the officers, was so great that he would have turned away had he not seen Miss Bristowe approaching him, both hands extended. The cordiality of her manner indicated that she had never fully appreciated the force of her father's objections to Mr. Logan.

"How good it is of you," she cried, "to come and meet us. You are the only one of our friends who is here to welcome us home."

Horace shook her hand warmly, and felt in his heart that he ought to have said that he did not expect to meet her. But her speech was too rapid and her eyes were too bright to allow him to do this.

"Here I have been for a quarter of an hour," she said, "looking vainly for the face of somebody I knew, while father has been going crazy about our baggage, which the people won't examine. We expected my aunt and some of her family here; but they haven't come. We must have arrived a little ahead of time, and"——

At this moment Mr. Bristowe came up to them. A year's travel in Europe had apparently caused that gentleman's recollection of his objections to the young lawyer to fade a little; or, perhaps, the state of mind into which he had been thrown by the refusal of the Custom House officers to give his affairs precedence of those of the other passengers had caused him to forget all disapprobations but those of the present; or, perhaps, again, the personal appearance of Horace, which the eye of Mr. Bristowe would be quick to note, and which carried with it a certain claim to consideration, had its effect upon the mind of the elder gentleman. At all events he greeted Horace quite cordially, although brusquely, as was his wont.

"Glad to see you, Logan," said he. "None of my people have come here to meet us, and I am obliged to leave my daughter standing here by herself in all this hubbub while I attend to that confounded luggage."

Horace asked if he could be of any assistance.

"Yes, you can," said Mr. Bristowe. "If you will take my daughter to a carriage she may as well go at once to her aunt's house, and get out of this dirty place. As soon as I get our luggage through I will come up with everything. The address is 49 East Forty—— Street."

Horace gladly took charge of Miss Bristowe, and quickly found a carriage for her. She was in the best of humors, and seemed really glad to see him. As for Horace, he was enjoying a pleasure he had supposed he would never enjoy again. It was so unexpected and so delightful that he could scarcely understand it; yet he found himself able, in the midst of his mental exaltation, to give a thought of gratitude to Kolby. When he had placed the young lady in the carriage, and had given the address to the driver, he stood at the door as she was saying that, having given up their house, they were going to stay some time with her aunt. Something in his manner checked her, and she suddenly exclaimed: "Why, are you not going to get in? I thought, of course, you would escort me home."

Now, there was nothing in the world that would have pleased Horace better than to get into the carriage and ride up town with Miss Bristowe; but he was a young man who had his ideas and his principles. The latter may have depended too much upon the former; but they were his own, and he was in the habit of standing by them. Mr. Bristowe had once, in effect, asked him not to visit at his house, and he did not suppose that he now expected him to go home with his daughter. He longed to get in; but he felt that it would not be an honorable thing, and he said: "I am very sorry that I am obliged to deny myself so great a pleasure."

She looked at him with a perceptible shade on her countenance. Horace did not believe she knew the reason of his conduct; but he could not explain. He hoped she would think he had an important engagement; but his hope was not very strong, and he was not sure whether she looked sorry or offended. He reassured her of his great pleasure in meeting her again, took leave, and gratified the impatient driver by closing the door.

As the carriage drove off he put his hand in his pocket and felt his penny. His mind was in a disagreeable turmoil; but he thought he might as well continue his walk, and he did so. The conducting coin took him down the river front, and then through a number of streets offering no attractions to the eye or nose. But Horace did not care particularly where he went; he turned his corners mechanically, and gazed upon the pavement as he walked. He felt that he had done right; but he was not glad of it. He wished that he had done wrong, and had got into the carriage with Miss Bristowe. He could not hope for such an opportunity again; and perhaps, after all, the old gentleman expected him to go home with his daughter. It was rather shabby, sending her off alone like that. Perhaps he was too foolishly particular about some things.

As he turned a corner by a small hotel, principally devoted to the interests of our commercial marine, he passed two men, who stood talking together. One of these suddenly left his companion, and accosted Horace:

"How are you?" said he, extending his hand. "Don't remember me? Captain Michaels."

Horace looked at him, and did remember him, more by his voice than his appearance. The man had been the captain of a steamer in which the young lawyer had once made a coasting voyage; but it was not easy to recognize the gentleman in blue uniform, and a jaunty gold-braided cap, in this short, thick-set man, dressed in rough, ordinary clothes. After the trip that Horace had made, during which he had been on very social terms with the captain, Michaels had got into trouble by having his vessel burned at sea and saving nothing but himself and the crew. The owners had an idea that, if proper measures had been taken, the passengers and cargo might have fared better, and Michaels's reputation suffered. He made a statement in his own defense; and this he took to young Logan, the only lawyer with whom he was acquainted, and had it put into good and forcible shape.

"How are you getting on?" asked Horace.

"First-rate, now," said the other; "but just wait a moment, won't you, till I finish with this man?"

Horace, therefore, stepped aside while the captain concluded the conversation that had been interrupted, which was done very speedily.

"Now, then," said Michaels, as if he was giving to our friend a most desirable opportunity for social converse, "I am downright glad I met you; for I didn't know who I would go to."

"In trouble again?" asked Horace.

"No," said the other. "I'm just out of it. Since I saw you last I've had pretty hard times. Couldn't get a ship; my old owners had talked so much about me. But now I've got a ship, and a good one. She's lying up at Portsmouth, and nearly ready to sail, and I'm to go on there to-night, by the nine o'clock train. But the trouble is I've been so hard up lately that I haven't got money enough. I want seven dollars, and I want you to lend it to me. As soon as I reach Portsmouth I'll get the money of my son, who is going out with me as second mate. He's got it all right, and I'll send it to you by mail. I'll have it day after to-morrow, and send it right back to you. It'll be the first thing I do."

This blunt demand upon the young lawyer was not at all gratifying to him. The state of his finances and his acquaintanceship with Michaels were about equally limited.

"I don't know," said he, after a moment's pause.

"Your money will be just as safe as if you had it in your own pocket," interrupted the captain, with a glance over the admirably dressed person of his companion, which

would seem to indicate that he knew, as well as anybody else, that the pockets of such clothes always contained more than enough money to cover any little emergency like the present. "In three days you'll have it again; and it won't make the least difference to you, while it will knock me into a cocked hat if I'm not on hand when I said I'd be. There are people in town who would advance the money in a minute; but their offices are shut up now, and I don't know where they live. It's a piece of right good luck meeting you."

Horace was a prudent man; but he had kindly impulses. If Michael's story were true, and if he had the money to spare, he felt it would be a mean thing to refuse him the loan, and there was something in the captain's confidential and bluff manner that was strongly suggestive of honesty.

"You are sure you can pay me this money in three days?" he said.

"Sure pop!" promptly replied Michaels, whose eyes brightened as he now knew he was going to get the money. "I know very well that when people get up in the world they are mighty particular about money; but I'll be square on time."

Horace took out his pocket-book, and opened it. It contained not much more than the sum required; but he handed that amount to the captain, who already held open a little leathern pouch in which to put it.

"Much obliged," said he, briskly, stowing the pouch in his pocket. "Give me your card, and in three days you shall have the cash again, all square. Good-bye. I must be off." And with a hearty hand-shake, he departed.

Horace took out his watch; the time he had allotted to his penny walk had expired. He made his way to the nearest street-car, and rode home. The home, so to speak, of the young lawyer was in an exceedingly respectable house in one of the up-town cross-streets. Here he had a very pleasant room in the third story; but he took his meals in a quiet restaurant near by. He entered the house in an unpleasant and abstracted mood. He felt dissatisfied with everything he had done that afternoon. As he was preparing himself to go out to his dinner, he put his hand in his pocket, and felt the cent which had guided his rambles.

"You wretched little coin!" said he, holding it in his hand. "A pretty lot of trouble you have led me into! You have taken me into the clutches of old Kolby, and how I'm going to get out of them I don't know; you have made me offend a girl I would not have offended for the world; and through that Captain Michaels you have cleaned me out of nearly all the cash I had on hand, and there is precious little more where that came from. Never again will I put myself under the lead of a vicious little copper eagle! Away with you!" And stepping to the open window, he threw the cent into the street.

An Italian organ-grinder was at that moment passing by. Seeing the cent fall, he stopped and picked it up, and then lowering his organ from his back, he established himself before the house, and began to show to a reluctant public to what extent an opera tune can be broken upon the wheel and stretched upon the rack, and yet preserve a recognizable semblance of its original form. There was opening of windows and doors below, followed by the expostulatory tones of several female voices; but the organ-master, encouraged by prepayment, ground steadily on until he had exhibited all his varied modes of torture, and then, taking a goodly look at the number of the house, he went away.

At the restaurant Horace met a friend who had long been in the habit of dining with him. This was John Martin Berners, a plain, single gentleman of forty-five, or thereabouts, who was the editor of *The Iron and Steel Expositor*, a weekly journal devoted to the discussion of ferruginous subjects. He was a man of unpretending appearance, of great practical experience, especially in matters pertaining to metallurgy, and a warm friend of Horace.

At the appearance of the young lawyer, Mr. Berners allowed himself an exclamation of surprise. "How spruce you look!" he cried. "Have you fallen into a fortune?"

"By no means," said Horace. "I have been taking a penny walk." And, as this remark did not satisfy the curiosity of the editor, Horace proceeded, in the course of the dinner, to tell what had happened to him. He knew Berners so well that he omitted nothing; and even related his awkward dilemma with Miss Bristowe.

"Well, now," said his companion, with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched very far under the table, "what are you going to do about it?"

"There is nothing much to do," said Horace. "As to Kolby, I shall pay him as soon as I can; but that won't be very soon; and I shall have a load hanging on me until it is done. And what is more, I have shown him that I can be induced to go into debt for clothes; and that is a bad thing for my future peace of mind."

"And the young lady?" said Berners, who did not seem to think it necessary to discuss the probable strength of the sartorial net in which the young man had been caught. "Are you going to call on her?"

"I think not," said Horace. "She said before we reached the carriage that, when I came to see her, she would tell me all about her travels; but she did not repeat the invitation when I left her. And, besides, when a man has a little more than hinted to me that he did not wish me to visit his daughter, I am not inclined to do so."

"I know Bristowe for a brute," said Mr. Berners. "But, in any case, I think your resolution is a good one. If you can't afford to buy clothes you can't afford to marry; and it is very well to keep out of temptation. I have acted upon this rule; and I think I may say I am a bachelor on principle."

"But you are certainly very well able to marry now!" said Horace.

"Yes," replied the other, putting his hands deeper into his pockets and stretching his legs farther under the table, "but, by this time, I have become used to my bachelor hood, and like it."

"That don't show well for the working of your principles; and I am sure they would not answer for general adoption. Talking of principle, do you think I was right to lend Michaels that money?"

"Give it to him, you mean," said Berners. "What strikes me in that case is that, even if the man's story were true, you were probably assisting an incapable sailor to lose another ship and cargo, and some more passengers."

"I believe that was an accident that might happen to any captain," said Horace; "and, as to my money, I expect I shall get that back; but I can't help wishing that he had borrowed it of somebody else. And now, I believe, we have discussed the whole of my grievances."

The next morning, as Horace was about to leave his lodgings, he met his landlady. Her face looked like a sky overcast with clouds of vinegar vapors, and, without preface, she said: "As soon as you can make it convenient, I should like to have the room you occupy."

Horace was astounded. "What is the meaning of this?" he asked.

"Meaning?" said the other. "There is a great deal of meaning. You know very well that when you came here I told you that when I let that room to a young man he must promise to observe the principal rule of the house, which is that nothing must be done to disturb the lady who takes the whole of my second floor, and, above all things, organ-grinders must not be encouraged, who simply drive her wild. She is my house rent, my butcher's and baker's bill, my monthly gas, and even the milkman. And this morning she has given me notice that she will quit, not having slept a wink all night from the state she was thrown in by that vile organ-grinder you brought here. After all this, the only hope I have of keeping her is for you to go. The very thing of all things"——

"You need say no more, madam," said Horace. "I shall not stay in your house another night." And so, instead of going to his office, the very much annoyed and provoked young man went to look for other lodgings. A suitable room in the vicinity of his favorite restaurant he could not find that day, and found himself obliged to take board. He secured a room in a large and fashionable house where he had lived before. He did not like boarding nearly so much as his later mode of life; it was not so independent, and it would deprive him of his pleasant little dinners with John Berners; but it would do for the present, and that afternoon he moved. He dined with his friend, so as to apprise him of the circumstances, and Mr. Berners was very much astonished when he heard of it.

"You told me of three predicaments your evil penny had led you into," said he, "but I did not suppose there would be another, and one so bad as this, not only for you, who will surely miss that pleasant room where you had established yourself so snugly, but for myself, who will very greatly miss your company here in the evening. I intended to write an editorial to-night upon the influence of Bessemer steel upon civilization; but I have a great mind to change it to one on the possible influence of copper upon the destiny of the individual."

On the fifth day after his eventful penny walk, our young lawyer, who had heard nothing from Captain Michaels, and who had really believed that that bluff mariner would repay the loan he had asked for, began to feel a little sore on this subject. "I might as well have had my pocket picked of seven dollars," he said to himself, "and I think I should have liked that better; for it is not probable that that would have occurred through any fault of my own."

The next morning, on entering his office, he found waiting for him an enormous man in heavy clothes, by whose side reposed a large, well-worn valise. After inquiring if this was Mr. Logan, the big man opened his business and a wallet which he took from his pocket.

"Captain William Michaels," said he, "asked me to bring this money to you, as that would be safer than sending it by mail. I expected to have been here a good deal before this, but I was stopped in Boston by a bit of business that I hadn't looked for. But I reckon you ain't suffered for the money!" he said, with a grim smile, as he laid down the seven dollars.

Horace, who was almost as much pleased to find that he had been correct in his opinion of the captain as to receive his money, made a polite reply. And then the big man put up his wallet. But he did not rise to go; and from another pocket he drew out a memorandum-book a good deal bent by being buttoned up against a pipe-bowl, or some object equally bulky. "There's another thing I want to speak about," said he. "Captain told me you was a lawyer, and know all about the kind of thing I've got on hand, and that I couldn't bring it to anybody better; and so I'd like you to look into this matter, and then to take hold of it and put us through. There's three of us in it; here are our names; but the others have left the whole business to me."

The consultation lasted all the morning and part of the afternoon; and when Horace left his office that evening he adjusted his new spring overcoat with a feeling of satisfaction. "At any rate," said he to himself, "that penny which I have reviled so bitterly seems to have led me into one piece of good luck. I have a case on hand which promises to pay me well. I don't know what gave Captain Michaels so good an opinion of me. It may have been the paper I once drew up for him; but it is much more likely that it was my prosperous appearance."

Horace's case soon developed into a suit against a company owning a new and important railroad, and for two weeks he was very much engrossed by this business. About the close of that time, coming to his boarding-house rather late one day to dinner, he was very much amazed to see, at the other end of the table, Mr Bristowe and his daughter. The table was a long one, and they did not perceive him; but after dinner he went to them in the parlor, and they were quite as much astonished as he had been.

"I hadn't the slightest idea I should find you here!" exclaimed Mr. Bristowe; and his daughter gave Horace her hand without saying that the surprise was an agreeable one. After a few moments of conversation, the old gentleman asked if there was a smoking-room, and on being informed that there was a back balcony generally devoted to that purpose in warm weather, he invited Horace to go there with him and have a cigar.

"You may think it rather queer," said Mr. Bristowe, when they were seated, "that I should be here; but I have let my house, and shan't be able to get it till November; and, to tell the truth, three weeks with my sister was all I could stand. Her ways are not my ways, and I knew I should be much better satisfied in a boarding-house until we go out of town. But I must say," he continued, with a peculiar look at his companion, "that I am very much surprised to find you here."

Horace liked neither the look nor the remark. "Perhaps you would wish me to go away?" he said, a little sarcastically.

"Oh, no! by no means," said the elder man. "I am not so unreasonable as that. Of course, after the conversation we had before I went abroad, it seems a little odd, a little out-of-the-way, you know, for you to live in the same house with my daughter and me. But it really does not matter in the least. My daughter, indeed, need not be considered at all. Her society will be pretty much monopolized by her cousin Edward, my sister's son, to whom she is engaged to be married."

At this Horace could not prevent an ejaculation of surprise; and even by the decreasing light of the after-dinner hour, Mr. Bristowe might have noticed that his face changed color. "I did not know that," he said.

"Of course not," said the other; "it is quite recent, and will not be announced at present; but I don't mind telling you."

Horace was very much perturbed and depressed by the news of Miss Bristowe's engagement. He had really loved the girl, and one of his first thoughts, when Captain Michael's friend brought him his law business, was that it might help to put him into a position where he would feel that he would have a chance, even with the father, of urging his suit. But it was all over now; and what made the situation the darker was the fact that the engagement was a recent one. He felt that if he had not yielded to his foolish ideas of strict propriety, had gone home with Miss Bristowe in the carriage when she had expected him to do so, and had called to see her, as she had asked him to do, she might not now have been engaged to her cousin. If he was at all a judge of women, she had felt very kindly disposed toward him on that day when he met her on the pier; and he was sure that her invitation to come and see her was a sincere one, and that her disappointment, when he had declined to drive to her aunt's house with her, had been of such a nature that she was unable to conceal it. And her father, too, gave him all the opportunity he wanted by asking him to take charge of his daughter. He felt that there had been a good chance, at least, if he had properly improved his advantages, by occasional and prudent interviews, of keeping alive whatever regard she had for him, until his present good fortune should have enabled him to act more decisively.

He saw Miss Bristowe at meals, but seldom at any other time. Her cousin came to see her very frequently in the evenings; and when he did not, she generally went out with her father. But Mr. Bristowe, who knew nobody else in the house, seemed to have a fancy for Horace's society, at least while he smoked his cigar after dinner. Bristowe was a good lawyer, and liked to talk about things appertaining to his profession. He soon found out in what Horace was engaged, and manifested a good deal of interest in the case. Horace had gone to work very vigorously in the matter; all the more vigorously, perhaps, because hard work would help him to forget something else that he did not want to think about; and he had found that the case would prove a more important one than he at first thought, and that it would probably be necessary, before long, to have the assistance of some other lawyer. Mr. Bristowe was willing, and in fact desired, to give him a good deal of advice. The old gentleman liked that sort of thing, and in a case like this it was something he did well.

"You see," said he, one evening, to Horace, "or perhaps you don't see, that you ought to look at this case in regard to its importance to yourself as much as to anybody else. If it succeeds, it is a precedent which will bring up there's no knowing how many more cases just like it; and the man who has carried one through all right will be the man that most of the others will be after if they can get him; and, looking at the affair in this light, you must be very careful as to who you take in with you. You must not have a man who will immediately step to the front, and take all the credit from you."

Horace asked Mr. Bristowe if he would not join him in the case.

"No," said the old gentleman. "I shall not take up practice at present. I don't feel inclined for work yet; and, besides, if I went in with you, I should surely go to the front if I could get there; and, if I know myself, that would not be much to your advantage. When I work I work for number one." And he smiled approvingly at this frank exhibition of his regard for himself. "But don't you go to anybody," he continued, "until I've thought the matter over for a day or two. I know a lot of men, and I'll think of somebody for you."

A day or two after this, as the two were again sitting together, Mr. Bristowe suddenly exclaimed: "I think I have a man who will suit you as associate; but I haven't mentioned his name because I've been trying to make up my mind to get you to take in with you Edward Carr, my nephew. You see, it is quite natural that I should want to get something out of the thing for myself, or, at least, something for one of my family. But the fact is, Ned is such a confounded ass, that I can't make up my mind to push him into anything that requires more than a tablespoonful of brains. I always was opposed to his studying law, for he has no capacity for it. He never has had any business, and he never will have any; and I suppose he'll end by getting some sort of clerkship. No, sir! It would be of no advantage to any of us to take hold of him; and you must have Will Brainard. He's the man for you; and I'll go to see him to-morrow, and tell him to call on you."

Horace was acquainted with Brainard, and thought he would be a very good lawyer with whom to associate; but his interest at present attached itself much more strongly to what Mr. Bristowe had said about his nephew. Those remarks, indeed, made such an impression upon him that he could not avoid alluding to them. "It may be none of my business," said he, "but I am very much surprised to hear you speak in such a way of a man who is engaged to marry your daughter."

"Stuff!" said Mr. Bristowe. "He's not engaged to her."

"Why, you told me so yourself!" exclaimed Horace, pushing back his chair in amazement.

"Yes," said Mr. Bristowe, with a grim smile, "I know I told you so when we first came here. That was a piece of *finesse*. I thought the situation a very unsafe one, and I had to take a prompt step. The idea of an engagement with Ned seemed to be just the thing, and it settled the affair without any trouble or nonsense. I knew you were not the man to ask anybody questions about it."

"I consider that to be treatment, sir"—— exclaimed Horace, angrily reddening.

"Don't get angry," interrupted Mr. Bristowe. "A father is bound to look out for the interests of his daughter, and I knew by your coming down to meet us at the steamer—for, of course, you didn't come to meet *me*—that you hadn't given up your old ideas in regard to Nellie, though I hadn't time to think much about the matter just then, and was glad to get anybody to take charge of her. But I must say, to your credit, that I also found, by your not driving home with her, and not calling afterward at the house, that you are a man who respects the rights and desires of others—mine in this case—and therefore, after I had invented the little ruse of the engagement, I felt perfectly safe."

"And, therefore," said Horace, "if a man proves himself worthy to be trusted, this is the treatment he may expect from you."

"Keep cool, my boy," said Mr. Bristowe, rising. "As I said before, a man must protect his offspring, even to the extent of an occasional whopper; but all I said and did related to a young lawyer with little or no practice, no signs of getting any, and, as far as I could see, no ability to do anything with a case, if he did get it. But since I have become better acquainted with you, that young man has disappeared into thin air. Let us go into the parlor, and find Nellie. Ned is a good-hearted fellow, and has been kind enough to come around a good deal to see her; but he has nearly bored her to death; and I think he begins to see that himself, for of late he has been weakening in his visits."

* * * * * * * *

It was about three months after this, in the early autumn, that our friend Horace went to the quiet restaurant, where once he had been used to take his meals, for the purpose of dining with John Martin Berners, who had recently returned from a long pedestrian excursion. The good editor was delighted to meet Horace, and gave him an exhaustive account of his tramp, where he had been, what he had seen, and what he had thought about it.

"And now," said he, when he had finished, "what have you been doing? Been taking any more penny walks?"

"No," said Horace. "I haven't taken any more walks of that sort; and I don't think I want to."

"That is quite to be expected," said the other, "considering the number of scrapes your first one led you into."

"Well," said Horace, laughing, "there were four scrapes, as you call them."

"Yes," said Berners, "I remember them all—with a tailor, a young woman, an impecunious mariner, and an incensed landlady."

"The tailor," said Horace, "made me look like a prosperous man, and that, there is no doubt, helped me to become one. The mariner paid me my money, and put into my hands an important and profitable case, which has already been the means of bringing me two others of the same kind, and will prove, I hope, the bringing of a successful professional career. The anger of the landlady was the cause of my living in the same house with the young lady I fortunately met at the steamer landing, and to that young lady I am now engaged to be married!"

"Whew!" exclaimed John Berners, pushing his hands into his pocket even more deeply than was his wont. "Have you that penny with you? And will you lend it to me?"

"What do you want with it?" asked Horace, laughing. "It might lead you into matrimony, and you are a bachelor on principle."

"Yes," said his friend. "But if I should be impelled toward the altar by a metallurgic chance I might like it."

"I'm sorry," said Horace; "but I threw that penny to an organ-grinder."

"Ah me!" sighed Berners, "I forgot that; and I must plod along in the old way. I don't suppose there is another penny like that in the whole world."—*Independent*.

---

Pope, Pollock, Herrick, Goldsmith, Macaulay, Watts, Hans Andersen, Voltaire, Ballou, Swinburne, Newton, and a host of others were or are bachelors. Pope was known as the interrogation point of literature, and hated women. James Buchanan, the bachelor President, was something of an author. In art the bachelors were also numerous. Raphael, Angelo, Landseer, Joshua Reynolds, and Beethoven were never married. Congreve, the dramatist, was a specimen of the bachelor lady-killer, and Swift was of the same order. Cowper, at twenty-eight years of age, met with a love misfortune, and the wound never healed. Keats, too, was affected by Cupid's dart, and never recovered. Pope had the iron driven into his soul by his deformity, which made him all the more bitter. Doctor Muhlenburg and Adam Smith had curious stories told about their love affairs, and Hans Andersen had his love trials. Turner, the artist, had his life sharpened by a love shadow. Lamb was a self-denying bachelor, because he gave up marriage on account of his sister. Gray and Erasmus were old-maidish bachelors. Goldsmith was a blundering bachelor, and his life might have been changed had he married. The ideal bachelor is Whittier, who is everybody's friend, gentle, good, and kind. Hume was a bitter bachelor, scoffing at everything. Gibbon went through several courtships, but remained a bachelor. Buckle, Boyle, and Spencer were never married, and the fact may have been that many of them never had time. Humboldt was a general favorite in society, and was courted and fêted; but he never married. Buckle was an invalid, and was devoted to his mother. Erasmus, the best critic of his age, was a bachelor. So was Horace Walpole. Macaulay was never married, but was devoted to his sister. When one of them got married he said he had nothing left but his ambition.

## EASTER DAY.

### The Easter Flower.

Of all the Spring's beloved,
O fair and fickle Spring,
Not one, except Arbutus,
Can trust what she will bring.

The rest, one year, get blossoms
In punctual sunshine bright;
The next, they wait and shiver,
And droop in icy blight.

Arbutus, witch and lover,
Has forged for Spring such chain,
However far she wanders,
She's back on time again.

And whether snows have melted,
Or lie all solid white,
Arbutus blossoms blossom,
Their rosy cups all right.

And happy youths and maidens,
Its secret haunts who know,
Go confident to seek it,
And find it 'neath the snow.

Of all the Spring's beloved,
Of all that she can bring,
If she'll give us Arbutus,
The rest may wait all Spring!—*H. H.*

### Easter Morning.

I.

Ostera! spirit of spring-time,
Awake from thy slumbers deep!
Arise, and with hands that are glowing
Put off the white garments of sleep!
Make thyself fair, O goddess!
In new and resplendent array,
For the footsteps of Him who has risen
Shall be heard in the dawn of day.

Flushes the trailing arbutus
Low under the forest leaves—
A sign that the drowsy goddess
The breath of her Lord perceives.
While He suffered, her pulse beat numbly;
While He slept, she was still with pain;
But now He awakes—He has risen—
Her beauty shall bloom again.

Oh, hark! in the budding woodlands,
Now far, now near, is heard
The first prelusive warble
Of rivulet and of bird.
Oh, listen! the Jubilate
From every bough is poured,
And earth in the smile of spring-time
Arises to greet her Lord!

II.

Radiant goddess Aurora!
Open the chambers of dawn;
Let the Hours like a garland of graces
Encircle the chariot of morn.
Thou dost herald no longer Apollo,
The god of the sunbeam and lyre;
The pride of his empire is ended,
And pale is his armor of fire.

From a loftier height than Olympus
Light flows, from the Temple above,
And the mists of old legends are scattered
In the dawn of the Kingdom of Love.
Come forth from the cloud-land of fable,
For day in full splendor make room—
For a triumph that lost not its glory
As it passed in the sepulchre's gloom.

She comes! the bright goddess of morning,
In crimson and purple array;
Far down on the hill-tops she tosses
The first golden lilies of day.
On mountains her sandals are glowing,
O'er the valleys she speeds on the wing,
Till the earth is all rosy and radiant
For the feet of the new-risen King.

III.

Open the gates of the Temple;
Spread branches of palm and of bay;
Let not the spirits of nature
Alone deck the Conqueror's way.
While Spring from her death-sleep arises,
And joyous His presence awaits,
While morning's smile lights up the heavens,
Open the Beautiful Gates.

He is here! the long watches are over,
The stone from the grave rolled away;
"We shall sleep," was the sigh of the midnight;
"We shall rise!" is the song of to-day.
O Music! no longer lamenting,
On pinions of tremulous flame,
Go soaring to meet the Beloved,
And swell the new song of His fame!

The altar is snowy with blossoms,
The font is a vase of perfume,
On pillar and chancel are twining
Fresh garlands of eloquent bloom.
*Christ is risen!* with glad lips we utter,
And far up the infinite height
Archangels the pæan reëcho,
And crown Him with Lilies of Light!

—*Frances L. Mace.*

### Easter Lilies.

Sing, children, sing!
The lilies white you bring
In the joyous Easter morning for hope are blossoming;
And as the earth her shroud of snow from off her breast doth fling,
So may we cast our fetters off in God's eternal spring,
So may we find release at last from sorrow and from pain,
So may we find our childhood's calm, delicious dawn again.
Sweet are your eyes, O little ones, that look with smiling grace
Without a shade of doubt or fear into the Future's face!
Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful voices tell
That Death is Life, and God is good, and all things shall be well;
That bitter days shall cease
In warmth, and light, and peace;
That winter yields to spring,
Sing, little children, sing!

—*Celia Thaxter.*

## THE SAN FRANCISCO DEMOCRACY.

### A Study of their Boss.

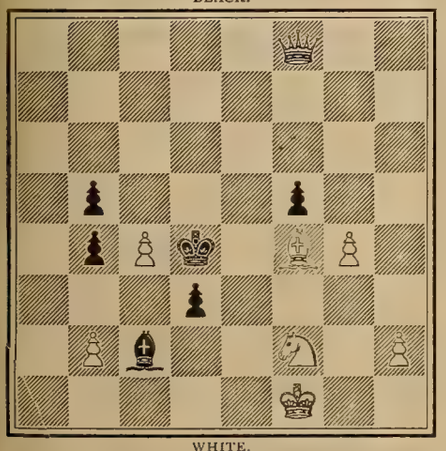
Occasionally we hear the remark that there are no principles dividing parties, and that it is a mere question of who shall hold office. This is not true. The principles which divide the organizations are as important and distinct to-day as ever. The issues of the war are not settled. The tariff controversy is not adjusted, while the conflict of classes is more threatening than ever before in the history of this country. The conflict of class interests is the real danger which threatens, first, the social order and property interests of cities, to be followed by a wider conflict, which will extend itself unless checked, and, unless arrested, produce disastrous results. It is an unmistakable fact that the tendency of our politics is to an irreconcilable conflict between those who own property and are interested in good order and good government, and those who, having nothing to lose and everything to gain, are interested in disorder and the opportunities afforded by a lax administration of the law to live without labor. It is not improbable that, pending this conflict, and perhaps long before it will become a trial of brute force, parties and party names will have undergone important transformations. But the party in America that for the past twenty years has embodied this element of unrest and disquiet is the Democratic party. The principle of insubordination to the law and unwillingness to submit to the majority was first evidenced by the Southern leaders; it led to the civil war, and resulted in strengthening the Democracy in those States where rebellion existed. Since the war, and in the Southern Democratic States for the first time, has there been a systematic violation of the ballot-box. In most of the Northern cities, where the Democratic party has acquired majorities, there have been riots, the ballot-box has been polluted, and politics have been reduced to a thieving industry in the interest of and managed by the vicious and propertyless classes. At times, and in some cities, under the organization of machines and the control of bosses, there has been open and direct spoliation of the property class, through taxation and profligate municipal expenditure. The city of New York, under Boss Tweed, is a notable example. The classes composing this dangerous party are demagogues, some ambitious of political distinctions and some of the gain and ease of place. The vicious, idle element is content with the lesser profits incident to the election period, and to the protection which they receive from officials and magistrates by reason of their political influence. The indifferent men, immersed in business—indifferent because occupied, or rich, or "disgusted with politics"—are the unconscious allies of the more vicious of the political class. The Democratic party of to-day in California, and especially in San Francisco, is largely composed of the more ignorant foreigners, of the criminal and criminally disposed native-born, and of idlers and adventurers. These men compose the active and controlling party element. They organize clubs, form and govern the nominating conventions, give direction to party organization, and find enough careless and indifferent electors—Republicans who stay at home, and Democrats who vote the ticket "because they are Democrats"—to win an occasional victory. San Francisco is in this struggle to-day. The Democracy are in danger of coming under the control and political management of the most corrupt and profligate of party leaders. There are a few Democrats desperately fighting to rescue the party, but, as a rule, with little encouragement from the "better class of party men." We always regret to be compelled to use this word "better" in connection with merchants, business men, and money-getters, who take no other part in politics than to whine and grumble like cowardly hounds when they are fleeced and robbed by political thieves. The Democracy in this State and city is just now upon the anti-monopoly wave, and the anti-monopoly wave is anti-railroad. The anomaly of the position is this: The non-property-owning, non-laboring class, the men who pay no taxes, who have nothing to lose, who, not being business men, have no freights to pay, and having no money, seldom travel further by rail than to a suburban picnic ground, are prominent in endeavoring to regulate fares and freights and exact the payment of taxes, and in demanding constitutional readjustments in reference to the ownership of property, and legislative interference with the mode of conducting private occupations. The other anomaly is the apparent indifference of property-owners, business men, and non-partisans to all this tom-foolery. So far, the extra session has called out no expression of popular opinion in opposition to railroads, except from the Chris Buckley faction of Democratic politicians in San Francisco, a few country cross-road hayseeds (half granger and half politician, and in no sense representing the body of intelligent farmers and land-owners), and a few chiv politicians—over fifty years of age—who are ambitious for office. Perhaps the most curious phase of this whole business is Mr. Christopher Buckley himself. His history and political power in San Francisco prove more than this article hints at, in reference to the attitude of the Democratic party and the dangers involved in its success. Mr. Buckley is Irish by birth, a Papist by baptism, the keeper of a whisky-saloon by occupation, and a Democratic politician by profession. We are informed that he has no family and that he pays no taxes. He is blind. The police declare his saloon as within suspicion of harboring questionable characters, and the political enemies of Mr. Buckley attribute much of his influence over the non-law-respecting and criminal class to his sympathy with them and protecting guardianship over them. All that is said prejudicial to Mr. Buckley's character may result from personal enmity and political jealousy. We have no acquaintance with Mr. Buckley, nor with those Democratic politicians who make their headquarters at the Alhambra saloon. The police department has a prejudice against Mr. Buckley, and we have never heard the Alhambra receive favorable mention from any considerable number of respectable people. Yet this man is the most prominent Democratic party leader in California. He makes and he unmakes. He creates judges and legis-

.tors. He holds municipal offices in the hollow of his and. His placemen fill responsible positions. He dic-ates to State and county committees. He arranges the rogramme and names the delegates to nominating con-entions. He aspires to the control of city and State pol-ics. The highest judicial officers fear him. The city agistrate is his slave. He would dictate the election of riminal judges and the appointment of police commis-ioners. He would direct the criminal administration of ne city of San Francisco from the Alhambra. Able Dem-cratic leaders, ex-justices, millionaires in hope of senato-al positions, men ambitious to become candidates for overnor and other high officers of State, or to hold mu-icipal positions, make alliances with him, serve under im, fear him, and hope to make political profit out of im. This man and his party are to-day the anti-monop-ly or anti-railroad party of California, and there is none ther. He names a committee of seventeen—himself of he number—to see to it that the Democratic members of he Legislature do their duty. He gives his sanction to he calling of an extra session. He nominates and elects n ex-chief-justice to the Legislature; and, finally, culmi-nating in the most extraordinary speech we ever read—ex-raordinary for its audacity—he charges, upon his personal esponsibility, the bribery of Democratic Senators by ame, pronounces himself in favor of mob law, and sug-ests that these gentlemen be driven in violence from the tate, "as better men than these Senators, thieves and murderers, were treated in 1856." Perhaps the Democracy will submit to the lash of Mr. Buckley, and lie down qui-tly under the insults he heaps upon it. We think, as a body, it will. We think, as a body, it will take any mount of punishment from any one who can control otes. Perhaps some few will resent his dictatorship, and efuse to lie still while he burns his brand in upon them. Perhaps there may be some gentlemen left in the Demo-ratic party who have sufficient independence, pride, and self-respect to take this medicine.

The time for celebrating Easter is the same for Protest-ants and Catholics, and was adopted in opposition to the Jews. The records of the Nicæan Council of A. D. 325 show that this opposition was most acute. The very call for the council breathed hostility against the Jews and those Christians who celebrated Easter on the day on which the Jews kept passover. These Christians were called Quartodecimanians, because they celebrated Easter on the fourteenth day of Nisan, the first month of the Jew-ish year. But the opposition to the Quartodecimanians of Asia was more zealous than intelligent; for the artificial day chosen for Easter fell occasionally, as in 1825, on the fourteenth day of the Jewish Nisan, and the Christian fathers, while bitterly opposed to the Jews, adopted, with-out any hesitation, the Jewish mode of reckoning time by lunations. To make the matter worse, these lunations do not tally with the facts of astronomy. The result is that Easter calculations are so extraordinarily difficult as to lead to occasional mistakes, like that of 1818, when Easter was kept on the wrong day. Easter is calculated on the basis of an ecclesiastical—not the real—equinox of Spring. The calculation involves also an artificial solar cycle, and other quaint computations, usually found at the beginning of church almanacs. When the right day for Easter is finally found, it determines a long series of ecclesiastical days, beginning this year with February 10th, and ending June 8th. It is not necessary to explain here the golden number, the epact, the solar cycle, the Roman indiction, the Do-minical letter, and the Julian period. As a curiosity, it may be mentioned that for the years 1801 to 1899 the fol-lowing calculation will determine Easter. Divide the year by 19, and call the remainder *a;* divide the year by 4, and call the remainder *b;* divide the year by 7, and call the re-mainder *c;* divide 19 *a* plus 23 by 30, and call the remain-der *d;* finally, divide 2 *b* plus 4 *c* plus 6 *d* plus 4 by 7, and call the remainder *e*. Easter will fall on March 22 plus *d* plus *e*, except when *d* plus *e* exceeds 9, in which case Easter will fall on April *d* plus *e* minus 9. This is a *simplification* of the Easter calculations. It is probably due to the Church of Gaul and the Bishop of Rome that we celebrate Easter on a Sunday; that we celebrate it on a variable day is due to the calendar of the ancient Jews, and indirectly to the laws of Moses.

**Chess Problem No. XIII.—By Otto Fuss.**

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

Doctor J. H. Zukertort, the champion chess-player of the world, played twenty-seven simultaneous games at Pittsburg, March 29th, with as many local chess-players. The contest lasted from eight o'clock till nearly two in the morning. The score for Zukertort at the finish was: Won, twenty-two games; lost, three; drawn, two.

## AFTER DINNER.

Jere Black used to tell a story of a lawyer, practicing in the Southwest, who was more than usually obstinate in arguing a case. The day was going against him. Finally, just after the case was fairly closed, he found a paragraph in Blackstone which exactly covered the point. In those days Blackstone was a great authority.

"Your honor," said the attorney, rising confidently.

"The court is fully advised," said the judge, sharply.

"But, your honor"——

"The case has been argued—the court is informed on that point."

"Oh, well," said the disgusted attorney, "I only wanted to show you what a d—d fool Blackstone was."

In San Francisco success at the bar does not imply much knowledge of common law. Human nature is the science that most lawyers study here. And don't they thrive, though! Indeed, it is much like what Soulié makes the devil say in one of his ingenious novels. His Satanic majesty had been arranging the details of a little compact with one of the sons of men, and was being roundly abused.

"No scene!" said the devil. "I hate a scene. Let us, at least, be gentlemanly about it."

"Are you not a rascal?" said the human.

"Not at all," said the devil; "you are the rascal. I am the result, not the cause, of the sin of man!"

Thus it is with doctors and lawyers—they thrive on man's infirmities and crimes.

Logically, therefore, lawyers are not at a loss for a living in San Francisco. And they make it in more ways than one—off their clients and off the public. Who ever heard of an attachment on a lawyer's furniture? Who would ever think of attempting to force a settlement by legal process. It is creditable to the bar that they have not abused their credit more than they have, for the poor tradesman would be powerless to protect himself should any legal light, when a little short, take a fancy to his wares. I was much amused the other day at the grief of an art-dealer in this city. He looked as if his last day had come.

"What is the matter?" I asked of the commercial patron of art.

"O Lord! O Lord! Mr. Blank," said he, referring to a prominent lawyer, "has taken a fancy to a picture."

"Well, what of that?"

"What of that!" shrieked the dealer. "Why, everything! He may want to buy it. Why, that picture cost a thousand dollars. Oh, I'm a ruined man, I'm a ruined man!"

And thus I left him. A few days after I found the little man quite radiant.

"You remember, the other day I told you that Mr. Blank had taken a fancy to that picture. Well, the danger is all over now," said he, brightly. "He's flush—just won a big case. He stepped in here an hour ago, and said he guessed he didn't want it."

And then the art-dealer gave a broad grin of satisfaction and clinked the coin in his trousers pocket.

One would suppose that the bar would compel its members to observe at least the ordinary code of gentlemen. But, alas! it is true that there are some members of the San Francisco bar whose very bodily presence in the community is contaminating. One case of rascality there is which has been spread upon a legal record not generally known outside of the legal profession. The whole forms an anecdote, quite worth the telling on its own merits.

Once, quite a while ago, there was an attorney in an Eastern city who had, in a rash and impulsive moment, married. He was something of a Lothario, and quite averse to the golden chains of matrimony, if thereby he was not allowed to range in pastures green and new. His wife—poor thing, she did not know him—loved him fondly and devotedly. All of which was embarrassing to our hero, for he was not a brutal knave—rather was he the knave hypocritical. Suddenly an idea seized him. He became staid and affectionate. He devoted himself assiduously to his spouse. Finally, he said to her one day:

"My darling, you have not seen your mother for many years."

"No," sighed the wife of his bosom. What a fatal propensity women have for being martyrs.

"When I think of the home from which I took you, and the comforts you gave up for me, it makes me weep." And the arch fraud wiped off an imaginary tear with his pudgy hand.

"I should like to see dear mother again," said the wife.

"Would you, my ownest? You will. You shall. I don't know what I shall do without you; but then it will only be for a short time. You will come back by the next steamer. Oh, you will be sure to come back—won't you?"

The wife promised, like a good wife should, and everything was arranged. Her mother lived in California, so the trip involved several weeks on the ocean and a trip across the Isthmus. When the sailing day came there was a tender parting at the wharf.

"My darling," said the laywer, "here is a box—a present for your mother. You must not open it till you get to San Francisco. It is a surprise."

The wife promised, and the steamer sailed away, the attorney waving his handkerchief on the wharf. His scheme was nicely laid; but he did not count on one thing—woman's curiosity. Arrived in the Caribbean Sea, the wife became possessed with the fatal desire to see the contents of the box. It is needless to say that she yielded. She found there, instead of a loving gift, a summons in divorce. Back as fast as she could go hurried the poor, dishonored wife. The case was reopened. The divorce took place, but things were reversed a little. The divorce ran against the man, and not the woman. The lawyer went to San Francisco—not the wife.

The law works strange justice sometimes. Much does the bench vaunt the necessity of deciding according to the law. The legislature, they say, should correct the evil of the law; the court must decide according to the statute. A case came up not long ago in the Massachusetts Supreme Court which is quite a curiosity. The case was decided by no less a man than Justice Gray, now of the United States Supreme Court. The facts of the case were briefly these: A poor seamstress was engaged to be married to a clerk in a dry-goods store. This engagement had been so definite that there had been a practical community of purse. In a word, to put it flatly, the man had borrowed from the girl. One day he came to tell her that he was going to marry another girl. The poor creature, in her agony, seized a pistol, and was about to put an end to her now miserable existence. The man, who was not half bad, but only faithless, rushed forward to save her. In the struggle that ensued, the pistol went off and the man was shot dead. These were the undisputed facts. Now, how was the case decided? It was held that suicide—although by actual decision it was no longer a crime in Massachusetts—was no less an unlawful act. In the attempt to comit this unlawful act, the girl had committed manslaughter. Consequently the humane judge gave I do not know how many years in the penitentiary to the poor girl who only wanted to die; who confessedly had not the slightest intention of shooting the man. The end of the tragedy, therefore, resulted in this strange contradiction. Had the man that was shot been alive to do it over again, he would not have interfered, or, perhaps, he would not have broken off the engagement.

Apropos of suicide being a crime, I am reminded of an anecdote of Magruder, who was in some sort the Bill Nye of the army. Magruder looked at everything from a quizzical point of view. He was an Irishman—a brilliant man—but so possessed with the sense of humor that he was thoroughly illogical. He used to dress in the most eccentric manner, and was always carrying out strange theories which he evolved from his inner consciousness. When quite a young officer, he whiled away the tedium of his garrison life by studying law under Judge Gaston, a distinguished jurist of the day. He was quite proud of this fact, and was wont often to allude to it. One day, Magruder became possessed with the idea that fishermen did not know how to catch haddock. He was stationed up in Maine, and he determined to drill them to do it in a military fashion.

"Dithipline is the thing, thir." In addition to his other peculiarities, Magruder lisped badly. "Men should catch fish like soldiers. By G—, thir, this is true."

No one was unwise enough to dispute it, and so Magruder went to work to perfect his plans. Such is the force of earnest persuasion that he succeeded in convincing quite a body of fishermen to go in with him. At half-past four in the morning, Magruder made the round of the tents, for, in true soldier style, he had put them all in tents. To his horror he found his men asleep.

"By G—, thir," said he to the man in the first tent, "why are you not up?"

The fisherman only turned lazily in his cot.

"Get up, I tell you," said Magruder, angrily; "get up."

The fisherman, unused to the sweets of discipline, only cursed aloud. Here was a dilemma. "By G—, thir," said Magruder, as he afterward told the story on himself, "I had to do something to preserve discipline. So I told him that if he didn't get up I'd cut his throat!"

It seems, however, that the man paid not the slightest attention to what he considered an impotent threat.

But, unfortunately for him, Magruder was quite logical in his absurdities. Besides he reasoned thus: "I have said I would cut his throat, and, by G—, I must do it!" So thinking, he stole up to the man, took up a razor, and drew it just across the cuticle, intending merely to draw blood. But the man moved, so the gash was quite considerable. The sacrificial victim roared, and a man in the adjoining tent came to the rescue. Magruder turned angrily to the new comer and said:

"Tie this man up to that tree."

He did not dare to hesitate. He saw the blood flowing freely from his companion's throat. He saw Magruder with a razor in his hand. So the man was duly tied up.

"Now, thir, will you get up in the morning and go out fishing when I tell you?"

The man, now terrified and weak from loss of blood, yielded, and promised anything.

"Take him down," said Magruder, sternly. The order was executed. "Now sign this paper." And with this he tore a leaf out of his note-book, on which he had written a confession that the luckless fisherman had cut his own throat, in the intention of committing suicide.

"Now, thir, if you dare say anything about what has occurred this morning I shall produce this paper. The attempt to commit suicide is a crime. By G—! I know. *I have studied law under Judge Gaston.*" VIVEUR.

The following is from "An Englishwoman to the Editor," in a recent number of the London *World:* "The American lady, who in last week's *World* criticised the degrading economy and some other failings of her English friends, writes as though transatlantic dressing is altogether above censure. So it is in all the American novels I have ever read; but a pretty large experience of traveling Americans has forced upon me other convictions. The absolute naïveté and candor of the false fringes which I have beheld tied on to American heads at *tables d'hôte* surpassed anything an Englishwoman would venture on; it surprised me as much as the average American stoutness, for which I was not prepared and which ran very high indeed. And then, granting that the transatlantic girl dresses with research and dexterity, how about the dismal, the faded, the —how shall I express her?—the alpaca female that accompanies her? This dowdiness of the married always seems to me a bourgeois and provincial thing. As for English dressing, it is good and bad. We Englishwomen have taught all feminine France—which took the lesson humbly—how to do its hair for the last eight years."

## STORYETTES.

### Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Bishop Bloomfield preserved his passion for *bon-mots* to the last. During his illness he inquired what had been the subjects of his two archdeacons' charges, and was told that the one was on the art of making sermons and the other on churchyards. "Oh, I see," said the bishop; "composition and decomposition."

"How do you like the squash pie, Alfred?" asked a young wife of her husband a few days after marriage. "Well, it is pretty good, but"—"But what? I suppose you started to say that it isn't as good as that which your mother makes." "Well, yes, I did intend to say that, but"—"Well, Alfred, your mother made that very pie and sent it to me."

A clergyman was devoutly reading the Holy Scriptures to his congregation, when he came to certain words in the lower right-hand corner to which he desired to give great emphasis. So he read with a loud voice, "I am"—turned over two leaves and continued—"an ass, the foal of an ass"—then, seeing his mistake, found the right place, and added—"that I am." Which, of course, nobody would deny.

An irritable London author went the other day to "have it out" with his publishers, Messrs. Chatto & Windus. He had never seen either of them in the flesh, having only communicated by letter with the firm, and, when he found himself in the presence of one of them, felt timid and confused, so he stammered with oblique indignation: "Sir, I don't know whether you are Mr. Chatto or Mr. Windus, and I don't want to be rude. But if you are Chatto, d—n Windus; and if you are Windus, d—n Chatto!"

Rochefort was second in a duel, and when he arrived on the ground with his man the enemy laid bare written excuses for his conduct, instead of the customary rapier-blade. When he was off the ground his courage returned. A few days afterward Rochefort met a fair friend of the weak-kneed champion on the boulevards, and asked her how he had got on since the duel. "Not too well," answered the lady; "he is still suffering somewhat." "Poor fellow," remarked the pitiless wit; "I suppose his apologies have re-opened."

Edward King tells one of the most delightful anecdotes of Carlyle yet put forth. That portentous pseudo-philosopher, Mallock, called on the old Scotchman and let himself loose, talking Carlyle almost to death. Carlyle listened imperturbably, invited him to tea, and had him to smoke in the library afterward. When at last the youthful sage thought proper to take his leave, Carlyle accompanied him to the door and said: "Well, good-bye; I've received ye kindly because I knew your mother, but I never want to set eyes on ye again!"

Ward Lamon, when Lincoln had appointed him Marshal of the District of Columbia, accidentally found himself in a street fight, and, in restoring peace, he struck one of the belligerents with his fist, a weapon with which he was notoriously familiar. The blow was a harder one than Lamon intended, for the fellow was knocked senseless, taken up unconscious, and lay for some hours on the border of life and death. Lamon was alarmed, and the next morning reported the affair to the President. "I am astonished at you, Ward," said Mr. Lincoln; "you ought to have known better. Hereafter, when you have to hit a man, use a club, and not your fist."

Retired book agent—"Why, how de do, Jinks? How spruce you are looking. What business are you in now?" Jinks—"Same old business—selling books." "What! still a book agent?" "Yes." "And alive?" "It seems to be." "Well, I can't understand it. Since I got out of the hospital I have given up books." "I keep on and am making twenty thousand dollars a year." "How do you manage to escape death?" "Easy enough. I first introduce myself as an agent of Mr. O'Donovan Rossa and ask for a subscription to the dynamite fund." "People refuse, of course?" "Certainly. Then I take out of my pocket a can of brick dust, labeled in big letters 'Dynamite,' and begin to expatiate on its merits." "Yes." "They beg me to handle it carefully and put it away. Then I place it in my coat-tail pocket." "Oh, ho!" "After that I open my samples and talk book to them until they buy, and they don't dare kick me."

Butler would have made a duelist of himself had he been born in a State and at a time when the code of honor held good. But bean-eating Massachusetts never fights duels, and Butler's nerve has had to be expended in other ways. A notable instance of this occurred in 1856, when Ben Butler was a young practitioner at Lowell. The Buchanan campaign was in full progress, and a great meeting was being held in the largest hall of the city. Rufus Choate, the great lawyer, was addressing the meeting, and his eloquence had thrown them into the wildest enthusiasm, when a jar was felt and a crash was heard. The cry went forth, "The floor is sinking." Every one turned pale, and the audience rose for a stampede, when Ben Butler came to the front of the platform beside Mr. Choate, and, calling to the audience to halt, said there was no danger; that the architect of the building was present, and that he would go with him and examine the building, and report to allay their fears. This quieted the audience. Butler and the architect made an immediate examination of the hall, and found the danger very great. Butler at once returned, and smilingly assured the audience there was no present danger; but, as the hall was overcrowded, he advised them to quietly adjourn to the public square, and there Mr. Choate would finish his speech. The crowd went quietly out, and the catastrophe was averted. As Butler stepped on the platform he had whispered to Mr. Choate with a half laugh, in order to deceive the audience. This is what he said: "Mr. Choate, I must clear this house or we shall all be in hell in five minutes."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

King Humbert of Italy seldom partakes of food at the family table. He suffers much from dyspepsia, and has the little that he eats—and he eats only to live—specially prepared and served in his private room.

General Cluseret, of Commune notoriety, is living quietly in Constantinople, and has no desire to participate in any more revolutions. He still insists that he did all in his power to protect the Archbishop of Paris from murder.

Cetawayo, previous to his decease, sent the following message to Mr. Grant, his late adviser: "Durban: I am dying. I say so. Tell my European friends I am dead forever. I leave Udinuzulu (Cetawayo's son) in my place. This must be communicated to Queen Victoria."

Mr. Irving is not only a great actor and dramatic manager, but also an enthusiastic and successful angler; and it is said that he owes much of his success to those quiet days on the trout-stream, when the study of Shakespeare and the killing of trout alternately occupied his attention.

Colonel Burnaby, of the "Blues," who is one of the remarkable figures of London, standing six feet four, holds four somewhat widely differing appointments at present, being Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the Horse Guards Blue, Silver Stick in Waiting, special correspondent of the *Morning Post*, and acting commandant of a levy of raw Soudanese and Egyptian troops. He figured in the front in the recent battles.

Prince Bismarck, says a Berlin correspondent, looked well when he entered the Parliament to defend his action in the matter of the Lasker resolutions. His voice was strong, his form upright, his step elastic, and his eyes bright as ever. His face was hairless, save for a military mustache and his shaggy eyebrows, all white as snow, and he wore his favorite uniform of the Seventh Cuirassiers, and his favorite decoration, the Iron Cross.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, when in the cage of the House of Commons the other night, finding things dull, and having often heard of the inspiriting effect of the interposition of the Irish members, expressed a desire to hear Mr. Healy speak. Some objections were gently offered, but the Duchess being imperative, the command was absolutely conveyed and received with a smile. She seemed utterly amazed that things were not as at an ordinary theatre, and that the Hon. M. P. did not burst into speech.

Baron Tennyson, of Aldworth, in the County of Sussex, and Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, took his seat with the accustomed formalities, says the London *Times* of March 12th. The noble lord, who wore scarlet and ermine robes, was introduced by the Duke of Argyll and the Earl of Kenmare (Lord Chamberlain), and attended by the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod and Garter King-at-Arms. The royal letters patent creating the title having been read by the clerk at the table, the new peer took the oath and subscribed the roll, after which he was conducted in the usual manner to a seat on the barons' bench. Having remained there a few moments, he was escorted through the house to the Lord Chancellor, who shook hands with him, and he then withdrew to the robing-room.

Newspaper nuptials: Mr. Lloyd, once the editor of the *Free Trader*, in New York, became the husband of Miss Bessie Bross, the only child of one of the principal owners of the Chicago *Tribune*. Sam Medill, managing editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, married the interesting daughter of a Mr. Carson, a prosperous railroad man of Iowa. Mr. Joseph Medill's daughter has married Mr. Patterson, one of the working staff of the Chicago *Tribune*. John Hay married Miss Clara Stone of Cleveland. Henry Villard married the daughter of William Lloyd Garrison. The publisher of the Buffalo *Courier* married a daughter of Mr. Fargo, the wealthy banker and expressman. Mr. D. R. McKee, the Associated Press agent at Washington, married the daughter of General Dunn, the Judge Advocate-General of the American Army. The *Commercial Advertiser* has been purchased by Parke Godwin for his son, who is to marry the daughter of Marquand, the broker, banker, and railroad man. The son of John Bigelow, another ex-newspaper editor, is to become the husband of a daughter of Jaffray, the richest importing merchant in New York. Rumor says that Mr. Jaffray is to purchase a newspaper for his son-in-law. Isaac Bell, the interesting son of one of the old shipping merchants of New York, has for several years been the husband of Miss Jeannette Bennett, who will probably inherit the New York *Herald*, as her brother has no family or posterity.

A curious exhibition, says a London paper, is now being held at Vienna, consisting of the goods and chattels of Josephine Gallmeyer, the popular actress, whose death occurred about two months ago. Two rooms in the residence of Madame Gallmeyer contain the articles exhibited, in one of which only costumes are displayed. They are all genuine, and the laces alone on some of the robes represent a small fortune. There are forty-two hats among the costumes, for each of which the price of six shillings is fixed. Of more interest than the costumes are the memorials of former days, which occupy the ante-chamber and the drawing-room. The former is entirely filled with artificial flowers, most of which were showered on the actress during her tour in America. Another transatlantic keepsake is an album, containing criticisms of American papers on her playing. Among the large number of portraits are those of Madame de Staël and La Roche, the latter with a poetical dedication. In the large jewel-case there is a bracelet presented by the Emperor Francis Joseph, and among the small ornaments there are a good many valuable pieces. As a curiosity may be mentioned a bronze urn, containing the dust of the flowers received by Madame Gallmeyer, and a number of pictures representing the tombstones of great men. The bed in which the actress died is also of great value, being richly carved and ornamented with oil-paintings. The whole collection consists of one thousand three hundred and eighty-seven objects, all of which will be sold by auction in the course of next month.


The Strongest and Best!




The Strongest and Best!

FOR SALE BY

**C. J. HAWLEY & CO., Sutter St.,**

Who are also introducing as a specialty

**HAWLEY'S NEW BLEND TEA.**

If you want a Tea that is pure, wholesome, and delicious, ask for it at the nearest drug store in the city. Sold at $1, 75 cents, and 50 cents per pound, in 1-pound and ½-pound packages.

**ANALYSIS.**

C. J HAWLEY & CO.—GENTLEMEN: I have carefully examined the New Blend Tea, and found it to be pure, unadulterated, and uncolored.

Yours respectfully, THOS. PRICE, M. D.

**Ask your Druggist for**

**HAWLEY'S NEW BLEND TEA.**

# To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of **Dyspepsia, or Indigestion,** are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

# Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of all disorders of the stomach and bowels. They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

PREPARED BY

**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

Sold by all Druggists.

**Hunyadi János** THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

*SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER LAXATIVES.*

"SPEEDY, SURE, & GENTLE."

*Prof. Roberts, F.R.C.P. London.*

The most certain and comfortable cathartic in cases of constipation and sluggish liver or piles.

*Ordinary Dose, a Wineglassful before breakfast.*

*Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.*

FOR SALE BY

**A. F. EVANS & CO.**

**522 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**

**HEALD'S** BUSINESS COLLEGE.

No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

# GRANULA

An incomparable Food for **Invalids** and **Children**; oldest and best health food known; delicious as a diet; grocers and druggists sell it. Manufactured by **OUR HOME GRANULA CO.**, Dansville, N. Y. Wholesale Agents: HICKOX & CO., San Francisco, Cal.; WATSON, WRIGHT & CO., Portland, Or.; H JEVNE, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE FINEST

# NOW READY CIGARETTE

**"CLOTH OF GOLD,"**

**(Straight Mesh.)**

**SWEET, DELICATE, AND MILD!!**

This Cigarette is made from the finest and most costly leaf from that region of Virginia particularly adapted for growing tobacco for Cigarettes. Our long experience in manufacturing enables us to secure the most suital le kinds of tobacco and thus present this superior article, with the full assurance THAT ITS EQUAL HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN OFFERED. A higher grade Cigarette can not be produced. We call particular attention to the superior quality of our old brands of Cigarettes. They can not be surpassed.

**Twelve First Prize Medals.**

**Peerless Tobacco Works.**

**WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

BONESTELL ALLEN & CO. PAPER WAREHOUSE

411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F.

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**


**In the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.**

In the matter of E. DETRICK and J. H. NICHOLSON as copartners, composing the firm of E. DETRICK & Co., and E. DETRICK individually, insolvent debtors.

J. H. Nicholson, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule, and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said J. H. Nicholson is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said J. H. Nicholson, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and all of his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him, or to any person, firm or corporation, or association for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property, until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered.

It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable F. M. Clough, Judge of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, in open Court, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, on the 28th day of April, 1884, at ten o'clock A. M. of that day, to prove their debts, and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor.

It is further ordered, that the order be published in the *Argonaut*, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of creditors.

And it is further ordered, that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated March 26, 1884.

T. H. REARDEN, Judge of the Superior Court.

Attest: WILLIAM T. SESNON, Clerk.

By EDWARD MYERS, Deputy Clerk.

**OPHIR SILVER MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the third day of April, 1884, an assessment (No. 47) of One Dollar ($1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the sixth (6th) day of May, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the twenty-sixth (26th) day of May, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office—Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of March, 1884, an assessment (No. 11) of Twenty (20c) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the twenty-first (21st) day of April, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the seventeenth day of May, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MINING CO.**

Location and principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 12th day of March, 1884, an assessment (No. 20) of Twenty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the sixteenth (16th) day of April, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the tenth (10th) day of May, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

A. W. HAVENS, Secretary.

Office—Room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.


Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.,**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER

Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.

Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.

News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.

Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.

Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.

The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.

Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."

A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Friday, February 15, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 9.30 A.M. | Antioch and Martinez | *12.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 5.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Deming, El Paso and Eastern Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | and East Emigrant | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and Stockton via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Stockton via Martinez | *12.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Ione | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Los Angeles and Southern | 9.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| 5.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | Merced, Madera, Fresno, and Tulare | *12.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Mojave, Needles, and East Emigrant | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Ogden and East Express | 8.40 P.M. |
| 5.30 P.M. | East Emigrant | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | and Tehama via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Redding | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 8.40 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | *12.40 P.M. |
| 9.00 A.M. | " | 8.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.30 P.M. | " | 9.10 A.M. |
| | " | 8.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Virginia City | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 10.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | " | |

Train leaving San Francisco at 4.30 P. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Benicia; and that leaving at 8.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from the Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUITVALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUITVALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, *9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Daily, except Sundays. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

**OPIUM and MORPHINE HABIT**

DR. H. H. KANE, of the DeQuincey Home, now offers a Remedy whereby any one can cure himself quickly and painlessly. For testimonials and endorsements from eminent medical men, &c., address H. H. KANE, A.M., M.D., 160 Fulton St., New York City.

NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

BROAD GAUGE.

## WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, November 11, 1883,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 6.50 A.M. | San Mateo, Redwood, and Menlo Park | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | *8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| *5.10 P.M. | | †4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | Santa Clara, San Jose, and Principal Way Stations | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas, and Monterey | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Hollister and Tres Pinos | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Watsonville, Soquel, Aptos, (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, broad gauge, no change of cars | 5.55 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | |
| 10.40 A.M. | Soledad and Way Stations | 5.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (sportsmen's train).

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS

Sold on Saturday and Sunday—good to return on Monday—to Santa Clara or San José, $2.50; to Gilroy, $4.00; to Monterey or Santa Cruz, $5.00, and to principal points between San Francisco and San José.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, January 21st, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—†10.15, *11.15 A. M., *4.50, †5.00 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—8.00, *9.20 A. M., †12.30, *3.20, *5.30, †5.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—*8.00, †8.50 A. M., *12.30, †3.35 P. M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—6.40, *6.50, *9.15 A. M., †12.00 M., *2.50, †5.10 P. M. * Week Days. † Sundays.

For SAUCELITO (Week Days)—9.20 A. M., 1.15, 3.20, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M., 12.30, 2.00, 5.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (Week Days)—7.45, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.50 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.45, 11.00 A. M., 1.05, 3.15, 6.10 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 6.15 P. M.

**11.15 A. M.** Daily, Sudays excepted (via San Quentin Ferry), THROUGH TRAIN, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through Train from Duncan Mills arrives in S. F. at 1.45 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning except Mondays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** from Saucelito Ferry. Excursion Train every Sunday for Point Reyes and Way Stations.

Returning, arrives in San Francisco (via Saucelito Ferry) 6.50 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.

The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over **3,300** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you. Respectfully,

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**
**227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

# CHARLES R. ALLEN,

**Dealer in House, Steam, Foundry, and**

# CUMBERLAND COAL,

**ENGLISH COKE AND PIG IRON,**

**120 Beale Street, San Francisco.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA**

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

From San Francisco for HONGKONG.

| STEAMER | 1884. |
|---|---|
| OCEANIC | Saturday, March 8th. |
| ARABIC | Saturday, April 26th. |
| OCEANIC | Tuesday, May 27th. |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Tokio** ..... **Saturday, April 12**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Jose** ..... **April 15**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers for MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West India ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Zealandia** ..... **April 11**

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on March 3d, 11th, 19th, and 27th, and every eighth day thereafter. The first steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## MARBLE WORKS.

**MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.**

**W. H. McCORMICK.**

897 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

**CRAZY PATCH WORK**

**How to Make It;** how to obtain the silk for it. We send Ten *samples of elegant silk*, all different and cut so as to make one 10-inch block of *Crazy Patchwork*, for 25 cts.; 12-inch block, 35 cts.; with diagram showing how it is put together.

We send 20 *perforated patterns, working size*, of birds, butterflies, bugs, beetles, bees, spiders and webs, reptiles, Greenaway figures, etc., etc., and 10 sprays of flowers of various kinds, all for 60 cts., with powder and distributing pad for transferring, to ornament the silk. These patterns can be *instantly* transferred to any material, and can be used *a hundred* times over.

Our book, **"How to Make Home Beautiful,"** has instructions for making a variety of patchwork, with diagrams and illustrations of many fancy stitches for joining and ornamenting the silk. Also, has illustrations of all the *Kensington* and *Arasene* stitches, with instructions for doing this kind of embroidery and for making many beautiful and useful articles. It also contains a descriptive and illustrated list of nearly 1,000 patterns for various kinds of embroidery. Price, 15 cts.

All the above, with ten varieties of silk for 10-inch block, 90 cents; with silk for 12-inch block, $1.00, with silk for both blocks $1.25, all post-paid. Silks in $1., $2. and $3. packages. **J. L. PATTEN, 47 Barclay St. New York.**

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital .....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama.

## The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK

LIMITED,

**N. E. corner Pine and Sansome Streets.**

London Office, 3 Angel Court. New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street.

**Authorized Capital Stock.....$6,000,000**

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED F. LOW, IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.

P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

CHARLES CROCKER. WM. H. CROCKER. E. C. WOOLWORTH.

## CROCKER, WOOLWORTH & CO.

**BANKERS,**

**322 Pine Street, San Francisco,** carry on a general Banking business.

Correspondents in the principal cities of the Eastern States and in Europe.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**
Of London. Instituted 1803.

**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.

**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.

**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

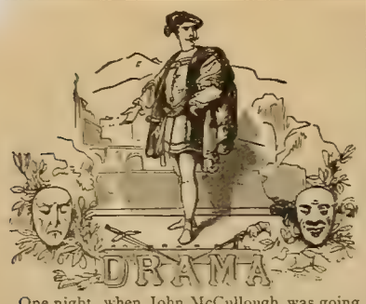
JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

## NEWSOM & GASH,

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.




One night, when John McCullough was going to play Othello, he had a visit in his dressing-room from a friend who volunteered to make him up for the part. The friend, I think, was Steele Mackaye, the man who writes plays, shoots actresses into sudden fame, or invents chairs which are apt to set the population of New York sprawling upon the floor in the most impromptu manner. He told Mr. John McCullough that the great secret of make-up lay in the eyebrow, and proceeded to put an eyebrow upon Othello for that night, which transformed the Moor into a rather more unpleasant person than usual, and made an enormous hit for the actor. I was reminded of it when Mr. Abijah Howard made his reappearance in "The Strategists," at the Bush Street Theatre the other night, with his wonderful eyebrows cocked in the old familiar manner. Against Abijah Howard on the play-bills is written "Harry Linden," a gay, debonnair, and altogether theatrical name which does not seem at all to belong this eccentric comedian, who is humorous in a school peculiarly his own. In San Francisco he will always be Abijah Howard. If "The Strategists" had come to San Francisco without him, their third visit would have been a lamentable failure.

Miss Katie Gilbert is a nice little person, trim and rather pretty, and with a marked predisposition for wearing too much hair on her head and too little shoe on her foot. When she came first, she acted like an amateur. She now acts like an experienced amateur, with an ingenuous attempt to be a comedienne, which is not unpleasing.

As for the rest of the cast, Mr. Haverly must have raked the continent to find a lot of people utterly barren of any sense of humor, and he has succeeded beyond his most sanguine hope. Some people profess to miss Polk as Jack Ruttledge, and to poignantly regret a sense of humor with which he pervaded the part, and which they do not find under the present dispensation. Mr. Polk was always enrolled on the play-bills as a distinguished comedian, but I never believed them. He always played comedy as if he were suffering from an acute case of theatrical hysteria. Mr. Bell plays it as if he thought he were the funniest man in the world, an idea in which he dwells in an awful isolation. One of the most disagreeable persons that any one knows is the one who sits up and tells you, with an air of imparting great knowledge, facts with which you have long been intimately acquainted without thinking of taking any credit to yourself for knowing them. Just so, one likes a player to accredit them with a sufficient sense of humor to discover the point for one's self. Mr. Bell most aggressively indicates every one as it comes, as if the audience were fools at a poppet show. When Tagliapietra made that wonderful one-night hit in "A King for a Day," he got up his reputation for being an actor, on the indescribable gravity with which he made his salaams to the false prince. It tickled the audience to know that they were in so well kept a secret. The recipe is recommended to the strategic Jack, if he have any intention of continuing a humorous career.

Miss Marie Bates is apparently a lady with an income and a wardrobe who has gone upon the stage *pour passer le temps*. Araminta has apparently not changed her condition, but only exchanged situations, in going upon the stage at all. Mr. Capsicano Peppers can be nothing but an accident.

Besides all these wonderful things, there is an olio, or rather a brace of variety episodes. A young Irish lad sings a song without any voice to speak of, and dances a dance without any legs to speak of. Mr. Bray, being left upon the stage alone for a minute, submitted to the audience the fact that he would like the company of his sweetheart for a few minutes, and would woo her with her favorite song. The song had, under the circumstances, the effect of being a trifle premature, for it was a fond papa's address to his baby boy while the pair of them were engaged in playing horse. It was a curious combination of Scanlan and Emmett, of "Peekaboo" and "Lullaby." Mr. Bray cavorted about the stage in a most athletic manner on his hands and knees, and wound up by transforming his handkerchief into a baby, and singing baby-talk to it for several dreadful minutes. It paralyzed the house, but it brought the girl out, and that without a blush on her face.

Under this horrible accumulation of circumstances it is plain to be seen that Abijah Howard is a glittering star of purest ray serene. "The Strategists," amusing as it is, is a coarsely compounded comedy, and the Major has some most unsavory things to do; but there is a vein of richest comedy in this actor, which is refreshing from the very newness of its style and its entire difference from the usual stage humor. Perhaps the sectional naturalness of his speech has something to do with its lack of staginess. And yet much of his humor lies in the shifting of his eyebrows.

"When he cocks his eyebrow," cried Amigo, in a burst of cachinnatory enthusiasm, "he can have my salary"—which is Amigo's idea of utter surrender.

It has been said that people with a straight, narrow line of brow have no sense of humor whatever; that the humor of those with a broad, thick brow is exceedingly grim; that people with high, arched brows, like Eugénie's, are exceedingly fond of pleasure, and that somewhere along the line of the brow of every artist, a sharp point will be discovered.

Miss Pomeroy's brows arch into a sharp point in the centre, but they do not indicate in what line we are to look for Miss Pomeroy's artistic feeling. As an actress she is not great, and as a dresser, she is, to say the least, peculiar. Her first costume in "Claire" is the very ecstasy of bad taste, and *en amazone* she is simply a guy. Indeed, in all the riding party, only Mr. Lee and Mr. Forrest looked like people who had ever mounted a horse.

"Claire" grows to be a better and better play the longer one thinks of it, for though the language has been badly managed in the adaptation, and some of the translations are absurdly literal, the story has that sure French touch which hits so unerringly upon the most interesting phases in human nature. Miss Pomeroy is too large and luxurious to present to the eye the young French girl just emancipated from the school-room, and her style is too hardened to sympathetically present the sufferings of the neglected wife. The appeal of Claire to the countess has been pronounced unusual and unnatural, but it is only because people have had this Claire in their eye. In the interview between these two ladies, they scold at each other like a pair of market women, which is all very well in the little *parvenue*, but undignified in a Montbrisson.

Miss Pomeroy is handsomely bound in blue and gold, being a blonde of that pure type which the Greeks selected as the standard of beauty for the Olympian gods, as being farthest removed from the dark charms of savages and barbarians. But she has not the polished refinement of style which should accompany it. One could imagine her to be a very good actress in a heavier part, but she really destroys the unities in "Claire." This is the more to be regretted, as it is one of those charming little plays that will live in the memory all the more because, aside from a little crudeness, it is admirably well played by all the others in the cast.

Mr. Lee's Philippe Derblay is gentlemanly, manly, and strong, and if Mr. Forrest extracts the venom from the character of the Duc de Bligny, and confines his villainy to making ardent love with his eyes to a constant back view of his neighbor's wife, what of it? One comes away just as well satisfied as if he were an out-and-outer, as little Jo says. Perhaps we shall like the cosmopolitan "Claire" that is coming to us by and by no better than our local cast, for although Osbourne, who dashes the Baron in with a few clever touches, is the only one who is distinctly local, we have had all the others flying about all the theatres such a time that they have become legally local by adoption.

And "Excelsior" still floats upon the even but not monotonous tide of success. To the habitué it is no longer the mysterious wonder of light and color and motion that it was. He has sifted these effects down to their individual causes, knows just what part he wants to see, and just what he wants to miss. It is not less wonderful than it was in the beginning, but it is wonderful in another way. Analysis shows what wonderful generalissimos of minutiæ these Kiralfys are.

BETSY B.

To-night is the last performance of "Claire and the Forge-master," at the Baldwin Theatre. Next Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight will open in "Baron Rudolph." Twelve years ago, Bronson Howard, then unknown to fame, wrote a play called "Only a Tramp," intending it for Florence. Fate, however, interfered, and the drama was finally sold to George S. Knight. It has been rechristened "Baron Rudolph." The cast is as follows:

Rudolph Wiegand, Baron von Hollenstein, ..... Mr. George S. Knight.
Whitworth Laurence ..... Mr. Edward Kendall.
General Benjamin Metcalf ..... Mr. Thaddeus Shine.
Judge Merrybone ..... Mr. B. Clifton.
Geoffrey Brown ..... Mr. Fred. J. Long.
Allen ..... Mr. John F. Ryan.
Owen ..... Mr. Charles Everett.
John Henry Thomas ..... Mr. James Whiting.
The County Sheriff ..... Mr. John Russell.
Bill Overdeck ..... Mr. E. P. Moore.
Rhoda ..... Miss Mary Leece.
Ernestine ..... Miss Marion Fleming.
Mrs. Nellie Dashwood ..... Mrs. George S. Knight.

At the Bush Street Theatre "The Strategists" is drawing large audiences. Manager Jay Rial announces the "Pop" Company as the attraction to succeed the "Strategists." Kate Castleton retains her old place with the company.

Mr. William Emerson has received an offer from Haverly of five hundred dollars a week for ten weeks in London with the Mastodons, on the condition that he appears also five nights in Brooklyn before sailing for England.

It is said that Wessels and Wright have finally arranged for their Pocahontas Company to open at the Standard. Miss Alice Harrison will not appear, but an Australian comedian named Barber will probably be in the cast.

At the Grand Opera House "Chispa" has been playing to good houses during the past week. Miss Phœbe Davis being ill, her part was taken by Miss Charlotte Tittel on Monday and Tuesday evenings.

Mr. W. E. Sheridan is coming to this city to take a permanent position at the Grand Opera House. It is said that he will create the part of Nana Sahib in the play of that name, to be produced there.

Miss Sara Jewett leaves for the East Monday, to create the principal part in a new play, called "The Banks of Allan Water," at the Park Theatre, New York.

Bert is endeavoring, through Mapleson, to get Henry Irving for a season.

"Excelsior" is still a brilliant success at the California Theatre.

Miss Adele Waters is shortly expected from the East.

— MRS. S. M. CAMPION HAS RETURNED, after ten years' study in Europe. Classes in OUT-DOOR painting in oils, water-colors, and black and white. Studio, 16 Mercantile Library Building. By letter, "The Westminster," 614 Sutter Street, S. F.



TRIAL OF STRENGTH.

Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.
ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.
ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.
THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.



HOTEL SIERRA MADRE VILLA.

CCCXVI.—Bill of Fare for Twelve Persons, Easter Sunday, April 13, 1884.

Eastern Oysters on the Shell.
Onion Soup.
Broiled Shad. Marble Potatoes.
Chicken Salad.
Fillet of Beef with Truffles and Mushrooms.
Green Peas. Asparagus à la Argonaut.
Roman Punch.
Roast Turkey stuffed with Chestnuts, Currant Jelly.
Indian Lettuce, French Dressing.
Rochefort Cheese.
Blanc Mange Easter Eggs and Whipped Cream.
Strawberries. Fruits. Coffee.

BLANC MANGE EASTER EGGS.—Take fourteen eggs, break small holes in the ends and empty the eggs into a bowl for cooking purposes. Set the empty shells in a pan of bran or flour, to hold them upright. Prepare your blanc mange ready to mold; color different portions of it; some with chocolate, some with a little pink gelatine, some with yelk of egg, and some with juice extracted from spinach. Fill the egg shells and put in a cool place. This must be done the day before they are to be used. Take some citron and some candied orange peel and cut in pieces the size of small straws, place these in a glass dish to form a nest; break the shells from your colored blanc mange eggs and arrange in the nest. Eat with whipped cream.

**Millinery and Dress-making Parlors.**

Mrs. W. W. Henry and Mrs. E. L. Hevener have greatly enlarged their facilities for business, and have also secured the services of the talented lady from Paris whose artistic skill is unequaled in conceiving and designing dresses and wraps. Their parlors are at 131 Post Street, over Samuels's Lace House, rooms No. 17 and 18. The ladies of San Francisco are cordially invited to call and inspect their fashionable millinery and dress-making.

**Prang's Easter Cards**

Are now in the hands of the dealers, and appropriately illustrate the sentiment of the occasion.

— NOW THAT LENT IS OVER, THE METROPOLITAN Hall is the best auditorium in the city for entertainments, concerts, lectures, panoramas, song-recitals, school exhibitions, and all forms of amusement.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

HOTEL
SIERRA MADRE VILLA,
On the mountain side,
In an Orange Grove, Near Los Angeles.

Has been enlarged to accommodate One Hundred Guests. For climate, health, comfort, pure water, and beauty of scenery, it has no equal on this coast. General Sherman says it surpasses all other places on the American continent for a quiet good time.
For further information, address
W. COGSWELL, Proprietor,
San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, Cal.

**Buffet Cars—San Francisco to Chicago.**

The Buffet car, which leaves San Francisco daily at 3 P. M., will connect with Buffet car at Ogden, running through to Chicago without change, via Union Pacific and the old, reliable Chicago and Northwestern Railway. These cars will run daily. For reservations and tickets, call at the General Ticket Office, 2 Montgomery Street, in the Palace Hotel, J. M. Davies, General Agent.

**Always at the Front.**

The Union Pacific Railway Company are now running Pullman's buffet sleeping cars from Ogden to Chicago without change, landing passengers in Chicago seven hours and a half in advance of all its competitors. Ladies traveling alone and families will appreciate this luxury. For further information call at the general office, No. 1 Montgomery Street, corner Post, D. W. Hitchcock, Gen. Western Pass. Agent.

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

— THE FREIGHT AND PASSENGER DEPARTments of the Missouri Pacific Railway Company have been removed to 605 Market Street, under Grand Hotel, where tickets may be had and freight rates ascertained for this ever-popular line.

# "THE INGLESIDE."

PUBLISHED BY H. B. M'DOWELL, 712 AND 714 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

TERMS—ONE YEAR, $2,50; SIX MONTHS, $1.50; THREE MONTHS, $0.75.

What is THE INGLESIDE?—THE INGLESIDE is a weekly newspaper published in San Francisco, and intended for national circulation. It is a handsome sixteen-page paper, almost entirely given up to reading matter, made up with the greatest care, and edited with a view of giving the most possible for the money that space will allow. Its attractions are so varied that it is not easy to give them in detail. We attempt the task, and after buying the paper you can judge for yourself how far our statements are borne out by the facts.

### SHORT STORIES

Play an important part in the THE INGLESIDE. Every issue contains a large number of them—in fact, a larger number than any magazine or weekly newspaper of equal standing and character. We have in the course of the last two months published several short tales of great execllence. We think, therefore, we are justified in calling attention to them:

"Left Out on Lone Star Mountain." By Bret Harte. (In No. 201.)
"Zara." By "The Duchess." (In No. 202.)
"The Burglar's Story." By W. S. Gilbert. (In No. 202.)
"The Denver Express." By A. A. Hayes. (In No. 203.)
"A Woman's Greed." By Edouard Laboulaye. (In No. 204.)
"Dandy." By Fred. Anstey. (In No. 205.)
"The Ill-starred Brigantine." By Robert Louis Stevenson. (In No. 206.)
"An Oriental Coquette." By Albert Delpit. (In No. 207.)
"The Green Vial." By T. W. Speight. (In No. 208.)
"The Brigand's Bride." (In No. 209.)
"Dr. Ball." By "The Duchess." (In No. 209.)
"The Swamp Goblin." By Phil. Robinson. (In No. 210.)
"A Terrible Experience." By E. Nesbit. (In No. 211.)
"The Black Poodle." By Fred. Anstey. (In No. 212.)

It must be carefully borne in mind that these are not *all* the good stories in THE INGLESIDE. There is the greatest variety of them, to suit every taste; stories both English and American, besides occasional translations from the French, German, Russian, and Spanish.

### THE SERIALS.

"Jack's Courtship," by William Clark Russell, and "I Say No," by Wilkie Collins, which are now running in THE INGLESIDE, are of unusual excellence, and will appear in these columns before being published in book form. In No. 214 we will commence the publication of a new serial, written expressly for us, and entitled, "THE RED NOTE-BOOK." "The Red Note-Book" is copyrighted, and will appear only in the columns of THE INGLESIDE. It is a story of the most absorbing interest, strongly resembling those of Gaboriau, and no one who begins it will leave it unfinished.

### Answers to Correspondents

Form a feature of THE INGLESIDE that has grown of late to considerable importance. In this department all questions respectfully addressed are answered with the greatest of care. No topic is rejected, and, as our correspondents will admit, each has been treated with all due consideration. Accuracy is guaranteed, and we believe we have sources of information quite unequaled by any other periodical of the same character. It is well nigh impossible to choose from the great number of topics which have been discussed in this way in response to the varying needs of our readers:

The History of Visiting Cards. (In No. 201).
Proposals of Marriage. (In No. 202).
Leap Year. (In No. 203).
"Blind Staggers." (In No. 204).
Marron Glaces. (In No. 204).
Regrets and Acceptances to Invitations. (In No. 205).
Electric Motors. (In No. 207).
The History of the Waltz. (In No. 209).
Society. (In No. 210).
Père Hyacinthe. (In No. 211).

It is believed that these answers supply a need long felt, and we are confident that the information accorded is unusually full and accurate.

### THE TABLE.

This department contains a large number of recipes which are quite rare, and which have all been tested. *They will work;* in fact, they *have* worked, as our correspondence will amply testify. We confidently assert that the following recipes from the French and Spanish cuisines have not appeared before in any periodical in this country:

Crême au Caramel.
Ingleside Marrons Glacés.
Royal Eggs.
Chicken Casuella.
Mangar Blanco, or Spanish Blanc Mange.
Tortas de Polveron.

These recipes alone—and there are many others—would pay housekeepers and cooks at least the price of one subscription.

### THE OBELISK.

This department is of such peculiar character that it baffles explanation. It contains much secret information that seldom comes to light, and many interesting details of the men and women who are prominent in the world.

### THE HOUSEKEEPER

Is another valuable department of THE INGLESIDE. Every one knows what household hints are, and how frequently they are untrustworthy. Not so, ours; and as for their importance, we advise doubters to read No. 210, where in simple language is explained the whole art of broiling, stewing, baking, roasting, and the two kinds of frying, dry and wet. This column alone is again worth more than the price of one subscription.

### THE FASHIONS.

This department contains the letter of the ever-entertaining Clara Belle. THE INGLESIDE is an authority for all those who dress with simplicity and refinement.

### THE FUNNY MEN.

Under this caption are contained all the quips, and jests, and humorous stories of the best humorists in the country. There is more humor in one page of THE INGLESIDE than in all of any other paper on this coast put together.

### INDUCEMENTS.

Besides all these merits, THE INGLESIDE has other attractions. Every month there are offered Cash Prizes in answer to our

### PRIZE QUESTIONS.

For the first best set of replies to these questions, THE INGLESIDE awards $10, payable *monthly*. There are two other prizes, one of $5 and one a transferable subscription to THE INGLESIDE for one year. These questions are not only interesting in themselves, but they are valuable means of stimulating thought and inquiry.

### OUR PREMIUM OFFER

Has been extensively advertised, and will be sent to any one desiring it. Briefly, however, we may say that in one our special offers we actually agree to give to any one already a subscriber, $1.50 worth of goods, provided that he or she shall secure us one other subscription. By sending to S. S. Wood, 230 E. 34th Street, New York, who is our agent for these goods, *he will send you a descriptive catalogue.* Before ordering however, read our offers carefully.

How can we manage to do all this for so little? The answer to this question is very simple. We have made a study of it, and not only will we continue to do what we have already done, but we will do more. We have in reserve several new features that will increase still more the value of THE INGLESIDE. In the meantime send your subscriptions along, and address them carefully.

INGLESIDE PUBLISHING CO., 712 and 714 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

**Root Beer.**

A strictly non-alcoholic family beverage, at once delicious to the taste and beneficial to the system. The youngest child or the feeblest invalid can drink it with advantage. Put up in pint and quart champagne bottles, with patent stoppers, at seventy cents and one dollar and ten cents per dozen. All orders promptly filled. H. L. St. John & Co., 14 Hayes Street.

— PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN, AND SCIENTISTS unite in recommending the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS OF SPRING medicines, and then take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

**We take pleasure in announcing that our Spring and Summer Goods have now arrived, and comprise all the latest Shades and Patterns.**

**We have imported a choice lot of English Summer Suitings in plaid and fancy patterns, which we offer at very low prices.**

**REEVE & STAAB,**
**Tailoring Parlors,**
**Corner Kearny and Geary Sts.**
**Entrance, No, 10 Geary Street.**

ATKINS MASSEY,
**UNDERTAKER,**
At the old established place, No. 651 Sacramento Street, first house below Kearny, San Francisco.

VILLA RESIDENCE
AT SANTA CRUZ.
**$15,000.**

**FOR SALE, one of the most beautiful seaside homes on the Pacific Coast.**

The house, of ten rooms and offices, standing in its own picturesque and beautiful grounds of several acres, has a handsome and modern exterior, and is finished and fitted up in good style fit for the immediate reception of a gentleman's family. Location at once unique, convenient, and desirable, enjoying perfect aspect. Almost in town, yet commanding superb views of city, bay, and mountains. Principals address EXCHANGE AND MART, Real Estate Office, Santa Cruz, Cal.

HIGHLAND SPRINGS,
**LAKE COUNTY, CAL.**

"The Switzerland of America."

OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

**Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.**

**Daily communication via Cloverdale.**

**DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.**

REMOVAL.
**Missouri-Pacific Railway Co.**

Freight and Passenger Departments removed to 605 MARKET STREET, Grand Hotel Building. Tickets on sale, and freight rates quoted to and from all Eastern cities.
H. R. SMITH Jr., Pass. Coast Pass. Agt.
W. A. BISSELL, Pac. Coast Freight Agt.

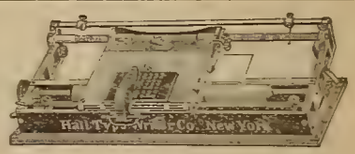
EASTER
CARDS.

**A fine assortment of the most artistic of this season's Easter Cards now on exhibition at**

DOXEY'S,
23 DUPONT STREET.

BUTTERICK'S
**Patterns---Spring Styles.**
**Send Stamp for Catalogue. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**

FREE A lady's fancy Box with 26 articles and 60 page book illustrating games, tricks, etc. Send 10c. to help pay postage. E. NASON & Co., 120 Fulton St., N.Y.




THE HALL TYPE-WRITER
Awarded medal over Remington and Caligraph. Simple and durable. Weighs seven pounds in case. No inking ribbon. Interchangeable types of all kinds. Takes all sizes paper. Price, $5
PACIFIC COAST AGENCY, ROOM 3, No. 125 CALIFORNIA STREET.
S. F. Office Empire Portable Force Co. of Canoes, N. Y.



GIVEN AWAY!
This is a beautiful **solid** wedding ring made of **Heavy Rolled Gold** plate. Each ring warranted. We want to introduce our new and beautiful Catalogues of Clocks, Jewelry, Watches, Silverware, &c. at once. **SPECIAL Offer:** Send us 88c. in stamps and we will send you this elegant ring. We will also send you **FREE**, as a present, the "Little Wonder" TIME KEEPER,

just as shown in cut. A thoroughly reliable teller of the time of day in a handsome Silver Nickel Hunting Case. Cut one-third size. Address
BABCOCK & CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

**ATTENTION, RANCH OWNERS.**

A thoroughly instructed FARMER, having managed a large estate and made his agricultural studies in Europe, wishes a situation as Superintendent of a first-class farm. Dairy matters a specialty. Highest references offered. Address **L. K., 42 Nevada Block**, San Francisco

KNABE PIANOS
"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*
A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St., S. F., Sole Agents.

BETHESDA
SUPERIOR TABLE WATER
L. CAHEN AND SON, 418 SAC. ST. S.F.

R. H. McDonald, Pres't. S. G. Murphy, Cashier.
Established 1863.
Oldest Chartered Bank on the Pacific Coast.
PACIFIC BANK
Capital Stock $1,000,000.00.
Surplus $ 450,000.00.
Resources $ 3,778,077.80.
San Francisco, Cal. Jan. 1, 1884.
All matters intrusted to our care will be attended to with promptness, fidelity, and in strict confidence. B. H. McDONALD, Pres't.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.
Commission Merchants,
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
☞ Liberal advances made on consignments. ☜

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON.
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 309 SANSOME STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY
OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.
Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

THE AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS
And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,
415 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco

Call and See the New Invention,
MAGIC
WINDOW SCREEN
AT 128 GEARY ST.
Solid comfort in the house, with the flies on the outside.
W. LITTLE, Proprietor,
CARPENTER, BUILDER.

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
TILES
For Decorations.
W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
HENRY F. MILLER
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
HEMME & LONG
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

ICHI BAN

WALL PAPER,
Artistic Designs, American, French, and English. Cornice Poles and Fixtures. Sole Agents on Pacific Coast for LINCRUSTA WALTON, the new and indestructible Wall Decoration. Imitation Stained and Ground Glass, for residences, churches, etc. Frescoing and Interior Decorating a specialty.
WINDOW SHADES.
Samples and Estimates furnished on Application.
G. W. CLARK & CO., 645 & 647 MARKET ST.

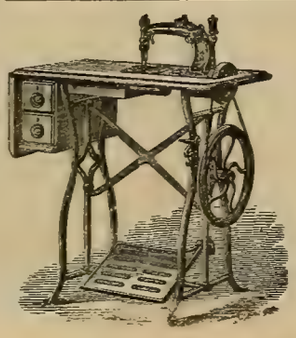


THE STANDARD SILK OF THE WORLD
YATES & CONKLIN,
Manufacturers' Agents,
18 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Every reader of the "Argonaut" should see a copy of
THE ILLUSTRATED NEW YORK
• LIFE •
The leading Humorous and Satirical Paper.
TERMS: At the rate of $5.00 a year, postage free. Sample copy free. 1155 Broadway, New York.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW
FOR THE COMPLEXION!
This elegant preparation is the most perfect beautifier known. It is pure and harmless, delightful in its application, and wonderful in its effects, while the closest scrutiny fails to detect its use. Prepared by
H. BOWMAN, Chemist, Oakland.
For sale by all druggists.

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.


Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.



FOR SALE EVERYWHERE
HOME INDUSTRY

MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. A. K. CLAPPE'S
SELECT SCHOOL
FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,
At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N. Y. Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalogue.

THE "POPE HOUSE"
HOTEL.
The POPE HOUSE, for fifteen years past the leading private Hotel and Boarding-House of SANTA CRUZ, enjoying the first patronage in the State, has changed hands, and RE-OPENED March 25th, under the direct personal management and supervision of the new proprietors, who hope, by close attention to the wants and comforts of their guests, to merit a continuance of the valuable patronage so long enjoyed by Mrs. Pope.
Private Family Dining-rooms. French Dinners served to order in the best style.
☞ SPECIAL OMNIBUS awaits all arriving and departing trains and steamers. No charge whatever for conveying guests to or from this hotel.

"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."
THE NORTON
DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.

It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.
D. S. BROWN & CO.,
36 California Street, San Francisco,
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY
A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for
TAMAR CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion, etc.
INDIEN Prepared by E. GRILLON, Chemist of the Paris Faculty, SOLE PROPRIETOR, 27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.
GRILLON Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A. P. HOTALING & CO.
429 to 437 Jackson St., sole agents for the J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky, "O. P. S.," "O. O. K.," "O. K." "A No. 1," "A." Established 1852.

A. HARKER & CO.
Importers and Wholesale Grocers,
108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

JOHN MIDDLETON,
COAL.
14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.

GERMEA
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIV. No. 16. SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 19, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: Matters at Sacramento—How San Francisco is Represented at the State Capital—The Country Statesman—Old Hayseeds—Chris Buckley's Gang—The Greedy Lobby—Prominent Railroad Owners—The Probable Effect of the Barry Bill—The Solid Men of California Against It—San Francisco and its Standing in Regard to the Question—The Foremost Merchants—Their Antipathy to the Railroad Agitation—An almost Unanimous Press demanding Justice throughout the State—Do the Respectable Democrats Approve of the Extra Session?—The Donahue Railroad Property and its Possible Fate—The Grave Questions which the Legislative Wise Men Expect to Decide—What an Honest Democrat might do—Has any one the Courage?—The Nomination of Blaine almost a Certainty—The Strength of John Sherman—Arthur's Chances—The People's Choice—Blaine's Popularity—His Views on the Chinese Question—The Action of Other Statesmen in Regard to the Same Subject—A Compromise said to be Imminent—Will the Warring Factions make Peace?—The Best Guaranty of a Continuance of Republican Rule..... 1–2

A FIRE IN A FLAT: The Dangers of New York Apartment Houses—Colonel Tom Ochiltree's Baroness—Marcus Meyer's Cold—"Flaneur's" Gossip. 3

POVERTY-STRICKEN PARIS: The Decline of a Celebrated Theatre—Paris Critics and American Collectors—Claretie's Art Story—"Babillard's" French Notes..... 4

LITERARY NOTES: A New Series of Story-books—The Coming Book Exhibition at Berkeley—Miscellany..... 4

VANITY FAIR: A Poem on the Subject—The F. F. V.'s and their Pedigrees—A Funny Story about the Queen—A New Paris Fashion..... 5

OUR CHESS COLUMN: A New Problem—Notes about the Game—Answers to Correspondents..... 5

SOCIETY: The Belvin-McMullin Wedding—The Hinckley-Grayson Wedding—The Griffiths Reception—The Lent Dinner—The Grant Reception—Other Affairs—Notes and Gossip..... 6

COBWEBS: The Easter Bonnets—The Rigl Sisters and their Rosaries—Flowers in New York—Bouquets to Match the Dress..... 7

A BLOODY REVENGE: How a Spaniard Won the Title of "El Verdugo"—A Son who Played the Headsman..... 8

THE LATEST VERSE: "Maréchal Niel," by Aldrich—"Strangled"—"The Arbutus," by H. H.—"Dew of Parnassus," by Edith M. Thomas—"My Love"—"Celeste," by Hake..... 9

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Alphonse Karr's Toast—A Hen-pecked Husband—An Inebriate's Description of an Insult..... 9

THE CESSION OF ALASKA: A Bit of Unwritten History—Senator Cole's Correspondence with the Russian Authorities—The Purchase..... 10

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People..... 10

HOW I BECAME A WAR CORRESPONDENT: Archibald Forbes Relates a Striking Experience in His Life—The Franco-Prussian War—A Bitter Disappointment and the Good it Wrought..... 11

STORYETTES: A Timid Maid—Hayward and the Soup—A Detroit Butcher—A Deserved Rebuke..... 11

THE INNER MAN: A Poetical Appetizer—Worcestershire Sauce..... 12

THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "All Saints"—"A Cold in the Head"—"Madrigal"—"Logan's Lament"..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—"Baron Rudolph"—Notes of the Week—Stage Gossip..... 14

In defiance of the cowardly threats put forth by the railway-phobists and their newspaper allies, that none but anti-monopolists should visit the capital during the extra session on pain of being hanged, drowned, or tarred and feathered, the writer timidly ventured out on Thursday of last week to visit Sacramento. Having escaped the tremendous wrath of the combination of chiv politicians, jack journalists, holy hay-seeds, Chris Buckley, and Harrison the importer of swipes, we are at leisure to recall the incidents of the trip and the reflections thereon. Sacramento looked sodden and muddy, the river swollen and dirty, the heavens angry and threatening, as though Nature were protesting against the extra session. San Francisco was well represented by its less important politicians. The country was well represented by that class of grangers who take the same interest in placing small demagogues at the top in politics that they do in putting large potatoes at the mouth of the bag, and stones in their wool sacks, to give additional weight to the fleece. There are in California, as elsewhere, two kinds of farmers—one a highly intelligent and cultivated class, who are experimental and enterprising, who live and let live, who appreciate the fact that civilization is broader than their acres and humanity wider than their farms. These men live in comfortable homes, gathering around them the comforts and luxuries of life. They read, and think, and take the *Argonaut*, and educate their sons and daughters to become useful citizens. There is another class of stupid agricultural dolts, uneducated and unambitious, living in beastly discomfort. Around their homes there is no evidence of taste, inside no signs of culture, themselves without other ambition than that of the ground-hog—to root and live. Their wives are slaves, their children grow up in ignorance and toil, their workmen are lodged in hay-stacks and are fed like mendicants. They have emigrated westward to escape civilization, until the Pacific Ocean has driven them back to the uncomfortable association of intelligent and liberal men, with whom they have no sympathy. Unwillingly they are compelled to reside in communities with whose cultivated tastes they have nothing in common, because there is no farther west for them to emigrate to. We would suggest to the rebel Arkansan and the Pike Missourian that Mexico and Central and South America still present the attractions of a pioneer life which civilization will not soon disturb. It was this kind of "honest" granger that the alarm-bell, struck by anti-monopolists, had summoned from their homes to the capital. They were doing gallant service for their associates of Bascom's grocery and the Confederate Cross-roads, by paying their own railroad passages and hotel fares, to sit around in bar-rooms and committee-rooms looking gravely wise over questions they do not pretend to understand. The policy of the Central Pacific Railroad people has disturbed all the Confederate Cross-roads calculations by paying no attention to the extra session, allowing none of its agents to visit the capital, unless summoned before committees, employing no lobby, opening no sack, and taking no apparent interest in what the Democratic party may attempt to do. There is a greedy lobby at Sacramento waiting for employment, hoping for a conflict in which it may loot the dead, awaiting the opportunity for blackmail which so far has not come. While the greater railroad corporation, strong within the Constitutional guarantees which make it impossible to pass other than general bills and enact other than equal laws, is inactive and indifferent at this communistic raid of political adventurers clothed with accidental legislative power, the lesser railroad corporations are justly alarmed at legislation which threatens their very existence. There were Messrs. Yerrington, Donahue, Davis, Rideout, Walker, Wilson, and others, representing existing local and narrow-gauge roads, upon their oaths declaring before an investigating committee that the Barry bill, if enacted into a law, would work ruin and confiscation to their enterprises. There were others interested in plans for future railroad building—intelligent, enterprising men, who declared that the legislation now threatening existing roads would prevent further construction, destroy our financial credit in foreign markets, and render impossible the extension of our railroad system. There were lumber-men, grain-growers, cattle-raisers, fruit-dryers, and wine producers from distant parts of the State, protesting with all the earnestness of self-preservation against the extraordinary doctrines laid down by the Hon. ex-Chief Justice Wallace—viz., that the foreign bankers who had advanced money for the construction of railways, the innocent stockholders who had invested in them, the men and women whose fortunes were involved in railroad property, did not own them, but that they were owned by the public; the public owned by the Democracy, and the Democracy owned by himself, George Hearst, and Chris Buckley. Upon examination of the Barry bill, it was found that there was a trick in it, by the springing of which a railroad charter might be forfeited by the act of an employee, though done without the knowledge or sanction of its directors or leading officials. This confiscation would extend to the innocent owners of the bonded debt. It was found that in its provision against discriminations there was hidden a discrimination which would have enabled a large shipper to monopolize a small road to the inconvenienee of all small shippers; which would make it impossible to do certain kinds of cheap transportation; which would make the cost of long hauls for wheat, ores, and other commodities greater than the value of the merchandise in the market of its destination, and would thus render the value of lands at points distant from market comparatively worthless. We watched the countenance of one venerable hay-seed as this idea began to dawn upon him. He was so intent that he forgot to spit, and drooled himself into a spectacle.

One curious fact, to which we have often adverted, is the indifference manifested in reference to this legislation concerning the greatest industrial interest of the State by the business and property classes, and the great interest manifested by the adventurers and paupers of the Democratic party, and those who are confessedly ambitious for political advancement. In the city of San Francisco, where this railroad system concentrates, and where there is not a commercial, manufacturing, or mechanical industry which does not bear to the railroads an intimate relation, there is but one merchant, and he a dealer in liquors on a small scale, and with a limited capital, who is agitating himself over railroad exactions. We have in our city a large class of merchants—who, whatever else they may lack, do not lack courage—who have made no movement in aid of this anti-railroad agitation. We have a Merchants' Exchange, Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade, Corn Exchange, Mechanics' Institute, labor guilds of all kinds, and, so far, not one has indicated that there was any evil to remedy or oppression to resist. Of the hundreds of merchants and business men in San Francisco and throughout the State, alleged to be persecuted by special contracts enforced upon them against their wishes, not one is found to complain. Personally the writer has conversed with such firms as William T. Coleman & Co., and (not desiring to mention names) with scores of other merchants, who express themselves entirely satisfied with the manner in which the roads are doing their business. Among the journals of San Francisco the anti-railroad sentiment is represented by the *Chronicle* and the *Examiner*, and one or two unimportant weeklies. The causes of their respective opposition to the Central Pacific Railroad require no discussion. In the country and the city there is, here and there, a newspaper editor who has not attained sufficient influence to become a blackmailer, but who "'opes to be," who is pounding away like an organ-grinder in expectation of the sixpence which shall silence his clamor. The press throughout the State, as a rule, demand that the railroads have justice and do justice; that they be compelled to act according to law, under the law, and that they have the benefit of the law. In a hasty visit to Fresno, last week, the writer found no single intelligent property-owner in that country who had any serious complaint against the railroad. He found a few noisy bar-room declaimers, but without exception they were men without landed property or capital in business, and generally without moral character or industrious habits. The only prominent individual in San Francisco (since the withdrawal of John P. Doyle from the arena) who steps forth as the champion of the oppressed classes is Christopher Buckley, Esquire, of the Alhambra Saloon. For the motives which actuate him, and the character of the individual, we refer our readers to the speech in the State Senate of Senator Harrigan, and to the card of Senator Cronan in a recent issue of the *Alta California*. At Sacramento we found the *Examiner;* the political friends of Mr. George Hearst; Judge Wallace, who had a right to be there; Mr. Foote, the Railroad Commissioner, who had a right to be there; a good many members of the Assembly; and one or two Senators, who, by reason of their general stupidity, had no right to be there; the hay-seeds, and the lobby referred to, as the only representatives of a movement more absurd and dangerous than any which has ever threatened the progress and prosperity of this State. We declare it as our opinion that the suggested legislation of this extra session of the Legislature meets the approval of no respectable minority of any party in this State; that no considerable number of Democrats (we mean the class of Democrats who are intelligent, hon-

est, have property, and want no office) approve of it; that it is a movement having its sole inspiration in the ambition of less than a score of Democratic party leaders, a brace or two of lawyers, a pair of disgruntled newspapers, a mob of ragged communists who have attached themselves as camp-followers to the Democracy, a little band of unprincipled lobbyists, the class of farmers who put the big potatoes at the mouth of the sack, and the League of Freedom and the whisky dealers, who are anxious to present some party issue which will withdraw attention from the evils and taxation attending the gin industry. Mr. Rideout, upon his examination before the Judiciary Committee, said he had "lived at Marysville for a generation; knew all the business men of the upper valley of the Sacramento, upon both sides of the river; was a shareholder in five or six banks; interested in mechanical and manufacturing enterprises; raised and shipped large quantities of grain for himself and others; that he had conversed with great numbers of persons upon the Barry Bill and the general question of anti-railroad legislation, and he had never found one man who favored it." We believe this is true of every part of the State which has not some special or local grievance. We have again and again said that neither the *Examiner* or *Chronicle*, nor any other anti-railroad journal —not Mr. W. W. Foote, nor any other railway opponent, nor Judge Wallace, nor John T. Doyle—can send to the *Argonaut* the names of twenty prominent citizens of this State (with their consent) who favor the Barry Bill, the extra session of the Legislature, and the general policy of legislation suggested by the Wallace resolutions. These citizens must be prominent men, intelligent, with business or property, who have have had no personal controversy with the railroad, and who have not held office or been candidates for office in the Democratic party.

Mr. Rideout, of the Marysville and Oroville Railroad, testified that, under the operation of the provisions of the Barry Bill, his road could not be carried on. Mr. Davis, of the San Francisco and Santa Cruz Narrow-gauge Road, testified that it was built by private capital, without aid or subsidy, and over lands the fee-simple of which was obtained by purchase, and without invoking the power of eminent domain; in other words, that it was built by the money of himself and associates, across their own lands, and was theirs as absolutely and with the same right to control as the farm of any farmer, or the house and land of any individual; that it was not a monopoly, for any individual or corporation had the right to parallel it with another road; that it was in competition with a stronger corporation, and would be crippled if subjected to the provisions of the Barry Bill. He regarded the declaration of the Wallace resolutions as utterly subversive of the rights of property, as agrarian and communistic. Mr. J. M. Donahue, of the North Pacific Road, terminating at Cloverdale, testified "that it cost about four million dollars," belonged to his father and himself; that it had forty-two miles of water competition; that, if the Barry Bill should pass, "the great railways of the State would, in two years, own all the small roads;" that, upon his road, there were no discriminations; and that the true policy and interest of all roads was to cultivate friendly relations with the communities in which they did business; in a word, that the interest of the transportation companies was identical with those for whom and with whom they did business. Mr. Walter N. Hawley, one of the largest hardware and agricultural implement importers of San Francisco, explained the "special contract" system which was "satisfactory to him," and stated that it was "beneficial to the farmers," and that all dealers in agricultural implements were delighted with it. He further testified that "the merchants of San Francisco were not intimidated by the railroad company." Mr. Yerrington, of the Nevada Road, gave his general testimony corresponding to that of Messrs. Rideout, Davis, and Donahue, all concurring that the Barry Bill, unless amended in essential particulars, would be a most iniquitous and oppressive measure. All intelligent and disinterested testimony has so far been in opposition to the passage of the bill. If this bill shall pass, it will be a triumph of politicians and demagogues over business men. It will be a serious blow at the most important industries of the State, and a victory of impecunious and ambitious political adventurers over the solid interests of all the people of the State of California.

The Legislature is in session for the especial purpose of considering the two most important questions which have demanded the attention of civilization. The oldest vexation of civil administration is how to impose and gather taxes; the latest stumbling block, how to manage railroads. Publicans, sinners, and tax-gatherers are synonyms. Railroads are only fifty years in existence; England's Parliament has passed over three thousand bills in an attempt to regulate them; and excepting some few general principles established, the attempt has been abandoned, and the men who own the roads are permitted to direct them. France, Austria, Germany, Belgium, Italy, and Spain have been equally unfortunate, and have given the business over to the parties in interest, to be regulated under the general laws that govern all business intercourse between individuals. Charles Francis Adams has given up the hopeless task of running railroads under a political code. The Western States have tried it and failed. The grangers have sweated over it and failed. The courts of all the States and the Supreme Court have tried it and failed. Twenty-two States have tried railroad commissioners, and they have failed. Hence it will not be surprising if the California legislators fail, as all others have done before them. That it will make a fiasco of the whole business and end in a muddle, no one doubts. There is good intention, honest purpose, and commendable effort on the part of many members to do their duty. The achievement is impossible; and it is safe to say that no bill will be passed which will not produce confusion and evil results. If so honorable a man as Mr. Del Valle (we might name many others, Senators and Assemblymen) had the courage to stand up bravely and honestly admit that, after examination of witnesses in reference to the Barry Bill and kindred efforts at legislation, he had not the courage to assume the responsibility of recommending their passage, he would do a brave and honorable thing. It requires great courage for a young legislator to admit that he does not know everything; that he is afraid to walk where statesmen have lost their way. Reputations are sometimes won, and never lost, by a frank and fearless admission from an honest and honorable young man that he is not well enough advised to assume the risk of experimental legislation. This anti-railroad legislation is experimental and dangerous. If the writer were a Democrat, young and ambitious, he would regard the present opportunity as a good one to win a name for himself by a frank and courageous admission that, as a senator, he could not see his way clearly to legislation upon the vexed problems of this extra session, and he would move that the Legislature do now adjourn *sine die*.

From all the information we can gather the nomination of Mr. Blaine seems to have become almost certain. The choice of candidate must be left to those States which have reasonable expectation of casting a Republican electoral vote. If, by the counting of delegates from the Southern States, any candidate should be imposed upon the national convention whom the Republican party of the North do not want, his defeat would be assured. General Grant's strength in the last national convention was, in the main, from Southern States—Missouri, Kentucky, Texas, and other constituencies to whom voting the Republican ticket was simply the indulgence of expressing a minority opinion. If, by these votes, he had been imposed upon the convention as its candidate, a revolt would have resulted from a just indignation. If Mr. John Sherman, or President Arthur, or anybody else, hopes to become President by the vote of the Republican States, let him be content to get the nomination from the delegates of those States. The manipulation by Federal officials of delegates to a national convention is a dangerous experiment, and will never become successful with a party as jealous of Federal interference as the Republican party has shown itself to be. Mr. Blaine's strength is natural, comes from the people, and has been honestly acquired by long and honorable national service. There are other honorable men who, if nominated fairly in convention, without the use of official machinery or the manipulation of departments, would be entitled to the vote of every Republican. Blaine must be beaten this time by open work. He ought to have been nominated four years ago, and would have been but for "Sherman's niggers" and the adroit action of the Senatorial conspiracy. He would have been nominated eight years ago except for treachery. He is entitled to the nomination now by virtue of his faithful, long, and loyal party service, and by reason of his eminent qualifications and patriotism, demonstrated in his distinguished public career. He is the people's choice. He is the choice of the Republican rank and file; and the party will not quietly acquiesce in his being again defeated. This is the way it seems to us. California was for Blaine eight years ago. Half the delegation was stolen from him and given to Conkling. It was for him four years ago, and its delegates were bound by instructions they would not have dared to violate. It is for him to-day, because of his general popularity and because he has seen the Chinese question from our standpoint, and because he had the sagacity to know that it was more than a local question—that it was a question of both labor and capital, and that it was national. The delegation from California, and from all the Pacific States, will be for him; and if he is nominated, the electoral vote of the Pacific States will be assured. We know of no other man who is likely to be nominated for whom we could confidently predict the electoral vote of California. Logan, John Sherman, Arthur, and Edmunds took such positions in reference to the Chinese immigration question that it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to secure for them the full party vote upon this coast. If Mr. Arthur or General Logan should obtain the nomination, they would command such earnest support that it might be possible that, when measured in the political balance, their distinguished claims would outweigh the single mistake they have made in reference to our burning question. The Republican national platform must embrace a distinct declaration in opposition to Chinese immigration if the Pacific States are wanted for the Republican candidate. The disgraceful wrangle in which the Hon. Pierrepont Edwards of New York, and the Hon. Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts, and a few more of the Honorable Bilks of New England and New York engaged the Pacific delegations over the Chinese resolution, cost the party the electoral vote of two States. This question having now become a national one, and one to which the labor element of the entire country is not indifferent, it is hoped that the Republican party will not repeat the blunder—we may say, the succession of blunders which commenced at Chicago, and only terminated when President Arthur was compelled—unwillingly, we fear—to sign the second Chinese Bill, which is now the law. Present appearances indicate the nomination of James G. Blaine by acclamation, and without serious opposition from any quarter. The indications are also that his nomination will meet the approval of the entire party, and that he will receive the united support of its leaders. It is understood that General Grant, ex-Senator Conkling, Cameron of Pennsylvania, Logan of Illinois, John Sherman of Ohio, and all the heretofore warring factions, will accept Blaine's candidacy as the best guaranty of a further continuance of Republican party rule.

In response to certain questions propounded from our office to the State Bureau of Labor Statistics, we received therefrom the following reply. Those old-fashioned deadbeats of the Democracy who live in office and off the free lunch-table would do well to note the signs of the times. Let them consider this memorandum of Hugh Mohan, and let the mechanics and workingmen also consider it, and determine which is their best friend—the capitalist who provides labor and pays for it, or the political sucker who lives, like the orchid plant, from the atmosphere which surrounds him. The real working man may well pray to be delivered from the "workingman's friend," who suns himself against the iron railing of the Nevada Bank, talks politics, seeks office, and never exuded a drop of honest perspiration from one of his nasty pores. The "working" man who talks and does not work is not the friend of the man who works and does not talk:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The statement made by Hon. C. F. Crocker to a reporter of the *Call*, to the effect that the Central and Southern Pacific railroad companies paid out annually $7,675,955 in wages to employees, is, in my judgment, as near correct as possible. From reports to this office, received through Mr. A. N. Towne, of the C. P. R. R. Co., I find that said company has on its pay-rolls in this State 9,066 men and boys. Their wages are from $200 per month to $20 per month (for messenger boys). After a rough but in no manner correct estimate, I arrived at the conclusion that he is not wide of the mark. The sum paid employees, according to our returns, is $7,427,327—a difference of $248,622. Now, this does not include the wages—or salaries—paid attorneys, heads of departments, civil engineers, detectives, etc. It simply refers to *all* employees, from a principal clerk at $200 per month, of which there are six, down to station laborers at $60 per month, and messenger boys at $20 per month. You can draw your own inferences as to what the above statement implies. In answer to the question, "How many people *directly* or *indirectly* receive a practical benefit from the disbursement of such a vast amount of money annually?" I have only to say that, with a population of one million of people, should the amount be equally distributed, it would enable each man, woman, and child to enjoy the benefit of seven dollars per head annually. As to what effect a reduction of the wages of employees under the Central and Southern Pacific railroads would have on the well-being of our people, the above will enable you to determine, as you are better qualified than myself to deal with such material *economy*. In answer to the question: "Will the *extra session* and the propositions '*cinching railroads*' have a bad effect on the Democratic party?" for myself, I answer I can not tell; but submit to the wisdom of such able gentlemen as Judge Wallace, Messrs. Barry, Spencer, etc., for a solution of the query. To-day, if I may be permitted to add an outside opinion, a friend of mine said: "Don't you know, Mohan, these 9,066 men will not vote against their own interests." I answered by saying: "I don't believe they will." And then he said: "Every one of them have two, three, four, or five friends; suppose the latter (and all are voters), it amounts to 45,330 people. Won't that vote make a great change at the next election?" This is all the answer I can give to that question. Let the thoughtful consider it at their leisure. Assuring you that you can have any information desired, that we have in this office, bearing on this vexed question, I remain, Yours respectfully, HUGH J. MOHAN,
SAN FRANCISCO, April 15, 1884. Deputy Commissioner.

It is just beginning to dawn upon an occasional Democrat who is crawling out of the Stygian darkness which has enveloped his party soul since Tilden was not elected President, that he is making an ass of himself. The Democratic party, in its blind devotion to this poor old paralytic of feeble intellect, whose only claim for present consideration is the accident of a former nomination, who had the misfortune to fail of a Presidential triumph because he lacked the nerve to reap the fruits of a fraudulent election—an election in which in all the Southern States the ballot-box was polluted by fraud, in which intimidation, violence, and murder played conspicuous part—demonstrates its poverty of great men. The once proud and arrogant Democracy, with its audacious and gifted leaders all dead, is now in the dust of humiliation, upon its belly, at the feet of this poor old, antediluvian, New York politician, begging him to allow them to write the party epitaph upon his tombstone; begging him to name his successor, if he will not consent himself to die in the

White House. We have on more than one occasion confessed the services of Tilden in exposing the Tammany thieves and sending them to prison, exile, and dishonorable pauper graves. We have confessed his successful administration of a gubernatorial term in New York. We have confessed our doubts of whether he was not elected President. But, now that he is dead to all possible usefulness; now that, exhausted of physical strength and mental power, he has reached the whispering period of the lean and slippered pantaloon, *sans* everything, but his barrel and his Gramercy mansion—we think it proper that he be allowed the brief remnant of his time to make his peace with God. He has been a Democrat all his life, and has, necessarily, much to answer for and much to be forgiven. In common decency, the Democracy should call off its dogs and give the old man a rest. Let the Gramercy front gate be so placarded that no more inquiring Democratic delegations need apply.

How long shall a patient community be compelled to endure the dreadful details of this most nasty of all nasty cases—the Hill-Sharon case? If Judge Sullivan had any respect for himself and any consideration for the community in which he resides, he would close the doors of his court-room upon this most vile and beastly exhibition. He would let the vulgar, blackguard display of wit, the testimony of prostitutes, hoodoo wenches, and all the vile scandal which this drag-net is gathering, be confined within the chamber of his court. It is a most shameful thing that every morning and evening journal in San Francisco is allowed to gather, and print, and distribute to decent families, this most obscene and indecent literature. Better that the press should be subjected to a censorship than it be allowed the freedom of such an indecent and licentious display. Better that there should be no press than that respectable houses should be infested with such literature, and virtuous women be subjected to the accident of taking such journals into their hands. Judge Sullivan can control this matter by closing his court-room against every spectator and reporter. By punishing every one who shall carry out information from the trial he can spare us the infliction and scandal of its distribution. The journalist who would endeavor to evade the order would deserve imprisonment, and there is no respectable man or virtuous woman who would not applaud the act. Everybody is tired of a case so loathsome and disgusting as this one is. It is unutterably nasty, and Judge Sullivan will do the community a great service if he will act upon this hint, and exclude spectators and reporters from his court-room till the beastly exhibition is ended.

The "Barton Vineyard" is one of those places in this State which we wish could be taken up bodily and removed to New York or New England. Could this six hundred and forty acres of land, with its magnificent vines, fruit and ornamental trees, its flowering shrubs, its cool wine-cellars with their huge casks in which Duke Clarence might easily have been drowned, its costly and elegant house ornamented with pictures and rare bric-à-brac, and broad verandas, rivulets of clear and sparkling water for irrigation—the whole is inclosed in what give promise of being "stately poplars," avenues and drives lined with trees for shade—be transplanted from California to the insolent East, it would take the conceit out of it. Over this section of land it would be necessary to have our clear blue vault of gracious sky, or the whole thing would, in a season, be torn to pieces by the inhospitable jealousy of Arctic colds and burning heats, the rage of cyclones, and the hate of lightning strikes. The Barton Vineyard, thus encanopied upon Eastern soil, would serve as an advertisement for California which would drag the last man, woman, and child from their inhospitable clime to this paradise; at least, it would bring all who had money enough to pay a railroad fare and strength enough to walk, leaving the sick and paupers to fight it out with mad-dogs and sunstrokes in a land which is blasphemously cold in winter and profanely hot in summer.

That must have been a very curt interview between the California Congressional delegation and the whispering oracle of Gramercy Park, after having been arranged by Duke Gwin; after the pilgrimage from Washington to New York; after a formal presentation and a formal oration by Henley, and a categorical answer demanded to the important question for which all the Democracy was waiting in anxious expectancy: "Will you, Mr. Tilden, consent to serve your party, your country, and your God, by allowing your honored name to be again presented as the candidate of the Democracy for President of the United States of America?" Answer: "No." "Will you be kind enough to name a candidate for that honorable position in whose hands you are willing to trust the destinies of the Democratic party and the welfare of the American republic?" Answer: "No." And then the California Congressional delegation was shown over the new house by the chambermaid.

## A FIRE IN A FLAT.

"Flaneur" Describes the Dangers of New York Apartment Houses.

People were thoroughly scared by the fire in the St. George apartment house. The fire began at noon when everybody was awake and vigilant, and, as the building is within three blocks of two fire-engine companies, the assistance of the firemen was as prompt and efficacious as it could be under any circumstances. The alarm was sent out almost as soon as the fire began, and engines and trucks were on hand just as the conflagration had fairly begun, and yet, in spite of all these advantages, many lives were imperiled and three lives almost lost. The rescue of the elevator boy was accomplished only through the indomitable perseverance of two of the most fearless members of the Life Saving Corps. One can imagine what the result would have been had the fire broken out in the night.

Had the engines been five or six minutes later, according to the report of the chief of the fire department, the fire would have gained such headway that the whole building must have been consumed and the occupants on the upper floors lost. One can not wonder that the thousands of people who inhabit flat-houses, built after the pattern of the St. George, are writing to the inspectors of buildings, insisting upon fire patrols, and inditing pathetic screeds to the newspapers. In almost every apartment house in New York there is the same faulty construction as that which contributed to the panic in the St. George flats. The elevator shaft runs straight up through the middle of the building, and winding around it are the stairs.

Experience has shown—but it really does not need experience to prove it—that an elevator shaft acts as a chimney would under like circumstances. In fact, where could so good a chimney be found as the average elevator shaft running from the cellar to the roof? The skylight at the head of the shaft must be left open, else the air would be stifling, and the passage of the car up and down sucks the air from the open cellar out to the roof. There is a constant upward draught. A jet of flame at any section of the shaft is caught by this draught and swept upward. As soon as it begins to consume the shaft, the steps which wind around it are doomed; then how are the people on the top floor to get down?

People who have not seen the latest New York apartment houses can have no adequate idea of their height. The Knickerbocker, for instance, on the corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street, is so tremendously high that one feels a sense of insecurity for fear it will topple over. About Central Park these apartment houses spring up to an altitude that is positively dangerous. Ten and twelve-story houses are by no means uncommon. A huge pile has just been erected on the south side of Twenty-third Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues. It is on a site formerly occupied by an armory, and is three hundred feet one way by about two hundred another. The house is built over the whole lot—that is, it comes up to the limit of the lot on all sides, there being no yard front or rear. Firemen claim that in the event of a conflagration in the rear, it would be almost impossible to get at the flames. I believe there are nearly thirty flats under this roof, and each flat will probably be occupied by five or six people. It would probably be safe to affirm that in case of a fire at night, there would be nearly two hundred people in the house. What chances would the residents of the upper floors have?

A new terror has been added to flat-life by the developments in the case of Miss Harvey, at the Sloane flats. The testimony has shown that the brutal negro who gagged Miss Harvey and stole valuables from the flats, was harbored in the house by one of the female servants for a week at a time. Sharp inquiries among the other servants by the detectives showed that the presence of a strange man in the servants' quarters was by no means a rarity. What security has the occupant of a flat in one of these huge structures against thievery, in such instances as this? Again, the police affirm that robbing at fires in apartment houses is absolutely beyond their control. If a fire occurs in an ordinary dwelling-house, the police form lines and no one is allowed to enter the building except those wearing the regulation badges of the fire department. Thus, if a robbery occurs, they can trace the theft with comparative ease.

When a fire breaks out in an apartment house, however, there are so many people more or less directly connected with the flat that the police find it impossible to exercise any supervision, and the result is that a horde of looters descend upon the building and ransack the rooms. No better instance of this could be had than that in the St. George flat. Dozens of the occupants, besides being burned out, had bits of bric-à-brac, jewelry, and articles of all sorts stolen. Kate Forsythe, the actress, lost her diamonds. This startling bit of intelligence swept like a cyclone over the city. It is rather hard on Miss Forsythe, but nobody will believe her. This illustrates more forcibly than anything else the irony of fate. Actresses for several years have been losing their diamonds with systematic and periodical frequency.

For seven or eight years everybody believed these stories implicitly, and the actresses profited immensely by the advertising they received therefrom. Then the great North American Republic revolted and refused to believe any more diamond stories, so that when Miss Forsythe actually loses several thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, and is financially crippled by the loss of a considerable sum of money, the great North American Republic winks its left eye, and says, sagaciously: "You can't catch us this time, dear girl. We're much too fly, you know."

Another cause why flats should never be tolerated is the familiarity that exists among the occupants. Irresponsible people revel in flats. They move in one month, are promptly kicked out at the end of thirty days, and then slide into another flat. Mysterious romances of all sorts are connected with apartment houses, and that they tend to lower the moral status of the city is an unquestionable fact. Having said all this, I will announce that apartment houses are being built all over town, and people keep on living in them. Wait, however, till there is a fire in the night, and then there will be an uproar that will seriously affect apartment-house building in New York.

It would be wrong to leave this subject without making a few contemporaneous and pleasant observations about Colonel Thomas Porterhouse Ochiltree and the lady who rejoices in the distinguished appellation of the Baroness Kirchoff. She is blonde, big-eyed, graceful, and twenty-six years of age. Her manners are distinguished and cordial. She is going on the stage. It had been observed for some time prior to the first of the month that Thomas Porterhouse was moved by an irresistible inclination to come to New York on any opportunity. His duties as Congressman required his presence at certain times in Washington, but whenever it was possible the sprightly Texan hied him on to New York, ostensibly to "see the boys."

Meanwhile, the baroness lived in a beautifully furnished flat up-town. "The boys" never saw Colonel Ochiltree when he came on here. A number of lawsuits have revealed a curious state of affairs concerning the flat in which the baroness lived. It would seem that the owner of a flat rented it to another man, who furnished it. This man sublet it to a friend; who in turn rented it to Colonel Tom Ochiltree, and he sold out his claim to the baroness who occupied the flat. All of this would have been sunk in the dark sea of oblivion, had it not been for some financial errors and oversights. The Man forgot to pay the Owner, and subsequently transferred the debt to his Friend, who paid some of it and passed the balance over to Colonel Tom Ochiltree. The colonel, with that light-hearted disregard for consequences which has characterized his life so far, courteously handed the debt over to the baroness.

At this point the Owner went to look for his money. He had a bewildering chase after it, and finally instituted a civil suit against the Friend. There threatened to be an outbreak, much talk ensued, and great things were threatened. I would add that furthur complications were introduced into the case by the sudden appearance of Mr. Clark, who became involved with the parties in the suit, and the result was that Colonel Ochiltree paid all the bills and hurried back to Washington. Now the "baroness"—I shall quote the title this time—says that she furnished the money with which Colonel Ochiltree paid the debts. If this isn't an effective argument against certain flats, go forth into the world and find me one. I would be more explicit if it were not from fear of shocking the modesty of Colonel T. P. O., Congressman.

Ed Harrigan has written another Mulligan play for the Theatre Comique. In it he kills off two of the characters, and ends up the series by the disposal for life of the Mulligan family. Harrigan and Hart have made a gold mine out of the Mulligan plays. When they began with the Mulligan Guard, some eight or nine years ago, no one supposed that it would be developed into such a stunning attraction, but they have carefully elaborated their characters, improved their troupe, and added to their fame, until at present they stand without question the most successful, both artistically and pecuniarily, of any managers in New York. The fortunes of the two clever young Irishmen must by this time have grown to near half a million dollars, and their theatre is without doubt the best paying house in the city, not even excepting the Madison Square. Their entertainments have always been clean, pure, and wholesome, and the managers have shown a fair spirit toward their people. When Johnny Wild wanted to go off starring, a year or so ago, Harrigan took him aside and asked him how much he expected to make starring the first year. Johnny Wild made out his programme and explained what he wanted to do, and Harrigan promptly increased his salary on the spot until it amounted to the sum that Wild expected to make by "playing the lead" in a road company himself.

The new play is called "Dan's Tribulations." It is a sequel to "Cordelia's Aspirations," and is in some respects the cleverest piece that Mr. Harrigan has yet written. The success of these men is not to be marveled at so much when one considers that they are doing in New York exactly what has made great plays successful in Paris and London. They have seized upon local characters or types which are perfectly familiar to everybody, and have successfully elaborated them. The people we see on Harrigan's stage are the people we have met in the streets and laughed at.

Marie Burroughs, the beautiful San Francisco girl who has made such a stir here at the Madison Square Theatre, is quite ill. She has withdrawn from the cast, her place being supplied by a substitute. Her career in New York has been extremely successful thus far, and her outlook is quite bright. It is curious, by the way, that she does not take a better picture. The photographers here are puzzled and baffled; she has a beautifully molded figure, is graceful, and decidedly handsome, and yet there is not a photographer in town who does her justice.

Another native of San Francisco is also under the weather, or rather he was when I met him yesterday. This is the irrepressible Marcus Mayer. He had a cold in his head, and wondered how he got it. It was raining at the time, and the streets were sloppy and muddy. Mr. Mayer was in an elevated railroad train when I met him, and he was hoarse. He put one foot on his knee as he talked, and disclosed the fact that he was tramping about the streets in a pair of delicate and lady-like gaiters that resembled a dude's dancing pumps more than anything else. Mr. Mayer looked at his foot intently for a minute, then slapped his leg and remarked, with a tone of intense conviction:

"Now I know where I got my cold."

He sails for Europe on the 24th, in the interest of Henry Irving, whose manager he will be next year.

NEW YORK, April 9, 1884. FLANEUR.

The latest return of the number of volumes in the British Museum is over thirteen hundred thousand. There are about one hundred and sixty miles of shelves, and about twenty more miles to be filled. It is calculated that about one ton of literature is sent daily to that institution.

## POVERTY-STRICKEN PARIS.

### Grand Opera Going a-Begging and Grand Pictures Going to America.

In its palmy days the Théâtre des Italiens was one of the institutions of Paris. It witnessed the triumphs of the greatest singers of the century, and its performances were thronged with the wealth, beauty, and fashion of each successive season. Then it was under the especial patronage of the government, and received a large subsidy every year, sufficient to render it independent of public caprice, and great enough to insure the best-trained chorus, an unequaled ballet, and an orchestra complete and powerful.

But with the fall of the Empire and the invasion of republican ideas came a democratic simplicity and economy which played havoc with art and luxury. The government patronage and subsidy ceased, and the Italiens was left to its own devices. The *bourgeois* rule would have none but home institutions. The theatre struggled along on its own merits for a time, but gradually its fortunes grew worse, and finally the enterprise collapsed altogether.

Last year, however, a number of wealthy Parisians resolved to revive the Italiens in all its old magnificence. A company was formed, and the enterprise was placed in the hands of good managers. There was a grand opening last November. The press was jubilant; society had at last a fashionable meeting-place once more. There were to be three performances a week—on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday; the latter was to be for subscribers alone. The subscription list was quickly filled; and high prices were fixed on the boxes and seats for the two off-nights.

That the scheme has not succeeded is certainly not the fault of the directors and managers. They have been extremely enterprising. A series of grand operas have been mounted and produced with the utmost magnificence. Even the much-looked-for "Herodiade" was brought out, at great outlay and with every resource. But affairs have certainly not been prosperous. Some say that if Patti or Nilsson could be called back from America, there would be an exciting revival of Italian opera. The Italiens is built on the banks of the Seine, at the Place du Châtelet, and to reach it requires a cab. Of course the wealthy go in their carriages; but then the rest of the world can not, as a rule, afford even a cab when there are many other places of amusement, of equal attraction, within walking distance. The directors realize this fact, and are already looking about for a good building ground in the centre of Paris. Baron de Rothschild, who has always been devoted to Italian opera, offers to give up a portion of the grounds adjoining his own magnificent residence at the Rue Lafayette, on which shall be built an Italian opera house that will excel everything in Paris, save the National Opera House—and that institution would hardly preserve its prestige were such a rival to spring up. Baron de Rothschild proposes, in event of the directors taking his ground, to open a passage from his mansion to the theatre, reserving a certain number of *loges* for his private use. He will in this way be in direct communication with the interior.

But, of course, this is as yet only a millionaire's fancy, and we shall have to await the outcome. Meanwhile the directors have done one stroke of good business in securing Gayarré, the tenor, in the face of much competition. He has made his second rôle, Arturo, in "I Puritani." He is all the rage now, and the ladies are vying with each other for his voice at their soirées.

The other night, the new Spanish ambassador, Monsieur Silvela, gave a grand reception. The Marquise de Travesedo presided, and every one was there to see whether the new embassy is going to equal the Maréchal Serrano's late administration. A concert was the feature of the evening. Gayarré sang three times, and was listened to with breathless attention. The most successful was "Spirto gentil," from "La Favorita." Gayarré is rather unapproachable off the stage, the interviewers and lion-hunters finding it rather difficult—nay, impossible—to gain access to him. On this occasion, the guests had a good opportunity of examining him near at hand. He is muscular, but slightly inclined to thinness—the traditions of voice and obesity not holding good in this case; his face has a Spanish *hauteur*, which rather adds to his stage presence; he wears his beard somewhat after Nicolini's manner.

When he appears in opera with Mademoiselle Nevada, there will be successions of packed houses. They will sing in "Lucia," "Un Ballo," "Puritani," "Rigoletto," and "Il Barbiere." Mademoiselle Nevada's engagement lasts till the latter end of May. It has been hinted—just how true the rumor is I don't know—that she will go to America after that. It is probable that Gayarré will go next to Madrid. Gye tried very hard to secure him for the London Covent Garden, but the Spaniard would not hear of it.

Mademoiselle Nevada's conversion made a great sensation here. Any number of journalists, politicians, and fashionables, and even President Grévy had asked for admission tickets to the English Passionist Fathers' Chapel, Avenue Hoche, where the ceremony was to be held; but to avoid publicity, the young lady was received into the church the night before the expected ceremony. Only a few friends were present, and Father Mathew Kelley officiated. The young lady held a reception after the ceremony in the parlor of the monastery. According to the custom which demands the presentation of *bon-bons* to young converts, Mrs. Mackay presented her god-child with a box of oxidized silver, inlaid with gold. She will next be received as a communicant, and it is said that the venerable Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Guibert, will administer the rite at Notre Dame.

The severe attacks upon Mrs. Mackay by various journalists and friends of Meissonier, have produced a revulsion of feeling in her favor. Meissonier told Claretie that his first attentions to the Mackays arose from a desire to secure Mr. Mackay's influence and patronage for Muybridge, the photographer, in whom he and Governor Stanford were so much interested.

It is credibly stated that Mr. Mackay met his wife's picture at the door and cut it in pieces before it even entered the house. On the other hand, some state that the picture is not destroyed, but simply relegated to the obscurity of the garret.

But Meissonier has told a number of varying stories, and sympathy for him has not lasted long. The banquet which was planned in his honor, and which was to have been on the 16th of March, has been given up. There could not be gotten together a sufficient number of friends to make the affair a brilliant rebuke to the Mackay money-bags. It has leaked out that when Gérôme was asked to preside he refused point-blank. Indeed, the same was the case in a succession of instances. Meissonier's irascible temper has so estranged his friends that, with few exceptions, they have lost their esteem for him. He has caused a great deal of bad blood in this controversy between the American colony and the Parisians. It will not redound to the profit of himself or any other artist, for wealthy Americans have been pigeons for their plucking.

The Americans are justly indignant at the attacks upon "Yankee" parvenus by the Paris papers, and not least by the strictures of Jules Claretie, in a morning paper, in which he tells all manner of absurd stories relating to "Yankee" ignorance. But Messieurs Claretie, Wolff, & Co. should take into their consideration the fact that it is America's millions which for the last quarter of a century have mainly sustained French art and provided a ready purchase for the pictures of Parisian artists. I wonder if these critics know that the city of Boston alone holds *one-half* of all the paintings executed by the great Jean François Millet, and that *three-quarters* of the works of modern French artists hang in American galleries. Those Frenchmen who now regard Millet, Rousseau, Daubigny, and Diaz as among the immortals, do not reflect that in 1855 these men were ignored and laughed at in Paris, and that it was the money and encouragement of three American gentlemen which gave these artists their daily existence. The modern school of realism and impressionism was appreciated in America years before Paris gave it a moment's thought.

Of late years there has sprung up a large school of American artists in Paris, and many of them are rapidly attaining the first rank. In the coming Salon, which will shortly open by the way, many of them are represented. Their work is distinctive, too, and possesses an individuality of its own. They are held in high esteem by the French artists, and their work already fetches goodly sums in European and American markets. In a body they made strenuous appeals to the American Congress last year, when the heavy duty was laid upon foreign art importations, and it is the universal hope that the present Congress will repeal the heavy tax.

There are many American collectors who have bought large quantities of pictures, statuary, and other works of art, which they have left in Paris warehouses to remain there until the embargo is raised.

Apropos of collectors, Claretie gives the following absurdity as authentic in his article defending Meissonier. It is intended as a stab at American purchasers; but I wonder where French art would be now if it were not for the Yankee dollars.

M. Claretie says that although Americans deserve a certain amount of respect on account of their respect for woman and their love of liberty, they are strange preservers of art. A certain rich American and art amateur, who is well illustrated in the person of Mr. Vanderbilt, was the possessor of an extraordinary fine collection of terra cotta figures from Tanagra. It was the finest in existence. The attitudes of the figures, the drapery, the poses, and various other characteristics of grace and beauty, were unapproachable in modern design or conception. The Yankee collector was very fond of his collection, and wore his vanity as he would a diamond necklace.

But finally, another wise collector—a Yankee also, and one who professed to be his friend—saw the collection, and doubted its genuineness. There was a hot dispute. The owner produced vouchers and certificates of authentication, but all to no purpose.

His rival would hear of no proof; his own eyes were sufficient for him; these Tanagra figures, so much admired for their antique beauty, were merely of modern manufacture, and the illustrious amateur was the dupe of a thieving dealer; imitation Tanagra figures could be bought for thirty francs, when the originals would fetch three thousand. Still the amateur remained firm in the defense of his collection.

"If you are obstinate," said his rival, "I will make you a bet on the subject. We can not be assured of the authenticity which you claim for them unless we break them up, and closely examine them, piece by piece. I propose that you shall allow me to select at random five of your Tanagra statuettes, which I shall proceed to break. If they are frauds, then you will lose not only your Tanagra, but five dollars. If they are genuine, then I lose the bet, and have to pay you a hundred dollars."

A genuine amateur would have respected art, and however weak-kneed, would have refused any such proposition. But M. Claretie's American was of a different mold. He yielded.

"Done!" cried his rival, and at once proceeded to his dreadful work. Hammer in hand, he chose the five most delicate figures. They represented dancing girls, bewitching, and full of grace and movement. Before the eyes of their flint-hearted owner, the hammer crushed the fragile limbs, and shattered the full cheeks and wavy curls. A few blows and the five statuettes lay a mass of unrecognizable debris.

With a magnifying-glass the vandal closely scanned each piece of clay. A shade gradually overcast his countenance as he pursued the analysis. Finally he threw down the glass, with the disappointed exclamation:

"I have lost!"

The authenticity of the Tanagra was beyond a doubt. But five gems of art, five beautiful representations of ancient skill, five unapproachable figures of clay, lay in fragments on the table.

But the amateur was complacent. He had maintained the honor of his collection. What if the five most beautiful statuettes had perished? They were but hostages, so to speak, for their fellows.

BABILLARD.

PARIS, March 15, 1884.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Prusias" is a romance of Ancient Rome, in the days of the Republic. It is translated from the German of Ernst Eckstein by Clara Bell. The story is dramatic and full of interest. Published by Wm. Gottsberger, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, $1.

"Darwinism Stated by Darwin Himself" consists of characteristic passages from the writings of the great naturalist, selected by Nathan Sheppard. The selections are judiciously chosen, and will give to the reader not familiar with Darwin's works a very fair idea of his scientific theories and deductions. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street; price, $1.50.

"English Comic Dramatists" is a little volume charmingly bound in vellum. It is edited by Oswald Crawfurd, and consists of humorous scenes taken from the English play-writers—from Shakespeare's Falstaff scene in "Henry IV.," to the interview between Charles Surface and Sir Oliver, in Sheridan's "School for Scandal." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

The volume of "Occidental Sketches," by Ben C. Truman, of this city, which first appeared several years ago, has been translated into the French, and published by a well known Paris house. It has twice appeared in Germany; one of the translations being made by a Leipsic firm, and the other by a Berlin publisher. The latter translation is the work of the celebrated Prussian journalist, Oberlander, who wrote for the author's permission.

The following are the contents of the April number of the *English Illustrated Magazine:* "The Lizard Lights by Night," engraved by R. Peterson from a drawing by C. Napier Hemy; "Changes at Charing Cross," by Austin Dobson; "An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"; "The Belfry of Bruges," by Rose G. Kingsley; "A Herald of Spring," by Walter Crane; "Paul Vargas: A Mystery," by Hugh Conway; "Bygones," by H. A. H.; "How I became a War Correspondent," by Archibald Forbes; "The Armourer's Prentices," Chapter XIV, by Charlotte M. Yonge.

There will be an interesting Loan Exhibition in the library of the State University at Berkeley, next month, under the supervision of Librarian Rowell. There will be exhibited volumes from the private libraries of California, illustrating the progress of the arts of printing and engraving, from their infancy to the present day. There will be a number of interesting papers read at the opening, among which will be one on "The Art of Extra Illustrating," by Mr. William Doxey, of this city. He will use as an example a large volume of Goethe's "Faust," magnificently extra-illustrated by himself. The book contains nearly five hundred engravings, page heads, title-pieces, etc., taken from all the various works which have appeared in Europe and elsewhere in relation to the German masterpiece. Among them is a full collection of the celebrated Retzch etchings.

The play which Mark Twain and W. D. Howells have been fabricating, says the *Times*, is said to be pretty dull business. Both of these men are bright and racy writers, but they are so dissimilar in their methods that they could not work well together. Howells has tried his hand at play-writing before now, but his success has been very doubtful. Nothing can be brighter than the dialogue of two or three little skits of his like "The Parlor Car," "The Register," etc. But nothing in either of these suggests dramatic situations. Mr. Howells seems to have made the common mistake of considering that a dialogue is a play and that a play is a dialogue. There was not much dialogue in "The Golden Age," that novel of Mark Twain's and Charles Dudley Warner's, from which the first named author evolved a play, and from which play Raymond evolved his famous character of Colonel Sellers. In this case it was the character, not the dialogue, that survived the manipulation of the playwright.

Announcements: A thrilling ghost story is said to have been recently written by a girl of fifteen, the daughter of an English peer who bears a famous name, which he himself has made more famous both as poet, as politician, and as pro-consul. The story has as yet been printed for private circulation only. It is supposed that its young author's name is Lytton.——Mr. Bret Harte's new volume of short stories will be published soon by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.——Robert Collyer is preparing for *The Current* a series of papers under the title of "Notes from my Note-books."——A volume containing the life and literary remains of Sam Houston is now in the press of Lippincott.——"Stratford by the Sea" is the title of the forthcoming number of the "American Novel Series," published by the Holts.——Mrs. John Sherwood's book of etiquette, entitled "Manners and Social Customs in America," is coming from the Harpers' press. They are also bringing out a new library edition in seven volumes of Coleridge's words, with an index by Mr. Arthur Colman.

"Stories by American Authors" is a delightful series of little volumes, just begun, which will comprise the best short stories published in American periodicals, past and present. While the well-known "Tales from Blackwood" only contained material drawn from one magazine, this series has an exceedingly large field to choose from, and should have correspondingly greater success. In the first two volumes, which have just appeared, the following stories are reprinted: "Who Was She," by Bayard Taylor; "The Documents in the Case," by Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner; "One of the Thirty Pieces," by W. H. Bishop; "Balacchi Brothers," by Rebecca Harding Davis; "An Operation in Money," by Albert Webster; "The Transferred Ghost," by Frank R. Stockton; "Mrs. Knollys," by J. S. of Dale, author of "Guerndale"; "A Martyr to Science," by Mary Putnam Jacobi, M. D.; "A Dinner-party," by John Eddy; "The Mount of Sorrow," by Harriet Prescott Spofford; "Sister Silva," by Mary Agnes Tincker. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, $1.50 a volume.

Miscellany: It is stated that no literary Englishman knows anything about Dutch poetry except Mr. Gosse.——The late Lord Lyttleton was deeply attached to his first wife—who was the sister of Mrs. Gladstone—and, when he lost her, found, it is said, more comfort in Longfellow's poem, "Footsteps of Angels," than in any other verses with which he was acquainted.——It is stated in *Literary Life* that an author in Cleveland recently received the following note from a lady writer living in another city: "Will you kindly inform me whether you are going to avow the authorship of 'The Bread-winners.' If not, let me know, as I desire to inform the public that I am the author."——Zola, the novelist, has left Paris to live at Medan, on the river Seine. He still has a home in Paris, but lives as much as possible in the country, returning but at rare intervals to Paris. He is a hard worker, writing almost the whole day through. He publishes two novels each year, and furnishes a daily article to a Marseilles paper, besides doing some other newspaper work.——A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says of Thomas Love Peacock: Whether owing to his Greek or his humor, no one reads Peacock nowadays. Both are old-fashioned, no doubt, and I suppose this accounts for the fact that no one knows anything about Sir Oran Haut-ton, while twenty people in a hundred will tell you the "New Paul and Virginia" is the wittiest book they ever read.

## VANITY FAIR.

At Vanity Fair, as we bow and smile,
As we talk of the opera (after the weather),
As we chat of fashion, and tint, and style,
We know we are playing a part together.
You know that the mirth I wear I borrow;
I know your smile is a mask to sorrow.
We know that under the silks and laces
And back of beautiful, laughing faces,
Lie secret trouble and dark despair
At Vanity Fair.

At Vanity Fair, on dress parade,
Our colors are bright and our sabres gleaming;
But you know my uniform's worn and frayed,
And I know your weapons, despite their seeming,
Are dull, and worthless, and badly battered;
That close inspection will show how tattered
And stained are the banners that flaunt above us,
That comrades hate, while they swear they love us,
That, robed like Pleasure, walks gaunt-eyed Care,
At Vanity Fair.

At Vanity Fair, as we strive for place,
As we push, and jostle, and crowd, and hurry,
We know the result is not worth the race—
We know the prize is not worth the worry;
That in fighting for self we must wound each other;
That much of our gain means loss for another;
That the crown of bay-leaves fades while it presses
The brow of the victor, with thorns—not caresses;
That honors are empty and worthless to wear
At Vanity Fair.

Yet, at Vanity Fair, as we pass along,
We meet brave hearts that are worth the knowing;
'Mong poor paste jewels that deck the throng,
We see a solitaire somewhere glowing;
We find grand souls under robes of fashion;
'Neath light demeanors lurk strength and passion;
And fair, fine Honor and god-like Resistance
In halls of pleasure may have existence.
And we find pure altars and shrines of prayer
At Vanity Fair.

—*Ella Wheeler in Chicago Paper.*

A London correspondent writes: The American beauty, Miss Jennie Chamberlain, was present at her Majesty's drawing-room, and was pronounced by the Prince and Princess of Wales and the court the most beautiful girl in Europe. She looked a vision of loveliness in white and silver, and carried a large bouquet of lilies. She combines golden hair with exquisite Italian coloring and delicate features, but the secret of her great social success lies in the fact that she is as charming as she is pretty.

"The two drawing-rooms already held," says the *Tribune's* London correspondent, "were not very full, and there were no sensational costumes, although there is visible a detestable tendency to mix colors together in a kind of clumsy rainbow fashion. This is not encouraged by the Princess of Wales, the Princess Christian, or the Princess Beatrice, the first of whom wore a suit of ponceau, the second of red, and the third of white. It is very doubtful now who sets the fashion, and to whom we are indebted for the ugly brown colors one sees everywhere. 'Mushroom' is awkwardly suggestive of the *nouveau riche*, and is hideously unbecoming into the bargain. For ball dresses pink of every kind—salmon, coral, and rose—is in high favor. It is generally trimmed with pink coral or pink pearls. Evening costume is very *décolleté*, more so than I recollect it for several years past. The British matron literally 'foams over' the top of her frock. Shoulder-straps have almost entirely vanished, but if the corsage is short the gloves are long. The sterner sex are not wearing so much jewelry as before. Evening clothes are no longer worn of shiny cloth, but of dead-looking stuff, and white waistcoats are *de rigueur*. The hideous striped and spotted socks worn by the by-gone mashers are no longer in favor, plain black silk having again asserted its undoubted superiority.

The mushroom has just made its appearance on bonnets, says the *American Queen*, and promises to replace the tomato of last year. In shaded plush it is accurately represented with all its slightly blended markings, and lends itself aptly to the present taste for varying floral ornaments with fringe, roots, and moss. A coquettish little bonnet of gold tissue displays on one side a bed of mushrooms half concealed by grass, the trimming and strings being of dark green velvet.

"It is quite a common belief among the people of Virginia," says a writer in *Macmillan*, "that they are sprung in some way from the loins of the 'British nobility,' who apparently forsook their estates and tenants at home during the seventeenth century, and took to the backwoods. I don't mean to say that every educated Virginian indulges in such rubbish as this, but he has probably more or less succumbed to the fetish, while Southern writers and stumporators from time immemorial have done their best to encourage these extravagant absurdities, as if they were ashamed of the brave, hard-fisted pioneers who carved out those lands from the primeval forests which they themselves now enjoy. No doubt many cadets of good families found their way to Virginia—as where haven't they found their way, too, particularly in more recent times?—but there is nothing in the earlier records of the colony, in the names of the first settlers, to lead one to suppose that the colonial aristocracy which arose with the development of the country and the adoption of negro slavery was of any other than colonial manufacture. There is no trace of any persons of titles in lists of Vestrymen and Burgesses that marked the most influential colonists of those days. Nearly all of these names have an ordinary middle-class ring about them, such as are to be seen on similar, but much better kept, records of Massachusetts or Connecticut. But English nomenclature for the average Virginian would have no significance, even if he took the trouble to inform himself accurately as to the early history of the colony, of which he generally knows very little. So the cavalier and the British nobleman flourish in a hazy and picturesque fashion at the root of every Virginian's family tree. No matter if he is only the third of his race that everybody in the State, himself included, can at all identify, there is always the national 'Adam' to be depended upon in the far-away background—the cavalier of Southern fancy—a gentleman upon a prancing steed, with flowing locks and nodding feather, ruffled lace, and boiling over with chivalry. He, at any rate, is always there, ready for unknowing foreigners and sentimental American romancists. No doubt many royalists came to Virginia; it was a Church of England colony, and a vulgar error, not by any means confined to Virginia, forgets the yeomanry and common folk that formed the bulk of the royalist army, in its social estimate of the cavalier, just as it is apt to forget the men of birth and consideration that were found upon the other; but the gradual establishment of a colonial aristocracy toward the end of the seventeenth century, if it contained the children of a few younger sons of English country squires, it was because these latter had shown themselves able to cope with the merchants, traders, and yeomen in the battle of life."

A new fashion has found favor in certain Parisian drawing-rooms. As the guests arrive, in response to an invitation for a *soirée dansante*, they are met at the door by a young lady who gives a small bouquet to each person, and insists that the flower shall be attached to the button-hole of the gentleman or the corsage of the lady. Each gentleman is then expected to seek out the lady who wears a nosegay similar in every respect to his own, and he thereupon, after the customary salutations, becomes her partner for the rest of the evening. This compulsory coupling, when skillfully organized, favors many intrigues, promotes match-making, and affords a good opportunity for the display of spite by bringing unsympathetic persons together.

When the New York *Sun* reporter called, the dealer in musical instruments was strumming on a profusely ornamented banjo. "We can give you a more strictly professional one," he remarked to his customer, "but this style has the call for parlor use. The difference is that the stage banjo is even more heavily ornamented than this one—has more side screws and jewelry. The tone is the same. Stage banjos sound louder because professionals pound them with a thimble, which they wear upon their right forefinger. That practice would not be a good one while playing for a small party." The customer decided on the parlor banjo, bought a bag for it and extra strings, and left twenty-two dollars and a half with the dealer. "I'll carry it home myself," he said, as he took his departure. The dealer turned to the reporter. "The instrument is now in high favor, and to be able to rattle off 'Babylon is Falling' or the 'Rattlesnake Jig' is just the thing. Several fellows have carried banjos abroad in the past three years, and Parisians take to them. Some of our young ladies of society are very fair players, and the picture of an American belle picking the banjo for a group of fashionable listeners is by no means a caricature. This small style of instrument—which countrymen always take for a boy's banjo—was gotten up expressly for ladies, though gentlemen very often use them. It is the fact of women playing banjos which has so largely increased their popularity. They are the fashion. A gentleman does not like to take his banjo to a party, but when a lady produces one he considers it a fine opportunity to show his strength concerning the 'Suwanee River,' or 'Nicodemus Johnson.' If the ladies had no banjo in the house these chances would not occur. There are many forms and styles of banjos. I think there is little real difference in them. The main point is to have the strings of good quality, and a good parchment head, stretched as tightly as it will bear. You can make almost any properly proportioned banjo talk if the skin is tight and hard. We can give you a very good banjo for seven dollars, as good as those sold for twenty dollars. It is considered quite a nice thing for a young man to make a small banjo for his sweetheart. He buys the materials, and works them up to suit his fancy. In these cases the article is likely to cost him about thirty dollars. The latest idea in getting up a presentation banjo for a girl is to buy one ready made and inlay it with colored woods. There was a good deal of this done last winter, and some of the results were very pretty. If you buy a five-dollar banjo, properly constructed, and pegs and tail-piece of ivory, and do a little inlaying and carving, you will have an instrument worth from twenty-five to fifty dollars."

Congressman Belford, of Colorado, said that Mrs. Langtry was the handsomest woman who trod the American continent, in acknowledgment of which Mrs. Langtry sent Mr. Belford a magnificent medallion portrait of herself, enclosed in an elaborate velvet case studded with diamonds, pearls, emeralds, and rubies, with a note expressing her conviction that Mr. Belford's remark was the highest compliment ever paid her. She also asked for a lock of his hair to be placed in her album devoted to such mementos contributed by her most notable friends, the Prince of Wales, Gladstone, Sir Charles Dilke, Lord Lorne, Bradlaugh, Bright, Spencer, Mill, and other eminent persons. Of course Mr. Belford had to comply, and a lock of bright red hair was remitted to Mrs. Langtry, with a felicitous note.

The Queen's new book has set the gossips going in London, and naturally enough, from her frequent allusions to John Brown, stories of her likes and dislikes are told. Robert Laird Collier picks up the following and sends it to America: "One evening at Windsor, in the drawing-room, the Hon. Amy Lambert danced a Highland fling with one of the young equerries, much to the delight of the Queen, and she said: 'Why, Amy, you dance charmingly; ask what you will, and you shall have it.' The young lady instantly and wittily replied: 'The head of Mr. Gladstone upon a charger.' The Queen applauded the saying with her hand, and said: 'At least you may have the charger,' and sent immediately and had fetched a gold waiter which was standing upon a sideboard in the dining-room, and then and there presented it to the fair dancer."

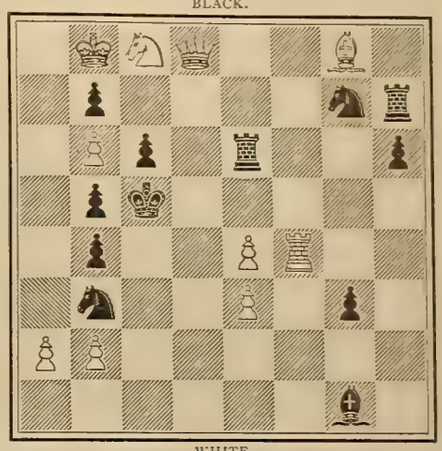
## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Problems and Other Topics of Interest in the King of Games.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

Problem No. XIV.—By J. Berger.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

The following game was recently played in Louisville, Ky., during Dr. J. H. Zukertort's visit to that city, it being one of a number played *sans voir* and simultaneously. The doctor's opponent was Colonel Isaac H. Trabue, who was fortunate enough to win a victory:

FIANCHETTO DEFENSE.

| *White.* Dr. Z. | *Black.* Col. T. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P QKt3 | 15—B KB2 | 15—Kt x B |
| 2—P Q4 | 2—B Kt2 | 16—R x Kt | 16—Kt x P (B2) |
| 3—B Q3 | 3—P K3 | 17—Kt x P | 17—Kt K4 |
| 4—Kt KR3 | 4—P KR3 | 18—Kt B6 ch | 18—K B sq |
| 5—Castles | 5—Kt KB3 | 19—B K2 | 19—B R3 |
| 6—P KB3 | 6—P Q3 | 20—QKt Q5 | 20—P QB3 |
| 7—P QB4 | 7—Kt QB3 | 21—B Kt4 ch | 21—K Kt sq |
| 8—B K3 | 8—P KKt4 | 22—Kt B3 | 22—B K6 |
| 9—Kt QB3 | 9—P QR3 | 23—Kt KR5 | 23—Q R5 |
| 10—P KB4 | 10—P x P | 24—Q x P ch | 24—K R2 |
| 11—Kt x P | 11—P KR4 | 25—Q x Kt | 25—B x R ch |
| 12—P Q5 | 12—Kt K4 | 26—K B sq | 26—Q x B |
| 13—P x P | 13—KKt Kt5 | 27—Kt B6 | 27—Q R5 |
| 14—P x P ch | 14—K Q2 | 28—Kt Q sq | 28—QR KB sq |
| | | 29—R x B | 29—R x Kt |

And White resigned.

The game was reported by the Louisville *Argus* "chess sharp," whose "scientific analysis" we append without comment:

"The game was well fought on both sides, there being no mistakes—no bad plays. Zukertort had the move and attack. Trabue received it—never tried to check it. All was as Zukertort wished it. He carried Trabue's centre by storm, swept all of Trabue's king's infantry and cavalry from the board and drove the king from his palace with pawns. The fleeting king took shelter in queen's castle second; he left a clear field behind him, and his flight and that clear field proved to be Zukertort's Waterloo. Was this calculated?—was it accidental?—or was it chance? When Zukertort had driven Trabue into the last ditch, Trabue threw his left flank on Zukertort's king's position, and before Zukertort could defend it, Trabue's heavy pieces forced Zukertort to surrender, having had twenty-nine rounds. Upon analyzing the game, it appeared to be the best fought on both sides yet recorded. Victory seemed in favor of Zukertort as late as the twenty-second move, but Zukertort could not keep up the attack, and retreat always has its doom. The *Argus* may, in conclusion, add that this game is at once a study and a problem, and Louisville is to be congratulated on the result."

We take pleasure in presenting the following pretty study for beginners by S. Loyd:

*White*—K at K5; Q at KR2; R at KR3 (three pieces).
*Black*—K at KKt4; B at KR4; P at KR3 (three pieces).
White to play and mate in two moves.

### Answers to Correspondents.

Correct solutions of problems have been received as follows:
Problem March 8th—From C. G. Chamberlain, Salinas; John Beasley, Jolon.
Problem March 22d—From U. Hartwell, Salinas.
Problem March 29th—From U. Hartwell, Salinas; John Beasley, Jolon.
Problem April 5th—From U. Hartwell, Salinas; John Beasley, Jolon.

W. O. D., San José.—Many thanks for the interest manifested. Solution incorrect. If 2—Q to Q5, then K to KB6.

U. H., Salinas.—I. All problems must be accompanied with solutions. II. Hereafter solutions will be given three or four weeks after publication of problems.

W. W.—If White 1—Q to Q8, then Black 1—R to R5. 2—Kt takes B, check by discovery; 2—R interposes.

The following concludes a very interesting series of papers on problem composition and solving, by H. E. and J. Bettman, in the Milwaukee *Sunday Telegraph:* "The prime object in solving a problem is to obtain pleasure therefrom. The object in analyzing is to test the problem's soundness. In this latter occupation pleasure is not expected, and is seldom derived. The best way to analyze a position is the shortest, and only by method can speed and accuracy be assured. Every move of each piece should be carefully examined, and, having once thoroughly determined its power, it should no longer be considered. It has often been suggested that this method be applied to solving, also, as being the quickest way of coming upon the solution. But although this is a sure process, it is not at all satisfactory, because, to be pleasing, the theme should strike the solver, and not be ground out mechanically. Besides, it is no faster, under most circumstances. The best and most interesting way of solving and one much more in accordance with the spirit of chess, is this: Examine the problem carefully, to determine its nature. Be in no haste to finger the pieces, as it will lead the mind into special channels at a time when it is important to take a comparative view of the whole. Look for the author's idea, and then try moves that will bring it about. In no case will there be any difficulty in discovering the first move when the theme has once been hit upon."

It is a singular circumstance that the chess column [illegible] weekly is edited by "S. Rosenthal," while a like ser[illegible] formed for a German weekly by "Jean Dufresne."

## SOCIETY.

### The Belvin-McMullin Wedding.

On Wednesday evening, at the house of Mrs. John McMullin, 1414 California Street, Miss Rebecca McMullin was united in marriage to Mr. William W. Belvin, of Virginia. The ceremony was performed, according to the rites of the Episcopal service, by Rev. W. A. Scott, D. D., of St. John's Presbyterian Church; it took place a few minutes after eight o'clock, in the presence of the bride's relatives and a few most intimate friends. At the end of the ball-room, just in front of the large mirror, three flower-arches, each nine feet high, were erected at some distance apart, composed of ferns, smilax, marguerites, and camellias. From the centre arch hung an anchor, three feet long, formed of white camellias and tuberoses. At the entrance to the arches were two gates formed of white rosebuds and marguerites. Miss Betty Hays, of Oakland, was the fair gate-keeper, and opened the portals for the bridal company as it approached the altar. The *prie-dieu* on which the bride kneeled was the work of Miss Lilo McMullin. The groundwork was of white plush, on which were embroidered Scotch thistles in purple and gold; the cloth was finished with a fringe of gold. The ball-room floor was covered with an immense Persian rug, which was removed after the ceremony to make room for the dancers. The parlors were decked in smilax, Cherokee roses, wisteria, lilacs, lilies, and rare orchids. Between the folding-doors leading out of the ball-room hung a banjo, made entirely of white hyacinths and tuberoses. The wedding-cake and bride-cake remained on a table in the bay-window during the evening. Above it hung true-love knots, composed of parti-colored ribbons. Shortly after the appointed hour the bridal cortege entered in the following order: Mrs. John McMullin and Mr. George McMullin; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Jones; Mrs. Milton S. Latham, escorted by Mr. McMullin, brother of the bride; the groom and his best man, Mr. Jones, of Danville, Virginia; the little girls, Miss Mamie McMullin and Miss Maggie Jones; then the bride, walking alone; and finally her three sisters, Miss Lilo, Miss Betty, and Miss Susie McMullin. The dresses of the bridal party were as follows:

The bride was attired in a princesse robe, entirely of real point lace; the vail was of point lace, and the slippers of point lace. She carried a loose bunch of white ostrich plumes. She wore a full set of solitaire diamonds, the wedding gift of the groom; her coiffure was high, the veil being fastened with real orange-flowers.

Mrs. McMullin wore a robe of lilac satin, covered with black chantilly lace; the train was very long. In her hand she carried a bunch of white ostrich plumes, tipped with lilac. Diamond jewels.

Miss Lilo McMullin wore a robe of pink crêpe, long princesse train; the sides of pink with raised velvet flowers of dark shades; trimming of white marabout feathers; corsage low, and arms uncovered; a drapery of point d'appliqué lace fell from the left shoulder to the bottom of the train; pearl jewels; coiffure low and coiled in a Sappho knot.

Miss Betty McMullin was attired in light-blue plush, long, plain court train; the front was of embroidered plush, trimmed with white snow-balls She carried a bunch of ostrich plumes tipped with light blue; coiffure high; diamond jewels.

Miss Susie McMullin's robe was of light pink velvet, plain velvet court train; an embroidered velvet front trimmed with white point lace; she carried pink ostrich tips; high coiffure; pearl jewels.

Miss Mamie McMullin wore a gown of lilac surah, trimmed with white lace; she carried a loose bunch of maiden's-hair fern.

Miss Maggie Jones wore a gown of Nile green surah, and carried a bunch of lilacs.

The following are some of the most noticeable costumes worn by the guests:

Mrs. Milton S. Latham, black satin robe; court train; drapery of black chantilly lace; coiffure high; diamond band; brooch, ear-rings and bracelets of diamond solitaries.

Mrs. John C. Hays Jr., white surah, trimmed with swan's-down, corsage low.

Mrs. Louis Haggin, white satin, band embroidered in designs of ferns and flowers, edged with embroidery of seed pearls, corsage square, trimmed with Mechlin lace.

Mrs. Colonel J. D. Fry, robe of ruby brocaded velvet, *en train;* old point de Venise lace; diamond brooch, solitaire ear-rings, and diamond aigrette.

Mrs. Governor Stoneman, white satin robe, brocaded in field flowers; court train of salmon-colored satin; garniture of leaves and flowers; corsage low; diamond jewels.

Mrs. General Pope, robe of purple velvet brocade, tablier of white embroidered satin; diamond jewels; bonnet of purple velvet and lilacs.

Mrs. Frank Goad, blue satin robe, trimmed with point lace; low corsage; rivière of solitaire diamonds, diamond bracelets, ear-rings, and aigrette.

Mrs. Captain Floyd, a Worth dress of crushed strawberry satin, long court train; front composed of rich satin brocade, embroidered by hand in ferns and wild flowers; corsage low; real point d'Alençon lace; necklace of cat's-eyes, set in Etruscan gold; fan of Valenciennes lace; diamond earrings.

Baroness Von Schroeder, robe made by Worth, heavy white satin, *en train*, elaborately embroidered by hand in designs of flowers; corsage high; sleeves in puffs at the shoulders; point de Venise lace; diamond solitaire jewels.

Mrs. J. B. Haggin, black velvet robe, panels and trimmings of lilac satin; diamond jewels.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker, long robe of mauve velvet, tablier of satin to match; square corsage, point lace; diamond brooch, ear-rings, and bracelets.

Mrs. Crittenden, white surah, *en train;* corsage low; point-lace garniture; diamonds.

Mrs. Adam Grant, velvet robe of very dark bottle-green; tablier of embroidered satin, panels of satin, hand-embroidered in salmon pink, reaching from neck to bottom of skirt; heart-shaped corsage heavily edged with Duchesse lace; diamond jewelry.

Mrs. Senator Hager, orange satin brocade, *en train;* two bands of Chantilly lace on the front of the waist; solitaire diamond circlet in the hair; diamond brooch, bracelets, and ear-rings.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze, black silk, trimmed with satin and point lace; corsage high; diamond jewels.

Mrs. Louis Marshall, crême-colored satin, draped with point lace; low corsage; diamonds.

Mrs. ex-Governor Johnson, black velvet robe; court train; tablier of white satin brocade.

Mrs. Dr. Whitney, Worth dress, after the style of Marie de Medici; the robe of white satin, *en train;* tablier consisting of embroidered satin; corsage low; diamond jewels.

Mrs. McClure, black satin, over-dress of black chantilly lace; diamond jewels.

Mrs. Dr. William Scott, black silk, trimmed with lace, *en train;* wide point-lace collar.

Mrs. N. G. Kittle, robe of dark blue velvet, with court train; skirt of white satin, hand embroidered; diamond jewels.

Mrs. William Ashe, white surah satin, embroidered with seed-pearls; corsage low, trimmed with Valenciennes lace; diamond

Miss Flood, black satin, *en train*, trimmed with pink satin; drapery of black chantilly lace; corsage low; diamond brooch, silk gloves, diamond bracelets, ear-rings formed of large pearls, encircled with diamonds.

Miss Gwin, white embroidered satin; over-dress and court train of Ottoman silk; corsage low, edged with Duchesse lace; diamond jewels.

Miss Sibyl Sanderson, pink satin, trimmed with lace; corsage low, with bouquet of real apple-blossoms.

Miss Bessie Kittle, pink satin, draped with lace; pearl jewels.

Miss Lina Ashe, white tulle, princesse style, high corsage; diamond jewels.

Miss Holladay, white embroidered satin, point-lace over-dress; pearl jewels.

Miss Ruth Holladay, pink satin, trimmed with Brussels lace, low corsage; diamonds.

Miss Stoneman, pink satin, Watteau train, high corsage; pearl jewels.

Miss Corbett, white satin, low corsage; ostrich plume headdress; diamond jewelry.

Miss Ada Johnson, pink satin brocade, draped with Duchesse lace; pearls.

At the close of the ceremony, the band played the wedding-march, and the bridal party passed into the front drawing-room, to receive the arriving guests. Dancing began about nine o'clock, and lasted until two hours after midnight. Supper was laid in the upper apartments during the entire evening. The following is the menu:

Huitres de l'Est.

SERVICE CHAUD.

Huitres à la Poulette Viennoise.
Terrapin à la Maryland.
Koulibiac à la Menzikoff.
Consommé Royal.

SERVICE FROID.

L'Aquarium de Diane.
Galantine de Dinde en Mosaïque.
Mayonaise de Volaille en Bellevue.
Chaufroid de Bécassine.
Aspic de Langue à l'ecarlate.
Salade de Volaille. Salade de Homard.
Salade de Crevettes.
Salade Russe.
Sandwiches de Jambon à la Diable.
Sandwiches de Poulet. Sandwiches de Caviar.
Gateaux de Noce. Pyramide de Nougat.
Corne d'Abondance.
Pyramide de Gelée à la Pompadour.
Plombières grande moule.
Petits Moules de Fantaisie.
Biscuits Glacés.
Sorbets Napolitaines.
Petits gateaux de soirée. Petits fours superbes.
Bonbons en caisse. Mottoes Importés.
Coup d'oranges glacés.
Punch au Claret.
Lemonade. Café.

Wednesday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Belvin left, on the overland train, for the East, on their bridal tour. They will visit Mr. Belvin's relatives in Virginia, and be absent several months. Mrs. McMullin will hold an afternoon reception next week, to receive party callers. The following is a complete list of the invited wedding guests:

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, Mrs. Colonel J. C. Hays, Miss Hays, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hays Jr., Judge and Mrs. W. H. Glascock, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Blow, Judge and Mrs. S. B. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Masten, the Misses Masten, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Palache, Miss Palache, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Coleman, Hon. William Sharon, Miss Belden, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Crittenden, Doctor John K. Meares, Miss Meares, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. James, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Graves, Mr. and Mrs. A. Jenks, Doctor and Mrs. Ainsworth (Prescott, A. T.), Mrs. G. T. Marye, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Ashe, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. White, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Peters, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Donahue, Captain and Mrs. Frederick Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Morgan, Mrs. General A. J. Johnston, Miss Johnston, Governor and Mrs. and Miss Johnson, Judge and Mrs. W. T. Wallace, Mrs. Charles Brenham, Miss Page, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Tuttle, Mrs. Judge Thornton, General and Mrs. R. W. Kirkham, Major and Mrs. J. Daniels, Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, Commodore and Mrs. T. S. Phelps, Governor and Mrs. J. H. Kinkead, Doctor and Mrs. William Gwin, Miss Gwin, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Murphy, Mrs. A. V. O'Neil, Miss O'Neil, Mrs. M. E. Fox, Miss Fox, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Faull, Doctor and Mrs. W. A. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Marshall, Miss Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. McMullin, Mr. Thurlow McMullin, Mrs. Milton S. Latham and son, Mrs. L. R. Ashe, Miss Ashe, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hooker, Miss Loyall, Mrs M. E. Fox, Miss Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart M. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. William Gillem, Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Miss Mizner, Mr. G. C. Bodie, the Misses Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. McAfee, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flood, Miss Flood, Mr. and Mrs. W. Blanding, Miss Blanding, Mrs. J. O. Breckinridge, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Miss Haggin, Judge and Mrs. Josiah Belden, Rev. Doctor and Mrs. W. H. Platt, Miss Platt, Mrs. Delos Lake, the Misses Lake, Mr. and Mrs. John Boyd, Governor and Mrs. Leland Stanford, Miss Lathrop, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Miss Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Oates, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Goad, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Marshall, Miss Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. C. Jones, Mr. W. H. Hammond, Mr. John Broder, Mr. R. P. Hammond Jr., Mr. George Patton, Mr. J. D. Langhorne, Mr. Fayette Marshall, Mr. S. M. Nicholson, Mr. Webster Jones, Mr. C. W. Platt, Mr. Colin M. Smith, Mr. G. T. Marye Jr., Mr. Stafford Parker, Mr. B. Natorp, Mr. C. L. Weller Jr., Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, Mr. F. R. Webster, Colonel H. L. Thornton, Mr. R. B. Wallace, Mr. R. A. Lewis, Mr. E. C. Masten, Mr. John McMullin, Mrs. J. R. Crockett, the Misses Crockett, Lieutenant and Mrs. T. G. Phelps, Mr. J. O. Rountree, the Misses Rountree, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Latham, Judge and Mrs. L. J. Carr, Miss Carr, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Low, Judge and Mrs. and Miss McKee, Hon. and Mrs. J. R. Glascock, Miss Wall, Mrs. H. M. Newhall, Miss Hammond, Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Fry, Misses Randolph, Colonel and Mrs. D. R. Smoot, Miss Smoot, General and Mrs. Irwin McDowell, Miss McDowell, Governor and Mrs. William Irwin, Miss Irwin, General and Mrs. A. V. Kautz, Misses Ogden, George and Mrs. S. S. Wright, Miss Wright, Captain and Mrs. R. S. Floyd, Miss Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Head, Mrs. Charles Brenham, Misses Brenham, Major and Mrs. J. B. Mhoon, Mrs. Judge Thornton, Mrs. Bessie Thornton, Misses Thornton, General and Mrs. R. W. Kirkham, Miss Kirkham, Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. Adams, Judge and Mrs. S. W. Sanderson, Miss Sanderson, Mrs. E. J. Thompson, Misses Thompson, Major and Mrs. J. Daniels, Miss Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bryant, Mrs. Lucy Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Tevis, Mrs. F. D. Atherton, Miss Atherton, Senator and Mrs. J. F. Miller, Miss Dora Miller, Miss Ives, Mr. and Mrs. William Ward, Mrs. Alexander Forbes, Misses Forbes, Senator and Mrs. William M. Stewart, Doctor A. J. Bowie, Miss Bowie, Miss Friedlander, Mr. and Mrs. George Hearst, Misses Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Pixley, Miss Van Reynegom, Mrs. Edward Martin, Mr. and Mrs. James Dallas, Doctor and Mrs. G. F. Thornton, General and Mrs. W. F. Elliott, Misses Eliott, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. Mark Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Hopkins, Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder, Doctor and Mrs. J. D. Whitney, Major and Mrs. T. C. Sullivan, Miss Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Pomeroy, Miss Pomeroy, Misses Thorne, Miss Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lucas, Miss Lucas, Colonel and Mrs. J. G. Flournoy, Miss Flournoy, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brumagim, the Misses Brumagim, Miss Sinton, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Harrington, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Newton, Miss Mamie Elam, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, Captain and Mrs. C. C. Carr, Major and Mrs. J. C. Breckinridge, Mrs. E. L. Dudley, Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Misses Kittle, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Glenn, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Graves, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Holladay, Misses Holladay, Miss Dearborn, Governor and Mrs. George Stoneman, Judge and Mrs. E. M. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Adams, Misses Adams, Miss Torbert, Miss Felton, Mr. Charles Felton, Miss Burling, Senator and Mrs. J. S. Hager, Miss Garber, Judge and Mrs. McKinstry, Miss McKinstry, Miss Danks, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease Jr., Miss Blair, Miss Prather, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Harrison, Lieutenant and Mrs. Delahanty, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Berry, Colonel and Mrs. G. L. Febiger, Miss Febiger, Judge and Mrs. R. Rising, Misses Rising, Mrs. McClure, Miss McClure, Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Coleman, Mr. G. B. Claiborne, Mr. J. R. Wise, Captain J. Treanor, Miss Miller, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Mill r of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. Mark McDonald, General and Mrs. Joseph Hamilton, Mrs. Theodore Shillaber, Mrs. E. B. Crocker, Misses McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwallader, Misses Corbitt, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Turnbull, Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson, Miss Bettie Hammond, Judge and Mrs. O. P. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. William Kohl, Miss Kohl, Mrs. C. J. McDougal, General and Mrs. Pope, Miss Hawes, Mrs. Daniel Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Crittenden Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Newhall.

### The Hinckley-Grayson Wedding.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church, on Harrison Street, in Oakland, was crowded last Monday night by the friends assembled to witness the ceremony of marriage uniting Mr. Henry G. Hinckley, of Fruit Vale, to Miss Mary, daughter of George W. Grayson, of Oakland. The interior was decked with flowers. Columns of calla lilies rose on every hand. Over the stained-glass windows, above the altar, was a star composed of thousands of lilies. An arch, composed of white camellias and tuberoses, spanned the chancel. From its keystone hung a bell of pink and white primroses, beneath which the couple stood. The altar was a bank of white Lady Banksias, jasmine, Cherokee roses, and camellias. Promptly at eight o'clock the bridal party entered the church. First came Messrs. Henry Crocker and Al. Cummings, as ushers. Following them came Mr. and Mrs. Grayson and Mr. and Mrs. D. Hinckley. The bride walked alone, and, lastly, followed Messrs. John A. McNear and A. S. Baldwin, ushers. The groom, accompanied by his best man, Mr. Louis F. Monteagle, met them at the altar. The Rev. Hobart N. Chetwood, rector of St. Paul's, officiated. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of Mr. Grayson, which was attended by several hundred guests. The bridal party stood in the library, and received the congratulations of their friends. Directly over the young couple was an umbrella composed of tuberoses, hyacinths, and lilies of the valley. The room was festooned with ribbons of smilax. The main saloon and the two reception-rooms were decorated with banks of lilacs and camellias. In the main hall a band of musicians was presided over by Ballenberg, and dancing was kept up in the music-room. About ten o'clock the guests were ushered into the dining-room, and its adjacent breakfast-room, where numbers of tables stood, laden with refreshments. The reception ended at midnight. The following are some of the most noticeable costumes:

The bride, who is a brunette, was attired in a bridal robe of white satin embroidered, by hand, in ferns and marguerites. The over-dress and long court train were of white surah silk; the latter was caught in large flounces at intervals by bands of real orange flowers. The bridal veil, which was of white tulle, and very long, was caught around the bride's hair by a wreath of orange flowers. The corsage was low, the edges being bordered with old Brussels lace, caught together at the throat by a diamond band. The bride wore solitaire diamond ear-rings and bracelet, and carried in her hand a point-lace fan and a bunch of Lemarque rosebuds and orange flowers.

Mrs. Grayson wore a robe of black velvet, *en train;* the front was of white hand-embroidered satin, edged with point-lace; corsage low, the upper part being bordered with point-lace; diamond ear-rings and brooch.

Mrs. Hinckley wore a robe of wine-colored silk with court train; the front was composed of bands of Duchesse lace; hair pompadoured; diamond solitaire ear-rings.

Miss Georgie Grayson, a younger sister of the bride, was dressed in ruby silk, with lace over-dress.

Miss Annie Miller, a dress of white crêpe, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and with shoulder-knots of satin ribbon.

Miss Rabé, blue brocaded satin; low corsage; pearls and turquoise jewelry.

Miss May Severance, salmon-colored silk, corsage low, filled in with lace; pearls.

Miss Gertrude Severance, white satin, the front interlaced with satin ribbon; hair worn low, and tied with parti-colored ribbons.

Miss Hockhofler, white nun's veiling, baby-waist, encircled with a broad sash of white silk; corsage square, lined with point de Venise lace.

Miss Mamie Alexander, white satin, trimmed with lace; corsage square; pearl jewelry.

Miss Effie Brown, white dotted Swiss, edged with lace; down the front were small bunches of orange and old-gold ribbons; corsage low, and bouquet of marigolds.

Mrs. Frederick Green, café-au-lait satin, Elizabethan collar; diamond jewels.

Mrs. L. A. Booth was attired in black satin, garnished in black lace.

Mrs. Judge Stanley was dressed in black velvet, trimmed with point lace; diamonds.

Mrs. Albert Brayton appeared in a dark-blue satin, white lace trimmings.

Mrs. H. F. Barrell was attired in black velvet, with white and satin drapery.

Mrs. Requa wore pink satin, with cardinal feather trimmings; diamonds.

Mrs. Edward Hayes was dressed in black velvet, garniture of point lace.

Mrs. Clarke Crocker appeared in a rich costume of cardinal velvet; diamond jewels.

Mrs. George Wheaton wore a costume of white silk, trimmed in swan's-down.

Miss Maud Estee was attired in white silk, ostrich plumes of same color.

Miss Ware wore a costume of cardinal satin, Spanish lace drapery.

Miss Jennings was charmingly attired in écru satin, trimmed in swan's-down.

Miss Mattie Sheldon wore a dress of cherry satin, trimmed with blue.

Miss Gray Beachey wore a sleeveless costume of white satin.

Miss Jenny Lindley, of Sacramento, was attired in a black silk, with lace over-dress.

Miss Wilcox wore a white satin costume, with trimmings of *pompons*.

Miss Edith Hoyt was attired in white satin and nun's veiling.
Mrs. Charles Allen, in white satin, richly trimmed in white feathers.
Mrs. L. L. Bromwell wore a white corded silk, embroidered in red poppies.
Mrs. Upham wore a costume of écru and ciel blue satin; head-dress of ostrich plumes.
Miss Maggie McClure was attired in a black lace costume; pearls.
Mrs. A. M. Simpson wore a costume of light-blue satin, garnished with point-lace; diamonds.
Mrs. Bowles (*née* McNear), white satin brocade; over-dress and court train of white silk caught with lilies of the valley; diamond necklace, bracelets, and solitaire ear-rings.
Mrs. Edwin Earl (*née* Runyan), white brocaded satin; court train of white surah; diamonds.
Miss Gordon, pink satin brocade; point-lace, low corsage; diamonds.
Miss Tubbs, crême satin; satin brocade over-dress; pearl jewelry.

Among the guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. A. Chabot, Governor and Mrs. Blaisdell, Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Requa. Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Cook, Mr. and George McNear, Hawaiian Consul Severance, Dr. Samuel Merrit, Mr. and Mrs. Crocker, Miss Stetson, Miss Hall, Miss Allman, Miss McKee, Miss Booth, Miss Hayes, and Messrs. Miller, Casey, Belden, Alexander, Smith, Crocker, McNear, Dean, Houghton, Gordon, Dargie, and others.

The newly married pair left on the *Alameda*, for Honolulu, on Tuesday afternoon, to be absent two months.

### The Griffith Reception.

On Thursday night Mr. and Mrs. Millen C. Griffith gave a reception in honor of the arrival of their son and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Griffith. The bride is a daughter of Professor Coppée, of Lehigh University, Pennsylvania. The wedding took place in February last, at Fountainhill, Pa. On Wednesday night the reception-rooms and parlor were decorated with vines and flowers, the entire first floor being thrown open for the reception of the guests. Mrs. Griffith, the bride, and the Misses Griffith received in the parlor. The bride wore her wedding robe of white satin, *en train*, draped with white lace, and trimmed with orange flowers. Mrs. Millen Griffith was attired in black silk, trimmed with jet. Ballenberg's band was placed in the hall, and dancing was begun at nine. About eleven o'clock the guests descended to the dining-room and partook of refreshment. After supper, dancing was resumed, and lasted until one o'clock. Among the guests present were:

Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Miss Bessie Kittle, Miss Flora Low, Mr. and Mrs. Cheeseman, Miss Jennie Cheeseman, General McDowell, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Newton, Mrs. McAllister, the Misses McAllister, Miss Flood, Miss Douglas, Miss Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Kittle, Miss Kittle, Miss McPherson, and Messrs. Greenway, Wheeler. Small, Crocker, Spencer, Wilson, Buckbee, Page, Cheeseman, and others.

### The Lent Dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lent gave a dinner to a number of their friends last Saturday evening, at their residence, on the corner of Eddy and Polk streets. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Lent, Miss Lent, Mr. Lent, Miss Hammond, and Lieutenants Tait, Bailey, Kingsbury, and Chamberlain.

### The Folger Reception.

Last Wednesday Mrs. J. A. Folger and Miss Folger, of Oakland, gave a reception and german to their numerous friends. The afternoon reception was attended by ladies in their visiting costumes and bonnets. Refreshments were served in the dining-rooms. The cotillion began about nine o'clock in the evening, and lasted until after midnight. There were twenty couples. The set was led off by Mr. Donald Y. Campbell and Miss Folger. Among the guests present during the afternoon and evening were:

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Wheaton, Mr. and Mrs. Knowles, Doctor Samuel Merritt, Mrs. Garcelon, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Miss Annie Miller, Miss Hockhoßer, Colonel and Mrs. Shaw and Miss Shaw, Miss Kirkham, Miss Flint, the Misses Hunt, Miss Cook, Miss Austin, Miss Dyer, Miss Rabé, Miss Tucker, Miss Tubbs, Miss Ferrier, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Mayer, Doctor and Mrs. Hutchins, the Misses Shafter, General Houghton, and Messrs. Brigham, Flint, Miller, Davidson, Coit, Folsom, Houghton, and Taylor.

### The Boruck Crystal Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Boruck, at their residence, No. 2125 California Street, on Monday evening last, celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage. The parlors were elegantly decorated with flowers, and the many and exquisite floral offerings sent by friends added still further to the beautiful effect presented. Numerous "crystal" presents were made to Mrs. Boruck. There was dancing and music, an inviting supper, and an agreeable time generally. The guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. John Middleton, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin E. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Godfrey, Captain and Mrs. Wm. Moor, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Stone, General and Mrs. C. I. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Church, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hutchinson, Doctor and Mrs. J. D. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. R. Sanderson, Misses Katie and Maggie Hutchinson, Judge and Mrs. John Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fillmore, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dutton, Mr. E. J. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Holway, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ver Mehr, Mr. and Mrs. Pixley.

### The Booth Musicale.

A musicale was given on Thursday evening by Mrs. A. G. Booth, at her Bush Street residence. A large number of friends were present, among whom were Mrs. Governor Stoneman and Miss Stoneman, Mr. and Mrs. Chadbourne, Mr. and Mrs. Thorn, Miss Laura Weller, Mr. and Mrs. L. Henry Newton, and others.

### The Grant Reception.

This afternoon Mrs. Adam Grant will give a reception and tea at her residence on Bush Street, from three o'clock in the afternoon until nine in the evening. It is the first large reception which Mrs. Grant has given since her return from Honolulu. Mrs. Grant will be assisted in receiving the guests by Mrs. Thomas Breeze. Later on in the evening there will be dancing for the young people.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Ex-Senator Conness has been for some months on this coast. He has just returned from the city of Mexico. We recall with pleasure the distinguished part which this gentleman, as our Representative in the Senate of the United States, took in an important era of our national history; and we learn with great interest that it is his intention to return to California and make it his permanent residence. He is negotiating, as we are informed, for the purchase of the property of the late Temple Emmett, in the valley of the San Anselmo, Marin County, one of the most beautiful places in this State. Mrs. Conness is expected in a few days, and upon her will depend the proposed change of residence. She has never visited California. No more agreeable time than the present could have been chosen to influence this lady to abandon her elegant home in New England for one as desirable in a more delightful climate. Mrs. Conness will be a welcome addition to our best society, and all old Californians will welcome the ex-Senator home again.

Mrs. John Parrott and Miss May Parrott will shortly leave for Europe.

Mrs. Doctor Nuttall and Doctor and Mrs. Pinard are going to France in a few weeks.

The Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder have returned from their San Luis Obispo ranch. Their European tour is postponed until next autumn. They will spend the summer at their country seat, on which, by the way, the Baron has made extensive alterations. The house is built in the old Southern style, all on one floor, with wide porches. Eight or ten rooms have been added, and work is nearly completed.

Mr. and Mrs. James V. Coleman are going to build a residence on Pacific Heights.

Mrs. Maria Coleman and family are going to Europe. A club in this city is negotiating for the lease of her Sutter Street mansion. The house is so large that it is more fitted for the occupancy of a club than of a family. Many old family mansions in Eastern cities have passed into the hands of leading clubs, as the fashionable residence quarters have changed.

Mrs. Charles Fairfax returned from the East two weeks ago. Her mother, Mrs. Brenham, is very ill.

Miss Ethel Beaver, now in New York, will shortly return home.

Ex-Senator Newton Booth has returned from Sacramento.

Ex-Governor F. F. Low, Mrs. Low, and Miss Flora Low leave for Honolulu on the first of next month.

Mrs. Mark Hopkins has been spending a few days at Monterey, but has returned to Menlo Park.

Ex-Senator Hager came back from Sacramento last week.

Mrs. W. J. Adams, of Menlo Park, who has been at Monterey for a few days, has returned.

Mrs. Catherwood, daughter of Judge S. C. Hastings, accompanied her two young daughters, now on their way East, as far as Truckee. She returned last Saturday. The young ladies are in charge of their governess. On their arrival in New York they will be met by Judge Hastings himself, who will accompany them to Europe. Mrs. Catherwood will join them in September.

Judge S. W. Sanderson returned from Sacramento last week.

H. R. H. Princess Like-Like (Mrs. A. S. Cleghorn), sister to the King, is expected to arrive from the Hawaiian Islands on the *Mariposa*, on the 22d instant, and to return on the 15th of May, in company with Mrs. Charles R. Bishop, wife of the Honolulu banker.

Mrs. John McMullin and family will depart for their ranch early in May.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, of Oakland, will make up a party to visit Mount Shasta in July.

Mrs. John Morton, who returned home last week from the national capital, was the recipient of many attentions during the past winter. Among them was a luncheon given in her honor by Mrs. Senator Miller.

George W. Vanderbilt and H. McK. Twombly, who arrived here two weeks ago from New York, went up to Sacramento last week with J. B. Hagein and Ariel Lathrop to inspect the Rancho del Paso. They returned almost immediately.

Miss Mary Chalfant, of Pittsburg, Penn., arrived in San Francisco on Wednesday last, and will spend the summer with her friend, Miss Carrie Pierce, of Santa Clara.

Mrs. Benedict is the guest, for the spring months, of her sister, Mrs. Robert Barton, at their elegant country home in Fresno.

Hon. J. Mott Smith, a life-member of the House of Nobles, Hawaii, who for some time past has been residing at Washington, goes to take his seat in the Hawaiian Legislature, May 1st.

### Army and Navy News.

General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., commanding the Department of the Columbia, arrived here this week from Portland.

Major F. Mears, U. S. A., who is in command at Fort Yale, D. T., met with a severe accident last month, slipping on the ice, causing a compound fracture of the ankle-joint. The major at last accounts was progressing favorably, and is expected by Mrs. Mears (who resides in this city) in the early part of May, on a leave of absence.

Major A. S. Kimball, U. S. A., Quarter-master of the Department of the Columbia, has come down from Portland on business.

J. W. Carlin, U. S. N., is at the Palace.

Lieutenant Cotton, U. S. A., has been enjoying a few days' sojourn at Monterey.

Hugh Rodman, U. S. N., is in the city.

Captain Gordon Winslow, U. S. A., has been spending the week in the city.

### Notes and Gossip.

Swiss Consul Francis Berton, who has suffered from ill health during the entire winter, is now confined to his apartments at the Grand.

Again it is rumored that the son of a wealthy ex-U. S. Senator, will very shortly wed the attractive lady whose name has been frequently coupled with his during the past winter.

During the past few weeks a number of ladies and gentlemen have met at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Barnard, corner of Gough and Vallejo streets, to dance the minuet. They have formed themselves into a minuet club, consisting of forty members, among whom are Major and Mrs. Haskins, of the Presidio; Major and Mrs. Jones, of the Engineer Corps; Doctor and Mrs. Lawlor, Miss Cole, Mrs. Drown, George W. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Thorn, Miss Stoneman, Lieutenant Broadbent, of the *Corwin*, Captain and Mrs. Hall, Miss Jessie Nickerson, Mexican Consul Mexia and Mrs. Mexia, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, and Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Booth.

It is said that a certain engagement, concerning which much doubt has existed, is an unacknowledged fact.

### Heathcote vs. Heathcote—A Misapprehension.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT: I have been much annoyed lately by being asked by my friends what induced me to write the articles in your paper criticising American women and society, and signed, "Cecil V. B. Heathcote." And I would beg to state that I am not the author of these foolish articles. As an Englishman, I consider it extremely bad taste on the part of Cecil V. B. H. giving publicity to his opinions in a country where he is probably making his livelihood, and the hospitality of whose people he is probably enjoying. Finally, I would suggest to Mr. Cecil V. B. H. that if the ways of the country do not suit him, there are daily means of conveyance to all parts of the civilized world. By giving publicity to these few lines, Mr. Editor, you will confer a great favor on,

Yours, truly, BASIL HEATHCOTE.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 16, 1884.

## COBWEBS.

Our mild winter seems to have developed unusual size in the early strawberries and Easter bonnets. While people in New York are being satisfied with the modest small bonnet and the conservative English walking-hat, our show-windows, churches, and theatres are crowded with large, eruptive head-gear. High crowns, wide brims, huge bows, and big bunches of feathers make up the present sum. In a few weeks there will be the customary number of irate paragraphs by men who have sat behind these hats, and who object to paying a dollar and a half to see the back of any woman's head, especially with the tantalizing consciousness that there is a ballet, or Kate Castleton, or a show of some kind beyond it.

It is not absolutely new to say that feminine vanity develops early. I heard a case in point the other day that gives the idea a new send-off. It happened a few days ago in this city.

A little girl, nine years old, was furnished by her mamma with a white silk and lace dress, which she wore to a children's party. Intoxicated by the admiration her dress secured her, she desired to wear it to school, and repeat her triumphs there. Her mother, naturally enough, refused to allow it. But the embryo coquette was not at all discouraged by that. She secretly obtained the dress and made a package of it. Next morning she started off to the public school with her bag of books, and, by some sort of strategy, with the package containing the pretty party dress. When she was at a safe distance from home she laid down her books, unrolled her package, and deliberately changed her dress in the street. That day she had a great success at school, where all the children declared she looked like an angel. *Il faut souffrir pour être belle*, and her mother met her with a switch on her return. But her teacher made no comment on her toilet, and no one objected to her dressing on the street.

I suppose everyone remembers Emily and Betty Rigl when they danced in the Christmas ballet at the California Theatre in the old days. At that time, Joe Maguire, Walter Campbell, and others used to sing in a sort of special Christmas chorus at the same theatre—and what a beautiful chorus it was! On Sundays, they used to sing in the church choir. One Sunday, I reproached poor Joe Maguire with the crime of singing on the stage. In his gentle way, he proceeded to justify himself, and told me, among other things, that Emily and Betty Rigl were the most religious women he had ever seen. They had their rosaries always with them; never failed to say a prayer or two between the acts, and always crossed themselves before a *pas seul*.

I afterward heard some of the others tell the same story. I don't object to a man's saying a prayer before he goes out to cheat another man in a simple, little business transaction. But for a pretty ballet-dancer to invoke celestial aid, that she may rouse to greater rapture the bald-heads in front, has always seemed to me like taking an undue advantage of one's personal influence.

There is no end to the refinements of civilization. The last dictum is that all bridal parties shall be thoroughly drilled before the eventful day, and that chalk lines on the church floor shall be used to indicate the exact spot on which each person shall stand. It is said that nothing so jars upon the feelings of fashionable guests as a group that is unsymmetrical in its arrangement.

At a recent wedding the bridesmaids carried tambourines suspended by ribbons from the arm. The tambourines were made of white flowers, and the centre of each was the monogram of the contracting parties, done in colored flowers.

I am told, in a private letter, that a great many floral Easter cards had been ordered in New York, and that flowers were well nigh unobtainable. These were mostly to be made in flat shapes—simply a copy in flowers of the customary Easter cards, of simple design.

The craze in New York on the flower question is passing all bounds. Hundreds of ladies ordered in advance *bouquets de corsage*, to wear with the Easter dresses. The new wrinkle is that the bouquets must match the dresses. The florists were provided with samples indicating the necessary colors. Some of them were almost wild with the apparent impossibility of finding flowers to match the new and curious shades. Wall-flowers are much worn with the brown dresses that are becoming so fashionable, and there is a decided corner in the shaded, purplish-gray chrysanthemums, that harmonize so well with the newest and most stylish shades of gray.

The New York shops are full of brilliant plaids and rich brocades. The best people, however, wear them only for the house or carriage. Walking dresses for the street are simpler and plainer than ever with people of really good style. A sample street suit was of stone-gray cloth, tailor-made, close fitting, and plain in effect. The only ornaments were two elaborate clasps, one at the throat and one at the belt, made of silver set with cats'-eyes. These cats'-eyes come from China, and retail in New York at six dollars a dozen. They seldom come in settings. It is very stylish to have them set in silver after some original design.

We don't hear as much about our mammoth pears as we used to do, but for all that California occasionally comes to the front with something huge. The biggest things on record this year are our Easter eggs. Many of them were ostrich eggs. There is in this State a newly established ostrich farm. This year's eggs not being available for hatching, were thrown on the market for decorative purposes. They brought from two to four dollars, unpainted, and were speedily bought up. An ostrich egg handsomely decorated in oils is about as stunning a thing in the way of an Easter egg as can well be imagined. Many beautiful ones were sent by ladies of this city to friends in the Eastern States, where they probably added a drop in the bucket to our reputation for big things.

ARACHNE.

## A BLOODY REVENGE.

How a Spanish Grandee Won the Title of "The Headsman."

The bells in the steeple of the little town of Menda had just chimed midnight. At that moment a young French officer was leaning on the parapet of the long terrace which bordered the gardens of the Château de Menda, seemingly plunged in a more profound meditation than was compatible with the careless gayety of military life, though it must be admitted that never was there an hour, a spot, or a night more conducive to reverie. The beautiful sky of Spain stretched its azure dome above his head. The glittering starlight and the moon's soft rays lit up a delicious valley that unfolded itself coquettishly at his feet. As he leaned against a blossoming orange tree, Major Marchand could see the town of Menda a hundred feet below him, at the foot of the rock on which the château was built, sheltered from the fierce north winds. Turning his head, he saw the sea, whose shimmering waters framed the landscape like a silver circle. The château was illuminated, and the joyous tumult of a ball, the strains of the orchestra, the laughter of the gay officers and their partners floated out to him, mingled with the far murmur of the waves. The freshness of the night gave a new energy to his tired frame, wearied by the heat of the day, while up from the gardens, planted with fragrant trees and balmy flowers, came such waves of intoxicating odor that his soul seemed bathed in perfumes.

The Château de Menda belonged to a grandee of Spain, who at this time was occupying it with his family. During the whole evening the eldest of the daughters had regarded the young officer with an interest imprinted with such sadness that her ardent sentiment of compassion might well have caused the Frenchman's reverie.

Clara de Léganès was beautiful, and although she had three brothers and a sister, the marquis's wealth was considerable enough to warrant Victor Marchand in believing that the young girl would have a rich dowry. But how could he dare to hope that the daughter of the proudest grandee in Spain would be given to the son of a Parisian grocer? Moreover, the Spanish were at war with the French.

General Granville, who governed the province, suspecting the Marquis de Léganès of being about to stir up an insurrection in favor of Ferdinand VII., stationed Major Marchand's battalion at the little town of Menda, in order to control the neighboring country, which was under the marquis's sway. A recent dispatch from Marshal Ney gave cause for fear that the English were about to land upon the coast, and designated the marquis as a man who was in correspondence with the London cabinet. So it was that, despite the kindly welcome which the Spaniard had tendered Major Marchand and his soldiers, the young officer was constantly upon his guard.

As he strolled out upon the terrace to examine the state of the town and the country confided to his supervision, he wondered how to interpret the friendliness which the marquis had not ceased to evince, and how to reconcile the apparent tranquillity of the country with the general's uneasiness; but he was soon roused from his reverie, and all these thoughts quickly banished by a sentiment of prudence and a feeling of legitimate curiosity as he perceived an unwonted number of lights in the village. Though it was the Feast of St. Jacques, he had ordered that very morning that all lights should be extinguished at the hour prescribed in his regulations, the château alone being exempt. After vainly seeking to explain the infraction of which the inhabitants were guilty, he only found a mystery in the offense the more incomprehensible in that he had carefully stationed officers as sentinels and night-watch through the town. He could see his soldiers' bayonets glittering here and there at their accustomed posts, but there was a solemnity in the silence that gave no indication of the Spaniards being plunged in the intoxication of a festival. With the impetuosity of youth he was about to spring through an opening down upon the rocks, in order to descend more rapidly than by the ordinary road to a post stationed at the entrance of the village near the château, when a slight sound arrested him. It seemed as though the gravel of the pathway was rustling under the light tread of a woman. Turning his head he saw no one, but his attention was arrested by the extraordinary splendor of the ocean, and there, like a flash, he beheld such a baleful spectacle that he stood motionless, scarcely able to credit his senses. There, on the horizon, bathed in the silvery moonlight, shone a fleet of glittering sails. A chill struck him as he tried to convince himself it was an optical delusion wrought by the vagaries of the waves and the moonlight.

At this moment a hoarse voice pronounced his name, and turning, he saw the head of the soldier who had accompanied him to the château slowly rising through the breach.

"Is it you, commander?"

"Yes, what is it?" he said in a low voice, warned to secrecy by some presentiment of evil.

"Those beggars there are wriggling about like so many worms, and I have hastened to communicate my observations to you, if you will permit me."

"By all means," said the major.

"I have just been following one of the men from the château who proceeded in this direction with a lantern in his hand. Now a lantern looks devilishly suspicious! This is no time of night for a Christian to light up his tapers. 'They want to make a meal of us,' said I to myself, and followed at his heels. So, major, that is how I discovered a certain pile of faggots on a block of stone not three yards from here."

A terrible cry which rang through the village here interrupted him, and, as a lurid glow suddenly illuminated the form of his commander, the poor grenadier fell with a bullet in his head.

Not ten feet away, a pile of straw and dry wood was flaming like a conflagration. A deathly silence broken only by low groans had replaced the laughter and music of the fête. As the thunder of a cannon echoed over the ocean's plain, a cold sweat started on the young officer's brow. Standing there, swordless, he knew that his soldiers had perished, and that the English were about to land. He saw himself dishonored if he lived; arraigned before a council of war; then, measuring with his eye the depth of the rocky valley at his feet, he drew back for the spring when Clara de Léganès seized his hand breathlessly.

"Fly!" she cried. "My brothers are following me to kill you! At the foot of the rock! There! You will find Juanito's horse! Go quickly!"

As her slight hands pushed him, the young man stood looking at her for a moment stupefied; then, yielding to the instinct of self-preservation which never forsakes even the strongest, he sprang into the park toward the direction indicated, and bounded over rocks only tracked by wild goats heretofore. He heard Clara cry to her brothers to pursue him; he heard the steps of the assassins; he heard their bullets whistle past his ears, but he reached the valley, found the horse, mounted, and disappeared with the rapidity of lightning.

A few hours afterward he arrived at the quarters of General Granville, whom he found dining with his staff.

"I bring you my head!" he cried, appearing in their midst, pale and unnerved. Then seating himself, he recounted the terrible adventure. A silence followed his recital.

"I find you more unfortunate than criminal," at last said the stern general. "You are not responsible for the Spaniard's crime; and, unless the marshal decides otherwise, I absolve you."

These words gave but feeble consolation to the unhappy officer.

"When the emperor knows it," he murmured.

"He will probably wish to have you shot," said the general, "but we shall see. Now, let us speak no more of this," he added, in a tone of severity, "except to plan a vengeance that will give a salutary lesson to this country where they make war like savages."

An hour later an entire regiment, a detachment of cavalry, and a convoy of artillery were on the road. General Granville and Major Marchand marched at the head of the column. The whole army, when they knew of the dreadful massacre, were seized with an uncontrollable fury. The distance which separated Menda from the general quarters was covered with marvelous rapidity. On the route the general found whole villages under arms. Each of these miserable hamlets was surrounded and its inhabitants destroyed.

By some inexplicable fatality the English vessels lay to without advancing, but it was known later that these ships carried only artillery, and had out-sailed the rest of the fleet. So it was that the town of Menda, deprived of the defenders she awaited, and which the vision of the English sails seemed to promise, was surrounded by the French troops and taken almost without striking a blow. The inhabitants, seized with terror, offered to surrender at discretion, foreseeing from the general's known cruelty that Menda would probably be given up to flame and the entire population to the edge of the sword. He accepted the offer, on condition that the entire household of the château, from the marquis to the lowest valet, was given into his hands. This capitulation consented to, the general promised to pardon the rest of the people, and to prevent his soldiers from pillaging the houses or setting fire to the town. An enormous indemnity was imposed, and the wealthiest men constituted themselves hostages as a guarantee of the payment, which was to be effected within twenty-four hours.

The general took all necessary precautions for the safety of his troops, provided for the safety of the country, and refused to lodge the soldiers in private houses. After he had encamped them he ascended to the château, of which he took military possession. All the members of the De Léganès family, with their servants, were kept in close custody, bound with strong cords, and imprisoned in the grand salon where the ball had taken place the night before, and whose lofty windows opened upon the terrace that overlooked the town. The staff was established in a neighboring gallery, where the general first held counsel as to the measures to be taken in opposing the debarkation of the fleet; then, after having dispatched an aid-de-camp to Marshal Ney, and established batteries along the coast, they turned their attention to the prisoners. Two hundred Spaniards, whom the inhabitants had delivered up, were immediately taken out upon the terrace and shot. After this military execution, the general commanded the erection of as many gallows as there were persons in the salon, and sent for the hangman of the town.

Major Marchand, profiting by the time which was to elapse before dinner, went to visit the prisoners. Soon afterward he sought the general.

"I hasten," he said, in an agitated voice, "to ask a favor."

"You!" exclaimed the general, in a tone of bitter irony.

"Alas!" said Victor, "it is but a sad grace. The marquis, seeing the erection of the scaffolds, has hoped you will change this mode of punishment for his family, and begs, for the sake of his noble name, that you will behead them."

"So be it!" said the general.

"They ask furthermore that they be allowed the benefits of religion, and that they be released from their bonds. They will make no effort to escape."

"I consent," said the general, "but I hold you responsible."

"The old man also offers you his entire fortune if you will pardon his young son."

"Really!" responded the general, ironically. "A generous offer, seeing that his possessions already belong to King Joseph." He paused. A shadow of contempt darkened his brow, and he added: "I will surpass their desires. I understand the importance of his last demand. Very well, let him purchase his name's existence, but at the price that Spain may forever remember his treason and its punishment. I will grant life and fortune to the one of his sons who will fill the office of headsman. Go now, and speak to me no more of this."

Dinner was served. The officers sat at table appeasing appetites that fatigue had sharpened. One only of their number, Victor Marchand, was missed at the banquet. After a long hesitation he entered the salon where mourned the proud family of Léganès, and threw a sad glance on the scene, where, the night before, he had watched the forms of those young men and their beautiful sisters whirling gayly to the entrancing measures of the waltz, and shuddered when he thought that within an hour their heads would roll on their own terraces, severed by the headsman's sword. Bound to their gilded couches, the father and mother, the two young girls, and their brothers sat motionless. Eight servitors, their hands bound behind their backs stood near. These fifteen people looked at each other gravely, their eyes scarcely betraying the thoughts that stirred them. A profound resignation, and a regret at having failed in their plans, could be read on a few brows. Motionless soldiers kept guard, while respecting the sorrow of these cruel enemies. A gleam of curiosity lit up their faces when Victor appeared. He gave the order to release the captives, and went himself to release the cords that held Clara a prisoner on the divan. She smiled sadly. He could not resist touching the arm of the young girl as his admiring glance swept from her dark head over her supple form. She was a perfect type of her race. She had the olive tint, the Spanish eyes with long curved lashes, and iris black as a raven's wing.

"Were you successful?" she questioned, with one of those melancholy smiles that yet had something girlish in it.

Victor could not repress a shudder. He glanced in turn at the three brothers and at Clara. Juanito, the eldest, was thirty. Small and slightly built, with a proud disdainful air, there was no lack of nobility in his manner, and that delicacy of sentiment which in other days had rendered Spanish gallantry so renowned. Philippe, the second son, a tall, young stripling of twenty, resembled Clara. The youngest was a lovely child of eight. A painter would have found in Manuel's lovely features a trace of that Spartan endurance that marked the children of old Rome. The grand old marquis, with his picturesque white head, seemed to have stepped from one of Murillo's paintings.

The young officer shook his head in despair of finding among them an acceptor of the general's bargain; then, nerving himself, he told Clara of the hard condition. For an instant a shudder shook the girl's form; then, suddenly recovering her calm air, she went and knelt at her father's feet.

"Oh!" she murmured, "compel Juanito to swear he will obey you faithfully, and we will be content."

The marquise, with an eager start of hope, bent toward her listeningly, but when she caught the words which fell from her daughter's white lips, that mother swooned away. Like a flash the truth dawned upon Juanito, and he sprang to his feet like a caged lion. Victor took it upon himself to send away the soldiers when the marquis had pledged his word to complete submission. The servants were then taken out and given up to the executioner, who hanged them. When at last the family was alone, but for Victor, the old father arose.

"Juanito!" he cried.

Juanito only responded by an inclination of the head, equivocal to a refusal, and, sinking back in his chair, fixed on his parents a dry and terrible gaze. Clara went to him, stole one arm about his neck, and softly kissing his hot eyelids, said gayly:

"Juanito, if you could only know how sweet the death-blow would be, given by your hands, you would save me from all the sorrows that await me. Then I need not submit to the odious contact of a headsman's hands. And, dear Juanito, you would not wish to see me contaminated by a touch?"

Her velvety eyes threw a flashing glance on Victor, as though to arouse anew in Juanito's heart his hatred of the French.

"Have courage," said his brother Philippe, "or else our almost royal race will be extinct."

Suddenly Clara rose. The group that had formed around Juanito parted, and the girl, rebellious in her good cause, saw, standing erect before him, her aged father, who said, with stern solemnity: "Juanito, I command you!"

Seeing the young count immovable, the father fell upon his knees. Involuntarily, Clara, Manuel, and Philippe imitated him. They held out supplicating hands toward him who was to save the family from oblivion, and seemed to echo their father's words.

"My son, will you be so lacking in Spanish courage and true sensibility? Do you wish to keep me longer at your feet? What right have you to consider *your* life and *your* sufferings?" Then, springing to his feet, and fixing a terrible gaze on the marquise, he cried: "Madame, is this my son?"

"He consents," murmured the mother in despair, as she saw a movement of Juanito's eyes.

Maraquita, the younger daughter, knelt at her mother's feet, embracing her with her slender arms; and seeing that she wept hot, bitter tears, her little brother Manuel came and reproached her gravely. At this moment the chaplain of the castle entered, and, quickly surrounding him, they led him to Juanito.

Victor, unable to endure the scene, and reassuring Clara with a gesture, hastened to make a last attempt on the general, whom he found in the midst of the feast, drinking with his officers, in the best of humors and holding high revel.

An hour afterward a hundred of Menda's most respected citizens were invited on the terrace, by the general's orders, to be witnesses of the execution. A detachment of soldiers was placed near to maintain order among them; and as they stood under the gibbets where the marquis's retainers had been hung the peasant's heads almost touched the feet of those martyrs.

Thirty feet away the block stood, with its glistening knife.

In a few moments, through the most profound silence, there were heard the irregular tread of several persons, the measured march of a picket-guard, and the light rattle of their guns. These different sounds were mingled with the joyous clamor of the officers' feast, as but late the music of the ball-room had drowned the preparation of a bloody treachery. All eyes were turned toward the castle, as the noble family advanced with perfect self-possession. Every brow was calm and severe. One man alone, trembling and pale, leaned on the arm of the priest, who lavished all

the consolations of religion upon him—the one who was to live.

The headsman understood, as did all others, that Juanito had accepted his office for a day. The old marquis and his wife, Clara, Maraquita, and the two brothers, knelt a few paces from the fatal spot, to which Juanito was conducted by the priest. When he reached the block the executioner, catching him by the sleeve, drew him apart and gave him a few instructions. The confessor placed the victims so that they should not witness the last agony; but they were true Spaniards, who stood firmly, with no sign of weakness.

Clara was the first to spring toward her brother. "Juanito," she cried, "have pity on my lack of courage! Commence first with me!"

At this moment the hurried steps of a man echoed through the silence, and Victor appeared upon the scene. Clara was kneeling, and her bare white throat seemed appealing to the sword. A deadly pallor stole over the officer's face, and, gathering his energies together, he sprang forward.

"The general accords you your life if you will be my wife," he murmured in her ear.

The young girl turned upon him a proud, contemptuous glance. "Strike, Juanito!" she said, in a low, clear voice.

Her head rolled at Victor's feet.

A convulsive shudder shook the form of the Marquise de Léganès. It was the only sign of her agony.

"Is this the way to place myself, dear Juanito?" said little Manuel to his brother.

"Ah! you weep, Maraquita," murmured Juanito to his sister.

"Yes," replied the young girl; "I think of you, my poor Juanito; you will be so unhappy without us."

Soon the grand form of the old marquis appeared. He looked at the blood of his children, and turning to the mute and motionless people, he stretched out his hands toward Juanito and said, in a clear voice:

"Spaniards, I give my benediction to my son. Now, *Marquis*, strike without fear and without reproach!"

But when Juanito saw his mother approach, supported by her confessor, his white lips muttered hoarsely:

"She gave me birth!"

His voice drew a cry of horror from the assembly. The noise of the festival and the joyous laughter of the officers grew louder at this terrible clamor.

The marquise understood that Juanito's courage was exhausted, and, with one bound, she sprang from the balustrade, and crashed, a shapeless mass, on the rocks below. A wild cry of admiration shook the air as Juanito fell senseless.

* * * * * * * * * *

In spite of the honors with which he is surrounded; in spite of the title "El Verdugo" (the headsman), which the king of Spain has given as a title of nobility to the Marquis de Léganès, he lives a lonely, solitary life, consumed with a terrible sorrow. Crushed by the burden of his noble crime, he seems to wait impatiently until the birth of a second son gives him the right to join those shadows that haunt his path of life.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Balzac by Mabel M. Chamberlain.*

---

The great Shoshone Falls of Snake River are in Southern Idaho, twenty miles south of the Oregon short line railroad, a line completed from Portland to Omaha. These falls have been until lately but little known. The scenery surrounding is said to be wonderful. The river banks of lava are one thousand feet high; the height of the falls two hundred and ten feet. A writer thus describes the cataract:

"I had heard much of the Shoshone or Great Fall of the Snake River, but was unable to find any white man who had seen it. Returning from Oregon we arrived at Rock Creek, a stage station only twelve miles distant. Hostile Indians had hitherto rendered visiting it unsafe, but the lieutenant in charge of a detachment of Oregon soldiers encamped at the station undertook to conduct us. Before daylight we started for the cataract. Probably our vehicle was the first that ever approached it. The tall sagebrush crushed by our slow wheels loaded the air with a heavy perfume. Through the dim dawn we were guided by the everlasting pillar of cloud arising from the troubled water far away. Now, at three miles, we heard more clearly its thrilling roar, and saw the mist with its violet tinge of rainbow which arises forever and ever. At last we alighted on a broken floor of brown lava, descended the precipice for three hundred feet by a natural rock stairway, walked a few hundred yards across a terrace of grass, lava, and cedars, and stood upon a second precipice. Peering over the edge, five hundred feet beneath us we saw the river, after its fearful leap, peaceful as a mirror. Half a mile above, in full view, was the cataract. It is unequaled in the world, save by Niagara, of which it vividly reminded us. It is not all height, like Yosemite, nor all breadth and power, like the Great Falls of the Missouri, nor all strength and volume, like Niagara, but combines the three elements. Clinging to a hardy cedar I saw the peaceful waters two hundred and fifty feet below me. Above, the surface of the water is broken into fine channels by little islands. Thence I saw the river come gliding, swift, clear, and smooth, to the dizzy edge, the long plunge and the cauldron which boils beneath, under wafting clouds of spray. The fall itself is of purest white, interspersed with myriads of glittering, glassy drops—a cataract of snow with an avalanche of jewels, mocking and belittling all human splendor. Nature is here in her lace and pearls, her robe of diamonds and tiara of rainbow."

---

The St. James Gambling Club, now under police surveillance, is close to Brooks's, Arthur's, Boodle's, and White's, which are, perhaps, the four best established fashionable clubs in London. They were all four originally subscription houses, arranged on an elegant and select plan. Arthur's was called the Jockey Club; Brooks's, Savoir Vivre; and White's, the Sans Souci. The Jockeys were chaffed out of their title by a wit of the day. Sans Souci was sneered out of fashion by another wag, who dubbed its members *Sans Six Sous*, and the Savoir Vivre was probably dropped because its members were quite conscious that their *vivre* was not quite equal to their *savoir*.

---

Prince Bismarck's annual revenues amount to about twenty-five thousand dollars. He lives quietly, but is hospitable, and wishes all his visitors to feel at home while under his roof. When living on his estates he occupies himself with forestry, and his favorite walk is in the oak woods when his favorite flower, the heather, is in bloom.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

### The Arbutus.

Looks so shy and innocent,
Blushes like a startled thing:
Who would think it knew the whole
Of the secrets of the spring?

Keeps its rosy ear laid low,
Harking, harking, at the ground,
Never missed a syllable
Of the slightest stir or sound.

Chuckled often in its leaves,
Thinking how the world would wait;
Searching vainly for a flower,
Wondering why the spring was late.

Other secrets, too, it knows—
Secrets whispered o'er its head;
Underneath its snowy veil
Oft these secrets turn it red.

Whisper on, glad girls and boys!
Sealed the fragrant rosy wells;
You and spring are safe alike—
Never the arbutus tells!

—*H. H. in May Atlantic.*

### My Love.

My love is a rose, a red, red rose,
Whose beauty all may see—
A smile and a blush for each she hath,
But only a thorn for me.

My love is a violet, tender and true,
Whose fragrance pure and free
Perfumes the air like the breath of prayer,
Yet never a thought for me.

My love is the sun, the radiant sun,
Whose glory all may see—
She sheds her beams on all around,
And not one ray for me.

Oh, her beauty and blushes, her radiant smile!
How quick my cares will flee,
When one day Love shall lead my love
A captive home to me. —*Yale Record.*

### Maréchal Niel.

Before those counterscarps of lace,
Which offer such undreamed resistance,
I have so fallen into disgrace,
O Marshal, that I crave assistance.

In vain I send my Jacqueminot
Each day to speak her fair and tender;
With scornful lip the lovely foe
Each day refuses to surrender.

I cry you help, O flower of knights!
Upon my bended knee I sue it;
If any man can scale those heights,
You, Marshal, you're the man can do it!

To plant above that heart of steel
(In front of which I bend despairing)
Your golden ensign—Marshal Niel,
It were a venture worth your daring!

—*T. B. Aldrich in May Atlantic.*

### Strangled.

There is a legend in some Spanish book
About a noisy reveler who, at night,
Returning home with others, saw a light
Shine from a window, and climbed up to look,
And saw within the room, hanged to a hook,
His own self-strangled self, grim, rigid, white,
And who, struck sober by that livid sight,
Feasting his eyes, in tongue-tied horror shook.

Has any man a fancy to peep in
And see, as through a window, in the Past,
His nobler self, self-choked with coils of sin,
Or sloth, or folly? Round the throat whipped fast
The nooses give the face a stiffened grin.
'Tis but thyself. Look well. Why be aghast?

—*The Academy.*

### Celeste.

Look not so fair—not long doth beauty stay:
Your mother, at your side, who was as fair,
Consumes apace in the slow fire of care,
And your glad steps but follow on her way.
The crimson shades that now your face array
Shall vanish, and your cheeks her likeness bear;
Your eyes that now beatify despair
Bent onward, dreaming still of yesterday.
Look not so fair! Though plighted to the morn
That with your blushes would the sky adorn,
Your bosom shall the fond infection feel
And to itself a sicklier love reveal;
Another dawn, the heart flush shall have flown
To bloom afresh in buds as yet unknown.

—*Thomas Gordon Hake.*

### Dew of Parnassus.

How shall we know when he comes for whom are these garlands of bay?
How single him forth from the many that pass and repass on their way?

Easily may ye discern him, and beckon him forth from the throng;
Ye surely shall know him by this—he hath slept on the Mountain of Song.

Many are they that go thither, many the guests of the day;
Few till the cool of the eve, till the kindling of Hesperus, stay.

But he, all night on the sward, lay couched by a murmuring spring;
Sleeping he lay, yet he heard from the covert the nightingale sing—

Heard the faint rustle of leaves astir in the breath of the South,
Felt the soft lips of the dryad laid on his eyelids and mouth:

So slept till the stars were all folded; till, bright on the dim mountain lawn,
The Muses came singing to wake him, pouring the wine of the dawn.

For him are these garlands of bay; yet show us more clearly the sign:
How shall we know, beyond doubt, he hath slept on the mountain divine?

Know by the dew on his raiment, his forehead and clustering hair;
Dew of the night on Parnassus he for a token shall wear.

Look, how the diamond is caught in the fringe of the meadow unshorn!
Look, how the rose has its rubies, the lily its pearls from the morn!

Such is the song of the poet—a blossom bred up in the dew;
Mobile the drop at its heart, creating all beauty anew!

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

### French Wit.

A friend of the family asked an editor recently why he allowed his wife to beat him.

"Well, what am I to do?" was the reply; "the doctor has ordered her to take plenty of exercise!"

---

Our domestics:

"Pelagie, bring my boots," said Madame D. to her servant. "Be quick, for I have called you three times."

"Ah! in order to gain time for madame I am now lacing them up!"

---

Rival subjects for operation:

In the surgical ward of a hospital:

First patient—"The senior surgeon has challenged his assistant."

Second patient—"Ah! we no longer suffice for them?"

---

Lately at a dinner given by some homœopathic doctors in Paris, after the memory of Hahnemann had been toasted, and the health of various celebrities drunk, Alphonse Karr was asked to propose a toast. "Your patients, gentlemen," he said.

---

A gentleman from the country went into the shop of a fashionable tailor, the other day, to order some clothes.

While his measure was being taken he said to the sartorial Aristarchus:

"You must find that I am very badly dressed?"

"Oh, no," replied the artist; "you are not dressed at all; you are simply covered."

---

When Madame Emile de Girardin wrote her "Lady Tartuffe," which was played in 1853, some one said to her:

"What imagination you must have to have found the résumé of all the vices that you incarnate in your heroine."

"My imagination had nothing to do with it," quietly replied Madame de Girardin. "I simply summed up my best and most intimate lady friends."

---

An individual who was very unsteady in his movements wished to obtain more liquor at a boulevard cafés.

"I shall not serve you anything at all," said the owner of the café. "You have drunk like a sponge."

"Monsieur," replied the intoxicated individual, "you have a right to put me out of doors, but I forbid you to insult me."

"I have not insulted you; I have simply stated your condition."

"What! you have not insulted me in comparing me to a sponge? Please to remember that sponges are filled only with water."

### American Wit.

"My dear," said a Mormon wife to her husband, "I should think that you would be ashamed of yourself, flirting with that Miss B., as you did in church to-day."

"Flirting with her?" he replied, in astonishment; "why we have been engaged for more than three months. It's all over town."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said his wife, indifferently. "If you are engaged to her, I suppose it is all right. When does the happy event occur?"—*Philadelphia Call.*

---

"Hello! Where are you going? Don't go up there; it's dangerous."

"What's the matter?"

"They're going to explode a blast up there in a few minutes."

"Well, there ain't any danger, I guess."

"Yes, there is."

"Oh, no; I guess not. I see a policeman up there; and if there was any danger he wouldn't be there."—*Somerville Journal.*

---

Jim Webster, a hard-looking colored man, was brought to a justice in Austin for stealing some money from the house of Colonel Jones, one of the most respectable citizens.

Said the judge very impressively to Jim:

"Didn't you know that no good can come from stolen money—that there is a curse on it?"

"Boss, I didn't know Colonel Jones stole dat money. I allus 'spected him ob bein' an hones' man. White folks am gettin' to be mighty onreliable nowadays."—*Texas Siftings.*

---

"You needle little woman to do that for you," the chambermaid remarked, as, hearing a volley of terrific profanity from the commercial traveler's room, she looked in and saw him sewing a suspender button to his thumb.

"Sew it seams," the wretched man replied. "Button the hole I think I've cotton to it myself."

"Eye, eye," quoth the chambermaid; "but you've tuck more time now than"——

"Knot sew," replied the missionary; "for a needle hath but one eye."

And longer had they sung, but just then the porter shouted: "En train for de seat of war! Buttoner, buttoner, rise!" And he rose, and with dispatch threaded his way to the train.

---

A stranger strolling through the cemetery at Fremont, Ohio, accosted a grave-digger with the remark:

"Nice, cozy little plantin' ground you've got here."

"Yes," replied the spadesman, without interrupting his work; "it is sorter quiet and retired like."

"Can you tell me where Hayes is buried?" continued the stranger.

"What Hayes?"

"Rutherford B. Hayes."

"If you mean him as was onct a President, he ain't buried at all."

"Not buried!" exclaimed the visitor, in astonishment. "Great ducks, what do they want to keep him so long for?"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

## CHISPAS FROM CHARLES READE.

The late Charles Reade was unique in English literature. He builded in letters after no model, and he leaves no imitators worthy of recognition. It is true that, like Dickens, he wrote novels to mitigate or destroy certain social and political evils, but the styles of the two men's work were dissimilar. While he lacked the stately strength and repose of conscious power of the master hand whose touch tumbled the debtor's prisons of Britain, he denounced and exposed with nervous vigor and keenness, which were characteristic, the abuses and crimes of the English mad-houses, the iniquities of the English prisons, and the misery and injustice of the English work-shops. "What does any master care for a man's life?" he makes Bayne say, in "Put Yourself in His Place"—a book which every artisan ought to know by heart. "Profit and loss go down in figures; but life—that's a cipher in all their ledgers." It has been the practice of the classes whose knuckles he rapped, and whose somnolent conservatism he crossed, to sneer at him as a rider of hobbies, a sensation writer. "Without sensation," he replied, "there can be no interest; but my plan is to mix a little character and a little philosophy with the sensational element." Smaller men than he have had their flings at his novels as the unbolted grist of unnumbered scrap-books, deriding his system of clipping, arranging, pasting, and indexing the remarkable facts and strange incidents which are constantly coming to light and being forgotten by everybody but men like Reade, the system which he described in his sketch of himself and his study in "A Terrible Temptation," and upon which his matter-of-fact romances, as he delighted to term them, like "Cloister and Hearth" and "Hard Cash," were constructed. His judicious admirers will not claim for him rank with the great masters of English fiction, but he is a story-teller whose books hold the attention of all classes. They are wrought with the skill of an intuitive and practiced dramatist. No other English writer of this generation equals him in this form and quality. The keenness of his wit, the sharpness of his repartee, and the point of his satire, are also remarkable—qualities which are displayed with rare force and finish in the tongue-fence between old Colley Cibber and Peg Woffington in his tale of the noted actress of the latter name.

His style was terse and of rare nervous vigor, and if the writers for the daily newspapers will pardon the assumption that their style might be improved, and should be in mercy to their readers, Charles Reade's is the best model for them in the language. His style is like a cascade, rushing and leaping onward within its banks, and over an uneven bed, and playing constantly in little eddies as the stream dashes on. These little swirls are his delight—little dramatic asides, flashes of wit, humor, epigrams, satire, dicta, didactics, maxims, axioms, nuggets of observation and reflection; or, as he put it, "mixing a little philosophy with the sensational element." In our placer mines, before they were exhausted, the lads used to go out after a heavy rainfall, to look along the rivulets and among the crevices of the limestone bowlders, for chispas—bits of gold that had been uncovered. The works of our dead novelist are strewn with chispas. Let us pick up a few from among the pages as specimens of his ore, gathering at random as they glitter here and there, without especial arrangement as to size, shape, or value:

"Life is an intermittent fever."—*Cloister and Hearth.*

"Our foibles are our manias."—*Griffith Gaunt.*

"Self-deception will probably cease at the first blast of the archangel's trumpet; but what human heart will part with it till then? The circumstances under which a human being could not excuse or delude or justify himself have never yet occurred in the huge annals of crime."—*It is Never Too Late to Mend.*

"Beauty is power; a smile is its sword."—*White Lies.*

"Good things have to be engraved on the memory; bad ones stick there of themselves."—*Ibid.*

"Beware of jealousy—cursed jealousy! It is the sultan of all the passions and the Tartar chief of all the crimes. Other passions affect the character; this changes, and, if good, always reverses it! Mind that, reverses; turns honest men to snakes and doves to vultures. Horrible, unnatural mixture of love with hate. You poison the whole mental constitution; you bandage the judgment; you crush the sense of right and wrong; you steel the bowels of compassion; you madden the brain; you corrupt the heart; you damn the soul."—*It is Never Too Late to Mend.*

"The sacred principle of justice was as strong in Mrs. Woffington as in the rest of her sex; she had not one grain of it."—*Peg Woffington.*

"Happy the man who has two chain-cables—merit and women."—*Cloister and Hearth.*

"Memory sometimes acts like an old flint-gun; it hangs fire, yet ends by going off."—*Put Yourself in His Place.*

"All men of that day are dust; they are the gold-dust who died with honor."—*Christie Johnstone.*

"Off the stage James Quin was a character; his eccentricities were three—a humorist, a glutton, and an honest man—traits that often caused astonishment and ridicule, especially the last."—*Peg Woffington.*

"The landlord poured them" (the robber-band in the Black Forest Inn) "out neat brandy, blood's forerunner in every age."—*Cloister and Hearth.*

"What is popularity? Ask Aristides and Lamartine; the breath of a mob smells of its source, and is gone before the sun can set on it."—*Christie Johnston.*

"We are going to weigh goose feathers—to criticise criticism."—*Peg Woffington.*

"Where there's a heart there's a Rubicon."—*Cloister and Hearth.*

"Happy the man whose wife taketh her fling before wedlock, and who trippeth up the altar steps instead of down 'em."—*Cloister and Hearth.*

"Ah! it is hard to resist the voice, and look, and clinging of a man's own flesh and blood. Children are so strong upon their knees; their dear faces, bright copies of their own, are just the height of our hearts then."—*Foul Play.*

"Growth is the nature of habit, not of one sort or another, but of all, even of an unnatural habit. Gin grows on a man, charity grows on a man, tobacco grows on a man, blood grows on a man"—*It is Never Too Late to Mend.*

"*She*—'I feel all a woman's weakness.' *He*—'Then you are invincible.'"—*Cloister and Hearth.*

"The Scotch are icebergs, with volcanoes underneath; thaw the Scotch ice, which is very cold, and you shall get to the Scotch fire, warmer than any sun of Italy or Spain."—*Christie Johnstone.*

"It was an age in which artists sought out and loved one another. Should this last statement stagger a painter or writer of our day, let me remind him that even Christians loved one another at first starting."—*Cloister and Hearth.*

One phase of Mr. Reade's humor is unique. It is represented in the passage in "Hard Cash," where the hero produces (unconsciously) his sweetheart's sacred motto, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," wrapped around the ace of spades, and the hard-headed old doctor of the party calls for the rest of the pack, and suggests that the maxim, "Never trump your partner's leading card," would be more in keeping. Of a proposition adopted by a meeting of tipsy men, Reade says that it "was carried by hiccoughation." But this strain of humor is best illustrated in the passage in "Foul Play," wherein the sick sailor makes his dying confession and declaration to the clergyman, Mr. Hazel, telling how his ship was lost, and ending:

"Joe Wylie scuttled her and destroyed her people. D—n his eyes!"

Mr. Hazel was shocked at this, and could not allow these to be Cooper's last words; so he said, earnestly: "Yes, but my poor fellow, you said you forgave all your enemies; we all need forgiveness, you know."

"That is true, sir."

"And you forgive this Wylie, do you not?"

"O Lord, yes," said Cooper, faintly; "I forgive the lubber, d—n him!"

SAN FRANCISCO, April 14, 1884. GEO. W. SMITH.

## THE RAILWAY WORLD.

The experiment of government railway ownership in France, which was undertaken a few years ago on a vast scale, now appears to be an admitted failure. It is announced that the government desires to sell the State railways—a great change from the previous plan of acquiring all the railways owned by companies, and, in addition, building a great system of lines. A brief experiment seems to have convinced the French Government that it is far better for the State as well as for the people to have railways owned and operated by individuals, thus relieving the government from all responsibility, which, in the case of the French scheme, threatened to lead almost to bankruptcy.—*Railway Age.*

The Russian Government has an immense railway project under consideration. The author of the scheme calls it the Russian Pacific line. The line would start from Ikaterinauburg, join Tobolsk, Yeneseisk, and Yakutsk, ending in Nikolajew, with a branch line from Yeneseisk and Yakutsk to Kiakhta, which would form a connection with the Amoor and China. A second main line will start from Astrachan to connect Herat, Persia, and India, with a branch line to Bokhara over Cashgar. The extent of railway would be three thousand geographical miles, and cost one thousand million roubles. The capital would be spread over twenty years. One part of the proposal is to employ part of the army on the works.

"I have been running a train for thirty years," said a gray-haired conductor on the Wabash. "I started in on the New York Central, have been on the Lake Shore, Pennsylvania, and three C.'s, and here I am on the Wabash." "Did you know old Vanderbilt?" "Did I know him? Well, he used to keep a pretty close watch on everything, I tell you, and there wasn't much going on along the road that he didn't know about. One time I got myself into a box. At Albany they brought a corpse on my train, and nobody had bought a ticket for it, according to rules. At first I refused to carry it, but the station agent said it belonged to some of the railroad folks, and the charges would be paid to me in New York. When we got to New York nobody called for the corpse. This vexed me a good deal, and so I made up my mind something had to be done. So I sent word over to the medical college there was a 'stiff' at the Central Depot for sale. A doctor came right over, and I sold him the body for just enough to pay the charges, entered that fact upon my report, and went home. Next morning I heard the body was that of a relative of old Vanderbilt himself. And I had gone and sold it to a medical college! Well, I went straight to the old man's office to get my discharge. I knew my time had come. But—would you believe it?—I wasn't bounced. The old man took it very calmly. He said he had got the body back all right, and had inquired into all the circumstances. Then he raised my wages a hundred dollars a year."

"It was not until Commodore Vanderbilt died," said a New York veteran engineer, as he lolled in the compartment of the Wagner car, "that the machines on this line began to be painted what is called 'black crook.' Before that they were all painted in gaudy colors, and bore on the panels of the tenders the names of the directors of the road, and other officials and magnates whose fame they wanted to hand down to railroad posterity. When the new president, William H., first took hold of the affairs, he ran up and down the road very frequently, to get the hang of the thing. He always hankered for fast pulls. The engine named after himself was usually assigned to his special trains. She would make the distance from Albany to Syracuse in three hours or a few minutes better. But once or twice it so happened that some other locomotive fell to the task, and then it was shown that the William H. Vanderbilt was not so much of a runner anyway. Better time was made by No. 110 and by the Major Priest. So the first thing the engineers knew was an order to have all the engines repainted. I guess I knew of the determination of the president sooner than any one, for he was a pretty mad man one day, when I took his special, when we made the distance in time that laid his machine in the shade. So, one by one, the name of Erastus Corning, Conrad Shoemaker, H. Chittenden, J. Tillinghast, and the rest were obliterated, the locomotives coming out of the shops painted that peculiar brown called 'black crook.' At last even the name of William H. Vanderbilt was daubed off by the painters. It was the last to go. At the same time the brass-work was also painted over—a godsend to the firemen, who had to scour it, but a blow at the pride of the engineers."

In the table of contents an article under the heading "The Cession of Alaska" is ascribed to this page. This is an error. The article will appear shortly.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

It is said that Miss Wixom adopted the name of her native State, Nevada, as her *nom du théâtre* at the suggestion of the Hon. John A. Kasson.

Queen Victoria has developed quite a passion for letter-writing. One of her latest epistolary achievements takes the form of condolence with the Khedive of Egypt on the loss of his mother.

As Sir Henry Brand walked for the last time as Speaker down the House, the whole body of members, including the Parnellites, arose and uncovered, except Mr. William O'Brien, M. P. for Mallow.

Mr. Andrew Lang, one of the most cultivated and agreeable of the English essayists who have come into prominence during the last few years, has accepted the editorship of the English edition of *Harper's Magazine.*

In describing the amusements of the people, Mr. Walter Besant declares that the working-man can not play any game at all, neither cricket nor foot-ball. Nor does he run, leap, or practice athletics of any kind. He can not swim; he can not dance.

Humbert of Italy is deeply interested in military affairs. "I endeavor," he says, "to read every military book published, and I try to see for myself whatever is practical in new equipments. I hope I know my army, from the rank and file to the quartermasters and commissariat; and I hope I know it practically."

Dr. Richard Jordan Gatling, the inventor of the famous Gatling gun, is now sixty-six years of age. He is a tall, broad-shouldered, white-whiskered man, with a kindly face, bright blue eyes, and a pleasant voice. He has recently been making some great improvements in his gun, and has been in Washington for the last few days explaining these improvements to the officials of the War Department.

Among the presents received by the Emperor William on his birthday was a superb service of Sèvres porcelain bearing the inscription: "From France." As the gift was anonymous, there has been a good deal of speculation as to the source from which it has emanated. Meanwhile, it is affirmed that the German Emperor has been greatly touched by it, and that he never wearied of showing this particular present to the visitors who called to offer their congratulations on his natal day.

The Polish newspaper *Kri* (Border Land) states that there is at present in the medical faculty of the University of Kharkoff a first year's student, named Dzeetchakovski, whose age is sixty years. In 1863 he was a third-year student of the medical course at the University of Warsaw, but as he took part in the then Polish insurrection he was exiled to Siberia, and remained there until, in accordance with the imperial coronation manifesto of last year, he, in common with other Poles, was allowed to return to Europe.

Mrs. Langtry arrived yesterday, says a late issue of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, with her company, in a special car from Jacksonville, Illinois, after a week of one-night engagements at small towns. One of Mrs. Langtry's fancies while in Canada was to collect Indian curiosities and relics, and her car contains a large assortment of them as the result of her labor. In the collection are furs, beads, moccasins, blankets, tomahawks, saddles, pipes, an Indian canoe, and, most treasured of all, two real scalps to wear in her belt when she gets back to England as trophies of her American tour.

Society in London is somewhat amused and very much scandalized at the daring robbery of Doctor Bull Run Russell's wedding presents. Every one knows that the celebrated war-correspondent was married some weeks ago, in Paris, to a charming Italian lady. Presents poured in on the popular couple on the auspicious occasion. These wedding gifts, of the value of at least five thousand dollars, were left during the honeymoon in the safe-keeping of a friend residing in Easton Square, London. One day, shortly after, a porter, wearing the badges of his respectable trade upon cap and collar, rolled a cart to this lady's door, and explained that he was sent by Doctor and Mrs. Russell for the boxes in her charge. Alas, for unsuspecting womanhood! The lady gave up every bit of property entrusted to her by the bride and bridegroom. A day or two elapsed without message. Reason of silence—they had not reached England. The plausible porter was a thief.

George Afred Townsend was in the city recently, says a writer in the Washington *Capital*. He has been in Ohio recently on a lecturing tour, but prefers to remain in New York and devote himself to his correspondence, which employs all his time and strength. I regard Townsend in many respects the most remarkable journalist the country has produced. No man could turn off such a wonderful amount of work as he does without the great physical power which he possesses, and which sustains his ever active brain and keeps all his faculties bright and clear. Townsend now receives fifteen dollars a column for nearly everything he writes. He employs stenographers, and averages over twenty columns a week. His income is easily fifteen thousand dollars a year. The principal part of it comes from the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, which prints everything he sends them. He also writes for the New York *Tribune*, Philadelphia *Times*, and Boston *Globe*. Townsend tells me that the Harpers will shortly publish a novel of his which they have had in their possession for nearly a year. He regards it as the best work he has produced. It bears the curious title, "The Entailed Hat," and is a story of Maryland and Virginia life, into which much of a historical nature is interwoven. Townsend discovered, away back some generations ago in his family, the bequest of a hat by one of his ancestors under an odd provision of his will, which kept it in the family, and from this eighteenth century hat he has developed a story. Townsend's greatest literary successes are yet to come. His pecuniary rewards are certainly already all that he need wish for.

## HOW I BECAME WAR CORRESPONDENT.

By Archibald Forbes.

In the *English Illustrated Magazine* for April, Archibald Forbes relates the way in which he became a war correspondent. Although a gentleman's son, he had enlisted as a cavalry soldier. Various occurrences caused him to give up the service, and become a writer. After a time he started a paper called the London *Scotsman*. This not succeeding, he became a reporter on a rather obscure London daily, the *Morning Advertiser*, of which James Grant was then editor. On that day of July, '70, writes Mr. Forbes, on which France declared war against Germany, Mr. Grant sent for me, and startled me with the abrupt question whether I should care to go abroad for the *Advertiser* as war correspondent. I grasped his hand in a rapture of gratitude; I took ten pounds for outfit, and twenty pounds in my pocket as campaigning expenditure; bought a knapsack, and a note-book, and started by the mail train (second-class) the same night. It was left to me to make choice whether I would see what was to be seen with the Germans or with the French. Since leaving the army, I had made some study of the military organizations of the great European powers; I had read Colonel Stoffel's warning letters; and I felt the conviction that even if the French were in condition to essay their old accustomed rôle of the first offensive, German method, system, and copiousness of available resources would ultimately bring victory to the Teutonic banners. I decided to choose the German side of the great cockpit, and with little less deliberation I selected the point for which to make, with intent to see the earliest fighting. In regard to the all-important question of "legitimation," the German term for permission to accompany armies in the field, I was in utter and happy ignorance. My assumption was that I could get along somehow; and so, while the great ones of the profession in whose ranks I was the humblest of raw recruits were haunting the Berlin bureau in quest of their credentials, I was already looking at the fighting. I was very lucky. I saw everything up to Gravelotte in virtue of an informal scrap of permission General von Goeben had given me as I passed through Coblentz on my way to the front. It was not until the day after Gravelotte, when the German hearts were mellowed by victory, that I got the "Great Head-quarter Pass" signed by Podbielski, the quarter-master-general of King Wilhelm's staff, which was so potent a voucher wherever exhibited. Nor for this puissant document had I to beg, and intrigue, and use influence. I had no influence. I simply called, the evening after Gravelotte, at the Bureau in Gorze of the general staff. There I found a friendly sergeant, to whom I explained what I desired to have, and with whom I left the credentials I carried from my newspaper, and the scrap Von Goeben had given me. I was bidden to return in an hour. I did so, and the friendly sergeant handed me the Podbielski legitimation, with the stamp and seal on it of the Royal Headquarters, and the injunction to all and sundry to regard me as a fully accredited correspondent. The sergeant did my business for me; in connection with this affair I saw nobody save that genial spectacled non-commissioned officer.

We—I had found a stanch comrade in poor young Jacob de Liefde, who was representing the Glasgow *Herald*—had a strangely adventurous time of it between the frontier and the vicinity of Paris. Save for the occasional hire of a vehicle, we covered the ground on foot, knapsacks on backs. We were independent of quarters, for we bivouacked with the lightest hearts, and we carried our rations and did our cooking gipsy-fashion, under the lee of a sheltering hedge. We could scarcely be called war correspondents; rather we were journalistic tramps writing letters to our newspapers, which we posted in any field-post wagon we chanced on, with a vague hope that somehow or other they would reach their destination some day. We had no money for couriers back to the base with our dispatches, no resources that would justify resort to telegraphic communication, no affiliation to any headquarters through which our letters could be expedited. For we two reckless, adventurous pedestrians seemed somehow to drift into the very heart of everything that was most sensational of those sensational days. I believe we were the last in the Saarbrück Exercir Platz on the day of the "baptism of fire," before the red-trousered skirmishers swarmed on to its level expanse. We were in Saarbrück during the three days of the French occupation. Sometimes, in the advance, we were outside the German ground altogether, and drifting about in villages where no Uhlan had yet been. We drove through Chalons after the Germans had cleared out of it for the turning movement towards Sedan, and were gravely warned by the burghers against taking a road on which we were likely to meet the troopers from which they had been happily, although only temporarily, delivered. We were inside Sedan before its surrender was consummated. We saw Napoleon meet Bismarck on the Donchery Road, and witnessed the subsequent interview between the two. We were with Von Tumpling's advance patrols all the way from Rheims to before Paris, and my first meeting with the diplomatist who is now Sir Edward Malet occurred almost within the fire-zone of the cannon of Fort Nogent, when the French escort who brought him out from the beautiful capital over which beleaguerment impended, handed him over to a stolid corporal of Silesian Uhlans, whose file was patrolling the road between Torcy and Claye. It was on the same day we had met Malet at the fireposts that there somehow came to me a letter which Mr. Grant had written to me. The casual field-post wagons had not carried my correspondence either with speed or certainty. Probably he had expected greater things than the means he had accorded to his representative had enabled that representative to accomplish. I had written with a copiousness and alacrity such as I have never since excelled, but letters had miscarried, and others had tarried cruelly long by the way. Anyhow, his letter was a recall, the specific reason assigned being that since the Prussian troops had now advanced on Paris, and a siege of that capital being imminent, his correspondent inside Paris would now suffice to keep him informed of the progress of events. The German environment, as might have been foreseen, did not long delay to cut off from him the channel of supply on which the worthy editor professed to rely. It was a curious irony of fortune that when I penetrated into Paris immediately after the capitulation, one of the first Englishmen I found there, eating horseflesh and scanty bread that was half sand, was the correspondent whose existence formed the pretext for my suppression, eager to gather from me some scraps of intelligence concerning that outer world from which he had been so long cut off. Mortified by the tone of Mr. Grant's letter, my heart sank. On the third day from that afternoon, when in the dim heat-haze I saw afar off the glitter of the gilded dome of the Luxembourg, I stood forlorn and disconsolate in Fleet Street. Barely six weeks had elapsed since I had trodden that pavement buoyant with high hope, in a quiet delirium of joy that I had at length got my career. But as I walked there befell me a recoil. Did I not stand here, in those somewhat dilapidated boots, the sole man in all this vast expectant London outside the German embassy, to whom belonged the knowledge of the dispositions of the German troops engaged in weaving around Paris that environment of blood and iron? I took my resolution. I went into a shop, bought a blank visiting-card, wrote on it my name with the legend underneath: "Left German front before Paris three days ago, possessed of exclusive information as to dispositions for beleaguerment." Then I put out my pipe, tramped down Tudor Street, struck across for Printing House Square, entered the *Times* office, and asked to see the editor. The door-keeper smiled—it was not yet noon—and informed me that the editor was not to be seen. In reply to my question whether there was any one acting for him whom I could see, he offered to take my card and bring back a reply. He was gone a few minutes, and the reply he brought back was to the effect that if I cared to write anything on the subject indicated in the memorandum on my card the proper course was to forward the article in the ordinary way, when the editor would have an opportunity of judging of its eligibility.

I shook the dust of the *Times* office from off my feet, and wandered out again into Fleet Street. One more opportunity I resolved to give Fortune, if she had a mind not wholly to flout me. There were three other daily papers—the *Daily News*, the *Telegraph*, and the *Standard*. I would not importune each of these in succession; but to one of the three I should make an application for the acceptance of this information of mine. As I stood in front of the tobacconist's shop at the corner of Fleet Street, which Ludgate Circus has swept away, I fell on the device of deciding by the toss of a copper to which of the three penny papers I should address myself. The *Daily News* won the toss—if this be the right phrase to use. To Bouverie Street I accordingly hied myself. It occurred to me, on the way, that I had heard the name of Robinson, somehow, in connection with the management of the paper. When I reached the office I asked for "Mr. Robinson." Had I been told there was no such person, I think I should have gone away. A memo, with my name, and the same legend as I had sent in to the *Times*, went up to Mr. Robinson, and presently I followed the memo. I said my say very succinctly, and probably a trifle cavalierly, for I had not a great store of temper left. A quiet-mannered man, with a high forehead, looked steadily at me through spectacles as I spoke, and then said: "Yes, that sounds very interesting and valuable. Will you oblige me by writing three columns on the subject, and will you consider five guineas a column adequate remuneration? If so, please let the copy be sent in as rapidly as possible."

I expressed my content, and it was arranged that a boy should be sent around hourly for copy to the chambers which I occupied in the adjacent Tudor Street.

In those days I had the gift—of which mental and physical strain have deprived me—of writing like a whirlwind; and I always found that the faster I wrote the better I wrote. As I painted, the picture broadened upon the canvas. I caught the details with alert ardor; I had that glow and sense of power that come to a man with the consciousness that he is doing good work. In three hours' time, I had written my allotted three columns, the copy being sent in page by page. Mr. Pigott, the acting editor, was there. He expressed a wish for further contributions; and that these might be talked over at leisure, he gave me an invitation to breakfast with him the next morning. Next day I looked in at the office to bespeak the same arrangement in regard to sending round for copy as had been in force the previous day. I was shown up to Mr. Robinson.

"You've come for your check, I suppose," said he, as it seemed to me a little shortly.

"No," I explained. "I have arranged with the acting-editor to furnish some further contributions, and, by his directions, I have called to ask you to have a boy call round for copy in the same way as yesterday."

"I think not," said Robinson, with what struck me as an intentionally aggravating drawl. "I don't think we will trouble you to write those contributions you speak of. I will explain the matter to Mr. Pigott."

I don't quite know what I did say. I know I lost my temper vehemently, and I believe I used strong language. I removed myself abruptly from the presence, and swore my way down stairs into the street.

"Here, come back!" Robinson had shouted after me; "I want to speak to you!"

I fear that if he had acted on the strict letter of the brief retort I threw over my shoulder, he would have had no occasion to give any subsequent orders to his coal merchant.

I was striding up Bouverie Street, fiercely fuming behind my beard, when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and simultaneously I heard a voice: "Don't be a fool! I was going to say that I want you to start for Metz to-night!"

I turned and stared at Robinson—for it was he who had spoken—in the blankest amazement.

At seven P. M. I kept tryst at the rendezvous he had named, equipped for the journey. He gave me his good wishes and a roll of notes. I left England by the mail steamer the same evening, and in two more days had my share of the straw in a Prussian "field watch" on the east side of Metz. It was then that in reality my career as a war correspondent began.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Doctor Wilberforce, the late Bishop of Winchester, while staying once in a country house, retired to his room to write letters. When he had finished he rang his bell to see about their transmission to the post. A little serving maid appeared, who had been specially drilled always to address the right reverend guest as "my lord," and was rather flustered accordingly. To his lordship making particular inquiries who was to be intrusted with his letters, she accordingly, dropping a timid courtesy, made answer: "The lord, my boy!"

The late Mr. Hayward, the famous London diner-out, was, according to the London *Truth*, a most exacting critic both of the conception and of the execution of a dinner; and if the menu did not please him, or if the dishes were not to his taste, he was apt to express his dissatisfaction very loudly. Once, at Dudbrook, Lady Waldegrave was quite angry with him because he amused the company at the dinner-table with vivacious criticisms on her cook's performances, and on the evident lack of supervision in the kitchen. "The same soup three days running, and what filthy stuff it is!"

On sailing vessels, as a rule, the captains and officers express themselves in a manner similar to that of the common sailor. On men-of-war, however, the superior officers use more elegant language and leave the common terms to the boatswain and the other petty officers. An officer who had obtained nearly all of his knowledge of navigation from books, was once superintending the hauling home of the maintopsail sheet when its progress was suddenly checked. Calling a seaman, the officer gave him the following order: "My man, ascend the shrouds and proceed outward until you gain the starboard extremity of the mainyard. Ascertain the cause, or causes, which impede the main sheet." "Ay, ay, sir," replied the sailor, who rushed up the rigging until the mainyard was reached. Here he paused and gave himself up to reflection. It was quite evident that he did not understand the officer's order. The boatswain's mate approached the officer, and, touching his hat, said: "I fear, sir, the man did not understand your order; had I not better give it to him in language which he will understand?" The officer gave his sanction to the proposition, and the boatswain's mate exclaimed: "Here, you soup-swilling son of a sea-cook, lay out on the starboard yard-arm and see what in the flames of blazes is the matter with the topsail sheet." The sailor then understood the order, and after bestowing a look of gratitude upon the boatswain's mate for having voluntarily become his interpreter, he proceeded to obey his instructions.

A middle-aged man approached General Hampton the other day, and asked his influence in pressing a claim before the Military Committee of the Senate. The stranger then said: "General, I am glad to see you again. You do not recognize me, but you personally made a prisoner of me during the war." Comparing notes, Hampton found out it was a fact, and recalled the circumstance. He was reconnoitering one night, and missed his way. Around him burned many more camp-fires than he had left behind him. Entering a house, he discovered that he had strayed into the enemy's lines. A few soldiers were seated at a table, and abruptly addressing them, as if a superior officer of their own army, he asked who they were and what they were doing there. One man spoke up and replied: "We belong to the Eighth New York Regiment, and General Warren sent us to get milk." Hampton felt that all of his nerve and address would be required to extricate himself from this dangerous position. He reached for his pistol, held it along his thigh, and on leaving the house commanded the man who had spoken to him to follow. He did so. Hampton mounted his horse and called the man to him. Bending down to the Federal soldier's ear, he whispered: "I have a pistol aimed at your head, and will shoot you if any alarm is made." The surprised soldier whispered: "Don't shoot. I surrender." Hampton then bade him move on just ahead of his horse, and so brought him into the Confederate camp. It was this man who, after more than twenty years, met his captor, and asked a favor of him, as a senator, that he was more than willing to grant.

I have just heard, says a London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, an amusing story of a man, who, fresh from India, where he had been for some years, was not skilled in the great subject, "Who's who?" Being invited to the dinner-table of a gentleman who is somewhat rough and ready in manner, our friend, who is heir to a title, accepted, not without some condescension, fancying that his Amphitryon occupied a position on the social ladder many degrees inferior to his own. The evening came, and with it the dinner, which was excellent. Our friend, however, on whom certain niceties of French cookery were thrown away, and whom all the titles of England would never make a gentleman, kept asking for *plats* that were not present, and finally demanded a brandy-and-soda. His hostess was quite equal to the occasion. Remembering the sacred laws of hospitality, she desired her servants, by small assenting nods, to bring him all that he asked for, which they did. He had his b.-and-s. before the ladies left the room. Nothing of particular moment happened in the drawing-room until the guests were leaving, when the lady of the house shook hands with her troublesome guest, and said very quietly, though equally distinctly: "Good-night, Mr. ——; I thank you for having given us the pleasure of your company for the first—*and last*—time." The last three words rang through the room clearly as the tones of a silver bell, and the story is ringing through London still. The gentleman had unwittingly displayed his hotel manners at one of the most distinguished dinner-tables in a country where dinner-giving may be said to be the national form of hospitality.

## THE INNER MAN.

### A Poetical Appetizer.

Always have lobster sauce with salmon,
And put mint sauce your roasted lamb on.
Veal cutlet dip in egg and bread-crumb,
Fry till you see a brownish red come.
Grate Gruyère cheese on maccaroni;
Make the top crisp, but not too bony.
In venison gravy, currant jelly
Mix with old port—see Francatelli.
In dressing salad, mind this law:
With two hard yolks use one that's raw.
Roast veal with rich stock gravy serve;
And pickled mushrooms, too, observe!
Roast pork *sans* apple sauce, past doubt,
Is Hamlet with the Prince left out.
Your mutton-chops with paper cover,
And make them amber-brown all over.
Broil lightly your beef-steak—to fry it
Argues contempt of Christian diet.
Kidneys a fine flavor gain
By stewing them in good champagne.
Buy stall-fed pigeons; when you've got them,
The way to cook them is to pot them.
Wood-grouse are dry when gumps have marred 'em,
Before you roast 'em always lard 'em.
To roast spring chickens is to spoil 'em—
Just split 'em down the back and broil 'em.
It gives true epicures the vapors
To see boiled mutton minus capers.
Boiled turkey, gourmands know, of course,
Is exquisite with celery sauce.
The cook deserves a hearty cuffing
Who serves roast fowl with tasteless stuffing.
Smelts require egg and biscuit-powder.
Don't put fat pork in your clam chowder.
Egg sauce—few make it right, alas!—
Is good with bluefish or with bass.
Nice oyster sauce gives zest to cod—
A fish, when fresh, to feast a god.
Shad, stuffed and baked, is most delicious;
'Twould have electrified Apicius.
Roasted in paste, a haunch of mutton
Might make ascetics play the glutton.
But one might rhyme for weeks this way,
And still have lots of things to say.
And so I'll close, for, reader mine,
This is about the hour I dine.
—*Sam. Ward in the Epicure.*

The London *World* is responsible for the following concerning the origin of Worcestershire sauce: "A scrutiny of the label will show that it is prepared 'from the recipe of a nobleman in the county.' The nobleman is Lord Sandys, and Messrs. Lea & Perrins's connection with the sauce came about rather curiously. Many years ago Mrs. Grey, author of 'The Gambler's Wife' and other novels, well known in their day, was on a visit at Ombersley Court, when Lady Sandys chanced to remark that she wished she could get some very good curry-powder, which elicited from Mrs. Grey that she had in her desk an excellent recipe, which her uncle, Sir Charles, Chief Justice of India, had brought thence and given her. Lady Sandys said that there were some pretty clever chemists in Worcester, who perhaps might be able to make up the powder; at all events when they drove in, after luncheon, they would see. Messrs. Lea & Perrins looked at the recipe, doubted if they could procure all the ingredients, but said they would do their best, and in due time forwarded a packet of the powder. Subsequently the happy thought struck some one in the business that the powder might, in solution, make a good sauce. The experiment was made, and by degrees the thing took amazingly. All the world, to its remotest ends, now knows of Worcestershire sauce as an article of commerce; and notwithstanding that, in common with most good things, it is terribly pirated, an enormous trade is done in it. The profits, I am told, amount to thousands of pounds a year, and I can not but suppose that liberal checks, bearing the signature of Lea & Perrins, have passed from that firm to Mrs. Grey, to whom it is so indebted for its prosperity."

Some MSS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford cast light on the dinner-table in the middle ages. As to politeness, it is evident that the training of children was of the most punctilious order. In one of the MSS. designed for the guidance of the young, the opening lines ascribe the origin of courtesy to the occasion on which the angel Gabriel "greeted" the Virgin, and so to be heaven-born. The instructions in general behavior are very explicit, and rather singular. For table behavior, the pupils are told that bread is not to be cut too thin, or to be broken in two. Nothing is to be pocketed; fingers are not to be put in the dish, nor meat into the salt-cellar; there is to be no whispering in any man's ear; bones are not to be thrown on the floor; knives are not to be wiped on the cloth. And then, these directions having been duly followed among others, the MS. assures its readers that such behavior will cause the following verdict:

"Then menne wylle say therafter,
That a gentylleman was heere."

The contemporary writings indicate that our ancestors were very good judges of the art of cooking, and the directions indicate the existence of a state of things, so far as gastronomy was concerned, that would puzzle many of our modern cooks.

The year appears to have been divided into sections, having reference to the observances of the church. A book printed by Wynken de Worde, called the "Boke of Keruyuge," contains the order at length. The following shows the setting of the table from "the feeste of Saynt John the Baptist unto Mygnelmasse:"

"In the fyrst course, potage, wortes, gruell, and fourmenty, with venyson and mortrus, and pestelles of porke with grene sauce. Rosted capon, swanne with chawdron. In the second course, potage, after the ordynannce of the cokes, with rosted mutton, vele, porke, chekyns, or endoured [glaced] pygyons, heron-sawes, fruyters, or other baked metes, and take hede to the fesande [pheasant]; he shall be arrayed in the manner of a capon, but it shall be done dryve, without any moysture, and he shall be eaten with salte and pouder of gynger. And the heron-sawe shall be arrayed in the same manner, without any moysture, and he should be eaten with salte and pouder [blanche]. Also ye shall understand that all manner of fowels havynge open clawes as a capon shall be tyred and arrayed as a capon, and suche other."

The directions as to the treatment of each dish is given with extreme minuteness, and is a little amusing. In a subsequent paper we shall give some extracts from these singular documents, and the receipts for cooking, serving, etc., as followed in olden days.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

### A Madrigal.

If love were what the peach is,
And I were the small boy,
Cramp colic—awful mentor—
My love would not prevent, or
Attendance of the leeches
Restrain my song of joy—
If love were what the peach is,
And I were the small boy!
—*Brooklyn Hornet.*

### Logan's Lament.

We never speak as we pass by—
Me to Jim Blaine nor him to I;
Twixt us there floats a cloud of gloom
Since I have found he's got a boom.

We never speak as we pass by,
We simply nod and drop our eye,
Yet I can tell by his strange look
The reason why he writ that book.

We never speak as we pass by;
No more we're bound by friendly tie.
The cause of this is very plain—
He's not for me; he's for Jim Blaine.
—*Commercial Gazette.*

### A Logan Lyric.

The people know what I have did
For freedom and her cause,
And bigger daily grows my boom
Than it did used to was.
I beat the Fitz-John Porter case,
And you can bet upon it;
Go, tell 'em each and every one,
You seen me when I done it.
There has been booms which I have saw
That wa'n't no booms worth mention,
But this 'ere boom which booms for me
Is worth your full attention;
And them folks as is now agin
The boom Long Jones is grooming
Had better went and hung themselves,
For me and him is booming.
—*Chicago News.*

### Envy.

The actor down to the footlights strode;
His strides they were immense;
And from his parted lips there flowed
A stream of eloquence.

What caused the actor's head to spin,
And his sight to leave him there?
'Twas the blaze of the plumber's diamond pin
Which gleamed in an orchestra chair.
—*Wilkesbarre Union-Leader.*

### Caprice.

"I've got two beaux," she said, "two beaux"
(She warbled in the choir)—
"The tenor and the basso both
Yours truly do admire.

"I alternate; when fears are scarce
As truths in screeds of Vennor,
And stripling voices fit the day,
I patronize the tenor.

"But when 'tis night, and horrors threat
My timid soul to lasso,
I crave a voice that frights the foe,
And utilize my basso." —*Anon.*

### To a Green Apple.

Oh! concentrated quintessence of colic—
At once the base of pies and school-boy's frolic—
As all unconscious of your power you hang,
More strong than lion's grip, than serpent's fang;
Here's to thee, apple green, I drink your luck,
Thou ever-faithful and perennial jest of *Puck*.
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

### A Spring Wail.

O white-armed, red-lipped daughter of dreams!
Filled with a joy that is past all knowing,
Sprung from the winter with bloom that seems
New built with the cold embrace of the snowing,
Look into mine with thy brown warm eyes,
And speak with the voice of a seer who knows;
Tell me, oh, tell me, divinely wise!
Whither, ah, whither shall come my spring clothes? *Puck.*

### All Saints.

In a church which is furnished with mullion and gable,
With altar and reredos, gargoyle and groin,
The penitents' dresses are seal-skin and sable,
The odor of sanctity's eau-de-cologne.

But only could Lucifer, flying from Hades,
Gaze down on this crowd with paniers and paints,
He would say, as he looked at the lords and the ladies:
"Oh, where is All Sinners if this is All Saints'?"
—*Edmund Yates in London World.*

### Lines

WRITTEN WHILE SUFFERING FROM A "COLD IN THE HEAD."

Speak! O lovely Ann Eliza, with a terrible coryza,
And a wheezing respiration full of sighs and husky moans;
With a constant lachrymation, and a nasal intonation,
From catarrhal inflammation o'er the turbinated bones!

Why, thou young and happy maiden, is thy conversation laden
With a copious addition of abortive *b*'s and *d*'s?
And from whence did you derive a red and swollen conjunctiva,
And a frequent inclination to incontinently sneeze?

Is this malady outrageous which you suffer with contagious,
Epidemic, or endemic? Tell from whence the thing arose,
Where its place of incubation, what its future destination!
Spake the lovely Ann Eliza, smiling sweetly, "No one nose." —*April Harper.*


The Strongest and Best!




The Strongest and Best!

FOR SALE BY

**C. J. HAWLEY & CO., Sutter St.,**

Who are also introducing as a specialty

**HAWLEY'S NEW BLEND TEA.**

If you want a Tea that is pure, wholesome, and delicious, ask for it at the nearest drug store in the city. Sold at $1, 75 cents, and 50 cents per pound, in 1-pound and ½-pound packages.

**ANALYSIS.**

C. J. HAWLEY & CO.—GENTLEMEN: I have carefully examined the New Blend Tea, and found it to be pure, unadulterated, and uncolored.

Yours respectfully, THOS. PRICE, M. D.

**Ask your Druggist for**

**HAWLEY'S NEW BLEND TEA.**

# A HOME DRUGGIST
TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

# Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

**RHEUMATISM.** "Eight years ago I had an attack of **Rheumatism**, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

**SALT RHEUM.** GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with **Salt Rheum** in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

# *Apollinaris*
THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS

"*The Presidential Beverage.*"
Harper's Bazar.

"*It is the Water to which we must look.*"
Lancet.

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.

*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

**For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.**

**522 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.**

**HEALD'S** BUSINESS COLLEGE. No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

# GRANULA

An incomparable Food for **Invalids** and **Children**; oldest and best health food known; delicious as a diet; grocers and druggists sell it. Manufactured by

**OUR HOME GRANULA CO.**, Dansville, N. Y.

Wholesale Agents: HICKOX & CO., San Francisco, Cal.; WATSON, WRIGHT & CO., Portland Or.; H. JEVNE, Los Angeles, Cal.

# NOW READY THE FINEST CIGARETTE
## "CLOTH OF GOLD,"

(Straight Mesh.)

**SWEET, DELICATE, AND MILD!!**

This Cigarette is made from the finest and most costly leaf from that region of Virginia particularly adapted for growing tobacco for Cigarettes. Our long experience in manufacturing enables us to secure the most suitable kinds of tobacco and thus present this superior article, with the full assurance THAT ITS EQUAL HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN OFFERED. A higher grade Cigarette can not be produced. We call particular attention to the superior quality of our old brands of Cigarettes. They can not be surpassed.

**Twelve First Prize Medals.**

**Peerless Tobacco Works.**

**WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

BONESTELL, RICHARDSON & CO.
ALLEN & CO.
PAPER WAREHOUSE
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

**MARBLE WORKS.**

**MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.**
**W. H. McCORMICK,**
827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.


**In the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.**

In the matter of E. DETRICK and J. H. NICHOLSON as copartners, composing the firm of E. DETRICK & Co., and E. DETRICK individually, insolvent debtors.

J. H. Nicholson, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule, and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said J. H. Nicholson is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said J. H. Nicholson, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and all of his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him, or to any person, firm or corporation, or association for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property, until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered.

It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable F. M. Clough, Judge of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, in open Court, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, on the 28th day of April, 1884, at ten o'clock A. M. of that day, to prove their debts, and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor.

It is further ordered, that the order be published in the *Argonaut*, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of creditors.

And it is further ordered, that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.

Dated March 26, 1884.

T. H. REARDEN, Judge of the Superior Court.

Attest: WILLIAM T. SESNON, Clerk.
By EDWARD MYERS, Deputy Clerk.

**OPHIR SILVER MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the third day of April, 1884, an assessment (No. 47) of One Dollar ($1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the sixth (6th) day of May, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the twenty-sixth (26th) day of May, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office—Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of March, 1884, an assessment (No. 11) of Twenty (20c) Cents per share was levied immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the twenty-first (21st) day of April, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the seventeenth day of May, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.


Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.,**
**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**
118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.
J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. POR ER.
Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

**STAMPING** Patterns for Kensington, Arasene, and all other Embroidery. 10 full size working patterns, including Scollops, Braiding, and Kensington Strips for underwear and dress trimming, patterns for Clocking Stockings, Sprays of Flowers, Borders, Corners, &c., for Table and Piano Covers, Lambrequins, Chair Backs, &c., also your own Initials for Handkerchiefs, Hat-bands, &c., with Powder, pad and instructions, sent post-paid for 60 cents—Can be used a hundred times. Book of 100 Designs for Embroidery, Braiding, etc., 25 cts.

Our Book "Manual of Needlework," 100 Pages is a complete instructor in all branches of Embroidery, Knitting, Crocheting, Lace Making, Rug Making, &c., 35 cents; Four for $1.00. All the above for $1.00. Address
**Patton Pub. Co. 47 Barclay Street, New York.**

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Wednesday, April 16, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‡8.00 A.M. | Byron and Martinez | ‡6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Deming, El Paso, Express and East, Emigrant | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | " " " | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and Stockton via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Ione | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Los Angeles and South | 9.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | Merced, Madera, Fresno, and Tulare | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Mojave, Needles, Express and East, Emigrant | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | " " " | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Ogden and Express | 7.40 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " Emigrant | 11.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " and Tehama via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Redding | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.10 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Virginia City | 7.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 7.00 A.M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Oakland Pier; and that leaving at 8.30 A.M. can meet Pacific Express from The Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

*Sundays excepted. ‡Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *9.30, 4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A.M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P.M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52; 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡11.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

*Daily, except Sundays. ‡Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**OPIUM and MORPHINE HABIT** DR. H. H. KANE, of the DeQuincey Home, now offers a Remedy whereby any one can cure himself quickly and painlessly. For testimonials and endorsements from eminent medical men &c. address H. H. KANE, A.M., M.D., 160 Fulton St., New York City.


NORTHERN DIVISION
## SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.
BROAD GAUGE.

## WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, November 11, 1883,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| †6.50 A.M. | | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | *8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | 9.03 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| *5.10 P.M. | | †4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey.... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Soquel, Aptos.. | |
| *3.30 P.M. | (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, broad gauge, no change of cars | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 5.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (sportsmen's train).

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A.M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A.M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS

Sold on Saturday and Sunday—good to return on Monday—to Santa Clara or San José, $2.50; to Gilroy, $4.00; to Monterey or Santa Cruz, $5.00, and to principal points between San Francisco and San José.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, January 21st, 1884,**

and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—†10.15, *11.15 A.M., *4.50, †5.00 P.M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†8.00, *9.20 A.M., †12.30, *3.20, *5.30, †5.30 P.M.

From SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—*8.00, †8.50 A.M., *12.30, †3.35 P.M.

(Via Saucelito Ferry)—†6.40, *6.50, *9.15 A.M., †12.00 M., *2.50, †5.10 P.M. *Week Days. †Sundays.

For SAUCELITO (Week Days)—9.20 A.M., 1.15, 3.20, 5.30 P.M.

(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A.M., 12.30, 2.00, 5.30 P.M.

From SAUCELITO (Week Days)—7.45, 10.00 A.M., 12.00 M., 3.50 P.M.

(Sundays)—7.45, 11.00 A.M., 1.05, 3.15, 6.10 P.M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 6.15 P.M.

**11.15 A.M.** Daily, Sudays excepted (via San Quentin Ferry), THROUGH TRAIN, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through Train from Duncan Mills arrives in S. F. at 1.45 P.M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning except Mondays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A.M.** from Saucelito Ferry. Excursion Train every Sunday for Point Reyes and Way Stations.

Returning, arrives in San Francisco (via Saucelito Ferry) 6.50 P.M.

Fares for round trip—Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11¼ inches, with over **3,300** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**

**227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

# CHARLES R. ALLEN,

**Dealer in House, Steam, Foundry, and**

## CUMBERLAND COAL,

**ENGLISH COKE AND PIG IRON,**

**120 Beale Street, San Francisco.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**
**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA**

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon**, for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| STEAMER | 1884. | From San Francisco for HONGKONG. |
|---|---|---|
| ARABIC | | Saturday, April 26th. |
| OCEANIC | | Tuesday, May 27th. |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Peking**.....**May 13**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Granada**.....**May 1**

At 10 o'clock A.M., taking freight and passengers for MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West India ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**City of Sydney**.....Friday, May 9, at 12 o'clock M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

Passengers must be on board at 5 o'clock P.M., at which time the ship will go into the stream.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A.M., on March 3d, 11th, 19th, and 27th, and every eighth day thereafter. The first steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A.M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A.M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P.M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard. (Maltese Cross.) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR,
**MANAGER.**

**Corner First and Market Streets,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital**.....**$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital**.....**$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama.

## The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK

LIMITED,

**N. E. corner Pine and Sansome Streets.**

London Office, 3 Angel Court. New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street.

**Authorized Capital Stock**.....**$6,000,000**

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED F. LOW, IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.
P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

CHARLES CROCKER. WM. H. CROCKER. R. C. WOOLWORTH.

## CROCKER, WOOLWORTH & CO.

**BANKERS,**

**322 Pine Street, San Francisco,** carry on a general Banking business.

Correspondents in the principal cities of the Eastern States and in Europe.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.** Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation** Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company** Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company** Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold)**.....**$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884**..... **759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# ALASKA
# COMMERCIAL CO.

**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

## ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.




When the tramp became definitely an integral part of our social scheme he passed at once into literature. There was an under-current of acknowledgment that large relays of tramps were constantly being drawn from the ranks of the aristocracy; and if a young girl went out to feed the pigeons or the chickens and found a tramp sitting on the back door-step, she immediately assumed that he was liable to be a baron or a count, and treated him accordingly. He got into the magazines, and figured quite largely for a time in those elegant repositories of passing events and distinguished personages. He held his own very well, too, as an object of interest. And "Rosamund's Conductor" was obliged to divide his interest for some time with "Rosalie's Tramp."

This curious excrescence of professional idleness began at last to drift upon the stage. He came only occasionally, as he came to farm-house doors, and only incidentally, as a tramp should, giving to some ambitious actor a short opportunity for humorous by-play and ingenious make-up. His fluttering rags, his grimy hair, his tousled beard, and his alcoholic vagaries always received a few pats of recognizing applause, but no one thought of him otherwise than incidentally. The tramp came to his beatitude in the molding hands of Bronson Howard and George Knight.

"Baron Rudolph" is a very bad play, and has a very bad moral, the moralists say. It opens with a prologue, as bad plays frequently do; and the prologue is as dull and uninteresting as prologues usually are. The inevitable dummy baby reclines in the inevitable rickety cradle in the usual poverty-stricken bare apartment. In fact, the stage seems latterly to have been transformed into a large badly furnished nursery. There is an ill-conditioned baby being crooned over in its cradle in "The Hoop of Gold" at the Grand Opera House. There is an imaginary baby undergoing a Peek-a-boo song in "Our Strategists" at the Bush Street Theatre; and George Knight sings a half-starved baby to sleep at the Baldwin with a very weak song, which he yet gives rather effectively.

The nursery is otherwise furnished quite as usual, with a doubtful table, a chair long past suspicion, and a most hungry and unhappy wife and mother. In the prologue there are no evidences that Rudolph Wiegand is an aristocrat. This polished fact only crops up later through the rags and degradation of his tramphood.

In the beginning he is simply a good-natured young German, with a marked disinclination for earning a living and a marked predilection for strong drink.

The home of virtue and discomfort is invaded by the villain who seeks to purchase the wife. His proposals are interrupted by the return of Rudolph in a state of beastly intoxication. Mr. Knight is credited with playing this scene with great realistic fidelity. As a picture of a drunken, idle, besotted, unconscious, liquor-dulled brute, it is certainly very ample. It fully justifies the wife in fleeing from this home of squalor and degradation, but it most inartistically shuts off all sympathy with the leading character. At least, it should; but by some subtle power in the mime's art, when he reappears after sixteen years of tramping, the actor has all the sympathy in the house with him.

There is a thread of "Rip Van Winkle" running through the entire play. Rudolph is a good-natured, drunken vagabond in the beginning. His long tramp of sixteen years is equivalent to a moral sleep. He finds his ancient enemy to have supplanted him as lord of his home and of his rights, and as father of his child. His first meeting is with that child, who leads him to the threshold of his enemy's home, and makes him to partake of his own wife's bounty. And one is gratified, at last, at the confounding of the enemy and the reinstatement of Rudolph, though he has done absolutely nothing, from beginning to end, to deserve his final fortune.

The German flavor completes the resemblance. There has never been any reason why Rip Van Winkle should be in full possession of a rich German accent, when his luckless wife and all the villagers spoke plain, round, king's English. Neither is there any reason why the accent of his fatherland should cling so closely to the lips of Baron Rudolph, except that George Knight, being specifically a German comedian, chose to have it so.

Having so chosen, he has been beautifully consistent, and the accent is thoroughly sustained. It is a curious thing about all these dialecticians that, unconsciously to themselves, whatever accent they assume, is the accent of a particular district or province. Dion Boucicault claims that he can shade to a nicety the difference in brogues in Ulster, Leinster, Connaught, and Munster. Other Irishmen, however, say that the great Dion's brogue is the same through his entire repertoire, a soft, thick accent peculiar to the South, with a certain chipped finish belonging to the neighborhood of Dublin.

Other comedians can imitate only the hard, close, rasping brogue of the North. German comedians have precisely the same characteristics, and George Knight's German belongs near enough to the French line to have lost much of its guttural harshness. It is sustained with wonderful cleverness through the varying mazes of pathos, humor, and song. In the second act, and in the second act only, this German comedian, not so long graduated from the variety stage, comes very close to doing a great piece of character-acting.

Character-acting is not a line which bears absolute criticism. It has no standard excepting the actor's imagination, and can only be judged by its effect on an audience. Many actors who have made enormous hits in character-acting have been amazed to find themselves set flat-a-back by an ordinary walking gentleman's rôle. It is possible, but not probable, that somewhere in the army of tramps there exists a man like this Baron Rudolph. But, for the most part, he is made up of bits of artistic exaggeration. His rags are a study in fragments. His face is seamed with the print of the passing years, with their long record of houseless, drunken vagabondage. He is not the Rudolph of the first act grown older, but another and a different man.

There are some straggling remnants of the rearing of a gentleman which flash to the surface now and then. His English is good, almost easy and idiomatic, though heavily encrusted with accent, and his humor, though grim with attendant circumstances, is bright and spontaneous. The author has done some clever writing in this second act. It is quite rich with peculiar philosophy, and sparkles with repartee, and the actor turns all these sayings inimitably well. Perhaps he shakes, and slips, and slides around too much, being an agile fellow, but his pseudonym, "Dancing Rudy," sustains him in this.

It is inevitable that the probabilities should be outraged in this act, and "Dancing Rudy," in real life, would have been kicked out some three-quarters of an hour before that fate befalls him in the play; but a very large slice of dramatic license is brought to bear upon this act. His indignant rejection of alms from the hands of his enemy's guests, and his bestowal of his enemy's own particular dollar upon the footman, quite stirred the audience to its depths as belonging to that class of sentiment which makes people believe in "some remnant of the angel still."

At the close of this act it was evident that Knight had made a most pronounced hit, and made it with some power within himself; for, embellish the part as he will, it is a strain to make it interesting *per se*. In truth, the interest flags altogether after this act; the loves of a pair of very undeveloped youngsters, or the sorrows of a starchy heroine, not being of vivid interest. The last act is simply inane. It is only introduced to show the change in the hero after a visit to his tailor, and to give Mrs. Knight a chance to perpetrate some extraordinary vocalism with terpsichorean accompaniments. Had Mrs. Knight been arrayed, with magnificent incompleteness, for burlesque, these might have gone off very well. But to see a lady, fair and fat, clad comfortably and discreetly in a dark walking costume, and with an adjacent patent of respectability in the shape of a second husband, prancing about the stage like this, it gave the impression —not to put too fine a point upon it—that the Honorable Mrs. Merrybone had gone on a lark, and was having a high old time. Otherwise she is quite a dashing widow in a magnificent, Mrs. Florence sort of way. The others are a utility company of an inexpensive quality.

A year ago James O'Neill played "Monte Cristo" in New York, among all the gorgeous trappings and accessories which had been got together for Charles Thorne's engagement. He played nightly to a handful of people.

This winter the spectacle was revived in another theatre; and, with James O'Neill once more as the hero, "Monte Cristo" took one more leap into favor, and, as a success, ranked next only to "Excelsior," and launched James O'Neill once more upon the tide of favor.

On Monday W. E. Sheridan opens the spectacular season at the Grand Opera House with "Monte Cristo." He has proved that he has not calibre enough to sustain him, and bear him up to fame, as a traveling star; but as a stock star he will be invaluable. Being an actor of exceptional training, and thoroughly familiar with the traditions, he will play all parts well, and will doubtless achieve a greater popularity in unhackneyed rôles than in those whose every detail is familiar and connected by association with so many of the great names. Though ranked always as a tragedian, rather than a melodramatic actor, one of his greatest successes in San Francisco was his Matthias, in "The Bells." "Monte Cristo" is melodrama of another sort; and, having the charm of spectacle and story together, with such an actor in the leading rôle, its production should be a marked event.

At the Bush Street Theatre, Kate Castleton will lure the ballet habitués from the California. Albertine Flindt grows upon one with seeing. She is light as a puff of thistledown, and there is a crispness in her style like the sure touch of a nervous, steely hand upon the piano. She is mistress of her art, and a graceful pantomimist as well, a much better pantomimist, indeed—though she only gives little sketches of it—than Mademoiselle Nani, who is monotonous. Mademoiselle Nani is a fine specimen of hardy, vigorous womanhood. But Light in this pantomime should be a blonde with a wealth of shining golden hair, and a finer, higher type of face, considering all that she represents.

The idea of this pantomime is really a beautiful one, and though there is some huddling of events, it is interesting to closely follow this war between Light and Darkness and observe the entire consistency of the details. As there is yet no abatement of enthusiasm over this spectacle, the close of its run is not yet predicted. BETSY B.

Master Nathan Landsberger, the gifted young violinist, who was sent to Germany last year, owing to the kindly interest shown in his behalf by his teacher, Henry Heyman, entered the Royal Conservatory of Leipzig in October, after passing a most brilliant examination. News has just been received that on March 22d he played the entire Concerto in D minor by Wieniawski (very difficult) at one of the annual conservatory concerts, given in the famous Gerrand-haus Hall. He was accompanied by the celebrated Leipzig Orchestra, which was conducted on this occasion by the first violin, Professor Herr Brodsky. Master Landsberger's début was unusually successful. Besides receiving the most enthusiastic applause from the large and distinguished audience, and being recalled four times, he was highly complimented by all the professors, and especially by Carl Reinecke. The Leipzig press are unanimous in their praise of his playing. The performance of young Landsberger at one of these concerts is the very best evidence of his talent and the high opinion of his teachers; for it is a well-known fact and a strictly observed rule that no pupil is permitted to play in public unless he has been for over one year a member of the Conservatory. Master Landsberger had been a member only six months when it was unanimously decided to have him play. Mr. Henry Heyman has received the highest praise from the directors and professors at Leipzig for the rare and excellent manner in which he had prepared his pupil and protégé, who was admitted, with unusual honors, to the higher violin classes.

Next Friday evening, at the Mechanics' Pavilion, the First Infantry Regiment, Second Brigade, N. G. C., will give a grand drill and dress parade for the benefit of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society. The drill will begin at half-past eight o'clock, and during the evening the regiment will be reviewed by Major-General Pope, U. S. A., and staff. The Boys' and Girls' Aid Society is one of the worthiest of our charities, and deserves all the aid which can be given. Tickets for the occasion may be procured from the lady patronesses, who are as follows: Mrs. C. L. Ashe, Mrs. Atherton, Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. W. T. Coleman, Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge. Mrs. E. E. Eyre, Mrs. L. Gerstle, Mrs. J. S. Hager, Mrs. J. R. Jarboe, Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Mrs. John Kittle, Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Mrs. F. F. Low, Mrs. General McDowell, Mrs. G. D. McElroy, Mrs. N. F. McNutt, Mrs. A. A. Moore, Mrs. L. Henry Newton, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Pixley, Mrs. J. C. Rais, Mrs. S. W. Sanderson, Mrs. Robert Sherwood, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, and Mrs. General Pope.

"Baron Rudolph" is still running at the Baldwin Theatre. The Knights are to be followed by Mademoiselle Rhea. This lady is French, and her line of characters runs in the same groove as those of Bernhardt and Modjeska—"Camille," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," etc. She is said to be a beautiful woman, with a striking presence and graceful figure, and her dressing is one of her strong points. Hence she will doubtless draw the ladies.

Thursday evening the Palette Club gave their first reception, for gentlemen, at their rooms, 417 Montgomery Street. The main apartment was tastefully decorated, and an elaborate supper was served about eleven o'clock. A large number of artists and art-loving citizens were present.

### THE TALKING DOG.

It was in a Market Street restaurant. A solemn man entered, followed by his dog, seated himself, and asked for the bill of fare. It was given him.

"What would you like to have, sir?" asked the waiter, flipping the table with his napkin.

The dog meanwhile had climbed upon the chair on the other side of the table, and was gravely regarding his master.

"Well," said the solemn man, reflectively, "gimme two fried eggs, turned over."

"*Gimme the same*," said the dog.

The waiter gazed at the animal with amazement mingled with horror. The solemn man continued:

"Then I guess you can gimme a sirloin steak, very rare, with fried potatoes."

"*Gimme the same*," said the dog.

The waiter's face assumed the color of cold boiled veal.

"Cup o' coffee, plenty o' milk," went on the solemn man.

"*Gimme the same*," said the dog.

The waiter shuddered, and, turning, fled for the kitchen.

A man with a squint, at an adjoining table, was much interested in the scene. He had observed it closely, and finally spoke to the solemn man:

"It must 'a' been a fearful lot o' work to learn that dog to talk, mister."

"It was," said the solemn man.

"*I should smile*," said the dog.

"What 'ud you take for him, now?" said the man with the squint.

"Wouldn't sell him," said the solemn man.

"*You'd better not*," said the dog.

The man with the squint was much impressed. He began making wild offers, and when he reached a thousand dollars, the solemn man relented.

"Well," said he, "I can't refuse that. I hate to part with him, but you can have him."

"*He'll be sorry for it*," said the dog.

The man with the squint drew a check for the amount, which he gave to the solemn man. The latter was about leaving when the dog cried out: "*Never mind—I'll get even. I'll never speak again.*"

He never did.

The gentleman with the squint was proprietor of a Dime and Freak Museum on Market Street. The solemn man was a ventriloquial crook.

Miss Nellie Paddock, a young lady of this city who attracted attention by her exceptional piano playing at a concert last year, is at present in Denver, Colorado. Her piano solos at a concert given there March 14th elicited much praise from both press and public.

"Our Strategists" closes at the Bush Street Theatre this evening. Next Monday night the "Pop" combination begin an engagement here, with Miss Kate Castleton in the troupe. Miss Perry has left it, we believe.

"The Hoop of Gold" ends with this evening at the Grand Opera House. Mr. William E. Sheridan begins an engagement at this theatre next Monday night.

At the Standard Theatre, the Kelly and O'Brien Company finish their one week engagement this evening.

Next week will see the last of "Excelsior" and the Kiralfys at the California Theatre.

The best maccaroni consumed in this country is, according to the Philadelphia *Press*, made of California wheat. New York, Philadelphia, and San Francisco make more maccaroni than is imported.

An Italian correspondent writes that Queen Margherita grows handsomer, and from a Psyche is becoming a Juno.

**CCCXVII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, April 20, 1884.**

Bean Soup.
Fried Mountain Trout. Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Rabbit Stewed in Claret Wine.
Spinach. String Beans.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
Lettuce, Egg Dressing.
Cocoanut Pudding.
Chestnuts, Walnuts, Figs, Raisins, and Fruits.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—One-quarter of a pound of grated cocoanut, one-quarter of a pound of sugar, one-quarter of a pound of butter, the well-beaten whites of six eggs, half a glass of wine, the same of brandy; put into paste, bake, and eat cold.

— MRS. S. M. CAMPION HAS RETURNED, after ten years' study in Europe. Classes in OUT DOOR painting in oils, water-colors, and black and white. Studio, 16 Mercantile Library Building. By letter, "The Westminster," 614 Sutter Street, S. F.

**Globe Water-Wheels,**

Suitable for running Quartz, Flouring, Coffee Mills, Sewing Machines, and and all kinds of machinery. Globe Manufacturing Company, No. 1 First Street, San Francisco.

**Overland Excursions at Greatly Reduced Rates.**

A series of excursions will leave during the coming months, going via the old reliable Central Pacific, Union Pacific, Chicago and Northwestern Railways. Returning same route, or via the great Northern Pacific and Yellowstone Park, or the Southern Pacific. Make your inquiries and all arrangements at the General Ticket Office, 2 New Montgomery Street, corner Palace Hotel. Pullman Buffet cars through to Chicago with but one change. J. M. DAVIS, General Agent. W. B. VICE, City Passenger Agent.

**Always at the Front.**

The Union Pacific Railway Company are now running Pullman's buffet sleeping cars from Ogden to Chicago without change, landing passengers in Chicago seven hours and a half in advance of all its competitors. Ladies traveling alone and families will appreciate this luxury. For further information call at the general office, No. 1 Montgomery Street, corner Post, D. W. Hitchcock, Gen. Western Pass. Agent.

**Millinery and Dress-making Parlors.**

Mrs. W. W. Henry and Mrs. E. L. Hevener have greatly enlarged their facilities for business, and have also secured the services of the talented lady from Paris whose artistic skill is unequaled in conceiving and designing dresses and wraps Their parlors are at 131 Post Street, over Samuels's Lace House, rooms No. 17 and 18. The ladies of San Francisco are cordially invited to call and inspect their fashionable millinery and dress-making.

**Root Beer.**

A strictly non-alcoholic family beverage, at once delicious to the taste and beneficial to the system. The youngest child or the feeblest invalid can drink it with advantage. Put up in pint and quart champagne bottles, with patent stoppers, at seventy cents and one dollar and ten cents per dozen. All orders promptly filled. H. L. St. John & Co., 14 Hayes Street.

—NEW DEPARTURE.—DINNERS 11 A. M. TO 8 P. M. Hot muffins, etc. Manning's Oyster Grotto, 428 Pine Street.

— CHRONIC CONSTIPATION IS THE NATIONAL curse of Americans. Cure it with Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— LOADED WITH IMPURITIES, YOUR BLOOD needs the cleansing and vitalizing energy of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

# REAL ESTATE.

Fine Business and Residence Property in all parts of the city for sale by

**G. F. BOWMAN, 440 California St.**

**PUMPS.—WORTHINGTON'S.**

**Special, Mining, and Irrigating Pumps.**

Over two hundred cities and towns have adopted them in water-works. Cheaper than any other of same capacity. The Worthington Meter measures accurately water, wine, oil, etc.; over 30,000 in use; used in nearly every city water-works in the United States. Send for catalogue.

HENRY R. WORTHINGTON,
**30 and 32 First St., S. F.** A. L. FISH, Manager.

# REMOVAL.

# HOBBS, WALL & CO.

# BOX

## MANUFACTURERS,

Have removed to their new Factory,

**Nos. 314 to 324 SPEAR STREET,**

Between Folsom and Harrison.

**Office of the Steamer "CRESCENT CITY" removed to same place.**

TELEPHONE No. 137.

**ATTENTION, RANCH OWNERS.**

A thoroughly instructed FARMER, having managed a large estate and made his agricultural studies in Europe, wishes a situation as Superintendent of a first-class farm. Dairy matters a specialty. Highest references offered. Address **L. K., 42 Nevada Block,** San Francisco

**ASA HARKER & CO.**

**Importers and Wholesale Grocers,**

108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

**ATKINS MASSEY,**
**UNDERTAKER,**

At the old established place, **No. 651 Sacramento Street,** first house below Kearny, San Francisco.

"EUREKA" COTTON

# GARDEN HOSE

Stronger three to one, and lighter two to one, than the best four-ply Rubber Hose; and if left out in the sun and air continuously, or, if put away, put away dry, will stand the roughest kind of usage and will last for years.

Also, RUBBER HOSE of extra quality and at low price.

**W. T. Y. SCHENCK,**
36 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

# PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.

**Stationers, Booksellers,**

**Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,**

**204 Sansome Street, near Pine.**

**FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES 235 KEARNY ST. S.F.**

**Southwest cor. of Bush. Established 1877.**

PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

# J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.

## MERCHANT TAILORS

**And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,**

**415 MONTGOMERY STREET,**

**Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco**

# THE BIGGEST THING OUT.

Illustrated Book **sent free.** (New.) E. NASON & CO., 120 Fulton Street, New York.

**HALL'S PIANOS TYLER ST. SAN FRANCISCO. No. 12 & 16**

FINE

**Suits, $25.** TAILORING **Suits, $30.**

Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.

**Suits, $40.** TAILORING **Suits, $50.**

Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.

**Suits, $60.** TAILORING **Suits, $70.**

**J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.**

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**

## THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**
**36 California Street, San Francisco,**
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for

**TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON**

**CONSTIPATION,** Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion, etc.

Prepared by **E. GRILLON,** Chemist of the Paris Faculty,
SOLE PROPRIETOR,
27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.

Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER MINING CO.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the sixteenth day of April, 1884, an assessment (No. 26) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the twentieth day of May, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the tenth day of June, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOTT, Secretary.

Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.



MISCHIEF.

Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.

ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.

ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.

THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

**FALK'S Bilsener BEER**

# VILLA RESIDENCE

## AT SANTA CRUZ.

**$15,000.**

**FOR SALE, one of the most beautiful seaside homes on the Pacific Coast.**

The house, of ten rooms and offices, standing in its own picturesque and beautiful grounds of several acres, has a handsome and modern exterior, and is finished and fitted up in good style fit for the immediate reception of a gentleman's family. Location at once unique, convenient, and desirable, enjoying perfect aspect. Almost in town, yet commanding superb views of city, bay, and mountains. Principals address EXCHANGE AND MART, Real Estate Office, Santa Cruz, Cal.

# BUTTERICK'S

**Patterns—Spring Styles.**

**Send Stamp for Catalogue. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**




# THE HALL TYPE-WRITER

Awarded medal over Remington and Calligraph. Simple and durable. Weighs seven pounds in case. No inking ribbon. Interchangeable types of all kinds. Takes all sizes paper. Price, $40. Call and examine.

PACIFIC COAST AGENCY, ROOM 34, No. 123 CALIFORNIA STREET.

S. F. Office Empire Portable Forge Co. of Cohoes, N. Y.

# HOTEL

## SIERRA MADRE VILLA,

**On the mountain side,**

**In an Orange Grove, Near Los Angeles.**

Has been enlarged to accommodate One Hundred Guests. For climate, health, comfort, pure water, and beauty of scenery, it has no equal on this coast. General Sherman says it surpasses all other places on the American continent for a quiet good time.

For further information, address

**W. COGSWELL, Proprietor,**
San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, Cal.

# HIGHLAND SPRINGS,

**LAKE COUNTY, CAL.**

**"The Switzerland of America."**

OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

**Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.**

**Daily communication via Cloverdale.**

**DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.**

**C—G OF**

**MARVEL OF EXCELLENCE AND WORKMANSHIP.**

CONTAIN LESS PAPER AND FINER TOBACCO THAN ANY CIGARETTE EVER MADE. POPULAR AS THE GREAT

AFTER-DINNER CIGARETTE.

*Straight Mesh, CLOTH OF GOLD.*

**13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.** **W. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

# BETHESDA

## SUPERIOR TABLE WATER

**L. CAHEN AND SON, 418 SAC. ST. S.F.**




See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

**J. W. EVANS,**
General Agent, 29 Post Street.

---

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
Commission Merchants,
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
☞ Liberal advances made on consignments. ☜

---

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

---

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 309 SANSOME STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

---

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
Shipping and Commission Merchants
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

---

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

---

**CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY**
OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.
Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

---

THE
**AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,**
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.

---

**A. P. HOTALING & CO.**
429 to 437 Jackson St., sole agents for the J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky, "O. P. S.," "O. O. K.," "O. K." "A No. 1," "A." Established 1852

---

Call and See the New Invention,
**MAGIC**
**WINDOW SCREEN**
AT 128 GEARY ST.
Solid comfort in the house, with the flies on the outside.
W. LITTLE, Proprietor,
CARPENTER, BUILDER.

---

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
**TILES**
For Decorations.
**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

---

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

---

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
**HENRY F. MILLER**
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
**HEMME & LONG**
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
**WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.**
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

---

**ICHI BAN**

---

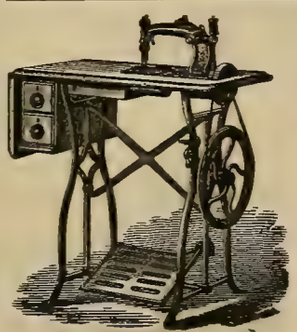
**WALL PAPER,**
Artistic Designs, American, French, and English. Cornice Poles and Fixtures. Sole Agents on Pacific Coast for LINCRUSTA WALTON, the new and indestructible Wall Decoration. Imitation Stained and Ground Glass, for residences, churches, etc. Frescoing and Interior Decorating a specialty.
WINDOW SHADES.
Samples and Estimates furnished on Application.
**G. W. CLARK & CO., 645 & 647 MARKET ST.**

---

SAFES MOVED.


BUY THE BEST.

---



Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

---

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE


HOME INDUSTRY

---

MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. A. K. CLAPPE'S
**SELECT SCHOOL**
FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,
At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N. Y. Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalogue.

---

**THE "POPE HOUSE"**
**HOTEL.**
The POPE HOUSE, for fifteen years past the leading private Hotel and Boarding-House of SANTA CRUZ, enjoying the first patronage in the State, has changed hands, and RE-OPENED March 25th, under the direct personal management and supervision of the new proprietors, who hope, by close attention to the wants and comforts of their guests, to merit a continuance of the valuable patronage so long enjoyed by Mrs. Pope.
Private Family Dining-rooms. French Dinners served to order in the best style.
☞ SPECIAL OMNIBUS awaits all arriving and departing trains and steamers. No charge whatever for conveying guests to or from this hotel.

---



FOR THE COMPLEXION!
This elegant preparation is the most perfect beautifier known. It is pure and harmless, delightful in its application, and wonderful in its effects, while the closest scrutiny fails to detect its use. Prepared by
**H. BOWMAN, Chemist, Oakland.**
For sale by all druggists.

---



THE STANDARD SILK OF THE WORLD
**YATES & CONKLIN,**
Manufacturers' Agents,
18 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

---

Every reader of the "Argonaut" should see a copy of
THE ILLUSTRATED NEW YORK
**• LIFE •**
The leading Humorous and Satirical Paper.
TERMS: At the rate of $5.00 a year, postage free. Sample copy free. 1155 Broadway, New York.

---

**JOHN MIDDLETON,**
**COAL.**
14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.

---

**GERMEA**
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIV. No. 17. SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 26, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: An Irish Catholic Widow—A Case of Utter Destitution—Turned away by Priests, Sisters of Charity, and Wealthy Compatriots—Begging Money from Protestant Americans—A Case for the Fenians and Land-leaguers—Roman Catholic Charities as Money-making Institutions—An Artful Church and a Cunning Priesthood—The Moneys which the State gives to the Roman Church—A Word to the Irish Ecclesiastics and Millionaires—The Great Anti-monopoly Mass-meeting which was to be a Demonstration, and which resulted in a Fizzle—A Band of Professional Politicians on the Platform—The Thinly Disguised Boom for George Hearst—Mr. Delmas and his Two Hours' Oration—How he garbled Facts and misstated Arguments—A Problem which is beyond the Solution of the prominent young Democratic Politicians—Colonel Stuart Taylor's flight of fancy—The *Ultra Democratic Weekly Exponent*—Its Third Number reached—A Glance at the Principles it upholds—A few of the Causes which it Advocates—The Material of the Democratic Party—Southern States where it has had Control—The Northern Cities which have fallen beneath its Accursed Ban.....1-2

BELASCO'S LATEST: The Production of "May Blossoms" in New York—Its Success—How Campanini is going to Out-distance Kiralfy—"Flaneur's" Gossip..... 3

A DANGEROUS LOVE: The Peril a Lover Ran..... 4

WILL BAKER PASHA BE PARDONED? A Celebrated Case—How a Dashing Officer wrought his own Downfall—"Cockaigne's" London Letter. 5

PICTURES FROM LIFE: The Pretty Girl and the Masher..... 5

SOCIETY: The Sanderson Reception—The Lunch-party at Black Point—Grant Reception—Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip.... 6

AFTER DINNER: "Viveur" Discusses Society—A Definition of the Word—Why Society is a Failure in San Francisco—The Very Narrow Escape of a Trifler..... 7

THREE HALTS AND A RIVER: The Code of Military Morals and the Captain's Jealous Bride—A Story of French Army Life..... 8

THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB: Mr. Tooter Williams opens the first Jack-pot..... 9

VANITY FAIR: Russian Balls—A White House Reception and some Giddy Maidens—How a Lady must demean herself to preserve her disguise at a Masked Ball... ..... 9

THE LATEST VERSE: "The Reproach," by Edmund Gosse—"A Parable," by Philip Bourke Marston—"In After Days," by Austin Dobson—"Sacrilege," by Kate L. Brown—"One Seaside Grave," by Christina G. Rossetti—"The Secrets of the Spring," by Nora Perry..... 9

CHIT-CHAT: The first night of "Pop"—Josephine Gallmeyer's Dying Words—The Discovery of Truffles in California—Afternoon and Evening Receptions..... 10

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People..... 10

LITERARY NOTES: The New Volume of Bancroft's History of the Pacific States—The First Explorers of California—Early Times in San Francisco—A Monterey Romance of the Last Century..... 11

OUR CHESS COLUMN: Two New Problems—The Last Tournament at Warsaw—The Death of a Renowned Player..... 11

BRIC-A-BRAC: "Ballade of Neglected Merit," by Andrew Lang—"The Coquettes," by Hosea G. Blake—"Ho! for Kankakee," by Maurice Thompson—"Eulalie," by Samuel M. Peck..... 12

THE DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—"Pop" and Kate Castleton once more—The Other Theatres—Stage Notes..... 14

A On Friday morning there came into my office a gentle-looking, pale-faced, poorly-clad Irish woman. In her face and her unsteady walk were the traces of disease. She belonged to the labor class. She was a widow, with five young children, the eldest a girl under fifteen; the youngest a baby, and born since its father's death. It was a case of sickness and utter destitution; no food in the house, no money to buy food, no health nor strength to earn money. She was a worthy, virtuous, destitute, and ill Roman Catholic widow with five children, and when I asked her why she did not seek relief at some Roman Catholic institute of charity, some hospital for the sick, some place where starving women and children could obtain temporary relief, she answered, with tears in her eyes, that "there was no such place." "Why do you not go to your archbishop or bishop, your priests or sisters of charity, your ladies of the Sacred Heart, your monasteries, where fat monks count rosaries, tell their consecrated beads, take snuff, and pray? Why not go to convent or monkery, whose larders are always full? Why not go to the Jesuit or Franciscan orders, whose wealth in this city is valued at millions? Cathedrals, churches, colleges, seminaries, monkeries, and convents multiply. Land on Market Street, lots in the Western Addition, farms in the suburbs, priests acting as savings bankers, money on every side, and is there no place for you? Is there no charity of the Roman Church in San Francisco for its sick, and destitute, and deserving members?" "There is no such place," she answered. And it is true. "There are seventeen Irish millionaires in this city, worth from two to forty millions," I said to her, "and (with two exceptions) all are from the peasant class of Ireland. They were poor in Ireland, and have been lucky in America; they will sympathize with you in your trouble and will relieve you from it. Go to them. I will give you their names and their addresses." As I looked into the eyes of the poor woman, there came into her face the pained expression of protest against unnecessary torture. Like the hunted, bruised, and dying dumb beast, there came into her eyes that piteous expression which asked me to spare her from unnecessary pain, and in a faint despairing voice, she answered: "They never give." I thank God I am better than they. I gave her a dollar. A friend sitting by gave her another; and I promised to consider her case, and see if I could not do something for her. Her name is Mrs. Eagan. Her residence is No. 13 Polk Street, within shadow of the Jesuit towers. I—the writer—am now considering her case. I am addressing myself with personal directness to this magnificent organization known as the Church of Rome, and saying to it that, notwithstanding all its professions of being the church of Christ on earth, women whom Christ honored in his birth, children whom he loved and blessed and bade "come unto him," are in want within the shadow of its spires, within sound of its bells, within the smell of the perfume of its altars. Roman Catholic women, ill, hungry, destitute, and in despair, are begging dollars of Protestants to keep their children from starving. I address myself to those wealthy Irish men and women, those whose wealth is measured by millions, whom I meet in business and social circles, those men of whose enormous speculations I know, of whose resources I am advised; those ladies whom I meet in society, blazing in jewels, resplendent in gorgeous attire; I say to you: Irish women and children, baptized to your faith, are starving in San Francisco. To the Irish patriots, agitators, land-leaguers, Fenians; those priests and politicians who hold meetings, make orations, recite poetry, and make music in aid of the dynamite fiends of Ireland; who raise money for skirmish funds to assassinate English officials and Irish land-owners; who raise money for the payment of Parnell's debts and to support Irish members of Parliament, and who send money and lawyers for the defense of Irish assassins—I say to you that your countrywomen and co-religionists are in want and suffering here in San Francisco. At No. 13 Polk Street Mrs. Eagan and five children are begging of Americans for bread.

It is an altogether unpleasant fact that in San Francisco, with all its wealth of membership, there is no organized Roman Catholic Church charity which is not a money-making institution. In San Francisco; in San Rafael, and in several of the counties, there are orphan asylums, where orphans and half-orphans are attended by the unpaid services of priest, lay member, and sister. There are hospitals like that of the Sisters of Charity here and at Los Angeles. There are old ladies' homes. There are the St. Joseph's Asylum for abandoned children, and the Magdalen Asylum for wanton girls. There is no form of charity which this artful church and cunning priesthood has not utilized to draw money from State and municipal treasury, and from private pockets. The State pays more money to the orphan asylums than they expend for the maintenance of fatherless and motherless children. From the hospital of the Sisters of Charity the impecunious patient is sent to the county hospital. The city pays more money to the Magdalen Asylum than ought to be expended to support girls old enough to work, and who at that institution are made to work. Mount St. Joseph's is an expensive luxury to this State. We are not charging fraudulent devices for the wrongful obtainment of money, although we are convinced that an honest grand jury, which had the courage, would uncover unpleasant facts. We are simply saying, and saying it in behalf of the really suffering and deserving sick and destitute of the Roman Catholic Church, that in San Francisco IT HAS NO ORGANIZED CHARITY WHICH IS NOT A MONEY-MAKING INSTITUTION. The church is an unmitigated beggar for itself. Scarcely a week, and never a month, passes that for some cathedral, church, college, convent, or charitable scheme, there is not some importunate, and sometimes impudent, face thrust into our office; and never a day that, for some Irishman or woman, is there not told to the writer the pitiful tale that seeks charity or asks for labor. As a rule these are honest narratives of real want, which move one's heart to pity that his pocket can not relieve. We take up the only State Comptroller's report we have at hand to verify our position. It is that of three years ago. How much the expenses have since increased we do not know; but will venture to assert that they have more than kept pace with the increase of the Roman Church in usefulness and spiritual graces:

| | |
|---|---|
| Los Angeles—Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum..... | $7,685 55 |
| San Francisco—St. Boniface Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum..... | 1,847 82 |
| Pajaro Valley—Male Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum | 6,062 90 |
| San Francisco—St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum..... | 20,869 44 |
| Grass Valley—Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum..... | 14,122 38 |
| San Francisco—Roman Catholic Female Orphan Asylum ..... | 25,651 48 |
| Petaluma—St. Vincent's Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum ..... | 3,299 00 |
| Santa Cruz—Roman Catholic Female Orphan Asylum | 1,761 15 |
| San Rafael—St. Vincent's Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum..... | 32,750 13 |
| Santa Barbara—St. Vincent's Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum..... | 3,579 54 |
| San Juan—Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum..... | 803 57 |
| From San Francisco to Magdalen Asylum..... | 12,396 00 |
| Total..... | $130,828 96 |

An excess of $77,431.12 over all the combined non-sectarian, Protestant, and Jewish charities of the State. Add to this the numbers in poor-houses, hospitals, and prisons; in the Industrial School and House of Correction; in the asylums for the insane, the deaf, the dumb, the blind, the inebriate; in the almshouses and county jails—and the estimate may be approximately made as to the burdens which we consider and which we look upon as only a partial compensation for the blessings of this immigration. The consideration of this question of church and nationality seems to justify us in reminding the papal church and its ecclesiastics, the Irish people and their millionaires, and the Irish nationalists and their agitators, of their duty to Mrs. Eagan, No. 13 Polk Street, and her kind.

The *Chronicle* says that the anti-monopoly mass meeting held at Union Hall on Saturday evening last "was not a success as to attendance or enthusiasm." The *Call* says "about six hundred persons attended the anti-monopoly mass-meeting." All that the *Examiner* says editorially is, "it was a large representation of the best elements of the Democratic party." Now, the truth is the meeting was an emphatic failure. As a political movement, it was a fizzle. As an expression of anti-railroad sentiment, it was a declaration that in San Francisco there *is* no anti-railroad feeling. It was intended to be an expression of popular sentiment in favor of legislation against the railroads. It was whooped up by all the anti-railroad leaders, politicians, and journals; and because it was a failure, we have a right to say that among the business men and property-owners of San Francisco the last smoking embers of railroad hate are dying out. At this meeting all the half-burned brands were poked together; hired lawyers were employed to blow them into a blaze; and the result was simply a smudge. There was not, among orators, audience, and platform statuary, any number of representative citizens. The occasional reputable man of fortune, business, property, or intelligence, who during the evening dropped in, came from curiosity—as one gentleman profoundly re-

marked, "to see what the devil the infernal fools were driving at." On the stand were seven Democratic legislators, a harbor commissioner, two supervisors, the public administrator, an Irish judge, ten chivs (all holding office but four, and two of those candidates in expectancy), five foreigners, and seven Americans. Every mother's son of them, with six exceptions, is or has been in office. There were thirty-nine persons on the platform besides Doctor Montague R. Leverson. There were but six who are not properly characterized as professional politicians. There was not a single merchant in the lot. There was not one working mechanic, nor a single manufacturer, and, so far as we are personally acquainted with the thirty-nine gentlemen composing the platform ornaments of the meeting, there was not one who is directly or incidentally occupied with, or who has money invested in, any business that transports merchandise by rail or ship; not one person, so far as we know, who produces anything, or who exports or imports anything. There were nine lawyers. Of those who excused themselves from speaking, and whose letters were read, were Judge William T. Wallace, an anti-railroad lawyer, employed in the Colton trial at Santa Rosa; John A. Stanley, lawyer in the same case; Henry E. Highton, an Englishman, who, during the war, was too intensely disloyal to take oath entitling him to practice; and J. West Martin, just recently defeated for mayor of Oakland. Wallace, Stanley, Martin, Wheat, Hearst, Newlands, English, Baldwin, Thornton—every lawyer in the crowd—are Southern men. Mr. Delmas, the orator of the evening, who spoke two mortal hours, is another anti-railroad lawyer, engaged in the Colton trial at Santa Rosa. The analysis of the personnel of this anti-railroad mass-meeting justifies us fully in the assertion that it is nothing more than a political movement of the chivalry wing of the Democracy, and that it does not represent any considerable or respectable part of even a minority part of the Democracy. The whole anti-monopoly business, from the time of the first movement by the *Examiner*, was a thinly disguised endeavor to push George Hearst into prominence as a candidate for United States Senator. It has been upheld since by an unimportant squad of unimportant nobodies of the chivalry wing, to make professional occupation, to get office, or to pay off old scores of personal grievance against supposed offenses, political and otherwise, by the railroad. It has so far proved a most emphatic failure, and commands the support or sympathy of no decent minority of any party or class in the community.

Mr. Delmas's oration was altogether unworthy of him, if he deserves the reputation he has seemed to be upon the way to achieve. It was an ungraceful misrepresentation of the issues. It was not fairly presented. His declaration of legal principles was not sound. His illustrations were not forcible. He was neither original nor eloquent, and, so far as he quoted from the *Argonaut*, he was not honest. He quoted, garbled, and misstated the part of our argument which he failed to answer, and which he can not answer; and he must have intended to be personally offensive, when his written manuscript embraces within quotation-marks the following:

"Your representatives at Sacramento are young men, honest and sincere no doubt, but they are unable to cope with this great subject, and therefore the best thing they can do is to leave it alone and trust to the tender mercies of Crocker, Stanford & Co."

This is a forged quotation. We would have as much right to charge that Mr. Delmas was under the direct pay of Mr. Hearst, or that he was working in the interest of Mr. Chris Buckley's gin industry, as he to attribute our support of free railroading to other than honorable motives. This is what we said, and so well said is it that it will bear repetition:

"Railroads are only fifty years in existence; England's Parliament has passed over three thousand bills in an attempt to regulate them; and excepting some few general principles established, the attempt has been abandoned, and the men who own the roads are permitted to direct them. France, Austria, Germany, Belgium, Italy, and Spain have been equally unfortunate, and have given the business over to the parties in interest, to be regulated under the general laws that govern all business intercourse between individuals. Charles Francis Adams has given up the hopeless task of running railroads under a political code. The Western States have tried it and failed. The grangers have sweated over it and failed. The courts of all the States and the Supreme Court have tried it and failed. Twenty-two States have tried railroad commissioners, and they have failed. Hence it will not be surprising if the California legislators fail, as all others have done before them. That it will make a fiasco of the whole business and end in a muddle, no one doubts. There is good intention, honest purpose, and commendable effort on the part of many members to do their duty. The achievement is impossible; and it is safe to say that no bill will be passed which will not produce confusion and evil results. If so honorable a man as Mr. Del Valle (we might name many others, Senators and Assemblymen) had the courage to stand up bravely, and honestly admit that, after examination of witnesses in reference to the Barry Bill and kindred efforts at legislation, he had not the courage to assume the responsibility of recommending their passage, he would do a brave and honorable thing. It requires great courage for a young legislator to admit that he does not know everything; that he is afraid to walk where statesmen have set their way. Reputations are sometimes won, and never lost, by a frank and fearless admission from an honest and honorable young man that he is not well enough advised to assume the risk of experimental legislation. This anti-railroad legislation is experimental and dangerous. If the writer were a Democrat, young and ambitious, he would regard the present opportunity as a good one to win a name for himself by a frank and courageous admission that, as a senator, he could not see his way clearly to legislation upon the vexed problems of this extra session, and he would move that the Legislature do now adjourn *sine die*."

Mr. Delmas is making himself prominent in the agitation of a very important question, and, with great respect, we say to him that he is too young and not yet so well known to fame, too entirely ignorant of the question of railroad management, and has not had as yet that wide experience, either in the practice of law or in the management of business affairs, to entitle him to be considered as an oracle upon the question of railroad management. He must not expect everybody to bark when he opens his mouth. He must permit us to remind him that greater lawyers, abler men of business, and statesmen more profound and evidently more disinterested than himself, have not been able to solve all the vexed problems which have surrounded this character of legislation. We differ with him and with the best intentioned of his associates, with some confidence in our ability to judge of such matters. For ourselves, we resent with not a little indignation the fact that this young lawyer, hot from a pending trial against the railroad, having drawn around him a heterogeneous mob of politicians, political adventurers, and men without other occupation than office-seeking, has the impudence to question the motives governing those who do not accord with them in their opinions. We resent with an indignation which borders upon contempt the insinuated threats of violence which professional office-seekers put forth, when somebody hires a hall in which they may air their eloquence. We have no comprehension of the meaning or force of the wordy vaporing which hints at violence, if these Democratic ragamuffins are not permitted to destroy the Republican party by their false cry of "anti-monopoly." We do not even understand Mr. Stuart Taylor's "bell that rings out in the night, like the cry of a startled watcher," or that

——"grander sight than the navies of mighty admirals seen beneath the lifted clouds of battle, moving forward for the mere lust of conquest, or than the serried ranks of armed men marching by tens of thousands to the music of an unjust glory."

Nor do we, nor anybody else who has any sense, care an infinitesimal cuss for the political blizzard which is to come down from some impossible North upon our heads. We are not going to hide ourselves in any cave for fear of a Democratic cyclone over this anti-monopoly nonsense which Mr. Taylor thus eloquently portrays:

"There sometimes is heard, away in the land of the Norseman, a faint, rustling sound, made up as it were of multitudinous whispers of the awakening wind, which, gathering strength as it rushes from the summits of the eternal crags which surround one of the great northern seas, at last sweeps down with pitiless power and sends to swift destruction every vestige of ship or boat floating on the surface of the waters. The dwellers there know when to expect it, and hide themselves in cliffs and caverns."

However, Mr. Taylor's sophomoric grandiloquence is better than Mr. Delmas's assumption of didactic wisdom. The meeting was a failure. The extra session will be a failure. The attempt to regulate fares and freights is, and always will be, a failure. The issue is a false and fraudulent one which these politicians are endeavoring to get up. There is no business man against the railroads of this State. Again and again we repeat, and challenge the proof, that twenty honorable, prominent, disinterested men of wealth and intelligence can not be found in California in full sympathy with the anti-railroad legislation sought to be enacted in this extra session, or the principles in reference to railroad property laid down by William T. Wallace and Mr. D. M. Delmas. P. S.—We omitted to mention that at the anti-monopoly meeting Mr. Hearst also spoke.

The *Ultra Democratic Weekly Exponent* still survives. It has reached its third number. It is more ultra, more Democratic, and more abominable than ever. We notice it because we wish it success and circulation. We wish everybody to read and know just what Democracy is in its natural state; and this journal is the "exponent" of Democracy in its most objectionable and dangerous form. It goes for hanging, burning, and mobbing, and for lynching everybody who is guilty of accumulating property. It approves of the Cincinnati riot, denounces the authorities for quelling it, styles Governor Hoadley as a "red-handed tyrant," and hopes he may be strung from a lamp-post. It demonstrates that the natural tendency of the Democratic party, and the natural outcome of Democratic doctrines, and the inevitable result of the rule of the Democratic party, are uncertainty to life, insecurity to property, chaos, confusion, anarchy, and misrule. This statement will be resented by the old-fashioned Democrat, who recalls the earlier history of that party and the honorable character of its early leaders. But there is a new Democratic party. It is not the organization of the olden time; and it has not the principles of the earlier period. It is not composed of the same kind or class of men. When the slave-power culminated in rebellion, all that was good of Democracy died; all Democrats who loved their country better than their party left it. It survived only in ruins, and in its ruins are heard only the hoot of owls and the howl of beasts—birds and beasts of foreign lands. The wise-looking, gray, old night-owl of the Roman Church sits and blinks in the light of freedom and civilization. The ravenous beasts of prey; the bloody, ferocious, prowling, dynamite fiend; the Fenian, agrarian, socialist, nihilist, foreign-born pauper, and criminal; the native-born loafer and tramp; the worthless city vagabond, the country slouch, the brawling agitator, the demagogue with the jaw-bone, the Northern copperhead, and the unreconstructed Southern rebel—of such material is the Democratic party composed. Take from it this enumerated mass of alien idiocy, superstition, ignorance, pauperism, and crime, and the Democratic party would not find itself in majority in any rural district or respectable city locality. Democracy is of honorable traditions. The party has, in its earlier days, an honorable record. Down to the time of Buchanan it was patriotic; since then its career has been one of infamy, beginning in an organized rebellion against the government, till now it has, under the influence of a foreign church, a foreign immigration, and the transplanting of foreign principles, become an organized conspiracy against individidual and corporate property, against good government, social order, and the rightful supremacy of law. In those (Southern) States where the Democratic party has obtained power, the elective privilege has been destroyed, the rights of minorities disregarded, life has been made insecure, ignorance has prevailed, and misrule governed the land. In those Northern cities where the Democratic party has gained ascendency, there have been riots, with taxation amounting almost to confiscation, and justice which has failed of administration. The Democratic leaders of this State have demonstrated in the past how little respect they had for the Union, for law, and for human life. In the present they avow principles which, if carried to their natural conclusions, would make private property valueless. The control of the Democratic party in this city is lodged at gin-mills and gambling hells, and administered by profligates who live on the borderland of crime. To the thoughtful, intelligent, and property-owning Democrat we commend reflections upon the personnel and principles of his party.

John F. Swift, writing from Paris to a friend in San Francisco, says that upon revisiting Paris, after six years' absence, he was surprised to observe that the electric light had been driven from the boulevards and shops of that city. When he was a resident of Paris, six years ago, the electric light was regarded as a success, and it was believed that in a short time it would supersede the use of gas. He now finds the electric light almost entirely given up, and gas again in universal use. He accounts for it by saying that the rivalry had succeeded in bringing about such an immense improvement in the quality of gas and the appliances for its burning, that electricity had been unable to hold its position. In the encounter gas, by its purity, clearness, and cheapness, had driven its rival from the field. The Place de l'Opera, and the streets fronting it, were at one time ablaze with the electric light. In London the Thames embankment was lighted with electricity. Gas has taken the place of the electric light in London and Paris. It was found in these cities of cheap coal to be more expensive, and has not, with the modern improvements in the manufacture and the new burners employed, been able to make headway against the old method.

*The Critic and Good Literature* has made a canvass of the preferences of its readers for a possible American Academy of "Forty Immortals," and the following is the result, the names occurring in the order of favor: Oliver W. Holmes, James R. Lowell, J. G. Whittier, George Bancroft, W. D. Howells, G. W. Curtis, T. B. Aldrich, Bret Harte, E. C. Stedman, R. G. White, E. E. Hale, G. W. Cable, Henry James, S. L. Clemens, C. D. Warner, H. W. Beecher, James Freeman Clarke, R. H. Stoddard, W. D. Whitney, Walt Whitman, Asa Gray, Noah Porter, John Fiske, Theodore D. Woolsey, A. B. Alcott, Julian Hawthorne, John Burroughs, Mark Hopkins, T. W. Higginson, J. G. Saxe, O. B. Frothingham, George P. Fisher, Moses Coit Taylor, Charles A. Dana, D. G. Mitchell, Alexander Winchell, Edwin P. Whipple, G. P. Lathrop, W. W. Story, and Francis Parkman. It is curious that in this list there is but one editor of a daily newspaper, Mr. Dana. The *Critic* intimates that the academy will probably never be realized, and recalls an abortive attempt to found a "National Institute" in 1868.

The late Cardinal de Luca, when the Italian army entered Rome, in 1870, was much afraid that his jewels and other treasures would be confiscated. One of his servants proposed to trust them to a butcher, a rich and honest man, who would bury them in his vineyard outside one of the gates. The cardinal agreed, and all of his gemmed crosses, rings, splendid mitres, and gold and silver table-services were placed in a box and intrusted to the honest butcher. But they were never heard of more.

## BELASCO'S LATEST.

"Flaneur" Describes the Production of "May Blossom" in New York.

David Belasco produced his first purely original play at the Madison Square Theatre Saturday night. He is one of the shrewdest and most energetic stage managers in the profession, and is probably the most successful adapter and "polisher up" of plays in the city. He has been employed by the Madison Square Theatre Company for some time now, and has been very successful.

I believe he is well known in San Francisco. He has a beardless face, brushes his hair up from his forehead, is as nervous as a school-girl, and immensely ambitious. In a few years he will be a physical wreck. The only hearty meal he eats is at midnight, and he works from that time on until six o'clock in the morning. Not infrequently, he has eleven o'clock rehearsals in the forenoon at the theatre, and the result of it all is that he is using up his vital energies at the rate of about twenty-two miles an hour. Few adapters are successful creators. Belasco is the one exception of a thousand. Cazauran, who for a long time was credited with a greater part of the Union Square successes, built up a great reputation as an adapter of plays. He wrote an original play and produced it at the same time that Belasco made his venture. Cazauran's play was a failure; Belasco's was a success.

The fault that will be found with "May Blossom" is a lack of motive. It is an interesting sort of a drama, and it has more real life and vigor in it than any of the other Madison Square productions, with the single exception of "Hazel Kirke." But the scene which leads up to the quarrel, by which a husband and wife are estranged for years, is weak, and the cause of the quarrel itself is so flimsy, that there seems no adequate reason why it should not be made up in the second act instead of the last. Belasco, as stage manager of the Madison Square Theatre, has had exceptional facilities for working up unusual effects in his play, and he has taken advantage of them. The scenery is elaborate, and the cast uncommonly good. A scene in one of the acts, where a party of little children bury a pet sparrow, will draw a good many thousand women to the theatre.

The author was so overcome by the reception of his play on the first night, that he fainted away on the stage. He was so nervous and diffident, that for a long time he refused to appear, and when Joe Wheelock dragged him out from behind the scenes, he bowed half mechanically, threw back his head, turned deadly white, and fell to the stage. Upon this, a number of the ingenious fools who patronize theatres, and are all-wise in theatrical matters, announced that it was an advertising scheme. It was simply the result of going without sleep for two days, working like a beaver, and neglecting to partake of a sufficient amount of food.

Georgia Cayvan, who played the lead, is, I believe, a disciple of Delsarte. She was mechanically and professionally excellent, but she seemed utterly to lack heart. She studies hard, and is a complete mistress of all the various arts and artifices that go to make up the mechanical representations of emotion, but she seemed to lack sympathy. If it is necessary for her, in the characters she portrays, to exhibit rage, grief, or joy, she does it capitally—but she never convinces you that it real. In a paroxysm of anger she will thrash around on the stage, smash furniture, and do other violent and spectacularly effective things, but nobody for a moment believes that she feels anything of the sort. This is the Delsartian system, which teaches that an an actor must always act, and that as soon as he feels any of the emotion he portrays he ceases to be an actor. Many great artists believe in the system, and produce startling effects by it. Possibly Miss Cayvan will accomplish the same results when she has grown a little older. At present she seems eminently artificial.

I think everybody in the house, was struck, Monday night, by the manner in which she "did up" her back hair in the very midst of a romantic and exciting dialogue with Walden Ramsay, who had disarranged her wig by his violent caresses. This, of course, proved that Miss Cayvan was not in earnest, and the proof was disappointing to the audience. The other characters are all capitally taken. Joe Wheelock, LeMoyne, Mrs. Whiffen, and Miss Hawkins are always good.

Mr. Cazauran was by no means as successful at the Union Square Theatre. His play is called "The Fatal Letter." The company which acted it was, in general, excellent. As a star, Miss Helen Barry, who claims to have played the leading lady at Drury Lane, but who really never held that position, was utterly inadequate to the rôle assigned her. She is a large, blonde woman, with round eyes, regular features, a robust physique, a placid smile, and an utter inability to express any emotion except that of extreme good-nature. I don't know what system Miss Barry works under, but it gives her the appearance of extreme comfort and much physical satisfaction. The woman she should have represented on the stage was supposed to be consumed by various fires, including fury and remorse, and to have been a prey to various emotions. None of these things annoyed Miss Barry in the least. She wandered gracefully, good-naturedly, and calmly through the play, wore stunning costumes, and comported herself as a woman of healthful physique and complete mental satisfaction should. She was, therefore, a failure in the rôle.

Joseph Howorth, who played the principal support, was leading man with John McCullough last season. He is young, but bids fair to be a great tragedian. He is the best Icilius who has ever appeared on the stage. In the part assigned him in "The Fatal Letter" Mr. Howorth was far from a success. Few men who are good actors in tragic parts can present a taking appearance in a dress-coat. The moral of "The Fatal Letter" is perverted and the play itself extremely stupid. The audience yawned itself into ill-humor, and left the theatre even before the curtain dropped.

"Betsy," the new play at Wallack's Theatre, was one of those slow, stupid, and uneventful failures which have of late been common to this house. It is a comedy, but there is nothing mirthful in it. There no longer is any mirth in these tiresome and trite English "comedies." We have so often seen the fussy old man, the gay young man, the dashing widow, and the truthful wife, that they tire us as soon as they come on the stage. When I say that the play was written by F. C. Burnand, the editor of the London *Punch*, one can imagine how dull it was. It is about as humorous as a wooden table-leg, and has the life and vivacity of a paving-stone.

"Falka," the new opera at the Casino, was quite a go, but its success was due as much to the superb costumes, well-painted scenery, and the spirit and life with which the performance was carried through as anything else. The Casino follows directly in the lines of the Madison Square. It aims at perfection of detail, rich stage pictures, and is almost reckless in the matter of salaries. The result of all this is that when a man goes either to the Madison Square or to the Casino, he is sure of a comfortable and beautiful theatre, a troupe of admirable and well-rehearsed actors, and a series of handsome stage pictures. He will thus be gratified to a reasonable extent, though the play or the opera may be bad.

The patronage of all the theatres is growing gradually lighter. People are sighing for burlesque; they have wearied of the regulation dramas. I think about this time of year every one gets enough of the theatres, and I rather imagine that Lester Wallack is right in closing his house about the first of May. The difficulty is that there is not enough diversity in the entertainments. We have alleged comedies, romantic dramas, light operas, and heavy tragedies. This would be well enough if the attractions were equally divided, but they are not. There have been only two light opera companies, while the number of sensational and romantic plays has run up into the hundreds. The plays have, as a rule, been failures. Wherever trim, symmetrical, and shockingly clad young women have abounded there has been wealth in the treasury of the managers.

Even Campanini, who is supposed to know nothing but how to sing chest C's, has discovered the fondness of Americans for the ballet. He is making arrangements to import the gigantic ballet of La Scala, at Milan, next season. He proposes to take this ballet over the entire continent, and show Americans what the Italian ballet really is. He says that the Kiralfy brothers, with their collection of antique matrons, nervous old ladies, and relics of former ages, who caper about the stage in tinsel and tissue, have monopolized the ballet here long enough. He promises to bring over a troupe of handsome, young, and graceful dancers.

I had not had a chance this season up to last Saturday night of attending a matinée at the Metropolitan Opera House. I got there at two o'clock. It was the only matinée in the history of the season which was declared off, and at which the money was returned at the box-office to the people who held seats. This was what is commonly and vulgarly known as "hard luck." Nilsson was ill; Sembrich wouldn't sing, because she refused to be a cat's-paw for Nilsson; Furch-Madi was sulky; Trebelli said she had a cold in her head; Valeria was on her way to Europe, and Lablache insisted that she had a sore throat. Under these circumstances, Mr. Abbey sent for Scalchi. Scalchi wouldn't sing because she had eaten a big breakfast. The moral of this seems to be not to give prima donnas anything to eat, then they will sing for you. Another reason why Scalchi wouldn't sing was because she had been paid. If you never pay prima donnas, besides never feeding them, you will always be sure of obedience. This is the theory that Mapleson has been working on for several years with considerable success.

I had a talk with Abbey Saturday afternoon. He was standing dejectedly in a small room which leads off from the lobby on the south side of the opera house. There is a bar in the room. Mr. Abbey leaned against the bar. Several men stood around conversing together, but Mr. Abbey stood solemnly alone. I observed that he looked ten years older than he did in the beginning of the season. His hair is long about the ears, and his eyes lack lustre. He has had an enormous amount of responsibility on his shoulders, and it is beginning to tell on him. He is as well-balanced, shrewd, and responsible a man as ever, however. His integrity and his thorough honesty in dealing with the people under him has put him forward as the most responsible man in the theatrical profession.

"I am excessively annoyed," he said, quietly, "at this fiasco. It seems particularly hard that it should come on the last matinée of the season, but I find it is impossible to reason with singers of Madame Scalchi's stamp. It would be a different matter if I were asking something unreasonable of her, but it is to be remembered that she has received a good salary, and she would have been amply paid for singing this afternoon."

"I heard yesterday, Mr. Abbey, that you don't care to take the opera house for another season. In fact, that you've had enough."

"You're right," he said, impressively; "I've had more than enough."

It has cost him about seventy thousand dollars thus far.

NEW YORK, April 15, 1884. FLANEUR.

---

The Prussian people believe that Bismarck is superstitious. They say that he is awed by apparitions in uninhabited castles, shrinks from dining where thirteen sit down at table, believes in unlucky days, and adheres to the ancient belief of the influence of the moon on every living thing. But, according to Doctor Busch, this is all nonsense, with the exception of a single story, which happened at Schönhausen, where the chancellor heard mysterious footsteps in the ante-chamber of his bedroom. "The jests about my superstitions," he said, a few months ago, "are nothing but jests, or consideration of the feelings of others. I will eat at table with twelve others as often as you like, and will undertake the most important and serious business on Friday."

---

Nobody in these days can possibly complain that the English Court is unduly exclusive. At the last levee the husband of a famous Court milliner was presented, and at the drawing-room there appeared the daughters of a well-known tradesman in Bond Street.

## THE RAILWAY WORLD.

Various Notes of Interest to Both Employees and Travelers.

The following catechism took place in the Philadelphia "Train School": "Supposing a passenger having a ticket dies on my train, would it be proper to lift it?" "What—the train?" "No; the ticket." "A full first-class ticket is required for a corpse," is the answer. "Yes; but then it travels in the baggage-car. The circumstances in the case I state are unusual. What must I do?" "You have no authority to touch anything on the body. The coroner is the proper person to take up the ticket and deliver it to the company," explained the instructor, clearly. Fifteen men sat at desks in the rear wing of the vast building of the Pennsylvania Railroad on Fourth Street every day last week undergoing the usual inquisition which determines their capabilities. The above and many similar dialogues occurred during the week's examination, and so far from appearing humorous or ridiculous to the preceptors, such inquiries are encouraged.

---

"There," she said, as she raised a window in a Pullman car the other day; "now I can breathe. The air in this car is stifling. Why don't they have better ventilation? If I couldn't sit next to open window I believe I should die." Presently a slender female sitting directly back leaned over and asked her if she wouldn't just as lief close that window now, as the draft was more than she could stand. "No, madam, I shall not close this window. I could not live with it down. I was just thinking how delightful it was with it open; now you want it shut, but I shall not shut it; so there." "Then you are a selfish thing, and I shall have to change my seat." Just then a gentleman sitting close by reached over and said: "Ladies, that window being raised makes no difference, as this car has double windows and not a breath of air can possibly get through the one that is still down." Then the one that had raised the window turned to the other, and, with a crushed look on her face, said: "Madam, I beg your pardon, but I think two fools have met at last."

---

The Denver and Rio Grande and the Pennsylvania Central use about eight hundred joint checks together, says the Denver *News*. The baggage department is a good detective agency. Every local check sent on the Denver and Rio Grande is accounted for within two days. Every piece of baggage sent from any station on the road is described by a system of private marks and reported to the general office. A man could be followed from one end of the country to the other by the checks on his baggage. If a traveling salesman starts out with five hundred pounds of extra baggage and stops at a way station, and he gets out of that station without paying for his extra baggage, it will be known in the general office and the agent held responsible for it. The system is so thorough that by a process of exclusion even the loss of unchecked baggage can be located in nearly every instance. The facilities for handling baggage in the shape of improved trucks and lifters have become so nearly perfect that the occupation of the paragrapher who aims his wit at the "baggage-smashers" is almost gone.

---

The following facts, relative to the development of railway interests in Japan, are from a recent issue of a newspaper published in that country:

The Tokio-Yokohama line—40 miles in length—begun in 1872, was the first road completed. The next road was begun in 1874. It was from Kobe-Otsu, by way of Osaka to Kioto, and is 58 miles long. The Tsuruga-Nagahma road, recently finished, is 41 miles. The Tokio-Mayebashi Road is 81 miles, but is not yet all in operation. Several other roads are in course of construction. The Tokio-Yokohama road cost 3,038,672 yens (a yen is the same as a dollar). The cost of all the roads are given as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Tokio-Yokohama | $3,038,672 |
| Kobe-Otsu | 4,484,228 |
| Osaka-Kioto | 2,817,845 |
| Kioto-Otsu | 786,134 |
| Taruya-Horonai | 785,161 |

The traffic receipts for the year ending June, 1883, were $1,792,551. The operating expenses were placed at $759,382. The net receipts were $1,033,169, or something over 8½ per cent. on the capital invested.

---

The London *Railway News* gives the following figures from a paper by Mr. E. Foxwell, on English express trains. "Running average" includes time of making stops at stations. Its distance from "average speed," or time from platform to platform, excluding time lost in stops, is shown in the following table of long runs in England:

| | No. of trains. | Aver. speed. | Running aver. | Mileage. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Midland | 104 | 53 | 46 | 5,512 |
| Northwestern | 98 | 60 | 45 | 5,880 |
| Great Northern | 49 | 73 | 50 | 3,616 |
| Great Western | 24 | 56 | 48 | 1,344 |
| Great Eastern | 24 | 56 | 42 | 1,302 |
| Brighton | 23 | 46 | 42 | 1,047 |
| Northeastern | 20 | 56 | 44 | 1,120 |
| Southwestern | 13 | 47 | 44 | 615 |
| Southeastern | 12 | 66 | 42 | 795 |
| Chatham and Dover | 8 | 63 | 45 | 504 |
| Caledonian | 8 | 59 | 45 | 476 |
| Glasgow and Southwest | 8 | 58 | 44 | 468 |
| Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincoln. | 8 | 48 | 43 | 390 |
| North British | 7 | 60 | 40 | 423 |
| Total | 406 | 58 | 45 | 23,550 |

Mr. Foxwell thus concludes his interesting paper: "During the last ten years the mileage of our express trains has, roughly speaking, increased about twenty-five per cent., and their average speed about two and half miles per hour, while the weight of the train has increased from thirty to fifty per cent. in many cases."

---

Four years ago, Mr. J. Meredith Davis, connected with the passenger department of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, escorted the Republican delegates to the Chicago convention; stayed with them in Chicago, and was of great service in an hundred ways. He is again on hand, offering his services and excursion rates, with opportunity for others to join the party, if disposed. His address is 2 Montgomery Street.

## A DANGEROUS LOVE.

### The Peril a Lover Ran and the Love he Lost.

SCENE I.

A winter day; a cold sky full of snow dancing down in joyless vivacity, to cover, with negligent charity, the ugly little town and hide its curious air of incompletion. The walls of adobe and stone, the incongruities of design, the irregular, uneven streets full of rock in the rough, together with hill-setting of numerous abandoned prospect-holes and rudimentary tunnels, gave a whimsical suggestion that Titans had left unfinished a town they had been cutting out from the earth's raw material.

This was the outside aspect as seen through a pair of tall windows, with curtains stretched back to gather every ray of light from the dim, dull sky. That light, scant as it was, brought out the homelike cheer within. The warm red of carpet and casual fittings comforted the eye. At the windows broad shelves full of plants, that gave the sole suggestion of luxury, barring the aromatic brilliance of a fragrant cedar fire. A room of whose possibilities the most had been made, full of the personality of its tenants; a room where a man was very apt to get a sense of repose and ministration—chief requirements of the masculine nature.

Edward Lamb found its effect like that, leaning at ease in a homely big chair that had the knack, like all the chairs at this house, of fitting the human frame. A large, fair man, slightly inclining to stoutness, he was of that type of Irish beauty that involves wholesome, clear skin, flushed with delicate rosiness, abundant blonde hair, and deep blue eyes, with more sleepy tenderness than was strictly essential behind their long, thick lashes.

"I'm very fearful I'm in for another fortnight," he said; "not much chance of the roads opening while this sort of thing goes on."

Miss Soulsby left the window, and came back to her low seat on the hearth, laughing. The impatience of his words was so completely at variance with the deliberation and contentment of his tone.

"Possess your soul in patience," she said. "It is only a question of days for *you*, and then——" She made an expressive little gesture of farewell and departure.

"And you?—are not you coming East some day?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, with a certain blithe skepticism, "when we sell a mine!"

Mr. Lamb smiled at her satirical touch upon the sanguine creed of the camp. "Ledyard was wondering what could keep me here," he said, inconsequently; "a Bohemian born, for whom the noise and hurry of cities is as the breath of life."

Madelon Soulsby looked at him intently. "Well," she said, a little sharply, "what *has* kept you?"

And yet he knew that she was perfectly aware what had kept him. Idlers both, they could hardly have counted the long, companionable afternoons they had spent together that winter. The little town was agog with the Irishman's infatuation. It would have needed more than their joint asseveration to have convinced the gossips that between these two no love-making had been.

"Yes, I ought to have gone last week," he said, ignoring her audacity, "when Ledyard went."

"Why did you not go?" she persisted.

The household cat had leaped upon her lap—a vicious, big beast, whose claws had a wicked way of unsheathing themselves upon fondling fingers. Mr. Lamb found himself dwelling on the fact that he never had seen Dick so requite Miss Soulsby's careless endearments. The lazy creature laid himself luxuriously across her knees, like a great, gray muff, as the girl nestled her hands on his warm fur—delicate hands those, always cold; not clammy, but cold with a firm and reticent force of their own.

Some day—who knows?—it may be made a penal offense—their exercise of this capacity some women have for indirect challenge; this tacit wooing that perhaps overweighs a man's prerogative of outspeaking.

Edward Lamb was a phlegmatic man enough ordinarily, and little given to impulses; but just now he would have bartered his soul's salvation for the right to displace Dick's parded fur with his own handsome fair head, to feel that caressing touch press down his throbbing eyelids. To his dying day he would not forget the picture that instant photographed on the retina of his heart. For him, hereafter, no wonder of art nor revelation of living beauty could dispel the memory of the graceful, girlish shape whose quietude told of repression, not inertia; the air of absolute self-confidence and cool, impartial self-disdain; the bright face, with that mocking phase of mingled wooing and warning; the grave, childish wistfulness on that rounded brow; the sweet lips just now curved in scorn; the intent, amber eyes.

Mr. Lamb averted his gaze, and took up a novel from a couch in the inglenook. By the malignity of that perverse Fate who misregulates to inopportunity these crucial moments, it was a novel treating of the domestic adventures of a young journalist, and the pathetic small economies of his wife. Both had read the tale; inevitably their comments must partake of sentimental coloring.

"Is it the manlier way," said Mr. Lamb, with a fine air of unconcern and indifference, "to offer a woman such a life as that?—or would one better protect her from self-sacrifice by keeping silence?"

That man is most fatuous who fancies that a woman will not make instant personal application of such a speech. An exasperating smile of discernment bent Miss Soulsby's lip.

"Men have the prerogative of committing any madness," she said; "with woman rests the veto power of self-protection against such insanity."

"Are you so worldly?"

"I may well be," said the girl, bitterly; "I have known privation all my life long—that teaches the true value of this world's goods."

Involuntarily his gaze fell straight upon her garb—soft, rich gray, its outlines defined here and there by broad bands of gay Roman stripe in some velvety-looking woolen stuff.

"I can not conceive your having known the need of money," he said; "few women are dressed like that——" He stopped, becoming conscious how pointed was his speech.

"Few are," she asserted, laughing, "happily for themselves and the peace of their households. I see. You like my frock—men are so short-sighted—blind bats! You like it, and why? Because it is nicely proportioned, and it is true to its purpose. Do you see?" She held her drapery forward naïvely. "This is a frock for the house—not the sort of costume one would wear on the street. Harmony, adaptability; that is it, not elegance. The whole thing cost me—three dollars."

"What!"

"It is quite true. I paid that for the gray flannel. The bright stripe was the best portion of a worn-out shawl, and I had the buttons," with an air of triumphant conclusion.

Mr. Lamb found something very brave and very pathetic in the simplicity and detail of this confession. This endurance of vanity's mortification appeared heroic as contrasted with the lavish expenditure of other women far less lovely and worthy. But then, men usually are willing to concede great virtue to the practicality that achieves sightly results. If Miss Soulsby's attire had been unbecoming, or if Miss Soulsby's self had been less pleasant to the eye, no doubt her exposition of ways and means might have seemed sordid and revolting in the extreme. Also, some allowance must be made for the attitude of delightful intimacy implied in confidences on a topic so nearly personal as this of toilet matters. Altogether, many things go to modify the triviality in value of discussions—between woman and man—on puerile themes.

"I thank you," said Edward Lamb, almost reverently.

"But this is all in the very worst possible taste," said Miss Soulsby, briskly; "sooth to say, I am in a huge fit of disgust—thanks, no doubt, to the weather. All this might look far more endurable by a warmer light," with a disdainful gesture, comprehending the whole room, with its cheery, make-shift decorations. "Do you know," she went on, while the man sat speechless before her daring—or her innocence, as might be—"I have lately discovered in my nature a vein of strong sensuousness, much to my surprise; for I had fancied myself rather an ascetic person. But no! I delight in pleasant sounds, I feast on beauteous sights, I revel in agreeable odors. Can anything thrill the soul like delicious scents?—the touch of grateful texture charms me!"

She put the gray cat suddenly down upon the red brick hearth, as if with it she decisively set aside poverty, economy, and all sordid and distasteful things. Leaning forward, she stretched her curving hands toward the leaping flame.

"I could never be completely happy while cold," she said, "nor utterly miserable with my body clad in warmth. Oh, I *do* understand how people can sell love and liberty—yes, and honor—for luxury!"

Where was the reserved and maidenly companion of a moment since, with her chaste cameo face and unresponding fingers? This was a young Lamia, full of all sensuous longing, open and unconcealed. Edward Lamb sprang to his feet, and, whirling toward the fire, tore from his bosom a letter he had hidden there. All day it had burned there in his breast, full of its own admonition.

"I would have put it in her hands," he told himself between the muffled plunges of his heart, "but now there is no need. Her own speech has taught me what she feels." He dropped the letter between the cedar logs, with a very storm of passions and temptations warring within him. And yet—so speedily, so silently, are made the decisions that determine human destinies!—before the curled and crackling ash flew upward, black and writhing, a strange revulsion of feeling swept over him, and he loathed himself for the sin he would have done.

He turned reluctant eyes on Madelon Soulsby, afraid and ashamed; and behold, she sat, unconscious and composed as some young saint, her grave brow serious and calm, her delicate hands folded, almost as if for prayer. Had Mr. Lamb come very near making a mistake?

Does a man live who can battle with temptation and overcome it, and then abandon the field without further dalliance with evil? Is it that we like to parade our power and make show of our strength?

"What a *little* creature you are!" said Edward Lamb. "How tall, definitely? Stand up and let me see."

He put out his hand as if to raise her from the chair, but drew back short of her finger-tips. For his life, he dared not now presume by so much as that slight touch. She stood up as simply as a child.

"What was it that Orlando said about his lady's stature?"

"'Just as high as my heart,'"—she barely breathed the words, yet with exquisite tenderness, inclining her head with a movement unspeakably sweet and shy, until her cheek bent just above his throbbing heart, yet quite apart from him.

But before her hair was stirred by the sigh from his drooping lips, she sprang back like a creature at bay, her brow knit in a frown, her eyes blazing indignation and reproach.

"How dare you!" she cried. "What a pitiful pretext! How ingenious! How full of courage!"

What wonder that the fair Irishman blushed for his own poor ruse to bring her near him for a moment! Was this acting? Had she only affected just now to discover his motive? Was his ardor answered by wild rapture in her own undisciplined heart? Or was she like some fair saint, far above the comprehension of earthly passions? Could she have used ignorantly the dangerous phraseology of evil, as a child might play unwittingly with engines of destruction—each innocently vain of its fancied knowledge?

"Come in!" Miss Soulsby's sweet voice followed a knock at the door.

Mr. Lamb's associate came into the room.

"Ledyard telegraphs that the line is open now, and a party is starting out. You have not a moment to spare. No one knows how long we may be shut in here, once the spring thaws set in."

And so, before the curious scrutiny of this observer, they closed the day and bade each other but a formal adieu.

SCENE II.

Mr. Edward Lamb brought to its close a letter, sitting in the reading-room of a hotel in the city at the western seagate. Sundry influences had delayed its completion; he had but just come to the end of his transcontinental trip; a certain sense of freedom and elation was still new enough to intoxicate him, heart and brain; he could not put out of his mind his sensation, when, crossing the bay from the train, he first caught sight of the city looming ahead like some mighty monster in bronze. And an acquaintance he had made had restrained him for a time.

He was but just putting pen to paper when he was greeted by a fellow journalist, who presently introduced Mr. Lamb to a man sitting near; a man whose name stands historic in the records of the State, whose position and great wealth might have commanded the younger man's attention. Beyond these, his interest had been won by the mellow wisdom and gentle shrewdness of this quiet, kindly potentate, who, as per the Pacific journalists' dictum, "owned half a county."

Even now, despite the vital interest of the lines he was writing, Mr. Lamb found his mind and his eyes straying toward his neighbor. The fine small head, venerable with its scant white hair and flowing gray beard, was in relief against the wall, that threw up all its wholesome freshness and calm benevolence. Mr. Lamb found a sort of fascination in this contemplation, and divided his attention pretty equally between the gentleman and the letter.

As he folded the sheet, he lifted his eyes toward the general staircase; coming down from the floor above was the woman he was addressing.

Self-possessed, and easily poised, she came toward him with the old free step and the old impenetrable challenge on brow and lip—a little warmer of tint, a little brighter of eye than when they parted. It was only when she had come very close to him that he noted the exceeding richness of her attire, worn with the same careless grace as the old-time flannel.

"She does become fine raiment!" his thought exulted, "and yet she would not seem *endimanchée* in cloth of gold."

She paused beside his chair, and looked straight into his kindling, deep blue eyes with her own unwavering gaze.

"To think I meet you here!" he said; "I was sending you a letter to El Paraiso—see! Take it—read it now! Incoherent as it is, it will speak as my lips can not."

He put the paper into her reluctant hand.

"I would better not read it, I think," she said, gently; "let me explain first"——

"*Read!*" he said, almost fiercely, and she read slowly down the page:

It was a year since I had heard one word of you [the letter ran, with that abrupt beginning which signifies absolute absorption] when Ledyard, writing, mentioned casually that in passing through El Paraiso he had met you there. The next day I started West again. I am here, but I dare not go farther until I send in advance my explanation—not an excuse, mind—for what seemed a cruel and cowardly retreat when we parted out yonder—you remember the bleak and hopeless day. The fight I fought that afternoon has disabled me ever since; but also it has strengthened me. Can you understand that? No; no woman can understand what it meant to have you there before my eyes, within reach of my arms, and to leave you. To know your sordid surroundings, to hear of your privations, to see you beating your wings against your prison bars, and to know that the pleasures and luxuries I would have heaped upon you I must render in unwilling tribute to a woman I abhorred. You did not know—no one on this side knew—that I had a wife. I married her in London when I was just of age. She was an honest woman—I would have divorced her else; but her coarse and vulgar nature made my life a hell. I gave up everything to her, and came over to New York. She was nestled in luxury, and you were in actual want! Now you understand the temptation I battled with out yonder. I had a wild dream of carrying you away with me. How you would have reigned a little queen in the bright and careless set I knew! Just as that wonderful adaptability will make you now the most finished and gracious of *grandes dames*. I had a letter from *her* in my hand that day, and burned it in your cedar fire when I thought to do you that wrong. But the look on your face drove back my words, thank God! and I can offer you now a guiltless future, for the woman who was my wife is dead. I am following this letter to-morrow. Faithfully yours, EDWARD LAMB.

She had grown very pale. She looked up with a gasp, one hand on her heart. Before Mr. Lamb could speak, could touch her, the gray-haired man he had been watching had come to her side.

"What is it, Madelon?"

No voice of youth ever held half the tenderness of that old man's tone.

She made a brave attempt to smile in reassurance.

"It was foolish—I am a little nervous to-day, perhaps—and—Mr. Lamb has given me, in this letter, ill news of an old friend. I will go away and rest a little from the shock. But first let me introduce—— What, Mr. Lamb? Have you already met—my husband?" M. F. W.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 21, 1884.

---

Laura Johnson, a Milwaukee girl, became so indignant on reading a letter from her betrothed, in which he expressed the desire to break off their engagement, that she tried to snatch the engagement ring from her finger, but it was so firmly fixed that she could not remove it. Seeing a hatchet near by, she then deliberately chopped the finger off and sent it, with the ring attached, to the faithless lover.

---

A Berlin engineer, Mr. Hagemann, has perfected an invention designed to dispense with type-setting. His machine has a stamp for every letter, point, etc., with which an impression is made upon pasteboard matrices, which are susceptible to correction, and are immediately ready for the metal. He claims the working capacity of the machine to be three times as great as the present mode of type-setting.

---

The late Duke of Albany was the last person who wore at Oxford the silk gown and velvet and gold-tasseled cap of a nobleman—from which cap arose the phrase, "tuft-hunting."

## WILL BAKER PASHA BE PARDONED?

"Cockaigne's" London Letter.

The most engrossing topic of conversation in all circles at present seems unquestionably to be the proposed reinstatement in the army of Colonel Valentine Baker—or Baker Pasha, as he is best known nowadays—and the incidents of the event which caused his social downfall are called back to mind and discussed with an interest as keen as though they took place yesterday.

In order to understand the matter properly, it will be necessary to go back to the year 1875, in the summer of which year Valentine Baker was the lieutenant-colonel of the Tenth Hussars, one of the, if not *the*, swellest light-cavalry regiments in the service. He had been in the service since before the Crimean War, and had served throughout that campaign as a lieutenant in the Twelfth Lancers. After that he saw service in India and China, and became noted not alone for those dashing qualities and good looks which are supposed by the readers of "Ouida" to distinguish all typical "plungers"—as light-cavalry officers are called—but for a thorough knowledge of his profession, particularly that branch which embraces light cavalry tactics. Indeed, when he became commanding officer of the famous Tenth, he was looked upon as the finest light-cavalry officer in the service, and his career as a successful general in the next European war that should break out and involve England was accepted as a foregone conclusion in the minds of his admirers.

Although a married man, with nearly grown children, and though streaks of white were growing painfully marked in his drooping mustache, he retained with the fair sex those fascinating graces of speech and manner which had ever made him the charming companion he was, alike in drawing-room, boudoir, club smoking-room, or at regimental mess-table. Brilliant, handsome, gifted, clever, brave, and able, he was a favorite among men and a pet among women. He was a great friend of the Prince of Wales—or rather, more properly speaking, the Prince of Wales was a great friend of his. The Prince was the colonel of the Tenth Hussars (an honorary position which gives pay and uniform without requiring any duty in return), and his being so, of course, gave an extra éclat to the corps and its officers.

In June, 1875, the Tenth were quartered at Aldershot, and on the afternoon of the seventeenth day of that month, Colonel Baker left North Camp Station by the South-western train for London, occupying a first-class compartment all to himself. At Woking Station, just as the bell was rung to start the train on again, a wagonette and pair dashed into the station yard. In it were Mr. Dickinson (a gentleman residing in the vicinity), who was driving, his wife, daughter, and groom. With barely time to catch the train, the first compartment Mr. Dickinson reached he opened the door of, and put his daughter into. It happened to be Colonel Baker's. I don't know if her father thought anything about it at the time; but as it turned out it was the most unfortunate selection that could have been made for both its passengers. Had Miss Dickinson been put into any other compartment in the whole train, her name and fame would not be the public property it has been for years, and the promising career of one of the cleverest officers in the army blighted.

Miss Dickinson was known as a great beauty at this time. It was the period when blondes were all the rage, and she was regarded as a sample to swear by. Her brother was an officer in the Royal Engineers, and she herself was by no means unknown at garrison balls and places where officers do mostly resort; and her golden hair and azure eyes were set off by a form and figure that might have been a model for a sculptor. Nor was her dress the least of her attractions. On the present occasion she was dressed in a short traveling costume of blue serge, which fitted her like a glove, and displayed beneath her scant draperies—it being the zenith of the "pull-back" period—a pair of fairy-like feet in patent-leather boots and golden-clocked blue silk stockings. A jaunty blue velvet round hat with a white gull's feather in it crowned her head, while a narrow strip of black lace served as an excuse for a mask veil.

A friend of mine who happened to be in the train, has given me this description, accompanying it with the remark:

"If the judge had seen her then, perhaps he wouldn't have been so hard on Baker."

It may perhaps be only fair to remark here, without wishing to say aught against the young lady, that her reputation among those who knew her was one that would lead a person into calling herfree in her manners with men.

At all events the train went puffing on again, and everything seemed all right until it stopped at Clapham Junction. Then the passengers were thrown into a great state of excitement by the intelligence that when the train had come dashing up to the platform, the door of Colonel Baker's compartment was wide open, and the colonel holding fast with one hand to Miss Dickinson, who stood hatless upon the step outside. A great commotion followed. With many tears and sobs the golden-haired beauty told her story, the gallant Baker was taken into custody, the young lady's relations telegraphed for, and the train went on its way again.

Briefly, Miss Dickinson's story was that she did not know Colonel Baker even by sight; that the train had hardly left Woking when he entered into conversation with her; that her short replies had no effect, but that in spite of her coldness his manner became more familiar and his language improper, his offensive actions culminating in his stooping down and grasping her by one of her ankles; that thereupon she jumped up and tried to set the alarm in motion, but being intercepted by Colonel Baker, and not knowing what else to do, she sprang to the door, burst it open and swung herself out upon the steps, the train going at the time at the rate of forty miles an hour; that Colonel Baker sprang after her, and, unable to draw her back into the compartment, held her firmly from falling, as she might otherwise have done. In reply, Colonel Baker had not a word to say, except to give an absolute denial to the whole story, or at least Miss Dickinson's version of it. The affair happening during the height of the London season, and Colonel Baker being so prominent a member of society, the consternation it created in all quarters can be imagined. Many people simply wouldn't believe it, and Miss Dickinson was sharply criticised, by women especially. No young lady ever travels by train alone in England—at least, no parent who has his daughter's safety at heart would permit her to do so—and that was advanced as excuse enough for whatever happened.

But at length at the Croydon Assizes, before Mr. Justice Tush of the Queen's Bench, Colonel Baker was tried for criminal assault, and Miss Dickinson repeated her tale under oath. Naturally, in a case of the kind, a woman, if she be a lady, and especially if she be pretty, has it all her own way. In England, too, a man can't testify in his own behalf, and the stunning beauty of Miss Dickinson captured every heart. What were a man's past services to his country, or future career, put in the balance with an injured woman like that, even though her story lacked a tenable corroborative circumstance to bear out her unsupported statements? Colonel Baker was defended by Mr. Hawkins, Q. C., the leading criminal lawyer at the time, who has since become a judge of the High Court of Justice, and I remember that his defense was thought to have been far from an able one. Among many points missed by him was failing to lay any stress on the fact of Baker holding Miss Dickinson from falling. Had he been the scoundrel she described him, or had he any reason to expect she would accuse him of anything, he would not have been so anxious to save from injury the only witness agains him.

However, Colonel Baker was convicted, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment in Maidstone jail, and a fine of five hundred pounds. Until then public opinion was, in a measure, suspended; but upon his conviction there wasn't any punishment severe enough for him; no degradation sufficient to show public detestation of his conduct. He was cashiered from the army, losing his commission money—the same being the modest sum of six thousand pounds; he was expelled from all his clubs, and disgraced in every way. The Queen, to show her special resentment, sent for Miss Dickinson to come and see her at Buckingham Palace, and commiserated with her. In fact, she tried to make a heroine of her. But she couldn't make that go. If people were down upon Baker, they had a lingering admiration for him that made them dislike the cause of his downfall. And, besides, there were people who knew Miss Dickinson pretty well, and though Colonel Baker, neither at the trial nor in any public manner, ever said a word to injure her, it somehow got whispered about that she had given more encouragement to his advances than were in keeping with modesty, and that the ankle-grasping episode had been a rather natural result of a request from her to button her boot. So, altogether, though she succeeded in ruining Valentine Baker, she pretty effectually ruined herself into the bargain. There is one thing that I have heard, and I give it for what it is worth: It has been said that Colonel Baker got into a rather similar scrape in India once. The Prince of Wales stood his friend through the whole trouble, but when it was over he could do no more. He went to Baker's cell before his term of confinement began, and bade him good-bye, and that was the last of him as a gentleman.

Baker underwent his sentence like a stoic, and upon its termination left England and offered his services to Turkey. The war of 1876, with Russia, was just on, and the Sultan was only too glad to get such a man. He was made a pasha and given the command of the cavalry, and from that day to the present Valentine Baker has been in the Sultan's service. He introduced various reforms, and improved the Turkish army in a way and with a rapidity that has excited the admiration of Europe. When Suleiman Pasha was defeated he covered his retreat in a masterly manner, and with twenty-five hundred men kept thirty thousand Russians in check. Since then his advice upon Eastern subjects has been eagerly sought by the British government. His recent labors in Egypt are too well known to require comment. A man who can do such things in the face of what would crush most men must necessarily win the admiration of his fellow-beings, and especially of his countrymen. A reaction in popular feeling long since set in, and now it has culminated in a pronounced movement in favor of his being reinstated in the army. Naturally there is considerable opposition. In the main it may be said to come from officers inferior to him in every way, who fear his superior ability. The Prince of Wales is working hard; but the Queen, true to her obstinate prejudices, so far remains obdurate. Letters by the hundred, pro and con, from people of every description, many from ladies (all of whom are on Baker's side), fill the columns of the daily and weekly press; and if nothing more comes of it, it will at least have afforded people something to talk about and quarrel over. If the most sensible opinions prevail, the man will be restored to his rank and position. He has been punished enough for, at the most, a half-hour's folly, and England's army is too weak in generals to spare such a one as he would make.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, April 2, 1884.

---

Parisian life, and, above all, the life of an actress or singer in Paris, is not supposed to be stimulating in a religious way. But Miss Emma Nevada seems to have had a contrary experience. As the papers have already noticed, she has lately joined the Catholic Church; the accounts in the French papers are recently to hand. They seem to have taken a great deal of notice of the event, and pronounce it one of the best advertised and most stunning spectacles of the season. With Mrs. Mackay and Monsieur Gounod as sponsors, it could hardly have been otherwise. There were no end of notabilia and gorgeous toilets present. The general impression seems to be that Miss Nevada has what we would call a very level head, and that she has done a remarkably clever thing for her temporal as well as her spiritual welfare.

---

W. H. Vanderbilt acknowledges himself worth one hundred and forty millions of dollars. The wealth of the Duke of Westminster, the richest man in England, is estimated at two hundred millions.

## PICTURES FROM LIFE.

The Pretty Girl and the Masher.

A very pretty girl, attired in a long seal dolman and carrying an alligator-skin bag with initials in silver on the outside, stood at Vesey Street and Broadway, New York, waiting for a Sixth Avenue car. A youth of about twenty-one or twenty-two years was also awaiting the car, and he occasionally glanced at the pretty girl, who turned indignantly away from him. When the car stopped the youth stood at the back step to assist the maiden to enter, but she wheeled about when she noticed his gallant intention and went in by the front door. The youth smiled languidly, entered the car, and sat down opposite the pretty girl, at the front window, whereupon she angrily turned and looked out at the horses.

The conductor observed this pantomime, and regarded the youth with a scowl. When he began to collect fares at the front end, the young lady got out her purse while the youth was feeling in his pocket, and paid her transportation fee. The youth handed the conductor a dime, without noticing that the pretty girl had paid, and said: "Two." The conductor handed him back five cents, with an ugly glance, and the girl looked harder at the horses than ever, whereat the youth smiled with a great deal of amusement. An old gentleman got into the car, and sat down near the girl, and the conductor kept his eyes upon the youth. Other passengers entered, and a policeman stood on the platform with the conductor.

Presently the old gentleman noticed that the youth kept his eyes upon the pretty girl, and smiled whenever she dared to turn her glance away from the window, and that her eyes fairly blazed with anger as she turned from him. The conductor spoke to the policeman, and policeman, conductor, old gentleman, and all the rest of the passengers began to glance at the youth. The old gentleman was the first to interfere.

"What do you mean, sir," he said, "by annoying this young lady in that outrageous manner?"

The youth stopped smiling and said, softly: "If it isn't too much trouble, I'd be very much obliged if you'd mind your own business."

"You young puppy!" roared the old gentleman, "I'll see to you! I'll see to you! I'll see if young ladies are to be publicly insulted by such ruffians as you are! I'll make an example of you!"

"Oh, don't; please don't do anything!" said the pretty girl, imploringly. "Please don't make a scene!"

"My dear young lady," said the old gentleman, gallantly, "you shall not be embarrassed, I assure you; but I have daughters myself, and it is a duty I owe to the public to make an example of this scamp. Conductor!"

The conductor advanced very willingly into the car, followed by the policeman, and all the passengers gazed at the youth, who only smiled more broadly than ever.

"Put this little puppy off the car," said the old gentleman to the conductor.

The conductor rang the bell and said to the youth: "Come, now, git off the kyar!"

"What for?" asked the youth.

"Fer mashin'," replied the conductor. "Come, now, start, or I'll t'row yer off!"

"If you touch me," said the youth, very quietly, "I'll break your thick head."

The policeman had been anxiously awaiting his opportunity, and now saw his chance.

"Well, you won't break my head," he remarked, taking out his club and elbowing the conductor, the old gentleman, and the excited passengers aside, while a crowd collected in the street and looked in the car windows.

"Stop, stop," screamed the pretty girl, throwing herself between the youth and the officer. "Ah, please, please don't hurt him. He's my brother!"

"What!" shouted the policeman in a tone of intense disgust.

"What!" echoed the conductor, the old gentleman, the driver, and the rest of the passengers.

"Yes, she's my sister," asserted the youth, seating himself beside her. "And you're all a pack of infernal idiots," he added.

"I don't believe it," the old gentleman said after a breathless pause. "What were you treating each other in that manner for if you are brother and sister?"

"She's a little mad because I wouldn't take her to the circus this afternoon, that's all," replied the youth.

"And I'm—I'm awfully ashamed of it, too," said the pretty girl, beginning to cry. "And I think you're an awfully stupid old thing to make such a fuss," she added, passionately, to the old gentleman.

"Perhaps," suggested the youth to the conductor, who, with the policeman, still gazed speechlessly upon them; "perhaps, as you've stopped about a dozen cars behind you, if you should ring that bell and start the procession, the funeral may get up to Eleventh Street in the course of the afternoon."

The conductor, utterly crushed, rang the bell. The policeman looked foolish. The old gentleman seemed hopelessly cast down, and the other passengers have not ceased yet to congratulate themselves that they did not get an opportunity to take part in the controversy.—*New York Times.*

---

The English cricket world rejoices that Spofforth, the great Australian cricketer, changed, at the last moment, his expressed intention of not coming over to England this year, and sailed with the rest of the team, which is stated to be, without doubt, the strongest which has ever left the colony. The amount of bowling talent is in excess of anything ever seen in a single team.

---

Sims Reeves says he is his own doctor, and knows his own throat, the ills it is subject to, and the remedies needed, better than any one can tell him. He avoids reading books or articles about the throat, and thinks that to study diagrams of the vocal chords, etc., would give him the nightmare.

# SOCIETY.

### The Sanderson Reception.

On Friday evening of last week Mrs. Judge Sanderson gave a reception, at her residence, corner of Octavia and Sacramento streets, to Mrs. George W. Pullman and the ladies of her party, Mrs. A. J. Caton and Mrs. H. O. Stone. The reception lasted from nine till twelve. During the evening a number of songs were charmingly sung by Miss Sibyl Sanderson and Miss Holladay. Mrs. Sanderson received her guests in a robe of black satin, long court train elaborately embroidered in jet, with jet fringe trimmings; corsage high; collar of point lace; diamond jewels. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. McCoppin, who wore a dress of purple silk, with satin tablier to match, trimmed with fringes of iridescent beads. Supper was served at eleven o'clock, and the guests separated shortly after midnight. The following were the more noticeable costumes:

Mrs. Pullman—a robe of blue satin, trimmed with point lace; long court train; diamond brooch, ear-rings, and bracelets.

Mrs. Caton—a Worth dress of old-gold satin, long court train; overdress of silk brocaded black gauze; corsage square; the sleeves consisted of a wide network of jet; diamond jewels.

Mrs. Stone—a robe of purple brocaded velvet, long court train; diamond jewels.

Miss Sibyl Sanderson—a dress of white Ottoman silk, trimmed with chenille and white satin; corsage square; diamond jewels.

Miss Gertrude Sanderson—a princesse dress of white crêpe, trimmed with white satin.

Mrs. Peter Donahue—a robe of black satin; tablier trimmed with jet.

Baroness Von Schroeder—Worth robe of white surah satin, brocaded with velvet flowers; corsage square; point lace; diamond aigrette and bracelets.

Mrs. Captain Taylor—a Worth dress of dark bronze satin, court train; trimmings of crême satin; corsage square, edged with real point d'Alençon; coiffure high, with diamond comb and; diamond bracelets and ear-rings.

Mrs. Goad—robe of blue satin brocaded in flowers; court train; diamond rivière and pendant of solitaires.

Mrs. L. Henry Newton—white satin brocade, demi-train; trimmings, point lace; diamonds and pearl jewels.

Mrs. Boardman—robe of black velvet; court train; point lace and diamonds.

Mrs. A. N. Towne—*café-au lait* satin, long train; diamond jewels.

Miss Ashe—white tulle, flounced skirt and train; lace drapery; diamonds.

Miss Holladay—white crêpe trimmed with white satin; drapery of light blue figured satin; diamond jewels.

Miss Ruth Holladay—white satin trimmed with point lace; corsage square; pearl jewels.

Miss Morrison—blue crêpe trimmed with light blue hand-embroidered satin bands; diamonds.

Miss Ada Johnson—robe of light blue crêpe, court train; point lace; turquoises and pearls.

Miss Maynard—waist of white crêpe, skirt consisting of tulle and point lace in flounces; low corsage; diamonds.

Mrs. Deming—white satin trimmed with point de Venise lace; pearl jewels.

Among the guests present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCoppin, Captain and Mrs. Floyd, Mrs. Senator Oulton, Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder, Mr. and Mrs. L. Henry Newton, General W. H. L. Barnes, General J. F. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Goad, Mr. Charles Webb Howard, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Deming, Mr. William Crocker, Mr. Friedlander, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Burke Holladay, Mr. Oulton, and others.

### The Grant Reception.

The reception given by Mrs. Adam Grant, at her handsomely reconstructed residence on Bush Street, on Saturday last, was a most charming event. It was a matchless Saturday, and so the brilliant beauties of our metropolis, clad in the choicest silks and velvets of France, and in the daintiest laces of Belgium, and sparkling with the purest diamonds from Brazil, assembled in goodly numbers at the elegant home of one of the most delightful of all our California ladies. It was even more sunshiny within than without. What with flowers of all hues and the kaleidoscopic colors of indescribable conceits of the modiste, exhilarating music, and an abundance of merriment and congeniality, how could it have been otherwise, indeed? Hospitality was expressed, also, in gastronomic go-as-you please designs, while the constant effervescing of champagne, showed that the lady of the house maintains, with Thackeray, that "there is no hilarity in lemonade." The majority of those who attended in the afternoon were married people, so there was no dancing until evening, although Ballenberg tried in vain to tempt the fantastic toe with an occasional transcription from Jullien or Strauss. In the afternoon Mrs. Grant was dressed in a cardinal satin princess robe, trimmed with iridescent beads. She was very pleasantly assisted by Mrs. Thomas Breeze, who wore a costume of richly embroidered black satin. Miss Breeze was present with her mother in a short costume of white crêpe with loopings of white satin ribbons. Among those present during the afternoon were:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Main, Mrs. Main in an elegant dark satin richly and elaborately embroidered in colors, and white plush capote, and plumes of same color: Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder, the baroness in blue velvet and bonnet to match: Mr. and Mrs. Goad, Mrs. Goad in a superb blue satin with chantilly lace trimmings; Mr. and Mrs. Boardman, Mrs. Boardman in an elegant costume and bonnet to match; Mr. and Mrs. Ben C. Truman, Mrs. Truman in a Russian gray cloth and brocaded velvet, *bouquet de corsage* of crushed roses, and pink crêpe bonnet with pink plumes; Mr. and Mrs. Finley, Mrs. Finley in a black satin and black lace bonnet; Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Donahue; General McDowell and daughter, Miss McDowell in scarlet satin trimmed with white lace and white bonnet; Mr. and Mrs. Delmas, Mrs. Delmas in a handsome light costume and bonnet to match; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. Dean in a brilliant costume; Mrs. Clayton, very handsomely attired; Mrs. Swift, in black velvet; Mrs. Dr. McNulty in dark green velvet and bonnet; Mrs. Peter Donahue, in a marvelously handsome combination costume and imported bonnet; Mrs. Eleanor Martin, in black velvet, *en train*, and apron of white satin richly embroidered, white poke bonnet and plumes; Mrs. Daniel Cook, in a dark costume, *conquet de corsage* of rosebuds, and dark capote; Mrs. Rutherford, in pink brocaded satin, *en train*; Mrs. L. L. Baker, in a magnificent crimson costume and small bonnet of the same material; Mrs. E. B. Crocker, in black satin profusely trimmed with lace; Mrs. Theresa Fair, in an attractive combination of black and pink satin, and bonnet to match; Mrs. Captain Taylor, in a dark costume and lace bonnet; Miss Li die Hawkins, in an exquisitely fitting costume of two shades of blue, and light straw hat trimmed with lace; Mrs. S. F. Thorn, in dark gown and bonnet; Mrs. Hawkins in steel gray; Mrs. R. C. Hooker, in very pretty Ottoman silk in one of the new shades of gray, and capote of like material; Mrs. Colonel Granniss, in garnet velvet trimmed with point lace and bonnet to match; Mrs. Garniss, in black satin and white bonnet; Mrs. Girvin, in a pretty light costume and lace bonnet; Mrs. Kittle, Mrs. Clark Crocker, Charles Crocker, Charles Webb Howard, Le Roy Nickel, Truxton Beale, Colonel Forsyth, and others.

### The Lunch-party at Black Point.

On Friday last, Mrs. General Pope entertained Mrs. George W. Pullman and Mrs. Caton, of Chicago, at Black Point. In the morning a party consisting of Major-Gen ral and Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Pullman and Mrs. Caton, General Miles, who recently came down from Oregon, General and Mrs. Bingham, Major and Mrs. Drum, Captain and Mrs. Taylor, Lieutenant and Mrs. Emmett, Major Darling, Major Jones, and Major Kimball, sailed in the United States steamer *McPherson* outside the heads and around the harbor, visiting different points of interest. About noon time they returned to Black Point and partook of an elegant luncheon.

### The Bigelow Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Bigelow gave a reception last week at their residence on McAllister Street, at which a large number of friends were present to bid farewell to Mrs. Bigelow's sister, Mrs. Williams, who has returned to her home in Santa Barbara after a month's visit in this city. About half-past nine the guests partook of an elaborate supper in the dining-room.

### Reception at the Navy Yard.

Last Tuesday evening, Commodore and Mrs. Russell celebrated the twentieth anniversary of their wedding, at their home in Mare Island. The rooms were elegantly decorated with flowers, and the band from the flag-ship played for dancing. The steam-launch *Nellie* conveyed guests to and from the Vallejo side. At eleven o'clock an elaborate supper was served in the dining *salon*. Among those present were:

Captain and Mrs. Rodgers, Commander and Mrs. Glass, Pay Director and Mrs. Fulton, Captain and Mrs. McNair, Paymaster and Mrs. Redfield, Civil Engineer and Mrs. Walcott, Commander and Mrs. Kempff, Constructor and Mrs. Much, Surgeon Dickinson, Surgeon and Mrs. Schofield, Chief Engineer and Mrs. Kutz, Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Marthon, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. English, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson, Lieutenant Qualtraugh, Mrs. James Heron, Miss Treadway, Miss Irwin, Mrs. Roe, Mrs. Porter, the Misses Russell, Miss Gregory, Miss Rida Bradley, Miss Nellie Much, Miss Wyman, Medical Inspector Kindleberger, Pay Inspector Dennison, W. P. White, Lieutenant Blocklinger, Major Collier, U. S. M. C., Captain Brown, U. S. M. C., Lieutenant Barnett, U. S. M. C., Surgeon T. C. Heyl, Ensign Bronough, Walter Mallard, Lieutenant Hutchins, George Roe, and Paymaster Stancliff.

### Reception on the "Independence."

Friday afternoon the officers of the Navy Yard gave a grand reception to the officers of the United States steamship *Hartford*. The music was furnished by a string band selected from the *Hartford's* brass band. A large number of the officers and their wives were present, and many ladies went up from the city to partake of the festivities. During the reception an elegant supper was served. Among those present were:

Lieutenant and Mrs. Qualtraugh, Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Marthon, Lieutenant Nickels, Pay Inspector Dennison, Medical Inspector Kindleberger, Chief Engineer Moore, Lieutenant Rodman, Mr. Gow, Doctor Dixon, Doctor Bransford, Lieutenant Staton, and Captain Brown, U. S. M. C., from the *Hartford*. From the *Hassler* there were Lieutenant Blocklinger, Master Bronaugh, Engineer Warburton, and Ensign White. From the *Independence* were Captain and Mrs. Rodgers, Paymaster and Mrs. Stancliff, Doctor and Mrs. Heyl, and Master Guertin. From the Navy Yard were Commodore and Mrs. Russell, Pay Director and Mrs. Fulton, Captain and Mrs. McNair, Paymaster and Mrs. Redfield, Commodore and Mrs. Kempff, Commodore and Mrs. Glass, Civil Engineer and Mrs. Wolcott, Captain and Mrs. Williams, Surgeon Schofield, Chief Engineer Kutz, Doctor Dickinson, Lieutenants Moses and Barnett of the United States Marine Corps, Mr. P. B. Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. Warren, Paymaster and Mrs. Colby, Lieutenant and Mrs. Vreeland, Mrs. McNutt, Mr. and Miss Haraszthy, Mr. and Miss Brayton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. Secor, Mrs. William Brown, Mrs. English, the Misses Russell, Miss Heyl, Miss Everett, Miss Cassie Adams, Miss Ena Tucker, Miss Finlay, Miss Jennings, Miss Harrison, Miss Cristol, Miss Gregory, Miss Woods, Miss Irwin, the Misses Maynard, the Misses Thornton, Miss M. Thornton, Miss Meares, Captain and Mrs. Metcalf of Benicia, Miss Regensberger, Miss Wyman of Oakland, Miss Febiger, Miss Annie Williams, Miss Bradley, and Miss Klink.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Captain and Mrs. Floyd leave for their Clear Lake country seat next week.

Mrs. McCoppin, who has recently been visiting Mrs. Judge Sanderson, is now staying with her sister, Mrs. Van Ness. She will return to her country place at San Luis Obispo week after next.

General Rosecrans will remain in the East until August. His son, Mr. Frederick Rosecrans, has recently taken a residence in Oakland for the summer.

Mrs. General Ord is now staying at Old Point Comfort, in the residense placed at her disposal by the Government.

Mrs. E. B. Dunham and Miss Carrie Wadsworth arrived from Honolulu on the 22d instant.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, accompanied by Miss Champion Mrs. Scott's niece (now visiting them from England), went down to Monterey last Saturday.

John D. Rockafeller, of New York, President of the Standard Oil Company, is staying with his family in Los Angeles.

Colonel and Mrs. Frederick Crocker and child went down to Monterey last week, accompanied by Mrs. A. M. Easton.

Mrs. F. B. Reynolds will chaperone a party of young ladies at Litton's this summer, to be composed of Miss Jeanette Reynolds, Miss Sallie Stetson, Miss Emily Kirk, and Miss Emma Allman.

Sir John Buck and family arrived on the *Mariposa* last Tuesday from the Sandwich Islands.

Judge Lorenzo Sawyer returned from his Eastern trip the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Britton, of Washington, D. C., who have recently been the guests of General Bidwell, of Chico, came down to the city on Sunday. Mr. Britton is one of the most prominent lawyers at the national capital.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone and children, accompanied by Miss Woodward and Mr. R. B. Woodward, went down to Monterey on Saturday.

Mrs. H. O. Stone, of the Pullman party, went down to Monterey last week, accompanied by Miss Pullman.

Bishop and Mrs. Kip arrived in Los Angeles on Friday of last week, on their southern trip.

Thurlow McMullin returned from the Hawaiian Islands this week.

Ex-Senator Fair has gone to Quijotoa.

Mrs. Horace Davis went to Monterey on the 16th instant, for a sojourn of a week or two.

Mrs. J. W. Conner and family—with the exception of Miss Julia, who leaves on the first for New York—will spend the summer at Litton's.

General and Miss Hutchinson have returned from Monterey.

Ex-Governor and Mrs. Low and Miss Flora Low will leave next Thursday for Honolulu.

Mrs. J. A. Faull and family leave for Litton Springs about the first of May, to spend the summer.

Miss Jennie Sullivan has returned from her visit to Mrs. General Crook, in Arizona.

Commodore and Mrs. Harrison have gone to their home in Sau celito, to remain until thei; departure for Europe.

Miss Pool is visiting Miss Dickinson, at the Navy Yard, Mare Island.

Mrs. John Parrott and Miss May Parrott have left for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. De Guigné will reside this summer in their cottage at Baywood.

Mrs. Henry Scott departs on the *Mariposa* next week for the Sandwich Islands.

Captain and Mrs. Payson, Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott Jr., and Judge and Mrs. Hayne will summer at Baywood.

Miss Bullard, who has been the guest of Mrs. Willie Howard, will return to her home in the East shortly.

Mrs. Willie Howard is going East very shortly, to be gone several months.

Mrs. D. A. McKinley, wife of the U. S. Consul at Honolulu, will return home, accompanied by her daughter, on Thursday's steamer.

Mrs. Dr. Dickinson, of Mare Island, is entertaining Miss Wyman.

Paymaster and Mrs. Colby and Miss Haraszthy are visiting Mrs. James Fulton at the Navy Yard.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson, of this city, are visiting Mrs. Commander Glass (Mr. Johnson's sister) at the Navy Yard.

The Misses Irwin and Regensberger are visiting Lieutenant and Mrs. Cutts at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall leave for the Hawaiian Islands Thursday.

### Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant Chamberlain, First Artillery, U. S. A., is ordered to duty at West Point, but will probably not leave until August first.

The telegraphic dispatch from Washington, published a few days ago, stating that the First and Second Cavalry would be ordered to exchange stations, has not yet been confirmed. No orders have, as yet, been forwarded to this department.

Lieutenant Buhner, of the United States Revenue Marine, assumed on Sunday permanent command of the revenue launch *John F. Hartley*, vice Lieutenant Hall, recently made chief officer of the revenue cutter *Thomas Corwin*. Lieutenant Lutz, temporary commander of the *Hartley*, has gone to his old post on the *Corwin*. This cutter will shortly leave for the north.

Commander James H. Sands, U. S. N., of the *Iroquois*, Department of the Pacific (now on the western coast of South America), has been detached. Commander Yates Sterling, from the Navy Yard at Washington, will take his place.

Lieutenant J. J. B. Bleecker has been detached from the *Minnesota* and ordered to the Pacific Squadron.

Mrs. McDougal, wife of the late Rear-Admiral McDougal, has been granted a pension by Congress.

Lieutenant Seabury, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Wachusetts*, of the Pacific Squadron, and now doing duty off the coast of South America.

The *Hartford* came down from the Navy Yard on Thursday.

On Friday afternoon, of last week, the officers of the *Hartford* gave a reception to the officers of the Navy Yard. The officers of the *Hassler* were present also.

Mr. George Spencer is going East to be absent for six weeks.

Hon. S. W. Holladay is spending a week at Santa Cruz.

### Notes and Gossip.

The youngest daughter of Senator Jones, now in Washington, has just recovered from a very serious illness.

Governor Stanford's private car, the *Stanford*, went East on Sunday attached to the overland train. The Stanfords will remain in New York, however, for a month or more, before returning to San Francisco.

Princess Like-Like, of the Hawaiian Islands, arrived the first of the week, and is staying at the Grand.

Mrs. Crocker's "tea" this afternoon begins, according to Washington custom, at four o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. William Howard expect to build, some time this year, on their property, which is on the road from San Mateo to Crystal Springs.

The ladies of the Decorative Art Society meet every Wednesday afternoon, for the ostensible purpose of taking lessons in embroidery from Miss Smith; but as they are all proficient in that art, these meetings have assumed a social aspect, tea being served at 4 P. M. Miss Smith is a graduate of the South Kensington School of Embroidery, of which the Princess Helena is President. The class for embroidery meets at the houses of the various members.

Miss Virginia, daughter of Judge Hundley of Oakland, will be united in marriage to Mr. A. T. Buswell, Wednesday, April 30th, at 11½ A. M., in St. Paul's Church, Oakland.

Miss Richards will shortly be married to Mr. Joe Moulton.

On Thursday, April 17th, at Idaho City, Idaho Territory, Miss Sadie E. McClintock was united in marriage to Mr. Walter E. Galbreaith.

The opening cruise of the San Francisco Yacht Club takes place to-day. The yachts will start from Front Street wharf at two o'clock, and sail to Vallejo, starting on the return trip to-morrow at one o'clock. Among the yachts will be the *Emerald, Frolic, Thetis, White Wing, Chispa, Lolita, Dawn, Nellie, and Aggie.* Next month a reception will be given at the Saucelito club-house. The yacht club has determined not to change quarters for the present, but will expend a thousand dollars in improving their present club-house.

Mr. and Mrs. David Bixler will give a musicale at their residence on the corner of Union and Pierce streets, next Thursday evening. Dancing will follow later in the evening.

Mrs. H. O. Stone, who is with the Pullman party, resides in Paris, where her family is now staying.

Cabanel is now at work, says the *Continental Gazette*, on a very lovely life-sized portrait, three-quarter length, of the eldest daughter of Mr. C. W. Bonynge, of California. He has painted her in a simple white dress, holding a half-open book in her hands, and wearing a solitary rose in her corsage. The background is a soft shade of peacock blue, that throws admirably into relief the delicate little head, so fair and fresh and sweet, with the wondering blue eyes, and rosebud mouth, and sunny hair. Cabanel is also at work on a large-sized picture representing Jephtha's daughter in the act of bidding farewell to her friends on the summit of the fatal mountain. This picture is also for Mr. Bonynge.

Last Tuesday evening Mr. Coggeswell gave an informal musicale at his residence, 825 Bush Street. There were present Mrs. Hallidie and her niece, Miss Smith, Mrs. Gamble, Mr. Ferd. Peterson, Mr. Nelson, Mrs. Coggeswell, Mr. H. Langsberger, and several others.

The second reception of the newly married pair, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pike, was held at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. John Wright, on Jackson Street, on Wednesday evening. Among those present were Mrs. Estee, Mr. and Mrs. F. Bunker, Misses Bunker, Mrs. Moore, Miss Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Mearns, Mr. Castle, Miss Wright, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Scott, E. Scott, Walter Deane, Mr. Searby, Miss Estee, Miss A. L. Jackson, Messrs. Jackson, W. H. Keith Jr., Miss Keith, Arthur Price, Charles Walton, N. Rountree, Thomas Dowling, Miss Carrie Tennent, Miss Pike, Miss H. Couch, Edward Moore, and a number of others.

St. Luke's Episcopal Church will give lunches at Platt's Hall next Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, for the benefit of the Church Building Fund.

Thursday evening Dr. Stebbins gave a dinner to nine of his young gentlemen friends.

Next Monday night Mrs. A. A. Cohen and Miss Cohen will give a reception and musicale at their home in Alameda.

### Art Notes.

Mrs. Howard Campion, who returned to this city recently after a stay of ten years in Europe, devoted to the study of art, has opened a studio in the Mercantile Library. In Paris she studied under César de Cock, Carolus Duran, and Henner; and many of her pictures were exhibited at the Royal Academy, in London, and elsewhere. In New York her paintings have been placed on exhibition in the Academy of Design and the American Art Gallery. She has now at her studio several charming studies of scenes in France and England, in oil and water-colors, besides a number of portraits. Mrs. Campion intends starting a class for the summer in Napa Valley, to work from nature. It will begin in May, and a number of San Francisco ladies have already signified their intention of joining.

Thomas Hill has just completed a life-like portrait of the late B. B. Redding. His large picture of "Yosemite Valley," which has been sold to a gentleman residing in Philadelphia, will be exhibited in the coming Art Association Exhibition. In this picture the spectator looks up the valley. El Capitan, with its giant form, towers on the left, while on the right-hand side are the Bridal Veil Fall and Cathedral Rocks. It is one of the finest pieces of study which Mr. Hill has painted in some time. He will leave for the Yosemite Valley about the middle of May to remain the entire season.

Raschen and Von Perbandt left Tuesday for Duncan's Mills. They have taken a house for the summer several miles above, and will make landscape and figure studies from nature.

William Keith will remain in Munich probably another year.

At Morris & Kennedy's gallery there is now on exhibition a charming little study of a "Mother and Daughter," by Lampheimer, a well-known German artist.

Stanton is busily preparing for the coming Palette Club exhibition. One of the most noticeable pictures is a study of Mr. W. E. Sheridan as "Louis XI.," which is wrought with much fidelity. The "Old Monk" is not yet finished, but possesses great promise.

Latimer will exhibit in the Palette Club his "Scene in Sonoma County," which is a charming study of pastoral life, and "Brooke's Creek," a scene on a woodland stream, in which there is especial merit.

Professors Hitchcock and Brown, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, have translated the manuscript discovered by the Metropolitan Bryennios, of Serres (ancient Mesopotamia), in the Library of the Most Holy Sepulchre in Fauar of Constantinople. The MS. is dated from 1056 A. D., and consisted of one hundred and twenty parchment leaves. It appears in English under the title of "The Teachings of the Twelve Apostles." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 50 cents.

## AFTER DINNER.

Viveur Discusses "Society."

How illimitable is the progress of definition! How impossible is it for the dictionary, the encyclopædia, and the essay to keep pace with the wider knowledge and clearer vision of advancing civilization. One of the most interesting books I know is Ferrier's "History of Philosophy;" simply for the reason that Ferrier attempts to prove that the science of metaphysics consists in the search for the largest abstract which will explain the mysteries of nature. And what a hopeless search it is!

"They know well winding ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again."

The fact of the matter is, that all human knowledge resolves itself into two terms of the old metaphysics: Unity and Diversity, both being the face of the other. Nothing is old, nothing is new. As the world advances, or rather grows older, it is ever demanding a wider circle of thought, losing its individuality, becoming more and more abstract, and forgetting that in the struggle from the chains of Diversity, it is falling back again into the void of Unity.

A word there is which once had little significance, but which, fast becoming a fetish, stands a little in need of definition. It is a word often in people's mouths, but seldom in their understandings; it frequently gets into heads, however, and buzzes around to the destruction of much that is natural and much that is good. The word is in the dictionaries; it is in the encyclopædias; it forms the topic of many an essay and many a conversation; but it has never been defined except in those loose generalities which leave it what it was before—a word. What is this word? Need I say that it is SOCIETY?

I have never come across anything like a satisfactory definition of society except, most incidentally, in Ouida's "Friendship," a book which, with all its faults, expresses that gifted if turbulent woman's iconoclastic spirit to the full. The world is not very charitable to Ouida, and her place in fiction has not been justly estimated. She came, like Voltaire, merely to destroy. Her motto, like his, might be *Ecrasez l'infame;* but only with Ouida *l'infame* is not Priestcraft, but Society.

In "Friendship," Ouida puts her finger upon the exact line which divides social life from all other kinds of life. For indeed man is both a social and an unsocial animal; there are times when he craves companionship, and times when he wishes to be alone. To regulate this ebb and flow, and to give continuity to the social instinct—this, and this only, is the function of society. In very truth, Society is little more than a huge club. As Ouida says: "There are many things to be got by society, and yet, after all, it asks very little. Society only asks you to wash the outside of your cup and platter; inside you may keep any kind of nastiness that you like, only wash the outside; *do* wash the outside, says Society; and it would be a churl or an ass, indeed, who would refuse so reasonable a request." Now, there is much truth here bitterly expressed. Society is not directly governed by the laws of either God or man, but governed by its own laws. Is a man a scoundrel? If so, can you and are you willing to prove it, not merely to the satisfaction of your own friends, but in an open and notorious way, so that Society may know it, and be authorized to make the necessary moral distinctions? Society is not immoral; rather is it *un*moral. And so it happens that a woman may be the mistress of your best friend, and yet, if she be only suspected, if she pays all her party calls, she will remain in society, not because society loves sin, but because sometimes it is utterly unable to exclude it.

To speak truly, people in society are less immoral than those out of it. Indeed, your true swell is far too lazy to do much mischief. I once knew one of the race who was so exquisitely and ingeniously idle that he excited my highest admiration. He made an art of doing nothing. His clothes came from London through a standing order. He never paid his bills—not because he could not afford it, but because it was too much trouble. When his family were at home he would, as a great favor, condescend to dine with them; when they were away from home, however, although he had a ninety-dollar cook in the house, he would invariably order his dinner from the club. He was particular enough in his way. For instance, he would never wear a suit of clothes a second time without their being pressed; and even then he would frequently pitch them back at his valet's head because there was a little crease on the left leg. The thing I most admired about him was the way he was shaved. At nine-thirty in the morning the barber rang the bell; on being admitted he would ascend to the room, softly open the blinds, take his shaving tools out of his satchel, and lather and shave one side of his master's face; then, with infinite address, lather and shave the other. The deed done, he would close the blinds again and depart as softly as he came. He was well paid, but the risk was great. If he should once wake our exquisite up, he not only lost his job but his money.

There are many causes which tend to make society in San Francisco a failure. I have quite a catalogue of these causes. The question is a burning one, I admit, but material. Unless something is done, men will no longer meet except at a bar or on 'change; women will meet only to gossip; mothers will not marry their daughters; and men will marry their wives elsewhere. Here is my catalogue:

The discussion of young ladies' names in public.

Too great hospitality to strangers whose credentials have not been presented.

The ostentatious display of wealth.

The looking forward to entertainments as "events," instead of taking them as a matter of course.

Personalities in conversation and the disposition to talk "shop."

The disposition to estimate everything by wealth, and greatly to overrate it.

The well-nigh incurable habit of dancing at parties and of engaging those dances ahead.

Am I not indulging in paradox? Not at all. I repeat that nothing is so injurious to the welfare of society as the practice of engaging dances ahead. 'Tis a slight matter, you say. Yes; but then civilization is made up of little things. Besides, I am not the only heretic in this matter. The delinquents are fast becoming a goodly band, and society will soon resolve itself into a dancing-school; girls will have boys for partners, and will marry any one but those they dance with; or, as I have intimated before, will not marry at all. This is serious, you say. I grant it. What is the remedy? I am not over-philanthropic, but in the interest of humanity, and especially in the interests of womankind, I devote myself to the solution of the problem. And right here let me note the curious fact that, though women lose the most by the present system, they are just the ones who are loath to give it up. What, indeed, is gained by engaging ahead? Tell me one reason for, and I will give ten against it. In the first place, in order to get dances at all, men must come early; and, having got the dances, they must necessarily stay late. This has two effects—it makes men cross when they go to a party, and cross when they leave it. Secondly, a girl can dance with a man but twice, at the outside, without attracting attention. Moreover, there is to these two a great deal of shell and little kernel; for one-third of the dance is consumed in looking for your partner, and the last third in figuring out which one is next. The solemn promenade which follows after each one of these contract dances is one of the most melancholy spectacles imaginable. On the man's face there is an expression of pain; on the girl's, a faint tinge of anxiety. He is thinking whether he will have to tell her that he is engaged for the next dance, and she is wondering if her next partner will remember to call for her. More than this, will not every hostess admit that whenever she desires to introduce a gentleman to a strange girl, he has ever ready the excuse, expressed or implied, that his card is full? The worst of it is, there is little remedy for the evil. The only way to secure uniformity in the matter would be to teach girls, when they are little things, that it is very, very wrong to engage ahead. It would not be safe to trust to a compact between the girls themselves; such is the treachery of the sex they would sell each other out.

In New York the proper rule has long obtained, and with what a difference in the result. There a man may come when he pleases. He has no dances to engage. After he has spoken to the hostess, he doesn't hang around the staircase and waylay the popular girl to ask for her card. It is his duty—as it is often his pleasure—to speak to the *first* girl he sees, and to remain with her until he is relieved. Moreover, he must speak to every girl in the room he knows, and he must be presented to every girl he does not know. As he can dance with five or six different girls during one dance, this is comparatively an easy matter. A half-hour of courtesy is not so very much to expect of a gentleman, and a half-hour will in most cases be sufficient. Again, a girl can refuse to dance with any one she pleases, for precisely the reason that she can dance with him at any time; and, per contra, she can dance as often as she pleases with a man without causing the slightest remark, for no one can keep track of a multitude of short dances. Besides all this, a girl can leave the room, promenade through the halls, walk through the conservatory, return to the ball-room again and dance furiously (for she has broken no engagements herself and is bound by none), and the same is the case with the men. Under such a system no man can refuse the hostess when she wishes to introduce him to one of her guests; circulation is complete, and dancing is what it should be, natural and spontaneous.

I firmly believe that a large number of men are married by their wives. Outside of her natural charms, a woman has a certain mesmeric will-force to bring to bear on a man which is dangerous to his welfare. There are critical moments in a man's career when it will take all the resolution he can master to refrain from compromising himself for life.

I was much amused with the experience of a friend of mine who a short time ago received his first lesson in what may be called bachelor prudence. It seems that the affair commenced in good nature, took on a little crescendo, as the musicians would say, and finally ended with an allegro marziale.

My friend is one of those good-natured men who look at everything from a sentimental point of view. Overlooking the excellence of his motives, he is the most uncomfortable being to get along with possible. In his head are all the virtues of the Paladin, the chivalry of a Sidney, and the heroic self-abnegation of a Socrates; and with every new book he reads he adds a new ideal of conduct. It is not surprising that he sometimes promises more than he can perform, and undertakes more than he can carry through.

He got into trouble in the most natural way in the world, and indeed the thing has happened to others than he. A young man had been grossly impertinent to a girl friend, but in order to save that girl friend a scandal the matter had been overlooked. The cub who did the deed, however, is rich and marriageable, and consequently still has a footing in society. A girl, a stranger to my friend be it said, snubs the cub. Intense enthusiasm of my friend. Noble and discerning girl, etc., etc.; will be introduced at once. (What a dangerous thing it is to be introduced at once! Mem.—Always make it later if you can.) My friend is introduced in due form. Intense *empressement* on the part of my friend; gracious reception on the part of the girl. One dance, and then another. A german favor, which is returned; an invitation to call, which is accepted with alacrity. The call is made and proves agreeable. Further invitation to call, and then a promise to read from those authors who combine beauty of thought with weight of meaning. Vows of platonic friendship, etc. (What a dangerous thing vows of platonic friendship are! Mem.—Never make them.)

The drama moved on. One evening my friend called with a particularly well-chosen assortment from Ruskin, Emerson, and DeQuincey, as *pièces de résistance*, and a little of Barry Cornwall and Mrs. Browning's "Portuguese Sonnets" as *plats sucrés*. The fire was burning brightly on the dogs. A few flowers were arranged in a slender silver vase, and an almost imperceptible perfume pervaded the room. As my friend threw himself back in the long easy-chair and experienced the exquisite masculine thrill of pleasure in ruining the lace tidy, he fell to thinking what an agreeable duty was his to fill a fresh, pure mind, with angel eyes and sylph-like form, with fair thoughts taken from the masters of prose and song. This train of thought was peculiarly agreeable from the fact that it was quite disinterested. "Some day," thought my friend, "some good fellow will be made happy by the influence of this teaching." These delightful imaginations were brought to a close by the appearance of the fair pupil herself. After chatting pleasantly for a little while, my friend asked whether he should begin reading.

"I should like it very much," she said, quietly.

So he began. First with Emerson's "Napoleon"; then with DeQuincey's "Joan of Arc"; then followed a sonnet or two, and then a love song by Barry Cornwall. And as my friend's voice rose and fell and became strong with noble scorn, awful with elevation, quiet with reserved strength, and melting with the accent of pathos and love, he could not help thinking "How much I am doing, to be sure, for the *other* fellow." The reading was concluded with the rapt air of one whose thoughts were too full for utterance. He closed the beautifully bound volume of Ruskin's "Queen's Gardens," and looked vaguely up from the glowing logs to the mantel-piece above.

"How beautiful it is," finally said the pupil.

"Yes, it is very beautiful," replied the master.

The latter now rose to take his leave, when the fair pupil herself rose, and, it seemed to him, fairly planted herself before the door. Without the slightest note of warning, she thus addressed him:

"I wish," said she, with a sentimentally desperate air, "you—would—not call any more."

My friend felt a cold chill of horror stealing over his members. His knees trembled. The eyes of the young lady were firmly fixed upon him. He was expected to do something; he knew he was. What was it?

"Certainly," he managed finally to stammer out.

"You know it is different with a girl than with a man," she continued, sadly; "you have been coming here so often that people are beginning to talk."

He now knew too well what was expected of him, and for a moment he felt an overmastering impulse to comply. He overcame it manfully, and as he recovered his self-control, and managed in some measure to meet those searching eyes, he became, after the manner of men, brutal.

"He would coöperate with her," he said, coldly, "in giving the lie to public opinion."

How, I do not know, he got out of the house. As he gained the garden-gate, he ran from the haunted spot—ran and ran away from danger and inconsequence. And then, in the cold moonlight, he sat down on a curbstone. The cold moon was sailing in the sky, and as he sat down on the curbstone and looked up at the heaven's blue, he murmured, in devout thankfulness, the one word, "Saved! saved!" The wind that was stirring the elms of the street seemed to whisper the same happy thought, and this is the end of my extremely ungallant but very instructive story.

VIVEUR.

An old acquaintance, F. L. Aude, writes the following to one of the San Diego journals. It is a touching and well-told incident, which we reproduce upon its merits, and to illustrate that profane language is not necessarily irreverent:

I think it was in the year 1855, I was called on business to a mining region of our county, in the mountains. It was at one of those "mining camps," so-called, that I made the acquaintance of a noble old gentleman, known by the name of Uncle Standish, his full name being Standish Forde. It was not difficult to see that he was one of Nature's noblemen, for his heart was in the simple glance of his mellow blue eye. "Be you a doctor?" said he to me on our first meeting. "No, sir, I am not," said I. "Wall, from your biled shirt, and store-close-fixins, as the boys say, I thought you might be," said the old man. "Wall, you can go in that cabin and see my boy, I guess, any how," said he. He led the way, a short distance off and opened the door leading into a miner's cabin. I entered, and there lay upon a c'ean bed in the corner, a pale, emaciated youth, about eighteen or twenty years old. "This boy has bin terrible sick," said Uncle Standish, "but he's gittin long some better now." I diagnosed the po-r boy's case as well as I could, in my way, and came to the conclusion that his case was hopeless, but of course I did not venture my opinion to the boy. Nostalgia seemed to be aggravating his condition. Very soon Uncle Standish and myself found ourselves outside, and he pressed me hard for an opinion about his boy, as he called him. I plainly told him that I thought there was no hope for him. "But," said Uncle Standish, "I know his father and mother in old Kentuck," and his eyes commenced to swim in tears. "That may be so, Uncle Standish," said I, "but I don't see how that's going to help the poor boy." "It shell help him! It shell help him!!" said he, and he commenced pulling off his coat. "I went out from old Connecticut to old Kentuck, when I was y- ung, and I knowed that 'ere boy's father and mother, I tell you; and that 'ere boy shell not die in these 'ere mountains, away from his father and mother, by G—, he shan't." I never saw *determination* and *faith* more *thoroughly* depicted in any countenance than appeared in the face of this noble-hearted old man. He immediately quit working a claim that was paying two ounces a day—thirty-two dollars—and gave his entire attention to the nursing of that boy. His patient at last got well, and Uncle Standish had the exquisite pleasure of taking him to his "Old Kentucky home, far away," and delivering him to his father and mother that he "knowed so well," as he had told me. I rejoiced to hear that both the old man and the young one finally went to their Eastern home with their "pile."

"Gordon has been sent with five hundred thousand thalers to buy over my allies, as he succeeded in buying some Arab chiefs," says Mahommed Ahmed, el Mahdi, in the *Abou Maddara;* "but I swear in the name of Allah that if Gordon falls into my hands, I will kill him and distribute his money among the poorer Moslems who fight with me. As to myself, if I do not succeed I will perish on the battlefield."

## "THREE HALTS AND A RIVER."

### The Code of Military Morals, and the Captain's Jealous Bride.

The Thirteenth Cuirassiers is not the most virtuous corps in the French army, which rather prides itself on not being exclusively recruited by Galahads and Josephs. The cavalry is notoriously naughty everywhere; and the Thirteenth Cuirassiers regarded itself as being the first cavalry regiment in France. And, albeit there is not a French cavalry corps in existence which has not the same happy opinion of itself, the Thirteenth's pretensions were not altogether preposterous. From Nancy to Auch, from Quimper to Chambery, it enjoyed one of the most delightfully detestable reputations that ever made martial bosom swell beneath the breast-plate. A Thirteenth man could not ride down a village street without leaving two-thirds of the village lasses languishing for love of him. The men corrupted all of a servants' hall by a twirl of the mustache; the officers could not enter a drawing-room without freezing with prophetic fear the very marrow in the spines of civilian husbands and fathers.

A regiment with this reputation could not be expected to give enthusiastic encouragement to legitimate, matrimonial billing and cooing within its bosom. And there was but one sentiment of exasperation in the staff against Captain Raoul Rodement, who had offered the shameful spectacle of conjugal fidelity and devotion for more than two years. There he was, on the very morning when this chronicle takes the liberty of commencing, there he was buttoning his gloves before his baby's cradle, and delivering himself of such un-cuirassier-like remarks as this:

"Must go; time for parade: if you do object too strongly, why we'll have it out at once."

And a foolish little woman—pretty enough, the regiment allowed—was laughing copiously at a ridiculous warrior, five feet eleven inches high, pretending to box a crowing baby, when a really martial voice resounded on the staircase, singing—horribly out of tune—the bugle-call "to horse."

> "A cheval, dragons, vite en selle,
> A cheval, formez vos escadrons;
> Que chacun embrasse sa belle,
> A cheval, dragons, nous partons."

"It's early for Beaugency," reflected the captain. "It must be a debt or a duel. No need for Hélène to hear."

But Captain Beaugency was not to be secreted. He entered like a torpedo, and he began like a trumpet.

"Luck's turned at last, old boy. Rum-tum-ti-iditty. France for ever—even including the Minister of War! Tra-la-la-itou! Wife not here? *Tant mieux*, hang politeness; you know what women are, and this is a profound secret as yet."

"What's a secret, you raving lunatic?"

Beaugency divulged the mystery in a roar.

"Marching orders, dear boy. At last, a long farewell to the village of Huningue with all its charms and creditors."

"Where do we go?" asked Captain Redemont, becoming restless like any man, after two years at Huningue.

"Where? To heaven, dear boy. To Paris. *Parigi ocara, noi lasceiremo*"——

And Captain Beaugency became atrociously musical again. Then he added:

"And we go by Dijon. Tra-la-la! a day at Dijon—you remember Dijon, eh? Louise and"——

"*Will* you hold your tongue?" Rodemont interrupted, in a fierce whisper. "My wife's in the next room."

"All right; I understand. But after all, you know, old fellow—'After three halts and a river.'"

Now, it is one of the unwritten articles of war in France that, removed three halts and a river from the object of his adoration, a warrior may legitimately allow his affections to stray elsewhere; and Hélène Rodemont had not escaped one word of Beaugency's announcement and jubilations.

Those jubilations were pretty general in the garrison. The Thirteenth Cuirassiers were not more exacting than cuirassiers have an undeniable right to be; but they had found two years quite sufficient to stale the natural and artificial delights of Huningue. The officers' café—the Café de la Place—was the scene of delirious demonstrations at the hour of absinthe, when the news of the change of quarters had become public. The younger officers were the most hilarious. Serried ranks of dead soldiers—empty bottles—stood upon the tables.

Lieutenant Parabere, of the third squadron, delivered from the billiard table a succinct lecture on Paris, which argued a far more intimate acquaintance with the Elysée Monmartre than with the Louvre. Sub-Lieutenant Schefer overturned four tables performing what he called a Wagnerian waltz with his superior officer, Captain la Galette. In a corner a couple of elderly majors grumbled grievously over their dominoes.

"Four everywhere; rather surprised you there—eh? Listen to those nincompoops yonder. Paris, indeed! As if the extra pay covered a quarter of the extra expense!"

"Double blank. And, waiter, where's my third ration of green soup (absinthe), *sacré tonnerre!* Yes, I should like to know what can they want better than they have here? The beer's three sous a glass, and you are in Switzerland in half an hour."

Thus the heavier, hoarier heroes muttered in their stiff mustaches. But Beaugency, as he left the café with his friend, would willingly have executed a waltz down the High Street if a captain of cavalry were allowed thus to demean himself publicly. And Rodemont, despite his two years of happiness at Huningue, despite that adoring wife and that adorable baby, was beginning to feel the contagion of his friend's enthusiasm.

"You are certain that we pass by Dijon?" he said, with affected indifference.

"Certain; and—and you remember Rose and Mathilde?"

"Y—yes," his senior said, in some embarrassment.

"Splendid creature, Mathilde—don't you remember? What picnics we used to have, the four of us, on the banks of the Burgundy Canal! Rose was a nice girl enough, but she hadn't the majesty of your Mathilde. We must go and see them, old man, on our way through."

"Nonsense! What about my wife?" And Captain Rodemont had a tone of virtuous dignity which is not often heard in the Cuirassiers.

"Ah, bah! after 'three halts and a river'; and there are two dozen halts and half a dozen rivers betwen this and Dijon."

And Beaugency turned into the substantial, old-fashioned Hotel de Mont Blanc, where the lieutenants' and captains' mess was held.

Raoul Rodemont went to *his* dinner—his married officer's dinner, at home—with hazy ideas hovering in his head which would have better suited an officer sworn to celibacy. Dijon and Louise, and Rose and Mathilde—especially Mathilde—did suggest some not unpleasant memories. They were the light loves of two-and-twenty; days without morrows—one-epaulette days, and that epaulette on the left shoulder—when a louis in one's pocket and a lass on one's arm was as fair a portion of Paradise as a marshal of France would ask to enjoy in twelve hours. Mathilde was really a *Gloire de Dijon*, and the Rose, her sister, goodness itself. They were the daughters at the comfortable hostelry where the young lieutenants lodged. The courtship was conducted in military fashion; but the ladies were acustomed to military fashions, and liked them. And what frank, gay comrades they were after the capitulation! How they chased their lieutenants down the vineyard slopes, and taught them a local *bourrée* at the village ball afterward! Mademoiselle Mathilde had little outbursts of temper, which induced Lieutenant Raoul to call her *Moutarde de Dijon* as well as *Gloire;* and Mademoiselle Rose could never be persuaded that Shakespeare was not the one English Pope. But how they laughed after the little tempests, and how prettily simple was the avowal of ignorance.

But these were all wild oats, sown forever—the down on the peach, the dust on the butterfly's wing. And when the ex-rake of Dijon found his wife with red eyes and trembling lips—the momentary ugliness which is a hundred times more pathetic in a pretty woman than all her beauty at its best and brightest—he forgot all the cuirassiers' wicked proverbs and wickeder achievements, and took the little woman into his arms quite weakly.

"Why, *mignonne*, what is it?—what is the trouble?"

"I am—I am foolish—but it will be our first—our first separation," sobbed the innocent hypocrite.

"Only a fortnight, *chérie*, and then Paris, the *salons*, the theatres, the dressmakers"——

"Oh, I don't care about the theatres and dressmakers; and—and couldn't you let us ride with you as far as Dijon?"

"My dearest, what do you imagine the colonel would say? Do you want to give him apoplexy before he gets his brigade? And then—the baby."

"Ah, yes, the poor baby!"

"Why poor—he isn't ill?"

"No, but I have a fancy"—and Hélène looked her husband shyly in the face—"that if either of us was ever to do anything wrong—to tell untruths—or—or have secrets—he would fall ill, and, oh, perhaps"——

She could not conclude, for Raoul silenced her with a kiss and a "hush" that trembled strangely, considering that it came from under a cuirassier's mustache. And that evening and all through the morrow Mathilde and Rose was as far from Captain Raoul's virtuous mind as last week's last cigarette.

But the day after that morrow was the day of departure, and a spirit of reckless adventure was in the air. The preceding evening had been spent in a riotous celebration of the event. Punch had flowed freely, and Beaugency had composed an amorous guide to Huningue and its environs, which was designed for the instruction of the new garrison, and which is yet famous in the military subdivision. Even the elderly warriors had partaken of the punch, and felt something of the pervading restlessness this morning—perhaps because of the punch. For to be en route, no matter the destination, is a happy thing in any soldier's experience, when the season is propitious and the country pleasant.

Though Raoul Rodemont put his gauntlet once or twice to his eyes after kissing the baby on the threshold, he tossed his horse-hair cheerily when he was in the saddle, and the trumpets sounded, and the regiment clanged down the chief street amid a chorus of farewells from the villagers. He was not unhappy on the road, took pleasure in the slow cigar between odorous hedgerows, the easy pace and position; had a fair appetite at the first halt, when, after your orderly had seen to your saddle, and your men had arranged their accoutrements and opened their haversacks, the cantinière spread her snowy table under a tree, and loaded it with cold meats, coffee, and beer-bottles. There one chats familiarly, one's mouth half full, with chums and superiors, watching the cantine girl speeding from the officers to the men, who, at their horses' heads, feed beast and man with dry bread, the remainder of last night's dinner, or some dainty given by a kind hostess to the trooper billeted upon her. Then the trumpet sounds: "To horse"; and in three minutes the regiment is again moving, threading the country ways like a golden serpent.

By the time they reached Dijon the most moderately veracious historian must have allowed that in the matter of moral laxity Captain Rodemont was pretty well in unison with Captain Beaugency. He had a hurried conversation with his friend while the billets were distributed to the officers before entering the town, and when they rode into the picturesque old city, music ahead, doctor and veterinary surgeon behind with the wagons and the disabled horses, he had altogether forgotten Huningue for the moment—ay, and even the baby. He had scarcely patience enough to superintend his men distributing the soup and beef in their canvas trousers and stable-jackets.

"Well?" he said, quite breathlessly, the monster; and Beaugency, grinning grossly under his tawny bristles, answered, with deep diplomacy:

"Saw them both in the crowd, and have arranged a dinner for this evening—at least with Rose. But oh, my poor fellow, you have been quite cut out by the infantry—Captain Othello, of the One Hundred and Third."

Rodemont twisted his mustache savagely. It is all very well to have virtuous principles, and an adored wife and baby, but to be eclipsed by a captain of foot is an unbearable humiliation for an officer of Cuirassiers, and the Thirteenth to boot!

"We'll see," he said, shortly. "Let's meet at the café after we find our quarters. Tell Rose to tell her sister I am there, and let Othello come if he likes."

And he strode away, with a little Hecla of pride and jealousy bubbling under the left swell of his breastplate.

He was billeted at a doctor's house. A servant in tears opened the door, and in a few minutes a worn, sad-eyed, broken man came to him.

"Pardon me, monsieur, I can not receive you. A great sorrow—will you accept a lodging at an hotel? Look—see here"—and he half opened the door of the adjoining room.

There a woman sat weeping with quiet resignation beside a cot, and there a little baby with yellow cheeks and half-closed eyes lay at the end of his little life's trouble.

The soldier felt his eyes burn and brim with tears. He wrung the doctor's hand a minute, and then flung away wildly down the street to the first hotel, where he shut himself in a room, murmuring to himself with a sick foreboding: "Oh, my own boy, my own boy."

Two hours afterward a waiter came to the door.

"A lady to see you, sir."

"I can see nobody," was the rough response.

"But the lady insists, sir," the waiter went on.

"Did you hear me?" shouted the captain in his most strident tone. "I know no lady here—I don't want to know any—and you will leave me alone, or——"

And he marched on the waiter, who fled, leaving the door ajar. A little woman slid into the room.

"Raoul," she whispered.

But Raoul was trying to write a letter, with two portraits before him. Then when she touched him he turned, caught her hands, and cried:

"Hélène! Oh, then, it's true; the baby"——

But the baby was already in the room in its nurse's arms, and its mother explaining her jealous journey; and Raoul was laughing with wet eyelashes, and dancing the baby and kissing the wife like a mariner saved from shipwreck, half mad from the salt of the sea and the despair of his soul.

So, despite three halts and a river, Raoul Rodemont was true.—*Evelyn Jerrold.*

---

*Forty years ago*——Coffins were very plain and burial caskets were unknown. Tombstones had larger epitaphs and more verbosity engraved upon them. Eggs were a shilling a dozen, and butter was considered high at eighteen cents per pound. Much of the silver currency, fips, levies, and dollars, was of Mexican and Spanish coinage. The country retail trade was much better, as people could not so easily run to the city by rail. Business letters were more voluminous and formal, and were written in a precise, round hand. There was York currency, eight shillings to the dollar, and New England currency, six shillings to the dollar. The diet was more subcharged with grease, the winter breakfast usually being made of salted ham and hot cakes. Dinner was simply a hasty lunch at noon, and little importance was attached to the necessity for good digestion, or a period of rest after eating. New Orleans and Muscovado molasses, very black and thin, was the common sweetening for buckwheat cakes. Refined molasses was almost unknown. The bank bills were of State banks, and the farther West their locality the shakier they were. Illinois and Indiana bills would barely pass in New York. Bread was home-made. Coffee was freshly ground every morning, and the grinding of the family coffee mill was a familiar sound hours before the children arose. Negro minstrelsy was just cropping out in the traveling circus. There were generally but two performers, who assumed male and female characters. The popular melody was "Jump, Jim Crow." People did not live as long as they now do, nor was the average health as good as at present. They ate more meat, more grease, more hot bread, and more heavy dishes, and drank more at meals. At funerals the undertaker cried with the mourners, the flow of tears being proportionate to the expense of the funeral. Young couples considered it a privilege to sit up all night with the corpse before burial.

---

In his preface to the recently published volume of Flaubert's letters to George Sand, Monsieur de Maupassant gives some extracts from Flaubert's commonplace book, in which he used to jot down the blunders he detected from time to time in the writings and remarks of the more eminent of his contemporaries. Jules Janin, for instance, speaks in one place of the town of Cannes as being "doubly celebrated as the scene of Hannibal's victory over the Romans, and of Napoleon's landing," after his escape from Elba. He accuses Louis XI. of having persecuted Abelard, though that king died in 1423, while the date of Abelard's birth is 1079; and he emulates Shakespeare's celebrated blunder about Bohemia by speaking of Smyrna as an island. "How is it," asked Scribe in his reception discourse at the French Academy, "that Molière tells us nothing about the great events of Louis XIV.'s reign? Does he say a word about the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, for instance?" Molière died in 1673, so that unless he possessed the gift of prophecy he could not refer to the revocation of the edict, which did not take place until 1685. Some of the writers quoted were no happier in the sphere of prophecy. Thus Joseph de Maistre wrote in 1807: "Nothing can restore the power of Prussia. This famous edifice, built up with blood and clay, with false coins and the leaves of pamphlets, has collapsed in the twinkling of an eye, and has disappeared forever!"

---

Miss Chamberlain, the young American whose beauty has attracted so much admiration in Europe, is to spend a month at Newport this summer.

---

Shortly before his death Mignet said: "If it were given me to live my life over again, I should wish it to be just what it has been."

## VANITY FAIR.

air Parisiennes, with whom money is no object and who as re to everything that is *pschutt*, diversify the flowers th wear according to the time of day. In the morning fro 9 to 11 or 12, violets are the correct blossoms; from 2 to , mimosa is all the rage; hyacinths or primroses are considered dinner wear; and at dances, soirées, and, in fa , after 11 at night, gardenias, Cape heaths, white lilac, oroses are permissible.

is the fashionable craze in New York just now to have or's portrait painted. Whether Mrs. Mackay had anything to do with setting this fashion we do not know. Mrs. Wiam E. Dodge, Jr., who is a very handsome blonde, is ing put upon canvas by Mr. J. H. Lazarus, who is also pting portraits of Colonel Isaac H. Reid and Mrs. Reid. M. Cornelius Vanderbilt is having her children painted in group, and Mrs. Stevens is to sit for a life-size picture.

a lady really wishes to disguise herself at a masked b, she must—(1) learn to speak in a falsetto voice; (2) er herself up in a domino with a hood coming well over he face, into which the lace bottom of the mask should be thrust; (3) wear spectacles; (4) alter her stature by er very high heels or no heels; (5) put on three or four s of gloves; (6) pad herself out, if thin; (7) change her itual mode of walking. At least, so says one who ght to know—Mr. Henry Labouchère.

Washington correspondent says of a recent White ise reception: Some of the bright demoiselles failed ppreciate the dignity of the occasion and preserve that rtliness of demeanor appropriate to a White House cere- ial. They laughed at and commented audibly upon the -looking people who passed before them with civil greet- , and shouts of laughter rang through the room when a -known society man made his appearance with his ac- omed mustache shaved off. At one time it was con- red funny by the ill-mannered set then standing in the iving line to introduce the visitors to one another by med names, and the strangers, after receiving Mrs. Elroy's courteous and pleasant greetings, were passed g to a set of giggling girls, who introduced them in to Miss Smith, Miss Jones, Miss Robinson, Miss wn, and by other funny names. Some of the visitors w better at the time and were indignant at such proceed- , and those who stood behind these girls watching the e were immeasurably relieved when the half hour was nd another set of assistants took the place of the romps.

he wedding of Prince Carlo Poniatowski to Miss Maud -Goddard was a grand social event in Paris. The toilet he bride consisted of a dress of raised velvet frise upon te satin ground, a petticoat richly worked with seed ls, a bouquet of orange-blossoms at the side of the t and another cluster looping up the train of the petti- . She wore a necklace of a triple row of pearls, fast- d with a diamond snap, without pendants (the gift of bridegroom), a tulle veil, and a bridal wreath of orange soms. Among the presents were a diamond necklace, n the mother of Prince Poniatowski; a corbeille, com- ed of white and blue forget-me-nots, forming upon the a coronet of pansies; a diamond necklace, with inter- d diamond chain; a bracelet, a gold watch with mon- m in diamonds, a carnation loaded with brilliants and phires, a bracelet composed of a mosaic of jewels, amond arrow-sheath forming a brooch, a vinaigrette set n brilliants; a set of alabaster vases from Lady Kan- l and Lady Muriel Hay; a fan of gray feathers with fed birds, presented by Madame de Bronté; a silver- coffee service, from Madame de Belbœuf, sister of the c de Morney, and an antique Florentine vase, from nt Bentivoglio. The couple left Paris, en route, after hort stay in England, for the United States.

ollowing the example of the Czar, says the *Sun's* Rus- correspondent, every minister and ambassador and all rich and titled St. Petersburgers are giving balls. The man, French, and Turkish ambassadors each gave a that stirred the aristocratic public and the fashionable ssmakers. Among the novelties of the season, electric quets and table-ice are much in favor. The bouquets he ladies and the necktie-pins of the gentlemen are nected with a minute electric battery, secreted by the ies in their dress and by the gentlemen in the side-pock- The electric current can be closed or interrupted at time at the will of the bearer of the battery. These quets and pins with their electric flashes surprise and use the unscientific public. Ice is made to serve both ornamental and a useful purpose at balls. A huge piece ice, artistically carved, is placed on a silver tray and ited from within. In the excavations in the ice they ur either wine or cream, or both, of which the dancers take. Millionaire Krutikoff, a tea merchant, on the oc- on of his marriage with Miss Sinebruhoff, gave a ball, which were invited all the leading merchants of both itals. In the hall of the Nobles' Assembly there were ered fully fifteen hundred guests. Perhaps never be- were so many diamonds seen in that hall. Every ma- and maiden sparkled like a constellation in miniature. s. Avchinnikoff alone wore diamonds worth a quarter million of dollars. At this ball the young men for the time appeared in the red, white, and blue tail-coats of French pattern, worn under the Directory. This in- ation, however, displeased the Czar, for, as he re- ked, "We are yet under the empire, and not under a ctory." It is becoming evident that the golden bour- isie is more and more taking the lead of the titled aris- acy even in the Czar's country. Nowadays many a ice, count, and baron longs for the society of financial gs, for they give excellent dinners, treat to the best es, and present to their daughters for dowry bushels of monds. The old time is gone by when the Russian rchants entreated some uniformed general to honor m with his presence at their balls and dinners. Nowa- s the wearers of glittering uniforms and ancient, aristo- tic shields flock around the rich and hospitable mer- nts like tramps longing for a free lunch.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

### One Sea-side Grave.

Unmindful of the roses,
Unmindful of the thorn,
A reaper tired reposes
Among his gathered corn;
So might I, till the morn!

Cold as the cold Decembers,
Past as the days that set,
While only one remembers
And all the rest forget—
But one remembers yet.
—*Christina G. Rossetti in May Century.*

### "In After Days."

In after days when grasses high
O'ertop the tomb where I shall lie,
Though well or ill the world adjust
My slender claim to honored dust,
I shall not question or reply.

I shall not see the morning sky,
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh,
I shall be mute, as all men must—
In after days.

And yet, now living, fain were I
That some one then should testify,
Saying: "*He held his pen in trust*
*To art, not serving shame or lust.*"
Will none? Then let my memory die
In after days.
—*Austin Dobson in May Century.*

### The Secrets of the Spring.

Come out and hear the robins sing,
And hear the bluebirds' tale of spring,
And see the swallows on the wing.

Come out and listen, listen low,
And hear the grasses as they grow,
And list the little winds that blow,

And learn to read their secret well—
The secret that they softly tell
To bird and bee in drowsy dell—

Of bloomy banks that are to be,
Of fragrant field and leafy tree,
And all the summer mystery

Of bud and blossom, flower and fruit,
That quickens now in sap and root,
And now in tender springing shoot.

Come out, come out, the days are long,
But Nature sings her secret song
In secret ways—the days are long,

But swift as sweet from day to day,
From hour to hour, the tuneful lay
Runs headlong on a changeful way.

Come out, then, in the early glow
Of early springtime's bud and blow,
Come out and hear the grasses grow,

And all the secrets of the spring
That melt and murmur, speak and sing,
To ears attuned to listening.
—*Nora Perry in May Manhattan.*

### The Reproach.

With my silence thou dost task me,
Why I sing no more dost ask me:
"Once," thou say'st, "in lavish fashion
Love poured out his lyric passion;
When I oped my door, upon it
I was sure to find a sonnet;
Blossoms took I, white or rosy—
There'd be verse within the posy;
If I rode, or read, or slumbered,
I was mightily benumbered;
If I frowned, dear love, on thee—
Straight, behold, an elegy!
Has some beauty, then, outshone me,
Since thou mak'st no rhymes upon me?"

Ah! thou little neediest telling
That this heart is ne'er rebelling;
After one proud, short endeavor
It was lost—and lost forever.
But, though I'm thy slave and poet,
What's the need I still should show it?
Shall I sing my songs thrice over
To so well-besung a lover?
Nay, I'm too serenely quiet
For the pulses' rhyming riot,
Of my frenzy now I'm cured,
Of thy constancy assured;
Song is pain, and perfect pleasure
Gloats in silence o'er its treasure.
—*Edmund Gosse in May Century.*

### Sacrilege.

They walked in the clover-haunted fields—
A weary worldling and dainty child;
He sated and worn with the love of self,
She fresh as the dew on the upland wild.
He stole the blush from the sweet wild rose,
And proved that the mornings grew less fair;
That a taint of poison lurked in the bloom,
And hung on the breath of the summer air;
That life is not as good as it seems;
That faith and virtue rarer grow;
That the worm is hiding with greedy mouth
At the heart of all that we love or know.
And a shade fell over the summer fields,
And the sun in its brightness seemed to wane.
Her heart's song faltered—alas! for her,
His doubt crept into the perfect strain.
—*Kate L. Brown in May Harper.*

### A Parable.

I walked one spring day, while yet winds were cold,
Between the waning day and waxing night,
And the boughs strained and whirled in the wind's might.
I took a simple wild-flower in my hold,
And fair it was, and delicate of mold,
And sweet to smell, and tremulous with light;
And something lurking in its petals white
Meant more to me than even its fragrance told.
Full long I held that flower, until one day
I came where queenliest, reddest roses grew;
Then from my hand afar that flower I threw,
Roses to gather; but, behold, this hour,
When roses and their thorn-stems strew the way,
I vainly seek for my lost woodland flower.
—*Philip Bourke Marston in May Century.*

## THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB.

Mr. Tooter Williams opened the first jack-pot with a little hesitation and four white chips, Saturday evening. Deacon Trotline Anguish, who had strayed in under the chaperonage of Mr. Cyanide Whiffles, and who apparently had jacks-up and a very superficial knowledge of Mr. Williams, came in. Mr. Rube Jackson felt a very strong temptation to put a plaster on the back of the wall-eyed king and pull something, but the studied indifference with which Mr. Williams gazed into space, made him lay down his hand and wish he were dead. Mr. Cyanide Whiffles borrowed a blue chip from the deacon, "jess—jess till de nex' han'," and came in and kept the change. Then all eyes naturally centred on the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith, who, in addition to a barricade of chips which made Mr. Whiffles's mouth water, had a four flush and a cheerfulness of demeanor which boded no good.

"Ez my fren' Toot's done open dat jacker," he began, sweetly, "I rises hit." So saying, he put up such a stack of chips that Mr. Whiffles nearly fainted.

"Whad yo' go do dat for, Brer Thankful?" inquired the deacon, in wild remonstrance. "Dat's not de speret ob de Gospil."

"Whar—whar yo' fin' draw-poker in de Gospil?" testily rejoined Mr. Smith. "Does yo' tink de Possles 'n' de 'Vangelists writ de Scripter after rasslin' wid a two-cyard draw agin a flush?" he sarcastically inquired. "*No*, Brer Anguish. • Less ten' ter business. Dis ain't no pra'r meetin' —ceptin' dat Brer Williams seems ter be on de anxious seat."

"Who—*who's* on de anxious seat?" asked Mr. Williams, hotly. "Yo' jess come on; I rises yo' fo' dollahs."

The deacon sadly ran over his hand. "De Gospil, Brer Thankful," he began, "de Gospil"——

"Cheese dat," said the Rev. Mr. Smith. "Is yo' goin' ter pray or to poke?"

"I'se gwine ter poke," he replied; "I'se gwine ter see yo' rise"—here he shoved up a stack of blues—"an' Brer Toot's rise"—here he shoved up another stack—"an' I'se gwine to rise it jess a leetle, 'cordin to de speret ob de good book." Here he shoved up six dollars.

Mr. Whiffles fled.

Mr. Jackson was breathing still, but that was all.

The Rev. Mr. Smith glared defiance. "I rise yo' back."

"*I* rise *yo'*," said Mr. Williams.

"An' I rise Toot," said the deacon.

The Rev. Mr. Smith was aghast. He was dealing, and knew by intuition that he would catch his fifth club, but there was a serenity on the other side of the table which affrighted him."

"I jess—jess calls," he said.

"I calls," said Mr. Williams.

"Help de genelmen," said the deacon, with the benevolence which invariably accompanies a pat hand.

Mr. Williams broke his two pair and drew to his club.

The Rev. Mr. Smith got his club.

"Six dollahs," said the deacon, after Mr. Williams had timidly ventured one chip.

"I calls," said the Rev. Mr. Smith, sullenly.

"I rise dat six mo'," said Mr. Williams.

"I rise yo' six," said the deacon.

"I calls," gasped Mr. Smith, shoving up his last chip, and his snuff-box.

"Six mo'," said Mr. Williams.

"Six mo'," said the deacon.

Mr. Smith shucked off his overcoat and added to it his spectacles. "I calls," he said, as though speaking from the tomb.

"Six mo'," said Mr. Williams.

"Six mo'," said the deacon.

"I—I hain't got nuffin' mo'," said the Rev. Mr. Smith, faltering.

"Shove up dat watch," said Mr. Williams.

"Soak dem new boots," urged the deacon.

"An' dat golhedded cane," suggested Mr. Jackson, who, of course, however, had no business to speak, and was accordingly suppressed.

The Rev. Mr. Smith hesitated. Then he sighed and threw up his hand. To his great astonishment, Mr. Williams did the same. The elder softly hummed a hymn, tried the focal strength of Mr. Smith's spectacles, assumed Mr. Smith's ulster, thoughtfully inserted Mr. Smith's watch-chain in his vest-pocket, collared the bank and counted it, and then, with a cheerful smile at Mr. Williams, left the room. The silence for several minutes was sepulchral. Then Mr. Jackson said:

"I'se 'fraid"——

"Yo'se 'fraid ob what?" asked the Rev. Mr. Smith, savagely.

"Dad Toot's played yo'."

"Wha—whad?" gasped Mr. Smith.

"Dad was a sawbuck," said Mr. Jackson.

"Whad's a sawbuck?"

"Why, dad pious niggah's Toot's cust fuzzin'—Toot's dad's nevvy," said Mr. Jackson.

A light broke upon the Rev. Mr. Smith. "Dey was risin' an' risin'—ter—ter knock de tar outen *me*?" he inquired, in a voice which froze Mr. Whiffles's marrow.

"Yezzah," said Mr. Jackson, keeping the table well between them.

Mr. Smith turned over Mr. Williams's hand. It contained two jacks. He examined the deacon's. It held just three hearts, a spade, and a club. He then re-examined his own flush. It was still perfect.

"Niggahs," he said, with the calmness of despair, "go out sof'ly, and lemme alone. I want ter rassle wif de dickshunary an' de angel ob wrath er while, an' den git de mos' feasible words an' club I kin fine, ter spress my feelin's ter Brer Toot and Brer Anguish. Tread sof'ly, niggahs—tread out sof'ly."

They trod.—*Life.*

Mrs. Ole Bull and her young daughter, Miss Olea, are to visit Norway this summer. Miss Olea Bull inherits much of her father's musical talent, and it may be that she will give concerts in some of the principal cities in Norway.

## CHIT-CHAT.

On the first night of "Pop," Philistratus came over during the entr'acte to shake hands with us. He always does this at the theatre in a pure Samaritan spirit, a desire to do a kind action. This part of the idea makes our blood boil, and yet any honest woman will confess that she likes to be seen shaking hands with Philistratus. He is decidedly a social *bon parti*.

"I have come to point out several peculiarities which you may not have observed," he was modest enough to say. "This house, although it is crammed to its utmost, till it reeks to heaven with the unmistakable curse of Adam, is not a first-night house. Society is represented by some dozen members only. Neither is it a 'Pop' house. Such straggling members of the 'Pop' syndicate as are here have not had the forethought to leave their wives at home. The unhappy ladies are acting as moral extinguishers, and this takes some of the zip out of the applause. The club men, too, have not turned out."

"I could show you forty members of the clubs at one glance over the house," I asserted, triumphantly.

"Always remember," said Philistratus, apparently pained at my ignorance, "that members of clubs are not necessarily club men. It is a matter of social rigor for a gentleman to identify himself with a club. But it is club men who eat high dinners, frequent the half-world, rail at marriage, and boom actresses."

"And without them?"

"Without them, O Spirit of Truth! Kate Castlêton will be a fizzle."

Dr. Schliemann has written several books, the outsides of which have been read with vivid interest. The last is more interesting than the first, because "Troja" is subject to more vagaries of pronounciation than "Ilios," and invites more discussion. No human being has ever been known to read the inside of either. Happily, every one has learned from the newspapers that they contain a list of his archæological discoveries, and in this roundabout manner people know what the old gentleman is trying to do. Furthermore, he has frequently invited the great public, by letter, to send him any object rescued from the dust of antiquity. We of San Francisco beg to submit the "Mary had a Little Lamb," with ba-a chorus, dug up by the George S. Knights from under nineteen layers of minstrel, variety, and specialty character acts; "The Water Mill," a German recitation found in a petrified state under sixteen layers of buried German dialect; "Pretty as a Picture," from the ruins of a minstrel act; a French opera bouffe imitation of the negro; a variety imitation of the negro-French imitation, exhumed by an aged-faced infant in blue socks at the Bush Street Theatre; varied chestnuts from "Pop" in general, weak and palsied with age, and chestnuts exhumed by Harry Richmond in particular, which strike the audience with sympathy and pity; nursery rhymes from a period almost Oriental in its remoteness; a tale as ancient as a Mycenean jar of a monkey and a parrot. This joke, however, in being exposed to the air after its long mummification, fell into fragments before the audience fairly caught it. The genuineness of its age, however, remains undisputed. If these will not surfeit Dr. Schliemann with the antique, why there is nothing left but to do the handsome thing and send along the oldest inhabitant of Los Angeles.

Apropos. When Josephine Gallmeyer, the Viennese actress, was told that cure for her dreadful disease was impossible, and that she was about to die, she turned upon her pillow with a cry like a pæan of triumph, and said: "I have lived much." It was much to say. Life is a full, strong, leaping current for some; a purling, shallow brook for more; a dry, pebbly bed, with little lakes of stagnant, fetid water, for most. Each man in his time plays many parts. An actress plays many more. Was it by entering into the simulated lives of so many men and women that she had lived much? Was it that she had run the gamut of the passions and the pleasures till no thrill of the leaping human pulse remained unknown to her? Was it that life had quickened in her, with the sweet, caressing breath of Fame in her nostrils? Was it in the proud consciousness of power in her art that she had lived much? Was it that her restless foot had wandered many leagues by land and sea from the home of an untraveled race? Was it that her right hand had been stretched forth to help the needy while her left was unknowing? There are so many things to love in life. Love and power, music and song, poetry and travel, philanthropy, invention, science, discovery, fame. Alas! Vienna is a very beautiful and a very wicked city. Josephine Gallmeyer was a beautiful woman, and an actress. She lay upon her death-bed, and I think she was only trying to say, in the politest manner suitable to the occasion, that she had had a monkey-and-parrot time.

That is an ingenious little studio story in the *Century* this month by one "Ivory Black." The heroine, a small, bright little party, who sheds her red blood for love of her lover in a studio-comico-tragedy, is called "Rose Madder." She is beloved by Vandyke Brown, the brother of her chum, Verona Brown, and the nephew of that solid old grandee, Mangan Brown. There is a sleek, oily little villain called McGilp, who is very deservedly throttled by old Cremintz White in the presence of melancholy little Sap Green and some others of the tube family. There is a touch of bright color in the shape of Jaune d'Antimoine, a little French artist who is a chronic sufferer from impecuniosity, but rallies to radiance in the high light of momentary prosperity, and an impressionist's slash in the character of Old Madder. The most curious part of the story is that while the slang of the studio pervades it, and a draft from the studio blows through every crevice of it, it is not at all a tale of art. There is a big order at the end for the hero for all sorts of pictures, portraits, drawing-room daubs, and big historical canvases, but not a dollar down. In this respect it might easily be a transcript from a San Francisco studio.

One day, during the earlier stages of our conjugal acquaintance, the Lion asked permission to look over my visiting-book. I may remark, *en passant*, that he had the grace to ask permission only because he did not know where to lay his hand upon it without asking. Furthermore, he only wanted to see it at all because it was tucked away in some corner of the Jungle, and therefore presumably not intended for his casual inspection. All men are not inquisitive, but any married woman knows that all husbands are. To digress further, the Lion and I started in with different theories upon our wedding day. I had a conviction that a certain amount of sustained formality between the high contracting parties made marriage endurable. He, an opinion that thorough confidence, even upon trivial matters, made marriage comfortable. Is it necessary for me to admit that we have since compromised by accepting his theory, and that I now keep no secrets—that he knows of? The handing up of the visiting-book was one of the initial steps of progress to the compromise. The Lion scanned it carefully, made dubious remarks against several names, and, finally, a very black cross against a special one.

"I should like to have you, carefully, slowly, and judiciously, drop this woman," he said.

"And why carefully, slowly, and judiciously? Why not suddenly, spontaneously, and spitefully, if I must do it at all?"

"Because her husband is a nice fellow, and I like him."

"And why do you dislike the lady?"

"I will confess to a prejudice, Una, since you are the spirit of truth and demand it. I was accustomed once to see this lady go to breakfast in a peignoir—a *peigne-noir* as Murger's Mimi used to call it. Now, I may be old-fashioned and prejudiced, but I do not like to see a woman wear a loose gown in the public eye. It is the relief dress of the boudoir—and of the boudoir alone. I never saw a bolt upright, starched, stiffly dressed woman that she hadn't a set of bolt upright principles to correspond. Sometimes they are too bolt upright, for there is a happy medium in all things; but the other one—if you will pardon me the allusion—always irresistibly reminds one of *la belle qui fut haultmière*. Let us observe this lady's career, and see if my prejudiced intuitions are right."

This is a true story, and it all happened ages ago, yet the Lion's prophetic thought came to pass.

"Buzz-buzz-buzz"—scandal is now whispering her to death. Like a man and a husband, he crowed over me. He crowed still more when he handed me the Associated Press dispatch last week with this curious corroborative heading:

"The police of St. Louis instructed to make a raid on Mother Hubbards."

The Academy of Sciences has been injudicious to publish to the world the discovery of truffles in California. There is no actual objection to the truffles growing here, but the story should not have been allowed to leak out. Much of the toothsomeness of this most edible esculent depends upon the fact that it is imported, that it is French, and that it is expensive. Thus its three most desirable qualities are struck off at one knock. The homelier mushroom, which grows above ground with the fresh earth flavor, is despised because it is a home product. People actually buy tons of fresh *champignons* (they always call them *champignons* when they come in tins, and mushrooms when they grow at home) for cooking purposes, when the market abounds with the little umbrellas grown up over night. This simple fact points the way to the decay of the truffle as a delicacy. Further than this, the Academy of Science has deprived some honest man of the opportunity to make a good living at putting French labels on California truffles, and selling them for imported wares. This considerate action would have harmed no one, and spared the feelings of many a gourmet.

It can only be said in extenuation of the members of the Academy of Sciences, that they one and all regard the truffle as a Scientific Object, and not as a succulent edible. Further, the damage is not yet fully done, as we have no hogs in California to root the vegetable up. That is to say, we have as yet no educated hogs.

"Science moves but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point," but, having once obtained a headway, it takes a wide swing. This is the age of double-enders. The ferry-boat and the cable-dummy are now supplemented in social life by the double-ender reception. A lady whose visiting list becomes so lengthy that it gets beyond her control, wipes off all her obligations at a stroke by giving a double-ender. It begins in the middle of the afternoon and ends in the middle of the night. The afternoon takes in the ancients, the evening the young fry. The gentlemen go when they like, but not according to their years. Those of the ladies who are upon the debatable ground between youth and age—even upon that small plateau lying between youth and middle age—are half timid about going at the wrong time. One of these latter was debating the other day as to which end of the last double-ender she should select.

"The truth is," she said, "that I rather feel myself to be expected in the afternoon delegation, and I want to go in the evening. What would you advise, Una?"

I would almost as lief be asked for my pocket-book as for advice. But I gave it. As an article of advice it may be regarded as a double-ender. Serena was to make her call in the afternoon, and if she looked at all like a butterfly the hostess's experienced orb would detect it and ask her to come back in the evening. This is the accepted formula. Serena came back at six o'clock, with a twinkle in her eye.

"Well," I said, cheerily, "what did the hostess say when you made your adieux?"

"She said '*Good-afternoon.*'"

UNA.

Among the papers of interest in the May *Overland* are "A Consideration of the Labor Problem," by W. C. Blackwood; "The Chinese in Early Days," by James O'Meara; "Peruvia, Bolivia, and Chile," by J. S. Leigh, and "The Colossal Fortunes of America," by J. H. Durst. There is also a collection of poems on California flowers and scenery, by different local poets, which contains several numbers of great merit.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

During the recent fighting in Egypt Baker Pasha's cheek bone was splintered by a four-ounce iron bullet, which wa so firmly fixed in the bone that it had to be sawed out—; long and painful operation—which was endured withou any anæsthetic.

The author of the libel against the Earl of Lonsdale, fo which Edmund Yates is to suffer four months' imprison ment, is Lady Stradbroke, a relative of the earl. Th question is asked: "Why was not prosecution directe toward the really offending party?" Was it because sh belonged to the privileged class?

A pleasant position to contemplate is that of Chevalie de Kontski, who accompanied Miss Thursby in her con cert tour this last season. When admitted to the harem o the Sultan of Turkey to play for the inmates, on either sid of him stood four Moorish attendants with drawn daggers to prevent him from looking at the ladies who were loung ing upon the divans.

A bright Chicago boy, who wanted government employ ment at Washington, went to Colonel Morrison with a not of introduction and commendation from Mayor Carte Harrison. The Illinois Representative read it and said h was sorry, but his quota of appointments had been fille long ago. "Better try some one else," he added. "But colonel, this letter is addressed to you," pleaded the boy "Well, I can't help it," retorted Morrison, gruffly, an turned away without another word; and so did the boy Two days later Mayor Harrison received from his youn friend a note thus worded: "Dear sir: Colonel Morriso says your letter isn't worth a ——. Yours truly, etc."

The Rev. Ernest Wilberforce, Bishop of Newcastle, i an eloquent and persistent advocate of total abstinence Now and then, from a sense of duty, he arrays himself i well-worn clothes and goes about incognito among th poor and criminal classes on tours of observation. Or one such occasion he was riding in a third-class railway carriage of which the only other occupant was a pitman The latter, viewing the bishop's clerical but "seedy" gar ments, remarked: "I'se war'nt ye're a poor curate, noo travelin' 'i' the likes o' huz?" "I once was, my friend," replied the bishop, "but"—— "Oh, ay, I see!" cried the other, in all good faith, "that wretched drink! Ay, ay! Too bad!"

The way in which General Gordon chose his companion for the expedition to Khartoum is characteristic. When he came before the Cabinet and announced that he was ready to start at once, he was naturally asked whom he would like to have as companion. Gordon paused for a moment in reflection, and then said: "There is a man whom I have met a few times at the club; I don't know his name, but he is the man I should like to take with me. If you will wait a little I will go and see if he can come." Thereupon Gordon left his ministerial audience, drove to the club, found his man in the smoking-room, explained the case, obtained his consent, and was back in Downing Street under the half-hour. The man whom Gordon with instinctive insight had chosen was Colonel Stewart, who probably knows more of the East than any other officer in the British army.

When Mr. Edmund Yates started the *World*, the father of the society journals, he was poor, and the capital was chiefly loaned by Mr. Labouchère and Mr. Fithian, a son-in-law of the late Richard B. Connolly. The idea belonged to him alone. Mr. Labouchère was financial editor, and, seeing the paper's success, started *Truth*, not in any spirit of opposition, for the two journals have mutually served each other, but that "he might have an organ of his own to get even with some of his friends." The two editors are socially the best of friends, and when some journals spread rumors to the contrary, Labouchère went at once to Yates, and characteristically suggested that they should go down and take off their coats and affect a fight in front of the office, so as to swell the sensation. Mr. Louis Jennings of the New York *Times* was for a while financial editor, and Mr. Sam Ward and other New Yorkers have been among the *World's* contributors.

Victor Hugo, says a Paris correspondent, is now eighty-two (his birthday was February 26), and if not at the acme of his genius, he is asssuredly at the acme of his egotism. His vanity has been steadily and swiftly growing through two generations until it has reached a height that no ordinary mind can measure. It is colossal, everlasting, insatiable. Since he wrote his "Odes and Ballads," when he was twenty, he has been largely occupied with his boundless importance and the contemplation of his own greatness, and for many years past he has been irredeemably lost in admiring wonderment at his personal perfections. Other men are vain; Hugo is vanity itself. To express even faintly his superlative, his preternatural self-esteem, some new word should be invented, and the best word would be "Hugoism." Nowhere but in France would such deification be possible. France is self-worshipful, and the French, in a way, worship themselves by worshiping Hugo, who is, in their eyes, first a Frenchman, and, secondly, a genius. He is the one man of the country before whom all other men pale and dwindle. The French people, as he thinks, and as they are willing to concede, are divided into the French and Victor Hugo. He is the apotheosis of poetry, the avatar of intellect. Everybody addresses him as "Dear Master," and strangers who call on him—he is very accessible—do little else than echo the praises he expects as his due. Many of these praises are ludicrously excessive; but they never sound so to him. His hearing has grown callous to the exaggerated compliments that have so long assailed it. No Anglo-Saxon could or would endure such a battery of adulation. Superlatives have become so familiar to him that the positive degree might awaken resentment. He is continually accosted as "divine," "the greatest of poets," "the monarch of mirth," "the intellectual ruler of the age," and the like. A not uncommon form of greeting is, "How is the good god?" to which he responds, with wonderful ingenuousness, "The good god is very well."

## LITERARY NOTES.

### Bancroft's New Volume—"The History of the Pacific States."

Volume XIII of the "History of the Pacific States," by Hubert H. Bancroft, is the first volume of the "History of California." It comprises the period embraced by 1542–1800—from Cabrilo's anding at San Diego, in 1542, to the close of Borica's rule, in 800. Concerning the sources of his information he has much to ay. Books, pamphlets, manuscripts, letters, deeds, verbal testiony, and every other record has been ransacked for the author's istorical purpose. Concerning mission and public archives he bserves:

Documents were not all turned over, as they should have been, to the United tates and to the church; nearly every Mexican official retained more or less ecords, which remained in his family archives together with his correspondnce and that of his ancestors and relations. I have made an earnest effort to ollect these scattered papers, and with flattering success, as is shown by about fty collections of "Documentos para la Historia de California," in one hunred and ten volumes, containing not less than forty thousand documents, thouands being of the utmost importance, as containing records nowhere else exnt, and one hundred and sixteen of them receiving special titles in my list. bout half of all these documents are similar in their nature and historic value -in all save that they are originals instead of copies on my shelves—to those the public and mission archives; and the rest are, in some respects, even iore valuable for my purpose, being largely composed of the private correondence of prominent citizens and officials on current public affairs, of which ney afford almost an unbroken record. Twenty-nine of these collections of rivate and family archives bear the names of the Californian families by the epresentatives of which they were given to me. Of these, by far the largest nd most valuable collection is that which bears the name of Mariano Guadaupe Vallejo, in thirty-seven immense folio volumes, of not less than twenty housand original papers. General Vallejo, one of the most prominent and enghtened of Californians, was always a collector of such documents as might id in recording the history of his country; and when he became interested in y work, he not only most generously and patriotically gave up all his accuulated treasures of the past, but doubled their bulk and value by using his influence with such of his countrymen as turned a deaf ear to my persuasions. is a contributor to the stock of original information respecting his country's anals General Vallejo must ever stand without a rival. The second collection in xtent, and the largest from the south, is that of the Guerra y Noriega family, Santa Barbara. But bulk is by no means the only test of value; and many f my smaller collections, from men who gave all they had, contain records uite as important as the larger ones named. Twenty other collections bear oreign names, in some cases that of the pioneer family whose archives they ere, and in others that of the collector or donor. Except that a larger porion of the documents are in English, they are generally of the same class as iose just referred to. At the head of this class, in merit, stand Thomas O. arkin's nine volumes of "Documents for the History of California," presentd by Mr. Larkin's family, through his son-in-law, Sampson Tams. This colction is, beyond all comparison, the best source of information on the history f 1845–6, which, in fact, could not be correctly written without these papers. arkin, besides being United States Consul, and at one time a confidential gent of the national administration in California, was also a leading merchant ho had an extensive commercial correspondence with prominent residents, oth foreign and native, in all parts of the country, as also with traders and ther visitors at the provincial capital. Business letters between him and such en as Stearns at Los Angeles, Fitch at San Diego, and Leidesdorff at San rancisco, from week to week, furnish a running record of political, industrial, social, and commercial annals. The most influential natives in different ections corresponded frequently with the merchant consul; he was on terms of ntimacy with the masters of vessels, and with leading men in Mexico and at he islands. The collection contains numerous and important letters from Frenont, Sutter, Sloat, and Montgomery. Autograph communications from James uchanan, Secretary of State at Washington, exhibit the national policy reecting California in an entirely new light. Besides the nine bulky volumes entioned, I have from the same source a large quantity of unbound commerial documents; the merchant's account books for many years, of great value supplying pioneer names and dates; and, still more important, his consulate ecords, containing copies of all his communications to the United States Gove rnment, only a few of which have ever been made known to the public. Larkin and Vallejo must ever stand unrivaled among the names of pioneer and naive contributors to the store of original material for Californian history.

Mr. Bancroft says that, while the memory of man is not to be ompared with documentary record, it is nevertheless of great imortance. He remarks in this connection:

I have therefore taken dictations of personal reminiscences from one hundred nd sixty old residents. Half of them were natives, or of Spanish blood; the ther half foreign pioneers who came to the country before 1848. Of the former lass twenty-four were men who occupied prominent public positions, equally ivided between the north and the south. The time spent with each by my reorters was from a few days to twelve months, according to the prominence, emory, and readiness to talk of the person interviewed; and the result varied n bulk from a few pages to five volumes of manuscript. A few spoke of spial events; most gave their general recollections of the past; and several supplemented their reminiscences by documentary or verbal testimony obtained rom others. They include men of all classes and in the aggregate fairly represent the Californian people. Eleven of the number were women, and the dication of one of these, Mrs. Ord—Doña Angustias de la Guerra—compares favorably in accuracy, interest, and completeness, with the best in my collection. General Vallejo's narrative, expanded into a formal *Historia de California*, is the most extensive and in some respects the most valuable of all; that of Governor Alvarado is second in size, and in many parts of inferior quality. The works of Bandini and Osio differ from the others in not having been written expressly for my use. The authors were intelligent and prominent men, and though their narratives are much less extensive and complete than those of Vallejo and Alvarado, they are of great importance. Those of such men as Botello, Coronel, Pio and Jesus Pico, Arce, Amador, and Castro, merit special mention, and there are many of the briefer dictations which in comparison with the longer ones cited have a value far beyond their bulk. Of the pioneers whose testimony was taken, twelve wrote on special topics, such as the Bear Flag, Donner Party, or Graham Affair. Twenty of them came to California before 840. Thirty-five came overland, twenty in immigrant parties, three or four as hunters, and the rest as soldiers or explorers in 1845–8; while twenty came by sea, chiefly as traders or seamen who left their vessels secretly. William H. Davis has furnished one of the most detailed and accurate records of early events and men; and others meriting particular mention are Baldridge, Bellen, Bidwell, Bigler, Chiles, Forster, Murray, Nidever, Sutter, Warner, and Wilson. As a whole, the testimony of the pioneers is hardly equal in value to that of the native Californians, partly because they have in many cases taken less interest and devoted less time to the matter; also because the testimony of some of the most competent has been given more or less fully in print. While the personal reminiscences of both natives and pioneers, as used in connection with and tested by contemporaneous documentary evidence, have been in the aggregate of great value to me in the preparation of this work, yet I can not give them unlimited praise as authorities. A writer, however intelligent and competent, attempting to base the annals of California wholly or mainly on this kind of evidence, would produce a very peculiar and inaccurate work. Hardly one of these narratives if put in print could escape severe and merited criticism. It is no part of my duty to point out defects in individual narratives written for my use, but rather to extract from each all that it contains of value, passing the rest in silence. And in criticising this material in bulk, I do not allude to the few clumsy attempts in certain dictations and parts of others to deceive me, or to the falsehoods told with a view to exaggerate the importance or otherwise promote the interests of the narrator, but to the general mass of statements from honest and intelligent men. In the statements of past events made by the best of men from memory—and I do not find witnesses of Anglo-Saxon blood in any degree superior in this respect to those of Spanish race—will be found a strange and often inexplicable mixture of truth and falsehood. Side by side in the best narratives I find accounts of one event which are models of faithful accuracy, and accounts of another event not even remotely founded in fact. There are notable instances where prominent witnesses have in their statements done gross injustice to their own reputations or those of their friends. There seems to exist a general inability to distinguish between the memory of real occurrences that have been seen and known, and that of idle tales that have been heard in years long past.

The name "California" was long a puzzle to the historians who sought its origin, and many brilliant theories have been evolved concerning its etymological structure. Of this subject the author says:

In 1862 Edward E. Hale was so fortunate as to discover the source whence the discoverers obtained the name. An old romance, the "Sergas of Esplandian," by Ordoñez de Montalvo, translator of "Amadis of Gaul," printed perhaps in 1510, and certainly in editions of 1519, 1521, 1525, and 1526 in Spanish, mentioned an island of California, "on the right hand of the Indies, very near the Terrestrial Paradise," peopled with black women, griffins, and other creatures of the author's imagination. There is no direct historical evidence of the application of this name; nor is any needed. No intelligent man will ever question the accuracy of Hale's theory. The number of Spanish editions would indicate that the book was popular at the time of the discovery; indeed, Bernal Diaz often mentions the "Amadis of Gaul," to which the "Esplandian" was attached.

Mr. Bancroft considers that it will always be a matter of question as to what harbor Sir Francis Drake visited. His chaplain, Fletcher, who described the sojourn, was noted for his tremendous exaggerations, and the descriptions in his book all tend to show that the *Golden Hind* never found San Francisco Bay, but harbored in what is known as Drake's Bay. There are arguments against this, however, more or less weighty. The writer observes, regarding San Francisco Bay:

That Drake and his men should have spent a month in so large and so peculiar a bay without an exploration extending thirty or forty miles into the interior by water; that notes should be written on the visit without a mention of any exploration, or of the great rivers flowing into the bay, or of its great arms; that Drake's companions should have evaded the questions of such men as Richard Hakluyt, and have died without imparting a word of the information so eagerly sought by so many men, is indeed incredible. For sailors in those days to talk of inlets they had never seen was common; to suppress their knowledge of real inlets would indeed have been a marvel. Drake's business in the North Pacific was to find an interoceanic passage; if he abandoned the hope in the far north, one glance at the Golden Gate would have rekindled it; a sight of the far-reaching arms within would have convinced him that the strait was found; San Pablo Bay would have removed the last doubt from the mind of every incredulous companion; in Suisun Bay the *Golden Hind* would have been well on her way through the continent; and a little farther the only question would have been whether to proceed directly to Newfoundland by the Sacramento or to Florida by the San Joaquin. That a man like Fletcher, who found sceptres and crowns and kings among the Central Californians, who found a special likelihood of gold and silver where nothing of the kind ever existed, who was so nearly frozen among the snow-covered Californian hills in summer, should have called the anchorage under Point Reyes, to say nothing of Bodega, a fine harbor, would have been wonderful accuracy and moderation on his part. But supposing San Francisco Bay to have been the subject of his description, let the reader imagine the result. The continent is not broad enough to contain the complication of channels he would have described.

On the 16th of July, 1769, the Mission of San Diego was founded with due formality by Padre Junipero Serra, being dedicated to San Diego de Alcalá, a Spanish saint. Not long after an expedition was sent north which visited the Bay of San Francisco. In 1770 a mission was founded at Monterey. In November, 1774, Rivera made an expedition to San Francisco to search for a suitable site for a mission. The following is a description of his trip after passing what is now known as Searsville:

The explorers started on northwestward, soon crossing the low hills into the cañada that had been followed in 1769, to which, or to a locality in which, they now gave the name Cañada de San Andrés, which it still bears. Ranccherias were numerous, and the natives uniformly well disposed. On the 30th they left the glen, climbed some high land, and encamped on a lagoon in the hills, not improbably that now known as Laguna de San Bruno. From a lofty hill Rivera and Palou obtained a view of the bay and valley to the southeastward, but could not see the outlet, on account of another hill intervening. December 1st Rivera with four soldiers climbed that hill, and on his return said he had been very near the outlet, which could be conveniently reached from the camp by following the ocean beach. Delayed for a few days by cold, rainy weather, they started again on the fourth, proceeded north over low hills and across cañadas, in three of which was running water, and encamped before noon on a stream which flowed into a large lake stretching toward the beach, known later as Laguna de la Merced. Taking with him four soldiers and accompanied also by Palou, Rivera continued northwestward over hill and vale into the sand dunes and down to the beach, at a point near where the Ocean Side House later stood. Thence he followed the beach, as so many thousands have done since in conveyances somewhat more modern and elegant than those of the gallant captain and friar, until stopped by the steep slope of a lofty hill, in sight of some pointed rocks near the shore, this being the first visit to the Seal Rocks since famous, and to the site of the modern "Cliff." They climbed the hill and gazed around on what was and is still to be seen, and described by Palou as it might be described now, except in the matter of artificial changes. A cross was set up on the summit, and the explorers returned by the way they had come to their camp on Lake Merced after an absence of only four hours. It was resolved to postpone the exploration of the Rio de San Francisco, the San Joaquin, until after the rainy season, and to return to Monterey by the shore route of 1769. Three hours' journey southward, over grassy hills, brought them on the 5th into the old trail, by which, having crossed the San Lorenzo and Pajaro rivers on the 11th, they arrived at home the 13th of December.

The Presidio of San Francisco was finally founded September 17, 1776, its commandant being Moraga. The mission at the Laguna de los Dolores, the sixth of the California missions, was established and dedicated to San Francisco de Asis, October 9th of the same year. The narrative of life at the Presidio and missions is particularly interesting. At Monterey there was in 1785 a spicy court scandal. Governor Fages and his pretty wife had a violent quarrel, which ended in his lordship being consigned to a separate apartment for three months by his irate spouse. To her astonishment he bore his exile with smiling contentment. Suspicious of the cause, the lady made an investigation, and discovered that a charming Indian maiden was cheering his loneliness. Wild with rage, she left the house, and it was many months before the clergy could effect a reconciliation between the warring pair.

In 1784 the renowned Padre Junipero Serra died. Concerning his last hours the historian writes:

In January he had returned from his last tour of confirmation in the south, during which he visited every mission from San Diego to San Antonio. In June he came home from a last visit to the northern missions of San Francisco and Santa Clara. He left Monterey by sea for the south so ill, that all, including himself, deemed his return doubtful. He was near death at San Gabriel, and when he left Santa Clara it was with the avowed intention to prepare for the final change. He had long been a sufferer from an affection of the chest and ulcers on the legs, both aggravated if not caused by self-inflicted hardship and pious neglect of his body. The death of his old companion Crespi had been a heavy blow; his sorrow had been deep at partial failure in his efforts to place California exclusively under missionary control, and to revive under better auspices the Jesuit epoch of the peninsula. The return of Fages to power was not encouraging to his plans and hopes. His license to confirm, under which he had administered the sacrament to over five thousand persons, expired in July, and discouraging news came at the same time from Mexico about the prospect of obtaining new friars. The death of Father Murguia broke another link that bound him to this world, and the venerable apostle felt that his work was done, his reward was near. To all the Franciscans was dispatched a letter of eternal farewell, in every word of which seemed distilled, drop by drop, the very soul of the dying man, while from each of the nearer missions a padre was summoned to take leave in person. Palou from San Francisco, the only one who arrived before Father Junipero's death, was obliged to say on August 19th the regular monthly mass in honor of St. Joseph, California's great patron, but in other religious services the saintly sufferer insisted on taking his usual part. Irritants were applied to his chest by the presidial surgeon on the 23d, without any beneficial effect. On the 26th he made a general confession, and next day walked to church to receive the last sacrament in the presence of friars, officers, troops, and natives, having ordered the carpenter to make his coffin. The night was passed by the dying man on his knees, or a part of the time reclining in the arms of his neophytes. Having been anointed, and recited with others the litany, toward morning he received absolution and the plenary indulgence of his order. In the morning of the 28th he was visited by Captain Cañizares and other officers of the vessel in port, and he asked that the bells might be tolled in honor of their visit. Then he conversed with his old friend Palou, requested to be buried in the church near Crespi, and promised to pray for California when he should come in the presence of the Trinity. At one moment a fear seemed to oppress his mind, but soon all was calm, and he went out of doors to gaze for the last time upon the face of nature. Returning at one P. M. he lay down after prayers to rest, and was thought to be sleeping, but within an hour Palou found that he was dead. The bells announced the mournful intelligence. Clad in the friar's simple robe in which he died, and which was the only garment he ever wore save when traveling, the body was placed in the coffin, with six candles beside it, and the weeping neophytes came to cover the remains of their beloved master with flowers, and touch with their medals and rosaries the lifeless form. Every article of clothing save the one that served as a shroud was distributed in small fragments as precious relics among the people, and notwithstanding all vigilance a part of the robe was taken also. On Sunday, the 29th, the body was buried in the mission church by Palou in the presence of all the inhabitants of Monterey, and with all possible ceremonial display, including military honors and the booming of guns from the fort and Cañizares's vessel at anchor in the bay.

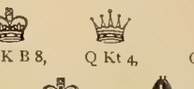
The history, taken in its entirety, is admirable in every respect. No event has been slurred over; no explorer slighted; no friar or official neglected; in fact, to every incident and personage is carefully allotted attention proportionate to historical importance. And yet the book possesses an interest far beyond the ordinary, for the general as well as for the local reader. Where resident Californians will read with wondering absorption the quaint descriptions of the first exploration of Alameda, or of the discovery of Suisun Bay, others will follow the struggles of the pioneer priests and soldiers to effect their settlements, and the gradual development of political and social institutions.

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

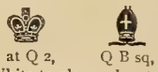
### Problems and Other Topics of Interest in the King of Games

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

**Problem No. XV.—By Ch. Makowsky.**



at K B 8, Q Kt 4, Q R 5, K 5.

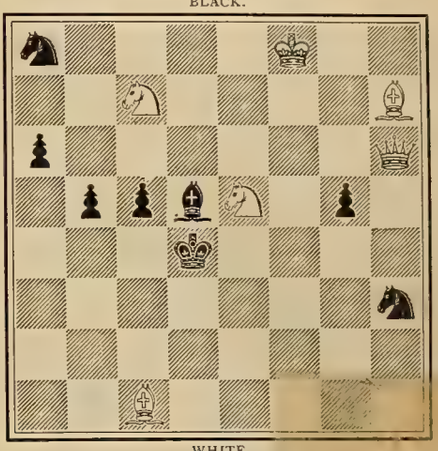


at Q 2, Q B sq, Q B 2.

White to play and mate in two moves.

**Problem No. XVI.—By James Rayner.**

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

The following game was played in the [illegible] tournament at Warsaw, Poland, and will amply repay study. The notes are by S. Rosenthal:

RUY LOPEZ.

| *White.* | *Black.* | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Winawer. | Heilpern. | 13—B KB4 (f) | 13—P QB4 |
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 14—Kt QKt5 | 14—P QR3 (g) |
| 2—Kt KB3 | 2—Kt QB3 | 15—Kt Q6 ch(h) | 15—P x Kt |
| 3—B QKt5 | 3—Kt KB3 | 16—P x P | 16—B KB3 (i) |
| 4—Castles | 4—B QB4 (a) | 17—B KR6 | 17—B Q4 |
| 5—P QB3 (b) | 5—Kt x P (c) | 18—R x B | 18—Kt x R |
| 6—Q K2 | 6—Kt KB3 | 19—Q K4 ch | 19—Kt K2 |
| 7—P Q4 | 7—B K2 | 20—Kt Q2 | 20—R QR2 |
| 8—P x P | 8—Kt Q4 | 21—R K sq | 21—R KKt sq |
| 9—R Q sq | 9—Kt QKt3 | 22—Q KB4 | 22—B KKt2 |
| 10—B x Kt | 10—Kt P x B | 23—B x B | 23—R x B |
| 11—Kt Q4 | 11—B QKt2 | 24—Q KB6 (j) | Black resigned |
| 12—Q KKt4 (d) | 12—P KKt3 (e) | | |

(a) Weak. The only correct move is 4—Kt x P; 5, P Q4—P QR3, with continuation which has been given a number of times.

(b) The text-move is good. We, however, prefer 5, K x P—Kt x Kt; or (*a*) 6, P Q4—BQ3; 7, P x Kt—B x P; 8, P KB4, etc.

(*a*) 5—Kt x P; 6, Kt x BP—Kt x BP [if K x Kt, 7, Q R5 ch, followed by Q Q5 ch, or Q KB5 ch, and regaining the piece]: 7, Q K2 ch—K x Kt [if Q K2, 8, Kt x R and wins]: 8 Q QB4 ch, and wins.

(c) The better continuation was 5—Castles; 6, P Q4—[if 6, Kt x P—Kt x Kt, etc.], B QKt 3, etc.

(d) If 12, P K6—Castles.

(e) If 12—Castles; 13, B KR6.

(f) White has no object in preventing castling by 13, B KR6; for after castling, B KR6 followed by P K6 gives him a very strong attack. The text-move is perfect play, and introduces a beautiful continuation.

(g) The game is lost. The only way to continue the struggle was 14—Castles.

(h) A correct and beautiful sacrifice.

(i) If 16—Castles, 17, P x B—Q x P; 18, B Q 6, and wins.

(j) The ending of this game is admirably well played by M. Winawer, and we award him high praise. After this move Black can not possibly avoid mate, for if 24—K B sq; 25, P x Kt ch, and mate in two moves; and if 24—R Kt sq, 25, R x Kt ch, and mate on the move; and finally if 24—QR moves, 25, Q x R, and mate follows immediately.

We announce with regret the death of one of the greatest of chess-players, D. Harrwitz, who died in February last, at Bazen, Austria, at the age of sixty-two years. At twenty-five, Harrwitz, who resided in Paris, was considered one of the first players of Europe, and he became celebrated after the victory which he won in a match against Lowenthal. In 1858 he was defeated by Paul Morphy, coming to Paris expressly to make a match with him, and he felt his defeat so keenly that shortly after he abandoned chess, and retired to the little village in the Tyrol, where he remained until his death. A number of his gomes were published in the journals of his time, and but few of the masters have done more than he for the cause of chess in Europe.—*La Vie Moderne.*

The following method, by which a country player improved, will be found not only interesting but instructive. He says: "I, who learned chess in a country town where there was little or no practice, and that not good, may instance my own experience. I was in the habit of choosing some fine published game and of selecting the winning side as my own. Say that Morphy won of Anderssen. I selected Morphy's side, covered up his moves with a piece of paper, and endeavored to anticipate the great master's line of play. After due deliberati n I compared my ideas with the course actually adopted, made Morphy's move, with the reply of Anderssen, and then proceeded to consider what might be the American's next venture. The experiment was generally humiliating at first; better results followed, and eventually I was able to do better than my teacher."

#### Chess Aphorisms.

Study from books: The study of books may enlarge the chess faculty, but the danger is that it will only *gorge* it; so that the information required can not be got at the proper time, on account of the close and indiscriminate packing.

Book knowledge: A man with much book knowledge and but little creative talent in chess, is like a talkative man with a large memory and a small understanding. He is always quoting authors, but seldom in the right place.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

### Ballade of Neglected Merit.

I have scribbled in verse and in prose,
I have painted "arrangements in greens,"
And my name is familiar to those
Who take in the high-class magazines;
I compose; I've invented machines;
I have written an "Essay on Rhyme";
For my county I played, in my teens,
But—I am not in "Men of the Time!"

I have lived, as a chief, with the Crows;
I have "interviewed" princes and queens;
I have climbed the Caucasian snows;
I abstain, like the ancients, from beans;
I've a guess what Pythagoras means,
When he says that to eat them's a crime;
I have lectured upon the Essenes,
But—I am not in "Men of the Time!"

I've a fancy as morbid as Poe's,
I can tell what is meant by "Shebeens,"
I have breasted the river that flows
Through the land of the wild Gadarenes;
I can gossip with Burton on *skenes*,
I can imitate Irving (the Mime),
And my sketches are quainter than Kean's,
But—I am not in "Men of the Time!"

ENVOY.

So the tower of mine eminence leans
Like the Pisan, and mud is its lime;
I'm acquainted with dukes and with deans,
But—I am not in "Men of the Time!"
—*Andrew Lang in May Century.*

### Eulalie.

Her voice is like the mocking-bird's upon the myrtle tree,
Her eyes are like the summer stars that frolic on the sea;
Oh, 'tis rapture to look at her;
And it sets my heart abeat,
Just to catch the pretty patter
Of her merry little feet.

The Fairies spun her tresses on a spindle made of pearl,
Then dipped them in the summer shine and put them up in curl;
And when I see them flutter,
And she dances in the wind,
I wish I was a butter-
fly. or—something of the kind.

I know that Cupid did it, and I think it was a sin
To carve a cunning dimple in the middle of her chin;
For it is a crime to covet—
So says the Law Divine—
Yet I look at it, and love it,
And I want it all for mine.

She whispers that she loves me! Now be it understood
The tidings are delightful—I'd believe them if I could;
But in *her* vocabulary,
With its tantalizing flow,
The truth will often tarry
Far behind a "yes" or "no."

She smiles at me! She frowns at me! She knows I can not fly;
O Cupid come and aid me with an arrow on the sly,
That when the orange bowers
Are blowing, Eulalie
May wear the snowy flowers
In a bridal wreath for me!
—*Samuel Minturn Peck in May Manhattan.*

### The Coquettes.

They say the brunettes are arch coquettes,
That they break the hearts that love them,
But eyes of blue are tender and true
As the sky that bends above them.

Ah! but you will find Love is color-blind,
And he comes with as little warning
To hearts that lie back of eyes of black
As of those that are blue as the morning.

For he comes and goes as the free wind blows,
That asks not, as it passes,
If it touches the head of the roses red,
Or the violets down in the grasses.

So the coquettes are not the brunettes,
Nor the maidens with golden tresses;
They are those unto whom Love never has come
With his kisses and fond caresses.
—*Hosea G. Blake in May Harper's.*

### Ho! For the Kankakee.

A SPORTSMAN'S SONG.

Ho! for the marshes, green with spring,
Where the bitterns croak and the plovers pipe,
Where the gaunt old heron spreads his wing
Above the haunt of the rail and snipe;
For my gun is clean and my rod's in trim,
And the old, wild longing is roused in me;
Ho! for the bass-pools cool and dim!
Ho! for the swales of the Kankakee!

Is there other joy like the joy of a man
Free for a season with rod and gun,
With the sun to tan and the winds to fan,
And the waters to lull, and never a one
Of the cares of life to follow him,
Or to shadow his mind while he wanders free?
Ho! for the currents slow and dim!
Ho! for the fens of the Kankakee!

A hut by the river, a light canoe,
My rod and my gun, and a sennight fair—
A wind from the south and the wildfowl due
Be mine! All's well. Comes never a care!
A strain of the savage fires my blood,
And the zest of freedom is keen in me;
Ho! for the marsh and the lilied flood!
Ho! for the tarns of the Kankakee!

Give me to stand where the swift currents rush,
With my rod all astrain and a bass coming in,
Or give me the marsh, with the brown snipe aflush
And my gun's sudden flashes and resonant din;
For I'm tired of the desk and tired of the town,
And I long to be out, and I long to be free;
Ho! for the marsh, with the birds whirling down!
Ho! for the pools of the Kankakee!
—*Maurice Thompson in May Manhattan.*


The Strongest and Best!




The Strongest and Best!

FOR SALE BY

**C. J. HAWLEY & CO., Sutter St.,**

Who are also introducing as a specialty

**HAWLEY'S NEW BLEND TEA.**

If you want a Tea that is pure, wholesome, and delicious, ask for it at the nearest drug store in the city. Sold at $1, 75 cents, and 50 cents per pound, in 1-pound and ½-pound packages.

**ANALYSIS.**

C. J. HAWLEY & CO.—GENTLEMEN: I have carefully examined the New Blend Tea, and found it to be pure, unadulterated, and uncolored.
Yours respectfully, THOS. PRICE, M. D.

**Ask your Druggist for**

**HAWLEY'S NEW BLEND TEA.**

## FROM THE PRESIDENT

**OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.**

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.
*Gentlemen:*

## Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,
WM. CAREY CRANE."

**AYER'S HAIR VIGOR** is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

Sold by all Druggists.

**Hunyadi** THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
NATURAL APERIENT WATER. **János**

*"A natural laxative, superior to all others."*
**Prof. Macnamara, M.D., of Dublin.**
"SPEEDY, SURE & GENTLE."
*Prof. Roberts, F.R.C.P., London.*
*"Relieves the kidneys, unloads the liver, and opens the bowels."*
**London Medical Record.**
*Ordinary Dose, a Wineglassful before breakfast. Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.*
**NONE GENUINE BUT WITH THE BLUE LABEL.**

**For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.**
**522 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.**

**HEALD'S** BUSINESS COLLEGE.
No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

"EUREKA" COTTON

## GARDEN HOSE

Stronger three to one, and lighter two to one, than the best four-ply Rubber Hose; and if left out in the sun and air continuously, or, if put away, put away dry, will stand the roughest kind of usage and will last for years.
Also, RUBBER HOSE of extra quality and at low price.

**W. T. Y. SCHENCK,**
36 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## HIGHLAND SPRINGS,

**LAKE COUNTY, CAL.**

**"The Switzerland of America."**

OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

**Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.**
**Daily communication via Cloverdale.**

**DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.**

## THE "POPE HOUSE"

## HOTEL.

The POPE HOUSE, for fifteen years past the leading private Hotel and Boarding-House of SANTA CRUZ, enjoying the first patronage in the State, has changed hands, and RE-OPENED March 25th, under the direct personal management and supervision of the new proprietors, who hope, by close attention to the wants and comforts of their guests, to merit a continuance of the valuable patronage so long enjoyed by Mrs. Pope.
Private Family Dining-rooms. French Dinners served to order in the best style.
☞ SPECIAL OMNIBUS awaits all arriving and departing trains and steamers. No charge whatever for conveying guests to or from this hotel.

## HOTEL
## SIERRA MADRE VILLA,

**On the mountain side,**

**In an Orange Grove, Near Los Angeles.**

Has been enlarged to accommodate One Hundred Guests For climate, health, comfort, pure water, and beauty o. scenery, it has no equal on this coast. General Sherman says it surpasses all other places on the American continent for a quiet good time.
For further information, address

**W. COGSWELL, Proprietor,**
San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, Cal.

## PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.

**Stationers, Booksellers,**
**Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,**
**204 Sansome Street, near Pine.**

**ASA HARKER & CO.**
**Importers and Wholesale Grocers,**
108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

ATKINS MASSEY,
**UNDERTAKER,**
At the old established place, **No. 651 Sacramento Street**, first house below Kearny, San Francisco.

BONESTELL, RICHARD & CO.
ALLEN & CO.
PAPER WAREHOUSE
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST, S.F
**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

FINE
**Suits, $25.** TAILORING **Suits, $30.**
Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.
**Suits, $40.** TAILORING **Suits, $50.**
Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.
**Suits, $60.** TAILORING **Suits, $70.**
**J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.**

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY
A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for
**TAMAR** **CONSTIPATION,** Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion, etc.
Prepared by
**INDIEN** **E. GRILLON,** Chemist of the Paris Faculty, SOLE PROPRIETOR, 27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.
**GRILLON** Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

## J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.
## MERCHANT TAILORS

**And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,**
**415 MONTGOMERY STREET,**
**Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco**

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**

THE NORTON
## DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**
**36 California Street, San Francisco,**
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

**MARBLE WORKS.**

**MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.**
**W. H. McCORMICK,**
827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.


**In the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.**

In the matter of E. DETRICK and J. H. NICHOLSON as copartners, composing the firm of E. DETRICK & Co., and E. DETRICK individually, insolvent debtors.
J. H. Nicholson, having filed in this Court his petition, schedule, and inventory in insolvency, by which it appears that he is an insolvent debtor, the said J. H. Nicholson is hereby declared to be insolvent. The Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco is hereby directed to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the said J. H. Nicholson, debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from execution, and all of his deeds, vouchers, books of account, and papers, and to keep the same safely until the appointment of an assignee of his estate. All persons are forbidden to pay any debts to the said insolvent, or to deliver any property belonging to him, or to any person, firm or corporation, or association for his use. The said debtor is hereby forbidden to transfer or deliver any property, until the further order of this Court, except as herein ordered.
It is further ordered, that all the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Honorable F. M. Clough, Judge of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, in open Court, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, on the 28th day of April, 1884, at ten o'clock A. M. of that day, to prove their debts, and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor.
It is further ordered, that the order be published in the *Argonaut*, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, as often as the said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of creditors.
And it is further ordered, that in the meantime all proceedings against the said insolvent be stayed.
Dated March 26, 1884.
T. H. REARDEN, Judge of the Superior Court.
Attest: WILLIAM T. SESNON, Clerk.
By EDWARD MYERS, Deputy Clerk.

**CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of April, 1884, an assessment (No. 13) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Friday, the twenty-third (23d) day of May, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the twelfth day of June, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER MINING CO.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the sixteenth day of April, 1884, an assessment (No. 26) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the twentieth day of May, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the tenth day of June, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
CHAS. E. ELLIOTT, Secretary.
Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

**CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of March, 1884, an assessment (No. 11) of Twenty (20c) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the twenty-first (21st) day of April, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the seventeenth day of May, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
C. P. GORDON, Secretary.
Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.


Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.
**COWEN, PORTER & CO.,**
**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**
**118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr|King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.**
J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER
Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Thursday, April 24, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‡8.00 A.M. | Byron and Martinez | ‡6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Deming, El Paso Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | and East Emigrant | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Stockton Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Ione | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Los Angeles and South | 9.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | Merced, Madera, | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Fresno, and Tulare | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Mojave, Needles, Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | and East Emigrant | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *3.00 P.M. | Ogden and Express | 7.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 P.M. | East Emigrant | 11.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | and Tehama via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Redding | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.10 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Virginia City | 7.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 7.00 A.M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Oakland Pier; and that leaving at 8.30 A.M. can meet Pacific Express from The Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A.M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P.M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Daily, except Sundays. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**OPIUM and MORPHINE HABIT**

DR. B. H. KANE, of the DeQuincey Home, now offers a Remedy whereby any one can cure himself quickly and painlessly. For testimonials and endorsements from eminent medical men, &c., address B. H. KANE, A.M., M.D., 160 Fulton St., New York City.


## NORTHERN DIVISION SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

**BROAD GAUGE.**

## WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, November 11, 1883,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| †6.50 A.M. | San Mateo, Redwood, and Menlo Park | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | *8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| *5.10 P.M. | | †4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | Santa Clara, San Jose, and Principal Way Stations | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas, and Monterey | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Hollister and Tres Pinos | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Watsonville, Soquel, Aptos (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, broad gauge, no change of cars | 5.55 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | |
| 10.40 A.M. | Soledad and Way Stations | 5.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (sportsmen's train).

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A.M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A.M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS

Sold on Saturday and Sunday—good to return on Monday—to Santa Clara or San José, $2.50; to Gilroy, $4.00; to Monterey or Santa Cruz, $5.00, and to principal points between San Francisco and San José.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**FOR SAUCELITO, SAN RAFAEL, AND DUNCAN MILLS,**

VIA

## NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

### TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Saturday, April 27th, 1884,**

and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—7.30, 9.15 A.M., 1.30, 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P.M. (Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A.M., 1.30, 4.30, 6.30 P.M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20 A.M., 2.00, 3.25, 4.50 P.M. (Sundays)—7.55, 10.00, 11.30 A.M., 3.15, 4.30, 6.30 P.M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00 A.M., 2.30, 3.56, 5.30 P.M. (Sundays)—8.30, 10.30 A.M., 12.00 M., 3.45, 5.00, 7.10 P.M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 7.00 P.M.

**1.30 P.M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAIN for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through train from Duncan Mills arrives in S. F. at 10.30 A.M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning except Mondays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Caffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A.M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning arrives in S. F. at 7.40 P.M.

Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Passs. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


**OUR BUYERS' GUIDE** is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over **3,200** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**

**227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

**CHARLES R. ALLEN,**

**Dealer in House, Steam, Foundry, and**

**CUMBERLAND COAL,**

**ENGLISH COKE AND PIG IRON,**

**120 Beale Street, San Francisco.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA**

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

From San Francisco for

| STEAMER | 1884. | HONGKONG. |
|---|---|---|
| ARABIC | | Saturday, April 26th. |
| OCEANIC | | Tuesday, May 27th. |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Peking**.....**May 13**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Granada**.....**May 1**

At 10 o'clock A.M., taking freight and passengers for MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West India ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**City of Sydney**.....Friday, May 9, at 12 o'clock M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

Passengers must be on board at 5 o'clock P.M., at which time the ship will go into the stream.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A.M., on March 3d, 11th, 19th, and 27th, and every eighth day thereafter. The first steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A.M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A.M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P.M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose. Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR, MANAGER.

**Corner First and Market Streets,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital**.....**$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital**.....**$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama.

## The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK

LIMITED,

**N. E. corner Pine and Sansome Streets.**

London Office, 3 Angel Court. New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street.

**Authorized Capital Stock**.....**$6,000,000**

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED F. LOW, IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.

P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

CHARLES CROCKER. WM. H. CROCKER. R. C. WOOLWORTH.

## CROCKER, WOOLWORTH & CO.

**BANKERS,**

**322 Pine Street, San Francisco,** carry on a general Banking business.

Correspondents in the principal cities of the Eastern States and in Europe.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**
Of London. Instituted 1803.

**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.

**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.

**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold)**.....**$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884**..... **759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

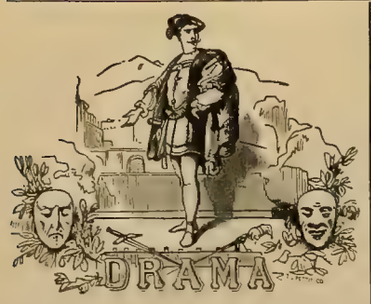
JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.




And this is "Pop!" "Pop" the effervescent! "Pop" the delicious! "Pop" the ineffably wicked. "Pop" that turned the heads of the *jeunesse dorée*, and the *vieillesse argentée!* "Pop," the destroyer of family peace, and the sponsor for broken hearts! "Pop," that saved the jewelers from bankruptcy and set the restaurateurs to building up the Western Addition! "Pop," that changed the vernacular of the village, and grafted a bit of hybrid slang upon it that means nothing at all! "Pop," that people have been talking about for a full round year, and thronged in platoons to see once again! "Pop," that Mackay was wise enough to see had made a chance hit, and wise enough not to risk his newly established commercial value by coming back to share the inevitable fate of its second visit!

It is the fashion to say now that much of its fascination lay with Mackay and Irene Perry, but a year ago Kate Castleton was undoubtedly the brightest particular star.

No one could tell you just why, if you put the question. A distinguished actor of the last century, being asked once why he preferred Mrs. Jordan before all the others, replied, specifically: "Because she has the best turned leg and the merriest laugh in England."

But when people began to describe Kate Castleton, they always murmured:

"Well, I don't know. There's a kind of a—sort of a—well, you know, she has a very wicked eye and a very wicked kick."

This view of the lady does not take a very strong hold of any one who did not take the "Pop" fever. Kate Castleton is a very pretty woman, with a very handsome figure down to her ankles. If she would consent to wear sash-curtains around her feet, she would hide the most defective part of her anatomy, and her anatomy is apparently her principal capital in "Pop."

She is thoroughly uninteresting in the first act, being utterly barren of any dramatic talent whatever. The missing talent she replaces by a compilation of all the affectations of speech, glance, and pose that her observation has enabled her to acquire.

She undoubtedly has talent of the music hall variety when the time for her specialties arrives, and she accompanies this talent with a vanity which is the leviathan of its kind, and an indelicacy which is its twin. Miss Kate Castleton is perhaps innocent of the authorship of the extraordinary verses she sings, but as they consist of little else than a lot of badly metred taffy for Kate Castleton, it requires considerable hardihood to give them. Her encore, "Kate is a Rogue," she also most manifestly applies to herself; and when she gives the final flirt of her heel, as she disappears, an audience is inclined to be slightly ill of Miss Kate Castleton.

The old "Pop" habitués complain that the entire performance has perceptibly coarsened, and that, with the disappearance of Mackay from the cast, all of pure, simple fun that was in it has made its exit. Harry Richmond, the new Pop, had the grace to recognize in the beginning that there was a steep up-hill path before him in the supplanting (for the necessity amounted to that) of an established favorite. Aside from a grotesque slovenliness of make-up, which is offensive, he was getting along quite well, when unfortunately it occurred to him that he was making a hit. He thereupon degenerated into immediate flabbiness, and his specialties, whatever they are, lengthened themselves out to such a degree that he threatened to occupy the stage during the remainder of the engagement.

The principal feature of "Pop" that one carries away is the chorus of dudes by four young ladies. Their voices are positively dudesque in their weakness, but otherwise the idea is very well carried out, more especially by that dark-eyed young woman who stands second from the west, who has caught the true spirit of this new genus of animal, if he have any.

The dude and the jodel—or yodle, if you prefer it—are abroad.

There is a dude up at the Baldwin who really upon one small song shares the honors of the olio with George Knight himself, so popular has the personation become. As for the jodel, it is rampant in "Otto." This seems to come from the chivalrous intention of Mr. Knight to throw his wife's accomplishments into bold relief. Mrs. Knight, albeit the kittenish ways of the brewer's young daughter match strangely with the palpable maturity of the actress, is much more acceptable than in "Baron Rudolph." Her high spirits finds more consistent play, and there is much more harmony in her frolicking about as a Tyrolean warbler, since she will warble, than as a widow who has just successfully planted a husband.

Another feature of the olio is a small bench-show, consisting of a very fine specimen of English pug and a beautiful Dandy Dinmont, neither of them with any trace of the amateur. They have as much self-possession as if they had played a year in "Pop." The remainder of this act is principally German dialect and jodel.

Knight as Otto does not approach himself in "Baron Rudolph," though he is too clever a comedian in his line not to be everything that the part gives him a chance to be. "Baron Rudolph" was a bad play with some very good writing in it. "Otto" is a good enough play of its kind, with some very bad writing in it. The two authors, however, are not to be judged upon the same plane, nor by the same standard. Bronson Howard is a literary man and a playwright. Marsden is a mechanical dramatic constructionist. Howard can write in a character part; but Marsden understands the invariable requirements of the specialty drama, the chief of which is a long series of machinations by a stage villain, and their continued foiling by the dialectic hero.

In "Otto" this keeps going on as regularly as the machine-work of the big brewery. In the breathing spaces between the villain's plots the people stop and jodel.

At the Bush Street Theatre, also, they jodel between whiles. Miss Stembler, who sings remarkably well for a person occupying so unambitious a place in the profession, jodels most captivatingly behind the scenes, and, being wooed to it, comes forward and jodels captivatingly again with two attractive but nameless young persons with Tyrolean suggestions in their costumes.

These two costumes, by the way, and those of the dudes, are the only complete ones in the entire "Pop" outfit. Every one else seems to have left something off. The inner *jupon de promenade* especially has been totally neglected, which has the effect of making the "Pop" troupe look like a lot of sketchy young women who do not run a laundry bill. The effect is neither modest, pleasing, nor graceful. It is curious to observe a fashion, a trick of speech, or a mannerism, make its rounds through a troupe like this. Just now black is in favor with them. Beginning with Kate Castleton's serio-comic rig, in black and white, the fancy crops out in various forms among the various members. Black has always had its uses on the stage. It is sacred to Leonora in the last act of "Il Trovatore," to "Frou-Frou" in the death scene, to all emotional heroines when they are in deep trouble; but it looks strangely enough on the variety stage. However, it is extremely becoming, and helps to tone down the radiant effect of Mr. Stuart Harold's rabid red court costume. He has a good big voice, and sings his simple old ballad pleasantly enough withal; but it is only possible to gaze comfortably at this dazzling scarlet vision through smoked glass.

A foot-note on the bills requests the audience to sit quietly through the pot-pourri. There is no reason why any one who has struggled through the rest of it should not do so. It is not any worse than what goes before, better perhaps, for while there is still to be seen a woman dressed as a man, there is no longer a man dressed as a woman. Further, there is the gratification of seeing the curtain fall upon "Pop."

Perhaps they would have had better luck at the Standard, over the way, if they too had introduced the jodel.

The fact that the prima donna couldn't wheeze above a whisper, and that the rest of the troupe couldn't sing at all, may have had something to do with the omission. Perhaps, too, a North American Indian singing a jodel might have been an anachronism. The jodel, however, though more tuneful, is not really different in distinctive quality from the war-whoop, and they all war-whooped better than they did anything else. There was an Australian comedian in the cast with a pair of burlesque legs, a burlesque mouth, and an English accent; but his usefulness as an actor was somewhat impaired by the fact that he was perfectly unintelligible.

Frank Wright, as Powhatan, looked exactly like the pictures in the ancient geographies, and this was the solitary bit of excellence in the reproduction of the old burlesque.

The solitary bit? No. Mrs. Saunders, wandering in strange elements, and looking like a lost Pleiad, still wore, becomingly, the last shreds of her old mantle of pure legitimate comedy.

Next week they will have a chance at the jodel. The Archduke Joseph would never have permitted his musical gypsies to come without a jodel in their repertoire. They do not announce it, but there is a foretelling of success in the air, and they must have it with them.

As Mr. Sheridan did not appear at the Grand Opera House when announced, he is presumed to be studying the jodel in order to give "Monte Cristo" a complete production.

Grismer and Phœbe Davis meanwhile have been playing "Rosedale" exceedingly well to slack houses, and "Excelsior" has had no reason to furl the triumphant banner in the background of its closing tableau.

The premières, who are three superb dancers, are still received with stony apathy, and the postillion ballet, a most beautiful arrangement, gets little more than a hand. But as a magnificent spectacle whose component parts they fail to appreciate, it still attracts large audiences.

BETSY B.

---

Mr. Hayman announces the following as the list of engagements underlined at his theatre. They are given in their order: Mlle. Rhea (to follow the Knights): Mr. and Mrs. Nat Goodwin and Fifth Avenue Theatre cast in "Confusion"; Mrs. Langtry, in "A Wife's Peril"; Madison Square Theatre Company (New York cast) in "The Rajah"; the Bijou Opera Company of New York in the burlesque of "Orpheus and Eurydice" and "La Vie"; the latter is now running in New York, with Madame Vanoni as an attraction; Brooks & Dickson's Company, with "In the Ranks"; Wallack's Company in "Lady Clare" and "Moths"; The Boston Bijou Opera Company in "A Trip to Africa." This is a version of Suppé's new comic opera, "Die Afrikareiser."

---

At the Standard Theatre "Pocahontas" has has been played this week. To-morrow night the Standard Minstrels make their farewell appearance. On Monday night the Hungarian Gipsy Band appears.

---

"Rosedale" has been played at the Grand Opera House, by Mr. Grismer, Miss Phœbe Davis, and the stock company, this week. Mr. W. E. Sheridan will shortly appear at this theatre.

---

At the Baldwin Theatre next Monday night Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight will appear in "Over the Garden Wall."

---

The "Pop" Company has been playing successfully at the Bush Street Theatre this week.

---

To-night is the last performance of "Excelsior," at the California Theatre.

---

## DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Barton Hill has written a play called "Leo."

Patti and Mapleson part company on the 23d of May.

Boucicault has written a new comedy to be produced in New York in May.

Nellie Donald will play the leading part in "In the Ranks" in San Francisco.

Miss Georgia Cayvan has been engaged to travel with the Wallack company as leading lady after Miss Coghlan sails for Europe.

The benefit to Billy Birch at the Grand Opera House, New York, recently, netted the veteran minstrel about three thousand dollars.

It is said that Bronson Howard has refused twenty thousand dollars for a new play. He prefers to send his plays on the road on a royalty.

"Mountain Pink," a new five-act drama, will be produced at the Comedy Theatre, New York, on September 1st. "Random Shot," a new comedy, follows it.

John Howson will not go on the road with Wallack's company. He will join W. A. Mestayer in the production of Woolson Morse's "Madam Piper," having a share in the profits.

The severe strain on the eyes in simulating blindness has nearly resulted in loss of sight to Miss Maud Stuart, who played the part of Edith, the blind girl, in "Young Mrs. Winthrop." She is now in New York undergoing treatment.

Bronson Howard is living quietly in London, working on numerous dramatic projects. Mr. Palmer of the Union Square Theatre told a reporter in Paris that he had paid Bronson Howard more than seventy thousand dollars for his author's rights in "The Banker's Daughter." This approaches to something like the sum which French dramatists get for their work.

Miss Genevieve Ward rivals the late Madame Ida Pfeiffer as a traveler. She was last heard from at Colombo, Ceylon, where she had among her audience Arabi the Unblest. She had traveled fourteen thousand five hundred and ninety-three miles; had visited Bombay, Jeypore, Delhi, Agra, Lucknow, Benares, and Calcutta, in all of which places she played "Forget Me Mot."

The theatrical "fad" of the day, says the Boston *Courier*, seems to be for big dogs or big diamonds. Madame Janauschek has enough of the latter for one star at least, but accidentally she has introduced into one of her new plays a "big" dog. Those who have seen the play of "Marianna" will understand the allusion. In the last act her big dog "Buff" (short for Buffalo) is now introduced. "Buff is eighteen years old, a great age for a canine, and weighs probably five or six pounds. He is probably the most intelligent poodle in America. One night, while "Marianna" was being played, he followed his former master, Mr. Chaplin, upon the stage, and created a furor with the audience by his cunning ways, seeming to know just what to do. Ever since then he has become a member of the cast (not in the programme), and receives increased rations for his valuable services.

Several weeks ago John Stetson produced a play called "The Ace of Clubs," at the Globe Theatre, in Boston. It was of an ultra sensational character, and failed. There is a scene of wife murder in the play, and it was done in such a manner that one of the ladies in the audience on the first night fainted. She was carried out. Since that time she has not recovered her reason, and her husband, a Mr. Adolph Hellinger, is about to bring suit against Mr. Stetson for fifty thousand dollars damages. The question will be an interesting one—how far theatrical managers are privileged in this respect.

A fashionable and enthusiastic audience welcomed Miss Fortescue's appearance at the London Court Theatre on the 6th instant. She played the part of Dorothy in Gilbert's "Dan'l Druce." So much sympathy has been shown toward Miss Fortescue in what is generally considered her cruel desertion by Lord Garmoyle, that her first appearance on her return to the stage had been looked forward to with uncommon interest, and the marked enthusiasm with which she was received may be regarded as in a large measure a tribute to the esteem in which she is personally held, although it was considerably enhanced by the decided success she achieved in the by no means easy rôle of Dorothy Druce. So warmly was she received on her first appearance, which takes place in the second act, that her lip quivered and the tears came to her eyes; but she quickly recovered herself, and was able to speak her lines with ease and steadiness of voice.

A Brooklyn paper has discovered that Ellen Terry is a skipper. She never walks if she can help it, preferring to run or skip about. If she does walk, it is with a springy, elastic, and undulating motion. This buoyancy of hers has been imparted to the whole troupe. The women glide swiftly on and off the stage, run rapidly and gracefully up the stairs, speed quickly about when they are in forests, and dance with a vivacity that shames the average ballet. This vivacity is also noticeable among the men. In the scenes where two or three of them talk together it is most noticeable. There is an utter absence of the stagey, bolt, upright, and stiff postures that we ordinarily see. The men stride about the stage, whirl about on their heels, slap their legs, clap each other upon the shoulder, and act exactly as a lot of jolly and good-natured men would act when on a frolic. It is this incessant motion on the stage which constitutes one-half the pleasure of the performance, for it keeps the attention constantly engaged, and presents an ever-varying picture to the eye.

On Monday, May 5th, Mademoiselle Rhea makes her appearance at the Baldwin. This lady was unfortunate, on first coming to this country, in her selection of a manager. Now, however, she seems to be in better hands. She came to this country about two years ago. Mademoiselle Rhea is now in her twenty-eighth year. She was born in Brussels. While still very young she removed to Paris. Five years of her life were spent in a convent. She evinced a strong taste for the drama, and occasionally appeared in amateur recitals. Charles Fechter heard her recite ten years ago and he urged her to adopt the stage. Mademoiselle Rhea placed herself under Beauvallet, at the Paris Conservatory, and finally made her appearance upon the stage at Brussels, and remained in that city a year. She next appeared in Rouen, and from there went to Paris. Later, she went to St. Petersburg and remained five years as leading lady at the Imperial Theatre. After the assassination of the Czar she left Russia and went to England. She studied the English language but one month before appearing in London as Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing." She came to America two years ago, and since then has made the tour of the country. Mademoiselle Rhea is tall, and has a fine presence. She is a marked brunette. Her wardrobe is said to be remarkable for its richness and costliness. Her outfit is said to fill twenty-one trunks. She wears a different costume in each act, and one of the dresses worn in "Camille" represents a value of sixty thousand francs. Her diamonds at the custom-house were appraised at one hundred thousand dollars, one necklace being valued at sixty thousand dollars. Her style of acting is said to be of the Modjeska school, and, like Modjeska, her English has a foreign accent. She will appear here in "Camille" and "Adrienne Lecouvreur."

Henry J. Byron, who died April 13th, was born in Manchester, England, in 1830. His father, Henry Byron, was a gentleman of literary attainments, who for many years held a consular appointment in the West Indies; his grandfather, the Rev. Henry Byron, rector of Muston, was a first cousin of the author of "Childe Harold." Mr. Byron, however, had no desire to be a surgeon, the profession for which his parents intended him, and, much to the disgust of his relatives and friends, he was soon following the precarious calling of a provincial actor, playing anything and everything. This vagrant calling he soon gave up, and entered the Middle Temple, intending to become a barrister. About this time Miss Swanborough opened her theatre in the Strand, and, having seen one or two trifling pieces Mr. Byron had produced in London, she asked him to write an opening burlesque. He did so, giving her "Fra Diavolo," which was played in 1858, and received warm praise from Charles Dickens. For years Mr. Byron was the mainstay of the Strand Theatre, and his burlesques, produced one after another with astonishing freshness and facility, set a new fashion for the theatres. He also wrote for the Olympic, the Adelphi, the Princess's, the Haymarket, the Vaudeville, and other theatres. In 1869 he began to appear in his own plays. To the functions of playwright, manager, and actor, he added those of journalist, magazine writer, and novelist. He published "Paid in Full" and two or three other novels. He was the first editor of *Fun*, conducted the *Comic News*, and wrote a little for *Punch*. He also acted as leader-writer and dramatic critic for the daily press. Mr. Byron produced over four hundred and twenty pieces, ranging from five-act comedies to farces, only three being adaptations. Among the best known of these are "Uncle Dick's Darling," "The Upper Crust," "A Hornet's Nest," "An English Gentleman," "Partners for Life," "Our Boys," "The Lancashire Lass," "Not Such a Fool as He Looks," "The Prompter's Box," and "Cyril's Success."

Lotta paid eight hundred pounds for the opera "Nell Gwynne" for America, and sold it, under peculiar circumstances, to French & Son for teen hundred pounds. The story of the sale is id to be: French sold the opera to McCaull be- re he had the right to do so, never anticipating competitor would spring up in London who uld prevent his treating with the author on his vn terms. French waited to see if the opera uld prove successful, but Lotta paid down fifty unds as forfeit money for the refusal of it an- rior to the initial performance. So, as McCaull sisted on his pound of flesh, French was obliged come to Lotta's terms.

**CCXVIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, April 27, 1884.**

Sorrel Soup.
Soft-shell Crabs.
Stewed Fresh Tongue.
Green Peas. Cauliflower.
Roast Veal. Sweet Potatoes.
Fresh Artichoke Salad.
Strawberries with Powdered Sugar and Cinnamon.
Orange Cake.
Bananas, Oranges, and Apples.

STEWED FRESH TONGUE.—Soak the tongue in cold wa- one hour, boil three hours, skim and put on one side until d. Then put it in a stew-pan and cover with stock; add t, cayenne pepper, one dozen cloves, one turnip, one car- , two onions, and half a head of celery, all cut very fine. w gently an hour and a half. Take out the tongue, and d to the gravy one tablespoonful of made mustard, three mushroom catsup, and one of Worcestershire Sauce, ee finely chopped pickles, and one tumbler of port or l wine. Rub two ounces of butter well into three table- onfuls of browned flour; boil and stir until smooth. t in the tongue and simmer half an hour. Dish and ir the sauce over it. A tongue which has been corned or three days can be used by soaking in cold water for enty-four hours.

### A Triumph of Art.

The latest scientific sensation is the successful tempt made by I. W. Taber, the well-known otographic artist of this city, to photograph e scenic effect of a theatre, while under the glare electric lights. Efforts in this direction have en made all over the world in the past two years, t the results proved to be in every instance a sig- l failure. On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Taber t his theory into practice by attempting to re- oduce through the camera the stage effects at e California Theatre. The result was gratify- g in the extreme, the electric light used proving be a most satisfactory substitute for the rays the sun. The leading ballet exhibitions in Excelsior," especially prepared to accommodate r. Taber, were successfully reproduced through e aid of the camera, from twenty to thirty pho- graph- being struck off. Although the rays m the electric light were exceedingly irregular, e pictures, after going through the finishing ocess at Taber's gallery, displayed a remarka- e distinction of figure, the two hundred mem- rs of the troupe that appeared for the different nes being life-like to a degree which may well termed a wonderful achievement in the science photography. This doing away with the sun a necessary adjunct to the successful taking of otographs, and the substitution of the electric ht, will enable those who are desirous of hav- g their features preserved on cardboard to do without being obliged to await a favorable ndition of the atmosphere. Specimens of this rk can be viewed at Mr. Taber's handsomely ranged photographic parlors, No. 8 Montgom- y, opposite the Lick House.

— A LADY IN HER OWN HOUSE WOULD LET ree sunny bed-rooms, with bath, gas, and sit- g-room, separate from rest of house, to a party gentlemen wishing to room in same place, th breakfast or full board if desired. Two ocks from McAllister Street cars; one from arket St.; transfer. Apply to Mrs. D. Conk- g, 712 Grove Street.

— THE METROPOLITAN HALL IS THE BEST ditorium in the city for mass meetings, politi- l meetings, and public assemblages of all kinds, th on account of its fine acoustic properties d also for its great seating capacity.

**VERLAND TRAVELERS!!!**
**EASTWARD HO!!!**

Railroad perfection in every appointment—Con- ctions—Union Depots—Sure connections—are nd in the "OMAHA AND CHICAGO SHORT- NE" of the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, AND ST. UL RAILWAY. Full trains. Pullman Palace rs. The Dining Car Service is unequaled on is Continent. As to excellence in every feature receives the endorsement of the best of the crit- l traveling public. Office, 138 Montgomery reet. CHAS. E. PAIRBANK, Agent.

**Globe Water-Wheels,**

itable for running Quartz, Flouring, Coffee lls, Sewing Machines, and and all kinds of ma- inery. Globe Manufacturing Company, No. 5 rst Street, San Francisco.

**$140,000.**

Wanted, the above sum at 8 per cent., on a large number of small mortgages on small farms in the neighborhood of Fresno. Seeurity first-class. The Fresno banks will transact the entire business for one-half of one per cent. Only principals need apply to B. MARKS, Fresno.

**Root Beer.**

A strictly non-alcoholic family beverage, at once delicious to the taste and beneficial to the system. The youngest child or the feeblest invalid can drink it with advantage. Put up in pint and quart champagne bottles, with patent stoppers, at seventy cents and one dollar and ten cents per dozen. All orders promptly filled. H. L. St. John & Co., 14 Hayes Street.

—NEW DEPARTURE.—DINNERS 11 A. M. TO 8 P. M. Hot muffins, etc. Manning's Oyster Grotto, 428 Pine Street.

— REMOVE BOILS, PIMPLES, AND SKIN ERUPTIONS by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify the blood.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

— HUNDREDS OF PERSONS USING AYER'S HAIR Vigor certify to its efficacy in restoring the hair to the health and beauty of youth.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.



THE BALANCERS.
Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.
ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.
ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.
THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

"THE QUEEN OF AMERICAN WATERING PLACES."

## HOTEL DEL MONTE

**Monterey, California,**

IS OPEN FOR

THE SUMMER SEASON.

This is absolutely the most elegant and delightful seaside resort in the world, and the charming HOTEL DEL MONTE, with its incomparable accessories, its magnificent drives, its beautiful grounds, its superior facilities for boating, add for cold and warm salt-water bathing, stands unrivaled. The water now used at the Hotel and upon the Crounds is

**Brought from the Carmel River,**

So that the place is now the

**Absolute Queen of Watering Places,**

With no drawback whatever in the World!

## GILROY HOT SPRINGS,

An Old Favorite under Superior Management.
ROOP & TENNANT, PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.

These celebrated Springs, situated in a spur of the Coast Range, 12 miles east of Gilroy, are NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON. A complete renovation has been made throughout, and the whole place has been put in delightful order. Rates strictly reasonable to all. P. O., W. F. Ex. and Tel. offices on the premises. Take the 10:40 train (daily) from depot cor. Fourth and Townsend streets, to Gilroy, thence by stage to Springs, 12 miles; or the SATURDAY (3½) EVENING stage, returning early Monday morning.

**HALLETT, DAVIS & CO.'S**

## CELEBRATED PIANOS!

Indorsed by the highest musical authorities in the world: Liszt, Strauss, Bendel, Gottschalk, Saro, Titiens, Heilbron, Abt, Weber, Paulus, and GERMANY'S GREATEST MASTERS. **W. G. BADGER,**
**13 Sansome Street, Sole Agent.**

## REAL ESTATE.

Fine Business and Residence Property in all parts of the city for sale by
**G. F. BOWMAN, 440 California St.**

## FALK'S Bilsener BEER

## PACIFIC GROVE RETREAT

**Near Monterey, California.**

NOW OPEN FOR THE SUMMER.

This is the most delightful camping-ground in the State. Good spring water and an abundance of water from the Carmel River, lovely groves of pine and cedar, splendid beach, fine drives and rambles, an A No. 1 restaurant for use of all who do not wish to do their own cooking, and a new and perfect system of sewerage throughout the entire grounds.

**This Famous Christian Resort**

Is situated on the beautiful Bay of Monterey, and is connected with the ancient capital of the State by a pleasant drive of one and a half miles over a macadamized road laid, constructed by the company. In beauty of location it cannot be excelled—its graceful pines, extending to the water's edge, affording a delightful refuge from the heat of the sun. As a healthful place of resort it is not surpassed by any locality in the State. It has long been established as a medical fact that a residence in a country wooded with pines is peculiarly beneficial for all those suffering from bronchial or throat affections.

A FEW MORE CHOICE LOTS FOR SALE.
For further information apply to
**J. O. JOHNSON,**
Superintendent Pacific Grove, Monterey,
Monterey County, Cal.

**PUMPS.—WORTHINGTON'S.**
**Special, Mining, and Irrigating Pumps.**

Over two hundred cities and towns have adopted them in water-works. Cheaper than any other of same capacity. The Worthington Meter measures accurately water, wine, oil, etc.; over 30,000 in use; used in nearly every city water-works in the United States. Send for catalogue.
HENRY B. WORTHINGTON,
**30 and 32 First St., S. F.** A. L. FISH, Manager.

**FREE** A lady's fancy Box with 26 articles and 60 page book illustrating games, tricks, etc. Send 10c. to help pay postage. E. NASON & Co., 120 Fulton St., N.Y.

## GOODYEAR'S

**Extra A1 Superior**
RUBBER HOSE,
**BELTING AND PACKING.**

We make to order, at few hours' notice, in our RUBBER FACTORY, Hard & Soft Valves, Gaskets, Car Springs, etc.

Goodyear Rubber Co.

R. H. PEASE, JR., S. M. RUNYON, AGENTS.
**577 and 579 Market St., S. F.**

## BUTTERICK'S

**Patterns—Summer Styles.**

**Send Stamp for Catalogue. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**

**ATTENTION, RANCH OWNERS.**

A thoroughly instructed FARMER, having managed a large estate and made his agricultural studies in Europe, wishes a situation as Superintendent of a first-class farm. Dairy matters a specialty. Highest references offered. Address **L. K., 42 Nevada Block,** San Francisco

## BYRON MAUZY,

Agent for
**SOHMER & CO.**
**PECK & SON** } PIANOS

Pianos sold on easy installments. Pianos to Rent, Tuned and Repaired.
**107 and 109 Post Street, San Francisco.**

## THE FINEST BEER IN THE WORLD.

**D. G. YUENGLING, JR'S.**
NEW YORK.
**Special Brew Lager Beer**

HERMAN HEYNEMANN,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Sole Agent for Pacific Coast.
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

**C—OF—G MARVEL OF EXCELLENCE AND WORKMANSHIP.**

CONTAIN LESS PAPER AND FINER TOBACCO THAN ANY CIGARETTE EVER MADE. POPULAR AS THE GREAT
AFTER-DINNER CIGARETTE.
*Straight Mesh, CLOTH OF GOLD.*
**13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.** **W. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

## BETHESDA
SUPERIOR TABLE WATER
L. CAHEN AND SON. 418 SAC. ST. S.F.




See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

**J. W. EVANS,**
General Agent, 29 Post Street.

---

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
Commission Merchants,
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
Liberal advances made on consignments.

---

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

---

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 309 SANSOME STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

---

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
Shipping and Commission Merchants
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

---

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

---

**CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY**
OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.
Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

---

THE
**AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,**
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.

---

**A. P. HOTALING & CO.**
429 to 437 Jackson St., sole agents for the J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky, "O. P. S.," "O. O. K.," "O K." "A No. 1," "A." Established 1852.

---

Call and See the New Invention,
**MAGIC**
**WINDOW SCREEN**
AT 128 GEARY ST.
Solid comfort in the house, with the flies on the outside.
W. LITTLE, Proprietor,
CARPENTER, BUILDER.

---

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
**TILES**
For Decorations.
**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

---

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

---

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
**HENRY F. MILLER**
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
**HEMME & LONG**
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
**WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.**
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

---

**ICHI BAN**

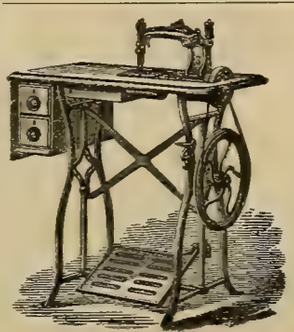
---

**WALL PAPER,**
Artistic Designs, American, French, and English. Cornice Poles and Fixtures. Sole Agents on Pacific Coast for LINCRUSTA WALTON, the new and indestructible Wall Decoration. Imitation Stained and Ground Glass, for residences, churches, etc. Frescoing and Interior Decorating a specialty.
WINDOW SHADES.
Samples and Estimates furnished on Application.
**G. W. CLARK & CO., 645 & 647 MARKET ST.**

---

SAFES MOVED.
W. B. WILSHIRE & Co.
**SAFES SCALES**
115 FRONT St. 95 FRONT St.
SAN FRANCISCO. PORTLAND OR.
BUY THE BEST.

---



Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

---

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE



---

MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. K. CLAPPE'S
**SELECT SCHOO**
FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDRE
At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N
Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalo

---

**BEAUTIFUL SNOW**
FOR THE COMPLEXION!
This elegant preparation is the most perfect beau known. It is pure and harmless, delightful in its app tion, and wonderful in its effects, while the closest scru fails to detect its use. Prepared by
H. BOWMAN, Chemist, Oaklar
For sale by all druggists.

---




**THE HALL TYPE-WRITE**
Awarded medal over Remington and Calligraph. ple and durable. Weighs seven pounds in case. No ing ribbon. Interchangeable types of all kinds. T all sizes paper. Price, $40. Call and examine.
PACIFIC COAST AGENCY, ROOM 34, No. 12 CALIFORNIA STREET.
S. F. Office Empire Portable Forge Co. of Cohoes, N.

---




THE STANDARI SILK OF THE WORLD
**YATES & CONKLIN**
Manufacturers' Agents,
18 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

---

Every reader of the "Argonaut" should a copy of
THE ILLUSTRATED NEW YORK
**• LIFE •**
The leading Humorous and Satirical Pap
TERMS: At the rate of $5.00 a year, postage free. S ple copy free. 1155 Broadway, New York.

---

**JOHN MIDDLETON**
**COAL.**
14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Ma

---



# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIV. No. 18. SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 3, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: A Week of Interest to the Republican Politicians of California—The meeting of the State Convention—The Quarter of a Century during which the Republicans have held Power—Our Country's Prosperity and Greatness—Shall there be a change of Party and Administration?—The name most Prominent for the Presidential Nomination in the Election of Delegates to the State Convention on Saturday—The Popularity which James G. Blaine enjoys throughout the Pacific Coast How he stands with the rest of the Country—The Intelligent and Independent Voters who will not see him again Sacrificed—Information from Confidential Sources—Combinations which are being made—Bargains to the Prejudice of the Popular Choice—A Suggestion to Exclude all Federal Officials from future Conventions—A Personal Interview between Grant and Blaine—Its friendly nature—A reconciliation between Stalwarts and Conservatives—The band of Anti-monopolists in the State Legislature—How they passed a Measure to amend the Constitution—How the vote of a Drunken Foreigner can mold our Laws—The *Nation's* coarse Abuse—Mr. Adam Badeau and his Offended Dignity—The Men who are Never Dignified—One of their Number who would Frolic at a Funeral—The Traits of an Undignified Man—Why he should never be a Politician or a Preacher—The Short Man who will always be called "Peter"—The story of an Undignified Man who "set up" a Carriage.....1-3

THE SEVEN CONVERSATIONS: Of Dear Jones and Baby Van Renssellaer A Love-story in Dialogue, by Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner...4-5

SOCIETY: The Crocker Reception—The Dodge Keno Party—The Jarboe Reception—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip..... 6

FOR MANAGER ABBEY: His Fifty-thousand-dollar Benefit in New York—Joe Howard's Speech—Madame Scalchi's repentance..... 7

STORYETTES: An Irish Judge—General Pope and the Private with the Plans—A Virginian who was fond of Faro..... 7

A FAMOUS BLUE-STOCKING: Our Paris Correspondent describes an evening in Madame Adam's Salon—The People who gather there—The Topics of Conversation—Paris Painters and their latest work..... 8

LITERARY NOTES: A San Francisco collection of Law Verses—Lang's latest volume of poems—Book Announcements..... 8

CRUCIAL QUESTIONS: An old Game revived—Some Queries and Answers which may prove Suggestive as well as Amusing..... 9

OLD FAVORITES: "Estelle," by E. C. Stedman "A Modern Sappho," by Matthew Arnold..... 9

OUR CHESS COLUMN: A Problem from Prague—One of Harrwitz's Games—Notes concerning Chess matters..... 9

VANITY FAIR: The London Beauties who are "blue-nosed, naked, and ashamed"—Fashions for Men—A new German game..... 10

THE CESSION OF ALASKA: How the United States acquired the Territory—A bit of Secret History..... 11

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People..... 11

THE INNER MAN: How Hams are prepared for Market—Old Rhine Wines 12

THE DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatres of the Week—David Belasco as a San Francisco school-boy..... 14

*Monday Morning, April 28th.*—This week is one of interest to all Republican politicians in California. This week, at Oakland, the State Convention meets to send delegates to the Republican National Convention, at Chicago, for choice of the party candidate for the Presidency. The government will, on the 4th of March next, have been for twenty-four years under the control of the Republican party. During that time has occurred the civil war, the abolition of slavery, and the amendment to the Federal Constitution extending to males of color the elective franchise; seceding States have been brought back to a reconstructed Union; foreign policies have in a measure been regarded; the financial affairs of the nation have been adjusted; the material prosperity of the country has been advanced; the Southern States have prospered. The country is to-day at peace with all the world. Its treasury is overflowing. Its credit is first among nations, and there is no question seriously disturbing the friendly relations of any class or locality in our broad land. Fifty-five millions of free people, in an empire of boundless extent, are pressing forward in the grand march of civilization. The greatest of earth's republics, the foremost English-speaking people, with unlimited resources, with untold wealth, and with measureless opportunities for further development, is now confronted with the political question of change of administration. What shall this change be? Shall the nation turn over its government to the party which caused the civil war, which created the national debt, which opposed the emancipation and enfranchisement of slaves, the party of reaction, the party which embraces in its ranks all that there is of discontent, idleness, and unrest, all who come to us from foreign lands bringing vice, ignorance, and bigotry? Or shall we keep this country under the management of that party which has preserved the Union, and so far faithfully guarded the liberties of the people? The Republican party proposes no change of policy and offers no innovations. In obedience to the Constitution, and in accordance with party traditions, it asks of all who coöperate with it to meet in their primary gatherings, send delegates to a State Convention charged to send other delegates to a National Convention who shall designate from its party ranks what distinguished Republicans it will submit to the people for election as President and Vice-President of the United States. The last administration has done well. We feel the kindliest toward the President, We think another can do better. We have, as have all other States, our local interests to consider. With us the Chinese question is a burning one, and we would choose for our President one whose past record and outspoken opinions are a guaranty against Chinese invasion. As part of the whole country, we would desire a candidate whose past record gives assurance of a foreign policy which shall place our country foremost among the republics of the Western Hemisphere, and make us respected, as equal, among all the powers of earth. We would choose, from among statesmen distinguished for their patriotism, their loyalty, their ability, their public service in the past, and their promise of future usefulness, the one whose life gives the best assurance of a peaceful, honest, and honorable administration.

On Saturday evening closed the election of delegates to the State Convention. All the other counties have done their work; and, so far, but one name has become prominent for the Presidential nomination. So far as we are advised, at this writing, the almost unanimous choice of the Republican party of California is Mr. Blaine. This remark, and all we write concerning him, applies with equal force to the Republicans of Oregon, Nevada, Colorado, and the Territories west of the Rocky Mountains. The people of the whole Pacific Coast are in entire and perfect accord in desiring that Mr. Blaine should become the Republican candidate. With the coast this is not a new sentiment. Our admiration for him has grown with his public life. For twelve years we have had him in view for the Pesidency. For that time he has been stronger for the Presidential nomination than any one man in the party; but he has not been stronger than all. He is the choice of a majority of the party, the intelligent, honorable, non-office-seeking, non-office-holding rank and file of the Republican organization. He has not, so far, been the choice of ambitious party-leaders, who, at Washington, in the city of New York, in the Southern and non-Republican States, have conspired against him. He is the choice to-day of all disinterested Republicans of this coast; he is the choice of seven-tenths of the disinterested, intelligent, native-born, American Republicans, who are honest, throughout the entire country. He ought to be nominated. If he is, he will draw out the full strength of the party vote. If he is defeated again, it will be the result of dishonest intrigue, and dishonorable combinations of office-holders and office-seekers against him; and his opponent, whoever he may be, will not draw out the voting strength of the party. There is a great mass of intelligent and independent voters who will resent the further sacrifice of Mr. Blaine, and who will sulk, like Achilles in his camp, when next the conflict rages. It will be well for ambitious party-leaders at Washington, and the horde of Federal officials in the Southern States, and the innumerable concourse of office-holders throughout the country, and that other vast concourse of expectants, for once—just for once—to heed the whispered mutterings of the storm which is gathering in the ranks of the independents, the non-officials, and the non-expectants. Let the leaders just for once—only once—consider the wishes of that rank and file which is more numerous, and, when aroused, more resolute to accomplish its ends, than all the aspiring and ambitious politicians of the country. Let the Republican army be called together at Chicago, not for review, but for counsel. Let the epauletted, bright-buttoned, bullion-braided officers march out by themselves, with their banners and their music of brass bands, on one side; and the rank and file, with drum and fife, on the other. Let the officers, with all their retainers and camp followers, their equipage and baggage, their commissariat and music, deploy themselves in front of the rank and file, the voting squadrons which have done the work and given them the glory in the past, and which must do the voting work in the future; let the officers then answer to themselves whether, without this rank and file, there are any more victories for them? Let them contemplate this voting army as having retired in discontent, because it is not allowed to have a voice in choosing the chief who shall lead it. Let them consider what will become of them. Where will they win victories? Where will they gather the loot and plunder of office? There are other men in America besides Mr. James G. Blaine, of Maine, who would make good Presidents of the United States—dark horses, mute Miltons, unknown heroes—any one of ten thousand whom the party would support, if fairly nominated at Chicago; but if any nefarious conspiracy, like the combination which defeated his nomination four years ago, shall come again into successful play, the independent men of the Republican party will feel themselves privileged to consider what they will do about it.

*Tuesday, April 29th.*—The confidential information from those Eastern leaders charged with the details of the Blaine campaign, is not as encouraging for his nomination as that received before the holding of the New York State Convention. "Combinations," which are the curse of American politics—or, to use the better word, "bargains"—are being made to the prejudice of Mr. Blaine. It is the tendency in our party, and perhaps in all parties in our country, and perhaps in all parties in all countries, for the lesser men to combine against the one stronger and greater man. The Lilliputians could bind Gulliver with threads, and then walk over him. Twice in national conventions has Mr. Blaine been entangled in meshes of party intrigue which he could not break for his own advantage, but which he has been able to burst in the interest of another. Perhaps the same conditions may occur again at Chicago, and that to him will be accorded the privilege of naming the candidate, and again becoming the Warwick who makes the king, and himself the power behind the throne stronger than the throne itself. We hope this may not occur, and that the Presidential nomination will fall where, in our judgment, it rightfully belongs. It is not the brightest page in our political history, that which tells the story of our best and greatest statesmen in their aspirations for the Presidential office. It is not to the credit of parties in the past that their ablest men, and men most deserving of the highest honors of the nation, have been thrust aside for the advancement of obscure but available men. It is not creditable to the intelligence of the country that this thing has so often happened. It is not creditable that the politicians of a country should ever become stronger than the people. It would be better—at least we think so—that some party rule should be devised which would exclude all office-holders from taking any part whatever in nominating conventions. If the President and his Cabinet, senators and members of Congress, and the Federal officials scattered throughout the country could be denied the privilege of participating in the national convention, and in all the preliminaries which lead up to it, we believe the deliberations of that body and the results arising from it would be better than under the present system. Under the theory of our Government its officials are the servants of the people. Practically, as parties are now administered, they are our masters. It would be better—at least we think so—if in State and municipal politics the same rule could be established and enforced. Officials would be better servants, and they would find themselves ser-

generous and appreciative masters. We hear to-day of some bargaining in reference to the appointment of delegates to the National Convention. We hope there is nothing in it. While writing, General Beals comes into our office—a visit of courtesy. We have time to ask him a single question: "Has there occurred between General Grant and Mr. Blaine a personal interview?" "Yes, to my personal knowledge, in my presence—and it was a most friendly one." When we recall the fact that in the recent New York convention ex-Senator Platt voted for Blaine delegates, and that from ex-Senator Conkling there has come no word of protest nor sign of opposition to Mr. Blaine, we are induced to believe that the reconciliation between the stalwarts and the conservatives in New York has occurred, and that, in event of Mr. Blaine's nomination, he will have the support of an undivided party. This would make James G. Blaine the next President of the United States.

*Thursday, May 1st.*—The Convention, composed of four hundred and sixty-two delegates, fully represented, met at Oakland yesterday, at one o'clock, and disposed of its business with general good feeling, and such dispatch that before the midnight hour the delegates had turned their faces homeward. The sentiment was absolutely an unit for Blaine. The delegates elect are all reliable, active, and earnest Blaine men. The instructions are strong enough to bind their honor without embarrassing their freedom of political action. The resolutions are untimely, weak, and badly expressed. It was not the proper convention to formulate a platform. An effort to endorse the platform upon which Mr. Estee made his calamitous campaign for governor was squelched, and there are no resolutions upon the railroad question. If Mr. Estee had possessed the genius of Cæsar in thrice refusing the crown upon the Lupercal, or the subtle wit of Samuel Tilden in declining a nomination he badly wanted, but had not the courage to accept, he would have been chosen chairman of the Convention. The magnificent movement of that most skilled diplomate, the Hon. William Parks, of Yuba, gave the chairmanship of the Convention to Mr. Davis, a most worthy gentleman from Marysville. The District Conventions discharged their respective duties in friendly spirit early in the day; and, without any premonition, the Hon. Frank Page (now finding employment in the Washington lobby) was brought forward as candidate for delegate-at-large. His capital was the solid delegation from El Dorado; his chief-of-staff, the Hon. Mr. Brown, Surveyor-General; his field-marshal, the Hon. Mr. Blanchard, of El Dorado; with headquarters and commissariat at the bureau of W. W. Stow, Esq., in San Francisco. Mr. William Higgins, Esq., and his associates, were in active work at Oakland, and the result was near enough to success for the Hon. Frank Page, on the call of the roll, to tempt the Hon. Mr. Blanchard of El Dorado, and his other friends, to make an endeavor to steal it. The old, musty, stale, and fraudulent dodge of changing votes after call of roll and before announcement of vote was attempted, and it failed. It failed through the quick action of a delegate who has never yet in his political life permitted his own interests or political ambition to prevent him from exposing a mean trick, and defeating any dishonorable plot that may have come to his knowledge. A large majority of the Republican party have not yet consented to condone Mr. Page's political offenses. They have not yet agreed that he shall be recalled from the political exile to which his offensive personal and official conduct had justly consigned him. He is not to be permitted to come back into full party communion by any bargain that his friends can make. If he is ever a candidate again for nomination, or office, or influence in Republican councils, it must be after open challenge with visor up. Mr. Page was not, and is not, a friend of Mr. Blaine, except so far as in his judgment Mr. Blaine can be serviceable to him. The letter which Mr. Blanchard referred to, and had in his pocket, and which he dared not read, discloses political opinions of this vulgar horse-jockey that we challenge him to produce. However, the small conspiracy was defeated, and a delegation of gentlemen sent to Chicago, creditable to the party, and with ability to be serviceable to Mr. Blaine—a result for which we and all good Republicans are, and ought to be, duly thankful.

We reserve to ourselves the privilege, at a not distant period in the future, of discussing at length and in good temper the relation which the political bureau of Mr. W. W. Stow holds toward the Republican party of this State. We think the time has come when any honorable and ambitious man of good character and capacity, who has earned for himself by faithful party service the right to contest for the honors and emoluments of office, should be entitled to the opportunity without the necessity of consultation with other than recognized leaders, and not be threatened with a power which is organized for other and more honorable purpose. Mr. Stow appears to us in the dual character of business agent and party boss, and we may not be charged with unfriendliness to his bosses if we suggest that his contract does not cover the right to boss the Republican party. The elaboration of this thought requires more space than we can give it this week.

One of the unpleasant episodes of the Convention was this: From one of the ward clubs in San Francisco appeared three contesting delegates. They had no right in the Convention; their case had been disposed of by the unanimous action of the County Committee; and yet Mr. McClure, chairman of Committee on Credentials, reported them as additional members of the Convention, notwithstanding the eloquent and convincing protest of Mr. W. B. Farwell that they had no business in the Convention. The argument that seated them was the late hour, and the desire of four hundred delegates to get out of a narrow, inconvenient, and bad-smelling hall into the fresh air. And yet a principle was violated—a principle lying at the very foundation of honest party government, a principle the violation of which encourages all the villainy that has ever characterized our municipal politics.

It would be a good idea for some enterprising man or woman to start a type-writing bureau in this city, such as at present exists in New York. It would be necessary to have two or three stenographers or stenographic type-writers, and in addition a force of young men or women who were expert on the ordinary type-writing machine. If such a bureau were established, it would become a clearing-house for copying. Many a man who now wants copying done, but who can not afford to employ a copyist regularly, or who dreads the complications arising from entrusting occasional copying to his indigent female friends, would resort to the bureau. The lawyers would send their copying there—their transcripts on appeal, their briefs, points and authorities, and things. The divines would go there, dictate their sermons to a stenographer (male) in a private room, and in a few hours receive a fair copy done on the type-writer. The journalist would go there, and dictate an article to a stenographer (sex immaterial) in a private room. The *Chronicle* writer of "Trumpet-Tones" would pause in passing, and say to his companion: "Bide a wee; I'm thinkin' I'll toss off a paragraph," and, entering, he would dictate some pungent lines, such as "Musings on Myself, or What I Think About Things," which would startle the town. Work would be given to many deserving young men and women, who could easily acquire the art of type-writing. And that there would be work enough for them, there is but little doubt.

The New York *Nation*, which was always pedantic and absurd, has, since Mr. Carl Schurz left, become coarse and vulgar. In its number of April 17th it calls Colonel Ingersoll the "gallant old infidel," now "engaged in the defense of all kinds of rascals." Messrs. Blaine and Arthur are discussed with all the fierce vindictiveness of personal hate. All the scandals which party conflicts have ever suggested are formulated by this journal and reasserted without proof against Mr. Blaine. Mr. Arthur is charged, and without any attempt at proof, with running the "machine" for his own nomination. We have seen no evidence tending to prove that the President is guilty as charged. The appointment of "Bill Chandler" as Secretary of the Navy is characterized as "the most disreputable political trick that was ever drummed up within the limits of North America." We have always felt uncomfortable when reading the *Nation*, because it was so uncompromisingly good. It was always so unaffectedly pious that our unregenerate heart beat in consciousness of a sinful dislike to it. When, in its superior patriotism, it criticised Abraham Lincoln, and in its superior goodness it assailed Horace Greeley, and in its superiority of all the virtues it assaulted everybody in America except George William Curtis and Carl Schurz, we felt that it was too good for earth, and we hoped that Abraham would open his capacious bosom to its editorial staff and let the devil send it another gang.

The gallant band of anti-monopolists, composing in part the invincible army which, according to Mr. Delmas, are engaged in an unequal contest with three men and one woman, obtained a victory in the House of Assembly on Tuesday last. By dint of diligence, and, doubtless, by the use of a lariat, the Democracy succeeded in getting into his seat in the Legislature the final drunken Democrat who was necessary to count as the fifty-fourth man for the two-third vote on amending the Constitution. This drunken foreigner, reeling naked at midnight in the streets of Sacramento, frenzied and delirious, caught by the call of the House, and——well, he voted, and his vote gives this State an amended organic law. We call the attention of all intelligent and sober foreigners, and all native-born citizens, to reason out to its logical sequence the moral involved in this fact: the broad general fact that the constitutional laws of our State, and all our States, depend upon the votes of men thus intellectually and morally equipped. That drunken, impecunious, worthless foreigners hold even the balance of power in the country, and that the Democracy avails itself of this vicious element to mold our laws, are dangerous facts, and ought to alarm every honorable man, foreign or native-born. The honorable Democratic member alluded to is not an Irishman.

Mr. Adam Badeau, Consul at Havana, has arraigned the State Department, and charged it with most serious offenses—offenses which touch the honor of the President and Secretary of State. Mr. Adam Badeau is of sufficient importance to make an investigation and an explanation necessary; but he is not sufficiently prominent to render it probable that his charges are true. His letter indicates passion, personal resentment, and hurt pride. He has omitted to keep cool; and to keep cool is the highest diplomatic qualification. Mr. Adam Badeau is a very small man; he is very dignified, and it is so easy to offend the small dignity of small men that we take his assault upon the State Department with a great many grains of salt.

## OLLA-PODRIDA.

Some men are never dignified, and would never become so if they lived to be several hundred years old. I know one such, a very clever person, and one for whom I have much respect. He does not lack intelligence, he possesses business capacity, is honorable, and, as the world goes, honest, but he lacks dignity. He is jolly, companionable, brilliant at repartee, has enough of self-respect to lead a clean life, is domestic, fond of society (especially dinner-parties), never misses a meal, tells a good story, laughs loud and rollicks, is always welcome—but lacks dignity. He is inimitable at a wedding, but at a funeral is a dead failure for lack of dignity. The probabilities are that, with half an opportunity, he would wink at the widow. He dresses well enough, only his clothes never fit, and never seem quite at home upon him—they always look mussy. They are made of good cloth, by a good tailor; but clothes never will look in place and behave themselves except upon a man of dignity. An undignified man always possesses large feet and awkward, ungainly hands; hence his boots and gloves have somehow the air of being out of place. The undignified man must not be confounded with the unprincipled and the trifler. He is usually the very reverse of this. He seldom becomes dissipated, and rarely ever criminal. He is always generous. His wife is sure to continue to love him. His children, if he has any, are certain to be fond of him. If he has no children of his own he adopts from the outside, because the undignified man is fond of his home, and delights in having it comfortable and snug, with everybody jolly around him. The undignified man is never destitute, and is seldom rich. He is usually well-to-do, and always a good liver. If he happens, by accident or otherwise, to become rich, he is sure to radiate happiness all around him; and when he dies, or before, is sure to endow some practical charity which will do practical good. The undignified man is not a good politician, because there is nothing of the demagogue in him; he lacks the quality which permits him to toady to those above him, or endeavor to conciliate the mob beneath him. He is very apt to exhibit his want of respect to the upper stratum and show his contempt for the lower. As a politician the undignified man is never a success. The undignified man is rarely pious. Dyspepsia being the highest requisite for a sanctimonious and godly deportment, the undignified man can not look sanctimonious nor appear godly, simply for the reason that his digestive organs are in harmonious working with brain and muscle, and he talks, and laughs, and does things in the wrong place, and violates all the proprieties of Christian observance by his levity. The undignified man is liable to laugh out loud on Sunday. If an undignified man should by accident happen to become a preacher, the chances are that he will tumble headlong in disgrace from the pulpit for the commission of some offense of innocent indiscretion. An undignified man should never become a judge—no matter how much learning or industry he may possess, he can never look the part. The best judges are those who best look their parts. Judicial dignity is the highest possible dignity attainable. I know several instances where lawyers possessing only dignity have reached the highest judicial tribunals, and whose judicial career has proved eminently successful. There are several now upon the bench endeavoring to look wise, and who would be immensely successful if they would keep their mouths carefully shut and avoid writing opinions. A doctor must be dignified; and, for the physician, dignity is an easy rôle to play. His visits at the bedside demand a grave countenance, a sedate manner. If he does not know what is the matter, or what to do, he has but to lift his eyebrows, shrug his shoulders, look mysteriously wise, and let nature have its way. If nature cures, as it is apt to do—if it has half a chance—the doctor smiles blandly a deprecatory smile of self-complacence. If nature kills, he has only by a facial contortion to accuse Omnipotence of a blunder and hide his work in the grave. The undertaker, who succeeds the doctor, and precedes the public administrator, or the executor without

bonds, is the embodiment of dignity with the element of deep and ostentatious grief blended. For a successful undertaker, mix dignity, hypocrisy, and total depravity in equal parts. I think of capitalizing an undertaker and starting him in business on the jolly principle. Set him up in business with a red hearse, pinto horses, harness trimmed with oroide; procession to go on a trot; the pall in embroidered colors; no white flowers, nor emblems of crosses and crowns, nor solemn dirges, nor long countenances; and put the whole business under charge of some undignified man. Small men are, as a rule, the most dignified. We have one in view; he is a major in the volunteer service, and is the very personification of military severity and dignity. Vanity and dignity make a very good volunteer officer, if he is less than five feet high; and even in the regular army the dignity is apt to be in inverse ratio to physical proportions. A small judge is always more sedate and grave in his deportment than a large one. He is always more sensitive lest his dignity shall be assailed. I have another acquaintance who is literary and small; his name is Peter; he complains, and has a right to complain, that everybody calls him "Peter." On the shortest and slightest acquaintance he is called familiarly as "Peter." At the club he is designated as "Peter." He is spoken of as "Peter," and except that the necessity sometimes arises for distinguishing him from some other Peter, it would not be known that he had any other name. He is dignified. As a writer he is brilliant; but as he is only five feet two inches, he is always Peter. He complained the other day of this familiarity, and affected to be ignorant of its cause. He said that he had suffered from it all his life, but that the last straw which had broken the humpback of his dignity was the fact that his Chinese boy had begun to call him "Mr. Peter"; and, now that I come to think of it, I do not know his other name. When a very large man—one with a stomach, tall, with a breadth of shoulders—is dignified, it is an unmistakable indication of his lack of intellectuality. We had a judge once in San Francisco—a ponderous man, who looked every inch a judge, and who was the very embodiment of dignity. He had the ability to look wise, and he educated himself up to the point of keeping his mouth shut. He was not exactly a self-made man, for God had made him—for some wise purpose, doubtless—a fool. He had so amended himself, and so improved upon the Divine plan, that his memory is to-day held green as a most learned lawyer, a most wise judge. I have another case in mind: he was a farmer's boy—married a fashionable wife—had been in a measure successful—but was, to the last degree, undignified. Finally he had come to the embarrassing happiness of "setting up" his carriage. To one who has dug potatoes or weeded carrots in early life, rode horse to plow, been educated in a log school-house at the cross-roads, it is an embarrassing thing to "set up" a carriage. It is especially embarrassing if he has been in ward politics with the boys, run with the engine, and all his life been un undignified man. This was the case with my friend. His wife, by a series of artful devices, had accomplished a carriage —English Jenkins in livery, brass buttons all over him, hat-band and jigger, whip eleven feet long, brass bands on the carriage hubs, brass cipher on the blinders. Very swell. He—wife and he—had driven down to the Crystal Springs House. Stopping at the grand entrance, the carriage door was thrown open; lady and gentleman alight; when, from the top of a high ladder, under the eaves—the house three stories high—came the voice of a house-painter: "Hello, Pod, old fellow, is that you?" My friend looked up. My friend's wife turned her nose up to the very roof. "Going back to town to-night? If I was through with this 'ere job I'd ride up with you." It was the voice of an old familiar fire Jakey, who used to run with Monumental Six. The undignified man never "throws off" on an old friend, even at the cost of a domestic row with a dignified wife. Another curious fact is, undignified men have the most dignified wives. The lady of the house feels called upon to make up in dignity all that her undignified husband lacks. It is also true that domestic altercations between the undignified man and his wife are never of serious importance. She may begin the row. With serious intent, with tragic air and imperious voice, she may command him to "look at the clock," and he may see two clocks, with Briarean hands covering their faces, and a multitude of pendulums swinging in the shoreless sea of an endless night. But it is of no use to endeavor to quarrel with an undignified man who is himself engaged in the effort of struggling with a dignified inebriety. The undignified man, when half seas over, is doubly comical in his attempt to appear dignified, and the most exemplary of wives find it impossible to carry on the war against the non-resistant and non-combative, undignified man. In this connection there occurs the old story of Charley Fairfax, returning home at an unseemly hour, and sitting down on the bed-room floor, with umbrella lifted and spread, who, in answer to the question of his surprised and awakened wife, as to "What he was doing?" replied that he was "waiting for the storm to begin."

## THE GENTLE REPORTERS.

An Unpublished Interview.

"We want a bright young man on our staff," was the answer made to an applicant for a reportorial position. "Have you had any experience in the newspaper line?"

"No, sir," replied the young man, "but I am a graduate of Yale College, and I ought to be able to fill the position of a newspaper reporter without any experience."

"True," assented the editor somewhat abashed. "Do you know General Grant?"

"N-no, hardly. I've seen him; but he has never been introduced to me."

"Well, he is stopping at the Blank Hotel, and you might as well begin work by interviewing him."

The following is a report of the interview:

A staff representative of the *Morning Intelligencer* was cordially greeted by General Grant, in his apartments in the Blank Hotel. After the usual compliments had been passed, the representative remarked:

"General, I called to obtain your views regarding the coming campaign, and who, in your opinion, is likely to be the successful candidate on the Republican ticket?"

"Well," replied Grant, politely, "I hardly"——

"Of course," said the representative, "there will be a number of candidates in the field, and it occurs to me that we couldn't do better than to settle on Arthur. He had a fair trial, and"——

"I was about to say," interrupted Grant, "I hardly"——

"There are other things to be considered," continued the representative of the *Morning Intelligencer*, "aside from the mere personal fitness of the aspirant for so important an office. His record should be unimpeachable, his ability unquestioned; he should be able to grasp the great questions of the hour with"——

"You will excuse me," Grant interrupted, "but I hardly"——

"Certainly," politely responded the representative, lighting a cigarette. "As I was about to remark, the exigencies of the times require great determination of purpose and great definiteness of action. It is a question with me, indeed, if the country is not tired of Republicanism, and will gladly take up Democracy instead, if a suitable leader could be found. But it would be a waste of time, I imagine, to argue that matter with you. To what cause, or causes, direct or indirect, general, do you attribute the recent flurry on Wall Street?"

"Well," he returned, "I hardly"——

"Exactly," was the journalist's reply. "If I am not very much at fault, Jay Gould is playing a losing game, while Vanderbilt seems more impregnable than ever in his position. My experience in speculative stocks teaches me"——

At this juncture President Arthur was admitted to the room, and after a little informal conversation, the representative of the *Morning Intelligencer* withdrew.—*Philadelphia Call.*

After the Hanging.

"It was quite a brilliant affair," remarked a Dull Sickening Thud, taking the arm of the Convulsive Movement as they walked away from the hanging.

"It was, indeed, gratifying in every respect," replied the Convulsive Movement, "but I did not understand what the Ubiquitous Reporter meant by his remark about the latest noose."

"I know," said the Thrill of Horror, who at this moment joined them; "I heard him explain, as I ran through the crowd of Awe-stricken Spectators, that it was only his little choke."

"It wasn't his, either," replied the Sickening Thud; "it was the sole property of the gentleman who went down through the trap with me."

"You did very well, too," remarked the Thrill of Horror. "I started through the crowd as soon as I heard you, and had been around twice when the Convulsive Movement came on for the second part."

"I was a little late," the Convulsive Movement explained, "because I did not know positively that I was to go on at all. Sometimes I do not. The Ubiquitous Reporter usually mentions my name, and describes my appearance, but frequently All Was Over comes on right after my friend Thud here, in which case I do not appear at all."

"There has never been a civilized hanging without me since the invention of printing," said the Sickening Thud. "Out West, at some of the rude and unscientific receptions held by vigilance committees, my place is taken by a subordinate named Strangling Gasp, but he is unpopular with reporters, and has never appeared on the bills with the old-time favorite, D. S. Thud of Thud County."

"I miss a great many of those Western affairs myself," remarked the Thrill of Horror. "I find it very hard work indeed to run through a crowd of cowboys at the suspension of a horse-thief, and when I try it I am crowded clear back in the wings by a pitiless gleam of satisfaction that swells around and settles on the lowering brows of the determined vigilantes. There are more lowering brows at the frontier expositions than you ever notice in the older States."

"Yes," said a brazen-looking party, whom the others addressed as Averted Faces, "I am always on hand at the civilized affairs. I come in just as the drop is sprung, and stay on until Dull Thud goes off. I always avert the faces of the Awe-stricken Spectators from the rear of the jail-yard, and turn them toward the platform. But the ubiquitous reporter never explains that. Hello!" he exclaimed, as a hasty individual, with a case of instruments in his hand, hurried by them, "where are you going?"

"Up to the jail," replied the Autopsy. "I didn't know you fellows would be through so soon. Where are you going?"

"Down to the newspaper office," said the Sickening Thud, "to make up a report of the hanging. Get down before press time, won't you?"

And by three o'clock in the morning they were all in their appointed places in the head-lines, sub-heads, and body of the article, and the hanging was over.—*Hawkeye.*

## A FRENCH POLITICAL MEETING.

By a London "Special Correspondent."

I once attended a political meeting in Paris when Rochefort ran for Deputy of Belleville. The assembly was convoked for eight o'clock of a Saturday night in an obscure street. A darksome, filthy, cut-throat looking court-yard it was. Two *sergents de ville* were posted at the entrance. In France wherever there is a collection of people for any purpose, there will be the agents of authority. I went over and fell into the *queue* that stood at the entrance. Every man was obliged to show his elector's card before being admitted. When it came to my turn, I was at once most politely made free of the assembly on presenting my credentials as journalist. Inside the door a man with a red tape tied round his left arm was seated at a table, on which was spread a heap of coppers. This was the proceeds of the collection for the expenses of the hall. It is not easy to get a hall that will hold a couple of hundred persons comfortably in Paris. I have actually been present at a gathering in a hot-house in the quarter of St. Jacques. In this instance the hall was nothing better than a half-finished work-shop. Flickering paraffine lamps were fixed against the walls, and a couple of unmistakable dips, "eight to the pound," were stuck in pewter candlesticks on the table set on the rude platform which had been thrown up for the president. The assembly was principally composed of *ouvriers*, who had not doffed their blue or white blouses; their general carriage was one of demonstratively democratic independence and assurance. At spaces in the crowd were better dressed men; some of them, the reporters, were taking notes as best they could, no accommodation having been provided for the press. There was one note-taker, however, who was favored with a chair. This was the secretary of the police commissary, the government reporter, who was imprisoning the rash words of speakers with an eye to the possible future imprisonment of those who uttered them. The police commissary is a point in all electoral meetings; he is the spectre at the banquet. But it is time that business should begin. Where is the chairman? His election takes place by noisy acclamation, and is the first item in the programme. From every corner names are shouted out. In many cases an honorary president, or two even, is chosen from this category, while the actual chairman, as on the occasion I describe, is editor of some Radical paper who happens to be in attendance. He mounts the platform. After his induction to the presidency, the next proceeding is to elect in the same tumultuous way three assessors who sit beside him, but whose exact line of duty I have never been able to ascertain. They look wise, and now and again, when there is an unusual hubbub, stand up and gesticulate in a mesmeric manner. Any elector who is ambitious of oratorical honors writes his name and address on a slip of paper and is summoned to the platform in his turn, where he usually speaks until he is warned by the commissary, snubbed into silence by the chairman for not keeping to the question, or yelled away by his wearied auditors. The stuff that goes down with the Paris workman must be highly flavored, but I have remarked that even in the most revolutionary quarters he is fairly open to logic and always accessible to humor. When a speaker, however strong his Socialism, gets prosy or stammers, he is smothered under an unmerciful weight of derisive hisses. Most of the speakers have a blundering manner, commence with a few well-rounded cut-and-dry sentences, and then bog, or go off into vague vapors of theory; but some among them talk with a marvelous ease, exhibit both tact and spirit, and watch their listeners much as a skillful jockey would his horse. The speaker of the night is one Jean Baptiste Millière, an elderly man of placid bearing and suave voice, who could urge the most desperate doctrines in gentlest of tones—a philosophic fanatic. His manner is calm, his sentences well balanced and distinctly enunciated; his face, as he speaks, has something of inspiration, suggested partly by the flaming eyes, partly by the prophet-like fashion of wearing his locks long and brushed back from his forehead. Rochefort effects his entrance dramatically by a window. The shutter is removed under the pretense that this is the readiest, indeed, the only way, to penetrate the place, because of the throng and the excitement. But there is a meaning in the device which the commissary can perceive, only he does not consider it prudent to notice it. This is a hint that Rochefort is of those who could enter elsewhere by the window, if denied at the door. He is awkward, well-dressed, and not handsome. On the whole, he impresses me unfavorably. The assembly is cheering all this time with more of real enthusiasm than one usually hears in assemblies of Frenchmen. Rochefort, who is naturally affected by his reception, is white as a sheet of paper, and positively trembles with emotion. His voice is dry and thin; he is evidently unaccustomed to confronting a sea of faces. Occasionally he pauses as if collecting his thoughts, and carries his hand to his goatee, which he caresses, or rubs his palms together with an affectation of self-possession. But though the man is no orator, his manner is sincere—for this once, at all events—and wins its way with the blouses. He is warned twice by the commissary, which does not detract from his success; but with the causes of that interference, or the principles he ventilated, I have nothing to do here. I have simply endeavored to rough-sketch the meeting at which he appeared for the first time as a speaker, as a sort of specimen of his class; not the less so, that although warnings were frequent, a dissolution of the assembly had not to be pronounced. When this course is deemed necessary by the commissary, he quietly declares so, and if he chooses to hear out the persons who do do not choose to hear him, he disinvests himself of his scarf, and is "not present" by a legal fiction. Fines of three hundred francs or fifteen days' imprisonment have been inflicted on the chairman, assessors, and speakers in cases where meetings have been persevered in after they have been declared dissolved by the representatives of authority, and in no case can they be [illegible] eleven o'clock. The foregoing refers to meet[illegible] the Empire.

## THE SEVEN CONVERSATIONS

### Of Dear Jones and Baby Van Renssellaer.

*Faithfully reported by Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner.*

THE FIRST CONVERSATION.

*Tuesday, February 14, 1882.*—The band was invisible, but, unfortunately, not inaudible. It was in the butler's pantry, playing Waldteufel's latest waltz, "Süssen Veilchen." The English butler, who resented the intrusion of the German leader, was introducing an *obligato* unforeseen by the composer. This was the second of Mrs. Martin's charming Tuesdays in February. Mrs. Martin herself, fondly and familiarly known as the "Duchess of Washington Square," stopped a young man as he was making a desperate rush for his overcoat, then reposing under three strata of late comers' outer garments in the second-floor back, and said to him:

"O Dear Jones"—the Duchess always called him Dear Jones—"I want to introduce you to Baby Van Renssellaer—Phyllis Van Renssellaer, you know—they always call her Baby Van Renssellaer, though I'm sure I don't know why—Phyllis is such a lovely name—don't you think so?—and your grandfathers were such friends." [Dear Jones executed an *ex post facto* condemnation upon his ancestor and hers.] "You know Major Van Renssellaer was your grandfather's partner until that unfortunate affair of the embezzlement—O Baby, dear—there you are, are you? I was wondering where you were all this time. This is Mr. Jones, dear, one of your grandfather's most intimate friends—oh, I don't mean that, of course—you know what I mean—and I do so want you two to know each other."

DEAR JONES: What in the name of the Prophet does the Duchess mean by introducing me to More Girls?

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: I do wish the Duchess wouldn't insist on tring me out with Slim Young Men; I never can tell one from the other.

These remarks were not uttered. They remained in the privacy of the inner consciousness. What they really said was:

DEAR JONES [*inarticulately*], Miss Van Renssellaer. . . .

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER [*inattentively*]: Yes, it *is* rather warm. . . .

And they drifted apart in the crowd.

THE SECOND CONVERSATION.

*Thursday, April 13, 1882.*—Of course, Dear Jones was the last to arrive of the favorite children of the world who had been invited to dine at Judge Gillespie's to meet "The Lord Bishop of Barset," just imported from England per steamer *Servia*. In the hall, the butler, whose appearance was even more dignified and clerical than the Bishop's, handed Dear Jones a sealed communication.

DEAR JONES [*examining the contents*]: Who in Heligoland is Miss Van Renssellaer?

As Dear Jones entered, Mrs. Sutton—the Judge's daughter, you know—married Charley Sutton, who came from San Francisco—Mrs. Sutton gave a little sigh of relief, nodded to the butler, and said in perfunctory answer to the apologies Dear Jones had not made: "Oh, no; you're not a bit late—we haven't been waiting for you at all—the Bishop has only just come"—(confidentially in his ear) "I've given you a charming girl." [Dear Jones shuddered: he knew what that generally meant.] "You know Baby Van Renssellaer? Of course—there she is—now, go—and do be bright and clever." And after thus handicapping an inoffensive young man, she took the Bishop's arm in the middle of his ante-prandial anecdote.

DEAR JONES [*marching to his fate*]: It's the Duchess's girl again, by Jove! It's lucky Uncle Larry is going to take me off at ten sharp.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Why, it's *that* Mr. Jones!

These remarks were not uttered. They remained in the privacy of the inner consciousness. What they really said was:

DEAR JONES [*with audacious hypocrisy*]: Of course, *you* don't remember me, Miss Van Renssellaer. . . .

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER [*trumping his card unabashed*]: I really don't quite. . . .

DEAR JONES [*offering his arm*] Er . . . . don't you remember the Duch—Mrs. Martin's—that hideously rainy afternoon, just before Lent?

Here there was a gap in the conversation as the procession took up its line of march, and moved through a narrow passage into the dining-room.

DEAR JONES [*making a brave dash at the "bright and clever"*]: Well, in *my* house, the door into the dining-room shall be eighteen feet wide.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER [*literal, stern, and cold*]: Are you building a house, Mr. Jones?

DEAR JONES [*calmly*]: I am at present, Miss Van Renssellaer, building—let me see—four—five—seven houses.

BABY VAN RENSELLAER [*coldly and suspecting flippancy*]: Ah, indeed—are you a billionaire?

DEAR JONES: No; I'm an architect.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER [*in confusion*]: Oh, I'm sure I beg your pardon.

DEAR JONES: You needn't. I shouldn't be at all ashamed to be a billionaire.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Oh, of course not—I didn't mean *that*—

DEAR JONES [*unguardedly*]: Well, if it comes to that, I'm not ashamed of my architecture either.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER [*calmly*]: Indeed? I have never seen any of it.

DEAR JONES: You sit here, I think. This is your card with the little lady in the powdered wig—a cherubic Madame de Staël!

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: And this is yours with a Cupid in a basket—a nineteenth century Moses!

DEAR JONES [*taking his seat beside her*]: Talking about dinner-cards—and billionaires, you heard of that dinner old Creasers gave to fifty-two of his friends of the new dispensation. I believe there *was* one poor fellow there whose wife [illegible] only half a peck of diamonds. He assembled his [illegible] in the picture-gallery, as the dining-room wasn't [illegible]ough—you see, I didn't build *his* house. And to carry out the novelty of the thing, his dinner-cards were—

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Playing-cards?

DEAR JONES: Just so—but they were painted, "hand-painted" on satin.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: And what did he take for himself—the king of diamonds?

DEAR JONES: For the only time in his life he forgot himself—and he had to put up with the Joker.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: What sort of people were there?

DEAR JONES: Very good sort, indeed. There was a Monsieur Meissonnier, and a Monsieur Gérôme, and a Monsieur Corôt—besides the man who sold them to him.

Everybody knows how a conversation runs on at dinner, when it does run on. On this occasion it did run on for seventy minutes and six courses. Dear Jones and Baby Van Renssellaer discussed the usual topics and the usual bill-of-fare. Then, as the butler served the *bombe glacée à la Demidoff*—

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Oh, I'm so glad you like her. We were at school together, you know, and she was with us when we went up the Saguenay last August.

DEAR JONES: Why, *I* went up the Saguenay last August.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER [*earnestly*]: And we didn't meet? How miserably absurd!

DEAR JONES: I'll tell you whom I did meet—your father's partner, Mr. Hitchcock. He had his daughter with him, too—a very bright girl. You know her, of course.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER [*coldly*]: I have heard she is quite clever. [A pause.] The Hitchcocks—I believe—go more in the—New England set. I have met her brother—Mr. Mather Hitchcock——

DEAR JONES: Mat Hitchcock! that little cad?

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Is he a little cad? I thought he was rather——bright.

After this, conversation was desultory; and soon the male guests were left to their untrammeled selves, tobacco, and the Bishop. At eleven minutes past ten, in the vestibule of Judge Gillespie's house, a young man and a man not so young were buttoning their overcoats and lighting their cigarettes. In the parlor behind them a soft contralto voice was lingering on the rich, deep notes of "Der Asra," the sweetest song of Jewish inspiration, the song of Heine and of Rubinstein. They paused a moment as the song died away in

"Und mein Stamm sind jene Asra,
Welche sterben wenn sie lieben!"

The man not so young said: "Well, come along. What are you waiting for?"

DEAR JONES: What the devil are you in such a hurry for, Uncle Larry? It looked abominably rude to leave those people in that way!

THE THIRD CONVERSATION.

*Tuesday, May 30, 1882.*—As the first band of the Decoration Day procession struck up "Marching through Georgia," and marched past Uncle Larry's house, a cheerfully expectant party filed out of the parlor windows upon the broad, stone balcony, draped with the flag which had floated over the building for the four long years the day commemorated. Uncle Larry had secured the Duchess to matronize the annual gathering of young friends, the final friendly meeting before the flight out of town; and many of those who accepted him as the universal uncle had accepted also his invitation. Dear Jones and Baby Van Renssellaer were seated in the corner of the balcony that caught the southern sun, Baby Van Renssellaer in Uncle Larry's own study chair, while Dear Jones was comfortably and gracefully perched on the broad brown-stone railing of the balcony.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Now, *doesn't* that music make your heart leap?

DEAR JONES: M'—yes.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: You know, I haven't the least bit of sympathy with that affected talk about not being moved by these things, and thinking it vulgar and all that. I'm proud to say that I love my country, and I do love to see my country's soldiers. Don't you?

DEAR JONES: M'—yes.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Of course, I can't really remember anything about the war, but I try to pretend to myself that I do remember when I was held up at the window to see the troops marching back from the grand review at Washington. [*Rather more softly.*] Mamma told me about it often before she died. And "Marching through Georgia" always makes the tears come into my eyes; doesn't it yours?

DEAR JONES: M'—yes.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: "Yes!" How queerly you say that!

DEAR JONES [*grimly*]: I'm rather more inclined to cry when the band makes

"Stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with 'Dixie.'"

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER [*coldly*]: I'm afraid, Mr. Jones, I do not understand you. And you appear to have a very peculiar feeling about these things.

DEAR JONES [*rather absently*]: Well, yes, it is rather a matter of feeling with me. Weak, I suppose—but the fact is, Miss Van Renssellaer, it just breaks me up to see all this. You know, the war hit me pretty hard. I lost my brother in hospital after Seven Pines—and then I lost my father, the best friend I ever had, at Gettysburg, on the hill, you know, when he was leading his regiment, and his men couldn't make him stay back. So, you see, I wouldn't have come here at all to-day if—if—

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Oh, Mr. Jones, I'm *so sorry*.

DEAR JONES [*surprised*]: Sorry! Why?

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: I didn't quite understand you—but I do now. Why, you are taking off your hat. What is it? Oh, the battle-flags!

DEAR JONES: My father's regiment.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER [*to herself*]: I wonder if that is the regiment I saw coming back from Washington?

THE FOURTH CONVERSATION.

*Tuesday August 22, 1882.*—The train rattled hotly along on its sultry journey from one end of Long Island to the other, a journey the half of which it had nearly accomplished with much fuss and fret. Leaving his impediments of travel in the smoker, Dear Jones entered the forward end of the parlor car in search of an uncontaminated glass of water. As he set down the glass, he glanced along the car, and his manner changed at once. He opened the door for an instant, and threw on the down track his half-smoked cigarette; and then, smiling pleasantly, he walked firmly down the car, past a rustic bridal party, and took a vacant seat just in front of Baby Van Renssellaer.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Why, Mr. Jones!

DEAR JONES: Why, Miss Van Renssellaer!

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Who would have thought of seeing you here in this hot weather?

DEAR JONES: Can I have this seat, or is it that I *mank* at the *convenances*—as the French say?

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: It's Uncle Larry's chair—he's gone back to talk to one of his vestrymen—he's taking me to Shelter Island.

DEAR JONES: Shelter Island! How long are you going to stay there?

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: And where are you going?

DEAR JONES: I'm going to Sag Harbor to build a house for one of my billionaires.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Sag Harbor? What an extraordinary place for a house.

DEAR JONES: Oh, that's nothing. Last year I had to build a house in Chemung County.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Chemung?

DEAR JONES [*spelling it*]: C-h-e-m-u-n-g'—accent on the mung. You probably call it Chee'mung, but it is really Sh'mung.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Where is it?—and how do you get there?

DEAR JONES: By the *Chemung de fer*, of course.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Oh, Mr. Jones!

DEAR JONES: You see, my mind is relaxed by the effort to build a house on the model of the one occupied by the old woman who lived in a shoe—and that variety of old English architecture is very wearing on the taste. What sort of a house is it you are going to at Shelter Island? And how long are you going to stay there?

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Oh, it's a stupid, old-fashioned place [*pause*]. Do you think that bride is pretty? I have been watching them ever since we left New York. They have been to town on their wedding trip.

DEAR JONES: She is ratherish pretty. And he's a shrewd fellow and likely to get on. I shouldn't wonder if he was the chief wire-puller of his "deestrick."

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: A village Hampden?

DEAR JONES: Some day he'll withstand the little tyrant of the fields, and lead a revolt against the garden-sass monopoly, and so sail into the legislature. I fear the bride is destined to ruin her digestion in a boarding-house, while the groom gives his days and nights to affairs of state.

Here the train slackened its speed as it approached a small station from which shrill notes of music arose.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Look! the bride is going to leave us.

DEAR JONES: He lives here, and the local fife-and-drum corps have come to welcome him home. Dinna ye hear that strident "Hail to the Chief," they have just executed?

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: How proudly she looks up at him! I think the band ought to play something for her—but they are men, and they'll never think of it.

DEAR JONES: You can not expect much tact from two fifes and a bass drum, but unless my ears deceive me they have greeted the bride with a well-meant attempt at "Home, Sweet Home."

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER:

"And each responsive soul has heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply 'Home, Sweet Home' has stirred
The hidden founts of feeling."

DEAR JONES [*surprised*]: Why, how did you know that poem?

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Oh, I heard somebody quote it last Decoration Day—I don't know who. It struck me as very pretty, and I looked it up.

DEAR JONES [*pleased*]: Oh, I remember. It has always been a favorite of mine.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER [*coldly*]: Indeed?

DEAR JONES [*as the train starts again*]: Bride and groom, fife and drum, fade away from sight and hearing. I wonder if we shall ever think of them again?

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: I shall, I'm sure. She was so pretty. And, besides, the music was lively. I shan't have anything half as amusing as that at Shelter Island.

DEAR JONES: Don't you like it, then?

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Oh, dear, no! I shall be glad to get away to my aunt's place at Watch Hill. It's very poky indeed at Shelter Island [*sighs*]. And to think that I shall have to spend just two weeks of primness and propriety there.

DEAR JONES: Just two weeks? Ah!

THE FIFTH CONVERSATION.

*Tuesday, September 5th, 1882. (Afternoon).*—Although it is difficult to tell the length from the breadth of the small steamer that plies between Sag Harbor and New London, it is safe to assume that it was the bow that was pointing away from the Shelter Island dock as Baby Van Renssellaer stepped out of the cabin, and Dear Jones walked up to her, lifting his hat, with an expression of surprise on his face that might have been better, considering that he had rehearsed it a number of times since he left Sag Harbor.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Why, Mr. Jones!

DEAR JONES [*forgetting his lines, and improvising*]: How—how—odd we should meet again just here. Funny, isn't it?

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: It is exceedingly ludicrous.

DEAR JONES: I did not tell you, did I—when I saw you on the train, you know—that I had to go to New London after I'd finished my work at Sag Harbor?

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER [*uncompromisingly*]: I don't think you said anything about New London at all.

DEAR JONES: I probably said the Pequot House. It's the same thing, you know. I have to go to New London

to inspect the Race Rock Lighthouse. You've heard of the famous lighthouse at Race Rock, of course?

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: I don't think its fame has reached me.

DEAR JONES: It's a very curious structure indeed. And the fact is, one of my—my billionaires—wants a lighthouse. He has an extraordinary notion of building a lighthouse near his place on the seashore—a lighthouse of his own. Odd idea—isn't it?

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: It is a very odd proceeding altogether, I should say.

DEAR JONES: I suppose you mean that I am a very odd proceeding. Well, I will confess, and throw myself on your mercy. I *did* hope to meet you and the Duch—Mrs. Martin. After two weeks of the society of billionaires I think I'm excusable. [*A painful pause.*] And I *had* to go to Race Rock; so I got off a day earlier than I meant to, by cutting one of the turrets out of my original plan. He didn't mind—there are eleven left—and—and—— Will you forgive me?

BABY VAN RENSSELAER: Really, I have nothing to forgive, Mr. Jones. I've no doubt my aunt will be very glad to see you.

DEAR JONES: Ah—how *is* Mrs. Martin?

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: She is in the cabin. She is quite well at present; but she is always very nervous about sea-sickness, and she prefers to lie down. I must go in and sit with her.

DEAR JONES [*quickly*]: Indeed? I didn't know Mrs. Martin suffered from sea-sickness. She's crossed the ocean so many times, you know. How many is it?

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Six, I think.

DEAR JONES: No; eight—isn't it? I'm almost sure it's eight.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Very possibly. But she is a great sufferer. I must go and see how she is.

DEAR JONES: Yes, we'll go. I want to see Mrs. Martin. One of the disadvantages of the summer season is that one can't see the Duchess at regular intervals, to exchange gossip.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Well, if you have any confidential gossip for the Duchess, I will wait here until you come out. I want to get all the fresh air possible, if I have to sit in the cabin for the rest of the trip.

DEAR JONES [*asserting himself*]: Very well. I have the contents of four letters from Newport to pour into the Duchess's ear. You know I was staying at Hitchcock's for a fortnight, before I went to Sag Harbor.

He went into the stuffy little cabin, where the Duchess was lying on a bench, in a wilderness of shawls. Baby Van Renssellaer waited for a good half-hour, but heard no sound of returning footsteps from that gloomy cave. Finally she went in to investigate, and was told by the Duchess that "Dear Jones had gone after, or whatever you call it, to smoke a cigar." Baby Van Renssellaer made up her mind that under those circumstances she would go forward and read her book. She also made up her mind that Mr. Jones was extremely rude. His rudeness, she found, as she sat reading at the bow of the boat, really spoiled her book. She knew that she ought not to let such little things annoy her; but then it was a very stupid chapter, and the fresh sea-breeze blew the pages back and forward, and her veil would not stay over her hair, and she always had hated traveling, and it was so disagreeable to have people behave in that way—especially people—well, any people. Just here she turned her head, and saw Dear Jones advancing from the cabin with a bright, smiling face.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER [*about to rise*]: My aunt wants me, I suppose.

DEAR JONES: Not at all—not in the least—at present. I just came through the cabin, on tiptoe, and she was fast asleep. In fact, not to speak it profanely, she was—she was audible.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Oh!

DEAR JONES: I'm glad to see you're getting the benefit of the fresh air.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: I was afraid of waking my aunt with the rustling of the leaves of my book, so I came out here.

DEAR JONES: I'm glad you did. It would be a shame for you to have to sit in that close cabin. That's the reason I didn't come back to you when I left Mrs. Martin. I played a pious fraud on you for the benefit of your health.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: You were very considerate.

DEAR JONES [*enthusiastically*]: Oh, not at all.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER [*calmly*]: And if you'll excuse me, I'll finish my book. I can't read in the cabin.

Baby Van Renssellaer continued her reading, and found the book improved a little. After a while she looked up, and saw Dear Jones sitting on the rail meekly twirling his thumbs.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER [*after an effort at silence*]: Don't be so ridiculously absurd. What are you doing there?

DEAR JONES: I'm waiting to be spoken to.

Baby Van Renssellaer smiled. The boat had just swung out of the jaws of the bay. Overhead was the full glory of a sky which made one believe that there never was such a thing as a cloud. And they sped along over the sea of water in a sea of light. Just then there came from the depths under the cabin the rise and fall of a measured, mocking melody, high and clear as the notes of a lark.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Why, that must be a bird whistling—only birds don't whistle "Amaryllis."

DEAR JONES: 'Tisn't a bird; it's an engineer.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: An engineer?

DEAR JONES: A grimy engineer. Quite a pathetic story, too. Some of the Sag Harbor people took him up as a boy. He had a wonderful ear and extraordinary tenor voice. They were going to make a Mario of him. They paid for his education in New York, and then sent him over to Paris, to the Conservatoire, to be finished off. And he hadn't been there six weeks before he caught the regular Paris pleurisy—it's an *article de Paris*, you know—and lost his voice utterly and hopelessly.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Oh!

DEAR JONES: And so he has to come back and engineer for his living.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: How very sad. Now I can scarcely bear to hear him whistle.

DEAR JONES [*to himself*]: Well, I didn't mean to produce that effect. [*To her.*] Oh, he doesn't mind it a bit. Hear him now.

The engineer was executing a series of brilliant variations on the "Air du Roi Louis XIII.," melting by ingenious gradations into "The Babies on our Block."

DEAR JONES [*hastily*]: Race Rock lies over that way. You can't see it yet—but you will after a while.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Oh, then there *is* a Race Rock?

DEAR JONES: Why, certainly. . . .

With this starter, it may readily be understood that a man of Dear Jones's fecundity of intellect and fine imaginative powers was able to fill the greater part of the afternoon with fluent conversation. Two or three times Baby Van Renssellaer made futile attempts to go into the cabin to see how the Duchess was sleeping; but as many times she forgot her errand. There was a fair breeze blowing from the northeast, but the sea was smooth, and the little boat scarcely rocked on the long, low waves. It was getting toward four o'clock when there was a sudden stoppage of machinery, as well as of the engineer's whistling. Baby Van Renssellaer sent Dear Jones back to inquire into the cause, for they were alone on the broad sea, with only a tantalizing glimpse of New London harbor stretching out welcoming arms of green, with the Groton monument stuck like a huge clothes-pin on the left arm. Dear Jones came back, trying hard to look decently perturbed and gloomy, but with a barbarian joy lighting up his bronzed features.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: What is it?

DEAR JONES: The machinery is on a dead centre. And the whistling engineer says that he'll have to wait until he can get into port and hitch a horse to the crank to start her off again.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: But how are we to get into port?

DEAR JONES: The whistling engineer further says that we are now drifting toward Watch Hill.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: That's just where we want to go.

DEAR JONES: Yes. [*An unholy toot from the steam-whistle.*] And there he is signaling that yacht to take us off!

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: I must go to my aunt now.

DEAR JONES: Why—there's no hurry.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: No, but she'll be so frightened—she'll think it's going to blow up or something.

Baby Van Renssellaer disappeared in the depths of the cabin. Dear Jones disconsolately walked the deck in solitary silence for five minutes. When Baby Van Renssellaer reappeared his spirits rose.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: My aunt is afraid you may have difficulty in reaching New London to-night. She wants me to ask you if you won't stay over night at her place at Watch Hill?

DEAR JONES: Won't I? Well, I will—have much pleasure in accepting your aunt's invitation.

### THE SIXTH CONVERSATION.

*Tuesday, September 5, 1882. (Evening).*—A row of Japanese lanterns shed a Cathayan light along the little path leading from the Duchess's house on a rocky promontory to the little beach which nestled under its shoulder. The moon softly and judiciously lit up the baby breakers which in Long Island Sound imitate the surf of the outer sea. It threw eerie shadows behind the bath-houses and fell with gentle radiance upon two dripping but shapely figures emerging from the water, where the other bathers were unwisely lingering.

DEAR JONES: I think this is simply delightful. I really never got the perfect enjoyment of an evening swim before.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: I am glad you enjoyed it.

DEAR JONES: There is something so charming in this aristocratic seclusion, with the shouts and laughter of the vulgar herd just far enough off to be picturesque—if you can call a noise picturesque.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER [*coldly*]: I think this beach might be a little more private—it's shared in common by these three cottages.

DEAR JONES: But they seem to be very nice people here. And they all swim so well, it quite puts me on my mettle. You are really a splendid swimmer, do you know it? And that girl I towed out to the buoy, who is she?

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER [*explosively*]: Mr. Jones, this is positively insulting!

DEAR JONES: Wh—what—wh—why? I don't understand you.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: To pretend that you don't know that Hitchcock woman!

DEAR JONES [*innocently*]: Was that Miss Hitchcock? I didn't recognize her.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: If this is your idea of humor, Mr. Jones, it is simply offensive!

DEAR JONES: But, upon my soul, I didn't know the girl—nor she me!

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: You didn't know her? After you have been staying two weeks at her house at Newport?

DEAR JONES [*with something like dignity*]: I was staying at her father's house, Miss Van Renssellaer, and Miss Hitchcock was away on a visit.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Up the Saguenay, perhaps?

DEAR JONES: Very likely. Miss Hitchcock may have left a large part of the Saguenay unexplored for all I know. I was introduced to her party only half an hour before we got off the boat at Quebec.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Long enough, however, to discover that she was "bright."

DEAR JONES: Quite long enough, Miss Van Renssellaer. One may find out a great deal of another's character in half an hour.

There was a pause, which was filled by the strains of a Virginia reel, coming from one of the cottages high up on the bank, where an impromptu dance was just begun. The moonlight fell on Baby Van Renssellaer's little white teeth, set firmly between her parted lips. The pause was broken.

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: If you propose to descend to brutality of this sort, Mr. Jones, I think we need prolong neither the conversation—nor the acquaintance.

DEAR JONES [*honestly*]: No—you can't mean that—Miss Van Renssellaer—Baby——

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: What, sir! Your familiarity is—I can't stand familiarity from *you!* [*She clenches her little hands.*]

DEAR JONES: You have no right to treat me like this! If I am familiar it is because I love you—and you know it!

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: This is the first I have heard of it, sir. I trust it will be the last. Will you kindly permit me to pass, or must I——

DEAR JONES: You may go where you wish, Miss Van Renssellaer——. No, come, this is ridiculous——

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Is it?

DEAR JONES: I mean it is foolish. Don't let us——

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: Don't let us see each other again!

### THE SEVENTH CONVERSATION.

*Thursday, February 14, 1884.*—As the soft, low notes of the wedding march from "Lohengrin" fell gently from the organ-loft over the entrance of Grace Church, the quartet of able-bodied ushers passed up the centre aisle and parted the white ribbons—a silken barrier, which they had gallantly defended for an hour in a vain effort to keep the common herd of acquaintance separate from the chosen many of the family. Behind them came two pretty little girls, strewing the aisle with white flowers from their aprons. The four bridesmaids, two abreast, paced up the aisle after the little girls, proud in their reflected glory.

Then came the bride, leaning on Judge Gillespie's arm, and radiant with youth, and beauty, and happiness. As the procession drew near the chancel-rail, the groom came from the vestry and advanced to meet her, accompanied by his best man, Uncle Larry, who relieved him of his hat and overcoat, the which he would dexterously return to him when the happy couple should leave the church, man and wife. And in due time the Bishop asked: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?"

DEAR JONES: I will.

The Bishop asked again: "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband:

BABY VAN RENSSELLAER: I will.

As they knelt at the chancel-rail, the sun, which had been theretofore all day playing hide-and-seek, came out and fell through the window, and the stained glass sifted down on them the mingled hues of hope, and faith, and love; and the Bishop blessed them.—*Manhattan.*

---

A Chicagoan in London, writing to *Vanity Fair*, a paper published in the lakeside city, says:

This evening I had my first experience with an English dinner. It was *à la carte*, and to *my* mind the service was far superior to what it is with us. Instead of a great array of dishes being placed around you, the last of which grows cold before you are done with the first, the very sight of the gradually congealing sauce being enough to take away a man's appetite unless he were as hungry as a half starved horse, they were all placed before you or handed as required, and men seemed to eat more like civilized beings than savages.

Elsewhere the same correspondent remarks:

At the theatre nearly all the people in the "stalls," which corresponds to our "parquette," were in evening dress, which I think is a great improvement and helps to light up the house. This is a social custom prevalent in England which I think might well be copied with advantage by us, without the risk of being termed Anglo-maniacs. Putting altogether aside the comfort of changing one's clothes, as a mere matter of cleanliness, it is a custom the adoption of which is greatly to be desired. As things now are, the same suit of clothing which we wear in our dirty offices all day, and which have absorbed all the filth of the city, is made to do duty in the evening.

And in another part of the paper the editor says:

Cleanliness is next to Godliness, but there is no rule that is more honored in the breach than in the observance among certain classes of our population than this is. There are many people in this land of ours who are absolutely indifferent to personal ablution. I do not mean to say that they never wash their faces and hands, but those parts of the body which are not exposed are woefully neglected. I believe that many an octogenarian goes down to the grave with the accumulated dirty of eighty years upon his person, and if he were taxed with uncleanliness, would indignantly repel the assertion and instance the washing of his face and hands several times a day in proof of it. In this most necessary adjunct of health we are far behind Eastern nations. . . . . In a city of the size and wealth of Chicago, in the days of the Romans, there would be scores of splendid Thermæ instead of the few miserable affairs we have behind the barber shops.

The foregoing remarks would seem to throw some light on the way they live now in Chicago.

---

Dr. Legrand du Saulle, a distinguished French authority on the subject of insanity, recently delivered an interesting lecture in the Salpétrière on the influence of the siege of Paris in the production of mental diseases. For a few days after the declaration of war there was a notable diminution in the number of these cases; but as soon as it became known that the Prussians were marching on Paris the anxiety and alarm felt by the suburban population culminated in many instances in madness of a curious and rarely observed type—extreme melancholy, accompanied with stupor and a dazed condition of the faculties. Three hundred and fifty thousand suburban residents had to take refuge in Paris, where they found no other shelter than that afforded by the railway carriages at the termini, which soon became densely crowded. Hunger and inanition swelled the statistics of insanity during the siege all the more that wine was to be had in abundance, and the men of the National Guard spent the greater part of the thirty sous allowed them daily on drink, on which, in fact, they and many others lived during the last few weeks of the siege. The "mania of inventions" became very common at the same time. General Trochu was constantly pestered with lunatics, who came to lay before him all manner of wild contrivances of their invention for the total and instantaneous annihilation of the Prussians.

---

A writer in the Chicago *Current*, in the course of an invocation to Oliver Wendell Holmes, perpetrates the following extraordinary rhyme:

Thy wisdom and wit, in their guileless complicity,
Have stolen the hearts of the old and the young—
And set thee, by force of a playful plebiscite,
On our ladder of Letters—its uppermost rung.

## SOCIETY.

### The Atherton-Selby Wedding.

Last Wednesday, Miss Jeannie Selby, daughter of the late Thomas Selby, was united in marriage to Mr. Faxon Atherton, Rev. William Stowe officiating. The ceremony took place at the country seat of the bride's father, at Menlo Park. It was extremely private, only the relatives of the young couple being present. The newly married pair have gone to spend a few weeks at Mrs. F. D. Atherton's Monterey ranch.

### The Crocker Tea.

Mrs. Charles Crocker's tea, last Saturday afternoon, began at four in the afternoon and lasted until midnight, during which time the parlors were crowded with her numerous friends. The house was tastefully decorated with flowers and vines, and floral devices, composed of rare orchids and rich conservatory blossoms, were on every hand. There was dancing in the art-gallery, while refreshments were placed in the dining-saloon. Mrs. Crocker was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Lucy Arnold, and the Misses Low, Deming, Carroll, and Hubbard. Among the guests present were:

Colonel and Mrs. Frederick Crocker, Mrs. G. W. Pullman, Mrs. Caton, Mrs. Stone, the Princess Liliuokalani of Hawaii, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Donahue, Baron and Baroness von Schroeder, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, General and Miss McDowell, ex-Governor and Mrs. Low, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Miss Jennie Flood, Mrs. J. A. Hand, Mrs. Major Meares, Miss Louise Belden, Judge and Mrs. Hager, Mrs. Holladay, the Misses Holladay, Miss Durbrow, Miss Nettie Schmiedell, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mr. William Crocker, Mr. Henry Crocker, Judge and Mrs. Sanderson, Miss Sanderson, Mrs. McKinstry, and many others.

### The Bixler Musicale.

Mrs. David Bixler gave a musicale, *soirée dansante*, and general reception, at her very elegant new home, corner of Union and Pierce streets, on Thursday evening. The grounds were brilliantly illuminated by Chinese lanterns; the house splendidly decorated from dining-rooms to dome, with flowers and palms. Mrs. Bixler is both musical and artistic; her own and other fine paintings ornament her house, which bristles with bric-à brac. She sang for her guests, and was assisted by personal friends, who contributed with their voices to make the entertainment an exceptional success.

### The Dodge Card Party.

Friday evening of last week Miss Mollie Dodge gave a progressive euchre party to a number of her friends. There were six tables and twenty-four guests were present. In this game the losing partners of every rubber must move to the next lower table. The partners holding the first table for the longest period receive prizes; as do also the pair who maintain their position at the last table. In this case Mrs. Emmett and Mr. Pomeroy won the first prizes, which were silver ornaments. The following is a list of the guests:

Lieutenant and Mrs. Emmet, Miss Bessie Sedgwick, the Misses Holladay, Miss Louise Belden, Miss Durbrow, Miss Annie Durbrow, Miss Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Miss Sibyl Sanderson, Miss Peters, Lieutenants Tate, Chamberlain, and Doty, Mr. Casserly, Mr. Mountford Wilson, Mr. William Crocker, Mr. Howard Pomeroy, Mr. Holladay, Mr. Page, and Mr. Houghton.

### The Jarboe Reception.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Jarboe gave a reception last Monday night, at their Pine Street residence. Ballenberg's band played for dancing, and the rooms were profusely decorated with flowers. Mrs. Jarboe was attired in a robe of satin brocade, while Miss Jarboe wore black silk. At eleven o'clock supper was served in the dining-rooms down-stairs. Among the guests present were:

Miss Sibyl Sanderson, Miss Bessie Kittle, Mrs. Louise Breckinridge, Miss Babcock, Miss Milmer, Miss Matie Peters, Miss Nettie Schmiedell, Miss Millie Ashe, Miss Severance, Miss Adams, Miss Hooker, Mr. Russ Wilson, Mr. William Crocker, Mr. Carolan, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Mountford Wilson, Mr. Heathcote, Mr. Deming, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Sharon, Mr. Dearing, Mr. Wores, Lieutenant Tait, and others.

### The Princess Like-Like.

The Hawaiian Princess has been entertained by a number of ladies during her stay. Thursday of last week Mrs. A. P. Everete, of Alameda, gave a lunch, at which were present the Princess Like-Like, Hawaiian Consul Severance and Mrs. Severance, Hon. C. R. Bishop, and Mrs. Howe, of St. Louis. Saturday the Princess was at the Crocker reception. On Tuesday she was given a luncheon by Mrs. Theodore Shillaber, at the Mission. Next Monday she will be the guest of Mrs. Staples, who gives a large reception in her honor.

### The Kirkham Luncheon.

Mrs. General Kirkham gave a luncheon on Friday last at her beautiful Oak Street residence, in Oakland. It was a farewell entertainment to her lady friends, previous to her departure for the East. The parlors were decorated with Maréchal Niel, La Marquise, Pauline, Lady Banksia, and Cherokee roses, together with smilax and clinging vines. The table was adorned with rare flowers and ferns. Among the ladies present were Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Holladay, Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. Wetherbee, Mrs. Perine, and others.

### The Maynard Reception.

Wednesday night the Misses Maynard gave a reception, at which were present Rear-Admiral Upshur, lately appointed to the command of the Naval Department of the Pacific, and a number of the officers from the *Hartford*, now in the harbor. Dancing was kept up until after ten o'clock, when refreshments were partaken of. During the evening Mrs. Henry Newton and Miss Sibyl Sanderson sang two songs in a charming manner. Among the guests present were:

The Misses Findley, Miss Millie Ashe, Miss Newlands, Miss Sibyl Sanderson, Miss Jennie Sanderson, Miss Meares, Miss Masten, Mr. Greenway, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Hare, Mr. Swift, and others.

### The Cohen Keno Party.

Last Monday Mrs. A. A. Cohen and Miss Cohen gave a keno party at their residence in Alameda. There were a number of sets, and an especially interesting feature was the fact that there were prizes for each participant. Supper was served at ten o'clock, and the party broke up in time for the last train. Among the guests present were: Miss Kirkham, Miss Tucker, Miss Holladay, Miss Ruth Holladay, Miss Miller, Miss Annie Miller, Mr. Dargie, Mr. Albert Miller, Mr. Burke Holladay, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Alexander, and others.

### Breakfast on the "Hartford."

Wednesday morning the officers of the *Hartford*, now in the harbor, gave a breakfast to their lady friends. The guests arrived about half-past ten, and partook of the refreshments in the main *salon*. During the breakfast the *Hartford's* band executed a number of charming selections. Among the ladies were: Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, Mrs. H. Smith and Miss Smith, Mrs. Dr. Volney Spaulding, and others.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Governor Stoneman came down from Sacramento last week for a brief stay.

Mrs. Condit Smith (*née* Swearingen) is visiting her sister, Mrs. Justice Field, in Washington.

Mrs. General Kirkham and Miss Kate Kirkham, of Oakland, are going East very shortly. They will be absent all summer, visiting the various watering places and seaside resorts, and returning some time in October.

Ex-Governor and Mrs. Low and Miss Low left for the Sandwich Islands on Thursday.

Attorney-General Marshall paid the city a brief visit the first of the week.

Thomas Durant, ex-President of the Union Pacific Railway Company, is visiting the coast with a party of friends.

Mrs. C. S. Houghton, who has been visiting the city, returned home to Sacramento Sunday last.

Mr. John D. Rockafeller, President of the Standard Oil Company, has gone to Santa Barbara.

Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mr. Robert Fry, and Mr. James Freeborn left for Alaska on Monday. They will be absent six weeks, visiting all the various points of interest along the northern coast. Colonel Fry and Mr. Freeborn have mining interests in Alaska which they desire to inspect.

Hon. William H. Sears, lately appointed collector of this port, arrived from the East on Tuesday.

Mrs. Edward Cadwalader came down from Sacramento on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Earl (*née* Runyon) have gone up to Sacramento for a few weeks' stay.

Miss Morrison, of San José, who has been visiting Miss Holladay, returned home on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Preston have removed to their summer residence at Menlo Park.

Miss Mabel Grey, of Victoria, who visited friends in this city last summer, came down last week on another visit.

Mr. Charles Plum, accompanied by his son and daughter, and Mrs. Frazier, of Mount Hamilton, returned from the Sierra Madre Villa and Riverside on Sunday last.

Captain and Mrs. William H. Kohl and daughter, and Mrs. George Loomis are enjoying the beauties of Southern California.

Mrs. S. B. Caswell, of Los Angeles, who has been visiting in San Francisco, has returned home.

Mrs. W. B. Bancroft has returned from Santa Cruz.

Mrs. George W. Pullman and party started on their return trip last Sunday morning in their special car. Mrs. Pullman—who was well known to all Sacramentans as the Miss Hattie Sanger of other days—was much pleased with her visit here, and with the many attentions which the party received.

Hon. W. D. Rideout and Mrs. Rideout came down from Marysville on Monday, and are at the Palace.

Hon. Charles Fernald came up from Santa Barbara Monday, and is at the Occidental.

General E. F. Beale has returned from Washington.

Queen Marau, of Tahiti, who arrived in this city last week and stayed at the Occidental Hotel, left on Thursday for her island kingdom on the barkentine *Papeete*.

Mrs. Bradley and the Misses Bradley went over to Saucelito, Thursday, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith, and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Griffith, left for San Rafael Thursday, where they have taken the Tompkins place for the summer.

Mrs. General McComb and Miss Lizzie McComb, who have been visiting this city, returned to their home in Folsom on Wednesday.

### Army and Navy News.

Rear-Admiral Upshur came down from Mare Island last week.

The *Hartford* will remain here until the fifteenth instant, after which it will sail for Panama, touching at as many Mexican and Central American ports as is practicable on the way down.

The *Pinta*, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Albert G. Caldwell, is now in South American waters on its way to this port, being at Callao the twenty-seventh ultimo.

Lieutenant R. H. Galt, U. S. N., who left for the East last month, has been ordered to instruction in ordnance at the Washington navy yard.

Lieutenant P. H. Ray, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., who went on from here in March to attend the Austrian International Polar Congress, has arrived in Vienna with Mrs. Ray, and was present at the opening of the congress, April seventeenth.

The many friends of Major B. B. Keeler, U. S. A., will be glad to learn that he has much improved in health. He has entered upon active duty once more, and on the first of last month assumed command of Fort Maginnis, Montana Territory, where there is now stationed a garrison consisting of three cavalry and two infantry companies. During the past winter he visited friends in New York.

Rear-Admiral Upshur's staff is announced in the general orders to consist of Captain Charles C. Carpenter, of the *Hartford*, chief of staff; Lieutenant J. A. H. Nickels, flag lieutenant, and Lieutenant E. F. Qualtrough, secretary.

Lieutenant George P. Colvocoresses, who was recently attached to the *Hartford*, left last week for the East on a year's leave of absence.

Captain C. A. French, U. S. N., retired, has purchased a ranch in Santa Clara County.

Lieutenant C. H. Hunter, First Artillery, U. S. A., who left during the first part of last month for Fortress Monroe, Virginia, has arrived at his destination and entered upon his duties May first.

Major William A. Jones, Corps of Engineers, has been ordered to the Needles, California, and Fort Yuma, for the purpose of determining the latitude and longitude of certain monuments at these two points.

First Lieutenant Robert T. Emmet, Ninth Cavalry, has been detailed a member of the general court-martial constituted by paragraph one, special orders No. forty-nine, current series, and Captain John A. Darling, First Artillery, is relieved from duty as a member thereof.

The many friends of Doctor Sternberg will be sorry to learn that he has been relieved from duty as post surgeon at Fort Mason (Black Point), and very shortly goes East.

### Notes and Gossip.

Bishop and Mrs. Kip were given a large reception in Los Angeles last week by Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Griffith, which was attended by all the bishop's many friends in that section of the country.

Mr. George Spencer, who left for the East Thursday, is shortly to be married to Miss Briggs of Boston; she will be remembered as having paid a visit to this coast some little time ago. On their return, the newly married couple will reside at Pacific Heights, in the house recently occupied by Mr. John Rae Hamilton, who has obtained a year's leave of absence from his company and will soon leave the city for an extended tour.

Of the surviving members of the family of the late George Cadwalader there are his brother, General Charles Cadwalader of Red Bluff, his mother, Mrs. Cadwalader, and his sister, Mrs. Robert N. Graves of this city.

Miss West, the daughter of the British Minister at Washington, is wearing court mourning for Prince Leopold. Her father's visiting-cards have also been put in mourning.

Mrs. Algernon Sartoris (*née* Nellie Grant) arrived in New York from England April 18th, and will spend the present month in the scenes of her former triumphs—Washington.

The ladies of the alumni of Mills's Seminary are raising a fund for placing a large memorial window to the late Rev. C. T. Mills in the library building now in process of erection at Mills's Seminary.

The Bowies gave a quiet reception on Thursday evening to a number of their friends.

This evening the Oakland Athenian Club holds its monthly "Evening Chirp."

Ex-President Hayes is said to have a more elaborate set of scrap-books, classified and indexed, than any other public man in the country. He began the collection of scraps when he was a young lawyer in Cincinnati. When he was President he kept one of his clerks constantly busy cutting and pasting slips from the newspapers.

## ART NOTES.

The Earl of Rosebery has purchased the picture of the "Chinese Musicians," by Theodore Wores, which has been on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's. It will be forwarded to England at once. A number of the members of the Art Association requested Mr. Wores to permit the painting to be exhibited at the opening of the exhibition. He acceded to the request, and sent it to the Art Association rooms. It was declined, however, by the hanging committee, on the ground that its temporary exhibition would cause confusion in the catalogue.

Thomas Hill has placed on exhibition at Morris's a fine marine study of the "Spouting Rock" at Newport.

### THE ART ASSOCIATION EXHIBITION.

The twentieth exhibition of the Art Association opened last Thursday evening at the rooms on Pine Street. There was a large and fashionable attendance, the pictures sent out here by the Eastern artists being one of the principal attractions. Local art was represented by Messrs. Hill, Williams, Deakin, Narjot, Brookes, Alexander, Straus, Von Perbandt, and Bush. Great interest was taken in the animal studies sent by Miss Lotz, who has been winning laurels in Paris. Thomas Hill's large painting of "Yosemite Valley" is one of the best of his many studies of that subject. He has also a fine portrait of the late B. B. Redding. Deakin's principal pictures are "Notre Dame" and "Westminster Abbey." Virgil Williams has depicted a "Street Scene in Southern California." Brookes sends in a study of "Lake Trout." Mrs. Campion has two landscapes, one in England and the other in Brittany. Miss Hopps is represented by a "Scene on Austin Creek." Miss Chittenden has a charming study of "Wall Flowers." Alexander exhibits his "Morning Prayer," the study of a Munich church interior. Narjot has an attractive picture entitled "La Chinaca." Straus is represented by "Alameda Creek," "German Marketday," and a study of "Salmon." Of the Eastern paintings, J. G. Brown's "Plotting Mischief" is exceedingly attractive. Benoni Irwin's "An Art Votary" is a study of a pretty art pupil. Perry sends "Grandfather's Slippers," a home scene. "In the Grove" is a delightful landscape by Krussmann Van Alten. "Satisfied," by Alfred Fredericks, is a duel scene. "Bacchantes" is by Rotherwood; "The Mohawk River," by Edward Gay; "Spring on the Hillside," a landscape by Hamilton; "The Cobbler," by Miniger; "Evening on the New Jersey Coast," by Rehn; "The Monopolist," by Morgan; "La Petite Leonie," by Andrews. The "Flowers," by Dillan, will attract much attention. "Married in Court," by Schuchardt, appeals to the multitude. "Tuning Up," by Walter Shirlaw, might perhaps be considered the best of the Eastern pictures. The exhibition will remain open to the public for a number of weeks, day and evening.

### THE CALIFORNIA PALETTE CLUB.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ARGONAUT: The California Palette Club is composed of over a hundred members, including thirty-four local artists. The existing differences between the Palette Club and the San Francisco Art Association are principally based on the present inefficient management of the School of Design; also, the manner in which the exhibition rooms have been disgraced by auction sales. Without courtesy, nor any recognition of the right of local artists to interfere, the management of the Art Association have allowed the auction sales to continue, and the school to remain under its present unsatisfactory management. Some weeks ago an invitation was issued to the local artists, informing them that their pictures could be sent to the spring exhibition of the Art Association, not later than the 16th of April, and that no pictures would be admitted without frames. With no other encouragement to local art from the Art Association, and without consulting the artists who had received their invitation to exhibit, the exhibition was postponed until May 1st. The Art Association entered into negotiation with a body of Eastern artists, offering them every inducement to send fifty pictures to the Art Association exhibition, guaranteeing them five thousand dollars sales, or one thousand dollars indemnity, to pay the freight, insurance, and framing of said pictures at the expense of the said association. This is the gratitude of the men who have had pictures given them by local artists to help them out of their financial embarrassment; who have had their walls decorated yearly by the local artists, the artists having derived no benefit nor remuneration whatever for their labor.

At a recent meeting of the Palette Club the following resolution was carried unanimously:

"WHEREAS, The San Francisco Art Association, by its unjust policy in ignoring the interests of artists of this city, has forced the majority of them to refuse to exhibit at the coming spring exhibition of said institution; and, *whereas*, instead of modifying its policy so as to conciliate the differences existing, the institution in question has decided to wage war against the interest of local art by discriminating in favor of Eastern artists, so as to secure a sufficient number of pictures to form a respectable exhibition; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That the members of the California Palette Club, representing a very great majority of local artists, do protest against such action, and beg the public to consider the above facts, and ask that no encouragement should be given to the action of the managers of the San Francisco Art Association."

THE OFFICERS OF THE PALETTE CLUB.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 1, 1884.

### Musical Notes.

Next Thursday evening Miss Lulu Joran, the accomplished young pianist, will be given a benefit at Platt's Hall, at which she will be assisted by her younger sisters, Misses Pauline and Elsie Joran. Madame Le Hardie will lend her aid with one or two solos. Miss Joran posesses great talent and industry, and deserves all the aid that can be rendered her. Among the pieces that she will perform are Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, Mendelssohn's D minor Trio, Melodie in F major by Rubenstein, Bolero by Chopin, op. 19, and others equally difficult.

On Wednesday evening next the fourth concert of the Loring Club's seventh season will take place at Platt's Hall. A delightful programme is announced, and several novelties are promised, particularly in the matter of accompaniments. These include a trumpet obligato to "The Postillion of Villach," by Koschat, and an accompaniment of horns and trombone to Schumann's "Forester's Chorus." "Roland's Horn," by F. W. Markull, and the "Chorus of Pilgrims," by Wagner, will receive full orchestral accompaniments, and Storch's Serenade, "Dearest Awake," the support of strings only. Among other interesting numbers are "The Dreaming Rose," by H. Reinhold; "On the Rhine," and "I am so nervous," both by Kücken.

### The Gypsy Child's Christmas.

Dear Lavie Lee went dancing from "The Dells,"
Charmed by the Christmas chimes, and soon she sate
Where 'neath the snow around the churchyard gate
The plowmen slept in bramble-banded cells.
The gorgios passed, half fearing gypsy spells,
While Lavie, gazing, seemed to meditate;
She laughed for joy, then wept disconsolate:
"The poor dead gorgios can not hear the bells."

Within the church the clouds of Christian breath
Arose to One in lazy praise and prayer.
But where stood He? Beside the gypsy there,
Remembering childish tears in Nazareth,
Building of love the golden Christmas stair
O'er sorrow and sin and hungry deeps of death.

—*Theodore Watts in Athenæum.*

## FOR MANAGER ABBEY.

"Flaneur" Describes His Fifty-thousand Dollar Benefit in New York.

Henry E. Abbey's benefit was the biggest on record. Nobody knows exactly how much it will turn into Mr. Abbey's pockets yet, but it will probably figure pretty close to fifty thousand dollars. No such benefit as this has ever before been recorded in theatrical annals. A good deal of the interest in the affair was lacking on account of the absence of Mr. Abbey.

Abbey has been wearing evening dress a little too recklessly of late. The bounteous expanse of shirt-bosom, the thinness of material, and the utter lack of covering for the chest invite colds. The slightest change in the temperature will tell on one. Many a night I have seen Abbey stand at the door of the opera or the theatre without his overcoat where the people were rushing in and out. It is a great bore to slip on your coat every time you go out between the acts; but a man is foolish who takes the risk of going without it at this season of the year. The constant exposure on the part of Mr. Abbey told on him at last.

Aoout a week ago the weather changed suddenly. On Monday night it was swelteringly hot; at midnight it began to rain, and before morning it was cold. I got up with a howling cold in my head, and started down town. Every man I met was hoarse. The cars rang with execrations. Offices all over New York were alive with howls of anguish, and everybody was ill-humored. I didn't meet three men that day who were not suffering from colds. Mr. Abbey was among those chosen by fate. His cold grew momentarily worse until the night of his benefit, when he was confined to his bed with a hacking cough and a swollen head. The benefit went on just the same. I have never seen a more enthusiastic and good-natured crowd than that which assembled at the Metropolitan Opera House to do honor to its former director. Everybody had sent bouquets, baskets of flowers, and wreaths to Mr. Abbey. They were resolved to give the manager an ovation; and when they found he was not there, they showed their disappointment. The flowers, however, were thrown promiscuously at the artists, so that they did good work after all in helping on the enthusiasm.

The feature of the evening was the exhibition which Madame Sembrich made of her versatility. She has made a great reputation as a singer, and we have heard much about her violin-playing. No one was prepared, however, to hear her play with such superb finish and thoroughness. Most women play the violin in a weak and wavering fashion. They may play in tune and get a certain amount of skill, but they lack force and tone. Sembrich, however, has a firm, strong tone, and plays with absolute accuracy. After the encore which she received from violin-playing, she played one of Chopin's waltzes very prettily and brilliantly on the piano. Her musical education has undoubtedly been very complete.

Joe Howard, the well-known journalist, made a speech in the absence of Mr. Abbey. If there is anything that Joseph enjoys, it is making a speech. He speaks well and rapidly, and is seldom at loss for words. There was no earthly reason, however, why Mr. Howard should have spoken in lieu of Mr. Abbey that night, for Mr. Abbey's partner, John Shoeffel, and his lieutenants, Tillotson, Copeland, Grau, etc., were all in the Opera House. When they found that it was necessary to make a speech, they all grew nervous. Mr. Shoeffel jumped into a cab and drove violently up town. Mr. Tillotson insisted that he was suffering from neuralgia, and retired to his inner office. Mr. Coplestone asserted that he was too weak, and turned the matter over to Grau. Grau swore in seven different languages, and suddenly displayed a startling inability to speak the English tongue.

At this moment everybody discovered that Joe Howard was doing more talking in the front of the house than all the other people combined, and so they fell violently upon him and insisted that he should apologize for Mr. Abbey's absence. He went behind the scenes and rehearsed carefully among the stage-managers, gas-machinist, chorus girls, prima donnas, actors, and supers. These people gazed at Mr. Howard as if he were a maniac. Bits of opera were reeled off and on, sections of plays were presented rapidly, and solos were hurriedly sung. But Howard never moved from his station behind a pasteboard tree, where he was slowly getting into shape a humorous speech. When it became time for him to go before the curtain, he walked out with the same nonchalance which distinguished him when he was arrested after forging the bogus Lincoln proclamation.

His confidence was superb. The lights glittered radiantly on his bald head from the chandelier above, and the footlights were reflected on the glasses which were poised on the end of his nose. As soon as the first nighters saw him they burst into enthusiastic applause. The ladies in the boxes who had never seen Henry Abbey supposed that Joseph was the impresario, and joined in the applause. Joseph smiled sweetly. Then he started in to deliver the speech which he had been rehearsing. The effort was too great; every solitary word that he had made up behind the footlights went from him, and, after a moment of appalling suspense, he announced that Mr. Abbey was sick, and that he had deputized him, Mr. Howard, to make his apology and thank the audience for their kindness. After this Mr. Howard bolted off the stage, sprang into a close cab, and was not seen again that night.

The question of what Abbey will do next is agitating men interested in theatrical affairs. He will not bring Bernhardt over next year, Salvini is to remain over on the other side, and Irving will manage himself. The Meiningen Company comes over in charge of a German manager, and Mr. Gye is to have the directorship of the Metropolitan Opera House. What is left for Abbey. He has interested the American theatre-going public so thoroughly for five years, that they look forward to the attractions he offers more anxiously than to those brought over by any other manager.

A good deal of interest is expressed concerning the Mitchell and Edwards glove fight at Madison Square Garden next month. Both men are in active training, and seats in boxes in the immediate vicinity of the ring are already selling at a premium. The men are to box four rounds according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules. Edwards is undoubtedly the most scientific sparrer in the country to-day. He is a man of extraordinary pluck and endurance, and ten years ago he was conceded to be the most dangerous fighter in the ring. Since that time he has done little fighting, however. His duties as head bouncer of Ed. Stokes's saloon are onerous, and much of his spare time is taken up in giving lessons at big prices to bloods of wealth and pugilistic ambition. Mitchell is champion of England, and a fast and scientific fighter. He is bigger and younger than Edwards. Both of these things are advantages. They will be evenly matched, however, and as the winner takes the entire receipts of the house, they will undoubtedly box for all they are worth.

Jim Pilkington finds it very difficult to make New Yorkers realize that there is a good rowing course within easy distance of the city. In order to draw public attention to the new course, he has offered a purse of twenty-five hundred dollars to be rowed for by Wallace Ross and Charles E. Courtney on Decoration Day. It will be over a course three miles in length, and it is probable that both men will do their best. Ross has gained many laurels of late. His defeat of Bubear, champion oarsman of Great Britain, after allowing him ten seconds start, places him very close to Hanlan. Courtney, on the other hand, claims that he never rowed so well as he does now. It will give the people a chance to judge of the sort of material Courtney is made. He is the most disappointing man who ever sat in a boat. More money has been lost on him than on all the other oarsmen I can call to mind, and his backers have all become bankrupt. Alone in a boat with few people watching him, and no one to push him, he is the fastest man on earth. But with a good, stiff competitor he loses heart, and is as weak as a baby. He will have the last chance of his life to redeem himself on Decoration Day.

Never was a prima donna more thoroughly repentant than Madame Scalchi. On the day of the last matinée of the season she refused to sing for Mr. Abbey because she had eaten too much breakfast. The manager was obliged to turn away the audience and refund their money. He was very angry. Scalchi was content. A prima donna is never so happy as when she can put a manager to a disadvantage. When the time came around for Mr. Abbey's benefit, Madame Scalchi reflected that she had been very well treated by the American manager, and regretted that she had been so capricious. The papers went for her with extraordinary vigor, and she was hissed by the chorus, the orchestra, and the principals of Mr. Abbey's company. When the benefit was arranged, Madam Scalchi sent word that she would be most happy to sing for Mr. Abbey. Mr. Abbey ignored her note. She then requested that she might be allowed to sing. Mr. Abbey promptly refused to grant her that privilege. Then she sent five hundred dollars for a single seat at Mr. Abbey's benefit, and the manager promptly returned the money to her, with the assurance that the benefit would be displeasing to him if she were in any way associated with it. Madame Scalchi approached Mr. Abbey tearfully and begged to be forgiven, and Mr. Abbey calmly refused to forgive her. This is a move in the right direction. Famous singers have ruled the musical world so long that it is a jolly good thing to see them set back occasionally.

There never was such a ball as that given by the Bachelors at the Metropolitan Opera House last Thursday. It was the most perfect entertainment of its kind that New York has ever had, and people are not yet through talking about it. It is no easy thing to entertain a thousand people at a ball in New York, and have everything go off smoothly and comfortably. It is a great deal to say that out of a thousand guests invited, not one was socially undesirable. The fifty bachelors spent about three hundred dollars apiece on the ball. Each one in return had the privilege of inviting twenty people. The fifty bachelors are the best people of the city, and, as they invited only their most respectable friends, the crowd was in every way unexceptionable. Instead of having one long table or a buffet, they filled the supper-room with little tables which accommodated four people. Each table had a waiter of its own, and every guest of the ball enjoyed a comfortable, well served, and hot supper. I use the word "comfortable" in connection with the ball, because it is the only public ball in New York that has ever been comfortable throughout. Everything was carefully looked after by the various committees, and the result was the entertainment went off with unexampled smoothness. It was a great night for the bachelors.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, April 23, 1884.

---

It is now highly unfashionable in London to speak or write the word in its English form, "waltz." The cotillon reigns, especially in the houses of those hostesses who like to find themselves some modicum of fame by the beauty and costliness of their cotillon gifts. Such a height has this sort of advertisement of one's wealth and generosity now reached that an unwritten law has come into force in the best circles, by which it is enacted that only flowers may be given in the cotillon, and that costly gifts shall come under the category of "vulgar show." In the same way it is now considered the best style to be married in the morning, as the *nouveaux riches* always make it a point to be wedded by special license, which is the only mode of having the ceremony performed in the afternoon.

---

Doctor Wilson says, in the *Southern World*, that it is a mistaken idea that no fruit should be eaten at breakfast. In the morning there is an acrid state of the secretions, and nothing is so well calculated to correct it as peaches, apples, etc. The small seeded fruit, such as figs, blackberries, raspberries, and strawberries, may be classed among the best fruits and medicines. The sugar in them is nutritious, the acid purifying, and the seeds laxative. We should look more to our gardens for our medicines and less to our drug stores.

---

President Arthur's cook receives a salary of eighteen hundred dollars a year.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

On one occasion Judge Porter, a poular Irish magistrate, in pronouncing the sentence of the court, said to a notorious drunkard: "You will be confined in jail for the longest period the law will allow, and I sincerely hope you will devote some portion of the time to cursing whisky." "I will," was the answer; "and Porter, too."

---

Dumley was making an evening call, and the nice little boy of the family had been allowed to remain up a little later than usual. "Ma," he said, during a lull in the conversation, "can whisky talk?" "Certainly not," said ma; "what put that absurd notion into your head?" "Well," he replied, "I heard you say to pa that whisky was telling on Mr. Dumley, and I wanted to know what it said."

---

A thief stole a mare which had a colt. Mounted on her back he was galloping away, followed by the colt and the villagers, crying, "Stop, thief!" As they passed a tanyard, a Quaker apprentice called out, "Catch the colt." The colt was caught. As the quick wit of the young Friend had divined, the mare, missing her foal, stopped. In spite of the kicks and blows administered by the alarmed thief, she would not move a step. The thief was caught.

---

Bismarck one evening attended a gathering of prominent men at the house of a Russian nobleman. During all the conversation he was particularly sarcastic, cutting friends and opponents unsparingly. When he rose to take his leave, and walked down stairs, the host called a pet dog that was frisking about and led him to one side. "Are you afraid the dog will bite me?" asked Bismarck. "Oh, no," replied the host; "I'm afraid you'll bite the dog." And the Chancellor was in such a grim mood that he took this as a compliment, and went away smiling.

---

A dinner was given one day, not long ago, to William M. Evarts, who is a most luxurious and enthusiastic diner. One of the courses—roast stuffed goose—seemed especially to please the palate of the learned gentleman, and he lent himself thereto with much vigor. After dinner came speeches, and in the course of one of them a gentleman asked this conundrum: "What great change has taken place during this dinner?" It was given up. He had to answer his own conundrum: "When we began, we had a goose stuffed with sage; now, we have finished, we have a sage stuffed with goose."

---

Flogging and cuffing appears to prevail still in the Russian army. Skobeleff would have none of it in his division. He told one of his favorite colonels, who was beating a soldier, that if he found him doing it again he should dismiss him. After Plevna one of his men was ordered by his colonel to be flogged. The man appealed to Skobeleff, confessed his crime, and asked for a court-martial. Skobeleff told him a court-martial would condemn him to death. His answer was: "We are all in God's hands. Every day of our lives we are under fire here. I don't mind being shot, but if I am to be disgraced, your Excellency, I shall commit suicide."

---

Speaking of faro and other wicked games, a Virginian, after remarking that in the better days of the republic, when everybody played faro, a gentleman was distinguished by the comment: "He plays with red checks" from the poor white-check trash, dwelt upon the passionate love for the game which possesses men who get into its clutches. "Years ago," he said, "two of the finest lawyers in New Orleans on their way to New York stopped at Charlottesville, Virginia, because they heard that there was a man there who dealt faro. They found the man and played all night. About midnight one lawyer whispered to the other: 'He's cheating.' 'Hush,' said the other; 'I've known that for two hours; but there isn't another faro game within fifty miles.'"

---

In Detroit, the other day, a butcher was trying to purchase a very fair-looking horse which a farmer had driven in before a one-horse wagon. After a good deal of talk the butcher declared his belief that the horse was blind. "Try him," replied the owner; "try him in any way you desire, and if he's blind I'll give him to you." "I can tell by opening my umbrella before him." "All right, bring on your umbrella." One was brought out, and the butcher stood in front of the horse and suddenly shot it open. The animal wasn't blind. Everybody who noticed his conduct agreed that he wasn't. He gave a sudden start of alarm, wheeled short around, and the way he left pieces of that wagon on the next two squares interested a large floating population. The owner was bounced out and received a scalp wound, but he was no sooner picked up than he raised his voice as high as the house-tops, and cried out: "You bet no butcher can bluff me on a blind horse!"

---

One day soon after Pope's defeat at the second Bull Run and Chantilly, a private soldier belonging to an Ohio regiment sought an interview with his captain, and announced that he had a plan for a military campaign which must certainly result in crushing out the rebellion. The officer very naturally inquired for particulars, but the soldier refused to reveal them, and asked for a chance to lay his plans before Pope himself. After some delay he was given a pass to headquarters. He did not get to see Pope, but after the chief of staff had coaxed, and promised, and threatened for a quarter of an hour, the Buckeye stood up and replied: "Well, sir, my plan is for John Pope and Bob Lee to swap commands, and if we don't lick the South inside of sixty days you may shoot me for a patent hay-fork swindler!" When he returned to camp he was naturally asked what success he met with, and he ruefully replied: "Wall, they had a plan of their own." "What was it?" "Why, they took me out and booted me for a mile and a half!"

## A FAMOUS BLUE-STOCKING.

Our Paris Correspondent Describes an Evening at Mme. Adam's Salon.

The blue-stocking of modern French society, let me tell you, is as charming and coquettish a creature as her sisters. There was a time when the *bas bleu* thought it necessary to make a guy and granny of herself to be taken *au sérieux* by her male rivals. She affected green spectacles and bedraggled under garments, left the inkstains on her fingers, despised corsets, and forgot to take the curl-papers out of her hair in the morning. How this blue-stocking would sniff and stare if she could see what the new generation has come to—if she could get a peep at Madame Egeria's toilette-table, for instance, or watch with what art Madame Trop-d'esprit repairs time's ravages, ere she ventures to show herself in the drawing-room of the noble Faubourg.

Nowadays the Parisian *bas bleu* hides her azure—such delicate azure!—under frivolous Valenciennes, and encases it in satin slippers from Jeandron-Ferry's. She is given to *décolletage*, affects sixteen-button gloves, and her bonnets are the latest creations of Madame Virat. Her dresses are from Worth's, her linen from Heutenaar's, her corsets from Vertu's. She powders, and paints, and pads—judiciously—flirts, sentimentalizes, and has generally half a dozen adorers sighing for her favors. She is thoroughly eclectic, dabbles in art, love, and science, adores Schopenhauer, and confesses to a fondness for Anacreon. And with all this she yet manages to be womanly and attractive. The men run after her, and the women copy her dresses.

It was at a delightful soirée given by Madame Adam, the other day, that these thoughts came flitting through my mind.

Madame Adam is, as of course every one knows, the widow of a rich deputy. When first she took up her present position in French republican society, she was more political than literary in her tastes. It was even whispered, by those who knew only the backs of the cards, that she had as good a chance as any of wearing the imperial purple as the wife of the Tribune and possible Dictator—Gambetta. Now she is more literary than political, with a plentiful dash of the artistic.

In changing the character of her *salon*, she threw the door wide open to the feminine element. Formerly women were at a discount, and the graces were only represented by a female novelist or two, and a vicomtesse whose Pink Gazette taught women how to dress, and, above all, *where* to spend their money. Now women flock there in crowds, and do not pretend to more art, more literature, or more science than is consistent with diamonds, beauty, and the display of handsome shoulders.

Full dress is *de rigueur* at Madame Adam's. The other evening, although by cards of invitation the guests were bidden to an *intimité*, white silk shining beneath a shower of white bugles, black satin robes with trains "long drawn out," delicate Pompadour brocalettes hemmed with spring blossoms, the favorite crimson in velvet or moiré, harsh copper color, harmonious combinations of cloth-of-gold with pearl grey, lace spread over regal violet or sapphire blue—"symphonies" in white and yellow—low-toned "nocturnes" of shadowy apparel and æsthetic tea-leaf mixtures, were all made with bodice low and sleeve conspicuous by its absence.

In all ways the setting was worthy of the jewels it contained. Ease, comfort, beauty, luxury, unostentatious splendor reign throughout. Those bidden to dinner ate delicate viands out of fine porcelain, drank choice wines from Bohemian glass, in a dining-room hung with tapestry, and decorated with rare specimens of fienza ware. And they afterward drank their coffee out of Turkish cups, and smoked the cheroot of happy contentment in a Moorish smoking-room.

Out of the depths of my worldly experience I evolve this axiom: A woman who wants to succeed with the men—even when she is "fat, fair, and forty"—must tolerate tobacco. The cigarette is the key to the masculine heart, and binds most surely those opposing elements of male and female in friendship. The man who has not smoked the post-prandial tobacco is a gaping void, whose principal thoughts are centred upon the hospitable club, or the dressing-gown and slippers at home.

At Madame Adam's, the conversationalist, the flirt, the literary lion, the musician, and the singer find people to talk with, shady nooks, a succession of pretty drawing-rooms, comfortable seats, actors and actresses, an excellent piano, hands to applaud, and fair lips to murmur "How lovely!" "How exquisite!" "What sweet verses!" "Bravo!" and "Brava!" While as for those whose chief pleasure is to rub shoulders with the men who write, compose, paint, sing, act, whose names are always on men's tongues, *they* also find satisfaction. From my corner in the Japanese drawing-room I see the dark-eyed Alphonse Daudet, grey-bearded Gounod, dapper, curly-headed Bastien Lepage, black-haired melodramatic Carolus Duran; M. Blowitz, snorting forth political thunderbolts; General Billot, a centre of feminine attraction; Déroulède, tall and ungainly, in a new cut of coat, with double breast and broad collar; Ohnet, bearing his fresh-cut laurels modestly; Coppée, the last Academician, a brilliant talker beneath the mask of a youthful Napoleon, and the most successful man of his time, Count Ferdinand de Lesseps.

Perhaps the conversation is not quite up to the mark, considering we have around us the flower of French society. I am not sure that the latest bits of scandals are not more appreciated than the remarks on literature and art, or the freshest news from the seat of war. Behind the flirting-fans, and under cover of Madame Adam's nosegays of mimosa, is whispered the absurd story about Albert Wolff, who is reputed to be a woman in disguise—a woman so ugly that nature must have fashioned her with a view to this ultimate disguise in broadcloth and shirt-collar. And the latest trait of artist swagger told of a painter (who shall be nameless) who paints portraits for which he requires but one sitting, and who, when the likeness is by the husband questioned (a model has sat for the complexion, hands, hair—everything), looks surprised, and says: "My dear sir, you asked me, and you pay me, for a—[I nearly let the cat out of the bag—a Meissonier, a Carolus Duran, for instance]—what more can you possibly desire?"

Of course, the coming salon and the studios were discussed to death at Madame Adam's, as they have been at all gatherings, late and early, this month. Sargent's portrait of "*la belle* Madame Gautereau" perhaps came in for most criticism.

Madame Gautereau is one of our professional beauties, although, unlike the Lily Langtrys and Cornwallis-Wests, she does not allow her photograph to adorn the stationers' windows. She has lived on her Diana-like neck and head for five years or more, and is still referred to by all the Parisian *chroniqueurs* as *la belle* Madame Gautereau. I don't know whether I should altogether enjoy being Gautereau, by the way. The position he occupies by the family hearth is much effaced, I should imagine. "Who's that she's with?" "Oh, that's only her husband!" are common remarks when the professional beauty makes her triumphal entry in ball-rooms. In fact, Mr. G. has "to take a back seat" in his own establishment generally, and content himself with the reflected glory of having a pretty wife out of it—pretty, that is to say, in the opinion of most people. She certainly has a lovely throat and bust, and her features are far more regular and Grecian than Mary Anderson's. But, alas! face and neck are often rouged and powdered, so doll-like; and the very perfection of her form is so thrust upon you that, after seeing her half a dozen times, you become weary; and, even as the Athenians sickened of hearing the praises of just Aristides, you come to loathe the very description of her graces. This Diana, unlike the chaste huntress whom Actæon caught bathing, has evidently—to judge from Sargent's portrait of her—no objection to her graces being stared at. A most liberal display of them is made in the picture of our gifted young countryman. The dress—or rather the undress—of Diana is almost mythological in its scantiness. Had there been no dress at all, I am not sure the picture would not have been chaster. But perhaps we may have all Madame Gautereau's lovely figure revealed to us by some sculptor later on. Sargent, being only a portrait painter, had to draw the line somewhere; and he has drawn it considerably above the waist, after all, though he does show so generous an expanse of throat, arm, and—and so on. The dress is black—Sargent is fond of black—and it makes a grand foil for Diana's loveliness; and it is caught up to the exquisitely molded shoulders by straps of opals and diamonds.

In reproducing the face in profile the artist has not forgotten the shade of bistre under the eyes, the artificial penciling of the eyebrows, or the touch of rouge on the lips—Madame Gautereau being one of those who would "paint the lily and adorn the rose."

Sargent, who has lately joined the Plaine Monceaux colony, and now occupies a small red-brick house squeezed in between Trall's spacious premises—more like a railway-station than an artist's abode—and Duez's dainty little mansion on the most exterior of all the boulevards facing the green turf of the fortifications, has painted three portraits this spring—one for the Salon, one for the Academy, and one for the Grosvenor. He has been taken up by the ultra-artistic London set, and hopes to make a name there as he has here. It is easy to imagine him the lion of the Kensington "at homes," and the petted guest in the abodes of art in and about Regent's Park, having, as we say here, "the physical requisites" to act the part well. To the Grosvenor he sends a portrait of Mrs. Leigh, the wife of one of the secretaries of the British Embassy here. The happy combination of yellows and white in the "gown" will be sure to obtain for it the "rights of citizenship." The features of the sitter are unmistakably English—fresh, unsophisticated, and with the slightest *retroussé* about the nose—without which the English sculptor Bell used to declare "no woman is really charming." The original of the full-length portrait, now on its way to the Academy, is a Mrs. White, the wife of another diplomatist—a secretary of the American Legation in London. She is represented standing, all in white, with "a train of white sweeping around like the tail of a majestic white cat," as Lawrence Oliphant puts it picturesquely, and opaque folds of white net falling perpendicularly around her limbs. The face is distingué, and the features correct though small.

Another picture, which was much discussed at Madame Adam's the other evening, was Mr. Heaton's portrait of Emma Nevada; in this case, however, it was the subject rather than the picture itself, which is not quite satisfactory. Nevada is shown us in the unfortunate costume of Zara, the "Pearl of Brazil." As you know already, it is a most unbecoming one. Zara herself protested against having to wear it; but tradition and Monsieur Carvalho are objectionable facts at the Opéra-Comique. All Zara's protests did not save her from having to wear it, and Zara having worn it, I suppose Mr. Heaton, for honesty's sake, was obliged to paint it.

Bastien Lepage was looking very much overworked the other night, I thought, and indeed he is so. He has been very busy putting the finishing touches to his portrait of Victor Hugo's dead companion, who for so many years kept house for the great poet and nursed and cherished him. The struggle for fame is telling upon the painter's physique, I am afraid, and it did not surprise me to hear he had been ordered away to the south for change and rest. And this reminds me that soon after giving this soirée of hers, "Juliette Lambert," mindful of her blueness, packed her trunk and departed on a voyage of discovery. When last I heard of her she was at Buda-Pesth, collecting materials for more articles for the *Nouvelle Revue*. It is whispered (though of course I would not vouch for the truth of the rumor) that she is doing a little anti-Russian diplomacy. Perhaps she has never forgiven the rebuff she received in St. Petersburg a few years ago. The Empress may yet live to regret that she did not take the trouble to propitiate so important a personality, for Madame Adam (as Bismarck has discovered) can be a disagreeable opponent. Great statesmen and emperors should beware of quarreling with such fascinating blue-stockings. If funny Tom Ochiltree is wise he will call on Juliette Lambert when next he comes to Europe.

BABILLARD.

PARIS, April 11, 1884.

## LITERARY NOTES.

An English novelist declares that the evil of novel-writing at the present day is the competition of educated, rich, but incompetent amateurs with the writer who has neither the name of a Wilkie Collins nor the check-book of the incompetent amateur.

Grant Allen has written a number of delightful books on nature and natural science. His latest work is "Flowers and their Pedigrees," in which he traces, in an easily comprehended fashion, the development of comon flora from pre-historic times. The language is untechnical, and there are numerous illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co.

The "Hand-book of Tree Planting" is by N. H. Egleston, who holds an important position in the Department of Agriculture at Washington. It discusses the questions: "Why to Plant," "Where to Plant," "What to Plant," and "How to Plant," and is written in the interest of the forestry societies of America. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co.

"Ballades and Verses Vain" is a volume of selections from the poetical works of Andrew Lang. Mr. Austin Dobson aided the poet in choosing the verses from his "Ballades and Lyrics of Old France" and "Ballades in Blue China" (which have appeared only in England), and from a number of unpublished and uncollected poems. The book is divided into the following parts: "Ballades," "Verses," "Post Homerica," "Sonnets," and "Translations." Mr. Dobson introduces the volume with two charming stanzas of his own. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, $1.50.

"Lyrics of the Law," which has been expected for nearly a year past, is at last issued, and forms a very attractive and amusing book. In the editor, "J. Greenbag Croke," many will recognize the learned and popular jurist who presides over a certain court in this city. And his humor will be still further recognized in the "Moan from the San Francisco Bar," in which is described the loss of an esteemed lady member by her marriage to a well known artist. The poems are selected from pieces by Blackstone, Tom Taylor, Saxe, Story, Franklin, writers in *Punch*, and other sources. There are also many original ones. Published by Sumner Whitney & Co., San Francisco; price, $1.50.

Justice William Strong has an article on "Immigration" in the *North American Review* for May. In the same number of the *Review* Edwin P. Whipple offers a candid judgment of Matthew Arnold; Richard Proctor, under the title of "A Zone of Worlds," writes of the asteroids; "The Railway and the State" is by Gerret L. Lansing. Professor Henry F. Osborn, of Princeton College, has an interesting article on "Illusions of Memory." Helen Kendrick Johnson contributes an essay on "The Meaning of Song." Finally, there is a joint discussion of "Workingmens' Grievances" by William Godwin Moody and Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, of Harvard University.

Miscellany: A suggestive phrase is to be found in the visitors' book of a little inn in Brittany. It is all in a line: "Alfred Tennyson and his intimate friend." The writer and intimate friend was Dean Stanley.——Monsieur Georges Ohnet, the author of the "Maitre de Forges," is described as a very pleasant, amiable, and wealthy man of thirty-five.——Monsieur Dumas has been giving a dinner, the *menu* of which was taken entirely from the novels of his father.——When Richard Hengist Horne was a youth he traveled in America, and for a wager must needs bathe under the Fall of Niagara. He was dragged out more dead than alive and with two of his ribs broken. His name was originally Richard Henry Horne, but, more for joke than anything else at first, he adopted for a middle name the surname of an old friend, Mr. Hengist. He was more than thirty years old when he began to write.——The Queen has conveyed her thanks to the editors of the *Critic and Good Literature* for the sympathetic review of her book that appeared in that journal on March 15.——In the *Argonaut* of April 19th the poem "Vanity Fair," by Ella Wheeler, should have been credited to the Chicago *Vanity Fair*.

Mr. Cupples, the publisher of Miss McLean's "Cape Cod Folks," tells, as reported by the Boston *Herald*, some curious facts concerning the result of the libel suit which was decided against him and in favor of one of the characters in that book. "The strangest part of it," he says, "was the instantaneous effect of Nightingale's verdict upon Cedarville. Claims of all sorts began to pour in upon us, exorbitant in amount and from quarters unexpected, and, indeed, unheard of. Threatening letters promising the rigors of the law were abundant. This perfect storm of clamor was always a cry for 'bachsheesh.' It had but one burden—money, money, money. Persons who had been paid or promised compensation; persons who had delayed for years in making mention of their wrongs; persons who had refused to bring suits because they had no claims, either made demands or increased them. We must either pay the entire village or else fight it. Deliberately, and for many reasons, we preferred to settle. To-day, with trifling exceptions, every man, woman, or child whose name is even casually mentioned in the novel called 'Cape Cod Folks' has acknowledged full satisfaction. No such person in the entire community has failed to advance a claim."

Announcements: The *Academy* hears that the Villon Society intend to follow up their version of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" with three volumes of Oriental tales, chiefly from the Persian. The translator in this case also will be Mr. John Payne, who, we believe, constitutes in his own person the mysterious Villon Society.——Miss Maud Howe, says the *Critic*, has written a new novel, called "The San Rosario Ranch," which will be published at once by Roberts Brothers. Miss Howe has had a pleasant experience of ranch life in California, where there is plenty of material for the novelist.——Ouida's new novel, "Princess Napraxine," is almost ready for publication.——Miss Francesca Alexander's "Roadside Songs in Tuscany," edited by John Ruskin, will be brought out in this country by John Wiley & Sons.——The last literary work to which Charles Reade put his hand was his story of "A Perilous Secret," now appearing serially in *Harper's Bazar*. It was completed a short time before his death, and the publication of the novel will therefore be uninterrupted.——Mr. Austin Dobson's new volume, "Thomas Bewick and His Pupils," will shortly go to the press.——Mr. Thomas Hughes appears as the editor of a volume which is about to be brought out by the Macmillans. It is entitled "Gone to Texas—Letters from our Boys." Mr. Hughes furnishes a preface.——The historical session of the Great General Staff of the German army, under its chief, Count von Moltke, has undertaken to edit a complete and impartial history of the wars of Frederick the Great.——Part of the diary of John Bernard, actor and manager, will be published in the *Manhattan* under the title of "Retrospections of the American Stage." An introduction and notes will be furnished by Mr. Lawrence Hutton and Mr. Brander Matthews.——In its issue of May third the *Current* publishes a poetical translation by Edwin Arnold from the original Italian pastoral of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Its title is "La Nencia da Barberino," and it was written about 1480.——The next number of *The English Illustrated Magazine* will contain a story by Thomas Hardy.——Mr. Froude has finished his biography of Carlyle. He will bring out the concluding volumes in the autumn, and will reply in the third to the severe criticisms which he has incurred as the Scotchman's literary executor.

## CRUCIAL QUESTIONS.

**An Amusement which may Prove an Interesting One.**

The use of questions similar to the following list was in vogue a number of years ago. Our grandmothers—when they were giddy girls—would put a pencil to a man's head, and demand answers for their "albums" and "keepsakes." While such answers are not, perhaps, worth preserving, they are at all events amusing. The following answers have been made by three men, widely differing in age and conditions of life. They will prove not uninteresting, and will at all events be suggestive to those who wish to answer the questions for themselves:

*1. What is your favorite virtue?*
*Senex*—Charity.
*Adolescens*—Unselfishness.
*Juventus*—Forgiveness.

*2. What are your favorite qualities in a man?*
*Senex*—Courage.
*Adolescens*—Loyalty.
*Juventus*—Courage.

*3. What in a woman?*
*Senex*—Kindliness.
*Adolescens*—Fidelity.
*Juventus*—Fidelity and gentleness.

*4. What is your favorite occupation?*
*Senex*—Rural life, agriculture, etc.
*Adolescens*—Reading.
*Juventus*—Archæology.

*5. What is the most prominent feature in your character?*
*Senex*—Contempt of the contemptible.
*Adolescens*—Analysis.
*Juventus*—Trust.

*6. What is your idea of happiness?*
*Senex*—Health and wealth.
*Adolescens*—Health, a happy home, and a loving wife.
*Juventus*—Six thousand dollars a year.

*7. What is your idea of unhappiness?*
*Senex*—The triumph of enemies.
*Adolescens*—An incurable and painful malady.
*Juventus*—To be utterly friendless.

*8. Your favorite flower and your favorite color?*
*Senex*—The sunflower. Yellow.
*Adolescens*—The moss rose. Purple.
*Juventus*—Poppy. Blue.

*9. If you were not yourself, who would you like to be?*
*Senex*—Dom Pedro.
*Adolescens*—Oliver Wendell Holmes.
*Juventus*—Matthew Arnold.

*10. Where would you like best to live?*
*Senex*—California.
*Adolescens*—My home in California, with opportunies for travel over the world.
*Juventus*—The English coast.

*11. Who are your favorite prose writers?*
*Senex*—Cicero, Macaulay, Thackeray, Green.
*Adolescens*—Thackeray, Froude, Captain Marryatt, Darwin, De Foe, Dickens, Harte, Charles Reade, Walter Scott, Poe, Jonathan Swift, Huxley, Kingsley, Macaulay, Dumas père, Henri Murger, Prosper Merimée, G. Droz, Henri Taine, Victor Hugo, Th. Gautier, Voltaire.
*Juventus*—Plato, Epictetus, Richter, Emerson.

*12. Who are your favorite poets?*
*Senex*—Longfellow.
*Adolescens*—Horace, Ovid, Shakespeare, Gray, Longfellow, Herrick, Austin Dobson, Swinburne, Tennyson, Whittier, Th. Gautier, V. Hugo, Beranger, Molière, Ronsard.
*Juventus*—Goethe, Shakespeare, Browning, Swinburne, Shelley.

*13. Your favorite painters and favorite musical composers?*
*Senex*—Murillo. Verdi.
*Adolescens*—Rembrandt, Fortuny, Kaulbach, Detaille, De Neuville, and Gérôme. Verdi and Mozart.
*Juventus*—Rembrandt and Millet. Beethoven and Wagner.

*14. Your favorite male characters in history?*
*Senex*—Buddha, Thomas Cromwell, Henry VIII., Charles XII. of Sweden, Lincoln.
*Adolescens*—Julius Cæsar, Hannibal, Haroun-al-Raschid, Napoleon, Sir Walter Raleigh, Henri IV. of France, Sir William Wallace, Charles II. of England, Israel Putnam, Robert E. Lee.
*Juventus*—Socrates, Christ, Francis of Assisi, Cromwell, Washington.

*15. Your favorite heroines in history?*
*Senex*—Charlotte Corday, Jane Seymour.
*Adolescens*—Cleopatra, Maria Theresa, Isabella of Spain, Empress Josephine, Madame Tallien, Catherine of Russia, Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Princesse de Lamballe, Marie Antoinette, Duchesse de Berri.
*Juventus*—The Countess of Derby, Jeanne d'Albrecht, Lady William Russell.

*16. Your favorite male characters in poetry or fiction?*
*Senex*—Ivanhoe, Gabriel, Miles Standish.
*Adolescens*—King Arthur, Benedick in "Much Ado," Friar Tuck, Robin Hood, Little John, Ivanhoe, Don Quixote, Don Juan, Gil Blas, Captain Cuttle, Cassio, Henry Esmond, Cedric, Sancho Panza, Robinson Crusoe, Dominie Sampson, d'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos, John Jarndyce, Alfred Jingle, Sam Weller, Mercutio, Pickwick, Wilkins Micawber, Mr. Toots, Arthur Pendennis, Schaunard, Colline, Rodolphe, Marcel in "Vie de Bohème," Don José in "Carmen."
*Juventus*—Robert Falconer, Sir Galahad, Kenelm Chillingly, Albano de Cesara, d'Artagnan, Robin Hood.

*17. Your favorite female characters in poetry or fiction?*
*Senex*—Rosalind, Portia, Juliet, Little Nell, Becky Sharp.
*Adolescens*—Agnes Wickfield, Betsy Trotwood, Fair Rosamond, Beatrice in "Much Ado," Flora Mac Ivor, Imogen, Di Vernon, Dora in "Copperfield," Helen in "The Hunchback," Cordelia, Guinevere, Desdemona, Esther Summerson, Juliet, Portia, Lady Castlewood, Susan Nipper, Laura Pendennis.
*Juventus*—Jeanie Deans, Portia, Isabella, Griselda.

*18. Your favorite food and favorite beverage?*
*Senex*—Milk and Welsh rabbit.
*Adolescens*—Beef and tea.
*Juventus*—Beef; water.

*19. Your favorite names?*
*Senex*—Rosalind, Genevieve, Blanche, Gertrude, Mary Ann, Martha, Mehitable.
*Adolescens*—Alfred, Ambrose, Archibald, Arthur, Basil, Bertram, Duncan, Edmund, Edward, Edgar, Frederick, Gabriel, Gilbert, Gregory, Guy, Harold, Humphrey, Kenneth, Lawrence, Philip, Ralph, Raymond, Richard, Robert, Sebastian, Sylvester, Theobald, Theodore, Valentine, Walter, Agnes, Alice, Barbara, Beatrice, Bertha, Kate, Constance, Cora, Edith, Eleanor, Florence, Geraldine, Harriet, Inez, Judith, Laura, Leonora, Lillian, Madeline, Olivia, Philippa, Rosamond, Sibylla, Victoria.
*Juventus*—Etheldred, Zoe, Francis, Bertram, Inez, Dolores, Harold, Carmen, Cecil.

*20. The object of your greatest aversion?*
*Senex*—Ingratitude and hypocrisy.
*Adolescens*—Sham.
*Juventus*—The deadly common-place.

*21. What historical characters do you most detest?*
*Senex*—Philip II., Louis XI.
*Adolescens*—Constantine, George IV., Philip II. of Spain.
*Juventus*—Pope Alexander VI., Louis XI., Marquise de Brinvilliers, Catherine de Medici.

*22. What is your present state of mind?*
*Senex*—Contentment.
*Adolescens*—Hope.
*Juventus*—Hopefulness.

*23. What fault can you pardon most easily?*
*Senex*—The criminality that comes from devotion to friends.
*Adolescens*—Male incontinence.
*Juventus*—Back-sliding.

*24. What is your favorite motto?*
*Senex*—"Brains, courage, and conscience."
*Adolescens*—"Sursum corda."
*Juventus*—"Cruce non prudentia."

## OLD FAVORITES.

**Estelle.**

"How came he mad?"—HAMLET.

Of all the beautiful demons who fasten on human hearts
To fetter the bodies and souls of men with exquisite, mocking arts,
The cruelest, and subtlest, and fairest to mortal sight,
Is surely a woman called Estelle, who tortures me day and night.
The first time that I saw her she passed with sweet lips mute,
As if in scorn of the vacant praise of those who made her suit;
A hundred lustres flashed and shone as she rustled through the crowd,
And a passion seized me for her there—so passionless and proud.
The second time that I saw her she met me face to face;
Her bending beauty answered my bow in a tremulous moment's space;
With an upward glance, that instantly fell, she read me through and through,
And found in me something worth her while to idle with and subdue;
Something, I know not what: perhaps the spirit of eager youth,
That named her a queen of queens at once, and loved in very truth;
That threw its pearl of pearls at her feet, and offered her, in a breath,
The costliest gift a man can give from his cradle to his death.
The third time that I saw her—this woman called Estelle—
She passed her milk-white arm through mine, and dazzled me with her spell;
A blissful fever thrilled my veins, and there, in the moonbeams white,
I yielded my soul to the fierce control of that maddening delight.
And at many a trysting afterward she wove my heart-strings round
Her delicate fingers, twisting them, and chanting low as she wound;
The tune she sang rang sweet and clear, like the chime of a witch's bell;
Its echo haunts me even now, with the word, Estelle! Estelle!
Ah, then, as a dozen before me had, I lay at last at her feet,
And she turned me off with a calm surprise when her triumph was all complete;
It made me wild, the stroke which smiled so pitiless out of her eyes,
Like lightning fallen, in clear noonday, from cloudless and bluest skies.
The whirlwind followed upon my brain, and beat my thoughts to rack;
Who knows the many a month I lay ere memory floated back?
Even now, I tell you, I wonder whether this woman called Estelle
Is flesh and blood, or a beautiful lie, sent up from the depths of hell.
For at night she stands where the pallid moon streams into this grated cell,
And only gives me that mocking glance when I speak her name—*Estelle!*
With the old resistless longing often I strive to clasp her there,
But she vanishes from my open arms and hides I know not where.
And I hold that if she were human she could not fly like the wind,
But her heart would flutter against my own, in spite of her scornful mind:
Yet, oh! she is not a phantom, since devils are not so bad
As to haunt and torture a man long after their tricks have made him mad!
—*E. C. Stedman.*

**A Modern Sappho.**

They are gone—all is still! Foolish heart, dost thou quiver?
Nothing stirs on the lawn but the quick lilac-shade.
Far up shines the house, and beneath flows the river—
Here lean, my head, on this cold balustrade!
Ere he come—ere the boat, by the shining-branched border
Of dark elms shoot round, dropping down the proud stream,
Let me pause, let me strive, in myself make some order,
Ere their boat-music sound, ere their broidered flags gleam.
Last night we stood earnestly talking together;
She entered—that moment his eyes turned from me!
Fastened on her dark hair, and her wreath of white heather—
As yesterday was, so to-morrow will be.
Their love, let me know, must grow strong and yet stronger,
Their passion burn more, ere it ceases to burn.
They must love—while they must! But the hearts that love longer
Are rare—ah! most loves but flow once, and return.
I shall suffer—but they will outlive their affection;
I shall weep—but their love will be cooling; and he,
As he drifts to fatigue, discontent, and dejection,
Will be brought, thou poor heart, how much nearer to thee!
For cold is his eye to mere beauty, who, breaking
The strong band which passion around him hath furled,
Disenchanted by habit, and newly awaking,
Looks languidly round on a gloom-buried world.
Through that gloom he will see but a shadow appearing,
Perceive but a voice as I come to his side.
But deeper their voice grows, and nobler their bearing,
Whose youth in the fires of anguish hath died.
So, to wait! But what notes down the wind, hark! are driving?
'Tis he! 'tis their flag, shooting round by the trees!
Let my turn, if it *will* come, be swift in arriving!
Ah! hope can not long lighten torments like these.
Hast thou yet dealt him, O life, thy full measure?
World, have thy children yet bowed at his knee?
Hast thou with myrtle-leaf crowned him, O pleasure?
—Crown, crown him quickly, and leave him for me.
—*Matthew Arnold.*

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

**Problems and Other Topics of Interest in the King of Games**

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

**Problem No. XVII.—By George W. Gale, Sacramento.**



at KR4, K R sq, K R 6, K B 6, Q B 2, K 5, K Kt 3.

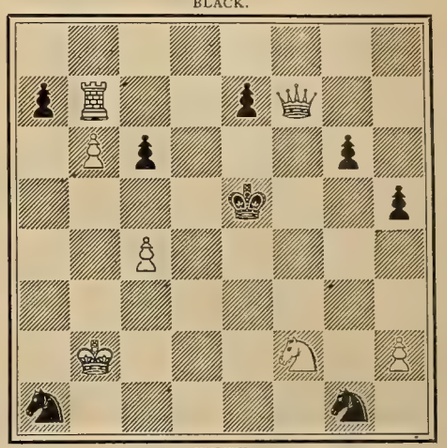


at K B 4, Q 6, K 5.

White to play and mate in two moves.

**Problem No. XVIII.—By George Chocholous, of Prague.**

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

**Solution of Problem No. XIII.**

1—Kt K4 1—K x P (a) (b)
2—Kt Q2 ch 2—K Q4 or 5
3—Q Q6 mate.

(a) 1——— 1—K x Kt
2—Q x P ch 2—Any move
3—Q mates.

(b) 1——— 1—P x Kt
2—B K3 ch 2—Any move
3—Q mates.

The following game was one of a series played in 1848, in a match between Messrs. D. Harrwitz and A. Anderssen, and is taken, with notes, from the *Chess Players' Chronicle* of 1856:

KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

| *White.* Harrwitz. | *Black.* Anderssen. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 10—P KKt4 | 10—PxP en pass |
| 2—P KB4 | 2—P x P | 11—QB KKt5 | 11—P KB3 |
| 3—B QB4 | 3—Q KR5 ch | 12—P x KBP | 12—P x KBP |
| 4—K B sq | 4—B QB4 (a) | 13—KKt K5 | 13—Castles |
| 5—P Q4 | 5—B QKt3 | 14—Q x KKt | 14—P x B dis ch |
| 6—KKt KB3 | 6—Q K2 | 15—QKt KB6 double ch | 15—K Kt2 |
| 7—QKt QB3(b) | 7—KKt KB3 | 16—QxKRP ch | 16—K x Kt |
| 8—P K5 | 8—KKt KR4 | 17—Kt KKt4 mate (c) | |
| 9—QKt Q5 | 9—Q to her sq | | |

(a) This is generally admitted to be an unsound defense to the Bishop's Gambit.

(b) He may also capture the Gambit Pawn. The reader may refer to the English "Hand-book," p. 337, where the subject is considered concisely, or to Walker's "Art of Chess Play," 1846, pp. 215-216, where the position is analyzed more fully.

(c) Black's opening in this game was so extremely hazardous that no player, however great his skill, could have escaped an early defeat.

A chess jewel from *Nuova Rivista degli Scacchi:*

GIUOCO PIANO.

| *White.* Sig. Mismer. | *Black.* Sig. de Madrazo | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 8—B KKt3 | 8—P KR4 |
| 2—KKt B3 | 2—QKt B3 | 9—Kt x KtP | 9—P R5 |
| 3—B B4 | 3—B B4 | 10—Kt x BP | 10—P x B ! |
| 4—P Q3 | 4—P Q3 | 11—Kt x Q | 11—B KKt5 |
| 5—Castles | 5—KKt B3 | 12 —Q Q2 | 12—Kt Q5 ! |
| 6—B KKt5 | 6—P KR3 | 13—P KR3 | 13—Kt K7 ch |
| 7—B R4 | 7—P KKt4 | 14—K to R Black mates in two moves. | |

**Answers to Correspondents.**

Correct solutions received as follows:
Problem, March 29.—From F. H. Poindexter, Alameda.
Problem No. XIII.—From J. Chester Lyman, San Rafael.
G. W. G., Sacramento.—Hope to hear from you often.
J. C. L., San Rafael.—Solutions will hereafter be acknowledged.
F. H. P., Alameda.—The name is merely a motto, used by the author to designate this particular problem.

Chess books: Dryden terms books "spectacles to read nature." Chess books should be used as we use spectacles—namely, to assist the sight; although some players make use of them as if they thought they conferred sight.

There is a strong probability that the Messrs. Brentano of New York will revive the *Chess Monthly*, formerly issued by them, the publication of which was suspended owing to the slender support given to the enterprise.

It is related of Steinitz that while living in Vienna he usually played a daily game of chess with the banker Epstein, who was one of the kings on 'Change. During one of their games his adversary, becoming impatient over Steinitz's delay in making a move, gave vent to his feelings in a long-drawn-out and unfriendly sounding grunt. Steinitz, without making a reply, continued the game. Shortly afterward it was Epstein's turn to consider longer than usual in studying out his move, at which Steinitz made use of the opportunity of revenging himself upon his opponent by giving out a similar sounding grunt. Epstein, irritated by the sound, said: "Sir! Do you know who I am?" "Oh, yes," replied Steinitz; "on 'Change you are Epstein; here *I* am Epstein."

## VANITY FAIR.

Under the head of "Blue-nosed, Naked, and Ashamed," Labouchère says in *Truth:* There is probably no capital in the world where the custom of paying respect to the titled representatives of a court system is carried on under circumstances of such aggravating cruelty. A London drawing-room in the reign of Queen Victoria is, when carefully considered, as discreditable and inhuman a spectacle as can be conceived. With scant consideration for comfort, or even decency, the principal drawing-rooms of the season are fixed at a time of year when the weather is most treacherous, and those who attend them are compelled to appear in a costume quite out of character with a ceremony that is to take place at daylight. Take the case of a delicate young girl—or, indeed, of any ordinary fragile beauty who desires to pay her respects to her Majesty, or to the chosen representative of her Majesty, at one of the first London drawing-rooms. It is March weather—the fiercest, most uncanny, and treacherous season of the year. In this weather, women, accustomed to cloak and clothe themselves in wraps and furs whenever they take their drives abroad or face the piercing atmosphere, are compelled to bare their necks and shoulders, to strip themselves to the gaze of the rascally Peeping Toms who choose to congregate at the Park and indulge in impertinences that disgrace the name of men and Englishmen. Few know who have not experienced it the bitter insults to which modest women are subjected on their way from home to attend a court or drawing-room at Buckingham Palace. As there is little organization of the traffic, and there is sure to be a dead block at some point or other in the park, the shivering women are constantly exposed to the curious gaze of these eager sight-seers. The riff-raff go up to the carriage doors and freely offer their comments. Modest ears are shocked by words of indecency and profanity. Arrived at the palace, the fair courtiers receive but a cold welcome at court, without artificial light of any kind, without warmth, and without appropriate color, they are compelled to unbare their beauty in a cruel and uncompromising fashion. If an ordinary woman of society can not receive the male gaze in her tea-room without pink shades and rose-colored blinds, think of the appalling trial for her when she stalks these icy corridors in the full glare of a spring sun, and in a dress that would be considered out of place at an ordinary ball.

According to a London paper the fashionable sunshades of the season are monstrously ugly. They are all large, with loose, lace-trimmed scallops, embroidered on one side with bunches of bright flowers, over which hover a number of small birds. A rather curious effect is produced by a cock's head and breast in bright red plush appearing on the outside of a black satin sunshade, surely one of the most lustreless absurdities ever devised by fashion. The handles are mostly of burned ivory in a Japanese pattern, or black, forming a shepherd's crook. Lace and chenille coverings and chenille fringe are also shown. The *en-tous-cas*, and umbrellas with clumsy ivory handles, are almost of the same size. A good many of them are of shot silk, or with light squares.

In cut, trousers will be a little looser, to display the shape of the leg, but with more material in them than formerly, says the New York *Tribune*. Waistcoats are hardly changed in cut. As to coats, the frock-coat will have its skirts a trifle longer, while the "cutaway" of either four or five buttons will have no outside pockets save that on the breast, and will be a little longer. The sack-coat will be little altered, but in this, as in all coats, the buttons will be placed closer than heretofore. It is in evening dress that the most radical change has been made. The shiny broadcloth of generations is being discarded by the youths of to-day. Dress suits are now cut to fit the figure like a glove, and the material is some one of the many varieties of black diagonal or dull-surfaced thin cloth. The waistcoat is white, cut extremely low, and the opening is rounded instead of V shaped. Spring overcoats are made of the many different shades of English corkscrews or French cassimeres. The best tailors no longer produce the short garment which allowed the tails of the under-coat to be seen. The materials used for morning suits are either self-color or checks and stripes of quiet and unobtrusive appearance. The old-fashioned plaited shirt for evening dress is taking the place, to some extent, of the plain, stiff front. The reign of the single stud is nearly over, and three small studs are now worn by many, though some persons may be seen with four. The scarf worn with the frock-coat or four-buttoned cutaway is the plain folded scarf of dark color, patternless, and with a small pin. The sailor's-knot is also worn, but it is considered "bad form" to insert a pin of any kind in it. Collars are still high, though the American makers do not run to the extremes of their English rivals. A high collar meeting in front with the corners turned down, is the latest fashion. The white evening tie is rather narrow and tied in a strictly horizontal and formal bow. Colored cambric shirts for summer wear are appearing in the shirtmakers' windows. For some inexplicable reason some of these have white collars attached to the colored body. Gloves are gradually creeping into general use in the evening, after their long banishment. The heads of canes and umbrellas are no longer so extravagant in design as before, and the most fashionable head is either a plain gold cap or a natural stick with the small excrescences of the wood tipped with the precious metals. The spring style in silk hats has been seen for some weeks. The general shape is a decided alteration from that of twelve months ago. The brim is lighter and with scarcely any curl. The crown is taller and less bell-shaped. The English hat is the model for all. Shoes are less pointed than formerly but the toe is still round. Patent-leather shoes have uppers of silk or fine black cloth, and all eccentricities of material, such as tan-colored uppers, are now out of favor.

As late as the seventeenth century, glass mirrors, says a writer in the *Current*, were very rare and commanded extravagant prices. Since those days when a great brazen laver formed the mirror of the women who assembled at the door of the tabernacle in Jerusalem, there has been quite a change in the construction of the article. Renwick, who in his history of Egypt tells us of the custom of burying in the tombs the most familiar objects of use during life, mentions mirrors which were made of bronze. Perhaps the earliest shape mentioned is that of an egg cut in half. Some, we are told, were circular, and had elaborately ornamented handles, one representing a beautiful female figure, another a hideous monster, perhaps acting as a foil to the shadowy face in the polished surface. Pliny mentions drinking-vessels so cut and shining that the image of one drinking was reflected many times. Pasiteles, a contemporary of Pompey, is said to have introduced silver mirrors, and Seneca tells us that for "one of the large upright gold or silver mirrors larger sums were expended than were given by the state as dowry to the daughters of poor generals." Various stones were also set in the wall as panels, and used to reflect objects, obsidian being mostly employed for this purpose. The Aztecs thus utilized a similar stone called itzli. The ruins of the old Praeneste and several of the burial places of Etruria have offered many peculiar specimens, their backs being covered with mythological or realistic scenes, having, however, very little artistic value. The mirrors of the Greeks were of polished bronze, the ornamentation being chiefly confined to the handles, most of them representing Aphrodite. Beekman is of the opinion that the use of glass was suggested by the dark obsidian stone, black glass being first used, and afterward glass covered on the back with black foil. But these seem not to have given entire satisfaction; and from the time of Pliny to the thirteenth century no certain reference is made to glass mirrors, and we are told they were extremely rare in France in the fourteenth century, metallic ones being in common use; but in the sixteenth century the coating of glass with an amalgam of tin foil and mercury was practiced by the Venetians. The mirrors of both the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were small—the glass, being blown by men, could not surpass a limited size, the method of founding being unknown. But the dimensions of a mirror were evidently not the first considerations of these artists, the decoration of the frame being the great desideratum. Upon this, whether of gold, silver, iron, wood, or lead, they expended all their skill, either of carving or with ornamentations of precious stones. Although most of these magnificent specimens of art have been destroyed, yet a few are fortunately left us. One of these, the mirror of the Queen Marie de Medicis, exhibited in the Musée des Souveraines at the Louvre, reveals to us the splendor of the workmanship at the beginning of the seventeenth century. In 1791 this mirror was valued at one hundred and fifty thousand francs ($30,000). The fashion for looking-glasses in those days prevailed to such an extent that Seneca informs us in his time "the man esteemed himself very poor who had not his room surrounded with sheets of glass." Large prices were paid for mirrors by those who could afford it, and the poor made many sacrifices to obtain them. It is related of the Countess of Fiesque, who, in 1699, having been impoverished by dishonest attendants, bought an extremely fine one at the time when such an enormous value was placed upon the article, and in reply to the astonished inquiry of a friend as to how she procured it, said: "I had a troublesome estate *(une méchante terre)*, which only brought in corn. I have sold it and bought this mirror with it. Have I not done wonders?"

Miss Terry says she found the handsomest women in New York, the loveliest in Chicago and Baltimore. When asked what American cities she preferred, she said New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Toronto, St. Louis, and Washington. Popular actresses are always charming, but never more so than when trying to avoid the expression of an opinion.

The chief particular in which the dress of our days errs against common sense, says the London *Standard*, is the excessive weight that characterizes it, owing to the quantity of material now used for dresses. "Silk is sold by the acre now, is it not?" asked a gentleman in the days of round crinoline and distended skirts, referring to the quantity needed for a gown, and the satire is applicable now, though the duodecimo edition of crinoline, known as crinolet, is no longer known. It has been within the experience of English women during the last few years to have chosen a fabric, selected the style of making, and decided upon the trimming, with the result of a gown delightful to look upon but impossible to wear. Thus rose the demand for woolen materials, combining warmth and lightness—a demand which was promptly responded to, with the occasional result of disgusting, old-fashioned shoppers, who test a fabric by its weight as well as by a peculiarly horrible way of trying to scrape a hole in it with the thumb-nail. It seems absurd that fourteen or fifteen yards are needed to make a gown for a woman, while about five are sufficient to make a great-coat for a man. It is unfortunate, in view of this fact, that trained dresses are worn only at dinner, and in the form of tea-gowns. The added weight and inconvenience of a train, which must be held in the hand, would render a walk a penance instead of a pleasure. It may be hoped that fashion will never reintroduce the long skirt for out-door work. It has nothing to recommend it, even from the point of view of the dress-maker, who has now found it possible to crowd all bearable trimmings on the limited surface of the short dress. When trains first went out, leaving the feet plainly visible, coquetry brought them more prominently into evidence by the introduction of the high-heeled boot. This, in its turn, has now almost entirely disappeared from the walking gear of the fashionably dressed; and there is even a gleam of hope that the high heels may vanish from the ball-room before long; and, with them, their peculiar influences on the dances of the day. The jerky waltz, now in so much vogue, would soon be consigned to oblivion, together with the sharp little "tap-tap" of the narrow, elongated heel of the fashionable shoe; and those who realize that even ball-room dancing might be softly poetic and dreamily graceful, would cease to be irritated by the sudden swing and the violent onslaught of couples engaged in the arduous *trois temps*. Let such as these hope for the abolition of the high-heeled dancing-shoe.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Life* has received the following list of immortals for a proposed academy:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Myself, | P. T. Barnum, | Tony Pastor, |
| The Sweet Singer of Michigan, | Miss Keller (of Louisiana), | Mrs. Ann L. Stephens, |
| Sylvanus Cobb Jr., | Proctor Knott, | Myself |
| Ed. *Saturday Night*, *ex-officio*, | Hon. W. F. Cody, | H. V. Poor, |
| | Ella Wheeler, | Bartley Hubbard, |
| Augusta J. Evans, | Harrigan (and Hart), | T. B. Arthur, |
| Author of "Don't," | Author of "Beautiful Snow," | Monsieur Cazauran, |
| Uncle Remus, | | Sammy Cox, |
| Bartley Campbell, | Geo. W. Peck, | Hostetter, |
| Oliver Optic, | A. R. Cazauran, | M. Quad, |
| Mrs. Southworth, | Myself, | Miss S. Banthony, |
| Josh Billings, | Bob Ingersoll, | Myself, |
| E. P. Roe, | Mrs. Holmes, | Myself, |
| Lydia Pinkham, | Talmage, | Myself. |

Yours, fraternally,
THE AUTHOR OF "THE BREAD-WINNERS."

One of the brightest of Chicago reporters is Nicholas, of the *Times*. He was in Albany during the Conkling fight. One night he was seen coming out of General Spinola's room, somewhat elated.

"What's the matter?" inquired a friend.

"I've just made eighty dollars," he replied.

"How?" was the next query.

"I don't know, but I reckon that I got hold of the wrong hand."—*The Journalist.*

"Here's a poem which you may publish in your paper," said a young man with eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, as he entered the editorial door. "I dashed it off rapidly in an idle moment, and you will find it in a rough state, as it were. You can make such corrections as you think necessary."

"Ah, much obliged," said the editor; "I will give you a check for it at once."

"You are very kind," said the contributor. "I will be delighted."

"There you are," said the editor; handing him a check.

"Many thanks," exclaimed the young man. "I will bring you some other poems."

When he got to to the door, he suddenly paused, then came back.

"Excuse me," he said, "but you have forgot to fill up the check. You have not written the date nor the amount, nor have you signed your name."

"Oh," said the editor, "that is all right. You see I have given you a check in its rough state, as it were. You can make such corrections as you think necessary."—*People's Paper.*

During the war, one of the drummers, while the regiment was on the move, had a penchant for foraging on his own account, and the chickens had to roost high to escape his far-reaching hands. Whenever night overtook them this drummer had a good supper provided for himself. On one occasion he had raked in a couple of turkeys, and had put them into his drum for convenience in carrying. When the regiment was halted for the night, the Colonel immediately ordered dress-parade, and the drummers were expected to beat up. The forager made his drumsticks go, but the quick-eyed Colonel noticed that he was not drumming.

"Adjutant," said the Colonel, "that man isn't drumming. Why ain't he drumming."

The Adjutant stepped up to him, saying, "Why ain't you drumming?"

"Because," said the quick-witted drummer, "I have got two turkeys in my drum, and one of 'em is for the Colonel."

The Adjutant went back, and the Colonel asked, "What is it?"

"Why, he says he has got two turkeys in his drum, and one of 'em is for the Colonel."

Up to this point the conversation had been carried on *sotto voce*, but when the Adjutant reported, the Colonel raised his voice so that all could hear: "What! sick is he? Why didn't he say so before? Send him to his tent at once."

"That is probably the most successful operation ever performed," remarked one physician to another.

"It is, indeed," was the enthusiastic reply. "I should say that the tumor weighs not less than eight pounds."

"At least that. I have made arrangements to have it carefully preserved, and it can not but prove of great benefit to the art of surgery."

"Undoubtedly. You must allow me to congratulate you, doctor, on your success in this matter. You have reflected great credit on the profession. Well, I must leave you at this corner. Good-day; I suppose I will see you at the funeral."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Literary conversation at a fashionable reception. Mr. Spidloe, having been introduced to Mis Zagwell, says:

"Very fine assemblage."

"Very, and quite literary, too."

"Very. You are fond of literature, I presume?"

"Ah, very. I dote on it."

"You like Shakespeare, I dare say?"

"Ah, very much. Do you?"

"Very fond of him; I like Burns, too."

"So do I, very much indeed."

"Do you like Goldsmith?"

"Very, very much. Do you like Byron?"

"Think he's grand. Do you like Pope?"

"Oh, *very* much. Do you like Shelley?"

"Oh, yes, he's good. Tell you a good writer."

"Who?"

"Milton."

"Yes, he is very good, indeed."

Afterward Mr. Spidloe, in speaking of the young lady, says that she is wonderfully well read, and she in speaking of him, says: "Oh, he's just read everything."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

## THE CESSION OF ALASKA.

### Secret History and Unpublished Letters Concerning that Transfer.

In April next seventeen years will have passed since Alaska was added to the broad lands of the United States, and from present appearances this northernmost of our possessions will soon be granted a territorial government. As scarcely any Americans have the least idea of the causes that brought about this transfer (one might almost say gift) from Russia, a recital of the story may prove of interest. So little was known of the country at the time of its acquisition—and more particularly was this the case in the Eastern States—that its annexation was treated more as a diplomatic joke than as a subject for national congratulation. It was a godsend to humorous paragraphers, and golden capital for orators of the stump-speech variety, who held it up to ridicule as an arctic baby, begotten by William H. Seward, and foisted by him upon the fostering care of the United States. In the light of subsequent experience, flashed across that unknown land by American explorers, this humorous view of the question has lost its point, and people are inclined, if anything, to err just as far on the other side. Alaska is neither a barren waste nor an Arabia Felix; but it proves to be so much more productive than was at first supposed that a little exaggeration may be excused on the part of those who sing its praises. It is the Siberia of America, rich in its resources of timber and minerals, and, in parts, capable of more or less agricultural development; and there can be little doubt that its uses will be more available than were those of its old-world prototype. While under Russian control, Alaska was almost utterly neglected, its possessors being apparently blind to the fact that it could be utilized as anything but a fur-producing region; and even as such it was so mismanaged that a certainty of profit was frittered away into a succession of losses. The practical administration of affairs was ceded to the Russian Fur Company, but this organization proved to be anything but a success, as it could produce nothing in the shape of dividends, as its shares fell to a nominal value, and as a greater portion of its rights were transferred to the Hudson Bay Company. In 1866 the charter from the Imperial Government would lapse, and with it the sub-charter to the Hudson Bay Company, which latter concern was very anxious to have the old arrangement continued. So matters stood in 1865, at which point commences the story of how Alaska became a portion of the Union.

Mr. Louis Goldstone, a citizen of San Francisco, and since deceased, at that time visited Victoria, Vancouver's Island, on a fur-collecting expedition, and while there had his eyes opened to the future importance of the Alaskan fur trade if it were properly handled; at the same time he was privately informed that the charter of the Russian Company would in all probability be renewed, but that the home government objected to a transfer of the rights to a British organization, and would rather have them entrusted to the management of an American company, if a responsible one should be created. Goldstone reported these hints, and the possible advantage to accrue from them, in a letter to Mr. George D. Nagle, of this city, and through him they were imparted to William C. Ralston for advice and assistance. The latter jumped at the idea, and suggested that it should be a close corporation affair, with a membership confined to Goldstone, Nagle, Ralston, and two other gentlemen whom the latter named. For sundry reasons Mr. Nagle objected to this, and the result was that a differently constituted company was formed in the early autumn of 1865, which company included, however, the three gentlemen above named. The first steps taken were to send an agent and surveyor to Alaska to spy out the land, and before the company ended their connection with the project, they had expended, coöperatively and individually, between fifty thousand and one hundred thousand dollars in the outlays attendant upon surveying and mapping out the northwest coast, and obtaining information with regard to the interior, etc.

Everything promised so well upon first examination that the San Francisco company determined to apply to the Russian Government for a franchise on their own account, as the Russian association having proved a failure, and their British sub-charterers an eyesore, it was thought that American prestige at St. Petersburg might be sufficient to obtain for an American company a franchise unhampered by divided rights. With this object in view the plans were communicated in the spring of 1866 to Cornelius Cole, who had just taken his seat as the newly elected Senator from this State, and with the plans was sent a request that he should interview the Russian Minister upon the subject, and employ what influence he could to bring it to a successful issue. Senator Cole entered into the project heartily, as may be judged from the following letter:

WASHINGTON, May 11, 1866.

GEORGE D. NAGLE, ESQ.—Dear Sir: I have seen the Russian Minister, as you requested, and find him to be very kindly disposed. A Russian company—whose term of privilege has just expired—had the contract with the Russian Government for the fur trade in the Russian possessions of America, and *they* contracted with the Hudson Bay Company. The latter had nothing to do with the Russian Government. The minister, Baron Stoeckel, wished me to obtain all the *specific* and *definite* information I could from you in relation to the matter—what you expect to do, and what you propose to do. He says you can be posted as to Alaska from the Russian Consul in San Francisco. I hope you will give me all the information you can get bearing on the case. He (Baron Stoeckel) says that the company are in the habit of hunting on an island, and then leaving for two years, so that the animals may not be exterminated on that island; and he says, further, that the company—the Russian company, I suppose—kill the animals for their fur alone, when the oil, if saved instead of being wasted, would be of equal value with the fur. This waste seemed to be disagreeable to him.

The charters of the Russian company (and of the H. B. Co.) having expired, I am confident that good terms can be made for an American company, and nothing will be done till I can hear from you..... As Baron Stoeckel suggested it, you had better obtain all the information you can from the Russian Consul at San Francisco, and from other sources, and leave the matter to me to attend to with the Russian Government.

The agent of the Hudson Bay Company has not been here. He may have gone to St. Petersburg; but I will try and see that he does nothing before our Americans have a chance.

Yours truly, C. COLE.

In a subsequent letter from Washington, dated August 4, 1866, Senator Cole wrote: "The Russian Minister here seems inclined to leave the matter subject to the advice of the Russian Consul at San Francisco. But the minister is very kindly disposed toward the matter, and I am sure will do whatever he in reason can to promote your plans." During the following months Senator Cole carried on active negotiations for the San Francisco company with Baron Stoeckel, in Washington, and with the Government at St. Petersburg, through Cassius M. Clay, the American Minister at that court. Such serious objections were raised, however, to granting to foreigners a direct charter that would give them almost unlimited command in Alaska, that the Russian Government finally renewed the old charter. How the affair stood after this will be explained by the following letter:

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA, December 22, 1866.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the fifth ultimo was duly received, and I immediately applied to Prince Gortschakow for the grant you desired. The Prince has not been very well of late, but he sent me word through Baron Stoeckel (who is now here) that it was impossible for the Russian Government to do anything, as the proposed grant was already within the privileged bounds of the Russian American Fur Company. This settles the matter so far as the Government is concerned, but it is very possible that the company themselves might grant you a similar privilege, at least so long as their exclusive right lasts. So I have been looking to find some responsible person of that company, to lay the project before them or him, but have not suceeeded. I am told the company is most miserably managed, and the stock is worth next to nothing—all enterprise having died out of it. So there is but small hope of doing anything with them; but should anything occur I will write you again. In the meantime write to me definitely upon the subject, what you would be willing to do in the case. Desirous of serving you in all possible ways, I remain your obedient servant,

Hon. Cornelius Cole, U. S. S., etc. C. M. CLAY.

Nothing daunted by this turn in the affair, the San Franciscans made vigorous efforts to obtain a sub-charter from the Russian Company, and finally, through the energetic assistance of Messrs. Cole and Clay, a lease was agreed upon and submitted to the Czar for his approval; without this no contract can be made between Russian subjects and foreigners granting privileges to the latter on Russian soil. Meanwhile the Hudson Bay Company had been carrying on constant negotiations with the Russians, and had strained every nerve to obtain a renewal of their subgrant, which included four hundred miles of seacoast in the southernmost part of Alaska, and which would hold for twenty years. After considering the matter for some time, the Czar decided to withhold his consent to the proposed treaty with the San Franciscans, on the ground that its issuance, in the face of the Hudson Bay Company's long tenure of the coveted franchise, might lead to international jealousies, and still further strain the political relations between Russia and Great Britain. As the territory in question had never been a profitable portion of his empire, and as in the event of war with a maritime power this outlying province might prove to be a cause of annoyance and extra expenditure, it is little to be wondered that this struggle between two private organizations for the commercial control of Alaska should have suggested to the Czar the happy idea that in one stroke he might strengthen his friendly relations with the United States and at the same time rid himself of an unpleasant incubus. He therefore instructed Baron Stoeckel to make an offer of Russian America to this country for a nominal amount of purchase-money. The negotiations of the San Franciscans, and the maps and statistics forwarded by them to Washington, had already attracted Secretary Seward's attention to Alaska, and convinced him that the country had a wealth of resources that only needed developing. Therefore it was that he at once approved the suggestion of the Czar, and brought all his will to bear to secure a prompt acceptance of Russia's liberal offer. Despite a storm of ridicule from the ill-informed Eastern press, and despite a strong opposition that was at first manifested in Congress, Mr. Seward carried his point and secured the ratification of the purchase. Thus, for seven million five hundred thousand dollars the United States removed another foreign flag from American soil, and added to her own possessions a vast tract of country that must eventually prove to be worth many times the sum it cost. In a letter to Mr. Nagle, written just after the purchase was made, Senator Cole made the following statement:

"The Russian fur trading project has turned out differently from what was anticipated. You, however, are responsible for the acquisition of that territory, for to your correspondence is due the fact that it is now in the possession of the United States."

This is the story of how we gained Alaska; but, as a postscript, it may be added that neither of the original actors in the affair benefited in the slightest degree by the result. As is so often the case, so did it happen in this instance, that other parties plucked the fruit from the tree of their planting, while they stood outside the fence and saw the rich harvest gathered in by those who had displaced them.

---

A new out-door game for ladies and gentlemen, says the Berlin *Gazette*, is called "Enchantment." It is played with small light hoops thrown with wands, something after the manner of grace hoops, though the wand is of a novel construction, involving a peculiar method of casting the hoop. The casting of the enchantment hoop properly is said to exhibit all the grace and elegance of the figure, while the gentle physical exertion affords a healthful action for every part of the system, and the excitement is sufficient to give real interest. A moderately large piece of ground, whether smooth or not, is suitable. The bounds of the game are indicated by eight colored flags in posts driven into the ground, lending ornamental appearance to the lawn. A small amount of practice will insure a good degree of success in the game.

---

A Maryland gentleman informs *Harpers' Weekly* that it is impossible even for epicures to distinguish a red-headed duck from a canvas-back duck when either is brought on the table with its head cut off, and that when he has been out shooting it is his custom to present any canvas-backs he may have killed to his friends, they appreciating the compliment, and he and his family enjoying red-headed ducks, worth a dollar and a half a pair, just as much as canvas-back ducks, worth five dollars a pair.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Verdi is an impressive-looking old man, with snow-white hair and mustache. His spirits and health have been failing ever since the death of Wagner, which affected him deeply.

Lord Tennyson does not at all appreciate his new honors, and his replies to many of the congratulations which have been addressed to him have been exceedingly testy. He did not himself desire to accept a peerage, but ultimately yielded to the earnest and repeated solicitations of his wife and sons.

The late Charles Reade's greatest grief was his failure to secure an election in a London club to which Wilkie Collins nominated and Charles Dickens seconded him. Reade's reason for joining was because there wasn't a gas-burner in the club-house, and he loved to read by the light of good sperm candles.

Prince Leopold had always a desire to be created Duke of York. In pursuance of this object, he got together all the portraits and other objects of interest that had belonged to any of his ancestors bearing that title, and it was a grievous disappointment to him when the Queen declined her permission to his assuming the title.

The great Hungarian painter, Munkacsy, whom the Emperor of Austria has just made Baron von Munkacsy, sends nothing to the Salon this year from his grand studio, which is the most fashionable and *extra-pschutt* in Paris. He is putting the finishing touches on a huge picture, "Christ between Two Thieves," in which he has painted no less than fifty figures around the principal group.

Lady Stradbroke, who is morally responsible for the London *World* libel, has not gone entirely unpunished. The Queen was exceedingly angry with her; and she received an unmistakable hint that she would do well not to attend the drawing-room, and Her Majesty also crossed her ladyship's name out of the state ball and concert invitation lists.

An artist died recently, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who has added much in his time to the gayety of more nations than one. This was Gilbert Randon, the military caricaturist, whose comic drawings of soldier life—outlines very lightly and boldly sketched and filled in with washes of color—were familiar to every reader of French illustrated journals. He was for many years on the staff of the *Journal Amusant*, but he did not confine his gifts to one paper; his contributions were to be met with everywhere. Six years ago he was attacked with paralysis, and the sort of work which he had invented fell into other hands. He died a pensioner of the newspapers that had profited from his talent.

For a Russian the Czar is a poor linguist; he speaks only three languages, French, German, and Russian. Nearly every educated Russian speaks at least five languages fluently. A Russian nobleman, in the Baltimore *American*, describes pleasantly some of the Czar's characteristics. "He is the first emperor," he says, "who speaks Russian in his family, while his father spoke only German, and his grandfather French. The Emperor is military, like his father, but not so exclusively so as he. Bodily he is probably the strongest man in Russia. When he was Crown Prince, instead of leaving a visiting-card when calling, he would frequently twist a gold piece and leave it, so great was his pride in showing his friends how strong he was."

Just before her return to Europe, says the New York *Sun*, Madame Patti took a few lessons in billiards from Joseph Dion. Three or four mornings a week the songstress and her husband, Signor Nicolini, had a billiard séance in a private room which they fitted up at the Windsor Hotel. Madame Patti has for a long time played in her castle home, on an old-fashioned English pocket-table, but she took a fancy to play the game expertly, and under the tutorship of Mr. Dion became quite an adept. She is infatuated with the French three-ball carrom game, and takes with enthusiasm to round-the-table shots, cushion caroms, and draw shots. Patti plays with spirit and force. She handles the cue gracefully, and is enthusiastic in her admiration of the nice points of the game.

Charles Robert Newman, a younger brother of the great Cardinal, but older than Professor Francis William Newman, has recently died at Tenby, in England. He was a man of remarkable erudition, like his brother, and of very eccentric character. He was a recluse and never went out until night, when his striking figure, dressed in a pea-jacket, with a shawl or a rug thrown across his shoulders, and with a sou'wester over his head, might have been seen marching along the country lanes, rigidly erect with staccato step, looking neither to the right nor left. He had even a more distinguished head and face than the Cardinal. There was in him a touch of Mephistopheles and also of Jupiter Olympus. The room in which he lived and died, in the top of a country inn, was as meagrely furnished as Goethe's study in Weimer.

The following letter appeared in *Punch:* "DEAR MR. PUNCH: There is not the least particle of truth in the rumor that Miss Mary Anderson is about to be married to Mr. Gladstone, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel, the Governor of the Bank of England, Lord Wolseley, Lord Tennyson, the Master of Balliol, Lord Randolph Churchill, Colonel Frederick Burnaby, Mr. J. L. Toole, the Lord Chamberlain, Marquis of Butte, the President of the College of Surgeons, Mr. Labouchère, Captain Burton, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Mayor, Baron Rothschild, Lord Henry Lennox, Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Montagu Williams, Mr. Marriott, Sir Frederick Leighton, or the Maharajah Duleep Singh. I must beg you at once to deny all or any of the rumors which have, in some unaccountable fashion, gained currency. I happen to know that many of the above mentioned are married men—and so their pretensions are out of the question; and, moreover, I also happen to know that the accomplished American actress has long been engaged to yours, most faithfully, THE ONLY ONE SHE EVER LOVED."

### THE INNER MAN.

In the second of the five stories of a Beach Street house, says a New York *Sun* reporter, a man picked hams out of a crate and threw them into a cask of water, while a clerk and another young man watched him. "When I was a boy," the clerk said, "I lived in the wilds of Ohio in the valley of the Maumee River. That is a land which produces hogs and hominy spontaneously. The farmers there turn their hogs out to run loose in the woods during the warm weather. The burr oak acorns along in the fall fatten up the shoats nicely. When in good flesh they are rounded up and penned for six weeks and fed on corn. That improves the flavor of the pork. Then they are ready for killing. The farmer cuts off a twenty-foot section of a large sycamore, rolls the big end on a mud boat—mud boat?—sled with runners six feet long and six inches wide. Then he yokes the cattle to the sled and draws it home. Stood on end and roofed with clapboards split from a red oak log, the sycamore smoke-house is a landmark as frequent as stake-and-rider fences. The farmer hangs up a dozen hams and shoulders properly salted, builds up a fire of corn cobs morning and evening under them for three or four or five days, and then lets them hang there till wanted."

"How much have the wholesale porkmen improved the old process?"

"Not a cent's worth. In the Eastern States the farmers used frame or brick buildings six or eight feet square and nine or ten feet high in place of the hollow log. The smoke-house of the wholesale smoker is an enlarged edition of the farmer's brick smoke-house."

"Nowadays, to prepare hams for smoking, the live hogs are delivered by Western drovers to the slaughter-house men, who kill and dress the animals, selling the whole carcasses to the cutters. The cutters are men who cut up the whole hogs, selling parts to the retail meat markets, making lard of part, salting part, and selling many hams, shoulders, and bellies for bacon to the smokers. We all run to specialties. The hams come to us all trimmed and nice and fresh. We dump them into a cask of pickle that is made of water, salt, sugar, and saltpetre. For the city trade a weaker solution is required than when the meat is to go South. A good average would be twenty pounds of salt, three-fourths of a pound of saltpetre, and five pounds of white sugar to a tierce holding three hundred pounds of meat. The water fills the tierce. The hams cure in this solution, say, sixty days for foreign trade, while the bacon should not be cured longer than thirty days for the home trade. Bacon is thinner and cures through quicker, you see. At the end of that time the meat is taken from the tierce, a tarred string is put in each piece, and then all are freshened for from two to fourteen hours in fresh water. If the salt was not soaked from the outside of the ham it would fry out during the smoking, and stand thick in crystals all over the surface. That would kill the sale. When the freshening is done there is an excretion on the ham that will dry into an offensive-looking film if not removed by a bath of hot water and sal soda. Then we are ready for the smoke-houses. Here are five. You can see them for yourself." The clerk pointed to a narrow slit of a door in a brick wall not far away. Looking into it, his companion saw, after rubbing his eyes two or three times, the shape of a black pit, crossed and recrossed by lines of wood, from which hung the irregular pieces of meat. Away below, on a bed of ashes, was the glow of a few red coals, flanked by charred pieces of wood. As far above, working by the light of a single candle, was a man who was filling the top rows with meat. "These 'skids,'" the clerk explained, pointing to the sticks from which the meat hung, "are two feet and half apart, up and down, and as near together sideways as they can be placed without making the pieces of meat touch one another. We begin to hang meat on the level of the first floor. The fire is fifteen feet below that, in the basement. The inside measurement of the house is eight by ten feet. It runs to the roof. It will hold sixteen hundred pieces. The fire is of hickory wood until the surface of the meat is dried, and then we add black sawdust. It is supposed to be pure mahogany, but the sawmill men will dilute it with a little cedar and other woods. Some smokers use only hickory. Different woods give different flavors. Twenty-four hours of smoke gives a delicate color and a minimum shrinkage of weight—say two per cent. It pleases the æsthetic taste of the customer, and adds shekels to the retailers' bank accounts."

In an article on "Old Rhine Wines," in the *Saturday Review*, the writer says: "A thousand louis d'or, or nine hundred and thirty pounds, for a fudder of twelve ohms of ten-year-old Johannisberg—equal to about five dollars per dozen—was a good price to pay, on the spot, in 1789; and it is recorded to have been actually paid by an Englishman. Such a wine were worthy of the regal implement which gives its name to the 'Goldener Pfropfenzieher,' at Oberwesel, whose signboard Schrödter painted, and which Bædeker still affectionately marks with a *. The ordinary cost of the first quality, as soon as it became salable, was then from three to four thousand florins, or about a third of the Englishman's mad price. The Abbey of Johannisberg, which was also called Bischoffsberg, was then a mere out-house of the powerful and wealthy Abbey of Fulda, where the best of the wine was sent year by year. Still there remained in the immense cellars thousands of fudders. Bischoffsberg was founded as a Benedictine convent in 1106, by Ruthard, second Archbishop of Mainz, was dismantled in the sixteenth century by the Markgraf Albrecht, of Brandenberg, and subsequently entirely demolished by the Swedes in the Thirty Years' War. It was them mortgaged by Archbishop Anselm Casimir, and sold by the mortgagee—one Hubert von Bleimann—to the Abbott of Fulda, who rebuilt the schloss, the church, and the cellars. When Fulda was suppressed, in 1802, Schloss Johannisberg fell to the Prince of Orange. In 1807 Napoleon gave it to Kellermann—if because of his name, he made one of the best practical jokes on record—and it was finally presented, in 1816, by the Emperor of Austria, as an imperial fief, to Prince Metternich, who, ere he blossomed into princedom, had long, as Graf von Metternich, owned considerable property not far off, at Rüdesheim, including the fine ruins of the Brömserberg."


The Strongest and Best!




The Strongest and Best!

FOR SALE BY

**C. J. HAWLEY & CO., Sutter St.,**

Who are also introducing as a specialty

**HAWLEY'S NEW BLEND TEA.**

If you want a Tea that is pure, wholesome, and delicious, ask for it at the nearest drug store in the city. Sold at $1, 75 cents, and 50 cents per pound, in 1-pound and ½-pound packages.

**ANALYSIS.**

C. J. HAWLEY & CO.—GENTLEMEN: I have carefully examined the New Blend Tea, and found it to be pure, unadulterated, and uncolored.

Yours respectfully, THOS. PRICE, M. D.

**Ask your Druggist for**

**HAWLEY'S NEW BLEND TEA.**

# IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

**SCROFULA**

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

**CATARRH**

"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882.

"At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

**ULCEROUS SORES**

**SORE EYES**

PREPARED BY

**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

*Apollinaris*

THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS

*"The dangerous qualities of contaminated drinking water are not obviated by the addition of wines or spirits."*

**Medical Officer of Privy Council, England.**

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.

*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

**For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.**

**No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon.**

**HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.**

**No. 24 Post Street,**

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**Opposite Mechanics' Institute.**

**ASA BARKER & CO.**

**Importers and Wholesale Grocers,**

108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over **3,300** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**

**227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

**"THE QUEEN OF AMERICAN WATERING PLACES."**

# HOTEL DEL MONTE

**Monterey, California,**

IS OPEN FOR

## THE SUMMER SEASON.

This is absolutely the most elegant and delightful seaside resort in the world, and the charming HOTEL DEL MONTE, with its incomparable accessories, its magnificent drives, its beautiful grounds, its superior facilities for boating, add for cold and warm salt-water bathing, stands unrivaled. The water now used at the Hotel and upon the Crounds is

**Brought from the Carmel River,**

So that the place is now the

**Absolute Queen of Watering Places,**

With no drawback whatever in the World!

# PACIFIC GROVE RETREAT

**Near Monterey, California.**

## NOW OPEN FOR THE SUMMER.

This is the most delightful camping-ground in the State. Good spring water and an abundance of water from the Carmel River, lovely groves of pine and cedar, splendid beach, fine drives and rambles, an A No. 1 restaurant for use of all who do not wish to do their own cooking, and a new and perfect system of sewerage throughout the entire grounds.

**This Famous Christian Resort**

Is situated on the beautiful Bay of Monterey, and is connected with the ancient capital of the State by a pleasant drive of one and a half miles over a macadamized road lately constructed by the company. In beauty of location it can not be excelled—its graceful pines, extending to the water's edge, affording a delightful refuge from the heat of the sun. As a healthful place of resort it is not surpassed by any locality in the State. It has long been established as a medical fact that a residence in a country wooded with pines is peculiarly beneficial for all those suffering from bronchial or throat affections.

A FEW MORE CHOICE LOTS FOR SALE.

For further information apply to

**J. O. JOHNSON,**

Superintendent Pacific Grove, Monterey,

Monterey County, Cal.

# HIGHLAND SPRINGS,

**LAKE COUNTY, CAL.**

**"The Switzerland of America."**

OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

**Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.**

**Daily communication via Cloverdale.**

**DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.**

# THE "POPE HOUSE"

## HOTEL.

The POPE HOUSE, for fifteen years past the leading private Hotel and Boarding-House of SANTA CRUZ, enjoying the first patronage in the State, has changed hands, and RE-OPENED March 25th, under the direct personal management and supervision of the new proprietors, who hope, by close attention to the wants and comforts of their guests, to merit a continuance of the valuable patronage so long enjoyed by Mrs. Pope.

Private Family Dining-rooms. French Dinners served to order in the best style.

☞ SPECIAL OMNIBUS awaits all arriving and departing trains and steamers. No charge whatever for conveying guests to or from this hotel.

# HOTEL

## SIERRA MADRE VILLA,

**On the mountain side,**

**In an Orange Grove, Near Los Angeles.**

Has been enlarged to accommodate One Hundred Guests For climate, health, comfort, pure water, and beauty of scenery, it has no equal on this coast. General Sherman says it surpasses all other places on the American continent for a quiet good time.

For further information, address

**W. COGSWELL, Proprietor,**

San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, Cal.

# GILROY HOT SPRINGS,

An Old Favorite under Superior Management.

ROOP & TENNANT, PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.

These celebrated Springs, situated in a spur of the Coast Range, 12 miles east of Gilroy, are NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON. A complete renovation has been made throughout, and the whole place has been put in delightful order. Rates strictly reasonable to all. P. O., W. F. Ex. and Tel. offices on the premises. Take the 10:40 train (daily) from depot cor. Fourth and Townsend streets, to Gilroy, thence by stage to Springs, 12 miles; or the SATURDAY (3½) EVENING stage, returning early Monday morning.

**C OF G**

**Marvel of Excellence and Workmanship.**

Contain less Paper and FINER Tobacco than any Cigarette made. Popular as the great

**"AFTER-DINNER" CIGARETTE.**

*Straight Mesh,*

*CLOTH OF GOLD.*

**13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS,**

**By WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

# J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.

## MERCHANT TAILORS

**And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,**

**415 MONTGOMERY STREET,**

**Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco**

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**

## THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**

**36 California Street, San Francisco,**

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

**MARBLE WORKS.**

**MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.**

**W. H. McCORMICK,**

829 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY

**TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON**

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for

**CONSTIPATION,**

Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion, etc.

Prepared by

**E. GRILLON,**

Chemist of the Paris Faculty,

SOLE PROPRIETOR,

27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.

Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.


### ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the office of the Company, Room 2, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the 3d day of June, 1884, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Dupont Street San Francisco, California.

### CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of April, 1884, an assessment (No. 131) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Friday, the twenty-third (23d) day of May, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the twelfth day of June, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

### CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of March, 1884, an assessment (No. 11) of Twenty (20c) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the twenty-first (21st) day of April, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the seventeenth day of May, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*



# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Thursday, April 24, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Byron and Martinez | 10.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Deming, El Paso, Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | and East, Emigrant | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Stockton via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Ione | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Los Angeles and South | 9.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | Merced, Madera, | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Fresno, and Tulare | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Mojave, Needles, Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | and East, Emigrant | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " | 7.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Ogden and Express | 7.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 P.M. | East, Emigrant | 11.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | and Tehama via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Redding | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.10 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Virginia City | 7.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 7.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Oakland Pier; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from The Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 18.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.22, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Daily, except Sundays. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

**OPIUM and MORPHINE HABIT**

DR. H. H. KANE, of the DeQuincey Home, now offers a Remedy whereby any one can cure himself quickly and painlessly. For testimonials and endorsements from eminent medical men, &c., address H. H. KANE, A.M., M.D., 160 Fulton St., New York City.

NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

**BROAD GAUGE.**

## WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, November 11, 1883,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| †6.50 A.M. | | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | *8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | 9.03 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| *5.10 P.M. | | †4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Soquel, Aptos.. | |
| *3.30 P.M. | (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, broad gauge, no change of cars | 5.55 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 5.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (sportsmen's train).

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS

Sold on Saturday and Sunday—good to return on Monday—to Santa Clara or San José, $2.50; to Gilroy, $4.00; to Monterey or Santa Cruz, $5.00, and to principal points between San Francisco and San José.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Saturday, April 27th, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—7.30, 9.15 A. M., 1.30, 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 1.30, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20 A. M., 2.00, 3.25, 4.50 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.55, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.15, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 3.56, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.30, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.45, 5.00, 7.10 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 7.00 P. M.

**1.30 P. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAIN for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through train from Duncan Mills arrives in S. F. at 10.30 A. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning except Mondays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning arrives in S. F. at 7.40 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.

# SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Passenger Trains leave Station, foot of Market Street, south side, at

**8.30 A. M.**, daily; Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wright's, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, SANTA CRUZ, and all Way Stations.

**2.30 P. M.** (except Sunday), Express: Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ.

**4.30 P. M.**, daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and intermediate points.

**$5 Excursions** to SANTA CRUZ, and **$2.50** to SAN JOSE, on SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, to return until MONDAY, inclusive.

**To Oakland and Alameda.**

36.00, 36.30, 37.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10 00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶12.00, 12.30, ¶1.00, 1 30, ¶2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5 30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.30, 10.30, 11 45 P. M.

**From Fourteenth and Webster Streets, Oakland**—35 30, 36 00, 36 30, 7.00, 7.30, 8 00, 8.30, 9 00, 9 30, 10.00, 10.30, ¶11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶12.00, 12.30, ¶1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3 00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 9 30, 10.30, 11.45 P. M.

**From High Street, Alameda**—35.16, 35 46, 36.16, 6 46, 7.16, 7.46, 8.16, 8.46, 9.16, 9.46, 10.16, ¶10.46, 11.16, ¶11 46 A. M., 12.16, ¶12.46, 1.16, 1.46, 2.16, 2.46, 3 16, 3.46, 4.16, 4 46, 5.16, 5.46, 6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 9.16, 11.31 P. M.

‡ Sundays excepted. ¶ Sundays only.

TICKET, Telegraph, and Transfer Office, 222 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. R. M. GARRATT, G. F. & P. Agt.

**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA**

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

From San Francisco for

STEAMER 1884. HONGKONG.

OCEANIC.....Tuesday, May 27th.

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Peking**.....**May 13**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Granada**.....**May 1**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers for MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West India ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**City of Sydney**.....Friday, May 9, at 12 o'clock M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

Passengers must be on board at 5 o'clock P. M., at which time the ship will go into the stream.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on March 3d, 11th, 19th, and 27th, and every eighth day thereafter. The first steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

MARIPOSA.....THURSDAY, June 1st, at 3 P. M.

ALAMEDA.....THURSDAY, May 15th, at 3 P. M.

The ALAMEDA is now receiving freight.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR, MANAGER.

**Corner First and Market Streets,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

# CHARLES R. ALLEN,

**Dealer in House, Steam, Foundry, and**

CUMBERLAND COAL,

**ENGLISH COKE AND PIG IRON,**

**120 Beale Street, San Francisco.**

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital**.....**$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.

London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital**.....**$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.

THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.

BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama.

## The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK

LIMITED,

**N. E. corner Pine and Sansome Streets.**

London Office, 3 Angel Court. New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street.

**Authorized Capital Stock**.....**$6,000,000**

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED F. LOW, IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.

P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

CHARLES CROCKER. WM. H. CROCKER. R. C. WOOLWORTH.

## CROCKER, WOOLWORTH & CO.

**BANKERS,**

**322 Pine Street, San Francisco,** carry on a general Banking business.

Correspondents in the principal cities of the Eastern States and in Europe.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.** Of London. Instituted 1803.

**London Assurance Corporation** Of London. Established 1720.

**Northern Assurance Company** Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.

**Queen Insurance Company** Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**

**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.

VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.

SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

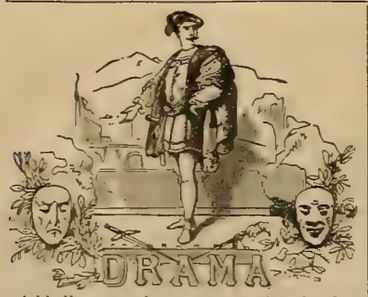
Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

## COWEN, PORTER & CO.,

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

**118** Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. LOR Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.




A big literary review gun wrote, the other day, that he had been wondering who this "Ik Marvel" was who was republishing "My Farm at Edgewood," and another book or so of a like ilk. He was good enough to discover that it was Donald G. Mitchell, an elderly gentleman and farmer of fine literary tastes, who, in his day, had written some very pleasant things about farming. If the big literary review gun had been some three thousand miles nearer, I should have liked to pick a quarrel with him. Donald G. Mitchell has outgrown both his *nom de plume* and book-making this many a long day, but when he did make books he had too pleasant a reputation to wait till this late day for a mild literary snub.

Moreover, the least known of them all was not about farming at all, and was the best of them—or so it seemed to me, with whom it was a sort of childish literary fetich. I was not alone in my worship. I saw its familiar brown covers, illuminated with golden sheaves, and its red-edged leaves, pass seven times through the incense of unqualified admiration. It was thumbed, devoured, loved by them all, till the dear old book fell to tatters with much using, and nothing remains but a fragrant memory of its sheaves.

It would not bear re-printing with the author's second advent in the field of letters, for it is a book of old-fashioned travel, a young man's first glimpse of the glorious highways of old Europe, many, many years ago. It is so old that he goes by coach from London to Plymouth, by steamer from the French coast up the Seine to Paris, by diligence across France, smokes a pipe with the Dutchmen in a drosky, and never mentions a railway till he comes to Austria. The tale of his travels is studded with legends as he goes; but nowhere does the charm of a strange country seem to so thoroughly steal upon his senses as when his coach dashes down a mountain-side into the Illyrian bosom of Hungary,

There is always a half-savage charm about this little-known country, this province of an empire which has a history, a language, customs, and music intrinsically its own. Its music, naturally, is most interesting of all, for Liszt, the great pianist, faithful to the music of his hills, as the mountain-bred always are, has made his Hungarian rhapsodies the greatest of his works. But they are covered up in such an infinity of classical and technical detail that it is only when they are interpreted by an inspired orchestra that one really discovers the wild, semi-barbaric character of the music. Even then it bears few marks of its Hungarian character, for such music, to preserve its characteristics, must be given only in its purity.

When, therefore, it was announced that the Archduke Joseph's Hungarian Gypsy Band was about to visit us, nothing could seem to more definitely promise genuine Hungarian music. If an archduke couldn't get the real thing, it was simply not to be had.

The posters revived visions of the tall Hunnish grenadiers in their handsome braided coats, as described by Margery Deane, in her charming little book of travel, "European Breezes," and even a heavy dose of the "Romany Rye" had not disturbed any one's ideas of the picturesqueness. A Hungarian gypsy, with a delicious Hunnish name attached, was genuine enough to put in a museum. What could the most unreasonable ask more than a Farencz Garay, or an Imre Barath, playing Hungarian csardas? It all sounds very wild, and weird, and ineffably Hungarian, and yet, as a matter of cold fact, Farencz Garay does play upon the violin, which in the vulgar is fiddle, "The Swannee Ribber" and "Yankee Doodle." And Imre Barath does perpetrate upon the cymbal, a series of variations upon that ancient and most respected chestnut, "Home, Sweet Home." It is fair to the others to state that they do not assist these two resurrectionists in their diabolical work. There are eight fiddles of them, all told, but "they lay down the fiddle and the bow" in Hungarian disgust when it comes to this. They don't lay down their cymbals, because there is but one. This one is a cross between a zither, a xylophone, and an old-fashioned spinnet whose legs have been amputated. It is played with much deftness by Imre Barath. In solo passages it is not strictly musical, but it is peculiar and not unpleasing. In connected passages it is strictly inaudible, and therefore, though it fills a large portion of the stage, it is quite inoffensive. None of the others evoke any special mention, excepting the two big fellows in the background, who wrestle with the bass viols with all the vigor of a couple of herculean farmers mowing wide swaths. The Hungarian csardas are the only numbers upon which they enter with any abandon or any apparent musical feeling. In these they do give some idea, as full an idea as can be given by a fashioned instrument, of those curious, barbaric, abruptly-shaded chants and wails which form the music of the nation. It is a sheer impossibility to give the actual music of any country without the human voice. All Asian music—and the Hunns were undoubtedly rocked in a Semitic cradle—all savage, barbarous, and primitive music, is, in part, a falsetto chant, which it is simply impossible to reproduce with instruments. Perhaps national music should always be accompanied by the national instrument to give the character of the music in its fullness. Irish music is nothing without the swept strings of the accompanying harp. The Scotch takes half its peculiarity from the long-sustained, one-note wail known as "the drone" in the bagpipes. The Spaniard syncopates his sighs under his lady's lattice with his mandolin or guitar, and his dancing sister accentuates her *cachucha* with the clink of the castanet or the tap of the tambourine. The Japanese uphold their chants with the stringy chime of the *samesin* and the *koto*, and the Chinese shriek nasally to the blare of cymbals, the groan of hollow drums, and the faint protest of catgut insufficiently stretched over snake-skin. The click of the African bamboula came down first to the gourd banjo, a primitive instrument still made in the remoter plantations of the South, notwithstanding the Uncle Remus banjo discussion—a banjo which has come by degrees to the gorgeous, silver-mounted affair of to-day, but which, even in its elegance, has not lost its character.

By inference, we are to accept Mr. Imre Barath's cymbal as the national instrument of Hungary; yet I am fain to doubt if such it be.

When the Spanish Students delighted the town, they played everything well upon their guitars and mandolins, but chiefly well the peculiar syncopated music of Spain. In their other music, however, it was only the constant pizzicato which gave it a peculiar effect. Their musical perfection was immeasurably in advance of that of the Hungarian Gypsies. Their wonderful effects of shading were a marvel. These the Hungarians, except in their national airs, do not attempt. They play with great precision, and with unfailing memory, and, as a feature once or twice during an evening, they would be exceedingly interesting. An evening filled entirely with their music is tedious.

In appearance they do not present that dazzling combination of Hunnish grenadier and romantic dark-eyed gypsy which one's fancy may have painted.

---

Time out of mind lovers have loved over a garden wall. It stood between Pyramus and Thisbe how many hundred years ago! Being an elegant and dignified young Greek couple, clad in the elegant and dignified Greek fashion, it never occurred to either to go over the garden wall. Instead, they kissed their kisses through a hole in the wall, poor young things, and never, I believe, came any nearer.

When Romeo came to love, some centuries later, he loved in the Italian style, and without hesitation he climbed the garden wall. However, as the Veronese gentlemen were more airily clad about the legs than the Greeks, it was an easier feat for him. He climbed over the garden wall again upon the bridal night, poor boy, and climbed it for the last time.

Pyramus stabbed himself under a mulberry tree for love of his love when the false news of her death came, and Romeo died himself to death in the shadow of the tomb of his love under false knowledge of her death. So that the garden wall brought little luck to either of these famous lovers, and each slept before his time.

Many a love since then, however, has ripened, like peaches, on a southern garden wall, and once the story books were rich with garden walls and family feuds. But this bit of architecture in the history of love and difficulty has gone over with many tender sentiments and noble thoughts into the possession of the comedians and comic singers.

Once it was considered rather a pathetic request to ask some kind friend to see that your grave was kept green. Now such a sentiment is received with howls of laughter. A dozen kindred sentiments have become the sport of the heedless, and "Over the Garden Wall," which once would have suggested a dolorous tale of love and despair, is now the title of a comic play. I feel quite sure it is a comic play for three several reasons: The leading actor speaks in the German dialect, there is a baby passed from hand to hand, who is alternately alive and a dummy, and there is an old gentleman who, without rhyme or reason, wears his *chemise de nuit* over his trousers and under his ulster, and is apparently taking a constitutional in this hybrid costume.

Other proof I have none. For the rest, it gives Mr. George Knight in a part quite unworthy of his talent, and Mrs. Knight an opportunity to make hers in the first genuine approach to acting that she has made.

On Monday the ardently expected, much advertised Rhea is to open in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," a play which seems to belong specially to actresses who have learned to speak English. Without doubt we shall all find Mlle. Rhea a very charming actress as well as a magnificently dressed woman. None the less, it has been ill-advised of the management to advertise her in that Cleveland paragraph, which contains this bit of ambiguity: "She is a rival whom her unapproachable gauntness, Sarah, may well fear." Is it the intention of the critic to infer that Mlle. Rhea is unapproachably gaunt?—or does he intend to carry a joke so far as to personify Sarah in Gauntness with a small g? Fortunately Mlle. Rhea's agent has forestalled this sentence by distributing her photographs as the sands of the sea.

"Rhea" will have little counter-attraction, for "Pop" will be in its third week, with the promise, by the way, of some new songs and business, and "Excelsior" has gone to the other side. As a spectacle, "Excelsior" is more beautiful in the Grand Opera than it was at the California. The peerless Flindt still dances with her whole soul and body, and with considerable intelligence as well. Brianza is yet charming in the reluctant steps of that pretty Hungarian *pas à deux*, and the shapely Millon twirls on one toe till you ache at thought of the strain. And the crowds come and go, but they can not understand the ballet as Campanini declares Americans do, for here are three first-class dancers who have yet to hear the ring of real applause in California.

At the California—— But what use to prophesy concerning the California. It never comes to pass. BETSY B.

---

On Monday evening next, Mademoiselle Rhea will appear at the Baldwin Theatre. She is supported by Mr. John Malone, who is known in this city, and a well selected stock company. On Monday, Tuesday, and Friday evenings, she appears in "Adrienne Lecouvreur"; on Wednesday, matinée and evening, in "Camille"; on Thursday and Saturday, in "The School for Scandal"; at the Saturday matinée in "Camille." Mlle. Rhea does not appear on Sunday evenings. "Much Ado about Nothing" and "The Unequal Match" are announced as in preparation. The house has nearly all been sold for Monday night, and there will doubtless be a crush.

---

Next Monday night Miss Kate Castleton will have a "Pop" Souvenir night, at the Bush Street Theatre.

---

William Emerson left for England Thursday, where he is under an engagement to Haverly.

---

"Excelsior" ends at the Grand Opera House this evening.

---

**David Belasco.**

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The descriptions of Belasco's first original play, and the reference to his being unjustly charged with simulating emotion as an advertising dodge on being called before the curtain, as published in "Flaneur's" article in last week's *Argonaut*, impel me to recall a reminiscence of his school days in San Francisco, where he is so well known. He was a member of Mrs. Moore's and of Mrs. James's class in the Lincoln Grammar School, when I had charge of it. He was of medium height, slender form, regular, handsome features, black eyes and hair, nervous, and modest to the verge of extreme bashfulness. He was extremely good-hearted, and in his general demeanor was a natural gentleman. An ordinary class-room teacher could easily govern a hundred such boys at one time. He was one of the finest declaimers among thirteen hundred grammar-school boys. On facing an audience every vestige of bashfulness instantly left him. He immediately and completely lost himself in the subject of his declamation. He was never taught a gesture, nor hardly an intonation. His conception of his subject was generally true, his rendition of it elegant, and his gesticulation the extreme of grace. His favorite selections were of the pathetic and tragic order. His pathos was wonderfully effective, but he threw so much fire into his tragic declamation as to sometimes threaten to degenerate into rant. He was a very fair scholar in every branch taught at school, and yet his literary bias was not pronounced. That he should become an actor seemed to his friends inevitable, but that he should become an author must be a surprise to them. While he was still a member of the Lincoln School, his father called upon me to remonstrate against his being encouraged at school in his taste for declamation. Belasco Senior expressed the fear that David might take to the stage and become an actor, instead of following the path to the pulpit, as marked out by his parents, and becoming a rabbi. He was severely shocked at my placing the stage and the pulpit in the same category; setting up one as the school of the emotions, the other as that of reverence for Deity; and claiming that David might become as effective a moral teacher in the one as in the other. David Belasco and James Barrows, almost equally well known in dramatic circles, were classmates, friends, and rivals in elocutionary matters. B. MARKS.

April 28, 1884.

---

— THE METROPOLITAN HALL IS THE FINEST auditorium in the city for school exhibitions and commencement exercises. Its magnificent organ, large seating capacity, elegant upholstery, and unequaled acoustic properties render it the finest hall on the coast.

**CCCXIX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, May 4, 1884.**

Oyster Soup.
Fried Perch.
Broiled Pigeons.
Macaroni. String Beans.
Roast Beef. Baked Potatoes.
Celery Salad.
Tipsy Pudding. Plum Tart.
Cherries.

TIPSY PUDDING.—Lay in a dish slices of sponge cake or pound cake, well soaked in brandy; place some finely chopped citron and some currants between each layer; pour over them a rich soft custard, and just before serving cover the top with thick whipped cream.

---

—NEW DEPARTURE.—DINNERS 11 A. M. TO 8 P. M. Hot muffins, etc. Manning's Oyster Grotto, 428 Pine Street.

---

— THE APPEARANCE OF A GENUINE BALLET has revived an interest in an almost forgotten art. It has brought up a hundred ancient questions, and those unfamiliar with the immense possibilities of ballet training suppose the toes of the dancers' slippers to be stuffed. As a matter of fact, a dancing-shoe, like every other, must be made upon physiological principles and subject to the conformation of the foot. It is, therefore, as simple a shoe as a shoe made for any other purpose, and is peculiar only in its adaptability to its purpose. It is one of the necessities, as well as one of the elegances, of the modern costume that the shoe shall be as well adapted to the occasion as any other part of the dress, and care in this feature of the toilet is a certain indication of the taste of the wearer. The great desideratum is a combination of comfort and elegance—a combination which is easily possible even in the thick-soled stogies made for mountain climbing. One of the features of an English gentleman's dressing-room is the shoe-rack, for Englishmen buy their shoes as other men do their neckties and handkerchiefs, by the dozen or half-dozen. Aside from the numerous changes he allows himself for ordinary foot-wear, there are shoes adapted to every variety of pursuit in which he is likely to engage—riding, driving, walking, dancing, lounging, tennis, cricket, etc.—and every pair of them well made. The best bit of Anglo-mania yet transplanted is this English taste in shoes. Fashion has begun to permit an endless variety in material, style, and, it might almost be said, decoration. But it exacts suitability, fit, and style. The combination of these has become, if not an exact science, at least an exact art, and it is in this that London has set the fashion in shoes, especially for gentlemen. Yet even among ladies modified English styles have become almost *de rigueur*. They still make fun of the Englishwoman's foot, but they copy the comfort of her shoes, embellished for dress occasions with a few French touches. Since the advent of P. F. MCNULTY, who has made shoemaking more an art than a trade, there has been quite a revolution in the style of the shoes of the well-dressed class in San Francisco. It has even brought about a change in the walk of the ladies, who have a new springiness of gait and ease of bearing. This comes of the rejection of the ready-made shoe for the comfort of one fitted to the individual foot. McNulty's shoes have come to be known at a glance, and are universally acknowledged to be good form, that his rooms on New Montgomery Street, under the Grand Hotel, have become a familiar landmark in this city among fashionable people.

---

— A LADY IN HER OWN HOUSE WOULD LET three sunny bed-rooms, with bath, gas, and sitting-room, separate from rest of house, to a party of gentlemen wishing to room in same place, with breakfast or full board if desired. Two blocks from McAllister Street cars; one from Market St.; transfer. Apply to Mrs. D. Conkling, 712 Grove Street.

---

— TO LET, EITHER FURNISHED OR UNFURnished, to parties without children, from three to five large sunny front rooms, with bath and running water. Would either board with parties occupying the rooms, or would let two or three rooms to them with use of kitchen. Call at Doctor's Office, 672 Mission Street, N. E. cor. Third.

---

— JAMES HANRAHAN, REAL ESTATE BROKER and General Collector. $10,000 to loan. Office, 319 Sansome Street, American Exchange Hotel.

---

— YOSEMITE AND GIANT TREES, VIA POSItively the shortest, cheapest, and best scenic route, in new unexcelled six-horse coaches. For tickets and full information, THOMAS T. WALTON, 138 Montgomery Street.

---

**Globe Water-Wheels,**

Suitable for running Quartz, Flouring, Coffee Mills, Sewing Machines, and and all kinds of machinery. Globe Manufacturing Company, No. 5 First Street, San Francisco.

---

**$140,000.**

Wanted, the above sum at 8 per cent., on a large number of small mortgages on small farms in the neighborhood of Fresno. Security first-class. The Fresno banks will transact the entire business for one-half of one per cent. Only principals need apply to B. MARKS, Fresno.

---

**Root Beer.**

A strictly non-alcoholic family beverage, at once delicious to the taste and beneficial to the system. The youngest child or the feeblest invalid can drink it with advantage. Put up in pint and quart champagne bottles, with patent stoppers, at seventy cents and one dollar and ten cents per dozen. All orders promptly filled. H. L. St. John & Co., 14 Hayes Street.

---

— LEADING MEDICAL AUTHORITIES INDORSE Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood purifying medicine in existence.

---

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

---

— FOR DYSPEPSIA OR ANY STOMACH DERANGEment, no other remedy can be found so pleasant, prompt, and effective as Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

---

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

**GRAND BENEFIT CONCERT**

....TO....

## MISS LULU JORAN

**PIANISTE (15 years of age), at**

PLATT'S HALL,

**ON THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 8th, 1884.**

Her younger sisters,

**PAULINE AND ELISE,**

And eminent local talent, will assist.

MISS LULU JORAN'S numbers will be: Trio, D minor, Mendelssohn; Prelude and Fugue, Bach; Melodie, Rubenstein; Bolero, op. 19, Chopin; Danse Macabre, Saint-Saens; and Beethoven's Concerto in C minor (cadenza by Reinecke), with Orchestral Quintet Accompaniment.

TICKETS, ONE DOLLAR; Children, half price.

Hall plan open for the selection of boxes and seats (without extra charge) on Wednesday and Thursday, May 7th and 8th, 1884, at Sherman Clay & Co.'s Music House, corner Kearny and Sutter Streets.

# $50 REWARD

To any one who shall secure the largest number of

## YEARLY SUBSCRIBERS

**At $2.50, to the**

# "INGLESIDE"

**IN ONE MONTH**

From the date of this advertisement. This offer is good only until **June 3d.**

**HENRY B. McDOWELL,**

For particulars, address or call at

**712 and 714 Montgomery Street.**

## BYRON MAUZY,

Agent for

**SOHMER & CO.**
**PEEK & SON** } PIANOS

Pianos sold on easy installments. Pianos to Rent, Tuned and Repaired.

**107 and 109 Post Street, San Francisco.**

**ATTENTION, RANCH OWNERS.**

A thoroughly instructed FARMER, having managed a large estate and made his agricultural studies in Europe, wishes a situation as Superintendent of a first-class farm. Dairy matters a specialty. Highest references offered.

Address **L. K., 42 Nevada Block.** San Francisco

**HALLETT, DAVIS & CO.'S**

## CELEBRATED PIANOS!

Indorsed by the highest musical authorities in the world: Liszt, Strauss, Bendel, Gottschalk, Saro, Titiens, Heilbron, Abt, Weber, Paulus, and GERMANY'S GREATEST MASTERS.

**W. G. BADGER,**
**13 Sansome Street, Sole Agent.**

**PUMPS.—WORTHINGTON'S.**

**Special, Mining, and Irrigating Pumps.**

Over two hundred cities and towns have adopted them in water-works. Cheaper than any other of same capacity. The Worthington Meter measures accurately water, wire, oil, etc.; over 30,000 in use; used in nearly every city water-works in the United States. Send for catalogue.

HENRY B. WORTHINGTON,
**30 and 32 First St., S. F.** A. L. FISH, Manager.

## ATKINS MASSEY,

**UNDERTAKER,**

At the old established place, **No. 651 Sacramento Street**, first house below Kearny, San Francisco.

## FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES

235 KEARNY ST. S.F.

**Southwest cor. of Bush. Established 1877.**

PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

## PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.

**Stationers, Booksellers,**

**Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,**

**204 Sansome Street, near Pine.**

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

## THE BIGGEST THING OUT.

Illustrated Book **sent free.** (New.) E. NASON & CO., 120 Fulton Street, New York.

## HALL'S PIANOS

TYLER ST.

Nos. 12 & 16 SAN FRANCISCO.

## CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY

**OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.**

**Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.**

C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary

# GOODYEAR'S

**Extra A1 Superior**

## RUBBER HOSE,

**BELTING AND PACKING.**

We make to order, at few hours' notice, in our RUBBER FACTORY, Hard & Soft Valves, Gaskets, Car Springs, etc.

Goodyear Rubber Co.

R. H. PEASE, Jr., S. M. RUNYON, AGENTS.
**527 and 529 Market St., S. F.**

**CONSOLIDATED IMPERIAL MINING CO.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the thirtieth day of April, 1884, an assessment (No. 20) of Five Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the fifth day of June, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 26th day of June, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. T. McCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 79 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

## GOLD WATCH FREE!

The publishers of the **Capitol City Home Guest**, the well-known Illustrated Literary and Family Magazine, make the following liberal offer: To the person telling us the longest verse in the Bible, before the first day of June, we will give a **Solid Gold, Lady's Hunting Cased Swiss Watch**, worth $50. If there be more than one correct answer, the person who receives an elegant **Stem-winding Silver Watch**, with the third, a key-winding **Silver Watch**. Each person sending us answers will receive a present, with their answer for which they will receive a year's subscription to the **Home Guest**, a 32-page handsome Literary and Family Magazine. Premium Collection of 25 portraits of great persons, 36 needlework designs, 40 popular songs, shipping directions, money making receipts, 46 chemical experiments of interest to many. Publ. of HOME GUEST, HARTFORD, CONN. **SPECIAL:** An imitation Steel Engraving of Washington, size 15 1-2 x 16 inches, **free** to the first **1000** persons answering this advertisement.



OUR ARTIST.

Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.

ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.

ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.

THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

## FALK'S Bilsner BEER

**OPENING OF**

# SPRING AND SUMMER HATS

**THIS WEEK BY**

# C. HERRMANN & CO.

**(HERRMANN THE HATTER),**

**At 332---336 Kearny Street, between Bush and Pine Streets.**

The largest Hat Store and the largest stock on the Pacific Coast. An immense line of novelties. Send for Illustrated Catalogue for 1884, just out.

**MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. A. K. CLAPPE'S**

## SELECT SCHOOL

**FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,**

At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N. Y. Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalogue.

## BONESTELL, RICHARD ALLEN & CO.

PAPER WAREHOUSE

411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

## "EUREKA" COTTON GARDEN HOSE

Stronger three to one, and lighter two to one, than the best four-ply Rubber Hose; and if left out in the sun and air continuously, or, if put away, put away dry, will stand the roughest kind of usage and will last for years.

Also, RUBBER HOSE of extra quality and at low price.

**W. T. Y. SCHENCK,**
6 California Street, San Francisco, Ca

# BUTTERICK'S

**Patterns—Summer Styles.**

**Send Stamp for Catalogue. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**

FINE

**Suits, $25.** TAILORING **Suits, $30.**

Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.

**Suits, $40.** TAILORING **Suits, $50.**

Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.

**Suits, $60.** TAILORING **Suits, $70.**

**J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.**

**Ladies** DO YOUR OWN STAMPING for EMBROIDERY, with our STAMPING PATTERNS for Kensington, Arasene, Outline, Braid Work, &c. Easily transferred to any fabric or material and can be used a hundred times over. 10 full sized working Patterns including Flowers, Corners, Borders, Scollops, Braid strips, outline figures, and your own initial letters for handkerchiefs, hat bands &c., with Powder, Pad and directions for working, all for 60 cents, postpaid.

Book of **100** designs for Embroidery, Braiding & **25c.** Our Book, "Manual of Needlework," is a complete instructor in Kensington, Arasene and all other branches of Embroidery, Knitting, Tatting, Crocheting, Lace Work, &c. **35** cents; Four for **$1.00.** All the above for **$1.00.** Patten Pub. Co. **47 Barclay Street, New York**

## THE FINEST BEER IN THE WORLD.

**D. G. YUENGLING, JR'S.**

NEW YORK.

# Special Brew Lager Beer

HERMAN HEYNEMANN,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Sole Agent for Pacific Coast.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

## BETHESDA

SUPERIOR TABLE WATER

L. CAHEN AND SON, 418 SAC. ST. S.F.




See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

**J. W. EVANS,**
General Agent, 29 Post Street.

---

**L. D. STONE & CO.**
(Successors to R. Stone),
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
**Harness, Saddles, Saddlery Hardware**
Collars, Whips, Robes, Horse Blankets, and all kinds of Harness and Patent Leathers.
422 and 424 Battery Street, corner Washington, San Francisco.

---

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
**Commission Merchants,**
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
Liberal advances made on consignments.

---

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

---

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 309 SANSOME STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

---

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
404 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

---

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

---

THE
**AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,**
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.

---

**A. P. HOTALING & CO.**
429 to 437 Jackson St., sole agents for the J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky, "O. P. S.," "O. O. K.," "O K," "A No 1," "A." Established 1852.

---

Call and See the New Invention,
**MAGIC**
**WINDOW SCREEN**
AT 128 GEARY ST.
Solid comfort in the house, with the flies on the outside.
**W. LITTLE, Proprietor,**
CARPENTER, BUILDER.

---

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
**TILES**
For Decorations.
**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

---

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

---

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
**HENRY F. MILLER**
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
**HEMME & LONG**
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
**WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.**
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

---

**ICHI BAN**

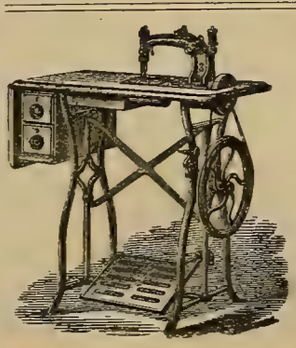
---

**WALL PAPER,**
Artistic Designs, American, French, and English. Cornice Poles and Fixtures. Sole Agents on Pacific Coast for LINCRUSTA WALTON, the new and indestructible Wall Decoration. Imitation Stained and Ground Glass, for residences, churches, etc. Frescoing and Interior Decorating a specialty.
WINDOW SHADES.
Samples and Estimates furnished on Application.
**G. W. CLARK & CO., 645 & 647 MARKET ST.**

---

SAFES MOVED.
W. B. WILSHIRE & Co.
**SAFES SCALES**
115 FRONT St. 95 FRONT St.
SAN FRANCISCO. PORTLAND OR.
BUY THE BEST.

---



Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

---

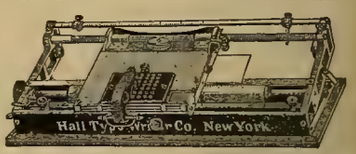
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE HOME INDUSTRY




---

**BEAUTIFUL SNOW**
FOR THE COMPLEXION!
This elegant preparation is the most perfect beautifier known, It is pure and harmless, delightful in its application, and wonderful in its effects, while the closest scrutiny fails to detect its use. Prepared by
**H. BOWMAN, Chemist, Oakland.**
For sale by all druggists.

---




**THE HALL TYPE-WRITER**
Awarded medal over Remington and Calligraph. Simple and durable. Weighs seven pounds in case. No inking ribbon. Interchangeable types of all kinds. Takes all sizes paper. Price, $40. Call and examine.
PACIFIC COAST AGENCY, ROOM 34, No. 125 CALIFORNIA STREET.
S. F. Office Empire Portable Forge Co. of Cohoes, N. Y.

---

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.


17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

---



THE STANDARD SILK OF THE WORLD
**YATES & CONKLIN,**
Sole Agents,
18 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

---

**JOHN MIDDLETON,**
**COAL.**
14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.

---

**REAL ESTATE.**
Fine Business and Residence Property in all parts of the city for sale by
**G. F. BOWMAN, 440 California St.**

---

**GERMEA**
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIV. NO. 20. SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 17, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: W. W. Stow and his Political Bureau—Both alike Destructive to the Best Interests of Society and the Republican Party—Its Mission to First make men Cowards, and then Slaves—Mr. Stow a Member of no Party—A Political Agent of Various Corporations—Money Invested in the Stow Bureau, to avoid Blackmail, Badly Invested—What the Corporations might have done to Avoid the Net of Mr. Stow—The Evil which the Successive Political Bosses have Wrought in this State—Stow's Attitude toward Republicans—Why he did not Open his Headquarters during the Extra Session of the Legislature—A Definition of the Man who never Bolts a Republican Nomination—Blaine's Delegates in the National Convention—Figures from Four Great Republican States—The Men who Assail Blaine's Public Character—His Strength in 1876, and again in 1880—A Man who is entirely free from the Prejudices of Religious Creed—The Anti-monopoly Democracy—Its possible Candidates and their past Careers—The Extra Session and its Grand Fizzle—Beaten Bosses of the Chivalry and the Shovelry—Governor Stoneman to come in for his Measure of Denunciation—A Party without Brains, Conscience, or an Honest Purpose—The proposed Aid for Fremont—His only Successful Achievement in Life—A Political and Military Failure..... 1–3

WAILING IN WALL STREET: The Grant & Ward Failure—Other Financial Wrecks—Theatrical Disasters—"Flaneur" Discusses the New York Situation..... 3

A MASSACHUSETTS MAN: How he met, impressed, and was impressed by a California Woman..... 4

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People..... 5

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: General Forrest and the Hungry Man from Arkansas—A Tale of the Father of the late General Washington..... 5

THE RAILROAD WORLD: George M. Pullman on Luxurious Cars—Some of the Railway Magnates and the way in which they Travel..... 5

SOCIETY: The Kirkham Party—The Leave-taking of H. R. H. Princess Like-Like—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip..... 6

BUBBLES: Some of Rhea's Robes—The Bad Young Man who took two Gay Lady Friends to the Theatre—The Plaint of a Party-goer—What a British Baronet thought of San Francisco Civic Shows—"Will o' the Wisp's" Reflections..... 7

CORRESPONDENCE: Hawaiian Leprosy—A San Franciscan in Mexico—The Documents in the Case..... 9

LITERARY NOTES: A Book about Candy—The Work of Two Local Authors—Announcements of New Publications—Miscellany..... 9

INTAGLIOS: "The Sleeping Beauty," by Beaumont and Fletcher—"A Vision of Beauty," by Ben Jonson—"Julia," by Robert Herrick—"The Bride," by Sir John Suckling—"Song," by Richard Lovelace—"There is a Garden in Her Face," by Richard Allison..... 9

OUR CHESS COLUMN: A New Problem—The London Tournament of 1883—Notes of Interest in the King of Games..... 9

SHADOWS AND VOICES: The Wraiths of Two Lovers and the Ghost of a Perfume—Part II..... 10

VANITY FAIR: The Smelling-bottle Craze—Nilsson at the New York Kirmess—The American Girl in the Eyes of an English Editor..... 11

STORYETTES: Webster vs. Webster—The Husband with the Small Foot—A Fly Physician—How She Got Even..... 11

THE INNER MAN: Culinary Scraps and Crumbs..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatres for the Week—Stage Gossip..... 14

The heraldic device of one of the great ducal families of France is a mountain, at the foot of which a laborer toils with his pick-ax in the attempt to level it. The motto is "Peu et Peu." There is in the politics of our State an iniquity which we have seen grow from a small beginning—a mere tumulus of dirt—until it is now a mountain in its proportions. With this number of the *Argonaut* we strike our pen at its base, and with the motto "little by little," with patience and perseverance, we mean to pick away until the political bureau of Mr. W. W. Stow is leveled, and until the gnome which hides in its recesses has not this quarry in which to bury itself and practice its devilries. The existence of a political bureau, the avowed purpose of which is to control the politics of an independent State, is a contravention of every principle of republican government. It can exist for no honorable purpose. In the interest of good morals it should be abated as an unendurable nuisance. With Mr. Stow we have no personal controversy. We simply denounce the occupation in which he is engaged as one inimical to the best interests of society, and destructive to the Republican party. No honorable man can entertain a just political ambition, with the hope of a successful public career, where such a bureau exercises power. It makes men first cowards, and then slaves. There is no apology for its existence. There is and can be no honest politics where it obtains acknowledged supremacy. It debauches every man who is compelled to submit himself to its embraces. This bureau has no politics, in the proper sense of that term. It belongs to no party. Mr. Stow belongs to no party. It is equally efficient in Democratic as Republican meddlement. It nominates Mr. Estee in the Republican party. It defeats Mr. George Hearst in the Democratic. It injures both, and is an insult to every gentleman, Republican or Democrat, who has the manliness to refuse to be controlled by a party boss. The very nature and purpose of this organization compel it to resort to all sorts of secret, under-hand manipulation. It is a secret society for a dishonest purpose. We do not charge it with bribery of courts or legislators. We do not charge it with criminal practices. But we assert that the very essence of its existence is secrecy, and the very essence of secrecy (in politics) is wickedness. We declare that it is, with us, an unalterable conviction that the modes of action to which any political bureau must resort for success can not be open, honest, or honorable. Mr. Stow has professed to be—and the community understands that he is—the political agent of certain corporations; that in certain exigencies he and his copartners are called upon to serve them. We are convinced that all the aid which any bureau of this character has ever rendered to any client, person, or corporation has been a thousand times over-balanced by the indirect—and we suppose we must admit—the unintentional injury worked by them. It is claimed by certain corporations, railroads, banks, and gas and water companies, that they have been compelled, in self-defense, to employ middle-men, lobbyists, attorneys, editors, and agents, to prevent them from being despoiled, blackmailed, and robbed. We can well understand this; but it is our opinion that if the balance were struck in dollars and cents, it would be found that every dollar paid through a political bureau, or to a professed lobbyist, for the avoidance of proposed hostile legislation, or to secure the election of a friendly judge, or of a partial legislator, or to promote the election of an impartial executive officer, has not only been money badly invested, but that the seed thus sown has produced a harvest of exactions. We have the confidence to believe that if, from the beginning and from principle, our corporations and wealthy men had resolved to resist all assaults upon them by the corrupt banditti of the lobby, their situation would be better to-day than it is. We believe that the very nature of a political bureau, organized to act as the agent of corporate wealth, incites attacks and blackmailing assaults, in order to make money by resisting them; and that the bureau involves its clients in meshes that it may obtain the credit and earn the profit of disentangling them. A political bureau would be a most unprofitable venture, would be altogether unnecessary, if there were not constant menace and constant peril overhanging the property which it is paid for defending. There is to-day no institution doing business with the people of this State which would not find itself in better condition, and in improved popular relations with the people of California, if it had never submitted to paying a dollar for political secret service. If Mr. Peter Donahue had never submitted himself to be squeezed by the lobby for account of the gas company; if no money had been paid by pilots; none by Mr. Howard of the water company; none by the stock board; none by the railroad people; none by anybody or any corporations—they would all be in better condition than they are now. Any honest enterprise, maintaining honorable relations with the public, can afford to throw itself full-breasted upon the community in which it lives; and, unless its promoters themselves demoralize it, may expect protection of the law, and may depend upon its just administration. There is no reason in the world why any business or commercial enterprise should not be in friendly relation with the Republican party. If the protection of a legitimate public enterprise can not be trusted to the Republican party, it can not be safely entrusted to a secret political bureau. The very existence and employment of a secret agency indicate either a lamentable condition of public morals, or that the business to be favored is not a legitimate one. We believe that the political morals of this State would now be upon a higher plane, that property would be more secure, and that rates of pilotage, prices of gas and water, costs of transportation, rates of passage, would all have been reduced if Tom Worbiss, General Estell, George Gorham, William Carr, William Higgins, James Gannon, John Mannix, Patrick Brady, Ezekiel Wilson, Napoleon Broughton, Christopher Buckley, and W. W. Stow had not been born, and the political bureaus of Gorham & Carr, Higgins & Gannon, Mannix & Brady, Christopher Buckley, and W. W. Stow had never existed. With none of these have we had party relations, except with Gorham and Carr, and more recently with Mr. Stow. The old firm has gone out of business, bankrupt and in disgrace. If we have not contributed to that result our life has been politically unprofitable. If we do not drive Mr. Stow to political insolvency, and compel him to close his bureau, our death will be premature, and we shall die deeply regretted by ourselves. With Mr. W. W. Stow's clients, or his engagements with them, we have no concern. Whether he is loyal to them does not in any way interest us; but with reference to his relations with the Republican party, to which we belong, and to which we are always loyal when it is loyal to itself, we have the right to write and to speak. We declare that it is a disgraceful attitude, the one which Mr. Stow assumes toward a great party. It is to the writer, and to every member of the Republican organization, a humiliation. It is a fact, and a discreditable one, that no gentleman in the Republican ranks in San Francisco, or in the most distant county, can hope to attain a nomination or an election for any position, or an appointment to any office, without becoming a suppliant to W. W. Stow. It is a most humiliating spectacle that no Legislature can hold its session, and no political convention assemble, at which Mr. Stow does not open a headquarters. That he closed his headquarters when Mr. Estee was nominated, that he did not open them at this extra session, may be explained if this article provokes a rejoinder. But in all the twenty-four years of Republican success there has been no time at which this man, or his predecessors in occupation, have not been openly active at Legislative sessions or at political conventions. There has been no campaign in which they have not figured. While other Republicans have toiled upon the stump and given their time and money in the open advocacy of the party, these men have from their "bureaus" pulled the strings, intrigued to put their parasites in office, conspired to secure officials they might control, and State Central and County Committees which they might manipulate. It has been a base, and contemptible, and dirty business. It has driven some of our most promising men out of public life. It has elevated men lacking intellect and integrity. Its tendency is to drag down and drive out of public life honest men, and to fill their places with knaves and parasites. This kind of politics never closes its eyes. The bureau never shuts its doors. It works when other men sleep. It organizes, and combines, and plots in such a way that the private individual can not hope to cope with it. It would not be so much a matter of complaint if Mr. Stow would confine himself to his clients; but it is unendurable that he should use the bureau machine for his own personal politics, and bring the forces of all his clients to punish an enemy or humiliate one who will not submit to his dictation. We deny ourselves the pleasure of going into details in this opening statement of a grievance which is not personal to ourselves. But we say this: we shall never again occupy such a position in a Republican convention that we shall not feel at liberty to expose fraud, if we know of its existence. The fear of hurting the party is never urged, except by the knaves who are engaged in the accomplishment of some dishonest intrigue. The man who has been in the Republican party of California for twenty-eight years; who has given his assent to all its acts, and never bolted a nomination:

has stood up to the party through thick and thin, and never cast his vote against a candidate, is a dense and imponderable fool, or a most consummate and conscienceless knave. The man who makes the admission probably lies; if he does not, he confesses either cowardice or crime.

A Legislature, composed of one hundred and twenty members, of which, in both houses, there are less than thirty Republicans, convened in extra session by a Democratic Governor. He, inspired to call through the urgency of only Democratic journals and politicians, the extra session approved by the Democratic State Central Committee, and by Democratic county committees throughout the State, can not well divide the responsibility of its results with the Republican party. The extra session was convened for the purpose of framing a party issue by which the Democracy might continue in power. It was to be in name "anti-monopoly," and it was to be in substance a raid upon railroads. The session was a wrangle from beginning to end—was a failure from the day of its opening. It never had an honest purpose, and it has fizzled out. It divides the Democracy upon the only issue it had in sight. Its Democratic members go home disappointed, humiliated, and angry. George Hearst has not captured the Senate, and has not beaten Farley. The chivalry have not gained a point against the Northern wing. Mr. Greathouse has not increased his reputation or established his influence as a party boss. Judge Wallace is not more likely to succeed General Miller in the United States Senate than if he had stayed at Santa Rosa and worried the railroad in the Colton case. Delmas has not gained increased reputation as a lawyer, nor acquired added credit for generosity in yielding a fee he had not earned. And Governor Stoneman will doubtless receive his full measure of denunciation for having done the very thing for which his party were vociferously clamorous. The Railroad Commissioners come out stainless from this Democratic mud volcano. The railroads are victorious over the small conspiracy of a small band of small politicians, and have demonstrated that among intelligent business men of wealth and enterprise there is no considerable feeling against the general management of railroad properties. We await, with patient expectation, the next blunder of the Democracy. It is a party, in this State, without brains, conscience, or an honest purpose. Its leaders and bosses are each more contemptible than the other. Its city politics is a wrangle between Chris Buckley, and bob ferral, and Johnny Murphy. Its rank and file is a mob of beetle-browed "chaws." A victory by the Republicans over the Democratic party, in the State of California and in the city of San Francisco, under its present organization and leadership, would be a victory for all there is of decency and respectability which is left in the Democratic organization.

The anti-monopoly Democracy, which used to masquerade as the working-man's friend and display at the head of its hand-bills the sinewy arm and the iron hammer of a stalwart worker, has for its probable Presidential candidate one of three persons—Tilden, Payne, and Flower. Samuel Tilden is a lawyer millionaire, whose fortune has been acquired in wrecking railroads and in the foreclosure of mortgages, by which honest investors have been robbed and swindled. Payne is a lawyer and petroleum millionaire, whose gains have been acquired in the questionable manipulations of the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Flower is a gentleman millionaire of inherited wealth, whose life of luxurious ease has been marred by no necessity of toil; and there is not a Democratic working Irishman in San Francisco who would not roar himself hoarse in whooping up either one of these millionaires as the working-man's friend. The Democracy loves "bar'ls" better than brawn.

Nothing has occurred since our last issue to disarrange the calculations made of delegates in the National Convention favorable to the nomination of Mr. Blaine. The strength of the political combination against him is not so strong as it was in 1876 or in 1880. We adverted in our last issue to the changed conditions of 1880 and 1884. So far as we are advised, Mr. Conkling will not be present at the coming convention. In 1880 he was the plumed leader of the invincibles, with Logan and Cameron holding a majority of the delegates from New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois as in a vise for Grant. So far we have heard nothing of Cameron, while Pennsylvania sends forty-eight votes for Blaine. If Logan is not the friend of Blaine, and is holding him as his second choice, he at least represents but Logan's candidacy, with fifty-six votes. Mr. Blaine is now within fifty-three votes, out of eight hundred and twenty, of a nomination on the first ballot. His strength comes from the strong Republican and generally the rural districts of the North—a vote not likely to falter. His strongest opponent—General Arthur—finds his largest vote in the South, office-holders and office-seekers—a vote very liable to falter and to change. During the last week General Grant has met with such a financial disaster that his presence is not likely at Chicago, nor his name a possible embarrassment, nor the activity of his friends to be apprehended. For the purpose of showing how Mr. Blaine's strength has increased since 1876 in four great Republican States, we give the following figures:

| | 1876. | 1880. | 1884. |
|---|---|---|---|
| New York | 0 | 17 | 29 |
| New Jersey | 13 | 16 | 14 |
| Pennsylvania | 0 | 23 | 48 |
| Ohio | 0 | 8 | 23 |
| | 13 | 64 | 114 |

Mr. Blaine's strength is the healthful growth of a long and active public life. This is the third time that he will have been prominently advanced for the Presidential nomination. He has twice been beaten by a combination of Washington officials; and now, for the third time, the rank and file of the Republican party has, without a boom, without excitement, and in full knowledge of every charge which can be brought against him, presented his name as their choice for President of the United States. When these facts are considered, it will be seen that the success of a third combination against him and a third dark horse will be found to be a barren victory. We call attention also to the fact that it is from the New England States (except Maine) and from the city of New York (not the State) that most of this opposition comes. It is from New York city and New England journals that all the assaults against Mr. Blaine come. It may not be unprofitable to remind the very excellent gentlemen who assault Mr. Blaine, under the guise of superior patriotism, superior virtue, and under shadow of a loftier integrity and a godlier goodness than ought to characterize any honest and honorable public man, that Mr. Blaine has been a long time in public life, that all the charges against him have been brought under the calcium light of investigation by his open and his secret enemies, and that the Republican rank and file—not lacking in intelligence—have given these charges consideration, and have dismissed them from their minds as "not proven"—if proven, not reaching the dignity of even "misdemeanors," and barred by the statute of limitations as stale, old, profitless slanders which have served the purpose of vilification, and ought now to be relegated to the pigeon-holes of the editors and politicians who have twice used them at national conventions. The delegates of New England and New York, and the editors of New England and New York, ought to be reminded that they should permit the country west of the Alleghanies to have a voice in national affairs once in twelve years. They ought to be reminded that in political parties, if the majority is not allowed to rule once in three times, there is danger of a revolt within the lines. To illustrate the strength of Mr. Blaine's candidacy in 1876 and in 1880, and to compare it with his present strength, we print the following:

| *States.* | 1876. | 1880. |
|---|---|---|
| Alabama | 15 | 1 |
| California | 9 | 12 |
| Connecticut | .. | 3 |
| Delaware | 6 | 6 |
| Florida | 4 | .. |
| Georgia | 5 | 8 |
| Illinois | 38 | 10 |
| Indiana | .. | 26 |
| Iowa | 22 | 22 |
| Kansas | 10 | 6 |
| Kentucky | .. | 1 |
| Louisiana | 2 | 2 |
| Maine | 14 | 14 |
| Maryland | 16 | 7 |
| Michigan | 8 | 21 |
| Minnesota | 10 | .. |
| Massachusetts | 5 | .. |
| Mississippi | .. | 4 |
| Missouri | 14 | .. |
| Nebraska | 6 | 6 |
| Nevada | .. | 6 |
| New Hampshire | 7 | 10 |
| New Jersey | 13 | 16 |
| New York | .. | 17 |
| North Carolina | 9 | .. |
| Ohio | .. | 9 |
| Oregon | 6 | 6 |
| Pennsylvania | .. | 23 |
| Rhode Island | 2 | 8 |
| Tennessee | 4 | 6 |
| Texas | 2 | 2 |
| Vermont | 1 | .. |
| Virginia | .. | 3 |
| West Virginia | .. | 8 |
| Wisconsin | .. | 7 |
| *Territories.* | | |
| Arizona | .. | 2 |
| Colorado | 6 | .. |
| Dakota | .. | 1 |
| District of Columbia | .. | 1 |
| Idaho | 2 | 2 |
| Montana | 2 | 2 |
| New Mexico | 2 | 2 |
| Utah | 2 | 1 |
| Washington | 2 | 2 |
| Wyoming | .. | 1 |
| Total | 244 | 284 |

The following table indicates the States from which the delegates for Mr. Blaine have been chosen. It will be interesting for the reader to consider the above table in comparison with the votes of the two preceding conventions. Alabama gave Blaine fifteen in 1876. Why not do it again? In 1880, Indiana gave him twenty-six votes, this year only ten; the other sixteen are compromised with home candidates—Harrison and Gresham. When these have been complimented, why will not the Indiana delegation be solid for Blaine? Iowa has four votes to add, Michigan three. If he has gained six votes in Kentucky, five in Maryland, sixteen in Missouri, four in North Carolina, six in Texas, five in the Virginias, since the last convention, why may he not hope for further additions from the Southern delegations? The omission of Illinois from the Blaine column is significant. It was over the Illinois delegation that the fight was made four years ago, and the unit rule broken. Is it possible that from all the Illinois districts Mr. Blaine has no friend? A "solid" delegation for him after compliments to General Logan is more probable. If Mr. Blaine is not nominated at this time, then the "nigger" delegates and the postmasters of the South will display an impregnable rock of political virtue, against which the waves of official temptation have surged in vain. The following are Blaine delegates in the convention of 1884:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Alabama | 8 | New England (including Maine, 14) | 20 |
| Arkansas | 14 | New York | 29 |
| California | 16 | North Carolina | 4 |
| Colorado | 6 | Ohio | 23 |
| Delaware | 6 | Oregon | 6 |
| Florida | 4 | Pennsylvania | 48 |
| Indiana | 10 | Texas | 8 |
| Iowa | 18 | Virginia | 6 |
| Kansas | 12 | West Virginia | 10 |
| Kentucky | 8 | Wisconsin | 10 |
| Maryland | 12 | Arizona | 2 |
| Michigan | 18 | New Mexico | 2 |
| Minnesota | 7 | Dakota | 2 |
| Mississippi | 2 | Washington | 2 |
| Missouri | 16 | | |
| Nebraska | 9 | Total | 358 |
| Nevada | 6 | | |
| New Jersey | 14 | | |

We do not permit ourselves to entertain a doubt of the nomination of Mr. Blaine upon the first real ballot of the convention. There may be a skirmish line of courtesy in which some States will deploy a portion of their delegates for a complimentary vote to local "sons." Three hundred and fifty-eight delegates will open fire in earnest at the word; in line will be found a solid Pacific Coast delegation. In our judgment, enough will fall in after the first scare to be entitled to claim loot after the victory is won.

And now we come, a little unwillingly, to the discussion of a question in connection with Mr. Blaine which we would rather avoid—avoid, because we regard the discussion unnecessary and untimely; unnecessary, because time and again has the question been mooted and explained, and there is nothing of it. The question of Mr. Blaine's Roman Catholicism would be an important one in connection with his candidacy for the Presidency of the United States if there was the million-millionth of a chance that in the discharge of the duties of that great office he would bring to their performance a brain, a conscience, or a patriotism which is, or has been, or ever will be, liable to be tinged with ecclesiasticism, or favoritism toward the Roman Church, or toward any church. If there were the ten-thousand-millionth fraction of a possibility that Mr. Blaine ever had, or ever would have, by inheritance or education, such religious views as would make him weigh a semi-colon of the American Constitution against all the decrees of the Vatican, or the toe-nail of an American pound-keeper against the entire body of the Apostolic Succession, we would advise our readers to vote against that possibility. If there were anything in Mr. Blaine's religion, or want of religion, which would tend to make him violate the spirit of our Constitutional government; allow "Church" to have any connection with "State," or tend to place the civil authority of our government in such position that ecclesiasticism or the spiritual authority of the Papacy could throw a shadow across it, we would burn the *Argonaut* before we would allow Mr. Blaine's name to be suggested as a possible candidate for the Presidency. But the editor of the *Argonaut* is not a fanatic or a fool; and he is not at all impressed with the anonymous letters he receives, or the anonymous pamphlets spread in conventions, or the whispered fears of fools, or the poetry of cranky women, that Mr. Blaine is a Romanist in disguise. Mr. Blaine is nothing in disguise. If he had been a Romanist he would have been a priest; if he had been a priest, he would now be a cardinal; and, instead of being a candidate for President, he would be running for Pope, as successor to Leo XIII.; and would probably have run him a close shave for the papal chair when Pius IX. passed in through the golden gate and passed out the golden keys. This may be a good time for us to say again what we have said an hundred times before, that we have no fear of Roman Catholicism, and no prejudice against any man of sense and conscience because he is a Roman Catholic. There are two kinds of Romanists in the United States of America: one is an prejudiced, bigoted, illiberal fool and knave combined, who regards the Church, the Pope, and the priesthood as clothed with power entitling them to exercise civil authority over our government, in which they have no recognized existence, and in which they are clothed with no other or higher power than that which belongs to any corporation or individual pursuing a special industry. This kind of Roman Catholic is almost universally a foreign-born individual, is usually an Irishman of late importation, and is usually by us designated as the "Pope's political Irish." He votes as his priest dictates, and always for the Democratic party. He is in one sense a good citizen; he will work. He is not as good a citizen as a mule, because a

mule works and never attempts to vote. He riots at times, as a mule at times stampedes. From this class of Romanists there is no danger. A free school-house and a free press is a sure guaranty of the emancipation of the second generation from all this nonsense. There is another—smaller—class of highly educated, intelligent persons of foreign and native birth, who, holding to the general doctrines, the faith, and the discipline of the Roman Catholic Church, do not recognize the authority of Rome to interfere in the civil affairs of our country. They regard the Pope as an ecclesiastical power clothed with spiritual authority, with a right to interpret to them in matters of faith and doctrine. With these Catholics we have no quarrel, against them no prejudice, and of them no fear. With the Romanist who will mind his own business, and keep out of our politics the spiritual end of his nose, we have no controversy. The early Catholic history of our country will compare favorably with some phases of Puritanism. There are many Roman Catholic gentlemen and ladies in San Francisco and California with whom we hope we shall never have cause of serious disagreement. We shall always claim the privilege of laughing at their miracles; and whenever an artful girl plays the "stigmata" upon some of our more credulous priests; whenever a bishop draws sacred soup from the thigh-bone of a sixteen-hundred-year dead saint; or if the Virgin Mary should ever genuflect upon the gable end of the old adobe church at the Mission Dolores; or the waters at Paso Robles or Paraiso Springs ever perform the miracle of growing a new leg for Joe Eldridge, or send bobby ferral to Congress—we shall claim the privilege of questioning the thaumaturgic wonder. With the right of any persons to exercise free consciences, to believe what they may, and to practice such religion as they may choose to profess, we shall not interfere just exactly as long as they do not interfere with our politics or our freedom to differ. One side of Blaine's ancestry was Presbyterian, one side was Catholic. His father's race was Protestant through many generations of native birth in Pennsylvania. His mother's ancestry, the Griswold family, were Catholics of native birth. We print a letter from Mr. Blaine that went the round of journalism twelve years ago, and again eight years ago, and is doubtless to be again set upon its travels to catch the lie sent out by some of the conspirators to defeat his nomination twelve years ago. We commend this letter to the careful and honest consideration of level-headed men, and ask them to ask themselves whether it is not a complete and satisfactory explanation of this whole business:

WASHINGTON, March 10, 1876.—My Dear Friend: I agree with you that the charge of my being a Catholic is very provoking, considering the motive that inspires it, and very exasperating when I see it connived at, if not in fact originated, by men who sat with me in Presbyterian Bible-class when I was a student and you a professor in Washington College. This charge is part and parcel of the tactics of the Cameron gang to rob me of the Pennsylvania delegates, when, in fact, four-fifths of the Republicans of the State desire my nomination. My ancestors on my father's side were, as you know, always identified with the Presbyterian Church, and they were prominent and honored in the old colony of Pennsylvania several generations before the Camerons blessed Scotland by leaving it. But while thanking you for what you have done to set my Pittsburg friends right on this question, I will never consent to make any public declaration upon the subject, and for two reasons: First, because I abhor the introduction of anything that looks like a religious test or qualification for office in a republic, where perfect freedom of conscience is the birthright of every citizen: and, second, because my mother was, as you well know, a devoted Catholic. I would not for a thousand Presidencies speak a disrespectful word of my mother's religion, and no pressure will draw me into any avowal of hostility or unfriendliness to Catholics, though I have never received and do not expect any political support from them. You are at liberty to show this to the gentleman who urged you to write to me. Many thanks for your kind invitations, but I can hardly promise myself the pleasure of a visit to Western Pennsylvania this spring. You know, however, that a large part of my heart is in the Monongahela Valley. Always sincerely your friend, J. G. BLAINE.

Dr. James King, Pittsburg.

The soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic complain of the churches, and not without cause, that they desecrate their Sabbath of Decoration Day by the organizing of picnics and other country excursions. The Methodist Church is prominent in this movement, some eight congregations taking advantage of this legal holiday for a country jaunt. This decoration of the graves of dead soldiers is a sentiment which carries with it a feeling of patriotism and religion. Around the graves of those who died in defense of their country may be taught a higher and a holier doctrine than usually comes from a Sunday pulpit discourse. Out of the proper celebration of Decoration Day there is a lesson of patriotism and love of country of incalculable value to the young generation, born since the war, which the churches ought not to disregard. This is rapidly becoming a national holiday, and the time will come when to decorate the graves of all our loved ones will be of universal observance. If the preachers and the churches draw themselves aside from this movement for a May-day frolic, they will disassociate themselves from ceremonies where, if there is anything in religion, they properly belong.

## WAILING IN WALL STREET.

"Flaneur" Discusses New York Bank Failures and Stock Depressions.

The sensation caused by the failure of James R. Keene was nothing compared to that occasioned by the suspension of the Marine Bank and the financial collapse of its President, James D. Fish. While Mr. Keene's affairs were all known to be more or less insecure, Mr. Fish's fortune was supposed to be as stable as that of the Astors. The reputation and fame of the President of the Marine Bank was purely local. He was little known outside of New York, but was very well known at home. He was not a man of extraordinary personal attractions of any sort, but with the instincts and habits of a spendthrift. His tastes did not run to yachts, fast horses, or palaces, but in a much more dangerous direction—to late suppers, with the various people and things which contribute to their success.

Mr. Fish was never so happy as when edging his way behind the scenes, and as his generosity and wealth were well known in the profession, he had little difficulty in forming various friendships with women of the stage. He lived in magnificent style over the Marine Bank, in the lower part of New York. There is not a pretentious dwelling-house within a mile of his rooms. After nightfall the locality is given over to the police, night watchmen, and such stragglers as venture into the lower part of the city after nightfall just to see what the business section of the town looks like after business has suspended. Mr. Fish's rooms were magnificently furnished, and were the scene of many of the late suppers which have caused the President of the Marine Bank to be so much talked about in New York. Among his many other investments, Mr. Fish included the Casino. He was one of the first men who went into the enterprise, and he gladly loaned money to the concern when it was in need of it. The result was that in the course of time he had a mortgage of one hundred thousand dollars on the building, which he subsequently acquired. Almost every night in the week was spent by Mr. Fish and his friends in the Casino, where they were as well known to the audience as to the chorus girls.

The difficulties which have brought about the downfall of Mr. Fish seem largely due to his real estate transactions, which were of enormous extent. He has dragged down with him the firm of Grant & Ward, and great sympathy is expressed about the condition of ex-President Ulysses S. Grant. It was generally supposed, when the failure was announced yesterday, that General Grant's entire fortune had been sunk in his firm, but it has since been learned that the two hundred and fifty thousand dollar trust fund, which was made up by the citizens here as a testimonial to General Grant, still remains intact. It is quite likely that the General can continue to rub along on this quarter of a million until something turns up.

The failure has had the effect of directing attention to the kind of business done by General Grant, his three sons, Mr. Fish, and Ferdinand Ward, who compose the firm. As near as can be found out, they seemed to be joined in a sort of blind pool, which existed solely on account of the alleged great political influence of ex-President Grant. People came forward and gave the firm money for investment, firmly convinced that they would receive heavy returns. Nobody knew how they were to come in, but it was supposed that the General would use the political influence he had to obtain certain advantages for municipal and national contracts. It now turns out that the firm borrowed money at a ruinous rate of interest, and with it bought contracts below the usual figures. These contracts were sold by the contractors at a slight reduction because they feared that they might not be passed by the Federal or city authorities without some cutting. General Grant's firm took the risk of getting the contracts through at the full figures, and depended thereon for their profits. It was rather a precarious business. It is very likely that the firm will begin operations again, however, and it may be that the publicity which has been given to their misfortunes will serve to advertise their business advantageously.

The depression in stocks continues, and the recent failures have intensified the insecure feeling of financial men. The effect of the continual shrinkage of values for the past two years is seen in the failures of the past week, and shrewd Wall Street men are extremely blue. People may say that William H. Vanderbilt knew nothing about Wall Street affairs, but it is to be remembered that he knew enough to get out of the market a year ago, when he sold everything at a profit. He drives up the road now with an easy indifference as to the condition of the stock market, and feels more or less sympathy for the other millionaires who stayed in and have been slowly engulfed.

The financial world is occupying a good deal of attention recently. As an instance, observe the great hullabaloo caused by the moving of the produce brokers from their old to the new Exchange. Their new building cost three million dollars, and is, on the whole, the most prominent structure in New York city. It rises to an amazing height, and spreads all over the block. The produce men gave a reception at which there were three or four thousand people, had a riot next day when they moved to their new stand, and left their old building in a blaze of glory. The men who invested in seats in the Exchange are now congratulating themselves. Only a short time ago they could be bought for four or five hundred dollars, and now they are worth as many thousands. The rivalry which is beginning to exist between the Stock and Produce Exchanges is becoming more bitter every day—that is, on the part of the produce men. The members of the Stock Exchange pretend to look upon their neighbors with more or less contempt, but the produce men say that theirs is the winning fight in the end. They don't deal in paper securities but in actual staples, and their financial outlook is as good as that of the Stock Exchange. A great deal of this talk is due to their having moved into the building.

Pretty Marie Burroughs has quite recovered from her illness, and has gone on to Chicago to join "The Rajah" company. She made a success in "Alpine Roses," and built up her reputation rapidly. The beastly weather, however, which has floored everybody recently, caught her in the end, and she was obliged to give up playing, and put herself under a physician's care. She was ill for several weeks. With careful nursing she recovered, and will, before long, appear in San Francisco. Miss Burroughs lived in Twenty-ninth Street. She was very much worshiped while here, but did not go about at all, and made but few acquaintances. When she began to convalesce it was observed by shrewd and probably interested men that a prosperous and kindly looking man, who wore a soft felt hat and presented the general aspect of a Western millionaire, called upon her frequently, and drove her through the park. It is not known who he is, but he is more bitterly hated just now than any other man in New York by the select contingent of first-nighters who fell in love with Miss Burroughs on her first appearance in New York.

Still another pretty actress has been unfortunate. Florence Gerard, who came over here from England with Charles Coghlan, when he was engaged by Stetson, made quite a hit in light comedy acting. She is very pretty and graceful, and her photographs are almost as well known as Ellen Terry's. One of her best hits was made in with Harry Dixey in an imitation of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, in the "Merchant of Venice," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Subsequently she played "Confusion" with Mr. Dixey in the Fifth Avenue Company, and made one of the successes of the season. The same treacherous spring which brought about Miss Burrough's illness is responsible for the misfortunes of Miss Gerard. She looked out of her window before she went to the theatre for rehearsal one day a few weeks ago, thought it was a pleasant day, and tripped gayly down the steps of her house toward the street. It was one of the deceptive spring days. Miss Gerard slipped on the ice and injured her right knee. She went back in her house and sent word to her manager, John Stetson, that she was too seriously injured to play. Stetson, in the gruff and imperious manner which has now made him notorious, sent word that she could come at once or forfeit her position. She went to the theatre, played that night, and the exertion caused a serious lameness, which has since sent her to the hospital. It is said that she will not be out again for several months, and the physicians fear that they will have to amputate the limb. I wonder if Stetson is liable.

Mr. Mansfield has had another quarrel. In fact, he has had two more; and the immediate result is his dismissal or resignation from the Bijou Opera Company, and the substitution of Jaques Kruger in his place. As a "kicker" Mr. Mansfield has not a peer in the profession. He has more quarrels than any other ten actors in the country combined. The effect of his withdrawal from Bijou has been to shove Kruger into prominence. This quaint and valuable comedian will be a more famous man than Nat Goodwin, Mr. Mansfield, or Harry Dixey before long. Besides, he does not kick. Mr. Mansfield's first row occurred with Max Freeman, the manager of the Bijou Opera Company. Mr. Mansfield was attending an initial rehearsal, in a gorgeous spring suit of clothes, patent-leather boots, and single eye-glass. The stage-manager gave him some hurried instructions in the course of the rehearsal, which Mr. Mansfield considered impertinent on the part of the stage-manager. Therefore he screwed his glass into his left eye, looked solemnly at Mr. Freeman, and haughtily demanded an apology. Mr. Freeman laughed, and made a remark not calculated to soothe the irascible spirit of Mansfield. A moment later they were both shaking their fists in each other's faces. They were parted, and peace reigned for nearly half an hour, when Mr. Mansfield ran against the manager of the theatre and engaged in another row. The managers mopped their foreheads, said it was too much, drew a check, and this ended the reign of Richard Mansfield at the Bijou Theatre.

"Blue Beard," which has just been brought out at the Bijou, presents a lot of extremely pretty women, in costumes which are of extraordinary simplicity, gravity, and scantiness. They wear as few garments as the law will allow. In fact, they wear fewer. This will make a great success of "Blue Beard." When Miles & Barton produced "Orpheus and Eurydice," they depended upon the precariously clothed girls who made up the cast for their success. They were enormously successful. Then they sent the pretty girls away, and produced "La Vie" with a lot of middle-aged women and talented men. It was a failure. Now they have gone back to pretty girls again, and a crowd is continually at the doors.

A sensational paragraph is going around about the contributions to Mr. Abbey's benefit of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt and Miss Caroline Astor. It is said that in the whole list of gifts, Mr. Vanderbilt's check for four thousand was the highest and Miss Astor's for forty dollars was the lowest. It is therefore concluded that Miss Astor is very much more careful with her wealth than Mr. Vanderbilt. I wonder who originated the story, and what reason they have to suppose for an instant that Miss Caroline Astor would send Mr. Abbey a check for any amount, forty dollars or otherwise? She has nothing whatever to do with Mr. Abbey or any of his entertainments. Her mother and her aunt both have boxes at the new Opera House, and the boxes are in the name of her father and her uncle. Each of the Astors contributed a generous sum to the fund of Mr. Abbey. And the statement that Miss Caroline Astor—who is yet a girl in her teens—sent a pitiful forty dollars is preposterous.

I doubt if any girl in New York is so closely, carefully, and severely guarded as the hundred millionairess of the Astors. She is the only unmarried daughter in the whole family, and she is of a singularly retiring and modest disposition. She is not gifted with great physical beauty, and is small in stature. Mrs. Astor is extremely conventional, and her daughter's conduct is as carefully watched and her movements as thoroughly discussed as though she were a princess. She is richer, by the way, than any princess in the world, and it may be taken for considerable fact, that she does not spend her income in forty-dollar checks to theatrical managers. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, May 7, 1884.

Italy's warmest city is Palermo, next Naples, then Genoa, then Rome. Rome is much the coldest

## A MASSACHUSETTS MAN.

**How he Met, Impressed, and was Impressed by a California Woman.**

I.

He saw her the first time in a Mission Street car, and his impressions were not prepossessing. There was something too imperious in the quick wave of her hand as she signaled the car, and her very step was positive and aggressive. The perfect health which blossomed in her cheek, sparkled in her eye, and revealed itself in the easy carriage of a firmly molded figure, in his sight possessed an element of unlady-like audacity.

David Woodbury had been in San Francisco only a fortnight, but he had already made up his mind, with the swift decision which sometimes characterizes Massachusetts men, that he did not admire the women of California. They were an innovation upon the type of womankind to which he had been accustomed. The women of his family and of his acquaintance had all partaken, more or less, of a certain delicate, spiritual cast, not uncommon among old New England families. He reflected now, with an invalid's fretful persistency, that he could not recall one who had even remotely approached the buoyant health and generous physique of this girl.

For he was an invalid. His stalwart form and iron muscles had proved of no avail to resist the pitiless onslaught of hereditary disease, and the deceptive flush upon his cheek was but the presage of decay. Yet he had, so far, attained only the interesting stage of a sick man's existence, when the tender sympathy and concern of friends create a subtile separation between him and the outside world, and the nerves are easily jarred by contact with the unaccustomed or unexpected.

Lost in reflection, he failed to observe that a gray-haired woman, meanly clad and carrying a heavy bundle, had entered the car, and stood leaning wearily against the door. The car was closely packed from front to rear. There seemed a singular lack of the customary gallantry which appears to be a second nature to most Californians. Several newspapers were lifted higher, to shut out the appealing glance from their readers' lines of vision; a few men gazed stolidly through the windows. Several well-dressed women, occupying seats, smiled in a superior way.

There was a swift movement opposite. David Woodbury raised his eyes to see the old woman gently urged into the seat the young lady had vacated, and to be himself included in a scornful glance which swept the car from end to end.

Other men obstinately retained their seats in a very laudable effort to maintain consistency, but this Massachusetts man, feeling an obligation to vindicate his own gentility, in defiance of his bodily infirmities arose and tendered his seat to the combative young woman. The courtesy was firmly repulsed.

"You must take my seat. I can not allow you to stand," he had said, clumsily enough.

"I would not deprive myself of the pleasure for the world," returned the girl. The voice was a surprise—musical and vibrating, with intonations that he had been accustomed to associate with ideas of refinement and culture. But he at once realized that he had blundered. This dauntless creature, with the self-consciousness characteristic of Western girls, had promptly attributed his courtesy to the influence of her charms. He writhed beneath the consciousness all the more because of his utter inability to defend himself. The very triviality of the episode rendered him powerless.

The recollection of this vexatious incident still pursued him six months later, when he returned from the Sandwich Islands, his fair skin tanned and burned by a tropical sun, but with health restored, and ready for a season of relaxation before returning to New England. He was at an evening party one night in March, conversing idly with a lady acquaintance, when his attention was attracted by a couple who had entered the room and stood chatting with the hostess. He saw a dignified elderly gentleman in the undress of a military officer, and on his arm a queenly girl who might have stepped from some old-time picture. A shimmering robe of rich texture was draped with classic elegance about the graceful form; not a scrap of lace or patch of velvet marred the beauty of the costume; but in the folds of filmy tulle which crossed the bosom a cluster of eglantine roses was hidden. A single diamond, in a setting of antique silver, gleamed like a star amid the waves of her abundant brown hair, and in her hand she carried a curious inlaid fan.

David Woodbury's sensation was one of positive delight. With returning strength had come a new *appreciation* of the royalty of health, and he reveled in this picture of perfect womanhood. He thought of his sister, who had a mild enthusiasm for art, and for its sake loved the beautiful in nature, and wished she stood by his side that moment, and could feast her eyes on the scene before him: the lofty room, with its rich appointments, not more costly than tasteful, the wealth of tropical plants and blossoms making the air heavy with perfume, and in the foreground a glittering constellation, with this superb figure for its central sun.

"That is General Langdon and his daughter Stella," whispered his friend. "His wife died three years ago, leaving two daughters, one a mere baby. They say Stella's devotion to her little sister is something beautiful to behold. But come—let me introduce you."

The girl looked at him in calm scrutiny as he bowed before her. "I have met Mr. Woodbury before—in a street-car," she said, gravely.

An under-current of satire cut like a two-edged sword. To have attempted excuse or explanation would have appeared like the consciousness of guilt. His thoughts turned back to their old channel. The elegant simplicity of her dress he regarded as a bid for notoriety. Her unconventional manner received his mental condemnation. Observing how neatly she parried all attemps at familiarity on the par of her admirers, he reflected that the women in society he had been bred had no need of parrying approaches. The air of icy reserve in which they themselves was impregnable.

During ensuing weeks he met her frequently, but his original conception of her character remained essentially unchanged. He told himself that she was a gay, brilliant girl, always cheerful and animated; but dwelling altogether in the shallows of life, like others of her class.

One morning these opinions received a shock and a surprise. Turning down Pacific Street, after an early stroll on Russian Hill, he encountered Stella Langdon going down town on a forenoon shopping campaign such as young and stylish women affect, he inwardly decided. He joined her, and they were soon launched upon an idle discussion of plans for the coming season. As they progressed down the hill, they came to a quarter whose dingy and rickety abodes proclaimed the poverty of its denizens. Sauntering carelessly along, Miss Langdon suddenly bent over two children rather more ragged and dirty than the average of the street. Her face grew tender and pitiful as she questioned the little people, and, after a brief parley, bearing the viler of the two urchins aloft in her arms, she disappeared down a dark alley-way. Her companion halted a moment irresolute; then, realizing that he was for the time completely forgotten, with a compassionate smile for the freaks of San Francisco women, he continued his progress down town.

II.

The little land and sea-locked port of San Pedro is oddly situated. Where the water has in past ages hollowed a crescent from the cliffs and then receded, years ago a little village was founded. Two miles north, on the crest of the cliffs, the last battle between the Mexicans and United States soldiers took place, and in a ghoulish grave-yard, far from any habitation, repose the bones of the slain of one army, while out in the bay, on a rocky eminence called Dead Man's Island, the dead of the defeated warriors found their sepulchre. One by one these graves have been rifled of their contents by the encroachment of the resistless waves, until only a couple now remain, with a snowy cross above to mark their burial place. Half a mile to the south is another long, low stretch of land, with shores of glittering white sand, studded with curious pebbles and strewn with shells, to which a little steamer daily plies, as well as to the distant mountainous islands, rising like pale blue clouds far out upon the ocean, where earth and sky appear to meet.

The little modern town of San Pedro nestles in the crescent-shaped hollow facing the sea, with precipitous cliffs rising like steep walls in its rear, and embracing it north and south almost to the water's edge. The entire village lies so low that a tidal-wave of modest dimensions could with one mighty surge obliterate it from the face of the earth. But its quiet inhabitants dwell on in peaceful security, and many restless city people find in the quaint spot, so shut off from the everyday world, the repose and isolation which they annually seek as salvation from the wear and tear of petty cares. And so it has come to pass that every summer finds the homely little cottages overflowing with city guests, and the low ground at the north angle of the crescent and fronting the sea is dotted with gay tents all the season.

Here it chanced that one day in August, when the waves were lapping the shore with a sleepy surge, Stella Langdon and David Woodbury encountered each other. She was sunning herself on the sand, while her little sister built a mimic fortress by her side. A book lay untouched in the girl's lap, for the book of Nature spread out before her was infinitely more enchanting.

He reverted at once to the occasion when last they met, for, struggling against the growing admiration he felt for this girl, with all the perversity of an obstinate man he had converted even that incident into an argument against her.

"Miss Langdon, pray enlighten me. Of what philanthropic society are you a director?"

"Of none, sir." There was unmistakable surprise and inquiry in her voice. But he went on in a quizzical way:

"Then you are one of the hard-working members who do not accept office, but preside over committees, and inaugurate fairs and carnivals—all for the purpose of enticing from the pockets of an unwilling public money for the support of establishments which are mere hot-beds for criminals and paupers."

"I do not understand you, sir." Her lips tightened and her eyes sparkled with a dangerous light.

"Be honest. In the interest of what reformatory institution did you pursue that wretched little beggar we encountered on Pacific Street a month or two ago?"

"Mr. Woodbury, did you notice the condition of that child? When I took hold of her emaciated arm it seemed as if it would melt away in my grasp. Did you see the cruel blows the older child was raining upon her? And do you think a woman could pass by such a sight? I wish you had seen that home as I did. Two miserable rooms for a father and mother and seven children. The woman was at the wash-tub, and when I told her why I had picked up the little mite, she burst out crying, telling her troubles in such a discouraged way that it made one's heart ache. The oldest boy and girl were at school, and there are five little ones—the youngest an infant at the breast, the next that sickly baby, and the oldest the seven-year-old boy in whose care she had placed it that morning."

"Where was the father?"

"He is only a poor laborer—sober and hard-working, she assured me; but his work is not steady, and his small wages are insufficient for their support. So the poor little things had to be neglected and sent out on the street to get the sunshine, while the mother toils away at home, or sometimes went out with her baby to do a day's cleaning. The tiny girl we saw had been suffering with a severe cough for six months, and they could do nothing for her but watch her fade away before their eyes."

"What did you advise?"

"I persuaded them to take the little one to the Children's Hospital, where I have a friend—and a noble, good woman she is—who is a director. There the little thing was put straight to bed, as she needed to be, and nursed day and night, as she could never have been at home."

"With what result?"

"I have a letter to-day from the matron, who tells me my patient has grown plump as a partridge, and will be discharged in three weeks more, completely cured. The father has procured steady work in the country, and takes his family there this week. Let us change the subject. Do you go in bathing?"

"No; I am afraid"——

"Of stingarees?" She laughed merrily, and before he could finish his explanation somebody had come up and swept her off on a search for sea ferns, whose delicate fronds were borne in by the tide.

He stood for an instant, irresolute. Two crushing revelations dawned upon him in that moment. He had learned to appreciate at last this noble, sympathetic woman; and he knew, by a swift, unerring intuition, that she despised him. He asked himself what else he could have expected. A man irreverent of age, indifferent to the sufferings of childhood, and, above all, a coward! He summed up his credentials with a bitter laugh, as he flung himself down on the beach.

After this passage-at-arms they mutually avoided each other. Save when they met face to face, they never exchanged a glance of recognition. Yet both were resolved to conclude the season at San Pedro. One day Miss Langdon rode down to Wilmington, to take the train for Los Angeles. She left her little sister in the care of friends at the beach, with many charges and cautions, which the child promised to heed.

Early that afternoon David Woodbury wandered along at the foot of the cliffs, chipping away at the rocks with a small pick he carried. He was something of an amateur geologist, and there were some singular, amber-like crystals imbedded in the rocks, which he had determined to subject to microscopic analysis. Absorbed in his task, he was aroused by the sound of a lady's voice close by:

"What is it fluttering on the top of that rock, Henry? Is it a bird? Give me that glass, and let me see."

"No, my dear; my eyes are better than yours. I will look. By heavens! it is a child!"

A little child out on a narrow point of rocks, with a surging sea all around, and the tide coming in! Every one understood how it must have happened, recalling the chain of moss-grown rocks that lifted their heads above the sea at the ebbing of the tide, and over which the more venturous had sometimes clambered, but every vestige of which was now effaced by the sea. The few men about stood dazed at the sight. No boat could make a passage of those sharp and treacherous rocks, and strong swimmers dared not breast the pitiless swell of the tide, maddened to fury by its rocky barriers.

One man set his teeth grimly together at the sight. Years ago, in his college days he had been a daring swimmer. Once before he had breasted just such a sea to reach a boat which had overturned with three men. As David Woodbury threw off his coat, he remembered the parting admonition of his Hawaiian physician:

"You are all right now, my boy; but guard vigilantly against any sudden shock or violent exercise of any kind."

He mustered all the nerve within him to meet and bear without recoil the plunge into the boiling element. Once breasting the waves, his old strength came back, and he battled with a vigor he had never known before. Flung now against some cruel rocks, which bruised his limbs or tore his hands; now sucked down by some eddying current, which all his strength only sufficed to conquer; now faint with the shock of some mighty incoming breaker, he reached, at last, the rock where a little girl clung in fright, and took her in his arms and soothed her till her wild sobs ceased. He bethought himself then of what he had not recalled before—that between this rock and the breakwater, which afforded a safe retreat to shore, lay a comparatively open stretch of sea. And so, plunging again into the water, carefully supporting the little one, but swimming with long, masterly strokes, he bore his precious burden safely, at last, to shore.

As he stepped upon the beach, Stella Langdon met him with outstretched arms. Silently he placed the child within them, and she received it without a word; but he was strangely stirred by the one full look that fell from her brown eyes like a benison upon him. A hero in dripping garments, he stood among the idlers upon the beach, all deeply moved, as even shallow natures will be, by the sight of a truly gallant deed.

He tried to meet their effusive praise with easy indifference, to make light of the perils through which he had passed. But a choking sensation in his throat overpowered him; a weakness, which was more than the faintness of exhaustion, seized upon him; and it was not sea-water that gushed in a crimson flood from mouth and nostrils.

Stella Langdon, sitting within her tent, and softly crying over her little sister as she removed her wet garments, lifted her face with a sudden pallor as she heard the measured tramp of men carrying a heavy burden, and a voice saying, regretfully:

"Poor fellow! He's done for this time."

If he had been taken to an ordinary habitation, and there submitted to the confined atmosphere, unnatural restraint, and artificial remedies which invalids are usually obliged to undergo, it is doubtful if he would have survived the ordeal. But after he had been placed upon the comfortable bed in his tent, the physician who was summoned wisely concluded that it would be dangerous to run the risk of removal. And so he lay in the open air, the cool sea-breezes finding their way through many a rift in the canvas. Close contact with Mother Nature accomplished more than doctors or physic, and, after several weeks of rest and quiet, the inward tissues that had been ruptured did their work of healing, and he rose from his couch, if not absolutely sound, with chances for a long life about as good as the average man's.

The season at San Pedro was unusually prolonged that year. More than one party of campers lingered on, loth to leave while the life of this brave young fellow hung in the balance. The Langdons lingered among the rest, and when, one day late in September, David Woodbury finally emerged from his tent, walking somewhat feebly at first, he did not disdain to stay himself a little by the noble strength of the young girl whose arm he had taken.

Slowly they strolled along the beach, and various gay groups nodded smiling approval as they passed. He drew her at length to a little nook in the cliffs sheltered from the wind. Below them great breakers beat themselves upon the rocks with a sullen roar. The sharp outlines of the mountainous islands in the distance were veiled in a bluish mist. Far on the horizon the white-winged sails of an incoming ship could be descried. Some rare bird, with golden plumage, wheeled down over the cliffs, and darted, swift and sure, to its nest in a lilliputian bush, clinging to a cleft in the rocks.

But the young man wore a troubled look, and seemed oblivious of the charming scene before him. He turned to his companion at length with a weakly, embarrassed smile.

"I do not like to think there was a time when I seemed contemptible in your eyes. I was not quite so hard-hearted as I appeared—about that little child, you know"——

"So I was fully persuaded when I learned that an unknown friend in San Pedro had forwarded a hundred dollars for my poor people that very week."

"I didn't mean that you should know of that," looking momentarily chagrined; "still, I do not know that I care now," possessing himself of her hand with an air of proprietorship, and drawing her nearer to him.

"But I wonder if you will believe me now," he persisted, following up his chain of reminiscence. "About that miserable affair in the street-car, the first time I ever saw you. You remember? You thought me zealous to offer my seat to a young lady when I wouldn't yield it to an old woman. I wouldn't make such a distinction for the Queen of Sheba. The fact is, I was in a brown study when she came in, and positively did not see her until you had risen."

The girl looked at him in gentle amazement.

"David Woodbury, I never dreamed of misjudging you so. I understood it all perfectly at the time," she said.

FLORA HAINES APPONYI.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 14, 1884.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ella Wheeler is married at last. She is now Mrs. Wilcox.

New York city is credited with having four hundred and fifty millionaires.

Augustus A. Hayes, of Washington, and George Parsons Lathrop are to write a novel.

Gounod is writing an important work, to demolish Wagner. It will be divided into three parts, "The Man," "The Artist," and "The School."

"Now I feel like Madame Patti," said Bismarck, smiling grimly, as he surveyed a table-load of floral tributes sent to him on his last birthday anniversary.

According to a writer in the *Beacon* (Boston), Monsignor Capel last winter said he had never read "Lothair," not caring to "see himself as others see him" in a novel.

The chair of English literature at Yale College is still vacant, though Edmund Clarence Stedman, broker, of New York, and Donald G. Mitchell, farmer, of New Haven, are candidates for the position.

Madame Nilsson writes that she has arranged with Mr. Theodore Thomas to sing in twenty-three concerts, for which he is to give her twenty-eight thousand dollars, and consequently she will remain in this country this summer.

Matthew Arnold has told a correspondent that American ladies are charming. "It is," he remarks, "this talkingness or engagingness in all American ladies that really quite fascinates me—the young ladies are so well posted and converse so pleasingly."

It is a singular coincidence that the late Duke of Albany was the second bearer of that title who has died in the Riviera. The next brother of George III., the Duke of York and Albany, died at the palace of Monaco in 1767, only a few miles from where Prince Leopold breathed his last.

The day after the decision of the Master of the Rolls in Belt against Lawes, Belt received five thousand letters and nine hundred telegrams. The law proceedings have already cost Lawes's father, Sir John Lawes, seventy thousand dollars. Still he has appealed to the House of Lords.

The late Professor Longfellow's daughters manifest an almost morbid mania for sea-voyaging, and seem to think nothing of the paternal poet's lines in comparison with favorite steamship lines. They have just returned from England, and their next proposed trip will be with Madame Ole Bull, to Norway.

The first set of false teeth made in this country by a native American dentist were carved from ivory for George Washington. John Greenwood, of New York, was the maker. The profession was introduced into the United States by a Frenchman, who was connected with the forces which had joined the American army during the Revolution.

Mr. W. F. Tillotson, an English newspaper proprietor, who originated a system of supplying the newspaper press with serial fiction, is in New York, on a visit to his friend Mr. Thomas Moran, the artist. Mr. Tillotson is seeking to extend his organization, under which he has published novels by Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Joseph Hatton, James Payn, Miss Braddon, Mrs. Oliphant, and other writers. The last novel Charles Reade wrote was for Tillotson.

Miss Ellen Terry's impersonation of Beatrice bears a close resemblance to the impersonation of Portia, although the demands made upon these characters are in many respects diverse; but as Portia she manifests, beyond all disputation, that her best opportunities lie in the lighter realms of comedy and in pantomime. When, for instance, she wagers, "I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two," and jauntily places her hands upon her hips, the house comes down at once. So, also, at the end of the fourth act, when she says, merrily, to Bassanio, "Well, peace be with you," and tosses her right foot as if in a Knickerbocker waltz.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

First Western Desperado—"Well, did you kill old Colonel Rich?"

Second Desperado—"Yes, I fetched him."

"How did you do it?"

"I found him riding on his horse along a lonely road, and had plenty of time to aim."

"But where is his horse?"

"I did not touch that."

"Did not take the horse?"

"Certainly not. In this section they will hang a man for stealing a horse."—*Philadelphia Call.*

"Are you as happy now as you were before you married?" asked Mrs Yeast of young Mrs. Crimsonbeak.

"Yes, indeed," replied the lady; "and a great deal happier."

"That is strange," suggested the philanthropist's wife.

"Not at all strange," came from the young married woman. "You see, before I was married, I used to spend half my time worrying about what dress I should wear when Daniel called."

"But don't you try just as hard to look well when your husband returns home at night?" interrupted Mrs. Yeast.

"Well, you see," went on the bride of two summers, "I don't worry any about it now, as I have only one dress to my name."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"I didn't like your prayer very much this morning," said a deacon to the minister.

"No?" answered the minister. "And what was the matter with it?"

"Well, in the first place, it was too long; and, aside from this, it contained two or three expressions which I thought were scarcely warranted."

"I am sorry, deacon," the good man responded, "but it might be well to bear in mind that the prayer wasn't addressed to you."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A gentleman in Richmond, Va., had a servant named Joe. One morning he lay in bed till nine o'clock, but no Joe and no fire. The impossibility of shaving with water thirty degrees below freezing point brought imprecations on the tardy domestic's head, when the door opened, and Aunt Polly leisurely began to light the fire.

"Where in thunder" (the historian is nothing if he is not accurate) "is that son of yours? I've been waiting for him two blessed hours."

"Now, Marse Tray, you must 'cuse Joe," said his mother, in her most conciliating tones; "you really must 'cuse Joe dis mornin'—Joe's dead."—*Harper's.*

General Forrest was once approached by an Arkansas man, who asked:

"General, when do you reckin' we're going to get something to eat?"

"Eat!" exclaimed the general; "did you join the army merely to get something to eat?"

"Wall, that's about the size of it."

"Here," calling to an officer, "give this man something to eat, and then have him shot."

The officer understood the joke, and replied:

"All right, general."

The Arkansas man, exhibiting no alarm, said:

"Bile me a ham, cap'n, stew up a couple o' chickens, bake two or three hoe-cakes, fetch a gallon o' so o' buttermilk, and load yer guns. With sich inducements, the man what wouldn't be willin' to die is a blame fool."

A hearty meal was prepared for the soldier, but he still lives.—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

Two New York gentlemen, who make their living in a profession where assurance is considered a necessary trait, were engaged in conversation. To them came a tramp of the trampest kind, and asked for alms. One of the young gentlemen, who rejoiced in a sunburned nose—the result of riding a bicycle to High Bridge—and a generally judicial aspect, turned upon the tramp, and said:

"Where have I seen you before? Haven't you been up before me in the Jefferson Market Police Court?"

"No, sor," was the reply; "I niver was up in the Jifferson Market at all, at all."

"Well, you've been up before me somewhere; I never forget a face. I'm Judge Smith."

The tramp looked at him a moment, and then said:

"Sure, it was in the Tombs, sor, an' yez give me a month; but I didn't break the windy, sor, at all."

"Well, go away and don't bother me, or the next time you come up I'll give you two months."

And he went with much suddenness.

"Wake up!" exclaimed Mrs. Mulberry in a loud whisper, as she punched the slumbering Mulberry in the short ribs with her elbow the other night; "wake up! I'm sure I hear burglars down in the dining-room."

"Don't disturb them, then," said the drowsy Mulberry, turning over on the other side. "Be just as quiet as you can, and may be they will eat some of that fruit-cake you have in the pantry."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

George Washington père, the grandfather of his country, started out for a day's fishing. This occurred a good while ago, gentle reader. On his return at night his basket contained one hundred and twenty-seven brook trout, which averaged not less than three-quarters of a pound apiece.

"Father," said young George, who had been set to work cleaning them, "who caught the beautiful fish?"

"My son," replied the old man with great emotion, "I can not tell a lie. I did."

[This little sketch is of historic value only as tending to show that the immortal Washington's taste for truth, if inherited at all, must have come from his mother's side of the family.—*Baltimore Day.*

## THE RAILWAY WORLD.

### Luxurious Cars.

It is astonishing, (said Mr. George M. Pullman the other day to a reporter of the New York *Sun*) to notice the luxury of railroad travel nowadays. Almost every railroad man of importance has a private car of his own. Take the Erie Railway, for instance. President Jewett has a car, the *Ramapo*, which cost twenty thousand dollars; Mr. Blanchard has a car, No. 200, that is a beauty, while Superintendent Benjamin Thomas has car No. 225, also a beauty. Mr. Jewett's car was one of three built by the Pullman Company—one for Henry Villard and the other for Thomas W. Pierce, President of the Sunset Route in Texas. The popular style of private car is the hard wood, Eastlake finish. Mr. Jewett's car is a pretty one, but the coach recently built for E. H. Talbot, of the Chicago *Railway Age*, is one of the most luxurious affairs ever put on a railroad track. It runs on twelve wheels, six of which were made in Germany by Krupp. The observation-room at the end of the car is finished in oak, with plate glass windows extending to the floor, velvet carpets, and embossed leather furniture, including sofas. The bed-room is finished in maple and amaranth, and opening from it is the parlor, the most elegant apartment of the car. It is finished in solid mahogany, with inlaid panels and carvings of rare and costly woods from all corners of the earth, including the Holy Land. The butler's pantry, the kitchen, and the sleeping-apartments for the servants are models of elegance and comfort. To duplicate the car would cost seventy-five thousand dollars. It was a present to Mr. Talbot.

Old Commodore Vanderbilt used to ride over his roads in a car that he thought was fine enough for a king. That car is now owned by the Wagner Parlor Car Company, and is called the *Iroquois*, and any one may ride in it who chooses to pay the extra fare. People who don't own as many pennies as the Commodore did dollars can ride today in more costly and elegant cars than the elder Vanderbilt ever dreamed of. It costs at least twenty thousand dollars to build a handsome car nowadays; the *Iroquois* did not cost more than half that. W. H. Vanderbilt has a handsome coach; it is seventy-five feet long, nine feet wide, and about thirteen feet high. It has a kitchen in front; back of it is Mr. Vanderbilt's state-room. The dining-room, sitting-room, and card-room come next, while the observatory, of course, is at the rear. The fittings are very luxurious, and on the sides of the car are four views, representing the New York Central's bridge at West Albany, the Grand Central Depot at Forty-second Street, Niagara Falls, and one other I don't exactly remember. The car cost a great deal of money. Mr. Vanderbilt does some very fast driving. When he wants to take a trip he takes a special engine, orders all the trains off of a certain track, and then goes as fast as he can. A time-table is generally made before the train starts, and is telegraphed to every station along the line, which precludes the possibility of an accident. Mr. J. H. Rutter, President of the New York Central, travels the same way. Jay Gould's private car is the *Convoy*, No. 143, or at least used to be. It is the car Commodore Garrison used to occupy. It has accommodations for twelve people, and is not strikingly beautiful, though very comfortable. George Roberts, President of the Pennsylvania road, and Frank Thomson, the general manager, have the prettiest and most stylish cars on the road. They are elegant and comfortable, and are noted among railroad men for the excellence of their cuisine. Mr. John W. Garrett's car, the *Maryland*, is strikingly elegant. His son, Robert Garrett, has a car called the *Baltimore*. Frank Coxe of the Western North Carolina Railroad has a beautiful coach—the *Daisy*—named in honor of his daughter.

There are also half a dozen hunting cars. The Pullman Company has two handsome ones, the *Izaac Walton* and the *Davy Crockett*. The former was occupied by President Ravenal of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad and a party of friends during the last Mardi Gras at New Orleans. They took the car right into the city and lived in it. The charge for these cars is thirty-five dollars a day, which includes cook and waiters, all of whom expect *douceurs*, however. These cars, though smaller than the ordinary Pullman coaches, accommodate ten persons very nicely, and are provided with gun-racks, kennels for the dogs, and all kinds of ingenious fixtures. They are in great demand. I am told that Jerome Marble, of Massachusetts, built a car of this kind for himself, and afterward had two more made to let out by the day. President Arthur took his Florida fishing trip last year in a hired car. There are many coaches made for the express use of families and private parties. These rent from $20 to $25 a day, and carry ten people. There are one or two cars for very high-toned parties at $85 a day, the fittings including a piano in the main parlor.

The laundrying of the Pullman Company amounts to a good round sum. Each car contains twenty-four berths, and the linen must be changed daily. Every day there are nearly 30,000 sheets, 20,000 pillow-slips, 10,000 hand-towels, and 3,000 roller-towels to be washed. The average price paid for laundrying is 1½ cents per piece. Sixty-three thousand pieces a day would bring the laundry bill up to $25,000 a month, which may be maximum; take $10,000 a month for the minimum. In addition to the other expenses of running the cars, the number of combs, brushes, whisk-brooms, feather dusters, soap, towels, and tumblers stolen is enormous. One of the leading ladies of a traveling dramatic company was detected recently appropriating the soap, and comb, and brush in the ladies' toilet-room. It is a difficult question to answer how much money is invested in private cars in America. Exclusive of the Pullman Company's cars, there are sixty private cars at $30,000 each; thirty at $20,000 each; and 100 at $15,000 each; in all 190 cars, representing $2,500,000 cash. That is a moderate estimate.

Most of the "undeliverable" letters which reach Germany come from the United States.

## SOCIETY.

### The Princess Like-Like.

H. R. H., the Princess Like-Like, left on Thursday's steamer for the Hawaiian Islands. Monday and Tuesday were spent in returning the many calls which she has received from San Francisco ladies. The Princess regretted very much to leave for home so soon; but she hopes to return here for a longer visit at some not far distant time. A large party of friends accompanied her to the steamer landing. The carriages were loaded with floral gifts, among which were many large baskets, wreaths, and bouquets. These were all arranged tastefully in the main *salon* of the steamer, so that the apartment presented a brilliant spectacle. The Princess was dressed in a black silk traveling costume, with bonnet to match. She was accompanied by Mrs. Beckley. Mrs. Bishop could not go, by reason of her late serious illness. She will, however, probably leave by the next steamer. Among the host of friends who were at the steamer to pay their *adieux* were: Hawaiian Consul H. W. Severance, Vice-Consul J. S. Bacon, Captain Merrill, General and Mrs. Dimond, Mrs. Williams, Miss Mollie Dodge, Miss Woods, Miss Fargo, Miss and Mrs. Theodore Shillaber, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. L. Steele, Mrs. Dunham, Miss Armstrong, Miss Aldrich, Mrs. Darton, Mrs. Toler, Miss Webster, Mr. W. E. Dean, Mr. Bates, Mr. Everett, Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Brown, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Adolph Spreckels, and many others.

### The Barker Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Barker, of Castro Street, Oakland, gave a most enjoyable entertainment to their many friends last Tuesday evening. Mrs. Barker was assisted by her charming sister, Miss Simpson, in receiving the guests. The interior of the house was daintily trimmed with flowers, and canvased floors prepared for the dancing. Outside of the house long lines of Japanese lanterns lighted the guests as they arrived; about three hundred were present. Among them were noticed:

Mr. and Mrs. E. Green, Mr. and Mrs. George Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Marwedel, Mrs. Brett, Miss Mabel Brett, Mr. Grayson, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Chabot, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hale, Doctor and Mrs. Handy, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. George Wheaton, the Misses Wheaton, Mrs. Lohman, Miss Eastland, Doctor Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Sather, Miss Florence Ward, Doctor and Mrs. W. C. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Miss Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. McClure, Miss Maggie McClure, Mr. and Mrs. Dunham, Mr. and Mrs. J. Barker, T. J. Dargie, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Ralston, Mr. and the Misses Herrick, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Bangs, Mr. and Mrs. Lawton, Judge and Mrs. Underhill, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Dr. and Mrs. Cole, Dr. and Mrs. Cary, Captain and Mrs. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. White, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Hayes, Miss Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Barker, Captain and Mrs. Little, and many others.

### The Kirkham Party.

On Monday night, in Oakland, Mrs. General Kirkham and her daughter, Miss Kirkham, gave a farewell reception to a number of their friends at their beautiful Oak Street residence. The rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers from the conservatory and gardens. Ballenberg played for the dancing. About eleven o'clock, supper was served in the dining salon, and the guests departed shortly after midnight. Among those present were Mr. and Miss Bray, Mr. and Miss Cohen, Miss Holladay and Mr. Burke Holladay, Miss Heath, Mr. Heath, Mrs. Wetherbee, Mr. Jackson, Mrs. Cushing, and others. Mrs. Kirkham, accompanied by Miss Kate Kirkham, leaves for the East very shortly, to be absent all summer.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Charles Crocker returned from his Sacramento trip on Friday of last week, and on Saturday went down to Monterey to spend Sunday.

Judge Hager has left for the East, to be gone two months.

The Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder left for their country seat at San Luis Obispo last week. They expect to remain there until they depart for Europe next September.

Colonel Curtis P. Iaukea, of the Hawaiian army, and envoy extraordinary of His Majesty King Kalakaua, arrived from Japan on the *Oceanic* last week, and left for Honolulu last Thursday, accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. Poor. Colonel Iaukea has made the tour of the world. He attended the Czar's coronation at St. Petersburg, bearing a decoration from King Kalakaua to the Czar, in return for a similar honor from the Russian Government. Passing through Japan, Colonel Iaukea visited the Emperor, and negotiated arrangements for an increased immigration of Japanese subjects to the Hawaiian Islands. He was honored by numerous entertainments while there.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze and family have taken rooms at Monterey for the summer.

The Hon. Consul-General R. M. Irwin, representative of Hawaii at Tokio, arrived on the *Oceanic* from Japan last week, en route for Honolulu, for which port he left on Thursday's steamer.

Mrs. A. J. LeBreton returned from the East last week.

The Misses Holladay are visiting Miss Morrison, of San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Schmiedell and family went over to San Rafael for the summer on Thursday.

Mrs. Walter Dean and young Mr. Dean left for Honolulu last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins returned to Menlo last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Pinkard (*née* Eyre) went down to Monterey last Saturday, and were joined on Sunday by Mr. Beasley.

Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Head went down to Monterey on Saturday last.

D. O. Mills expects to leave New York for Europe next week, and will be gone some time.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ladd went down to Monterey on Saturday.

Mr. A. Kent, of San Rafael, has gone to the Sandwich Islands to remain some months. Mr. Kent returned from the East, where he had been spending the past season, last month.

Charles Webb Howard spent Saturday and Sunday at Del Monte.

Carroll Cook visited Sacramento last week.

Grove L. Johnson came down from Sacramento last Sunday.

Miss Lou Wall, sister of Mrs. Congressman John R. Glascock, returned from the East, where she has been spending the past season, on Thursday of last week. Mrs. Glascock will not be back for five or six weeks. Previous to Miss Wall's departure from Washington a large dinner was given in her honor; and as she passed through New York she was given a dinner at Delmonico's by her friends in the metropolis.

Mrs. Lieutenant-Governor Daggett went up to Sacramento last week.

Miss Sophia Root leaves for the East to-morrow, to be absent for three months.

Ex-Senator Cole is in Washington.

Mrs. George C. Boardman will spend the summer at Monterey.

W. B. Collier and family have engaged rooms at Del Monte for the season,

Miss Annie Boyd leaves on the next steamer for Port Townsend, on a three-months' visit to Mrs. Gerrish.

Mrs. W. E. Deane and family will spend the summer at Monterey.

Mrs. Stewart, who has been visiting her niece, Mrs. George B. Root, returned to her home last Tuesday.

Irving M. Scott left Washington the first of the week, en route for home, and is expected here early in the coming week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott have engaged rooms at Monterey for the coming summer season.

Mrs. William P. Morgan and family will spend the summer at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Parrott have engaged rooms at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Boruck will spend the summer at Monterey.

Mrs. Haggin will spend the summer at Monterey.

Mrs. Theresa Fair leaves to-day for Europe, to be gone for an indefinite period.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and family will reside at Del Monte during the coming season.

Mrs. Joseph Austin goes down to Monterey to-day for a sojourn of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and family, and Mrs. Breckinridge have engaged apartments at Del Monte for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis have engaged rooms at Del Monte for the summer.

### Army and Navy News.

Mrs. Upshur will not join her husband, Rear-Admiral Upshur, on this coast, as probably he will be stationed here only a year. She is now in Washington with her daughters, Mrs. Selfridge and Miss Kearney, and will remain there until the warm weather.

Lieutenant Oyster, First Artillery, U. S. A., who went East last month, having been transferred from the Presidio to Fortress Monroe, has been staying in Washington with his parents, but left for his station about the first of the month.

Ensign J. H. Oliver, U. S. N., has been detached from the Artillery School and ordered to this coast.

Captain John Irwin has been visiting Vallejo.

The United States steamship *Pinta* is expected from South America in a few days.

Paymaster and Mrs. Colby went up to Vallejo last week.

Major Meares, U. S. A., arrived in this city on Wednesday last.

General Pope and Major Kimball arrived in Washington May 3d, and sat on the Swaim court of inquiry, which met May 5th.

Doctor Sternberg arrived in New York the first of the month, and at once reported to General Hancock, at Governor's Island, for assignment to a post in the East. He then went on to Washington to attend the thirty-fifth annual session of the American Medical Association, which lasted from May sixth to May ninth.

### Notes and Gossip.

Thursday night Mrs. Fair received her party-callers.

Nearly all the guests at Mrs. Goad's dinner, last week, made their party calls on Thursday night.

The Pacific Yacht Club is planning for an ocean race to Monterey and Santa Cruz, to take place July fourth.

"Departure" is a new song which has been published in the East. It is the composition of Miss Edith McAllister, daughter of Hall McAllister of this city.

Decoration Day coming on Friday, the 30th instant, a large number of yachtsmen will take a three-days' holiday. The San Francisco Yacht Club, according to Commodore Harrison's directions, will leave at eleven o'clock A. M., the 30th instant, and sail on the one o'clock tide to Antioch, remaining there all night. Next day (Saturday) the fleet will sail down to Martinez, and remain there until Sunday morning, returning to San Fransisco in the evening. A meeting was held by the club this week to decide on particulars.

To-day the San Francisco Yacht Club fleet will sail up to Vallejo, to be gone over Sunday.

### Art Notes.

The opening night of the California Palette Club took place on Wednesday, and was attended by nearly a thousand invited guests. The reception-rooms at 417 Kearney Street were brilliantly illuminated by electric light, and the floral decorations were elaborate and tasteful. Nearly all the local artists were well represented. Among the paintings which excited comment was Oscar Kunath's "Luck of Roaring Camp," to which the artist has devoted much care and time. Jules Tavernier had two excellent landscapes made in the Russian River country, and "The Antiquary," a fine study in still life. Wores's masterly studies and portraits received much attention. Fred Yates was represented by a number of portraits, also by a large painting entitled "Morning and Evening," which deserves particular notice. Henry Raschen's study of "Abalone shells" was a fine piece of work, and displayed to advantage that artist's skill in painting still life. Latimer and Stanton have succeeded admirably in their landscape studies. Henry Alexander exhibited a picture of two monks. Joullien's "Taxidermist" is also deserving of mention. Wandesforde has painted a study of the "Carmel Mission." Alfred Rodriguez has been successful with a rural scene in Alameda County. The Palette Club is to be congratulated on its first exhibition, and the members promise a much more important and extensive affair during the coming autumn.

Miss Chittenden has placed on exhibition two panel studies of "Tea Roses" which are attracting much attention.

Theodore Wores is painting the portrait of a prominent society lady.

Miss Lucas will shortly place on exhibition another of her charming Chinese studies. This time it represents a little Mongolian of about nine years.

---

In the description of the Shoshone Falls, in a recent *Argonaut*, it was stated that the Oregon Short Line Railroad was completed from Portland to Omaha. A correspondent writes that the Oregon Short Line is not completed from Portland to Omaha, and is not likely to be. It is, however, completed from Granger, Wyoming, a point on the Union Pacific, to Huntington, Oregon, where it will be met, this fall, by the Baker City branch of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's system, and will then have through connections to Portland.

---

A new Anacreon is wanted at Epernay, this time to sing the praises of champagne. It is proposed by some of the wine manufacturers of the district to offer prizes to the authors of the best poems in praise of that exhilarating beverage. The poets will be free to choose their own form of verse, and the effusions will be received in the shape of ballads, songs, sonnets, or lyrics. The first prize is of the value of one thousand francs, and several gold and silver medals will likewise be awarded.

---

The German Crown Prince and Princess have started an album, to which all the best known Spanish painters have contributed. The album, in several folios, is completed, but has not yet been bound up in a volume, by order of the Crown Prince, who wishes each folio to be exhibited singly at the forthcoming Spanish Art Exhibition at Berlin.

---

According to the London *World*, nobody in these days can possibly complain that the British court is unduly exclusive. At the last levée the husband of a famous court milliner was presented, and at the drawing-room there appeared the daughters of a well-known tradesman in Bond Street.

---

The Empress Eugénie is negotiating for the purchase of a large and picturesque estate at Chiselhurst, known as "Coopers," and at present in the occupation of Mr. Samuel Morley's son. "Coopers" is a larger place than Camden, where she used to reside, and is opposite the imperial tomb.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Again on Wednesday we found ourselves members of another Sunday-school picnic, over the North Pacific Coast narrow-gauge. It was the parish school of St. John's, old and young, fifteen hundred strong, well-dressed, well-mannered, decent people, going out for a day's recreation in the country, with their supplies; an orderly, well-behaved mass was this large concourse of Catholic people. We saw no priest among them, as there might properly have been. We noted the differences which marked the different generations, and we thought we saw an improvement of the second over the Irish immigrant, and of the third over the second. We could not help asking ourselves the question whether the outcome of this class is not rapidly assimilating to Americans; and may we not hope that in all the essentials of American citizenship they will shortly be as genuinely American, and as free from any objectionable ecclesiasticism as we who came in Puritan days from English and Protestant ancestry? It was a sober, industrious, respectable, middle-class of men and women who work, live in their own homes, and educate their children at the free schools. If they can (and in time they will) keep their priests out of politics and themselves out of the Democratic party, leave Irish politics to take case of itself, and leave Irish demagogues and adventurers to take care of themselves, they will in time become better citizens than they now are. However, they are improving, and do not throw as many stones at Chinamen when on picnic excursions as they used to do. We saw only one Chinaman badly hit in six miles. The North Coast narrow-gauge road is doing a tremendous excursion business. The road is through a picturesque country, and handles its passengers with dispatch, comfort, and safety. For this year, the favorite direction of travel is from Saucelito through Marin County.

---

No man prominently connected with the history of America could have died less lamented and less deserving of respectful sorrow than Judah P. Benjamin. His memory will be justly held in detestation by every intelligent person who looks upon patriotism as a virtue. This man, of distinguished legal ability, came from a race which has no country, and it was his misfortune that he was born insensible to all the mental and moral attributes capable of cultivation in this direction. From San Domingo he came to America, at four years of age. His career, professional and political, was in the city of New Orleans. In the interest of slavery this man of a persecuted race turned traitor, first to the Whig party, which sent him to the United States Senate; joined the Democracy, and then turned traitor to the Union. By specious, technical argument, he endeavored to destroy the nation by asserting the sovereignty of a soil which had been owned by France, sold to Florida, sold back to France, and by France sold to the United States. Attorney-General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State to the Confederate Government, he drew his pay, lived off the experiment of rebellion, and when it went down, in the dark night of blood and terror, of disappointment and sorrow to all earnest Southern men, he turned from the lost cause with a heartless joke, picked up his grip-sack, and sought another nationality and citizenship, where he could make money. He is dead, and we say let those who admire him mourn him. We do not. We think it had been better if he had never been born.

---

We are not very enthusiastic in our admiration of John C. Fremont. He has been ever present to us, since our earliest youth, as a hero of romance; and now, from the calm retrospect in which we indulge from our editorial arm-chair, we recall but one achievement of his life which may be regarded as a complete success. He married Jessie Benton. As a "path-finder of empire," he lost his way, and was snowed up, and ate mules upon a trail which had been hunted and trapped over for a score of years by mountaineers and Indians. As a warrior, he was whipped by Don Andreas Pico. As a candidate of the Republican party, his merit, and, we believe, his sole merit, was in looking wise and saying nothing. As general in command at St. Louis, he was distinguished for saying too much and doing too little. As a railroad-builder, we recall his exploits in Paris. As a politician, we recall his endeavor to defeat Lincoln's second nomination. As a Governor, we remember how little he was in Arizona, and how little he did when there. But he married Jessie Benton; he was the first Republican candidate for President; he is poor, and we hope he may be placed upon the army retired list, if there is where he wants to be, and be pensioned. We think there are a hundred thousand other poor men in America better deserving of pensions than John C. Fremont; but as they have never been candidates for the Presidency, and did not marry Jessie Benton, they must remain content in poverty and toil.

---

A cruel trick was recently perpetrated with great success on the inhabitants of Pau and its neighborhood. The entire issue of the *Mémorial des Pyrénées* for the first of April was devoted, by its facetious editor, to a circumstantial account of the alleged restoration of the monarchy in France, by a vote of the National Assembly, on the 31st ultimo, whose proceedings on the occasion were reported *in extenso*, together with the proclamation of the Count of Paris, as Philip VII. The leading article, general news, money article, fugitive items, and all, were given up to the elaboration of this hoax, while a very short postscript, unobserved by most readers, explained that the whole affair was simply a *poisson d'Avril*. The mystification was rendered more complete by an ode on the proposed coronation of the new King of France, at Rheims, signed "Victor Hugo."

---

The album of the Bank of England, in which specimens of counterfeits are preserved, has three notes which passed through the Chicago fire. Though they are burnt to a crisp, black ash, the paper is scarcely broken, and the engraving is as clear as new.

## BUBBLES.

It is a melancholy fact that many people go to parties in San Francisco for the sake of supper. Why they should I do not know. No man who has any respect for his stomach would ever eat of the infernal things. As for the women—but then no woman has any respect for her stomach. I sometimes dream of a woman who shall be a petticoated Brillat-Savarin. This Dream of a Fair Woman shall minister to my declining years. But—ah me!—let the dream go; are there not other dreams?

However, as there are many people who eat of these concoctions, let us consider them. Their woes are made more intolerable by the caterer system, which has so long held its tyrannical sway here. The old men groan beneath its villainies, and the young men grow weary and profane. There are three of these refreshment-providers. One, however, is even worse than his fellows. Take, far instance, the *menu* in its order, and regard each portion in its separate badness.

The Eastern raw oysters are provided with limes divided into sixteenths, so that the fingers become soaked with juice when you try to squeeze them.

At three large parties in succession, during the last few weeks, where the same caterer officiated, the terrapin has been so burnt as to be wafted through the house in scorched scent-waves to the tune of "My Maryland."

The fried oysters are covered with a saline crust of spoiled mutton drippings.

The salads are concocted with sour cream, rancid oil, and the salt and brimstone of Sodom and Gomorrah. The "chicken-salad" is made of cold boiled veal.

The shrimp salad is perhaps the most utterly fraudulent and bitter disappointment. The shrimps ought to have been buried many days before. The salt is present in preponderating quantities. The oil has a flavor of neat's-foot, kerosene, and Chinese nut-oil combined. The beaten egg is always omitted.

The sandwiches of "deviled" ham are as devilish bad as their name implies. They have undoubtedly done service for two previous parties, and for heaven knows how many restaurant meals.

The cakes, in their mail-coats of sugar-icing, stand in the front line—a phalanx of veterans. They are the Old Guard. They never surrender. Under their official and military titles, of "petits gateaux de soirée" and "petits fours superbes," they mock the unwary guest in wild glee. They are greasy, insipid, flavorless, dry, crumbled or heavy, and tough or messy, according to their species and condition.

The bon-bons are of the pre-Noachian glacial age; the "marrons glacées" are poison; the cream sweetmeats consist of unflavored sugar which resist the stoutest grinders, and against which the molars crack and crumble.

Concerning the claret punch, let as little be said as possible. Who would assail so weak, so feeble a thing? After two waltzes it has reached the condition of pure water.

When the caterer supplies the champagne, it is not always in eager demand among the guests. If, however, you ask for some, the waiter plays what has been called for many years the "napkin racket." In other words, he conceals the label on the bottle dexterously, as he half fills your glass. It would seem as if even the waiter were ashamed of the extraordinary and unknown brands that some San Francisco hosts use to regale their guests withal. I have, however, known of parties (generally in hotels) where the hosts had ordered expensive brands of wine, and the servants conspired to serve cheaper ones, veiling the names of the sticky, sugary, fizzy abominations beneath the treacherous napkins.

It is a matter of pride, nevertheless, to be served by caterers. Their names are heralded by the host with as much complacency as he rolls the words, "We are to have Ballenberg, and there will be a little dancing." The same old covered cart which has headed the line of carriages for so many years, with the mark of the beast upon its dingy flaps, still flaunts its gilded letters beneath the flash of the temporarily erected electric light; or is driven up into the yard, like the menagerie vans in a circus.

---

I met Noel the other day off Cape Hatteras—that is to say, on the Market Street crossing near the Lotta Fountain. A mighty wind from Point Lobos was sweeping down the wide street, and hurrying pedestrians were shivering and chattering in the gale. Noel was airing for the first time a suit of lightest gray, light both as to color and texture. He wore one of the few white hats that have yet appeared, and his toilet was finished off with a cool-looking piqué scarf. He was admirably made up for a saunter on a cool piazza in hottest weather. But for a buffeting plunge through a San Francisco wind he might as well have been clad in pongee pajamas.

"Don't you think you are rushing the season a little, Noel?" I questioned.

"Oh, no," he chattered. "I have every reason to suppose that summer has arrived; all the signs are with us."

"Do you allude to the song of bird and hum of bee, and other rural manifestations of this kind, or to the mitigated weather?"

He glanced ruefully at his legs, sharply defined by the playful wind. "Well, not exactly the weather perhaps, but all the infallible signs assure me that the summer season has really set in. There has been a stage robbery on the Yosemite road. There has been a stage tipped over on the Geyser road. There has been a Belmont picnic unpleasantness. The Raymond excursionists have arrived."

I left him to the full enjoyment of his gray suit. His almanac is indisputable.

---

The six Felix dresses made their appearance in "Frou-Frou" on Monday night, as per advertisement. There were to have been seven, but, as the stage-manager discovered at the last moment that a riding-habit has no expression, it was left out.

The first dress was a pale, girly-girl blue. It disclosed, at a glance, youth, inexperience, and a vague, boarding-school idea of the marriage relation. A terraced front of white lace revealed an ardent love for trimming and fripperies. Any redundance of this sort of nonsense in a young dress, however, was securely shut off by a pair of side-panels of wide, white, jetless passementerie. An all-round flounce was cut deep, with points of frivolity, weakness, and triviality. These points were apparently set off by a back-ground of ingénue demi-train. Without being at all a Mother Hubbard, its delicate ciel-blue made it the most girlish piece of art that has appeared upon our stage for some time.

The next dress is matronly in a youthful way. It is pink, crapey, drapey, and loose. There is a huge studding sail of pink crêpe standing out from the starboard shoulder, but this is its only flaw—from a mantua-making point of view. It is only morally that it is objectionable. It expresses a disposition to go wrong too easily. There is an immoral bias down the entire front breadth from neck to hem. This inclines to the right in the most upright manner on the right side. On the left it slopes seductively downward. This unhappy inclination is partly covered by a pair of long, loose, sacque-fronts trimmed with white lace. These fronts stay the catastrophe by revealing the immoral bias only at intervals.

The ball-dress in this act rustles with the sound of pleasure. Pale pink roses scattered over a white ground suggest the ball-room decorations. An excessive quantity of rich brocade bespeaks a pampered extravagance. The last hour of pleasure, the coming fate, are faintly foreshadowed in the front breadth, which is of sombre, triste, lavender satin. But it is a faint, pale lavender, a mere purple *nuance*, and it is so excessively décolletée that things do not begin to look serious. Nothing is less seductive than a full view of the shoulder-blades of a person in deep trouble.

As a piece of sentiment, the next dress is quite the *chef d'œuvre* of the collection. At the first blush it is a simple home dress. It is made of that conventual material grown worldly, white nun's veiling the veiling itself being white, the nuns not necessarily so. It is relieved by numberless falls of white ribbon not at all monastic in their character, but indicative of an elegant domesticity. Underneath, the dress betrays a fell purpose. It is spangled or spotted with birds. They are very queer birds. By their tails they are flamingos, by their bodies parrots, and by their heads humble brown swallows. But they all have wings. Thus they delicately insinuate this to be an appropriate traveling costume for the flight into sunny Italy with De Valreas's sack coat.

The sunny Italian dress in the next act does not agree with the climate. But it markedly hits off the sentiment. The court back is of gray plush. It is thick and heavily ribbed with a burden of overwhelming remorse, and trailed the floor in heaviest anguish in the interview with the despondent droop of Sartorys's Prince Albert. The front of soft gray surah amply but subtly expresses a refined and elegant repentance without reform.

The death dress is of black. This means straitened finances and no fun. But the admirable fit of the waist and the graceful flow of the train proclaim in trumpet tones the ruling passion strong in death.

These dresses are all of the emotional school. The white bird dress was too violently agitated during its angry interview with the claret silk guy. But this was amply atoned for in the subdued gray of the ashes of happiness in the fourth act. This dress showed plainly a delicate consciousness of the fact that it ought not to be there, but, being, would look its best under the unhappy circumstances.

The spectators went away deeply impressed with the power and expression of dry goods. They also went away perfectly certain that Felix had never put a scissors in one of them. *Vox populi*, etc.

---

During the last five or six weeks the shad in the markets have been remarkably good. I wonder if people here appreciate the addition shad has made to our tables? I sometimes think they do not. If you get a good shad (the proper size, say five or six pounds—not too small) it makes delicious eating.

Apropos of shad, I heard of a quarrel, the other day, between a husband and wife as to what sauce to serve with a shad. She wanted drawn-butter; he wanted *maitre d'hotel*. The result was, they ate it dry and sauceless. (The point of this will be invisible to many; it was to them.)

This is all introductory to a recipe for cooking shad. If you are a person of any taste at all, it will make your hair curl. If you are not, it can stay straight, and I pity you. Now go get a shad—a fat shad—a roe shad—a madame shad, in short. Take half of her roe from her, put with it some bread crumbs, some butter, some white onions, some salt pork chopped fine, some lime juice, salt and pepper. Stuff Madame Shad with it, rub her with white of egg, roll her in cayenned bread crumbs, place her in a dripping-pan on slices of salt pork, and put her in a hot oven for one hour and a quarter. Then take her out and eat her, with the other half of her roe fried, as an accompaniment. Eat her, and then thank God that there is something in this weary world worth living for.

---

The Raymond excursionist may be known at sight by his little book. The book itself is horribly explicit, and defines to a nickel just what may be expected of it. The excursionist exacts to a nickel.

Three of them were sitting on the Cliff House veranda the other day, looking at the seals. As the minutes wore apace they began consulting, first their watches, and then their little books.

"The books don't tell how long we are to look at the seals," said the spokesman, perplexedly. "Do you suppose it would be an extry if we kept right on lookin' till dinner time?"

Your thorough-paced Bostonian always drops his g's, and eats his dinner in the middle of the day.

"There's a view of the Pacific Ocean mentioned, too," said the spokesman; "I suppose we may as well take our view right now!"

And they gravely viewed it as if the Pacific were a poppet-show, and a contract had been made between Neptune and Raymond at so much a head for the excursion party.

Then they consulted their little books and found it was time to go home.

---

What should a lady wear at the kettle-drums which have now invaded our society? These kettle-drums are not the genuine kettle-drums of former days, but they are supposed to be a compromise between a "tea" and an evening reception. In the East they call them "Washington Teas." There they last from four till nine, and ladies go in bonnet and calling-dress. But here the utmost incongruity of costume prevails. Half the guests are unbonneted and *décolletées*, while the rest are in a mixture of street, carriage, and calling-dresses, with hats, bonnets, and turbans in uncertain confusion. The nine o'clock limit is a fiction. The men reach the house about that hour, and, as a consequence, a majority of the women do not arrive until half an hour later; and I have seen ladies coming in at half-past ten in street-dress and bonnet.

Now, one of the rules which form the code of Eastern and European statutes is that before the dinner hour a lady should wear bonnet and calling costume; but after the dinner hour, only evening dress is permissible. However, San Francisco is governed by social laws of her own sweet making. They started in the gladsome spring of 1850 and were molded by South Park, Rincon Hill, and the Southern ethics of the period embraced by 1855 to 1865. They are inexorable in many respects, and the constant endeavor of society is to blend the imported Eastern modes with our good old pioneer costumes.

The past winter and spring have been the first season in which dance-programmes have been dispensed with. The dance-programme has been out of fashion in New York for several years; in fact, for the last decade. Just before Lent, last year, a society leader, who spends her summers on the Atlantic coast, gave a large party, at which there were no dance-cards. Loud were the outcries among the youths and maidens, and the talk lasted from Ash Wednesday to Easter.

But the innovation was too important to pass unnoticed. At the first *soirée dansante* of the past season, "no dance-cards" was the rule; and it has prevailed without a single exception. But do not flatter yourselves, Ye Innovators, that your principle is a success. Engagements are still made for a dozen dances ahead. The tally, however, is kept by the gentleman only. He writes it on his shirt-cuff. If you do not believe this, ask him; or, safer still, watch him. Of course, mild conflicts ensue, and the disputes as to whose partner she is are more frequent; woman's feckleleness and duplicity are more apparent and prevalent when she is conscious of no pasteboard contract to bind her promise.

---

Apropos of the kettle-drums and Eastern innovations, they have played sad havoc with a prominent Oakland family. It was their first large party. They decided to kill all the birds with one stone. The affair should be called a kettle-drum; the matrons might come in the afternoon and the young people in the evening. So two kinds of invitations were issued. One of them read "from three till seven," and the other, "from eight till eleven." Four hundred of the first kind were issued; but only forty of the second. The result was disastrous. The whole four hundred came; they always do in Oakland. They stayed in this case, as they always do. There were three parlors and a dining-room in this Oakland house, and so when nine o'clock came and there were no signs of any one leaving, consternation filled the hearts of the hostess, her daughters, and the forty young people who were waiting for a chance to begin their cotillion. Finally, the gilded youth who was to lead the set proposed a Napoleonic move. It was adopted. The dinner-bell was rung (just as the gong is sounded when eleven o'clock announces the close of a Fair). The unterrified four hundred only saw in this the heralding of new supplies of refreshments. Still they tarried. Then three of the young society leaders went around the rooms and quietly but firmly explained matters.

The result was dreadful. Two hundred mothers "didn't want to stay where they weren't wanted"; one hundred husbands, who "had just dropped in to see how things were getting along," and one hundred daughters, who were "just as good as the set at twenty, every bit," each and every one of these was seized with unspeakable indignation. There was a dignified break for the cloak-room, and the battalions, with cold gaze and haughty mien, saluted the uneasy hostess and departed in a body. Four hundred makes an extensive gap in one's calling-list, and confines party-giving to extremely select limits.

---

I noticed recently in the *Caterer* a recipe for a dessert called "Zabajone." The recipe was as follows:

"Two yolks of egg for each person. One wineglass of good white wine (Catawba is best) for each egg. One tablespoonful of white sugar for each person. Put the unbeaten yolks, with the wine and sugar, into a vessel and set on the fire, stirring it continually without allowing it to boil. As soon as it becomes of the consistency of cream it is done. Serve while hot in cups or glasses."

I have eaten of a dessert which is about identical with this, but which I have always heard called "zamboyan," and spelled in that and divers ways, according to the freaks of waiters and cooks. [I have seen "noodle" spelled "nudel"—by a German, and "mulligatawney" spelled "malagatoni"—by a Tticinese.] I believe Gamba introduced "zamboyan" here. I should like to know how to spell it, its etymology and its origin—whether French or Italian—if any one can tell me. I may remark that I have eaten it made of champagne instead of "best Catawba," and that it is good enough that way—for me. Throw Catawba to the *Caterer*—I'll none of it.

---

Most English people are apt to consider the Spaniards the most formal, ceremonious, and stately people in the world. This, I think, is their reputation—it is certainly the belief I have entertained since childhood. Hence you may imagine my amusement on finding this passage in a life of Lord Byron, written by Emilio Castelar, the famous Spanish publicist:

"The carelessness of the Spaniards, the ease with which we suppress all ceremonials, the lightness with which we overstep all distances, the familiarity of our conversation and manners, are not known in England. Nowhere else are the customs of society more tyrannical than in England."

Another old land-mark gone!

---

The announcement of the production of "La Cagnotte" by M. Juignet et Cie, on Sunday night, is attended with the more extraordinary announcement that the play is by Labiche. Most good plays of a farcical character *are* by Labiche, but it is not the custom to mention it. It would astonish us all much to know how often we had seen Billy Emerson, and Charley Reed, and Sweatnam, and—save the mark!—even Kelly and O'Brien in Labiche sketches. It would astonish these gentlemen even more to know that they were playing slickens from the Palais Royal. It would amaze Labiche most to see them do it. Yet he is an author of infinite self-possession. When "Les Petites Maries" was reproduced at the Odéon, in Paris, the other night, after a long lapse of time, the author was the most conspicuous feature of the audience. Not alone for his fresh shirt-front, of which the Paris papers make an item, but for his radiant enjoyment of the play.

"By Jove, this is good! devilish good!" he would exclaim, in Hellenic French. "And my enthusiam is pardonable, for I have not seen the play since 1859."

His *sang-froid* was beautiful. They like it in Paris; but I think we would soon break him up in California. "La Cagnotte" we shall have in its purity, but I should like to see M. Labiche struggling to recognize an eluding familiar with Charley Reed in "Patsey Bolivar," or Pat Rooney in "A Rainy Day."

---

The procession of Wednesday reminded me of some remarks I once saw in a book of travels written by an Englishman. This gentleman—who was a baronet, and whose name was Sir Rose Lambert Price—passed through San Francisco, some six or eight years ago, and embalmed in his book his impressions of us. He happened to be here on some holiday—what I do not know—and thus spoke of the procession:

"On one of the days when I was in San Francisco, there defiled past the windows of an hotel at which I was stopping a species of pageant, or procession, apparently of a civic nature. There were a number of very bad brass bands, and there were banners bearing devices which I did not understand. In the line figured a number of advertising vans, or what I took to be such. The persons in the procession were attired in garments such as are usually worn by small tradesmen in England when out with their families on Sunday, and they also wore extraordinary badges and scarfs. It was a most peculiar exhibition."

It would be interesting to compare this description with that of the San Francisco dailies. It is a galling description—but whether galling to the Masons, the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, the Improved Order of Red Men, or the Ancient Order of Hibernians, I do not know.

Let the galled one wince.

---

Queen Marahu has returned to Tahiti.

Princess Like-Like sailed on Thursday for the Hawaiian Islands.

Prince Yamashina is passing through San Francisco on his way to England.

Pat Kelly wants to run for School Director before he goes home to help Ireland take England.

An American registered at the Palace Hotel last week.

In other respects we are doing quite well.

---

A Bad Young Man recently found himself entrapped, after dinner, into taking two Gay Young Women to the theatre. Although Bad, he was also Fly, and did not want to do it, but he had to. With the philosophy characterizing Bad Young Men, he resigned himself; with the wisdom also characterizing them, he went to the Grand Opera House.

"There," said he to himself, "I shall see no one I know. I shall get a stage-box, put the Gay Young Women in front, and sit in the back myself. Although generally Bad, I am frequently Modest."

The Bad Young Man did as he had designed. The Gay Young Women sat in front, and were conspicuous, as is the manner of their kind. The Bad Young Man lurked in the background, and sought not to catch the eye of man—nor woman either.

But women have sharp eyes. The next evening he was talking to a pair of young women who were not Gay. One of them suddenly said:

"How did you enjoy the play last night, Mr. Lovelace?"

"Play?" said the B. Y. M., looking up with a puzzled air, which he immediately smoothed out into an expressionless one as he saw he was caught. "Play—er—ah—oh, yes—at the Grand you mean. Very good—yes, it was very good."

"Those two young ladies with you were quite pretty, were they not?"

"Yes—quite so."

"And extremely vivacious. Who are they, by the way?"

"Well—er—they are strangers here, you see. They are—er—er—from the interior. They are sisters—er—er—*both* sisters, in fact," stammered the Bad Young Man.

"Really," said his satirical tormentor, "I am glad they are *both* sisters. And from the country, you say? Indeed! From their great vivacity, and their high color, I should imagine the father was a large wine-producer."

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

---

The marriage of Kate Castleton of Rice's Surprise Party to Harry Phillips, business manager of the company, took place on the seventh instant, in room No. 264 in the Occidental Hotel, the contracting parties being united by Joseph J. Dunne, Justice of the Peace. The indorsement on the back of the marriage license shows that the business manager's name is Isadore Phillips, that he is 37 years old, and a native of New York; while Kate appears as Jennie E Freeman, a native of London, 27 years old. The witness is Berrie Jarrett, of Havre de Grace, Maryland, the treasurer of the company. Mrs. Phillips entertained the Justice by giving a piano selection, "La Fandarole," from "Olivette," and on bidding him adieu she said: "I don't want this to get out, so for goodness' sake don't give the snap away."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### Hawaiian Leprosy.

"'Room for the leper! Room!' And as he came
The cry passed on—'Room for the leper! Room!'
. . . . And aside they stood,
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
Who met him on the way—and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lips
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying 'Unclean! Unclean!'"

Thus from the earliest time it has been with lepers. Loathed and feared by all men, they have been a class to themselves. There is little doubt that leprosy originated in the valley of the Nile in prehistoric times. Herodotus knew of leprosy as existing in Persia. The earlier Greek and Latin writers speak of it as a foreign disease; but it became established in Greece and Italy in the first century before Christ. The disease spread enormously during the middle ages. It was amid the stir and movement of the Crusades that leprosy grew to be epidemic in Western Europe. It attacked the people in great numbers and in all ranks, including members of royal families. The isolation of lepers was strictly enforced by law and popular sentiment. They wore a special costume, usually a long gray gown, with hood drawn over the face, and carried a wooden clapper to give warning of their approach. They were forbidden to enter inns, churches, mills, or bake-houses, to touch healthy persons or eat with them, to wash in the streams, or to walk in narrow footpaths. The disease began to decline first in Italy in the fifteenth century, and had mostly disappeared in the seventeenth. At present there is comparatively little of it in the world, and this little is found principally on the west coast of Norway, in the Baltic provinces of Russia, in certain coast provinces of Spain and Portugal, in Iceland, and along the shore of the Black Sea. It is quite common all over the East, from Syria to Japan and Kamtchatka, in Egypt and North African States, and in various other parts of Africa. It is common in Damascus, Jerusalem, China, Japan, India, Persia, and many islands of the sea, especially in the Sandwich Islands. But, as compared with the leprosy of the middle ages, the disease may be said to have disappeared from the earth. I do not wish here to enter into the history and pathology of leprosy, but to more particularly describe the state of the disease in the Sandwich Islands, where a residence of six years among the people certainly gives me some acquaintanceship with leprosy as it there exists.

These beautiful islands, lying, warm and fertile, in the very lap of the blue Pacific, were once peopled by a race of men strong and supple, bright of eye and clean of limb; but leprosy has fastened its fangs upon them, and is rapidly and certainly eating out the very heart of the nation. The ravages it has made are terrible, and though of comparatively modern growth, it has already poisoned the life-blood of the race. There are, probably, to-day over two thousand lepers in the Sandwich Islands, among a total native population of less than forty thousand. About half of these are gathered at Kalawao, the leper settlement, on the island of Molokai, where they are supported by the government. They are well fed and housed, have a physician in frequent attendance, and, so far as their strength permits, cultivate little patches of land. They are kindly cared for, and their living death is made as comfortable and happy as lies in the power of a generous government. The origin of leprosy in the islands is not well known, but its name, *wai Pake* (the Chinese disease) shows whence it is supposed to have come. It is a generally accepted fact throughout the islands that the disease was first introduced into the country by the Chinese. Still, at the present time there are but few victims of leprosy among the Chinese. The whites are also but rarely attacked by the malady. When I visited the leper settlement I found there but two white men, while the natives numbered considerably over a thousand.

I spent three days in the leper settlement, and witnessed some thrilling spectacles. The features of the wretched victims were so thickened and distorted that they must have passed all recognition, even by their nearest friends. Some had their fingers and toes, and some even their hands and feet rotted off. One poor woman had lost both arms and legs, and lay on the ground a helpless head and trunk. In some the lobes of the ears were so enlarged that they hung upon the shoulders. I saw ears ten and twelve inches in length, and thickened in proportion. The vocal chords become so degenerated that the voice simulates the whine of a dog; festering sores are upon the face and body, while the thickening of the skin gives all sorts of queer and horrible distortions to the countenance. Indeed, the horror and terror of Dante's hell is not to be compared to a sojourn among the lepers at Kalawao. Fortunately, the wretched creatures suffer but little pain. The appetite continues, while the parts affected are benumbed. Some of them, however, complain grievously of a sensation as if thousands of ants were crawling over the body. This feeling is really more unendurable than pain, and many of the poor fellows told me that for nights and days they had walked their rooms, sleepless and in agony, vainly striving to overcome this terrible itching, till their bodies and limbs were raw and bleeding in their frantic efforts to quiet their suffering. A local numbness is generally the first symptom. For example, a foreign resident, to all appearances well, found one evening, upon taking up a hot lamp-chimney, that he did not feel the heat in his fingers. This was his first intimation that he was the victim of leprosy. A gentleman who was born in the islands, of foreign parentage, found, some eight years ago, that a patch on his right thigh was insensible to touch. He could pinch it or run a pin into the part without sensation. His physician thought it a local paralysis. After a few months the flesh and skin covering the arch above the eyes became thickened; beneath the eyes the cheeks took on a red and shiny appearance; the lobes of the ears began to thicken, the joints of the fingers and toes to stiffen. Consultations with various physicians in Honolulu were no avail, and he was finally obliged to leave the islands to avoid being sent to the leper settlement.

As soon as a person is suspected of having leprosy, he is sent by the government physician of his district to the receiving hospital in Honolulu, where he is again examined and his case pronounced upon. He generally remains here some time under treatment, and when it is found that he is without doubt a leper, he is sent to the settlement which he can never again leave. Treatment is of but little avail, and no authentic cure of this terrible malady has ever been reported.

I hope never again to witness so sorrowful a scene as the departure of the government vessel from Honolulu with a load of lepers for the settlement. The loathsome horror of the sight beggars description. Fifty or sixty human beings of all ages and conditions, and in every stage of rottenness, crowded together on board of one small schooner. And then their frantic grief as they bid farewell to home and loved ones; husbands and wives separated, sisters taken from brothers, children torn from the loving arms of mothers, and to know that they are never to meet again. For once a leper always a leper, and they go to Molokai with the certain knowledge that they can never return, and though perhaps they may live for years, they can never again look upon the old familiar home, or mingle in loving companionship with the dear friends whose presence has become so dear to them. The utter apathy of the natives in regard to leprosy is one of the most difficult things for the officers and medical men of the country to contend against. The natives do not believe the disease contagious; they have no fear and loathing of a leper. If a member of a family is attacked with the malady, his friends try to conceal him to prevent his being taken from them and sent to the dreaded settlement on Molokai. They eat with him, smoke from the same pipe, and sleep with him. Thus, in this close and daily intimacy, the disease is transmitted until the wonder is that the number of victims is so small.

The medical fraternity of the island differ in their opinions in regard to the nature of leprosy. While some contend that it is but an aggravated type, or, if I may so call it, a fourth stage, of syphilis, others, and perhaps the larger and more enlightened portion, consider it an entirely destructive malady whose lesions and pathological conditions bear no resemblance to those of syphilis. However this may be, certain aggravated cases of tertiary syphilis bear a striking likeness to some undoubted types of true leprosy. The attempt on the part of some writers to identify Hawaiian leprosy with the white, scaly leprosy of the Asiatics is unwarranted. They are entirely distinct in their character and appearances, and should never become confounded in the public mind.

Segregation is without doubt the only safe method of dealing with leprosy. As long as lepers are at large, the danger to the community is great, not that leprosy is contagious in the general acceptation of the term, but there are so many ways in which the disease may be contracted that one is never safe while lepers walk the streets. And in a country where people maintain this apathetic and foolish attitude in regard to the disease, only the sternest and most rigid measures on the part of the government can avail to stamp out this canker that is surely and rapidly sapping the life-blood of the Hawaiian nation. C. L. TISDALE, M. D.

SAN JOSE, May 14, 1884.

### A San Franciscan in Mexico.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: It is perhaps hardly fair that I should record my impressions of Mexico so soon after arriving in the country, for familiarity may soften some of the discomforts; but some one there at home may be interested to know the truth about a traveler's experience here.

I consider that my foreign experience began at El Paso, where I arrived at two o'clock A. M., via the Southern Pacific Railroad. That railway seems to be at war in some way with the Atchison, Topeka, and San Francisco Railroad, which also owns the Mexican Central Railway, for, by the Southern Pacific Railroad, one has to wait from two A. M. till six P. M. for the Mexican train, while the Atchison, Topeka and San Francisco makes direct connection. There are two hotels in El Paso, and a man from Denver, with whom I have fallen in, remarks that whoever goes to either will wish that he had selected the other, and I fully agree with him. I like this Denver man, for he thinks San Francisco the finest place in the world in which to live. So do I—when I am away from it.

El Paso is a bleak, windy, dusty place, with nothing whatever to attract a stranger. It is well to change there your American money for Mexican, otherwise you will have to pay United States money at par for your Mexican Central Railway ticket. At the hotels and railway stations you get ten per cent. premium in exchange, but in the town you get at present thirteen or fourteen per cent., which rate is also paid here in Chihuahua. The Mexican Central train backs over to El Paso, and ten cents is collected for fare to Paso del Norte, across the river, where you have to purchase your ticket for your destination. While crossing, your hand-baggage is inspected by the Mexican customs officers, who are polite, and make a merely formal inspection. At the depot in Paso del Norte your trunks are also inspected in much the same way. Only fifty pounds of baggage goes free with Mexican Central passengers, and some abstruse tariff on over-weight is charged by which I paid two dollars and sixty-one cents for seventy-five pounds extra to Chihuahua.

The Rio Grande belies its name at El Paso, for it is a muddy little stream that one can almost wade across now. The first sight of Mexico there is pleasant, for Paso del Norte is full of fresh green trees, and carefully cultivated fields like the San Francisco vegetable gardens, and irrigating ditches are very numerous. The contrast to El Paso is striking, for the American town is a sandy waste, without trees, grass, or flowers. El Paso though has many handsome brick buildings, while Paso del Norte is only a collection of adobe huts. Paso del Norte is shortly to be made a free port by the Mexican Government, which will probably transfer to it the bulk of El Paso's wholesale trade, which, by the way, seems to be principally with Mexican smugglers. There is one train per day each way over the Mexican Central Railway, with first, second, and third-class cars, and Pullman buffet car. The country is level all the way to Chihuahua, and the railway must have been built at very small cost. The land looks to be fine for grazing, and there is plenty of water all the way. It grows dark soon after leaving El Paso, and as the Pullman porters light the car they carefully pull down all the curtains, assigning as a reason that the natives along the line would throw stones through the windows if they saw the passengers—this through "pure cussedness," I suppose.

The train halts for breakfast at half-past six A. M. about half a mile before reaching Chihuahua station, and passengers for Chihuahua get off there. A transfer company sends an omnibus and baggage wagon to the train, the town being a mile and a half west of the railway. Checked baggage is not delivered then, but half an hour later, at the station. After arriving at the hotel I sent down for my trunk, but presently the driver came back for the key, saying that the customs officers wished to examine the trunk. I thought this a curious proceeding, it having already been examined at Paso del Norte, but of course I sent the key, and when the trunk arrived, I found that in the examination it had been badly broken. Unfortunately there was nobody in sight to vent my feelings on. Chihuahua has two American hotels, and the Denver man's remark will apply to them, though the American is perhaps the least worse. If they are at all crowded, single rooms can not be had, from two to four people being assigned to each room.

Both hotels are close to the plaza, which is filled with trees and remarkably fragrant flowers, and has a large fountain in the centre. This fountain is usually surrounded by water-carriers, who, with jugs or barrels, supply all the houses in the town with drinking-water. The cathedral faces the plaza. It is very large, and built of a soft stone very elaborately carved. In the gable is an illuminated clock, which strikes hours and quarters. In one of the towers are several bells, which are jingling most of the day. Not being much of a sight-seer, I have not entered the cathedral, but the outside looks to me cheap and tawdry, like stucco. A river runs by the tower, from which an aqueduct about four miles long supplies the fountains, of which there are several. I understand that there is also a public swimming-bath on the Alameda, which is at the upper or south side of the city, and has many fine large trees. The water is good, and is generally drunk from jars of Guadalajara pottery, which give it a marked but pleasant flavor and aroma. This quality disappears from the jars in long use, but by leaving them dry for a month it will come back.

The money here puzzles a foreigner. Most of the currency is paper of the local banks, which is not good outside of the State, and which is at eight per cent. discount from silver, or "pesos fuertes." Then there are some copper coins of the size of an old-fashioned United States cent, also good only here. These were formerly called "cuartillos," and were worth three cents each, but are now worth only one and one-half cents each, and are called "tlacos." There is little silver change, and no gold. The banks pay thirteen per cent. premium on United States money. Nickels are not used save at the postoffice, where they give and take them in small sums. When the mail arrives at the postoffice it is put out in a pile, and any one walks in and helps himself. Not much security for valuable letters. There are some two thousand soldiers here, besides some State troops, all of whom are armed, uniformed, and in garrison. They are a dirty, shabby-looking lot, from the very lowest class of the people, and the officers are no better, from the generals down. None of the officers have any social standing whatever, as far as I can learn.

I suppose that Chihuahua can be taken as a typical Mexican city. It is built of adobe, and there are very few two-story buildings, and none higher. The streets are narrow, ill-paved, and badly lighted, there being but two hundred and forty coal-oil street lamps for a city of twenty thousand people. It is well policed, and a chain-gang, guarded by men with rifles, keep the streets very clean. Our Board of Supervisors might paste this in their hats. I noticed some Americans in the chain-gang, serving out at twenty-five cents a day heavy fines for drunkenness and other small offenses. Some of them have been at it two years. The course of justice is slow, and I learn of an American who has been in jail eighteen months awaiting trial. I think that no other government on earth but ours would allow that. Certainly England would not, and I believe that Blaine will reform such matters if he gets the chance.

It is certain that the Mexicans cordially hate the Americans, but there are no demonstrations of it, and one's life and property is as safe here as at home, except from the soldiers, who are a hard lot, and will rob and perhaps murder you if they get the chance. The only time that I have been insulted was by a troop of soldiers marching in the city under charge of their officers, and they hooted and stoned me.

There are several American bars here, and a few stores; but in most of the stores nothing but Spanish is spoken. Foreigners are usually overcharged, and cheated on the differences in the currency. Any one coming here for a pleasure trip had better bring everything he needs, including soap, though wax matches can be bought here for one and a half cents a box. The cigars are poor and not very cheap. Food and accommodations are very poor. But, then, any one coming here for a pleasure trip had better stay at home. As my Denver friend remarks, "Let them come down here for business, as we have, and they couldn't find pleasure enough in the whole blanked country to tempt them across the line again." This is pretty true, for in my experience so far there is nothing worth seeing. Any one stopping off here has to stay twenty-four hours. There is nothing to look at but the cathedral, and nothing to do but walk around the Plaza, which is about one-quarter the size of Union Square. I have been here a week, and the only divertisement has been that the band played one evening on the Plaza, and a mighty poor band it was. To be sure, there was a Spanish theatrical performance Sunday night, but I did not attend. There are many Americans here, mostly miners I judge. I meet a number who have been in California, but then one meets them everywhere in the world. The city is very windy and dusty, and full of beggars, small children, small donkeys, and small dogs.

CHIHUAHUA, Mexico, May 3, 1884. ST. LAWRENCE.

### The Documents in the Case.

EXHIBIT I.

OFFICE OF GLASER BROTHERS,
700 and 702 Washington Ave., ST. LOUIS, April 7, 1884.

ARGONAUT PUBLISHING CO., San Francisco, Cal.: Will you kindly explain to me why it is that your paper does not reach me regularly? I get one copy out of every four that I presume are mailed, the other copies I buy here and pay ten cents a piece, while I am paying you four dollars a year in advance. This is a plain, straightforward business question which any customer has a right to ask. Yours truly, HENRY BERND,
No. 2638 Lucas Avenue.

[Endorsed—Investigate. See if address is plain on the paper. R.]

EXHIBIT II.

POST OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 12, 1884.
Respectfully referred to Mr. Cox, General Superintendent, for investigation. SAMUEL W. BACKUS, Postmaster.
Per R. Sect.

EXHIBIT III.

POST OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 12, 1884.
Respectfully referred to Mr. H. W. Butler, Superintendent Paper Division, calling attention to endorsement of postmaster.
A. M. COX, General Superintendent.

EXHIBIT IV.

POST OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 19, 1884.
Respectfully referred to postmaster at St. Louis, Mo., for any information he may have, or be able to obtain, concerning the missing *Argonauts* in question. Please ascertain if they are now received with regularity. We find they go from here all right. Please return these papers with your reply.
Per R. Sect. SAMUEL W. BACKUS, Postmaster.

EXHIBIT V.

[St. L. No. 129.—No. 1,001.]
OFFICE OF INQUIRY FOR MISSING MAIL MATTER,
Post Office, St. Louis, April 30, 1884.
Respectfully referred to S. F. Ramsdell, Esq., Superintendent W. St. L. Station, for any information he may have, or can obtain, regarding the papers inquired for. Do papers come regularly? Please return these papers with your answer.
RODNEY D. WELLS, Postmaster.

EXHIBIT VI.

Rodney D. Wells, Postmaster. S. F. Ramsdell, Superintendent.
WEST ST. LOUIS POST OFFICE,
Corner Easton and Compton Avenues, May 3, 1884.
Respectfully returned to Postmaster St. Louis, Mo., with the information that carrier was unable to see Mr. Bernd, but had a conversation with Mrs. Bernd, in which she stated that only two copies of this paper had failed to come to hand, and that since that time the paper had been coming regularly.
S. F. RAMSDELL, Superintendent Station.

EXHIBIT VII.

OFFICE OF INQUIRY FOR MISSING MAIL MATTER,
Post Office, St. Louis, May 5, 1884.
Respectfully returned to Postmaster San Francisco.
RODNEY D. WELLS, Postmaster.
[Endorsed: Send these papers to *Argonaut*.
BACKUS, Postmaster.]

EXHIBIT VIII.

POST OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 12, 1884.
Respectfully returned to publishers *Argonaut* for their information. SAMUEL W. BACKUS, Postmaster.
Per R. Sect.

It is strange how many persons are credited with uttering similar witticisms. Lord Eldon is reported to have said of Lord Brougham, "If he only knew a little law, he would know a little of everything." Unfortunately for the originality of the author of this witty saying, Louis XIV. of France, as we learn from Prof. Mathews's "Illusions of History," is credited with a *mot* that resembles it. Passing out of chapel after a sermon by the Abbé Maury, Louis remarked, "If the abbé had said a little of religion, he would have spoken to us of everything." English history records that Nelson thus wrote to the ministry, after the Battle of the Nile: "Were I to die at this moment, *more frigates* would be found written on my heart." Read this along with "Bloody Mary's" exclamation, at the loss of the last foothold of the English in France; "When I die, *Calais* will be found written on my heart," and the impression is that Nelson was a plagiarist.

The omission of the Comte de Paris from the list of royal invitations to the Duke of Albany's funeral has given great offense to the Orleans family. As the Duke was on very intimate terms with the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, and especially as he had been constantly in their company and at their house during his stay on the Riviera, the oversight was certainly unfortunate.

## LITERARY NOTES.

A new series has been started in Boston for the publication of juvenile works in popular form. It is called the "Young Folk's Library," and the first volume is "Tip Lewis," by Mrs. G. R. Alden. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; price, 25 cents.

"Pure English" is a treatise on words and phrases, by F. H. Hackett and Ernest A. Girvin, two San Francisco writers. The object of the little work is to afford the student or reader practical lessons in the use of language. Published and for sale by Bancroft.

"Bethesda," by Barbara Elbon, is a rather striking society novel, the scene of which is laid in Italy, although the characters are partly American and partly European. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by Doxey, 23 Dupont Street; price, $1.

"Candy-making at Home" is a little book which tells how to make two hundred and fifty different kinds of sweetmeats. The recipes require the use of harmless ingredients, and the adulterations of the trade are exposed. Published by F. R. Everston & Co., Boston; price, 50 cents.

"A Graveyard Flower" is a translation by Clara Bell from the German of Wilhemine Von Hillern. It relates the story of two little children, whose games and rambles were carried on in an old German burial-ground. The tale is gradually fashioned into a love story, whose ending is romantically and Teutonically sad. Published by William Gottsberger, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 40 cents.

Among the numerous contributors to the Loan Exhibition at Berkeley, the last week of this month, may be mentioned: Archbishop J. S. Alemany, Charles Baldwin, H. H. Bancroft, Charles W. Banks, R. S. Battelheim, S. C. Bigelow, Edward Bosqui, C. B. Bradley, A. A. Cohen, Prof. Cook, F. Dolmann, William Doxey, Mrs. John B. Felton, A. K. P. Harmon, Ralph C. Harrison, David Hawes, A Member of the San Francisco Bar, Rev. Daniel Kendig, Bishop W. I. Kip, General Ralph W. Kirkham, A. J. Le Breton, Dr. John LeConte, Rev. David McClure, E. J. Molera, H. H. Moore, William Norris, Mrs. Alphonse Pinart, Hon. T. H. Rearden, L. S. B. Sawyer, E. R. Taylor, Hon. J. W. Winans, W. A. Woodward, Dr. J. H. Wythe, St. Ignatius College, the various public libraries, and numerous other private individuals. Additional lists are received daily.

Mr. Charles Reade did not leave a very large fortune. It does not amount to more than one hundred thousand dollars, and it goes to his brother, his nephews, and his nieces. He is said to have lost much money in his theatrical speculations. He used invariably to go to the rehearsals of his plays, and was always the first, Mr. Labouchère says, to recognize humble merit. On one occasion a girl playing a small servant's part had to be on the stage, whilst another was fondling a doll which represented her offspring. Charles Reade was narrowly watching the by-play, and the next day the girl received a little bracelet from him, accompanied by a note congratulating her upon the affectionate manner in which she had glanced at the doll, and telling her that if she only persevered in playing the smallest parts with feeling she would live to be a great actress.

One reason why the production of three-volume novels has almost ceased to be a paying business in England is that the country newspapers are now publishing many serials. A local paper costing only a penny a week gives in each issue not only liberal installments of two novels, but the news of the neighborhood and the world, humorous extracts, and clever original articles. The London *Spectator* declares that these papers are creating all over England a taste for wholesome fiction, and that their example may not improbably be followed by some of the dailies, and it adds: "The demand for serial fiction is unquestionably on the increase, and it is in this direction that novelists must seek compensation for the decline of the three-volume novel. If they are wise they will form themselves into an association, similar to the French Society of Gens de Lettres, and by dealing directly with newspaper proprietors, add to their earnings the very considerable profits at present gained by professional 'purveyors of fiction.'"

Announcements: *The Caterer* for May contains the usual number of excellent notes and papers on culinary matters.——Among the features of the June number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* will be the commencement of a short story by Mr. Henry James.——A small volume under the title of "Reflections in Palestine," selected from letters written by General Gordon during his recent sojourn in the Holy Land, will be published by Macmillan & Co. immediately. The general left instructions for its publication before his departure for the Soudan, and has since written from Khartoum on the subject to the friend in whose hands he placed the letters. The volume will, therefore, appear with his full sanction.——The *Revue des Deux Mondes* for April 1st has an article entitled "La Vie Mondaine à New York," in which especial attention is given to the work in fiction of Mr. Edgar Fawcett: "A Gentleman of Leisure," "An Ambitious Woman," etc. The *Revue* also gives high praise to Mr. Fawcett's poetry, and compares his briefer lyrics to the famous *Emaux et Camées* of Théophile Gautier.——John Burroughs will shortly begin in the *Century* a series of his idealizations of out-door life, to be called "Country Thoughts and Days."——Mr. Matthew Arnold's long expected essay on Emerson, based, it may be said, on the lecture which he delivered in this country, will appear in the May number of *Macmillan's Magazine*.——Mrs. Gladstone makes a modest appearance as a writer in a little volume entitled "Healthy Bedrooms and Nurseries."——The Harpers will publish the life of Chinese Gordon, by Archibald Forbes, with twenty-two illustrations, including a bird's-eye view of the Nile and the Egyptian Soudan.

Miscellany: Lady Stradbroke was paid three dollars and twelve cents for the paragraphs which brought Edmund Yates to grief. ——The improved appearance of *The Manhattan*, which is being widely commented upon, is said to be due in a large degree to a Miss Pratt, formerly holding an inferior and thankless position upon the staff of the magazine. By hard work and diligence Miss Pratt gained a better position, in which she has a general supervision of the make-up of the periodical, and the entire say about the illustrations. It is due to her that the serial novel, "Trajan" was hunted out from piles of manuscripts, and much good is it doing her. Its opening chapters are brightly promising.——Mr. Watts, who for the past ten years has been engaged in translating "Don Quixote" into English, is now in Spain, where he has lately been entertained in a quaint fashion by M. and Mme. de Riaño. All the materials of the feast—the china, glass, plate, the embroidered table-cloth, even the *menu*—were of the time of Cervantes. In an adjoining room were to be seen two hundred editions of Don Quixote, from the first, in 1605, to that illustrated by Doré.—— The famous phrase of Denys of Burgundy, "Courage, camarade, le diable est mort," is to be found elsewhere than in Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth." It occurs in one of Dryden's plays. —— An editorial writer in the London *Daily News* is not disposed to "take a back seat" in comparing the great men of Great Britain with those of America. "We," he says, "can set Mr. Ruskin against Mr. Richard Grant White, Mr. Matthew Arnold against Mr. Stedman, Mr. George Meredith to pair off with Mr. Howells, while Mr. Browning and the Laureate correspond to Doctor Holmes and Mr. Lowell. Comparisons are odious, but the company would have many pleasant elements in which all these gentlemen met."

## INTAGLIOS.

### Song.

BY RICHARD LOVELACE.

[1618—1658.]

Amarantha, sweet and fair,
Oh, braid no more that shining hair!
Let it fly, as unconfined,
As its calm ravisher, the wind,
Who hath left his darling, th' east,
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.
Every tress must be confest,
But neatly tangled, at the best;
Like a clew of golden thread
Most excellently ravelèd.
Do not, then, wind up that light
In ribbons, and o'ercloud in night,
Like the sun's in early ray;
But shake your heed, and scatter day!

### Julia.

BY ROBERT HERRICK.

[1591—1674.]

Some asked me where the rubies grew,
And nothing did I say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.

Some asked how pearls did grow, and where,
Then spake I to my girl,
To part her lips, and shew me there
The quarelets of pearl.

One asked me where the roses grew,
I bade him not go seek;
But forthwith bade my Julia shew
A bud in either cheek.

### A Vision of Beauty.

FROM "THE NEW INN," BY BEN JONSON.

[1574—1637.[

It was a beauty that I saw,
So pure, so perfect, that the frame
Of all the universe were lame,
To that one figure could I draw,
Or give least line of it a law!

A skein of silk without a knot!
A fair march made without a halt!
A curious form without a fault!
A printed book without a blot!
All beauty!—and without a spot.

### There is a Garden in Her Face.

BY RICHARD ALISON.

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do inclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds filled with snow:
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

### The Bride.

FROM "A BALLAD OF A WEDDING," BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

[1609—1641.]

The maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a maid no Whitsun ale
Could ever yet produce;
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on, which they did bring;
It was too wide a peck;
And, to say truth—for out it must—
It looked like the great collar—just—
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:
But oh, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison
(Who sees them is undone);
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her words her teeth did break,
That they might passage get:
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

### The Sleeping Beauty.

FROM "WOMEN PLEASED," BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

[1586—1625.]

O fair sweet face! O eyes celestial bright,
Twin stars in Heaven, that now adorn the night!
O fruitful lips, where cherries ever grow,
And damask cheeks, where all sweet beauties blow!
O thou, from head to foot divinely fair!
Cupid's most cunning nets made of that hair;
And, as he weaves himself for curious eyes,
"O me, O me, I'm caught myself!" he cries:
Sweet rest about them, sweet and golden sleep,
Soft peaceful thoughts your hourly watches keep,
Whilst I in wonder sing this sacrifice,
To beauty sacred, and those angel eyes!

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

### Problems and Other Topics of Interest in the King of Games

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

Problem No. XXI.—By "Toz," Manchester.



KR8, KKt6, QRsq, KB4, QB3, KB2, KB3.

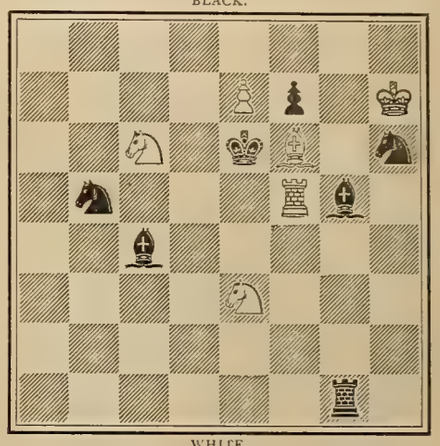


K4, Q5, Q2.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Problem No. XXII.—By T. H. Hopwood.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. XV.

1—Q Kt8 1—Any move
2—Q mates.

Solution of Problem No. XVI.

1—Q x RP 1—K x Kt (a) | (a) 1—— 1—K B6
2—Q B6 ch 2—K x Q | 2—Q R sq ch 2—Any move
3—B Kt2 mate. | 3—Q R3 mate.

Correct solutions received as follows:

Problem XIX—From G. A. Gutman, Willows; G. W. Gale, Sacramento.

Problem XX—From G. A Gutman, Willows.

J. F. C. suggests that a not very difficult "four-mover" can be made of Problem XX by taking off Kt at R3 and placing White Pawn at White QKt3.

The solution to Problem XIV is correct. Variation (a), however, should be read as follows:

(a) 1—— 1—R K4
2—R B2 2—B x R
3—Q Q6, mate.

### Answers to Correspondents.

J. C. L., San Rafael.—See correction. If Black, 1, Kt B4, 2, R x Kt, ch. If 2, R K4, interposing, 3, Q Q6, mate.

J. F. C.—Shall always be pleased to hear from you. Why not give us a specimen of your skill?

G. W. G., Sacramento.—Problem received. Shall comply with your request to the letter, and advise you of result. Many thanks for the interest you have taken.

G. A. G.—Sent problem by mail.

U. H., Salinas.—Have not heard from you lately. Hope to receive solutions as usual.

### Game Played in the London Tournament of 1883.

This game, which was judged the most brilliant of the second tournament, received the Howard Taylor special prize of five guineas.

RUY LOPEZ.

| *White.* Steinitz. | *Black.* Rosenthal. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 19—B K3 | 19—R K3 |
| 2—Kt KB3 | 2—K QB3 | 20—Kt QB3 | 20—Kt KB3 |
| 3—B QKt5 | 3—Kt KB3 | 21—Kt QKt4 | 21—KR K sq |
| 4—P Q3 | 4—B QB4 | 22—Q Q2 | 22—B QB5 |
| 5—P QB3 | 5—Q K2 | 23—P QKt3 | 23—B QR4 |
| 6—Castles | 6—Castles | 24—Kt QB2 | 24—B QR3 |
| 7—P Q4 | 7—B QKt3 | 25—P QKt4 | 25—B QB2 |
| 8—B x Kt | 8—KtP x B | 26—P QKt5 | 26—B QKt2 |
| 9—Kt x P | 9—P Q3 | 27—Kt QR4 | 27—Kt KR4 |
| 10—Kt x P | 10—Q x P | 28—Kt QB5 | 28—Kt x P |
| 11—Kt QKt4 | 11—P QB4 | 29—Kt x R | 29—R x Kt |
| 12—Kt QB2 | 12—B QR3 | 30—B KB4 | 30—Kt K5 |
| 13—R K sq | 13—Q KR5 | 31—R x Kt | 31—P x R |
| 14—P KB3 | 14—P Q4 | 32—B x B | 32—P x P |
| 15—R K5 | 15—P x P | 33—R K sq | 33—R KKt3 ch |
| 16—P x P | 16—Kt Q2 | 34—B KKt3 | 34—R x B ch |
| 17—P KKt3 | 17—Q KR6 | 35—P x R | 35—P B7 ch |
| 18—R K sq | 18—QR K sq | 36—K x P | 36—Q Kt7 ch |
| | | 37—K K3 | 37—Q B6 mate |

"Chess is the only game, perhaps, which is played at for nothing, and yet warms the blood and brain as if the gamesters were contending for the deepest stakes. No person easily forgives himself who loses, though to a superior player. No one is ever known to flatter at this game by underplaying himself. It is certain this play is an exercise of the understanding; it is a contention who has the most solid brain, who can lay the deepest and wisest designs. It is, therefore, rarely known that a person of great vivacity and quickness, or one of very slow parts, is a master of this game."

Mr. Labouchère, M. P., says: "I confess that when I learned from the *Pall Mall Gazette* that General Gordon was, when in doubt, in the habit of tossing a coin in the air as an appeal to Providence, I felt convinced that it had been a mistake ever to have sent him to the Soudan. Would any sane human being entrust his business to the best of men accustomed to seek a solution of difficulties after this supernatural fashion?"

## SHADOWS AND VOICES.

The Wraiths of Two Lovers and the Ghost of a Perfume.

II.

He bent his face upon his hand, and sat silent so long that Bebée, my pet fawn, unfolded her slender legs in the corner where she was crouched, aroused by the cessation of speech, and came to lay her pointed muzzle on my knee, looking up into my face with the mute questioning of sensitive dumb creatures. My companion laid a caressing hand on the animal's dappled coat, when finally he raised his eyes. I could not help thinking with what fondness his hand would have rested on the head of a woman he loved; how softly he would touch the cheek of a child.

"To resume," he said, with the tension of lips that bespeaks determination opposed to disinclination. "After the estrangement between Miss Ransome and her lover, what is more natural than that her whole being should concentrate in her regretful memories. That strong, tenacious nature, brooding over the past, reviews in turn every phase and scene of the episode; and re-living those days herself, her personality outreaches space, and her spiritual presence returns here to fill its old place. What wonder that you have re-lived with her those old experiences? You are filled with the very essence of your friend's existence. You may even be the vehicle of her occupation. Who knows? For we realize, you and I, that there are many relations between mind and mind, and between mind and matter, occult now, but which will one day be classified, and even regulated, as absolutely as are actions of the exact sciences."

Were these the far-fetched and illogical conclusions of a visionary, of a mystic? Or did rational and practical thought and studious foresight speak in this soothing, prophetic tone? I can not tell. I only know that, theory or illusion, the suggestion brought me comfort.

With something of my old impetuous eagerness, I sprang up, and drew Mr. Harper across the entry to the threshold of my own room, and impulsively threw open the door.

"Show me," I cried, "where Constant used to sit—where stood her favorite chair. I believe that what you say is true, and I want data to pursue the thought. I am no longer afraid."

"Her seat was often on a sofa that stood where yours stands," he answered; "those doors were cut through since. She sat there for the most part; or in an easy chair just where the hassock lies. Ah!" he grasped my hand, with a painful, sudden force; "that scent! Do you use it as well as she?"

In the days when I had first known Constant Ransome her garments and her books had been always faintly redolent of a delicate perfume that I have never otherwise encountered. As we grew to confidential terms, she had told me how the rare odor was the tincture of an inspissated gum brought back by her uncle from early travels in the Levant. She had offered to share with me the precious esssence; but it is a whim of mine that a woman should limit herself to the use of one sole perfume; and it suited my fancy to think of this Oriental fragrance as pertaining solely to the employment of my friend. So I had won her promise to make to no other the generous offer I refused. And while we stood there that exquisite aroma began to fill the air, faint at first, almost imperceptible, then more and more abundant, as if in full measure shaken out from an ample censer. Some effect this had, doubtless, upon our senses. I felt a curious sensation of languor for a moment. Then, gazing into my chamber, I awakened with a start. The room seemed empty, but for the scattered débris of a dismantled apartment. The folding doors had given place to a blank wall, and Constant Ransome stood midway of the floor. She was cloaked and clad in traveling garb. Her face was wan, and set, and stern. Her eyes were turned toward us, but blankly, as if unseeing. She raised her hands toward heaven.

"Oh, God!" she cried; "if to me descends our fatal gift of curses, I pray Thee to wreak here the vengeance of my wrongs. Let a shadow of sin and sorrow rest on this house. In this room, where so much of happiness and so much of misery has been mine, may none be happy. Dissension and hate come between lovers who meet within these walls; and if a child be born here, may agony and evil be its inheritance!"

There was no frenzy in her voice, no passion in her face; only an earnest and deadly determination. That awful relentlessness horrified me. I remember Mr. Harper's sharp, alarmed call to my mother before I swooned away. Then I remembered no more until I opened my eyes in my own room, where the subtile eastern perfume was still sweet and heavy. It was far in the night; a lamp was burning dimly on the mantel-board, and by its rays I saw my mother and one of our neighbors, a good, plain woman, whose kindnesses were shown by every sick-bed. With her good, broad, common face, her kind, fat voice, and her strong, soft arms, Mrs. Polson, seemed to me the typical nurse. She should have been professional instead of a volunteer. She was droning some recital to my mother in a monotonous, somniferous tone that was soothing rather than disturbing. With my senses still torpid from my swoon, I had listened for some moments with the ear of the flesh before my perception took heed that the worthy woman was giving a history of our dwelling's record, and its ill repute in the neighborhood.

"An' I'd take Sylvy out o' here," she was saying now. "I'd take her into another room just 's soon's the law'd allow. *I* shouldn't *dare* to sleep in here! Why, everything happens in here! It was right there in that corner that Georgie Franck fell and crippled hisself, an' his mother died 'most on the very same spot. An' I've helped lay out three of the Slade children in here, inside of a month. But the worst of the lot was that morning that I come in the door just in time to see Wilkes Shelby knock his wife down. An' there she laid bleedin' just where Sylvy's bed is, an' he up and left, and went East with Anna Gay. Oh, I tell you, Mis' Tracy, I wouldn't have this room for a hundred dollars!"

That was the last I heard before I drifted away into delirium. Refractory to the influence of medicine, unconscious of the alarm of my family through those long days and nights of seeming stupor, I was in reality full of the most intense mental activity. I seemed to live a two-fold life. I was myself the compassionate friend to whom all the inwardness of the sad history was laid bare; regretful and full of sympathy, but impotent for intervention. And I was the girl herself, instinct with the thrill of a mighty love, and maddened by the misfortune that attended that hapless passion. With her I doubted and feared when its force first swayed her, resisting with all the startled recoil that was characteristic of Constant Ransome's almost fiercely vestal nature. With her I yielded in reluctant relenting when her debonair young lover's pleading won her forebodings over to dreams of security in a happy future. It was all so clear, I grew to understand so well in that abnormal condition. The intentions and the motives of all the players in that little drama unfolded themselves to my perception as by clairvoyance. The little rift of discord that grew into deadly distrust and hopeless division between the lovers was hardly less plain than the avarice and covetousness that prompted Mr. Ransome to destroy his daughter's happiness. How well he knew his child! Who else would have suspected that under her self-contained air of confidence lay smouldering the hottest fire of jealousy that ever consumed a woman's heart? Even her young lover had found fault with her for her lack of the cursed trait that separated them.

"If I could only make you *care!*" I had heard the Voice of his Shadow say, long back in my first mediumistic hearings. "If I married another woman to-morrow, you would not lift a hand to hinder—you are so indifferent! so cold! You don't know how to love—for love is always jealous!"

And the girl had only smiled in her shy, proud reticence. But her father had known better. He had fanned with a steady purpose that latent spark, until it had blazed into a wild, devouring flame; his carefully shown seeds of suspicion and distrust had sprung up and borne bitter fruit.

From this strange, unwonted life, wherein my frail body had seemed to be possessed in turn by diverse turbulent spirits, I awoke once more, with a strange sense of peace. I heard the rain beating through the vines outside; and coals dropping on the hearth in the parlor across the hall; and my mother's soft stir, as she moved in some office for my comfort, no doubt. I half arose from my pillow, and then I saw the form of Constant before me once again. My whole soul shrank in horror. Would she invoke again the curse that a dark tradition in her family assigned as the heritage to the eldest born of each generation? Was she so relentless? She stood, slight and tall, in long, white draperies, like the clinging folds of a night-robe. The sad, worn face of my old companion changed, and took on a look of peace and love well nigh divine. She uplifted again her hands, but now imploring, humbly.

"Oh, Father, spare the guiltless! Not even forgiveness for my sinful prayer—but lift its wicked, horrible fulfillment—and let our gift of curses die—*with me!*"

Through that misty, fading figure in the doorway, I saw my mother coming from the room beyond, and I heard, at the moment, the clock strike four. Even as mother approached the bed a sense of repose came over me, a relaxation from nervous tension, and I soon slept, peacefully and long.

A week later Mr. Harper was shown into the parlor where I reclined, convalescent, since my fever had gone and I was no longer a victim of apparitions. For all disturbing sights and sounds had ceased with the last appearance of Constant Ransome in my room. The metaphysician drew his chair beside my sofa.

"Are you well enough to let me annoy you with one of my perplexities," he said, when we had chatted a few moments. "It is heartless to trouble you, but Will Earle insists that I must ask you to send him *what you have in keeping* for him. He came in from the mountains yesterday, the wreck of his former self, and is at my house seriously ill. I'm afraid trouble has driven him to evil ways that will be his death. But he would give me no rest until I should come here. Do you understand at all what he means?"

"Not in the least," I said. "Might papa take me to your house soon? I would like to see Mr. Earle. What is he like—have you his picture?"

Mr. Harper drew a photograph from a pocket-case.

"He is not much like that now, poor boy—more like its wraith."

But it was the same dark, bright, young face I knew too well.

My father came into the room with a packet in his hand.

"Ah, Mr. Harper, I am glad to see you! A good, brisk tilt against your wits will do our invalid a world of good. Daughter, here is a parcel the expressman left with me for you."

And the two gentlemen engaged each other while I opened the package. There was a worn clasped book, a journal by its appearance; a few letters bearing the name of Constant Ransome, frayed by much handling; a faded rose, two pictures of Will Earle, two little rings, and a lock of silky black hair. In a separate cover were two letters addressed to myself.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND [the first I opened ran]: I am sure that your tender woman's heart will bleed for the grief with which I announce to you the death of my beloved daughter and your devoted friend, Constant Ransome. She has been declining these many months. During the last few days, delirium held her in painful chains, and she seemed living over in imagination an unfortunate emotional experience whose *disillusionment*, I fear, told heavily in the balance against her fragility. Her strength failed rapidly, and yesterday at two o'clock A. M., we who sorrowed about her

"When the wind began to whisper and the sea began to roll,
Heard, in the wild March morning, the angels call her soul."

I am my dear daughter's sole heir, and, in compliance with a request she made before delirium supervened, I forward—through your father's attorneys, as I am ignorant of your present whereabouts—the accompanying sealed package. Craving your sympathetic prayers in my profound affliction, I am sincerely yours,

AUGUSTUS RANSOME.

To Miss Sylvia Tracy, care Rand & Barker.

My early training has made the instinct of verification like second nature to me. I compared the date that Mr. Ransome gave of his daughter's death, with my last vision of Constant, pallid and frail, seemingly moribund. They were identical. I had seen her at four o'clock in the morning—she had died at two—and the difference in longitude precisely reconciled that disparity. Was not this very nearly akin to the accuracy of scientific exactitude?

And this was the last missive of my dead friend, written brokenly in feeble characters, piteously unlike the nervous, dashing script that used to be hers:

MY DEAR FRIEND: I am dying. You must remember the malady that has been sapping my strength for years. I might have withstood its power yet a while, but I have been wounded sorely, and I have given up the fight. Suffering has not tamed my haughty spirit, nor taught me feminine softness. I will not own that death has conquered me—rather I throw down my armor and challenge his fatal shaft in penance for my sin. I opened the ear of my evil pride and weak jealousy to treacherous counsel, and grossly wronged the truest, tenderest heart that ever beat. He would not forgive me—how could he? You will find the record of it all in my journal, Sylvia. I have written it there, as I have been living it all over these past few weeks, in recollections as vivid as was the dear and sorrowful reality. And when you have read it, dear, give over to *him* the things I send you—poor lifeless mementoes of a love that was deep and strong, but most ill-fated. I seem to have been very near to you of late, dear friend; as this earthly body fades and perishes, I seem to have taken on something of the wide scope of outlook from the other world. I seem to have been much in your heart, and his—ay! and with one other. Sylvia, I know that you have met George Harper. Will you tell him that I know the secret of his loyal heart, and bow my soul before his noble spirit? For the rest, I will come back from that other world—already I am half within its sway—and I will send my dear one to you, dear, for comfort. Pity him, Sylvia, for he loved and suffered much. Keep the turquoise ring in memory of me, and give him what I have sent—it will reach him only through your hands, for my father would keep back from him even this poor remembrance from the dead. Is it not sad—we two alone of all our race, and so estranged? It does seem hard to die and leave but few to mourn me—only you, and Will, and dear George Harper. I have been days in writing this—my strength is failing now. Tell Will that the tress of his dear hair has never left my heart. I only send it now to spare it profanation. Not even the sanctuary of my cold breast could save it from my father's hatred. Pray for me—Sylvia, I have been cruel, and hard, and vindictive, but I repent—I have tried to atone—good-bye—God bless you—help Will—

CONSTANT.

May 3, 1884. Y. H. ADDIS.

---

The vicious Scotchwoman who forms one of the leading characters in Ouida's "Friendship" finds—in one of her traits—almost a counterpart in a Neapolitan princess who claims relationship with the Bonapartes. She owns a yacht, and on each of her numerous voyages brings home a goodly cargo of bric-à-brac, gathered from the places she has visited. This she places on exhibition at her palace, and then she invites to a "reception" every one she knows who has money to spend, rich foreigners being her specialty. She directs her guests' attention to the bric-à-brac, and whenever one of them expresses admiration of any article, she graciously makes him a present of it. The next day the captain of her yacht calls upon the recipient, and delicately intimates that a slight monetary *quid pro quo* would not be distasteful to her highness. The average man, finding himself in such a trap, yields to the extortion rather than have the public scandal of returning his fair hostess's "gift," and, not wishing either to haggle at terms with a "real live princess," usually sends her three or four times the value of her trumpery curiosities.

---

Dumas, says a French writer, has lost nothing of his freshness since the days—alas! far in the bygone now—when he nearly caused the death of one of my school companions. He was a little Spaniard, an *interne* at the Pension Massin; he was sleepless, had lost his appetite, and was gradually wasting away as if stricken with home-sickness. Sarcey, who was in the same class and had conceived a friendship for him, asked him one day: "Is it your mother you wish to see?" "No," answered the child, "she is dead." "Your father, then?" "He used to beat me." "Your brothers and sisters?" "I have none." "Why, then, are you so anxious to get back to Spain?" "To finish a book I began reading in the vacation." "What is the name of it?" "'Los Tres Mosqueteros.'" The poor child had the nostalgia of the "Trois Mousquetaires."

---

During a long session of Congress, when the thermometer is among the nineties, Old Point Comfort becomes to the senators and members what Coney Island is to New York, and thither they resort by scores. Thither also resorted summer after summer the beautiful and fascinating wife of a senator, since divorced. She would array herself in a bewitching bathing-costume of white camel's-hair cloth, trimmed in black and supplemented by black and white silk stockings, and a cunning red turban, walk down to the water's edge, pose for a few minutes, dip her tiny feet into the water, then, calling her French maid to bring a scarlet cloak, envelop herself in it and return to the hotel. All the male element at the Point mustered in full force on these occasions, and the pretty little woman was not unconscious of the cause.

---

Frédéric Mistral, the Provençal poet, who has just been visiting Paris for the first time since he was there lionized by Lamartine and Gounod, seventeen years ago or more, is now fifty-four years old, tall, strongly molded, and bearing no marks of age or dissipation. His hair and whiskers are long and heavy, his brown eyes are full of life and gentle humor, and his countenance wears an expression of thoughtful serenity and good nature. In conversation he is less voluble, and indulges in fewer gestures than is usual among his race.

---

Here is an example of the conscientious study which the best Parisian actors give to parts in the most extravagant Palais Royal farces. Daubray, who takes the rôle of a butcher in the new piece, "Le Train de Plaisir," has been in the habit for the last few weeks of rising early and paying a visit to his butcher to learn practically the way to "cut up" and "dress" meat.

---

At a recent ball in New Orleans, in the most conspicuous box, the centre of all eyes, sat Jefferson Davis, the daughters of General Lee, and the wife of Stonewall Jackson.

## VANITY FAIR.

The booths at the recent Kirmess, held in New York, were stocked with things salable, says the *Sun*, usually in keeping with the country represented, and yet often of the kind common to church fairs, pure and simple. The sellers were girls and women, costumed to suit the special service, and personally representing a vast amount of wealth and fashion. The one most interesting, however, as shown by the constancy of the crowd in front of the Swedish booth, where she sold flowers, was Madame Christine Nilsson. She wore a peasant dress, and it served to make it plainer even than usual that the singer is a perfectly typical Swede in face and figure. She sold flowers very graciously, indeed, and gave a few words smilingly to every buyer; but she was too moderate in her charges, and it was not until some of the shrewder managers had remonstrated with her that she raised the price of rose-buds from ten to twenty-five cents. She was especially beset by young girls, to whom she gave far warmer encouragement than the easy politeness which men received. "Have you any of your photographs to sell?" a blushing young girl inquired. "I believe there are some on the picture stand," was the reply. A bunch of the pictures was brought. They were marked fifty cents each. "And won't you please write your name on it?" said the girl; "how much would that be?" "Oh, I don't know," Nilsson replied, smiling doubtfully, and speaking in her slightly and softly broken English. "I theenk a dollar would-a be just." A matron pulled her by the sleeve and said: "No, no; we can't sell the picture and autograph so cheap as that. Five dollars is about right." "Say two dollars," expostulated the prima donna. The compromise price was two dollars and a half, at which rate a considerable number were sold.

The smelling-bottle craze, says *Harper's Bazar*, has been a very fashionable one with young girls in Washington in the past few months. It is a costly fashion. One belle now has her second bottle presented within three months, each of which cost sixty dollars. The first was crushed under her carriage wheels in coming from a party one night, and its gold top, with her initials on it, alone escaped destruction. Another young lady carries one at least a foot in length, and being of very thick cut glass, it is particularly ponderous. A bottle of this kind, even of moderate size, costs forty dollars.

What do you think of the last fashion? (says *Truth*). Perhaps you may not have been told about it. Beauties who have perfect necks and busts will hasten to adopt this mode. Why? Because it enables them to display charms which are usually hidden in the broad daylight. If the skin be not white and healthy, 'twere best not to be in this fashion. What do you think of a short skirt, a corsage made of the same stuff and just like a corset, with a nether garment in some sort of colored foulard, made like a chemise, but handsomely bordered above the running strings, which, of course, should be drawn somewhat, and tied? On this trimming small diamond ornaments, such as flies and daddy-long-legs, may be dotted. The sleeves of the under-vesture should extend almost to the elbow. From this you are not to infer that the rest of the arm should be bare. It should be well covered with a Swedish glove. A small sealskin or fur trimmed mantle, and a bonnet to match, should complete the toilet. If the bonnet is large, it will spoil everything. Nor should I omit to state that if the little mantle is not ostensibly very warm, there will not be a good excuse for the wearer to throw it off when she is paying a visit. I was present yesterday at a déshabillement of this kind. The fair lady who suffered from the heat of her sealskin cloak had a figure of sculptural beauty, and such a neck and chest! It was of a pearly tinge, with a faint glow of pink, and delicately veined (but only as nature willed) with blue. This model was, doubtless, imported into France by a mantua-maker, who had seen the ladyhood of the English peerage going to Buckingham Palace to make their courtesies to Queen Victoria at a drawing-room.

Henry Labouchère, editor of London *Truth*, writes of Edmund Yates, the editor of London *World*, that he edits his paper too carelessly and puts too much confidence in his lady contributors. "I admire the fair sex," he remarks; "I recognize their many excellent qualities; but I never believe what one woman says of another—especially if the other be young and pretty."

English society, says the London *World*, is naïvely slow to take the measure of social novelties; and though London has been flooded by our nasal cousins, the American girl herself is still imperfectly understood. If she is distinguished by one quality more than another among womankind it is by that attribute which is common to all her countrymen, and generated by their restless life. She is cute; quite cute enough to take every advantage of the momentary confusion she has produced. Now is her critical time; the eager competition of her ever-increasing sisters will destroy her favorable position; she is resolved to take her fortune at the flood, and society hears whispers of a determined invasion in the course of the season at whose eve we have arrived. Outside London she is scarcely to be found. The few princes of whom the inhospitable Roman palaces still boasted have long been carried off. Poor, unhappy Paris, as our socialist friends put it, has been exploited, and a Paris of republican advocates and simmering sansculottism has seen the odious city on the Thames usurp the position of premier city in the world for pleasure-seeking society. Again, the fashionable world of London is in a state of chronic boredom, and is always ready to welcome a new sensation. Together with her novelty the American girl exercises something of the charm which a half-educated visitor always exercises on a conventional society. Pocahontas might have had the town at her feet; her successor is less simple and more schooled than Pocahontas, but compared with the smart people of Europe she is uneducated. She has not, that is to say, lived in an atmosphere the creation of centuries, charged to an extent impossible to realize with social opinions, conventionalities, and traditions. They are born and bred in the European child. Her transgressions and her criticism give her half her piquancy, but what is amusing in her would be embarrassing in her English sister. Her natural quickness of perception has, moreover, been sharpened by more traveling than falls to the lot of the ordinary English girl. Table d'hôte and second-rate foreign society, if they have not added to her refinement, have taught her a precocious self-possession. The English girl, though temporarily eclipsed by her rival, need not despair. Her qualities will tell in the long run. The apparent distinction and tact of the American girl is as showy and as smart and as little part of her as her Parisian dresses. Real refinement is the attribute of a leisure class. This does not exist in the States, except in the narrow Puritan circle at Boston. The feverish pushing, and striving, and barbarous ostentation of the men must react upon their sisters. And, indeed, American women are the most showy, restless, and unquiet in the world. Repose and dignity are alien to them; smartness is their ideal. Nor are they physically equal to the overshadowed English girl. Far from evolving a superior, American civilization seems destined to evolve an inferior type of woman. The American girl is as different from her English sister as the women of the insipid American parlor fiction are different from the women with hearts and brains of the robuster literature of Fielding and Scott.

At a swell wedding reception the other night, says a New York writer, I saw a very grand lady wearing diamonds on her head, neck, arms, waist, and wherever diamonds could be put. Even around the bodice of her dress she wore a dazzling mass of gems incrusted in the form of the Elizabethan stomacher. Two well-dressed young men hovered constantly near her, apparently adoring her from a most respectful point of view. So much wealth could not fail to exact homage, although the lady was no longer young. "Sons?" I whispered to a fair creature who knows everything. With a look of pity she answered: "No; detectives!"

Many distinctive articles of dress and personal use have taken their names from noted persons. Thus we have the Derby hat and scarf, the Byron collar, the Wellington boots, the Prince Albert coat, and the victorine, a peculiar fur cape named after Queen Victoria. Queen Elizabeth's name is given to a peculiar high lace ruff, and that of Madame Sontag to the comfortable knit jacket so much worn by ladies in cold weather. Louis Kossuth distinguished his visit to this country by introducing into general use the soft felt hats which were then called Kossuth hats. The Gainsborough hat took its name from the artist Gainsborough, and the Rubens hat from the great Flemish painter. The names of Madame Pompadour and Marie Antoinette are associated with peculiar styles of ladies' dress, and that of Mrs. Langtry, the Jersey Lily, with a tight-fitting waist worn by ladies, and called the jersey. Lord Brougham gave his name to a species of cab, and Lord Lansdowne is remembered by the Lansdowne collar.

The styles in gentlemen's hats differ very little from those of last winter. The crown of the Derby is higher, and the curl and brim are both flatter. In silk hats the bell is lighter, and the brim is more open, smaller, and more closely rolled. The Fédora and Alpine, the soft hats, are not worn so much. Black is the prevailing color, and the silk hat the only real dressy hat. There is no difference between the young man's and the old man's hat, except that the latter has a wider brim. One can hardly say that is true, either; for the old men are getting quite juvenile in their tastes. Before long they will be the only ones wearing the narrow-brim high hat.

All over Paris the pointed shoe is worn for ladies' walking shoes. This is painful and deforming. In recompense the English square heel is the proper thing, and the French heel is relegated to its proper place for home, carriage, and evening wear. Even there it is modified. The high-backed house slipper of black French kid, very low in front, and square at the angles where the high back turns down to the side, is the distinctive slipper of the season. It has been long sold in New York. The beauty of the slipper is in the narrow black ribbons that come down from the angle at the top of the back, and tie around the ankle with bow and ends that fall around the instep, showing the instep curve and much of the stocking below, as the upper hardly does more than inclose the toe. No shape is more becoming and coquettish. The bow gives the natural dainty and careless effect observable in the French pictures of a century ago.

The agony of agonies this season, which most attracts the attention of the ladies fair, is the hand-painted bonnet. Hours of intense thought and quarts of the best paint are wasted in an endeavor to imitate the flower of the field or plumage of birds, with varying success. Once in a while a bonnet is painted that is "perfectly awfully lovely," and then again a bonnet is taken from the easel looking very much as if it had accidentally rolled across the fair artist's palette. We saw one the other day that resembled a pan of sour milk after a thunder storm, in delicate shading. It is largely a matter of artistic culture whether the bonnet is a success or not.

The fashion of black poodle-dogs, says the *American Queen*, is on the increase. Dog fashion alters with as great a decision as the fashions in and for anything else. What has become of the German Spitz, once all the rage? Then came the Maltese lion dog, and a quantity of other sorts followed. Mr. Schmaltz, the distinguished artist, brought into vogue the German wolf and wild-bear hunting-dog. We believe his was the second in New York, and now we see dozens of the breed, though certainly not one up to the standard of his animal. Black poodles are abominations in the way they are shaved into knots and knobs, numerous and complicated; they quite destroy the appearance of this animal, so intelligent and so kind.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The Duchess of York once had a water-party, but when she arrived late the waterman said: "Your royal highness must wait for the tide." Upon which Lord Coleraine, bowing profoundly, said: "If I had been the tide, I should have waited for your royal highness."

"Doctor," said the grateful patient, seizing the physician's hand, "I shall never forget that to you I owe my life." "You exaggerate," said the doctor mildly; "you only owe me for fifteen visits; that is the point which I hope you will not fail to remember."

At an auction sale the other day a marine view was being knocked down at a handsome figure, when a bluff sailor, who happened to wander in, exclaimed, earnestly, "My stars! if there ain't a vessel drifting on the rocks with a strong breeze blowing off shore!" The artist took his work home to rearrange the wind.

Two ladies moving in the highest circle of Washington society, during a friendly meeting on the street, got to quarreling about their ages, and used very strong language toward each other. At last, as if to end the dispute, one of them turned away, and said, in a very conciliatory tone of voice: "Let us not quarrel over the matter any more. I, at least, have not the heart to do it. I never knew who my mother was; she deserted me when a baby, and who knows but that you may have been the heartless parent?"

There is a neat story told of a lady whose husband had a very small foot, of which he was extremely proud. She flattered him and encouraged his vanity, so that every time he bought tighter and tighter shoes. It was excruciating pain to go about in them, but he would not confess it. However, when he reached home in the evening his slippers were such a welcome relief that it was a difficult matter to induce him to go out after dinner. From a great club man he became noted for his domestic habits. Madame smiled to herself, but said nothing.

One of the most distinguished incidents of Zimmerman's life was the summons which he received to attend Frederick the Great in his last illness, in 1786. One day the king said to his eminent physician: "You have, I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world?" Any ordinary person would doubtless have been scared by so momentous an inquiry, and it was, in fact, a somewhat bitter pill for the doctor; but the dose he gave the king in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery: "Not so many as your majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

Henry Carey, a cousin to Queen Elizabeth, after having enjoyed her majesty's favor for several years, lost it in this manner: As he was walking in the garden of the palace, under the queen's window, she asked him, in a jocular manner, "What does a man think when he is thinking of nothing?" The answer was a very brief one. "Upon a woman's promise," he replied. "Well done, cousin!" said Elizabeth; "excellent!" Some time after he solicited the honor of a peerage, and reminded the queen that she had promised it to him. "True," said her majesty; "but that was a woman's promise."

One of our popular doctors was not long ago much pleased with a certain aërated water, and, by his assiduous recommendations, procured for it a celebrity it justly deserved. The doctor acted solely in the interests of humanity generally, and expected no return. To his surprise there came one morning an effusive letter from the company, saying that his recommendations had done them so much good that they "ventured to send him a hundred ——." Here the page came to an end. "This will never do," said the doctor; "it is very kind, but I could not think of accepting anything." Here he turned the page and found the sentence ran: "of our circulars for distribution."

Daniel Webster began his career in Congress by advocating free trade, but became afterward the leading champion of the protection system. About the year 1846, he was invited to a great tariff dinner at Philadelphia, which proved to be one of the most magnificent banquets ever given in the United States. The immense hall of the old Chinese Museum was engaged for the occasion, and profusely decorated with flags and banners. At that time no Philadelphia paper had a corps of reporters at all competent to make quick work of a two-hours' speech, which requires eight men to report verbatim with the requisite dispatch for an early issue. The consequence was that it was past ten o'clock the next morning before the Whig paper appeared. There was a saucy little Democratic sheet published then, called the *Pennsylvanian*, edited by the late Colonel Forney, which played a nice trick upon an expectant public. The editor hunted up Mr. Webster's great speech on the tariff delivered in 1824, which was a thorough-going argument for free trade, in direct opposition to the oration of the evening before. Colonel Forney struck off a large edition of this speech as a supplement to his paper, heading it, in his largest type: "*Webster's Great Speech on the Tariff.*" The newsboys made the town ring with this cry soon after sunrise. Horace Greeley, who had come over from New York on purpose to hear the speech, and was anxious to get an early copy for publication in the New York *Tribune*, rushed out of his hotel and bought several of them. Many thousands of copies were sold before the joke was discovered. Mr. Webster himself, who loved a joke, took it in good part, laughed heartily, and said to the friend who handed him the paper: "I think Forney has printed a much better speech than the one I made last night."

### THE INNER MAN.

The stoic's fare—the radish and the egg.

Henry IV., of France, indulged largely in oysters.

In England people eat to live; in France they live to eat.

Bismarck's steady drink is a mixture of London porter and champagne.

Pope Pius VII., when prisoner at Fontainebleau found solace in cultivating cabbages.

The sacred fire of cookery rises in incense to heaven with the smoke of the kitchen.

He who dines with Duke Humphrey to-day may feast with an Alderman to-morrow.

The Emperor Frederick, of Germany, and Maximillian II., were inordinately fond of melons.

Wordsworth, the poet, had lost the sense of smell—roses and onions were all the same to him.

Sam Ward has written a paper on "Dinners at Delmonico's" at which he has personally assisted.

The Tartars pull a man by the ear to press him to drink. In this country treatment so severe is unnecessary.

Charles XII., of Sweden, was an abstemious eater, and preferred, above all attractions of the banquet, plain bread and butter.

In Ireland it is said of a man who is more than ordinarily persuasive that he can "talk the devil out of the liver-wing of a turkey."

Napoleon, like Voltaire, was excessively fond of coffee, as Boswell informs us the great lexicographer was of Mrs. Thralle's cups of tea.

Anthony Trollope was a great lover of claret. In all his novels he speaks admiringly of a glass of good claret. He was a two-bottle man.

The lazzaroni of Naples are the most degraded of men, because their food is the poorest. What can be expected of a people who live on macaroni?

When plucked from the vine, we call the fruit *grapes*, when dried, *raisins*, when in a pudding, *plums*, while the juice we extract from them becomes wine.

The fourth Earl of Sandwich was the inventor of the popular food known as the sandwich—without a supply of which no picnic party can be made a success.

When an English traveler expressed his surprise and disgust at some Arabs eating insects, the men retorted that it was poor affectation in a person who would swallow raw oysters.

Miss Martineau did not possess the sense of taste—though on one occasion she acknowledged having gotten the taste of boiled mutton, and "it was delicious"; but it never came again.

The best wine served at Queen Victoria's table is the Hock, most of which is presented to her by German grandees like Prince Metternich, who owns the famous red-hill known as Johannisberg.

The late Mr. Hayward, who, among other accomplishments which he possessed, wrote a notable essay on "The Art of Dining," is said to have cut an acquaintance because he repeatedly cut his lettuce with a knife.

When Coleridge, who loved not only a good dinner, but also a good listener, was on one occasion dining out, he noticed among the company a person whose silent nods and continued reticence passed for appreciative wisdom, until a trifle disturbed the flattering delusion. The servant placed a dish of apple-dumplings on the table, and then the silent man burst out with the remark, "Them's the jockeys for me!"

A great French artist has died within the last few days. Adolphe Duglere had only a Parisian reputation, but in certain circles he ranked very high indeed. He was a cook. The best part of his life he had devoted to directing the Baron de Rothschild's cuisine, and when he withdrew from that engagement it was to take office as the *grand chef suprême* of the Café Anglais. In his earlier years he had been the friend of Millet, Diaz, and Couture, and had rendered these painters many a service in times of adversity. He had known the great Dumas, and had learned from him how to make an omelet. He had even collaborated with that novelist; for when Dumas wrote a book on the art of cookery, Duglere contributed to its pages the records of his own culinary experiences. When relieved from his professional labors the *grand chef suprême* delighted in the society and in the works of artists. He leaves behind him a splendid collection of bronzes and paintings.

The Foire aux Jambons, one of the most ancient fairs of France, was opened on April 8th, on the Boulevard Richard Lenoir. Its antiquity may be estimated from the fact that writers of the seventeenth century profess their inability to fix the date of its origin. For four hundred years the Ham Fair was held in front of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, to the great benefit of the Chapter and the mortification of the faithful, whose gluttonous propensities were aroused on their way to church by the spectacle of the succulent viands displayed upon open stalls. Since the beginning of the present century the fair has been held in various parts of Paris, and since 1860 in its present situation. The flesh of the pig, cooked and uncooked, and in all the various forms of preparation, is, of course, the great feature of the fair.

The Japanese, says a writer in *All the Year Round*, eat more fish than any other people in the world. With them meat-eating is a foreign innovation, confined to the rich, or rather to those rich people who prefer it to the national diet. Clearly Mr. Okoshi is not one of these. He was enthusiastic about the excellence of his native fish dinners. He told us that the reason why fish is not more eaten in England is not because of its price or because of the difficulty of transport, but because we cook it so badly. "To boil it is simply to take away the best part of its flavor; with us there are as many varieties of fish-cooking as there are different kinds of fish."


The Strongest and Best!




The Strongest and Best!

**Recommended by the leading Physicians and Chemists of the Pacific Coast.**

FOR SALE BY

**C. J. HAWLEY & CO.**

Nos. 215 and 217 Sutter St.

**An Old Soldier's**

**EXPERIENCE.**

"Calvert, Texas,
May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

Sold by all Druggists.

**Apollinaris**

THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS

*"No amount of pure ocean air in the lungs can neutralise the bad effects of polluted water in the stomach."*

New York Herald.

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.

*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

**For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.**

**No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon.**

**HEALD'S** BUSINESS COLLEGE.

No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

**ASA HARKER & CO.**

**Importers and Wholesale Grocers,**

108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over 3,300 illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy Free to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**

227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

"THE QUEEN OF AMERICAN WATERING PLACES."

**HOTEL DEL MONTE**

Monterey, California,

IS OPEN FOR

THE SUMMER SEASON.

This is absolutely the most elegant and delightful seaside resort in the world, and the charming HOTEL DEL MONTE, with its incomparable accessories, its magnificent drives, its beautiful grounds, its superior facilities for boating, add for cold and warm salt-water bathing, stands unrivaled. The water now used at the Hotel and upon the Crounds is

**Brought from the Carmel River,**

So that the place is now the

**Absolute Queen of Watering Places,**

With no drawback whatever in the World!

**PACIFIC GROVE RETREAT**

Near Monterey, California.

NOW OPEN FOR THE SUMMER.

This is the most delightful camping-ground in the State. Good spring water and an abundance of water from the Carmel River, lovely groves of pine and cedar, splendid beach, fine drives and rambles, an A No. 1 restaurant for use of all who do not wish to do their own cooking, and a new and perfect system of sewerage throughout the entire grounds.

**This Famous Christian Resort**

Is situated on the beautiful Bay of Monterey, and is connected with the ancient capital of the State by a pleasant drive of one and a half miles over a macadamized road lately constructed by the company. In beauty of location it can not be excelled—its graceful pines, extending to the water's edge, affording a delightful refuge from the heat of the sun. As a healthful place of resort it is not surpassed by any locality in the State. It has long been established as a medical fact that a residence in a country wooded with pines is peculiarly beneficial for all those suffering from bronchial or throat affections.

A FEW MORE CHOICE LOTS FOR SALE.

For further information apply to

**J. O. JOHNSON,**

Superintendent Pacific Grove, Monterey,
Monterey County, Cal.

**HIGHLAND SPRINGS,**

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

"The Switzerland of America."

OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

**Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.**

**Daily communication via Cloverdale.**

**DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.**

**THE "POPE HOUSE"**

**HOTEL.**

The POPE HOUSE, for fifteen years past the leading private Hotel and Boarding-House of SANTA CRUZ, enjoying the first patronage in the State, has changed hands, and RE-OPENED March 25th, under the direct personal management and supervision of the new proprietors, who hope, by close attention to the wants and comforts of their guests, to merit a continuance of the valuable patronage so long enjoyed by Mr. Pope.

Private Family Dining-rooms. French Dinners served to order in the best style.

☞ SPECIAL OMNIBUS awaits all arriving and departing trains and steamers. No charge whatever for conveying guests to or from this hotel.

**GILROY HOT SPRINGS,**

An Old Favorite under Superior Management.

ROOP & TENNANT, PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.

These celebrated Springs, situated in a spur of the Coast Range, 12 miles east of Gilroy, are NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON. A complete renovation has been made throughout, and the whole place has been put in delightful order. Rates strictly reasonable to all. P. O., W. F. Ex. and Tel. offices on the premises. Take the 10:40 train (daily) from depot cor. Fourth and Townsend streets, to Gilroy, thence by stage to Springs, 12 miles; or the SATURDAY (3½) EVENING stage, returning early Monday morning.

**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

**J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.**

**MERCHANT TAILORS**

And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,

415 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco

"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."

THE NORTON

**DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.**



It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**

36 California Street, San Francisco,

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

**MARBLE WORKS.**

MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.

W. H. McCORMICK.

827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for

**TAMAR** CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion, etc.

Prepared by

**INDIEN** E. GRILLON, Chemist of the Paris Faculty,

SOLE PROPRIETOR,

27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.

**GRILLON** Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**ALASKA**

**COMMERCIAL CO.**

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.


### ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the office of the Company, Room 2, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the 3d day of June, 1884, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Dupont Street San Francisco, California.

### CONSOLIDATED IMPERIAL MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the thirtieth day of April, 1884, an assessment (No. 20) of Five Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the fifth day of June, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 26th day of June, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

### CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of April, 1884, an assessment (No. 13) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Friday, the twenty-third (23d) day of May, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the twelfth day of June, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

### CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of March, 1884, an assessment (No. 11) of Twenty (20c) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the twenty-first (21st) day of April, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the seventeenth day of May, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*e Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*bscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*ews Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*rsons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.*

*bscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*he American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*ldress all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


# C. P. R. R.

**me Schedule, Thursday, April 24, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 5.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 9.00 A.M. | Byron and Martinez | †6.40 P.M. |
| 11.30 A.M. | " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 1.30 P.M. | " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 11.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 11.00 A.M. | Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 1.00 P.M. | " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 1.30 P.M. | Deming, El Paso, Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 1.30 P.M. | and East, Emigrant | 7.10 A.M. |
| 1.30 P.M. | Galt and via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 1.30 P.M. | Stockton via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 4.30 A.M. | Ione | 5.40 P.M. |
| 1.00 P.M. | Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Los Angeles and South | 9.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| 5.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | Merced, Madera, | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Fresno, and Tulare | 9.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 A.M. | Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 1.30 P.M. | Mojave, Needles, Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 1.30 P.M. | and East, Emigrant | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 5.00 P.M. | " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Ogden and Express | 7.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | East, Emigrant | 11.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | and Tehama via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 A.M. | Redding | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 7.40 A.M. |
| 5.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.10 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Virginia City | 7.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 7.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Oakland Pier; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from The Nevadas and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**OCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

o EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

o FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

o FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

o ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

o BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

o WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

rom FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *3.15.

rom EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

rom BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

rom ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, 10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52; 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

rom BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

rom WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

rom SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

rom OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Daily, except Sundays. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**OPIUM and MORPHINE HABIT**

DR. H. H. KANE, of the DeQuincey Home, now offers a Remedy whereby any one can cure himself quickly and painlessly. For testimonials and endorsements from eminent medical men, &c., address H. H. KANE, A.M., M.D., 160 Fulton St., New York City.


NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

BROAD GAUGE.

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and..Menlo Park | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and..Principal Way Stations | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | ‡ 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Camp Goodall.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.00 P.M. |
| †7.50 A.M. | ..Monterey and Santa Cruz..(Sunday Excursion | †8.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.

‡ Theatre train: Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

**Excursion Tickets.**

For Sundays only—Sold Sunday morning; good for return same day.

For Saturday, Sunday, and Monday—Sold Saturday and Sunday only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive, at the following rates:

| Round Trip from San Francisco to | Sun. Tkt. | Sat to Mon. Tkt. | Round Trip from San Francisco to | Sun. Tkt. | Sat to Mon. Tkt. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| San Bruno | $.... 5 | 50 | Mount'n View | $1 50 | $2 00 |
| Milbrae | ..... | 03 | Lawrence's | 1 50 | 2 25 |
| Oak Grove | ..... | 90 | Santa Clara | 1 75 | 2 50 |
| San Mateo | 75 | 1 10 | San Jose | 1 75 | 2 50 |
| Belmont | 1 00 | 1 25 | Gilroy | 2 75 | 4 00 |
| Redwood | 1 00 | 1 40 | Aptos | ..... | 5 00 |
| Fair Oaks | 1 25 | 1 50 | Soquel | ..... | 5 00 |
| Menlo Park | 1 25 | 1 60 | Santa Cruz | 3 00 | 5 00 |
| Mayfield | 1 25 | 1 75 | Monterey | 3 00 | 5 00 |

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, May 12th, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—7.30, 9.15 A. M., 1.30, 3.20, 4.30, 6.15 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 1.30, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20 A. M., 2.00, 3.25, 4.50 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.55, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.15, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 3.55, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.30, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.45, 5.00, 7.10 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 7.00 P. M.

**7.30 A. M. and 1.30 P. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAINS for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through trains from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 10.30 A. M. and 6.00 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills on arrival of 7.30 A. M. train from San Francisco daily, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning arrives in S. F. at 7.40 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Passenger & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**


## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Passenger Trains leave Station, foot of Market Street, south side, at

**8.30 A. M.**, daily; Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wright's, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, SANTA CRUZ, and all Way Stations.

**2.30 P. M.** (except Sunday), Express; Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ.

**4.30 P. M.**, daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and intermediate points.

**$5 Excursions** to SANTA CRUZ, and **$2.50** to SAN JOSE, on SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, to return until MONDAY, inclusive.

### To Oakland and Alameda.

6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶ 12.00, 12.30, ¶ 1.00, 1.30, ¶ 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.30, 10.30, 11.45 P. M.

**From Fourteenth and Webster Streets, Oakland**—5.35, 6.05, 6.35, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, ¶ 11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶ 12.00, 12.30, ¶ 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.45 P. M.

**From High Street, Alameda**—5.16, 5.46, 6.16, 6.46, 7.10, 7.46, 8.16, 8.46, 9.16, 9.46, 10.16, ¶ 10.46, 11.16, ¶ 11.46 A. M., 12.16, ¶ 12.46, 1.16, 1.46, 2.16, 2.46, 3.16, 3.46, 4.16, 4.46, 5.16, 5.46, 6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 9.16, 11.31 P. M.

‡ Sundays excepted. ¶ Sundays only.

TICKET, Telegraph, and Transfer Office, 222 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. R. M. GARRATT, G. F. & P. Agt.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA**

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| STEAMER | 1884. | From San Francisco for HONGKONG. |
|---|---|---|
| OCEANIC | | Tuesday, May 27th. |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Rio de Janeiro**.....**June 14**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Blas**.....**May 15**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, SAN BLAS, MANZANILLO, and ACAPULCO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA and LA LIBERTAD, and via ACAPULCO for other Mexican and Central American ports.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West India ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Australia**.....Friday, June 6, at 12 o'clock M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

Passengers must be on board at 5 o'clock P. M., at which time the ship will go into the stream.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on March 3d, 11th, 19th, and 27th, and every eighth day thereafter. The first steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 3000-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

MARIPOSA..... THURSDAY, June 1st, at 3 P. M.
ALAMEDA.....MONDAY, June 16th, at 3 P. M.

The MARIPOSA is now receiving freight.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.


# CHARLES R. ALLEN,

**Dealer in House, Steam, Foundry, and**

## CUMBERLAND COAL,

**ENGLISH COKE AND PIG IRON,**

**120 Bogle Street, San Francisco.**

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

## COWEN, PORTER & CO.,

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

I. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER. Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital**.....**$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital**.....**$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

## The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK

LIMITED,

**N. E. corner Pine and Sansome Streets.**

London Office, 3 Angel Court. New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street.

**Authorized Capital Stock**.....**$6,000,000**

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED F. LOW, IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.
P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

CHARLES CROCKER. WM. H. CROCKER. R. C. WOOLWORTH.

## CROCKER, WOOLWORTH & CO.

**BANKERS,**

**322 Pine Street, San Francisco,** carry on a general Banking business.

Correspondents in the principal cities of the Eastern States and in Europe.

## Imperial Fire Insurance Co.

Of London. Instituted 1803.

**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.

**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.

**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold)**.....**$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884**..... **759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

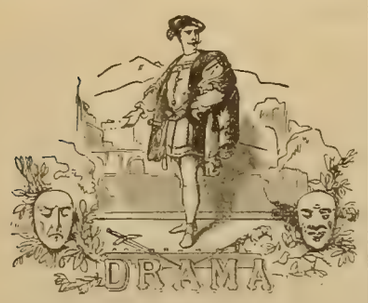
**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR, MANAGER.

**Corner First and Market Streets,**

SAN FRANCISCO.




"Have you seen me act?" Charley Reed puts this most pertinent question in the form of an advertisement, to signify a change in the branch of art he is pursuing. As the little minstrel has been elevated long since to the dignity of an established favorite, it became the duty of his public to follow him across town to the Grand Opera House and answer his question.

"Have you seen me act?" Well, after a deliberate and dispassionate survey of the premises, we can not say that we have. Charley Reed's fun, like Nat Goodwin's, is inherent, intrinsic, and not to be described. He will continue to be funny so long as he retains the whites of his eyes, the gregariousness of his knees, the skimpiness of his stage attire, and the general staccato of his style. His "Pomp" is a mere repetition of his other little darkies, but it is funny to see Charley Reed set in a play. It harms neither him nor the play, and his specialties give the scenery a rest.

Any one who will resolve himself into a genuine south-side-of-Market-Street child of nature, may spend a most delightful evening with "Pomp." It is luxurious with broad-brimmed virtue and broad-brimmed villainy, with dancing darkies and negro humor, with explosions and accidents, and Voudous. You will pass a charming evening, if you will only sit through these things in a proper spirit. For, after all, a spectacular reputation rests upon the place, and one only goes to the Grand Opera House to see the scenery act.

One goes to the Bush Street Theatre to see the latest fad of the hour, to learn to hum the latest tune of the day, to pick out one's pet dude of the four, to comment upon bonny Kate's last freak in toilet or song, and to wonder at the fresh interest in this strange little trifle, "Pop," with its eleventh hour strength.

But when one is in an aristocratic and æsthetic mood, when one longs for elegance and toilets, and for real acting, one goes to the Baldwin.

I have never seen the pretty little theatre more satisfactorily answer to this need than when Mlle. Rhea and her company closed the first act of "The School for Scandal" with the *minuet de la cour*. It was danced with exceeding grace and ineffable stateliness. Aside from the always effective toilets of the ladies, the gentlemen wore such handsome costumes of the period as to make them worthy of remark. Mr. Amory, as Sir Benjamin Backbite, was the macaroni to a nicety, and this not only in the elegance and finished details of his costume, but in the airs and graces, the lisp and manner, of these dudes of another day under another name.

Mr. Sullivan gave all the necessary richness to the traditional black of Joseph Surface's affectedly modest costume, and they danced all with an easy grace and irresistible dignity.

How well this wonderful old comedy stands the wear and tear of time! Yet why should it not? Aside from a certain ingenuous explicitness, which has gone out of date, it might have been written yesterday. Human nature is the same under Langtry bangs and pull-backs that it was under powder and farthingale, and not so long ago. Late in our own century "The School for Scandal" ran four hundred and four consecutive nights at the Vaudeville, in London.

In San Francisco we are indebted to it for having introduced us to Rhea in comedy. It is impossible to claim for a moment that she is the English country girl come to London town to get her head turned by dazzling follies of fashionable life. One must accept Rhea as she is, and not as she ought to be. As she ought to be, she would be very great; but as she is, she is very charming—in comedy. She was born on the wrong side of the channel for English comedy. But she has done her best to remedy the defect; and it becomes us to honor her for the effort. She is certainly very fluent in her strange tongue, never halts for a word, and seems to understand the intricacies of meaning. Her accent is irremediable; but if one resolves to accept that, she is a very pleasing comedienne.

Of course, her Lady Teazle is a Frenchwoman from an obscurer walk of life, whom Sir Peter may have discovered upon the sands of Dieppe, or in the surf at Trouville. In fact, Sir Peter has married the same kind of a girl born in another country. Like the English original, she is teeming with animal spirits, and determined to have a high old time. Rhea's high spirits are indeed her comedy fund. They furnish her forth well in Lady Teazle. They are the spirit of her Frou-Frou; and they carry Hester Grazebrook. Poor Hester! One does not mind Lady Teazle being denationalized in this summary manner, but it is rather hard upon the simple daughter of a north country father. And yet Rhea has in no case so completely carried her audience as in the last act of "An Unequal Match." The richest, handsomest, and most *chic* costume which she has yet worn—and eminently becoming it is—may have helped to carry the situation. But I think more than all it was her flow of spirits. Her comedy is warm and rich, but not fine. And yet I have rarely seen anything better done in a small way than the rehearsal scene in "Frou-Frou." Rhea was light, natural, gay, and—really for the first time—an *elegante*. Indeed, her Frou-Frou is delightful up to a point, and that the point where emotion begins. Her style is undoubtly hard and unemotional. She is well fitted for tragedy and for the broad effect of old-fashioned comedy, but emotion is not in her line.

I have a fancy that she is just the actress for Beatrice—always, of course, barring her accent. Beatrice is a high-spirited, high-stepping young woman, with a general atmosphere of bounce about her. There is a declamatory passage or two to give her enormous voice full play, and, for the rest, it is all passage-at-arms between a lively girl and a foiling lover. Rhea will surely be at her best in "Much Ado About Nothing;" but what shall we do with our Bendict? People look at John Malone, and as a mere matter of State pride wish, and long, and yearn for him to do something well. He is the first really bad actor ever grown in California. But intelligence seems to underlie his gaucherie, and there must be help for him somewhere. His defects are mainly physical, and not false conceptions of his part, or false interpretations of them.

His face is immobile, or, rather, does not take on the expression he intends to give it, and chiefly becomes lackadaisical when he tries to give it any. He should study Delsarte.

His hands seem to weigh a ton, and his legs are in his way, and he walks with the shambling gait of the actor off guard behind the scenes. He should study the stage walk and stage deportment.

His voice flattens and harshens, and he speaks in his throat, although he has some good chest-tones. He should study voice culture.

He speaks clearly, distinctly, and correctly enough, but his accent is inelegant, and flavors too strongly of the remnants of eloquence at the bar. He should study stage elocution.

He is slow to move. He should study fencing to make him quick.

Being moved, he is in an inordinate hurry to get through his lines and off the stage. He should study the *minuet de la cour*.

Then, it would be well for him to learn to take hold of a heroine as if she were not a dynamite cartridge.

If he will do all these things and come back to us one day, we shall all be glad to give him a genuine Californian welcome.

On this visit he is, unfortunately for himself, overshadowed by a generally good company. Mr. Robert Wilson is pretty bad, but he looked very well, and did not offend as Sir Peter Teazle, while he ceased to be a phonograph and became positively human as Old Grazebrook, the father of Hester.

But of the three or four others, each one has been eminently satisfactory in some one rôle. George Woodward was especially happy as Sir Oliver Surface. He has a face which seems to have come out of one of Hogarth's cartoons, and is that rarity, a humorous, not a comic, actor. He is unctuous and droll, and gives a certain finish to everything. His Baron de Cambri was irresistibly droll, his Dr. Botcherly caustic and dry. Mr. Amory was irreproachable as Sir Benjamin Backbite, mildly amusing as Pitou, and not bad in the confined limits of Tofts. Mr. Leo Cooper was rather extinguished in the first part of the week, but was quite delicious as Blenkinsop, a cockney gentleman.

Mr. Sullivan, like many an older and better actor, gave only the hypocritical side of Joseph Surface, a character as diversely played as its tragic kin, Iago. He is evidently an immature actor, as yet a little stiff and a trifle crude. But he has a good voice and presence, and a care in make-up, together with a not displeasing modesty which has not failed to commend him to his audiences. Miss Eugenie Linderman's training and intelligence serve her in good stead, and she is very warmly liked; but she dresses like a bad dream. It did not matter seriously until, as Mrs. Montressor, she was the elegant model copied by rural Hester. The waters of Ems dried up in amazement over her last rig, and no one blamed them.

But for a really sportive and capricious fancy in the matter of raiment, commend me to Mrs. Wren. One seems to be assisting at a crazy quilt raffle. And yet she is a very excellent actress.

It has been her fate to be cast in some parts heretofore filled by young, handsome, and slender actresses. She appears, however, to be quite undisturbed by the traditions, accepts herself as a natural fact in such a very matter-of-fact manner, that every one is moved to do likewise, and to cease to be amazed. She is so thoroughly colloquial in her style that one forgets she is acting, and it is only through frequent seeing that her great adaptability makes itself recognized.

Her adaptability? Awful thought! Can the management by any possibility contemplate casting her as Hero next week in "Much Ado About Nothing"?

---

Those ill-starred people, the fragments of the Peralta Troupe, have been trying another opera season at the California.

It is a peculiarity of theirs always to give you more pleasure than you expect to find when you go to hear them. There's not a one of them except Baldanza who has the first faint idea of acting. They are as stiff as an idolater's wooden image. In fact, Bologna, the basso, is stiffer than a petrified idolater's petrified idol, but they all have pretty good voices, and they all sing fairly well.

The innovation of having a contralto sing the rôle of Marguerite is a good one. Signora Zeppili's voice is called a mezzo, but the contralto quality predominates. So much of Marguerite's music is written in the middle register, that these contralto notes give strength to its sweetness. Zeppili omits the embellishment, and her high notes creak occasionally with the rust of disuse, and yet her Marguerite was enjoyable. Baldanza was in superb voice. Little Miss Thorne now sings her small rôle in Italian very neatly and sweetly.

An off night in the opera season has been taken by Miss Elizabeth Rowellan, who will appear at the California instead of at the Baldwin, on the night of the 21st.

Miss Rowellan's version of "Camille" is said to differ quite radically from Rhea's, in the last act particularly. However, until after she plays, it is only as a beautiful girl who voluntarily leaves the ease and pleasures of society life for the arduous work of an actress's profession that the débutante is known. It is her intention to take up the ordinary course of training after Wednesday evening, but she wished to make a landmark for herself by a formal début, and the part of Camille has been selected for her by her instructress.

Of the opera season, after Miss Rowellan's evening, we are promised "Ione" and "The Barber."

BETSY B.

---

To-morrow night Paul Juignet and company will appear in a French performance, "La Cagnotte," a comedy in five acts, by Labiche. Inasmuch as many people have failed to find any intelligible definition for *cagnotte* in their dictionaries, it may be well to state what it is. In the sense used in the play it means the receptacle used by players in games of chance for the money going to servants, etc.—in short, the "Betsy."

---

At the Baldwin Theatre during the week Mlle. Rhea played "Frou-Frou," on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; and on Tuesday and Thursday "The Unequal Match," which will also be performed this afternoon and evening. Next week "Much Ado About Nothing" will be played.

---

At the California Theatre, the Italian Opera Company appeared in "Faust" Monday and Tuesday nights, "Il Trovatore" on Wednesday and Friday evenings, and will perform "Ernani" this afternoon.

---

Last night Miss Kate Castleton was given a grand testimonial benefit at the Bush Street Theatre. Next Monday night, Evans, Bryant, and Hoey's Meteors will appear in "The Book Agent."

---

Next Wednesday night Miss Elizabeth Rowellan will make her début as Marguerite Gauthier in "Camille," at the California Theatre. She will be supported by a full dramatic company.

---

Charley Reed was tendered a successful benefit in "Pomp" last night, at the Grand Opera House. Next week "No Thoroughfare" will be played at this theatre.

---

"It is not at all improbable," says an English paper, "that the capital acquired by Mr. Irving during his American campaign will be partly devoted to building in London a new theatre of his own, on models and plans designed by himself."

**James Hanrahan,**

Real Estate Broker and General Collector. $10,000 to loan. Refers to Hon. Philip A. Roach. 319 Sansome Street.

**Yosemite and Giant Trees,**

Via positively the shortest, cheapest, and best scenic route, in new unexcelled six-horse coaches. For tickets and full information, THOMAS T. WALTON, 138 Montgomery Street.

—THE METROPOLITAN HALL, WITH ITS ELEGANT new fittings and upholstery, is especially adapted for school exhibitions and commencement-day exercises. Its organ is the finest west of the Mississippi, and its acoustic properties unrivaled.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

### Concert of the Loring Club and the Joran Benefit.

The Loring Club's concert, on Wednesday of last week, gave universal satisfaction. Its distinguishing feature lay in the support and accompaniment of a full orchestra, which added color, variety, and significance to the admirable chorus work. "Roland's Horn," a descriptive composition by F. W. Markull, was the chief number of the evening. The story is of Roland, besieged and surprised within the narrow valley of Roncevalles, by a terrible army of pagans. Seeing that escape was impossible unless help should come to him from Charlemagne, he blew his enchanted horn, which was heard far beyond the mountains. The emperor, deceived by Roland's enemy, Ganelon, did not hurry to his aid, however, until the veins of Roland's neck burst with the violence of his last blast, and before he was reached by Charlemagne he had sung his death-song, thrown his enchanted sword into a poisoned stream, and died of his many wounds. The first part of the work is devoted to a smooth, flowing movement, *andante con moto*, whose mournful tenderness anticipates the story's tragic end. In the second part the dramatic action is rapid, and constantly changing; and the conclusion—at first a wild minor strain, with an effective passage of unisons, and afterward a return to the introductory movement—is strikingly priginal and pathetic. If the orchestral setting was not, in every respect, as polished and well-balanced as it might have been, it was yet a beautiful accompaniment. The voices were occasional over-borne by its force, but the sympathy between players and singers was, for the most part, artistically felt and sustained. Faithful and conscientious study made itself apparent at every point, and the performance of this interesting and lovely music was fine, in the fullest sense. The "Chorus of Pilgrims," by Wagner, was last in order, but not so in excellence. In purity, finish, repose—above all, in its quality of what one may term musical exaltation—it was the one flawless number of the evening. The gradual withdrawal of voices and instruments, after the inspiring climax had been reached, was also characterized by dignity and consistency. A magic distance seemed to grow between the source of sound and the listener. Another number of exceeding charm and real musical innocency was given in "The Postillion of Villach," by Koschat. The solo part was taken, with unusul success, by Mr. Howland, and a trumpet obligato added a novel variety in the way of accompaniment. "The Foresters' Chorus," by Schumann, with support of horns and trombone, filled an interesting place. The fame of San Francisco's brass wind players is not destined to move the world, but the accompaniment in question was much superior to the usual efforts in that line. "Dearest, awake," the serenade by Storch, with string accompaniment, was warmly applauded; and "On the Rhine," by Kücken, all but redemanded. Two remaining numbers were repeated selections, without accompaniment—"I am so nervous," by Kücken, and the beautifully rendered "Dreaming Rose," by Reinhold. A large and appreciative audience assembled for the occasion in Platt's Hall, and the concert was one that will be long remembered.

At the same place, on Thursday evening of last week, a benefit concert was given to Miss Lula Joran, the young pianiste and her two clever little sisters. It was in effect a children's performance, though assistance was rendered by Madame Le Hardi, and Messrs. Goffrie and Knell. Miss Lula Joran, having spent but some fifteen years in this ambitious world, has been limited as regards time in her opportunities. She plays, however, with clearness, ease, and correctness, and promises to become one of those painstaking pianistes of unpronounced style, who are yet blameless in the letter of the law. Her technique—not of the most modern school—lacks individuality; her touch, strength, and her interpretations, character. Miss Joran's selections were all in excellent taste, her solos being a Prelude and Fugue by Bach, Rubinstein's "Melodie" in F, the Bolero, op. 19, by Chopin, and Beethoven's C minor Concerto. She also played the piano part in Mendelssohn's D minor trio for violin, 'cello, and piano, and the second piano in a duo for two pianos with her sister Pauline. Miss Joran is certainly far advanced for a young girl of her years, and has already overcome many difficulties. Her future will doubtless be a successful one. Pauline Joran, pupil of Professor Goffrie, made her first appearance at this time as a violinist, in De Beriot's "Muette de Portici." She is a very small girl as yet, but she draws a brave little bow, displays a wonderfully facile execution, and forms a tone which many a player of twice her years and size might envy. Miss Pauline was loudly applauded, and her triumph was quite complete. She also showed herself a bright pianiste in the "Danse Macabre," played with her sister. Elise Joran played with much determination and real musical insight the first movement of a Mozart Sonata, and "L'Hirondelle," by Wollenhaupt. She also is a gifted child, and the three sisters make a really remarkable family.

On Friday evening an entertainment was given at B'nai B'rith Hall by the pupils of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Uhlig, assisted by the tenor singer, Mr. Julius Stein. Piano solos were given by Miss Leontine Weffelsburg, Miss Kate Lohse, and Miss Sophie Straka. Violin solos by Miss Lillie Glein, Master Julius Gruenbaum, Master Felix Deutsch, Master Daniel Gilfether, Mr. Henry Schraeder, and Mr. Sigismund Beele. Several concerted numbers were also given. F. A.

---

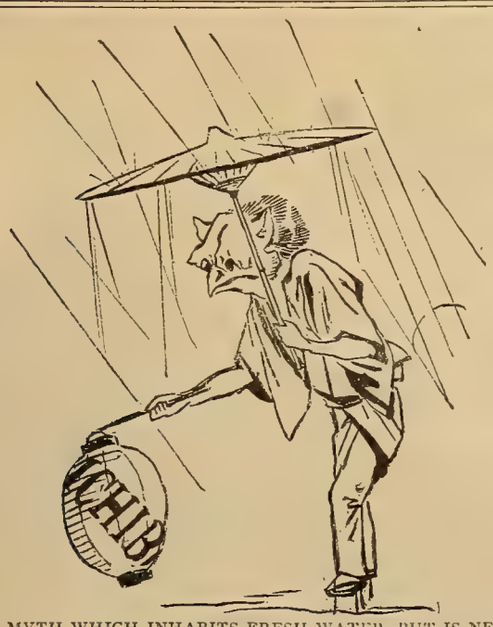
—NEW DEPARTURE.—DINNERS 11 A. M. TO 8 P. M. Hot muffins, etc. Manning's Oyster Grotto, 428 Pine Street.

**Richmond Range.**

Try the Improved Richmond Range. It uses less fuel than any other range. For sale by the agents, Schuster Brothers, 306 Sutter St., above Dupont.

**Excursion to the East.**

First-class in every respect. The most picturesque route. Greatly reduced rates. Early application necessary. For particulars, inquire of DOXEY & CO., 23 Dupont Street.



KAPPA—A MYTH WHICH INHABITS FRESH WATER, BUT IS NEVER SEEN.

Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.
ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.
ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.
THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

**Root Beer.**

A strictly non-alcoholic family beverage, at once delicious to the taste and beneficial to the system. The youngest child or the feeblest invalid can drink it with advantage. Put up in pint and quart champagne bottles, with patent stoppers, at seventy cents and one dollar and ten cents per dozen. All orders promptly filled. H. L. St. John & Co., 14 Hayes Street.

— A. & W. OIL STOVE.—DON'T BUY AN OIL Stove till you have seen the new A. & W. Monarch for 1884. Send for circular. Myers & Co., 869 Market Street.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— NO OTHER PREPARATION MEETS THE WANTS of the debilitated system as does Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

— AYER'S PILLS ARE PLEASANT, SAFE, AND sure, and excel all other pills in healing and curative qualities. They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

**C. V. GILLESPIE,**
**SEARCHER OF RECORDS**
**409 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**

**HALLS TO LET,**
FOR BALLS, CLUBS, ETC. Apply to **Mrs. Ada Clark's Dancing Academy**, 211 Sutter Street, above Kearny.

**STORE YOUR FURNITURE**
**Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.**
BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH
**J. H. MOTT & CO.,**
**735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco.**
Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**
118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.
ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,
Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

**CALIFORNIA THEATRE.**

**Wednesday Evening, May 21, 1844,**
**MISS ELIZABETH ROWELLAN**
(PUPIL OF MRS. MELVILLE SNYDER)
Will appear as
**Marguerite Gauthier, Queen of the Camelias**
In Dumas's great emotional play of
**CAMILLE.**
**She will be supported by a full and efficient Dramatic Company.**

Box sheet will be open at Sherman & Clay's Music Store, southwest corner of Kearny and Sutter streets, on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday, May 17th, 19th, and 20th, and at the California Theatre on the morning of the performance.

**KOHLMOOS HOTEL,**
**Railroad Avenue, near Webster St.**
**ALAMEDA.**
Fine Garden 200 feet square; Club House; Bowling and Billiards. Everything first-class.
**JOHN KOHLMOOS, PROPRIETOR.**

**FASHIONABLE, COMFORTABLE, REASONABLE, TUBBS' HOTEL,**
**OAKLAND, John M. Lawlor, Prop'r.**

**THE BIGGEST THING OUT.**
Illustrated Book **sent free.** (New.) E. NASON & CO., 120 Fulton Street, New York.

**JOHN MIDDLETON,**
**COAL.**
**14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.**

**THE FINEST BEER IN THE WORLD.**



**D.G.YUENGLING, JR'S.**
NEW YORK.
**Special Brew Lager Beer**
HERMAN HEYNEMANN,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Sole Agent for Pacific Coast.
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

**OPENING OF**
**SPRING AND SUMMER HATS**
**THIS WEEK BY**
**C. HERRMANN & CO.**
**(HERRMANN THE HATTER),**
**At 332---336 Kearny Street, between Bush and Pine Streets.**
The largest Hat Store and the largest stock on the Pacific Coast. An immense line of novelties.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue for 1884, just out.

**FALK'S**
**Pilsener**
**BEER**

**Sewerage.** **Ventilation.**

**DAVID BUSH,**
**SANITARY ENGINEER**
**No. 316 Sutter Street,**
Between Dupont and Stockton Sts., San Francisco. Telephone No. 815.
SANITARY PLUMBING MY SPECIALTY.
"I have no Branch Store."

**Steam Heating.** **Gas Fitting.**

**$130,000**
Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, **1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.** Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers.
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

**ELEGANT RESIDENCE**
**FOR SALE.**
In the Western Addition, near Van Ness Avenue, for $30,000; cost over $50,000. This is a rare opportunity to purchase one of the handsomest residences in the city at far below its real value. For particulars, apply to JOS. A. SANBORN, 407 Montgomery Street.

**FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES**
**235 KEARNY S'S.F**
**Southwest cor. of Bush. Established 1877.**
PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

**PUMPS.---WORTHINGTON'S.**
**Special, Mining, and Irrigating Pumps.**
Over two hundred cities and towns have adopted them in water-works. Cheaper than any other of same capacity. The Worthington Meter measures accurately water, wine, oil, etc.: over 30,000 in use; used in nearly every city water-works in the United States. Send for catalogue.
HENRY R. WORTHINGTON,
**30 and 32 First St., S. F.** A. L. FISH, Manager.

**HALLETT, DAVIS & CO.'S**
**CELEBRATED PIANOS!**
Indorsed by the highest musical authorities in the world: Liszt, Strauss, Bendel, Gottschalk, Saro, Titiens, Heilbron, Abt, Weber, Paulus, and GERMANY'S GREATEST MASTERS.
**W. G. BADGER,**
**13 Sansome Street, Sole Agent.**

**HALL'S PIANOS**
**TYLER ST.**
**Nos 12 & 16** **SAN FRANCISCO.**

**ATKINS MASSEY,**
**UNDERTAKER,**
At the old established place, **No. 651 Sacramento Street,** first house below Kearny, San Francisco.

**MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. A. K. CLAPPE'S**
**SELECT SCHOOL**
**FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,**
At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N. Y. Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalogue.

**GOODYEAR'S**
**Extra A1 Superior**
**RUBBER HOSE,**
**BELTING AND PACKING.**
We make to order, at few hours' notice, in our RUBBER FACTORY, Hard & Soft Valves, Gaskets, Car Springs, etc.
**Goodyear Rubber Co.**
R. H. PEASE, JR., S. M. RUNYON, AGENTS.
**577 and 579 Market St., S. F.**

**BONESTELL, RICHARDSON & CO.**
**ALLEN & CO.**
**PAPER WAREHOUSE**
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F
**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

**"EUREKA" COTTON**
**GARDEN HOSE**
Stronger three to one, and lighter two to one, than the best four-ply Rubber Hose; and if left out in the sun and air continuously, or, if put away, put away dry, will stand the roughest kind of usage and will last for years.
Also, RUBBER HOSE of extra quality and at low price.
**W. T. Y. SCHENCK,**
36 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**BUTTERICK'S**
**Patterns---Summer Styles.**
**Send Stamp for Catalogue. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**

**PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.**
**Stationers, Booksellers,**
**Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,**
**204 Sansome Street, near Pine.**

**CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY**
**OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.**
**Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.**
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

**BETHESDA**
**SUPERIOR TABLE WATER**
**L. CAHEN AND SON. 418 SAC. ST. S.F.**




See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

**J. W. EVANS,**
General Agent, 29 Post Street.

---

**L. D. STONE & CO.**
(Successors to R. Stone),
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
**Harness, Saddles, Saddlery Hardware**
Collars, Whips, Robes, Horse Blankets, and all kinds of Harness and Patent Leathers.
422 and 424 Battery Street, corner Washington, San Francisco.

---

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
Commission Merchants,
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
☞ Liberal advances made on consignments. ☜

---

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco.
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

---

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 309 SANSOME STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

---

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
Shipping and Commission Merchants
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

---

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

---

THE
**AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,**
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.

---

**A. P. HOTALING & CO.**
429 to 437 Jackson St., sole agents for the J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky, "O. P. S.," "O. O. K.," "O. K." "A No. 1," "A." Established 1852.

---

Call and See the New Invention,
**MAGIC**
**WINDOW SCREEN**
AT 128 GEARY ST.
Solid comfort in the house, with the flies on the outside.
W. LITTLE, Proprietor,
CARPENTER, BUILDER.

---

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
**TILES**
For Decorations.
**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

---

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

---

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
**HENRY F. MILLER**
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
**HEMME & LONG**
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
**WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.**
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
**PIANOS**

---

**ICHI BAN**

FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

---

**WALL PAPER,**
Artistic Designs, American, French, and English. Cornice Poles and Fixtures. Sole Agents on Pacific Coast for LINCRUSTA WALTON, the new and indestructible Wall Decoration. Imitation Stained and Ground Glass, for residences, churches, etc. Frescoing and Interior Decorating a specialty.
**WINDOW SHADES.**
Samples and Estimates furnished on Application.
**G. W. CLARK & CO., 645 & 647 MARKET ST.**

---

**C — OF — G** Marvel of Excellence and Workmanship.
Contain less Paper and FINER Tobacco than any Cigarette made.
Popular as the great
"AFTER-DINNER" CIGARETTE.

---

*Straight Mesh,*
*CLOTH OF GOLD.*
13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS,
By WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

---

**BYRON MAUZY,**
Agent for
SOHMER & CO. / PEEK & SON } **PIANOS**
Pianos sold on easy installments. Pianos to Rent, Tuned and Repaired.
107 and 109 Post Street, San Francisco.

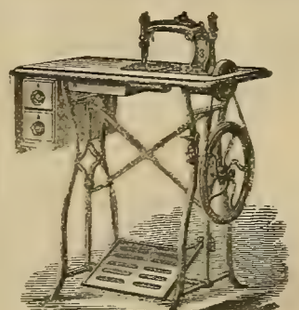
---

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.
**NEWSOM & GASH,**
**ARCHITECTS**
Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,
Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

---

FINE
Suits, $25. **TAILORING** Suits, $30.
Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.
Suits, $40. **TAILORING** Suits, $50.
Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.
Suits, $60. **TAILORING** Suits, $70.
J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.

---



**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.**
**WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.**
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

---

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE HOME INDUSTRY




---

**BUGGIES!**
If you want a high-priced Buggy, Carriage, or Phaeton, or if you want a good one for a low price, describe what you want, and order from
TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., 511 Market St., S. F.

---

**BEAUTIFUL SNOW**
FOR THE COMPLEXION!
This elegant preparation is the most perfect beautifier known, It is pure and harmless, delightful in its application, and wonderful in its effects, while the closest scrutiny fails to detect its use. Prepared by
**H. BOWMAN, Chemist, Oakland.**
For sale by all druggists.

---




**THE HALL TYPE-WRITER**
Awarded medal at Semi-Centennial Fair of American Institute in New York over all others. Simple and durable. Weighs seven pounds in case. No inking ribbon. Interchangeable types of all kinds. Takes all sizes paper. Price, $40. Call and examine.
PACIFIC COAST AGENCY, ROOM 34, No. 123 CALIFORNIA STREET.
S. F. Office Empire Portable Forge Co. of Cohoes, N. Y.

---

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

---




THE STANDARD SILK OF THE WORLD
YATES & CONKLIN,
Sole Agents,
13 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

---

**REAL ESTATE.**
Fine Business and Residence Property in all parts of the city for sale by
G. F. BOWMAN, 440 California St.

---

**GERMEA**
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIV. No. 21. SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 24, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: The Two Grants—President Belisarius Grant and General Ulysses S. Grant—The Hero of a Bucket-shop and the Hero of a Nation—What Congress should do in his case—The National Republican Convention—Who will be Nominated?—Blaine's chances for Three Hundred and Sixty-six Votes on the First Ballot—Some Calculations by the Eastern Press—Where Arthur's Support Lies—The Complimentary Votes—The Anti-Chinese Sentiment which the Pacific Coast will demand from the Republican Candidate chosen—Democratic Chances in case of an Anti-Chinese Candidate—The Political Machine which a Blaine Ticket in this State would elect—Plotting for the Senatorships—The Man who wants to be Governor—The present efforts made by the Democratic County Committee to correct abuses—A Conversion in High-life—Archbishop Riordan snatches a brand from the burning—The Wedding and the Honeymoon ..... 1-3

THE MITCHELL-EDWARDS COMBAT: How the Big Englishman escaped a broken Head—"Flaneur" describes the recent Sparring-match in New York ..... 3

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SNOBS: Britishers who live in America—Upper-tendom in London—"Cockaigne" discusses the question of English and American Marriages ..... 4

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People ..... 4

THE OLD PRINTER: His Life and Death—A Sketch of Life behind the Scenes in a Newspaper Composing-room ..... 5

STORYETTES: Louis XVIII. and Fouché—Oscar Wilde and the Discomfitted Philistine—Taglioni's Forgetful Husband ..... 5

SOCIETY: The Flood Party—The Marquis of Normanby—Army and Navy News—Movements and Whereabouts—Notes and Gossip ..... 6

BUBBLES: "Will-o'-the-Wisp" describes the Dreadful Lark of some Society Girls—The Gainsborough Hat and its Successors—An Italian Dish, and how to make it—Mrs. Juno's Auction Story—The Man who would be a Dude—Rhea's Dialect: an analysis—Miss Rowellan's Début—The San Francisco Host ..... 7

THE POT OF TULIPS: A Wild Tale of a Missing Fortune and a Ghost ..... 8

ARGONAUT VERSE: "Rondeau," by Clinton Scollard—"Sappho," by Thomas S. Collier—Two Lyrics: "The Woodman's Carol" and "The Captive Knight," by Alfred Wheeler ..... 9

THE RAILWAY WORLD: Private Cars—How a Drummer told Time and Speed—The Largest Palace Car ..... 9

VANITY FAIR: "Per Aspera ad Astra," by G. A. Baker—Lace, and its Manufacture—Club-life Degeneracy ..... 10

LITERARY NOTES: A New Book about Wagner—A famous Stoic—Announcements—Miscellany ..... 11

CENTURY BRIC-A-BRAC: "Misunderstood," by Stanley Wood—"Spacially Jim," by B. M.—"An Afterthought," by Samuel Minturn Peck—"The Ballad of Cassandra Brown," by Coroebus Green ..... 11

OUR CHESS COLUMN: A New Problem—Zukertort's Game at New Orleans. 11

THE INNER MAN: A Well-ordered Kitchen, and what it should contain—Discourse on Olives ..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—The Theatres during the Week—Stage Notes ..... 14

Belisarius, old, and blind, and beggar at the gates of the rich capital of the Byzantine Empire, asking alms of passers-by whom he had rescued from captivity of Vandal, Goth, or Ostrogoth, is a bit of pathetic history or fable which we hope may not repeat itself in the person of General Grant. To us there are two Grants: the one a common boy, with common accidents, passing an undistinguished career through boyhood, and school days, and army frontier life, with its common incidents of idleness, uselessness, and dissipation; wood-dealer, tanner, village dweller at Galena—a life not worth watching. We lose sight of him until he appears emerging from the cloud-puffs of his own cigars, exploiting in civil life behind enterprises no one of which has been successful; developing mining properties, not by assaulting the cañons where wealth is hidden, not by bursting the rock barriers which protect earth's treasures from every other assault than man's labor, every other device than man's genius; but by attacking the intrenched riches of Colorado, Leadville, and the Black Hills in Wall Street. We see him building railroads through Mexico, on paper, in Wall Street; interested in contracts, inventions, industries, and speculations, all in Wall Street; engaged in, part of, and copartner to a criminal bucket-shop, where puts, calls, and corners are manipulated for the purpose of swindling; surrounded by his sons (three of them), taking to himself dividends without asking questions, dividends from the capital of his reputation, earned by assessments on the confidence of his friends—in Wall Street—not the friends of this Grant, but the other Grant, the General. This Grant is the father of "Buck" of the unmentionable social episode in California; he is the father of the "Colonel" and of Jesse; the friend of Babcock, the aid of the whisky ring at St. Louis; the brother-in-law of an old "black Friday," and the first brick in the tumbling row of failures which have gone down in the recent panic; the first, and worst, and most scandalous of all the criminal failures which succeeded. The other Grant—who is sometimes confounded with this one—is the most brilliant of all the brilliant names in American history. It ranks with those of Washington and Lincoln, and has the right—after theirs—to be first named among those who have become illustrious in the annals of our nation's glory. This Grant emerged from the obscurity of village life when the nation was threatened with destruction, sprang like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, full-grown, full-armed, and panoplied, to lead our armies. This is "General Grant." He had won more than victories; he had won renown. He had become more than famous; he was loved and honored. He did more than to gain himself national reputation; he made America known throughout the world, that it might carry the glory of his name to its remotest bounds. Twice had a grateful people made him President of the great republic of earth. The people carried him on to the last verge of public recognition, up to the highest point of civic honor consistent with patriotic traditions and national safety; sent him around the world, the guest of the nation, commending him to sovereigns and peoples as America's greatest soldier, her ex-President, her "first gentleman." The people received him home again from his trip around the world as never man was honored. They would have embalmed him in the nation's heart. They would have enshrined him as the nation's idol; would have guarded him as the nation's treasure. With sacrilegious hand this our honored Grant was ambitious to clutch again the bauble of the Presidency. It was ambition which, overleaping itself, caused his fall; and when the people looked about for their broken idol, their heart treasure, they found him in Wall Street, tapping windows for money. It was the "other Grant" from whom the people turned sorrowfully away. In "General Grant" we endeavor to find excuse for all his acts. What in other men we would regard as crimes, we look upon in him as accidents, mistakes, misfortunes. He was deceived, misinformed, misled; he is the victim of his simplicity, his single-mindedness, his confidence. He is to be pitied and protected. We hope the house given him is still available as a homestead. We hope the quarter of a million given him is still securely invested in trust. We hope the Congress of the United States may put him upon the retired list of the army with the full pay of general—our old "General" Grant. We wish him a long, and comfortable, and honorable life—outside of Wall Street.

As the day of the Republican National Convention approaches, the interest increases as to who will receive the nomination. The New York *Times* gives Mr. Blaine three hundred and forty votes, or seventy-one short of a majority. It gives Arthur two hundred and eighty-seven votes. The *Times* is an anti-Blaine journal. Joseph Medill, of the Chicago *Tribune*, gives Mr. Blaine three hundred and sixty votes, and Arthur two hundred and forty-seven. All agree that Edmunds has seventy-one, Logan fifty-six, Sherman twenty-six, Hawley twelve, and Fairchild twenty. The Utica *Herald* gives Mr. Blaine three hundred and sixty-six votes on the first ballot. The Philadelphia *Press* says that Blaine is the choice of an overwhelming majority of Republican States and Republican voters, and leads every other candidate by a wider gap than separates him from a majority. The New York *World*, Democratic, makes the following very cool calculation:

Upon the first ballot cast at Chicago in 1880, New York gave Mr. Blaine 17 votes; this year the lowest estimate gives him 29 votes. Pennsylvania gave him in 1880, 23 votes; this year he will not have less than 50 out of the 60. Ohio promises him 28 votes, instead of the 9 he held from John Sherman in 1880. Missouri, which did not cast one ballot for him then, sends 11 men to support him now. So far as can be judged by the returns, Maryland will afford him at least 13, as against 7 recorded for him the last time. Delaware, Kansas, Iowa, Michigan, and Maine are practically solid for him. So are also California, Nebraska, Oregon, Nevada, and all but two of the Territories. In Illinois the entire 44 votes have been claimed for General Logan, but there is a strong minority opposed to him, and if the local papers afford any indication of the public sentiment, at least 10 delegates will seize the first opportunity to throw off the restraint sought to be imposed by Logan's lieutenants, and desert to the Plumed Knight. We give Mr. Blaine no votes there on the first ballot. Minnesota had a candidate of her own in 1880, and his absence will probably inure to Blaine's benefit to the extent of nearly the entire delegation of 14. Indiana is a problematical quantity. Blaine got her 26 votes in 1880, and he appears sure of a large majority of her vote this year, unless a local candidate like Gresham or Harrison is presented. The man of Maine loses Connecticut on the first ballot, that State having resolved to run her own candidate, and in New Jersey he may lose three or four votes. Thus, notwithstanding a loss in some States, Blaine will stand better before the next convention on the first ballot (so far as the North and West alone are concerned) by 71 votes than he had four years ago altogether. The largest part of this increase comes from the great States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. In all the States which roll up the Republican majorities Blaine is unmistakably the choice. Arthur's only strength lies in the Southern delegations, made up of office-holders. But even here Blaine has made some surprising gains. He has 20 votes in Texas. He has at least 20 more scattering here and there. Add these 40 votes and he has a total of 368 on the first ballot, or only 43 less than an absolute majority, and this without a single vote from Illinois or Wisconsin. After Wisconsin's complimentary ballot for Fairchild, it is apt to go to Blaine. After Illinois's complimentary vote for Logan, it is sure to go to Blaine. Illinois alone would nominate him. These are the cold figures, without feeling or prejudice.

If there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-and-nine just men made perfect, what a glorious jubilee there must have been around the great white throne when our esteemed contempory, the *San Franciscan*, was thrown over the battlements, containing the news that Colonel and Mrs. Savage had repented themselves of the evils of Protestantism, forsaken the broad road which leads to destruction, and turned into the straight and narrow one which leads to Rome:

A notable conversion recently took place in this city. Colonel R. H. Savage, of the United States army, and his wife were baptized on Sunday last by Archbishop Riordan, in the private chapel of St. Mary's Cathedral. The colonel is a highly educated man and a vigorous thinker. He made a gallant soldier, but resigned early from the army on account of failing health. He is still a young man, in the full maturity of his powers, and his conversion, as well as that of his accomplished wife, has made quite a stir in church circles. The colonel's sponsor was the Rev. Father Nugent, and Mrs. General Bingham, wife of General Bingham, U. S. A., now at the Presidio, was sponsor for Mrs. Savage. The Tobins and a few other prominent Catholics were present. Next day Colonel and Mrs. Savage gave a sumptuous dinner in honor of Archbishop Riordan, and before dinner the Archbishop remarried them, according to the customs of the Catholic Church. The dinner was a sort of bridal feast—the *menu* printed on large squares of the finest and heaviest white satin, the wines and appointments of the rarest. Archbishop Riordan is socially the most agreeable man that it is possible to imagine. In a few days the colonel and his bride, as it were, will take a wedding trip, so to speak, to Europe. Who next?

How the saints, and holy martyrs, and good angels must have thronged the adamantine walls to look down upon that godly sight: two sinners snatched like brands from the burning; confessed, baptized, and blessed; their sins washed away with holy water; the unhallowed relation of Protestant marriage repented of and corrected by a sacramental union, a wedding breakfast, and a wedding trip. Then Saint Peter chalked for Colonel and Mrs. Savage their golden harps and golden stools, beneath the umbrageous foliage of golden trees in golden groves, on golden pavements, and all within the golden light of the golden throne. Happy Bishop Riordan for so great a triumph! Happy Church of Rome for so great a catch! Happy! thrice happy Heaven, that it has secured so great an addition to its social circle as the accomplished Mrs. and Colonel Savage! Happy Colonel and Mrs. Savage, that

they have secured their final recognition and entrance to such supreme society! In fact, the best. We wish them a happy honeymoon, a pleasant wedding trip, a long life, and blessed immortality.

If Blaine is nominated, he will carry California by thirty thousand majority, and elect every rascally Republican who can secure a nomination. This latter fact causes us great anxiety, and we now call upon Republicans to watch for deviltries; and, so far as possible, let us prevent the nomination of as many of the "gang" as is possible. The *Argonaut* is powerless to do more than expose the conspiracies of this confederation, and this it will undertake to do. It would be a calamity to the State of California and to the municipal government of San Francisco if the popularity of the Presidential nominee should be taken advantage of to elect the scabby lot of mangy politicians who are now intriguing for the control of the Republican party. These fellows calculate upon it, and are now laying their wires for the accomplishment of their selfish ends. One set desires to have the Sheriff's office, another the Superintendent of Streets and the County Clerk. Another department of the bureau desires to have senators and members of the legislature who can be manipulated. We have one eye upon two corrupt and conscienceless knaves who fully expect to be nominated and elected to Congress. In the plot a senator is to be provided for to succeed Senator Farley. Another scents General Miller's place in the more distant future; and if he is not stronger than we think him, and can place more dependence upon the loyalty and truthfulness of his present advisers than we think he can, he will then be betrayed and sacrificed. We can chalk the back of the candidate for Governor. We mean, of course, the man who thinks he is to be the nominee. The other municipal officers, the other State officers, as much Government patronage as can be manipulated, and an unlimited stock of lies, with a full assortment of promises, are to be used as the capital in trade of the old political firm, which proposes to continue business at the old stand, under the old copartnership name, for the year 1884. In the interest of honest politics and decent government, it is the duty of every gentleman and honest member of the Republican party in San Francisco, and in the State of California, to keep his eyes open that he may see, and his ears open that he may hear. It is clearly apparent that between the Democratic bosses and the Republican bosses there is an organized conspiracy, which grows out of a thorough understanding and divide. There are certain men retained at the City Hall through all administrations. They are the flunkies of their respective bosses. It is clearly the duty of honest men—Democratic and Republican—to unite and defeat these conspirators, and thus rescue the city from the spoliation and brigandage of these political pirates. There is an honest effort now going on in the Democratic party to correct certain flagrant abuses. There is a similar movement going on in the Republican party, under the guidance of a majority of the County Committee. Unless one of the party conventions can be brought under the control of honest men, the two should unite for a combined effort against the bosses. There should be no terror in "bolting" from a dishonest party. There should be no fear in rebelling against any party boss. Party leaders we recognize, party discipline we approve; party tyranny we resent, party bosses we spit upon and despise.

The National Republican Convention will do well to remember the history of the Republican party in reference to the Chinese question, and repair, if possible, the mistakes of its leaders and the shortcomings of the administration in reference thereto. Unless the Convention takes a satisfactory position upon this, to us, vital question, places upon its platform a distinct and unequivocal declaration of hostility to Chinese immigration, favors the continuance and extension of the present law, and nominates a candidate whose past public life is a guarantee against equivocation upon this subject, the Republican party of the Pacific States will not be represented in the next Electoral College. The incidents of the last Republican Convention have not been forgotten; the votes and speeches of Eastern Republican senators have not been forgotten. The opposition of Senators Hoar of Massachusetts, Hawley of Connecticut, Edmunds of Vermont, Sherman of Ohio, Logan of Illinois, and Harrison of Indiana, has not been lost sight of. The veto of President Arthur, the conduct of Attorney-General Brewster, and Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State, are distinctly treasured in the memory of the people of the Pacific States as acts of hostility to our coast. The question has since become a national one, and it is safe to say that no party in this Government is strong enough to dare to ignore it—certainly not in view of the close and desperate struggle of the coming campaign. The question will be presented at the Chicago Convention next week, and pressed by the delegates of all the Pacific States and Territories as one of paramount importance. It will be pressed before the Committee upon Platform and Resolutions, and unless with satisfactory results will be appealed to the Convention for final settlement as a Republican party measure. Our Eastern friends will not understand this Chinese question, and what is the more provoking to us is the shameful fact that they will not try to understand it. The opinions formed here, which are the growth of experience and of actual practical contact with the Chinese immigrants—opinions not hastily formed, but the growth of thirty years' observation, not confined to any one class, but universal to all classes—are brushed aside by Eastern people with gushing sentimentality, hypocritical pietism, or the greed of commerce. With this class argument is expended in vain. As these people are nearly all of them Republicans, we think it not improper nor unprofitable to say that the people of the Pacific States have determined this question for themselves, and have finally determined it. They have resolved that, as a political question, none is more important, and that upon it they will cast their Presidential vote. They hate not Democracy the less, but Chinese the more. It may be laid down as an indisputable fact, which the Republican National Convention at Chicago will be unwise if it does not consider, that an anti-Chinese platform and an anti-Chinese Presidential candidate will give Nevada, Oregon, and California to the Democracy by an overwhelming vote.

The appropriation by Congress of one million dollars in aid of the New Orleans Fair is a good precedent, and one which will encourage our people to press the scheme of a World's Fair at San Francisco in 1887. There can be no better mode devised for the partial distribution of our surplus accumulation of national treasure than by encouraging these fairs in different parts of our country. This reminds us also of the fact that Governor Stoneman has appointed Colonel Andrews as Commissioner for California to the exhibition at New Orleans, and that the Colonel is in an embarrassing position, owing to the want of funds. He is willing to contribute his own time, pay his own expenses, and largely aid in carrying out the enterprise; but unless he finds sympathetic coöperation and financial aid, he will be compelled to resign. If California shall not be represented at the Louisiana Fair, we can not expect Louisiana to visit our exhibition. We commend our enterprising men and exhibitors to give this matter their serious attention.

The following communication of the Hon. James McM. Shafter will be perused with interest by all that class of our readers who concern themselves with political questions, or care whether senators hold over in the odd districts; whether the Democracy is to have the advantage in the next senatorial contest which will be given them if the Governor refuses to embrace in his proclamation a call for the election of senators from the odd-numbered districts. If our wishes were consulted, there would be no more senators elected at all; but if we must have them, any change is desirable:

HON. S. G. KILBURN, Chairman—*Sir:* You address me as one of the "leading men of the Republican party," and ask my opinion upon the topic of the "hold-over Senators." The application of this title, by you to me, is not characterized by your usual accuracy. The men who have led the Republican party, at least in the matter with which the topic of your letter is connected, were those, who, having squandered nearly six hundred thousand dollars illegally extracted from the State Treasury, willfully refused to obey the Constitution and redistrict the State, in order to increase the chances for further waste. That the party survives is to be attributed to "the superiority of man over his accidents and mistakes." Addressing myself to the question, rather than how it arose, I have given it what seemed the necessary examination, and have now to state the result. It will be noticed that from the beginning of our State government, all constitutional and statutory provisions have established two classes of Senators, to be determined by lot, or the number of their district, even or odd. This classification was for the sole purpose of keeping the Senator as near the people as possible, and of every second year infusing new blood into the Senate by the election of new men. This classification, or division of the Senate, has never been lost sight of, and never as yet been disregarded. If the Senators elected in 1882 hold over until 1886, it must be admitted by all that it is in direct violation of all expression and history of public opinion. The Constitution of 1849 districted the State, provided for a general election of Senators, and a classification of one and two-year terms by drawing of lots. The Act and amended Constitution of 1861–2 redistricting the State had the same provision. The act of 1873 districted the State into numbered districts, and fixed the election of the Senators one-half each two years, no longer pursuing the course of determining the terms by lot. All our constitutions, including that in some respects remarkable instrument called the New Constitution, and all the statutes in pursuance thereof, not only enforce classification of the Senate, but all the Judges. They further establish a marked distinction between the election, the term and duties of the office of Senator, and the suffragans or the community he is to represent. As to the officer and term, absolute certainty is required; as to the community, or district, from which the officer is to come, that is often left to uncertainty. This latter is left to the determination of the Legislature, involving a duty which the law-making power has repeatedly refused to discharge. The Constitution of 1849 and the amendment in 1862 required an enumeration of the inhabitants of the State to be taken in 1865 and 1875, as the basis of State representation. No such enumeration has ever been had. In 1864 we succeeded in passing an Act providing for such a census the succeeding year. It was pocketed by the Governor, and so failed of becoming a law. Now, if such reapportionment was absolutely necessary, it is difficult to see how the governmental acts since performed in this State can be sustained. No one, however, claims we have been in chaos during this false state of our representation. That the absence of the proper legislation does not interfere or prevent an election, with all its consequences, nor prevent the ordinary proceses of government, appears by another neglect. The old Constitution in express terms ordered the Legislature to establish a "system of county and town governments." That duty remained undischarged for over thirty years. I made an effort to execute this provision, by enactment, in 1861, but without effect. Judge McKinstry says, in one of his decisions, that the Constitution referred to that system of town government originating in New England—a system as distinct from county government as are those of a State and the nation. I think, therefore, we may safely conclude, if there is enough in the present Constitution clearly pointing out the way in which an election for Senators can be had, and the effect of such election, we may dismiss all considerations of exterior matters. That the present Constitution, dealing with the whole legislative department, entirely displaces all former constitutional and statutory provisions, admits of no controversy. So perfect was this annihilation, that it was necessary to save the right to elect in 1879 by express terms. Assemblymen and Senators, therefore, were elected under and in pursuance of Article IV, Section 3, *et supra*. No Senator has as yet claimed that he could have been legally elected in 1876 on the first Tuesday after the first Monday of November, nor that he could have been so elected on any other day after 1879. No Senator as yet claims pay after sixty days of the later sessions, nor any that failed to take it for the whole time of the first, and I am yet to hear of any Senator elected in 1879 claiming a right to hold over 1882. The provision giving a three-year term only to the Senators elected in 1879 was for the purpose of producing that uniformity of elections to which it will be recollected the Governor, the Judges of the Supreme and Superior Courts, were all subjected (Article XXII, Section 10.) Elected, accepting, and receiving the pay of Senator under the present Constitution, the Senator in question can not disregard the limitations of that instrument to which he owes his existence. The declaration is distinct that one-half the Senators elected in 1882 should go out in two years. It is true that Article IV, Section 5, contemplates that these shall be from the odd-numbered districts as "thereafter provided"; and that none such have been provided, as I have already suggested, if this omission is to have any effect, it debars all elections. In view of this contingency, Section 6 especially provides that "until *such* districting shall be made, Senators shall be elected by *the districts* according to the apportionment now provided by law." It is perfectly clear that "the districts" as now organized elect the Senator, and that the district now organized as "odd" elects a Senator, who takes a term of two years, as fixed by the Constitution. Any other construction gives each Senator a term of four years, subject to no Legislative qualification or restriction; a condition of things which could be terminated only by the apportionment commanded by the Constitution. There seems to be no doubt, then, that Senators from the odd-numbered districts must go out this year, and others be elected for four years in their places.

May 16, 1884. JAMES MCM. SHAFTER.

## THE TAX ON WHISKY.

The national tax on spirits should not be repealed. Thirty-two quarts of corn make almost sixteen quarts of whisky. The corn is worth from fifty to sixty cents, and the wholesaler will receive for the whisky from ten to twelve dollars. Profits so great appeal with irresistible force to the cupidity of men, and the result is twelve hundred and fifty registered distilleries and two hundred thousand liquor-dealers in the United States. The average consumption of domestic spirits is about seventy-five millions of gallons a year; but the greed of the distillers has, for the last four years, raised the production to an average of over 90,000,000 gallons: so that on June 30, 1883, there was a stock on hand in the United States of 116,000,000 gallons, of which 80,000,000 were still in the bonded warehouses and the tax unpaid. By means of warehouse receipts, this has passed largely into the hands of speculators, or capitalists who have advanced money on it. Seventy-two million dollars' tax on this whisky will soon be due the Government, much of it in the next few months.

If the tax could be repealed, this money would remain in the pockets of the whisky-owners, who are the most active and energetic workers for the removal of the excise. A second class who favor repeal are the "moonshiners" of the South, who regard the right to convert the product of their own fields into "a necessary article of daily diet" as an "inalienable" right secured by the Constitution; their representatives therefore favor the repeal. But the chief strength of the movement for free whisky lies in another direction. The internal revenue, mostly from liquors and tobacco, amounts to more than $100,000,000 a year. The import duties amount to $200,000,000 more. These sums, with the other sources of income, furnish $100,000,000 a year more than the Government needs; and shrewd men foresee that the people will not long continue to pay into the national treasury such a surplus to serve as a corruption fund to Congress. Hence the friends of the present tariff would willingly strike off the tariff on whisky and tobacco, in order that the Government shall be compelled to retain the present high duties.

One or the other must go, either the tax on rum or the tax on necessaries. Which? Cheap rum means, to them, high prices on woolens, steel, iron, crockery, and glass. Hence many respectable men, and even professed friends of temperance, will silently lend their influence to cheapen the one article which is the greatest curse of our land.

Let us consider the iniquity of the proposition in the light of political economy. The tax on spirits is larger in amount, more uniform, and more certain than that on any other article. The Secretary of the Treasury can compute more definitely the prospective revenue from this source than that of any other. It is almost the only tax that the people pay of which every cent goes into the coffers of the Government. It has taken twenty years to perfect the system of internal revenue so that it shall work smoothly and efficiently, and the past year it paid into the treasury $120,000,000, at a cost of collection of less than four per cent. The tax lays its hands on no useful labor. It bars the way of no healthy enterprise. It raises the price of no one of the comforts of the home. It is largely levied on dens of infamy, and is contributed by vice and crime. It is a check on luxury, and debauchery, and idleness. In short, every principle of political economy is in favor of the tax. There is not one sound argument against it. The tax on whisky should never be repealed so long as our Government needs a revenue. England has given this article the first place in her permanent system of revenue, and raises $150,000,000 a year from spirits and wines.

And after we have labored twenty years to perfect the laws and machinery for collecting this, the only really beneficent tax that our Government has levied, here come the reformers and propose to sweep it from our statute books, on the plea that it is a "war tax," and we must "remove the burdens from the people." But who are the "people" in this case? Do the wife and children of the drunkard clamor for cheaper rum, or for cheaper stockings and blankets? Does the laborer ask for more whisky or more clothing for his money? Does the industrious artisan complain of dear liquors, or of dear books and tools?

No; the only "people" who are clamoring for this repeal are the score of paid lobbyists hammering at the doors of Congress, and the only "people" to be benefited by it are the whisky-owners and the monopolists. The appeal is for special legislation of the very corruptest kind. To serve the interest of a single class, they would cut off the best revenue branch of the Government, and flood the land with cheap rum.

Let us look at the probable effect of the repeal on the temperance cause. While the production of spirits has, for the last four years, reached an average of only ninety millions of gallons, the registered capacity of the distilleries is over *two hundred millions* of gallons per annum. To prevent a ruinous competition, the distillers have pooled their interests in the "Western Export Association" and the "Kentucky League." These pools regulate the amount produced each month, pay bounties for exportation and non-production, and adopt other measures to keep down competition and maintain the monopoly price in the market.

The price of bonded whisky is but a little over one dollar a gallon. The payment of the Government tax raises the cost to two dollars. So that, by the removal of the tax, the price of spirits would be at once reduced almost one-half; and with the removal of the tax would be swept away all governmental inspection, registration, and bonded warehouses, which are vexatious and efficient checks upon the competition of petty local distilleries. It would then be difficult for the pools to control the market, and we might confidently expect that, as in the case of matches, the removal of the excise would produce a fall in price far greater than the amount of the tax, and that we should see intoxicating drink plentier and cheaper in our village streets than it has been for thirty years. We may then reverse the Iowa motto, and cry, "A distillery on every hill-top and *two* saloons in the valley." The repeal would indeed be a calamity to the treasury, but it would be a thousand times greater calamity to the cause of temprance and every noble reform. The tax is not prohibition; but free rum, at one-half or one-fourth its present price, will greatly multiply dealers and drunkards, and be a huge bowlder in the way of every temperance movement.

A year ago last December, Mr. Kelley, chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, called his committee together before Congress met, and secured a vote to report a bill for the repeal of the tax on spirits and tobacco. But there were so many conflicting schemes that, notwithstanding the support of the Democratic caucus, the bill dragged, and it was proposed to pave the way for ultimate repeal by a bill, called "the bonded extension bill," extending indefinitely the period allowed for the payment of the tax. The measure was rushed through the House under suspension of the rules, twenty-nine votes only opposing. It was urged by Senator Sherman in the Senate with a vigor worthy of a better cause, but it failed to pass on account of the shortness of the session. Both bills were revived early in the present Congress. The bonded bill was pushed to the front, and the repeal bill held in reserve.

Though the bonded bill has just been beaten in the House, it was killed by the votes of protectionists, who hope thus to force the passage of the repeal bill. They frankly stated this in their speeches in the caucus and in the House. The resolution of the House of April 7th means only temporary abandonment of the scheme. It had two purposes: first, to strengthen the market, and thus enable certain holders of whisky to unload their stock without loss; and secondly, to avoid in the coming election the odium that would attach to the repeal, or the embarrassing questions which might be asked of candidates in case of any general public discussion of the project. The repeal bill will next be pressed to the front, and if it fails the extension bill will be revived. If indefinite extension, or extension of two years, is awarded to the whisky owners, they will continue to pile up the stock until they can accumulate sufficient influence to pass the repeal, and then it will be futile to oppose the remittance of the unpaid tax on whisky in bond. In fact, the passage of the bonded bill would be virtually the beginning of the manufacture of free whisky.

Every rejection of either bill is a repulse and not a defeat. The interested parties have too much at stake to accept defeat. They are watchful and tireless, and the present cross-purposes of Congress afford frequent opportunities for log-rolling. They will not retire from the contest till the people have placed their condemnation on a measure which is fraught with more injury to the country than any measure since the fugitive-slave bill.—*April Century.*

---

Mr. Emory Storrs, of Chicago, was dining recently in London at Minister Lowell's, and near him sat the Duke of Argyll, who during the conversation, expressed surprise that Chicago should have treated Oscar Wilde—"a man whom we think nothing of, if we think of him at all"—so well. "It's all a mistake, your grace," replied Mr. Storrs; "we had nothing to do with Wilde in Chicago." "But I certainly read in the New York and Boston papers long accounts of his reception in your city." "True, your grace," answered the Chicago lawyer; "but the recent growth of Chicago has made it the metropolis of the United States, and all the seaboard cities are jealous of her, and say spiteful things about her." Mr. Lowell, of Boston, was about to interject a remark just here, but Mr. Storrs silenced him with a significant look. After the meal, and on the way up-stairs, the American Minister touched Mr. Storrs's arm, and whispered: "You got out of that very well, Storrs. Sinful, but patriotic."

---

Canon Knox Little recently preached in St. Paul's, London, and his peculiarly revivalist style was much criticised before a high ecclesiastic. "Vox et præterea nihil," said one of the party. "Oh, no," replied the bishop, affecting to be shocked, "Knox et præterea Little."

---

The London *Times* labors under the pleasant delusion that F. Marion Crawford is a lady, and in a review of "To Leeward," refers to him constantly as "the authoress."

## THE MITCHELL-EDWARDS COMBAT.

"Flaneur" Describes the Recent Sparring Match in New York.

Charley Mitchell escaped a broken head by the narrowest chance in the world on Monday night in the Madison Square Garden. The Mitchell-Edwards glove fight drew a bigger throng than had ever attended an event of the kind here before, not excepting the great Sullivan slogging matches. The fight was brought to a close amid a roar of confusion, and Edwards was saved from being disastrously knocked out by Captain Williams's interference.

Every one was surprised by the poor showing that Edwards made in this match, though there really was no reason why any one should have expected a different result. The difference of even five pounds between two men, in perfect condition, is of vast importance. Think, then, of the disparity between Mitchell and Edwards, when there was a difference of twenty-four pounds. There was also a difference of seventeen years, and it is not to be wondered at that the plucky little light-weight was easily mastered. To see Billy Edwards spar with Arthur Chambers, or any clever light-weight, is to see a master of science and skill in his element. With other light-weights, Billy Edwards is a giant. He batters them around the stage, stops their blows, and hits them wherever and whenever he pleases. More than this, he hits them so that his blows are felt. He has never been defeated in his life by a light-weight, and he held the championship of the world for many years.

One night about three weeks ago, Billy Edwards was lounging about the bar-room of the Hoffman House, when a man from Boston came in and took a drink at the bar. His name was Babcock, and he is a well-known business man and amateur athlete of Boston. He is nearly six feet high, and probably weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. While examining one of the famous pictures in the Hoffman House bar-room, Mr. Babcock touched a canvas with the point of his cane. Billy Edwards is employed at the Hoffman to keep order and protect the many art curios and costly knick-knacks that litter the place. When Mr. Babcock touched the ten-thousand-dollar Bouguereau with his cane, Billy Edwards spoke politely and told him to be more careful. Thereupon Mr. Babcock slapped Billy Edwards's face. Billy looked like a child by the side of a giant. He glared for a moment up into the big man's face, then his right fist shot out as though blown from a gun, and caught the amateur athlete on the side of the face. It is on record that Mr. Babcock was in the New York Hospital in Fifteenth Street for twenty-four hours after that blow, and he did not recover consciousness for nearly half an hour after he was hit. Billy broke a small bone in the back of his right hand, and carried his arm in a sling for several days afterward. All of which proves—if any proof were needed—that Mr. Edwards is a hard hitter. Beyond this he is the most scientific boxer in the world to-day, not even excepting Jim Mace.

For nearly a year people have been coaxing Billy to fight Mitchell. Mitchell has proved himself the best man of his weight in the world, and he has made a good showing with every one he has met, with the solitary exception of that giant of warriors, John L. Sullivan. Mitchell has made a good deal of money by his sparring-matches, and he has won his way into a place second only to that of the champion of the world. He has a clear-cut, rosy, handsome, and boyish face, curly brown hair, bright, blue eyes, and white teeth. The color comes and goes in his cheeks like a school-girl's, and he hasn't the trace of a "fighting mug," said to be necessary to a great pugilist. He stepped into the ring Monday night weighing one hundred and fifty-six pounds. He is twenty-two years old, stands five feet nine, and is as rosy and healthy as a milk-maid.

For five weeks Billy Edwards has been training at the country seat of William R. Travers, at Lindhurst, New Jersey. Mr. Travers is the most enthusiastic of athletes. He is seventy years old, and looks about fifty. He knows as much about sparring as a musk-rat does about cooking quail, but he is whole-souled and enthusiastic in his admiration of athletics, and if a man be strong, or skillful, or quick, Mr. Travers takes to him at once. He is President of the New York Racquet and the New York Athletic clubs, and is a prime mover in all things athletic. Billy Edwards trained at his place until he got himself into perfect condition. When he bounded into the ring to meet Mitchell, Monday night, he weighed one hundred and thirty pounds, his eye was bright, and his skin was white and clear as marble. He was in perfect trim, the well-developed muscles of his body and arms stood out in symmetrical bunches, and he moved with the grace and quickness of a cat. One would never imagine that he is forty years of age. He stood five feet four inches in his stockings. The other man towered above him, and seemed twice his size when they faced each other in the ring.

I think I have before said that nothing brings out a more distinguished and characteristic crowd than a slugging match in Madison Square Garden. I imagine that a great many famous men go to these matches to get their names in the papers, though I have no doubt that the majority are attracted by the show. No theatrical performance, dog or horse show, or foot-race, can draw such a mob of well-known men as a first-class slugging match. That is where New York comes out strong. Judges of the supreme court, prominent statesmen, local politicians, the mayor, all the well-known city commissioners, the leaders of both parties, merchants, bankers, club-men, bunco-steerers, gamblers, thieves, and clergymen try to get in.

At seven o'clock five thousand people were in the Garden, and five thousand tried to get in. The policemen got tired of fighting the crowd into line at the box-office, and so they periodically closed the big door and rested from their labors. At half-past eight there were ten thousand men in the Garden, and others without. Admission was one dollar, seats were two dollars, and boxes ranged from five to twenty-five dollars apiece. Every bit of standing-room was taken. A space of about forty feet square was railed off about the ring, and in this space gathered the journalists and the more prominent of the social and political celebrities. It was the usual crowd; everybody knew everybody else; cigars were plenty, and there was the usual chaffing and guying as late comers worked their way into the enclosure.

Captain Williams, alert and handsome, was in charge. I have no doubt whatever that he could easily keep ten thousand people in order at the Garden, where a force of one hundred and fifty policemen without him would fail. The crowd was in awe of him. He is more feared than any man in New York. An amusing illustration of the abject fear with which he was viewed by the crowd was furnished just before Mitchell and Edwards came upon the stage. Several hundred men had bought, for sums varying from two to five dollars, tables and chairs from the long bar-room in the southern side of the building. These were ranged around the reserved seats, and men mounted them. There were about five hundred men in all standing upon chairs and tables. They obstructed the view of the people in boxes, who expressed their dissatisfaction by vigorous hoots. The men on the tables refused to move. Three or four policemen attempted to clear them away, but they failed utterly. Then one of the men who had bought a box forced his way over to Captain Williams, and explained matters to him. The captain glanced around. Then he stepped upon the stage, pointed a long and wicked-looking club at the men on boxes and chairs, and looked steadily at them for a moment. The buzz of conversation ceased, and absolute stillness reigned in the Garden. The ten thousand men looked at Captain Williams, and he looked at the obstructionists. Then he raised his chin a little, and said in an even and well-modulated voice.

"Get down!"

The men fairly fought to see who could get to the floor first. There was no real danger, as the captain was a hundred feet away from them, but the struggle went on until the cries of distress and the smashing of tables and boxes reminded one of a riot. Ten seconds after the captain had made his remark, not a man was seen above the level of the floor, and the men who had paid heavily for the privilege of securing a table or chair, were mourning their loss and secretly admiring Captain Williams.

When the two men came up for their fight, the cheering for Edwards fairly shook the building. He is a strong local favorite and has lots of friends. Few men cheered Mitchell. Each man had his seconds, and the referee retired from the ring so as not to obstruct the view. The fighters were sponged down, and the word was given. As they stood up and faced one another in the middle of the ring, the book-makers offered four to one on Mitchell at once, so great was the disparity between the two men. Edwards looked like a boy in front of a full-grown man. He was the pluckiest boy, however, that ever went into a ring. He sparred cautiously for a moment in front of his big antagonist, then his gloves whirled around bewilderingly and his right hand landed with terrific force upon the nose of his big antagonist.

Mitchell was as much surprised as the friends of Edwards were gratified. A shout went up that was heard at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and the heavy-built Englishman made a terrific rush for his little antagonist. Edwards danced away like a game-cock, and kept off the blows of Mitchell for several minutes. Then he got a rib-roaster from the big Englishman, which sent his breath skyward and left him pumping for wind. Before he could catch his breath fairly, Mitchell battered down his guard, and gave him a heavy blow in the jaw which felled him to the stage. Then occurred one of the prettiest rallies I have ever seen. Edwards was knocked flat on the floor, but before Mitchell realized that his antagonist was down, the little light-weight had sprung to his feet again and made a plucky rush for his big rival. Mitchell, who was prepared to rest after knocking his man down, was completely flustered. Edwards planted three or four heavy blows on his face before the big Englishman knew what was going on. Then he sailed in heavily with both hands, breaking down the guard of his lighter antagonist, until he got in a blow which brought Edwards once more to the floor.

While the light-weight was on his knees, Mitchell, who was wildly excited and as ugly as a bull terrier which had been badly whipped, gave him two slashing blows on the side of the head. The crowd yelled "foul," and hissed with force. Captain Williams sent Mitchell to his corner. The wildest excitement ensued. A great deal of money was wagered on the match, and when the foul blows were struck it gave the Edwards men some chance.

The two pugilists were rubbed down with bay rum and once more set in the middle of the stage. It was claimed that Billy Edwards could not last much longer. He fought with consummate tact, science, and ability, but the great weight, the youth, and the viciousness of his adversary were too much for him. He was over-matched everywhere. After the second round, the men were again refreshed and ordered into the middle of the ring. Though Edwards was dizzy, bruised, and badly battered, his pluck was undiminished. He flew at his man as though he was sure of victory, and after one or two quick counters succeeded in landing two more heavy blows on Mitchell's face. The big Englishman knocked him down twice, and was about to send him to grass for the third time when Captain Williams jumped upon the stage and ordered the fight to be stopped. Mitchell made a lurch at Edwards even after Captain Williams had told him to retire to his corner, and Williams shoved the pugilist back. Mitchell threw himself into position and glared at the captain. Williams smiled, and, stepping toward him, put his hand against Mitchell's chest and contemptuously shoved him toward his corner. Then Mitchell's face flushed again, and his powerful arm swung backward. He sprang at the captain. He had evidently lost his head.

Williams, too, was thoroughly out of patience, and swung his immense club up in the air. As he did so, an immense shout went up from the crowd, and Arthur Chambers and Billy Madden threw themselves upon the Englishman and dragged him back to his corner. There was one thing certain, and that is that if the club had ever fallen, there would have been a dead prize-fighter in the ring of the Madison Square Garden on Monday night; and there is not the slightest doubt on earth that the club would have fallen if Mitchell had offered any further resistance.

NEW YORK, May 14, 1884. F[illegible]

## ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SNOBS.

"Cockaigne" Discusses Them at Length.

I have been considerably amused upon reading, in my recently arrived *Argonauts*, the controversy which has been going on between certain English and American gentlemen in San Francisco on the subject of Americans in England and the marriage of American girls with Englishmen. Now, I happen to know something about this same matter myself, and although you appear to have desired a cessation of the discussion, I would like to have something to say about it. The subject is not only one of such constant and ever recurring interest, owing to the uninterrupted intercourse between the two countries, but one as to the rights and wrongs of which there appears to be so much ignorance abroad, that a person who can throw any new light upon it is justified in doing so.

In the first place, let me remark that very few, if any, Englishmen who live in America are competent to give Americans proper ideas of England; that is to say, the England of the higher classes—the "topmost plane," as one of the gentlemen not inaptly terms it. It is a sphere quite separate and apart from that filled by the notorious nobility of the day, the vulgar and immoral lords and ladies on whose exploits and shortcomings the society papers live; such nobility, for instance, as the Duke of Marlborough, the Duchess of Manchester, the Earl of Aylesford, and Gladys, Countess of Lonsdale. While in many instances these flash disgracers of their titles can not be refused admittance, on account of their rank, to formal ceremonials at court and other public places, they no more form a part of the real nobility of England, either in the estimation of the nobility itself or of the better classes of people at large, than do the foulest mouthed costermongers or Bank Holiday 'Arries.

I am quite aware that the common impression out of England is that one "lord" is a sample of all the others, and that, when one makes a blackguard of himself, it is a proof that every other man with a title is a reprobate also. It must strike every man who stops to think about it for a moment that such a conclusion is all wrong. Not only is it illogical in being drawn from but one premise, but it is at war with common sense and the experience of mankind. Just think, there are in the English peerage nearly five hundred peers—dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons who hold their titles by right, and as heads of their families, and several thousand lords and ladies (the sons and brothers, wives and daughters of peers) who hold their titles by courtesy, but are none the less considered nobility.

Of this vast number, the names of how many do we ever hear mentioned, or see in print, least of all in a discreditable manner? Certainly not one in a hundred. Yet the whole nobility of England are judged by these exceptions, and for the immorality and wickedness of one, the other ninety-nine are tried and convicted. Is this fair? Surely not. To deny that this better class of nobility within itself, this "topmost plane," does exist, must necessarily argue that the man who denies it is either ignorant of its existence, or himself has neither place or entrée within its circle. It is within this circle that it has been contended by one of the participants in the controversy—and I have heard it so contended before—that Americans are not admitted when they come to England. This I emphatically deny. And in denying it, I as emphatically maintain that I know just exactly what I am talking about. There are no people of foreign nationality who are so freely welcomed, so cordially received, so kindly treated, or in whom such a thorough, sincere, and genuine interest is taken by this very "topmost plane" as are Americans. But, mind you, they must be nice Americans—not all Americans. By nice Americans, I mean well-bred, refined, educated, unprovincial-mannered, unself-asserting men and women.

People who have no marked national peculiarities and prejudices that go to the limits of national brag; people who do not talk loud, dress loud, or act loud; people, for example, such as Mrs. Minnie Stevens Paget, Mrs. Ronalds, Admiral Baldwin, Sam Ward, and lately Mr. Hulbert, of New York—they could tell you just what I mean, for they have entered the topmost plane of English society, and know that it exists quite distinct from the limited arena whose doings are described by the flunky papers as "high life." Naturally the great majority of Americans who come to England know nothing of this topmost plane. How could they? Ignorant of and disconnected with the topmost plane of society in their own country, what claim can they present to be received by that of any other? Money? Well, money won't get them acknowledged by the best society in America I feel satisfied; and it isn't likely it will in England. They must have something else as well. I do not for a moment mean to say that money is not almost a necessity for existence in the topmost plane of English society—for it is. But it is for the refining influences with which money will surround a person that it is so, and the ability it gives a man of living like a gentleman, not because it enables him to make an ostentatious display of his possessions, for any attempt of that sort would exclude him directly.

There are hundreds of English snobs to-day, of recently acquired wealth and title—new baronets mostly—who, by the giving of grand and lavish entertainments, strive to gain notice from, and admission among, the inner circle who occupy the topmost plane. But they do not seem to know that it is this very needless expenditure of money, this vulgar exhibition of the length of their purses that keeps them out. It is therefore not to be wondered at that when American snobs come over—such people as the Chamberlaines, the Pullmans, and the Vanderbilts—they never see the inside of a great country-house, unless it be to go through the picture galleries open to the public on certain days of the week, like any other itinerant in quest of sights. Nobody invites them, for the reason that nobody wants them. Of course, in saying this, I am leaving out the Prince of Wales and his satellites. The prince associates with people who amuse him, and he asks no other credentials than an ability to do that. But he is no criterion. People who think so make a great mistake. As Prince of Wales, of course, he can't be kept out of any place, but were he gauged by his behavior and his morals, his breeding and his habits, he would have many a door closed in his face that must now stay open to receive him, should he choose to enter. But every one isn't the Prince of Wales. What he does and survives, nobody else could do and survive. People, in quoting him, seem to forget this.

When people like the Chamberlaines and Pullmans go home, it stands to reason they will tell a different story, and make their friends in America believe they know all about it. But do they? I say, no. The Chamberlaines will tell you that the Prince of Wales and his little coterie of male and female roysterers constitute the topmost plane of English society. It is the only English society they know anything of, and aside from the dazzle of royalty which permeates it at every turn, and appears to be peculiarly delightful to republicans like the Chamberlaines, the notoriety which affixes itself to the doings of the prince and his set has an attractiveness of its own to people who seem never so happy as when they are talked about.

Of the conservative exclusiveness of the better side of English high-life which shows itself in a distaste for publicity and a shrinking from notoriety, the Chamberlaines have no idea. Then the Pullmans will give the *tables d'hôte* of the Grand and Langham hotels as their idea of the topmost plane of London society, and will insist, because they never ate a dinner in England they did not pay for, or was not the result of some business connection, that there is no society in England such as one reads about in Disraeli's or Bulwer Lytton's novels. It is vain to argue with such people. As well attempt to impress a Hottentot with the beauties of Hyde Park on a June evening, or a South Sea Islander with the importance of the discovery of the Rosetta stone.

But happily all Americans who come to England are not cast in the Chamberlaine or Pullman mold; though, like Englishmen who come to America, the nice ones are not in the majority. Enough do come, however, to impress Englishmen with their good qualities, and carry home with them in consequence a true picture of English high-life. To a well-bred Englishman, there is no more charming person, be he a chance traveling companion on the Continent or a welcomed guest with proper credentials, than a well-bred, educated American; and in saying this I feel sure I express the sentiments of hundreds of Englishmen. Particularly attractive and prepossessing to an Englishman, I might say, is a Bostonian. I can not call to mind a man from Boston whom I have met, who was not well bred, well informed, well educated, and polished in his manners. A Bostonian is so thoroughly American in everything, and lacks the tarnishing touch of Anglomania with which New York men seem to be so painfully afflicted nowadays. Whatever he may be at home, a Chicago man in Europe is safe to be a snob.

I have heard Americans themselves say they wouldn't know a tithe of their countrymen who come to Europe every spring and summer, and I have been given to understand that many of the Americans who give themselves great airs on the Continent are really nobodies at home, and, despite their wealth, will not be received into the best society of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or Baltimore. Such being the case, can we be blamed if we are a trifle cautious and particular as to those we will ask to houses? I only wish Americans at home would exercise the same care, and save their daughters and dollars from the spurious dukes, imposter "lords," and ne'er-do-well noblemen, who seem to have little trouble in getting them.

And now, just a few words as to the marriages of American women among the English aristocracy. I have taken the trouble to look into the thing, and I find that some American girls *have* made some "grand alliances" in England. Beginning with the present century, it appears that in 1800 Baron Ashburton married Miss Anne Bingham, of Philadelphia. In the same year Baron Erskine married a daughter of General Cadwalader, of the same city. In 1828 the Duke of Leeds married Miss Caton, of Baltimore. In 1862 Lord Abinger married a daughter of Commodore Magruder, of the United States Navy. In 1872 the Hon. Henry Wodehouse (the Earl of Kimberley's brother) married Miss King, of Georgia, the lady afterward, in 1880, marrying the Marquis of Anglesey. In 1875 Viscount Mandeville married Miss Yznaga, of New York; and about the same time Lord Randolph Churchill married Miss Jerome, of the same place.

I think this is a pretty good showing. You can't go any higher than dukes and marquises in this country, for princes can only marry "royalties." And then, aside from his title, Lord Randolph Churchill is one of the rising statesmen of his time, and is on the high road to the premiership at no very distant day. I have not included the baronets, as they are such very "small potatoes" with us. It may, however, be of interest to know that Sirs Robert Burnett, Thomas Hesketh, John Lister Kaye, Robert Graham, John Rose, Sidney Waterlow, and Charles Wolseley have all married American wives.

LONDON, May 1, 1884. COCKAIGNE.

Just fifty-two years ago Taglioni was married to Count Gilbert de Voisins. Five days later they parted forever. Twenty years afterward the Duc de Morny gave a dinner, at which Taglioni and Rachel were present. Count de Voisins was also among the guests. "Who is yon governess-looking woman?" he asked in a whisper of Arsène Houssaye. "Don't you recognize her?" replied Houssaye; "it is your wife." After a moment of deep thought, "C'est bien possible," said the count, and turned to another subject.

Before leaving America for his sunny Italy, Signor Campanini went out of his way to speak slightingly in the newspapers of Mr. Henry E. Abbey, under whose auspices he sang last season, and of the new Metropolitan Opera House, which gave him a chance to be heard. The signor's taste in this matter was not good. But both Mr. Abbey and the directors of the new opera house will doubtless be pleased to learn that a sojourn in his Italian villa has improved the once brilliant tenor's voice.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mary Anderson travels about England in a special palace car, refitted for her exclusive use.

*Scandinavia* (Chicago) states that Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, derived his name from the old Danish name, Bölver.

Jay Cooke, whose fortune was swept away by the crash of 1873, is to-day one of the wealthiest men of Pennsylvania. He has invested in iron, coal, gold, and silver mines, and railroads, reaching far into the millions.

The Duke of Buccleugh, who has just died, had for sixty-five years been in possession of no fewer than 460,000 acres of land situated in seven Scotch and five English counties, the rent rolls of which amounted to $1,200,000 a year.

As soon as it was announced that Mr. John F. Slater had set apart a million dollars for educating the freedmen of the South, letters began pouring in begging him to give money for this, that, and the other schemes of alleged benevolence, and before he died he had received bushels of such communications from all parts of the world.

Verdi's study is a *sanctum sanctorum* which no one dares enter or approach without the master's special permission, and that is seldom granted. He shuts himself up in it for hours every day, and sometimes for whole days, emerging only to eat and sleep. It is supposed that he has in that room a vast number of compositions which may never be made public during his life.

Among the guests at Mr. Irving's farewell breakfast in New York were a number of representatives of the press from other cities: T. B. Aldrich, of the *Atlantic Monthly;* E. H. Clement, editor of the Boston *Transcript;* L. Clark Davis, editor of the Philadelphia *Inquirer;* M. P. Handy, managing editor of the Philadelphia *Press;* Joel Cook, of the Philadelphia *Ledger;* and Charles Dudley Warner, of the Hartford *Courant.*

Sir Michael Costa was appointed *maestro al piano* at the age of twenty, and chief conductor at King's Theatre, Birmingham, two years later. When the youth, scarcely out of his teens, for the first time appeared in the orchestra, the musicians greeted him with a shout of laughter, and the next morning he received a card with seven tiny razors attached, which he kept as a precious memorial. But the scornful musicians soon found that the beardless young man was their master.

The late Mr. Henry Wikoff, who died at Brighton, England, on the 2d of May, in his seventy-sixth year, was the best known private citizen of this country at the courts of Europe, though he never bragged about it. He was also well known to a multitude of distinguished Americans, many of whom were his warm personal friends. No untitled resident of Europe was more welcome at a New York dinner table than the Chevalier Wikoff. No American understood European politics so intimately, or could touch their sources so successfully. It is a loss to literature and to history that a man of the chevalier's ability and information should not have written a serious book.

Julian Hawthorne said to a *Tribune* reporter concerning autographs: "Yes, I get a good many requests, both for my own and for my father's. I have become quite expert in detaching stamps from envelopes; but I wish the collectors would send their stamps loose. I believe Mark Twain answers his either by telegraph or with his type-writer; but the latter method involves losing some stamps, and the former is proper to the wealthy only. No, I don't regard the mania as a bore; on the contrary, I take it to be a delicate and unobtrusive expedient on the part of the public for contributing to the support of their favorite author. It stands me in from six to ten cents a day—quite an item to a man with a large family."

The widow of Marshal Suchet, Duke of Albufera, died in Paris the other day at the age of ninety-odd years. She was married when Joseph Bonaparte was King of Spain, and received from him as a wedding gift one of the splendid hotels next to the British Embassy in Paris. In the military correspondence of Napoleon I. we find the following letter, dated Paris, December 5, 1811, and addressed to Berthier: "My Cousin: Write to Marshal Suchet to complain that his wife carries on a correspondence with Madame de Saligny, in which she speaks of what happens in the army; that these details should not occur in a letter of a lady, who ought to be acquainted neither with the number of troops nor their movements, who should speak merely of her health, and that is all." It is curious to think of the Duchess d'Albufera surviving this for seventy-three years.

The late Mr. Charles Reade wrote his own epitaph—a sensible procedure in one who could write so well, and who possessed so intimate and extended an acquaintance with abortions of obituary literature—and it is interesting, though by no means curious, to note that he calls himself "dramatist, novelist, and journalist," giving importance (as artists usually do) not to the line of work in which he most excelled, but to the line of work in which he most wished to excel. The epitaph is one particularly adapted to touch the popular heart. It is as follows:

Here lie,
By the Side of his Beloved Friend, the Mortal
Remains of
CHARLES READE,
Dramatist, Novelist, and Journalist.
His last Words to Mankind are on this Stone.

I hope for a resurrection, not from any power in nature, but from the will of the Lord God Omnipotent, who made nature and me. He created man out of nothing, which nature could not. He can restore man from the dust, which nature can not. And I hope for holiness and happiness in a future life, not for anything I have said or done in this body, but from the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ. He has promised His intercession to all who seek it, and He will not break His word; that intercession, once granted, can not be rejected, for He is God, and His merits infinite: a man's sins are but human and finite. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins."

## THE OLD PRINTER.

A Sketch of Life Behind the Scenes in a Newspaper Composing-room.

There was a wife, and there was a boy. Long before any one now in the office had a "sit" in news-rooms, press-room, business office, or sanctum, and before the old man had begun to look out at the world through spectacles and his figure was as straight as it was tall, the typos and reporters used to hear him talk about buying a lot and building a house out on the hill, where he could have a patch of garden. And by and by he was going to quit "sticking type," and get into something that would let him stay home nights, and get acquainted with his family. And the suit of clothes he bought in the fall lasted a long way into the next summer, and then they came out again in the winter, and the old man "rushed" more than he ever did again while that dream of home was inspiring him. It is an old story, this struggle of a printer to get a home; any one of these restless mariners of the land, drifting from port to port and back again, lured by the *ignis fatuus* of so many cents more a thousand and a price and a half after two o'clock, and big bills with four or five nights' work. Never a wandering "jour" printer got a chance to stand at the old man's case while he was saving money for a house and lot, and the "subs" looked at him with the despairing glances of starvation. But it is hard, uphill work for the printer to buy a home. His pay is easily reduced and hardly raised; a long strike means taking to the road for him, and if he has a family and can't tramp, he breaks his heart, puts dust on his head, and goes "out of the union," and wearily works at the bosses' rates. So the old man worked bravely on, as many a printer has worked before and since his time, and the little plant in the bank began to grow brighter as the old clothes grew shabbier.

And the boy growing into his tenth year used to be seen in the office after school, standing at his tall father's elbow, learning, in a very irregular, boyish, unapprenticed fashion, with a cataract of questions, to "stick type." The old man never intended the boy should be a printer. And he was proud of him and of his standing at school. And once the boy wrote a ten-line account of a boy falling down stairs, and a good-natured reporter sent it in just as it came, although it was a dull day, and the scribe wanted awfully to make it a column and put on a hanging head. And the old man sent marked copies of that paper to every soul he knew in this world.

But one day an unbidden guest came home from school with the boy, and sat down by the hearthstone in the old man's rented home. And the long days of fever and doctor's bills drew out nearly all that little bank account, and one black day the old man's case was empty and the business office told the undertaker that all his bills would be paid there, and he mustn't take any money from the old man. And pale, and quiet, and sad, looking old and worn, was the printer who came next day and took his old place at the case. The types didn't click very fast in that alley for days after that. And sometimes the printer's face would be lying on the boxes in his folded arms, and how pathetic looked the half-filled stick in the clasped hands, the composing rule fallen out of its place, and the pied type and leads all tumbling together. More than one printer, going by on his way to empty his stick in the galley, was a long time bending down to find the "take" his own followed; and more than one, looking across at the heart-broken picture of sorrow, leaned close down to his copy to read fair writing that was never blurred when it came off the hook, and grimed his eyes with an unsteady hand, saying something about the dust or the glare of the light. And then, about five years after that, the boy's mother, weary of the long pilgrimage, lay down to rest in a cool arbor, roofed with waving grass and blue violets, and awoke to kiss her boy.

* * * * * * * *

After that, streaks of gray showed plainly over the old man's head, and the broad shoulders stooped a little, and I think it was about that time the boys began to call him "the old man." The office was his home now. When I first came on the paper, I remember how he used to come into the sanctum every Saturday afternoon, and run over the exchanges for his Sunday reading; and there were certain papers that were always saved for him. I soon learned his quiet ways, and many times I have hid his favorite exchanges for him, so that the senior editors might not cut them. And when the manager revised the exchange list, and cut off, among a hundred others, all the old man's favorite country exchanges, I was the guilty man who, by a mandatory note on the official letter-head, smuggled them right back again. And the old man always came into the editorial rooms to write letters to a half-sister, I believe, who was the only relative he had in the world. She was dependent, I think, for I know the business manager used sometimes to pay the old man in drafts when he wanted to send her money.

He began to grow old now. His sorrows didn't make a morose man of him. He was quiet, save when he preached his little sermons on temperance to the boys, or expressed his views on the political issues of the day. When he preached or debated, he had a way of sitting at his ease, or standing in the alley, his stick poised in the air, marking off the emphatic portions of his remarks. The great, big, solemn spectacles came upon his face now, and the boys occasionally suggested that he "open his windows and let in the air." He only worked four nights a week after a while, and fell into a habit of setting up a good deal of reprint in the afternoon. Nights when he put on a sub, he sat in the composing-room, and pottered around till midnight, for a man can't break the habits of a lifetime. In the winter he "stoked," because nobody else knew how to make that stove draw, and the old man would make things roar until the stove-pipe was red clear to the ceiling.

He had a fashion, now, too, of singing snatches of old hymns as he stood at his case. I don't know where he learned them, unless when he was a boy. A printer on a morning paper, who goes to bed about four or five o'clock Sunday morning, doesn't feel much like getting up and going to church at half-past ten. Sunday night he goes with his family, if he has one, and if he has neither wife nor sweetheart to take him, it depends largely on the weather. If he can't stay out-doors, he goes to church, but if the weather is pleasant, he rather thinks that six nights a week in the house is enough. Slug Nine used to call the old man's case "The Meetin' House," and sometimes helped him sing, but Slug Nine's sacred music was always too vociferous in its character to please the typos, who made it a rule to "wood up" with their sticks and rattle him down.

Sometimes the old man would lay down his stick, take off his spectacles in a thoughtful way, and stand looking out of the window a long time, forgetting there was a galley that couldn't be proved until he emptied; looking away off, so far away from clicking type and the clatter of mallet and planer, that it seemed a pity to call him back, and the boys would say:

"The old man's getting old."

He never seemed to be very ambitious. Never joined in the clamor to have the markets "go round"; didn't seem to aspire to the "ad" cases, and I think he was a little afraid of table-work. He seemed to feel, sometimes, his lack of early advantages, but he had a good print-shop education. Slug Nine said the old man learned his letters right from the boxes, and grew up and learned to set type in one of those mustang offices where they keep the type in a coffee-sack and chalk out the cases on the floor. He wasn't even a very fast printer; he didn't often rush, and he never "soldiered for the fat on the hook," but took whatever came along with equal patience and good nature, whether it was a "pick-up" or a great take of blind copy, scribbled in pencil on blue foolscap on both sides of the paper and marked solid, with never a break or paragraph from A to Z. But he would stand at that old case and pick up type all night, pegging along on straight brevier as tranquilly as though he struck a display head on every take. He always made fair bills, and after a while, as the sixties began creeping on him, the boys had a way of "soldiering" for him, and maybe you don't know how hard it is for a printer not to drop a good many type, and fumble for the boxes, and let his thumb get most awfully sore, and have to hunt for the bellows and blow out his case, and study the copy very closely and find it dreadfully hard to read, and all that sort of thing, when by rushing a little he can get a "pick-up" as long as your arm and a leaded take with a paragraph to every sentence. But they did that for the old man, and he knew it, by and by, and loved the boys as though they were his own, every last slug of them.

And so, year after year, he wrought among the boys on a morning paper. He went to bed about the time the rest of the world got up, and he arose about the time the rest of the world sat down to dinner. He worked by every kind of light except sunlight. There were candles in the office when he came in; then they had lard-oil lamps, that smoked, and sputtered, and smelled; then he saw two or three printers blinded by explosions of camphene and spirit-gas; then kerosene came in and heated up the news-room on summer nights like a furnace; then the office put in gas; and now the electric light hung from the ceiling and dazzled his old eyes, and glared into them from his copy. If he sang on his way home, a policeman bade him "cheese that," and reminded him that he was disturbing the peace, and people wanted to sleep. But when he wanted to sleep, the rest of the world, for whom he had sat up all night to make a morning paper, roared and crashed by down the noisy street under his window, with cart, and truck, and omnibus; blared with brass bands, howled with hand-organs, talked, and shouted; and even the shrieking newsboy, with a ghastly sarcasm, murdered the sleep of the tired old printer by yelling the name of his own paper. Year after year the foreman roared at him to remember that this wasn't an afternoon paper; editors shrieked down the tube to have a blind man put on that dead man's case; smart young proof-readers scribbled sarcastic comments on his work, on the margin of his proof-slips; long-winded correspondents, learning to write, and long-haired poets who could never learn to spell, wrathfully cast all their imperfections upon his head. But through it all he wrought patiently, and found more sunshine than shadow in the world; he had more friends than enemies. Printers, and foremen, and pressmen, and reporters, and editors came and went, but he stayed, and he saw news-room and sanctum filled and emptied, and filled and emptied again, and filled again with new and strange faces.

He was working one night, and when the hours that are so short in the ball-room and so long in the composing-room drew wearily on, he was tired. He hadn't thrown in a full case, he said. One of the boys, tired as himself—but a printer is never too tired to be good natured—offered to change places with him, but the old man said there was enough in his case to last him through his take, and he wouldn't work any more to-night. The type clicked in the silent room, and by and by the old man said:

"I'm out of sorts."

He sat down on the low window-sill by his case, with his stick in his hand, his hands folded wearily in his lap. The types clicked on. A galley of telegraph waited.

"Will any one kindly tell me what gentleman is lingering with D 13?" called the foreman, who was always dangerously polished and polite when he was on the point of exploding with wrath and impatience.

Slug Nine, passing by the alley, stopped to speak to the old man, sitting there so quietly.

The telegraph boy came running in with the last manifold sheet, shouting:

"Thirty!"

They carried the old man to the foreman's long table, and laid him down reverently, and covered his face. They took the stick out of his nerveless hand, and read his last take:

> BOSTON, November 23.—The American barque, *Pilgrim*, went to pieces off Marblehead in a light gale, about midnight. She was old and unseaworthy, and this was to have been her last trip.

—*Burdette in Hawkeye.*

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An English provincial newspaper has a correspondent in London who holds a lucrative place under Government, and is consequently indolent, forgetting sometimes to write his letter, but never forgetting to draw his pay. The other day, at the end of a silent week, he wired, "No time to write letter; send check." To which the editor answered, "No time to sign check; send letter." It came.

Byron's good sayings, says a writer in the London *World*, have been in all men's mouths—in the mouths of some who have claimed them as their own. Many were admirable puns; others had a better claim to remembrance. The last time I met him—a long time ago—I sat next him at dinner. "So Poole, the tailor, is dead!" remarked our host. "Indeed! What did he die of?" "Of a fit," said Byron at once; "what else could a tailor die of?"

When Louis XVIII. returned to France, and Fouché was his minister of police, the King asked Fouché whether during his (the King's) exile he had not set spies over him, and who they were. Fouché hesitated to reply, but, on the King insisting, he said: "If your majesty presses for an answer, it was the Duc de Blacas to whom this matter was confided." "And how much did you pay him?" said the King. "Deux cents mille livres de rente, sire." "Ah, so!" said the King, "then he has played fair; we went halves."

The Russian Czar Paul's horses were admonished and chastened if they forgot the respect due to their owner. Once he convened an extempore court of justice on the streets to try a horse which had just stumbled with him. The brute—the ridden one—was sentenced to receive fifty lashes, and after the castigation it was rebuked by the riding one: "That, sir, is for having stumbled with the emperor." While flourishing his cane in one of his uncontrollable fits of anger, he accidentally struck the branch of a lustre, and broke it. Indignant at the lustre interposing itself as an obstacle in its way, he attacked it in right earnest, and beat it to powder.

Oscar Wilde, among his various stories told in the United States of which he was always the æsthetic hero, related that once while on a visit to an English country house he was much annoyed by the pronounced Philistinism of a certain fellow-guest, who loudly stated that all artistic employment was a melancholy waste of time. "Well, Mr. Wilde," said Oscar's bugbear one day at lunch, "and pray, how have you been passing your morning?" "Oh, I have been immensely busy," said Oscar, with great gravity; "I have spent my whole time over the proof-sheets of my book of poems." The Philistine, with a growl, inquired the result of that. "Well, it was very important," said Oscar; "I took out a comma." "Indeed," returned the enemy of literature, "is that all you did?" Oscar, with a sweet smile, said: "By no means; on mature reflection I put back the comma." This was too much for the Philistine, who took the next train to London.

A famous tenor was recently invited by a distinguished lady, not a million miles from Boston, to dine with her, and accepted the invitation. Soon after his arrival at the house, one of his friends intimated that their hostess intended asking him to sing after dinner. He approached the piano under the pretext of examining some rare old pictures that hung near it, and in the course of his inspection he contrived, unobserved, to lock the piano and to abstract the key. Soon after dinner, the guests having returned to the drawing-room, the hostess approached him and begged him to sing. "Most willingly," responded the tenor. She attempted to open the piano, and was surprised to find it locked. Search was made in all directions for the key, but in vain. Then came a proposition to break the lock, but to this the hostess would not consent, as the case of the instrument was a very elegant one, and she did not care to have it injured. So the evening passed off without music. When the great tenor went away, he let the key fall on the floor of the ante-room, where it was discovered the next morning, greatly to the amazement of the hostess, who was unable to solve the mystery of its getting there.

A good story is told of one of the present prominent merchants of Boston. Years ago, before cablegrams were known and when the telegraph was in its infancy, and merchants depended upon steamships for their correspondence, fortunes were made or lost by energy in obtaining or remissness in losing early advices. The subject of this narrative was then junior partner in one of the leading drug firms of Boston, and was, of course, ambitious. The firm had received a dispatch from New York immediately following the arrival of the English mail in that city, to the effect that owing to troubles in the vineyards of the south of Europe, cream of tartar would advance, and suggested buying to arrive what was then on the way to Boston, the chief importing point in the United States. Iasigi & Goddard were supposed to have the largest amount *in transitu*. Iasigi was a Smyrniote of great wealth and somewhat indolent habits, but immensely shrewd. The drug firm above mentioned thought it a good opportunity to test the shrewdness of their junior. Iasigi was in the daily habit of stopping at his barber's, and did not, as a general rule, reach his counting-room on Central Wharf before ten A. M., where his letters awaited him. If he could be reached before he opened his mail, the trade could be made. The young man watched and saw him going down Central Wharf, but he was wary. Approaching Iasigi, he asked: "Mr. Iasigi, how is verdigris to-day?" Iasigi turned to him with that comical look and turn of the eye for which he was noted, and replied, in his broken English: "Young man, you *talk verdigris*—you mean cream tartar. Young man, I read my letters this morning (showing them to him) in the [illegible] room."

## SOCIETY.

### The Marquis of Normanby.

The Australian steamer brought among its passengers the Marquis and Marchioness of Normanby, their son, Lord Henry Phipps, and the Marquis's private secretary, Captain Le Patourel. The party is staying at the Palace Hotel. Lord Normanby, who is of the Phipps family, which first became noted during the Parliamentary wars, is third Marquis of Normanby, Earl of Mulgrave, Viscount Normanby, and Baron Mulgrave of Mulgrave, in the peerage of the United Kingdom. Lady Normanby is a niece of the dowager Duchess of Cleveland. The family seat is Mulgrave Castle, near Whitby, Yorkshire. During the past week Lady Normanby has been severely ill, and consequently the Marquis is compelled to remain in the city for a longer period than he first intended.

### The Rutherford Soiree Musicale.

Last Thursday evening Mrs. A. H. Rutherford gave a reception and musicale, at her residence, on Bush Street, in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Haff, of New York, who is also a sister of Mr. Wright, of Sacramento. Rear-Admiral Upshur and staff, and also the officers of the flagship *Hartford*, were present, and sent the ship's band, which rendered many beautiful selections during the evening. The rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers and vines. The large billiard-room, the library, the sitting-room, and breakfast-room were thrown open for dancing, while the musicale was given in the large reception-room and the main salon. The walls and mantels were gracefully draped in vines and flowers. The musicale began about nine o'clock. Mrs. Haff is a singer of rare talent, and is considered one of the finest amateurs in New York. Her singing was received with great enthusiasm. Among those who assisted were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Mayer, Miss Webster, and Miss Mollie Dodge. After the music there was dancing, supper being served at eleven o'clock. Mrs. Rutherford was robed in blue silk, and wore diamond jewels. Mrs. Haff was dressed in blue satin brocade, court train, with an overdress of white lace, and diamond jewels. Mrs. Rutherford's sister, Mrs. Wright, of Sacramento, wore a robe of black silk, draped in black lace, and diamond jewels. The following is a list of the guests present:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Wright of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Crocker, Miss Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Gr en, Mr. and Mrs. Dodge, Miss Dodge, Colonel and Mrs. Samuel Mayer, Miss Webster, Mrs. Lucy Arnold, the Misses Fargo, the Misses Durbrow, Miss Hooker, Miss Jones, Rear-Admiral Upshur and staff, the officers of the *Hartford*, Captain and Mrs. Mathorn, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholl, Doctor Kindleburger, Mr. Walter Dean, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Colonel H. J. Brady, Mr. Fitz-Henry, Mr. Belden, Mr. George Crocker, Mr. Will Crocker, and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker have invited Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Haff, and Mr. and Mrs. Wright on a visit to Monterey, and the entire party will go down this afternoon, to remain for several days. Mrs. Rutherford and family go to the Yosemite June first, to remain until the middle of the month, after which they will go to Monterey for the summer.

### The Flood Luncheon.

Last Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Flood and Miss Flood entertained a party of friends, at their country seat in Menlo Park. After an elaborate luncheon was partaken of, the party drove through Menlo Park, visiting various places, including Governer Stanford's country seat. The following is a list of the guests:

Mr. John Mackay, Mr. Fitz-Henry, Lieutenant and Mrs. Emmet, Miss Jarboe, Mrs. Purdy, Mr. Sheldon, Mr. Greenway, Mr. Winfield Jones, Mr. Twiggs, Mr. Small, and Mr. Beazeley.

### The Van Ness Seminary Commencement.

Last Thursday evening the class of 1884 of the Van Ness Seminary held their commencement exercises, at St. John's Church. The following young ladies comprise the graduating class: Miss Jennie Hopkins, Miss Fannie Crocker, Miss Montie Morrison, Miss Pauline Russel, Miss May Hamilton, Miss Lelia Hamilton, Miss Alice Mau, Miss Amelia Albrecht. A number of essays were read by the young lady graduates. Miss Albrecht and Miss Smith sang very charmingly; and Miss Fannie Morrison, on the piano, accompanied by Professor Goffrie on the violin, rendered a duet which met with great success. At the close of the exercises Right Reverend William Ingraham Kip presented the class diplomas.

### The Morrow Surprise Party.

Mr. W. W. Morrow was visited by a surprise party Thursday night, at his residence on Jackson Street, near Taylor. A large number of friends were present, and the large parlors were crowded by incoming friends the entire evening. Among the promoters of the affair were Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Pond, Mr. C. B. Jennings, Mr and Mrs. Stetson, Mrs. Horton, Mr. Frank McMullin, and many others.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Mark Hopkins left for her home at Great Barrington, Mass., Thursday last, and will not return thence until October.

Mrs. Colonel Fred Crocker, accompanied by Mrs. Easton, left for the East last week.

Mr. Edward Greenway will spend the summer at Menlo Park.

James L. Flood left for London Thursday, Mrs. Flood and Miss Flood accompanying him as far as the East, where they will remain for the summer.

On Wednesday of last week ex-Senator John Conness, accompanied by his wife and son, visited Monterey.

Governor Stoneman returned to Sacramento on Monday.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. C. D. Barrows went up to Sacramento last Saturday, to spend the week with Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow Smith.

Arthur Brown, Superintendent of Bridges and Building, C. P. R. R., has returned from a trip in the interior.

Mr. Robert Hamilton, of Baker & Hamilton, is visiting Sacramento.

Supreme Justice Field, who has been visiting for some time in New York, has returned to Washington.

Mr. Thurlow McMullin visited Monterey last week.

Doctor and Mrs. Brigham, accompanied by their family and servants, went down to Monterey for a visit last Friday week.

Harry Babcock went down to Monterey for a brief visit last week.

Mrs. D. W. Earl has been visiting Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, their daughter Miss Taylor, and two sons, went down to Monterey for the summer Friday week.

Mrs. Charles H. Phelps has arrived from New York, and is visiting at her father's residence in Piedmont. Mr. Phelps accompanied her as far as Idaho, where he is detained at present on business.

Mrs. Theodore E. Smith and family, accompanied by her mother and sister, Miss Mary Bates, have taken a cottage, "Crannie Crag," in the Redwoods, near Felton, Santa Cruz County. They expect to be absent some time.

Judge and Mrs. Alexander Campbell, of Tucson, Arizona, will spend the month of July at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Judge Shafter, of Oakland, accompanied by her daughter Miss Bessie, went down for a sojourn at Monterey on Wednesday week.

Miss Julia Curry, daughter of ex-Supreme Judge Curry, who has been lately residing with her uncle in Salt Lake, came out last week to this city. Wednesday, accompanied by Miss Jennie Cheesman, she went up to Groveland, near Dixon, on a visit to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert Curry.

Miss Sibyl Sanderson has gone down to San Luis Obispo on a visit to Mrs. McCoppin.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Sabin and family went down to Monterey last week.

Mr. W. J. Currier went down to Del Monte on Friday of last week.

Miss Houston and Miss Pierce go to the Yosemite on the first of the month.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury has gone to Monterey.

Charles Webb Howard spent Saturday and Sunday at Del Monte.

Mrs. Adams and family will leave their Bush Street residence about the first of next month, and go down to Monterey for the summer.

Mr. Frank Hall went East Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Mills and Miss Mills went down to Monterey for a sojourn last Saturday.

Mr. Mountford Wilson visited Del Monte last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Spencer Buckbee will go over to San Rafael about the first of the month, to remain at the Tamalpais for the summer.

Miss Holladay and Miss Ruth Holladay, who have been visiting Miss Morrison in San José, will return home next Monday.

Mr. Louis Monteagle went down to Del Monte last Saturday.

Mark Requa, of Oakland, has been visiting Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Ellard Bemis, of San José, are spending a few weeks at Del Monte.

Dr. J. C. Tucker and his daughter, Miss Eva Tucker, of Oakland, went down to Monterey last week on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Coleman, of Grass Valley, are visiting San Francisco for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Howard went East last Monday, to remain until next autumn.

Charles Crocker went down to Monterey on Friday week; on Saturday he was joined by Mrs. Crocker and George and Will Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and Miss Mitchell, who have been visiting Mrs. Rice, started for Oregon by Thursday's steamer, to return to their Canadian home by way of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Mr and Mrs. John M. Chretien are staying at Blithedale for the summer.

Captain and Mrs. R. C. Hooker have taken a house at San Mateo for the summer.

Mr. Webster Jones and Mr. M. Lovell will go up to Mendocino and Lake counties the latter part of June on a hunting expedition.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter Pomeroy have taken rooms at Blithedale for the summer.

Mrs. General Kirkham, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Kate Kirkham, left for the East on Monday afternoon, to be gone until autumn.

Mrs. L. Henry Newton, who has been spending several weeks with friends at Woodside, has gone to San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. J. O. Eldridge and his daughter, Miss Grace Eldridge, visited Duncan's Mills last week.

Miss Helen Aldrich will spend the summer at Blithedale.

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis went down to Monterey on Wednesday week; and Mrs. Breckinridge went down on Monday last, accompanied by Miss Haggin.

Mr. H. B. Smith visited Del Monte last week.

Mr. C. F. Talbot spent Sunday at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson have been visiting Monterey the past week.

A party of ladies and gentlemen contemplate making a tour of the Yosemite Valley, the Geysers, and other points of interest during the month of July. It is expected that it will include the Jarboes, the Joneses, and several other families.

Lord Russell Gower, who is at the Palace, will remain in the city for several days.

Mrs. J. D. Tallant returned from Honolulu on Thursday.

Sir Henry Cornwall has arrived here from Honolulu.

Colonel R. P. Hammond went down to Del Monte on a visit last Tuesday.

M. D. Boruck has been spending the week at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Horton went down to Monterey on Tuesday, for a visit.

Miss Emilie Hager has been visiting the Corbitts, at San Mateo, during the past week.

Miss Lizzie Hull is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Mills.

Miss Bessie Sedgwick, Mr. Arthur Page, and Mr. Frank Carolan are visiting Mrs. James Robinson at her country seat.

Miss Ella McAllister has been visiting the Selbys during the past week at their country seat.

Miss Cora Thomas is visiting the Holbrooks at their country residence.

Miss Cole, of San Mateo, is visiting Miss Felton.

### Army and Navy News.

The United States steamer *Hartford*, which left two weeks ago on a lengthy cruise around the world, broke her shaft off San Pedro, and was compelled to return to this city for repairs. She arrived last Saturday, and has gone up to the Navy Yard, where it is expected she will be detained for the next three months.

Captain Henry Metcalfe has been relieved from duty at the Benicia arsenal, and assigned to duty at the Watervliet arsenal, West Troy, New York.

On his way back to this city from Washington, where he has been presiding at the Swaim court-martial, General Pope will visit his old friends at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

The United States steamer *Pinta*, which was at Callao May 5th, is expected shortly in this port.

Chaplain J. H. H. Brown, attached to the *Hartford*, has resigned, to take effect November 1st.

It will be two months, in all probability, before a commanding officer will be sent to the *Hartford*. Captain Perkins is spoken of as being ordered. Captain C. C. Carpenter, late commander, who has been at the hospital at Mare Island for the past few weeks, recovered sufficiently to take his departure for the East last Monday afternoon.

Medical Inspector David Kindelberger has been appointed fleet surgeon for the Pacific squadron.

Lieutenant W. P. Ray, who lately went East, has been ordered to New Orleans.

Mrs. Rear-Admiral Upshur, who has been visiting her daughter in Washington, left for Morristown, New York, last week. Mrs. Upshur is erecting a large mansion in Washington, which will be completed in the fall.

Major D. S. Gordon, Second Cavalry, has been assigned to duty in the Department of California, with station at the Presidio.

General Crook is going to meet the Apaches on the San Carlos Reservation. Mrs. Crook has gone East to spend the summer at Oakland, Maryland.

Assistant Surgeon J. M. Dickinson, United States Army, for a long time on duty at Fort McHenry, will shortly arrive in this city.

Captain H. Sweeny, Fourth Cavalry, United States Army, has left Topeka, and will spend the summer in Los Angeles.

### Notes and Gossip.

It is announced that Mr. Frank McMullin, Secretary of the Granger's Bank, will be united in marriage to Miss Minnie, daughter of W. S. Phelps. The ceremony will take place at the residence of the bride, June 17th.

There is an engagement of marriage between H. B. Smith Jr., the popular agent in this city for the Missouri Pacific Railroad, and Miss Hattie E. McKey of Wisconsin. The wedding will be celebrated at the home of the young lady during the coming season.

Ex-Minister Sargent will be the guest of his brother at Newport when he arrives in this country.

The dramatic entertainment which was given at the parlors of the Unitarian Church, the other evening, will be repeated next Tuesday night, at the same place, in aid of the building fund of a friendly congregation. "Tom Cobb," which was so successful the last time, will again be the play, with the Misses Campbell, Miss Porter, and Messrs. Ernest White, Fred. Yates, Cutler Bonestell, and Norman Williams in the cast.

Senator James G. Fair, having purchased the Porter property, now owns the entire block bounded by Powell, California, Mason, and Sacramento Streets.

A party of young San Francisco society people who are spending the summer at Menlo had an upset while out driving the other day. Owing to the presence of mind of the gentleman driving, a runaway was prevented, and the occupants escaped with few bruises.

Major and Mrs. Rathbone entertained at their country seat, in Menlo Park, on last Sunday, Mrs. General McDowell, Miss Edith McAllister, and Miss Theresa McAllister.

---

The City Publishing Co. has just issued a work entitled "A Social Manual for San Francisco and Oakland: with Addresses of People of Society, Membership of Clubs, and Miscellaneous Matter for Social or Business Use." The book is a duodecimo of nearly three hundred pages, well printed, and handsomely bound in blue and gold. It is on the same plan as the "Elite Directory," issued some years ago. The titles of some of the chapters will give an idea of the scope of the work: "San Francisco Society;" "Reception Days;" "Calling and Address List;" "Oakland Address List;" "Army and Navy Calling and Address List;" "Permanent Guests at Hotels—Calling and Address List;" "The Clubs—Bar Association, Art Association, Loring, Berkeley, Chit-Chat, Pacific, Union, Cosmos, Bohemian, Athenian, and Concordia Clubs; San Francisco Verein, Deutscher Verein, Cercle Français—Lists of Membership;" "Diagrams of all the City Theatres;" "Personnel of the Press;" "Church Directory;" "Public Schools." The latter part of the book is taken up with a number of "Rules of Good Breeding," such as usually figure in manuals of etiquette. The price of the volume is not given. We presume it is for sale at the bookstores.

---

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

### A Collection of Curious, Scientific, and Useful Notes.

Glass is now given the appearance of marble by applying a mixture of varnish and oil to the surface of a basin of water, and blowing or spraying it with dry colored powders to represent the mottled or veined aspect of marble. The glass after being coated on one surface with varnish is placed face downward on the water-film, which immediately adheres to the plate and is fixed by the varnish.

A new roadster, combining the speed and simplicity of the ordinary bicycle with the safety and stability of the tricycle, has been devised by Mr. E. Burstow. It has one large wheel like a bicycle, but that is supplemented by four smaller wheels—two in front and two behind the driving-wheel. The action is similar to that of a roller-skate, and the steering is ingeniously effected. Moreover, the apparatus is, at will, convertible into an ordinary bicycle.

The value of the dynamo-electric machine for use in tunneling has recently been demonstrated. The drill is coupled to the spindle of the dynamo, and the electric power brought by wires into the tunnel. The same current serves to light the scene of operations and fire the blast. Moreover, it could be employed to draw out the trucks with earth and rock, and with economy, provided the power were supplied by some waterfall or stream in the neighborhood.

There has been invented a very useful little pump, called the "Invincible," which weighs only a few pounds. The working of the handle up and down produces a vacuum and displacement in each of two chambers into which the cylinder or barrel is divided. There are four valves, two for suction and two for delivery. The pump is arranged to go on wash-bowl slabs, in places where the water does not rise to the bowl. It will be found useful for bathtubs and many household purposes.

An interesting experiment with the phonograph, which will be its first practical application, is about to be made by Doctors Zintgraff and Chavanne, two explorers who are about to visit the Congo region. They intend to fix the language and melodies of tribes they may meet with, and send the record home to Germany, for the edification of scientific men there. The apparatus is being made by Herr Fuhrmann, of Berlin; and if the instrument is successful with the German language, it may well succeed with another.

Doctor Hammerl has overcome the necessity of putting a strong light at a distance from the photometer when comparing it with the light of a standard candle, by interposing a revolving disk between the light and the photometer. This disk is perforated with radial slits, which allow the light to pass; but the opaque partitions cut it off, and the intensity of the light is thus reduced. Of course the disk revolves fast enough to make the source of light visible, but the amount of reduction in the intensity of the light depends on the velocity of the disk, and the number of open sectors in it.

Vegetable tallow, which is obtained from a tree of the genus *Hopea*, growing in the south of Borneo, has been recently studied by Mr. Fielding, and found to keep solid at a temperature of 18.5 Centigrade, and melt at 44.4 Centigrade. It dissolves in cold ether and in hot acetone, alcohol, and turpentine. It is obtained from the fruits of the tree by germinating them in a humid place and then drying them in the sun, and boiling out the grease. The tallow thus made in Java and Sumatra is now used for greasing machines, and in the manufacture of candles. It also yields glycerine and soap.

An ingenious way of turning an ordinary watch into an illuminated clock, for showing the time by night, has been arranged by M. Joyeux. It consists in projecting an image of the watch-face on a screen, which may be semi-transparent. The lamp is an ordinary oil one, and it is placed in a small box fitted with an object-glass which can slide out and in a little, in telescopic fashion, to adjust the focus. The size of the reflected image of the watch, which is hung within the box behind the object-glass and illuminated by the lamp-light, is determined by the power of the lens and the distance of the screen.

Recent experiments by Mr. Aiken and Doctor O. J. Lodge prove that when a body is warmer than the air it tends to keep dust from settling on it. It was long ago discovered by Dr. Tyndall that there is a dark space above the body when strongly illumined. This dark space is now shown to extend all round the body when free in air, and to be due to the warmed body drawing away the dust from the layer of air immediately surrounding it. It follows from these researches that a room heated by a fire is likely to have its walls freer from dust than one heated by a stove, because in the one case the walls are hotter than the air, and in the other the air is hotter than the walls.

Mr. Charles F. Ritchel has invented a balloon which can be raised or lowered at pleasure, without either throwing out ballast or losing gas. The balloon consists of a horizontal cylinder with square ends, to which is attached a netting six feet wide and as long as the balloon. Under this is a series of canvas shutters lapping over one another, and opened or closed by a screw propeller worked by hand. When the shutters are closed they offer resistance to the air, when open they allow the balloon to rise. The action of the propeller gives an upward or downward motion, according to the direction in which it is revolved.

## BUBBLES.

I don't think you ever heard about the luncheon which Phyllida gave to her girl friends just before last Easter, and while the Lenten shackles still bound the faithful to their fast. Phyllida is always wanting to do something desperately naughty. I remember when she was yet a school-girl, how she told a band of class-mates, who were listening in admiring horror, that "a husband had got to be wicked to be nice."

For some time Phyllida had been promising her friends a mysterious lark, at which "something just perfectly dreadful" was to take place.

At last there came a day when Phyllida's mamma was going to Oakland to spend the night and next day. Nine little notes went forth on their mission forthwith.

It chanced that mamma returned to the city several hours sooner than she had at first intended. As she opened the front door, a peal of silvery laughter broke upon her ear. It seemed to come from the dining-room. Slightly astonished, she hastened in that direction, and hastily opened the door.

Sensation.

Ten natty little pairs of boots fell from the table to the floor. Ten chairs resumed their perpendicular. And ten wicked, wicked little hands vainly sought to hide as many cigarettes beneath the table or in capacious dress folds.

"Phyllida!" said mamma, with deadly calm.

"Yes'm," answered the daughter, meekly.

"Will you please come up-stairs."

"Yes'm."

The ringleader of this gang of malefactors disappeared. The others fled, basely leaving their leader to her awful fate.

It was not chivalric, but it was girly.

Mlle. Rhea wears an exceedingly picturesque hat as Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing." It is broad in the brim, cocked up in unexpected places, and liberally bestrewn with feathers. It ought to have looked much more picturesque than it did, but was prevented by some faint suggestion of familiarity.

Suddenly it occurred to me that the style affected by young fashionables during the past decade of years has interfered very seriously with the effect of stage dressing. It was the Gainsborough Duchess of Devonshire that first did the mischief. Every one wanted to look like that fascinating person. Young girls, old girls, women who looked like smiling gargoyles, got under their Gainsboroughs and smirked a Devonshire smirk.

The fashion encouraged a taste for pugilism. I never got behind one of these Gainsboroughs that I did not desire to knock the wearer out. I rarely got in front of one that I did not feel that I could bear it with fortitude, if God would call the object under the hat to himself. It was always so strikingly unlike my copy of the picture.

The fog speedily put the real Gainsborough out of fashion, but the big hats we have had always with us. If a woman be ugly enough to petrify a jelly-fish, she is sure to take to big hats. Just now there is a new departure in them. They are set squarely upon the back of the head, and the face of the wearer is outlined against a huge disk. This is sometimes of black moire, often of white. White, at all events, intrudes somewhere, and the entire superstructure is fastened to the girl with white mull folds drawn under the chin. By the time she has her full complement of powder on, she looks like a young woman elaborately laid out in her casket.

I do not like dead young women in caskets.

I have received two letters concerning the paragraph on "zabajone" in last week's "Bubbles." The first reads as follows:

Perhaps a little more information about "zambaiona" may be of interest. This is my recipe for that excellent compound: Allow one egg yolk for each person, two cubes of sugar to each yolk, an egg-shelful of wine to each yolk. One egg is broken near the top, leaving three-quarters of the shell intact, and this is used as the wine measure. These ingredients are put in a tin and stirred until the sugar is dissolved. Then the tin is stood in another tin filled with *continually* boiling water, and the mixture stirred rapidly and constantly until it is of the thickness of cream, and very foamy. It is then poured into heated glasses and served *at once*. The stirring must be from the centre, and back and forth; a spoon will not do—an egg-beater may be used, but a baker's "whisk" is the proper article. This is Gamba's recipe, and his spelling is "zambaiona." I saw him make and cook that delectable compound, and wrote the process down then and there: he gave me this spelling of the word. I have used claret and fine sherry, never white wine, and found both very good; but, of course, not equal to champagne. Gamba serves this in place of Roman punch, and it is a delicious and novel substitute. ONE OF HIS PUPILS.

Another correspondent writes that "zabajone" is the correct spelling, and that the dish is an Italian one. He further remarks that he believes it to be native to Turin, and that the best way of making it is as follows:

Beat well together the yolks of twelve eggs and from three to six tablespoonfuls of sugar (tastes vary much in this dish as to sweetness); put in a double saucepan over the fire. Cut the yellow peel in strips from two oranges, and put in a colander: pour very slowly over the peel and into the eggs—which you will stir one way all the time—one bottle of champagne; do not let it boil, but stir gently until it is as thick as custard. Pour into champagne glasses and serve hot.

This may be varied by putting on ice until cold and then filling paper cases; freeze these until they become of a spongy consistency, and serve as an ice. When zabajone is to be frozen, rather more sugar and orange-peel should be used.

I want some zabajone—I want some zabajone right now.
Yum-yum!

One of the most popular of our society leaders is Mrs. Juno; and she certainly deserves the admiration she receives. It may be that her attractive qualities were acquired during the few years in which she played the rôle of a fascinating widow. But then, again, I've been told that she was just as charming when a young girl. Did you ever hear her tell one of her hunting stories, or that yachting adventure, or the tale of the opera tickets? Then you must seek an opportunity.

A little while ago there was a Japanese collection sold at auction, and hereby hangs another of her stories:

"You know I'm death on auctions; and when I heard Joe Eldridge was going to have this one, I went right down to the place. Lots of people were there, and Eldridge was just selling the loveliest little teak-wood chair you ever saw. Old Fierce and young Newell were after it, neck and neck, and I sailed in. Teddy Washington wanted to bid for me, but I always do it myself. I was sort of sleepy, too, for it was Thursday evening" [Wednesday is Mrs. Juno's reception day], "and we'd been playing cards until half-past three the night before. I called out:

"'Twenty-one dollars.'

"'Twenty-one-and-a-half,' says old Fierce.

"'Twenty-one-n'arf,' says Eldridge; 'twenty-one n'arf, twenty-one-n''—

"'Twenty-two,' chipped in Newell.

"'Twenty-five,' says Fierce.

"'Twenty-five!' shouts Eldridge, looking at me and Newell; 'twenty-five.' But Newell had passed. 'Twenty-five.'

"'I go two better,' says I.

And then they all shouted. None of the women understood, but I'll bet every man in the place knew what I meant. And old Fierce says:

"'Mrs. Juno, the chair's yours; I pass the buck.'"

My friend Freluquet has long yearned to be a dude. This I know from the unbridled liberality with which he chaffs the species. He foretold their swift decay when they first came out, as did many others, and is astonished to find them still flourishing like a green bay tree.

The fact is, a man is obliged to undergo such a complete physical change to be a dude that it can not be an ephemeral lad with him. It is not a mere case of bang and clothes. A dude, to be a thoroughbred, must be a dude even in his bathing-suit. If he manages this, he is probably a dude without one, and may be said to have arrived at the inner penetralia of dudeism. In the beginning it is a piece of well-sustained character acting. Gradually it hardens into a habit. But a dude is always made, not born. Once I fondly fancied that he came full panoplied, as Minerva sprang from the brow of Jove. But I have witnessed a rehearsal. Freluquet was saying, the other day, that although we had had four imported specimens, the native product had been limited to one.

"Several fellows have tried it," said he, "and they have taken several degrees, but they have not arrived at the thirty-third, so to speak—the part where it gets into a fellow's knees, and elbows, and chest. A man must get into the easy habit of looking like a suddenly arrested jumping-jack—one that has been pulled too suddenly and become locked in one position."

Freluquet spoke so bitterly that I knew he had been studying the subject real hard, and wanted to be one real bad.

Not long after I had a rear view of a most extraordinary object making its way down an obscure street. The angle of its stick recalled the "Pop" season. Its head was craned forward, it wobbled uncertainly, and this was its general outline: ‹ ›

It was Freluquet, rehearsing the dude walk. ‹ ›

I made an attempt, last Monday evening, to find out what Rhea was saying as Beatrice in "Much Ado." It is needless to say that I failed. It annoyed me so much that when I went home I overhauled my Shakespeare and made notes on it. These notes were phonetic imitations of Rhea's rendering of Shakespeare. By comparing them with the text I found out what she had been saying. Here is one of the notes. The *r*, which I have put in peculiar type, should be pronounced with a strangling intonation, something like the tone of those "devil's fiddles" boys used to play:

*Beatrice*—I vônedair dat you will steel be talkeeng, Signior Bain-iddick, noboddie markss you.

*Benedick*—What, my dear Lady Disdain, are you yet living?

*Beat.*—Eez eet pozzibl' *dees*-dain shoo' die, vile zhe hat' zuch meet foo' to fee deet as Signior Bain-iddick? Courtoisie eetsayld must cônvairt to *dees*-dain eef you comb een hair pray-sance.

*Bene.*—Then is courtesy a turn-coat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

*Beat.*—A dear 'appeeness to weemen; dey vould aylse 'ave bean troubled vit' a pairneeshus sootor. I dank God and my col' blood I am off your humor for dat: I 'ad radder 'ear my dôg bar kat a crow dan a man zwear he loaf me.

I wish I could give the intonation as well as the pronunciation, but type has its limitations.

I was looking at Kunath's picture of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," the other evening at the Palette Club, and noticed a feature in it which seems to have escaped the public eye. The figure and features of John Oakhurst, the gambler in the picture, are those of Bret Harte himself. John Oakhurst, if you will remember, figures quite prominently in the "Outcasts of Poker Flat," where he is invited by the Vigilantes to leave town. I wonder what the artist's motive was in the likeness.

Just as Tom Merry was hanging up his office-coat last Wednesday, this note was handed to him:

MY DEAR TOM: As I was economically cleaning your Prince Albert this morning, with a cheap solution of castile soap and ammonia, in order to prevent the necessity, which you were deploring, of immediately purchasing another, as the run on the New York banks had temporarily straightened you, I discovered in the pocket an acceptance to your little "toot" at Commerçant's this evening. What is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose. Don't lie awake waiting for me, if you get home first, as I have a latch-key in my pocket.

Your loving wife, DAISY.

No one had ever seen Tom Merry's jaw drop so low, except his wife. He always wore it low at home. But he is a devil of a fellow abroad, and an immense favorite. The "toot" did not come off. Five minutes before he received the letter Tom did not expect to strike home till somewhere about five in the morning. Five minutes after, he was half-way there. He has since confided to me that he made such enormous headway that his pedometer could not keep up with him, and broke its main-spring.

"No one knows," says Tom, "the peace and policy of a virtuous married life till he gets into a box. No more rackets for me."

Daisy was not there when Tom got home, and he went wildly in search of her. Like a suspicious man, he took her at her word, and made the tour of the restaurants. Like a husband in a French play, he borrowed the waiters' coats and napkins, and, thus disguised, invaded the *cabinets particuliers*.

He came suddenly upon many of his bosom friends, who were not agreeably surprised to see Tom Merry bringing in their dinner. They tell it on him ever since that he served up each dish with a sauce of moral aphorisms. Coming from Tom Merry, they were startling. Moral aphorisms on such occasions are also nauseating.

Tom spent quite a handsome sum in buying waiters' coats, but found no Daisy. When he went home, in the gray of dawn, defeated and perplexed, he cast himself on the empty bed, and howled with woe and remorse. But this true story has a good ending. Daisy came in smiling and fresh, somewhere about the breakfast hour, to open the windows and air the linen. Tom rushed at her, looking like a ghoul after a debauch.

"Woman, woman!" he cried, grasping her shoulders fiercely and glaring at her with his wild, red eyes, "where—where did you pass the night?"

"In the spare room," said Daisy, simply, sweetly, and truthfully.

In lieu of any remarks of my own upon the "Meteors" company, at the Bush Street, I will give a few comments made by a member of that company to a friend. I heard them as I stood waiting for a car:

"What kind o' business ye doin'?"

"We done the biggest business last night we've had yit. Hallen and Hart hooked on—gallery kep' a callin' for 'em. They're the two best stiffs I ever see in their line."

"What's become o' Bill?"

"Oh, Bill he got loaded in Shee-cago."

"Got loaded, did he?"

"Yes—he's a gittin' to be a terrible booze."

"Did you leave him there?"

"Did we leave him? Well, I should gargle. We hain't got no use for a lush."

"What have *you* been doin'?"

"Oh, I bin a-given' 'em chestnuts, but old gags goes here."

"Well, so long."

"Tra-la-la-loo. Skip the gutter."

Now that summer is upon us, and the young society man is figuring round to see how many Sunday invitations to Menlo or San Rafael he can corral, and at which country-seat he can spend his one week of vacation, I am reminded of that man in one of Arthur Helps's books, I believe it is, who, requiring a few weeks of absolute rest and quiet, looked through his tablets to decide upon which of his invitations for the country he should accept. Finally he came to one which seemed to be exactly the thing. The host was a victim to chronic rheumatism, and would not be continually wanting to amuse him.

It was a raw, windy day when he arrived at his rheumatic friend's retreat; but the welcome was warm enough to compensate for the weather—in fact, too warm to suit the guest. Out of his arm-chair hobbled the host and his crutches, out of the stable was ordered the pony-chaise, and out for a twelve-mile drive, over a windy Yorkshire moor, did the hospitable friend drag his despairing visitor. Moral: The model host should have neither eyes, ears, tongue, feet, nor hands.

And how delightful it would be if this were only carried out. No more would the blithesome entertainer marshal the guests and put them through the daily round of country house amusements. Can't you sketch the programme usually carried out? I can, for my part. It shall begin with a quarrelsome game of compulsory croquet, or the perilous gymnastics of lawn-tennis, in the morning, and end in a dreary, dreary, seventeen-mile drive to Cat's Creek in the afternoon.

The daughter of the house always resents flirtation with any one but herself; and really I've known Jennie to give Carrie violent hints that her early return to the city would greatly convenience mamma, just because she and Will had hung back in the walk, the day before, and sat out on the veranda together until ten o'clock the previous evening.

A plague on them all! Why can't they let a man have a hammock to himself and a novel all day?

Ralston was probably the type of the too-hospitable host. He was absolutely military in the manner in which he marshaled his guests. They rose at a certain hour, were marched to breakfast, got up from the table together, were formed into platoons, marched to the parade-ground, and squads were then detailed for drives and rides. It might have been set down like this:

*Reveille*—Get up, lave or bathe, and dress yourself.

*Breakfast Call*—Go to the table, and eat at the tap of the drum.

*Rappel*—Guests will form on the parade-ground, in front of the house.

*Guard Mounting*—Guests will take carriages or horses, as detailed in squads by the Officer of the Day.

*Retreat*—Guests will return to the house for luncheon.

During the afternoon the Officer of the Day will see that guests be made to play at various games during the hours appointed for these games. The Flirtation Squad will repair to the creek. The Awkward Squad will be marched through the conservatory, to inspect the flowers.

*Dinner Call*—Guests will sit down to table at seven o'clock drum-beat.

*Tattoo*—The porches, nooks, staircases, and dark corners will be cleared of lovers. Guests will retire to their quarters.

*Taps*—Lights out. Young women sitting up to talk after taps will be sent to the guard-house.

*Rogue's March*—Young men caught kissing the maid-servants will be drummed out of camp.

I never before saw a débutante with such phenomenal self-possession as Miss Elizabeth Rowellan, who made her début on Wednesday evening. It was simply startling. In two cases she even tided over "stage waits"—something which older actresses often find it difficult to do. I will mention one.

In the last act, when Camille is lying upon her couch, she bids the maid bring her pen, ink, and paper. The maid went to the table, but to her consternation found the articles missing. The property-man had forgotten them. Miss Rowellan noticed the trouble, and at once said to the maid:

"Go to the other room, Nanine—you will find them there."

It was done so quickly and so naturally that it was scarcely noticeable.

I wish they would change the names in "Camille" to their English forms. "Cam-eel" sounds nothing like the French name, ("Ca-mille," *ll mouillé*), nor does "Oh, lamp!" closely resemble "Olympe." Why not call them Olympia and Camellia, and have done with trouble?

When Camille hurled herself into Armand's arms, Mr. Grismer, despite the gravity of his lovely burden, caught her with the utmost neatness.

"Ah," said a spectator, "it wasn't for nothing that Grismer acted as catcher to Jeffreys-Lewis. You can see the results of his experience. He is not to be taken unawares."

By the way, I wonder what would become of John T. Malone were he to play leading business with Jeffreys?

"Tut-tut!" said a business man in a California Street car the other morning, as he went through his pockets; "confound it, I've come away without any money. I left my purse on the bureau."

"Never mind," said a young acquaintance who sat beside him, as he paid his elder's fare, "never mind—your wife will find it."

"Find it?" roared the elder man, as he gazed at the innocent bachelor; "oh, yes, *she'll* find it! I should smile. That's what I'm worrying about."

A silence fell on the passengers, but, as the car went on, the cable cackled—"cluck-cluck-cluck!" WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

### Orchard Pests.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Northern fruit-growers are seriously troubled with insects. There are many kinds, all requiring different treatment. The codling worm develops in the apple, from an egg laid by a delicate little moth; it is our most serious trouble. A cloth or paper put around the trunk of the tree when the apple first forms will be generally resorted to by the worm, which must be looked for every week and killed, otherwise it will change to a miller and lay more eggs. The canker-worm is kept out of the tree by putting a sheet of brown paper around the tree in sugar-making time, and keeping it smeared with fresh tar. The tent caterpillar, or apple-tree worm, is rolled up in its web and crushed. Whitewash destroys scale insects that adhere to the bark; but a very general remedy coming in vogue is a spoonful of Paris green in a pail of water, which is thrown upon the tree with a force-pump; large orchards may be treated in that way. For the codling worm, spray when the apples are as large as hickory-nuts, and repeat two or three times at intervals of two weeks. This will probably be effectual for the canker-worm and caterpillar. The borer must be looked after sharply. He can be detected as soon as he burrows in the wood, and cut out with a knife. Carbolic soap will make a wash said to keep out the borer; apply in June.

Yours, very truly, HUGH T. BROOKS.

PEARL CREEK, May 7, 1884.

At Albany, the other day, a bill was passed making it a misdemeanor to publish or expose for sale papers containing police pictures and news. This bill, says the New York *Journalist*, was begun and engineered for the purpose of knocking down the *Police Gazette*, *Week's Doings*, and *Police News*. It will be the ruin of Richard K. Fox, and a severe blow at John Stetson. Most of these papers are sold in New York State more freely than anywhere else. It will be a very good thing to close such periodicals out. They injure the community, and they hurt all kinds of publications. They supply a certain part of the public with flashy matter for reading purposes, and demoralize the general taste, so that decent papers can not reach into that section. Mr. Richard Fox has been the chief stimulator of this kind of thing, and there is no reputable publisher in America who will not be glad to see him come to the ground. He has been a bad element in the field of publication, and the quicker he is dropped out the better.

Mr. Besant holds that the first duty of a novelist is to have a story to tell, and his second to tell it without trying to be too clever in his method of narration, and without allowing himself to divert the attention of the reader by episodical matter, or to fatigue it by long descriptions, superfluous conversation, or unnecessary reflections. "Surprises" Mr. Besant insists upon as essential to the interest of a story; and he lays especial stress on the necessity of the novelist confining himself to what he knows from his own personal experience. This injunction would seem to shut out imagination, and tend to carry the writer in the direction of Mr. Howells's theory.

The Book Exhibition at the University in Berkeley [illegible] next Monday morning, at eleven o'clock, and last one week.

## THE POT OF TULIPS.

### A Wild Tale of a Missing Fortune and a Ghost.

A number of years ago I went to spend the summer at an old Dutch villa which then lifted its head from the wild country that, in present days, has been tamed down into a site for many buildings. Madison Square was then a wilderness of field and scrub oak, here and there diversified with tall and stately elms. Worthy citizens who could afford two establishments rusticated in the groves that then flourished where ranks of brown-stone porticos now form the landscape; and the locality of Fortieth Street, where my summer palace stood, was justly looked upon as at an enterprising distance from the city.

I had an imperious desire to live in this house ever since I can remember. I had often seen it when a boy, and its cool verandas and quaint garden seemed, whenever I passed, to attract me irresistibly. In after years, when I grew up to man's estate, I was not sorry, therefore, when one summer, fatigued with the labors of my business, I beheld a notice in the papers intimating that it was to be let furnished. I hastened to my dear friend, Jasper Joye, painted the delights of this rural retreat in the most glowing colors, easily obtained his assent to share the enjoyments and the expense with me, and a month afterward we were taking our ease in this new paradise.

Independent of early associations, other interests attached me to this house. It was somewhat historical, and had given shelter to George Washington on the occasion of one of his visits to the city. Furthermore, I knew the descendants of the family to whom it had originally belonged. Their history was strange and mournful, and it seemed to me as if their individuality was somehow shared by the edifice. It had been built by a Mr. Van Koeren, a gentleman of Holland, the younger son of a rich mercantile firm at the Hague, who had emigrated to this country in order to establish a branch of his father's business in New York, which even then gave indications of the prosperity it has since reached with such marvelous rapidity. He had brought with him a fair young Belgian wife; a lovely girl, if I may believe her portrait, with soft brown eyes, chestnut hair, and a deep, placid contentment spreading over her fresh and innocent features. Her son, Alain Van Koeren, had her picture—an old miniature in a red gold frame—as well as that of his father; and, when looking on the two, one could not conceive a greater contrast than must have existed between husband and wife. Mr. Van Koeren must have been a man of terrible will and gloomy temperament. His face—in the picture—is dark and austere, his eyes deep-sunken and burning as if with a slow, inward fire. The lips are thin and compressed, with much determination of purpose; and his chin, boldly salient, is brimful of power and resolution. When first I saw those two pictures I sighed inwardly, and thought, "Poor child! you must often have sighed for the sunny meadows of Brussels, in the long, gloomy nights spent in the company of that terrible man!"

I was not far wrong, as I afterward discovered. Mr. and Mrs. Van Koeren were very unhappy. Jealousy was his monomania, and he had scarcely been married before his girl-wife began to feel the oppression of a gloomy and ceaseless tyranny. Every man under fifty, whose hair was not white and whose form was erect, was an object of suspicion to this Dutch Bluebeard. Not that he was vulgarly jealous. He did not frown at his wife before strangers, or attack her with reproaches in the midst of her festivities. He was too well-bred a man to bare his private woes to the world. But at night, when the guests had departed and the dull light of the quaint old Flemish lamps but half illuminated the nuptial chamber, then it was that with monotonous invective Mr. Van Koeren crushed his wife. And Marie, weeping and silent, would sit on the edge of the bed listening to the cold, trenchant irony of her husband, who, pacing up and down the room, would now and then stop in his walk to gaze with his burning eyes upon the pallid face of his victim. Even the evidences that Marie gave of becoming a mother did not check him. He saw in that coming event, which most husbands anticipate with mingled joy and fear, only an approaching incarnation of his dishonor. He watched with a horrible refinement of suspicion for the arrival of that being in whose features he madly believed he should but too surely trace the evidences of his wife's crime.

Whether it was that these ceaseless attacks wore out her strength, or that Providence wished to add another chastening misery to her burden of woe, I dare not speculate; but it is certain that one luckless night Mr. Van Koeren learned that he had become a father two months before the allotted time. During his first paroxysm of rage, on the receipt of intelligence which seemed to confirm all his previous suspicions, it was, I believe, with difficulty that he was prevented from slaying both the innocent causes of his resentment.

The caution of his race and the presence of his physicians induced him, however, to put a curb upon his furious will until reflection suggested quite as criminal, if not as dangerous, a vengeance. As soon as his poor wife had recovered from her illness, unnaturally prolonged by the delicacy of constitution induced by previous mental suffering, she was astonished to find, instead of increasing his persecutions, that her husband had changed his tactics and treated her with studied neglect. He rarely spoke to her except on occasions when the decencies of society demanded that he should address her. He avoided her presence, and no longer inhabited the same apartments. He seemed, in short, to strive as much as possible to forget her existence. But if she did not suffer from personal ill-treatment it was because a punishment more acute was in store for her. If Mr. Van Koeren had chosen to affect to consider her beneath his vengeance, it was because his hate had taken another direction, and seemed to have derived increased intensity from the alteration. It was upon the unhappy boy, the cause of all this misery, that the father vished a terrible hatred. Mr. Van Koeren seemed determined that, if this child sprang from other loins than his, the mournful destiny which he forced upon him should amply avenge his own existence and the infidelity of his mother. While the child was an infant his plan seemed to have been formed. Ignorance and neglect were the two deadly influences with which he sought to assassinate the moral nature of this boy; and his terrible campaign against the virtue of his own son was, as he grew up, carried into execution with the most consummate generalship. He gave him money, but debarred him from education. He allowed him liberty of action, but withheld advice. It was in vain that his mother, who foresaw the frightful consequences of such a training, sought in secret by every means in her power to nullify her husband's attempts. She strove in vain to seduce her son into an ambition to be educated. She beheld with horror all her agonized efforts frustrated, and saw her son and only child becoming, even in his youth, a drunkard and a libertine. In the end it proved too much for her strength; she sickened, and went home to her sunny Belgian plains. There she lingered for a few months in a calm but rapid decay, whose calmness was broken but by the one grief; until one autumn day, when the leaves were falling from the limes, she made a little prayer for her son to the good God, and died. Vain orison! Spendthrift, gamester, libertine, and drunkard by turns, Alain Van Koeren's earthly destiny was unchangeable. The father, who should have been his guide, looked on each fresh depravity of his son with a species of grim delight. Even the death of his wronged wife had no effect upon his fatal purpose. He still permitted the young man to run blindly to destruction by the course into which he himself had led him.

As years rolled by, and Mr. Van Koeren himself approached to that time of life when he might soon expect to follow his persecuted wife, he relieved himself of the hateful presence of his son altogether. Even the link of a systematic vengeance, which had hitherto united them, was severed, and Alain was cast adrift without either money or principle. The occasion of this final separation between father and son was the marriage of the latter with a girl of humble though honest extraction. This was a good excuse for the remorseless Van Koeren, so he availed himself of it by turning his son out of doors.

From that time forth they never met. Alain lived a life of meagre dissipation, and soon died, leaving behind him one child, a daughter. By a coincidence natural enough, Mr. Van Koeren's death followed his son's almost immediately. He died as he had lived—sternly. But those who were around his couch in his last moments mentioned some singular facts connected with the manner of his death. A few moments before he expired, he raised himself in the bed, and seemed as if conversing with some person invisible to the spectators. His lips moved as if in speech, and immediately afterward he sank back, bathed in a flood of tears. "Wrong! wrong!" he was heard to mutter, feebly; then he implored passionately the forgiveness of some one, who, he said, was present. The deathstruggle ensued almost immediately, and in the midst of his agony he seemed wrestling for speech. All that could be heard, however, were a few broken words. "I was wrong. My unfounded— For God's sake look in— You will find—" Having uttered these fragmentary sentences, he seemed to feel that the power of speech had passed away forever. He fixed his eyes piteously on those around him, and, with a great sigh of grief, expired. I gathered these facts from his granddaughter and Alain's daughter, Alice Van Koeren, who had been summoned by some friend to her grandfather's dying couch when it was too late. It was the first time she had seen him, and then she saw him die.

The results of Mr. Van Koeren's death were a nine-days' wonder to all the merchants in New York. Beyond a small sum in the bank, and the house in which he lived, which was mortgaged for its full value, Mr. Van Koeren had died a pauper! To those who knew him and knew his affairs, this seemed inexplicable. Five or six years before his death he had retired from business with a fortune of several hundred thousand dollars. He had lived quietly since then—was known not to have speculated, and could not have gambled. The question then was, Where had his wealth vanished? Search was made in every secretary, in every bureau, for some document which might throw a light on the mysterious disposition that he had made of his property. None was found. Neither will, nor certificates of stock, nor title deeds, nor bank accounts, were anywhere discernible. Inquiries were made at the offices of companies in which Mr. Van Koeren was known to be largely interested; he had sold out his stock years ago. Real estate that had been believed to be his was found on investigation to have passed into other hands. There could be no doubt that for some years past Mr. Van Koeren had been steadily converting all his property into money, and what he had done with that money no one knew. Alice Van Koeren and her mother, who, at the old gentleman's death, were at first looked on as millionaires, discovered, when all was over, that they were no better off than before. It was evident that the old man, determined that one whom, though bearing his name, he believed not to be his blood, should never inherit his wealth or any share of it, had made away with his fortune before his death—a posthumous vengeance which was the only one by which the laws of the State of New York relative to inheritance can be successfully evaded. I took a peculiar interest in the case, and even helped to make some researches for the lost property, not so much, I confess, from a spirit of general philanthropy, as from certain feelings which I experienced toward Alice Van Koeren, the heir to this invisible estate.

I had long known both her and her mother, when they were living in honest poverty and earning a scanty subsistence by their own labor; Mrs. Van Koeren working as an embroideress, and Alice turning to account, as a preparatory governess, the education which her good mother, spite of her limited means, had bestowed on her. In a few words, then, I loved Alice Van Koeren, and was determined to make her my wife as soon as my means would allow me to support a fitting establishment. My passion had never been declared. I was content for the time with the secret consciousness of my own love, and the no less grateful certainty that Alice returned it, all unuttered as it was. I had, therefore, a double interest in passing the summer at the old Dutch villa, for I felt it to be connected somehow with Alice, and I could not forget the singular desire to inhabit it which I had so often experienced as a boy.

It was a lovely day in June when Jasper Joye and myself took up our abode in our new residence; and as we smoked our cigars on the piazza in the evening we felt for the first time the unalloyed pleasure with which a townsman breathes the pure air of the country.

The house and grounds had a quaint sort of beauty that to me was eminently pleasing. Landscape gardening, in the modern acceptation of the term, was then almost unknown in this country, and the "laying out" of the garden that surrounded our new home would doubtless have shocked Mr. Loudon, the late Mr. Downing, or Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. It was formal and artificial to the last degree. The beds were cut into long parallelograms, rigid and severe of aspect, and edged with prim rows of stiff dwarf box. The walks, of course, crossed always at right angles, and the laurel and cypress trees that grew here and there were clipped into cones, and spheres, and rhomboids. It is true that, at the time my friend and I hired the house, years of neglect had restored to this formal garden somewhat of the raggedness of nature. The box edgings were rank and wild. The clipped trees, forgetful of geometric propriety, flourished into unauthorized boughs and rebel offshoots. The walks were green with moss, and the beds of Dutch tulips, which had been planted in the shape of certain gorgeous birds, whose colors were represented by masses of blossoms, each of a single hue, had transgressed their limits, and the purple of a parrot's wings might have been seen running recklessly into the crimson of his head; while, as bulbs, however well bred, will create other bulbs, the flower-birds of this queer old Dutch garden became in time abominably distorted in shape—flamingoes with humps, golden pheasants with legs preternaturally elongated, macaws afflicted with hydrocephalus—each species of deformity being proportioned to the rapidity with which the roots had spread in some particular direction. Still, this strange mixture of raggedness and formality, this conglomerate of nature and art, had their charms. It was pleasant to watch the struggle, as it were, between the opposing elements, and to see nature triumphing by degrees in every direction.

The house itself was pleasant and commodious. Rooms that, though not lofty, were spacious; wide windows, and cool piazzas extending over the four sides of the building; and a collection of antique carved furniture, some of which, from its elaborateness, might well have come from the chisel of Master Grinling Gibbons. There was a mantelpiece in the dining-room, with which I remember being very much struck when first I came to take possession.

It was a singular and fantastical piece of carving. It was a perfect tropical garden, menagerie, and aviary, in one. Birds, beasts, and flowers were sculptured on the wood with exquisite correctness of detail, and painted with the hues of nature. The Dutch taste for color was here fully gratified. Parrots, love-birds, scarlet lories, blue-faced baboons, crocodiles, passion-flowers, tigers, Egyptian lilies, and Brazilian butterflies, were all mixed in gorgeous confusion. The artist, whoever he was, must have been an admirable naturalist, for the ease and freedom of his carving were only equaled by the wonderful accuracy with which the different animals were represented. Altogether it was one of those oddities of Dutch conception, whose strangeness was in this instance redeemed by the excellence of the execution.

Such was the establishment that Jasper Joye and myself were to inhabit for the summer months.

"What a strange thing it was," said Jasper, as we lounged on the piazza together the night of our arrival, "that old Van Koeren's property should never have turned up!"

"It is a question with some people whether he had any at his death," I answered.

"Pshaw! Every one knows that he did not or could not have lost that with which he retired from business."

"It is strange," said I, thoughtfully; "yet every possible search has been made for documents that might throw light on the mystery. I have myself sought in every quarter for traces of this lost wealth, but in vain."

"Perhaps he buried it," suggested Jasper, laughing; "if so, we may find it here in a hole one fine morning."

"I think it much more likely that he destroyed it," I replied. "You know he never could be got to believe that Alain Van Koeren was his son, and I believe him quite capable of having flung all his money into the sea in order to prevent those whom he considered not of his blood inheriting it, which they must have done under our laws."

"I am sorry that Alice did not become an heiress, both for your sake and hers. She is a charming girl."

Jasper, from whom I concealed nothing, knew of my love.

"As to that," I answered, "it is little matter. I shall in a year or two be independent enough to marry, and can afford to let Mr. Van Koeren's cherished gold sleep wherever he has concealed it."

"Well, I'm off to bed," said Jasper, yawning. "This country air makes one sleepy early. Be on the lookout for trap-doors and all that sort of thing, old fellow. Who knows but that the old chap's dollars will turn up? Good night!"

"Good night, Jasper!"

So we parted for the night. He to his room, which lay on the west side of the building; I to mine on the east, situated at the end of a long corridor and exactly opposite to Jasper's.

The night was very still and warm. The clearness with which I heard the song of the katydid and the croak of the bull-frog seemed to make the silence more distinct. The air was dense and breathless, and, although longing to throw wide my windows, I dared not; for, outside, the ominous trumpetings of an army of mosquitoes sounded threateningly.

I tossed on my bed oppressed with the heat; kicked the sheets into every spot where they ought not to be; turned my pillow every two minutes in the hope of finding a cool side; in short, did everything that a man does when he lies awake on a very hot night and can not open his window.

Suddenly, in the midst of my miseries, and when I had made up my mind to fling open the casement in spite of the legion of mosquitoes that I knew were hungrily waiting outside, I felt a continuous stream of cold air blowing upon my face. Luxurious as the sensation was, I could not help starting as I felt it. Where could this draught come from? The door was closed; so were the windows. It did not come from the direction of the fire-place, and, even if it did, the air without was too still to produce so strong a current. I rose in my bed and gazed round the room, the whole of which, though only lit by a dim twilight, was still sufficiently visible. I thought at first it was a trick of Jasper's, who might have provided himself with a bellows or a long tube; but a careful investigation of the apartment convinced me that no one was present. Besides, I had locked the door, and it was not likely that any one had been concealed in the room before I entered it. It was exceedingly strange; but still the draught of cool wind blew on my face and chest, every now and then changing its direction—sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other. I am not constitutionally nervous, and had been too long accustomed to reflect on philosophical subjects to become the prey of fear in the presence of mysterious phenomena. I had devoted much time to the investigation of what are popularly called supernatural matters, by those who have not reflected or examined sufficiently to discover that none of these apparent miracles are *super*-natural, but all, however singular, directly dependent on certain natural laws. I became speedily convinced, therefore, as I sat up in my bed peering into the dim recesses of my chamber, that this mysterious wind was the effect or forerunner of a supernatural visitation, and I mentally determined to investigate it, as it developed itself, with a philosophical calmness.

"Is any one in this room?" I asked, as distinctly as I could. No reply, while the cool wind still swept over my cheek. I knew, in the case of Elizabeth Eslinger, who was visited by an apparition while in the Weinsberg jail, and whose singular and apparently authentic experiences were made the subject of a book by Dr. Kerner, that the manifestation of the spirit was invariably accompanied by such a breezy sensation as I now experienced. I therefore gathered my will, as it were, into a focus, and endeavored, as much as lay in my power, to put myself in accord with the disembodied spirit, if such there were, knowing that on such conditions alone would it be enabled to manifest itself to me.

Presently it seemed as if a luminous cloud was gathering in one corner of the room—a sort of dim phosphoric vapor, shadowy and ill-defined. It changed its position frequently, sometimes coming nearer and at others retreating to the furthest end of the room. As it grew intenser and more radiant, I observed a sickening and corpse-like odor diffuse itself through the chamber, and, despite my anxiety to witness this phenomenon undisturbed, I could with difficulty conquer a feeling of faintness which oppressed me. The luminous cloud now began to grow brighter and brighter as I gazed. The horrible odor of which I have spoken did not cease to oppress me, and gradually I could discover certain lines making themselves visible in the midst of this lambent radiance.

These lines took the form of a human figure—a tall man, clothed in a long dressing-robe, with a pale countenance, burning eyes, and a very bold and prominent chin. At a glance I recognized the original of the picture of old Van Koeren that I had seen with Alice. My interest was now aroused to the highest point; I felt that I stood face to face with a spirit, and doubted not that I should learn the fate of the old man's mysteriously concealed wealth.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

One of the events at the Gymkhana meeting, at Malta, on the 24th of May, is a "saddle and smoke race." The regulations to be fulfilled by the competitors are: "To stand by their ponies' heads with saddles over their arms. At the word 'go,' to saddle and ride off, lighting a cigar before so doing. At the first bridge, to dismount on the usual side, and remount on the off side. The same to be done at the second bridge. Winner must come in with cigar alight and girth secure."

The New York Fencers' Club is a company of gentlemen—judges, lawyers, littérateurs, painters, sculptors, brokers, physicians, and architects—whose object is to help themselves to social pleasure and profitable light exercise. They have obtained the services of a clever instructor, whose professional notions are not finical, and they have evolved the fact that in a month or six weeks it is possible to become accomplished in the art of fencing.

The Parisians will soon have an opportunity of witnessing a bull-fight at a charity fête to be held at the Hippodrome. Frascuelo, the world-renowned toreador, himself will take part in it. He refused at first, the promoters of the festival having refused to permit the usual tragic denouement. Frascuelo, though against his principles, finally waived the point. If the bull, however, is fiery, he will probably forget this.

Notwithstanding the severe measures of repression adopted with regard to the press in Russia, newspapers apparently circulate pretty freely in St. Petersburg. The number of news-venders in that city, says the *Novoe Vremya*, is five hundred and twenty, and in the public thoroughfares alone about nineteen thousand copies of newspapers are sold daily.

Some months ago, says the *Homeward Mail*, the site of the historical Black Hole of Calcutta was discovered and excavated. It may be interesting to add that the excavation has now been filled up and decently paved over, and that a handsome tablet of white marble, bearing a suitable inscription, is about to be placed near the spot.

The St. James's *Gazette* thinks the memory of Taglioni should be honored with a statue, because she brought pleasure to millions of her fellow-beings by introducing the polka into England.

## ARGONAUT VERSE.

### Rondeau.

AT PEEP OF DAWN.

At peep of dawn the daffodil
That slumbers 'neath the grassy hill
  Greets smilingly, with lifted head,
  The rosy morn's oncoming tread—
The thrush sings matins by the rill.

The swallows from the ruined mill
Go coursing through the air, and fill
  The air with songs till then unsaid,
  At peep of dawn.

No harbinger of day is still;
With pipe new tuned and merry trill,
  The lark uprises from her bed
  'Mong grasses wet with dews unshed,
And puts to shame the whip-poor-will,
  At peep of dawn.

May, 1884. CLINTON SCOLLARD.

### Sonnet.

SAPPHO.

Calm with the burden of a great despair,
  Amid the starry glory of the night,
  Her clear eyes full of death's mysterious light,
The moonbeams wandering through her yellow hair,
Her regal beauty shining cold and fair,
  While far away dim sails show soft and white,
  And fragrant winds moan round the beetling height,
She hears the sea's low sobbing fill the air.
Ah, sorrow fierce, and throbs of biting pain
  Oft have the bright eyes, now so sad and dry,
  Swayed by love's bitter gladness filled with tears;
But never more will passion's color stain
  The bloodless cheeks, or kisses wake reply
  From lips grown cold with waiting through long years.

May, 1884. THOMAS S. COLLIER.

### Two Lyrics.

I.—THE WOODSMAN'S CAROL.

Merrily oh! Merrily oh!
  The woodsman trudges along.
Merrily oh! no care does he know
  As he joyously sings his song.
Ho! the woods are mine, and the forest rings
  As I cleave the giants down;
And the proud old oak, beneath my stroke
  He trembles from foot to crown.
Whole ages have passed, and those haughty trees
  To the storm-king alone would bow;
But they bend to me—ay, every tree!
  For I'm lord of the forest now.
    Merrily oh! Merrily oh!
      Hark! how the wildwood rings!
    Cheerily oh! he fears no foe,
      And ever thus merrily sings:
Hark! Yoho! Hark! Yoho! Yoho! Yoho!

Merrily oh! Merrily oh!
  The woodsman trudges along.
Merrily oh! no care does he know
  As he joyously sings his song.
From the mountain brow hangs a forest veil
  Down over the virgin hills;
But I rend it away, and the God of day
  At the sight of Earth's beauty thrills,
And kisses her bosom, so fresh and fair,
  With hot and passionate breath,
Till she pants for the breeze of the whispering trees
  I've slain with the stroke of death.
    Merrily oh! Merrily oh!
      Hark! how the wildwood rings!
    Cheerily oh! he fears no foe,
      And ever thus merrily sings:
Hark! Yoho! Hark! Yoho! Yoho! Yoho!

II.—THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

He sat in a cell of the castle tower,
But his soul was afar in his lady's bower.
Like a ray of light on the fortress grim
The song of a bird floated up to him.
O bird! could'st thou fly to my love and say
In chains I am wasting by night and by day,
And tell her I never have broken my vow,
Less sad would I feel in my dungeon now.
The bird, like a sprite, on the cold prison bar,
Sang—True love is true! li-ra-la! li-ra-la!

In a grand old hall on a terraced height
A maid gazed mournfully out on the night.
Weeping, she listened, and sadly she sighed,
But only a nightingale's song replied.
Oh, sing! sweet Philomel! tell me, I pray
My lover is true, forever and aye.
Go, sing where he dreameth, and trill thy charms
Till waking he flies to my joyful arms.
The bird of the night, like a voice from afar,
Sang—True love is true! li-ra-la! li-ra-la!

A year passed by—on the dark dungeon floor
The pris'ner was sleeping, to wake no more.
No dream of lost love 'neath that snow-white brow,
No look of despair 'neath that eyelid now.
Gone, was the soul which no tyrant could chain;
Gone, like a hero's should go—without stain;
And she, who was waiting, as waiteth a bride,
Knew not that he lived, knew not that he died;
And the bird, that had been to his prison a star,
Sang—True love is true! li-ra-la! li-ra-la!

May, 1884. ALFRED WHEELER.

[The first and third stanzas of the second of the above lyrics, "The Captive Knight," I first wrote some years ago for the celebrated English ballad-singer, Dempster, and gave to it the title of "The Imprisoned." Dempster composed for it a beautiful air, and sang it many times at his concerts in New York city. I have modified the two stanzas as originally composed, and have added the middle stanza. I mention the circumstance lest some of the *Argonaut's* readers may recall the song, and, without remembering its authorship, do the writer injustice.—A. W.]

A little child named Ellen Cutts, seven years of age, was playing the other afternoon in London with several companions about her own age on the landing of the fifth or top floor of a building, when, climbing on to the balustrade, she over-balanced herself and fell down the well of the staircase to the ground-floor, a distance of eighty feet. During her descent she struck two iron bars which projected from one side to the other of the staircase. The first snapped in the centre and the other was considerably bent. Some neighbors and the mother of the child ran down to the ground-floor expecting to find the child dead, but to their great surprise discovered that she was apparently unhurt. The child was taken to a doctor, who found that beyond a severe fright she had sustained no injury.

## THE RAILWAY WORLD.

The largest palace car in the world has just been completed at Sheffield, England, for the Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway Company. It is 60 feet long, 9 feet 4 inches wide, and 9 feet 5 inches high. The saloon, which is fitted with two dining-tables, a sideboard, and two sofas, the latter being convertible into beds, is twenty-four feet long, and occupies the width of the car. From the saloon a passage leads to the ladies' saloon, which is provided with every comfort and convenience. There are also lavatories, bath-rooms, and an attendant's room. Every contrivance to secure good ventilation, with freedom from dust, has been applied. The car is for five-feet gauge.

The report of the gross earnings of 53 railroads in March, and of 52 roads during the three months ended March 31, 1884, shows that the net decline, as compared with 1883, was $930,375 in March, and $353,596 during the first quarter of the present year. The adverse influences prevailing in various districts led to a diminution of the receipts of 26 companies during the period from January 1st to March 31st, of $2,199,033, but this is counterbalanced to a great extent by an increase of $1,845,437 in the receipts of exactly the same number of companies, which increase is due, however, in a number of instances, to additions to mileage. The roads which suffered most seriously are the Central Pacific, Grand Trunk, Illinois Central, and Chicago and Northwestern. The most noticeable gains were those made by the Northern Pacific, St. Louis and San Francisco, and the Rochester and Pittsburg.

Very few people own private cars; Patti, Nilsson, Mrs. Langtry, Madame Gerster—just a few people like that, whose managers have cars built especially for them. Queen Victoria's private car is not so luxurious as the one recently finished at Utica for Mrs. Langtry, nor nearly so beautiful as the Mann boudoir car built for Madame Patti. The late Judge Henry E. Packer, of the Lehigh Valley, was having a magnificent car, the *Minerva*, made for him when he died. It was all fitted up in mahogany, inlaid with carnation pinks and daisies, his favorite flowers. Formosa marble, cherry, bird's-eye maple, and embossed leather were also used in its fittings, while all the hangings and tapestry were imported especially for this purpose. There is nothing on the globe that can compare with our American rolling stock. Any one who can pay his way in a buffet car can to-day ride as luxuriously as the Empress of India ever does. If a party of a dozen wanted to cross the continent the cost is no greater to hire a hotel car, with cook and waiters, than it would be to ride in the ordinary coaches and dine at the eating-houses on the way. The prices when a whole train is chartered by a party of tourists are about twenty-five cents a mile, which is the standard price, although no company will send an engine out for less than twenty-five dollars on a short distance. The schedule time upon nine-tenths of the roads in this country to-day is so fast that a special train could not better it much. There are but few trains to which special coaches may not be attached—those are the Chicago and St. Louis and the Washington limited expresses. These trains are made up of a certain number of cars, to exceed which would delay the train. Railway magnates very rarely pay for having their cars hauled over the different roads. In fact, there is but one instance where pay has been exacted, and that occurred a few days ago, while Mr. William B. Dinsmore was on his way to Florida in a private coach. When he struck the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad the conductor made Mr. Dinsmore pay fare, on the threat of cutting the car loose and side-tracking it. Every big road has a directors' car.

"We are running pretty fast now, ain't we?" said a drummer to his companion, as the train whizzed along at a lively rate. "At least thirty miles an hour," replied the other. "Thirty miles! We ain't going less than a mile a minute." "You are way off. We are not going a bit faster than thirty-five miles an hour at the outside. I've been riding on trains for twenty years, and you can't fool me on the speed. I've got it down so fine I can tell within a mile or two just how fast we are running." "You can, eh?" replied the first speaker; "you think you have it down fine, eh? Now, I'll just bet you five dollars I can guess closer to the number of seconds it takes us to run from one mile-post to another than you can. Is it a go?" It was a "go." The money was put up in another drummer's hands, and he took out his watch and stood up in the aisle so neither of the wagerers could see his ticker. The passengers who had overheard the conversation gathered around to see how the bet would come out. As a white mile-post whizzed past the window, the referee cried: "Now!" The contestants looked out of the window at the line of wire fence and procession of fast disappearing telegraph poles. "Time!" cried the drummer in the aisle as the next mile-post showed itself one fleeting instant. Every eye was turned to the makers of the wager. According to agreement they were to write out the number of seconds they had guessed, and then to hand the paper to the referee. The man who "had it down fine" did this very promptly, but the one who had started the conversation was slow. He had some figuring to do with his lead-pencil. There was considerable excitement among the on-lookers, and several side bets were made. In a few moments the drummer had completed his calculations, and the referee announced: "Charley puts it at one minute and forty seconds. Bob makes it one minute and twenty-five seconds. The actual time by the watch was one minute and twenty-four seconds. Bob wins." The man who "had it down fine" but missed it by fifteen seconds and lost his money, took his defeat in good humor. "I hadn't ought to give it away," said Bob, "'cause I've been makin' about fifteen dollars a week with it all winter. I usually hit it to the second, but this time I forgot that I had only one drink this morning." "What have your drinks got to do with it, I'd like to know?" "Why, it takes at least four drinks to settle my pulse down rely on it to the very second."

## VANITY FAIR.

Per Aspera ad Astra.

A canvas-back duck, rarely roasted, between us;
A bottle of Chambertin worthy of praise—
Less noble a wine at our age would bemean us;
A salad of celery, *en mayonnaise;*
And the oysters we've taken, fresh, cool, and delicious—
Naught left of them now but a dream and the shells;
No better *souper* e'en Lucullus could wish us.
Why, even the waiters *must* see we are "swells!"

Your dress was a wonder; your jewels shone finely;
Your friends in the circle all envied your box.
You tell me that Nilsson sang quite too divinely.
I know I shall make on that last deal in stocks.
Without waits our footman to call us our carriage—
How slow he must think us, out there in the cold!
We rode in a hack on the day of our marriage,
Number two-thirty-six. I was rolling in gold,

For I'd full fifty dollars; and don't you remember
How we drove down to Taylor's?—a long-cherished dream.
How proudly I ordered—just think, in December—
Some cakes, and two plates of vanilla ice-cream!
And how we enjoyed it! Your look was the proudest
Amid the proud beauties; your face the most fair.
I'm rather afraid, too, your laugh was the loudest;
I know we shocked every one: we didn't care.

Now we'd care a great deal—with two boys in college,
And daughters, both out, whose sneer makes you wince.
We have tasted the fruit of society knowledge,
And really have not enjoyed anything since.
Quite finished? Now *don't* wipe your lips with the doyley!
I'm sure they're not careful at all with the wine—
It hadn't been warmed; and the salad was oily.
I don't think the duck was *remarkably* fine.

—*George A. Baker in June Harper.*

In English, and sometimes in French, says a writer in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, the terms distinguishing various kinds of lace are hopelessly confused and blundering. To illustrate the difficulty which such loose nomenclature throws in the way of any writer who strives after some kind of accuracy, I may mention that a large proportion of the so-called Irish lace exhibited at the Mansion House the other day was not lace at all, being made with the crochet-needle, and no more entitled to rank as lace than other kinds of knitting, netting, tatting, knotting, or other coarse imitations of true lace. Another absurdity is the frequent employment by the French of the term *point d'Angleterre*. Hardly any point-lace, properly so-called—that is needle point-lace—has ever been made in England, and very little in Ireland until recently in the district of Youghal. Why, then, do French writers talk ecstatically of *point d'Angleterre?* The answer is simple. While the point-lace proper was being made in its highest perfection at Venice and in France, it was skillfully imitated in the pillow or bobbin-lace of Flanders, and this beautiful fabric was called in France *point d'Angleterre* out of sheer ignorance. The term involves a two-fold blunder, for the fabric was not point-lace at all, and if it had been could not have been made in England. It was, as a matter of fact, the beautiful pillow-lace of Flanders, imported or smuggled into France while the deadly struggle between Louis XIV. and William of Orange was going on, in English ships. As it came through the hands of English merchants it was called *point d'Angleterre*, just as the turkey was so called because it was brought to England by the Turkey merchants who touched at Cadiz and Lisbon; and the rich Italian laces were called *point d'Espagne* because they were stolen from Spanish churches; or, again, as Turkey rhubarb, which comes from China, obtained its name by being brought by caravan overland to Turkey, and thence imported into this country.

The hand-made lace is of three kinds—real point-lace made with a needle, bobbin-lace made on a pillow, and a third kind, of which part is made with a needle and part on a pillow. The "bride" signifies the small strip or connection of threads overcast with stitches which lashes together the heavy flowers in "rose," or more accurately "raised" point. When this connecting membrane becomes closer and finer, as in the later Venice point, *point d'Alençon*, *point d'Argentan*, and in the contemporary Brussels *point gaze*, it is called the "réseau," and is the general ground or body as distinguished from the flowers or pattern. The "brides" then gradually grew into the "réseau," and in the latter form became the base from which in *point d'Alençon* the flowered design was separated by a "cordonnet" or raised outline originally made of horsehair and stitched over. True point-lace is made with a needle on a piece of parchment, on which the pattern has been traced, the "réseau" or ground and flowers both being due to the same process. Pillow-lace is made by bobbins crossing and interlacing threads on a pattern made by pins stuck into a pillow, and various forms of so-called *point appliqué* by a combination of the two systems. Examples of true point-lace are the Italian *punto tagliato à fogliami*, whereof numerous fine specimens exist, and patterns for which fill the old Italian lace-books in the Art Library at South Kensington; the Venetian early "rose" point, the laces of Alençon, Argentan and *modern* Brussels. The finest pillow-lace is the *old* Brussels, the various old Flanders laces known as *point d'Angleterre*, the laces of Valenciennes, and the "right Mechlin." There are plenty of other laces, but these are the most distinct and noblest types. It is of little more use to discuss the various forms of *guipure* than to stray into the region of "Swiss embroidery," tambour embroidery, or other needlework.

One of the most modern of art products, lace, has yet had its schools, its history, its periods of perfection, and of decadence. In pursuit of my plan of showing how a most difficult work was first brought within the range of machinery, it may be laid down with general accuracy that the grand period of hand-made lace did not extend over at most a century and a half. In the portraits of Francis I., Henri II., Charles IX., and their contemporaries, there is visible only the frilled collar which under Henri III expanded into the ruff. It is not till we pass from Titian and Janet Clouet to Rubens, Rembrandt, and Van Dyck, that we find lace properly so called. The fine Italian lace, with heavy flowers connected with "brides," was first fully displayed in the falling collars of the Louis XIII. period. At that time the massive flowers were the lace itself, and these were simply bound together with "brides," which were sometimes ornamented in various ways. The next step was the Venice "rose," much finer, more delicate in design, and of exquisite execution. Fine pieces of this lace are of great value, and can not be imitated except at enormous cost. Just as this manufacture was perfect a demand sprang up in France for finer, more aërial lace. The marquis of Molière's time, who wore the curious *canons*, or lace-works, spreading below the knee, asked for thinner and thinner lace. Hence the more modern *point de Venise*, the parent of recent point-lace. This delicate fabric was so largely imported into France that Colbert established the royal works at Alençon to prevent money from going out of the country. The Alençon work spread to Argentan, where the delightful ground called the *réseau rosacé* was largely produced. When point-lace making died out in France it was transferred to Brussels, where it is still carried to high perfection. This fact helps to confuse the nomenclature of lace, for while modern Brussels *point gaze* is by far the finest lace now made by hand, old Brussels is distinctly a pillow-lace.

One of the effects of the universal publicity of the day, says George William Curtis in the June *Harper*, is that clubs are calling upon the courts to settle the quarrels of club members, although a club is in its idea the most exclusive of realms. A club, indeed, may be defined as a society of like-minded gentlemen. Its fundamental law, like all laws of social intercourse, is more unwritten than written. It contemplates the social assembly of gentlemen of a common interest and taste, and the voluntary withdrawal of any one who openly violates the canons of good-breeding. If a member so far forgets himself as to assault another member, either with opprobrious epithets or actual blows, when he comes to himself he should at once offer his resignation; and for two reasons. The first is that he has plainly insulted the club by ungentlemanly conduct; and the second is that he should be unwilling to remain a member of the society if he holds the opinion of another member which he has expressed, yet a person whom the club thinks to be good enough for its membership.

To the public nothing can be more unimportant than the quarrel of two members of a club, and nothing was therefore more amusing a few months since than to see such a squabble treated at length as a piece of interesting news. Beyond the club and the small circle of personal acquaintances, the fact that Mr. A. had called Mr. B. a puppy, and that Mr. B. had called Mr. A. a liar, and that they had scowled, grappled, and tumbled down the stairs together, is stuff less valuable than the police reports. It is hardly possible to conceive of persons of less interest to the public than gentlemen—usually very young gentlemen—who quarrel in clubs. But having quarreled, the club instinct should lead them to take themselves off. To insist upon staying to be formally requested to resign, or to be expelled and then refuse to go, is so droll a procedure that it seems to threaten the existence of clubs. "To take the law of" a club, and to insist upon remaining in a society which distinctly and formally declares that your room is better than your company, is an act which might bring the old *habitués* of White's and Brookes's to revisit the glimpses of the moon to see what kind of men had followed them.

It has been decided, however, in England, that a member must be reinstated who has been expelled without an opportunity of being heard. But as the courts can not compel social intercourse between persons who do not desire it, the return of the expelled member to the club under such circumstances is both a common misfortune and a comedy. But it is easy to carry the theory of a club farther than the actual facts will authorize. A club, as we said, is a society of like-minded gentlemen. But, in fact, there are a great many clubs which can not be so described. A club which would be finely housed and luxuriously appointed incurs necessarily very large expenses, and a large membership is necessary in order to supply adequate revenue. It is this necessity which changes the character of clubs by changing the condition of membership.

Many an old club-man, as he sits musing amid the later splendors of its estate, recalls the earlier days of its happy moderation with the ardor of Béranger in remembering his attic. He does not personally know all the members now as then. The peculiar character and tone of the club is not the same. That distinctive *cachet*, as in the days when he had recently left Paris he was wont to say, as if—*pardon!*—his native tongue were slipping a little from his grasp—that *cachet* is certainly changed. The excellent man yonder, you say, is in the cheese line? Yes; ah! well, the *cari luoghi* and the *belli giorni* are faded a little, are fast vanishing! Or is the veteran mistaking a lament over his lost youth for the threnody of a changed club? Is it the club-man and not the club that is translated? However that may be, he is not mistaken in thinking that never in that ancient day of his youth would a fellow-member have asked a court of justice to keep him in a smoking-room, or a chatting-room, or a reading-room, where he was not wanted; or invoke it to interpret the rules of the club respecting its own members. He may well feel that if a club is a luxurious lounging-house and nothing else, and that a member is not to be disturbed except upon strictly legal compulsion, like the occupant of a seat at the opera, *à la bonne heure*, as they used to say in Paris in his time, then the social bond which was the old charm of the club is gone. A club regulated by the courts is not the club that the veteran knew. Men who blackguard each other in the club-house, and appeal to the courts to prevent them from being expelled, are not the club-men of his youth. The club palace may be finer, but the club pleasure is less. Three blackballs used to make a gentleman wince, and gentlemen only were held to be clubbable men. But the order of a court to decide who is clubbable—does Doctor Johnson hear that? New times, muses the veteran, as he hums the melody of an old opera—new times, new men, new clubs.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"So you have just returned from the West, have you, Mr. D.?" said a man meeting an old crony on the street.

"Yes, sir, been all through the Territories."

"Game abundant there?"

"Game is very abundant, sir, very."

"What kind predominates?"

"Well, faro takes the lead, with poker a good second."

"Oh, good-day."

"Good-day."—*Oil City Derrick.*

They were sitting on the sofa in the parlor. She was a young lady of the period, expensively attired and wore bangs. He was her affianced, an economical young man; in short, a plain, every-day sort of a fellow. He dared to venture the remark that he "believed in leaving everything precisely the same as the divine hand of Providence had molded it."

"Do you really, Charlie?" she asked.

"Yes," he continued; "remember, my dear, Eve never wore bangs."

"No, Charlie, that's so; in fact, Eve never wore anything much to speak of."—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

A negro was recently seated on a rail fence in Arkansas, intently looking at the telegraph wires. A gentleman passing said:

"Watching the wires?"

"Yes, sah."

"Waiting to see a message go by, hey?"

The negro smiled and said, "Yes, sah."

The gentleman kindly told him that messages were invisible, and explained the working of the electric current to him at length. Concluding, he said:

"Now you know something about it."

"Yes, sah."

"What do you work at?"

"I'm a telegraph operator at the Hazel Switch station, sah."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

"Did you notice what a boor that man was who sat next to you?" asked one lady of another, as the pair stepped off a Woodward Avenue car the other day.

"How?"

"Why, he refused to pass up the fare for the lady in lavender silk."

"Oh, well, you see, they were divorced only two weeks ago, and it couldn't be expected that he would recover his composure this soon. It is a mean trick in any divorced woman to expect her ex-husband to pass alimony money up to the fare box."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A fire broke out in a dwelling house the other night, and after the man and his wife had safely reached the street, the latter said that there was fifty dollars in the pocket of her dress, hanging in a second-story back room.

"I'll go for it," said the husband, and he plunged into the burning building.

The flames raged furiously, and the man did not return. At the expiration of an hour the fire was extinguished and the back building caved. Firemen groped their way up the rear stairs through water and blinding smoke, and found the man in the closet still fumbling at his wife's dress, looking for the money.

He was nearly suffocated with smoke, but had strength enough to say that he thought he would have found the pocket inside of two hours. It never occurred to him to seize the dress and rush out with that. Some men get so excited and nervous in time of fire.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Well, dear," remarked Mrs. Smith, as her husband started out for a day's fishing, "I hope you will be successful and bring home a nice basket of trout."

"Never fear," responded Smith; "if there are any trout to be caught I am the boy to catch 'em. It's a cold day in the spring time when a trout gets away from me."

"It is, indeed," his wife said; "and, by the way, here is your pocket-book lying on the table. You musn't forget that. You can't catch trout without bait, you know."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A New York drummer the other day ran across a retail grocer in this State who had been in the business and in the same store for thirty-four continuous years.

"And didn't you ever fail?" asked the drummer.

"How could I?"

"Why, any business man can fail."

"Perhaps they can; but when a fellow can't get credit for over seventy-five dollars before they draw on him, I don't see the object in shutting up shop."

"And didn't you take advantage of the panic?"

"Not a copper; I didn't owe anything, and the only goods which went up were clothespins and codfish, and I was short on both."

"Never got burned out?"

"Never. Every fire jumps right over me, no freshet comes within ten feet of my walls, and the only cyclone we ever had missed me by forty rods. I tell you, stranger, when I think of how honest I've been obliged to be, it makes me shudder."—*Wall Street News.*

Blinks—"Why, how de do, Jinks! How well you are looking. Texas air seems to agree with you. Let me see—how long have you been away?"

Jinks—"It is just five years since I went to Texas."

Blinks—"And you were not in good health if I remember aright."

Jinks—"Not very."

Blinks—"Well, I have been thinking of going down there myself for a long time, and now seeing you in such fine shape convinces me that I ought to make the change. By the way, to what, specially, do you ascribe your present robust appearance?"

Jinks—"To the fact that I am so handy with my shooter that no cuss ever got the drop on me."—*Philadelphia Call*

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Marcus Aurelius Antoninus," by Paul Barron Watson, is the first life written in English of the great Roman emperor and stoic. The author has made critical and thorough research among all the ancient and modern authorities, and his work is remarkable for its completeness. Besides this, he has endeavored to make a truer study of the emperor's character than has heretofore been attempted. The chapter which is especially valuable is the one in which Mr. Watson describes the persecution of the Christians during the reign of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. The Church had become divided into many contending factions, and was continually at variance with the empire. It was heretical Christians at whom the emperor aimed his attacks, and the superstitions of certain impostors gave rise to his principal opposition. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"The Woman Question in Europe" consists of a series of original essays, edited by Theodore Stanton. The women of every country in Europe are discussed at length by authors of their own nationality. Many eminent Europeans have written papers for the work, and it presents one of the most valuable contributions to sociology which has appeared for many years. In the list of writers are the names of Ivan Tourguéneff, Emily Power Cobbe, Emily Faithfull, Madame Jules Favre, and numbers of Continental authors whose names are less familiar in America. After a careful reading of the volume, from the chapters on England to the admirable papers on Bulgaria and Greece, Madame Columbia will congratulate herself that she is a citizen of these United States, where a few rights are granted her, and where it lies within her possibility to earn a tolerable living. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

Concerning the new book by Miss Duffus-Hardy, the *Saturday Review* says: "We can not think that an English lady is in her proper place when she visits the *maisons de tolérance* of the Chinese quarter in San Francisco, and if this is thought to be a harsh judgment, it would be surely harsher to adopt the only possible alternative, and say that she is in her proper place. Neither do we like to hear of one of our countywomen repeatedly trying to introduce the subject of polygamy in Mormon society, and being politely foiled. These objections are, of course, very antiquated, but they happen to express our sentiments, by which we mean to stick. Other people are quite at liberty to accompany Miss Hardy among Chinese daughters of marble, and to speculate with her on the particular causes which attract women to Mormonism if they like. She has done her best to attract and satisfy the general reader, not only by the above mentioned fine writing, but by taking up such tricks as narration in the present tense and the like. Doubtless she will have her reward; and here also, if she likes it and her readers like it, we have nothing to say. But as there are readers, as in the other case, who may not like it, it is just as well to mention the fact."

Announcements: Cassell & Company announce for immediate publication: "Day-dawn in Dark Places; or, Wanderings and Work in Bechwanaland, South Africa," by the Rev. John Mackenzie, tutor of Moffat Institution, Kuruman; "Cassell's Illustrated Guide to Paris," with illustrations on nearly every page, and a large map of Paris; and "Arminius Vambery: His Life and Adventures," written by himself; a narrative of travels and adventures in Asia and Europe.——In the issue of the *Current* for May 17th, John Burroughs begins a series of papers entitled "Country Thoughts and Days," and a most interesting tale (prize story series) in two parts, by Mary W. Plummer, entitled "A Wooden Man," is begun.——Charles Reade left an autobiography which promises to be one of the most vigorous, straightforward, and entertaining things of the kind in literature. It is said to contain some lively criticisms on the books and writers of the time.——The Heine reminiscences which have lately appeared serially in the *Gartenlaube* are to be collected and reprinted in Germany. They will probably be promptly translated.——Arthur Gilman's "History of the American People" will be brought out in England as well as in this country.——The American agent of the Macmillans will bring out immediately General Gordon's volume of "Reflections in Palestine."——Mr. John Marley, it is said, is going to edit a series of "English Statesmen."——Mr. Maurice Thompson's new novel of Southern life is to be called "At Love's Extremes."——In Thomas Hughes's forthcoming volume, "Gone to Texas," are presented letters written by three boys who are making their way to fortune in a new land. These letters, addressed to friends at home, describe the fashion in which they make their new home and the people they encounter, and give all manner of personal details as to wages and their methods of working.——*Wide-Awake* is to have for one of its departments a Chinese editor, Mr. Yan Phon Lee. He is a student at Yale.

Miscellany: Charles Reade has left by will an oil portrait of himself, to be sent to Harper & Brothers, "for their editorial room." There are four editorial rooms in the Harper establishment, so the question naturally arises which room will have it. The only way to settle the question is for the firm to hang it up in their inner sanctuary—that mysterious apartment whose swinging doors give glimpses of Queen Anne luxury to the waiting author in the outer room.——Mr. Labouchère records his remembrance of a visit paid to Washington Irving, on which occasion the American said that he had acquired ease and elegance in writing by a careful study of Addison's essays. He used, he said, to read an "Essay," then write it out from memory, and compare his phrases with those of the original.——Mr. Algernon Webb, the heir to Byron's mansion of Newstead Abbey, lately committed suicide at Cambridge. The estate passed into his father's hands from those of Colonel Wildman, to whom it was sold by Byron.——It has been stated in the papers that Charles Reade left a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars. This is denied by a relative and friend of Mr. Reade in New York, who says that he knows the novelist was worth five hundred thousand dollars. All of this fortune was not made out of literature. Mr. Reade was a shrewd business man, and speculated successfully in leases.—— According to Mr. Walter Besant's statistics, novels constitute nine-tenths of the books read in England, and nineteen-twentieths of the books read in the world. In his recent lecture on the "Art of Fiction," Mr. Besant gave some interesting hints to the young writers who propose to contribute to this mass of imaginative reading. In the first place he entirely repudiates Mr. Howell's theory that all the dramatic stories have already been told, and that the chief business for the modern novelist is to depict and analyze human character.——Mrs. Oliphant, author of that fascinating, weird little story, "Old Lady Mary," is the wife of Mr. Laurence Oliphant, and not the famous novelist of that name.——Gounod's biographical and critical study of Wagner is nearly ready for publication. The German composer's artistic aims and methods, his place among musicians, and the music of the future will all be discussed in this book.——Baron Tauchnitz says that so far from pirating the English books that he publishes, he gives each author a payment as large as is consistent with a fair profit. Macaulay received large sums from this source; as he ought to have done, indeed, his history being the most popular book on the Tauchnitz list.——The first time that Mr. Browning has made a speech in public was upon the occasion of his recent visit to Edinburgh.——Mr. Adams (Oliver Optic) claims that he has never written a story which would excite the love, admiration, and sympathy of the reader for an evil person or a bad character. "I have never," he says, "made a hero whose moral character, or whose lack of high aims and purposes, could mislead the young reader. This has been my standard, and however others may regard it, I deem it a safe one."

## CENTURY BRIC-À-BRAC.

### An Afterthought.

'Twas in the garden chatting
Amid the mignonette—
She with her snowy tatting,
I with my cigarette.
I still can see her fingers
Flit softly in and out;
With rapture memory lingers
To view her lips a-pout.

A happy sunbeam glancing
Upon a wayward curl
Set every pulse to dancing,
And turned my brain a-whirl;
And when she looked up shyly,
I could not help, you see,
But stoop and kiss her slyly
Behind the apple-tree.

Strange that some mote forever
Should mar the rays of bliss!
Though conscious I had never
Yet won so sweet a kiss,
Alas! the act of plunder
So gracefully she bore,
I could not choose but wonder,
Had she been kissed before?

—*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

### "'Spăcially Jim."

I wus mighty good-lookin' when I was young,
Peert, an' black-eyed, an' slim,
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,
'Spăcially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all was he,
Chipper, an' han'som', an' trim,
But I tossed up my head an' made fun of the crowd,
'Spăcially Jim!

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,
An' I wouldn't take stock in *him!*
But they kep' up a-comin' in spite o' my talk,
'Spăcially Jim!

I got so tired of havin' 'em roun'
('Spăcially Jim!)
I made up my mind I'd settle down
An' take up with him.

So we were married one Sunday in church,
'Twas crowded full to the brim;
'Twas the only way to git rid of them all,
'Spăcially Jim.

—*B. M.*

### Misunderstood—A Fable.

I hold it is a solemn truth which bears a lesson good,
'Tis better not to speak at all than be misunderstood.
In silence there may be a balm, in speech a deadly bane,
Therefore, 'tis best to silent be, and always thus remain.
And lest you doubt the fact which I so earnestly declare,
Please call to mind the story of the Lambkin and the Bear.

A Lambkin sported gay and free, life was a joy to him,
When in his pathway there appeared a Bear morose and grim.
"Good-day," quoth Bruin, with a grin, "how is your dear ma-ma?"
The Lamb-kin trembled with affright, and only answered, "Ba-a."
"And do you dare say 'Bah' to me?" the monster fiercely cried;
"I'll eat you up," and so he did, and thus the Lambkin died.

So, I hold it is a solemn truth which bears a lesson good,
'Tis better not to speak at all than be misunderstood.

—*Stanley Wood.*

### The Ballad of Cassandra Brown.

Though I met her in the summer, when one's heart lies round at ease,
As it were in tennis costume, and a man's not hard to please;
Yet I think at any season to have met her was to love,
While her tones, unspoiled, unstudied, had the softness of the dove.

At request she read us poems in a nook among the pines,
And her artless voice lent music to the least melodious lines;
Though she lowered her shadowing lashes, in an earnest reader's wise,
Yet we caught blue gracious glimpses of the heavens that were her eyes.

As in paradise I listened. Ah, I did not understand
That a little cloud, no larger than the average human hand,
Might, as stated oft in fiction, spread into a sable pall,
When she said that she should study Elocution in the fall.

I admit her earliest efforts were not in the Ercles vein;
She began with "Lit-tle Maaybel, with her faayce against the paayne,
And the beacon-light a-trrremble"—which, although it made me wince,
Is a thing of cheerful nature to the things she's rendered since.

Having learned the Soulful Quiver, she acquired the Melting Mo-o-an,
And the way she gave "Young Grayhead" would have liquefied a stone.
Then the Sanguinury Tragic did her energies employ,
And she tore my taste to tatters when she slew "The Polish Boy."

It's not pleasant for a fellow when the jewel of his soul
Wades through slaughter on the carpet, while her orbs in frenzy roll;
What was I that I should murmur? Yet it gave me grievous pain
That she rose in social gatherings, and Searched among the Slain.

I was forced to look upon her, in my desperation dumb,
Knowing well that when her awful opportunity was come
She would give us battle, murder, sudden death, at very least,
As a skeleton of warning, and a blight upon the feast.

Once, ah! once I fell a-dreaming; some one played a polonaise
I associated strongly with those happier August days;
And I mused, "I'll speak this evening," recent pangs forgotten quite.
Sudden shrilled a scream of anguish: "Curfew SHALL not ring to-night!"

Ah, that sound was as a curfew, quenching rosy, warm romance:
Were it safe to wed a woman one so oft would wish in France?
Oh, as she "cull-imbed" that ladder, swift my mounting hope came down.
I am still a single cynic; she is still Cassandra Brown.

—*Coroebus Green.*

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

### Problems and Other Topics of Interest in the King of Games

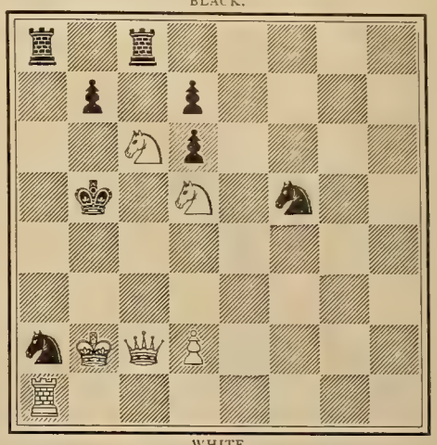
[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

**Problem No. XXIII.—By F. J. Kellner.**

WHITE—King at KB8; Rook at QR5; Bishops at Q2, Q3; Knights at K6, Q8.
BLACK—King at K4; Pawn at Q4.
White to play and mate in two moves.

**Problem No. XXIV.—By Dr. S. Gold.**

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

**Solution of Problem No. XVII.**

1—K KKt4 1—Any move
2—R or Kt mates acc.

**Solution of Problem No. XVIII.**

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1—Q B8 | 1—K Q5 (a) | | (a) 1—— | 1—Kt moves |
| 2—Q B4 ch | 2—K B4 | | 2—R x P ch | 2—K Q5 |
| 3—Kt Q3 mate. | | | 3—R K4 mate. | |

*** Problem XIII is faulty. U. H., Salinas, in addition to 1, Kt K4, sends three other solutions—Q Q6 ch, Q K7, and Q x P at KB4.

Correct solutions received as follows: Problems XVII, XVIII, XIX, XX, XXI, XXII—From U. Hartnell, Salinas City.

**Answers to Correspondents.**

R. A. S., Blue Cañon, Cal.—In Problem XIX, if White 1, B K4, Black 1, P KB4. In Problem XX, you overlook Black's reply, P x P, dis. ch.

U. H., Salinas—Correction made as requested. We acknowledge the "cook" to No. XIII.

G. W. G., Sacramento.—Error admitted. Will use problem as early as possible. Why not send solutions?

The following game was played in New Orleans, on April 22d, 1884, the contestants being Dr. Zukertort and Mr. James McConnell, a strong local player. We are indebted to the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* for the game and notes:

GIUOCO PIANO.

| *White.* McConnell. | *Black.* Zukertort | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 22—Q Kt4 ch | 22—B B4 |
| 2—KKt B3 | 2—QKt B3 | 23—B K6 ch | 23—B x B |
| 3—B B4 | 3—B B4 | 24—Q x B ch | 24—Q Q2 |
| 4—Kt B3 | 4—Kt B3 | 25—Q x KP (e) | 25—R K sq |
| 5—P Q3 | 5—P Q3 | 26—Castles KR | 26—Kt B4 |
| 6—B KKt5 | 6—P KR3 | 27—Q QB4 | 27—P QKt3 |
| 7—B R4 | 7—P KKt4 | 28—QR Q sq | 28—Q K3 |
| 8—B KKt3 | 8—P QR3 (a) | 29—Q Q3 | 29—K Kt2 |
| 9—Kt Q5 (b) | 9—Kt x Kt | 30—Q KB3 ch | 30—Q K5 |
| 10—B x Kt | 10—Kt K2 | 31—R Q7 | 31—QR QB sq |
| 11—B QKt3 | 11—B KKt5 | 32—Q Q sq | 32—Kt R5 |
| 12—P KR3 | 12—B R4 | 33—P KB3 | 33—Q K7 |
| 13—B R2 | 13—B KKt3 | 34—Q Q5 ch | 34—K R2 |
| 14—P QB3 | 14—P KB4 | 35—P KB4! | 35—R K5 |
| 15—P Q4 (c) | 15—KP x P | 36—Q Q2! | 36—Kt x P |
| 16—Kt x QP | 16—P x P | 37—Q x Q | 37—R x Q |
| 17—Kt K6 | 17—Q Q2 | 38—P x P | 38—Kt K6 |
| 18—Kt Kt7 ch | 18—K Q sq | 39—R (fr.B)B7! | 39—P x P |
| 19—Kt K6 ch | 19—K B sq | 40—B x P (f) | 40—K Kt2 |
| 20—Kt x B | 20—P x Kt | 41—P QR4! (g) | 41—Kt QB5 (h) |
| 21—Q K2 | 21—Q Q6 (?) (d) | 42—P Kt3! | Black resigns. |

(a) Providing a retreat for the Bishop if the adverse Kt should go to R4.

(b) This seems to lose time.

(c) Under the circumstances, apparently White's best reply.

(d) A specious but really weak continuation, which results in the loss of the KP. 21—Q to B3 would, we think have been much better.

(e) White now has certainly a decided advantage in position.

(f) Far better than taking with the Rook White now threatens mate in four moves, beginning B to Kt8, double check.

(g) A very fine move. White again threatens mate, this time in three moves.

(h) A mistake, involving the immediate loss of the game, but we do not think Black could have saved it in any event. 41—Kt to KB4 was suggested by Dr. Zukertort as the best reply, but all back-game analysis had seems to prove it unavailing against the quiet but powerful response, 42, P to Kt3. 41—R to K8 ch, also, it may be added, would simply have led to fatal exchanges.

**Second International Problem Tourney of the Nationaltidende.**

1. Competition open to the world

2. Each competitor to send one three-move direct mate, which must be original, unconditional, and hitherto unpublished.

3. Each problem must be illustrated on a diagram, with a full solution.

4. Each problem must have a motto written on the diagram, and also on an envelope containing the full address of the author.

5. The time for receiving entries from the Scandinavian countries will expire July 1, 1884, and from other countries August 1, 1884.

6. For the best three problems the following prizes are offered: First, 70 francs; second, 40 francs; third, 20 francs.

7. All communications must be addressed: Skak, Nationaltidende, Copenhagen K, Denmark.

Mr. A. Arnell, of Goteborg, and Mr. S. A. Sorensen, of Copenhagen, will act as judges.

### THE INNER MAN.

One of the most important, if not the most important, things in a household is a well-ordered kitchen, says the *Caterer*. There are instances—and by no means rare ones—where houses, seemingly complete in everything else, lack this, not for the want of sufficient means to have it, but simply from an unpardonable ignorance of its importance. A kitchen, of course, to be well ordered must be well furnished, by which we mean there should be a sufficiency—there need be no extravagant profusion—in the quantity and variety of utensils necessary to prepare whatever dishes may be attempted with success. It is just as impossible for a cook to work well without the proper tools as it is for any other workman; and the expectation that it can be done, however skillful the cook may be, will in all probability end in nothing but disappointment. Here is the list of utensils necessary for a model kitchen:

A complete set of copper sauce-pans with all the graded sizes.
A Bain Marie.
A braising pan.
Sauté pans.
Omelet pans.
Dripping pans.
Patty pans.
Stew pans of various sizes.
Preserving pan.
Marble slab for pastry.
Marble mortar and pestle.
Gridirons, folding and fluted.
A bottle jack.
A preserving spoon.
Tinned iron spoons, various sizes.
A basting ladle.
A sugar boiler.
A saw.
A meat cleaver.
A fish frier with drainer.
A frying basket.
Fish kettles and fish slice.
A set of poultry skewers.
A set of meat skewers.
Toasting fork.
Hair sieves.
A wire basket for salad.
Porcelain lined pie-dishes.
Scales and weights.
A wire sieve.
Gravy strainers.
Rolling-pin.
Sheets for baking.
Coffee-mill.
Dishing-up forks.
Machine for mincing meat for croquettes, etc.
Spice boxes.
Bread grater.
Nutmeg grater.
Machine for whisking eggs.
Egg slice.
Tartlet pans.
Ice-cream freezer.
Refrigerator.
Water filter.
Corkscrew.
Block-tin colander.
Trussing needle.
Larding needles.
Tin funnels.
Flour sifter.
Flour dredger.
Sugar dredger.
Vegetable knives.
Bread knives.
A jelly bag and stand.
Jelly molds.
Cake molds.
Pudding molds.
Cannisters.
Tamis cloths.
Pudding cloths.
Knife baskets.
Hot-water dish.
Glaze pot.
Baking dishes.
Stock pot.
A commodious range.
And last, but by no means least, a clock.

There is not, says a writer in an English journal, a more acquired taste, all round, probably, in the whole world than the taste for olives. To be sure, southern children seem to take to them readily enough, and Juvenal once solemnly insinuates that his very infancy was "nourished on the Sabine berry"; but then certain London children seem to take almost equally to tobacco and ardent spirits, which are certainly not natural tastes; while as for Juvenal, being a professional satirist, of course he hardly counts. Yet there can be little doubt that such acquired likes and dislikes may be partly inherited, which shows, not that they are really natural, but that they have been acquired for many generations together. It must have been a curious chance which first led any man to make trial of the olive as an article of food. His were breast of bass and heart of oak, indeed, for in itself the olive is certainly the most forbidding and the nastiest of mundane fruits. The little gray-blue berries seem certainly destined by nature for any purpose on earth except to yield food for a hungry man. And yet not only is oil extracted from them to give him a shining countenance, but even the harsh, green, unripe berry itself is cajoled by means of salt and water into yielding a dainty for the epicure's table. Beginners mostly like the small and less highly flavored French olives; and these are well enough in their way, though the proportion of stone to flesh might perhaps be objected to by a severe critic as excessive; but your thorough-going connoisseur loves best the large and full-flavored Spanish kind. It is a step in advance to reach the stage of preferring the stuffed olives which Parisian manufacturers put up so daintily for the true *gourmet* in square, sea-green bottles. The preparation of a stuffed olive is in its way one of the triumphs of civilization, a magnificent example of man's victory over nature. You take a good-sized berry to begin with, cut out the stone with an implement duly made for the purpose, fill up the vacuum abhorred by nature with a little fillet of anchovy, cork the orifice with a pickled caper, and then float the whole product in the best Lucca oil. It comes perilously near seething the kid in its mother's milk, but the effect is delicious. Said a member of the Japanese legation once as he tossed off a glass of Veuve Cliquot at a civic dinner, "How I do love civilization!" The same grateful cry may well rise to the lips of the man who, with discriminative palate, tries his first stuffed olive. The fact that olives are an acquired taste lies deeper than the mere fruit; it extends to the entire tree as a whole also. There never was a dingier, duller, more dead-alive hue than the color of the living olive tree. Its leaves closely resemble dried sage, and strike an unaccustomed eye at once as unendurably gray and sombre. Nobody ever really liked his first olive, and nobody really admired his first olive grove.

Charles Howard, the millionaire of Vermont, is to leave a million dollars to his niece, Mrs. Evans, the wife of the rich Parisian dentist. Evans is already several times a millionaire, and this will be a pretty addition to his fortune, which is increasing at the rate of hundreds of thousands yearly. When Napoleon was President of the Republic he was quite poor. He died very wealthy, and much of his money was made through Evans. One day Eugénie quietly said to him: "Doctor Evans, at eleven o'clock to-morrow an order will be issued withdrawing the French troops from Rome." Evans at once went to the broker and invested in certain securities which he knew would be affected. At twelve o'clock the next day, after the order was issued, these securities went up like a shot, and Evans made sixty thousand dollars. Of course, Eugénie came in for her share of the pin money.

Monsieur Albert Delpit, the author of the "Fils de Coralie," is at work upon two new pieces, the "Two Sisters," a comedy for the Gymnase, and a drama in verse for the Odeon.


The Strongest and Best!




The Strongest and Best!

**Recommended by the leading Physicians and Chemists of the Pacific Coast.**

**FOR SALE BY**

## C. J. HAWLEY & CO.

**Nos. 215 and 217 Sutter St.**



## HEADACHES

Are generally induced by **Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Costiveness, Deficient Circulation,** or some **Derangement of the Liver and Digestive System.** Sufferers will find relief by the use of

## Ayer's Pills

to stimulate the stomach and produce a regular daily movement of the bowels. By their action on these organs, AYER'S PILLS divert the blood from the brain, and relieve and cure all forms of **Congestive** and **Nervous Headache, Bilious Headache,** and **Sick Headache**; and by keeping the bowels free, and preserving the system in a healthful condition, they insure immunity from future attacks. Try

## Ayer's Pills.

PREPARED BY

**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

Sold by all Druggists.

## Hunyadi János

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST LAXATIVE.

*"THE RICHEST OF NATURAL APERIENT WATERS."*
Baron Liebig.

"SPEEDY, SURE & GENTLE."
*Dr. Roberts, Univ. Coll. Hosp., London, England.*

*Ordinary Dose, a Wineglassful before breakfast. Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.*

**NONE GENUINE BUT WITH THE BLUE LABEL.**

**For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.**
**No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon.**

## HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.

No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

**ASA HARKER & CO.**
**Importers and Wholesale Grocers,**
108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over **3,300** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.
Respectfully,
**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**
**227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

**"THE QUEEN OF AMERICAN WATERING PLACES."**

## HOTEL DEL MONTE

**Monterey, California,**

IS OPEN FOR

## THE SUMMER SEASON.

This is absolutely the most elegant and delightful seaside resort in the world, and the charming HOTEL DEL MONTE, with its incomparable accessories, its magnificent drives, its beautiful grounds, its superior facilities for boating, add for cold and warm salt-water bathing, stands unrivaled. The water now used at the Hotel and upon the Crounds is

**Brought from the Carmel River,**

So that the place is now the

**Absolute Queen of Watering Places,**

With no drawback whatever in the World!

## PACIFIC GROVE RETREAT

**Near Monterey, California.**

**NOW OPEN FOR THE SUMMER.**

This is the most delightful camping-ground in the State. Good spring water and an abundance of water from the Carmel River, lovely groves of pine and cedar, splendid beach, fine drives and rambles, an A No. 1 restaurant for use of all who do not wish to do their own cooking, and a new and perfect system of sewerage throughout the entire grounds.

**This Famous Christian Resort**

Is situated on the beautiful Bay of Monterey, and is connected with the ancient capital of the State by a pleasant drive of one and a half miles over a macadamized road lately constructed by the company. In beauty of location it can not be excelled—its graceful pines, extending to the water's edge, affording a delightful refuge from the heat of the sun. As a healthful place of resort it is not surpassed by any locality in the State. It has long been established as a medical fact that a residence in a country wooded with pines is peculiarly beneficial for all those suffering from bronchial or throat affections.

A FEW MORE CHOICE LOTS FOR SALE.
For further information apply to
**J. O. JOHNSON,**
Superintendent Pacific Grove, Monterey, Monterey County, Cal.

## HIGHLAND SPRINGS,

**LAKE COUNTY, CAL.**

**"The Switzerland of America."**

## OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

**Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.**

**Daily communication via Cloverdale.**

**DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.**

## THE "POPE HOUSE" HOTEL.

The POPE HOUSE, for fifteen years past the leading private Hotel and Boarding-House of SANTA CRUZ, enjoying the first patronage in the State, has changed hands, and RE-OPENED March 25th, under the direct personal management and supervision of the new proprietors, who hope, by close attention to the wants and comforts of their guests, to merit a continuance of the valuable patronage so long enjoyed by Mrs. Pope.

Private Family Dining-rooms. French Dinners served to order in the best style.

☞ SPECIAL OMNIBUS awaits all arriving and departing trains and steamers. No charge whatever for conveying guests to or from this hotel.

## GILROY HOT SPRINGS,

An Old Favorite under Superior Management.

ROOP & TENNANT, PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.

These celebrated Springs, situated in a spur of the Coast Range, 12 miles east of Gilroy, are NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON. A complete renovation has been made throughout, and the whole place has been put in delightful order. Rates strictly reasonable to all. P. O., W. F. Ex. and Tel. offices on the premises. Take the 10:40 train (daily) from depot cor. Fourth and Town-end streets, to Gilroy, thence by stage to Springs, 12 miles; or the SATURDAY (3½) EVENING stage, returning early Monday morning.

**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

## J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS

**And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,**

**415 MONTGOMERY STREET,**

**Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco**

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**

THE NORTON
## DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**
**36 California Street, San Francisco,**
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

**MARBLE WORKS.**

**MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.**
**W. H. McCORMICK,**
827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for

**TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON**

**CONSTIPATION,** Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion, etc.

Prepared by **E. GRILLON,** Chemist of the Paris Faculty,
SOLE PROPRIETOR,
27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.

Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

## ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.


### ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the office of the Company, Room 2, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the 3d day of June, 1884, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Dupont Street San Francisco, California.

### CONSOLIDATED IMPERIAL MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the thirtieth day of April, 1884, an assessment (No. 20) of Five Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the fifth day of June, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 26th day of June, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

### CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of April, 1884, an assessment (No. 15) of fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Friday, the twenty-third (23d) day of May, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the twelfth day of June, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

### CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of May, 1884, an assessment (No. 12) of Twenty (20c) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Friday, the twenty-seventh (27th) day of June, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of July, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street San Francisco, Cal.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*

# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Thursday, April 24, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‡8.00 A.M. | Byron and Martinez | ‡6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Deming, El Paso, Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | and East, Emigrant | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Stockton and via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Ione | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Los Angeles and South | 9.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | Merced, Madera, | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Fresno, and Tulare | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Mojave, Needles, Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | and East, Emigrant | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Ogden and Express | 7.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 P.M. | East, Emigrant | 11.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | and Tehama via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Redding | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.10 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Virginia City | 7.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 7.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Oakland Pier; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from The Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, 7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Daily, except Sundays. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT**

DR. H. H. KANE, of the DeQuincey Home, now offers a Remedy whereby any one can cure himself quickly and painlessly. For testimonials and endorsements from eminent medical men, &c., address H. H. KANE, A.M., M.D., 160 Fulton St., New York City.


NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

BROAD GAUGE.

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | San Mateo, Redwood, and Menlo Park | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | * 10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | Santa Clara, San Jose, and Principal Way Stations | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | * 10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas, and Monterey | * 10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Hollister and Tres Pinos | * 10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Watsonville, Camp Goodall, Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | * 10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Soledad and Way Stations | 6.00 P.M. |
| † 7.50 A.M. | Monterey and Santa Cruz (Sunday Excursion) | ‡ 8.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
‡ Theatre train; Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets — at Reduced Rates — to Monterey, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

**Excursion Tickets.**

For Sundays only—Sold Sunday morning; good for return same day.

For Saturday, Sunday, and Monday—Sold Saturday and Sunday only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive, at the following rates:

| Round Trip from San Francisco to | Sun. Tkt. | Sat to Mon. Tkt. | Round Trip from San Francisco to | Sun. Tkt. | Sat to Mon. Tkt. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| San Bruno | $.... | $ 50 | Mount'n View | $1 50 | $2 00 |
| Milbrae | ..... | 65 | Lawrence's | 1 50 | 2 25 |
| Oak Grove | ..... | 90 | Santa Clara | 1 75 | 2 50 |
| San Mateo | 75 | 1 10 | San Jose | 1 75 | 2 50 |
| Belmont | 1 00 | 1 25 | Gilroy | 2 75 | 4 00 |
| Redwood | 1 00 | 1 40 | Aptos | ..... | 5 00 |
| Fair Oaks | 1 25 | 1 50 | Soquel | ..... | 5 00 |
| Menlo Park | 1 25 | 1 60 | Santa Cruz | 3 00 | 5 00 |
| Mayfield | 1 25 | 1 75 | Monterey | 3 00 | 5 00 |

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

## NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

### TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, May 12th, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—7.30, 9.15 A. M., 1.30, 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 1.35, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20 A. M., 2.00, 3.25, 4.50 P. M.
(Sundays)—7.55, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.15, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 3.55, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.30, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.45, 5.00, 7.10 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 7.00 P. M.

**7.30 A. M. and 1.30 P. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAINS for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through trains from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 10.30 A. M. and 6.00 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning arrives in S. F. at 7.40 P. M.

Rates for round-trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city.**


## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Passenger Trains leave Station, foot of Market Street, south side, at

**8.30 A. M.**, daily; Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wright's, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, SANTA CRUZ, and all Way Stations.

**2.30 P. M.** (except Sunday), Express; Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ.

**4.30 P. M.**, daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and intermediate points.

**$5 Excursions** to SANTA CRUZ, and **$2.50** to SAN JOSE, on SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, to return until MONDAY, inclusive.

**8.00 A. M.**, every Sunday, Excursion to SAN JOSE, BIG TREES, and SANTA CRUZ.

**$3.00** to BIG TREES and SANTA CRUZ.
**$1.75** to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE.

### To Oakland and Alameda.

From Webster Street, Alameda—6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶12.00, 12.30, ¶1.00, 1.30, ¶2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.30, 10.30, 11.45 P. M.

From Fourteenth and Webster Streets, Oakland—6.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, ¶11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶12.00, 12.30, ¶1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.45 P. M.

From High Street, Alameda—6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 7.46, 8.16, 8.46, 9.16, 9.46, 10.16, ¶10.46, 11.16, ¶11.46 A. M., 12.16, ¶12.46, 1.16, 1.46, 2.16, 2.46, 3.16, 3.46, 4.16, 4.46, 5.16, 5.46, 6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 9.16, 11.31 P. M.

‡ Sundays excepted. ¶ Sundays only.

TICKET, Telegraph, and Transfer Office, 222 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. R. M. GARRATT, G. F. & P. Agt.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA**

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| STEAMER | 1884. | From San Francisco for HONGKONG. |
|---|---|---|
| OCEANIC | | Tuesday, May 27th. |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Rio de Janeiro.....June 14**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Colima.....Saturday, May 31**

At 4 o'clock P. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West India ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Australia.....Friday, June 6, at 12 o'clock M.**

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on March 3d, 11th, 19th, and 27th, and every eighth day thereafter. The first steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

MARIPOSA.....THURSDAY, June 1st, at 3 P. M.
ALAMEDA.....MONDAY, June 16th, at 3 P. M.

The MARIPOSA is now receiving freight.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.


# CHARLES R. ALLEN,

**Dealer in House, Steam, Foundry, and**

## CUMBERLAND COAL,

**ENGLISH COKE AND PIG IRON,**

**120 Beale Street, San Francisco.**

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

## COWEN, PORTER & CO.,

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. FOR ER. Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital.....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

## The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK

LIMITED,

**N. E. corner Pine and Sansome Streets.**

London Office, 3 Angel Court. New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street.

**Authorized Capital Stock.....$6,000,000**

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED F. LOW, IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.
P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

CHARLES CROCKER. WM. H. CROCKER. R. C. WOOLWORTH.

## CROCKER, WOOLWORTH & CO.

**BANKERS,**

**322 Pine Street, San Francisco,** carry on a general Banking business.

Correspondents in the principal cities of the Eastern States and in Europe.

## Imperial Fire Insurance Co.

Of London. Instituted 1803.

**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.

**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.

**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR, MANAGER.

**Corner First and Market Streets,**

SAN FRANCISCO.




How little a thing will sometimes indelibly impress itself upon the mind. I have, somewhere in an old book, a picture of Mrs. Mowatt as Beatrice. She does not pretend to the faintest touch of historical accuracy in her costume. She wears a head-dress of netted beads which might belong to any time, and the one-button glove and much-distended crinoline which belonged most certainly to her own time. Yet I have liked to fancy that she was the very pink of Beatrices. For she looks as dashing and merry as a heart-free maiden should. She is saying: "No, sure, my lord. My mother cry'd. But then there was a star danced, and under that I was born." And from the arch expression of her bright face I can almost imagine her reading the lines.

Every one has some certain fancy for the reading of some certain lines in a familiar play. Do you not sometimes find yourself watching for them, and experience a pang of disappointment if your favorite actor change his inflection?

The first time I ever saw Clara Morris she played Camille. I did not like her in the earlier acts—as who ever does? She is coarse in manner, coarse in speech, and has a wide mouthful of black teeth, which only such a mighty genius could condone. But at the end of her interview with M. George Duval, Miss Clara Morris had me securely in her grip, and played upon me as if I were a clavichord. During her interview with Armand I had a most violent attack of the sniffles, and when she stood in the arch of the doorway, and, with arms wide extended, cried out, "Armand, can you not see that I would give an eternity for one hour of such happiness as you picture," Miss Morris made my hair curl and sent cold chills of amazement, admiration, and various other kinds down my back.

I have been waiting to be similarly affected by all the Camilles that have played in this goodly city ever since. Modjeska, who does not deal in broad effects, says it with that plaintive little sob in her voice which is so irresistibly moving. Ellmenreich roared it at Armand till his bones rattled with the concussion. Rhea speaks it in Armand's arms, with low intensity. Miss Rowellan says it upon her knees, with hopeless anguish.

I do not know that it is the custom with young women, even in Mlle. Gauther's walk in life, to pitch their sentiments at their lovers in a high emotional key through the archway of a door. But Miss Clara Morris so pitched it, and made a standard for me, and I liked it, and have waited vainly for it from whole platoons of Camilles ever since. Likewise, I had fixed my fancy upon certain readings in "Much Ado About Nothing," and I waited for them as patiently as an angler waits for a bite.

I am quite convinced that Mlle. Rhea is a very charming Beatrice. She looked exceedingly well, for she is undeniably a very handsome woman at her best. Her velvet gown, with its most characteristic sleeves, its broad gold lace ruff, and the wide feathered hat made her a picture fair to look upon. When she was unbonneted, her flat coiffure returned her Clytie brow to her, and she looked like a cameo from the tip of her nose upward. Her pale mauve domino, with its bunch of pink roses, was another triumph in costume. Rhea is much given to putting in a little fleck of pink, for a high-light, and it is always effective.

She was apparently in high spirits, for she laughed repeatedly as she vanished in the wings, the high, shrill, maniacal laugh which on the stage is intended to indicate mirth. In point of fact, I have never heard but one woman laugh in the theatre a pure, merry, gurgling, contagious laugh. This was Rosina Vokes, and she was only sixteen, and some one fell in love with this same laugh shortly after, and took it forever from the stage.

Mlle. Rhea, therefore, being well dressed and merry, filled the outlines of a Beatrice very happily. My complete enjoyment, however, was marred by the fact that I only caught two words. These were, "Kill Claudio!" The rush of speech is so swift in comedy that when it becomes tangled up with accent, the mixture is very thick. Upon the principle, however, that one who does not understand Italian can enjoy Salvini or Ristori, or that many who do not know French delight in Sarah Bernhardt, Mlle. Rhea's Beatrice is a delightful bit of comedy.

The lady wears well upon acquaintance, so that people will give her good-bye very reluctantly. And when we think of her, we shall think of her as Frou-Frou, or, strangely enough, as that most English country-girl, Hester Grazebrook. By the way, how well it would have been for her Frou-Frou if Mr. George Osborne could have been the Brigard, the ancient beau of the Boulevard, the frivolous father of the frivolous Gilberte. This young actor, who is always happy as an old man, is always happiest as an old Frenchman. He is all that the eye or the understanding can desire—dignified, elegant, and sympathetic—as the elder Duval. As old Brigard, he would perhaps give the part that touch the author intended when the unhappy Frou-Frou has no father to turn to in her trouble.

The elder Duval in "Camille," like Mephisto, though nominally a minor character, has much to do with the success of the play, since Camille's really crucial scene comes with him.

No one could help wishing that Mrs. Melville-Snyder had selected any other part in her well-known list for the début of so promising a pupil as Miss Rowellan. It is the one part in all the line of standard characters in which physical unfitness most obtrudes itself. The story of Marguerite Gautier depends largely for the pathos of it all upon the swift-coming, early death which so surely overshadows her. A plump and pretty young girl is therefore never the ideal exponent of the part.

Laying aside this issue, Miss Rowellan made a remarkably intelligent and satisfactory first appearance. A beginner is to be judged only as a beginner. Years of thought and training, study and analysis, made of Modjeska's Camille an unmistakable *demi-mondaine* with a pathetic story. This it requires the highest, finest art to do. All the others, but Bernhardt and Modjeska, play her as quite a virtuous young woman with a bad cough and a misplaced attachment. Miss Rowellan plays it conventionally, and it would be bad taste in her to play it otherwise.

She has a pretty face, which is essentially a comedy face, yet it becomes duly sad and worn in the last act of "Camille." Her voice is sweet, pleasant, and sympathetic. As yet, she fully feels the emotion of the moment, rather than fully expresses it. This, however, is purely a matter of time and training, like the stage walk, the knowledge of by-play, and the thousand little things which come to the greatest genius on the stage only with practice.

The young lady has a natural aptness for the art she has chosen, and treads the boards with almost unexampled self-possession. Her stage presence would seem to set her almost exclusively in the field of comedy, but her repertoire is a combination of legitimate and emotional. It is indeed almost identical with Rhea's, and, being so, I should think she would have chosen rather to get herself into the seventeenth century most becoming habiliments of a Beatrice, and rail at a Benedick. Her own dresses, by the way, were all very handsome, rich, elegant, and beautifully made; too rich in texture, and too well made indeed not to betray the novice on the stage, where cheap and effective dressing is a part of the plan. I shouldn't mind taking an airing in Central Park under the gorgeous wrap which did not go with the Count de Varville to supper.

And talking of Benedicks, the substitute at the Baldwin was an improvement upon what might have been. It is true, Mr. Elliott bows in the minuet as if he had no joints in his back, and would look less like a magnified Cupid off a dessert-service in darker continuations. But he has some dash and spirit, and re-introduces inflection. If he be as he appears to be, a green actor in leading parts, his nervousness does him no discredit. He is not so jauntily indifferent a Benedick as he might be in the first act, but the spirit of comedy exists in him, and he is acceptable.

The insurance agent, the Jewish peddler, and the English pug having secured a foothold in the drama, the pushing book-agent has not been slow to follow. He is not, however, any more popular on the stage than he is off, and if the agent at the Bush Street Theatre were not supplemented by the minstrels and the perennial Ella Wesner, he would share the usual fate of book-agents.

The pug we have not yet had in a star part. But we shall see him take a principal part at the Baldwin next week in support of the all-conquering Nat Goodwin.

BETSY B.

---

At the California Theatre, next Monday evening, Tillotson's new play of "Lynwood" will be presented. Miss Kate Forsythe, the leading lady, is said to be an extremely handsome woman and a good actress. Mr. Frederick Warde also appears; he will be remembered as having played here in "Diplomacy," with Montague, some years ago. The full cast of "Lynwood" is as follows:

Lucille Carlyle.....Miss Kate Forsythe.
Gay Carlyle (a cousin).....Miss Emma Lorraine.
Blanche Maynard (engaged to Edwin),
Miss Lizzie Fletcher.
Kate Wilmarth (a Confederate spy, in love with Dudley),
Miss Sydney Armstrong.
Dudley Middleton.....Mr. Henry Holland.
Judge Carlyle (Lucille's father).....Mr. W. Constantine.
Edwin Carlyle (Lucille's brother)....Mr. James J. Tighe.
Eppeneetus E. E. C. Center.....Mr. J. W. Summers.
Uncle Joe.....Mr. W. J. Shea.
Captain Ramsen.....Mr. C. W. Parker.
Victor Blanchard.....Mr. Frederick Warde.

At a recent public examination—an exhibition concert—at the Leipzig Conservatory of Music, held on February 29th, special and most favorable mention was made of a San Francisco young man, Mr. Harry B. Pasmore, who is said to be particularly gifted in compositson and singing. Of his organ-playing at the concert, the *Leipziger Tageblatt* speaks as follows: "Mr. Henry Pasmore, of San Francisco, rendered the first part and Fugue (the Allegro was omitted) of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy's C minor Sonata very intelligently, with all necessary power and much skill. The Adagio for two manuals and pedal was especially beautiful." Another notice particularizes the "fine manual and pedal execution, and the great clearness accompanying it." In an interview recently with the celebrated composer, Carl Reinecke, that master pronounced an overture of Mr. Pasmore's "very cleverly written," and added: "I hope you will write a great deal for orchestra." Mr. Pasmore left Leipzig on the 6th of April for London, where he intends to devote especial attention to the study of singing, under the best instructors there.

---

At the Baldwin, Mlle. Rhea concludes her engagement Saturday evening as Lady Teazle in "School for Scandal." The occasion is for the benefit of Mr. Thomas Maguire. Sunday evening is also set apart for Mr. Maguire, when a bill consisting of drama and olio will be presented. Rhea plays "Frou-Frou" for the matinée. On Monday next Mr. Nat Goodwin introduces "Confusion" to the public. This piece has been most successful in New York. It is the work of Joseph Derrick. The cast is as follows:

Christopher Blizzard.....Mr. N. C. Goodwin.
Mortimer Mumpleford.....Mr. J. R. Crawford.
Rupert Sunbery.....Mr. Robert Coote, Jr.
James .....Mr. Wm. Herbert.
Dr. Bartholomew Jones.....Mr. Edward Seabrooke.
Michael Muzzle.....Mr. E. Goodwin.
Lucretia Tricklehy.....Miss Maria Davis.
Rose Mumpleford.....Miss Adele Waters.
Violet.....Miss Hattie Delaro.
Maria.....Miss Ella Mayer.

---

It is stated that the friends of Miss Eva West are endeavoring to organize a benefit for her. It certainly is much needed. The lady in question will be remembered as an excellent actress on our local boards—one who was always pleasing and reliable. She was the sole support of a widowed mother and a younger brother until she became incapacitated by illness. The family, deprived of the support she had provided, are now in destitute circumstances, and she is still lying upon a sick bed. Under the circumstances a benefit would be most timely, and the San Francisco public would doubtless respond most generously.

---

Thomas Maguire, the pioneer manager, has been tendered a benefit by his friends, to take place at the Baldwin, Saturday and Sunday evenings, May 24 and 25. The bill presented is a varied and attractive one, and it will doubtless fill the house. There are many people who have the kindliest of feelings toward the old manager, although he may not know them, and when they hear that this benefit is really needed by him, they will doubtless respond liberally.

---

At the Bush Street, Evans, Bryant & Hoey's "Meteors" have been playing through the week to large houses. The bill consists of a variety entertainment, followed by a farce called "The Book Agent." This latter is very amusing, particularly the character of the tramp. The variety entertainment is fair, although there are several features in it which are exceedingly vulgar, and might be left out to advantage. Same bill next week.

---

The friends of Master Abe Sichel, a pupil and protégé of Mr. Alois F. Lejeal, will be pleased to learn that, in a certificate which has just been received from the directors of the Royal Conservatory of Leipzig, Professors Herr Carl Reinecke and Dr. Jadassohn, under whom Master Sichel is pursuing his studies, express themselves in the highest terms concerning his extraordinary application, his talent, and splendid progress.

---

Remenji, the Hungarian virtuoso known as the "Josefy of the Violin," will bid adieu to our lovers of music at the Baldwin Theatre in the latter part of June, as he is due in July in the antipodes. Two vocalists—new to us here—accompany him on his tour. Marcus M. Henry is attending to the business details.

---

Next Friday Miss Grace G. Wadsworth, who is shortly going to Europe, will be given a complimentary concert at B'nai B'rith Hall, at which Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mrs. L. P. Howell, Mrs. Bradford, Mrs. Story, Mr. Samuel Mayer, and Mr. Jansen will assist.

---

At the Standard, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been running through the week, under the management of Stechhan & Cornelius. Next Monday night "Wyatt's California Quartet Minstrels" appear.

Manager Brooks, of Brooks & Dickson, says that the days of ten thousand dollar and twelve thousand dollar-melodramas are over. They can go on producing all the melodramas they want without his bidding on them. The country has been overdone with this sort of material, and business has fallen off very materially. Great receipts for pieces like the "Romany Rye," and so forth, this season have been almost unknown of late, while farce seems to have suddenly come to the fore again. Look at the business done by pieces like the "Rag Baby," "Skipped," "Pop," and so forth; they show which way the wind is blowing in the East at all events. "I don't mean to say that we have made no money on our ventures in the melodramatic line, but receipts have diminished from one-third to one-half all round, and the complaint is general that things are not as they should be."

---

The Bank of the Metropolis, having failed to secure any settlement of its claim on Mapleson for twenty-three thousand dollars, attached his property, consisting of scenery and costumes. Under the directions of Deputy Sheriffs Aaron and Kelly, the regular scene-shifters and carpenters of the New York Academy of Music have removed all this stuff to Nilsson Hall. There are over a hundred scenes and many hundred dresses, and if some arrangements concerning the overdrawn account is not come to, the property will be sold to the highest bidder or by private contract. There are but few people, however, to whom a set of operatic scenery is a desirable acquisition, and it is not expected that the proceeds of the sale will reach a high total.

---

The promptitude and sagacity with which Mr. Henry E. Abbey's late artists are now explaining to the public how the season of Italian opera should have been managed, is as refreshing as a shower after a simoon. First, Signor Campanini pointed out through the press Mr. Abbey's extravagance. "If that manager had not engaged so many people, and paid them such absurd figures, he would have made money," said the tenor. Now Madame Nilsson gets into the newspapers with her view of it: "Mr. Abbey engaged too many people, and paid them too much." Had Mr. Abbey engaged nobody but Campanini and Nilsson the public might not have been pleased, but it would have been spared these sagacious criticisms.

---

At the Grand Opera House, "No Thoroughfare" has been running through the week with George Wessels as Obenreizer. The performance has been fair.

---

At Platt's Hall, Tuesday evening, May 27th, a benefit is to be tendered to Gertie and May Josephi, two child actresses. The play is "Caste."

---

—NEW DEPARTURE.—DINNERS 11 A. M. TO 8 P. M. Hot muffins, etc. Manning's Oyster Grotto, 428 Pine Street.

**Richmond Range.**

The new style grate, check and draft damper, for saving fuel, are used only in the celebrated Improved Richmond Range. For sale by the agents, Schuster Brothers, 306 Sutter St., above Dupont.

**Yosemite and Giant Trees,**

Via positively the shortest, cheapest, and best scenic route, in new unexcelled six-horse coaches. For tickets and full information, THOMAS T. WALTON, 138 Montgomery Street.

**James Hanrahan,**

Real Estate Broker and General Collector. $10,000 to loan. Refers to Hon. Philip A. Roach. 319 Sansome Street.

**French Flowers and Feathers.**

Ladies, call at the Wonder Flower and Feather Store, 1024 Market Street, and inspect the new French Flowers and Feathers.

— ELEGANT APARTMENTS AT THE OLD BALDWIN Mansion for a strictly private club, with butler in attendance for dinners, etc., if required; or rooms for gentlemen, with billiard-room, drawing and reception-rooms, with dressing-rooms, bath, etc. Also a handsome conservatory, with a private entrance to these apartments, as well as two rear entrances off from Post and Mason. Apply at 410 Geary Street.

**CALIFORNIA THEATRE.**

Commencing Tuesday Evening, May 27th, every evening and Saturday matinee, production of the great play of

**LYNWOOD**

By J. K. TILLOTSON, introducing

**FREDERICK WARDE,**

**KATE FORSYTHE,**

And a GREAT CAST, under the management of

**WILLIAMS & TILLOTSON.**

PRICES AS USUAL. The sale of seats begins on Wednesday, May 21, 1884.



GOSSIP.

Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Vata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.
ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.
ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.
THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

**A New Discovery.**

The Silk Floss Mattresses and Pillows manufactured by the California Furniture Company, No. 226 Bush Street, are the best substitutes yet discovered for those made of curled hair or feathers. They are in many respects far superior to either, yet they are much cheaper. To use them is a luxury. Try them, and you will be satisfied.

**Root Beer.**

A strictly non-alcoholic family beverage, at once delicious to the taste and beneficial to the system. The youngest child or the feeblest invalid can drink it with advantage. Put up in pint and quart champagne bottles, with patent stoppers, at seventy cents and one dollar and ten cents per dozen. All orders promptly filled. H. L. St. John & Co., 14 Hayes Street.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— A. & W. OIL STOVE.—DON'T BUY AN OIL Stove till you have seen the new A. & W. Monarch for 1884. Send for circular. Myers & Co., 869 Market Street.

— GEORGE ANDREWS, OF LOWELL, ALTHOUGH salt-rheum ulcers covered half his body, was cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

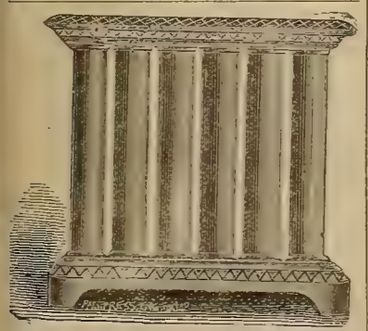
— THE METROPOLITAN HALL IS DELIGHTfully adapted, both in elegance of appointments and seating capacity, for concerts and commencement exercises.

— CLEANSE THE SCALP FROM SCURF AND dandruff, and keep the hair pliable, by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.



**HARVEY'S**

**HOT WATER RADIATOR.**

For Warming and Ventilating Private Residences and Public Dwellings. Uniform Heat. No Gases. No Dust.

**23 Stevenson St., near First, San Francisco.**

**IRVING HALL, 139 POST ST.**

**Halls to Rent for Balls, Parties, etc.**

Apply to A. A. SANDERS, on the premises.

**SHORT-HAND & TYPE WRITING**

Taught privately or by mail. Situations procured for pupils when competent. Call or write to F. LUSK, Heald's Business College.

**STRUCK SILVER**

**FOR PLATED WARE.**

The most complete Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating Establishment in the world for Spoons, Knives, Forks, Pitchers, Tea Sets, and ONE THOUSAND other articles.

**E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.**

STORE AND FACTORY,

**653 and 655 Mission Street, San Francisco.**

**REMOVAL.**

**Office of Fort Wayne, Vandalia, and Pan-Handle Lines, and**

**PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD,**

—TO—

**116 MONTGOMERY ST.**

(OCCIDENTAL HOTEL).

**J. B. KIRKLAND, Agent.**

**FRUIT FARMS.**

**$25 PER ACRE.**

Two pieces of CHOICE, FINE LAND—one contains eighty-three acres, the other about forty—situated about six miles northwest of Watsonville.

**FOR SALE BY**

**W. F. GAFFEY,**

**Main Street, Watsonville.**

**KOHLMOOS HOTEL,**

**Railroad Avenue, near Webster St.**

**ALAMEDA.**

Fine Garden 200 feet square; Club House; Bowling and Billiards. Everything first-class.

**JOHN KOHLMOOS, PROPRIETOR.**

**FASHIONABLE, COMFORTABLE, REASONABLE, TUBBS' HOTEL,**

**OAKLAND, John M. Lawlor, Prop'r.**

**$130,000**

Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 2, 1881. Home office, **1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.** Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers. RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

**BUTTERICK'S**

**Patterns---Summer Styles.**

**Send Stamp for Catalogue. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**

**OPENING OF**

**SPRING AND SUMMER HATS**

**THIS WEEK BY**

**C. HERRMANN & CO.**

**(HERRMANN THE HATTER),**

**At 332---336 Kearny Street, between Bush and Pine Streets.**

The largest Hat Store and the largest stock on the Pacific Coast. An immense line of novelties.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue for 1884, just out.

**FALK'S Bilsener BEER**

**KNABE PIANOS**

"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*

**A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St. S. F.,** Sole Agents.

**ELEGANT RESIDENCE**

**FOR SALE.**

In the Western Addition, near Van Ness Avenue, for $30,000; cost over $50,000. This is a rare opportunity to purchase one of the handsomest residences in the city at far below its real value. For particulars, apply to JOS. A. SANBORN, 407 Montgomery Street.

**Sewerage. Ventilation.**

**DAVID BUSH,**

**SANITARY ENGINEER**

**No. 316 Sutter Street,**

Between Dupont and Stockton Sts., San Francisco. Telephone No. 815.

SANITARY PLUMBING MY SPECIALTY.

"I have no Branch Store."

**Steam Heating. Gas Fitting.**

**PUMPS.—WORTHINGTON'S.**

**Special, Mining, and Irrigating Pumps.**

Over two hundred cities and towns have adopted them in water-works. Cheaper than any other of same capacity. The Worthington Meter measures accurately water, wine, oil, etc.; over 30,000 in use; used in nearly every city water-works in the United States. Send for catalogue.

HENRY B. WORTHINGTON,

**30 and 32 First St., S. F.** A. L. FISH, Manager.

**STORE YOUR FURNITURE**

**Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.**

BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH

**J. H. MOTT & CO.,**

**735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco.**

Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

**PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.**

**Stationers, Booksellers,**

**Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,**

**204 Sansome Street, near Pine.**

**CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY**

**OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.**

**Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.**

C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

**"EUREKA" COTTON**

**GARDEN HOSE**

Stronger three to one, and lighter two to one, than the best four-ply Rubber Hose; and if left out in the sun and air continuously, or, if put away, put away dry, will stand the roughest kind of usage and will last for years.

Also, RUBBER HOSE of extra quality and at low price.

**W. T. Y. SCHENCK,**

36 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. A. K. CLAPPE'S**

**SELECT SCHOOL**

**FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,**

At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N. Y. Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalogue.

**GOODYEAR'S**

**Extra A1 Superior**

**RUBBER HOSE,**

**BELTING AND PACKING.**

We make to order, at few hours' notice, in our RUBBER FACTORY, Hard & Soft Valves, Gaskets, Car Springs, etc.

Goodyear Rubber Co.

R. H. PEASE, JR., S. M. RUNYON, AGENTS.

**577 and 579 Market St., S. F.**

**BONESTELL, RICHARDSON & CO.**

**ALLEN & CO.**

**PAPER WAREHOUSE**

411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

**JOHN MIDDLETON,**

**COAL.**

**14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.**

**ATKINS MASSEY,**

**UNDERTAKER,**

At the old established place, **No. 651 Sacramento Street,** first house below Kearny, San Francisco.

**C. V. GILLESPIE,**

**SEARCHER OF RECORDS**

**409 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**

**HALLS TO LET,**

FOR BALLS, CLUBS, ETC. Apply to **Mrs. Ada Clark's Dancing Academy,** 211 Sutter Street, above Kearny.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

**FREE** A lady's fancy Box with 26 articles and 60 page book illustrating games, tricks, etc. Send 10c. to help pay postage. E. NASON & CO., 120 Fulton St., N.Y.

**BETHESDA**

**SUPERIOR TABLE WATER**

**L. CAHEN AND SON. 418 SAC. ST. S.F.**




See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

**J. W. EVANS,**
General Agent, 29 Post Street.

---

**L. D. STONE & CO.**
(Successors to R. Stone),
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
**Harness, Saddles, Saddlery Hardware**
Collars, Whips, Robes, Horse Blankets, and all kinds of Harness and Patent Leathers.
422 and 424 Battery Street, corner Washington, San Francisco.

---

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
**Commission Merchants,**
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
☞ Liberal advances made on consignments. ☜

---

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

---

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 309 SANSOME STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

---

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

---

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

---

THE
**AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,**
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.

---

**A. P. HOTALING & CO.**
429 to 437 Jackson St., sole agents for the J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky, "O. P. S.," "O. O. K.," "O. K." "A No. 1," "A." Established 1852.

---

Call and See the New Invention,
**MAGIC**
**WINDOW SCREEN**
AT 128 GEARY ST.
Solid comfort in the house, with the flies on the outside.
**W. LITTLE, Proprietor,**
CARPENTER, BUILDER.

---

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
**TILES**
For Decorations.
**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

---

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

---

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
**HENRY F. MILLER**
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
**HEMME & LONG**
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
**WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.**
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

---

**ICHI BAN**

FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

---

**WALL PAPERS,**
AMERICAN & FOREIGN, New Artistic Designs.

**FRESCOING**
Interior Decorating.

**LINCRUSTA WALTON,**
The new and imperishable Wall Decoration

**STAINED GLASS,**
For Residences, Churches, Public Buildings, etc.
Sole Agents for the La Farge Decorative Art Co. of New York, the leading American authority.

**Imitation Stained Glass,**
The best article of its kind in the world.

**WINDOW SHADES!**
G. W. CLARK & CO.
645 and 647 MARKET STREET.

---

C OF G Marvel of Excellence and Workmanship.
Contain less Paper and FINER Tobacco than any Cigarette made.
Popular as the great
"AFTER-DINNER" CIGARETTE.

---

*Straight Mesh,*
*CLOTH OF GOLD.*
13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS,
By WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

---

**BYRON MAUZY,**
Agent for
SOHMER & CO. } PIANOS
PEEK & SON }
Pianos sold on easy installments. Pianos to Rent, Tuned and Repaired.
107 and 109 Post Street, San Francisco.

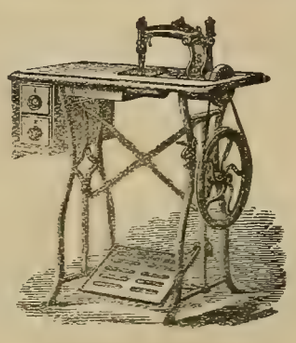
---

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.
**NEWSOM & GASH,**
**ARCHITECTS**
Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,
Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

---

FINE
Suits, $25. **TAILORING** Suits, $30.
Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.
Suits, $40. **TAILORING** Suits, $50.
Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.
Suits, $60. **TAILORING** Suits, $70.
J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier,
314 Kearny Street.

---



**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.**
**WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.**
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

---

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE HOME INDUSTRY




---

**BUGGIES!**
If you want a high-priced Buggy, Carriage, or Phaeton, or if you want a good one for a low price, describe what you want, and order from
TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., 511 Market St., S. F.

---

**BEAUTIFUL SNOW**
FOR THE COMPLEXION!
This elegant preparation is the most perfect beautifier known, It is pure and harmless, delightful in its application, and wonderful in its effects, while the closest scrutiny fails to detect its use. Prepared by
**H. BOWMAN, Chemist, Oakland.**
For sale by all druggists.

---




**THE HALL TYPE-WRITER**
Awarded medal at Semi-Centennial Fair of American Institute in New York over all others. Simple and durable. Weighs seven pounds in case. No inking ribbon. Interchangeable types of all kinds. Takes all sizes paper. Price, $40. Call and examine.
PACIFIC COAST AGENCY, ROOM 34, No. 123 CALIFORNIA STREET.
S. F. Office Empire Portable Forge Co. of Cohoes, N. Y.

---

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

---




THE STANDARD SILK OF THE WORLD
**YATES & CONKLIN,**
Sole Agents,
13 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

---

**REAL ESTATE.**
Fine Business and Residence Property in all parts of the city for sale by
**G. F. BOWMAN, 440 California St.**

---

**GERMEA**
FOR BREAKFAST,
DELICIOUS,
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIV. NO. 22. SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 31, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: Blaine regarded in the light of a Presidential Candidate—What the Character of our Institutions Demands—A searching Analysis of Acts and Motives—The Republican and Democratic Partisans who are Blind Followers of their Candidates—The Men who do not make Presidents—What the Independent Citizen must do in deciding how he may wisely cast his Vote—The Assumption that Blaine will Receive the Nomination—"Twenty Years in Congress"—An Active Political Life, and Participation in all the later Troubles through which our Country has Passed—A Book which will Interest every Loyal American—Blaine's treatment of England's Free Trade policy—The Great Powers of Europe during our Civil War—The Niche which an Alternate fills in the National Convention—His Privileges and his Advantages—A Personal Application—The Corner in Passover Bread—Corners in General—The Men, Women, and Children who are Monopolists—The Ultimate Salvation of the Human Race imperilled.....1-2

THE DOUBLE STANDARD: A Point in the present Coinage Controversy—The Legal Right of the Government to pay its Debts in Silver and Gold—The Obstacles which stand in the way of Other Methods..... 2

DECORATION DAY: "The Cap Marked 'Company K,'" by William H. Lytle; "Somebody's Darling," anonymous..... 3

BILL NYE'S BUDGET: Man Overboard—The Opium Habit..... 3

THE POPULAR LANGTRY: "Flaneur" describes her New York Success—The Wall Street Crash—A Swindling Firm—Athletics among Gotham Clerks..... 4

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People..... 4

THE POT OF TULIPS: A Wild Tale of a Missing Fortune and a Ghost..... 5

SOCIETY: The Crocker Dinner—The British Banquet—The Stetson Dinner—Memorial Day Picnics—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip..... 6

BUBBLES: A Monterey Idyl—Tourists who Do the Paris Sewers—The Prominent Citizen and the "Pop" Dudes—The Summer Novel—A Problem in Marital Philosophy—Kaiser William, Prince Bismarck, and the Seventh Orange—The Lady who was Photographed..... 7

THE MYSTERIOUS CLOCK: A Wild Tale told in a Miner's Cabin at Circle Valley.....8-9

THE PUN IN SHAKESPEARE: How the great Dramatist played with Words 10

STORYETTES: Judge Black's Charge—A Texan's Adventure in New York—A Fly Chicago Dry-goods Dealer—Taglioni as a Queen..... 10

LITERARY NOTES: The Death of a French Magazine—A New York Anglomaniac's Views about California—Miscellany..... 11

A WALL STREET RHYME: "Israel Freyer's Bid for Gold," by E. C. Stedman..... 11

OUR CHESS COLUMN: A French Problem—The London Tournament last Year—Answers to Correspondents..... 11

THE INNER MAN: A London Waiter and how he Won a Tip and much Praise..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B." talks of "Confusion" and "Lynwood"—Stage Gossip—Musical Notes..... 14

An alternate is a thing of beauty, provided as an ornament to a national convention, calculated to round out the symmetry of its proportions. The alternate is a supererogation. He fills a place not likely to be empty. He is a second fiddle in a delegation orchestra. He is a sort of figure-head placed at the tail of the ship. He is named "delegate" and "at large," sometimes very much at large. He has the privilege of going to Chicago—at his own expense. He has a seat in the convention; he has a voice—*i. e.*, he can shout and halloo when the clamor arises. He wears the badge of a delegate. He looks mysteriously wise when asked whom he favors for the nomination. He has the privilege of being dignified in his deportment, and of regarding himself as of importance in his party. When the proceedings of the convention are printed, his name is not in the book, but as no one but delegates ever read it this is of little consequence. When the newspaper obituary of his life is written, "alternate" reads as well as "delegate." Under instructions to vote "solid for Blaine," an individual vote pronounced by the chairman of the delegation is of trifling importance. The opportunity of speech may or may not be of consequence; something depends upon the judgment and ability to properly avail one's self of the opportunity. The duties of an alternate are not difficult of performance. One has but to keep his mouth shut and look wise, and when the convention is over he is certain not to have periled his chances for any office he may have the cheek to apply for. It affords one a good excuse for a vacation, and, if filling the important position of editor of a weekly journal, it furnishes him with an apology for not being at his post for a few weeks; and if the editorial department improves in his absence, it will prove that there is no position in this round world where any man is indispensable. The editor of the *Argonaut* is an alternate, and absents himself from editorial responsibility for the next three weeks.

If, during the coming week, Mr. Blaine shall have become the Presidential candidate of a great national party, with probabilities of election to the highest administrative and executive office, it will be the privilege of all Republicans, all electors of any party, and all American citizens to consider him with reference to his position as Presidential candidate. Mr. Blaine's life is an open book; there is nothing concealed; nothing that could be concealed if it were desirable. The very character of our institutions justifies the citizen in demanding that the candidate for office submit himself, his acts, and his motives to the most exhaustive and searching analysis. As in the Roman republic, the "candidate" must stand in the open forum, clad in the robes of candidacy—clothed in white—so must the Presidential candidates of the Republican and Democratic parties stand up in the full glare of the sunlight and submit themselves to investigations which shall have in them no appearance of favoritism, or sentiment, or generosity. There are Republican and Democratic partisans so earnest, so enthusiastic, and so prejudiced as party men, that they are, and will be, blind to every argument made against their candidate or in favor of the candidate of the opposition. These men do not make Presidents. They are so nearly equal in the country, and their methods are so nearly alike, that they counterbalance each other, and thus give to the independent mass of thinking, non-office-seeking men a balance of power, which for these many years past has proved strong enough to determine the choice of the successful candidate. This Presidential choice, by reason of our nominating methods, will be reduced to two men. The personal and individual choice of the elector can not, under our method of party government, be exercised. After the two national conventions have met and acted, the practical choice for President will have been reduced to the two party candidates. Between these two it will be the privilege of all independent citizens to choose. The man who likes neither can stay at home, and thus disfranchise himself. Between two men there is always a choice. There is, between two evils, always the lesser. Between two great, and good, and deserving men there is always the greater, the better, the more deserving. In the present instance, and under the party methods to which our administration of government is practically reduced, there is something besides the personality of candidates to consider. It is under very peculiar and exceptional circumstances that any man, in the performance of the duties of the Presidential office, can act independently of the party which elevates him to power. He must stand upon the party platform. He must breathe the party atmosphere. He must carry out the party principles. He must uphold the party organization. He must call into his cabinet councils his party's ablest statesmen. He must entrust the execution of government plans to party subordinates, except those inferior positions, which, under a just civil service policy, may be better filled than by mere party followers. Hence, the independent citizen must regard the candidate from the position which his party occupies. He must understand the party history, consider its achievements in the past, and its promises for the future, in order to intelligently determine for which of the Presidential candidates he may most safely and prudently cast his vote. We assume that Mr. Blaine will be nominated at Chicago; and, in event of that consummation, the intelligent citizen has imposed upon him the duty of the investigation of his public and his private life. We say his "private" life, because of our conviction that public honor and honesty run parallel with honor and integrity in private life. The honorable man is honorable everywhere. The dishonest man is dishonest anywhere. The man who is not brave and true in the business and social relations which exist among men in the domain of business and social life is neither brave, nor true, nor to be trusted in the performance of public duties. The moral coward, the unprincipled, the avaricious, the subtle knave, the scheming rascal, is a coward, knave, and rascal in public life. He is to be watched, distrusted, and warred upon by all brave and honest men.

We commend to our readers that they do not fail to obtain, and at their leisure carefully read, the historical work of Mr. Blaine, just recently published, entitled "Twenty Years of Congress." It is an admirable account of our later years. It is full of interest in recalling to the intelligent reader the events of our country during the past more than twenty years, of which all are familiar, and in which most have had an active participation. The work is a curious study when we consider the conditions under which it has been compiled. During these years, Mr. Blaine has been in active political life, and has been an active participant in all the later perils through which our Government has passed. In the House of Representatives, in the Senate of the United States, in the Cabinet of the President, as speaker in Congress, as party leader, and through perilous and stormy times, he has so borne himself as to challenge the admiration and command the respect of the best men of the party, whose chief and leader he is acknowledged to be. For twelve years he has been the choice of a large majority of the Republicans of the nation, and the choice of a large and intelligent and patriotic minority of the best Democrats of the country. While he has not alienated the good feeling of any intelligent foreign citizen by holding or expressing any other than the most liberal sentiments toward them, while he has done nothing to offend the class sentiment of any who are capable of becoming American citizens, or who, being American citizens, have conducted themselves loyally as such, he has especially deserved and received the unqualified commendation of all citizens, native and foreign-born, who recognize the right of fifty-five millions of American people upon the American continent to have an American policy in its governmental relations with all foreign countries. His course, so brave, so manly, so dignified, while for the few feverish months of anxiety he was both President and premier, are kindly recollected by a people to whom a foreign policy was a thing of tradition, and gives earnest of what he would do, and what the country would do, in event of his becoming President of the United States of America. To those who shall read his book, we commend to their especial attention that part commencing at the two hundred and seventh page, which treats of the free trade policy of England; and, lest all of our readers may not have the opportunity of the book, and at risk of a longer article than we had contemplated writing, we quote: "England comes to her policy (of 'free trade') after having clogged and embarrassed trade for a long period by "the most unreasonable and tyrannical restrictions, ruthlessly enforced, without regard to the interest or even "the rights of others. She had more than four hundred "Acts of Parliament regulating the tax on imports under "the old designations of tonnage and poundage, adjusted, "as the phrase indicates, to heavy and light commodities. ". . . When, by long experiment and persistent effort, "England had carried her fabrics to perfection; when by "the large accumulation of wealth and the forces of re"served capital she could command facilities which poor"er nations could not rival; when, by the talent of her in"ventors, developed under the stimulus of a large reward, "she had surpassed all other countries in the magnitude "and effectiveness of her machinery—she proclaimed free "trade, and persuasively urged it upon all lands with which "she had commercial intercourse. Maintaining the most "arbitrary and complicated system of protection as long "as her statesmen considered that policy advantageous, "she resorted to free trade only when she felt ab[illegible] "vade the domestic markets of other countries, ar[illegible]

"sell the fabrics produced by struggling artisans, sustained "by weaker capital and less advanced skill. So long as "there was danger that her own marts might be invaded, "and the products of her looms and forges undersold at "home, she rigidly excluded the competing fabric, and "held her own market for her own wares. England was "neither consistent nor candid in her advocacy and estab- "lishment of free trade." How England pursued the same policy of subsidies to her steam marine, till she obtained the sovereignty of the seas and the carrying trade of the world, is plainly told. We also commend to our readers the perusal of that part of Mr. Blaine's history commencing at page 569, which treats of England's relations with the American Government from a period immediately after Mr. Lincoln's inauguration till the close of the civil war; her premature recognition of Southern belligerency, knowing that the War of the Rebellion was for the avowed purpose of destroying our Union, that in its place might be planted a cluster of jarring nationalities, one of which should have for its foundation human slavery; her clandestine correspondence with the rebels, and her secret negotiation of a hostile treaty with armed insurgents; her arrogant treatment and peremptory demand of reparation and apology for the seizure of Mason and Slidell; her secret understanding with the French in their effort to plant a throne upon the soil of neighboring republic; the building and equipping of Confederate cruisers; the establishment of depots of supplies at Nassau and other ports contiguous to the Confederate coast; the running of blockades; the supply of arms, ammunition, medicine, and other goods contraband of war; her negotiation of cotton bonds, and her expressions of hostility in Parliamentary debate. This writing indicates the temper with which our next President regards the conduct of the world's strongest power when she had us at the advantage at our weakest moment. The American people have not forgotten these things; the midnight darkness lighted with our burning ships; and the fact that an English navy destroyed our commerce by allowing its ships to be covered with a flag that never sought nor accepted a willing fight with an armed enemy; a pirate fleet, manned by English seamen, armed with English guns, entering no home port, destroying unarmed vessels engaged in legitimate commerce, ships gathering oil in the Arctic, ships carrying merchandise in the Atlantic, steamships bearing passengers and treasure in the Pacific, and having and seeking no courts for the judicial condemnation of prizes. The "empire of a republic" should be peace; but the fact that in our civil war but one of the great powers of Europe (Russia) had the courage and the conscience to display for us an active and avowed friendship, should teach us the importance of a foreign policy which should never again place us at the mercy of the ambition, the greed, and the bigotry of European powers; an American policy which would place the Government of the United States where, by virtue of her population, her wealth, her strength, her geographical position, she is entitled to be—viz., the first power of the American continent, and the equal of any power upon the European, with an American policy which shall deserve respect, and a power behind that shall command it.

When it comes to forming a corner on Passover bread, we think it time to organize an anti-monopoly party. We have been subjected in San Francisco to corners on almost everything else—from tacks upward. We can recall no single article of imported merchandise and no single article of local manufacture which has not been cornered by our merchants and traders within the past thirty years. We have breakfasted on cornered bacon, fried with monopolized eggs; drank cornered coffee, sweetened with monopolized sugar; and read our morning journal printed on hardware paper, because all white newspaper was cornered by certain newspaper proprietors. There has been no other monopoly so profitable, so heartless, and so persistent as that which for nearly thirty years has enhanced the cost of meat upon our tables. There are very few rich men or prosperous business men in San Francisco who have not been engaged in monopolies. There is no single business man of any vocation, or pursuit, or calling, or profession in San Francisco who would not willingly become a monopolist, if he could find profit in it. There is not a man, or woman, or child, not a nursing child, in the city or State, who is not a monopolist from birth and by nature. There is not a sucking pig in the country, or a bear upon the Bourse in the city, that would not take and keep everything in sight, if it lay in its power. There is no banker or money-lender who does not want all the money in the country. There is not a farmer or landowner who does not want all the land which adjoins him. There is not a preacher who would not save all the souls, nor a doctor who would not cure all the patients, nor a lawyer who would not monopolize all the clients, nor one who would not let the other preachers be damned, the other doctors die, and the other lawyers be ruined by litigation. There is only one woman of our acquaintance who would not, if she had the power, monopolize all the youth, beauty, talent, beaux, lovers, admiration, and gossip of the unlimited universe, if she could have her own sweet will of universal mankind. This quality displays itself at the breast, and never dies till the last diminishing puff of smoke vanishes at cremation. There is no one who lives, or has ever lived since the dawn, whom we have ever heard of, or read of, except Buddha and our Divine Master, who was willing to take upon himself any part of the sins or burdens of mankind; and we have never met or known of a well authenticated case of man or woman who found himself or herself unwillingly in the possession of too many of this world's goods, or too much of this world's happiness, or had too much assurance of Abraham's bosom in the world to come. We never knew of an anti-monopoly politician who would not monopolize all the possible opportunities to get office, and who in office would not steal anything in reach. We never knew of an anti-monopoly journalist (or any other, for that matter), who would not be willing that every other editor should be murdered and every other newspaper suppressed, in order that his circulation might be increased and his profits multiplied. But, when it comes to a corner in *matzos*, that is another question. To imperil the ultimate salvation of the human race by a corner in unleavened bread for the Passover festival is something which touches a very large class of our most valued citizens. We may stand the monopoly of gold and of wheat, of water, gas, and railroad transportation; but if we are to be played for coin on our puts and calls for immortality in this world's vile Bourse, it is time that the law should interpose for our protection. Rather than submit to it, rather than subject ourself to this outrage—we speak for ourselves in the spirit of invincible resolution—rather than submit to it, we will eat baker's bread—so help us God!

From all that we know of human history it would appear that a nation, after once attaining, by achievements in whatever line—whether in conquest, in industry, in science, by arms or by enterprise—distinguished rank from which it afterward declines, is nearly incapable of reassuming the lost position. A prime cause of this mobility lies in a self-conceit which renders the fallen people unwilling to learn from others, until persistence in the same old groove destroys the capacity for learning. If this people have the further misfortune to be in any measure isolated from much foreign intercourse, shut up within itself, its estate is in the latter degrees of hopelessness. Most of the Asiatic people have been for centuries in this condition. Among modern European peoples, Italy was long, and Spain is still, a conspicuous example. Among the Spanish-American colonies, Mexico has latterly shown a wish for improvement, but it is a wish guided by very imperfect knowledge, and one destined, before it is realized, to provoke strong resentments. Mexico, without traversable wagon roads, has called for railways; without sidewalks to the alleys it mistakes for streets, has sought electric lighting; with a postal service that is a parody, establishes telegraphs and telephones; with much and loud talk of liberty, is still a land of peonage. Mexico establishes a ballot that is a satire, to return "official candidates" under strictly military rule, and hopes for progress that she so little understands that a man who lays his hand to any act of bodily labor so loses caste that he justifies to himself a preference for any other means of living. All these things are inevitable and natural. The system of peonage was bequeathed by Spain to her colonies, and the system renders —and necessarily renders—manual labor dishonorable. The corner-stone of Spanish colonial policy was expressed in the saying that "a Castilian mule was more fit for Viceroy than a colonist." Hence, up to the moment of independence the colonists had no more political education or notions of self-government than the same Castilian mule might have had. When independence was achieved, there sat on each unhappy like an incubus, an established church owning a third part of the land and probably more than half of the free capital, that combined in itself every vice of government in forms as aggravated as priestcraft has invented. By a long and exhausting effort this incubus was thrown off. Since the fall of Maximilian great things (comparatively) have been done by Mexico, but the amount of absolute progress is such that to the foreigner—at least, to the American—a visit to that country presents a pageant of more than mediæval strangeness. He sees the industries, the machines, the methods of ancient Egypt—the Egypt of Moses and Gardiner Wilkinson—in a setting taken from Saracen Spain. Mexico, in this effort to rouse and take a place among the nations, should command the heartiest sympathy of Americans. She is heavily weighted for the effort. Spain transmitted to all her colonies the mental rigidity characteristic of a fallen power; and mental race characteristics can not be changed in a generation. The American, with his different habits and methods, is now intruding himself among a poor, proud, intensely patriotic, and a self-conceited people. Compared with theirs, his manners are unpolished and rude; his manner toward them is domineering and offensively expressive of the disrespect for them which he does not care to conceal. These things grate, they rasp, they establish a raw. Still, such a situation is not incompatible with the preservation of public peace and diplomatic relations. The English have long enjoyed a similar detestation on the continent of Europe, but have been tolerated out of a variety of considerations—among other, that of pecuniary gain. We are at liberty to expect that similar considerations may preserve the peace between the Colossus of the North (as these United States are termed down there) and the aspiring, touchy sister republic.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### The Double Standard.

There is one point in the present controversy concerning the coinage of the standard silver dollar that the silver men, or those who are in favor of maintaining the *status quo* in our monetary system do not fully understand (or, if they do, they do not give it that decisive importance which its merits demand), and that the advocates of a change from a double to a single gold standard are not going to be able to easily dispose of—and that is the indisputable *legal right* of the Government of the United States, and of every citizen thereof, unless barred by specific contract, to pay all debts in *either* gold or silver. And this right (or its equivalent) under the law and the Constitution, so far as all existing contracts are concerned, no human power can, without injustice, take from them. The Constitution, by fair inference, and the law, in express terms, recognize this plain right, which can not even be changed or modified substantially, except by the most scrupulous observance of all the implications that logically grow out of it. The Constitution provides that Congress may coin gold and silver and regulate their value; that is to say, their relative *interchangeable value*. And Congress, by virtue of this provision, has ordained—at least since 1837—that the two co-units of our monetary system shall consist, respectively, of 25.8 grains of gold, nine-tenths fine, or of 412½ grains of silver of like fineness; which ordinance, with all our subsequent fiscal and legal-tender legislation, together with the Constitutional provision cited on which existing contracts are based, fairly place us, as is universally conceded, on the double standard. And one of the very foundation stones on which the double standard is based is "*Gresham's law*"—which, after all, is merely a *natural* law that Gresham first discovered. When the statute intentionally gives every citizen the option of paying a debt by either one of two modes, the presumption is that he will adopt that one which is the easier. For instance, if he owes a dollar he does not pay it with one dollar and twenty cents. Neither does the hard-working laborer (who knows so well what hard work means), who owes a day's work, liquidate his indebtedness by working a day and a half. He would ordinarily be called a fool if he did. In *promiscuous barter* (the original form of exchange), there are multiform measures of value and variety of option. But in *unified barter* all values are measured by a *single* commodity—which is called money—and consequently there is *no option*, which often works a hardship on the debtor on account of the abnormal or unnatural scarcity which the use of a single commodity to measure all values by tends to engender in the commodity thus used as a common or universal measure. The rigor of absolutely uniform barter—to wit, that which requires all values to be measured by a single commodity (or a single standard)—has been relaxed by the device of measuring by *two* commodities, whereby, under the natural law, called "Gresham's law," an *option* is secured to both parties to a contract, and exchange is thereby facilitated. This device is called the *double standard*, and the two commodities ordinarily used are gold and silver—meaning, of course, their universal masses; and meaning also, as a necessary sequence of Gresham's natural law, that the standard would always follow the *lower* of these two representative measures of value. And, as a matter of fact, the standard in this country did always follow the lower until about the year 1872 or 1873; since when our *practice* with reference to the fundamental *theory* of our monetary system has been vicious. While theoretically and *legally* we have been on the double standard, the very essence of which consists in using the *lower* of two measures, according to a very simple, and obvious, and perfectly just law of human action, we have in *practice* permitted our standard to follow the *higher* or dearer commodity, thereby aggravating and greatly increasing the very evils that the right use of the double standard tends to, and does, avert or minimize. And this latter result is brought about in a very simple manner: When, in 1872 and 1873, from causes extraneous to the United States, and mainly in obedience to the law of demand and supply, the universal commodity, gold, began to rise as compared with all other commodities, including silver, until it became, according to our equation (16 to 1), more valuable than silver, of course, the enormous demand for it caused by its use practically as a standard and medium of exchange by fifty millions of people, must have tended to still further appreciate the value of the universal mass (and with it the standard resting on it), thus exaggerating the difference already existing between our two *legal* standards; precisely as the use of the lower measure, silver, as our actual as well as legal standard, would have tended to appreciate the value of the universal mass of that commodity. And this vicious practice of permitting our standard to follow the higher or dearer commodity, in violation of Gresham's law, *while at the same time the legal and equitable right to pay in the lower remained to all debtors*, including the Government itself, has produced some very curious and very serious complications, besides the aggravation of the difference between our two legal co-standards, or between the value in the markets of the world of 25.8 grains of gold and 412½ grains of silver, which in reality constitute these standards. Because gold measured by gold, as a matter of course, reveals no fluctuations, many economists jump to the conclusion, as may be seen all through the current discussions of this subject, that gold does not fluctuate in value. But because silver measured by gold does show variations in accordance with the general economic law that all commodities are constantly oscillating relatively to each other, they infer by a similar but misleading mode of reasoning, that silver is more unstable than gold. They appear to shut their eyes to the fact that precisely analagous results would be produced if gold were measured by silver; and that silver measured by itself would equally appear to be a non-fluctuating commodity. Which of the two metals, silver or gold, is the better as a monetary standard, I am not discussing. I am pointing out the present anomalous condition of our monetary system. Whether gold alone or silver alone would be the better standard is not pertinent to the present situation nor to the present discussion. We are incontestably on the double standard, *legally*, and any and all attempts, either by indirection or otherwise, to change from that to any other will only serve to lead us into further troubles, and to reveal still more plainly the insuperable obstacles that stand in the way of such change—*i. e.* by the methods hitherto adopted. This allowing a standard that is theoretically and legally based, as ours is, on two universal commodities, to follow the *higher*, as ours has done, since 1873, tends to upset or confuse all recognized notions in regard to finance, and to breed interminable complications, which is just what has happened. The difficulties and intricacies in which we have involved ourselves have become so perplexing that the wisest financiers of the nation seem to be unable to agree on any practical mode of exit. We are worse off than we were in 1792 (when the Mint was established), when we had no legal standard. The "Carolus silver dollars" of Spain were then in general circulation in this country, and were the ordinary medium of exchange. But they were of different issues and of varying weight And here Alexander Hamilton, who was then Secretary of the Treasury, showed himself to be the just man and the great statesman that he was. He caused assays to be made of

the various Spanish dollars then in general circulation, and recommended Congress to establish the *average* weight of these coins, on which contracts were then based, as the weight of the American dollar to be coined by the newly established Mint, which was done. And thus, wisely and justly, was evolved the unit of a new legal standard. But in our present exigency, if we desired, as the late Utica (New York) convention expressed it, to "inflexibly adjust our currency to the single gold standard," we are estopped from ordaining that our present gold dollar shall be our *sole standard*, because the obligor to nearly every existing money contract throughout the length and breadth of the land is entitled to the option, guaranteed by the law and the Constitution, of liquidating the same in silver dollars of 412½ grains each, nine-tenths fine.* Or, if we desired, as another class does, to still remain on the double standard, with, as that class suggests, enough silver added to the dollar of that metal to make it equal in value to our present highly appreciated gold dollar, again we should find our course barred by legal and equitable obstructions, which neither legislative majorities nor judicial decisions can obliterate. For the very pertinent inquiry would be made: Why should all the debtors of the United States who have the legal right to pay their debts in dollars of 412½ grains each be asked even, much less compelled by any jugglery of legislation, to liquidate them in dollars of 480 grains, or one ounce each? To ask this question is to answer it. When formerly silver dollars were more valuable than the gold dollars—*i. e.* 412½ grains of silver were worth more than 25.8 grains of gold throughout the world, they (the silver dollars) disappeared from circulation, which, however, caused no serious inconvenience, because their place was taken by the gold dollars, which thereupon became our standard. And the fractional silver coins, under the operation of the same law, disappeared also, which, by the way, *did* cause inconvenience, because they were needed for change, or for adjusting exact measurements of value. But this latter difficulty was remedied by the usually and ordinarily very sound device of slightly debasing the *fractional* coins, which device, however, under our present anomalous practice of having our standard follow the *dearer* metal is rendered entirely inoperative and useless. Again, if our *practice* since 1872–3, when gold and silver changed their relative positions, had been true, as it was before that time, to our *theory* as a double standard nation (that is, if we had observed Gresham's law), Dr. Linderman's admirable suggestion of a "trade dollar" of 420 grains weight would have proved a highly beneficent measure by giving us a permanent outlet for our surplus silver, of which we were, and are still, large producers. It was certainly a scientific expedient; and if our standard had followed, as it ought to have done according to all rules of political economy, the lower commodity, it would have been in successful and satisfactory operation to-day. If the standard silver dollar had not acquired an artificial value, but had simply retained its natural intrinsic value as so much silver, the "trade dollar" weighing 7½ more grains, and being, therefore, slightly more valuable, would have gone abroad in a constantly flowing stream (and always at its real value, by the way), and never would have returned to plague us, as it has done so persistently, as an apparently depreciated and uncurrent coin, because it was not worth as much as a gold dollar, nor as much forsooth as a silver dollar of less weight that happened under a *perverse* system to have its value abnormally increased by being made legally exchangeable for a gold dollar. There is one other very important phase of this question, and vitally connected with it, to which incidental reference was made at the commencement of this paper, which deserves greater prominence and a fuller exposition than it has ever yet received in the discussion of the double standard. The Constitution and our fiscal legislation throughout recognize both gold and silver as the bases of our monetary system. Now, it is no strained implication to say that by gold and silver we mean their universal masses. The plain intent of the law in declaring that 25.8 grains of gold and 412½ grains of silver respectively shall constitute the dollar, or unit, of our monetary system, is that that number of average grains and fractions of grains of the entire mass of the two metals in the world, or in the hands of man, is meant. The gold dollar contains nearly a pennyweight of pure gold, which in its coined form has substantially the same value as every other pennyweight of pure gold, not only in our coined system, but throughout the world. Its value is steadied, not alone by that portion of the whole that we happen to have coined, but (which is the main *desideratum*) by the universal mass. This is our theory in regard to gold, and our practice is entirely harmonious with that theory, at least so far as that metal is concerned. And it is likewise our *theory* in regard to silver; but unfortunately our practice and our legislation latterly do not agree with our original theory. In fact our later legislation on this subject has been contradictory and illogical. We agree, in effect, to measure value by silver—that is, silver in general—as a universal commodity; and then, by a trick or by a false practice, measure only by a *segregated portion*, that practically has no connection with the general mass; and thus the silver dollar is not steadied by the general mass at all; neither is its value steadied to any great extent by the segregated portion of silver that is coined; its value is determined arbitrarily and almost exclusively by the gold dollar, for which, in effect, it is made exchangeable. The 371¼ grains of pure silver in the coined silver dollar have an entirely different value from that of any 371¼ grains of silver in general. When people use a silver dollar as the basis of a contract, they may think they are measuring by the normal or intrinsic value of 371¼ grains of that commodity (or whatever quantity it is supposed to contain), which they flatter themselves is steadied by the universal mass; but they are mistaken. By the act of segregating that much silver, and manufacturing it into disks, and making it exchangeable for a gold dollar, it is enhanced in value, at the present time, about seventeen per cent., and those who use it in making exchanges are, in fact, measuring by the value of a gold dollar, and, for all practical purposes, might as well use a gold dollar itself, and be done with it. Of course, the present unnatural and artificial mode of coining silver dollars is in flagrant violation of the canons of sound political economy. So, for that matter, is the present practice (while the constitutional and legal option of a double standard remains) of having our standard follow the higher instead of the lower of the two commodities which we profess to measure values by. Both practices are equally amenable to criticism and to condemnation. But it may be said, in extenuation of the course of the silver men, or of the advocates of a double standard (who may or may not be silver men), that when they demanded the *status quo* should be restored, this limited, though altogether artificial, coinage of silver dollars, *was all they could get*. And if they are wise they will not give up this partial remedy—not even "for two years," nor for one year, nor for six months—although extraordinary efforts are being made to have them do so—till they can be shown some way by which a new standard, substantially equivalent to our present double standard, can be evolved whereby their legal and equitable rights of property will be preserved. The suspension of free coinage of silver in 1873, and the limitation of its coinage at a later period, are only schemes devised, under mistaken or sinister motives, to deprive the American people, by indirection, of their plain legal right, so long as silver is lower than gold, to have their measure or standard regulated by the universal mass of the lower (silver). If this course is persisted in, the difficulties of the situation will only be increased, rather than diminished. If we had followed Gresham's law since 1872, and our own immemorial practice prior to that time, we would have escaped most of these difficulties. And if the standard to-day rested on the silver dollar—that is to say, on the average value of 412½ grains of silver throughout the world—*then* a change to a single gold standard, if thought desirable and the necessary majorities could be obtained, *might be possible*, without violence to the rights and equities of any one. If a majority of the American people, under such a state of affairs, should proceed, in a constitutional manner, to adopt a standard based on gold alone, or on silver, or on any other commodity, there would be no *legal* or *equitable* obstacle to bar the way, because, in that case, the *lawful* standard and the actual standard would be identical—which now they are not. And the chances are that if Alexander Hamilton were alive at the present time, and he were asked to suggest a mode whereby a change of standard might be effected in an equitable manner, he would say it can only be done by a return to the practice of the true theory of the double standard; observe Gresham's law, under which, as well under the statute law, the rights of all (creditors as well as debtors) are protected; and then, having made the *actual* and the *legal* standards identical, reduced it to its simplest form, it will be a comparatively easy matter to find an equivalent which, without injustice or conflict of rights, might be substituted for it. It may be added, in conclusion, in order that the foregoing reasoning may not be misunderstood, that if our practice were true to our theory, both the gold and the silver dollar would find, and would (as they ought to) keep, their natural level—the latter (being the standard) would be worth one hundred cents; and the former (if gold and silver retained their present relative value, which is improbable) would be worth one hundred and seventeen cents. Under our present practice both dollars do not keep their natural level, one of them being advanced to a fictitious value, or about seventeen per centum above its normal or intrinsic value. So long as an *optional* standard—and such ours indubitably is, whether we like it or not—is made by artificial means, by perverse practice, or by whatever causes, to conform to the *higher* or *dearer* dollar, so long is it, together with the whole world of material values based on it, liable, under the operation of natural laws, to gravitate to the *lower*. But when adjusted to the lower, there is then never danger of any further fall, except there be a general fall of the universal mass of which it is part, and by which universal mass its value is firmly steadied.

LOS ANGELES, May 23, 1884. HENRY D. BARROWS.

*The present gold price of silver, in New York is $1.11¼ per ounce 1000 fine. Deducting *one-tenth* gives [$1.11125—.11125=1.00125] $1.00 as the price of standard silver, or silver *nine-tenths* fine, per ounce of 480 grains. The implications of this fact ought to be visible, one would say, without the aid of spectacles or a magnifying glass.

## DECORATION DAY.

### The Cap Marked "Company K."

There's a cap in the closet,
Old, tattered, and blue,
Of very slight value,
It may be, to you,
But a crown, jewel-studded,
Could not buy it to-day,
With its letters of honor,
Brave "Company K."

The head that it sheltered
Needs shelter no more!
Dead heroes make holy
The trifles they wore.
So, like chaplet of honor,
Of laurel and bay,
Seems the cap of the soldier
Marked "Company K."

Bright eyes have looked calmly
Its visor beneath,
O'er the work of the reaper,
Grim harvester Death!
Let the muster-roll meagre
So mournfully say
How foremost in danger
Went "Company K,"

Whose footsteps unbroken
Came up to the town,
Where rampart and bastion
Looked threat'ningly down—
Who, closing up breaches,
Still kept on their way,
Till guns downward pointed
Faced "Company K."

Who faltered or shivered?
Who shunned battle stroke?
Whose fire was uncertain?
Whose battle-line broke?
Go ask it of history
Years from to-day,
And the record shall tell you
*Not* "Company K."

Though my darling is sleeping
To-day with the dead,
And daisies and clover
Bloom over his head,
I smile through my tears
As I lay it away,
That battle-worn cap
Lettered "Company K."

—*William Haines Lytle.*

### Somebody's Darling.

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's Darling was borne one day—
Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of the fair young brow
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's Darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now—
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for Somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer both soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
They were Somebody's pride, you know;
Somebody's hand hath rested there—
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in their waves of light?

God knows best! he was Somebody's love:
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him—
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's Darling lies buried here."

—*Anonymous.*

## BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

### Man Overboard.

"Speaking about prohibition," said Misery Brown one day, while we sat lying on the dump of the *Blue Tail Fly*, "I am prone to allow that the more you prohibit, the more you—all at once—discover that you have more or less failed to prohibit.

"A man once said to me that rum was the devil's drink, that Satan's home was filled with the odor of hot rum, that perdition was soaked with spiced rum and rum-punch. 'You wot not,' said he, 'the ruin rum has rot. Why, Misery Brown,' said he, 'rum is my *bête noir*.' I said I didn't care what he used it for, he'd always find it very warming to the system. I told him he could use it for a hot *bête noir*, or a *blanc mange*, or any of those fancy drinks; I didn't care.

"But the worst time I ever had grappling with the great enemy, I reckon, was in the later years of the war, when I had pretty near squashed the rebellion. Grim-visaged War had wore me down pretty well. I played the big tuba in the regimental band, and I began to sigh for peace.

"We had been on the march all summer, it seemed to me. We'd travel through dust ankle-deep all day that was just like ashes, and halt in the red-hot sun five minutes to make coffee. We'd make our coffee in five minutes, and sometimes we'd make it in the middle of the road; but that's neither here nor there.

"We finally found out that we would make a stand in a certain town, and that the Q. M. had two barrels of old and reliable whisky in store. We also found out that we couldn't get any for medical purposes nor anything else. All we could do was to suffer on and wait till the war closed. I didn't feel like postponing the thing myself, so I began to investigate. The great foe of humanity was stored in a tobacco-house, and the Q. M. slept there nights between the barrels. The chances for a debauch looked peaked and slim in the extreme. However, there was a basement below, and I got in there one night with a half-inch auger and two wash-tubs. Later on there was a sound of revelry by night.

"The next day there was a spongy appearance to the top of the head which seemed to be confined to our regiment, as a result of the sudden giving way, as it were, of prohibitory restrictions. It was a very disagreeable day, I remember. All Nature seemed clothed in gloom, and R. E. Morse, P. D. Q., seemed to be in charge of the proceedings. Red-eyed Regret was everywhere.

"We then proceeded to yearn for the other barrel of woe, that we might pile up some more regret, and have enough misery to last us through the balance of the campaign. We acted on this suggestion, and, with a firm resolve and the same half-inch auger, we stole once more into the basement of the tobacco-house.

"I bored nineteen consecutive holes into the atmosphere, and then an intimate friend of mine bored twenty-seven distinct holes in the floor, only to bore through the bosom of the night with a dull thud. Eleven of us spent the most of the night boring into that floor, and at three o'clock A. M. it looked like a hammock, it was so full of holes. The Quartermaster slept on through it all. He slept in a very audible tone of voice.

"At last we decided that he was sleeping middling close to that barrel, so we began to bore closer to the snore. It was my turn to bore, I remember, and I took the auger with a heavy heart. I bored through the floor, and for the first time bored into something besides oxygen. It was the Quartermaster. A wild yell echoed throughout the Southern Confederacy, and I pulled out my auger. It had on the point a strawberry-mark, and a fragment of one of those old-fashioned woven wire gray shirts, such as Quartermasters used to wear.

"I remember that we then left the tobacco-house. In the hurry we forgot two wash-tubs, a half-inch auger, and 980,351 new half-inch auger-holes that had never been used."—*Puck.*

### The Opium Habit.

I have always had a horror of opiates of all kinds. They are so seductive and so still in their operations. They steal through the blood like a wolf on the trail, and they seize on the heart with their white fangs till it is still forever.

Up the Laramie there is a cluster of ranches, at the base of the Medicine Bow, near the north end of Sheep Mountain. Well, a young man, whom we will call Curtis, lived at one of these ranches years ago, and, though a quiet, mind-your-own-business fellow, who had absolutely no enemies among his companions, he had the misfortune to incur the wrath of a tramp sheep-herder, who waylaid Curtis one afternoon, and shot him dead as he sat in his buggy. Curtis wasn't armed.

A rancher came into town and telegraphed to Curtis's father, and then half a dozen citizens went out to help capture the herder, who had fled to the foot-hills.

They didn't get back till toward daybreak, but they brought the herder with them. I saw him in the gray of the morning, lying in a coarse gray blanket on the floor of the engine-house. He was dead.

I asked, as a reporter, how he came to his death, and they told me, "opium." The murderer had taken poison when he found that escape was impossible.

I was present at the inquest, so that I could report the case. There was very little testimony, but all the evidence seemed to point to the fact that life was extinct, and a verdict of death by his own hand was rendered.

It was the first opium work I had ever seen, and it aroused my curiosity. Death by opium, it seems, leaves a dark purple ring around the neck. I did not know this before. People who die by opium also tie their hands together before they die. This is one of the eccentricities of opium poisoning that I have never seen laid down in the books. I bequeath it to medical science. Whenever I run up against a new scientific discovery, I just hand it right over to the public without cost.

Ever since the above incident I have been [illegible] hensive about people who seem to be likel[illegible] opium habit. It is one of the most deadly [illegible] pecially in a new country.—*Detroit Free Pr[illegible]*

## THE POPULAR LANGTRY.

"Flaneur" Describes that Lady's Recent Successes in New York.

Mrs. Langtry, who, I believe, will soon appear in San Francisco, has just finished a season here which has been fully as successful as the one she played a year ago, when she had all the advantages of startling novelty to attract people to the theatre. New York can not get enough of her. Every performance is crowded, and the seats are sold weeks in advance. This is is as true of the Fifth Avenue Theatre as Niblo's Garden.

When one sees Mrs. Langtry on the stage for the first time, the chances are about six to four that he will be disappointed. He will go away with the firm conviction, frequently and loudly expressed, that there are thousands of women in America who are immeasurably better looking than Mrs. Langtry, and he will indulge in all sorts of harsh criticisms about the English beauty. All the next day he will talk about her, and on the following night the chances are about twelve to two that he will go to the theatre again, fight for a front seat, and devour the famous English woman with his eyes whenever she comes upon the stage.

The women who see her for the first time, grow maudlin in their enthusiasm over her costumes, admit that she has fine eyes, but deny that she is pretty—for a week or two; then they all come around to the beauty's feet again. This is not romance. Mrs. Langtry has now more sincere admirers here than she has in England, and she has won her way into what is commonly known as the "affections of the people." While formerly, not one woman in a hundred would admit that Mrs. Langtry was beautiful, there are now thousands who rhapsodize about her. She is one of the few actresses who are more beautiful off than on the stage.

Despite the columns of vigorous abuse which have been written about Mrs. Langtry's acting, she will be found by careful critics in San Francisco, as elsewhere, to be a thoroughly conscientious and reliable actress. In some rôles, for instance "A Wife's Peril," I would unhesitatingly place her above that much overrated woman, Sara Jewett, and she is actually the superior in parts that represent a lady to such actresses as Maud Granger and Marie Prescott. I do not mean to say that in parts requiring passion or exhibitions of intense feeling, Mrs. Langtry is the equal of any of the three actresses above named, but I claim decidedly that she gives a more pleasing, well-rounded, and altogether a more acceptable performance of the character requiring delicacy of treatment and careful elaboration than any of those actresses.

Mrs. Langtry's personality is more or less responsible for this. She is gentle, quiet, graceful, beautiful, and dresses superbly. Her voice is deep and round, and she has a charming manner. When she comes upon the stage the audience is conscious of a pleasing and grateful presence. She acts upon the stage—by which I mean she deports herself—with a delicacy and refinement that one would naturally expect from an English lady who had been an acknowledged belle among the best people of her own country. When it comes to portraying heavy passion, she fails, but she fails gracefully and without unnecessary distinctness. Miss Prescott stalks about the stage, and is crude and unpleasant until it comes to something tragic, when she is more or less effective. Miss Jewett seems, in a society play, to be Miss Jewett always and ever, and to be utterly unable to get rid of the five hundred and one mannerisms which have at length spoiled her popularity. Maud Granger is a well-formed, careless, rough-shod actress, who turns up her eyes, and expresses emotion quite as much with her arms as with her voice and face.

You will find Mrs. Langtry immeasurably superior to all of them. The last piece the Jersey Lily played in New York was "Pygmalion and Galatea," at Niblo's Garden. She played it for three weeks to audiences that were largely composed of women. Much comment has been caused by Mrs. Langtry playing Galatea in colors. Mary Anderson always dressed in sepulchral and vestal whiteness, chalked her cheeks and hair, and presented a general aspect of a long-armed, lithe-limbed, straight-nosed, high cheek-boned, under-fed, marble goddess. She was cold, austere, and spectacularly repellant. Mrs. Langtry made a go at Galatea in the same style, and found she wasn't particularly beautiful that way. Thereupon she took the chalk off her cheeks. the white from her hair, and appeared in her own colors—blue eyes, fair skin, gold brown hair, and the rest of it. Her robe was white with a gold band around the waist, and altogether she is a warm, luscious, and lovable goddess. One could understand Pygmalion falling in love with Mrs. Langtry's Galatea, but not with the whited Anderson.

Socially, Mrs. Langtry is slowly but surely becoming popular in New York. She has a charming little house in Thirteenth Street—a quiet and respectable but not fashionable neighborhood—where she gives luncheons occasionally to friends, and lives comfortably with her mother. She has well-matched groom and coachman, a neat maid, a good cook, and is a gracious and jolly hostess. Last week she gave a luncheon to eight ladies, who, though not belonging to the very best circles of New York society, were in their way representative society women. Freddy Gebhardt is never seen at her house, and the Lily's name seldom appears in the papers, except in a legitimate way through criticisms of her performances. Last week she occupied a good share of the public prints, however, in two cases where she was sued for damages—in one instance by John A. Stevens, and in another by an actor in her troupe. Mrs. Langtry sat down opposite the jury in court and testified before them with appealing and affectionate eyes. In both instances the jury straightened itself, twirled its mustache, felt of its scarf, smiled fascinatingly in return, and decided in favor of the Lily with enthusiasm and affection. This goes farther than anything else to refute the claim that Mrs. Langtry is not a beautiful woman.

The crash in Wall Street has kept the city in a flurry for a week. Business in general is not particularly affected by it, but many branches of trade, such as liquor sales, fashionable restaurants, gambling hells, and other sorts of Wall Street men, are suffering heavily. Everybody has been more or less affected who is at all connected with Wall Street. The slump was so general and the decline in stocks so thorough, that even the poor little bucket-shop operators went along with the rest. Many young clerks and small speculators were completely ruined. The memory of the general disaster in the street is gradually passing away, and the attention of the people is being riveted solely upon the swindling firm of Grant & Ward.

It is not a pleasant thing to see it proved, without a shadow of a doubt, that a man who has been commander of our army and twice elected President of the United States was a full partner in a firm devoted to swindling and cheating of the most bare-faced and criminal type. It may be true, as he claims, that General Grant knew nothing of the operations of the firm, but the chances are very much against such a theory. How is it possible that a man can put half a million dollars in a business, be in the office all day long, affix his signature to hundreds of contracts and documents which are fraudulent and illegal upon their very faces, and yet not know that anything is wrong? People have not looked for such thievery in the firm of such a famous and hitherto respectable man at its head as General Grant. Wall Street has many victims, but none who have been so disgraced as he.

Ferdinand Ward, the financial man in the fourteen millions of dollars swindling firm, is arrested, and it is quite likely that James D. Fish, who a month ago was one of the most respected, influential, and wealthy of New York's millionaires and bank presidents, will also be thrown into jail. The evidence that he was concerned with Ward & Grant in their robberies is overwhelming. If there were any explanation of the extraordinary transactions of Grant & Ward, there would be some hope of saving the General's reputation; but there is absolutely none. Their method of robbery was simple and direct. Through the representations of some member of the firm—General Grant, his son, Ward, and Fish—or others, a victim with money was caught. He went to the office of Grant & Ward, and there he was shown the "contract" books.

The evidence which these books show of heartless and deliberate swindling is simply astounding. They were filled with entries of "oats," "hay," "corn," and "pork," which were represented as being supplied by the Government in immense quantities. The greatest particulars were gone into on the contract books, as for example, "512,000 bushels of oats, $40,205; profits, $16,000." Many of the "contracts" were made out to the initials of famous men, one of the largest being credited to "C. A. A.," and showing a profit of a hundred thousand dollars. This was always shown the victims, and it caught them. Of course, the "C. A. A." indicated Chester A. Arthur, the President of the United States.

Great stress was laid upon the fact that General Grant had great influence with the prominent officials, and the Government readily poured its money in. Now, in point of fact, Grant & Ward had no dealings whatever with the Government, and every stroke of the pen on their contract books was a part of the gigantic swindle. If a man gave them one hundred thousand dollars to invest for him, they took the one hundred thousand dollars, transferred it to their own accounts, and paid him the profits on fictitious contracts, often ranging from fifteen to twenty per cent. a month. This, of course, came out of the original one hundred thousand dollars the victim paid into the firm.

It may be asked, how on earth Messrs. Grant & Ward ever hoped to get out of their difficulties after they had got once started in on such an insane swindle. It is evident they had no clear idea themselves, except that they hoped to get in so much money that they could manipulate the stock market, and so retrieve themselves. This is a charitable view. The cold fact is that the fourteen millions of dollars is a criminal and disgraceful steal by ex-President Grant, his sons, and his associates.

Everything is athletic just now in this portion of the country. The boat-houses have been cleaned up, the boats varnished, the rowlocks oiled, and everything put in perfect order for the Decoration Day regattas. The tracks of the various athletic grounds have been thoroughly overhauled, and the amateur athletes are out by the thousands limbering up their muscles after the heavy dumb-bell and club practice of the winter, and getting rid of superfluous fat. Not only the brokers, professional, and business men are at it, but also the clerks and employees of the big dry-goods houses and manufacturing establishments.

Almost every big firm in New York has an athletic club among its employees. Twice every year the different clerks, salesmen, porters, drivers, floor-walkers, and window-dressers adjourn to the athletic grounds of some popular club, and hold contests to see which in the house is the swiftest runner, or the best athlete in general. The members of the firm, in most instances, take a warm interest in the matter, and put up prizes for which the members compete. The dry-goods firm of Bates, Read & Cooley last year gave a horse and buggy for the first prize, and other valuable rewards. O'Neill did likewise, and so did Ridley, and many other big dry-goods firms. One of the oldest organizations is that composed of clerks of James McCreery & Co.

This is their seventh annual series of games, and they make it a point to invite the clerks of the other dry-goods houses to participate in them. The events are well arranged. There is a one-mile run open to clerks of the retail dry-goods houses of the United States for a valuable gold watch for first place, and silver watches second. They have also half-mile runs for stock-boys, two hundred and twenty-yard hurdle-race for cash-boys, and tugs-of-war for the porters. All the contests are under the rules of the National Association. These organizations are capital in every sense. It is a good thing for the clerks, who are usually oppressed with long hours and close quarters, to look after the development of their muscles. Besides, they enjoy the sport, and they wear the most "beautiful," and "elegant," and "tony" costumes imaginable. They don't make any records, but their costumes are way up in G.

NEW YORK, May 22, 1884. FLANEUR.

In the Paris Bon Marché, where two thousand people are said to be employed, each girl has a room to herself. There is also a drawing-room, with piano, etc.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Liszt's health is such that he will not again venture even a voyage to England, and his eyesight has been much impaired by overwork in writing music.

Sainte-Beuve, in the last years of his life, paid this compliment to Matthew Arnold's knowledge of French: "You have passed through French life and literature by a deep inner line which confers initiation, and which you will never lose."

Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the millionaire banker and philanthropist of Washington, is said to be exceedingly proud of his ancestry. He glories in the fact that his father was only a poor, honest shoemaker, and he treasures the old cobbler's-shop sign-board among his choicest possessions.

The ex-Empress Eugénie still clings to Chiselhurst, and is now negotiating for a new residence, an estate known as "Coopers," which is larger and more attractive than Camden, where she so long has lived, and is particularly acceptable to Eugénie, as it commands a view of the tomb where her husband and son are buried.

Lord Rowton, it is said, finds his work of producing the memoirs of Lord Beaconsfield very difficult. The papers are enormous in number, and absolutely without order or arrangement. Lord Beaconsfield seems to have kept everything in the shape of letters, disposing of them by the easy process of thrusting them into a large box.

The work of demolishing the Judenstrasse of Frankfort goes on, and among its latest victims is the famous house "zum rothen Schilde," in which the founder of the Rothschild family was born in 1743. The Rothschilds have piously endeavored to preserve their "Stammhaus," but in vain, the court of final resource decreeing its destruction.

Algernon Charles Swinburne says: "To judge from his writings, Byron knew nothing of men; of women he knew that it was not difficult to wheedle those who were not unwilling to be wheedled. He also knew that excess of any kind entails a more or less permanent reaction; and here his philosophy of life subsided into tittering or sniveling silence."

Madame Patti, according to one of the directors of the Academy of Music, did not receive any five thousand dollars a night. That sum, he says, was only an advertising dodge. Among musical people on Fourteenth Street the opinion is freely expressed that the illustrious diva's fee was about two thousand dollars a performance. Madame Patti's fortune is not believed to be large.

It is said that during her latest visit to America, Patti pieced a "crazy quilt" six feet square, composed entirely of bits of plush and velvet, of which no two were alike in color, and not one larger than one of her hands. She took it home with her, "to line it with swan's down and then give it away to be raffled off at a swell charity fair." Nicolini thought it should bring two thousand guineas, at least.

Wilkie Collins, writing on April 15th, to an American friend (William Winter), says: "My dear old friend of thirty years—my true and admirable brother in the art, Charles Reade, is laid in the earth to-day, and I am not able to follow him to the grave. Neuralgia has been tormenting me, and the doctor's warning must be obeyed. I have no heart yet to write about Reade; it only makes me cry. He was so essentially lovable—so entirely and modestly good!"

The Prince of Liechtenstein has placed his domain and his royal castle at the disposition of Leo XIII., whenever the pontiff may see fit to remove from the Eternal City. The entire realm of Liechtenstein comprises about sixty square miles of hills and valleys, inhabited by about eight thousand five hundred persons, the capital, Vaduz, having a population of one thousand. The Pope has replied that "it is possible" that he may at some time accept the offer and establish his throne in Vaduz instead of Rome.

The late Henry J. Byron managed a theatre in Liverpool at the time when it was the custom to charge a shilling for securing a reserved seat, or "booking a stall in advance." One day he stood watching a number of persons buying tickets in that manner, and then, going up to the box-office, he wrote conspicuously above the window this paraphrase of Richard III.'s exclamation: "Off with his bob! So much for booking 'em!" The obnoxious custom did not long survive this hit.

The late Charles Reade is quoted by Donn Piatt, in the *Sunday Courier*, as saying that American jokes were awful exaggerations, with a cheerful disregard of all that the rest of the world regards with solemn respect. He told, in illustration, of an item he had read in one of our newspapers to the effect that Mr. Jacob Tomkins, an old and valued citizen, had entered a forge the day before, with a pound of powder in his coat-tail, and shortly after went out quite unexpectedly through a hole in the roof. "Do you know," exclaimed the novelist, "that if such a statement of a shocking casualty were to appear in an English journal, the people would be very indignant." He really supposed that the killing occurred.

As an anniversary of the deaths of eminent persons few days in the year can bear comparison with April 21st. On the 21st of April died Alexander the Great, Diogenes, Anselm (Archbishop of Canterbury), Abelard, and Racine. Among other notable deaths that have taken place in April are those of Pope Constantine, Pope Benedict III., and Pope Nicholas IV.; Kings Louis II., John "the Good," and Charles VIII. of France; Petrarch's "Laura," Lorenzo de Medicis "the Magnificent," Rafaelle, Albert Durer, Tasso, Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Pompadour, Metastasio, Mirabeau, and Niebuhr. The April deaths in England include those of Richard Cœur de Lion, Edward IV., Henry VII., Stow the historian, Shakespeare, Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, Daniel Defoe, Handel, Oliver Goldsmith, Cowper the poet, Bishop Heber, Wordsworth, Byron, and Lord Beaconsfield.

## THE POT OF TULIPS.

### A Wild Tale of a Missing Fortune and a Ghost.

II.

The spirit presented a very strange appearance. He himself was not luminous, except some tongues of fire that seemed to proceed from the tips of his fingers, but was completely surrounded by a thin gauze of light, so to speak, through which his outlines were visible. His head was bare, and his white hair fell in huge masses around his stern, saturnine face. As he moved on the floor, I distinctly heard a strange crackling sound, such as one hears when a substance has been overcharged with electricity. But the circumstance that seemed to me most incomprehensible connected with the apparition was that Van Koeren held in both hands a curiously painted flower-pot, out of which sprang a number of the most beautiful tulips in full blossom. He seemed very uneasy and agitated, and moved about the room as if in pain, frequently bending over the pot of tulips as if to inhale their odor, then holding it out to me, seemingly in the hope of attracting my attention to it. I was, I confess, very much puzzled. I knew that Mr. Van Koeren had in his lifetime devoted much of his leisure to the cultivation of flowers, importing from Holland the most expensive and rarest bulbs; but how this innocent fancy could trouble him after death I could not imagine. I felt assured, however, that some important reason lay at the bottom of this spectral eccentricity, and determined to fathom it if I could.

"What brings you here?" I asked audibly, directing mentally, however, at the same time the question to the spirit with all the power of my will. He did not seem to hear me, but still kept moving uneasily about, with the crackling noise I have mentioned, and holding the pot of tulips toward me.

"It is evident," I said to myself, "that I am not sufficiently in accord with this spirit for him to make himself understood by speech. He has, therefore, recourse to symbols. The pot of tulips is a symbol. But of what?"

Thus reflecting on these things I continued to gaze upon the spirit. While observing him attentively, he approached my bedside by a rapid movement, and laid one hand on my arm. The touch was icy cold, and pained me at the moment. Next morning my arm was swollen, and marked with a round blue spot. Then, passing to my bed-room door, the spirit opened it and went out, shutting it behind him. Catching for a moment at the idea that I was the dupe of a trick, I jumped out of bed and ran to the door. It was locked with the key on the inside, and a brass safety-bolt, which lay above the lock, shot safely home. All was as I had left it on going to bed. Yet I declare most solemnly that, as the ghost made his exit, I not only saw the door open, but *I saw the corridor outside, and distinctly observed a large picture of William of Orange, that hung just opposite to my room.* This to me was the most curious portion of the phenomena I had witnessed. Either the door had been opened by the ghost, and the resistance of physical obstacles overcome in some amazing manner—because in this case the bolts must have been replaced when the ghost was *outside* the door, or he must have had a sufficient magnetic accord with my mind to impress upon it the belief that the door was opened, and also to conjure up in my brain the vision of the corridor and the picture, features that I should have seen if the door had been opened by any ordinary physical agency.

The next morning at breakfast I suppose my manner must have betrayed me, for Jasper said to me, after staring at me for some time, "Why, Harry Escott, what's the matter with you? You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"So I have, Jasper."

Jasper, of course, burst into laughter, and said he'd shave my head and give me a shower-bath.

"Well, you may laugh," I answered; "but you shall see it to-night, Jasper."

He became serious in a moment—I suppose there was something earnest in my manner that convinced him that my words were not idle—and asked me to explain. I described my interview as accurately as I could.

"How did you know that it was old Van Koeren?" he asked.

"Because I have seen his picture a hundred times with Alice," I answered, "and this apparition was as like it as it is possible for a ghost to be like a miniature."

"You must not think I am laughing at you, Harry," he continued, "but I wish you would answer this. We have all heard of ghosts—ghosts of men, women, children, dogs, horses, in fact, every living animal; but hang me if ever I heard of the ghost of a flower-pot before."

"My dear Jasper, you would have heard of such things if you had studied such branches of learning. All the phenomena I witnessed last night are supportable by well-authenticated facts. The cool wind has attended the appearance of more than one ghost, and Baron Reichenbach asserts that his patients, who you know are for the most part sensitive to apparitions, invariably feel this wind when a magnet is brought close to their bodies. With regard to the flower-pot about which you make so merry, it is to me the least wonderful part of the apparition. When a ghost is unable to find a person of sufficient receptivity, in order to communicate with him by speech, it is obliged to have recourse to symbols to express its wishes. These it either creates by some mysterious power out of the surrounding atmosphere, or it impresses, by magnetic force on the mind of the person it visits, the form of the symbol it is anxious to have represented. There is an instance mentioned by Jung Stilling of a student at Brunswick, who appeared to a professor of his college, with a picture in his hands, which picture had a hole in it that the ghost thrust his head through. For a long time this symbol was a mystery; but the student was persevering and appeared every night with his head through the picture, until at last it was discovered that, before he died, he had got some painted slides for a magic lantern from a shopkeeper in the town, which had not been paid for at his death; and when the debt had been discharged, he and his picture vanished forevermore. Now, here was a symbol distinctly bearing on the question at issue. This poor student could find no better way of expressing his uneasiness at the debt for the painted slides than by thrusting his head through a picture. How he conjured up the picture I can not pretend to explain, but that it was used as a symbol is evident."

"Then you think the flower-pot of old Van Koeren is a symbol?"

"Most assuredly; the pot of tulips he held was intended to express that which he could not speak. I think it must have had some reference to his missing property, and it is our business to discover in what manner."

"Let us go and dig up all the tulip beds," said Jasper; "who knows but he may have buried his money in one of them?"

I grieve to say that I assented to Jasper's proposition, and on that eventful day every tulip in that quaint old garden was ruthlessly uprooted. The gorgeous macaws, and ragged parrots, and long-legged pheasants, so cunningly formed by those brilliant flowers, were that day exterminated. Jasper and I had a regular *battue* amid this floral preserve, and many a splendid bird fell before our unerring spades. We, however, dug in vain. No secret coffer turned up out of the deep mold of the flower-beds. We evidently were not on the right scent. Our researches for that day terminated, and Jasper and myself waited impatiently for the night.

It was arranged that Jasper should sleep in my room. I had a bed rigged up for him near my own, and I was to have the additional assistance of his senses in the investigation of the phenomena that we so confidently expected to appear.

The night came. We retired to our respective couches, after carefully bolting the doors and subjecting the entire apartment to the strictest scrutiny, rendering it totally impossible that a secret entrance should exist unknown to us. We then put out the lights and awaited the apparition.

We did not remain in suspense long. About twenty minutes after we retired to bed, Jasper called out: "Harry, I feel the cool wind!"

"So do I," I answered, for at that moment a light breeze seemed to play across my temples.

"Look, look, Harry!" continued Jasper, in a tone of painful eagerness; "I see a light—there in the corner!"

It was the phantom. As before, the luminous cloud appeared to gather in the room, growing more and more intense each minute. Presently the dark lines mapped themselves out, as it were, in the midst of this pale, radiant vapor, and there stood Mr. Van Koeren, ghastly and mournful as ever, with the pot of tulips in his hands.

"Do you see it?" I asked Jasper.

"My God! yes," said Jasper, in a low voice; "how terrible he looks!"

"Can you speak to me, to-night?" I said, addressing the apparition, and again concentrating my will upon my question. "If so, unburden yourself. We will assist you if we can."

There was no reply. The ghost preserved the same sad, impassive countenance; he had heard me not. He seemed in great distress on this occasion, moving up and down, and holding out the pot of tulips imploringly toward me, each motion of his being accompanied by the crackling noise and the corpse-like odor. I felt sorely troubled myself to see this poor spirit torn by an endless grief—so anxious to communicate to me what lay on his soul, and yet debarred by some occult power from the privilege.

"Why, Harry," cried Jasper after a silence, during which we both watched the motions of the ghost intently; "why, Harry, there are *two* of them!"

Astonished by his words I looked around, and became immediately aware of the presence of a second luminous cloud, in the midst of which I could distinctly trace the figure of a pale but lovely woman. I needed no second glance to assure me that it was the unfortunate wife of Van Koeren.

"It is his wife, Jasper," I replied; "I recognize her, as I have recognized her husband, by the portrait."

"How sad she looks!" exclaimed Jasper, in a low voice.

She did indeed look sad. Her face, pale and mournful, did not, however, seem convulsed with sorrow, as was her husband's. She seemed to be oppressed with a calm grief, and gazed with a look of interest, that was painful in its intensity, on Van Koeren. It struck me, from his air, that though she saw him, he did not see her. His whole attention was concentrated on the pot of tulips, while Mrs. Van Koeren, whose form floated at an elevation of about three feet from the floor, and thus over-topped her husband, seemed equally absorbed in the contemplation of his slightest movement. Occasionally she would turn her eyes on me, as if to call my attention to her companion, and then, returning, gaze on him with a sad, womanly, half-eager smile, that to me was inexpressibly mournful.

There was something exceedingly touching in this strange sight—these two spirits so near, yet so distant. The sinful husband torn with grief and weighed down with some terrible secret, and so blinded by the grossness of his being as to be unable to see the wife-angel who was watching over him; while she, forgetting all her wrongs, and attracted to earth by perhaps the same human sympathies, watched from a greater spiritual height, and with a tender interest, the struggles of her suffering spouse.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Jasper, jumping from his bed, "I know what it means now."

"What does it mean?" I asked, as eager to know as he was to communicate.

"Well, that flower-pot that the old chap is holding"—Jasper, I grieve to say, was rather profane.

"Well, what of that flower-pot?"

"Observe the pattern. It has two handles made of red snakes, whose tails twist round the top and form a rim. It contains tulips of three colors—yellow, red, and purple."

"I see all that as well as you do. Let us have the solution."

"Well, Harry, my boy, don't you remember that there is just such a flower-pot, tulips, snakes and all, carved on the queer old painted mantel-piece in the dining-room."

"So there is!" and a gleam of hope shot across my brain, and my heart beat quicker.

"Now, as sure as you are alive, Harry, the old fellow has concealed something important behind that mantel-piece."

"Jasper, if ever I am Emperor of France, I will make you chief of police; your inductive reasoning is magnificent."

Actuated by the same impulse, and without another word, we both sprang out of bed and lit a candle. The apparitions, if they remained, were no longer visible in the light. Hastily throwing on some clothes, we rushed down stairs to the dining-room, determined to have the old mantel-piece down without loss of time. We had scarce entered the room when we felt the cool wind blowing on our faces.

"Jasper," said I, "they are here!"

"Well," answered Jasper, "that only confirms my suspicions that we are on the right track this time. Let us go to work. See! here's the pot of tulips."

This pot of tulips occupied the centre of the mantel-piece, and served as a nucleus round which all the fantastic animals sculptured elsewhere might be said to gather. It was carved on a species of raised shield, or boss, of wood, that projected some inches beyond the plane of the remainder of the mantel-piece. The pot itself was painted a brick-color. The snakes were of bronze-color, gilt, and the tulips—yellow, red, and purple—were painted after nature with the most exquisite accuracy.

For some time Jasper and myself tugged away at this projection without any avail. We were convinced that it was a movable panel of some kind, but yet were totally unable to move it. Suddenly it struck me that we had not yet twisted it. I immediately proceeded to apply all my strength, and after a few seconds of vigorous exertion I had the satisfaction of finding it move slowly around. After giving it half a dozen turns, to my astonishment the long upper panel of the mantel-piece fell out toward us, apparently on concealed hinges, after the manner of the portion of escritoires that is used as a writing-table. Within were several square cavities sunk in the wall, and lined with wood. In one of these was a bundle of papers.

We seized these papers with avidity, and hastily glanced over them. They proved to be documents vouching for property to the amount of several hundred thousand dollars, invested in the name of Mr. Van Koeren in a certain firm at Bremen, who, no doubt, thought by this time that the money would remain unclaimed forever. The desires of these poor troubled spirits were accomplished. Justice to the child had been given through the instrumentality of the erring father.

The formulas necessary to prove Alice and her mother sole heirs to Mr. Van Koeren's estate were briefly gone through, and the poor governess passed suddenly from the task of teaching stupid children to the envied position of a great heiress. I had ample reason afterward for thinking that her heart did not change with her fortunes.

That Mr. Van Koeren became aware of his wife's innocence, just before he died, I have no doubt. How this was manifested I can not of course say, but I think it highly probable that his poor wife herself was enabled at the critical moment of dissolution, when the link that binds body and soul together is attenuated to the last thread, to put herself in accord with her unhappy husband. Hence his sudden starting up in his bed, his apparent conversation with some invisible being, and his fragmentary disclosures, too broken, however, to be comprehended.

The question of apparitions has been so often discussed that I feel no inclination to enter here upon the truth or fallacy of the ghostly theory. I myself believe in ghosts. Alice—my wife—believes in them firmly; and if it suited me to do so I could overwhelm you with a scientific theory of my own on the subject, reconciling ghosts and natural phenomena.—*Fitz-James O'Brien.*

---

The Marquise Manoury d'Ectot, a lady who wanted to profit by her wide knowledge of society, started some months ago in Paris a spicy little Boulevard journal called *Le Succès*. She was managing directress and editress. One Duval undertook to print, and a business man named Weil to push, the paper. The marquise used to come to the printing office on her way to the Bois de Boulogne in a splendid carriage, with two lackeys behind. On race days her equipage was drawn to the course by four horses, ridden by postillions. One day, the marquise being at Cannes, the sub-editor and publisher were *in extremis* for copy, and fell back upon an article by the noble editress, entitled "Les Cent Curés Paillards." Appearing in Lent, it created a violent sensation, and all the more so because it was thrust forward in newspaper shops near the churches. The article was denounced as an outrage on public morals, and a prosecution was ordered. The marquise, running off to Belgium, has been tried by default, and sentenced to a month's imprisonment and one thousand francs fine. The printer and publisher pleaded that they were short of matter, and confided in the taste and feeling of a lady of quality who had two footmen and postillions attached to her equipage. They were sentenced respectively to one hundred francs and fifty francs fine, and reminded by the judge that rank and fine surroundings were not infallible guarantees of decency.

---

Beggars in the new mining towns share in the general contempt for beggarly sums. In the Cœur d'Alene region the solicitor usually asks for a dollar at least. It would not be of much use to give him less. A night's lodging always costs a dollar—the accommodation consisting generally of a share of a bunk strewn with cedar boughs and a couple of blankets, and sometimes of only a corner of a floor and a few cedar boughs. The ordinary meal, of bacon, pork chop, beans, and coffee, is a dollar; and the extra meal, which has two eggs added, costs fifty cents more.

---

Jefferson Davis repudiates the recently published interview with him, in which he was alleged to have made criticisms of the principal Union generals in the War of the Rebellion.

---

An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage.

## BUBBLES.

What a place Monterey is, to be sure, for funny incidents! Do you remember how fresh Freddie Willis was when he came home from that Eastern school, last year?

He went right down to Monterey with mamma, and the girls did have such fun with him. He proceeded to fall in love immediately with Violet Grey. I didn't blame him one bit, nor do you; but his mamma didn't know anything about it. She'd have been out of her mind if she had, for it's no secret that she packed him off on that trip to Colorado, last March, just because Cynthia was so sweet on him the first Patti night. However it was, Freddie had an easier time of it at Monterey. There are so many opportunities, you know.

One Saturday afternoon he had been teasing Violet three hours to lend him her diamond ring to wear. It was a three-hundred-dollar solitaire, and her consciousness of this fact naturally added much to her sense of maidenly propriety. But finally pretty Violet yielded, and off walked triumphant Master Freddie with the gleaming gem upon his little finger.

He showed it to everybody in the dancing-room that night, and made no bones of telling whose it was.

It was awfully fresh, wasn't it? And Violet ran off to bed in a tumult of blushing indignation at nine o'clock.

Next morning Freddie rose betimes, and went down to the tank for an early dip. He made his appearance at the hotel porch about eleven o'clock with distress marked on his fair young brow.

"Where's my ring, sir?" was Violet's determined greeting.

"Oh, I say, Violet, don't you want to go driving this afternoon?"

"Perhaps I do, and perhaps I don't, after all you did last night. But I think I'll wait till I get back that ring."

"Oh, do come; we'll go clear to the light-house; and I declined the Seymour girls' invitation, 'cause I wanted to go with you."

"Oh, you did, did you?"—somewhat mollified. "But say, Fred, you haven't got that ring on your finger at all; what *have* you done with it?"

"Why, you see, Violet, I was getting out of the tank this morning, and as I reached up to hold on to the platform, the ring slipped off into the water. I dived and dived about a thousand times, and couldn't find it anywhere!"

And—would you believe it?—Violet bore the catastrophe with the utmost philosophy.

"You see," said she to me in a burst of confidence, afterward, "he told me that I could go up to Shreve's and get another one just like it, and charge it to him."

"Well, did you do it?" asked I.

"Do it? Did he think I was going to go around the country ordering diamond rings and charging them to Freddie Willis? The *idea!*"

When people go to Paris, they always make a point of going through the sewers and the *abattoirs*. When they come to San Francisco, they go through Chinatown and take a ride on the Omnibus Railroad Line.

If I were a tourist put upon my oath, I should award the palm for filth to the last named of these entertainments. There is more accumulated dirt, more concentrated smell, more refuse population, more uninviting bundles, and more ill-bred conductors, to the square inch in the Omnibus Railroad Line, than any other similar area accommodates.

When I see people coming from North Beach in the Omnibus Railroad Line, I know that it is a case of Hobson's choice, and I pity them. It is none the less injudicious of them to live at North Beach. When I see them coming from Fourth and Townsend streets in these cars, I permit myself to indulge in contemptuous amazement. It is easier, swifter, and more fragrant to come into town by way of Valencia Street.

Nevertheless, I myself, seduced thereto by good company who had not the good sense to take my advice at the Valencia Street station, did enter one of these yellow cages of garbage the other day. It was as crammed with cosmopolitanism as a Kiralfy ballet. Just opposite me, tightly wedged between two odoriferous Chinamen, sat a fair young girl. The wind was blowing hard, and with a window open just behind her and another just in front, she was in a strong draft. When she began to feel the incipient creep of influenza, she mildly requested the conductor to close the window. That potential worthy replied, ungraciously, that he would attend to it when he had finished collecting fares. Immediately, of course, all the gallantry in the car sprang to the young lady's rescue. But she declined their assistance.

"I always insist upon having the conductor do what I ask when he acts in this way," she remarked. This indicated that she was used to this cavalier treatment, and used to riding on the line.

When the languid conductor had finished collecting fares, he forgot the window. The fair young girl quietly summoned him again and he reluctantly performed his task, muttering meanwhile sundry remarks concerning the instability of women. Poets, cynics, and book-writers are entitled to expressions of this sort in the sanctity of their ateliers. Conductors are not.

This one ought to have been booted through the back door of the car so hard that he would not have stopped till he landed at Alviso. As no one on board had boots enough or inclination enough to do it, he is still devoting his titanic intellect to the exclusive collection of fares.

The fair young girl no doubt went home and disinfected herself. She looked like one accustomed to bathing, and, so looking, she has no business to ride, and her parents have little to do to permit her to ride in this hodgepodge of Chinamen and bundles.

The Omnibus Railroad Line still continues to collect five-cent fares, precisely what we pay on other lines for better locomotion, clean and airy cars, and a finer breed of conductor.

I suppose that by this time the pretty "Pop" Dudes are entirely forgotten, and that it is untimely, as well as in bad taste, thus to bring them to the memory of their fickle adorers-about-town. But do not congratulate yourselves, gentlemen. You are not the fickle ones. It is the Dudes who are inconstant; for they have left you, and gone to fresher fields of conquest. A venerable and prominent citizen has just been having his portrait painted by a prominent artist. I fancy a great many of you have seen the picture, and admired it. Now, when this artist was born there must have been a grand conjunction of all the lucky stars; for why, think ye? Because he is esteemed of pretty women.

The sun was shining its brightest through the studio skylight one morning, when there came two timorous steps at the door. It was opened, and in walked two of the "Pop" Dudes—the two prettiest ones. You know who I mean.

The artist had a dreadfully nice time of it. He showed them all his pictures and every one of his European art treasures, and they went into raptures over each several thing.

Finally he uncovered the portrait of the venerable and prominent citizen. It was the crowning success. They greeted it with increased enthusiasm. The artist was surprised. He had not expected such seeming recognition. Nor would you.

"I don't know much about painting; but I can tell when it's a good likeness," said one of the Dudelettes.

"You know him, then?" asked the artist, in still greater marvel.

"Know him! You can just bet we do."

"Guenn" is to be *the* summer novel. It is rather long after its publication for this honor to come upon it, but it is already thick upon the piazzas at the watering-places, and tucked somewhere in the corner of every departing valise. Moreover, you will hear endless discussions over the conduct of Hamor, the hero; and when these discussions come about, a book is bound to be a success.

Having had the misfortune to wade through "Aunt Serena," I had determined not to read "Guenn." But by the time I had heard Hamor called various bad names I contracted a curiosity about the fellow, and determined to look him up. Some declared that he had tortured and dissected the soul of little Guenn as that other painter, Parrhasius, racked his model in the flesh to study the agony of Prometheus. Others, that his careless soul never suspected the passion he had kindled; and others still, that knowing it, he fled to avoid doing the little peasant further wrong. Having now read the book, I beg to contribute one impression to the discussion. I believe him to have been born as naturally as the turtle, with a carapax of indifference to the thrusts of love. As some people are born color-blind, Hamor was born love-blind. He could not respond to it or know that he had inspired it. He was a senseless rock of fate, against which Guenn's stormy, untutored soul flung itself.

As a summer novel, I am disposed to quarrel with "Guenn." Your summer novel should be light, easy reading; something that you can fling down without a sigh. There should be yachts and smooth summer seas in it, or a great deal of grass, and white flannel, and canvas shoes, and lawn-tennis floating through, and enough sub-plots to give any number of declarations, and a lot of easy, flippant, modern, realistic love—a book that you could read lazily swinging in a hammock or reclining in a Chinese *chaise longue*. But this "Guenn" should be read by a winter fire, with the rain dashing on the window-pane, or the wind moaning around the corner. It is full of the tragedy of the lives of these simple Breton fisher-folk, for they feel deeply who live by the sea.

It is strong, like Ouida's early work, but clean as nothing of Ouida's ever is, even when she tries to make it so, and it is rich with character. I am haunted by it, simple as it is. I can hear the soul of the drowned Yvonne dashing against the rocks; I can see the passionate, rebellious Guenn fighting intuitively against her fate; I am followed by the smouldering sacrificial fires in the eyes of Thymert, the sailor priest; I feel guiltily conscious of a liking for Hamor, and I find myself often setting to a melancholy tune of my own that line of Guenn's one song,

"O mon Dieu, que la vie est amère."

No, truly, "Guenn" is *the* summer novel, but it is not *a* summer novel.

One of the most interesting features of natural science is to watch the gradual retrogression of post-nuptial affection. The deaths he would die for her rapidly diminish in number, after the last quarter of the honeymoon. It's always a good idea for a bride of three months to go on a two-weeks' visit to her mother, and then stay away three.

Four or five months after the Arden wedding, last year, Mrs. A. accepted an invitation to visit her parents in Solano. Dick Arden breathed a sigh of freedom the day after she left. It was atrocious, he knew, but he couldn't help it.

The ensuing Saturday he received a pressing invitation from the Lanes to join them in a Monterey party.

Now, there are stages in the malady which comes upon a man when his wife goes off on a visit to the country. They are as follows:

First Day: Great hilarity; theatre and all sorts of dissipation in the evening.
Second Day: A sense of returned bachelorhood; plans made for a course of amusement: theatre in the evening, etc.
Third Day: Cloyed pensiveness; headache; no more theatres to visit; a shadow of loneliness fallen over the house—perhaps it is haunted; a stupid game of billiards, and mild convivality down town.
Fourth Day: Renewed pensiveness; metaphysical speculations on the realized value of human existence; awakened memories of former days, when life was fresh and love was young; first regretful thoughts of the absent spouse; virtuous resolves; visit to the Loring Club Concert in the evening; a feeling of desolation and weariness thereafter.
Fifth Day: Remorse, regret; sorrow drowned in an evening's dissipation.
Sixth Day: Misery.
Seventh Day: Ditto, with added woe.
Second Week: Wailing and gnashing of teeth.
Third Week: Into outer darkness.

Dick Arden reached the fifth day in the progression, and he accepted the invitation right off. He was the only young man, and Blanche Ray, who was in the party, began her tactics at once. In three hours Mr. Arden had entirely forgotten that he had a wife.

Tuesday he took Blanche on a long drive.

Wednesday they played in the bowling alley, went swimming in the tank, and got mixed up in the labyrinth.

Thursday they grew more deeply confidential, discussing "Middlemarch," "Strathmore," and "Article 47."

Friday he talked of affinities and unsympathetic marriages, and the heroism of a man who, in the face of the world, would separate from the wife he could never love; while she looked at him with her lustrous eyes, and led him on to contemplate the extremities of madness.

Saturday the train brought down its load of eligible society youths.

Sunday morning Dick Arden found Blanche walking in the garden with young Crœsus Felter. She bowed coldly, and he, perforce, passed on to the Club House.

Sunday afternoon, as she passed him in the hall, he asked her if she wouldn't like to go riding.

"No—thank you; I've promised to go down to the tanks with Mr. Felter."

That evening found Mr. Arden in San Francisco.

He wrote for his wife to come home immediately.

"Lynwood," at the California on Tuesday evening, was received with most judicious, most well-timed, and most well-regulated applause. I did not see the Chief of the Claque, because I fancy he was in the gallery, but I can not refrain from expressing here my admiration for his ability.

I don't know much about plays, but it struck me that this one was a rather poor play rather well played. I do not, however, think that Mr. Warde's acting was quite in keeping with the rest. Mr. Warde should tone himself down slightly. His style is too pronounced for the rest of the company. When he entered his mistress's house to see her, the day after the murder, he acted like a provincial Romeo barn-storming into the tomb of the Capulets.

In fact, he was so extremely melodramatic that he rather irritated me. When an alleged clock tolled forth some hour or other, Mr. Warde glared, choked, grasped his hair in both hands, turned a flip-flap over an ottoman, and howled:

"O my Gawd, what is that! What can it be?"

I felt like rising and saying:

"Calm yourself—it is nothing but a mild, bald German with specs, tapping on a triangle. His thoughts are far from here, intent on beer. He is supposed to be striking the hour. The reason the hour is being tapped from a triangle instead of from the prompter's bell, is probably, I should imagine, because some one of the actors of the late régime must have levied on the bell, and then soaked it for his salary. Be calm, my friend, be calm."

This is what I felt like saying, but I refrained.

Seriously, Mr. Warde is too good an actor not to see the absurdity of this style of acting when contrasted with the quieter methods of Mr. Holland and Miss Kate Forsythe.

Miss Forsythe, by the way, is a most effective actress. She is also a magnificent creature with athletic white arms.

I admire magnificent creatures—*genre humain*.

I adore athletic white arms—*genre feminin*.

I hurl myself at the feet of Miss Forsythe. I present to her my respectful homage—tempered by my enthusiastic admiration for her arms.

The fashionable vagaries of young women lean more and more to the fashionable vagaries of young men. I met one of these charming creatures the other evening who had just accomplished the last masculine touch. She reminded me, irresistibly, of the Prince Imperial full of assegais, or of St. Sebastian full of arrows. She had jabbed the bosom of her dress with scarf-pins, and the more jabbed she was the more nearly she approached that exalted ideal known as *la dernière gomme*. Somewhere in the collection was an innocent little pearl-head pin and a more innocent gold-head pin. Transversely extended a diamond fly, an enameled ladybug, and a baby spider. There were two others—a small sailors' hat impaled upon a tiny flag-staff, and a miniature palette with the color dabs in gems. She modestly observed that she didn't like to wear any more while the fashion was so new, but that she had as fine a collection as any girl in town.

The only difference between a male and female collector of scarf-pins, she was good enough to inform me, lay in the fact that it was sometimes quite permissible for a man to purchase a scarf-pin, if he needed one; but a woman should always wait to be presented with one. It was, in effect, like an offer of marriage. It was conventional to wait till it came her way.

What could I do but permit the young woman to jab herself with my pet cloisonné bead, which I wore at the moment? The episode ended here.

In the course of the same conversation, I gathered that young women are also afflicted with an intense longing for sticks topped with hammered silver. Any such favorable specimen of these as they can decorously appropriate they do so take unto themselves. Hard upon such appropriation they hie themselves away to a parasol-maker, and get the hammered silver tops of their neighbors screwed upon their umbrellas. These tops they then appear to voraciously devour, after the manner of fashionable young men who sit in the orchestra stalls—and such copies as I have seen are really very neat.

The encroachments of the sex upon the minor elegance of his costume are viewed with some alarm by the male man. The styles of his coats, hats, boots, collars, shirt-bosoms, studs, and umbrellas have all been copied.

His Dulcinea, bristling with scarf-pins, now stands threateningly over the last ditch. But she will not dare to cross it. Even style hesitates at the thought of a woman in pajamas.

Fashions in stationery have almost exhausted themselves. There has been a reaction from the expensive illuminated monogram, and the more expensive illuminated full name. The girls are now wrestling with simplicity. Simplicity is difficult, expensive, and troublesome; but the young ladies who want a new mark for their paper have found one which is easy, cheap, and *chic*.

They put the paper on their laps (women always write on their laps), hang their heads to one side, take their tongues between their teeth, and strike out with their initials. So long as these are easily legible they will not do. When they assume a mixed and heterogeneous appearance, like a drill of the National Guard, they are getting on. When the young lady can not decipher them herself without the aid of an expert they have arrived at the pitch of style. A die is then cast from the scrawl, and her paper is marked with this geometrical war-dance.

Her friends then receive their notes, wondering why she has not written on a fresh sheet.

I received a private letter from a Berlin friend last week, in which was detailed an attempt upon the life of the Emperor William—a story which has been kept rigidly from the press. My friend is in one of the governmental bureaus—hence his knowledge.

It seems that about a month ago the emperor invited Bismarck to a little family dinner—nobody to be there but himself, Crown Prince Fritz and his wife, and Mrs. Bismarck. Inasmuch as it was entirely informal, there were no servants but the Emperor's man, Schimmelpfennig.

The party was a most pleasant one. The emperor was just telling a droll story about how he once wittily threw a link of leberwurst at a lady of honor when he was young, but he was interrupted by a ring at the front door.

"What is it?" he asked, as Schimmelpfennig entered.

"A telegraph-boy, your majesty, with a package."

"Very well. Just take this, and pay him—but pshaw! pay him yourself, Schimmelpfennig—I have nothing but a car-ticket about me."

Schimmelpfennig retired, and presently returned with a brown paper-bag, which he placed upon the table. Out of it rolled a number of magnificent oranges.

"What splendid fruit!" cried Mrs. Bismarck.

"They're just lovely," said Mrs. Fritz.

"It must have been your ma, Queen Vic, who sent them, my dear," said the emperor; "but here's a note. Let's see what it is."

He picked up a piece of folded paper from the table, and opened it. As he read it he turned deathly pale and handed it to Bismarck. Otto adjusted his specs, cleared his throat, and read as follows:

Tyrant, tremble! You are drinking the sweat of your people's brows; you are growing fat off their substance. Tremble! The *seventh orange* contains four ounces of dynamite. Death to you and yours. The hour has come.
[Signed] THE CHIEF OF THE ORANGE DEPARTMENT.
For The Brothers of Dynamitic Philanthropy.

As Bismarck finished reading this dreadful document, an appalling silence fell upon the table. For some time no one spoke. At last Fritz said:

"The *seventh orange*"—a thought strikes me. Why can we not count them, and abstain from eating the seventh orange?"

"Foolish boy!" said the emperor, mournfully, shaking his head, "it is impossible to tell at which end of the bag to begin counting. Nicht wahr, Otto?"

"Ja wohl," replied the prince, in a guttural voice.

"Then make Schimmelpfennig take them all away," said Mr. Fritz.

Just as the emperor was about to bid the terror-stricken Schimmelpfennig do this, a second ring was heard. The servitor flew to the door. In a moment he returned with a letter.

"Who left this?" demanded the emperor, with agitation.

"I dink he a Neehilist vas," replied Schimmelpfennig.

"Why?" almost screamed the ladies.

"Vell, he vore his hat pulled his eyes ofer, und ven he vent avay he vinkled auf his eye, und zaid: '*It vas a putty cold day Siberia auf, don't it?*'"

Bismarck snatched the letter from Schimmelpfennig's hands, and hurriedly read it. It ran as follows:

Cowardly tyrant! You hope to escape your dreadful doom by leaving the orange untouched. Vain hope! *The seventh orange has a secret spring.* A few minutes after receiving this warning, the spring will begin to work. You will observe the orange gradually swelling. When it has reached the proper size—*boom!*—a down-trodden people will be avenged. Your doom is sealed!
[Signed] THE CHIEF OF THE ORANGE DEPARTMENT.
For the Brothers of Dynamitic Philanthropy.
[Countersigned:]
S. T. 1860-X. O. K.—SUPERINTENDENT OF SPRING ORANGES.

As he finished reading, Mrs. Bismarck gave vent to a scream:

"I see it swelling already," she cried.

"Which one?" asked Fritz, breathlessly.

"The third one from the end."

"No, it is the one in the middle," replied Fritz, gloomily. "I see it plainly. We are lost."

"Hush!" whispered Bismarck, "do not speak, do not move, for your lives! The sound-waves of the atmosphere will communicate themselves to the molecules of the dynamite, and precipitate the explosion. Silence!"

The long hours of the night slowly crept away. The unfortunate group around the table gazed with wide-open, sleepless, staring eyes, at the fatal fruit before them.

Morning came, and with it came the empress. She wanted to know where William had been all night. As she entered the room and saw the oranges her expression suddenly changed. Turning to the emperor, she said:

"How often have I told you, William, that you must not eat oranges? Citric acid is one of the worst things possible for your stomach. It destroys the coats. You are old enough to know better."

So saying, the empress gathered up the oranges, and threw them out of the window.

A dreadful explosion followed, and the empress fell fainting to the floor.

She didn't know they were loaded.

There is in this city a lady who has a beautiful neck, very beautiful arms, and a most beautiful bust. Is she opposed to letting them be seen, you ask?

Well, she is a woman.

The other day, then, Madame Belavoir went to the photographer's, to buy her some pictures—of her own. Her corsage was décolleté, but she shrouded her charms from the rude gaze of men, the envious gaze of women, and the caressing touch of the wanton sun, in a wrap. Likewise a carriage.

She arrived. She removed her wrap. She posed.

A photographer, to the sex, is epicene. When the fierce thirst for photographically perpetuating their Raiment seizes them, they think not of him as a man. So the camera person hovered around her, poked her, patted her, and generally strove to get her into that likeness of a tobacconist's sign struck by lightning so dear to the photographer's heart.

Madame Belavoir regarded him not. Women, under certain circumstances, are cool and daring. What can exceed the bravery with which the chariest maids, at times, prodigally unveil their beauty to the moon?—ay, to the sun, and to photographers. Was it not one of Grevin's Parisiennes, who, when having a gown made for a charity ball, said to the too modest man-milliner: "Cut the corsage a few centimetres lower, Monsieur Chose; 'tis for the benefit of the poor, you know."

The poor? Ay—men are poor, weak creatures.

Well, Madame Belavoir submitted with a magnificent pliancy to the pawing of the picture-fiend. He pulled at her corsage, he settled it to his liking, he would retire and gaze at it, and then tiptoe back and pull it further down. At last she spoke.

"What is the reason," she asked, "that you are so anxious to bring this corsage down?"

"Well, you see, ma'am," replied the dry-pla'e man, with a smug smile, "you see, when we have very young girls we don't try to make the—ah—to make them—ah—strikingly daykolleet, but with older ladies it's different—entirely different, I assure you, ma'am. The older a lady the more daykolleet she can be took."

"Ah," said the billowy beauty, settling herself slightly in her cuirass, "if that is the case, I think you had better go on with the picture. If you trifle further with my corsage, you will make me at least a hundred."

The dry-plate person grinned apologetically, and went and stuck his head into the camera.

She left her corsage as it was, however.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

### Second Concert of the Schumann Club, and the Concerto Recitals.

The Schumann Club has unquestionably improved. To say also that it has surprisingly improved would be one's first impulse, if the results of drill and well-directed practice were not always so unavoidably certain. The first and most noticeable point of improvement was the softened quality of the voices, regarded as a body of sound. Although the element of shrillness and sharpness has not been entirely eliminated, it has been conspicuously subdued. A good deal of musical egotism has also given way to self-forgetfulness, and the renunciation of individual effect. The singers have begun to render personal assistence in blending and balancing their parts, and the responsibility of harmonizing *everything* falls less oppressively upon Mr. Loring. With a few scattered exceptions the programme was sung in excellent tune, and the various delightful numbers were read with charming taste and sensibility. The most important composition of the evening consisted of the "Sleeping Beauty"—a setting of Tennyson's familiar words to beautiful and appropriate music by Henry Lahee. Following the division of the poem, the work consists of five parts: First, a chorus, "The Sleeping Palace"; Second, "The Sleeping Beauty," a contralto solo, sung with care and a grateful distinctness of enunciation by Miss Rightmire, and concluded by a soprano solo, "She Sleeps," with chorus accompaniment. Third, "The Arrival," ending with a *fortissimo* passage sung *con passione*,

> "Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
> How dark those hidden eyes must be!"

Fourth, "The Revival," a chorus with solo part, by Mrs. Van Brunt; and, fifth, "The Departure." An organ part, played by Miss Helene Coe, was added to Miss Bessie Marshall's piano accompaniment, and the number, as a whole, was novel and enjoyable. An unintentionally diverting and anything but musical effect was produced in several numbers by the preponderance of sibilants in certain passages. The lovely music of "She Sleeps" was almost hissed out of being by the continued repetition and combination of the "s" and "e" sounds, and, later on, the words "be still," in "Legends," were responsible for a similar unpleasantness. However, so long as the Schumann Club sings in English (which the saints grant it may always do!) this difficulty will beset its path. "Easter Bells," by Krug, the first number of the programme, was very happily rendered. This was followed by Brahm's "Fidelin," given in much better style than upon its previous presensation. Other selections were "Gypsy Life" and "The Water Sprite," by Schumann, the latter being given with great character and vividness. "Legends," by Möhring, called forth hearty praise, and was repeated. It was sung without accompaniment, and with great tenderness and artistic feeling, the second altos carrying a part of especial richness and meaning. The programme was concluded by a bright and unique setting of "Jack and Gill" to music adapted from Caldicott. A large audience filled Irving Hall, and exhibited much appreciative interest.

A rare and noteworthy event, and one indicating the high state of musical culture in San Francisco, has been the bringing out within the past fortnight of ten famous Concertos, under the direction of Mr. Louis Lisser. These meetings have been of peculiar interest, not only because they have necessarily involved much that is fine and artistic in the line of mere mechanical performance, but also because they have afforded opportunities of listening to faithful interpretations of great works which here are seldom heard. Every Concerto is in itself a centre of interest and curiosity. It is a musical form in which a writer (with certain restrictions, of course), gives freer rein to his thought and fancy than elsewhere. Into its three movements he is at liberty to weave a history, a romance, a tragedy, if he will, and into its cadenzas the wildest extravagances, or the most delicate and dreamy imaginations. He is not bound or limited by the thought of a performer's capabilities, for a Concerto is designed to show an executant's skill. Owing to their length and technical difficulty, as well as to the necessity for accompaniment, the study of these works is not often ventured upon by amateurs—at least in San Francisco. Every professional pianist who comes before the public includes several in his repertoire, of course. But it has been a strange experience to hear one after another of these difficult compositions played—and worthily played—by students in our very midst. The quiet rooms, the hushed and expectant listeners, the atmosphere of keen appreciation, and the excellent playing itself, all seemed a bit of European musical life caught up and set down in San Francisco. The Concertos performed, and those playing them, have been in order: Mozart's Concerto in A major, by Miss Milwain; Rubinstein's No. 1, by Miss Hunt; Mozart's in C major, by Mrs. Boalt; Rubinstein's No. 2, by Miss Adams; Rubinstein's No. 4, by Mr. Weber; Chopin's F minor, by Miss Welton; Saint-Saëns's G minor, by Miss Gregg; Rubinstein's No. 3, by Miss de Fremery; Chopin's E minor, by Miss Levinson; and Grieg's A minor, by Miss Murch. The orchestra part, in each case, was played on a second piano by Mr. Lisser.

F. A.

San Francisco is shortly to have an addition to its musical circle in Miss Mary Agnes Lester, late of Los Angeles. Miss Lester comes up to fill the position of soprano at the First Unitarian Church, made vacant by Miss Olmstead's departure for the East. Miss Lester is said to have a pure, high soprano voice. She received her musical education in Boston, and has also studied with Madam Fabbri, of this city, who speaks highly of her ability. On account of her father's health she has been living in Los Angeles for the past two years.

## SOCIETY.

### The Crocker Dinner.

Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker entertained at dinner Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mrs. Rutherford's sister-in-law, Mrs. Haff, of New York, Mrs. Lucy Arnold, and Mr. and Mrs. Wright of Sacramento. Besides the guests, Mr. Will Crocker and Mr. George Crocker were present. After the dinner, when the guests had adjourned to the drawing-room, Mrs. Haff sang a number of songs with charming effect.

### The Stetson Dinner.

Miss Nellie Stetson, who was graduated from Mills's Seminary on Wednesday, entertained a number of her friends at dinner on Thursday evening. After dinner dancing was in order. Among the guests present were: Miss Whittier, Miss Keeler, Miss Clark, Mr. Horton, Mr. Will Wheeler, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Buckbee, Mr. Belden, and Mr. John Scott.

### The McPherson Commerce Party.

Miss Margheretta McPherson gave a commerce party Wednesday evening, at her residence, 609 Polk Street. A number of friends were present, and during the evening refreshments were partaken of in the dining-room. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Louis Marshall, the Misses Thorn, Mr. Duffy, Mr. Holladay, and others.

### A Decoration Day Picnic.

Yesterday, a party of young people chaperoned by Mrs. Faber, including Miss Etta Tracy (who lately returned from Oregon), Miss Laura Rice, the Misses Stetson, Miss McEwen, Miss Kirk, and Mr. Barnard, Mr. Charles Leonard, and others, chartered an open car and rode up to the Lagunitas, where they picnicked under the redwoods. After spending a delightful day, the party returned by the evening train.

### The Lawn Tennis Tournament.

On Friday there was a grand opening Lawn Tennis Tournament held in San Rafael, on the tennis grounds, in which all the best players participated. After the games, refreshments were served to the participants and their guests.

### The Yacht Cruise.

The San Francisco Yacht Club, accompanied by a number of yachts from the Pacific Yacht Club, left yesterday noon for their Decoration Day cruise. The fleet first went to Mare Island, then to Benicia, and finally to Antioch, although some of the larger yachts remained at Martinez. To-morrow morning at nine o'clock the fleet will start on the return trip, trying rate of sailing to the Club House at Saucelito.

### The British Banquet.

Last Monday evening the British residents gave a dinner at the Palace Hotel to celebrate Queen Victoria's birthday. Vice-Consul Mason presided, as H. B. M. Consul Stanley, owing to the recent bereavement in his family, was unable to be present. After the banquet, which lasted from seven until ten o'clock, the toasts were in order. First, Vice-Consul Mason proposed "The Queen," and the entire company sang "God Save the Queen." The piper, Mr. A. McDonald, then played "The Queen's Welcome to Balmoral." The Chairman proposed "The President of the United States,' when "Hail Columbia" was played. "The Prince and Princess of Wales, and all the Royal Family"; Ben Clark and Sam Mayer singing "God Bless the Prince of Wales." W. Green Harrison proposed "The United States of America," which was responded to by Hugh Burke; and "The Star Spangled Banner" was sung by Sam Mayer. R. J. Creighton proposed "The State of California," which was responded to by Major-General Walter Turnbull. Mr. Theobald proposed "The Merchant Service," to which Captain Ogilvie responded; and Ben Clark sang "The Death of Nelson, and, for an encore, "The Anchor's Weighed." "The Press" was proposed by C. F. Mullins; and "The King and the Miller" was sung by Mr. Carleton. "The Ladies" was responded to by Mr. Catton, and Sam Mayer sang "The Queen's Letter." Doctor Bennett, in an excellent speech, then proposed "Vice-Consul Mason." Mr. W. Green Harrison, president of the British Benevolent Society," was proposed by Mr. D. B. Brown, and "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" was sung. Mr. Dobbinson then proposed a toast which was received with enthusiasm, "William Lane Booker, and our absent friends," after which "Should auld acquaintance be forgot" was sung, and the company broke up.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Atherton entertained Miss Millie Ashe, Miss Grey (who has been visiting Mrs. Hearst), and Mr. Arthur Page, on Sunday, at her country seat in Menlo Park.

Mrs. ex-Governor Perkins and Miss Perkins will spend the summer at Monterey. They think of going down there some time next week.

Colonel and Mrs. Sullivan and Miss Jamie Sullivan go to the Yosemite next week.

J. G. Severance returned from his Sacramento visit last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin and family have gone East for the summer.

Mr. E. M. Greenway went down to Monterey on Thursday, for a visit. He will return to the city on Monday.

Henry Heyman leaves next Monday for Honolulu.

Mrs. Colonel Creed Haymond, who has been visiting friends in Auburn, returned last week Saturday. She was accompanied by Miss Ada Johnson and Miss Thompson.

A. A. Cohen has been visiting Marysville.

General and Mrs. Banning, of Los Angeles, went East last week to attend the wedding of their niece, Miss Banning, of Minneapolis, who is to wed the son and heir of the famous Dr. Ayer who lately died.

Mrs. Adams and family, of Bush Street, go down the coming week to Monterey to spend the summer.

General George Cadwallader came down from Red Bluff Wednesday.

Governor Stoneman came down from Sacramento Wednesday.

Mrs. Benoni Irwin, who arrived from the East last week, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Richardson, in East Oakland. Mr. Benoni Irwin will arrive here from New York about the last of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Beveridge arrived here from England on Friday week, after an absence of over a year.

Miss Townsend returns from visiting her uncle at Riverside next week, and will depart for her home in New Orleans about the middle of the month

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Harrington have been visiting Monterey this week.

Mr. F. A. Golden, of the *Times-Democrat*, New Orleans, arrived here last Sunday.

Mr. Charles Alexander went up to Napa yesterday, to visit his mother and sisters, who are spending the summer in their country residence there.

Dr. Brigham spent Saturday and Sunday at Monterey.

Charles Crocker went down to Monterey Friday week, and remained until Monday.

H. R. Judah spent Saturday and Sunday at Monterey.

Rev. F. W. Reed, of Sacramento, visited Monterey last week.

Dr. Merritt took a number of friends on an ocean cruise last week. The party consisted of Lord Ronald Gower, I. W. Taber, W. R. Payne, Captain Shelby, and S. B. Samuels. They visited Santa Cruz and spent Sunday at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Franklin Bangs, of Oakland, will go down to Monterey in a few days, to spend a number of weeks.

Sir Edward L. Hutchinson, from England, and suite h... spending the week at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Barker and Miss Barker, of Oakland, went down to Monterey last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee and Mr. and Mrs. Perine, of Oakland, are visiting Mendocino County.

Mr. A. B. Forbes, the Misses Forbes, and their cousin who has been visiting them, left for the Yosemite Monday, to be gone several weeks.

Mrs. General Houghton, Miss Houghton, and Miss Minnie Houghton, left Nice and San Remo, where they have been spending the winter, a few weeks ago, and went to Paris, *via* Geneva. They leave for Germany toward the end of June.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Normanby, Lord Henry Phipps, Captain Le Patourel, and suite, left for the East on Saturday last, as Lady Normanby had sufficiently recovered to bear the journey.

Major-General Walter Turnbull spent Sunday at Monterey.

Major H. J. Brady spent Saturday and Sunday at Monterey.

George Dornin spent a few days at Monterey last week.

Mrs. L. A. Olmstead and her daughter, Miss Olmstead, spent a few days at Del Monte last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson, of Alameda, spent Sunday at Monterey.

Harry Houghton, of Oakland, spent Sunday at Monterey.

Friday Mr. and Mrs. Green, Eastern friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, left for the Yosemite. They had recently come up from Los Angeles in their private car.

Lord Ronald Gower is still at the Palace, and will remain in the city for some little time yet. He went down to Santa Cruz with the *Casco* yachting party Friday week, and extended the trip to Monterey, spending Sunday at Del Monte.

Mr. G. H. Lee and Mr. F. W. Oakshott, two English gentlemen visiting the coast, went up to the Yosemite last Wednesday.

General Backus leaves for the Yosemite next Monday, to be absent several weeks.

Mr. Thomas Wild and a number of other English tourists left on Wednesday to do the Yosemite.

Miss De Guire, of Stockton, who has been visiting her sister, in Oakland, returned home last Monday.

Next week Mrs. John Corning leaves for a visit to the Yosemite.

Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mrs. Haff of New York, Mrs. J. B. Wright of Sacramento, and Miss Deming, went down in a party to Monterey last Saturday, returning Monday noon.

Richard Tobin and his son visited Del Monte last Saturday.

Henry T. Scott spent Sunday at Monterey.

Captain John K. Lundy visited Monterey last week.

### Army and Navy News.

Rear-Admiral Upshur will transfer his flag to the *Shenandoah*, which is now in Southern waters. He will proceed to Callao by steamer, where he will make the change of flag-ships. He was to have gone by the *Monongahela*, but that vessel is not ready for service.

Captain George H. Perkins, U. S. N., who was lately ordered to the command of the ship *Hartford*, now in this port, sent in his resignation on Wednesday, for the stated reason that he was tired of the service.

Orders were issued on Wednesday, at Washington, detaching Captain John Irwin from special duty at the Navy Yard, and placing him on waiting orders.

Mrs. Commander De Long is to be granted a pension of fifty dollars a month.

The *Pinta* is at Panama, en route for San Francisco.

Lieutenant Green, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., arrived here on Monday last.

Colonel Charles Sutherland, U. S. A., arrived in New York from San Francisco, a few days ago, and reported to General Hancock for duty on his staff as Medical Director.

Lieutenant A. C. Taylor, Second United States Artillery, who has been visiting on this coast, will return shortly to Little Rock, Arkansas.

Troops A and K of the Second Cavalry have been assigned to the Presidio. Major D. S. Gordon will command the post at the Presidio.

### Notes and Gossip.

Miss Carrie Conner has been the guest of Miss Jeannette Reynolds during the week, and was honored by several theatre and dinner and evening parties.

Miss Nellie Stetson, who was graduated from Mills's Seminary last Wednesday, was presented with a chatelaine and watch, of the plain Parisian fashion so much in vogue. Miss Jennie Whittier received an elegant horse and phaeton; and Miss Nellie Tabor, a chatelaine.

Next Monday morning, at eleven o'clock, the opening of the new hall of the San Francisco Produce Exchange, at 425 California Street, will take place.

The San Francisco Yacht Club had intended to give a dance on Thursday evening, at their Saucelito club-house, which has been entirely renovated and refitted, but various difficulties interposed, and the affair has been postponed till next Saturday, June 7th, when many members of the Pacific Yacht Club will join the San Francisco Yacht Club in the festivities.

## ART NOTES.

Theodore Wores has just finished a charming portrait of Mrs. Captain R. C. Hooker. The lady is clad in white tulle, with a large light blue sash about her waist. She is seated in a chair, and rests her arm upon a bronze stand over which is thrown drapery of deep blue. The background is a portière of white satin. The effect of the painting is rich in the extreme; and the artist has rendered the beauty of form and flesh-tints with remarkable fidelity.

Fred Yates left for San Rafael Wednesday, where he has established his studio for the summer.

Henry Raschen, who is spending the summer at Fort Ross, has been working on a study called "Wildflowers." It represents two young Indian maidens coming out of the woods with their arms laden with wild rhododendrons. The charming idea was taken from an actual occurrence.

The Palette Club exhibition virtually closed on Tuesday, although a number of the artists will let their paintings remain on the walls, for the interest of chance visitors. Von Perbandt's landscape, which arrived a week after the opening, has been the recent feature of the exhibition. It has attracted much attention, and shows great insight into nature.

Miss Jeanie Lucas will exhibit next week, at Morris & Kennedy's, her pretty Chinese study, "A Student of Confucius," which represents a little Celestial schoolboy.

At the same gallery there has been placed on exhibition an excellent marine view of the coast near Point Cypress, by Frank Heath; and a very pleasing rural scene by an English artist, T. S. Waite, besides the study of a beautiful dancing girl, by the well-known European artist, Ferdinand Wagner.

At one of the Japanese stores a rare work of art has recently been placed on exhibition. Its price is put far into the thousands. It is the figure of a mermaid composed of bronze and lacquer, and would cause a sensation were in shown in a European art centre. The sculptor is an old Japanese of eighty odd years. During his busy lifetime he has executed only three works of art, of which this is one. The knowledge of anatomy which the figure displays is marvelous, and can only be compared to the sculpture of ancient times.

The municipal council of Rouen are about to use the current of the Seine to drive a set of dynamo-electric machines, which will supply current to maintain a powerful electric lamp, placed on the tower of the cathedral, and having its rays reflected downward on the city.

## THE MYSTERIOUS CLOCK.

A Wild Tale Told in a Miner's Cabin at Circle Valley.

It had been a stormy day in Circle Valley, and earth and air were blended together in one vast impenetrable tone of monotonous gray. Clouds of flying snow were hurled to the ground only to be torn up again by the violent tempest, and sent bowling away through the pine trees and foot-hills. Jackson's stanch log-house quivered before the blast, and the old man declared he had never seen such a day since he came to the valley. I had arrived just in time. The darkness was already beginning to gather ere I had discovered Jackson's buildings through the blinding snow, and I breathed a sigh of relief when I knew that I was not doomed to a shelterless night under such dangerous circumstances. It was with feelings of great satisfaction that I had followed Jackson into his large sitting-room, where a huge fire of pine logs blazing in an enormous fire-place did double service in furnishing both light and heat. The room, though rudely furnished, and, of course, carpetless, nevertheless possessed an air of comfort which to me was greatly multiplied as I thought of my long cold day's ride. Indeed, it seemed to me I had never before in my life been in such a cheerful apartment, and I quickly settled myself in a nook by the chimney to await supper. Jackson was a generous, hearty old fellow, and gave me a slap on the back that nearly took my breath away, but for some reason or other made me feel very much at home. He presented me to three other men, who, like myself, had been forced by the weather to seek the protection of his friendly roof. One was a jolly old miner from Pioche; the second was a tall, thin, gaunt man, an elder in the Mormon church—and a very entertaining fellow he proved to be; and the third was a rough and ready ranchman from Grass Valley. When we had partaken of the hearty supper which Jackson's worthy better-half finally set before us, we all felt very contented and comfortable, and drew up to the fire with our pipes. The storm augmented with the darkness, and swept through the valley with increased violence.

Jackson ventured out for a final inspection of his stable, and when he returned he closed the door, and locked it with a positive air that plainly indicated that he did not expect to open it again before morning. For scarcely had he pulled a chair into our group, when there was a sudden barking of the dogs.

"Another benighted cuss wants to come in, probably," said the old miner, with a grin.

Expressing great surprise, Jackson went to the door to obtain a view, if possible, of the approaching individual, or learn the cause of the disturbance, and out of curiosity I followed him. As he opened the door a terrific blast of cold and snow swept in.

Almost instantly there loomed up before us, like a phantom, full under the light of the window, a muffled figure on horseback.

"Hullo, the house there!" the person shouted, not perceiving us as we stood shivering beside the door.

"Hullo," replied Jackson, through his chattering teeth, brushing the accumulating snow off his bare head at the same time.

"Can I have accommodations here?"

"Yes—of course—you couldn't go on nohow," yelled the old man.

"No, you're right—you're right. I couldn't go on, for the excellent reason that I wouldn't know where to go, even if I could see a rod ahead of my nose. The truth is, I'm lost, and I've stumbled on your place by pure accident. Ugh! I'm cold, and"——

"Go in—go in," said Jackson, taking the bridle; "you are freezing here."

The stranger entered, as Jackson threw open the door, and called his boy Tom to come and put up the horse.

"Good evening," the man said, quietly, to those inside, as he stepped over the threshold. "No, I'm not so very cold—not so very cold," he replied to my inquiries.

I poured him out a large glass of brandy. He swallowed it eagerly. Then he took off his wraps, and hung them on the pegs by the door, stamped his feet to shake off the snow which still hung to his heavy boots, and advanced to the fire. He stood sadly regarding it, and his thoughts appeared to be far away.

I examined his appearance more closely. He was dark, and swarthy, and weather-beaten, I noticed, and though his jet black hair was streaked with grey, his face seemed strangely youthful. His eye was roving and restless. His stature was below the average, and his frame was slender, I might almost say delicate. A slight accent in the few words he had spoken seemed to betray a foreign origin, and there was a trace of Jewish blood apparent in the general cast of his features. His whole manner was that of a man wholly absorbed in thought, or brooding over some deep and secret trouble. Presently his supper was ready, and he sat down to it in silence. I watched the man closely when he was not observing me. He puzzled me, and I was curious to know what was the matter with him. My attention was finally diverted to a conversation between the elder and the old miner, wherein the former was trying to convince the latter of the efficacy of the Mormon ceremony of the laying on of hands. The miner was hard to convince, and disbelieved the story which the elder brought up as proof.

"You don't believe it," the elder said, "because you have never seen it tried, yet probably you could tell us something extraordinary yourself, and we might refuse to believe it because we were not eye-witnesses."

"There's something in that; but I don't go much on spirits and that sort o' thing, you know."

"But have you never had anything which verged on the supernatural come under your observation?"

"Well, I don't know. Yes—there was the time my brother was killed in the Red Mountain mine. That was singular—but I don't think the spirits had a hand in it."

"What was it?" inquired the elder.

"Well, you see, the strangeness was not so much his dying as in the apparent warning I had of it aforehand. I knew he was working a drift deep down in a new part of the mine, and I was worried about him because I knew the kind of rock he was going through. One night I dreamed that he was working his shift alongside a comrade, a big piece came loose from the hanging wall, and crushed him so badly that he died in two hours, and it did not hurt his neighbor at all. I woke up, and the clock in my room struck three. The clock, striking as it did, seemed to connect itself with my dream, and I could not shake off the feeling that something was going to happen. So in the morning I wrote a letter to my brother, begging him to keep out of the mine for a while. He considered it all nonsense, and said he couldn't possibly stay up just then. Besides, he said, the rock through which they were drifting was unusually solid, and there was no danger. Still I was uneasy, and on the third day after my dream I started for his mine. I arrived a few minutes past two in the afternoon, and as I approached the works, I saw there was some excitement among the men. I rushed in and asked what it was that had happened.

"'Man badly crushed,' they said.

"'His name?' I demanded; and they gave me the name of my brother.

"At this moment the cage came to the surface bearing his inanimate form. We took him to his lodgings, and everything was done for him, but it was soon all over, poor boy! Two hours after the accident he died, and singularly enough, just as he died, the clock in the room struck three. It was very strange."

"Very," I said; "yet doubtless, like many other things of the sort, a mere coincidence."

"Oh, yes—nothing more. I never thought there was any truth in the dream."

"Yet I myself have found truth in things quite as strange."

This sentence, uttered in the peculiar voice of the stranger whom we had completely forgotten, caused all to start. He had finished his meal and had silently seated himself in the half-shadow at one corner of the chimney-piece.

"I have no doubt, sir," I said to him, "that you could tell us from your own experience something fully as strange as our friend's story, and I beg you will do so."

He had been looking steadily into the fire from his shadowy corner, and the side of his face was toward us. As he spoke he turned his head deliberately and looked me straight in the face for a moment. At the same instant some object beyond me which came in the line of his vision caused him to spring up, and exclaim hoarsely;

"That clock—did it stop to-day?"

Every glance was turned toward the clock which rested quietly on its shelf at the farther end of the room, and was brightly illuminated by the ruddy glare of the fire. The hands pointed to ten minutes past five, though the actual time must have been about nine o'clock. The clock was stopped.

"Yes," replied Jackson, "the durned thing's stopped sure—but it's the first time for weeks."

The stranger groaned.

"My God!" he exclaimed, and he appeared much agitated.

There was a dead silence, and then Jackson said, in a soothing tone:

"Tell us what it's all about, stranger—it'll do ye good."

"Perhaps," the man replied, mournfully, with a deep-drawn sigh; "but it's a very strange story."

"All the better," said Jackson.

"Well, well," the man said, absently, "it can do me no harm, and will doubtless interest you; so if you wish it I will try to relate my history."

We all, with one voice, urged him to proceed, and, after a moment's hesitation, he said:

"I am not, as you might suppose, suffering from the pangs of a guilty conscience, but the fearful oppression of a cruel and relentless fate." He paused, as if for breath. The thoughts passing through his mind were evidently very painful. But he continued: "However, I will tell you the whole. In the first place, I am not an American, as you may already have suspected; on the contrary I was born in the south of France. My father was a banker, of Jewish extraction, and my mother was the daughter of an English consul. Being called in by his government some months after the marriage, my grandfather returned to England, and my mother was then left without a single relative in the country. My father, though generally of an agreeable disposition, unfortunately for us all proved to be a man of strange temper. Many years passed ere his peculiarities began to exhibit themselves. If my mother discovered them before, she was successful in disguising her knowledge of them, though it is probable that they were for the most part latent till the tide of fortune turned against him, and he suddenly beheld his wealth slipping surely and rapidly from his possession. He had resort to alcohol to buoy up his spirits and brace his nervous system. But this soon had no effect, and he sought a more powerful and deadly stimulant. He began to drink absinthe. Each day he took larger and more frequent doses, until his nerves were completely shattered by the seductive and extraordinary liquor. He was plunged deeper and deeper in the mire of misfortune. From opulence we sank to the very threshold of poverty. Happily we succeeded in saving our home from the general wreck, and we were not turned into the street, as seemed so probable at one time. A hard struggle was now before us. I was by this time old enough to turn myself to account, and with the remainder of the family—four brothers, all older than myself—succeeded in earning enough to supply our daily needs. I, fortunately, secured a place as assistant in the postoffice; two of my brothers already had employment in a bank, another had just finished a course in pharmacy and compounded prescriptions at an apothecary's, while the oldest was private clerk to a wealthy wine-merchant. We might have obtained money by selling some of our furniture, much of which was of curious workmanship and great antiquity, but nothing short of actual starvation would have induced us to part with it. Among other rare articles, we possessed a complicated and elaborately constructed musical clock. The devil himself must have designed the infernal thing. However, the case of this clock was carved and inlaid in the most sumptuous fashion. It was the first, and, I believe, the only clock of the kind ever constructed. It had been made specially for one of my father's remote ancestors, a vicious and cruel old duke, by a celebrated clock-maker of that period, who was said to be also an alchemist and magician of extraordinary power. He must have been Satan himself. It was always supposed that this man had invested the clock with strange powers and properties, but we had never, up to the beginning of our misfortunes, remarked in it anything out of the ordinary. There were vague traditions that had been handed down with it from generation to generation. Chief among them was one that hinted that the time-stained dial had looked down on several deeds of darkness. These, in some mysterious way, it possessed the power of recording; and if one held the secret, he might have them pictured before him; in fact, he could bring up, in a sort of panorama, all that ever passed at any time in front of the dial. We did not believe any of these things; if we had, we might have rid ourselves of the diabolical machine, and our family history might have run differently. But the mysteries of the future are sealed to us, and we continued to regard the old clock with that reverence and affection which one always has for things of that sort that have been handed down from father to son for many generations. The clock was an exceptionally large one—so large, indeed, that a person of average height could easily enter the case and close himself behind the massive carved door. Once, when a lad of goodly size, I happened to be left alone in my father's bed-room, where the clock always stood, and I was suddenly seized with an uncontrollable desire to enter the case in search of the secret springs which I imagined must exist there. I boldly opened the door, and almost closed myself in, when I felt a dreadful pricking sensation all over my body. This pricking sensation grew each moment more intense, and I was oppressed by a feeling of faintness and heat. I was also horrified to discover that the ticking had stopped. Much frightened, I hastened to get out, and the instant I did so the pricking sensation disappeared and the pendulum resumed its monotonous swing. My brain reeled, and I was glad to make my escape from the room. I never dared to repeat the experiment. I knew if I were discovered tampering with the clock, my father would be very angry, and his anger was a thing to be dreaded as the caravan dreads the simoom.

"My father at length began to have occasional attacks of a peculiar and violent delirium, and during these attacks he was extremely unmanageable, though he showed no inclination to do any one bodily harm. Sometimes, however, he injured himself, more or less, and we considered the feasibility of placing him under some sort of constant surveillance; but my mother thought it best to permit him, at least for a time longer, his full liberty. One morning, however, he was discovered insensible in his bed, and my mother was nowhere to be found. A window which opened into the garden bordering the river was ajar; clothing, jewels, and articles of furniture were strewn about the apartment in wild confusion. On my father's brow was a frightful gash, which had bled profusely, dyeing the bed and carpets crimson. There had evidently been a commotion and a struggle; but as all the walls of the old house were exceptionally thick, not a soul had heard a sound. So soon as my father's insensible form could be removed to another room, a search was instituted for my mother. All the closets, and every place where she could possibly have been concealed, were carefully examined, but with no success. We were about to conclude that she had been carried off by brigands, when I happened to notice that the old clock had stopped, and, remembering my old experience with it, I rushed to it and tore open the locked door. There before me, insensible and apparently lifeless, lay the form of my poor mother.

"We took her tenderly out, but all attempts to resuscitate her were unavailing. She was dead. There were no marks of violence about her. Her color was fresh and life-like; but some blue spots on her throat was discovered, and it was then thought that my father had perhaps dealt foully with her while he was in one of his fits of delirium. But on recovering sensibility, he declared he had been suddenly attacked—he supposed by robbers—and he knew nothing more. He was arrested, and the case was tried before the magistrate, but there was absolutely no proof that he had committed the crime. He, too, had been seriously injured, and the whole affair was finally dropped, and regarded by many people as the work of a band of brigands that infested the neighborhood, and which, it was surmised, had some special grudge against him. My father's first care after the matter had been decided was to start the old clock, the hands having remained in the position they were in on the morning of the tragedy—they still indicated ten minutes past five. For many years the clock had not been stopped for so long a time, and my father for some reason was much exercised because it had been neglected. He appeared to have now a greatly increased desire to guard it and keep it going, and he watched it with intense solicitude. It had always been astonishingly regular, and it was expected to continue as before when it was again started; but it failed to do so. I was standing close to my father's side when he opened the door to touch the pendulum the first time after the mournful tragedy, and I observed a tremor pass over him. His hand shook as he reached out to push the rod. When he touched it, the clock immediately resumed its regular beating, but there was an instant stirring of the musical apparatus, and the deep notes of a *requiem* vibrated on the air of the silent chamber. As the pipes poured forth the melancholy strain my father started back, bowed his head, and remained in this attitude silent as a statue. He was deeply moved. Since that fatal night he had changed for the better, and not a drop of absinthe had passed his lips. He was feeble and nervous, but I believed he had resolved to abandon his stimulants entirely. I prayed he might have the strength to adhere to his resolution, and it gratified me to see that the solemn music affected him. I considered it a sign of bright promise. The tears rolled down his pale and haggard cheeks, and as silently as I could I stole out of the chamber and left him alone. When the next fifth hour came round the clock stopped at ten min-

utes past, to the great annoyance of my father, and it continued in this way for ten days, stopping at ten minutes past five as often as it was started, and occasionally playing the *requiem*. My father watched it with eager anxiety, and each time so soon as it stopped he started it again. He seemed to have a special horror for the position of the hands at ten minutes past five, and constantly feared the very thing which happened, the stopping of the clock at that hour. Finally he declared something must be wrong with the works, and though when the ten days were over the clock went on as usual, he had an expert mechanician come to overhaul it thoroughly. I watched this man with almost breathless interest as he examined the clock preparatory to taking it apart. At last, I thought I was to know something about this strange machine which had, since earliest childhood, been such a great mystery to me. I was about to view with my own eyes the curious machinery that many a time had struck me dumb with wonder by its performances.

"But I must say that the mechanic failed to comprehend a large part of the machinery, and of course it was still more unintelligible to me. However, he first took out the pendulum and the weights, and then removed a large upper case which inclosed the principal works. This brought to light a square mass of intricate brass and woodwork, and numerous wires of copper that seemed to extend to all parts of the case. The time-measuring apparatus was immediately in front, and connected with it was a series of wheels and cylinders. Next came the long cylinder with its innumerable little brass pins, which, operating on a key-board, admitted the compressed air from a bellows arrangement into the pipes. The latter were all of fine wood, over seventy in number, of varying size, and constructed with admirable precision. But the strangest part of the machinery was discovered immediately below the pipes. It was a box-like cavity containing numerous sheets of beaten silver attached to copper frames; and several hermetically-sealed glass cylinders partly full of different colored liquids. The whole of this was connected by wires with the rollers and wheels adjoining the time-apparatus. Besides these curious things there were on both sides, and also connected by wires with the rest, a number of parallel rods of copper and zinc. The man refused absolutely to touch anything but the time portion, and this differed very little from that of other clocks of the period, except in the excellence of its finish. There was nothing out of order, and the mechanic expressed great surprise that the clock had stopped. He replaced the few wheels he had taken out, and went away. The clock was left to itself. My father appeared to dread the sight of the room in which it was—his old bed-room—and never slept there. Strangely enough he invariably visited it several times each day to see if the clock was still going. There was never a more faithful timepiece, and as faithfully did my father now abstain from all intoxicating drinks. With so much energy did he devote himself to his business that it was not long before he began to recover his lost ground. Before three years had passed he was once more in comfortable circumstances, and seemed to have entirely forgotten the dreadful occurrence which had been the cause of his reform. In the fifth year after the tragedy he was in excellent health, in the full enjoyment of returning wealth. He had actually begun to pay his addresses to a rich and handsome widow of our neighborhood, when suddenly the old clock took another freak and halted at ten minutes past five, thus vividly recalling the melancholy affair of five years before. It was faithfully started, but behaved precisely as it had behaved the first time, stopping each day at exactly ten minutes past five. My father was extremely troubled. He grew pale and haggard, and was evidently suffering deeply from the unhappy memory. He kept to his room, and sat long hours with his face buried in his hands—hearing nothing, seeing no one. When he looked up his eyes had a vacant, glassy expression that gave us much alarm. We did all that we could to soothe him, but our efforts were unavailing. On the morning of the tenth day after the first stopping of the clock we discovered him dead, with an expression of intense agony on his features, and strange blue marks about his throat. We found also that the old clock had again stopped at ten minutes past five, and when it was started the pipes sounded the solemn notes of the *requiem*.

"After this it continued with its customary regularity, but my brain was haunted by its extraordinary performances. I tried to shake it off, but I could not. I beheld looming up before me everywhere I went a tall spectral clock, the hands of which were fixed on what I now began to regard as a fatal hour, ten minutes past five. Besides this the slow notes of the *requiem* rang constantly in my ears, and my every motion seemed in cadence with it. At length I thought I saw a connection between the stopping of the clock at the time of my mother's death and the later one. There suddenly appeared to be meaning in it. I recalled the fact that my father had died precisely five years after my mother, and I believed the stopping of the clock was some kind of a premonition. The matter worried me for weeks, and then, unable to form a solution of it, I gradually forgot it amid the distractions of other affairs. I told you, I believe, that I had four brothers. Well, about a year after my father's death the clock stopped a third time, in the same mysterious way, at ten minutes past five, and persisted as before in stopping at that hour as often as it was started. Out of respect for my father's fondness for the clock, a servant was instructed to keep it going. We thought it only another freak that might last for several days, after which it would continue as before. Such at least was the opinion entertained by my brothers; but for my own part I was much alarmed, because I thought I saw more in this stopping than the mere interruption of the regularity of the timepiece. I believed the stopping to be a harbinger of misfortune, and my thoughts on the subject after the death of my father now returned to me with double force. When I divulged my ideas, however, I was ridiculed, and being in the minority I was obliged to refrain from further expressing my views on the subject. The clock continued to stop exactly for ten days at the same hour. On the morning of the tenth we were shocked by the discovery of our eldest brother dead, his throat marked with blue, and a dreadful expression of fear on his countenance. The clock hands pointed to ten minutes past five. I was now certain that the stopping was full of horrible significance. I hated and dreaded the diabolical machine. I wanted to crush it out of existence. I longed to destroy it to the very last wheel and pinion, but my remaining brothers regarded me as one demented when I suggested it. They appeared to inherit from my father his singular reverence for the hateful clock as well as the desire to have its motion uninterrupted. I said nothing more, but began a close analysis of its peculiarities. I discovered that my brother had died one year after my father, almost, if not exactly to the minute, and my naturally superstitious nature was henceforth thoroughly imbued with the idea that there was some mysterious and fatal connection between this curious clock and our family life. I felt sure the ten minutes past five so persistently adhered to on the different occasions was a symbol of destruction for us. I reviewed the whole matter. My mother had been foully murdered by some person or persons unknown. The clock had been found stopped, with her corpse within its huge case. No doubt, I thought, the clock had stopped at the very moment her spirit fled, and her poor body was crushed into the case. My father had died precisely five years after this, and the clock had stopped in its singular fashion, apparently giving him ten days' warning of the approach of the fatal hour. The five years, I decided, after much consideration, must correspond to the number of hours recorded on the dial at the moment of the murder. So I concluded that this meant that five years after the murder there was to be another death, with as many days' warning as there had been minutes on the dial—*i. e.*, ten. Who was to die? was the next question I put to myself. There could be but one answer, it seemed to me—the murderer. Could it be possible, then, that my father was actually the murderer? In one of his fits of delirium he was irresponsible and capable of anything. It was a horrible thought, yet it was the natural sequence of my investigation.

"I resolved not to quail, and accepted it as philosophically as possible. He had doubtless done the deed in a delirious moment. The gash in his head I explained by supposing that he fell against some hard object when the frenzy was spent. It was highly probable that he afterward had no recollection whatever of the matter. I remembered, too, the pricking sensation I had experienced on attempting to enter the case when a boy, and it occurred to me that the clock might be so constructed that when an object was placed inside it, and the door completely closed, that object would be subjected to a violent galvanic shock that in most cases would produce death. Then I thought my father had only imprisoned my mother in the clock without knowing its dreadful power; though, even had he known, he would not have hesitated in his madness. Perhaps the clock had served to exterminate objectionable people in the days of its original possessor, and, though the secret had been lost, it still retained its peculiar qualities. The constructor of the machine had responded to the demands of the duke by giving him a clock by which an instantaneous and mysterious death might be produced, but it was evident that he had also invested it with properties that would avenge the murder by making the life of the perpetrator miserable just at the time when he considered the crime a thing of the forgotten past. The old duke, so the tradition ran, had died in a sudden and mysterious way, and considering all these circumstances, I believed that if I could only secure the clue to the secret machinery, I might know not only all about my mother's death, but everything that had occurred in the same room with the clock since the day of its completion. I was confident that it was telling the time in its singular way when our blood-stained family should be extinct.

"I racked my brain for the meaning of the 5-10 symbol, and I finally found it. In order that you may better understand it, I must recall the fact that my eldest brother died exactly one year after my father, and that I had four brothers. Counting myself, we were therefore five; and supposing that one of us should die with each succeeding year, five years after the death of my father, and ten after the morning of that dreadful occurrence which had left an eternal stain on our family name, would find every one of us in the grave. Evidently, then, the five figure of the symbol indicated the five years that had elapsed before the death of the murderer, and the ten the years that should pass away before the whole family would be annihilated.

"Arriving at this conclusion, I resolved to destroy completely the infernal machine, with a hope of averting the catastrophe, but fearing the wrath of my brothers, I decided finally only to disable it, so that it could not be set in motion again without great difficulty. With this intention I stole into the room where it stood. This room was never occupied after the death of my mother, and, like all rooms that have been unoccupied for a long period, impressed me with a sense of vacancy and lifelessness that was far from agreeable. Having some mechanical dexterity, and remembering the construction of the clock from the time when I had watched the man examine it, I determined to injure the peculiar escapement so that the injury would be barely perceptible, and yet would effectually prevent the ratchet wheel from performing its revolutions. To make doubly sure, I meant, also, to remove some minute pinion, so that any but the most thorough attempts at repair would be baffled. The hour was late, and the room was sombre and ghostly. I confess that a nervous thrill passed over me when I found myself alone and face to face with the mysterious machine which I now considered the cause of all our ill-fortune.

"I paused to regard it for a moment, and I plainly heard the regular ticking of the huge pendulum, which seemed to me to be repeating solemnly the words—five—ten—five—ten—five—ten. Suddenly there was a swift buzzing of wheels; the clock began striking. Instinctively I counted, though with an indescribable sensation of dread—one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten! I glanced at the dial. The hands pointed to half-past six, yet I had counted ten strokes of the bell. 'Was it another premonition?' I asked myself. At first I thought it must be a mistake on my part, but some further consideration showed me that it was indeed a repetition of the ten figure of the symbol. Being the youngest son, my hour, as affairs were going, would come last; or, according to my interpretation of the symbol, in the tenth year [illegible] murder. It was a warning to me in person that my [illegible] were exactly numbered. As I fully realized this, the angry blood flew to my temples, and I lost all self-control. Enraged and desperate, I forgot everything but the infernal machine before me. I grasped a heavy oaken chair, and, concentrating all my fury into one tremendous, crashing blow, I shattered the old clock into a thousand fragments. At the same instant I received a peculiar and violent shock, as from an electric current of intense power. The chair was stricken from my hold, and a strange, tingling sensation, first perceptible at the ends of my fingers, spread almost instantaneously over my entire person. I fell back, and sank, as it seemed to me, into a bed of the softest down, with an indescribable sense of comfort and delicious languor. My body appeared to have lost all weight, and was wafted gently off into ethereal space.

"My will-power had forsaken me, but after a time I succeeded in concentrating my thoughts enough to wonder what had befallen me. Whither was I drifting? I thought. Was I dead, and was this my spirit only that was thus drifting—drifting? Would I—could I remain for ever in this blissful condition, drifting without time, without care, through all eternity? There appeared to be no beginning, and there was apparently no end, and I was wafted dreamily on. Suddenly a sweet voice whispered in my ear: 'Prepare thy soul; ten minutes past five is the hour, and the year is not far hence.'

"The voice died away, and darkness fell in place of the glorious light. A cold chilling sensation swept over me, and I strained my eyes into the deep gloom. I found myself on earth, and recognized the outlines of my father's old chamber, with the fragments of the clock scattered about me. The room was nearly dark, for night was coming on. The tomb-like stillness frightened me. I sprang to my feet and rushed in terror to my own apartment. I pondered long on my vision or dream, but the more I pondered the less was I able to decide whether it was merely the result of a swoon caused by a blow on the head, or a shock from the galvanic apparatus of the clock, or whether my spirit had in reality been transported away into space for some minutes, there to receive a special warning.

"My brothers soon discovered that I had ruined the clock, and they were very angry. When I attempted an explanation they said I was a fool, and refused to listen. At this I lost my temper, and we had a great quarrel, the result of which was that I decided to take my share of the estate, or rather its equivalent in money, and depart from the wretched place altogether. I breathed easier, however, because the clock was in a condition beyond the possibility of repair, and I had a faint hope that with the destruction of the odious thing the remainder of our family might escape the fate which I firmly believed had been marked out for them. I went to Paris, and tried to forget the whole of our unfortunate history, and lose sight of the hateful symbol in a mad whirl of pleasure. But to no purpose. I had been there only a few months, when I received news of the sudden and peculiar death of the eldest of my remaining brothers. I made a calculation, and found that he had died just two years after my father, and therefore seven after the day of the murder. I was now sure that I was not the victim of an absurd superstition or a diseased imagination. Indeed, I was positive that my solution of the clock-symbol was the correct one, however strange it might seem. Accordingly, I knew I had but three more years of this life left to me, and I again warned my remaining brothers that they had, respectively, one year and two years more to live. For my own part, I was driven half mad by the vision of the old clock, which was constantly before me, the hands fixed at ten minutes past five, and the dial sometimes presenting the outlines of ghastly heads. Every clock I saw intensified this hideous vision, and I soon grew to hate the very sight of one. I longed for some desert land or mountain fastness, away out of the world, where there should be no clocks. At last in my despair I resolved to flee to America, and somewhere in the vast solitudes of the Great West find some lonely vale where I could live secluded and alone.

"But I could not forget that dreadful, haunting symbol. You can not realize it, my friends. It clung to me and followed me everywhere—everywhere—everywhere. Then it received fresh emphasis—I received notice of the death of one of my brothers. He died exactly a year after the last. I immediately severed all communication with the remaining brother, so that I should not know the date of his death, and I retired into complete solitude, in a wild and unknown cañon, in the vain hope of escape; but the symbol came up more vividly than ever.

"The apparition followed me everywhere, and to-night, as I pushed my way through the snow, I heard the same ten strokes of the bell. I felt the fatal hour was not far off. I was becoming benumbed, and my horse found his own path. I knew not where to go, but suddenly I found myself face to face with this house, and almost under the glowing window. As soon as I became warm, the stagnant blood coursed through my veins, and life appeared beautiful to me. For the first time in many weary years I almost forgot my fate and the hateful symbol. Imagine, therefore, my despair when my eyes fell on that clock and beheld its awful warning. My heart stood still, and the blood froze in my veins. I knew that my hour was nigh. I know, I feel, that the tenth year is done, and that to-morrow morning, at ten minutes past five, my soul will take its flight into the mystery of mysteries. The deed of blood will be avenged. So be it."

He ceased, and stared despondently into the fire. No one spoke for some time. Then we did our best to console the poor man, assuring him he was merely the victim of his own imagination, and urging him to shake off his melancholy. But it was unavailing. He retired sadly to the chamber assigned to him, and in the morning, when we opened it to wake him and chaff him about his fears, we found him cold in death, an expression of the most intense agony still resting on his contorted features, and on his throat some curious blue spots, looking as if some bony hand had clutched long and hard around his neck. We buried him under a pine tree, and it was many months before I could rid myself of the disagreeable sensations produced by the extraordinary occurrence.—*Macmillan's.*

## THE PUN IN SHAKESPEARE.

"A pun," says the genial, ever-delightful Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, "is, *prima facie*, an insult to the person you are talking with. Life and language are alike sacred. Homicide and verbicide—that is, the violent treatment of a word with fatal results to its legitimate meaning, which is its life—are alike forbidden." Straightway he proceeds to illustrate the proneness of mankind to forbidden things by covering several succeeding pages of his first "Autocrat" paper with puns. He reprobates the practice and revels in it, indulging in it again and again in the course of his table-talks. The truth is, that, however we may affect to despise such lingual liberties, there is such obliquity in us that secretly or openly we have pleasure in the impropriety. If we accept the Autocrat's dogma, that the pun is a badge of depravity, shall we not be honest and confess that it is the sense of impropriety that gives the zest, and that mainly if not entirely for this—though we roll the eyes and present the elevated palm in pretended horror and deprecation, or reel in simulated syncope at the pun—we relish it?

Shakespeare had his full share of human frailties—among them a great weakness for punning. He disports in it with unconcealed delight. It is a favorite means of gayety with him. Not only his comedies, but the greatest and gravest of his immortal dramas, bristle with puns. Puns pop in our faces on his glowing page like bursting corn in a hot skillet. Not alone his professional jesters and his better-conditioned men of mirth and levity—Falstaffs and Mercutios—but Hamlet in his sables, and lovelorn Romeo, indulge in punning. True, he puts his quibbles into the mouths of his characters, but that is a necessity of dramatic composition, and whether Hamlet and the Grave-digger, the Shrew and her suitor, or Falstaff and the Justice indulge, it is still Shakespeare who is the punster. He, too, must seem to reprobate the practice, and in the "Merchant of Venice" we have Lorenzo sneeringly remark: "How every fool can play upon the word." Again, in "Twelfth Night," where Viola and the Clown discuss the flexibility of words, he of the cap-and-bells observes: "A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward." "Nay, that's certain," responds his companion; "they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton." Shakespeare often makes words "wanton," though it must be acknowledged he does not always "dally wisely," for some of his puns are very clumsy, strained, and incongruous affairs—be it said with due respect, and while it is doubtless true that one line of Portia's plea is worth all the leger-de-langue of all the flippant witlings since the world began, a weakness which is piquant to us all, and was indulged by Shakespeare, is not likely to be abandoned for any amount of preaching down.

The most we can do with Shakespeare's puns, the stock is so large, is to cull and clip, after the manner of ladies who go shopping—or begging—for sample slips and odd bits to work into "crazy" quilts. The play of "Romeo and Juliet" is more prolific of puns than any other of Shakespeare's. Its opening lines between two of Capulet's servants are a running fire of them. Take this sample:

*Samson*—Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.
*Gregory*—No, for then we should be colliers.
*Samson*—I mean an we be in choler, we'll draw.
*Gregory*—Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

One of the most familiar of Shakespeare's puns is that which gay Mercutio perpetrates with his last gasp, as he is lugged off joking over the dimensions of his wound received in fence with Tybalt, declaring:

'Tis enough; 'twill serve! Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.

Even Romeo indulges his quibble as he goes with lovelorn misgivings to the Capulet's masquerade:

Give me a torch [he says], I am not for this ambling; being but heavy, I will bear the light.
*Mercutio*—Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.
*Romeo*—Not I, believe me; you have dancing shoes with nimble soles—I have a soul of lead. . . . I am so bound I can not bound a pitch above dull woe.

And so he persists, a lugubrious quibbler. Later in the play there is a lively encounter of wits in the street scene, where Romeo, returning from Friar Lawrence's cell, meets his friends, Mercutio and Benvolio, who have been searching for him. Benvolio announces: "Here comes Romeo; here comes Romeo." Mercutio leads off: "Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!" Romeo enters into their humor, and carries it merrily to the top of their bent, till gay Mercutio is constrained to cry: "Come between us, good Benvolio, my wits fail." Thereupon Romeo challenges: "Switch and spurs, switch and spurs, or I'll cry a match." And so continues the jesting joust till the nurse and Peter entering give Mercutio easier game for his gayety. Old Capulet, bustling about for the marriage feast, bids a servant ask Peter to show him where the drier logs are. The servant says: "I have a head, sir, will find out logs and never trouble Peter for the matter." "Mass, and well said!" shouts Capulet; "thou shalt be loggerhead."

The melancholy Dane himself condescends to his little juggle with words, and as between him and that other lugubrious joker, the Grave-digger, it is a drawn battle of wits as they fumble the skulls and thrust at each other in verbal fence over the new-making grave. The scene is one of the best known in all Shakespeare's plays.

"Julius Cæsar" is one of the last of the Shakespearean plays in which we should naturally look for the frivolity of punning. Yet it is there. The drama opens with a street scene. Some Tribunes meet a number of artisans making holiday to rejoice in Cæsar's triumphal return, and rebuke them. A cobbler leads them a merry round in their attempt to ascertain his trade. Thus:

*Marcellus*—You, sir; what trade are you?
*Citizen*—Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.
*Mar.*—But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.
*Cit.*—A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.
*Mar.*—What trade, thou knave? Thou naughty knave, what trade?
*Cit.*—Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.
*Mar.*—What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?
*Cit.*—Why, sir, cobble you.
*Flavius*—Thou art a cobbler, art thou?
*Cit.*—Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle no tradesman's matters, nor woman's matters, but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger I recover them.

Sturdy Talbot, "girded with a waist of iron" and "hemmed about with grim destruction" before the walls of Bordeaux, exhorts his little band, whom he compares to deer, to stand firm, and ends by flinging a stern pun in the face of fate, in tone and temper like Cambronne's famous ejaculation when called on to surrender at Waterloo:

Here are we parked and hounded in a pale—
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
'Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal like, to fall down with a push,
But rather moody, mad, and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay;
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dead deer of us, my friends.
—*First part of King Henry VI.*

In the "Taming of the Shrew" we get another taste—one might almost say a mouthful—of this quality of the dramatist. The Shrew, Katharina herself, is a swift and handy punster. Readers of Shakespeare will remember the second act, wherein the tamer comes a-wooing. Hortensio, who was introduced to Katharina, and attempted to tutor her in harmony, after an inharmonious session with her, reënters with his head broken. "Canst thou not break her to the lute?" inquires her father, Whereupon

*Hortensio*—Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me;
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bawd her hand to teach her fingering,
When with a most impatient, devilish spirit,
"Frets, call you these?" quoth she; "I'll fret with them";
And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way.

The Shrew enters. Petruchio introduces himself, and begins his jaunty, off-hand wooing, rattling off ironical praise of her beauty, virtues, and graces, in admiration of which qualities he declares himself moved to woo her for his wife. "Moved," she responds,

—in good time; let him that moved you hither
Remove you hence; I knew you at the first,
You were a movable.
*Petruchio*—Why, what's a movable?
*Kath.*— A joint stool.
*Pet.*—Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me.

She does, indeed, in the modern slang phrase, attempt to "sit on" him, and while she fails so far as thwarting his suit is concerned, she shows one of the sharpest of wits and tongues, and the passage carries more puns than any other single page in Shakespeare. This is not the last, either, by several bouts of their verbal fence before the termagant is subdued.

Of Sir John Falstaff we expect no better than to find him punning, and are prepared to believe many worse practices. It would be tedious to enumerate all his sins against the mother tongue. Suffice it to say, that in number they correspond with his other frailties, and are in keeping with the general turpitude of that roystering rascal. A case in point is that in which the Justice calls him to account for his general way of living, saying: "Your means are slender, and your waste is great." Sir John, misunderstanding with intent to evade, replies: "I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater and my waist slenderer." Many better men have rotted in jail for a much smaller contempt of court. Again, "Henry IV.," when ancient Pistol comes swaggering into that famous hostelry, Boar's Head, Eastcheap, bantering the knight's female companions, jolly John interposes as Pistol grows too demonstrative: "No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here; discharge yourself of our company, Pistol." Those with a relish for this quality in the Knight of the Ample Girth, will be gratified by reading his review of Shallow's recruits: "Give me," he says, in selecting them, "the spare men, and spare me the great ones."

Even royalty indulges its quibble, and the sinister Richard is a party to a scene of this kind, where an angry and outraged woman concentrates her wrathy accusation in a pun, and hurls it hotly at the head of the Hunchback. In the scene where the widowed queen of Edward with the Duchess of York intercepts him in his expedition, and each in turn curses him for the death of the murdered princes, Richard, with an air of injured innocence, expostulates: "You speak as if that I had slain my cousins." Elizabeth retorts:

"Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozened
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life."

Reams might be written of quotation and citation to show further Shakespeare's fondness for punning; but the evidence is sufficient. If there is anything reprehensible in punning, Shakespeare clearly stands guilty, and poor Tom Hood, Theodore Hook, and all the later quibbling sinners may plead his example. Any one requiring further evidence has only to dip into his pages to cumulate the proof.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 27, 1884. GEO. W. SMITH.

---

The greatest telegraphic joke of the season is the announcement that Frank Page, ex-jockey, ex-stage-driver, ex-Congressman, and present lobbyist, is a candidate for the United States Senate if the Republican party should carry the next Legislature. There is no danger, however, of his nomination. The party showed its appreciation of Mr. Page last election, when his district, usually Republican by four thousand, elected even Mr. Budd, his Democratic opponent.

---

April 21 was celebrated in Rome as the two thousand six hundred and thirty-seventh anniversary of the foundation of Rome by Romulus. The tri-color was hoisted on the tower of the Capitol, and the Civic Guards wore their full-dress uniforms.

## STORYETTES.

### Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late H. J. Byron had a horror of funerals, but was once prevailed upon to attend that of a fellow-Bohemian. After waiting long at the cemetery entrance, he and his companions followed a funeral into the chapel, and when the services were half over discovered that it was that of a stranger. Their friend's funeral had not come yet. "Ah," said Byron, "just like poor Bill; never in time!"

"And so now they're engaged! Well, Jessie, to think of you, with your beauty and accomplishments, and your lovely voice, being cut out by such an ignorant little fright as that Maggie Quickson! You sang to him, I suppose?" "Yes, mamma, by the hour. But she made him sing, you know, and played his accompaniments for him." "Why, can he sing?" "No, mamma; but she made him believe he could."

First Dear Girl—"Only to think, we came pretty near not going to Europe this year!" Second Dear Girl—"How horrid! What was the matter?" First Dear Girl—"Why, mamma heard that the companies were putting down the charges for passage so low that she was afraid it would get common to cross. But then she found out that the new rates were only for the steerage, so, of course, it is all right and we'll go as usual. But really, I was quite scared."

"Did you see this shooting?" asked his honor. "Yes, sir; I did." "Well, how was it?" "Well, judge, this gentleman and I were going along, and the young man who was shot was whistling 'Sweet Violets,' when, suddenly remembering himself, he exclaimed, 'Shoot me!' And my friend, being a very obliging person, shot him." "And you are sure the man was whistling 'Sweet Violets' at the time?" "Yes, judge." "The prisoner is discharged."

"You are the real queen," said the Duchesse de Berri to the late Marie Taglioni; "you have to fear neither exile nor insurrection." "No, but there is ill-health; and old age is inevitable." "True, but by the time your health and youth fail, you will have your diamonds and your châteaux." The prophecy was only in part fulfilled. Taglioni indeed won gems and gold, but just when the period of life began when she would need them most, they were swept away by the troublous times of 1870–71.

A citizen of a hamlet in Kidder went to the cars in White Haven one day to see his favorite daughter off. Securing her a seat he passed out of the cars and went round to her window to say a parting word, as is frequently done on such occasions. While he was passing out the daughter left the seat to speak to a friend, and at the same time a prim old maid from Wilkesbarre took the seat and moved up to the window. Unaware of the important change inside, he hastily put his face up to the window and hurriedly exclaimed: "One more kiss, sweet pet." In another instant the point of a blue cotton umbrella caught his seductive lip, followed by the passionate injunction: "Scat, you gray-headed wretch!" and he scatted.

"When the opera came to Chicago," said the head of "the retail," in a large dry goods house, "I noticed there were two or three expensive lace shawls sent home on approbation and returned the morning after the performance. This set me thinking, and when Mrs. B. came in the day of the opera night and asked to have one of the most expensive wraps sent home to look at, I just slipped out to old Swag's, the ticket speculator, and bought seats immediately behind those of Mr. and Mrs. B. When I came in, a little late, there was Mrs. B. seated in front of me with the elegant lace wrap sent home in the morning over her shoulders. When she turned I greeted her politely, and said I was delighted the wrap had suited her. She looked rather unhappy during the performance, but the shawl was not returned to the store, and I charged my opera ticket to expenses."

A New York clergyman tells this story: "I was writing by my study window, and a little child was busying himself by throwing beans at the window. Losing all patience I rushed out of the house, determined to frighten the boy. It happened that his mother was coming after him at the same moment, and we met by his side. I stormed at the child, and then, as the mother seemed excessively stupid, I gave her a piece of my mind. Finally, as a grand and overwhelming conclusion to my scolding, I said: 'A little discipline now with your children will save you much pain, if not disgrace, in the future. Think of that, madam; that is, if you ever do think.' 'Think, is it?' she replied; 'I think if you'd go back to your bed-room and wipe the ink aff av your nose you'd be prettier, even if you didn't make so much av a sensation.' It was not a soft answer, but it had the effect of turning away wrath."

"The late Judge Black," says a writer in the Philadelphia *Press*, "was a Shakespearean critic and authority, and nothing grated on his ear more harshly than a misquotation. During the last Constitutional Convention, of which he was a member, the county delegates could scarcely make a speech without dragging in some poetical excerpt, which they usually butchered, and the judge, who never knew whether he was in or out of order, would interrupt them with his corrections, or would go to the clerk's desk and see that the lines were printed right. One day there had been an unusual number of mishaps of this kind, and the judge had secured leave of absence to go home. Just before leaving he walked over to Mr. George W. Biddle's seat, and said: 'Biddle, I am going away, and if, in my absence, you allow any injustice to be done to the memory of William Shakespeare, I will hold you personally responsible.'"

## LITERARY NOTES.

George William Curtis's oration on Wendell Phillips, which was delivered in Boston on the 18th of last month, appears in pamphlet form. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft.

The New York Free Trade Club has just issued an interesting little work on "Wages and Trade" in manufacturing industries in America and Europe. The author is J. Schoenhof. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

The latest number of the "Parchment Paper Series" is "The Parlor Muse," a collection of the choisest *vers de société*, from the modern poets. English and American rhymesters appear side by side, and the little volume is one of the best of its kind which has appeared for some time. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James E. White & Co.; price, 30 cents.

Mr. Ellis H. Roberts, of the Utica *Morning Herald*, is one of the ablest of New York editors. He has made our tariff system a study, both in Congress as representative and in various works on the subject. Not long ago he delivered a series of lectures before the students of Cornell University. These lectures have been embodied in a volume just published, entitled "Government Revenue." The work is mainly an argument for industrial freedom against the fallacies of free trade. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, $1.50.

"The Relation of Animal Diseases to the Public Health, and their Prevention" is a very important work. Its author, Frank S. Billings, has devoted his life and energies to the establishment of veterinary science in this country, and no one is better adapted for the work. He is a graduate of the Royal Veterinary Institute of Berlin, Member of the Royal Veterinary Association of the Province of Brandenburg, etc., etc.; and is now striving to introduce among Americans the higher purposes of veterinary medicine. The work treats of the diseases of domestic animals, the causes and results of hog cholera, cattle diseases, infection by the reproduction of bacteria, hydrophobia, glanders in animal and man; and closes with a long dissertation on European laws and influences on this subject. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co.

The *North American Review* for June opens with an article on "Harboring Conspiracy," by Professor Henry Rogers, who examines, in the light of international law, the diplomatic history of the United States and the national Constitution, the question as to how far our government may and must go in suppressing plots against governments with which we are at peace. Henry D. Lloyd, in the same number of the *Review*, shows how every branch of production is coming under the control of "Lords of Industry," corporations, and monopolies. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has an article marked by rare philosophic force upon the "Struggle for Immortality." Other articles of not less importance are: "Sociological Fallacies," by Professor W. G. Sumner; "The Rise and Fall of Authority," by President J. C. Welling; "Walt Whitman," by Walker Kennedy; and a symposium on "Expert Testimony," by Bossiter Johnson, Dr. W. W. Godding, T. O'Connor Sloane, and Prof. Charles L. Dana.——Among the papers in the June *Popular Science Monthly* are: "The Sins of Legislators," by Herbert Spencer; "Modes of Reproduction in Plants," by Byron D. Halsted, M. D; "Evolution and Dissolution of the Nervous System," by J. Hughlings Jackson, M. D., F. R. S.; "The Pole and Wire Anvil," by Oliver E. Lyman; "Stethoscopy," by Samuel Hart, M. D.; "Coal and the Coal-tar Colors," by M. Denys Cochin; "The Chemistry of Cookery," by M. Mattieu Williams; "Ensilage and Fermentation," by Manly Miles, M. D.; "Geography and the Railroads," by Dr. J. Jastrow; "The Life-work of Pasteur," by his son-in-law; "Clean Drinking-water," by Edwin J. Howe, M. D.; "Physiology *versus* Metaphysics," by Dr. Walter H. Walshe; "Professor Dvorák's Sound-mills," and "Arnold Henry Guyot," by Prof. W. B. Scott.

Young Mr. Edward Pierrepont, B. A. Oxon, "Membre du Club Alpin Suisse," with his American papa, took a trip last year which has been embalmed under the alluring title of "Fifth Avenue to Alaska." The volume is written in the chatty, genial, "so-nice" style of an Anglomaniac, who is "aw, doing the country, aw, you know." As a large portion of the volume is devoted to California, it possesses a certain interest for our poor, long-suffering inhabitants, who for the last twenty-five years have had the pleasure of seeing themselves magnified by immigration agents, misrepresented by traveling Yankee editors, damned by traveling British lords, and lied about by the lecturing hawks, male and otherwise, that take their annual swoop from the Atlantic Coast and Brooklyn. Young Mr. Pierrepont seems to have been awfully pleased with everything he saw. He was pleased with Major "Rathbun," who showed him his "paddocks" at Menlo Park. He was so pleased to meet Doctor Stone, "his father's old friend." He enjoyed an excellent dinner at 'Marchand's,'" given him by Mr. G—— Jun. He found "Mr. and Mrs. Flood, their son and daughter, sensible, well-mannered people, without the least pretension." From Mr. Perkins, "lately Governor of California, and agent of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company," he received "most valuable facilities." As he was bound for Alaska, this is peculiarly significant. Young Mr. Pierrepont armed himself with his "British Bulldog" to go through Chinatown with, but was surprised to find that it was not called into service. On the Chinese question, young Mr. Pierrepont appears to be in doubt; but he has the good sense to publish a speech of Mr. W. T. Coleman concerning Chinese immigration, which serves as an antidote to his own observations. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

*Le Français*, now in its fourth year, has been obliged to announce its suspension. The editor has accepted no subscriptions beyond June, 1884, and with that month its career will close. This is much to be regretted, for it is a bright and entertaining little sheet, and will be greatly missed by those who have been reading it regularly. However, if the public will not support it, it must die. The editor, in a half-comic, half-melancholy valedictory, announces its decease. In a droll parody on Béranger's poem, "Les Feuilles qui Filent," he sings its swan-song:

LES FEUILLES QUI FILENT.

Encore une feuille qui file,
Qui file, file, et disparait!
—C'est celle d'un maître d'école
Qui, puriste au superlatif,
S'était fait une affreuse idole
De l'imparfait du subjonctif,
Mais à ce pédantesque style
Le lecteur trouvait peu d'attrait—
Et voilà le *Français* qui file,
Qui file, file, et disparait.

It may be well to state here that it would be an excellent idea for advanced students of French to purchase the volumes of the defunct magazine. They contain all manner of matter—little comedies, poems, social games, charades, etc., literary notes, anecdotes, biographical notes, and a number of articles on recondite questions of French grammar and pronunciation, translations of words and phrases not found in the dictionaries, idiotisms, Franco-Anglicisms and Anglo-Gallicisms, letters writen in French by American readers, and corrected by the editor—etc., etc., etc. It is certain that there is much valuable matter in these volumes that can be found nowhere else. They can be obtained by sending to Jules Fry, Box 3, Roxbury, Mass.; price, $1.50 per volume.

## AN OLD FAVORITE.

Israel Freyer's Bid for Gold.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1869.

Zounds! how the price went flashing through
Wall Street, Willliam, Broad Street, New!
All the specie in the land
Held in one Ring by a giant hand—
For millions more it was ready to pay,
And throttle the Street on hangman's day.
Up from the Gold Pit's nether hell,
While the innocent fountain rose and fell,
Loud and higher the bidding rose,
And the bulls, triumphant, faced their foes.
It seemed as if Satan himself were in it;
Lifting it—one per cent. a minute—
Through the bellowing broker, there amid,
Who made the terrible, final bid!
  High over all, and ever higher,
  Was heard the voice of Israel Freyer—
A doleful knell in the storm-swept mart—
"Five millions more! and for any part
  "I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"

Israel Freyer—the Government Jew—
Good as the best—soaked through and through
With credit gained in the year he sold
Our Treasury's precious hoard of gold;
Now through his thankless mouth rings out
The leaguers' last and cruelest shout!
Pity the shorts? Not they, indeed,
While a single rival's left to bleed!
Down come dealers in silks and hides,
Crowding the Gold-Room's rounded sides,
Jostling, trampling each other's feet,
Uttering groans in the outer street;
Watching, with upturned faces pale,
The scurrying index mark its tale;
  Hearing the bid of Israel Freyer—
  That ominous voice, would it never tire?
"Five millions more!—for any part
(If it breaks your firm, if it cracks your heart)
  I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"

One Hundred and Sixty! Can't be true.
What will the bears at-forty do?
How will the merchants pay their dues?
How will the country stand the news?
What'll the banks—but listen! hold!
In screwing upward the price of gold
To that dangerous, last particular peg,
They had killed their Goose with the Golden Egg!
Just there the metal came pouring out,
All ways at once, like a water-spout,
Or a rushing, gushing, yellow flood,
That drenched the bulls wherever they stood!
Small need to open the Washington main,
Their coffer-dams were burst with the strain!
  It came by runners, it came by wire,
  To answer the bid of Israel Freyer;
It poured in millions from every side,
And almost strangled him as he cried—
  "I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"

Like Vulcan after Jupiter's kick,
Or the aphoristical Rocket's stick,
Down, down, down, the premium fell,
Faster than this rude rhyme can tell!
Thirty per cent. the index slid,
Yet Freyer still kept making his bid—
"One Hundred and Sixty for any part!"—
The sudden ruin had crazed *his* heart,
Shattered his senses, cracked his brain,
And left him crying, again and again—
Still making his bid at the market's top
(Like the Dutchman's leg that never could stop),
"One Hundred and Sixty—Five Millions more!"
Till they dragged him, howling, off the floor.
  The very last words that seller and buyer
  Heard from the mouth of Israel Freyer—
A cry to remember long as they live—
Were: "I'll take Five Millions more! I'll give
  I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"

Suppose (to avoid the appearance of evil)
There's such a thing as a Personal Devil,
It would seem that his Highness here got hold,
For once, of a bellowing Bull in Gold!
Whether bull or bear, it wouldn't much matter
Should Israel Freyer keep up his clatter
On earth or under it (as, they say,
He is doomed) till the general Judgment Day,
When the Clerk, as he cites him to answer for't,
Shall bid him keep silence in that Court!
But it matters most, as it seems to me,
That my countrymen, great, and strong, and free,
So marvel at fellows who seem to win,
That if even a clown can only begin
By stealing a railroad, and use its purse
For cornering stocks and gold, or—worse—
For buying a Judge and Legislature,
And sinking still lower poor human nature,
The gaping public, whatever befall,
Will swallow him, tandem, harlots, and all!
While our rich men drivel and stand amazed
At the dust and pother his gang have raised,
And make us remember a nursery tale
Of the four-and-twenty who feared one snail.

What's bred in the bone will breed, you know;
Clowns and their trainers, high and low,
Will cut such capers, long as they dare,
While honest Poverty says its prayer.
But tell me what prayer or fast can save
Some hoary candidate for the grave,
The market's wrinkled Giant Despair,
Muttering, brooding, and scheming there—
Founding a college or building a church
Lest Heaven should leave him in the lurch!
Better come out in the rival way,
Issue your scrip in the open day,
And pour your wealth in the grimy fist
Of some gross-mouthed, gambling pugilist;
Leave toil and poverty where they lie,
Pass thinkers, workers, artists by;
Your pot-house fag from his counters bring,
And make him into a Railway king!
Between such Gentiles and such Jews
Little enough one finds to choose:
Either the other will buy and use,
Eat the meat and throw him the bone,
And leave him to stand the brunt alone.

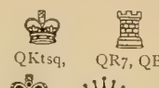
Let the tempest come, that's gathering near,
And give us a better atmosphere! —*E. C. Stedman.*

Coleridges tragedy of "Remorse" was recently recited in a London hall by a professional reader, who had committed the whole to memory. It proved a very dull entertainment.

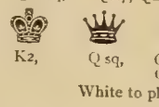
## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

Problem No. XXV.—By E. J. Catlow.



QKtsq, QR7, QB8, Q4, KB4, KR4, Q7, K6. KB7.

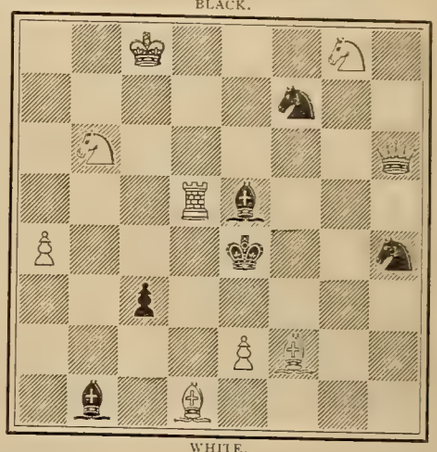


K2, Q sq, QR sq, QKt4, KB sq, KR4, KB3, QK17 Q3, KKt2, KKt5

White to play and mate in two moves.

Problem No. XXVI.—By H. Leprettel, Marseilles.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. XIX.

1—B B5 1—Any move
2—Q mates.

Solution of Problem No. XX.

1—B QR2 1—R x Q (a)
2—Kt B4 2—Any move
3—Kt Q2 or 6 mate.

(a) 1——— 1—B K3
2—B Q5 ch 2—K x B (if B
3—QxR mate. x B, Q R7 mate.

Correct solutions received as follows: Problem XXI—From C. A. Arnold. Problem XXII—From J. F. Cowdery. Problems XXXIII and XXIV—From U. Hartnell, Salinas.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. F. C.—If Black 1, P Q4, White's reply is Kt Q3 mate.
H. F. S., Santa Ana, Cal.—Problem received. Your letter answered by mail.

Game played in the London Tournament of 1883. The game and notes are from the *Chess Monthly*:

RUY LOPEZ.

| *White.* S. Winawer. | *Black.* W. Steinitz. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 21—B K3 (c) | 21—P R5 ! |
| 2—Kt KB3 | 2—Kt QB3 | 22—Kt K4 | 22—Castles KR |
| 3—B Kt5 | 3—P KKt3 | 23—P KKt4 (d) | 23—P x P en pas |
| 4—B x Kt | 4—QP x B | 24—P x P | 24—Q Kt3 |
| 5—P Q3 | 5—B Kt2 | 25—Q Kt2 ? | 25—P KB4 (e) |
| 6—B K3 | 6—Q K2 | 26—Kt x KtP | 26—P B5 |
| 7—Kt B3 | 7—B K3 | 27—P x P | 27—P x P |
| 8—Castles | 8—P KR3 | 28—B B2 | 28—Kt K4 ! |
| 9—Kt Q2 | 9—P KKt4 | 29—B R4 | 29—R B4 |
| 10—P QR3 | 10—Kt B3 | 30—K B sq | 30—B B3 |
| 11—P B3 | 11—Kt Q2 | 31—Q QB2 | 31—R K sq (f) |
| 12—Q K sq | 12—P KR4 | 32—Kt K6 | 32—Kt x KBP |
| 13—Q B2 | 13—P Kt3 | 33—B x B ? | 33—Q Kt8 ch |
| 14—KR K sq | 14—P QB4 | 34—K K2 | 34—Q K6 ch |
| 15—QR Kt sq | 15—Kt Kt sq (a) | 35—K B sq | 35—Kt Q7 ch |
| 16—Kt Q5 | 16—B x Kt | 36—Q x Kt (g) | 36—Q x Q |
| 17—P x B | 17—Kt Q2 | 37—B B3 | 37—Q Q6 ch |
| 18—P QB4 (b) | 18—P KB3 | 38—K B2 | 38—Q Kt6 ch |
| 19—P Q4 | 19—BP x P | 39—K K2 | 39—R R4 |
| 20—B x QP | 20—Q B2 | 40—K Q sq | 40—R R7 |
| | | 41—K B sq | 41—Q B7 |

White resigns.

(a) Intending to play Kt over B3 to Q5.

(b) After a long series of *mysterious* movements, White commences at the nineteenth move an attack against the hostile centre position, which he might have well prepared by playing 18, P KR4.

(c) Again we would recommend P KR4.

(d) Playing the opponent's game. Owing to the nature of the opening, White has still the easier game, and we think he might have got some superiority by transferring the fight to the Queen's flank with 23, KR Q sq, followed at earliest opportunity by P QKt4 and P B5.

(e) The first move of a beautiful stratagem. From this point to the end Mr. Steinitz's play is of the very highest order.

(f) The right reply: if 31—B x Kt, then 32, R x Kt (!), and if 31—R x Kt, then 32, Q x Q ch, Kt x Q (best); 33, R K6, and White will come out with a very good position, and Rook and Pawn against two minor pieces.

(g) If 36, K Kt2, mate follows in three moves.

Mr. Steinitz has made one more ineffectual attempt to inveigle his rival into a match for the world's championship, having challenged him to play for that alone, without any other stake. Dr. Zukertort has again finally declined to play him anywhere but in London; and as Mr. Steinitz is now unlikely to return to England, we fear that this most interesting match will not take place.—*Brit. Chess Magazine.*

The London *Chess Monthly* replies to correspondents in their respective languages. In recent numbers replies were published in English, German, French, Spanish, and Hungarian.

Mr. J. H. Blackburne, the noted blindfold player, having been in ill health for some time, is to be the recipient of a testimonial at the hands of the chess-players of England.

It is said that it is the intention of Mr Steinitz to reside permanently in America, and to take charge of a magazine of sports, of which chess is to be the leading feature.

### THE INNER MAN.

My friend, the calm Englishman, and myself were having dinner at a celebrated eating-house on the Strand (says Luke Sharp, writing from London to the Detroit *Free Press*), and the waiter was rather tardy—at least I thought so. I spoke somewhat sharply to the man with the white tie, swallow-tail coat, and napkin over his arm. He hurriedly took our orders, and made haste to fill them.

"Do you know," said my English friend, with that suavity that a man assumes when he is about to pay you a deserved compliment, "that that was the most cowardly thing I ever saw you do."

"What was?"

"Well, talking angrily to a man who is not in a position to answer you."

"He is at liberty to reply if he wants to."

"For two or three reasons he is not, begging your pardon for the seeming contradiction. In the first place, a situation in this establishment is extremely difficult to get. There are waiters here who have held their places for a generation. In the second place, that man has to pay a certain sum per week for the blessed privilege of feeding such 'cantankerous cusses' (I believe that is the American phrase) as you. In the third place, his only hope of remuneration is in pleasing his customers. So there are three reasons why he dare not answer you back, except in the mildest sort of a way."

"Now, I'll bet you I can make him say something sharp before dinner is over."

"I'm willing to acknowledge that your powers of being disagreeable are practically unlimited. I never bet; but as the waiter will be the sufferer, I'll pay him two shillings if he gives you a sharp answer, while you will pay him two shillings if he keeps his temper."

"Agreed. Here he comes."

"Well, waiter, you're here at last," I began. "Thought you had taken a Sunday-to-Monday Brighton ticket."

"Very sorry, sir. We're very busy to day, sir. Saturday's always a busy day with us, sir." And he whipped the covers off the dishes.

"In the name of all—wha—well, that beats me. *What* do you call that, waiter?"

"Really, sir, I understood you to say roast beef rare, sir."

"You understood? If you paid more attention—don't stand gaping at me, sir! Bring me an outside cut, as I ordered."

"I beg your pardon, sir; I do, indeed, sir"——

"Don't stand gabbing there. Bring me what I ordered, and talk less."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter as he flew to bring on the well-done beef.

"I suppose a New York waiter would have had his revolver out by that time."

"Oh, no; you would have had to go out to Laramie City at least for the revolver. But the New York waiter would doubtless have expressed his opinion of you in language not to be misunderstood; but—hush—soft—he—comes—he comes."

"I've been very fortunate, sir; this is a prime cut, sir," and he raised the cover.

"Where's the Yorkshire?"

"The what, sir?"

"The *what*, sir, the Yorkshire, sir. Are you deaf, sir? The Yorkshire pudding, sir."

"Oh, beg pardon, sir. We never have Yorkshire on Saturdays, sir."

"Well, what did you tell me you had Yorkshire for, if you *didn't* have it? Are you trying to exasperate me, sir?"

"Oh, no, sir; indeed, I wouldn't think of such a thing, sir."

"Well, perhaps you'll deny that you told me you had Yorkshire, waiter?"

"Really, sir, I don't remember; but if you say so, sir, I've no doubt I did, sir."

"Well, then, bring it."

"But, you see, sir, we"——

"Don't talk back to me, sir. Bring it without more fuss. I didn't come here for a discussion; came for dinner."

"But we haven't it, sir."

"Great heavens! Why, you just now admitted that you said you *did* have it. Why, you're drunk, waiter. How dare you attempt to serve me, sir, in such a state?"

"I haven't had a drop to-day, sir."

"Do you dare to contradict me, sir. Oh, ho! It's come to this, has it? In your studied insolence you go to the length of calling me a liar—do you?"

"Oh, no, sir; oh, no, indeed, sir."

"Either you're drunk or I'm a liar—now, which is it, sir. Come, which is it?"

"Well, sir, I *did* have a drop of beer, sir—and I do feel queerish about the head, sir."

"Queerish? Why, you don't know at this moment whether you are standing on your head or your heels. Your course toward me has been one of studied contemptuous insult, sir."

"I hope you'll pardon me, sir. I really didn't intend"——

"Didn't intend? Just ask the proprietor to step this way, will you?"

"Oh, I beg you won't complain of me, sir."

"Bring the proprietor, sir."

"I have a wife and family, sir"——

"Don't address any more of your remarks to me, sir. Present my compliments to the proprietor, and ask him to step this way."

The waiter walked despondingly away.

"Really," said my comrade, "you are going too far. This may turn out no joke to the poor fellow if you complain of him. I must"——

They come.

The proprietor said: "Do you wish to speak to me, sir?"

"Yes. We've dined here for nearly a year now, and have generally had the good fortune to be waited on by your man here. The fact is that we are so pleased with him that we thought you ought to know that his care and attention increases the number of your guests."

"I am pleased to know that you like the place. I try to keep attentive waiters, sir."

"You are very successful. We are obliged for your attention. People are all very ready to complain of waiters; so, as we have nothing to complain of, we thought we would like to express satisfaction. Think my friend agrees with me?"

"Quite," replied my friend.

As we went out I gave the overjoyed waiter two shillings, and the Englishman also tipped him to the same extent, which I took as a neat compliment to my powers of abusing a man.


The Strongest and Best!




The Strongest and Best!

Recommended by the leading Physicians and Chemists of the Pacific Coast.

FOR SALE BY

C. J. HAWLEY & CO.

Nos. 215 and 217 Sutter St.

A HOME DRUGGIST

TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

Apollinaris

THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS

*"Its purity offers the best security against the dangers which are common to most of the ordinary drinking waters."*

London Medical Record.

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.

*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.

No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.

No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

ASA HARKER & CO.

Importers and Wholesale Grocers,

108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11¼ inches, with over 3,300 illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy Free to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

"THE QUEEN OF AMERICAN WATERING PLACES."

HOTEL DEL MONTE

Monterey, California,

IS OPEN FOR

THE SUMMER SEASON.

This is absolutely the most elegant and delightful seaside resort in the world, and the charming HOTEL DEL MONTE, with its incomparable accessories, its magnificent drives, its beautiful grounds, its superior facilities for boating, add for cold and warm salt-water bathing, stands unrivaled. The water now used at the Hotel and upon the Crounds is

Brought from the Carmel River,

So that the place is now the

Absolute Queen of Watering Places,

With no drawback whatever in the World!

PACIFIC GROVE RETREAT

Near Monterey, California.

NOW OPEN FOR THE SUMMER.

This is the most delightful camping-ground in the State. Good spring water and an abundance of water from the Carmel River, lovely groves of pine and cedar, splendid beach, fine drives and rambles, an A No. 1 restaurant for use of all who do not wish to do their own cooking, and a new and perfect system of sewerage throughout the entire grounds.

This Famous Christian Resort

Is situated on the beautiful Bay of Monterey, and is connected with the ancient capital of the State by a pleasant drive of one and a half miles over a macadamized road lately constructed by the company. In beauty of location it can not be excelled—its graceful pines, extending to the water's edge, affording a delightful refuge from the heat of the sun. As a healthful place of resort it is not surpassed by any locality in the State. It has long been established as a medical fact that a residence in a country wooded with pines is peculiarly beneficial for all those suffering from bronchial or throat affections.

A FEW MORE CHOICE LOTS FOR SALE.

For further information apply to

J. O. JOHNSON,
Superintendent Pacific Grove, Monterey,
Monterey County, Cal.

HIGHLAND SPRINGS,

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

"The Switzerland of America."

OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.

Daily communication via Cloverdale.

DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.

THE "POPE HOUSE"

HOTEL.

The POPE HOUSE, for fifteen years past the leading private Hotel and Boarding-House of SANTA CRUZ, enjoying the first patronage in the State, has changed hands, and RE-OPENED March 25th, under the direct personal management and supervision of the new proprietors, who hope, by close attention to the wants and comforts of their guests, to merit a continuance of the valuable patronage so long enjoyed by Mrs. Pope.

Private Family Dining-rooms. French Dinners served to order in the best style.

☞ SPECIAL OMNIBUS awaits all arriving and departing trains and steamers. No charge whatever for conveying guests to or from this hotel.

GILROY HOT SPRINGS,

An Old Favorite under Superior Management.

ROOP & TENNANT, PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.

These celebrated Springs, situated in a spur of the Coast Range, 12 miles east of Gilroy, are NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON. A complete renovation has been made throughout, and the whole place has been put in delightful order. Rates strictly reasonable to all. P. O., W. F. Ex. and Tel. offices on the premises. Take the 10:40 train (daily) from depot cor. Fourth and Townsend streets, to Gilroy, thence by stage to Springs, 12 miles; or the SATURDAY (3½) EVENING stage, returning early Monday morning.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS

And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,

415 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco

"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."

THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.

D. S. BROWN & CO.,

36 California Street, San Francisco,

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

MARBLE WORKS.

MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.

W. H. McCORMICK,

827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

GOODYEAR'S

Extra A1 Superior

RUBBER HOSE,

BELTING AND PACKING.

We make to order, at few hours' notice, in our RUBBER FACTORY, Hard & Soft Valves, Gaskets, Car Springs, etc.

Goodyear Rubber Co.

R. H. PEASE, JR., S. M. RUNYON, AGENTS.

577 and 579 Market St., S. F.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for

TAMAR CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion, etc.

Prepared by

INDIEN E. GRILLON, Chemist of the Paris Faculty,

SOLE PROPRIETOR,

27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.

GRILLON Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.


### ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the office of the Company, Room 2, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the 3d day of June, 1884, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Dupont Street San Francisco, California.

### CONSOLIDATED IMPERIAL MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the thirtieth day of April, 1884, an assessment (No. 20) of Five Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the fifth day of June, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 26th day of June, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

### CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of May, 1884, an assessment (No. 12) of Twenty (20c) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Friday, the twenty-seventh (27th) day of June, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of July, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street San Francisco, Cal.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Thursday, April 24, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‡8.00 A.M. | Byron and Martinez | ‡6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Deming, El Paso and Eastern Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | and East Emigrant | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Stockton and Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Ione | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Los Angeles and South | 9.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | Merced, Madera, Fresno, and Tulare | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Fresno, and Tulare | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Mojave, Needles, Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | and East Emigrant | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Ogden and Express | 7.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | East Emigrant | 11.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | and Tehama via Woodland | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Redding | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " | 9.10 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Virginia City | 7.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 7.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Oakland Pier; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from The Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00, 11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.30.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.37, 8.37, 9.37, 10.37, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52; 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Daily, except Sundays. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


## ATKINS MASSEY,
**UNDERTAKER,**

At the old established place, **No. 651 Sacramento Street,** first house below Kearny, San Francisco.


NORTHERN DIVISION
# SOUTHERN PACIFIC
RAILROAD.

**BROAD GAUGE.**

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Camp Goodall.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.00 P.M. |
| †7.50 A.M. | ..Monterey and Santa Cruz.. ....(Sunday Excursion..... | †8.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
‡ Theatre train; Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets — at Reduced Rates — to Monterey, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

**Excursion Tickets.**

For Sundays only—Sold Sunday morning; good for return same day.

For Saturday, Sunday, and Monday—Sold Saturday and Sunday only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive, at the following rates:

| Round Trip from San Francisco to | Sun. Tkt. | Sat to Mon. Tkt. | Round Trip from San Francisco to | Sun. Tkt. | Sat to Mon. Tkt. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| San Bruno | $.... | $ 50 | Mount'n View | $1 50 | $2 00 |
| Milbrae | .... | 65 | Lawrence's | 1 50 | 2 25 |
| Oak Grove | .... | 90 | Santa Clara | 1 75 | 2 50 |
| San Mateo | 75 | 1 10 | San Jose | 1 75 | 2 50 |
| Belmont | 1 00 | 1 25 | Gilroy | 2 75 | 4 00 |
| Redwood | 1 00 | 1 40 | Aptos | .... | 5 00 |
| Fair Oaks | 1 25 | 1 50 | Soquel | .... | 5 00 |
| Menlo Park | 1 25 | 1 60 | Santa Cruz | 3 00 | 5 00 |
| Mayfield | 1 25 | 1 75 | Monterey | 3 00 | 5 00 |

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, May 12th, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—7.30, 9.15 A. M., 1.20, 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 1.30, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20 A. M., 2.00, 3.25, 4.50 P. M.
(Sundays)—7.55, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.15, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 3.55, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.30, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.45, 5.00, 7.10 P. M.
Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 7.00 P. M.

**7.30 A. M. and 1.30 P. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAINS for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through trains from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 10.30 A. M. and 6.00 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.
Returning arrives in S. F. at 7.40 P. M.
Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


# PALACE HOTEL.
**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**


## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Passenger Trains leave Station, foot of Market Street, south side, at

**8.30 A. M.,** daily; Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wright's, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, SANTA CRUZ, and all Way Stations.

**2.30 P. M.** (except Sunday), Express; Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ.

**4.30 P. M.,** daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and intermediate points.

**$5 Excursions** to SANTA CRUZ, and **$2.50** to SAN JOSE, on SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, to return until MONDAY, inclusive.

**8.00 A. M.,** every Sunday, Excursion to SAN JOSE, BIG TREES, and SANTA CRUZ.

**$3.00** to BIG TREES and SANTA CRUZ.

**$1.75** to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE.

### To Oakland and Alameda.

36.00, 36.30, 37.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶ 12.00, 12.30, ¶ 1.00, 1.30, ¶ 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.30, 10.30, 11.45 P. M.

**From Fourteenth and Webster Streets, Oakland** — 35.30, 36.00, 36.30, 37.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ¶ 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶ 12.00, 12.30, ¶ 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.45 P. M.

**From High Street, Alameda** — 35.16, 35.46, 36.15, 6.46, 7.10, 7.46, 8.16, 8.46, 9.16, 9.46, 10.16, ¶ 10.46, 11.16, ¶ 11.46 A. M., 12,16, ¶ 12.46, 1.16, 1.46, 2.16, 2.46, 3.16, 3.46, 4.16, 4.46, 5.16, 5.46, 6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 9.16, 11.31 P. M.

‡ Sundays excepted. ¶ Sundays only.

TICKET, Telegraph, and Transfer Office, 222 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. R. M. GARRATT, G. F. & P. Agt.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| STEAMER | 1884. | From San Francisco for HONGKONG. |
|---|---|---|
| OCEANIC | | Tuesday, May 27th. |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Rio de Janeiro**.....**June 14**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Colima**.....**Saturday, May 31**

At 4 o'clock P. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West India ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Australia**.....Friday, June 6, at 12 o'clock M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on March 3d, 11th, 19th, and 27th, and every eighth day thereafter. The first steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY
**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 3000-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

MARIPOSA .....MONDAY, June 2d, at 3 P. M.
ALAMEDA.....MONDAY, June 16th, at 3 P. M.

The MARIPOSA is now receiving freight.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.


# CHARLES R. ALLEN,
**Dealer in House, Steam, Foundry, and**
# CUMBERLAND COAL,
**ENGLISH COKE AND PIG IRON,**
**120 Beale Street, San Francisco.**

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

## COWEN, PORTER & CO.,
**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.
Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK
OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital**.....**$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital**.....**$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

## The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK
LIMITED,

**N. E. corner Pine and Sansome Streets.**

London Office, 3 Angel Court. New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street.

**Authorized Capital Stock**.....**$6,000,000**

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED F. LOW, IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.
P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

CHARLES CROCKER. WM. H. CROCKER. R. C. WOOLWORTH.

## CROCKER, WOOLWORTH & CO.
**BANKERS,**

**322 Pine Street, San Francisco,** carry on a general Banking business.

Correspondents in the principal cities of the Eastern States and in Europe.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**, Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation** Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company** Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company** Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO
OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,
**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold)**.....**$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884**..... **759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# RUBBER HOSE
**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

## JOHN W. TAYLOR,
**MANAGER.**

**Corner First and Market Sts.**

SAN FRANCISCO.




What is this that has come to pass? Two good companies and one good play in town, and never a trick of advance puffery! Of the company at the California, it was only said that Kate Forsythe was a very beautiful woman, and that Fred Warde was the leading man—both of which statements are entirely true.

At the Baldwin, it was said that Nat Goodwin was coming with a select company and a good play.

"Confusion" is the best comedy that we have had since we laughed long and loud at "7-20-8." The "Confusion" company is the most symmetrical company we have had since the Wyndhams went away with lowered crests. Nat Goodwin himself is every one's pet comedian—the best, perhaps, since Joe Jefferson was young, a remote time now promoted to the honor of an historical date.

Being such, one almost resents the very artistic manner in which he fuses himself with the others of the company in "Confusion," and does not seek to rise above the harmony by an intrusive one of his mirth-provoking tricks. This is all very well in "Confusion," which is so neat a comedy that it would almost play itself; but we must have a further taste of the old Nat Goodwin before he goes away.

Meantime "Confusion," as it stands, should satisfy any play-goer with an epicurean taste for comedy. It has been called a long farce, but it is not broad enough for farce. Every contretemps in it is quite naturally and easily brought about. In these days of dog worship the wealth of caressing language which is lavished on a pug or a terrier is in no whit different from that addressed to the baby in its cradle. The dog is quite as much a part of the family as the baby, and is sometimes lineally identified a generation or two back. There is in this goodly city a dog, known to a large circle as Romp. Romp now has the rheumatism, and a temper, and is growing old and peculiar. But he is still, and always has been, beautiful and aristocratic. For he is no common pug or terrier, but a fine, high-bred cocker spaniel, with a long, feathery tail of golden brown, and such a pair of beautiful, long, depending golden ears as could belong only to a dog prince.

Romp's destinies were at one time watched over by an equally aristocratic Chinese butler, who made it an object in life to prevent Romp from ever suspecting that he was a mere dog, and was always careful in Romp's hearing to mention his relationship to the various members of the family. Returning one day after a brief absence from home, the chatelaine inquired of the discreet butler whether any one had called in her absence.

"No one but Romp's grandmother," answered the fastidious Wing. And there is no need of explanation that the lady's own mother was referred to.

The Mumpleford pug doubtless occupied the same position in the family after it became fairly established, but it is its induction which causes confusion.

A part of the pleasure of the play lies in the fact that it takes place in a well-appointed family. Their breakfast table in the first act makes a very pleasant picture, although it is not easy to discern just what relation anybody is to anybody.

Nat Goodwin appears to be everybody's uncle, and is an easy-going, thoroughly good-natured old gentleman, with a faint nautical suggestion in his straw hat. Such actual comedy as is in the part he puts in himself, for the lines that fall to him are few and the suggestions faint, and it is only as the *deus ex machina* of the pug side of the confusion that he finds his opportunity. But he is inimitably good.

One rarely sees so thoroughly easy and admirable an actress in the Lucretia Trickleby line as Miss Maria Davis. There is not the faintest flavor of low comedy in anything she does, and yet every action and word have a dash of pure comedy in them. One realizes, as she moves about so thoroughly at home during her first fifteen minutes on the stage, what very unusual things ease and naturalness are.

The leading man, Mr. Crawford, is so very like the two best English light comedians, that he can not help but please, and this excellence runs straight through the company.

Miss Adele Waters is a pretty girl and a good actress, though she will go to breakfast on an English summer morning in a cashmere wrapper edged with swan's-down, and decked with roses. And this with Rupert sitting down in tennis flannels, and her indifferent husband across the table in a cool English morning coat.

The play, by the way, preserves its English flavor very thoroughly, for such of the actors in the cast as are not English have been faintly bitten by the mania.

Nat Goodwin has it perhaps not at all, though he does say "aganest." Miss Hattie Delaro has the first symptoms. By the way, the Delaros, like the Tittels and the widows' cruse, are inexhaustible; but they are all pretty, this little Delaro included, so one easily forgives a magnificent abundance of them.

Miss Ella Mayer, the tortured mother of the baby, is in a little more advanced state of the mania, and Adele Waters, in a year or two more, will be almost suspected to be English; but she must not say *dawg*.

Miss Davis is English, most palpably, and so are one or two of the others; but not just the kind of English that the genuine Anglomaniacs affect. This particular kind, however, is not lacking. It is represented by Mr. Crawford and Mr. Robert Coote.

Every one in the comedy seems to suggest a remembrance of somebody else, and when Doctor Bartholomew Jones began to speak, Louis Harrison seemed to have returned, dapper, smiling, disguised, and comical.

In short, everything is comical in "Confusion," and so sparkling a comedy has not set us to laughing dull care away since—well, yes, again—since "7-20-8."

In the performance at the California Theatre, the idea is borne in upon one that the manager has a conviction that he writes a good play, and is determined to give himself a chance for full justice by playing it with a good company, and under his own management.

The idea is an excellent one, but the play and the company do not match.

When David Belasco first took to writing plays, he was troubled, like Tillotson, with a wild rush of dramatic ideas. Every scene was so replete with action that it taxed the mind to follow, so that the whole was an incoherent mass; at the same time the most tremendous situations were upheld by such weak and commonplace language that scenes which should have been great became simply amusing. Belasco was wise enough to see this, secured a collaborator to polish his English, curbed his wild train of thought, and has at last so fined, and toned, and polished himself down that his last play is an idyl, and New York is in delight over so simple and homely a thing as the burial of a bird.

Tillotson, too, is troubled by a superabundance of material without the skill to handle it.

"Lynwood" is a combination of the "Silver King" and "Fédora." This, however, does not matter. Neat plagiarizing is easily pardoned. The war is far enough back in the mists by now to bring the Confederate gray upon the stage without its being a signal for a hiss, and romance grew rank wetted by the blood of soldiers during those troubled years.

Yet no one has ever quite succeeded, either in book or play, in making a great picture of the time. The books have all been maudlin pathos; the plays have all been cheap melodrama.

"Lynwood" is no exception. It is redundant, crude, weak. The language is insufficient, inexpressive, and the actors are obliged to fill in with ejaculations and acted intensity, where intensity there is none in the play.

Miss Kate Forsythe should be a very fine actress with the proper material in her hand. She is conventional, traditional, and has many traces of the heavy legitimate upon her. The legitimate soon spoils any one for anything but that one department of the art. It spoiled a very clever actor in Fred Warde, without making a great actor of him in the new field. One can almost tell by his Victor Blanchard just how he plays the familiar tragedy group; and, really, one does not feel deprived of anything in not having seen him in his star parts. His face has changed much in the strong play of tragic feeling, and his actions have the conventional stiffness of the old, old school. I do not think he could play Henry Beauclerc at all now, and he played it so very well once that we have never since been quite willing to accept any other.

His Victor Blanchard should be, at least, emotional or melodramatic. It is neither. It is a heavy, gloomily wrought piece of tragedy, with no ray of light or softness in it anywhere. Indeed, he is always keyed up to such a pitch that any ordinary lady-love would be obliged to carry around an adjustable ladder to climb up to him.

Miss Kate Forsythe is not so badly trammeled by the shackles of the legitimate. She only carries a few slight scars from them. She has a very handsome stage presence, a rich, sonorous voice, and a very pure speech. But she has power for more material than is given her to work with. The situations are certainly strong enough, but they are put upon a scaffolding of such ramshackle language, and everything is so badly joined, that the whole structure threatens to go to pieces.

In short, "Lynwood" is a very bad play, yet there is the making of a good play in it. It is played too well, if such a fault can be found—for one can not help wishing to see this beautiful Kate Forsythe in something better fitted to her, or hoping that under other and happier circumstances our once favorite Fred Warde would come down off the stilts he has mounted since he left us.

Perhaps he could improve "Lynwood" itself by playing it at lower pressure, even without the other touching up, or toning down rather, which it so sadly needs. The spectacle of a father and lover importuning a young woman to keep her oath, who has sworn in a moment of exalted feeling to kill some one, is just a little unusual, and Mr. Blanchard's alternate declarations that he is innocent and guilty harrow Miss Carlyle up quite satisfactorily, but becomes a little monotonous to the audience. No one is calm for an instant in all this tornado but the villain, and he lisps. Yet he is rather a good villain, and the general company is rather a good company. BETSY B.

Herr Remenji gave a farewell concert in New York the other evening, prior to his departure for Australia, at which he created a sensation by his marvelous rendering of Paganini's famous "Caprice." He gives a concert, under the management of Marcus Henry, at the Baldwin Theatre, about the middle of June.

The minstrels are appearing this week at the Standard Theatre. Next Monday night they will be reinforced by Harry Richmond, late of the "Pop" troupe.

"Meteors" ends this evening, at the Bush Street Theatre. Next Monday night Edouin & Sanger open in "A Bunch of Keys"

"Lynwood" is drawing well at the California Theatre. It is continued until further notice.

"Confusion" is drawing large houses at the Baldwin Theatre. Same bill next week.

To-morrow night "Hearts of Oak" will be produced at the Grand Opera House.

### Dramatic Gossip.

Effie Ellsler will try her fortune once more as a star.

Ada Gilman will star in "A Mountain Pink" next season.

Lawrence Barrett opens in San Francisco at the California August 1st.

Ill health will prevent Rose Eytinge leaving New York for California.

M. B. Leavitt will control the destinies of the Bush Street for next year.

Mrs. Langtry follows Nat Goodwin at the Baldwin Theatre, in "Peril."

Charlotte Tittel has received an offer for next season from a New York theatre.

Ellen Coursen has gone to Portland, where she will give operatic concerts in costume.

Willie Edouin and his wife are living in a quiet, pleasant way in St. John's Wood, London.

The Union Square takes Sara Jewett back as leading lady. Eleanor Carey will be retained.

Charles E. Blanchett will be business manager of the "Rajah" company, to open at the Baldwin June 30th.

Her Majesty's Opera Company have closed a second season for San Francisco, commencing in March next.

De Vivo and Bert contemplate a season of Italian opera at the Oakland Theatre, headed by Baldanza and others of the Peralta organization.

W. A. Mestayer's "Madam Piper" is considered too weak for the road. John Howson and himself could not give it more than moderate success in New York.

Madame Inez Fabbri and the manager of the Grand Opera House have arranged an opera season at that theatre, headed by Madame Pappenheim and a strong company.

—NEW DEPARTURE.—DINNERS 11 A. M. TO 8 P. M. Hot muffins, etc. Manning's Oyster Grotto, 428 Pine Street.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

— ALL LADIES ARE INVITED TO CALL AT THE Wonder Flower and Feather Store, 1024 Market Street. Newest styles and largest stock and lowest prices.

— THE METROPOLITAN HALL IS THE FAVORITE auditorium for lectures and concerts, both on account of its elegant appointments and its large seating capacity.

**The Pilsener Reception.**

Nearly every thirsty man in San Francisco must have paid a visit to Irving Hall yesterday, between the hours of three o'clock in the afternoon and nine o'clock at night. It is true admission was gained by cards, but these cards had been very generously distributed. The invitations were to the effect that the Boca Beer Brewing Company, having secured a new brewer who understood the secret of making Pilsener beer, had put the brewer's knowledge into practice, and wanted its friends to test the result. They came by droves, and when a reporter entered the hall, a few minutes after the opening hour, it was to find the place crowded with people and filled with the noise of talking people, clinking glasses, and the rattle of knives and forks. An improvised bar had been arranged in the centre of the hall, and behind it were some half dozen active waiters. Other waiters rushed around with trays full of glasses, to serve those who were seated, while across the top of the room ran a well-loaded lunch-table.

A glass of the new brew was thrust into the reporter's hand, and, holding it to the light, it was seen to be of the most beautiful amber and as clear as crystal. Little beads rose through the liquid as though it had been champagne, and the foam was like whipped cream. Emptying the glass, the charm of its appearance was fully borne out by its taste. It was delicate, with a smart smack of hops and malt, and left a lingering flavor on the tongue that explained why glass after glass was sent back to be refilled. One of its best qualities was its lightness, old beer-drinkers saying that they did not believe there was a headache in a barrel of it. In fact, in every particular—in appearance, quality, and effects—the new Pilsener beer of the Boca Brewing Company is quite equal to any of the famous Eastern brands, a statement on which a second vote will be taken to-day in the saloons in which it is to be placed on sale.

**$18,000 to $35,000**

Wanted. Improved inside property. Will pay good interest on money invested. James Hanrahan, office 319 Sansome Street.

**Richmond Range.**

To save fuel and bake quickly, use the celebrated Improved Richmond Range. For sale by the agents, Schuster Brothers, 306 Sutter St., above Dupont.

**A New Discovery.**

The Silk Floss Mattresses and Pillows manufactured by the California Furniture Company, No. 226 Bush Street, are the best substitutes yet discovered for those made of curled hair or feathers. They are in many respects far superior to either, yet they are much cheaper. To use them is a luxury. Try them, and you will be satisfied.

**Root Beer.**

A strictly non-alcoholic family beverage, at once delicious to the taste and beneficial to the system. The youngest child or the feeblest invalid can drink it with advantage. Put up in pint and quart champagne bottles, with patent stoppers, at seventy cents and one dollar and ten cents per dozen. All orders promptly filled. H. L. St. John & Co., 14 Hayes Street.

**Too Much Stock on Hand.**

The California Furniture Manufacturing Company have now in stock $100,000 more stock in their warerooms, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street, than they require for their trade, which is compelling them to sell their goods at greatly reduced rates—at least fifty per cent. less than formerly.

**Yosemite and Giant Trees,**

Via positively the shortest, cheapest, and best scenic route, in new unexcelled six-horse coaches. For tickets and full information, THOMAS T. WALTON, 138 Montgomery Street.



PHOTOGRAPHY.

Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.
ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.
ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.
THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

**New Monarch Oil Stove.**
Call and see it. It is the neatest yet. Send for circular. Myers, 869 Market Street.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—AYER'S SARSAPARILLA IS THE BEST ALTERative, tonic, diuretic, and blood purifier ever produced.

—THE MAGICAL CURE OF COLDS AND COUGHS by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is indisputable.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery. S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

**MISS BISBEE'S SCHOOL**
**FOR YOUNG LADIES**
**1020 Oak Street, Oakland, Cal., will re-open Wednesday, July 30, 1884.**

# HOPKINS ACADEMY
**OAKLAND, CAL.**
**REV. H. E. JEWETT, PRINCIPAL.**

The next School Year begins TUESDAY, JULY 29, 1884. Send for catalogue.

**CALIFORNIA**
# MILITARY ACADEMY
**OAKLAND, CAL.**

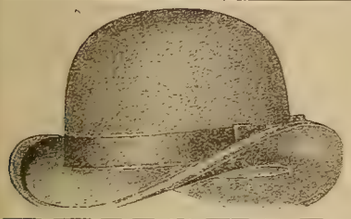
A first-class Boarding-school for Boys. Thorough and practical instruction in all departments. First-class board. Special attention given to the care and comfort of cadets. Term begins MONDAY, July 21st. For circulars, address COL. W. H. O'BRIEN, Principal.



**TRINITY SCHOOL.**
A Boarding and Day School for Young Men and Boys. Numbers limited. Prepares for College and University. Christmas term opens Thursday, July 31, 1884. Refers to Wm. F. Babcock, Esq., Col. E. E. Eyre, Joseph Powning, Esq., Wm. T. Coleman, Esq., Geo. W. Gibbs, Esq. For information, address **Rev. E. B. SPALDING, Rector,** 1534 Mission Street, San Francisco.

**MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. A. K. CLAPPE'S**
# SELECT SCHOOL
**FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,**

At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N. Y. Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalogue.



# REMOVAL.
**K. MEUSDORFFER**
Has removed from his old stand, 635 Commercial St. to his new and elegantly fitted up store, **345 Kearny,** S. W. cor. Pine, with a select stock of latest styles Hats and Caps.

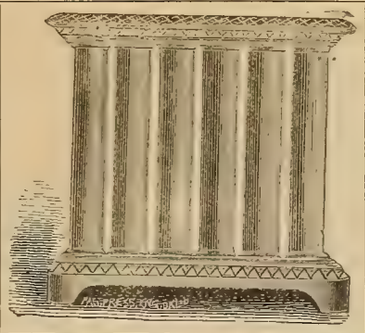
# SANITARIUM, DAIRY,
**ORCHARD, AND VINEYARD.**

Excellent location for a retired physician with agricultural tastes. Best climate for patients afflicted with pulmonary complaints. First class dairy in full operation. Fine orchard and vineyard, all in bearing. Full inspection of receipts and disbursements invited. Land, improvements, implements, stock, etc., valued at about $48,000. One-half cash. balance on long time at low rate. To be sold for the purpose of improving other land for butter-dairying. For particulars, address **B. MARKS, Fresno.**

**FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES 235 KEARNY ST.S.F.**
**Southwest cor. of Bush. Established 1877.**
PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

# BUTTERICK'S
**Patterns---Summer Styles.**
**Send Stamp for Catalogue. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**

**SHORT-HAND & TYPE WRITING**
Taught privately or by mail. Situations procured for pupils when competent. Call or write to F. LUSK, Heald's Business College.



# HARVEY'S
**HOT WATER RADIATOR.**
For Warming and Ventilating Private Residences and Public Dwellings. Uniform Heat. No Gases. No Dust.
**23 Stevenson St., near First. San Francisco.**

# REMOVAL.
**Office of Fort Wayne, Vandalia, and Pan-Handle Lines, and**
**PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD,**
—TO—
## 116 MONTGOMERY ST.
(OCCIDENTAL HOTEL).
**J. B. KIRKLAND, Agent.**

# FRUIT FARMS.
**$25 PER ACRE.**
Two pieces of CHOICE, FINE LAND—one contains eighty-three acres, the other about forty—situated about six miles northwest of Watsonville.
**FOR SALE BY**
## W. F. GAFFEY,
**Main Street, Watsonville.**
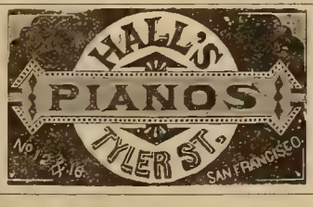
# STRUCK SILVER
**FOR PLATED WARE.**
The most complete Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating Establishment in the world for Spoons, Knives, Forks, Pitchers, Tea Sets, and ONE THOUSAND other articles.
**E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.**
STORE AND FACTORY,
**653 and 655 Mission Street, San Francisco.**

# ELEGANT RESIDENCE
**FOR SALE.**
In the Western Addition, near Van Ness Avenue, for $3[illegible] cost over $50,000. This is a rare opportunity to purchase one of the handsomest residences in the city at far below its real value. For particulars, apply to JOS. A. SANBORN, 407 Montgomery Street.

# FASHIONABLE, COMFORTABLE, REASONABLE, TUBBS' HOTEL,
**OAKLAND, John M. Lawlor, Prop'r.**

# KOHLMOOS HOTEL,
**Railroad Avenue, near Webster St.**
**ALAMEDA.**
Fine Garden 200 feet square; Club House; Bowling and Billiards. Everything first-class.
**JOHN KOHLMOOS, PROPRIETOR.**

# $130,000
Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, **1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.** Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $20,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers.
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.




# PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
**Stationers, Booksellers,**
**Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,**
**204 Sansome Street, near Pine.**

# OPENING OF SPRING AND SUMMER HATS
**THIS WEEK BY**
# C. HERRMANN & CO.
**(HERRMANN THE HATTER),**
**At 332---336 Kearny Street, between Bush and Pine Streets.**
The largest Hat Store and the largest stock on the Pacific Coast. An immense line of novelties. Send for Illustrated Catalogue for 1884, just out.

**FALK'S Bilsener BEER**

# KNABE PIANOS
"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*
**A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St. S. F.,** Sole Agents.

**ESTABLISHED 1855.**
# CARRIAGES.
# O. F. WILLEY & CO.
NEVADA BLOCK,
**No. 317 MONTGOMERY STREET, - - - - - SAN FRANCISCO,**
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
## CARRIAGES, LIGHT ROAD WAGONS, CARTS, SULKIES,
Our stock of which is now, as it has heretofore been, unsurpassed in elegance and solidity. Recent importations have greatly enlarged our supply of vehicles of all kinds from the following celebrated Eastern establishments, of which we are the agents, viz.:

**Brewster & Co.,** (of Broome Street) New York,
**C. S. Caffrey & Co.,** Camden, N. J.,
**Henry Hooker & Co.,** New Haven, Conn.,
**H. Killam & Co.,** New Haven, Conn.,
**W. S. Frazier & Co.,** Chicago Road Carts.

We have also an assortment of Buggies and Phaetons, with full leather tops, which we sell at prices ranging from **$85** to **$125.** Constantly on hand a full supply of
## HARNESS,
From the famous manufactories of Wood Gibson, New York, and Tompkins & Mandeville, together with a complete assortment of Concord and other Harness. **Fine Silk Plush Robes, Lap Robes of all kinds, Horse Blankets, Whips in variety, Wheel Jacks, Wood Stable Forks, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs,** etc., etc. The Agency Goods above enumerated will be sold at Eastern prices with freight added. We have always in stock, and are prepared to manufacture to order, Mountain and other Wagons. In returning thanks for past patronage and favors, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

# STORE YOUR FURNITURE
**Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.**
BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH
**J. H. MOTT & CO.,**
**735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco.**
Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

# JOHN MIDDLETON, COAL.
**14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.**

**C. V. GILLESPIE,**
## SEARCHER OF RECORDS
**409 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**

# HALLS TO LET,
FOR BALLS, CLUBS, ETC. Apply to **Mrs. Ada Clark's Dancing Academy,** 211 Sutter Street, above Kearny.

**IRVING HALL, 139 POST ST.**
**Halls to Rent for Balls, Parties, etc.**
Apply to A. A. SANDERS, on the premises.

**PUMPS.---WORTHINGTON'S.**
**Special, Mining, and Irrigating Pumps.**
Over two hundred cities and towns have adopted them in water-works. Cheaper than any other of same capacity. The Worthington Meter measures accurately water, wine, oil, etc.; over 30,000 in use; used in nearly every city water-works in the United States. Send for catalogue.
HENRY B. WORTHINGTON,
**30 and 32 First St., S. F.** A. L. FISH, Manager.

**Sewerage. Ventilation.**
# DAVID BUSH,
**SANITARY ENGINEER**
**No. 316 Sutter Street,**
Between Dupont and Stockton Sts., San Francisco. Telephone No. 815.
SANITARY PLUMBING MY SPECIALTY.
"I have no Branch Store."
**Steam Heating. Gas Fitting.**

# CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY
**OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.**
**Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.**
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

## "EUREKA" COTTON
# GARDEN HOSE
Stronger three to one, and lighter two to one, than the best four-ply Rubber Hose; and if left out in the sun and air continuously, or, if put away, put away dry, will stand the roughest kind of usage and will last for years.
Also, RUBBER HOSE of extra quality and at low price.
**W. T. Y. SCHENCK,**
36 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

# BETHESDA
**SUPERIOR TABLE WATER**
**L. CAHEN AND SON. 418 SAC. ST. S.F.**




See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

**J. W. EVANS,**
General Agent, 29 Post Street.

---

**L. D. STONE & CO.**
(Successors to R. Stone),
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
**Harness, Saddles, Saddlery Hardware**
Collars, Whips, Robes, Horse Blankets, and all kinds of Harness and Patent Leathers.
422 and 424 Battery Street, corner Washington, San Francisco.

---

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
Commission Merchants,
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
Liberal advances made on consignments.

---

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

---

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
No. 309 SANSOME STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

---

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
Shipping and Commission Merchants
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

---

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

---

THE
**AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,**
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.

---

**A. P. HOTALING & CO.**
429 to 437 Jackson St., sole agents for the J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky, "O. P. S.," "O. O. K.," "O. K." "A No. 1," "A." Established 1852.

---




Importers of All Kinds of Paper.

---

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
**TILES**
For Decorations.
**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

---

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

---

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
**HENRY F. MILLER**
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
**HEMME & LONG**
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
**WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.**
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

---

**ICHI BAN**

FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

---

**WALL PAPERS,**
AMERICAN & FOREIGN,
New Artistic Designs.

**FRESCOING**
Interior Decorating.

**LINCRUSTA WALTON,**
The new and imperishable Wall Decoration

**STAINED GLASS,**
For Residences, Churches, Public Buildings, etc.
Sole Agents for the La Farge Decorative Art Co. of New York, the leading American authority.

**Imitation Stained Glass,**
The best article of its kind in the world.

**WINDOW SHADES!**
G. W. CLARK & CO.
645 and 647 MARKET STREET.

---

**C — G** OF
Marvel of Excellence and Workmanship.
Contain less Paper and FINER Tobacco than any Cigarette made.
Popular as the great
"AFTER-DINNER" CIGARETTE.

---

*Straight Mesh,*
*CLOTH OF GOLD.*
13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS,
By WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

---

**BYRON MAUZY,**
Agent for
SOHMER & CO.
PEEK & SON
} PIANOS
Pianos sold on easy installments. Pianos to Rent, Tuned and Repaired.
107 and 109 Post Street, San Francisco.

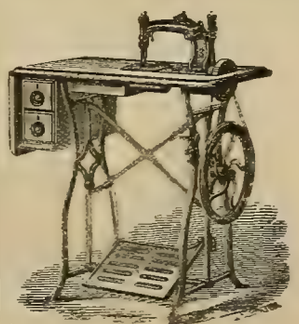
---

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.
**NEWSOM & GASH,**
**ARCHITECTS**
Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,
Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

---

FINE
Suits, $25. **TAILORING** Suits, $30.
Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.
Suits, $40. **TAILORING** Suits, $50.
Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.
Suits, $60. **TAILORING** Suits, $70.
J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.

---



**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.**
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
383 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

---

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE HOME INDUSTRY




---

**BUGGIES!**
If you want a high-priced Buggy, Carriage, or Phaeton, or if you want a good one for a low price, describe what you want, and order from
TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., 511 Market St., S. F.

---

**BEAUTIFUL SNOW**
FOR THE COMPLEXION!
This elegant preparation is the most perfect beautifier known. It is pure and harmless, delightful in its application, and wonderful in its effects, while the closest scrutiny fails to detect its use. Prepared by
H. BOWMAN, Chemist, Oakland.
For sale by all druggists.

---




**THE HALL TYPE-WRITER**
Awarded medal at Semi-Centennial Fair of American Institute in New York over all others. Simple and durable. Weighs seven pounds in case. No inking ribbon. Interchangeable types of all kinds. Takes all sizes paper. Price, $40. Call and examine.
PACIFIC COAST AGENCY, ROOM 34, No. 123 CALIFORNIA STREET.
S. F. Office Empire Portable Forge Co. of Cohoes, N. Y.

---

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

---




THE STANDARD SILK OF THE WORLD
**YATES & CONKLIN,**
Sole Agents,
13 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

---

**REAL ESTATE.**
Fine Business and Residence Property in all parts of the city for sale by
G. F. BOWMAN, 440 California St.

---

**GERMEA**
FOR BREAKFAST
DELICIOUS
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIV. NO. 24. SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 14, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: The Nomination of James G. Blaine—The Wave of Enthusiasm which has rolled across the Continent—From Maine to California—The People's Choice—The Men who are against him—The Papers which oppose him—An Analysis of their Motives—Four Foreigners and one American Man-milliner—The Amount of their Combined Opposition—The Causes of Blaine's Popularity on this Coast and in the East—His Foreign Policy—Our Flag, and the respect it will command under Blaine's Administration—The Democratic Deliberations at Stockton—The Bonds of Boss Buckley, and how he is drawing them—A Cold Day for Sumner—A Plank in the Chicago Platform which affects American Shipping—The Power of Eloquence—How it has resulted in the case of Judge Wallace and his followers in Demagogism—The Principle of Combination as applied to Workingmen's Associations—A Roman Catholic Correspondent and his Doubts.....1-3

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE: The Chicago Convention..... 3

THE REQUIEM OF THE RAVEN: A Fantastic Tale by Erckmann-Chatrian—A Doctor who hated Cats and a Musician who made war on a Bird... 4

THE LATEST VERSE: "My Little Girl," by Samuel Minturn Peck—"The V-a-s-e," by J. J. Roche—"A Woman's Gossip," by E. W. Gosse—"At the Door," by Eugene Field..... 5

STORYETTES: The Savannah Judge who misused a Blacking-brush—Rowland Hill and his Doctor—The Quaker and the Vicar..... 5

SOCIETY: The Opening Langtry Night—Honolulu Festivities—Engagements and Weddings—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip..... 6

BUBBLES: The Raymond Excurtionists—Sabbath Observance and "Sacred Concerts"—A British Tourist—Mrs. Langtry's Leading Man—The Mollified Stage-Driver..... 7

VANITY FAIR: Drawing-room Dances—Their Origin—The Fashions of Ancient Days—Pavon, Gavotte, and Minuet—The Waltz—Its Composers, and the changes it has undergone..... 8

CHESS NOTES: A Canadian Problem—One of the Vienna International Tournament Games—Answers to Correspondents..... 9

BILL NYE'S BUDGET: The Amateur Carpenter..... 9

NEW YORK IN JUNE: "Flaneur" Tells how the Gothamites Enjoy themselves in Town—Ross and the Jap—American Lords in Scotland—The Rinking Craze..... 10

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People..... 10

CAMPAIGN VERSE: "A Blaine Song," by A. Pendleton—"Children Cry for Him," by Charles A. Dana—"Set Him Up Again," by W. J. Flagg..... 11

THE INNER MAN: Old Cookery Books—A Look into the Cuisine of Former Centuries..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—The Various Theatres—Stage Gossip—Interviews—Amusement Record..... 14

The nomination of James G. Blaine has been received with an enthusiasm which has astonished even the Pacific Coast, where he is the people's idol. The wave of enthusiasm, gathering force on the shores of California, has rolled across the continent, breaking into foam at the feet of the people's idol, on the rock-bound coast of Maine. Never in the history of this generation has there been such a display of joy over the nomination of a Presidential candidate. And it is all owing to the fact that Blaine is the people's choice. Rarely does the Republican voter have an opportunity to cast his ballot for the man of his choice. The power of machine politics, the net-work of party intrigue, the rivalry of contending chieftains—all these causes conspire to throw the nomination into the hands of some comparatively unknown man. But, whether unknown or not, the fact remains that the nomination has often gone to some man other than the people's choice. Hence it is that the vast masses of the Republican party have burst forth into such a spontaneous testimonial of their joy. Rarely is it, too, that these same masses are so united as they now are. All the factions have swung into line since the nomination—with the exception of some few New York and Massachusetts Half-Breeds. We use the slang term for them, and, if it is analyzed, it will be found most appropriate. The opposition comes from such papers as the New York *Times*, the New York *Post*, the New York *Nation*, *Puck*, and *Harper's Weekly*. None of these is thoroughly American except the last. The *Times* is owned by one George Jones, an Englishman. Its tone has never been thoroughly American. It has catered to the silly Anglomania which pervades some of our Eastern cities. It is a feeble reflex of the London dailies—as dull as they are, without being so vigorous. Aside from its local columns, it is almost entirely made up of dispatches on English affairs, clippings from English papers, stories from English magazines, and toadyism to English traveling snobs. Mr. George Jones is not American, and Mr. George Jones does not like Blaine. The New York *Post* is also edited by an Englishman—one E. L. Godkin. This gentleman also controls the *Nation*, and the two papers may be regarded as identical. The *Nation* has been a chronic sore-head. It has ever been an annoying parasite on the Republican body politic. Professing to be Republican, it has been in reality treacherous, and, therefore, more dangerous to the party than would be an open enemy. Mr. Godkin is an Englishman, and Mr. Godkin does not like Blaine. *Puck* is published by Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann, two very worthy Germans. Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann, some years ago, started a German comic paper, and as they found that its colored cartoons made it sell, they determined to get out an English edition of this German comic paper. They have been doing so ever since. Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann have no earthly interest in American politics beyond that of making money out of them. If they can make more money by maligning Blaine than by maligning some one else, they will do so. Hence, they will probably malign Blaine. Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann are Germans, and they do not like Blaine. Last comes *Harper's Weekly*. This can not be accused of lack of Americanism—or, rather, it has in the past been a distinctively American journal. It has changed somewhat of late years. The Messrs. Harper have been pushing their publications in England, and have found it necessary in so doing to give a great deal of space to distinctively English topics and politics, as an inspection of their magazine and weekly for the past year will show. The Messrs. Harper are the sons of the men who once directed those publications, and who directed their employees, George William Curtis and Thomas Nast. The Messrs. Harper are now directed by their employees. Their publications will oppose the Republican candidate. Thomas Nast is a German, and does not like Blaine. George William Curtis is a political man-milliner, and does not like Blaine. These, then, may be summed up as the elements of discord in the Republican party. Do they amount to much? We do not think so. We think they amount to so little, when compared with the phalanx of the Republican party, armed and eager for the fray, that their defection will not be noticed. It may be said that we have forgotten the defection of the dude delegates from Massachusetts. No, we have not forgotten it. It is, however, scarcely worth mentioning. It is eminently sophomorical. When these Massachusetts dude delegates have been politically spanked and put to bed, they will wake up in the morning a little sore in body, but much improved in mind. In the meanwhile, they have shown their sulkiness by the perhaps boyish, certainly Bostonian, and eminently boorish way of slighting the stranger delegates who passed through their city. In short, this whole question of defection may be summed up in the question, Will the dog wag the tail, or the tail the dog? We think it extremely probable that the tail will be wagged.

A word now as to the causes which have made Blaine so popular. It is easily explained upon this coast by his position on the Chinese question. This, however, is largely a local question, although it is daily being carried home to the workingmen of the East. Still, the evil has not yet attained such a magnitude there as to make it a burning question. The causes of Blaine's personal popularity throughout the country are, in our opinion, two-fold: first, his intense Americanism; second, his determination to make this country take rank where she belongs. These are the things which make him so dear in the hearts of his countrymen. There is not an American citizen in this broad land whose blood has not boiled within his veins at the timorous, the vacillating, and the cowardly foreign policy of our Government. There has been no protection on the high seas or in foreign lands for the life and liberty of an American citizen, such is the contempt in which our flag is held by foreigners. The writer remembers how, when but a boy, his indignation was stirred by an account of the contemplated execution of some American prisoners in Cuba. It was during one of the numerous revolutions in that "ever faithful isle," and some traveling Americans were seized by a Spanish commander, tried by a drum-head court-martial, convicted as spies, and sentenced to be shot. The American consul heard of it, and hurried to the place of execution. Fortunately, he had requested the British consul to accompany him. Had it been otherwise, his errand were bootless. The unfortunate prisoners were ranged against a wall, looking their last upon the blue sky and the tropical sun. Before them was drawn up a file of Spanish soldiers, who were just bringing their pieces to the shoulder. The American consul rushed forward, and hastily spread our flag over the bodies of the doomed men. It was of no avail. The pieces were cocked, and the signal was about to be given. In another moment the balls would have rent the flag and riddled the bodies of the hapless prisoners, when the British consul threw his flag over them. Through this the Spanish officer did not dare to fire. The execution was postponed, and further inquiry resulted in the establishing of the prisoners' innocence. They were free—their lives were saved—but they will carry to their graves the awful shame of that day when a foreign flag was needed to save them from a bloody grave. This, then, was the estimation in which our flag was held years ago. This is the estimation in which it is held to-day. Scores of Americans lie rotting in the common jails of Mexico to-day—Americans imprisoned for trivial offenses, or no offenses at all, awaiting that justice which is always tardy to the innocent man, but which in those Spanish-American countries sometimes never comes. This is the condition of affairs which all free-born Americans would see changed. The flag of which we are all so proud must be respected on land and sea. And that it will be so respected is what we all shall see under the administration of President James G. Blaine.

If that plank in the Chicago platform which pledges the Republican party to free ships, seamen's rights, and the restoration of the American navy, be due in any part to the influence of Lieutenant J. D. Jerrold Kelley's little book, "The Question of Ships," that officer deserves well of the country. This work, as admirable as it is unambitious, deals with a subject in which legislation can perhaps produce more direct benefit than in any other. In 1856 the United States was pressing close upon the heels of England in the carrying trade, and everything pointed to our speedily passing her in the race for commercial supremacy; now we pay one hundred and forty millions of dollars yearly to other people for carrying our own products. Our decline, as Lieutenant Kelley points out, began before the civil war; with the substitution of iron for wood, we began to drop behind. At the present day our percentage of wrecks is larger than that of any other seafaring people and our ships and steamers are shorter lived. If a war with a foreign nation ever comes to us, it must be a naval war, and we have no navy. We have ten thousand miles of sea-coast, and no ships to guard them or protect our harbors and great cities. General Gillmore enumerates twenty harbors on our Atlantic sea-board completely open to attack by the armored fleets of Europe, around which clusters an aggregate population of three millions, while the value of public and private property within easy and destructive range of a hostile fleet can not be far short of two thousand millions of dollars. "Our navy," says General Smalley, "is in no condition to operate along the coast outside, in the open sea, with the slightest effectiveness against such fleets as half a dozen naval powers" [Turkey is one] "could easily put in motion against us." "An enemy could come on our coast to-morrow," says Admiral Porter, "and, commencing in Maine, could take possession of every harbor as far as Texas. . . . . If Spain,

the least formidable of maritime nations, went to war with us to-morrow, she would sweep our commerce from the ocean by setting afloat the large, swift steamers she could buy in Europe, and we could not prevent it. Our home squadron would retire under Sandy Hook, unless they chose to add to the laurels of the despoiler by offering themselves up as a sacrifice to satisfy public sentiment." Our Board of Engineers on Fortifications, referring to the lake frontier, point out how Great Britain is in position there to "anticipate the United States, paralyze or destroy its commerce on the lakes, and lay its cities under contribution." General Wright, chief of engineers in our army, says: "We can make but a feeble defense against the powerful fleets now prepared and rapidly increasing, which will sooner or later be brought against us." In restoring our navy, experiments are unnecessary. The nations of Europe have perfected both ordnance and defenses against it; we can begin at the point they have already attained. What we are actually doing may be judged by the remarks of a recent writer in the London *Engineer*, apropos of the cruiser *Chicago*. He says: "It is not easy to see for what she is intended; against iron-clads she would be helpless. Her engines are revivals of devices long since obsolete; .... but defective as the engines are, they are admirable when compared to the boilers." And so on, with plenty more of the same sort, the whole of it we believe true, since Congress appropriated the sum of one million three hundred thousand dollars for the construction of three cruisers and one dispatch boat, or less than half the cost of a single first-class iron-clad.

The deliberations of our Democratic brethren at Stockton have not been quite so harmonious as they might be. The anti-monopoly cranks have been endeavoring to drag their purely local issues into this deliberative body, assembled to elect delegates to a national convention. They have further attempted to punish those of their party who differ with them by "rebuking" them. The result has not been conducive to that peace and good-will which ought to characterize a Democratic convention. The bonds of Boss Buckley are apparently drawn tighter than ever around the party. His will is law. The convention has been turned over to him, bound hand and foot. Buckley is, indeed, a power in his party. How powerful he is, Hastings's nomination shows. From the eulogistic tone of some delegates' remarks concerning Hastings's "physique," it would seem, to an unprejudiced bystander as though Democratic party favor went by weight. This was why Hancock was chosen in 1880—"a good man, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds." According to this theory Captain Kentzell would make an excellent governor. The utter ignoring of Sumner, the present Congressman from the Fourth District, is a sorry reward. Considering the rabid anti-monopoly tone of the convention, Sumner should have been elected unanimously. He is anti-monopoly to the verge of madness—a rabid, howling, venomous, anti-monopoly crank. His howls, his venom, and his rabies should certainly have insured his renomination. But Buckley said no, and Hastings got it. On the whole, however, there is no doubt that there are more brains under Buckley's hat than could be found, by a careful analysis, beneath the covers of a large wing of the convention. He had sense enough to oppose any formal repudiation of Judge Field. In this he was wise, although, when it came to a vote, he went with the tide, and voted against Field. Were Field now to be nominated at Chicago, the California Democracy would occupy a position even more exquisitely foolish than it generally does.

The principle of "combination," as it is called when applied to associations of workmen, or "pooling," as it is often termed when applied to the association of capital, is so dear to the hearts of both parties that probably each would be prepared to include it in the category of sacred rights inherent in both humanity and property. Yet the exercise of this right has led to some queer results. With the workmen's right to combine, we are not now concerned; the more obvious effects of their movements, both for good and ill, are tolerably familiar; the other combinations, those of capital, are only beginning to be ventilated and understood. Nor will we dwell just here on the well-worn themes of railroad pools, nor yet on that one of the Standard Oil Company; there is more interesting matter to be handled. Every one knows about the thirty-million-dollar steel combination or pool which has kept the price of rails—that is, the cost of transportation—higher in this country than in any other. This pool has for years paid the Vulcan Iron Mill, at St. Louis, a subsidy of four hundred thousand dollars per annum for *not* making rails, with, however, no payment to its men for not working. The anthracite coal industry has long been controlled by a pool representing a nominal (watered) capital of five hundred millions of dollars, on which it earns dividends by decreeing "short time"—that is, less wages to miners—whenever the output threatens to break down the pool price of fuel. Thus, too, a special tax is laid upon the manufacturing industries of New York, New Jersey, and other centres. A pool has just been formed in the soft-coal region that embraces the whole State of Ohio, and is now in negotiation to bring in the States of Indiana and Illinois. Another pool already includes the coke furnaces of Pittsburg. The price of lumber throughout the Mississippi Valley is dictated by the Chicago Lumbermen's Exchange. How the pool principle works in practice is aptly illustrated by the lumber trade nearer home, where retail dealers have to sign contracts with the Lumber Exchange in San Francisco, binding themselves to buy only from members of the association, to buy and sell only at prices fixed by them, and so on. "The literature of business," it has been said by an Eastern writer, "can show no more remarkable productions than the printed form of these contracts," in virtue of which the mills which do not belong to the association are hired to stand idle, while their "hands"——? Few people have any idea of the extent to which the manufacturing system of the entire country has been brought into pools, with the object—which the founder of the stove combination said in his speech at Cleveland, last February, had been attained in their case—of showing the balance on the right side of the ledger. Among the more important products, the prices of which are fixed arbitrarily by pool, and not by the cost of production, nor by the relation of demand and supply, are coal, coke, lumber, steel, petroleum, cotton goods, rope, nails, tacks, screws, wrenches, hinges, boiler-flues, iron girders, fire-brick, gas-pipes, powder and other explosives, window-glass, white lead, galvanized sheet-iron, hose and belting, files, butchers' meat, stoves, friction matches, wall-paper, straw and wrapping-paper, rags (!), ship-bread, biscuits and crackers, *coffins*, quinine, patent medicines and drugs both at wholesale and retail, barbed wire, whisky, beer, stamped tin-ware, school-books, insurance, milk (in New York and Boston), ice (in New York), fish (in Boston), flour (by the Western millers), lamps, pottery, hoop-iron, shot, rivets, sugar, candy, starch, preserved fruits, glucose, vapor stoves, chairs, lime, rubber, chains, harvesting machinery, pins, salt, pipe, brass tubing, hardware, silk, and wire-cloth. On the 3d of April last, the largest and most influential meeting of cotton-spinners ever held in the South adopted a plan for the organization of a Southern Manufacturers' Association for the same general purposes as the New England Manufacturers' Association, which has been described as that of "curing the devastating plague of too much cotton-cloth." The *Age of Steel*, organ of the iron-masters, startled the country last January by the statement that a monster pool was to be formed of all our pig-iron industries. As many furnaces were to be put out of blast as were necessary to prevent prices dropping "too low," and these idle furnaces—that is, the owners of them, but not the discharged workmen from them—were to share, like the Vulcan Steel Mill of St. Louis cited above, in the profits of those which ran. As yet, the Western furnaces only, and south to Alabama, are included in this project. All these pools have had but a single object, and but a single method for attaining that object. The object has been an advanced and arbitrarily fixed price for their product, and the uniform means of attaining it has been that of diminishing production and throwing workmen out of work. Last November the Nail-makers' Association ordered a suspension of the nail machines for five weeks, "to the great distress of eight thousand workmen, who are also machines—self-feeders." The Western Wooden-ware Association last December ordered its members to manufacture but one-fifth of its capacity. On the second day after the eight thousand coke ovens of Pittsburg came into their pool, it was announced that one oven out of every seven had been closed "till further orders." The tack-mills in the tack pool run about three days in the week. When this combination, a few weeks ago, silenced a Pittsburg rival by buying him out, they did not remove the machinery. "The dead chimneys and idle machines will discourage new men from starting another factory, or can be run to ruin them." What became of the workmen is not stated. The tack pool only doubled the price of its product. The New England Manufacturers' Association last winter decreed lower wages in its cotton-mills; the hands struck, and, after exhausting their means, they last month gave in. The whisky distillers' pool has been powerful enough to secure legislation from Congress granting them the privilege, given to no other tax-payer, of a postponement of the time for payment of taxes. This pool, too, keeps a large number of distilleries idle, drawing pensions from the pool, in some cases as high as five hundred dollars a day. [Again nothing to the discharged workmen.] Finally, at the last meeting of the Brewers' Association, which takes to itself credit for the defeat in New York of Mr. Maynard, candidate for Secretary of State, one of the speakers suggested that if the brewers would see that the foreigners in their employ took out naturalization papers, they would, no doubt, "cast their votes properly." Notoriously, the petroleum pool elected the last United States Senator from Ohio. Having now conducted the pools fairly into politics, we pause. The facts condensed and given in bald outline above, are marshaled with impressive effect by Henry D. Lloyd in the last (June) number of the *North American Review*. They are facts to be thought over, for they inclose the seeds of trouble. When the locked-out nail-maker comes fully to understand that he has to pay more for his wife's calico gown because the cotton spinner is also locked out, and when the spinner equally understands that he has to pay more for his coal because the coal-miner is also locked out, all three are liable to combine to ask for a reason why any one of them *is* locked out. If to this question there be forthcoming no better answer than that it is all done in order that the pooled corporations may make dividends on watered stocks, it will be a bad day for the pools.

Great is the power of eloquence. From the earliest times great movements have been accelerated by the eloquence of man. Great results are often directly traceable to great orators. These reflections are inspired by reading the financial columns of some European journals just to hand. Some weeks ago, Judge W. T. Wallace made a speech to the Legislature of the State of California, assembled in extra session. Judge Wallace is a speaker of great ability, a man profoundly versed in the law, an ex-chief justice of the Supreme Court of California. His argument was therefore one not to be lightly listened to; his words were weighty. In the course of his argument, Judge Wallace evolved the singular theory that the railroads built in this State belonged—not to their builders, but to the State. This theory somewhat surprised the more conservative of our citizens, who had been wont to look upon such views as communistic and agrarian. They more profoundly surprised the capitalists of Europe. These gentlemen do not look with the most trusting confidence upon the States of the American Union. They remember, with the utmost distinctness, certain acts of dishonesty on the part of certain States—notably Minnesota and Mississippi. We mention these two particularly—although there are many others—because their repudiation dates from ante-bellum times, and has nothing to do with war debts, or carpet-bag mismanagement. Thinking of these things, European capitalists look twice at a State before they invest their money within its borders. Money is timorous; capital is cowardly. The eloquent argument of Judge Wallace was known in the money marts of Europe the day after it had been delivered. It impressed the money kings. These were not the idle words of a demagogic, pot-house politician; they fell from the lips of a man eminent in his State—a man who had occupied the highest judicial position she could give. The capitalists paused; they reflected; they closed their money-bags. The negotiations which had been in progress for taking up the bonds of the Oregon extension were abruptly broken off, and news of the fact was at once telegraphed. It is needless to say that railroad-builders are not philanthropists; like other men, they work for money. When they found that funds could not be raised for the building of the northern extension, they stopped work. This was construed by some "anti-monopoly" journals here as a "menace to the State." It was no menace—it was hard, horse sense. It was an admission on the part of the projectors that they had been unwise in spending several hundred thousand dollars on a railroad before they knew whether it was theirs or not. It was an eminently practical refusal to throw good money after bad. The result has been known to all of us here for some weeks. Work was at once stopped on the northern extension; the Northern Pacific, which was coming down from Oregon to meet it, stopped work also. Over four thousand workmen were thrown out of employment, and given leisure to meditate on the beauties of eloquence, extra sessions, and things. There is a large amount of railroad material for sale up there cheap; and a number of costly tunnels and trestles will be sold in lots to suit at very low rates per lineal yard. However, the speech of Judge Wallace was an oratorical success. So think the four thousand idle workmen. As we said in the beginning, Great is the power of eloquence.

Since the nomination of Blaine and Logan, the Democrats have been roosting around in a limp, dejected, and melancholy manner, like hens on a wet day. The only ray of light athwart the Democratic gloom was the hope that the "old ticket"—Tilden and Hendricks—would be run again. That this should give them hope is scarcely intelligible to the Republican mind, considering the skeletons which line the pathway to the Democratic grave-yard—Nephew Pelton, Cronin of the nose, Manton Marble, and other spectres draped with torn and tattered cipher dispatches. Still, such was the Democratic hope. Their last plank has been knocked from under them by Tilden's declination, and confusion and consternation pervade the Democratic camp.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Chicago, June 7.*—Blaine is nominated. Blaine is our candidate, in defiance of the power of the administration, in spite of the awful respectability of New York, led in convention by Johny O'Brien and Barney Bigler. In my judgment the nation will respond to the call, though a fraction of the better and meaner element of the Republican discontents either sulk or go into revolt. In reference to Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, we have the consolation of knowing that they are not increasing in numbers nor political influence at all in proportion to the Western States. Mr. Blaine will be elected this time and next time. At the end of eight years a new census will define the relative strength of New England and the great Republican West. New England will not be Republican. Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island will have been captured by French Romanists from Canada, who will be Democratic; and the West, in the majesty of its numbers and its political power, will dictate terms to New England. Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco will not feel unequal to a contest with New York City, and the Republican party will have entered upon a new career.

The convention went to its morning work, knowing that the session would produce important results. If Blaine was to succeed, it would be after a sharp contest. It must be Blaine within five ballots, or not at all. The street was filled with rumors of combinations and conspiracies against him. The Blaine leaders did not look confident; the Arthur leaders did. The first ballot—278 for Arthur, 334 for Blaine—did not unduly elate or depress either faction. No friend of Arthur had expected a larger vote. No friend of Blaine had figured for him a much larger vote. If the second ballot should show an increase for Blaine, the omen would be favorable. After the usual cheers that followed the first balloting, cheers from friends of all the candidates, we took our pencils in hand for the second. Blaine gained fifteen. The tide was rolling our way, and we cheered. On the third ballot there was a further gain of twenty-six. Blaine had reached within thirty-one of a majority; he was on top of the combing billow. When Foraker of Ohio, Dutcher of New York, Roosevelt of New York, and a darky or two from the South moved an adjournment, there began a disgraceful filibustering movement on the part of the Arthur men for time to swap horses. Arthur had gone dead lame. Vermont had a nag to trade. Ohio was on it for a swap. Connecticut wanted to trade Hawley. Illinois still held Logan as its first choice and Blaine as its second. Its delegates would have stayed until chaos came if it had not feared that the nomination of Blaine without the aid of votes from Illinois meant ruin to Logan. They had the sagacity to know that if in his interest Illinois was not allowed to express its preference for Blaine, Senator Logan would lose his chance for nomination as Vice-President, or to succeed himself in the Senate, or to obtain a place as Secretary of War in Blaine's Cabinet. The motion to adjourn was persisted in; the Blaine delegates' opposition to it was a test of Blaine against the field. The vote stood 352 for adjournment, 450 against, Illinois voting "yea." The victory was won. Blaine was nominated. New England looked piously mournful, New York looked virtuously indignant. The darkies and carpet-bag officials looked like Toby Rosenthal's "Frightened Seminary." Little Mr. Roosevelt doubled up his little fist and seemed, from his pained expression of countenance, to be experiencing a severe spasm of infantile cholic. Curtis, Dutcher, Hoar, Lodge, Billings, and the slim, pale-faced, white-whiskered, moral and political goody-goody Yankees and traders from New England and New York stood like frightened ancient maiden ladies, unnoticed and disappointed in the midst of a sacked and ravished city.

The fourth roll-call was announced. Darkies and postmasters of Alabama, Arkansas, and Florida began to fall into line. California and Colorado stood solid for Blaine. Connecticut cast its twelve votes for Hawley. Georgia was solid for Arthur. Illinois saw the hand-writing on the wall, and cast thirty-four votes for Blaine. After this the shout of victory went up. Delegates bearing banners and other devices came marching down the aisles of the convention. California raised aloft its banneret with this device, "From California to Maine, through Iowa, for Blaine." "Wildest confusion" is a conservative expression. "H—l of a time" is the only vernacular for a crazy convention, where all were Bedlamites, and where all who were not shouting and cheering with unrestrained frenzy were eating their livers and scowling like chained and tortured spirits in Dante's Inferno. Indiana followed with thirty votes for Blaine; Iowa (ever faithful), twenty-four solid for Blaine; Kansas came with a plumper, eighteen for Blaine; Maryland, fifteen for Blaine; Michigan, twenty-six; Missouri, thirty-two; Nebraska, ten; Nevada, with its silver six; New Jersey, under the leadership of one of Mr. Blaine's most efficient and zealous friends, William Walter Phelps, gave its seventeen votes for Blaine. The game was won, and the ball rolled along its groove of States: Ohio, forty-six; Pennsylvania, fifty-one; West Virginia, with its solid twelve (solid from the first); Wisconsin, twenty-two; down through the Territories, to the faithful darky who beat Bob Ingersoll as delegate for the District of Columbia, and the victory was won. Blaine was nominated with 541 votes; Arthur, 207; Edmunds, 41; Hawley, 15; Logan, 7; and Robert Lincoln, 2. After that I became first unconscious, then supremely calm. The convention adjourned. The California delegates smashed their white hats as they whooped and yelled along their frantic march to the Palmer House. In the midst of an unearthly din—cannons firing, music, cheers, confusion, and utter chaos—I am attempting to write how Blaine was nominated at Chicago in 1884. P.

---

As applicable to the case of dynamite conspirators, it is timely to inquire, what is the state of existing American law in relation to conspiracy having for its object injury to citizens of a foreign state? What are the powers now possessed by our Government in dealing with this class of criminals? And in what respect, if any, do our laws need amending in the direction of increasing those powers? The principles of public law applicable to the case are settled, and have never been more forcibly stated than by the late Mr. Seward and President Lincoln. "A nation," said Mr. Seward, "is never bound to furnish asylum to dangerous criminals who are offenders against the human race." "There can be no doubt," said Mr. Lincoln, in his message to Congress, "of the power and duty of the Executive to exclude enemies of the human race from an asylum in the United States." In conformity with the principle thus stated, Mr. Seward had turned over to the Spanish authorities one Argüelles, a slave-trader, although we had no extradition treaty with Spain covering the case. Later, Spain reciprocated by returning to the United States the fugitive William M. Tweed, also in the absence of any treaty obligation to do so. It is now agreed, however, that the surrender of Argüellas was an usurpation of power by the executive; but the doctrine of international law as laid down by Lincoln and Seward is that which defines our international obligations, and is a terse and vigorous expression of the principle with which our statute law ought to be made to conform, During our civil war it was reported that Doctor Blackburn (afterward Governor of Kentucky) had entered into a conspiracy in Canada to introduce yellow fever into our Northern cities by means of infected clothing to be sent from Bermuda. This report was brought by our State Department to the attention of the British Minister, Sir Frederick Bruce, who, on the next day, replied as follows:

> I will lose no time in bringing your communication to the knowledge of the authorities of Bermuda, and you may rest assured that they will not fail to adopt every legal means in their power for the arrest and punishment of the persons implicated in this most atrocious scheme.

The British authorities acted promptly, and arrested Doctor Blackburn in Canada. Evidence sufficient to convict could not, however, be procured, and the alleged criminal was discharged on his own recognizance. Again, during the same war, our military authorities obtained information that "Greek fire" was being manufactured in Canada, to be used for the destruction of property in the cities of Buffalo, Cleveland, and Detroit. The information was communicated by our minister to Earl Russell, who at once gave the necessary instructions to Viscount Monk, Governor-General of Canada, who, with equal promptitude, adopted measures to prevent the manufacture of Greek fire, drawing from Mr. Seward the acknowledgment that the spirit which had been manifested by the British authorities in the matter "is cordially appreciated by this Government." Further illustration of the principles of public law—that is, of the law of nations—applicable in the case are found in the case of Most, a German convicted in England of publishing an article intended to incite those reading it to assassinate sovereigns as Alexander II. of Russia was assassinated; and the following year Scheulen and Merteus were similarly convicted. There is a further principle of public law pertinent here, the most formal and solemn statement of which that has ever been made was made by the Geneva Arbitration Tribunal in the *Alabama* case. There the principle contended for by the United States was adopted and confirmed by the tribunal—the principle, namely, that a nation can not relieve itself from responsibility by pleading that its laws do not permit it to interfere in the given case. In the "case" which the United States presented to that tribunal we declared "the local law, indeed, may justly be regarded as evidence, as far as it goes, of the nation's estimate of its international duties, but it is not to be taken as the limit of those obligations in the eye of the law of nations." As to the standing of dynamite conspirators as "enemies of," or "offenders against," the human race, and so falling within the most atrocious class of criminals as defined by President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, there need be no argument. "Dynamite criminals," says a contemporary publicist, "who conspire to blow up railway stations, are not plotting against the English government, nor waging war on England; they are committing crimes against unoffending men, women, and children, who may be no more responsible for the conduct of the Gladstone administration than so many foreigners. Their crime is not political, but a crime against humanity," and a nation is never bound, say the greatest of our recent statesmen, to furnish asylum to dangerous criminals of this sort. "The crimes of which the dynamiters are guilty," continues the publicist already quoted, "are crimes of which no civilized people is guilty, even in a state of war. . . . . If we were justified in making the complaint we did" [in regard to the manufacture of Greek fire in Canada] "it seems difficult to discover any reason why Great Britain is not equally justified in directing our attention to any conspiracy existing in this country for the destruction of life and property in the British dominions by the use of dynamite." And it is certain that if responsibility for the success of such attempts can be brought home to the neglect of our Government, a new Geneva arbitration will order us to foot the bill of damages. Any defects that may exist in our statutes, or any deficiency in the power with which we may have invested our executive, are beside the question. As we ourselves say at Geneva, "a nation can not relieve itself of responsibility by pleading that its laws do not permit it to interfere in the given case; the local law is not to be taken as the limit of international obligations in the eye of the law of nations." Against Great Britain, least of all, could we interpose that plea, for on the overruling of that plea she paid, and we accepted, our money for the *Alabama* depredations; and in the yellow fever and Greek fire cases Great Britain was the country that, at our instance, acted against those enemies of the human race with a promptitude and decision that drew from Mr. Seward the expression of his "cordial appreciation."

---

At the Democratic convention in Stockton, on Wednesday, a platform and series of resolutions were read; they are substantially as follows: The resolutions condemn the two Railroad Commissioners, Carpenter and Humphreys, Lieutenant-Governor John Daggett, Attorney-General Marshall, and the senators and assemblymen who voted against the majority in the late extra session; these individuals are all denounced as "recreant Democrats," and formally excommunicated with bell, book, and candle; the resolutions denounce alien ownership of land, railroad corporations, national banks, a high tariff, Chinese and convict labor, Chinese immigration, the appointment of delegates to State conventions by county comittees; they pronounce for free text-books in the public schools, for Tilden and Hendricks first, and Thurman for second choice; they repudiate the nomination of Justice Field, and exact a pledge from every delegate not to vote for Field. These resolutions are evidently from the pen of Mr. D. M. Delmas. The convention has adopted them. A writ *de lunatico inquirendo* should be at once sued out, and the whole gang thrust into the adjacent asylum. The cost of transportation to and from a point where there is no competition would thus be saved the State.

---

A few months ago the Democratic party of this State was united, hopeful, and strong. To-day it is divided, despondent, and weak. The overweening personal ambition manifested by its leaders; their disposition to let the party go to the devil so long as their private ends were furthered; the extra session folly, due solely to the clamor of the *Examiner* and Mr. Greathouse; the desire of Mr. George Hearst for a Senatorial position; the demagogic sops thrown to the Sand-Lot Cerberus by men from whom we expected better things—all these causes have wrought the ruin of the Democratic party of California. This year it is politically dead. Saltpetre can not save it—and neither could Sammy Tilden. The funeral services will take place on the 4th of November. Pall-bearers—Sumner, Rosecrans, Carpenter, Humphreys, Daggett, and Marshall. Friends are requested not to send flowers.

---

Mr. Frank G. Newlands deserves the respect of all fair-minded and honorable men, irrespective of party, for the courage with which he espoused the cause of his friend, Mr. Justice Field, when assailed by the hooting, howling mob that made up the Stockton convention. It was a hopeless task; it is ever a hopeless task to attempt to deal logically with the pudding-headed grangers and whisky-sodden rounders who make up the majority of Democratic conventions in this State. However, Mr. Justice Field's character, as a jurist and a gentleman, stands too high for it to be smirched or his ermine stained by any action of such a body as has been assembled at Stockton. None the less, their reception of his advocate was a disgrace to their party. The sand-lot ichor is still in the ve[illegible] Democracy of this State,

## THE REQUIEM OF THE RAVEN.

A Fantastic Story by Erckmann-Chatrian.

My uncle Zacharias is beyond all comparison the most original specimen of humanity I ever encountered in my life. Picture to yourself a little man—little as regards stature, but otherwise of enormous proportions—with a florid complexion and a nose of roseate hue, and you have the portrait of my uncle Zacharias. The worthy man's head was as bald as the palm of his hand. To complete the picture, it must be stated that he always wore big, round glasses, and a little black silk cap, which last, by the way, only extended from the crown of his head to the nape of his neck. This dear old uncle loved to laugh; he also loved stuffed turkey, *paté de foie gras*, and old Johannisberg; but what he loved beyond all else on earth was music. Zacharias Müller was born a musician by the grace of God, as men are born French or Russian. He played upon all instruments with marvelous skill and facility. His character was made up of a rather odd mixture—naïve simplicity and gay vivacity.

He was a nightingale—in other words, a gourmand, a singer, and curious beyond measure.

He was invited to all the weddings, feasts, baptisms, and funerals. "Master Zacharias," they said to him, "we need an Alleluia, a Requiem for such a day," and he replied: "You shall have it." Then he set to work upon it forthwith. He whistled, seated at his desk, smoking his pipe at intervals, and with his left foot he beat time to the shower of notes that fell like rain-drops upon the page before him.

Uncle Zacharias and I lived in an old house on the street of the Minnæsingers, in Bingen; he occupied the ground floor—a regular old storehouse for bric-à-brac, which consisted mainly of furniture and musical instruments. I slept in the chamber above; the rest of the rooms were unoccupied.

Immediately across the way from us lived Doctor Hâselnoss. In the evening, when all was dark in my room, but light in the doctor's, I used to amuse myself by looking through his window at the fantastic shadow-pictures, which reflected the old gentleman's comical figure in as many attitudes as his restlessness could devise.

With the exception of my Uncle Zacharias, Doctor Hâselnoss was the most eccentric individual in the town. The most interesting of his many peculiarities was the antagonism which he manifested for cats and dogs, neither of which was ever known to reappear after having once ventured to cross his threshold. Heaven knows what became of them! Public rumor went so far as to accuse him of carrying in one of his spacious pockets a piece of bacon wherewith to entice these poor beasts; therefore, when he trotted slowly past my uncle's house every morning to visit his patients, I could not but regard his long, flapping coat-tails with a feeling akin to terror.

These are among the most vivid impressions of my childhood; but the remembrance dearest to my heart, the one which I most frequently recall to mind in my dreams of that dear little town of Bingen, is of the raven Hans, fluttering through the streets, stealing the goods exposed for sale in the butchers' shops, carrying off in his flight papers or whatever else came within his range, and entering in the most unceremonious fashion any house which happened to strike his fancy, for which peccadillos he was rewarded by the applause of the entire populace of Bingen, who admired, supported, and petted the bird.

A singular creature, in truth, was this same Hans. One day he came into town with a broken wing; Dr. Hâselnoss mended it, and forthwith everybody adopted the bird; one member of the community furnished him with meat, another with cheese, etc. In short, Hans belonged to the town, and was accorded its freedom. How I did love that bird, notwithstanding sundry sharp pecks which I had more than once sustained from his beak. It seems to me that I can see him now pattering through the snow, with his head cocked on one side glancing slyly at me with his mocking black eye. Did anything by chance fall from one's pocket—a coin, a key, it mattered not what—Hans instantly appropriated it to himself, transporting it to the church roof. There he had established his warehouse wherein he deposited the fruits of his pillage, for Hans, sad to relate, was a thieving bird. There was, however, one person in the town who was an exception to the general rule—my Uncle Zacharias. He not only detested Hans himself, but regarded the people of Bingen as imbeciles for wasting affection upon such a creature. Indeed, this ordinarily calm, gentle man was so absurdly prejudiced against the poor raven that if he happened to observe the bird hovering about his window, he invariably flew into a passion.

One beautiful evening in October, Uncle Zacharias apparently was in an unusually happy frame of mind. The windows were open, and a flood of sunshine penetrated the chamber. Beyond, autumn scattered with lavish hand her glowing tints, that seemed yet brighter by contrast with the sombre green of the fir-tree which constituted the background for this dash of brilliant color. Uncle Zacharias, lolling comfortably in his easy-chair, smoked his pipe in absolute content. It seemed to me as I watched him that his whole nature—mental, moral, and physical—was visibly expanding under the influence of ineffable peace.

"Dear Toby," said he to me, at the same time puffing toward the ceiling a long spiral column of smoke, "you can not realize what a calm serenity I am at this moment experiencing. For many years I have not felt so thoroughly in the mood to undertake a great work—such a work, for instance, as Haydn's 'Creation.' The heavens seem to open before me. I can hear angels and seraphim singing their celestial anthem. I can even distinguish their several voices. Oh, the sublimity of music, Toby, the sublimity of music! If you could but hear, as I do, the bass of the twelve apostles. It is magnificent—magnificent! The soprano of Raphael pierces the clouds; it is the trumpet of the last judgment; now the joy of the angels and the weeping of the saints blend together in a truly harmonious manner. Hush! Now the *Veni Creator*—the colossal bass advances, the earth shakes—the Almighty One is about to appear!"

And Uncle Zacharias bowed his head; he seemed to be listening with his whole soul, great tears suffusing his eyes. "*Bene*, Raphael, *bene*," he murmured. But while my uncle was absorbed in this ecstasy which imbued his whole person with an expression of heavenly rapture, Hans improved the opportunity to alight suddenly upon our window-sill, with a frightful "couac!" I saw Uncle Zacharias turn pale; he glanced toward the window with a terrified expression, his mouth open, and his hand extended deprecatingly.

The raven had settled itself on the transom, and was now gazing upon us with an expression that was positively sardonic. A second time it gave utterance to that mocking "couac," and then complacently combed its wing with its beak.

My uncle did not so much as breathe; he was as one petrified.

Hans completed his toilet, and resumed his flight, whereupon Uncle Zacharias, turning, looked intently at me for some moments; then said:

"Did you recognize him?"

"Who?"

"The devil!"

"The devil! You are jesting?"

But to this Uncle Zacharias deigned no reply, and he fell into profound meditation.

From that day he lost his good humor. At first he had tried to write his grand symphony, "The Seraphim," but, failing in the attempt, he fell into a state of utter despondency. He passed day after day, extended at full length upon his reclining chair, with his eyes fixed upon vacancy, dreaming of heavenly music. When I reminded him that we had come to the end of our resources, and suggested the advisability of his writing a waltz or something of that sort wherewith to replenish the exchequer, he exclaimed, indignantly:

"A waltz! .... A dance! .... What do you mean by that? If you choose to suggest my grand symphony, all right; but a waltz! Why, Toby, you are losing your senses; you do not know what you are talking about!"

Then he continued in a calmer tone:

"Toby, believe me, from the time I finish my great work, we can cross our arms and rest on our laurels. It is the alpha and omega of harmony; our reputation will then be made. I would have finished this *chef d'œuvre* long ago, but for one thing—the raven!"

"The raven!" I protested; "but dear uncle, how, I ask, could this raven prevent you from writing? Is it not like any other bird?"

"Like any other bird," echoed my uncle, indignantly. "Toby, I see that you are conspiring with my enemies! And what have I not done for you? Have I not brought you up as my own child? Have I not taken the place of both father and mother to you? Did I not teach you to play the clarionet? Ah! Toby, Toby, this is indeed cruel!"

All of this was uttered in a tone of such positive conviction that I ended by believing it myself, and in my heart I cursed Hans, who interfered with my uncle's inspiration. "Without him," I said to myself, "our fortune would be made!" And I began to entertain a serious doubt whether, after all, the raven were not the devil in person!

Sometimes Uncle Zacharias made a desperate effort to write, but by a curious and almost incredible fatality Hans invariably made his appearance at a critical moment, heralding his presence with his hoarse cry. Then the poor man threw down his pen in despair, and, had he been possessed of any hair, would have torn it out by the handful, so great was his exasperation. Matters eventually came to such a pass that Uncle Zacharias borrowed the gun of Razer, the baker—rusty old gim-crack though it was—and stood sentry behind the door, where he lay in wait for the abominable creature. Whereupon Hans, as crafty as the devil, appeared no more until my uncle, shivering with cold—for it was midwinter—returned to his fireside to warm his hands, when "couac!" cried the raven, directly in front of the house. Uncle Zacharias ran forthwith into the street. Hans had again disappeared.

It was a veritable comedy. All the town was discussing the matter. My schoolmates mocked my uncle so unsparingly that I was forced, on his account, into many a battle. I defended him with the utmost pugnacity, and consequently returned home every evening with a black eye, or otherwise bruised contenance. Then my poor uncle would regard me with tender commiseration, saying:

"Dear child, take courage; your troubles will soon be over."

Thereupon, by way of reassurance, he would enthusiastically depict, for my benefit, the magnificent work which he contemplated. It was truly superb, all in proper sequence: the overture of the Apostles; then the choir of seraphim in E flat; followed by the roaring, amid thunder and lightning, of the *Veni Creator*.

"But," added my uncle, "the raven must die; for it is he who is the cause of all this trouble. See, Toby, but for him my grand symphony would have been finished long ago, and we might to-day be living upon an ample income."

* * * * * * * *

One evening, returning home late, I encountered Hans. It had been snowing, and the moonlight was reflected with more than usual brilliancy upon the roofs. An air of peaceful serenity everywhere prevailed; but the sight of the raven sent through my heart a vague presentiment of evil. On reaching the door of our house I was astonished to find it open. Glimmerings of light, like the reflected rays of a dying fire, played upon the window panes. I entered; I called; no response. Therefore great was my consternation when I beheld my uncle stretched at full length upon his chair, his nose blue, his ears purple, our neighbor's old gun between his knees, and, worst of all, his shoes filled with snow.

The poor man had been hunting the raven. "Uncle Zacharias," I cried, "are you asleep?"

He opened his eyes, and looked at me drowsily.

"Toby, I took aim more than twenty times, and he always disappeared like a shadow at the very moment when I was about to pull the trigger." With these words he fell back in a deep stupor. I shook him roughly; he did not move! Then, becoming terrified, I ran across for Hâselnoss. When I lifted the clapper, my heart beat like a sledge-hammer; and when the echo of the bell resounded to the extreme end of the hall my knees trembled. The street was deserted, the snow-flakes flew around my ears, and I shivered. When I had rung for the third time, the doctor's window opened, and Hâselnoss's head, framed in a white cotton night-cap, appeared within the casement.

"Who is there?" said he, in a shrill voice.

"Doctor," I answered, "come quickly to Uncle Zacharias. He is very ill.

"Eh!" replied Hâselnoss. "I will be there as soon as I can get on a coat."

The window was closed again, and for fifteen minutes I waited in the deserted street, whose silence was broken only by the creaking of the weather-vane, turning on its rusty pivot, and by the occasional barking of a farm dog in the distance. At last footsteps were heard. Slowly, slowly some one descended the staircase, a key was inserted in the lock, and Hâselnoss, wrapped in an immense overcoat, carrying a lantern in his hand, appeared on the threshold.

"Phew!" said he; "how cold it is! I was wise to wrap up warmly."

"Yes; for twenty minutes I have been freezing," was my somewhat caustic reply.

"Ah! I hurried that you might not have to wait."

A moment later we entered my uncle's room.

"Eh! good evening, master Zacharias," said Doctor Hâselnoss, in the most natural tone of voice imaginable, blowing out his lantern. "How do you feel? Apparently you have a slight cold in the head. Eh?"

At this voice Uncle Zacharias aroused himself.

"Doctor," said he, "I will tell you everything, from the beginning."

"It is entirely unnecessary," interrupted Hâselnoss, seating himself opposite to his patient on an old trunk; "I know all this better than you yourself. I know the principle and consequence; the cause and effect. You detest Hans, and Hans detests you. Ha! ha! ha! It is all simple enough, the raven does not like the song of the nightingale, and the nightingale can not endure the song of the raven." My uncle was dumfounded. "Listen," resumed the doctor; "what I have said need occasion you no surprise. Every day discovers parallel cases. Sympathies and antipathies govern our poor world. You enter a tavern, a brewery—it is immaterial where; you see two gamblers seated at a table, and, without knowing either of them, your sympathies are instantly with one or the other. What reason have you to prefer one to the other? Any? Ha! ha! ha! Upon this wise men construct theories at random, instead of saying simply: here is a cat, there is a mouse; I take sides with the mouse because we are of the same family; because before I was Hâselnoss, M. D., I was a rat, a squirrel, or a field-mouse, and in consequence of which"——

But he did not finish his sentence, for at that moment my uncle's cat accidentally passing him, he seized it as though it had been an old wig and whisked it into his pocket with startling rapidity.

Uncle Zacharias and I looked at each other utterly astounded.

"What are you going to do with my cat?" finally ejaculated my uncle.

Instead of answering, Hâselnoss merely smiled somewhat constrainedly. After a momentary pause, he stammered:

"Master Zacharias, I will cure you."

"First return me my cat."

"If you insist upon my returning this cat," said Hâselnoss, "I will give you up to your unfortunate destiny. You will never know another peaceful moment; you will never be able to write another note, and, day by day, you will grow thinner."

"But, in heaven's name," protested my uncle, "what has that poor animal done to you?"

"What has it done to me?" repeated the doctor, with contracted brow; "what has it done to me? Know, then, that we have been at war since the beginning of time! Know that this cat but resumes in itself the quintessence of a thistle that choked me when I was a violet; of a holly which overshadowed me when I was a thicket; of a pike which ate me when I was a carp; and of a hawk which devoured me when I was a mouse!"

I thought that Hâselnoss had lost his wits, but my uncle, closing his eyes, replied after a long silence:

"I understand you, Doctor Hâselnoss, I understand you. Undoubtedly you are right. Cure me and I will give you my cat."

The doctor's eyes sparkled. "That is something like!" cried he; "now I will cure you."

Thereupon he drew from his pocket a penknife, and selecting from the hearth a chip of wood, he whittled assiduously, my uncle and I watching the proceeding curiously. When he had shaped two thin blades of wood to his satisfaction, he hollowed them, then taking from his portfolio a very narrow strip of parchment, he fitted together with it the two pieces of wood. The instrument, thus devised, he raised to his lips with a smile. My uncle's face fairly beamed.

"Doctor Hâselnoss," he exclaimed, "you are a wonderful man—a truly superior man—a man"——

"I know it," interrupted Hâselnoss, "I know it. But extinguish the light, so that not a single ray can penetrate the gloom!"

And while I executed his order he opened wide the window. The dazzling brightness of the snow without and the impenetrable darkness of the chamber within formed a striking contrast.

A thousand confused impressions agitated me. Uncle Zacharias sneezed. Hâselnoss waved his hand with an impatient gesture to command silence; then all was still.

Suddenly a sharp whistle resounded through the room. "Pee-weet, pee-weet!" After which there fell upon us for a second time a stillness which was almost solemn. I heard my heart beating. The momentary hush was broken by a repetition of the same whistle: "Pee-weet, pee-

weet!" Then I observed that it was the doctor who produced it with his bird-call. This observation restored my courage and enabled me to pay attention to the most minute details of what was passing around me.

Uncle Zacharias, in a stooping posture, was apparently gazing at the moon. Hâselnoss stood motionless, with one hand on the window; in the other his bird-call. He had not maintained this attitude for more than a couple of moments when the fluttering of a bird was heard near by.

"Oh!" murmured my uncle.

"Hush!" said Hâselnoss; and the "pee-weet" was repeated several times, with strange and sudden modulations. Twice the bird struck the window, in its rapid, uneasy flight. Uncle Zacharias made a gesture, as if to take his gun, but Hâselnoss seized him by the wrist, muttering, "Are you crazy?" Whereupon my uncle restrained his impatience. The doctor renewed his whistling, imitating so skillfully the butcher-bird when caught in a snare that Hans, whirling to the right and the left, finally yielded to an overpowering curiosity, and entered the room. I heard his claws strike the floor. Uncle Zacharias gave a scream, and made a dart for the bird, which eluded him.

"What awkwardness!" cried Hâselnoss, closing the window.

It was time. Hans sought refuge in the rafters; but after flying around the room five or six times in bewilderment, he finally struck with such force against the window that, notwithstanding his efforts to remain by hanging on with his claws, he slipped, and fell its entire length, reaching the floor in a half-stunned condition. Hâselnoss quickly struck a light. The next thing I saw was poor Hans struggling in my uncle's grasp, and then all was over. With frantic delight Uncle Zacharias wrung the poor little creature's neck, crying:

"Ha! ha! ha! I have you at last, I have you at last!"

Hâselnoss watched this proceeding with shouts of laughter.

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried he; "are you satisfied, Master Zacharias, are you satisfied?"

Never had I witnessed such a frightful scene. My uncle's face was crimson. The poor bird stretched itself to its full length, fluttered its wings, like a huge moth, and the death-chill ruffled its feathers.

This spectacle caused me such a sensation of horror that I ran from the sight of it to the other end of the room.

The first moment of revenge over, Uncle Zacharias became himself once more.

"Toby," said he, "the devil has paid his dues; I will pardon him. Hold this Hans up before my eyes. Ah! I feel as though I were endowed with new existence! Now, silence; listen!"

And Uncle Zacharias, with an air of inspiration, gravely seated himself at the harpsichord. I stood in front of him, holding the bird by the beak; behind him Hâselnoss held the candle. One could hardly conceive a more fantastic picture than was afforded by the grouping of these figures, as they thus stood, under the high, worm-eaten rafters, surrounded by the old-fashioned furniture which filled our room. The dim light heightened the effect of this picture by casting a grotesque representation of it upon the dilapidated old wall.

From the first chord which my uncle struck he appeared as one transformed. His large blue eyes fairly sparkled with enthusiasm. He was not playing before us, but in a cathedral, before an immense concourse of people, for the Creator himself.

What sublime music! In turn sombre, pathetic, lacerating, resigned. In the midst of tears and sobs hope spread its wings of blue and gold. O God! how is it possible to conceive such grand things!

It was a requiem.

For an hour inspiration did not desert Uncle Zacharias for a single instant.

Hâselnoss no longer laughed. Unconsciously his jeering countenance had assumed an indescribable expression. I fancied he was deeply affected; but, as I watched him, I saw him twitch nervously; he clenched his fist, and something struggled in his long coat-tails.

When my uncle, exhausted by excessive emotion, bowed his head upon the edge of the instrument, the doctor drew forth from his big pocket the cat which he had strangled.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said he; "good-night, Master Zacharias, good-night. We've each had our little game. Ha! ha! ha! You have written a Requiem for the raven, Hans—it now only remains for you to write an Alleluia for your cat. Good-night."

My uncle was so subdued that he contented himself with saluting the doctor with a bow, motioning to me to conduct him out of the room.

As Hâselnoss was crossing the street, I heard the cathedral bells mournfully tolling—the Grand Duke Yéri-Péter, second of his name, was dead.

Returning to the room, I found Uncle Zacharias standing.

"Toby," said he, in a grave tone, "go to bed, my child; I must write all night, lest I should forget."

I hastened to obey, and, strange to say, never slept better.

On the morrow, about nine o'clock, I was awakened by the sound of a great tumult. The whole town was in a state of excitement—the sole topic of conversation was the death of the Grand Duke.

Master Zacharias was sent for from the castle. He was ordered to write the Requiem of Yéri-Péter II.—a work which won him the office of Precentor, long the object of his ambition. This requiem was none other than that written for Hans. When my uncle became an important personage with an annual income of five hundred thalers, he often whispered in my ear:

"Ha, nephew, if it were known that it was for the raven I had composed my famous requiem, we would to-day be playing the clarionet at the village fêtes. Ha! ha! ha!" And my uncle fairly shook with laughter.—*Adapted for the Argonaut by Sallie Ritchie Heath.*

---

The greatest foreign customer of Bordeaux wines is the Argentine Republic.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

### My Little Girl.

My little girl is nestled
Within her tiny bed,
With amber ringlets crested
Around her dainty head;
She lies so calm and stilly,
She breathes so soft and low,
She calls to mind a lily
Half-hidden in the snow.

A weary little mortal
Has gone to Slumberland;
The Pixies at the portal
Have caught her by the hand.
She dreams her broken Dolly
Will soon be mended there,
That looks so melancholy
Upon the rocking-chair.

I kiss your wayward tresses,
My drowsy little queen;
I know you have caresses
From floating forms unseen.
O Angels, let me keep her
To kiss away my cares,
This darling little sleeper
Who has my love and prayers!

—*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

### A Woman's Keepsake.

This I show you, dearest, this is
More than just a yellow flower,
This was hallowed by your kisses,
Severed in a sacred hour,
Laid by your warm hand in mine,
And I hold it thus divine.

Where the longest rushes shiver
With their flower-heads full in June,
Bending o'er the eddying river,
As it modulates its tune,
In among the reeds alone
This fair iris-bloom was blown.

Could it be to-day, I wonder?
For it seems so sweet and far—
Scarce a man's arm-length asunder,
Where the reeds and lilies are,
You and I were floating thus,
While the black-cap sang to us.

Suddenly you downward darted,
Drew the three-winged wonder up,
And I caught it—though I started—
In my lap as in a cup:
See! its scentless leaves express
Our unspoken happiness.

Blessed flower, whom Death pursuing
Can not rob of life for me—
Thou, whose fluttering, papery ruin
I shall watch with ecstasy—
Fade, thy memory still will keep
Fresh for me as dew or sleep!

Thou art buried safe for ever
In the cassia of this kiss!
Sister-blossoms in the river
None have such a tomb as this;
In their void and hurrying stream
None can dream as thou shalt dream.

Over thee a girl shall hover,
Raining tears of deep delight,
Till the image of her lover
Flash across her inward sight,
And thy faded leaves unfold
Their old visionary gold. —*Edmund W. Gosse.*

### The V-a-s-e.

From the madding crowd they stand apart,
The maidens four and the Work of Art;
And none might tell from sight alone
In which had Culture ripest grown—
The Gotham Million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,
The Boston Mind of azure hue,
Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo—
For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.
* * * * * * *
Long they worshiped; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke
The Western one from the nameless place,
Who, blushing, said: "What a lovely vase."
Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.
But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word.
Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries: "'Tis, indeed, a lovely vaze!"
But brief her unworthy triumph, when
The lofty one from the house of Penn,
With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims: "It is quite a lovely vahs!"
And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.
But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,
And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!
I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vaws!"

*Dies erit prægelida*
*Sinistra quum Bostonia.*

—*James Jeffrey Roche in Life.*

### At the Door.

I thought myself indeed secure—
So fast the door, so firm the lock—
But, lo! he toddling comes to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock.
My heart were stone could it withstand
The sweetness of my baby's plea—
That timorous, baby knocking and
"Please let me in—it's only me."

I threw aside th' unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And, opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in Eternity,
I, like a truant child, shall wait
The glories of a life to be,
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?
And will that Heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead,
"'Tis I, O Father! only I"?

—*Eugene Field in the Current.*

## STORYETTES.

### Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Rowland Hill rode a great deal, and by exercise preserved vigorous health. On one occasion, when asked by a medical friend what physician and apothecary he employed to be always so well, he replied, "My physician has been a horse, and my apothecary an ass."

A wit will have his joke even at the expense of gallantry. Lord Houghton, noted in England because of his merry disposition, as well as because of his acquirements, was such a man. On one occasion, when a lady was boasting that she had brought hundreds of men to her feet, the witty lord remarked, in an undertone: "Chiropodists!"

In one of the reception-rooms of Vassar College there hangs an excellent reproduction of Millet's famous picture, "The Angelus"—two peasants stopping their work in a potato field to say an *Ave Maria* at the sound of the distant angelus. A teacher of the institution surprised one of the Irish servants looking earnestly at this work of art. "Pretty picture, Patrick," she said. "Yes, mum," quoth Pat; "but what's the matter with the potay-ties?"

The copyright law which forbids a reader to carry on the English shore a stray volume of the Tauchnitz library is the cause of some amusing incidents. Few travelers leave the continent without a volume or two. The baron declared that beauty exercises a certain power even upon the grimmest of the customs officers. Here is a story, for instance. The Dover boat had just arrived. The passengers walked over the gangway until the decks were cleared. One person remained, occupying a lonely campstool on the lee side of the funnel. It was a lady, young and beautiful. She gave no sign. Her eyes were riveted to the pages of a volume which lay on her lap; the wind had loosened her hair, which fell over her shoulders in picturesque disorder. Page after page she read, unconscious of the glassy gaze of the official to whom she had become the centre of an absorbed interest. At last he came up and tapped her politely on the shoulder. She started violently, and with a beseeching look. "Let me finish it, pray." "I must impound it, madam." "You must?" "How much more have you to read?" "Half a volume." "I suggest a compromise," replied the officer. He took the volume, tore it in two pieces, and threw over the first half into the sea. "You may keep the rest." It was his sacrifice to beauty. The volume was a Tauchnitz edition of one of Wilkie Collins's most thrilling romances.

Some years ago, when the terrible "Yellow Jack" was in Savannah, a judge of the supreme court of the State was holding session in the upper county, but within twenty-four hours' run, by mail, of the infected city. Quite suddenly, late one afternoon, he was seized with a headache, pain in his back, limbs, etc. Having heard that these were the salutations which Yellow Jack extends to his victims when approaching them, the judge, in great consternation, applied to a friend who was "posted" for advice. A hot mustard bath was ordered at once, and the judge was soon laving himself in the irritating fluid. Presently he felt better, and, finding a cake of soap in the bathtub, he began to apply it quite freely upon his person. After some pleasant exercise in this way, he looked down for the first time on his body and limbs, and to his horror discovered that he was turning black. His friend was hurriedly sent for, came in, and declared that the symptoms were intensely expressive of yellow fever. "But," said the judge, "I feel no pain; I feel well." "So much the worse; the absence of pain is a marked symptom." "Oh," groaned the judge, "what shall I do?" "The only hope is in mustard; rub away," was all the advice his friend could give. And he did rub, with a will. On examination, he was as black as a crow, and the "soap," which a careless servant had dropped into the tub, was discovered to be somebody's patent paste blacking. The judge survived.

Monsieur Boutibouse, the French savant, served in Napoleon's army, and was present at many engagements. At the battle of Wagram, in 1809, he was in the heat of the fray; the ranks around him had been terribly thinned by shot, and at sunset he was nearly isolated. While reloading his musket, he was shot down by a cannon-ball. His impression was that the ball had passed through his legs below his knees, completely severing them; for he suddenly sank down, shortened, as he believed, to the extent of about a foot in measurement. The trunk of the body fell backward on the ground, and the man's senses were paralyzed by the shock. Thus he lay, motionless, among the wounded and dead, all night, not daring to move, when consciousness partially returned, lest the loss of blood should be fatally increased. That he felt no pain he attributed to the stunning effect of the shock on his nervous system, and his faculties were still too numb to reason why he had not bled to death. At early dawn he was aroused by one of the medical staff, who came round to help the wounded. "What's the matter with you, my good fellow?" said the surgeon. "Ah, touch me tenderly, doctor," replied Monsieur Boutibouse, "a cannon-ball has carried off my legs." The surgeon examined the limbs referred to, and then giving him a good shake, said, with a loud laugh: "Get up with you; there's nothing the matter with your legs!" Monsieur Boutibouse sprang up, in utter astonishment, and stood firmly on the legs which he had thought lost forever. "I felt more thankful," said he, "than I had ever felt in the whole course of my life before. I had not a wound about me. I had, indeed, been shot down by an immense cannon-ball; but instead of passing through my legs, as I firmly believed it had, the ball had passed under my feet, and had plowed a hole in the earth beneath at least a foot in depth, into which my feet suddenly sank, giving me the idea that I had been thus shortened by the loss of my legs."

## A GLOBE-TROTTER.

A globe-trotter has visited us, and written a book. Fortunately this Mr. Carnegie was on his way around the world in two hundred and ten days, and could remain only twenty-four hours in California, six of which he spent at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. This was, however, a sufficiently long period for him to decide the Chinese question for us, which he does, and disposes of with a sneer; as thus: "Our free American citizen from Tipperary, and the restless rowdy of home growth, find [in the Chinese] a rival beating them in the race, and, instead of taking the lesson to heart, and practicing the virtues which cause the Chinese to excel, they mount the rostrum and proclaim that this is a white man's country," and "down with the nigger and the heathen Chinee," and "three cheers for whisky and a free fight." "The Chinese question has not reached a stage requiring legislation; nor, if let alone, will it do so for centuries to come." Two national conventions, both houses of Congress, the President of the United States, the people of California by unanimous vote, have come to a different conclusion; and public opinion has crystallized into a law limiting Chinese immigration. When, therefore, a book bearing the date of 1884 is issued by "Carnegie" taking upon this question a different position, it becomes important to inquire "Who is Carnegie?" "Carnegie? Let's see—Carnegie's a Pittsburg ironmonger. He is the individual who drove four-in-hand through Great Britain," replies our office man-of-all-information." "Band-wagon for a circus?" we inquire. "No, sir!—private equipage—rich man—wrote a book for gratuituous circulation—paid to have it puffed." "Oh, ho! Wealthy!" we exclaimed, and, in our admiration of rich men, we determined to—well, not exactly to read Mr. Carnegie's book, "Round the World," but to glance at the preface and through the table of contents, so that, in reviewing it, we might do the author full justice. We find Mr. Carnegie to be the administrator, manager, and part owner of the Union Iron Mills, Lucy Furnaces, Keystone Bridge Works, Union Forge, Cokeville Works, and the Edgar Thompson Steel Rail Works, near Pittsburg. He is an iron magnate who speaks modestly of himself at an English banquet, and in presence of Earl Granville, two dukes, and others, before whom he "ventured a few remarks." Fully satisfied that the author of "Round the World" was truly wealthy, we change the irreverent tone of our criticism, and proceed with grateful appreciation of the kindness which prompts this learned and philanthropic blacksmith to kindly consent to occupy his valuable time in the circumnavigation of the globe, and in the final settlement of all the problems which for these ever so many centuries of time have agitated and vexed its people. There is much difference in the book-writing of to-day and the olden time. Then the cloistered monk, with shaven hair, in secluded cell, with patient pencil, painted with plodding industry on vellum his manuscript, the work of other years of reading, meditation, and prayer; and out from his workshop of toil came a single missal, or manuscript of devotion, or work of speculative philosophy, or suggestion of scientific thought. The ancient who made a book was an exception from the ordinary mortal. He was a man of learning, or, at least, of patient, plodding thought; and in a lifetime produced one "book." Mr. Carnegie, the wealthy ironmonger, rings the bell for his servant, orders up his four-in-hand, whistles to his dog, and drives through England; writes a book, orders it printed, and the marvelous inventions of type, and steam, and paper multiply it for as broad a distribution as generous personal expenditure and vanity may prompt. Again he determines to travel and again to write a book. From his office upon an October afternoon he sends his wife a hasty note to give him an early dinner; directs his manager to arrange his circular letter of credit, engage his section in a Pullman car, telegraph to San Francisco for a stateroom on the *Belgic;* eats his dinner, kisses his wife, dispatches a note to his lady intimates signed, "Yum-yum," with "love to the poodle." Then "bang! click! the desk closes, the key turns," and Mr. Carnegie is off for a tour around the world for pleasure, and incidentally to "make a book." His traveling friends are Shakespeare and Robbie Burns, economical companions whom he carries in his trunk, never reads, and rarely quotes; at least, we see in his work no evidence of their association. In his easy coach of fancy upholstery, in bed at night, and curtained from the sun at day, he drives on from "Hell Gate to Gold Gate" in seven days. This man in the iron mask passes

> "Through the kingdom of corn,
> Through the empires of grain,
> Through dominions of forest
> Drives the thundering train.
> Through fields where God's cattle
> Are turned out to grass,
> And His poultry whirl up
> From the wheels as we pass;"

Till he

> "Rounded Cape Horn,"
> Bade the grand Pacific "good-morn,"

And arrived in California, where,

> "Around him were vineyards, with their jewels and gems,
> Living trinkets of wine blushing warm on the stems;
> And the leaves all afire
> With the purple of Tyre."

But of these things, this picker-up of unconsidered trifles, saw nothing. The horses, "Rarus" and "Sweetzer," came on the train with him, and, so far as seeing anything worth seeing, he might have been boxed with the fast steppers in padded stalls. The valley of the Platte was "fine," and had corn in it. He saw farmers burn wheat stubble; saw some cattle on the plains of Nebraska; saw numerous herds of antelope; the Rocky Mountains disappointed him; deserts looked desolate; saw some Indians; at Ogden got some sweet grapes; got up early to see the Sierras, and was pleased with them; at Dutch Flat Bret Harte passes into his mind, and the English poet Tennyson is criticised; at Colfax bought a paper bag of black Hamburg grapes for a quarter, and had salmon for breakfast; reached Sacramento while the oleanders were in bloom; noted the levee, and prophesies fire; arrived at Oakland to find it enveloped in a deep fog which this learned expert in consuming coal insists was smoke, not fog. Mr. Carnegie was good enough to be pleased with the Palace Hotel. He did not see San Francisco, and at noon of the following day left on the *Belgic*. It takes him twenty-six pages of most dismal *olla-podrida* to reach Japan, where we bade Mr. Carnegie good-bye by laying down his, so far, most worthless book. We do not know whether he succeeded in getting around the world or not. We presume he did, else this book had not been published. Something has got to be done about this business of book-making. If every brainless man of wealth and leisure is to be turned loose to vex the globe with his aimless wanderings, and then be at liberty to vex it with a book, there is serious necessity, not for a law of international copyright, but for a world's literary congress to suppress unnecessary and useless book-making.

## SOCIETY.

### Engagements and Weddings.

It is announced that Miss May Parrott is engaged to be married to Monsieur le Comte de Guigné, a relative of Monsieur de Guigné, who married Miss Minnie Parrott. The day for the wedding has not yet been announced.

Hon. William Alvord was united in marriage on Saturday morning last to Mrs. Dr. Keeney, widow of the late Dr. Keeney, U. S. N., by Rev. Dr. Beers, at Trinity Church. Mr. and Mrs. Alvord left on the afternoon train for the East, to be absent until July.

William Morris was united in marriage on Monday morning to Miss Alta, daughter of R. M. Lafferty, of Minneapolis, Minnesota. The couple are now spending a few weeks in the country, and on their return will reside at the corner of Leavenworth and O'Farrell Streets.

### The Langtry Season.

Great interest is taken in society circles concerning Mrs. Langtry's appearance next Monday night at the Baldwin. Among those who have taken boxes for Monday, and in many instances for the season, are John Mackay, Charles Crocker, Judge Samuel Wilson, Judge Pratt, William Dunphy, Judge Delmas, Mr. Smith, Colonel Spaulding, and others. Among those who have taken seats for the season are the Haggins, the Tevises, the Schmiedells, the Hoyts, the Beldens, the Floyds, the Boalts, the Chadbournes, the Wallaces, the Deanes, Howard Coit, D. S. Brown, Raphael Weill, Morris Schmidt, E. M. Greenway, Governor Low and family, and many others.

### Hawaiian Festivities.

Queen Victoria's birthday was celebrated in Honolulu by a grand ball at the Music Hall, given by the British Benevolent Society. The Hawaiian Band played for the dancing, and an elegant collation was partaken of during the evening. Among those present were:

H. M. King Kalakaua, H. R. H. the Princess Like-Like, Governor Dominus, Hon. and Mrs. Wodehouse, Hon. and Mrs. Daggett, Hon. and Mrs. Davis, Governor and Mrs. Low, Miss Flora Low, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, W. G. Irwin, Hon. Samuel Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Hinckley, Mrs. Grayson, Mrs. MacMorris, Doctor and Mrs. McGrew, Captain and Mrs. Hayley, Miss Wilcox, Colonel Boyd, Mrs. Walter Dean, Mr. Dean, and many others.

On May 29th, H. R. H. the Princess Like-Like held a reception from two until six o'clock. The Princess's hula dames executed a number of dances during the afternoon, and sang some of their native songs. Among those present were:

H. M. King Kalakaua, Hon. A. S. Cleghorn, Miss Cleghorn, the Misses Fair, Hon. and Mrs. D. A. McKinley, Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. Wagstaff, Governor and Mrs. Low, and Mr. and Mrs. Newhall.

### San Rafael Theatricals.

Last Saturday evening an amateur performance was given in San Rafael, in aid of St. Paul's Church. "A Happy Pair" was successfully performed to a large audience, with Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Groom, Mr. Evans, Mr. Bell, and Mr. Kellogg in the cast. "Who's Who?" was the afterpiece. A considerable sum was realized by the performance.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins is recovering very rapidly from her recent illness.

Miss Lizzie Hull, who has been visiting Miss Addie Mills, will go to Monterey a week from next Wednesday.

Mrs. Adam Grant spent last Sunday with Colonel Harney at his Menlo Park residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Bowie are visiting Mrs. Henry Barroilhet at her San Mateo country seat.

Will P. Dewey, who went to New York some weeks ago on account of his mother's ill health, has remained there since her recovery. He has been speculating in Wall Street, and is said to have made several handsome turns. His brother, Eugene Dewey, who has been established in business on Wall Street for a couple of years, is also said to be doing extremely well.

Charles J. Kenny, who has been absent from the city a number of months, endeavoring to restore his health by travel, is again in town, looking very well. His health is much improved. He will spend several weeks at the Geysers.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Ralston and family, and Prentiss Selby and family, are visiting Mrs. Thomas Selby at her Menlo Park county seat.

A party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Brown, Mr. W. E. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Martinez, Mr. and Mrs. Chretien, and Mr. Joseph Austin, went down to Monterey last Saturday to visit Mrs. Austin, who has been stopping at Del Monte for several weeks.

Miss Nina Macondray, who has been visiting the Willie Howards, is expected home shortly.

James Robinson spent Sunday at Monterey.

Ex-Senator and Mrs. Hager and family left for Santa Barbara on Tuesday last, to be gone one month.

Miss Bessie Sedgwick went down to Monterey last week.

Mrs. J. N. L. Shepard, of Oakland, is at present entertaining her sister, Mrs. Thomas, lately from the East, and also Mrs. Quinan, her cousin, who is a sister of ex-Mayor Wickham, of New York, and who has lately been visiting Los Angeles.

Mrs. Senator Jones will remain in Washington, at the Portland, with her husband the greater portion of the summer, taking short trips to the many resorts near the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge and Miss Mollie Dodge spent Saturday and Sunday at Monterey.

Next Monday a party from San José, consisting of Mrs. Pierce, Miss Pierce, Miss Chalfant, Mr. Pierce, and Mr. Frank Morrison, leaves for the Yosemite Valley.

Osgood Hooker spent Sunday at Monterey.

John W. Taylor spent last Sunday with the Corbitts, at San Mateo.

Mrs. Ralph Harrison and her sons are now in Paris.

W. H. Mills leaves for the Yosemite to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman and family have been spending a week at Monterey.

Mr. Henry Babcock and Miss Babcock have been visiting Monterey.

Miss May Miller and her sister are visiting Colonel B. O. Carr, at St. Helena, Napa County.

Colonel Raymond goes to the Yosemite to-day, for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd go to the Geysers about the first of July, and later on to the Yosemite Valley.

A large camping party goes up to northern Marin County next week to remain until after the fourth of July. It consists of Mr. and Mrs. Wilder, the Misses Soule, Mr. Campbell, the Misses Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Bonestell, Mr. Cutler Bonestell, Mr. Porter and his sister, Miss Porter, Ernest White, Mr. Williamson, Julius Webber, and others.

Adam Grant returned from the Yosemite Valley last Thursday.

Reverend James Eels and Mrs. Eels and family are spending the summer on this coast. They have been visiting their son, Mr. Charles Eels, in Oakland, and later on will spend a few weeks with their daughter, Mrs. Horatio Livermore, at their St. Helena residence, in Napa Valley.

Mrs. ex-Governor Irwin and Miss Irwin are visiting Sacramento, the guests of Mrs. W. C. Brown.

Mrs. Washburn and her daughter Miss Jeannie have gone to the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Charles G. Hooker and family returned from Monterey last Monday.

Miss Laura Corbitt is the guest of Mrs. Charles McLaughlin at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Lena Brooks, of Oakland, is visiting her friend, Miss Crawford, in Nevada City.

Miss Canfield left last Monday for the Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kellogg have taken the Johnson residence, at Menlo Park, for the summer.

Lieutenant-Governor John Daggett came down from his Auburn ranch last Sunday, and returned the next day.

Miss Hill, daughter of Thomas Hill, the artist, has gone to the Yosemite Valley for the summer.

Miss Sophie Smith is at Menlo Park for the summer, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Ned Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. D. Sharon and Mrs. Sharon have been visiting in Sacramento.

Joseph Durbrow, Mrs. Durbrow, and the Misses Emma and Carrie Durbrow will spend the summer at Santa Barbara.

Thurlow McMullin is in Sacramento.

Mrs. Taber's trip to the Yosemite was postponed until last Friday, when she left for a fortnight's visit.

Colonel Creed Haymond is visiting Sacramento.

Next Tuesday Colonel T. C. and Mrs. Sullivan and Miss Jamie Sullivan leave for the Yosemite.

Sir Edward Synge Hutchinson and his neice, Miss Brown, their servants, and a number of friends have gone to the Yosemite, by way of Big Oak Flat. They are now at the Big Trees, fishing and hunting, and will be absent several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hale and family left for the Yosemite last Tuesday.

Judge Sanderson and family will spend the Fourth of July at Sisson's, Mt. Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, nurse and child, Mrs. J. D. Redding, child and nurse, Miss Kate Grimm, and Miss Fannie Cowles, left last Tuesday for Sisson's, at the foot of Mt. Shasta. The party will be gone six or seven weeks. Mr. J. D. Redding will join them in July.

Senator J. S. Fassett and family, of New York, arrived in a special car on Thursday.

Mr. George W. Spencer, who went East recently to marry a Boston lady, returned with his bride last Thursday. They intend to reside at Pacific Heights.

Governor and Mrs. Low and Miss Flora Low returned home by the *Alameda* from Honolulu last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Hinckley (*née* Grayson) returned home from their wedding trip to Honolulu last Saturday, in company with the bride's mother, Mrs. Colonel George W. Grayson.

Mrs. Dr. Nuttall, Miss Nuttall, and Mrs. Dr. Pinart have been visiting Ætna Springs.

Miss Kate Bancroft returned home from her Eastern visit last Thursday night.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Porter Ashe reached home last Thursday night.

Miss Julia Adams returned from the East to her Oakland home last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Collier and family have been spending the week at Monterey.

Colonel and Mrs. Sullivan and Miss Jamie Sullivan, spent last Sunday with Mrs. James Robinson at Redwood.

Professor and Mrs. A. M. Bell, of Washington, D. C., are at Monterey.

Mrs. L. A. Garnett and son spent last week at Monterey.

Ex-Governor Perkins has gone down to San Luis Obispo.

Governor and Mrs. Stoneman and Miss Stoneman leave this morning for the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Doctor Volney Spaulding, with a party of eleven friends, left for the Yosemite Wednesday, to be gone several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Dinsmore and Miss Dinsmore went up to the Yosemite Valley on Thursday, to be absent a number of weeks.

Next Monday Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright, of Oakland, and and Mrs. Wright's mother, Mrs. Charles Langley, leave for a several weeks' visit to the Yosemite Valley, by way of Big Oak Flat.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Good and family have gone to the Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Edgerton came down from Sacramento about the beginning of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Raum left for the Yosemite last week.

Mr. John S. Wilson spent Sunday at Del Monte.

Robert Nuttall spent last Sunday at San Mateo, visiting the Parrotts.

### Army and Navy News.

Captain Rodgers, of the *Independent*, came down from Mare Island last week, accompanied by Lieutenant Moses, of the Marine Corps.

General George Crook has returned to Prescott from San Carlos, and will shortly start for West Point.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Adam Slaker, First U. S. Artillery, have been paying a round of visits in New York, previous to their return to this city.

Captain W. S. Schenck, of the Marine Corps stationed here, went up to Mare Island last week.

Colonel and Mrs. C. L. Weller and Miss Laura Weller leave for the Yosemite Valley to-day.

Mrs. Lieutenant Rainey (*née* Tolson) is visiting Mrs. Paymasmaster Stancliff, at Mare Island.

The *Pinta* sailed from Acapulco for San Diego June 1st, whence it will come directly to this port.

### Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Barber, of San Rafael, has been expecting to go East for several weeks to join her eldest daughter, who is at school there, but has been detained by the illness of her little girl. She will, however, go in a few days, as the invalid is now convalescent.

Mrs. Dibble, who was thrown out of her carriage at her San Quentin country seat last week, is rapidly recovering from her injuries. Her daughter and the governess are also on the road to recovery.

The Siamese embassador, Prince Nares, gave a reception to the members of the Geographical Society, in his rooms at the Palace, last Thursday morning.

There will be a hop at the Tamalpais Hotel, in San Rafael, this evening.

A musical recital was given at the San Francisco Yacht Club house, Saucelito, last evening, by the Joran children. Mrs. Blake-Alverson gave some vocal selections. This is the first of a series, under the direction of Miss Marie C. Hyde, the object being to raise funds to send these children to Europe for the purpose of completing their musical education. The next of the series takes place at San Rafael, in Gordon's Opera House, on June 20th.

Next Thursday evening the Caledonian Club will give its annual ball at the Mechanics' Pavilion.

Harry Tevis has sold his yacht *Halcyon* to Joseph Grant and Robert Morrow. It will be refitted and overhauled, preparatory to the cruise on July 1st to Santa Cruz and Monterey.

## BUBBLES.

A group of Raymond Excursionists were sitting in the reception-room of the Palace Hotel last Sunday. The excursionist is not at any time a cheerful looking bird. It takes its pleasure sadly, and is chiefly occupied in making its coupons tally. But on Sunday the Raymond excursionist is as about as jolly as a moldy tombstone in a dismantled cemetery. It exudes the dismal from every pore, and calls on heaven to approve its gloom.

A young lady who was not a tourist, but who was waiting for some one, sought to shake off the spell, and approached the piano. A grenadier of a woman, vast in circumference and portentous of aspect, sat near the piano and essayed to warn off the musical intruder. But what can ward off a young lady who plays without being asked? The young girl smiled and touched the keys with a chord or two. The old woman sniffed and consulted a small dark object at her side. It looked like a valise, but it turned out to be a bent, henpecked, little old man. He was her husband, and had evidently filled that office for some time. Poor old fellow! He showed every year of his slavery, and she every year of her bossing.

The little old man timidly ventured a suggestion which met with the favor of the grenadier. They consulted their little book, found no coupon to tear off for the musical treat, and proceeded to beam ecstatically. It was to be a free treat—perhaps a little bout at congregational singing. The old lady got her vocal chords in order, and assumed an attitude of expectancy. The little old man got behind her sleeve and made himself also ready. With this, the young lady dashed off the prelude to a popular song, but she never reached the end. The grenadier rose wrathfully, and a Greek fire burned behind her spectacles. She withered the girl with a glance, grabbed her lord as if he were a grip-sack, and rushed to the door. There she paused and said, loudly and explicitly, to him:

"Ezra, this is the holy Sabbath Day. We had ought to be readin' our Bibles, and I felt it in my bones that that gal was going to play tunes. I can't stand none o' that, even in Californy."

The observance of the Sabbath day is getting to be a habit with us. People have even gone to the length of considering it good style to go to church. They make a merit of it, as they do of taking ice-cold baths and doing other disagreeable things, and nothing is allowed to interfere with it, except fishing, hunting, or a trip to the country.

It is with the most poignant regret that I find Sunday can not be escaped even by going to the country. They have set it up in a modified form at the Geysers and Napa Soda Springs. At Monterey it is really serious. They cover the billiard-tables and close the bowling-alley till cocktail time. A man may be a full-blown sinner after six o'clock, but he must be a saint, according to the letter of the law, in the morning. The sensation is peculiar and rather gratifying. You really feel that you have given two parties a chance for a ballot in your immortal soul.

The sacred Sunday closes at Monterey with a sacred concert. An imperious summons took me from the veranda to attend it on the occasion of my first visit. I did not want to go. Every one is called upon to shut off on something in this world. I am perfectly willing to shut off on sacred concerts.

I approached the big salon unwillingly and misgivingly. A circle of beautiful women surrounded Ballenberg and Yanke. Ballenberg looked as solemn as if he had never fiddled at a ball in his life. Yanke looked as if he had a secret sorrow.

The solemnity of the occasion began to impress even me. I shuddered visibly. Suddenly the musicians struck up the sacred music. To my unspeakable joy, the strains were familiar. I felt proud.

I recalled the air perfectly, and tried to fit the words to it. They came to me with a rush, and my erst friends of the "Pop" syndicate will have no difficulty in fitting the tune to this:

"I wish I was a Thomas cat,
Meaow! meaow! meaow!"

When the Major-General in the "Pirates of Penzance" patters the line, "I can whistle all the tunes from that infernal nonsense 'Pinafore,'" it is generally hissed. The good sense of the public rises up against the egregious asininity of a man's quoting his own work.

It is now Mr. Henry James's turn to be put in the literary pillory. The priggish, pragmatical, analytical novelist deliberately introduces one of his latest heroes in the very act of reading "Daisy Miller." This might be called "gall," "cheek," "effrontery"; but it is something worse than any or all of these. It is bad taste. Bad taste? Why, Jamesy dear, if this is what your Anglomania is leading you to, hadn't you better come back and be an American again until you get a fresh start? This last touch is quite too English in its blundering conceit even for an apostate.

Some paragrapher circulated an item not long ago concerning the unfitness of newspaper men for the field of fiction. That enormously fecund writer, George Alfred Townsend, undertook to refute the fast-spreading idea and wrote a book, to which he gave the not thrilling name, "The Entailed Hat." His fitness for fiction will never be challenged again. I pass over the first idea that strikes a faithful "Gath" reader—namely, that after long employment of fiction to make up his facts, he for the first time employs fact to make fiction. This is not worth mentioning. He would not be earning fifteen thousand a year as a correspondent if he wrote bald truth. I do not mind there being such a lot of characters in his book that it would require an experienced census-taker to keep track of them. As there are seven distinct plots in the book, a liberal number of characters is necessary to sustain them. But the warmth of fancy which Mr. Gath displays makes one gasp now and then to read these things in cold, plain American. If this is the result of newspaper training, the journalistic school of fiction will outrival Zola or Gautier in the original. "Gath" writes under a curb, but he is a practiced writer and knows just to a gasp when to rein in. The lesser correspondents who take to this sort of thing must either write in French or for private circulation only.

Apropos of two fashionable marriages which are upon the tapis, people are constantly saying of each bride, "Oh, what a fool she is!" Being moved to wonder why these ladies were selected for distinctive mention from among a sex which is consistent only in its folly, I inquired concerning them. They are engaged to young men who are their juniors—the one by a decade, the other by half a dozen years—and this is their folly.

A partner in life is an article which it is desirable (in some cases) should last long and wear well. The newer, younger, more recent the growth, the stouter, tougher, and more durable the article. Each of these ladies has selected a bridegroom—young, lusty, strong, active, ingenuous, loving. Each of these bridegrooms, set in the midst of a rosebud garden of girls, has yet selected a woman who has lost the rose from her cheek, the freshness from her fancy, the romance from her heart. She is not yet old, but in a year or two she will be no longer young. He is being married because he is desirable, and because he is the very last bite. Will not some one cry, "Oh, what a fool he is!"

I see that Jimmy Pigott accompanies Mrs. Langtry, and will appear as Sir Somebody Something next Monday night.

I suppose you don't remember the last time this gentleman visited San Francisco. Yes, it was under decidedly different circumstances. His name appeared in the Palace register as:

J. W. PIGOTT AND SERV'T, ENGLAND.

He was not an actor then, but the wealthy scion of an old county family, and was making the Grand Tour in corresponding style. Since then he has run through his fortune, adopted the stage for a livelihood until a near and affluent relative shall go hence to a brighter world, and leave him another supply.

His successes in some private theatricals given by Mrs. Ponsonby-Smythe, three London seasons ago, in which he played in comedy with Lady Florina Conquest, first started him on a professional career.

When he visited San Francisco before, there occurred to him a rather singular incident. He had arrived on the Australian steamer, registered at the Palace, tubbed, visited the Cliff, tubbed, looked up his whilom British friend (Hon.) Tom Huddlestone (who has gone home since, but who was then making a living out of this beastly hole as a bank clerk), tubbed, done the Yosemite in eight days, tubbed, and was ready to go home and write his book—and tub.

He sent his valet down with the tickets to get the brasses for his luggage. The man returned with the duplicate brasses, which he gave to Mr. Pigott with the tickets. He stepped down-stairs a moment to procure some little traveling convenience.

And now comes the Wilkie Collins part:

The valet never was seen again, and has never been heard of since.

Of course, Mr. Pigott was quite out of his mind when the aged retainer failed to return. The man had been in the Pigott family since he first erupted a rash of buttons as page-boy, as had his father and grandfather before him.

It was like losing the family diamonds, or the ancestral Wedgewood.

What would be said at home? Mr. Pigott prolonged his stay here a week, advertised, employed detectives and a portion of the British colony, in the vain hope of finding the valet. But he finally had to go on to England with a picked-up Irish substitute.

It is yet a mystery. I wonder whether he will resume the search on his arrival next week?

The British tourists are of a varied type. Some of them quietly come and quietly go again, without seeking acquaintance or endeavoring to obtain any information save such as they may pick up in the most casual observation.

And I do not think the average Englishmen are very close observers. If you ask them anything about the places they may have visited in their travels, they can remember little of interest save that the food was bad and the beds damnable.

I have known scores of traveled Englishwomen, and, with the exception of Miss Gordon Cumming (and she lived by traveling), they seemed to possess no knowledge of places they had visited save of the most trivial nature.

Many Britishers who come here, however, make a dozen friends at once, and proceed systematically to shed a ruby lustre over the town every night of their stay. I have known a certain beer-garden to be "cleaned out" three times in as many years by exalted Britons, two of whom were proud wearers of titles. During their stay here the young natives who fall in their way take unto themselves the manners of a blooded cockney, and affect the jargon known as "Newport English."

A little bank-clerk tried to tell me, the other day, of the "jolly good spoht" he had enjoyed the previous evening at the Vienna Garden, when Lord Marsh Mallow filled up a Hungarian musician's trombone with Budweiser beer; and the sum "his lordship" had to pay for the smashed mirror, etc.

Since the Sir Jones-Green incident, in 1880, we have not been troubled with bogus titles, however—or, at least, perhaps.

But there have been numbers of pretended "bloods" and disguised Picadilly tailors.

When Jujube Paste dawned upon us in all his glory, two years ago, he was received with flattering welcome. He had the entrée of three clubs, and was given every gilded opportunity which social courtesy could devise of proving himself to be a caddish ass.

One of his American admirers was excitedly enumerating his distinguished achievements and honors to a certain learned but skeptical judge.

"Why, cried the youth, "he belongs to the Horse Guards, you know!"

"Not to the Horseguards," said the judge, dryly, "not to the Horseguards; I fancy you must mean the Blackguards."

Apropos of traveling Britishers, I am reminded of an incident which occurred when Professor Tyndall was lecturing in New York in 1872.

A number of statesmen went down on the train from Washington to witness his first appearance in this country, and next day, with numbers of prominent New Yorkers, called on the learned philosopher at his rooms, in the St. Nicholas.

During the reception, Professor Tyndall sidled over in his peculiar fashion to a friend, and, pointing to a gentleman who was busily conversing at the other end of the room, whispered: "Who is that extr'onary person?"

"That one? Oh, he's the Senator from California."

"Most extr'onary—most extr'onary!" exclaimed the scientist.

"Why, what's the matter with him? What's he been doing?"

"Oh, nothing of any consequence. Only he asked whether I didn't think the sun was inhabited."

A friend, who was recently traveling by stage-coach over a California road, told me an anecdote concerning the driver which rather amused me. These charioteers, by the way, are peculiar people. I make it a point whenever I go anywhere by stage-coach to get the box-seat, and commune with the driver—when I can. Sometimes he will not commune.

My friend, Viator, found it so. The driver was dumb as an oyster. There was even a tinge of contempt in his monosyllabic stoppers to conversation.

At last a station was reached, where, as the Jehu tersely informed his passengers, they were to "rassle with their hash." They got off and "rassled." Viator was heavily thrown.

When the first course was removed, the neat-handed Phyllis, who generally officiates at wayside eating-houses, came to Viator, whisked some crumbs on his lap and some gravy on his coat-collar, and remarked:

"Pieorpudden?"

"Pie," said Viator, meekly.

The pie was brought. It was confected of dried apples encased with horn. Viator excited the neat-handed Phyllis's amused contempt by calling for a fork. The remainder of the guests pried open the pie with a knife. As Viator was toying with this sudden-death viand, he noticed the driver regarding him with much interest.

After the meal the journey was resumed, and, to Viator's surprise, he found the driver completely changed. He had unbent. He was quite affable and communicative. Before the next station was reached they were fast friends.

"Tell me," said Viator, at last, "what is the reason you were so indisposed to converse with me at first? You must have had some prejudice against me."

"Wall, ye see," replied the driver, flicking a fly with great precision from the nigh swing horse's ear, "at first, ye see, I thought you was a Methodist preacher; but when I seen you give that high-toned touch on your pie, I knowed you was a gambler."

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

Monsieur Pasteur, the celebrated French biologist, who has succeeded in vaccinating for chicken-pox, dog distemper, and other contagious diseases, has now added hydrophobia or rabies to the list of his triumphs. The experiments are still in progress, but he feels confident that the results already obtained are reliable. He has now in his keeping a number of dogs which are proof against hydrophobia from bites or inoculation, because they have been inoculated with the virus. The virus used is of a particular kind, and is in reality a mixture of virus obtained by a special process, which at present is not divulged. The dogs are inoculated under chloroform, so that the operation is painless. The discovery is important to mankind, for in Monsieur Pasteur's opinion no case of hydrophobia in man or dog is spontaneous, but originates in the bite of an infected animal.

## TWO WAYS OF TELLING IT.

I remember one sunny day in summer we were sitting in the *Boomerang* office, I and the city editor, and he was speaking enviously of my salary of one hundred and fifty dollars per month as compared with his of eighty dollars, and I had just given him the venerable minstrel witticism that of course my salary was much larger than his, but he ought not to forget that he got his.

Just then there was a revolver shot at the foot of our stairs, and then another. The printers rushed into the stairway from the composing-room, and, to save time, I ran out on to the balcony that hung over the sidewalk, and which gave me a bird's-eye view of the murder. The next issue of the paper contained an account about like this:

COLD-BLOODED MURDER.

Yesterday, between twelve and one o'clock, in front of this office, on Second Street, James McKeon, in a manner almost wholly unprovoked, shot James Smith, commonly known as Windy Smith. Smith died at two o'clock this morning, of his wounds. Windy Smith was not a bad man, but, as his nickname would imply, he was a kind of noisy, harmless fellow; and McKeon, who is a gambler and a professional bad man, can give no good reason for the killing. There is a determined effort on foot to lynch the murderer.

This account was brief, but it seemed to set forth the facts pretty clearly, I thought, and I felt considerably chagrined when I saw an account of the matter later on as written up by the prosecuting attorney. I may be inaccurate as to dates and some other points of detail, but, as nearly as I can remember, his version of the matter was like this:

THE TERRITORY OF WYOMING, } ss.
COUNTY OF ALBANY. }

In Justice's Court, before E. W. Nye, Justice of the Peace. The Territory of Wyoming, plaintiff, vs. James McKeon, defendant—Complaint.

The above named defendant, James McKeon, is accused of the crime of murder, for that he, the said defendant, James McKeon, at the Town of Laramie City, in the County of Albany and Territory of Wyoming, and on the 13th day of July, Anno Domini 1880, then and there being, he, the said defendant, James McKeon, did willfully, maliciously, feloniously, wickedly, unlawfully, criminally, illegally, unjustly, premeditatedly, coolly, and murderously, by means of a certain deadly weapon commonly called a Smith & Wesson revolver, or revolving pistol, so constructed as to revolve upon itself and to be discharged by means of a spring and hammer, and with six chambers thereto, and known commonly as a self-cocker, the same loaded with gunpowder and leaden bullets, and in the hands of him the said defendant, James McKeon, level at, to, upon, by, contiguous to, and against the body of one James Smith, commonly called Windy Smith, in the peace of the commonwealth then and there being, and that by means of said deadly weapon commonly called a Smith & Wesson revolver, or revolving pistol, so constructed as to revolve upon itself and to be discharged by means of a spring and hammer, and with six chambers thereto, and known commonly as a self-cocker, the same loaded with gunpowder and leaden bullets, and in the hands of him, the said defendant, James McKeon, held at, to, upon, by, contiguous to, and against the body of him, the said James Smith, commonly called Windy Smith, he, the said James McKeon, did willfully, maliciously, feloniously, wickedly, fraudulently, virulently, unlawfully, criminally, illegally, brutally, unjustly, premeditatedly, coolly, and murderously, of his malice aforethought with the deadly weapon aforesaid held in the right hand of him, the said defendant, James McKeon, to, at, against, etc., the body of him, the said James Smith, commonly called Windy Smith, he, the said defendant, James McKeon, at the said Town of Laramie City, in the said County of Albany, and in the heretofore enumerated Territory of Wyoming, and on the hereinbefore mentioned 13th day of July, Anno Domini 1880, did inflict to, at, upon, by, contiguous to, adjacent to, adjoining, over, and against the body of him, the said James Smith, commonly called Windy Smith, one certain deadly, mortal, dangerous, and painful wound, to wit: Over against, to, at, by, upon, contiguous to, near, adjacent to, and bisecting the intestines of him, the said James Smith, commonly called Windy Smith, by reason of which he, the said James Smith, commonly called Windy Smith, did in great agony linger, and lingering did die, on the 14th day of July, Anno Domini 1880, at two o'clock in the forenoon of said day, contrary to the statutes in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the Territory of Wyoming.

I am now convinced that although the published account was correct, it was not as full as it might have been. Perhaps the tendency of modern journalism is to epitomize too much. In the hurry of daily newspaper work and the press of matter upon our pages, very likely we are fatally brief and sacrifice rhetorical beauty to naked and goose-pimply facts.—*Bill Nye in the Detroit Free Press.*

### Mr. Blaine's Religion.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of May 17th, I read an article upon the Catholicism of James G. Blaine. Now, please allow me a word in reply to that article. In the first place, let me define my own position politically, so that I shall not be accused of writing from a prejudiced standpoint. I am not a partisan of Mr. Blaine, for the reason we so widely differ upon the financial issues of the day. But, I say, if we are to have a Republican President during the next four years, in the name of the American people give us a man that will have, and uphold, an American policy and American ideas. That man is James G. Blaine. God willing, I shall exercise the privilege of an American citizen and cast a good Greenback vote for honest Ben Butler of Massachusetts. Now, as to Mr. Blaine's Catholicism. I know whereof I speak, and can give you all the proof requisite. Mr. Blaine's father, during his (the father's) whole lifetime and until the breath left his body, was a Presbyterian. He married a lady who had been baptized and raised a liberal Roman Catholic. She was the mother of James G. Blaine. But Mr. Blaine Sen. brought up his children in the Presbyterian faith. In turn, James G. Blaine has brought up all his children, and had them baptized, in the Presbyterian Church in Maine and New Hampshire. Both Mr. Blaine and his wife are members of the same church in Augusta, Maine. His only sister, Mrs. Robert Walker, living in Montana Territory, is also of the same persuasion. All his surroundings are of Protestantism, and were they of Catholicism they would probably occupy the same exalted position they do to-day. If it should be the good luck of the American voters to have Mr. Blaine and Mr. Butler as the standard-bearers in the coming campaign, for God's sake let it be on the elevated plane of intelligence, and free from the mud-slinging style of sand-lot political strikers. And should it be the good fortune of the American people to have either of the above named gentlemen for President during the next four years, I feel that this country would become more Americanized, and an American citizen would be protected at home and abroad. SILAS SELLECK.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 11, 1884.

The brute idea of education is to break the child's will instead of educating it. When he is put in posession of his will, half the problem of education is solved.

## VANITY FAIR.

An Interesting History of Drawing-Room Dances.

Drawing-room dances (writes H. Sutherland Edwards in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for June) seem to have originated in stage dances, and to have been derived directly from the modified forms of stage dances practiced in palaces and private houses by companies of amateurs. Drawing-room dancing, as distinguished from ballet dancing and the national dances of peasants, has found its chief centre in France, whence, like fashions of many other kinds, it has spread to different parts of Europe. It was introduced, however, into France by the Italians, whose magnificent entertainments of the singing and dancing kind were nationalized in her adopted country by Catherine de Medici. The exotic found itself planted in congenial soil, and the dance has flourished in France ever since. Henry IV. was a most determined dancer, and according to Cahuzac, author of the *Traité Historique de la Danse*, it was under this king that the French people danced the most. The dances at the court of Louis XIII. used to be directed by no less a personage than Richelieu, who, it may be hoped, was more successful as a ballet-master than as a dramatist. Louis XIV., king of dancers and chief dancer among kings, carried his passion for what some call the terpsichorean, others the saltatory, art, so far as to found, not a dancing academy, but an academy of dancing, which was placed under the musical direction of Lulli, the introducer, or at least establisher, of opera in France.

The minuet (of which the name, *menuet*, is said to be derived from *menu*, as indicating the little steps of which it is composed) is especially associated with the period of Louis XIV. It was natural that a great many things should happen during the reign of this monarch, which, if glorious, was also exceptionally long. The genius of Molière belonged as much and the genius of Corneille belonged more to the reign of Louis XIII. than to that of his successor. But the story of the minuet is all the great monarch's own; and the grand air with which this master of the "noble" style of dancing performed the dance considered "noble" among all others has often been celebrated. He danced his minuets to the music composed specially for them by Lulli.

Minuets formed part of most of the ballets and divertissements in which Louis le Grand loved to figure; and it continued to be the favorite dance both of the stage and of the ball-room during the Regency, throughout the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., and up to the outbreak of the Revolution. The art of dancing it was taught by professors who seem to have excelled in fatuity and in fanaticism for this frivolous art the famous dancing-master of Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. The saying attributed to one of these vain enthusiasts—*il y a un monde dans un menuet*—has become proverbial. They are accused by contemporary writers of behaving with the greatest insolence to the high-born ladies whom they instructed in the mysteries of the minuet and gavotte, and of carrying their pretensions in the matter of money so far as to demand from them, for each lesson, *un écu de six livres*, about five shillings of our money. One may form some idea of the passion with which, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, dancing was cultivated in France by what Rousseau, in his "Musical Dictionary," tells us as to its popularity on the stage, and by what in Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse* the hero, St. Preux, writes on the subject of dancing to the heroine, Julie. "Priests," says St. Preux, "dance, soldiers dance, gods dance, devils dance, there is dancing even at funerals—dancing apropos of everything. Dancing is now the fourth of the fine arts constituting the lyrical scene."

The gavotte, more modern, though in the present day quite as old-fashioned as the minuet, belongs to the last days of the French monarchy, which it survived to become for a time the favorite dance of the "Merveilleuses" and the "Incroyables" of the Directory. Like so many other dances it is of national or rather local origin, and takes its name from Gap, whose inhabitants, called "gavots" and "gavottes," say that their little town is at equal distance from Geneva, Lyons, Turin, Avignon, and Marseilles.

The "gavotte" was introduced as a pendant to the minuet, probably at a time when people were beginning to get tired of the more ancient dance, from which it differs, in the first place, by being danced to music in two-four instead of, like the minuet, in three-four time. As a musical form it has never possessed for composers the same attraction as the minuet; though of late years it has been cultivated to some extent by composers, who, seeking for the new, have only been able to find it in a revival of the old. Every one has heard at orchestral concerts the minuets and gavottes of Boccherini, and there is a charming example of the gavotte in Ambroise Thomas's opera of "Mignon." The gavotte was first brought into general favor by Marie Antoinette, who danced it at court as a sequel to the minuet. Hence the name *menuet de la cour* given to the two dances considered as one. It was replaced for a time, during the Reign of Terror, by the more lively carmagnole; and though it flourished again in the luxurious days of the Directory, it died out under the Empire—which was not, indeed, a dancing but a fighting period.

Drawing-room dances have, as before observed, been in some cases borrowed from the stage. They have also been adopted from foreign countries; and among the French they have often been deliberately invented by dancing-masters of a creative turn of mind. No form of drawing-room dance seems, however, to have enjoyed a long life; each new century, each new period within a century, having dances of its own. In a ball-room programme of twenty or thirty years ago the list of dances would have included quadrilles, polkas, waltzes, with perhaps a final galop; while sixty or seventy years ago, at the time of the great peace, when the allied sovereigns were visiting London, and Almack's was in its glory, the favorite dance (the waltz, already introduced, having been found difficult to acclimatize) was certainly the quadrille. Even fifty years ago the dancing of quadrilles was considered an art and mystery well worth acquiring; and Mr. N. P. Willis, in his "Pencilings by the Way," published about this time, discourses learnedly as to the proper execution of this and that figure, and boasts that certain methods of advancing and returning, invented at Paris, had reached New York and been adopted there before being introduced into London. The quadrille did, indeed, for many years, enjoy a full and vigorous life. Its history is a strange one; for though it has always been regarded in England as a characteristically French dance, it is, nevertheless, of English origin. The quadrille, or contre-danse, was borrowed from the English country dance—a fact accepted, together with the etymology of the name, by all French writers on the subject. The French dancing-masters of the time of the Regency varied, however, the English figures with new combinations of their own; and the brilliant idea occurred to one of them of placing the couples, not in long double lines, but in compact squares. One dancing-master immortalized himself by devising the figure to which the name of *trenise* was given. His own name was Trenitz; and for a time the new figure shed upon him the same sort of lustre with which the late Count Nesselrode shone as the originator of whist without trumps and iced plum pudding.

How the first figure of a quadrille came to be known as *pantalon*, the second as *l'été*, the third as *la poule*, and the new fourth, by which *la trenise* was one day to be replaced as *la pastorale*, or *pastourelle*, it might be hard to say. The names may in some cases have been borrowed from English country dances; or they may have been due solely to the imagination of the Parisian dancing-masters. The connection of the new fourth figure with pastoral pursuits, of the third with a hen, of the second with summer, or of the first with either Pantaloon or pantaloons, is by no means clear. The last figure was always known simply as *la finale*. It is danced, however, with many variations, and in ancient days it was not every one who knew which of the variations was at a particular moment in fashion.

For a considerable period quadrilles seem to have been danced to one recognized set of tunes, which may possibly, however, at long intervals have been changed. Composers of eminence did not disdain to write quadrille music; and Herz, to whom society is indebted for the terrible drawing-room piece known as the "air with variations" (happily no longer in fashion), produced some fifty or sixty years ago a set of quadrilles which for a long time afterward were known emphatically and exclusively as the "first set." Some years later it occurred to Musard, after he had composed a certain number of original quadrilles, that it would be convenient to borrow the melodies of future quadrilles from the operas in vogue; and from the days of Musard until now the directors of dance orchestras, and the composers of dance-music generally, have not scrupled to lay hands on no matter what music which, by quickening or slackening the time, sometimes even by elongating or shortening the phrase, and by changing the *tempo*, they could convert into suitable quadrille tunes.

It would be interesting to know who fixed the music of each particular figure. But it is an invariable rule that the music of the first figure must be in six-eight time, that of the second in two-four time, that of the third in six-eight time, that of the fourth in two-four, or sometimes, by exception, six-eight time, and that of the finale in two-four time, played more quickly than the music of the second figure—accelerated indeed to the *tempo* of the galop. Several French composers have written original quadrilles of considerable merit. But for many years past it has not been considered worth while to invent new melodies when so many available ones were to be found in the operas of the day.

Polkas and waltzes are often, like quadrille tunes, dug out of their places in the last popular opera, and presented separately or in a *suite* under the name of the work from which they are borrowed. There is no particular objection to this process when the melody has been originally written in waltz or in polka form. But, unfortunately, any melody which happens to be in triple, or in quadruple time, is thought fit material for conversion into a waltz or a polka. There is a waltz, for instance, from "Lucia," in which the duet for Edgardo and Lucia, at the end of the first act, and even the air of Lucia's mad scene, are employed as suitable themes for dancing purposes. The melody of the prayer in "Moisé in Egitto" has, with still less excuse, been used for the middle part of the last figure of a quadrille. There are probably dancers who do not object to being reminded in this strange manner of the favorite operas of the day. It must, in fairness, moreover, be remembered that there are some operas which lend themselves readily enough to this mode of treatment: "Martha," for instance—that "polka in four acts," as some one has called it. Some operatic composers have expressed great indignation at the use made by dance arrangers of their more or less dramatic melodies. But Mozart could afford to smile at such treatment; and when, in the music gardens of Vienna, he heard fragments from his operas presented in the form of dances, he was amused, if not absolutely delighted.

The polka, introduced some forty years ago, was represented at the time as the invention of a Bohemian nobleman, who had seen better days. If this impoverished magnate had taken out a patent for his dance, he might have made an immense fortune by it. As it was, it must have put much money into the pockets of dancing-masters; for when the polka was suddenly introduced, every one had to learn it. It seemed novel both in rhythm and in step, though, as a matter of fact, the rhythm was precisely that of the Polish national dance, known as the krakoviak, or in French, cracovienne, the traditional dance of the peasants about the neighborhood of Cracow, fitted with an appropriate tune, which is popular throughout Poland, but especially in the vicinity of its place of origin. The polka, however, was not destined to enjoy the long-continued favor of the waltz, which has virtually banished from London ball-rooms all other dances.

There are many ancient dances, forgotten as such, which are still familiar to us by their music, and which may still be seen on the operatic stage. The eighteenth century minuet, for instance, is danced in Mozart's "Don Giovanni," and used at one time (contrary, it need scarcely be said, to the intentions of the composer) to be followed by the more modern gavotte. The lively dance in the opening scene of "Rigoletto" belongs not to the period of Verdi, but to that in which the action of the piece is supposed to take place. The rigodon, again, is known to us not by the dance itself, but by the music proper to it. Most pianists of the present day have, for instance, heard, even if they have not themselves played, the rigodon of Raff. This dance, is said to have been invented by a dancing-master named "Rigaud." Its original name was "Rigaudon."

The mazurka has never made its way in England, probably because it is of too demonstrative a character to suit the demure British tastes. Another of the three great Polish national dances, the polska, or polonaise, is scarcely a dance at all, but rather a formal promenade to music of a particular character in three-four time, generally with a strong accent on the second beat in the bar. The krakoviak is, as already suggested, a possible parent of the polka; of the polka, that is to say, as it used to be danced on the stage with hops and kicks—the parent of the polka with the conventional slide of the ball-room.

Very few composers have distinguished themselves in the polka form, which, compared with the waltz form, is almost vulgar. Those who remember Madame Bosio's singing of the vocal polka from Alary's "Tre Nozze" will, perhaps, not think so. But the grace of that charming vocalist would have refined anything; and against dozens of beautiful waltzes that can be remembered by every one, how many tolerable polkas can be placed?

The galop is hardly known to the present generation. As for its music, all that need be said of it is that at least one spirited and tuneful example of the form exists in Auber's "Invitation to the Ball" presented in "Gustavus III.," first as a song for the page—the original of Oscar in Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera"—and afterward, with quickened time, as a dance for the entire assembly. For many years Auber's "Invitation to the Ball" was the only galop recognized; and Auber's music, which first made this dance popular, lasted almost as long as the dance itself.

The waltz, generally supposed to be of German origin, is claimed as an ancient national dance by the French. According to this view it was re-introduced into France about the time of the Revolution, and was soon adopted by all classes of society. In Germany, however, the waltz seems to be a traditional dance; and the peasants in all parts of Germany may be seen waltzing at their village festivals. Alfred de Musset recognises the thoroughly German character of the waltz when he writes:

> "Je voudrais au moins qu'une duchesse en France
> Sût valser aussi bien qu'un bouvier allemand."

In France waltzing is an acquired art, and those alone waltz who have been systematically taught. A dance closely resembling the waltz, if not the waltz itself, was danced in Provence at least seven hundred years ago. It was called the *volta*, and from Provence made its way to Paris, where, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it was much in vogue at the court. From France, according to the French view of the matter, the *volta* passed to Germany, where the name was corrupted into *walzer*. As the verb *walzen* means simply "to turn," "to revolve," etymology seems to countenance the German origin of this very German dance. It was not until some years after its alleged *re*-introduction into France that the waltz reached England, where its adoption provoked severe criticism on the part of Byron and other moralists. Byron's poem on the waltz represented no doubt the prejudices of a large portion of society; and for many years afterward the waltz was looked upon in many circles with grave suspicion. Young ladies were frequently to be met with who, dancing other dances, declined to waltz; and the feeling on the subject entertained by a good number of men was no doubt accurately expressed in certain lines cited in the correspondence of Miss Mitford.

"I am happy," wrote Sir W. Elford to Miss Mitford, December, 1813, "that you think with me about waltzing. Have you seen Sir H. Englefield's verses? They appear to me perfect, as touching forcibly the proper points. They are supposed to be indignantly addressed to the man who is fond of waltzing with the poet's mistress:

> "'What! the girl I adore by another embraced!
> What! the balm of her breath shall another man taste?
> What! pressed in the dance by another man's knee?
> What! panting recline on another than me!
> Sir, she is yours; you have pressed from the grape its fine blue,
> From the rosebud you've shaken the tremulous dew;
> What you've touched you may take. Pretty waltzer—adieu!'"

"I wish all good people," adds Sir W. Elford, "would lift up their voices against the introduction of this dance. I am sure it will never be generally tolerated in this country, unless the moral feeling of the community has undergone a change, which I trust is not yet the case."

It does not seem to have occurred to any modern French writer that waltzing could be considered improper; but *volta* or *volte*, which to judge by descriptions, possessed the main features of a waltz, was often condemned in the primitive days to which it belonged. A writer of the sixteenth century, Thoinot Arbeau by name, in a book entitled "Orchéographie," written with the view of enabling all persons "to learn and practice the honest exercise of dancing," speaks very slightingly of the *volte*, and points out that the giddiness likely to be caused by it is not of a physical nature alone.

But questions of propriety and impropriety are often mere questions of custom; and the dance which scandalized the mothers and even the daughters of George IV.'s time is accepted without hesitation in the reign of Victoria. Not to waltz in the present day would be simply not to dance. At many balls waltzes are danced throughout the evening, as at many dinners nothing but champagne is drunk. As dancing-masters must live, new waltz steps are from time to time invented; and these serve the good purpose of excluding dancers who do not keep pace with the movement of their time. When a man finds that a particular step he had learned in his youth has passed out of fashion, if not out of memory, he will scarcely be foolish enough to learn a new one. His dancing days are over; and the changed step has in a forcible manner reminded him of it. The German peasant waltzes now as he has waltzed for centuries past. He goes on turning, like the

river in Horace *in omne volubilis ævum*, and nothing will tell him to stop but age and stiffness of limb.

That the waltz is the most charming dance ever invented is sufficiently proved by the quantity of beautiful music in waltz form written by modern composers, from Weber to Offenbach, and from Beethoven to Brahms. Like the temperance fiddlers of Kriloff's fable, who were "good men, but bad musicians," Beethoven's waltzes are good as music, but detestable as music for dancing. Not so the waltzes of Weber, the inventor, or at least perfecter, of the form, whose irresistible "Invitation to the Waltz" still remains the most melodious and most rhythmical specimen of this fascinating class of music. The "Invitation to the Waltz" was not, it need scarcely be said, written as dance music; but a waltz that can not be danced to deserves to be put in the same category as songs that can not be sung; and Weber's typical, monumental waltz, at once the most classical and the most romantic example of the style, seems, as introduced with Berlioz's orchestration in that master's version of "Der Freischütz, to have been primarily written to suit the steps of the dancers. Beethoven's waltzes, with all their beauty—which, since they are the work of Beethoven, one is bound to admit—might have been written to accompany the steps of those elephants, who, in the circus of imperial Rome, were trained to walk on the tight-rope.

Modern waltz music comes almost exclusively from Vienna. Chopin, indeed, is the only composer not of Viennese origin who has written perfect waltzes. Some of the Viennese waltz-makers were not, it is true, born at Vienna. Gung'l, for instance, was a Hungarian. But the composer is sometimes formed by his audience, and at Vienna a beautiful waltz is more readily appreciated than elsewhere. Lanner, Labitzky, and the Strausses all belonged by birth or by adoption to Vienna. For the last sixty years all Europe has danced to the music of waltzes by some member of the Strauss family; by Johann Strauss the elder, or Johann Strauss the younger, or by one of the brothers of this younger Johann. Among other groundless accusations brought against the English by Heine (who, however, became reconciled to us before he died) is that of being unable to waltz in time even to the music of Strauss. It was on the authority of Johann the elder, that Heine made this charge, which in the present day will be received with incredulity. That the Strausses possessed, and that the younger members of the family still possess, a special aptitude for waltz composition amounting almost to genius, can scarcely be denied; and negative proof of this is given by the comparative failure of far greater composers, such as Donizetti and Verdi, who have both written formal waltzes; the former in the third act of "Don Pasquale," the latter in the first act of "La Traviata." Of late years many composers have written waltz melodies for the voice. Venzano is believed to have originated this style, which has been continued with striking success by Arditi. Gounod, in his "Romeo and Juliet," has written for the heroine a very charming waltz, to which pedantic objection has been made on the untenable ground that the waltz form was not known in the days of the Montagues and the Capulets. The earliest specimen of the waltz for the voice occurs, so far as I know, in Glinka's second and last opera, "Ruslan e Ludmla," produced in 1842.

The cotillon has no special dance rhythm inseparably connected with it; and though it is usually danced in waltz step, it is sometimes executed successively to the music of the waltz, the polka, and the mazurka. In Russia and Poland it is often danced in the mazurka step alone. The leader of the cotillon may please himself in these matters. But if in England he ordered the musicians to play a mazurka and began with his partner to dance it, he would probably have but few followers. The cotillon is looked upon among the French as a dance in which every one may take part, without limit of age, much indeed as "Sir Roger de Coverley" is regarded in England. Many of the most distinguished cotillon leaders have been by no means young men, and an authority on this subject declares that ladies who can dance at all may dance the cotillon until the age of forty-five. This view would not be accepted in England, where the cotillon is danced by those who have still a passion for dancing; very young persons, that is to say. A Pole will dance the mazurka, which to him is more or less a war-dance, to any age. But the Poles have almost a mania for dancing, and at a ball in a Polish country-house the dancing only finishes to begin again. Thus when dawn seems to have brought the festivities to an end, the hosts, or in their temporary absence the guests, will darken the room, and, prolonging the night well into the day, go on dancing for several hours more.

The cotillon is well suited to determined dancers, as it can be continued for an unlimited time. The figures must of course be frequently varied, and partners frequently changed. The handkerchief figure, the cushion figure, and, above all, the looking-glass figure, occur in almost every cotillon. The handkerchief is thrown in the Oriental manner, and with some little of the Oriental significance. The cushion is placed on the ground for the dancer to kneel upon until some other dancer comes to relieve him or her from the more or less humiliating position. The looking-glass, held by a lady, serves to reflect the features of the dancers, who, one by one pass behind her; and she makes a gesture of wiping out the image of those who do not please her, until at last a face more acceptable than the others presents itself, when the owner thereof becomes the lady's partner. In Hungary I have seen a skipping-rope figure introduced with good effect. But it involved leaping as well as dancing, and made great demands on the agility of the performers.

One way and another the cotillon offers great opportunities for the manifestation of preferences, the excitation of jealousies, and the practice of all the arts which are so intimately connected with the sometimes savage pleasures of the ball-room.

---

A Frenchman said to a Berliner: "Your Iron Cross, the highest Prussian order, is simply ridiculous; it has intrinsic value of scarce five sous." The Prussian replied: "But it has cost you two Napoleons."

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

The attention of chess players is called to the following letter from Doctor Zukertort, with the request that those interested will at once communicate with the chess editor, in order that arrangements may be made by which an exhibition may be held after the chess champion's arrival:

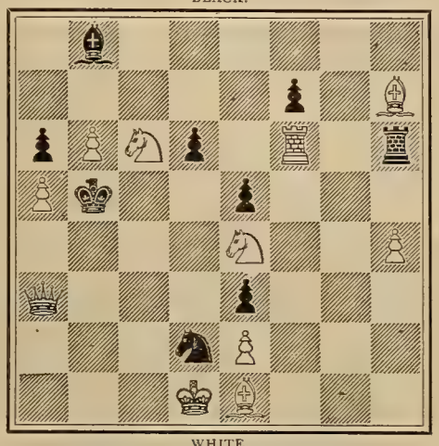
"To the Chess Editor of the Argonaut—Dear Sir: Approaching the last stage of my American tour, I take the liberty of troubling you in matters connected with chess. Where do the San Francisco players meet? Is there a wish that I should give a chess exhibition, or not? You would oblige me by kindly informing me on those points. I leave here to-morrow for Leadville; from there I intend to go to Salt Lake City, and then to San Francisco. My address is care of E. Hoelke, 414 Harrison Avenue, Leadville, Colorado. Yours, very faithfully, J. H. Zukertort."

**Problem No. XXIX.—By A. Cyril Pearson, England.**

White—King at Q7; Queen at QB8; Rook at QR4, KR5; Bishop at QKt2; Knight at KKt8; Pawn at KB5.
Black—King at Q4; Bishop at Q sq; Knight at QR4; Pawn at QKt5, QK16, KB6.
White to play and mate in two moves.

**Problem No. XXX.—By W. Atkinson, Montreal.**

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

**Solution of Problem No. XXIII.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1—Kt B5 | 1—K moves (a) | (a) 1— 1—P moves |
| 2—B or Kt mates acc. | | 2—Kt K4 mate. |

**Solution of Problem No. XXIV.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1—P Q3 | 1—R R5 (a) | (a) 1— 1—R x Kt |
| 2—Q x R ch | 2—K x Q | 2—Q Kt3 ch 2—Any move |
| 3—Kt B3 mate. | | 3—Q or R mates acc. |

Correct solutions received as follows: Problems XXV and XXVI—From U. Hartnell, Salinas.

**Game.**

Played in the Vienna International Tournament of 1882. Game and notes from *La Vie Moderne:*

SICILIAN DEFENSE.

| *White.* | *Black.* | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| M. Tschigorine. | Louis Paulsen. | | |
| 1—P K4 | 1—P QB4 | 20—B Q5 | 20—B KKt2 |
| 2—Kt QB3 | 2—Kt QB3 | 21—Q KR5 | 21—B KKt3 |
| 3—P KKt3 (a) | 3—P K3 | 22—Q KR3 | 22—Q Q2 |
| 4—B KKt2 | 4—KKt K2 | 23—Q KKt3 | 23—R KB sq |
| 5—P Q3 (b) | 5—Kt Q5 | 24—P KB4 | 24—Kt at K4 Q B3 |
| 6—KKt K2 | 6—KKt QB3 | 25—QR KB sq | 25—Kt K2 |
| 7—B K3 | 7—B K2 | 26—B K4 | 26—P Q4 |
| 8—Kt KB4 (c) | 8—Castles | 27—B x B | 27—Kt x B |
| 9—Castles (d) | 9—R QKt sq | 28—R KKt2 | 28—Q KB4 (k) |
| 10—Kt KR5 (e) | 10—P KB4 (f) | 29—Kt Q sq | 29—Q KR4 |
| 11—P KKt4 (g) | 11—P KKt3 | 30—Q K3 | 30—B KR3 |
| 12—Kt KB4 | 12—P KKt4 | 31—P QB3 | 31—B x P |
| 13—KP x P (h) | 13—P x Kt | 32—Q K sq | 32—Kt KB4 |
| 14—B x P | 14—P Q3 (i) | 33—R x B | 33—Kt Kt6ch(o) |
| 15—B KR6 | 15—P x P (j) | 34—R x Kt (p) | 34—Kt x R |
| 16—B x R | 16—B x B | 35—Kt KB2 | 35—R K sq |
| 17—K R sq | 17—Kt K4 | 36—Q KB sq | 36—Q K7 |
| 18—P x P | 18—B x P | 37—K Kt sq | 37—Q Q7 (q) |
| 19—R KKt sq | 19—K R sq | 38—R KB3 | 38—R K8 |

White resigns.

(a) M. Tschigorine adopts the attack played by M. Paulsen in the Vienna Tournament of 1873. We believe the usual continuation, 3 Kt KB3—P K3, 4 P Q4—P x P, 5 Kt x P—Kt KB3, 6 B K2, followed by Kt x Kt and P K5, is the better attack.

(b) We should have preferred 5 KKt K2—P Q4, 6 P x P—P x P, 7 P Q4.

(c) It was better to play 8 Castles, followed by P KB4.

(d) If 9 Q Q2, to Castle on Q side, Black continues as in the text, and after placing his Q at QR4, he would have had a very strong attack.

(e) Premature. The correct move was 10 QKt K2, followed by 11 P QB3 to force Kt x Kt, to which White would reply 12 Kt x Kt, followed by P KB4. If Black, instead of exchanging Kt, played Kt QKt4, then 12 Kt KR3, followed by P KB4, and White's game would be best.

(f) Very well played. By making this move, Black's position is much superior.

(g) It is evident that White can not play 11 P KB4, because of P KKt3, which would cost him a piece. The text move is an error which loses the game. It was necessary to play 11 Kt KB4, and if —P KKt4, 12 Kt KR3.

(h) White has already a poor game. If he should desire to save the piece, the only move is 13 Kt KR3 (if 13 KKt K2—P KB5, winning a piece), 14 B x Kt—P x B, 15 Kt QKt sq, forced —P K4, followed by P Q3, White would not be able to free his pieces, while Black would have placed his K at Kt2, R at KR sq, QB at KB2, and would have at once advanced his P to KR4, P KB5, with an irresistible attack.

(i) If 14—P x P, 15 P x P, and White would have a dangerous attack with his two Bishops and Queen on Black King.

(j) Black uselessly sacrifices the exchange. He could have played without danger 15 R KB2.

(k) If 28—Kt KB4, White would have replied 29 Q KR3.

(o) If 33—Kt x R, 34 Q K5 ch.

(p) White made an error with his Rook. The game would have been a draw by 34 Q x Kt—R x R, 35 Kt KB2.

(q) The game is very bad. If 37 Q x Q—R x Q and wins.

## BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

### An Amateur Carpenter.

In my opinion every professional man should keep a chest of carpenters' tools in his barn or shop, and busy himself at odd hours with them in constructing the varied articles that are always needed about the house. There is a great deal of pleasure in feeling your own independence of other trades, and most especially of the carpenter. Every now and then your wife will want a bracket put up in some corner or other, and with your new, bright saw and glittering hammer you can put up one upon which she can hang a cast-iron horse-blanket lambrequin, with inflexible water-lilies sewed in it.

A man will, if he tries, readily learn to do a great many such little things, and his wife will brag on him to the other ladies, and they will make invidious comparisons between their husbands, who can't do anything of that kind whatever, and you are "so handy."

Firstly, you buy a set of amateur carpenter tools. You do not need to say that you are an amateur. The dealer will find that out when you ask him for an easy-running broad-axe or a green-gage plumb line. He will sell you a set of amateur's tools that will be made of old sheet-iron with basswood handles, and the saw will double up like a piece of stove-pipe.

After you have nailed a board on the fence successfully, you will very naturally desire to do something much better, more difficult. You will probably try to erect a parlor table or a rustic settee.

I made a very handsome bracket last week, and I was naturally proud of it. In fastening it together, if I hadn't inadvertently nailed it to the barn floor, I guess I could have used it very well, but in tearing it loose from the barn, so that the two could be used separately, I ruined a bracket that was intended to serve as the base, as it were, of a lambrequin which cost nine dollars, aside from the time expended on it.

During the month of March I built an ice-chest for this summer. It was not handsome, but it was roomy, and would be very nice for the season of 1884, I thought. It worked pretty well through March and April, but as the weather begins to warm up that ice-chest is about the warmest place around the house. There is actually a glow of heat around that ice-chest that I don't notice elsewhere. I've shown it to several personal friends. They seem to think it is not built tightly enough for an ice-chest. My brother looked at it yesterday, and said that his idea of an ice-chest was that it ought to be tight enough at least to hold the larger chunks of ice, so they would not escape through the pores of the ice-box. He said he never built one, but that it stood to reason that a refrigerator like that ought to be constructed so that it would keep the cows out. You don't want a refrigerator that the cattle can get through the cracks of and eat up your strawberries on ice, he says.

A neighbor of mine who once built a hen resort of laths, and now wears a thick thumbnail that looks like a Brazil nut as a memento of that pullet corral, says my ice-chest is all right enough, only that it is not suited to this climate. He thinks that along Behring's Strait, during the holidays, my ice-chest would work like a charm. And even here, he thought, if I could keep the fever out of my chest, there would be less pain.

I have made several other little articles of virtu this spring, to the construction of which I have contributed a good deal of time and two finger-nails. I have also sawed into my leg several times. The leg, of course, will get well, but the pantaloons will not. Parties wishing to see me in my studio during the morning hour will turn into the alley between Eighth and Ninth Streets, enter the third stable-door on the left, pass around my Gothic horse, and give the countersign and three kicks on the door in an ordinary tone of voice.—*Denver Opinion.*

---

One of the most curious state papers of recent date, says the *Nation*, is the Pope's Encyclical against the Freemasons. To most people who do not belong to the order, the Freemasons are a harmless body of persons, who amuse themselves with secret and pompous ceremonies, and practice brother kindliness with somewhat more emphasis toward their fellow-members than toward the rest of the world. But the Pope's opinion of them, like all papal opinions, is traditional—that is, comes down without change from a period when secret societies were formidable and had political aims. The Church began denouncing the Freemasons in 1738, and every Pope since has considered it a duty to show them up as enemies of religion and morals. Leo XIII., in the present Encyclical, handles them without gloves, and takes no note of any change either in them or in the world which supports them. They are the children of Satan. They are trying to ruin the Holy Church and deprive Christian nations of their religion. They have made in recent times incredible progress. They resort both to audacity and cunning to make their way. Their power now in modern States amounts almost to sovereignty. They are trying to substitute for the religious and social discipline of Christianity a new one, of which the fundamental principles or laws are borrowed from "Naturalism." They advocate the separation of church and state. They attack the Catholic religion. They would like to cut down the number of priests. They are opposed to the temporal power of the Pope. They are ready to destroy the papacy itself. They treat the existence of God as an open question. They deny the fall of Adam. They are the authors of "realism" in literature and art. They treat marriage as a civil contract. They say that all men have equal rights. In fact, they are the enemies of everything that is sacred or valuable in modern society. The document is enormously long, and concludes with a call for energetic resistance to these wretches, and invokes for that purpose the assistance of the Virgin Mary, Saint Michael, Saint Joseph, Saint Peter, and Saint Paul.

---

In order to impart dignity to the town of Maroa, Ill., forty of the merchants have signed a pledge to wear high silk hats, instead of the wide-brimmed slouches that have been in fashion there.

## NEW YORK IN JUNE.

"Flaneur" Describes the Summer Amusements of the Gothamites.

Sorakichi had it out with Duncan C. Ross the other night, at Irving Hall. Sorakichi's rib has been mended, his muscles relaxed, and he has added a new word to his name. The word is "Kogoree." He therefore rejoices in the appellation of Metsada Kogoree Sorakichi. When the Japanese met Duncan C. Ross in Cleveland, some months ago, the wrestlers had an earnest time. They butted each other like goats, smashed noses, twisted arms, broke ribs, and did various other things calculated to impress the casual observer with the conviction that the match was honest. After throwing each other off the stage several times, the bout was brought to a close, and Mr. Ross went home to be nursed.

Sorakichi came to New York, and stayed at Bellevue Hospital a few weeks. The physicians there say they never had a more intelligent patient. He did everything they told him, with implicit obedience, and was perfectly restored in an unusually short time. When he got out of the hospital he went back to his old quarters, in Chatham Street, and resumed butting the wooden fence, carrying barrels of flour up five pair of stairs for exercise, and otherwise hardening his muscles.

When he stepped upon the stage to meet Ross for the second time, he was ten or twelve pounds lighter than he has ever been before in America. The sporting men, prize-fighters, wrestlers, and betting men gushed over Sorakichi as if he was a woman when he threw off his gown, and stood in the corner of the stage. The Jap has cut off his queue, and looks highly civilized. As he stood on his toes, stretched his arms above his head, and twisted about, the athletes, plugs, and sporting men rhapsodized. The Jap is, unquestionably, the most perfectly developed man I have ever seen. Every muscle in his body has been carefully worked, and the result is that he is equally strong all over. He doesn't carry an ounce of fat, and his movements are quick as a cat's. The ridges and muscles stand across his back, from his shoulders to his waist, like so many links of sausage. There are great pads of muscles under his arms, and when he moves his fingers and his arms are outstretched, the muscles rise in bunches over his chest. There is the same play in the muscles of his legs which everybody has noticed in the muscles of a race-horse.

The reason Sorakichi has such tremendous strength and endurance is to be found in the thorough and equal development of every muscle of his body. It was seen when he faced the Scotch champion. Ross is a giant compared to Sorakichi. He is over six feet tall, weighs over two hundred pounds, and has a tremendous pair of shoulders. The Japanese could walk under his arm, and he weighs less by fifty pounds than the Scotchman. When they faced each other on the platform, it looked as if a giant was about to wrestle with a small boy. Sorakichi increased the disparity in their sizes by dropping upon one hand on the floor, like a toad, and looking up mildly at his immense antagonist.

Ross had met the Jap before, however, and was not led into any excesses. He stretched his huge muscles, and warily approached the little man from the Orient. He got within three feet of him, and then the Japanese sprang from the floor, threw his tenacious hands around the Scotchman's neck, yanked his head down, and, before the giant had recovered his breath, tossed him head over heels in the air, and landed him on all fours upon the stage. Ross came down like a brick in an earthquake, and as he fell the wiry little Jap jumped on him and attempted to turn him on his back.

Then the Scot snorted wildly, caught a back lock on the Japanese, and bent him over backward. The men squirmed and struggled like panthers. No man ever worked harder than Ross did to down the Jap, but despite his great size and strength, he was unable to secure a fall. Half a dozen times the wiry little Jap twisted the huge man in the air, and once Ross rose to his feet suddenly, picked the Jap up in his arms, and jammed him down on the stage with all his force. The Jap didn't have much room to turn in, but he succeeded in flopping around in the air, and landed on all fours, like a cat.

While Ross was pondering upon this remarkable achievement, Sorakichi sprang at him, seized his left leg, and hauled it up in the air. The other sections of Mr. Ross descended. It took the Scotchman just one hour and four minutes to throw the Japanese. If it is true, as they now assert, that Sorakichi is only a second-class wrestler from Japan, it would pay to bring a champion over here. Sorakichi is new at the English style of wrestling, but after he has been thoroughly trained, there will be only one man who can approach him, and that is Joe Acton of Philadelphia. Sorakichi has a match with Acton next month, by the way. Both are of the same size and weight, and are equally strong. It ought to prove an interesting contest.

The races are in full swing now. The various tracks around New York, two of them at Sheepshead Bay and Jerome Park, being the most beautiful racing grounds in America, are attracting thousands of visitors every day. I have seldom seen a more brilliant assemblage than that at Jerome Park on opening day. Vehicles of all sorts went up the road as early as one o'clock in the afternoon, and the grounds were crowded long before the first race. Sixteen or eighteen drags stood in line along the inside of the track opposite the grand stand.

Parties composed of members of the Coaching Club, their wives, sweethearts, and friends, sat on the drags and ate elaborate lunches served by their grooms. Hampers were strewn around the grass, and champagne flowed freely. The multitude on the other side of the track, ate hard-boiled eggs, sandy sandwiches, and drank plebeian beer. The multitude also put its money on the favorites, and went home remorsefully. I don't believe that the Coaching Club clique felt as happy on its way home as it did going up. The races were a series of complete surprises. Not a single favorite won, and the book-makers brought the money back to town by the barrelful. Nearly everybody went up to the races to back either the Lorillards or the Dwyers, and neither stable scored a victory.

It seems to be the proper thing now for Americans to go to Scotland for the summer. There are quite a number of wealthy people who have estates on the other side, and who shoot, entertain, and hunt, "just like real lords." Probably Mr. Ross Winans has the most extensive American estate in Scotland. The gentleman is an American, but he seems more or less ashamed of the fact. He goes to Scotland every year, where his immense property is stocked with deer and other game, and entertains to his heart's content. Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin also have a large place in Scotland, as have the Rutherfords, and the Turnures.

Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen are especially severe upon the Americans who invade Scotland in this way. There seems to be no reason why an American should not have his bloomin' castle and be surrounded by gillies, collies, and various other adjuncts to a Scotch lord. The resident Scotchman, however, resents the intrusion of Americans into their land. The estates which the Americans rent are idle, except for the few months they spend in them, and it gives a watering-place character to the country, which men who have been born there severely condemn.

Rinking, after five years popularity in England, has suddenly caught a hold here. Every one must remember the roller-skating mania on the other side a few years ago. The illustrated papers were filled with pictures of the various rinks in England. *Punch*, after two years' delay, caught up with the epidemic, and theatrical papers complained that it was ruining the patronage of theatres. About three years ago, the epidemic skated itself out, and became a thing of the past in England. Now we have caught the craze. We are only about five years too late, but we are making up for the loss of time with a vengeance.

A single rink in New York has taken in no less than seventy-six thousand dollars this season. There is a rink at Coney Island that accommodates eight thousand skaters, and every town of five hundred inhabitants within five hundred miles of New York is rinking it for all it is worth. In many instances, the rinks through the country are nothing more or less than town halls. Ten cents admission is charged, and the professor of the noble art of rinking is engaged at six dollars a day to teach the juvenile legs how to rink. There seems to be no abatement of the craze yet, but it will probably wear itself out next season. It has played the deuce with the theatrical companies who have been traveling through the provinces. They have given up the "summer snaps," and let the rinkers have it all their own way.

There is not so much fun about rinking as people generally imagine. It is tiresome when you can manage to keep on your feet, and it is tragic when you can't. However, there is a charm about it somewhere. People fall down with unstinted enthusiasm for several months before they become expert rinkers. Having achieved a certain degree of skill, and arrived at that condition when they can do the in and outside roll, spread the eagle, skate on their heels and toes and make figure eights, they become tired of rinking and give it up. The carnivals which are held at the rinks here add greatly to the interest of the sport. They are often elaborately arranged, and prizes to the value of several thousand dollars are frequently given away on one evening. In some instances the prizes are given for the best skating, but, as a rule, they are for the most ingenious and striking conceptions in the way of tableaux.

I observe that "Seddons's Mouse" has again been in trouble. I have known the Mouse for some years. There is one man on earth who believes him to be a wronged, abused, unfortunate, and unhappy victim of a combination of circumstances in a horde of relentless men. It may sound paradoxical to say so, but this man is the Mouse. You can never convince the Mouse that he has done anything wrong. He has appeared before nearly every court in the city, has been the bane of the police, and has been battered and banged about until only a small portion of the original Mouse is now extant; the rest is made up of bruises, scars, and deformities. So touching is the external appearance of the Mouse, that the hearts of the police magistrates are touched and they allow him to go his way in peace.

Yesterday, Seddons's Mouse was brought before Justice Gorman. The officer who had him in charge said that the previous evening his attention was attracted to the Mouse by an enormous crowd on the corner of Greene and Fourth streets. The Mouse was disporting himself. His single eye blazed with the fires of war, and his fists flew about his head like a windmill. He announced, with a great deal of enthusiasm, that he could kill any man in New York, and kicked in two or three doors and smashed some glass, just to show that he was in earnest. When the policeman hove in sight, the Mouse jumped for him. The policeman took out his club, disfigured the Mouse for a few minutes, and when he had subdued him to such a state of discouragement that he submitted to being taken to the station, he dragged the Mouse through the streets. Yesterday the Mouse was abroad again, smoking huge black cigars, and plentifully besprinkled with court-plaster and bandages. I met him on Park Row.

"The hull world is agin me," said the Mouse, plaintively. "I ain't done nothin' 'cept to go off and get full like any other gent; but I always gets lammed fur it. If you go off and get full as a goat, what 'appens? You're taken home in a keb. If I does the same thing I'm chased around the block by three or four coppers, and pounded with clubs till my heart aches. It's dead wrong, that's what it is."

The Mouse is a local character. He has one eye; what appears to be sections of several noses distributed over a face that is knocked out of all shape and embellished by scars in the shape of crosses, crescents, and other artistic symbols; one ear—the other went in one of his characteristic encounters; irregular legs, long arms, and tremendous and very much abused hands. He dresses in loud, plaid clothes, smokes cheap cigars with immense relish, and is the victim of the malevolence and vindictiveness of the police. At least he says he is.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, June 4, 1884.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Beaconsfield's favorite reading was the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

"When I appear in the streets," said Prince Bismarck to the guests at his big soirée on Saturday, "I am no longer an individual, but an event."

The Duke of Rutland has taken so heavily to heart the removal of the Duke of Wellington's statue from Hyde Park that he writes: "If it were possible, I would resign my peerage."

All Miss Braddon's novels are being translated into Telugu and Canarese, under the editorship of Mr. Cadwallader Waddy, who was formerly on the staff of the *Belgravia Magazine*.

The lady who is now the wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse, but not Grand Duchess, is said to be more accomplished than beautiful. Not a word would have been said against Prince Louis if he had not married the lady. Hessian society is up in arms because he did go through the marriage ceremony.

Jules Verne is off to the Mediterranean, on board his yacht, the *St. Michael*. He will visit Oran, Algiers, Bône, Tunis, Malta, the Ionian Islands, Sicily, Naples, and Rome. The journey is to be performed strictly on business, as the scene of Verne's forthcoming novel is to be laid in these districts.

In connection with renewed interest in the subject of cremation, it is recalled that Annie Louise Carey (now Mrs. Raymond) was once asked to sing for the benefit of a crematory scheme in Pittsburg, and as an inducement was offered a certificate entitling her to the free cremation of her remains. "I should as soon think of buying my own coffin," said she, declining the offer.

A memorial on behalf of the Tichborne claimant is being got up in the House of Commons. It prays that he may be released from prison, and at the same time be relieved from the inconvenience of a ticket of leave, his period of servitude having now nearly expired. It also asks that Arthur Orton, now alleged to be a lunatic at Paramatta, shall be brought to England at the expense of the state.

Prince Victor Bonaparte has had a great disappointment. He has just missed an inheritance of sixty millions of francs. Madame Auban-Moët, wife of the champagne merchant, died some days ago at Seville, leaving a personal fortune of sixty millions of francs. On Saturday last, her will, two copies of which were deposited in the hands of attorneys at Epernay, was opened. It contained the following depositions: "I bequeath all my fortune to my husband, but in case he should refuse the bequest, or in case he should die before me, all my fortune will belong to Prince Victor Napoleon Bonaparte." Monsieur Auban preferred surviving his wife, and did not think it worth while to refuse the bequest.

The hero of the hour at Berlin at present is Doctor Koch, the president of the German Cholera Commission, who has just returned from India, where he has discovered the cholera germ. In appearance he is described as of medium height, very thin, with a serious, energetic, *spirituelle* student's face. His beard is brown, but his glasses make him seem to be older than forty or forty-one years. He studied medicine at Göttingen, and afterward pursued his microscopic studies of bacteria at Breslau, under Professor Cohn. Geheimer Rath Koch has been known to the scientific world for some time as a conscientious and accurate observer, but to the non-scientific world his name was unknown until his discovery of the cholera germ. It now promises to be as famous as that of Jenner or Harvey.

Seven or eight years ago, it is said, Michael de Munkacsy bought some three thousand dollars worth of furniture and promised to give a picture in payment. The upholsterer did not press him for a settlement then, but waited for the artist to become more famous. A month ago he went to the studio and said: "Well, how about that little picture?" The artist offered a check for the amount due, but the other insisted on having a picture. Then De Munkacsy dashed off a sketch on the spot and gave it to him, saying: "There, that is easily worth three thousand dollars." The upholsterer accepted it, delighted, and hurried off to a picture dealer, who refused to give anything like that amount for it. Back he went to the artist, asking him to retouch the sketch and make it worth more. This De Munkacsy refused to do, and now the tradesman has brought suit against him to compel him to do so.

The London *Nautical Magazine* says: "The name borne by the largest number of vessels is Mary. There are over 200 sailing vessels and five steamers named Mary, over 100 Mary Anns, and about 700 vessels in which Mary is the first word of the name. Next to the Marys come the Elizabeths, Janes, and Sarahs, and then the Williams, which alone of male names exceeds 100. A very large number of the names in the list are Christian; and perhaps next to them is a class of names in which the word Brothers occurs, indicating, doubtless, a partnership in the vessels. There are 89 Brothers (of which 26 hail from one port, St. Johns, Newfoundland), 42 Two Brothers, 36 Three Brothers, 20 Four Brothers, 7 Five Brothers and Six Brothers, 8 Seven Brothers, 2 Nine Brothers and Ten Brothers. Not only do popular statesmen, members of the royal family, and distinguished generals furnish names, but in the Mercantile Marine List one may see celebrated the last victory, the winner of the Derby, and the sensation of the hour. Ten Gladstones attest the popularity of the present Premier, five Beaconsfields, two Earl Beaconsfields, three Earls of Beaconsfield, and three Lord Beaconsfields commemorate the last. Among the additions of last year were a Lord Wolseley, an Alcester, and a Tel-el-Kebir. The great trial of twelve years ago has traces left in a Doctor Kenealy and a Sir Roger Tichborne; the Ashantee war in a Coomassie, a Black Watch, an Ashantee, and more than one King Koffee; the Zulu war in two Cetywayos, a Rorke's Drift, and a number of Zulus."

## CAMPAIGN VERSE.

### A Blaine Song.

Who leads to-day in the glorious march
Of America's mighty men?
Who raised his own triumphal arch
With his eloquent voice and pen?
Blaine, boys! Blaine!
Of the noble State of Maine.
Give way, make room, for the Silver Plume
Of James Gillespie Blaine.

Who stood for Right in the bitter fight
When Oppression's hordes were slain,
And helped the slave in a nameless grave
To bury his broken chain?
Blaine, boys! Blaine!
The son of the State of Maine.
We'll win the fight, for our White Plumed Knight
Is James Gillespie Blaine.

Who bears the lance that will greet our glance
As it moves in the very van
Of a million men in a grand advance
To the victory of our man?
Blaine, boys! Blaine!
From the glorious State of Maine.
'Tis a bouncing boom for the Silver Plume
Of James Gillespie Blaine.

He's a model man, an AMERICAN,
And his banner bears no stain,
So let us fight for our freeborn knight,
And together sing again:
Blaine, boys! Blaine!
Who hails from the State of Maine!
Make room, make room for the Silver Plume
Of James Gillespie Blaine!

A. PENDLETON.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 6, 1884.

### Set Him Up Again!

Set him up again, the same old man!
Ay, set him up again,
And see to it your voting's not
A second time in vain.
Or be he sick or be he well,
Or be he weak or strong,
We can at least a verdict tell
Shall right a hellish wrong.
His eye may droop, his back may bow,
His footsteps fainter fall;
For time has run 'twixt then and now,
And time's the lord of all.
But sin of fraud grows never old,
And justice never dies;
And righteous wrath gets never cold,
Unless the Bible lies.
His name, it was our rallying cry,
Our banner man was he,
And when they basely struck him down
They struck both you and me.
You, me, and all, not him alone;
Each one of us they smote:
They trampled on our right of rights
To cast a valid vote.
And each of us as well as he—
May curses on them rest!—
Bears insult unavenged to-day,
And wrong yet unredressed.
Their guilt is ripe for justice now,
And doubly ripe the time
To wreak a people's vengeance on
A brigand party's crime.
For this there is one simple thing,
One thing that we should do:
Set up the same old man again,
And this time put him through!
Go for the right, through thick and thin,
Through better and through worse,
And follow Tilden though he lead
The column in a hearse!
To vindicate our country's name,
Truth, honor, and fair play,
Burn deeper in that brand of fraud,
And wipe our shame away.
Better were Tilden's hat and boots,
His skeleton, or a ghost,
Than any other living man
Of all our noble host.
Then set him up, and Hendricks, too;
Set both up once again,
And see to it your voting's not
A second time in vain.—*A Bourbon.*

### Children Cry For Him.

From the fair and fertile acres
Of the children of the Quakers
Comes a sound
Like the roll of distant thunder,
Making people stare and wonder
All around.
Brave and fair
Over there
Wildly wave defiant banners as they shout in various manners
Once again,
Louder yet and louder calling, with a vehemence appalling,
All for Blaine.

Nothing care they for the slogan
Of the wild and warlike Logan,
Or the shout
Which at times th' Administration's
Friends, with wild vociferations,
Send about;
And they laugh
At the chaff
Scattered for Ohio's glory, and for Edmunds, stern and hoary,
Quite in vain;
But, all other names unheeding, they reiterate their pleading,
Just for Blaine.

He, though hating this intrusion
On his solemn, sweet seclusion,
Still must hear.
When there comes a noise of greetings
From a thousand distant meetings,
Loud and clear,
Then he blows
On his nose
Such a triumph blast as ought to tell us what we may be brought to
For our sin,
Saying, with a smile sardonic, and a voice too telephonic,
"Count me in!"

*—Charles A. Dana in the New York Sun.*


**SHORT-HAND & TYPE WRITING**

Taught privately or by mail. Situations procured for pupils when competent. Call or write to F. LUSK, Heald's Business College.

**C. V. GILLESPIE,**
**SEARCHER OF RECORDS**
409 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

**HALLS TO LET,**
FOR BALLS, CLUBS, ETC. Apply to **Mrs. Ada Clark's Dancing Academy,** 211 Sutter Street, above Kearny.

**IRVING HALL, 139 POST ST.**
**Halls to Rent for Balls, Parties, etc.**
Apply to A. A. SANDERS, on the premises.

**FINE**
**Suits, $25.** **TAILORING** **Suits, $30.**
Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.
**Suits, $40.** **TAILORING** **Suits, $50.**
Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.
**Suits, $60.** **TAILORING** **Suits, $70.**
**J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.**

**STRUCK SILVER**
**FOR PLATED WARE.**

The most complete Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating Establishment in the world for Spoons, Knives, Forks, Pitchers, Tea Sets, and ONE THOUSAND other articles.

**E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.**
STORE AND FACTORY,
**653 and 655 Mission Street, San Francisco.**

**$130,000**
Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, **1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.** Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers.
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

**GOODYEAR'S**
**Extra A1 Superior**
**RUBBER HOSE,**
**BELTING AND PACKING.**
We make to order, at few hours' notice, in our RUBBER FACTORY, Hard & Soft Valves, Gaskets, Car Springs, etc.

Goodyear Rubber Co.

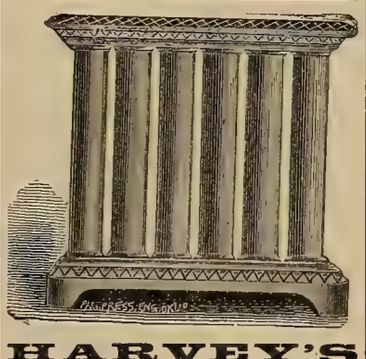
R. H. PEASE, JR., S. M. RUNYON, AGENTS.
**577 and 579 Market St., S. F.**

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**
**THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.**



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**
**36 California Street, San Francisco,**
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.



**HARVEY'S**
**HOT WATER RADIATOR.**
For Warming and Ventilating Private Residences and Public Dwellings. Uniform Heat. No Gases. No Dust.
**23 Stevenson St., near First, San Francisco.**

**JOHN MIDDLETON,**
**COAL.**
**14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.**

**OPENING OF**
**SPRING AND SUMMER HATS**
**THIS WEEK BY**
**C. HERRMANN & CO.**
**(HERRMANN THE HATTER),**
**At 332---336 Kearny Street, between Bush and Pine Streets.**
The largest Hat Store and the largest stock on the Pacific Coast. An immense line of novelties. Send for Illustrated Catalogue for 1884, just out.

FALK'S
Bilsener
BEER

**ESTABLISHED 1855.**
**CARRIAGES.**
**O. F. WILLEY & CO.**
NEVADA BLOCK,
**No. 317 MONTGOMERY STREET, - - - - - - SAN FRANCISCO,**
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
**CARRIAGES, LIGHT ROAD WAGONS, CARTS, SULKIES,**
Our stock of which is now, as it has heretofore been, unsurpassed in elegance and solidity. Recent importations have greatly enlarged our supply of vehicles of all kinds from the following celebrated Eastern establishments, of which we are the agents, viz.:

**Brewster & Co.,** (of Broome Street) New York,
**C. S. Caffrey & Co.,** Camden, N. J.,
**Henry Hooker & Co.,** New Haven, Conn.,
**H. Killam & Co.,** New Haven, Conn.,
**W. S. Frazier & Co.,** Chicago Road Carts.

We have also an assortment of Buggies and Phaetons, with full leather tops, which we sell at prices ranging from **$85** to **$125.** Constantly on hand a full supply of
**HARNESS,**
From the famous manufactories of Wood Gibson, New York, and Tompkins & Mandeville, together with a complete assortment of Concord and other Harness. **Fine Silk Plush Robes, Lap Robes of all kinds, Horse Blankets, Whips in variety, Wheel Jacks, Wood Stable Forks, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs,** etc., etc. The Agency Goods above enumerated will be sold at Eastern prices with freight added. We have always in stock, and are prepared to manufacture to order, Mountain and other Wagons. In returning thanks for past patronage and favors, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

**IRVING INSTITUTE.**
A Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, 1036 Valencia Street. The next session will begin July 28th.
**REV. EDW. B. CHURCH, A. M.,** Principal.

**HARMON SEMINARY,**
**BERKELEY, CAL.**
A first-class Boarding School for Young Ladies. Next term will open July 31st. For catalogue, with full description, terms, etc., address **MISSES HARMON,** Berkeley, Cal.; or **E. J. WICKSON,** 414 Clay Street, San Francisco.

**HOPKINS ACADEMY**
**OAKLAND, CAL.**
**REV. H. E. JEWETT, PRINCIPAL.**
The next School Year begins TUESDAY, JULY 29, 1884.
Send for catalogue.

**MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. A. K. CLAPPE'S**
**SELECT SCHOOL**
**FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,**
At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N. Y. Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalogue

**TRINITY SCHOOL.**
A Boarding and Day School for Young Men and Boys. Numbers limited. Prepares for College and University. Christmas term opens Thursday, July 31, 1884. Refers to Wm. F. Babcock, Esq., Col. E. E. Eyre, Joseph Powning, Esq., Wm. T. Coleman, Esq., Geo. W. Gibbs, Esq. For information, address **Rev. E. B. SPALDING, Rector,** 1534 Mission Street, San Francisco.

**CALIFORNIA**
**MILITARY ACADEMY**
**OAKLAND, CAL.**
A first-class Boarding-school for Boys. Thorough and practical instruction in all departments. First-class board. Special attention given to the care and comfort of cadets. Term begins MONDAY, July 21st. For circulars, address COL. W. H. O'BRIEN, Principal.

**MISS BISBEE'S SCHOOL**
**FOR YOUNG LADIES**
**1020 Oak Street, Oakland, Cal., will re-open Wednesday, July 30, 1884.**



**REMOVAL.**
**K. MEUSDORFFER**
Has removed from his old stand, 635 Commercial St. to his new and elegantly fitted up store, **345 Kearny,** S. W. cor. Pine, with a select stock of latest styles Hats and Caps.

**"EUREKA" COTTON**
**GARDEN HOSE**
Stronger three to one, and lighter two to one, than the best four-ply Rubber Hose; and if left out in the sun and air continuously, or, if put away, put away dry, will stand the roughest kind of usage and will last for years.
Also, RUBBER HOSE of extra quality and at low price.
**W. T. Y. SCHENCK,**
36 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**REMOVAL.**
**Office of Fort Wayne, Vandalia, and Pan-Handle Lines, and PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD,**
**To 116 Montgomery St., Occidental Hotel.**
**J. B. KIRKLAND, Agent.**

**Contract for Fall and Winter Supply**
....OF....
**COAL**
For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. **CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street.** Telephone 368.

### THE INNER MAN.

Those who can secure a collection of old-fashioned cookery books to look over, says a writer in *Harper's Bazar*, have an amusing hour or more to spend in turning the leaves, not merely of those books full of "Mrs. H——'s" this, and "Miss C——'s" that, but the amusing Dr. Kitchener's, and the work of the famous Mrs. Glasse, with her descriptions of "a curious way" to concoct a dish, "a pretty way of stewing chicken," or others where you come across such phrases as "as mellow as marrow," or where directions to "pickle a buttocky beef," to make a "Carolina rice pudding," and "an approved method practiced by Mrs. Dukeley, the Queen's tyre-woman, to preserve hair and make it grow thick," are all huddled on the same page, and where the spelling is "salamongundy," "asturtion," and "camphire." One of the most amusing of all the old cooks, who called themselves "artists," is Monsieur Ude. "Take," he says, "one or two live eels; throw them into the fire; as they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them, with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to foot. This is the only means of drawing out all the oil, which is unpalatable and indigestible. Several reviews," he exclaims, indignantly, in a later edition, "have accused me of cruelty because I recommend in this work that eels should be burned alive. As my knowledge in cookery is entirely devoted to the gratification of taste and the preservation of health, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both." His indignation, however, is elsewhere equaled by his sense of any violation of the proprieties. "Remember that the word 'soup' is so vulgar as not to be admitted either in good company or on a good bill of fare," he remarks, probably preferring "purée" and "consommé." But, with all that, the little Frenchman has a certain democratic sense of his own dignity; he fully expresses his contempt for certain young British noblemen whom cooks are likely to encounter. "Do not be frightened by their repulsive manners," he says, grandiloquently. "Never mind. Do as I have done."

Another cook of a less original cast of mind is old Robert May, of the seventeenth century, a man who used musk for one of his flavorings, and all of whose recipes, of an era before any of the French refinements, were on such a gigantic scale that one might think him cooking for the lower gods, or at least for an army of Goths feasting after battle. For the curiosity of it, the reader should glance over his way of preparing what he calls an "Olio Podrida." "Take," he directs, "Pipkin or Pot, some three gallons, fill it with fair water, and set it over a Fire of Charcoals, and put in first your hardest meats, a rump of beef, Bolonia sausages, neats' tongues, two dry and two green, about two hours after the Pot is boiled and scummed; but put in more presently, after your Beef is scummed, Mutton, Venison, Pork, Bacon, all the aforesaid in Gubbins, as big as a Duck's Egg, in equal pieces; put in, also, Carrots, Turnips, Onions, Cabbidge, in good big pieces, as big as your meat, a faggot of sweet herbs well bound up, and some whole Spinage, Sorrel, Burrage, Endive, Marigold, and other good Pot-hearbs a little chopped; and sometimes French Barley, or Lupins, green or dry.

"Then, a little before you dish out your Olio, put to your pot Cloves, Mace, Saffron, etc.

"Then next have divers Fowls; as first, a Goose or Turkey, two Capons, two Ducks, two Pheasants, two Widgeons, four Partridges, four Stock-doves, four Teals, eight Snites, twenty-four Quails, forty-eight Larks.

"Boil these foresaid Fowls in water and salt in a pan, pipkin or pot.

"Then have Bread, Marrow, Bottoms of Artichokes, Yolks of hard Eggs, large Mace, Chestnuts boiled and blanched, two Colliflowers, Saffron.

"And stew these in a pipkin together, being ready clenged with some good sweet butter, a little white wine, and strong broth.

"Some other times, for variety, you may use Beets, Potatoes, Skirrets, Pistaches, Pineapple Seed, or Almonds, Poungarnet, and Lemons.

"Now to dish your Olio, dish first your Beef, Veal, or Pork; then your Venison and Mutton, Tongues, Sausage, and Roots over all.

"Then next your largest Fowl, Land-Fowl or Sea-Fowls, as first, a Goose or Turkey, Two Capons, Two Pheasants, Four Ducks, Four Widgeons, Four Stock-doves, Four Partridges, Eight Teals, Twelve Snites, Twenty-four Quails, Forty-eight Larks, etc.

"Then broth it, and put on your pipkin of Collyflowers, Artichokes, Chestnuts, some Sweetbreads fried, Yolks of hard eggs, then Marrow boild in strong broth or water, large Mace, Saffron, Pistaches, and all the foresaid things being finely stewed up, and some red Beets over all, slict Lemons and Lemon peels whole, and run it over with beaten butter.

"For the garnish of this dish make marrow Pies, made like round Chewits'; and the garnish goes on to an extent almost as elaborate as the original dish. It is a miracle that any one, unless provided with a strong brain and a sound stomach, should read this recipe, much less eat of its results, without an attack of indigestion.

A noticeable feature in the pages of these writers is the way they despise all the world that is not engaged in cookery. They make brief forays, every once in a while, into dominions foreign to their own art, as if to show their capability in other directions, and hence their right to speak; but they return to the matter in hand with a gusto that makes the mouth water, and they take care to exhibit the time-honored bad temper of a good cook, that is, as it were, a certificate of character, whether the heat of the fires or of the spices is so exciting to the nerves, or whether they are overcome by their thought of the habitual waste of good material by others.

The home-made cookery book is, however, often quite as entertaining as the antiques, and in itself as much of an "Olio Podrida" of recipes as old May could get up of comestibles. Nevertheless, it is an excellent plan for every housekeeper, old or young, to write out the formula of any dish that pleases her palate or the palates of her family, for cooks change and memories are deceitful, and once set down in black and white, there it is always to refer to, and much that would escape is put in preservation, and handed down from mother to daughter, till it becomes a part of the family archives.





Recommended by the leading Physicians and Chemists of the Pacific Coast.

FOR SALE BY

C. J. HAWLEY & CO.

Nos. 215 and 217 Sutter St.

IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, SCROFULA AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, CATARRH AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

ULCEROUS SORES "Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882. "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. SORE EYES Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

Apollinaris

THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS

*"Pure water is even more important than pure milk."*

New York Herald.

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.

*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.

No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco,

and Portland, Oregon.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.

No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

ASA HARKER & CO

Importers and Wholesale Gr. ers,

108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8¼ x 11¼ inches, with over 3,200 illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy Free to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

557 & 559 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

"THE QUEEN OF AMERICAN WATERING PLACES."

HOTEL DEL MONTE

Monterey, California,

IS OPEN FOR

THE SUMMER SEASON.

This is absolutely the most elegant and delightful seaside resort in the world, and the charming HOTEL DEL MONTE, with its incomparable accessories, its magnificent drives, its beautiful grounds, its superior facilities for boating, add for cold and warm salt-water bathing, stands unrivaled. The water now used at the Hotel and upon the Crounds is

Brought from the Carmel River,

So that the place is now the

Absolute Queen of Watering Places,

With no drawback whatever in the World!

PACIFIC GROVE RETREAT

Near Monterey, California.

NOW OPEN FOR THE SUMMER.

This is the most delightful camping-ground in the State. Good spring water and an abundance of water from the Carmel River, lovely groves of pine and cedar, splendid beach, fine drives and rambles, an A No. 1 restaurant for use of all who do not wish to do their own cooking, and a new and perfect system of sewerage throughout the entire grounds.

This Famous Christian Resort

Is situated on the beautiful Bay of Monterey, and is connected with the ancient capital of the State by a pleasant drive of one and a half miles over a macadamized road lately constructed by the company. In beauty of location it can not be excelled—its graceful pines, extending to the water's edge, affording a delightful refuge from the heat of the sun. As a healthful place of resort it is not surpassed by any locality in the State. It has long been established as a medical fact that a residence in a country wooded with pines is peculiarly beneficial for all those suffering from bronchial or throat affections.

A FEW MORE CHOICE LOTS FOR SALE.

For further information apply to

J. O. JOHNSON,

Superintendent Pacific Grove, Monterey,

Monterey County, Cal.

HIGHLAND SPRINGS,

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

"The Switzerland of America."

OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.

Daily communication via Cloverdale.

DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.

FASHIONABLE,
COMFORTABLE,
REASONABLE,
TUBBS' HOTEL,

OAKLAND, John M. Lawlor, Prop'r.

KOHLMOOS HOTEL,

Railroad Avenue, near Webster St.

ALAMEDA.

Fine Garden 200 feet square; Club House: Bowling and Billiards. Everything first-class.

JOHN KOHLMOOS, PROPRIETOR.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

NEWSOM & GASH,

ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS

And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,

415 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco

MARBLE WORKS.

MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.

W. H. McCORMICK,

827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for

TAMAR CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion, etc.

Prepared by

INDIEN E. GRILLON, Chemist of the Paris Faculty,

SOLE PROPRIETOR,

GRILLON 27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.

Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

C—G OF Marvel of Excellence and Workmanship.

Contain less Paper and FINER Tobacco than any Cigarette made.

Popular as the great

"AFTER-DINNER" CIGARETTE.

*Straight Mesh,*

*CLOTH OF GOLD.*

13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS,

By WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.


### ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the office of the Company, Room 2, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the 3d day of June, 1884, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Dupont Street San Francisco, California.

Postponement till Tuesday, July 1, 1884, same hour and place. JEROME A. HART.

### SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the second day of June, 1884, an assessment (No. 20) of Five Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the eighth (8th) day of July, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the twenty-ninth day of July, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

### POTOSI MINING COMPANY.

Location and principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-ninth day of May, 1884, an assessment (No. 15) of twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tusday, the first day of July, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 22d day of July, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cast of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

### CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of May, 1884, an assessment (No. 12) of Twenty (20c) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Friday, the twenty-seventh (27th) day of June, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of July, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*
*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*
*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*
*Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.*
*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*
*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*
*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*
*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*

# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Thursday, April 24, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‡8.00 A.M. | Byron and Martinez | ‡6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Deming, El Paso Express to and East Emigrant | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | " | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Stockton via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Ione | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Los Angeles and South | 9.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | Merced, Madera, Fresno, and Tulare Express | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Mojave, Needles, and East Emigrant Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | " | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Ogden and East Express | 7.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 P.M. | " Emigrant | 11.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Tehama via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Redding | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.10 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Virginia City | 7.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 7.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Oakland Pier; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from The Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, ‡1.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 2.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Daily, except Sundays. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


## ATKINS MASSEY,
**UNDERTAKER,**

At the old established place, **No. 651 Sacramento Street,** first house below Kearny, San Francisco.


NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

**BROAD GAUGE.**

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. P. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | San Mateo, Redwood, and Menlo Park | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | Santa Clara, San Jose, and Principal Way Stations | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas, and Monterey | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Hollister and Tres Pinos | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Watsonville, Camp Goodall, Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Soledad and Way Stations | 6.00 P.M. |
| †7.50 A.M. | Monterey and Santa Cruz (Sunday Excursion) | †8.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
‡ Theatre train; Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

**Excursion Tickets.**

For Sundays only—Sold Sunday morning; good for return same day.

For Saturday, Sunday, and Monday—Sold Saturday and Sunday only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive, at the following rates:

| Round Trip from San Francisco to | Sun. Tkt. | Sat to Mon. Tkt. | Round Trip from San Francisco to | Sun. Tkt. | Sat to Mon. Tkt. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| San Bruno | $.... | $ 50 | Mount'n View | $1 50 | $2 00 |
| Millbrae | ..... | 65 | Lawrence's | 1 50 | 2 25 |
| Oak Grove | ..... | 90 | Santa Clara | 1 75 | 2 50 |
| San Mateo | 75 | 1 10 | San Jose | 1 75 | 2 50 |
| Belmont | 1 00 | 1 25 | Gilroy | 2 75 | 4 00 |
| Redwood | 1 00 | 1 40 | Aptos | ..... | 5 00 |
| Fair Oaks | 1 25 | 1 50 | Soquel | ..... | 5 00 |
| Menlo Park | 1 25 | 1 60 | Santa Cruz | 3 00 | 5 00 |
| Mayfield | 1 25 | 1 75 | Monterey | 3 00 | 5 00 |

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, May 12th, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—7.30, 9.15 A. M., 1.30, 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 1.30, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20 A. M., 2.00, 3.25, 4.50 P. M.
(Sundays)—7.55, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.15, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 3.55, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.30, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.45, 5.00, 7.10 P. M.
Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 7.00 P. M.

**7.30 A. M. and 1.30 P. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAINS for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through trains from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 10.30 A. M. and 6.00 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.
Returning arrives in S. F. at 7.40 P. M.
Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**


## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Passenger Trains leave Station, foot of Market Street, south side, at

**8.30 A. M.,** daily; Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wright's, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, SANTA CRUZ, and all Way Stations.

**2.30 P. M.** (except Sunday), Express; Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ.

**4.30 P. M.,** daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and intermediate points.

**$5 Excursions** to SANTA CRUZ, and **$2.50** to SAN JOSE, on SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, to return until MONDAY, inclusive.

**8.00 A. M.,** every Sunday, Excursion to SAN JOSE, BIG TREES, and SANTA CRUZ.

**$3.00** to BIG TREES and SANTA CRUZ.
**$1.75** to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE.

**To Oakland and Alameda.**

¶6.00, ¶6.30, ¶7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, ¶9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶12.00, 12.30, ¶1.00, 1.30, ¶2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.30, 10.30, 11.45 P. M.

**From Fourteenth and Webster Streets, Oakland**—¶5.30, ¶6.00, ¶6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10,30, ¶11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶12.00, 12.30, ¶1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.45 P. M.

**From High Street, Alameda**—¶5.16, ¶5.46, ¶6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 7.46, 8.16, 8.46, 9.16, 9.46, 10.16, ¶10.46, 11.16, ¶11.46 A. M., 12,16, ¶12.46, 1.16, 1.46, 2.16, 2.46, 3.16, 3.46, 4.16, 4.46, 5.16, 5.46, 6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 9.16, 11.31 P. M.

¶ Sundays excepted. ¶ Sundays only.

TICKET, Telegraph, and Transfer Office, 222 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. R. M. GARRATT, G. F. & P. Agt.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**
## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. Commander.
**Oceanic**.....**Capt. Metcalfe**
**Arabic**.....**Capt. Pearne**

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of New York**.....**June 14**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Jose**.....**June 14**

At four o'clock P. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, SAN BLAS, MANZANILLO, and ACAPULCO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA and LA LIBERTAD, and via ACAPULCO for other Mexican and Central American ports.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West India ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Zealandia**.....Friday, July 4, at 12 o'clock M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on March 3d, 11th, 19th, and 27th, and every eighth day thereafter. The first steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY
**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

ALAMEDA.....MONDAY, June 16th, at 3 P. M.
MARIPOSA.....TUESDAY, July 1st, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.


# PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.

**Stationers, Booksellers,**

**Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,**

**204 Sansome Street, near Pine.**

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

## COWEN, PORTER & CO.,
**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

**118** Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.
Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK
OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital**.....**$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.
James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President;
James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital**.....**$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

## The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK
LIMITED,
**N. E. corner Pine and Sansome Streets.**

London Office, 3 Angel Court. New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street.

**Authorized Capital Stock**.....**$6,000,000**

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED F. LOW, IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.
P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

CHARLES CROCKER. WM. H. CROCKER. R. C. WOOLWORTH.

## CROCKER, WOOLWORTH & CO.
**BANKERS,**

**322 Pine Street, San Francisco,** carry on a general Banking business.

Correspondents in the principal cities of the Eastern States and in Europe.

## Imperial Fire Insurance Co.
Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.
Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.
OF CALIFORNIA.
**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,
**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold)**.....**$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884**..... **759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

## GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER
**MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

## JOHN W. TAYLOR,
**MANAGER.**

**Corner First and Market Streets,**
SAN FRANCISCO.




Having been called out of town last week, I requested those members of the critical fraternity who sometimes meet in a cosy nook after the theatre is over, to send me a "round-robin" of opinions, the which I might use after the manner of certain foreign correspondents.

I made the request in perfect good faith, and I received the following succinct and remarkable set of the ideas of the giant critical faculty of San Francisco:

[The column is so narrow that we are forced to place the critics' vaticinations below. In the original they are symmetrically grouped around the circle.—THE PRINTERS.]

TO THE
ABSENT KRITIK,
GREETING:

"Hobbies"..... Funny.
Farce..... N. G.
Fairy..... Very light.
Delaro..... Yum-yum.
Helene Dingeon,
Bully.

The fairy was a daisy, and I wish I could send you a cast of her legs. A.

There was a little Minnie who had silver sides. She wore tights and pretty feet. An irascible old gentleman kisses a servant-girl. Delaro girl, who was spooned in "Confusion," has nice woo'en ways. B.

"Hobbies" is an imperial farce, and Goodwin an imperial mimic. Have laughed myself ill. Thine on the verge of the tomb, C.

I have pledged myself to speak well of Helen Dingeon. She sang. She always sings. She sang well. She always does. She wore a pink gown, you know, slashed at the side with a Rhine wine bottle slope. D.

The curtain fell gracefully upon long-continued applause. I do not know what they were applauding. Think it may have been because the farce had come to an end. E.

Goodwin's imitations of Irving's Shylock were verra genteel. F.

Don't know what my opinion is till I get to the office, but I laughed real hard. G.

The fairy, the broom, and the jokes a little off, but Nat nifty. H.

I am free to confess that upon the first reading of this joint production I did not gather a very clear idea of the first night of "Hobbies." After I had found the key, it was borne in upon me that "Hobbies," as a play, is little changed since "Pygmalion" first set the town in a roar. It is not in any case so good a play as "Confusion," which is indeed quite the tidiest little comedy that has come this way in many a long day. Preceded by a farce, "Hobbies" must lose some of its unction. The opening farce is essentially an English institution, which will never be successfully introduced in this country. A farce was never intended to be sat through by an audience. It is merely to give the Englishman ample time to get his dinner and arrive at the theatre in time for the business of the evening. The American evening begins at eight o'clock, and the farce is simply an impediment. There is, indeed, nothing in the world more dismal, unless it may be an ordinary copy of an English comic paper.

The new kind of farce which has grown up, not upon the ashes of the old, but as a sort of evolution from minstrel afterpieces, is essentially American humor.

American humor is always practical, and deals with commonplace, every-day things. The Danbury *News* man made his reputation at putting in a nail, mending the stovepipe, or barberizing his son until the unhappy child's hair looked as if it had been "chewed off by a mule." The round of life in a little American town is so small that the Danbury man soon wrote himself out, and sank into obscurity; but he has given to the world a school of humor which has passed chiefly into the American farce.

It is being said that there is going to be a revival of burlesque in the conventional form in which it was so long successful. Long ago, when the world was young, I went to see my first burlesque. There was a radiant, starry-eyed creature in the cast, who enchained my senses completely. She was long of limb, and magnificently supple, and had a face of shining, delicate purity. She was clad in white silvery gauze, which revealed every play of her long, slender limbs, and as she slid down to the stage on a property moonbeam, she looked as if she had come down straight from heaven on a shooting-star. As I gazed upon her with the rapture of one who loves to look on beauty, and marveled that Heaven had made so fair a thing and had not in the ecstasy of creation made a lot more of the same kind, she gathered her airy draperies about her, advanced to the front and danced a break-down with the accompanying song, then a popular one: "How is that for high?"

It gave me an immediate and irremediable distaste for burlesque of that kind. There is neither sense, mirth, wit, nor situation in it. An Olympian goddess singing slang is only interesting as a set of outlines. It is not, indeed, burlesque, but daring irreverence of beautiful things.

"A Bunch of Keys" is good, honest burlesque. Call it farce, if you like, but it is nothing more than a broad burlesque of a very familiar phase of modern life. It is illuminated by the songs and dances, not abased to them. It is quite in keeping that Miss Teddy Keys, who is a hoyden, should occasionally amuse herself with a song; and it is not in keeping that a goddess should.

The popularity of the American farce grows with its growth, and "A Bunch of Keys" actually draws better than the comedy at the other theatre; while "Hobbies," a kindred farce with just a faint smack of old-fashioned burlesque left in Minnie Clover's mauve and silver scarcity, outshines its predecessor.

What a constellation of talent we shall have in town next week. James O'Neill (who is the best leading man we have ever had in California), De Belleville (who is the best drawing-room villain that smiles), Forrest Robinson (who, by now, must have redeemed the promise of his apprenticeship), Sheridan (who, wander where he may, returns always to San Francisco, as faithfully as the needle to the pole), and Langtry.

Mrs. Langtry will, perhaps, have an enormous success as an actress, from the simple fact that no one expects anything of her. The public mind, with its usual sheep-like foregathering, is a unit in the idea that she is a good-looking stick. Every eye makes its own beauty, and many feel that it indicates a superior faculty at discrimination to disagree with the verdict of the multitude. Nor can some arrive at a verdict without a comparison. In their several ways we of San Francisco have always regarded Alice Lingard and Adelaide Neilson as the two peerless beauties of the stage. Mrs. Langtry will inevitably be compared with them. Alice Lingard is a woman of superb physique, with a peculiar cast of countenance of a not intellectual type, and yet something beyond the reproach of mere prettiness. She has a magnificent carriage, an infinite amount of dash, and is handsome but not beautiful.

Adelaide Neilson was peerlessly, radiantly, divinely beautiful. There was grace ineffable in the long, loose sweep of her lines; there was richness of color in the warm, pale olive of her skin; there was the blaze of all the passions in the dark of her gypsy eyes, set off by the feathery frame of her curling red-brown hair. There was a wealth of expression in the curves of her full red lips, and a dash of merriment in the flash of her white, white teeth. Her voice was deep, rich, sweet, and passion-freighted. No one who ever saw this matchless creature standing in the moonlight on the balcony, fairly shining with beauty, will ever forget the picture.

But both these women were made of common clay. The one is said to have risen from the slums of London, the other to have come up from the fens of Northumberland, and the beauty of both was touched with plebeian richness.

But the Lily should bear the marks of race, a beauty which is like no other—a beauty, too, which sets her apart from comparison with any other on the stage.

An enormous crop of descriptions of Mrs. Langtry has sprung up, and we know every individual feature and manner almost by heart before she comes. The latest is that she has the large, soft eye of the Jersey cow. If she be the ox-eyed Io come to life again, why, then, without more ado, we give the palm to the Lily.

Tillotson has held the season out with a bravery worthy a better play. He has proved that he can write a better one, for "The Planter's Bride," notwithstanding its bold piracy from "Diplomacy," was immeasurably better than "Lynwood." There is one especial thing to be admired in him as an author, when he does borrow he borrows from excellent models, and has the perception to prefer Sardou. Having so good a company on hand, it was a pity he did not make hay while the sun shone and give us something better.

And the baby, and the flap-jack, and "The Hearts of Oak," make exit, and the touching, pretty little play remains a memory, and we think, with a good-bye sigh, of Teddy Dennison as a man fit to bear company with Enoch Arden and Sidney Carton, for what can a man do better than this, that he lay down his life for his friend?

BETSY B.

---

Eliza Weathersby, Nat Goodwin's wife, now in the East, has entirely recovered from her recent illness. Last week she went to Ocean Spray, near Boston, where she owns a cottage. She will remain there all summer, but it is yet doubtful as to whether she will resume work again next season. This lady is one of the wealthiest actresses in America, and owns a great deal of New York and Boston real estate.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

### Notes.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, who plays Percy Grafton in "A Wife's Peril," is a brother of Mrs. Langtry's famous rival in beauty, Mrs. Cornwallis-West, whose brother-in-law is the British Minister at Washington.

Preparations are being made for a private reception of the "Bunch of Keys" Company at the Palace Hotel, and the extent of the arrangements thus far indicates an exceptionally pleasant affair.

Mr. Forrest Robinson, who returns to this coast in the "Monte Cristo" Company, is the husband of Miss Blair, who plays Mercedes.

Miss Houston, who supports Mrs. Langtry, is a popular English actress. She comes from the Princess Theatre, London.

Miss Lena Merville, the bright and sprightly Teddy in "A Bunch of Keys," may be seen in the Park every morning on horseback. She is always unaccompanied, and attracts much attention by her graceful horsemanship.

Miss Belle Inman, who plays in "Monte Cristo," has lately been supporting Modjeska.

Miss Kate Forsythe met with a severe accident while out riding a few days ago, and was unable to appear in "Lynwood" during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edmunds, who accompany Mrs. Langtry, are well known here, and were added to the company recently in New York.

After Mrs. Langtry comes the Madison Square Company, which opens in "The Rajah," June 30th.

Nat Goodwin's business manager, Charles Schroeder, will be treasurer of the California Theatre during the four or five weeks of Stetson's "Monte Cristo." Mr. E. A. Kilday will be assistant treasurer.

Remenji telegraphed here this week from New York: "Australian voyage postponed one month; will write in a few days exact date of my arrival in San Francisco."

This evening, Nat Goodwin will close his engagement at the Baldwin in "The Member from Slocum."

### Short Talks.

ADVANCE AGENT J. P. REYNOLDS: "Mrs Langtry, her mother, seven servants, and theatrical company arrive in this city next Monday morning. They are all English with one or two exceptions. Mrs. Langtry travels in her special car, *Jerome Marble*. It will be brought over to the city on a special trip by the *Thoroughfare*, and will stand just opposite the C. P. R. R. office, at Fourth and Townsend streets. Mrs. Langtry is a great walker. The members of the company are all walkers. Never saw such a lot of people for walking in my life. They get along together splendidly, and are not like some of the other Britishers I've had charge of. They like the country and the people, and some of them intend to stay here. Mr. Pigott will remain in New York with the Frohmans, as will a number of the other members of the company. Mrs. Langtry will walk every forenoon next week with an escort. She thinks nothing of ten miles out and back. Why, she walked into Dayton from the Soldiers' Home, one morning, eight miles, walked back at noon, and then walked into Dayton again that night, twenty-four miles for the day, and she didn't think anything of it. Says that it's the way she preserves her health and spirits. She's very liberal with her money. At Quebec she walked out to some Indian settlements ten miles off, and bought three hundred dollars' worth of curiosities for decoration. Her car is very luxurious; she chose all the furniture herself, and the tapestry hangings came over from Europe. Mrs. Langtry goes East with her company as soon as her two weeks' engagement is over. The company leaves New York for England July 12th, and Mrs. Langtry goes later on the 19th. They open at Glasgow on the 12th of August, and play a four-weeks' engagement. They then play throughout the English provinces for fourteen weeks, after which they will fill a six-months' engagement in London. Mrs. Langtry will probably stay in England all through next season, and return to America in the season of 1886."

MANAGER HAYMAN: "The seats are nearly all gone for Monday night, and many of the choice places for the entire season. The sale on Tuesday and Wednesday was steady all day, and telegrams came from all the different watering-places for boxes and seats."

ADVANCE AGENT ROBERTS: "The 'Monte Cristo' which we bring out next Monday night is the only good version. There are half a dozen others, but none of them good. The company has done good business all over the East, North, West, and South. This is the close of our present season. We open next in New York, September 1st."

JAMES O'NEILL: "First of all, I'm more pleased than I can tell you to be once more in San Francisco. No one seems to have forgotten me, and people whom I can barely remember greet me with the heartiest good will in the street. During my absence in the East, I have received about a hundred different offers from all manner of irresponsible persons to come back here and embark in harum-scarum enterprises. Now I am back, I intend to stay a while, and after the present engagement shall make a summer of it here. I am very anxious to show San Francisco people my new play. I brought it out last season under the title of 'The American King.' It met with good success, and brought me in some grateful dollars. However, I wasn't satisfied with the piece. The first two acts lacked action. So I've remodeled the play, and had the first part rewritten, and it's just the thing to take in this city. It's called 'The Millionaire' now, and is the story of a California gold miner, who strikes a rich lead and goes to New York, where he is cleaned out in stocks, but finally rescued by his old partner. The hero isn't one of your rough stage miners, after the 'Danite' or Bret Harte style, but is a natural, well-bred mining man, like John Mackay or Jim Fair. Everybody here will recognize the model. 'Monte Cristo,' as we play it, realizes thoroughly Dumas's conception. It is not of the melodramatic extreme, but artistically preserves the unity of theme and motive. Yes, Salmi Morse is gone, poor fellow. He had grown dafter than ever before his death. The New York people who had his 'Passion' play in charge tried to persuade me to sign a ten-years' contract, but I didn't see it. No; I never liked Morse's version, although the idea in other hands would have been excellent. Morse's language was stiff and unnatural beyond expression. The hue and cry raised against it was overdone. 'The Passion' was played in an English town not long ago, and raised no comment, save praise."

FREDERICK DE BELLEVILLE: "I am very glad to get back once more to San Francisco. I have always kept a warm place in my heart for this town, as I have received such superb treatment from its people. My part, Noirtier, in 'Monte Cristo,' is strong and artistic. My engagement ends with the present season. I open in the East, next September, as Wilfred Denver in 'The Silver King,' under Harry Miner's charge. I am studying the play analytically now, and devote several hours each day to the development of the part. I received a number of offers for next season, among which was one to take Mantell's place with Fanny Davenport in 'Fédora,' another to do leading business with Janauschek, and a third urging me to go back into the Union Square Company. No, I shall not accept the latter offer—at least not just yet. Next year I desire to return to England and the Continent to see my parents, from whom I have been absent for nearly seventeen years."

MANAGER FRANK SANGER: "I feel very much in the position of 'Blaine of Maine' just now, with the congratulatory telegrams and letters I have been receiving from the East on my San Francisco success. 'The Bunch of Keys' has done an unparalleled business all the week, and, strange to say, the rain didn't hurt us a bit."

WILLIAM E. SHERIDAN: "I do not know whether 'The Lyons Mail' will be produced at the Grand Opera House next Monday night, or not. When I went down to the rehearsal on Tuesday, I found that Mr. Bert had failed to provide me with a company. Some of the most important parts were not filled. It was impossible to proceed. I have not yet made my plans for the coming season, and am yet undecided as to an Eastern trip."

MR. BERT, SENIOR: "There will be no performance of 'The Lyons Mail' Monday night. There will be no performance on Tuesday night. Possibly there may be one on Wednesday; but I do not know. I can not tell."

MANAGER STECHAN: "Emerson's Standard theatre will remain closed until the twenty-third instant, when the Tillotson troupe, with Frederick Warde and Kate Forsythe, will open in 'Queena.' The engagement will last one week. Our season here will not open until next September, when we shall import a large minstrel combination from the East."

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

### Bills and Casts for Week ending June 14th.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill: "Hobbies," by B. E. Woolf; three acts. Cast as follows:

Prof. Pygmalion Whiffles.....Mr. N. C. Goodwin
Major Garraway Bang.....William Herbert
Arthur Doveleigh.....Edward Seabrooke
Minnie Clover.....Miss Hattie Delaro
Miss Constance.....Miss Helen Dingeon
Miss Euphemia Bang.....Ella Mayer

Preceded by T. Edgar Pemberton's farce, entitled: "Davenport Bros. & Co." Cast as follows:

Harry Frankish.....Mr. J. R. Crauford
Captain Dumberlane.....Mr. Edward Seabrooke
Captain Duffield.....Mr. R. Coote Jr
Graham.....Mr. E. Goodwin
Mortimer.....Mr. Samuels
Miss Dumberlane.....Miss Maria Davis
Kate Dumberlane.....Miss Adele Waters

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Bill: "A Bunch of Keys," by Charles A. Hoyt; three acts. Cast as follows:

Teddy Keys.....Lena Merville
Rose Keys.....Anna Guenther
May Keys.....Anna Brevoor
Dolly Dobbs.....Marietta Nash
Matilda Jenkins.....Ida Griffin
Gilly Spooner.....Harry Booker
Jonas Grimes.....Eugene Canfield
Tom Harding.....George Lauri
Sam Foss.....William Smith
Littleton Snaggs, Esq.....Charles Bowser

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, manager. Bill from Monday to Thursday: "Lynwood," by J. K. Tillotson; four acts. Cast as follows:

Victor Blanchard.....Frederick B. Warde
Dudley Middleton.....George Osborne
Edwin Carlyle.....James Tighe
Judge Carlyle.....W. J. Constantine
Epeneetus Ebenezer Erastus Confucius Carter, J. W. Summers
Captain Remsen.....C. W. Parker
Uncle Joe.....W. J. Shea
Gay Carlyle.....Miss Emma Lorraine
Blanche Maynard.....Miss Lizzie Fletcher
Kate Wilmarth.....Miss Sydney Armstrong
Lucille Carlyle.....Miss Kate Forsythe

Bill for Friday and Saturday: "Queena," by J. K. Tillotson; five acts. Cast as follows:

Lord Walter Huntington.....Frederick Warde
John Henry Wilkins.....J. W. Summers
Frank Horton.....Henry Holland
Earl Huntington.....W. J. Constantine
Queena Montrose, Mlle. Réné.....Miss Kate Forsythe
Mrs. Montrose.....Mrs. George Osbourne
Anna Montrose.....Miss Lizzie Fletcher
Alice St. Claire.....Miss Sydney Armstrong
Little Queena.....Miss Jennie Corcoran
Florence Nightingale Fletcher.....Miss Emma Lorrain

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—Stechan & Cornelius, managers. Closed during the week.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Manager. Bill: "Hearts of Oak," by James A. Hearne; six acts. Cast as follows:

Terry Dennison.....James A. Hearne
Chrystal.....Katherine Corcoran
Uncle Davy.....Charles H. Clark
Owen Garroway.....F. Chippendale
Ruby Darrell.....Edwin Maynard
The Baby.....By Herself
Tawdry.....Mollie Corcoran
Aunt Betsey.....Hattie L. Saphore
Little Crystal.....Little Alice

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "The Enchantress," by Michael Balfe; three acts. Cast as follows:

Stella.....Miss Hattie Moore
Sylvio and Don Paul.....Mr. Harry Gates

Ramir and Fra Antonio.....Mr. M. Cornell
Duke d'Aquilla.....Mr. H. Dickman
Mathanasius.....Mr. R. D. Valerga
Nuguez and Caleas.....Mr. E. Carlmuller
Bracchio and First Senator.....Mr. George Harris
First Assassin.....Mr. F. La Fontaine
Second Assassin.....Mr. A. Messmer

"Lynwood" has been played successfully at the California Theatre during the past week until Thursday night. Friday, Manager Rial had a benefit in "Queena," which play will be produced this afternoon and evening. Next week "Monte Cristo."

At the Bush Street Theatre "A Bunch of Keys" has been playing to good houses all the week. It will continue through next week, with the introduction of Harrigan and Hart's latest and most popular songs.

Herne's "Hearts of Oak" has been played at the Grand Opera House during the past week. It is probable that this theatre will remain closed throughout next week.

Nat Goodwin's engagement ends this evening at the Baldwin Theatre. Next Monday night Mrs. Langtry opens in "A Wife's Peril."

Emerson's Standard Theatre will remain closed throughout next week. "Queenie" opens there on the 23d instant.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A Paris young lady, who is engaged to a gambler, calls him her beau high-deal.—*Paris Beacon.*

Fred Grant says his father needs one million dollars to set him straight again. All right. Have patience. The Ithaca *Journal* is hard at work, and has already raised three dollars.—*Philadelphia Call.*

It is said that Japanese women have never seen and do not know the use of pins. A Japanese young man must feel comparatively safe in sitting on the same sofa with the young lady in that country.—*Boston Post.*

The United States has nearly three times as many doctors as England, and nearly four times as many as France in proportion to the population. Does this redundancy of doctors in the United States account for the small proportion of the population?—*Boston Transcript.*

Having lost her singing voice, Aimée will next season come to America to act in dramas. "When I can't speak," she lately said, "I'll go in pantomime." It is sad to reflect that as the years roll on she will get too old even for pantomime and then will have to go into the ballet.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"I've just received a dispatch to the effect that my uncle has met with a terrible accident."
"Well, that ought not to make you feel very much distressed; you are his heir, aren't you?"
"Yes; but you see the dispatch states that hopes are entertained of his recovery."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Fashionable society has now a smelling-bottle craze. The vinaigrettes are gold mounted, set with jewels, and cost from forty dollars to one hundred dollars apiece. It is needless to add that in high life fainting has been revived with all the old-time abandon.—*Lowell Citizen.*

"And so Jack was sentenced to be hanged?" "Yis, surr, but the byes saved him, don't you know; they proved an alibi." "Proved an alibi! What do you mean?" "Phi, don't yer see, we jist knocked down the ould calaboose, and tuk Jack out beyant the town and hung him on a limb nice and quiet loike, and whin they come to execute the sintence onto him, don't yer see, he'd a foine alibi all riddy for um. He wasn't there intirely."—*Boston Transcript.*

The closing exercises of Trinity School, which took place at No. 1534 Mission Street, was attended by a host of friends of the school and of the pupils. The following programme was rendered:

Music; prayer; music; oration; salutatory, "Adversity Best Develops Character," Harry W. Seawell; essay, "Tendency of the Works of Charles Dickens," F. Melbourne Greene; oration, "Advantages of the Study of Natural Sciences," William B. Deas; music; awarding of prizes for the year; music; oration, "Roman Conquest of Britain," J. Shepherd Jenks; oration, "The Crime of Dueling," George Harry Mendell Jr.; music; awarding of medals and diplomas; music; oration: valedictory, "Early Lessons the Most Lasting," Sanderson Reed; address, the Rev. A. Douglass Miller, rector of St. Luke's Church; benediction.

Prizes were given to Sanderson Reed, Henry A. Seawell, A. D. Stoney, Willie Clarke, Lawrence Kip Jr., William P. Miller Jr., I. Bluxome Jr., George D. Greenwood, Nat. N. Wilson, Victor Seawell, Samuel F. Pond, and Siegfried von Ammon. Gold medals were awarded to A. D. Stoney, Sanderson Reed, and J. Shepherd Jenks. Trinity School medal was won by Nat. N. Wilson. The Coleman medal was won by Robert H. C. Kelton. The rhetorical medal was won by Robert Coleman. The Rev. A. Douglass Miller, rector of St. Luke's Church, made an address, and the Right Rev. W. Ingraham Kip, D. D., Bishop of California, presented the diplomas and pronounced the benediction.

— Health, Vital Energy and Longevity to the most enfeebled, young or old, *without medicine or expense*, by Dr. Henley's new and delightful preparation—Celery, Beef, and Iron.

— The Metropolitan Hall is becoming more popular than ever this summer, and is conceded by every one to be the finest auditorium west of the Mississippi River.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

### The Model Peeler.

Know all men by these presents
I am a lazy cop,
'Tis in the corner bar-room
That very oft I stop.

Whene'er the cry of murder
At morn or night doth sound,
Upon my post of duty
I'm never, never found.

Whene'er the moon is sailing
Across the heavens gay,
I pass the time with Bridget
Down in the airy-way.

And when the hour of midnight
Is sounded by the clocks,
I'm dreaming, sweetly dreaming
In a grocer's grim coal-box.

I walk into the circus,
And never pay a cent;
I see the match at slugging,
Like any wealthy "gent."

To chase the noisy gamin
Around the street I whisk;
I ne'er arrest a burglar—
My life I never risk.

I am a model peeler,
And rapture fills my cup;
Unlike the rest, great failings
I have, and own them up.
—*Puck.*

### Vous N'Avez Pas Le Sou.

I fain would buy me flowers fair,
To weave within her sunny hair,
Enhancing thus her beauty rare,
While proving service true—
These words before me stare:
*Vous n'avez pas le sou!*

When wishes in her eyes appear
I would obey their message clear;
For am I not her cavalier,
Fast sworn her will to do?
Dame Fortune answers with a leer:
*Vous n'avez pas le sou!*

Such hopeless homage as I pay,
My glances fond, my sallies gay,
Are all but trifles of a day,
And nothing may accrue—
For at the last I can but say:
*Ah! je n'ai pas le sou!* —*Life.*

### The Songs that we Sing.

"Only a Pansy Blossom,"
Only a bar of soap
Left on the stairs by the hired girl.
And the old man glides with terrific whirl
Adown the jagged slope.

"I Never Can Love another,"
She said; "no one but you."
And the youth looked on her Chicago feet,
Then at her graceful figure neat,
Then back to her ponderous shoe.

"Oh, Jakey, Jump the Baby,"
The tootsy-wootsy thing,
While I build a fire, and burn the steak,
And spoil the coffe, and madly break
The borrowed waffle-ring.

"We Met by Chance, the Usual Way,"
I checked her baggage through—
And riding over the rails afar,
She chatted merrily in the car,
And picked my pockets, too.

"We Never Speak as We Pass By,"
Though oft we go and come;
But the reason's plain, if you must know,
We both may come and we both may go,
But the girl is deaf and dumb.

"See that My Grave's Kept Green,"
I'm tired of sad neglect;
You know that the grave of old man Jones,
Besides the bottles and old beef bones,
With a murdered cat is decked.
—*Texas Siftings.*

### Unmade Hay.

We knew by the clouds to the eastward
It was going to rain that day,
And there was the whole of the meadow lot
All spread with the fragrant hay.
And the cloud grew darker and larger
As the wind the tree-tops tossed,
And, hard though I was working,
It seemed that the hay was lost.

My farm was a small and poor one,
And the hay-crop was all I had,
And I could not afford to hire a man,
For the times were dull and bad;
And matters were looking dreary
For me that summer day,
When I heard a sweet voice behind me:
"I will help you get in the hay!"

'Twas my neighbor's daughter, Molly,
Who lived just across the road,
And soft was the light in her down-cast eyes,
And the blush on her cheek that glowed.
I gladly accepted the service
She offered in friendly way,
And there by my side that afternoon
She helped me gather the hay.

She was no fine lady feeble,
Though her arms were plump and white,
And she raked all day with me, row for row,
Till the fall of the summer night.
And then, when we ceased our labors,
And the hay was stored away,
From the depth of my heart I thanked her
For her kindness to me that day.

And I took her home to her cottage,
But I didn't pause to woo,
And I asked not her hand in marriage,
Which I know she thought I'd do.
I left her there at the gate way,
Beneath the branches brown,
And from her looks I know she was
The maddest girl in town.

Mr. Louis Lisser, 320 Geary Street, will resume giving instruction on July 7th.



CAT MUSIC.
Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

Ichi Ban is a Free Exhibition of the Art and Manufactures of the Japanese Empire, to which all are welcome.
Ichi Ban is the largest and most comprehensive collection of Japanese Goods in the world.
Ichi Ban is the most attractive store in America.
These facts are indisputable.

—New Departure.—Dinners 11 A. M. to 8 P. M. Hot muffins, etc. Manning's Oyster Grotto, 428 Pine Street.

—Steele's Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

—French Flowers and Feathers in great variety and all latest styles at the Wonder Flower and Feather Store, 1024 Market Street.

**Fredericksburg Lager Beer**
Is the finest in the world. Send your orders, for kegs or bottles, to 539 California Street.

**A Good Time to Buy.**
The California Furniture Manufacturing Company, having determined to reduce their immense stock, now offer everything in their line for much less than ever before. Warerooms, 220 to 226 Bush Street.

**Root Beer.**
A strictly non-alcoholic family beverage, at once delicious to the taste and beneficial to the system. The youngest child or the feeblest invalid can drink it with advantage. Put up in pint and quart champagne bottles, with patent stoppers, at seventy cents and one dollar and ten cents per dozen. All orders promptly filled. H. L. St. John & Co., 14 Hayes Street.

**Carpet Beating and Renovating.**
Get your carpets cleaned and relaid at J. Spaulding's perfect Carpet Beating and Renovating Works, 353 and 355 Tehama Street. Send postal, or Telephone call 3040.

**Yosemite and Giant Trees,**
Via positively the shortest, cheapest, and best scenic route, in new unexcelled six-horse coaches. For tickets and full information, Thomas T. Walton, 138 Montgomery Street.

**New Monarch Oil Stove.**
Call and see it. It is the neatest yet. Send for circular. Myers, 869 Market Street.

— Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla requires a smaller dose, and is more effective, dose for dose, than any other blood medicine.

— If your beard is not of a pleasing shade, remedy the defect by the use of Buckingham's Dye for the whiskers.

— C. O. Dean, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— Use South Prairie Coal.

FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES 235 KEARNY ST. S.F.
**Southwest cor. of Bush. Established 1877.**
Prof. De Filippe continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

# RICHMOND RANGES

**Just Received**—A carload lot of the celebrated improved Richmond Ranges. They are the most economical, durable, attractive, and cheapest ranges in the world. For sale only by the agents, **SCHUSTER BROS., 306 Sutter Street, above Dupont.**

# FRUIT FARMS.

**$25 PER ACRE.**

Two pieces of CHOICE, FINE LAND—one contains eighty-three acres, the other about forty—situated about six miles northwest of Watsonville.

**FOR SALE BY**

# W. F. GAFFEY,

**Main Street, Watsonville.**

# ELEGANT RESIDENCE

**FOR SALE.**

In the Western Addition, near Van Ness Avenue, for $30,000; cost over $50,000. This is a rare opportunity to purchase one of the handsomest residences in the city at far below its real value. For particulars, apply to JOS. A. SANBORN, 407 Montgomery Street.

# STORE YOUR FURNITURE

**Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.**
BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH
**J. H. MOTT & CO.,**
**735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco**
Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

# BUTTERICK'S

**Patterns—Summer Styles.**

**Send Stamp for Catalogue. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**

# SANITARIUM, DAIRY,

**ORCHARD, AND VINEYARD.**

Excellent location for a retired physician with agricultural tastes. Best climate for patients afflicted with pulmonary complaints. First-class dairy in full operation. Fine orchard and vineyard, all in bearing. Full inspection of receipts and disbursements invited. Land, improvements, implements, stock, etc., valued at about $18,000. One-half cash; balance on long time at low rate. To be sold for the purpose of improving other land for butter-dairying. For particulars, address **B. MARKS, Fresno.**

**PUMPS.—WORTHINGTON'S.**
**Special, Mining, and Irrigating Pumps.**

Over two hundred cities and towns have adopted them in water-works. Cheaper than any other of same capacity. The Worthington Meter measures accurately water, wine, oil, etc.; over 30,000 in use; used in nearly every city water-works in the United States. Send for catalogue.
HENRY B. WORTHINGTON,
**30 and 32 First St., S. F.** A. L. FISH, Manager.

BETHESDA
SUPERIOR TABLE WATER
L. GAHEN AND SON. 418 SAC. ST. S.F.




See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

**J. W. EVANS,**
General Agent, 29 Post Street.

---

**L. D. STONE & CO.**
(Successors to R. Stone),
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
**Harness, Saddles, Saddlery Hardware**
Collars, Whips, Robes, Horse Blankets, and all kinds of Harness and Patent Leathers.
422 and 424 Battery Street, corner Washington, San Francisco.

---

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
**Commission Merchants,**
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
☞ Liberal advances made on consignments. ☜

---

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

---

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 309 SANSOME STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

---

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

---

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

---

THE
**AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,**
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.

---

**A. P. HOTALING & CO.**
429 to 437 Jackson St., sole agents for the J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky, "O. P. S.," "O. O. K.," "O. K." "A No. 1," "A." Established 1852.

---




**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

---

**Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed**
**TILES**
For Decorations.
**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

---

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

---

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
**HENRY F. MILLER**
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
**HEMME & LONG**
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
**WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.**
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
**PIANOS**

---

**ICHI BAN**

FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

---

**WALL PAPERS,**
AMERICAN & FOREIGN, New Artistic Designs.

**FRESCOING**
Interior Decorating.

**LINCRUSTA WALTON,**
The new and imperishable Wall Decoration

**STAINED GLASS,**
For Residences, Churches, Public Buildings, etc.
Sole Agents for the La Farge Decorative Art Co. of New York, the leading American authority.

**Imitation Stained Glass,**
The best article of its kind in the world.

**WINDOW SHADES!**
G. W. CLARK & CO.
645 and 647 MARKET STREET.

---

**AT COST FOR 30 DAYS**
MY ENTIRE STOCK OF
**BRIC-A-BRAC, FURNITURE,**
ETC., ETC., ETC.
**BRIC-A-BRAC STORE,**
NO. 25 GEARY STREET,
E. PAINE, Proprietor.

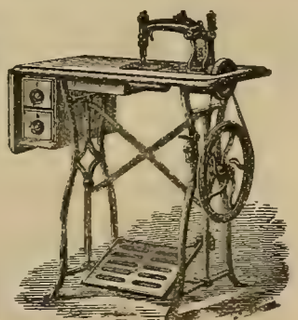
---

**CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY**
OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.
Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

---

**BYRON MAUZY,**
Agent for
SOHMER & CO.
PEEK & SON
**PIANOS**
Pianos sold on easy installments. Pianos to Rent, Tuned and Repaired.
107 and 109 Post Street, San Francisco.

---



**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.**
**WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.**
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

---

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE HOME INDUSTRY



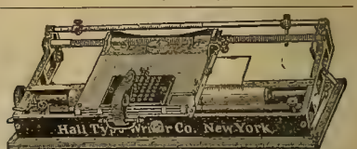

---

**BUGGIES!**
If you want a high-priced Buggy, Carriage, or Phaeton, or if you want a good one for a low price, describe what you want, and order from
TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., 511 Market St., S. F.

---

**BEAUTIFUL SNOW**
FOR THE COMPLEXION!
This elegant preparation is the most perfect beautifier known. It is pure and harmless, delightful in its application, and wonderful in its effects, while the closest scrutiny fails to detect its use. Prepared by
**H. BOWMAN, Chemist, Oakland.**
For sale by all druggists.

---




**THE HALL TYPE-WRITER**
Awarded medal at Semi-Centennial Fair of American Institute in New York over all others. Simple and durable. Weighs seven pounds in case. No inking ribbon. Interchangeable types of all kinds. Takes all sizes paper. Price, $40. Call and examine.
PACIFIC COAST AGENCY, ROOM 34, No. 123 CALIFORNIA STREET.
S. F. Office Empire Portable Forge Co. of Cohoes, N. Y.

---

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

---




THE STANDARD SILK OF THE WORLD
**YATES & CONKLIN,**
Sole Agents,
13 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

---

**REAL ESTATE.**
Fine Business and Residence Property in all parts of the city for sale by
G. F. BOWMAN, 440 California St.

---

**GERMEA**
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIV. No. 25. SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 21, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: How Blaine's Nomination was Effected—No Administration Influences, no Federal Officials—Some of the Leading Men who Oppose the Republican Candidate in his own Party—The affected Fear for Blaine's Foreign Policy—An American Policy the one which he will Follow—British Parliamentary Politics—Gladstone and his Measures—English Rule in Egypt—The two hundred Delegates at Chicago who were Subservient to President Arthur—The outside Politicians and Statesmen who Coöperated with them—A Rebuke to the Interference of the Administration—Manifest Destiny in Great Britain—How the Political Future of Egypt will be Shaped—The two Elements of Discontent in New York and Boston with Blaine's Nomination—An Independent Movement which will leave no Impression on the Campaign—The French Intentions on Morocco—How our Mexican Neighbors take Blaine's Nomination—Competitive Examination in the Civil Service—The California Delegation and the Good Work it has done for Blaine.. 1–3

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE: Chicago and its Environs—A Phenomenal City which bids fair to rival New York—Beautiful Parks and Elegant Boulevards—New York the Headquarters of Disaffected Republicans—Governor Stanford and his Plans..... 3

THE SHERIFF'S PERIL: A Sketch from Life in a Frontier Town..... 4

THE NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS: "Flaneur" describes the Bolting Republican Tactics—The Blaine Organ—Bennett's new Purchase..... 5

STORYETTES: Meissonier and his Gardener—The Merchant and the Opera Singer—Louis Napoleon and Eugénie..... 5

SOCIETY: The Langtry First Night—The San Rafael Hop—Mare Island Festivities—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip..... 6

BUBBLES: San Francisco Society Leaders of the Past—The New Régime—Mrs. Langtry's Pure English—Mannerisms of Pronunciation—Monte Cristo's Money—Athletics in San Francisco—Langtry as Galatea..... 7

VANITY FAIR: The Marquis de Leuville's Present to Mrs. Leslie—Sealing Wax and Seals—A Fashionable Restaurant-keeper in New York..... 8

THE LATEST VERSE: "Roses and the Nightingale," by Philip Bourke Marston; "Five Quatrains," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich..... 8

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Great Sacrifice of Bric-à-brac—A Religious Slogging Match..... 8

LADIES IN LOW-NECKED GOWNS: "Cockaigne" discusses a London Question—The Women who have Fine Necks and Shoulders—Mrs. Langtry and her Beauty..... 9

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People..... 9

LITERARY NOTES: A New English Dictionary—Announcements—Miscellany..... 10

CHESS: A Problem from Trieste—A New York Game—Dr. Zukertort's Expected Arrival..... 10

THE INNER MAN: Restaurant Nomenclature—Sam Ward's Beverage—A Curious Bill of Fare..... 11

THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "A Square Offer," "How his Garments Got Turned," "I Mean to Wait for Jack," "When, Oh, When?" "The Left Candidate's Lament," "A Tale"..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B's." Letter—Langtry and "Monte Cristo"..... 14

THEATRICAL GOSSIP: Short Talks—Notes—Amusement Record..... 14–15

MAGAZINE BRIC-A-BRAC: "A Troubadour," by H. C. Faulkner; "Dolly," by S. M. Peck: "The Bather," by R. K. Munkittrick; "Grandmother Brown," by Margaret Eytinge..... 15

The nomination of James G. Blaine at Chicago was effected in spite of Administration influences, in spite of Federal officials, in spite of politicians. It is creating a furor throughout the country that the nomination of no other man could have produced. Mr. Blaine is being opposed, however, by some leading men and leading journals. The Reform Club of Boston, with its antiquated dudes, Charles Francis Adams in the lead; New York city, with Carl Schurtz; the New York *Times* and the *Nation*, with their English editors; George William Curtis, young Roosevelt, and a following of disgruntled independents—all these are shaking their impotent fists at the moon. There are occasions when the American people break loose from leaders, editors, orators, and newspapers; when the thunder of declamation and the rain of printer's ink make no impression upon an earnest people. This is to be an earnest, resolute, and aggressive campaign. Mr. Blaine will not act on the defensive; he never has done so, and he never can—it is not in his nature. The charges against him have been so often disproved that no honest or generous mind believes them to be true. In 1876 Mr. Blaine was the choice of the Republican party for President; he was cheated of the nomination. In 1880 he was the choice of the Republican party for President; he was cheated of the nomination. In 1884 he was the choice of the Republican party for President; he barely escaped being cheated of his nomination. It was the moral force of the people that terrified the political conspirators. The people said to these conspirators, in language too plain to be misunderstood and too earnest to be disregarded, that unless Blaine was nominated they would tear down the pillars of the Republican temple, and bury the ministering officials in its ruins. The fear of a dangerous foreign policy in the event of Blaine's election is an affectation. The brief time during which he held the portfolio of the State department gave assurance of a wise and cautious administration of foreign affairs. A congress of American republics would have been convened; not for war, but for peace; not for a cowardly subservience to European powers, foreign bond-holders, and English merchants; not for a peace that should be bought with supine inaction, while English bankers let loose the dogs of war among our sister republics, and attempted to steal their revenues and divert their trade from natural channels; not to allow France to cut a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, in defiance of our Monroe doctrine—not for all or any of these things, but a congress to consolidate the powers of this continent, to bring them into unison and harmony for their own protection and welfare, and to place the Government of the United States in its natural and rightful relation to them, that of the dominant protecting power of the hemisphere. While Mr. Blaine will seek no unnecessary war, he will avoid no controversy that involves the dignity or honor of our country. He will seek no war until the country is prepared for it by the creation of a proper navy and the construction of proper harbor defenses. We hope from him an American policy—one that will be dignified, firm, and strong—one that will not leave our city of San Francisco at the mercy of any marauder of the seas who may come with iron-clad ships of war and with Krupp guns to demand submission and tribute from us. We hope from him an American policy which will restore to us our share of the carrying trade of the world; which will give to us that commerce of which our country was so ruthlessly ravished by an English piratical fleet under the Confederate flag—a cowardly advantage acquired when we were in the throes of a civil war, fighting for our national existence. English editors, English orators, and the Cobden Club are justified in opposing the election of any man for President under whose administration it might be possible to inaugurate an American policy that would give us the control of the continent and our share of the commerce of the seas; a policy that would give us the position among nations rightfully belonging to the strongest. The American people are natural Jingoes, and already Mr. Blaine is called the Yankee Beaconsfield.

British Parliamentary politics are not often of much interest to the world outside of Britain. Their small parochial issues of municipal government, rivers conservancy, factory acts, and even franchise reform, belong to the same class of politics as our own Granger railroad legislation or New York municipal reform. England's Irish policy, whatever course it may chance to take, has some, though rather a languid, interest for the historical student. But her external policy, at the times when questions of this sort come to the fore, are very apt to involve principles or consequences that possess some interest for all Christendom, and a part of heathendom as well. "Her exertion is only aroused by the touch of a secret spring. That spring was her commercial interest—this the one motive of all her important political acts, or enduring national animosities. She could forgive insults to her honor, but never rivalship in her commerce; she calculated the glory of her conquests by their value, and estimated their justice by their facility." These words were not written of England, but of that other great commercial power, the republic of Venice. As characterizing the foreign policy of both powers, they are generally true; but like other brilliant generalizations, not altogether true. England's emancipation and anti-slavery policy, for instance, was adopted and carried out in opposition to her commercial interest as this was understood at the time, and in obedience to the dictates of national conscience. The political storm that wrecked Lord Beaconsfield's administration arose in no way from any commercial question; it had its source wholly in the national conscience, awakened to tumultuous pitch by the Bulgarian massacres. The course of England in Egypt has been curiously brought about; her position and present attitude there are interesting, and the reaction of this part of her foreign policy on home politics lends to these, for the moment, a real interest in the eyes of Christendom. Forced by the course of events to intervene in Egyptian affairs at all sorely against his will, and in despite of strenuous efforts to limit the extent of his intervention, Mr. Gladstone has been dragged, still by events he has in vain attempted to control, deeper and deeper into the slough. During his whole political career Mr. Gladstone has been the consistent exponent of the Manchester school of foreign politics—the peace-at-any-price school, as it may be roughly termed. To spectators at a distance, like ourselves, it has been patent from the first rising of the curtain on this Egyptian drama, that it *could* have no outcome other than that of permanent British control in Egypt.

There is a principle of "manifest destiny" that works in other continents than our own. Mr. Gladstone has been too near the scene of action to get the proper *optique de théâtre;* he miscalculated the relative power of events and of himself. They have controlled him, while, in the vain effort to control them, his Egyptian measures have been futile in fact and trivial in appearance. Some massacres have occurred which are rousing the national conscience that really exists in Britain, to a pitch that threatens to prove intractable to Mr. Gladstone. Meantime that statesman has brought forward a bill enlarging the franchise, on the passage of which he appears to have set his heart, and to be willing to stake the existence of his administration. The Conservatives oppose this domestic measure with the same vehemency that they favor a vigorous policy in Egypt, and their tactics now are to so rouse the country against Mr. Gladstone on the Egyptian question as to enable them with safety to themselves to throw out the Reform Bill in the Lords. Thus far Mr. Gladstone's faithful Commons have stood by his pet domestic measure; but are openly restive in view of his foreign policy. At this distance from the scene it looks as though the Tories, if they had any political sense, would concede the franchise bill, and then try to turn Mr. Gladstone out on the issue in Egypt. But apparently the Conservative party buried its brains in the tomb of Beaconfield; so that it is likely that the final arrangement of the Egyptian question may fall to the Liberals after all. But the Liberal party is not in sympathy with the policy that can alone settle it on a permanent basis, and at their hands some half-hearted compromise may be looked for that will settle nothing, destined to break down after a few years, and reopen the whole question *de novo*. It is better and wiser, because in the long run it is cheaper and safer, to listen to the dictates and yield to the influence of Manifest Destiny in due season. When the old dams do break and the torrent has gathered headway, it is equally a waste of strength and a want of sense to try to stem it; the wise voyager is he who aims to shoot the rapid triumphantly. Human records fail to give an instance in which the political Mrs. Partingtons, though they plied their brooms never so vigorously, have prevailed against the tides of Manifest Destiny. The larger race-movements—those political arrangements that prove permanent—are not made by the individual men who appear to make them; these are the mere instruments of forces transcending human wills, either of men or political parties. It is "manifest destiny" that the political future of Egypt is to be shaped by England, despite the wishes of Mr. Gladstone or the Liberal party. Is anybody so stupid as to suppose that our Mexican war, with all its consequences, was dictated by Colonel Polk, of

Tennessee? Among those consequences we may reckon that the States of Texas, California, Nevada, and Colorado, the Territories of Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico, exist at all for the uses of civilization. But for the development of gold, silver, and wheat production within the area named, as these have been developed by American energy and faculty, the condition of Christendom would be other than it is. The motive of President Polk may have been, as that of his political party was, to extend the area of slavery within the United States. The motive of the other political party was to resist this extension. The opposition proved as futile on the one hand as the extension of slavery proved fatal to itself on the other. The forces really but secretly at work transcended the control of politicians as much as the results of those forces transcended the prevision of the politicians. The time had come for drawing anew our southern boundary line, and it would have drawn itself anew though Mr. Clay had been elected President of the United States instead of Colonel Polk. Is there any one so stupid to-day as to suppose that the course of Manifest Destiny on this continent is to be arrested or turned back by the accident of an hour—the temporary occupant of our White House? The destinies of human races are neither controlled nor shaped by forces so puny, means so inadequate, nor springs so presumptuous as these. The misfortune for the peoples may be—as that of Egypt now is, as that of America might have been—the arrival of the Hour without its Man.

Before the echoes of the Republican National Convention have died away, we may be indulged in some remarks concerning one phase of that convention. The demonstrations of both delegates and spectators indicated an irrepressible enthusiasm in Mr. Blaine's behalf, yet at one time his nomination seemed extremely doubtful. President Arthur was the candidate upon whom an united opposition had concentrated to defeat Mr. Blaine. Never in our history has it been more evident that there is growing up a class of politicians whose interests are not the interests of the people. Washington, with its patronage and its promises of office, is a factor in national conventions that has become dangerously powerful. Federal influence is strong in all the States; it is paramount in the Southern communities. Federal office-holders swarmed in Chicago during the late convention; they were thick, and fat, and cunning as Norway rats upon a grain ship. Of the hordes of delegates, nearly two hundred were as directly subservient to President Arthur as though they were dependent upon his personal bounty for their bread. About fifty darkies were sent to the convention from constituencies that can cast no Republican electoral vote. At first they were as impudent as though the relation of classes had changed—as if they had become the masters and drivers of Republicans in Republican States. The white revenue collectors and postmasters from the South were as subservient to the darkies as poor relations. When it became apparent that there was an equal chance for Blaine to triumph over the combination, the tone of impudence softened somewhat, and the Federal office-holders, both black and white, became less arrogant toward Northern Republicans. Nineteen Senators and more than fifty members of the lower house of Congress were in Chicago, doing hard work for Arthur. One of them had his wife and daughter invited to dine at the executive mansion recently; another had been given the appointment of a friend to a judicial position a short time ago; the others had promises of favors to come, and all brought with them the politics of their localities. Southern office-holders—nigger postmasters and carpet-bag internal revenue collectors from Florida—Governors' secretaries and judicial appointees from Dakota, Wyoming, and Alaska—were on hand. Coöperating with this crowd were the elegant dude delegates, Messrs. George William Curtis, Theodore Roosevelt, and Somebody Cabot Lodge. These goody-goody politicians were too finikin to coöperate with the resolute, earnest, practical men of the West. Their associates, and co-workers, and co-conspirators were the black brigade and carpet-bag cohorts of the South. They threatened the loss of New York unless Edmunds was nominated; they threatened an independent bolt unless the party sacrificed Blaine. He was stronger than any man in his party, but he was not stronger than all. Had a combination been effected that would have held together the bread-and-butter brigade from the South and the over-righteous impracticables of New England and New York, Blaine would have been beaten. If he had been beaten, the party would have deserved destruction. When the Administration becomes stronger than the people, it is time that the party which makes such a condition possible should go to pieces. A Senatorial conspiracy was defeated at Chicago four years ago. The interference of the Administration was sternly rebuked this year. Mr. Blaine is the choice of the non-office-holding and non-office-seeking majority of the Republican rank and file. If he had been defeated in his nomination, it would have demonstrated that the Republican National Convention of 1884 not only did not represent the Republican party, but that it willfully misrepresented that party at the dictation of the Administration. We hope that we shall never again see such an attempt on the part of a Republican Administration to thwart the wishes of the Republican rank and file.

There are two elements of discontent in New York city and Boston against the candidacy of Mr. Blaine. We say New York city and Boston advisedly, because this feeling does not extend to the States of New York and Massachusetts. A class of rich men, advanced in age, whose wealth and age alone give them consideration, are alarmed lest the foreign policy of Mr. Blaine shall lead the nation to war. These are "peace at any price" people, who have no other purpose or ambition in life than to preserve and enjoy their wealth. The free-traders, and that class of persons who look upon free trade as the panacea for all the ills of life, regard the nomination of Blaine as holding their scheme in abeyance for at least eight years. The New York *Times* is a free-trade journal, is owned by an Englishman, and is the only leading Republican paper in open and irreconcilable opposition to Mr. Blaine. Mr. Carl Schurz, Mr. Godkin (also an Englishman), and Mr. George William Curtis, are the principle grumblers. These men with their journals, together with Mr. Charles Francis Adams and his blue-blooded blue-lights of Beacon Hill, Boston, are howling like house-dogs angry at their chains. Like coyotes upon the plains of a dark night, their clamor would seem to indicate the presence of a million coyotes; but when the sun rises, when the Democratic nomination is made, when time is given for reflection, and when it is found that the uprising of a great party for its best and most honored leader is not to be suppressed by aristocrats, English free-traders, and disgruntled New York and Boston dudes, the clamor will subside. The independent movement will leave no impression on the campaign. Excepting in these two cities, the nomination of Mr. Blaine has been received most heartily. It has brought a response from the ablest men of the party; it has been received North and South with enthusiasm by the rank and file of the party. Henry Ward Beecher, the arch humbug and hypocrite, is one of the grumblers at Blaine and Logan. This man of sensational creeds and equivocal morals, who excuses polygamy, is hard to please. The campaign is not to be one of defense or apology. The old Mulligan scandal will not be allowed to cut any figure in the contest. This Democratic lie has been exploded, and since its utterance Mr. Blaine has been chosen Senator, has been made Secretary of State, and has, after two contests, been chosen by the Republican party as its candidate for President. He has been tried by a national jury and on appeal to the highest tribunal the final verdict of "not guilty" has been rendered. The record is not to be again opened upon motion of either the attorneys of the Democratic party or the pettifoggers of the Republican.

Probably no very substantial amount of harm is done in the world by the petty military expeditions of the French among the various black and brown races who are provisionally occupying parts of the earth's surface until such time as the white race shall have need of them; but it is certain that no discoverable amount of good is done by these Gallic excursions. The policy of French administration in its dependencies is such that no real colony can become established. A few trade monopolies, a few commercial houses to administer them, and a few official places—civil and military—are provided, and this is the sum of the matter. No Frenchman is willing to expatriate himself. If he leaves France, it is in order that he may better his condition to return to France. Unlike the English emigrant who starts for a British colony, the Frenchman has no idea of making a home abroad. If persuaded that he should never return to France, he could not be driven out of France at the point of the bayonet. There is nothing in this peculiarity of the French people that need beget either regret or satisfaction in the mind of the colonizing northern races; it is merely a fact that continually enforces the uselessness of the French military expeditions among all sorts of blacks. The French established themselves in Siam; no one cared. That they are established in Siam, no one cares. They make an expedition against Tonquin; no one cares. Every one knows that nothing of any exterior interest will come of it. They make an excursion into Tunis, and upset things. Beyond a curiosity to know whether this may lead to a flooding of the Sahara or a Timbuctoo railway, no one cared. The move had no commercial significance—no more than their occupation of Algiers all these years has had. Now they have a squadron cruising off the coasts of Morocco. No one cares for Morocco; but if this were an English fleet now, the implications of its presence might be tremendous; they might involve, and would be accepted by Europe as involving, the fate and future of Western Africa. Being only French, does any one really care to know what that fleet is there for? Its purpose is absolutely immaterial.

Our Mexican neighbors profess to feel uneasy at the nomination of Mr. Blaine. Our neighbors have no call to be uneasy, provided they resolve to maintain the good behavior that they have in the main exhibited during the past three or four years. Perhaps that good behavior irks them, and they would like to feel at liberty, should the fancy take them, to imprison a few Americans and despoil them of their goods. Perhaps we do them injustice in this insinuation. We are not meaning to attribute to them any such sinister purpose; we merely remark that they have done such things in the bad old times, and that, in the event of such things being repeated, Mr. Blaine's candidacy *is* an undoubted menace to such wrong-doers. But so long as Mexican officials conduct themselves in a civilized manner, Mexico has no aggression to fear from Mr. Blaine or any other American President. The United States expects the same privileges for its citizens in Mexico as she concedes to Mexican citizens within her own borders, and no other—equality before the law, freedom in person and property—and this claim we are prepared to insist upon, and are prepared, in case of need, to enforce. The present is not a time for Mexico to exhibit any silly sensitiveness to the course of American politics. This month, Mexico elects a President who should take his seat next November. Perhaps not one hundred of the readers of the *Argonaut* were aware of the fact that such an election was impending in the sister Republic. Of that hundred it is certain that not a score care one cent who is returned elected. We take for granted that Mexico is competent to manage her own affairs, or, anyhow, that her affairs are none of ours. The solicitude expressed by our neighbors over the candidacy of Mr. Blaine is quite as superfluous as it is impertinent. We can render Mexico no greater service than that of requiring her to live decently up to her international obligations. She professes to intend doing this. It is well. Then there is, and there will be, no question between us.

There is a very interesting controversy going on between the *Call* and the *Examiner*. The question at issue is this: Did Mr. Greathouse, the *Examiner* editor, favor the nomination of Humphreys for Railroad Commissioner; did he strike hands with W. W. Stow on this compact, Stow agreeing, as a set-off, that the railroad would not oppose George Hearst for Governor? This statement was made on the floor of the Democratic Convention by John H. Wise; it was admitted by Christopher Buckley, with the qualifying clause that he "did not believe Greathouse would have done it had he known how Humphreys was going to turn out." All these remarks were omitted by the *Examiner* in its report of the Convention proceedings. The *Call* now brings these charges against Mr. Greathouse, and Mr. Greathouse in his paper says that "the *Call* lies." The *Call* retorts that the question of veracity is between Messrs. Wise and Greathouse. Mr. Greathouse, in return, brings forward that pure and truthful shepherd, Mr. Buckley, who temporarily leaves his flock of innocent young lambs to say that he never said what Mr. Wise said he said, but that if Mr. Wise had said he said so, he (Mr. Buckley) would have said that Mr. Wise lied. This is the countercheck quarrelsome. The community has not yet attached that implicit belief to Mr. Buckley's assertion that his innocent and pastoral pursuit would seem to demand. It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands.

The Bartholdi statue has just been completed, and a banquet has been tendered to the sculptor by Mr. Morton, the American Minister to France. The affair was attended by a very distinguished company, and the Americans present indulged in many eulogies on the sculptor and his work. It must have been a trying thing for them to do, when they reflected on the parsimony of New York. That great and wealthy city has as yet failed to raise the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars required for the pedestal. This sum—a mere pittance compared to the cost of the statue—seems to be beyond the reach of the New Yorkers. It would be a most desirable thing if some Southern or Western city would raise the desired sum, and place the statue elsewhere. It would then stand forever as a monument to the shameful penury of the metropolis. As yet the French press have been unable to believe the reports concerning the lack of interest shown by the New Yorkers. They are just beginning to understand it. In the last batch of Paris papers there is one containing a translation of an article from a New York paper denouncing the statue as a "nuisance." It is followed by some bitter comments by the French journal—very bitter, and justifiably so.

The ominous mutterings in the Democratic camp over the recent convention are growing louder. The dissatisfaction over some of the nominations is deepening day by day. It is extremely probable that some action will be taken toward solidifying the discontented element. It is a little hard that twenty-five hundred Buckley lambs should frisk up their little tails and gayly lead the remaining twenty thousand Democratic sheep over the precipice of defeat.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Chicago, June 8.*—Remaining here for two days after the adjournment of the convention, I embraced the opportunity to see every part of this phenomenal city—the most progressive and prosperous, in my opinion, of any city in the world. It is increasing in wealth and population more rapidly than any other place. The commercial and public edifices in process of erection are very numerous; costly private dwellings are going up on every side; handsome boulevards, broad avenues, and spacious parks are being laid out; business streets are being paved with granite blocks; asphalt roads are being laid in the residence portion of the city; improvements are to be seen everywhere.

I will venture to prophesy that the time is not far distant when Chicago will exceed New York in population, wealth, and business activity. The great cities of the world are not maritime—London, Paris, Madrid, Vienna, Berlin, and Moscow are interior cities. London is the centre of less than half the millions that surround Chicago. With our broad domain, our rapidly increasing population, and our railroad system, it is not a wild conjecture to anticipate for this city of the lakes a growth equaling the largest city of civilization.

The parks and boulevards that surround Chicago—in their beauty, their extent, their splendid drives, their complete appointments, their fountains, their rich adornments of bronze, and their artificial lakes—shame our Golden Gate Park. When I see the public spirit and pride that prompt generous expenditures to beautify these parks and make them enjoyable, I feel the contrast of the mean and parsimonious spirit that characterizes the municipal economy of our shabby town. Golden Gate Park ought to be made the most attractive and beautiful of any park in America, with our climate and the ocean beach. I feel ashamed of its narrow, dangerous drives; its unsightly sand dunes; its pine and cypress forests suffering from lack of care; its tumble-down fences, and the general shabbiness of its whole appearance. San Francisco would find its profit in expending half a million of dollars a year for the next ten years in making the city attractive to strangers and comfortable to its own citizens.

*Windsor Hotel, N. Y., June 12.*—The objection to the nomination of Mr. Blaine is fast disappearing. Let the month pass, and the Democratic convention put forth its candidate, and very little will be heard of complaint. This Windsor Hotel is the very centre of disaffection; it is the evening resort of the wealthy stock gamblers—a class of good men, who fear that Blaine's business record is not sufficiently pure to satisfy the demands of their moral code. They are a gang of successful thieves, not one in ten of whom does not deserve hard labor in striped cloth, with ball and chain, for a term of years in the penitentiary, for the commission of crimes which are only thinly disguised by respectable white hairs, good clothes, and plenty of money.

Governor Stanford is restored to pefect health. I have never seen him looking better than now; he seems to be the very type of physical health and mental vigor. The loss of his son is to him a most severe blow. He speaks of it as affecting and changing, in a great degree, his views and purposes. Upon this promising boy he had centred the ambition of his life. This son had satisfied the loving pride of his parents; he gave promise of a useful and brilliant career; and not till his death did they fully realize how much they had depended upon him. The blow was to the mother a most cruel one—it would have been overwhelming had she not been supported by a firm and confident reliance upon the Infinite Being who, in her belief, doeth all things well, and by the strength of the husband upon whom she leaned in the hour of her deep affliction.

Governor Stanford has plans for the establishment of a school for boys and girls at Menlo, where practical education will be afforded in order to fit pupils for the scramble of life. It will be a practical education rather than one upon the higher plane of learning. The plan is not yet matured, but it is sufficiently developed for Governor Stanford to speak freely of it as an important life-work, to which he shall devote much of his time and fortune. Using his own expression, he desires to administer upon his own estate during his own lifetime for the public good. His school will educate boys and girls in such practical industries as will enable them to go out into the world equipped for useful labor, with such practical knowledge as will be of service to them in the battle for bread. It will not be a charitable institution, in the undiscriminating use. Certain scholarships will be provided for the deserving, certain rewards for the diligent. The whole scheme is a brilliant and useful one, and will build for the Stanfords a monument more enduring than one of brass or marble—one that will serve humanity and be of infinite credit to the generous man who endows it with his wealth. I have not the time now to give anything more than a general idea of the scope and purpose of the contemplated institution.

P.

It must always be kept in mind that competitive examination in the public service is a mere question of practice, quite apart from the principle on which the reform of our civil service proceeds. That principle is permanency of tenure of office. Competitive examination is no more than a device, the main objects of which are: first, to keep the more grossly unfit from being foisted into the public service at all; and, second, to furnish a guide toward the selection of those whose promotion within the service would best promote its efficiency, and so best subserve the public interests. One reason for adopting this test at the outset of the reform is that it serves as an instrument with which to break through and break down the vicious practice of appointment by political favor. Having once got rid of this, it will become in order to consider how far and in what respects the test of competitive examination may be qualified with advantage to the public service. But we would call attention now to one aspect of this question that has an especial interest for the younger generation. It is now quite apparent that a reformed civil service is certain within a very few years to be re-adopted among American political "institutions"; the result may require a few years more or a few years less for its thorough and permanent establishment; there may be—and, in fact, there must be—triumphs of the "machine," and "boss," and rum-mill system of politics and politicians for a while. In some States longer than in others, organized rascaldom will continue to prevail against the unorganized hordes of decent people; but to all intents the principle of reform has already triumphed, and reforms do not go backward. The work now remaining to be done is mainly that of routing the adversary in detail out of the places in which he is intrenched, much as the robber-"knechts" used to lie intrenched in their strongholds and for the like purpose of spoil. Granting, then, that a civil service based on the principle of permanency of tenure may be counted upon in a not distant future, we would point out that civil public life will then offer careers to which young men of honorable ambition and decent associations can dedicate themselves from the same impulse that now sends them into the army and navy. The public gain will be that we shall thus, in time, come to possess, even in such public employments as the custom-house, the same high integrity, the same system and efficiency that we are accustomed to look for, and which experience has taught that we can count upon, in navy and army officers. True, this way of stating the case seems almost ludicrous in the light of the existing civil service as we know it; but like effects must spring from like causes, as day succeeds to night. Public employment in the army and navy has always been coveted by young men of the highest natural endowments in point both of ability and character. Yet these branches of the service insure a mere living in point of emolument, along with permanency of tenure, ultimate promotion, and a final pension well earned by a lifetime of indifferently paid service; the social position, too, of the United Service is assured; it offers possibilities of distinction, and its duties are congenial to those who seek them. There is no earthly reason why employment, if with the same permanency of tenure, in the treasury, the postoffice, or the diplomatic service, in office under the State or the municipality, should not be equally attractive to the same classes of young men who have always sought admission to the navy and army. There could be no reason why the holders of those official places should not command, as public officers, social recognition. Few years would pass before the holding of such an office would cease to raise a presumption, as now, against the holder being a congenial associate for gentlemen, or an acceptable visitor in cultivated society. All this will actually come about at a date now not distant. Therefore (and this is the practical point) the time appears to have already arrived when young men and lads may well begin a course of special training with a view to qualifying themselves specially for civil public life.

It is a custom in Spanish-American communities, when a political chieftain is dissatisfied with a nomination or an election, for him to retire to his fastness, and there to "pronounce" against the man he dislikes. The formal document in which he enunciates his dissatisfaction is called a "pronunciamiento," and the dissatisfied gentleman a "pronunciado." Mr. George William Curtis is dissatisfied. Mr. George William Curtis has retired to his editorial lair. Mr. George William Curtis has issued his pronunciamiento. From this remarkable double-leaded document we extract some of its more striking points. Mr. George Pronunciado William Curtis says:

> The nomination of Mr. Blaine does not change the views of its inexpediency that we have freely expressed. *Harper's Weekly* has said nothing upon this subject without careful consideration, and the fact of the nomination does not change its conviction that the Republican campaign with the candidacy of Mr. Blaine must be a prolonged explanation and defense. The campaign of this year will be one in which the personality of candidates will be more vigorously scrutinized than ever, because there is no great supreme issue of national peril or national policy which will engross the attention of the people, and this scrutiny invites defeat. Under such circumstances, when a party appeals to the country for a vote of confidence, it will naturally be judged by the representative whom it deliberately selects. To him the country will turn to see what the party honors, and what qualifications it holds to be essential for the highest trust. It would, we think, have been possible to name a candidate whose nomination, with the present feeling of the country, would have been equivalent to an election, a candidate who would have aroused all the old Republican enthusiasm by appealing to the desire of pure and progressive politics, which was the animating principle of the other Republican campaigns. Originally the Republican party was a reform party, and having achieved the greatest of reforms in emancipation and in an amended Constitution, freed of all taint of slavery, it is strongest when its young and ardent workers, the real "workers" of a party, feel that it is still essentially a progressive and aggressive reform organization, and when they know that it is led in a Presidential year by a candidate who is in character and career a true and fitting representative of political progress and reform. The fact that a candidate is selected who is not such a representative properly alarms them and shakes their faith in the party. . . . The nomination of Mr. Blaine—although it is doubtless agreeable to the majority of the party, as shown at Chicago, because a large part of the apparent opposition, as in the Indiana and Illinois, and even in the Ohio delegation, was friendly to his nomination—ought to alarm honest Republicans as showing how dangerously far the Republican standard has fallen. The nomination at Chicago, made against the most friendly Republican remonstrance, have forced upon Republicans the conviction that the great objects of the Republican party—honest and economical administration, peaceful and honorable foreign relations, the progressive purification of the public service at home, wise reduction of the revenue, and that sense of general security which springs from the moral elevation of the administration—are not to be expected from Republican success. To this statement it is no reply that less is to be expected from the Democrats. Those who have aroused the deep and general protest of the Republican conscience must bear the responsibility of the result. Fidelity to Republican principle requires indifference to present Republican success, and *Harper's Weekly*, which more than once has not hesitated in the interest of public morality and of party purification to oppose other Republican nominations, can not sustain the significant one against which it has so earnestly protested, and which is a practical abdication of Republican character and purpose.

In Spanish-America, to continue our simile, it is the custom for the pronunciado to occasionally emerge from his fastness, and vary the monotony of his patriotic though isolated position by stealing cattle, robbing travelers, and burning towns. Mr. Curtis will do none of these things. He will burn nothing but the bridges behind him. We trust he may burn them so effectually that he will never return to the Republican camp.

From the dispatches it would seem that there is a disposition to "boycott" the bolting Republican journals, such as *Harper's Weekley*, *Puck*, the New York *Times*, *Post*, and *Nation*. There will be little need to "boycott" the *Nation*, as its circulation is already so small and its influence so trifling as to render such a procedure a work of supererogation. Besides, "boycotting" is un-American, and distasteful to most people. However, it is extremely probable that most of the Republican readers of these journals will drop them, whether through organized effort or otherwise. The disgruntled journals had better go clear over to the Democracy. That party is open to the afflicted of every nation, kindred, and tongue, including political lame ducks. In our opinion, the bolting journals will suffer severely in circulation and influence. Their editors are all afflicted with the same disease—"big head"—and it will require a severe leeching and money-letting, followed by bread-and-milk poultices, to take down the swelling.

The California delegation and its contingent, charged with the nomination of Blaine, has deserved well of the Republican party. It played an important part at Chicago; it had an important influence in securing results. It arrived upon the field at the right time; it imparted to the contest a degree of enthusiasm that up to the moment of its arrival had not been felt; it carried itself through the contest with dignity; it did not over-act or over-talk; altogether, it came off with marked honor. Its influence was second to that of none of the delegations from the greater States. It was a united, earnest, respectable delegation, with enough of eloquence to make itself felt in every place where it was called upon to take part. This was recognized by all who participated in the deliberations, and especially by those who took a leading part therein.

The campaign will be a lively one. San Francisco must organize her political men-at-arms for a crusade against the Paynim force, not for defense, but for rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the Democratic Turk. The uniform of the "White Plumed Knights" will be a blue coat or blouse, with red sash, black helmet, and flowing white plume. The white plume is for the Knight of Maine, the black helmet is for Black John Logan, the soldier who never lost a battle and never shirked a fight; the colors—"the red, white, and blue"—are from the flag that has led our nation in triumph through four wars, and never was folded in surrender till the contest was won.

## THE SHERIFF'S PERIL.

A Sketch from Life in a New Mexican Frontier Town.

The inhabitants of the growing little town of Palmeo felt a laudable pride in their gallant young sheriff—a brawny, blonde-bearded hero, with the strength of a minor Hercules and the face of an Apollo Belvedere. As in all new frontier towns, there had been an early attempt on the part of the ruffianly element to take possession of the place, but the effort had been promptly suppressed by the energetic action of this dauntless arm of the law, whose ready revolver and unerring aim sent more than one outlaw, unshriven, to his last account, while the messages of the Associated Press, flying over the country on the wings of the lightning, scored one more for brave Tom Houghton, the scourge and terror of New Mexican outlaws. Genial and warm-hearted, with a smile ever as ready for a friend as a frown for a foe, Sheriff Houghton was for the time the most popular man in the country within a radius of a hundred miles.

But Tom Houghton's life had another side. Down to the south of the town, a little removed from the wagon-road, which at that time formed the link of communication between Palmeo and the neighboring village, stood a small adobe house, facing the desolate plains. A rude brush fence formed its sole environment, but a feeble attempt at adornment appeared in the shape of two forbidding specimens of cactus, which bristled in the depths of five-gallon oil-cans at either side of the front door, and a pink geranium, blossoming against the tawdry but scrupulously clean lace curtains at the window. Through the glass panes of the door, a woman's face, shrouded in a black shawl, was sometimes seen by chance passers-by. A quiet, shrinking little creature, the offspring of a debased and degraded race, and motherless from early childhood, like many of her class she had become the plaything of vice before the meaning of virtue had dawned upon her. She had made her advent in Palmeo along with the horses and dogs and other chattels of a saloon-keeper, and when one day, in a fit of more than customary brutal rage, her quondam master had beaten and kicked and thrust her into the street, Houghton had chanced along, and, moved by her helplessness and her tears, avowed himself her protector, and established her in the little adobe. It was rumored, however, that when his first chivalrous heat had died away, he had been scarcely more kind to her than her former lord, and although the tenets of his New England manhood saved him from the degradation of striking a woman, he had treated her with a cold scorn, only less blighting in its influence on a woman's soul. Asserting no claim to respect, a stranger to the awakening and elevating force of human love, she was like some faithful animal, passively submitting to blows or caresses in her blind devotion.

When Tom Houghton had held the office of sheriff in Palmeo eighteen months, nine graves in the desolate burying-ground had been filled with victims of his unfailing aim. This somewhat wholesale slaughter of the criminal class commenced to be a subject of grave discussion among the sober and conservative citizens of the place, and they questioned whether it would not be wise, now that the town was becoming more allied to the civilized world, to adopt gentler measures for the suppression of crime. The knowledge of this incipient recoil of public opinion inspired the roughs of the town to a bold and daring resolve. Tom Houghton should pay with his own blood for the next of their number who fell by his hand.

Upon Houghton himself, this relentless execution of vengeance upon the perpetrators of crime, after the first valorous impulse to preserve the peace and safety of the community had passed away, was exerting its inevitable and baleful influence. Like the hired soldier who engages in combat without the ennobling stimulus of a nation's need, the cruel instincts of his nature were developing to the exclusion of gentle and harmonizing traits.

An interregnum of peace and inactivity seemed to settle down upon Palmeo about this time. For several months Houghton loafed around the streets, disgusted with life and his calling, or in hours of confidence with his friends threatened to throw up altogether a position which had become a mere sinecure. It was with a sentiment little short of absolute delight that he started up one day at the announcement that a cowboy, fresh from the Rio Grande, had arrived in Palmeo, and, true to the time-honored custom, was proceeding to take possession of the town. Houghton dashed out into the street. A fusillade of shots re-echoed from the other end of town, and the clatter of a horse's hoofs, drawing nearer and nearer, soon brought into view a rough-looking rider with the inevitable snake around his hat, loaded to the brim with bad whisky and evil passions, flourishing a revolver in his hand. Just as he leveled the weapon at a woman running to her house with a shrieking child in her arms, a single report rang through the summer air, and the rowdy tumbled from the saddle and lay motionless in the dust. A coroner's jury was hurriedly impaneled, the customary verdict rendered, and in less than three hours—they do such things expeditiously in frontier towns—the outlaw had added another to the graves in the fast growing populous cemetery.

The seeming apathy with which the dead "rustler's" friends received the news of his hurried demise boded ill. There were none of the usual exclamations of "Poor fellow. There was a heap of good in him, after all," or "Now, Tom, you might have let him have his little fun. He was only shooting up the town." To a less fearless soul than Tom Houghton's the calm that succeeded would have appeared ominous. But Tom had no thought of danger, and would have scouted the suggestion. A few days later, as the little Mexican woman drew her shawl around her, and, slipping through back streets and lanes, made her way to the town well to fill her pail with water from its cool depths, she observed a couple of rough-looking fellows leaning against the curbing. This was not a sufficiently uncommon occurrence to attract her attention, but a few words she caught arrested her.

"Going out to see the fun?"

"What's up?"

"Don't you know? The boys have got Houghton out in the hollow back of the Two-mile House, and they say they'll roast him alive."

The men had given no more attention to the swarthy little woman, slowly and painfully drawing the heavy bucket from the deep well, than if she were one of the dogs that roamed the streets. They did not observe how her hand shook as she emptied its contents into her tin pail, nor how she tottered and swayed as if from some deadly physical weakness as she made her way across the street and disappeared around a corner. Once out of their sight, she dropped the pail on the ground and flew as if with winged feet to where she knew the county offices were located, hitherto forbidden ground to her feet. She caught at the arm of the first man she met.

"Oh, for the love of God"—she used an expression whose meaning she had never grasped until that moment—"save him."

The man was a stranger, just arrived from the East. He looked down upon her as upon some new and curious creation, whose type had failed to be presented to him heretofore. He turned to a friend who had just left his side:

"Look here, Burnham. What does all this mean?"

The gentleman he addressed was one of the county officials. He came quickly to the spot.

"It is your sheriff—they have him down by the Two-mile House—do not wait, or it will be too late." She wrung her hands in a tearless anguish.

"Fact, Cap," asserted a bystander. "Not ten minutes ago some one came in and told Houghton there was a row at the Two-mile House, and he went off alone—the crazy fool." In his excitement he sought the most natural relief—that of abusing the subject of his anxiety.

The Eastern man, secretly somewhat elated at the opportunity thus afforded him of witnessing what promised to be so stirring a specimen of the tragical episodes of frontier life, insisted upon accompanying the posse of men who speedily organized for the rescue. He witnessed with exultation the short, sharp, decisive contest, and admired the cool courage of the man whom they found helplessly awaiting his fate at the hands of these modern brigands. The sun had long sunk below the southwestern horizon, but a glow in the Western sky, that was like a lurid flame, cleaved the gathering darkness and touched with mischievous fingers the various physiognomies of the captured roughs. There were faces, which, in their dusky tones and abandoned villainy, reminded the observer of a canvas of Velasquez; others partook of a certain rugged type which only missed the heroic by having too great an infusion of the brute; while a few would have been fair and prepossessing, but for certain tell-tale pencilings about the eyes. Foiled in a serious purpose, they were ready to treat the whole affair as a huge joke.

As some of the men prepared piñon torches to light their way back to town, and the prisoners were marshaled into line, the Eastern man turned to his friend: "Who is the woman?—his wife?"

"Not much." The speaker laughed carelessly, then added, in a graver tone, "One of those unfortunate alliances so common throughout New Mexico—unhallowed by either marriage, sacrament, or priest, which prevent a man from asking an honest woman's hand in wedlock, and cut him entirely aloof from family and friends."

An undertone of irritation might have been detected in the gentleman's voice. A fine impression the events of this day would leave on the mind of this friend, a man of influence, whose good will he had been striving to enlist in the interest of their little town.

Another ear caught the words. The color leaped like a flame into the woman's cheek, and burned there a consuming fire. For the first time in her life, a sense of what she had forfeited swept over her in one great wave of agony. She drew her shawl about her head, half-hiding her face in the folds, and was stealing away, when a hand detained her, and a voice, altered from its customary tone of command into a certain indefinable tenderness, checked her.

Tom Houghton had been doing some hard thinking in the last hour. Outwardly calm and collected, and resigned to the wretched fate before him, the glimpse of this dusky face over the bank of the ravine had appeared to him like a symbol of hope.

"Don't go home yet. I shall be ready in a moment."

"Not home. It is not there I am going."

She spoke with the quaint precision acquired in the use of a foreign tongue, but the undertone of pain did not escape his attention.

"What does this mean? Would you leave me?"

They had passed out of the hearing of the rest, and stood, two dark figures, silhouetted against the sunset sky.

"Oh, Tom, you know—you must know," moaned the girl, drawing her breath in short, hard gasps, like some hurt creature panting away its life-blood. She reached out her hand and grasped the bough of a low, spreading mesquite, unmindful of the thorns which plowed their way into her flesh. "I am not like other women, the wives of your friends—not any honest woman—O God in heaven! It is a shameful thing I am. We must live like this no longer. I will go far away. Tom, tell me it is not true," she cried imploringly.

He had listened to her, startled and dismayed. To him it seemed as though his stifled conscience had taken voice and form, and confronted him in accusation.

"It is true," he said, slowly and gravely, "but the sin is mine, not yours. I knew. Go back to the house," he added, gently. "You have a right there. I will stay away."

She heard him as one hearkens to a voice remote and far away. The barriers which the sudden consciousness of shame had raised between the two seemed to have placed them an infinite distance apart. Less from deliberate acquiescence than a blind instinct of obedience, she turned and walked slowly in the direction of town. The man stood and watched her until the sound of her light footfall had died away.

All that night and the next day she remained lying on the bed, with her face hidden in the pillow, or crept to the door to steal furtive glances down to the road, in the half hope of seeing a well-known figure approaching. But only the dusty cloud which told of a passing horseman or the canopied wagon-tops of a Mexican train from over the range greeted her despairing vision. Late in the afternoon she suddenly roused from her lethargy, lifting her head with a startled look, as if through some subtile current of communication a thrilling revelation had come to her. Rising to a sitting posture, and resting her forehead in the palm of her hand, her eyes assumed a far-away look, and she seemed lost in reflection. Then she went to a little chest on the other side of the room—a curious box of dark foreign wood, its corners bound with metal. Unlocking it, she took out a faded lawn dress of fine texture, an embroidered collar of dainty needlework, and a small gold pin with a circlet of pearls in the centre—sacred relics of the dead mother, which, through the hardships of a miserable life, she had faithfully preserved. She laid her cheek for a moment against the soft folds of the dress, as if into her heart had been born a new yearning for the young mother whose face had long ago faded from her memory.

Washing the tear-stains from her face, she combed out her long hair, arranging it with the most scrupulous care. Arrayed in the cool, sheer dress, with the delicate collar and simple pin at her throat, she seemed the embodiment of womanly purity and modesty. For an instant her hand hovered doubtfully over one of the pink geranium blossoms in the window, when she drew it suddenly back, as if stung anew by some rankling remembrance; a spark of color leaped into her cheek which rivaled the crimson heart of the blossom, and her dark hair remained without any ornament save its own glossy lustre.

Sitting beside the window, her head inclined slightly forward in an attitude of listening, the hours dragged by. She heard the rumble of hay-wagons and the sharp cry of Mexican drivers as they urged the unwilling oxen along the scorching road. The crack of a hunter's rifle resounded through the stillness, and a great heron, with crippled wing, soared past her window. Shortly after a party of horsemen galloped swiftly by in the direction of the plains. As the day waned, and other sounds ceased, the loud, shrill cry of a locust fell upon the air. As the sun sank behind a distant mountain range, gilding its crest with a surpassing glory, her intent ear caught a familiar sound. Her very breath seemed stilled as she listened to the well-known tread, no longer nearing the house cautiously and stealthily, but each footfall ringing distinctly upon the ground, approaching in the bold consciousness of an honest purpose.

She had bent her head forward, and did not raise it as he opened the door and walked straight to her side. He did not offer to kiss the drooping face, or even to lay his hand with caressing touch upon her shoulder; but as she looked up his eyes met hers with a pure and steady light.

"Do you know what I have come for?"

"Yes." Her voice was like a breath.

He gazed long and searchingly into her upturned face before he spoke again. A singular and startling change had passed over it in the last twenty-four hours. The dwarfed and stunted soul, in the travail of pain, had unfolded its petals to the light, and her dark eyes were luminous with the light of a pure, womanly love.

"Then come."

She rose to her feet, and as she stood before him a wave of emotion passed over her features, and transformed them—the glad rejoicing of the woman in the triumph of her lover's manhood.

There was a small gathering of people in the common church of the place. Some rumor of the approaching ceremony had spread abroad, and, moved by various impulses, different ones had strolled to the sanctuary. The pastor, a gray-bearded man, performed his offices with unusual gravity, and as the bridal pair left the altar, many bent eagerly forward, to wonder at the sweet solemnity of the woman's face and the proud serenity of the man. A little child ran forward and thrust a small bunch of flowers into the bride's hand—a poor little cluster of blossoms, coaxed from the desert soil with infinite labor and care. The little one wondered at the sudden gush of tears that rewarded his gift, and the passionate kiss which the woman, suddenly stooping down, left on his little face. Near the door stood a stranger, the Eastern visitor who had so attentively viewed the proceedings of the previous night. New to the habits and characteristics of the community, he was receptive to much that passed unheeded by those whom custom had made callous. He had uncovered his head at the approach of the bridal couple, and, as his calm gaze fell upon the young sheriff, the latter read in his eyes a tribute and a benison.

FLORA HAINES APPONYI.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1884.

---

There seems to be a good deal of difference between the authorities in England as to how much a "smokable" cigar costs. Sir Henry Wolff told the House of Commons, the other night, that "decent" cigars might be had for nine shillings and sixpence per hundred—that is to say, for a little more than two cents apiece. The London *Times*, on the other hand, assures its readers that a "fair" cigar can be had for nine pence or a shilling—equal to twenty-four cents.

---

An old woman named Gordon, in the north of Scotland, was listening to the account given in Scripture of Solomon's glory, which was read to her by a little female grandchild. When the little girl came to tell of the thousand camels which formed part of the Jewish sovereign's live stock, "What," cried the old woman, "a thousand Campbells, say ye? The Campbells are an auld clan, sure enough, but look an' ye dinna see the Gordons, too."

---

A Quaker married a woman of the Church of England. After the ceremony, the vicar asked for his fees, which he said were a crown. The Quaker, astounded at the demand, said if he would show him any text in the Scriptures which proved his fees were a crown, he would give it to him. Upon which the vicar directly turned to the twelfth chapter of Proverbs, and fourth verse, where it said: "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."

## THE NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS.

"Flaneur's" Weekly Budget.

There is a good deal of newspaper gossip floating about just now. The exchange readers of the big dailies are in a state of wild and turbid excitement, searching the papers for Blaine bolts. The indications are now that about one-third of the Republican papers of the country will refuse to support Blaine. Bolting is a good advertising dodge for the papers. They are copied and talked about when they make a decided kick against the nominee of the party.

Bolting from Blaine has, however, become so popular, that it looks very much as though the conspicuous papers in the East would be those who supported the Republican nominee, rather than those who renounced him. All the Democratic and several of the Republican papers in New York copy the editorials of the bolting papers in conspicuous place, and indulge in the "esteemed contemporary" business with extraordinary effusiveness.

Immediately after the announcement of Blaine's nomination odds of two to one were offered here against his election. Every one was quite sure that a man who was so "notoriously corrupt" as Mr. Blaine was sure to fail. The odds were taken up by a few conservative betters, who remembered the kick over Garfield after his nomination, and who are aware that the record of Garfield is twenty times more unsavory than that of Blaine.

The excitement has cooled down somewhat here, and the Republicans are slowly wheeling into line. The majority of them assert positively that they will never vote for Blaine; but after he and his companion, "Black Jack," have been at work a few months, people will wonder what they saw in June to kick about. The day after his nomination the Blaine men ran their banners out in several of the down-town streets, and the news of his nomination was not a day old before there were a dozen campaign clubs in full blast. Blaine and Logan will certainly make the hottest canvass on record.

The Blaine organ in New York is the *Tribune*. The nomination of the Maine statesman has done more for that paper than could have been accomplished by any other means. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who is naturally a conservative man, has made his paper the strictly orthodox organ of the Republican party. It has always been for the party, and it never shows the independence of the *Times*, which led the bolting Republican papers. When the *Times* began to publish sensational news, and reduced its price to two cents, the *Tribune* became reserved, haughty, and stupid. I mean it became more so.

Mr. Reid, who has always been hand in glove with the Republican party, had several conferences with Blaine, the result of which was that the eloquent Maine statesman won the *Tribune* editor over to his side, and convinced him that there was one man only in the Republican party, and his name is James Gillespie Blaine. Mr. Reid went to Chicago imbued with this idea. When he got there he found that Blaine had prepared the way for his nomination with marvelous cleverness, and Mr. Reid telegraphed home to have a large banner painted with the name of Blaine upon it. All the Blaine men are sticking by the *Tribune* through thick and thin. The influence which Mr. Blaine exercises over people with whom he comes in contact is extraordinary. I met a reporter of a morning paper who interviewed Blaine when that eminent leader passed through New York on his way to Maine a few days ago.

"I had often heard of the magnetism of Blaine," said the reporter, "but I was more or less skeptical about it. People talk so much about his magnetism that an average newspaper reader expects when he meets Blaine to see that great man make two or three passes before his eyes, mesmerize him, and then get in his deadly work. I went over to interview Blaine with a good deal of the same sensation that a man feels when he goes upon the stage to be toyed with by a prestidigitateur before a large and satirical audience. I climbed into the palace car where he sat, and saw him stretched at ease on one of the forward seats. I said, for the sake of conventionality in the paper next morning, that a number of flowers were on a seat beside Mr. Blaine. In reality, however, Mr. Blaine was sitting on the flowers; the seat was strewn three inches thick with them, and Mr. Blaine had thrown himself carelessly upon the flowers, and stretched out his legs upon the forward seat. When I went in and introduced myself he jumped to his feet, gave me a grip as hearty as a prize-fighter's, and pulled me down into the seat beside him. As he talked he would bring his left hand down with a whack on my leg, and, when he laughed, the car fairly rang with the music of his voice. When I got up to go, I thought I was leaving one of the best fellows on earth, and I made up my mind that I would vote for Blaine. I did not write this gush for the paper, because the paper's agin him, but I am with him every time. He is a thoroughbred, that's what Blaine is."

It is amusing to see the way in which the Blaine men are working up the colored voters in favor of Black Jack. I don't know whether it is generally known or not, but it is a fact that the majority of the colored people believe Black Jack to be one of their own race. The elevator-boy in my hotel, on the night of the nomination, was so excited when he took me up-stairs on the last trip that I asked him where he had been.

"Great days for the niggahs, sah," he gurgled. "Niggah gen'lmn, chairman of de convenshun, and now Black Jack for Voice-Preshident."

"But Logan isn't a colored man."

"Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes. He's four-fifths black, anyhow, and his mudder came from Alabamer."

I accepted this. If it would help Mr. Logan any, I thought he might as well have the benefit of the doubt.

To continue about the newspapers, however. Everybody is wondering what Mr. Bennett's idea is in purchasing *Truth*, for newspaper men are pretty well convinced that *Truth* is actually his property. The paper was started a few years ago by Charles A. Byrne, and made a phenomenal success for a short time. Internal dissensions resulted in the withdrawal of Mr. Byrne, and the paper went gradually to pieces, until it could have been bought for a song. It passed through the hands of a dozen different editors, each of whom left it in a more unfortunate plight than when he took hold.

A. Oakey Hall, ex-Mayor of New York, and formerly a editorial writer of the *World*, was editor of *Truth* for a few months. He left the paper in a sickly condition and went to Europe, where he is now writing for American papers. He went there that he might be with his two old cronies, Sam Ward and William Henry Hurlburt. He had scarcely been with them a month when the genial old epicure died, and Mr. Hurlburt announced his engagement to Miss Kittie Tracy, the daughter of Mr. William Tracy, who is an American, but who has resided in London for many years. Miss Tracy has a fortune, and it is quite probable that Mr. Hurlburt will live a comfortable and retired life hereafter.

He was once the most brilliant and popular man in New York. This was in that memorable period "just before the war." He had a slim, elegant, and erect figure, bright eyes, curling black hair, and was as graceful as a woman. He could chatter in half a dozen different languages, knew everybody, was a member of all the clubs, and could have married whom he would. He married no one. He became a confirmed bachelor, and when he left here after conducting the *World* to the verge of ruin and fled to London to join Sam Ward he was quite bald, his figure bent, and the expression of his face harassed and unhappy. He was an erratic but brilliant man. He has had his fun, and it is certainly time to settle down.

I will make another effort to get back to the newspapers. *Truth*, after a series of extraordinary catastrophes, went without an editor for a time. It is generally claimed by experts that this period was the happiest in its whole existence. It had a happy-go-lucky style about it which made it unique in New York journalism. One day, a week or so ago, Mr. Thomas Connery, who was for twelve years the managing editor and virtual editor-in-chief of the New York *Herald*, walked over to Beekman Street and bought *Truth*. Mr. Connery left the *Herald* some months ago and went to Europe to see Mr. Bennett. When he returned and bought *Truth*, every one suspected that Mr. Bennett was behind him. Three of the brightest men on the *Herald* staff were taken over to the one-cent paper, and the work of booming the concern was begun with a rush.

The first thing *Truth* did was to disavow all connection with the *Herald*. This pleased the newsdealers, who determined not to circulate it if Bennett had anything to do with it. The little paper constantly reiterates the statement that it has nothing whatever to do with the larger journal. Despite this, however, there is very little doubt in the minds of working journalists of New York that *Truth* is really Mr. Bennett's property. It will be remembered that when he started the *Telegram* he kept its connection with the *Herald* a profound secret as long as possible. Mr. Bennett has lived so long in London and Paris that he is enamored of the idea of owning a one-cent paper.

Another new paper, the *Dial*, follows a placid and uneventful course. It is on the dead level of mediocrity, and no man can tell whether it will slide up or down during the next few weeks. It makes a feature of commercial news, and is the only daily paper in New York which allows the members of its staff to sign their articles. It is a good scheme to sign your article if the article is worth reading—it is even a good idea to sign it if it is not worth reading—that is, it's good for the paper.

Noah Brooks, who was for many years an editorial writer in the New York *Times*, has accepted the position of editor of the Newark *Advertiser*. It is the principal paper of New Jersey, and it is the property of one of the bosses of the State. Mr. Brooks has always been a popular man in New York. He is one of those bland, red-faced, heavy-eyed men, who pretend to be good judges of wine, and live at their clubs. He was for a long while Vice-President of the Lotus, and he is a member of no end of little clubs like the Tile, the Authors, the Black and White, the Icthyophagus, and the Twilight. In them all he is reasonably popular. He never struck me as being a man of any particular force, but he will make a good figure-head for a paper like the Newark *Advertiser*. With these few kind remarks I close.

Mr. George Edgar Montgommery, who, with the exception of wee Willie Winter, is perhaps the best known of New York dramatic critics, has left the New York *Times*, and is at present without a journalistic engagement. Montgommery achieved his lasting popularity by the manner in which he banged his hair. He appeared one night at a first performance at Wallack's Theatre, in a make-up that detracted considerably from the interest of the play, and made him a noted man in New York from that time forth. He had an immense lot of yellow hair and a wild yellow beard. The hair was plastered and banged down to his eye-brows, and the beard trimmed and parted in the middle. It was before that sort of thing was popular in New York, and the people crowded around to look at him. It was thought he was the bearded lady in disguise. Later people discovered that Montgommery was writing serviceable and good analytical criticisms. He studied hard and became in course of time a competent critic. His honesty was above suspicion.

Joseph Hatton, the English novelist, who has been for years the London correspondent of the New York *Times*, came over with Henry Irving to write that gentleman's impressions of America. When he came here, he got permission of the editors of the New York *Times* to write criticisms of Mr. Irving's performances. Mr. George Edgar Montgommery being for the time suspended, Hatton thought he would rather be dramatic critic of the New York *Times* than its London correspondent, so Montgommery's services were dispensed with, and George Fredericks of Albany sent to London for the *Times*. Hatton will probably be over in the fall to do the dramatic when Mr. Irving returns for next season's performances. All of this may not be of absorbing interest to readers on the Pacific Slope, but it gives an idea of how things are worked in newspaper offices East.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, June 11, 1884.

other festivities. There are many people now planning to come down on Saturday. Among them will be Captain and Mrs. Taylor and family, Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, Miss Townsend, Miss Lizzie Hall, the Crockers, Miss Deming, John W. Taylor, and Mr. Winslow, a new acquaintance from the East, who is a fine tennis player and a capital bowler. By the way, I want to ask a question: Why is it that ladies all throw the largest and heaviest balls in bowling? They invariably let them drop with a terrible crash upon the floor, just as if they wanted them to go through.

MILDRED.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Swift have been stopping at Old Point Comfort, Virginia.

Surveyor-General Brown went up to Sacramento on Sunday.

Mr. Lee Phillips, of Washington, is visiting California for the summer.

Mrs. Lillie Coit has come down from her Napa Valley ranch, and is stopping at the Grand.

General J. F. Houghton has returned from his visit to Southern California.

Justice and Mrs. Field have been visiting New York, but will return to Washington before leaving for this coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben C. Truman are at Lake Tahoe, where they will remain until after the Fourth of July.

Charles Crocker went down to Monterey Friday week, returning on Monday to be present at the Langtry opening night.

Mr. and Mrs. Palache will spend a month camping out in Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Judge Sanderson has been spending a few days at Monterey.

Mr. Wickersham, the Petaluma banker, went up to the Yosemite Tuesday, accompanied by his wife and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and family are at Monterey.

Rev. and Mrs. C. B. Spaulding and party went up to the Yosemite Wednesday.

Count José de Oliver, of Spain, who arrived at the Palace last week, went down to Monterey for a visit, returning the first of this week.

On Wednesday a party of English visitors, who recently arrived from New Zealand and Australia, went up to the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Governor Kinkead has been spending a few days at Del Monte.

Commodore and Mrs. Blaney are at the Palace.

Judge and Mrs. Boalt and Miss Boalt go to the Yosemite Valley to-day.

Chauncey Taylor, of Oakland, spent a few days at Monterey last week.

Last Saturday Mr. and Mrs. F. C. McAfee and family went down to Monterey for a visit.

A large party of New York senators and legislators, who are now visiting this coast, went up to the Yosemite Valley last Monday. Among them were Senator Vedder, Judge Patterson (Police Judge in New York city), Senator C. L. Baker, H. J. Baker, James Geddes, and C. W. Smith.

Mrs. A. P. Brayton, Miss Brayton, and Mr. A. P. Brayton, Jr., of Oakland, have been spending the week at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Mathews and family of Oakland, have been visiting Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Willey and family, of Chicago, are at the Yosemite.

John W. Taylor spent Saturday and Sunday at Monterey.

James Carolan and Edward Carolan went down to Del Monte on a visit last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Whittier and family spent Sunday at Monterey.

The Misses Stetson are at Monterey.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Normanby and family visited Niagara Falls on their way East. From New York they went directly to England.

Miss Mollie Dodge and Miss Bessie Sedgwick are going to Stockton for a few days.

Hon. Geo. W. Fox, of the Palace, left Thursday for Shasta County, bear hunting.

Consul Berton, who has been in ill health for the past six months, has, with Madame B., gone to Lake County to convalesce.

Surveyor and Mrs. J. M. Morton are in town this week to hear the Jersey Lily. They are at the Grand.

Mrs. S. F. Thorn is at Belmont for a couple of weeks. Mrs. Kirkpatrick (*née* Lily Davis), Mrs. Thorn's cousin, has returned ome to Ohio after a pleasant two-months' visit.

Colonel C. W. Brush, of the Grand, went to San José Thursday.

Mr. Will F. Mau, accompanied by his sister, Miss Alice, leaves n Monday's steamer for Portland, Oregon. They will be joined ere by Miss Ottelia, who is now visiting her sister at Helena, ontana. The party will make a tour of the principal points of erest in British Columbia, Washington Territory, and Oregon, before returning home.

Mrs. Fisher Ames returned from the East Friday last, and is stopping at the Ralston House.

A large party of Oaklanders will spend the coming Fourth at Napa Soda Springs. It will include Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander and Miss Alexander, Mr. Brigham, and others.

Mrs. J. R. Jarboe, Miss Jarboe, and Miss Jones, have been spending the week at Lake Tahoe. They will be back in time to visit Monterey to-day.

Webster Jones is spending a week at Skaggs's Springs, deer hunting.

### Army and Navy News.

Major Collier, U. S. M., came down from Mare Island last week to inspect the marine headquarters in this city.

As soon as the *Pinta* arrives here she will be sent to Mare Island for repairs.

A new cylinder has been placed in the *Hartford*, and work is being pushed forward day and night, in order that this vessel may resume her cruise around the world. On her first attempt she got as far as San Pedro.

Pay-Director James D. Murray, U. S. N., who has lately been ordered to duty at Mare Island, to succeed Pay-Director Fulton, is in so short a time of retirement that it would be hardly advisable for him to come this far for the short period. It is now probable that the Government, in consideration of this fact, will revoke the order.

The new coast survey steamer, *Carlile Patterson*, of which Lieutenant Richardson Clover is commander, will shortly be ready to come to this coast, where she will go on the Alaska station.

Lieutenant J. M. Bowyer, of the *Wachusetts*, has been ordered to report for duty in Washington.

The Sixth Regiment of Cavalry, in the Department of Arizona, has exchanged stations, by marching, with the Fourth Cavalry, in New Mexico. The following are the new stations of the Fourth Cavalry: Headquarters non-commissioned staff and band, and Troops F and H, at Fort Lowell; Troops E and M, at Fort McDowell; Troop G, at Fort Bowie; Troop C, at Fort Grant; and Troops A and K, at Fort Apache. The Sixth Cavalry will be assigned to stations in New Mexico, under the orders of the commanding general Division of the Missouri. Troop K of the Sixth Cavalry has already been assigned to Fort Wingate. The field officers of the Fourth Cavalry have been assigned to stations in the Department of Arizona as follows: Major John K. Mizner, Fort Huichica; Major Henry E. Noyes, to Fort McDowell; and Major Eugene E. Beaumont, to Fort Bowie.

### Notes and Gossip.

Next Saturday, June 28, a fair will be held at Gordon's Hall, in San Rafael, for the benefit of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in that town. There will be a bazaar, and also an interesting entertainment, with refreshments.

John W. Mackay has rented Robert T. Hastings's residence for six months. During that time Mr. Hastings and his family will reside at the Grand Hotel.

Four important engagements are as absolutely asserted as denied by friends of the interested young persons.

The Count and Countess de Noidans, of Belgium, who arrived last Sunday on the *Tokio* from Hongkong, are still at the Palace.

There seems to be much truth in the statement that ex-Senator Cole will be the next Minister to Germany.

Mrs. Paul Shirley, wife of Warden Shirley, gave a luncheon to the members of the Prison Commission and a few young lady friends, at San Quentin, last Saturday. It was a very enjoyable affair.

## MAGAZINE BRIC-À-BRAC.

### Dollie.

She sports a witching gown,
With a ruffle up and down
On the skirt.
She is gentle, she is shy,
But there's mischief in her eye—
She's a flirt.
She displays a tiny glove,
And a dainty little love
Of a shoe;
And she wears her hat a-tilt
Over bangs that never wilt
In the dew.
'Tis rumored chocolate creams
Are the fabric of her dreams—
But enough!
I know beyond a doubt
That she carries them about
In her muff.
With her dimples and her curls
She exasperates the girls
Past belief;
They hint that she's a cat,
And delightful things like that,
In their grief.
It is shocking, I declare!
But what does Dollie care
When the beaux
Come flocking to her feet
Like the bees around a sweet
Little rose?

—*Samuel Minturn Peck in July Manhattan.*

### The Bather.

I list to the patter of waves,
I list to her laugh of glee,
And dream about beauteous coral caves
And sirens beneath the sea.
I imagine I see her put,
In a manner free and bold,
In the ocean her dainty sandaled foot,
To see if the water's cold.
I dream of her shimmering hair,
And her little snowy hand,
And the half-forgotten, free-from-care,
Dear hours spent on the strand.
Once more I lead her about
In the tossing, foamy main.
* * * * * *
But my vision is quickly put to rout,
And my bosom filled with pain,
As I wake to the merry cries,
All coming with wondrous vim
From the bath-room, and I realize
They're washing my brother Jim.

—*R. K. Munkittrick in July Harper.*

### Grandmother Brown.

Dear Grandmother Brown
Lived in Cranberrytown,
And a kindly old woman was she;
There was no one so bad,
Either lassie or lad,
But some good in the same she could see.

One June afternoon
Mistress Polly Muldoon
Ran in for that moment that ends
In an hour or more,
And did naught but talk o'er
The short-comings of neighbors and friends.

But in vain did she scold
About young folks and old,
Only patient excuses she heard,
Till at last she cried out:
"You would speak, I've no doubt,
For old Satan himself a good word."

Then said Grandmother Brown,
Of Cranberrytown,
"Well, whatever his failin's may be,
I don't think we could find
Many people who mind
Their own business as closely as he."

—*Margaret Eytinge in July Harper's.*

### A Troubadour.

*Ah, there are loftier lutes to sway*
*The thoughts of men to something higher;*
*Ah, there are brows to crown with bay,*
*We only sweep a lover's lyre.*
*Deep harmonies fill every ear*
*Wakened by their surpassing powers,*
*We are content if* ONE *can hear*
*The simple melody of ours.*

I sing of cities and of towns,
Of dimity, of silken gowns,
Of smoky lanes, of grassy downs
With daisies snowy;
I sing of lovers, men and maids,
Of jewels, laces, and brocades,
Of Coryn dancing through the glades,
And Mistress Chloe.

I sing of sunlight and of flowers,
Of happy thoughts, of happy hours
Of love, that masks this life of ours
In hazy pleasure;
Of love that gives to hope its worth,
Of love that coaxes joy to birth,
Of love that pipes, and all the earth
Must dance a measure.

I guard a land where blossoms break
To fairer bloom for love's fair sake,
Where every breath that blows must wake
The god in mortals;
For all the hearts in love—ah, me!
For all the hearts that ought to be,
But most of all, sweetheart, for thee
I ope its portals.

—*H. C. Faulkner in July Manhattan.*

## BUBBLES.

How San Francisco has changed in a quarter of a century! Of the ladies who led society then, but two or three have held their places. Just look back to the year 1864, and count them over.

One lives in poverty and alone, her millions gone, and her family dead. Another has lived in quiet economy since her husband's failure and death. Do you recall the splendid parties she used to give? A third is dead and long ago forgotten. A fourth, who was the idol of her millionaire husband, lives elsewhere, widowed and impoverished. A fifth lives in honorable and affluent retirement, her banquets and balls faded and forgotten in the mist of twenty years. The young wife, whose annual jaunt to Paris used to be celebrated by a farewell and a home-again ball, now comes and goes in matronly seclusion.

You think I am leaving some one out, do you? I know whom you are thinking of. But she was not a society leader, nor was the other, nor yet the other.

The present régime is mainly of a later growth. And the same date of 1864 discloses strange vicissitudes.

Do you remember the grocer's shop and its political aspirations; or the quiet cottage at North Beach; or the house and sign painting shop; or the Sunday attendance in modest garb at the little Methodist church; or the little house in Marysville; or the shanty at Angel's; or the noisy school-house at the Mission; or the sudden proselytes which dear old Dr. Bush (and that gold mine) wrought, to the dismay of Baptist circles; or the meat-stall in the old market; or the——? No, I have said enough. The present day speaks for itself.

Mrs. Langtry's way of speaking pleases me. It is not alone that it is distinct, that it is rounded, that it is musical. No—these qualities are all agreeable, but there is another thing about her speech which pleases me. It is its purity.

By this I mean that it seems to me destitute of any provincialism. When I say provincialism, I include that of great cities. There is no city more provincial than is Paris. She even has her own dialect—Parisians do not speak French well, although most foreigners fancy that they do. And, correspondingly, London has a language and a provincialism of her own.

It is because Mrs. Langtry shows no traces of this London language that I say her speech is pure. I must admit that this same London language makes me very weary. It is a sort of toploftical cockney dialect. It is affected by the majority of the English actors who come to America—most of whom, by the way, are Londoners, and most of them evidently the children of plebeian cockney parents. They have less difficulties with the aspirate than their parents had, but otherwise their speech is much the same. It has its effect, moreover, on American actors and actresses, and other weak-brained people. They imagine it to be the very pink of English speech, and proceed to imitate it. This has been the genesis of that extraordinary dialect known as "Madison Square English."

The same remarks apply to the whipper-snapper counter-jumpers who are exported from Britain for Britain's good, and imported to this country for heaven knows what. These young persons also speak a sort of sublimated Cockneyese, which plays sad havoc with the heart of Miss Centennial Parvenue.

Understand me, reader mine—I am not boasting of the superior claims of our American speech. We have our provincialisms as well. It is easy to tell a Southerner by his peculiar pronunciations—particularly of *u* and diphthongal combinations. It is easy to tell an uneducated Yankee by his pronunciation, his intonation, and his use of certain words ("boughten," q. v.) It is easy to tell a New Yorker, born and bred, by his diminution and almost elision of certain letters—*h* after *w*, for instance—and some even elide *g*, at times, and say "lenth," "strenth," etc., for "length" and "strength." It is easy to tell a Western man—he has many peculiarities, among which are pitch, pronunciation (notably of the *r*), and a certain deliberate utterance. But despite all our provincialisms and the provincialisms of London, there is no doubt that refined, cultivated, and educated people speak the English language very much the same, both in England and America. I have known many American ladies who speak the language just as Mrs. Langtry does.

I wish I knew more.

San Francisco is hardly old enough for haunted houses, and the only one I can think of is the one of which you have already thought. To be sure, they say it was the Jesuits made all that noise and ghostly racket last year—the poor Jesuits! People are always laying everything at their door.

But the neighbors are beginning to talk about that house again.

Would you believe it? Every night, exactly as the clock strikes twelve, the great big black New Foundland dog, that looks more like an onyx demon than anything else, sets up a most mournful howl. It resembles the cry of one who has lost his grip on purgatory.

There are scores of other dogs in the neighborhood, but this one is the only howler.

People for two blocks around are talking about it.

Imagine living next door to a house where every night, precisely at midnight, a dog howls.

Ugh!

That is a handsome group of men one sees in the salon of the Count de Morcerf in "Monte Cristo." I do not allude so much to physical perfection as to the brilliant *mise en scène* produced by the handsome scenery and the well-dressed group in the foreground. There is some conflicting of dates. Monte Cristo, Villefort, and the young De Morcerf wear the knee-breeches and the luxurious early form of our modern dress coat. Danglars the long ankle tights which led to the pantaloon. Danglars's coat is of satin, lined with satin of another color, as it should be. The others are of modern broadcloth and open to question for their correctness.

But it is the general becomingness of the knee-breeches of which I speak. When Oscar Wilde came to this country, now not so very long ago, his knee-breeches were the laughing stock of the country. When he delivered his first lecture in Boston, the Harvard boys marched to the hall dressed in various burlesques of his style, but always with the knee-breeches for the point of attack. Oscar, having got wind of their joke, disappointed them by coming to the hall wearing the ordinary conventional trousers. Since that time things have changed radically, and every Harvard man is himself in possession of a pair of knickerbockers. The general spread of athletics in the East is responsible for this. Students going off for their long vacation tramps find knickerbockers to be indispensable. Bicyclists—and wheeling is a serious interest in the East—use them altogether. The base-ball clubs and the tennis players have all adopted them as a most convenient costume. You will meet hundreds of young men in knickerbockers trudging through the White Mountains in the pedestrian season. In and around Mount Desert, and all the more famous watering-places, they are the conventional morning wear. It is but a step for them to become conventional evening wear. It needs but a daring leader, and he must start them in London.

Californians, the dress coat was grafted upon us slowly, but surely, against protest and unwillingness. The knickerbockers are coming this way more slowly, but not less surely.

In the name of symmetry, arise and begin to train up your legs to wear them becomingly.

Athletics have obtained no hold in San Francisco. We are perched upon the edge of the sea and a boat-race is a comparatively unknown thing. A race boat is a curio. There is a little desultory training going on at the Olympic Club, but our young men generally are flaccid and soft-muscled. The wheelmen in the East sustain three papers, and have become a really powerful body of men. It is not unusual for a man to make the summer tour of New England—a tour which has become all the rage—on a bicycle or tricycle. Here there are no tricycles, and the bicycles are ridden by but few.

Tennis, a game which has assumed national importance in England, and is a serious component part of a gentleman's life on the Atlantic seaboard, is comparatively unknown here. A few have taken it up with zest, but they are compelled to go to San Rafael to get a game. Our climate, barring our late unusual June weather, will admit of its being played out-doors three hundred days in the year. Why will not some philanthropic land-owners, not ready to build, lay out their lots in tennis courts and rent them to the tennis clubs, who cheat themselves by playing it in-doors? It would be a physical benefaction to the race.

We are degenerating for lack of exercise. We are becoming jelly-fish, and our minds will grow flabby with our bodies. There is no way to cure nervous prostration and softening of the brain—our two perennial plagues—except by out-door exercise.

I heard several people at the "Monte Cristo" performance speak of De Belleville's second dress in the first act as "historically correct." Is it historically correct? I know the same dress was worn in Paris in "Monte Cristo," but still doubt whether it is correct. De Belleville was attired as a Directoire dude—the "incroyable" of 1792. These "incredibles," as they styled themselves, flourished under the Directory, about the time when Directors Barras, Laréveillère-Lépeaux, and Rewbell succeeded in "firing out" the other refractory directors. This is the time in which "Madame Angot" is laid—when Clairette sang "Barras est roi, Lange est sa reine." De Belleville's costume would have been correct in that opera. But the "incroyable" gave place to the "muscadin"; the "muscadin" to the "merveilleux"; and the "merveilleux" to the long line of dandies who were the immediate predecessors of those who are "gommeux" or "pschutteux" in Paris to-day, "mashers" in London, and "dudes" in these United States.

"Monte Cristo" opens in 1814, and I think the raiment of the dandy of the day had changed as much as had his name.

In speaking of old times to a friend, the other day, he said:

"Do you remember the Beryl girls?"

Yes, I did remember them. They were nine strong; and they went to Mrs. Harmon's boarding school, too; the whole nine. [They were there the time of the famous episode.] Large, fleshy, and rather striking girls.

"Yes," I replied, "I do remember them. What has become of them?"

"Well, you know, old man Beryl got entirely cleaned out; lost all his Mission Street property, and went on to a ranch, down in the country, somewhere. Well, the other day I was walking down California Street, and there comes up a dusty looking old granger, and shakes hands with me in a doleful sort of fashion. I stared hard at him a moment, and then I was struck all of a heap.

"'Why, it is old man Beryl. Where in thunder did *you* come from? Thought you was in the Masonic Cemetery, ages ago.'

"'No,' says he, 'it was my brother. I've been ranching it for the last twelve years, down in Ventura.'

"'How've you been?' says I.

"'Oh, I've been pretty well, but I've lost my wife,' says he, sniffling.

"'Made any money?'

"'Just enough to starve along on.'

"'Why, that's too bad; I'm mighty sorry. But how are the girls? Why, Beryl, man, you must be a numerous ancestor. What do you do with all your grandchildren? Do they live on the ranch? Why, I suppose you've married all the girls off long ago."

"'Not a single one of them,' says he, looking like a funeral and drawing out his handkerchief. 'Got the whole nine.'

"I pressed his hand in silence. When a man has nine unmarried daughters, words are but idle."

Mrs. Langtry's dresses are of such importance in her draught power, that the name of her Parisian dressmaker, Madame Doncet, figures conspicuously on the bills. I will say for Madame Doncet that the Lily's third-act blue satin bodice is the most explicit fit that it has ever been my fortune to observe in female apparel. If it were made with any especial reference to the scene to be enacted, then is Madame Doncet indeed an artist. Captain Bradford is a languorous and not hot-headed invalid. But, being imprisoned with this bodice in a dimly-lit drawing-room at eleven o'clock at night, with no danger of a husband's intrusion, the little typhoon which takes place is not altogether unaccountable.

But after this nice adjustment of fit to circumstances, Madame Doncet breaks down. There is nothing remarkable in the first dress. There is a reminiscence of the æsthetic school in its color, an olive green, but never a touch of fashion in its tufted front of *fade* pink mull.

The second toilet is more worthy of a French modiste. Lady Ormond takes a stroll before breakfast in a white lace jupon, a pink jacket, and a pair of pink satin corsets. It is said that a beautiful woman is never so distractingly beautiful as in her corsets. This new idea of making them a sort of outside gear is rather a fairer deal to the on-looker than the old-fashioned mystery. I must acknowledge that the contemplation of Lady Ormond in pink corsets is not a disagreeable sensation.

The last dress is another morning dress, and as strikingly inappropriate a one as Madame Doncet could achieve. It is of gray velvet elaborately set off with white, and as a finishing touch is trimmed with a set of frogs in gold lace down the front. It gives to Mrs. Langtry the effect of being a dashing equestrienne of the Cirque Impériale, ready—all but her hat—to take her part in the grand preliminary cavalcade, known in sawdust circles as the "horseback entry."

What a dry old cynic Judge Whittle is, and how opposite in temperament is his wife. He wiry and soaked in law and common sense; she poetical, sentimental, and sympathetic.

Young Noodle has of late been nursing another hopeless passion. This time it is for Mrs. Fatima. He goes about with a gloomy brow telling his lady confidants of his sorrow and of the way Mrs. Fatima's cruel husband misunderstands her. He wishes himself dead, and Mrs. Fatima dead. But he never wishes her husband dead. He hasn't the brains or force of character to contemplate such an expedient.

A Sunday or two ago he called at the Whittles's, and took the occasion to pour his sorrows into Mrs. W.'s ear. He was just at the Aspasia part, when his gloomy intensity attracted the judge's attention. The old man looked up from his paper, and growled out:

"What's all that?"

Noodle turned toward him with passionate mournfulness:

"It's a sad story, judge. What would you do, sir, if *you* loved a woman—was dying of grief for her—and she was hopelessly wedded to another?"

"Why, let him have her," said the judge, with a brutal sniff.

When a pretty thing in marble called "The Diving Girl" first came out, the world went mad over it. It was reproduced immediately in every possible form—first, in Parian marble; next, in alabaster; then in plaster of Paris. By this time "The Diving Girl" had become cheapened, and it was necessary to whoop her up again. So the colorists took her in hand. "The Diving Girl" began to appear in the windows in pink legs, a blue jersey, and yellow hair. Sometimes, by way of variety, they gave her pale yellow legs and a pink jersey; but whatever they gave her, the original sentiment of the piece evaporated in a cloud of color.

Mrs. Langtry is going to play Galatea next week, in pink draperies and without the wig of lampwick which is the first property belonging to the part. I fear the coloring will detract from Gilbert's idea of the sentiment. Galatea in marble white, saying the funny little things which come to her, is very naïve. Galatea in pink will be a different creature. There will be just the difference between Carrara marble and a genre piece in French bisque.

Being an audience, I prefer the marble. If I were Pygmalion, I should take the bisque.

One of the most striking things about the Langtry season is the elaborate stage management and the care with which the scene is set. As a rule, when a stage manager wants to get up an elaborate interior, he and the property man, by the joint efforts of their giant intellects, succeed in making it look like a crowded bric-à-brac shop. I regret to say, however, that in the present day there are many private houses which look like shops. The stage, though, should follow not the worst but the best models.

At the Baldwin, as I say, the stage is set with much taste and care, and little trifles here and there give it bits of color and a home-like look. I was reminded of a stage setting I had seen the week before in "Queena," at the California, where a modern family were installed in what was apparently a mediæval dungeon. Hanging *across* the iron-barred windows of the dungeon were four chromos. The effect was most pleasing, though a trifle bizarre.

In "A Wife's Peril" the same care is extended to everything. The breakfast table looked like an English breakfast-table, and the guests came at their own sweet wills, and helped themselves at a side-table, as they do in English country-houses. I say "table." It should have been a handsome buffet, to be in keeping with the rest of the scene, but it was in reality a cheap table. This was the only blemish on the scene.

The letters and papers were brought in, and here again was a touch that pleased me. The papers were in real wrappers, and they were real London papers. When one considers that it is customary here in San Francisco for the heroine of the play to read the death of her father out of the London *Times*, faint, and fall flaccid, clutching a palpable programme with an advertisement of some local beer staring you in the face, this will be recognized as an innovation.

Dumas makes the Count of Monte Cristo worth one hundred millions, does he not?—in francs.

Bah!

What are a hundred millions in francs—twenty millions in dollars—four millions in pounds sterling—to-day? Genteel poverty.

Vanderbilt is worth two hundred millions. Were he to start after the scalps of Jay Gould Danglars and Jim Keene Morcerf; were he then to climb upon a rock, and say (apropos of his fortune), "The world is mine!" what would his family do?

They would clap him into an insane asylum, and then make merry with his millions.

We do these things much better than in France.

It is vile at Monterey
When it rains,
And the little noses flatten
'Gainst the panes;
While their owners gaze without,
With a frown, and then a pout,
While they watch the waters spout,
As it rains.

It is vile at Monterey
When it rains,
And the angry little darlings
Lack the swains
Upon whom their wrath to wreak—
Were they there, the beaux would streak
For the middle of next week
When it rains.

Yes, it's vile at Monterey
When it rains;
When there's naught to do but listen
For the trains;
When the bowling-alley palls,
When no click of billiard balls
Echoes through the lofty halls
As it rains.

It's not bad at Monterey
Tho' it rains—
If your bestest girl is with you
Who complains?
Tho' the skies be gray and cold,
If you have her hand to hold
(For an hour) you'll be consoled
When it rains.

But it's nice at Monterey
Tho' it rains,
Tho' the storms are howling by in
Hurricanes,
When she's gone, your ownest Pearl,
Then up to the fire-side curl—
Buzz some other fellow's girl
When it rains.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

### Mrs. Langtry's English.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I should like to say a word concerning some peculiarities of Mrs. Langtry's speech. She is supposed to have gone on the stage without any necessity for a preliminary study of stage elocution. Accustomed to a circle where "English as she is spoke" is in its absolute purity, she necessarily needed none. Her speech is therefore utterly without pedantry, while at the same time delightfully correct. Yet she has a lapse or two which, for lack of a better name, might be called a colloquialism. Thus, in a moment of self-communing, she cries: "I don't know what to do; my head is in a *w'irl*." In this country, "w'irl, w'at, and w'ite" are Philadelphianisms, just as "rawr oysters" is a bit of New York dialect. It is rather hard on Mrs. Langtry, that with her barely concealed contempt for everything in America but its dollars, she should get off an Americanism like this. Apropos of this missing *h*. It is curious enough that cultivated Americans elide the *h* more frequently in certain forms of speech than the English do. Taking such simple sentences as "I told him so," "I sent for her," "I went to him," etc., it will be found that the English aspirate the initial letter of the pronoun more carefully, more markedly than their American cousins do. Listen to the English company at the Baldwin, and you will find it to be so. It *is* an English company in the main, though Mr. Edmunds presents a young woman with a posy with the essentially Hibernian remark: "Here's wan for you." B.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 18, 1884.

The *San Franciscan*, a political and literary weekly, the publication of which was begun in this city about the first of March, has suspended. The *Globe*, which suspended some days ago, is now followed by another small evening paper, the *Star*. In its valedictory the *Star* thus untwinkles: "With many thanks to our faithful friends and adherents, we can not avoid concluding that Vanderbilt was not altogether wrong when he gave utterance to the expression, 'The public be d—d.'"

A member of the rhetorical class in a certain college had just finished his declamation, when the professor said: "Mr. ——, do you suppose a general would address his soldiers in the manner you spoke that piece?" "Yes, sir, I do," was the reply, "if he was half-scared to death as nervous as a cat."

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

### Great Sacrifice of Bric-à-brac.

Parties desiring to buy a job-lot of garden-tools will do well to call and examine my stock. The lot consists in part of the following:

One three-cornered hoe, Gothic in its architecture and in good running order. It is the same one I erroneously hold up the carnations with, and may be found, I think, behind the barn, where I threw it when I discovered my error. Original cost of hoe, six bits. Will be closed out now at two bits to make room for new goods.

Also, one garden-rake, almost as good as new. One front tooth needs filling, and then it will be as good as ever. I sell this weapon not so much to get rid of it, but because I do not want it any more. I shall not garden any next spring. I do not need to. I began it to benefit my health, and my health is now so healthy that I shall not require the open air exercise incident to gardening any more. In fact, I am too robust if anything. I will, therefore, acting under the advice of my royal physician, close this rake out, since the failure of the Northwestern Car Company, at fifty cents on the dollar.

Also, one lawn-mower, only used once. At that time I cut down what grass I had on my lawn and three varieties of high-priced rose-bushes. It is one of the most hardy, open-air lawn-mowers now made. It will outlive any other lawn-mower, and be firm and unmoved when all the shrubbery has gone to decay. You can also mow your peony-bed with it, if you desire. I tried it. This is also an easy-running lawn-mower. I would recommend it to any man who would like to soak his lawn with perspiration. I mowed my lawn, and then pushed a street-car around in the afternoon to relax my over-strained muscles. I will sacrifice this lawn-mower at three-quarters its original cost, owing to depression in the stock of the New Jerusalem Gold Mine, of which I am a large owner and cashier-at-large.

Will also sell a bright new spade, only used two hours spading for angle-worms. This is a good, early-blooming, and very hardy angle-worm spade, built in the Doric style of architecture. Persons desiring a spade flush, and lacking one spade to "fill," will do well to give me a call. No trouble to show goods.

I will also part with a small chest of carpenters' tools only slightly worn. I had intended to do a good deal of amateur carpenter work this summer; but, as the Presidential convention occurs in June, and I shall have to attend to that, and as I have already sawed up a Queen Anne chair and thoughtlessy sawed into my leg, I shall probably sacrifice the tools. These tools are all well made, and I do not sell them to make money on them, but because I have no use for them. I feel as though these tools would be safer in the hands of a carpenter. I'm no carpenter. My wife admitted that when I sawed a board across the piano-stool, and sawed the what-do-you-call-it all out of the cushion.

Any one desiring to monkey with the carpenter's trade would do well to consult my catalogue and price-list. I will throw in a white-holly corner-bracket put together with fence-nails, and a rustic settee that looks like the Cincinnati riot. Young men who do not know much, and invalids whose minds have become affected, are cordially invited to call and examine goods. For a cash trade I will also throw in arnica, court-plaster, and salve enough to run the tools two weeks, if ordinary care be taken.

If properly approached, I might also be wheedled into sacrificing an easy running domestic wheelbarrow. I have domesticated it myself, and taught it a great many tricks. —*Bill Nye in Puck.*

### A Religious Slogging-Match.

Red Dog, Arizona, is a town which boasts of frontier saloons, a graveyard, a justice of the peace, nine Egyptian or Pharaoh banks, and a hotel. There was once a church, but the Rev. Mr. Silas Brown, who ran it, incautiously undertook, one day, to hold four aces against the Justice of the Peace while that gentleman was somewhat over-heated, and, as a result of his rashness, was made a real-estate owner under the weeping willow in the lot adjoining. His flock was scattered, and the scene of his labors drifted gradually into decay and contempt, and finally passed under the sheriff's hammer and became a barn.

Four weeks ago Mr. Elisha Perkins, a celebrated revivalist of Peoria, Illinois, was delegated by the Conference to evangelize Arizona, and selected Red Dog as the initial point of his campaign. His coming was the signal for bonfires and other exuberant tokens of border enthusiasm. The Justice of the Peace had a speech written, and only failed to deliver it because it was found impossible to prop him up when the hour came. The local band was uproariously serenadeful; and when the Rev. Mr. Perkins disheveled himself for the night, he had reason, indeed, to feel certain that the cohorts of Satan were in wild dismay. Now, it so happened that the only mention of Mr. Perkins on the dodgers which profusely announced his coming to Red Dog was the single line:

"PERKINS, REVIVALIST."

There were no dictionaries in Red Dog. The hotel-keeper thought that "revival" meant either a prize-fight or a species of circus; the doctor was impressed with recollections that it signified a scheme run somewhat on the principle of a lottery; and the justice of the peace was convinced it was a renaissance of cock-fighting, of which sanguinary sport he was particularly fond. The adherents of each theory wrangled until the midnight was far gone, and then retired with their boots on to wait the issue. When the Rev. Mr. Perkins met the assembled company, in the hotel dining-room, the next morning, he was somewhat surprised to be greeted with three vigorous cheers, and to behold a twenty-four-foot ring, with liberal sawdust, pitched in the centre of the room, while in one corner were sponges, vinegar, and coops containing the justice's gamest poultry. On the wall the doctor had arranged a black-board, to be in readiness for the lottery, and along one end of the room ran a temporary bar, so arranged that the guests might be supplied without taking their eyes off the entertainment—whatever it might be.

Somewhat startled by his lusty reception, and certainly at a loss to understand the elaborate preparation which had been going forward, the Rev. Mr. Perkins took his position in the centre of the ring, and, amid breathless silence and expectation, gave out the opening hymn.

It was met with open-mouthed wonder and silence, save from one of the coops in the corner, where one of the justice's pets shrilled a vigorous defiance.

"Thet's him," said the justice, hoarsely; "wip'd Bill Twiggses brown yisterd'y, colder 'n p'ison."

The Rev. Mr. Perkins gave out another verse. Then the doctor leaned over the ropes.

"There's four tenderfoots yar," he whispered. "Spread the lay-out, 'n clean 'em."

"Dearly beloved brethren," faltered the Rev. Mr. Perkins.

"Kin ye knock out Jim Baggs?" quired the hotel-keeper.

"I fear there has been some mistake here, my good friends," began the Rev. Mr. Perkins, the cold beads of anxiety standing out on his brow.

Mr. Jim Baggs leaped into the ring. He had but one eye, but the badness of it could have been divided with propriety.

"Put up your dukes," he said. Then he led out with his left. The Rev. Mr. Perkins contemplated the ceiling. When thirty seconds had passed, the justice called time. The Rev. Mr. Perkins was still suffering, and did not rise.

"Gimme the stakes," said Mr. Baggs. The hotel-keeper passed over sixty-seven dollars and fifty cents, which had been thoughtfully collected at the door. Then Mr. Baggs went through the convivial ceremony known as setting them up, and departed.

Half an hour later the Rev. Mr. Perkins arose, and had a long and confidential talk with the hotel-keeper.

Last Sunday he again addressed the conference in Peoria.—*Life.*

## THE LATEST VERSE.

### Roses and Nightingale.

In my garden it is night-time,
But a still time and a bright time,
For the moon rains down her splendor,
And my garden feels the wonder
Of the spell which it lies under
In that light so soft and tender.

While the moon her watch is keeping
All the blossoms here are sleeping,
And the roses sigh for dreaming
Of the bees that love to love them
When the warm sun shines above them
And the butterflies pass gleaming.

Could one follow roses' fancies,
When the night the garden trances,
Oh, what fair things we could chance on!
For to lilies and to roses,
As to us, soft sleep discloses
What the waking may not glance on.

But hark! now across the moonlight,
Through the warmness of the June night,
From the tall trees' listening branches,
Comes the sound, sustained and holy,
Of the passionate melancholy,
Of a wound which singing stanches.

Oh, the ecstasy of sorrow
Which the music seems to borrow
From the thought of some past lover
Who loved vainly all his lifetime,
Till death ended peace and strife-time,
And the darkness clothed him over!

Oh, the passionate, sweet singing,
Aching, gushing, throbbing, ringing,
Dying in divine, soft closes,
Recommencing, waxing stronger,
Sweet notes, ever sweeter, longer,
Till the singing wakes the roses!

Quoth the roses to the singer:
"Oh, thou dearest music bringer,
Now our sleep so sweetly endeth,
Tell us why *thy* song so sad seems,
When the air is full of glad dreams,
And the bright moon o'er us bendeth?"

Sang the singer to the roses:
"Love for you my song discloses,
Hence the note of grief it borrows,"
Quoth the roses, "Love means pleasure."
Quoth the singer, "Love's best measure
Is its pure attendant sorrows."
—*Philip Bourke Marston in July Harper's.*

### Five Quatrains.

I.—ROMEO AND JULIET.

From mask to mask, amid the masquerade,
Young Passion went with challenging, soft breath:
"Art Love?" he whispered; "art thou Love, sweet maid?"
Then Love, with glittering eyelids, "I am Death."

II.—CIRCUMSTANCE.

Linked to a clod, harassed, and sad
With sordid cares, she never knew life's sweet
Who should have moved in marble halls and had
Kings and crown-princes at her feet.

III.—EVIL EASIER THAN GOOD.

Ere half the good I planned to do
Was done, the short-breathed day was through.
Had my intents been dark instead of fair,
I had done all, and still had time to spare.

IV.—OMAR KHAYYAM. (AFTER FITZGERALD.)

Sultan and Slave alike have gone their way
With Bahrám Gúr, but whither none may say;
Yet he who charmed the wise at Naishápúr
Seven centuries since still charms the wise to-day.

V.

Two things there are with Memory will abide—
Whatever else befall—while life flows by:
That soft, cold hand-touch at the altar side;
The thrill that shook you at your child's first cry.
—*T. B. Aldrich.*

## VANITY FAIR.

A contributor to a London scientific paper says that a very simple and effective way of coloring a meerschaum bowl is by painting it while you are smoking, and after it becomes warm, with the creamy surface of good milk (or with cream), by means of a common hair pencil, which brings out the brown and yellow colors beautifully, and as by magic.

Ladies' handkerchiefs this season in Paris match the gown, so that if your gown is made of a material with a design of rosebuds, or trimmed with rosebud embroidery, you should have a handkerchief with a rosebud border. If your gown is brown tweed your handkerchief should have a brown border, and if your dress is made of striped material your handkerchief should have a border striped to match. The latest novelties in men's handkerchiefs have a border of little red or black devils in grotesque attitudes.

In Paris the monkey has chased the pig out of the affections of the people, for on all manner of knick-knacks the nimble ape appears in bronze, in silver, or carved in wood as on the handles of sun-umbrellas and canes. When carved in ebony, with eyes of ivory, this semi-human creature has a somewhat alarming aspect, particularly where he grins so as to show some very sharp and white little teeth. Certainly, if not beautiful, the monkey is an agreeable change from that pig which erstwhile decorated all madame's belongings.

Some one has invented a material composed in part of rubber which is at once a warranted protection against rain and an agreeable fabric to look upon. It is a kind of serge lined with rubber cloth, and is light and flexible; there are several colors and qualities. Made into ulsters or circulars for ladies, it serves a double purpose, that of keeping the wearer dry and adding a certain attractiveness to a rainy day costume. A close hat or bonnet, with as little trimming as possible, should be worn on stormy days. Nothing looks more forlorn than wet and drooping feathers and flowers.

Brooklyn society is excited in regard to the pretended portraits of Brooklyn ladies recently published in the New York *World*. It is thought to be going a step beyond the proprieties of even the wild Western journalism to invade the photographic albums of private life to make pictorial sensations. And the Brooklyn fathers are reasonably excited on this subject, and the more as they are officially informed it will be done again. An interesting question will be raised if these father apply to the courts for an injunction to prevent the publication of a paper containing their daughters' portraits. In France, recently, an injunction of that kind was granted.

"The Marquis de Leuville has recently presented his fiancée, Mrs. Leslie, with a diamond coronet, the central stone having been in the possession of the De Leuvilles for four hundred years. He has also presented her with a target six inches square, in a gold frame, in which he wrote his initials with pistol bullets at forty paces. His admiration for American beauty caused him to fight that duel last autumn. Hearing the name of an American lady spoken slightingly, he challenged the speaker." If the central stone was in the possession of the De Leuvilles for four hundred years, how did it pass into the possession of the Tussaud wax-works, from which the marquis is descended?

With mountain dresses it is now considered more convenient to add knickerbockers, like those made for bathing costumes. English women who spend their vacation in Switzerland climbing the Alps have many times proved what a great help it is in climbing not to have any superfluous garments. The mountain dress, to be perfect for its purpose, should consist of two pieces, skirt and waist. These ought to be sewn together at the waist-band. The skirt should be made as light as possible, and the waist in loose blouse fashion. Well-fitting boots, which are not too loose, are better for climbing than those in which the foot can slide about. Chamois gloves with long gauntlets are most serviceable, if gloves are worn at all.

A fashionable restaurant keeper in New York laments the tendency displayed by young men to abandon full dress at the dinner-table. "If I find," he says, "this tendency sensibly increases, I shall put up a notice prohibiting the entrance of any one in business clothes. A dress suit is at the very root of polite table society. I know something about it, young man, and have studied the question deeply. I have my customers' interests as much at heart as my own. I'll tell you what I mean. One of the most prominent physicians in this city told me as a positive fact that the reason English statesmen, barristers, and justices live to such an old age—it is a remarkable fact that they do—is simply because they dress for dinner."

The stick of sealing-wax and a daintily engraved seal are now the requisites of the fashionable writing-table. There is a great art in sealing a letter. Do not begin by thrusting the end of the wax into the flame. Take plenty of time. Hold the wax above the flame of the candle, but not near enough to burn. A burnt wax makes a brittle, streaky seal, and is hard to manage. When the wax has gradually softened, apply it with a circular movement upon the place to be sealed; rub it well around and down until you have a circle of proper size and thickness. The wax has now cooled so that it will not take a clear impression. Hold the envelope some distance from the flame until the wax has again become soft, then moisten and apply the seal. The result will be a clear-cut impression.

An Indian chief, while in Washington, was taken to see the burlesque show. After the performance he remarked, through an interpreter, that the Great Father was very kind to send the poor Indians blankets, when they were so much needed at home.

## LADIES IN LOW-NECKED GOWNS.

"Cockaigne" Discusses a London Question.

The hue and cry against décolleté gowns seems to be every day gaining breath, and unlike those popular outbursts of either favor or disfavor, which so often ruffle the surface of society's otherwise calm sea, the movement is apparently not altogether without cause. I do not in the least mean to say that I would like, as a rule without any exceptions, a reign of high-necked gowns. But there can be no doubt in the minds of people who go out at all this season, that décolleténess is decidedly on the increase, and that, compared with the gowns of last season, a farther "dip" of at least an inch fore and aft in the neck circle of the bodices is clearly observable.

One would be apt to question how long this sort of thing could go on, did one not reflect that there is a limit beyond which women can not go and be proper inmates of a respectable ball-room, or guests at a respectable dinner-party. When this limit is reached they will be compelled to stop. The law which protects public morals will perforce be respected where public opinion must long remain powerless. English women, as one sees them at evening entertainments both public and private just now, don't seem to have many fractions of an inch to go before the prohibited barrier is arrived at. However, all discussible subjects are susceptible of having several ways of looking at them, and there are certainly several ways of looking at this question of décolleté dressing.

*Truth* is forever having a tilt at what it is pleased to term the "Fashion of Nakedness," and in strict accord with Labouchère's peculiar treatment of all things which he considers worthy of notice in his paper, the subject is there handled without gloves. But aside from the fact that there is never any logic in abuse, and that the suggested correction of a fault should always be accompanied by a like suggested means of accomplishing the reform, nobody in high society in London ever cares a farthing what Labouchère says, or pays any heed to him beyond being amused at his caddish audacity and thorough un-Englishmanliness, as gauged from a high-life standpoint. He never goes into even good society, let alone the best (with the doings of which his paper professes to teem), and doesn't in the very least know, except from questionable hearsay, what is transpiring within the sacred precincts of either. Therefore does it seem especially hard to have such opinions as his go abroad and be copied (as I often see them) into the American papers, and be taken as the mirror and true expression of high-life English views.

One would think from reading his tirades, in which a vulgar assertion of his own unsupported ideas is mistaken for individual straightforwardness, that this matter of décolleté dressing on the part of women was a matter of but yesterday. Like all really ignorant and self-asserting upstarts, his discoveries are of what everybody else has known for ages. Take the family portraits which hang in the picture galleries of all great houses, and we are driven to admit, that whatever else of womanly virtue our grandmothers and great-aunts possessed, modesty was not one of them, and that the study of female anatomy was as advantageously provided by the paintings of Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds, as by the writings of Dunglison and Hunter.

But to come down to our own time. In England, the female evening or full-dress is, and always has been, *de rigueur*, décolleté. It is the established court dress of the English court, and there never has been a sovereign so strict in the rules and regulations which enforce its observance as is Queen Victoria. The Queen herself in her best days was never alarmingly reluctant as to the extent of her own display of those womanly charms with the possession of which she is in no small degree accredited. Her daughters, too, when in evening dress, are quite lavish in an exhibition which leaves but little to the imagination. Especially may this be said to be the case with the Princess Louise. And, indeed, she can hardly be blamed for not seeking to conceal one of the most rounded, plump, and satiny necks and pairs of shoulders and the most billowy of bosoms in the United Kingdom; and that is saying a good deal. Certainly no men object to the gracious view she gives them, and what women may say is, of course, actuated by jealousy and spite. I doubt if Labouchère has ever seen the Princess Louise in a low-necked gown. If he ever had, he wouldn't have another word to say against the custom.

The Princess of Wales, on the other hand, makes a great mistake in dressing so low as she does. In many harmless things an avowed prude, her bodices are not only among the most décolleté in England, but she has a way of hoisting up her shoulders that, aside from giving the appearance of effort on her part to crawl through, shows the complete contour of both arms between the top of the bodice and the shoulder joint. One could perhaps forgive her this trick if the result were satisfactory in other respects. But her neck is bony and scraggy to a degree. What surprises one most is that she should be as fond as she is of being photographed in a semi-statuesque fashion.

Gladys, Countess of Lonsdale, has a beautiful neck, and a bust which, to once see as she graciously condescends to unveil it, would make one regard as a species of vandalism any movement of fashion directed to even a soupçon of its future obscurity. Mrs. Cornwallis West is now getting decidedly passée; but in her best days, about three or four years ago, she dressed as décolleté as—well, as décolleté as everybody dresses now. But at the time she was considerably sat upon in consequence. Yet no one could really blame her, beyond its then styled immodesty, for showing as lovely a neck and shoulders as one could well wish to see. The young Marchioness of Kildare, Lady Hermione Duncombe that was a few months ago, has a beautiful neck, of which she never hesitates to show what would be considered a superabundance in a less favored-by-nature woman.

And, after all, that is really where it all is. One doesn't object to the pretty necks going as décolleté as they please. It is the ugly ones that make the fashion detestable. Did fashion restrict the custom to the possessors of marble shoulders, satin necks, and billowy bosoms, there wouldn't be a word said. But unhappily it lets every one take part in the full dress "undress" parade, and, as a consequence, fat old dowagers with necks and dumpling-like continuations of purple buckskin; ancient maidens with yellow parchment backs more rounded than their chests; tall, ungainly women who consider skin-covered shoulder-blades and collar-bones a sight to delight the eye; and æsthetic young damsels, the Nile green of whose complexions, and the unbroken flatness of whose outlines, seem to intensify as they descend—all find entrance, and, in keeping with the well-established peculiarities of ugly women, think their charms are so great that other people can not be shown enough of them. No wonder, then, is it that the sights one sees at balls are enough to nauseate one, and that people are up in arms against a continuance of a custom that forces them to look against their will upon nude hideousness. But could the fashion, as I say, be strictly confined by Act of Parliament to the women I have mentioned, and a few others, such as young Mrs. Sassoon, Lady Beatrix Herbert, Lady Garoagh, and Mrs. Langtry, the anti-low neck movement would no more be heard of.

Of Mrs. Langtry in connection with this subject, I need not say much. I understand that her theatrical tour in America will this time include San Francisco, and those who have not already seen her will then have the opportunity of judging for themselves. I will say this—if after seeing her in a décolleté dress they do not express a regret that gowns are worn so high nowadays, I shall be very much mistaken. Some people there are who will tell you that that is her chief attraction. Perhaps they may be right, but I do not think so. Excelling as she does in all that goes to make (physically speaking) a perfectly beautiful woman, it is impossible to say in which she excels the most, in feature, carriage, complexion, form, figure, smile, expression, or manner. Whatever attracts your notice most at the moment will seem to be her greatest charm. It in turn will give place to another, and so those in her presence will experience an ever-present but ever-changing delight. She never tires you. It is in the immense variety of her attractions that Mrs. Langtry really stands alone among women, not only as the most beautiful, but the most bewitching woman of the day.

Her powers seem inexhaustible, limitless. Not only does she attract attention, but she keeps it; and I defy any man (or woman either) to keep his eyes off her while she is within sight. The subtile influence of her presence I have never heard denied by any one who has ever been thrown in her society. I have no doubt there will be many who, on first seeing her on the stage, will say they are disappointed. But they won't really be. They will only think so. A woman whose beauty would please all preconceived tastes, and satisfy all anticipations, would not only be an impossibility, but a nondescript as odd as ever delighted the wily Barnum. No such woman ever existed. The majority will like her at once, while the others, with ideals of beauty different from hers, will find their real and only disappointment in the shattering of the models their minds had ever pictured to them as the perfection of female loveliness. But once the ideal destroyed, they will soon be won over. To those who come back from her first performance I say, "Wait. Wait a day or two, and see if you can help wanting to go and see her again, and if, during the interim, she does not come up before your mind's eye a thousand times, and as no other woman, real or imaginary, ever did before."

Of course, in saying these things I suppose myself to be talking to gentlemen and ladies. I don't suppose, for an instant, she would or could attract, or be cared for by, a coal-heaver, or a navvy, or a low-born, low-bred woman. I was fortunate enough to stay, on one occasion, at the same country house with her. It was long before she found it expedient to go on the stage—before, in fact, she had reached the zenith of her fame as a professional beauty. I had never even seen her before, and had, indeed, become rather prejudiced against her, owing to the talk that went on about her to the exclusion of almost every other topic of conversation. I will only say that the moment I found myself in the room with her I experienced the influence I have spoken of, and though she said very little to me, I had sense enough to realize that the shorter I made my visits at that house while she remained there the happier it would be for me in the long run.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, May 29, 1884.

---

A gentleman writes to the London *Times*: "I have recently twice crossed the Atlantic, in both instances in steamers of great tonnage and the highest speed, and I have gone down to my cabin at night to turn in with a feeling that nothing but the Providence which sits up aloft, and, in looking after poor Jack, has to perform the same duty for passengers, could avert a fatal accident if any vessel approached ours at the same speed. Through dark, thick nights, amid blinding storms of hail, still we drove ahead at fifteen or sixteen knots (seventeen or eighteen miles an hour roughly), with the most reckless disregard of what we might chance to meet. It is true that every known precaution was taken, look-out men on both sides forward, and the officers most vigilant, but still I contend that with vessels of such immense length it would have been absolutely impossible to sheer out of the way of a vessel lying to under close reefs or a steamer coming end on."

---

In reply to the question whether there is such a thing in real life among criminals as the wearing of false beards, and that kind of disguise, a detective is quoted as saying that the make-up of the stage is not known to the police in their dealings with rascals. But there is a good deal of disguising, and it is generally done by letting hair grow or cutting it off, and changing its color. There are barbers who do that kind of work at high prices. They got into it in the old bounty-jumping days. A man with long black hair and whiskers would enlist, get his bounty, and desert. Within a day or two he would turn up again with red hair and whiskers a little shorter. Next time the hair might be yellow, and all of it gone from his chin. And so on, if he was provident with his stock of hair, he could be a half dozen different men before getting down to a clean face.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sitting Bull is going to travel with a show.

The Prince of Wales is an expert bicyclist.

Hock is the favorite wine served at Queen Victoria's table.

Rowell, the English pedestrian, has earned eighty thousand dollars by his walking matches.

The top of Charles Reade's right fore-finger was bitten off by a bear in the Zoölogical Gardens.

Clara Morris's family name is Morrison. She is a Canadian, and first went on the stage in the ballet.

Mr. Samuel J. Tilden is descended on his mother's side from one of the Regicide judges, whose wife was a sister of Oliver Cromwell.

Mr. Thomas B. Connery, for many years managing editor of the *Herald*, has become editor-in-chief of *Truth*, and *Truth* is to be congratulated thereon.

Doctor Reinsch, a German savant, has discovered that minute bacteria infest the crust of dirt that accumulates on old coins, and act as agents in the spread of disease.

Lord Randolph Churchill is said to prepare beforehand and commit to memory carefully every important speech he delivers, and he seldom reads a book, but studies newspapers constantly.

Louis Kossuth still clings to the Lutheran faith in which he was brought up, but does not deny that Byron may have been right when he wrote that "religions take their turns, and other creeds will rise with other years."

The petition to Queen Victoria in favor of the restoration of Valentine Baker to the British army has already been signed by over twelve thousand persons, including several peers and members of the Commons.

The jewels of the late dowager Empress of Austria go to the present empress, of whom her husband once said, "I should consider the Empress Eugénie the most beautiful woman in Europe if there were not my wife."

Doctor Koch, who is protruding himself as the claimed discoverer of the cholera germ, is described as a diminutive, weazen-faced man of forty, who looks like sixty, and is suspected by some to be the discovered germ.

The widow of the son of the Emperor Iturbide of Mexico, Mrs. Iturbide, lives in Washington, near the British Legation, and possesses some wonderful pieces of Mexican pottery, silver, and needle-work. Her son, once the proclaimed heir of Maximilian, is a prominent society man in the same city.

A Paris cablegram states that Pasteur is being overwhelmed with letters from persons offering their services as subjects for his experiments in inoculating human beings against the rabies. The experiments will be made before a government commission. Among those who offer to submit their persons to the test in the interest of science are no less than fourteen medical students, who beg to be given the preference, as they are willing, if need be, to die in what they all pronounce the cause of humanity.

The Prince of Wales, says *Truth*, ought to have given out that he was going to Corsica or Corfu, for, having retreated to Royat for a little quiet during the month of May, he finds himself followed by a swarm of inquisitive tourists, principally English and American. The place which is usually empty till the middle of June, is now as crowded as during the height of the season. The valley in which Royat lies is very hot, but the air is nevertheless invigorating, and the neighboring hills are easy of ascent. The scenery all around is very pleasing. The Prince has walked twice to Clermont, and he has also driven over to Vichy. He follows the usual routine of visitors to the baths, which means getting up at six, going to bed at ten, and very plain fare.

"The true story" of how the late Charles O'Conor came to act as counsel in the Forrest divorce case is told by the Syracuse *Herald*. Mrs. Forrest's friends at first tried to engage him, but he refused positively to have anything to do with the case. But they had spread abroad reports of their intention to engage him, hoping thus to frighten Mr. Forrest, and Forrest had heard and believed them. A few hours after his final refusal to be Mrs. Forrest's counsel, Mr. O'Conor took his seat in a horse-car, to go home. A moment later Forrest entered. His eye fell upon O'Conor and flashed fire. Believing the lawyer to be his wife's counsel he strode up to him, and in the presence of the assembled passengers, deliberately trod on his toes. Mr. O'Conor rose, quitted the car, and returned to his office. There he wrote a brief note to Mrs. Forrest, accepting her case without retainer; and a more remorseless warfare was never waged by counsel upon an adversary's client than that which Mr. O'Conor opened against the great actor next day.

Mr. Blaine's personal magnetism, says the Philadelphia *Times*, is probably greater than that of any other man seen in public life during the past quarter of a century. He has a phenomenal memory. He remembers circumstances, dates, names, and places readily, and it is this wonderfully available memory that makes him a ready speaker and a charming companion. He has also great quickness and accuracy of judgment. He writes as readily and as strongly as he speaks, and very rapidly. Mr. Blaine is slightly above the average height, and burly in form. His hair is nearly white, and thin on top, and his beard is not heavy. He has a fair but not imposing head. Large at the base, his perceptive and emotional faculties overpower those of reason. His figure is well preserved, he dresses with care, and is of handsome personnel. He has made use of no means to conceal the ravages time and anxieties have made on his hair, and wears it close cut, the color making all the more noticeable his dark eyes, which glitter and flash with temper, or glow lustrous and beam forth amiably, as the mood is on him.

## LITERARY NOTES.

### The Philological Society's Dictionary.

The "New English Dictionary," edited by Doctor James A. H. Murray, president of the British Philological Society, is a volume which has been looked for with great interest for a number of years. The first part has just been issued, and comprises the words from A to Ant. The work has been compiled on historical principles, founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society. Its editor has been aided by scholars and men of science all over the English-speaking world, and to these he makes acknowledgment by name in the preface. Preparations for the work were commenced more than a quarter of a century ago, in accordance with a resolution passed in the Philological Society in 1857, at the suggestion of Doctor Trench, who has since become Archbishop of Dublin. It was proposed that a new English dictionary should be made in which there should be completeness of vocabulary and an application of the historical method to the life and use of words. Several hundred writers began to select and transcribe typical quotations from all the great English special and general writers of all ages. Mr. Herbert Coleridge was the first editor, and he was succeeded, on his death, by Mr. F. J. Furnivale. They were aided by Doctor French, Lord Littleton, Rev. W. W. Skeat, Miss Harriet Martineau, Miss Charlotte Yonge, Professor Dowden, Mr. R. Grant White, Hon. G. P. Marsh, and others. The work dragged through a varied existence until 1878, when the vast amount of collected material was massed together in one place, and submitted to practical arrangement. Steps were then taken for the printing, and a new appeal was sent throughout the world, asking fresh aid. Nearly a thousand persons responded, and became "readers" for the enterprise, so that a rapid progress was made in the work.

The aim of the dictionary is to furnish an adequate account of the meaning, origin, and history of English words now in use. It shows how each word became English, and in what shape; which of its uses have become obsolete, and which have survived. It illustrates this by quotations ranging from the first known occurrence of the word down to the present day, and treats the etymology of each word on the basis of historical fact, in the methods and results of philological science.

Perhaps one of the best illustrations of the methods employed may be seen by quoting an entire word article. Many of the more interesting articles are thickly sown with Anglo-Saxon, Greek, Arabic, and other Oriental roots, the type for printing which we do not possess. The word "Allude" is thus treated:

**Allude.** *v.* [ad. L. *allud-ere* to play with, joke or jest at, dally with, touch lightly upon a subject.]

† **1.** *trans.* To play with, make game of, mock. *Obs.*

1534 Henry VIII in Strype *Eccl. Mem.* I. II. App. liii, Making him [the Pope] a God, to the great deceit, alluding, and seducing of our subjects. 1577 Dee *Relat. at. Spirits* I. (1659) 418, E. K. then came to me and said, I think there is some wicked spirit that would allude me.

† **2.** To play upon words, to refer by play of words: **a.** *intr.* To play upon, or make a play with (words); to pun. **b.** *trans.* To refer by word-play, to apply punningly. **c.** *intr.* To have a punning reference. *Obs.*

1553-87 Foxe *A. & M.* (1596) I | 1 Christ . . . alluding to his [St. Peter's] name, called him a rock. 1556 Recorde *Cast. Knowl.* 4 There canne be no such allusion of woordes in the englyshe . . . except a man wold rather allude at the woordes, than expresse the sentence. 1605 Verstegen *Dec. Intell.* v. (1628) 148 In respect of Pope Gregory his alluding the name of Englisce vnto Angellike. *Ibid.* v. 141 The reuerent Father perceiuing this name to allude vnto the name of Angeli. 1607 Topsell *Four-footed Beasts* 117 Gray-hounds . . . called *Windspill*, alluding to compare their swiftness with the winde.

† **3.** To refer by the play of fancy. **a.** *trans.* To refer (a thing) fancifully or figuratively, to compare symbolically, *to* (something else). **b.** *intr.* To have a fanciful or figurative reference, to correspond in a figure, *to* (something else). *Obs.*

1596 Harington *Ulysses upon Ajax* (1814) 70 Now, to allude this, Philaretes, in this sort conceit me. 1624 T. Adams *Pract. Wks.* (1861) II. 10 (D.) Some have alluded these three, gold, myrrh, and frankincense, to . . . faith, hope, and charity. 1630 Taylor (Water P.) *Wks.* (N.) He at last allude her to a waterman. 1647 Crashaw *Poems* 209 Hills and relentless rocks, or if there be Things that in hardness more allude to thee. 1655 [See Alluding *a.*] 1653 Wither *Lord's Prayer* 133 The holy Ghost alludes not our most wise Creator to a foolish Potter.

**4.** *intr.* To have an oblique, covert, or indirect reference, to point as it were in passing.

1533 More *Apol.* viii. Wks. 1557, 860 | 1 These wordes . . . allude vnto certaine woordes of Tyndall. 1711 Steele *Spect.* No. 11 ¶ 1 Quotations which allude to the Perjuries of the Fair. 1713—*Englishm.* No. 50. 319 The following Letter alludes to an Edition of a Discourse printed in Ireland. *Mod.* This expression evidently alludes to some circumstance then well known but now forgotten.

**5.** *intr.* To make an indirect or passing reference, to glance at, refer indirectly *to*. (Often used ignorantly as = *refer* in its general sense.)

1574 Whitgift *Def. Answ.* i. (1851) I. 162 In a family the master is above the servant . . . whereunto Christ himself alludeth. 1651 Baxter *Inf. Bapt.* 251 The Apostle expoundeth, and not only alludeth to these words. 1712 Steele *Spect.* No. 510 ¶ 3 He alludes to enterprises which he can not reveal but with the hazard of his life. 1767 Gilpin *Tour Lakes* (R.) The people of the country, alluding to the whiteness of its foam, call it sour-milk force. 1837 J. Harris *Gt. Teacher* 307 He often alluded to his poverty. 1865 Dickens *Mut. Fr.* iv. 291, I allude to my parents.

† **6.** *trans.* To refer (a thing) as applicable, appropriate, or belonging, *to* (as a saying to that to which it refers, a name to its owner, a thing to its author.) *Obs.*

1607 Topsell *Four-footed Beasts* 187 Men for honour of Bacchus, did dance upon certain Bottles made of Goats skins . . . whereunto Virgil alluded this saying: *Mollibus in pratis unctos saliere per utres.* 1634 T. Herbert *Trav.* 137 Ninus . . . built Ninive, though some allude it to Assur.

† **7.** *trans.* (with *obj., inf.*, or *subord. cl.*) To throw out by the way, to hint, suggest. *Obs.*

1547 J. Heywood *Wit & Folly* 12, I glanset at payne of mynd, allewdyng That payne to be most payne. 1587 Holinshed *Chron.* III. 851 | 1 The king of Spaine alluded with good right, that the empire appertained to him. 1677 Hale *Prim. Orig. Man.* iii. vii. 235 To excuse this unexperienced Notion . . . they allude these ensuing Apologies.

While many English words were born before the year 1000 A. D., and have lasted with more or less changes to the present day, others sprang up during the middle ages, and gradually died away again, lasting in some instances to the beginning of this century or perishing in the times of the Georges or Charleses. Take, for instance, the word "Afforce," which lived from 1330 to 1430; or "Aguilt," which is first found about the year 1000 and appears as late as 1530.

A vast number of words served only for the temporary purposes of certain periods of history, such as appellations employed in political or sectarian excitements. These, of course, died after a more or less brief reign. Many words have arisen and been speedily adopted to suit the general progression of tastes and civilization. Take, for instance, the word "Æsthetic," and note its history from the time of its adoption from the Greek by a school of German philosophers in the beginning of the present century, down to Gilbert and Oscar Wilde of the present day.

Here is a word which figured prominently in the sentimental novels and poems of ten years ago, and to which the red sunsets of 1883 gave a scientific and more important significance. It will be noticed that the word was unknown prior to 1873:

**Afterglow** [After- 6.] A glow or refulgence that remains after the disappearance of any light, *esp.* that which lights the western sky after sunset; also *fig.*

1873 L. Tollemache in *Fortn. Rev.* Feb. 228 [The belief] . . . has left an after-glow of sentiment about the sacredness of life. 1877 Miss A. B. Edwards *1000 m. up Nile* xi. 250 The sun had set, the after-glow had faded, the twilight was closing in. 1881 A. J. C. Hare *Lucca* I. in *Gt. Wds.* XXII. 24 The peaks . . . stand out black and solemn against the infinite radiance of the afterglow.

The birth and growth of a word can not be more vividly realized than by the following interesting description of a word which may be said to be still in its "teens":

**Agnostic** *sb.* and *a.* [f. Gr. *agnostos* unknowing, unknown, unknowable. Cf Gnostic; in Gr. the termination *ikos* never coexists with the privative *a.*]

**A.** *sb.* One who holds that the existence of anything beyond and behind material phenomena is unknown and (so far as can be judged) unknowable, and especially that a First Cause and an unseen world are subjects of which we know nothing.

[Suggested by Prof. Huxley at a party held previous to the formation of the now defunct Metaphysical Society, at Mr. Knowles's house on Clapham Common, one evening in 1869, in my hearing. He took it from St. Paul's mention of the altar to "the Unknown God." R. H. Hutton in letter 13 Mar. 1884.]

1870 *Spect.* 29 Jan 135 In theory he [Prof. Huxley] is a great and even severe Agnostic, who goes about exhorting all men to know how little they know. 1874 Mivart *Ess. Relig. etc.* 205 Our modern Sophists—the Agnostics—those who deny we have any knowledge, save of phenomena. 1876 *Spect.* 11 June, Nicknames are given by opponents, but Agnostic was the name demanded by Professor Huxley for those who disclaimed atheism, and believed with him in an "unknown and unknowable" God; or, in other words, that the ultimate origin of all things must be some cause unknown and unknowable. 1880 Br. Fraser in *Manch. Guardn.* 25 Nov., The Agnostic neither denied nor affirmed God. He simply put Him on one side.

**B.** *adj.* Of or pertaining to agnostics or their theory.

1873 *Q. Rev.* CXXXV. 192 The pseudo-scientific teachers of what has . . . been termed . . . the Agnostic Philosophy. 1876 Principal Tulloch *Agnosticism* in *Weekly Scotsm.* 18 Nov., The same agnostic principle which prevailed in our schools of philosophy had extended itself to religion and theology. Beyond what man can know by his senses or feel by his higher affections, nothing, as was alleged, could be truly known. 1880 Birdwood *Ind. Arts* I. 4 The agnostic teaching of the Sankhya school is the common basis of all systems of Indian philosophy. 1882 Froude *Carlyle* II. 216 The agnostic doctrines, he [Carlyle] once said to me, were to appearance like the finest flour, from which you might expect the most excellent bread; but when you came to feed on it, you found it was powdered glass, and you had been eating the deadliest poison.

The type and general arrangement of this dictionary are admirable, and in pleasing contrast with similar works. While it will be mainly available for the student and special reader, it is a work which for reference will prove invaluable to every library. Published by Macmillan & Co., London and New York; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.; price, per part. $3.25.

### Miscellaneous Literary Gossip.

Mr. Walter Beasant has published in a pamphlet his lecture on "The Art of Fiction."

Mr. Julian Hawthorne is at work upon a new story, the scene of which is laid in Ireland.

The industrious Mrs. Oliphant has been writing a new novel, the title of which is "Elinor."

Mr. W. Carleton, who has sailed for Europe, is preparing a new volume of poems for the press.

The first edition of Mr. Crawford's new story, "A Roman Singer," numbered twelve thousand five hundred copies. Nearly all are sold.

The first English edition of Mr. Blackmore's new story, "Tommy Upmore," was exhausted on the day of publication. It was a large one. The novel, however, is very poor.

Harper & Brothers have begun already on the coming Christmas number of their magazine, and promise great things for it. Charles Dudley Warner will write the essay on Christmas.

The sixth *lieferung* of Señor P. de Leon's "Diccionario Tecnológico" is out, and continues the useful work of interpreting for Spaniards and Englishmen the technical terms in the two languages.

There are two and a half millions of printed books and the immense number of ninety-two thousand MSS. in the French National Library. About forty-five thousand books are added yearly. The British Museum requires only about ten thousand each year.

Dr. W. A. Hammond's novel, "Lal: A Tale of Colorado," will be published next month. One of its characters is a beautiful, noble-minded girl who is deeply devoted to science, and who, in pursuing the study of evolution, performs some extraordinary experiments with snakes.

Mr. Edmund W. Gosse's edition in four volumes of Thomas Gray's works is in the press of the Macmillans. Mr. Gosse's recent appointment to the chair of English Literature at Cambridge will doubtless leave him sufficient learned leisure for the undertaking of many other literary enterprises.

Three existing manuscripts of Gray's "Elegy" have recently been examined by the Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke, and they convince him that the poem was "the first-class work of a third-class poet." The alterations in the manuscript were so numerous, so vastly improving, and covered so many years of thought, that the result must be regarded as art without any inspiration.

Monsieur Zola has been expressing a sympathetic astonishment over the decay of English fiction. He ascribes this deterioration to the monopoly the circulating library holds, and its tendency to cater exclusively for young girls, to the detriment of all other classes of readers. "Any story," he says, "is good enough provided it be sentimental enough. Neither poetry of language nor observation of life and manners is asked for. The work is, I hear, done chiefly by women who produce their two or three books a year. Ah! how I do admire their facility. Here am I, just come back from Azin, where I have been for the last two months compiling notes, and I can barely complete three pages a day." This book deals with the life of the miners.

The Italian author, Edmondo de Amicis, whose narratives of travel in Turkey, Morocco, Spain, France, and Holland, are already known to American readers, is at present making a trip along the eastern coast of South America. According to the reports from the Argentine Republic, he has had accorded to him an exceptionally favorable reception, not only on the part of the officials, but from the general public. The Buenos Ayres papers give detailed accounts of complimentary receptions, which would imply a very hearty enthusiasm on the part of the excitable South Americans for the Italian traveler. One result from De Amicis's trip will doubtless be a fresh volume of travels devoted to descriptions of South American ways of life, which ought to be of decided interest. It is expected that he will return to Italy by way of New York.

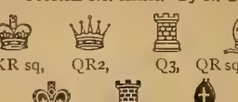
An enterprising Paris publisher, Monsieur Repetti, is about to issue a series entitled "Les Grandes Amoureuses," which will assuredly be a work *hors ligne*. The volumes will be the history of all celebrated women who have left behind them "un renom d'amour," beginning with Eve, and including Madame Dubarry and Madame de Pompadour, as well as Cleopatra, Messalina, Marie Stuart, Catherine II., Queen Elizabeth, Marguerite de Bourgogne, Phryne, Laïs, Aspasia, la Fornarina, Beatrice, Laura, Madame de Staël, the Marquise de Brinvilliers, Héloïse, and we know not how many more sirens. Some leading authors will furnish the text—Alexandre Dumas, Jean Richepin, Théodore de Banville, Arsène Houssaye, François Coppée, Alphonse Daudet, and others—and the work will be well executed. Each volume (to be issued weekly) will cost the very moderate sum of two francs.

Chatham, when once complimented upon one of his happiest efforts of eloquence and policy, replied: "I deserve little praise, for my success arose only from having been checkmated by discovery the day before, at chess.

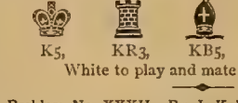
## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

**Problem No. XXXI.—By N. Sardotsch, of Trieste.**



KR sq, QR2, Q3, QR sq, QKt7, Q5, KB5.

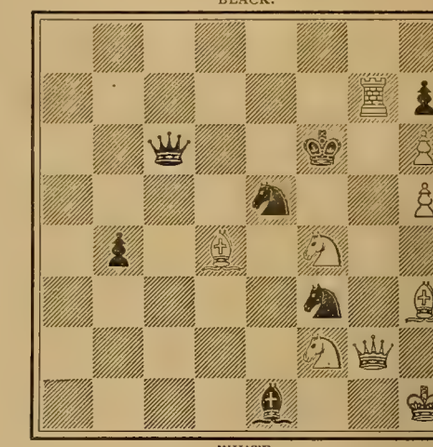


K5, KR3, KB5, KKt4, KKt3, KR7.

White to play and mate in two moves.

**Problem No. XXXII.—By J. Kohtz and C. Kockelhorn.**

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

**Solution of Problem No. XXV.**

1—B Kt6 2—Any move
2—P Q8 queens, PxR knights, BxQ, or Kt mates.

**Solution of Problem No. XXVI.**

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1—Kt QB4 | 1—K x R (a) | | (a) 1—— | | 1—Kt x Q |
| 2—Q QB6 ch | 2—K x Q | | 2—RxB ch | | 2—K KB5 |
| 3—Kt K7 mate. | | | 3—P Q3 mate. | | |

Correct solutions received as follows: Problems XXII, XXIV, and XXV—From B. M. Parker, Eureka, Cal. Problems XXVII and XXVIII—From U. Hartnell, Salinas.

**Answers to Correspondents.**

B. M. P., Eureka, Cal.—If 1 Q KR7, then 1 Kt KB4 interposing.
U. H., Salinas—Solutions received last week too late for acknowledgment.

**Game.**

Played in the Championship Tournament of the Manhattan Chess Club. Game and notes from the Brooklyn *Chess Chronicle*:

GIUOCO PIANO.

| *White.* Hanham. | *Black.* Richardson. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 16—R QB sq | 16—Q KR4 |
| 2—Kt KB3 | 2—Kt QB3 | 17—R QB3 | 17—Kt K2 |
| 3—B QB4 | 3—B QB4 | 18—Kt R2 | 18—Q Q4 |
| 4—P QB3 | 4—Kt KB3 | 19—Q QKt3 | 19—Q K5 |
| 5—P Q3 | 5—P Q3 | 20—Q QB2 | 20—Q KR5 |
| 6—P KR3 | 6—P KR3 | 21—Kt KB3 | 21—R x Kt (c) |
| 7—Castles | 7—Castles | 22—P x R | 22—Q x KP |
| 8—P Q4 | 8—P x P | 23—Q K4 | 23—R KB3 |
| 9—P x P | 9—B QKt3 | 24—B KB4 | 24—R Kt3 ch(d) |
| 10—Kt QB3 | 10—Kt x KP (a) | 25—B Kt3 | 25—Kt KB4 |
| 11—BxBP ch(b) | 11—R x B | 26—P KB4 (e) | 26—B x QP |
| 12—Kt x Kt | 12—B KB4 | 27—Q KKt2 | 27—Q x Q ch |
| 13—Kt KKt3 | 13—Q Q2 | 28—K x Q | 28—B x R |
| 14—B K3 | 14—QR KB sq | 29—P x B | 29—R x B ch (f) |
| 15—Kt x B | 15—Q x Kt | 30—P x R | 30—Kt K6 ch |
| | | 31—K B2 | 31—Kt x R |

And Black wins.

(a) Well played, as it breaks up White's centre.
(b) Kt x Kt is certainly better than this capture, which opens the Black Rook on the White King's entrenchments.
(c) A sound sacrifice, forcing the game in a few moves.
(d) Kt to KB4, as Mr. Steinitz remarked when game was ended, would be more expeditious.
(e) There seems to be nothing better left, for White is in danger of losing a piece by 27 Kt x B, etc.
(f) Conclusive.

Dr. Zukertort's early arrival will undoubtedly create a warmer interest in chess than has existed for some time. The principal reason for regret at his coming at present is the lack of a regularly organized chess club, at whose rooms the chess champion may be made at home. There is no city of any size elsewhere in the United States that does not boast of at least one such club, and it is certainly to the discredit of San Francisco that no such institution exists here. We are happy to state, however, that a movement is on foot, headed by some of the strongest and best known players of the city, to form such an association, and, if possible, to organize at once. Chess players desiring to join a chess club are requested to communicate immediately with the chess editor, who will give them the necessary information concerning the matter in hand.

There will be a meeting at the chess rooms of the Mechanics' Institute, Post Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, this Saturday, June 21st, at 12:30 P. M., for the purpose of arranging for a proper reception of the world's chess champion, Doctor Zukertort, who will arrive in this city shortly. Every one interested in chess is invited to be present. The Mercantile and Mechanics' libraries have posted notices of the contemplated meeting. Doctor Zukertort stands to-day where Paul Morphy did twenty-five years ago—the champion of the world. All of our Eastern cities where the doctor has visited have entertained him handsomely, and have witnessed his marvelous blindfold play. Let San Francisco do likewise, and not take second place in courtesies to the most distinguished representative of the greatest of games.

Among our new exchanges, we welcome the Nashville *American*, which has an ably conducted weekly chess column, full of current news, and with the usual problems and games.

The first American chess book issued from the press was published in Philadelphia in 1802.

## THE INNER MAN.

A new parlor beverage in Washington is punch. It is made from a recipe used by the descendants of a once prominent Virginia family, that of Duff Green. The punch must be made at least twenty-four hours before it is used, and corked in a demijohn until the time comes to pour it into the punch-bowl, when a large square lump of clear ice must be placed in the bowl, and the punch poured over it. On no account must the ice be put in the bowl after the punch is in. The ingredients are Scuppernong wine, Jamaica rum, orange, and sugar.

A curious bill of fare is that which was recently laid before the members of the French National Acclimatization Society on the occasion of their annual "love feast." By the introduction of this new bill of fare many traditional dishes are dispensed with, and the following courses are substituted: Soups—Chinese yak gravy soup, curried; Caribichi patties à la Réunion, palm cabbage, Estramadura loin. Second course—Californian salmon, roast wapiti. Third course—Siamese pork with Indian sauce, jugged kangaroo à la Française. Roasts—Wild pheasant with peccary sauce. Salads — Californian lettuce, Italian pumpkin. Vegetables—Algerian sweet potatoes. Fourth course—Japanese medlars, pineapple tart. Dessert—China lichen, guavas, etc., Peruvian coffee, liqueur d'eucalyptus. Fortunately, nobody is to be held responsible for the guests' digestion. Each man dines at his own peril.

"Three up, coff," said the waiter. The reporter looked curiously to see what the unusual order meant. The waiter brought the customer three small cakes and a cup of coffee. "One brown buck," cried another waiter. In a few minutes he brought the customer a plate of buckwheat cakes done brown. "Beef and," "Ham and" were frequently heard, and the orders were filled with beef and beans and ham and eggs. "Give me a plate of beans," he said to the waiter. "One plate of Boston strawberries," yelled that functionary. The old gentleman was startled, but soon received his favorite dish, at a cost of ten cents, while New York strawberries would have cost him fifty. "Cincinnati quail, have it fat," was the next order. The cook cut off a large slice of fat pork and put it on the range. "All waiters," said the proprietor, who sat at the door to see that no man escaped without paying his bill, "have a system of abbreviation and a peculiar nomenclature for food. Some of our customers know this technical form of ordering so well that they use it themselves." A well-dressed man here entered, and, taking a seat at the table, ordered the waiter to bring him two fish-balls. "One sleeve-buttons," cried the waiter, while the cook softly repeated, "Sleeve-buttons."

One of the most sumptuous and expensive books on the culinary art that the world has ever seen is the work of a French artist named Emile Bernard. So large is this volume that it it will cover, even when closed, a moderately sized table. The illustrations, which adorn it throughout, are excellent representations of the various dishes treated of, each photographed full-sized by an expensive apparatus, constructed especially for the purpose. The letter-press, the binding, the gilding—indeed, everything in connection with this huge tome—are most elaborate, and nothing that money can purchase seems to have been stinted. Only a hundred copies were printed, and these are in the exclusive possession of crowned heads and their immediate relatives and friends, by whom they were subscribed. The total cost of this magnificent work was three hundred thousand marks, or fifteen thousand pounds; thus bringing the price of each book at one hundred and fifty pounds. The undertaking ranks as a fitting tribute to the profession, and also to the German Emperor, under whose especial patronage it was commenced. At any rate, it certainly stands unrivaled as a cookery book, and although invisible to the world at large, is, perhaps, the greatest monument ever erected in honor of the gastronomic art.

Monsieur Thiers's own dinner, says a writer in *Temple Bar*, always consisted of a little clear soup, a plate of roast meat—veal was that which he preferred—some white peas, beans, or lentils, and a glass saucer of jam—generally apricot. He got through this repast, with two glasses of Bordeaux, in about a quarter of an hour, and then would grow fidgety. "Est-ce bon ce que vous mangez là?" he would say to one of his guests, and thence start off on a disquisition on cookery. Telegrams were brought to him at table, and he would open them, saying: "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but the affairs of France must pass before everything." If he got disquieting news he would sit pensive for a few moments, then call for a sheet of paper, and scribble off instructions to somebody, whispering directions to his major-domo about the destination of the missive. But if he received glad tidings he would start from his chair and frisk about, making jokes, his bright gray eyes twinkling merrily as lamps through his gold-rimmed spectacles. After dinner there was always a discussion, *coram hospitibus*, between him and Madame Thiers as to whether he might take some black coffee. Permission to excite his nerves being invariably refused, he would wink, laughing, to his friends to call their attention to the state of uxorious bondage in which he lived, and then retire to a high arm-chair near the fire, where he soon dropped off to sleep. Upon this Madame Thiers would lay a forefinger on her lips, saying, "Monsieur Thiers dort," and with the help of her sister she would clear the guests into the next room, where they conversed in whispers, while the President dozed—a droll little figure with his chin resting on the broad red ribbon of his Legion of Honor, and his short legs dangling about an inch above the floor. It was always very touching to see the care with which Monsieur Thiers's wife and sister-in-law ministered to him. The story has often been told of how Monsieur Thiers having been forbidden by doctors to eat his favorite Provençal dish of *brandade* (fish cooked with garlic), Monsieur Mignet, the historian, used to smuggle some of this mess, inclosed in a tin box, into his friend's study, and what a pretty scene there was one day when Madame Thiers detected these two *frères provençaux* enjoying the contraband dainty together.

## ÆTNA SPRINGS.

### One of the Most Noted Places in California for its Hygienic Effects.

Among the many advantages which California can boast of, there is nothing to excel the curative effects of the water at Ætna Springs, in Napa County. What the famous Ems is to Germany, the Ætna waters are to California. This cannot be gainsaid when they are so highly recommended by the well-known physician, Dr. W. W. Stillwagon, one of the oldest practicing physicians of Napa County, and one of the most skillful in the State. In a statement from the doctor he says: "I have observed remarkable cures in many cases of cutaneous and kidney diseases and rheumatic affection. The waters act as an alterative and as a tonic. They purify the blood, correct the secretions and restore to healthy action the various organs of the body, and invigorate the whole system. The waters contain, in combination with other constituents, a large amount of carbolic acid gas, and acts on some persons like a galvanic battery and is supposed to be electrical. Bathing opens both the respiratory and sebaceous pores, relieves the system of impurities, producing a most healthful and salutary effect on the nervous system as well as on the functions of the body." Dr. Stillwagon goes on to say: "The waters are very useful in bronchial affections, as also of the lungs, in consumption in all its incipient stages. They are a specific for kidney diseases, and a certain remedy for erysipelas, chronic diarrhœa, dyspepsia, and an antidote in rheumatic attacks, including inflammatory. I can especially commend these waters in cases of general debility, malaria, or other disease, for diabetes, strangury, inflammation in the urinary ducts, etc. During the last thirty years I have been in practice in Napa county, and since the development of these waters I have often visited them and witnessed their healing powers. They possess so many medicinal properties that their cures are diverse and manifold. Among the remarkable cures was in a case where the fatty secretions of the sebaceous glands were dissolved or liquefied, and passed out through the pores of the skin, producing a miraculous appearance. These waters not only succor nature and enable her to resist and repel disease, but they are an antidote to the virus producing it. In all cases that have come under my observation, where the diseased have visited these waters and have given them a fair trial, and have conformed to the rules prescribed, they have, by their invigorating and purifying effects, or by their alterative and tonic properties, been benefited, and in many cases the effects have been remarkable. I pronounce these waters of great and varied virtue and excellence, like the Ems of Germany, which they so closely resemble in analysis and sanitary effects."

(Signed) W. W. STILLWAGON, M. D.


**Ten per Cent. Less than Ever.**

The California Furniture Manufacturing Company are now offering many of their goods at the above reduction, at the old stand, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

**Fredericksburg Lager Beer**

Is the finest in the world. Send your orders, for kegs or bottles, to 539 California Street.

**Root Beer.**

A strictly non-alcoholic family beverage, at once delicious to the taste and beneficial to the system. The youngest child or the feeblest invalid can drink it with advantage. Put up in pint and quart champagne bottles, with patent stoppers, at seventy cents and one dollar and ten cents per dozen. All orders promptly filled. H. L. St. John & Co., 14 Hayes Street.

**French Flowers and Feathers.**

Ladies, call at the Wonder Flower and Feather Store, 1024 Market Street, and inspect the new French Flowers and Feathers. One of the largest and choicest stocks in the city to choose from.

**Carpet Renovating.**

Parties desiring to have their carpets renovated should send their orders to J. SPAULDING & Co.'s Pioneer Beating and Renovating Works, 353 and 355 Tehama Street, as they have the only French receipt for cleaning and restoring the color of carpets. Telephone call 3,040.

**Yosemite and Giant Trees,**

Via positively the shortest, cheapest, and best scenic route, in new unexcelled six-horse coaches. For tickets and full information, THOMAS T. WALTON, 138 Montgomery Street.

**New Monarch Oil Stove.**

Call and see it. It is the neatest yet. Send for circular. Myers, 869 Market Street.

—NEW DEPARTURE.—DINNERS 11 A. M. TO 8 P. M. Hot muffins, etc. Manning's Oyster Grotto, 428 Pine Street.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

MR. LOUIS LISSER, 320 GEARY STREET, WILL resume giving instruction on July 7th.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— ASK FOR AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, AND DO not be persuaded to take any other. Sold by all druggists.

— EVERYBODY ADMIRES BEAUTIFUL HAIR, AND every one may possess it by using Ayer's Hair Vigor.

— CELERY, BEEF, AND IRON A MOST DELICIOUS drink, tonic and nervine—good appetite, perfect digestion, and sound sleep.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— USE SOUTH PRAIRIE COAL.

OPENING OF
SPRING AND SUMMER HATS
THIS WEEK BY
C. HERRMANN & CO.
(HERRMANN THE HATTER),
At 332---336 Kearny Street, between Bush and Pine Streets.
The largest Hat Store and the largest stock on the Pacific Coast. An immense line of novelties.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue for 1884, just out.

FALK'S
Bilsener
BEER

ESTABLISHED 1855.
CARRIAGES.
O. F. WILLEY & CO.
NEVADA BLOCK,
No. 317 MONTGOMERY STREET, - - - - - - SAN FRANCISCO,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
CARRIAGES, LIGHT ROAD WAGONS, CARTS, SULKIES,

Our stock of which is now, as it has heretofore been, unsurpassed in elegance and solidity. Recent importations have greatly enlarged our supply of vehicles of all kinds from the following celebrated Eastern establishments, of which we are the agents, viz.:

**Brewster & Co.,** (of Broome Street) New York,
**C. S. Caffrey & Co.,** Camden, N. J.,
**Henry Hooker & Co.,** New Haven, Conn.,
**H. Killam & Co.,** New Haven, Conn.,
**W. S. Frazier & Co.,** Chicago Road Carts.

We have also an assortment of Buggies and Phaetons, with full leather tops, which we sell at prices ranging from $85 to $125. Constantly on hand a full supply of

HARNESS,

From the famous manufactories of Wood Gibson, New York, and Tompkins & Mandeville, together with a complete assortment of Concord and other Harness. **Fine Silk Plush Robes, Lap Robes of all kinds, Horse Blankets, Whips in variety, Wheel Jacks, Wood Stable Forks, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs,** etc., etc. The Agency Goods above enumerated will be sold at Eastern prices with freight added. We have always in stock, and are prepared to manufacture to order, Mountain and other Wagons. In returning thanks for past patronage and favors, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

ÆTNA
HOT MINERAL SPRINGS.

To the highly curative properties of these waters and the charms of the place is added an elegant and capacious Swimming Bath.

These waters purify the blood, and refresh, renew, and restore the whole system. They cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Chronic Diarrhœa, Paralysis, and Pulmonary Complaints in the early stages. These waters are a specific in cases of Malaria, Chill and Ague Fever They afford magical relief in cases of Nervousness, Sleeplessness, and General Debility.

Visitors leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. for St. Helena, thence by daily stage (Sundays excepted), arriving at the Ætnas at 5 P. M. For pamphlet, containing analysis and cures, address WM. BURNELL, Sup't, or WM. H. LIDELL, Proprietor, Lidell P. O., Napa Co., Cal.

HIGHLAND SPRINGS,
LAKE COUNTY, CAL.
"The Switzerland of America."
OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.
Daily communication via Cloverdale.
DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.

KOHLMOOS HOTEL,
Railroad Avenue, near Webster St.
ALAMEDA.
Fine Garden 200 feet square; Club House; Bowling and Billiards. Everything first-class.
JOHN KOHLMOOS, PROPRIETOR.

FASHIONABLE,
COMFORTABLE,
REASONABLE,
TUBBS' HOTEL,
OAKLAND, John M. Lawlor, Prop'r.

DOOR PLATES
AND HOUSE NUMBERS,
New and Elegant Styles at Greatly Reduced Rates.
Every description of Tableware repaired and replated at San Francisco Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating Works, 653 and 655 Mission St., San Francisco, between New Montgomery and Third.
E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.
NEWSOM & GASH,
ARCHITECTS
Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,
Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

GOODYEAR'S
Extra A1 Superior
RUBBER HOSE,
BELTING AND PACKING.
We make to order, at few hours' notice, in our RUBBER FACTORY, Hard & Soft Valves, Gaskets, Car Springs, etc.
Goodyear Rubber Co.
R. H. PEASE, JR., S. M. RUNYON, AGENTS.
577 and 579 Market St., S. F.

### THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

**A Square Offer.**

Wanted, a situation
In a fair rich maiden's heart
By a youth, whose inclination
Is toward poetic art.
He can prattle off a lyric
In half a minute's time,
Writes humorous, satiric,
Or any kind of rhyme.

He leads or follows fashion
(Much the same thing, you know),
And if you have a mash on
Him, you'll not find it slow,
For he will sing your praises
In many different keys,
And tread the songful mazes
And fair and flowering leas.

He'll marry any maiden
That's tolerably fair,
Provided she is laden
With that which speeds the mare.
In strictest confidence, address
"13 Parnassus Square."
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

**When, Oh, When?**

"Truth is mighty and will prevail,"
So say the wisest men,
But if they're right, will some of them
Please specify just when?
—*Merchant Traveler.*

**A Tale.**

An orange rind on the pavement
Sent the Lawyer head over heel,
He split his doeskin trousers—
He shook up his morning meal,
While the wreck of his new "Prince Albert"
Wouldn't tempt a tramp to steal.
So he sadly said to his tailor:
"I've lost a suit on appeal." —*Life.*

**The Left Candidate's Lament.**

The spring time comes and a young man's mind
Skips gayly the tra-la-la-lee,
And the deer in the park and the sky singing lark—
Everything has a time but me.

The owl and the bat, and the bull and the bear,
And the bird in the sycamore tree,
And the parrot and monkey that had such a time—
Oh, they all have a boom but me.
—*Chicago Herald.*

**How His Garments Got Turned.**

When the golden sunlight dances on the bosom of the stream,
And the silver lilies, starlike, 'mong the olive sedges gleam,
When the bullfrog seeks the cover of the grasses tall and rank,
And the pickerel at noonday seeks the shadow of the bank,
Then the small boy goes in swimming in the costume of the mode
That was worn by fair Godiva, when through Coventry she rode.
He splashes in the limpid stream with many a gleeful shout,
And, to the bank returning, puts his shirt on inside out;
And when his mother questions him, "How came that garment so?"
He looks upon it with surprise, and says he doesn't know;
When further pressed to give the cause, this reason he employs:
"I must have turned a somersault when playing with the boys." —*Somerville Journal.*

**"I Mean to Wait for Jack."**

Sweet Kate at Wyndham's dairy, and Jack of Oldham Mill—
Oh, long they woo'd and fond they coo'd, a faithful Jack and Jill!
But times were bad for lass and lad, and sadly both confessed
'Twas not the thing to buy the ring before they'd lined the nest.
"Courage, lad!" said Kate. "Yes, we'll have to wait;
But though, my dear, it's twenty year, I'll take no other mate."

But England wanted Jacky, for war was in the air,
And arms more grim were pressed on him than Katie's bonny pair.
So all through Spain, in rough campaign, he chivied bold Mossoo,
And fired his gun and made him run like fun at Waterloo.
When the lads came around her, Katie bade them pack,
"There's girls enow for you to woo; I mean to wait for Jack."

The gray in Katie's ringlets was mingled with the brown,
When, bump-a-thump, an eager stump came pegging through the town.
"It's me, you see, come back," said he, "except a leg or so;
And safe and sound here's twenty pound; so let the parson know."
Jingle, jangle, jingle! sets the bells a-chime,
And health and bliss to love like this that bravely bides its time.
—*Frederick Langbridge in Good Words.*

The late Sam Ward was the inventor of many curious things to eat and drink, but most of them were more curious than practicable. Nevertheless, the drink that bears his name will probably survive until the millennium prayed for by Neal Dow shall arrive. The gifted Ward once directed the waiter to pare skillfully a lemon, taking off the thick rind in one unbroken spiral slip. This was put into a shallow glass, like a lining, the vessel being of the variety known to the worldly as a "cocktail glass." The aromatic lining of the glass was then filled with finely cracked ice, and the whole was deftly deluged with chartreuse or curaçoa, preferably the former. Long after men have forgotten the inventor of this seductive tipple his name will be on the lips of club men and other sybarites, who will say: "Make me a Sam Ward, please."


The Strongest and Best!




The Strongest and Best!

**Recommended by the leading Physicians and Chemists of the Pacific Coast.**

**FOR SALE BY**

**C. J. HAWLEY & CO.**

**Nos. 215 and 217 Sutter St.**

**HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN**

**Hair Renewer.**

Seldom does a popular remedy win such a strong hold upon the public confidence as has HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. The cases in which it has accomplished a complete restoration of color to the hair, and vigorous health to the scalp, are innumerable.

Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening locks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it disappoints no one.

**BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**

**FOR THE WHISKERS**

Has become one of the most important popular toilet articles for gentlemen's use. When the beard is gray or naturally of an undesirable shade, BUCKINGHAM'S DYE is the remedy.

PREPARED BY

**R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H.**

Sold by all Druggists.

**Hunyadi János** THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

*"A natural laxative, superior to all others."*

**Prof. Macnamara, M.D., of Dublin.**

"SPEEDY, SURE & GENTLE."

*Prof. Roberts, F.R.C.P., London.*

*"Relieves the kidneys, unloads the liver, and opens the bowels."*

**London Medical Record.**

*Ordinary Dose, a Wineglassful before breakfast. Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.*

**NONE GENUINE BUT WITH THE BLUE LABEL.**

**For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.**

**No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon.**

**HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.**

**No. 24 Post Street,** SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

**ASA HARKER & CO**

**Importers and Wholesale Grocers,**

108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over **3,300** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**

**227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**



EDUCATIONAL.

**TO SCHOOL TEACHERS.**

**THE NAPA LADIES' SEMINARY**

**Will be Sold at Administrator's Sale,**

In the most desirable portion of the beautiful city of Napa, one entire block of land, with large and commodious School Building thereon, all necessary outhouses, including barn and beautifully laid out gardens. Room for 120 Day Scholars and 50 Boarders. The furniture consists of bedsteads, beds, and bedding, tables, household and kitchen furniture, pianos, desks, chairs, and school apparatus: in fact, everything necessary for the accommodation and conducting a first-class school. The whole will be sold together. This is an opportunity seldom met with to continue this flourishing institution. For full information apply to **ALBERT E. CRANE,**

410 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

**CITY COLLEGE,**

**119 HAIGHT STREET.**

The next term of this old and well-known institution will open on MONDAY, July 7, 1884. Thorough instruction in English, Classical and Modern Languages. A Kindergarten for Young Children. Address

**REV. JAMES MATTHEWS, Principal.**

**ST. MARY'S HALL,**

**BENICIA, CAL.**

The next term of St. Mary's Hall, with Graduating Course and Departments of Music, Languages and Art, will begin THURSDAY, August 7th. Address

**REV. L. D. MANSFIELD, Rector.**

**MISS BISBEE'S SCHOOL**

**FOR YOUNG LADIES**

**1020 Oak Street, Oakland, Cal., will re-open Wednesday, July 30, 1884.**

**IRVING INSTITUTE.**

A Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, 1036 Valencia Street. The next session will begin July 28th.

**REV. EDW. B. CHURCH, A. M.,** Principal.

**HARMON SEMINARY,**

**BERKELEY, CAL.**

A first-class Boarding School for Young Ladies. Next term will open July 31st. For catalogue, with full description, terms, etc., address **MISSES HARMON,** Berkeley, Cal.; or **E. J. WICKSON,** 414 Clay Street, San Francisco.

**HOPKINS ACADEMY**

**OAKLAND, CAL.**

**REV. H. E. JEWETT, PRINCIPAL.**

The next School Year begins TUESDAY, JULY 29, 1884. Send for catalogue.

**MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. A. K. CLAPPE'S**

**SELECT SCHOOL**

**FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,**

At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N. Y. Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalogue.

**TRINITY SCHOOL.**

A Boarding and Day School for Young Men and Boys. Numbers limited. Prepares for College and University. Christmas term opens Thursday, July 31, 1884. Refers to Wm. F. Babcock, Esq., Col. E. E. Eyre, Joseph Powning, Esq., Wm. T. Coleman, Esq., Geo. W. Gibbs, Esq. For information, address **Rev. E. B. SPALDING, Rector,** 1534 Mission Street, San Francisco.

**CALIFORNIA**

**MILITARY ACADEMY**

**OAKLAND, CAL.**

A first-class Boarding-school for Boys. Thorough and practical instruction in all departments. First-class board. Special attention given to the care and comfort of cadets. Term begins MONDAY, July 21st. For circulars, address COL. W. H. O'BRIEN, Principal.

**MRS. ADA CLARK'S**

**DANCING ACADEMY,**

211 SUTTER STREET, ABOVE KEARNY. Hall to let for Balls, Clubs etc.

FINE

**Suits, $25. TAILORING Suits, $30.**

Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.

**Suits, $40. TAILORING Suits, $50.**

Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.

**Suits, $60. TAILORING Suits, $70.**

**J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.**

**$130,000**

Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, **1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.** Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers. RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

**J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.**

**MERCHANT TAILORS**

**And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,**

**415 MONTGOMERY STREET,**

**Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco**

**MARBLE WORKS.**

**MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.**

**W. H. McCORMICK,**

827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for

**TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON**

**CONSTIPATION,** Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion, etc.

Prepared by

**E. GRILLON,**

Chemist of the Paris Faculty,

SOLE PROPRIETOR,

27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.

Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.**

**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

**C OF G** Marvel of Excellence and Workmanship.

Contain less Paper and FINER Tobacco than any Cigarette made.

Popular as the great

**"AFTER-DINNER" CIGARETTE.**

*Straight Mesh,*

*CLOTH OF GOLD.*

**13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS,**

**By WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**


**ANNUAL MEETING.**

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the office of the Company, Room 2, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the 3d day of June, 1884, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Dupont Street San Francisco, California.

Postponement till Tuesday, July 1, 1884, same hour and place. JEROME A. HART.

**SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the second day of June, 1884, an assessment (No. 20) of Five Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the eighth (8th) day of July, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the twenty-ninth day of July, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**POTOSI MINING COMPANY.**

Location and principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-ninth day of May, 1884, an assessment (No. 15) of twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the first day of July, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 22d day of July, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

**CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of May, 1884, an assessment (No. 12) of Twenty (20c) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Friday, the twenty-seventh (27th) day of June, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of July, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

**Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.**

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*



# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Thursday, April 24, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‡8.00 A.M. | Byron and Martinez | ‡6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Deming, El Paso, Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | and East, Emigrant | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and Lathrop via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Stockton via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Ione | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Los Angeles and South | 9.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | Merced, Madera, | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Fresno, and Tulare | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Mojave, Needles, Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | and East, Emigrant | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Ogden and Express | 7.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 P.M. | East, Emigrant | 11.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | and Tehama via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Redding | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.10 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Virginia City | 7.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 7.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Oakland Pier; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from The Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 18.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.37, 8.37, 9.37, 10.37.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.25, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Daily, except Sundays. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

## ATKINS MASSEY,
**UNDERTAKER,**

At the old established place, **No. 651 Sacramento Street,** first house below Kearny, San Francisco.

NORTHERN DIVISION
# SOUTHERN PACIFIC
RAILROAD.

**BROAD GAUGE.**

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Camp Goodall.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.00 P.M. |
| †7.50 A.M. | ..Monterey and Santa Cruz.. ....(Sunday Excursion.... | †8.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
‡ Theatre train: Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

**Excursion Tickets.**

For Sundays only—Sold Sunday morning; good for return same day.

For Saturday, Sunday, and Monday—Sold Saturday and Sunday only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive, at the following rates:

| Round Trip from San Francisco to | Sun. Tkt. | Sat to Mon. Tkt. | Round Trip from San Francisco to | Sun. Tkt. | Sat to Mon. Tkt. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| San Bruno | $.... | $ 50 | Mount'n View | $1 50 | $2 00 |
| Milbrae | ..... | 65 | Lawrence's | 1 50 | 2 25 |
| Oak Grove | ..... | 90 | Santa Clara | 1 75 | 2 50 |
| San Mateo | 75 | 1 10 | San Jose | 1 75 | 2 50 |
| Belmont | 1 00 | 1 25 | Gilroy | 2 75 | 4 00 |
| Redwood | 1 00 | 1 40 | Aptos | ..... | 5 00 |
| Fair Oaks | 1 25 | 1 50 | Soquel | ..... | 5 00 |
| Menlo Park | 1 25 | 1 60 | Santa Cruz | 3 00 | 5 00 |
| Mayfield | 1 25 | 1 75 | Monterey | 3 00 | 5 00 |

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, May 12th, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—7.30, 9.15 A. M., 1.30, 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 1.30, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20 A. M., 2.00, 3.25, 4.50 P. M.
(Sundays)—7.55, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.15, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 3.55, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.30, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.45, 5.00, 7.10 P. M.
Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 7.00 P. M.

**7.30 A. M. and 1.30 P. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAINS for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through trains from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 10.30 A. M. and 6.00 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.
Returning arrives in S. F. at 7.40 P. M.
Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

# SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Passenger Trains leave Station, foot of Market Street, south side, at

**8.30 A. M.,** daily; Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wright's, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, SANTA CRUZ, and all Way Stations.

**2.30 P. M.** (except Sunday), Express; Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ.

**4.30 P. M.,** daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and intermediate points.

**$5 Excursions** to SANTA CRUZ, and **$2.50** to SAN JOSE, on SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, to return until MONDAY, inclusive.

**8.00 A. M.,** every Sunday, Excursion to SAN JOSE, BIG TREES, and SANTA CRUZ.

**$3.00** to BIG TREES and SANTA CRUZ.

**$1.75** to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE.

## To Oakland and Alameda.

From **Fourteenth and Webster Streets, Oakland**—‖5.30, ‖6.00, ‖6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶12.00, 12.30, ¶1.00, 1.30, ¶2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.30, 10.30, 11.45 P. M.

From **High Street, Alameda**—‖5.16, ‖5.46, ‖6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 7.46, 8.16, 8.46, 9.16, 9.46, 10.16, ¶10.46, 11.16, ¶11.46 A. M., 12,16, ¶12.46, 1.16, 1.46, 2.16, 2.46, 3.16, 3.46, 4.16, 4.46, 5.16, 5.46, 6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 9.16, 11.31 P. M.

‖ Sundays excepted. ¶ Sundays only.

TICKET, Telegraph, and Transfer Office, 222 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. R. M. GARRATT, G. F. & P. Agt.

# OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**
## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| Steamer. | Commander. |
|---|---|
| **Oceanic** | **Capt. Metcalfe** |
| **Arabic** | **Capt. Pearne** |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

# PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of New York.....June 14**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Jose.....June 14**

At four o'clock P. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, SAN BLAS, MANZANILLO, and ACAPULCO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA and LA LIBERTAD, and via ACAPULCO for other Mexican and Central American ports.

Tickets to and from Europe by any line for sale at the lowest rates; also for Havana and all West India ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Zealandia.....Friday, July 4,** at 12 o'clock M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

# PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on March 3d, 11th, 19th, and 27th, and every eighth day thereafter. The first steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

# OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY
**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

MARIPOSA.....TUESDAY, July 1st, at 3 P. M.
ALAMEDA.....TUESDAY, July 15th, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.

# PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.

**Stationers, Booksellers,**

**Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,**

**204 Sansome Street, near Pine.**

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

## COWEN, PORTER & CO.,
**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

**118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.**

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER. Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK
OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital.....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

## Imperial Fire Insurance Co.
Of London. Instituted 1803.

**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.

**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.

**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.
OF CALIFORNIA.
**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,
**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.



# HARVEY'S
**HOT WATER RADIATOR.**

For Warming and Ventilating Private Residences and Public Dwellings. Uniform Heat. No Gases. No Dust.

**23 Stevenson St., near First, San Francisco.**

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR, MANAGER.

**Corner First and Market Streets,**
SAN FRANCISCO.




"This is the place I long have sought,
And wept because I found it not,"

Paraphrased Jack, as the curtain rolled up on the exceedingly pretty morning-room in Ormond Court. It was not so lavishly full as many other late stage settings have been, but everything seemed to have dropped in just exactly the right place. And the pretty English girl stepped out of *Punch* and into this charming interior most harmoniously.

"Will you be good enough to tell me," said Jack, a few moments later, as a lady came down the stair, "who this idiotic public are receiving with this show of civility tempered by frigidity? Is there a reception ready for every one on the bill?"

"They flatter themselves that they are receiving Langtry," I answered. But Jack quite poohpoohed the idea.

"That is no more Langtry——' he began, but stopped short as the familiar profile presented itself to view.

"By Jove! so it is. Good Ged, Betsy, do you suppose the woman is so luxurious that she employs some one to sit for her photographs? I see some resemblance, of course, but the photographs are, in the first place, many shades darker, and, in the second place"——

"No camera," I interrupted, "could ever photograph the exquisite fairness of this woman."

My liege honored me with a prolonged stare of amazement, and rounded off with a quiet whistle.

"Do you go down so quick as that, Betsy? Now, I myself confess to a disappointment in her looks. She has not the er—a—she is not er—a—what I expected at all. There are twenty women in San Francisco just as handsome as she."

"My dear, when you go out in the corridor, you will find half a hundred men saying just the same thing, and half a hundred more will be saying it to some one else, and so on to the end of the population. There are people who will consider it rather a feather in their caps to fail to find Langtry beautiful. It argues an unfulfilled ideal on their own part, and a general superiority of taste to their fellows. As for the twenty women, nearly every one in San Francisco, with three exceptions, who is celebrated for beauty, is in this theatre at this moment. Point out one of them who surpasses Mrs. Langtry."

"Well, there's Miss X.," he began, signifying a pale, dark-eyed beauty, statuesque in manner, if not in feature, who is always one of the most striking figures in a crowd.

"Her face is flat, her lips thin, she carries herself consciously, her manner is stupid, her"——

"Forbear, forbear; I give it up. But there is Mrs. Y." And he pointed quite triumphantly to a married belle celebrated for a figure which has always been the delight of the modistes.

"A superb figure," I admitted, "and a handsome face, but too strongly of the Hebrew type. In fact, our most beautiful women are among the Jewesses, but the race-mark interferes with the purity of their beauty."

"And what do you say to Mrs. Z.?" Jack was quite triumphant this time, and signified an acknowledged belle.

"A magnificent animal, if you like; rich in color and with a general luxuriousness of style, but without a fine point from head to toe."

"And Kate Forsythe? There's a clincher for you, my lady. She is not so classical as Langtry, I will admit, but when it comes to downright beauty"——

"Classicism is purity," I say, whereupon we retire into silence to observe Mrs. Langtry as an actress. But there is little for her to do in the first act but to be graceful and easy, and her wonderful personality will intrude itself upon you.

"Might I ask," murmured Jack, after a pause, "whether that wad on top of her head is the famous pork pie that we read of in English novels?"

"That wad, my dear, is Mrs. Langtry's hair, which you should be able to recognize by the glorious sheen upon it, for it is like no other hair that ever I have seen."

"May I be allowed to respectfully observe that she looks like the devil with it arranged in that way, and to ask why a woman celebrated for her good taste should so deprave herself?"

"My dear," I answer, "you have stated the case so perspicuously that you are entitled to an explanation. After Mrs. Langtry had gone to the pains of discovering a style of hair-dressing suitable to her own beauty, she found that it had spread over the land like a plague. Every woman in England, from Carlisle to Land's End, and every woman in America, from Maine to California, set up a Langtry bang. As Mrs. Langtry has a large bump of individuality, it became necessary for her to discover a style of coiffure which could not easily be copied; and she set up this. It makes the top of her head like a Flathead Indian's. It is inartistic, for it destroys the contour and the proper slopes of her head. It takes half her classicality from her, for her face almost demands the Greek knot. But she can take a patent on it. It is unbecoming to her, but any other woman would look like a possessed fury in it, and it will not be copied."

As the play went on one felt conscious that the audience was thawing more and more to the stranger; and the comedy itself is a delight, with its ceaseless play of bright, neat dialogue.

It has been thoroughly Anglicized in the adaptation. It has been lifted from the bourgeoisie in France to the gentlefolk of England, though one or two of "Nos Intimes" have retained the peculiarities of their class. Sir Woodbine Grafton, in his actions at the breakfast table, is decidedly a vulgarian, and with his friend, or enemy, Mr. Crossley Beck, is too broad in his general treatment of his part.

It seems hardly credible that the most genial of hosts would have sustained such manifest impertinence. But Sardou has most handsomely set off this displeasing though faintly amusing pair with one of his pet characters, the philosopher with the tongue of a cynic and the heart of a philanthropist.

Mr. Everill, who played this most grateful part, made his points so quietly and so neatly, and had so much to do with the electric success of the third act, that he got a call all by himself, in which that portion of the audience which howls its feelings howled an especial burst of applause at him.

It was in this act that the famous beauty of the Langtry was displayed in its fullness.

"What do you say now?" I asked, triumphantly, as her beautiful evening-dress, plain and elegant, revealed the neck and shoulders that have become famous.

"Shoulders too square," grunted Jack.

"Yet every modiste in Paris pads a shoulder to make it square."

"Eyes too close together."

"Granted; but they are as blue as a pure sky."

"Arm has a bad slope. No taper."

"True; but it is so well set in its socket that it gives her that beautiful back—one of the rarest of graces."

"Hands and feet too large."

"Out upon you, Jack, for an advocate of mere prettiness. I do not claim that this beautiful woman is without flaw. But she is tall and divinely fair—a fairness which will bear the searching eye of day. I could fancy her to be far handsomer in the sunlight than in the gaslight, with the dazzling whiteness of her skin, the clear blue of her eye, the delicate tracing of her eyebrows, the glory of her shining hair, the erectness of her carriage, the springiness of her step—the general air of wholesomeness which she exhales."

"Hold hard, Betsy," cried Jack; but being under headway I went on:

"She has an indefinable grace of manner without any of the tricks with which actresses usually catch an audience. She has pretty little ways, a pleasant smile which is not constant—nay, her face might easily become sullen—a pleasant voice, even though it sharpens when she raises it. She has no trace of the amateur, yet has something different from the ordinary stage manner; she"——

"Great Scott, Betsy," broke in Jack, "you don't really mean to say that you claim her to be an actress?"

"I do mean to claim just that. In drawing-room plays no heavier than this I find her a most agreeable actress. She has a reposeful manner in the lighter portions which is full of charm; and I feel that she was quite equal to the demands of the third act. I was not harrowed up to any appreciable extent, for she is not emotional; but she is intelligent; and I think a real Lady Ormond would have acted very much as this Lady Ormond did under just such circumstances. As for the fall, I consider that a woman who can *ricochet* around among the furniture and bric-à-brac as she did after a year or two on the stage, is a sort of gymnastic genius. Every one has been waiting for it all the evening, and yet she has surprised us with it at last."

"Yes, as a furniture bouncer she is undoubtedly a success. No wonder she came off best in her little bout with Captain Bradford."

"By the way, Jack, this Mr. Carne is a very agreeable actor in this kind of rôle—a most excellent lover, don't you think?"

"Well, yes, perhaps; but you know our ideas of acting sometimes differ. As for me, give me Jim O'Neill, and give me melodrama. I like a little more force than Carne displays."

And next night he got it.

This wonderful story of "Monte Cristo" has enchained a million fancies since that great Aladdin of the imagination, Alexandre Dumas, first drew its marvels. And I don't think any set of people ever went to work to play who reveled more in its possibilities than the troupe at the California.

Mr. George Boniface, as the villainous Villefort, is quite the most delicious bit of melodrama that has been seen on our boards for many a long day.

"Now, this is what I call acting," spoke Jack, as Villefort subtly tempted Caderousse to the murder of his brother. "You know what they are trying to get at. They don't gulp, and swallow, and plunge their hands in their pockets, and expect you to know what it is all about without any further explanation."

"No," I said, "Mr. Boniface, as Villefort, is certainly very explanatory. I should know in three guesses that he was intended for a villain."

"You are pleased to be ironical, madam, over my pleasure. There! don't you call that acting?" as Villefort the younger fell over in the agonies of death and squirmed around the Caderousse kitchen like a decapitated chicken.

"I do, indeed; I like it immensely. I am quite convinced that this is just the way that Kirby died when the gallery boy waked to see him die. But I feel that for the real deep enjoyment of it our legs should be dangling under a gallery bench, and we ourselves consuming peanuts."

"Pray imagine the dangle and the peanuts, if they are necessary to your pleasure, madam; but I find it quite possible to sit in good company and enjoy a good play."

"Do not you call this a good melodrama?"

"I call it the very pink of melodramas, my dear. It is superbly mounted. It is true that in the first scene those bastioned castles in the background threaten to topple over on the audience; but they don't topple. The waves surge grandly around the Château d'If, and the figure of Edmond Dantes, being pelted with salt and spangles, is one of the most realistic wettings I ever saw. The Countess de Morcerf's tropical palm-lined drawing-room is one of the prettiest of stage pictures, and in the inn of Caderousse I discover whence the strong scene from 'Rose Michel' was taken."

"Yes, my dear; but I am thinking more particularly of the people."

"The people! Oh, yes; Shannon as Caderousse is artistic, and that deep-voiced old hag is Carcoute herself. As for De Belleville, how cleanly he has cut the society play, and taken to melodrama. How well the fellow acts—how well he dresses. I will not vouch for them, but his disguises are a series of studies; and in his bombast, his defiance, his virtuous superiority to his bad, bad brother, how delightfully melodramatic he is!"

"As I said in the beginning," began Jack, obstinately, "give me Jim O'Neill or give me the minstrels."

"Robinson has a gallant bearing as the young Count de Morcerf; and Mercédes, though a trifle immature for that much-tried lady, has a melodramatic force in saying nothing in particular which delights every soul. The Baron Danglars is neither beautiful as a human being nor talented as an actor; and the Count de Morcerf is the most extraordinary specimen of the unfit that could have been procured. Otherwise your melodrama is a long delight."

"But James O'Neill?" said Jack.

"James O'Neill has dissipated all my anticipations of him at a blow. He has deteriorated sadly. His mannerisms have settled deep in him. He has gestured himself out of all repose. He knocks himself with Wilkie Collins emphasis when he says I, Me, or Myself. He points to his head when he speaks of anything in or about the head; to his lips, if he speaks of a voice. In short, he is excessively and unpleasantly redundant. He makes absurdly long pauses. He rolls his eyes and speaks continuously to himself, like a madman. He has transformed the grave, dignified, silent, impressive Monte Cristo into a Bombastes Furioso.

"I will hear no more, madam. He is the best general actor in America."

"He was once, Jack. But he is so no longer. He does all these things that I say, yet he has all the old earnestness, and that carries the house. Furthermore, he has learned to look his best since he went away, and in that respect he is an impressive Monte Cristo. But he certainly lacks repose."

"Repose fiddlesticks, Betsy. Who ever heard of repose in a melodrama? I will confess that he sometimes over-acts a little, perhaps, but your Langtry"——

"My Langtry may under-act for lack of artistic strength and training, but she will never over-act, Jack, and therein lies much of her success."

"I don't care. Give me O'Neill, and give me 'Monte Cristo.' He over-acts, and therein lies his success—with the gallery."

And in the teeth of the imperious summons that called him before the curtain, what could I say but "True, O king." BETSY B.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

### Notes.

It is understood that the lady who has been doing the dramatic work for the defunct *San Franciscan* takes up the same department in the *Ingleside*.

It has been amusing to note the various endeavors made by the different journals to secure an interview with Mrs. Langtry. The *Alta* reporter fruitlessly followed her all over the Park on Monday. It is said that the *Examiner* man has been vainly striving to get "solid" with her cook. The brilliant journalist of the *Chronicle*, after his usually successful attempts had proved futile, severally "pumped" each member of the company, and then published half a column of the result as a genuine interview with Mrs. Langtry. The *Call* reporter gave it up as a bad job early on Tuesday.

Miss Emma Hanley and her sister, two of the "Dudes," first started out two years ago in the Juvenile Company in New York. They have been with Rice a year next August.

Mrs. Langtry is variously called "The Lily" and "The Madame," by her company.

Miss Anna Breevoor, who has attracted so much attention by her charming voice and rich costumes in "The Bunch of Keys," is the wife of Mr. Frank Sanger.

"The Devil's Auction," a Spectacular Combination, numbering seventy-five people, will be the next attraction at the Bush Street, opening Monday, June 30th. New costumes and elaborate armor have just been completed for this engagement.

The "Pop" Company went East by Thursday afternoon's overland train. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday they played at Petaluma, Santa Rosa, and Vallejo. They will play for the next three weeks along the overland route to Omaha, when their engagement with Mr. Leavitt comes to an end. They will then go directly to New York, where they will remain quietly until next season opens.

The curtain was lowered too soon at the end, on the encore, Monday evening, in "A Wife's Peril," and descended with considerable force just in front of Mrs. Langtry. Mr. Frederick Everill pushed himself between it and the lady in time to receive it upon his right shoulder. Had it been one of the old-fashioned rollers, Mr. Everill would have been badly damaged. As it was he was only slightly bruised.

Messrs. Wright and Stockwell have leased the Oakland Theatre for the season, and intend to make it a popular place of amusement. They will open next Monday night with the Hungarian Gypsy Band and a concert entertainment. They are busily engaged in collecting a strong company of local artists for a season of standard drama. It is expected that "The Octoroon" will first be produced.

Mr. J. W. Pigott is a nephew of Sir Joseph Pigott, an English baronet of old county family, who is well known in New York society.

Fred McCloy, business manager of the "Bunch of Keys" company, has left for Los Angeles, to prepare for that company's appearance there Tuesday evening, July 1st.

Last Friday a number of the Langtry Company picnicked on the beach at the Cliff House.

It may not be remembered that when Mr. Fitzpatrick was leaving for America with the Langtry Company, last summer, his sister, Mrs. Cornwallis West, went down to Liverpool to see him off. It was immediately cablegrammed to the New York papers that Mrs. Cornwallis West was going to America to spend the winter with her brother-in-law, the British Minister, at Washington. The papers printed the news, and a score of reporters were detailed to interview her when she arrived. It was not until seven days after that the mistake was discovered, by the steamer sailing into port without her.

Monsieur Paul Juignet announces the close of the season of French performances with Sunday night, June 29. There will then be given at the Baldwin Theatre the following bill: "Le Meurtre de Phèdre," a three-act comedy, by Messieurs Meilhac and Halévy, authors of "Frou-Frou." "La Grande Duchesse," etc. This will be followed by "Jean le Naufragé," by François Coppée. In the first piece Monsieur Juignet will play the rôle of Ernest Chamillon; in the second, that of Père Jean. The other characters will be assumed by Mesdames Alphonse Grossiaux, Cécile Lassale, Valerie G——, and Messieurs Charles Morel, E. Legendre, Louis Imhaus, Georges Laroche, and Fernand Meunier. During the evening "La Matelotte," a *pas de caractère*, will be danced by Charles Evans, from the Haymarket, London. The box office will be opened at the Baldwin on Wednesday, the 25th.

Signorina Antonietta, the soprano of the troupe which lately played at the California, has been left alone by the other members, in a city which is strange to her, and whose language she can not speak. She is without means, and has arranged for a benefit concert to raise funds to take her back to her home in Italy. The concert takes place next Thursday evening, June 26th, at Dashaway Hall. Signorina Antonietta will sing as solos "O Mio Fernando," and Braga's serenade; she will also, with Signor Parolini, sing a duo from "Ione." Mrs. C. T. Hancock and Signor Parolini will sing a duo from "Rigoletto." Mrs. Hancock will also sing an aria from "Trovatore." Signora Bernardi and Signor Parolini sing a duo from "La Juive." Signor Lombardo, who is said to be a flautist of exceptional ability, will give two numbers—one from "I Puritani," the other from "Il Barbiere." Professor Joseph Roeckel will give some selections on the piano.

### Short Talks.

MR. FRED EVERILL: "I am very glad to reach San Francisco for the two weeks' relief from incessant traveling it affords. Stopping for a single night at a small town, packing up at midnight and off again before sunrise, is excessively wearisome. I have never been in America before, and when I reach home I fancy I shall stay there. This country is a delightful place, but my associations are all in London. I played in Manchester from 1859 to 1870, making short tours through the provinces. Although I had many London offers, I did not accept any of them, until Buckstone persuaded me to go to the Haymarket and support him in comedy. I remained with him until 1878. During that time I received pressing invitations from my friend, Mr. Fechter, to

accompany him to America, and play as Noirtier to his Monte Cristo. It is a magnificent part, but I was too firmly established in London. If I had gone, it would have been mainly on Fechter's account. He was a charming companion, and many a dinner have I enjoyed with him at his villa at St. John's Wood. Last season I was with the Bancrofts, and in October of last year I accepted Mrs. Langtry's offer and came with her to America. I return with her next month to England, where we open at Newcastle in August. It's a long journey, is it not, to make in one flight? Yes, the rôle of Doctor Thornton is rather a strong one, but it occasionally becomes prosy, and the preaching is too long. Yes, I saw that stuff and nonsense about Mrs. Langtry's ordering some one out from behind the scenes. It is a great mistake. They do not seem to realize that Mrs. Langtry is a lady, and never forgets that she is one. Were there any millionaires in the house? What—a fifty-millionaire? *In*-deed!"

MR. J. W. PIGOTT: "Ah, yes; I was here once before—not professionally, though. I passed through the place from Australia, on a tour round the world. Yes, I was detained here a short time, and then went on to New York. It was after I returned home to England that I became an actor. I had appeared a number of times in private theatricals, and finally resolved to go upon the stage as a professional. I first played in the provinces. After two years I went to London, and there appeared in low comedy. I joined Mrs. Langtry's company only a short time ago. No, I shall not return with her to England. I have taken a great fancy to America, and shall remain here for a while. England has become a little slow. I have accepted an engagement in New York for two years, and I open at Niblo's on the 18th of August. So I will possibly be round this way again. The journey here was rather pleasant. Wherever we stopped for a night or two Mrs. Langtry would take long walks about the place. She is the most capital walker I ever saw. Yes, I do a deal of walking myself."

THE FOUR LITTLE DUDES—THE MISSES HANLEY, MISS HALL, AND MISS FISH: "No, we can't say one word about the company. We mustn't, you know. Besides, we're awfully afraid of newspaper gentlemen. We never talked to a newspaper gentleman before. They go and talk to a girl, and then they put down what the girl just don't say at all; and we're afraid of them. No, we didn't like our Portland trip one bit. Oh, the people were all right enough, and we had splendid houses, and we took—yes, indeed, we took. But you see it was something else. No, Portland weather isn't nice at all. It rains all the time. It's a very fickle, fickle city. Oh, no, it wasn't the climate. We didn't mind that so much. It was something else. The gentlemen? No, we didn't meet any up there at all. Oh, it wasn't Portland so much, it was the going up and coming down. Rough? Awfully. What? Goodness gracious, I should say we *were!* It was perfectly dreadful. We haven't got over it yet. No, sir, it was just horrid. We can hardly eat anything, even now, thinking of it. We just shudder when we look at soup, ever since. We were awfully glad when we got in Friday morning. Miss Castleton has left us. Emma can take her part though. The people all said she played those four nights just as well as Kate. This afternoon we go up to Petaluma, and to-morrow to some other town. We are going East Thursday, and will play at Salt Lake, and perhaps somewhere else. Do we expect to stick together? My goodness, of course we do."

MR. AND MRS. KATE CASTLETON PHILLIPS: "Yes, we have left the 'Pop' troupe. No, we didn't have any quarrel. There wasn't any fuss at all. Why we left is our own private affair. We expect to go East right away. We want to visit Monterey and Santa Cruz for a short pleasure trip; but after that we shall go right on to New York. Our plans are not yet fixed for the coming season. We shall have to get East before we can decide."

MR. JOSEPH CARNE: "This is my first visit to this country, and I have enjoyed myself exceedingly. I have been on the stage for six years. My first appearance was in October, 1878, at the Court Theatre, London, under Mr. John Hare, in Lord Lytton's posthumous play, "The House of Darnley." For the next two seasons there I played several parts. I next accompanied Mr. Chippendale on his farewell tour through Great Britain, to play Charles Surface, Wildrake, Captain Absolute, and in other old English comedies. I was then especially engaged by Charles Wyndham to play the leading part in "Crisis," Albery's adaptation of the great Parisian success, "Les Fourchambaults." At the termination of this engagement I made a long tour through England, Ireland, and Scotland, playing Michael Strogoff, Armand Duval, and other parts. I was then engaged by Mr. Toole for two years, to play juvenile business through the provinces, and at Toole's Theatre in London. Mr. Bancroft then engaged me to play in "Odette," "The Overland Route," and "Fédora." It was toward the termination of this engagement that I was released to accompany Mrs. Langtry to America; and I shall return with the company to England."

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

**Bills and Casts for Week ending June 21st.**

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager Bill: "A Wife's Peril,' translated from the French of Sardou by B. C. Stevenson and Clement Scott; four acts. Cast as follows:

Lady Ormond.....Mrs. Langtry
Captain Bradford.....Mr. Joseph Carne
Sir George Ormond.....Mr. Charles Edmunds
Sir Woodbine Crafton.....Mr. J. W. Pigott
Percy Grafton.....Mr. H. Fitzpatrick
Dr. Thornton.....Mr. Fred. Everill
Mr. Crossley Beck.....Mr. Henry Crisp
Meadows.....Mr. Walter Eytinge
Kemp.....Mr. Frank Seymour
Lucy Ormond.....Miss Adela Houston
Mrs. Crossley Beck.....Mrs. Chas. Edmunds
Sophie.....Miss Clara Earle

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—Stechan & Cornelius, managers. Closed during the week.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Manager. Closed during the week.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Bill: "A Bunch of Keys,' by Charles A. Hoyt; three acts. Cast as follows:

Teddy Keys.....Lena Merville
Rose Keys.....Anna Guenther
May Keys.....Anna Brevoor
Dolly Dobbs.....Marietta Nash
Matilda Jenkins.....Ida Griffin
Gilly Spooner.....Harry Booker
Jonas Grimes.....Eugene Canfield
Tom Harding.....George Lauri
Sam Foss.....William Smith
Littleton Snaggs, Esq.....Charles Bowser

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Manager. Bill: "Monte Cristo," translated from the French of Alexandre Dumas; five acts. Cast as follows:

Edmund Dantes and Count de Monte Cristo..Jas. O'Neill
Noirtier.....Frederic De Belleville
Albert de Morcerf.....Forrest Robinson
Villefort.....Geo. C. Boniface
Caderousse.....J. W. Shannon
Fernande.....J. V. Melton
Danglars.....James Taylor
Abbe Faria.....Horace Lewis
M. Morel.....Geo. Osbourne
Old Dantes.....E. N. Thayer
Mercedes.....Miss Eugenie Blair
Carcoute.....Annie Boudinot
Mlle. Danglars.....Miss Belle Inman
Fisherwoman.....Miss Ida Florina
Brigadier, Jno. N. Williams; First Police Agent, W. S. Fredericks; Second Police Agent, Frank Boudinot; Germain, Wm. J. Dungan; Governor of Prison, Mr. Pelham; Com. of Police, S. A. Clark; First Jailor, G. Mueller; Second Jailor, A. B. Krone; Sentinel, Mr. Daveline; Servant, B. Slater; Fisherman, J. White.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "The Enchantress," by Michael Balfe; three acts. Cast as follows:

Stella.....Miss Hattie Moore
Sylvio and Don Paul.....Mr. Harry Gates
Ramir and Fra Antonio.....Mr. M. Cornell
Duke d'Aquilla.....Mr. H. Dickman
Mathanasius.....Mr. R. D. Valerga
Nuguez and Galeas.....Mr. E. Carlmuller
Bracchio and First Senator.....Mr. George Harris
First Assassin.....Mr. F. La Fontaine
Second Assassin.....Mr. A. Messmer

Mrs. Langtry has appeared in "A Wife's Peril" to crowded houses this week. Next week is the last of her engagement. She will appear on Monday and Tuesday in "Pygmalion and Galatea"; Wednesday and Thursday, in "She Stoops to Conquer"; Friday and Saturday, in "The Hunchback," and Saturday matinée in "Pygmalion and Galatea."

"A Bunch of Keys," at the Bush Street Theatre, has proved one of the most successful light entertainments we have had in this city for some time. It has held its own this week in spite of contrary attractions. It will be continued next week with the addition of new songs.

"Monte Cristo" has filled the California from pit to dome every night of the past week. It will run until further notice.

The Grand Opera House is closed until further notice.

Emerson's Standard Theatre has been closed during the week. Next Monday night "Queena" will begin a week's engagement.

"The Enchantress" has drawn good houses at the Tivoli during the past week. Next Monday night "Robert the Devil" will be produced.

— THE METROPOLITAN HALL ORGAN has four thousand stops and cost twenty thousand dollars. This hall is unequaled for concert performances.


**CALIFORNIA THEATRE.**

**Second Week—Electric Success—Standing Room Only.**

Sunday, June 22, and every night until further notice—Saturday only Matinee—the popular young actor,

**MR. JAMES O'NEILL,**

As Edmund Dantes, with

**Mr. John Stetson's Monte Cristo Co.**

Originally organized under Mr. Stetson's management for Booth's Theatre, New York.

DUMAS'S GREAT PLAY,

**MONTE CRISTO.**

The following artists are included in the star cast: Mr. Fred de Belleville, Mr. George C. Boniface, Mr. James Taylor, Mr. Horace Lewis, Annie Boudinot, Miss Belle Inman, Mr. Forrest Robinson, Mr. J. V. Melton, Mr. J. W. Shannon, Miss Eugenie Blair, J. H. Cunningham, Arthur Le Clercq.

Entire New Scenery—Grand Realistic Effects and Correct Appointments.

**Popular Prices Prevail.**

Reserved Seats at Box Office from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M.

**WINDOW SHADE FACTORY.** H. E. BULLIVANT & CO., FACTORY AND SALESROOM, 753 Mission St., bet. 3d & 4th. Decorating and Lettering a specialty for stores, offices, residences, etc.

**SHORT-HAND & TYPE WRITING**

Taught privately or by mail. Situations procured for pupils when competent. Call or write to F. LUSK, Heald's Business College.

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**

**THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.**



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**
**36 California Street, San Francisco,**
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.



THE ACROBAT.

Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.
ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.
ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.
THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

**KNABE PIANOS**

"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*

**A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St. S. F.,** Sole Agents.

**"EUREKA" COTTON GARDEN HOSE**

Stronger three to one, and lighter two to one, than the best four-ply Rubber Hose; and if left out in the sun and air continuously, or, if put away, put away dry, will stand the roughest kind of usage and will last for years.

Also, RUBBER HOSE of extra quality and at low price.

**W. T. Y. SCHENCK,**
36 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.



**REMOVAL.**

**K. MEUSDORFFER**

Has removed from his old stand, 635 Commercial St. to his new and elegantly fitted up store, **345 Kearny,** S. W. cor. Pine, with a select stock of latest styles Hats and Caps.

**Contract for Fall and Winter Supply**

....OF....

**COAL**

For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. **CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street.** Telephone 308.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY. For the half-year ending June 30, 1884, the Board of Directors of the German Savings and Loan Society has declared a dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent. per annum, and payable on and after the first day of July, 1884. By order.

GEO. LETTE, Secretary.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 523 California Street, corner Webb. For the half-year ending with 30th June, 1884, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after 1st July, 1884.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

**BLAINE** Agents wanted for Authentic Edition of his Life; Largest, Handsomest, Cheapest, Best; by the renowned historian and biographer, Col. Conwell, whose life of Garfield outsold all others by more than 60,000 copies. This is the fastest selling book on earth to-day; some of our agents sell as high as 50 a day; agents are making fortunes; new beginners are successful; $44.29 made in one day by a lady agent; profits big; full particulars free. Send 25 cents to pay postage on **Free Outfit** now ready, including large **Prospectus Book,** and be first in the field. We sell all kinds of Campaign goods. Write to-day. Address **BABCOCK & CO.,** Publishers, Centerbrook, Ct.

**RICHMOND RANGES**

**Just Received**—A carload lot of the celebrated improved Richmond Ranges. They are the most economical, durable, attractive, and cheapest ranges in the world. For sale only by the agents, **SCHUSTER BROS., 306 Sutter Street, above Dupont.**

**ELEGANT RESIDENCE FOR SALE.**

In the Western Addition, near Van Ness Avenue, for $30,000: cost over $50,000. This is a rare opportunity to purchase one of the handsomest residences in the city at far below its real value. For particulars, apply to JOS. A. SANBORN, 407 Montgomery Street.

**SANITARIUM, DAIRY, ORCHARD, AND VINEYARD.**

Excellent location for a retired physician with agricultural tastes. Best climate for patients afflicted with pulmonary complaints. First class dairy in full operation. Fine orchard and vineyard, all in bearing. Full inspection of receipts and disbursements invited. Land, improvements, implements, stock, etc., valued at about $38,000. One-half cash. balance on long time at low rate. To be sold for the purpose of improving other land for butter-dairying. For particulars, address **B. MARKS, Fresno.**

**STORE YOUR FURNITURE**

**Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.**

BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH

**J. H. MOTT & CO.,**

**735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco**

Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

**BUTTERICK'S**

**Patterns—Summer Styles.**

**Send Stamp for Catalogue. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**

**PUMPS.—WORTHINGTON'S.**

**Special, Mining, and Irrigating Pumps.**

Over two hundred cities and towns have adopted them in water-works. Cheaper than any other of same capacity. The Worthington Meter measures accurately water, wine, oil, etc.; over 30,000 in use; used in nearly every city water-works in the United States. Send for catalogue.

HENRY B. WORTHINGTON,
**30 and 32 First St., S. F.** A. L. FISH, Manager.

**C. V. GILLESPIE, SEARCHER OF RECORDS**

**409 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**

**IRVING HALL, 139 POST ST.**

**Halls to Rent for Balls, Parties, etc.**

Apply to A. A. SANDERS, on the premises.

**BETHESDA SUPERIOR TABLE WATER**

**L. CAHEN AND SON, 418 SAC. ST. S. F.**




See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

**J. W. EVANS,**
General Agent, 29 Post Street.

---

**L. D. STONE & CO.**
(Successors to R. Stone),
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
**Harness, Saddles, Saddlery Hardware**
Collars, Whips, Robes, Horse Blankets, and all kinds of Harness and Patent Leathers.
**422 and 424 Battery Street, corner Washington, San Francisco.**

---

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
**Commission Merchants,**
**San Francisco.**
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
☞ Liberal advances made on consignments. ☜

---

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
**San Francisco,**
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

---

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
**No. 309 SANSOME STREET,**
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

---

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
**204 and 206 California Street,**
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

---

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
**(Established 1854),**
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION
**MERCHANTS.**
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
**39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.**

---

**THE**
AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**
Office, 208 California Street.

---

**A. P. HOTALING & CO.**
**429 to 437 Jackson St.**, sole agents for the **J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky**, "O. P. S.," "O. O. K.," "O. K." "A No. 1," "A." Established 1852.

---




**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

---

**Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed**
**TILES!**
**For Decorations.**
**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**
**317 319, 315, and 317 Market Street.**

---

# LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.

**Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.**

119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

---

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
# HENRY F. MILLER
**(Factory Boston, Mass.) and**
# HEMME & LONG
**(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)**
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
**101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.**
**Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.**

**PIANOS**

---

# ICHI BAN

**FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.**

---

**WALL PAPERS,**
**AMERICAN & FOREIGN.**
**New Artistic Designs.**

**FRESCOING**
**Interior Decorating.**

**LINCRUSTA WALTON,**
The new and imperishable Wall Decoration

**STAINED GLASS,**
For Residences, Churches, Public Buildings, etc.
Sole Agents for the LA FARGE DECORATIVE ART Co. of New York, the leading American authority.

**Imitation Stained Glass,**
The best article of its kind in the world.

**WINDOW SHADES!**

**G. W. CLARK & CO.**
**645 and 647 MARKET STREET.**

---

# AT COST FOR 30 DAYS
**MY ENTIRE STOCK OF**
# BRIC-A-BRAC, FURNITURE,
**ETC., ETC., ETC.**
**BRIC-A-BRAC STORE,**
NO. 25 GEARY STREET,
**E. PAINE, Proprietor.**

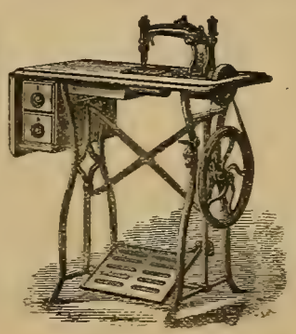
---

**CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY**
**OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.**
**Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.**
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

---

**BYRON MAUZY,**
Agent for
**SOHMER & CO.**
**PEEK & SON** } **PIANOS**
Pianos sold on easy installments. Pianos to Rent, Tuned and Repaired.
**107 and 109 Post Street, San Francisco.**

---



**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.**
**WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.**
**303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.**

---

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE




HOME INDUSTRY

---

# BUGGIES!

If you want a high-priced Buggy, Carriage, or Phaeton, or if you want a good one for a low price, describe what you want, and order from
**TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., 511 Market St., S. F.**

---

**BEAUTIFUL SNOW**
FOR THE COMPLEXION!
This elegant preparation is the most perfect beautifier known, It is pure and harmless, delightful in its application, and wonderful in its effects, while the closest scrutiny fails to detect its use. Prepared by
**H. BOWMAN, Chemist, Oakland.**
For sale by all druggists.

---




**THE HALL TYPE-WRITER**
Awarded medal at Semi-Centennial Fair of American Institute in New York over all others. Simple and durable. Weighs seven pounds in case. No inking ribbon. Interchangeable types of all kinds. Takes all sizes paper. Price, $40. Call and examine.
PACIFIC COAST AGENCY, ROOM 34, No. 123 CALIFORNIA STREET.
S F. Office Empire Portable Forge Co. of Cohoes, N. Y.

---

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

---

**JOHN MIDDLETON,**
**COAL.**
**14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.**

---

**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO. Augusta, Maine.

---

**REAL ESTATE.**
Fine Business and Residence Property in all parts of the city for sale by
**G. F. BOWMAN, 440 California St.**

---

**GERMEA**
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XIV. No. 26. SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 28, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: The Republican Convention in Chicago—The Men who Chose the Constitutional Leader of Sixty Millions of People—A Grand Occasion—The Representative Assembly of the Free American People—Delegates of every Profession, Rank, and Trade—James G. Blaine the Man who stands forth as the Representative of all that is best and broadest in our National Character—John A. Logan a Brave Soldier, and a Statesman of Integrity and Patriotism—The Important Influence exercised by the Pacific Coast Delegation—The Triumphal Progress across the Continent—"Through Iowa, for Blaine"—A Gala Day in Chicago—Enthusiastic Welcome—"No Second Choice and No Compromise" the Watchword—The Shameful Proceedings at the Democratic Convention in California—The Insults which were heaped upon an eminent Jurist and Gentleman by a Mob of Communists and Sand-lotters—Judge Field's Unquestioned Qualifications to be the Standard-bearer of the Democratic Party—The English Idiot who Edits the New York *Nation*—The Men in the Stockton Convention who heaped indignity upon Judge Field—His Eloquent Defender.....1–3

THE RAILWAY WORLD: An English Decision—A Railway in Nantucket—Nationality in Railroad Service..... 3

NEW YORK ATHLETES: "Flaneur" tells how Courtney ran away—Philadelphia Cricketers—The Pugilists, and what they are going to do..... 4

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People..... 4

PATTI'S LORD AND LOVER: How the Great Singer first loved De Caux—Her Hatred and after-passion for Nicolini..... 5

SOCIETY: From Monterey—Mrs. Langtry—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip..... 7

BUBBLES: The Mobbing of Beauties—In the Last Century and Now—The Beautiful Gunnings and Mrs. Langtry—An Irish Mob and a Monterey Mob—*Life's* Cartoons on New York Society—Vestris's Tootsicums—Some Mexican Anecdotes—Henry James's International Stories..... 6

THE CHESS-PLAYER: A Ladies' Game—Another Problem—The Plans for Doctor Zukertort's Reception..... 8

THE LATEST VERSE: "Catalina's Betrothal," by W. W. Harney; "Nine Graves in Edinbro," by Edwin Russell..... 8

LITERARY NOTES: Richard Grant White's new Book—Another Novel by the author of "Rutledge"—Announcements—Miscellany..... 8

THE MISSING LOCKET: A Strange Tale of a Mesmerist and a Murder...9–10

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: A Monster Gun and how it could be Advantageously Employed—The Methodist Minister and his Rebuff..... 10

A PARISIAN RESORT: The little Town of Barbizon—Some famous Artists A Romance..... 11

VANITY FAIR: The Rise and Fall of the Bang—Tennis in Washington—A Story about Sam Ward..... 12

STORYETTES: Prison Tales—A Frenchman's Bravery—Arizona Amusements..... 12

SPEECH OF MR. FRANCIS G. NEWLANDS: Delivered at the Stockton Convention, on the Field Resolutions.....13–14

STORY-WRITING: Some remarks on Short Stories by an Editor..... 15

THE INNER MAN: Cookery, Ancient and Modern..... 16

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Mrs. Langtry in different Rôles—Stage Gossip—Short Talks—Amusement Record.....18–19

There could be no grander occasion than that which called together at Chicago the representatives of the Republican party of the United States for the purpose of choosing from its ranks a candidate for the Presidency of the American nation. There, in accordance with a party custom, were assembled the delegates of a great political organization that for twenty-four years has held in its hands the destiny of the nation. In obedience to the written Constitution, which demands a change of executive power at the end of each four years, delegates had assembled from all parts of the country, representing diverse interests, passions, and prejudices, bringing their local, and race, and personal feelings to be offered up on the altar of a common patriotism, in sacrifice for the public good. It was an inspiriting and grateful sight, to witness the gathering together of this great representative assembly, and to observe the dignity and decorum of its acts. The reflection lingers with us when we consider that, without the manifestation of passion or the exhibition of prejudice, in courteous discussion of conflicting opinions, in fair arbitration and settlement by roll-call of States and delegates, the differences which honestly divided men's judgments were there in convention, by rule of the majority, settled; a controversy which, in most countries, is submitted only to the arbitrament of war. The constitutional ruler of sixty millions of people was to be chosen by a representative assembly outside the law, whose name should be submitted as the choice of a free people for their chief executive under the law. It augurs well for the future of the republic that such conventions can be so held, such controversies so settled, and such results so peacefully obtained. We may feel well assured of the permanent stability of a government which rests upon the will of a majority, so long as we observe the people thus intelligently and fairly deliberating, and the minority so generously submitting to the fairly expressed will of that majority. We suggest this thought as the subject of an editorial to the fair and logical-minded editor of *Harper's Weekly*.

The National Republican Convention at Chicago was a grand occasion. It was a fairly representative assembly of the American people. Its audience fairly reflected the popular opinion of the Republican party, and its result commands the support of every intelligent, unselfish, and loyal Republican voter. Its result invites the support of every liberty-loving citizen of the American Union. It was held in the building where four years before was exhibited the struggle of the political giants; where the third-term heresy was forever buried, and where Garfield was nominated. It was not the great Hall of William Rufus, and had never resounded to the acclamation of the coronation of kings. Around it clustered no associations of imperial splendor. About the proceedings of the Convention there was no pomp of ceremony, no military display, no peers robed in ermine, no garter king-at-arms to mark the distinction of classes. No grenadiers lined its avenues of approach. Around it was no other symbol of authority than the majesty of a self-governing people. It was not called under the law; it was not above the law. The vast assemblage had come together for a grander object than the impeachment of a royal viceroy, charged with spoliation of the people of an empire, of crimes against the lords of a holy city, or tyrannies over the ladies of a princely house. It was an assemblage of the American people clothed in the majesty and dignity of the representative form, to choose, through accredited delegates, the executive authority to whom, for a brief four years, sixty millions of self-governing people would entrust the chief magistracy of the nation. No grander sight was ever witnessed. No more solemn duty was ever devolved upon intelligent men than that for the performance of which these eight hundred and twenty delegates had been called from all parts of our great republican empire. The great building was grander even in association than a national palace where Parliaments had gathered since the days of the Plantagenets. It had been constructed as a place for the exhibition of the productions and arts of a working people; its location in the heart of a great empire; its unshapely walls reflected in the waters of an inland sea. Its unofficial delegates were elected in accordance with the self-imposed rules of a great party, which represents the morals, the intelligence, the patriotism of a majority of all the people of America; a party whose history embodied the later glory of the Republic; a party which had saved the life of the nation when imperiled by civil war; which had rebuilt its credit upon the firm basis of national honor, after the war was ended; which had closed and healed the wounds which civil strife had left, and placed the country and all its people again upon the highway of an exultant and prosperous career. Among those delegates were the colored representatives of an emancipated race, rejoicing in the freedom of their intellectual and moral regeneration, accepted as men and equals by former masters, and honored by the highest places which they adorned. There, side by side, upon the benches, were privates and officers who had fought on either side of a forgotten strife, now engaged in the purpose of choosing a chief magistrate who should perpetuate the policy of conciliation which President Hayes inaugurated and President Arthur had not disturbed. There were honored statesmen, leaders, and legislators in the ranks of civil life, representative men of affairs, whose place of honor is the private station, and whose proudest ambition is the perpetuity of a government which shall give them the right of toil, and protection, under the law, to their legally acquired accumulations of property, and over themselves and families lift the shield of its complete protection. There, too, were party "dudes" who had gone to seed; "gold bugs," who had over-fattened amid the national prosperity; sentimentalists, who, in the indulgence of an unenterprising inactivity, had not kept pace with the progress of the times, and in the isolation of their primitive homes did not appreciate the grandeur of the empire for which they were asked to choose a President, nor understand that patriotism demands the sacrifice of local interests and personal prejudices for the conservation of the greater good of the greater number. There, too, were the slaves of official life, who toil under the eye of the master for bread. There were the slaves of a foreign commerce, bondsmen to a foreign trade, journalists in foreign pay, whose idea of liberality and generosity places the English manufacturer, merchant, and money-king above the American laborer. Around these delegates swarmed, in aisle and gallery, an audience clothed in the majesty of the popular will, and wielding the sceptre of popular power; and around, in town and country, the great belt of an eager multitude of earnest people, listening with the ear of the telephone, watching with the eye of electricity, with their hands clutching, in strong grasp, the steam-throttle, ready to pounce down, in the majesty and power of offended wrath, upon the men who should dare to defeat the popular will. That will was unmistakable. The roar of the loud-voiced multitude of the Atlantic, the teeming interior, the westernmost land of the Pacific, was voiced in huzzas of strong-lunged men, was seen in the waving cambric which fluttered in fair hands, and was echoed from the thronged streets. It came from the press. It permeated the atmosphere. This great intelligent majority demanded an American President, with an American policy, who did not fear an enemy of America, and who would not permit an American people to make concessions to any demand from any foreign power in derogation of the dignity of the American Republic. It demanded James G. Blaine as the candidate of the Republican party for the office of President of the United States. The demand was conceded, and this honored statesman now stands forth as the representative of all that is best and broadest in the American character, the candidate of the National Republican party as President of the United States. The Republican party has chosen for its leader its best representative, and challenges for him and for the platform of principles upon which it has placed him the closest investigation. It will shrink from no assaults upon its history, its candidate, or its principles. It will not rest secure in its trenches of defense, but will carry an aggressive war into the lines and over the ranks of its political enemies. It charges them with disloyalty and dishonor. It charges that their history is one of political infamy for the last quarter of a century. It charges their rank and file with ignorance, bigotry, and crime. It charges their leaders with want of policy, treason, and cowardice to principle. It indicts the Democracy as an enemy to American labor, and as a cowardly and treacherous ally of foreign powers, arrogant, insolent, impertinent, and greedy. It indicts the Democratic party as un-American, as disloyal, and as dangerous.

When the convention had nominated Mr. Blaine as its candidate for the Presidency, it, with one accord, turned to honor one to whom the nation, as much as to any one man, owed its life; one who from the ranks of civil life had won, by his courage and his brains, a just renown in the battle-field; one whose bravery in war had never been questioned, and whose patriotism and intelligence and integrity had never been challenged in his legislative career. For Vice-President of the United States was presented the honored name of Senator John A. Logan, of Illinois. The banner was thrown to the breeze with these names; and the ticket is now submitted for the ratification of an intelligent public by endorsement at the ballot-box. We have

no time in this article to analyze the platform. It is American. We await with pleasurable anticipation the letters of acceptance of our distinguished candidates. We await with confidence the results of November. We prophesy for the Republican party a renewal of its lease of power for another four years. We prophesy that at the end of that period the splendid administration of Blaine will be so satisfactory to the American people as to secure for him the privilege of succeeding himself; and that these eight years of authority will, in the future, be recognized as the beginning of that magnificent era when the American Republic, for the first time, assumed its true position at the head of civilized governments, the country of leading importance among nations; first in strength, wealth, intelligence, and power, of all the governments of earth.

That the Pacific Coast delegation exercised not a little influence in securing the nomination of Mr. Blaine, at Chicago, is recognized and admitted. There were several causes which favored the delegation. Something was expected by those who remembered the prominent part taken by the delegates from California in 1880. The day the train bearing the California and Nevada delegations crossed Iowa was devoted by that loyal State to decorating the graves of their dead. It was a holiday. The military and music was on parade. And when the telegraph announced the approach of the Pacific Coast delegations, every depot was thronged with multitudes to welcome their Blaine friends from distant States—for Iowa was solid for Blaine. The delegation had good speaking talent, which at every stoppage of the train was brought into active use. All this was telegraphed to Chicago, and the train—thanks to Mr. Davies, the agent of the Northwestern road, and to Mr. Frederick Crocker, who had authority in the premises—was arranged to arrive in Chicago at the right hour on Saturday morning. Some three hundred people, ladies and gentlemen, with their banners, formed in procession and walked to the Palmer House. Thus the Blaine element of Chicago was enthused by the Blaine delegations of the Pacific Coast. It was fed by new material as delegations continued to arrive. On Sunday, the Coast delegations, with music and banners flying, escorted the Maine delegation to their headquarters. Visits were paid to other delegations, courtesies exchanged, speeches made, and impromptu meetings held, at which the Californians were so often invited to speak, and so often spoke, as to make their names familiar to the masses and cause them to be often called for. The Coast delegations had no second choice, no compromises to accept or suggest. They were solid for Blaine, and around them Blaine delegates naturally gathered. "From California to Maine, through Iowa, for Blaine," became a familiar quotation. The delegates were recognized as gentlemen, as independent, holding no offices and seeking none. They behaved with dignity. Mr. Morrow filled his position as chairman of the delegation with marked ability. Mr. Parks was admitted to the inner counsel of leadership, and recognized and trusted by those who had the management of the Blaine candidacy. Mr. Horace Davis, upon the Committee of Resolutions, and Mr. McClure, upon the Committee on Credentials, both made their mark and took rank with delegates of other States. Mr. Blaine does not owe his nomination to the Pacific Coast in any other sense than that it represented the universal sentiment of the Republican party, nor to the California and Nevada delegations except as they reflected the wishes of the rank and file of the parties of their respective States. The Pacific Coast delegation was a respectable, dignified body of gentlemen, who did their work intelligently and well, and who deserve well of the people whose representatives they were.

Nothing has occurred in the history of California which has caused greater mortification and regret to its intelligent citizens than the conduct of the Democratic party, as indicated by its proceedings in State Convention toward Mr. Justice Stephen J. Field. This gentleman's high standing is acknowledged in other lands and other States. His preëminent ability is recognized. He is justly eminent for his splendid talents. He is the admitted equal in jurisprudence of the world's greatest jurists. He stands admitted by all lawyers to-day as the ablest law-writer in the English language. He has filled with honor the highest judicial position in our State. He fills with honor his present position upon the Supreme Bench of the United States. He has impressed himself upon every page of our history. His work is seen in our legislative and judicial systems as a creation. He molded our land laws; he established our water code; he formulated our municipal governments; he is written all over that chapter in the history of California which enabled an American community to enter a conquered territory, to come into a land of strange language and civil law, to successfully establish an American State, and successfully to maintain itself in the presence of invading barbarism. Judge Field has displayed the fearlessness of his judicial courage in breasting the waves of popular violence, and in daring to hold in contempt the worthlessness of public clamor. In the test-oath cases he displayed an adherence to principles which reached the sublimity of judicial firmness and independence—decisions which, in the heated passions of the moment, turned upon him a torrent of undeserved abuse. This he has outlived and survived, receiving the grateful recognition of intelligent men, North and South, and intelligent lawyers everywhere. In rebuking the absurd attempts of California demagogues to violate every rule of law and and humanity in reference to the Chinese, he again demonstrated that in his loyalty to principle he was not to be turned aside. In the railroad cases, and all other cases which he has been called upon to determine, he has illustrated his fidelity to the laws. Judge Field is a great lawyer. His respect for the law is so profound and his knowledge of it so intimate, that he could not violate its fundamental principles to subserve his personal advancement, if he would. These judicial decisions have brought upon him all the vile hatred of the meaner and more ignorant of that class of Democratic, Sand-lot, and New Constitution Democrats who have crawled to the surface of the Democratic party in this State. Democratic ignorance and malignity culminated at Stockton. The Democratic Convention was the apotheosis of everything which was base, and cowardly, and contemptible. The most contemptible thing of all was the abject cowardice of the minority of Democratic gentlemen who allowed the vile mob to run over and frighten them from standing boldly up to the vindication of Stephen J. Field. A Democratic State convention, 453 to 19, attempted, with deliberate insolence, to insult the only candidate that the California Democracy ever had for the Presidency, and the only one it ever ought to have till the communists and sand-lotters have ceased to intimidate gentlemen, and ceased to have influence in the Democratic party. It might be, if it were known what class of influences and what kind of men were opposing Judge Field, that the Democratic National Convention might make him its Presidential candidate, and go to the country on appeal from the contemptible demagogues and charlatans under whose dominion it has fallen. We print in our columns the manly vindication of him made in convention by Mr. Frank G. Newlands. It is, we believe, the first and only real answer that any friend has attempted in defense of Judge Field during the long years of misrepresentation and abuse to which he has been subjected by his enemies in California. We hope Judge Field may not be nominated for the Presidency; he would be a more formidable antagonist to Mr. Blaine than any one of the named and more probable candidates who are under consideration by the Democracy.

As the English idiot exceeds all other idiots for the density of his dullness; as the English criminal excels all other criminals in wickedness of purpose; as the English prostitute outrivals all other fallen women in depravity and utter degradation—so does the English editorial blackguard become more vulgar, more indecent, and more scurrilous than any other blackguard who writes. Mr. Edwin L. Godkin, editor-in-chief of the most dignified, solemn, and portentous of all our English newspapers printed in New York, has entered upon his summer campaign against that small and unimportant fraction of the American people who, against his wishes and in spite of his warnings, desire to make Mr. Blaine President of the United States of America. The *Nation* describes the convention as a "debauch," the Ilinois delegation as the "Logan squad," and Logan as "Black Jack." The Republican candidate for President is styled "Jim Blaine," his friends in convention are "Steve" Elkins, "Pow" Clayton, "Tom" Platt, and "Jimmy" Husted. The American journalist who would establish a newspaper in London in which he would describe the Queen as "Vic," the Prince of Wales as "Al," and call the premier "Bill" Gladstone, would deserve to be kicked into the Thames for his vulgar impertinence. If some one would kindly kick "Ed" Godkin off Brooklyn Bridge, and drown the English dude, the *Argonaut* is authorized to say that the Pacific Coast would take it very kindly.

The Stockton Democratic Convention was an anomalous gathering. It was not an unnatural outgrowth of the strange experiences through which California has been passing since the uprising of the Sand-lot rebellion. The element of respectability that by accident had found its way to this gathering was overawed and powerless in the presence of almost brutal determination to override everybody that was decent and everything that was generous, by the communistic demagogues that so unexpectedly found themselves in the majority. That any gentleman or any one professing respectability or independence of character should submit to the dictation of this most insolent and vulgar squad of political adventurers is most surprising. It is a matter of congratulation that in a convention of four hundred and seventy-three Democrats there were found nineteen gentlemen who had the courage of conviction to vote against censuring the only Democrat with a national reputation whom the State has produced since the death of David C. Broderick. It is a matter of congratulation that in this nineteen there was one who had the ability and the courage to vindicate Mr. Justice Field from the cowardly assaults of ungrateful and treacherous friends. The generous and eloquent speech of Mr. Frank Newlands will be appreciated by every fair-minded and honorable man. It will be remembered, and his course applauded, while the four hundred and fifty-three will be explaining away their act of contemptible cowardice, or finding excuse for their deliberate malignity. If the speech lacks any element of completeness, it will be remembered that it was delivered to an angry mob of howling maniacs, who had not even the generous decency to allow free speech in vindication of the character of an absent gentleman.

That Mr. George William Curtis has, by his acts in the National Convention and his conduct since that time, placed himself in an equivocal position, every honorable man who acknowledges that there is any obligation binding man's honor in politics will admit. His course has all the internal and circumstantial evidence of insincerity, treachery, and personal vindictiveness. This is harsh language to be used concerning a gentleman who has so long and so successfully posed as the emblem of honorable and impartial candor. Mr. Curtis edited *Harper's Weekly* in 1876. He edits the same journal for the same proprietors now. It was then, as now, Republican and partisan. In 1876 Mr. Curtis defended Mr. Blaine from any guiltiness in connection with the Railroad and Mulligan scandal. His vindication was complete and satisfactory. Was it honorable or manly to revive those scandals upon the assembling of a National Convention in order to defeat Mr. Blaine's nomination? Mr. Curtis, knowing the strength of Mr. Blaine's candidacy, went into the New York State Convention to secure a majority of its delegates against Mr. Blaine. He was successful in securing for himself a place in the Convention. He went to Chicago, and took part in deliberations which, honorably conducted, resulted in the choice of Mr. Blaine. He had his own candidate (Edmunds of Vermont), and worked for him. He tried to combine the field against Blaine. He filibustered for adjournment. He violated implied understandings, as indicated by his course in supporting the colored man, Lynch, for temporary chairman against Clayton. He offered to trade his New York delegates with Brandegee of Connecticut for Hawley. He was the twin of Barney Biglin in all the small and nasty politics which was attempted at Chicago. When, in reply to Knight of California, he denied certain accusations, as the casting of a shadow upon the shining shield of his most honorable intentions, he must have then harbored the thought of bolting his party and repudiating its action. He now declares in general terms that the Republican party has abandoned principle and lowered its moral standard. This in view of the splendid progress of the party since the time of Lincoln, and the advanced positions of the platform of 1884 upon all the great issues of the time. When the platform was introduced for adoption by the Convention, he made no protest and suggested no amendment. He acquiesced in it and voted for it. When Mr. Blaine was finally nominated, he accepted the result without a word of protest; and on the final vote to make the nomination unanimous, he voted with his entire delegation in accord with the unanimous expression of the Convention. When the Convention adjourned to consider the candidate for Vice-President, he met the friends of Mr. Blaine in consultation; took part in their deliberations; took an active part, and gave his advice and opinions when asked. Present at this gathering were: Samuel B. Elkins, Senator Warner Miller, Whitelaw Reid, of New York; William Walter Phelps, New Jersey; Thomas M. Bayne, Pennsylvania; William H. Parks, Col. C. F. Crocker, Wm. W. Morrow, California; Col. Clark E. Carr, John R. Thomas, Illinois; John H. Baker, Indiana; M. D. Foley, Nevada; J. S. Clarkson, Iowa; Ex-Senator Jerome B. Chaffee, Colorado; Geo. William Curtis, New York, and about fifteen or twenty others whose names are not remembered. He assented to the candidacy of John A. Logan, went to the convention, and, as chairman of the New York delegation, cast the almost unanimous vote of that State for Logan. He then goes back to New York, revives the stale old Rock Island Mulligan scandal, impeaches the character and conduct of the convention, bolts his ticket, repudiates his own acts, plays the sore-head, and attempts to enact the rôle of the pure and good man whose feelings have been hurt, and whose sensibilities have been wounded by the vicious conduct and unprincipled declarations of the body of gentlemen with whom he acted. Mr. Curtis must not be surprised if we of the West, with our lower standard of measuring moral sentiments, and our lack of appreciation of honorable and chivalrous conduct, do not accord to him all that he claims for himself. He must indulge us, if we think he has disgraced and dishonored

himself, and destroyed his influence as a party-leader; and he must excuse us if, thinking so, we have the presumption to say so.

Three days in the city of New York ought to suffice any San Franciscan who has no other occupation than sight-seeing. One day upon the elevated railroads, over the elevated bridge, one day at Coney Island, and one day in wandering among ten-story buildings in the lower city, and what is there to do but wish one'self back home and out of the solitude of the wilderness of men; out of the jam, and cram, and noise, and bustle of New York; out of the dirt and confusion of streets; out of the danger of omnibuses? Chicago is a great city. New York is greater. But we would not give San Francisco for both. We would rather live in our little, dull, shabby, old-fashioned, two-story wooden city, with its diurnal winds, its breezy nights, its fogs and dust, its genial, glorious, healthful climate, than to die and be buried with the best funeral these two fast, showy, shoddy cities could provide. Speaking of funerals—one week in Chicago, four days in New York, and we did not see one. We suppose, of course, that people must die in these cities; but if they do, there is better taste in disposing of the dead than prevails in our city. What with dead Irishmen, dead Masons, dead Odd Fellows, and the dead of other societies whose sole object of membership when living seems to be a display funeral when dead, San Francisco is in constant parade from Montgomery Street to Lone Mountain Cemetery. It is an absurd country practice, this offensive public funeral business; and the sooner San Francisco dispenses with its old black hearses, its dingy, dirty feathers, the solemn faces of the paid undertakers, the procession of crazy old hacks, and ceases to interrupt the business of our streets and impede the passage of our street-cars by long funeral processions whenever an Irishman or member of a secret or benevolent society dies, the sooner will it give evidence of ceasing to be a country village and of entering upon its career as a city. The dragging of dead persons in a hearse at the head of a procession of sham mourners is one of those relics of barbarism which ought to be relegated to the Chinese, with their music of gongs, their scattering of red papers, their burning of bad-smelling Joss sticks, and the howling of hired mourners. The dead, among polite people, should be quietly and unostentatiously consigned to their resting-places by friends who truly mourn their loss.

The recent attack in Cuban waters by a Spanish ship upon a vessel flying the American flag, the recent firing upon Pullman cars on the Central Mexican Railroad, the wounding, arrest, and illegal detention of American citizens, the unchecked barbarism of the lower class of Mexicans toward our citizens and their property in Mexico, suggest the necessity of a foreign policy which will give to the property and lives of our citizens abroad greater protection than they now receive under the pusillanimous and cowardly foreign policy of that most excellent Turveydrop of American diplomacy, the respectable Mr. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey.

The cringing host, the bowing waiter, and the dodging polyglot *valet de place* are unknown in Norway, and their absence is deliciously refreshing to all who are strong enough to breathe the bracing moral atmosphere resulting from the social condition of a country that has never been subject to feudal institutions, and the inhabitants of which are curiously ignorant of the meaning of "social status"; where servants shake hands with their masters, and masters bow to their servants. "An amusing illustration of this occurred during a recent trip on the Arctic boat," says a writer in *Belgravia:* "An English gentleman in the tea business—wholesale, of course—took me into his confidence, and complained of the extreme familiarity of 'these people,' the steward having shaken hands with him when he entered the saloon in the morning. He was very indignant when I suggested the possibility of the steward regarding the passengers as his guests, and himself as their equal or thereabouts. Among our fellow-passengers was the Duke of Roxburgh, spending his seventeenth summer in Arctic Norway. When the duke was leaving our vessel to tranship on the little Lofoden-omnibus packet, I directed the attention of the tea merchant to his proceedings. All the crew, who were old friends, shook hands with him, the engineer and stoker coming on deck and wiping their fingers on cotton waste as a preliminary to the hearty farewell greeting. The tea-dealer was speechless."

A young merchant, who had a few thousand dollars to spare, called upon a college friend who was a broker in Wall Street. "What do you advise me to do?" he asked. "I'll tell you, Fred," replied the broker, confidentially; "there's a tailor's shop in a basement round the corner. Now, you skip down there, get your pocket sewed up, and leave Wall Street as fast as you can."

The latest caper in society is to stamp or seal a letter where wax is used by the use of the thumb. It is said that the lines on the ball of the thumb are indicative of character, and make a pretty graven surface on the wax, besides conveying to the loved one a personal impression that carries with it something of the identity of the sender.

The Rapid Transit Commissioners of London are substituting electricity for steam on all projected roads,

## THE RAILWAY WORLD.

One of the shortest lines of railway in America is the Nantucket Railroad, running from Nantucket to Surfside. About a year ago some waggish official of the Chicago and Northwestern sent his car-tracer down to look up a Northwestern car said to have been lost on the Nantucket road. The tracer saw through the joke when he discovered that the road was on an island, and that to have reached it his lost car would have had to swim. The line is just four miles long. The rolling stock is not extensive. It consists of one locomotive and five cars. The earnings last year were $5,682; net earnings, $2.515, of which $1,330 was used to pay interest.

A singular decision was rendered a short time ago by the magistrates of Croydon, England. A Mr. Prideaux Selby was summoned for ringing the electric communicator between the passengers and the guard, and thereby stopping a train in which he was traveling without sufficient reason. The defendant said he had a sufficient reason, because he wanted to get out at Croydon, and objected to being taken on to Brighton; and the Bench decided that he was justified in stopping the train, and dismissed the summons. Should this decision be sustained, it would introduce a new element of danger into English railway travel. Instead of being under the control of the conductor, passenger trains would be directed by the whims and caprices of the passengers, time-tables would cease to be reliable, and confusion would take the place of system. It is not likely however, that passengers will be permitted to take the control out of the conductor's hands.

At the clearance sale of the Chatham and Dover railways, the other day, there were about fifteen hundred umbrellas offered. The amount of indignation and heart-burnings represented by the loss of these necessities of modern days is appalling to think of. The other "lots" were more than usually miscellaneous, the feature being fifteen parcels of Roman Catholic and high church vestments. As specimens of the lost luggage which a railway company accumulates in the course of a year, the following parcels may be interesting: Lot 165—Two candle-lamps, bundle of assegais, 3 measures, 5 whips, spittoon, 14 stair-rods, model water-wheel, model of ship, pair of crutches, 1 odd crutch, and box containing cruet-stand, cruets, and other glass. Lot 312—Two Holme's patent mechanical foghorns, "The Little Squeaker" and "The Aurora." Lot 194—Two hair-brushes in leather case, 42 purses, 3 card-cases, 1 pocket-book, flask, 2 needle-cases, 1 strop, 1 folding rule, 15 pairs of spectacles, 13 cases, and 9 pairs of eye-glasses. There were also the usual varied assortment of underclothing and apparel, the classification of which is a matter not to be lightly enterprised or taken in hand.

The business at an English railway station, says the *Popular Science Monthly*, is done in the same style as in an old mercantile house, where, instead of special directions having to be given all the time, it is understood by every one that he knows what his duties are, and how he is expected to perform them. The case is different in Germany, where the railway system was transplanted already made, and it was necessary to create a personal service, and where the configuration of the boundaries had its influence, not only on the laying out of the lines, but also on the whole system of administration. It would not have been possible to secure certainty in the management if there had not been at hand a host of officers trained under military discipline, who, unqualified to act freely, knew well how to obey. An English engineer has described as the basis of the German service intelligent command and strict obedience. English management expects its subordinates to be intelligent enough to do the right thing without a special order. "If we should characterize 'intelligent self-reliance' as the genius of the English system, 'organized instruction' of the French, and 'skillful daring' of the American, that of the German is unquestionably 'exact discipline.'"

"Lots of chaps think it would be fun to run an engine," said the driver, as he stuck his head, a flaming torch, and a long-necked oil-can in under his machine, "but if the most of 'em would try it, they wouldn't like it quite so well. 'Taint everybody can run a locomotive, either. A nervous man has no business in a cab; no more has a careless one, or a stupid cuss. To run an engine a man must feel his responsibility and keep his head level. I don't believe half the people know what it is to run an engine. Now, there's the machine; that's the first thing, and it has to be in good order, and stay so. A locomotive has to stand wear and tear and weather that'd knock a stationary engine into smithereens. And no matter what emergency rises—freezing of pipes or starting of flues, a loosening of packing or heating of journals—we've got to know just what to do, and do it right quick, too; then, when we're running, there's the time-cards and pretty often a new one; and the train orders—they are a life and death and reputation to us, and to read 'em correct and live up to 'em gives us no end of anxiety. Bet I've read a train order over a dozen times an hour—I am always so afraid of making a mistake or forgetting. You know the consequences of even a little mistake, sometimes. Then, there's the signals to watch, the conductor's gong overhead, steam to keep up, time to make, whistle-posts and crossings to look out for, bad spots in the road to be careful on, and along with all this there's the track ahead of ye which your eyes mustn't leave for more'n five seconds. There's the brakes, too—one is always worrying about them. I don't s'pose everybody knows, either, that we have to be mighty careful when we come to the top of a grade. You see, in going up she labors hard, and so soon as she begins to descend she makes a rush, and there's the danger of breaking your train when the rear cars are still dragging on the up-grade. This danger is especially great on freights, but no good engineer fails to shut off some of his steam when his engine reaches a summit. It isn't every fool can run a locomotive."

## THE LITERATURE OF DISCONTENT.

If our modern and current literature had to be characterized in a single word, it would probably be most aptly called the "literature of discontent." As a mass, it is a literature with an aim, and that aim, in its broadest statement, is the aim of making people other than they are. The means adopted to this end is that of making them discontented with what they are. The makers of this literature would probably claim that their object is that of making people better than they are, and claim for themselves the character of apostles of an evangel of reform. Whether the state of affairs actually had in view by these gentlemen and ladies would or would not procure a greater share of general happiness may be left out of view for a moment, while we dwell upon the means adopted to lead up to that state of bliss—namely, that as many people as possible shall be wrought into a state of discontent. It is only a fair summary of the implications of much modern teaching that the mass of mankind may, when all things shall be properly ordered, expect comfort and ease, if not luxury; that hardship may be abolished, and universal well-being established. Yet the preachers of the doctrines which underlie these deductions, ignore—are, possibly, themselves often ignorant of—the fact that every man in a civilized state enjoys uncounted and countless privileges, both of material comfort and personal rights unknown, to people less advanced in civilization—unknown, therefore, to the whole series of generations that have gone before. In spite of proof to the contrary, the assertion still continues to be made that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer; against proof to the contrary, the doctrine is taught that poverty is an accompaniment and a fruit of progress; and it is asserted that there are men, or classes of men, among us who have no share in the gains of civilization—the fact being that all but a small margin of the gains of civilization enters into a common stock, which nobody can appropriate, while that small margin which is appropriated is divided between capital and labor in a steadily diminishing ratio to capital, and a steadily increasing ratio to labor. And still the current of literature flows on—a literature of discontent. And thus far the discernible effects of this literature—this doctrine—in political and social life have been purely bad. Happily, the great mass of mankind pays small attention to it, goes about its work, and does its duty in the estate in which it finds itself. But, all the same the preaching has had some effect, and that effect appears to be altogether bad. For the whole of this "humane" morality (as it calls itself) consists in nothing else than exhorting us to put ourselves in other people's steads, according to an all-leveling abstraction, which, from its very nature, must also mean putting other people in our stead. "When man ceases thinking on what he has to do," says Doctor Karl Hildebrand, "in order to think that he has to do it, good-bye to all content." But the whole machine of humanity would stop if we wanted continually to put ourselves into the place of others, and endeavor to insure for every one, according to the exigencies of an abstract equality, the same conditions of life. So, in consequence, we stop short at good wishes sufficient to make men, who in former times were quite happy in this limited existence and reflected but little on it, discontented with their lot, but insufficient to change this lot. For the literature of discontent does not press home to them the question, "Is there any other man in the world to blame for the fact that I am poor?" The achievements of the human race have been accomplished by the élite of the race. There is no ground at all in history for the notion that the masses of mankind provided the wisdom and did the work. The dogma that all men are equal is (says Professor Sumner) the most flagrant falsehood, and the most immoral doctrine which men have ever believed. "It is, on the contrary, a doctrine of the first moral and sociological importance that truth, wisdom, and righteousness come only by painstaking, study, and striving. These things are so hard, that it is only the few who attain to them. These few carry on human society now, as they always have done." And it will be a good thing for human society, and a better thing for the less prosperous classes in it, when these truths come to be recognized by the makers of literature, and some apostles shall arise to enforce the homely doctrine that most people do not know when they are well off. If, on all the face of the earth, there exists a people that is well off, it is the people of California. To them, before all others, it ought to be (but is not) needless to preach the evangel of content, pursuit of the enjoyments that are within reach, the practice of making the best of things. "For there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so," says Hamlet. And he was a very wise man who wrote, "He that is of contented heart hath a continual feast; a contented heart doeth good, like medicine, but a complaining one drieth the bones." It is not easy to find grounds for believing that the wisdom of the preachers of discontent is any better than the wisdom of King Solomon.

The editor of the Ponca (Nebraska) *Journal* tells how they used to travel on the narrow-gauge railway between Sioux City and Ponca a few years ago. He says: "The narrow-gauge went up and down hill, so much so that when climbing the grade near the summit the shrieking, struggling little engine found it difficult to make headway. In those days the genial conducter always regarded the few passengers as guests, and treated them accordingly, and when the train went up hill and the engine gave a howl of despair would get off and push behind. Those were the halcyon days of railroading. We recollect going down from Ponca to Jackson one day. We were the only passenger—frequently the train had no passengers at all. Below the summit we saw a man in a field plowing. He owed us on subscription. Being short of bankable funds, we desired to hold a short seance with him. We stated our desires to the conductor. Did he turn a deaf ear to us and whip up the train? No. He jerked the cord and stopped the train, and we went and dunned the man. During our absence the conductor went to the creek and fished. Those were the pastoral, the joyful, the inimitable days of railroading. The like we shall never see again."

## NEW YORK ATHLETES.

"Flaneur" writes about Oarsmen, Cricketers, and Pugilists.

People claim now that the oarsman Courtney is insane. On no other hypothesis can his extraordinary conduct be explained. By running away from Oak Point, on the occasion of his race with Ross, Courtney closed his career as a professional oarsman forever. He angered thousands of people, and lost what remnant of reputation he had left. The object of Courtney's conduct can only be appreciated when one considers the conditions under which he agreed to row in the race. If he won the race he was to receive twenty-five hundred dollars; if he lost it he was to have five hundred dollars; so it was impossible for him to come out a loser in any case. Had he won it his reputation would have been made forever, and there would have been practically no limit to the money he could have made in other rowing engagements throughout the country. He ran away like a whipped cur.

Observe, he didn't walk away in a leisurely manner or drive away, but there were a number of eye-witnesses who actually saw him run toward the Boulevard an hour before the race began. It is argued, and rightly, that no sane man would have acted as Courtney did. Every condition of the race was to his satisfaction an hour before he ran away. The water was as smooth as though it had been ironed, and the Union Springs oarsman was in capital condition. Courtney was mobbed when he disappointed the crowd on the day of the first postponement. Had they caught him on the day of the second fizzle he would undoubtedly have been severely dealt with. No man in his right senses would have been guilty of such extraordinary conduct as Courtney's.

The papers of New York assert now that the man is crazy. I hesitate to believe it. I have known Courtney a good many years, and have often talked with him, and I have invariably found him to be a mild and inoffensive, but thoroughly sensible man. He has no heart, and does not know the meaning of "pluck." He is a victim of the newspapers. I don't know whether people will believe it or not, but Courtney is not a fast oarsman. Even old rowing men are often led into the statement that "Courtney is the fastest man who ever sat in a boat," and there are thousands of men who insist that Courtney could easily row away from Hanlan if he had the heart to stick to his work.

I have asked no end of enthusiasts what Courtney has ever done to inspire such a solid belief in his speed. I have never been answered. Who, besides Riley (who at best is a third-rate man), was ever thoroughly and squarely defeated by Courtney? The newspapers have made Courtney a great sculler. He has always found it impossible to row up to the standard they have set for him, and not being a man who could take defeat easily, he has clung to his reputation, and lied and sneaked out of various matches instead of rowing them. He can't row in the same race with half a dozen men I could name, despite his great reputation for speed.

We are to have four new theatres in New York next season. All of them will be small, and each will be devoted to a special branch of dramatic art. It has at last dawned upon our managers that the janitorship way of managing a theatre can not be depended upon for a lasting success. There were last season very few actual managers in New York. With two or three exceptions, all of the theatres were let out by their managers to traveling combinations. The few theatres that have followed a distinctive line of policy of their own, and have been presided over by live men who did something more than sit in their offices and smoke, while the traveling combinations were giving performances on the stage, have been highly successful.

The Madison Square, the Casino, the Bijou, the Theatre Comique, and Daly's Theatre made money during the whole season. All the other houses, including Wallack's, the Union Square, and the Fifth Avenue Theatre vacillated among melodrama, comedy, tragedy, and burlesque, had ups and downs through the whole season. Of the new theatres to be built, the Lyceum at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street will be devoted to the amateurs; the theatre on Third Avenue is dedicated to melodrama at fifty cents reserved seats, and there will be two charming little theatres within a stone's throw of Delmonico's, both of them devoted to a lighter form of entertainment. One of them, which is building opposite Delmonico's, will be devoted to light French burlesque, and the one on Twenty-eighth Street to high-class comedy.

Burke and Billy h'Inglish are going to whip Mitchell, if they have to do it in the public streets. Mitchell is under the management of Billy Madden—one of the shrewdest men who ever had anything to do with the prize-ring. He has succeeded in making a great sensation out of Mitchell, just as he did out of John L. Sullivan. The "little Englishman," as Mitchell is generally called, though he is a good sized man, has been starred throughout the country, and is claimed the champion of all except Sullivan. Mitchell claims the championship of all England, as the result of a fight he had with Burke a few years ago. He and Burke fought for two hours with bare knuckles. The fight was a draw. Then Mitchell came over here and claimed the championship of England, and announced that he was ready to fight Sullivan. Sullivan knocked him out without much difficulty, but through Madden's adroit management Mitchell is now looked upon as a very dangerous man.

A series of glove-fights at the Madison Square Garden has been arranged, which will probably bring ten or fifteen thousand dollars into the pockets of Messrs. Mitchell and Madden. Mike Cleary, Joe Pendergast, John Kilrain, and Dominick McCaffrey all claim that they can whip Mitchell. Madden has arranged matters so that Mitchell fights each one of these men in turn, at the Madison Square Garden, slicing Sullivan in between the bouts, which occur at intervals of about two weeks.

Mitchell is sure to whip Kilrain and McCaffrey, and reasonably sure of downing Pendergast. The only men who are dangerous are Sullivan and Cleary. Madden has arranged it so that he fights the men he is sure of whipping first, and then meets Sullivan. Sullivan will do him up, and then he will meet Mitchell. The outcome of all these contests is reasonably sure, but nevertheless they will draw crowds. If Cleary whips Mitchell, it will be end of the Englishman; but before that event occurs Mr. Madden and his protégés will have hauled in the money.

I don't know how San Francisco people look upon boxing matches; but in New York now they are of the deepest interest. Boston's culture turns toward books; ours toward fists. It is a cruel thing that Boston is able to excel us even in that at which we take the most satisfaction. Sullivan and Kilrain are from Boston. No one of any pugilistic consequence is from New York. The excellence of Boston in that way extends even to base-ball. She continues to hold the championship, and is wiping out other clubs, gradually but surely.

In the East, Philadelphia is really the home of athletic sports; but, singularly enough, it has little eminence there except in its Gentlemen Cricket Team. The eleven, which is composed of gentlemen of considerable social standing in Philadelphia, and which is easily the champion of America, defeated the gentlemen of Ireland with ease, and won a number of games with amateurs in Great Britain. Then they fell against the champions of all England, and were done up brown. Still, they have made a very creditable showing. In Philadelphia, by the way, there are no less than one hundred and eighty-one regularly organized amateur base-ball clubs, and the whole city turns out to see a good ball match. Nevertheless, Philadelphia finds it impossible to get a capable team, and stands no chance for the championship. It is an unjust and cruel thing that Bosting, which claims that it thinks only of ethereal subjects, has knocked out Philadelphia at base-ball, and can do up the pugilistic aspirations of New York with one hand.

It was very warm last night at twelve o'clock, and I took a turn up Fifth Avenue, to get the air and finish a cigar before retiring. I met a friend at the Brunswick, and we walked slowly up-town together. The stages had stopped running, and not a vehicle was in sight. A few loiterers were smoking on the club balconies, and an occasional policeman could be seen in an area talking with the cook.

We walked along until we got to Thirty-fourth Street, when we heard an uproar a block further up. On the corner above were three men. One was taller than the others. There was no mistaking the elegant figure and gray beard of Mr. Roscoe Conkling. He stood with his legs wide apart, his crush hat on the back of his head, and his chin high in the air. He was in evening dress, as were his two friends, both of whom are well-known NewYork clubmen.

I have seen many jolly parties, but none more joyous than this. Some one of the trio had evidently been telling a funny story, for they were all roaring with delight. I had never heard ex-Senator Conkling laugh before. His voice was audible nearly two blocks away. As we passed the group we heard Mr. Conkling say:

"It reminds me of an experience of my own last"——

He had a hand on a shoulder of each of the good fellows beside him, who giggled with the good nature of men who have just heard one good story and are sure of another. About a block farther on we heard another wild shout, and concluded that Mr. Conkling had reached the point of the story.

Fully half an hour later we returned. The three men were still making the night jolly with their yarns. They started briskly down the avenue and disappeared into the Knickerbocker Club arm in arm.

"No wonder Senator Conkling is glad to get out of politics," said my friend; "he is now one of the most popular men in New York. He has just joined the Manhattan Club, the fifth club he belongs to in New York, and is making an easy twenty-five thousand a year at his profession. The stern, ambitious, and thoughtful Conkling of other days has given away to as bright and genial a man as can be found in New York."

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, June 18, 1884.

---

The latest historian of King Henry VIII. gives us this picture: "He wore a cap of crimson velvet in the French fashion, and the brim was looped up all round with lacets and gold-enameled tags. His doublet was in the Swiss fashion, striped alternately with white and crimson satin; and his hose were scarlet, and all slashed from the knee upward. Very close round his neck he had a gold collar, from which there hung a rough-cut diamond the size of the largest walnut, and to this was suspended a most beautiful and very large round pearl. His mantle was of purple velvet lined with white satin, the sleeves open, with a train more than four Venetian yards long. This mantle was girt in front, like a gown, with a thick gold cord, from which there hung large golden acorns like those suspended from a cardinal's hat. Over this mantle was a very handsome gold collar, with a pendent St. George entirely of diamonds, and beneath the mantle he wore a pouch of cloth of gold, which covered a dagger, and his fingers were one mass of jeweled rings."

---

The grounds of the Lawn Tennis Club of Roseville, New Jersey, are adjacent to the railway station, and whenever the numerous trains stop there, the passengers overlook the players and criticise them. For this reason it was feared that the lady members of the club would be loath to put in an appearance, but the apprehension was unfounded. The only effect wrought by the contiguity of the railway station is the increased beauty of the ladies' lawn-tennis suits, which the passengers now contemplate with respectful admiration.

---

"I maintain," says Mr. Walter Besant, "that fiction is a fine art, governed by general rules, like any other art; that these rules can be taught like those of any other art; and that the teaching breaks down just where that of painting, music, or sculpture breaks down—at those points, namely, where natural aptitude is required, and fails to appear. This is the rudimentary condition of the art, just as an eye for color, form, and drawing—in other words, natural aptitude—is required for the painter's art."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Since leaving the White House, Mrs. Hayes has devoted herself to raising poultry.

Charles O'Conor once said that although he did not despise society, he could be happy on the island of Juan Fernandez, even without his man Friday.

A friend of the late Mr. Sam Ward likens him to that "remarkable Indian rajah whose benevolence did not stop short until he built a hospital for sick insects."

It is thought that although the Prince Imperial of Austria speaks every dialect in the Austrian dominion, except Turkish, this need not prevent him from sitting down on the Ottoman.

At a recent dinner given to Victor Hugo by the Society of Men of Letters, Arsène Houssaye toasted Hugo as one who could trace his succession by Voltaire, Molière, Shakespeare, Dante, and Virgil, to Homer.

The Municipal Council of St. Giles, Belgium, has changed the name of the Rue St. Bernard to the Rue Sarah Bernhardt, "because," the Council gravely declares, "the street in question is so long and narrow."

Mr. Blaine has for years received a large mail, but now he is quite overwhelmed by the flood of letters, the bulk of them, naturally, simple missives of congratulation, that are pouring in upon him from all parts of the Union.

It has been the habit of English royalty to die on Saturday. William III., Anne, all the Georges, the Duchess of Kent, Prince Albert, and Princess Alice all departed on that day. But Prince Leopold did not survive over night, and died on Friday.

From Monsieur Maupas's account of the *coup d'état* it is very clear that Louis Napoleon's principal motive for perjuring himself, and turning the French Republic into an empire, was a lack of money. He could have more funds at command as emperor.

Major Ben Perley Poore, on making inquiries into the history of the Marine Band that discourses our national music in Washington, finds that it originated on board the frigate *Constitution*, Commodore Hull, cruising in Mediteranean waters, in 1805, and has always been largely composed of Italians.

An Australian physician has been attacking in vigorous terms "Gheel, the City of the Simple," as the Belgian village where lunatics are boarded out among the people is called. Heretofore it has been a much praised plan. The Belgian papers demand an inquiry into the truth of Dr. Tucker's allegations.

One of the nieces of Bishop Leonidas Polk, Miss Antoinette Polk, is now the Marquise de Charette. She was educated abroad, and was noted for her beauty, wit, grace, and fine horsemanship. She is tall and beautifully shaped, with large brown eyes, and hair that falls to her feet. Among her bridal gifts were some superb diamonds, given by the French Zouaves.

Says a writer in London *Truth:* "It was stated positively in the papers a few weeks ago that Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes was coming to England. I am in a position to deny the rumor on the very best authority—to wit, the words of the venerable author of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table' himself. 'I have always dreaded the sea,' the doctor writes in a characteristic vein, 'and at my time of life I am not going to give up a passion I have cherished for so many years. I intend to die where I am.'"

The Rev. Compton Reade begins an essay on Charles Reade as follows: "'I owe the larger half of what I am to my mother, the rest to the accident of my father's grandfather having married the daughter of the village blacksmith.' That was the sincere self-analysis of a soul before all things honest. Brains first, virility next, ancestry in the background. And yet, in spite of this insistence on the paramount lordship of mind and the worth of a perfect body, Charles Reade at heart cherished the knowledge that he was by descent a gentleman."

Mr. Oscar Wilde's marriage ends peacefully a long and successful career of æsthetic shamming. No man who has met Oscar within the last year—or since his abandonment of knee-breeches—has been deceived into the belief that he was other than a good-natured young Irishman with an eye to the main chance and a soul sufficiently self-poised; and probably no person to whom he has made himself ludicrous ever laughed more at him than he has laughed under his sleeve. It must be particularly grateful to the canny Hibernian to remember that there was once a period in his history when New York hostesses paid him three hundred dollars a night for posing in their drawing-rooms.

A lady friend of Mr. Labouchère went to see Oscar Wilde's wedding, and was immensely amused, on arriving at the church (St. James's, Sussex Garden), to find that the bridegroom had given orders that none should be admitted unless they had his card. Of course, it was right that a certain portion of the church should be set apart at weddings for the friends of the bride and bridegroom; but for a man to issue his commands as to who shall, and who shall not, be admitted to a public place of worship is too ridiculous. The lady got in, however, notwithstanding being unprovided with Mr. Oscar Wilde's visiting card. She says the bride's dress was pretty, chiefly on account of its perfect simplicity. Her veil was peculiar, being of gauze or open-meshed spun silk, or something unusual. The bridesmaids' harmonies of terra-cotta and primrose were spoiled by white hats and feathers. It was the funniest thing in the world to see the contracting parties and the best man posing in studied attitudes during the ceremony. Fancy a man being married with his head on one side, like a "tired" lily, his hand on his hip, and his legs disposed according to a preconcerted arrangement. The bridesmaids carried lovely lilies. Lady Wilde "snatched" her new daughter to her heart with some effusion, and the bridegroom kissed the bride with much calmness in the presence of a somewhat limited congregation.

## PATTI'S LORD AND LOVER.

### The Nicolini-Caux Embroglio, and the Prima Donna's Romance.

A small and neatly printed book, entitled "Fourteen Years with Adelina Patti," and including one hundred and fifty pages and two highly idealized artotypes of the prima donna, and of her first husband, the Marquis de Caux, has just made its appearance in Vienna, says a writer in the *Times*. It is from the pen of Fräulein Louisa Lauw, who for fourteen years was Madame Patti's companion and bosom friend. The sub-title of the work is "Recollections of Louisa Lauw," but it is safe to infer that only a portion of the reminiscences of the authoress is to be found within the covers of the volume. The simple narrative of incidents in the prima donna's life is of decided interest, in so far as *détails intimes* of this nature are attractive to the general reader. Fräulein Lauw describes the courtship of the Marquis de Caux and the inroads of Signor Nicolini upon the affections of the marchioness with exceeding minuteness, but without exaggeration or comment.

The opening pages of "Fourteen Years with Adelina Patti" are taken up with glowing accounts of the triumphs of the prima donna in England and France and on the Continent, and with a rehearsal of events that led to her meeting the songstress, whom she accompanied to Vienna, and with whom she thenceforward dwelt as a sister. A more impressible person and readier descriptive writer than Fräulein Lauw would have used to greater advantage the themes within her reach, for evenings passed with Rossini, Meyerbeer, Auber, Mario, and Alboni are worthy of something more than a hasty mention. But Fräulein Lauw lays no claim to literary distinction. Some biographical material embodied in the heroine's account of herself, as given to Queen Isabella of Spain, claims attention. Adelina Patti was born in Madrid on February 19, 1843. A few hours previous to her birth her parents, Signor Patti and Signora Patti-Barili, sang "Norma" in the opera house. At the age of seventeen she executed the most difficult runs, trills, and staccati with perfect ease. Her first teacher was a Frenchman, and subsequently Barili, her stepbrother, gave her instruction. Her studies were suspended for two years by the advice of Maurice Strakosch, who apprehended that she was in danger of losing her voice. At the expiration of this period, Strakosch—Adelina's brother-in-law, by the way—brought her out at the Academy of Music, which was then under his management and that of Mr. B. Ullmann. Her début in England was effected at Covent Garden on May 10, 1860. Her London success was repeated, later on, in every European capital.

Fräulein Lauw's account of her heroine's infatuation for a young Italian merchant whom she met in London, and to whom she was betrothed, is not particularly interesting. The youthful artist was undoubtedly in love, and so was the gentleman, but the suitor's jealousy was so quickly aroused, and attended by such violent demonstrations, that Patti père encouraged him to break off the match. During the following season, in Paris, Adelina became acquainted with the Marquis de Caux. The marquis, with his bosom friends, Viscount Daru and Baron St. Armand, was a frequent and welcome visitor of the Pattis, and when the festivities of the winter were brought to a close with a grand ball, Fräulein Lauw could not help noticing that the nobleman's undivided attention was devoted to the prima donna. Concerning it, she says:

> Adelina's engagement summoned her to London and thence to Homburg, whence she journeyed to seek rest in Baden-Baden. To our great joy we met there Mario and Grisi, with their children, nor did much time elapse ere we found our Parisian friends, Viscount Daru and the Marquis de Caux. I could not wholly credit the assurance of the marquis, that the September races were the only magnet that drew him hither. On a lovely September day the marquis, who was our daily and welcome guest, arranged an excursion with a large party, to terminate with a dinner at the old castle. After dinner came a stroll in the noble wood, through which we rambled in pairs. The marquis offered Adelina his arm. I know not whether it was the romantically situated old castle, the full moon, or the melodious strains of an Æolian harp that caused of a sudden a solemn feeling to overcome us. The animated conversation gradually died away, and a poetic silence and yearning took its place. Adelina exclaimed that she had never beheld so beautiful an evening, and never felt so happy as clinging to her companion's arm. The midnight hour suggested that we should return. The tenants of the four carriages set up a lively chorus, over which Adelina's voice rang forth delightfully. From that evening Adelina took the liveliest interest in the marquis. She longed daily for his coming, and expressed to him her keen regret that she should so soon have to think of departing. Strakosch, whose sober glance at once divined the cause of this longing and grief on the part of his much-changed sister-in-law, hastened her departure for Wiesbaden. When the parting hour came Adelina and the marquis were extremely sad; their only consolation was the prospect of a speedy meeting in Paris.

The marquis called on them on their return to Paris, but immediately after he had to accompany the Empress Eugénie to Biarritz. The Patti family had settled down to an eight months' stay in a house on the Champs-Elysées. Adelina became mournful. The author continues:

> The return of the court from Biarritz, in October, brought Adelina release from her sorrow and yearning, and relieved me of my duties as correspondent. The marquis, whose first call was on Adelina, now visited the Pattis daily, and soon won the fullest favor of Adelina's father and brother-in-law. Two months went by. One evening—it was at the close of a performance of "La Traviata"—after some of Adelina's friends had quitted her dressing-room, the marquis remained behind. As he always conscientiously reported to us the town talk, Adelina turned to him smilingly, and said:
>
> "Now, marquis, what is the newest gossip in Paris?"
>
> "The newest," was the answer, "is that we are engaged!"
>
> I must admit that the reply astonished me, and I looked toward Adelina with extreme curiosity. Her features were animated with an indescribable love-charm. With a smile she said to the marquis:
>
> "And why not? I hope this would not be unpleasant to you?"
>
> At first embarrassed, then full of gladness, the marquis stammered:
>
> "No, surely not! I should be the happiest of mortals if it were so!"
>
> Sweetly blushing, Adelina extended to the marquis, who appeared almost in a dream, her hand, exclaiming: "And I, too, should be happy!"
>
> The marquis passionately pressed Adelina's hand to his lips, and, intoxicated with joy, clasped her in his arms. Then, speechless, he hurried forth from the room.
>
> Clinging to me in a long and warm embrace, Adelina whispered to me the sweet confession: "I am very happy!"

Two days later the marquis formally proposed to Patti père for his daughter's hand. It was reluctantly granted. The nobleman signified his wish that the lady should withdraw from the stage, but the father opposed this on the ground that her small fortune—three hundred thousand francs—would not suffice for her proper support. To complicate matters, jealous rivals began to shower letters abusing the marquis upon Monsieur Patti and Monsieur Strakosch, while the marquis's mother interposed her authority against her son marrying beneath him. Fräulein Lauw thus continues:

> Patti père and Strakosch were naturally resolved upon preventing Adelina from meeting the marquis. But of what avail was the earnestness with which they fulfilled their duties as guardians against the strategy of a lover of the marquis's school? Great was their astonishment when, whichever theatre we visited, we beheld, shortly after entering our box, the marquis seated close by. We, too, were much surprised, for no communication was carried on between the marquis and ourselves. "There is a woman's conspiracy afoot," argued Strakosch, and he immediately changed his plans of operations. He had hitherto always told us in advance which theatre we were going to attend; now he kept his programme secret. One evening we dined *en famille* at the Café Anglais, and Adelina inquired which theatre we were to visit. Strakosch smiled a diplomatic smile, and answered: "You shall soon see." The carriage bore us forth, Strakosch having first whispered a few words to the driver. Certain of victory, Strakosch escorted us into a box at the Châtelet Theatre, and his glance appeared to say, "Now let the marquis try to meet us!" That the marquis was to succeed was proved by his appearance in a box the very next minute. Later on the marquis himself explained the mystery. His carriage was stationed in close proximity to Adelina's dwelling, and when the family reached the theatre, whither the marquis's coach followed them, the coachman drove to the club and brought back his master. Thenceforward visits to the play-house were suspended. Violent scenes were enacted daily between Adelina and her father and brother-in-law; the girl declaring that she would marry none but the marquis, as she was of age and her own mistress. This situation lasted upward of three weeks. At the expiration of this period Baron Thal, a Russian nobleman, and warm friend of Adelina, brought the lovers together in his salon. They fell in each other's arms and laid plans for the future, which were successfully carried out. Ere long Adelina and the marquis saw each other daily in the Bois de Boulogne. We had no occasion to dread betrayal on the part of Adelina's faithful coachman and servant. We drove to the appointed rendezvous, behind the fortifications, where the marquis was already in waiting. So that he should not be seen, Adelina asked the marquis to enter her carriage, in which there was just room enough for the loving pair, and thus we rode about for an hour, engaged in light converse. Subsequently the rendezvous was reached anew, the marquis alighted, jumped into his carriage, and we returned to Paris alone.

On Adelina's twenty-fifth birthday (February 19, 1868), she made known to her father her irrevocable determination to marry De Caux at the end of the season. Patti père saw that further opposition was useless, and gave his consent to the marquis's visiting his daughter in London at the outset of the London season. As soon as the Patti family were settled in Pierrepont House, Clapham Park, De Caux appeared, and peace and happiness reigned once more in the household. The marquis's mother had given her consent to the marriage, so all was well in that direction. July 29th was the date fixed upon for the performance of the marriage ceremony. Previous to its celebration Adelina was confirmed, for her parents, although Catholics, were not particularly strict observers of the rites of the church. The wedding took place in Clapham. Says the author:

> Adelina's witnesses were the Duke of Manchester and Sir Michael Costa; and Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, the French Minister in London, and the marquis's cousin, and Monsieur de Mur, Secretary of Legation, acted in the same capacity on behalf of Monsieur de Caux. The bride's sisters, Amalia and Carlotta, were not present at the ceremony. The former, according to Fräulein Lauw, had to fulfill an engagement in Trouville, and Madame Strakosch was so exhausted by the journey from America that she was too weak to undertake the trip from Paris to London. Nor was Madame Patti to be seen. That elderly and accomplished lady had taken up her permanent abode in Rome, Adelina and she having long since—as may be inferred from the careful wording of Fräulein Lauw's description of how the "extremely nervous Madame Patti often seized upon the tongs or some other handy utensil to insure obedience to her will"—agreed to disagree and part company. Carlo Patti was in America. The only relatives of the bride at the wedding were Patti père and Maurice Strakosch. The gifts were numerous and costly. The Duchess de Valmy, "whose health prevented her from attempting the trip to London," sent a superb bracelet adorned with a huge sapphire and countless diamonds. The Duchess of Manchester contributed a bracelet set with rubies and diamonds. Mario gave a set of antique coral, and Grisi a lace handkerchief. The honeymoon was spent in Paris, where Adelina, according to Fräulein Lauw, was received with much affection by her husband's family. Their heaven was unclouded, although Fräulein Lauw concedes that the Marquis de Caux could not but feel somewhat hurt at one of the clauses of the marriage contract. The objectionable passage stipulated that Adelina's fortune, amounting to three hundred thousand francs, should be deposited in the Bank of England, and remain untouched save by her children, the interest on the principal being paid to the prima donna during life. After events proved that the elder Patti and Maurice Strakosch did wisely in thus securing Adelina's early earnings from the consequences of improvidence or unlucky speculation.

For a time the married life partook of halcyon bliss. On November 19, 1868, Rossini passed away, and, at his funeral, in the Church of the Trinity, Patti and Alboni sang the "Quis est homo," from the dead master's "Stabat Mater." When she made her début in St. Petersburg orchestra seats commanded one hundred rubles each, and the flowers thrown upon the stage represented an outlay of six thousand rubles. The latter amount will not seem exaggerated when it is borne in mind that each camellia cost four rubles. Concerning the diva's method of study, the author says:

> On the days on which Adelina was to perform, she practiced scales for half an hour before dinner, but never difficult passages or cadences. The manner in which she studied her rôles was peculiar. Before her marriage Strakosch was wont to sit in an adjoining room and play through a score, while Adelina busied herself with other occupations. When a passage came that pleased her she listened to it attentively. Thus, when she set about studying a rôle seriously, it was child's play to master it, for its essential portions were already impressed upon her phenomenal memory. The Marquise de Caux did not lay aside this habit of study; an accompanist, however, was engaged in Strakosch's stead.

And now Signor Nicolini appears upon the scene. He is first beheld in Homburg, whither Adelina journeyed to fulfill an engagement after the Franco-Prussian war was ended. Fräulein Lauw writes:

> We occupied once more the Villa Victoria, and our next-door neighbors were the tenor Nicolini, his wife, and five children. Adelina had already made his acquaintance, as an artist, in Paris and London, but she did not appreciate his manners, and it always cost her a certain effort to sing with him. Although gifted with a beautiful voice, Signor Nicolini did not rise above the level of ordinary tenors, and in spite of his efforts, put forth especially in London, to replace the great Mario, whom he copied in everything, even in his method of arranging his beard and hair, the English public declined to recognize in him even the shadow, as a singer or actor, of Mario. Madame Nicolini impressed us as a lady of winning and amiable appearance and disposition. She was, however, afflicted with boundless jealousy, from the daily outbursts of which poor Nicolini, whom she herself unceremoniously declared to be a "genuine Don Juan," suffered not a little. Notwithstanding the lively scenes enacted every day between them, we believed that Nicolini was passionately in love with his wife. She drilled him industriously in the histrionic details of his rôles, and he appeared to do his utmost to atone for any misconduct with which she taxed him. When a reconciliation was effected, he usually celebrated the event by a display of fireworks. We returned the Nicolinis' visit, but Adelina avoided any further intercourse with her unsympathetic fellow-artist.

Adelina had taken an intense dislike to the tenor. She would have refused to appear in "Romeo e Giulietta" with him had her contract permitted. She avoided him on every occasion, and reproached her husband for being his friend and defender. The author continues:

> After the fall season of 1873, Nicolini followed Adelina in all her tours. His gallant adventures but increased the aversion she felt for him. When Nicolini came one day in a state of great excitement and asked the marquis's advice as to how he could free himself without scandal from the importunities of a young lady of distinguished family who had followed him from St. Petersburg to Vienna, Adelina was so angry that she proposed to me to write an anonymous letter to acquaint the wife of the singer with the facts. I dissuaded her from doing this, but she never failed to address to Nicolini the bitterest reproaches on the subject of his deception of his good wife, adding that it would be far better for him to think of his five children than to play the part of a gallant. After much trouble Nicolini succeeded in sending back to St. Petersburg the young lady who had followed him to Vienna; we learned, later on, that through her affair with Nicolini she had forfeited her position in society.

Fräulein Lauw makes a brief reference to a serious illness that befell the marquis at this stage of events. Adelina nursed him tenderly night and day, and when for a time the physicians forbade him to travel, the parting scenes were always painful to both husband and wife. But Nicolini was steadily gaining ground.

> In Russia I became aware that he was no longer so unwelcome a guest. Although the marquis had received anonymous warnings, his feeling toward Nicolini was unchanged. His confidence, indeed, appeared more complete than ever, although he heard from friends that Nicolini was wont to visit a lady living near by in disguise—sometimes in the garb of a footman, and again in that of a peasant or an Hungarian. After singing in St. Petersburg we journeyed to Moscow. Before Adelina's first appearance we were strolling in the Petrowski Park, when a carriage drew up beside us and a man quickly alighted. It was Nicolini. He came to us, and, after a brief chat, hurriedly moved away. He had placed a note in Adelina's hand. As she then had no secrets from me, she unfolded the missive and read me its contents. They expressed in most impassioned words Nicolini's love. We laughed heartily over it, and Adelina ended the matter with the assurance:
>
> "Even if I wished, it would be impossible for me to love that man."
>
> All this was kept from the marquis, whose house, as heretofore, remained open to Nicolini. I could not fail to see that Adelina no longer treated Nicolini with the same harshness as in the past. Her displeasure at Nicolini's character had changed into compassion, and she commenced to blame me for the coldness with which I ignored him; she said to me, indeed plainly, that he was now sympathetic to her. She dared not, however, confess to me her undoubted inclination for the once-hated individual, for she knew my opinion, and did not wish to court the sincere judgment of a friend who had devoted to her the best years of her life. But she became daily more reserved and less confidential. Having one day mustered courage to speak to her on this topic, a discussion arose between us that sundered forever our bond of sisterhood.

But soon the marquis learned of his wife's faithlessness. First, suspicion prompted him to try to separate the pair. But Nicolini followed her wherever she chanced to go. Adelina and Nicolini were engaged for the following winter in Russia. The marquis decided that Adelina needed rest, and determined to cancel the engagement and accompany her to Naples. Hearing this, Nicolini broke his contract, and signed another binding him to appear in Naples. The marquis was informed of this proceeding, and at once concluded to yield to the entreaties of the Russian manager, and fulfill the Russian engagement. In Moscow everything went well, although a mention of Nicolini's name led to many a stormy battle of words between the marquis and his wife. One day, however, a letter from Nicolini, which was addressed to Adelina's chambermaid, fell into the marquis's hands. He revealed his discovery by no look, for he felt that the missive would be a powerful weapon of defense; nor did he open it, although he recognized the handwriting. Its contents were first to be made known in the French courts. Fräulein Lauw proceeds to the end:

> At the close of the season in Moscow the marquis heard that Nicolini was on his way to St. Petersburg, having offered to make amends for breaking his contract by taking part in twelve performances without receiving any salary therefor. As soon as he arrived in the Russian metropolis, the marquis demanded that "Romeo and Juliet," in which Nicolini was to sing Romeo, should be stricken from the repertoire, and that the tenor should not appear during the season with his wife. The management promised that the marquis's wishes should be respected, but—under pressure, no doubt, of the two artists—"La Traviata" was announced for Nicolini's first night. The marquis, furious, declared that his wife should not appear. In despair, Ferry then promised that Signor Masini should be substituted for Nicolini; but on the evening of the representation the latter stepped forth. After such occurrences, no description of the scenes enacted in the De Caux household is needed to explain how the inevitable rupture between husband and wife came about. The excitement threw me upon a sick bed, and the physician prescribed an immediate change of air as the best medicine for my illness. Adelina received the tidings of my approaching departure with indifference. Our leave-taking was cool and frosty, as though she parted with a stranger and not with a friend and sister. I had lost in her that which I held dearest on earth. A few weeks later the Marquis de Caux shared my bereavement.

---

Some reader in the New York Mercantile Library reading-room penciled this petition on the margin of a popular evening paper: "Don't read all the advertisements tonight. Other people would like a glance at this paper." The request is still preserved in the file of that journal which has been stored away behind the counter. It seems reasonable enough.

## BUBBLES.

Is it not curious how utterly impassive are Mrs. Langtry's audiences? I have never seen people so phlegmatic. The houses have always been full—nay, crowded; but the people sit in stolid silence through the play. They have apparently placed Mrs. Langtry in the same category as what showmen call "Freaks." They do not go to hear her; they do not go to observe her acting; they simply go to see her. She is accorded the same respectful and visual attention as is the Bearded Lady, the Six-legged Calf, or the Learned Pig.

I take down my "Heath's Book of Beauty" for 1839, in order to refresh my memory of the features of the lovely Countess of Coventry (Maria Gunning), and I read therein the curious old stories that I have not seen these twenty years, about the splendid career of that Irish lass; how constables have to protect her from being mobbed when she takes her walks abroad in the park; how the cobbler, who is making a pair of shoes for her marvelous tootsicums, takes in a couple of guineas by exhibiting these wonders at a penny a peep, and all the rest of those boorish follies that attended the advent of the "beautiful Gunnings." When I read these stories last, I thought within me: Of all mobs, the English mob enjoys easy preëminence for its disregard of the decencies, and for downright brutality.

Just fifty years later, a talented English actor, accompanied by his equally famous wife, landed in New York. It was midsummer, the season was not to begin for some days, and they retreated to the town of Poughkeepsie, then something of a fashionable resort, for rest. Arriving at nightfall, dusty and worn-out, at one of our American caravanserais surrounded by its characteristic and crowded "piazza," they had to press their way "through a blaze of light and a host of elegantly dressed men and women, who abandoned the illuminated ball-room and lined the piazzas and corridors to inspect the new arrivals. . . . . The whole party was in a state of tumult, and 'the Mathooses!' traveled from mouth to mouth with lightning speed." When a few years ago I read the lines just quoted in the autobiography of Charles James Mathews, "Gad," thought I, "our elegantly dressed papas and mammas in 1838 were not much better-mannered than the British cads who mobbed Maria Gunning."

But nothing of this sort could happen *now!* Couldn't it?—just. Mrs. Langtry arrives in San Francisco, and stops in her railroad car instead of going to a hotel. "The woman hasn't good sense," thought I; "does she suppose she is going to be mobbed?" Faith, one of us two had *not* good sense, but Mrs. Langtry was not the one. The lady steps into a jewelry shop and forthwith the entrance is mobbed, and she has to escape the back way.

Moral: The cads who encumber Montgomery Street to-day are as blackguards no whit less thorough than those who hustled in St. James Park in 1750 or drove the Mathewses from their hotel in 1838.

Apropos of Madame Vestris, said to have possessed the most perfect foot and handle to it then on the stage, I remember that a fashionable daguerreotypist in New York had a cast of it that she presented him. It was a foot to remember. Mathews quite altered his social standing by this marriage. One of his noble lady friends writes to him on his announcement of taking to the stage: "But, *cher ami*, if you *would* act, why not act 'at home,' like your poor father, which is a higher walk? And why Madame V——? And why a minor theatre?" When the union was announced, three famous ladies of the green-room were discussing it.

"They say," remarked Miss Rainforth, "that she told him every one of her escapades."

"What touching candor!" said Miss Nisbett.

"What a prodigious memory!" said Mrs. Humby.

Apropos of feet: The feet of Powers's Greek Slave are big. Of course they are, because she was Greek, and therefore wore sandals, and had the out-door Greek habit of tramping about her native hills a good deal, with a springy, graceful step, that gave work and use to her feet. Now, all members of the body that are given use and work are enlarged, and those that are disused become atrophied and small. The races that have small hands and feet are those that have not worked with them for some generations; and the same will usually be true, in a measure, of the individuals and the ancestors of the individuals who possess small hands and feet. None of the sturdy races, that are worth a cent to themselves or to the world, have either small hands or feet. The Arabs are hardy and tough, but they ride horseback and do not work; their women are kept locked up, and loaf on couches and mats all their lives. The Spanish race has inherited, along with the Arab habits, Arab extremities, and it is the typically worthless race of Christendom. American women have smaller feet and hands than English, and by as much as these extremities are smaller so are their owners inferior—as animals. Mr. Dobson's lines to Geraldine's tootsicums are distinctly precious, no doubt; the girl they conjure up to the mind is quite the ideal of what one's girl should be. But when it comes to permanent relations—right down to business, so to speak—Mr. Saxe has contrived to define man's real position on the "Ideal and Real":

| IDEAL. | REAL. |
|---|---|
| I saw a lady rather small<br>(A Juno was my strict abhorrence),<br>With flaxen hair, contrived to fall<br>In careless ringlets *a la* Lawrence;<br>A blonde complexion: eyes that drew<br>From autumn clouds the azure brightness;<br>The foot of Venus: arms whose hue<br>Was perfect in its milky whiteness. | I see a woman rather tall,<br>And yet, I own, a comely lady,<br>Complexion such as I must call<br>(To be exact) a little shady;<br>A hand not handsome, yet confest<br>A generous one for love or pity;<br>A nimble foot, and—neatly dressed<br>In No. 5—extremely pretty. |

Mr. Saxe is less explicit on the foot question than he might have been, for Venus had *not* a "small" foot. But what he implies is plain enough.

To recur to the matter of mobbing: a well-authenticated story comes from Monterey, that Mrs. Langtry was twice mobbed there on Sunday last.

A not altogether unfounded idea exists that Monterey is the Newport of the Pacific. There are to be found in the summer all that our city can boast of aristocracy, all our money, all our good clothes, all our exclusiveness, and all our aristocratic intention. Our haughty dames sit upon the piazzas in aristocratic idleness. The younglings herd together upon the lawns, and are aristocratically athlete. The girls require no eulogy. The boys are popularly supposed to be a growing crop of gallantry, chivalry, and manliness. The rugged tenderness which characterizes the Western hero is fined down in the new generation.

Mrs. Langtry approached this stronghold of exclusiveness, politeness, and chivalry without fear of exciting unusual attention. Being moved to take a stroll through the grounds, she unhesitatingly did so. A sharp eye on the piazza caught sight of her, and there was an immediate rush. Del Monte poured itself out of doors, and gave the Lily full chase. Abashed and astonished by the coming crowd, she turned and fled, the crowd after her full tilt. Then was seen the astonishing spectacle of the Beauty of England and the Aristocracy of California gathering up their petticoats and scampering wildly hither, thither, and yon, across the forbidden flower beds. This exciting race lasted for some time, but the Lily, being brought to bay at last, squatted close upon the ground, and hid herself behind a big sun-umbrella.

This move so astonished the aristocratic mob that it fell back in silence. During this silence the Lily arose and began to walk off toward her car. She was not followed farther. Amazement sat upon them, for the Lily's walk is a sight to make pedestrians weep. She has a swift, long stride, which makes her cover the ground like a hound's leaps. Half a dozen of them took her out of sight, and the aristocratic mob, very much ashamed of its momentary impulse of curiosity, went indoors.

This was the mob of the mothers, and was only amusing. The mob of the sons was quite another affair, and was thoroughly disgusting. It is said that Mrs. Langtry, having dined, dreaded to make her way through the crowds, and was taken out through the kitchens. But the boy mob, with the ingenuity of malice, discovered the route of exit, and headed her off. These gallant, manly, chivalrous young fellows then amused themselves by hooting at her, and howling epithets unfit to transcribe. The ages of this mob ranged between twelve and sixteen years, but those who heard their cries urge that the fecundity of their ideas betrays an intimate acquaintance with Zola, Eugene Sue, and the daily newspapers.

It is a satisfaction to know that a gentleman who witnessed the affair caught one of the boys and gave him a most excellent thrashing. It was a caning, administered after the fashion of the English public school, and it will please every one to know that the unmannerly cub was unable to sit down for several days.

The boy may never have studied logic, but if he will consider that his chastiser's anger was the *effect* of which he was the *cause*, he will see that the reasoning applied to him was *a posteriori*.

The Cura Garcia, who died last year, aged eighty-five years, had been in charge for more than half a century of the parish of Our Lady of Talpa (Mexico), a shrine of considerable local fame. The cura was a lean, lank ecclesiastic, careless of his garb, devoted to his Madonna. He always placed a lighted candle in her niche at night when he drew the curtain across it, "because she would be lonesome."

A few weeks before he died, a lawyer, nearly of his own age, and a college chum, made him a visit from a neighboring State. On parting, the cura insisted they should have a jig (*jarabe*) together, "because it would be the last time." They did so, friends standing around respectfully uncovered. It should be mentioned that the cura undressed the Madonna every week and gave her a washing. "She should set an example to the parish."

In the old times before public gambling was suppressed, a gentleman walked up to a monte game and threw down an ounce, saying: "For Our Lady of Talpa." She won, and he bet again; and he went on until Our Lady's winnings had run up to twenty thousand dollars. At this point her votary thought it prudent to stop. Loading up five mules with the dollars, he proceeded to Talpa with his offering. The cura heard his story, and opened upon him the flood-gates of righteous wrath. "What business had he to quit until Our Lady had intimated her pleasure by letting him lose? Let him return and make the twenty thousand dollars forty thousand!" The gentleman returned, and the monte bank soon won back its twenty thousand dollars.

Cura Garcia could not tolerate fleas. On feeling the stab of one of these familiar insects he instantly set about removing him, regardless of place or time. He would sit down in the street and turn up his trousers, or strip to the buff and turn his shirt inside out, seeking the aggressor. On one occasion, at the most solemn moment in the sacrifice of mass, down squatted the cura at the foot of the altar and began searching for the flea.

"Man," remonstrated his fellow-celebrant, "remember where you are."

"I un-flea myself" (yo me despulgo), growled the cura, and went on with his search.

Before taking part in the mass the celebrant must confess, and one morning the other priest was awakened by a row at his window. Hastily throwing it open, there stood the Cura Garcia, in haste to go to his chapel, where the people were already awaiting him. In a loud tone of voice he began his confession.

"Stop, stop!" said the other priest, "the people will all hear you!"

"If they don't want to hear me, let them stop their ears," says the old cura, and went on rattling off his peccadillos; and the good people, sure enough, did stop their ears as they went by.

The old man was a gastronome in his way. At Talpa they have the yearly custom of going to a village a few leagues off for a *fiesta*, the feature of which is to eat a certain forced-meat made of turkey—and a most amazin' good dish it is. This viand had once before brought the Cura Garcia to death's door, but the old man said that when he could no longer eat as much as he wanted of the dish, he was ready to die. Sure enough, at the feast in 1882, he ate six plates of it—one down, t'other come on—and before morning he waked in Paradise. From many leagues round people flocked to his funeral. He had baptized most of them and married their parents, and he was buried in the presence of an immense concourse, amid sobbing and tears.

No serial of the year has excited a deeper interest than Henry James's story, "Lady Barberina." The monthly installments have been awaited with an anxiety not often given to romance. "Lady Barberina," in fact, is not a romance. It is simply a problem, and, as has been foretold, James did not solve it.

The final number, this month, is peculiarly interesting to Californians, because in it Mr. James introduces an alleged Californian. This gentleman—Mr. Herman Longstraw—will not be recognized in his native State. Mr. James carefully tells us that he is clad in skins when he is at home, and that he daily carries his life in his hand. He furthermore makes a point of his accent and his mustache, and he is altogether very much like a tame buffalo.

I think that possibly Mr. James carried Joaquin Miller in his head when he wrote the sketch, for in closing Mr. Longstraw's career he mentions that he was enormously successful during a London season because of his strange personality. It was manifestly his intention to make this wild man of the woods a beautiful combination of Jack Oakhurst and the Poet of the Sierras. For several reasons the portraiture is not a success. To begin with, the Jack Oakhurst breed died out in '51. When he did live he never went East, never went into cities, never went into society. Secondly, Joaquin Miller is a poet and a freak, and not to be judged by arbitrary rules. Thirdly, he is not a Californian. Fourthly, neither the Californian mustache nor the Californian accent has any peculiarity. An educated Californian—that is, a Californian born and bred—is the most difficult man in America to locate sectionally.

In short, Mr. James evinces about as much knowledge of American types outside of the Newport circle—this being supposed to embrace Boston and New York—as a Frenchman knows of the geography of the world outside of Paris. His Californian is not offensive to us. He has not tried to make him so. He has simply drawn him according to his own lights, which were exceedingly dim. He tried to make a little excursion in literature and he got into an unknown country.

Every one has some time lain in bed after the lights were out, and bitten his tongue or beaten his breast metaphorically for some absurd thing he has done or said. When Mr. James shall come to California—and all correct people are sure to come this way some time—he will come handsomely accredited. He will meet the real Californian—not so good a fellow perhaps as Herman Longstraw, but radically different. He will hie himself to his chamber, and, in disgust at his artistic failure, he will smite himself with his delicate pen-hand till he be black and blue.

It is really a curious thing that, standard literature though it be, the *Century* accepts Henry James's work. The *Century* has not the narrowness of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which confines its contributors to a small New England circuit, and devotes its best fictional energies to the propagation of the Yankee dialect. But it is essentially an American periodical, and as such it has published this little story. The main object of the little story is to prove that a gently bred English girl can not live comfortably in so crude and vulgar a place as America. It does prove it, and one finds one's self really quite relieved for her when the American man makes his little visit to the office of the Cunarders.

Mr. James makes Lady Barberina to find no pleasure in anything in America but in looking out of the window upon the Fifth Avenue. His calling it *the* Fifth Avenue is a mere matter of affectation. He never heard it so called by an American, and Fifth Avenue, being an American institution, is entitled to its American nomenclature. I looked to see if he called the great artery *the* Broadway, with unconscious remembrance of the Strand. But Broadway was omitted altogether from his picture of New York. The consistent Anglo-mane could not mention anything so commercial.

I was walking up Market Street the other day with a tourist—not an excursionist—when an elegantly appointed carriage bowled down the rails, drawn by a pair of handsome sorrels. My tourist gazed at it with unqualified astonishment, and cried out, quite innocently:

"Why, there's a private team—the first I have seen in San Francisco."

He had been here ten days. I very naturally took up the cudgels for my city, and began to tell off a long list of people who kept their carriages. He very naturally inquired of me where he should go to see all these fine turn-outs. I could not tell him.

"The fact is," said my tourist, very plainly, "you have no style in San Francisco. Your houses are all wooden houses, your carriages are all hacks. In Boston and New York a lady takes as much pride in the splendors of her trap as in the beauties of her drawing-room. Your men are handsome, your women are well dressed, your interiors are charming, your hospitality is boundless, but your turn-outs are atrocious."

I mentioned, mildly, that we constantly imported the best make of carriages, and rather prided ourselves on our horseflesh.

"I am not alluding to the substantial part of the equipages. I can not ride, for hire, more comfortably in the United States than in the United Carriages. I am speaking of style. In any other city in the world, the afternoon drive is a pageant. The gay dresses of the ladies show to advantage in drags and victorias—two traps that are conspicuously rare in your city. Our ladies deck their horses' ears with violets, cornflowers, marigolds—whatever the flower of the season. I have not seen one such decoration in this land of flowers. Our carriage-horses champ proudly when their chains rattle, but your carriage-harness still keeps the old-fashioned strap. I haven't seen a banged tail. I haven't seen a footman. I haven't seen a livery."

Every one knows what an awful experience it is to a Californian to hear anything but our climate run down like this. I ventured to explain that the scarcity of the footman proper was owing to the frequency of the Chinaman. A Chinese footman, even in the most irreproachable livery, would not be just the proper ornament for a box. But I was not able to make any reasonable explanation of the absence of chains, banged tails, and decorated ears.

Will some one of the vast numbers of people who keep carriages explain to my tourist why it is that there really is no style in driving in San Francisco?

In recent numbers of *Life* have appeared two cartoons satirizing the manners of gilded society in New York, both of which are painful to the feelings of your patriotic American. One represents a gilded youth who (No. 1), having been invited to dine at seven o'clock, arrives on time, and has to wait twenty minutes before any member of the family appears. Warned by this experience, he arrives on the next occasion (No. 2) half an hour late, and is apprised that the guests have been a half-hour at table. This is Point the First. The other cartoon represents the gilded youths, with bottles of champagne carried from the supper-room, deposited about a withdrawing room, where these scions are congregated, to the neglect of the young women entitled to their attentions. This is Point the Second.

With the morality of the last picture we need not concern ourselves. What is shocking is the crass vulgarity of both. That there should exist in a society assuming the character of polite a single establishment where unpunctuality to the dinner hour is conceivable, is matter for reddening with shame, while the champagne-bottle episode would indicate that there are cubs admitted to the drawing-room in New York who should be relegated to the children's apartments, to be licked into some conformity with the decencies of adult life. Men fully grown learn to practice their indulgences under a certain reserve. The unmannerliness of these New York fledglings is of a sort that calls for spanking. It is seventy-four years since Washington Irving gave his whipping to

> ——"those brainless, pert bloods of our town,
> Those sprigs of the ton who run decency down, . . .
> Who are loud at the play—and who impiously dare
> To come in their cups to the routs of the fair."

It is thirty-one years since another satirist tickled the hides of "the youths who are led out and carried home, or who stumble through the german, having brought down bottles of champagne from the supper-room and put them by the side of their chairs for refreshment during the dance."

I did not suppose that morals had mended any since the times quoted, but I fancied that manners had. *Life's* cartoons show that they have not.

In some of the more out-of-the-way spots of Mexico, a religion lingers on among the Indians of the primitive type first introduced by the old missionaries to the pagan mind. At Mazatan the Indians have a "santo" (a big wooden doll) with a movable head, by means of which he signifies his answers to the petitions and questions addressed to him. Shortly before the railroad engineers reached Mazatan, the weather had continued dry for some time in spite of very fervent adoration of the Santo by the whole village. Losing patience, they took him out into the plaza and flogged him well, and with the very best results, for rain fell within forty-eight hours. Shortly afterward the railroad engineers appeared in the neighborhood, and the Indians were doubtful how to receive them. They asked the saint if he wanted the railroad, and he wagged his head, "No." The chief of the party thought it prudent to avert any trouble that might come of this answer, by communicating it to the military authority; this authority had an interview with the ecclesiastical, and the question was a second time referred to the Santo. A change of heart had been wrought in him, for now he nodded "Yes"—he wanted the railroad. There is a good deal of this sort of thing, not always just in this shape, among the Indians throughout Mexico; and, sometimes, as in the case just cited, it is made an aid to good government.

And sometimes it isn't.

What Du Maurier meant by drawing the professional beauties he gave us last year naked half way to the waist, Mrs. Langtry has shown us in her own person. I think the object aimed at would be more fairly hit by leaving rather more to the imagination. I remember some lines (or rather I don't remember them) commencing:

> "O chemisette, the lightest yet
> That e'er hid bosom fairer, whiter,
> Thou dost not know what envious woe
> Thy—something—snow has caused the writer."

Now that is the effective attitude, I insist, in which a man should be thrown, to which he should be lured, and where he should be left, whimpering. But after so much clothing has been removed as DuMaurier's beauties and Mrs. Langtry remove, I do not yearn to drag off any more. Those girls may depend upon it the style is a mistake and a failure.

> "She has a bosom white as snow;
> Take care!
> She knows how much 'tis best to show;
> Beware!"

A fellow feels the provocation of these lines to his finger tips; but for that other exhibition, perhaps it is a question of taste that admits a different solution. Jaded appetite and worn-out palate do crave high-spiced plates. I suppose these girls are catering to that sort of admirers; but, hang it! when they come among *us* they might cover up a little as a neat tribute to our untamed Western virility.

Since that streak of waste in English poetic literature, when, for want of better, James Thomson, Mark Akenside and William Cowper were thought to be poets, there has been no period so barren as these years now passing. Unless, perhaps, some *vers de société*, we are now producing nothing—not a stanza—that will be read in the year 1900. Students of letters will dip into our productions as we dip into "The Seasons" and "The Task"—not otherwise. Whether or not the same is quite true of all our novels—Black's, Hardy's, Howells's, James's, Mrs. Burnett's—may admit of more dispute, but I believe it to be true of them also. I do not believe that George Eliot will be read then, nor Wilkie Collins, nor Bulwer, and of Reade's none but "Peg Woffington" (and, maybe, "Christie Johnson"), which one can fancy retaining a place something as the "Vicar of Wakefield" has done. At the hands of Thackeray and Dickens, our century produced its greatest novels of life and manners, corresponding with those of Fielding and Smollett in the last; as a counterpart to Evelina—that is, as a picture of manners valuable for its truthfulness—some one of Mr. Trollope's may establish itself as the fittest to survive; while I know not any name that can be rated as the counterpart of Miss Austen. In Charles Reade, I am sure that the last of contemporary writers died whose work will be read by the children of the present generation of young people.

Among the causes of this decay of the novel, one, I think, is operating with unnoticed potency: namely, the growth of a crop of short stories—completed in from one to three numbers of a magazine—of an excellency not only unparalleled but unapproached in the previous literature of English fiction. Of these many are gems of art, as exquisite in finish as they are charming in composition; they meet the most exacting critical canons, while satisfying alike the demands of unsophisticated feeling and refined taste. Fair examples of this class of work are collections of "Stories by American Authors," of which the fourth volume is now announced by Scribner; to form some judgment of the degree of their superiority to earlier work of the same kind, these bits of true art might be compared with the clumsy "Tales from Blackwood," which also fairly represent the lighter fiction of thirty years ago. So long as art-work of this high character is being produced on the cabinet scale, the big three-volume pieces that constitute the High Art of Fiction must proceed from hands truly great, in order to hope for acceptance from that class of readers whose approval alone insures new editions as long as the copyright endures. So far as we now know, it appears to me that our Victorian era has buried, in Charles Reade, the last of its (great) novelists.

[*Extract from the Daily Report of any date.*]

If you do not read the DAILY REPORT you do not get the news. The DAILY REPORT makes it a business to give to the DAILY REPORT'S readers all the news. The DAILY REPORT is untrammeled. Nothing and nobody fears or is feared by the DAILY REPORT. Our loathsome contemporaries do not like the DAILY REPORT. The DAILY REPORT does not care. For all that it matters to the DAILY REPORT, if they do not like it they can lump it. The DAILY REPORT reports the daily news. They are daily reported in the DAILY REPORT. REPORT the DAILY.

The DAILY REPORT.

REPORT.

Enterprising tailors have put forth a new sign in their windows:

"ORDERS RECEIVED FOR LADIES' TAILOR-MADE GARMENTS."

The tailor-made garment is the simplest, neatest wear in which a woman can be seen upon the street. It is also the most expensive. It is not upon this latter ground, however, that she will be kept away from this seductive sign. Neither is it in a spirit of broad philanthropy. The papers used to be full of the employments which women had appropriated to themselves. It is a bad day for the dressmakers when the tailors turn modistes. Unfortunately a man makes a dress better than a woman does; but the dressmakers will not be entirely broken up. No wife will ever consent to have the same tailor as her husband, and no husband will dare to run two tailor bills.

In that paper by Henry James, entitled "The Point of View," Miss Sturdy is made to remark upon a certain absence of delicacy in this country noticeable in circles that show a rather high surface polish. This observation receives confirmation enough, in all conscience, to any one and every one by his daily commerce with his neighbors, as it doubtless does to them by their commerce with him; but we may realize how ingrained it is, even in those circles where Miss Sturdy remarks its existence, when it obtrudes itself upon us in deliberate work meant to be of the distinctly delicate—even dainty—sort. You could open any American magazine for the past six months, that has a department into which are collected those bits of verse just now in vogue aiming at the air *de société*, and should scarcely select one specimen that is wholly free from offense against delicacy. The women are the chief culprits in this regard, though it should also be noted that four-fifths of the verse in question is written by women.

But latterly a little volume of light rhymes has been collected under the title "The Parlor Muse," and, in making his selections, it is certain the editor aimed at admitting only the best specimens of the kind indicated by his title. He gives favorable specimens of the work of Praed, Dobson, and Locker; a specimen of Geo. A. Baker, Jr., unconscious, apparently, that it is a negation of the existence of such a thing as feeling, that it is in consequence bad art and worse taste. Then comes a delightful thing by Bunner, and one by John Vance Cheney—well enough; and next we have the first in the collection written by a woman, "*Possum*—I can," which would commonly be read as in glory of fortune-hunting; it exhibits no consciousness that there would be anything to apologize for—anything essentially blackguardly—in such business. Then some verses are given to kissing in the conservatory, in which the baldness of the telling proclaims an absence of any sense of delicacy; next, an "Idyl of the Period," where the defect of delicacy has deepened into vulgarity of brazen type. This specimen is anonymous, and for the obvious reason that any one with the wit to write it would have the wit not to own it. Yet this collection is of the tid-bits, the ultra-dainty specimens, of *vers de société* as evolved by the American parlor muse. That muse has yet a height to scale before we can admit her right to the title she would claim.

It is in contemplation to rule American artists out of the French Salon. This is no feeling against the artists themselves, but for a blow at the American Government, which charges such immense duties upon works of art. The French claim that all these works of art should pass free through the American customs because they are in no sense an opposition to us. They claim that we are a strictly utilitarian people, and devote no attention to the manufacture of the purely beautiful.

In refutation of this, we beg to call attention to the large crop of American heiresses annually exported to the European continent. They must give satisfaction, for they are rarely returned.

Ten thousand Chinamen went home to the Flowery Land a few months ago, to keep the Chinese New Year. It is impossible to say why they went. They can find as much dirt, as many smells, as loud firecrackers, and as cheap morals in Jackson Street as in China. But they did go, and the city was the more peaceable by ten thousand bombs a day, ten thousand smells, and ten thousand "cousins" to lure our domestics away.

What a happy Fourth of July we might have if there were some place to which we could ship ten thousand small boys during the holiday. Unhappily, the small boy is not wanted, either in heaven or hell, earth or China.

I was talking to Langtry's manager the other day, and he informed me that the Lily intended taking a flying trip around the country next week.

"We shall first go," said he, "through the Yo-se-might Valley."

"Ah?" I replied; "I presume the lady will go by special train?"

"Yes," said he; "we shall charter a locomotive, and take her car, the *Jerome Marble*, right through the heart of the Yo-se-might."

"An excellent idea," I replied; "but there is one thing you must not fail to do."

"And that is——?"

"To be sure and tell the engineer to stop at Inspiration Point."

"Thank you very much. I shall not fail to do so."

"Another thing, too."

"What is that?"

"Go out on the platform of the car when you reach El Capitan, and look over the edge."

He thanked me, and said he would. I doubt it, though. It might make him dizzy.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

## SOCIETY.

### From Monterey.

DEAR ARGONAUT: Everybody has come down here with a rush, and I don't see how there is going to be much more room for Fourth of July arrivals. Mr. and Mrs. Porter Ashe are down here now. Mr. and Mrs. Will Ashe, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Fawcett, and Mrs. Porter Ashe's younger brother accompany them. They keep up continual four-in-hand driving parties. Mrs. Porter Ashe has not appeared in the surf yet. She leaves that to her better half. But she has worn lots of delicious Parisian breakfast and driving costumes. Of the brides down here, Mrs. Keith (née Nellie Benchley) is the prettiest. Her sister, Mrs. Taff, is with her. Mrs. Watson and Miss Jennie came down Friday to visit them. The Taylors are now established in their old quarters. Miss Edith's merry voice can be heard every morning through the hallways. Her Sacramento cousins are now with her. Mrs. Horace Davis gave a fruit party last week which was most enjoyable; and there are others soon to follow. The Hop got to working fairly Saturday evening at nine o'clock, and kept till eleven. The main trouble arises from the fact that the dowagers will insist on having the windows shut tight and fast, and the rooms get dreadfully hot and uncomfortable. We'd much rather dance on the porch. But what I want to know is, whether the ball-room is intended for young girls or old ladies. We think of getting up a petition to Mr. Schönewald about it. Mr. Crocker said that's what we'd have to do. For it's quite miserable to become flustered and red and horrid after the first dance, just because the windows can't be lowered at the top a little. Three of us girls won't dance any more till it's done—so there. Lovely Miss Joliffe came down here by Saturday evening's train, and attracted lots of attention. We all asked her about it as soon as possible, but she says it isn't so at all. Mrs. Rutherford is making some fine scores at tenpins. She throws straight from the arm every time. Her rival is Mrs. Austin, who rolls a very swift and sure ball. Sunday the gentlemen kept the tennis-courts all day, and the ladies only looked on. Greenway and Wilson played two sets against Will and Henry Crocker. Each side won a set. The rubber was to be played, when swimming hour arrived. When we got down to the tank, Will Crocker and Frank Unger were diving, and accidentally dived against each other. Will Crocker's arm was bruised quite painfully, and Frank Unger went home with a lame back. So that third tennis game was indefinitely postponed. Sunday morning, Mrs. Langtry was greeted in a way which wasn't at all nice. We all wanted to see her dreadfully. But the way people rushed upon her, and the hooting of Masters C. and B. and their fellow-hobbledehoys, caused her to retreat to her car and stay there. She refused to go to dinner, and we were all extremely disappointed. She told a gentleman that she had never received such rude treatment before in her life. Sunday, Charley Leonard gave an exhibition of fancy bicycle-riding, in which he executed many pretty tricks. Colonel Tobin, of the Third Regiment, was down here Sunday, and went out with Mr. Schönewald to select ground for the encampment of his regiment next August, when, I believe, they are going to celebrate some sort of an anniversary. The place they have chosen is where General Sherman camped when this State was taken from Mexico, and near the spot where the early missionaries took their first Holy Communion. The water has been delightful all the week. Sunday quite a party reached the raft; Mrs. Rutherford, as usual, Mr. Taylor, George Crocker, Ned Greenway, Mountford Wilson, Henry Crocker, Colonel Tobin, Mr. Lockhead, Milton Latham, Charley Leonard, Mr. Winslow, and others. The tanks were well patronized, too. Mr. John Quincy Adams did some fine diving, but also an unsuccessful bit of flirtation. I wonder what Kearny Street did in its loneliness Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Rutherford went up to the city Monday to see Mrs. Langtry as Galatea, but returned next day. Mrs. Cook left Wednesday morning for the city, to meet her niece, Miss Lillie Arrington, who plays under the name of Marie Burroughs at the Baldwin Theatre next week. Mrs. Rutherford is studying hard at tennis, and, as she does everything well, we know she'll prove a big success. Mr. Small, who is in Balfour & Guthrie's, has arrived. He is the champion tennis player. Mountford Wilson is second, with Miss Nina Adams as the champion lady player. There are two sisters here, the Misses Wilson of Los Angeles, who are champions of that city. They played against Mr. Wilson and Nina Adams, last week, but were left far behind.

MILDRED.

### Engagements and Weddings.

It is announced that Miss Kate Hubbard, daughter of Samuel Hubbard of Oakland, is engaged to Lieutenant Hyde, U. S. A.

Last week Mr. R. L. Swayne, of the firm of C. A. Edson & Co., and a graduate of the Hastings Law College, was united in marriage to Miss Overacker, daughter of the late ex-Supervisor of Alameda County. The young couple are spending a month at Lake Tahoe.

### California's Honors at Yale College.

The San Francisco boys lead the Freshman class at Yale this year. First comes Master John N. Pomeroy (youngest son of Professor Pomeroy, of the Hastings Law College), who stands at the head of the Freshman class, and who has taken what is considered the highest college honor for a Yale undergraduate—the first Woolsey scholarship. Pomeroy is the youngest boy in a class of one hundred and fifty. A California boy, Thomas Curtis, bears off second honors, with the second Woolsey scholarship. Pomeroy takes the first first-grade Latin composition premium. The second premium was awarded to another California boy, Samuel Knight, who is a nephew of the late Governor Haight. Knight has another distinction in the presidency of the base-ball nine. A San Francisco youth already holds the presidency of the boat crew of '87. In fact, there were only two honors in the Freshman class for Eastern lads—the foot-ball captaincy and an honorable mention.

### Mrs. Langtry.

Last Sunday Mrs. Langtry, accompanied by several friends, visited Monterey, in her car, the *Jerome Marble*. During the week she took a number of rides and drives Cliffward. To-morrow morning she goes for a flying trip to the Yosemite, before leaving for New York and England.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Ariel Lathrop came down from Vina last week. Miss A. M. Lathrop and her nephew, Leland Lathrop, have gone up to Colfax.

General John Bidwell came down from Chico last week, accompanied by his brother, who is visiting this coast from Indiana. They returned again on Wednesday.

Mrs. George D. Roberts and daughter, and C. G. Hooker and family, are at the Grand Central, Tahoe City.

Charles N. Fox and his daughter, Miss Fox, returned to their Oakland home from their trip into the interior on Sunday.

Mr. Lindsley G. Bingham has returned from his three visit to the Sandwich Islands entirely restored in health.

Mrs. McElroy and son are at the Tallac House, Lake Tahoe.

Colonel A. W. Von Schmidt, accompanied by Miss Lillie Von Schmidt and Miss Parsons, were at the Grand Central Hotel on Tuesday last.

Moses Hopkins and E. W. Hopkins went East last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jessie R. Grant and daughter arrived here from the East Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Jarboe, accompanied by her son and daughter and Miss Grace Jones, are at the Tallac House, Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Cook are visiting Woodland.

Doctor Murray, of the *Australia*, is visiting the Yosemite.

Miss Stow returned on Tuesday from visiting Mrs. Henry Edgerton, in Sacramento.

Governor Stoneman has returned from the Yosemite Valley.

H. J. W. Dam and J. Wright, of Sacramento, are at Tahoe.

Mr. W. Maxwell and his brother, two English gentlemen now visiting this coast, went up to the Yosemite on Saturday.

Mrs. Creed Haymond is visiting in Sacramento.

Miss Hanchett is visiting Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Maxwell, of Los Angeles, have been spending the last two weeks in this city. They came up principally for the Langtry season.

Mrs. Butterfield and the Misses Butterfield came up from Monterey Wednesday, and left next morning for the Yosemite.

Mrs. Haff, of New York, is at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Lucy Arnold is visiting Lake Tahoe.

Judge and Mrs. Boalt and Miss Boalt left for the Yosemite by way of Madera on Friday.

Irving M. Scott returned from his European and Eastern trip Saturday morning.

Mrs. Currier and Miss Currier are at the Grand Central Hotel, Tahoe City.

Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer is summering at Monterey.

Charles Baldwin is at Monterey.

Miss Lizzie Hull will shortly visit Del Monte.

The Stetsons are still at Monterey.

Mrs. Adams and family are still at Del Monte.

Mrs. Favre has left Monterey,

Mrs. Milton S. Latham is still at Del Monte.

Miss Joliffe went down to Monterey Saturday, to stay a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Unger spent Sunday at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. John Quincy Adams have been visiting Del Monte.

The Taylors are still at Monterey.

Hiram Tubbs and family go up to the Yosemite this morning by way of Big Oak Flat.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Brewster are at the Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Agard went to the Yosemite Valley Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Morris have returned from their bridal tour, and are residing at 424 Leavenworth Street.

### Army and Navy News.

Captain Perkins reported for duty on the *Hartford*, Saturday week.

Pay-Director W. W. Williams, who relieves Pay-Director Casper Schenck at the navy pay-office here on the 30th, will arrive here on the 25th. Major Schenck will reside here on waiting orders.

Lieutenant-Commander Charles M. Thomas has been detached from the Naval Academy, and ordered as executive of the *Hartford*. He arrived in this city Monday, and immediately proceeded to duty.

Commander A. B. Johnson, U. S. N., arrived from the East Monday.

Lieutenant-Commander George B. Livingston, who has been assigned to the position of executive officer of the *Monongahela*, now being refitted at Mare Island, is at the Palace.

Dr. E. H. Masteller, U. S. N., arrived here last Monday.

Pay-Inspector T. T. Caswell will report here on the 30th as Fleet Paymaster of the Pacific station, relieving Henry M. Dennison, Pay-Inspector.

### Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Hearst expected to go down to Monterey this week with a large party of friends, but they could not get sufficient room accommodation.

Miss Addie Mills will not accompany her friend, Miss Hull, to Monterey, preferring to continue her quiet life at Menlo.

A fine time is expected in San Rafael to-night, at the bazaar for St. Paul's Church, which will be held in Gordon's Hall. A number of charming society ladies will preside over the booths.

Miss Whittier drives out every day at Monterey in her phaeton, with its fine black horse—graduation presents from her father.

## OBSCURE INTIMATIONS.

"A Foreigner."—Read standard English works to perfect yourself in English; read newspapers to perfect yourself in the colloquial dialect; listen to lectures and sermons, and go to theatrical performances, in order to acquire the pronunciation. Actors, however, must not be followed blindly in their pronunciation; many of them are vulgar and uneducated, and stage management in America is not as in Germany—it does not, apparently, control the actor's speech.

A. O. Houston—You are variously imbecile. There is no hope for you.

"Religion," declined; "A Dangerous Mine," declined; "Ode to our Dead Heroes," declined; "Uncle Sam Speaks," declined; "An Art Boom," declined; "Class Day at Hampton," declined; "Bereavement," declined; "Mating," declined; "DeLong: A Thenody," declined; "Government Usurpations," declined; "Out of the Tiger's Clutch," declined; "Shakespeare's Pall-bearers," declined; "Monte Diablo," declined; "Nameless," declined; "Nissa," declined; "The Man who Sold Sense," declined; Sonnet: "Without a Name," declined; "Beside Thy Grave," declined; "Yosemite Valley," declined; "Charley Dean," declined; "Fate of Kalamkapuli," declined; "Juille," declined; "A Life Thrown Away," declined; "Romance in Mormondom," declined; "Dolores," declined; "A Lesson of Life," declined; "A Suggestion," declined; "Bachelor's Reminiscences," declined; "A Tale of Woe," declined; "After the Opera," declined; "The Woman who Talked," declined; "To the People," declined; "Easter Eve," declined; "The Fatal Ring," declined.

## ART NOTES.

Wores's portraits of Mrs. Hooker and General Turnbull are attracting much attention at Morris & Kennedy's.

Straus is in Sonoma County, studying from nature; as are also Latimer and Stanton.

Miss Rockwell is at Santa Cruz, making a number of landscapes in that vicinity, to fill the order of a wealthy Philadelphian.

Morris is expecting shortly two landscape panels from Raschen, who is now at Fort Ross.

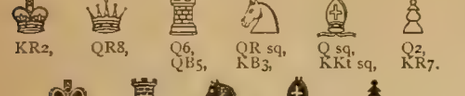
"No, my friend," remarked a solemn-visaged individual, when invited to kiss the wine-cup, "I drink nothing but water. Water is the best drink ever given to man." "Very true," replied the other, watching the bubbles in his glass; "but isn't it rather selfish in a man always to be wanting the best?"—*Boston Transcript*.

## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

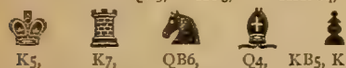
[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

**Problem No. XXXIII.—By Miss Frideswide F. Beechey.**

First Prize in Ladies' International Two-move Tourney.



KR2, QR8, Q6, QB5, QR sq, KB3, Q sq, KKt sq, Q2, KR7.

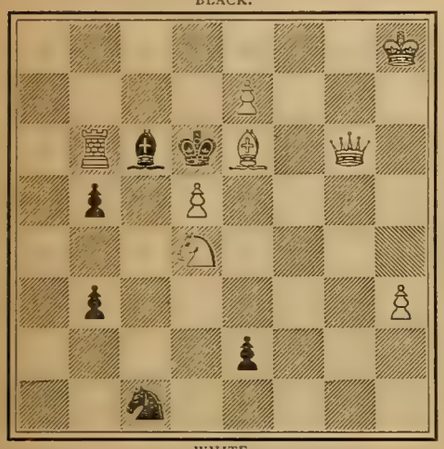


K5, K7, QB6, Q4, KB5, KKt7.

White to play and mate in two moves.

**Problem No. XXXIV.—By G. E. Barbier.**

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

**Solution of Problem No. XXVII.**

1—Q x P 2—Any move
2—Q or Kt mates.

**Solution of Problem No. XXVIII.**

1—Kt R4 1—BxKt at R4 (a, b, c)
2—Q B4 ch 2—K x Q
3—R B6 mates.

(a) 1——— 1—BxKt at B2 | (b) 1——— 1—Q x B
2—Q B4 ch 2—K x Q | 2—Q Q5 ch 2—K moves
3—R Q4 mates. | 3—Kt Kt2 mates.

(c) 1——— 1—Q B2
2—R Q7 dbl ch 2—K K3
3—Q x Q mates.

Correct solutions received as follows: Problems XXIX and XXX—From U. Hartnell, Salinas.

**Game.**

Played in the Vienna Chess Club, August 13th, 1883. Game and notes from *Chess Monthly:*

QUEEN'S KNIGHT'S OPENING.

| *White.* | *Black.* | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| J. Schwarz. | Dr. P. Meitner. | 16—P x Kt | 16—B x B |
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 17—Kt x B ch | 17—R x Kt |
| 2—Kt QB3 | 2—Kt QB3 | 18—R x P (g) | 18—K B sq |
| 3—Kt KB3 | 3—P KKt3 (a) | 19—P K5 (!) | 19—R x P |
| 4—P Q4 (b) | 4—P x P | 20—R R8 ch | 20—K K2 |
| 5—Kt x P | 5—B Kt2 | 21—Q Kt5 ch | 21—K K3 |
| 6—B K3 | 6—Kt B3 | 22—P x P | 22—P B3 |
| 7—B K2 (!) | 7—Castles | 23—R K8 (ch)! | 23—Q x R |
| 8—Q Q2 (c) | 8—R K sq | 24—Q Q5 ch | 24—K Q2 |
| 9—B B3 | 9—P Q3 | 25—P x P ch | 25—K K2 |
| 10—Castles QR | 10—Kt KKt5 | 26—R K sq ch | 26—K B sq |
| 11—B Kt5 | 11—Q Q2 (d) | 27—R x Q ch | 27—K x R |
| 12—P KR3 | 12—Kt x Kt (e) | 28—Q x R | 28—K B2 |
| 13—P x Kt | 13—Q B3 (?) | 29—P Kt5 | 29—B B4 |
| 14—Kt Q5 (!) | 14—R K3 | 30—Q Q5 ch | 30—B K3 |
| 15—B B6 (f) | 15—Kt x B | 31—Q Q8 (h) | 31—Resigns, |

(!) a good, strong move. (?) a bad, unsound one.

(a) This move was adopted by Steinitz in the Vienna Tournament, 1882.

(b) 4 B B4 may be played here with equal advantage. In fact, some authorities prefer it to the text move, on account of Black's gaining time to develop his KB after 4 P Q4, P x P, 5 Kt x P, B Kt2, etc.

(c) The moves thus far are identical with the opening of a game between Wittek and Steinitz in the above mentioned Tournament. Here, however, Wittek castled. Schwarz's intention seems to be the alternative of castling on either side.

(d) This is very weak, and may be taken as the primary cause of Black's subsequent troubles. Better would have been 11—P B3, and if White continues as in the text 12 P KR3, then 12—KKt K4, etc. Decidedly bad would have been 11—Q x B, because of 12 Q x Q, B R3; 13 Q x B, Kt x Q; 14 Kt Q5, threatening to win the exchange, etc.

(e) Even now we would have preferred 12—KKt K4, so as not to open the KR file.

(f) The beginning of a beautiful combination, commencing with White's previous move and carried out with great vigor and precision.

(g) Perfectly sound. If 18—K x R, mate would follow with 19 R R sq ch, K Kt sq; 20 Q R6, etc.

(h) It is rare to find such a brilliant termination in serious contests between first-class players. Of course, Black's allowing his Knight to be taken on the 13th move was suicidal.

At the chess players' meeting, held on Saturday, June 21, 1884, to arrange for the reception of Dr. Zukertort and holding an exhibition of chess play, Mr. J. D. Redding was elected chairman and Mr. J. E. Tippett secretary. The following committees were appointed: Reception—Messrs. Ogden Hoffman, H. Heyneman, J. E. Tippett, Jere. Lynch, and J. D. Redding. On Arrangements—Messrs. M. M. Estee, Dr. Benj. Marshall, Fritz Peipers, J. F. Welsh, Jules Holstein, H. Van Vliet, Jno. F. Pope, Theodore F. Payne, Capt. Scott, R. O. Oakley, E. Yerworth, J. W. Jefferson, J. E. Tippett. Dr. Benj. Marshall was elected treasurer, and a subscription was at once taken with very satisfactory results.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

**Nine Graves in Edinbro.**

The following is related concerning the death of Jemmy Camber, one of the jesters of King James I. during his reign in Scotland: "Jemmy rose, made him ready, takes his horse, and rides to the churchyard in the high towne, where he found the sexton (as the custom is there) making nine graves—three for men, three for women, and three for children; and whoso dyes next, first come, first served. 'Lend me thy spade,' says Jemmy, and with that digs a hole, which hole hee bids him make for his grave: and doth give him a French crowne. The man, willing to please him (more for his gold than his pleasure), did so; and the foole gets upon his horse, rides to a gentleman of the towne, and on the sodaine within two hours after dyed; of whom the sexton telling, he was buried there indeed."—*Rovert Armin, "The Nest of Ninnies."* (A. D. 1608.)

In the churchyard, up in the high old town,
The sexton stood at his daily toil,
And he lifted his mattock and drove it down,
And sunk it deep in the sacred soil.

And then as he delved he sang right lustily,
Aye as he deepened and shaped the graves
In the black old mold that smelled so mustily,
And thus was the way of the sexton's staves:

"It's nine o' the clock, and I have begun
The settled task that is daily mine;
By ten o' the clock I will finish one—
By six o' the clock there must be nine;

"Just three for women, and three for men;
And, to fill the number, another three
For daughters of women and sons of men
Who men or women shall never be."

"And the first of the graves in a row of three
Is his or hers who shall first appear;
All lie in the order they come to me,
And such has been ever the custom here."

The first they brought was a fair young child,
And they saw him buried and went their way;
And the sexton leaned on his spade and smiled,
And wondered, "How many more to-day?"

The next was a man; then a woman came;
The sexton had loved her in years gone by;
But the years *had* gone, and the dead old dame
He buried as deep as his memory.

At six o' the clock his task was done;
Eight graves were closed, and the ninth prepared—
Made ready to welcome a man—what one
'Twas little the grim old sexton cared.

He sat him down on its brink to rest,
When the clouds were red and the sky was gray,
And said to himself: "This last is the best
And deepest of all I have digged to-day.

"Who will fill it, I wonder, and when?
It does not matter; whoe'er they be,
The best and the worst of the race of men
Are all alike when they come to me."

They went to him with a man, next day,
When the sky was gray and the clouds were red,
As the sun set forth on his upward way;
They went—and they found the sexton dead.

Dead, by the open grave, was he;
And they buried him in it that self-same day,
And marveled much such a thing should be;
And since, the people will often say:

*If ye dig, no matter when,*
*Graves to bury other men,*
*Think—it never can be known*
*When ye'll chance to dig your own.*
*Mind ye of the tale ye know—*
*Nine graves in Edinbro.*

*—Irwin Russell in July Century.*

**Catalina's Betrothal.**

My lover lived by sea and shore; he sailed the Spanish Main;
*Oh! the long, round wave comes rolling up to shore;*
From Port au Prince to Barbadoes, and fair Cadiz in Spain,
O Summer, keep the summer seas until he comes again;
*For loud the wild winds rave and cry, like ghosts about the door.*

We said the creed, to festas went, we danced the bolero;
*And the long, round wave comes rolling up to shore;*
Geneta frowns, Pepita pouts, because he loves me so;
He told me so a hundred times, before I let him go;
*And loud the wild winds rave and cry, like ghosts about the door.*

With purple dyes and scented wood, the ship went down the bay;
*And the long, round wave comes rolling up to shore;*
As sinks the light below the sea, I saw it float away,
To bring me silks and Spanish lace against the wedding-day;
*And loud the wild winds rave and cry, like ghosts about the door.*

I told the padre how the wind comes crying every night,
*And the long, round wave comes rolling up to shore;*
He gave me three *novenas*, for the south winds low and light,
To clothe the silken seas in lace and veils of Spanish white;
*But loud the wild winds rave and cry, like ghosts about the door.*

And all night long *Los Nortes* came; I heard them shriek and cry,
*And the long, round wave comes rolling up to shore;*
And fearful things far out at sea, that neither live nor die,
Laid their long wings along the hills and beat the sea and sky;
*And loud the wild winds rave and cry, like ghosts about the door.*

I heard a ship, gun after gun, through all the stormy night,
*And the long, round wave comes rolling up to shore;*
And something like a bird that comes, with breast and wings of white,
To wives of sailors lost at sea, against the window light,
*And loud the wild winds rave and cry, like ghosts about the door.*

I chose the dress he loved the best, the windows opened wide,
*And the long, round wave comes rolling up to shore;*
I knelt before the crucifix, as if close to his side;
As something seemed to speak of him, I answered like a bride,
*And loud the wild winds rave and cry, like ghosts about the door.*

I heard the neighbors at the church, through all the storm and strife,
*And the long, round wave comes rolling up to shore;*
At mass, before the uprisen Host, that is the Lord of Life;
And knew He heard the vows that made me widowed, wedded wife;
*And loud the wild winds rave and cry, like ghosts about the door.*

And though they frown to hear me say: He sails the Spanish Main,
*Where the long, round wave comes rolling up to shore,*
I know my life is like the sea. Below its cross of pain
It keeps its treasures hidden safe until he comes again,
*Though loud the wild winds rave and cry, like ghosts about the door.* *—Will Wallace Harney in July Century.*

## LITERARY NOTES.

The National Library of France can boast about a million more books than that of England, but then it had a start of about a century. As early as 1617 a decree was made compelling publishers to forward to it every book they published.

To all the women who, as boarding-school misses, drank deeply of the emotional "Rutledge," the author's latest novel, "Phœbe," will renew the draught. Its plot, however, is silly, impossible, and hysterical. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft.

Mr. George W. Peck has issued another one of his "comic" volumes—an accumulation of matter from his paper under the title of "Peck's Boss Book." It contains a series of illustrations which savor of Chicago art. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago; for sale by the American News Company.

Volume second of Mr. J. H. Collins's "Mineralogy" has been published in the "Advanced Science" series. It is written for the use of practical working miners, quarrymen, field geologists, students, and science classes. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

"Science Ladders" is a series of six books bound in one volume, which treat of Nature and her wonders in a manner which should be comprehensive to children. Its author is Monsieur d'Anvers, who has written a number of works on African discovery. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"Methods of Teaching Geography" is an admirable little work by Lucretia Crocker, of Boston, which has already passed into its second edition. It consists of a series of lessons delivered to teachers, in which methods of instruction, text-books, etc., are discussed at length. Published by the Boston School Supply Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

The fourth number of "Stories by American Authors" has been issued. It opens with that story of exquisite pathos, by Miss Woolson, entitled "Miss Grief," and contains among others Bunner's "Love in Old Clothes," and "Friend Barton's Concern," by Mary Halleck Foote. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, fifty cents.

The city of Mexico supports eighty-four newspapers. The *Two Republics* is the only daily paper published in English; it was established in 1867 and has a large circulation, which it merits. The *Mexican Financier* is published both in English and Spanish. It is ably edited and well printed, and is good authority on any subject pertaining to Mexican sentiments or finances.

With all his inaccuracy, snobbery, bad taste, ill-construction, false perception, and pretentious style, Richard Grant White's work always furnishes an agreeable half hour of reading, whether he be fumbling with a false key at the doors of philology, studying Shakespeare through a cracked kaleidoscope, or describing his emotions as he lay in the Duke of Manchester's second-best bed and thought of Queen Elizabeth. His literary cavorts and prances are always picturesque; and it is really fascinating to watch him juggle with an idea, as he throws it out, and pulls it back, tossing it hither and thither, while one is never quite sure whether it is there at all. His latest book is "The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys," most of which originally appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and concerning which some of the innocent London literary weeklies have indulged in much unnecessary condemnation. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, $1.25.

Miscellany: "Mr. Irving and his Life of Washington," is the title of an article by Mr. Benson J. Lossing in a recent *Independent*. If the "Mr." is necessary before the Irving, comments the *Critic*, it should be put before the Washington as well. But it is superfluous in either case. The most famous of American writers, dead for quarter of a century, is no longer *Mr.* Irving.——A worthy country physician, Doctor Rouffy, having recently died, Monsieur Alphonse Daudet has written to claim him as the original of Doctor Rivals in "Jack." "All the details concerning him, his horse, his carriage, his never-paid notes, were absolutely true," he says.——Mr. Walter Besant's nobly conceived story of social helpfulness, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," has had a more powerful and immediate practical effect than any other novel of the day. So strongly was a wealthy young brewer moved to sympathy and belief by the author's vigorous pictures of Angela Messenger and her scheme that he is now building in the squalid East End a "Palace of Delight" which promises to realize the dream of that charming heroine. The young Englishman intends that the "palace" shall be a source of help and happiness to all the sad inhabitants of that haunt of misery.

Announcements: The London *Spectator* devotes two pages to a review of a volume of plays in blank verse, by Michael Field. "We know nothing of the author of 'Callirrhoë' and 'Fair Rosamund,'" it says; but it detects in his poetry "the ring of a new voice, which is likely to be heard far and wide among the English speaking peoples."——A Gujerati translation of the Queen's book is proposed in Bombay. Permission to undertake the work has been asked by a young lady—Miss Putlibai Wadia.——A complete edition of Robert Buchanan's poetic works is in preparation.——Mr. Austin Dobson's book, "Thomas Bewick and His Pupils," is nearly ready for the printer. The English edition will be published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, and will be dedicated to Professor Sidney Colvin. The American edition, which will be brought out by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., will be dedicated to Mr. W. J. Linton.——In spite of the lack of interest in Mr. Blackmore's new story, "Tommy Upmore," it has gone into a second edition in London.——The Tauchnitz firm will publish in the autumn a German translation of Mr. Appleton Morgan's "Shakespearean Myth." The translator is Doctor Karl Muller, of Stuttgart.——A new edition of G. H. Lewes's "Goethe" will soon be brought out in London.——Trubner & Co. have in press a collection of popular Indian stories, made by Mrs. H. W. Steel and Captain R. C. Temple. The title of the work is "Wide Awake Stories: a Collection of Tales told by Little Children, between Sunset and Sunrise, in the Panjab and Kashmir." The work is to include, besides notes and an index, an introduction, explaining, among other things, the method of collection pursued by the authors.——Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland is said to be convinced that the "Algonquin Legends," which he is about to publish, are fragments of a great epic which is identical with the Eddas.——Mr. Crawford's "Roman Singer" is called by the London *Times* "a masterpiece of narrative."——An enterprising editor in Calcutta is publishing in his paper every week a chapter of Max O'Rell's book, "John Bull and His Island," heading each installment, "Letters from our London Correspondent."——Wilkie Collins's new novel, "I Say No," is coming from the Harper press.——A new love-story, by the author of "John Halifax Gentleman," is to be published serially in *Harper's Bazar* during the summer.——Professor Seeley is bringing out a second and enlarged edition of his "Expansion of England." This edition will contain a chapter on Egypt, and a reply to the criticisms of John Morley and Goldwin Smith.

## THE MISSING LOCKET.

### A Strange Tale of a Mesmerist and a Murder.

Many a year ago, on a July afternoon, I was sitting in my study, waiting, like many a young lawyer, for clients who came not, when at about four o'clock a gentleman was announced by the name of Lavigne. I was glad to think that I knew no one of the name, for being unknown he might be a client. A tall, well-dressed man entered, and asked whether he could have half an hour's talk with me. I consulted my watch and diary with the true air of a busy man, and thought I could spare the time. Would I mind locking the door? Hardly. Did I remember the Dumont murder? Slightly. Would I listen while he gave an account of it? I would and did.

Ten years before, Monsieur Dumont, a wealthy banker, married a young widow, with whom two of his friends, Messrs. Le Theuff and Goudin, were in love; nevertheless they remained his friends. All three gambled heavily; and the banker, the rich man, won while the others lost. One night, the third of February, Madame Dumont went to a masked ball, leaving her husband, who was suffering from rheumatism, at home in bed. On her return she found him lying dead, with his throat cut. Goudin was arrested and tried. A strong case of circumstantial evidence was brought against him, the principal witness be- Monsieur Le Theuff. Monsieur G. set up an alibi; he proved that he was at the dance, and asserted that during the time when the deed must have been done he was in an alcove, talking to Madame Dumont. This she corroborated. The court reluctantly acquitted Monsieur Goudin, but all Paris believed him guilty, and thought Madame Dumont his accomplice. The widow retired to her mother's, and Monsier Goudin, though really innocent, unable to face the public suspicion, went to Australia and there made a fortune.

My visitor had grown so excited, that I soon guessed that I had before me Monsieur Goudin returned from Australia. Wishing to show my smartness, I stopped him and said:

"So you are Monsieur G., and have come back from Australia anxious to prove your innocence."

The stranger jumped up and nervously asked how I knew it, and seemed much relieved to find that it was a guess. He said I was right, and that he would spare no expense to establish his innocence.

Since his return he had seen seen the widow; she had told him Le Theuff was heavily indebted to her husband, who, on the second of February, had said that he had quarreled with him over cards, and was going to make it warm for him next day; that she was sure Le Theuff had murdered her husband: she would not, however, tell him the reason for her belief. The murderer had left Paris soon after the trial, as he was found out in cheating at cards. He was living quietly at Auray, in South Britanny.

"Now," said he, "I know he is the murderer, for he gave false evidence against me. You must go to Auray, get introduced to him—that I can manage—and even if it costs you two years, you must worm out his secret."

I objected, on the ground that there could not be any evidence. Goudin then said that he had omitted one thing: Madame Durant and her maid said that the murdered man had round his neck, the night of his death, a gold chain with a locket containing her portrait, painted by her, and also a lock of her hair. This chain was not found on the body, nor was the locket. She was sure Le Theuff had taken it, and did not believe, for reasons she would not give, that he had destroyed it. This seemed to me very probable, and I felt that if I could find the locket in his possession I should convict the man. Monsieur Goudin offered so large a reward, that at last I agreed to aid him. I soon arrived at Auray, and took a room at the very comfortable Hôtel du Pavillon. The day after my arrival I called on Monsieur Poncard, a notary: he was to introduce me to Le Theuff. I found him a clever, handsome man, and very polite. He told me that my adversary was considered queer; he did not go into Auray society —indeed, he shunned it—he lived all alone in the upper half of a small house in the Rue Leperdit, the shopkeeper of the lower half acting as valet, cook, etc. He was said to be studying the Carnac druid stones, and was supposed to be writing a book about them. Poncard had met him at Carnac, and had dined several times with him, but found that he played cards too high and successfully; at which I smiled, knowing the cause of his success. He never would come inside any one's house but his own.

After a long talk, we walked together to the Rue Leperdit. I am naturally of a phlegmatic disposition, but for once my heart beat very fast. I had formed the idea of a tall, big man, for Goudin was tall and big; but when a deep voice called out "*Entrez*," and I saw him, I was staggered. He was tall, very broad-shouldered, and deep-chested; and under his heavy arms, when he moved them, rose mountains of muscle. His face was one which Legros would have delighted to paint—a broad, low forehead, heavy black brows, and dark eyes set very far apart; a wide, short, flat nose; a long upper lip, with a large, thick mouth, fresh, drink-suggesting lips, and a great, square jaw. Not a beauty, you will say. No, but hideously fascinating. I am not imposing—in body at least. My height is but five feet three, and I am not broad; I don't think I could lift two hundred pounds, even to be made king or emperor of France, or president of the Republic, as the case might be. What a pretty contuast there must have been for Poncard to observe between the hunter and the hunted!

Monsieur Le Theuff was pleasant, and talked remarkably. Instead of showing, like an ordinary educated Frenchman, a surface knowledge of many things; or like an Englishman, a solid acquaintance with a few, he exhibited a Frenchman's universality and an Englishman's solidity of knowledge, so that each subject seemed to have been his special study. After a long talk, we left, but not before I had accepted an invitation to dine with him that evening. The dinner was delightful, for the wine and cooking were good, and his talk was fascinating; and, indeed, under his influence, I myself talked much better than usual. After dinner we played at cards, at which I lost heavily. What can skill do against unfair play?

During the next week I saw him daily, but learned little. I found that he carried pistols. Do you suppose I did not? I asked him why he had them. He had nervous fits sometimes, in which he fancied that some one was pursuing him, and he felt relieved by feeling them. Was it not ridiculous? I thought it so ridiculous that a cold stream of perspiration ran down my back.

By the end of the week I found the cards were becoming a serious strain, and feared that Goudin would not like the bill. Did he play chess? Yes. I found that I was somewhat the stronger, so I manœuvred to just let him win on the whole. Three weeks I spent at Auray, yet heard nothing, saw nothing, found nothing.

Three delightful weeks, yet in part a period of agony. Alone together we sailed in his boat down the river. Beautiful is the wide river, running now past the hilly banks covered with trees, through which peeps out many an old château, and now by the flat shores of the oyster parks, with the lazy cormorants waiting with stolid patience for the incautious movements of their prey; brightened by the fishing-boats with their strange-shaped red sails.

One day in the boat there happened that which ended our sails: I, sitting there, a few feet from a desperate man of ten times my strength, with but an inch of wood between me and death, brooding over my mission, was seized by a mad desire to tell him that I knew his secret, and was come to drag him to death. So powerful grew this madness that the terrible effort I made to combat it saved me by causing me to faint; and when I came around the monster had tended me with the kindness of a woman. Long walks we took together to Quiberon, over the narrow peninsula, with the deep still sea of a heavy blue stretching out heavenward on the one side, and on the other the sea battling with the red-brown rocks, throwing up clouds of dazzling white spray, through which the sun shone so that they looked like showers of crystals; walks to Carnac to gaze at the rows of Druid stones, mute, indecipherable records of the buried past, till one evening, when the sun had sunk and the dreary stones cast a thousand weird shadows in the moonlight, the same mad longing to tell him my secret came over me, and the same dreadful struggle with my madness took place.

I began to despair of success; three weeks gone, nothing new known, and I grown sick of the whole affair, when one day he announced that he was going to Paris on business. The news gave me life; something was to be done at last. Hastily I sent off to Monsieur Goudin to bid him make ready in Paris, and then I waited with feverish anxiety till he had gone.

Hardly had he left the house before I entered, accompanied by a locksmith, and we searched. Was ever a house so searched before? We took up all the planks, removed all the tapestry from the walls, tested every stone, took all the furniture to pieces, shook all the wine-bottles, and, in fact, so carefully did we search, that the locksmith said if he had hidden a pin we should have found it. All in vain.

We put everything back in its place, and I waited. Then came a dismal letter; with the aid of the police, Monsieur Le Theuff had been attacked by sham robbers, three of whom he had nearly killed, had been chloroformed, stripped, and searched, and at the same time all his luggage had been secretly examined at his hotel; nothing was found. Back came Monsieur Le Theuff, furious at having been robbed.

I now wished to give up the case; the locket seemed destroyed, and therefore all clue was gone, and my health had begun to suffer from the mental struggles I had gone through. Madame Dumont was sure he would never have destroyed the locket, but that it must be hidden; and she begged me to go on. Monsieur Goudin told me that Madame had promised to marry him if the murderer was convicted, and not otherwise, and joined his entreaties to hers, and so I gave way.

A few days slowly dragged on, when suddenly I hit on a grand idea; this is how it happened. I was sitting at dinner at my hotel one day, next to an Englishman. Now I understand English very well, I am a very good linguist; he was talking to the lady on the other side of him, of Friedrich Anton Mesmer. I hardly noticed the conversation until the lady said: "I would not let any one mesmerize me; they might make me tell my secrets." Like a flash of lightning came to me the idea of mesmerizing my murderer. So much did it startle me, that, foolishly trying to swallow some red-hot soup in a mechanical way, I choked badly. My Englishman kindly patted me on the back with blows like an elephant's kick.

To Paris I went next day to study mesmerism; stopped a week, and came back quite satisfied. Though I am weak in body, I am strong in mind, and I had found no great difficulty in mesmerizing several young men.

In the evening of the day of my return I went around to Monsieur Le Theuff's; I felt that I should have to be very careful lest, like the English lady, he should decline to be mesmerized for fear of telling his secret. During dinner I casually mentioned the subject, and afterward I told him of part of what I had seen, stating, however, that none of the subjects could be got to talk. I turned a delicate hint about his being an interesting subject (a strong enough truth to morally counterbalance the falsehood about the muteness of the mesmerized). Then came a check; so decided a statement that he would never be mesmerized that I dared not say more.

That night, sorely troubled by the apparent failure of my scheme, I tossed about on my bed in sleepless despair for hours, till at last, exhausted, I fell asleep and dreamed. In my dream I found myself gazing at the murderer, and gradually losing my senses before the power of his eyes; and just as I felt all was over, lo! his eyes relaxed their stare, he fell back, and I woke. Then came into my mind this strange idea: why not let him try to mesmerize me, and mesmerize him in the attempt?

In the morning I went and talked to Monsieur Poncard. He thought that my idea would not do, for being the subject I could not use any passes; and so not only might I fail, but I might succumb to his power, and then——

"And then there would be an inquest," said I. "But I think I see my way. I believe he has no knowledge of the subject, and probably no book on it. Let us print a book with false directions, so that he using it will really be mesmerizee, and not mesmerizer, and I can use the passes." At once he agreed. In four days I had a clean copy of a treatise on the subject, with a chapter cut out and a false one added.

Monsieur Le Theuff had asked me to dinner on the night on which the book came home, and so, warning Monsieur Poncard, I set out at a quarter to six with the book under my arm. It was an oppressively hot evening, and a rising summer storm seemed to blow the heat about in red-hot particles. He was in great spirits, for he had just found his cat, which had been lost for four days—a quiet, timid white cat, which was the only thing he seemed to love, or even to care for. A feeling of pity came over my mind as I thought of the poor wretch, reduced to choosing a cat as something which he dared love. Never had he seemed so pleasant, never did he talk so brilliantly; so that I, catching his spirit, astonished myself with my sallies of wit.

After dinner a game of chess, in which I at first got the best, till looking up I saw the white cat sitting on his shoulder, and a horrid thought of the handkerchief that would be bound around his eyes on the scaffold struck me, and so unnerved me that I played stupidly and lost. The game did what I wanted—it exhausted him to some extent. I now broached the subject, and showed him the book on mesmerism. How my heart beat and the pulses in my temples throbbed while he read! The minutes he took seemed hours; and when he simply said: "Is that all?" the sudden relief almost made me giddy. He consented, after a little, to mesmerize me. I drew my chair close to his, and put a candle close beside me. There was little need of light, for the moon streaming through the open window filled the room, but I thought the candle might hurt his eyes. I seated myself opposite to him, and put his hands on my knees, and then I held my hands over his eyes as a shade, and turned my eyes on him. Moment by moment passed, and those eyes usually so sleepy and small, grew larger and larger, and seemed to stand out of his head; and then came through my mind the awful question, Shall I fail?

Weaker and weaker I grew, and an awful vague horror filled me, so that in an agony I would have screamed, but that my tongue stuck in my mouth; just as, hopeless, helpless, and motionless in body, my very soul seemed being dragged out of me, the thought of my dream-triumph rushed through my mind, and waked me from the deadening lethargy. Stronger I grew at once. Taking my hands from his eyes, I moved them slowly over his forehead. Fearful became his grasp on my knees, so that I nearly cried out; and then I became conscious, although I saw nothing, that he was struggling fearfully against me. For hours the struggle seemed to last, and my bodily exhaustion became terrible, while his hand seemed to eat into my flesh. At last I mechanically put my thumb on the broad space between his eyes. Firmly I pressed, and his hand's grasp grew weaker. Then almost suddenly the life seemed to go out of his eyes, though they remained open; his hands fell to his sides, and his head sank back.

Noiselessly I got up, though I knew no noise would wake him, and, filling a glass with cognac, I drank it. Never was nectar so sweet. The blood rushed through my veins, and I ceased to tremble. I drew his pistols from his pocket, took out the cartridges, emptied the powder, put them back, and then replaced the pistols.

I ran over to Monsieur Poncard's, and saying never a word, for I seemed to have lost my tongue, I beckoned to him and he followed. Up the stairs we crept, and then, leaving him in the anteroom, I walked to the door. My hand was on the handle, when the thought, Suppose he is awake! struck me. I listened a moment, and could hear nothing but my heart's beat and the distant moaning wind. Suppose he was feigning sleep more surely to catch me! I felt I had gone too far to draw back.

I cocked my pistol, and then noiselessly turned the door-handle. A long time I stood scarce daring to breathe; my heart beating so that I fancied its sound would disturb him. Inch by inch I pushed the door open, and then suddenly began a soft vibrating noise, now growing louder, now softer. My heart ceased to beat, my hand ceased to tremble, and almost petrified with terror I stood and listened. After a few moments the mysterious sound struck me as being not human, so, with as little noise as possible, I pushed my head into the room. There he sat, motionless as one dead; his head thrown back, the cold light of the moon pouring down on his face, showing its cruel hard lines and his great bull throat; and there on his knee sat the white cat, purring, unconscious of her master's fate.

On tiptoe I advanced, and as I drew near I saw something which nearly sickened me. The light streaming down on his eyes showed but two dull white masses, for the eyeballs had passed into the head. Driving away the cat, which had been trying to wake him from his deadly sleep, I told him to arise, and the voice that came from my lips was as that of a stranger. He moved not. Again and again I spoke; still he sat there, like a dead thing, so that the notary who had crept in called out:

"My God! you have killed him!"

You can guess how that alarmed me. I sent Monsieur Poncard away, and shudderingly laid my hands on his forehead, then passed them to and fro, flicked my handkerchief in his face, and blew on him. Then the eyeballs slowly descended, and I feared he might have come too far around, but his vacant look reassured me. As the eyeballs came back I felt in me a strange feeling of double consciousness, as if I had two minds in me. I told him to arise, and slowly the head came forward, the body straightened, the legs moved, and he got up.

A strange and repulsive idea came over me that the feeling of double consciousness was true; that, in fact, his will had passed into me, and though his muscles obeyed his will, it was subordinate to mine, for it was in me, and so he seemed part of me, and I felt as if his guilt were my guilt.

This idea so shocked me that I drew back from the gigantic upright figure, the monster who seemed [illegible] and ran to Monsieur Poncard. He said that [illegible]

and advised me to bathe my head, which I hurriedly did. I came back feeling calmer, but in no wise relieved of my idea.

I stood opposite to him, took his cold hand in mine, and said:

"Do you remember the third of February?"

Slowly the jaws opened, and in a harsh, colorless voice came the word,

"Yes."

"Tell me what you did that day."

In so blundering a way did he begin to speak, and so fiercely did he struggle to keep silent, that I began to fear I should get no account from him.

"Ask him questions only requiring 'yes' or 'no,'" said the notary.

How his voice startled me, for I had become so absorbed in my victim as to have forgotten him.

"Did you quarrel with Monsieur Dumont?"

"Yes."

"About cards?"

"Yes."

"You owed him money?"

"Yes."

"Was that all?"

"No."

"Did he find you out in cheating, you scoundrel?" called out the notary.

No answer. Again and again came the question. No answer.

Every one of my questions had been echoed in my breast, and in me was a fierce fight of my will to make him answer, and his to resist. The notary's question I only seemed to hear with my ears, and there was no mental echo.

Then I put the question, and got the answer "Yes." Slowly I dragged out the horrid tale, till I came to the question: "Did you cut his throat?" Then came so fierce a struggle in me that I began to fear failure, and faint and exhausted I sank down on a chair. After ten minutes' rest I began again with greater strength, and made him confess.

We then came to the most important questions: "Had he destroyed the locket?" No. "Was it in the house?" No. "Where was it?" It was in vain that at first I tried to get an answer, but after a rest I put the question, and there came the words, as if torn out of his and my heart:

"Under a stone at Carnac."

Monsieur Poncard and I gazed at one another nearly stupefied. This was the cause of his interest in Carnac; this explained his long late walks. In vain did I try to get from him an intelligible explanation of the position of the stone; he fought every question, and was aided by the fact that it was a difficult thing to explain. At last, wearied and despairing, I gave up the task. What was to be done? We could not convict on a confession so strangely obtained without any corroborative evidence, and a confession which would surely be denied. To dig up the fifteen hundred stones would be an herculean task; probably it would not be allowed; and even if it were, he could not be kept under arrest the while. For some time we thought in vain.

Suddenly I said: "Let us take him to Carnac with us now, and make him show us the stone."

Straightway we went to his stable, and put his black English mare in the dog-cart. Monsieur Poncard got up behind; I took the reins, and made the murderer sit beside me. Off we went. What a drive! through the wild windy night, now almost light as day, and now almost pitch dark, as the black clouds, fast driven by the howling wind, passed in front of the full moon and then fled on again; drawn by the restless mare, as we sat in contact with the unconscious monster whose will was now so strangely and horrible tied up in mine.

Rapidly we drove till the mare, who seemed frightened by the wind, bolted. On we rushed, passing Plouharnel, flying ourselves like the wind, till suddenly the notary shrieked through the storm: "The wind will be driving the sea over the peninsula! we are lost! give him the reins." Almost at once the mare knew her master's hand, and quickly did his great strength stop her; then we turned back, came to Plouharnel, and turned to the left down the road to Carnac.

Three-fourths of the way had we gone, when he pulled up and got down. Silently we followed. He fastened up the mare, and turned to the left. His mind seemed to have changed, and instead of opposing me, I felt that he had a wild desire, stronger than my own, to see the locket.

Over the glorious red heather he strode, so fast that we had to half run to keep up to him, crushing the beautiful blue gentians which with the red heather make the glorious carpet of the moor. Neither to right nor left, nor up nor down, did he look, yet he avoided the stones and holes. Over the wall of the wild farm three-fourths of a mile from Carnac Church he leaped, always looking as if drawn to his doom by some invisible rope.

At the end of some minutes we came to a solitary dolmen—three large stones standing as if upside down, and supporting a fourth. Here he stopped suddenly, and I felt that his desire to see the locket was gone. I stooped down, entered, and turned my lamp's light on the ground. No sign of earth disturbance. Then I gazed on him, and bade him find the locket. He pushed me aside, crept in, put his right hand against one side of the roofstones and pushed it slowly up, then stretched his left hand across in front of his face, felt in a hole in the supporting stone, took out something, and dropped the roof.

Half a minute he crouched there before my excitement would let me call him out. Slowly he came, and there, as I turned the light on his hand, I saw the locket! Then came a mad idea to me to wake him to show him his detection. "Awake, monster," I cried, "and see your fate!" Then I flashed the light in his face. Slowly a great weight seemed lifted off my heart, and the life came back to his eyes. For a moment he was dazed; then his eyes fell on the locket. With a yell he leaped forward, knocked me yards away, drew his pistols and fired at each of us. The false cartridges saved us. Seeing us unwounded, he turned and fled. After him we ran as fast as we could. Fast though we ran, he gained easily; so we stopped and shouted, but in vain. Apparently accustomed to leave his dog-cart in the place which he had left it, he ran straight toward the spot. He had gained three hundred yards, and seemed to have escaped, when suddenly he fell, and a fearful oath rang out.

Fearing some trick, we reloaded our pistols and ran up. There he lay, screaming and cursing, his ankle broken. He had caught his foot in a hole and fallen heavily. Threatening him with our pistols, we handcuffed him, and took the locket away. Startled by the pistol-shots, a peasant had come from the neighboring farm, and, with his aid, we carried him back to the dog-cart, and drove into town.

The excitement caused was tremendous—so great that even Paris for some days talked of nothing else—and I found myself famous. The trial was attended by every one of fashion; and, in accordance with the public interest rather than its difficulty, lasted several days. The last day was certainly exciting. Le Theuff, who had been fighting the evidence, finding the case hopeless, gave a minute confession in court. He explained that, rejected in a dishonorable suit by Madame Dumont, and fearing exposure of his dishonest play by her husband, he had resolved to murder the banker and throw the suspicion on the friend. He gave a full account of the way the deed was done, and concluded with a charitable wish for a private interview with me. The jury found him guilty, and next day the jailer found him dead: he had taken poison. The widow did not long resist my client's suit. On the wedding day Monsieur Goudin gave me a check for twice the sum he had promised. The name the case earned for me brought so many clients that my position soon became too good for it to be necessary for me to engage in any more such desperate enterprises.—*Translated from the French by E. F. Spence.*

---

Recent years have been unusually prolific in discoveries of the remains of the prehistoric inhabitants of England. An interesting discovery of the kind has lately been made in the valley of the Ancholme, near Brigg, in Lincolnshire. Some laborers who were excavating brick earth came upon a corduroy road at a depth of some seven feet below the surface. Above the road is a stratum of six feet of clay, and upon the clay lies a layer of peat. It is known that this peat has occupied its present position for considerably more than a thousand years, a Roman road, which is still in good order, crossing it. The newly discovered track is formed of huge oaken beams, which are fastened into the glacial drift beneath by means of oaken pins; and it is believed by geologists who have visited the excavations that these timbers were laid down at least ten thousand years ago. The track seems to be about a mile in length, but whither it led and what was its use are questions which are scarcely likely to be solved.

---

On the final page of the catalogue of Lady Sandwich's sale, says the *World* (London), "the eye is caught by lot 166, described as an old Sèvres jardinière, Rose de Barri ground, etc. 'Presented to Tippoo Sultan by Louis XV., and taken by the late General Richardson from the palace at Seringapatam in 1799.' What tales could this piece of bric-à-brac tell!—of French bribery and intrigue, and native cunning; of the Iron Duke in embryo as 'Colonel Wellesley,' under Generals Baird and Harris; of the carnage on the ramparts of the Sultan's capital on that sultry May afternoon; of Tippoo himself, moribund with three musket-balls in his body, but game enough to fetch a wipe with his scimitar at a British soldier, who took him for dead and tried to loot his jeweled sword-belt. (Tippoo's pluck sealed his own fate, for the soldier forthwith shot him through the head as he lay.) And this bit of fragile clay has survived the ruins of palace, empire, and dynasty for nearly a century!"

---

"You can not do in New York," says a journal of that city, "what can be done in the West with impunity. The farther you go West the more primitive they are in the sort of reading matter that is wanted. If some of the paragraphs of Brother Pulitzer's *Post-Dispatch* were published in New York, the public's hair would stand on end. Even when you get as far west as Chicago, the freedom of utterance in the newspapers is much greater. Look at Wilbur Storey's *Times*, which only recently has come down to be a dead-head of average imbecility. Then you get a bolder phase when you reach St. Louis; and freer and freer does it become until you get to Bismarck and open the pages of the *Tribune*. Bismarck seems to be the wickedest spot, for as you journey on to the slope, the press tones until you reach San Francisco, where it is almost metropolitan in tone."

---

Apropos of Mrs. Langtry's playing Galatea in pink, it is well known, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that the great Greek sculptors undoubtedly colored their statues, but the last time the whole subject was thrashed out was in 1862, when the world went wild over Gibson's tinted Venus, exhibited at the Great Exhibition. The critics solemnly made up their minds that Gibson was right, but the public thoroughly disapproved of it, and the fact that no one has since ventured to exhibit tinted statues seems to show that the critics were in the wrong. The question, however, has additional interest at the present moment, when Mrs. Langtry is going to play Galatea in pink drapery. One very old form of the question, by the way—namely, those old busts and statues of people with black faces and white clothes, carved out of peculiarities of the marble—seems to have completely died out.

---

The Japanese native papers are passing around a story concerning a very curious stone which is to be presented to the Emperor on the completion of the new imperial palace. The stone, according to the *Yomi-uri-Shimbun*, is owned by a prominent family, and was obtained at a sale of personal effects of a man who had been long imprisoned. It is called the "barometer stone," and possesses the remarkable quality of changing color when a change of weather is imminent. It is naturally of a pinkish-white hue, and several days before a rain it becomes green, while a storm is indicated by a dark aspect. No such stone is known to the scientists.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Lize, why didn't yer let Bill Thompson take yer home from the hall las' night?"

"Kase, Moll, he done gone an' showed hisse'f a coward, that's why."

"An' how did he do dat, Lize?"

"Why, he had two razors in his pockets, an' I says dat enny feller whut carries mor'n one razor to a ball wid him am a coward an' ain't no gen'leman, I does."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

---

"What cut do you prefer?" said the carver at a recent dinner given to Mr. Arthur.

"Cut," repeated the President, absent-mindedly. "Cut them skin-tight, with medium swell bottoms, two hip-pockets, and"——

"Sir!" interrupted the carver, in amazement.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said his excellency, recovering himself; "a piece of the outside please, with a little crisp fat."—*Philadelphia Call.*

---

"Why did you stop lecturing on temperance?" asked the Governor of Arkansas, addressing a well-known reformer.

"Well, you see, I went up into the Dry Fork neighborhood and did my best, but the distilleries were too thick."

"Audience got drunk, I suppose?"

"No, not particularly."

"Why did you stop, then?"

"Well, you see, I got drunk."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

---

The United States Government has just cast a monster gun, that will fire a solid shot six miles. If the Government is going to do any target practice with it, we will be glad to furnish Secretary Lincoln with the man who came in the sanctum last night and stuck the paste-brush into the inkstand. We would prefer that the Government would ram him into the gun and fire him at the target, but if the department sees fit rather to stand him up for a mark, we think about a foot and a half would be the best distance, for him. That is, for us.—*Hawkeye.*

---

A reporter on a paper wrote the following account of his hated rival's marriage: "The bride was radiant in a beautiful lavender silk dress, with orange wreath, and six-button No. 9 kid gloves slightly burst in the thumbs. The groom was as straight as a black cloth suit constructed by the best tailor could make him, and as red in the face as was consistent with a pair of boots two sizes too small and a No. 13 collar encircling his manly sixteen-and-a-half-inch neck. Fortunately, before the ceremony was over the button flew out, and saved him from strangulation."

---

A boy who had been sent to carry a silver card-basket to a young lady, as a bridal present, was asked, upon his return to the office, if he had found the right place.

"Oh, yes."

"See the girl herself?"

"Yes."

"Did she seem surprised?"

"Very much so."

"Say anything?"

"Why, yes; she told her mother she presumed it was plated, but would be good enough for her aunt out in the country."—*Detroit Free Press.*

---

In Germany the police regulations are very strict, and any violation of them is promptly punished. The people have a holy terror of the law. Two gentlemen happened to meet in Berlin, and the following conversation took place:

"Have you heard the dreadful news about Miller?"

"No; what is it?"

"He was in a boat in the river. He fell overboard and was drowned. The water was too deep."

"Didn't he know how to swim?"

"Swim! Don't you know that all persons are forbidden by the police to swim in the river?"—*Texas Siftings.*

---

"Do you play very much nowadays, Miss Smith?" he asked, as they seated themselves after a waltz.

"Only occasionally," she replied. "I have neglected my music shamefully of late, and am getting quite out of practice."

"I was passing your house last evening," he went on, "and stood at the gate for a moment to hear you play. Instead of getting out of practice, I think you are improving—if any improvement is possible," he added, politely.

"Last evening?" she asked.

"Yes; about nine o'clock."

"You are mistaken. I was at the opera last evening," she said, in a strained voice, as she accepted an invitation to dance from another gentleman. "It was the man tuning the piano you heard."—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

---

As a Methodist minister was on his way to his church last Sunday to deliver a sermon against the desecration of the day of rest, he saw a little lad sitting in the gutter making mud pies. He halted before the youngster and said, with much severity:

"Young man, have you ever gone to Sunday-school?"

"Naw, sir," replied the lad, giving his pie a masterly slap.

"Don't you know you are committing a grave sin?"

"Naw, sir."

"Does your father know you are making mud pies on Sunday?" asked the minister, severely.

"Naw, my father's dead."

"Young man," said the minister, in softened tones, "do you know that you will never meet your father in heaven if you persist in making mud pies on Sunday?"

"Naw," replied the boy, "I don't expecter; he was a plumber."—*Scissors.*

## A PARISIAN SUMMER RESORT.

Our Correspondent tells of a Village Frequented by Artists.

Parisians have taken to flying away later than they used to do. They like to have the great battle of the racing season lost and won before they finally pack up and depart, bag and baggage. To have vacated one's Parisian flat, or neat little pill-box villa, before the Grand Prix, is not to be in the movement, and if one is not in the movement, of course, one is absolutely nowhere. The "noble faubourg," with its antiquated ways, may go or stay; it is the useless, fifth wheel of the coach, and the car of fashion bowls along equally well on four. We can do without it. It may take itself off to its moss-grown châteaux, see after its crops, play whist with its curé, and lead the humdrum life described pithily by Lady Teazle in the "School for Scandal," so that beauty, *chic*, wit (or what passes for wit) remain.

Because society chooses to stay in its town quarters until the dog-days, this does not prevent individuals from making short flights into the country—trying its wings, as it were, before the general exodus. "Where shall we go?" is a question frequently asked before Easter, Ascension Day, and Whitsuntide. On such occasions the haunts of fashion are wont to be invaded by plebs from the outlying quarters, and to lose their special aspects, and are therefore less inviting. People who have suburban villas, easy of access, are eagerly cultivated. Little jaunts to St. Germain, Compiègne, Fontainebleau, are organized. A sudden and effervescent taste for green fields, shady woods, flowing rivers, and gardens rich with May flowers, is manifest. Schoolboys, home for a day or so of holiday, may be the excuse, if any is needed.

For my own part, somewhat tired of the incessant round of town occupations and pleasures, I spent Ascension Day at Barbizon. I had seen the sun rise once or twice too often behind the curtained windows of a ball-room. I had exhausted the somewhat pallid pleasures of the "Tour du Lac." I had been sufficiently harrowed by Sarah's masterly personification of Marguerite Gautier's death scene, besides Parisian theatres—ill ventilated at all times—are doubly trying with the thermometer at 80° Fahrenheit. In a word, I was tired of town and longed for a breath of country air.

If the importance of a place were always in proportion to its size, Barbizon would certainly be out of the running. Small as it is, insignificant as it is, only one of thousands and thousands of similar villages, it enjoys a world-wide reputation. Among artistic sets in New York and San Francisco, it is spoken of as one of the sights of Europe. I can imagine the astonishment, the disappointment of the stranger who finds himself for the first time jolting along the rudely-paved street. "Is this all? Do these few houses huddled together constitute the artistic village of our dreams?" Disappointment of this kind in a different degree is common enough. Charles and Mary Lamb describe the disappointment they felt on their first sight of the sea, "for the eye can but take in a slip of salt water!" I don't think a foreigner is likely to be overpowered by the historical splendor of St. James's. I can suppose Regent Street or the Graben may look small after the Boulevard des Italiens or Broadway. It is possible that the first glimpse of the Alps, of the Pyramids, of Niagara, may cause a little disappointment if viewed under adverse circumstances.

What surely will strike an American mind on arriving in Barbizon are its minute and restricted proportions. To a go-ahead nation, whose towns rise with fungus rapidity, the slow growth of this place is incomprehensible. That it should have taken forty years and more to build those few houses seems preposterous. It is like comparing the growth of an aloes to that of a poplar. "*Che va piano va sano*," saith the proverb. The movements of the snail are as a gallop in comparison to the slow development of this village. I remember to have seen it marked down in a fresco chart, in the Palace of Fontainebleau, executed by order of the Grand Monarque some time in the seventeenth century. There may not have been a dozen houses then; now there are barely a hundred, including the movable wooden house which an enterprising engineer sent down in a couple of wagons, and had put up, last year. How the natives stared at this ready-made building! It appeared to them almost uncanny. Decidedly they thought this Monsieur Haag was a dangerous innovator; besides is he not the author of a gigantic project for joining all the great lines by a metropolitan railway on arches, which would transform Paris, and make it the equal of New York or London? Projects have been formed for bringing Barbizon within the influence of steam. But few have seconded the proposition, and the old rattle-box of an omnibus continues to ply between it and Melun, landing its passengers, shaken, crushed, tired, dusty, but withal content.

Is it being too hard on human nature to say that a few grains of naughtiness enhance a thing tenfold? Does not a small portion—a very small portion I will admit—of the reputation of Barbizon depend on the hypothesis that it is Bohemian, that many of the people who go there are Bohemians, and that existence there is leavened with a pleasant spice of wickedness? An American artist, who shall be nameless, and who was sending his wife over to Europe for her health, told her she might go anywhere except to Barbizon. This is a fact. The truth is, one must see the place to believe how small it is; and one must live in it to learn that the *bourgeois* virtues are not unknown quantities in the district. Of course, I don't mean to insinuate that it is a "happy valley," goody-goody sort of place, wherein all the women are angels and the men models of industry, fidelity, and warm-heartedness. In most country villages every man's business is his neighbor's, and this one is no exception to the rule. Deadly feuds have been fostered, duels have been fought, and social execution has been done. Now one has been sent to Coventry, now another. It may be said, indeed, that it is about the most belligerent scandal-loving community that ever existed. But it has, likewise, a wonderful facility for forgetting old sores; and if the inhabitants fall out easily, they fall in easily, too. The visitor who returns there at intervals seldom finds the place or the people in the same mind as when he left it last. Each time I return there I am reminded of the unlucky peasant who cried "Vive le Roi!" under the Republic, and was thrown into prison for insult to the reigning powers, who, on being released after the Empire was proclaimed, made the first use of his liberty to shout, as hard as he could bawl, "Vive la République!" for which he was sent to prison a second time. An unlucky "Vive l'Empereur!" vociferated after Napoleon was safe in Elba, again called down upon him the rigor of the law, and finally he was sent back to meditate upon the mutability of human affairs for tossing his cap and crying once more, "Long live the king" during the hundred days which preceded Waterloo. I have learned that it is more prudent to refrain from making remarks anent Barbizon's friendships and Barbizon's enmities before taking care to ascertain which way the wind blew, he who was lord of all hearts on one occasion running considerable risk of being nowhere in the good graces of the public on another.

There are two men whose names are inseparable from the place. They are those of the great landscape painters, Théodore Rousseau and François Millet. The works of both these men command fancy prices now at the art sales. Amateurs fight over their merest sketches. Yet they lived poor, and to a degree unappreciated. Both passed many years on this favored spot. Both died here, and both lie in the cemetery out there on the plain of Chaillay, behind a curtain of solemn cypress, where the only sounds which break the stillness are the rustle of the wind in the corn and the twit-twit of the quail.

Rousseau was the first artist who found his way thither. Many a time and oft has old Mère Ganne—the mother and grandmother of the present generation of Gannes—told how he came to her house, begged her to let him a room, and allow him to partake of their own simple fare, "for a consideration." This incident laid the foundation of many prosperous years of inn-keeping for the family. But Rousseau, having taken to himself a wife, set up his tent for good and all in the village, getting a couple of barns transformed into a dwelling for their joint accommodation. They boasted no children—happily perhaps—for the manner of his wife's death was terrible, and the suicide of this companion of his solitude hastened his own end.

Millet, on the other hand, had many olive branches—five daughters and three sons—almost all remarkable for their beauty. Tall, lissome forms, and dark eyes, fine specimens of the Celt. Their mother was a Brittany peasant, the father's origin being almost equally modest. A brother of Millet still keeps a small inn in lower Normandy, their native place. Several of the girls are now married to well-to-do *bourgeois* of Paris, but I recall the time when, through the open windows of the cottage, the comely group might be seen seated around the simple board, the artist in their midst, looking like a patriarch—for all his figure was tall and spare, and his hair no more than iron-gray.

Chapu has caught the expression of the man, but somewhat emphasized the proportions of the head in the bronze medallion, which contains also the profile of Rousseau—a smile parting the lips, a kindly sparkle in the small, inquiring eyes. This medallion was set up lately on a rock at the entrance of the forest, and inaugurated some days since. With grand flourish of trumpets the Parisian press announced the fact. Charming Barlet, of the Comédie-Française was to go down to recite a poem written expressly for the occasion. There was to be a banquet, when "Greek would meet Greek," and it was hoped the minister would send down a few crosses of the Legion of Honor to distribute among the members of the committee. Alas! they had counted their chickens before they were hatched, and, like Old Mother Hubbard, they "found the cupboard was bare," or rather their coffers, the small sum of two dollars and a half constituting all their wealth. So the greater part of the dazzling programme was not accomplished, and the famous medallion was inaugurated *en famille* to the sound of "The Marseillaise," sung by a score of sturdy yeomen with a certain noble disregard for time and tune.

Other men, well nigh as talented, have left their footprints on the sands of Barbizon. Diaz made it his headquarters. For years his wooden leg stumped up and down all the ways and by-ways of the forest thereabouts. Charles Jacques, whose etchings, if not his pictures, are familiar Lares and Penates all over the world, did more—he introduced the culture of the potato, and asparagus, and corn, and built or transformed a great many of the houses; that long, low, slate-roofed cottage nearest the forest, for instance, where not so many years ago the stags used to come at night time to eat the apples. It stood then in an orchard, and the only flowers the place knew were bluebells and ox-eyed daisies; now it contains a choice collection of two hundred and fifty kinds of roses, and its owner, Monsieur Paris, keeps two gardeners at work all the year round. Another construction of Jacques was that magnificent rabbit-hutch which goes by the name of "the Chaumière," and which every artist, amateur or professional, has sketched in his time.

Ziern, one of whose sunlit, oriental scenes hangs in most modern picture-galleries, bought the cottage and the orchard for a mere song. It was from there he departed on that memorable journey to Rome, with a couple of wagons fitted up for the accommodation of himself, his wife, and two or three pupils. The caravan traversed France and Italy, and were seven months on the way. Nowadays we put wagons on rails. Pullman was not the institution he is now.

Then there was Charles Lucy, to whom Americans owe kindly remembrance for his picture of the "Pilgrim Fathers." His widow still owns a pretty red-stone villa in the village, and his daughter has married E. S. Calvert, one of the Scotch marine painters who has migrated from Glasgow to Barbizon. He and another, L. W. Hawkins, one of the chiefs of the modern school of art, Eaton—a Canadian, Ralli—a Greek, Chaigneau, paint the sons and daughters of the generation who sat for Millet and Jacques. But another inn-keeper has superseded Ganne in the favor of the artists, and the *table d'hôte* whereat the talk mostly turns upon art, and the food is wholesome if the service rude, belongs to one Siron. So complete is the acclimatization of the Saxon in this corner of the world, that English has become, as it were, a second tongue. One may imagine a hybrid race puzzling an anthropologist in the future. There is already one instance of intermarriage with the people, and there may be more.

Barbizon, mindful of what it owes to society, has not been without its romance—an almost forgotten one now. The event took place long ago. The place was not then the rendezvous of cheerful, middle-class families in summer, who come to explore the forest and get fat on new milk. Bohemianism was predominant. It happened in this wise: A beautiful young Polish woman lived in one of the most lonely of the houses surrounded by a large garden. She passed off as the wife of a count, but it was generally understood that no legal rite had preceded their union. That she should live in hope that one day her lover would give her a legitimate right to call him husband, seems natural enough. She on her side was well born, and a woman of superior education and intelligence. It may be surmised that the count promised that, in the event of her becoming a mother, he would do his duty by them both, for during a prolonged absence on his part she shut herself out from the small world of the place, and one bitter cold winter morning, when the snow was thick on the ground, and her sole attendant entered the room, she exhibited a new-born baby, and explained that an *accouchement* had taken place, and desired that the maid should have the child registered in the count's name. No one believed that the infant was hers, the count least of all, and a magistrate came over from Melun, and it was decided among them all that she had walked over to Fontainebleau in the night and obtained the baby and brought it back. Albeit, this was never actually proved against her, nor were the real parents of the unfortunate changeling ever discovered. There is something very weird and fantastic about the whole affair which proved a nine-days' wonder. It is difficult to imagine a delicately nurtured female taking that long midnight journey on such on errand, and running so great a risk with so little chance of success.

The Barbizoniones, peasant and bourgeois alike, are fond of dancing. On the third Sunday in May a fair is held at the entrance to the forest beneath the tall oaks. A smaller, more diminutive little fair never was seen, but there is plenty of ginger-bread, an "Aunt Sally," a merry-go-around, a shooting-gallery, and, above all, a tent erected for dancing. The squeak of the violins and the shrill notes of the cornet are heard afar off with an accompaniment of stamping and thumping. Feet are somewhat heavy, though hearts may be light, in this corner of the world. The artist appears in his top-boots, and the peasant divests himself of his coat that he may be more at his ease, while the *bourgeoise* looks on and is not too grand to take part in the quadrille. I left them hard at it when I turned my back on the village the other evening, but on the morrow the stalls and the flags, the unsold ginger-bread, and the rusty carabines were to be carted away. Such is life.

PARISINA.

PARIS, May 28, 1884.

---

The Irish bull flourishes in Munster as freely as in the other provinces of Ireland. Perhaps for concentrated inaccuracy of statement nothing can surpass the following sentence, which occurred in an account of a burglary given in a Munster newspaper: "After a fruitless search all the money was recovered, except one pair of boots." Surely Mr. Matthew Arnold will not quarrel with the lack of lucidity which gave this and the following to the world: "Our most famous jig-dancer came by his death in a faction fight at a village fair. An inquest was held, at which a verdict was brought in that he met his death by the visitation of God, under suspicious circumstances." Malaprops, often closely related as they are to bulls, are not specially confined to Irish soil. A quiet young English lady once asked an Oxford undergraduate where he was going to spend his Christmas vacuum. Still, it is by no means improbable that Sheridan's famous creation had an Irish prototype. The following remark, made by an old Irish doctor, may serve to conclude for the present these specimens of Irish speech: Alluding to a recent and mysterious event, he devoutly exclaimed, "The ways of Providence are unscrupulous."

---

What distinction should be made between the terms "lady" and "woman"? This question arises not infrequently in London, where in the slums every costermonger's wife is described as the lady next door; and in France it is at present one of the vexed questions of the day. Parisians, it is said, no longer acknowledge the word lady. With them every member of the other sex is always woman, while the squires of the provinces are offended if their wives are called women. Where, then, shall the line be drawn? It would sound strange to say "the women of the ballet," or "the women of the corps diplomatique"; but it would be equally unfamiliar to say, "a virtuous lady," or "a pretty lady." If town and country can not agree on the point, it would perhaps be well that the French Academy should speak a decisive word, and lay down rules for the correct use of the disputed terms.

---

Card telegrams are much in use in Paris. There are two kinds of them—one like the ordinary postal card in form and color, and the other blue, and capable of being so closed as to conceal the writing. They are each large enough to contain a message of fully sixty words. When a card is dropped into the card-telegram box of the nearest telegraph office, the official in charge picks it up, and has it transmitted through one of the pneumatic tubes which extends all over the city, thus insuring it delivery at the place to which it is addressed in less than half an hour from the time it was posted.

---

The late Comte d'Haussonville, French Academician and Senator, won a great reputation for courage in 1870, during the siege of Paris, when he patriotically mounted guard upon the ramparts. He never ducked his head or threw himself prostrate when shot or shell whistled by or exploded near. "Amazing!" his comrades used to say. However, he was stone deaf.

## VANITY FAIR.

What ought a wife to call her husband in speaking to a third person? queries a London writer. Should she say "My husband," or should she use the surname without any prefix, as Mrs. Carlyle used to talk of "Carlyle," or should she adopt another plan of that lady's, and speak, as it were, of "Mr. C."? Perhaps it is a matter of indifference in England, but in France a woman's usage in the matter is taken as a test of breeding. In the provinces, it seems, wives speak of their husbands as "monsieur," as if their particular "monsieur" were superior to all others. Or perhaps they think this style expresses an indifference indicative of "bon ton"; "my husband" they imagine would be vulgar. With the polite world of Paris, on the contrary, "my husband" is accepted as the proper phrase, subject to two exceptions. A very affectionate wife may speak of her husband by his Christian name, while after a certain age any other style except the surname, with the prefix "monsieur," is held to be ridiculous and a sign of "provincialism."

It is only a few years, says *Harper's Bazar*, since the bang was unknown among us, and although it has achieved popularity, we are notified that the day of its glory is passed, that its renown is on the wane, and that we must prepare to return to sweet simplicity, and severe, unmitigated primness. Girls who were plain have become pretty under its régime; faces past their first bloom have borrowed something youthful from its kindly spell; it has softened the most severe outlines; it covers a multitude of unwelcome wrinkles. Shall we be content to surrender it without a murmur? Will the pretty girl be glad to drop her mask and resume her native homeliness? Will the eye that has been used to the line of beauty be pleased with precision? To be sure, there are some faces upon which a bang would seem like an intrusion, but to most of us it has become dear as the apple of our eye. What hopelessly intellectual foreheads will emerge from seclusion when the fiat has gone forth!—what disclosure of waning locks which the crimp mercifully concealed! And what shall we do with the shorn tresses before they have time to grow in grace?—how shall we coax them to abandon the kink we have been to such trouble to invoke? These are conundrums of the first importance. To be sure, it is not all beauty and picturesqueness that we celebrate; it has added a new terror to high winds and damp weather; there are bangs and bangs, and one would be glad to see a certain moderation observed in them, which should delegate them to their proper sphere without permitting them to trespass upon the eyebrows, and should dictate to her who needs the support of her forehead the propriety of not hiding it behind a portière of curls and snarls. We shall perhaps be glad when all femininity no longer confronts the world with the same style of coiffure, the scullion as well as the lady of elegant leisure, whether it harmonizes with her face or no, whether she is obliged to struggle night and day to retain the illusive wave, or whether nature curled it for her, and relieved her of so much anxiety, and toil, and expenditure of bandoline. When the bang has become a thing of the past, when not even a select few or an eccentric spinster dares to patronize it, we shall wonder, perhaps, that such a frivolous style could ever have found favor with young and old, rich and poor, that the matron could have believed it appropriate to her years as to sweet sixteen, while the photograph book of to-day will seem a travesty upon the taste of the period.

Ever since tennis was introduced as a game for ladies and gentlemen in this country it has been popular in Washington, observes a correspondent, and there are numerous tennis courts in private gardens, as well as one for the young people at the White House, in the grounds about that building. Games are often played in the grounds of the British Legation, and quite regularly in those of the Argentine Legation. There are three young ladies, the daughters of each minister, at each of these legations, and the Argentine minister has four grown sons.

Fashionable ladies, says *Progress*, are confusing the dressmakers, because they will say "gown" when they mean "dress," and the artist can not always understand them. "Gown" is English, which explains the whim. American dressmakers say a gown is for morning and négligé wear. It is never worn in the parlor, and generally consists of one piece of material. It is also loose-fitting. In England the term is used differently than it is here. There it means a dress or a costume. A dress here is for the promenade, carriage, reception, or evening wear. It is made in several pieces, and is tight-fitting. The word "gown" is also used for a gentleman's loose garment worn about the house. The term "frock" is seldom or never used at present. It is not considered an elegant expression. In ordering an elaborate dress, it is fashionable to say "ball costume" or "ball toilet." Costume, dress, and robe are similar terms. Gown in French is *robe de chambre*. It is cut in one piece.

"It is utterly impossible," remarks a writer in the *American Queen*, "for a woman to be both in society and in literature at the same time. The two are seldom congenial, and a woman who is in society has not time to spend in writing, and a woman who writes has little inclination to go into society. There have been but few exceptions to this rule, especially in this city. Mrs. John Sherwood is a woman whose literary ability is of no mean order, and who has been a prominent figure in New York society for over thirty years. She has written a great many very readable and charming things, a novel or two, and short stories and poems innumerable. With all her writing she has found time to go out and entertain largely. Mrs. Burton Harrison is another exception to this rule. She is a very much younger woman than Mrs. Sherwood, and has still a future in literature before her. She, too, goes out considerably, and entertains largely at her charming Lexington Avenue house and at her home in Lenox. Besides Mrs. Sherwood and Mrs. Harrison there is in reality no woman in society who may be considered literary. Mrs. John Bigelow used to write years and years ago, and there are a number of women and girls who are amateur dabblers in literature, and who read their stories and poems to circles of admiring friends, but their names never appear in print. It would be a good thing if society women would cultivate a taste for writing or doing something that would give them more intelligence and brains. There can be no denying the fact that New York society is most unintellectual. Compared with Boston or London it is nowhere, though it is far ahead of either Philadelphia or Baltimore. Half the girls and men that one meets are not at all well read or up on the literature of the present day. They are not conversant with even the best known poets, generally know no language but their own, and sometimes not even that, and are confessedly ignorant on a great many art and literary subjects with which they should be familiar. The great trouble is that the majority of people, and especially girls, are not properly educated. They get a smattering of this and that at school, and are taught a great deal of stuff that is of no earthly use to them in after life. The numberless 'ologies and sciences which girls are taught nowadays are all very well in their way, but there are studies which are of infinitely more value than they are. Above everything a girl should be thoroughly educated in literature. She should read all the novels and poetry of every author who is worth reading, and she should be taught to study their works and their styles. Besides literature, the languages should be studied, and every girl before she is through school should have a pretty thorough knowledge of German, French, and Latin. Girls should be taught all the graceful accomplishments, and all the arts with which women can make life agreeable and charming. Of course, there are girls who like science and all that sort of thing, and who go in for higher education. This is well enough for those who wish it, but for the majority it will not do. The world is greatly in need of gentle, strong, pure-minded, well-educated, sensible women."

The variety of vehicles in common use in Washington, says a writer, always attracts the attention of strangers, its smooth streets making the use of certain styles possible which would be unendurable elsewhere except on country roads. Bicycles and tricycles (some of the latter accommodating a couple of passengers) are very numerous, while village carts, low phaetons, hansom cabs, and an infinite variety of other cabs (mostly square in form, and with much glass), for two or four persons, are almost as numerous as the ordinary style of carriages used in other places. Ladies are seen driving every style of vehicle except the cabs and large carriages, often entirely alone, and some ladies have for a long time used the tricycle. But the most comical of the street scenes of this spring was when a couple of men in costume, riding bicycles, were seen on a very warm day shading their eyes with gayly illuminated Japanese parasols.

The latest thing in clocks comes from Russia. It is a little time-piece, about eight inches high, on a base five inches in diameter, and covered with a glass globe. All the works are plainly exposed. The pendulum is a solid brass wheel, supported at the centre, or hub, by a slender wire. It does not swing, but revolves from left to right and right to left. Being a four-hundred-day clock, the winding of it is a small item. It will not vary five minutes in running four hundred days. No temperature affects it.

The New York girl, writes Clara Belle, is trying once more to be a little man. She has these spells periodically, and sometimes with considerable violence. The outbreak showed itself this time during the spring, and now, with the advent of summer, seems likely to rage as never before. My opinion is that it all comes of equestrianism. The trousers which she wears under the skirt of her riding habit makes her feel masculine, and she has an uncontrollable desire to extend the manliness into things visible. Her bosom swells with pride just now under men's neckwear. Flat scarfs of light-colored silk, with a scarf-pin stuck in them; "dickeys" of plaited cambric, with standing collars, and arrangements of folded piqué are illustrations. The vests of satins, brocades, and leather now so fashionable, the gloves of heavy embroidered leather, the fancy for silk and colored handkerchiefs, and even the return of linen cuffs may be counted as expressions of the mania. Linen collars are still high and tight around the neck. The cuffs correspond. Many of these are of colored linen. Young ladies incline much to dog collars of ribbon, tied in front and fastened by two or four gold pins with heads of tiny flowers or insects. Standing collars are either buttoned with a single button in front or tied with narrow ribbon, passing through two button-holes. Some also have corners turned over slightly. This last style is attached to a small chemisette when the form of the dress requires it. Collars of colored percale and of piqué, in white and colors, are also liked. The "jaquette gentleman" is much worn. It is of corduroy or of beige cloth. The front closes by means of a single row of buttons, and falls loose without darts or small side pieces; the back is very short and almost tight-fitting. Around the basque is a hem about one inch and a half deep, against which is sewed a second basque hemmed in the same way and falling below the upper one to about the depth of the hem. This jacket is worn over skirts of coarse fabrics as well as over elegant lace ones. The silk hat and the jockey cap have long been in use for equestrian purposes.

The late Sam Ward had a keen sense of the ludicrous. One day the Blaine family, then in their Fifteenth Street house at Washington, were startled by a noise, sounding like dilapidated wheels in the greatest rattle and clatter. The sound stopped before the street door, and Gail Hamilton looked out to see the most forlorn old hack imaginable. It had probable been first worn out as a private carriage in Philadelphia; then worn out as a public hack in New York, and was being finished in Washington as a night-liner. The horses were jaded to skeleton flesh, and the harness was kept in repair by pieces of rope. The bell rang, and Sam Ward was ushered in, bowing and smiling, and, with the finest suavity of address, invited the ladies to take a drive. No one enjoyed the joke more than Gail Hamilton, one of the ladies invited to drive.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Oscar Wilde had rather a quiet, unostentatious wedding, although the church was thronged with sight-seers. At the church door a telegram was handed to the groom, which read: "From Whistler, Chelsea, to Oscar Wilde, St. James's Church, Sussex Gardens: Fear I may not be able to reach you in time for ceremony. Don't wait."

"Tickets, please," said the conductor, as the train pulled out of the Grand Central station. "Ah, owing to my delayed appearance at the deppo," said a young lady passenger, "caused by a most unfortunate chain of circumstances, quite unnecessary to particularize, I found it impossible to purchase a ticket in time to catch the train. Would it be conformable to the rules of the company, sir, if I were to tender my fare to you?" "Not—not entirely," gasped the conductor; "bu—but in this case I will make it so. Your fare to Boston, madam, is five dollars."

He was a married man, blessed—or the opposite, as the reader may determine—with an extremely jealous wife. One evening not long since he seized a chance opportunity to do escort to a charming miss of sweet sixteen, whose blue eyes and dark drooping lashes exercised a glamour over every man who happened to come within range of their charm. At last her home was reached, and as they paused at the gate the maiden turned her lovely orbs full upon him, and said: "I'm so grateful for your kindness, sir!" "Don't mention it, I beg of you!" he ejaculated, gallantly. Very likely the unsophisticated maiden misunderstood the motive of his remark, for she quickly answered in a reassuring tone: "Oh, I certainly won't, as long as I live, if you don't wish me to!"

Doctor McCosh is celebrated for egotism, and the best of it is he is never conscious of it. He has a broad Scotch accent, and the habit of gnawing at the joint of his thumb when busily thinking. Some years ago he was lecturing before the senior class in Princeton College. He had been discussing Leibnitz's view of the reason of evil, to the effect that mankind was put upon the earth because there was less evil here than elsewhere. One of the seniors inquired: "Well, doctor, why was evil introduced into the world?" "Ah!" said the doctor, holding up both hands, "ye have asked the hardest question in all feelosophy. Suckkrates tried to answer it and failed; Plato tried it, and he failed; Kahnt attimpted it and made bad work of it; Leibnitz tried it, and he begged the whole question as I've been tellin' ye; and I confess" (gnawing at his thumb knuckle) "I confess I don't know—what—to make of it myself."

In a knot of prison officials recently the humorous side of prison management came up. The story was told of President Lincoln's first visit to the penitentiary of Springfield, Illinois. An old criminal, looking out through the bars of his cell, remarked: "Well, Mr. Lincoln, you and I ought to be well posted on prisons; we've seen all there are in the country." "Why, this is the first one I ever visited," said Mr. Lincoln, and was astonished at the response: "But I've been in all the rest." Probably the best tale was that of Governor Vance, of Ohio. It was in the early days of the State's history, when there were about a hundred convicts. On coming into office he paid a visit to the prison and ordered that every man there be permitted to come up and talk to him. The result was a perfect storm of petitions for pardon—every man pleading innocence. One old and grizzled "tough" stood apart and added nothing to the clamor. The Governor called him up: "What are you in for?" "Stealing." "Well, were you guilty?" "Yes; it's the way I make my living." The Governor went back to his office and pardoned the man. When remonstrated with, his only excuse was: "Well, I was afraid the thief would contaminate those other fellows."

"Oh, we ain't entirely without amusements and sports in Arizona," said a bearded passenger from the southwest. "Of course, theaytres and circuses are pretty sca'ce, and there hain't 'nough level ground in the Territory to play a game of base-ball on. But we has our fun all the same. In the town where I live—mind you, we are gettin' civilized out there, and have towns now instead of mere camps—in my town our best sport is with a colored man named Sam. He's a big, strong jack—that is, he was. Poor fellow, he tempted fate too often and got took in finally. Sam made his livin' furnishing fun for the boys. He would draw a chalk line on the floor, get down in front of it on all fours, and for ten cents let any man take a big bag of sand and crack him one from behind. If the striker knocked Sam over the line he got his money back. Well, this sport went along several months, until one day a wicked-looking stranger comes to town. He saw Sam taking in the dimes in the hotel bar-room, where the stranger was a pretty good customer himself already. 'Will ye let me have a lick at ye for a dime?' he inquired of Sam. 'Sartinly, sah; three for a quarter. Take a quarter's wuth?' The stranger said he guessed one would be enough. Sam got down on all fours. The stranger then picked up the sandbag, Sam lopped his head down and grinned between his legs at the striker. The sandbag is raised high in the air, the wicked-looking stranger looks wickeder out of his eyes, and we get on to his powerful frame and arms all of a sudden. Like a stroke o' lightning down comes the bag—poor Sam." "Did it hurt the nigger much?" "Hurt him? Nobody knows. The fact is, when he got down on the floor his head was pointed toward the wide-open door of the bar-room, out of which we could look down the mountain side. Sam catapulted out o' that door and hain't been seen since. One o' the boys said he believed the coon had never stopped till he got back to 'ole Alabam' he used ter talk so much about." "Did you find out who the stranger was?" "Well, I should say we did. His name was Sullivan, a prize-fighter from down East somewhere."

## SPEECH OF MR. FRANCIS G. NEWLANDS

AT THE

### Stockton Convention on the Field Resolutions.

[We reprint from the *Alta* the complete speech of Mr. Newlands at the Stockton Convention on the Field resolution. The speech was delivered under circumstances of great embarrassment. The greatest confusion prevailed. It was attempted to choke him off by hisses and by every possible manner of opposition; groans and cries of "Time" were heard from every side. The disgraceful scene indicates how far freedom of speech prevails in the Democratic party, and revives recollections of Sand-lot and New Constitution times. The Convention was in no sense a deliberative assembly, and its results do not indicate popular opinion in reference to Mr. Justice Field.]

Mr. Canfield, of Santa Barbara, moved that the portion of the resolution repudiating the Presidential aspirations of Stephen J. Field be stricken out, and Mr. Newlands seconded the motion, and said:

Permit me to preface my remarks which I am about to make with a candid confession. I am in this convention upon a proxy. I am one of that class of outlaws known as corporation attorneys. I represent my own convictions. I am the friend of Mr. Justice Field. [Hisses.] I am the friend of Mr. Justice Field. I heard that he was to be attacked here, and wherever Mr. Justice Field is attacked, there should his friends be. Having made this admission, I ask your candid consideration of the facts, and the arguments which I shall present without regard to the unfortunate circumstances of him who presents them. I am the admirer of that man who more truly represents the national Democracy than any man in the United States. I am the friend of that man who, during the war, stood up for the Constitution of the United States and the integrity of the Union; who was appointed to the Supreme Bench of the United States by President Lincoln as a war Democrat—who believed in a vigorous prosecution of the war—who believed in coercive measures so long as the war lasted, but who was in favor of magnanimous, liberal, and generous treatment of the fallen enemy when the war was ended. I am a friend of that man who in 1864, when it was sought to try a man before a military commission in the State of Indiana, charged with treason against the Government, declared, in his opinion in the Milligan case, at a time when popular feeling was intense upon the subject almost beyond description, that the right of trial by jury was the right of every man; and that a military commission organized in a State not in a condition of rebellion had no jurisdiction to try American citizens. I am the friend of the man who, when a Republican Congress, in violation of its solemn pledge, given to the people, that the war was to be waged not for subjugation, but for the maintenance of the Union, with the rights of the States unimpaired, endeavored to resolve the conquered Southern States into military dependencies, declared this to be an indestructible Union of indestructible States. I am the friend of the man who, in the famous McArdle case, when it was sought under the Reconstruction Acts to try a private citizen two years after the close of the war, in the State of Mississippi, before a military commission, and Congress endeavored to prevent the consideration of the case in the Supreme Court of the United States, by repealing the law which provided for appeals in habeas corpus cases, placed upon record in that court his solemn protest, declaring that the case involved the liberties of millions of people, and should be heard. [Cries of "Time!" "Time!" "Time!"

Mr. Kittrell—I ask that the gentleman be extended an unlimited time, or necessary time to make the speech he has started upon. This is just; it is right; it is fair. [Cries of "No!" "Time!" "Time!"

The Chair—If you will give your unanimous consent, I will ask that he shall proceed, and then rule every one down to time.

A delegate—As the mover of that resolution ("five-minute rule"), I now ask that it be extended to give Mr. Newlands ample opportunity to present his views to this convention.

A delegate—I offer a motion that we adjourn till two o'clock, and then come back and listen to Mr. Newlands. [Cries of "No!" "Time!" "Go on!"]

The Chair—Go on, Mr. Newlands.

Mr. Newlands—I thank you for the indulgence which you have extended to me. I said that I was a friend of Judge Field. I am the friend, and proud to be the friend, of the man who, in the Cummins case, when it was sought by the infamous test oaths in Missouri to prevent priests from exercising their sacred calling unless they should swear that they had neither given aid nor sympathy to the rebellion, denounced the Constitution of Missouri as an outrage upon popular rights, upon freedom of conscience and liberty of action. I wish to read what that great jurist, publicist, and Democrat—now dead—Mr. Jere. Black, says with reference to Stephen J. Field: "Judge Stephen J. Friield represented the loyalty of the country in the late struggle, not less precisely than he has since represented Jeffersonian Democracy and popular liberty in the succeeding struggle against centralization. No man of our day has so boldly and so consistently extended the judicial arm to catch the blows aimed at the rights of States and people, by successive Federalist Administrations and Federalist Congresses. The very summaries of a dozen or more of his great 'opinions' would rouse the hearts of Saxon men like so many ancient battle-cries. Whether the judgment was one with regard to the constitutionality of military commissions, of reconstruction laws, of test oaths, of legal-tenders in time of peace, of going behind the fraudulent returns in Louisiana and Florida to give effect to the people's vote, or of those grave proceedings in the very recent 'Virginia cases,' his judgment stood, in every instance, a barrier of warning against arbitrary power and loose unconstitutionality." Shade of the illustrious Black! look down upon this convention about to visit thy trusted friend and compatriot with obloquy and reproach, and forbid the profanation.

A delegate here said that he could not hear Mr Newlands, and, by request, he mounted the rostrum, then continued as follows:

I have presented Mr. Justice Field in the attitude he bears with reference to the Constitution of the United States, and the great national principles of Democracy. I now turn to the local issues which have distracted California. I claim that Mr. Justice Field has been as true to Democratic principles upon local issues as he has been in reference to national questions. We are told that Mr. Justice Field has decided against the people on the Chinese question in the queue case; in the laundry case; in the case where the Legislature denied to Chinamen the right to remove the bodies of their dead to China. We all know that there has been a condition of unrest on the part of the people of California with reference to this question, but was Justice Field to blame for that? Remember, gentlemen, that the Democrats of California are themselves as responsible for the Burlingame Treaty as any. [Groans.] The history of the State will bear me out. I remember this well, for it was one of the first public questions to which my attention was called upon coming to the State of California, that when Burlingame came to this country with the Chinese Embassadors, with a view to effecting this treaty, he was welcomed in San Francisco at a banquet given at one of the leading hotels, and that prominent Democrats, like Governor Haight and others, welcomed the prospect of an increased trade with China which it was expected would result from this treaty. No one then anticipated that Chinese labor would be brought in competition with free white labor to the degradation of the latter. It was then simply regarded as a commercial matter which would redound to the equal and reciprocal advantage of both countries. The Government of the United States, pursuant to the treaty-making power guaranteed to it by the Constitution, entered into a solem compact and treaty with China, which guaranteed to Chinese in this country the rights enjoyed by citizens of the most favored nations. Mr. Justice Field was a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, bound by his solemn oath to sustain that Constitution, and by that Constitution the treaties made by the General Government were the supreme law of the land. What was Justice Field's duties under the circumstances—to sustain that treaty as the supreme law of the land, or to strike it down in obedience to the command of a single section of the country? It was attempted by legislation unworthy of a great people to check this evil, to check it by cutting off the queues of Chinamen, to check it by preventing them from removing their dead to China, and by other equally oppressive and cruel measures. Mr. Justice Field decided that such legislation was in violation of the Federal Constitution, and was absolutely invalid; but he was in sympathy with the people of the State of California upon the great question, and we find him applying the mind of a statesman to a solution of it. In a letter to Senator Miller, written in 1880, he outlined the plan for the Restriction Act, which was subsequently passed, and for which Senator Miller received the credit. Mr. Justice Field was the originator and promoter of the Restriction Act, and he is the only Democrat in the State of California who has given any adequate relief to the people of this State upon the question. I have the record with reference to that. I shall read from his letter to Senator Miller.

Mr. Reddy, of Mono—I move that we now adjourn to take a recess for dinner, for this is too much for a Democrat with an empty stomach. [Laughter and cheers.] The gentleman has got into the wrong convention. [Renewed laughter and shouting.] I don't know whether the gentleman is a Democrat or not, from what he has said, and I would like to have time to get dinner and consider the matter.

Mr. Breckinridge—I move, as an amendment, that upon reassembling, Mr. Newlands be permitted to continue his remarks.

The Chair—That would be the order of business.

Here the convention adjourned until 2 P. M.

#### Afternoon Session.

At two o'clock the convention reassembled, and Mr. Newlands was invited by the Chairman to appear on the stage.

Mr. Reddy—In order that there may be to-day no misunderstanding, and in order that hereafter the charge can never be made against the Democratic Convention that there was any attempt to cut off the right of speech to any one, I move that the gentleman from San Francisco, who has been addressing this convention, have his time extended for a period of twenty minutes in which to conclude his argument.

Mr. Rogers, of Mendocino County, moved, as an amendment, that D. M. Delmas be entitled to thirty-five minutes to reply. Carried.

Mr. Newlands thereupon continued to speak as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Delegates of the Convention: I shall trespass upon your indulgence for only a few moments longer. In my remarks this morning with reference to the position of Mr. Justice Field upon national questions, I neglected to call your attention to his decision in the case of General (now Senator) Garland, in which it was sought by virtue of the Reconstruction Act to prevent Garland from practicing the profession of law because he could not conscientiously take the test oath required by the Act of Congress. Mr. Justice Field interposed the strong arm of his authority between the victorious North and the conquered South and declared the Act in violation of the Federal Constitution, violative of freedom of action, declared that every man had a right to pursue his vocation, and that he could not be deprived of it by proscriptive legislation. I ask what Southern man belonging to that body of brave men who fought for a principle and were conquered, belonging to a body of men whom it was sought to outlaw, not by judicial decision, not by the judgment of a court, not by a trial by jury, but by legislative enactment—what man belonging to or having affiliated with the South can vote to censure a man who vindicated their rights and secured to them their liberties? I ask you, gentlemen, whether the gentleman who was elected President of the United States in 1876, Samuel J. Tilden [cheers], whose countenance now looks down upon us [referring to a portrait of Tilden hanging over the stage]—the man whom every true Democrat hopes to see elected President of the United States in November, 1884—I ask whether he will approve of your casting reproach and opprobrium upon the man who, as a member of the Electoral Commission, vindicated his right to the high office of President in an opinion which has not been questioned; a decision which has awakened the conscience of the whole nation with reference to that stupendous fraud? I ask you whether Samuel J. Tilden will approve the opprobrium and reproach cast upon a man who declares himself not a candidate, but one of Samuel J. Tilden's most earnest and ardent supporters. Upon the adjournment I was considering Justice Field's attitude with reference to local questions in California. I undertook to show that while he was compelled to strike down the unconstitutional legislation of municipal and legislative bodies with reference to the Chinese question, he applied his great mind to a solution of the question, and that it was to him that we are largely indebted for the adoption and passage of the Exclusion Act. I propose to read a short extract from a letter addressed by Judge Field to Senator Miller, in 1880, before the passage of that Act, in which he suggested the solution. He says: "Now, what is the remedy? To me it seems plain. We have a treaty with the Government of China. We find that treaty, in its practical workings, one-sided. The Chinese have denied to our people the privilege of trading in the interior of China. They are not allowed the freedom of the country. We may not peremptorily abrogate this treaty, because to do this would be a declaration of war, but we may say to the Chinese authorities that because we find the treaty works unequally and to the disadvantage of our people we desire to modify it. We may say to them, your people shall only come to the United States and shall only remain here for the purpose of general commerce—you shall engage only in foreign trade." And again he says: "A modification of the treaty is in my opinion the only way to deal with the problem of their exclusion. They can not be forced out of the country by mobs maltreating their persons and burning their houses. The public opinion of the country will not tolerate any such violence. It is vain to expect any countenance from the people of the East to such attempts. It would be wise, just, and politic, and not in conflict with our traditional policy to insist upon a revision of our treaty so as to place the Chinese in this country upon the same footing as Americans are now placed in China, and thus restrict them exclusively to the business of foreign commerce. This would be a practical and statesman-like solution of the whole difficulty." This suggestion of Judge Field went far beyond the Restriction Act, and would have prevented the admission of any Chinese to this country except those who were engaged in foreign trade with China itself.

You will recollect that one objection to the Restriction Act is that men who are engaged in the trifling occupations of commerce, domestic commerce within the State, traders on Sacramento Street, etc., are now enabled to come in under the Act. Under Justice Field's plan they would have been confined entirely and exclusively to foreign trade. Under the plan suggested by him it would not have been possible for fifty Chinamen to have come into the United States within a year. Now, here is what Senator Miller says in reply: "The true solution of the great problem of the time has been found, and is contained in your admirable letter. It has attracted much attention, and has received high encomiums from our most thoughtful men. I believe it will furnish the basis for the settlement of the great Chinese question. I congratulate you upon the discovery of the only practical, statesmanlike plan for the settlement of the burning question of the present age." And Hon. John F. Swift, subsequently appointed a Commissioner for the modification of the Burlingame Treaty, says: "I have just read your letter to General J. F. Miller on the Chinese question in the *Morning Call*. *It is a duty I owe you to say that it is the ablest and altogether the most statesmanlike paper that has been written on the subject, so far as I have seen. It formulates the best and most intelligent sentiment of California on the question, and is creditable in the highest degree.* I can not conceive it possible to state our case more completely." It was Mr. Justice Field, then, who planned the measures which resulted in a modification of the Burlingame Treaty, and Mr. Senator Miller, inspired by Mr. Justice Field, introduced the Restriction Act, which, had it embraced all the ideas of Mr. Field, would have been much more beneficial to this State than it has been. And you will all recollect that in the Hong Kong case, when the court was urged to adopt the view of the Circuit Court in Massachusetts, that the Restriction Act only applied to Chinese who were subjects of China, and not to the Chinese subjects of Great Britain coming from Hong Kong, Mr. Justice Field, as prompt to vindicate a constitutional Federal law and to give it a broad and liberal construction as he was to annul an unconstitutional State law, held that the Act applied to the Chinese race and not simply to subjects of China, and thus saved the State from the threatened annihilation of the Restriction Act.

Now, gentlemen, James G. Blaine is the candidate of the Republican party for the votes of the people of the United States at the next election for the highest office within their gift. I ask, as between him and Justice Field, if the issue is upon the Chinese Question, to whom is most credit to be given—to James G. Blaine, who voted for the Restriction Act, or to Judge Field, who formulated and originated it? Mr. Justice Field was also the author of the plank which was introduced in the Democratic platform of 1880, urging upon Congress the suppression of coolie immigration. This plank was handed to Hon. W. W. Foote and J. E. McElrath, and by them submitted to the Committee on Platform and Resolutions of the Democratic party in 1880, and was adopted, with the exception of the last clause, which, if left, would have made their platform more firm and decided with reference to this question. Justice Field, whilst he vindicated the Constitution of the United States in striking down our wretched and abortive local legislation with reference to this subject, aroused the attention of the only power capable of dealing with it to it, and it was his action as much as that of any man in the land that awakened the entire nation to the consideration of this subject. Field formulated the intelligent sentiment of California upon the Chinese question, and furnished an able solution of it. I ask, then, what man who is opposed to Chinese immigration, who feels a particle of gratitude to those who have relieved the country of the curse, can strike down Stephen J. Field.

But, gentlemen, we are told that Mr. Justice Field is the friend of the railroad; that means, I suppose, that he is the partial Judge. It may mean more—that he is the corrupt Judge. I propose to review his record upon this question. There are but two cases with reference to the Central Pacific Railroad that have come before his Court to my knowledge. One was the case of Huntington against the Central Pacific Railroad and his associate directors, in which he sought to enjoin the railroad company from paying its taxes to the State of California, upon the ground that the Constitution of the State discriminated

against corporations, and was in violation of that provision of the Federal Constitution which declares that no State shall deny to any one the equal protection of the laws, and that no State shall pass any law depriving any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law. Mr. Justice Field dismissed that bill upon the ground of want of jurisdiction, deciding that a stockholder of a corporation could not, by this device, sue as a non-resident and give the Circuit Court jurisdiction of the case. If Mr. Justice Field had been the partial friend of the railroad, of Mr. Huntington, Mr. Standford, and Mr. Crocker; had he been the corrupt Judge, would he have dismissed that bill, which was in the interest of the railroad?

Next come the cases of San Mateo and Santa Clara counties, and other counties of the State against the railroad company—suits for taxes. The railroad company had the cases removed to the United States Circuit Court upon the ground that they involved the consideration and construction of the Federal Constitution. That is ground for removal to the Circuit Court. Mr. Justice Field could not deny the petition. Now, when he came to the consideration of the question, which was a pure question of law, was Mr. Justice Field to consider whether or not the Central Pacific had been granted subsidies and lands? Was he to consider the many crimes and offenses which are charged against it? If a murderer brings suit on a promissory note, is the Court compelled to take notice of the fact that the man is a murderer and render judgment against him, though the cause of action be just? Is the Court to take consideration of all the crimes, delinquencies, and deficiencies of those who have either brought actions or are defendants to actions? If so, the administration of the law would be confusion worse confounded.

The simple question presented to Justice Field was the legal and Constitutional question as to whether the Constitution of the State of California violated the Federal Constitution—the higher law, the supreme law of the land, to which he had sworn allegiance—and he was as prompt to vindicate that Constitution as he had been in his other decisions in behalf of the poor, the oppressed, the conquered. It made no difference to him whether the party was rich or poor. He looked only to the legal question. The Constitution of the State declared that mortgages should be considered an interest in the property; that the mortgage should be assessed to the owner of the mortgage, and that the balance of value, or difference between the value of the property and the mortgage, should be assessed to the owner of the property. Thus it will be seen that the Constitution regarded the mortgage as a grant of the land to the mortgagee, and charged him with the tax on the mortgage, and assessed to the owner of the property only the balance of the value. That mode of assessment was what the people of California had struggled for for years. The State courts had decided against the taxation of mortgages in previous years, and one of the very reasons of the adoption of the New Constitution was that it provided for the assessment and taxation of mortgages, and thus relieved owners of mortgaged property of that proportion of the tax which ought, in justice and fairness, be charged to the owners of the mortgages. But the New Constitution, while it gave that right and exemption to individuals, made an exception as to railroad corporations, and denied them the right to deduct the mortgages in their assessment. It was claimed that such exception violated the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, in that it denied to corporations the equal protection of the laws.

The answer was made that the corporations could not come within the protection of the Fourteenth Amendment—that it was only intended to be applied to negroes. Why only to the negroes? Is the negro entitled to higher protection than the white man? Suppose a law should be passed by any State discriminating in the matter of taxation between whites and blacks, Americans and Irishmen, or Germans and Frenchmen, or making any discrimination based on race or color or condition, would not the party discriminated against come within the protection of the Federal Constitution, which declares that no State shall deny to any person the equal protection of the laws? And is not a corporation simply an aggregation of persons acting in an artificial name, whose property is entitled to just as much protection and no more than others? That was the proposition that was submitted—namely, the validity of the exception which denied to corporations the privilege granted to all other persons, of deducting their mortgages in the assessment of their property—and Mr. Justice Field declared that the exception was discriminating and denied to the railroad company the equal protection of the law—and thus violated the Federal Constitution; and the man who stood up for equality of right when applied to the poor and lowly, stood up for equality of right when applied to the corporation, though it may have been chargeable with many offenses and delinquencies, and struck null the exception. That was purely a legal question.

Judge Field announced in his decision that there was no disposition upon the part of the Court to enable any one to escape just taxation, and he pointed out a proper, Constitutional, and legal mode of assessing railroad property, which was to assess the mortgage to the trustees of the bondholders and the balance of value to the railroad. If the railroad paid the tax upon the mortgage, it would be deducted from the interest or the principal due to the bondholders. It was manifest that such a decision would yield to the State a very much larger tax than has hitherto been collected. This decision arose from no endeavor on the part of Justice Field to prevent the State from collecting its taxes. It was only a simple question as to who should pay the taxes—whether the mortgagees and bondholders or the railroad—and he decided that the former should be assessed for their proportion and the railroad company for its proportion. [Cries of "Time," "Time."]

Mr. Delmas asked that further time be granted, which was done, and Mr. Newlands continued:

Mr. Senator Reddy suggested that the doctrine which I have been commending is new Democratic doctrine, that it is not suited to the Democratic stomach. I will ask this Convention whether equality of right and equality of burden is not Democratic doctrine? I ask this Convention whether it is not Democratic doctrine that no person shall be denied the equal protection of the law? I ask whether it was not Democratic doctrine that bold, palpable fraud could not deprive Samuel J. Tilden of the office to which he was elected? I ask whether it is not Democratic doctrine that American citizens not in the military service and residing in States not in a condition of rebellion, shall not be tried by military commissions, but are entitled to trial by a jury of their countrymen. I ask whether it is not Democratic doctrine that priests shall have the right to pursue their sacred calling, and lawyers to practice their profession, and all persons to pursue their lawful vocations, without let or hinderance by reason of the exaction of proscriptive test oaths. I ask whether it is not Democratic doctrine that the States are indestructible and can not be turned into military dependencies? I ask whether it is not Democratic doctrine that Chinese immigration shall cease? I ask whether it is not Democratic doctrine that corporations should be taxed just as individuals are? If you can find anything that is not Democratic in the record of Mr. Justice Field, I should like to see it pointed out. I claim that his decisions are a Democratic platform in themselves, upon which a party could go to victory; and in this connection I use the term not in the partisan sense, but as the exponent of those fixed principles which Jefferson enunciated, and which have ever since guided and controlled his followers in the consideration of constitutional and public questions. Now, gentlemen, I have reviewed a few of Justice Field's decisions. Had he been ambitious of office, had he been a demagogue, had he been desirous of prostituting his high functions to the desire of elevation to the Presidency, he would have decided the queue cases against the Chinese, and the railroad cases in favor of the people. And had he done so, he would have violated his conscience and stained his brilliant record. It can not be expected of me, as a lawyer, to enter into any extended legal argument here in reference to these questions. I think the decisions of Mr. Justice Field were right; but is this Convention to be a court of appeals in which everything decided in courts of justice must come? Shall those who are beaten in the courts appeal to this august tribunal for the reversal of the judgment? I say that in those very cases Messrs. Wallace and Greathouse, the latter gentleman the able and brilliant conductor of the *Examiner*, the former the Chief Justice of the State, one of our most trusted officials, in a suit brought by the State against the South Pacific Coast Railroad, of which they were attorneys, made the very defense which the Central Pacific Railroad did, and prayed the court to render the very judgment it did render. They were officers of the court; upon their responsibility as attorneys they asked and prayed the court in the pleadings to render the judgment which was rendered. Here, then, I call on them to declare that the judgment represents a correct determination of the law, and to protect Mr. Justice Field from undeserved calumny. I am not here as the advocate of the railroad. Judge Field was no advocate of the railroad. I am not here to consider its alleged crimes or delinquencies. Judge Field was not sitting there in judgment upon its alleged crimes and delinquencies—he was there to sit in judgment upon a single question of constitutional construction. Now, then, the Governor, when he issued his call for the extra session, adopted the plan which had been suggested by Justice Field in his decision, just as Senator Miller adopted the plan of the Restriction Act, as suggested by the letter of Justice Field, and I will read to you from the sixth provision of the call to demonstrate this. Governor Stoneman calls upon the Legislature "to propose and submit to the people of the State of California an amendment to the Constitution of the State, to the end that all property belonging to corporations may and shall be assessed by the State Board of Equalization in the same manner as properly belonging to private individuals is now assessed by local assessors, and that mortgages and deeds of trust, contracts, or other obligations by which a debt is secured, covering the property of railroad corporations, shall, for the purpose of assessment and taxation, be deemed and treated as an interest in the property affected thereby." In that call the very plan which Justice Field suggested was submitted to the Legislature with a view to legislation, and Judge Wallace, carrying out that idea, introduced a bill which provided for the assessment of the mortgages of railroads to the bondholders or trustees, and the balance of the value of the railroad to the railroad company, and this bill was made the test in that Assembly of devotion to anti-monopoly principles, and the men who voted against it were denounced as corrupt. If, then, that bill did embody the views of Justice Field, and presents a correct and proper method of assessment and taxation; if that bill was beaten by the railroad, as is charged; if those who voted against it are properly chargeable with corruption in office, I ask you whether Justice Field, in that decision, was the friend of the railroad? Remember, gentlemen, that this question was still in the courts. It was on appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. Some of the counsel for the State insisted that the decision of the Circuit Court would be reversed, and yet the Governor, whose action you have approved, recommended the method suggested by Mr. Justice Field; and the members of the legislature, whose action you have endorsed as honest and uncorrupted, adopted that method, incorporated it in a bill, and made it, as I have already stated, the test of devotion to anti-monopoly principles; and you, in your platform adopted to-day, have asserted the principles contended for by Justice Field, in the declaration that the railroad companies shall be taxed as individuals are taxed; so that, according to your anti-monopoly platform, Justice Field is an anti-monopolist instead of a friend of the railroad company.

The fact is, gentlemen, Mr. Justice Field, in his official capacity, is the friend of no one, the enemy of no one; but the upright, impartial judge—a judge who braves the present and looks to the future for vindication. It causes me no little mortification that the career of so distinguished a man should need vindication at my hands. I appeal to no man to support Mr. Justice Field simply because his decision in this or that case was right. His claims to the Presidency do not rest upon his decisions in individual cases. They rest upon his distinguished career as a legislator, jurist, constitutional expounder, and statesman, and upon his brilliant public services. But when it is sought to assail him with reproach and calumny because of decisions which have run counter to popular feeling, it is the right and privilege of every friend not only to vindicate the decisions called in question, but to recall to minds clouded with prejudice his entire judicial history, replete with splendid efforts and crowned with successful struggles in behalf of constitutional law and individual rights.

Gentlemen, if you wish to strike down the man whose handiwork is impressed upon the legislation of this State, in homestead acts, in exemption laws, in laws providing for the proceedings in courts—in almost all the beneficial legislation of the State—strike down Stephen J. Field. If you wish to strike down the greatest expounder of the Constitution since the time of Marshall, strike down Stephen J. Field. If you wish to strike down a man who is in sympathy with you on the Chinese question, who has done more than any man in this State to cure the evil, strike down Stephen J. Field. If you wish to strike down the man who, in his decision in the railroad tax question, has submitted a plan approved by your Governor and by you, and adopted by the Legislature, or by a majority of that Legislature—a plan which, it is admitted, will yield the State a larger tax than ever before—strike down Stephen J. Field. Strike, and repent!

Gentlemen, I ask you this: How many Democrats can you afford to strike down? I was on the Democratic State Central Committee four years ago, and I stood shoulder to shoulder with Mr. English in the administration of the affairs of that committee.

We had a hard fight. We won only by four or five hundred votes. At the last election you won by twenty thousand votes. How did you win? You had the railroad in your favor. You had all the people who were opposed to the Sunday Law in your favor. These two elements, united with other strength, gave you that overwhelming victory. You have eliminated the railroad. That is all right. [A voice—"Yes, we have; like the devil."] The Sunday Law has been repealed. Those who love their whisky, their beer, and their wine will go back to their former affiliations. The railroad and whisky have been eliminated from your support, and I ask how many Democrats you can afford to outlaw and to declare perverts, with a view to obtaining converts from the opposite party?

Here the Chairman called time on the speaker.

I am admonished that my time has expired. I will only add that this resolution repudiating the honorable aspirations of a great and eminent man is a gratuitous insult, and as such I denounce it.

---

"It was my destiny once to engage the deceased Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, in a long conversation (writes a London correspondent). In the fall of 1879 Prince Leopold, accompanied by his former tutor, Canon Buckworth, visited the office of one of the largest of the London morning newspapers, on the staff of which I was at that time employed. I was deputed by the proprietors to show the prince over the building, a task which occupied about three hours; for the prince not only desired to see everything that was to be seen there, but to have it explained to him in detail. The poor old canon became quite wearied of the inspection, and once or twice hinted at the propriety of quitting, until the prince told him plainly he was not disposed to hurry. When passing through the composing-room, the prince dumfounded one of the compositors by asking him for the loan of his composing-stick. Of course, the prince's request was at once complied with, when his Royal Highness proceeded to still further astonish the typos by setting two or three lines from a page of manuscript which lay on the case. It was evident that the prince was perfectly acquainted with the arrangement of the cases, and could compose type with ease. Court etiquette requiring that no one who has not been officially introduced shall put any question to any royal personage, I was precluded asking for the explanation I so ardently desired to have. Noticing, I suppose, my puzzled expression, the prince proceeded to enlighten me. He had learned practical printing, he said, when a young boy, at his uncle's in Germany, and had spent five weeks at the task. There is no historic custom in the royal family of England, as there is in that of Germany, requiring every prince to go through the farce of pretending to learn a trade, hence Prince Leopold's knowledge of printing must have been voluntarily acquired. That the late Duke of Albany was an accomplished linguist and musician was generally known, but I think it has been reserved for me to publish, for the first time, that to his other acquirements must be added the art of compositor."

---

We have struck a new scheme. On the green shade we wear over our eyes when reading proof or grinding out copy we have printed: "I am busy." When a man that we don't care to talk to comes in, we stoop still lower over the desk, so that he can see it and take the hint; but when the other kind of a man—a good, jovial fellow—comes in, we push the shade up over our bald spot, where he can't read the legend, smile benignantly at him, and open the conversation by asking him for a cigar.—*Louisville Argus.*

---

Two Rockland citizens were toddling up street the other day, and the close and earnest manner in which they were seen to be in conversation clearly betokened that they were exchanging their experiences with dyspepsia. "And did you ever try the hot water cure?" asked the thin man, as they paused at the melancholy man's gate. "Did I?" repeated the melancholy man, in a tone of sarcasm; "well, I should say I did; I—why, I've been married fourteen years."—*Rockland Courier.*

---

A crowded horse-car. Enter Mrs. Mulcahey with a jug. Mr. Mahoney, who is seated (facetiously)—"Wud I hould the whisky for yez, Misthress Mulcahey?" Mrs. M. (with withering sarcasm)—"Thank yez kindly, sor; but yez have all ye can hould now, I'm thinking."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

## STORY WRITING.

### Some Remarks by an Editor on Short Stories.

There is one man in this world who gets a great deal of abuse and no praise. He is the unfortunate wretch who is condemned to read the manuscript that is sent in to a popular newspaper or magazine. From five to twenty manuscripts a day are submitted to him. These are written with poor lead pencils, bad pens, bad ink, with now and then a blessed effort by a type-writer. The handwriting may be put down as various, with a preponderance of the utterly vile. The paper is crumpled and folded in all sorts of shapes. Sometimes it is not paged, and sometimes it has writing on both sides. I think a reader is justified in returning, unread, anything that is written on both sides of the paper. If, in this enlightened age, a man or a woman doesn't know enough to write to the press on one side of the paper, it is not likely that the writer knows enough to enlighten his or her fellow-creatures on any other subject. These difficulties, however, are merely mechanical. The tough part of the reader's business is the matter that the greater part of the manuscripts contain. The inane drivel that comprises much of it gradually softens the mind of the reader so that he has to be set at something else; otherwise he becomes a hopeless wreck. "A tanner will last you nine year," said Hamlet's grave-digger. The tanner wouldn't if he were set at reading manuscript.

A young hand at the business generally feels it a great privilege to be allowed to run the chances of finding a struggling Dickens or a budding George Eliot. He is perhaps so indiscreet as to fall a victim to the letter of the contributor, who asks his advice, or wants him to kindly point out where the defect or defects are in the manuscript submitted. Here is a verbatim copy of a letter I once received, after I fell into a similar trap:

SIR—Of course, I confess that I am not without faults. What writer is? But the reasons you gave for rejecting my story, "The Monk's Revenge," are so puerile that it shows me at once the depth of your ignorance. I feel it an honor to have my story rejected by you. If I had known that a paper kept such an idiot to decide on the merits of stories, I certainly would not have wasted postage stamps in sending it.

This brings us back to an old piece of advice, "Never give your reasons."

I have seldom found a writer—a young writer especially—who would take criticism with a good grace. They ask for it meekly enough, but their letters should really be after the style of the one Cumberland sent to Reynolds, the painter, which was as follows:

MY DEAR SIR JOSHUA: A pert, pragmatical puppy here says that my Gainsborough is a copy. I'll break any man's bones who says my Gainsborough is a copy. Pray come and give me your opinion.

I am moved at this safe distance to give a few suggestions to story writers. They can't break my bones about it anyhow. So let us reason together. Here are some axioms to start on: First, almost everybody likes a good short story. Second, every newspaper and magazine that desires popularity is on the lookout for good short stories. Third, a reader of MSS., therefore, must welcome every writer who sends a good story. Consequently the reader is just as anxious to accept a good story as the writer is to have it accepted. They are friends, not enemies. If a story is rejected, the fault is either with the reader or the writer. Instead of sending a saucy letter to the reader, the writer should submit his case to a jury. This is always the privilege of an American or Englishman. In this case, my young friend—to speak personally to you—you have things all your own way. You may select the jury. Take twelve of the papers you like best and send the manuscript to the twelve, one after another. If all twelve reject it, the verdict is in favor of the reader; if one accepts it, the verdict is on your side. Then you can have the sweetest sort of revenge. You can send a marked paper to me, and you can send one to the editor-in-chief, and may write to him, saying:

You see what a driveling idiot your reader is. I sent this to him and he rejected it. This paper snapped it up and asked for more.

As no two men are alike, so no two readers have quite the same notions about manuscripts. If the story is fairly good, it may be rejected by half a dozen readers and accepted by the seventh. If it is uniformly rejected, the writer should pause in his mad career and ask himself whether he is justified in inflicting any further manuscripts on the unfortunate readers of the public press.

It seems to me that America suffers at present from a great scarcity of writers of short stories.

The publisher of *Swinton's Story-Teller* offered five hundred dollars for a good short story, and Professor Swinton says very few of the hundreds received were worth the paper they were written on. There is no doubt but the estimate is pretty correct, for the person who selected stories for that weekly chose very good ones. The Chicago *Current* recently offered prizes for short stories. Here is the one that took the first prize: A Chicago newspaper man on a small salary thought the prize would enable him to buy a set of furniture, if he got it. He resolved to write a story, but one thing after another prevented, as generally happens with newspaper men, and when he got ready to write the story his wife told him the time had expired when the stories were to be in. That was all. Think of a boneless yarn like that being the best the great West can do in story-telling! What rot the others must have been!

Now, my young friend, the chances are a thousand to one that Providence never intended you to write a story. But taking it for granted that you are one in a thousand, don't, for heaven's sake, dash it off. Of all the people I despise, I hate the one who dashes off things worst. A valuable thing to have at the end of your story is a surprise. If you can succeed in surprising the blasé reader for a paper your story is sure to get into print; however, don't expect to surprise him by the utter badness of your story; you will have too many competitors in that direction.

It is impossible to give a recipe for the manufacture of a good story. The chief ingredients are handsome girls and young men of various grades of intelligence. As in the making of a cake, the way you mix them up has a good deal to do with the success of the story. About the best thing a writer can do is to study the stories that have been successful. The best short story that was ever written in America or anywhere else, is probably T. B. Aldrich's "Margery Daw." A splendid story of an altogether different stamp, is "The Man Without a Country," by E. E. Hale. Frank Stockton is very good at a short story. "The Lady and the Tiger" is an example of what he can do in that line. Mrs. Margaret Eytinge writes about as brisk and breezy a short story as any lady writer anywhere. Charles Reade was good at short stories, and so is Wilkie Collins. Some of James Payn's short stories are models.

It is a very good thing for the person who sets out to tell a story to have a story to tell.

Every newspaper or magazine is just yearning for some sprightly young writer, who can tell a good story. As I said before, give some thought to the matter—don't dash it off. Place your incidents in the best possible manner, and don't let the interest drag if you can help it. Don't lose too much time describing gorgeous sunsets or beautiful scenery; get down to your work, and when you get through—stop. It is useless to try the effect of the story upon your acquaintances. Those who like you will consider the story the best ever written; those who don't will tell their friends what nonsense it is, but all will tell *you* that it is first-rate. There is too little brutal candor in this world. Finally, my brothers, if you write a real good story and it is rejected, the loss is the paper's, not yours, for some other sheet will snap it up quickly enough.—*Detroit Free Press.*


**Cedar Suits.**

The California Furniture Company, at their warerooms, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street, are selling these beautiful, new-style cedar suits for ten and twenty per cent. below their former prices.

**Fredericksburg Lager Beer**

Is the finest in the world. Send your orders, for kegs or bottles, to 539 California Street.

**Root Beer.**

A strictly non-alcoholic family beverage, at once delicious to the taste and beneficial to the system. The youngest child or the feeblest invalid can drink it with advantage. Put up in pint and quart champagne bottles, with patent stoppers, at seventy cents and one dollar and ten cents per dozen. All orders promptly filled. H. L. St. John & Co., 14 Hayes Street.

**French Flowers and Feathers.**

Ladies, call at the Wonder Flower and Feather Store, 1024 Market Street, and inspect the new French Flowers and Feathers. One of the largest and choicest stocks in the city to choose from.

**Carpet Renovating.**

Parties desiring to have their carpets renovated should send their orders to J. SPAULDING & CO.'s Pioneer Beating and Renovating Works, 353 and 355 Tehama Street, as they have the only French receipt for cleaning and restoring the color of carpets. Telephone call 3,040.

**Yosemite and Giant Trees,**

Via positively the shortest, cheapest, and best scenic route, in new unexcelled six-horse coaches. For tickets and full information, THOMAS T. WALTON, 138 Montgomery Street.

**New Monarch Oil Stove.**

Call and see it. It is the neatest yet. Send for circular. Myers, 869 Market Street.

—NEW DEPARTURE.—DINNERS 11 A. M. TO 8 P. M. Hot muffins, etc. Manning's Oyster Grotto, 428 Pine Street.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

MR. LOUIS LISSER, 320 GEARY STREET, WILL resume giving instruction on July 7th.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— CELERY, BEEF, AND IRON IS NOURISHING and sustaining.

— IN NO OTHER BLOOD MEDICINE HAVE THE results of scientific inquiry been so steadily utilized as in Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

— A WELL-KNOWN PREACHER MAKES THE recommendation of Ayer's Pills a matter of religious duty. When people are bilious and dyspeptic, what they need is the Gospel of Health. In such cases, the best creed to swallow consists of the thirty sugar-coated articles in a pill-box.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

**FOR SALE AT THE ARGONAUT OFFICE,**

A NEW UPRIGHT

**CHICKERING PIANO.**

**Price, $350. Cost, $550.**

This instrument is sold for account of a lady in reduced circumstances. Persons desiring to purchase can examine it at any time during business hours.

**THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!**

**The Light-running**

**"HOUSEHOLD"**

**SEWING MACHINE.**



Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to **three months' trial.**

**Samuel Hill Estate**

CITY SALES ROOMS,
**634 Market St.**
Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

**OPENING OF**

**SPRING AND SUMMER HATS**

**THIS WEEK BY**

**C. HERRMANN & CO.**

**(HERRMANN THE HATTER),**

**At 332---336 Kearny Street, between Bush and Pine Streets.**

The largest Hat Store and the largest stock on the Pacific Coast. An immense line of novelties. Send for Illustrated Catalogue for 1884, just out.

FALK'S
Bilsener
BEER

**ESTABLISHED 1855.**

**CARRIAGES.**

**O. F. WILLEY & CO.**

NEVADA BLOCK,

**No. 317 MONTGOMERY STREET, - - - - - - SAN FRANCISCO,**

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

**CARRIAGES, LIGHT ROAD WAGONS, CARTS, SULKIES,**

Our stock of which is now, as it has heretofore been, unsurpassed in elegance and solidity. Recent importations have greatly enlarged our supply of vehicles of all kinds from the following celebrated Eastern establishments, of which we are the agents, viz.:

**Brewster & Co.,** (of Broome Street) New York,
**C. S. Caffrey & Co.,** Camden, N. J.,
**Henry Hooker & Co.,** New Haven, Conn.,
**H. Killam & Co.,** New Haven, Conn.,
**W. S. Frazier & Co.,** Chicago Road Carts.

We have also an assortment of Buggies and Phaetons, with full leather tops, which we sell at prices ranging from **$85** to **$125.** Constantly on hand a full supply of

**HARNESS,**

From the famous manufactories of Wood Gibson, New York, and Tompkins & Mandeville, together with a complete assortment of Concord and other Harness. **Fine Silk Plush Robes, Lap Robes of all kinds, Horse Blankets, Whips in variety, Wheel Jacks, Wood Stable Forks, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs,** etc., etc. The Agency Goods above enumerated will be sold at Eastern prices with freight added. We have always in stock, and are prepared to manufacture to order, Mountain and other Wagons. In returning thanks for past patronage and favors, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

SPRECKELS'

**APTOS HOTEL,**

**Santa Cruz County.**

This delightful summer resort, unexcelled for its beach and picturesque situation, is now open.

**ROEMER BROS.,**
Of the Vienna Model Bakery, San Francisco.

**HIGHLAND SPRINGS,**

**LAKE COUNTY, CAL.**

**"The Switzerland of America."**

**OPEN ALL THE YEAR.**

**Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.**

**Daily communication via Cloverdale.**

**DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.**

**ÆTNA**

**HOT MINERAL SPRINGS.**

To the highly curative properties of these waters and the charms of the place is added an elegant and capacious Swimming Bath.

These waters purify the blood, and refresh, renew, and restore the whole system. They cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Chronic Diarrhœa, Paralysis, and Pulmonary Complaints in the early stages. These waters are a specific in cases of Malaria, Chill and Ague Fever. They afford magical relief in cases of Nervousness, Sleeplessness, and General Debility.

Visitors leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. for St. Helena, thence by daily stage (Sundays excepted), arriving at the Ætnas at 5 P. M. For pamphlet, containing analysis and cures, address WM. BURNELL, Sup't, or WM. H. LIDELL, Proprietor, Lidell P. O., Napa Co., Cal.

**DOOR PLATES**

**AND HOUSE NUMBERS,**

**New and Elegant Styles at Greatly Reduced Rates.**

Every description of Tableware repaired and replated at **San Francisco Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating Works, 653 and 655 Mission St.,** San Francisco, between New Montgomery and Third.

**E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.**

**GOODYEAR'S**

**Extra A1 Superior**

**RUBBER HOSE,**

**BELTING AND PACKING.**

We make to order, at few hours' notice, in our RUBBER FACTORY, Hard & Soft Valves, Gaskets, Car Springs, etc.

Goodyear Rubber Co.

R. H. PEASE, Jr., S. M. RUNYON, AGENTS.
**577 and 579 Market St., S. F.**

**WINDOW SHADE FACTORY.**

**H. E. BULLIVANT & CO.,**
FACTORY AND SALESROOM,
**753 Mission St., bet. 3d & 4th.**
Decorating and Lettering a specialty for stores, offices, residences, etc.

**SHORT-HAND & TYPE WRITING**

Taught privately or by mail. Situations procured for pupils when competent. Call or write to F. LUSK, Heald's Business College.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

**ARCHITECTS**

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

## THE INNER MAN.

The Romans were epicures, not to say gluttons, says a London paper; but if a famous *chef* of their days could return to life, we doubt if his skill would be appreciated by modern taste. Porpoises, dog-fish, and star-fish do not sound like appetizing food, although they figured at the banquets of Apicius, who is said "to have poured a fortune into his stomach." Pliny describes a kind of edible snail much esteemed in his day, and still enjoyed in some countries, but his commendation does not raise a desire to taste the delicacy. Cookery was studied in the Middle Ages, but we doubt if the modern epicure would care to return to those days of the art. Some toothsome recipes have come down to us; one of the City companies is said to possess an ancient and very excellent recipe for a game pie; but the profuse use of strong flavorings, saffron, ambergris, and the like, must have spoiled mediæval dishes for eaters who possessed delicate palates. Kings have dabbled in cookery; the Regent Orleans was a proficient in the art. When the pretender Lambert Simnel was defeated and taken prisoner by Henry VII., he was thankful to accept the position of scullion in the royal kitchen. It is not recorded if he ever rose to the rank of master cook, or if he contributed to a cookery book published in 1498, eleven years after he had entered Henry's service. The earliest English cookery book is said to be "The Forme of Cury," dated 1390. Mediæval cooks were great in the construction of "subtleties"—fanciful and allegorical devices of jelly or pastry, quaint to look at, but probably very nasty to taste. An elaborate description has come to us of a practical joke contrived at one banquet, in which two pies were filled—one with live birds, the other with live frogs. One of the guests, who was in the secret, first cut the crust which imprisoned the birds, that dashed about the room, extinguishing some of the lights. This was the time for letting loose the frogs, that hopped away among the ladies, and caused much screaming. The repast ended by a mock battle among the guests, some of whom attacked and others defended a hugh fortress of pastry, the weapons being egg-shells filled with perfumed water. The culinary profession can boast of at least one martyr, Vatel, the famous *chef* of the Prince de Condé, who committed suicide because there was not sufficient fish at one of the banquets he prepared. Many celebrated cooks claim to have sacrificed, if not their lives, at least their health, to the researches of their art. Some black sheep have been numbered among their members at all times. Public opinion accuses the profession of a tendency to three failings—a love of stronger beverages than water, a fancy for perquisites in various forms, and an irascibility of temper. That there are countless honorable exceptions to all these weaknesses can not be denied, but these are looked upon as the peculiar temptations of a cook, and it is curious to see how ancient are the examples of them. Classic orders allude to the pilfering propensities of cooks. The "Household Books" of our ancestors—of Henry VIII., of the Earl of Northumberland, of the celebrated "Bess of Hardwick"—contain strict regulations for the management of the kitchen expenses, "superfluetie and waste of anything" being specially forbidden. King Henry is very minute in his directions regarding the conduct of the "cooks and scullions." There is to be "no romping with the maids on the stair-case, by which the dishes and other things are often broken . . . scullions are not to lie all night before the kitchen fire." History has preserved the account of the famous French cook who required fifty hams to "garnish his dishes," and, when remonstrated with by his master, declared that he could concentrate them all into a bottle the size of his thumb. Pepys has recorded his troubles with a "roguering cook-maid," whom he caught in the act of selling broken food quite in a modern fashion. Ballad lore has a terrible story of a wicked cook who murdered a fair young lady at the instigation of her stepmother, and served up the victim in a pie; but in this case the credit of the kitchen is saved by the behavior of a virtuous scullion, who, when the father inquired after the missing girl, calls out:

"In a voice both loud and high,
'Oh, if you would your daughter see,
My lord, cut up that pie.'"

The whole story then comes out, and the ballad concluded with the execution of the cook and the stepmother, and the reward of the scullion. It is said that the statute of 1531, which enacted the horrible punishment of boiling to death for the crime of poisoning, was passed in consequence of the Bishop of Rochester's cook having poisoned seventeen persons at a banquet. Cooks, of all people, have the best opportunities for thus freeing themselves of their foes. It is hardly fair to dwell so long on the dark side of the profession when we consider the debt mankind owes to cooks. What benefactors to their species are the inventors of the countless savory and wholesome dishes with which generations of *chefs* have enriched our bills of fare! Imagine society deprived of the services of these valuable artists, and reduced to the sun-cooked horse-flesh of the Tartars or the raw blubber of the Esquimaux. Is it not an acknowledged fact that the best time to ask a favor of any one is after he has partaken of a well-dressed dinner?—and is not some credit due to the cook who devotes himself to thus soothing the tempers of humanity? An Italian nobleman is said to have invented a spit which turned a musical box as well as the meat, and indicated the progress of the roasting by the tunes; a fowl being cooked by the twelfth air, a leg of mutton by the eighteenth, and so on. Presumably the music was designed to soothe the "troubled breast" of the cook as well as to guide him in his work. Some of our modern æsthetes might like to introduce a similar contrivance in their kitchens.

We have received from M. Gray, 206 Post Street, "Our Bold Jim Blaine," a song written by Sam Booth and L. Von der Mehden, price, thirty cents. From the same publisher, "The Sweetest Yet," a schottische, composed by J. P. Meder, price thirty-five cents. From Sherman, Clay & Co., 139 Kearny Street, "Pretty Blue-eyed Jennie," by Arnold Kiralfy and A. Hampton, price forty cents; and from A. Waldteufel, "Jim Blaine's Triumphal March Song," by Albert Kercheval and the author of "Songs of the Sunset Land."


The Strongest and Best!




The Strongest and Best!

Recommended by the leading Physicians and Chemists of the Pacific Coast.

FOR SALE BY

C. J. HAWLEY & CO.

Nos. 215 and 217 Sutter St.

A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

Apollinaris
THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS.

*"Use nothing but Natural Mineral Waters, such as APOLLINARIS, free from all vegetable poisons."*

Boston Journal.

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.

*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.

No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE. No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

ASA HARKER & CO

Importers and Wholesale Grocers,

108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over 3,300 illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy Free to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

825 & 827 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

EDUCATIONAL.

TO SCHOOL TEACHERS.

THE NAPA LADIES' SEMINARY

Will be Sold at Administrator's Sale,

In the most desirable portion of the beautiful city of Napa, one entire block of land, with large and commodious School Building thereon, all necessary outhouses, including barn and beautifully laid out gardens. Room for 120 Day Schoiars and 50 Boarders. The furniture consists of bedsteads, beds, and bedding, tables, household and kitchen furniture, pianos, desks, chairs, and school apparatus; in fact, everything necessary for the accommodation and conducting a first-class school. The whole will be sold together. This is an opportunity seldom met with to continue this flourishing institution. For full information apply to ALBERT E. CRANE,
410 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

CITY COLLEGE,

119 HAIGHT STREET.

The next term of this old and well-known institution will open on MONDAY, July 7, 1884. Thorough instruction in English, Classical and Modern Languages. A Kindergarten for Young Children. Address
REV. JAMES MATTHEWS, Principal.

ST. MARY'S HALL,

BENICIA, CAL.

The next term of St. Mary's Hall, with Graduating Course and Departments of Music, Languages and Art, will begin THURSDAY, August 7th. Address
REV. L. D. MANSFIELD, Rector.

MISS BISBEE'S SCHOOL

FOR YOUNG LADIES

1020 Oak Street, Oakland, Cal., will re-open Wednesday, July 30, 1884.

IRVING INSTITUTE.

A Boarding and Day Schooi for Young Ladies, 1036 Valencia Street. The next session will begin July 28th.
REV. EDW. B. CHURCH, A. M., Principal.

HARMON SEMINARY,

BERKELEY, CAL.

A first-class Boarding School for Young Ladies. Next term will open July 31st. For catalogue, with full description, terms, etc., address MISSES HARMON, Berkeley, Cal.; or E. J. WICKSON, 414 Clay Street, San Francisco.

HOPKINS ACADEMY

OAKLAND, CAL.

REV. H. E. JEWETT, PRINCIPAL.

The next School Year begins TUESDAY, JULY 29, 1884. Send for catalogue.

MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. A. K. CLAPPE'S

SELECT SCHOOL

FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,

At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N. Y. Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalogue.

TRINITY SCHOOL.

A Boarding and Day School for Young Men and Boys. Numbers limited. Prepares for College and University. Christmas term opens Thursday, July 31, 1884. Refers to Wm. F. Babcock, Esq., Col. E. E. Eyre, Joseph Powning, Esq., Wm. T. Coleman, Esq., Geo. W. Gibbs, Esq. For information, address Rev. E. B. SPALDING, Rector, 1534 Mission Street, San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA

MILITARY ACADEMY

OAKLAND, CAL.

A first-class Boarding-school for Boys. Thorough and practical instruction in all departments. First-class board. Special attention given to the care and comfort of cadets. Term begins MONDAY, July 21st. For circulars, address COL. W. H. O'BRIEN, Principal.

MRS. ADA CLARK'S

DANCING ACADEMY,

211 SUTTER STREET, ABOVE KEARNY. Hall to let for Balls, Clubs etc.

FINE

Suits, $25. TAILORING Suits, $30.

Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.

Suits, $40. TAILORING Suits, $50.

Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.

Suits, $60. TAILORING Suits, $70.

J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.

$130,000

Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, 1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal. Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers.
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS

And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,

415 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco

MARBLE WORKS.

MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.
W. H. McCORMICK,
827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for

TAMAR CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion, etc.

Prepared by

INDIEN E. GRILLON, Chemist of the Paris Faculty,

SOLE PROPRIETOR,

27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.

GRILLON Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

C OF G Marvel of Excellence and Workmanship.

Contain less Paper and FINER Tobacco than any Cigarette made.

Popular as the great

"AFTER-DINNER" CIGARETTE.

*Straight Mesh,*
*CLOTH OF GOLD.*

13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS,
By WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.


DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY. For the half-year ending June 30, 1884, the Board of Directors of the German Savings and Loan Society has declared a dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent. per annum, and payable on and after the first day of July, 1884. By order.
GEO. LETTE, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 523 California Street, corner Webb. For the half-year ending with 30th June, 1884, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after 1st July, 1884.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the office of the Company, Room 2, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the 3d day of June, 1884, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.
JEROME A. HART, Secretary.
Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Dupont Street San Francisco, California.

Postponement till Tuesday, July 1, 1884, same hour and place. JEROME A. HART.

SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the second day of June, 1884, an assessment (No. 20) of Five Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the eighth (8th) day of July, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the twenty-ninth day of July, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.
W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

POTOSI MINING COMPANY.

Location and principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-ninth day of May, 1884, an assessment (No. 25) of twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tusday, the first day of July, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 22d day of July, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cast of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
C. L. McCOY, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*

# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Thursday, April 24, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‡8.00 A.M. | ..Byron and Martinez | ‡6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Deming, El Paso} Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | {and East} Emigrant | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | {Galt and} via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | {Stockton} via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Ione | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Los Angeles and South | 9.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | {Merced, Madera,} | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Fresno, and Tulare} | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Mojave, Needles,} Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | {and East} Emigrant | 7.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | {Ogden and} Express | 7.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 P.M. | {East} Emigrant | 11.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {Red Bluff} via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {and Tehama} via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Redding | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | .. " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 9.10 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | ..Virginia City | 7.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 7.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Oakland Pier; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from The Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

*Sundays excepted. ‡Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.37, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, 10.22, 10.52, 11.22, 11.52, 12.22, 12.52, 1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

*Daily, except Sundays. ‡Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


## ATKINS MASSEY, UNDERTAKER,

At the old established place, **No. 651 Sacramento Street,** first house below Kearny, San Francisco.


NORTHERN DIVISION

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

**BROAD GAUGE.**

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‖11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations..... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey.... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Camp Goodall.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.00 P.M. |
| †7.50 A.M. | ...Monterey and Santa Cruz... (Sunday Excursion..... | †8.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
‡ Theatre train; Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

**Excursion Tickets.**

For Sundays only—Sold Sunday morning; good for return same day.

For Saturday, Sunday, and Monday—Sold Saturday and Sunday only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive, at the following rates:

| Round Trip from San Francisco to | Sun. Tkt. | Sat to Mon. Tkt. | Round Trip from San Francisco to | Sun. Tkt. | Sat to Mon. Tkt. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| San Bruno | $.... | $ 50 | Mount'n View | $1 50 | $2 00 |
| Milbrae | ..... | 65 | Lawrence's | 1 50 | 2 25 |
| Oak Grove | ..... | 90 | Santa Clara | 1 75 | 2 50 |
| San Mateo | 75 | 1 10 | San Jose | 1 75 | 2 50 |
| Belmont | 1 00 | 1 25 | Gilroy | 2 75 | 4 00 |
| Redwood | 1 00 | 1 40 | Aptos | ..... | 5 00 |
| Fair Oaks | 1 25 | 1 50 | Soquel | ..... | 5 00 |
| Menlo Park | 1 25 | 1 60 | Santa Cruz | 3 00 | 5 00 |
| Mayfield | 1 25 | 1 75 | Monterey | 3 00 | 5 00 |

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

## NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

### TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, May 12th, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—7.30, 9.15 A. M., 1.30, 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 1.30, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20 A. M., 2.00, 3.25, 4.50 P. M.
(Sundays)—7.55, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.15, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 3.55, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.30, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.45, 5.00, 7.10 P. M.
Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 7.00 P. M.

**7.30 A. M. and 1.30 P. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAINS for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through trains from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 10.30 A. M. and 6.00 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning arrives in S. F. at 7.40 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**


## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Passenger Trains leave Station, foot of Market Street, south side, at

**8.30 A. M.**, daily; Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wright's, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, SANTA CRUZ, and all Way Stations.

**2.30 P. M.** (except Sunday), Express; Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ.

**4.30 P. M.**, daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and intermediate points.

**$5 Excursions** to SANTA CRUZ, and **$2.50** to SAN JOSE, on SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, to return until MONDAY, inclusive.

**8.00 A. M.**, every Sunday, Excursion to SAN JOSE, BIG TREES, and SANTA CRUZ.

**$3.00** to BIG TREES and SANTA CRUZ.

**$1.75** to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE.

### To Oakland and Alameda.

6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶12.00, 12.30, ¶1.00, 1.30, ¶2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.30, 10.30, 11.45 P. M.

**From Fourteenth and Webster Streets, Oakland**—5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, ¶11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶12.00, 12.30, ¶1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.45 P. M.

**From High Street, Alameda**—5.16, 5.46, 6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 7.46, 8.16, 8.46, 9.16, 9.46, 10.16, ¶10.46, 11.16, ¶11.46 A. M., 12.16, ¶12.46, 1.16, 1.46, 2.16, 2.46, 3.16, 3.46, 4.16, 4.46, 5.16, 5.46, 6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 9.16, 11.31 P. M.

‡ Sundays excepted. ¶ Sundays only.

TICKET, Telegraph, and Transfer Office, 222 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. R. M. GARRATT, G. F. & P. Agt.


## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

### FOR JAPAN AND CHINA

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| Steamer. | Commander. |
|---|---|
| **Oceanic** | **Capt. Metcalfe** |
| **Arabic** | **Capt. Pearne** |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Tokio** ..... **July 1**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Granada** ..... **July 1**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Zealandia** ..... Saturday, July 5, at 12 o'clock M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on March 3d, 11th, 19th, and 27th, and every eighth day thereafter. The first steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

MARIPOSA ..... TUESDAY, July 1st, at 3 P. M.
ALAMEDA ..... TUESDAY, July 15th, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.

# PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.

**Stationers, Booksellers,**

**Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,**

**204 Sansome Street, near Pine.**

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

## COWEN, PORTER & CO.,

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

**118** Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.
Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital** ..... **$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital** ..... **$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD ..... President.
THOMAS BROWN ..... Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR. ..... Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**, Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation** Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company** Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company** Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold)** ..... **$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884** ..... **759,475 13**

PRESIDENT ..... J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT ..... J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY ..... CHARLES R. STORY.

**Contract for Fall and Winter Supply**

....OF....

# COAL

For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. **CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street.** Telephone 308.

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**

## THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO., 36 California Street, San Francisco,**

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross.) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition.) Suction Hose. Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR, MANAGER.

**Corner First and Market Streets,** SAN FRANCISCO.




If I had been dropped suddenly into the Baldwin on Monday evening, without premonitory warning as to what was going on, I should never have suspected that it was a genuine theatrical company playing "Pygmalion and Galatea." I should have taken them to be a group of society amateurs giving a very bad dress-rehearsal of what was going to be a very bad performance.

They must have been dimly conscious themselves that they were acting execrably, for a more uncomfortable group of people it has never been my lot to see. I think if Mr. Joseph Carne had been allowed to play Pygmalion in his trousers it would have conduced greatly to his ease, for a general idea that he was exceedingly leggy seemed to pervade his misery. Legs being a sort of Greek necessity, however, he submitted with bad grace, and covered the rest of himself to the best of his ability with a huge shock of piratical hair and a thick, bulging, complex tunic. To this extraordinary make-up he added the modern British drawing-room *sang froid*. When the statue came to life, he executed the mildest case of surprise that dignity would permit. If Dianas, Venuses, and Clyties were accustomed to hopping off their pedestals in sculptors' studios every day in the week, the miracle could not seem more commonplace. Mr. Carne was only a degree less unhappy as Young Marlow, which he played in two signally handsome costumes and a starchy manner.

He was very neat indeed in his diffidence, but would not relax to be the dashing young blade who rattled it at the club till three o'clock in the morning.

In short, Mr. Carne and all the others belong essentially in the modern drawing-room play. In the pretty Greek travesty they are simply a lot of modern people dressed in the antique style, but with no trace of the antique spirit in them. Everill, who made such a hit as the Doctor in "A Wife's Peril," failed to be even amusing as Chrysos, the vulgar parvenu of Athens. The part has been played in San Francisco with such unction of humor that we are familiar with its every possibility, and in Everill's Chrysos we found them not.

Cynisca gives one a general impression of having come out of a gift-book of fifty years ago. Not in her looks, for her costume was moderately careful, though her coiffure was hybrid, but in her curious, old-fashioned, sing-song declamation. In the absence of any humor on the part of Chrysos, one laughed perforce at Cynisca, which is not at all the author's intention.

The general unfitness of the company to play this classical comedy was illustrated in further miscasting. Could any one who saw Mr. Crossly Beck in "A Wife's Peril" have foreseen that this irascible old gentleman would be next cast for the gallant young soldier, Leucippe, what would have been his amazement.

Mr. Crisp himself, profusely bearded, profusely helmeted, profusely covered up, as seemed to be the general instinct in the Greek cast, stalked through the part in a state of petrified surprise at the ways of theatres. This actor was born to play old-fashioned comedy, and he signaled his return to it next night by playing the part of Old Hardcastle just exactly as it ought to be done. He ante-dates a hundred years very well, but set him back a thousand his palpable modernism rebels. Curiously enough, although every one in the cast has doubtless had far more experience than she, Langtry alone rises from the general mediocrity—if not worse—which surrounds her. Like all the others, she is essentially modern in her style, and is simply a drawing-room queen masquerading in a part for which her classical profile and superb outlines give her a peculiar fitness. But she is a better masquerader than the others. She is a woman with a nice sense of the fitness of things, and a superfine intelligence. Some defect in nature, some lack of art, will prevent her being great in any part. But neither will she ever be small in anything she may choose to undertake. There is something insufficient and unsatisfying in her Galatea, but there is nothing which one would wish left undone.

The daring experiment of playing the part in pink and in the color of life ceases to be daring when the curtain rises on Pygmalion's statue. The marble has not even the ice-cream tint—an abominable fashion which came into sculpture a few years ago and went out as rapidly as it came. The figure seems to be simply bathed in a flush of rosy light, and when life comes to it, it comes with a warm, light blush of color which makes life different from death or stony inanition.

The dress itself is in style the cinctured robe of the Greek girl, and is made of the palest shade of crinkled pink crêpe. The extraneous drapery is not voluminous, but helps to graceful by-play, and is a component part of the innumerable beautiful pictures which Mrs. Langtry becomes as she sinks into any one of those well studied but apparently careless poses. I should not feel that I had been deprived of a serious intellectual treat if I had missed seeing Mrs. Langtry as Galatea, but I should never have known how purely beautiful a piece of human clay can be in its almost pristine simplicity.

Mrs. Langtry is much more gorgeous and resplendent in her modern trappings, even though in them she is much more simple and natural than other beauties.

A part of this is due to the fact that she never wears a wig or false hair in any form. To this may be partly attributed the suggestion of absolute cleanliness which her face gives, if one may be permitted to mention a virtue in polite society which is not usually talked about. And was there ever a cleaner picture than bonny Kate Hardcastle in her housewife's dress, as she charmed the sudden fancy of bashful young Marlow. The old comedy is but rarely played. It is just old enough to be about as old-fashioned as a black horse-hair sofa, and it wears as well as that rejected bit of furniture.

Mrs. Langtry's Kate Hardcastle is a much better piece of acting than her Galatea. In the latter her naïveté is not naïve, and her tenderness is not tender. But Kate is a rogue, as the old song puts it, and Mrs. Langtry's sense of humor is not lacking. Her Kate is neat and spirited, and has a merry laugh and a pleasant way in her mob-cap and apron, and the elegance of a grande dame of the last century in her pink feathers and brocade.

What Mrs. Langtry yet lacks in artistic training is supplied by a peculiar magnetism. The action drops when she is off the stage, and when she returns there are always little bursts of suppressed applause in various parts of the theatre. Whether because her beauty bursts afresh upon them or because they are glad to see her back again, who shall say?

As every eye makes its own beauty, the first question is still debatable. The unbelievers are entitled to their unfaith, but I take the liberty of extending to them my sincerest pity.

As an actress she has certainly agreeably disappointed every one—every one at least who saw her in "A Wife's Peril." Her Galatea we shall remember only as something beautiful to look upon—a sculptor's dream. Her Miss Hardcastle is a nice little cabinet picture to put away. Her Julia, at the present writing, is yet to come. It will doubtless be in the main a failure. Mrs. Langtry will be infinitely charming in the first three acts. But for the gathering of passion in the fourth and fifth, her strength will be insufficient.

Lady Ormond is the part which defines most clearly what she best can do. Her range lies in the modern English and French society drama. Her mimetic talent is not great, but she has every other requirement for these rôles, chief of which is the simple natural elegance which baffles the clever copying power of many a greater actress. Plays will be written for her by and by, and she will become a greater actress than she is, for she is not a woman to let grass grow under her feet.

If fate had not cast her lines more propitiously, what a capital stage manager she would have made. Every detail of the present engagement has been arranged with surprising care. In the studio of Pygmalion, the Greek philosopher who looks so much like an American member of Congress was sculpted so much in the foreground as to hide a complete view of the statue from one portion of the house, but this was the sole flaw in stage arrangement.

"Le roi est mort. Vive le roi!" The luck of Madison Square sets in with "The Rajah" on Monday. Therefore adieu, beautiful Langtry; but make it *au revoir* if you can.

On Monday night, too, Fred Warde and Kate Forsythe are to be stirred out of the syncope of bad melodrama, and betake themselves again to the living legitimate. "Virginius" and "Ingomar," two of the most beautiful of legitimate plays, are announced, with a whisper of "Pygmalion and Galatea" to come after. There is just a spice of challenge in the whisper; but every one is glad to see these two artists redeem themselves. And the "Bunch of Keys" will jingle for the last time on Saturday night. And "The Devil's Auction"—but what he is selling out has not transpired.

BETSY B.

---

An interesting prompter's book of "Richelieu," is one that once belonged to the late Edwin Forrest, and is now owned by a lady in New York. Its margins are boldly and heavily marked in ink by the pen of Mr. Forrest, who has been careful to cut out everything of importance from the parts taken by the other actors. As it stands, it is a pleasing and suggestive illustration of the chief beauties of the star system.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

### Notes.

Next Monday night witnesses the return of Miss Marie Burroughs, who went modestly forth but a short time ago to Eastern conquests, and comes back as leading lady of the most popular company in the country. As Miss Lillie Arrington, daughter of an old-time merchant here, she was greatly admired for her beauty and accomplishments. Her skill at reading was especially remarked among her friends. When Lawrence Barrett was here, she called upon him one day to ascertain his opinion concerning her ability. She was unable to gain audience both on this occasion and several successive ones. But her perseverance finally moved the tragedian's heart, and he consented to the trial. As she opened the book, he said: "Go ahead, little girl; I suppose you're stage-struck, like a great many other pretty little girls; but you'll soon get cured of it." She made no reply, but began to read. At the first two sentences Barrett pricked up his ears; at the sixth he gazed on her in astonishment, and as she finished he walked over to her, exclaiming: "Go ahead, little girl! go ahead! You're stage-struck, but you're sure to win!" Miss Arrington at once prepared to go East to try her fortunes. With the assistance of her uncle, Mr. H. N. Cook, of this city, she procured a wardrobe to the extent of several thousand dollars, and left for New York. Once there, she procured a position at the Madison Square Theatre, and won her way into popularity almost from her first appearance. She has adopted her mother's name, Marie Burroughs, as a *nom du théâtre*. In person, she is tall and finely built. A Southerner on both sides of her family, she inherits an exquisite complexion. But one of her chief attractions is a pair of large brown eyes, with soft, black lashes, like the "ox-eyes" of old Homer. Her age is nineteen years.

In accordance with a general request, it is very probable that Miss Kate Forsythe will appear as Galatea some night next week. This is throwing down the gauntlet. It will give the public an opportunity of comparing her rendition of that difficult rôle with Mrs. Langtry's.

Italian musical circles are at present very enthusiastic over the singing of Mrs. C. T. Hancock, who made her first public appearance at the benefit concert to Signora Antonietta, on Thursday night. She is a young married lady, who arrived here with her husband from England a few years ago. The Italian opera singers now here pronounce her voice to be phenomenal.

Mrs. Langtry's great-great-great-great grandfather was Thomas Le Breton, who was Dean of the Island of Jersey, from 1705 to October 5, 1728, the date of his death.

Loraine Rogers, Charlotte Thompson's advance agent, is in the city making arrangements for a possible season of emotional drama. Miss Thompson has not been here for a number of years, and as she has got as far west as Salt Lake City, it is likely that she will come the rest of the way. Her season will embrace "Jane Eyre," "Miss Multon," and "Nell Gwynne." Mr. Rogers will be chiefly remembered here as one of the founders of the California Theatre.

The "Devil's Auction," which is to open at the Bush Street Theatre Monday night, very much resembles "The Black Crook" in style. It will have a ballet of seventy-five girls among other attractions. It is a spectacular extravaganza. Its proprietors are Gallagher, Gilmore & Gardner. It first opened at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York. It was mounted at an expense of twenty thousand dollars, and with care and elaboration. The play is a ballet piece, and its attractive vitality depends upon an incidental display of female beauty, scenery, and quick transformations. There is little of plot in "The Devil's Auction," but pretty faces and figures skip about in "haunted dells" and "golden palaces" to animated music. The burlesque trapeze act performed at the Chinese festival, which occurs in the third act, is said to be very funny.

In response to the very generally expressed desire of many theatre-goers in this city, the present season at the Standard Theatre will be continued for one week longer. The plays of "Ingomar" and "Virginius" will be given, with the principal rôles sustained by Mr. Fred Warde and Miss Kate Forsythe, supported by the entire company and several local professionals. Oscar L. Fest is painting new scenery for the representations. The company leaves for Portland on the 8th of July, opening at the New Market Theatre on the 11th (Friday).

### Short Talks.

W. W. TILLOTSON: "I am here only on a pleasure trip with my wife, and shall remain in California three weeks longer. We spent last Sunday at Monterey, and are now going to visit Los Angeles and Pasadena; then home again. Mr. Abbey will have three threatres going next season: The Grand Opera House in New York, the Lyceum Theatre in London, and the Park Street Theatre in Boston. He will keep Mary Anderson in London. The "White Slave" combination opens in the New York Grand Opera House the 18th of September. In Boston, the Park Street Theatre will open about the same time with another combination. Henry Irving is under different management this year. Marcus Mayer will be his advance agent in his American tour. Mr. Abbey will not, I think, try opera again the coming season. Although many of the opera nights last season brought in big sums, they barely compensated for fifty per cent. of the expense. Mr. Abbey's benefit brought in gross receipts nearly thirty-six thousand dollars, and his friends came gallantly to the rescue."

MR. HARRY CRISP: "I have been playing in comedy parts for seven or eight years, in London and through the provinces. For five years I was with one of your California favorites, Miss Jennie Lee. She had a long run as Little Joe, in "Bleak House," and I supported her all through that. I hear that she did not do as well here last time. But she is a great favorite in London. About two years ago I joined Mrs. Langtry's company, and have been playing with her ever since. I have been in both her American seasons, and we have played from Quebec to this city; so I know this country pretty thoroughly. No, I shall not remain here. I go directly home, and shall continue with the company."

MR. H. FITZPATRICK: I am exceedingly pleased with my visit. I came over here for the first time last October, with Mrs. Langtry. Previous to that had played in London and the provinces. I played quite a season in Dublin. In London I have played in the Royal Theatre, the Gaiety, and others. For the last three seasons I have played with the Bancrofts, at the Haymarket. No, I shall not return home yet a while. America possesses a great many charms. I have signed for a two-years' engagement with Daly, in New York, so you will no doubt see me here again."

MANAGER FRANK SANGER: "I had intended going direct from here to New York, as business of great importance awaits me there; but the pressure upon me to play the coast towns has been so great I have concluded to go to Los Angeles for one week, and divide another week between Oakland, San José, Stockton, and Sacramento. Yes, our business has kept up far beyond our anticipations this week. With Langtry and "Monte Cristo' against us, we are doing as well as we expected to do on the last week with only ordinary counter attractions. I am very much gratified with my San Francisco engagement, and shall probably arrange to return next season."

---

On Monday, June 30, the original Madison Square Theatre Company will open in the new drama, "The Rajah." This play, on its recent production, ran for nearly six months. The original scenery and properties accompany the troupe, and the engagement is limited to two weeks. The following is the plot of "The Rajah":

An English country gentleman, dying, leaves by will his estate to Harold Wyncot, his nephew, and makes him guardian of Gladys Wyncot, his cousin, whom he had never seen. Harold, by reason of his indolent and luxurious life in London, has been dubbed by fellow officers "The Rajah." Gladys has an antipathy to him by reason of a letter she has received concerning his indolent character. She received him coldly on his arrival from India. Presently a number of coal miners employed on the estate, being on the point of a strike, come to make demands. Cragin, their leader, refuses to remove his hat when requested to do so by Harold, and the latter snatches it from his head, dashes it to the ground, and quietly walks away, leaving them stricken with amazement. In the next act Harold has raised the wages of the strikers, but insists that Cragin should at once be discharged, instead of being made overseer, as demanded. In the third act a gang of rioters, led by Cragin, are approaching to wreak vengeance on Harold, when he confronts them alone, and, being assured by them that they want Cragin for an overseer, he produces a handbill and reads a description of an escaped convict which tallies with that of Cragin, who rushes upon Harold. But the latter hurls him to the ground, and, tearing aside his shirt, exposes the convict brand upon his shoulder. In the last act another will is discovered which gives the property to Gladys, and Harold turns over the property, and announces his intention to return to India. Gladys, left alone, is confronted by Cragin, who, pistol in hand, has come to wreak vengeance on Harold. She offers him money and jewels to desist, but he remains obdurate. Finally she promises him a letter, signed by Harold, giving him free passage in an out-going coal-ship, which will enable him to evade the law. This prevails, and Cragin conceals himself. Gladys calls Harold, but he writes the letter in a sort of mystification; but before she can hand it to Cragin he springs toward the hiding place. Cragin comes forward, saying: "There is one here braver and stronger than you; and she says, 'Let the convict go.'" Harold hands over the letter. The convict becomes pathetic, tells the story of his life, and winds up with: "You draw your moral." Harold ejaculates: "And what moral shall we draw, Gladys?" She throws the new will into the grate, rushes into his arms, and Harold announces to the others, as they enter, that he has received a new appointment—that of "guardian for life."

The following is the cast of the "Rajah":

Harold Wyncot, the Rajah.....Mr. H. M. Pitt
Gladys Wyncot, his ward.....Miss Marie Burroughs
Joseph Jekyll, a self-made Attorney..Mr. W. J. LeMoyne
Emilia Jekyll, his daughter.....Miss Marion Elmore
Richard Jocelyn, Jekyll's clerk.....Mr. E. M. Holland
Mr. Job, Jekyll's assistant and echo.Mr. Jno. T. McKever
Mrs. Pringle, housekeeper of Wyncot Lodge, Mrs. Dollie Pike
Buttons, a youthful servant.....Mr. George Bruening
Cragin, leader of the strikers.....Mr. Frank Losee

---

### The Dean's Delightful Daughter.

An island, basking in the glare,
Hot, parched, and languid inland;
But shoreward kissed by fresher air
That might have blown from Finland;
A form equipped in killing guise,
And promising manslaughter.
I raise my hat and shade my eyes—
The dean's delightful daughter.

In lily-likeness there she stood—
A type not pale nor drooping,
But strong in her young womanhood,
All graces round her trooping.
Though brighter charms, maybe, have beamed
On men, and been neglected,
None pleased like hers, that always seemed
What least one had expected.

The years rolled on. The form and face,
That Channel bards had chanted,
Lost nothing from their pride of place,
To London soil transplanted.
Hearts that before her Rosalind
Had thought themselves to harden,
Engraven with her name you'd find,
As were the trees in Arden.

We scarcely recognized our loss
Till for a while we'd lent her,
Those wide Atlantic waves to cross,
And hearts Columbian enter.
But now we know how much we miss,
Since all those leagues between us,
Our London without Langtry is
Olympus without Venus. —*London Life.*

---

The *Nation*, speaking of Wagner's music, says: "If Madame Patti sings out of tune (and she *does* sometimes persistently) we lose everything, for she gives us only beauty of tone and execution, and no fine poetry; but if a Wagner interpreter makes a technical mistake we lose only a small proportion of that which constitutes his art."

---

At Bancroft's there is a brown, unpretentious copy of "Shakespeare's Complete Works" now on exhibition. On the fly-leaf is the inscription, "Lilian Adelaide Neilson," and a quotation from one of the dramatist's plays.

---

— THE METROPOLITAN HALL IS THE MOST elegantly furnished auditorium in the city. Its magnificent organ renders this hall unequaled for concerts and music festivals.

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

**Bills and Casts for Week ending June 28th.**

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill: Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday matinée, W. S. Gilbert's Comedy, "Pygmalion and Galatea"; three acts. Cast as follows:

Galatea, a statue.....Mrs. Langtry
Pygmalion.....Mr. Joseph Carne
Leucippe.....Mr. Henry Crisp
Chrysos.....Mr. Fred Everill
Agesimos.....Mr. Walter Eytinge
Mimos.....Mr. T. Layard
Cynisca.....Miss Adela Houston
Daphne.....Mrs. Charles Edmunds
Myrine.....Miss Clara Earle

Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday matinée, Oliver Goldsmith's Comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer"; five acts. Cast as follows:

Miss Hardcastle.....Mrs. Langtry
Sir Charles Marlow.....Mr. Henry
Mr. Hardcastle.....Mr. Henry Crisp
Young Marlow.....Mr. Joseph Carne
Hastings.....Mr. Walter Eytinge
Tony Lumpkin.....Mr. Fred. Everill
Diggory.....Mr. Frank Seymour
Stingo.....Mr. J. W. Pigott
Ralph.....Mr. S. Franks
Roger.....Mr. O. P. Smith
Jeremy.....Mr. W. H. Spencer.
Slang.....Mr. H. Glover
Muggins.....Mr. J. French
Mrs. Hardcastle.....Mrs. Chas. Edmunds
Miss Neville.....Miss Adela Houston
Maid.....Miss Clara Earle

Friday and Saturday, Sheridan Knowles's comedy "The Hunchback"; five acts.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Manager. Bill: "Monte Cristo," translated from the French of Alexandre Dumas; five acts. Cast as follows:

Edmund Dantes and Count de Monte Cristo..Jas. O'Neill
Noirtier.....Frederic De Belleville
Albert de Morcerf.....Forrest Robinson
Villefort.....Geo. C. Boniface
Caderousse.....J. W. Shannon
Fernande.....J. V. Melton
Danglars.....James Taylor
Abbe Faria.....Horace Lewis
M. Morel.....Geo. Osbourne
Old Dantes.....E. N. Thayer
Mercedes.....Miss Eugenie Blair
Carcoute.....Annie Boudinot
Mlle. Danglars.....Miss Belle Inman
Fisherwoman.....Miss Ida Florina

Brigadier, Jno. N. Williams; First Police Agent, W. S. Fredericks; Second Police Agent, Frank Boudinot; Germain, Wm. J. Dungan; Governor of Prison, Mr. Pelham; Com. of Police, S. A. Clark; First Jailor, G. Mueller; Second Jailor, A. B. Krone; Sentinel, Mr. Daveline; Servant, B. Slater; Fisherman, J. White.

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—Stechan & Cornelius, managers. Bill: "Queena," a drama by J. K. Tillotson; four acts. Cast as follows:

Queena Montrose } .....Miss Kate Forsythe
Mlle. René..... }
Walter Lawrence..... } .....Mr. Frederick Warde
Lord Walter Huntington }
Frank Horton.....Henry Holland
Earl Huntington.....W. J. Constantine
John Henry Wilkins.....J. W. Summers
Florence Nightingale Fletcher.....Miss Emma Lorraine
Alice St. Claire.....Miss Sydney Armstrong
Anna Montrose.....Miss Lizzie Fletcher
Mrs. Montrose.....Miss Esther Williams
Little Queena.....Miss Jennie Corcoran

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Bill: "A Bunch of Keys," by Charles A. Hoyt; three acts. Cast as follows:

Teddy Keys.....Lena Merville
Rose Keys.....Anna Guenther
May Keys.....Anna Brevoor
Dolly Dobbs.....Marietta Nash
Matilda Jenkins.....Ida Griffin
Gilly Spooner.....Harry Booker
Jonas Grimes.....Eugene Canfield
Tom Harding.....George Lauri
Sam Foss.....William Smith
Littleton Snaggs, Esq.....Charles Bowser

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: Meyerbeer's opera, "Robert the Devil"; five acts. Cast as follows:

Robert.....(alternating).....{Mr. W. Eckert / Mr. H. Dickman}
Bertram.....Mr. M. Cornell
Rambaldo.....Mr. R. D. Valerga
Alberti.....Mr. G. Napoleoni
Alice.....Miss Louise Leighton
Isabella.....Miss Kate Marchi
Elena.....Mlle. Ortori

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Manager. Closed during the week.

At the Baldwin next week the original Madison Square troupe will open in "The Rajah," a play in four acts, by William Young.

"Monte Cristo" has been running during its second week to crowded houses, and will continue till further notice.

At the Bush Street Theatre "A Bunch of Keys" is in its last week. Next Monday night "The Devil's Auction" will be produced.

"Queena" has been doing a good business at the Standard Theatre this week. The company will possibly remain two weeks longer. In this event "Virginus," "Ingomar," and "Pygmalion and Galatea" may be produced.

The Grand Opera House is closed till further notice.

At the Tivoli "Robert the Devil" is drawing capital houses.

— THE VAN NESS SEMINARY, UNDER THE management of Mrs. S. B. Gamble and Mrs. E. H. Woods, opens its Christmas term on the 28th of July. This popular and successful school enters upon its new term under the most favorable circumstances and with a large number of new and competent teachers. The faculty of the institution comprises some eleven instructors, in addition to special professors employed in the departments of art and music. Circulars, containing full particulars of the course of studies and all the information required by parents and guardians, may be obtained at 920 Van Ness Avenue. This term is the beginning of the sixth year since the school was established in the city of San Francisco, every year increasing in numbers till the institution now gives promise of taking the first rank among the schools established in California for the education of young ladies.

**Mantelpieces.**

The California Furniture Manufacturing Company have a very large assortment of mantels, mirrors, and cabinets, which they are offering at greatly reduced prices at 220 to 226 Bush Street.

— THERE ARE TWO DIRECTIONS WHICH OUR pleasure-seeking people take upon holidays for recreation and amusement. The coming Fourth of July will test the carrying capacity of the North Pacific Railroad through the romantic and picturesque country that skirts the bay and ocean from Saucelito to Duncan's Mills, and the Southern Pacific Railroad from San Francisco to Santa Cruz and Monterey. There is no city in America where scenery, climate, and perfect accommodations afford a more pleasurable day than is presented in these directions for excursions and pleasure-parties. Some ill-natured criticisms upon the overloading of the North Pacific's steamers on Sunday justifies us in saying that we have never known of any company that transports their pleasure-seeking passengers with greater ease, safety, and comfort than does the North Pacific Coast Railroad. Our advertising columns may be consulted in reference to the contemplated excursions projected for Sunday and the coming Fourth of July holidays.

**Special Notice.—North Pacific Coast R. R.**

On Sundays a special steamer will leave, at 10 A. M., from Clay Street wharf (adjoining Saucelito Ferry slip), with picnics for Fairfax and Camp Taylor. Returning, will leave Saucelito at 6:30 P. M. The steamer *San Rafael* will leave her slip at regular advertised time, carrying only the ordinary travel to Saucelito, San Rafael, and way stations. DAVID NYE, General Superintendent.

**BALDWIN THEATRE.**

**Commencing Monday, June 30. Matinees Saturday and Fourth of July.**

**ENGAGEMENT POSITIVELY LIMITED TO TWO WEEKS.**

MANAGER AL. HAYMAN begs to announce the appearance of the latest and most notable success from the

**NEW YORK MADISON SQUARE THEATRE,**

**THE RAJAH.**

Infinitely Bright, Merry, and Charmingly Unique. A Delightful Combination of Humor, a Few Tears, and a Brilliant Scenic Display. 150 Consecutive Representations at the Madison Square Theatre. Most Successful Play of the Epoch!

**Original Madison Square Company!**
**Famous Madison Square Play!**
**Novel Madison Square Scenery!**
**Marvelous Stage Mechanism!**

Wondrously Realistic Glade Scene! A Stream of Real, Gurgling, Sparkling, Running Water!

The sale of seats has commenced. Popular prices will prevail. The advisability of securing seats early is respectfully suggested.

**CALIFORNIA THEATRE.**

**The Best Cast and Strongest Play Ever Seen Together.**

Saturday, June 28, and every night until further notice—Saturday only Matinee—the popular young actor,

**MR. JAMES O'NEILL,**

As Edmund Dantes, with

**Mr. John Stetson's Monte Cristo Co.**

Originally organized under Mr. Stetson's management for Booth's Theatre, New York.

DUMAS'S GREAT PLAY,

**MONTE CRISTO.**

The following artists are included in the star cast: Mr. Fred de Belleville, Mr. George C. Boniface, Mr. James Taylor, Mr. Horace Lewis, Annie Boudinot, Miss Belle Inman, Mr. Forrest Robinson, Mr. J. V. Melton, Mr. J. W. Shannon, Miss Eugenie Blair.

Entire New Scenery—Grand Realistic Effects and Correct Appointments.

**Popular Prices Prevail.**

Reserved Seats at Box Office from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M.

**FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES 235 KEARNY ST. S.F.**

**Southwest cor. of Bush. Established 1877.**

PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

**FASHIONABLE, COMFORTABLE, REASONABLE, TUBBS' HOTEL, OAKLAND, John M. Lawlor, Prop'r.**

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, N. W. corner Powell and Eddy Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30th, 1884, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and seventy-five one hundredths (3 75-100) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after July 1st, 1884. By order. VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.



TAKING A RIDE.

Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.
ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.
ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.
THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

**NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.**

**FOURTH OF JULY HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS**

TO THE

**REDWOOD FORESTS & RUSSIAN RIVER.**

Excursion Tickets sold July 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th, good to return on or before Monday, July 7th, 1884, as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Camp Taylor** | **$2.00** | **Tomales** | **$3.50** |
| **Point Reyes** | **2.50** | **Duncan Mills** | **4.00** |

Boats leave Saucelito Ferry Slip, foot of Market Street, as follows:

**7.30 A.M.** Week Dnys for Duncan Mills and return.
**1.30 P.M.** Week Days for Duncan Mills.
**8.00 A.M.** Sundays for Duncan Mills and return.

**FRIDAY, JULY 4th,**

EXCURSION TO DUNCAN MILLS AND RETURN SAME DAY.

Boat leaves Saucelito Ferry Slip at 7.30 A. M. Fares for the round trip:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Camp Taylor** | **$1.75** | **Tomales** | **$2.50** |
| **Point Reyes** | **2.00** | **Duncan Mills** | **3.00** |

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Sup't. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

**SOUTHERN PACIFIC R. R.**

**BROAD GAUGE.**

**FOURTH OF JULY WEEK.**

**EXCURSION TICKETS**

—TO—

**Monterey, Santa Cruz, Aptos, Soquel, Gilroy, San Jose, and Intermediate Points,**

Will be sold at the Company's offices, San Francisco:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| On Thursday | July 3d | **GOOD FOR RETURN** | |
| On Friday | July 4th | UNTIL | |
| On Saturday | July 5th | **MONDAY,** | |
| On Sunday | July 6th | **July 7th, inclusive.** | |

TICKET OFFICES:

**Passenger Depot, Fourth and Townsend Sts. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel, Valencia Street Station.**

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH. Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

**VAN NESS SEMINARY,**

**ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND GERMAN.**

**Family and Day School for Young Ladies. Kindergarten for Children.**

Will re-open July 28, 1884.

Principals: Mrs. J. L. GAMBLE, Mrs. E. H. WOODS.

**IRVING HALL, 139 POST ST.**

**Halls to Rent for Balls, Parties, etc.**

Apply to A. A. SANDERS, on the premises.

**"EUREKA" COTTON GARDEN HOSE**

Stronger three to one, and lighter two to one, than the best four-ply Rubber Hose; and if left out in the sun and air continuously, or, if put away, put away dry, will stand the roughest kind of usage and will last for years.

Also, RUBBER HOSE of extra quality and at low price.

**W. T. Y. SCHENCK,**
36 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**RICHMOND RANGES**

**Just Received**—A carload lot of the celebrated improved Richmond Ranges. They are the most economical, durable, attractive, and cheapest ranges in the world. For sale only by the agents, **SCHUSTER BROS.,**
**306 Sutter Street, above Dupont.**

**ELEGANT RESIDENCE FOR SALE.**

In the Western Addition, near Van Ness Avenue, for $30,000; cost over $50,000. This is a rare opportunity to purchase one of the handsomest residences in the city at far below its real value. For particulars, apply to JOS. A. SANBORN, 407 Montgomery Street.

**STORE YOUR FURNITURE**

**Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.**

BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH

**J. H. MOTT & CO.,**

**735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco**

Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

**BLAINE** Agents wanted for Authentic Edition of his Life. Published at Augusta, his home. Largest, Handsomest, Cheapest, Best. By the renowned historian and biographer, Col. Conwell, whose life of Garfield, published by us, outsold the twenty others by 60,000. Outsells every book ever published in this world; many agents are selling fifty daily. Agents are making fortunes. All new beginners successful; grand chance for them: $43.50 made by a lady agent the first day. Terms most liberal. Particulars free. Better send 25 cents for postage, etc., on **Free Outfit,** now ready, including large prospectus book, and save valuable time. **ALLEN & CO.,** Augusta, Maine.

**REMOVAL.**

**Office of Fort Wayne, Vandalia, and Pan-Handle Lines, and PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD,**

**To 116 Montgomery St., Occidental Hotel.**
**J. B. KIRKLAND, Agent.**

**BUTTERICK'S**

**Patterns—Summer Styles.**

**Send Stamp for Catalogue. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**

**C. V. GILLESPIE,**
**SEARCHER OF RECORDS**
**409 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**

**BETHESDA**
**SUPERIOR TABLE WATER**
**L. CAHEN AND SON, 418 SAC. ST. S.F.**




See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

**J. W. EVANS,**
General Agent, 29 Post Street.

---

**L. D. STONE & CO.**
(Successors to R. Stone),
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
**Harness, Saddles, Saddlery Hardware**
Collars, Whips, Robes, Horse Blankets, and all kinds of Harness and Patent Leathers.
422 and 424 Battery Street, corner Washington, San Francisco.

---

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
**Commission Merchants,**
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
Liberal advances made on consignments.

---

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

---

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 309 SANSOME STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

---

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

---

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

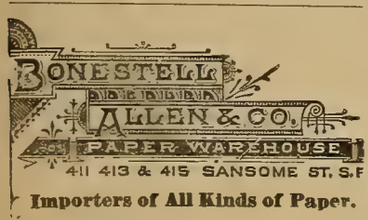
---

THE
**AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,**
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.

---

**A. P. HOTALING & CO.**
429 to 437 Jackson St., sole agents for the J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky, "O. P. S.," "O. O. K.," "O. K." "A No. 1," "A." Established 1852.

---




**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

---

Art-Painted. Plain, and Glazed
**TILES**
For Decorations.
**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

---

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

---

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
**HENRY F. MILLER**
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
**HEMME & LONG**
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
**WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.**
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
**PIANOS**

---

**ICHI BAN**

FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

---

**WALL PAPERS,**
AMERICAN & FOREIGN, New Artistic Designs.

**FRESCOING**
Interior Decorating.

**LINCRUSTA WALTON,**
The new and imperishable Wall Decoration.

**STAINED GLASS,**
For Residences, Churches, Public Buildings, etc.
Sole Agents for the L.A. FARGE DECORATIVE ART Co. of New York, the leading American authority.

**Imitation Stained Glass,**
The best article of its kind in the world.

**WINDOW SHADES!**
G. W. CLARK & CO.
645 and 647 MARKET STREET.

---

**AT COST FOR 30 DAYS**
MY ENTIRE STOCK OF
**BRIC-A-BRAC, FURNITURE,**
ETC., ETC., ETC.
**BRIC-A-BRAC STORE,**
NO. 25 GEARY STREET,
E. PAINE, Proprietor.

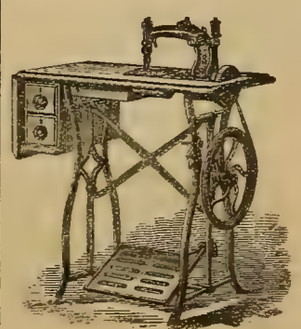
---

**CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY**
OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.
Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

---

**PUMPS.—WORTHINGTON'S.**
Special, Mining, and Irrigating Pumps.
Over two hundred cities and towns have adopted them in water-works. Cheaper than any other of same capacity. The Worthington Meter measures accurately water, wine, oil, etc.; over 30,000 in use; used in nearly every city water-works in the United States. Send for catalogue.
HENRY B. WORTHINGTON,
30 and 32 First St., S. F. A. L. FISH, Manager.

---



**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.**
**WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.**
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

---

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE




HOME INDUSTRY

---

**BUGGIES!**
If you want a high-priced Buggy, Carriage, or Phaeton, or if you want a good one for a low price, describe what you want, and order from
TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., 511 Market St., S. F.

---

**BEAUTIFUL SNOW**
FOR THE COMPLEXION!
This elegant preparation is the most perfect beautifier known. It is pure and harmless, delightful in its application, and wonderful in its effects, while the closest scrutiny fails to detect its use. Prepared by
**H. BOWMAN, Chemist, Oakland.**
For sale by all druggists.

---




**THE HALL TYPE-WRITER**
Awarded medal at Semi-Centennial Fair of American Institute in New York over all competitors. Also, John Scott medal at Franklin Itstitute, Philadelphia. Simple and durable. Self-inking. No ribbon. Interchangeable type. Weighs only seven pounds. Takes all sizes paper. Useful in family or office. Full information at
PACIFIC COAST AGENCY, ROOM 34, No. 123 CALIFORNIA STREET.
(S. F. Office Empire Portable Forge Co. of Cohoes, N. Y.)

---

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

---

**JOHN MIDDLETON,**
**COAL.**
14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.

---

**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

---

**REAL ESTATE.**
Fine Business and Residence Property in all parts of the city for sale by
G. F. BOWMAN, 440 California St.

---

**GERMEA**
FOR BREAKFAST
DELICIOUS
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. No. 1. SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 5, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: The Democratic National Convention at Chicago—What will it do?—Various Candidates to be Presented—The Northern and Southern Delegates and their Different Views—Can the South swallow Butler?—The Republican Nominees—Their Popularity throughout the Country—Social Circles at Beacon Hill—The Political Decay of New England—The increasing Political Power of the West—Failure of C. K. Garrison—What is Legitimate Bankruptcy?—An honest Banker can not Fail—A Succession of Swindles.....1–2

OUR NEW YORK LETTER: "Flaneur's" Budget of Gossip about Gotham Men and Things..... 3

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Some valuable Reflections on Lost Money by Mr. William Nye..... 3

BY LAND AND BY SEA: The Idyl of an Ultra-Marine..... 4

AN OLD FAVORITE: "The Battle of Gettysburg," by Edmund Clarence Stedman..... 5

STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—An Anecdote of Meissonier..... 5

SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts of Society People—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip..... 6

BUBBLES: by "Will-o'-the-Wisp"..... 7

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE MOUTH: A Scientific Investigation into the Expression and Meaning of that Organ—The Mouths of Famous Persons—An Analysis of Mrs. Langtry's Lips..... 8

THE ERUPTION OF KRAKATAU: A hitherto Unpublished Account of the Terrible Cataclysm in the Straits of Sunda, from the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society..... 9

THE CHESS-PLAYER: The usual Problems and Interesting Games—Notes on Doctor Zukertort's Arrival..... 9

ANGLOMANIACS' DRESS: "Cockaigne" tells Dudes how to Array Themselves *a l'Anglaise*—The Distinctions of Dress in England..... 10

LITERARY NOTES: Some New Books—Notes on New Novels—Miscellaneous Literary Gossip..... 10

BILL NYE'S BUDGET: The Decease of the *Evening Squawker*—Queen Victoria's Diary on Poker-playing..... 11

THE DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Stage Notes—Amusement Record..... 14

It is impossible to know what shape the campaign will assume until after the adjournment of the Democratic National Convention at Chicago. Issues can not be joined until the Democracy shall have formulated its declaration of principles and chosen its candidates. Both platform and candidates are to-day uncertain, and both are dependent upon the chances of an unorganized assemblage of delegates representing a party organization that for twenty-four years has had no national existence. It might be a more accurate expression to say that the Democracy have during this period lacked the union that comes from the exercise of Federal authority and the cohesion that comes from the opportunity of public plunder. The Democratic party is like a string of disjointed sausages—composed of the lean and fat of swine and dog- stuffed in the common gut, but so essentially differing in every link, so varied in the kind and quality of flesh, and in the flavoring of herbs and spices, that when the different States are linked in National Convention it appears but an incongruous dish, and nothing but its skin is uniform. Between the North and the South there are wide differences of interests and wide diversities of opinion. Upon the question of tariff there can be no agreement. The one section deals with conditions that are not common to the other. The Northern Democrat dare not ignore or neglect the great material interests that surround the commercial, manufacturing, and industrial questions that concern both labor and capital. The South, almost exclusively agricultural, becomes impatient when called upon with its large and indispensable electoral vote, to give it year after year in the vain effort to conciliate a Northern Democratic minority that it has no interest in common with. Now for twenty years the South has been continuously reminded of its unpardonable political offense by a copperhead Democracy that had all the treason and none of the courage of civil insurrection. It has been demanded of the Southern Democracy during all these years that it must vote for loyal soldiers who won their only reputation fighting against the South, or civilians whose only record was their treacherous endeavors to paralyze the arm of the loyal North. McClellan, Seymour, Greeley, Tilden, and Hancock recall the mortifying humiliations to which a captive Democracy has been compelled to submit during all that long period of time in which its electoral votes alone have made a Democratic President possible. And now, when for the sixth time a Democratic National Convention assembles, and they present the honored name of Senator Bayard, some mousing copperhead spies out the fact that when the war began, and at the time when it was hoped that adjustment was possible and that the bloody horrors of a long and dreadful civil strife might have been avoided, he gave expression of sympathy for the section in which he was born and reared. When the South presents for Presidential candidacy a great jurist of honored name and national reputation, it is remembered against him by the skulking Northern Copperhead that upon the Supreme Bench he dissented from certain political opinions born of the intemperate passions of the hour, and which have not been sustained by the second thought of calmer reflection. It is charged against Mr. Justice Field, that in certain decisions, involving the interpretation of foreign treaties and of national law, he did not yield to the insane clamor, nor give way to the absurd prejudice that would have made a crazy band of Irish blatherskites and unprincipled party hoodlums superior to the law and its honorable administration. The Democratic representatives of a solid Democratic South are informed that the national party in convention must consult the wishes of John Kelly, an Irish boss of the lower wards of the city of New York, and submit to his dictation, or he will trade with the Republican party and betray the national Democracy for the consideration of an opportunity to manage the municipal government of New York and loot the treasury and plunder the city in the interest of his alien thieves. These Southern delegates are offered the choice between General Slocum and General Butler for the Presidency, the strongest claim for General Butler being that he so bullied and humiliated the South, so insulted and outraged their women, so trifled with their spoons, as to make him now an available candidate among that class of Democrats who have become heroically patriotic since war has ended and danger of the draft gone by. Were ever a proud people stood up with fool's-caps and jingle-bells in so small a corner? Were ever gentlemen compelled to play so mean a part in national politics? Was there ever brought to a national convention so many and so certain a number of electoral votes to be auctioned off at so contemptible a price? Delegates from Southern Democratic States offer upon the party altar the priceless gift of one hundred and fifty-three electoral votes as incense to Northern broom-rangers and copperheads, whose highest service in their aid, and highest expression of sympathy in their distress, during the long conflict of civil war, was to riot in Northern cities and to burn orphan asylums where black children found home and refuge. This is the attitude which a brave and chivalrous Southern Democracy holds toward the broom-ranger, copperhead, alien Democracy of the North. If out of this convention comes a platform that shall intelligently express honest Democratic opinions, that shall satisfy the demands of the patriotic and intelligent minority of Democrats, and if there can be chosen an available candidate who can harmonize the conflicting interests of sections and unite the discordant elements of jarring factions, we shall be greatly surprised. If, when this platform is constructed and the candidate is chosen, the Democracy can enthuse the American people and convince them that the welfare of the nation is involved in the choice of a Democratic President, we shall be more surprised.

The Republican party is fairly and fully represented by its platform and its candidates. The resolutions recite no principle to which the party is not fully and entirely committed. The platform declares no political sentiment that the party is not in good faith pledged to carry into effect by practical and earnest legislation. Messrs. Blaine and Logan are neither greater nor smaller than their party; they are neither better nor worse than their party; they are not influential or powerful enough to lead their party away from its land-marks, nor are they strong or courageous enough to attempt to stay its progress in any great reform which it shall attempt to accomplish. They represent the fair average of the moral sentiment, the intellectual strength, the patriotism, and the integrity which measure the stature of the Republican party. Messrs. Blaine and Logan were nominated by the rank and file of the organization. They were almost unanimously the candidates at Chicago, and if from the National Convention there had been eliminated all the delegates from the New England and Western States who were prejudiced in favor of some favorite son, all the delegates from the Democratic States whose presence at Chicago was due to the patronage of a Republican administration at Washington, and all those who had some personal and selfish end to subserve, there would have been no wrangling over organization, no fight in committee upon rules or credentials, no roll-call of States to ballot for a choice. The only contest among party chieftains would have been in contention as to which should have been able to first catch the eye of the presiding officer, to move and second that the Hon. James G. Blaine, of Maine, and the Hon. John A. Logan, of Illinois, be declared by the National Republican Convention as the nominees of the Republican party for President and Vice-President of the United States, by acclamation. The chairman would have put the motion, and the entire convention, rising as one man, would have voiced the choice of the united party in responding such an "ay" as would have resounded to the boundaries of the continent, and been echoed back to the centre without a dissenting voice. There is no dissent from any considerable number of respectable Republicans now. When we consider the movement in Boston and New York, we use the word "respectable" in the limited sense of its political application. There is in all older communities a neighborhood standard of respectability, that depends upon birth, breeding, education, wealth, and good conduct. It involves family deportment, dress, the church to which one belongs, the social circle in which he moves, the family into which he has married, the calling or profession which he follows, the wealth he has inherited or earned. This class is highly respectable, and has a right to be highly influential in all matters that concern the neighborhood in which its members live. They are, and have a right to be, authority on all matters of genealogical descent, all questions of ancestral dignity, lineage, birth, deportment, dress, morals, scholastic acquirements. They are of unquestioned, and ought to be of unchallenged, prominence in such important disquisitions as arise near Harvard or Yale, as agitate the social circles of Beacon Hill, as stir the blood in the veins of the codfishers who have descended from the slave-pirates of New England or agitate the bank parlors of New York, where the undetected rich mop their purple faces in fear lest some patriotic movement from the barbarous West shall interrupt the jingling music of their inpouring English guineas. This is the "respectability" that unwillingly, and with a pang of regret, sees the nation drifting away from New York and New England; sees it brooding and expanding to the verge of its imperial limits; sees great, rich, populous cities growing up on the borders of its great lakes, in the valleys of the Mississippi and Missouri, and far away to the westward an empire growing up on the borders of an ocean that does not pay the tribute of its commerce to New York or Boston. This class of respectable Eastern people see a generation growing up that is beyond their influence; planting their stakes outside the jurisdiction of the original Colonies; irreverent of the traditions that cluster around New England; that snaps its fingers at the "Men of Massachusetts;" that doesn't care a tinker's damn for Faneuil Hall and the Old South Meeting-house, nor Plymouth Rock; that does not stand in awe of men with even three aristocratic names, though descended from the old patroons of Manhattan Isl-

and who transmitted to their dude posterity the unimpaired value of their vegetable gardens. This intelligent and respectable class sees an expanding West with its irrepressible energies meeting in national convention, and undertaking, by virtue of its numerical strength and its material interests, to exercise the political power that rightfully belongs to it. Naturally, New England resents this condition of things—attempts to stem the rising tide of the western wave; endeavors to arrest the influence of the great West in directing political affairs. The New Englander who has stayed at home thinks it unnatural that the New Englander who has gone abroad does not think and feel and act as he feels and acts. The home New Englander, whose ideas of national politics are circumscribed by the home horizon, is impatient of the reckless, broad-minded, enterprising Western man, and forgets that he is a Yankee only of the broader and more expansive kind. Here is an opportunity to write a book, for the theme expands as we contemplate it. We have only space to say that the West won't stand this kind of nonsense, and the sooner the East can be made to understand that fact the better. The old-fashioned, narrow-minded, dried-up Yankee land, with its pious hypocrisies and its pretentious sentimentalities, has lost its prestige and its influence. Massachusetts is already being overrun with French papists from Canada. Ignorance, bigotry, and Romanism will soon take possession of Massachusetts. Ben Butler has had it once under foot; it took a tremendous rally of the Republicans to rescue it from his kind of Democracy. It will cease to be a Republican State this time if the cross-eyed should be nominated by the Democratic party. We of the Republican West are getting ready to get along without Boston; and in the meantime we may hope to be spared a political campaign that assumes that Boston or New York or Springfield (Massachusetts) is altogether indispensable to the existence of the Republican party, or that the Government would be destroyed if these cities should become Democratic.

The little wave of sympathy just now passing over the country, on account of the failure of C. K. Garrison, has called attention to his brief residence in San Francisco, and to the fact that he was once mayor of our city. When a rich man fails, as when a rich man dies, the sentiment, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*," comes up, and there is a decided journalistic tendency to snivel over the "poor unfortunate" who, having lived a life of evil and speculative extravagance, involves trusting friends and confiding acquaintances in his ruin, and drags down to poverty and distress hundreds of innocent, helpless people. The same sentiment prevails when, as in the case of Ward & Grant, or Eno, or the hundred of other criminal bankrupts and defaulters, commit suicide (as becomes them) or flee to Canada to escape imprisonment (which is always due them). This is a morbid, unhealthful, and destructive public sentiment, not founded upon any rational basis of generosity, and coming from a weakness of brain rather than a tenderness of heart. Bankruptcy and failure upon the part of any man or firm or banking corporation, any individual or concern holding trust funds, or acting in a fiduciary capacity, should be treated as a crime. The parties holding the relation of trustees to the community should, in event of failure, be looked upon as presumably guilty of premeditated crime; they should be looked upon as criminals, swindlers, and thieves, until by an affirmative showing they can make it appear that failure occurred through circumstances beyond their control, and which more than ordinary prudence could not by any possibility have guarded against. It is no apology, but rather an aggravation of his offense for any one to plead ignorance of business, over-trusting confidence in agents, or inattention to details through other occupation. If ignorant of business or otherwise employed, he should not have assumed the responsibilities of the trust. It is no answer to say that he is innocent of any intent to commit the errors that ultimate in personal robbery, for, in effect, and to the victim, it is robbing all the same. It is no answer to say that the speculative and greedy gambler lost his own means and was involved in the common ruin, for had his gambling adventures turned out well, he would have become a millionaire, and his investors would not have participated in his profits beyond fair interest. It is no answer to say that the banker has lost in stock speculations, because the legitimate banker has no right to operate in that direction. The legitimate, honest banker can not fail. No man has the right to become a banker unless he has a personal capital that is to be first lost, first exhausted, before danger comes to his depositors; when that capital is exhausted, it is duty to close his concern and not attempt to recoup his fortunes by use of his depositors' money. The banker who does not stop at this point is either a thief in intention and purpose, or willing to become one in the chances of recuperating his own lost fortune by stealing the money of his depositors. The operating stock-gambler, the broker, known to be dealing on his own account, who holds himself out to the world as an "operator," is like the dealer of "faro" or "rouge-et-noir," and the person who deals with him, or trusts stock with him, does business with full knowledge of the character of the man, and depends upon the capacity and honesty of the gamester with whom he shares chances and profits. The sympathy that is expended over adventurous, profligate, criminal business men—men who lead the life of gamblers, riot in luxuries, keep mistresses, build palaces, maintain steam yachts, encourage art, build country houses, keep stables of fast and blooded horses—is a false sentiment. The man who fails in business of any kind and under any circumstances should be arrested and held to bail as a presumptive criminal—bail to be fixed at double the sum of his deficit—until it be proved that the causes of his failure were beyond his control, and that he closed his business at the moment he had reached the end of his financial resources. The failure of C. K. Garrison, whose name suggests this line of reflections; the names of Ward & Grant; the name of Eno; the history of all the banking failures that ever occurred in San Francisco, from the most criminal career of Ralston back through a long line of swindles; most of the commercial failures that have occurred in this city and in other cities; the great bankruptcies that have happened in other countries and other times—illustrate the argument which we are attempting to hastily consider. We lay down the broad doctrine that to fail in any financial enterprise presumes criminality; that insolvency should be looked upon as an offense against the law, and that the whole business of bankruptcy should be treated under the criminal code by the criminal courts. This argument shades away and tones down in color when we get away from moneyed and financial trusts, and get out into commercial, manufacturing, and industrial enterprises. A ship may be lost at sea, a destructive fire may occur on land, crops may fail, and unavoidable accidents and misfortunes may occur; the business man may lose his wits by softening of the brain. The law should devolve the burden of proving the exceptionable conditions upon the unfortunate bankrupt before it excuses him from the consequences of his act; the application of such a rule is not more harsh than the one that places the burden of proof of innocence upon the individual found in possession of stolen property, or the unfortunate found with bloody knife, standing over the prostrate body of a murdered man. Mr. Garrison was not a good mayor of San Francisco. He earned for himself no credit in those early times of riot and misrule. His administration of our city affairs was extravagant and profligate. Violence prevailed; the worst kind of men held positions of influence; the cost of one year of municipal administration under Mayor Garrison exceeded, by nearly one and one-half millions of dollars the expenses of the year that succeeded, under the mayoralty of Mr. Webb, the Know-Nothing, from Salem. The very mention of the name of Garrison recalls scenes and incidents in the early history of San Francisco that are not at all creditable to the Hon. Cornelius Garrison and his administration of our municipal affairs. We take advantage of the fact that the old commodore is not dead, only bankrupt, to mention these things before the "*nil nisi*" sentiment can be invoked in his defense.

There has suddenly, and all along the line, been opened a fire upon the railroad people—a cannonade so sudden, so furious, and so concentrated as to lead to the conclusion that it was the result of a counsel of war, to which all the enemies of the Central and Southern roads, their leased lines, cables, and ferries, had been invited. Forces of the right wing and left wing seem to have all come to the centre, for this last, and we guess final, effort to break the railroad lines. It looks very much as though the political, the litigious, the editorial, and the blackmail divisions had all been concentrated, under their respective generals and brigade commanders, for a night attack, somewhat as General Lee used to assault Grant's lines, by opening his batteries along the entire front during the sleeping hours that precede the dawn of day, and, under the clamor of a cannonade, attacking some point which was supposed to have been left weak and unguarded. As Lee's night attacks usually ended in noise and smoke, so do we guess that this attack upon the credit of the Central and Southern Pacific corporations will end in sound and fury; and we further guess that it will not seriously alarm the railroad people, nor seriously disturb them, nor frighten them, nor bleed them, nor drive them to compromises affecting their purse or their honor. The proceedings in Democratic county and State conventions, in Democratic city and general politics; the recent extra session of the Legislature, to which Judge Wallace was especially called from the Colton suit; the fact that Delmas was taken from Santa Rosa to Sacramento during the extra session, and, for the first time, attended the Democratic State Convention at Stockton, where all the anti-railroad-phobists were massed for the cowardly attack upon Judge Field; the fact that the *Chronicle* endeavored to magnify the temporary detention of the pay-car from its monthly promptness of movement into an inability of the Central Pacific company to pay its monthly labor bills; the fact that an order was asked for the appointment of a receiver in the Colton case, to take charge of certain funds held in reserve for the payment of one and one-half millions of State aid bonds, due and payable this week in New York, and for which payment had been arranged, and payment of which will be made on the day they become due; the fact that this adroit movement of adroit counsel for the special receiver was telegraphed to Wall Street as a serious movement for the appointment of a receiver for the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific Railroad properties, conveying the idea of insolvency and inability to meet the accruing demands—all tend to prove that a concentrated action was had by the enemies of the railroads for the purpose of driving the railroad people to concessions. The cunningly laid scheme was as unsuccessful as unprincipled; and if the theory of an existing syndicate for the extortion of money be the true one, it reflects less than credit upon the persons who are engaged in it. The time was well chosen; the money market of New York was in a most sensitive condition; distrust and want of confidence in railroad securities existed on every side. Between the newspaper reviewer and the telegraphic result a broad lie exists. Mr. Crocker said that upon Southern Pacific Railroad *stock* twenty per cent. could not be realized. This was changed to say that upon Southern railroad *bonds* twenty per cent. could not be advanced. If, as the bottom is falling out of the Colton suit, and under the testimony of the defense it is demonstrated that a recovery can not be had, a panicky and stringent money market could be taken advantage of, and railroad laborers be induced to strike for payment of wages, the Colton suit syndicate (if any exists) might think it possible to enforce a settlement which should reimburse expenses, pay the *Chronicle* five per cent., and the attorneys retained upon contingencies a fair compensation for their services, and leave a handsome sum to be divided between the widow and her counsel. But this settlement *will not* take place; the State aid bonds *will* be paid; the Railroad laborers *will* get their money; George Hearst *will not* become Senator of the United States; the *Chronicle will not* get five per cent.; the widow *will not* (we think) be compelled to divide with counsel; the Central and Southern railroads *will not* go into the hands of a receiver, nor into bankruptcy. The political, litigious, journalistic conspiracy against a legitimate industry will fail of its attack in the dark, and the railroad system will survive, and, we hope, flourish in the land. A settlement is not possible in the Colton case. If for one-half, or one-tenth, of the money expended in law the gentlemen composing the railroad companies could dispose of the Colton case, they could not afford to do it. They are charged with suppression of facts, misstatement of values for the purpose of making a fraudulent settlement with the widow of a deceased partner. Any compromise would be a confession and admission that the sworn statements of Mrs. Colton contained in them an element of truth. To the politicians, who are so persistently and viciously barking at the heels of the railroad people, they can not afford to make any other concession than to withdraw themselves from politics, and trust their taxes, their property, the regulation of their fares and freights, to the intelligence and honesty of the fair-minded, impartial men of both parties; and this they had done before the last assault commenced. They can not afford to submit to the extortions of blackmailing newspapers, or blackmailing lobbyists, or blackmailing merchants and demagogues; because, to do so, would open upon them all the yelping dogs that guard the gates of hell. Sops to Cerberus only encourage the whole hungry pack.

Since writing the above there has been filed, in answer to the application for a receiver in the Colton case, the sworn statement of Mr. Charles Crocker, which is a full, complete, and satisfactory denial of all the allegations and insinuations contained. It is a thorough and complete refutation of all the charges against the intention of the parties defendant in disposing of any part of their assets; it establishes beyond the possibility of question the solvency of the railroad company and the individual wealth of the men who constitute the management. It gives satisfactory explanation of the use and contemplated use of securities, and ample assurance of the ability of the defendants to meet all maturing obligations; and, finally, makes offer to place securities in the custody of any respectable banking institution that shall be designated by the court. It is in violation of good taste to discuss the proceedings of a case under trial, or speculate upon the probable decision of the court. The *Argonaut* seldom offends in this respect, and we would not now, if it were not apparent that the Colton case has been removed from Santa Rosa, and taken on appeal to Democratic conventions, to Wall Street, and into the newspapers for final adjudication.

We have seen no one, not a member of the Stockton Convention, who does not condemn its action in reference to the Presidential candidacy of the Hon. Stephen J.

Field. It is the only occasion in the history of American politics when a State convention has instructed against the candidacy of its own citizen. It was an unwarranted piece of insolence, and the action of the convention does not express the intelligent and disinterested opinion of any number of respectable Democrats in California. In the discussion of this question we are entirely disinterested, for it is impossible, after this treatment of Judge Field, to give the electoral vote of the State to any Democrat. The friends of Judge Field will not support any Democrat after this shameful treatment of their choice. If Field should be nominated he could not carry California. Benjamin F. Butler is the only formidable name that the Democratic party could put forward in this State. He would be a dangerous candidate, and if we did not love our party and our country more than we despise the New York and Boston Independents, we could hope that the national Democracy would make him its standard-bearer, in order to see Mr. George William Curtis, and his associates in Boston, take the dose. We should like to see Ed. Godkin, and the Cobden Club, and Mr. Carl Schurz, and Mr. George Jones, of the New York *Times*, and other free-traders, swallow the Butler pill.

We shall not be surprised if Ben Butler is nominated by the Democracy. We shall not be surprised at anything. If the South could stand Greeley, why not Butler? The pen of Greeley was more powerful than the sword of Butler, and inflicted greater wounds upon the Confederate cause—did more to abolish slavery. Why should not the lamb of New Orleans lie down with the lion of Tammany? In event of Butler's nomination, we shall open a scrap-book to preserve the different excuses, apologies, and circumventions which the Democratic leaders shall give in coming up to the enlistment of their reasons for the Butler fight. We shall watch with interest the editorials of the New Orleans, the Virginia, and the Boston press. We shall watch with more than interest the manifestations of political movement in the social circles of Louisiana and Massachusetts. It will be curious to see the Gold Bugs, and moral dudes, and bob-tailed English snobs, and the gold-caned and respectable old rectitudes of the Independent party wriggle and make up faces when they take Butler in theirs. The Democracy is in position to nominate anybody to beat Blaine. We shall not be surprised if Butler heads the ticket.

The Democracy of California is at present simply masquerading as an anti-monopoly party. It is not sincere, and the best evidence of the fact is the instruction to the delegates to the National Convention in favor of Samuel J. Tilden for the Presidency. Mr. Tilden has held leading positions, either as president, director, receiver, or attorney, in forty-three railroad corporations, some of which he has wrecked, and out of which he has accumulated a colossal fortune. Mr. Tilden is, and all his life has been, a stock operator and share gambler in Wall Street. As an attorney, he has always represented corporate wealth. When, therefore, Messrs. Delmas, Foote, English, Wallace, Spencer, Greathouse, and other Democrats affect to be opposed to railroads as monopolies, we know that they are simply masquerading in false characters for the accomplishment of a political purpose, and for the attaining of some selfish end. The anti-monopoly Democracy under the leadership of Samuel Tilden is a curious spectacle.

The Independent movement in New York and Boston, so far as we can observe, does not make headway. It has with it no popular element. All that there is of vitality in it comes from the English free-trade sentiment that for some years past has subsidized certain New England and New York newspapers. Excepting the *Times* and *Harper's Weekly*, their journals are of but little influence, and confined in circulation to the localities where they are published. The Boston papers are never seen outside of New England, and the Springfield *Republican* outside of the country village in which it is printed. "Ed. Godkin's" paper is supported by the Cobden Club and read by nobody. The whole movement is English—exiles and dudes. It parts its hair in the middle, wears short-tailed coats, draws a quarterly allowance from the old country, and c-a-a-n-t be expected, you k-n-o-w, to know much about these blarsted American politics, you k-n-o-w. Don't you see?

The two royal books still hold the public interest. Edmund Yates says that Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. are now issuing the twenty-first thousand of the Queen's "More Leaves"; and Mr. Mudie, to meet the wants of his readers, has added another five hundred copies to the two thousand which he has already in circulation of "Princess Alice's Letters."

The pictures of Meissonier now being exhibited in Paris are said to be insured for two millions of dollars.

Upward of five thousand persons slept on Epsom Downs on the night preceding the recent Derby race.

## JEWELED GENTLEMEN.

"Flaneur" tells of a New Fashion for Men in New York.

[Inasmuch as the letters written over the signature of "Flaneur" have been widely attributed to one who is not their writer, we consider it no more than just to state here that "Flaneur" is Mr. Blakely Hall, of New York city.—EDS. ARGONAUT.]

Men are beginning to wear bangles now in New York. Some of them are not real men, and have all the characteristics of dudes, but there are others who are strong, and muscular, and man-like, but who have given way to the craze. It hasn't prevailed to any large extent yet, as it is a little bit too much for the average American to undergo. The bangles or bracelets are all alike. They are closely-woven chains a quarter of an inch or less broad, which are welded on the wrist just at its juncture with the hand. It is impossible to get them off in most cases, though men with slim hands manage to tug them over their fingers. The bracelets are usually made of plain silver, though there are few gold ones. They are never ornamented. The links are closely made after the fashion of the average watch-chain. In Russian baths, in boat crews, on the athletic grounds, and at the beach, one occasionally sees a man's naked arm adorned by one of these chain bracelets. The wearers claim that the bracelets prevent disappointments in love, and other sentimental things. The majority of men who wear bangles are pronounced Anglomaniacs. The fashion, I believe, was set by the Duke of Beaufort, who came here on a visit to James Gordon Bennett three years ago. His grace is one of those Englishmen who take their pleasures sadly and tranquilly. He enjoyed sitting better than any man I ever saw. He was quite as inert as James Gordon Bennett himself when in pursuit of pleasure. One of the duke's most absorbing occupations was to sit on the southwest corner of Delmonico's every afternoon and admire his finger-nails. On his left wrist he had a silver bangle, which was always prominently displayed.

After a little two or three actors, among others young Sidney Howard, of Wallack's, and a little dude called Réné, who supported Rhea last season, appeared diffidently but happily with bangles which closely resembled that of His Grace. Then two or three musicians and one composer, who has since died, appeared timidly with the chains around their left arms, and the fashion was well under way. Bogart was also rather fond of rings. He wore a plain gold ring on the little finger of his left hand, two rings on the third finger of his left hand—one a serpent ring, and the other known as a "glove" ring. That is, a diamond and two emeralds were set in a solid gold band. They were level with the surface of the ring, so that you could slip a glove over it with more ease than you could if the jewels projected. On the third finger of the duke's right hand was a huge black stone, which was popularly supposed to be an heir-loom—an antique crest, or something of that sort. The men who are afraid, or have too much good sense to wear bangles, but who are fond of jewelry, copy the duke's arrangement of his rings, and now it is no exaggeration to say that three-fifths of the wealthy club loungers and well-to-do Wall Street men wear as many rings as the Duke of Beaufort wore, and in exactly the same manner. This wearing of jewelry by men is a sort of revival. It was popular years ago, and then it became so snobbish and vulgar that gentlemen could only be distinguished from cads by simplicity of style. Two years ago a gentleman's attire for evening dress was so plain as to appear almost poverty-stricken. His tie was plain lawn, and cost not more than fifteen cents—satin and silk ties were then and still are left to waiters and serving-men—the studs of his shirt-front were bone, his cuff-buttons were two plain gold disks linked together, and his waistcoat had plain white buttons.

Curious enough, this perfectly simple attire was inaugurated by the bosom friend of the gaudy Duke of Beaufort, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who, it is said, copied the Prince of Wales. At that time the majority of men wore no rings at all, and their watch chains were scarcely larger than a bit of thread. As might readily be imagined, the snobs soon caught up with this fashion. It was so very economical, it appealed to their purses though not to their tastes, and they soon adopted it. Then a lot of Knickerbocker Club men startled the men about town by appearing with a single stud. It was a Parisian fashion. The stud was a cat's-eye surrounded by little diamonds, and was placed exactly in the centre of the shirt bosom. The cost of such a stud was anywhere from two hundred to a thousand dollars. This was considered about right until the world found out how much the stud cost; then it was frowned down upon and called gaudy. But the single-stud idea took hold, and two months afterward nearly every man's shirt bosom had a single gold stud a little bit smaller than a copper cent. That broke the ice, and during all last winter, and particularly this spring, we have had gold galore. A number of the enthusiasts who worship jewelry have carried the thing to excess, and the chances are that in a year or two we shall have to come down to plain bone buttons again. Three or four of these "gilded" youths have grown quite absurd in the matter of jewelry. They have diamond collar buttons, a cat's-eye shirt-stud, four gold buttons on their white waistcoats—each gold button embellished with a raised monogram or crest—double watch-chains, four or five rings, and gold or silver bracelets. As they sit with legs crossed, idly sucking the head of a gold or silver-tipped cane, and staring before them through a single glass bound in a slight silver rim, they look gorgeous, and wealthy, and snobbish, and vulgar, and silly. There is, after all, some truth in the assertion that Americans carry everything to excess.

It is quite amusing to note the number of shooting-coats and jackets worn about the streets. In the course of a walk down Broadway one will meet half a dozen or more men dressed in blouses or shooting-coats, or wearing big white helmets. Their costumes are precisely similar to those worn by Mr. Stanley or Mr. Livingstone while in the act of exploring Africa. Many cheap clerks and young professional men wear these blouses to business. They are apparently utterly unconscious that the coats were made for shooting or fishing in the country, and are unsuitable for city wear. Not only this, but they are very much warmer than the ordinary coat, which is not plaited up and down the back and gathered around the waist with a belt. As for the helmets, they are heavier than the ordinary hat. I have tried them, and know. Men here are getting almost as finicky and old-maidenish about their clothes as the Englishmen. If a man goes to Brooklyn now, he has to put on a gray traveling suit, carry a stick and umbrella strapped together, wear a cloth railroad cap, and carry a small bag over his shoulder. No one thinks of going out of town in his ordinary garb any longer. I was more than amused at two men, who had been stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and who went to California last Thursday. They are interested in some mines—poor devils—and are going out to look after their property. Hope they find it. They travel pretty far into Oregon, and will make a tour in Nevada. If they return to New York alive I shall be astonished. For two weeks before they went away they were the laughing-stocks of the town. Each of them wore alligator shoes with yellow tops, and they had pearl gray costumes, and resembled the caricatures of Englishmen one occasionally sees in *La Vie Parisienne*. They wore linen collars four inches high, soft hats, rings, bangles, and chains. Two choicer tid-bits for a cow-boy or an Indian can not be imagined.

All these remarks about clothes are the result of the heat. The weather has been so stupendously warm that nobody has done anything. There isn't even a respectable scandal for a man to talk about.

The season at the watering-places is fairly under way. There is an impression abroad, though it is impossible to tell whence it originated or how long it will last, that Lennox is more fashionable and exclusive than Newport. It is said that the vulgar rich, who robbed Long Branch of its charms and sent the aristocracy to Newport, have in turn invaded the City by the Sea, and sent those thin-skinned and peculiarly delicate creatures who form "our best society" scurrying to Lennox in affright. This is what Mr. John Stetson would call a "Cunard." Newport is still the most fashionable watering-place in America. It is by no means as swell to live at Newport as it is to live on a yacht, however. Mrs. William Astor and her daughter, Carrie Astor, are to board the Astor yacht and spend a month at sea before they go to Newport. The Astor heiress, by the way, it is said, will not marry Mr. Orme Wilson. Mr. Lorillard, Mr. Kernochan, Mr. Jaffrey, Mr. Franklin, and Mr. James Gordon Bennett will all spend the summer in their yachts, bringing up at Newport at the tail end of the season in time to laugh at the fox-hunters and enjoy the polo games. All these yachts are as big as steamships, are manned by crews of from eighteen to twenty-five men, and the families of their owners, when their owners have families, will accompany them on their summer trips. This is the proper way to get rid of the heated term. It will cost a trifle of a half million or more to buy the yacht in the first place, but after that everything will go easy if you have another million to run the concern with.

The suspension of Commodore Garrison took people by surprise. Had his son still been alive it would never have occurred. The son, it will be remembered, was killed in the Long Branch disaster last year. He was returning from the beach with General Grant, last summer, when the train ran off a bridge. Mr. Garrison, who was the only son of the Commodore, and a very popular man in New York, was frightfully mangled when taken out of the wreck. He died in great agony. For six months the Commodore has been in a bad state of health. He has had pneumonia, and there have been constant depressing reports about him. He refused to give up his work, and went regularly to his office day after day. It was plain to his business associates that his mind was giving way under the strain, and that is the real reason why he was urged to make the assignment. There will probably be a good many millions of dollars left after the great capitalist's affairs are put in order. Mr. Garrison's daughter Cornelia married Barret H. Van Auken. There are two daughters and a son in the Van Auken family, and they will inherit whatever of the Commodore's wealth does not go to his pretty young wife. The male line of the family will be carried on by Mr. Van Auken Jr., who is one of the most popular men in town.

The Press Club is now installed in their new building. It is on a sound financial basis, has a fair amount of money in its treasury, and bids fair to be a more important club, socially, than it has ever been before. Until a year ago, the club was under the heel of a wild, red-haired, and spasmodic Celt known as "Hennessy of the *Times*." He became the boss of the institution. Although he was alluded to in the public prints as the "flannel-mouthed Mick," and derided, jeered at, and abused, he stuck to his work and organized a party of heelers who for a while controlled the club. They ran in all sorts of members, and a clerk in the office of the *Pork and Beans Gazette* had as much influence in the club as an editorial writer in one of the great New York dailies. Happily, the club was emancipated from Hennessy's control a year ago, and a new party put in. Many of the most prominent journalists in the city who had been black-balled by the Hennessy clique, have been taken into the club again, and everything is booming, The initiation fee has been raised, and everything done to make it a club worth joining, but the lynx-eyed and glowering Hennessy is still there. He hungers for power, and his horde of trades-paper heelers are at his beck and call. The club has in Hennessy an active and dangerous foe. It would be tragic, if it were not ludicrous.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, June 24, 1884.

"Will you kindly tell me which way the wind blows?" asked a southern invalid of the landlord of a Florida hotel. "Certainly, sir," replied the landlord stepping to the door; "the wind now blows due north, sir." "Thank you." A little later the landlord said to the bookkeeper: "Have you made out Mr. Smith's bill yet?" "No, sir." "Well, just charge one dollar to his account for information about the direction of the wind."

The new mode in Paris of disposing of babies not needed is to take them to church and leave them under

## BY LAND AND BY SEA.

The Idyl of an Ultra-marine, in Six Clauses and a Climax.

CLAUSE THE FIRST.

The cadets' ball at Annapolis is in progress. To it have been bidden many of those who were once cadets, but are now officers on men-of-war; have actually been to sea, and visited foreign ports, which makes them assume traveled airs, and display in various ways their convictions that there is nothing much left in the world worth seeing. Lieutenant Green (who is leaning against the columns of the ball-room and looking at the dancers with mild curiosity) remarks to Lieutenant Simpson (similarly engaged) that it reminds him, d'ye know, of the Nautch dance we saw in Calcutta, and Lieutenant Simpson responds that it *is* somewhat like that, but, d'ye know, it reminds *him* more of the Japanese Saki-naki. Then they both look extremely traveled, to the intense envy of several new cadets who are within hearing.

This conversation also reaches a pair of pink ears belonging to a small damsel seated near by, who, however busy she may be in smiling away the sense of her midshipman escort, nevertheless finds time to curl up her lip and make mental comments not at all flattering to the lieutenants. She asks her midshipman if he thinks those great men used to dance and deport themselves like ordinary mortals when they were at the academy; and he is quite pleased at her sarcasm, because—although he scarcely admires lieutenants who have been to Calcutta and Japan—he is very willing to have them disparaged for daring to know more than he.

Drawls Green to Simpson again: "See the Commodore's wife over the way?"

Simpson doesn't know the Commodore's wife, but is unwilling to acknowledge not knowing anything or anybody, so he nods, and gazes at a tall, gaunt lady in black, whose hair and conversation alone have escaped the ravages of time.

"Hang it, not that one!" says Green. "That old party looks like a Peruvian *duenna*. Here's Mrs. Commodore on this side. Stout woman, with black lace mantilla. Reminds one of Spanish fandango. Wonder who she's got in tow?"

"I know him," replies Simpson; "it's Dale, first-lieutenant on board the *Larkspur*. Fellows call him Gentle Hermit because his initials are G. H., and then he sets up for a sage. To hear him talk you'd think he was as old as the everlasting hills, and as wise as Solomon. He's a pretty good sort, though, and has been almost everywhere. I met him at Algiers, when we were stationed there, year before last."

"Looks rather young and conceited, seems to me." Thus Green. "Come along, and let's have some punch. There's a feast of reason and a flow of *bowl* going on in the next room."

After which they depart, and the owner of the pink ears, who has been wickedly listening all the time, quite agrees with Mr. Green in his summary of Mrs. Commodore's escort. Before she has time to escape, however, that lady catches sight of her, beams affably, and, turning in their promenade, says something inaudible to her partner. He looks resigned, glances across the room, mutters, "Delighted, I'm sure," with a face not at all indicative of delight, and then the twain descend upon the corner, where the pink ears are growing somewhat pinker, and have called a pair of brown eyes to assist in holding an indignation meeeting over the idea of any one's being unwilling at an introduction to them.

"My dear Angelina," begins Mrs. Commodore, effusively, "what a faculty you have for hiding in snug corners, watching people, and, I've no doubt, saying clever, wicked things about them. Miss Owen, Mr. Dale." (Mr. Dale does the bow listless, and Miss Owen the nod frigid.) "Miss Owen is from California, and I am her chaperone, as well as very fond of her"——

"Which does not necessarily follow by any means," interrupted Dale. "But I can believe that no one would find it a difficult task to be fond of your charge." And he bows as if he had said a good thing and made a friend of her for life at a very trifling expense.

The indignation meeting is unanimously indignant. "Mr. Dale is kind enough to exert himself as much for his own glory as mine. His consciousness of merit is its own reward." (Then to her midshipman who has not mentioned dancing:) "Yes, I will dance with pleasure."

DALE *(mentally)*—"Whew! Dear creatures girls!"

ANGELINA *(whirling off)*—"*Such* conceit!"

CLAUSE THE SECOND.

There is a banquet on board the United States ship *Larkspur*, Commodore Rudkin. The Commodore is a man who believes in "good old customs," and doubts not their excellence if they have the requisite age; so he has drunk healths, smashed glasses, proposed toasts (and answered them himself when no one else would respond), for all of which he is rewarded by carefully audible whispers from his lady guests to the effect that he is the life of the occasion—*so* convivial, *so* gallant, *so* generally charming!

Of a truth, he quite agrees with them; and, as a masterstroke, he rises, glass in hand, and says he has reached the to him and all true men most delightful and congenial part of their evening's entertainment, wherein he is permitted to pay a tribute to that lovely Being without whom life would be indeed a waste! It is needless for him to add that he refers to woman. [Murmurs of applause from young officers and midshipmen.] He is himself somewhat too elderly a man, as well as too indifferent an orator [which he doesn't in the least believe], to do the young ladies justice, and hence he is going to pursue a plan of his own, and depute that pleasing task to some younger gallant—say Mr. —— [casting his eye up the table], Mr. Dale, who he feels confident will accept. As for himself, he can not afford to relinquish the lovely sex entirely—may his timber shiver and his lights go out when he does! So he intends reserving the matrons of maturer years for *his* tender mercies. Being a married man, he is certainly more capable of estimating them at their worth, and with all his heart does he respect, reverence—ay, and love such of them as his wife will permit—and so forth, and so on.

During all this, a young woman, who thinks Mr. Dale the most conceited man in the world, has found herself wondering what *he* will have to say about young ladies, and whether he will be as fluent as that dear old Commodore, whom she considers a second Demosthenes, and an old gentleman who is altogether fascinating from an unsentimental point of view.

The gallant Commodore at last, with a flourish of trumpets, drinks his wine theatrically, and sits down, very much pleased with himself and admired by his guests. All eyes, including a pair of scornful brown ones, are now turned to Mr. Dale, who rises opposite the last named orbs, and looks across at them with a half quizzical, half deprecatory smile. Then he glances coolly down the table to the Commodore, and begins:

"Our worthy host could not have made a more unfortunate selection for this response than myself, and I fear that, before I have finished, you will all acquiesce in the opinion. A toast must necessarily be a panegyric, and to a man who has studied young ladies, as I have, from an analytical and philosophical, rather than a sentimental standpoint, the subjects of my present address afford but meagre material for eulogy. The fact is, there is a great deal of cant about 'Heaven's last, best gift to man,' and 'our better angels,' which we have adopted from the jargon of a fantastic chivalry—a chivalry which existed in semi-barbaric, by-gone ages, when a man felt called upon to go around and carve all of his fellow-men who refused to acknowledge the superiority of his particular divinity. And this divinity was frequently no better and no more beautiful than she should have been. As a matter of fact, women are not goddesses—they are as clayey as we are—their faults are equally numerous; and any man who has gone through the world with his eyes open knows *they* are numberless. If their failings are somewhat more frivolous and less grave than ours, it is because they lack both opportunity and capacity to become great offenders. Any man who thinks will readily admit—ay, and illustrate it by his own experience—that a boy of sixteen or eighteen years is nothing more nor less than a raw, untrained, mentally and physically undeveloped Ego, who spends ten years of his after-life in wondering how he could have been such a fool! I say many a man will admit this, and yet he will talk endless bosh about sweetness, and intelligence, and beauty, and thoughtfulness, and heaven knows what imaginary virtues, in girls who are no wiser and no less absurd than he was at their age, with this additional drawback, that many of them never get over it! It is an unquestionable fact, that there are many more grown-up children among women than men, principally because women's feelings generally control instead of her judgment, if she have any. Setting all this aside, I can say, with more sincerity but less elegance than our host, that I consider woman as a companion whose various imperfections of mind and body make her a fit helpmeet for man. And if all of us looked at them in this light there would be fewer marriages, perhaps, but certainly fewer disappointments in marriage."

With this the Hermit takes his seat, and on the spot all the ladies mentally condemn him as a disagreeable, stupid man, not nearly so nice as the dear old Commodore; and how could he say such horrid things?

There is one exception to this general disfavor, for, with strange perversity, our brown eyes dwell on the Hermit with something like approval, and she even ventures to nod and smile when he glances curiously at her.

There has been rather a damper cast on the conviviality, however, and the party soon breaks up, with the exception of a few choice spirits, headed by the Commodore, who is a three-bottle man, and proud of it.

Strolling around the deck, the Hermit comes upon his sole supporter in his late unpopular address. She is leaning against a capstan and looking out over the bay.

DALE—"Are you in the contemplative mood which brooks no interruption, Miss Owen, or am I not the interrupter you would prefer? In either case I can take my cigar to the other side."

ANGELINA—"To be frank, I was thinking of you, and trying to fathom your extraordinary speech just now. Are you a relative, or merely a connection, of Mrs. Malaprop?"

DALE—"Neither, I hope. The fact is, I grow garrulous when on my pet themes. Most men who have hobbies ride them on every occasion, whether opportune or not."

ANGELINA *(abruptly)*—"How old are you?"

DALE *(amused)*—"Just twenty-nine. And you?"

ANGELINA—"Old enough to know that young men's wisdom must be theoretical, since it can not be the result of experience; and that, therefore, they expose themselves to ridicule when they assume to be wiseacres." *(Penitently)*—"Forgive me! I was rude in asking, and am more so in my reply. I am only twenty, and deserve all the disagreeable adjectives you applied to extremely young women."

DALE—"If you think so, you probably do not deserve them. To know the truth is generally to be made free."

ANGELINA—"Does it never occur to you that by keeping up this superior moralizing vein you expose yourself to the charge of conceit, and offend people? Nothing makes one so many enemies as to assume that his thoughts run in higher grooves than theirs; that, being superior to them, he can amuse himself by observing their failings."

DALE—"That is an observation which encroaches on my domain, and deserves the criticism it contains. You are right, however, and I am not only unpopular, but am held conceited. I dare say you thought so when we met, and think so still?"

ANGELINA *(coloring)*—"I must confess that I thought so, and think so still; but with this saving exception: I think you know it; and the conceit which acknowledges itself is half humility."

DALE—"I see you, also, are a would-be philosopher. Then you have no right to reproach me with precocity, for compared to your tender years I am old Parr himself. Hark! the band is beginning. They play every night, and even at sea when the weather permits. Do you know, I think music never sounds so well anywhere as on the water? The crash is mellowed and softened; there are no harsh reverberations, while the music seems to peal out and die away over the waves. Sometimes when the sun is setting in mid-ocean, and our ship goes plunging along through the glittering water, the band strikes up, and one can almost fancy that the sound is caught up and wafted over the broad ocean back to land. You have never been to sea?"

He has drawn a little closer, and is leaning against the same capstan.

ANGELINA *(softly)*—"No. I am afraid of the ocean. There is a vastness and wildness which awes and frightens me. All the traveling I have ever done has been between here and my home."

DALE—"Your home is in San Francisco, I think? I used to know a family of De Lancys who live there now."

ANGELINA—"You know the De Lancys? Why, so do I. They live near us, and I see them very often. Isn't it nice to have mutual acquaintances? What a pretty girl Maud De Lancy is!"

DALE *(drily)*—"Oh, yes."

ANGELINA—"You say that as if it were anything but your opinion. Don't you like her?"

DALE—"Not extravagantly."

ANGELINA *(quickly)*—"Why?"

DALE—"Frankly, then, she's not my style. If she were more like you, I should probably like her better."

ANGELINA *(coldly)*—"Your approbation is magnificent. If she were in my place you would have said the same."

DALE *(calmly)*—"It is possible."

ANGELINA *(scornfully)*—"Your effrontery is admirable!"

DALE—"And my temper imperturbable. Come, why should you grow angry over my humble little attempt to say in an indirect way that I like you?"

ANGELINA—"I am duly grateful" *(changing her tone)*. "No, I believe I am glad, and—I see they are preparing to go ashore, and I must get ready."

DALE *(walking by her side to the cabin)*—"Our ship will be here two weeks. I hope to see you again before I leave." *(Holding out his hand)* "Good-bye."

ANGELINA *(not seeing it)*—"Good-bye."

DALE *(mentally)*—"A miracle! A girl who is not altogether frivolous, and can think!"

ANGELINA *(likewise)*—"He *wouldn't* have said it to Maud."

CLAUSE THE THIRD.

Mr. Dale *does* see Miss Owen again.

And again.

CLAUSE THE FOURTH.

Angelina has met the "dearest, loveliest girl," in the person of a Miss Johns, from Washington, who is at the seaside for her health. They have known each other exactly ten days, and are accordingly grappled soul to soul "with hooks of steel;" ready to die one for the other, and profuse in kisses, arch quarrels, and playful pats. These two have been allegedly bathing in the surf, and are now luxuriously seated in a hammock swung from the summer-house roof. This summer-house is situated in a "heavenly" spot near the hotel, surrounded by trees and unfrequented by masculine guests; so our girls dangle their little slippers out of the hammock, and talk unrestrainedly.

ANGELINA—"Nonie dear" *(Miss Johns's name is Leonora)*, I've been thinking"——

MISS JOHNS *(playfully)*—"No? Why, Angie, how could you be so rash?"

ANGELINA *(petulantly)*—"Now, *don't* interrupt me, you provoking thing! I've been thinking that my time for going home is getting dismally near, and I don't know how I can ever muster up courage enough to leave this lovely place and—and *you*. I'm about ready to cry over it. Now don't you feel flattered?"

MISS J.—"Oh, immensely. Of course *I'm* the source of your regret. It isn't the parties, nor the heads you turned; not to mention that solemn naval officer who follows you about, looking all the time as if he were protesting with himself against the folly of falling in love!"

ANGELINA *(laughing)*—"Truth to say, that's precisely what he *is* generally doing; and, worst of all, he doesn't confine it to himself, but protests to *me*."

MISS J.—"Against his own folly or yours?"

ANGELINA—"Well he's hardly so conceited as to call it mine, and he's reluctant to acknowledge it as his, so he moralizes over the tender passion in general, with no illustration in particular."

MISS J.—"From which I'm to gather that you and he are an illustration if he would but acknowledge it?"

ANGELINA *(pouting)*—"No such thing! He's too wise to be human, and I'm so ungrateful as to tire of wisdom. Whenever I do silly or commonplace things, I don't like to have him looking at me in that commiserating way, and when I find amusement in what he calls frivolities, it provokes me to have him calmly disdainful of them. Why he even ventured one of his imperceptible sneers at *our* friendship, the cold-blooded wretch!"

MISS J.—"I never could see what he bases his pretensions on, any way. I don't like men who pretend to be above everything, and I think that Captain West we met at the hop is ever and ever so much nicer. He's so lively, dances divinely, and seems to enjoy everything, while"——

ANGELINA *(interrupting)*—"Oh, I can't bear him! He asked me how liked Newport, and if I was fond of dancing; and then said it was very warm, and he wouldn't be surprised if it were to rain soon. How can one talk to a man like that? There, there, don't pout! It can have its little captain if it wants to, so it can." *(Long-continued osculation.)*

MISS J.—"And it can have its horrid, preaching naval officer, too, if it will be good!"

ANGELINA—"But it won't have him, Nonie, dear!"

CLAUSE THE FIFTH.

The band is playing in the hotel ball-room, and "Terpsichorean exercises are being indulged in," as the society reporter hath it. There are two figures on the long piazza in the moonlight, and one of them is saying:

"Our ship sails to-morrow, Miss Owen. My two weeks are gone, and in them I have learned a new phase of life. I came here to"——

ANGELINA—"Shall I not see you to-morrow, Mr. Dale?"

DALE—"Yes; but a general farewell is unsatisfactory and constrained, except where there is no feeling. From those we love our parting should be solitary. Therefore have I sought you out to say 'good-bye' to-night."

ANGELINA (*putting out a little hand*)—"Good-bye."

DALE (*taking, but not releasing it*)—"Something more I would say, even though it be somewhat contrary to my usual precepts. I have learned to love you—foolishly, wildly, it may be; but truly, I am certain. And I came here to-night to to tell you this—to ask"——

ANGELINA (*a little breathlessly*)—"Oh, do not go on! I am sorry, very sorry—I did not think—I mean I can not listen to you, because I may have misled you. We can only be friends. It is much better so. You are too clear-sighted, and I am full of faults—more so than many girls you laugh at and disdain."

DALE (*very slowly*)—"It may be so; and it may be that in years to come I shall be glad of your decision. I see that my wretched assumption of philosophy has ruined whatever chance I may have had, and caused you to believe me a man whose habit of carping and sneering would make him discover objectionable features in an angel. You forget that I never lose sight of my own unworthiness. That were you twice as full as faults as you say, you were even then far too good for me. It is needless for me to go on. I have failed, and to the sting of defeat is added the remorse of an apostate to my creed. Over the latter I shall grieve but little, for I was a man ere I was a philosopher; and as to the former, I am too proud to cry out. Farewell." (*Striding away.*)

ANGELINA (*piteously*)—"I—I didn't mean to—— Pshaw, I *won't* cry!"

CLAUSE THE SIXTH.

Three months later, and the *Larkspur* is anchored in San Francisco bay, through some inscrutable motive of the Secretary of the Navy. She is a scene of revelry, for most of the officers are ladies' men, and crowd her decks almost daily with their feminine friends. Among these a Miss Maud De Lancy and Miss Angelina Owen are numbered, and the latter young person accepts invitations bearing the name of "G. H. Dale" with a strange complication of feelings. She finds herself wondering whether *he* has recovered from his unaccountable infatuation, and whether she would be glad or sorry if he had not. She decides that she would be very sorry, and goes on board determined to be very gracious and friendly toward him—to assume the cordiality of an old acquaintance, and affect a belief in his total recovery, which, she feels sure, will prove agreeable, as most men prefer not to be considered lovelorn.

But to her unbounded indignation the Hermit turns the tables on her. He treats her as if *she* were the sufferer, and out of compassion he seeks not to revive her hopeless love. After a few words of formal greeting, he turns her over to a fellow-officer and goes off chatting confidentially with that Miss De Lancy, whom he said he disliked. This is worthy of punishment, and she displays an astonishing vivacity, dances, laughs, and is excessively well acquainted with, and rejoices to behold, each midshipman or ensign, some of whom she used hardly to notice.

This continues through several weeks of gayety on ship and shore, and all the while the Hermit pursues the same course. He does not shun her—that would be the best possible way to acknowledge his wound—nor does he appear to be aggrieved by her plainly marked neglect. He is exasperatingly unwounded, and entirely too little distressed over such a loss as Miss Owen feels he has sustained.

The breach is widening daily when the philosopher once more falls from grace and writes Miss Owen a letter, which (excuse impertinence) we will read over her shoulder:

"I have been afraid that you would construe my changed demeanor toward you into a spirit of sulkiness or petulance, and it is against this I wish to plead. When a man has played for as high stakes as I have, and lost, his regret is something deeper than mere pettishness. The true reason, then, for what you may consider as avoidance on my part, is that in trying to follow my own unfortunate inclination to be near you whenever practicable, I can never again be certain that I am not subjecting you to an infliction, and it hurts me cruelly whenever I detect, or fancy I detect, annoyance on your part thereat.

"Then I can not hope to cure the malady against which I am struggling so unsuccessfully by renewing the cause, so I blindly strive to use the antidote of avoidance, and to believe that it is effectual. I am sometimes amused and distressed by the efforts of myself to convince my other self that it's of 'no consequence.' I am even more than ever addicted to my cynicism, and try to scoff at things which I believe in and admire. I seek more than ever to merit my absurd nickname, and all the time I feel, like poor Toots, that it is a great deal of consequence, and that I am more than half wretched, with a wretchedness that is harder to bear because I despise myself for it. Do not misunderstand me. I do not intend this as a reflection on you, for, though I try not to do so, I still believe that you are worthy and good and beautiful enough to merit any man's love. But I imagined my philosophy would break down vain and useless regrets, and am humiliated when I find I was mistaken.

"I have said enough to show you that, whatever my outward semblance has been, I am the truest, stanchest, tenderest lover you will ever have, even though I have lost the prize.

"There is no more to be said, except that should you ever stand in need of a service, great or small, which can only be intrusted to an unfaltering friend, then I ask you to let me prove my claim to that title."

ANGELINA (*solus*)—"He is just as conceited as ever, and I hate *conceit*. The idea of—" (*To herself in the mirror*)—"You silly creature, there's a great big tear on your nose!"

THE CLIMAX.

MARRIED—At the residence of the bride's mother, 1511 Wintergreen Square, MISS ANGELINA OWEN to LIEUT. GEORGE H. DALE, U. S. N. [Washington papers please copy.]

SHELDON BORDEN.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1884.

One of the theatrical shows of next season will include a professional beauty to represent the typical loveliness of each State in the Union.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Gettysburg—July 3, 1863.

Wave, wave your glorious battle-flags, brave soldiers of the North,
And from the field your arms have won to-day go proudly forth!
For now, O comrades dear and leal—from whom no ills could part,
Through the long years of hopes and fears, the nation's constant heart—
Men who have driven so oft the foe, so oft have striven in vain,
Yet ever in the perilous hour have crossed his path again—
At last we have our heart's desire, from them we met have wrung
A victory that round the world shall long be told and sung!
It was the memory of the past that bore us through the fray,
That gave the grand old army strength to conquer on this day!
Oh, now forget how dark and red Virginia's rivers flow,
The Rappahannock's tangled wilds, the glory and the woe;
The fever-hung encampments where our dying knew full sore
How sweet the north-wind to the cheek it soon shall cool no more;
The fields we fought, and gained, and lost; the lowland sun and rain
That wasted us, that bleached the bones of our unburied slain!
There was no lack of foes to meet, of deaths to die no lack,
And all the hawks of heaven learned to follow on our track;
But henceforth, hovering southward, their flight shall mark afar
The paths of yon retreating hosts that shun the northern star.

At night, before the closing fray, when all the front was still,
We lay in bivouac along the cannon-crested hill.
Ours was the dauntless Second Corps; and many a soldier knew
How sped the fight, and sternly thought of what was yet to do.
Guarding the centre there, we lay, and talked with bated breath
Of Buford's stand beyond the town, of gallant Reynold's death,
Of cruel retreats through pent-up streets by murderous volleys swept—
How well the Stone, the Iron Brigades their bloody outposts kept;
'Twas for the Union, for the Flag, they perished, heroes all,
And we swore to conquer in the end, or even like them to fall.
And passed from mouth to mouth the tale of that grim day just done,
The fight by Round Top's craggy spur—of all the deadliest one;
It saved the left; but on the right they pressed us back too well,
And like a field in spring the ground was plowed with shot and shell.
There was the ancient graveyard, its hummocks crushed and red,
And there, between them, side by side, the wounded and the dead;
The mangled corpses fallen above—the peaceful dead below,
Laid in their graves, to slumber here, a score of years ago;
It seemed their waking, wandering shades were asking of our slain,
What brought such hideous tumult now where they so still had lain!

Bright rose the sun of Gettysburg that morrow morning-tide,
And call of trump and roll of drum from height to height replied.
Hark! from the east already goes up the rattling din;
The Twelfth Corps, winning back their ground, right well the day begin!
They whirl fierce Ewell from their front! Now we of the Second pray,
As right and left the brunt have borne, the centre might to-day.
But all was still from hill to hill for many a breathless hour,
While for the coming battle-shock Lee gathered in his power;
And back and forth our leaders rode, who knew not rest or fear,
And along the lines, where'er they came, went up the ringing cheer.
'Twas past the hour of nooning; the summer skies were blue;
Behind the covering timber the foe was hid from view;
So fair and sweet with waving wheat the pleasant valley lay,
It brought to mind our Northern homes and meadows far away;
When the whole western ridge at once was fringed with fire and smoke;
Against our lines from seven score guns the dreadful tempest broke!
Then loud our batteries answer, and far along the crest,
And to and fro the roaring bolts are driven east and west;
Heavy and dark around us glooms the stifling sulphur-cloud,
And the cries of mangled men and horse go up beneath its shroud.

The guns are still; the end is nigh; we grasp our arms anew;
Oh, now let every heart be stanch and every aim be true!
For look! from yonder wood that skirts the valley's farther marge,
The flower of all the Southern host move to the final charge.
By Heaven! it is a fearful sight to see their double rank
Come with a hundred battle-flags—a mile from flank to flank!
Tramping the grain to earth, they come, ten thousand men abreast;
Their standards wave—their hearts are brave—they hasten not, nor rest,
But close the gaps our cannon make, and onward press, and nigher,
And, yelling at our very front, again pour in their fire!
Now burst our sheeted lightnings forth, now all our wrath has vent!
They die, they wither; through and through their wavering lines are rent.
But these are gallant, desperate men, of our own race and land,
Who charge anew, and welcome death, and fight us hand to hand;
Vain, vain! give way, as well ye may—the crimson die is cast!
Their bravest leaders bite the dust, their strength is failing fast;
They yield, they turn, they fly the field; we smite them as they run;
Their arms, their colors are our spoil; the furious fight is done!
Across the plain we follow far and backward push the fray;
Cheer! cheer! the grand old Army at last has won the day!

Hurrah! the day has won the cause! No gray-clad host henceforth
Shall come with fire and sword to tread the highways of the North!
'Twas such a flood as when ye see, along the Atlantic shore,
The great spring-tide roll grandly in with swelling surge and roar;
It seems no wall can stay its leap or balk its wild desire
Beyond the bound that Heaven hath fixed to higher mount, and higher;
But now, when whitest lifts its crest, most loud its billows call,
Touched by the Power that led them on, they fall, and fall, and fall.
Even thus, unstayed upon his course, to Gettysburg the foe
His legions led, and fought, and fled, and might no farther go.
Full many a dark-eyed Southern girl shall weep her lover dead;
But with a price the fight was ours—we too have tears to shed!
The bells that peal our triumph forth anon shall toll the brave,
Above whose heads the cross must stand, the hillside grasses wave
Alas! alas! the trampled grass shall thrive another year,
The blossoms on the apple-boughs with each new spring appear;
But when our patriot-soldiers fall, Earth gives them up to God;
Though their souls rise in clearer skies, their forms are as the sod;
Only their names and deeds are ours—but, for a century yet,
The dead who fell at Gettysburg the land shall not forget.

God send us peace! and where for aye the loved and lost recline
Let fall, O South, your leaves of palm—O North, your sprigs of pine!
But when, with every ripened year, we keep the harvest-home,
And to the dear Thanksgiving-feast our sons and daughters come—
When children's children throng the board in the old homestead spread,
And the bent soldier of these wars is seated at the head,
Long, long the lads shall listen to hear the gray-beard tell
Of those who fought at Gettysburg and stood their ground so well;
"'Twas for the Union and the Flag," the veteran shall say,
"Our grand old army held the ridge, and won that glorious day!"

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A guest, entering hurriedly, surprises a man and wife, flushed, indignant, and disheveled. "What's the matter?" he asks. Husband (triumphantly)—"We are settling as to who is boss!" Guest—"Have you settled it?" Wife (victoriously)—"We have." Guest—"Which is it?" Both—"Me."

A New Yorker, while feeling in his coat-pocket late one afternoon, pulled out an unmailed letter. "Gracious!" he exclaimed, in a frightened tone, "here's a letter my wife gave me to mail this morning." Three friends of his who happened to hear the remark immediately felt each in his own pocket, and ascertained that they were in the same plight. Their misery loved its company.

The late Abraham Hayward, distinguished in his time as a man of letters, was instrumental in making public the fact that Lord Beaconsfield, in his speech on the Duke of Wellington's death, had cribbed from Monsieur Thiers a considerable part of his eulogium. On the night when this discovery was first unfolded in the London *Globe* Mrs. Disraeli, unconscious of the coming storm, went out to a party, and entering the room announced in loud tones, proud of her lord's new honor, "I left the Chancellor of the Exchequer reading the evening paper." "Oh, what delightful reading he will find in it!" responded a Whig peer.

Sam Kalleton, a member of the Arkansas Legislature, was very fond of offering amendments to bills introduced. That was the limit of his legislative capacity. One morning, after a night's hilarity, he entered the legislative hall just as the chaplain was asking Divine aid. The old man took a chew of tobacco, and listened attentively until the chaplain closed his petition with an effective recitation of the Lord's Prayer. "Mr. Speaker," said the old man, rising, "I move to strike out the words 'daily bread,' and insert 'as much bread as may be found necessary for twenty days.' We have already done enough for the food sufferers."

"Do your women customers bother you much?" asked a citizen who was talking with a Detroit grocer the other morning. "Well, they seldom want to pay the prices. It seems natural for them to want to beat down the figures. There comes one now who probably wants strawberries. Here are some fresh ones at fifteen cents per quart, and yet if I should ask her only eleven she'd want 'em for ten." "Say, try it on, just for a joke. If she asks the price put it at eleven." The grocer agreed, and presently the woman came up, counted the sixteen boxes of berries under her nose, and of course inquired: "Have you any strawberries this morning?" "Yes'm." "Fresh ones?" "Yes'm." "In quart boxes?" "Yes'm." "How much?" "Only eleven cents per box, madam." "I'll take the whole lot," she quietly observed, as she handed out a five-dollar bill, and take 'em she did. The citizen disappeared at that moment, and the grocer believes that it was a put-up job between the two.

"The best whist-players of the last generation," says an English writer, "were Lord Granville, General Anson, Lord Henry Bentinck, and Henry Lord de Ros. Mr. Hayward states that great whist-players are like rival beauties. Rarely will one admit the distinguished merit of another. Lord Henry Bentinck, when asked about the players at the Portland (Mr. Clay was one of them), answered: 'They none of them know anything about it except young Jones' (Cavendish), who, he admitted, had some ideas on the subject. Mr. Hayward gives a curious instance of the late Lord Granville's devotion to whist: 'Intending to set out in the course of the afternoon for Paris, he ordered his carriage and four posters to be at Graham's at four o'clock. They were kept waiting until ten, when he said he should not be ready for another hour or two, and that the horses had better be changed. When the party arose they were up to the ankles in cards, and the ambassador (it was reported) was a loser to the tune of eight thousand or ten thousand pounds.' We have defended to the best of our ability the hunting parsons of a former generation, but we have nothing to say in defense of such an outrage as some clergymen were guilty of, according to Mr. Hayward, whose uncle, Mr. Abraham, seems to have been one of the party. Mr. Hayward writes: 'The clergy in the West of England were formerly devoted to whist. About the beginning of the century there was a whist club in a country town of Somersetshire, composed mostly of clergymen, that met every Sunday evening in the back parlor of a barber's. Four of these were acting as pall-bearers at the funeral of a reverend brother when a delay occurred from the grave not being ready, and the coffin was put down in the chancel. By way of whiling away their time one of them produced a pack of cards from his pocket and proposed a rubber.' When the sexton came to announce that the preparations were complete, he found these clerical worthies deep in their game, using the coffin as their table. We hope the sexton surprised them as much as another sexton did a curate at his first funeral, when he walked up to him with the appalling announcement: 'Please, sir, the corpse's father wishes to speak to you.' Here is another grim story about whist, related by Mr. Raikes in his diary, respecting the father of the late lamented Mr. George Payne: 'One evening I went into Watiers' Club, where I found Mr. George Payne waiting to make a rubber at whist; others soon arrived, and the play began. Nothing remarkable passed, except that Mr. Payne was anxious to continue the game, and, though we played until four or five o'clock, seemed disappointed at the party breaking up. I went home to bed, and soon after ten o'clock my servant Chapman came into my room to tell me that Mr. Payne had been that morning shot in a duel on Putney Heath. Thus he had been purposely playing all the night in order to pass the time until he was summoned into eternity; and certainly no one could have told by his manner that he had such an awful prospect in view.'"

## BUBBLES.

My tourist has been putting his intrusive finger upon the *amour propre* of our city again.

"You flatter yourselves that you have a metropolitan tone; but, aside from your theatres, your city is like a big country town. You have the reputation of being a gay and pleasure-loving people, and you have neither gayety nor pleasure."

I begged leave to assert a certain amount of mercury in the California temperament. He agreed that we had mercury enough, but that we made no use of it.

"You have no big occasions like the *Grand Prix*, Varnishing Day, or the *Premières* of Paris, like Ascot week in England, or the Jerome Park races or Coaching Days in New York. You neglect a thousand opportunities. Your flora is world-famous, and you never have a flower show. I had not been a week in dim, cold, smoky London before I went to a rhododendron show, where I saw the Princess of Wales, Lady Lonsdale, Mrs. Langtry, and half a dozen other famous women, and twice as many famous men within a half hour."

I mentioned that we shipped all our famous men and women East so soon as they have become famous. They help to make up the pageantry in other cities than our own.

"You have no pageantry," complained my tourist. "There is no way for a stranger to get a glimpse of your upper crust population. That is one of the ways in which you fail to be metropolitan. Rome has its Corso, Naples its little Chiaja, Paris its Bois, London its Hyde Park, New York its Central Park. Here one can make a course on Kearny Street, if you will pardon my mentioning that unattractive little thoroughfare. But you would not call the Kearny Street procession an aristocratic pageant, now, would you?"

I very indignantly scouted the idea of the Kearny Street throng representing our aristocracy.

"Then where does your aristocracy keep itself? You certainly have at least an aristocracy of wealth, for the names of your fortune-owners are well known all over the world."

I was compelled to own that our aristocracy kept itself in its offices, that it had no pleasures, and that we do live very much such proscribed lives as people live in country towns. I wish my tourist would go home. He does not look upon San Francisco in the proper tourist spirit at all. He has an absurd knack at the truth, and he is always stabbing the weakness in Achilles's heel by failing to find us metropolitan.

"We have always the seals, you know," I always murmur at the close of these discussions, in which I seem to take so little part. But my tourist says, truly enough:

"They are ingeniously ugly and they might howl with good effect in Walpurgis night, but they are not metropolitan."

A Parisian painter recently died. His name was Jundt. Parisian painters often die. But they are not often such droll fellows as was Jundt.

He was what the French call a *mystificateur*. He delighted in mysterious jests. One of the most striking was this:

It was during the Empire, and it was at a fancy dress ball. Jundt, in conjunction with Vibert, another artist, informed the leader of the orchestra that at a certain hour they would enter the ball-room in pursuance of a certain plan, and arranged with him for certain music. In all innocence he consented.

When the hour arrived there was a crash from the orchestra, followed by a fanfare from the horns. The great folding-doors were flung open.

Enter Napoleon—the great Napoleon—surrounded by his marshals. The face of the emperor was perfect—so was every detail of costume. So, too, were the faces of Lannes, Berthier, Junot, Ney, and the rest, all clad in the brilliant uniforms of the First Empire.

This strange and gorgeous group slowly marched up the immense hall, turned, and marched out again.

Everybody stared at everybody else, in amazement.

There was another crash from the orchestra.

Enter Napoleon III. His face, too, was a perfect likeness; so was every detail of his uniform. But behind him walked no brilliant staff. He was followed only by a *mouchard*—a police spy—attired in the snuff-colored paletot affected by that gentry on the stage.

This pair, too, marched up the hall, and then marched out again. Such was the amazement of the by-standers and attendants that no attempt was made to stop them. In fact, the guests may have imagined that it was Napoleon III. himself.

But it was not. The First Napoleon was represented by Vibert, the Third by Jundt. But it was not known till long after.

Here is another anecdote about Jundt, which illustrates his intense patriotism. He was once in German Switzerland, accompanied by Charles Monselet, the famous humorist and gastronome. They were at a *table d'hôte*, around which were gathered a dozen Prussian officers. Jundt hated Prussians. He could scarcely bear to eat at the same table with them.

In the middle of the dinner a superb pasty appeared. Prussians like patties. Every Prussian nose sniffed up the odor; every Prussian eye twinkled; every Prussian mouth watered.

Jundt saw it, and an idea flashed across him—"Vengeance on Germany." He seized the pasty, and, leaning over, whispered to Monselet:

"We'll divide it."

He bisected the pasty. As he did so a dreadful odor arose, and Monselet shuddered.

"Hold!" said he, "it is not fresh."

"I don't care," said Jundt, doggedly, pushing his portion to Monselet. "Eat!"

Monselet hesitated. "Can you not smell?" he asked, feebly.

"No," said Jundt. "I can not smell where patriotism is in question. Eat, and avenge our country."

They ate the dreadful thing. They ate it with every manifestation of delight, while the hungry Prussians gazed at them with ill-concealed envy. They finished it, and staggered out into the open air.

"Ah!" cried Jundt, enthusiastically, as he gazed on the pale face of Monselet; "ah, we are martyrs to a liver-patty. But, although our country may never know it, she is avenged!"

Walking up New Montgomery Street the other day with the Town Historian, we came upon a crowd of disaffected workingmen standing in a group. Their looks were lowering and glum. Dark determination was written in their faces, and the low, rumbling murmur really ran among them which always precedes the entrance of a stage mob of strikers. Trouble was imminent. With a consciousness that the remark was upon this occasion ill-timed enough to be facetious, I turned to the Town Historian with the familiar old question:

"Who is she?"

"She is a tailoress," he answered, promptly, "who has been employed in this shop contrary to the rule of the Tailors' Union. They only permit one woman to each workshop. This tailor, in a rush of business, employed two, and his workmen struck, and, of course, will not allow any members of the Union to work for him. He is trying to hold out against them, but so long as his sidewalk is decorated in this manner his business will be impeded. Hence, he will shortly bounce the superfluous woman."

The Historian always rounds off his tales in this complete manner; but he omitted to tell by what rule it takes nine tailors to make a man, and only one tailoress to break up a business.

Some weeks ago, in this column, I remarked that Mr. Richard Grant White was the premium snob of the century. My remark had reference to his Anglomaniacal attributes. In proof of what I said then, I now append the "dedication" to his latest book, "The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys." It is as toadyish a piece of tuft-hunting as ever was pæan penned by Grub Street hack to a most noble the Marquis of Farintosh. This is Mr. White's dedication:

> To the Right Honorable Evelyn Henrietta, Countess Stanhope, Chevening, Sevenoaks, Kent. Dear Lady Stanhope: Your name adorns the first page of this book, not only because I have the great pleasure of believing that you do it the honor of regarding it with some interest, but because there is propriety in it being thus distinguished. For although you may not find it wholly worthy of approval, I know that Chevening is conspicuous among the houses in England in which I may hope that it will be received with candor, with generosity, and with good will, and with a hearty acknowledgment, besides, of the warm, deep feeling toward England, reaching even to loving reverence, from which its writer can not free himself if he would, and which it has been ere this his pride and pleasure to reveal. Pray accept it as a slight tribute of respect and regard, fitly offered to one who, mistress of a house and member of a family in which distinction in literature and art, as well as in arms, accompanies high station, herself adds charm to that distinction, and to that station grace. I am, dear Lady Stanhope, faithfully yours, Richard Grant White. Stuyvesant Square, New York, May 20th, 1884.

Alas, poor Richard! Would he were a Briton.

Actors have devoted a great deal of attention to the textures used in their classic draperies. Unbleached cotton cloth was at one time largely in favor, because of the creaminess of its tint. It is, however, too harsh a fabric to drape well, and was superseded by white cashmere, and latterly by the thicker qualities of nun's veiling. The best draping material has been found to be Chinese crêpe, an expensive article, only attainable by the wealthy stars. Lawrence Barrett had a Cassius toga of this elegant fabric, upon which he greatly prided himself, but the theatre being a place which is less frequently subjected to the action of the scrubbing-brush than other dwellings occupied by the human race, it became necessary, in course of time, to have it cleaned. The cherished toga was committed to the man of dyes, and acids, and unfragrant chemicals generally, with many dark forebodings. When it returned, the delighted actor was amazed to find that in the process of cleaning it had changed to a deep, rich tint, like the yellow of age upon lace, and his togas thereafter were never prized till they had been once to the cleaner's.

Mrs. Langtry's Galatea drapery is something simpler, easier, cheaper than any of these. It is nothing more nor less than a pink muslin washed in suds till some of the rose came out of it, and then (in washerwoman's parlance) "rough dried." It is even more than the usual rough dry, for it is not taken out of the wringing folds. It is because of these folds that Mrs. Langtry looks more like a plaster cast of the Galatea than a finished marble till you reach the silvered neck-rim of her dress. Then she looks like neither.

A young friend of mine—so young that he has not yet grown out of his freckles nor into his cigarettes—is ambitious to enter the literary field. He was good enough to confide to me that his play of wit was of about the calibre necessary for the making of "Bubbles." He then requested me to put one of his over my pseudonym, to see how it would take. When I had weakly consented, he acknowledged that his wit ran chiefly to original conundrums, and propounded the following specimen:

"What star never sets?"

As nothing so dashes the spirit of a proud boy as to have his conundrum readily guessed, I politely gave it up. I should have been obliged to do so in any case, for the startling answer was, "Roostar!"

"You say it quick—don't you see?—and that makes the sense. Roostar. Rooster. See?"

I did not see. I began to explain that while he displayed an intimate knowledge of the non-habit of the bird, the orthography stretched a point too much, even for a calembour. My words were wasted.

"Why, all the funny papers spell bad," said he; "that's what makes 'em funny. It's a good 'bubble,' betcherlife. You put it in."

And, according to promise, I do so. I do not regard my contributor as a wit, but he is a most unconscious satirist, the little roostar.

A good Bubble forsooth.

Strangers in Paris are often surprised that they do not understand the language better. After they read this they will understand why. It is the Parisian conjugation of the verb *dormir:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Je dors, | Nous roupillons, |
| Tu pionces, | Vous tapez de l'œil, |
| Il casse une canne, | Ils piquent leur chien. |

To this might be added the irregular verb *mourir:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Je crève, | Nous tournons de l'œil, |
| Tu claques, | Vous remerciez votre boucher, |
| Il dévisse son billard, | Ils cassent leur pipe. |

Mr. Jo Simpkins, who has known Freddie Gebhardt since he shed his knickerbockers, testifies that he took a pint bottle of "yellow label" with him in San Francisco last week.

Mr. Timpkins, who cut his teeth upon the same ring with Freddie, testifies that the man who was suspected of being Mr. Gebhardt is no more like Mr. Gebhardt than Langtry is like the Carconte in "Monte Cristo."

Mr. Hodge met Mr. Gebhardt on Market Street on Thursday of last week, and was by him implored, by all that he held dear, not to reveal his presence in San Francisco.

Mr. Podge, who was with the Langtry party from dawn until dark every day, carried the key of the *Jerome Marble* and had the privilege of inviting guests, maintains that Gebhardt's name was never mentioned, and he himself unknown in the jaunting party.

Mrs. Smith had him most indubitably pointed out to her in the theatre, and Mrs. Jones immediately recognized the gentleman to be some one else, whom she knew very well.

It is really no one's business whether Freddie Gebhardt——but under this enormous weight of cumulative evidence one finds one's self constrained to believe either that he was here—or was not.

One of the extraordinary floral structures sent up to Miss Marie Burroughs on Monday night bore the somewhat debonair legend,

"OUR GAL,"

in fiercely red geraniums. I felt quite pained at the manifest familiarity of the address. Miss Burroughs is such an exceedingly Madison Square sort of person, that she has probably grown out of slang in her New York year, and would be grieved at the jocose patronage.

Later, by the aid of some one's binocular, a small and inexpensive red "A" was discovered perched up aloft. Also, the initial letter had no crosspiece. This transformed the inscription to

"OUR CALA."

The slang was gone; but as a Cala is a comparatively unknown bird, the meaning of the piece continued to be slightly dense.

The piece being of such an involved character, however, discoveries continued to be made, and our understanding next alighted upon a bed of lilies. I am now racked to know whether the man's spelling or sentiment was amiss.

Does he mean to say "Our Calla lilies"?—or, with economical abbreviation, "Our California lilies"? Or, worse yet, does he recklessly pluralize Miss Madison Square Burroughs?

Did you ever, O Benedict, hear your wife wonder "what fleas were made for?" Did you ever sit next her (or some other woman) at the theatre, and observe the uneasy writhings and the ghastly smile which your wedded wisdom warned you was caused by the journey of a flea over a charming wilderness of hill and valley, or perhaps between the epidermis and the silk? If ever you hear your wife wonder again why fleas were made, tell her this fable:

Once upon a time Jupiter and Apollo were sauntering upon the earth, Olympus having palled upon them. As they wandered, Apollo suddenly arrested the mighty Jove, and pointed to a scene by a riverside. Trees lined the river, and beneath one of them, in the grateful shade, reclined a beautiful woman. She was watching a man toiling in a field hard by—a man who stopped at times to wipe from his brow the perspiration engendered by the scorching sun; yet the woman, although idle, seemed wearied—even more wearied than the man. She yawned incessantly, and her once bright eyes were dull with the dullness of idleness.

Jupiter and Apollo approached her.

"Woman," said the Thunderer, "idleness is the mother of all the vices. Here is what will occupy thee withal."

So saying, he threw upon the idle woman a handful of fleas. She immediately became busy.

But ever since that day the daughters of that old-time woman have never ceased to be idle, to be tired, and to be bored.

Hence the gods keep up the stock of fleas.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

## SOCIETY.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. William T. Wallace and daughter, Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue, are spending a few weeks at Skaggs Springs.

Mrs. A. N. Towne is at present at Monterey.

Dr. W. J. Younger visited Del Monte, Monterey, for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Tubbs left Saturday, on a visit to Yosemite Valley.

Miss Carrie B. Barlow has returned from Gilroy Hot Springs.

Mrs. J. D. Tallant is at the Geysers.

Hon. Newton Booth, of Sacramento, is at the Lick House.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone are at Pacific Congress Springs.

Mayor Washington Bartlett has returned to the city, after a week's stay at Aptos.

Prof. Josiah Royce, a graduate of the State University, but now of Harvard College, is stopping at the Palace.

Rev. John Hemphill, the former pastor of Calvary Church, and wife, are in the city, and are stopping at the Palace.

General George A. Sheridan, the noted speaker and political orator, is in the city, en route to Australia.

Hon. Thomas Fitch and wife, of Arizona, have returned from their trip to Yosemite, and are at the Palace.

Mrs. Nat. Messer is spending a few weeks at Highland Springs.

Mrs. C. Adolphe Lowe and family are at Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Keith (née Benchley) are at Monterey.

Among the recent arrivals at Napa Soda Springs are Mrs. Judge Daingerfield, Mrs. Vandewater, Mrs. Stanley, and Miss Garber.

Governor Schuyler Crosby, of Montana, is at the Palace.

Mrs. Judge Selden Wright and daughter are at the Geysers.

Count de Pourtales left the city Saturday, on a trip to Yosemite.

Mrs. R. K. Nuttall, Miss Nuttall, and Mrs. A. L. Pinant are at Ætna Springs.

Hon. Lorenzo Sawyer, Judge U. S. Circuit Court, returned to the city last Saturday, after a pleasant trip to Yellowstone Park.

Mr. Will P. Dewey is still in New York, but expected to return to his home in a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan, of this city, are on a visit to Brooklyn, N. Y., and are being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Duval, of that city.

Mrs. S. G. Hilborn and daughter are at the Geysers.

Colonel T. C. Sullivan, U. S. A., wife and daughter, have returned to the city after their visit to Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. R. H. Follis and family are at Santa Cruz.

Judge Freelon and wife are spending a few weeks at Ætna Springs.

Rear-Admiral F. G. Ito, of Japan, is at the Palace.

Mr. E. B. Pomeroy, of Arizona, is in the city on a short visit.

Mrs. Mark Hopkins is at present in New York city.

Colonel J. P. O'Neil, U. S. A., is stopping at the Occidental.

Mrs. G. W. Granniss has been the guest of Mrs. W. H. Grattan, at St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. F. Davis have returned from their trip to the Yosemite.

Hon. Ogden Hoffman spent a week's vacation at Clear Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore F. Payne have been stopping at Napa Soda Springs.

Mrs. Michael Castle is visiting Los Medanos.

Mrs. R. G. Brown and family are at the Geysers.

Mr. Richard J. Bush, the artist, formerly of this city, is on a visit from New Mexico.

Mrs. Durbrow and family are visiting Santa Barbara.

Miss Flora Low is at present the guest of Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, at San Rafael.

Mrs. W. H. Howard returned last week from her visit to the East.

Colonel Stuart M. Taylor left on Tuesday for an Eastern two-weeks' visit.

### Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. F. F. Low and daughter expect to leave San Francisco shortly for a trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained a small party of friends at dinner last week at their residence, 1822 Sacramento Street.

The engagement is announced of Miss H. B. Brooke, of Portland, Oregon, and Lieutenant John S. Parke, Twenty-first Infantry, U. S. A.

### Army and Navy News.

The orders of Pay-Director James D. Murray, U. S. N. to duty at the Navy Yard, Mare Island, have been revoked, and he is placed on waiting orders.

The officers of the *Hartford* held a reception on board that vessel on Saturday afternoon. The *Hartford* came down from Mare Island Tuesday, and was ordered to sea on Wednesday.

The United States steamship *Pinta*, Lieutenant-Commander Albert G. Caldwell commanding, arrived last week and sailed for Mare Island for repairs. The *Pinta* is under orders for Alaska to relieve the *Adams*.

Commander H. L. Johnson, U. S. N., and Lieutenant E. P. Wood, U. S. N., arrived in the city last week, both ordered to join the *Monongahela* at Mare Island.

The Twenty-first and Fourteenth Regiments of Infantry are exchanging stations. The Fourteenth Infantry, Colonel Lewis C. Hunt commanding, is stationed throughout Oregon and Washington Territory, with headquarters at Vancouver, W. T. The Twenty-first Infantry, Colonel H. A. Morrow commanding, is on duty on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, with headquarters at Sydney Barracks, Nebraska.

The United States steamship *Monongahela* will probably go into commission next week, and a number of officers are in the city under orders to join the ship at once.

### Art Notes.

Denny completed his sketching trip to Clear Lake and returned to his studio last week.

Raschen sent down from Fort Ross an admirable sketch for the Bohemian Club.

Tavernier is engaged in making sketches for the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad.

The Art Association is giving a free exhibition of paintings, among them being new contributions by Deakin and Nahl.

Mr. Coulter will leave for New York shortly with his panorama of the Sandwich Islands.

Thomas Hill is at Clarke's, Big Trees.

Deakin is at work on a picture of Mrs. Atherton's house on California Street.

Miss Chittenden has returned from a sketching trip to the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. F. Marion Wells is busily engaged on a design for a fountain for the Mechanics' Fair.

Mr. Benoni Irwin is expected to arrive here in September.

## VANITY FAIR.

There was a time, not long ago, when the elegant belle slept with greased hands in old gloves, and by day kept them carefully hidden from the sun, as a fashion writer puts it, "like mushrooms growing white in a cellar, so that they might look and feel as though they had never come in contact with anything rougher than satin." It is wholly different now. Athletic sports are in high approval. The daughter of wealth grasps oars, tennis-bats, bridle-reins, and tricycle handle-bars—all without gloves; and she is proud of the callous palms which ensue, and the red-rosiness of the knuckles that used to be the hue of the lily. Her liking for out-door exercise has not yet taken her into the base-ball field, where her fingers might get permanently disfigured by breakage, and so the hands are not becoming distorted, though they will never again be quite as small and soft as they were.

An English lady, who is an expert in the gentle art of angling, has designed a fishing costume which has the unusual merit of being pretty as well as practical. The material of which it is made is Cheviot tweed, light but waterproof. The ingeniously contrived skirt is double from the knees downward, the upper part being quite short, over gaiters and knickerbockers. The upper part, when let down, forms a graceful skirt, just comfortable walking length. This is useful for getting to the scene of action. When the river is reached, and business begins, the upper part is turned up and fastens on the hip by means of leather straps. The under side is then found to be furnished with two liberal pockets. An edging of some two inches of brown leather protects the edges of the petticoat. The jacket is also edged with leather, and is made double-breasted. Straps of leather are placed on the shoulder to relieve the *pêcheuse* from the dragging weight the fishing-basket would otherwise be. A very becoming hat made of the Cheviot and bound with the leather, completes a very business-like and becoming costume, which is also suitable for shooting or for walking expeditions.

Mrs. Blaine is a native of Augusta. She is the daughter of the late Jacob Stanwood, an extensive wood merchant, and late in life an officer of the Freeman's National Bank of Augusta. She was the eighth of a family of nine children, seven girls and two boys, and is a cousin of Edward Stanwood, late editor of the Boston *Advertiser*. She first met Mr. Blaine in Kentucky, where she was teaching school, while he was professor of mathematics in one of the colleges of that State. About her first remark after the full realization of the action of the Chicago Convention had forced itself upon her mind was characteristic of her: "I feel as though I wanted to cry. I'm so glad we are not in Washington to-day, for the rush of congratulations would be too great to be borne." In her home life Mrs. Blaine is domestic in taste, and gives a great deal of time to looking after the interests of the members of the family. At present her grandchild engrosses a large portion of her time, and whatever she may be engaged in, everything is at once left that its wants may be attended to. Mrs. Blaine dresses elegantly, yet with no appearance of trying to outdo her neighbors. Many of her dresses are made by Worth, of Paris, and are of costly material. When the family left Augusta three years ago for Washington, at the opening of President Garfield's administration, the wardrobe she had prepared for the season at the national capital filled thirty-two trunks. Her home life is very beautiful. The large roomy mansion in Augusta is filled with bric-à-brac and elegant furniture and hangings. One of the members of Mrs. Blaine's family, to all intents and purposes, is her cousin, Miss Dodge (Gail Hamilton), whose reputation as a writer is national. If the country says Mr. Blaine shall occupy the White House, she also will spend a large portion of her time in that national home, and will assist Mrs. Blaine in doing the honors of her exalted position.

The French crown jewels, previous to their dispersion by an auctioneer, are on show at the Exposition de Bijouterie Parisienne, in the Salle des Etats Louvre. Monsieur Grévy and Madame Wilson were at the private view. The crown jewels are in an octagonal niche draped with velvet, and the stand on which they are placed is one of three tiers surmounted by a glass case, and protected by an iron railing. As the President and his daughter approached the niche, the stand rose slowly from beneath the floor, through a trap which is provided with an iron door. On the highest tier is a sprig imitating oak, which Napoleon wore as a brooch at his coronation. The Regent is a conspicuous object, but hardly more splendid than the cut-glass knob of a decanter. It is lozenge-shaped. Very few jewels were worn by the French queens previous to 1793, the part of the old regalia devoted to their use having been given to the Duchess d'Angoulême, who, in her old age, sold them to constitute a fortune for the Comte de Chambord. Much of what belonged to Josephine and Maria Louise was reset for the Empress Eugénie, for whom the girdle in the collection was made, in imitation of one she had seen in "La Biche au Bois," an extravaganza played twenty years ago at the Porte St. Martin. The eight coronets are the most striking objects. Those in diamonds made for the Empress Eugénie are in mediæval style. There is a curious and magnificent sword-hilt, presented by the Dey of Algiers to Louis XVIII. Pearls, sapphires, and rubies enter into the composition of a few of the coronets and ornaments to match them. Jewelers are interested in a few specimens of diamonds cut in the old-fashioned manner. They belonged to the regalia of Louis Quatorze. Necklaces are arranged in festoons. I do not think them equal to those which Queen Isabella sold here. Shoe-buckles, hair-pins, clasps, and insignia of foreign orders are numerous, and include a Garter. The Elephant and Castle of Siam was sent by the emperor of that country to Napoleon III. The regalia was much impoverished in the reign of Louis Quinze and enriched in that of Louis Seize, whose queen was frequently remonstrated with by her mother on her passion for diamonds.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The petition for the restoration of General Baker Pasha has been signed by the Dukes of Cambridge and Sutherland and by Sir John Burgoyne.

Boetel, the new ex-cab-driver tenor of Hamburg, is receiving the unprecedented salary (for a young artist in Germany) of $375 a night at Kroll's Theatre, in the Thiergarten, Berlin.

Marie Taglioni received many rich gifts of gems and gold from monarchs and nobles, but the treasure she prized most was a little brooch of lead, made of a bullet that wounded her son in the Franco-Prussian war.

The late Michael Thomas Bass, of England, left a personal estate valued at $9,150,000. Charles Reade's personal estate amounted to less than $60,000; he directed that none of it be sold at public aution, as he considered that, "though common, a brutal and heartless practice."

The interior of the plain little house in Ecclefechan in which Carlyle was born has just been overhauled, and several interesting relics placed within it. Mrs. Alexander Aitken Carlyle, who recently purchased the house, was careful, in executing the alterations, to have the old doors, etc., retained.

Madame Taglioni has left several manuscripts of interesting anecdotes, furnishing very curious revelations about the society of Berlin, Vienna, and Paris in 1840; also some piquant details concerning the Belgian court in the time of King Leopold I. It is yet undecided whether they will be published.

The claimant, Sir Roger, will soon be out of prison. The date will be before his full term of sentence expires, and he will go forth on "a ticket of leave." It is stated that he has been offered a good sum by one of the Surrey managers to appear as Bob Brierly in the drama of "The Ticket of Leave Man."

Another young English nobleman, Viscount Savernoke, heir to the Marquisate of Aylesbury, has, it is announced, just married Miss Dolly Lester, a member of the chorus of the Comedy Theatre, London. He is just twenty-one years of age. She is not yet out of her teens. A mania for this species of marriage, such as is often noticed with respect to suicide, seems to have set in.

Mr. Samuel Ward had completed, before leaving England for Italy, the first part of his autobiography, carrying his life down to the time he first went to Germany. It was chiefly written at Dalmeny, Lady Rosebery acting as his amanuensis. It is said by those who have read it to be full of spirit and even boyish gayety. It is to be hoped that during his last stay in Italy he may have advanced the story. What was written will be published for private circulation.

Colonel Malezewski, who died recently at Guiezno, Prussia, at the age of one hundred, was educated at the military college of Berlin, and entered the Prussian army; at Jena he was taken prisoner, whereupon he joined the French army and followed Napoleon steadfastly to the end; after Waterloo he returned to Germany, entered the Polish army in 1830, was taken prisoner, and was exiled to Siberia; after forty-seven years there he was allowed to return home for the remainder of his life.

The annual expenditure of the Pope may be put down, according to a Roman journal, at about $1,400,000. Formerly the Holy Father drew from the States of the Church an annual civil list of $650,000, which was employed in the maintenance of the court, of the cardinals residing in curia, etc. That is the reason why the Italian Government offered Pius IX. the annual state income of $650,000. Since the seizure of the papal states many other expenses, which formerly were met by other means, have to be undertaken by the Pope's civil list. Leo XIII., moreover, it is stated, spends about $100,000 in alms each year.

"The Meissonier banquet, as I predicted in my last, will not take place," writes a Paris correspondent. "Gérôme, to whom the Presidency was offered, positively declined to have anything to do with it, saying that if the banquet was to be given as a commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the painter's art-life he would preside with pleasure. 'But if it is to take place as an anti-American demonstration,' continued the great painter, 'I refuse to allow my name to be mentioned in connection with it.' Apropos of Meissonier, he carries his vanity and arrogance so far as to refuse to return a salutation from any one who is not his personal and intimate friend. An American gentleman with whom I am well acquainted once had the permission accorded to him of visiting the great man's studio. Wishing to testify his appreciation of the courtesy, he sent the painter the next day a magnificent basket of flowers, which offering was never acknowledged by so much as a card. Walking on the Boulevard Malesherbes, a few days later, he met Meissonier, who was driving in the low victoria, which is his favorite vehicle. My friend raised his hat to the artist, who looked him full in the face and cut him dead. An eminent French painter recently told me the following anecdote: One day a prominent physician of Paris received a message from Meissonier, asking him to come down to his place at Poissy forthwith. The doctor obeyed the summons, and on reaching the great man's abode was told that he had been sent for to prescribe for one of the horses, which was seriously ill. Smothering his wrath, the physician attended the animal's ailments and returned to Paris. A few days later Meissonier got a note from the doctor informing him that the front door to the physician's house needed painting, and closing with these words: 'And I have fixed upon you, Monsieur Meissonier, as the best person for the job.' I am told, too, that one of the painter's most prominent peculiarities is a great dislike to paying bills. And when a creditor becomes clamorous he will present him with a small water-color as full payment for all obligations, saying, majestically: 'Take this—it will one day be a fortune for your children.'"

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Bill Nye on Lost Money.

Most any one could collect and tell a good many incidents about lost money that has been found if he would try, but these cases came under my own observation and I can vouch for their truth.

A farmer in Kinnickinnick Valley was paid one thousand dollars while he was loading hay. He put it in his vest pocket, and after he had unloaded the hay he discovered that he had lost it, and no doubt had pitched the whole load into the mow on top of it. He went to work and pitched it all out, a handful at a time, upon the barn floor, and when the hired man's fork tine came up with a thousand-dollar bill on it he knew they had struck a lead. He got it all.

A man gave me two five-dollar bills once to pay a balance on some store teeth, and asked me to bring the teeth back with me. The dentist was fifteen miles away, and when I got there I found I had lost the money. That was before I had amassed much of a fortune, so I went to the tooth foundry and told the foreman that I had started with ten dollars to get a set of teeth for an intimate friend, but had lost the funds. He said that my intimate friend would no doubt have to gum it a while. Owing to the recent shrinkage in values he was obliged to sell teeth for cash, as the goods were comparatively useless after they had been used one season. I went back over the same road next day and found the money by the side of the road, although a hundred teams had passed by it.

A young man one spring plowed a pocket-book and thirty dollars in greenbacks under, and by a singular coincidence, the next spring it was plowed out, and, though rotten clear through, was sent to the treasury, where it was discovered that the bills were on a Michigan National Bank, whither they were sent and redeemed.

I lost a roll of a hundred dollars in the spring of '82, and hunted my house and the office through in search of it in vain. I went over the road between the office and the house twenty times, but it was useless. I then advertised the loss of the money, giving the different denominations of the bills, and stating, as was the case, that there was an elastic band around the roll when lost. The paper had not been issued more than an hour before I got my money, every dollar of it. It was in the pocket of my other vest. This should teach us, first, the value of advertising, and, secondly, the utter folly of two vests at the same time.

Apropos of recent bank failures, I want to tell this one on James S. Kelley, commonly called "Black Jim." He failed himself along in the fifties, and, by a big struggle, had made out to pay everybody but Lo Bartlett, to whom he was indebted in the sum of eighteen dollars. He got this money finally, and, as Lo wasn't in town, Black Jim put it in a bank, the name of which has long ago sunk into oblivion. In fact, it began the oblivion business about forty-eight hours after Jim had put his funds in there.

Meeting Lo on the street, Jim said:

"Your money is up in the Wild Cat Bank, Lo. I'll give you a check for it."

"No use, old man; she's gone up."

"No!"

"Yes; she's a total wreck."

Jim went over to the president's room. He knocked as easy as he could, considering that his breath was coming so hard.

"Who's there?"

"It's Jim Kelley—Black Jim—and I'm in something of a hurry."

"Well, I'm very busy, Mr. Kelley. Come again this afternoon."

"That will be too remote. I am very busy myself. Now is the accepted time. Will you open the door, or shall I open it?"

The president opened it because it was a good door and he wanted to preserve it.

Black Jim turned the key in the door, and sat down.

"What did you want of me?" says the president.

"I wanted to see you about a certificate of deposit I've got on your bank for eighteen dollars."

"We can't pay it. Everything is gone."

"Well. I am here to get eighteen dollars, or to leave you looking like a giblet pie. Eighteen dollars will relieve you of this mental strain; but if you do not put up I will paper this wall with your classic features and ruin the carpet with what remains."

The president hesitated a moment. Then he took a roll out of his boot and paid Jim eighteen dollars.

"You will not mention this on the street, of course," said the president.

"No," said Jim, "not till I get there."

When the crowd got back, however, the president had fled, and he has remained fled ever since. The longer he remained away and thought it over, the more he became attached to Canada, and the more of a confirmed and incurable fugitive he became.

I saw Black Jim last evening, and he said he had passed through two bank failures, but had always realized on his certificate of deposit. One cashier told Jim that he was the homeliest man that ever looked through the window of a busted bank. He said Kelley looked like a man who ate bank cashiers on toast and directors raw with a slice of lemon on top.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

Early one morning a piece of white paper fluttered on the door of a New York paint shop, with the following inscription: "I have gone out for half an hour. Will be back soon. Have been gone twenty minutes already.' Half an hour later the writer ran in out of breath, and explained, as he drew on a pair of paint-smeared overalls, that he expected a man in to pay him some money, and was afraid he would not wait if he knew how long he would be gone.

The ex-Queen and King of Naples, who have been in wretched circumstances since they were driven from their kingdom, are now restored to opulence by the death of the Dowager Empress of Austria, who left them $6,000,000

## PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE MOUTH.

**With Analyses of the Mouths of Mrs. Langtry and other Noted People.**

Popular opinion is as much at fault in regard to the *meaning* of the mouth as it is to the significance of the eye, ascribing to the latter entirely too much importance and to the former nothing like what it expresses to the scientific reader of physiognomy. In order to comprehend the full meaning and importance of the mouth in disclosing character, it is essential to trace its origin by a systematic survey of its evolution, as well as by an analysis of its physiological



FIG. 1.

and anatomical construction, and that of the surrounding parts. The physiological and anatomical method of investigation is the only one by which we can obtain an insight into character, whether mental, moral, physical, artistic, religious, or scientific.

Evolution has done much toward enlightening us as to the beginning or organic origin of each feature of the face, as well as each organ and member of the body. The world lies under a great debt to Professor Ernst Haeckel, who, in his grand work, "The Evolution of Man," has assisted every department of scientific research relating to man and his mind. No physician, naturalist, or philosopher can read this work without a feeling of gratitude toward its writer, and in it the scientific physiognomist finds ample proof and corroboration of all his theories and observations, if they are based on scientific laws and deductions.

The mouth was the first external feature of the animal body. I am not now speaking of it as it relates to the human body, but of the first appearance of an opening in the external skin of the *Gastrula*, an animal of microscopic proportions, so far back in the history of man's evolutionary ancestors as to precede the ape-origin of man by millions of æons, while yet the world was just emerging from the primordial epoch, or, as geologists term it, the Laurentian Period. The Gastrula was an animal composed of a simple hollow tube with an inner and outer skin, and with an opening at one end serving as a food receiver. From this primitive organ, or mouth, have arisen, by differentiation, all of the organs and members of the body. Haeckel remarks of this animal: "In the quite simple, primitive intestine, or the primitive intestinal cavity of the Gastrula, and its simple mouth-opening, the first real organ of the animal body, in a morphological sense, is gained the earliest genuine organ from which all the other organs have differentiated at a later period." There is scarcely space in a newspaper article to follow the course of the evolution of the mouth minutely, and I only introduce this digression from the main branch of my subject in order to show the primitive origin of the mouth. This I have to do in justice to my conclusions, for it must be apparent to all that an organ which precedes all other features in its development, and which appears so early in



FIG. 3.

evolution, is certainly in its developed and perfected state —as we find it in the physiognomies of the most perfected characters of civilized life—worthy our closest analysis and investigation. We shall find, as we proceed in our study of scientific physiognomy, that those organs which appeared earliest in evolution are the most important, and also that their facial signs (for all the internal organs of the body have their signs in the face, by which their strength or weakness can be read at a glance) are found in the same order in the human face as they evolved in the animal, millions of ages ago. Had not the doctrine of evolution been developed by the study of comparative anatomy and geology, a scientific survey of the human face would have necessitated its promulgation; for the face, in its most perfected state, *read scientifically*, corroborates, by its orderly and progressive development from the chin to the forehead, the discoveries, observations, and theories of such men as Haeckel, Huxley, Lamark, Goethe, and other eminent observers.

The mouth, being the entrance to that chemical laboratory, the stomach, holds the key to the fortress of man's mind, for what enters the mouth in the form of nourishment affects every atom of his body and every faculty of his mind. Mind and body being a unit, and inextricably related by physiological structure, can not be separated by any amount of metaphysical meanderings, as has been attempted by old-time philosophers. The best method for the study of the human mouth is to contrast and analyze the formation of the mouths of animals with their bodies, and then to compare with it their mental powers, and see how exactly they agree in form and purpose. Observe the shark, the whale, and the hippopotamus, and, coming up higher, the elephant, which is a signal example of the law of compensation in the construction of its feeding apparatus. Then investigate the mouths of the tiger, the lion, the bear, the dog, the horse, the cow, the coon, the fox, the oppossum, and the rat, and you will observe in each instance a physical adaptation to their mental powers and their place in nature. From these proceed to the study of the mouths of the lowest known races, of idiots and infants.

Figure 1 represents a native Australian woman, whose great, coarse, brutal mouth places her rank in the scale of humanity as the lowest; there is neither sympathy nor refinement visible in its outlines; its only signs are animal signs, the great size denoting capacity for gross feeding, and the droop of either corner of the upper lip indicating a physical love of offspring—for the *physical* love of offspring is quite another kind of love from that which is found in women with fine mental and moral endowments. Travelers tell us that the native Australians—of whom this woman is a specimen—have no language to express such abstract and exalted ideas as justice, love, virtue, or mercy. It is not difficult to believe that the mouth under consideration has never uttered words typifying such ideas, and the entire physiognomy will corroborate the meaning of the mouth. Contrast it with the beautiful mouth of Friedrich Froebel (Fig. 2), whose love of young had both a mental and a moral base, while at the same time the physical love of young is also most decidedly exhibited in his upper lip.

Criminal mouths resemble the mouths of undeveloped races in appearance, and yet they reveal to the close observer that they have retrogressed from a developed condition, and this retrogression is as apparent in their walk,

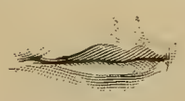


FIG. 4

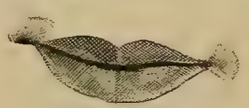


FIG. 6.

their gestures, and the intonations of their voices, as is the degraded formation of the mouth. The fact that mind and body are a unity simplifies the task of reading humanity. Doctor Maudsley remarks: "To me, it seems not unreasonable to suppose that the mind may stamp its tone, if not its very features, on the individual elements of the body." The accompanying portrait of Jesse James (Fig. 3), the notorious bandit, is an illustration of a congenital criminal. His walk, his gesture, his intonation, and even the carriage of his body were corroborations of his criminal mind. The mouth alone gives the clue to his entire personality. Contrast it with the perfect mouth of Harry Shannon (Fig. 4), the boy orator, and compare all these mouths with that of Sir Walter Scott (Fig. 5), whose genius and purity of life were equally celebrated. Every feature of Jesse James's face is criminal, read by the laws of scientific physiognomy. Of him it may be said, as Maudsley says of a class of congenitally defective persons: "Some *go criminal*, as others *go insane*, because they can not help it." The surgeon to the general prison of Scotland holds that "there is among criminals a distinct and *incurable* criminal *class*, marked by peculiar *low physical* and *mental* characteristics"; also that "crime is hereditary in the families of criminals belonging to this class, and that this hereditary crime is a disorder of mind, having close relations of nature and descent to epilepsy, dipsomania, insanity, and other forms of degeneracy. Such criminals are really *morbid varieties*, and often exhibit marks of *physical* degeneration—spinal deformity, club-foot, cleft-palate, hare-lip, deafness, paralysis, epilepsy, and scrofula." (Observe the number of deformities of the speaking and hearing apparatus.)

This corroborates my theory that all congenital physical defects are the signs of mental and moral degeneracy, and this theory can be proved by the study of the features of all congenital criminals, and comparing them with the most perfected moral and mental characters. Some mouths are mere gashes, and represent only an aperture in which to place food. Others have thin, undeveloped lips, and thus disclose a poverty-stricken character, destitute of benevolence or sympathy, these qualities being denoted by the full and moist under-lip; they also denote a lack of love of children and of the opposite sex. These faculties are found where the upper lip is full, love of the opposite sex being known by fullness and redness of the centre of the upper lip; and love of young being found in the downward droop of the corners of the upper lip, as seen in Froebel's face. These two signs are most decided in the most perfected persons, and form the basis of all really moral and beautiful characters. Most especially do we find the sign for amativeness in the upper lips of those who have been eminent in *creative art*—in poetry, sculpture, painting, acting, oratory, and creative writing, as in fiction, etc. —and wherever mental creation is of the highest order. Creative energy is based on procreative energy, and the sign for the reproductive system is fullness, redness, and moisture of the centre of the upper lip. The fullness indicates the development of the glandular and muscular systems—the two systems most largely concerned in reproduction—while the redness and moisture reveal activity and normal conditions.

I do not intend to convey the idea that the sign for amativeness alone reveals a character possessed of original creative power. What I do state is, that all who have excelled in creative ability in any direction have the sign of amativeness well defined in the upper lip; a reference to the physiognomies of all master-minds of the world will verify this assertion. These characters could not have excelled in their several directions had they not been *well-sexed*—that is to say, possessed of a strongly developed manhood



FIG. 2.

and womanhood. Every mental and moral faculty has a physical base, from which it derives its power; and mental and moral creations and sentiments are derived from physiological development.

Fig. 6 is an excellent representation of the mouth of the the celebrated Mrs. Langtry. Its analysis gives us the clue to her power of attracting, and also illustrates what I have previously said in regard to the development of the function and faculty of amativeness, as regards actors. The centre of the upper lip denotes a highly developed degree of love of the opposite sex; and herein lies her magnetic and attractive powers, as an actress as well as in private life. She certainly does not possess genius. I have never observed a genius who, while in conversation, disclosed a large part of the gums. This Mrs. Langtry does, showing fine, white, even teeth, which add greatly to her appearance. Her love of young is not very highly developed, as a glance at her upper lip will prove. She does not, like the majority of actresses, travel with pets, either birds or dogs, which often serve to take the place of children to those who have none.

Where love of young is observed in a character, we are sure to see as its accompaniment a full supply of mirthfulness; and this is not very marked in Mrs. Langtry's physiognomy. Her power as an actress would be greatly enhanced were this faculty present in a more developed degree; it would add a droll, arch and piquant manner to some of her impersonations. This faculty, contemporaneous records tell us, was possessed by Peg Woffington and Nell Gwynne, and in more recent times by Mrs. John Wood, Lotta, Patti, Materna, Aimée, and many other popular artistes. Reference to their portraits will show the downward drooping of their upper lip externally from the sign for amativeness, and then a slight upward curve of the corners of the mouth, indicating mirthfulness and love of young.

Mrs. Langtry's mouth is wide and straight, evidencing ability for elocution and oratory. Her ear in this respect



FIG. 5.

corroborates in a remarkable manner the indications of the mouth, her ear being very wide and deep at the centre, this being invariably observed in those who have capacity for or who have excelled in either of these arts. Her lower lip denotes an average degree of benevolence and sympathy, and the changing expressions of the muscles of the mouth and adjacent parts disclose to the acute observer the character of the sentiments and language they have been accustomed to create. They do not indicate that argument, debate, and logic have shaped them, but rather expressions of sweetness, affability, approbation, and a

good share of self-control are manifest in all the movements of the lips and mouth.

For knowledge of her mental qualities we must analyze the nose, and this discloses a fair degree of Mental Imitation. Analysis: Hope, Ideality, and moderate Constructiveness; all sufficiently developed by nature, aided by diligent study and practice, to make an artist, either on the stage or with brush and chisel. Her eyes are a cool light blue, and this color, while it gives the advantage of self-possession and coolness in emergency, lacks the fire and fervor of a darker eye, either blue, black, or brown. Hence she will never be able to arouse in an audience that pitch of enthusiasm which characterizes the efforts of those more largely endowed with color, for color indicates heat, and heat is a great motor-power, and gives activity to body and mind.

The upper part of the nose exhibits strong self-will, executiveness, and veneration, the faculties most useful in self-control as well as in commanding and controlling others; they are certainly most advantageous in acting, where a character has often to be assumed through five long acts, and this can not be accomplished without strong will-power and self-suppression.

The chin is soft and rounded—muscular rather than bony—with a slight dimple, thus indicating an art-loving nature, as well as a strong appreciation of beauty in the opposite sex. I term this chin the "Louis XV. chin;" this monarch's tastes in the direction of beautiful women were most marked, and have become historically famous. This peculiarity is also found in the chins of most of the masters of art, whether of poetry, painting, acting, sculpture, or imaginative literature.

Sex development and sex love is the basis of all the great creative works of artists, and pervades all nature from the vegetable kingdom up to man. Amativeness assists constructive effort, originality, and acting, or gives a desire to please and to study the opposite sex—all of which attracts, fascinates, and holds magnetically and mentally the individuals thus acted upon; hence, it is a faculty essential to creative art and artists.

Mrs. Langtry's power lies mainly in the fact that she is well sexed—that is to say, she is very much of a woman. She is thoroughly feminine, on a large scale; she is possessed of a lithe, flexible figure, a fine constitution, good health, which she very wisely retains by long walks in the open air. Her skin is fair, but not thin nor even sensitive. While this is an advantage in some respects, it does not assist artistic effort, for all geniuses show, by the thinness and fineness of the skin, their ability to receive impressions more rapidly and vividly than those with thicker skins. The skin always represents by its texture and color the quality and natural condition of the brain, and as it was the first and original sense-organ, or mental organ, an analysis of it in deciding mental power in man or animal is most important and significant.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## THE KRAKATAU ERUPTION.

### Scientific Account of the Terrible Convulsion in the Straits of Sunda.

Eight months have passed since the awful cataclysm off the coast of Java, yet, despite that interval, only the most meagre details have been published concerning it. In fact, little has appeared save the bald telegraphic dispatches at the time of the eruption. This will be sufficient excuse, if excuse be needed, for the publication of the following detailed description. It is carefully condensed from the proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, of a recent date. It may be well to premise that the island of Krakatau is (or was) in the Straits of Sunda, midway between Java and Sumatra. It was about five miles long by three broad. Near it lay two smaller islets, Lang and Verlaten Isles. Krakatau has almost disappeared. Where its northern peak stood there is now an almost fathomless waste of water. Eight miles to the northeast are two new islands, called Calmeyer and Steers islands. They are supposed to be parts of the missing portions of Krakatau, *blown bodily through the air*. But to the description:

The volcano of Krakatau had been in an eruptive condition ever since May 20, 1883. It excited little alarm, however. On the 21st of August the volcano appears to have been in increased activity; for the ship *Bay of Naples* reports being unable to venture into the straits on account of the great fall of pumice and ashes. The first, however, of the more disastrous effects were experienced on the evening of the 26th, commencing about four o'clock in the afternoon. They were inaugurated by violent explosions heard in Anjer, Telok-betong, and as far as Batavia, accompanied by high waves, which, after first retreating, rolled up on both sides of the straits, causing much damage to the villages there, and were followed by a night of unusually pitchy darkness. These horrors continued all night, with increasing violence till midnight, when they were augmented by electrical phenomena on a terrifying scale, which enveloped not only the ships in the vicinity, but embraced those at a distance of even ten to a dozen miles. As the lurid gleams that played on the gigantic column of smoke and ashes were seen in Batavia, eighty miles off in a straight line, we can form some idea of the great height to which the débris, some of which fell as fine ashes in Cheribon, five hundred miles to the east, was being ejected during the night.

Between five and seven o'clock (for the hour is uncertain) in the morning of the 27th, there was a still more gigantic explosion, heard in the Andaman Islands and in India, which produced along both shores of the straits an immense tidal movement, first of recession and then of unwonted rise, occasioning that calamitous loss of life in which scores of thousands of human beings perished.

The material thrown out rose to an elevation which we have no means of estimating, but so tremendous was it that on spreading itself out it covered the whole western end of Java and the south of Sumatra for hundreds of square miles with a pall of impenetrable darkness. During this period, abnormal atmospheric and magnetic displays were observed; compass-needles rotated violently, and the barometer rose and fell many tenths of an inch in a minute. Following at no great interval, and somewhere between ten and twelve o'clock in the forenoon of the same day, either by successive rapid outbursts or by one single supreme convulsion, the subterranean powers burst their prison-walls with a detonation so terrific as to have been, as it seems, inaudible from its very immensity to human ears from its close vicinity, but which spread consternation and alarm among the dwellers within a circle whose diameter lay across nearly three thousand miles, or fifty degrees of longitude.

With sunrise on the 28th, the dense curtain which had enveloped so wide an area in darkness gradually began to clear off, and the light broke on a scene of devastation of the saddest kind, but on one of comparative placidity, as if Nature lay exhausted after her frantic paroxysm. Krakatau was seen reduced to a fraction of its original size; the whole of the northern portion with the height in front of which the volcano first broke out, and half of the peak itself, had vanished. To the northward, however, two new pieces of land, which have received the names of Steers and Calmeyer islands, raised their tops above the surface of the sea, where the morning previous thirty to forty fathoms of water had existed. Of the two islets on each side of Krakatau, Lang Island is left practically unaltered, while Verlaten Island seems elevated somewhat, and is reported to be in eruption. But, where the volcano had been so active a few hours before, a sea fathomless with a line of a thousand feet is now to be found.

The first great waves on the evening of the 26th and the early part of the 27th were probably caused by a portion of Krakatau being shot out northward for eight miles and dropped where we have now Steers Island; while the appalling detonation in that forenoon and the greater wave accompanying it resulted perhaps from that still more Titanic effort which lifted the greater portion of Krakatau—several thousand million cubic yards of material—out by its one hundred and seventy fathom root, hurled it through the air over Lang Island, and plunged it into the sea some seven miles to the northeast, where Calmeyer Island now blocks the channel which mariners have known so long as the East Passage.

The reports we have as to the tidal phenomena differ from different places. At many points it was observed that a distinct withdrawal of the water preceded the rise or great tide; while from others, as in the canal at Batavia, the opposite is given as the order of occurrence. Everything, however, depends on the moment of the observation. It will be apparent that these waves were the most natural consequents of the events, and were due certainly not to any seismic movement of the sea-bed, but on the one hand to the in-rush of water to fill the deep chasm out of which the ejected portions of the island came, which was naturally followed first by a withdrawal of the water, and then by a disastrous recoil over the low fore-shores of Java and Sumatra; and on the other hand to the tremendous stroke—the splash, in fact—imparted to the sea by such a gigantic block of matter, square miles in size, which must have resulted first in a great rise of water, followed by a withdrawal.

These waves, issuing from the narrow straits into the ocean east and west, started off on their journey round the globe, and, from the records of the tide-gauges which are now coming in, we have a most remarkable tale unfolded. On the afternoon of the same day that the greater of them swept away the Javan villages, the undulations were registered unmistakably in Mauritius, the Seychelles, in South Africa, and on the shores of the Pacific islands; but, as Mr. Lockyer informs us, they did not vanish there, but proceeded onward, and, crossing each other on the antipodes of Krakatau, journeyed back to the spot whence they had emanated, and this they did no fewer than four times before the equilibrium of the sea was restored so far as to be insensible to our instruments. While the tide-gauges have recorded their story, the delicate fingers of the barometrical registers of the world have also borne uninfluenced testimony of a similar kind. The blow which hurled such a mass of matter into the air, which originated a hurricane there and caused the barometers in the neighborhood of the volcano to rise and fall with unparalleled rapidity, and a vessel distant three hundred miles to tremble, started an atmospheric wave also round the globe. It was first detected in the Kew registers by Gen. Strachey, who has now examined a large number of barographs, from which he has been able to fix the dates at which the atmospheric undulations passed various places on the earth's surface. As in the sea, so in the air, two waves, one to the east and one to the west, started from Krakatau, whose rate of progress has been found to be that of sound. One surprising circumstance, of which we have as yet observed no explanation, is how those ships which were near the volcano at the moment of the supreme explosions, of the enormity of which they seem not to have been cognizant, notwithstanding that they were heard at such immense distances, did not only not suffer from the concussion, but were not blown off the face of the water altogether. Almost coincident with the record of the abnormal atmospheric fluctuations, magnificent sunlight effects, unusually lurid skies, prolonged dawns, lengthened twilights, and green or blue or moon-like suns, began to be observed. From the dates at which these phenomena first appeared in different parts of the world—on the east coast of Africa on the second day, the Gold Coast on the third, Trinidad on the sixth day, at four thousand miles in the Pacific west of Panama on the seventh, and at Honolulu on the ninth day—it can be seen that the volcanic cloud followed a straight path.

To what height the supreme outburst propelled the smoke, dust, and the lighter portion of matter, it is impossible at present to estimate. Mr. Whymper saw Cotopaxi, in by no means one of its extraordinary expirations, eject a column over twenty thousand feet in height; but many multiples of this distance will doubtless be required to measure the spire that was shot skyward on the forenoon of the 27th of August, 1883. At all events it rose so high that months have been required for it to descend. Those places situated below the direct westward path of the cloud (which would be elevated at first as a narrow column), as they were carried under it by the eastward rotation of the earth, were the first to have the usual light of the sun changed into ominous displays or delightful after-glows, varying in intensity according to their time-distance away, and therefore to the amount of the obstructing dust, which would also condense moisture in the upper part of the air, and give special absorption effects, that had by the hour they were reached subsided from the atmosphere. This narrow band, gradually spreading out north and south, enabled the inhabitants of all lands to obtain a view of the gorgeous effects of broken and absorbed sunbeams, and a demonstration of the vastness of the power of imprisoned steam.

No one can doubt, after reading the foregoing, that the eruption in the Straits of Sunda, in August, 1883, was the greatest cataclysm that ever desolated the world since history began.

---

Meissonier's models receive princely wages, though they earn their money hardly enough. They are liable to six hours at a stretch, almost without a change of position, and in attitudes which often are the reverse of comfortable. "The Quarrel" contains five figures, each of which is a marvel of anatomical draughtsmanship. Meissonier took seventeen sketches of it before he put brush to canvas. Fancy a dispute in which the would-be combatants try to get at each other, while two friends on one side and one on the other endeavor to separate them. And the five models stood in this attitude for three hours each day for sixty consecutive days. "They were better off still than the fellow who shammed death beneath a real dead horse on a winter's day when the snow lay a foot deep in my garden," said Monsieur Meissonier. No doubt they were.

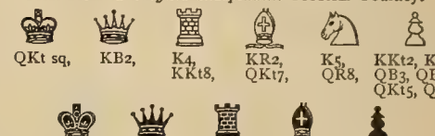
---

The new Press Bureau at Constantinople, which is under the direction of Medjid Pasha, has, since its establishment, made the task of conducting a newspaper upon the banks of the Bosporus exceedingly difficult. A long list of subjects, the discussion and even the bare mention of which is interdicted, has lately been issued to the newspapers. The journalists of Stamboul are forbidden to mention Eastern Roumelia or the Soudan. They are not to discuss Ismail's chances of reascending the Khedivial throne, and they are to be silent about the illness and death of Midhat.

## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

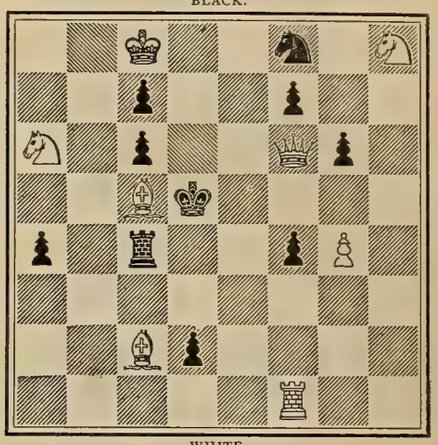
[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

**Problem No. XXXV.—By W. W. R. Coe.**
First Prize in *Sheffield Independent* Problem Tourney.




White to play and mate in two moves.

**Problem No. XXXVI.—By James Stonehouse.**
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

**Solution of Problem No. XXIX.**

1—Q B3 2—Any move
2—P B6, Q or Kt mates.

**Solution of Problem No. XXX.**

1—B B5 1—K x Kt (a, b, c)
2—Q B5 ch 2—K moves
3—Q Q5 mates.

(a) 1——— 1—Kt B5
2—Q B5 ch 2—P x Q
3—Kt B3 mates.

(b) 1——— 1—Kt K sq
2—Kt x KP 2—Any move
3—B, Q, or Kt mates.

(c) 1——— 1—R x R
2—B Q7 2—Any move
3—Q mates.

Correct solutions received as follows: Problems XXXI and XXXII—From U. Hartnell, Salinas.

### Game.

The following game, played January 7, 1884, at the Cercle des Echecs of Paris, is taken from *La Stratégie*. We call attention to the curious end game, and regret that we can not give in full the instructive notes of Mr. Rosenthal:

RUY LOPEZ.

| *White.* A. de Riviere. | *Black.* M. Chamier. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 25—Kt Q sq (f) | 25—Q K4 |
| 2—KKt B3 | 2—QKt B3 | 26—R R3 | 26—B R6 |
| 3—B Kt5 | 3—P B4 (a) | 27—B B2 (g) | 27—R x R |
| 4—P Q4 | 4—BP x P | 28—P x R | 28—Q R8 |
| 5—Kt x P (b) | 5—Kt x Kt | 29—Kt B3 (h) | 29—Q x Q ch |
| 6—P x Kt | 6—P B3 | 30—B x Q | 30—B Kt3 ch |
| 7—B QB4 | 7—Q R4 ch | 31—K R sq | 31—B R4 |
| 8—Kt B3 | 8—Q x KP | 32—K Kt sq | 32—P K6 (i) |
| 9—B x Kt | 9—R x B | 33—P Kt4 | 33—P KKt4 |
| 10—Castles | 10—P Q4 | 34—K R sq | 34—K Q2 |
| 11—P B3 | 11—B Q3 | 35—KKt sq | 35—P KR3 |
| 12—P KKt3 (c) | 12—B KR6 | 36—K R sq | 36—K K3 |
| 13—R K sq | 13—Castles QR | 37—K Kt sq | 37—P QR3 |
| 14—P x P | 14—B B4 ch | 38—K R sq | 38—B x P (j) |
| 15—K R sq | 15—B B7 | 39—K Kt2 | 39—P R4 |
| 16—B B4 | 16—Q K sq | 40—K B sq | 40—P R5 |
| 17—R K2 | 17—P x P (d) | 41—Kt K4 | 41—B x B |
| 18—Q QB sq | 18—B Kt3 | 42—K x B | 42—K B4 |
| 19—B K3 | 19—B B2 | 43—Kt Q6 ch | 43—K B5 |
| 20—P R4 | 20—R B sq | 44—Kt x P | 44—B B4 |
| 21—R B2 | 21—Q R4 | 45—Kt R5 | 45—B x P |
| 22—Q K sq | 22—B Kt5 | 46—Kt x P | 46—B Q6 |
| 23—R x R (e) | 23—R x R | 47—Kt Kt4 | 47—B B5 |
| 24—K Kt sq | 24—R B6 | 48—Kt B2 | 48—P Kt5 |
| | | White resigns. | |

(a) A weak defense.
(b) The sacrifice led to by this move is dangerous. Better to have played 5 B x Kt, KtP x B; 6 Kt x P, Kt B3; 7 Castles, B Kt2, equal game.
(c) An error which costs the game. The best play here was 12 P B4.
(d) This was probably played with too much precipitation, inasmuch as by 17—B Kt5 he would have easily won.
(e) Forced. Black threatens B B6 ch, followed by B x KtP.
(f) Necessary to prevent 25—Q R6, 26 B B2, P K6, winning.
(g) Imperative. If 27 Kt B2, R x P, ch.
(h) His only chance of drawing was in 29 Kt K3.
(i) After this move White's game is completely paralyzed. We call attention to this curious position.
(j) He might have won equally by 38—K K4; 39 B Kt3 ch (if 39 K Kt sq, B x Kt; 40 B x B ch, K B5, followed by K B6, K7, and Q8 winning) K Q5; 40 Kt K2 ch, K K5, followed by B x P, and wins.

---

M. Rosenthal, the noted chess player and analyst, has relinquished the editorship of the chess column in *La Vie Moderne*, and has been replaced by M. Arnous de Riviere, one of the foremost of French chess players.

---

In the Manhattan C. C. Tourney, just finished, Mr. Jno. S. Ryan won first honors over all competitors. We will shortly give our readers a specimen of the prize-winner's play.

---

Dr. Zukertort left Salt Lake City Monday afternoon, [illegible] in this city Thursday morning. Arrangements for the [illegible] hibition will not be made until after the holidays.

## THE ANGLOMANIAC'S DRESS.

"Cockaigne" gives Him some Advice on an Important Question.

While Anglomania seems to be spreading more and more each year in America, and the only thing considered fit to be done by its followers is what is done and how they do it in England, it is a curious fact that with all their study of English ways, customs, manners, accent and slang, American Anglomaniacs are sadly out of it when they come to what they are pleased to consider English dress. Of course, it takes an Englishman, and one of the upper class to boot, to find this out. To their own countrymen at home, on board Atlantic liners, or swaggering about the continent, they may pass, as is their dearest wish, for Englishmen.

One American Anglomaniac may mistake another American Anglomaniac as being English, while he hopes in turn to be so considered himself. It is a sort of mutual admiration society with a decided tinge of monopoly as to the nature of the stock in trade, for English people, at such places as Homborg or Cannes particularly, are not to be imposed upon. When I was in the States a few years ago, when the fad had not acquired the gigantic proportions it appears to have now, I noticed how easily a man who wore anything different from the established cut of American clothing as established by American tailors was at once set down as an Englishman, the discrepancies in the accent of the wearers when speaking being regarded as of quite minor consideration, if, indeed, it was considered at all. Naturally this came as much from ignorance as from indifference.

Now, everything is so changed that the very men who thought a man English because he wore other than black broadcloth all day long, themselves wear clothing of a far more distinctive English make than the others did, and don't seem to wonder at all why they are not looked upon as Englishmen too. It doesn't make much difference, perhaps, so long as people are contented and happy about it, and think their style of dress is "the proper thing, don't you know," when in reality it isn't. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," I dare say. But, all the same, it can do no harm to point out the errors in their dress, which these American-Englishmen are so prone to unconsciously commit, and take away just a trifle of the conceit they exhibit when they get on this side of the water, and delightfully imagine they are not spotted at once the minute they show themselves in the West End.

It matters not, let me tell them, that their clothes are "made by Pool." Though they come from the famous shop in Savile Row, where the Prince of Wales's clothes are made, and though Pool's name may decorate the top and his signature the bottom of the bill that accompanies them, it does not follow that Pool made them, or, indeed, had anything more to do with them than ordering some inferior tailor, but too glad to do his bidding, to make them. Pool will only make for people who go into the best London society where his work reaches the recognition and approving eye of high life. In the next place, he won't accept a customer (to really make for him) who is not presented and vouched for by a swell of position whose name is already on his own books. Lastly, he does not care for ready-money custom. He prefers long credits (when his pay is certain). Now, a long credit at a tailor's like Pool has two advantages—for the tailor. The customer is encouraged to order more clothes than he would otherwise get had he to put his hand in his pocket every time, and the style of men of whom Pool's chosen customers consist are not the sort either to keep any record of dates or orders, or to notice when the bill at last comes in whether they are not charged with several suits they never had. I don't mean to say that Pool does this sort of thing. I only mean it would be easy for him to do so if he liked.

I have often been told by Americans that Pool didn't know how to make clothes. Judging by those with which he had "furnished" them, I should be compelled to concur in their opinion. But Americans who make this sweeping assertion should see the clothes Pool makes for his swell English customers, and they would then think differently. A genuine Pool-made frock coat can be told anywhere. It is simply perfection. But it must be genuine. See one once, and you will recognize the style ever after. But were Pool to really *make* the clothes of American Anglomaniacs who come to London every year, and pay him fabulous prices for them, he couldn't tell them how to wear them. At least he wouldn't think it necessary. He would suppose that people who wanted clothes from him would know without his telling. And that is really where it all is. It is in the manner of the wearing of English clothes that the American Anglomaniacs so egregiously fail. Therefore, for the edification of such men who come over here and directly "give themselves away"—despite their study of the English accent and pronunciation—just as soon as they appear before the British eye as they find it southwest of Regent Street, let me give a few rules of dress which are strictly observed by English gentlemen at home.

In the first place, dress in England is divided into "morning" and "evening" dress, and each has a well-defined and understood meaning, aside from mere name. Morning dress is that which is worn until dinner, and evening dress that worn *at* dinner and *afterward*. The dressing-bell for dinner is the dividing line between the two. This rule as to dress is thoroughly well known and strictly followed in polite society. To appear in evening dress or any approach to it—a white necktie or black trousers, for instance—in the morning, or in morning dress, or any approach to it, in the evening, would be a breach of propriety sufficiently serious to make the person infringing the rule looked upon as of low origin or eccentric ways. Good breeding and eccentricity, except in great people whose position in the world shuts one's eyes to defects, can never go hand in hand. A well-bred man always dresses as he behaves—properly. Morning dress in the country and in town differ considerably.

In the country it is a jacket suit of tweed or serge "dittoes," as an entire suit of the same pattern and material is called. With this, a hard, round felt hat is always worn; a tall beaver hat *never*. On Sunday, in the country, it is different. Then at church—to which every respectable man, let alone gentleman, goes at least once—a man should wear a dark cloth frock or morning coat buttoned, and a tall hat. After church, if he likes, he can change to a suit of dittoes again. However, the rule of a black coat and tall hat at church in the country is not as absolutely followed as other rules, though a man is always on the safe side when he follows it.

In town, particularly during the season, a man can never appear in the street, in the park, at his club, or a morning concert, in other than a dark cloth frock or morning coat (buttoned), trousers of any color but black—light, or dark gray, or brown of any fashionable pattern being preferable—and a tall hat. To wear a low-crowned round hat with a frock or morning coat would stamp a man directly. That this is a thing which should never be done is what I would especially impress upon American gentlemen, for it, as well as that of wearing a tall beaver hat with a jacket (or "sack" as it is called in America), is a habit which I have noticed they are much addicted to.

I know that there is a prevalent idea in America that Englishmen, in imitation of the Prince of Wales (whose reported custom in that respect I very much question), never wear gloves. I think I know something about it, and I say that they *do* wear gloves at balls and in the street always. They don't, however, at dinner parties, nor do they sit, when making a call, with their hands cramped in gloves two or three sizes too small for them. Contrary ideas, doubtless, come from the commercial exiles from Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, and the suburbs of London, who, during their temporary residence in British mercantile houses in America, seek to convey the erroneous impression to Americans that they are gentlemen at home. If one of them is a proper exponent of the habits of English good society, he is an exception. I confess that I have seen a good deal of these commercial gentry who occupy high stools in foreign lands, and I have yet the pleasure before me of recording an exception in my own experience.

Under the head of morning dress, I might remark that the morning dress of ladies in England is very quiet, simple, and plain. Jewelry is never worn till dinner-time. Except it be at some entertainment given in the daytime, such as a wedding or garden party, they never dress as American ladies do for an ordinary street promenade. In fact, as a rule, they never walk in the streets—that is, *ladies* don't. If they are, by an exceptional chance, called upon to do so, they dress as simply as possible. Did they attire themselves as elaborately as some American ladies I have seen walking in Fifth Avenue, New York, they would drive in their carriages. An English lady who could afford to dress for the street as expensively and gorgeously as American ladies do, would have her own carriage, most assuredly. To Americans who think differently I would say: the gayly dressed women you see walking in London streets are not ladies. If you don't believe me, speak to one and see. Or, better still, go into the West End residential streets and squares, and see how many you will find thereabouts. Not one. Regent and Oxford streets, and Piccadilly, and the Strand are where they abound. They generally go home in cabs, rather late.

Now, then, as to evening dress. For men it is the universally accepted black cloth dress-suit, with swallow-tail coat and low-cut waistcoat. This every gentleman in England—be it in town or country, at home, at a dinner party, or at his club—puts on for dinner. The only distinction he makes in it is his necktie. At home, if there be but the family circle, he wears a black one—silk or satin. At all other times his tie must be white; and, mind, it must be cambric—never silk. A colored silk tie other than black—mauve, for example—is execrable. His hat at night must be a "crush" or opera hat, which he wears to theatre or opera, dinner-party or ball, carrying it (shut up) into the ball-room with him at the latter. The proper foot-covering to be worn with evening dress are patent-leather pumps, with a black silk ribbon bow, and black silk stockings, spotted with white or colored dots, to suit the taste of the wearer, if he so desires. Only white or the lightest tints of kid gloves should also be worn at a ball.

For ladies, no dress is an evening dress in England unless it be (as I have said in a former letter) décolleté. How décolleté is of course left to the discretion and taste of the wearer. It must not be high-necked, at all events, whatever else it is, for a high-necked gown is never seen at an English ball, evening party, or dinner, at the opera, an evening concert, or in the stalls and boxes of the first-class theatres, during the season particularly. Except at court drawing-rooms, which are at best but anomalies, and governed by rules for which one can give no sensible reason, no lady wears a low-necked gown before dinner.

All of these rules may, by people unaccustomed to their observance, seem strained and at war with personal liberty. I dare say they may be both. But there are many good rules of every society which seem strained to the unrefined and uncultivated, and many which infringe upon personal liberty that are most necessary for the preservation of good breeding. Then, people's ideas of personal liberty vary greatly. But it is not for such people that the rules are made. No one asks "free-and-easy," "happy-go-lucky" people, who can be happier in the same suit of clothes night and day, from one year's end to the other, to accept and adopt these rules. I only say they are the rules of English well-bred society, observed by people who are content to be governed by them, and who would be unhappy were they to live in any other way. If a foreigner comes to England, it is certainly not asking a great deal if he is expected to conform for the nonce to the customs of the country. There is one benefit attending a thorough understanding of these rules in England. It is this: No one is ever at a loss to know "how to dress" at any entertainment. The only thing requisite to know is, does it take place *before* or *after* dinner? That settles the question.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, June 11, 1884.

---

In a recent document put forth by the Associated Charities of Boston, it is stated that the four causes of poverty are drunkenness, ignorance, laziness, and pride.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Barbara Thayer," by Annie Jenness Miller, is a short novel of some interest, but no particular value, either in plot or workmanship. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Bancroft.

Frederick Anstey's latest romance is "The Giant's Robe," which, like "Vice Versa," is "good in spots." Its plot is extravagant, but the character drawing is excellent. Published by D. Appleton & Co.; for sale by James T. White.

"A Short History of the Reformation" is an excellent history primer by Doctor John F. Hurst. It is provided with illustrations, a good map, and a complete index. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

Marion Crawford's "A Roman Singer" is a decided improvement on his "To Leeward." This young writer shows great perseverance and industry, and he seems to have the possibility of a much higher character of work in the future. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, $1.25.

"Tommy Upmore" is Blackmore's latest novel. Although it went through two editions in one day, it has proved rather a failure. The plot is stupid and uninteresting; and the temporary success seems to have depended entirely on the novelist's name. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

According to his promise, Doctor Romanes has followed his admirable work on "Animal Intelligence" by another volume entitled "Mental Evolution in Animals." It contains numerous notes given to the author by the late Charles Darwin, besides an essay on "Instinct" by the great scientist himself. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co.

A new edition of "The Letters of William Cowper" has been published with an introduction by Rev. W. Benham, F. S. A. Without doubt Cowper was the most graceful letter-writer of his day, as more than one great author has testified; and his careful estimate of men renders his correspondence more than interesting reading. Published by Macmillan & Co.; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.; price, $1.25.

The making of a paper in India would seem a strange process The native compositors who use type sit on the floor with their cases about them—in fact, most of the work is done on the floor. Many of them who set type for English papers do not know the English language. They become very expert, and set type day after day without understanding more than the few words they have been able to pick up in the course of their work. The advertising is chiefly of foreign goods imported from India. The native people are too cautious to expend much money in advertising. Newspapers in the vernacular are mostly lithographed. The press-work is done by hand, as native labor is cheaper than engines and great presses. Illustrated papers are rare. Head and tail pieces in conventional flower and geometric designs are often very fine, but representations of places or persons are little more than outlined, and without proportion or perspective.

Announcements: Charles Scribner's Sons have just published "The Crime of Henry Vane," by J. S. of Dale, author of "Guerndale"; also "Busch's Life of Bismarck" "Wood-engraving," a manual of instruction, by W. J. Linton; "Wanderings in Spain," by Augustus J. C. Hare; "The Philosophy of Ornament," by W. Gersham Collingwood, M. A.; and "The Limestone Alps of Savoy," by the same writer, with a preface by Mr. John Ruskin.——Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. published on Saturday, June 14th, "A Country Doctor," a novel, by Sarah Orne Jewett, author of "Deephaven," "Country By-ways," etc.; "The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys, with the Episode of Mr. Washington Adams in England, and an Apology," by Richard Grant White; "Emerson's Essays," first series, cheap edition; and "Grandfather's Chair," by Nathaniel Hawthorne; cheap edition.——"My Ducats and My Daughter," an anonymous novel that has won the favorable notice of English critics, is just published in this country by Harper & Brothers.——Macmillan & Co. are issuing a new and revised edition of their valuable Educational Catalogue, which embodies, besides their own comprehensive list, the Clarendon Press Series and Pitt Press Series of Oxford and Cambridge Universities.——Messrs. Scribner & Welford have imported "An Historical Guide to Art Illustrations in connection with Books, Periodicals, and General Decoration," by James Shirley Hodson. It is printed on tinted wove paper, contains chapters on engraving, lithography, chiaroscuro or chromo-painting, engraving by chemical or mechanical processes, photographic processes, electro-typing, and general decoration, accompanied by specimens of etchings, engravings, photo-engravings, typo-etchings, photo-chromo-lithography, photography, and many other reproductive processes.

Miscellaneous: The *Modern Age*, an excellent eclectic monthly publication, has been forced to suspend for lack of support.——It was £20—not £50—that Charles Scribner's Sons paid Messrs. Field & Tuer for the advance sheets of, and American rights in, Max O'Rell's "John Bull and His Island."——According to the latest return, the number of volumes in the British Museum is just over 1,300,000. There are 160 miles of shelves, and about 20 more miles to be filled. It is calculated that about one ton of literature is sent in daily.——Perhaps the most singular curiosity in the book world is a volume that belongs to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is now in France. It is entitled "The Passion of Christ," and is neither written nor printed. Every letter of the text is cut out of a leaf, and being interleaved with the blue paper is as easily read as the best print. The labor and patience bestowed in its completion must have been excessive, especially when the precision and minuteness of the letters are considered. The general execution in every respect is indeed admirable, and the volume is of the most delicate and costly kind. Rudolph II. of Germany offered for it, in 1640, 11,000 ducats, which was probably equal to 60,000 at this day. The most remarkable circumstance connected with this literary treasure is that it bears the royal arms of England; but when it was in that country and by whom owned has never been ascertained.——The city of Hanover, Germany, has received a bequest of a library of ten thousand volumes, besides eighty thousand pictures, engravings, drawings, etc., five thousand ancient coins, and many other valuable objects.——The Librairie des Bibliophiles (Paris) has collected in one volume all the discourses pronounced at the inauguration of the monument to Dumas.——The Librairie des Bibliophiles has issued a translation of "Gulliver's Travels," with etchings by Lalauze.——A Quantin, Paris, has published the "Histoires Extraordinaires of Edgar Allen Poe," in Baudelaire's translation, with numerous etchings by Chiffard, Wogel, Abot, Férat, Méaulle, J. P. Laurens, and others. It forms two large octavo volumes, on fine laid paper. One hundred copies are on Japan paper, with duplicate etchings. The loose, gray-toned covers have a vignette with medallion portrait of Poe, with appropriate symbols taken from the stories, noticeably the "Gold Bug" and the branch of a tree with the skull nailed upon it mentioned in that tale. The title-page is printed in colors.——The Librairie Garnier has published a new edition of the works of Machiavelli, with a hitherto unpublished portrait. Sixty copies are on Holland paper.——Edouard Dentu, the well-known Paris publisher, who died on the 13th of April, succeeded to the management of the firm in 1849.

### THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

**The Maiden's Prayer.**

Dame Venus, list my simple prayer!
Give me a breath of country air;
At Newport or at Mount Desert,
Or anywhere where people flirt;
Nor let me suffer from a dearth
Of summer dresses built by Worth;
Give me an ample tennis-ground,
With coy flirtatious nooks around;
Give me a Tam O'Shanter red,
To top with taking tone my head;
Give me a man—a simple man—
As plain and simple as you can;
To hang around, in flannels drest,
Obedient to my least behest,
To bend his knickerbockered knees
As often as I chance to please.
That's all, I think. You'll note it down?
Ah—really—thanks—
Yours,
NELLIE BROWN.

P. S.—Please take especial care
To make the man a millionaire. —*Puck.*

**Hood on the Half-Shell.**

In one of the top-gallant flats,
At a rickety sewing-machine,
A worn woman sat, embroidering cats
In red, and yellow, and green,
Working for daily bread,
Through pleasant weather and rough,
Till the tender grace of the days that are dead
Seemed old, and bald-headed, and tough.

**A Summer Idyl**

Now shy
And bashful lovers sit upon the stoop
And sweetly spoon,
While downward summer's first mosquitoes swoop
With weird, low tune,
And high
And higher up the sapphire skies
She climbs the moon,
And eyes look love to loving eyes,
And sigh greets sigh.

The frog
A nocturne warbles to his listening mate
In accents low,
The youth perceives the hour is growing late,
And he must go,
Yes, jog.
He kisses her a wild good-bye;
Meanwhile, oh, woe!
An irate pa, with angry eye,
Lets loose the dog.

Few moons
E'er gazed upon so harrowing a sight
With smiling face;
A youth, wild yelling, flying with affright,
A dog in chase.
Still croons
The frog within the sedgy pool,
While from the race
The dog returns with mouth crammed full
Of pantaloons.
—*Somerville Journal.*

**The Growth of a Lily.**

When I was a maiden of sweet sixteen
I posed as the daughter of a Jersey Dean,
I worked Dorcas flannels and visited the poor
And dreamed of the glories of a bridal tour;
I dreamed of those glories so incessantly
That now I am an actress of the first degree.

The dreams were realized; to town I came,
Determined Society should learn my name;
I attended dinner-parties, routs and balls,
And spent my winters in baronial halls;
I spent my winters so successfully
That now I am an actress of the first degree.

The gossips helped me and whispered tales
Of tender attentions from the Prince of Wales;
I wear no powder and can always blush,
But somehow I could never make the gossips hush;
I failed to keep them silent so successfully
That now I am an actress of the first degree.

I grew so famous that the public press
Gushed columns over my newest dress;
My beauty was trumpeted abroad by fame,
And the toilet-advertising people used my name;
They used my name in a way so free
That now I am an actress of the first degree.

Now, ladies all, whatever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
If your souls are not fettered by domestic cares,
I'll teach you how to climb up ambition's stairs;
Put your photographed face where every one may see,
And you all may become actresses of high degree.

Madame Albani, says *Galignani's Messenger*, has been the heroine of a rather unpleasant incident at the Hague, where she was engaged to sing for one evening at a court representation, at one thousand florins. She was ignorant of the fact that artists there are expected to give a general private rehearsal before the king previous to the official performance. Hence her astonishment on March 17th, at receiving a summons to attend the general rehearsal at twelve o'clock that day. She sent back word in reply that she knew her part sufficiently well not to need rehearsing, which could only fatigue her for the evening's performance. Every endeavor was used to induce the prima donna to attend, but without avail. When the negotiations came to the knowledge of the king, he sent her word that he would be very sorry to trouble her to come and fatigue herself at the palace that evening. In view of this significant message, Madame Albani quitted the Hague.

Salvini, after strangling his Desdemona several thousand times on the stage, has decided to marry her. Miss Belgrade, the Desdemona in question, is about twenty-eight, while her lover has reached the ripe age of sixty. It is purely a love-match, and Miss Belgrade has already mastered the Italian language so she is enabled to correspond with the signor. The date of the marriage has not yet been fixed.

The following is the list of graduates of Heald's Business College for the term ending June 30, 1884: William A. Stewart, Virginia City, Nevada; Bertha Butlers, city; George W. Maguire, city; John B. White, Oakland; Leslie H. Lord, Oakland; Lucius W. Sanborn, city; Henry E. Diggles, Fort Jones; Joseph E. Wilson, Victoria, British Columbia; Mark Requa, Oakland; Alexander Sifford, Susanville; Charles E. Gregory, Allendale; Isaac W. Wells, East Berkeley; Oliver C. Haslett, Alameda; Leo Blumenthal, city; Jeff. D. Ford, Colusa; David M. Schiller, San Diego; George C. Peart, Grafton; Isaac Hyman, Folsom; Louis H. Waldman, city; Lee Robinson, Visalia; David M. Davidson, city; J. Lane McComas, Pomona; John C. McMullen, Banning; Joseph J. Moore, Los Angeles; Judd Smith, city; James Carroll, West Butte; John Niggle, San Felipe; Myron B. Hickok, city; Charles J. Meherin, city; Rufus H. Childs, city; Henry C. Dexter, Jacinto; Jacob Surface, Ione City; George L. Bryant, Georgetown; William F. King, You Bet; Edith W. Davies, city; Lewis H. Lyon, Newhall; Edward J. Holland, San Lorenzo; William E. Grant, Cherokee; Tilmon A. Howard, Salem, Oregon; Francis W. Mayerhofer, city; Peter B. Stumpf, city; Julius A. Hencken, city; James E. Barnes, Chico; James T. McMurtry, Vacaville; Carl A. Wilhelm, city; Walter S. Grattan, Pleasanton; A. E. H. Thompson, city; Willie L. Cooley, Menlo Park; George H. Siebe, city; Madison P. Barnes, Chico; Charles P. Doe, Ferndale; August E. Glatt, Eureka; John O. Gantner, city; Frank A. Cummings, Laytonville; George W. Cook, Petrolia; William H. Cripps, Elmira; F. L. de Freitas, city; John H. Feuss, city. Concerning them the Faculty say: "We recommend these graduates as worthy of the favorable consideration and confidence of all with whom they may be thrown in contact."

**A New Private Hotel.**

On the first of July, "The Berkshire," a new boarding-house, or rather private hotel, will be formally opened. The house is on Jones Street, near Post, and is magnificently equipped in every respect. The house contains one hundred and forty rooms, and the architect has been most successful in his designs. The rooms are all well lighted and thoroughly ventilated. All the latest improvements in building have been employed, and the house is furnished throughout in the most sumptuous manner. Mrs. Harding, the proprietress, has had much experience, which will redound to the comfort and convenience of her patrons. There is no doubt that "The Berkshire" will at once take rank as the leading private hotel of San Francisco.

**Can't Help It.**

Who can help purchasing what they require in the furniture line from the California Furniture Manufacturing Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street? Assortments greater and prices lower than ever.


**THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!**

**The Light-running**

"HOUSEHOLD"



**SEWING MACHINE.**

Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to **three months' trial.**

**Samuel Hill Estate**

CITY SALES ROOMS,
**634 Market St.**
Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

**HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE**
24 Post St., San Francisco
*COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, PENMANSHIP AND TELEGRAPHY.*
E. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

**FROM THE PRESIDENT**
**OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.**

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.
*Gentlemen:*

**Ayer's Hair Vigor**

Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,
WM. CAREY CRANE."

**AYER'S HAIR VIGOR** is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**
Sold by all Druggists.

**OPENING OF**
**SPRING AND SUMMER HATS**
**THIS WEEK BY**
**C. HERRMANN & CO.**
**(HERRMANN THE HATTER),**
**At 332---336 Kearny Street, between Bush and Pine Streets.**
The largest Hat Store and the largest stock on the Pacific Coast. An immense line of novelties.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue for 1884, just out.

FALK'S
Bilsner
BEER

**ESTABLISHED 1855.**
**CARRIAGES.**
**O. F. WILLEY & CO.**
NEVADA BLOCK,
**No. 317 MONTGOMERY STREET, - - - - - - SAN FRANCISCO,**
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
**CARRIAGES, LIGHT ROAD WAGONS, CARTS, SULKIES,**

Our stock of which is now, as it has heretofore been, unsurpassed in elegance and solidity. Recent importations have greatly enlarged our supply of vehicles of all kinds from the following celebrated Eastern establishments, of which we are the agents, viz.:

**Brewster & Co.,** (of Broome Street) New York,
**C. S. Caffrey & Co.,** Camden, N. J.,
**Henry Hooker & Co.,** New Haven, Conn.,
**H. Killam & Co.,** New Haven, Conn.,
**W. S. Frazier & Co.,** Chicago Road Carts.

We have also an assortment of Buggies and Phaetons, with full leather tops, which we sell at prices ranging from **$85** to **$125.** Constantly on hand a full supply of

**HARNESS,**

From the famous manufactories of Wood Gibson, New York, and Tompkins & Mandeville, together with a complete assortment of Concord and other Harness. **Fine Silk Plush Robes, Lap Robes of all kinds, Horse Blankets, Whips in variety, Wheel Jacks, Wood Stable Forks, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs,** etc., etc. The Agency Goods above enumerated will be sold at Eastern prices with freight added. We have always in stock, and are prepared to manufacture to order, Mountain and other Wagons. In returning thanks for past patronage and favors, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

SPRECKELS'
**APTOS HOTEL,**
**Santa Cruz County.**
This delightful summer resort, unexcelled for its beach and picturesque situation, is now open.
**ROEMER BROS.,**
Of the Vienna Model Bakery, San Francisco.

**HIGHLAND SPRINGS,**
**LAKE COUNTY, CAL.**
**"The Switzerland of America."**
OPEN ALL THE YEAR.
**Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.**
**Daily communication via Cloverdale.**
**DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.**

**ÆTNA**
**HOT MINERAL SPRINGS.**

To the highly curative properties of these waters and the charms of the place is added an elegant and capacious Swimming Bath.

These waters purify the blood, and refresh, renew, and restore the whole system. They cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Chronic Diarrhœa, Paralysis, and Pulmonary Complaints in the early stages. These waters are a specific in cases of Malaria, Chill and Ague Fever. They afford magical relief in cases of Nervousness, Sleeplessness, and General Debility.

Visitors leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. for St. Helena, thence by daily stage (Sundays excepted), arriving at the Ætnas at 5 P. M. For pamphlet, containing analysis and cures, address WM. BURNELL, Sup't, or WM. H. LIDELL, Proprietor, Lidell P. O., Napa Co., Cal.

**FASHIONABLE, COMFORTABLE, REASONABLE, TUBBS' HOTEL,**
**OAKLAND, John M. Lawlor, Prop'r.**

**GOODYEAR'S**
**Extra A1 Superior**
**RUBBER HOSE,**
**BELTING AND PACKING.**
We make to order, at few hours' notice, in our RUBBER FACTORY, Hard & Soft Valves, Gaskets, Car Springs, etc.

Goodyear Rubber Co.

R. H. PEASE, JR., S. M. RUNYON, AGENTS.
**577 and 579 Market St., S. F.**

**DOOR PLATES**
**AND HOUSE NUMBERS,**
**New and Elegant Styles at Greatly Reduced Rates.**
Every description of Tableware repaired and replated at **San Francisco Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating Works, 653 and 655 Mission St.,** San Francisco, between New Montgomery and Third.
**E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.**

**WALL PAPERS,**
**FRESCOING,**
INTERIOR DECORATING
**WINDOW SHADES.**
**G. W. CLARK & CO.**
**645 and 647 MARKET STREET.**

## BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

### The Death of a Newspaper.

I toyed with a daily once which was incorporated to fill a long-felt want. I did not know it was loaded. There was a rival daily that had been running two years, and we entered the arena hoping to win an easy victory over this paper and become a great power in the West. We made it our business to boom everything that was boomable, and to sneer at the lack of enterprise of our adversary. We got specials by mail, press reports by slow freight, and showed a style of fearless enterprise that was the envy and the admiration of many large metropolitan journals. We thought that our adversary wouldn't last more than a month after election, but Thanksgiving came and found the *Evening Squawker* still on deck. The editor would come and borrow printing-paper of us, and then use it to call us the slime-bedecked and putrid exponent of a still more baneful political faction. We would borrow a font of brevier of him, and characterize his paper as the wailing foundling, dying in the poisonous vapors of the deadly swamp of political filth, wherein it had chosen its bed, edited by the bitter foe of the laundress and Lindley Murray.

Thus we kept up a spirited contest for a long time. Sometimes we couldn't get our paper out of the freight office, and sometimes he couldn't, but we would loan each other the last quire we had and keep friendly, while through the columns of our respective papers we spoke of each other in language which might have been construed as reproachful to some people.

It was an exciting time. One day the *Squawker* would offend a subscriber, and he would come over to us, and the next day we would unwittingly tread on the toes of one of our great army of subscribers, and he would go over to the enemy.

The editor of the other paper and myself saw that it was going to be a war of extermination. We ground our teeth and our shears and sailed in. At the end of the first year he had discharged his servant girl and my paper owed me eight hundred dollars salary. At the end of the second year he had blown in his fine brick residence, and I had taken my salary as Police Justice and thrown it into the rapacious maw of my little hungry long-felt want.

One day the little, muddy, measly, long-suffering features of the *Evening Squawker* failed to appear. We kept asking the office-boy why the *Squawker* didn't come. He didn't know. Finally we went to the publication office. The door was locked. A map of Dakota was hung over one window and a printers' towel over the other. The office-boy raised the map and stole in. The uncertain light here and there broke in straggling rays through the threadbare places in the towel. On the desk lay a letter from the advertiser of a Colic Eraser, in which he offered to take a column in the *Squawker* a year, following pure reading matter, and with 2,000 lines of reading notices to be strung along through editorials from day to day, in boldface type, and in consideration therefor to furnish for two years to the editor or his order fifty bottles of the Colic Eraser at publisher's price, delivered on board the cars. Everything about the office showed that the work had been going bravely on when the summons came. In fact the summons lay there on the desk, among other papers, along with a writ of attachment for $253.85. This shows what a hold a paper gets on its subscribers, and also what a hold the subscriber gets on the paper. The sheriff had been a subscriber to the *Squawker* ever since it started, but we didn't know his attachment for the paper was so great.

We won the day, but at what a sacrifice! The smoke of conflict cleared away, and showed that the victory was worthy of the carnage. We had survived, but we were not proud. The *Squawker* had fought us bravely, and now its still, cold form lay in state in the basement of the chief creditor, and the usual notice of attachment was tacked on the door.

The editor and myself met on the following day, and he was the more cheerful of the two. He said he felt sorry for me. "I can use what I get hereafter on my family," said he; "but you can't. You will feel guilty if you buy a barrel of flour for your own use, knowing that it may imperil the next issue of the paper. I have passed all that." And he was right. The quicker a man concludes to cease publishing a paper where it is not needed, just simply through a high moral sense of duty, the sooner he will become light-hearted and joyous. I paid $2,000 for the privilege of knowing this, and I present it to the reader without money and without price. I don't know very much, but if there's anything I do know, and know it hard, and know it with one hand tied behind me, it is that.—*Free Press.*

### Queen Victoria on Poker.

*January 1*—I awoke late this afternoon with a pain through the head and a taste of ennui in the mouth, which I can hardly account for. Can it be a result of the party last evening? I ween it may be so. We had a lovely card-party last evening. It was very enjoyable indeed. Whist was the game.

*January 3*—Yesterday all day I was unable to leave my room, owing to a headache and nervous prostration, caused by late hours and too much company, the doctor said. It is too bad, and yet I do so much enjoy our card-parties and the excitement of the game. To-night I am to take part in a little quiet game of draw-poker, I think they call it. I have not had any experience heretofore in the game, but trust I shall soon learn it. There has been some talk about one pound ante and five pounds limit. I do not exactly understand the terms. I hope it does not mean anything wrong.

*January 4*.—Poker is an odd game indeed. I think it quite exciting, though at first the odd term rather confused me. I had not been accustomed to such phrases as "show down," "bob-tail flush," and "king full." I must ask Brown, as soon as his knees are able to be out, to explain the meaning of those terms a little more fully to me. If poor Brown's knees are not better soon I shall be on kneesy about him. [Here the diary has the appearance of being blurred with tears.] A bobtail flush, I learn, is something very disgraceable to have. One gentleman said last evening that another bobtail flush would certainly paralyze him. I gather from that that it is something like a hectic flush. I can understand the game called "old sledge," and have become quite familiar with such terms as "beg," "gimme one," "I've got the thin one," "how high is that?" "one horse on me," "saw off," etc., but poker is full of surprises. It seems so odd to see a gentleman "show out on a pair of deuces" and gather in upward of two pounds with great merriment, while the remainder of the party seem quite bored. One gentleman last evening showed out on a full hand with "treys at the head," putting three pounds twelve shillings in his purse, with great glee; while another one of the party, who had not shown up, but I am positive had a better hand, became so angered that he got up and kicked four front teeth out of the mouth of a favorite dog worth twenty pounds. I took part in a spade flush during the evening, and was quite successful, so that I can easily pay my traveling expenses and have a few shillings to buy ointment for poor Brown. It was my first winning, and made me quiver all over with excitement. The game is already very fascinating to me, and I am becoming passionately fond of it.

*January 6*—I have just learned fully what a bobtail flush is. It cost me fifty pounds. I like information, but I do not like to buy it when it comes so high. I drew two to fill in a heart flush last evening, and advanced the money to back up my judgment, but one of the hearts I drew was a club, which was entirely useless to me. I have sent out a sheriff with a bulldog to ascertain if he can find the whereabouts of the party who started this poker game. I do not know when I have felt so bored. After that I was so timid that I allowed a friend to walk off with two pounds on a pair of deuces. I said to him I called that a deuced bore, and he laughed heartily. I find that you should not be too ready to show by your countenance whether you are bored or pleased in poker. Your opponent will take advantage of it and play accordingly. It cost me £8 10s. to acquire a knowledge of this fact. If all the information I ever got had cost me as much as this poker wisdom, I would not now have two pennies to jingle together in my purse. Still we have had a good time, take it all in all, and I shall not soon forget the evenings we have spent here together buying knowledge regardless of cost. I think I shall try to control my wild thirst for information a while, however, till I can get some more funds.

[Here the diary breaks off abruptly, and on turning the book over we find the royal signature at the foot of the last page, "The Queen of Spades."]


The Strongest and Best!




The Strongest and Best!

**Recommended by the leading Physicians and Chemists of the Pacific Coast.**

**FOR SALE BY**

**C. J. HAWLEY & CO.**

**Nos. 215 and 217 Sutter St.**

**Hunyadi** THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

NATURAL APERIENT WATER. **János**

*SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER LAXATIVES.*

"SPEEDY, SURE & GENTLE."

*Prof. Roberts, F.R.C.P., London.*

The most certain and comfortable cathartic in cases of constipation and sluggish liver or piles.

*Ordinary Dose, a Wineglassful before breakfast. Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.*

**NONE GENUINE BUT WITH THE BLUE LABEL.**

**For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.**

**No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco,**

**and Portland, Oregon.**

**ASA HARKER & CO**

**Importers and Wholesale Grocers,**

108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over **3,300** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you. Respectfully,

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**

227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

## EDUCATIONAL.

**PRIVATE INSTRUCTION**

In the English Branches, Bookkeeping and Accounts. Preparations for Examinations a specialty. Call 4 to 8 P. M. **B. L. BROWN**, 313 Geary Street.

**VAN NESS SEMINARY,**

**ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND GERMAN.**

**Family and Day School for Young Ladies. Kindergarten for Children.**

Will re-open July 28, 1884.

Principals: Mrs. J. L. GAMBLE, Mrs. E. H. WOODS.

**TO SCHOOL TEACHERS.**

**THE NAPA LADIES' SEMINARY**

**Will be Sold at Administrator's Sale,**

In the most desirable portion of the beautiful city of Napa, one entire block of land, with large and commodious School Building thereon, all necessary outhouses, including barn and beautifully laid out gardens. Room for 120 Day Scholars and 50 Boarders. The furniture consists of bedsteads, beds, and bedding, tables, household and kitchen furniture, pianos, desks, chairs, and school apparatus; in fact, everything necessary for the accommodation and conducting a first-class school. The whole will be sold together. This is an opportunity seldom met with to continue this flourishing institution. For full information apply to **ALBERT E. CRANE,**

410 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

**CITY COLLEGE,**

**119 HAIGHT STREET.**

The next term of this old and well-known institution will open on MONDAY, July 7, 1884. Thorough instruction in English, Classical and Modern Languages. A Kindergarten for Young Children. Address

**REV. JAMES MATTHEWS, Principal.**

**ST. MARY'S HALL,**

**BENICIA, CAL.**

The next term of St. Mary's Hall, with Graduating Course and Departments of Music, Languages and Art, will begin THURSDAY, August 7th. Address

**REV. L. D. MANSFIELD, Rector.**

**MISS BISBEE'S SCHOOL**

**FOR YOUNG LADIES**

**1020 Oak Street, Oakland, Cal., will re-open Wednesday, July 30, 1884.**

**IRVING INSTITUTE.**

A Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, 1036 Valencia Street. The next session will begin July 28th.

**REV. EDW. B. CHURCH, A. M.**, Principal.

**HARMON SEMINARY,**

**BERKELEY, CAL.**

A first-class Boarding School for Young Ladies. Next term will open July 31st. For catalogue, with full description, terms, etc., address **MISSES HARMON**, Berkeley, Cal.; or **E. J. WICKSON**, 414 Clay Street, San Francisco.

**HOPKINS ACADEMY**

**OAKLAND, CAL.**

**REV. H. E. JEWETT, PRINCIPAL.**

The next School Year begins TUESDAY, JULY 29, 1884. Send for catalogue.

**MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. A. K. CLAPPE'S**

**SELECT SCHOOL**

**FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,**

At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N. Y. Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalogue.

**TRINITY SCHOOL.**

A Boarding and Day School for Young Men and Boys. Numbers limited. Prepares for College and University. Christmas term opens Thursday, July 31, 1884. Refers to Wm. F. Babcock, Esq., Col. E. E. Eyre, Joseph Powning, Esq., Wm. T. Coleman, Esq., Geo. W. Gibbs, Esq. For information, address **Rev. E. B. SPALDING, Rector,** 1534 Mission Street, San Francisco.

**CALIFORNIA**

**MILITARY ACADEMY**

**OAKLAND, CAL.**

A first-class Boarding-school for Boys. Thorough and practical instruction in all departments. First-class board. Special attention given to the care and comfort of cadets. Term begins MONDAY, July 21st. For circulars, address COL. W. H. O'BRIEN, Principal.

**MRS. ADA CLARK'S**

**DANCING ACADEMY,**

211 SUTTER STREET, ABOVE KEARNY. Hall to let for Balls, Clubs etc.

**$130,000**

Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, **1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.** Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers. RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

**J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.**

**MERCHANT TAILORS**

**And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,**

**415 MONTGOMERY STREET,**

**Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco**

**MARBLE WORKS.**

**MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.**

**W. H. McCORMICK,**

827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

**ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.**

**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

**C** OF **G** Marvel of Excellence and Workmanship.

Contain less Paper and FINER Tobacco than any Cigarette made. Popular as the great

**"AFTER-DINNER" CIGARETTE.**

*Straight Mesh,*

*CLOTH OF GOLD.*

**13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS,**

**By WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for

**TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON**

**CONSTIPATION,** Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion, etc.

Prepared by **E. GRILLON,** Chemist of the Paris Faculty,

SOLE PROPRIETOR,

27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.

Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**FOR SALE AT THE ARGONAUT OFFICE,**

A NEW UPRIGHT

**CHICKERING PIANO.**

**Price, $350. Cost, $550.**

This instrument is sold for account of a lady in reduced circumstances. Persons desiring to purchase can examine it at any time during business hours.


**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, N. W. corner Powell and Eddy Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30th, 1884, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and seventy-five one hundredths (3 75-100) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after July 1st, 1884. By order. VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY. For the half-year ending June 30, 1884, the Board of Directors of the German Savings and Loan Society has declared a dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent. per annum, and payable on and after the first day of July, 1884. By order.

GEO. LETTE, Secretary.

**SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the second day of June, 1884, an assessment (No. 20) of Five Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the eighth (8th) day of July, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the twenty-ninth day of July, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**POTOSI MINING COMPANY.**

Location and principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-ninth day of May, 1884, an assessment (No. 15) of twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tusday, the first day of July, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 22d day of July, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cast of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*

# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Thursday, April 24, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‖8.00 A.M. | ..Byron and Martinez..... | ¶6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " " " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa..... | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 7.40 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Deming, El Paso} Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {and East.....} Emigrant .. | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | {Galt and } via Livermore..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | {Stockton } via Martinez..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Ione..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Los Angeles and South..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | {Merced, Madera, } ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Fresno, and Tulare } ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Marysville and Chico..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Mojave, Needles, } Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {and East.....} Emigrant .. | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " ..... | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | {Ogden and } Express..... | 7.40 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {East.....} Emigrant..... | 11.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {Red Bluff } via Marysville.. | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {and Tehama} via Woodland... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Redding..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers.... | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José..... | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‖10.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | ‖3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | ..Virginia City..... | 7.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 7.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Oakland Pier; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from The Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.
¶ Daily from Martinez. Sundays only from Byron.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‖11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, ‡9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, 5.45, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


## ATKINS MASSEY,
**UNDERTAKER,**

At the old established place, **No. 651 Sacramento Street,** first house below Kearny, San Francisco.


NORTHERN DIVISION
## SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.
**BROAD GAUGE.**

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Camp Goodall.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.00 P.M. |
| †7.50 A.M. | ..Monterey and Santa Cruz.. .....(Sunday Excursion..... | †8.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
‡ Theatre train; Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets — at Reduced Rates — to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, Camp Goodall, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

## NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

### TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, May 12th, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—7.30, 9.15 A. M., 1.30, 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 1.30, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20 A. M., 2.00, 3.25, 4.50 P. M.
(Sundays)—7.55, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.15, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 3.55, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.30, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.45, 5.00, 7.10 P. M.
Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 7.00 P. M.

**7.30 A. M. and 1.30 P. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAINS for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through trains from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 10.30 A. M. and 6.00 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.
Returning arrives in S. F. at 7.40 P. M.
Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


FINE

**Suits, $25.** TAILORING **Suits, $30.**

Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.

**Suits, $40.** TAILORING **Suits, $50.**

Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.

**Suits, $60.** TAILORING **Suits, $70.**

**J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.**

## PALACE HOTEL.
**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**


## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Passenger Trains leave Station, foot of Market Street, south side, at

**8.30 A. M.,** daily; Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wright's, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, SANTA CRUZ, and all Way Stations. Parlor Car.

**2.30 P. M.** (except Sunday), Express; Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ. Parlor Car.

**4.30 P. M.,** daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and intermediate points. Saturdays and Sundays to Santa Cruz.

**$5 Excursions** to SANTA CRUZ, and **$2.50** to SAN JOSE, on SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, to return until MONDAY, inclusive.

**8.00 A. M.,** every Sunday, Excursion to SAN JOSE, BIG TREES, and SANTA CRUZ.

**$3.00** to BIG TREES and SANTA CRUZ.

**$1.75** to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE.

### To Oakland and Alameda.

‖6.00, ‖6.30, ‖7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 A. M, ¶12.00, 12.30, ¶1.00, 1.30, ¶2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.30, 10.45, 11.45 P. M.

**From Fourteenth and Webster Streets, Oakland**—‖5.30, ‖6.00, ‖6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, ¶11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶12.00, 12.30, ¶1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 9.30, 10.45, 11.45 P. M.

**From High Street, Alameda**—‖5.16, ‖5.46, ‖6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 7.46, 8.16, 8.46, 9.16, 9.46, 10.16, ¶10.46, 11.16, ¶11.46 A. M., 12,16, ¶12.46, 1.16, 1.46, 2.16, 2.46, 3.16, 3.46, 4.16, 4.46, 5.16, 5.46, 6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 9.16, 11.31 P. M.

‖ Sundays excepted. ¶ Saturdays and Sundays only.

TICKET, Telegraph, and Transfer Office, 222 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. R. M. GARRATT, G. F. & P. Agt.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**
**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA**

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

SAN PABLO, Capt. Reed, July 12, 1884, will not carry cabin passengers.

| Steamer. | Commander. |
|---|---|
| **Oceanic** | **Capt. Metcalfe** |
| **Arabic** | **Capt. Pearne** |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**San Pablo.....July 12**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Blas.....July 15**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Zealandia**.....Saturday, July 5, at 12 o'clock M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on March 3d, 11th, 19th, and 27th, and every eighth day thereafter. The first steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY
**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

ALAMEDA.....TUESDAY, July 15th, at 3 P. M.
MARIPOSA.....FRIDAY, August 1st, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.


## PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
**Stationers, Booksellers,**

**Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,**

**204 Sansome Street, near Pine.**

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

## COWEN, PORTER & CO.,
**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

**118** Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.
Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK
OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President;
James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital.....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; China, Japan India, and Australia,**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**
Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.
OF CALIFORNIA.
**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,
**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
**No. 216 Sansome Street,**
East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

**Contract for Fall and Winter Supply**
....OF....

# COAL

For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. **CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street.** Telephone 308.

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**

## THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**
**36 California Street, San Francisco,**
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR,
MANAGER.
**Corner First and Market Streets,**
SAN FRANCISCO.




An epidemic of Greek girls has broken out in the theatres. Last week we had the lovely Galatea come to life. This week Parthenia twines garlands for the cups and stirs the barbarian's heart again with the oft-quoted words of her mother's love-song. In "The Devil's Auction" a Norman peasant girl is transformed by some unexplained stage jugglery into a very dizzy-looking Greek maiden, arrayed in a badly draped sheet and a huge, clanking chain. In "Monte Cristo" there is a modern Greek, the beautiful Haidée, who is discreetly kept in the background.

In "The Rajah," Miss Marie Burroughs wears a Greek knot, but is otherwise simply and entirely an American.

"The Rajah" is a very deluding name for this quiet little English goody-goody story. The mere word suggests Oriental splendor, a tan-colored, mysterious man, with a long, sweeping moonstone moustache, flowing robes, a habit of command, and a pleasant trick of giving away lacs of rupees and precious stones.

*This* Rajah is a quiet-mannered, stiff young Englishman, who has been so named because he is strikingly indolent. The nickname is as ridiculous and meaningless as much else—even most else—in the play.

The Rajah arrives from England, to take possession of a property left him, with an encumbrance upon it of a charming young ward. He performs the feat in a summery costume, of which a cork helmet, veil-wound, and a large sun-umbrella are the serious component parts. The object of this is, doubtless, to keep off the fogs of England and prevent a serious attack of neuralgia.

*Place aux costumes.* The indolent Rajah works as hard as a Saratoga belle, and gets himself into six costumes in the course of four placid little acts. I take it for granted that in such a violent case of dressing a man's clothes are called costumes instead of suits.

The costumes themselves are irreproachable. Neither is the frequent changing overdone; for if there is anything your Englishman revels in, it is to dress himself—when he is at home—for the enterprise in hand. Over each costume Mr. Pitt puts a cuirass of *sang froid*, and, lo! the character is made. He might pass for the heaviest swell in her Majesty's service, but he smokes cigarettes. This might pass elsewhere, but in a Madison Square company one looks to detail.

"The Rajah" is set off by some handsome scenery, two pretty girls, and a collier's strike. As an accumulation of successfully worked detail "The Rajah" is a success. As a written play it is inconceivable rot. One wonders how the author ever had the daring to present it. One wonders that the Madison Square people ever had the courage to accept it. It can only have been because the cast contained two girls. The Madison Square girls come like pigeons, in braces, and here was a chance for a brace. We have not the original brace. Rellie Deaves, another California girl, had much to do with the first success of "The Rajah" in New York; but she is very well replaced by whichever of the twain comes to represent her.

Miss Marie Burroughs is a rarely pretty girl, with most unusual simplicity of manner—is, in fact, utterly without an affectation. The tremendous stride she has made in the profession in one short year is quite explained by the character of the work she is called upon to do. Anything less dramatic than that very charming young person, Miss Gladys Wyncot, I can not conceive. She stands around prettily through the first act; she stands around gracefully in the second. In the third she takes fright in the most natural manner at the bugs and creeping things in the woods. In the fourth she has an interview with a convict burglar, whom she politely addresses as "Sir." This unexpected courtesy on the part of a burglarized maiden softens his wicked heart, and turns aside his fell purpose. He is not a very bad burglar, anyhow. Under other and happier circumstances he might have had charge of a Bible class; but some villains are necessary, and now and then a thwarted life finds its way into a Madison Square play.

Miss Marie Burroughs has large, lambent eyes, a pliant, willowy young figure, and an occasional startled fawn manner; therefore it may be said that her Gladys Wyncot is an eminently successful impersonation. How much more she can do may transpire in some other feature of the engagement. At all events, the California girl quite deserved the floral welcome she got for having gone abroad and distinguished herself in a little twelvemonth.

She was aided and abetted by another girl who does not bear the Madison Square brand.

Miss Marion Elmore is reminiscent of burlesque. She still has the high-pitched voice peculiar to that branch of the dramatic art, and makes her points most explicitly. The bounce of her style is an admirable foil to the repose of Miss Burroughs.

Nothing distinguishes any other of the cast except the usual carefulness.

The diminutive Mr. George Bruening, as Button, appropriates all the comedy, and is in effect the star. His light is not quenched when he goes down realistically into the waters of the brook, in the pretty good scene which only requires a larger stage and more distance to be a very beautiful one.

One's emotions in sitting through "The Rajah" are chiefly a mild pleasure in seeing such a lot of little things so very well done, and a constant hope that if you wait long enough something may take place. Nothing ever does take place.

Mr. Pitt's costumes and nonchalance carry him very well through three acts, but in the last he is a very stiff, queer, and angular lover. Frank Losee is a very threatening sort of convict, but reforms with extraordinary suddenness. Le Moyne and his shadowy clerk wear the traditional livery of the law, and are confounded in the last act in the traditional manner. Everything is in fact purely traditional and unimpeachably good.

"The Devil's Auction," on the other hand, has a rollicking, wicked sound, and makes no pretension to cast-iron morality. I did not manage to discover just what the devil sold, but if he will take my disinterested advice, he will auction off the scenery, such a combination as it is of dismantled shreds and patches, of well-worn banners, and cotton costumes from which the glory has long since departed.

The entertainment itself is a curiously mixed one. Any one who can tumble, tumbles; any one who can sing, sings; any one who can, pantomimes; any one who can speak, speaks. Even the ballet has been given an occasional line, and they tumble, and pantomime, and speak, and sing together, like the happy families in the menagerie.

In this jumble one manages to discern that Martinetti is a most marvelous acrobat, Maffitt an amusing pantomimist, and the Herbert Brothers wonderfully good tumblers. The ballet comes too soon after the splendors of "Excelsior" to be appreciated, but the peacock costume is a most clever conceit, and the eight young peacocks have a universally handsome set of arms and necks.

If there were anything clean, fresh, or beautiful about the scenery and appointments, "The Devil's Auction" is a good one of those unclassified entertainments which draw because they do not tax the intellect, and because they do feed the senses.

The little Standard is too little for the class of entertainment to which it has risen. The Mesilian streets, with their would-be noble architecture, are "cribbed, cabined, and confined" on the little minstrel stage, and "Ingomar's" mountain forest becomes absurdly like the interior of a California trapper's cabin in its limited area. The place is too small even for the actors themselves, and Mr. Fred Warde and Miss Kate Forsythe seem to loom up out of the littleness with an unconscious stretching for them. Everything is too small for artists who are worthy of better surroundings.

Miss Kate Forsythe is quite the most beautiful Parthenia that we have ever had this way, though the theatrical skies have lately rained beautiful women.

She has not the fine artist's eye to make her go into all the possibilities of her costume, and crosses the stage with a very modern gait in her high-heeled shoe and trailing dress. She is, nevertheless, very fair to look upon. As an actress she is not various. She plays everything very much in one way; but it is not a bad way.

Her Parthenia is no more a simple and ingenuous girl than was the young woman in "Lynwood." She is equally graceful and sympathetic, has a pleasant, rich voice, and, I am bound to say, read the pretty love song most effectively.

Mr. Warde seemed to stretch himself into the wide, free part of Ingomar with the deep enjoyment of one who has just been released from durance vile. In this pretty Greek idyl, which lives so long and wears so well, he redeems himself absolutely, and is again the actor whom San Francisco once delighted to praise. BETSY B.

---

The "Monte Cristo" excitement reached well into the outer districts, and brought many a country beau and belle to town. By Monday afternoon last manager Roberts had received nearly one hundred and fifty letters from suburban places, reserving seats for the different performances of the week—the number of seats asked for running all the way from two to eighteen per letter.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

It has been a rule for some time with the managers of traveling combinations not to pay their people's car, carriage, or 'bus fare from train or boat to hotel. This rule works oddly at times in San Francisco. Last Monday morning "The Devil's Auction" company arrived. This company consists largely of ballet-dancers—young women, more or less attractive. They formed in line at the foot of Market Street, and, marshaled by a guide, marched up the street to their hotel. They excited no little curiosity along their line of march, speculation varying as to whether it was an amazon invasion or an Oakland seminary broke loose.

A private letter just received from Dayton, Ohio, states that Louise Lester is there with a ready-made opera troupe, under the management of Mr. A. Appleton. This troupe, of which Miss Lester is the star, have started on a barn-storming tour, and will last as long as the weather and the purse hold out. When that little song-bird left here, it was announced that she was on her way to Europe, where she would go through a two years' course of vocal training, and this last bit of news as to her present whereabouts will somewhat surprise all those who do not know that she is married to Mr. Louis Nathal. That ponderous personage, by the way, is stage manager of the snap company above referred to. Query: Are his profits from speculation in Patti and Gerster tickets to be melted in the furnace of a traveling experiment?

The Kreling Brothers have secured an additional attraction to their company at the Tivoli in the person of Miss Helen Dingeon, who, in about two weeks from now, will share the operatic honors with Miss Louise Leighton. The first opera in which Miss Dingeon will appear has not yet been decided on, and will be left to her own chosing.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edmunds, our last remnant of the Langtry troupe, will remain in California, for several months at all events, and may very possibly make this city their home for a much longer period, as they are seriously thinking of buying a house here, and settling among us for good and all.

Since Mrs. Judah left us, we San Franciscans have concentrated upon dear old Mrs. Saunders the affection that was formerly divided between the two, and therefore every one will be glad to learn that that most excellent actress and most estimable lady has returned from the country vastly improved in health.

The Edmunds referred to above were the only Americans in Mrs. Langtry's company; and it may interest the reader to know what they say of that l dy as a theatrical manager. They speak of Mrs. Langtry in the highest terms, and declare that, in all their experience, they have never met with any one, star or manager, who was so considerate toward the other members of the troupe, or who took so much pains or spent so much money to make every one in the company comfortable. Her courtesies were constant and numberless, from the providing of carriages to and from the railway stations, and the securing of comfortable rooms in the hotels, to the giving of little presents and frequent kindnesses of speech. As an example of her generous disposition, the fact is cited that on leaving San Francisco she gave some present to every one connected with the stage work of the Baldwin—in doing which she only followed her invariable custom in places where she was pleased with the service.

That indefatigable actor, Joe Grismer, has had an attack of bronchitis, which at one time threatened all sorts of uncomfortable things. Just as matters were beginning to look serious, Joe started for the Geysers, where he remained several weeks. Some days ago he returned, very much better for his outing, but the doctors advised him to keep out of San Francisco during the summer, so he and Mrs. Grismer (Phœbe Davis) have secured quarters in San Rafael. Mr. Grismer's plans are not quite in shape yet, but he will probably organize a company in the early autumn for a tour through the State at county fair time.

Miss Jean Clara Walters has also returned to California for her summer vacation, which she will spend with her sister, in Oakland, resuming her place in the Madison Square Company when the autumn season commences.

As the public are not yet tired of the Langtry subject, it will be permissible to give a few more scraps about that charming lady and passable actress. To begin with, then, she bought while here a number of costly Japanese costumes, in which she intends to "stun" the Londoners when she returns to the big village across the waters. As part of her Oriental outfit, Mrs. Langtry was very anxious to engage a Japanese lad to serve as her page, and actually succeeded in finding a bright youngster who agreed to accept her terms. Just as the bargain was about completed, however, the Jap found that he would be required to dress in his native costume when engaged in household duties. Strange to say, he objected strenuously to this, and declared that nothing could tempt him to ever again wear anything but the costume adopted by the people of the Western nations. He proved the truth of his assertion by refusing to accept the place upon this condition, although he was offered a handsome advance of wages if he would consent. Baffled in her efforts to get a youthful Jap, Mrs. Langtry determined to try her luck in Chinatown, and among the dollar-lovers of that region she of course succeeded. Seeing a pretty boy, of about eleven years, she offered to hire him from his father, a well-to-do shopkeeper, and the latter willingly entered into negotiations. The result was a contract for three years, during which time she is to pay a tidy wage for the lad, and dress him according to her own taste—and at her own expense. She at once expended nearly $400 in buying a lot of gorgeous Chinese clothes for the little page, and then gave the extra matinee on Friday to offset the cost of this whim. Between the acts of that matinee the youngster was taken behind the scenes and formally delivered over to her; and as he was bedizened in his best bib and tucker for the occasion, he looked for all the world like an animated picture. As little Ah Something-or-other knows scarcely more of English than Mrs. Langtry does of Chinese, the two are struggling hard to find some communicable medium of speech or gesture.

Some months ago, after appearing day after day in heaven knows how many operas, Mr. E. N. Knight gained a leave of absence from the Tivoli and made a visit to his relatives in Boston. Next week he returns and resumes his place in the company.

Every old Harvard boy will have a kindly greeting for Messrs. Moffit and Bartholomew, for there was not an undergraduate of the times gone by who was not familiar with the Theatre Comique when it was run under the popular management of those most grotesque of pantomimists.

Another member of "The Devil's Auction" troupe is Martinetti, or Charles Ravel, the only member left on the stage of that once noted family.

As repeated inquiries have been made concerning the theatrical career of Monsieur Paul Juignet, the French ex-actor who still appears before the footlights on occasions, the following points are given: After a long training in the provincial theatres of France, Monsieur Juignet obtained an opening and a success at the Vaudeville, in Paris, and was connected with that establishment for a number of years. Subsequently, he was for ten years manager of the French company in New York, and was stage manager for Bateman when "Genevieve de Brabant" was first produced in that city. Some nine or ten years ago Monsieur Juignet broke his leg, lay for a long time in a hospital, and then gave up the stage as a regular occupation. In his day he has coached a good many pupils, and among them a number who have won their way to fame. One of his favorite and most successful scholars is Madame Vanoni, who will shortly appear in this city as prima donna of the Bijou Opera Troupe.

Speaking of Monsieur Juignet, recalls to mind a very funny scene before the curtain of the Baldwin on Sunday last. Just before the performance of "Jean le Naufragé" commenced, an excited Frenchman entered the lobby with a huge floral horse-shoe in his arms. Bilfinger, the well-known head usher of the Baldwin, offered to relieve him of his burden, but he emphatically declined the proffer of assistance, saying: "No, sare, *merci beaucoup*, but you peopel nevaire manage zee flowaire right. I poot 'im on zee stage myself." The stalwart Gus retired, somewhat red in the face and muttering pleasant words below his breath, while the flower-bearer wandered down to a front seat. Shortly afterward, when there were five persons on the stage, the man who manages things for himself passed the horse-shoe to a musician, who in turn placed it on the stage. Each of the five players looked at it somewhat longingly, but as neither one knew for whom it was intended, there it remained by the prompter's box until the curtain fell, and as it happened that the actors in the farce were not called to the front, there that unclaimed horse-shoe stood during the entire intermission, and there it was still remaining when the writer left the theatre. The moral of this incident is that the presenting of flowers requires quite as much art as does their selection.

"Billy" Emerson—it would really look absurd to write him down as "William"—arrived here lately from London. For reasons best known to himself he chooses to keep to himself the reasons for his coming back. They had certainly nothing to do with any row between him and the management of "Haverly's American-European Mastodon Minstrels," for Emerson was one of the most honored bones in that lively fossil. Whatever the reasons were, he came, and seems to be well satisfied with his coming, although he told our gossip the other day that he would join the combination again in the early part of August. By or before November next he expects to be once more in San Francisco, with an entirely new minstrel troupe, gathered from both hemispheres.

George Osborne has accepted an engagement with Brooks & Dickson, and will leave for the East very soon.

"I like the country well enough, old chappie," said, lately, Mr. J. C. Crauford of the Goodwin troupe, "but really, you know, there's one thing about theatres that's just simply beastly. By Jawve! sir, the managers here seem to think that a fellow's made of steel springs, and that he won't wear out under any amount of usage. Now, over in the old country, we're expected to play six times a week, you know, and if an extra performance is shoved on it adds just so much to a fellow's screw; but over here they rub it in no end, and the deuce a penny does a chap get for the extra work. Hang it all, I thought one of these beastly matinées was bad enough, but when it came to two matinées during the week and another extra on Sunday, I felt as though I'd got my head in a hole. If they'd give us an extra tip for each of the extra performances, it wouldn't be so bad; but they never seem to think of such a thing. It's davelish rough, sir, davilish rough. Whisky, did you say? No, thanks; a b. and s. is good enough for me."

Following "The Rajah," at the Baldwin, will be the Bijou Opera Troupe. They open there Monday, July 14, in "Orpheus and Eurydice," which has been most successful in the East. The prima donna is Marie Vanoni, who is said by every one who has seen her to be a woman of most phenomenal versatility. Among the other members of the troupe are Ida Mulle, Laura Joyce Bell, Harry Pepper, George C. Boniface Jr., and Digby Bell. All of the scenery and dresses used in New York have been brought by the company. The sale of seats begins Thursday, July 10.

---

Only nine sovereigns of England have lived longer than Queen Victoria, who is now sixty-five, and only three—Henry III., Edward III., and George III.—have reigned longer than she. Victoria's reign has extended over forty-seven years. Three European monarchs are older than she is—the Emperor of Germany, who is eighty-seven; the King of the Netherlands, who is sixty-seven; and the King of Denmark, who is sixty-six.

---

A Boston book-agent, a woman, sold two thousand one hundred and twelve copies of one of Mark Twain's books in less than eight months.

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

**Bills and Casts for Week ending July 5th.**

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill: "The Rajah." Cast as follows:

Harold Wyncot, the Rajah.....Mr. H. M. Pitt
Gladys Wyncot, his ward.....Miss Marie Burroughs
Joseph Jekyll, a self-made Attorney..Mr. W. J. LeMoyne
Emilia Jekyll, his daughter.....Miss Marion Elmore
Richard Jocelyn, Jekyll's clerk and would-be son-in-law, Mr. E. M. Holland
Mr. Job, Jekyll's assistant and echo.Mr. Jno. T. McKever
Mrs. Pringle, housekeeper of Wyncot Lodge, Mrs. Dollie Pike
Buttons, a youthful servant.....Mr. George Bruening
Cragin, leader of the strikers.....Mr. Frank Losee

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Bill: "The Devil's Auction"; three acts. Cast as follows:

Topy.....James S. Maffit
Père Androche.....W. H. Bartholomew
Phrezyo.....B. F. Granger
Carlos.....F. W. Allen
Madeline.....Miss Ida Navins
Janet.....Miss Sally Apt
Christaline.....Miss Louise Dempsey
Mephisto.....B. J. McLaughlin
Chaos.....Albert Martinetti

Lavigne, J. A. Throw; Tresbien, J. C. Tiernan; Victor, A. C. Gooding; Adolph, Frank Thompson; Gustave, J. G. Shawles; Alexander, A. S. Franks; Tsching-Sing, T. C. Thomas; Koblang Khan, J. A. Throw; Moon Shong, William Edgerton; Kao Peki, Edward Lavine; Kwang See, George K. Knight; Sang Koi, J. Vincent; Yen Yum, Albert Leech; Ko Let, Miss Kittie Wilson; Kara Mustapha, George W. Ames; Muli, Harry Williams; Oarsmia; William Mason; Khan of Tartary, W. H. Bartholomew.

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—Stechan & Cornelius, managers. Bill: "Ingomar." Cast as follows:

Ingomar.....Mr. Fred Warde
Polydor.....Mr. J. W. Summers
Myron.....Mr W. J. Shea
Timarch.....Mr. J. W. Constantine
Ambivar } .....Mr. Henry Holland
Lykon }
Friobantes.....Mr. C. W. Parker
Elphenor } .....Mr. George Carleton
Novio }
Amyntas } .....Mr. E. J. McCullough
Samo }
Alastor.....Mr. James J. Tighe
Actea.....Miss Lizzie Fletcher
Thedno.....Miss Sydney Armstrong
Parthenia.....Miss Kate Forsythe

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Manager. Bill: "Monte Cristo," translated from the French of Alexandre Dumas; five acts. Cast as follows:

Edmund Dantes and Count de Monte Cristo..Jas. O'Neill
Noirtier.....Frederic De Belleville
Albert de Morcerf.....Forrest Robinson
Villefort.....Geo. C. Boniface
Caderousse.....J. W. Shannon
Fernande.....J. V. Melton
Danglars.....James Taylor
Abbe Faria.....Horace Lewis
M. Morel.....Geo. Osbarne
Old Dantes.....E. N. Thayer
Mercedes.....Miss Eugenie Blair
Carcoute.....Annie Boudinot
Mlle. Danglars.....Miss Belle Inman
Fisherwoman.....Miss Ida Florina

Brigadier, Jno. N. Williams; First Police Agent, W. S. Fredericks; Second Police Agent, Frank Boudinot; Germain, Wm. J. Dungan; Governor of Prison, Mr. Pelham; Com. of Police, S. A. Clark; First Jailor, G. Mueller; Second Jailor, A. B. Krone; Sentinel, Mr. Daveline; Servant, B. Slater; Fisherman, J. White.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: Meyerbeer's opera, "Robert the Devil"; five acts. Cast as follows:

Robert.....(alternating).....{Mr. W. Eckert / Mr. H. Dickman}
Bertram.....Mr. M. Cornell
Rambaldo.....Mr. R. D. Valerga
Alberti.....Mr. G. Napoleoni
Alice.....Miss Louise Leighton
Isabella.....Miss Kate Marchi
Elena.....Mlle. Ortori

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Manager. Closed during the week.

At the Baldwin Theatre, "The Rajah" will be continued next week.

"Monte Cristo" will be continued at the California Theatre until further notice.

"The Devil's Auction" is on the bills of the Bush Street Theatre for next week.

Audran's comic opera, "Gillette," will be presented next week at the Tivoli Opera House.

The Standard Theatre has made no announcement for next week.

The Grand Opera House will remain closed.

Holloway, the famous pill-manufacturer, who died some time ago in England, is said to have been the shrewdest and most energetic advertiser of his day. One of the good stories told about him is of his having called on John L. Toole when the latter was announced to appear as Dr. Pangloss, and offering him a guinea for each time he got the name of Holloway or an allusion to his pills into his part. Toole agreed. He played Pangloss fifty times in the year, and sent in a bill to Holloway for three hundred guineas. The liberal pill-producer returned him a check for six hundred guineas as a settlement in full. Toole is said to have always alluded to this honorarium as his blood-money, and wondered how many people he had slaughtered to earn it.

"As You Like It," played in the breezy open air instead of a stuffy theatre, against a background of sylvan glades, illumined by the shifting sunlight instead of the glare of gas, with an orchestra hidden in a natural mossy hollow, has been the last inspiration of art coming to the aid of charity. This idyllic entertainment took place at Coombe Park, the property of the Duke of Cambridge. The curtain was hung on the branches of two great trees. Lady Archibald Campbell, who played Orlando, was the ruling spirit, and did the wrestling with grace and spirit.

Barry Sullivan will shortly start on his third tour around the world, visiting the United States, Australia, Japan, China, and India. On the completion of his journey he will probably publish a book of experiences and reminiscences, which should excite widespread and permanent interest, entitled "An Actor's Footsteps, or Three Times around the World." Mr. Sullivan has been collecting materials for many years, and his volume will be the result of much thoughtful observation.

This is the opinion of the London *Times* on the Republican nominations: "The Republican-Greenbackers have nominated in Convention Mr. George Q. Blane, of the Territory of Maine, New Hampshire, as President of the United States of America. We are free to confess that, provided no insuperable obstacle intervenes, the possibilities of Mr. George Q. Blane's occupying the seat of Washington and Clay are not inconceivably remote. The foreign and fiscal policy of Mr. Blane, during the time he filled the office of Mayor and Governor of the Counties of New York and New Jersey, gave universal satisfaction to the Loco Foco Party and the right wing of the Whig Readjusters, although it was strenuously opposed by that veteran statesman, George Franko Train, and his followers. Mr. Blane first saw the light in the year of our Lord 1801, in the village of Chicago, near the city of Milwaukee. At that time Milwaukee and Chicago were under Spanish government, and young Blane distinguished himself in many encounters with the subjects of Her Most Catholic Majesty. In 1864 the rising young statesman came on to New York, with a view of suppressing a revolt of the Sioux Indians which had broken out in Broadway. He soon put them to rout. On the motion of Senator Mulligan, of the House of Senators, Mr. Blaine for his bravery and brilliant strategy, was raised to the dignity of Presidential Elector. A deplorable misunderstanding soon after arose between Senator Mulligan and Mr. Blane, and an acrid correspondence was carried on between the two gentlemen, which resulted in the letters being ordered to be burned by the common hangman of the White House Mansion. Mr. Blane graduated with honor at the National United States Electoral College, and had the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him June 19th, 1884. By a provision of the Civil Rights Act, no one can be a candidate for President of the Republican-Independent Party without this title."—*Puck.*

Some time about the year 1875 a party of friends, thirty or so in number, were dining at a well-known suburban resort. One of them afterward stated that as they were assembling, before dinner, he had heard a bystander remark: "Who are these? They can not be the Liberal party, they are too many; they can not be the leaders of the Liberal party, they are too few." This remark is capable of infinite adaptation; for example, the speaker might, with equal point, have said: "They can not be the readers of Dante, they are too many; they can not be the translators, they are too few."

A distinguished officer of the Austrian navy recently offered to the Minister of Marine the secret of a new torpedo boat which he had invented, and for which he demanded only twelve thousand florins, as that sum would repay him for expenses he had incurred in making his experiments. The minister refused the offer, and gave the officer permission to sell his invention. It was at once purchased by Germany, and the price paid was one hundred thousand florins. The minister is blamed for letting the invention slip out of his hands.

An advertisement in the Paris *Figaro* announces that a man of thirty-six, titled, intelligent, and energetic, would accept any situation, even one perilous and requiring him to go far away, or marriage, in return for the payment of twenty thousand dollars of debt. Any one who wants him must write B. L. H., Post Restante, Montaigne, Paris.

M. Pasteur, who throws doubt upon his alleged discovery of an anti-hydrophobia specific by refusing to inoculate patients, has used the microscope so much that his eyes have nearly lost the normal capacity for visual adaptation, and are entirely devoid of expression.

Whistler, inventor of symphonies on canvas, thirty years ago was a draughtsman in the United States Survey Office in New York.


**For the Fourth.**

Call on M. Meussdorffer, northeast corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets, and 404 Kearny Street, and select one of the many nobby styles of choice hats. His styles and assortment excel all on the coast.

**Parlor Easels.**

Parlor Easels and Pedestals, in great variety and at all prices, in mahogany, ebony, cocobolo, and plain cherry. All new and exceedingly cheap at the warerooms of the California Furniture Manufacturing Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

**Carpet Beating and Renovating.**

Do not be deceived by parties advertising cheap carpet cleaning. If you want good work done, send to J. SPAULDING & Co.'s Pioneer Carpet Beating and Renovating Works, 353 and 355 Tehama Street, as they have the only perfect carpet cleaning establishment in the city. Telephone call 3,040.

**Fredericksburg Lager Beer**

Is the finest in the world. Send your orders, for kegs or bottles, to 539 California Street.

**Root Beer.**

A strictly non-alcoholic family beverage, at once delicious to the taste and beneficial to the system. The youngest child or the feeblest invalid can drink it with advantage. Put up in pint and quart champagne bottles, with patent stoppers, at seventy cents and one dollar and ten cents per dozen. All orders promptly filled. H. L. St. John & Co., 14 Hayes Street.

**French Flowers and Feathers.**

Ladies, call at the Wonder Flower and Feather Store, 1024 Market Street, and inspect the new French Flowers and Feathers. One of the largest and choicest stocks in the city to choose from.




BURLESQUE HERALD.

Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.


ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.
ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.
ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.
THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

**KNABE PIANOS**

"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*
**A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St., S. F.,** Sole Agents.

**Richmond Range.**

The new style of grate, check, and draft damper, for saving fuel, are used only in the celebrated improved Richmond Range. For sale by the agents, Schuster Brothers, 306 Sutter Street, above Dupont.

**Yosemite and Giant Trees,**

Via positively the shortest, cheapest, and best scenic route, in new unexcelled six-horse coaches. For tickets and full information, THOMAS T. WALTON, 138 Montgomery Street.

**New Monarch Oil Stove.**

Call and see it. It is the neatest yet. Send for circular. Myers, 869 Market Street.

—NEW DEPARTURE.—DINNERS 11 A. M. TO 8 P. M. Hot muffins, etc. Manning's Oyster Grotto, 428 Pine Street.

— CELERY, BEEF, AND IRON HAS WONDERful power upon the nerves.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, OPERATING THROUGH the blood, radically cures every taint or infection.

— AYER'S AGUE CURE IS WARRANTED TO CURE all malarial disorders, when the directions are faithfully followed.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

**CALIFORNIA THEATRE.**

**The Good Old Times Once More!**

**FRIDAY.....MATINEE.....SATURDAY.**

THE BEST CAST—THE STRONGEST PLAY,
And consequently the Largest Receipts in Twenty Years.

Every night, including Sunday, until further notice, the popular young actor,

**MR. JAMES O'NEILL,**

As Edmund Dantes, with

**Mr. John Stetson's Monte Cristo Co.**

Originally organized under Mr. Stetson's management for Booth's Theatre, New York.

DUMAS'S GREAT PLAY,

**MONTE CRISTO.**

Entire New Scenery—Grand Realistic Effects and Correct Appointments.

EXCURSIONS ON ALL ROADS THIS WEEK.

**Popular Prices Prevail.**

Reserved Seats at Box Office from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M.

**AGENTS WANTED** In every township on this coast for the best **Blaine and Logan** Campaign Book that is published—good for 20 to 40 orders a day. **"Why I am a Republican,"** by Hon. George S. Boutwell; including Biographies of "Blaine and Logan," and **"The History of the Republican Party,"** complete in one volume; standard authority, original, forcible, and graphic. Every Republican will want it, and many Democrats will buy it. For terms and circulars address **A. ROMAN, 120 Sutter St.,** S.F

**REMOVAL.**

GEORGE A. DAVIS & CO.

DEALERS IN

**AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS**

HAVE REMOVED TO

**NOS. 17 AND 19 MAIN ST.**

**BARNARD'S**

BUSINESS COLLEGE,

**37 Post St., S. F.** **Send for Circular.**

PERRIER'S

**FRENCH RESTAURANT,**

**12 and 14 O'Farrell Street.**

Fitted up in first-class style. Private Rooms for Families; also, Banquet Hall. Private entrance on Bagley Place. Telephone No. 865.

**STORE YOUR FURNITURE**

**Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.**

BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH

**J. H. MOTT & CO.,**

**735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco**

Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.
ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,
Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

"EUREKA" COTTON

**GARDEN HOSE**

Stronger three to one, and lighter two to one, than the best four-ply Rubber Hose; and if left out in the sun and air continuously, or, if put away, put away dry, will stand the roughest kind of usage and will last for years.
Also, RUBBER HOSE of extra quality and at low price.

**W. T. Y. SCHENCK,**
36 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**BETHESDA**
SUPERIOR TABLE WATER
L. CAHEN AND SON. 418 SAC. ST. S.F.




See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

**J. W. EVANS,**
General Agent, 29 Post Street.

---

**L. D. STONE & CO.**
(Successors to R. Stone),
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
**Harness, Saddles, Saddlery Hardware**
Collars, Whips, Robes, Horse Blankets, and all kinds of Harness and Patent Leathers.
423 and 424 Battery Street, corner Washington, San Francisco.

---

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
**Commission Merchants,**
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
Liberal advances made on consignments.

---

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

---

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**
No. 309 SANSOME STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

---

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

---

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
(Established 1854),
**HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.**
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

---

**THE AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,**
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.

---

**A. P. HOTALING & CO.**
429 to 437 Jackson St., sole agents for the J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky, "O. P. S.," "O. O. K.," "O. K." "A No. 1," "A." Established 1852.

---




**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

---

**Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed**
**TILES**
For Decorations.
**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

---

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

---

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
**HENRY F. MILLER**
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
**HEMME & LONG**
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
**WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.**
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

---

**ICHI BAN**

FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

---

**BLAINE** Agents wanted for Authentic Edition of his Life. Published at Augusta, his home. Largest, Handsomest, Cheapest, Best. By the renowned historian and biographer, Col. Conwell, whose life of Garfield, published by us, outsold the twenty others by 60,000. Outsells every book ever published in this world; many agents are selling fifty daily. Agents are making fortunes. All new beginners successful; grand chance for them; $43.50 made by a lady agent the first day. Terms most liberal. Particulars free. Better send 25 cents for postage, etc., on **Free Outfit**, now ready, including large prospectus book, and save valuable time. ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

---

**REMOVAL.**
Office of Fort Wayne, Vandalia, and Pan-Handle Lines, and
**PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD,**
To 116 Montgomery St., Occidental Hotel.
J. B. KIRKLAND, Agent.

---

**PUMPS.—WORTHINGTON'S.**
Special, Mining, and Irrigating Pumps.
Over two hundred cities and towns have adopted them in water-works. Cheaper than any other of same capacity. The Worthington Meter measures accurately water, wine, oil, etc.; over 30,000 in use; used in nearly every city water-works in the United States. Send for catalogue.
HENRY B. WORTHINGTON,
30 and 32 First St., S. F. A. L. FISH, Manager.

---

**RICHMOND RANGES**
Just Received—A carload lot of the celebrated improved Richmond Ranges. They are the most economical, durable, attractive, and cheapest ranges in the world. For sale only by the agents, SCHUSTER BROS., 306 Sutter Street, above Dupont.

---

**CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY**
OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.
Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

---

"EUREKA" COTTON
**GARDEN HOSE**
Stronger three to one, and lighter two to one, than the best four-ply Rubber Hose; and if left out in the sun and air continuously, or, if put away, put away dry, will stand the roughest kind of usage and will last for years.
Also, RUBBER HOSE of extra quality and at low price.
W. T. Y. SCHENCK,
36 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

---

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.
**NEWSOM & GASH,**
**ARCHITECTS**
Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,
Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

---

**ELEGANT RESIDENCE**
**FOR SALE.**
In the Western Addition, near Van Ness Avenue, for $30,000; cost over $50,000. This is a rare opportunity to purchase one of the handsomest residences in the city at far below its real value. For particulars, apply to JOS. A. SANBORN, 407 Montgomery Street.

---

WINDOW SHADE FACTORY.
H. E. BULLIVANT & CO.,
FACTORY AND SALESROOM,
753 Mission St., bet. 3d & 4th.
Decorating and Lettering a specialty for stores, offices, residences, etc.

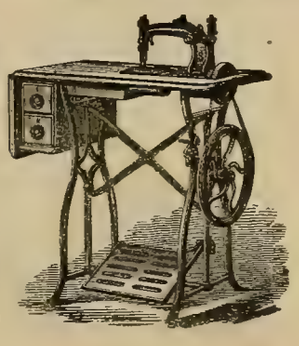
---

**SHORT-HAND & TYPE WRITING**
Taught privately or by mail. Situations procured for pupils when competent. Call or write to F. LUSK, Heald's Business College.

---

**C. V. GILLESPIE,**
**SEARCHER OF RECORDS**
409 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

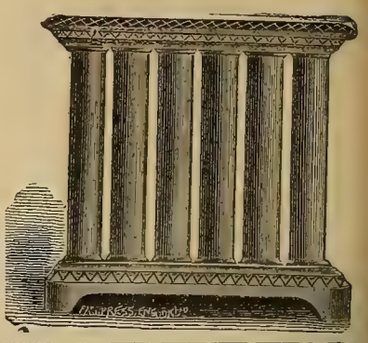
---



**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.**
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

---

**HOT WATER RADIATOR**



**HARVEY'S**
**HOT WATER RADIATOR.**
For Warming and Ventilating Private Residences and Public Dwellings. Uniform Heat. No Gases. No Dust.
23 Stevenson St., near First, San Francisco.

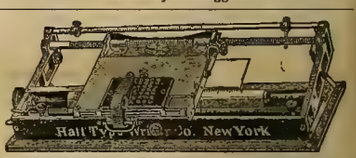
---

**BUGGIES!**
If you want a high-priced Buggy, Carriage, or Phaeton, or if you want a good one for a low price, describe what you want, and order from
TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., 511 Market St., S. F.

---

**BEAUTIFUL SNOW**
FOR THE COMPLEXION!
This elegant preparation is the most perfect beautifier known. It is pure and harmless, delightful in its application, and wonderful in its effects, while the closest scrutiny fails to detect its use. Prepared by
H. BOWMAN, Chemist, Oakland.
For sale by all druggists.

---




**THE HALL TYPE-WRITER**
Awarded medal at Semi-Centennial Fair of American Institute in New York over all competitors. Also, John Scott medal at Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. Simple and durable. Self-inking. No ribbon. Interchangeable type. Weighs only seven pounds. Takes all sizes paper. Useful in family or office. Full information at
PACIFIC COAST AGENCY, ROOM 34, No. 123 CALIFORNIA STREET.
(S. F. Office Empire Portable Forge Co. of Cohoes, N. Y.)

---

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

---

**JOHN MIDDLETON,**
**COAL.**
14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.

---

**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine

---

**REAL ESTATE.**
Fine Business and Residence Property in all parts of the city for sale by
G. F. BOWMAN, 440 California St.

---

**GERMEA**
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. No. 2. SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 12, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: The Republican State Convention at Sacramento—A Warning—Elders for Electors—Rascals can not Float into Office on the Popularity of the National Nominees—The English Affiliations of the Democracy—The Free-Trade Instincts of the Democracy—The Anti-American-commerce Efforts of the Democracy—A Contrast Between the Two Parties—The Republicans the Advocates of Free Laboring Men, of Protection to Free Laboring Men, of Freedom to American Commerce—Speechless Sammy—A Voice from the Sepulchre—The Funeral Procession of the Democracy—The Political Ghouls who dig for a Candidate in the Vaults of Gramercy Cemetery—"Christian" Journals in Politics—The Assault of the *Christian Union* on the Republican Nominees—The Sniveling Pietism set forth in the Organ of an Adulterous Clergyman—Political Pharisees—The Newspaper Moralists who Live in Glass Houses—The Quack Advertisements of Religious Newspapers—The Revenue of Beecher Derived from the Sale of Soap—Monsignor Capel's Conversions—The Cackling of the Clergy—Saving the Soul of Colonel George Bliss—Joy in the Catholic Heaven ..... 1–3

CORRESPONDENCE: The *Call* on Catholic Divorces—Are they ever Granted? An Historical Review of the Question—A San Franciscan in Mexico—A Ride on Mule-back over a Mountain Trail—From Chihuahua to Batopilas—"Boss" Shepherd Settled down as a Miner in Mexico—To the Irish Vote—What Blaine has done for Imprisoned Irishmen ..... 3

THE PRIEST'S GHOST: A Wild Story of Love and Death amid the Glaciers of the Higher Alps ..... 4

STORYETTES—Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise: Washington Irving's Modesty—Ideas of the Deaf and Dumb—A Mother Hubbard Light-weight—A Poor Place to be Killed in ..... 5

INTAGLIOS: "The Name," by Robert Browning; "July"; "Propinquity," by T. R. Sullivan; "Pygmalion and Galatea"; "In the Afternooon," by J. W. Riley ..... 5

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Melancholy Wits of the Day ..... 5

BUBBLES: A Ballet-girl's Undarned Hose—Holes Wholly Unbeautiful in Hose—An Enthusiastic Prompter—The Patriotism of American Women—Customs Duties in Art—The Words "Gown," "Robe," and "Dress"—The Old-time Fourth of July—European and American Fire-works—The Causes of Suicide—Slovenliness in Dress—Why our Men should Dress Better—The Hickory-shirt Days—The Anglomaniacs' Dialect—Blue Stockings—The Equality of the Sexes—A Californian History of the World ..... 6

SOCIETY: The Fourth of July at the Watering-places—The Cruises of the Yacht Fleets—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip ..... 7

A STOLID NOBLEMAN: "Flaneur" tells how "Lord Abercrombie" bears up under Charges of Imposture—The Quarrel two Actresses had over him—How he Scooped the King of the Dudes at a Horse-race—The Decline of Delmonico's—Its Invasion by Jewry—A Budget of Interesting Gossip from our New York Correspondent ..... 8

LITERARY NOTES: New Books—Dr. Behr's "Local Flora"—Browning on "The Lady and the Tiger"—Old Books with New Titles—Miscellaneous Gossip ..... 8

THE LONGCHAMPS RACES: Our Paris Correspondent tells of the Beauty, Fashion, and Impropriety seen at the Grand Prix—The Scene on the Quarter-stretch—Cytherea and Lesbia in grand toilet—Mesdemoiselles Nana and Niniche—A Sparkling Letter from "Parisina" ..... 9

PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE MOUTH: A Study of the Characteristics of Different People, as shown by the Mouth ..... 10

THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes on Games—Dr. Zukertort's Blindfold Exhibition ..... 10

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Gossip about Prominent People all over the World ..... 11

THE TUNEFUL LIAR ..... 11

THE INNER MAN: A few interesting Notes on Coffee and Coffee-making—French on Bills of Fare—Some Translations of Titles of well-known Dishes ..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record ..... 14–15

The Republican Convention meets at Sacramento on the 29th of this month, to adopt a platform, to select eight electors, with their alternates, to choose a State Central Committee, and—dividing into Congressional districts—to nominate candidates for Congress. The platform should be, in substance, an endorsement of that of the national convention at Chicago. It should be silent upon those local questions upon which there are divided opinions within the party—we mean, of course, the railroad controversy. Within the Republican party ranks are intelligent men honestly differing upon questions touching railroad management, touching fares, freights, disposition of lands, etc., all of which are declared upon in the national platform in the resolution referring to inter-State commerce. Parties in the State have made their records upon this question, and the wordings of platforms and mouthing of resolutions will no longer serve to catch flies. The Democracy have ridden this hobby, and much good it has so far done them. The Republican party undertook, in State convention, to outbid the Democracy in demagogism in this direction, and it divided the party and gave the State to the Democratic ticket. The man who shall endeavor to reproduce or affirm the Estee platform of three years ago, or introduce into the Republican State Convention this firebrand of dissension, is an enemy of the party, and intends to make the electoral vote of the State uncertain for Blaine and Logan. The State Central Committee ought to be changed. There are men in and about it of questionable character, and of doubtful loyalty to the cause—men whose places ought to be filled by unselfish and honorable men, who do not use the position to advance their own ambitions or to punish those who are not in alliance with them. For electors, the older and abler men of the party should be chosen. The Electoral College should not be used as a stepping-stone for office. It is one of the "honors" that should be conceded to party service, and no man's name should be placed upon the ticket who will use it to get an appointment from the Administration. We suggest the following names: Russ, of Humboldt; Shafter, of Marin; Stearns, of San Luis Obisbo; Sperry, of San Joaquin; Tipton Lindsey, of Tulare; Porter, of Santa Cruz; Bidwell, of Butte; Eugene Sullivan, of San Francisco; George Perkins, of Alameda; Leland Stanford, of Santa Clara; Horton, of San Diego; Blanchard, of El Dorado; Parks, of Yuba; Booth, of Sacramento; Cole, of Los Angeles. With the Congressional districts the State Convention has nothing to do. It is an admitted fact that our Congressional representation from both parties has always been a weak one; and, from the candidates now *in* nomination by the Democracy and prominent *for* nomination by the Republican party, the rule is not likely to be changed. Our best representative in the present Congress, and the one most useful and possessing the qualities that, with experience, would make him more useful in the future, is Mr. Glascock, of Alameda. It will be a very severe test to our party loyalty if a whisky-drinking Republican boy is nominated against him. Perhaps Mr. Finlayson will permit us to suggest that if he proposes to push his candidacy beyond a jest, he should resign as secretary of the State Central Committee. The *Argonaut* will reserve, as ever, the right to discuss candidates very freely after they are nominated; the best interests of the Republican party can not be advanced otherwise. Politics is a practical thing, and if there are any reasons why an intelligent, honorable, and industrious Democrat should be defeated for Congress, or for any municipal office, by a worthless and good-for-nothing Republican, because he can, by fraud or successful chicanery, secure a nomination, we shall claim the privilege of respectfully asking what those reasons are. We know the maggots that are now working and wriggling inside our Republican cheese, and all we ask is that they do not bite through and expose themselves; they had better stay inside and turn back to cheese. There is no good reason why, with fairly honorable conduct on the part of the young gentlemen who have assumed the responsibility of party leadership in our Republican ranks, we should not, in this important national, State, and city election, present a united front to the Democracy. There is no reason why, with good candidates and a rational platform, we should not achieve a victory all along the line. We admonish our selfish ones not to put such great reliance on Blaine and Logan's popularity as to believe that it will drag every rascal into office whom the party may choose to nominate.

The Republican party is the American party. The Democratic party is the English party. In this particular the Democracy is exactly the reverse of what it was in the earlier days of the Republic. The masses of the Republican party are native-born. The masses of the Democratic party are largely of alien birth. From the Democracy take the foreign-born voter, and there would be no Democratic party. The Irish are in majority over all other foreigners; they are the backbone of the Democracy; they compose its rank and file, its sinews and muscle; they are its coolies, its peons, its slaves; they do its heavy work and party drudgery; they are its field hands; they could control it if they had the sense, and this is what makes the fact of the Democratic party being the English party so remarkably remarkable. The English Government persecutes the Irish in Ireland; it tyrannizes over them; it has robbed them of their lands; it exacts exorbitant rents; it drives them to desperation through starvation; it withholds from them a Parliament; it sends them to exile and emigration. The iron heel of the cruel Saxon is upon the neck of the inoffensive Celt. In Ireland there is no equality of Irish with English—no liberty, no freedom. This is the story as we have heard it for the last fifty years—in the English Parliament, upon the Irish hustings, upon the American stump. We have had it repeated in insurrections, in hedge murders, in dynamite, in explosions. The English drive the Irish out of Ireland; they emigrate to America, and the first thing they do is to join the English party. Turning their backs upon Americans and the party of American principles, they join the Democracy, and help England to destroy and oppress the land that gives them asylum. That the Democratic party is the ally of England, and England the enemy of America, recent events will prove. That the Republican party is the American party, the same events will prove. All that there ever was of an aristocratic element in the United States was represented by the slave-owner of the South; he owned his labor as the English landlord owns his tenant. The Republican party opposed slavery in the interest of American free labor; in the interest of slavery the Democracy went to war. All the rebel States are Democratic States; all the Republican States were free States. August Belmont, an Englishman, was for long years the chairman of the Democratic National Committee. All the Irish at the South aided the rebellion; a majority of the Irish at the North sympathized with it. The Irish at the North resisted the draft, rioted in New York, and were copperheads and broom-rangers; they voted against Lincoln, and voted for every Democrat who opposed the war. In doing this they were allies of England, and were doing her bidding. The Democracy then became the English party. England (not her laborers)—her aristocracy, her Parliament, her lords, her merchants, her moneyed men—wanted the American Union to be divided and destroyed; she sympathized with the South; she aided the rebellion; she recognized Southern belligerency; she advanced money on cotton bonds; she sent medicines, and provisions, and material contraband of war; she ran blockades; she encouraged the French to invade Mexico; she built, manned, and armed iron-clad ships to destroy our commerce. England was insolent in the Trent affair. She made our civil war her opportunity to enrich herself at our expense, and to exalt herself in our humiliation. During all this time the Democratic party was the ally of slavery in carrying on the civil war, and during all this time the Irish composed a majority of the Northern copperhead Democracy. Thus the Irish aided their enemies, the English, in their attempt to dismember our Union, to destroy our commerce, and to steal our trade. In fighting slavery and the English, the Republican party earned its right to be called and considered the American party. In defending slavery and helping the English, the Democratic party earned the right to be called the English Democracy. The English Democracy is in favor of free-trade in order that English workmen may get higher wages than American workmen. The Republican party is in favor of revenue for the protection of American industries, so that the American working-man may get higher wages than the English laborer—yet the Irish vote the Democratic ticket. The English Democracy is opposed to such change of the navigation laws, and the laws governing ship-building, as will prevent the United States from having a navy to protect its commerce, or an

can commerce to be protected—yet the Irish vote the Democratic ticket. The English Democracy, in order to favor English bankers and bond-holders, favor our national banking system, are opposed to the greenback currency, and to the speedy payment of the national debt—yet the Irish vote with them. The Republican party was called into existence as the friend of free labor; it has passed homestead and exemption laws to donate public lands to Irish settlers; it has given lands to railroads where the Irish found labor; it favors a protective tariff in the interest of labor; yet—because free-trade is desirable to the Southern cotton-planter and the English cotton-lord—the Irishman votes the English Democratic ticket. The kind of Irishman we here refer to is the ignorant, bigoted, priest-ridden, papal, Democratic damphool Irishman, who knows no better, and would vote the Democratic ticket if he did.

The Democratic party having become free-trade and English, there is a disposition on the part of a good many Republicans to drift in the same direction. The independent movement now attempting to organize a bolt against Blaine in the cities of New York and Boston is an eruptive pimple indicating the same disease. It is not surprising that in these two cities English interests and English opinion should be largely influential. Between them and England there is an intimate social relation and large business intercourse. At these cities is concentrated the trade of England. Into their ports comes English commerce. New York and Boston are the distributing points of English merchandise. Scores of steamers ply between English ports and these two cities. Every English steamship company, bank, manufacturing enterprise, and commercial concern has its agent, correspondent, or branch house in New York and Boston. These cities are filled with English firms and business men, whose interests are as thoroughly English as though they lived in Birmingham, Liverpool, or London. The New York *Times* is owned and edited by Englishmen. The *Nation* is owned and edited by an Irish-Englishman. *Harper's Weekly* is owned and edited by American-Englishmen. In addition to the genuine John Bulls, New York and Boston are full of American dudes, who dress in the English style, speak as if they had hot potatoes in their mouths, wear a glass in one eye, part their hair in the middle, wear bob-tailed coats indelicately short behind, and imitate the English in all their puppy airs. It is not in any degree surprising that out of this latter class of American idiots there should be organized an "Independent" political party in sympathy with English interests—a free-trade party, a party that would have English ships, built upon the Clyde, to carry the world's commerce, and leave America without a navy and proper coast defenses to interfere with England's dominion of the seas; a party that would favor low wages for American workingmen, and would close every factory and workshop in America, in order that English industries should have no rivals upon American soil. It is not strange that the English "Democracy" and the English "Independents" should combine to defeat Blaine and Logan; to defeat the Republican-American party, whose platform is American, whose candidates favor an American policy, and whose rank and file is composed of native-born American citizens, descended from a stock that celebrates as a national holiday this fourth day of July, the anniversary upon which, after a bloody war, they whipped the British and achieved their national independence. And still the damphool Irish vote the Democratic ticket.

Never in all the world did a great political party find itself in so grotesque a position as is that of the Democracy to-day. Never was situation more embarrassing or absurd; never was condition more undignified. All similes fail in correctly representing it. A ship at sea, tempest-tossed, rudderless, the crew in mutiny, the captain overboard, the cook drunk, no life-preservers on board for the passengers—this is but a feeble and ineffective illustration of the condition of the Democracy. An army with the ammunition wagons blown up, with the canteens empty, the commissariat stores captured, the general in command sick in the hospital, the rank and file demoralized—such an army crossing a Canada thistle-patch without shoes, and going into action against a well-disciplined, well-equipped, well-officered army of veterans, well entrenched behind ditch and wall, and well covered with heavy artillery—this would give only a partial idea of the Presidential campaign as it looks on this morning of writing—the 4th of July, 1884. When Tilden stepped down and out there went out and down with him both platform and candidate. It left the Democracy floundering in the deep waters of a moonless mud lake. When speechless Samuel, with palsied, nerveless hand, affixed his mark to the document of renunciation, and thereby recognized that his days of usefulness and duty had gone forever by; when—in view of his short hours for the repentance of his many political sins—he realized that he had better devote them to the service of his God and not to the Democratic party, he took from the Democracy its principles and its only recognized leader. Curious is the history of Samuel Tilden. Twelve years ago, for availability in a doubtful State, the Democracy gave up to him the national leadership. He was not a statesman, he was not a great man, and, so far as his left hand knew about what his right hand had ever done, he was not a generous man. He had not distinguished himself when the country was in peril. He was a Wall Street attorney, a railroad wrecker, a millionaire bachelor. He had made an efficient Governor of the State of New York for one term; he had aided to expose his enemy Tweed, the Tammany thief, and had consented to send him and his associates to exile, prison, and death. But not even this till the New York press had so exposed the villainies of the ring that the Democracy had presented to it the alternative of throwing Tweed and his tigers overboard, or being devoured by them. He ran for President, and was defrauded of his election. The fraud consisted in not permitting the colored voters of the South to be disfranchised by an organized army of murdering Ku-klux, in not permitting the ballot-box to be successfully violated, and in outwitting the brilliant cunning of Samuel Tilden and his cipher dispatches. He attempted by a technical trick to steal an electoral vote from Oregon, and he and his co-conspirators tried to intimidate a resolute, loyal North by threats of a second Democratic civil war. This martyrdom for principle so endeared him to the Democracy that four years ago it would have renominated the old ticket if the cunning diplomacy of the shrewd old fox of Gramercy had not so mysteriously worded his letter of acceptance that a majority of the delegates could not read between the lines his overweening ambition to have the crown thrust upon him. So impressed was the Democracy by this error of misunderstanding, and so bitterly did it repent its mistake, and so thoroughly convinced was it that whatever Samuel Tilden writes he does not mean—that whatever he says he does not intend—that the Democracy will not now be convinced that he has turned his back upon the nomination, even when, with trembling, palsied step, he marches voiceless to the voiceless grave. So preposterous and unreasonable is this absurd attempt to borrow from the tomb, and to compromise with death for a Democratic candidate, that, in spite of all its solemnities, we can not regard the spectacle as otherwise than fantastic and grotesque. It shows such a dearth of Presidential material in the Democratic party, such a scarcity of leaders, such a poverty of available candidates, that we have a right to laugh at our Democratic citizens and taunt them with the fact of their political insolvency; we have a right to drive them into involuntary bankruptcy upon their own showing. The Democracy is in a most dreadful tangle, owing to its own stupid imbecility. It has no acknowledged leader—no Saul, standing head and shoulders above other men. It has no principles upon which it is united; it has no possibility of uniting upon any other proposition than "spoils," or voting together for any Presidential candidate except he can be made "available." Governor Palmer, of Illinois, with the applause of a Democratic convention, favored calling Lazarus from the tomb for the purpose of candidacy, if thereby he could win. The California Democracy are for Tilden, in spite of his declination. Democratic pilgrims still are wending their way to the shrine of Tilden, in hope that he may walk out of his political sepulchre, and show his bleeding wounds for the purpose of this campaign. We would suggest to the Democracy, as a good ticket for its purpose, "Lazarus and Tilden." These defunct gentlemen would represent both wings of the Democracy—Lazarus, the idle poor, who lie about to pick up the crumbs of office; Tilden, the Dives branch, who in this world enjoy the good things, rob the poor, favor free-trade, love British gold, call themselves "Independents" in politics, and hope to fool good old father Abram and get into his ultimate bosom through false promises, hypocritical pretenses, and assumptions of superior piety. Tilden and Lazarus, or Lazarus and Tilden—the Democracy would whoop up and hurrah for their candidacy as enthusiastically as for any possible ticket that could be named. Under such a leadership, there could be inaugurated an original campaign. Instead of the white plumed knight of Maine, the Democracy could turn out in procession with a hearse full decked with nodding plumes of black; it could clothe itself in black from top to toe; it could cover itself over with an inky mantle, wrap itself in darkest cerements of the grave. Mourners, for office, could go about the streets in all the insignia of deepest woe. The party stump-speech would be a funeral oration. How few were the crumbs poor Lazarus found under the rich man's table, as illustrating the oppression of poverty. How abundant the loaves and numerous the fishes which Tilden would distribute if he got his gouty feet under the national mahogany. And when the election was over, the whole solemn cortege would move onward to the cypress groves that cover the dark valleys which border the banks of the river of salt, singing, for funeral dirge, "Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound." We do not know of any other campaign the Democracy can make without being laughed at; we do not know of any other candidates who could be assigned to the grave with more solemn ceremonies, or who would be more sincerely mourned.

The best evidence that Monsignor Capel—the accomplished and eloquent divine of the Church of Rome, who was sent to America for the purpose of converting to the Papal faith some of our rich people—has met with a signal failure, is furnished by the immense amount of cackling which the old hen of Rome puts up over the conversion of Colonel George Bliss of New York. Monsignor Capel is said to be a handsome man, of insinuating address, with a tender tongue, and quite calculated, by his gentlemanly deportment, to impress a certain class of old women who have more money than brains, and who look for as much of a sensation in being rescued from purgatory as a younger woman would in being rescued from drowning. There is no young lady who would not be willingly snatched from a watery grave by any married laborer of advanced years—she would be grateful in a mild way; but to be saved by a curly-headed young yachtsman, "about nineteen years old," unmarried and rich, who happened to be sailing by in his own yacht, would be a different thing. So with our frowsy old millionairesses. They would be grateful to Father O'Shaughnessey, McCarthy, or Mahone, for snatching them from the wrath to come; but to be converted from the errors of their ways by so distinguished and handsome a prelate as Monsignor Capel is a distinction which paints with new glory celestial joys, and adds a sweeter note to the harmony of the heavenly lyres. We do not now recall the name of any particular rich old lady whose soul this prelate has saved, and whose money he has garnered, but we believe there are one or two whose feet are on the rounds of the golden ladder, and whose fortunes are on the way to the church coffers. The conversion of Colonel George Bliss (a criminal lawyer of political reputation in New York) to Romanism, we look upon as a brilliant triumph, and one to be recounted as among the highest glories of ecclesiastical achievement. St. Patrick's triumph over the Druids on the slope of the Hill of Chariots in the early centuries, has become a tradition of such doubtful authenticity that there needs to be some new miracle to keep alive the slumbering embers of dying faith. As soon as Colonel Bliss finishes up his Star Route trials and has time to give himself fully up to the devotional exercises of his new religion, and run for alderman in New York city, we hope he will do so. We see no other practical mode of beating the Irish Democracy in the city of New York. We wish more of our native-born American citizens would illustrate their patriotism by going over to Rome, and thereby placing themselves in position to control the Democratic party.

For such papers as the *Christian Union;* for such Republicans as "preach politics" in churches, for "politics professors" in colleges; for all that class of super-excellent Christian gentlemen who are too good for this world and not ripe enough for the next; to whom politics is a contagion and for whose protection it is necessary to carry about the persons a subliminated moral essence—for all these we entertain all the respect due to their religious lives and moral conduct, and all the contempt that is due to their false and hypocritical pretensions concerning things they know little about. The estimate which this class of pseudo-Christians put upon politics is shown in the fact that the moment they begin to consider it, they first relieve themselves from all conscientious scruples, and at once begin to misrepresent everything in politics, and lie about every man who engages in political life. Mr. Blaine—professing member of an evangelical church for thirty years, a good citizen, husband, and father, member of Assembly, member of Congress, member of the Senate, Secretary of State, twice candidate for Presidential nomination—never had the religious pack in full cry after him until he was nominated as the Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1884. Since he has been nominated—honestly nominated, under the district rule, by a two-thirds vote, with all the office-holding, Southern delegates against him, fairly nominated, without promise or expenditure of money, or personal solicitation, without manœuvre, scheme, bargain, or plot, without trade or combination, or concession of any kind—the sham religious press opens upon him the unstinted vials of its wrath. With the usual cowardice that distinguishes this kind of religious newspaper, it deals in false suggestions, insinuations, and malicious innuendos, rather than in open accusation. It warms up, rehashes, and dishes out at second-hand the old scandals and lying accusations of his political enemies. It revamps all the exploded lies that were supposed to be laid at rest. It flavors them with a sort of religious cant, and, with an impudence that would put to blush a dyed-in-the-wool partisan journal, reads us, of the outside political world, moral lessons, and affects to pretend that it is somehow doing the world a great service. We know—and these owners of religious journals know that we know—that all their affec

tation of superior virtue, or goodness, or motive, is a business sham. Such a religious newspaper is like a circus or a whisky saloon—run for coin and for nothing else. A "godly" man—generally some broken-down, incompetent, good-for-nothing peacher—is usually hired for the nominal editor, but the policy of the paper comes from the till, and the till is as independent of religion as is the till of the traveling showman or gin-mill. Half the writing is done by impecunious Bohemians for coin. There are in America "religious" journals, so-called, prosperous, money-making adventures, impositions upon the religious sentiment of the country. When they go into politics they do it for a selfish, money-making purpose. There is no principle and no patriotism in it. They are not bound by party rules, nor governed by any restraining principle. We could stand everything except the affectation and cant of claiming that their course is impelled by religion. This indignation is inspired by the casual reading of the recent issues of one of those nondescript journals, called the *Christian Union*, published in New York by an incorporated publishing company, and edited by Lyman Abbott and H. W. Mabie—two parsons. This religious paper—edited by two reverend clergymen—has contained more and meaner lies against Mr. Blaine than have been found in any other journal in America—more mean insinuations, more suppressions of truth and suggestions of falsehood, than any Democratic party organ in the land. It takes great credit to itself that "*it does not assail the character of Mr. Blaine*," and "*has distinctly avoided any intention of making use of any material affecting his private life.*" It conveys, even in this editorial statement, the mean and cowardly insinuation that his private character *is* assailable, and that its editors are generously refraining from use of material at their command. We understand this is Mr. Henry Ward Beecher's paper—his organ, and the medium through which he prints his sermons, his prayers, his meditations, his romances, and his defense of charges for adultery. When the reverend preachers in charge of this hybrid weekly declare that they do not assail Mr. Blaine's personal character, we have a right to ask what they think they are doing when they say he is "a soldier of fortune," and that "he represents the worst element in the Republican party"? Is he more of a soldier of fortune than the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who preaches and lectures, writes novels and sermons, and sells his name and face to a soap factory for an advertisement? Or than the *Christian Union*, which sells its columns to quack doctors for advertising? Or than the brace of reverends who sell themselves as figure-heads to a journal that falsely represents the candidate of all its readers? "Mr. Blaine represents the worst element of the party," say these reverend calumniators. The worst element of the Republican party is like the worst element of the church—it contains hypocrites, thieves, adulterers, and all kinds of sinners, wolves in sheeps' clothing, pharisees, and publicans. In the party, as in the church, there are dead men's bones and all manner of uncleanness. We have the same right to say—and with as much proof, and with greater probability—that Mr. Beecher or Mr. Abbott—or any other reverend editor of a journal doing dirty party work under the cloak of religion and under the disguise of church teaching—represents the worst element in the congregation, as that Blaine and Logan represent it in the party. To these reverend traducers we say that Blaine and Logan are the chosen representatives of the best and most honorable of the millions of most honorable men who compose the Republican party. They have been active workers in its past, and represent all that is honorable in its present. There is no single great achievement accomplished by the Republican party in its history of twenty-four years that they have not aided to secure. With the principles, policy, and history of the party they have identified their lives. Blaine, in council, and Logan, on the field of battle, have fought for the nation's life, for its honor, for its preservation. They are as good as their party. They are as good as they ought to be. They are as good as we can afford them to be. They are better—ten thousand times better and more honorable—than the canting, smirking pietist who, under the cowardly cover of type, or from the ambuscade of pulpit, will assault them with lying insinuations and cowardly innuendoes. The American people can elect a President without the aid of this kind of professing Christians. If Mr. Blaine were not himself a member of a Congregational church, and if he and his associate upon the ticket were not men who in their domestic and family relations—in their relations as citizens and statesmen—did not live fully up to the highest standard of Christian civilization, we might find some reason for this kind of assault; we might pardon the religious zeal which should choose them, in their exalted position, for the pointing of a moral. The Republican ticket is being sustained by the Christian sentiment of the American people, and it is this fact that makes the conduct of this journal and one or two of its associates so conspicuous for mendacity, cowardice, and malignity.

Now is coming the season when all sorts of party bummers are out upon the political highway, with their well-thumbed and greasy memorandum books, begging coin for all sorts of party use. Every man unfortunate enough to hold an office, or miserable enough to want one, is the victim of these party robbers; everybody who has any prominence, or seeks any, or who is or has been known to take any part in politics, or of whom it may be suspected that he ever intends to do so, will be dunned for coin. These party bums usually hunt in pairs. They walk into a man's office, or place of business, and demand contributions with as much cheek as if they were entitled to receive them; and, if the demand is not acceded to, usually go out mumbling threats. This is the time of year that the ward loafer and piece-club thief, under guise of Democracy, Republicanism, Greenback, or labor organization, enters upon his campaign of beggary for party processions, music, fire-works, picnics, ward club expenses, etc., etc. No man has any right to solicit funds unless he is authorized by some legitimate and recognized organization. No legitimate organization has the right to give that authorization except to some respectable and honest person, and for some legitimate and honest purpose. No ward club has any right to beg funds outside its own territorial boundaries. Every member of a party recognizes his duty to aid in maintaining party organization; he knows that a campaign is not conducted without money; he recognizes the necessity of halls, kerosene, printing, etc.; he recognizes the propriety of torch-light processions, with music, fireworks, devices, equipments, etc., etc., and is willing to aid in whooping-up enthusiasm for his side. He knows that those who are most willing to parade, carry flags and lamps, to wear uniforms, are not the most able to give. We write this able editorial for two reasons—we have been appointed as chairman of the Finance Committee of Republican Club No. 2, Forty-first District, with the following boundaries: North of Broadway from the ocean to Van Ness Avenue, from Van Ness Avenue to Green, Green to Hyde, Hyde to the bay, bay to the ocean. We intended to ask every Republican within these boundaries to give something to the club, which is largely composed of young men, with limited amounts invested in Government bonds, and whose rent rolls and incomes are not as large as they hope to make them after Blaine and Logan are elected. And we hereby give notice to all other Republican party beggars not to poach within our limits, nor ask party alms within the territorial jurisdiction of Club No. 2. Any person residing in that district may send his contribution to the *Argonaut* office, and thus save himself the labor of a personal call.

At our hour of going to press—Friday afternoon—there is no nomination at Chicago. The one ballot would seem to indicate the hopeless chance of Cleveland, the leading candidate, and the probable defeat of all who entered with him for the first heat. If Cleveland must be withdrawn, his friends will not be in a Christian frame of mind toward those who made his withdrawal necessary. If we could make the Democratic candidate, it would be Cleveland. If we were compelled to choose a Democratic President, it would be Field first and Bayard second. If Cleveland is nominated, New York is lost to the Democracy. If Cleveland is defeated by Tammany, and some one is chosen who satisfies the Tammany boss, the Irish Democracy, and Monsignor Capel, New York is still lost, unless these Democrats hate each other less than they ought to, and unless all pride and self-respect have utterly died out of the American character. Field ought to be nominated; he is available, and is entitled to it by virtue of his eminent ability, his party consistency, his pure private life, and his dignified, useful public career. His nomination is the logical outcome of his constitutional decisions. The South is ungrateful if it does not recognize them. If he loses the nomination by reason of the miserable intrigue of the contemptible factionists who have conspired against him in this State, it will be no credit to the national Democratic party. The nomination of Mr. Bayard would be a respectable one. He is a public man of large experience and of clean record. If called upon to describe him in one word, we would use the term "gentleman" as expressing Mr. Bayard of Delaware—clean and honorable in public life, respectable in private life. His anti-war speech in the Senate, when he was younger than now, and when it is remembered that he was from a slave State, a loyal State, that Southern States had seceded, that civil war was impending and not commenced, was not discreditable to him, and in it there was nothing to impeach his patriotism. The Democratic platform seems, from a hasty reading, to be the work of able, cautious, subtle minds. It has been prepared with great care, and is, for the purpose for which it is designed, an effective document. That it misrepresents the historical relations of parties, misstates the causes and results of Republican party action, is somewhat long and somewhat involved, does not in any degree detract from its merit as a party paper, written for party purposes. That it is full of demagogy, is only in recognition of the fact that demagogy is the basis of the fabric upon which the whole superstructure of Democracy rests. The part that treats of the tariff is, necessarily, oracular and ambiguous, because upon this question the party is divided, and the English language is not flexible enough to express both sides of a question so broad as this without entangling the logic or involving the argument. In Congress and in the newspapers the views of leading Democrats are conflicting and and irreconcilable. The platform is a not unsuccessful attempt to build a structure which all willing Democrats may agree to occupy for the campaign. It is a good enough position from which to attack a common enemy. The convention, like that of the Republicans, has presented a dignified spectacle. It embraces a very large gathering of the best elements of the Democratic party. It has afforded an occasion for the assemblage of a large number of the representative leaders of the party, and the best men of the nation. The deliberations of the convention have so far been conducted with courtesy, and characterized by moderation. In some respects it has proved itself superior to that of the Republican party. Its oratorical display, though not of the highest order, has excelled that of the convention which preceded it. In allowing an argument to be made against the nomination of a candidate, it took a departure which might well be imitated. A convention that will permit nothing to be said of a candidate for the presidential office but fulsome eulogy, and will not allow him to be discussed, is in no sense deliberative. A national convention is the place where the character of the candidate should be fully disclosed. If there is anything in his public or private life which the party has a right to know, this ought to be the time and place for it to gain the information. The debate over Mr. Cleveland of New York will, we hope, become a precedent in all future national conventions. When the next *Argonaut* appears, the issues will have been fully framed. We shall know the candidates; the campaign will have begun. That it may be conducted in fairness, with dignity, that its result may be honestly reached and cheerfully acquiesced in, that the best party may triumph, and the best man win, is our earnest wish.

LATER.—At the last moment of closing our forms, Cleveland was nominated by 527 votes—a two-thirds majority. We are glad of it, and rejoice at it as a victory over Tammany. Tammany is Irish and Catholic, two things we regret to see acquiring prominence in our national politics. We are glad Tammany is beaten, and we are compelled to admit that the nomination of Governor Cleveland is an eminently respectable one. We think it a nomination easy to beat, and because of that all the more acceptable. An opportunity is now offered to the Irish as a class, and to the working-men as a class, to demonstrate whether there is any sincerity in their past professions.

### To the Irish Voter.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: * * * * * A strong point in Blaine's character is his pronounced Americanism. By this I do not mean that offensive form of so-called patriotism which is constantly displaying itself in empty threats against England, but that instinctive love of country and free institutions which is always ready to resent any unwarranted attack upon them, or on any of the adopted citizens who seek the protection of our Government. His action in the case of Costello is familiar to all who keep record of such events. Costello, Burke, and a large number of other Irish-Americans were arrested while in Ireland in 1867, and placed on trial for a speech which he made in New York, while an American citizen, in 1865. The speech was construed as treasonable, and under the Act of 1848, which especially declared England's right to punish upon British soil British-born subjects for treasonable utterances or performances made upon foreign territory, Costello was sentenced to sixteen years' penal servitude. His claims of American citizenship were ignored on the ground that there was nothing in any treaty existing between the United States and Great Britain debarring Great Britain from claiming as a British subject any person born on British soil. Costello was removed to Millbank prison. When Blaine took up his case he organized a Congressional agitation, which resulted in the liberation of Costello and all his colleagues who possessed full American naturalization, and in the treaty of 1870, in which Great Britain surrendered all claims of allegiance from British subjects who became naturalized as American citizens. Blaine should be given by the Irish the full credit of extorting this treaty from Great Britain, and of enabling Irishmen, by free agitation, to form American opinion as a factor in coercing England to deal justly with Ireland, without subjecting themselves, as formerly, to arrest and punishment as traitors. I do not prophesy a general stampede of our Irish adopted citizens from the darkness of the Democratic camp into the full light and liberty which surround the standard of the "white-plumed knight"; but I do predict a reinforcement of them sufficient to overcome the defection of the "mugwumps," and purists, and of the self-styled Republican "Independents," whose only consistency rests in their continued quadrennial assumption of "all the honesty, intelligence, and virtue" of the Republican party. That party can safely entrust its management and success to the great body of uninterested delegates who made the nomination, and to its intelligent voters who are alive to the gravity of the interests at stake, and remember full well that any result would be preferable to the return of the party that brought upon us the calamity of a fratricidal war. That he is invulnerable and can not be successfully attacked on some grounds, like every other prominent man in this or any other country, I do not claim, but leave this part of the argument to those who delight in mud-slinging, knowing that his record as a true American and believer in the theory that our citizens, whether adopted or not, should have the full protection of our great country, should commend him to the serious consideration of our Irish voters. ALBERT WARNER.

HAYWARDS, Cal., July 4, 1884.

The Order of the Black Eagle of Prussia, recently bestowed upon the heir-apparent to the Russian crown, has, since its foundation in 1701, been given to five women—namely, the Empresses Elizabeth and Catherine of Russia, the Duchess Mary Augusta of Wurtemberg, the Dowager Queen Elizabeth of Prussia, and the Empress Queen Augusta.

## THE PRIEST'S GHOST.

**A Wild Story of Love and Death amid the Glaciers of the Higher Alps.**

One day in early July the little village street of Stalden was as crowded as a Parisian boulevard. On foot, on horseback, carried in chairs, came pilgrims from the old and the new world, on a summer tour of the Alps, halting here for a draught of the celebrated native wine before they continued their journey. The inn door was blocked up by a keen-faced, blonde-bearded German, whose alpenstock and knapsack proclaimed him an Alpine climber; but the wrath of the new-comers subsided when a glance through the door of the overflowing tavern left no doubt that his broad shoulders could have found no room within. He was looking now in pleased surprise at a restless pair of horses' ears, and above them the dark face of a woman among the tourists crowding the shaft-like opening of the street. The day before he had been only a few steps away from her, as she stood looking down dreamily on the Rhone valley from the ruins of the Castle of Tourbillon. She was then accompanied by two odd-looking men, one of whom (the taller) had eyes only for the terrors of nature, while the other (a little man) went into ecstasies over the red immortelles and the numerous butterflies. As the lady stood silently where the rock falls sheer down, for one moment our traveler had felt as if she alone with him could appreciate the gloomy grandeur of the landscape. He had stepped back respectfully as the trio left the ruins, but a glance from under her heavy black lashes had punished him for his too evident admiration. He wondered now which of the two peculiar men still beside her was her husband. That she was married seemed beyond a doubt, she made such a calm, determined effort to break through the crowd. She was checked by a dispute between her two companions, which disclosed to the stranger the fact that they were her brothers, that her name was Brigitta, and that she was the harmonizer of their continual discord. A movement of her horse next claimed her attention, and she became aware that he was investigating the blonde stranger, who was feeding him bread.

"I beg your pardon," she exclaimed, with a blush, as she recognized her mute admirer of Tourbillon. He only answered with a kindly smile, that seemed to increase her embarrassment.

Presently the guides came back to their neglected animals, and the little caravan started. With an almost imperceptible bend of the head, Brigitta had parted from the traveler, but the eager interest in her eyes was marked by Michael, the more powerful of her two companions, who, believing it a criticism on himself and his brother, crushed it accordingly with a martial glance.

Presently the stranger found himself alone, except for a few unemployed guides anxious for an engagement. One of them finally addressed him clumsily:

"Would the gentleman like to cross the Monte Moro into Italy?"

"At this time of year? No!" smiled the German, with an observant look at the young fellow, in whose eyes lay something sinister and unsteady.

"But I must earn something," the guide insisted, holding out a well-worn book for inspection. "My name is Furrer. We are three brothers, from Saas. One of us is sick with nervous fever, at home, and the other has set up housekeeping and has no money left."

The stranger glanced at the book in which tourists had written their testimonials, and looked up surprised, for all languages bore witness to the strength and coolness of Alois Furrer, of whom several books of travel had spoken as a celebrated and reliable guide. Overcoming his distrust of Furrer's hang-dog look, the traveler said kindly:

"I have a glacier-climb on hand, and am fortunate in securing so famous a guide. Were you ever on a certain Fairy Alp?"

Furrer's face turned ashy white as he said, hoarsely:

"What do you want there? There is no hotel"——

"The view of the Fairy Glacier must be glorious from the Mischabelhorn."

"It is," said Alois, with a deep sigh. "Well, I will go with you. We can reach Saas to-night, and"——

"I prefer to go over the Zermatt," interrupted the stranger; and as Alois shook his head, he continued, "My feet are like steel, and my head never swims."

The conditions were soon agreed upon. The stranger was liberal, and Furrer (like most of his class) had a certain rough chivalry in money matters; so they began their climb on the best of terms, and reached the Hotel Monte Rosa in time for dinner. Our friend cast a rapid glance down the table, and discovered what he was looking for. A slight consciousness came into his face as the waiter placed him opposite the fair object of his pursuit, and she sat silent and unsympathetic between her brothers. Presently a fresh quarrel between them was diverted by seeing that their usually reserved sister was in conversation with her vis-à-vis. He was telling her the object of his journey.

"I give out that it is in the cause of science, but really it is only for a romantic memory of my childish days. An old botanist, a friend of our family, in wandering over these districts had come upon a detached Alp, quite surrounded by glaciers, called the Fairy Alp. No matter what subject was started, he always came back to the fact that the Fairy Alp was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. So it was the dream of my boyhood, and has become my longing as a man. Everything that I have seen seems colorless beside the magic of that unseen glacier-island. My studies were influenced by it—at least, I hoped that by studying the ice-age, and investigating erratic blocks, I might find the solution of my crystal riddle, the Fairy Alp. My dread is now that some elemental cataclysm, something never before heard of, will keep me yet from the sight of it. You see" (the stranger concluded, with an embarrassed smile) "that a scientist of thirty years may be a child."

Brigitta inquired where this Fairy Alp lay, and naturally wondered why he did not go directly from Stalden; but his confusion made her repent her question, and her brothers came to the rescue.

"Strange flowers, and ancient trees, and a pretty Sennerin," gurgled the younger.

"My old friend said nothing about her; but if she existed she must be slightly faded by this time," laughed the stranger. After more conversation, the brothers offered to accompany him on his expedition, introducing themselves as Michael and Theodore Donnerbrecht, and learning that his name was Waldemar Faltenberg.

Some days passed before the weather was suitable for their undertaking. Meantime Waldemar's intercourse with Brigitta had returned to a formal basis. He learned from the travelers' book that she was Madame Monten, and from her brothers that her husband had been dead for years. Michael spoke of him as such a model of manly accomplishments, unwearied sportsman, climber, runner, athlete, swimmer, that Waldemar felt an icy wind nip the tiny bud of sentiment in his breast. Yet before they started Brigitta suddenly restored him to favor by speaking to him confidentially of her fears for Michael, and ended by placing her brothers under his special care.

They started at midnight that they might cross the ice-fields while they were still hardened by the night frost, and the Donnerbrecht brothers held out better than was expected. On they plodded, until at last the pale light over the highest peaks turned red; and as they halted panting on the height in snow knee-deep, the sun rose bravely on a world of ice, and snow, and dark ridges of rocks—a world of death and desolation.

"We have left the worst behind," said Alois to Waldemar, as they began the descent, sinking deep in the snow at every step. At last they came to firm ground, a narrow ridge between two glaciers. Perhaps because Michael was frightened at the depths on either hand, he had gone down where the rock sloped like a roof for some fifty feet, and ended in blue air. Suddenly Alois gave a loud warning cry, and tried to throw the rope he held around the point of the rock in front, but it was too short. Then came a despairing call, and a dark mass rolled down the rocks. It was Michael, who had slipped and fallen. Then the pull of the rope that bound them all together came on Theodore, and carried him down. Waldemar saw that with his own uncertain footing he must irrevocably follow the other two, and Alois could not withstand the united weight of three men. He came to a rapid decision. With a glance at the abyss on his left, and a warning cry to Alois when the pull came on him, he sprang over the precipice on the opposite side from the other two. Alois understood him, and quick as lightning let out a few coils of rope. Then he fastened the rope by which Waldemar hung, securely to a rock, and the next moment Michael and Theodore began to climb the slope; but when they regained the ridge Waldemar still swung in mid-air, seeking in vain for a foothold in the smooth wall. Then Furrer knotted the reserve rope several times, and giving one end to the rescued men, threw the other to Waldemar, who was thus drawn up to firm ground, while Alois gave a trembling cry of joy, and the others were too moved to speak. They proceeded more cautiously, and at last stood on the upper gallery of a glacier amphitheatre. The ice-fields hung like monstrous tiled roofs from the pyramid of the Mischabelhorn down to the glittering ice terraces that descended in narrowing semicircles to the valley. And in the midst a table-rock, with sloping plains, rose from the frozen waves of the glacier streams surrounding it. Covered with pale-green grass and dark pines, the island lay like an oasis in a crystal desert; inhabited, too, for a lilliputian figure was looking up at them.

"There it is!" said Alois, pointing in agitation that neither love of nature nor the danger just passed could account for.

"The Fairy Alp!" whispered Waldemar.

At the same moment the clear cry of a woman's voice was repeated by the echo from all the mountain sides. A long call from Furrer made answer.

"You are in luck," he said. "Sery is here already with her goats. Generally she is in Mattmark at this season." Alois seemed to think that he, too, was in luck.

"Where is Mattmark?" inquired Waldemar.

"At the foot of Monte Moro."

Waldemar understood now Furrer's offer to take him over the Monte Moro pass. "Who is this Sery?" he asked.

"Her name is Seraphine Imhorn. She is an orphan. Her parents lived in Saas," answered Furrer, with a quick, mistrustful glance at Waldemar.

The figure that had called to them stood still, watching them as they approached. When Waldemar set foot on the grass he stood astonished at the girl's clear-cut, colorless features, and well-developed yet delicate figure, and although at Zermatt he had seen braids as blonde, skin as white, and features as fine, the young Sennerin made an uncanny impression on him.

"You are early this year, Sery," cried Alois, hurrying to her.

"Adieu, Alois," she said, with the formula used in that region for welcome as for farewell, ignoring his outstretched hand. "Where from now?"

"Zermatt. The gentlemen nearly lost their lives trying to see your Alp."

"The Laughing Imp does that," said Sery, with every sign of fear. Waldemar found some difficulty in understanding her guttural speech. "I heard him laugh yesterday, and when I counted my flock my prettiest kid was gone. Last summer he stole a goat and two kids"——

"They fell into a crevasse," said Alois, ashamed to share Sery's superstition in the presence of the strange gentlemen. "You never saw the Imp."

"Last summer a great yellow head came above that block there, and laughed."

"If I had my gun, and the gentlemen stay long enough"—

"Don't do that, Alois," said the girl, earnestly. "If you shoot at a spirit the bullet will wound you. And who knows what the Laughing Imp would do to us? It is not as it used to be on the Alp—look at the ice-wall there that was far enough away last summer, and now it hangs almost over our heads. I pray to the Blessed Mother of God every night, and go all over the Alp with holy water, so that the Imp won't throw the wall on us."

"That ice-wall needs no evil spirit to make it fall," remarked Waldemar. "But unless some unforeseen circumstance loosens it from the rest of the glacier, it will melt away gradually without danger in the course of a month."

Sery nodded. "Yes, the smoke from the good ice-queen's chimney will melt it," and she pointed to some small white clouds rising from one spot in the glittering mass. Waldemar was slightly vexed at this way of taking his simple and natural explanation.

"Where heat and moisture meet, vapors arise," he began, but Sery had vanished into her hut to get them milk and cheese.

"A strange young creature," he said to Alois. "What does she do in winter?"

"Sery is not poor," said Alois, proudly. "She has a house in Mattmark, and the Alp belongs to her. Besides, she knows so many fairy-tales and legends that everybody would be glad to have her."

"She seems to have some education, too. At least she understands High German."

Furrer turned pale and looked down. "Father Jules, who used to live in Saas, took a great interest in her."

"And where is the priest now?"

"He was a fine climber," panted Alois, as if he had been running. "He used to guide people for money over the glacier. Two years ago he was drowned in Lake Mattmark. He turned giddy, and then he fell in, I suppose."

"Such a good mountaineer?" said Waldemar.

"Anybody can turn giddy," returned Alois. "Besides, no one knows rightly; the water was too deep to find the body."

The Donnerbrecht brothers decided to go on to Saas that day, rejoin their sister, and start for Ryssel. This seemed to please Alois, but the corners of his mouth drooped low, and his unsteady eyes flickered peculiarly when Waldemar declared his intention of spending the night and perhaps the following day on the Alp. This was not to prevent the brothers from reaching Saas that evening, and it was agreed that Alois should accompany them.

"That is, if you will trust Sery with me until to-morrow," he said, looking at the guide with such mischievous good nature that Alois looked away uneasily.

"Will you take care of this gentleman?" he said to Sery, as she gave her hand to the brothers in farewell.

She nodded with the seriousness of a matron and the unconcern of a child. Then the party set off, and Waldemar and Seraphine sat together through the twilight. As she told him legend upon legend of the good and evil spirits, and the poor souls that do penance in the ice-fields, he thought her voice, with its deep gutturals, was like the low cooing of the wood-doves in his native land.

The night fell; the mysterious glow faded from the sky, and only Seraphine's white face shimmered through the darkness. He followed her like a sleep-walker when she showed him his straw-pallet in a shed, and commended him to the protection of the saints. When he tried to take her hand she had vanished in the darkness. So he climbed into the shed, groped about for the pallet, and slept at last with his head on his knapsack.

About midnight he was wakened by a singular noise, as if a garment hung with glass or icicles were brushing against the walls. The next moment he attributed it to rats, and, laughing at his short breath and beating heart, he opened the door of the shed. Each beam of Sery's hut was distinctly visible in the light of the moon that stood full above the Fairy Glacier. Suddenly Waldemar started back. From the little Sennerin's door a dark shadow slid, vanished among the trees, and appeared again on the glacier leading to the valley. This figure did not hover spirit-wise, but now climbing, now jumping, followed all the irregularities of the ice. Mistrust of Sery and anxiety for her struggled in Waldemar; anxiety won, and he approached her hut. She was praying aloud most fervently, and as Waldemar had no wish to pry into her secrets, he slipped back to his shed and wrapped his stiffened limbs in his plaid. Sery herself waked him the next morning. She did not droop her great, spiritual eyes before his searching look, but said, quietly:

"If you are going to Saas, I will guide you across the glacier."

"Why," said Waldemar, "it was arranged that I should wait here for Alois."

"Alois and I must never meet again," said Sery. "He talks about my being his wife, and that is impossible."

"Why?"

Sery dropped her eyes and blushed deeply.

"Because last night I promised a poor soul in pain never to marry my whole life long. I am going to Our Lady of the Steps to make the vow. But you must not stay on the Alp."

"Did you make such a vow as that to a ghost last night?" asked Waldemar, doubting the girl's sanity. "Who was it?"

"The dead priest," whispered Sery. "He came last night, and, after he had breathed my breath, that he might speak with the living, he told me that it was not Alois who pushed him into Lake Mattmark, as everybody thinks, but a crazy shepherd. And then he said he was kept out of heaven by a sinful earthly love, and can never be redeemed until a young girl whose lips have never been touched by a man shall make a vow of perpetual maidenhood before Our Lady of the Steps. I promised him to do it, and he went away in the hope of salvation."

"You don't know the object of this earthly love?" asked Waldemar.

"No," she answered, lifting her true-hearted, innocent eyes to his.

"And you recognized your dead friend?"

"I heard him and felt his breath," said Sery, shuddering at the recollection of the dead man's kiss.

"They never found the body," said Waldemar, thoughtfully, remembering the dark figure on the glacier. "But then," he reasoned, "why should a man in the almost sovereign position of priest in one of these valleys give himself out for dead?" He gave up the riddle. "You must not go alone," he added; "I will go with you and help you pray for the repose of his soul."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## STORYETTES.

### Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Just as the Fulton ferryboat was leaving the Brooklyn slip (says the *Sun*), a young woman, clinging to the arm of her companion, leaned backward till she could see the top of the bridge tower, and remarked: "Oh, how high!" "I have been more than three times as high as that," said the man. "I know you have." "It was when they had the captive balloon down at Coney Island." "Oh," said the young woman, thoughtfully, "I thought it was that night you came home from the picnic."

A young woman who thought she was losing her husband's affection, went to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love-powder. The mystery woman told her: "Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat, about an inch thick. Slice an onion in two, and rub the meat on both sides with it. Put on pepper and salt, and toast it on each side over a red coal fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsley, and get him to eat it." The young wife did so, and her husband loved her ever after.

The monk does not always cease to be a man. The members of an ornithological congress that was lately held at Vienna visited, with their wives, the wealthy Benedictine monastery at Melk, on the Donau. The spacious cloisters, rich dining-hall, well-filled library, scientific collections, gardens, park, the lovely view, and a generous collation raised their admiration to the utmost. As they left, an enthusiastic lady said to one of the younger monks: "You are in heaven here." He was equal to the occasion. "We should be," he replied, "but that we lack the angels."

A young lady was wheeling her married sister's twin babies along the street, and a close observer could have noticed her halt for a second, appear embarrassed, while a crimson blush mounted her cheeks. She saw, coming up the street, her old beau whom she had not seen for three years, as he had been away. Of course, the fellow naturally supposed his sweetheart had been married during his absence, so he began grinning as he drew near, tipped his hat and passed on, congratulating himself on the fate he had escaped. It is useless to attempt to describe the feelings of the young lady.

An incident at the deaf and dumb schools of Kendall Green at Washington affords a fine, though slight, instance of the curious modifications which the ideas of the blind or deaf suffer, and which in their thoroughness must be practically inconceivable to persons who are whole. A pupil was telling the familiar story of George Washington and the cherry tree, and wrote out the conclusion on the blackboard thus: "He took his hatchet in his left hand, and told his father he did it." "Why did he take his hatchet in his left hand?" asked the teacher, surprised at the expression; and the answer came promptly, "Because he had to use his right hand to tell his father."

One day during the noted Kentucky campaign, and while the Confederate Army was passing through Allen County, General Breckinridge, approaching General Hindman, said: "We are only a short distance now from Bear Waller, and are not very far from Jimtown." The solemnity of his manner attracted Hindman's serious attention, and, regarding Breckinridge with a long look of inquiry, he asked: "But, General, why does our nearness to those places so concern you?" "Well, you see," Breckinridge replied, "I fear it will be my fate to be killed in an action at Jimtown or Bear Waller. Bear Waller," he repeated; "the thought of being killed at a place bearing such a name makes me sick."

A very tall girl, wearing a Mother Hubbard dress, stepped on a platform scales at Coney Island (says the *Sun*), and informed the proprietor that she wished to be weighed. He placed a two-hundred-pound weight on the hook, and the suddenness with which it came down frightened him. Then he tried a one hundred and fifty-pound weight with the same result. "Strange," he muttered, with a perplexed look at the girl; "something must be wrong with the scales." Finally, after repeated attempts, he informed her in a dubious tone of voice that she weighed just eighty-nine pounds. "Thank you," she said, handing him the nickel; "I seem to be gaining," and she tripped away. Then the amazed scaleman looked after her and remarked: "Some young feller will get terribly fooled with that Mother Hubbard dress."

Many years ago some passengers were traveling on a stage-coach in South Carolina. One of them noticed a little dog following the coach, and said: "That little dog reminds me of Washington Irving's dog, whose skin was so tight that it drew up his hind legs." This led to a talk about Irving, in which all joined except an unknown man. One of the gentlemen then appealed to him, and asked if he did not think Irving one of our wittiest and most delightful writers. The person appealed to replied that he could not say that he did. The gentlemen all expressed their astonishment, and one of them persisted in demanding why he did not agree with the others in their admiration of the favorite author. "Have you ever read any of his works?" they asked. "Yes," was the reply. "Well, don't you think the 'Sketch-Book' one of the most beautiful specimens of English that our country has produced?" "Well, no," the unknown replied; "I can not say I see anything remarkable in it." "Well," said the other, "then you must be Washington Irving himself, for no one else could resist the humor and pathos of his pen." The unknown colored to the roots of his hair, but made no reply; and his tormentor continued: "Come, tell us the truth; are you not Washington Irving himself?" The poor man at last blushingly confessed that he was.

## INTAGLIOS.

### Propinquity.

Augustus saw Alice one morning,
By accident, over the way—
And, smitten without any warning,
Proposed—and they marry to-day.

And Alfred and Agatha meeting
By accident, quite, at the play,
Were caught at the very first greeting,
And are to be married to-day.

Had Alfred, now, chanced to meet Alice,
In just that original way,
I'll wager, without any malice,
That *they* would have married to-day.

Had Agatha walked for an airing
In Alice's shoes, let us say,
Augustus might now have been swearing
To love and defend her alway.

Ah! blind little god of the quiver,
Thy wings ever flutter astray!
To think of thy sport is to shiver!
Thine arrows fly all the wrong way!

For Alfred and Agatha mated
No more than a season shall stay,
Augustus and Alice are fated
To wrangle their wedlock away.

Ah! blind little god, if thy blindness
Should lead thee to flutter my way,
Uncover thine eyes in all kindness,
And kill me, in mercy, I pray.

—*T. R. Sullivan in Life.*

### In the Afternoon.

You in the hammock; and I, near by,
Was trying to read, and to swing you, too;
And the green of the sward was so kind to the eye,
And the shade of the maples so cool and blue,
That often I looked from the book to you
To say as much, with a sigh.

You in the hammock. The book we'd brought
From the parlor—to read in the open air—
Something of love and of Launcelot
And Guinevere, I believe, was there—
But the afternoon, it was far more fair
Than the poem was, I thought.

You in the hammock; and on and on
I droned and droned through the rhythmic stuff—
But with always a half of my vision gone
Over the top of the page—enough
To caressingly gaze at you, swathed in the fluff
Of your hair and your odorous "lawn."

You in the hammock—and that was a year—
Fully a year ago, I guess—
And what do we care for their Guinevere
And her Launcelot and their lordliness!—
You in the hammock still, and—yes—
Kiss me again, my dear!

—*James Whitcomb Riley in Indianapolis Journal.*

### July.

Holding Love's hand through all the July heat,
I timed with gentle songs my happy feet,
And passed through blowing fields of golden wheat,
Holding Love's hand.
I pulled the crimson poppies all aglow
With light and heat; or, bending low,
Found out the place where sweet hedge-berries grow,
Holding Love's hand.

I heard, through strong deep scents of bleaching hay,
The sounds of labor, sweet and far away
From the green peace where I could rest or stay,
Holding Love's hand.
I breathed for very joy in deep low sighs,
Under the pines, like dim and dreary skies.
Ah, it was sweet to look into Love's eyes
And hold his hand!

O'er the green miles of the long marshy grass
I watched the summer shadows idly pass;
For there are shadows in Love's sky, alas!
Holding his hand,
In brightest days I have a moment wept,
Just as in brightest hours tired Love has slept.
Ah, then what patient watch my eyelids kept,
Holding Love's hand!

Thus Love dreamed sweetly through our hearts' July;
Under the cloud and sunshine of our sky,
Dreamed of Love's harvest-time, while I sat by
Holding his hand—
While I sat by and mused, for well I knew
'Twould not be always July. Need I rue
If life's strange fitful journey I pass through,
Holding Love's hand?

—*Harper's Weekly.*

### Pygmalion and Galatea.

God never moved in any marble shrine
Nor spake from stone with more assured command
Than when, beneath Pygmalion's sculptor hand,
Thy white form, Galatea, felt the wine
Of life melt marble, and incarnadine
Those lips of pale Pentelic, when the band
That held the moveless broke, and thou didst stand
A breathing goddess, human but divine.

Still, Galatea, as in days of old,
His chisel only do the High Gods bless
Who feels th' immortal more than flesh and blood;
And still warm limbs of beauty must be cold,
And lips white marble, ere pure Love can guess
The perfect grace of blameless womanhood.

—*The Academy.*

### The Name.

Shakespeare!—to such name's sounding, what succeeds
Fitly as silence? Falter forth the spell—
Act follows word, the speaker knows full well,
Nor tampers with its magic more than needs.
Two names there are: that which the Hebrew reads
With his soul only; if from lips it fell,
Echo, back thundered by earth, heaven, and hell,
Would own "Thou didst create us!" Naught impedes;
We voice the other name, man's most of might,
Awesomely, lovingly; let awe and love
Mutely await their working, leave to sight
All of the issue as, below, above,
Shakespeare's creation rises; one remove,
Though dread—this finite from that infinite.

—*Robert Browning.*

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Coquettish Western lady (somewhat proud of her French) to distinguished foreigner who is kissing her hand:* "Fie donc, monsieur! Ce n'est pas propre!"—*Life.*

Edith asks: "Will you please send me a receipt for a nice home-made pie?" Yes, Edith, we will send the receipt in the very first mail after we receive the pie.—*Boston Post.*

Said a nervous lady to an Austin lady, at whose house she was making a call: "Are you not afraid that some of your children will fall into that cistern in your yard?" "Oh, no," was the complacent reply; "anyhow, that's not the cistern we get our drinking water from."—*Siftings.*

A malicious boy created a panic in a Montreal hotel one day last week by thrusting his head into the dining-room and calling out: "Here comes an officer from New York with a warrant." It was several hours before some of the most nervous persons could be persuaded to come out of the woods and return to their meal.—*Graphic.*

*Irate Customer:* "See here, sir, I bought one of those lightning ice-cream freezers of you last week."
*Dealer:* "Well, it proved worthy of its name, didn't it?"
*Irate Customer:* "Worthy of its name! Why, it turned the cream sour."
*Dealer:* "Yes, that's what lightning does."—*Philadelphia Call.*

*Mr. Gubbins:* "Look here, Sophia, what is the motto on this letter? 'Tiens ta Foi.' What does it mean?"
*Sophia (who knows French):* "'Tiens' means 'keep;' 'ta' is 'thy,' and 'foi' is—let's see—oh, yes! 'foi' means 'liver.' Keep your liver."
*Gubbins:* "H'm! seems sort of unnecessary advice, doesn't it?"—*Life.*

A Pittsburg journalist says he saw a pet snake playing "Sweet Violets" on the piano, the reptile striking out the notes on the keys with its tail. This is probably the most deplorable case of inebriety on record. When a man sees snakes of the piano-playing brand, all the temperance reform movements that could be organized in a year would not save him.—*Norristown Herald.*

*Irate individual:* "There, there. I've heard enough. You keep your mouth shut, or I'll knock a little horse-sense into you."
*The other man* (snapping his hat over his ear and dancing wildly around): "You knock a little horse-sense into me! You? Why, a dozen men like you couldn't knock horse-sense into me!"—*New York Sun.*

"There is this difference between us," said the needy tramp, looking the editor full in the eye; "you fill a long felt want and I want a long felt fill." The editor wept, and, with many a muffled blow, hewed off a fragment of a wedding cake that had been sent in with the notice, and handed it to the wanderer. "Fill up on that," he said, "and you will feel it long after all trivial fond records have been wiped away from the subtraction table of your memory."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"Are you not afraid of the snakes?" the reporter asked Nala Damajante, the Hindu snake-charmer with Forepaugh's circus: "Are you not afraid the great anacondas may some time crush you in their powerful folds?" And the tender-hearted reporter shuddered as he thought of the picture in the school geography of a snake eleven feet long crushing a full-grown elephant into a pulpy mass of bone-dust and mince-meat, preparatory to ringing up the dinner-act in the prodigal son drama. "Afraid of being squeezed to death?" said Nala Damajante, scornfully; "La, no! I lived in Connecticut all my life, and our pastor—his wife wasn't congenial, you know, and he was one of these old bald-headed boys who are always yearning for an affinity and all that sort of thing—oh, my! he could just give a python points on squeezing!" And she wrapped a twenty-three-foot python about her waist, and as the enormous snake caught on and shut up until its eyes stood out like sleeve-buttons, and its tail was set as rigid as a poker with the immense strain, Nala Damajante half closed her eyes, leaned back her head, and said, dreamily: "Tighter, you dude; brace up and take hold of me, can't you?"—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Some funny things happen on the telephone lines occasionally. Several evenings ago a young fellow repaired to the store where he is employed, after working hours, and rang up the residence of his best girl. The connection was made, and the young blood inquired:
"Is that you, Miranda?"
"Yes, George, dear," came the reply.
"Are you alone?"
"Yes, darling."
"I wish I was down there."
"I wish so, too."
"If I were there do you know what I would do with my darling?"
"No, George."
"Well, I'd unbuckle the crupper and put some dirt in her mouth."
"Oh, you brute!" cried Miranda, and they never speak as they pass by; and the man who was talking to a farrier about the best plan for starting a balky mare says that anybody that will advise a man to put his arms around the neck of an obstreperous horse, and hug and kiss it, and hold it on his lap, and whisper words of love in its ear, ought to be hung to the nearest lamppost; while the telephone girl, who mixed the conversation on purpose, smiles blandly on all the parties concerned.—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

## BUBBLES.

"S-a-a-y, Billee, are you a-goin' to see the Fourth of July?"

The year was 18—, and I lived in a village then five miles out of one of the oldest of American cities, and the querist meant to ask whether I was going into town to see the procession, and the fireworks, and the rest of the show. I did go, and the procession was glorious to be seen; and my father took me down into a cellar where we had oysters (for oysters of a supernal flavor were served in cellars then), and gave me a glass of Sauterne, which I didn't like—poor little beggar that I was!—and at night the fireworks were a wonder and a joy unto this day. From then until now my heart hath gone out on the Fourth of July unto the Small Boy, and I glory in him and his noise; the fragrance of his powder-smoke is grateful in my nose; and as the rocket bursts, I say within myself, "Boom—ah-h!" and still follow the course of its descending stick, to wonder where it hits, and why no stick ever falls near *me*.

But why have we no more set fireworks?—those famous displays provided at the public expense, wherein the American eagle displayed his gorgeous form, and the insignia of effete monarchy perished miserably in blue fire? This is all a mistake. A display of fireworks should be, and may be, a beautiful thing. London, and Paris, and Petersburg, and Berlin are not above pyrotechnical fêtes; why, pray, should we be so? Are we too poor?—or too stingy?—or too grown-up? Or is our civic administration so bad that all the money is made away with that might be spent to help out the public's fun? If bureaucratic Berlin, and autocratic Petersburg, and aldermanic London can find a few thousand dollars to amuse their down-trodden, pauper population, it really appears to me a poor business if democratic San Francisco can not do as much for its free, enlightened citizens. I think that as a political humbug, a civic fraud—naked and unashamed—this San Francisco is easily the "boss."

A young American girl, who is going shortly to make her home in a foreign country, has been seized at the last moment with a spasm of patriotism. It is all the more curious, as patriotism is an article that women have been "out of" in America almost these twenty years. To signify the spasm, she has placed among her baggage one dozen small American flags, four Fourth of July shields, and an Ayer's almanac.

"You see," she says, naïvely, "there are so many English people where I am going to live, and the English all know that we Americans don't care anything about our country, so I am going to pretend I do. Don't you call that patriotism?"

I acknowledged candidly that I did. It might not be pure metal, but it was at least triple-plate, and that will pass with any one but a burglar.

"And how do you propose to demonstrate this patriotism?" I asked.

"Oh, I shall never blow," says my young American; "they don't pay attention to our blowing. I shall be very quiet about it; but when the holidays come around I shall decorate my house with my flags."

"And will you also decorate with Ayer's almanac?"

"Oh, the almanac is to keep track of my dates. You see, I don't know any of the American holidays excepting Washington's Birthday, the Fourth of July, and the Seventeenth of March!"

I wonder if she knew that it was Fourth of July last week. I remember that upon the occasion when every one was out of town, I saw a number of country people gazing at something that went by. It consisted of a handful of the regular army, a sprinkling of the militia, a boatful of Italian fishermen, and the entire resources of the United Carriage Company. I was afterward confidently told that this was the procession.

I suppose I am as good an American as the next man, but I do get riled when I hear that band of worthies, known as the Fathers of the Republic—our revolutionary ancestors, to wit—spoken of as a product of republican institutions: they were born and attained maturity, and many of them to ripeness of years, subjects of King George. About the earliest President who was really a product of republican institutions was General Jackson, and he played the devil with our whole administration of government.

This political career of the United States has been quite too short to throw much or a very steady light on the problem as to what sort of political character republican institutions may be expected to produce. Until we shall have thoroughly undone Jackson's work, we shall not begin really to have a fair chance. The honorable character of the public service before his time was a product, as I have mentioned, of monarchical, not republican, institutions. The character of the civil service since is no criterion of the best that these institutions can do. We have to retrace our way, step by step, until the old order of things is reëstablished. When reëstablished, we have to watch its operation some fifty or an hundred years before we can pronounce definitely upon the sort of political character that is the legitimate offspring of our institutions. The ancient republics produced all sorts of politics—good, bad, and indifferent, but more bad than indifferent. The only modern republic of any years—namely, Switzerland—has produced politics more indifferent than bad, but certainly nothing to boast of. Our civil war developed an amount of political and patriotic virtue in the American people that could not have been dreamed of, and warrants the belief that our purged politics, a few years hence, can count upon a solid popular virtue that will insure the highest results.

But it is just as well to recognize in the interim the fact that the war virtues brought out in 1861 constitute the single claim in our republican history to political respectability; for of all that precedes the date named, the only part that was respectable originated and matured under a monarchy, remained respectable exactly so long as it maintained the forms then impressed on it, and so much of it as still retains those forms—namely, the navy and army, which are essentially un-republican—remain clean, and sweet, and decent, unto this day. Selah!

Every one has heard of the gentleman

> "Who danced all night while his heel kep' a-rockin',
> And his heel kep' a-rockin', and his heel kep' a-rockin';
> And he danced wid de gal wid de hole in her stockin',
> De prettiest gal in de room."

The gentleman was laid in his grave long ago with the late Mr. Christy, late of Christy's Minstrels. But the careless young woman still survives. I saw her the other night in the dude ballet at the Bush Street Theatre. She was not a dude, but a dudine, and wore a brief Mother Hubbard dress and a pair of relentless black silk stockings. The hole was not a little pin-head rip, but a large white disk of about the size of a trade-dollar. It revealed a fine, large calf made of good British flesh, and not of white cotton batting.

Upon the whole, the hole was not distinctly objectionable. It rather singled the young woman out, and gave her a saucy, jaunty, independent air, which certainly did make her for the moment the prettiest girl in the room. To her there advanced, in the action of the ballet, a trim little dude—it was fate that he should dance with her—elegant in all the details of his toilet; but, as I live, with a long "ladder" running up his silken hose. The charm was broken, the spell was gone. Repetition cheapens, and what was unique impertinence in one became slovenliness in more.

Ladies of "The Devil's Auction" room, if you will wear them black, darn your stockings. Your legs don't look well erupting in large solitaire polka dots.

I had something to say the other day in these columns on the under-breeding of a class of youth on occasions when dancing is the business in hand, who guzzle or gorge, or both, to the neglect of the young women entitled to their attentions. I believe I quoted a few lines dated 1807, and a few more dated 1853, by way of showing that these manners were, at least, not new, but quite as old as they are bad. I want to quote now a stanza or two from another "old favorite," date 1825, as a link in this chain of pictures:

> As a true dandy of the modern schools
> One hates to be old-fashioned; it would be
> A violation of the latest rules
> To treat the sex with too much courtesy.
> 'Tis not to worship beauty, as she glows
> In all her diamond lustre, that the beaux
>
> Of these enlightened days at evening crowd,
> Where fashion welcomes in her rooms of light.
> That "dignified obedience, that proud
> Submission" which, in times of yore, the knight
> Gave to his ladye-love, is now a scandal,
> And practiced only by your Goth or Vandal.
>
> To lounge in graceful attitudes—be stared
> Upon the while by every fair one's eye,
> And stare one's self, in turn; to be prepared
> To dart upon the trays, as swiftly by
> The dexterous Simon bears them, and to take
> One's share, at least, of coffee, cream, and cake,
>
> Is now to be "the ton." The pouting lip,
> And sad, upbraiding eye of the poor girl,
> Who hardly of joy's cup one drop can sip,
> Ere in the wild confusion, and the whirl
> And tumult of the hour, its bubbles vanish,
> Must now be disregarded. . . . .

And, by the way, how charmingly all Fitz Greene Halleck's verse is that of the gentleman—the thoroughbred. Not as specially illustrative of this quality, but because they suggest some remarks I want to be delivered of, I quote the last lines of that "Sketch" beginning "Her Leghorn hat was of the bright gold tint," etc:

> Her foot was loveliest of remembered things,
> Small as as fairy's on a moon-lit leaf
> Listening the wind-harp's song, and watching by
> The wild-thyme pillow of her sleeping queen.
> But 'twas that foot which broke the spell—alas!
> Its stocking had a deep, deep tinge of blue—
> I turned away in sadness and passed on.

Yes, amid much recent talk about the higher education of women, folks are apt to forget that during the first thirty years of this century a steady fire of ridicule was kept up against the Blue Stockings, as the learned ladies were called.

> Her favorite science was the mathematical.
> . . . Oh, ye lords of ladies intellectual,
> Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all?

Or take this "maxim to marry by," date 1826:

> Fly—as you fly from sin and death—fly from a philosopher! It is very dangerous to weak minds, examining (farther than is duly delivered to them) what is right or wrong. All who find their minds superior to common rule and received opinion: value themselves on original thinking; talk politics; read Mary Wolstonscraft, or meddle with the mathematics: these are unclean birds; and pray do you avoid them.

In *Blackwood's* for 1826 I find "The Equality of the Sexes" under hot debate, and with a good deal more of wit, if less of science, than goes to it in these days.

But now, to twist these threads of suggestion into a cord and knot it. It is a complaint against American women that they are not well-read; that they need a higher education. It is a matter of fact that there is not a score of book-learned women in the whole of San Francisco "society." It is also a matter of fact that there are and always have been scores of charming women in San Francisco. It is the fact that learning for women has been in fashion in times past—witness "the Blues" of the first quarter of this century and of the second quarter of the last. Now, woman has never been more powerful in our civilization than during the one hundred and fifty years covered by this survey. Yet of all the belles who have exercised all this influence, not one (that I remember) was a Blue. The Blues only got laughed at for their pains.

It seems clear from the record that learning has failed of adding to the charm in which woman's influence lies. Is it, then, a reproach to the rest of the sex when I remark the fact that there are not twenty book-learned women in San Francisco? Not by a jugful. There are sound enough grounds for women's insisting on being allowed the opportunity to acquire "the higher education"—mathematics and all. Men are not hurt by it; they are none the less free to avoid the mathematical woman in the future as they have avoided her in the past. When a girl is offered the poor alternatives of selection between average men or average mathematics, I can only say: You pays your money, my little dear, and you takes your choice.

At the blindfold chess exhibition given by Doctor Zukertort, the other evening, one of the gentlemen who played against him was the perfect image of Mr. Crisp as made up for Crossley Beck, the irascible old duffer in "A Wife's Peril," during the Langtry season. Doubtless many who saw that character thought the make-up exaggerated. I wish they could have seen this gentleman. Everything was exactly the same, even to the movements of the head.

Apropos. During the exhibition—which was not thrilling in its interest—a number of young gentlemen, who were waiting for a mutual friend to defeat Zukertort, wearied, and went forth to get fresh air and things.

When they went out they marched on tiptoe, and the petals of a withered rose could not fall more lightly than did their feet.

When they came back, their tread was like a forty-stamp quartz-mill.

It was probable due to the ozone in the fresh air.

I am glad to know that there is a prospect of California's printing her own text-books for the use of her own public schools, and, in anticipation of that event, I am myself preparing a History of the World. We want no text-books written from the view-points of an effete East, but rather a cosmorama as revealed from the observatory on Telegraph Hill. My work will be complete in thirty-seven chapters—the first embracing a comprehensive but adequate glance at human events prior to the year 1848; the succeeding ones giving a succinct account of all important occurrences in the world's history during thirty-six momentous and eventful years. A specimen syllabus or two from the Table of Contents will warn off intruders from my adopted field by showing them the futility of competition:

Chap. I.—Adam; Julius Cæsar; William Conqueror; Columbus; Plymouth Rock; Fourth of July; James K. Polk; Mexican War, and Acquisition of California. Vignette—A grizzly bear: "Time's Noblest Offspring is the Last."

Chap. II.—1848. Discovery of Gold in California; Departure of Pioneer Statesmen and Citizens from New York for the Land of Gold; Biographical Notices of Dr. Gwin, D. C. Broderick, Col. Davis (afterward mayor of Hangtown), Yankee Sullivan, Billy Mulligan, and Cherokee Bob; Departure from France of Louis Philippe, from Hungary of Louis Kossuth, and from Germany of Ludwig Seidenstrickerr, who all fail to reach California. Vignette—The Water coming up to Montgomery Street: "Climate, O climb it."

Chap. III.—1849. Wet winter in California; "Ring" in the Ayuntamiento, and interesting deals in city lots; I arrive in California; Brief Autobiography. Vignettes—The *Niantic* grounded. St. Peter's at Rome.

Chap. VIII.—1854. Several infants born in the Only country Fit for a White Man to Live in; Spicy sketches of their careers; Difficulty in the Crimea, Europe; It is of no consequence to California; Anecdotes of Kate Hayes, vocalist, and of the Bella Union, Saloon; "Ring" in the Board of Aldermen, and interesting deals in city scrip; Interesting manslaughter among Chinese at mines; Interesting rivalry between "Howard No. 3," "Knickerbocker 5," "Monumental (Big) 6," and "Pennsylvania 12"—volunteer Fire Companies; A bill of fare from Wynn's restaurant; Sketch of Wynn; High Life on Tehama Street; Louis Napoleon again obtruded on public notice. Vignette (authentic)—The *original* September Strawberry.

Chap. XV.—1861. Civil War in the States; Rather beneficial than otherwise to California; Bitter political struggle over appointment of medical officer to State Insane Asylum; Death of Wm. Muggins, the Capitalist; Schedule of his estate; "Ring" in Board of Supervisors and interesting deals in Outside Lands; Progress of the City; erection of three-story buildings; Amazement of visitors from abroad on beholding them; Political Hostility of the Mines toward the Cow Counties; Spirited action of a Milpitas justice of the peace. Vignette—Portrait of the Richest Man in California.

Nuf ced. *Ex pede Herculem.* I can understand the eagerness with which the true Californian will now await the appearance of my work, and anticipate a verdict that, borrowing the language of the lamented Prof. Phœnix, will pronounce, "*il frappe toute chose parfaitement froide.*"

The absurd discussion concerning the use of the word "gown" still goes on. Any one who speaks correctly by ear will never misapply the term. It was originally a simple, homespun word, contrived to express a simple, homespun garment. It will be found almost identical with its present form in old English, old French, Irish, Welsh, and Gaelic. Tennyson has a line that runs,

> "Gowned in pure white that fitted to the shape."

But this is poetical license. Gowns do not fit to the shape. Their original simple form is almost unchanged in the present uses.

English judges, barristers, and university students wear gowns. So do monks and nuns, but owing to their being worn as a religious uniform they have been dignified by the name of "robes."

The use of the term "gown" has not come in with old furniture, old clocks, and old English solely. In the beginning of the revival its application was entirely correct. It came in with *æstheticism*, in the reign of which the gown, like the jersey, was lifted from the ranks of humble life to fashionable wearing. In modified form it became variously the "matinée," the "Mother Hubbard," and the "tea-gown." Its latest outgrowth is the "Fédora *pouf*," and the gown proper never fits closely to the shape. No one with a fine ear for the harmony of speech would ever call a ladies' tailor-made suit a "gown." Many ladies without a fine ear for speech dared to speak of the magnificent robe worn by the Langtry in "The Hunchback" as a gown. This was spurious elegance of speech upon the very face of it.

A gown has always been a gown A night-gown has been a gown these three hundred years that we know of, for Lady Macbeth says to her trembling lord:

> "Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
> And show us to the watchers."

Yet these very ones who call a stayed, ribbed, brocaded dress a gown, dodge the good old word in its fittest use, and call a night-gown a night-dress or a night-robe. Affectation generally overshoots the mark.

Any purist with an eye for dress will recognize that the term "gown" came in only when gowns themselves came in. Let him not learn to speak of his womankind. Few women are purists.

I possess the intimate conviction that slovenliness in dress is a grave evil, destructive of the graces of life and human intercourse. The most slovenly body of men at present on top of the earth are those inhabiting San Francisco. The gentlemen who look like such are the exception—not the rule. From the Rocky to the Ural mountains this condition of things is reversed. This slovenliness is a survival from the days of mining camps; along with it there has survived from the rough-and-ready intercourse of the camp an unceremoniousness in intercourse that is distinctly unbeautiful. There is a direct connection between the two vices. A buttoned-up man can not be free and easy with Tom and Dick, even if he would; neither can Tom and Dick be over easy and free with a buttoned-up man.

I fail to see the advantage at the present day of any of the customs of the dear old hickory-shirt days. Granting that skies were bluer, and beef juicier, and nights balmier at that period of the world's youth than they are now, so much the more reason for our recognizing the change, and conforming therein. The old "boys" are mostly dead—God bless 'em! We have ceased for years past to make business appointments with them or with each other at "Barry & Patten's"; we are grown more decorous in many other ways; it is quite time to reform our raiment. It would be as well now to bury the dear, dead past, and attend collectively at the funeral, habited formally, as befits the rite, nor again lay by the raiment of that day.

So long as it continues to be true, as it now is, that a man from across the continent, or from over sea, is notable in a crowd by the superior decency of his garb, remarks like the foregoing are not uncalled for. The younger chaps, I am pleased to observe, offend less in this matter. It will be seemly that the old cocks emulate them. The wear will wonderfully become gray or hairless pates and whitened whiskers—the sober relics of weedy brown locks that were. Verily, we have not so many years left now wherein to anoint those appendages unto our own burial: wherefore let us anoint as is seemly.

As another instance of the encroachments of the sex, I discover a female prompter at the Tivoli. The circumstance is delicately conveyed to the audience by the shrinkage of the melon-box. The space is small, but the young woman sits in there and thoroughly enjoys herself. That is to say, she keeps her tongue wagging for three mortal hours without saying anything for which she can be held responsible. She reads the libretto in a shrill, rapid monotone, without comma, semi-colon, or period. Her articulation is quite as distinct to the audience as it is to the singers, and as she is just one pace ahead of them all the way, one gets the full benefit of the text twice in one evening.

I can not say that I feel fully equal to the Tivoli performance twice in one night. I not only conscientiously prefer to pay a second time for the repetition, but I also like an interval—a long interval of digestion between. The performance requires it. But the young woman is interesting for once. She is there, a mystic, unseen presence—if the mystic can be found in such a place—and represents a new idea. It is the employment of woman in an occupation which conforms exactly to her qualifications—viz., the abundant use of her tongue without any preliminary birth of ideas. All she needs is good wind; and this young woman is shut off by the fall of the curtain. As for the curtain—.

There was once an artist here in San Francisco who was a very bad judge of pictures. As an offset, he had the discretion, when an amateur's work was laid before him for approval, to say, invariably, that there was "a great deal of action in it." It sounded well, even though he sometimes applied it to *la nature morte* (as the French put it), and he made many an amateur happy. This curtain must have been painted to match this artist's criticism. A Spanish mail-coach, drawn by ten horses, is tearing and plunging around a Castilian hairpin bend. It is followed by another coach in terra cotta, which looks like a menagerie van. Both coaches are filled to the uttermost with people trying to get out. The outlook is that all on board are going to get out with rather more precipitation than inclination. The thatched roof of an adobe hut falls into the general action, and slants at an absurd angle to receive them. A lot of outriders, ready to go on in "Carmen" at a moment's notice, are piquing the horses wildly. One can almost hear the shouts of the postillions, the oaths of the drivers, the shrieks of the distracted passengers, the clamors of the beggars by the wayside. The painting is not only full of action, but full of noise as well.

I believed it is claimed to be a copy of a famous Spanish painting. Perhaps. But the leaders apparently going up after Elijah, and the wheelers dancing the highland fling on the affrighted atmosphere, the two old Dobbins just forward of the last-named, who are quietly sleeping in their harness, cast some doubts upon the authenticity of the claim.

However, it takes all this to shut off the steam of the female prompter's eloquence.

The epidemic of suicide, which is just now running its course, reminds me to remark that this mode of making an exit is not really disapproved by the temper of the time. For example, no one, probably, who reads these words has failed to hear at least half a dozen people, at different times, remark that Napoleon ought never to have survived Waterloo. I do not mean (nor did they) in the sense that his fame would have been the greater had he chanced not to have survived Waterloo, but that, having played his last

take and lost it there, the propriety and fitness of things require that he should have thereupon put himself in the way to be killed; which would have been, of course, mere suicide. Again, those fine lines on Toussaint l'Ouverture (are they Stedman's?) speak of his taking himself off "in the grand old Roman way," and every reader of this line in the poem assents to the spirit of it.

The only modern writer I know of who has thrown out an idea on the subject worth a rush is Earl Beaconsfield, in "Endymion," where he speaks of Endymion's father having made away with himself *through deficient power of imagination*. There is something practical in this suggestion—something that the individual contemplating suicide may take home to himself and weigh with an especial care, before reaching a decision to "pass in his checks and jump the game"; before deciding, in fact, that there is no chance of his being able to beat it by keeping up the play. When there really is no chance, as in the cases cited of Napoleon and Toussaint, a general *consensus* of opinion justifies the player in retiring from the board; but such cases as these are rare in the last extreme.

"That which happens is the unforeseen." It will not be possible for the proposing victim (except in those rarest cases) to state his problem with any fairness so long as he reckons only with the probable and improbable—that is, with definite quantities. There is also this immense unknown quantity—this "$x$ = the unforeseen"—that must be taken into the equation. No strength of imagination can assign all limitless values to $x$; but imagination can definitely perceive the enormous power that $x$ may possess; and unless the intending suicide takes care that he does perceive and does make due account of this quantity, he is apt, in his conclusions, to make an ass—and a palpable ass—of himself. Now, this attitude is a very unsatisfactory one. A man quite reconciled to making a figure as a tragical corpse may pause before consenting to look a small and foolish one.

On Tuesday last, one of the props of the Hawaiian Kingdom, Sir Joseph Tilden, returned unexpectedly from Honolulu. A friend of his—a canny Scot—knowing that the steamer was due, had spread a report that the exile was about to return. The canny Scot did not dream for a moment that he was unconsciously telling the truth. Had he dreamed so, he would doubtless have avoided it—being a Scot.

Later in the evening he met another canny Scot. The following dialogue ensued:

*Joe*—"Aweel, Peter."

*Peter*—"Aweel, Joe."

*Joe*—"Ha' ye haird the news?"

*Peter*—"I'm nae so sure"—*cautiously*. "What news?"

*Joe*—"Joe Tilden's hame again."

A cackling laugh from Peter—a Scotch laugh. He fancied the lie he had cast upon the waters was returned to him.

*Peter*—"So Joe's hame again, is he? Aweel, Joe's a verra guid mon—he's verra genteel."

*Joe*—"Yes, Joe's a guid mon—but why do ye laugh?"

*Peter*—"I'm nae laughin'. So Joe's hame, ye say? But I *haird it before the steamer was in*."

*Joe*—"Aweel, Peter?"

*Peter*—"Aweel, Joe!"

*Joe*—"But ha' ye seen him, mon?"

*Peter*—"I ha' nae seen him. Ha' you?"

*Joe*—"I ha'."

*Peter*—"Aweel, Joe!"

*Joe*—"Aweel, Peter."

And they parted, each believing the other unworthy of credence. Which belief is shared by their friends.

I protest I like the Anglomaniacs—"deah boys"; I like to be in the company of them; whenever the sound of "eyther" falls on mine ear, I am drawn to the speaker. Almost the only other creature that attracts me much, and always, is the monkey. I am not aware of any resemblance, moral or physical, between the Anglomaniac and the monkey, nor in the kinds of pleasure that both confer—I mean merely, that whatever the time or place, or whatever one's mood, the monkey and the maniac will equally allure and divert. I think the reason why the maniac amuses must be this: He never, by any chance, deceives you for one instant; a half-glance is more than enough to reveal the imposture; so you are at once inspired to make this fraud reveal itself "all to pieces"—turn itself inside out—give itself away—for your diversion. There is something in the process that is no small satisfaction to the vanity of the understanding. Accent, pronunciation, enunciation, selection of words, structure of phrase, intonation, even mode of thought—or mode of evading thought (in which the English are more dexterous than we)—type of ignorance assumed, in each and all of these points you catch your Anglomaniac tripping. He can not speak twenty words—he may select his own test sentence, but must compose it himself—without giving the attempted imposture fatally away.

Now, there are few men whose conversation is such that it will engage your attention as closely, and inspire your own wits to play and ply as nimbly round it, over and under, in and out, around and through it, as this detective service to which the Anglomaniac dialect invites them. The speech of English people is interesting to me, noting wherein it differs from our own. The speech of the maniac is more interesting, requiring, as it does, detection in two directions at once—its deviation, namely, from American usage, and from the English usage at which it aims.

I venture to think that the exercise is not uninstructive. If people interested in the purities of English speech and its dialectic corruptions will give this kind of attention to the patter of the Anglomaniacs, those harmless snobiets will find themselves in improved tolerancy.

A book has recently been written by a Miss Maud Howe, of Boston. It is called "The San Rosario Ranch." The scene is laid in California. It is the Boston idea of California. The geography and the local color are of a weird, uncanny nature. People leave San Francisco by the three o'clock train, and reach what is apparently San Luis Obispo in time for dinner. There is a faithful Chinaman in the book, who dies defending his mistress. He, too, is evidently a Boston Chinaman. Most of the Chinamen here would die for the defense of nothing, unless to keep their father's son's skin whole.

Here is a passage from the book which filled me with delight:

"Among the lawyers on the Pacific Coast Galbraith was considered a rising man, his late appointment to a District-Attorneyship proving the confidence which he enjoyed."

District-Attorney!
Confidence! !
! ! ! ! ! !

Jim Keene has concluded to send the Ascot Cup back to England. I fancy that even if Jay Gould had not broken his financial back, Keene would have had pride and sense enough to do precisely the same thing. Twenty-five hundred dollars is not a vast amount of money, even to a broken millionaire, and the pleasure of daily gazing at such a trophy as the reward of his Foxhall enterprise would have been cheaply bought at such a price. But if the American people have not pride enough to give free triumphal entry through the customs to the treasured Ascot Cup of England, fairly won from the field by an American horse, why, then, it is but right his owner should have American spunk enough to send it ingloriously back again.

We have a fatal facility as a nation for making asses of ourselves. We pose before the world very frequently with winking, wingèd ears, and, perhaps, the favorite locale for our transformation scene is the custom-house. The French really played a good joke on us when they gave us the Bartholdi statue. Even in America there was not cheek enough to charge duty upon a work of art which was to stand outside in the harbor, but to put it through the custom-house was simply impracticable. French irony would have been finer if they had presented us with a huge statue to stand in the door of the New York custom-house, which should hold its great hands out as a bar against the arts, the sciences, and international courtesy. In case some government should take it into its head to make us some such gift, I beg to suggest, as a model for the statue, a Chinaman.

When the great French actress came, the greatest actress living, they kept her clothes in the custom-house, and threatened to debar us the spectacle of her great art. The diamond gift of the Khedive to one of our great soldiers, long lay in the custom-house. A national courtesy is treated as an article of traffic. An article of national pride is taxed for its surface value. Art in any form is severely snubbed.

The Ascot Cup will go back to England, and perhaps England will rule us off her turf for the slight, as France intends to rule us out of her Salon. Fancy the reception of an American Ascot Cup, if there were such a thing, in England.

We are a great people at strawberry short-cake, pumpkin pies, and, perhaps, cheap publications. In our custom-houses we are a lot of conservative Chinamen.

In San Francisco city there reside two fair disciples of good old Izaak Walton. Despite their sex, they are good anglers—an anomaly, because there are three things the sex is reputed not to do well—viz., climb a fence, build a fire, and fish. These two Piscatrixes, then, go forth full often to the adjacent trout streams, accompanied by husband and brother. They enter the streams fully equipped with the angler's outfit—split bamboo rod, creel, the venerable hat dear to every fisherman, and decorated with favorite flies around the brim. Last, but not least, they wear rubber boots and—inexpressibles.

Recently they were fishing in a stream in Marin County. Piscatrix Junior was in advance. She was standing in the middle of the stream, deftly casting into a splendid pool below. Suddenly down stream came two Piscators. They did not know the charms hidden beneath the fisherman's garb were those of the gentler sex, and one of them hailed her, with the freedom of fishermen on a stream:

"Hello, old fellow!" he bawled. "What luck?"

Piscatrix turned. She has remarkably fine eyes, and her voice—as was Cordelia's—is a mellow, womanly one. She turned and spake:

"Oh, pretty fair, considering everything."

Piscator recoiled in amazement, stumbled over a stone, and suddenly sat down in the stream.

"My God, Bob!" he cried, as soon as he recovered from the shock and his amazement, "why, it's a woman!"

And so it was. But, although a woman, Miss Piscatrix can fish.

From the papers at hand, it would seem as though politics in the Sandwich Island teapot were at the boiling stage. Just before the last steamer left, a resolution of want of confidence in the ministry was introduced in the Legislature. It was lost by four votes.

There are four ministers, all of whom have votes.

Attorney-General Neumann, late of this city, in replying to the strictures of a political adversary, said, in the House, that the person in question was "a liar, a blackguard, and a scoundrel." From this guarded language one would naturally infer that the attorney-general was aggrieved.

All of the speeches in the House are translated by an interpreter—from Hawaiian to English, and *vice versa*. It must tax the Hawaiian language pretty severely at times. It is said that the spectacle of the interpreter hopping around, endeavoring to cope with the fluent vindictive of an angry minister, is a sight for gods and men to weep over.

The Hawaiian Assembly reminds me of that celebrated body which has passed into history—the Irish Parliament. This collection of great men was unique. It is said that devout Irish Nationalists pray for its return.

So do I.

During the deliberation of the Irish Parliament, it was not uncommon for the spectators in the galleries to take a hand (literally) in the debate, and they often grew so heated as to descend to the floor. The peculiar spectacle would then be presented of a representative engaged in fisticuffs with his constituents.

But not always. There were those among them who had too high a sense of the dignity of the House. Who can forget the words of that member (his name—alas!—is lost to history) who said:

"Av the gintleman from Tipperary will sthep outside wid me, I will bate some sinse into his shkull. It shall never be said of this House that a gintleman from Donegal bate another gintleman upon its flure."

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

Consequent upon the arrival of Doctor Zukertort our chess-players are exhibiting an unwonted activity. According to programme, Doctor Z. was received by the committee on the morning of his arrival, and in the afternoon visited the Mechanics' Institute chess-room. Upon invitation, he conducted seven simultaneous games, against that number of players, winning six, and losing one to Mr. J. F. Welsh. On Thursday afternoon two games were played with Mr. J. D. Redding, one of our strongest players, Mr. Redding winning the first game (Scotch Gambit), and Doctor Zukertort the second (Vienna opening). On Saturday evening the Doctor met Mr. J. W. Jefferson, with whom he played two games, winning one and drawing one. The crowning event was the exhibition of blindfold play, on Tuesday evening, July 8, 1884, at Irving Hall, against twelve contestants—viz., Messrs. J. D. Redding, H. Heynemann, E. Yerworth, Doctor B. Marshall, H. Van Vleet, S. Franklin, J. Holstein, F. Peipers, J. Waldstein, J. Critcher, R. O. Oakley, and J. F. Welsh. Mr. L. H. Kellogg acted as umpire, and Messrs. J. E. Tippett and J. P. H. Stout divided the duty of teller. Doctor Zukertort was in remarkably good play, and pleased not only the audience but the players by his uniform urbanity and courtesy. The result was as follows: The Doctor won nine games, against Messrs. Heyneman, Marshall, Van Vleit, Franklin, Holstein, Peipers, Critcher, Oakley, and Yerworth; drew one with Mr. Waldstein, and lost two with Messrs. Redding and Welsh. The game to Mr. Redding was lost by an oversight, as we believe the position will show. The Doctor offered to lay ten to one in defense of the position, but resigned the game rather than retrace a move. We regret that we can not give all the games, as space will not permit, but we publish those of Messrs. Redding and Waldstein. The exhibition was a pronounced success, and we extend to Doctor Zuckertort our hearty acknowledgments of the wonderful and marvelous exhibition of his powers of memory, and his remarkable skill as a chess-player. We append the games of Messrs. Redding and Waldstein, and regret that lack of time prevents their annotation:

Games played by Doctor Zukertort, *sans voir:*

PHILIDOR'S DEFENSE.

| *White.* | *Black.* | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dr. Zuckertort. | Mr. Redding. | 12—P K6 | 12—Q Kt3 |
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 13—P x P ch | 13—K R sq |
| 2—Kt KB3 | 2—P Q3 | 14—Q KR5 | 14—Q QKt3 |
| 3—P Q4 | 3—P x P | 15—Castles QR | 15—Kt Q B3 |
| 4—Kt x P | 4—Kt KB3 | 16—Kt x Kt | 16—B x B ch |
| 5—Kt QB3 | 5—B K2 | 17—P x B | 17—P x Kt |
| 6—B K2 | 6—Castles | 18—R Q4 | 18—QR Kt sq |
| 7—B K3 | 7—P K4 | 19—Q K2 | 19—B KB4 |
| 8—P K5 | 8—Kt K5 | 20—K KB sq | 20—P QB4 |
| 9—Kt x Kt | 9—P x Kt | 21—R Q2 | 21—Q KKt3 |
| 10—B QB4 | 10—B QKt5 ch | 22—Q B2 | 22—B Q3 |
| 11—P B3 | 11—B QB4 | 23—R Q6 | 23—P x R |

White resigns.

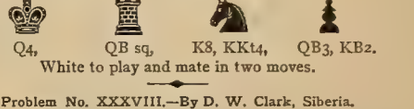
PHILIDOR'S DEFENSE.

| *White.* | *Black.* | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dr. Zuckertort. | J. Waldstein. | 21—R KR sq | 21—KR B3 |
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 22—Kt Q5 | 22—B x Kt |
| 2—Kt KB3 | 2—P Q3 | 23—Q x Kt ch | 23—Q B2 |
| 3—P Q4 | 3—P x P | 24—P KB5 | 24—P QB4 |
| 4—Q x P | 4—Kt QB3 | 25—P QB4 | 25—QR K sq |
| 5—B QKt5 | 5—B Q2 | 26—B K2 | 26—Q x Q |
| 6—B x Kt | 6—B x B | 27—KP x Q | 27—QR K5 |
| 7—Kt QB3 | 7—K KtB3 | 28—P KKt3 | 28—R x KtP |
| 8—B K3 | 8—B K2 | 29—B B3 | 29—R B2 |
| 9—Castles QR | 9—Castles | 30—KR x P | 30—R KB5 |
| 10—P KR3 | 10—P KR3 | 31—R x R | 31—P x R |
| 11—P KKt4 | 11—Kt R2 | 32—P B6 | 32—Kt B sq |
| 12—Q Q2 | 12—B B3 | 33—R R4 | 33—Kt Kt3 |
| 13—KKt Q4 | 13—B x Kt | 34—R R6 | 34—Kt B sq |
| 14—Q x B | 14—Q B3 | 35—K Q sq | 35—R R2 |
| 15—Q Q2 | 15—Q KB6 | 36—R x R | 36—Kt x R |
| 16—KR Kt sq | 16—Q B3 | 37—K K2 | 37—K B2 |
| 17—P KB4 | 17—P KKt4 | 38—K K3 | 38—Kt x P |
| 18—QR KB sq | 18—Q K2 | 39—B x Kt | 39—K x B |
| 19—P KR4 | 19—P B3 | 40—K x P | 40—P R4 |
| 20—RP x P | 20—BP x P | Given up as a draw. | |

**Problem No. XXXVII.—By A. Greenway, Victoria.**



QKt sq, QB3, K2, KR4, QKt7, K4, KB6.

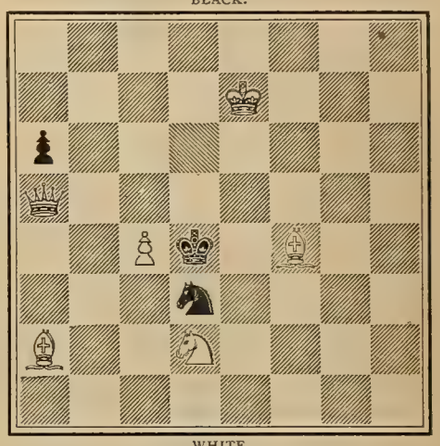


Q4, QB sq, K8, KKt4, QB3, KB2.

White to play and mate in two moves.

**Problem No. XXXVIII.—By D. W. Clark, Siberia.**

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

**Solution of Problem No. XXXI.**

1—R KB3 2—Any move
2—Q, R, or KB mates acc.

**Solution of Problem No. XXXII.**

1—Q KB sq 1—Kt x B, dis ch (a)
2—Kt Q5 ch 2—Q x Kt, ch
3—Kt K4, dbl ch, mates.

(a) 1——— 1—B x Kt
2—Q R6 2—Any move
3—Kt Q5, mates.

Correct solutions received as follows: Problems XXXIII and XXXIV—From U. Hartnell, Salinas.

**Game.**

Played at Mechanics' Institute, July 3, 1884, between Dr. J. H. Zukertort and Mr. Jos. D. Redding.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

| *Black.* | *White.* | *Black.* | *White.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. Redding. | Dr. Zukertort. | 15—P KB4 | 15—Castles KR |
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 16—Kt QB3 | 16—QR Kt sq |
| 2—Kt KB3 | 2—Kt QB3 | 17—QR Kt sq | 17—K R sq |
| 3—P Q4 | 3—P x P | 18—Q KR5 | 18—Q Q7 |
| 4—B QB4 (a) | 4—Kt KB3 | 19—QKt K4!(c) | 19—Q x QBP |
| 5—P K5 (b) | 5—P Q4 | 20—QKt KKt5 | 20—B x Kt |
| 6—B QKt5 | 6—Kt K5 | 21—Q x B | 21—R x KtP (d) |
| 7—B x Kt ch | 7—P x B | 22—R x R | 22—Q x R |
| 8—Kt x P | 8—B Q2 | 23—Q K7 | 23—R KKt sq |
| 9—Castles | 9—P QB4 | 24—Q x B | 24—Q x RP |
| 10—Kt K2 | 10—P QB3 | 25—Q x BP | 25—Q QR3 |
| 11—P KB3 | 11—Kt KKt4 | 26—P K6 | 26—Q QB sq |
| 12—B x Kt | 12—Q x B | 27—P KB5 | 27—P QB5 |
| 13—Kt KKt3 | 13—Q K6 ch ? | 28—Q x RP | 28—Resigns. |
| 14—K R sq | 14—B K2 | | |

(a) The moves recommended here, and usually adopted by the best players, are 4 Kt x P, Kt B3; 5 Kt x Kt, KtP x Kt, etc.

(b) The game at this point assumes a well-known form of the Giuoco Piano.

(c) Very well played. If—P x Kt, 20 QR Q sq, winning KB and gaining a stronger attack.

(d) Fatal. White has for some time been playing a losing game, but this move affords Black an opportunity of gaining a piece and of necessity winning the game.

Doctor Zukertort has been winning golden opinions from the press in the States, not only for the beauty and force of his play, but also for his unvarying courtesy. That these compliments are deserved is the unanimous opinion of those whose good fortune it has been to meet him, not only for his talent as a chess player, but also for his qualities as a *raconteur*.

Miss F. F. Beechey and Mr. T. B. Rowland, who are both very well known as chess contributors and problem composers, were married last month in Dublin, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. G. A. MacDonnell, who edits the chess column of the London *Sporting and Dramatic News*, under the pseudonym of *Mars*.

*La Strategie* announces that the French weekly *Le Monde Illustré* will hereafter devote a page of that paper to chess under the direction of Mr. S. Rosenthal, who withdrew from *La Vie Moderne* to accept the offer.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

## A STOLID NOBLEMAN.

How "Lord Abercrombie" Bears up under Charges of Imposture.

There is no end of talk in town over the alleged Lord Abercrombie. He is a mild, slimly built, and pleasant Englishman, who has a great capacity for sitting still and gazing with an expression of manly affection at any one who may happen to sit opposite him. Abercrombie was, until a week ago, by all odds the most popular Englishman in town. There is something eminently pleasing about his face. It is regular, well-molded, and handsome, and he has a hearty way of grasping a hand, and a jolly laugh that makes friends everywhere. More than this, he was an English "lord" who never borrowed money, always had crisp rolls of one hundred-dollar bills, and he spent more money than the most extravagant of our native dudes. When you were introduced to "Lord Abercrombie" he usually arose from the table rapidly and seized your hand in a grip of iron; then he would look you earnestly in the face and ask, breathlessly:

"My deah boy, what brand of champagne do you affect?"

The waiter was forthwith sent in search of the wine, and in half an hour you were ready to swear that "Lord Abercrombie" was the best Englishman alive. The sensation the average New Yorker experienced on meeting Abercrombie was peculiar. It was more peculiar than outsiders can easily imagine. We have for many years been used to eminent Englishmen, from dukes down, but we never yet had found a man who would "put up the wine" with the ease and generosity of "Lord Abercrombie." He even rivaled a successful politician. It is the habit of Englishmen coming here to partake freely of the hospitality of Americans. Such hospitality is indeed forced upon them; but there are times, it seems to me, when English visitors might with a good deal of propriety make a splurge on their own account. The only instance I remember of extraordinary generosity on the part of any single Englishman was a german given last season by Sir Meysey Thompson. On this occasion he gave camel-hair shawls, Persian vases, and bits of enormously expensive jewelry as favors in his german. The dancers were astounded at the lavish disregard of expense which characterized the entertainment, and Sir Meysey's name will live forever alongside of "Lord Abercrombie" as a liberal and extravagant British entertainer. I have not forgotten that the English actors, after having accepted the hospitalities of their American professional brethren for many years, gave a dinner to them at the Hotel Dam last spring. This was a delicate and graceful attention. It has not been forgotten for many reasons. Among others, because the bill was not paid until the landlord of the hotel threatened suit, and then some American actors helped to defray it.

Abercrombie became a typical New York man-about-town. He wandered from theatre to theatre, and from café to café, took a lively interest in sport, and owned two or three good dogs. He had his horse, cart, groom, and valet, lived in style at the Hoffman House, and flirted to the usual extent with the popular actresses of the day. But the attention of the world was not drawn to him until he bought a colt at Sheepshead Bay. At that beautiful race-course by the sea have congregated, on racing days, during the past three weeks, crowds and crowds of fashionable people. All the prominent club men of New York attend regularly, and, in the language of the society reporter, "many lovely ladies graced the occasion with their presence." Among the crowd that moved about in front of the grand stand was always to be found "Lord Abercrombie" in the most fastidious attire, and wearing his usual placid and serene smile. He was always willing to lend a friend "a hundred," and his own plunges on the races were uncommonly successful. He grew more popular than ever, and the devoted Delmonico dudes followed him about rapturously. One day there was a sale of colts there, and "Lord Abercrombie" purchased one of them at eight hundred and twenty-five dollars. Two or three of the dudes, and one or two of the horsemen thereabouts, smiled at the horsedealer, and gently intimated to his lordship that he had paid a very steep price for a rather ordinary colt. Abercrombie did not lose his temper, and seemed rather grieved that he had been taken in. Young Berry Wall, who is known here as the king of the dudes, and who is a genial and generous young man somewhat bowed down and weary looking from his efforts to spend two or three hundred thousand dollars a year, took occasion to haw-haw Lord Abercrombie, and remarked that he had a horse that was really and thoroughly good. Mr. Wall referred to his pet racer, Wallflower. Abercrombie remarked, with a well-intoned English drawl, that he was willing to bet two thousand dollars that his colt could beat Wallflower the next day. Mr. Wall took the wager with delight, and went home giggling to his friends. The following day all the shallow and weak-eyed dudes who inhabit Delmonico's followed Mr. Wall down to the races, and put up all their little savings on Wallflower. Lord Abercrombie's colt won the race with ease. He stood still while Mr. Berry Wall and the rest of his following walked up in line and dumped their gold into his hands. He pocketed the gold—it is said he landed something over five thousand dollars on the races—put up a case of wine to the horse-dealers who thought he had paid a heavy price for his colt, and returned to town. It will never be known how the dudes got home. If ever a lot of ambitious sports were thoroughly and completely cleaned out, they were on that day. They seemed to feel that all flesh was grass, and life not worth the living.

No one seemed more thoroughly unhappy about their losses than "Lord Abercrombie" himself. It can not be wondered at that he was more popular than ever. The "lovely ladies" smiled upon him, the fashionable men slapped him on the back, and all was serene. Then the Englishman committed the mistake of his life. He invited two actresses to dine with him at the Manhattan Beach Hotel. The women hated each other with the vindictiveness that belongs to the profession; and after Abercrombie had gone through his usual programme regarding the wine once or twice, the actresses lost control of themselves and fell upon him simultaneously. Caressing an English lord in a public dining-room could hardly be allowed even at Manhattan Beach. Abercrombie repulsed them, and they fell viciously upon each other. There was a great uproar in the hotel. People rushed in from the music-stand and from the adjacent dining-rooms, and the utmost excitement ensued. Meanwhile, his "lordship" placidly lighted a cigarette, stepped aboard a train and came to New York. Unfortunately it all got into the papers, and the next day the rumor was started that Lord Abercrombie was not "Lord Abercrombie." Burke's peerage failed to satisfy people that the Lord Abercrombie of the Manhattan Beach Hotel was genuine, and the following day the papers came out with a long story, in which it was stated that his "lordship" was not a lord at all, but a plain son of an architect in London. All sorts of stories were started, and an old yarn that he was once arrested for stealing a coat from a negro republished. The friends of the Englishman, including Viscount Mandeville and the Honorable Mr. Sandys, an indubitable son of Lord Sandys, testified that the generous Englishman was really Lord Abercrombie. Viscount Mandeville went so far as to write a letter to the papers, in which he asserted positively that he knew this to be the Simon Pure and only genuine Lord Abercrombie, because he had been to school with him at Eton. At present the blonde and genial Englishman still bowls merrily about town, entertaining generously, and apparently utterly oblivious to the fact that he has been accused of being an imposter by all the papers in New York, and that columns after columns have been devoted to the purpose of proving that he stole the negro's coat. Even yet nobody knows whether he is a nobleman or a common thief.

Delmonico's is now so infested by gentlemen of Semitic aspect and Hebraic cast of features that it is now known as the "Jew's Paradise." On Saturday night the café is given up to them. The house claims that they are its best customers, and it does everything to encourage their trade. The result is that the Hoffman House has had to enlarge its dining-rooms, and the Brunswick is more prosperous than it has ever been before in years. It is curious how positively these people have asserted themselves in Delmonico's. Come to think of it, however, it is exactly in accordance with their methods everywhere. They positively own the café now. They call each other by slang names, and yell loudly across from table to table; tilt back in their chairs; play rough practical jokes; get the best tables in the room and keep them for hours, and stare all but their own people out of countenance. They and the dudes have it out between them. I arrived in town last night, after a journey, and went there to get a bit of supper about ten o'clock. It was intensely hot, and the seats by the windows were the most comfortable in the room. At every table near a window sat parties of these loud-talking and noisy men, except at the three windows on the Broadway side. At all three of these tables the chairs were canted over. I asked the head waiter why I could not eat my supper by a window. He smirked, and smiled, and bowed in his usual manner, and said he was very sorry, but the tables were held for So-and-so, and So-and-so, and So-and-so, giving me a list of six names that would have led one to suppose that Delmonico's was situated in the heart of Chatham Street. So I was obliged to go down to the very corner of the room, where the heat would strike me, and eat in torrid discomfort.

While I sat there, Frank Work, one of the most solid and popular citizens of New York, a banker of great wealth, and the owner of the fastest team of trotters in the world, strolled slowly in. He was one of the jolly coterie of good fellows who made Delmonico's famous years ago. As he passed along between the tables, the men who were laughing and drinking raised their heads, pointed at him, and half shouted his name. A sort of frown gathered over his face and he looked steadily ahead, refusing to notice any of them, and not seeing a solitary man of his own set in the big room. Presently he sank down into one of the tables near the kitchen door—the only vacant one—and moodily tapped the toe of his boot with his cane. Five minutes later there was a chatter outside, as though a bevy of boarding-school girls had just arrived from a picnic, and a dozen or two dudes floated in and took the chairs immediately surrounding Mr. Work's. They had just been to the races, and the dear things were so dreadfully excited that they could scarcely talk, but they all tried it at once. Mr. Work stood it as long as he could, then he rose abruptly and strode from the room that was once the nightly meeting place of such genial old rounders as Larry Jerome, Wright Sanford, and dear old Sam Ward. Marion Crawford, in one of his recent novels, speaks of the "glories of Delmonico's." He should go there some Saturday night, and then he would be able to write something that newspaper men would call more "newsy," even if it were on the influence of Jerusalem.

NEW YORK, July 2, 1884. FLANEUR.

A writer in the July *Atlantic* recalls Mr. Edward Everett Hale's rule for determining in advance the length of a South American outbreak: "Multiply the age of the President by the number of statute miles from the equator; divide by the number of pages in the given constitution; the result will be the length of the outbreak in days. This formula includes an allowance for the heat of the climate, the zeal of the leader, and the verbosity of the theorists."

A wit will have his joke even at the expense of gallantry. Lord Houghton, noted in England because of his merry disposition, as well as because of his acquirements, was such a man. On one occasion, when a lady was boasting that she had brought hundreds of men to her feet, the witty lord remarked, in an undertone, "Chiropodists!"

The sinister expression "removed," used by Guiteau to describe his assassination of Garfield, has entered French journalism. Some dynamite conspirators in Paris recently told a reporter of the *Matin*, in a jaunty way, that three or four informers would be "removed;" that is to say, murdered.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"The Diet Question," by Mrs. Susanna W. Dodds, M. D., is a small volume on hygienic food and cooking. Issued by Fowler & Wells Co.; price, 25 cents.

The latest volume in the "Young Folk's Library" is "Margie's Mission," a child's story by Marie Oliver. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

"Wild Woods Life, or a Trip to Parmacheenee," is a sensational story for boys, concerning the adventures of four Boston youths. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Bancroft.

The latest number of the valuable "Science Series" is "Whirlwinds, Cyclones, and Tornadoes," by William M. Davis, of Harvard College. It mainly consists of a number of interesting lectures delivered at the Lowell Institute in Boston last year. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Bancroft.

In "Gone to Texas" Thomas Hughes gives to the public the letters written home to England by his three adventurous nephews, who came to seek their fortunes as farmers and stock-raisers in America, and have won property and a good competency for themselves. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White.

The second edition (1884) of Major Ben C. Truman's "Illustrated Tourists' Guide to California" is an exceedingly useful handbook for traveler and sportsman. It contains much necessary information regarding the routes of travel to all our summer and winter resorts, and their attractions and accommodations. Published by H. S. Crocker & Co.

"The Crime of Henry Vane" is "J. S. of Dale's" latest story. It is called "A Study with a Moral," and although perhaps less interesting than "Guernedale," is more powerful, and displays far greater art. Despite its strength, however, it shows its author throughout to be a follower of Schöppenhauer; and, whatever moral it contains, it is certainly a study of pessimism. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

Doctor H. H. Behr is one of the most eminent scientists on this coast, and his efforts in delving for nature's secrets are recognized among his fellow-laborers in this country and in Europe. His "Local Flora," which has just been issued, is a synopsis of the genera of vascular plants in the vicinity of San Francisco. It is intended for the use of students who have already mastered the general and elementary details of botany. Published by Payot, Upham & Co.; price, $1.25.

After a discussion in a large social company in London, in regard to the question whether it was the tiger or the lady that came out of the open door, a well-known English authoress resolved to submit the question to Mr. Robert Browning, and, in a short time, received from him the following answer:

"DEAR ——: According to your desire I read the story in question last evening, and have no besitation in supposing that such a princess, under such circumstances, would direct her lover to the tiger's door; mind I emphasize *such* and *so* circumstanced a person. Yours affectionately,

"ROBERT BROWNING."

To those who consider Mr. Browning as an authority, his decision in this much-mooted matter may be of interest.

The successful author of "Called Back," who wrote under the *nom de plume* of Hugh Conway, has confessed his real name to be F. J. Fargus. He is a member of a firm of auctioneers at Bristol, England. No wonder Mr. Fargus is glad to acknowledge his work. The book has sold to the extent of eighty thousand copies, and the play has made the greatest hit that has been known in London in a long time. The book was sent to this country by Mr. Swayne, of E. P. Dutton & Co., then in England, who saw the excitement it was beginning to make in that country, and urged his house to publish it here. As it was entirely out of their line—the theological—they turned it over to their neighbors, Henry Holt & Co., who immediately brought it out in their Leisure Hour Series. The story first appeared in an almanac, published by some Bristol business firm. The steady demand for the almanac led to an investigation, which resulted in publishing the story in book form.

The issuing of old books with new titles must be a profitable business, says the *Nation*, if we can judge of the matter by the frequency with which one firm of publishers resorts to the practice. G. W. Carleton & Co., of New York, have just issued four anonymous novels, which they advertise as "new summer novels." To all appearances they are new, having copyright notices and dates of 1884, and with no intimation on the title-pages that they are old books. The names of the four are: "A Faithful Lover," "Fettered, yet Free," "Love's Warfare," and "Rival Charms." The first is a reissue of "The Rangers and Regulators of the Tanaha," by A. W. Arrington, published in 1856; the second is "Undercurrents of Wall Street," by R. B. Kimball, 1862; the third is "Twixt Hammer and Anvil," by Frank Lee Benedict, 1876; and the fourth consists of two stories by Annie Edwardes, called "A Blue Stocking," 1877, and "A Vagabond Heroine," 1873. The author of a work, in publishing a new edition, may change the title to one more suitable to the book, if the change is not concealed, but here there is no question of this kind. The titles have been altered, and all evidence removed of the original names, evidently for the purpose of palming off on the unsuspecting purchaser books which he may have bought and read years ago.

Miscellany: The biography of Henry W. Longfellow, by his brother, the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, will not be ready for publication before next spring.——You can buy in England a copy of the "Vicar of Wakefield," printed on good paper, with a portrait of the poet, for one penny.——Charles Godfrey Leland, who is about to publish a book on "The Algonquin Legends," believes them to be the fragments of a great epic.——A very valuable and unique work, by Mr. Nestor Ponce de Leon, of New York, now in process of publication, is an English-Spanish and Spanish-English Technical Dictionary, in which are given all terms and phrases relating to science, art, mechanics, commercial life, railroads, mining, and industries of all kinds. The need of such a work at the present time is pressing. Commercial intercourse between the United States and all Spanish-American countries is increasing with great rapidity, and manufacturers of all kinds of machinery have had great difficulty in finding Spanish words to designate their wares, as all dictionaries hitherto published are very poor in technical terms. To all mining, civil, and electrical engineers this work will be an invaluable assistant, and also to all persons commercially connected with Spanish-speaking countries. Many modern scientific and mechanical English words have no equivalent word in Spanish. To meet this difficulty Mr. Ponce de Leon's dictionary gives carefully prepared explanatory phrases, together with a Spanish form of the English word, as, To cable: *cablear*. The careful and scholarly manner with which the labor necessary to prepare this work has been accomplished deserves the highest praise. Six numbers, carrying the work as far as "Fall," have already appeared, and the remainder is nearly ready for publication.

## THE LONGCHAMPS RACES.

"Parisina" tells of the Beauty, Fashion, and Impropriety Seen There.

What the Carnival was to the Romans, what the Derby still is to the Londoners, the Jour du Grand Prix has come to be to the Parisians. Who would have thought when in 1863 the French, burning with Anglomania (Englishmen were in fashion, then as they are now, socially, if not politically), invented the big international race at Longchamps, and promised one hundred thousand francs to the winner—who would have thought that in so short a time it would have grown so popular in Paris? At first there was a great prejudice against it. People fancied that the prize would go, as a matter of course, to the English. And to those who could not see farther than the length of their noses, it seemed sheer folly to found prizes for the mere pleasure of seeing them snapped up every year by foreigners, forgetting that the annual Anglo invasion would add a pretty penny, one way and another, to the public coffers. But though the first year's race was won by The Ranger, a British champion, the natives pulled up in successive years; and now, after twenty-one years, the French have more victories to their credit than English, Americans, and Hungarians (the only foreigners who have been successful) all put together. This year they have scored another triumph—hollow enough, for they had no serious competitors.

A Gallic champion, Little Duck by name, though much "gamer" by nature, has licked an English Lambkin and a Scotch Loch Ranza into smithereens. The Duc de Castries has carried off the French blue ribbon, as he did in 1883, having already, as in 1883, won the Chantilly Derby with the same "crack," a feat unparalleled in the annals of the Gallic turf.

But truth to tell, the racing at Longchamps is the very smallest part of the fun. The hundred thousand revelers who, though it rain, hail, or thunder, are sure to throng the pretty race-course in the Bois, on grand Prix Day, care little for sport most of them, albeit they make small bets varying from two francs to a louis—that is to say, as much as they can afford to lose with equanimity. They go out for the fresh air, the sight of the toilets, the pretty faces of the *demi-mondaines*, the carriages of the *mondaines*, to stare at the President in his tribune, and to watch the "swells" ride home, gay or dismal, according to the issues of their bets. Longchamps will never grow stale as long as French women know how to dress. It is the biggest *magasin de nouveautés* and bonnet show in the world; and then, too, it is an incomparable beauty show. Every pretty face and figure in Paris goes to it, and one comes away almost cloyed with natural and artificial loveliness. What dreams, hopes, fears—what heart-burnings and jealousies—have been stirred up by the anticipation of the great day. Such intriguing at Worth's, such mean plotting and counter-plotting to get the newest creation of the sartorial god and throw all rivals into the dark shade of insignificance. Fabulous prices have been asked and consented to by the votaries of fashion for the unique masterpieces in China crape and India muslin, which on this fateful afternoon are to dazzle all the men and madden all the women. Hours have been passed in anxious consultations in the mysterious privacy of the trying-on-rooms. Sleepless have been many nights and fevered the days. And, after all, perhaps it may be wet, and everything will be ruined.

As a rule, the Jour du Grand Prix is fine. A little hotter than is quite comfortable, but sunshine doesn't hurt pretty dresses, thanks to aniline dyes, though it turns some brains. But this year the heavens were merciless. It rained, rained, rained from the moment the first candidates entered the course for the first race until sundown, as it had rained all the night previous. And of all the marvelous creations, the fairy combinations, which had been prepared by the wonder-workers of the Rue de la Paix and the Faubourg St. Honoré, half remained lost forever to the gaze of the world, and half went home from the Longchamps meadows defiled, bedraggled, and saddened out of all likeness to their original beauty. I could have cried over the pale-blue silk of Madame Wilson, Monsieur Grévy's married daughter, as every one knows of course, and over Théjane's Louis XVI. muslin, and Rose Mignon's shepherdess hat.

All classes, the highest, the lowest, and the most *bourgeois*, are represented at Longchamps on Grand Prix day. The official world, the President, embassadors, ministers and their wives, adorn the so-called presidential tribune opposite the winning-post, and beneath a dais of crimson and gold. The twenty-franc grand stands on either side of this sanctum sanctorum are filled with the cream of Paris society, the members of the Jockey Club, the pick of the noble faubourg, and all the beauties who have not yet crossed the boundaries of respectability. Gilded vice and Bohemia have no place on this exclusive side of the course. Mademoiselle Niniche and Mademoiselle Nana with their imitators would be scowled to death if they dared to put their feet in the grand stand. They have their place on the other side of the barriers—a score of yards distant; and, to tell the truth, they seem to come in for a great deal more attention, pariahs though they be, than all the noble duchesses, and marquises, and baronesses who affect to sneer at them from their point of vantage. Niniche and Nana (perhaps because they get it so easily) are recklessly lavish in displaying their finery. The corner of the course in which they congregate looked, so long as the weather held up, like a very paradise of flowers—red, mauve, pink, white, and blue. The palest of pink, and the daintiest of blues, and purest of snow whites (both sacred to the Virgin) have ever been in singular favor with the lost Cythereas and Lesbias of Longchamps, and there is as much of them as usual. They carry with themselves their paint and their set smiles, their fine clothes, and their perfectly appointed carriages and horses there, as to a sale-room, in the expectation of being knocked down to the highest bidder. Sometimes they come alone, but more often they hunt in couples—which they think, doubtless, looks better and more *comme-il-faut*. As a rule, Frenchmen do not accept a seat in Nana's landau. They don't stick at much, but they have a small code of their own, and this is one of the few things they are shy of doing. But they cluster like bees around the vehicle when it is drawn up in the line; they ogle her, and she ogles them in return with her *kohl*-black eyes; they buy bouquets for her at Isabelle's flower-stall, and send around champagne to loosen her glib tongue.

Very curious it is to watch the savage glances shot at the impure from the pure and aristocratic stand, as first one and then another scion of nobility goes up to Lesbia, bandying a few phrases with her as he wedges his way through the throng to the ring. But when the prodigal returns he is met with sweet smiles, and the ladies of his acquaintance go so far as to ask questions about the Lesbias, whom they hate and tolerate as a social evil which they are powerless to eradicate. They gather their righteousness about them like a cloak, and would not permit the hems of their garments to come in contact with the lowest substrata of Lesbia's frills. Yet they are quite ready to talk her over among themselves, and with their male friends, too, if so be that they find them unresponsive to other subjects more nearly connected with themselves. The great point to be achieved is to keep the men on their side of the Rubicon, and if this can only be done at the expense of a little dignity and prudery, so much the worse. For the most part, however, they are proud of being well posted up in the doings of the demi-monde, they are proud of knowing everything about Nana and Niniche, Cytherea and Lesbia—even to the number and names of their lovers. They copy their gowns and bonnets, the fashion of their carriages, and the style of their hair, the least straight-laced among them not being averse to engaging a cast-off Abigail, presumedly well up in the mysterious rites of the dressing-closet, besides being wickedly wise in many other things.

In the ring the book-makers are shouting their lungs out. Such a roar and confusion. "Three-an-er-arf against the Lambkin!"—"five to one against Fra Diavolo!"—"anything to anything against the field, bar three!" Fat, perspiring Englishmen, grown gray and ugly in the betting business, yell and howl their cabalistic cries in your ears until you are well-nigh deafened. Female book-makers—their number grows larger and larger—stride here and there as excited as the men, pencil and pocket-book in hand, their souls full of the lust for gold. Then comes the first of a succession of heavy showers. There is a general scatter. Those who can get under shelter of the refreshment pavilion do so. Those who can't, creep under carriages or open their umbrellas, the men crouching down as they do so to preserve their lower extremities, which have a very comic appearance, and dots the fair field with what seems like a myriad of black mushrooms. The hoods of the carriages are put up, and there is a sudden display of new and marvelous mackintosh—pink shot with blue (the hues of morning), red with gold (like the rays of the setting sun), fawn and mauve (fighting one against the other for mastery) on the side of the demi-mondaines, while on the grand stand aristocratic forms are presto! concealed beneath gray overalls, which look for all the world like velvet—soft and sleek as the dove's wing—and are, in reality, only alpaca cunningly prepared with rubber. Redfern, who has thus transformed the native-born ugliness of the waterproof, deserves well of his generation.

A clarion rings through the course. The soldiers *sonnent aux champs*—salute; a ringing of gun-stocks is heard, and a harsh command of "*Presentez armes!*" The President and his daughters have arrived. It is two o'clock. Longchamps is at its fullest. In the presidential tribunes sit Monsieur Grévy (old and gray), Mrs. Wilson, pretty Madame Jules Ferry, and Madame Cochery. Around about them are the French Ministers—Monsieur Ferry unmistakable always by his grotesque nose and whiskers, Monsieur Cochery, Monsieur Magnin, Monsieur Tirard, Admiral Peyron, the corps diplomatique (conspicuous among his colleagues, Prince Hachizoucka, the Japanese Minister, in a picturesque attire of blue, richly embroidered), and a group of Arab chieftains. All eyes and glasses are riveted on the grand stand to the right of the President, as the Duchesse de Castries, in a toilette of thin, yellow silk, figured with red flowers, which has a Trianon pretension of simplicity about it, enters, wearing a bunch of red and yellow roses—the colors of her noble husband—in her carriage, and takes her seat near the ex-imperial beauty, Madame de Pourtalis. The latter, though faded, is still gay, and does not hesitate to imprison her matronly person in a tight-fitting cloth coat of Havana brown, with collar, lapels, and cuffs of crimson velvet, which makes her look almost as young as her newly married daughter-in-law, so that many of the used-up "bucks" who once languished for a smile of the *belle comtesse* are heard to swear that she is as divine as ever! Not far off I make out the still pretty Marquise de Galliffet—the General is twisting his superb black mustache on another part of the course, and hardly looks like a man who wears upon him plugs of silver in the place of flesh, carried away by a German or a Communard cannon-ball. Near to the Marquise sits her crony—the Princesse de Sagan—thinking doubtless, and talking certainly, more of her proposed calico-peasant ball than of the possible annihilation of Lambkin and Fra Diavolo. Madame Gautereau appears in black, as she has done several times since the famous portrait was hung in the Salon to be the target of every possible description of sarcasm from the lady's friends and admirers, until the wonder is that Sargent did not hang himself for very despair. Yet fashion patronizes white lace in colors, either delicately or superbly brilliant, cream and biscuit-colored lace gowns, China crêpe, and India muslins soft to the touch as June rose petals, and the violent contrasts of rich, deep-toned velvet and light silk or creamy woolen.

The rain was over for a time, and the sun had deigned once more to show his face. For the last time, alas! that day. Had it not been for the fine half hour preceding the principal race, all that display of finery had been made in vain. I hasten to profit by the closing of the sea of umbrellas to take stock of the millinery. I see Louis XV. hats in Leghorn and Manilla straw; high-crowned Girondin hats, with plumes of pink or white feathers, or sheafs of ripening corn and scarlet poppies; Parisian capotes, decorated with idealistic posies of moss-rose buds, blue forget-me-nots, or bunches of ruddy cherries and ripe strawberries. Sun-shades (oh, derision!) made of ruchings or crape or superposed frillings of lace, or else shot, like [illegible] d'Ane's magic robes, with aurora pink and pea-green, with dove-color and golden-yellow, with sapphire-blue and ruby-red. Some of the demi-mondaines are wearing innocent-looking, broad-brimmed, shepherdess hats; others, provocative Mephisto bonnets, ruched *en coup de vent* (they at least are well in season); while others again have donned the jockey cap, in honor of the day, only it is made of burnished straw instead of parti-colored silk; and decorated with palmere feathers. One among them, celebrated for her eccentricities, has a high-crowned bonnet of gold wire, wherein are imprisoned two humble canaries, while another pair regale themselves outside on ripe hips and haws. Some sorry jokes were cracked about these same canaries (the bird bearing a foolish character here, which I believe it never did anything to deserve); speculation was rife as to whom among the lady's lovers they were meant to designate, if, indeed, it was a millinery conundrum, and not caprice, pure and simple, after all.

Subsequently rain set in persistently, and the drive home was a social rout. Alas for the annual pageant! Never did the two miles of the Allée des Acacias seem so long. Everything was dripping. The green boughs overhead tossed the water down in great splashes, the quadruple line of vehicles wound at a snail's space, and the pedestrians trudged along with the fortitude of martyrs through the slush. It was almost, though not quite, as great a failure as the Fête des Fleurs, on the previons day, when there was something almost ludicrous in the appearance of the drive. All the open carriages—many of them decorated in the most fantastic way with bright blossoms—stood empty beneath the dripping trees, while their owners tried to look not too utterly miserable clustered under cover of the big mushroom huts and the awning of restaurants and cafés; the fact that many among them had paid a hundred dollars for their tickets not increasing their gayety. Moreover another hundred dollars would hardly pay, even in the month of roses, for the conversion of a modern *calèche* or *duc* into an antique car worthy of the goddess Flora. In one of these, whereof not a glimpse was visible for flowers, had sat enthroned Marthe and Suzanne Devoyod—very beautiful, it is true, but with the beauty of wax dolls, one dressed in aurora pink, the other in diaphanous white. Another goddess of the footlights had driven out to the Bois beneath a floral dais, smiling and yet solemn, like to an Indian idol. A couple of young "bloods," of the Jockey or some other fashionable club, determined to weather the storm, held a big Japanese garden umbrella over their heads—having much ado to keep it steady against the wind, it being rendered more unmanageable by the addition of red balloons, a huge cluster of which also followed in the wake of the carriage itself. The wheels and harness were outlined with rows of pink and white carnations, and the lanterns formed pyramids of the same flowers. Imagine this trundling along in the mud at a mad canter. In the evening, the far-off popping of rockets, and the glow of Bengal fire, told me that the Fête des Fleurs was but half drowned after all. Such entertainments have as many lives as a cat, but I congratulated myself on being beneath my own roof-tree instead of making one of the sorely tried pleasure-seekers on the damp sward. When the great battle of the Grand Prix had been lost and won, the illumination lamps were again lit, the violins attuned for the dance beneath the marquees, and Ruggièri's fireworks once more blazed over the lakes.

But I am anticipating. The result of the day has not yet been decided. The bell rings for the third time. The course is clear. Expectation stands on tip-toe. In come the champions. The Lambkin, with Archer, the victorious "up"; Little Duck, with Tom Canon; Fra Diavolo; Loch Ranza, and half a dozen others. A single glance at the favorite convinces the public that he, and he alone, is in the race; but the betting goes on as madly as ever. Still the same hoarse shouts of five to four against Little Duck—and anything to anything against the field. At last they are mustered. One false start. They are off at last—Little Duck a good way to the rear, and all the rag-tag and bobtail of the field, as usual, well to the front. Down the rain comes in torrents. Umbrellas are opened to the disgusted indignation of the people in the back seats. Half the race is run. They are coming over the hill—round the corner. The sun peeps out for an instant. "Down with the umbrellas!" And for a moment all life, thought, hope, fear, sensation are concentrated on a confused mass of frantic horses. A few hundred yards from the winning post the violet and white of Fred Archer, and Canon's red, white, and gold show in front—together. But only a single moment. Little Duck shoots by, runs into the first place, and dashes—canters—past the goal, an easy winner in five lengths. There is a brief struggle between Fra Diavolo and the Lambkin for second honors, and the Lambkin gets the best of it by a hand. By this time Canon and the favorite are being mobbed by their admirers. And a mighty shout of Vive la France! Vive Little Duck! has announced another triumph over perfidious Albion.

PARISINA.

PARIS, June 11, 1884.

---

The proportion even of fairly cultivated men who know the whole surface of the world as they know the surface of their libraries, so as to be able to tell at once what an unusual telegram means, to place the last earthquake in the Eastern Archipelago, to localize the latest revolt in Spanish America, and to comprehend why Germans are swearing about Angra Pequeña and English arrogance, is exceedingly small; while even half of them know nothing but the map—that is, the relative place of the country they are talking about, and the general route to the spot. They can seldom tell if it is mountainous or the reverse (nine out of ten men expect mountains between Hamburg and Moscow)—have not an idea about its water system, and are ignorant of comparative spaces to a degree which to those who have any local knowledge is almost incredible. It was not a foolish man who told his nephew, just starting for Calcutta, that he could ride across to Bombay on Saturdays; nor was the clergyman ill-informed who maintained that Egypt, as a Bible country, must be at least as large as France.

## PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE MOUTH.

II.

The shape, size, and color of the mouth and lips reveal mental, moral, and physiological traits and conditions. As the lips and mouth are the first organs concerned in the process of digestion, it is logical to infer that they are indices of the digestive capacities of the individual. The lips are composed mainly of glands, which (particularly in the under lip) assist in taste. We know that those races and persons whose lips are fullest possess the greatest degree of the faculty of savor, or physical taste—notably the negro, who is almost always a good natural cook. All persons with full lips can judge better of viands, and care more for gastronomy, than those whose lips are thin and bloodless. The reason of this is obvious; those lips which possess the largest glands possess also the most power to detect flavors. Of course, among cultivated persons we shall

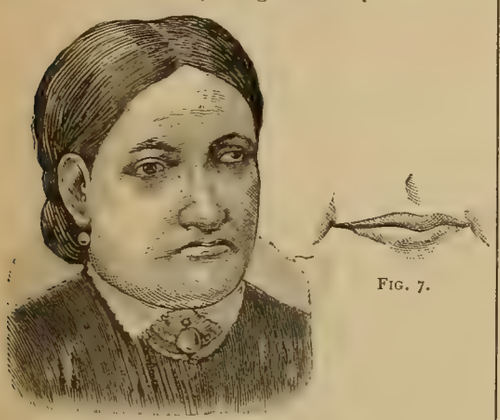


FIG. 7.

FIG. 8.

find a degree of refinement in taste not present in the less cultivated, but, as a rule, this appearance proves itself.

The way to find the meaning of any sign in the face is to analyze its purpose and study its surroundings. In this way only can we arrive at just and scientific conclusions. As the mouth reveals the process of digestion and the power which springs from it, so the throat, mouth, and ear give us direct knowledge of vocal ability; the nose exhibits not only the respiratory and circulatory capacity, but its development advances *pari-passu* with the development of races and character all along the line of progressive evolution. The size of the nose (governed by quality) is not only the index of physiological power, but is the direct means of establishing the rank of the individual in mentality. This fact is made most convincing by reference to the noses of undeveloped races, idiots, infants, and hereditary criminals.

Oratorical ability is indicated by very wide and straight mouths and well developed red lips, full nostrils, high nose, and ears wide at the centre. I have never seen an orator with a crooked or ill-shaped mouth. Size of any feature always shows capacity of some kind, and a very large mouth denotes good feeding capacity, if nothing else. The mouths of orators must be large to afford the great volume of tone which eloquence seeks for its expression. The roof of the mouth is high, and the nose always of an elevated cast. As the nasal cavities and nostrils have an important part in the production of tone or vocal sound, there must be great size in all those parts which are essential to its production, and the lungs and nostrils must be of great size to give power to sustain the long-continued and mighty efforts of a Webster, a Clay, a Sheridan, a Pitt, or a Calhoun. Carlyle said of Webster, that he was "mastiff-mouthed"; a reference to his portrait will verify this observation. An excellent lesson in comparative physiognomy, as well as in comparative anatomy, may be drawn from observation of those who have been eminent in both houses of Congress—men whose great size of mouth and corresponding size and vigor of body indicate the relationship between good assimilative powers and mental ability. Among these I may mention Webster, Clay, Calhoun, John Quincy Adams, "the old man eloquent," Thomas H. Benton, A. G. Thurman, Thomas F. Bayard, H. J. Jewett, and David Davis. All of these men exhibit wide, straight mouths, well developed lips, high and large noses and nostrils, and ears widest at the centre; this formation of the ear affords the greatest facility for hearing spoken sound as distinguished from musical tones. Observation of the mouth of the orator and divine, Mary A. Livermore, (Fig. 7), and comparison of it with that of Sarah Howe, (Fig. 8), a woman arrested in Boston for swindling citizens in a banking concern which she had established, will prove instructive as exhibiting the difference between a moral mouth and a criminal one. I think my readers will agree with me, that if persons possessed of common sense can be duped by such a crooked face as that of Sarah Howe, it is time that the physiognomist was abroad.

One of the most convincing proofs of scientific physiognomy is found in the signification of the disproportionately small mouth. As a rule, size indicates capacity, and small-mouthed persons are either very secretive (and this, in excess, always argues mental or moral deficiency, for which it is the compensation) or very much lacking in ideas. Where the eyes, as well as the mouth, are small, secretiveness is very marked. Where the eyes are large and the mouth disproportionately small, we shall find a person with a parrot-like facility for language, a great chatterer of small ideas and "small talk."

A crooked mouth, unless caused by disease, denotes a crooked, unreliable talker; all congenital defects of the organs of speech indicate mental or moral deficiencies. Lisping reveals a somewhat infantile judgment, for all infantile features, when observed in an adult, disclose undeveloped faculties—as, for example, a disproportionately small nose exhibits less force of character, less executiveness, than a more powerful nasal organ. Tongue-tied persons and those with cleft palates, those who stammer, hesitate, or have defective methods of speech of almost every kind, are lacking in the degree of moral power which distinguishes those whose speech is normal. You may say that these are physical defects merely, and that it is unjust to judge of the moral nature by the physical. Let me ask if all mental and moral power is not indebted to physical organization for its ability to exhibit its power? Mind and body are one and indivisible, and can not be judged as separates entities, for mind inheres in every atom of the body, and is not shut up in the skull, as a certain class of metaphysicians would have us think. The office of the mind is three-fold—to produce sensation, consciousness, and ideation. The chief organ of sensation is the entire outer skin-covering, as well as the "five senses," so called. The organs of the body, together with the muscles, contribute their share of sensation, while the nerves assist in conveying intelligence to the chief mental organ—the brain—where all sensation is, as George Henry Lewes expresses it, "in some profoundly mysterious manner elaborated into ideas." Wherever there is a nervous branch, or filament of the nerves, there we have mentality—that is to say, sensation—for the nerves ramify upon every organ and form a net-work over the entire skin-covering of the body. Therefore we know that fine, thin-skinned animals and persons are more sensitive and more mental than those possessed of coarser and thicker skins. Here, too, is a most convincing proof of the direct relationship between the two extremities of the mind—the brain and the skin. The sooner we discard the idea that mind and morals are shut up in the skull, and, instead, adopt the truth that mind and morality are dependent upon physiological formation and exist in every atom of the body, the sooner shall we arrive at the fact that normally organized bodies are more capable of the highest morality and mentality than are *diseased* or *defective* ones.

The shape of the mouth is not only a guide to permanent traits, but it also assists in revealing temporary emotions. Mouths which turn down at the corners show a melancholy tendency; this is sometimes temporary, induced by continued brooding over trouble. Mouths whose corners turn upward disclose mirthful, fun-loving characters. Mouths which form in the upper lip the appearance called "Cupid's bow" belong to those who possess true domestic sentiments—that is to say, love of the opposite sex, love of young, and (incidentally) of animals. This appearance is observed in all well-developed characters. A thin, pale upper lip is indicative of the reverse of this, and reveals a snappish, shrewish disposition, with a dislike of the opposite sex, as well as of children and animals. Full lips disclose social and linguistic abilities. Many persons have the idea that thick, full lips belong to coarse, gross characters. It is true, if found in the negro or undeveloped races, this is correct; but where the skin is fine, then this development is illustrative of the greatest sociality, sympathy, and domesticity.

The fullness of the under lip is a sign of generosity, sympathy, and benevolence. A thin, pale, bloodless under lip belongs to a cruel, unsympathetic, or impoverished character. Fullness of the under lip is the facial sign of the glandular system—the system which contributes to creating and supplying the body with its juices, warmth, and blood. Hence, it is easy to understand how one endowed with an abundance of nourishing fluids is better able to warm toward others, and to have the strength and desire to love and protect them, than one who is really impoverished and cold in his own person. We can give only what we possess. The faces of celebrated misers are filled with fine wrinkles, showing their bloodless, juiceless condition and their unsympathetic natures. They are never prolific, and this is yet another indication of their barren natures; for where the glands of the body are normal we find the procreative function most active, and the face full and well colored.

The surroundings of the mouth, the cheeks, chin, gums, and teeth, are all powerful auxilaries in revealing character. The gums, if pale and bloodless, disclose an anemic condition of the system. Where they show greatly, while the mouth is in repose, or talking, or smiling, a scrofulous conidtion is almost always present. I have never observed a genius possessed of this peculiarity, and I do not think it ever accompanies a high degree of mentality.

The shape of the upper and lower jaws is an indication of character. Where the circle of the upper jaw is narrow and the teeth in front over-lap, we find evidence of a narrow intellect and contracted moral sense, with a desire *to acquire and hoard up by littles*, like the rat and squirrel, whose teeth possess the same general character. For whenever we desire to verify any appearances in man, we have only to refer to the like indications in the animal in order to establish their meaning. Where the under jaw is narrow and retreating, we shall find a relatively weak moral sense, lack of moral courage, and feeble degree of perseverance, and this corresponds with the same formation in the peaceful, graminivorous animals—the rabbit, the sheep, etc.—and is directly opposite in its signification to the courageous, persistent character of the carnivorous animals, who possess wider formation of the lower jaw.

Persons exhibiting width of both jaws—that is to say, breadth of the semi-circle of the inferior maxillary or lower jaw and of the superior maxillary or upper jaw—have a broader mental view as well as greater moral power than where these are narrower and the lower jaw receding. Where the lips are disproportioned and the upper lip projects beyond the lower, we may expect unevenness of temper, not so well-balanced as where the lips are equally developed and meet harmoniously.

It is impossible, in an article of this nature, to point out all the phenomena and signification of every species of formation of the mouth; still, what is here given will suffice to attract attention to an analysis of the mouth, and lead the investigator to comprehend what great diversity of character may be comprehended by observation of this single feature.

MARY O. STANTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1884.

Japan has a population of 30,000,000, and no tramps. This fact speaks volumes for the irritability of its bull-dogs.

## SOCIETY.

### Festivities of the Fourth.

AT MONTEREY.

The Hotel del Monte must have been crowded to its utmost capacity, judging from the large number of our prominent people who visited this resort for pleasure-seekers, to avoid the noise and excitement of the city's celebration. The arrangement of the programme for the proper observance of the day had been placed in the hands of a select committee, among them being Mr. Alex. Badlam, Fulton G. Berry, Dr. W. J. Younger, and others, who prepared an order of exercises which were carried out in proper style. The procession moved at two o'clock, and comprised eleven divisions, made up of the most extravagant burlesques on the usual manner of celebrations, under the direction of Mr. Charles Crocker, Grand Marshal. The literary exercises took place, after the procession was reviewed and dismissed, on the lawn-tennis grounds. The band opened the entertainment with a selected piece of music, which was listened to with anything but delight, and, after its conclusion, Mr. Badlam, as President of the Day, announced that Mr. M. D. Boruck had been chosen as reader, but as he had failed to be present, his place would be supplied. The honors offered to the substitute were not to be worn by him, for in a few moments Mr. Boruck appeared upon the scene and claimed his right to the position accepted by him. Whereupon the president called upon his assistants, who ignominiously disposed of the rash youth who had volunteered to read the Declaration of Independence. An alleged poet, by name Mr. W. E. Brown, was then called upon to read the poem, which contained many palpable hits upon those present. Hon. George C. Perkins was then called for as Orator of the Day, but the President announced that sickness would prevent his attendance, and requested Mr. Jos. R. Grismer, the well-known actor, to take the place so vacated. But while Mr. Grismer was soaring in an oratorical flight from which he could with difficulty descend, his eloquence was quenched by being confronted with the regular appointee, who demanded his retirement. Mr. Grismer demurred, but the President advanced such strong arguments at the hands of Mr. F. G. Berry and assistants that Mr. Grismer discreetly retired. The unvailing of the Statue of Liberty followed, and the literary exercises closed with an address from the Grand Marshal. Following is a copy of the formal printed programme of exercises:

1776—1884. Celebration of the Fourth of July at the Hotel del Monte, Monterey.

FIRST DIVISON.—Platoon of one hundred Mounted Police, in command of the Chief of Police of Monterey. Two by two as long as they hold out, and then one by one. Band—Terrorem Metemsychorus. Band of Seventeen pieces; Drum Major, Dr. W. J. Younger; W. T. Mathews, First Sargeant; J. P. Stanley, Sargent; William Harrington, Corporal. High Privates, Harry Patrick, Leon Smith, R. L. Yanke, Rice Pinto, T. Harrington, E. Miller, C. Montealegre, Bert Sherwood, Al Stetson, J. H. Beaver, N. Ballenberg, E. B. Pond, Jr., with Magnificent Silver Instruments, built for the occasion. Grand Marshal—Major-General Charles Crocker, with red, white, and blue liver pad. Aids to Grand Marshal—Forty-eight beautiful young ladies, each representing one of the States or Territories, as follows: Misses Daisy Ryan, Ilene Ivers, Mamie Harrington, Mabel Pacheco, Minnie Clarke, Belle Boruck, Mollie Hanlon, Emelie Hanlon, Birdie Deming, Flora Carroll, Sallie Stetson, Sibyl Sanderson, Dora Boardman, Mamie Hubbard, Helen Houston, Nora McNeill, Maud Badlam, Jessie Bowie, Lillie Hageman, Mamie Breeze, Emilie Hoffman, Emilie Kirketerp, Cecile Hoffman, Tuberose Ross, Sophia McPherson, Marie Hoffman, Edith Taylor, Clara Taylor, Mary Taylor, Florence Spruance, Fannie Perkins, Hennie Kohler, Josephine Hale, Minnie Waterman, Mary Benfey, Josephine Durand, Belle Grant, Helena Billings, Jennie Hanchett, Jennie Cheeseman, Jennie Whittier, Edith Whittier, Ruth Wilson, Maud Berry, Nannie Wilson, Mabel Berry, Mamie Wood, Allie Hobart, Emilie Febiger, Mamie Hyde, Susie Patton, Miss Glassell, Grace Maynard. First Division will form on the front porch, right resting on a cactus plant.

SECOND DIVISION.—Marshal (with two Lemon Aids), Doctor James D. Whitney. Goddess of Liberty, on a platform car, Mrs. A. H. Rutherford. Second Division will form in the main lobby, right resting on the hotel register.

THIRD DIVISION.—Marshal (with two Napa Soda Lemon Aids), Hon. J. B. Stetson. President of the Day in a hand-cart, Hon. Alex. Badlam. Reader of the Declaration of Independence, on a lawn-mower, Marcus D. Boruck, Esq. Orator of the Day, on a buckboard, Governor George C. Perkins. Poet of the Day, mounted on an Angora Goat, W. E. Brown. Third Division will form in the reading-room, with their right resting on their well-earned laurels.

FOURTH DIVISION.—Marshal, Colonel G. W. Grannis. Del Monte Bicycle Club, Captain D. A. Smith; Lieutenant, Milton Latham; High Privates, W. Collier, B. Adams, P. Collier, T. Breeze, and H. Stetson. Survivor of the Volunteer Fire Department of California, Hon. William B. Hunt (Bill for short.) Fourth Division will form on the east porch with the right resting on the platform-scales.

FIFTH DIVISION.—Marshal with two Aids, Hon. E. N. Torrey. The oldest inhabitant of Monterey (on crutches) carrying the original Bare Flag of 1847. All the Foreign Ministers and Consuls that could be procured. Fifth Division will form on the west porch, right resting on the shuffle-board.

SIXTH DIVISION.—Marshal, Adam Grant, Esq. Presidents and ex-Presidents of the United States in white hats. Governors and would-be Governors of California mounted on hobbies. Judges of the United States and State Courts mounted on a bench. Judges of Bourbon, Budweiser, and Schlitz. Sixth Division will form in front of the Endowment House, with right resting on the bar.

SEVENTH DIVISION.—Marshal, Major George Crocker. Delegation of Irish-American Citizens; Delegation of British-American Citizens; Delegation of German-American Citizens; Delegation of Hottentot-American Citizens. Seventh Division will form in the barber-shop, with right resting on foreign relations.

EIGHTH DIVISION.—Marshal, Hon. E. B. Pond. Delegation of Monterey Whalers, one hundred strong (very), bearing the of-fish-al records of the spring catch. Mare and Common Council of the city of Monterey. Eighth Division will form on the beach, with the right resting on a whale-bone.

NINTH DIVISION.—Marshal, A. H. Rutherford. Army of the United States (the last survivor). Navy of the United States carried by a very small boy. National Guard of California (survivors of the Amador war.) Ninth division will form in the armory, right resting on a ration.

TENTH DIVISION.—Marshal Montford S. Wilson. Aids, E. M. Greenway, J. H. Small, Charles Baldwin, Fred. Sharon, Billy Patterson, Fred. Beaver, members of the Lawn-tennis Club; Del Monte Bowling Club; Del Monte Billiard Club; Del Monte Rowing Club; Del Monte Swimming Club; Del Monte Riding Club; Del Monte Base-ball Club; Del Monte Croquet Club; Del Monte Poker Club; Del Monte Stuffed Club. Tenth division will form in the maze, with right resting on the tennis net.

ELEVENTH DIVISION.—Marshal, L. B. Benchley. Citizens on Horse Back; Citizens on Bare Back; Citizens on Mule Back; Citizens on Pull Back; Citizens on Foot Back. Delegation of California Indians. Eleventh Division will form somewhere—and rest whenever they can.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.—1. Music by the wonderful Del Monte Brand. 2. President of the Day in a few feeble remarks. 3. Reading of the Declaration of Independence by the Reader. 4. Music, "Star Spangled Banner." 5. Poem by the Poet. 6. Song, "America," by the Amphibious Glee Club. 7. Grand Oration by the Orator. 8. Unveiling of the Statue of Liberty. 9. Music by the same Band. 10. Grand Balloon Ascension.

The Grand Marshal will fire his gun at 2 P. M. sharp, when the Divisions will take their positions in their order. The Officers of the Day will be designated by red, white, and blue Liver Pads. The Grand Marshal will treat and retreat at 3 o'clock A. M. sharp. Band will report to Grand Marshal in full uniform.

In the evening a grand ball was given at the hotel, which was crowded by the guests, and which, under the efficient management of the floor committee, consisting of Messrs. E. M. Greenway, M. L. Wilson, A. H. Small, and W. H. Crocker, was a pronounced success. Among those present during the day and evening were:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mrs. L. T. Breckinridge, Miss Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Rutherford, Hon. and Mrs. George C. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. S. W. Sanderson, Miss Sybil Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Mizner, Miss Mizner, Doctor and Mrs. J. D. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, Mrs. J. M. Donahue, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Gray, Colonel and Mrs. G. W. Granniss, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. N. T. Messer, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hewitt, of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Torrey, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Whittier, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Latson, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wilson, Mrs. George Hearst, Mrs. Halliday, Mrs. and Miss Ives, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. McAfee, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Benchley, Miss Beaver, Miss J. Bowie, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. H. Kohler, Mrs. E. Fawcett, Miss J. Hobbs, Mrs. G. A. Fisher, Miss Ord, Miss Hartnell, Mrs. Doctor Wilkins, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Cheeseman and Miss Cheeseman, Miss Oliver, Miss Crockett, Mrs. Kinkead, Miss Lent, Miss A. T. Flint, Mrs. C. C. Knox, Miss E. Knox, Miss S. K. Stanley, Miss Hanchett, Mr. and Mrs. J. Palmer, Miss H. Joliffe, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Wood, Miss B. W. Deming, Mrs. Uriela, Miss Aiken, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Hawley, Miss Partou de Arce, Mr. and Mrs. R. Gunn, Lieutenant J. W. Carlin, U. S. N., W. E. Brown, Colonel Robert Tobin, Mr. John W. Taylor, Mr. H. J. Crocker, Mr. W. H. Crocker, Mr. Fred W. Sharon, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. E. Covington John-

son, Mr. R. B. Wallace, Hon. Ogden Hoffman, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Mr. J. G. Montealegre, Mr. Sampson Tams, Mr. C. L. Clough, Mr. C. O. Hooker, Mr. W. B. Collier, Mr. John W. Mackay, Governor J. Schuyler Crosby of Montana, Mr. George Crocker, Mr. John A. Scott, Mr. William Irelan Jr., Judge R. J. Mesick, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Mr. C. P. Gordon, Mr. H. W. Redington, Mr. Christopher Froelich Jr., Mr. J. R. Grismer, Mr. Henry Marshall, Mr. George L. Duval, Mr. J. L. Jones, Mr. J. A. Darand, Mr. J. D. Phelan, Mr. C. A. Belden, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Mr. C. A. Babcock, Mr. L. G. English, Mr. W. E. Latson, Mr. P. M. Ames, and many others.

AT SANTA CRUZ.

The holidays were spent at this popular resort by a large number of our well-known people, conspicuous among them being Governor Stoneman and the members of the Pacific Yacht Club, who combined with the other visitors and residents to make the celebration an agreeable one. On Thursday evening a hop was given by the ladies of the Pacific Ocean House, in honor of their distinguished guests, and the arrangements made by those in charge were so complete as to make it one of the most enjoyable events of the Fourth. The ladies in charge were Miss Minnie Deering, Miss Kate Crowley, and Mrs. Love, to whose efforts in entertaining so large a number of guests great credit is due. Dancing was the main feature, being kept up from eight o'clock until midnight, while refreshments were served during the evening. Among those present were:

Mrs. O. F. Willey, Mrs. R. S. Knox, Miss Flora Mathewson, Miss Ida Hawes, Misses Jennie and Annie Hobbs, Miss M. A. Harris, Miss Minnie Deering, Miss Crofton, Mrs. L. B. Field, Mrs. W. T. Higgins, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. E. Fawcett, Mrs. J. G. Tanner, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. T. R. Knox, Miss Pearl Doyle, Misses Ione and Irene Bowen, Miss Mollie Trimble, Miss Jennings, Miss Kelly, Miss Stella Moore, Miss Belle Ennor, Miss Florence Wolf, Mrs. T. W. Spring, Mrs. McCord, Mrs. Love, Mrs. Deering, Mrs. Baker, Mrs Fitzgerald, Mrs. W. N. Hart, Mrs. H. Brickwedel, Mrs. J. A. Hall, Mrs. F. Ashwood, Misses Kate, Daisy, and Josie Crowley, Miss Bliss, Miss Bigley, Miss Hattie Chapman, Miss Maggie O'Connell, Mrs. F. Buchard, Mrs. Farley, Governor George Stoneman, General John McComb, Commodore P. Caduc. Adolph B. Spreckels, J. Mervyn Donahue, M. Turner, Captain A. Harloe, Captain F. Murphy, Captain Martin, Hon. R. Effey, Captain Dan. Farley, Commodore McDonough, Mr. M. E. Joyce, Mr. W. N. Hart, Mr. W. O'Kane, Mr. S. Palmer, Mr. J. G. Tanner, Mr. R. B. Kirby, Mr. S. H. Davis, Admiral C. O'Connor, Mr. O. F. Willey, Mr. J. McCord, Mr. Clark, Mr. Cathon, Captain J. Mathewson, Mr. F. Buchard, Mr. Garnet, Mr. Léon Weill, Mr. Nat Messer, Mr. J. E. Hawkins, Mr. G. Ayres, Mr. William Center, Mr. William Walter, Jos. D. Grant, Hon. W. W. Foote, Com. R. F. Morrow, Dr. John Nightingale Jr., Mr. U. McCann, Mr. C. McCann, Mr. R. S. Knox, Mr. F. Pray, Mr. Bergan, Mr. H. H. Hobbs, Captain F. Vinton Bell, Mr. C. Bennett, Mr. P. Connolly, Hon. A. C. Moreland, Mr. Sid. Palmer, Mr. W. Cunningham, Mr. T. R. Knox, Mr. I. W. Taber, Mr. L. W. Hihn, Mr. D. T. Murphy, Mr. W. T. Sesnon, Mr. A. Weill, Mr. A. Brown, Mr. White, Mr. W. L. McClure, Mr. W. H. Cameron, Mr. E. Davis, Mr. Seth Cook, Mr. J. Ryland, Mr. Halsey, Mr. G. Trust, Dr. Samuel Merritt, Mr. T. T. Dargie, Mr. H. Rodgers, Mr. Brown, Judge Lawton, Mr. Williams, Mr. Selby, and others.

The national holiday was celebrated with more than usual enthusiasm, owing to the large number of people present. The only incident which marred the success of the procession, was the railway accident at Aptos, which prevented a large party of excursionists from participating therein. This, however, did not interfere with the success of the celebration, which was acknowledged to have been the best ever held in Santa Cruz.

In the evening a display of fireworks from the yachts in the harbor made a scene that was simply indescribable. At a signal from the *Annie* the yachtsmen sent off hundreds of rockets, candles, Bengal lights, and pieces of fanciful designs, making one of the grandest sights that can be imagined, and which were witnessed by thousands upon the shore. Several of the yachts were decorated with Japanese lanterns in a unique and striking manner. The *Annie* had an immense letter A rigged from her masthead to a boom running athwartship. The *Lurline* had the model of a yacht, with masts and all, arranged in lines of light over her rigging. The numerous devices in fairy penciling, outlined on the black background of the bay, were even more beautiful than the pyrotechnics. After the exhibition, the day was finished by hops and dancing at the principal hotels and stopping-places.

AT THE GEYSERS.

As usual, at this resort holiday week was a most enjoyable one. On Tuesday, the children—some twenty in number—had a party. The little ones enjoyed themselves immensely. On the Fourth, in place of the usual festivities, a dinner was given, at which about forty guests were present. The dining hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and the tables adorned with flags and flowers. Speeches were made by a few of the gentlemen, Colonel Harry J. Brady responding to the toast of "The Ladies." After the dinner there were displays of fireworks, and, as usual, dancing was indulged in until the close of the evening. Among the guests were:

General Walter Turnbull and wife, Judge and Mrs. Ferral, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Wiltshire, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Graves, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Crouch, Mrs. W. H. Smith and Miss Belle Smith, Mrs. Doctor Hatch, Miss Etta Tracey, Mrs. McGary and her daughters Miss Clara and Miss Alice, Mrs. Dunphy and daughters, Mrs. Noah Flood and Miss Jennie Dunphy, Mrs. Judge Selden S. Wright and daughter, Mrs. Tallant, Mrs. Foye, of Sacramento, and her niece, Miss Stevenson, Mrs. Aggie Hill, Miss Jennie Tay, Miss Fannie Johnson, Colonel Lyman C. Parke, Colonel H. J. Brady, Major C. A. Kenney, Messrs. Charles Webb Howard, George Hodges, Johnson and Henry Pierce.

AT OTHER PLACES.

At Skaggs's Springs, outdoor sports and a musical entertainment in the evening, concluding with a ball, constituted the festivities.

At Glenwood Springs, a party was given, the music being furnished by an orchestra from the city. The cottages and grounds were tastefully decorated, and the display of fireworks were especially good. Dancing was indulged in in the evening, winding up with a supper.

At Paso Robles Springs, Paraiso Springs, and the various watering-places throughout the State the usual celebrations were held, concluding the day with fireworks, music, and dancing. The day passed pleasantly for all, with no accident to mar the general enjoyment.

### The Cruise of the San Francisco Yacht Club.

The members of the San Francisco Yacht Club had a very enjoyable cruise to Napa. The fleet that left here on Thursday morning for Vallejo consisted of the following yachts: *Frolic, Whitewing, Chispa, Ripple, Rambler, Startled Fawn, Dawn, Lolita, Emerald, Neva, Nellie, Magic, Spray, Idle Hour, Eva, Thetis,* and *Sea Nymph*. A delightful moonlight sail was enjoyed in San Pablo Bay, the yachts arriving off Mare Island between ten and eleven o'clock P. M., the *Fawn* coming in first, *Whitewing* second. At eight o'clock the fleet "dressed ship," all the bunting being spread. At nine o'clock the gun was fired for the start up Napa Creek, and the boats started before a light breeze. The *Ripple* and *Chispa* got aground near the mouth of the creek, but both came off, the latter by the aid of the little steam-launch *Garnet*, which towed her all the way to Napa. Though the wind was light and the weather warm, the "inland" sailing was a novelty to those who do most of their yachting on our windy bay. The yawl *Lolita* sailed to the Napa Landing first, followed by the *Emerald, Rambler,* and *Fawn*, the others coming in late.

The afternoon was spent in interchange of visits among yachtsmen and guests. In the evening there was a fine display of fireworks, which was particularly effective on the water. Some of the parties with ladies drove out to the Springs and thereabouts for a moonlight ride. On Saturday there were boat races for the boat-keepers and for the captain. Captain Wilson, of the *Rambler*, gained the prize on his boat, and Frank Stone, of the *Spray*, took the boat-keeper's prize. After this there were appropriate "papers," speeches, and music on the *Chispa*. The yachts were taken in tow by the steamers at ten o'clock P. M., and towed through the narrow creek to Mare Island. At twelve o'clock M., Sunday, they started to race back to the city, the *Magic* coming in first. There were no accidents of any nature, and all hands voted the cruise a most enjoyable one.

### The Pacific Yacht Club Ocean Race to Santa Cruz.

The cruise of the Pacific Yacht Club to Santa Cruz on the morning of July 2d was perhaps the most enjoyable and pleasant of any of the many made by the club since its organization. It reflects great credit on Commodore Phil Caduc, upon whom the management of the fleet devolved. According to orders, the yachts of the first division left their anchorage about 8:30 A. M., being towed to the starting point—an imaginary line drawn from Point Lobos station to the middle channel buoy. The *Lurline*, sailed by Captains Turner, Harloe and A. B. Spreckels, and the *Halcyon* by Messrs. J. D. Grant and R. F. Morrow, were the first to cross the line, the official time being—*Halcyon*, 8 hours, 48 minutes; *Lurline*, 8 hours, 48 minutes, 35 seconds. About fifteen minutes later, the *Aggie*, Fult. G. Berry commanding, crossed, and then began the race between these three fast sailers for the supremacy. The *Aggie* put on every stitch of canvas and rapidly overhauled her rivals, and maintained her position as the fastest sailing yacht of the Pacific by being the first to cross the line off Santa Cruz light, closely pressed by the *Lurline* and by the *Halcyon*, which arrived a few minutes later. The time of the *Aggie* was 7 hours, 26 minutes. At 9:10, the other yachts of the fleet, composing the second division, were towed out, and as they approached the line, tow-lines were cast off and sails set, the yachts starting in the following order: *Lady Mine* (pilot boat): *Nellie*, Captain Frank Murphy; *Casca*, Captain Shelley; *Fleur-de-Lis*, Captain White; *Annie*, Commodore Phil Caduc; and the *Ariel*, Captain G. J. Denny. By ten o'clock the yachts were miles away, under a cloud of canvas, and gradually disappeared from the eyes of the lookers-on, who were watching from the Cliff House and the hills overlooking the ocean. The yachts of the second division arrived at Santa Cruz in the following order: *Lady Mine, Casca, Nellie, Fleur-de-Lis,* and *Annie*. The race to Santa Cruz was an exciting one, the yachts sailing well, and closely pressing each other, and, as no accident occurred to mar the pleasure of the trip, it was thoroughly enjoyable.

The race of the yachts over the course from Santa Cruz to Monterey and return had been set for the Fourth, but at the earnest request of the subscribers to the prizes, in Santa Cruz, it was postponed until next day, Saturday. On the morning of the 5th, everything was in readiness for the exciting contest as to superiority, and at 10 A. M., when the first gun was fired, all were under way. During the race, the *Aggie* met with an accident after rounding the stakeboat, and was obliged to put back to Monterey. The other yachts finished the race, making the course in the following time: *Lurline*, 6.37:32; *Fleur-de-Lis*, 7.22:43; *Nellie*, 7:26; *Annie*, 8.14:34.

The prizes were all handsome pieces of silverware, presented as trophies by the citizens of Santa Cruz, and were awarded in the evening at the grand ball given at the Ocean House in honor of the event. The presentations were made by Captain Stewart Menzies, who acted as president on that occasion, and were awarded as follows: First prize, Captain Adolph B. Spreckels, of the *Lurline;* second prize, Captain Henry White, of the *Fleur-de-Lis;* the third prize to the *Nellie*, which was received by Vice-Commodore J. Mervyn Donahue, and the fourth to the *Annie*, Commodore Philip Caduc, who being absent, owing to an accident, was represented by Mr. J. J. E. Hawkins. After the presentations were over, Governor Stoneman, who was present, and who had accompanied the fleet to Santa Cruz on board the *Fleur-de-Lis*, was elected an honorary member of the Pacific Yacht Club, and after passing many complimentary resolutions in favor of the ladies of Santa Cruz, the citizens generally, and the Regatta Committee, to whom so much was due for the success of the season, the yachtsmen adjourned to the ball-room of the hotel to join in the festivities of the occasion. Dancing was indulged in to a late hour and to the enjoyment and satisfaction of all the participants. Thus ended one of the most successful and pleasant cruises of the Pacific Yacht Club, and the members are to be congratulated upon its agreeable termination.

### Dinner to General and Mrs. Pope.

General and Mrs. Pope were entertained at dinner on Saturday last, at Black Point, by Major and Mrs. Dunn. The dinner party consisted of General and Mrs. Elliott, Colonel and Mrs. Bingham, Colonel and Mrs. Morgan, Major Darling, and others.

### Hop at Tamalpais Hotel.

Another very successful hop was given by the ladies of the Tamalpais Hotel, San Rafael, last Saturday evening, to which a limited number of guests were invited. As was anticipated, every one present was delighted with the manner in which the arrangements had been made, and, in view of the success of the evening, it is proposed to continue the hops during the remainder of the season.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Judge and Mrs. Rising of Nevada, and the Misses Rising, are spending the summer at the Tallac House, Lake Tahoe.

Bishop Wingfield, of the Northern Diocese of California, is stopping at the Palace.

Colonel C. F. Crocker returned home last Saturday

Hon. George C. Perkins and wife were at Monterey last week.

Mr. E. H. Sheldon was the guest for the holidays of Mr. and Mrs. Barroilhet at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker were at Monterey on the Fourth

Miss Mamie Masten has returned home after a two weeks' visit to Smartsville.

Mr. R. W. Irwin, Hawaiian Consul-General at Tokio, Japan, is at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Porter Ashe are visiting Lake Tahoe.

Mr. H. J. W. Dam was in the city this week, and returned to Sacramento on Friday.

Miss Jeannette Reynolds returned from Litton Springs last Saturday.

Mrs. G. H. Coy returned from her Eastern trip last week, and will spend the months of July and August at the Geysers.

Mrs. A. R. Kenney is spending several weeks of the summer with Mrs. Moses Hopkins at Redwood City.

Hon. John F. Miller and Mrs. Miller, with Miss Dora Miller, are at Saratoga, expecting to remain there until September.

Miss Mamie Masten has returned to the city after a visit to friends at Smartsville.

Mrs. O. F. Willey has returned home from Santa Cruz.

Rev. Doctor Stebbins is visiting the northern portion of the State on a vacation.

Mr. E. B. Pomeroy, of Arizona, left the city for his home on last Wednesday.

Mrs. B. B. Redding has been stopping at San Rafael at the Tamalpais Hotel.

Mr. James L. Flood is expected home in about two weeks.

Rev. Robert Mackenzie has returned to the city after a vacation of three months.

Mrs. S. W. Backus is at Watsonville.

General John McComb was at Santa Cruz for the Fourth.

Governor Stoneman has returned to Sacramento.

Rev. Charles Dana Barrows is expected to return home next week after spending his summer vacation in Massachusetts.

Mr. F. F. Truckett, correspondent of the London *Times*, is at the Palace.

Hon. M. A. Edmonds, after his vacation at Mendocino, has returned to the city.

Mr. George A. Knight returned from the East last Tuesday.

General Manager A. N. Towne has left for the East. He will probably be absent for several weeks.

Lieutenant-Governor Daggett left for San Bernardino Thursday, to be absent the remainder of this month.

Rev. Robert Mackenzie, of the Howard Presbyterian Church, Mission Street, has returned from his trip to the East and Yellowstone country.

Mr. Joseph Tilden returned from Honolulu last Tuesday. He will be in the city for a few weeks, after which he will return to the Islands.

Doctor De Vecchi has returned to the city.

Senator Sharon arrived from the East Thursday.

R. W. Irwin, Hawaiian Consul-General to Tokio, Japan, the Palace.

### Army and Navy News.

Among the officers lately arrived for duty on this coast are Lieutenants Capron, Rafferty, Stewart, and Slaker. They take post at the Presidio and Fort Winfield Scott.

The United States steamer *Ranger*, which has been on survey duty, arrived in port last Friday.

Lieutenant W. L. Pitcher, Eighth Infantry, who has been stationed at Fort Gaston, Cal., is at present attached to one of the companies at Angel Island, for special duty.

The Second Cavalry, Major Gordon senior officer, has replaced the Fourth Cavalry, formerly on duty at this post.

Major T. C. Sullivan, C. S. Division of the Pacific, has been relieved, and ordered to Boston. Major C. P. Eagan, Chief of the Commissary Department of Arizona, relieves Major Sullivan as purchasing commissary.

General J. C. Kelton, General Pope's adjutant-general, is still absent on leave of absence. Major W. M. Dunn performs General Kelton's duty in the interim.

Assistant-Engineer A. de Ruiz, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty at Mare Island.

Lieutenant R. N. Townley, U. S. A., and wife are in the city, on a visit to relatives.

B. F. Walling, U. S. N., is stopping at the Occidental.

### Notes and Gossip.

At last advices the following traveling Californians were in London: T. B. Butler, San Francisco; Henry Campbell, Los Angeles; Peter J. Donahue, San Francisco; M. H. de Young and wife, San Francisco; Mrs. Ralph Harrison, Richard C. Harrison, and Philip J. Harrison, all of San Francisco; Mrs. A. Klingensmith, San Francisco; S. J. Lewis, San Francisco; Richard Tobin, San Francisco. W. H. Kruse and Evan Bergen were also in London, whence they were about starting for Switzerland.

There were in Paris, at last advices, the following traveling Californians: Mrs. J. E. Crooks and Miss Mabel Crooks, of San Francisco; Miss Gibbs, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Hunter, of San Francisco; and A. E. Verdellet, of San Francisco.

At the Berlin Agency, for the week ending June 14, the following traveling Californians were reported: J. Berger, San Francisco; Miss Annie E. Edmunds, San Francisco; Max J. Koning, San Francisco; George E. Lask, San Francisco; H. Mau, San Francisco.

Mr. L. E. Jones, of New York, who is making an extended tour of the country, entertained a party of friends at dinner on Saturday evening, at the Baldwin Hotel. The guests—twelve in number—sat down in one of the private dining-rooms at seven o'clock, and adjourned to the hostess's rooms at ten o'clock. Mrs. Jones is a daughter of the Hon. John J. Blair, the railroad magnate and millionaire of New Jersey. Her traveling companions are Miss Robins, daughter of ex-Senator Robins, of New Jersey, and Mr. Horace Jones.

Henry Heyman, who has been spending his vacation at the Islands, returns on the steamer of the 22d. He has attracted most flattering notice from the King and others by his skill on the violin.

Mrs. J. B. Haggin entertained a small party at dinner on last Tuesday evening, on her return from Monterey.

Mr. Ward McAllister Jr. has been appointed district judge of Alaska.

Mrs. A. G. Hawes and Miss Allie Hawes will probably take an Eastern trip about the first of August.

The marriage of Mr. William W. Wiggins Jr. and Miss Jennie L. Morris is announced to take place on the 17th instant.

An entertainment will be given on the 16th instant, by some of the residents of Saucelito, at the Pacific Yacht Club house, in order to raise the necessary funds to build a rectory for the Episcopal church.

### Art Notes.

Jules Tavernier has just finished a cartoon of the Bohemian Club Midsummer High Jinks.

Chris Jorgensen has finished two water-color pictures to fill an order from Mr. Le Breton.

---

One of the most singular figures in the House of Commons is Lord Henry Lennox, who was announced for some time in the society journals as affianced to Mrs. Hicks-Lord, and who has recently married another very wealthy widow. He has been known as the "Spider" from as far back as 1852, when he was private secretary to Disraeli, on his first assumption of office, and acted as his cup-bearer, supplying him with draughts of port wine to sustain him in his memorable speech in defense of the first budget. The Spider combines the age of sixty-three with the vivacity, not to say the vanity, of twenty. He recalls Mr. Dombey's noble relative, Cousin Feenix; he also recalls Lord Verisopht, and makes a distinct suggestion of Dundreary. His patent-leather boots are the nattiest in the House; his clothes are of the cut of the most accomplished dude; his hair, which is a lovely brown—what there is of it—is parted down the middle; his manners have the repose becoming the De Veres and people of that class. In short, Lord Henry is at all times and under all circumstances an interesting object and an instructive study, deserving the observation of the American visitors to the House.

---

The Lord St. Leonards, who has just been sentenced for a criminal assault, is the second baron, having succeed his grandfather, who rose from the position of errand boy in a conveyancer's office to that of Lord Chancellor, first of Ireland, then of England. The chancellor's father was a hair-dresser, and the shop is still open in Burlington Street. In 1876 the present baron married an officer's daughter, Miss Dashwood, who had five hundred thousand dollars in her own right. In February, last year, Lady St. Leonards obtained a divorce, with the custody of her child, and the evidence was most damaging to him. He has since been a vagrant.

---

Olive Logan writes: "It is an acknowledged fact that Lawrence Barrett has lost fifteen thousand dollars by his London season. 'But what of that?' said my informant, 'he will make it up in three weeks in America.' Socially his stay here has been a gala one, and if he has paid the fiddler a pretty stiff price, certainly the tunes have been good. No doubt he has had a 'jollier time' than Mary Anderson, because pretty Mary was so jealous (and rightly, too) of her fair fame that she refused to know people, even of high social rank, if they were in any way linked with a fast set."

---

Mr. Gladstone, on the occasion of very great efforts, is provided with about a wineglassful of a sustaining decoction, which he brings with him, but as a rule any such indulgences are unknown in the British Legislature. They manage things better in France. As each orator ascends the rostrum, a footman, in the livery of the Chambers, follows with a tumbler of the mixture the speaker particularly affects, obtained from a little buffet in the penumbra to the right of the presidential chair.

---

The late E. A. Sothern, the actor, although residing in London, was a citizen of the United States. Recently Surrogate Rollins, of New York city, handed over property and bank deposits valued at one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars to Mr. Sothern's executors.

---

Walt Whitman is living in Camden, N. J., in a house which he bought with the proceeds from the sale of his book by the Philadelphia publisher who relieved Osgood of the "Leaves of Grass."

### INNER MAN.

There is no spot in the world where coffee is so badly made as in this country. And this arises from several causes. The first of these is the purchasing of coffee ground and roasted at grocery stores where the sale is so small that the roasted coffee is often three weeks or a month old, and has, through exposure to the weather and influence of the climate, entirely lost its aroma. The second cause is that the berry is often burnt instead of being properly roasted, and has in consequence a pungent, bitter flavor, instead of its natural flavor and aroma. The third cause is that in many hotels, restaurants, and even private houses, sufficient coffee is not used. However good the berry may be, however carefully roasted, its qualities are bound to disappear under too much water. In this, as in other things, quantity is sought for at the expense of quality. Now, in the first place, the roasting of coffee is an operation of the greatest nicety, and of a crucial nature, which should be carefully watched and superintended by an intelligent person; for equally by insufficient and by excessive roasting much of the aroma of the coffee is lost, and its infusion is neither agreeable to the palate nor exhilarating in its influence. The roaster must judge of the amount of heat required for the adequate roasting of the different qualities, and while this is variable, the range of roasting temperature proper for individual kinds is only narrow. In France it is the custom to roast in small quantities, and thus the whole charge is well under the control of the roaster; but in America large roasts are the rule, in dealing with which much difficulty is experienced in producing uniform torrefaction, and in stopping the process at the proper moment. The moment the berry crackles and becomes crisp enough to pulverize it is sufficiently roasted. The coffee roasting apparatus is usually a malleable iron cylinder mounted to revolve over the fire on a hollow axle, which allows the escape of gases generated during torrefaction. Once taken off the roaster, coffee should be placed in several thick folds of flannel to undergo the process of cooling. This preserves the essential oil in the coffee, and prevents the aroma from escaping. When the coffee is cool, place it in an air-tight canister. Sufficient for the day should be the coffee thereof. In other words, never roast, if you can avoid it, more than for a single day's consumption—certainly not more than for two or three days. Grind or pound your coffee not more than a quarter of an hour before you want to make the infusion. There are various methods of preparing the infusion. Any one of them would have the effect of producing very tolerable coffee if the directions we have given touching the roasting and grinding of the berry were attended to and a sufficient quantity of the powdered coffee used. But unfortunately American servants, who drink tea or beer, are ignorant of or insensible to the true preparation of coffee, and, as they do not care themselves to partake of the beverage, become indifferent to its preparation. Though generally well made in France, coffee is most commonly adulterated by the admixture of "chicorée," but there is nothing noxious in the endive; it merely adds a bitterness to the coffee, and is adopted in nine instances out of ten from motives of economy. The following is a recipe for a "café à la crême frappé de glace," which will prove to be a delicious breakfast during the summer heat: Make a strong infusion of Mocha coffee; put it in a porcelain cup, sugar it properly, and add to it an equal proportion of boiled milk or one-third the quantity of rich cream. Surround the bowl with pounded ice. Doctor Bonnafons recommended this beverage to such persons as had lost their appetite or who experienced general debility. This agreeable epicurean one day said to a patient who was himself in the profession: "Study, my friend, above all things, that which is good; that which pleases your palate. Try to become a little 'friand'; commence a series of gastronomic experiments without infringing a regimen. You will be the better for it, and in certain circumstances you will exercise on sickly people inclined to 'gourmandise' an unlimited power. Breakfast during July, August, and a part of September on iced coffee, and in winter on meat soups. This is a regimen with which I restored to health and sense an aged divine who had nearly lost all appetite, and who was disgusted with life." Brillat-Savarin recommends that coffee should be taken in the dining-room, as thus served it is hotter. This may be often the case, but in good houses, where there are well-trained servants, coffee is served quite as hot in the drawing-room as in the dining-room. Coffee should be hot, clear, and strong, and, like every other good thing, be taken in moderation.

Those persons who object to the French names of dishes as given on *menus*, and want them in English, would be much amused with a literal translation of them. For instance: *Puits d'amour* mean fountains of love; *anis etoilé*, starry aniseseed; *ailes de poularde au soleil*, pullets' wings in the sun; *des œufs à l'aurore*, eggs blushing like aurora; *bœuf à l'ecarlate*, beef in scarlet; *sauce en petit deuil*, sauce in half mourning, and *haricots vierges*, white virgin beans. French cooks, too, are ingenious in the new dishes, as well as in the epithets they attach to them. Thus we have *culotte à la royale*, *sauce velouté*, breeches in the royal fashion, with velvet sauce; *tendons de veau en queue de paon*, tendons of veal in a peacock's tail, and *épaule de mouton en ballon, en musette*, a shoulder of mutton in a balloon or a bag-pipe. Sometimes their names are so fanciful as to be totally incomprehensible, such as the following: *Fraises de veau*, strawberries of veal; *flotte*, *sauce tomate*, a fleet with tomato sauce; and *des œufs au miroir*, eggs in a looking-glass. But there are many of their dishes which are monstrous, and show a strong tendency to cannibalism—for instance: *salmi de chasseurs*, a hash of huntsmen; *compote de bons chrétiens*, a stew of good Christians; *bouchée de dames*, a mouthful of ladies; *espagnoles maigres*, thin Spanish women; and *quartre mendiants*, four beggars on a plate. Other favorite dishes are: *grand et petit aspic*, great and little asps; *poulets en lézard*, fowls done like lizards; *lièvre en serpent*, hares like serpents; and *pigeon à la crapaudine, en basilic*, pigeons like toads or basilisks. They like *veau à l'étouffade*, liver of veal, and *poulets à l'ivoire*, chickens like ivory. Other dishes are, on the contrary, quite shadowy and unsubstantial, such as *accolade de lievre à la broche*, an embrace of a hare on a spit; *semelles de perdrix*, partridge shoe-soles; *souffle de rose*, the breath of a rose; and *une jonquille entière*, a whole jonquil. The French cook, too, has a way of serving up his dishes which is as extraordinary as the rest. What should we think of *merlans en turban*, whitings in turbans; *eperlans en cornets*, smelts in dice-boxes; *raie bouclée aux câpres*, a skate buckled to capers; or of the cook who would be so untidy as to send to table *truffes à la cendre*, truffles in ashes?—*The Caterer*

Sala married a British bar-maid because of her skill in concocting punches, which was immense.

Danton indulged in morels, and Barras loved button mushrooms.


The Strongest and Best!




The Strongest and Best!

**Recommended by the leading Physicians and Chemists of the Pacific Coast.**

**FOR SALE BY**

**C. J. HAWLEY & CO.**

**Nos. 215 and 217 Sutter St.**

# IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

**SCROFULA**

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

**CATARRH**

"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882.

**ULCEROUS SORES**

"At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore.

**SORE EYES**

Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

PREPARED BY

**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

*Apollinaris*

THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS

*"Pure water should be available at all times, but this is especially necessary in warm weather."* Lancet.

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS

*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

**For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.**

**No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco,**

**and Portland, Oregon.**

**HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE**

24 Post St., San Francisco

*COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, PENMANSHIP AND TELEGRAPHY.*

E. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

**ASA HARKER & CO**

**Importers and Wholesale Grocers,**

108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

## EDUCATIONAL.

**BARNARD'S**

**BUSINESS COLLEGE,**

**37 Post St., S. F. Send for Circular.**

**PRIVATE INSTRUCTION**

In the English Branches. Bookkeeping and Accounts. Preparations for Examinations a specialty. Call 4 to 8 P. M. **B. L. BROWN,** 313 Geary Street.

**VAN NESS SEMINARY,**

**ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND GERMAN.**

**Family and Day School for Young Ladies. Kindergarten for Children.**

Will re-open July 28, 1884, at No. 920 Van Ness Avenue.

Principals: Mrs. J. L. GAMBLE, Mrs. E. H. WOODS.

**TO SCHOOL TEACHERS.**

**THE NAPA LADIES' SEMINARY**

**Will be Sold at Administrator's Sale,**

In the most desirable portion of the beautiful city of Napa, one entire block of land, with large and commodious School Building thereon, all necessary outhouses, including barn and beautifully laid out gardens. Room for 120 Day Schoiars and 50 Boarders. The furniture consists of bedsteads, beds, and bedding, tables, household and kitchen furniture, pianos, desks, chairs, and school apparatus; in fact, everything necessary for the accommodation and conducting a first-class school. The whole will be sold together. This is an opportunity seldom met with to continue this flourishing institution. For full information apply to **ALBERT E. CRANE,**

410 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

**CITY COLLEGE,**

**119 HAIGHT STREET.**

The next term of this old and well-known institution will open on MONDAY, July 7, 1884. Thorough instruction in English, Classical and Modern Languages. A Kindergarten for Young Children. Address

**REV. JAMES MATTHEWS, Principal.**

**ST. MARY'S HALL,**

**BENICIA, CAL.**

The next term of St. Mary's Hall, with Graduating Course and Departments of Music, Languages and Art, will begin THURSDAY, August 7th. Address

**REV. L. D. MANSFIELD, Rector.**

**MISS BISBEE'S SCHOOL**

**FOR YOUNG LADIES**

**1020 Oak Street, Oakland, Cal., will re-open Wednesday, July 30, 1884.**

**IRVING INSTITUTE.**

A Boarding and Day Schooi for Young Ladies, 1036 Valencia Street. The next session will begin July 28th.

**REV. EDW. B. CHURCH, A. M.,** Principal.

**HARMON SEMINARY,**

**BERKELEY, CAL.**

A first-class Boarding School for Young Ladies. Next term will open July 31st. For catalogue, with full description, terms, etc., address **MISSES HARMON,** Berkeley, Cal.; or **E. J. WICKSON,** 414 Clay Street, San Francisco.

**HOPKINS ACADEMY**

**OAKLAND, CAL.**

**REV. H. E. JEWETT, PRINCIPAL.**

The next School Year begins TUESDAY, JULY 29, 1884. Send for catalogue.

**MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. A. K. CLAPPE'S**

**SELECT SCHOOL**

**FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,**

At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N. Y. Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalogue.

**TRINITY SCHOOL.**

A Boarding and Day School for Young Men and Boys. Numbers limited. Prepares for College and University. Christmas term opens Thursday, July 31, 1884. Refers to Wm. F. Babcock, Esq., Col. E. E. Eyre, Joseph Powning, Esq., Wm. T. Coleman, Esq., Geo. W. Gibbs, Esq. For information, address **Rev. E. B. SPALDING, Rector,** 1534 Mission Street, San Francisco.

**CALIFORNIA**

**MILITARY ACADEMY**

**OAKLAND, CAL.**

A first-class Boarding-school for Boys. Thorough and practical instruction in all departments. First-class board. Special attention given to the care and comfort of cadets. Term begins MONDAY, July 21st. For circulars, address COL. W. H. O'BRIEN, Principal.

**MRS. ADA CLARK'S**

**DANCING ACADEMY,**

211 SUTTER STREET, ABOVE KEARNY. Hall to let for Balls, Clubs etc.

**SHORT-HAND & TYPE WRITING**

Taught privately or by mail. Situations procured for pupils when competent. Call or write to F. LUSK, Heald's Business College.

**J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.**

**MERCHANT TAILORS**

**And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,**

**415 MONTGOMERY STREET,**

**Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco**

**MARBLE WORKS.**

**MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.**

**W. H. McCORMICK,**

827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

**FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR**

AND

**CLOTH OF GOLD**

**CIGARETTES.**

Our Cigarettes can not be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883.

**13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.**

**WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

**ALASKA**

**COMMERCIAL CO.**

**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for

**TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON**

**CONSTIPATION,** Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion, etc.

Prepared by **E. GRILLON,** Chemist of the Paris Faculty,

SOLE PROPRIETOR,

27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.

Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**$130,000**

Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, **1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.** Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers. RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.


**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, N. W. corner Powell and Eddy Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30th, 1884, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and seventy-five one hundredths (3 75-100) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after July 1st, 1884. By order. VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY. For the half-year ending June 30, 1884, the Board of Directors of the German Savings and Loan Society has declared a dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent. per annum, and payable on and after the first day of July, 1884. By order.

GEO. LETTE, Secretary.

**POTOSI MINING COMPANY.**

Location and principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-ninth day of May, 1884, an assessment (No. 15) of twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tusday, the first day of July, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 22d day of July, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cast of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.


The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over **3,300** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**

**227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*



# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Tuesday, July 1, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‖8.00 A.M. | ..Byron and Martinez | ¶6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Deming, El Paso} Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {and East} Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | {Galt and} via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | {Stockton} via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Ione | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Los Angeles and South | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | {Merced, Madera,} | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Fresno, and Tulare} | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Mojave, Needles,} Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {and East} Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | {Ogden and} Express | 7.40 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {East} Emigrant | 11.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {Red Bluff} via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {and Tehama} via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Redding | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | .. " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | ..Virginia City | 7.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 7.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Oakland Pier; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from The Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

¶ Daily from Martinez. Sundays only from Byron.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, 5.23, 5.53, *6.23, 6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52; 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

## ATKINS MASSEY, UNDERTAKER,

At the old established place, **No. 651 Sacramento Street,** first house below Kearny, San Francisco.

NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

**BROAD GAUGE.**

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Camp Goodall.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.00 P.M. |
| †7.50 A.M. | ..Monterey and Santa Cruz.. .....(Sunday Excursion.... | †8.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
‡ Theatre train; Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, Camp Goodall, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

## NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

### TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, May 12th, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—7.30, 9.15 A. M., 1.30, 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 1.30, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20 A. M., 2.00, 3.25, 4.50 P. M.
(Sundays)—7.55, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.15, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 3.55, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.30, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.45, 5.00, 7.10 P. M.
Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 7.00 P. M.

**7.30 A. M. and 1.30 P. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAINS for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through trains from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 10.30 A. M. and 6.00 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.
Returning arrives in S. F. at 7.40 P. M.
Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.

FINE

**Suits, $25.** TAILORING **Suits, $30.**

Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.

**Suits, $40.** TAILORING **Suits, $50.**

Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.

**Suits, $60.** TAILORING **Suits, $70.**

**J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.**

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Passenger Trains leave Station, foot of Market Street, south side, at

**8.30 A. M.,** daily; Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wright's, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, SANTA CRUZ, and all Way Stations. Parlor Car.

**2.30 P. M.** (except Sunday), Express; Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ. Parlor Car.

**4.30 P. M.,** daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and intermediate points. Saturdays and Sundays to Santa Cruz.

**$5 Excursions** to SANTA CRUZ, and **$2.50** to SAN JOSE, on SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, to return until MONDAY, inclusive.

**8.00 A. M.,** every Sunday, Excursion to SAN JOSE, BIG TREES, and SANTA CRUZ.

**$3.00** to BIG TREES and SANTA CRUZ.

**$1.75** to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE.

### To Oakland and Alameda.

§6.00, §6.30, §7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶12.00, 12.30, ¶1.00, 1.30, ¶2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.30, 10.45, 11.45 P. M.

**From Fourteenth and Webster Streets, Oakland**—§5.30, §6.00, §6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, ¶11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶12.00, 12.30, ¶1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 9.30, 10.45, 11.45 P. M.

**From High Street, Alameda**—§5.16, §5.46, §6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 7.46, 8.16, 8.46, 9.16, 9.46, 10.16, ¶10.46, 11.16, ¶11.46 A. M., 12.16, ¶12.46, 1.16, 1.46, 2.16, 2.46, 3.16, 3.46, 4.16, 4.46, 5.16, 5.46, 6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 9.16, 11.31 P. M.

§ Sundays excepted. ¶ Saturdays and Sundays only.

TICKET, Telegraph, and Transfer Office, 222 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. R. M. GARRATT, G. F. & P. Agt.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

### FOR JAPAN AND CHINA

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

SAN PABLO, Capt. Reed, July 12, 1884, will not carry cabin passengers.

| Steamer. | Commander. |
|---|---|
| **Oceanic** | **Capt. Metcalfe** |
| **Arabic** | **Capt. Pearne** |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Peking**.....**July 26**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Blas**.....**July 15**

At ten o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, SAN BLAS, MANZANILLO, and ACAPULCO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA and LA LIBERTAD, and via ACAPULCO for other Mexican and Central American ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**City of Sydney**..Saturday, August 2, at 12 o'clock M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on July 2d, 10th, 18th, and 26th, and August 3d, and every eighth day thereafter. The first steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

ALAMEDA.....TUESDAY, July 15th, at 3 P. M.
MARIPOSA.....FRIDAY, August 1st, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.

# PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.

**Stationers, Booksellers,**

**Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,**

**204 Sansome Street, near Pine.**

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

## COWEN, PORTER & CO.,

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

**118** Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER. Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital**.....**$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital**.....**$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremon National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.** Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation** Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company** Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company** Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold)**.....**$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884**..... **759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

**Contract for Fall and Winter Supply**

....OF....

# COAL.

For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. **CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street.** Telephone 308.

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**

## THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO., 36 California Street, San Francisco,**

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

## JOHN W. TAYLOR, MANAGER.

**Corner First and Market Streets,** SAN FRANCISCO.




Buttons falls in a brook of living water that runs through a lovely, leafy glade, in the very heart of the woods.

Monte Cristo slowly chisels his way through the gloomy arches of living rock that shut him in from freedom, and stands triumphant, washed by the wild spray that dashes around the Château d'If, till the rafters ring with the excited applause of the gallery.

One can see through the grime and dust the faded glories of "The Devil's Auction," and know that its spangles and colors were at least once upon a time a feast to the eye.

Yet the fair Julia—no one has ever known her other name—signed her marriage contract a fortnight ago in a baronial hall amply furnished forth with a table and two chairs.

And Appius Claudius only last week tried to sprawl his tyrannical legs picturesquely on an impoverished platform made of three several flights of rickety, whitewashed steps, but found himself shut in by a chair of composite fashion and most manifest discomfort, the which, though Appius was pronouncing judgment in an open Roman street, was covered with red reps and trimmed with green fringe.

Later, Virginius, the centurion, went mad in a small corridor, ostensibly in his own house. Its being an interior was suggested by a minstrel chair, covered in Turkey red, which was handed on and taken off like a property in the Chinese Theatre, in full view of the audience.

What grudge have managers against the legitimate that they are careful to mount it always with such unnecessary shabbiness? The fastidious Langtry has some reputation as a furnisher. We all fancied we saw touches of her practiced hand in many of the finer details of Lady Osmond's pretty morning-room. We all looked for them again in the castle which poor Helen found so dull, and the richly robed Julia certainly deserved a better setting than she got.

Lovers can never have halted before the expense of housekeeping, if we are to learn of their luxuries from the stage. And it is small wonder that the Romans spent so much of their time in the public baths, if their homes were indeed the cheerless, desolate, empty places that legitimate mountings teach us they were.

We had three legitimate plays within a fortnight, and people took to them most kindly. It was like a breath of fresh air blowing through the heavy sentiment-laden atmosphere of modern life. The passion in them was so strong, so broad, so natural. Then, too, these characters in these older dramas have a wonderful vitality in them. They live through so much, they live down so many weaklings, and one renders to them involuntarily, however much they may be set about by absurd stiltings, the tribute of respect that is always given to strength in any form.

"Ingomar" is not a strong play; it is simply a pretty one. But, then, it was written by a woman, and no woman has ever written a strong play. They always give a pretty picture of strength, subjugated by sweetness, of a man led abjectly in the silken fetters of love, of his total surrender to the charm of his deity, of his complete succumbing to the wound inflicted on him by arrow of the prankish god. But this is merely the retaliation of the sex. In this world the women do all the hard wooing, and they make the world over in their books, as they dream they would like it to be.

The taming of the barbarian is a pretty thing, a Greek idyl set in flowery words, but it does not live longer in the memory than any other merely pretty thing.

The other two plays were, both by a coincidence of revival, from the pen of Sheridan Knowles; and though their plots are laid hundreds of years apart, both treat of one theme—the love of father and daughter. It is one of the tenderest ties in the world, when it exists at all. Some fathers are not very nearly related to their children, and become simply a combination of ogre and monitor, who mitigate their terrors by occasional financial relief.

But since the time of Jepthah, who had "one fair daughter, the which he lovèd passing well," many fathers have loved one fair daughter with a passing love.

Of all their stories, that of Virginius is the most touching and the most terrible. The character looms up from history grand, noble, heroic, and they shut him down last week in the Standard like a Jack-in-the-Box.

The noble centurion had as many as three soldiers, out of the one hundred to which the law entitled him, and he proclaimed his wrongs in the teeth of the tyrant to a howling Roman mob of four. One of these had such a champion pair of lungs as to quite redeem the sparsity of numbers. The costumes were new, as the bills promised, but not beautiful. There was such a general eruption of gentlemen's undershirts, barely relieved by a scantiness of nun's veiling, that the supporting company bore a general effect of having been surprised at a ridiculously early hour in the morning.

Some one suggested that the villain, Appius Claudius, required a dress-coat, and the actor was so thoroughly modern in his style that the idea was not altogether incongruous.

The bills also announced new and appropriate music. In fulfillment of this part of the contract, when the curtain fell upon the lifeless form of the slain Virginia, the orchestra airily struck up that tuneful melody, "Lottie Lee," of which the sad refrain goes:

Merry warbling birds,
Toodle, loodle, loodle, loodle, loo;
Joyous happy birds,
Toodle, loodle, loodle, loodle, loo.

The "toodle-loodle" was perpetrated by a young man, upon a xylophone. As he was apparently a beginner, the notes were carefully marked upon the instrument of torture in large white letters, and such of the audience as sat near enough to see, became absorbed in watching to see whether he toodle-loodled upon the right letter.

It is thus that we mount the legitimate in these progressive days of art, science, and letters.

But there is something in the sturdy strength of the legitimate which fires an actor's veins and urges him to do his best in the face of fearful odds.

Fred Warde's Virginius in the first two acts does not promise well. He is keyed up by the importance of the occasion, and one feels him unconsciously bracing himself for it. He lacks something of the dignity of repose which is expected in the man who has been called "the noblest Roman of them all."

But with the beginning of action he begins to be a great actor. The lines of legitimate acting are always broad, and in the representations of their strong feelings—feelings which tower above the puny, well-checked, modern passion—there is, to us, almost a touch of extravagance. Yet it is right that it should be so. After all, a doting father slaying his daughter to protect her from the violating arms of a powerful tyrant is rather a serious position. In his defiance of the tyrant and his contempt for the tyrant's minion, Warde is superb; in his loving, anguished farewell, and his broken entreaties for a moment more of life with his child, he is deeply pathetic. But it is in the last act, in the pitiful madness of the bereaved father and in the carrying out of his vengeance, that he is really great.

The picture of the father, silent and motionless, in the gray of dawn, with his fingers stiffened in the neck of the throttled villain, long hours after his vengeance has been accomplished, is a most impressive one. It is a study in the power of facial expression. No one would recognize in this drawn, distorted, anguished face, which seems to appeal to heaven for judgment of the deed, the handsome and debonair young Ingomar, shorn of his locks for love's sake, and clad in the simple, beautiful costume of the Greek.

It is like the strangling of genius that such a piece of acting should have been set with such unexampled shabbiness, while the insipidities of the "Rajah" and the absurdities of "Monte Cristo" glitter in gorgeous framing.

Nor does any one want them any the less gorgeous. The eye having been sumptuously trained within these ten years in the theatres, we demand fine setting for the veriest *vol-au-vent*. It is the distinction which grieves.

I have much curiosity to see how the redoubtable Marie Vanoni will shine in the handsome surroundings of a well-regulated theatre. It is clearly her appointed place, for a more versatile young woman never sang and danced. She was the star of Koster & Bials when last and first it was my good fortune to hear her, and after she had been encored in every language, she came and danced a genuine quadrille with three other limber phenomena in the tumbling department. At the call of "Ladies forward," the Vanoni invariably forwarded with a flip-flap, so light, so quick, so certain, so easy, that she barely disturbed the laces on her petticoats, and left the breathless audience with a sort of an idea that they had only been half looking.

Not long after this she was rescued from her uncongenial beery surroundings, and promoted to "Pop," where she is said to have been such a thorn in the side of Kate Castleton, that Kate packed her handkerchief and left. And now she is promoted to burlesque opera bouffe. It is all within a little more than a twelvemonth, and she must still be the same tricksy, merry, versatile little cricket that she was.

BETSY B.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Marie Vanoni in 1876–7 traveled with the Kellogg Opera Troupe as *prima ballerina*. At the close of that season she settled in New York, and devoted several years to vocal study, with such excellent success that she is now claimed by Eastern papers to be the leading burlesque singer and dancer on the American stage. Madame Vanoni was born in Boston, at some uncertain date, and is an off-shoot of the Zan Fretti family. There is really no reason why people should puzzle their brains over the age of a woman who is still charming, but in the case of women they unquestionably do so; and as many club men during the past week have asserted a pre-historic acquaintance with the Vanoni, and have given her more years than the law of burlesque seems to allow, the writer has taken the trouble to investigate the question, and can state upon the knowledgable authority of her business manager that the lively Marie has just celebrated her twenty-seventh birthday.

Mr. Alfred Bouvier, advance agent of the organization, claims that the Bijou Opera Company has the nattiest "pony team" in the country. The aforesaid team is of the female persuasion, and the little beauties are widely known under their stage names of Ida Mulle and Daisy Murdoch. An interpolated duet of theirs is said to be the gem in the travesty upon "Orphée aux Enfer," that is to be given here next week.

Digby Bell and Laura Joyce Bell have been engaged by McCaull for next season to create parts in "Nell Gwynne." Since Fred Leslie went to England, Bell is perhaps the best English buffo in this country.

It may interest lady readers to know that Miss Jennie McNulty, who will appear here next week with the Bijou Troupe, was the bright, particular star whose rays created such havoc in President Arthur's family. Young Arthur left his studies at Princeton to haunt the footlights of Mistress Jennie, and it was only by strategem on the part of his father, and kindly coaxing on the part of the lady, that he was induced to abandon his attempt at matrimony, and fall back into the arms of the classics.

Augusta Roche was brought to this country by D'Oyley Carte to assume the mezzo soprano rôles in Gilbert and Sulliavan's operas.

Many San Franciscans will welcome the return of Jesse Williams, who leads the orchestra of the Bijou Troupe. Williams first came here as leader with Rice's "Evangeline" Company, and paid us another visit last year with the McCaull "Lace Handkerchief" Troupe.

"The Devil's Auction" has been doing so well at the Bush Street that managers Gallagher, Gilmore & Gardner (the three G's) have decided to run the piece until there is need of a change. Should such a hint be received before the end of the engagement, there are two reserve plays that can be put on at a few days' notice, as the necessary costumes and trick scenery for "Black Raven," and for "Mazulm, the Night Owl," have been brought along. These pieces are similar in style to "The Devil's Auction," and the company is thoroughly familiar with both of them.

Remenyi sends word that he will probably get here by the 25th of this month, and give a concert at the Baldwin on the following Sunday.

Franz Reinau has determined to abandon the German drama, and is diligently studying for the American stage. Professor Bunnel, of Berkeley, is instructing him in English elocution, and says that he is making rapid progress in his pronunciation of the language. Reinau has just completed an original comedy in English, and Brookes & Dickson are negotiating with him for the production of the play.

Adelbert Bruening, the young actor who made so favorable an impression with our German public last winter, is now a member of the German company in Milwaukee.

When last heard from, Ottilie Genée was playing a star engagement at the Residenz Theatre in Berlin. Her friends in this city think it more than probable that season after next she will again be with us as manager of a German company.

"The Devil's Auction" troupe seems to be a sort of matrimonial bureau, in which everybody is trying to marry somebody else, and which never has less than two honey-mooning couples on hand. Following the numerous precedents set them by their comrades in the company, Thomas Lord and Jennie Cunningham will be married on the 16th instant, and three days later their example will be copied by J. C. Tiernan and Milly Gray. Unable to escape the matrimonial epidemic, W. H. Bartholomew and Miss Sally Apt are hooked for the near future, while it is asserted upon excellent authority that the Misses Annie Dunbar and Katie Wilson are very much puzzled as to which two, out of four offers of marriage, they shall accept.

Undaunted by the non-success of last winter's experiment, Bojoch has been trying to raise funds for another German season. As a prepaid subscription was an absolute necessity, and as his countrymen were more profuse of suggestion than coin, the project fell through; so he and Mrs. Heller will probably test their fortune in the East before long.

The management of the Standard is trying to negotiate an engagement of Mott's Tennessee Jubilee Singers, but without any satisfactory result so far as heard from.

Charley Reed went East on Monday last with the intention of dropping burnt cork and taking to legitimate white-faced comedy. No better future can be wished him than that he may do as well in the last as he has done in the first.

H. W. Frillman, the well-known member of Emerson's Minstrel Troupe, has developed an ambition for the operatic stage, and has been engaged for the basso parts in the company that Madam Fabbri is organizing.

Miss Lucy C. O'Brien, who read the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth, it is said, will study for the stage, and make her début in New York this coming winter.

At present there are no less than thirty-five legitimate actors and actresses in this city who are seeking an engagement, with little chance of finding one. There is no local manager who can, or will, give them employment, and they are reduced to playing the rôle of hungry peris, disconsolately hanging around the gates of the dramatic paradise. What is to become of these unfortunates no one knows, for their present outlook is dreary, with scarcely a ray of hope for the future.

The irrepressible De Vivo has returned from the Northern wilds, and brings with him an unusual store (even for him) of highly spiced and more or less improbable yarns. On the one hand, by the way, he claims to have made money with his barn-storming opera troupe; while, on the other, he acknowledges that the theatrical wardrobes of the company were, in some mysterious manner, left behind. This fact explains the selection of "Don Pasquale" for the opening performance in Oakland.

Manager Bert says that he has given up the idea of running two theatres in opposition to each other, and that in the future he will keep the Grand closed when there is an attraction at the California, and *vice versa*. He feels confident, or at least claims to, that under this plan he will be able to keep one or the other of the houses open all the time—after he once gets fairly started again, that is.

It is again among the possibilities that we may have a summer season of Italian opera. The Napoleon Sienni troupe are, or were a few days ago, in El Paso, Texas, and the managerial pocket of the aforesaid company still yearns for the presumptive shekels to be gathered in a place so large as San Francisco. Many persons consider it questionable as to whether it would pay to bring so large a troupe here at this time of year; but as almost certain bankruptcy awaits them in the south, their manager is very willing to try the San Francisco experiment—if he can only find some one to guarantee the railway fares. Should such guarantee be obtained, the troupe will come here as fast as steam can bring them, and will open in the Grand Opera House on or about the 21st of this month.

Manager John Stetson was in Chicago at last advices, but wrote that he would probably be here by the middle of the month; so, at least, one of our local managers says, although Mr. Roberts, Stetson's lieutenant, seems to doubt his coming.

Jacob's European Circus opened Friday on the old pavilion ground, Eighth and Market, and will continue until the thirteenth, every afternoon at two, and every evening at eight o'clock.

Mr. Harry Edwards writes from Chicago, July second, that he is on his way West with the Wallack Company, and hopes to reach San Francisco about the end of September. It is probable the company may visit the Yosemite Valley *en route*.

W. W. Cole's show, the same circus that has harvested so plentifully recently in Oregon, will be here at an early date.

Mr. Jay Rial, the manager of the Bush Street, will leave for the East in a week or two on a business visit.

Howard P. Taylor has gone into the Park Theatre with John A. Stevens, so as to produce some of his plays. He will open with a piece called "Caprice," in which Minnie Maddern will act.

---

In consequence of a press of matter upon our columns, three departments which appear in the table of contents—"Individualities," "Correspondence," and "The Tuneful Liar"—are crowded out. The "Society" department will be found on page 10, instead of page 4, as set down in contents.

---

The San Francisco *Music and Drama*, which began in a modest fashion, has enlarged to eight pages. It is a bright and newsy little paper.

---

An exquisite portrait of Mrs. President Polk has just been assigned a position in the green-room of the White House, near Huntington's famous portrait of Mrs. Hayes. The new picture is a very beautiful one, showing that Mrs. Polk must have been a queenly and expressive woman. Her tasteful evening toilet, a *corsage* bouquet of roses, and the background of oriental drapery produce a fine effect. Mrs. Polk is only the fourth lady of the White House to find representation among its galleries of paintings. Martha Washington holds as conspicuous a place as her immortal husband in the East room, Mrs. Tyler is obscurely hung in the private part of the house, and Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Polk share the honors of the green-room.

---

— MR. ALFRED KELLEHER DESIRES TO ANNOUNCE that he will resume instructions in *Vocal Music*, Wednesday, July 16th. Office hours, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., except Monday and Thursday. Rooms 62 and 63, City of Paris Block.

— A GENTLEMAN AND WIFE CAN FIND A beautiful sunny suit of rooms, first-class board, within two blocks of McAllister Street cars. Address C., Argonaut office.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—ITS HIGHLY CONCENTRATED CURATIVE POWER makes Ayer's Sarsaparilla the best and cheapest blood purifier known.

WALL PAPERS,
FRESCOING,
INTERIOR DECORATING
WINDOW SHADES.
G. W. CLARK & CO.
645 and 647 MARKET STREET.

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

**Bills and Casts for Week ending July 12th.**

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill: "The Rajah." Cast as follows:

Harold Wyncot, the Rajah.....Mr. H. M. Pitt
Gladys Wyncot, his ward.....Miss Marie Burroughs
Joseph Jekyll, a self-made Attorney..Mr. W. J. LeMoyne
Emilia Jekyll, his daughter.....Miss Marion Elmore
Richard Jocelyn, Jekyll's clerk and would-be son-in-law, Mr. E. M. Holland
Mr. Job, Jekyll's assistant and echo.Mr. Jno. T. McKever
Mrs. Pringle, housekeeper of Wyncot Lodge, Mrs. Dollie Pike
Buttons, a youthful servant.....Mr. George Bruening
Cragin, leader of the strikers.....Mr. Frank Losee

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Bill: "The Devil's Auction"; three acts. Cast as follows:

Topy.....James S. Maffit
Père Androche.....W. H. Bartholomew
Phrezyo.....B. F. Granger
Carlos.....F. W. Allen
Madeline.....Miss Ida Navins
Janet.....Miss Sally Apt
Christaline.....Miss Louise Dempsey
Mephisto.....B. J. McLaughlin
Chaos.....Albert Martinetti

Lavigne, J. A. Throw; Tresbien, J. C. Tiernan; Victor, A. C. Gooding; Adolph, Frank Thompson; Gustave, J. G. Shawles; Alexander, A. S. Franks; Tsching-Sing, T. C. Thomas; Koblang Khan, J. A. Throw; Moon Shong, William Edgerton; Kao Peki, Edward Lavine; Kwang See, George K. Knight; Sang Koi, J. Vincent; Yen Yum, Albert Leech; Ko Let, Miss Kittie Wilson; Kara Mustapha, George W. Ames; Muli, Harry Williams; Oarsmin; William Mason; Khan of Tartary, W. H. Bartholomew.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Manager. Bill: "Monte Cristo," translated from the French of Alexandre Dumas; five acts. Cast as follows:

Edmund Dantes and Count de Monte Cristo..Jas. O'Neill
Noirtier.....Frederic De Belleville
Albert de Morcerf.....Forrest Robinson
Villefort.....Geo. C. Boniface
Caderousse.....J. W. Shannon
Fernande.....J. V. Melton
Danglars.....James Taylor
Abbe Faria.....Horace Lewis
M. Morel.....Geo. Osbourne
Old Dantes.....E. N. Thayer
Mercedes.....Miss Eugenie Blair
Carcoute.....Annie Boudinot
Mlle. Danglars.....Miss Belle Inman
Fisherwoman.....Miss Ida Florina

Brigadier, Jno. N. Williams; First Police Agent, W. S. Fredericks; Second Police Agent, Frank Boudinot; Germain, Wm. J. Dungan; Governor of Prison, Mr. Pelham; Com. of Police, S. A. Clark; First Jailor, G. Mueller; Second Jailor, A. B. Krone; Sentinel, Mr. Daveline; Servant, B. Slater; Fisherman, J. White.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: Edmond Audran's opera, "Gillette"; three acts. Cast as follows:

Gillette.....Miss Hattie Moore
Rossita.....Miss Kate Marchi
Count Roger.....Mr. T. W. Eckert
Prince Oliver.....Mr. R. D. Valerga
Griffardin.....Mr. Harry Gates
King Rene.....Mr. M. Cornell
Seneschal.....Mr. E. Carlmuller
Barigoul.....Mr. Harry Nieman
Richard.....Mr. Charles Evans
Landry.....Mr. George Harris

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—Stechan & Cornelius, managers. Closed during the week.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Manager. Closed during the week.

"The Devil's Auction" is on the bills of the Bush Street Theatre for next week.

Audran's comic opera, "Gillette," will be continued next week at the Tivoli Opera House.

The Grand Opera House and the California will be closed.

At the Baldwin, next week, "Orpheus and Eurydice" will be given by the Bijou Opera Company. It is a burlesque on Offenbach's opera, "Orphée aux Enfers."

At the Standard next week Johnson's Jubilee Singers open.


**Carpet Beating and Renovating.**

Do not be deceived by parties advertising cheap carpet cleaning. If you want good work done, send to J. SPAULDING & CO.'s Pioneer Carpet Beating and Renovating Works, 353 and 355 Tehama Street, as they have the only perfect carpet cleaning establishment in the city. Telephone call 3,040.

**Fredericksburg Lager Beer**

Is the finest in the world. Send your orders, for kegs or bottles, to 539 California Street.

**Root Beer.**

A strictly non-alcoholic family beverage, at once delicious to the taste and beneficial to the system. The youngest child or the feeblest invalid can drink it with advantage. Put up in pint and quart champagne bottles, with patent stoppers, at seventy cents and one dollar and ten cents per dozen. All orders promptly filled. H. L. St. John & Co., 14 Hayes Street.

**Yosemite and Giant Trees,**

Via positively the shortest, cheapest, and best scenic route, in new unexcelled six-horse coaches. For tickets and full information, THOMAS T. WALTON, 138 Montgomery Street.

**Chairs, Chairs.**

All kinds of cane and wood-seat chairs, which have been selling so low for years, are still cheaper. A discount of ten per cent, is being made, and will continue until further notice at the warerooms of the California Furniture Manufacturing Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

**Cutler's Desks.**

Some more of those beautiful and useful articles for counting-houses and offices just received and for sale at the warerooms of the California Furniture Manufacturing Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

**New Monarch Oil Stove.**

Call and see it. It is the neatest yet. Send for circular. Myers, 869 Market Street.

— MR. HENRY HEYMAN BEGS TO ANNOUNCE that he will resume giving lessons on the violin immediately on his return from Honolulu, on or about July 22d. Address 206 Ellis Street.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

SAFE, SWIFT, AND SURE TO REGULATE THE bowels are Ayer's Cathartic Pills. Recommended by eminent physicians.

— NEW BLOOD, SOUND STOMACH, AND STRONG nerves, vital energy, hard muscles, and cheerfulness. Use Celery, Beef, and Iron;

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES 235 KEARNY ST.

**Southwest cor. of Bush. Established 1877.**

PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

AGENTS WANTED

In every township on this coast for the best **Blaine and Logan** Campaign Book that is published—good for 20 to 40 orders a day. "**Why I am a Republican,**" by Hon. George S. Boutwell: including Biographies of "Blaine and Logan," and "**The History of the Republican Party,**" complete in one volume; standard authority, original, forcible, and graphic. Every Republican will want it, and many Democrats will buy it. For terms and circulars address **A. ROMAN, 120 Sutter St.**, S.F

REMOVAL.

GEORGE A. DAVIS & CO.

DEALERS IN

**AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS**

HAVE REMOVED TO

NOS. 17 AND 19 MAIN ST.

CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS.

MONOGRAMS, Arms, Crests, Wedding, Reception and Visiting Cards designed, engraved, and printed; lot slightly worn Albums at great bargain. ROBERTS, 10 Polk St., Masonic Temple.

TO YOUNG MEN.

There is nothing which will make a fortune for you with so little outlay as a **HAY BALING PRESS.** The PRICE PRESS, with three men, will earn $1,600 in one season; costs $450. The MONARCH PRESS, at $600, puts ten tons in a box car and will clear $10 to $20 per day. There is money in baling hay. These are the best presses. Address **TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO.**, San Francisco.

STORE YOUR FURNITURE

**Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.**

BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH

**J. H. MOTT & CO.,**

**735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco**

Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

"EUREKA" COTTON

GARDEN HOSE

Stronger three to one, and lighter two to one, than the best four-ply Rubber Hose; and if left out in the sun and air continuously, or, if put away, put away dry, will stand the roughest kind of usage and will last for years.

Also, RUBBER HOSE of extra quality and at low price.

**W. T. Y. SCHENCK,**
36 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!**

**The Light-running**

"HOUSEHOLD" SEWING MACHINE.



Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to **three months' trial.**

**Samuel Hill Estate**

CITY SALES ROOMS,
**634 Market St.**
Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

**C. V. GILLESPIE,**
SEARCHER OF RECORDS
**409 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**

WINDOW SHADE FACTORY. | **H. E. BULLIVANT & CO.,** FACTORY AND SALESROOM, **753 Mission St., bet. 3d & 4th.** Decorating and Lettering a specialty for stores, offices, residences, etc.

DOOR PLATES
**AND HOUSE NUMBERS,**
**New and Elegant Styles at Greatly Reduced Rates.**

Every description of Tableware repaired and replated at **San Francisco Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating Works, 653 and 655 Mission St.,** San Francisco, between New Montgomery and Third.

**E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.**




CARICATURE OF A SLOGGING MATCH.

Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.


ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.
ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.
ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.
THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

OPENING OF
SPRING AND SUMMER HATS
**THIS WEEK BY**
C. HERRMANN & CO.

**(HERRMANN THE HATTER),**

**At 332---336 Kearny Street, between Bush and Pine Streets.**

The largest Hat Store and the largest stock on the Pacific Coast. An immense line of novelties.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue for 1884, just out.

FALK'S Bilsener BEER

**ESTABLISHED 1855.**

CARRIAGES.

O. F. WILLEY & CO.

NEVADA BLOCK,

**No. 317 MONTGOMERY STREET, - - - - - - SAN FRANCISCO,**

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

CARRIAGES, LIGHT ROAD WAGONS, CARTS, SULKIES,

Our stock of which is now, as it has heretofore been, unsurpassed in elegance and solidity. Recent importations have greatly enlarged our supply of vehicles of all kinds from the following celebrated Eastern establishments, of which we are the agents, viz.:

**Brewster & Co.,** (of Broome Street) New York,
**C. S. Caffrey & Co.,** Camden, N. J.,
**Henry Hooker & Co.,** New Haven, Conn.,
**H. Killam & Co.,** New Haven, Conn.,
**W. S. Frazier & Co.,** Chicago Road Carts.

We have also an assortment of Buggies and Phaetons, with full leather tops, which we sell at prices ranging from **$85 to $125.** Constantly on hand a full supply of

HARNESS,

From the famous manufactories of Wood Gibson, New York, and Tompkins & Mandeville, together with a complete assortment of Concord and other Harness. **Fine Silk Plush Robes, Lap Robes of all kinds, Horse Blankets, Whips in variety, Wheel Jacks, Wood Stable Forks, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs,** etc., etc. The Agency Goods above enumerated will be sold at Eastern prices with freight allowed. We have always in stock, and are prepared to manufacture to order, Mountain and other Wagons. In returning thanks for past patronage and favors, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

BETHESDA
SUPERIOR TABLE WATER
L. CAHEN AND SON. 418 SAC. ST. S.F.




See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

**J. W. EVANS,**
General Agent, 29 Post Street.

---

**L. D. STONE & CO.**
(Successors to R. Stone),
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
**Harness, Saddles, Saddlery Hardware**
Collars, Whips, Robes, Horse Blankets, and all kinds of Harness and Patent Leathers.
**422 and 424 Battery Street, corner Washington, San Francisco.**

---

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
**Commission Merchants,**
**San Francisco.**
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
☞ Liberal advances made on consignments. ☜

---

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
**San Francisco,**
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

---

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**
**No. 309 SANSOME STREET,**
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

---

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
**204 and 206 California Street,**
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

---

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
**(Established 1854),**
**HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.**
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
**39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.**

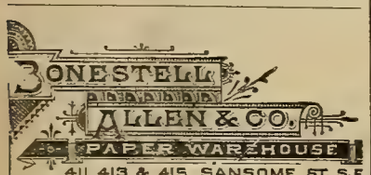
---

**THE**
**AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,**
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**
Office, 208 California Street.

---

**A. P. HOTALING & CO.**
**429 to 437 Jackson St.,** sole agents for the **J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky,** "O. P. S.," "O. O. K.," "O. K." "A No. 1," "A." Established 1852.

---




**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

---

**Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed**
**TILES**
**For Decorations.**
**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**
**311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.**

---

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**
**Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.**
**119 MONTGOMERY STREET.**

---

**SOLE AGENCY FOR THE**
**HENRY F. MILLER**
**(Factory Boston, Mass.) and**
**HEMME & LONG**
**(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)**
**AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.**
**WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.**
**101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.**
**Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.**
**PIANOS**

---

**ICHI BAN**

**FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.**

---

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.
**NEWSOM & GASH,**
**ARCHITECTS**
Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,
Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

---

**BLAINE** Agents wanted for Authentic Edition of his Life. Published at Augusta, his home. Largest, Handsomest, Cheapest, Best. By the renowned historian and biographer, Col. Conwell, whose life of Garfield, published by us, outsold the twenty others by 60,000. Outsells every book ever published in this world; many agents are selling fifty daily. Agents are making fortunes. All new beginners successful; grand chance for them; $43.50 made by a lady agent the first day. Terms most liberal. Particulars free. Better send 25 cents for postage, etc., on **Free Outfit,** now ready, including large prospectus book, and save valuable time. **ALLEN & CO.,** Augusta, Maine.

---

**RICHMOND RANGES**
**Just Received**—A carload lot of the celebrated improved Richmond Ranges. They are the most economical, durable, attractive, and cheapest ranges in the world. For sale only by the agents, **SCHUSTER BROS.,**
**306 Sutter Street, above Dupont.**

---

**ELEGANT RESIDENCE**
**FOR SALE.**
In the Western Addition, near Van Ness Avenue, for $30,000; cost over $50,000. This is a rare opportunity to purchase one of the handsomest residences in the city at far below its real value. For particulars, apply to JOS. A. SANBORN, 407 Montgomery Street.

---

**JOHN MIDDLETON,**
**COAL.**
**14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.**

---

**CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY**
**OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.**
**Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.**
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

---

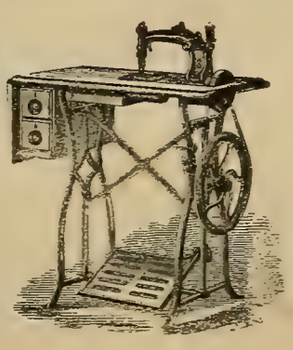
C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.
**PACIFIC SAW MANUFACTURING COMPANY**
17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

---




**THE HALL TYPE-WRITER**
Awarded medal at Semi-Centennial Fair of American Institute in New York over all competitors. Also, John Scott medal at Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. Simple and durable. Self-inking. No ribbon. Interchangeable type. Weighs only seven pounds. Takes all sizes paper. Useful in family or office. Full information at
PACIFIC COAST AGENCY, ROOM 34, No. 123 CALIFORNIA STREET.
(S. F. Office Empire Portable Forge Co. of Cohoes, N. Y.)

---



**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.**
**WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.**
**303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.**

---

**SPRECKELS'**
**APTOS HOTEL,**
**Santa Cruz County.**
This delightful summer resort, unexcelled for its beach and picturesque situation, is now open.
**ROEMER BROS.,**
Of the Vienna Model Bakery, San Francisco.

---

**HIGHLAND SPRINGS,**
**LAKE COUNTY, CAL.**
**"The Switzerland of America."**
**OPEN ALL THE YEAR.**
**Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.**
**Daily communication via Cloverdale.**
**DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.**

---

**ÆTNA**
**HOT MINERAL SPRINGS.**
To the highly curative properties of these waters and the charms of the place is added an elegant and capacious Swimming Bath.
These waters purify the blood, and refresh, renew, and restore the whole system. They cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Chronic Diarrhœa, Paralysis, and Pulmonary Complaints in the early stages. These waters are a specific in cases of Malaria, Chill and Ague Fever. They afford magical relief in cases of Nervousness, Sleeplessness, and General Debility.
Visitors leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. for St. Helena, thence by daily stage (Sundays excepted), arriving at the Ætnas at 5 P. M. For pamphlet, containing analysis and cures, address WM. BURNELL, Sup't, or WM. H. LIDELL, Proprietor, Lidell P. O., Napa Co., Cal.

---

**PERRIER'S**
**FRENCH RESTAURANT,**
**12 and 14 O'Farrell Street.**
Fitted up in first-class style. Private Rooms for Families; also, Banquet Hall. Private entrance on Bagley Place. Telephone No. 865.

---

**BUGGIES!**
If you want a high-priced Buggy, Carriage, or Phaeton, or if you want a good one for a low price, describe what you want, and order from
**TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., 511 Market St., S. F.**

---

**GOODYEAR'S**
**Extra A1 Superior**
**RUBBER HOSE,**
**BELTING AND PACKING.**
We make to order, at few hours' notice, in our RUBBER FACTORY, Hard & Soft Valves, Gaskets, Car Springs, etc.
**Goodyear Rubber Co.**
R. H. PEASE, Jr., S. M. RUNYON, AGENTS.
**577 and 579 Market St., S. F.**

---

**BEAUTIFUL SNOW**
**FOR THE COMPLEXION!**
This elegant preparation is the most perfect beautifier known. It is pure and harmless, delightful in its application, and wonderful in its effects, while the closest scrutiny fails to detect its use. Prepared by
**H. BOWMAN, Chemist, Oakland.**
For sale by all druggists.

---

**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine

---

**GERMEA**
**FOR BREAKFAST.**
**DELICIOUS.**
**TRY IT!**

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. No. 3. SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 19, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: The Democratic Nominations—The Intrigues of Tammany—Its Defeat—Mr. Grover Cleveland—From the Shrievalty to the White House?—He is the choice of England in America—The Country under Republican Rule—Peace and Prosperity—Is a Change Desirable?—The Nomination of Mr. Copperhead Hendricks—An Insult to every Union Soldier—Our Gratitude for Escaping Ben Butler—Will he be an Independent Candidate?—His Probable Nomination by the Democracy four years from now—What will be the Result?—The "Journal of Civilization"—Its attacks on Mr. Blaine—What it said Four Years ago—Its attack on Horace Greeley—The hired Hessian and Criminal Curtis who Murdered him—They will not Succeed in their attempted Assassination of the Republican Nominee—The Republican Nominations in the Third and Fourth Congressional Districts—Mr. McKenna and Mr. Morrow—Both good Nominations—Who Should be Nominated in the Fifth District? ..... 1–3

CORRESPONDENCE ..... 3

SENORITA SANTOS' SUITORS: A Story of the Bull-Ring in Durango; By Y. H. Addis—How a Mexican girl had two lovers, and her choice of one ..... 4

THE LATEST VERSE: "Martin Lightfoot's Song," a Posthumous Poem by Canon Kingsley; "Carpe Diem," by E. R. Sill; "The Thunder Cloud," by James T. McKay; "A Lay of Lawn Tennis" ..... 5

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs ground out by the Dismal Wits of the Day ..... 5

BUBBLES: The Cholera—Will it Come to San Francisco?—A trade view of Politics—An Unknown Constituency—Who support the Flash Papers and the Divorce Courts?—A crazy Millionaire—Some queer Quotations—A Conjugal Conversation at the Baldwin—A Peculiar set of Gods and Goddesses—The Lightning-Telegraph Boy—Old-fashioned Tennis—Discouraged Suicides—Crawford's new novel, "A Roman Singer"—Peculiarities of Pronunciation ..... 6

SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip ..... 7

THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest—A Game annotated by Doctor Zukertort—The Doctor's Movements ..... 7

THE ELECTRIC GIRL: "Flaneur" writes concerning the Sensation of the Day in New York—How Miss Hurst juggles with Athletic Men—The Discomfiture of Mr. Laflin—A Theatrical Knock-out ..... 8

LITERARY NOTES: Modern Metaphysics—A Contrast between the Old and New ..... 8

VANITY FAIR: The Matrimonial Chances of Blondes and Brunettes—What Frightful Sums Parisian Elégantes spend on their Toilets—Modified Corsages and Visible Corsets—Advice to Ladies concerning Chaussure—A Croquet Revival in England—A Novel Idea for a Fishing and Pedestrian Costume, with concealed Knickerbockers—A Hammock Club—Venetian Visiting-cards—A Chicago Horsewoman ..... 9

STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic, and Otherwise: General Logan on Virginia—Dishonest Bishops—Rochefort's Dinner Invitation—"Sawyer!" ..... 9

THE PRIEST'S GHOST: A Wild Story of Love and Death amid the Glaciers of the Higher Alps ..... 10

HENRY IRVING'S IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA: "Cockaigne" Discusses his Comparison of English and American Pronunciation—Some Points in which we differ from our British Cousins ..... 11

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People all over the World ..... 11

GOSSIP ABOUT WOMEN: What is said about the most Notable Dames and Demoiselles ..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—The New Piece at the Baldwin—Theatrical Gossip ..... 14

Not for twenty-five years have we felt more kindly toward the Democracy than now—not since the ante-bellum days has any Democratic National Convention acted more wisely, or with greater dignity, or with more seeming regard to principle, than the one that has just closed its labors. What especially challenges our admiration, and draws from us this willing tribute to its respectable character and conduct, is the admirable manner in which it disposed of that most vile thing known as Tammany. This miserable organization has plundered the city of New York for nearly half a century till it had become so strong that it undertook to overawe the national Democracy. The exposure, imprisonment, and death of Tweed, the imprisonment, exile, and punishment of his criminal associates, had not been sufficient to destroy the organization. The intrigues of New York, the plots and bargains of Tammany politicians, had so disgraced and dishonored the Democratic party that it was at length compelled to confront Tammany as a national danger, and the Democracy had either to submit to it or to destroy it. For years the national party had stood in awe of it, had yielded to its exactions, had compromised with it, and admitted its chieftains to seats in its national councils. In the city of New York it was strong enough to over-ride all party laws and defy all party discipline. If it could not be allowed to plunder that city in its own way, it stood ready to sulk, or bolt, or trade with the Republican party. It was composed of aliens, mostly Irish, with a sprinkling of native-born American rascals. Its whole being was evil. Its existence was a reproach to the American people. Its destruction was a necessity of civilization. That it has been destroyed we hail as an omen of improved government in the city of New York. It revives our confidence in the continuance of republican government, and in the capacity of a free people for the management of political affairs. We are glad and proud that a Democratic National Convention had the courage to ignore its demands, rebuke the impudence of its claims, and send its painted braves howling back to their wigwam. We hope no Republican will so far forget himself, or so far misrepresent his party, as to endeavor to make votes for Blaine and Logan by bargaining with its criminal sachems for the vote of their lousy following. With Tammany we have no patience; with it we want no alliance, no bargain, and no association. Now that the Democracy have kicked it out of fellowship, we would not have the Republican party take up with it, or recognize it, or in any respect give it countenance.

The nomination of Governor Cleveland, of New York, is at least respectable. So far as we know, he is a clean, honorable, honest, intelligent man, of good public record in the offices he has held—sheriff of a county, mayor of a city, governor of a State! We do not think he will be President of the United States; but if he should—for the ways of Providence and politics are inscrutable and past finding out—if he should, our personal esteem for the greatest of living Americans, and our loyalty for the grandest and best party that has ever been charged with the responsibilities of a great government and its safe conduct through great perils, may not prevent us from admitting that he would make a good President. It is an admirable state of our national affairs when we can admit so much. It is a splendid comment upon republican government that there could be convened two such national conventions, and with such results. That Governor Cleveland is the choice of many honest and independent men, is a fact that bears tribute to his worth. That he was the choice of England in America; that the Cobden Club and all the free-traders of New York and Boston, and all the moneyed aristocrats desired his nomination, and all the disgruntled dudes accept him as an opponent to Mr. Blaine, is his misfortune; and it is only fair for us to say that we know of nothing in his political career that justifies these classes in inflicting upon him their support or embarrassing his election by publicly enlisting under his standard. His veto of the five-cent fare bill for the elevated railroads, of the railroad-workers' twelve-hour bill, of the mechanics' lien bill, are all more easily to be explained than the fact that all the English journals in England and America, and all the free-trade politicians in both countries, and all the flunkies in New York and Boston who affect English opinions and imitate English manners, were united in the endeavor to nominate him, and are united in the effort to make him President. The issue is now fairly and fully made. The character of all the candidates is fully known. The platforms are before the people for their consideration. The history of the two parties for the last quarter of a century has been written and can not be changed. The thoughtful and intelligent citizen will look backward over this history, and will be largely governed in the casting of his Presidential vote by the reflection that during all this time—the proceedings that led to the war, the civil war, the reconstruction of States, the constitutional amendments, the adjustment of finances, the payment of the public debt—the Government has been in the hands of the Republican party. Remembering this, the intelligent citizen will consider the present condition of the country—at peace with all the world, States reconstructed, the South prosperous, national debt in process of speedy payment, national credit maintained—and consider whether any change is desirable, or one so important as that which shall turn the administration of the Government over to the Democracy, of whom the only good thing we have ever been able to say of it in twenty-five years is that it had the courage at last to kick Tammany overboard.

The nomination of Hendricks of Indiana was most unfit to have been made. His nomination can only be excused on the ground of concession to the crazy sentiment that desired to cling to the old fraud as alleged to have been prepetrated in 1876, and that the convention, as conventions sometimes do, had lost its head. Hendricks is an insult and reproach to every loyal Northern man in America. He is the worst specimen of the meanest and most contemptible of all cowardly things. He was a copperhead and broom-ranger, who, during the war, endeavored to paralyze the efforts of loyal men to save the country, and never had the genorosity or the courage to give a dollar or strike a blow with the brave misguided men who attempted to divide and destroy it. He was one of those Indiana assemblymen who, when Morton was Governor, refused appropriations to equip Indiana troops; compelled the assembly to adjourn and to raise money on loans, which a loyal legislature finally paid. Hendricks of Indiana never drew a loyal breath, or uttered a loyal sentiment, is a demagogue of the rarest type, has already in his very first speech of acceptance displayed his utter malappreciation of the dignity of political discussion by the utterance of lies in which he was speedily detected and speedily rebuked. His nomination is an insult to every soldier who exposed his life for the country, and is an insult to the memory of every one who laid down his life in its defense. Hendricks of Indiana is a type of the only class for which, now that the war is ended, there can be no excuse found or apology made, He was a Northern copperhead, alike despised by all honorable men from both sections of the country. It was his kind that embarrassed and prolonged the war; that held out false hopes to the Confederates; invited the Morgan raid into his own State, with promises of aid which it never had the courage to afford; played the poltroon and the coward whenever physical courage was demanded. The nomination of this old copperhead demagogue indicates the character of men who will be recognized as leaders and rewarded by office if Cleveland is elected.

Another cause of gratitude to the Democracy and gratification to us is the fact that we have escaped Benjamin F. Butler; at least, we think we have escaped him, for as the contest is not over, the danger is not passed, and will not be till the last ballot is counted, the result declared, and the President inaugurated. Ben Butler is to us an ogre. Like the evil genie that escaped from the iron-bound casket cast up from the sea by the storm, he pervades the land. He is out of the box, and the devil himself can never coax or scare him in again. He is in American politics to stay. He is spreading. Who ever believed that he could become Governor of Massachusetts?—yet, by persistency, perseverance, and untiring energy, he has been, and in spite of Beacon Hill and azure-veined pirate ancestry; in spite of piety, codfish, and codfish aristocracy; in spite of blue blood, and coin, and culture; in spite of both the Hoars, and ever so many other persons with three names, and evenly balanced hair, and unexceptionable moral conduct, he was elected Governor over Massachusetts, its banks, its churches, and its universities; Governor over the Bunker Hill monument, and Plymouth Rock, and the old South Church, and over the "men of Massachusetts," and the old maids, and professors, and preachers of Massachusetts; over Lexington, Concord, and Boston Common. To say that Ben Butler will never be President of the United States is to unnecessarily peril one's reputation as a prophet. There is no telling what cheek may n[illegible]

complish; and Butler has more and harder cheek than the traditional animal upon whose flank is burned the stamp of government ownership. We admit that we are afraid of Butler. We thought he would be nominated. It is a Democratic mistake that he was not nominated. He would have carried the South. Anything can carry the South. A government mule, branded "Democracy" in great, plain letters deeply burned in on both hips, so that while the mule was kicking the chiv might read, would be elected. He would run all the better; if he had been a commissary mule during the war, and on the loyal side, so that he might possess an availability by reason of loyal service, he would get sixty thousand majority in Kentucky, sweep Missouri and Texas, and get every Gulf State, and carry Virginia, Tennessee, and every Southern State that ever owned a "nigger." He would have carried Massachusetts, in spite of its learned professors, its cultured preachers, and its moral dudes. He would have stood a better show, by far, to carry New York than Cleveland; he would have carried California against Blaine (we assert this with confidence when we recall the election of sand-lot mayors for San Francisco, Sacramento, and Oakland, and the adoption of the New Constitution); he would have rendered Indiana, Connecticut, and New Jersey no longer doubtful. In a word, he would have been elected President of the United States. It was a lost opportunity, and, unless every dog has his more than one day, the opportunity will not come again to the Democracy. It is our deliberate opinion that it will come again to Butler, and that in four years from now he will be stronger than a Democratic National Convention, and will dictate to it both platform and candidate. And, while we are in the line of prophecy, and the mantle is upon us, we will forecast the events about like this: Butler will run independent; he was a member of the Democratic convention, but not a candidate before it; he protested against its free-trade resolution in the interest of the one million five hundred thousand laborers whom he claimed to represent. He has the same right to go away from Chicago and run for the Presidency as George William Curtis had to go away and run a bolting newspaper. Butler will run as an independent candidate for the Presidency; will write his own platform—"free trade in poor men's necessities, heavy taxation upon rich men's luxuries; so discriminating in the collection of the nation's revenue as to aid the industrial vocations of the nation, and thereby promote the best interests of the workingmen." He will favor the eight-hour law, free lands, greenback currency, and, in addition, such humbug as will catch. He will draw from the Democratic party by out-bidding all others for the Irish vote; he will draw a large labor following. His demagogy will sound every note in the gamut of prejudicing the poor against the rich. He will ring out the cry of capital oppressing labor; he will inaugurate a war of classes; he will defeat Cleveland and elect Blaine. In four years (if his programme succeeds) he will defeat Blaine and elect himself President of the United States. Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts is the man who is to inaugurate in this republic the war of classes, and, when the issue is made, whenever the forces are massed, the result will not be doubtful. There may be divisions and jealousies among the leaders, there may be causes of hinderance which shall put this evil day farther away from us than we now anticipate, but we see its inevitable coming, and the gathering cloud is not to be likened to the size of a man's hand. It is more formidable, and looks to-day more like the hand of Providence. When this movement takes shape, it will first destroy the Democratic party and from it take to itself much that is good and all that is evil. It will bring into its ranks many of the best men of the nation, and all who are criminal and vicious. Its theories will be good, and wise, and human, and its practices will be dangerous and destructive. It will be the beginning of the end, and the end will be evil. Butler, if President, would be prudent, cautious, cool-headed, and conservative; those who follow him will involve the Republic in confusion, chaos, eventual violence. Between this prosperous present and that possible future stands the Republican party, not perfect, not without faults, not capable of successfully denying that it has abused its power, not altogether clean in its record, not all of its leaders above suspicion, nor all of its acts above repreach—but with a grand history, with achievements unparalleled for their patriotic results, with able, intellectual, honest statesmen in command, and with a general record and future promise which makes the Republican party the only one that is safe to trust at present. When the Democratic party is disbanded and there is no Solid South living upon the memories of unsuccessful treason—when the men of all sections of the country may come together in deliberation for the public good, and divide in forgetfulness of the attempted crime—then it is possible that out of the ashes of ruined parties there may arise another that shall take the place of the Republican party, and rescue the republic from the perils that now threaten it from classes of which Benjamin F. Butler and John Kelly are dangerous representatives.

"The journal of civilization"—owned by the Harper family and edited by George William Curtis—on the 26th day of March, anno Domini 1881, contained the following notice of the Presidential nominee, whom, since the meeting of the Republican Convention, it has by writing and pictures, by pen and pencil, in editorial and cartoon, held up to the contempt and ridicule of the American people as a man unfit to have been chosen, as personally dishonest, and an unreliable man. Three years ago—when Mr. Blaine was Secretary of State to Garfield, and since which time he has filled no official position, done no official act, and during which interval he has been leading a life of privacy, engaged in literature, writing the political history of the country, years after the Mulligan letters and the controversy over them had been passed, when everything was known concerning Mr. Blaine that is now known—the editor of the "journal of civilization" wrote the following. It is not a communication to *Harper's Weekly*, but an editorial written by Mr. Curtis. It reads as follows:

"The selection of Mr. Blaine for the State Department shows that the President means to have a party behind him. Mr. Blaine is an alert, brilliant, versatile public man, with a larger personal following than any other Republican leader, although unquestionably certain events in his career have alienated the sympathy of many Republicans whose approval is worth any man's winning. As Secretary of State his course will be regarded not only without prejudice, but with the most friendly anticipation. . . . . The Administration begins, therefore, with an admirable manifesto, and with a cabinet to which no part of the party openly objects."

Later, the "journal of civilization" contained the following in reference to Mr. Blaine's position upon the joint European protectorate over the Panama Canal. It was also written by Mr. George William Curtis. We quote:

"The letter states with admirable frankness and firmness the traditional and reasonable position of this country, and it will be universally sustained. It is a temperate and dignified document, stating our position with blended spirit and courtesy and decision. It is capitally adapted to meet any such proposition as a joint European protectorate, had it been advanced. But whether the project was merely a tentative rumor or a design seriously entertained, the letter has sufficed to arrest it, and it is another illustration of the skill and ability with which Mr. Blaine has managed the department confided to him. He has what may be called the American instinct, an essential quality in our Foreign Secretary, yet restrained in its official expression by an equally American tact and good sense."

In another issue it says of him, in reference to his defense of American naturalized citizens:

"The personal aspect of the recent contest in Washington will not conceal from the country the great practical services of the Administration. Secretary Blaine's prompt and energetic action in defense of naturalized citizens, and of a threatened and hostile commercial policy in Europe toward certain American exports, showed admirable vigilance."

The Mulligan episode occurred in 1876; the incidents of the transaction and the correspondence in reference to it had been exhaustively investigated. Mr. Blaine's prominence in public life, the fact of his candidacy, had made it important that his personal and political enemies should spare no effort to extract from it anything that could be used to injure Mr. Blaine. The writer was present upon the floor of Congress when the Democracy, under the leadership of Beck, of Kentucky, undertook to measure swords with the member from Maine. For Beck it was an ignominious discomfiture; for Blaine it was a vindication; for the Republican party it was a triumph. After that Mr. Blaine was chosen Senator—made Secretary of State by Garfield. The Mulligan affair was defended by Mr. Curtis, and *Harper's Weekly* remained the admiring champion of Senator Blaine down to the day of his nomination. We run the risk of making this article over-long by quoting from the "journal of civilization" some things it has contained, written by Mr. Curtis, concerning Mr. Blaine and the measures he had advocated.

. . . . "But should Congress assemble, it will not limit its action to a refunding bill. The House, having chosen a speaker and appointed its committees will proceed to other measures. One of these undoubtedly should be the adoption of Mr. Blaine's resolution, offered at the opening of the present executive session of the Senate, providing for a committee to report a plan of determining the method of counting and declaring the Presidential vote. There is no more pressing duty than such a provision. The necessity of it has been disclosed by experience, by the perils of 1876," etc.—*April 9, 1881.*

"The new members [of the Senate] will find among leading Senators some of their old associates in the other chamber. Messrs. Blaine, and Dawes, and Hoar are in the front rank of the Senate, as they were in the House, and the members of the new House of Representatives, deprived of experienced associates, may well wonder whether they will be able to hold their own." . . . . "It is stated very generally, and with an indefinable air of credibility, that Mr. Blaine will be Secretary of State in the cabinet of General Garfield. Should the report be correct, the Senate will lose a well-equipped debater, whose place would be supplied probably by Mr. Frye, who, should he remain in the House, would be, doubtless, the Republican leader or Speaker."—*January 29, 1881.*

"A remark, which seemed to us rather obvious and commonplace, that General Garfield, in the conduct of his administration, would naturally advise with his Republican friends rather than his Republican opponents, has been interpreted as a declaration in favor of a Blaine machine in the State of New York to supersede the Conkling machine. This is an unnecessarily hasty conclusion. Our opinions of machine politics have not been concealed, and we are not likely to change them in view of the late Senatorial election. Should President Garfield attempt to construct a New York machine, he can not do it in the dark. If, for instance, in order to make the custom-house the headquarters for State politics, as it was for some years before the present administration, he should abandon the present system of minor appointments, and once more make all such places the rewards of vigorous 'heeling,' the abandonment of a sound system could not be concealed; and whether a Blaine or a Conkling favoritism be substituted, we should certainly expose and oppose it."—*February 5, 1881.*

"The late speech of Mr. Beck upon free ships, and the rejoinder of Mr. Blaine, were agreeable illustrations of a real debate and not merely of political speech-making. The consideration of great questions of public policy seems often to be held, even in Congress, as very subordinate to a display of partisan rhetoric, and it is seldom that discussion is both intelligent and instructive, like the recent encounter between the Senators from Kentucky and Maine. The facts mentioned by them are probably new to all who have not carefully studied the subject. Thus in 1860, we had 75 per cent. of the carrying trade to and from this country, while now we have but 17 per cent. In 1855, we built 381 ships and barks; in 1879, we built 37; and while the great carrying trade of the world is rapidly passing from wooden to iron ships, there is not a single iron ship sailing under our flag. In 1879, the 'grain fleet' from New York was composed of 2,987 vessels, carrying 102,312,568 bushels of grain, of which 1,075 were steamers, carrying 40,420,535 bushels, and the remainder were sailing vessels, carrying 59,892,033 bushels. All this tonnage included not one American steamer, and only 74 American sailing vessels. More millions of dollars, it is computed, are annually paid to foreign vessels for transporting our produce. The prohibition of free ships, argued Mr. Beck, transfers the whole carrying trade to foreign ship-owners. We can import everything we want, by paying the duty, and use it. Why not a ship? Why must we be compelled, he asks, to hire foreigners to carry for us and pocket the profits? Mr. Blaine, who had listened very carefully to the speech of Mr. Beck, described it as masterly, but said that it ought not to pass unanswered for a day. He said that Mr. Beck had not exaggerated the extent and importance of the foreign carrying trade, but that his proposition was to depend permanently on England for the ships with which to conduct it. Do we wish to depend upon England for our foreign commerce? It is true, he said, that for twenty-five years our navigation interests have steadily declined. But it is because Congress has neglected them, while England has fostered hers. We have given millions of dollars in subsidies to railroads, but scarcely a dollar to aid foreign commerce. Great Britain has sustained her steamship lines everywhere by liberal grants of money. In forty years she has paid two hundred millions of dollars for that purpose. France buys her steamships in England, but she subsidizes her great steamship lines. Italy, and even Austria, do the same; and when France competed with England in the Mediterranean too sharply, England added to her support of her commercial interests by increasing the subsidy of her threatened line. Yet the free-ship plan would fail, because if the object be private gain, without consideration of general and national advantage, it would be more profitable to invest in foreign bottoms, and keep a British register, because such an investment would escape heavy taxation. Mr. Blaine briefly alluded, but in the strongest terms, to the weightiest argument on his side, the vital relation of the navy to the mercantile marine. Out of that marine the navy grows. Our geographical position makes a navy indespensable. But when we are absolutely dependent upon England for our mercantile marine, how are we to sustain our ship-building industry? The debate, which is essentially one of protection, returns to the gravest question involved in all debates upon free-trade—how far is it wise to deprive ourselves of the ability to supply whatever is absolutely essential to national defense? Should we pursue a course which would make us dependent upon other nations, which might be our enemies, for guns and ammunition? The true object is not commercial only, but it is also political. It is not merely to buy in the cheapest market and to sell in the dearest, but it is to secure the independence of the country whose government is the surest guarantee of liberty. Mr. Webster, in the famous speech to which Mr. Beck alluded, justly praised the manner in which the American marine nearly sixty years ago maintained itself against universal competition. But, if it had not maintained itself, as it has not for the last twenty-five years, there is little doubt what policy Mr. Webster would have favored. Of course, we are not arguing that the tariff, the operation of which Mr. Beck trenchantly described, is not largely responsible for much of the prostration of the commercial marine. But there is no doubt that Mr. Blaine was right in saying that the question could not be considered intelligently, nor finally decided, without considering the navy as well as the commercial marine, the security of the government as well as the profit of trade."—*February 19, 1881.*

When we reflect that the Harpers and Mr. Curtis profess to be, not only Republicans, but so stanch and zealous in their partisanship that they resented the independent attitude of Horace Greeley with a vindictiveness that had in it the elements of murderous malice, we find it difficult to accept their reasons for opposing Blaine as honest ones, or their motives as honorable. Mr. Greeley, great-hearted and generous, may have been over hasty to condone the Southern crime, but his honesty of purpose, his simple, genuine manliness of character, his long life of honorable party service, should have protected him from the fierce and vindictive cartooning of the hired Hessian who murdered him, and the not less atrocious and brutal lampoons of the criminal hireling who, in the pay of the Harper Brothers and for coin, consented to the conspiracy and aided in the deep damnation of his taking off. No American who reads this "journal of civilization" will ever forget the Greeley campaign, or forgive that cruel cartoon which represented him dead upon the stretcher. It was but a few weeks after this that the grand old man,

whom every honest man loved and honored, succumbed to his enemies, gave up the unequal contest, and died. The policy of the Harper Brothers is now as then; the pen of Curtis and the pencil of Nast are employed in the same beastly business of misrepresentation, caricature, and abuse; but they have not the same conditions. Mr. Greeley had left his party, and had not carried with him a strong following; the Democracy was divided in his support; the South was sullen and resentful; Greeley was old, and worn, and non-combative. The Republican party now says to the Harper Brothers, "Do your worst, spend your coin, set loose your hired hounds—Hessian and dude." Mr. Blaine has behind him the united Republican party, the intelligence and moral wealth of the nation. It has nominated him for the Presidency, and its members do not believe the lies this journal so persistently repeats after once having defended him against them. They do not accredit it as disinterested, or governed by honest purpose, nor accredit its editors and artists with honorable motives in falsely attacking Mr. Blaine. Mr. Blaine will not die under these assaults; he is young and vigorous, and though he may not be able, from his position, to wage an aggressive war upon the cowards who take advantage of his position to assail him, we feel confident that he will survive the contest, and will not be carried from the field dead and defeated, but will retire from it with the honors of a victory honorably achieved.

Benjamin F. Butler is named the "one-eyed Cyclops of destiny." The one-eyed Cyclops of the age mythological lived in a cave and kept sheep. It was Ulysses who entered his cavern, and, having bored out his eye with a burning brand, blinded him, and crept out under the belly of a ram, clinging to his wool. We suggest the story in the hope that some of our more versatile writers may use it to illustrate the life and character of the slippery man of Massachusetts, who carried his million and a half of constituents up to Chicago, and was hissed out of the convention because the Democracy had come to the conclusion that, by the aid of English money and the Cobden Club, it could get on without the aid of American laborers. The Democracy knew full well that it could always depend upon the Pope's political Democratic Irish, and that under any and all circumstances they would vote the Democratic ticket, and so they will. We are not to be deluded by any expectation of voting aid from this quarter. We know some of our Republican friends are very sanguine that now, for the first time, the Irish are coming over in strong force to the support of Blaine and Logan. We don't believe it, and are not to be coaxed into any blarney for this kind of Irishmen until they have registered at least one vote in favor of American principles. We have seen the Irish vote—we mean the vote of the ignorant papal Irish—cast solidly and persistently during the war, and since, for the party that would have destroyed the country if it had the power; that was willing to seek and sought an alliance with England, when England was aiding it to dismember the Union and destroy the Republic—a party that was willing to aid in the establishment of a Southern Confederacy, one of whose first laws, passed at Montgomery, Alabama, was to make it impossible for Irish to become citizens, who denied citizenship to all foreigners, and who declared that slavery was not of necessity to be confined to black persons. The intelligent Irishmen—a small minority—realizing these facts, voted the Republican ticket, and have always formed a welcome addition to our party, have been honored by it, and have received from it more than a full share of its honors, its offices, and its emoluments. The ignorant Irish are Democratic, and always, in our judgmen, will be; were when the party would have denied them citizenship and would have made them slaves; would have been if an English prince—as was once proposed—had been invited to set up a throne on Southern soil; and will be in this campaign, and will vote for Cleveland even if they thought he would sell the country to England, and, in its interest, destroy American industries and American commerce; would vote for the Democratic ticket if the result would be their personal enslavement to the throne of Great Britain. We are not in favor of coaxing this class of Irish. The only argument that can move them is the shillalah of denunciation, ridicule, and abuse. If anybody, on the stump or in the editorial chair, thinks to make the Pope's ignorant Irish vote a Republican ticket by blarney, let him try it. When the election is over we shall see whether any considerable number of votes are cast for Blaine and Logan. If they have been, the *Argonaut* will confess its mistake and apologize.

Mr. McKenna has been nominated by the Republicans of the Third Congressional District for Congress. The nomination is as good as could have been made from the names before the convention. Mr. McKenna has twice run for Congress and been beaten. He ran when the district was a forlorn hope, and well deserved the nomination of his party after the district had been so arranged by the Democracy as to make the election of a Republican an easy achievement. Mr. McKenna will, it is said, receive a large Democratic vote because of the fact that he is of the Catholic faith and of Irish ancestry—we understand of American birth. We entirely approve this nomination, as it illustrates what we have so persistently urged—that Republicans have no prejudices of race or religion, unless where race or religion is dragged into politics for a political purpose. The opponent of Mr. McKenna is Mr. Glascock, the present incumbent of the position, and of whom we have said that he made a most intelligent, honorable, and serviceable member of Congress. Our preference for McKenna is only because he is a Republican. Mr. William W. Morrow has consented to become a candidate for Congress in the Fourth Congressional District, and thus becomes the opponent, when nominated, of the young gentleman whose only claim to represent San Francisco in the national Congress is his achievements in the San Francisco school board, and whose greatest triumph was in causing a school-house to be named after him, which, as soon as he retires, will be changed, as was our Dupont Street, which for a brief period suffered under the name of "Fleet," after a street in London, where the famous prison for debtors was located. Mr. Morrow deserves to be nominated and elected; and, if elected, would prove a serviceable and useful representative in the Congress of the United States. For the Fifth Congressional District we hear of only one name that ought to be considered in convention, and that is Charles N. Felton, of San Mateo. When such men as Mr. Morrow and Mr. Felton consent to serve in Congress, we feel they are doing a greater service to their constituents than their constituents can well repay. We are not advised who are likely to receive nominations in other parts of the State. If the outlying districts will do as well as the centre, we shall be relieved of the reproach of a very shabby representation in Congress. We are awfully tired of such Democratic statesmen as Sumner.

We have received from one of our most remote counties a letter marked "private," with the following, which we quote:

"Your editorial of ——, which I most heartily endorse, has induced me to to suggest the propriety of the Republican party completely organizing throughout the State, especially in those counties possessing large Democratic majorities, such as this. Here we are in the ratio of about four Republicans to five Democrats, and the Republicans timidly hanging back, afraid to organize, nominate, and run a ticket. I think the proper and best way is for us to put forth a ticket of our very best representative Republicans, and run it through—a ticket of *men*, men of property, standing, and influence. Other Republicans say, "good enough for the Electoral ticket, but we will lose the county offices"; and so they think of joining hands with disaffected Democrats, and running a half-and-half—an Independent ticket. Now, is this a good plan?—will it not be liable to draw from the vote for the Electors?—is it not best—best for Blaine and Logan, best for the party, best for all—to vote as Republicans for Republicans, even if we are beaten for paltry county offices? We can not serve God and Mammon; we can not be Republicans and Democrats at the same time. I hope you will not consider me as presuming in offering this subject as an editorial for your able pen."

We never favor the sort of compromise suggested. It comes from personal and selfish interest, as a rule. It is usually the suggestion of parties who want local offices. Good is rarely the result of such a policy. Once entered upon, the organization of a party is almost impossible. Local offices are not as important as the broader politics of the country. National questions are of more consequence than local ones; and while it does not make much difference, as a rule, whether the clerk, sheriff, and other county officers are Democratic or Republican, it is a matter of serious consequence who represents us in Congress, and who is elected President of the United States. The county which has no general organization for State or county purposes has no right to send delegates to a State or national convention. If the writer were living in such a county, and among Republicans too cowardly or too selfish to organize, he would form a party of himself alone till some neighbor was found to join, and till another and another cast their fortunes with us, prouder to belong to such a minority party than to join with Democrats in the dirty scramble for spoils.

The fire at the old mission of San José, which imperiled the Roman Catholic Church, was put out by the use of twelve casks of fine old claret, the property, says the *Evening Bulletin*, of the Right Rev. Bishop Alemany. Skipping the theological questions involved in rescuing a church from conflagration by the use of wine, we desire respectfully to ask how many casks of fine old claret does this consecrated man of God possess, and how did he come by it, and what does he propose to do with it? Is he in the wine trade as a dealer, or does he grow the wine? And whether producer or dealer, is it as corporation sole, and held in trust for the church, or as a private individual? And is there a temperance organization connected with the church? Or if there is, has it the sanction of the reverend apostolic successor and vicar of Christ? And does the pledge allow the drinking of fine old claret? A clergyman, owning a cellar of fine old wines, storing it in the property of the church, with a reverend and holy padre for cellarer, presents to us such a curious combination of irreverent conundrums that we hope the *Bulletin* reporter has lied about the matter, and that it is not true that any fine old claret or other good wine has been wasted to save a Catholic Church from burning.

It was rumored, while the Democratic Convention was in session at Chicago, that the Hon. Grover Cleveland was not a Joseph in regard to his moral conduct; that he had done those things which he ought not to have done, and had neglected marriage and other things which he ought to have done. And now comes the testimony of a reverend Baptist clergyman of Buffalo, and burdens the telegraph wires with a suggestion of immoral practices unbecoming a gentleman who is running for the Presidency. We hope the truth of these accusations may not become an issue in the campaign, and that parties will not be reconstructed upon any such basis as would be involved in this departure. Better adhere, we think, to protection, free-trade, American ship-building, an American policy, etc. We are constrained also to admit that this is most probably a Republican lie. We can not doubt the moral character of this bachelor candidate for the Presidency when we remember that he has the support of the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, and all the best men of Boston and its surrounding villages.

The project of Doctor O'Donnell, to take a number of leprous Chinamen to the Eastern cities, meets with our entire approval. We commend these unfortunates to the Christian charity of those Eastern sentimentalists, the "fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man" pietists, and ask them to remember the divine injunction of doing unto lepers what they would that lepers should do unto them; to take them to their homes and entertain them in the hope of catching a Chinese angel unawares; be hospitable and charitable, for hospitality is one of the Christian graces, and of all the Christian virtues the greatest is charity. Leprosy, properly encouraged and distributed, will in time become a national incentive to deeds of wide benevolence. We hope our Eastern friends will exhibit no narrow and un-American prejudice against the dissemination of this Chinese institution throughout their communities.

There are two unknown quantities in the coming campaign—the Butler element and the Prohibition. The candidacy of Butler will injure the Democratic party. The running of a Prohibition candidate will injure the Republicans. Butler's strength lies in doubtful States, such as New York, Massachusetts, and California. Prohibition is strongest in the strongest Republican States, such as Iowa, Kansas, and Ohio. Class prejudices are giving the Democracy great annoyance. The Irish, under lead of the *Irish World*, are in revolt against Cleveland. The working men are up in arms against him. Greenbackers do not regard him as sound upon the money question. The Irish are for Butler, the English for Cleveland, the Germans are divided; so that the Americans hold the balance of power, and, as a rule, black and white of the native-born are for Blaine.

Our friend, the Hon. George Washington Tyler Senior, of the Encinal at Alameda, and of the Sarah Althea Hill-Sharon trial, was a recent candidate for Congress at Benicia. The court adjourned to give his candidacy scope. There were twelve ballots. On the first he received 2, one being his son's proxy, Tyler Junior; on the second he received 1; making, in these two ballots, 21. On the other ten he received 0. If these figures are added, Tyler received 3 votes. If extended thus, he received 210,000,000,000, an imposing total of two hundred and ten thousand millions. One mode of mathematical arrangement shows the estimation in which the Hon. George is held by the community, and the other the estimation in which he holds himself.

The *Sun's* idiomatic question, "Who is Kelly for?" reminds the Rochester *Post-Express* of a story: Once upon a time Albert Smith inscribed upon a register at Chamouni the following sentiment:

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago,"
But who they got to put it on
Nobody seems to know.

Whereupon Thackeray, who happened to be the next distinguished visitor, added, on the same page:

I know that Albert wrote in a hurry,
To criticise I dare not presume,
But yet I think that Lindley Murray
Instead of "who" would have written "whom."

Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy, the newly elected member for Athlone, took the oath and his seat in the House of Commons recently. Mr. McCarthy is not actually in years the youngest member of the House, but he is certainly the most youthful looking of the Senators. His first appearance was the cause of a good *mot*. As he walked up the floor, between his father, Mr. Justin McCarthy, and Mr. Parnell, a well-known Conservative leaned over to a friend and inquired, thoughtfully, "How should you like to have a son in this House?" "Not so much as to have a father in the other House," was the prompt reply.

## SEÑORITA SANTOS' SUITORS.

A Story of the Bull-Ring in Durango.

She was one of the prettiest little Mexican girls that ever lived and breathed. By rights, with as much beauty and spirit, she should have been the Governor's sister, or the Alcalde's daughter, but she was not either. Indeed, she was not even an offshoot of the stock of *gente de razon* at all, but as out-and-out a little plebeian as there was in Durango. Her mother, Herculana, was a huckster—one of the humble sort who hired a space in the gateway of some corral and spread there, on a mat or a scrap of sacking, a peck or so of the pumpkin flowers and unripe plantains and green pepper-pods that made savory the soup of the people. Her gross receipts would be less than a shilling a day, but that sufficed for her contribution to the general exchequer of the home shared by Herculana and her pretty daughter with a score of their kindred of varying and uncertain degree.

If Herculana had a husband, and Santos had a father, the girl was not aware of possessing that appanage of rank. But little that disturbed her joyous tranquillity. None the less merrily she flashed her white teeth through the teeming rout of the quaint market-place; none the less contentedly she paced the leafy avenues of the alameda, wrapped in her crimson shawl of faded China crêpe, bought a generation ago, old even then, from some crowded *monte pio*.

Perhaps it was her *pelado* extraction that made Santos so inordinately fond of bull-fights. For among *gente fina* that thrilling sport was falling into disfavor—thanks, no doubt, to the chicken-hearted prejudices of those progressive invaders, the Americans. This was the time when the fine and ever loyal old plateau city was just entering the transition stage. Since the sale of the great iron mountain, a league away to the northward, every day marked the farther encroachment of those formidable and enterprising neighbors. In old days, the populace had been wont to kneel on the flagged thoroughfares as with one impulse whenever a cassocked priest glided by; formerly, to pass a church without unbonneting was well-nigh to court ostracism. But now, sinewy, active forms—occasionally surmounted by the obnoxious tall hat—defied such reverential observance. Nay, more. Since his fellows had appropriated the mines aforesaid, one daring *gringo* had opened a depot for the sale of mining implements, and his porter might be seen about the streets transporting his lighter wares in a box with handles and a wheel—a barrow, forsooth!—when all the world knew that a donkey with panniers, or a man with a tray on his head, was the only fit means of conveyance short of the enormous, solid-wheeled, groaning *carretas*.

Then there was a photograph gallery, whose tall, auburn-bearded proprietor professed to make pictures with the sun—he had the devil in partnership, no doubt; and all the barbers—whose guild hitherto had monopolized the operations of dental surgery—were wroth and full of disgust for a dapper *gringo* who valued his own importance so little as to make a regular business of attending to aching teeth—such a very insignificance of a matter.

Little the *gringos* troubled Santos. True, she naughtily improvised a certain sort of offensively pointed doggerel, to sing the which she egged on a troop of dusky peon urchins, leading the chant with her own ringing soprano, under the windows of such foreigners as showed a gratifying sensibility to such abuse. True, also, during the saturnalian misrule of Carnival, she singled out for particular attention the better clad Americans; and more than one poor wight, imprudently venturing out in black attire, found just cause to curse the assiduity with which Santos rubbed in the flour she cast upon that raiment.

But these things were an abstraction, a mere wantonness of mischievous spirits. Of personal prejudice she had none. It might even be, indeed, that this alien influence was weaning the aristocracy from the Plaza de Toros. But what then? Santos had no patrician proclivities; she did not yearn to find herself in grand company. The bull-fights themselves went on. That, after all, was the great delight. And Margarito and Pancho still figured in the ring. If the unphilosophic Durangeño populace had been likely to encounter the theory of occupation as forming character, and if it had been possible for such an abstraction to find compensation in those good-humored, if shallow and childish, minds, then would the lean Durangeño shoulder have indicated expressive volumes of derision, and the long, brown Durangeño finger have pointed triumphantly to the pair who were a living illustration to belie so far-fetched and fantastic a notion. For Margarito Saynez, a butcher by trade from boyhood, was as comely a youth as might be found from Paso del Norte to Matamoras; ay, and as winning withal. A slender, shapely youth, with a supple grace that might have come down to him from far-off Aztec progenitors. He shifted the ponderous masses of his wares with hands whose muscles of steel were cased in a fleshly covering as delicate as the fingers of a slender woman. And if his feet clasped the earth as swiftly and as firmly as does the goat's tenacious tread, the perfect finish of those members was a fair match for the dainty, polished hoofs of that agile ruminant. Indeed, with the characteristic Mexican instinct for classification by salient traits, his fellows had dubbed him "Sancho," with much astuteness combined with their national sense of the picturesque. If the pseudonym was meant to convey a furtive suggestion of other attributes less admirable, Margarito's tact or his vanity ignored the aspersion, and appropriated the compliment.

His good humor was inimitable. It made his stall in the market the favorite with all the garrulous housewives who loved the daily gossip and chaffer over their purchase. "Quemazon de carne" was the legend over Margarito's counter, under the triple band of the national tricolor—red, white, and green—that bordered his particular arch in the great court of the Casa de Abastos. And, indeed, his meats went off with almost the rapidity of a veritable "conflagration," so that the vaunting sign seemed not unfitting. His suave and nimble tongue was never silent while he cut and chopped, with the clumsy machete-like knife and mighty cleaver that might have served a craftsman of antediluvial days. Pretty *doncella* or shriveled crone, Margarito found the way straight to their hearts, what with his handsome face, set off invariably by a fresh shirt of rose or lemon in cool, crisp tints that brought out the full lustre of his melting eyes; and the spray of sweet basil at his throat, or mayhap a glowing pomegranate flower, or a gorgeous, flaunting *tuna* blossom from some thicket of cactus on the Hill of the Church. These adventitious charms served to complete inducements offered by his flattering tongue, that lavished compliments indiscriminately on all his patrons. Surely, it is very pleasant that one receive, buying a meagre bit of beef for broth, the tribute of a speech as highly flavored as will be given to Doña Pasquala here, waiting to order a generous joint. So impartial a show of attention helps to preserve one's self-esteem. Then, too, there was the big wooden tray that Margarito kept in plain sight, piled full of waste meat, for gratuitous addition to each purchase by way of *pilon*. Without this free gift, be it ever so trifling, the Mexican buyer would feel defrauded of his right and due. The weight might fall short, but the *pilon* must be given. Does the weakness denote the general human desire to get the best of a bargain, or is it only a token of the natural hankering of Latin races for eleemosynary benefits?

Such, then, was Margarito Saynez, blithe, cheery, frank, generous, and popular. How different Francisco Pescador! A husbandman he, who should have given, in face, and gait, and tone, suggestion of the free, glad life that pulses over broad fields, and draws deep inspirations under open skies. But, instead, he was a gloomy man, almost morose, as forbidding as if his temperament had been molded by oppressive and aweing telluric forces in vast and voiceless mountain solitudes. A man whose square, powerful build gave a false impression of inferior statue; a man whose swart, unsmiling face discomfited many and attracted none.

None, that is to say, save Santos. Strangely enough, it would seem, that volatile, improvident, ease-loving nature was attracted toward the saturnine *ranchero*. It was three years since, flaunting saucily on the Plaza de Armas on band-night, and flouting her would-be lovers with the arrogance of her sixteen years, the hoyden *pelada* had first espied Francisco, and, accosting him with the freedom of her class, had awakened an attachment that made the man her slave. It was Santos who had scornfully rejected his baptismal name.

"Francisco, sayest thou! Don Francisco, forsooth! *Eal* Don Francisco Nadie de Ninguna Parte!—Sir Francis Nothing of Nowhere, *I* will call thee! Come, shall we say Chico, Franquito—Pancho—no? Pancho it shall be, and Pancho thou art. A *cascaron*—the shell of an egg—for thy Dons and thy Franciscos! Art thou not *hombre del calzon ancho?*—wearest thou not the broad breeches, and art thou not, therefore, a man of the people, and no Don?"

And as Pancho he was known thence after. It was for Santos, too, that he had been moved to apply in the bull-ring those feats of strength and skill that he had practiced in many a great *rodeo* and wild cattle drive over the broad mesas of his hacienda. For Margarito Saynez was a *toreador* of the regular corps, and the rather languid toleration with which Santos received the young butcher's attentions changed into enthusiastic admiration when that debonair youth attained especial applause at the Plaza de Toros.

Thus it befell that one Sunday, when Margarito sauntered into the arena, arms akimbo, and cigarette alight, brave in his trappings of lemon and black, he saw, over against him a powerful frame, garbed in crimson and brown, that kept close to the barrier through all the preliminary evolutions of the dandyish actors. But once begun the serious business of the day, none so prompt to the onset as Pancho Pescador. His *banderillas* hustled across the ring, and quivered behind the foreshoulders of the game, ere the other *picadores* had fairly poised to throw. This stalwart recruit infused new life into the decaying sport. With him it was all intense and energetic earnest. No feints nor false encounters marked his play. Every time he entered the ring he risked his life fairly and honestly a score of times before the fierce horns of the antagonists he fought. His daring fired his fellows, and roused them from the lukewarm action to which they had come, scamping their work with wily, unvaliant tricks. And it came to pass that waning interest revived, and *sangre azul* flowed back to the great enclosure below the alameda; and even the highly moral American residents, with engaging inconsistency, began to frequent the scene of a novel and stirring amusement.

The 16th of September, the national Independence Day, fell this year on a Sunday. Therefore was the bull-fight of surpassing interest. From the close of the latest morning mass, a steady stream of humanity flowed to the Plaza de Toros; a motley throng whose picturesque values would insure the fortune of that artist who should successfully portray them. Scores on scores of swart fellows, clad in the regulation garb of the lower orders; broad hat of straw or felt, as the purse allowed, the felt ones brave with wide binding, and heavy, roll-like bands of silver or gold embroidery; shirt of white or some gay color, seldom a coat or jacket; trousers of cloth or leather, closed down the outer seam with small bullet-shaped buttons to the knee, thence flowing open to show wide, white cotton drawers; feet shod with rawhide sandals. Such is the *hombre del pueblo*—the man of the people. The artisan had laid by his tools, the shopman closed his *tiendajon*, the itinerant venders had set aside their *bateas*, broad wooden trays that hold the fruit hawked through the streets—one and all they went, every man, Juan or José Maria, who could muster his *real*. Women, too, in abundance, with bright-lined clinging skirts, and the picturesque coquettish *rebozos*—those long, narrow head-scarfs of black, or blue, or brown, that are directly descended from the renowned mantilla. And the fiercest aristocrats of the cavaliers, the daintiest and most exclusive of silk-shod dames, came to-day through the suburban quarters, through the long, leafy arcades of the alameda, to that curious windowless structure, that well might be the wall of a reservoir, or a fort without loop-hole or sally-port.

Santos, the whimsical, disdaining the entrance allotted to patrons of her means, came with an air of sovereign proprietorship to the entry and long flight of stairs leading up to the tier reserved for *gente fina*, the yellowest cream of gentility. Doorkeeper, bystanders, proud hidalgos, grand dames alighting from their carriages, all smiled. Any extravagance, even if it smacked of encroachment, could be permitted Santos. She was as well known in the city as the fat match-seller, "Colchones," or the cathedral tower itself. One lounger, a callow American, pressed against her in the narrow way.

"Give me a kiss, my beauty!"

She arched her brows: "Palo! thou tallow-face, reared on vinegar! Be wise, infant. A kiss, indeed, *huilo!* Why, the weight of one would floor thee, spindleshanks!"

Her command of *argot* was preëminent, even among a race of adepts at soft-sounding insults. But the offender might be thankful that only verbal castigation befell him. That superb form held the strength of a man, as other young profligates had learned at sore cost. And, albeit of a race and rank notoriously far from coy, Santo repelled presumptuous overtures as fiercely as might some dagger-armed Gitana in far Castile or Aragon.

"Is my *palco* sprinkled freshly?" she demanded, tendering her copper coin as if it were royal largess.

The ticket-taker saluted: "Yes, my lady empress; sprinkled and swept, and garlanded with roses, for your majesty's coming."

"'Tis well," she answered, gravely, and passed on. Her shabby cotton gown was frayed and faded, but the jet black braids of hair were satin-smooth, with a bunch of white oleander against them in relief, and the old crimson shawl was folded about her with a grace a real empress might have copied.

The upper gallery, roofed, paved with small square tiles, and set with wooden benches, ran around the whole great amphitheatre, and served as *palcos*, or boxes, astronomically divided as it was into the shady side, naturally the first choice; and the opposite, where the afternoon sun shone in, less desirable, and occupied at reduced rates. Thence fell a terrace of solid masonry, whose wide, deep steps, sweeping continuously around the structure, supplied seats for the masses. There was not a palco in the building that Santos might not have shared, for her bizarre wit, and the integrity known to underlie it, would have assured her welcome, even from the most exclusive, if only from love of novelty. But the girl was as proud as she was untamed; and so she went to sit far down on the lowermost step of the *gradas*, where she might lilt snatches from the popular song of the day, banter and badger the venders of fruit and confections, who moved between the terrace wall and the inner wooden barrier, or even exchange speech with the *chulos* in the ring, when a turn of the chase came that way.

The bull-fight of that day was one to be long remembered by the immense concourse gathered to behold it. The men in the ring were a picked lot, of dexterity and training that made them no unfair combatants for the splendid beasts they encountered. Barbarous as the sport is deemed—and indeed it is commonly horrible in the extreme—here it was no more brutal than any other issue wherein man pits his strength and life against inferior creatures. Here men of exceptional physical development matched themselves, in fair field and with fair weapons, against magnificent and ferocious game, as men will do, no doubt, so long as physical impulses exist and the love of slaughter prevails. But to-day occurred none of the revolting spectacles of maimed bulls vomiting bloody foam, or disemboweled horses dragging themselves along until they fell under the cruel spur. Pancho Pescador's vehement protest had brought good steeds into the ring, in lieu of the worn-out and worthless creatures hitherto used there, with purpose and design of having them gored to death. Perhaps the superior mettle of the steeds to-day enabled them to escape their doom; or perhaps their riders were loth to sacrifice these splendid horses. At all events, save one ugly gash in the flank of a spirited gray, no damage to horse-flesh was done. The men made no abuse of the screens behind which to slip when too hard pressed, and when the *coup de grace* was given the *matador* inflicted the fatal thrust with decent and deft exactitude, as if determined to deal no needless pain to a gallant foe.

Four bulls had run the course—grand, kingly brutes, brought from the distant meadows of Conde's famous Hacienda del Torreon. The fifth proved wilder than them all. He had been in the ring a scant quarter-hour, and the *chulos* were breathless from his swift and sudden charges. Margarito Saynez recovered himself somewhat and sped toward the animal, red cloak in hand, but almost paid dire penalty for his challenge; for the creature pursued him with such force that one vicious horn pierced the wooden screen behind which the *chulo* slipped. The bull wrenched himself loose with a roar of rage and pain, and, plunging blindly away, dashed himself against another panel with such force that that part of the barrier fell, and he rushed into the narrow passage, carrying terror to the hawkers there, who fled, leaving their wares to his taurine mercy.

There was dismay in the amphitheatre. Twice before in the history of the place this episode had occurred; and once the infuriated brute had actually clambered up to the *gradas*, and, mounting to the gallery, had gored several spectators, one even fatally. Shrieks and groans heralded his progress as he careered around the ring, now and again lifting his fearful head into plain view, as he reared against the wall.

Santos sat on the lowest ledge and watched, breathless with excitement. Perhaps, of all that multitude, she alone knew no fear. The great creature slackened his speed somewhat as he came near her; and as he passed his glossy, foam-flecked hide just beneath her dangling feet, the wild girl sprang suddenly to his broad back, and, poised there firmly, began a figure of the *jarabe*, as coolly as if it were an *habanera*, danced in some wide saloon. It needed but that daring feat to calm the excitable, volatile populace, swift-moved to laughter or to tears; and a very storm of vivas and plaudits for Santos replaced the lamentations. Those cries and the unknown burden he carried overwhelmed the bull into terror. As Santos leaped back to the ledges, he turned into the ring through the gap he had made, and abjectly laid himself down; nor could any

provocation stir him thence. The spectators hooted the craven, the *matador* refused to kill him, and he was finally driven out with whips by the men whose office it is to remove the carcasses of animals killed.

And Santos, the heroine of the hour? Hidalgo and peon vied with each other in heaping upon her favors of that material sort she seemed most likely to appreciate. The venders of cates and beverages, paid and directed to her, clustered about her with servile devotion. She might have swum in a sea of *horchata* and *chicha* had she so elected. She shared her treats with her companions, and then sat demurely enough, with one eye on her admirers in the arena, and the other on a heap of finery—ribbons, fans, and gewgaws, with even the sparkle of an occasional modest jewel—that the ladies had torn from their own adornment and flung down in tribute to her. Truly, Santos had reaped a rich harvest where she had sowed only recklessness.

But her adventures for the day were not yet over. The *mocho* had figured in the ring, the buffoon of bulls, the clown inevitably demanded, and his disheartened, uncouth antics of defense had convulsed the assemblage, as he lumbered heavily about, seeming to feel that the loss of his sawed-off horns left him much at the mercy of his assailants. Then the last of all came in; a noble fellow, brown and glossy, with mighty head and imperious bearing. For a while he stood on the defensive, in dignified forbearance; but, stung to fury by the explosion in his face of a spiteful bunch of *cohetes*—the waspish, little, native rockets—he roused to the fray, and sent the *chulos* scampering to concealment eagerly. He caught one luckless *picador*, tossed him high in air, and, leaving that victim senseless, with a shattered arm and three ribs broken, leaped after Margarito Saynez. That nimble youth was piqued that his own activity and dash had received less commendation than was accorded Pescadero's heavier but more courageous action, into which he seemed to throw all the suppressed energy and passion of his being. Thus Margarito, burning to retrieve his waning popularity, ventured too far from cover, and, glancing back at the close trample of hoofs, he saw the monster, with lowered head and eyes aflame, so near that its breath stirred his hair. Then did Margarito resign himself as lost. But a figure like a flash of brown and crimson bounded forth, with a muscular strength that replaced elasticity, and reached one massive hand to the cruel polished horns, and one to the sullen steaming muzzle. Then, with a dexterous trick known to the vaqueros of his own *vegas*, Pancho Pescador had thrown the bull neatly and completely, and hied himself to cover ere it could rise.

How the gazers rose at him! "Pancho!" "Panchito!" "Pescador!" was the cry. For, in to-day's engagement, the *chulos* had served by turn, as lancer, *picador*, and *matador*, and this last feat called forth the acclamation that the rancher should slay this last of the game.

"Ey, Santos! wilt thou not choose to-day?" for the girl's indecision was an open secret to her mates.

She tossed her handsome head. "Not yet, then, of a truth. First let us witness who shall slay the bull."

Pancho came forward, took the sword and kissed its shining blade, bowing low for the honor done him in its office. Then returning the weapon to the master of ceremonies, he spoke to Margarito, who, lance in hand, mounted a waiting horse, and the two men approached the bull, standing at bay across the ring. This Durangeño arena had one feature not common to all rings; pendant from a mast mid-way of one radius were four ropes, ending in a swing-like loop, and hereon had been some very pretty play as the *chulos* thrust one leg through the loop, and, impelled by a fellow or by their own foot, spurning the earth they swung in safety high in air as the pursuing beast rushed underneath. Here Pescador and Saynez were to hold a closing bout, ere the death-stroke were given. Over and again swung Pancho high in air as the bull dashed at him, and, baffled by his absence, swerved aside to pursue the horse, from whose shrinking sides he was fended by the long lance of Saynez. After a peculiarly spirited charge, Margarito brought his horse caracoling to the swing. All the *chulos* were without the barrier watching the play, ringmen and sprinklers as well; so that a cloud of dust arose from the horse's twinkling hoofs and veiled the actors. Margarito rode forth rapidly from that haze, trailing his lance; and in the self-same instant Santos sprung from her perch and dragged herself over the barrier with firm and sinewy hands. Stumbling, she ran toward Pancho Pescador.

"Foul play!" she cried, gasping. "That miscreant struck him with the lance—the man who saved his life. O help! señores help, for the love of God!"

But none stirred to aid, so struck were all with horror and amaze, for the *matador*, indeed, was hanging there, stunned by a traitorous blow, his legs entangled in the rope, his head dragging the ground, his breast defenseless against those threatening hoofs and horns. Poor Santos snatched the crimson shawl from her shoulders, and faced the bull's final onslaught. She flung the shawl over his head, so close beside him that one keen-pointed horn plowed a bleeding furrow in her round, dark arm; and then she threw herself upon the senseless man, shielding with her own body that unguarded breast.

But now the paralysis of horror was broken, and a young American leaped down into the ring beside her, with a cry, "Come on, Amezaga!" to his companion; and the young Mexican dragged the united figures aside, while the Northerner, with an unfailing aim, sent a bullet through the heart of the returning bull.

Santos, when she was lifted from her lover's breast, gazed round her with flashing eyes, and flew to Margarito Saynez, standing unnoticed in the general uproar.

"Thou scoundrel! assassin! dastard! had I but a dagger here! Take thyself far away"—for he shrank before her like a whipped hound—"here wilt thou never slay a bull again!"

And in good sooth, his false and smiling face was seen no more forever in Durango. Y. H. Addis.

San Francisco, July, 1884.

---

The Duke of Westminster, the richest man in England, has two hundred millions.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

### Carpe Diem.

How the dull thought smites me dumb,
"It will come!" and "It will come!"
But to-day I am not dead;
Life in hand and foot and head
Leads me on its wondrous ways.
'Tis in such poor, common days,
Made of morning, noon, and night,
Golden truth has leaped to light,
Potent messages have sped,
Torches flashed with running rays,
World-runes started on their flight.

Let it come, when come it must;
But To-day from out the dust
Blooms and brightens like a flower,
Fair with love, and faith, and power.
Pluck it with unclouded will
From the great tree Igdrasil.

—*E. R. Sill in July Atlantic.*

### Martin Lightfoot's Song.*

A POSTHUMOUS POEM BY CANON KINGSLEY.

Come, hearken, hearken, gentles all,
Come hearken unto me,
And I'll sing you a song of a Wood-Lyon
Came swimming out over the sea.

He rangèd west, he rangèd east,
And far and wide ranged he;
He took his bite out of every beast
Lives under the greenwood tree.

Then by there came a silly old wolf,
"And I'll serve you," quoth he;
Quoth the Lyon, "My paw is heavy enough,
So what wilt thou do for me?"

Then by there came a white, white dove,
Flew off Our Lady's knee;
Sang, "It's I will be your true, true love,
If you'll be true to me."

"And what will you do, you bonny white dove!
And what will you do for me?"
"Oh, it's I'll bring you to Our Lady's love,
In the ways of chivalrie."

He followed the dove that Wood-Lyon,
By mere, and wood, and wold,
Till he is come to a perfect knight,
Like the Paladin of old.

He rangèd east, he rangèd west,
And far and wide ranged he—
And ever the dove won him honor and fame
In the ways of chivalrie.

Then by there came a foul old sow,
Came rookling under the tree;
And "It's I will be true love to you,
If you'll be true to me."

"And what wilt thou do, thou foul old sow?
And what wilt thou do for me?'
"Oh, there hangs in my snout a jewel of gold,
And that I will give to thee."

He took to the sow that Wood-Lyon,
To the rookling sow took he;
And the dove flew up to Our Lady's bosom;
And never again throve he.

—*English Illustrated Magazine for July.*

*Supposed to be sung at Crowland Minster, to Leofric, the Wake's Mass Priest, when news was received of Hereward's second marriage to Alftruda.

### The Thunder-cloud.

(MARYLAND, 1863.)

All hushed the farm-lands, with a listening air;
Silent the straggling suburbs. In the warm,
Paved street hoof-wakened echoes suddenly swarm.
A turn, and lo!—still, black, before you there,
As noiseless as a picture, in the square
A thousand horse drawn up in marching form,
And at their head, as sun-gleam to the storm,
A fair-faced boy, with long, bright-streaming hair.
Not a breath sounded nor a trooper stirred,
And yet you saw how fierce would leap and flash
The lightning of a thousand sabres, heard
How all the elements would clang and clash,
The thunder-riven valley quake and crash,
When Custer turned his head and gave the word!

—*James T. McKay in July Atlantic.*

### A Lay of Lawn Tennis.

Where the level lawn is greenest, and the sunlight glistens sheenest,
Lo she stands;
While the game is just beginning, there's the racket poised for winning
In her hands.

She is daintily athletic, she is very energetic,
In the "set;"
See, she's just returned a twister, that was sent her by her sister,
O'er the net.

She is great at "Renshaw smashes," 'tis a stroke that rather rash is—
All the same;
But her pretty little muscles are quite equal to the tussles
Of the game.

Happy he who stands beside her, and is privileged to guide her,
As she plays!
I could do that pleasant duty to this Amazonian beauty
All my days.

As I watch her garments flutter there are words I fain would utter,
But I'm dumb;
For she's tennis-mad, and never from her racket seems to sever
When I come.

I must take my chance while playing, there is danger in delaying;
I'll confide
My devotion so unswerving to the lady when I'm "serving"
By her side!

Not all Atalanta's paces, when she ran her famous races,
Were more fleet;
Like Milanion in olden days, I'd cast the apples golden
At her feet. —*Boston Herald.*

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Trust men and they will trust you," said Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Trust men and they will bust you," says an ordinary, every-day business man.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Mr. D. R. Locke sent a telegram of congratulation to Mr. Blaine, adding: "I have not been so well pleased since my wedding-day." The compliment looks ambiguous.—*Boston Post.*

"Just to think," said a Vassar graduate, "here is an account of a train being thrown from the track by a misplaced switch. How utterly careless some women are about leaving their hair around." And she went on reading and eating caramels.—*Hartford Times.*

*Wife* (anxiously)—"What did that young lady observe who passed us just now?"

*Husband* (with a smile of calm delight)—"Why, my love, she observed rather a good-looking man walking with quite an elderly female; that's all. Ahem!"—*Texas Siftings.*

A writer in *Nature* on the subject of "Unconscious Bias in Walking," shows that in some cases it may be very marked, especially in returning home after a banquet, where there was a feast of reason and a flow of one thing and another; but it is not called "unconscious bias in walking" in this country. It is called "whooping it up with the boys."—*Norristown Herald.*

"George," said a South-side girl to her beau, the other night, "here's a piece in the paper headed "Kismet." What does kismet mean?

"The word must be pronounced with the *t* silent, Nettie," replied George.

"Why, that would be 'Kiss me,'" said Nettie.

"With the greatest pleasure," replied George. And he did.—*Oil City Derrick.*

"I hear you intend to send your two sons to college?" said Alpha to Omega.

"Yes," replied Omega, "I have entered them at X—— College."

"Why, gracious, man!" almost shrieked Alpha; "you might as well throw your money away! X—— College is only a fourth-class institution. It has never won a boat-race in the whole course of its existence, and can not boast a base-ball nine."—*Norristown Herald.*

*Chicago Husband*—"I am shocked, my dear, that you should waltz with that stranger; the idea of allowing a man you never saw before to put his arm around you in that style."

*Wife*—"I should not have done it, love, only I found, after a few moment's conversation, that I formerly knew him."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; he was one of my early husbands."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A verdict of murder in the first degree had just been brought in.

"Your honor," said the prisoner's counsel, rising and addressing the court, "I demand a new trial."

"On what ground?" asked the judge.

"On the ground that some members of the jury are incompetent to render a just verdict. Among them are an undertaker, a rope manufacturer, a florist, and a dealer in mourning goods."

A new trial was granted.—*New York Sun.*

They were standing at the front gate.

"How bright the moon is to-night, George, dear," she said.

"Yes," replied George, "it is a perfect evening."

"Do you put any faith in Mr. Wiggins's alleged discovery of another moon—a dark moon?" she asked.

"Well, I hardly know what to think about the matter. Such a discovery may be possible; but I don't know. In fact," he continued, frankly, "when I was at college I never paid any attention to botany."—*New York Sun.*

"Yo' better hide, Uncle Ben," said "Chuck" de Frost to Ben Mundy, laying down a jug of molasses, to rest his arm, and leaning against the fence. "I shouldn't wonder if the ole lady seen yo' wid dat coat yo' lugged off last nite."

"G' way dar," said Uncle Ben, looking up with the whites of his eyes from the onion-bed. "S'posin' I did lug off a coat, niggah; dat ain't no wuss 'n wot yo' done;" and he nervously chewed an onion top and began to weed very fast. "P'raps dey wa' n't no flutterin' ob fedders last nite?—oh, no. P'raps yo' didn't tote off a hen? Oh, no, sutten'ly; ob course not!"

"Sho! now, Uncle Ben," said "Chuck," looking cautiously around him, "I—I—I might have lifted a hen or two off de perch, jes' for 'musement. But yo' took a coat; dat's *stealin'!*"—*Life.*

"Chicago is a great city," remarked one traveling man to another, as they got off the train in that town.

"Yes, it's a big place. Did you ever see them raising houses and buildings, the first story last?"

"No; do they do that?"

"Yes, all the time. Why, some time ago they raised the whole Tremont House, with four thousand jacks."

"How many?"

"Four thousand."

"Thunder! It didn't take that many, did it? By gravy, I saw a fellow down in Cincinnati, about a week ago, go into one of the biggest establishments there, and I'm a sucker if he didn't raise the whole house with two jacks. Prettiest game of bluff I ever saw."

The other man gave Cincinnati the lead, and Chicago came in a very fair second.—*Merchant Traveler.*

## BUBBLES.

Although there were thirty-five names faithfully printed on the bills on Monday night, we did not get altogether befogged. We knew that one little tot was Cupid, because she carried a bow and arrow, and that another little midge was Hebe, because she flourished a small pitcher. We identified Minerva by her helmet and shield, and Venus by her amplitude. Among the other young women, it may be said, without exaggeration, a certain sameness prevailed. Yet, when one of them came jingling in, apparently with something to say, we knew by instinct of long play-going that she was one of the principals. But she was difficult to locate. She did not bear any one of the familiar signs, but from the entire absence of drapery it was quite evident that she was a he-god. Which one, none could guess. Some suspected her of replacing Charlie Dungan as Adonis, in his Lone Fisherman part. Others determined that she was advertising a cheap shoe-shop, and was only an introduced god. A careful subtraction from the list of names showed at last that she could be none other than Mercury.

Since mortals first began to burlesque the gods, they never put Mercury upon the stage before without his spurs. This was Mercury without his torch, Mercury without his wingèd hat, Mercury without his wingèd heels, Mercury shod in cheap slippers of black kid.

Does any one remember Minnie Walton as Mercury in the first production of "Ixion" at the California Theatre? She was in the halcyon days of her beauty, and the trim little figure with silver wings branching from hat and heels was the ideal messenger-boy of the clouds. With such a picture in one's head, how was one to know that this was Mercury? And yet, though her words were indistinguishable, there was a delicate irony in the action of the part. Jupiter called it St. Vitus's dance. But it was simply a delicate play on the ease with which a practiced District Telegraph boy can hurry real fast standing in one spot.

Apropos of the telegraph boy. During the twenty minutes of warm weather which we have had this summer, I had occasion one day to traverse Bay Street. A policeman stood abstractedly gazing at an inert mass of blue and brass on the little pier which runs into the water at the foot of Mason Street. Thinking that he might be going to make an arrest, my companion and I resolved ourselves into a mob of two, and approached to witness the unusual spectacle. But the policeman, lightly touching the inert mass with his foot, smiled a benignant, fraternal smile, and passed on. The inert mass was composed of the uniforms of two District Telegraph boys.

The boys were not in them. They were taking a swim.

---

I opened a collection of quotations the other day, and as I ran my eye over them I penciled in the margin the word, name of the character, estate, or thing they suggested and appeared to illustrate. Having referred again to the collection, I find some of the quotations so apt that I am tempted to transcribe them.

*Celibate*—"Hæc vivendi ratio mihi non convenit." This mode of living does not suit me.

*Lover*—"O amari dies! O flebiles noctes!" O agonizing days! O nights of tears!

*Mistress*—"O major tandem parcas insane nimore!" O thou who art more decidedly mad, spare me who am less so.

*Courtship*—"Fugit hora." An hour irretrievably lost.

*Betrothal*—"Eggua para d'ate." Promise is allied to mischief.

*Trousseau*—"Hic soccus novus, elegans, sed nescis ubi urat." This shoe is new, elegant, but you know not where it may pinch you.

*Wedding*—"Felices errore suo." Happy in their mistake.

*Christening*—"Ab actu ad posse valet illatio." From events which have taken place we may deduce those which are to ensue.

*Marriage*—"Post prælia, præmia." After battle, rewards.

*Divorce*—"Extremis malis, extrema remedia." To extreme evils we must apply desperate remedies.

*Alimony*—"Post bellum auxilium." Aid after the war.

*Husband*—"Plus aloës quam mellis habet." He has in his disposition more of gall than of honey.

*Wife*—"Frangas, non flectas." You may break, you can not bend me.

*Flirtation*—"Gaudet tentamine virtus." Virtue rejoices in temptation.

*Old Maid*—"Nunc aut nunquam! Occupet extremum scabies!" Now or never! Rot seize the last!

*Widow*—"Expertas metuit." The man of experience is afraid of it—(*videlicet*, of the widow).

*Widower*—"Empta dolore docet experientia." Experience bought by suffering is instructive.

*Burial*—"Post tot naufragium portum." After so many shipwrecks we reach a port.

*Dude*—"Ex vitulo bos fit." From a calf an ox grows up.

*Dudine*—"Et genus et formam regina pecunia donat." All-powerful money gives both birth and beauty.

*Lawyer*—"Fumos vendere." To sell smoke.

*Soldier*—"Fungar inane munere." I shall discharge this vain and useless duty.

*Financier*—"Honesta quædem scelere successus fecit." Success makes some base acts appear honorable.

*Priest*—"Teres atque rotundus." A man smooth and round.

*Broker*—"Alienâ vivere quadrâ." To eat off another man's trencher.

*Capitalist*—"E fungis nati homines." Men sprung from mushrooms.

*Honesty*—"A l'impossible nul est tenu." No man can be bound to what is impossible.

---

Dumas, having come into fashion again with the "Monte Cristo" revival, "Les Trois Mousquetaires" are in favor once more. It may be interesting to tennis-players to know that when Athos wished to recreate himself, he indulged in a game of paume, or hand-tennis. When his sword-hand was disabled, he played with his left hand, but could not do much because Porthos had such a swift serve. They were probably good players both, for a goodly audience of courtiers assembled to see them play, even as audiences assemble now two hundred and fifty years after. Yet one can not help looking back upon them, in a tennis light, without a certain sense of pity. They had all the exercise and pleasure of the game, but, for a young man to enjoy tennis in its fullness, he must be the proud possessor of a felt racquet-cover upon which his sweetheart has embroidered his initials.

---

I have found an unknown constituency, and I want to know who compose it. I would premise by stating that there are two or three weekly papers in New York devoted to the diffusion of literary dishwater, whose circulation reaches a half million. Two or three weeklies of the same sort, published in London, circulate their one million copies. Who the deuce are the readers who guzzle down these brimming floods of wash and scum from the culinary department of letters? In the absence of any accurate knowledge of the facts, it used to be thought a sufficient answer to say: The sewing-girls and other young women of about their mental equipment; the Unknown Constituency will be found less in the lower middle, than in the upper lower classes.

This answer served till it occurred to one of those nosing Englishmen who want to know, you know, that he would run the subject to earth. He did so, and found that the papers in question were nearly unknown to the whole lower class, and that their enormous constituency lay in the middle-class—most of it, of course, in the lower half of that class, but an astonishingly large proportion above the median line. Probably some similar distribution would be found to obtain here, and *Waverley Magazines* and New York *Ledgers* and *Weeklies* would be found in houses so well-to-do in point of the world's goods that it would not occur to one to suspect how destitute they might be in another kind of possessions.

But there is another great unknown constituency in this country, concerning which I want information: What class of people is it that furnishes the divorces? Now and again, a divorce does occur among people that one knows, but these are really few, while the press appears to record one divorce for every four or five marriages. It would seem that the class of people among whom this ceremony is so common can not look upon it with much horror, neither is it likely that its practitioners lose much of their standing. Then who are the people holding these peculiar views? What are their antecedents? How did they learn their way of looking at these things? Is this the same class, and are the individuals to any great extent the same individuals, who consume the literature above referred to?

I ask for information. Of authentic character, the information would be valuable. It would possess especial value to those who are of opinion that divorce is going with altogether too much facility. In order to apply a check, they need to know, first, who and what are these people who divorce? Court records afford the means of answering the question if any one will be at the pains to have them examined and tabulated.

---

The number of suicides has fallen off notably within the past fortnight. The decline may be attributed to the carelessness of the dailies in reporting them. A gentleman, who hurried himself out of life a week or two ago, was reported next morning as having been found kneeling by the side of his head. Through some absurdity in the wording, the paragraph gave the impression that the gentleman had been engaged in the painful and fruitless occupation of trying to get a look at the back of his head, and gave it up when he had gone only half-way round. Other gentlemen who had contemplated a voluntary exit were either discouraged by his failure, or pained at the levity of the press, and the epidemic came to an abrupt close. It is very unfortunate. However, we have still the cholera.

---

We will watch this cholera business in France a while longer, and see what the course of it is to become. We may succeed in preventing its direct importation by our own ports, but it does not follow that our neighbors of the West Indies or the coasts of the Gulf of Mexico will be equally successful in excluding it from theirs; and when once it lands on this continent at all, we may as well make up our minds that we are to have our share of it. A minority only of my readers will remember the horrors of the visitation we underwent in 1848; that of 1853 was severer in Mexico and our gulf coasts then farther north.

If any of the younger people are curious to learn what a visitation of Asiatic cholera really is, let them ask the oldsters to overhaul their reminiscences of those episodes. Yellow fever is a joke to it; for with yellow fever man dies in a reasonably peaceful manner, and not writhing like a worm. Now, if we are to be visited, few places offer a more inviting field, from cholera's own point of view, than San Francisco in the dry season, because San Francisco is not only destitute of all efficient health supervision whatever, but is the one town of a quarter-million inhabitants where the dead are allowed to be buried in the midst of the living. A cholera epidemic would, for one thing, give an useful impetus to cremation throughout Christendom, but not in San Francisco; at least two epidemics would be required to put this village abreast of the towns and cities throughout our Eastern States and foreign parts. It may be doubted even whether a single epidemic would suffice to stop further interment in the existing cemeteries; but it would at least serve as basis for an agitation against maintaining the abuse, which might be expected to result in something practical before the end of the century; for by that time it may be hoped that the people who believe in city government by a Board of Supervisors would be mostly dead, and poisoning the ground and infecting the air with the emanations of their own proper persons. The rest of us could then exhume and cremate their pestiferous remains. But I want to inhume and cremate them now.

---

Every one is now reading "The Roman Singer." A number of people who have read it have mentioned to me that it is a very excellent story, because it so thoroughly preserves the Roman flavor. I do not know what the Roman flavor is, and as most of the people who have spoken of it to me have not been there, neither, I fancy, do they. From a casual inspection of the book, however, I discover many of the author's pet ear-marks, and, in my humble opinion, it is very strong with the Crawford flavor. There is his usual tinge of mysticism in Benoni, whom he suggests rather than declares to be the Wandering Jew. There is his invariable bit of tragedy in the death of the Baroness from an overdose of chloral hydrate. There is nothing Roman about that, for this drug has a purely American flavor. The Roman idea would have been a stiletto, or a poisoned cordial, and the Baroness would have removed her rival, or possibly the man who refused to love her; but never herself. The fact that she was a Russian, and not a Roman, has no bearing on the story. Every one, and Russians especially, when they are in Rome do as the Romans do.

Crawford, like all American dilettanti, loves Italy, and seeks to put its best social foot foremost. In the various books which have been issued from his literary incubator, he has had several noble Romans living in state in their own ancestral palaces, and has introduced some money which was not taken to Italy either by English or Americans. These things we may accept, for they are merely an author's license; but when it comes to Roman flavor, we want it all there. Nino, the hero of "A Roman Singer," is an impossible Italian. Half the picturesqueness of the fabled land is in its dirt and grime. The natives are Murillo's boys grown up, and Nino is a peasant born and bred; yet Mr. Crawford gravely declares that he always kept his nails clean, and had a long wash list. Mr. Crawford is said himself to have a pardonable weakness for soap and water, but in his story this is an artistic error. It washes the Roman flavor out with a drop of ink.

---

A friend in the commercial line sends me a résumé of the party platforms now before the country done into the dialect of his class. He assures me it is not an effort to be funny, but a sedate statement of the actual position of national issues, addressed to the understanding of commercial men and couched in the language or "lingo" they affect.

Presidential First Preferences (he says) are hardening under speculative feeling; politicians by trade are excited and advancing, and unscrupulous contractors are active; "reserved rights of the States"—neglected; "free ships and sailors' rights"—little inquired for; reduction of taxation is nominal, and greenback policy quite demoralized; pledges of economy come forward freely and pledges of reform are in ample supply; for tariff reduction there is fair demand from agricultural sections, while protection to American industry remains steady under moderate support. Disabled soldiers are recovering; of their widows and orphans the stock is large and apparently increasing; the American navy is quiet; the army at the polls less active; ballot outrages scarcely in season; anti-railroad business sluggish and rather heavy. Local option and other "sumptuary laws" very slow at the moment, though some revival is predicted. Eastern markets are quite bare of anti-Chinese policy, though there is a disposition to speculate in an American policy. The American working-man is rather depressed, and shows no disposition to rise. Loaves and fishes are in eager request.

---

Every one has some certain word or words over whose pronunciation he halts. Mine own particular bugbear is "Laocoon." I dislike it upon principle. First, because I always think twice over it; and secondly, because it is so shudderingly ugly. It is a rare word, however, and does not often trouble me. I am worse beset by people who have a pronunciation fad. These like to pronounce common words uncommonly. An unusually well-educated young woman of my acquaintance always conscientiously says *photograph*. I have vainly pointed out to her that it is plainly written in the dictionary pho-tograph, but she fancies that she is a touch more elegant than Webster. A dozen years ago Jean Ingelow, in response to numerous inquiries, addressed a letter to the British public saying that the *g* in her name was soft. It was so widely copied, and passed around for such a length of time, that every English-speaking reader in the generation must have seen it. Yet she is almost invariably called Jean Ingelow with a hard *g*. When Gilbert and Sullivan brought out their last successful opera, they addressed a joint card to the director of the first rehearsals, informing him that Zolanthe—the initial *z* long—was the proper pronunciation of the name of the heroine. The card was widely copied, yet the opera is almost invariably called "Eolanthe." Why? We do not say Eda nor Erene in English, for Ida or Irene. These would-be élégantes (they are generally women) also like to say Neagara and Beography. The Indian names—so beautifully abundant in our country—were originally spelled as nearly to match the Indian pronunciation as might be, and why should this rolling wonder of water be deprived of the full length of its *i*? As for beography, look at the roots of the language, little darlings, and don't be ridiculous.

Eurydice has been a rock of pronunciation upon which many have split. When Mrs. Cole sang, "My Eurydice 's gone," at the Thomas Concert, last year, the metre forced her to give it the Italian pronunciation. On the eve of the present engagement many accepted it as a precedent.

There were three several pronunciations of it floating in the air when the curtain went up on Monday night. When Orpheus hailed his lady as "Eurydice," a general ripple of relief went around the circle.

But it may not be amiss to remark just here that when the last curtain went down, another ripple of relief ran around the circle.

---

An individual spoken of by New York press scribes, with that easy familiarity which lends their style grace, as Russell Sage without the "Mr.," is said to be going daft from money losses. The gentleman has only a million dollars left. The safe income from one million dollars is thirty thousand dollars a year, which may be two or three times the sum that Mr. Sage, if he is anything like most other successful American "business men," would spend on the personal gratification of life. It might be thought, therefore, that in the contemplation of this condition of modest competency, his reason could maintain her seat. But Mr. Sage probably is quite as unhappy as he is stated to be; and for the reason that he has no tastes to gratify other than one—namely, playing the Wall Street game, and playing it greatly—that is, playing it on a scale that will contribute to bring about the results at which he aims. For Mr. Sage appears to have been not a "chipper," on either a large or small scale, but an "operator," the difference between the two being as great as that between the gentleman who "handles the case" and those who occupy the remaining sides of the table. Mr. Sage's acquaintance with the game, it is to be presumed, is far too intimate and profound to permit him, so long as he retains any sanity at all, to join this group of players; at the same time, he can not take the bank, for his reduced "pile" could no longer meet an ordinary turn of adverse luck. In this predicament, shut out from the play that his soul loves, it appears that this eminently American business man can not live and retain his reason. I do not propose drawing in set terms the obvious moral of this grim story, but will quote a vivid account of the experience which this gentleman underwent during the panic week:

"His experience during the past few days" (says the account) "is probably unique. It is doubtful whether any other member of the human family has passed through anything like it. It must have been a sort of foreshadowing of the punishment which awaits wicked brokers in the nether world, to have stocks in which he had made heavy losses 'put to him,' hour after hour and day after day, in infernal iteration by an apparently endless file of mocking or infuriate creditors. An eternity of this, or something like this, must surely be the fate which awaits after death dealers in 'puts,' who 'lay down on their privileges.' Sage on one day undoubtedly came near incurring the dreadful penalty. If he did not actually 'lay down' on Tuesday week, he lolled and lounged in a very suspicious and alarming manner. It will be interesting to see whether his taste for 'puts' will survive this ordeal, which so much resembles the plan of curing inebriates by giving them a little whisky in everything they eat. Will not the very sight of a boy bringing a 'put' hereafter cause faintness and nausea?"

---

Conversation at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday night:

*Wife*—"What are the people laughing at?"

*Husband*—"Damfino."

*Wife*—"Isn't this an opera?"

*Husband*—"Damfino."

*Wife*—"There they go again. What is this performance anyhow? We are fooled. I don't believe it's an opera; do you?"

*Husband (doubtingly)*—"Damfino."

*Wife*—"Let us look at the bill and see."

They consult the bill, and read: "The story of Orpheus and Eurydice, adapted from Offenbach's 'Orphée aux Enfers.'"

*Wife*—"Adapted from Offenbach! Why, it must be an opera. This is music. These people are singing, aren't they?"

*Husband*—"Damfino."

Close of act first, with the descent of Pluto and Eurydice to the infernal regions.

*Wife*—"Oh, I know what it is. It is a spectacular play, with introduced music."

Curtain rises upon Mount Olympus. Enter, Venus and Cupid. Husband loses his languor, and glues his glass upon the feminine extremities.

*Wife (coldly)*—"I have been in doubt hitherto, but from your demeanor now I should imagine that it is a burlesque—isn't it?"

*Husband (warily, lowering his glass)*—"Damfino."

---

The recent race between Hanlan and Laycock, in Australia, for five hundred pounds a side, must have been a very exciting one. Both men took a preliminary spin at a fair pace to settle themselves in their boats. At sixteen minutes to three o'clock both started well, by mutual consent together, with the advantage, if any, on the part of Laycock. Both went at only an average pace, at about twenty-eight and thirty strokes per minute respectively, fully one hundred feet in width separating the two boats, Laycock slightly leading. After a pull of about two hundred yards, both men settled down steadily on a somewhat slow stroke. When the half-mile was reached Hanlan had obtained a half-length lead from Laycock, both pulling steadily at twenty-eight and thirty. Further on Hanlan had increased his lead to a length, and when the mile point was reached Hanlan was quite easily maintaining his lead at the same distance, by a long length, which at a mile and a quarter was still further improved to a length and a half. At the mile and a quarter the time was seven and a half minutes—exceedingly good work—both men pulling grandly. Shortly after passing the mile and a half, Laycock put on a spurt, and rowed very fast, Hanlan responding in great style. After passing the two miles Hanlan increased his lead to fully two lengths, but Laycock responded and gained some advantage, and both men again settled down to steady pulling; but it now appeared to be Hanlan's race. Laycock again put on the pace, working up to thirty-six, and decreased his lead from Hanlan by some yards. At the half-mile from the finish Hanlan was still leading a full length, when Laycock put on a desperate stroke, which he maintained for some distance, and gradually began to overhaul Hanlan, both men going very fast, Hanlan at thirty-eight, Laycock at forty, per minute. Finally the race was won by Hanlan, by only half a length, in twenty-two minutes forty-five seconds.

---

Forty years is not so long ago but that the heirs of Taglioni hesitate to print some manuscripts left by the great dancer, containing some revelations of Berlin, Vienna, and Paris society during the period when all the world was at her feet.

## SOCIETY.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker have returned to the city, having been visiting at Blythedale.

Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Nuttall are at the Occidental, having returned to the city from Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Frank P. Wilson, who has been absent for nearly a year on a tour through Europe, will probably return during the week.

Mrs. J. Mora Moss, of Oakland, returned home on last Wednesday from her trip to Europe.

Mrs. Horatio Stebbins is at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd are on a camping excursion at Mount Shasta.

Mrs. S. G. Hilborn and Miss Hilborn are at Ætna Springs.

Colonel C. W. Brush started East last week for a month's sojourn at Baltimore and Long Island.

Rev. C. D. Barrows and family returned from the East last Thursday. Mr. Barrows will resume his pastoral duties next Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. A. L Stone and Miss Stone have been visiting at Glenwood Springs.

Baron von Ohlendorff, of Hamburg, is at the Palace, having returned from a trip to Yosemite.

Mr. Ralph Selby, who has been for some time studying art in Europe, is expected home in a short time.

Mr. Jerome Lincoln was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs last week at Calistoga.

Hon. and Mrs. John R. Glascock, of Oakland, returned from Washington last Wednesday.

Mrs. R. C. Hooker is at present at Duncan's Mills, and expects to remain about a month.

Mrs. H. W. Smith, after a visit to the Geysers of several months, has returned to the city.

Miss Minnie Gray, a cousin of Mrs. Rufus Hatch, of New York, is on a visit to friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Eastland will reside for the remainder of the summer at the country place of Mr. H. P. Livermore, near Piedmont Springs.

Mrs. John T. Haviland has returned to her home at the Grand, after a month in the country.

Doctor George J. Bucknall has returned to the city, after a short vacation in the country.

Mrs. F. A. Gibbs and Miss Gibbs are spending a few weeks at Monterey.

Mr. Neville Castle, son of Mr. Michael Castle, has returned home, having graduated from Yale College at its last commencement.

Mr. J. Mora Moss Jr. has returned to his home in Oakland, after a trip to the Geysers.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker, of Sacramento, is at present at Lake Tahoe.

Doctor and Mrs. W. F. McNutt are residing for a few weeks at Santa Cruz.

Miss Bessie Sedgwick was the guest of Miss Pope, at St. Helena, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Smith have returned from the Geysers.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin entertained last week a number of friends at the Gwin ranch, among whom were the Misses Virginia and Linie Maynard, Captain J. W. Dillenbeck, U. S. A., Messrs. Twiggs, Fisher, Zealand, and Swift.

Mrs. S. F. Thorn, with her uncle, Smiley Sharon, of Ohio, is spending this week at Gilroy Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Kittle returned to the city last week, after a short visit to Paso Robles Springs.

Mrs. Henry Edgerton, of Sacramento, is in the city on a visit to some friends.

Mrs. John S. Hager and family are at Santa Barbara.

Swiss Consul Berton is convalescing at St. Helena, Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Murrry Jr. were at Mount Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. James Palache have returned from their trip to the Big Trees.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clayton have been spending a few weeks at Byron Springs.

Miss Fannie Lent is on a visit to Monterey.

Mrs. Doctor Hatch and Miss Tracy are at the Geysers.

Miss Veatman, of St. Louis, is at present the guest of her uncle, General Pope, at Black Point.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. G. Steele, of Oakland, have returned to their home after an Eastern trip.

Mrs. Wallace Everson is spending the summer with Mrs. Arthur C. Donnell, at Howell Mountain, Napa County.

Howard F. Pomeroy will be engaged with the United States Geological Survey, near Mount Shasta, this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Burns have returned to the Grand Hotel, after a month at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Dunphy, Mrs. Noah Flood, and Miss Dunphy are at the Geysers, and expect to remain there during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. David McClure have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mrs. William P. Coleman and family are at present visiting friends in Georgia.

Mrs. J. B. Haggin and family will spend the remainder of the season at Del Monte, Monterey.

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Mrs. Louis Breckinridge are among the regular guests for the summer at Monterey.

Mr. Stanley, British Consul, is on an official visit to British Columbia.

Mr. William Lane Booker, formerly British Consul in this city, is in London on a leave of absence from New York, and will return in October.

Adjutant-General G. B. Cosby, of Sacramento, was in the city on Thursday, but returned to Sacramento on Friday afternoon.

Hon. Barclay Henley and family, of Santa Rosa, returned from the East last Thursday.

William Forsyth came down from the Geysers last Thursday on a short visit to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. French returned home last Thursday after an extended Eastern trip.

Doctor Gould Burk, of England, is at the Occidental.

Colonel Stuart M. Taylor returned to the city on Friday, after a visit to Chicago.

Mr. J. N. H. Irwin, of the *Call*, after a visit to the East and Canada, has returned to the city.

Mrs. General Walter Turnbull returned from the Geysers last Thursday.

General O. H. La Grange, formerly Superintendent of the Mint, is in the city on a visit.

Mrs. Lieutenant A. W. Greely and family are in San Diego, awaiting the return of Lieutenant Greely from the Arctic. She will probably go East to meet her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Camron, of Oakland, are on a visit to Lake Tahoe.

Hon. Ogden Hoffman has returned from Monterey.

Hon. and Mrs. William Alvord returned to the city to-day, after a wedding tour of six weeks at the East.

Senator J. C. Fair, of Nevada, is at present in New York City.

### Army and Navy News.

By the appointment of Captain Thomas C. Ward, First Artillery, to be Major and Assistant Adjutant-General, Lieutenant Edmund K. Russell, Battery H, receives promotion to a captaincy in the First Artillery.

The United States steamship *Ranger* will go on the dry dock this week for repairs, at the completion of which she will continue on duty in the coast survey.

General J. C. Kelton, Assistant Adjutant-General of the Military Division, who has been absent at the East for some weeks, is expected to return about the twenty-sixth instant.

Lieutenant J. M. Arrowsmith, U. S. A., is at the Occidental.

Lieutenant G. P. Cotton, of the First Artillery, has resumed his duties with his light battery.

Lieutenant Charles J. Bailey, First Artillery, has returned to the Presidio after a leave of absence.

The officers at the Presidio gave a hop last Friday evening. A number of visitors from the city were present, and the affair was very enjoyable.

There are a number of visitors at Black Point. Major and Mrs. W. M. Dunn are entertaining Miss Ella Adams and their niece Miss Chipman, of Los Angeles, niece of Colonel Chipman of Red Bluff.

Lieutenant L. M. Brett, Second Cavalry, and Lieutenant J. L. Chamberlain, First Artillery, have been ordered to report to the commanding officer at Fort Mason for court martial duty.

Ensign H. M. Dombaugh, U. S. N., is stopping at the Baldwin.

### Notes and Gossip.

Miss Bessie Kittle is on a visit to friends in Portland, Oregon. She expects to remain there until January next, and on her return her marriage with Mr. Saylor will take place.

The marriage of Miss Lou Deerborn with Mr. Nicholas of China will take place the latter part of the present month.

Miss Hattie Crocker is expected home from Europe some time during the next month. It is probable that Mrs. Crocker may go East to meet her.

Mr. Walter A. Gilmore and Mrs. T. A. Broughton were married at Placerville, last week.

Mr. Marcus D. Boruck celebrated his fiftieth birthday last week by a dinner given to a few intimate friends. The guests were Colonel C. Fred Crocker, Colonel Creed Haymond, Major Ben C. Truman, Hon. W. W. Morrow, Doctor Lawlor, Messrs. George Crocker, J. A. Fillmore, Fred Hutchinson, Middleton, and George R. Sanderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Donahue entertained a party of Eastern gentlemen at dinner last Friday evening.

The officers and ladies at Angel Island gave a hop on Saturday last to a number of guests, among whom were the Misses Torbert, Miss Clarke, Mr. Channing Cooke, and Mr. Oulton.

Mrs. B. M. Bruner expects to take a trip to Europe this summer.

The Choral Society of the First Congregational Church, numbering some two hundred voices, will begin next week to rehearse Mendelssohn's oratorio of "Saint Paul." The oratorio will be given some time next autumn, under the management and musical direction of Rev. Dr. Barrows.

Mr. Walter McKinstry, son of Justice E. W. McKinstry, has been nominated for a cadetship at West Point.

### Art Notes.

Toby Rosenthal's picture, "The Sentence of Constance de Beverley," was privately exhibited on Sunday last by Mr. Irving M. Scott, to whom the picture belongs. It will shortly be placed on exhibition at the rooms of the Art Association. Mr. Scott has also added to his already large collection a Jean Paul Laurens, a Zamacois, a marine by Clays, a cattle piece by Van Marcke, a landscape by Corôt, and a figure-piece by Ruybet.

The Palette Club intend to exhibit at the next Mechanics' Fair a number of pictures, an appropriation of three hundred dollars for that purpose having been made by the managers.

Miss Nellie Hopps returned to the city on the fourteenth instant from New York.

Mr. R. D. Yelland has gone to Mendocino County on a sketching tour of about two months.

Mr. Henry Alexander's picture, "Lost Genius," will be exhibited at the Mechanics' Fair.

Mr. G. J. Denny is at work on a picture of J. Macdonough's yacht, *Aggie*, on an order from her owner.

Mrs. Evans, a former pupil of the San Francisco School of Design, who took first prize at the National Academy, New York, in 1884, will exhibit some of her work at the Mechanics' Fair.

Mr. F. Marion Wells is making good progress on his figure of Neptune, for the fountain at the Mechanics' Fair.

Mr. Arthur Nahl is finishing a picture for exhibition at the same fair.

### Obscure Intimations.

L. F., Bath, L. I.—We already have a New York correspondent, and don't desire another.

"The Meeting."—Declined.

A. T., Portland.—Answer by mail.

Revere House, Boston.—The poem you send us as "Anonymous—found in the pocket of a dead cowboy in Texas," is a mutilated copy of a poem called "Orgia—A Song of Ruin." It was written by William Winter, of New York, a number of years ago. It has already appeared in the *Argonaut*.

"K. D.," Oakland.—"Ingomar" is a translation of a German play, called "Sohn der Wildniss," by Eligius Franz Joseph Münch-Bellinghausen. There are two translations, one by Maria Lovell and one by W. H. Charlton. Lovell's version is the one ordinarily played. It may be found in "Lacy's Plays," Vol. 7, and "Modern Standard Drama," Vol. 12.

"A. S."—The correct reading is not *convinced*. The passage reads as follows:

> "He that complies against his will
> Is of his own opinion still;
> Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
> For reasons to himself best known."

It is to be found in Butler's "Hudibras," Part III, Canto III. A passage somewhat similar is found in Congreve's "Way of the World":

> "And sure he must have more than mortal skill
> Who pleases one against his will."

A campaign biography is already to hand. It is entitled "The Life and Public Services of James G. Blaine, with the Story of John A. Logan's Career." It contains also brief sketches of the lives of all the American Presidents and of the ladies who have occupied the White House; an account of the National Republican Convention; a discussion of the protective tariff and free-trade; a history of the Republican party; and some statistical matter of a political nature. The book is a twelvemo of 550 pages, and contains twenty-six illustrations. All of these are on wood, with the exception of portraits of Blaine and Logan, which are on steel. The work is published by J. E. Potter & Co., New York and Philadelphia; agent on this coast, A. Roman, 120 Sutter Street; price, $2.50.

The Marquis de Leuville, with his bride, Mrs. Frank Leslie, visited Coney Island recently. Opposite a shooting-gallery a bystander chafied the Marquis on his well-known skill as a shot. The Marquis took up an eight-pound rifle, and, holding it out bodily at arms' length with one hand, made four bull's-eyes out of five. The marquis demanded what was to pay. The keeper of the gallery replied: "Nawthin! That's the sort o' cuss I want to keep in with."

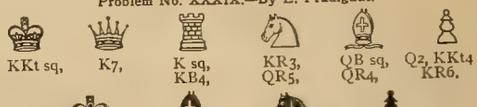
Mr. Samuel Ward had completed before leaving England for Italy the first part of his autobiography, carrying his life down to the time he first went to Germany. It was chiefly written at Dalmeny, Lady Rosebery acting as his amanuensis. It is said by those who have read it to be full of spirit and even boyish gayety. It is to be hoped that during his last stay in Italy he may have advanced the story. What was written will be published for private circulation.

Lord Randolph Churchill is slight and of medium height; he parts his dark hair in the middle; his eyes are large, his nose short, cheek-bones high, mustache blonde and heavy, and head small. He is not yet thirty-five, and has the promise of a brilliant future.

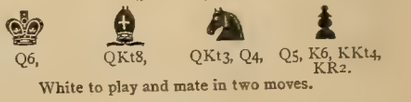
## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

Problem No. XXXIX.—By E. Pradignat.



KKt sq, K7, K sq, KB4, KR3, QR5, QB sq, QR4, Q2, KKt4 KR6.

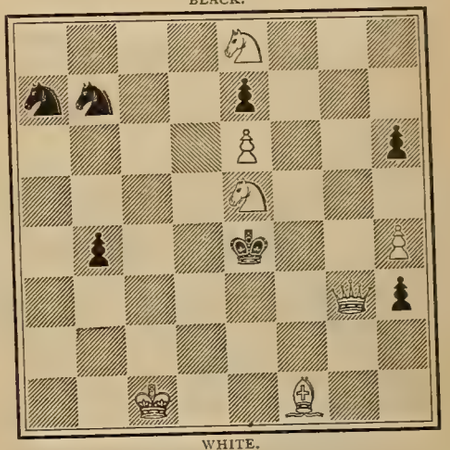


Q6, QKt8, QKt3, Q4, Q5, K6, KKt4, KR2.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Problem No. XL.—By Dr. Albert Kauders.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. XXXIII.

1—Q KKt8 1—K x Kt
2—Q x P mates. Other variations are obvious.

Solution of Problem No. XXXIV.

1—Q KKt sq 1—K QB4, (a)
2—Kt x B ch 2—King moves
3—P K8 (knights) or Q mates.

(a) 1——— 1—K B2
2—Kt x P ch 2—Any move
3—P Q6 mates.

Correct solutions received as follows: Problems XXXV and XXXVI—From U. Hartnell, Salinas.

### Game.

Played July 8th, 1884, between Dr. J. H. Zukertort (blindfold) and Mr. J. F. Welsh, being one of twelve played simultaneously. The notes are by Dr. Zukertort:

SICILIAN GAME.

| *Black.* | *White.* | *Black.* | *White.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dr. Zukertort. | Mr. Welsh. | 18—Q K2 | 18—KR Q sq |
| 1—P K4 | 1—P QB4 | 19—Castles (b) | 19—K Kt sq |
| 2—Kt QB3 | 2—P QR3 | 20—R B5 | 20—B Q5 |
| 3—Kt B3 | 3—P Q3 | 21—QR KB sq | 21—R KB sq |
| 4—P Q4 | 4—P x P | 22—K R2 | 22—Q B4 |
| 5—Kt x P | 5—P K4 | 23—Kt R4 | 23—Q B2 |
| 6—Kt B3 (a) | 6—B K2 | 24—P B3 (c) | 24—P QKt4 |
| 7—B QB4 | 7—Q B2 | 25—P x B | 25—P x P dis ch |
| 8—B Kt3 | 8—Kt KB3 | 26—P K5 | 26—P x KKt |
| 9—P KR3 | 9—QKt Q2 | 27—Kt Kt6 (d) | 27—Q x Kt |
| 10—B K3 | 10—Kt B4 | 28—P x Kt | 28—P x P |
| 11—Kt Q2 | 11—Kt x B | 29—Q x P ch | 29—K R sq |
| 12—RP x Kt | 12—B K3 | 30—R x R | 30—P x R |
| 13—P B4 | 13—P Q4 | 31—Q Q3 | 31—Q QKt4 |
| 14—P B5 | 14—P Q5 | 32—Q K4 | 32—Q K4 ch |
| 15—P x B | 15—P x B | 33—Q x Q | 33—P x Q |
| 16—P x P ch | 16—K x P | 34—K Kt3 | 34—P K7 |
| 17—Kt B4 | 17—B B4 | And White resigns. | |

(a) It would be better to play Kt to Kt3, and then direct the attack against the weak QP.

(b) White should have at once captured the Pawn.

(c) An irretrievable blunder; again he should play Kt x P.

(d) No matter what White plays, Black's passed Pawns must carry the day.

### Answers to Correspondents.

B. M. P., Eureka, Cal.—The variation to No. XXX is as follows: 1 B B5, RxP; 2 B Q7, RxKt; 3 KtxKP, dis. ch., mates. If 2—K B5, 3 Q Q3, mates.

The interest in Chess which has been aroused of late has given rise to considerable discussion as to the merits and strength of the different local players, and it has been suggested that, after Dr. Zukertort's departure, arrangements be made for a chess tournament to be participated in by the strongest players by which the test of superiority can be definitely settled. Such a plan will doubtless meet with the approval of all concerned, and it is hoped that the necessary steps may be taken toward the carrying out of so desirable an object.

The chess champion, Doctor Zukertort, has been busily engaged during the week with our local players, having been at the Mechanics' Institute every day during the week. The only player with whom the doctor has played a series of games was with Mr. J. W. Jefferson, with the odds of a knight, Mr. Jefferson winning the majority of the games played. On Monday the Doctor played twelve simultaneous games against some of the weaker players at the Institute, his opponents being Messrs. Mitchell, Kellogg, Gale, Jacoby, Baily, Lawton, Daniels, Sherbourne, Grant, Curtis, Perley, and Gibson, in which Mr. Gale was the only victor. Other simultaneous games were announced for Wednesday evening, the 16th instant, Friday afternoon, the 18th, and Saturday, the 19th, which date closes the doctor's engagement with the committee. It is his intention to leave for China on the steamer which sails some time during the coming week.

"A prosperous son of the muses" is the description of Mr. Edmund Gosse, of London, who is to lecture in this country next season, and be the guest of the Howellses. "He talks with the velocity of an American, and the eloquent precision of an English scholar."

## THE ELECTRIC GIRL.

"Flaneur" tells how by Her Power Strong Men are Flung Around.

The town has been thrown into a state of unusual excitement by the arrival of the "Wonder," Miss Lulu Hurst, who was discovered by an enterprising showman in the wilds of Georgia, about a month ago. She possesses a peculiar force which nobody has as yet been able to account for, but which has already enabled Miss Hurst to pay off a mortgage of three thousand dollars on her father's farm, and to lay away a snug sum in the bank besides. There is something supremely bucolic and ingenuous about Miss Hurst. She has red cheeks, a stalwart figure, a good-natured smile, and a deep chuckle. She laughs constantly. She tosses strong men around the stage, and giggles when they flounder among the scenery. She spins dudes around like tops, and laughs as she watches them wheel away, and she chuckles whenever she attempts any special feat of strength. The papers have seized upon Miss Hurst as a summer sensation, and are devoting columns to her. New York is divided into two classes of citizens —those who believe that Miss Hurst is simply an abnormally strong and muscular woman, and those who have faith in her magnetic or electric powers. Scientists sneer at her, attend her performances, are flung about the stage, and retire.

Strong men, who claim that Miss Hurst uses only muscular force, are easily vanquished. I shall never forget the air with which Jim Laflin ascended the stage on Monday night to test Miss Hurst's powers. The Georgia girl had been tossing men about with considerable frequency prior to the arrival of Mr. Laflin. A man would grasp an umbrella, cane, or billiard-cue in both his hands, and promise to hold it firm, and stand still; the tall Georgia girl would walk up to him, look in his eyes, and giggle cheerfully. Then she would touch the cane with the palm of her hand, and the man would begin a series of the most erratic and bewildering gyrations. He would whirl around half a dozen times, and fetch up with a sickening thud against the proscenium box or upon the stage. It was a toss-up which he struck first. It didn't seem to make any particular difference to the man. He never expressed a choice.

It was after a small army of these men had been laid waste that Jim Laflin swaggered up to the stage. He looked like Slugger Sullivan on dress parade. Laflin is a local character. He has a bald head, a blonde mustache, a pair of monstrous shoulders, and an amount of confidence in Jim Laflin which is touching, deep-rooted, and complete. Some years ago—I think it was in 1879—Mr. Laflin went to the Vienna Exposition, known then as the World's Fair. Here he stood on a pedestal, suitably dressed, or rather undressed, and exhibited his muscles to the assembled powers of Europe. The result was that the authorities gave Mr. Laflin a medal, in which his muscular development was highly commended in choice and formal French. Mr. Laflin, who speaks nothing but early Irish and Fourth Ward English, translated the inscription: "Professor J. M. Laflin, the Handsomest Formed Man in the World." Since that time Mr. Laflin has constantly impressed upon us the fact that no one in the world is as handsomely formed as he. He is certainly a man of unusual strength; he swings heavy clubs, is a fair boxer, and has a record at putting the shot. When Jim Laflin swaggered on the stage of Wallack's Theatre, Monday night, the house, which was composed of deadheads, actors out of engagements, and men about town, actually lost itself in enthusiasm. He wore a tranquil though slightly contemptuous smile as he seized a billiard-cue in both hands and faced Miss Hurst. She looked small and overmatched. Laflin turned around and winked at the boys. Miss Hurst touched the cue with the palm of her hand, and "The Handsomest Formed Man in the World" started as though struck by a thunderbolt and began to struggle backward over the stage. He ceased to wink, and the smile had melted away. Then "The Handsomest Formed Man in the World" gave an inhuman howl, and flopped over backward on the stage with an intensity which shook the scenery and reverberated through the house.

On the first night there were so many deadheads in the house that the general public was obliged to stand up. Every succeeding night has seen the the theatre packed from pit to dome. There have been strong men innumerable on the stage of Wallack's theatre, attempting to overcome this power of Miss Hurst's; but they have, in the main, been unsuccessful. Occasionally a man of unusually powerful physique succeeds in partially baffling Miss Hurst's efforts for a time; but in the end they all succumb to the mysterious influence which she exerts. Though she tires out twenty men in the course of an evening, she does not show the slightest traces of fatigue. She places her hand upon chairs, umbrellas, billiard-cues, or canes, and the united efforts of half a dozen men to hold the object still or prevent the "influence" from forcing them backward are fruitless. That there is some trick about this power of Miss Hurst's there seems no reason to doubt, but exactly what it is defies detection. There are a number of men who attend every performance, and have used all possible means to find out what it is that gives Miss Hurst her extraordinary power. That it is not muscular strength would appear to be proved by the fact that she places her own hands over those of the man who holds the object, and, though he may be pushed all over the stage, and thoroughly tired out by the mysterious force, he feels no pressure whatever from Miss Hurst's hands.

Another sensation has been furnished by the Aronson-McCaull fight. I have heard that McCaull is pretty well known in San Francisco. He has a faculty of making himself well known wherever he goes, and being a Southerner, a two-hundred-and-fifty-pounder, and a man who travels on his muscle, he has on many occasions brought himself into notoriety by his pugilistic performances. McCaull has enjoyed what may be termed "a soft thing" at the Casino for many years. He made a very advantageous contract with this theatre, by which he was to receive fifty per cent. of the gross receipts, he agreeing, in return, to give comic opera in the best possible style. He has given it for three or four years. On the first of May his lease comes to an end, and he will be obliged to go elsewhere unless he can secure a renewal. It has become quite evident that the Casino has had enough of Mr. McCaull. Mr. Rudolph Aronson, the head, front, originator, and conductor of the entire enterprise, has decided to take charge of whatever opera is given in the Casino himself, and thus save the fifty per cent. which has been going to Mr. McCaull. This will put about thirty thousand dollars a year into the hands of the stockholders. McCaull, by underhand work, has endeavored to run Aronson out of his position as president of the Casino Company and usurp the place himself. The prospects of failure were so great that a night or two ago the gallant colonel assaulted Mr. Aronson, and wounded him severely about the head. Aronson weighs about one hundred and twenty pounds, and is anything but a robust man, while Colonel McCaull is physically almost a giant. McCaull has been arrested, and is held in bail to answer before the court of Special Sessions. The sympathy of every one is with Mr. Aronson, who has made a plucky fight from beginning to end. It would be a pity if he were to be ousted from the Casino by a scheming theatrical speculator like McCaull, after he has worked so many years to bring it to its present state of perfection. The Casino is now undoubtedly the most popular house in town. It is crowded in every part when all the other theatres are closed.

General di Cesnola is in trouble again. His enemies pursue him with a bitterness and pertinacity that bid fair to wreck his reputation. It is impossible to follow the many curious and deep charges that are made against Di Cesnola in detail. His trial last season on charges of libel was the laughing stock of the town for weeks, and "restored" Venuses, and patched-up and "modernized" goddesses became household words. He got off with a sort of Scotch verdict—"not proven"—and gave a big reception, at which Mrs. Courtlandt Palmer, Mrs. Burton N. Harrison, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, and the others of the little coterie of talented and literary women who cluster around Di Cesnola, assembled in force. It was said that his reputation was cleared, and he once more became the god of the fashionable worshipers of the antique. Now, however, it is alleged that a discovery has been made which throws the restored Venuses and their repaired sisters far in the shade. A lot of jewelry which the explorer claims that he found embedded in the solid rock beneath a Cyprus temple was made by machinery in the city of Brooklyn considerably less than ten years ago. This will be a death-blow to Cesnola if it is proved. New York can stand anything but Brooklyn. There it draws the line. Had the machine jewelry come from London, Paris, Petersburg, or Chicago, we could have stood it. But to have paid a hundred thousand dollars for a collection the integral part of which came from Brooklyn is more than the average New Yorker can undergo. The city is ablaze with indignation.

It is observed that dog and village-carts are going out of fashion. It is certainly time, for a more uncomfortable vehicle than the village-cart and a more cumbersome structure than the ordinary dog-cart it would be difficult to conceive. As originally used in England, the dog-cart was admirably devised. It was a vehicle which men used in driving long distances in the country or over rough roads. Until recently it was seldom seen in London. It had one pair of enormous wheels and a basket body. There was a place behind for guns, rods, hampers, and traveling-bags, and, with a good stout horse, long trips could be made over heavy and uneven roads with an ease that could not be approached by a smaller four-wheeled vehicle. If the country was hilly, they hitched another horse before the wheeler in England, and thus started tandem driving. Tandem driving has quite died out in New York, and the dog-cart will eventually follow it. It is not a vehicle for city use. The mail phaeton and T-cart have taken its place. The village-cart should have remained what its name indicated—a cheap little gig of natural wood for the children to drive the pony in, or to use for occasional drives to the station. It should never have appeared in town at all, though New York was dotted with them last season. The spectacle of even a man in a village-cart invariably inspires contempt; and, as the motion of the vehicle is jerky and unpleasant, it almost breaks one's neck to drive any distance. It is said that Newport is responsible for the abolition of the village-cart, and the intention of gradually extinguishing the dog-cart.

The "summer snaps" have begun a fight for existence. It seems to me that they are a little worse than usual this year, although that is the impression one gets every summer. Perhaps the cruelest one of all is that perpetrated nightly at the Casino, under the imposing title and through the instrumentality of "The Bianchi-Corelli Opera Comique Company." They are giving us such startling novelties as "Olivette" and "The Mascotte," and they give them in a way that defies criticism. The manager tells me that he has realized that the city is full of country people, and they are easily taken in by theatrical nonsense. He caters to this trade. The result is a fairly full house at the beginning of the performance, and empty benches at the end. The actors converse with each other on extraneous subjects during the performance, the ballet talks with the leader of the orchestra, the comedian guys the ushers, and Bianchi herself practices imitations of Théo, Aimée, and Judic when not engaged in languidly and perfunctorily reciting the lines of the thread-bare operas. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, July 11, 1884.

---

Senator Benton once spoke of Mexico as "a land of flowers without scent, birds without song, men without honor, and women without virtue." All of this was absurdly exaggerated, but the saying ran around the world, and is quoted even to this day. A more truthful characterization of the Mexicans was recently given by a member of the Mexican Congress. "My countrymen," said the statesman, "talk like men, write like women, and act like children."

---

Dom Pedro, of Brazil, has reigned fifty-three years. He was six years old when he ascended the throne.

## LITERARY NOTES.

I like occasionally to relax the strain imposed on my mind by too conscientious devotion to the minor morals of my fellow-creatures, by excursions into the fields of metaphysics, where I cull of the wild flowers there abounding. I have by me, at this moment, a new-gathered posy of such, which I will put here to press:

THE HERBERT SPENCER.—The man of science is likely to be greatly impressed by the extent and complexity of the subjects which he studies, "but amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that he is in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." *(a)*

MR. HARRISON.—"When we say 'we are in the presence of' something of which you can say only that you commemorate your guess that it exists by a metaphor that is probably inappropriate, I do not know what you mean. In short, Mr. Spencer's conclusion appears to me to have absolutely no meaning at all.....The essence of religion is to unite and govern men and societies by giving them common beliefs and duties. The law—moral, mental, and social—is preëminently the field wherein men may be governed and united. The religion of Law or Science is Positivism." *(b)*

AGNES LAMBERT.—"No ordinarily educated person would think of calling admiration, religion. So long as the tribute of admiration is limited to the phenomena of nature, it is admiration and nothing more. Religion is not mere admiration or worship. It is Divine worship; it is the bond that unites the lower being to the higher, and its acts of worship have ever been accompanied by a sense of subordination and obligation—a sense of duty and submission." *(c)*

AUTHOR OF "ECCE HOMO."—"Those who believe in nature *only* may be said to believe not only in a god, but, in some sense, in a personal god. The question relates not to any god who is beyond nature, but to a god who is *only* nature called by another name. It is in the free and instinctive admiration of human beings for the glory of heaven, earth, and sea, that religion—so far as religion is the name of a good and healthy thing—begins." *(d)*

MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN.—"If purely human morality takes the place of Christian morality, self-command and self-denial, force of character shown in postponing the present to the future, will take the place of self-sacrifice as an object of admiration. Love, friendship, good nature, kindness, carried to the height of sincere and devoted affection, will always be the chief pleasure of life whether Christianity is true or false." *(e)*

REV. GEORGE LYON.—"One characteristic of the New Theology is its respect for science. I question the value or utility of any doctrine which does not come under some general and harmonious law; it recognizes the impossibility of making all men see its doctrines alike, and affirms that many who doubt and many who disbelieve them are among the most exemplary of mankind.....The aim and effort of a man to be in accord with what he sincerely regards the true and the perfect, whether that be fetichism or Christianity, is the exercise of saving faith, and secures the Divine favor." *(f)*

MR. GRANT ALLEN (in "Vignettes from Nature")—....Those great biological and cosmical doctrines which are revolutionizing the European mind, and which owe their origin to the epoch-making works of Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer. *(g)*

MR. POPE.—See *(h)*, below.

The rest of my theologico-philosophical nosegay can be sufficiently inferred from the blossoms here exhibited. But I want to ask attention next to some lines which it has been fashionable of recent years to neglect:

*(b)* Say, first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason but from what we know?
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is and God the soul.....
*(a)* Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore:....
*(c)* Submit: In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear;....
In spite of world, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear—whatever is, is right.
*(d)* God, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
*(e)* For reason, passion answer one great aim:
And true self-love and social are the same;
Know, virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.
*(f)* Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds or hears him in the wind,....
He thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
*(g)* Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And showed a Newton as we show an ape.
Could he whose rules the rapid comet bind
Describe or fix one movement of the mind?
*(h)* Trace Science, then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Then see how little the remaining sum
Which served the past, and must the times to come.

That group of men, St. John and Peterborough, Atterbury, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Pope, had cracked these nuts and picked the kernels quite out of them; and Mr. Pope has preserved to us, in verse unmatched as yet in our tongue, the substance and outcome of the symposia of those intellectual giants. To-day our periodical literature is stuffed and swollen with essay and article on the worn, old themes, and not a new word said on any of them. I think all the above quotations are to be matched in substance from the literary remains of King Solomon, and from those of Lucretius and Aurelius. But it is worthy of remark, and a wonderful thing to see, how Mr. Pope gives you the "nub" of one of our eighty-page pamphlets within twenty to forty lines. He is a really astonishing fellow this way. I have some hope that this neglected poet may come into vogue again, since I find but a single quality in his verse that our best modern verse does not also possess. In common, they have melody in the mere progress and resonance of the words, harmony in the very motion and cadence of the lines; both have imaginative and sympathetic grasp; but Mr. Pope's verse also has brains. That is all.

---

Miscellaneous: A fine edition of the "Histoire de Manon Lescaut," illustrated by Maurice Leloir, is announced in Paris by D. Launette.—— Dr. Busch's "Prince Bismarck in Private Life," which appears in the July *Harper's*, was written before "Our Chancellor," and contains some very intimate details.——"The Future of the Negro" is discussed in *The North American Review* for July by Senator Z. B. Vance, Frederick Douglass, Joel Chandler Harris, Senator John T. Morgan, Prof. Richard T. Greener, General S. C. Armstrong, Oliver Johnson, and others.——Mr. Henry James's "American" has just been published in Paris as "L'Américain à Paris"; it is translated by Monsieur Léon Bouchet, and published by Hachette. Mr. Crawford's "Dr. Claudius" is about to appear as a serial in the *Indépendance Belge*.——The more important announcements of Dodd, Mead & Co. are, a popular edition of "Pepys's Diary," from the same plates as their late *édition de luxe;* Church's "Stories of the Persian War" and "Roman Life in the Days of Cicero"; "French Etchers"; and "The Merchant Vessel," by Charles Nordhoff.——"The Fairalls of Tipton," a new novel by Virginia W. Johnson, will soon be issued from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons. The same firm will publish the American edition of Rae's "Contemporary Socialism" and Professor Reville's (Hibbert) lectures on "The Ancient Religions of Mexico and Peru."——A. C. Armstrong & Son announce a three-volume standard edition of Josephus, and "Wild Adventures Around the Pole," by the author of the entertaining "Cruise of the Snow-Bird."——We have received the prospectus of "The New England Institute Year Book of American Art," which will be issued in connection with the art catalogue of the fourth annual autumn exhibion of the Institute of Boston. This volume, with its illustrations, is intended to be a concise and comprehensive account of the art work of the United States for the year 1884 in twenty-one departments, among which are the various modes of painting, engraving, and decoration, ceramics, textiles, brass-work, etc. The reproduction processes employed will be of different kinds according to the subject. The work, on the mechanical part of which no pains will be spared, promises to be of still greater interest and value than the successful catalogue of 1883, which has led to the undertaking.

## VANITY FAIR.

The following "points" are derived from the experience of an English lady of good social position, but limited means, who for several years has been taking "clients" in need of husbands to watering places during the season. In ten years she scores twenty-three successes and nine failures, this fisher of men. It appears that dark girls go off best in spring and autumn, and blondes at midsummer; that the market is apt to be dull the beginning of the season, and to grow brisk toward its close; that very young fair men like brunettes best, but veer slowly toward their lighter sisters as the fair men grow older, and that the converse is as true of very young dark men; that brunettes almost as invariably prefer fair men, irrespective of age; and that the predilection of blondes is commonly an opposite one; that blonde girls work off very ill in raw, coldish weather; that to couple a fair and dark girl in walking, driving, etc., is generally, but not always, good policy, since the intended victim sometimes falls in love with each in succession, and ends by taking neither; and, finally, that while mountains and lakes prove lively incentives to flirtation at earlier periods, the seaside was decidedly stronger in the way of landing the fish as the leaves turn and the days grow shorter.

There is to be a Hammock Club of six young ladies at Congress Hall, Cape May, this summer. Each brings down her hammock, and each hammock is variously ornamented by the fair owner herself. There will be a rope of bright ribbons attached to each hammock, by which the swain may swing the belle. Each hammock is accompanied by a handsome rug, and upon this, placed on the ground at respectful distance, the young man reclines. The young ladies have been practicing for weeks how to get in and out of the hammocks gracefully, and they have all the fixings that the hammocks may be quickly and safely put up.

"I really do not see," says Labouchère, "why the stay-maker should not suppress Worth altogether. Were I a member of her corporation, I should aim at nothing less, and launch a manifesto thus worded: 'Plus de corsages! Faites, mesdames, que vos corsets soient visibles.' The visible corset, with an elegantly made under-garment serving as a chemisette, or as the French would more elegantly say, 'une modestie,' would obviate a double squeezing of the vital organs, be to the eye more decent, bring out elegant contours more clearly, and enable ladies going on visits and to hotel quarters at watering and wintering-places to do without those cumbersome trunks which are the plagues of all who travel with them, and of railway-porters and cabmen. The visible corset would be like the nominative case in grammar, and govern the rest of the toilet. It would enforce the absence of surplusage, and be the death of all the various expedients for improving figures by means of horse-hair and wadding. I do not see why there might not be an inner garment of foulard or some other light material, which would rise to the throat and cover the arms like the muslin guimpes of the Swiss dairymaid. In winter there might be a short, loose tunic, such as the Chinese and Japanese ladies wear. Why the laces of a corset should not be in view any more than the laces of a corsage I do not well understand. I am equally puzzled to make out why pectoral 'advantages' (to use a French idiom), or, indeed, disadvantages, may be kept in view provided a corsage is worn, and yet why good people will be shocked when they are modestly shrouded by a well-gathered chemisette, if the corset be visible. It is not the stays which produce those peculiarities in the upper portion of stout ladies' busts, but the corsage, which must be a tighter fit in the plastic region than the corset. I humbly submit the above remarks and reflections to leaders of fashion and promoters of reform in dress. If I had the technical skill of Madame Loyson, and the advertising power of her husband, I should certainly open the campaign I suggest against the hypocritical corsage."

The dandies of Venice in its golden days piqued themselves on the elegance of their visiting cards. At one time they carried a picture of the Rialto; at another the fashionable pattern was a sketch of some of the statues round the Valle at Padua; but the more modish and æsthetic were not content with cards cast off by the hundreds for every one, but designed their own cards, bestowing much labor and ingenuity on the work, or they employed some distinguished artist to furnish them with a design. Even Canova did not refuse to put his genius to this service for his friend Capello; and one of the most beautiful of these Venetian visiting-cards is that drawn and printed in London for Alvise Pisani by Henry Tresham, the English painter.

In the matter of pretty and becoming dress (says a writer in *Harper's Bazar*) it is of the first importance to be always neat—never, for instance, to be minus buttons, or hooks, or strings; always to have trim ankles and well-shod feet. Once upon a time it was considered the correct thing to wear a pure white stocking drawn tightly over the knees. Now fashion compels us to wear colored hosiery, which, however convenient to those who have to trudge the streets in all weathers, is not so becoming to the foot as white. Colored stockings are even injurious to the health, if the skin be delicate; they frequently cause pimples and eruptions on the skin. Think not of fashion, then, in this respect, and never wear colored stockings when you can wear white, or *écru*, which is almost the same as regards health, though for beauty there is nothing so pretty as white, unless, indeed, it be plain black. As for boots and shoes, which betray the lady as much as, if not more than, gloves, here, indeed, you must not be too economical. The beauty of a foot is its instep. Now, boots are often too tight over the instep, thus destroying the first and greatest beauty of a foot. Pointed or small rounded toes are prettier than square toes, and make the foot look smaller. If the toes, also, are a little, ever so little, turned upward, the foot looks even smaller still. For this reason strapped shoes and boots are becoming to the foot. And these little hints may be remembered, whatever may be the fashion. A well-made boot lasts double the time of a common boot, and makes the foot look prettier as well. Above all things, if you study the beauty of the foot, never clothe it in colored boots or shoes. An ugly foot looks uglier than ever in colors, embroidery, etc., while a pretty foot looks smaller and prettier in dainty black. A well-arched foot looks better in a boot than in a shoe. But as shoes can be worn smaller than boots, large flat feet look better in shoes than boots. Parisian ladies, who are most coquettish with their feet, rarely wear anything but the plainest of black boots. These boots are as thin and as elegantly made as possible, but they are perfectly plain. Satin boots are more becoming than kid, and easier for walking in on account of their suppleness. They do not lose their shape either, like kid boots. Satin boots, like satin corsets, are the nicest; once worn, it is with a sigh of regret that any other material is adopted.

There are signs of a croquet revival in England this year (says the London *Graphic*). Lawn-tennis is not altogether doomed, but young ladies are beginning to see that it is a game for men. If played by girls it should be played without corsets. Against a young fellow in flannels, a girl in stays, and a dress weighted with the cumbersome protuberances which are now in fashion, has no chance. If she bestir herself much in striking at the ball, her movements are not only ungraceful, but injurious to health; if she cultivates grace, waiting in pretty attitudes for the ball till it comes within her reach, then there is no game. The proper tennis costume for a girl would be a Garibaldi shirt and a plain skirt as light as possible, but girls do not really care enough for tennis to make any sacrifice of personal adornment for its sake. What they like is the open air, and the company of men (four girls playing at tennis, with no man looking on, is a very rare sight); but croquet offers these attractions with additional possibilities in the way of talk. At croquet the fair player may wear what she pleases, strike picturesque attitudes, go through the game without hurry, and hold sweet confidential chat between the hits. At tennis there is no confidential chatting. Croquet is certainly slower than tennis to good players of the last game, but not slower than tennis as played by some young ladies, who only send the ball over the net once out of five tries. It might have been expected that the earnestness of some young men in their practice of tennis would prove fatal to the game as a sociable pastime. Enthusiasts of the racket play too well for their sisters and sisters' friends; and it is really no great fun after all to "field out" while a proficient in flannels amuses himself by cutting balls in so dexterous a style that they scarcely rebound, and must always be missed, even when a girl tires herself out in straining at them.

A novel and most sensible "fishing costume" for ladies is made of water-proof cheviot tweed. The skirt is made double from the knees downward, the under part being quite short, over garters and knickerbockers. The upper part, when let down, forms a graceful skirt, walking length. For fishing, or for long tramps in the woods, the upper part is turned up and fastens on the hips by means of leather straps. The under side is furnished with two large pockets. An edging of some two inches of brown leather protects the bottom of the skirt. The jacket should also be bound with leather and double-breasted. Straps of leather placed on the shoulders relieve the weight of the fishing-basket. The hat should also be of cheviot and bound with leather. This suit is just the thing for ladies going abroad, and suitable for hunting or walking expeditions.

The luxury of Parisian toilet passes all that our grandmothers could ever have dreamed of. An elegant Parisienne, whether noblesse of birth or of finance—for instance, the Comtesse de Pourtales, or Madame Cahen d'Anvers—spend each over twenty thousand dollars a year on their toilets, a sum which will not appear so enormous when it is remembered that a ball-dress by one of the *grands faiseurs* costs currently three to four hundred dollars, and the most modest morning-dress eighty dollars. Think, too, of the luxury of under-linen—which has been carried by the Parisienne, by the use of the finest materials and by profusion of lace, to such a degree that a single chemise will often cost four hundred dollars. Think, too, of how many dresses a Parisienne needs in a season—the ball-dresses, the dinner-dresses, the dresses for the opera and the theatre, the morning-dresses, the walking-dresses, the dresses for five-o'clock teas, the dresses for the races, for the seaside, and for the château life in autumn. Really, a *mondaine* with pretensions to elegance, who makes a figure in the ranks of fashion at Paris during the season, at Trouville or Luchon during the summer, and in half a dozen châteaus during the shooting season, and who, at the end of the year, owes no more than ten thousand dollars to her dress-maker, is a paragon of economy and a mighty schemer. Give her double the sum and she will barely balance her accounts.

Chicago has a young horsewoman who goes in for sorrel color of a bright shade. Her hair is bleached to exactly match the steed. One day she wore a jockey-cap, under which the reddish hair was cropped close, in a boyish fashion, and the tail of the horse was docked, thus making a harmony of style. On a subsequent occasion the girl's hair fell in a fluffy mass down her back until it spread on the horse's back, save when speed or wind lifted it. It was obvious at a glance that the enormous abundance was false. The horse presented a more difficult problem. His tail nearly touched the ground. Was this another horse, or had his tail before been braided tight? Neither. The long tail was false.

At a convent where light literature is forbidden: "My child, what are you reading?" "The life of one of the saints, sister." "What saint, my child?" "St. Elmo!!!" Sister passes on to the next dormitory.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Recitation in moral philosophy: *Professor*—"What has a mother in view, when she spanks an incorrigible child?" *Senior Vassar girl*—Rises, blushes, and sits down.

In a certain cemetery in a town in Connecticut can be found a lot containing five graves, one in the centre, the others near by at the four points of the compass. The inscriptions on the latter read, respectively, after the name of deceased: "My I Wife," "My II Wife," "My III Wife," "My IIII Wife," while the centre stone bears the brief but eloquent expression, "Our Husband."

For many years the late William A. Beach dyed his hair and beard black. He and the Hon. Martin I. Townsend were one day trying a cause, and, says the Troy *Press*, Mr. Beach alluded to Mr. Townsend as his "venerable friend," although the latter was slightly his junior. "Brother Beach," replied Mr. Townsend, passing his hand over his own white hair, "nobody knows better than you that the apparent difference in our ages is merely colorable," laying a sarcastic stress upon the technical last word.

On one of the Southern railroads there is a station called "Sawyer." Lately a newly married couple boarded the train, and were very loving indeed. The brakeman noticed the gushing groom kiss the bride about two hundred times, but maintained a serene quiet. Finally the station in question was reached, and just after the whistle sounded the groom gave the bride a rousing smack on the lips, and the brakeman opened the door and shouted: "Sawyer! Sawyer!" "What's that?" responded the groom, looking over his shoulder at the brakeman. "Sawyer," replied the brakeman. "Well, I don't care if you did; she's my wife."

The late Henry J. Byron, the English actor, was once asked to dine with a gentleman who was rich, pompous, and much of a gourmand, and whose name was also Byron. After the sumptuous feast, at which the host was by far the most voracious eater, the conversation turned upon heraldry, and said the host, "We must be cousins; our motto is the same—*Crede Byron*." "I beg your pardon," said the incorrigible joker; "that belongs to my branch of the family, but yours is different." "Why so?" demanded the gourmand. "Why," said Henry, "your motto must be *Greedy Byron*." They never dined together again.

The Athenæum Club, of London, is thought by some of its irreverent members to be rather too full of the Episcopal element. When the United Service Club is under repair, its members sometimes seek refuge in the Athenæum. When the Athenæum visits the United Service, it imparts an ecclesiastical character to the latter. Once, the first night that the Athenæum members arrived there, an aged warrior descended the stairs at midnight and went to the stand for his umbrella. It had vanished, and a thunderstorm was going on. "Gone!" roared out the ferocious veteran; "of course, it is gone. This comes of letting in those d—d bishops."

Louis XV., like most people, had his moments of forgetfulness, and frequently embarrassed his courtiers by unconsciously asking them questions to which they had already replied. One morning, while at his toilet, turning to a lord-in-waiting, he inquired how many children he had. "Four, sire," was the answer. In the course of the day, addressing the same individual, he repeated the question and received a similar reply. Even this did not satisfy him, and when the evening came, and with it the usual game of "brelan," he once more commenced his interrogatory, which was this time responded to by "Six, your majesty." "How is that?" said the king; "you told me this morning that you had only four." "So I did, sire," stammered out the courtier, "and it was the truth; but I was afraid of wearying your majesty by always telling you the same thing."

It is well known that John A. Logan, who was a member of Congress at the time the war began, left Washington when he saw there was going to be a fight, and, seizing a musket, walked all the way to Bull Run, where he arrived just in time to take part in the battle. He had on a swallow-tail coat, but he stood up to the rack as long as anybody did. He was back in Washington the next morning a good deal out of breath, and was telling some of his fellow-Congressmen all about it. "Who gave you this account of the fight?" asked a member from the north woods of New York. "Why, I was there myself," said Logan. The New Yorker evidently had not heard the news, for he seemed a little mystified, and asked, as if wishing to solve the mystery of Logan's speedy re-appearance: "Are the cars running?" "No," said Logan, "the cars ain't running, but every other d—d thing in the State of Virginia is, as near as I could make out."

Rochefort is amiable, generous to prodigality to his companions, and absent-minded. He is one of those whose brains are winging in the clouds while their boots may be gathering slush in the gutters. They say that he was so forgetful that he went to Brébant's one evening in response to an invitation to dinner. On arriving, the name of his host had quite escaped him. He explained his dilemma to the landlord. "There is but one way out of it," said the good-natured Brébant; "we must pass in review all the diners in the house; but as our visit might appear intrusive, put a napkin over your arm, and come with me as my head-waiter." The notion suited Rochefort down to the ground, and they made an inspection of all the cabinets and all the tables in the dining-room, but in vain. Rochefort did not find his Amphitryon. Suddenly he slapped his forehead, and exclaimed, "What an ass I am! The appointment was for Saturday last."

## THE PRIEST'S GHOST.

**A Wild Story of Love and Death amid the Glaciers of the Higher Alps.**

II.

Sery nodded, and they set out to cross the glacier. They soon found themselves on a ridge of ice with terrible precipices on either hand, crossed and recrossed with crevasses to be leaped. Sometimes they came to crystal-clear ice-crusts, underneath which, far below, they could see a blue river flowing slowly, to fall with a thundering voice into the bottomless abyss. Once they looked through a thin ice-roof into a crystal temple whose floor was an exquisite blue lake.

"No living man could find his way here at night," said Waldemar, involuntarily.

"But a ghost," said Sery. Waldemar was silent, and they struck into a forest path that led to the steps. These they climbed, and, as Seraphine was about to enter the little church at the top, Waldemar caught her hand.

"You must make no rash vow, Sery," he said, hastily. "Wait until that midnight visit is explained on natural grounds." She shook her head. "You are good," he continued, "but goodness sometimes leads to sin. It would be a crime for you to give up your right to be a happy wife for some ghostly joke, and I know you would keep your oath, even if this mummery were explained later. You owe nothing to this dead priest. Do you call it easy to give up the noblest emotion of youth and the most precious remembrance of age—the sacred bond between flesh and spirit? Poor deluded child, do not sacrifice what you know nothing of."

"Let me go!" cried Sery, half crying. Though she did not understand him, she was agitated. "Really it is easy for me to make the vow. I have no sweetheart, and I don't want one. Alois is so gloomy and masterful that it makes me tremble to think of living a whole lifetime with him. It is easy, I say," and she struggled with all her might to enter the church. Suddenly she felt two powerful arms around her, and burning kisses on her lips, and Waldemar's voice in her ear: "Your vow is worthless. You shall not be lost to love."

Paralyzed with terror, Sery suffered Waldemar's embrace. There came a marrow-freezing laugh that set the echoes flying, and released her. The grewsome sound came back from the arches of the church like the answer of a hundred devils; and a broad, dwarfish figure clambered over the cliff. Sery flew to the Mission cross and flung her arms around it.

"That is a flesh-and-blood monster, Sery," cried Waldemar, aware that this was the Laughing Imp. "Spirits are not humpbacked."

"But the Black Knave has fine clothes and a friendly face when he wants to betray an innocent child of man," moaned Sery, clinging closer to the cross. Then she began to recite an Ave Maria, and Waldemar could not doubt that the Black Knave was the lord of the powers of darkness, and that Sery took him for no less a person.

"Seraphine," he said softly, without stirring, "perhaps in my anxiety to save you from a rash vow I treated you as I should not. I will make it good as far as I can. You shall be my betrothed bride, and I will honor you above all other women. Will you forgive me?"

Seraphine took it for the effect of her prayer that he did not try to approach her, and with bitter certainty of victory she answered, watching every movement of the Evil One:

"You have robbed the poor Father of salvation, but you shall not win Sery for hell-fire. Holy Mother of God, protect me!"

"Do you hate me so?"

"As I love the angels in heaven."

"Then I will not torment you. I will not follow you, but shall wait for Alois here. Perhaps you will thank me, when you are quieter, that I have saved you from a crime. Go, and be happy." He turned his back on her, and went into the forest. She rose slowly and mistrustfully, went to the holy-water vessel, and sprinkled herself, then hurried toward the Fairy Alp.

Waldemar came back to the steps and threw himself down to think, but he had not been there long before Alois appeared with his gun. He stood astonished at seeing his master, whom he expected to meet later on the Alp.

"Seraphine brought me here over the glacier," said Waldemar, in answer to his questioning look. "She went back alone, because the Laughing Imp frightened her."

"Is he up there?" said Alois, the hunter's instinct roused. "I have often climbed there to get edelweiss and put it on the altar when Sery came to pray. She thinks the angels bring it."

"Aren't you afraid of imps?"

"Bah! Ghosts don't eat mutton," said Alois, grimly. "Five sheep have gone from the Saas Alp, and if you have an hour to spare I can earn fifty francs that they have offered for the thief, dead or alive."

"As you please. I am in no haste," said Waldemar, growing uncomfortable in his guide's presence. After a long climb, Alois found himself in a rocky region without vegetation, where bowlders heaped on one another made caverns that he eyed distrustfully. Under one of these he saw bones and the half-eaten head of a sheep, and then came a laugh that froze the blood in his veins, used as he was to mountain terrors. The Laughing Imp was leaping towards him over the rocks. He was scarcely four feet high, and broad out of all proportion; and the heavy head, the hanging goître, the bleared eyes, and ape-like length of hands and feet, left no doubt that the strange being was a *crétin*.

"Alois! Alois!" he shouted, with his thick tongue.

"Werni the idiot," murmured Alois, turning ashy pale and staring as if he saw a ghost, while his teeth chattered. With ghastly distinctness the moment stood before his soul that made him the cowardly inciter of murder. Again he saw the priest's thick-set figure coming down the narrow mountain path; again he repeated to the idiot—whose vanity and vindictiveness every one knew—those idle words of Father Jules that caused the crétin to throw the unsuspecting priest from the overhanging rock into the foaming water. Alois stood for a moment, motionless and despairing, before the idiot tool of his dark deed, then raised his gun and took deliberate aim. Werni sprang behind a rock, and raised such a hailstorm of stones that Alois fled for his life, never pausing until he reached the trees. Then he took breath, and gloomily descended to the chapel.

"So your hunt was unsuccessful," said Waldemar.

"It was. If you have prayed enough shall we go back to the Alp?" said Furrer, with forced humor.

"No," said Waldemar, uneasily. "I want to push on to Ryssel as fast as possible. We reach the Adler Pass sooner from here."

"But your knapsack?" said Alois, with lowering brow.

"You can go back to the Fairy Alp, and bring it to me at your own convenience, later. I will make it worth your while."

"Shall I fetch it now? I shall meet you on the upper glacier."

"I will not have it," answered Waldemar, disturbed by the boy's pertinacity. "If you prefer arranging your own private affairs to following your profession, I will dispense with your services and go alone by Saas and Stalden. It is longer, but I shall have no altercations with guides."

"I beg pardon, herr," said Alois, with his eyes on the ground; "I only wanted to oblige. We will start for the Adler Pass."

"And that gun," said Waldemar, pointing to the flint-lock still over Furrer's shoulder.

"I can leave it here in the church," said Alois, embarrassed. Waldemar felt easier when he emerged without his gun, shouldered his wallet of provisions, and started up the steep path with apparent unconcern.

By night Waldemar was so exhausted that he would have cared little if Alois had made this sleep his last; but Furrer cared for him like a brother. The strength of both withstood the cutting air, and the next morning they started at a good pace. But Alois had become monosyllabic and gloomy. It struck Waldemar as peculiar that Alois, who had neglected no precautions under less dangerous circumstances, should this day, when a slip on the glacier meant shattered limbs, declare that cutting steps was a waste of time. But he would not appear more timid than his guide. Suddenly the towering rocks, the snow-hidden Monte Rosa group, the glacier below, the very ice-field he stood on, seemed to make a threatening circle, while an icy hand dragged him by the feet into the abyss below. He had presence of mind enough to know that he was attacked by vertigo, and was in a critical state, when he felt a pull on the rope and heard a couple of ringing blows with the ice-hatchet. Looking up, he saw that Alois had buried himself up to the knees with two strokes of the axe, and now stood ready to drop it on the rope that bound them.

"What's the matter?" called Waldemar, seeing everything black, and giving way at the knees.

"What do you mean by calling Sery in your sleep, and talking of kisses?" shouted Alois.

All the power of his youth came back to Waldemar's limbs with one electric throb. He swung himself up by the rope and flung both arms around the guide. The two men looked in each other's eyes, and their smoking breaths mingled.

"I will answer you here," said Waldemar, forcing his feet into the opening where Alois stood firm. "Sery believed that the ghost of Father Jules appeared to her and told her that he could only be redeemed by a vow of perpetual maidenhood taken by a young girl whose lips had never been touched by a man. As all my arguments were useless, I took the only means in my power to save the girl from being the victim of a coarse deception, and kissed her. She believes me the devil incarnate. You can understand that I had no wish to go back to the Alp and be received with aves and holy water. Now, if you still feel inclined to throw me over the precipice, why, I shall have company."

"The dead priest!" stammered Alois, all the skepticism that he had learned of tourists gone.

"I did see a black-robed figure leave her hut at midnight and cross the glacier. For a ghost, I must say his reverence was a remarkable climber, and avoided the crevasses very carefully—but if we don't want our feet frozen to all eternity, we had better go on. You go first and give me the hatchet. I only hope the crime you plotted against me is your first."

"Sery has robbed me of my reason," sobbed the guide.

"If I had not respected you for that I should not have explained, but simply tried which of us was stronger. Now give me the axe and go first."

Alois obeyed, and when they stood on a ledge leading by a gentle slope to the glacier, Waldemar untied the cord that bound him to the guide, took out his purse and laid it on a stone. "The way to Ryssel is direct and easy from here," he said, "and I have no more need of you." And, without waiting for an answer, he hurried along the descent.

Some hours later he found himself in a stony wilderness, where he rested to think over his adventures. He had set foot on the Fairy Alp at last, and made the cherished dream of his youth a reality; but he would almost have exchanged this deathly emptiness of heart for his unfulfilled longing. It was not the memory of Seraphine that made him sad, for he could not but congratulate himself that she had not allowed the kiss he gave her to bind him for a lifetime. Then he turned to the thought of Brigitta, but even her blooming image could not remove his depression. What was her life but a shrine for a dead man's memory? He glanced up with a sigh; then fancied he saw figures on the impassable rock above him. He gave a loud call, and the answering sound was no echo, but a human voice. In feverish excitement for the life of the bold climbers, Waldemar raised his field-glass, and saw three persons preparing to scramble down the steep rocks, of whom two were guides. He momentarily expected to see them dashed to pieces; but at last they left the danger behind, and advanced swiftly, and then Waldemar's excitement was not diminished by recognizing that the middle figure was Brigitta. As they met, she gave a little cry of joy.

"Brigitta!" cried Waldemar, giving her his hand—"I mean my dear madam—you have made me very anxious for your safety."

"You richly deserve it," she replied, with a happy smile that he had never yet seen. "My brothers told me you were coming over the Adler Pass, which, they say, is dangerous."

"Is he the right one, or are we to go up the Horn tomorrow for the third time?" inquired the guides. Brigitta flushed purple and snatched away her hand.

"Have you been up there before?" asked Waldemar.

"Yesterday—the view——" began Brigitta, then collected herself. "I will acknowledge, Herr Faltenberg, that I took the climb because I was afraid that my brother's rescuer might be betrayed by his daring into some new danger."

"You overrate an action without which I should have lost my own life," he answered, as they took their way over the hills that separated them from Ryssel. Then observing her narrowly, he added: "Pardon me if I give you pain; but what would your husband have done in the same case?"

"Something unreasonable and selfish," said Brigitta, bitterly. "You may think me unfeminine, but I have always despised false feeling. Let me tell you something of him. He was Michael's hero, and I was very young when I was married. He was an enthusiast on the subject of danger, and dragged me with him over the highest mountains, and the worst passes, without regard for my sex or health. He was a tyrant, too, and as he absolutely ignored my simplest wishes when they happened to cross his fancy, my affection for him died completely. I remember our last journey with frightful distinctness. He forced me into a carriage though I begged for rest, as I was sick with fatigue. He said it was nothing but cowardice. We came to a bridge a thousand feet above a thundering mountain stream, and Monten sprang from the carriage and looked over the railing. Then he stepped on a round rock that overhung the water as if it would fall every instant, and, with the sole desire of tormenting me, called to me to come and get the finest view of the fall. The *vetturino* shook his head. Monten turned as if to drag me out of the carriage, when his foot slipped, and he was gone. A few days later his body was found horribly mangled at the foot of the precipice. Don't judge me too harshly."

Waldemar was silent, struggling against a desire to blame the dead man in words. Meantime they reached Ryssel, where the tourists welcomed him with three ringing cheers.

He lingered day after day near Brigitta, sometimes taciturn and moody, then again proving himself the pleasantest companion a young widow could wish eight thousand feet above the sea-level. One morning they set out together in pursuit of a view, and as Waldemar seemed inclined to drop into his gloomy mood, again Brigitta determined to prevent it by reminding him of his promise to tell her about the Fairy Alp. In a quiet, monotonous voice, like a confession, he told her his adventures, but when he came to the chapel scene, his voice shook and he spoke with difficulty. Brigitta had changed color several times, but, as he ended, she said, firmly:

"You acted bravely in preventing her from sacrificing herself to her superstition."

"To hear that from you is my worst punishment," he answered, with bitter self-contempt. "When I held Sery in my arms I felt something very like love. The next instant it was gone, and the offer I made to repair my insult before the altar was simply made from a consciousness of guilt."

"Every man is weak, but every man does not enter into judgment with himself so sternly," said Brigitta, with a sad smile. "For that matter, to whom besides Seraphine are you accountable?"

"You are right—to no one," he answered, and they walked on in silence.

"Tell me one thing, Brigitta," he implored at last, "if you have any charity for a being who was passably reasonable until he met you. Would you have climbed that pass to look for me if I had not saved your brothers, and if you had known how I went astray on the Fairy Alp?"

"I—think so," hesitated Brigitta. "Men like you have healing in themselves for such going astray."

Waldemar slipped on one knee before her. "Brigitta, will you be sole mistress of a heart that will never go astray from you?"

She gave him her hand with a little smile, though her eyes were full of tears as she looked down at him, and said:

"I am!"

* * * * * * * *

And no one thought of Alois, who the next morning found himself again in the path leading to the chapel of Our Lady of the Steps. Neither the stairs worn by the knees of countless penitents, nor the ruined shrines whose saints lay on the ground in a heap, awakened his pity. He was at war with everything holy since the dead came back from their graves to turn Sery's heart from him. Suddenly he started back, for in the last shrine he saw a hateful figure with straw-colored hair and hanging goître, rocking one of the images in its arms like a baby. When Werni saw the guide, he gave his frightful laugh and threw the wooden image on the others.

"Werni is a good boy," he whispered, coming nearer Alois. "The man in black was bad——" He stopped, staring in the direction of the Fairy Alp. "The man in black is there," he screamed in wild fright, and rushed into the forest. Alois ground his teeth.

"Whether he is alive or dead, there is room for only one lover on that Alp," he muttered, and hurrying into the church for his gun, he started for the Fairy Alp.

Seraphine had passed a day of frightful remorse and a sleepless night. With every puff of wind she fancied that the Prince of Darkness was coming to drag his bride below. It was owing to him that crashes came like cannon-shots, blue cracks opened in the glacier, new waterfalls broke through the ice and surrounded the Alp.

"The poor souls in the glacier are roused because the fiend is there," said Sery, and began to pray. About noon she slept, worn out, but woke with a shriek, for a hand was touching her. In the full glare of the sun stood the dead priest as he had looked in life; black frock, broad-brimmed hat—even the heavy mountain shoes were there. Sery fell on her knees.

"God be merciful to my poor soul."

"Stand up, Sery," said the priest, mildly. "I am alive, like yourself, but ever since I escaped from Lake Mattmark I have been hiding, because I felt that I was an unworthy servant of the Lord. I had guided strangers for money, so that I could say to you, 'Sery, come and be my wife in a foreign land.' When the idiot threw me into the lake the Lord saved me by a miracle, and I meant to do penance my whole life long; but my longing to see you was too strong. I have been near you for a week, and I saw strangers here. Mad with jealousy, I exacted that vow from you as a departed soul. High up on the glacier a lake has broken through, and the whole weight of water is pressing against this ice-wall above us, that in a few hours will fall on the Alp. I took it as a sign from the Lord that I was to save you, and have you for my wife. He gives me back my vows."

"Lead us not into temptation," prayed Sery, as the priest tried to raise her.

Between two blackened châlets appeared a man, ghastly pale, aiming a gun. He saw how Sery made the sign of the cross; he saw the priest seize her in his arms. A shot wakened all the echoes, and a few splinters of ice, loosened by the shock, fell and shivered on the edge of the island. Then the ice-wall above began to totter and crack, then the thunder of the Day of Judgment shook the whole Saas Valley, and the Fairy Alp was buried forever from the light of day. In one moment of wrath, sublime and terrible nature had destroyed the charming idyl to which she had served as contrast for so long.

* * * * * * * * *

Brigitta has been Waldemar's wife for years. They seldom speak of the Fairy Alp; but when they do, it is always with deep reverence. Waldemar's youthful ideal had brought them together Striving after the ideal does not always bring happiness, but sometimes they lie not very far apart.—*Adapted for the Argonaut from the German of Max von Schlägel by Helen Lake.*

## IRVING ON AMERICA.

### "Cockaigne's" Comparison of English and American Pronunciation.

Mr. Joseph Hatton, the eccentric novelist and versatile *flaneur*—or you can put it "versatile novelist and eccentric *flaneur*," either style will fit perfectly—of London Bohemia, has at last published that long-looked-for book, "Irving's Impressions of America." Mr. Hatton accompanied Henry Irving to America for the double purpose of "writing him up" in the papers during his theatrical tour through the States, and afterward putting the whole series of puffs, interviews, pre-arranged opinions, and settled-upon impressions into a book, and selling it to people who cared to know what Irving thought of the United States. If it really *was* what Irving thought of America, it might have some value as a guide to other English actors who contemplate a "starring tour" there; but it has evidently been really written for the American market; and, with a view to quick sales and large profits, the great Shakespearean actor may reasonably be said to have indulged in a considerable amount of "soft sawder" toward Americans, and to have said a good many things in order to butter them up and get their good will, which he would otherwise, had he come among them as a gentleman tourist, never have said. I don't mean to say that all the nice things he may say of America are not perfectly true; I should only prefer to hear them from a man whose motives for their utterance were not so clearly discernible. But even had the book been written in as unbiased and independent a way as possible, it is doubtful if it would attract much attention outside of the limits of Bohemia—a section of London life to which Mr. Irving and all of his class and trade essentially belong. Just at this time of the year, when the gayeties of the season occupy every one's time and attention, it isn't likely that another book about America—and the market has been flooded with such literature of late—will attract much notice. Still the book as a whole is readable and entertaining in its way; and to an Englishman who has been in the States it affords much interesting reading when it is divested of the very manifest tone of mild lick-spittling which pervades its pages.

As a fair sample of the sort of thing I refer to, Irving is made to say, in an interview with somebody or other on the other side: "The accent of your great actors does not strike me as different to our own." I don't at all mean to claim that this is a compliment to Americans. All I mean to say is that it is intended for one, and for about as great a one as an Englishman can pay. No Englishman or American who has heard the actors of both countries can possibly acquiesce in Irving's opinion in this respect. In private life I have heard Americans speak with an accent very similar to ours, but there were hundreds of little things that showed a difference. Of American great actors whom I have heard, I fail to remember one to whom Mr. Irving's "taffy" can apply. Certainly he doesn't mean Edwin Booth, nor yet John McCullough. The recollection of Lawrence Barrett's Welsh-Irish brogue is too recent in London to let him be given as a sample. Lester Wallack is an Englishman himself, and his long residence in America has not dimmed the brilliancy of those upward inflections so dear to the cockney heart, and so fondly imagined by American Anglomaniacs to be "the way they speak in England, don't you know?" Whom, then, does Irving refer to? But perhaps he takes himself as an exponent of the English accent he speaks of. In that case one can see what he means; for whatever he may do in private life (I have never had the honor of hearing him speak), his accent on the stage is about as un-English as you could have it. I remember the first time I saw him, I thought he was an Italian who had learned English from a very inferior master. His remarks, therefore, become a pointed bit of satire in view of the fact that, with the exception of Booth, the chief American actors of the day are in reality Irishmen. Joseph Hatton knows this as well as anybody. But Hatton is never so happy as when doing or saying something "flash."

I have called him versatile, and he is. Among his other evidences of versatility may be mentioned the fact that he came with letters from both sides of the Atlantic at the same time. He has for years been the London correspondent of the New York *Times*, but during his stay in America, and while he was writing home tidbits about Irving to keep his memory fresh with the readers of the theatrical press, he still continued his London letters to the *Times*, making them up from the *Herald* cablegrams.

Of his novels not much need be said. He can write about bohemians, and turf riff-raff, for he knows then what he is talking about. But his pen-portraits of the nobility, and his descriptions of the sort of life they live, won't pass muster with people who know differently. But how can a man who never goes into their society be able to tell anything about them? I sincerely hope that Joseph Hatton's pictures of English high-life impose on nobody in America. Now, to say that American actors and English actors have the same accent means, of course, that Englishmen and Americans speak alike. Assuredly that was the idea Mr. Irving, coached by Mr. Hatton, desired to convey. The reign of Anglomania in New York and other large American cities was noticed by them both, and its silliness turned to their own advantage. What on earth is, or can be, more pleasing to an Anglomaniac than to have an Englishman tell him he talks exactly like an Englishman? The pinnacle of his ambition is reached, the cup of his happiness is running over. It is a pitiable spectacle indeed, and one which I don't think any Englishman would be proud of exhibiting. You wouldn't please an Englishman if you told him he was just like an American, or a Frenchman, or a Spaniard, or a Dutchman. On the contrary, I believe he would take it as a personal insult. But why Americans especially should display this lack of patriotism, for such it unquestionably is, has ever been a matter of much wonder with me. They have a country that any man might be proud of, and ways and customs that have a peculiar charm—to Englishmen at all events. Why alter their own habits and ways of living that suit them and the country they live in, to ways and habits that are totally unsuitable to them, and spoil the beauty of their individuality, simply because some returned tourist has seen fit to ape what he saw abroad? An imitation can never equal the original, whereas in their own originality Americans have characteristics and traits that to a stranger are most attractive. In England, Americanisms are always *chic*, and American humor more appreciated and enjoyed than the wit of the country itself. To an Englishman who has read the sayings of the humorous American writers of the day—*Punch* seems long-winded and pointless. But we don't try to talk like Americans, dress like Americans, or wish to be taken for Americans. If Americans dock their horses' tails like us, we don't let ours grow long like theirs.

When we go to America to see the place and the people, we don't want to see ourselves and our belongings very badly done, when we expected to see a people and a country peculiar in themselves, with ways and customs suited to them that originated from the exigencies and requirements of the place itself, and not because "it is the way they do in England." People will say in reply to this, "Aren't we the same people, and don't we speak the same language?" To which I reply, "Yes," and "No." We are the same people, but our ideas differ; we speak the same language, but our manner of pronunciation is not the same. There is one thing which I would like to impress on the minds of Anglomaniacs, and it is this: The language you speak, with a few exceptions perhaps, is not English—that is to say, the English you fancy it is. It is not the way, either in intonation, accent, or pronunciation, the language is spoken by people who belong to the best society. You have learned it from commercial travelers and tradesmen, and picked it up from the itinerant actors and comic singers who go in shoals to the States every year. If you say "w'ile" for while, you also say "oi" for I; and though you may cautiously avoid the utterance of a "guess," or a "reckon," or an "Oh, my!" you fill its place by some caddish slang that you fondly believe is used on all occasions by the Prince of Wales.

The Prince of Wales speaks good English, of course, but his pronunciation is strongly touched with the thick-tongued, guttural utterance of his race. All his *g's* have *h's* after them, and the same may be said of all the royal family. This defect is particularly noticeable, as the higher you go in English society the less pronounced and apparently affected does the accent become. It is only among the second-class that you will hear the accent the American Anglomaniacs affect, and that is thought the proper style of thing when American actors play the parts of Englishmen on the stage.

It is not so much, after all, in accent that Americans differ in the way of speaking from English people. It is more in pronounciation of words, and peculiarity of expression. English people say satisfact'ry, and extr'ordinary, milit'ry, and "enny" for any, while Americans (those I have heard, at any rate) will sound all the letters, and say noth-ing for nuth-ing, and *i*dea for *i*dea. A curious anomaly of "h" dropping I have observed, too, among Americans—I mean in calling herb 'erb, and hospital 'ospital. We don't do so in England. As for expressions, I might say that "Once in a while" is one that English people never use, and one that seems especially delightful to the average Anglomaniac who doesn't seem to know that it "spots" him directly. "Real nice" is another. *Real* anything is quite as bad if the second word be an adjective.

But I have no desire to proceed in the style of Mr. Richard Grant White, or whatever is the name of the gentleman who passes the most of his time in picking holes in American English. Mr. White, I should fancy, is one of the most sickening of Anglomaniacs that America has yet produced. All I desire to do is to show wherein the difference lies between the speech of both countries, and to point at the sort of peculiarities which, in the main, go to make that difference.

I should be greatly pleased, should Mr. Irving see this letter, to have him or Mr. Hatton explain which of the great American actors speak like English actors. It is from curiosity I ask, and I have no doubt the American actors themselves would be glad to know, so they can at once set to work to correct the fault. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, June 25, 1884.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ben Butler is a capital poker-player.

At latest accounts the debts of H. R. H. Albert Edward footed up one million dollars.

Olive Logan writes from Paris that the Prince of Wales is getting more dissipated every day.

Guiness, the porter-brewer, owns the finest house and gives the finest spreads of any man in Dublin.

Mr. Gladstone will find an ultimate resting-place in one of the public squares of Athens, Mr. Vabillis, the Greek sculptor, having nearly finished the statue of the Premier.

Charles Reade has forbidden, by will, the sale of his household effects, library, and scrap-books, by auction. All his note and scrap-books are open to inspection at his late residence, for two years, to professional writers.

An enthusiastic female correspondent, writing from London, photographs Millais, the painter, as having most beautiful eyes and red lips, with an extraordinarily handsome wife, and daughters who are "cherry-ripe beauties."

Sitting Bull is advancing in civilization and becoming æsthetic. At a dinner given to him by the officers at Fort Snelling, he expressed his unbounded admiration for the silver forks, canned peaches, and the wife of Colonel Andrews.

A tamburello covered with autographs, among which are those of Grant, Sherman, O. W. Holmes, Booth, Farragut, and Washington, has been given to the committee of the Casamiccioli fund by the wife of the American Minister at Rome, the beautiful Mrs. Astor.

When Victor Hugo was once dining at the Tuileries, at the invitation of Louis Philippe, the Duc de Nemours sent to his plate a bottle of old Château Laffitte, worth its weight in gold, wishing to see the effect of such wine on the poet. To his horror, it was at once diluted with water.

As soon as Lord St. Leonards was released from jail he repaired to a low tap-room, called for a pot of beer and a clay pipe, and proceeded to publicly anathematize the British judiciary for something like an hour. His lordship is thought to be in training now for a term in the workhouse.

Robert Browning is represented in his son's picture seated in one of the old carved Italian chairs shown in the engraving of his wife's drawing-room at Florence, with a piece of tapestry bearing the Medici arms hanging on the wall behind him, and wearing his scarlet doctor's gown as an Honorary Fellow of Balliol.

General Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, has evidently found leading the hosts a very profitable business. It seems that Adelina Patti has long wished to sell her seat in South Wales, and desires to reside near one of the Italian lakes with Nicolini. General Booth, society journals say, is in treaty for the estate for his own private residence.

The Sultan is sending a valuable present to Congressman A. S. Hewitt, in return for a case of American tobacco recently received from Mr. Hewitt, in acknowledgment of the Sultan's courtesy during his visit last year. The present consists of a magnificent writing cabinet finished in solid gold, and filled with specimens of Turkish paper and pens.

One of the late Charles Reade's friends speaks of him as impetuous, generous, hot-headed, strong as adamant in his resistance to any attempt at coercion, yet gentle and almost child-like in his pleased submission to persuasion; in his friendships and his hatreds, in his convictions and his prejudices, and, in the superb vitality of his nature, a man of the Elizabethan epoch.

Senator Edmunds is a most skilful angler, and can cast a fly with the best of fishermen. Wade Hampton, too, has made a cast that sent the end of the line twenty-four yards out, and he is thoroughly versed in every branch of the sport. Among the best anglers in the Senate are Messrs. Frye, Vest, McPherson, Platt, Kenna, Miller, Garland, Williams, Vance, Ransom, Riddelberger, Maxey, and Beck.

A Berlin newspaper announces that the Emperor William was afraid to make his usual annual visit to Wiesbaden this year, because the police had been warned from the United States that a woman with a deep sonorous voice would come over with four mysterious trunks, and attempt to make herself famous at that watering-place. The inference was that the trunks would contain dynamite. Such a woman did land recently at Bremen, and was immediately arrested.

"No, it can not be denied," said Professor James, the brother of the famous novelist, "that Mr. Henry James is not very fond of his native country. This is quite apparent from the infrequency of his visits and from their short duration. At present my brother is in London, though he writes me that he will spend the summer on the continent—just where he has not yet determined. He informs me that he is very industriously employed at present on what he thinks will be the best work he has yet produced. Of its character I can not give you even a general idea, for on such matters as that he is extremely reticent."

Referring to Mr. Irving's published "Impressions" of subjects "on which his opinion is quite as valuable as Mrs. Todgers's notion of a wooden leg," the *Spectator* recalls the famous actors of the past, and finds it impossible to imagine Garrick, Philip Kemble, or Edmund Kean posing for arbiters of taste, gravely pronouncing on international politics, or seriously disclaiming an intention of going into Parliament. They had their vanities and their follies, and so had the society whose professional amusers they were; but the pose of the contemporaneous actor was not within the attainment, and would not have been to the taste, of those great players.

## GOSSIP ABOUT WOMEN.

Forty young women presented themselves as candidates for admission to the Harvard Annex this year.

The electors in the south of England are to bring forward Miss Helen Taylor as candidate for Parliament.

The Baroness de Rothschild, is a fervent admirer of water colors. She employs the time left her by her family affairs, and her deeds of charity, in painting.

The Empress of Austria, who has suffered much from rheumatism, went recently to Amsterdam and was cured by a Dutch physician. The treatment was massage.

Miss Maud, daughter of Julia Ward Howe, and niece of the late Sam Ward, dresses in what she declares to be "a distinctly æsthetic, pre-Raphaelite, and South Kensington manner."

Thackeray's widow is passing her old age in the house of one of her husband's dearest friends, who carefully looks after her welfare. She is suffering from a slight mental derangement.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who is English by birth, is decidedly English-looking. She is still young, and wears her blonde hair in such a tangle that it is impossible to tell which end grows in her head.

Under the direction of the chief stone-cutter, Miss Nelly Arthur, the President's daughter, with her own hands set one of the stones in position at the top of the Washington Monument the other day.

Miss Alcott, who is now fifty-two, is by far a handsomer woman now than she ever was before. She has grown much stouter than she used to be, and every one loves her and thinks she is "just as nice as she can be."

Almost every American in London was present at the operatic *début* of Miss Gertrude Griswold, at Covent Garden, as Marguerite, in Gounod's "Faust," where her welcome was cordial and gracious. Miss Thursby presented her with an immense wreath of flowers.

A woman who kissed Patti, on the singer's departure for Europe, writes that her lips were moderately full and quite soft; her breath was aromatic with the last glass of champagne which she had drunk from the parting bottle, and her momentary embrace was graceful, though not at all demonstrative.

Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson is a round, pleasant little woman, with little gray curls all around her face. She is now thirty-four years old, several years more than the pictures we see of her would indicate. Her work in the *Century* and *Harper's* and elsewhere is too widely known and read to need specification.

The Empress Carlotta, widow of the hapless Maximilian, who for a brief period wore the imperial purple in Mexico, was born June 7, 1840, and has therefore recently completed her forty-fourth year. The Empress Carlotta is the sister of Leopold II., King of the Belgians, and cousin of Queen Victoria. She resides at the Palace of Lacken, in Belgium, and has been nearly seventeen years a widow.

The most novel event of the London season was the appearance of Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt as an English elocutionist. She announced some days ago that in order to testify her appreciation of Irish poetry, she would appear at a morning concert and recite "The Last Rose of Summer" in English. She displayed quite an unexpected amount of power and pathos, and was compelled to respond to four calls by the delighted audience.

Madame Adelina Patti proposes to take advantage of the new divorce law which has been enacted in France through the exertions of Monsieur Nuguet, by immediately applying for a divorce from her husband, the Marquis de Caux. The inharmonious couple have had no communication with each other except through their lawyers for the past four years, and the marquis is reported to have said recently that if divorce proceeding were instituted, he would hasten to take advantage of them.

Queen Victoria rises at seven, both in winter and summer. The occupations of each hour of the day are arranged with a due appreciation of the value of time; hence she is able to undertake the heavy task of reading over all papers and documents submitted for her signature, which she never appends without careful perusal of each; besides which she personally enters into a wide correspondence, and, in addition to the hours devoted to official duties, and to the hours given to walking, driving, paying and receiving visits, a portion of each day is set apart for reading of a varied character.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor and her daughter, Lillian, expected to sail for Hamburg last week, but Mrs. Taylor, who is something of an invalid, was prostrated by a sudden attack, and they have been obliged to postpone their departure until later. Since Mr. Taylor's death his wife and daughter have spent their winters in New York city, and their summers at the old Taylor homestead in Kennett Square, Philadelphia. Here lives Mr. Taylor's aged father and mother, and between them and the biography of her husband, upon which she and Mr. Horace Scudder have been at work, Mrs. Taylor has divided her time. She has rented her city home to Mr. E. C. Stedman, the banker-poet, and will remain away for two years.

The Messrs. Childs have still in their possession the ledger containing the account of poor Nell Gwynne, who died heavily in debt to Messrs. Francis Child and John Rodgers. Her executors, the Earl of Rochester, Lord Sydney, Sir Robert Sawyer, the Attorney-General, and the Earl of Pembroke, signed the ledger on the 7th of January, 1687, agreeing to pay five per cent. interest on the amount due the firm, and to sell fourteen thousand four hundred and forty three ounces of plate in liquidation thereof. They have her autograph to a draft dated 11th of December, 1686, consisting, however, only of her initials, "E. G.," for poor Nell had never learned to write. There were no Board Schools in the good old days of King Charles. Nell Gwynne's finances were in chronic confusion, like those of Egypt are in our day.





The Strongest and Best!

The Strongest and Best!

Recommended by the leading Physicians and Chemists of the Pacific Coast.

FOR SALE BY

C. J. HAWLEY & CO.

Nos. 215 and 217 Sutter St.

To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of **Dyspepsia**, or **Indigestion**, are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of **all disorders of the stomach and bowels.** They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

Hunyadi János

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

LAXATIVE.

"THE RICHEST OF NATURAL APERIENT WATERS."
Baron Liebig.

"SPEEDY, SURE & GENTLE."
*Dr. Roberts, Univ. Coll. Hosp., London, England.*

*Ordinary Dose, a Wineglassful before breakfast. Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.*

NONE GENUINE BUT WITH THE BLUE LABEL.

For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.

No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco,

and Portland, Oregon.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

24 Post St., San Francisco

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, PENMANSHIP AND TELEGRAPHY.

F. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.


## EDUCATIONAL.


MILLS SEMINARY.

The next term of this well-known Institution opens on **Wednesday, July 30, 1884.**

MISS MARY COCHRANE, of the Irving Institute, San Francisco, joins our excellent corps of teachers; her sister, also, MISS MINNIE COCHRANE, and the latter will have charge of the Art Department. For further information, address **MRS. C. T. MILLS,** Mills Seminary P. O., Alameda Co., Cal.

BARNARD'S

BUSINESS COLLEGE,

37 Post St., S. F. Send for Circular.

PRIVATE INSTRUCTION

In the English Branches. Bookkeeping and Accounts. Preparations for Examinations a specialty. Call 4 to 8 P. M. **B. L. BROWN,** 313 Geary Street.

VAN NESS SEMINARY,

ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND GERMAN.

Family and Day School for Young Ladies. Kindergarten for Children.

Will re-open July 28, 1884, at No. 920 Van Ness Avenue.

Principals: Mrs. J. L. GAMBLE, Mrs. E. H. WOODS.

CITY COLLEGE,

119 HAIGHT STREET.

The next term of this old and well-known institution will open on MONDAY, July 7, 1884. Thorough instruction in English, Classical and Modern Languages. A Kindergarten for Young Children. Address **REV. JAMES MATTHEWS, Principal.**

ST. MARY'S HALL,

BENICIA, CAL.

The next term of St. Mary's Hall, with Graduating Course and Departments of Music, Languages and Art, will begin THURSDAY, August 7th. Address **REV. L. D. MANSFIELD, Rector.**

MISS BISBEE'S SCHOOL

FOR YOUNG LADIES

1020 Oak Street, Oakland, Cal., will re-open Wednesday, July 30, 1884.

IRVING INSTITUTE.

A Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, 1036 Valencia Street. The next session will begin July 28th. **REV. EDW. B. CHURCH, A. M.,** Principal.

HARMON SEMINARY,

BERKELEY, CAL.

A first-class Boarding School for Young Ladies. Next term will open July 31st. For catalogue, with full description, terms, etc., address **MISSES HARMON,** Berkeley, Cal.; or **E. J. WICKSON,** 414 Clay Street, San Francisco.

HOPKINS ACADEMY

OAKLAND, CAL.

REV. H. E. JEWETT, PRINCIPAL.

The next School Year begins TUESDAY, JULY 29, 1884. Send for catalogue.

MISS TRAVER AND MRS. L. A. K. CLAPPE'S

SELECT SCHOOL

FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,

At Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester County, N. Y. Number of pupils limited to fifteen. Send for catalogue.



TRINITY SCHOOL.

A Boarding and Day School for Young Men and Boys. Numbers limited. Prepares for College and University. Christmas term opens Thursday, July 31, 1884. Refers to Wm. F. Babcock, Esq., Col. E. E. Eyre, Joseph Powning, Esq., Wm. T. Coleman, Esq., Geo. W. Gibbs, Esq. For information, address **Rev. E. B. SPALDING, Rector,** 1534 Mission Street, San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA

MILITARY ACADEMY

OAKLAND, CAL.

A first-class Boarding-school for Boys. Thorough and practical instruction in all departments. First-class board. Special attention given to the care and comfort of cadets. Term begins MONDAY, July 21st. For circulars, address COL. W. H. O'BRIEN, Principal.

MRS. ADA CLARK'S

DANCING ACADEMY,

211 SUTTER STREET, ABOVE KEARNY. Hall to let for Balls, Clubs etc.

SHORT-HAND & TYPE WRITING

Taught privately or by mail. Situations procured for pupils when competent. Call or write to F. LUSK, Heald's Business College.

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS

And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,

415 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco.

MARBLE WORKS.

MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.

W. H. McCORMICK,

827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR AND CLOTH OF GOLD CIGARETTES.

Our Cigarettes can not be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883.

13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite Cerebral Congestion, etc.

Prepared by E. GRILLON, Chemist of the Paris Faculty,

SOLE PROPRIETOR,

27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.

Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BLAINE Agents wanted for Authentic Edition of his Life. Published at Augusta, his home. Largest, Handsomest, Cheapest, Best. By the renowned historian and biographer, Col. Conwell, whose life of Garfield, published by us, outsold the twenty others by 60,000. Outsells every book ever published in this world; many agents are selling fifty daily. Agents are making fortunes. All new beginners successful; grand chance for them: $43.50 made by a lady agent the first day. Terms most liberal. Particulars free. Better send 25 cents for postage, etc., on **Free Outfit,** now ready, including large prospectus book, and save valuable time. **ALLEN & CO.,** Augusta, Maine.

$130,000

Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, **1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.** Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers. RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

ELEGANT RESIDENCE FOR SALE.

In the Western Addition, near Van Ness Avenue, for $30,000; cost over $50,000. This is a rare opportunity to purchase one of the handsomest residences in the city at far below its real value. For particulars, apply to JOS. A. SANBORN, 407 Montgomery Street.

JOHN MIDDLETON,

COAL.

14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.


DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, N. W. corner Powell and Eddy Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30th, 1884, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and seventy-five one hundredths (3 75-100) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after July 1st, 1884. By order. VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.


The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11¼ inches, with over **3,300** illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy **Free** to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.

Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.

News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.

Persons mailing single copies of the Argonaut must affix a two-cent stamp.

Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.

The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.

Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."

A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.


# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Tuesday, July 1, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Byron and Martinez | ¶6.40 P.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | .. " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Deming, El Paso} Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {and East} Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | {Galt and} via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Stockton} via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Ione | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Los Angeles and South | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| 5.00 P.M. | .. " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 9.30 A.M. | {Merced, Madera,} | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Fresno, and Tulare} | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Mojave, Needles,} Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {and East} Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 5.00 P.M. | .. " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | {Ogden and} Express | 7.40 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {East} Emigrant | 11.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {Red Bluff} via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {and Tehama} via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Redding | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia | 7.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia | *6.00 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers | *3.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo | *12.10 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | ..Virginia City | 7.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 7.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Oakland Pier; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from The Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.
¶ Daily from Martinez. Sundays only from Byron.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52; 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45; *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.


NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

**BROAD GAUGE.**

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Camp Goodall.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.00 P.M. |
| †7.50 A.M. | ..Monterey and Santa Cruz.. .....(Sunday Excursion..... | †8.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
‡ Theatre train; Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, Camp Goodall, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, May 12th, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—7.30, 9.15 A. M., 1.30, 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 1.30, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20 A. M., 2.00, 3.25, 4.50 P. M. (Sundays)—7.55, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.15, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 3.55, 5.30 P. M. (Sundays)—8.30, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.45, 5.00, 7.10 P. M.
Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 7.00 P. M.

**7.30 A. M. and 1.30 P. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAINS for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through trains from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 10.30 A. M. and 6.00 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.
Returning arrives in S. F. at 7.40 P. M.
Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, General Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


FINE

**Suits, $25.** TAILORING **Suits, $30.**

Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.

**Suits, $40.** TAILORING **Suits, $50.**

Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.

**Suits, $60.** TAILORING **Suits, $70.**

**J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.**

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**


## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Passenger Trains leave Station, foot of Market Street, south side, at

**8.30 A. M.**, daily; Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wright's, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, SANTA CRUZ, and all Way Stations. Parlor Car.
**2.30 P. M.** (except Sunday), Express; Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ. Parlor Car.
**4.30 P. M.**, daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and intermediate points. Saturdays and Sundays to Santa Cruz.
**$5 Excursions** to SANTA CRUZ, and **$2.50** to SAN JOSE, on SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, to return until MONDAY, inclusive.
**8.00 A. M.**, every Sunday, Excursion to SAN JOSE, BIG TREES, and SANTA CRUZ.
**$3.00** to BIG TREES and SANTA CRUZ.
**$1.75** to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE.

### To Oakland and Alameda.

6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶12.00, 12.30, ¶1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.30, 10.45, 11.45 P. M.

**From Fourteenth and Webster Streets, Oakland**—5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10,30, ¶11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶12.00, 12.30, ¶1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 9.30, 10.45, 11.45 P. M.

**From High Street, Alameda**—5.16, 5.46, 6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 7.46, 8.16, 8.46, 9.16, 9.46, 10.16, ¶10.46, 11.16, ¶11.46 A. M., 12,16, ¶12.46, 1.16, 1.46, 2.16, 2.46, 3.16, 3.46, 4.16, 4.46, 5.16, 5.46, 6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 9.16, 11.31 P. M.

§ Sundays excepted. ¶ Saturdays and Sundays only.

TICKET, Telegraph, and Transfer Office, 222 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. R. M. GARRATT, G. F. & P. Agt.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA**

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon**, for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

**Oceanic.....August 7th**
**Arabic.....August 19th**
**San Pablo.....Capt. Reed**

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Peking.....July 26**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Colima.....August 1**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**City of Sydney**. Saturday, August 2, at 12 o'clock M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on July 2d, 10th, 18th, and 26th, and August 3d, and every eighth day thereafter. The first steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

MARIPOSA.....FRIDAY, August 1st, at 3 P. M.
ALAMEDA.....TUESDAY, August 15th, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.


# PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.

**Stationers, Booksellers,**

**Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,**

**204 Sansome Street, near Pine.**

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.,**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.
Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital.....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremon National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**
Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

**Contract for Fall and Winter Supply**
....OF....

# COAL

For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. **CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street.** Telephone 308.

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**

## THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**
**36 California Street, San Francisco,**
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR, MANAGER.

**Corner First and Market Streets,**
SAN FRANCISCO.




Perhaps in the beginning it was a happy thought to burlesque the gods of Olympus. There may—there must—have been a time when even the modern generations gave some incense of respect to these heathen deities, in whose honor sacrificial fires once were burned, altars were raised, and white-robed vestals prayed perpetually. They were clothed at least with the sanctity of a decayed religion, and embalmed in the immortal lines of classic literature.

There was a grim humor in laying the first vandal touch of burlesque upon them. There must have been an exquisite absurdity in the sight the first time that the thunderous Jupiter stalked upon the stage and executed a motto-song and a breakdown, and Venus, Juno & Co. went through a plantation walk-around. But to this generation, they are simply cheap material for burlesque. We have lost sight of their godships this many a long day, and we have only a painfully familiar stage acquaintance with them. Their literature, which is made up only of the stories of their loves—for they were an amorous lot—is as simple and familiar as our own Mother Goose melodies. Jupiter, who was a grand old Mormon, was always browsing around in search of a new love, and each tale has been spun to its utmost tenuity.

Perhaps of all the spinning, this new burlesque is the flattest and the thinnest. There is no good and sufficient reason for burlesquing an Offenbach opera bouffe. All the humor that was in the idea, all the play of fancy that the subject could carry, was given to it in the first working. To hammer it thinner was to hammer all the substance out of it. Having hammered it out, they might at least have spread upon the layer that was left the best of the music. Of all the execrable sounds that ever tortured mortal ears, let the first few choruses in this new burlesque be commended. The main reason for this tuneless howling is that the Graces, and Muses, and all those other disinterested parties who stand around doing nothing, can not sing. The beautiful pink Venus whooped a note or two all by herself, which accounted for some of the discordance. Diana, presumably selected for the strength of her voice as well as for the shapeliness of her limbs, fully demonstrated the general weakness of the vocal combination. There is, in effect, but one voice in the company, and that belongs to Mr. Harry Pepper. Mr. Harry Pepper, however, corrects this daring flight of excellence by carefully amounting to nothing in any other line.

There is a technique in burlesque as in any other branch of art, and in this technique the whole troupe are strikingly deficient, excepting only Digby Bell and Hebe. Hebe is the veriest apprentice, without a line to speak, that I can recall, and a very few of them to sing; but she has a touch of that indefinable skill in burlesque which was second nature to little Ella Chapman, and in a less degree to Alice Atherton.

Even Vanoni, the unapproachable Vanoni, has it not. Perhaps she is too French for it, for this class of burlesque is essentially an English institution. Opera bouffe is good enough and broad enough fun for Frenchmen. At all events, Vanoni seems rather at sea in the meaningless text of the first act, and there is no touch of the sprite who has been delighting New York these many months, excepting in the graceful, silent dance to the music of Orpheus's strains. But, when the captured Eurydice, pining with ennui in Pluto's boudoir, amuses herself with a little singing and dancing, the spell is wrought. There is no wonder in her voice; it is even harsh, being pressed, but it is wonderfully well used. It is rich with modulations, changes, expression. She is full of life, energy, dash, *abandon*, *chic*. It is the *chic* of the *café chantant*, but it is *chic*. She sings a French *chanson* with all the familiar opera bouffe quips and cranks, winks and kicks. Her Spanish *bolero* has been made painfully familiar to San Francisco audiences, but it becomes quite a new thing accompanied by the twinkling of Vanoni's feet, and the clinking of her castanets. And she sings "Pretty as a Picture"—as what French woman does not who has ever heard it? There must be a Gallic chord somewhere in the familiar minstrel composition, for no one sings it so well as a French woman. Perhaps it is the exaggerated ardor of the lover's expression; perhaps it is that it is more melodious than most negro tunes; perhaps it is only that Aimée first took kindly to it. At all events, no one has ever cared to hear it in good English since. Vanoni sings it with great exuberance of spirit, a pair of tireless lungs, for she seems never to be out of breath, one sprinkle of mischief, and the very spirit of dancing. Vanoni is immensely clever. She will draw hundreds night after night to see her do these things, because she does them so very well. But the atmosphere of specialty is around her, and it is only her specialties that will attract. As a specialist, she is unique. As an actress, she will not attract particularly. The fact is, Vanoni's kicks, winks, and *chic* are all pure business. She may ogle in a song, but she ogles over the heads of the orchestra. They resent the slight. They find her a wonderfully finished, versatile, and clever romp. But they discover something to be lacking. Shall the truth be told? She is not wicked enough to fascinate, though neither is little Cupid, the trimmest, daintiest, tiniest woman who ever found her way into the boy-god's sparse costume.

By the way, how strange that there was never a girl-child in all Olympus. Everybody was born grown-up on the enchanted mountain of the gods. Love alone was always young. This little Ida Mule fits into the wings of Cupid, and is mischievous and prankish, with an innocent, heavy German face, like a very boy's. Her costume—what there is of it—is, excepting the wings, singularly inappropriate. So is Mercury's, so is "Public Opinion's," so is Juno's, for that matter. "Public Opinion" is a striking-looking woman, of most heroic height; and, fitly costumed, for she carries herself well, might be a very commanding figure. As it is, she looks as if she had barely commenced her toilet, and finished it, in a fit of abstraction, with several yards of gold fringe. Juno looks as if she had the dropsy. Diana needs a head-dress. Mercury looks like nothing in particular, in a French gray hat and an unpardonable pair of black slippers. And Cupid, though, in a way, clad less lightly than usual, wears a long cuirass glittering with parti-colored beads and spangles, with nothing of the very lightness of a flyer. Still, he is a feast to the eye, and one follows every flitting of the little figure with a sort of fascination, it is so tiny, so trim, so pretty. The little woman has a big voice for her size; and—always after Vanoni—made the hit of the evening in the duet with Hebe, a very pretty arrangement of Joseph D. Redding's Del Monte waltzes. Hebe has a touch of pure contralto quality in her little voice. She looks like a beautiful child of twelve years, and has the self-possession and abandon of a Parisian actress of about ninety years' experience. The combination has an effect a trifle odd.

The other gods and goddesses are not remarkable for personal beauty, nor for good clothes, nor for grace in grouping. Digby Bell, as Jupiter, redeems much. He has become a comedian with a certain drollery of style, and gives to the burlesque all the life that it has. All the good lines have fallen to his share, and he does not suffer a point to go unheeded. The audience were so delighted at finding something to laugh at that his topical song threatened to prolong itself to the length of a good old-fashioned ballad. The first time an actor in a strange place sings a topical song he gives it exactly as an American sings foreign songs, without any definite idea of the meaning.

The local gags were aggressively personal on the opening night, but have since been remodeled, and are more acceptable in their newer form. Even a careless public has some idea of the fitness of things.

Perhaps, the burlesque, as a whole, was coldly received upon the opening night, because people expected more traces of the opera itself than they found in it. They resented the excision of so much of the original music, and did not take kindly to the new form of the old story. This is generally the fate of burlesque upon its first introduction or revival. It is like beer—nauseous at first, but people finally grow fond of it and like a very great deal of it. Its reign has set in, and more of it is coming, so people may as well brace themselves to a liking for it.

A few unimportant changes have given "The Devil's Auction" a lease of another week. The Pommery Sec ballet, a brief and not unpleasing interlude, is doubtless merely an advertisement. The stair-case band is an amusing conceit, and its series of stilled surprises are ended only by the capacity of the theatre. Five separate times one thinks the last man must have come, and five separate times the new man comes taller than ever. Crystal has a new topical song, which is perhaps even more vague in its meaning than other topical songs. She gives it in a most extraordinary case of Variety-voice, to the manifest gratification of herself and the gallery, and the paralyzed amazement of the dress circle. But as Crystal gets a reception every time she appears throughout the evening, it is fair to assume that she is a favorite.

Stimulated by good luck, the company will bring out a new pantomimic-singing-tumbling-dramatic spectacle called "The Black Raven." Some one suggested that a white raven would have been more curious; but, whichever raven croaks, we shall continue to have the English ballet, and those most marvelous tumblers, the Herbert Brothers.

And while the burlesques are singing a little of everything, and the Jubilees are singing hymns, and Crystal is singing topics, we are to have some real singing by a real Italian troupe at the California. This theatre is likely to break out in any direction at any moment, but no one expected anything quite so good as this—that is, providing it is good. At all events, we are to have "Aida," which people have so long been thirsting to hear, next Monday night. Whether it will be really grand opera remains to be seen. Foretelling has come to be dangerous. It will, at least, be Italian, for the play-bill looks like a dish of Tagliarini.

BETSY B.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Helen Dingeon has chosen for her first appearance at the Tivoli the part of Edgar, in "Un Ballo in Maschera."

Signori Baldanza and Bologna have been added to the list of Madame Fabbri's Opera Troupe.

Signora Antoinetti, in a fit of despair at the non-success of her efforts to please the musical public of this coast, determined either to commit suicide or get up a benefit. The poor little woman was in a state of mental and financial collapse, but the Italians of San Francisco came to her rescue, dissuaded her from self-murder, benefited her to the extent of six hundred dollars, and sent her off, rejoicing, to the land of song and maccaroni.

E. S. Grant, the gentleman who raises Hades between Orpheus and Eurydice, is a full brother of J. G. Russell, who was at one time well known in this city as a professional singer. Grant is the genuine family name, and the brothers are said to be related to the Jeff Davis of "Sour Apple-tree" song.

Among the passengers by Monday's steamer from Australia, were Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Polk. Polk, as usual, has one or more new comedies in his trunk, and is thinking seriously of organizing a company out of the theatrical wreckage that is floating around San Francisco, and starting out on a Pacific Coast cruise, after a trial season in one of our theatres. Rumor has it that he is negotiating for a few weeks in the Standard, and our local talent are already growing eloquent over their chance for an engagement. For the sake of the aforesaid unemployed "artists," it is to be hoped that Mr. Polk will find some of them a job, although, on the other hand, it may prove a risky experiment to him in this season of Eastern combinations.

Alice Harrison has come back to us again after a three-month's visit to Fresno. The little woman looks a deal the better for her outing, having actually grown fleshy—comparatively fleshy, that is, for she was a miniature skeleton when she went away. Her present intention is to go East in time for the next dramatic season, with the probability of a farewell benefit before she leaves the coast. As she has many friends here, this probability is very apt to become a certainty.

As very little is known of the accidental opera troupe that opens in the California on Monday next, some points on the subject may prove of interest. In the first place, they had to leave Mexico because the people of that excitable republic were too much absorbed in political tableaux to patronize anything in the shape of mimic art. In the second place, they had to leave Texas because the festive cow-boy is better pleased with a "hurdy-gurdy" than a box at the opera. In the third place, they came here because this was the largest place to which they could get their railway fares guaranteed. Those who have heard them—and there are at least two persons in this city who have heard them—claim that their performance is highly creditable, and that they will make a hit here. In addition to a lengthy catalogue of well-known operas, they have three that are entirely new to us; and it is said that each of the three will be given, although only two have been announced so far. The operas referred to are, "Guarani," by Gomez; "L'Ebreo," by Apoloni; and "Don Carlos," by Verdi. Of the principals in the cast, only Francesco Gianini, the tenor, has ever been in this country before. He was brought here by Strakosch, and sang through the season of 1880-81, as leading tenor, with Gerster, making a decided hit in the East, and especially in New Orleans. For the benefit of the ladies, it may be remarked that Gianini is not quite thirty years of age. Virginia Damerini, the soprano, sang last year in Italy, appearing in Milan and several other cities. For the benefit of the gentlemen, it may be remarked that her age is estimated to be somewhere between thirty and thirty-five years. Trieste Vilmont, the baritone, made a success last year at the Teatro Apollo, in Rome, although he was then only about twenty-two years of age, and although that theatre is noted for the critical taste of its audiences. Enrico Serbolini, the basso, is said to be a man of middle age, of good voice, and of long experience in nearly all of the more important opera houses in Italy, his last, or one of his latest engagements having been in the San Carlos, of Naples. A goodly number of the chorus and orchestra were dropped by the wayside, but in addition to the thirty-six original members of the troupe who have arrived, it is claimed that Manager Bert has engaged for them enough people here to make up a full chorus and orchestra.

There is some talk of a "Devil's Auction" season in the Grand Opera House after the company leaves the Bush Street. This fact, if true, will be a slight contradiction to the statement made by Mr. Bert, last week, that in the future he would never have more than one of his two theatres running at a time.

Women are noted for their pluck while undergoing pain, and a striking instance in point was given by Miss Maud Burroughs during last Saturday evening's performance of "The Rajah." Stumbling over the sill of the arbor, in the third act, she sprained her ankle so seriously that the pain made her almost blind; but struggling to her feet again, she kept her place on the stage until the curtain was lowered at the end of the act, and then fainted—as most others would have done ten minutes before.

Ugo Talbo, the tenor, who is well known in this city, got up a benefit for himself, about a week ago, in Stockton, where he has been residing for some time. The affair was not a success. Talbo says he is going to the Islands.

The Majeronis are playing "Marie Antoinette" at the Opera House, Sydney. Their business is only fair.

Marie Jansen, who will be remembered as the pretty Patience of the Comley-Barton troupe, which played in this city about two years ago, has made her appearance in London. She had purchased a translation of "Tête de Linotte," made by Edmund Gerson, and re-named "Featherbrain." This she sold to Charles Wyndham, of the Criterion, on consideration that she should play the leading rôle. She has been well received by the Londoners.

Mr. Harry Oelrichs—about whom there was so much newspaper talk here a few weeks ago as "Mrs. Langtry's cowboy"—is neither a cowboy nor an Englishman who had met Mrs. Langtry in England, as has been stated by some papers. He was a well-known Union Club and society man in New York until about four years ago, when he took to stock-raising in Wyoming. By judicious investment he has managed to increase his income from the six thousand dollars a year, left him by his father, to about fifty thousand dollars. He lives on a handsome ranch about seventeen miles from Cheyenne. His house, a model of luxuriant elegance and comfort, is generally filled with visitors, attracted as much, perhaps, by his finely stocked wine-cellar and Parisian *chef* as by his own genial company.

Miss Minnie Maddern is about to appear at the Park Theatre, New York, in a new play by Howard P. Taylor, called "Caprice." She sends us a large sheaf of criticisms. In one of these circulars appears this sentence: "'Caprice' was written especially for this young artiste by Howard P. Taylor, Esq., author of 'May Blossom,' the reigning Madison Square Theatre's success, New York." Miss Maddern once played in San Francisco. In the large sheaf of criticisms above referred to, there are none, however, from San Francisco.

Miss Jeffreys-Lewis has been appearing in Sydney as Mercy Merrick, in "The New Magdalen," and Esmeralda, in "Notre Dame." She does not seem to be doing well. Late advices from Sydney state that she had a very turbulent gallery one evening, who chaffed and guyed her until she burst into tears, and left the stage.

Henry E. Walton, an actor who is well known in Australia, arrived by the last steamer from the colonies. Mr. Walton has brought a number of new plays with him, and may possibly appear in this city before he leaves for New York.

James C. Williamson is expected on the next steamer to look after business in connection with his different theatres in Australia. He has been very successful in the new continent, and is reputed to be worth a good two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. His wife, the Maggie Moore whom we all remember so well and so pleasantly, is an immense favorite over there, and the house is packed whenever she is billed to appear. Friends who have seen her lately declare that she is looking wonderfully well, and that she is not only contented but happy in her present mode of life.

It is rumored that Rellie Deaves is engaged to be married, although rumor fails to name the happy man.

Clara Jean Walters has just realized a handsome sum of money, running close upon five figures, it is said, on a piece of property in which she invested some years ago.

Billy Emerson left on Tuesday last for London, where he rejoins Haverly's Mastodons. He now talks of changing his original plan of returning here, and at the close of his London engagement may possibly open a minstrel theatre in Liverpool.

Digby Bell was educated in Italy for legitimate opera, and, after singing on the stage in that country for four years, he came to America and made his first appearance as Beppo in "Fra Diavolo." His first trial in burlesque opera was as the Admiral, in "Pinafore."

That sterling actor and genial companion, Harry Edwards, will be with us before long as a member of the Wallack Company, and no actor who visits the coast this year will meet with a warmer welcome. His friends in the Bohemian Club—which means every old member of that association—are already preparing, it is said, to give him a family feast in memory of the early days, when he was one of the main props of the institution.

Murat Masterson—Judge Masterson he either was, or at least was called—will be remembered as the adventurous man from Arizona who tried to run a theatre in this city last year. Almost everybody thinks he can manage a theatre, and Masterson belonged to the majority. After toiling for Heaven knows how many years at the law, and at last making "a stake" above board wages by a lucky hit in a mine that some other man thought he could run, the judge came up to San Francisco, took a lease of the then vacant Baldwin, and declared that he would show us sunset folk how a man with money and brains could give better shows and secure handsomer dividends than the every-day theatrical managers, who had fewer brains and no money. The judge believed in paying his artists well, because "it makes them better contented and more ambitious, you know"; so he started in by hiring a squad of local jobbers at star rates. The natural result was that he got no farther than the start, for empty benches and full bills wound him up in short order. After a flash of glory he subsided into the darkness of the East, and nothing more was heard of him until the other day, when news came that he had reached hard-pan once more in the mines of New Mexico. Masterson failed in his theatrical effort, as many others have done, but he proved himself to be a gentleman and paid every cent he had promised, as many others have not done. The doing of this last cost him the savings of a life-time, and those who knew him here will be pleased therefore to hear the rumor that he has "struck it rich" once more.

The following is the list of cabin passengers for Honolulu per steamer *Alameda*, Captain H. G. Morse, which sailed July 15th, at 3 P.M.: Mrs. James Hayselden and two children, F. Wittrock, M. Hyman, wife, infant and nurse, E. P. Adams, Miss Hattie Potwin, Mrs. F. Gertz and two children, Mrs. H. Robinson, Miss Gay, Miss A. Gay, C. Gay, F. C. Clarke, Samuel Hall, John Durham, Captain E. L. Robbins, wife and son, Mrs. Mary Davey, D. P. Peterson and wife, F. W. Snook, Frank Gilman, Mrs. R. L. Andrews, B. Samuels, Charles A. Gook, W. J. Bennett, C. J. McCarthy, K. Podyn and wife, and twenty-five in steerage.

— BY REFERENCE TO THE ADVERTISING COLUMNS it will be seen that the well-known firm of George A. Davis & Co., dealers in agricultural implements, have removed. Their new quarters will be found at Nos. 17 and 19 Main Street, San Francisco.

— MR. HENRY HEYMAN BEGS TO ANNOUNCE that he will resume giving lessons on the violin immediately on his return from Honolulu, on or about July 22d. Address 206 Ellis Street.

— HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, THE REPUBLICAN candidate for the Presidency, is one of the many celebrities of national fame who have chosen Knabe Pianos. The Plumed Knight selected a cabinet grand rosewood upright. President Arthur purchased a Knabe Grand for the White House not long since. The Knabe pianos should thus play an important part in restoring harmony among the factions of the grand old party. A. L. Bancroft & Co. are the Pacific Coast agents for these famous instruments.

WALL PAPERS,
FRESCOING,
INTERIOR DECORATING
WINDOW SHADES.
G. W. CLARK & CO.
645 and 647 MARKET STREET.

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

**Bills and Casts for Week ending July 19th.**

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill: "Orpheus and Eurydice"; three acts. Cast as follows:

Jupiter, Mr. Digby Bell; Aristeus and Pluto, Mr. E. S. Grant; Orpheus, Mr. Harry Pepper; Styx, Mr. George C. Boniface Jr.; Eurydice, Marie Vanoni; Juno, Laura Joyce Bell; Cupid, Miss Ida Mülle; Public Opinion, Miss Augusta Roche; Diana, Miss Jennie Prince; Venus, Miss Annie Caldwell; Mercury, Miss Jennie McNulty; Minerva, Miss Maud Waldermere; Hebe, Miss Daisy Murdock; Morpheus, Mr. W. T. Dobson; Mars, Mr. Henry Leone; Vulcan, Mr. George Gans; Bacchus, Miss Albertina Hall; Æsculapius, Mr. E. H. Aiken; Apollo, Miss Clara Primrose; Janus, Mr. Randall; Hercules, Mr. Reynolds; Cerberus, Master Murdock; Thalia, Miss Clara Chase; Aglaia, Miss Ollie Earle; Euphrosyne, Miss Nita Tracy; Calliope, Miss Louise Martin; Clio, Miss Annie Newman; Euterpe, Miss Victoria Martin; Melpomene, Miss Carrie Jackson; Erato, Miss Lizzie Winner; Polyhymnia, Miss Emma Calef; Urania, Miss Emma Mülle; Terpsichore, Miss Carrie Tutein; Hebe, Miss Minnie Maginley.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Bill: "The Devil's Auction"; three acts. Cast as follows:

Topy.....James S. Maffit
Père Androche.....W. H. Bartholomew
Phrezyo.....B. F. Granger
Carlos.....F. W. Allen
Madeline.....Miss Ida Navins
Janet.....Miss Sally Apt
Christaline.....Miss Louise Dempsey
Mephisto.....B. J. McLaughlin
Chaos.....Albert Martinetti

Lavigne, J. A. Throw; Tresbien, J. C. Tiernan; Victor, A. C. Gooding; Adolph, Frank Thompson; Gustave, J. G. Shawles; Alexander, A. S. Franks; Tsching-Sing, T. C. Thomas; Koblang Khan, J. A. Throw; Moon Shong, William Edgerton; Kao Peki, Edward Lavine; Kwang See, George K. Knight; Sang Koi, J. Vincent; Yen Yum, Albert Leech; Ko Let, Miss Kittie Wilson; Kara Mustapha, George W. Ames; Muli, Harry Williams; Oarsmin; William Mason; Khan of Tartary, W. H. Bartholomew.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: Edmond Audran's opera, "Gillette"; three acts. Cast as follows:

Gillette.....Miss Hattie Moore
Rossita.....Miss Kate Marchi
Count Roger.....Mr. T. W. Eckert
Prince Oliver.....Mr. R. D. Valerga
Griffardin.....Mr. Harry Gates
King Rene.....Mr. M. Cornell
Seneschal.....Mr. E. Carlmuller
Barigoul.....Mr. Harry Nieman
Richard.....Mr. Charles Evans
Landry.....Mr. George Harris

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Manager. Closed during the week.

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—Stechan & Cornelius, managers. Jubilee Singers during the week.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Manager. Closed during the week.

"The Black Raven" is on the bills of the Bush Street Theatre for next week.

At the California Theatre an Italian opera company opens next Monday in "Aida."

"Un Ballo en Maschera" will be given next week at the Tivoli Opera House.

The Grand Opera House will be closed.

At the Baldwin, next week, "Orpheus and Eurydice" will be continued.

At the Standard, next week, Johnson's Jubilee Singers continue.

### School and Kindergarten.

The school and kindergarten of Miss Emma Marwedel, 1810 Sacramento Street, near Van Ness Avenue, is now in condition to receive pupils for the fall and winter term. The excellent teachers, carefully arranged playground, and delightful situation operate to make this school a paradise for the young. For further particulars apply at the school, or address Miss Marwedel, 1810 Sacramento Street. The training-class for young ladies who wish to learn the kindergarten system is also in session.

### Desirable Fruit Lands.

A rare opportunity for investment is offered by the sale of the choice fruit lands of I. H. Strowbridge, Esq., near Haywood, Alameda County, one of the best fruit districts of this State. Easton & Eldridge, 22 Montgomery Street.

### Velonia.

A hint to ladies: Velonia is an ointment which beautifies, clears, and purifies the complexion, rendering it soft and delicate. It is sold only by Dr. C. Gore, at 224 Kearny Street, San Francisco, who makes the treatment of the complexion a specialty. The finger-nails beautified. Nail-biting cured. Superfluous hair and warts removed by a new process.

### High Art.

Specimens of high art in all kinds of furniture may be seen at the warerooms of the California Furniture Manufacturing Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

### Fredericksburg Lager Beer

Is the finest in the world. Send your orders, for kegs or bottles, to 539 California Street.

### Root Beer.

A strictly non-alcoholic family beverage, at once delicious to the taste and beneficial to the system. The youngest child or the feeblest invalid can drink it with advantage. Put up in pint and quart champagne bottles, with patent stoppers, at seventy cents and one dollar and ten cents per dozen. All orders promptly filled. H. L. St. John & Co., 14 Hayes Street.

### Carpet Beating and Renovating.

Get your carpets cleaned and relaid at J. SPAULDING'S perfect Carpet Beating and Renovating Works, 353 and 355 Tehama Street. Send postal, or Telephone call 3040.

### Yosemite and Giant Trees,

Via positively the shortest, cheapest, and best scenic route, in new unexcelled six-horse coaches. For tickets and full information, THOMAS T. WALTON, 138 Montgomery Street.

### The "Opera" Piano,

Manufactured by Peek & Son, N. Y. Strictly first-class. Very moderate price. B. Mauzy, 107 Post Street.

### Antique Chairs.

Another invoice of those elegant antique chairs has just arrived, and are now for sale at the warerooms of the California Furniture Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

### New Monarch Oil Stove.

Call and see it. It is the neatest yet. Send for circular. Myers, 869 Market Street.

— CELERY, BEEF, AND IRON—THE FRIEND OF the disordered and enfeebled.

— THE METROPOLITAN HALL SHOULD BE secured immediately for campaign speakers. It is conveniently located in the heart of the city.

— MR. ALFRED KELLEHER DESIRES TO ANnounce that he will resume instructions in *Vocal Music*, Wednesday, July 16th. Office hours, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., except Monday and Thursday. Rooms 62 and 63, City of Paris Block.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— THE BEST THING FOR THE COMPLEXION IS Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It brings the bloom of health to the wan cheek.

— IF YOUR HAIR IS GETTING THIN, THE APplication of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer will promote a thick, new growth.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.


# CHOICE FRUIT LANDS AT AUCTION,

**ON EASY TERMS AND LONG CREDITS.**

The choice fruit lands of I. H. STROWBRIDGE, Esq., comprising about 500 acres in the town of Haywood, Alameda, will be sold at auction in ten-acre subdivisions, August 16th, at 12 M., on the premises. This is the first offering ever made of choice fruit lands in this well-known fruit-raising centre, and sold only on account of the departure of Mr. Strowbridge for Europe. Parties at a distance desiring full information regarding the sale can learn all particulars by addressing the auctioneers

Parties desiring to purchase can have their commissions faithfully executed without being present at the sale. Descriptive catalogues, maps, diagrams, and full particulars by August 1st. At the same time and place we will sell all the choice merino sheep, graded cows, horses, pigs, agricultural implements, hay, grain, etc., in lots, without reserve. For further information, catalogues, etc. (which will be mailed to any address), write to

**TAGGART & DINGEE,**
Nos. 460 and 462 Eighth Street, Oakland,
Or to **EASTON & ELDRIDGE,**
No. 22 Montgomery St, opposite Lick House, San Francisco, Cal.

**THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!**

**The Light-running**

# "HOUSEHOLD" SEWING MACHINE.



Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to **three months' trial.**

**Samuel Hill Estate**
CITY SALES ROOMS,
**634 Market St.**
Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

# AGENTS WANTED

In every township on this coast for the best **Blaine and Logan** Campaign Book that is published—good for 20 to 40 orders a day. "**Why I am a Republican,**" by Hon. George S. Boutwell; including Biographies of "Blaine and Logan," and "**The History of the Republican Party,**" complete in one volume; standard authority, original, forcible, and graphic. Every Republican will want it, and many Democrats will buy it. For terms and circulars address **A. ROMAN, 120 Sutter St., S.F**

# REMOVAL.

GEORGE A. DAVIS & CO.

DEALERS IN

**AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS**

HAVE REMOVED TO

**NOS. 17 AND 19 MAIN ST.**

GERMEA
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

**PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.**

THOROUGH TRAINING BASED ON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES. **WM. T. ROSS A. M.,**
Rooms 78 and 79, St. Ann's Building, No. 6 Eddy St.




KAPPA, A MYTH WHICH INHABITS FRESH WATER, BUT IS NEVER SEEN.
Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.
ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.
ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.
THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

# OPENING OF SPRING AND SUMMER HATS

**THIS WEEK BY**

# C. HERRMANN & CO.

**(HERRMANN THE HATTER),**

**At 332---336 Kearny Street, between Bush and Pine Streets.**

The largest Hat Store and the largest stock on the Pacific Coast. An immense line of novelties. Send for Illustrated Catalogue for 1884, just out.

FALK'S
Pilsener
BEER

# KNABE PIANOS

"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*
**A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St. S. F.,** Sole Agents.

**Nineteenth Industrial Exhibition**
—AND—
**MECHANICS' FAIR,**
**SAN FRANCISCO, 1884.**

Opens August 5th; closes September 6th. Mechanical Progress, Invention, Art, and Natural Products will be represented by the best obtainable exhibits on this coast. An Instrumental Concert by an efficient orchestra each afternoon and evening.

**Premiums**—Medals of gold, silver, and bronze, diplomas, and cash will be awarded as premiums to meritorious exhibits.

**Admission.**—Double season ticket, $5; single season, $3; apprentice season, $1.50; child's, $1.50. Adult single admission, 50 cents; child's, 25 cents. Season tickets to members of the Institute at half rates.

Any desired information given or sent on application to the Secretary, 31 Post Street.

P. B. CORNWALL, President.
J. H. CULVER, Secretary.

CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS.
MONOGRAMS, Arms, Crests, Wedding, Reception and Visiting Cards designed, engraved, and printed; lot slightly worn Albums at great bargain. ROBERTS, 10 Post St., Masonic Temple.
CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS.

**C. V. GILLESPIE,**
SEARCHER OF RECORDS
**409 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**

## TO YOUNG MEN.

There is nothing which will make a fortune for you with so little outlay as a **HAY BALING PRESS.** The PRICE PRESS, with three men, will earn $1,600 in one season; costs $450. The MONARCH PRESS, at $600, puts ten tons in a box car and will clear $10 to $20 per day. There is money in baling hay. These are the best presses. Address **TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO.,** San Francisco.

## STORE YOUR FURNITURE

**Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.**
BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH
**J. H. MOTT & CO.,**
**735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco**
Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

"The best is the cheapest."
FOR THE BEST
FIRE AND GARDEN
HOSE
GO TO
W. T. Y. SCHENCK
36 CALIFORNIA ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

# BETHESDA
SUPERIOR TABLE WATER
L. CAHEN AND SON. 418 SAC. ST. S.F.

THE LIGHT RUNNING DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE THE STAR THAT LEADS THEM ALL

See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

**J. W. EVANS,**
General Agent, 29 Post Street.

**L. D. STONE & CO.**
(Successors to R. Stone),
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
**Harness, Saddles, Saddlery Hardware**
Collars, Whips, Robes, Horse Blankets, and all kinds of Harness and Patent Leathers.
422 and 424 Battery Street, corner Washington, San Francisco.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
**Commission Merchants,**
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
Liberal advances made on consignments.

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 309 SANSOME STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

THE
**AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,**
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.

**A. P. HOTALING & CO.**
429 to 437 Jackson St., sole agents for the J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky, "O. P. S.," "O. O. K.," "O. K." "A No. 1," "A." Established 1852.

BONESTELL, RICHARDSON & CO.
PAPER WAREHOUSE
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST, S.F
**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

**Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed**
**TILES**
For Decorations.
**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

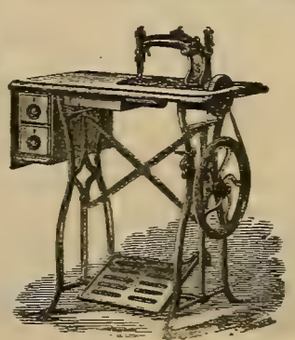
SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
**HENRY F. MILLER**
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
**HEMME & LONG**
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
**WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.**
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

ICHI BAN
FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

ESTABLISHED 1855.
**CARRIAGES.**
**O. F. WILLEY & CO.**
NEVADA BLOCK,
No. 317 MONTGOMERY STREET, - - - - - - SAN FRANCISCO,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
**CARRIAGES, LIGHT ROAD WAGONS, CARTS, SULKIES,**
Our stock of which is now, as it has heretofore been, unsurpassed in elegance and solidity. Recent importations have greatly enlarged our supply of vehicles of all kinds from the following celebrated Eastern establishments, of which we are the agents, viz.:
Brewster & Co., (of Broome Street) New York,
C. S. Caffrey & Co., Camden, N. J.,
Henry Hooker & Co., New Haven, Conn.,
H. Killam & Co., New Haven, Conn.,
W. S. Frazier & Co., Chicago Road Carts.
We have also an assortment of Buggies and Phaetons, with full leather tops, which we sell at prices ranging from $85 to $125. Constantly on hand a full supply of
**HARNESS,**
From the famous manufactories of Wood Gibson, New York, and Tompkins & Mandeville, together with a complete assortment of Concord and other Harness. Fine Silk Plush Robes, Lap Robes of all kinds, Horse Blankets, Whips in variety, Wheel Jacks, Wood Stable Forks, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs, etc., etc. The Agency Goods above enumerated will be sold at Eastern prices with freight added. We have always in stock, and are prepared to manufacture to order, Mountain and other Wagons. In returning thanks for past patronage and favors, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

**CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY**
OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.
Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.
**NEWSOM & GASH,**
**ARCHITECTS**
Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,
Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.



**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.**
**WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.**
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

SPRECKELS'
**APTOS HOTEL,**
Santa Cruz County.
This delightful summer resort, unexcelled for its beach and picturesque situation, is now open.
ROEMER BROS.,
Of the Vienna Model Bakery, San Francisco.

**HIGHLAND SPRINGS,**
LAKE COUNTY, CAL.
"The Switzerland of America."
OPEN ALL THE YEAR.
Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.
Daily communication via Cloverdale.
DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.

**ÆTNA**
**HOT MINERAL SPRINGS.**
To the highly curative properties of these waters and the charms of the place is added an elegant and capacious Swimming Bath.
These waters purify the blood, and refresh, renew, and restore the whole system. They cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Chronic Diarrhœa, Paralysis, and Pulmonary Complaints in the early stages. These waters are a specific in cases of Malaria, Chill and Ague Fever They afford magical relief in cases of Nervousness, Sleeplessness, and General Debility.
Visitors leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. for St. Helena, thence by daily stage (Sundays excepted), arriving at the Ætnas at 5 P. M. For pamphlet, containing analysis and cures, address WM. BURNELL, Sup't, or WM. H. LIDELL, Proprietor, Lidell P. O., Napa Co., Cal.

PERRIER'S
**FRENCH RESTAURANT,**
12 and 14 O'Farrell Street.
Fitted up in first-class style. Private Rooms for Families; also, Banquet Hall. Private entrance on Bagley Place. Telephone No. 865.

**BUGGIES!**
If you want a high-priced Buggy, Carriage, or Phaeton, or if you want a good one for a low price, describe what you want, and order from
TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., 511 Market St., S. F.

WINDOW SHADE FACTORY.
H. E. BULLIVANT & CO.,
FACTORY AND SALESROOM,
753 Mission St., bet. 3d & 4th.
Decorating and Lettering a specialty for stores, offices, residences, etc.

**DOOR PLATES**
AND HOUSE NUMBERS,
New and Elegant Styles at Greatly Reduced Rates.
Every description of Tableware repaired and replated at San Francisco Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating Works, 653 and 655 Mission St., San Francisco, between New Montgomery and Third.
E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW
FOR THE COMPLEXION!
This elegant preparation is the most perfect beautifier known. It is pure and harmless, delightful in its application, and wonderful in its effects, while the closest scrutiny fails to detect its use. Prepared by
**H. BOWMAN, Chemist, Oakland.**
For sale by all druggists.




**THE HALL TYPE-WRITER**
Awarded medal at Semi-Centennial Fair of American Institute in New York over all competitors. Also, John Scott medal at Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. Simple and durable. Self-inking. No ribbon. Interchangeable type. Weighs only seven pounds. Takes all sizes paper. Useful in family or office. Full information at
PACIFIC COAST AGENCY, ROOM 34, No. 123 CALIFORNIA STREET.
(S. F. Office Empire Portable Forge Co. of Cohoes, N. Y.)

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. No. 5. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 2, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: The *Argonaut* Beset by Anxious Republican Friends—Their Request for it to "Blarney the Irish"—The *Argonaut's* Doubts Thereanent—However, Blarney Goes—The Democratic Defection—Irish Votes Coming Over to Blaine and Logan—The Irish Catholic Press—Their Opposition to Cleveland—The *Irish World*, the *Freeman's Journal*, the St. Louis *Catholic Watchman*, the *Catholic Review*, the Chicago *Catholic Citizen*, the *Irish Nation*, and others, Against Him—The Boston *Pilot*, the San Francisco *Monitor*, and the Catholic papers of Baltimore, Cincinnati, Boston and Philadelphia very Weak-kneed in their Defense of Cleveland—Mr. Barclay Henley and his Conduct in Congress—Some Advice to his Constituents—The Slanderous Stories against Grover Cleveland—A Filthy Feature of the Campaign—A Hope that they will be Ignored by Decent Papers.....1-2

THE AMERICAN NAVY: A Speech delivered before the Senate by the Hon. John F. Miller—Our Feeble Condition—The Necessity for Ironclads and Coast Defenses—A Chilian Ironclad in San Francisco Bay—Complications with Mexico, Venezula, Guatemala, and Chile—Our Weakness—The Monroe Doctrine—Its Violation—French Control in Panama—It is Practically a French Colony—The Contempt of other Powers for Our Country.....4-5

OLD FAVORITES: "How's my Boy," by Sydney Dobell; "The Hawthorn".....5

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People.....5

OUR NEW YORK LETTER: "Flaneur's" Budget of Gossip—Mrs. Langtry's Little Chinese Boy—Emma Latham's Stage Career—Marie Burrough's Marriage—Taylor and Belasco.....6

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....6

SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip.....7

THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest.....7

VANITY FAIR: Female Gamblers at Monte Carlo—A Coat-sleeve Sash—A Champagne-bottle Costume—Ladies' Chaussure—Feminine Billiard-players—The Stylish Member of Congress—Decadence of the Bang—Mabille Redivivus.....8

BILL NYE'S BUDGET: The Late Archimedes—"Them" or "Those"—Hand-shaking.....8

THE WIDOW'S LETTERS; A Study of Feminine Grief.....9

OUIDA'S NEW NOVEL, "PRINCESS NAPRAXINE"—Some of the Meditations of the Petticoated Philosopher—Epigrams and Apothegms Culled from this New Book.....9

PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE: In the Matter of Webb *vs.* Raleigh—A Love Story told by Witnesses.....10

A SHEAF OF TRANSLATIONS: "To Celia," from the Greek of Philostratus; "Love and Wine," from the Greek of Julian; "Drinking," from the Greek of Anacreon; "To my Nose," from the French of Olivier Basselin; "A Praise of Little Women," from the Spanish of Juan Ruiz de Hita.....10

STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic, and Otherwise: Earthquake Etiquette—Conger's Interviewer—The Lady's Oath—An Exorbitant Postmaster—Bridge-building by Pictures.....11

LITERARY NOTES: Bancroft's new Volume, "The Northwest Coast"—Sir Lepel Griffin's "Great Republic"—Henry Irving's "Impressions"—Other new Books—Notes on Magazines—Miscellaneous Literary Gossip 12

FRENCH WIVES AND HUSBANDS: "Parisina" relates their Opinions on the new Divorce Law—Its possible Application in some Cases—Naquet, the Father of the Bill, and why he had it Passed—The Regular and the Brevet Mesdames Naquet.....13

THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "Somebody's Masher"—"Ough"—"Romance and Reality"—"In the Hennery".....16

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record..18-19

*The Argonaut this week consists of Twenty Pages.*

Without for the present apologizing for any expressions concerning Democratic Irishmen, or modifying any reflections that we have cast upon some of the Roman Catholic clergy, we shall indulge ourselves in the privilege of holding our breath for a time to see whether there is to be, as there is promised to be, a change of politics on the part of many priests. We are beset from two quarters. Good Republican friends say, "Go slow," "Let up on the Pope's Irish," "Don't abuse them any more, and we can coax them over to us." Good Irish friends—and we are proud to say we have a host of them—urge us to spare the lash, lest we should so irritate our new converts that they should relapse into Democratic iniquity, and be forever lost. It is our own opinion that the only way to convince the kind of Irishman that we have taken so much pleasure in abusing, is to argue with a shillalah, and beat common sense into his thick skull with the persuasion of a blackthorn. However, we have yielded to the amiable side of our character—which is always getting us into trouble—and consented, for a time, to forego the luxury of abusing the Irish. We deliberately turn round, and try the blarney. We do not believe in the blarney-stone. We have tried it. We have been held by the legs as we imperiled our life by reaching over the battlements of Blarney Castle to kiss the blarney-stone, and paid half a crown for the privilege, and when we had clambered down from our perilous height to the courtyard floor below, we found the half of the same blarney-stone on the ground, to be kissed for a sixpence. We have kissed Kate Kearney, at the Gap of Dunloe (the Kate Kearney of Lever), twenty years ago—she was old and black, with a breath smelling of mountain dew; and whenever we have kissed or compromised with anything Irish, we have been disappointed, and lost the worth of our money. Nevertheless we accept the truce, and will give notice when we again resume hostilities.

Now, then, testing the new vocabulary of kind and complimentary expressions to those of our Irish fellow-citizens with whom in the past we have held courteous differences of opinion, let us say to our adopted fellow-citizens of the Celtic race that we welcome them to the full fellowship of our Republican party organization, and extend to them our full permission to vote the entire Republican ticket. We accept from them in the kindest sentiment of Christian charity the apologies that we feel asured they desire to make, and that in conscience they ought to make, for their past misconduct. In softest accent of sweetest brogue the *Argonaut* shall lisp in tenderest tones of fond endearment its appreciation of the finest peasantry that ever left the darling old sod and came to this country. We shall, from time to time, acknowledge our obligations to them; that Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, General Jackson, and President Arthur came from the fine old stock; that to Irish valor we are indebted for the achievement of our separation from the Saxon oppression, and by the aid of Irish bayonets we carved our way out from the dark night and wilderness of English tyranny; that to Irish valor we are indebted for the preservation of the American Union during the civil war; that to the Irish we owe the construction of our canals, our railroads, and most of our penitentiaries and other public edifices. In proof of the fact that the hosts are coming, we furnish the following extracts from leading Irish and Catholic journals; we give the names of prominent Irish leaders, and, without any further attempt at being facetious, we admit that the signs of the times indicate a movement of laboring men and Irishmen from the Democratic party to Blaine and Logan that is altogether anomalous. If the result is that the Irish vote shall be divided, and that we may no longer hear of an united Irish class that throws its vote solidly, and always on the same side, and always blindly for one party, we shall hail it as an omen of good to the country and sense to the Irish. That there is some evidence of the possibility of this change, we print from leading Irish and Catholic journals the following extracts. Those who best understand the Irish character—who know how impulsive they are, how earnest they are in their detestation of everything English—see in these preliminary movements the beginning of a cyclone that shall sweep the Democratic party back to another quarter of a century of humiliation and defeat. The *Irish World* is the leading exponent and organ of Irish political opinions. It has the largest circulation of any journal of its character in America. In its issue of July 12th it says:

We presume the Democratic party wants to win at the coming election. On that supposition the Presidential fight is narrowed down to a contest between General Butler and Mr. Blaine. If the Democracy wants to stand up and be knocked down for the seventh time in a quarter of a century, that, of course, puts another face on matters. Under these circumstances, one candidate will be as good as another. Whether it is Cleveland, or Bayard, or Field, it will make no difference, except as to the size of the majority the Republican party will roll up next November. The candidacy of Mr. Cleveland, for instance, would make the election of Mr. Blaine extremely easy. General Butler's nomination would mean that with him in the White House, the country for the next four years would have a thoroughly American policy. Is there any other one on the list of the Democratic candidates whose success at Chicago would give this assurance? Let not the Democratic managers deceive themselves with the thought that the voters we speak of will support the Democratic party no matter who receives the nomination. These voters will be willing to vote for, and work for, General Butler. But with him out of the race, they will vote for, and work for, Mr. Blaine, for the reason that the latter will represent a policy that the Democratic party, through its failure to nominate General Butler, will have repudiated. . . . The Republican party can look forward to next November with equal equanimity if the Chicago Convention adopts the suicidal policy of rejecting the only candidate who can lead the Democracy out of the slough of despondency in which it has so long floundered.

The New York *Freeman's Journal* is the leading and most influential organ of the Roman Catholic Church published in America. In its issue of July 19th, and in its editorial columns, in speaking of the nomination of Governor Cleveland, it says:

In all the line of principal cities of the State of New York—from Buffalo to Brooklyn—there is a sullen and sour repudiation of this nomination on the part of those great bodies of men who *vote*. Governor Cleveland has been nominated by the votes of States that either were sure for any Democratic candidate, or of States that are sure to vote for J. G. Blaine. His nomination makes Ohio certainly a Republican State, Indiana most probably, and New York exceedingly doubtful. Were the election to be held on the first Tuesday in August, Blaine would carry New York with a hurrah. Mr. Grover Cleveland, two years ago, was elected Governor. We think he could have been elected by a Democratic majority of some twenty or thirty thousand. The *Republican* "*kickers*" swelled his majority to a ridiculous figure. But these Republican "kickers" were Blaine men. Mr. Cleveland's friends count on the *anti-Blaine men* as being as vicious "kickers" as the Blaine men were. *Therein lies their mistake!* . . . . Ancestry does not amount to much, except the living race prove worthy of it. James G. Blaine's grandfather, of that fierce old stock of North of Ireland "Covenanters," was a soldier in the war of our independence—of course, "on the side of the rebellion." Mr. Cleveland, also, has an ancestral record. As we find it, his ancestors were Puritan preachers from generation to generation. His record says, moreover, that he himself once labored as a teacher of the blind. . . . . The "*platform*" of the Democratic Convention at Chicago is an oracle that talks with stammering lips and a double tongue, especially on the one active issue, the tariff. It is a "horizontal" platform, with a sloping jump-off on one side to appease protectionists. In other words—plain English—it is *damnable nonsense!* . . . . We are puzzled. Straightforward talk we know. The talk we hear around us we do not know. As at present advised, we do not see how Mr. Cleveland, with his record, can hope to carry the vote of the State of New York. Except the presentation of things change, we will have to deplore the nomination of Mr. Cleveland.

The *Catholic Review*, of New York, charges that Governor Cleveland worked against a bill in the New York Legislature—so that it might not come before him for approval—denying to priests of the Roman Church the privilege of administering the last consolations of religion to dying Catholics, and refusing to permit spiritual attendance to Catholics from clergymen of their own faith.

The *Northwestern Chronicle*, published at St. Paul's, is in the diocese of Bishop Ireland, and is the accredited church organ of that locality. It says:

Grover Cleveland is before the country as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Expediency dictated the nomination. While Governor he distinguished himself chiefly by favoring corporations and monopolies, and by making strenuous efforts to prevent the passage in the Legislature of a Liberty of Conscience bill, which would have given Catholic inmates of the State institutions the right to receive spiritual ministrations from their own clergymen. If elected President he will go to Washington for the first time in an official character, totally inexperienced in the practice of Federal affairs, and holding out to the nation no guarantee that statesmanship or scholarly attainments will during his incumbency give strength or grace to the Presidential office.

The *Rocky Mountain Celt*, published in Denver, says, in its issue of July 19th:

An exchange says that the Democratic party seems to think that it has a mortgage upon Irish-American voters. Time was, we admit, when they invariably voted the Democratic ticket, but the time has happily passed when any political party can say that it owns the Irish vote.

The *Irish Nation*, of New York, of the date of July 12th, speaks of the speech of Judge Cochrane, and says:

The speech especially made a deep impression on [illegible] nation, suggesting, as it did to many, the impolicy [illegible] the

Democratic colors to a man whose record is stained by obstinate antagonism to every principle prized by Democrats, and whose inability to carry his own State has been proved to demonstration. Cleveland's vetoes of every measure conceived in the interest of labor, or calculated to bridle the power of monopoly, have by this time acquired a publicity which can scarcely fail to veto his own nomination.

The *Irish World* of July 26th, after explaining Governor Cleveland's veto messages—that vetoing the five-cent fare bill, whereby four million eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars were put into the coffers of Jay Gould and Cyrus W. Field; that vetoing the bill reducing the hours of labor of conductors and drivers on the street-cars; that vetoing the mechanics' lien law, which gave the workingman a prior lien for wages upon a bankrupt employer's assets—says:

Does not this show that the Democratic candidate for the Presidency sympathizes with capital rather than with labor? We have shown you the nature of the vetoes that have made Governor Cleveland so obnoxious to the workingmen of New York, and now ask you, reader, in all candor, can you support such a man for the highest office in the gift of the people? The three vetoes we have been speaking of prove beyond a shadow of doubt that Governor Cleveland's sympathies are not with labor. In the near future the battle between corporations and the people will have to be fought out. Imagine having such a man as Governor Cleveland in the Presidential chair when the battle comes off! We should undoubtedly hear of his vetoing all legislation looking to the restoration to the people of the millions of acres stolen from them by the railroads. Can such a man be trusted in the position to which the Democratic party asks the workingmen to elevate him?

The *World*, in the same issue, thus writes:

The press in the service of the Anglicized class in America today are the New York *Times*, the New York *Evening Post*, the New York *Herald*, *Harper's Weekly*, and *Puck*. Others might be mentioned, but these will do. All these journals are the open enemies of Ireland and the Irish. All these hold the common people in contempt. These papers are the exponents of the class that dictated the nomination of Cleveland for President of the United States. They are opposed to Blaine because Blaine has the reputation of being in favor of a vigorous American policy. On the same ground the English press on the other side of the Atlantic are against Mr. Blaine. The "Anglomen" know the man and the policy they want at Washington, and they know the man and the policy they do *not* want there. It is to be presumed that genuine Americans, also, know what they want and what they don't want.

The Boston *Pilot* says editorially: "The nomination of Governor Cleveland will unquestionally have the result of affecting some hundreds of thousands of votes, either by giving to Blaine or keeping them from the polls. Blaine and Logan can beat Cleveland and any other Democrat." The Buffalo *Catholic Union and Times*, printed in the county where Cleveland has been Sheriff, and in the city of which he has been Mayor, edited by Father Cronin—whom we know—says that if the wrong man is nominated (meaning Cleveland) ninety per cent of the Irish-American vote will be given for Blaine. The Albany *Catholic Telegraph*, printed at the capital of New York, has the following in regard to Cleveland's candidature:

If the Democratic party has nothing better to put up against the strongest Republican for President, without a war record, that has been put forward since the days of Lincoln, than Grover Cleveland, it has not the ghost of a chance of seeing that for which its heart so long has yearned—a Democrat in the Presidential chair. If it has nothing better to put up than the man who has vetoed popular measures, passed by both Houses, who has displayed religious intolerance in the exercise of his functions, who has shown himself the friend of the criminal classes in letting murderous jail-birds loose upon society, while he refused to hear the petition of respectable citizens in behalf of a falsely imprisoned gentleman of worth and intelligence; if it has nothing better to put up than a man who publicly stultified himself by an official communication unworthy of one in his high office; if, in a word, it can not put forward anything better than the representative of effete Know-Nothingism and blue-nosed bigotry, it would save the party from ignominious defeat, by withdrawing from the contest, and stepping down and out.

Mr. D. C. Feely, a prominent Irish Catholic lawyer of Rochester, says:

I can think of no man who could be named who is so obnoxious to the Irish as Governor Cleveland. He could not carry New York State, and would make a sorry figure if nominated for the Presidency by the Democrats. His unpopularity is due to his treatment of Editor Purcell, whom we regard as a representative Irishman; to his treatment of John Devoy, editor of the *Irish Nation*, and to his veto of the five-cent fare bill, which showed him to be a mere creature of monopolies.

One final extract from a later issue of the *Irish World*, edited by John Devoe, and we must conclude for want of space:

The Democratic National Convention, lured by the bait of the Independent Republican support, has thought proper to break away from the cherished traditions of the party and insult its most loyal and devoted members by the nomination of a narrow-minded bigot for the Presidency of the United States. It is a declaration of war, and those on whom the war is to be waged must take up the gage of battle or forever submit to intolerance and bigotry. No middle course is possible. The hour for compromise has passed. Either Cleveland must be defeated at the polls, or the men who have been the mainstay of the Democratic party for half a century must submit to intolerable dictation, degradation, and insult at the hands of an intolerable and undemocratic machine. On the other hand we have the Republican party, freed from the presence of the liberal element, having as its candidate the ablest living American statesman, and a platform that comes more nearly in accord with the wants and wishes of the great majority of the people than any party programme for many years. On the other is the party that once was Democratic, with a candidate that is to all intents and purposes a Republican, in the sense most obnoxious to the Democrats, a platform that evades an honest pronouncement on the question of the most vital interest to the toiling masses, and an unholy alliance with the men whose control of the Republican party made it odious to the great mass of the Democrats in the past. Mr. Blaine's election will be the triumph of the party of American progress at home and abroad; Mr. Cleveland's will mean retrogression at home and slavish subserviency to English interests and English ideas in the relations of the United States with foreign powers. Irishmen of spirit have no choice. Cleveland must be defeated, and the only way to do that effectually is by voting for James G. Blaine for President. Let us organize for the fight and crush Know-Nothingism for all time.

From these journals we have reprinted sufficient to indicate the drift of Catholic and Irish thought at this time. The ablest of the Irish political and the best representative Catholic journals of the country have changed political front. The New York *Tablet* is the metropolitan organ of Cardinal McCloskey. This distinguished prelate makes no pretext of concealing his desire for the defeat of Governor Cleveland. The New York *Irish World* and *Irish Nation* are the two strongest journals of their character in the country. The *Citizen*, of Chicago, ranks next in point of political importance. The St. Louis *Watchman* is a German Catholic organ; it has reversed its politics, and is in open opposition to the Democracy. The *Freeman's Journal*, from which we have quoted, is the ablest and most influential of the Catholic religious press in America. The *Northwestern Chronicle*, of Minnesota; the *Catholic Universe*, of Cleveland; the *American Celt*, St. Louis; John Clancy's paper, the *Sunday Democrat*, of New York, are all out in earnest and open advocacy of Blaine. The representative Catholic papers of Baltimore (the *Examiner*), of Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Boston (the *Pilot*), and of San Francisco (the *Monitor*) are not so pronounced in their Republican attitude as those quoted from, but there is an element at work through the whole Catholic and Irish press that indicates an unmistakable tendency to bolt the Democratic party. We note the fact, reserving the privilege of watching it as it progresses and commenting upon it. In the mean time we commend the *Alta California*, the *Examiner*, our friend John P. Irish of Oakland, John Maynard of San Mateo, and our other Democratic friends—and enemies, if we have any—to observe the signs of the times, and flee from the wrath to come.

The conduct of the Hon. Barclay Henley, member of Congress from the First District, is the subject of serious criticism among his Democratic constituents. Mr. Henley is a man of respectable character and of respectable attainments, and just for those reasons has his conduct given rise to well-founded complaint and surprise. Mr. Henley is a lawyer and a wool-grower—occupations not so diverse as at first impression might appear. In both he applies the shears and cuts very near the skin. The farmers, mechanics, and laborers of his district are an intelligent class of people, who think they have the right to look out for their own interests. So the farmers and wool-growers, knowing that one of the important questions before Congress was the restoration of duties upon wool, and knowing that Mr. Henley was a wool-grower, gave him their votes; the business men and workers of the district, knowing that the revenue laws were being threatened by a certain class of Southern politicians, jobbers, and importers of sea-board cities, and others favoring English interests and low wages, and having confidence that Mr. Henley favored a tariff for the protection of American labor and American manufacturing interests, gave him their votes. Before he went to Congress *he said* he was a protectionist, he asserted himself the friend of American labor, he *pretended* a desire to keep up wages. He went to Congress, and the only thing he attempted to do was to secure the passage of a resolution to investigate the fur fisheries of Alaska. What in the name of Robert le Diable his constituents were to gain by such an investigation, if he had possessed the ability to pass it—which he had not—we do not know. At all events, he traded off his vote with Morrison for his (Morrison's) support of the Alaska resolution, and giving his (Henley's) vote against a wool tariff and in favor of a horizontal reduction, which was the first step and an immense stride toward "free-trade." Mr. Henley may talk as he pleases, and squirm and wriggle as he pleases, but the cold, frozen, Arctic truth is *he betrayed his wool-growing constituents*, and slapped every mechanic and laborer in his district full in the face. The Republican party favors the restoration of duties upon wool as fixed by the tariff of 1867. The Morrison bill, instead of restoring wool duties, proposes to reduce them forty per cent. additional, but not below the Morrill tariff schedule of 1861. Henley is in favor of the lowest possible duty on wool that has prevailed for the last thirty years. *He is in favor of free-trade.* "Free-trade" means—and Henley knows it—a reduced price for labor to every working man in America. It means a scale of labor prices upon the European standard. It means meat once a week. Mr. Henley talks strange talk to his constituents, about passing the Chinese restriction act, and the Thurman act, with its paltry economy of one hundred thousand dollars a year, restoring the California and Oregon Railway land grant to the public domain, which did not pass, and ought never to pass unless the people of Mr. Henley's district want to prevent the construction of a railroad between California and Oregon, running through the very heart of their district; and, finally, this egotistic and not successful statesman says: "Then, there was *my* bill, to pay the State five per cent. on the sale of lands," which, like all of "my" bills, "did not pass." Mr. Henley passed nothing in Congress, will pass nothing at the next session. He is playing the demagogue to his constituents; he is presuming that they are such asses as not to recognize the fact that for the chance of a summer junketing, with secretary and stenographer, and the chance to bleed a strong moneyed corporation, he sold his vote upon the tariff bill, and endeavored to draw the wool over the eyes of his enlightened constituency, duty free. Our most disinterested advice to the people of the First Congressional District is that they purchase a good warm seal-skin overcoat for Bark Henley, and leave him at home until this wool and tariff question is settled in Congress.

The slanderous stories now being circulated concerning Governor Cleveland are probably not true, and are of less than national concern if true, and ought to interest no one but the gossips and mud-hens for whose special delectation they are doubtless invented. So many of our great men, from Washington down through Jefferson, Hamilton, Burr, Webster, Clay, Fessenden, Sumner, Conkling, and Stevens, have been subjected to like unjust and calumnious accusations, that we are beginning to look upon such slanderous tales as among the inevitable penalties due to brains and high ambition. In the first place, let it be remembered that the stories told concerning the Democratic candidate do not originate in political circles, nor does any respectable Republican journal or individual give them credence or circulation. They usually come from another quarter altogether; in this instance from a Baptist clergyman of the city of Buffalo, who, whether he is Republican or Democrat, professes to be serving his God and not his party in giving currency to what we believe to be a stale old slander. Governor Cleveland is now a man past the half-century mile-post on the journey of life, and while it is not impossible that in the hot blood of youth he may have done some things that he was sorry for after their commission, if the divine injunction had been adhered to—viz., "let the Baptist or other preacher without like sin cast the first stone"—it is probable that we would never have heard of this accusation. If Mr. Cleveland has passed through a successful candidacy for the offices of Sheriff of Erie County, Mayor of Buffalo, and Governor of New York without this slander having crawled to the daylight, it bears upon its face all the inherent probabilities of a black-mailing libel introduced at this especial point of time in order to compel him or his friends to pay hush money. The same game was put up and unsuccessfully played upon General Grant. Believing that it is a lie, and, whether true or false, that no good can come of its investigation, the *Argonaut* will set the daily political and the religious weekly press a Christian example and ignore the question. That it is untrue we have the assertion of an acquaintance who lived near Governor Cleveland for many years, was his neighbor and intimate friend, who says such a rumor never gained currency concerning him while he was a resident of Buffalo, was never whispered when running for Sheriff or Mayor. His acquaintance, a strong Republican, says that Governor Cleveland bears the highest character for integrity and honorable conduct. This is, in our judgment, one of the evil spirits of the political campaign that should be let loose among the swine, driven into the sea, and drowned.

In all the treatises we have ever read, or speeches we have ever heard, upon the question of "free-trade," we do not recollect coming across any illustration that places the subject in clearer demonstration with fewer words than the following extract from the *Chronicle's* interview with Irving M. Scott: "Let me illustrate. Take the manufacture of pig-iron. The Creator placed the iron ore in the bank, and he grew the tree out of which the charcoal was made. Man has never expended on either the tree or the ore, before it goes into the furnace, one moment of time. Every cent of expense in taking this ore from the bank or mine to the time the pig-iron is produced is simply the amount paid for labor, handling, and manipulating. This being the case, the iron ore and charcoal being, without labor, actually valueless, the only thing in the production of pig-iron that can be reduced is the labor of the men. Therefore, if the removal of the tariff cheapens anything in that article, it is the labor of the men employed in making it; therefore the reduction or removal of the tariff would directly result in the reduction of the prices now paid to workingmen." The same argument runs through the entire list of manufactured articles; they all represent a labor value and nothing else;

there is nothing of value in a house, or coach, or watch, nothing in any article of use or ornament, that is not given it by labor. "To protect" home-manufactured articles by a tariff system is simply to protect labor. Free-trade means cheap labor. This proposition is so plain that he who runs may read, and any Democrat, though a damphool, need not err therein.

The last number of *Harper's Weekly* contains reproductions of a number of its "Blaine cartoons," of varying dates. They are all hostile to Mr. Blaine, and are doubtless reprinted for the purpose of giving the false impression that the "journal of civilization" has always been hostile to Mr. Blaine. The editor of the "journal of civilization" has, however, omitted some cartoons. There is one which appeared in May, 1876, which would have appeared to advantage among the reprinted ones. In the background was seen the dome of the Federal Capitol, around which were carrion crows labeled "lies." In the middle distance a buzzard was perched upon a human skeleton, and on the back of the bird was the word "calumny." In the foreground stood Blaine, grasping by the throat an obscene buzzard from which he was stripping the feathers. On one wing of the struggling, dying bird was written "$64,000" and on the other "slander." On the whole, however, it would scarcely have done to reproduce this cartoon, for in that case the "journal of civilization" would itself have been the buzzard.

There has never been a journal in San Francisco which has made louder or more persistent promise of respectability than the *Alta California* since it turned Democratic under the new management—and, we suppose, ownership—of Messrs. Johnson and Turnbull. It commends itself "to the family circle" in display type. Its proprietors publish their "wish to put this splendid paper in the hands of every family on the coast." Now comes Mr. Thomas Bell and sues this journal for libel, for invading his domestic circle with a vile, sensational, and nasty story, the truth of which rests upon the evidence of an unknown reporter and an unprincipled negress—a story the truth of which is denied by a reputable physician, and which, if true, the *Alta California* had no business to meddle with. Such journalism is disgraceful and inexcusable. If it is for black mail, or for recognition as sensational smut, it is equally indefensible. We sincerely hope that the *Alta* may be properly punished for its offense against journalistic good manners. It is also reported that a weekly paper called the *Argus* is to be sued for a like offense growing out of the same sensation. The journal that can not exist without pandering to nasty sensationalism, ought to die. The journal that can not find that sensationalism without crossing the domestic threshold, ought to die early.

The National Prohibition Party prophesies for itself, and is now hesitating whether to concentrate Doctor McDonald's money on one or two States, or attempt to conduct a campaign in twenty States. Unless Doctor McDonald has cured himself of his reckless disregard of money—a habit acquired when he was running for Governor of California—the party had better tackle the whole country. All the money he ever did or ever will spend in politics, if laid for cheap butter on a hot day, would not more than spread itself over the smallest school district of the smallest township of the smallest county of Rhode Island, and it would spread awful thin at that.

Congressman Culbertson, of Kentucky, gets drunk, keeps drunk, has the delirium tremens, shoots himself, and dies. Verdict—"Nervous depression from a little too free use of stimulants during the hot weather." How polite we are becoming to the gin-fiend when he steals in and murders one of us!

It is not alone among male smokers that the cigarette has won favor. Its dainty form, its delicate aroma, its piquant flavor have gained for it wide popularity among women who smoke. To the women of Spain, to the hooded inmates of Turkish harems, to the dark-eyed women of Cuba and South America, the cigarette holds much about the same relation as does ice-cream to the American maiden. In Russia the cigarette is enjoyed extensively among ladies of the upper class. In Paris cigarettes are coming into almost common use among the ladies of *beau monde*, who, conceiving that a cigarette prettily smoked is charmingly *chic*, have learned to manipulate it with coquettish grace.

The French, in addition to the many advantages acquired by the conquest of Anam, have also through the Tonquin war been enabled to add a new word to their vocabulary. That word is *tott*, and all Paris is echoing with it. *Tott* takes the place of *chic* and *pschutt*. *Tott* means "fine," "just the thing," "all right," and when a Frenchman says "*c'est tott*," it is like putting the seal of his approval upon the thing referred to. The word is from the Anamese vocabulary, and is used constantly in Tonquin.

Patti wore sixty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds when she appeared in "Traviata," in London, recently.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### Representative Government.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In theory, ours is a representative government, "of, for, and by the people." In theory, the people have liberty enough and power enough to so execute their will that what has been proclaimed as a fact can, by actual practice, be established as a fact.

But the experience of a century, and more especially that of the last fifty years, proves—if proof were needed—that a people may have full liberty to execute their will, and still lack the *power* to execute it for want of suitable tools to work with.

To-day one "boss" politician has more power than ten thousand voters; and a ballot cast by one "sell-out" ignoramus, or knave, will, if it creates a majority, prevent thousands of honest and intelligent citizens from being represented.

Neither a boss, nor a single voter, nor ten millions of voters, can have power to do a certain thing unless something gives them the power—or, in other words, some device be furnished with which to operate. Since both the "bosses" and the voters have the same device to work with—namely, an electoral system—there must be something wrong therein when it enables the will of one, or a few, to set at defiance that of the many for whose especial benefit it was created.

There are two fatal defects in this system: one is the necessity of getting a majority or a plurality in order to elect a candidate; the other is the separation of the voters by district lines, which prevent those of like views from combining, and frequently give the minority party in a state a majority of the representatives. But the combined action of these two defects completely nullifies, at the very outset, the fundamental principle of our government—which is that the majority must rule.

To illustrate: Suppose there are only two parties of about equal numbers, and that one of them elects all the representatives; the whole legislature will then represent only one-half—or a fraction over—of the voters in the State. This legislative body will now pass a bill by a majority—and a majority of one is sufficient. We will then have a law representing a majority of a majority, or one-half of one-half of all the voters, leaving three-fourths unrepresented. Thus it is plain that were there no party bosses or other political chicanery to interfere, it would still be almost impossible for our laws to represent the will of the majority in the most favorable case that can be imagined under the present system. When there are three parties it is still worse.

But we have not yet reached the climax. In our illustration, resulting in a law which represents only one-fourth of the voters, we have supposed the representatives who enacted it to be *real* representatives of those who elected them. If, on the contrary, those representatives were not the free choice of the voters, but were put up by the "boss," the voters being compelled to elect them or else "throw their votes away" in trying to elect an "independent man" of their own choice, *then* even the minority of one-fourth ceases to rule, and we have instead the rule of "the bosses" and "the barrels." To be *misrepresented* by legislators selected by a boss is as bad as to be wholy unrepresented; *it is thus* that majorities and minorities are both disfranchised, and a representative government, for and by the people, virtually overthrown.

We may occasionally rally and dethrone our masters; but the same causes will again reduce us to slavery. Ballot-boxes stuffed with fraud make a very poor foundation on which to risk our liberty. We can not escape boss rule and election frauds until we abolish ballot-box majorities.

Laws are not made at the ballot-box, but in deliberative bodies, and there only should the majority exercise its supremacy. Laws are supposed to be enacted only after due deliberation and calm debate; or, in other words, after there has been a comparison of ideas.

But calm debates at the ballot-box are not always to be had, nor is it even possible for any great number to have a hearing there; the vote there should only determine the relative strength of each party, in order to give each one its correct number of votes in the deliberative body, where a majority of them are to determine what the law shall be; the majority can not rule at the ballot-box and in the Legislature too. Mathematics settles this point; and those not versed in that science ought to be convinced there is something wrong, since a thorough trial of such a system has "sold us out completely."

Sold! sold! sold! We have been sold in three ways: Sold by the bosses, sold by a method of voting which has made it possible for them to sell us, and sold by the idea that a representative government is one where only a part, instead of all the voters, are represented, and where at best it is left to *chance* to determine whether that part shall be a majority or a minority.

As a *real* representative government is one in which the whole people have a voice in deliberative bodies, all parties must be represented in such bodies. It follows that equal numbers must be equally represented, while parties of unequal numbers must be represented in proportion to their respective numerical strength. PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION, therefore, must take the place of our present system.

THE KEY TO FREEDOM is this: In all cases where more than one official of a kind is to be chosen, divide the whole number of votes cast by the number of officials to be elected, and the quotient is the *quota*, or number of ballots required to elect one. If ten are to be chosen, every tenth part of the voters in the whole State, or in municipal elections every tenth part of the voters in a city, will elect one; if one hundred representatives are to be chosen then every one-hundredth part of the voters will elect one. The number that any party can elect will depend upon the number of quotas it can muster, and not upon getting a majority or a plurality of the votes; furthermore, in making up a quota for any candidate for State or national Legislature the whole State will form one district, and for municipal elections the ward lines will be abolished.

Suppose we have 200,000 votes cast and there are 100 representatives to be elected; then 2,000 votes will elect one. Suppose we have four parties: one of 80,000, one of 60,000, one of 40,000, and another of 20,000; the first will elect 40; the second, 30; the third, 20; and the last, ten representatives.

There is a variety of methods by which proportional representation may be applied; but a clear idea of its principal points, with a few of the many benefits to be secured by its adoption, completes the intent of this article.

While proportional representation will enable honest voters to coöperate and elect men of their own choice, the fraudulent ones will only elect enough to represent themselves. Suppose it to require a quota of two thousand to elect a candidate, then that number of votes, either purchased or "stuffed," will elect only one man. On the contrary, as things are now, twenty purchased or stuffed votes, cast in twenty or a less number of districts, may turn the scale and elect twenty representatives, thereby preventing thousands of honest voters from being represented by any one, unless it be by those elected by the twenty votes "stuffed" or bought up to create majorities. Thus it is that a score of knaves can sell out from one to a hundred thousand of our best citizens; they may by defeating a party even change the policy of the nation.

Let us examine the compulsory districts more closely. They separate small bodies of voters in a party, and compel them to vote for a dozen candidates perhaps, when their numbers, compared with all the voters in the State, entitle them to only two or three; the result is they elect none at all; instead of being permitted to consolidate and elect their proportional share, they are cut off, and defeated in detail, because they fail to get a majority in their respective districts.

A more tyrannical regulation can hardly be imagined; there is no law to prevent men from combining their capital in a manufacturing or other industry; but we have a law that says to the voters, "You shall not unite your voting capital—your ballots—unless you all live in the same district; you shall vote for half a dozen men when you have only enough votes to elect one or two."

These districts are real slave-pens for *all* the voters; one vote in a district, cast it may be by the biggest knave or "the biggest fool" in the State, may, if it creates a majority, deprive a State of the services of its best man. Why are our State Legislatures crammed with common-place men when there are thousands of first-rate? Answer: the ballot-box majorities and district lines enable a few party bosses and a few moneyed magnates to wield more power than the people.

Suppose one-eightieth of all the voters in this State, irrespective of locality, could to a certainty elect any *one* of the eighty assemblymen, how much power would the "bosses" have? Suppose we have two hundred thousand voters; there are eighty assemblymen; it would therefore require about two thousand five hundred votes to elect a representative. A half dozen bosses might "put up" the whole eighty, but it would require the votes of twenty-five hundred bosses to elect even *one*, and the people would have power to elect all the others.

Ten millions of voters, irrespective of party, are clamoring for reform. Nearly every reform proposed meets with more or less opposition; a debate follows, and, while the people argue, or *wait for a chance* to get a majority and elect reformers, things go from bad to worse. We are the virtual slaves of the oligarchs. We have lost our liberty while waiting for "a good chance" to use it.

The men of '76 established a free government which, for want of a free ballot to protect it, has at last been virtually set aside. What reform, therefore, can be more important than the creation of a people's ballot—one that can make this government representative in fact as well as in theory? The strong point in this reform is, there is no chance for an argument as to whether it is correct in principle, or difficult to be applied. A thirty-years' trial in one country settles the latter; and even were that omitted, mathematics and common sense settle both questions.

"President" Garfield, on the floor of the House of Representatives, in 1870, while speaking of the evils of our present mode of voting, said: "Now, *no man*, whatever his politics, can justly defend a system that may, in theory, *and frequently does in practice*, produce such results as these. . . . . A powerful book written a few years since by Mr. Hare, of England, was the beginning of the discussion on this subject." The above remarks of Mr. Garfield can be found in the *Congressional Globe*, part 6, second session, Forty-first Congress; 1869-70, page 4737.

Now, what does that *powerful book* offer as a remedy for these evils? Answer: Just what has been outlined in this article—*Proportional Representation*. That book was written nearly thirty years ago. Why are the voters of this country in darkness on this matter? Answer—the vicious character of our electoral system has given party bosses and moneyed aristocrats power to suppress the knowledge published on this subject. They know that the moment the people learn of this simple remedy there will be no time wasted in debating about the propriety of its application, for there will be *none to oppose it* except those who are hostile to representative government; and, however rich and powerful these may be, they can not defeat the will of ten millions of voters determined to be free. All that remains, then, is to *spread the light*.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1884. SIMEON STETSON.

### The American College of Musicians.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The Music-teachers' National Association, composed of the most distinguished musicians of Eastern cities, met in convention at Cleveland, Ohio, on the first instant. They organized the "American College of Musicians" for the purpose of protecting the public from incompetent teachers, and of protecting the teachers who have made adequate preparation from those who have not. The public has a right to ask a corresponding exchange of value—so much competent teaching for so much money. It protects itself from imposition in ordinary barter, because it possesses some knowledge of goods, and demands "value received"; in matters in which it is not so well versed, the law steps in and draws the line. It is necessary that a merchant should represent his goods at their approximate value; thus, a crystal could not be sold for a diamond. It is demanded that a lawyer should pass an examination before the faculty of a law school or judge; the would-be public school-teacher, physician, minister, and nearly all professional people, are required to give certified proofs of their competency. Why not the professor of music? The great difficulty to the advancement of musical studies is the preponderance of amateur teachers, who simply dabble in it for a little pin-money, or until something more advantageous offers; their pupils discover, sooner or later, that time and energy have been wasted on unsystematic and unprofitable teaching, and then awaken to the fact that in order to progress they must procure in music, as in all else, a suitable guide and master. But where, and how is the line to be drawn between competent and incompetent instructors of music?—and is there any subject about which the public is less capable of judging than this? The American College of Musicians, recognizing these facts, have elected an examining board for each department, and give to those, who, being plainly endowed with musical talent, and having devoted years of laborious study at great expense to a preparation for the profession of music, are in every way worthy of patronage, a certified proof of their ability. The association has but entered upon its sphere of possible usefulness, and, with proper management and encouragement, will elevate our musical world, and merit from the professor and public at large the highest degree of confidence. F.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 30, 1884.

The Marquis de M—— was giving a grand party at his hotel, in the Faubourg St. Germain. An additional staff of cooks and waiters had been engaged for the occasion. A clever thief contrived to gain admission, dressed in the garb of a cook, and, at a moment when he was unobserved, purloined a large quantity of plate, which he secreted about his person. Before he got clear of the premises, however, the theft was discovered, and an alarm raised, the hall porter receiving orders to allow no one to quit the house. Suddenly somebody came running down stairs four steps at a time, and shouting to the *concierge*, "Quick, open the door!" "Nobody is allowed to go out; there's a thief in the house." "Just so; and I am going to fetch the police." The porter opened the door, and the man, who was none other than the thief, got off.

It is well known that Auber professed to feel a great dislike of the country. He never went out of Paris but once, when he thought himself bound to accept an invitation from Napoleon III. to Compiègne. "The country!" he cried; "it is the conservatory of caterpillars and broken bottles;" adding, in his hatred of everything rural that was not of the opera comique pattern, "it is also the nursery of rheumatism."

The newest thing in personally conducted tours can be seen from the following, which appeared in the London *Standard*: "Night Side of London.—Slumming, opium-smoking dens, etc. The benevolent and curious personally and safely conducted through this modern Babylon by Mr. ——, ——, ——."

A dispatch company of a peculiar nature has been established at Long Branch this year. It employs about fifteen boys, all residents of the Branch and knowing all the streets and a good many of the cottagers, each of whom is provided with a bicycle for delivering the messages of

## THE AMERICAN NAVY.

Speech of the Hon. John F. Miller.

We print this week the most timely and the very eloquent and able speech of the Hon. John F. Miller, our Republican Senator, upon the question of a navy and the coast defenses. The position of Mr. Miller (chairman of the Committee in the United States Senate upon Foreign Relations) gives a significance and force to the argument that could come from no other Senator. We commend the careful perusal of this thoughtful and eloquent production to all of our readers, both Republican and Democratic. This is a question that rises superior to the ordinary party discussions which come up on the eve of a political campaign. Every resident of our coast, every property-owner here, every one who feels the responsibility and dignity of American citizenship will appreciate the force and truth of the argument as presented by Senator Miller. We print the speech in full, and commend it to the careful consideration of all our people without distinction of party:

The Senate having under consideration the report of conferees on the Naval Appropriation Bill, the subject being the non-concurrence of the House to the amendments of the Senate providing for building seven new war vessels, and for the engines and machinery of the monitor *Monadnock*, upon the pending motion to recede from the Senate amendments—

Mr. MILLER, of California, said:

Mr. PRESIDENT: The conferees on the part of the Senate on the general Naval Appropriation Bill, I have no doubt, did all they could to convince the conferees on the part of the House that the amendments put upon that bill by the Senate ought to be concurred in, but their action has resulted in an agreement by them to an arrangement by which we not only recede from those amendments and give them up, but our conferees have agreed to the repeal of the existing act of appropriation for the construction of the engines and machinery of the monitors, or at least those which are not under contract. The effect of this is to stop work upon the only vessel on the Pacific Coast which can afford us any protection or means of defense against the vessels of any foreign power which might choose to make an attack upon us.

Our people have petitioned Congress, through boards of trade, chambers of commerce, and other organized bodies of commercial men, to provide some means for the harbor defense of San Francisco.

I can not remain silent here when a proposition like this is brought before the Senate. As I said last night, the Pacific Coast is utterly defenseless. I am one of those who have been in favor of rebuilding the navy, and finishing the monitors, and I think that it is due to myself and to my State that I should place upon record the reasons why I oppose the action proposed this morning, and why I am in favor of rebuilding the navy. There are some things which have not been said in respect to this matter that I think ought to be said, and I crave the indulgence of the Senate for a few moments while I put on record the views which I have on this subject.

### INEFFICIENCY OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

It is admitted on both sides of this Chamber that the United States is without a navy. That amazing fact has been stated and reiterated here in the Senate hundreds of times by Senators of every shade of political opinion until the disgrace has been burned into the consciousness of us all. It has been stated here also with equal persistency, and with equal truth, that the country is destitute of coast defenses; that this great nation of nearly sixty millions of people, whose liberality, intelligence, and courage have been the admiration of the world, and whose magnificent cities upon her great water-ways are the marvel of mankind, has not one gun of modern construction and adequate power in place upon her coasts to defend her great and rich commercial marts. Far-famed and opulent as these wonderful cities of more than Theban or Carthaginian wealth and magnificence are, the story of their defenseless condition goes with the fame of their riches throughout the world. It is known everywhere that our forts are as paper-boxes, our batteries are but innocent and feeble shams, and our whole enginery of defensive war but weak reminiscences of former power.

The modern iron-clad of other nations can steam along in front of our forts and batteries without feeling even a jar as our weightiest projectiles are hurled against her ponderous sides. They strike her as feathers shot from a toy gun. She neither heeds, nor hears, nor feels the soft pattering of their caressing contact, but goes forward in the immensity of her power and upon her mission of destruction to the very centre pier of our greatest commercial city. Or if she prefers to speak her wrath at a distance, beyond the sound of our guns, she stands eight or ten miles away and hurls her awful thunderbolts of more than a ton in weight crashing through the very heart of our metropolis. This may be done, and in spite of torpedoes and all the guns and enginery which we as a nation possess, and the Democratic party says that this condition shall continue, because we propose to appropriate money to build a navy and great guns by an appropriation bill!

### THE PREVALENCE OF WAR.

But it is said that there is no need of haste, that we, though defenseless and open to attack, are in no danger; that there will be no war. What Daniel has come to judgment here? Who may prophesy perpetual peace for this country? Since history began there has never been one day of peace throughout the world. Burke's estimate is that there have perished by war upon this planet thirty-five thousand millions of human beings; that this bewildering, amazing number of human lives have gone out by the misfortune of war. The history of mankind is for the most part a panorama of battles. In our own country so frequent have been our wars that not a sound man has grown to middle age without the opportunity of showing his love of country and personal prowess upon the battle-field. We have all had our chance. From 1776 to 1876 we were engaged fifteen years in war, not counting Indian wars; or, of the century, we passed one year of every seven in destructive warfare. War is incessant on the earth, always in progress somewhere. There is no universal peace among men. The first link of the millennial chain by which that demon of destruction is to be bound has never yet been forged. How shall we escape war? Shall we do it by a pusillanimous, spiritless, nerveless, foreign policy? Shall we escape by cultivating a grinning, idiotic, sycophancy to aggressive power? Are we to turn into a nation of Uriah Heeps or Aminidab Sleeks? Is that the Democratic plan? Will that save us? I hope not.

Now, I do not say this because of any love of war. I hate it. I hate it because it hurts; because it destroys; because it is the art of injury and destruction; because it is cruel, heartless, relentless; it is force in delirium; it is humanity in wild, demoniac energy. Yet there is a majesty in the roar of battle; there is a grandeur in its awfulness; there is a fascination in its terror—it is one of God's mysteries. And there are worse national calamities than war. It is a cloud with a silver lining. Good often comes of it, and God permits it. So it comes to all nations, and will come so long as human nature lasts. We shall not escape it, and certainly not by inviting it by our defenseless condition.

### EFFECT UPON OUR DIPLOMACY OF NON-PREPARATION.

The effect of the defenseless condition and non-combatant character of our Government is to repress the spirit and destroy the courage of American diplomacy. The power and influence of a nation in international councils is proportioned precisely to her capability to inflict injury upon her enemies. Her dignity is in the ratio of her power to fight. Intelligence counts for something, wealth for more, but the strongest is the greatest in the conflict of nations. No government destitute of military power can present an ultimatum. Such a government must be prepared to submit to the will of others who are stronger, not wiser, in international concerns. Applying these principles to our Government in our present condition, do we not see at this very moment what humiliation is in prospect for us as a nation in the near future?

### THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Sixty years ago this nation asserted a principle, or announced a policy, which was dignified by the name of the "Monroe Doctrine." It has been the cherished doctrine of the people of the United States from the day of its promulgation. It has been popular because it formulated and emphasized a public sentiment which forbade European interference with the political affairs of this hemisphere. This doctrine has been sometimes asserted with great apparent frankness and force; sometimes in the form of a weak protest against the encroachments of European powers upon the territory or autonomy of American states, and sometimes it has been so feebly and doubtfully asserted that its total abandonment seemed to be meditated.

Our history shows that the vigor and manliness with which this doctrine has been asserted has been proportioned to the efficiency of our military power at the time, on both sea and land. While we as a nation have not been invited into the international councils of Europe, we have asserted our right to take a leading part in the councils of American nations, and we have, as we felt bound to do by reason of our geographical position, our superior strength, and the great interest which we have in the peace and prosperity of our neighbors, from time to time exercised a watchful and friendly care over the interests of the nations of this hemisphere. We have asserted the principle that the strong and aggressive powers of Europe should not by our consent disturb the autonomy of any American nation, nor by colonization or otherwise obtain practical control over any part of any one of these nations, nor interfere in the relations which they sustain toward each other. We have said that the American isthmus should not be severed by a ship-canal unless the United States should have at least some control over it. We have gone further than that. We have objected to the Colombian government seeking guarantees of the freedom and neutrality of the canal at the Panama Isthmus from European governments, and we have insisted that all the guarantees in respect to the free use of such a canal should be from the United States alone. We have objected to alliances between American powers and European powers unless such alliances should be under the supervisory control of our Government. Our pretensions as the regulating force, the controlling and advisory power among American nations, have been put forth with great force and persistence, sometimes with an energy and vehemence which showed the earnestness of our intentions and the character of the active guardianship which we have assumed over the affairs of our American neighbors.

### A NEW ERA—PANAMA CANAL.

Now a new era of development is opening in some of the countries south of us. Something like a crisis in the affairs of more than one of the nations whose relations with us are matters of concern, is near at hand. Have senators read and studied the diplomatic correspondence between our Government and that of the states of Colombia on the subject of the Panama Canal? If they have not, I commend it to their serious attention and careful perusal. Our Government has said more than once, in language so plain that it could not and has not been misunderstood, that we can not permit the isthmus transit to be used in any event offensively against our interests as a nation on land or sea. The United States, by the thirty-fifth article of the treaty of 1846 with New Granada, now the United States of Colombia, guaranteed "positively and efficaciously" the perfect neutrality of the isthmus and of any interoceanic communication that might be constructed over it for the maintenance of free transit from sea to sea, and also guaranteed the rights of sovereignty and property of the United States of Colombia over the territory of the isthmus included within the borders of the State of Panama.

In 1881, when it was ascertained that overtures had been made to the Colombian Government by European powers for supplementing our guarantees by the guarantees of European powers, by treaties of alliance—such as the treaty of 1846—our Government gave notice to Colombia and the world that the guarantee given by the United States did not require reënforcement or accession or assent from any other power, and that any movement by any European government, in the sense of supplementing the guarantee of the United States, would be regarded as an uncalled-for intrusion into a field where the interests of the United States must be considered before those of any other power except Colombia. We also construed our guarantee to mean the protection of the territorial rights of Colombia over the Panama transit from aggression or interference of any kind. Our Government said to the world that "an agreement between European states to jointly guarantee the neutrality and in effect control the political character of a highway of commerce remote from them and near to us, forming substantially a part of our coast line, and promising to become the chief means of transportation between our Atlantic and Pacific States, would be viewed by this Government with grave concern, and that such action by European powers, which maintain vast armies and patrol the sea with immense fleets, would partake of the nature of an alliance against the United States of America." We said that during any war in which either the United States or the States of Colombia might be a party the passage of armed vessels of a hostile nation through the canal at Panama would be no more admissible than would be the passage of the armed forces of a hostile nation over the railway lines joining the Atlantic and Pacific shores of the United States or of Colombia. This is a mere outline of what our Government has announced as its policy, and proposes in respect to the Panama Isthmus. It has said more, and manifested the great and paramount interest which it has always claimed in the Isthmus transit repeatedly, clearly, and with dignity and emphasis.

But the work of construction goes on; the canal is being built, and by whom? Has the United States an interest in it or control over it? It is being built by Frenchmen and French capital. Do we propose that this great work, which exposes our commerce with the Pacific to the absolute control of foreign nations whose interests are hostile to ours, and our western coasts to the mercy of hostile fleets, shall be consummated and pass under the domination of European powers? Do we intend to make our words good? Suppose our treaties with Colombia are superseded by treaties of alliance and guaranty between Colombia and European powers, what is our Government to do? Protest against it? But how shall the protest be made effective without a navy? How strong will be the protest if our coast cities are left defenseless?

### THE FRENCH IN PANAMA.

The State of Panama is practically to-day a French colony; it is in French possession. It is a fact well known that the French Government, through the influence of agents, has controlled and carried the late elections in the State of Panama. It has thus gained political control in Panama, on the pretext that it is necessary for the preservation of the public peace and for the protection of French capital. The disorders which prevail at this very moment in the State of Panama are likely to lead to hostilities between the natives and the alien races who are gathered there and engaged in the work of the construction of the canal. We may expect at any time within six months, perhaps within sixty days, that the French Government will consider it necessary, for the preservation of French interests in Panama, to establish military posts there and station troops along the line of the projected canal. Schemes for the colonization by the French of various parts of the United States of Colombia are now in progress. They have gone so far as to change the names of the towns and places along the line of the Panama Canal, giving them French names, and that whole region is becoming Frenchified, and the Monroe doctrine (so called) is violated energetically, flagrantly, and persistently by the French every day and every hour in the day. It is a question which I here suggest: how long will this be permitted to continue? Do we intend to stand by and see the French Government in military control of Panama? Do we propose to permit these colonization schemes to go on without objection or interruption?

It is perfectly evident that the French Government, which has late become the most aggressive power on earth, intends to assume and maintain perfect and exclusive control over the Panama Canal whenever it shall be finished. It proposes to maintain the same relation with the Panama Canal that England has assumed in reference to the Suez Canal. The freedom and neutrality of the Panama Canal will be maintained just so long as the French desire it to be maintained, and no longer. The time has come for the practical assertion and maintenance of the Monroe doctrine with respect to the Panama Isthmus, or for its total repudiation and abandonment. The question how far the United States may now go in defense of the Monroe doctrine with or without a navy is a question which must soon be answered.

### NICARAGUA—THE LAKE.

We have said brave things in respect of the Nicaraguan transit. We have a treaty with Nicaragua in which our faith is plighted to protect that feeble nation against the encroachments of other powers which shall attempt to cut the Nicaraguan isthmus without the consent and coöperation of the United States and Nicaragua. The concession for a canal to the American company expires within four months. Suppose England, or France, or any European maritime power should gain a concession from Nicaragua, and begin the construction of a canal there with a view of making the Lake of Nicaragua the naval entrepôt and harbor of its great war-ships, which would give such nation complete supremacy over the commerce of both oceans, and become a perpetual menace not only to the commercial interests of the United States in the Pacific seas but to our Western coast and Pacific States and cities, what would our Government do? What should it do? Will our Democratic leaders who oppose the building of a navy say that we should stand supinely by and see this great nation environed, and humbled, and humiliated, and threatened, and defied?

### WHO SHALL CONTROL THE ISTHMUS?

I say for one that the national honor, the national interests, the national pride, American spirit, and American manhood forbid that the control of the isthmus transit at either Panama or Nicaragua shall ever be entrusted to any power to the exclusion of the United States. If you ask me whether I would resort to war for the protection of the interests of the United States in respect to these isthmus transits, I answer that I would at once begin preparation for war by building great guns, large iron-clad ships and cruisers. Our position is right, and the statesmanship which either through cowardice or ignorance of the prodigious interests involved, halts or temporizes in the maintenance of that position is too spiritless and weak for the time and the national demand. That the time is coming, and that soon, when Congress shall be called upon to consider the question of peace or war in its relation to this isthmian problem I fully believe. We are drifting, and drifting into serious complications. The diplomatic negotiations now supposed to be in progress may extricate this nation from the difficulties which threaten it in the near future in respect to Nicaragua. They are being conducted, it is believed with skill and good judgment, and when the correspondence which has already taken place is made public it will be seen with what energy, vigor, sagacity, and courage the present Administration has conducted the important negotiations which are intended to place it with the power of the United States to find a solution of the isthmian question. And if the negotiations shall be successful, do we not see that this Government must be prepared to act with firmness and determination; to move forward with steady and relentless energy to the accomplishment of its purposes, undeterred by foreign protests and without fear of European interference?

It is not the time now to even outline the purposes and plan which this nation should adopt and pursue in respect to the American isthmus, nor to attempt to describe the advantages to American commerce or the American shipping interests by the control of a canal through Nicaragua. A few days ago a debate was concluded in Senate upon the causes for the decline of the American merchant marine and the methods for its restoration. He must have thought but little upon the subject who can not see that the most potential agency for the restoration of our merchant marine is to be found in the possession and unlimited control of a waterway for great ships through Nicaragua or Panama. English statesmen see it all, and much more. French and German statesmen see it, and no movement in that direction, however slight or tentative on the part of our Government escapes the vigilant eyes of European diplomates and statesmen.

I forbear to say more at this time upon this most interesting and important topic, for reasons which must be apparent to all who take note of current history. But with the inexorable movement of events toward a speedy culmination of these isthmian questions, clearly open to our view, approaching, as we are, the supreme hour when the United States must act with firmness, courage, and force, or suffer irreparable loss, humiliation, and disgrace, why hesitate in placing the country in a position to maintain its oft-asserted rights and defend its interests and its honor?

### WHO WILL EXCUSE THE HAZARD OF DELAY?

Not the American people. Not the masses of even the Democratic party. If the time comes when there is need that this nation be prepared for war, and it is found to be unprepared, the statesmen who are held responsible for the crime of the failure will shrink into nothingness before the offended majesty of the American people, and call upon the hills and the mountains to fall down upon them. No such contemptible excuse as a pretended want of confidence in a Secretary of the Navy will avail. They will be asked for a better reason than a mere suspicion that the management of the construction of war-ships may possibly be not wise or economical. That will not do. Certainly not, when no single official act of the Secretary in the administration of his office can be shown to justify the flimsy excuse of these unworthy suspicions.

### COMMERCE AND THE NAVY.

Whether it is in pursuance of any well-defined policy of our Government or not, the people of the United States are searching for foreign markets for American manufactures, and they are looking southward. Whether we will it or strive against it, intimate commercial relations will be established between our people and the peoples of Mexico, Central and South America. They will grow up through a natural process in the evolution of trade, and great interests which shall demand the care and protection of our Government will spring up on land and sea throughout this whole western region. The United States must assume its rightful place as the leading nation among western powers and assert its masterful position among them, and be prepared to defend the interests of its people. The Government should lead in the movement for the extension of American commerce and in the creation of new markets, adopt, define, and announce a foreign policy in respect to our relations with neighboring states, devise, mature, and begin the execution of a plan of life in its relation to the nations of the earth.

No nation can long endure and successfully maintain an exalted station in the family of nations without commerce, and commerce must be sustained by the protecting force of an efficient navy. The interests of a commercial people are so intimately interwoven with the interests of the people with whom they trade that insensibly an alliance between them is formed. Commercial interest is often the motive for political alliance, and the idea of protection is inseparable from the fact of commercial interest and the alliance which is created by it.

### THE CUBAN PROBLEM.

We can not escape, if we would, the most lively sensibility in respect to the internal affairs of a country so near to us and with commercial relations so intimate with us as Cuba, for example. Whatever may be the disposition of our people in regard to abstention from interference with the political status of Cuba, no radical change can take place in her relation to Spain or in her local government without awakening a very lively interest in the minds of our people. It must be apparent now to all who have watched the progress of Cuban affairs that important changes are likely to tak

place in the government of the island within a few years. It is not my purpose to enter the domain of prophecy, but the tendency of events plainly is toward the emancipation of Cuba from Spanish exactions and Spanish control.

The present conditions under which Cuba is a drained and impoverished dependency of Spain can not much longer endure, and a change of some sort is imminent. What that change may be, and what results shall flow from it, time will give answer. When it comes European powers will be found eagerly contending with each other for the advantage of some sort of control over the destiny of Cuba. Will the Government of the United States stand passively by and stupidly gaze upon the conflict, or will it see a duty to perform and have the courage and manhood to perform it? With the probable and possible complications growing out of our relations with and our interest in Cuba, with the indications of a speedy culmination of the disordered affairs of this rich and misgoverned neighbor plainly before us, and with the certainty that this Government will be called upon to assert its power as against the interference of great European governments in this business, is it not prudent to begin, at least to think of, preparation for meeting the crisis in such manner as shall become a just, liberal, courageous, and powerful nation? It seems to me so; and therefore I should begin the building of vessels of war and strengthen our coast defenses.

CAN THE UNITED STATES ENFORCE DEMANDS?

A few days ago the House of Representatives passed and sent to the Senate a joint resolution which directs the President to make certain demands upon the Government of Venezuela, and which presents for Venezuela the alternative of war if these demands are not complied with. Venezuela is a weak nation, feeble in her armament, meagre in her resources, and not powerful in numbers. She is far off, open to attack by us only from the sea. A declaration of war against Venezuela by the United States would not be regarded by mankind as a brave proceeding. But is it a bold thing to do to threaten her with a war which we dare not attempt to wage? Will the Senate pass this resolution? How will the United States enforce its demand, even though Venezuela stands alone, without the aid of a single ally? Some three years ago our Government presented, by its State Department, a similar alternative to Mexico if she refused to settle in the boundary dispute with Guatemala. Happily, Guatemala acknowledged herself in the wrong, and settled upon Mexico's basis, and all difficulty was averted. The Chilian affair is fresh in the mind of the Senate, and the humiliation which every American felt when the Chilian iron-clad steamed into San Francisco bay—peacefully, it is true, but with the ocular demonstration that Chili might have bombarded or laid San Francisco under contribution by means of that one vessel, and this great nation had not the power to prevent it. These may be considered small affairs, but out of a number of small things great matters grow. From small affairs great wars sometimes come.

IRRITATION OF EUROPEAN MONARCHIES.

I will not mention the slight European complications which have recently attracted the attention at least of some thoughtful men in the United States, and which, though insignificant, almost puerile, gave evidence of an irritated state of feeling toward the United States in some of the most powerful European States. The marvelous growth of this nation; its wonderful success in the experiment of free government; its steady progress in education, in the arts, in sciences, and in all development which makes a people great and powerful, has awakened a spirit of jealousy in the minds of monarchical and imperial rulers of European states toward us as a government. The example of the United States is spreading the contagion of liberty and freedom throughout the world, and that example is regarded as a menace to aristocratic governments. Our diplomatic correspondence shows a disposition on the part of some European rulers at least to cavil and find fault with our Government upon but slight pretext, and to hold us responsible for some of the disorders which crop out in their local systems for the government of their own people. All careful observers have seen and noted the captious disposition shown of late toward the United States by more than one of the European powers in the treatment of international questions of slight importance. Should international questions of great moment arise between our Government and any European government, we may expect to find the rulers of most of the monarchies of the Old World in combination against us. Whenever the opportunity occurs to curb the power, interrupt the progress, and humiliate the pride of this nation, it is but reasonable to expect that those governments which view the rapidly advancing power of this wonderful nation of the west with concern will utilize the occasion. I would have this country prepared, always ready, and well-equipped, not only for her defense, but for offensive and aggressive war. I would not wait preparation, so as to be perpetually on the defensive.

THE GLORY OF THE NATION.

It would be glorious to see again her swift merchant-ships moving upon the waters of every sea, great argosies laden with the riches of every clime, and carrying the commerce of half the world; her navy strong, full-armed, proudly bearing the flag of the Union into every port, commanding the attention and conquering the respect of all mankind.

The Senate has sought to build a navy. The people demand it; the national interests require it; the national honor, the spirit of progress, the general welfare alike call for it. The only objection to the action of the Senate is that we did not go far enough. We should have added to the bill an appropriation for building two first-class iron-clad vessels of war! The Senate should now adhere to its amendments. It should not falter or hesitate. Its judgment is right. It should have the courage of its opinion and stand to the right. It has been said that adhering to the Senate amendments is coercion of the House. It is in no offensive sense coercion. If to do right, to do that which the national interest demands, to perform a patriotic duty is coercion, that sort of coercion will be not only pardoned but applauded by the American people.

Mr. President, I oppose the motion to recede from the amendment put upon the naval bill last night, and advocate, on the contrary, our insistence upon it. Let it go to a conference, and if the House still insists I would take the regular naval appropriation bill from the hooks upon which the conference have hung it, and attempt to come to a solution of the questions raised by the conference. For one I am prepared and ready to stay here and insist upon the performance of this patriotic duty until the winter snows come.

---

When continental advertisers, bent upon lightening British purses, rashly venture to attack Englishmen in their own tongue, the result is often disastrously comical. The proprietor of a "milk-cur" establishment in Aix-la-Chapelle, "foundet before twenty years of orders from the magistrat," boasts that his quality of "Suisse and his experiences causes him to deliver a milk pure and nutritive, obtained by sounds cow's and a natural forage." One Parisian hosier informs his hoped-for patrons he possesses patent machinery for cutting "sirths"—Franco-English, we presume, for shirts. Another proclaims his resolve to sell his wares dirty cheap; and a dealer in butter, eggs, and cheeses, whose "produces" arrive every day "from the farms of the establishment without intermedial," requests would-be customers to send orders by unpaid letters, as "the house does not recognize any traveler." A Hamburg firm notifies that their "universal binocle of field is also preferable, for the use in the field, like in the theatre, and had to the last degree of perfection concerning to rigoressness and pureness of the glass"; while they are ready to supply all comers with "A Glass of Field for the Marine 52ctm objectiv opening in extra stout lac-leather étui and strap, at sh 35s. 6d." This is a specimen of their "English young man's" powers of composition that would justify the enterprising opticians in imitating the Frenchman whose shop-window was graced with a placard bearing the strange device: "English spoken here a few."

---

The Princess Louise is to execute the statue of Queen Victoria for the Lichfield Cathedral,

## OLD FAVORITES.

How's My Boy?

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy, my boy?"
—"What's your boy's name, good wife?
And in what good ship sailed he?"

"My boy John!
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.

"How's my boy, my boy?
And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no—
Brass buttons or no, sailor!
Anchor and crown or no.
Sure his ship was the *Jolly Briton!*"
—"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud,
I'd sing him over the town;
Why should I speak low, sailor?"
—"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy? how's my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor?
I was never aboard her;
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her.
I say, how's my John?"
—"Every man on board went down—
Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy, my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother.
How's my boy, my boy?
Tell me of him, and no other!
How's my boy, my boy?" —*Sydney Dobell.*

---

The Hawthorne.

Aye, it is well-nigh overed;
An' I'se none so loth to go,
One can't make much of four-score year,
Though one tantle 'em never so!
I'se pretty nigh tired out, I say,
Of the wakesome night, an' the weary day;
The tide is ebbing in the bay,
I shall scarcely wait its flow.
Didst hear how the surf wer' calling,
This morning down on t' scar?
Just as I strove to lift my head,
To watch 'em over t' bar;
An' I'se not bid our Jim good-bye;
An' he comes too late to see me die,
Bid him keep the coble trim an' dry,
Nor drive her over far.
She's stiff in a head wind, tell him,
An' he's venturesome, I doubt;
Let's see, it's May Day, isn't it,
An' hawthorn will be about,
Hanging like snowflakes o'er the grass;
Will't take a walk in the woods, my lass,
An' gather a bit on 't as thou pass,
Afore they lay me out?
I reckon thou oft hast wondered
I thowt so much on Jim,
An' gave him boat, an gear, an' all,
Though I'se naught akin to him?
Thou hast a better right, maybe;
Well, well, he'll mak' it up to thee:
Aye, lass, old eyes can ofens see,
For all they're waxing dim.
An' it wer' none my Sally—
She wer' a good wife an' all—
Who went wi' us, seeking hawthorn,
Up by the waterfall;
Lord! it is sixty long year back,
What sets one's mind on the queer old track?
Shall I know him up in t' sky—our Jack?
Hark! how the breakers call!
Poor Jack! he went afore me,
For all he won her away,
The lass we plucked the hawthorn for,
That bonnie summer's day;
She wore his branch an' flung mine down,
As we crossed the beck an' neared the town,
An' I turned away with a sigh an' a frown;
I feel it yet, I say.
Poor Jack! he wer' none so steady,
For all he loved her true;
I'se ofens thowt as our Mary
Had summat i' life to rue;
But there—she lies by him still enow,
I put 'em a headstone up on t' brow;
Keep the spot pleasant, Jim an' thou,
As he's good right to do.
For I'se loved her grandson dearly
As thou, my own bairn's child,
Sin' ever with eyes just like to hers,
He looked i' my face an' smiled;
The day she took my hand, an' said:
"See thee—my poor fond lass is dead,
Wi' the raffling lad she wer' bound to wed;
But thou wert allis mild,
"For aught I asked thee—thou'lt be good,
To the lost little lad?
For I'se ganging after Jack," she says,
"An' a heavy time I'se had."
An' I took the bairn an' sate by her side,
An' harkened the falling of the tide,
An' at its parting sob she died,
Her glazing eyes looked glad.
I'd like a bit of hawthorn,
Put 'neath the coffin lid;
When I'se gone where we'll be satisfied,
Where never a thought is hid;
Where we ha' done wi' the fret an' care,
That vex us as through t' world we fare;
An' if my Sally wer' standing there,
I reckon she'd none forbid.
For all comes right i' heaven,
Where love has never a thorn;
An' I'se done my best for all on you,
Sin' thy father, my lass, wer' born.
How it calls, an' calls through the fading light;
Look out if the coble has hove i' sight;
I'd fain that Jim should watch me to-night—
I'll be gone afore the morn.—*Anon.*

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Herr Johann Strauss is coming to America.

Senator Bayard is the fourth member of his family to serve as a Senator in the United States Senate.

Robert Laird Collier says that an American is distinguished in London by the fact that his trousers bag at the knees.

Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, who arrived recently from England, intends to become a permanent resident of this country, and to be a citizen of the republic.

"Belle Boyd," who held a commission in the Confederate army under Stonewall Jackson, is now the wife of Colonel John S. Hammond, who lives in Dallas, Texas.

Herbert Spencer has decided to leave London, and will probably make his permanent residence at Mentone, as his physician tells him that he must live where it is warm. If warmth is necessary, when Herbert dies will he live again?

Queen Victoria on June 20th entered upon the forty-eighth year of her reign, a period which has been exceeded by three English sovereigns only—viz., Henry III., Edward III., and George III., who reigned fifty-six, fifty, and sixty years, respectively.

The Prince of Battenburg was excluded from the table of his wife at St. Petersburg a few days ago because he is not of royal birth, as the Marquis of Lorne was turned, a few years ago, out of the royal supper-room in Buckingham Palace, and Louise had to drink her champagne alone.

The distinguished oculist, Prince Charles Theodore of Bavaria, brother of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, has lately opened an establishment for the free treatment of persons suffering from diseases of the eye, superintending them personally. He signs simply Charles Theodore, M. D.

"Ouida" (Mademoiselle De la Ramée) is a strict observer of the proprieties. She has become a personal friend of the Queen of Italy, and she is the daughter of an Italian aristocrat and an English mother of an old Gloucestershire family. She rises at five in the morning for her writing.

Rosa Bonheur keeps her name as much as possible out of the Paris newspapers, and lives very quietly and happily at By, which is by Fontainebleau. When she consents to receive visitors she puts on, with pride, the dress on which Eugénie, with her own hands, pinned Rosa's decoration of the Legion of Honor.

Mrs. Sherwood says that F. Anstey (whose real name is Guthrie), the author of "Vice Versa," is a young man with a dimple in his chin and a twinkle in his eye. Some of the royal family were much pleased with his work, but, when they found he was the son of a tailor, could only be consoled by remembering that it was a military tailor.

Congressman Chace, of Rhode Island, is of a wealthy, aristocratic family of Friends. He "affirms" instead of taking the oath when a new Congress opens, and he says "thee" and "thou," which lends a quaint unworldliness to his familiar speech, as it also does to that of Major Butterworth, ex-Congressman and now Commissioner of Patents.

Mr. Gladstone, J. R. Lowell, and Henry Irving were among the guests at the wedding of Hallam Tennyson and Miss Boyle. The bride wore ivory satin covered with Brussels lace, veil, pearls, and diamonds. The ten bridemaids wore pale blue silk under India muslin. There were more than three hundred gifts, the Queen's India shawl being one.

The late Paul Morphy played several games of chess with the great monarchs of Europe. He gallantly allowed Queen Victoria to beat him, but treated Napoleon III. and King William of Prussia very differently, giving them at first an advantage over him and then sweeping them from the board unmercifully. He was, before his health gave way, a brilliant talker and a favorite member of society.

At the famous ball giving by Minister Morton, some weeks since, Mrs. Mackay is said to have outshone all French or American millionaires by the display that she made of diamonds and precious stones. She wore on this occasion the famous set of sapphires which attracted so much attention at the Paris Exhibition in 1878. It is valued at three hundred thousand dollars, and comprises diadem, bracelets, ring, earrings, and necklace. The pendant to the latter is composed of one enormous sapphire, of the size of a pigeon's egg, set in large diamonds. Mrs. Mackay's jewel chest is valued at one million dollars.

The Empress of Russia must be endowed with a wonderful constitution. The mental anxiety which she has undergone for years past, with the dreadful shock occasioned by her father-in-law's death, would have killed most women long ago, but has not even enfeebled her. Last month she reached Berlin one morning, went to the embassy (which is not merely an embassy, but is provided with regular quarters for the imperial family), held a large reception of royalties there, dined at four with the Emperor, went afterward to the theatre, and at twenty minutes past eleven was *en route* again for Russia.

A book about Garibaldi, just published in Germany, shows that the great Italian liberator had German blood in his veins. His grandmother on the father's side was a German, the fact being proved by this extract from the register of the church of Nugge, a small Prussian village: "Joseph Maria Garibaldi and Catharine Amélie von Neuhof, married 16 August, 1736." This Joseph Garibaldi was the confidential friend of Théodore von Neuhof, who, after ascending the throne of Corsica as Théodore I., sent Garibaldi to his old mother, at Todenhöh, near Nuggeberg. There, as now appears, the Italian married Théodore's sister, and eventually took her to Nice, where he practiced as a physician.

## "FLANEUR'S" NEW YORK LETTER.

Gossip about Mrs. Langtry, Marie Burroughs, Belasco, and Others.

Mrs. Langtry's Chinese boy is an object of much interest about Madison Square, where he has already become well known. He is a mild little beggar with the usual complement of child-like smiles, and has a highly respectful and cheerful demeanor. He is happiest when Mrs. Langtry allows him to go over to Madison Square Park in the morning and play with the children who are out with their maids for an airing. The children have taken a great fancy to the little Chinese, and he is usually surrounded by a group of four or five well-dressed youngsters. When he goes about on business for the Lily he is the picture of importance. Mrs. Langtry never ventures into the street with him. She attracts attention enough when she goes alone, though I am happy to say that in New York she has never been insulted by a crowd as she has in other cities. The English beauty requires as many attendants as a princess, and when she rises in the morning there is a procession of attendants of various sorts toward her rooms. Besides two maids, the Chinese boy, her coachman, the hairdresser, and a big mustached manicure from Twenty-third Street, there are innumerable boot-makers, dry goods clerks with samples of various fabrics, interspersed with an occasional milliner or dressmaker. After the Lily has arisen and been properly started off for another day's existence, all the people with the exception of Mrs. Langtry's companion and Chinese boy retire, the hotel porters settle back in their seats, the clerk gives a sigh of relief, and the hall-boys mechanically turn their eyes toward the elevator to observe the usual morning call of Mr. Frederick Gebhardt. The morning ceremonies are somewhat prolonged now by the fact that Mrs. Langtry has contracted a severe cold which has settled on her lungs. To the usual routine of attendants is now added a physician. The Lily spends all of her time in her beautiful apartments in the Albermarle, made doubly attractive by baskets full of flowers from her many admirers in New York.

And still people wonder that girls are occasionally stage-struck.

Is it generally known in San Francisco—everything seems to be San Francisco this week—that that inglorious failure, Emma Latham, is traveling through the State of New York giving dramatic performances? She has been frightfully abused by the bucolic audiences, and has several times been hissed from the stage; nevertheless she keeps on with an intentness of purpose and an inability to act which has never been equaled since Anna Dickinson inflicted her knock-kneed Hamlet upon the great North American republic. It would appear from casual reports from the interior of the State that Miss Latham's failures are full-blown and complete. The dramatic papers contain in their correspondence from quiet summer resorts occasional notices of Miss Latham's unfortunate efforts. By the way, why doesn't she retire? She must realize by this time that she has not the ability to act, even to the most lenient of audiences. One may feel sorry for Miss Latham, but it is impossible also not to feel a touch of contempt for one who is so egregiously conceited.

Howard P. Taylor, formerly of San Francisco, is about to produce a play called "Caprice" at the Park Theatre. Taylor is the man who makes such positive assertions concerning the latest Madison Square success, "May Blossom." It has been universally assumed and generally believed that David Belasco was the author of the play. His name has certainly been printed on the play-bills, and the managers of the Madison Square Theatre say that they pay him a weekly royalty for the play. He came on the stage the first night in answer to calls for the author, and promptly fainted away when the house cheered him. Whether this is the result of excessive modesty or extreme guilt, is not apparent. Mr. Taylor's claim to the authorship of the play is very positive; he says that over a year ago Mr. Belasco sent him the first two acts of the play, and asked him (Taylor) to revise and correct it. Mr. Taylor says that the manuscript was written in such miserable English, and was generally so unsatisfactory, that he re-wrote the two acts and carried them back later to Mr. Belasco. Mr. Taylor subsequently wrote the third act, and assisted Mr. Belasco in finishing the final act of the play. He then went over the play carefully and left it in the hands of Mr. Belasco. Mr. Taylor went to San Francisco, and, when he returned, he found that a play called "May Blossom" had been produced at the Madison Square Theatre. Mr. Taylor says that he sent to Mr. Belasco several times for seats, and was put off by that gentleman. Then—not without a severe struggle, apparently—he paid for seats and went in to see the play. He says he was astonished to find that the play was the one he had written, with one or two slight changes made by Mr. Belasco. Mr. Taylor says that he could get no satisfaction from Mr. Belasco, and that the lawyers to whom he applied for redress told him that he had no case. I imagine that this will strike the average reader as rather a fishy tale on the part of Mr. Taylor. He is an unknown man, while Belasco has gained a name for himself by thorough and clever work in the dramatic field. The only point about it is that almost everything that Belasco touches brings up some quarrel of this sort. It was asserted, after "La Belle Russe" was written, that Mr. Belasco had no right to claim a share of the honors won by its success, and even his adaptation of the "Stranglers of Paris" is claimed by a small playwright in Brooklyn.

Speaking of the Madison Square Theatre and San Francisco reminds me that Marie Burroughs is about to be married. She created a small furor by her beauty here, but it will be killed by her marriage. Louis Massen, who is employed at the Madison Square Theatre, is to be the husband. He has neither popularity nor fame.

The rumpus in the Providence base-ball club has brought out a number of unpleasant facts. It does not require the foresight of a particularly astute prophet to foresee an approaching decline in the popularity of professional base-ball playing precisely similar to that which occurred ten years ago, when the crookedness and dishonesty of the players drove the national game into disrepute. There is the same trouble with base-ball as there is with sparring. It has been too vigorously pushed, and the men who were in the front ranks have shown themselves untrustworthy. Sullivan's recent fiasco here, backed up by the McCaffery-Stewart fizzle in Boston, has knocked the life out of pugilism for the time being. The general public is disgusted with the boxers, and refuse to patronize their shows. Base-ball, however, still holds its popularity. The difficulty in the Providence nine, which seems likely to disband their team, reads very much like the history of one of the base-ball rows of years ago. The importance of having every game played strictly on its merits needs no comment. The immense amount of money wagered on the Providence team should have kept them straight, if other considerations did not. It was, in the opinion of many experts, the best nine in the league, and it has had a nip-and-tuck fight with the Boston champions ever since the race began. The trouble with the Providence nine assumed an aggravated form when Sweeney, the California pitcher, was sent for. He and Radbourne, the regular pitcher of the Providence nine, quarreled bitterly from the moment Sweeney joined the team. Radbourne's arm went lame early in the season, and Sweeney pitched in his place. He developed the fact that Sweeney was quite as good a pitcher as Radbourne. Last week Radbourne threw a game to the Bostons in the most bare-faced and palpable manner. Then he deserted the team. Sweeney was put in to pitch in his place, and two new pitchers engaged to back him up. Sweeney acted queerly, threw a game after Radbourne's fashion, and in the sixth inning left the field, put on his clothes, and walked off to his hotel. Sweeney was expelled and black-listed, and there was talk of disbanding the team. A base-ball enthusiast, who reports the matches at the Polo Grounds all the season through for some of the New York morning papers, in speaking of the matter to-day said to me:

"This exposure of the inside working of the Providence team will have a bad effect on the public; it is likely to open the flood-gates of information so that the truth about many of the base-ball nines will become known. All the facts about the Providence team are not yet out. I know of two instances where other players besides Radbourne and Sweeney have been fined to the extent of a hundred dollars apiece—one for disorderly conduct and suspicion of playing into the hands of the opposing team, and the other for continued drunkenness. The Providence team played a beautiful game of ball, and their whole city backed them. They stood the best possible chance for the championship of the country after the Bostons, and made a great deal of money for the association which sent them out. This row is only an indication of what is constantly going on in the clubs. Not a day passes during the season that some quarrel or other is not heard of, and rumors of false play are becoming more and more numerous. Where so much money is bet on matches the chances of the men being more or less influenced by outside sharks are largely increased. The League is likely to go to pieces like a bursted balloon, unless the developments concerning the cheating and trickery are kept in the dark."

It is unfortunate that this trouble always comes up with base-ball after it has grown into its old position of popularity. The Canadians have no such difficulty with their lacrosse clubs, and cricketing in England is not disturbed by like causes. Here, however, base-ball experiences the same difficulty over and over again. It is a pity, for there is no game on earth that equals it when it is scientifically and pluckily played.

The recent exposure here of the intelligence offices has caused a flutter, and brought many a well-appointed establishment to an abrupt end. It has been no secret to the police, and to the average run of men who know a thing or two about the town, that there was a pretty heavy suspicion about the real business of the alleged intelligence offices of New York. Many of these establishments, particularly those on upper Broadway and Fourth and Madison avenues, were elegantly furnished and elaborately fitted up. It is quite plain that the mere business of collecting fifty-cent or one-dollar commissions from the servant girls would not pay for so much splendor, and the real business of the offices became tolerably well known. The wonder is that the scandal has been kept so long under control. That the chain of offices scattered through the city constitute one of the most infamous and criminal elements of New York is unquestionable. The recent exposures by the newspapers, and the arrest of some of the proprietors of these places, has been followed to-day by the suits of two immigrant girls, whose experiences will form a page in New York criminal history for next year's law-makers to ponder over. New York may not be a great town in all things, but criminally she need fear no rival in America at least.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, July 23, 1884.

History repeats itself. So does poetry. The following lines, "Love and Tennis," were written by Meleager, a Greek poet who flourished in the first century before Christ:

"Love acts the tennis-player's part,
And throws to thee my panting heart;
Heliodora! ere it fall,
Let Desire catch swift the ball;
Let her in the ball-court move,
Fellow in the game with Love;
If thou throw me back again,
I shall of foul play complain."

In the last number of *Life*, a bright weekly published in New York, occurs the following "Ten Lines on Tennis":

*"My heart it is a tennis ball,*
*And gayly do you whack it;*
*I strike—rebound; I fly, I fall—*
*I tumble to your racket.*

O lady of the vernal court!
My heart is sore entangled
In Cupid's net, whereto in sport
Your fair arm—silver-bangled—
Hath struck it (a poor tennis ball)
To play another at its fall!"

So, over a space of twenty centuries, two poets may clasp hands, and the social civilizations of two widely separated centuries may grin in recognition—each of the other's sport.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Another bank official has left New York," says a news item. It is probably that he was so heavily laden with the funds of the bank that he couldn't take New York along. Under such circumstances he would be obliged to leave it.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Doctor, I came to see you about my younger brother."
"What is the matter with him?"
"One of his legs is shorter than the other, and he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of that kind?"
"I reckon I'd limp, too."—*Texas Siftings.*

An Eastern family received a telegram from the West, announcing the sudden demise of a relative, and they replied: "Send on the remains at once." No telegram was received in answer, but in a few days a letter came, saying simply: "There ain't no remanes; he war kicd by a mul."—*Burlington Free Press.*

She was looking for pieces for a crazy quilt.
"Couldn' you tear off a few little pieces from those silk patterns?"
"I should be delighted to do so," replied the clerk, "but, you see, this house is in favor of a tear-off for revenue only."—*Chicago News.*

A Southern claimant who was trying to push his claim through Congress, last week, failed because his proposition was unconstitutional. Meeting a friend, he said: "Well, Bill, I failed in that little matter."
"How was that?"
"On account of a blanked flaw in the Constitution," was the reply.—*Hatchet.*

An invalid from Boston came to Austin for his health. He was confined to his bed at first, but soon recovered sufficiently to take a ride in a hired hack, from Monroe & Miller's stable. The hack-driver was very polite and attentive, and when he helped the invalid out, on their return to the hotel, the latter said:
"I am very much obliged. I think I shall require your services again pretty soon."
"You bet you will. I drive the hearse."—*Texas Siftings.*

"Bridget," said Mrs. Wigglesworth to the new kitchen lady from Messina, "you may lay the table."
"Is thy servant a hen, that she should do this thing?" queried Mr. Wigglesworth, facetiously, as the door closed.
"Why not?" returned his wife, for once coming to time, "she is a Biddy."
And Mr. Wigglesworth said "H'm!" and went out to see if his sweet peas were coming up, and found that with the assistance of the neighbors' hens they were.—*Rockland Courier.*

She had just returned from Vassar, and papa was stroking her hair fondly.
"I hope, my dear," said the old man, "that you haven't acquired any of the vulgar slang phrases which so many of the Vassar young ladies are said to use."
"You bet I haven't, papa," she replied, brightly; "when anybody catches me talking slang, he is especially invited to slug me in the seventh rib."
"That is right, my daughter; never indulge in slang. It gives a young lady dead away."—*Philadelphia News.*

"Cholera!" exclaimed an old farmer; "great Cæsar! man, don't tell me that this country is threatened with cholera agin."
"Yes, it's got into France, and, without proper precautions, may reach America."
"It's terrible!" he groaned. "Why, last year I lost four of the finest hogs you ever see with the cholera."
"But this is not hog cholera; it's Asiatic cholera."
"Oh," said the farmer, looking much relieved, "I thought it was hog cholera."—*Exchange.*

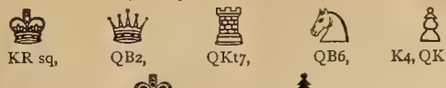
A resident of West End recently employed a colored gentleman to clear the winter accumulation of ashes from his cellar, and the job being well done, he summoned the Senegambian to his presence, commended his work, and intimated the possibility of further employment.
"Glad to take yo' order, sah," said the ash-handler, with a satisfied grin.
"And what is your name?" asked the employer.
"George Washington," was the complacent answer.
"George Washington? George Washington?" pondered the inquirer, quizzically. "Seems to me I have heard that name before."
The darky's eyes rolled and his ivories glistened as he delivered the crushing answer: "Golly, boss, tink you orter heard of it befo'. Ise been hollering ashes roun' here dese ten years!"—*Boston Traveller.*

One of the professors at the University of Texas was invited to a social gathering not long since, at which some of the first people of Austin were present. During the conversation which took place, the subject of cruelty to animals was discussed. One of the gentlemen remarked that a great deal of cruelty was perpetrated on animals in conveying them to market in crowded cars, and in slaughtering them afterward—beef cattle in particular were cruelly treated.
"Yes, gentlemen," said the professor, "there is a great deal of truth in what you say. The unfortunate animals have to suffer a great deal, but science is doing away with the necessity of slaughtering animals for human food."
"How is that done, professor?" asked Gus De Smith.
"The extract of beef is coming into general use, and, after a while, will entirely take the place of the different kinds of raw meat, thus doing away with the necessity of slaughtering the poor animals."—*Texas Siftings.*

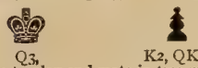
## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

**Problem No. XLIII.—By J. Jespersen.**
(*Brooklyn Chess Chronicle.*)



KR sq, QB2, QKt7, QB6, K4, QKt4.

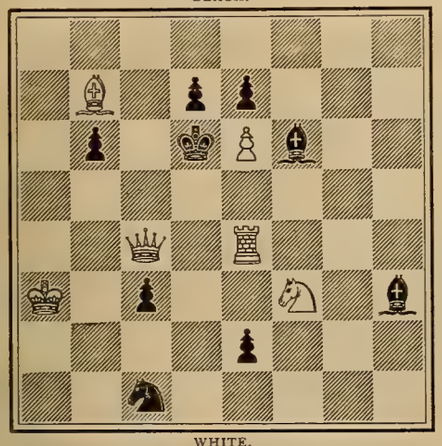


Q3, K2, QKt4.

White to play and mate in two moves.

**Problem No. XLIV.—By H. L. F. Meyer.**

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

**Solution of Problem No. XXXVII.**

1—Q KB3 1—Any move.
2—Kt mates.

**Solution of Problem No. XXXVIII.**

1—B QKt sq 1—Kt x B
2—Q K5 ch 2—K x Q
3—Kt KB3 mates.

Correct solutions received as follows: Problem No. XLI, F. D. Elwell, East Oakland.

### Answers to Correspondents.

"Studio."—By referring to solution of No, XXXVII you will discover your error. If 1 KKt QB5, then 1—Kt K5, and mate can not be given in two moves. There is no three-move problem in which K K3 can be made. Did you intend to solve No. XXXVIII by K K6?

U. H., Salinas.—Accept compliments for favors. Glad to know that No. XXXVIII pleased you.

G. A. G., Willows.—Have not heard from you since letter to you by mail.

F. D. E., East Oakland.—In No. XLII you overlook Black's reply to 3 Q K2, viz: P Q6 interposing. In sending solutions, all variations should be given.

"Studio."—Solution to Problem XL incorrect. Try again.

Problem No. XXXIX should read, White Rook, K sq, QB4; Black Pawn, Q5, K6, KKt3, KR2.

In conversation with Dr. Zukertort, we asked him which one of the games played in the London Tournament of 1883 he considered the finest. He immediately replied, "The one I played against Blackburne, the game opening with P QB4." We concur with Mr. Minchin in the opinion that "this is not only by far the finest game in the tournament, but probably within the memory of the existing generation of chess players. It may be fairly classed with the great game won by Anderssen of Kierseritsky, more than thirty years ago." The notes are by Dr. Zukertort and J. I. Minchin:

IRREGULAR OPENING.

| *White.* Zukertort. | *Black.* Blackburne. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P QB4 | 1—P K3 | 17—QR K sq | 17—R B2 |
| 2—P K3 | 2—Kt KB3 | 18—P K4 | 18—QR QB sq |
| 3—Kt KB3 | 3—P QKt3 | 19—P K5 | 19—Kt K sq |
| 4—B K2 (a) | 4—B Kt2 | 20—P B4 | 20—P Kt3 (e) |
| 5—Castles | 5—P Q4 | 21 —R K3 (f) | 21—P B4 (g) |
| 6—P Q4 | 6—B Q3 | 22—PxP en pass | 22—Kt x P (h) |
| 7—Kt B3 | 7—Castles | 23—P B5 (!) | 23—Kt K5 |
| 8—P QKt3 | 8—QKt Q2 | 24—B x Kt | 24—P x B |
| 9—B Kt2 | 9—Q K2 (b) | 25—P x KtP | 25—R B7 (i) |
| 10—Kt QKt5 | 10—Kt K5 | 26—P x P ch | 26—K R sq (j) |
| 11—Kt x B | 11—P x Kt | 27—P Q5 ch | 27—P K4 |
| 12—Kt Q2 · | 12—QKt B3 (c) | 28—Q Kt4 (!) (k) | 28—QR B4 (l) |
| 13—P B3 | 13—Kt x Kt | 29—R B8 ch (m) | 29—K x P (n) |
| 14—Q x Kt | 14—P x P | 30—Q x P ch | 30—K Kt2 |
| 15—B x P | 15—P Q4 | 31—B x P ch | 31—K x R |
| 16—B Q3 | 16—KR B sq (d) | 32—B Kt7 ch (o) | 32—K Kt sq |
| | | 33—Q x Q | Black resigns. |

(a) When the Queen's fianchetto is adopted before playing the Q P two squares, the opponent's K B ought to be posted at K2; if both players have advanced the Q P, the B may then be played to Q3.

(b) P to B4 would be preferable.

(c) The loss of time occasioned by this continuation gives White the first opportunity to prepare the following attack.

(d) Underrating the power of the coming attack. More prudent to leave KR on K side, and to occupy open file with QR.

(e) P B4 is suggested as better.

(f) When Zukertort made this move he had in his mind's eye the whole combination that follows, down to Black's twenty-eighth move.

(g) Kt Kt2 might be slightly better. White would then play P KKt4.

(h) He should retake with Queen, although he would have even then a difficult game. White would reply 23 Q K sq; then if—Kt Kt2, 24 P KKt4.

(i) The excited spectators naturally thought that Zukertort had now lost a piece and the game, but one confident believer in his skill at this point laid a wager that he would win, not having the slightest conception of the manner in which he could escape from apparently impending loss.

(j) If 26—Q x P, then 27 R Kt3 ch. If 26—K x P, then R R3 ch, etc.

(k) This move literally electrified the lookers-on who were absorbed in this contest, one person whispering: "The fiend has offered his Queen, and it can not be taken without suffering mate."

(l) The capture of Queen would lead to mate in seven moves with

29—B x P ch 29—K x P
30—R R3 ch 30—K Kt3
31—R Kt3 ch 31—K R3
32—R B6 ch 32—K R4
33—R B5 ch 33—K R3
34—R B4 ch 34—K moves
35—R mates.

(m) On this move Mr. Steinitz remarked: "In conjunction with White's previous play this forms one of the most noble combinations conceived over the chess board."

(n) If—Q x R, White replies—

30—B x P ch 30—K x P
31—Q x P, and mate in four.

(o) "A worthy finish," says Mr. Steinitz, "to one of the most brilliant games on record."

Messrs. R. Clark & Co., of Cincinnati, are about to issue an American edition of "Cook's Synopsis," the last edition of that valuable and much-inquired-for work being now out of print. The new edition will contain a supplement embodying all the latest improvements in the openings, and a list and notices of all the American and Canadian chess clubs. The question naturally arises, what will Mr. Cook say to this? We hope he will be stirred up by the announcement to publish another and an enlarged edition of his work, for it is a pity that English players who do not yet possess the work, and yet desire to do so, should have to send to America to obtain it.—*British Chess Magazine.*

Dr. Zukertort did not leave for China by the steamer of Saturday last, owing to the receipt of a cablegram from his partner, Mr. L. Hoffer, announcing his illness and requesting his return. The doctor therefore left by the overland train on Friday afternoon for London direct, thus abandoning his contemplated trip to India.

## SOCIETY.

*Au Beau Monde de San Francisco.*

*M. le Baron de Bonnemains.*

*P. P. C.*

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. F. A. Gibbs and Miss Gibbs have returned from Monterey.

Professor George Davidson has arrived in the city after a trip to Washington.

Mr. R. D. Peebles, of London, manager of the London and San Francisco Bank, is in the city and is stopping at the Palace.

Walter S. Maxwell is in town on a short visit and is at the Palace.

Hon. J. H. Budd and wife, of Stockton, arrived home from Washington last Tuesday.

Mrs. Daniel Cook has returned home from a visit to Victoria and other portions of British Columbia.

Sir Henry Parkes, Colonial Secretary of New South Wales, arrived in the city last Wednesday, on his way to the Colonies.

Mr. C. W. Bonynge, formerly a well-known resident of this city, but now of New York, is on a visit and stopping at the Occidental Hotel.

Bishop Charles U. Fowler, D. D. of the M. E. Church, who is appointed the resident bishop for the Pacific Coast, arrived from the East to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Delger and Miss Delger, of Oakland, returned from their Eastern trip last Friday.

Mrs. Doctor Urquhart, of Portland, Oregon, is in the city on a visit to her sister, Mrs. James G. Eastland.

Mrs. B. C. Truman and daughter will return from Monterey on Monday next, to remain in the city until the twelfth.

Mrs. Morris Newton is in New York on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Crooks.

Mrs. J. D. Fry returned last week from a trip to Alaska and Washington Territory. Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Fry, of Seattle, are at present her guests.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ward are at Napa Soda Springs.

Mrs. William M. Gwin expects to visit Paraiso Springs shortly.

Mr. J. S. Angus, cashier of the Nevada Bank, and Mrs. Angus are in Virginia City, Nevada, on a short visit.

Mrs. Parrott, Miss May Parrott, and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick will return to San Francisco this fall, to be present at the wedding of Count de Lalande and Miss Parrott.

J. L. Flood, who is now in New York City, expects to return home in a couple of weeks.

Mr. J. B. Haggin left the city last Friday on a trip to Butte City, Montana.

Mr. Frank P. Wilson returned from his European trip last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Dodge are spending a few weeks at Haywards.

Mrs. Adam Grant has returned to the city from Monterey.

Mrs. G. C. Shreve and daughter, Mrs. C. A. Low and daughter, and Mrs. E. J. Platt went to Monterey on Monday last.

Mrs. General Dietzler and daughters left the city last Saturday for Missouri.

Bishop W. I. Kip and wife have returned from Santa Barbara.

Miss Alice Gilbert is visiting Lake Tahoe.

Mr. T. H. Wallis, State Librarian, is in the city prior to a short vacation at Santa Cruz.

Hon. J. S. Hager and wife returned last Tuesday from Santa Barbara, after a visit of a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin, of Sacramento, are stopping at the Grand Hotel.

Hon. Manuel Llorente, Spanish Minister to Central America, is stopping at the Palace for a few days, prior to his departure for Madrid, Spain.

Judge F. W. Lawlor returned to the city last Wednesday after a short visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. E. Remenyi, the celebrated violinist, arrived from the East last Tuesday, and leaves for Australia to-day.

Mr. Alex. G. Abell and Miss Abell have returned home from Santa Barbara.

Hon. Henry Edgerton, of Sacramento, is in town on a visit.

Miss Birdie Dunkelberger, of Los Angeles, is visiting at the Navy Yard.

Mrs. Walter Moore, of Los Angeles, is at the Palace.

Mrs. Captain Eagan and daughter are at the Beresford House.

C. W. Bonynge has been enjoying a week at Monterey; his wife and daughters are still in Paris.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low and Miss Sullivan went to Monterey on Tuesday last.

Mr. John W. Breckinridge, of Merced, is stopping at Del Monte for a few days.

Mrs. Dr. Frisbie, of Vallejo, is in town, and is stopping at the Palace.

Hon. Grove L. Johnson and family, of Sacramento, is on a short visit to the city, and is at the Lick House.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wildes (*née* Patten) have returned from Aptos, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Hon. Clay W. Taylor, of Shasta, is at the Palace Hotel for a few days.

Rev. J. W. Fairchilds, principal of Oberon College, Ohio, sailed yesterday to spend some weeks in the Sandwich Islands.

Mr. Charles Crocker is at present on a visit to Nanaimo.

Messrs. C. B. and J. Godman, two wealthy English tourists, arrived on the *Oceanic*, from Japan, on Sunday last, and sailed yesterday on the *Alameda* for a trip to Honolulu. They especially go in order to see the volcano of Kilauea.

Sir John A. Buck and son returned to Honolulu yesterday, after a prolonged sojourn in California.

Mrs. Governor Stoneman went up last Saturday on a visit to Mrs. D. M. Delmas, at her cottage on Russian River.

Colonel George McFarlane is expected to visit San Francisco about August 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Frank Smith and Miss Smith, of Oakland, have gone to Lake Tahoe.

Miss Avery Yerrington, of Carson City, who is visiting relatives in Montreal, will not return until some time in October.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. De Crano and Mr. George De Crano are spending the summer in Switzerland. The time of their return is uncertain.

Captain and Mrs. J. C. Ainsworth have returned home to Temescal, Oakland, after an extended tour through Oregon, Washington Territory, and Yellowstone Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Sands Forman expect to leave soon for the North, on a visit to relatives.

The family of D. M. Delmas are spending the summer on Russian River, in the cottage once occupied by Milton S. Latham.

Mrs. Dudley Bates and Miss Bates are expected home from Honolulu about June 1st.

Miss Kate Bancroft has been visiting friends in Oakland.

Mrs. General R. W. Kirkham and Miss Kate Kirkham, of Oakland, who have been visiting in the East, will return home in about three months.

Mrs. Judge Alexander Campbell and son, of Tucson, Arizona, are stopping at the Pope House, Santa Cruz.

### Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, U. S. A., has resigned from the service.

The following companies of the Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., formerly stationed in Colorado, left on Monday last for Fort Vancouver: Co. D, Captain C. B. Westerneed; Co. F, Captain F. F. Tobey; Co. G, Captain C. H. Warrens.

Ensign George P. Blow has been detached from the *Pinta* and placed on waiting orders.

Lieutenant Louis Wilhelmi, Adjutant First Infantry, U. S. A., is stopping at the Occidental.

Lieutenant R. M. Cutts, U. S. N., has been appointed to act as equipment officer at Mare Island during the absence of Commander Henry Glass.

The U. S. S. *Pinta*, Commander H. G. Caldwell commanding, was under orders to sail for Alaska last Friday.

The U. S. Coast Survey steamer *Carlisle Patterson*, Lieutenant Richard Clover, U. S. N., commanding, sailed last Tuesday from Fortress Monroe for San Francisco.

H. B. M. S. S. *Constance*, Captain Frederick P. Doughty commanding, arrived in port last Sunday, from Esquimalt, and sailed for Honolulu, Tahiti, and South American ports on Friday last.

Rear-Admiral Shufeldt, U. S. N., arrived in the city yesterday *en route* to Japan.

### Notes and Gossip.

Hon. and Mrs. William Alvord have taken up their residence at No. 533 Harrison Street, and will receive on Wednesdays.

The marriage of Miss Ver Mehr and Mr. William Dodge is announced for some time in September.

General C. J. Hutchinson, who has been very ill, is gradually recovering his health.

Mr. Henry P. Sonntag and Miss Ella Bovee were married last Tuesday, and have gone East on a wedding trip.

The officers of the British corvette *Constance* gave an informal reception to visitors on board that vessel last Thursday.

Mr. E. Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, was the recipient of courtesies by members of the Bohemian Club, and, to reciprocate, gave an informal musical entertainment to his hosts, at the club rooms, on last Wednesday evening.

There is no truth in the reported engagement of Miss Susie McMullin and Thomas H. Williams Jr., which was published in several of the papers.

Doctor R. Kuehn, of the steamer *Alameda*, has resigned, and goes to Honolulu to take the position of government surgeon at Lahina.

Doctor J. Brodie, a prominent physician in Honolulu, came up on the last steamer, and returned yesterday with one of Sacramento's fair daughters as his bride.

Doctor J. W. Reading, of this city, has been appointed surgeon of the *Mariposa*.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Baldwin are at Saratoga Springs, New York. A New York paper speaks of Mr. Baldwin thus: "He is white-haired, while Mrs. Baldwin, who is less than twenty, wears short dresses."

Mrs. Mark Hopkins is building a stone dwelling-house at Great Barrington, Massachusetts, which is to cost one million dollars.

On Wednesday afternoon, July 23d, a marriage was celebrated at the Palace Hotel, the contracting parties being Miss Edith Patten, daughter of Mr. William H. Patten, and Mr. Frank Wildes, cashier of the Nevada Bank, both of Virginia City. The ceremony was performed by Right Rev. W. Ingraham Kip, D. D., Bishop of California, none but intimate friends being present. The floral decorations, consisting of a marriage-bell, horse-shoes, double hearts, and many other elegant designs, were very elaborate and were distributed through the suite of seven rooms. After the ceremony an elaborate *déjeuner* was partaken of by the guests, the tables being *tête-à-tête* of clover-leaf shape. The bride and groom were the recipients of many elegant and valuable presents, which were greatly admired. The happy couple took the half-past three o'clock train in the afternoon for Aptos, their intention being to remain there one week, then to return to the Palace for one week, and afterward to leave for Virginia City, where they will reside permanently. Among those present to witness the ceremony were Right Rev. Bishop and Mrs. Kip, Mr. and Mrs. Wildes, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Lucas, Mrs. and Miss Mallory, Miss A. Stevens, of Napa, Mrs. F. Patten, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Berry, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Forman, Miss Burnham, of Oakland, Mr. Thomas Beaseley, Mr. W. Angus, and Mr. A. B. Berry.

### Art Notes.

The picture by Miss Jeanie Lucas, entitled "A Student of Confucius," which was lately exhibited at Morris & Kennedy's, has been purchased by Mrs. Mark Hopkins.

Holdredge has returned from his sketching tour, and is at work on a landscape.

Theodore Wores has just completed a picture called "The Chinese Candy Seller." It represents a candy peddler with a Chinese junk before him, containing the candy, and is one of the picturesque features of Chinatown. In front of the boat are two children, buying candy—one a bright little girl with a baby strapped on her back, the other a gorgeously dressed boy. The picture will be shortly placed on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's gallery.

Mrs. M. E. Evans, who took the first prize of the Students' Art League in New York, where she has been studying under W. H. Lippincott, in the National Academy of Design, has brought her prize picture, "Solon Shingle," to this city, where it is now being exhibited by Morris.

Raschen and Von Perbandt, at Fort Ross, are working very diligently, and have painted a large number of sketches and studies which they will exhibit in the city later on.

William Keith has sent on by Miss Hittell, from Munich, two charming portraits of Mrs. Keith, which are now at Mrs. McHenry's, in Berkeley.

## VANITY FAIR.

Public attention has been forcibly directed for the last few years to the Monte Carlo gambling establishment at Monaco, and to the growing evils which its existence entails. Of late the feeling of aversion, not to say horror, which it occasions, has become so general in every country throughout Europe, both the governed and the governing bodies, that one can not but think that its days are numbered. At Monte Carlo often every fourth player is a woman—and such women? Hundreds of the *demi-monde* flock here in winter, from every capital in Europe, to allure and entangle well-to-do young men, who are always found present in great numbers. Truly they represent the sirens of old, and are infinitely more dangerous, often ruining entirely those whom they circumvent. The women are not all, however, of this class. Husbands often thoughtlessly encourage their wives or daughters to risk a few five-franc pieces or napoleons on the table, and thus inoculate them with the gambling frenzy. It is principally to attract these really respectable people, to lead them by slow degrees to the gambling tables, that every possible allurement and inducement is offered to all—to travelers and to residents—with the most unbounded liberality. A magnificent band of seventy-five musicians discourses sweet music every afternoon and evening. Theatrical and operatic performances are offered weekly, at nominal prices, at which the leading celebrities of the day take part. The gardens are, perhaps, the finest in southern Europe; the reading-room is one of the best supplied with periodical literature; and all are open from morn to night, without restriction, to any well-dressed person. The Bishop of Gibraltar is doing his very best to stem the torrent of vice that emanates from Monte Carlo, to draw attention to the many evils and to the gradual lowering of the moral tone of the inhabitants of the regions that surround this moral pesthouse. He has enlisted all his chaplains in the crusade, and they all try their best to persuade the members of their congregations not to countenance Monte Carlo by their presence, either for musical or any other purpose.

The decadence of the bang is announced. A few years ago a young lady without bangs would have been as obsolete as a three-cent postage-stamp. Now one who wears bangs is looked at askance, as much so as if she appeared in a dashing jockey costume. The bang is out of date. It has served its purpose, and must go. The new styles are the Saratoga wave and the Grecian coil. The Saratoga wave is a revival in a modified form of the custom which prevailed twenty-five years ago, when ladies were wont to part their hair in the middle and bring it down in two semicircles from the centre of the forehead, covering the ears, and fastening it at the back of the head. The new style makes the curve toward the back of the head begin at the temples. The effect is to bring out the attractive features of the face and conceal bulging foreheads and creased temples. The Grecian coil is a skillful twisting of the hair at the back of the head. It has a very charming effect, and makes a pretty woman perfectly irresistible when she turns her back.

Until very recently (says the Chicago *Tribune*) ladies' garters have been simply regarded as a necessary adjunct to the toilet. In the balmy days of our mothers a simple band of blue or white cotton elastic was thought sufficient; but the demand in this department has varied with that of others, and the present generation spends from fifty cents to twenty-five dollars for this simple auxiliary to the toilet. When the garter is rosetted, care is taken to have several pairs to be worn with various styles of hosiery. In the combination a black silk stocking makes a background for any shade; a blue pair is ornamented with old gold, brown with blue garters, olive with cardinal, pink with cream, etc. Pretty silk elastic comes decorated in hand-painting in either oil or water-colors, and is sold by the yard. This painting is sufficient decoration, and necessitates but the adjustment of some pretty clasp design to complete a handsome and tasty article. The more expensive goods are presented in beveled mirror boxes with a finish as elaborate as those of elegant jewel-cases. The pair is composed of white velvet quilting, with a two-inch satchet-bag highly perfumed, flattened in the centre, and covered with fine embossed roses. Two emeralds surmount the oxydized silver clasps. A spiral coil, representing a snake, was enveloped in a black velvet covering, and finished with ruby eyes. An infinite number of overlapping blue ribbon loops, each carrying a border of seed pearls representing some geometrical form, and terminating in gold clasps, completed another. A pair of bridal garters was taken out of a red-satin lined crystal box; they were made of white silk bolting cloth, with filigree silver butterflies for clasps. Only twenty-six dollars. Another case was opened showing a band of silver net run with tiny clusters of forget-me-nots wrought in pearls and turquoise. An English novelty of white plush was embellished with the word "Happiness" scrolled in silver script. On the other "Prosperity" was written. This pair was marked twenty-eight dollars. What satisfaction one of these fair creatures would experience in rolling down a stairway or tumbling off the rear end of a car, if there was any chance of a revelation of such adornments.

The Republicans are the best-dressed men in both the Senate and House. They have better-kept beards, sleek faces, and look stylish. They wear good clothes and polished shoes, and walk with the air of men confident of position and above making the matter of personal appearance a matter of study. They leave external matters to good tailors and boot-makers. Some of the Democrats are just as well kept, and dress like gentlemen. The plain Democrats, who come here from the people, glory in being shod in nailed shoes, and capped with a drooping, umbrella-like hat. Do these great, fermenting minds stop to think that a man with big brains lately in the Senate, Roscoe Conkling, left his measure with his tailor long ago, and never knows what he puts on except as he receives a package on the evening of the seasons as they come? Chester A. Arthur is the neatest man in Washington almost, and he has some brains, too. Abe Hewitt, Allison, Edmunds, and Randall are wearers of good clothes, well cut; so are dozens of others.

The most popular style of ladies' shoes is an Oxford tie in dark wine-colored goat. The lining and lacings match the rest of the shoe in color, the toes are rounded and a little broader than last year, the instep gracefully arched, and the low, flat heel, only a little over an inch in height, of solid leather. For tennis wear, dark wine-colored goat, with no heels and pyramid rubber soles put on outside the thin leather ones. These have linings and lacings like the ties. Then there's a new thing for tennis, high-laced boots in the same materials. These have just come out, but they will be very popular another season, as people come to know them, for they support the ankles better than the shoes do, and that's a good thing in tennis. Alligator-skin shoes and slippers are falling out of favor, too. Light colors of all sorts are going out, and dark colors getting more and more popular. Next to the wine-colored goat walking-shoe comes the Oxford tie, with patent-leather vamps and mat kid quarters. The prettiest thing in slippers is the sailor tie or slipper tie, which comes in patent-leather and goat, and in French kid. A few like the d'Orsay slipper, cut down at the sides like a gentleman's opera-slipper. Opera-slippers are cheaper and not so well liked. Bronze leather is coming in again. Among bronze slippers there is the Queen or sandal-beaded. The kid over the toe is cut away to make it look like a lacing or open work, the edges button-holed, and then the whole decorated with bronze or steel beads. A little bow of brown satin ribbon, with a beaded clasp, completes the dainty affair. The plain opera-slipper in bronze and the "Theo"—cut low in front, with pieces from the side tying high on the instep with a broad satin ribbon—are popular. They are nice for dancing, because they hold so firmly at the heel. But what will just captivate the feminine heart is the Esmeralda slipper, in bronze or black French kid. This has a beaded toe in bronze, steel, or jet, and is finished at the top by a full ruching of satin ribbon, edged with beads. It is peculiarly graceful in cut, and the ruching is just high enough and narrow enough to add and not detract from the shape of the foot.

A new danger threatens society and it comes in the shape of the bicycle. The bicycle is almost noiseless on a good road, and young men driving their sweethearts would do well to keep a sharp eye to the rear, as some very funny things have been witnessed by wheelmen riding behind buggies. I heard (says a writer in the St. Louis *Spectator*) how one wheelman rode behind a buggy for some distance, quite undecided as to whether the pretty girl in the buggy, all dressed in white, had a black sash on or not. He tried the experiment of riding close up and blowing his whistle, and the black girdle disappeared as if by magic. She was wearing a coat-sleeve with an arm in it.

At Long Branch this season many ladies are becoming proficient at billiards. Among the beginners are several Philadelphia ladies, who took their first lessons this week. One of the English ladies stopping at the Branch is an unusually fine player, and she can discount many of the gentlemen who pride themselves upon their "big runs." "Ladies learn more easily than gentlemen," says an expert, "because they are more graceful, naturally, and it takes a graceful person to make a good player. They do not strike hard enough at first, but they soon learn to give the required force to their blows. They are bothered at first by the angles, and learn to make carom and draw shots much quicker than they do those which require the use of the cushions. They find a great deal of amusement in the terms used in the game, and, when told their ball is "kissed off," want to know what it means. The use of the word 'English' is very popular with them, and they always want to put 'English' on the cue-ball, no matter what kind of a shot is to be made. They like the game, and it is becoming a favorite with them. The rapid improvement some of them make is really remarkable."

Imitating a costume worn at the Caledonian ball in London, a New York belle appeared at a private fancy-dress party in Newport recently as a bottle of champagne. Her bodice and skirt were of bottle-green satin, the latter being crossed in front with a square of white satin labeled "Veuve Cliquot" in gold. A gold hood simulated the cork, and the gloves were of green silk. The effect was charming, and all the beaux had the compliment about being "so sparkling" ready at their tongues' end. It was reserved for a dreadful New York man to inquire if the contents of the bottle were "dry" or sweet.

Visitors to Paris will be, perhaps, somewhat pleased to know that an attempt is being made to revive the glories of the Jardin Mabille at the former Besselievre Concert, which has been re-christened Jardin de Paris. The disappearance of Mabille, after so many years of world-wide celebrity, was regretted in Paris. The reason why Mabille was closed was because its site had become so valuable that it was taken for building purposes. It was directly off the Champs-Elysées, in one of the most beautiful quarters of the city. Mabille was undoubtedly one of the chief attractions of the gay capital. In appearance it was a veritable fairy land, and everybody—that is to say, foreigners—went there. Ninety-nine out of every hundred American ladies who visited Paris during the existence of Mabille, looked in upon that very handsome, and, supposedly, very wicked place. They were told that there they would see Parisian deviltry at its height, and they took in the garden among the other sights. But Mabille was not what it pretended to be. The performance was as carefully arranged as at any theatre. All the dancers were paid. Over the river at the Latin Quarter, at the Bullier, it was, and still is, different. There there were actual students and grisettes doing the can-can. But one did not, as a rule, take ladies to the Bullier.

## BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

### The Late Archimedes

Archimedes, whose given name has been accidentally torn off and swallowed up in oblivion, was born in Syracuse 2171 years ago last spring. He was a philosopher and mathematical expert. During his life he was never successfully stumped in figures. It ill befits me now, standing by his new-made grave, to say aught of him that is not of praise. We can only mourn his untimely death, and wonder which of our little band of great men will be the next to go. Archimedes was the first to originate and use the word "Eureka." It has been successfully used very much lately, and, as a result, we have the Eureka baking powder, the Eureka suspender, the Eureka bed-bug buster, the Eureka shirt, and the Eureka stomach bitters. Little did Archimedes wot when he invented this term that it would come into such general use. Its origin has been explained before, but it would not be out of place here for me to tell it as I call it to mind now, looking back over Archie's eventful life. King Hiero had ordered an eighteen-karat crown, size 7½, and, after receiving it from the hands of the jeweler, suspected that it had been adulterated. He therefore applied to Archimedes to ascertain if possible whether such was the case or not. Archimedes had just got in on No. 3, two hours late and covered with dust. He at once started for a hot and cold bath emporium on Sixteenth Street, meantime wondering how the dickens he would settle that crown business. He filled the bath-tub level full, and, piling up his raiment on the floor, jumped in. Displacing a large quantity of water equal to his own bulk, he thereupon solved the question of specific gravity, and, forgetting his bill, forgetting his clothes, he sailed up Sixteenth Street and all over Syracuse, clothed in shimmering sunlight and a plain gold ring, shouting "Eureka!" He scattered the Syracuse Normal School on its way home, and boarded a Fifteenth Street bob-tail car, yelling "Eureka!" Everywhere he was greeted with surprise. He tried to pay his car-fare, but found that he had left his money in his other clothes. Archimedes once said: "Give me where I may stand, and I will move the world." I could write it in the original Greek, but fearing that the nonpareil delirium tremens type might run short, I give it in the English language.—*Puck.*

### "Them" or "Those."

I have just received this letter from a total stranger:

PENSACOLA, Florida, May 10, 1884.

MR. NYE—Sir: As you write a great deal for the press, and, I should therefore judge, are quite familiar with good form in the English language, myself and several other young men have agreed to refer a certain question of grammatical construction to you. It was some time ago that we agreed to do so, and I had meant to have went to you before in relation to it. The question is this: Suppose one were to use the word license in writing or spelling, should one say "He got them license, or he got those license?"

It is difficult to say which is the most proper of the two styles. Supposing one to be in a mixed party at a barbecue or some other occasion of great national joy, and that one was thrown into a heterogeneous crowd of those who might take offense if one were to use the word "those," it might be better for one who wished to curry favor with the masses, to say "he got them license"; but in case one should be thrown into a large, select party at Washington, where senators, and cabinet officers, and great men were plenty, it would be well to say "he got those license." In this democratic land you must have your wisdom where you can get at it almost instantly. Now, I might say "he got them license" with impunity in some localities, and it would even be regarded with favor, as it would show that I was not stuck-up and proud; while at a lawn sociable at the White House it would be as much as my life was worth to use the same language. One would naturally say in the presence of our better classes, "He got those license." It affords me great pleasure to throw light on great questions of grammatical construction. The sweet singer of Michigan owes her beautiful automatic style to my suggestion. I re-wrote and braced up this stanza of hers which has now become a household word, as it were:

"And now, kind friends, what I have wrote,
I hope you will pass o'er,
And not criticise as some has done,
Hitherto herebefore." —*Denver Opinion.*

### Different Handshakers.

If I ever should slay my fellow-man and hurl his surprised soul into the bosom of the great hereafter, it will be either the man that grasps my hand with such an enthusiastic external pressure that it comes back to me a quivering, heterogeneous mass of contused and abraded phalanges, or the man who protrudes his lifeless hand toward me, and lays it in my palm as he would a link of Bologna sausage. The last man enhances and enriches the act very much by looking at you with the cold, unimpassioned eye of a dead codfish. I can forgive a young lady sometimes for depositing a little, warm mass of forty-four-button kid in my hand with no apparent emotion—in the hand. It is the eye, after all, that I want to shake hands with. I remember, even now, after a stormy career as postmaster, a pair of bright eyes, that used to come about even with the breast pocket of my overcoat, and how I used to shake hands with them—God bless them! I didn't seem to know whether I had one hand or six in my grasp. I didn't care. All that I knew about the hand was that it was a good hand, and I did not call for a new deal. Dear reader, I know what you expect me to say. You think I'm going to say that those laughing eyes are now closed in eternal sleep, that the little round hand that used to work itself into a paper bag of caramels so gently and yet accurately is folded over its comrade in death's mysterious repose; but such is not the case. They still continue to do business at the old stand and defy competition. Finally, however, my brethren, sooner than hold the clammy claw of a false and galvanized friend, I would cheerfully, and even hilariously, shake the genuine camel's-hair tail of a soured and cynical government mule. It may indicate a warped and unnatural mental condition, but I am that way.—*New York Mercury.*

## THE WIDOW'S LETTERS.

By Ben. C. Truman.

San Francisco, March 31, 1883.

My Dearest Sister Mary: It is just three months to-day since my darling husband was taken from me; and the home that was so much sunshine up to the time of my dear one's death has been a scene of constant desolation ever since, without one single ray of light whatever. I shall never live through this great grief, my dear sister; indeed, there are times when I wish I was lying beside my lost one, for everything else except my own sad self seems buried forever. I seek for comfort at church, at prayer, and in books, but to no account. The image of the only man I ever loved, or ever could love, rises up before me even in my sleep, and I wickedly marvel why our Father in Heaven has taken from me a being so noble and so good, and left me without one single hope or joy. Oh, my dear sister, it is indeed dreadful to be left all alone in the world in never-ending pain and sorrow, without one single congenial or consoling incident or thought. The weather, too, seems to vie with my permanent surroundings, for I have seen nothing but clouds and fogs, or rain, since my lost one was taken to his eternal rest. In fact, every time I have visited the cemetery, I have got caught in the rain, and, upon one occasion, my mourning costume was nearly ruined. Helen, you know, has had the whooping-cough ever since our great misfortune, and only yesterday James came home in dire distress, on account of the dog-catchers having stolen his English pug. For God's sake, sister, how can I stand up much longer against these terrible griefs, which seem to be daily intensified instead of assuaged? If you should be notified some day of my death, my dear sister, don't be too dreadfully alarmed, for I am not strong enough to exist much longer as things now are. The proverbial silver lining has not yet appeared in the dark cloud which environs my unhappy life, and I am afraid it never will. Besides—and I must confess the truth, even if my utterances shock you—I want to die, I am so miserable. To be sure, I ought to want to live, I know, on account of Helen and James; and I will try and to bear up as well as I can. But I am the most miserable woman on the face of the earth.

From your afflicted sister,
Mrs. Henry Foster.

San Francisco, July 30, 1883.

My Dear Mary: You must not find fault with me for seeming neglect, for really I have had so much to occupy myself with lately that I have had very little time to write. The children are both very well, and go to Lunt's twice a week; and I generally accompany them, as it disturbs the monotony, you know, and gives me an opportunity to air myself in my half-mourning, which becomes me, so many of my gentlemen friends declare; and they all seem to be so earnest, and so entirely free from small-talk, that I can not help thinking that they are generally sincere in what they say, especially the married men, who are always the most profuse in their expressions of admiration. I was out at Lone Mountain on Memorial Day, but could not find Henry's grave, there was so much overgrowth of shrubs and grass. I had intended erecting a monument, you know, but there are so many who look upon such things as ostentatious follies that I have concluded to let the matter rest, at least for a while. Since I saw you last, we have spent a month at Del Monte, and enjoyed ourselves very much indeed. I did not dance once, although it was like losing eye-teeth every time I excused myself. But, for the looks of the thing, I declined, especially as there were several ladies present who were at Henry's funeral, and who know to a day—the venomous things—the date of his death. I had a very nice time, though, on the whole, and enjoyed myself as much as was proper under the circumstances. I have been twice to see the "Queen's Lace Handkerchief," and was highly entertained. Nellie is growing like a weed, and is as piquant as she is pretty. Jimmie is as rosy as a cherub; and the two darlings, with their caresses and merry-making, make their mother's life a symphony. My greatest and most earnest hope is to live and see them grow up to manhood and womanhood. The weather is very pleasant here at present, although the winds blow with their usual severity. Still, the skies are fair, the days are moderately warm, my children are both well, and there is a good deal worth living for, I can assure you. Affectionately, yours,

Harriet Foster.

S. F., November 30, 1883.

Dear Mamie: I have just returned from the matinée with Nellie and Jimmie, and have laughed so much that my corset-lacings snapped like a Fourth of July torpedo. Nellie had on a Sèvres blue velvet, single box-pleated skirt edged with narrow box-pleating of satin, with ribbon sash-ends in bow in back and front, plain jacket with a wide unique sailor collar, shirred sleeves with bow, small cuffs open on the forearm, and waist shirred at the neck and tied with a bow. I wore my new dress of three shades of brown, light brown serge, golden brown satin, and a dark rich brown velvet, gold satin vest with cutaway fronts, with illuminated buttons in the three fabric shades; cuffs of satin and the lower edge of the serge basque cut in battlements and bound with velvet, which also forms the rather elaborate looped drapery of the back. You may think this is rather a young dress for me, but you must not forget that I feel younger every day, while Joseph says I look fresher and more beautiful than two-thirds of the unmarried ladies of San Francisco. And Joseph says so many sincere, manly things, my dear; and he is just as good as he is handsome, and quite wealthy, which is the best of all. When you see him you will agree with me that I have been indeed most fortunate. It was love at first sight, really, as we have mutually admitted to each other—and there is so much warmth and ecstasy in affection of this character. I was on the look-out, you know, and was playing Mr. Admirer for all that was in it; still his sudden and unexpected proposal nearly took my breath away; but I preserved my equanimity, nevertheless. The day is set for next month—whom do you suppose I saw at the matinée to-day? Mrs. Sorrowful! rigged up in pigeon-gray ottoman with half sailor jacket, and Henri IV. hat of yellowish long pile beaver, the brim flat and narrow, and on one side a nest of mice forming a bow; laughing at the merest stage trick fit to kill herself, and her husband dead less than ten months! My wedding costume is being made at Samuels's. Really, Mamie, I am the happiest woman in the world. Hattie.

## OUIDA'S NEW NOVEL.

Some of the Meditations of that Petticoated Philosopher.

Ouida's latest novel is called "Princess Napraxine." It has not been so well received as some of her other works, notably the one before this, "Wanda." But it has had scores of thousands of readers all over the world. Miss De la Ramé has a very large clientèle. Possibly the reason the novel has not pleased novel-readers is because it is so philosophical. It is thickly sown with maxims and epigrams. We have culled some of these, and those who have not read the book may be interested in glancing over them:

A woman is prettier when she is sensitive. It is like piety or charity—it is an essentially feminine ornament, but it is not a quality which wears well.

The world never forgets its rich men. It may forget its great ones—will forget them, indeed, unless they have a drum beaten very loudly before them.

"If you had cared to lead a cotillon, Othmar, you might have been a happier man." "That I do not doubt; the frivolous faculty is a very happy one."

If there were no statesmen at all, and no journalists, life would go smoothly; every one would attend to his own affairs, the world would be quiet, and there would be no wars.

Why will men always talk of love? After all, how little place it takes up in real life. Ambition, society, amusement, politics, money-making, a hundred things, take up a hundred-fold more space.

The baron sadly recalled the saying of the wise man who was of opinion that it makes little difference after three months whether your wife be a Venus or a Hottentot; but he did not utter this blasphemy to a lovely woman.

"You will take from Rome what you yourself have carried there," says a German writer; and it is with love the same thing—you take from it what you carry to it; you get out of it so much spirituality as you bear thereto, and no more.

What children of Nature men always remain! They are unmanned if they meet a woman who recalls a love-scene ten years old, while a woman would not move an eyelash if she encountered a score of lovers she had forsaken—no, not if she had hired bravos to kill them, and they knew it.

She had no belief in the discretion of men; they had their views and principles of honor, no doubt, but she had never known those remain superior to the impulses of their indiscretion or their inquisitiveness; they were always talkative as gossips round a market-fountain, curious as children before a case of unpacked toys.

We all make our own fates, or our own temperaments make them for us. Destiny does not stalk about among us unseen but irresistible, as I know you think it does. I believe there is nothing which befalls us, from a catarrh to a catastrophe, which, if we choose to be honest with ourselves, we may not trace to our own imprudence.

She is the true *ingénue* of the novelist and the dramatist—she knows nothing beyond the four walls of the convent. It is a type fast disappearing, even with us, under the influence of American women and English romances. I am not sure that it is not to be regretted; it is something, at least, to have a girlhood like a white rose.

I suppose it would be a terrible thing for civilization if the East ever again surges over the West. But the East has very much to avenge, and I am not sure that civilization would be any great loss. It has discovered that man is only a sort of hotbed for bacteria, and that butter can be made out of river-mud, and coffee out of powdered tan.

Everybody who is noble comes from robbers of some sort. What were the Hohenstauffen, the Hohenzollern, the Hapsburgs, the Grimaldi, the Montefeltro, the Colonna? Robbers all, sitting on high in their fortresses, and swooping down like hawks on the fords, on the highways, on the moorlands, on the forests, on the little towns below them.

She always likes to see that a great man is a little one somewhere; she will always find out the speck on the handsome rosy apple, the yellow stain on the ivory, the rift in the lute. That is her way. She would never have admired Doctor Johnson; she would have only laughed at his uncouthness and his dishes of tea, and only seen that he touched all the posts in the street.

What, in God's name, is he meditating? Some insanity, probably. I should believe he was about to disappear from the world with Madame Napraxine if I were not so persuaded that her pride and her selfishness will never permit her to commit a folly for any one. Morality is nothing to her, but her position is a great deal. Her delight in being insolent will never allow her to lose the power of being so.

Why do English nobles enter public life? They want nothing, materially, either. Some of them are of rank, also, so high in place, that nothing can be added to their position. God knows why they do, except that an Englishman is an animal like the beaver, not happy without work. Besides, they imagine that they serve their country—a delusion, but an honorable one, which must make them very happy.

I never see a baby run through the fields, gathering daisies and throwing them down, but what I think of men with their loves. The only passion that lasts with them is one which is denied, and even that is a poor affair. To be sure, sometimes they kill themselves, but that is rather out of rage than out of any higher despair. And for one who kills himself for us, there are a hundred who kill themselves for their debts.

Analysis was so natural to her that it seemed to her in no situation or even crisis of her life would she have abandoned it. There is a well-known physiologist, now head of a famous laboratory, who, when his son died, a boy of twelve, scarcely waited for the child's last breath to plunge his scalpel into the still warm body in hopes of some discovery of the law of life. If she had any emotions she would have done a similar thing; she would have dissected them even if they had sprung from her own life-blood.

There was no Venusburg which would not have let this millionaire enter into its enchantment with his golden key; and this untempted Tannhäuser turned away indifferent. All the rest which attracted other men—gambling, feasting, drinking, racing, living together in feverish crowds—appeared to him ridiculous and tiresome. All the popular vices of men of his rank seemed to him to be dull and vulgar, trivial and stupid; the life of the *muscadin*, of the "masher," seemed to him, on the whole, more stupid than the Tartar's.

You think money is not interesting, but you are wrong. It is the Haroun-al-Raschid of our day. It is the wand of Mercury. It is the sunshine of life. Only fancy, if you chose you could with money make the desert blossom like the rose; you could call up a city like Paris in the centre of Mongolian steppes. That is very interesting indeed. Money itself is not so; but when one considers its enormous influence, its fantastic powers, it is so: it is even more, it is positively bewitching.

All churchmen can hide their eyes, ostrich-like, in the sand of sonorous phrases. Your Christianity has been toiling for eighteen centuries, and, one may say, has accomplished nothing. It mouths a great deal, but practical results it has scarcely any. Its difficulty has always been that, being illogical in its essence and traditions, it must be restrained to words. Were Christianity reduced to practice, all the modern world would fade away, riches would disappear, effort would be impossible, and the whole machinery of civilization come to a stand-still and entire disuse.

Do you remember when the anarchists of '48 came to old Rothschild, at Ferrières, and demanded his fortune for the people of France, and he very quietly took up his pen and made aloud his calculation that his fortune divided thus would give each one just four francs and a half each? Well, the fault of the very rich man to the world is always Rothschild's to the anarchists; every one expects he can bestow on each of them ten millions, while he can only really give four francs and a half. The calculation may be as clear as day, but the fact is one never forgiven.

There are only two ways of looking on life which make it interesting, or even endurable—the one is the way of Corot, which adores nature and can find an absolute ecstasy in the sound of the wind and the play of the sunshine, and asks nothing more of fate than a mill-stream and a handful of green leaves; the other is the way of Rochefoucauld and of St. Simon, which finds infinite and unending diversion in watching the feebleness and the mistakes of human nature, which regards the world with what I call the dramatic instinct, and amuses itself endlessly with the attitudes and genuflections of its courtiers, the false phrases, and the balked calculations.

I do not like England myself. Your châteaux are very fine, but the life in them is very tiresome. You all eat far too much and far too often, and you have lingering superstitions about Sunday; your women are always three months behind Paris, and never wear shoes like their gowns; your talk is always of games, and shooting, and boat-racing. You are not an amusing people; you never will be. You have too much of the Teuton, and the Hollander, and the Dane in you. Your stage makes one yawn, your books make one sleep, your country-houses make one do both. Your women clothe themselves in Newmarket coats, get red faces, and like to go over wet fields. Your men are well built very often, but they move ill; they have no *désinvolture*, they have no charm. The whole thing is tiresome. I shall never willingly go to England.

It is hard for a girl of noble blood and no dowry to end otherwise in France than in a convent. The men who ought to marry her—her equals—will marry instead some Americans with dollars, whose fathers were stokers or pork-butchers. When a young girl has no dower, the very best place for her in the world is a convent, melancholy but inevitable; whereas you men, merely because she has pretty hair, which the sun shines on as she goes past among her oranges, are already thinking that some one ought rise out of the sea to marry her, with a duke's *couronne* in one hand and a veil of old Alençon lace in the other? Certainly those things do happen. If she were an impudent *écuyère* at Hengler's, or a Californian who never had a grandfather, the duke's *couronne* would no doubt appear on her horizon.

Why should you go and stay in other people's houses? Another person's house is hardly better than a hotel; indeed, very often it is worse. If you don't like the dinner-hour, you can not change it; if you are given slow horses, you can not complain; if you dislike your rooms, you can not alter them; if you think the *chef* is a bad one, you can not say so; if you find all the house-party bore you, you can not get rid of them. You must pretend to eat all day long; you must pretend to feel amiable from noon to midnight; you must have all kinds of plans made for you, and submit to them; you can never read but in your own room, and, generally speaking, there is nothing in the library—if it be an English library—except Tillotson, Wordsworth, and Darwin. I can not imagine how any reasonable being subjects herself to such a martyrdom only because somebody else finds their country-place dull without people.

There can be hardly any great difficulties for a very rich man. He goes wherever he chooses; he can purchase whatever he desires. There are swept aside from his path forever all the thousand and one annoyances and hinderances which beset the man who is not rich. Only imagine a person who can not reach his dying child because he has not money enough for the journey! Imagine another who has his homestead made intolerable to him by the erection of a steam-mill, and yet is obliged to end his days in it because he can not afford to move! Imagine yet another with weak lungs, who would recover his strength if he could house in the country, in the South, and yet can not leave his business, which chains him to a city in the North. This is the sort of sorrows from which wealth sets free a man or woman. One may say roughly, I think, that if his health be good, a very rich person is exempt from all other misfortunes than those which come to him from his affections or his friendships. His troubles are, in a word, entirely those of sentiment.

Modern life is so trivial, yet so absorbing; it is such a bed of down and such a bed of prickles, it is such a sleeping-potion and such a whip of nettles, that we have no time to think about anything but itself. You must live "à l'abri des hommes" if you want to be of higher stature than they are. Bismarck is a colossus, because he shuts himself up in Varzin so constantly. It is very hard even for men to resist the presence of the world. Even Tennyson leaves Farringford in the primrose month to court a vulgar apotheosis in the London drawing-rooms; and for a woman who finds herself from birth upward in that *milieu* there is no resistance possible. We are born to dress, to drive, to dine, to dance, to set the fashion in all kinds of things—and that is all. If we are clever, we do mischief in meddling with the hidden cards of diplomacy or statecraft; and if we are light-minded, we do a different manner of mischief in making all sorts of vices look pretty and distinguished to those below us, who are always endeavoring to imitate us; but more than that we cannot do.

I never make up my mind until the last hour. People say it is cruel when they have dinner; it leaves a place blank; but how can you be sure what you wish to do until the moment comes? I detest dinners. When we really become civilized we shall each of us eat in solitude, or, at the least, each behind his own screen. Why should one of the unloveliest of the operations of nature be performed in public? The flowers, and the plate, and the footman can not really embellish it—indeed, they only make it the more grotesque. When the world has really refined itself, it will look on our eating in society as we look now on savages eating with their fingers. Some of our friends can not even have a little love affair but they must go and eat prawns, and quails, and *petits fours* together in a café. And if a hero comes home from the war, anywhere, his countrymen at once make him eat and drink in public, by way of showing their respect for him. The whole thing is absurd. The only creature that is not offensive when it eats is a bird. Just one little dive in a rose, or under a vine-leaf, and it has breakfasted. Fruit, perhaps, does keep something of the golden age about it; but our dinners!—were I a man I would never see the woman I desired taking her share of diseased livers, tortured fish, slaughtered songsters. They are fond of writing nowadays about a higher humanity which will succeed to ours; but my idea of it would be that it should be fed like Fénelon's islanders—by only breathing sweet odors. That would be even better than the bird's dip in the rose.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE.

In the Matter of Webb vs. Raleigh.

City and County of San Francisco, } ss.

Exhibit A.

"I feel dreadfully strange and uncomfortable among so many new faces hanging on walls, standing in frames, or lying on their backs staring at the ceiling. Pardon my intrusion, good friends—for which I am not in the least responsible—and permit me to relieve oppressive awkwardness by introducing myself. My name—or, rather, the name of that thoughtless, frivolous young person who sat before the camera for me—is Annie St. Clair Raleigh, and I live—or rather *she* lives—in the Western Addition, not far from here; so near, in fact, that the young gentleman who just took me out of his breast-pocket has found time to walk down there nearly every night for the past six weeks"——

"Just as he used to come to my house before he brought me here!" interrupted a round-cheeked young damsel who lay on the table and eyed the chandelier.

"And to mine also!" giggled a coquettish maiden who stood on the mantelpiece, peering through a coquettish frame, and contemplating a coquettish bird whose cage she held.

"And to mine!" "And mine!" spoke up the full-length young lady in black ringlets, and the décolleté young lady who was condemned to go through life gazing into a mirror.

"Upon my word," said the new-comer, "my history is likely to be a twice-told tale!"

"More than twice," replied she of the black ringlets, sententiously. "But pray continue. We like to hear the different ways of making a fool of himself which a man develops as he grows older."

"Well, I have had pretty good opportunities of observing his latest development," said the stranger; "for I've been leaning against a cracked vase on our parlor table, and keeping my eyes on the whole transaction."

"Just suppose you had to watch this bird-cage all the time as I do!" sighed the perpetually coquettish young lady. "Pardon me—go on."

"Of course, my meeting with him was somewhat abrupt," continued the fair historian; "since no one seems to consider it necessary to present *us* formally. There was a small gathering at our house—what Annie's mamma calls 'a few friends'—and I had been taken up, stared at, compared, and criticised by people who could find nothing else to talk of, until I was ready to drop with fatigue, as were the rest of my friends in the album and on the mantel. Indeed, the old gentleman—Annie's father—who hangs near me on the wall, grew very indignant and swore dreadfully, until he caught sight of Mrs. R.'s beseeching face in the album, whereupon he subsided. Finally, when no one could think of anything more to say about us (or about anything) and that depressing silence, which is inseparable from 'a few friends' entertainment,' began to fall upon us, the door opened and Mr. Charles Montmorency Webb was announced."

"Ah! our present proprietor—proceed," murmured the round-cheeked damsel, her eyes still fixed on the chandelier.

"This young gentleman we all know, and he need not be described. He is not handsome, nor particularly ugly, but he has a certain tact, a certain deferential I-secretly-adore-you manner toward our prototypes, which makes them consider him worthy of regard. Our presence here is sufficient evidence of *that*. Well, he afforded a slight relief to the conversational dearth by talking to some of the guests, and being talked of by the rest, after which mamma Raleigh conducted the company into the dining-room for refreshments. We had hardly time to exchange opinions concerning them, when Annie returned accompanied by Mr. Charles Montmorency, who declared that he did not care for ice-cream, and was very desirous of an opportunity to ripen their acquaintance. '*For*,' said he, '*with me, the first requisite for enjoyment in any social gathering is to select the one whom I think most worthy of admiration, and then—if she will permit me—to try to break down formal barriers and talk to her, not like a social automaton, but like a man.*' 'A very superior sort of young man, I think,' said papa Raleigh, from his frame on the wall, and I could see that Annie thought so too, though she only smiled, and asked if Mr. Webb had ever made a mistake, and selected some one who proved unworthy or unwilling? '*Both of these disasters have I encountered*,' said he, '*and, to tell the truth, I am more hurt by the error of my judgment when one proves unworthy, than by the blow to my vanity when one is unwilling. With you I feel safe as to my judgment. Are you going to shock my vanity?*' He was standing by the mantelpiece looking down at her with a kind of practiced admiration—and she certainly is very well worth admiring. Look at me, and you can see."

"So are we all—look at us!" chorused her hearers.

"Well, I can't recite the dialogue which ensued any further. You have heard the opening guns of the campaign, and your imagination, or possibly your experience, will supply the remainder. I am willing to confess that he made a very favorable impression on me by a sort of delicate, apparently half-unconscious adulation—a sort of etherealized flattery, which formed a pleasant contrast to the bungling of our other admirers. During the course of their conversation he took me up, and instead of saying '*It's 'most as pretty as you are*,' or '*It doesn't begin to do you justice*'—as so many hateful people do—he just looked up at her and said, simply, '*It is very pretty, and, what is better, it is like you. Photographs usually flatter.*'"

"Oh, that's old! At least three of us have heard it," said the round-cheeked, snappishly.

"But you must recollect that I didn't know of your existence at that time," went on the stranger. "At all events, I was afterward witness to a great many more interviews, wherein he devoted himself to 'breaking down barriers,' as he called it. These barriers seemed to be near the middle of our parlor sofa, and very distressing to Mr. Charles Montmorency, who encroached on them daily, and appeared to think that the way to avoid being a 'social automaton' was to look tenderly into a confiding young woman's eyes and to entertain her with philosophical reflections on love, and marriage, and social shams."

"Yes, he was drifting into that vein when he sat on *our* sofa," said the black-ringleted cabinet, meditatively.

"And I'm not so sure but it's a good card. You see it impresses the girl with a sense of his superiority, and then his ability to analyze and discuss the follies of lovers and husbands makes her believe that *he* will avoid them."

"Exactly," responded the recent arrival, "and my original is easily imposed on by any one who dabbles in metaphysics or descants on the foibles of mankind, because she imagines that she too has seen the world and tested its hollowness, and all that sort of thing. She reads overwrought novels, and when the 'ruined life and blasted hope' climax is reached, she puts down the book and sighs, 'Heigho! women are false and men are foolish! The times are out of joint!' Just as if *she* had any cause to be miserable, or as if *she* knew anything about men, women, or the times! Bah! But I am wandering. To make a long story short, I was not surprised when a few evenings ago, after an unusually melancholy and reflective séance, my young gentleman declared his conviction that only she could make this 'stale, flat, and unprofitable' life bearable to him, which likely story my young lady found no difficulty in believing. He did it very well—was not maudlin or heroic, but stood by her side and spoke manfully"——

"He hadn't any better sense than to get on his knees to me," said the round-cheeked young lady. "But I was his first. He is improving. Go on."

"Well, that is about all. Miss Annie St. Clair Raleigh not only promised to give him herself, but actually give him *me*, and now, unless something unforeseen occurs, I am afraid you ladies will be sent into exile. It is not likely that he will permit her to find *you* here."

"Humph! She isn't here yet," said the bird-cage coquette. "We have been threatened that way before, with no result."

"Besides, he would tell her we were his cousins, or relatives of some kind, just as he did when his landlady asked about us," remarked the décolleté young lady to the mirror. "*You* will not be left here, however," she continued, addressing the stranger. "He will take you into the next room, stick you into the looking-glass, and mutter unintelligible endearments over you for the next three months. Then you'll come back here, unless I'm greatly mistaken."

"Why, he used to keep me under his pillow," said the round-cheeked. "But I was his first!" and she sighed regretfully.

"I half-way expected you," spoke up the sententious lady, "when he came in here the other day, and took one of his own photos (a very nice, pleasant-spoken gentleman it was, too, and we often chatted together), out of the album. I'll bet he is doing looking-glass and endearment duty at your house now."

And they all burst out laughing, while the stranger looked uncomfortable.

"If he *is*, he will be rather disappointed in her," said she. "I know the young woman intimately, and I don't think a position in her looking-glass is altogether calculated to nourish enthusiastic admiration."

"No more is it for any of our originals," assented the others, "and for that matter, neither is your present regard for Mr. Charles Montmorency likely to be enhanced by admission to his boudoir. We don't wish to discourage you, but—hark! here he comes."

"You were right," said the new-comer, as the gentleman entered and picked her up. "I am to be transferred. He looks at me as if I were Annie, and Annie were eatable. This is a bad attack, I'm afraid."

"No worse than mine," exclaimed the round-cheeked damsel, spiritedly.

"Nor mine!" "Nor mine!" vociferated the others, and the door closed between them.

The still, small photographic voice in which they spoke was unheard by Mr. Charles Montmorency Webb.

Exhibit B.

"By Jupiter! here's an embarrassing situation for a man of a retiring disposition. First place, I'm nearly smothered to death by being carried inside a lady's worsted 'fascinator;' then dandled around in a young woman's hands until I'm nearly wild, and, finally, brought up-stairs and stuck into a frame—which is too small for me—on a young lady's bureau! I wonder what new dodge Charles Montmorency is up to now? He's a nice young donkey. Why it's only two months ago that he swore to me he was done falling in love; he had weighed women well, and fully made up his mind that they were silly, simpering, faithless, frivolous creatures, and he wouldn't give a clay pipeful of Latakia for the entire sex! They had little heart, and less brains—and more to the same purpose! Only two months ago, and here I am!" Thus spoke the photo of Mr. Webb, and cast its eyes up on the wall: "Hilloa, Governor! you hanging up on the wall? Will you kindly tell me where I am, and who is this young woman who seems to have formed a desperate attachment for me?" He spoke to a gray-haired, oil-painted old man, in a faded frame.

"'Tisn't for you," was the laconic answer. "It's for some sentimental noodle who sat for you. His first name is 'Cholley'—I know, because I heard her muttering it last night in her sleep."

"Yes, Charles Montmorency Webb is his name. What is hers?"

"Miss Annie St. Clair Raleigh, nineteen years old, average intelligence, and pretty, as girls go; but idle, petulant, and careless. Very ecstatic, and ready to gurgle at the most trivial occurrence; absolutely ignorant of the difficulties of life, but under the impression that she knows them, and 'can, by patient perseverance and unswerving devotion to the right, conquer, one by one, the lions in her path,' as she wrote in her graduating essay—two hours after which she was ready to cry because she couldn't find her button-hook! She has an imagination which enables her to picture herself as a great actress, artist, musician, reformer—anything, but not enough perseverance to learn how to darn her own stockings!"

"Whew!" said the visitor. "Seems to me that Charles Montmorency has made a bad investment!"

"Not necessarily," said the elderly gentleman. "My niece—she is my niece—is no worse than many another young woman who gets married. She has many good impulses—she has so many impulses that some of them must be good—and is a warm-hearted, affectionate girl, who, if your principal marries her, will make him sorry for it one day and glad the next. I've been here six years, and ought to know her pretty well."

"Great scissors! Have you been hanging up in a girl's room for half a dozen years? Governor, I'm sorry for you! *I* couldn't stand it—why, I'm perishing now for a cloud of tobacco-smoke and the whiff of a mint-julep!"

"Never fear, young man. You are not likely to stay here long. There have been three others where you are since Christmas. See! here she comes now."

"Ah! she *is* pretty, and she looks at me in a tender, sentimental way that is irresistible. Charles Montmorency, you're a lucky dog! By Jove, Governor, did you see her kiss me?"

"Pshaw! that's nothing new," returned the old gentleman. "You're the fourth since Christmas."

"Why, she's worse than my dear Charles," replied the stranger. "He has only given me away once before, and a week later I was sent home as if I'd had the small-pox. On that visit I was accompanied by a gorgeous frame, and was kept in the parlor until they had the row which caused my return, frame and all"——

"Hold your tongue a minute," interrupted the uncle," "and let's hear what she is saying. Listen":

"*Charley says he'll send me a beautiful frame for his picture, so that it may be worthy of a place in my room—if anything could be precious enough to merit such a place! The dear fellow! How he loves me!*"

"Rubbish!" said the framed old gentleman, in oily tones.

Exhibit C.

"Dear me! dear me! how this room does smell of tobacco! And how those young scapegraces swore and caroused all night—and how my head aches! If Annie could only have seen this precious Charles Montmorency of hers last night and the company he keeps, their dreadful stories, the jokes they cracked, the songs they sang, the wine they drank! Why, the horrid wretch just picked me up, pitched me over to another man, and said: '*Take a look at my best girl—ain't she a stunner?*' '*So that's the latest, is it, Charley?*' replied the other; '*she looks like a Sunday-school teacher. Can you say your catechism up to original sin, Cholley deah?*' and then they all haw-hawed, filled up their glasses and drank my health—drank it so often, in fact, that Charles Montmorency went to bed incoherent, and lies over there snoring yet. Rat-tat-tat! I wonder who it is knocking. Ah! Charles is awake at last—'*a package for Mr. Webb.*' He begins humming one of last night's tunes and cutting the strings. Bless my soul! it's a gilded frame with a photo of Charles himself! The humming stops. What does it mean? Ah! there is a note from Annie, too. I know the writing."

"Mr. Webb: Permit me to return your *valuable* second-hand gift, as well as your *worthless* second-hand portrait, and second-hand affections! My knowledge of your perfidy will be explained by the letter of dismissal from some former owner, which you will find—where I found it—in the back of the frame.

"For your future success I would advise you to examine this property closely before giving it away again.

"I shall be obliged if you will return my photograph.

"Yours, etc., Annie St. Clair Raleigh."

"Why, how pale the poor fellow has grown! See here, my friend," [to the returned portrait,] "have you no more regard for your principal than to bring him such a message as that?"

"I'd like to know how I could help it," replied the counterfeit Charles, philosophically. "Everything seemed to be progressing admirably when that unlucky frame arrived. She found the letter I carried home before, and this is the result. Think you'll be sent home?"

"Of course I will, and I'm glad of it—but I hate to see him look so wretched."

"Oh, that's all right," was the reply; "he looked just as miserable when I was returned before. Listen to him":

"*I was a fool—a thrice sodden fool! I thought I had destroyed it, and now this fatal memento of a foolish flirtation has come between me and the grand passion of my life! I dare not try to explain—she would only spurn me. Oh, unhappy unfortunate that I am.*"

"Why, there's a break in his voice like he was ready to cry!" exclaimed the kind-hearted young lady in the glass. "What can we do to help him? Speak quickly, for I see he's preparing to send me home."

"Well, if anything can be done, *you* must do it," replied her counselor. "If your mistress could be induced to send you back to him, I think he would pluck up courage and try to make peace."

"What is it he is writing on my back?" demanded she, excitedly.

"I can't tell," was the reply; "he is writing it with sympathetic ink, which only becomes visible when exposed to heat. I have seen him use it constantly in his other love affairs when clandestine correspondence was necessary."

"But Annie will not know how to read it," said the perplexed photograph.

"He doesn't intend that she shall, unless by chance," replied the other. "If she could read it now it would probably have no effect in her present resentful mood."

"Well, you mark my words, Charles Montmorency Webb in flesh and in pasteboard" [he had began to wrap her up in whitey-brown paper,] "you mark my words—I'll make it my business to bring out that writing, and be a regular photographic olive-branch. I shall see you again when——"

The whitey-brown paper closed over her.

Exhibit D.

"Six months gone, and I've done nothing but lean against this cracked vase and watch Annie mope about the

house. She has been growing paler and thinner every day. I'm sure she'd forgive him if I could but set the ball rolling. Father Raleigh!"

"Yes, my dear," replied the old gentleman in the frame over her head.

"Don't you think you could manage to knock me off here so I can fall on the hearth?"

"Why, my child, you must be crazy!" exclaimed the old gentleman, perfectly aghast at the singular request.

"Oh, I forgot!" said she; "you do not understand. The fact is, father, I want to be put near the fire. I have the very best of reasons for it. How can I manage to be moved?"

"Hum! hum!" said he; "that is no easy matter, my dear. Why, I've hung here for seven years without being moved, except when the servant girl dusts me."

"Here comes the servant girl now," said she, "and she has got a pail of water and a cloth to scour the wainscot. If she would only help me to—Heavens and earth, she has knocked me off into her pail! I'm soaking wet and must dissolve. What *shall* I do? Ah! here comes Annie. How good and kind she is! She wipes the soap-suds off with her handkerchief, and, better still, she is holding me over the drop-light to dry me! Now, father Raleigh, watch my back and see what is written on it! See! she gazes at me strangely—there's a new light in her eyes and a new color in her cheek! She knows the hand—she clasps me to her bosom! Quick, quick, father, what does the writing say?"

"There are but four words, my dear," said the old man, slowly; "they are: '*I love you still!*'"

EXHIBIT E.

"Well, my friend," said Miss Annie's counterfeit presentment, "I've carried out my part of the programme, thanks to the servant girl and her pail of water. How is your principal?"

"Oh, he's nearly frantic with joy, and perfectly enchanted by the success of his scheme!" Thus answered the photo of Mr. Charles Montmorency Webb.

"Just as if *we* were not the cause of it!" exclaimed she. "How blind men are! You'd laugh to hear Annie, though. She is firmly persuaded that the appearance of that mysterious writing on my back was little short of a miracle vouchsafed for her especial benefit, and it must be confessed that her inclination rather leaps with the oracle."

"Of course. Did you ever see a woman who considered advice good unless it corresponded with her own predetermination? But say—why are we tacked up over the folding-doors like this, and covered over with flowers and evergreens? Is it a holiday?"

"Not that I know of. I can't explain it, I'm sure. Here comes your Charles and my Annie, followed by a lot of people, all trying to look happy! I wonder when Annie took to wearing a long veil with white flowers?"

"What is the man in the long black coat and a book in his hand going to do?" put in her companion. "And why does Annie's mamma keep wiping her eyes with her handkerchief?"

"I don't understand it at all," said she; "I'll ask father. "Father! Father R., what are they doing?"

"They are taking a leap in the dark, my dear!" replied the old gentleman in oils.

And it seemed as though his left eye winked.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1884. SHELDON BORDEN.

---

The upper classes in Russia do not bathe frequently, says a correspondent. Baths, as such, exist not. There was certainly, half a mile or so from the house, an establishment called by that name, and frequented by the upper servants; but it was a contrivance of hot air and steam, a species of simplified Turkish bath. As for the bath pure and simple, it doesn't exist. Twice or thrice, during my two years' stay at G. A—— I beheld an immense oval brewing-vat, as it seemed to me, being carried between two servants by means of a pole passed through the handles at each end. It was conveyed to the count's writing-room, and followed by many pails of water. The furniture, or the greater part of it, at least, had previously been removed. The doors were locked, and I was given to understand that my lady was taking a bath. With *tant de façons* thus involved, no wonder that bath-taking in a Courland mansion is a solemnity reserved for rare occasions. It is true that the Countess Felicia, having recently imbibed enlightened views on hygiene, decreed that her children were to be bathed. Each child was placed in a tub, and, while it cowered there in nervous terror, two large jugfuls of cold water were discharged upon its shrinking back, and the business was done. Apropos of ablution, I once heard the following dialogue, which perhaps may throw more light on this subject than any description could do: Elderly patrician lady, at the head of society in the province, *loq.*—"Baron, you seem out of sorts to-day; is anything the matter?" Baron—"It is true, countess, I do not feel well to-day. The fact is, I perpetrated an imprudence this morning; I—washed my neck."

---

Mark Twain tells this story of Mr. Bergh: A lady was talking with Mr. Bergh one day, and chanced to speak of a friend of hers who had lately been traveling out West. In crossing the frontier it became necessary that the father, mother, and three children should cross a somewhat swollen ford. Their only beast of burden was a mule, so the father placed two of the children on its back, then plunged in and led the beast in with him. It swam obediently behind him, and all reached the other shore in safety. At the man's bidding the intelligent mule returned to where the mother and child were waiting to cross. The mother, fearing to put too heavy a burden on the already tired animal, put only the child upon its back, bade him hold fast, and, with a prayer, led the animal to the water's edge. They plunged in, swam bravely for a time, then were seen to struggle and go down.

"Oh, think, Mr. Bergh," said the excited and pitying lady; "just think what must have been the feelings of that mother as she saw her darling child lost in the depths of that black water!"

"True, oh, too true," sighed Mr. Bergh; "but did you ever think, my dear lady, what must have been the feelings of the mule?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

## A SHEAF OF TRANSLATIONS.

### To Celia.

FROM THE GREEK OF PHILOSTRATUS.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not not change for thine.
I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me,
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

—*Translated by Ben Jonson.*

### Drinking.

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

Observe, when mother Earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapors, which at evening sweep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And while the rosy sun appears
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The Moon, too, quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre from the solar beam.
Then hence with all your sober thinking
Since Nature's holiest law is drinking;
I'll make the laws of Nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine.

—*Translated by Thomas Moore.*

### Love and Wine.

FROM THE GREEK OF JULIAN, PRÆFECT OF EGYPT.

Once on a time, as for my fair a wreath I chanced to twine,
I caught young Love amongst the flowers, and plunged him in my wine;
I plunged him in, and drank him up with such delicious glee,
And now the urchin, with his wings, is always tickling me.

—*Translated by W. Peter.*

### To my Nose.

FROM THE FRENCH OF OLIVIER BASSELIN.

Fair Nose! whose rubies red have cost me many a barrel
Of claret wine and white,
Who wearest in thy rich and sumptuous apparel
Such red and purple light!

Great Nose! who looks at thee through some huge glass at revel,
More of thy beauty thinks,
For thou resemblest not the nose of some poor devil
Who only water drinks.

The turkey-cock doth wear, resembling thee, his wattles;
How many rich men now
Have not so rich a nose! To paint thee, many bottles
And much time I allow.

The glass my pencil is for thine illumination;
My color is the wine,
With which I've painted thee more red than the carnation,
By drinking of the fine.

'Tis said it hurts the eyes; but shall they be the masters?
Wine is the cure for all;
Better the windows both should suffer some disasters,
Than have the whole house fall.

—*Translated by John Oxenford.*

### Praise of Little Women.

FROM THE SPANISH OF JUAN RUIZ DE HITA.

I wish to make my sermon brief—to shorten my oration—
For a never-ending sermon is my utter detestation;
I like short women, suits at law without procrastination,
And am always most delighted with things of short duration.

A babbler is a laughing-stock; he's a fool who's always grinning;
But little women love so much, one falls in love with sinning.
There are women who are very tall, and yet not worth the winning,
And in the change of short for long repentance finds beginning.

To praise the little women Love besought me in my musing;
To tell their noble qualities is quite beyond refusing:
So I'll praise the little women, and you'll find the thing amusing;
They are, I know, as cold as snow, whilst flames around diffusing.

They're cold without, whilst warm within the flame of Love is raging;
They're gay and pleasant in the street—soft, cheerful, and engaging;
They're thrifty and discreet at home—the cares of life assuaging:
All this and more—try, and you'll find how true is my presaging.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes,
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies!
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies:
You recollect the proverb says—*A word unto the wise.*

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner;
Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her—
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there's a taste of paradise.

Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,
Color, and price, and virtue, in the clearness of its rays,
Just so a little woman much excellence displays,
Beauty, and grace, and love, and fidelity always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing;
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have many a thrilling note,
Each as a gay musician doth strain his little throat—
A merry little songster in his green and yellow coat;
And such a little woman is, when love doth make her dote.

There's naught can be compared to her, throughout the wide creation;
She is a paradise on earth—our greatest consolation—
So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexation;
In fine, she's better in the proof than in anticipation.

If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased,
Then surely it is good to be from all the great released.
*Now of two evils choose the less*, said a wise man of the East;
By consequence, of womankind be sure to choose the least.

—*Translator Unknown.*

## STORYETTES.

### Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

General Sherman, who has at last paid his license to St. Louis for extra street-washing water, added to his letter: "The city of St. Louis reminds me very much of a hotel in Omaha, whose proprietor advertised, "Terms, $4.50 per day; board and lodging extra."

---

Some strolling Thespians were once playing "Macbeth" in a country town. Their properties were not kept in very systematic order, for when the hero of Shakespeare's drama exclaimed, "Is that a dagger that I see before me?" ashrill voice responded from the "flies," "No, sir; it's the putty-knife. The dagger's lost."

---

A great match was being played between two famous professors of billiards, and the incidents of the contest excited the liveliest interest of the spectators, one of whom, the better to watch the execution of an extremely difficult stroke, imprudently leaned forward from his seat a little too far, and received from the butt of the player's cue so smart a blow upon the nose as to make it bleed. "Never mind, sir," said the professor, graciously, "I counted all the same."

---

In an Eastern city recently three young ladies, who had been attending an amateur rehearsal, got into a street-car. They all lived in the same neighborhood, and the colored man-servant at the house of one of them always brought them home rehearsal nights. This evening, as usual, he was humbly standing upon the platform. At the conclusion of the debate as to which of them should settle with the conductor, that official presented himself and asked: "How many fares?" as a quarter was handed him by the capitalist of the party. "Three fairs," she answered, "and one dark—on the platform."

---

Soon after the reduction in postage went into effect, the Kansas City, Springfield, and Memphis road was finished and put in operation. It crosses Black River about six miles above Powhattan. Several natives were discussing railroads at that point one day, and one said, "I tell *you*, railroads are good things. For the last five years we have tried to have a postoffice put here, and they wouldn't do it, though the mail-carrier passed here every day. The railroad came and we got the postoffice. The postmaster here sells stamps for two cents, and that old fraud down at Powhattan has been charging three ever since I can recollect."

---

Some years ago the floods carried away a bridge on the Michigan Central, and until it could be replaced there was a suspension of traffic. Said the general superintendent to the blunt, hard-working old master bridge-builder: "You must put all your men on that bridge; they must work all night, and the bridge must be completed by daylight. The chief engineer shall furnish you with the plan, and you can go right ahead." Early next morning the general superintendent, in a very doubful frame of mind, met the old bridge-builder. "Well, did the engineer give you a plan for the bridge?" "General," replied the old man, "the bridge is done. I don't know whether the picture is or not."

---

A few days ago, two ladies called at the New York custom-house to see about getting some imported articles out of the hands of the Government officers. A deputy collector informed them that it would be necessary for the owner of the articles in question to make oath as to their character. This statement caused the elder lady evident distress. She remarked uneasily that she did not want to swear. "It is absolutely necessary that you should," replied the officer, and he immediately read, very rapidly, the usual form, "and you do solemnly, sincerely, and truly swear," etc. The lady cast an appealing glance at the imperturbable officer, then looked resignedly at her smiling companion, and said: "Well, I suppose if I must I must, but the Lord have mercy on my soul—*damn it.* So there!"

---

Senator Conger was in the Grand Pacific Hotel, enjoying a chat with a friend. "Can I see you a moment, Senator?" asked a strange young man. "Certainly," said the Senator, rising. The young man led him away across the large room, and seemed to have something very important to impart to him, and to him alone. Clear down close in the corner the young man spoke right in the Senator's ear. "I guess you don't know me. I'm the editor of the ——burg *Enterprise.* I want you to tell me just the situation here." The Senator looked a little puzzled at first, then said: "Come with me." And, leading the way, he walked through the reading-room, down the office steps, up the ladies' parlor stairs, through the long entresol to the dining-room, and, drawing him close into the corner behind a hat-rack, said: "I don't know anything about it."

---

In a recent volume called "Storms and Sunshine of a Soldier's Life," the following anecdote is told: A tremor in the earth was perceptible, and the Afghans were, for the time being, overwhelmed with terror. Brigadier Shelton had quarreled with almost every one of the officers except Mackenzie, with whom he happened to be sitting on a bench on the roof of a house when the shock took place. He looked around fiercely to see who was shaking his bench. Mackenzie cried: "It's an earthquake, Brigadier!" and, calling to Lady Sale, made for the stairs, which were cracking and falling about them, and, by God's mercy, they all reached the bottom in safety. In the evening Shelton came up and said: "Mackenzie, I want to speak to you." "Very well, Brigadier." In a solemn tone, to make him feel the enormity of the offense, he remarked: "Mackenzie, you went down stairs first to-day"; to which the latter coolly replied: "It's the fashion in an earthquake, Mr. Brigadier; I learned it among the Spaniards in Manilla!"

## LITERARY NOTES.

### The New Volume of H. H. Bancroft's History.

The twenty-second volume of H. H. Bancroft's "History of the Pacific States," which has just been published, is the first of the series on the Northwest Coast. In it the account of the Spanish dominion ends, and that of the French, English, and Anglo-Americans begins. This volume treats principally of the earliest maritime explorations, the voyages of the fur-traders, and the first overland expeditions.

The first portion of the book necessarily contains some that has been given in previous volumes, comprising, as it does, accounts of the expeditions of the earliest explorers. Their object was to find a strait through the newly discovered continent, which they took to be a projection from the Asiatic mainland, through which an easy and rapid route to India could be secured. With this purpose in view, voyages were made north and south on the Atlantic Coast, and finally on the Pacific, to find the long-sought passage. Though unsuccessful in their primary object, these voyages were the first explorations of the Northwest Coast made by Europeans.

Of the early travelers who sought the strait, Juan de Fuca was one of the earliest, and, for a time, he was considered a successful explorer, for he returned with graphic descriptions of a strait, forty leagues wide, by which, after twenty days' sail, he reached the Atlantic. But it is extremely doubtful if he found a strait of any great length, as none can be found within ninety miles of the locality he designated, and not one on the coast answers to his description, not excepting that which to-day bears his name.

Francis Drake came soon after, with the same object, and Bancroft believes him to be the first European to go as far north as the Oregon coast. On this subject the historian says:

"I am led to conclude that Drake was probably, though not certainly, the first discoverer of the western coast from Cape Mendocino to the region of Cape Blanco, including fifty or sixty miles of the Oregon coast, and that his claim to discovery above latitude 43° is not supported by existing evidence."

Captain James Cook was the next famous explorer. On his third voyage, after leaving the Sandwich Islands, of which he was the discoverer, he sighted the northwestern seaboard in latitude 44 deg. 33 min., whence he slowly sailed northward, exploring the coast. He it was who, "by the accidental carrying away of a small collection of furs, whose great value was learned in Siberia and China, originated the great fur trade which became the chief incentive of all later English and American expeditions to these regions." The sea-otter and the fur-seal were very plentiful, and their skins could be bought for a mere song and sold in China and Europe at an immense profit. Speaking of the excitement caused by the new business, Mr. Bancroft says: "Little wonder that," as Captain King says:

—"'the rage with which our seamen were possessed to return to Cook's River, and, by another cargo of skins, to make their fortunes, at one time was not far short of mutiny; and I must own I could not help indulging myself in a project,' which was to have the work of exploration undertaken in connection with the fur trade by the East India Company, in two vessels of one hundred and one hundred and fifty tons, which could be fitted out at a cost of six thousand pounds."

It was through the immense trade in these furs, which immediately sprang up, that the more exact exploration of the country was brought about. Americans, French, and English—all were seized with a "fur fever," like the "gold fever" of 1849. John Ledyard was among those on whom the new trade produced a deep impression. He endeavored to form companies in America, Spain, France, and England, successively, but was unsuccessful, after having spent the best part of his life in fruitless endeavor.

The Russians were really the earliest to avail themselves of the new discoveries, if we except such unsuccessful efforts as Ledyard's, but the English merchants residing in India and China were the first to engage practically in the new branch of trade. America soon entered the field, the Boston merchant princes sending out vessels which reaped large profits. Says Mr. Bancroft:

"They [the Boston vessels] generally remained on the coast, and about the adjacent seas, for two years, carrying on as wandering and adventurous a commerce on the water as did the traders and trappers on land. Their trade extended along the whole coast from California to the high northern latitudes. They would run in near shore, anchor, and wait for the natives to come off in their canoes with peltries. The trade exhausted at one place, they would up anchor and off to another. In this way they would consume the summer, and when autumn came on, would run down to the Sandwich Islands and winter in some friendly and plentiful harbor. In the following year they would resume their summer trade, commencing at California and proceeding north; and, having in the course of the two seasons collected a sufficient cargo of peltries, would make the best of their way to China. Here they would sell their furs, take in teas, nankeens, and other merchandise and return to Boston, after an absence of two or three years."

The French-Canadians were, however, best fitted for this occupation. The history of fur trading in Canada for the first two centuries was the entire history of the country, and out of this occupation sprang a curious class—the *coureurs des bois*. Concerning them, the historian says:

"There is no being like the Canadian *voyageur*—or, if he be on land, the *coureur des bois*—except himself. He can not be called a cross between French and Indian, though that would be the nearest approach to race measurement that we could make. His Gallic original he certainly retains, volatile enough at first, but when sublimated by sylvan freedom from restraint he is a new creation. It was his nature, different from that of other men, that made him thus; for of none but a Frenchman, no matter what were the engendering circumstances, could a *voyageur* be made.

"Originally the wild animals of America were hunted only for food and clothing sufficient to supply the moderate requirements of so thinly peopled a region. But with the advent of the all-devouring white men eastern forests were soon made tenantless, and the trader was obliged gradually to press west and north. In a surprisingly short time the French-Canadian would become half-savage, and so attached to his wild life and associates that civilization with its stifling conventionalities and oppressive comforts became forever after distasteful. To the fur trade the *coureurs des bois* were as the miners in gold-producing districts. It was they who risked the danger and performed the labor, while the prudent politic trader reaped the harvest. The *coureurs des bois* were forest peddlers rather than hunters; they seldom engaged in trapping, but confined themselves principally to trafficking with the natives; they were a go-between, assisting both the hunter and the merchant. To the early French trader they were a forest factotum, but with British domination their calling declined, and they became simply voyageurs, or boatmen. They were the first in Canada to link savagism to civilization, and in the conscienceless race that followed they were dragged to death with the sylvan society they loved. Like the orthodox miner, they were always penniless. Success had little to do with permanent prosperity. Obtaining from the merchant credit for such articles as they required—knives, hatchets, guns, ammunition, tobacco, calico, blankets, beads, and other trinkets, they set out from the trading-post singly or in companies of two, three, or four, in canoes usually of birch bark, which they could easily carry round the many rapids they encountered, or even for some distance across the country. Sometimes they joined their stock and labors in an adventure of six or twelve months, and, penetrating the more distant parts, they either followed the natives in their hunting excursions, or, meeting them on their return, relieved them of their precious burdens in exchange for such trifles as captivated the red man's childish eye. Returning with rich cargoes, not unfrequently attended by a concourse of savage huntsmen with their wives and children, they were greeted with smiles among general rejoicings. Settling their account with the merchant, thus insuring fresh credit, they gave themselves up to pleasure, and quickly squandered all their gains. A few short days and nights sufficed to place their finances exactly where they were a year or ten years before—that is, at zero; and it is a question in which they most delighted, the free licentiousness of the forest, or the drunkenness and debauchery of civilization."

As furs became scarce near the coast, large companies formed, and these French and American trappers became necessary, and, for their protection, forts were stationed at various points throughout the country. Mr. Bancroft thus graphically describes the life at these forts:

"Fort life, although in the heart of the wilderness and surrounded by savages and wild beasts, was usually a tame affair. There was a vast difference, however, in different posts in this regard. The discipline and pomp at Fort Vancouver, with its frequent visitors, its comfortable beds, and well loaded tables, was in marked contrast to the primitive simplicity displayed at the little log cabin at Shushwaps with its solitary occupant. Unhappy the clerk condemned for the winter to distant exile! But change was frequent, so that one was not kept wholly away from companionable friends long at a time. The larger establishments were models of convenience and good order. Bells were rung at dawn for the workmen to begin their labors, at eight or nine for breakfast, at one for dinner, and at six for supper, when work closed. The officers and laborers had separate tables, the latter at some establishments drawing rations from the steward, as in the army. Business was the chief object of all, and all were busy. Sometimes a distant post-keeper would be caught with nothing to do for the winter, which made time hang heavily enough. An important arrival, such as a squadron of richly laden canoes from a distance with chiefs, warriors, wives, and slaves, called for corresponding state on the part of the governor of the fort; otherwise the august savage would deem himself slighted. On such occasions audience would sometimes be held under an awning spread outside the fort or on mats laid under the trees, when, after silent conference and grave smoking, speeches were made and presents exchanged, after which trade was opened, and an encounter of savage and civilized wit followed. For ordinary business each fort had its trading-room or store, where goods were kept and dispensed. Usually but few Indians were admitted within the walls of the fort at a time. The factory gates were always to be kept shut, and it was the business of one person to scrutinize every one who entered or went out, as well as to guard against surprise or illicit traffic. When duties were not pressing, holidays were frequent. Besides Sundays, Wednesdays and Saturdays were sometimes set apart as days of leisure, but this was not often the case. Sunday was commonly respected at all the forts, no work but that of necessity being done on that day. Religious services were held at the chief stations, the Church of England ritual predominating; or, if Catholics were present, as there were many among the French Canadians, their faith was respected; and if a priest was present, mass would be celebrated. It was customary among the western forts to give as a half-holiday Saturday afternoons, when shooting and games were indulged in. In camp, fort, or rendezvous, story-telling was greatly in vogue. Sailors never yet spun such yarns. Everything tended to promote these wonderful revelations. The long intervals which elapsed between meetings, the danger by which they were surrounded, and which they were continually escaping, the impossibility of practically testing the veracity of the narrator, the craving of the company for accounts of the marvelous, all stimulated to exaggeration; and by a natural reflex law nothing so stimulated the trapper to reckless deeds as his recital of real or imaginary exploits, and the accompanying eulogy of his companions. For praise or fame, the trapper would dare anything."

In time the route by sea came to be regarded as a waste of time, and the pioneers from each coast began to think of approaching one another. The first attempts to cross the continent were made by the French in the north, and the Spanish in the south, but the honor of being the first European to cross the continent belongs to Alexander Mackenzie, a native of Inverness. After a most difficult journey, lasting more than ten months, he reached the Pacific Ocean on the 20th of July, 1793.

The volume closes with Mackenzie's arrival and his painting upon a large rock the following legend: "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada by land, the 22d of July, 1793."

The volume contains a vast amount of information, and is as interesting as its predecessors. Published by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

### New Books.

The simultaneous publication of Mr. Henry Irving's "Impressions of America" and Sir Lepel Henry Griffin's "The Great Republic" must be very befogging to such English readers as wish to get a fair idea of America from the reports of their countrymen. In the one book it is a fair and beautiful land, flowing with milk and honey, and abounding with graceful, cordial, cultivated, pleasant people. In the other, it is a huge, nauseous pill, compounded by wrong rules, bristling with irregularities, and painfully difficult to swallow. Mr. Henry Irving, though he be the most scholarly actor living, and the petted favorite of England, is still a showman. His book is merely an advertisement of himself and his wares. It is, in a way, a mere Barnum trick. It is the most convenient method of inviting patronage, by conveying to the American people, through the hands of his amanuensis, Mr. Joseph Hatton, an incredible amount of very thick taffy. As such, it will have no circulation in England. Sir Lepel Henry Griffin is a grumpy, bigoted, perverse English traveler. He is so crammed to the throat with insular prejudice as not have room left for the reception of a fair new impression. He has made pencilings by the way, writing them through green glasses, and has collected them in a book. He has put upon the title-page, "The Commonwealth of Athens has become a forest of beasts," and his own private motto is, "No good can come out of Nazareth." If the book had been written in the naïve spirit of truth which is the charm of Max O'Rell's "John Bull and his Island," it would have had wide reading in America, for, with all their boasting, the Americans have a humorous appreciation of the faults of their country. As it is, being written by a baronet, and in abuse of America, the book will have a wide circulation in England. In America it will be read only by the humorists. Sir Lepel Griffin considers us a joyless people, and without a sense of humor. It has not been Sir Lepel's privilege to see an American reading "The Great Republic," in which the geographical and other statistics are so spangled with inaccuracies as to be simply delicious.

"An Average Man," which has just been concluded in the *Century*, is the latest of Robert Grant's novels of American society. It is the story of the lives of two young men in New York society and politics, the one yielding to the temptations of pleasure, money, and ambition, the other succeeding by dint of hard work and probity. The "Average Man" is an average novel. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Miss Blanche Roosevelt's new novel, "Stage Struck, or She *Would* be an Opera Singer," is the story of a young American girl who goes to Europe to study for the opera. The story is interestingly told, and was written "to persuade American girls who come over to Europe to study music that they may be wiser to stay at home." Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.; price, $1.50.

"A Perilous Secret" and "Good Stories" complete Harper's Household Edition of Charles Reade's novels. They are neatly printed and bound in cloth, 12mo. "A Perilous Secret" has also appeared in the Franklin Square Library. For sale by Bancroft.

"Mothers in Council" a little book of household advice written by a club of six ladies in Virginia for the use of their sisters throughout the country. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"The Story of the Coup d'Etat" has just been translated, and very badly translated, from the work of Monsieur de Maupas, the famous French minister, by Albert D. Vandam. It is an exciting narrative of the important events which preceded and followed Louis Napoleon's seizure of the French government. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co.

Marion Harland has written another recipe book. This time it is called "Cooking for Beginners." It consists of a series of lessons for young housekeepers who begin at the beginning and want to know how to make good bread. Published by D. Lathrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Prose Writings of William Cullen Bryant" have been edited by Parke Godwin, and appear in two volumes. They consist mainly of speeches, descriptions of travel, and editorial writings. Bryant's wonderful ability as a journalist, added to his poetic genius, rendered his work thoroughly artistic, and always valuable. In his public speeches he was eloquent, patriotic, and scholarly. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co.

### Some Magazines.

"Chinese Gordon" is one of those names which crop up suddenly in the newspapers, of whom every one knows some little indefinitely, and nothing at all in fact. The current number of the *Century* contains a most interesting biographical sketch of the famous general. It gives a thorough résumé of the leading features of his striking career, and, in addition, a pen-portrait full of strong touches of the man himself. He is one of the most picturesque figures in modern history, and though his action has been confined to ground comparatively unknown to us, we have known him to be a daring and peculiar leader, with the dramatic instinct and an uncanniness which have helped him to affect the peculiar people among whom he has been cast. The sketch is naturally very flattering to the subject of it, but it is interesting to know that the person is a part of our every-day history, of whom the author writes: "At the present moment this unique figure has fascinated the English people. It is as if King Arthur had come to life again to serve England in the Soudan." As he says elsewhere, "to the creatures of routine and humdrum General Gordon is a sheer lunatic," and again, "he never says the same thing twice or sticks to one opinion two hours together." It would be interesting to know why he did not start a lively daily paper instead of taking to fighting.

George W. Cable, like many another who has been coaxed out of his shell, becomes burdensome and diffusive. "Old Creole Days" is one of the most charming collection of sketches ever written. But when he gets beyond the sketch he becomes wearisome. "The Grandissimes" tired out many readers with its length, and "Doctor Sevier" continues to trail its slow, uneventful length through the pages of many months. It was a torturing story in the beginning, and is a tedious one now, but as a study in dialect it is the most remarkable thing that he has yet done. Besides the soft, sweet accent of the creole—so difficult to imitate, so almost impossible to understand in writing unless one has heard it—he has added the German and Irish accents. He has altogether disregarded the traditional spelling. He has adopted instead a kind of phonetic orthography of his own, and, upon analysis, the way in which he has managed to convey the idea of sound is something wonderful. It is almost possible to locate Reisen, the baker, in his special corner of Germany. As for good Mrs. Ristofalo, she is unmistakably one of those better Irishwomen of the lower class who in their happier moments affect a small gentility. What could better express it than this little peculiarity of her speech: "Come, if ud's only fur a bit o' the way—if id's only fur a *ming-ute?*"

The *Overland Monthly* for August contains, among other things: "The Crazy Professor," by Henry S. Brooks; "Ad Artem," by Charles S. Greene; "Old Teutonic Life in Beowulf—II," by James A. Harrison; "Reminiscences of Henry Durant;" "California Mining Camps," by Charles Howard Shinn; "After All," by Madge Morris; "Peru, Bolivia, and Chile—III," by Holger Birkedal; "The Snakes of India," by Gordon Greenlaw; and the customary book reviews. Published by Samuel Carson.

The June number of the *Victorian Review* contains: "A Model Kingdom"; "George Herbert"; "Political Parties in England"; "Original Thought in Theology; John Cooper's Works"; "A National Scheme of Water Conservation"; "The French in Tonkin"; "The Ancient Poets of Scotland"; "On a New Edition of Tennyson's Works;" Doubt and Faith", a poem; and the usual retrospect of the reviews and magazines. Published by H. Mortimer Franklyn & Co., Melbourne.

Among the articles in the July numberof the *English Illustrated Magazine* are "The Royal Collection of Miniatures at Windsor Castle"; the conclusion of "An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall," by the author of "John Halifax"; "The Weasel and His Family" "Martin Lightfoot's Song," by the late Charles Kingsley; the second part of Henry James's "Author of 'Beltraffio'"; "How a Bone is Built"; and the continuation of Charlotte M. Yonge's "Armourer's Prentice." Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

The August number of the *Popular Science Monthly* contains two striking articles on the future of religion. The first, "The Ghost of Religion," is by Frederic Harrison, and is an attack on Mr. Spencer's "Unknowable," and the second, "Retrogressive Religion," is Mr. Spencer's reply. Grant Allen's "Hickory-Nuts and Butternuts," Doctor C. C. Abbott's "Some Rambles of a Naturalist," M. J. Fischer's "My Monkeys," and Doctor Peale's "The World's Geyser Regions," with several full-page illustrations, are readable and instructive. Published by D. Appleton & Company.

The *North American Review* for August contains an article by Justice James V. Campbell, on "The Encroachments of Capital," which will command the attention of all readers. Richard A. Proctor treats of "The Origin of Comets," and succeeds in presenting that difficult subject in a light so clear that persons who have little or no acquaintance with astronomy can follow his argument. "Are we a Nation of Rascals?" is the startling title of an article by John F. Hume, who shows that States, counties, and municipalities in the United States have already formally repudiated, or defaulted in the payment of interest on, an amount of bonds and other obligations equal to the sum of the national debt.

### Miscellaneous Gossip.

A new serial story, entitled "Love and Mirage," which is expected to attract considerable attention, will begin in an early number of *Harper's Weekly*. The authorship of it is a secret.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has put aside fiction and the literature of travel for the drama. With Mr. W. E. Henley for collaborator, he has written a melodrama called "Deacon Brodie."

Jules Verne is about to publish a novel which is to be entiled "L'Archipel en Feu." It was suggested by the Krakatoa earthquake.

David Jones, who had been the publisher of *The Saturday Review* since its foundation, is dead in his seventy-fifth year.

A Life of the Hon. James G. Blaine, by Charles Wolcott Balestier, will be issued in a few days by Mr. Worthington. The volume has been read in proof by Mr. Blaine. It contains, in addition to the biography, selections from his speeches.

Mrs. Hooper says that Madame Blanche Roosevelt's recently published novel of "Stage-struck" contains a number of personal allusions and portraits. The authoress herself figures in its pages as the heroine, Annabel Almont; Mr. and Mrs. Severn are Mr. and Mrs. Henry Squires; Miss Genevieve Raynal is Miss Genevieve Reynolds; Madame Reata is Mrs. Florence Rick Knox, and Signor Cherubini is Signor Perugini. Mr. Gratiot Warburn figures under the thin disguise of Mr. Gratiot Warburn, the teacher Wartel is Monsieur Wartail, Lamperti is Lamberto, Sangiovanni, San Giacomo, etc.

*The Current* claims to have printed during the past six months about 1,484,000 "ems," and credits *The Continent* with having printed during the same term about 1,268,400. The number credited to the principal monthlies is: *Atlantic* 578,400, *Harper's* 650,400, *Century* 950,400.

The *Library Journal* reprints from the *Herald* an account of a book-thief's device for stealing the engravings out of rare books. It is merely to slip a piece of wet string along the line of contact between the engraving and the binding at the back of the book, and thus moisten the paste. On a second visit, the light-fingered gentleman can lift out the picture without cutting or tearing it in the least.

The paper which claims the largest circulation of any journal or periodical in the world is that entitled *Titbits*, and published in London. It contains extracts and expired copyright matter, and its proprietor is said to have a net income from it of about six hundred dollars a week.

It was Major Carmichael Smith, the second husband of Thackeray's mother, Anne Becher Thackeray, who is believed to have been the prototype of Colonel Newcome.

Mr. Gosse has discovered an important unpublished poem by Gray, which he will print in his new edition of that poet's works, to be published in this country by the Armstrongs, by special arrangement with Macmillan & Co.

## FRENCH WIVES AND HUSBANDS.

"Parisina" relates their Opinions on the New Divorce Law.

I am willing to wager four to one that no party of French women will converse for sixty consecutive minutes on general subjects without mentioning the law of divorce. They may be blessed with the most affectionate of husbands, or they may be chained to a scoundrel, and in either case they exhibit the most acute interest concerning the deliberations of the Senate.

Virtually the law against divorce has been repealed. Details have to be arranged, and perhaps some short time may elapse before it will be legal for a French man or woman to file a bill against his or her colleague in matrimony; but it is merely a question of time. Monsieur Naquet, whose whole energies for the last ten or fifteen years have been given to the furthering of this, his pet scheme, now triumphs. Those whose good fortune has placed them in countries more liberal with regard to marriage, can hardly imagine a law that binds the pure to the impure, the infamous to the innocent—that renders indissoluble a tie which may make hell upon earth for two unfortunate human beings—any more than they can conceive the strength and intensity of opposition which it has been necessary to meet and destroy before this great change was made.

Without putting too fine a point upon it, France is certainly one of the most immoral nations going. Yet, to hear the arguments that were brought forward, and the amount of virtuous indignation aroused by Monsieur Naquet's project, one might imagine that no such things as unfaithfulness and betrayal were ever heard of. The fact is, their standard is high—and I am not going to deny that a standard is a good thing to have—only they make such a poor and unprofitable effort to live up to it. Opposition on the part of the clergy was to be expected. What is less rational is the fact that many of the Parisian journals—by no means nice in their language, who daily provide for their readers highly-spiced stories, more or less founded on truth, as well as a chapter or so of any but a moral novel—become to the last degree squeamish when this matter of divorce is discussed. They hide their faces (metaphorically)—faces on which surely there never was a blush! They discourse glibly of "family ties," the "sanctity of the hearth," the "blessed marriage state," and are altogether so virtuous and sanctimonious that they would take in Mephistopheles himself. The fact is, they do not mind "sticking a penknife into their marriage contracts"—a polite way of designating connubial delinquencies—but they set themselves firmly against wifely indignation. Men always get the best of it here. What they want in a wife is not only virtue, forbearance, and allegiance, but also blindness toward their own sins and shortcomings, and forgiveness for the same. If they choose to take up Mademoiselle Trois-Etoiles and install her magnificently in some bandbox mansion near the Parc Monceaux, or spend their fortune at the gaming-tables, or adopt any other form of the many Parisian vices, they like to feel that the abandoned wife is exercising those virtues which they care not to cultivate for themselves. She must live purely, economize for the sake of the children, and wear a forgiving countenance whenever her lord and master sees fit to remember that he has a home and family; and above all, she must hold herself in readiness to be his nurse and comforter when he shall have dissipated his health, and be forced into good behavior by old age or sickness. Repentance, on his part, is quite a superfluous commodity. After having made one victim at least, he will pass out of this life in the odor of sanctity. Society seeing fit that the widow shall regret him in sackcloth and ashes, it is even hard upon her if she marries again after a decent term of mourning.

A good instance of the outrageous arrogance of certain French husbands has just come before the Lyons court. Monsieur Savary, not content with dissipating a portion of his fortune and credit in speculation, fell in love with the wife of his partner, was shot at by the wronged husband, who discovered the intrigue, and then, when one would imagine he would have felt some shame for what he had done, he turns upon the innocent Madame Savary and orders her with her children away into Normandy, for having dared to speak of scandal and forgiveness! It is refreshing to find that the court, rating Monsieur Savary at his true value, pronounces a judicial separation, places the children under the guardianship of their mother, and deprives their unnatural father of the enjoyment of his wife's fortune.

I should like to be able to think that Monsieur Naquet, who has brought so much joy and comfort to thousands of outraged wives, and—for the sake of argument, let us say—to so many hundreds of deluded husbands, had got up this divorce agitation from purely unselfish motives. But, alas! truth is truth, and Monsieur Naquet is not unselfish. He has a wife—separated from him for many years on account of incompatibility of temper and religious differences. The passage of the divorce bill means the unshackling of the matrimonial and legal fetters to himself first—incidentally or secondarily, no doubt, the unshackling of many other people's. But for this fact would there have been any agitation whatever? Perhaps—perhaps. Yet, to borrow a "witticism" uttered in the Chamber by a French Deputy who was opposing divorce, the odds are that like too many of his countrymen, he would have said to himself: "*A quoi bon le divorce? L'adultère nous suffit!*"

I get a peep at Monsieur Naquet now and then, as I walk down the Avenue de l'Opéra to do my shopping at the Louvre. He may often be seen sitting at a table outside the Café de Paris, chatting quietly with a group of friends. There is no mistaking him. Providence, for reasons best known to itself, has inflicted a dorsal infirmity upon him. In other words, he is a hunchback. This, however, does not seem to make him a bit less popular with the fair sex. "*Alfred*" or "*ce cher Alfred*" is a great favorite in the *foyer de la danse*, of which, malicious rumor whispers, he is one of the most constant *habitués*. To atone for her cruelty to his shoulders, nature has given him a most interesting head atop of them. His face (essentially Jewish) is lighted up by two soft, expressive eyes. His nose is longer than the canons of beauty admit, but this is often the case with intellectual men. I can quite understand the admiration of the ladies of the ballet, since I share it. You forget the misfortunes of the man's figure in the interest aroused by his eloquent and refined face. But he should be read or looked at, not heard. His voice is vulgar—the voice of a *faubourien*, which, to sensitive ears, is even harder to endure than a Cockney's is to an Oxford clergyman. I once went to the Chamber to hear him make a speech. It jarred upon me so dreadfully that, though the arguments used were the very ones I should myself have used to demolish the enemies of divorce, several times I longed to box the speaker's ears. Eminent Frenchmen often have bad voices. Monsieur Thiers's was a squeak that reminded one forcibly of Punch.

The "true inwardness" of Alfred's agitation was revealed to some of us in a striking manner at the last grand debate on the bill in the Chamber of Deputies. That afternoon you might have seen two women in the gallery, both listening eagerly to the discussion and watching every slightest movement of the House. Barely a score of yards divided them. Both were dressed with taste, and one was pretty. Their curious manners at last attracted attention. "Who are those ladies?" said a person in the public tribune, pointing to the two ladies. "That one," replied a bystander, "is Madame Naquet; and that is a particular friend of Monsieur Naquet." Could any words proclaim the need of a divorce more eloquently? Only imagine what thoughts must have been thronging the brains of those two women, as they sat there so near to each other, and with such an abyss between them!

The question is a feminine one, beyond a doubt. Yet even among women the camp is pretty equally divided. Priestly influences stand for a good deal. Catholics can not recognize divorce. But there is a large body of Protestants in France, and a growing party of agnostics, to refuse the right of divorce to whom is to restrict the liberty of conscience unduly. The state only recognizes the short cut-and-dried ceremony at the Mairie—over which the Mayor presides with his tri-color scarf—and professes no interest whatever in the nuptial benediction given by the priest, pastor, pope, or rabbi. The greater reason, therefore, is there for it to show itself lenient in the undoing of a knot tied merely by fallible man. Logic, however, is a failing to which neither laws nor law-givers are much addicted—nor any one else, for the matter of that. Never did people show themselves more illogical than in this matter of divorce. There are Radicals who oppose it, Conservatives who would vote for it with their two hands if they could; women, over whom not the shadow of a scandal has ever fallen, who plead for their less fortunate sisters; and those professing advanced woman's rights and communism who "have no sympathy"—they tell us from the platform—"with the divorce bill," calling it "a law for the *bourgeois*." Perhaps because for themselves they are ready to dispense with the marriage act at the same time.

It is often necessary to see the back of the cards to understand why So-and-so should praise Naquet to the skies, being in all else narrow-minded and tyrannical; while another, as broad in her views as the former is narrow, will become a little spitfire whenever the subject is mentioned. Joseph Prudhomme, the French paterfamilias, is decidedly against it. The day when the bill becomes a law will not be "the finest day in his life," as he said of the sword of honor—mixing his nominative and objectives somewhat. There is one class of Parisians of whom it might be expected that they would applaud Monsieur Naquet to the echo, if they dared—which they don't. And this is the class to which Dumas's Baronne d'Ange belongs—that border world between respectability and the opposite—that heterogeneous society composed of women who have "thrown their caps over the mill-top," and who, albeit married, have either abandoned or been thrust forth from beneath the marital roof. But even here there may be two ideas to the question. The unfortunate husband will perhaps be able to slip the chains that bind him to the ignoble helpmate, and even seek a more deserving bride. She, however, who has sinned shall not marry her accomplice. This is one of the articles of the bill. The Senators, jealous of their reputation as immaculate law-givers, have so decided. The paramour shall not be exalted into the husband. My private opinion is, that for the most part, these gentry will feel much indebted to the Senate; and that when the frail ones throw themselves into their arms, weeping "We are free!" they will be delighted to be able to retort, "It can not be," as an admirable way out of an awkward predicament. The one moment in which the destroyer feels the most sympathy with the betrayed husband is, I make no doubt, the one in which he is called upon to repair the ruin he has wrought. It is all very well to philander and to swear false oaths about love and respect, and the rest, but men are not fond—and Frenchmen in particular—of giving their names to women whom they deem unworthy, although they themselves have been their accomplices. That is to say, they have more respect for honor in a worldly sense than for that true sense of Christian honor which teaches them to undo the unhappiness they have been chiefly instrumental in bringing about.

Another article of the bill, which has the universal approbation of the ladies, enacts that the husband's faithlessness shall be accepted as a cause for divorce. In this, divorce goes further than judicial separation ever did. A man might put away a wife who was unfaithful, but she could not plead the same in his case, unless—and this is a difficult thing to explain to ears polite—unless the sin had been committed beneath the connubial roof. Alas! now for the husbands, who take no trouble to hide their ignoble intrigues. Mademoiselle Trois-Etoiles must no longer vaunt openly of her power over the lover if he happen to have wife and children, and if he needs must err, it must be in darkness and secrecy, otherwise his wife will have a powerful arms against him. She may not only obtain liberty for herself, but also a pension from his bounty (so long as she remains unmarried); whereas, in the case of children, he must settle up his affairs and put aside his children's share of his own fortune, so that if *he* marries again he must do so a poorer, as well as, let us hope, a wiser man.

To theatrical folk this divorce excitement has come as a perfect godsend. Adultery in some form or other will, I suppose, always form the *bond* of French plays, whether they are dramas, comedies, or farces; but if we are to have *toujours perdrix*, at all events, we may as well have it with a new kind of *sauce piquante* now and then, and divorce, by putting a new element into French social life, has given dramatists the very sauce we wanted. I should certainly be under-stating the facts if I said that threescore of nondescript plays, suggested by the Naquet bill, are at this moment lying in the dusty drawers of the Parisian managers. Sardou's success with "Divorcons," has sharpened goose-quills innumerable. Next season we may expect to be perfectly deluged with divorce on the stage. A very merry farce (by a new writer), entitled "Allons-nous Divorcer," has already found its way to the footlights. The plot is ingenious. Monsieur Babylas, a worthy bourgeois, and his spouse quarrel over some trifle, as the best of bourgeois will quarrel with the best of wives. They retire to rest that night in separate apartments, and dream they have been divorced. The husband, who is well on in years, has been remarried to a very young wife. Madame has also remarried, and the two wedding parties meet. The benedicts fraternize at first, but gradually they grow jealous of each other. The sight of his first wife rekindles a now forbidden flame in the bosom of Monsieur Babylas Simultaneously Madame Babylas falls in love again, despite the *loi Naquet*, with her old husband. They elope—to a convenient auberge—where Monsieur Babylas orders a sumptuous supper, and behaves most rakishly. "What joy," murmurs Madame Babylas, "to know that another divorce will allow us to remarry!" But her husband, apparently agreeing with the deputy, whom I quoted at the beginning of this letter, replies: "Why not stop as we are?" which distresses his more sentimental fellow-sinner. As they sit at supper, there comes a knocking at the door. The officers of justice have pursued the fugitives, and in another moment they will be thrown into jail, branded as criminals, perhaps murdered by an exasperated husband. Just then both awaken, trembling. Monsieur and madame compare notes; tell each other their nightmares, and a touching reconciliation brings down the curtain. I doubt not that in real life there are many Messieurs and Mesdames Babylas who will enact the dream-story invented by the author of "Allons-nous Divorcer," in good earnest. Nor will the convenient gendarmes be always at hand to wake them at psychological moments. Divorce is one of those things whose effects can hardly be calculated, at least in countries unused to it. But thanks, Alfred, thanks—*quand même*.

PARISINA.

PARIS, July 10, 1884.

---

Monsieur Daudet, according to the Paris correspondent of the *Evening Post*, "has been pleased to expend no little satire and irony on the United States, because a publisher in that benighted land called his novel of 'Sappho' 'objectionable,' and declined to bring it out." Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, noting the above, address the editors of the *Post* as follows: "We deeply regret to have brought upon 'the United States' Monsieur Daudet's wrath; but there can not be two opinions in this country or in England of the character of the book mentioned. We have seldom seen a book more 'objectionable.' In view of Monsieur Daudet's criticism, it is but fair to us and to the United States (for it seems that the reputation of the entire country is involved) to say that when we found that the book was one upon which we could not place our imprint, we so notified Monsieur Daudet, and *promptly paid him in full* what he claimed as 'indemnity' for our refusal to publish, although we did not deem ourselves, in view of the character of the book, either legally or morally bound to pay him anything."

---

The Emperor of Anam has a large piece of water in his palace in which he keeps his reserve treasure, to be touched only in case of absolute necessity. The money not intended for use is placed in the hollowed-out trunks of trees, which are thrown into the water. To keep away thieves and prevent the king himself from being tempted to draw upon this reserve fund without sufficient cause, a number of crocodiles are kept in the water, their presence and the certainty of being eaten alive acting as a wholesome restrainer, and insuring the security of the royal treasure in a most effectual manner. When it becomes indispensable to draw upon this novel style of bank, the crocodiles have to be killed; but this can be done only with the emperor's permission, and after the matter has been duly approved by the Minister of Finance.

---

Emile de Bédollière, who died a few months back, was *par excellence* the type of a man of letters of the past. Laborious and careless, joyous and without elegance, earning a great deal of money and spending it without counting it, he was *ad libitum* a lyric poet, translator of English novels, journalist, song-writer, and politician; but more than all, he was a boon companion. One day Monsieur Havin, director of the *Siècle*, to which paper Bédollière contributed largely, remonstrated with him on his reckless way of living. "You spend all you earn; when are you going to think of to-morrow?" "To-morrow never existed; it never will exist," replied the epicurean.

---

A French noble, who has more wit than money, has invented for himself a most ingenious mode of filling his pockets. The French law allows any man to recognize a child as his heir, and his doing so gives a name and legitimate standing to the recipient. The nobleman in question looks out for wealthy illegitimate children, and consents to father them for a sum down and a sum settled for the child's support and education. His family is growing considerably, but he is now a rich man.

---

The gross earnings of the Suez Canal last year were thirteen millions of dollars, and the dividends about sixteen per cent.

# Household Art Rooms.

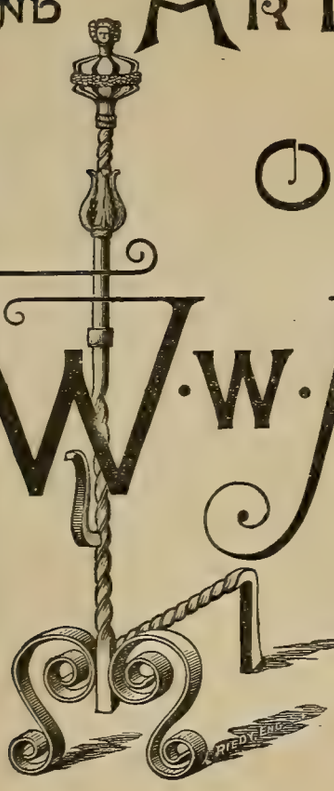
## Decorative Brass and Iron Work.

Mantels: Grates: Andirons: Fire Sets: and Fenders.

Hand-Plain, Painted, Glazed, and Art

## Tiles.

Open Fire-place trimmings a Specialty.



## W. W. Montague & Co.

Nos 309, 311, 313, 315 & 317, Market St.

San Francisco.

**CCCXXI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday August 3, 1884.**

Okra Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Fried Soft-shell Crabs.
Broiled Chicken. Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Lima Beans. Egg Plant.
Roast Beef.
Tomato and Cucumber Salad.
Ice Cream. Chocolate Eclairs.
Grapes, Apples, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Gages, Figs, Apricots, Nectarines, and Almonds.

CHOCOLATE ECLAIRS.—Put one cupful and a half of milk in a double boiler. Beat together two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, one-fourth of a cupful of flour, two eggs, and one-fourth of a teaspoon of salt. Stir the mixture into the boiling milk, cook fifteen minutes, stirring often. When cold, flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Take two squares of scraped chocolate with five tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and three of boiling water. Stir over the fire until smooth and glossy. Dip the top of the éclairs in this as they come from the oven. When the chocolate icing is dry, cut open and fill with the cream, which should be cold. If a chocolate flavor is liked with the cream, one tablespoonful of the dissolved chocolate may be added to it.

THE ECLAIRS.—Put one cupful of boiling water and half a cupful of butter in a large saucepan, and when it boils up turn in one pint of flour. Beat well with vegetable masher. When perfectly smooth and velvety to the touch, remove from the fire. Break five eggs into a bowl. When the paste is nearly cold, beat the eggs into it with the hand. Only a small part of the eggs should be added at a time. When the mixture is thoroughly beaten (it will take about twenty minutes), spread on buttered sheets in oblong pieces, about four inches long and one and a half wide. They must be about two inches apart. Bake in a rather quick oven for about twenty-five minutes. As soon as they are done ice them with the chocolate. When they are cold, cut in one side and fill with the mixture. Whipped cream may also be used.

Any one wishing to see how Ida Mülle looks in her habiliments, may see her almost any day on Kearney Street, either with her sister or Mrs. Digby Bell. She would scarcely be noticed in the throng unless her size challenged attention. She loses her infantile prettiness without her light, boyish curls, and is a rather drab, dull-looking little woman, apparently about twenty years of age. Her sister, a slightly enlarged edition of herself, appears to be a year or two younger. They are said to be two of a family of twelve children, all destined for the stage.

**Blaine and Cleveland**

Campaign Medals. Finest on the coast. Samples by mail, 15c. Liberal discount to agents. E. F. Gambs, 234 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

**A Splendid Investment.**

In another column will be found a description of the fine fruit lands of Mr. J. H. Strowbridge, near Haywards, Alameda County, which are to be sold to-day, August 2d, at auction, on the premises. This land is very valuable, but must be sold on account of the owner's immediate departure for Europe.

**Taylor Chairs.**

What are Taylor chairs? Go and see them at the warerooms of the California Furniture Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

**Beautiful Hands and Complexion.**

Produced by using MADAME ROBISON'S BHABA, BHARBARINE, and POUDRE INDIENNE. The hands and finger-nails beautified, freckles removed, nail-biting cured. MADAME ROBISON, Manicure, 126 Kearny Street, Thurlow Block.

— IT IS NOW AN ACKNOWLEDGED FACT THAT Dr. Henley's CELERY, BEEF, AND IRON is one of the most useful tonics the world has ever seen. Those who are afflicted with impaired nervous systems will find this to be an invaluable remedy. It is made from Liebig's Extract of Beef, Extract of Celery, and Pyrophosphate of Iron, with condensed wine. When it is borne in mind that it is now an admitted fact that celery possesses such powerful nervine properties as to be an absolute cure for palpitation and other affections of the heart, it will be at once seen that this is one of the finest combinations which have been placed before the public.

**Desirable Alameda Property.**

To-day, at two o'clock P. M., Taggart & Dingee will sell at auction, on the premises, thirty-eight lots, 50x150 feet each, on Pacific and Railroad avenues, Alameda. The property is supplied with gas and artesian-well water, and is within twenty-five minutes' ride of San Francisco.

**New Art Store.**

Mr. Robert R. Hill, son of Thomas Hill, artist, having opened an Art Store at 116 Geary Street, will be pleased to receive the patronage of his friends and the art public generally. Catalogue of materials sent free.

— MR. ALFRED KELLEHER DESIRES TO ANNOUNCE that he will resume instructions in *Vocal Music*, Wednesday, July 16th. Office hours, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., except Monday and Thursday. Rooms 62 and 63, City of Paris Block.

**Fredericksburg Lager Beer**

Is the finest in the world. Send your orders, for kegs or bottles, to 539 California Street.

— MR. HENRY HEYMAN BEGS TO ANNOUNCE that he will resume giving lessons on the violin immediately on his return from Honolulu, on or about July 22d. Address 206 Ellis Street.

**Root Beer.**

A strictly non-alcoholic family beverage, at once delicious to the taste and beneficial to the system. The youngest child or the feeblest invalid can drink it with advantage. Put up in pint and quart champagne bottles, with patent stoppers, at seventy cents and one dollar and ten cents per dozen. All orders promptly filled. H. L. St. John & Co., 14 Hayes Street.

**New Monarch Oil Stove.**

Call and see it. It is the neatest yet. Send for circular. Myers, 869 Market Street.

## TAGGART & DINGEE,

**Real Estate Agents and Auctioneers**

**460 and 462 Eighth St., Oakland.**

**EASTON & ELDRIDGE, 22 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**

**W. H. RHODEHAMEL, Haywards.**

**J. O. ELDRIDGE.....AUCTIONEER.**

# NOTICE.

## GREAT CREDIT SALE

# 500 ACRES

In subdivisions of from 10 to 20 acres each,

**Of the far-famed**

# FRUIT & BERRY LAND

—AT—

# HAYWARDS

Alameda Co., Cal., being the well-known

## STROWBRIDGE RANCH,

Only ten minutes' walk from the post-office at Haywards, at

# AUCTION

**SATURDAY, AUG. 16, 1884,**

At 12 o'clock, noon, on the property.

An opportunity never before offered for securing small tracts of productive FRUIT LAND in this celebrated location.

Surrounded by the famous orchards of Meek, Wenton, Blackwood, Jessup, and others, and on account of its proximity to San Francisco, and the cheap transportation, this land offers advantages unequaled by any other section in the State, **and is rapidly enhancing in value. Secure a homestead with an income. Only 60 minutes from San Francisco.**

### Long Credit and Low Rate of Interest

☞ Only One-third Cash, balance in 1, 2, and 3 yearly payments; interest on deferred payment only 7 per cent. per annum.

**An Elegant Country Seat.**

That portion of the tract comprising 100 acres, on which are the improvements, include the

**STROWBRIDGE MANSION,**

A magnificent modern residence of twenty rooms, completely and elegantly furnished. Broad verandas, and every comfort of a luxurious home.

Fine large stables, carriage-houses, summer-houses, and out-buildings; also, trout pond and never-failing stream of running water; fine orchard of five acres, assorted fruits; handsome lawn, etc., etc., will be sold as a whole, including the furniture.

**Send for Diagram Catalogue of Ranch; also, Stock Catalogue,**

And don't fail to see the property before the day of sale.

At the same time and place will be sold Strowbridge's celebrated band of

**Thoroughbred Spanish Merino Sheep, Fine Driving and Trotting Horses, High Grade Durham Cows, Farming Implements, Furniture, &c., &c.**

### TO REACH THE RANCH.

The 7:30 and 10 A. M. boats from San Francisco connect at Oakland pier with Haywards train. Free busses meet all trains, taking parties to see the ranch, allowing ample time to view the property and return to the city in the afternoon.

**ON DAY OF SALE**

A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Oakland pier on arrival of 9 A. M. boat from the city; Market Street, Oakland, at 9:25; and East Oakland at 9:35 A. M. This train will return to the city after the sale.

Don't fail to examine this choice FRUIT LAND before the day of sale.

AN AMPLE FREE LUNCH WILL BE PROVIDED.

Tickets for Special Train and further particulars can be had of the undersigned.

**TAGGART & DINGEE,**
460 and 462 Eighth Street, Oakland;

**EASTON & ELDRIDGE,**
22 Montgomery Street, San Francisco; or

**W. H. RHODEHAMEL,** Haywards.



PHOTOGRAPHY.
Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.
ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.
ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.
THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

## FALK'S Bilsener BEER

# KNABE PIANOS

"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*

**A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St. S. F.,** Sole Agents.

**THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!**

**The Light-running**

## "HOUSEHOLD" SEWING MACHINE.



Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to **three months' trial.**

**Samuel Hill Estate**
CITY SALES ROOMS,
**634 Market St.**
Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

## INVENTORS' INSTITUTE,

**105 STOCKTON STREET,**

**Corner of O'Farrell.**

PATENTS PROCURED FOR $65, AND PATENTS Negotiated. Send for particulars.

**REMOVAL.**

**EDWARD E. OSBORN, Patent Solicitor,** United States and Foreign, has removed to 220 Sansome Street, Rooms 10, 11, and 12, San Francisco.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| CARDS. CARDS. | MONOGRAMS, Arms, Crests, Wedding, Reception and Visiting Cards designed, engraved, and printed; lot slightly worn Albums at great bargain. ROBERTS, 10 Post St., Masonic Temple. | CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. |

**C. V. GILLESPIE,**
## SEARCHER OF RECORDS
**409 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**

**THE FULTON.**

**3 Fulton, opposite New City Hall.** "The Fulton"—new house; splendidly furnished suits of rooms. References.

**Nineteenth Industrial Exhibition**

—AND—

## MECHANICS' FAIR,

**SAN FRANCISCO, 1884.**

Opens August 5th; closes September 6th. Mechanical Progress, Invention, Art, and Natural Products will be represented by the best obtainable exhibits on this coast. An Instrumental Concert by an efficient orchestra each afternoon and evening.

**Premiums**—Medals of gold, silver, and bronze, diplomas, and cash will be awarded as premiums to meritorious exhibits.

**Admission.**—Double season ticket, $5; single season, $3; apprentice season, $1.50; child's, $1.50. Adult single admission, 50 cents; child's, 25 cents. Season tickets to members of the Institute at half rates.

Any desired information given or sent on application to the Secretary, 31 Post Street.

P. B. CORNWALL, President.
I. H. CULVER, Secretary.

## STORE YOUR FURNITURE

**Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.**
BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH
**J. H. MOTT & CO.,**
**735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco**
Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

## BLAINE

Agents wanted for Authentic Edition of his Life. Published at Augusta, his home. Largest, Handsomest, Cheapest, Best. By the renowned historian and biographer, Col. Conwell, whose life of Garfield, published by us, outsold the twenty others by 60,000. Outsells every book ever published in this world; many agents are selling fifty daily. Agents are making fortunes. All new beginners successful; grand chance for them; $43.50 made by a lady agent the first day. Terms most liberal. Particulars free. Better send 25 cents for postage, etc., on **Free Outfit,** now ready, including large prospectus book, and save valuable time. **ALLEN & CO.,** Augusta, Maine.

"The best is the cheapest."
FOR THE BEST
FIRE AND GARDEN
## HOSE
— GO TO —
W. T. Y. SCHENCK
36 CALIFORNIA ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

# BETHESDA
SUPERIOR TABLE WATER
L. CAHEN AND SON. 418 SAC. ST. S.F.

### THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Romance and Reality.

Softly the flickering firelight fell
Upon her hair, and made it glow
As if 'twere touched by magic brush
Of some old master long ago.

I looked on her with eager eyes—
Her beauty was exceeding rare—
The form and features quite divine,
The firelight on her sunny hair.

My courage strengthened as I gazed;
The words came rushing to my lips,
The old, old tale of love was told,
She glanced down at her finger tips.

And then she spoke in accents low,
While blushes red suffused her cheek,
"It may be wrong for me to ask,
But how much do you get a week?"
—*Boston Star.*

"Ough."

The ploughboy whistled behind his plough,
For his lungs were sound, and he had no cough;
He guided his team with a pliant bough,
And watered it well at the wayside trough.

The toil was hard, for the land was rough—
It lay on the shores of a Scottish lough—
But his well-fed team was stout and tough,
And he plied his bough to flank and hough.

He ploughed all day, and the crow and chough
Flew around his head, though he oft cried shough;
But his plough at last struck a hidden sough
With a force that sent the share clear through.

Then the team took fright and ran off with the plough,
With the speed of the wind from the ploughboy though
He shouted "Whoa!" and into a slough
It plunged where the mud was soft as dough.

The ploughboy wept, for the wreck was thorough;
He fled that night from the farm to the borough.
—*Somerville Journal.*

Somebody's Masher.

Out by the side of the busy street
Where the mud and the water lay,
Mixed by the passing horses' feet,
Somebody's masher stood one day.

Somebody's masher so handsome and neat,
Twirling around in his small white hand,
Soon to be black with the mud of the street,
The cuningest canelet in all the land.

Pointed with wax is his mustache light
And almost as sharp is each toothpick shoe;
His legs are in candle-mold trousers tight,
And gold-rimmed glasses assist his view.

Stretched to a gloss is his bosom white,
And a long showy cuffiet encircles each wrist,
While from his finger a diamond bright
Sparkles as large as John Sullivan's fist.

But a sudden change comes o'er his face,
And a smile extends from chin to brow,
His hat is raised with a dudish grace,
Somebody's masher is mashing now.

For tripping along the busy street
Comes a charming maiden in her teens;
She catches the eye of the masher sweet,
And well she knows what his gesture means.

For oft * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Spattered with mud are his garments bright,
For her father behind the maiden walked;
And he struck at the dudelet with all his might,
And into the street the masher knocked.

Tenderly raise the prostrate one,
Pausing to scrape from his coat the dirt,
All his joys and his hopes are gone.
Somebody's masher's feelings are hurt.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

In the Hennery.

*Othello*—Is she not on nest?
*Iago*—On nest, my lord?
*Othello*—On nest, ay, on nest.
*Iago*—My lord, for aught I know.
*Othello*—What dost thou think?
*Iago*—Think, my lord?
*Othello*— Think, my lord?
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in the coop
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something;
I heard thee say but now—thou lik'dst not that,
As though thy breakfast-egg was stale, or had been sat upon;
And when I told thee she was of my brood,
The choicest layer of a thousand hens, thou criedst "Indeed!"
As one would say he had a Cochin hen
Could lay an egg with her for money.
Show me the hen.
*Iago*—I dare be sworn that she is on nest.
*Othello*—Well, go to, then. Like to the Pontick Sea,
Whose icy current and convulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on,
Even so a setting hen will set,
And set, and set, and set,
On bureau-knobs, and bottle-necks, and corks,
And will not scratch around and lay fresh eggs,
Till something hatch. I have tied
Bed-strings to their tails, and doused
Cold water on them, and have scared them,
And chased them round the yard, and set
Dark barrels over them, but set they will.
I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the old hen. Ay, ay, and by yon marble heaven,
I will sell her in the market
For a squab. —*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Miss Finney-Fortescue denies the statement that she has compromised with Lord Cairns, and says that the trial is to proceed as at first contemplated.

The authorship of "The Bread-Winners" is now receiving claimants. A Miss Hannah Calligan of Jackson, Maine, is the first to appear.


The Strongest and Best!




The Strongest and Best!

Recommended by the leading Physicians and Chemists of the Pacific Coast.

FOR SALE BY

C. J. HAWLEY & CO.

Nos. 215 and 217 Sutter St.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN

Hair Renewer.

Seldom does a popular remedy win such a strong hold upon the public confidence as has HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. The cases in which it has accomplished a complete restoration of color to the hair, and vigorous health to the scalp, are innumerable.

Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening locks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it disappoints no one.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FOR THE WHISKERS

Has become one of the most important popular toilet articles for gentlemen's use. When the beard is gray or naturally of an undesirable shade, BUCKINGHAM'S DYE is the remedy.

PREPARED BY

R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H.

Sold by all Druggists.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
NATURAL APERIENT
Hunyadi WATER
"Speedy, Janos
Sure, and Gentle."

NONE GENUINE BUT WITH THE BLUE LABEL.

For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.

No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco,

and Portland, Oregon.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
24 Post St., San Francisco

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION. PENMANSHIP AND TELEGRAPHY.

E. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

WINDOW SHADE FACTORY. H. E. BULLIVANT & CO., FACTORY AND SALESROOM, 753 Mission St., bet. 3d & 4th. Decorating and Lettering a specialty for stores, offices, residences, etc.

FINE

Suits, $25. TAILORING Suits, $30.
Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.

Suits, $40. TAILORING Suits, $50.
Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.

Suits, $60. TAILORING Suits, $70.
J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

EDUCATIONAL.

BARNARD'S
BUSINESS COLLEGE,
37 Post St., S. F. Send for Circular.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL for GIRLS
Will re-open Monday, August 3d.
Temporary location, 1001 Sutter Street, corner of Hyde.

PERRY SEMINARY,
Formerly Sacramento Seminary of Sacramento, will open
August 6, 1884,
At 1625 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland. For catalogue and particulars, address MRS. HERMAN PERRY, Or MISS KATE M. FULLER, Principals.

Elocution, Oratory, and the Drama.
MRS. M. J BRADLEY,
528 Ellis Street. Office hours, 1 to 3.

MISS F. A. DILLAYE,
ORGANIST AND TEACHER OF ORGAN, PIANO, AND VOCAL MUSIC. Opportunities to practice may be secured by organ pupils at her residence, 725 O'Farrell St.

MME. VIOLA A. POMEROY,
Teacher of Singing, Elocution, Voice Culture. Voice Building—"Delsarte Method." Restores Lost or Impaired Voices. Lessons in French, German, and Italian—for Opera, Parlor, or Concert. Pupils thoroughly prepared for the Dramatic and Operatic Stage. Residence, 220½ McAllister Street.

SHORT-HAND INSTITUTE.
Oral instruction day and evening: also, lessons by mail; send for circular. Long's School of Phonography, 220½ McAllister Street.

PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.
THOROUGH TRAINING BASED ON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES. WM. T. ROSS, A. M., Rooms 78 and 79, St. Ann's Building, No. 6 Eddy St.

MILLS SEMINARY.
The next term of this well-known Institution opens on
Wednesday, July 30, 1884.
MISS MARY COCHRANE, of the Irving Institute, San Francisco, joins our excellent corps of teachers; her sister, also, MISS MINNIE COCHRANE, and the latter will have charge of the Art Department. For further information, address MRS. C. T. MILLS, Mills Seminary P. O., Alameda Co., Cal.

PRIVATE INSTRUCTION
In the English Branches. Bookkeeping and Accounts. Preparations for Examinations a specialty. Call 4 to 8 P. M. B. L. BROWN, 313 Geary Street.

CITY COLLEGE,
119 HAIGHT STREET.
The next term of this old and well-known institution will open on MONDAY, July 7, 1884. Thorough instruction in English, Classical and Modern Languages. A Kindergarten for Young Children. Address REV. JAMES MATTHEWS, Principal.

ST. MARY'S HALL,
BENICIA, CAL.
The next term of St. Mary's Hall, with Graduating Course and Departments of Music, Languages and Art, will begin THURSDAY, August 7th. Address REV. L. D. MANSFIELD, Rector.

HARMON SEMINARY,
BERKELEY, CAL.
A first-class Boarding School for Young Ladies. Next term will open July 31st. For catalogue, with full description, terms, etc., address MISSES HARMON, Berkeley, Cal.; or E. J. WICKSON, 414 Clay Street, San Francisco.

HOPKINS ACADEMY
OAKLAND, CAL.
REV. H. E. JEWETT, PRINCIPAL.
The next School Year begins TUESDAY, JULY 29, 1884. Send for catalogue.

MRS. ADA CLARK'S
DANCING ACADEMY,
211 SUTTER STREET, ABOVE KEARNY. Hall to let for Balls, Clubs etc.

SHORT-HAND & TYPE WRITING
Taught privately or by mail. Situations procured for pupils when competent. Call or write to F. LUSK, Heald's Business College.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

JOHN MIDDLETON,
COAL.
14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS
And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,
415 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco

MARBLE WORKS.
MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.
W. H. McCORMICK,
827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR
AND
CLOTH OF GOLD
CIGARETTES.

Our Cigarettes can not be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883.

13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

ALASKA
COMMERCIAL CO.
No. 310 SANSOME STREET,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY
A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for
TAMAR CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion, etc.
Prepared by
INDIEN E. GRILLON, Chemist of the Paris Faculty,
SOLE PROPRIETOR,
27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.
GRILLON Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

$130,000
Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, 1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal. Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers.
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

POTOSI MINING COMPANY.
Location and principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-ninth day of July, 1884, an assessment (No. 16) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the 2d day of September, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 23d day of September, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
C. L. McCOY, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California

CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 23d day of July, 1884, an assessment (No. 14) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the twenty-sixth day of August, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of September, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
C. L. McCOY, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over 3,300 illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy Free to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.
Respectfully,
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago Ill.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*

# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Tuesday, July 1, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‡8.00 A.M. | Byron and Martinez | ¶6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 7.40 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Deming, El Paso Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | and East Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Stockton via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Ione | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Los Angeles and South | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | Merced, Madera, | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Fresno, and Tulare | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Mojave, Needles, Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | and East Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Ogden and Express | 7.40 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | East Emigrant | 11.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | and Tehama via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Redding | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 7.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Virginia City | 7.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 7.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Oakland Pier; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from The Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.
¶ Daily from Martinez. Sundays only from Byron.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, 7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.58, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, *9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52; 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.


NORTHERN DIVISION
SOUTHERN PACIFIC
RAILROAD.

**BROAD GAUGE.**

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.45 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Camp Goodall.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.00 P.M. |
| †7.50 A.M. | ..Monterey and Santa Cruz.. .....(Sunday Excursion.... | †8.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
‡ Theatre train; Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, Camp Goodall, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—Sold SUNDAY MORNING, good for return same day.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

## NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

### TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, May 12th, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—7.30, 9.15 A. M., 1.30, 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 1.30, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20 A. M., 2.00, 3.25, 4.50 P. M.
(Sundays)—7.55, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.15, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 3.55, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.30, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.45, 5.00, 7.10 P. M.
Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 7.00 P. M.

**7.30 A. M. and 1.30 P. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAINS for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through trains from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 10.30 A. M. and 6.00 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.
Returning arrives in S. F. at 7.40 P. M.
Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


# DOOR PLATES

**AND HOUSE NUMBERS,**

**New and Elegant Styles at Greatly Reduced Rates.**

Every description of Tableware repaired and replated at **San Francisco Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating Works, 653 and 655 Mission St.,** San Francisco, between New Montgomery and Third.

**E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.**

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**


## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Passenger Trains leave Station, foot of Market Street, south side, at

**8.30 A. M.**, daily; Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wright's, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, SANTA CRUZ, and all Way Stations. Parlor Car.

**2.30 P. M.** (except Sunday), Express; Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ. Parlor Car.

**4.30 P. M.**, daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and intermediate points. Saturdays and Sundays to Santa Cruz.

**$5 Excursions** to SANTA CRUZ, and **$2.50** to SAN JOSE, on SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, to return until MONDAY, inclusive.

**8.00 A. M.**, every Sunday, Excursion to SAN JOSE, BIG TREES, and SANTA CRUZ.

**$3.00** to BIG TREES and SANTA CRUZ.

**$1.75** to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE.

### To Oakland and Alameda.

¶6.00, ¶6.30, ¶7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶12.00, 12.30, ¶1.00, 1.30, ¶2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.30, 10.45, 11.45 P. M.

**From Fourteenth and Webster Streets, Oakland**—§5.30, §6.00, §6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, ¶11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶12.00, 12.30, ¶1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 9.30, 10.45, 11.45 P. M.

**From High Street, Alameda**—§5.16, §5.46, §6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 7.46, 8.16, 8.46, 9.16, 9.46, 10.16, ¶10.46, 11.16, ¶11.46 A. M., 12.16, ¶12.46, 1.16, 1.46, 2.16, 2.46, 3.16, 3.46, 4.16, 4.46, 5.16, 5.46, 6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 9.16, 11.31 P. M.

§ Sundays excepted. ¶ Saturdays and Sundays only.

TICKET, Telegraph, and Transfer Office, 222 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. R. M. GARRATT, G. F. & P. Agt.


## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA**

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

**Oceanic.....August 7th**
**Arabic.....August 19th**
**San Pablo.....Capt. Reed**

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of New York.....September 2**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Colima.....August 1**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**City of Sydney**..Saturday, August 2, at 12 o'clock M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on August 3d, 11th, 19th, and 27th, and Sept. 4th, and every eighth day thereafter. The last steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

MARIPOSA.....FRIDAY, August 1st, at 3 P. M.
ALAMEDA.....TUESDAY, August 15th, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.

# PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.

**Stationers, Booksellers,**

**Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,**

**204 Sansome Street, near Pine.**

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

## COWEN, PORTER & CO.,

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

I. R. COWEN D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. POP
Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital.....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

## Imperial Fire Insurance Co.

Of London. Instituted 1803.

**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.

**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.

**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

**Contract for Fall and Winter Supply**

....OF....

# COAL

For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. **CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street.** Telephone 308.

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**

## THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**
**26 California Street, San Francisco,**
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

# RUBBER HOSE

**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**

Manufactured and for Sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" P Rubber Hose, (Comp Steam Hose, Br Hose, Carb**

**VALVES**

F




The public has made its usual free, spontaneous, and abundant recognition of the merits of this wonderful opera company which has dropped down upon us as if from the clouds. The company has made the usual commencement of Italian opera companies—disappointments, precipitate announcements, internecine quarrels, sudden change of bill, substitution of singers, etc., etc. If these people have half as much sense as they have song, one-fourth as much management as they have talent; if they have anything in the world upon which a public can place reliance, they hold the cards in their own hands for a long and most successful season. If they are a set of quarrelsome, irresponsible babies—as most Italian singers are—all we can hope is that some one with a judicious compound of common sense and administrative ability will take hold of them, put them under discipline, and run them.

By a happy chance, they have stumbled upon a community which is always athirst for music. No musical combination of admitted excellence has ever yet gone away from San Francisco unrecognized. Our people are always clamoring for opera, and when they get it as they want it, they recognize it, numerously and enthusiastically. It was said, upon the first night, that the stormy character of the applause was due to the preponderance of the foreign element in the audience. This is not at all true. Outside of the galleries the audience was almost distinctively American. The most enthusiastic listener that fell under my observation was an old gentleman of direct *Mayflower* descent. He was the first in the orchestra to start that spontaneous burst of admiration which followed the first delicious note in which Giannini revealed his ability. And ever thereafter, during the entire evening, with the silvered strength of Giannini's pure chest notes, with the sweetness and volume of Damerini's soprano, with the pealing out of the delightful timbre of Vilmant's young voice, the old gentleman waved aloft a pair of black-kidded hands, in the one of which waved a big white handkerchief and in the other a tall black hat. The next most enthusiastic member of the audience was a well-known broker, who, in deference to the established tastes of his wife, made a musical tour of Europe, and, in his course, became music-mad himself. He was so carried away by the splendors of "Aida" that the auditorium was not roomy enough for his enthusiasm, and he filled the corridor with it. He began with a most correct assortment of *bravos! bravas! bravis!* but emitted, after the grand sextet and chorus, a "Bully!" which his surrounding friends claimed to be the most natural expression of his surcharged musical feelings. Nor was he alone in his American ardor. This American *bravo!* it is painful to say, went all over the house, and the singers did not seem to dislike it.

In the light of this appreciation it is perfectly possible for these people to sing twice a week at two dollars a seat to crowded houses for some months. This, not counting the matinées, which are always crowded, though "Il Trovatore" is always sung with a steady consistency, which is the only piece of consistency in any Italian troupe that has ever yet visited us. They could not protract the season, however, upon sudden changes of bill, failures to produce announced operas, nor upon such slovenly productions as the "Il Trovatore" of Monday night. People do not drop into the opera as they drop in upon the minstrels, or "The Devil's Auction," or upon Vanoni at ten, or Digby Bell at half-past nine. Those who love opera select the ones they wish to hear, engage their seats beforehand as soon as they may, study up the score and the libretto frequently, anticipate an aria or even a note—enjoy themselves, in short, with epicurean completeness. To such people a disappointment is very sharp. Frequently they can not afford to hear one opera twice, however much they may wish to do so. Hundreds who went away disappointed at not hearing "Norma" would have willingly listened to "Aida" again but for the conflicting of a short purse and a musical appetite.

The illness of a prima donna is, of course, the one thing which can not be helped or foreseen. And in this case, without any disrespect to Damerini, no one objected to her replacement by Maria Peri. The girl rushed so bravely into the breach and filled it so well with her sweet, young voice, that they cheered her quite as heartily as if it were heavy enough for this exigent rôle. Indeed, for all the lightness of her middle register, she sang the exquisite "O terra Addio" with more feeling and expression than Damerini. And how almost droll it seemed to see this young girl [illegible] opra on Monday night. Leonora is so uni[illegible]lly a discreet, rather middle-aged person who [illegible]ked with the divine passion in a high-[illegible]p-your-distance, and grandiose sort of when this slim young girl came in [illegible]. she looked like a bride astray. [illegible]nora is too heavy for her yet. [illegible] of training to perfect her [illegible]se. The girl is sym[illegible]little crude as yet, [illegible] very dramatic [illegible]y idea of trou[illegible]nd it came forth—tell it not in Gath—it sounded like the feeble croak of a chicken with the pip. But it will not militate against him. So great a tenor with so small a reputation must have a weakness somewhere. It is better that it should be in his high C than anywhere else, since the opera is not strewn with high C's. The remainder of his noble voice amply compensates, and he can take A flat as easily as he can smile. He is all else that Manrico should be, even—wonder of wonders!—well dressed. In fact, all the men's costumes in this troupe are exceedingly beautiful and absolutely clean. This petrifying fact made itself peculiarly visible in "Aida" and repeated itself in "Il Trovatore." Judging by the results as evinced in this troupe, water has really a good effect on Italian opera. It will wash. It gives it a strange look, but it sounds better.

What a guileless and ingenuous villain Vilmant makes with his frank, open eyes, and his utter disinclination for plotting! Some one remarked that the contralto looks as if she were constantly saying: "I must dissemble," but Vilmant hurls a big, long, clear, powerful note at us, with the question in his face, "There, how will that do?" In the wicked Conte di Luna this is naïve.

While it is mere caviling to find any fault with "Il Trovatore," as presented by the principals, they are yet not so happy in it as in "Aida," and this not because they can not sing it just as well, but because for the hoary, moss-grown, oft-sung, dear, delightful, ever-fresh old opera, faithful rehearsal is no longer considered necessary. It is supposed to be at the tip of every opera singer's fingers, so to speak, and is, half the time, only a make-shift. The very scenery should move automatically into place, and yet there were a series of misunderstandings between interiors and forest flats. There are some strange caprices in the science of decoration, but even yet we do not grow trees in our drawing-rooms.

As for the chorus, it is possible that some one could step to the footlights in an emergency on an "Il Trovatore" night, and request two or three hundred of the audience to step on the stage to sing the familiar choruses, and find them note perfect. Yet the chorus went to pieces two or three times. A distinguished local pianiste complained that she had been used to "Trovatore" in the good old way all her life long, and that the introduced syncopation in the anvil chorus set her adrift from her old moorings. It is rather late in the day to make any signal changes. Furthermore, variations are out of style, and any one confessing to a liking for them is a musical pariah. No more of them, O welcome Italians, an you love us.

Is it necessary to say that "Ah che la morte" was encored, and that the fair Leonora drew her lover out by the hand to acknowledge it, and clapped him into jail to sing it over again? Do not the Italians always join hands?—do they not chase each other around the stage like puss in the corner to get proper hold of hands before they will bow—and having bowed, will they make any other exit than the weird, ungraceful skip which is the tradition of the profession? Would we believe them to be Italians and trained singers if they did not join hands, and walked off like ordinary human beings? Never!

There are mutterings and murmurings of "The Barber of Seville," "Ruy Blas," and "Un Ballo in Maschera" in the near future. It depends entirely on themselves whether they draw crowded houses or not in these operas. They are all immensely popular, and all worthy of their best work. The public has recognized the excellence of the orchestra and the singular efficiency of the leader. People are patient with the chorus, and charmed with the six or seven principals. What, then, is this atmosphere of doubt that seems to hang over the season? They can dispel it with the production of one single opera as carefully mounted, as handsomely costumed, as well sung as "Aida." But it has heretofore been a fatality that each of these wandering companies has had but one opera.

It has been said that an actress must look sixteen and be forty to play Shakespeare's Juliet with the proper commingling of youth and passion. This idea has been refuted, but there are still other youthful rôles that, in their playing, are identified with an accumulation of years.

Norma, for one, is always a grand old Druidic ruin. One feels that she is a person to whom Pollione owes the most punctilious fidelity; but whenever a fair young Adelgisa steps from the wings, every one says, involuntarily, "Poor fellow! He is not so very much to blame." When, therefore, this Norma came down the stage a stately, handsome young woman, with a pair of beautiful white arms to wave and a strong, fresh voice to sing with, the sensation of looking upon her and anticipating something like what Bellini intended, was new and not altogether unpleasant. Though the Signora Damerini's voice is fully restored by rest, postponements, and the success of Peri, it was with a tremble of uncertainty that she began to sing. The *Casta Diva*, though beautifully sung, notwithstanding the apparent effort of it, had not that electric touch with which these singers know so well how to round off an aria. But it was there in all its fullness in the duet with Adelgisa, and the entire scena in the last act was an exhibition of immense vocal strength and great dramatic force. Signora Damerini is almost a great Norma, and lacks only that subtile something in her voice—is it sympathy or is it sweetness?—to be a great singer. Nothing could so well replace it as her tireless strength, for she is as fresh at the close of an opera as at the beginning, and could apparently sing it all over again.

Signor Giannini, as Pollione, brushed his bang off his brow and put a beard on his chin. Hitherto people have carefully and courteously abstained from mentioning the word beauty when speaking of this troupe. It having transpired, however, that there really are two handsome women among them, Damerini and Orlandi, it may not be amiss to say that Giannini's appearance was very much improved by the change. His singing was unqualifiedly superb. Pollione's music is written mainly in the middle register; but as a middle register is a vocal trifle that many people—including some great singers—go through [illegible] world without, the glory of this man's full [illegible]is all the greater. By some chance he took [illegible] in "Norma." He did not abandon the [illegible]dity of his style until he made his lit[illegible]r appeal to Norma for pardon, [illegible]ttle morceau with an infinite [illegible]l expression.

What shall we do after such an experience, when Mapleson brings on his next set of weak-kneed, weak-lunged, gasping tenors?

Signora Orlandi, the Adelgisa, is the only one in the troupe so far, who does not know how to sing. Trinidad Mestres, the contralto, has a rasping and unpleasant voice, but she uses it with the best effect that it can give, and, at least, thoroughly shows its training. But Signora Orlandi has a big, rebellious voice, of a heavy mezzo quality, and does not in the least know what to do with it. She got it well in hand for the duett and trio, but these people rally to the cry of "*ensemble*," with a persistent excellence which is simply delightful. But when Signora Orlandi lets off a few big notes all by herself, no one would forgive her if she did not look so well. She must have been quite a belle among the Druids, for her jewelry—plain Druidic jewelry—was abundant and most becoming.

Another surprise was Signor Serbolini as the high priest. This gentleman has hitherto figured rather inconspicuously. In "Il Trovatore" he had little to do, and in "Aida" his duties on the altar kept him so far back on the stage that his voice did not reach us. In "Norma," in its strength and fullness, it sounded like a new voice, and the gentleman had the pleasant experience, enjoyed by all the other principals, of receiving the most rapturous endorsement of our very rapturous audiences.

"Norma" is too stilted and monotonous in its action to be really a favorite opera, and the familiarity of it has cheapened some of the music, although organs no longer grind it out, nor is it thumped upon pianos. Inglorious as it may be to confess it, it has been superseded by Harrigan and Hart's music in this country in popularity. But there is enough music, orchestral and choral, in it to make the backbone of a good opera. And it will draw so long as operas last.

The orchestra was in unusually good tune, the choruses were well sung, and the chorus well dressed. There has not been such a representation of "Norma" in San Francisco within a dozen years, at least.

The opera has rather drained the other theatres. Burlesque, in any case, had not taken any serious hold in San Francisco. Quite a number dropped in at the Baldwin nightly to hear a clever comic song by Mr. Willard Barton, which was one of the few novelties of the week, but the general performance was growing spiritless. Burlesque will not bear twice seeing, unless it be well padded with specialties. And this one was certainly abundantly lacking. And no one will be sorry to see it replaced by what is represented to be a deeply interesting melodrama of the more sterling kind.

The "Devil's Auction" was always cramped for space at the little Bush Street Theatre, and is a much better entertainment, of its kind, in the amplitude of its new quarters. Furthermore, either the scenery has been renovated or new has been furnished, and the entertainment is no longer a dust-cloud through which one catches fleeting glimpses of ballerinas tumblers, and donkeys.

The new form of minstrelsy at the Bush Street Theatre is an innovation which is half resented, half liked. A minstrel is never so thoroughly stupid as when he has studied lines to speak. It seems to knock all the real humor out of him. In this sketch, however, boldly called a comedy, they are not embarrassed by anything so absurd and *malapropos* as a plot. The difference after all is mainly in the setting, the abandonment of the time-honored circle, and the substitution therefor of what was once known as a "settin'-room." Into this "settin'-room" the darkies come, execute their songs and dances, and depart. The travesty on "Fédora" is interjected, and is not bad to those who know the plot. To the others—that is, the majority—it is very long-winded and meaningless. The "Only Leon" has lost his voice, and Cushman can not sing. Barring these slight defects on the part of the principals, it is a very fair minstrel troupe. Not that any one does anything in particular, but that in a general way they are sufficiently amusing.

BETSY B.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Signor Tieste Vilmant, the baritone of the company at the Calfornia, is only twenty-three.

Charley Reed leaves New York to-day with a full line of minstrel talent for Stecchan & Cornelius's Standard.

The Sieni Company has a repertoire of twenty-four standard operas, every one of which they have either sung in public or carefully rehearsed.

Billy Emerson, on his way to Europe, arrived in New York, stopped there one day, got the cholera scare, and turned around and came home again.

George Field, the assistant treasurer of the Bush, will have charge of the box-office at the Grand during "The Devil's Auction" engagement.

Frank Wright has been engaged for Hertzog, in "The Black Crook," which will be produced at the Grand the second week of Gallagher, Gilmore & Gardner's spectacular season,

The cast of "The White Slave," for E. N. Thayer's benefit, will include Blanche Thayer, Charlotte Tittel, George Wessels, Frank Wright, John W. Thompson, George Osbourne, L. R. Stockwell, and other local talent.

The "Remenyi concert party," consisting of E. Remenyi, the eminent violinist, Miss Hattie Downing, and Messrs. Luckstone and Himmer, sailed for Honolulu yesterday, to give a series of concerts at the beautiful little theatre in that city.

"Orpheus and Eurydice" close the season with the present week at the Baldwin. The fall and winter season will be inaugurated August 18, with "In the Ranks," a melodrama by George R. Sims and Henry Pettitt. It will be produced with all of the original scenery.

Louis Cook, the advance representative of W. W. Cole's Mammoth Circus, is in town and announces the opening of a season in this city about September 6. After a two-weeks' tour of Washington and Idaho Territories, the circus will show in Nevada City August 18, Redding 25th, Napa September 1, and thence to San Francisco.

Owing to the failure of the Miles-Barton management to pay the salaries of the Bijou people for the third week, Manager Hayman advanced the money to the minor people. This is the second time that Mr. Hayman has succored a distressed combination.

De Vivo's operatic concert combination—which embraced Madame Gordina, Signor Baldanza, and the remnants of the unfortunate Peralta Company—has disbanded. Signor De Vivo will probably go East in the advance interest of the Italian company now at the California.

"La Famille Bruscambille," the new specialty introduced by Vanoni this week, before she seceded from the company, was Aimée's *pièce de résistance* at the production of "La Jolie Parfumeuse" at the Grand Opera House. Vanoni's business is an exact copy of Aimée's.

From the reports that come of the havoc the New York Bijou troupe is creating in the hearts of young Bostonians, and the tell-tale photographs in some of the windows here, the galaxy of beauty familiar at the little theatre must have separated. The beauty went there and the galaxy came here. There are three mildly pretty women in the "Orpheus and Eurydice" troupe, but not one beautiful woman.

One of the features of the opera season is the little harpist in the orchestra. Her mother, a corpulent Spanish dame, ceaselessly plays *duenna* in the seat just behind her. The little harpist is so conscientious in getting up an opera toilet, that her evening slippers are brought to the theatre every night in a little bag. Those who have had a view of them in the changing process say that they match the wonderful beaded coiffure.

Signora Trinidad Mestres is a contessa in her own right. In the early days of her girlhood she did that most unusual thing in Italy among people of gentle blood—married the man of her choice clandestinely. She was shortly left a widow. Her father, dying soon after, cut her off, not with a shilling, but with a reduced portion, equivalent in our money to about one hundred thousand dollars. She remains on the stage as a matter of choice, and lives on the one hundred thousand dollars as a matter of necessity.

Signor Giannini sang in the East, with Mapleson, for two seasons. The report goes that he so carried off the honors that the great prima donnas refused to sing with him. But another report, with even better foundation, says that he was at that time so badly afflicted with chronic stage fright that his knees knocked together and his voice failed him whenever he faced an audience. He was packed home Italy in disgust, and no one will be more surprised than Mapleson to learn of the hit that he has made in San Francisco.

Wednesday afternoon some members of the Bijou Company, at the Baldwin, seceded. They claim that it was owing to the failure of Miles & Barton, their managers, to pay their salaries for the week. They would give no breathing time, Mr. Hayman then paid the minor people's salaries himself, recast the piece, and it went on. The seceders were Vanoni, Digby Bell, Laura Joyce, Ida Mülle, and Emma Mülle. They made a mistake. The news, when it gets East, will be in such shape as not to redound to their credit. It will injure them professionally.

Miss Blanche Thayer who appears in support of her father at his benefit on Sunday night, makes her formal début in the profession on that occasion. She has hitherto filled a few minor engagements, but has not yet accepted any speaking part. Besides being brought up in the atmosphere of the stage, and trained by her father, she is said to have much natural talent. Both father and daughter will try their luck in the East, the abolition of the stock company system having left San Francisco a barren field for the practice of acting as a profession by other than the nomads.

Signora Virginia Damerini was very much incensed against the management for permitting Maria Peri to sing her rôle of Aida on the night of the postponement of "Norma." She arrived at the theatre at five o'clock in the afternoon in a towering rage, while Peri was rehearsing, and announced her intention to sing that evening. She was as hoarse as a cow at the time, and Giannini settled matters by declaring that if she sang he would not, as he was not willing to risk the favor in which he had established himself by spoiling the duos with a hoarse prima donna. As the tenor is the feature of the troupe, the management reluctantly declined the lady's services for the evening. A nice peaceable nest these song-birds make.

Personal: Manager Hayman goes East in a day or two, to secure attractions for the Baldwin.——Charles Johnson, advance agent for the Ward-Forsythe combination, has returned from the Northwest.——Charley Reed has been sued in New York, by Mrs. Rosa Reed for desertion and failure to provide.——Ellie Wilton has been engaged at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York.——Alma Stuart Stanley is engaged at the Alhambra, London.—Archie Gunter brings out a comedy company here in November, to produce his plays.——G. F. Walter wants to sell the Vienna Garden.——Josie Hall has left the "Pop" troupe.——Ada Deaves has been engaged for Wallack's, New York.——James Barrows plays first comedy in Aimée's new company.——J. K. Tillotson is in New York. He produces "Lynwood" and "Queena" at the Union Square August 18th.——It is said that Emerson and Charley Reed will open a minstrel theatre in New York next season.——M. B. Leavitt will visit San Francisco shortly.——Marie Burroughs is about to leave for New York. She will be in the cast of "Called Back," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.—— The Deaves Brothers of this city, have devised a set of Marionettes, which are most ingenious and very successful in their working.——Henry Abbey and Maurice Grau are both in Paris.——Sadie Martinot is in great demand for next season.——Aimée starts out in English comedy at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, September fifteenth.——Nelson Decker has joined Mary Anderson's company in London.——Miss Lily Post has been engaged by John A. McCaull for his next season.——Willie Edouin and Alice Atherton are pleasing the English provinces with their new, or newly written, burlesque, "The Babes, or Whines from the Wood."——John Howson will play the leading rôle in "Twins," at Wallack's, on August fourth.——Charles B.

ishop opens his next season September eighth. e will have a new play in "Our Doctor," by T. . Sayre, author of "The Strategists," and a new rsion of "The Widow Bedott."——Among the- rical people now in London are the following: anagers A. M. Palmer, Haverly, and Mallory; arcus Mayer, Coplestone, Gus Frohman, Owen aucett, Nelson Decker and wife, Louis Harri- n and his bride, Mary Anderson and brother, arie Gordon, Linda Dietz, Nellie Calhoun, Ella hapman, Mrs. A. M. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. ronson Howard, Marie Jansen, Maurice Barry- ore, and T. Henry French.

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

**Bills and Casts for Week ending August 2d.**

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. ill: "Orpheus and Eurydice"; three acts. Cast anged July 30, as follows:

Jupiter, Mr. E. S. Grant; Aristeus and Pluto, Mr. eorge Gans; Orpheus, Mr. Henry Pepper; Styx, Mr. eorge C. Boniface Jr.; Eurydice, Jennie Prince; Juno, aude Waldemere; Cupid, Miss Daisy Murdock; Public pinion, Miss Augusta Roche; Diana, ——; Venus, iss Annie Caldwell; Mercury, ——; Minerva, ——; ebe, ——; Morpheus, Mr. W. T. Dobson; Mars, Mr. enry Leone; Vulcan, ——; Bacchus, Miss Albertina all; Æsculapius, Mr. E. H. Aiken; Apollo, Miss Clara rimrose; Janus, Mr. Randall; Hercules, Mr. Reynolds; rebus, Master Murdock; Thalia, Miss Clara Chase; glalia, Miss Ollie Earle; Euphrosyne, Miss Nita Tracy; lliope, Miss Louise Martin; Clio, Miss Annie Newman; uterpe, Miss Victoria Martin; Melpomene, Miss Carier ickson; Erato, Miss Lizzie Winner; Polyhymnia, Miss mma Calef; Urania, Miss Emma Mülle; Terpsichore, iss Carrie Tutein; Hebe, Miss Minnie Maginley.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. ill July 29: "Aida," by Giuseppe Verdi. Cast s follows:

The King of Egypt, Signor Cesare Banchi; Amneris, gnora Trinidad Mestres; Aida, Signora Maria Peri; hadames, Signor Francesco Giannini; Ramfis, Signor nrico Serbolini; Amonasro, Signor Tieste Vilmant; erald, Oreste Benedetti.

July 28, "Il Trovatore," by Guiseppe Verdi. ast as follows:

Il Conte de Luna, Signor Tieste Vilmant; Leonora, gnora Maria Peri; Manrico, Signor Francesco Giannini; zucena, Signor Trinidad Mestres; Ines, Signora Ange- a Cavollini; Ferrando, Signor Enrico Serbolini; Raiz, ignor Oresti Benedenti.

July 31, "Norma," by Vincenzo Bellini. Cast s follows:

Norma, Signora Virginia Damerini; Pollione, Signor rancesco Giannini; Adaigisa, Signora Orlandi; Clotilde, gnora Eliza Baraldi; Orovego, Signor Enrico Serbolini; Friend of Pollione, Signor Oreste Benedetti.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. ill: "The Devil's Auction"; three acts. Cast s follows:

Topy, James S. Maffit; Père Androche, W. H. Bartholo- ew; Phrezyo, B. F. Granger; Carlos, F. W. Allen; adeline, Miss Ida Navins; Janet, Miss Sallie Apt; hristaline, Miss Louise Dempsey; Mephisto, B. J. cLaughlin; Chaos, Albert Marinetti; Lavigne, J. A. hrow; Tresbien, J. C. Tiernan; Victor, A. C. Good- ge; Adolph, Frank Thompson; Gustave, J. G. Shawles; lexander, A. S. Franks; Tsching-Sing, T. C. Thomas; oblang Khan, J. A. Throw; Moon Shong, William dgerton; Kao Teki, Edward Lavine; Kwang See, eorge K. Knight; Sang Koi, J. Vincent; Yen Yum, lbert Leech; Ko Let, Miss Kittie Wilson; Kara Musta- ha, George W. Ames; Muli. Harry Williams; Oarsmin, William Mason; Khan of Tartary, W. H. Bartholomew.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Les- ee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Leon & Cush- an's Minstrel Comedy Company. Bill: "Sarah arnum's Dilemma," "Ill-Fed Dora," and variety erformance. Company as follows:

The only Leon. Mr. Frank Cushman, Mr. James E. dams, Mr. Daniel Thompson, Mr. J. H. Surridge, Mr. rank Casey, Messrs. Hooley, the Crimmins Brothers, ohen, J. H. Surridge, and John Unsworth. J. H. Sur- idge, Manager; George H. Lennox, Business Manager; harles Hunniman, Musical Director; George Curtis, roperties.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Mana- ers. Bill: Verdi's opera, "Un Ballo en Mas- hera"; three acts. Cast as follows:

Riccardo, Mr. T. W. Eckert; Renato, Mr. F. La Fon- ine; Adelia, Miss Louise Leighton; Ulrica, Miss Hattie loore; Oscar, Miss Helene Dingeon; Silvano, Mr. E. N. night; Samuel, Mr. M. Cornell; Tomaso, Mr. G. Napo- oni.

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—Stecchan Cornelius, Managers. Closed during the week.

The Baldwin will be closed next week.
The Leon & Cushman Company continue next eek at the Bush Street.
The opera company continue next week at the alifornia.
"The Devil's Auction" company next week t the Grand—probably in "The Black Crook."
"Fatinitza" next week at the Tivoli.
The Standard will remain closed.

— ONE OF THE MOST FERTILE AND BEAUTI- l tracts of garden, fruit, and corn land, in one f the most delightful spots in all our State of alifornia, is to be sold in subdivisions at auc- ion on the premises on the 16th day of August. Haywards, in Alameda County, is but twenty- ne miles from the city of San Francisco. It is a rosperous village in the heart of a surrounding ountry that has no superior for beauty of cli- ate and fruitfulness of soil in any land that lies nder the sun. The farm that is to be subdivided the property of Mr. J. H. Strowbridge, compos- g some five hundred acres of land lying among he rolling valley lands within ten minutes' walk f the village of Haywards. This place is in ne of the most accessible of the suburbs of San rancisco. The business man, from his city tore, shop, or office, reaches it in less than an our, and, with commutation or round trip tick- ts, can go and come by rail eight times a day, for hirty seven and a half cents each way.
The location can not be rivaled for its climatic onditions. It is just far away enough to be out f the dismal winds of San Francisco—is far nough from the bay and salt marshes to be sub- ect to none of the annoyances of the bay shore. The home farm, with its beautiful modern resi- lence most elegantly furnished, with a splendid ull-bearing orchard with all varieties of fruit, rounds tastefully laid out, with an ever-running rook of clear water fed by springs and shaded ith grand old bay and laurel trees, comprising n acreage of one hundred acres, is to be sold n lump. The rest of the estate is subdivided into twenty-nine subdivisions from ten to twenty-seven acres each, and arranged with reference to the physical geography of the tract, all fronting upon county roads, and broad and level avenues, and upon the rivulet that passes through the land.

Six of the lesser subdivisions border the stream, while water is obtainable upon all of them, and in full abundance, at a depth of from six to twelve feet from the surface. There is not an inch of land upon any part of the tract that is not susceptible of easy cultivation, and that will not grow all kinds of fruits, berries, or grapes. The tract itself is in the heart of beautiful surroundings, mostly owned in small farms and by men who live upon them and cultivate them with their families. The farms are devoted to fruit culture. The vicinage abounds in schools, churches, and all the elements of a refined civilization.

No one should attend the auction sale with intention of purchase without visiting the place, and giving it a careful personal examination, to ascertain that it answers the encomiums that are put upon it. As we visited it upon Sunday last, and gave the premises a thorough inspection, we are prepared to say that the eulogies of the sale catalogues do not over-state the attractions and value of the property. The visitor may see the fruit trees in full bearing, a corn crop resembling that of an Illinois grain farm, and themselves verify the productiveness and fertility of the soil, the abundance of the water supply, and, by going and returning on the same day, be convinced how cheap and easy it is of access to San Francisco and Oakland. These lesser subdivisions are attractive to those persons who desire, by cultivation, to make their support from the land. The stories of profit that are told by the fruit-growers who live in the neighborhood would scarcely be believed if it were not for the fact that none of the established fruit farms are for sale at any price, while lands in the vicinity are held at prices from five hundred to one thousand dollars per acre. These lots are desirable for city people who are seeking country homes, and who are not unwilling that the suburban villa residence should be self-supporting. From the catalogue of the auctioneers having the sale in charge we make the following extract:

"No safer or more judicious investment can be made than Haywards fruit land. Being so convenient to San Francisco, it is rapidly enhancing in value. No such opportunity has ever been offered for parties desiring a country residence to secure so profitable a homestead upon such easy terms. Upon the reliable authority of the Hon. William H. Jessup, member of the State Board of Horticulture, and whose orchards are in the immediate vicinity of this property, we learn that last year thirty-six of his cherry-trees, covering one-third of an acre, yielded 2,523 pounds of cherries, which sold on the ground for $176.61. Between these same trees were gooseberry plants, which also yielded the same year 7,534 pounds of fruit, which sold on the ground for $925.30; thus making the total yield for that year on only one-third of an acre the sum of $1,101.91. Apricots are recognized as a more profitable crop. When your orchard is only one year old, the salable value has increased at least 33⅓ per cent., and while your trees are growing, small fruits planted between them pay from $100 to $150 per acre net."

We commend such of our readers as are looking for this kind of investment, to spend a day in giving this property a careful examination. It is a very serious matter to drive the stakes for a permanent home, and no one can be too careful in making the selection for a residence. We are not unmindful of the responsibility of advising in this direction, but we do not hesitate to give our opinion that there can be no mistake in securing a bit of God's earth in this most beautiful part of the valley of Alameda. For an elegant country home, where all the conditions of health and comfort can be found, where profit and enjoyment can be combined, there is no more delightful place than the Strowbridge mansion at Laurel Grove. The house, with its elegant furniture and equipments in complete detail, all in the most perfect condition, may be purchased together and at a bargain if such a purchaser can be found. At the same time there will be sold the well-known band of thoroughbred Merino sheep for which this farm has been so long celebrated, some six hundred in number, a large number of fine driving and trotting—some thorough and all well bred—horses, fine grade Durham and Devon cows, a magnificent thoroughbred bull, together with all the farm implements, carriages, horses, etc., with which a well-equipped gentleman's farm is provided.

For full particulars of all necessary details, further information can be had of the real estate firms of Taggart & Dingee, Oakland, of Easton & Eldridge, San Francisco, or of Mr. Wm. H. Rhodehamel, at Haywards, or on the farm. On the day of sale there will be a special train running from San Francisco, at the foot of Market Street, at nine o'clock A. M. This train will be detained and only leave for return upon completion of the sale.

### UNQUALIFIED INDORSEMENT.

**Letters from Chief Scannell and Captain Captain White.**

SAN FRANCISCO, July 28, 1884.

H. H. GROSS, 21 New Montgomery Street—Dear Sir: I take pleasure in giving my unqualified and hearty indorsement of the Harden Hand Grenade Fire Extinguisher. I have seen it work, and can say it does all that is claimed for it.

DAVID SCANNELL,
Chief of the Fire Department.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 28, 1884.

H. H. GROSS, 21 New Montgomery Street—Dear Sir: The exhibition test given by you Saturday, July 26th, on the corner of Bush and Market streets, was the most successful demonstration I ever saw. From what I had heard and read of the Harden Hand Grenade Fire Extinguishers, I expected to see them do good work, but I must say their execution is wonderful and far beyond my expectation. No factory, store, or dwelling should be without them. Yours, RUSSELL WHITE,
Captain of Fire Patrol.

### Tables.

Something new and unique in the way of centre and library tables have just arrived, and are now to be seen at the warerooms of the California Furniture Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

— INVENTORS, ATTENTION!—INVENTORS CAN save money and time by applying to the Inventor's Institute, No. 105 Stockton Street, corner of O'Farrell, before applying elsewhere. Patents procured and rights bought and sold, as a whole or for districts only, and patent business of all kinds transacted at a smaller cost than by any other establishment in the city.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

—FOR POSITIVE CURATIVE EFFECTS, ONE BOTtle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is worth three of any other name.

— THE METROPOLITAN HALL IS ADMIRABLY fitted for use during the coming campaign. Its large seating capacity and fine acoustic properties make it the best in the State for public meetings.

— A VEGETABLE PRODUCT USED ONLY IN Ayer's Ague Cure has proved itself a never-fail ing remedy for all malarial disease. Warranted to cure.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.


## TAGGART & DINGEE,

**Real Estate and General Auctioneers**

**460 and 462 Eighth St., Oakland.**

**J. O. ELDRIDGE, AUCTIONEER,**

**22 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**

PEREMPTORY

AUCTION SALE

.....OF.....

DESIRABLE

# ALAMEDA PROPERTY

SATURDAY,

**SATURDAY.....AUGUST 2, 1884**

At 2 P. M., on the ground,

## 38 BEAUTIFUL LOTS

**50 x 150 FEET EACH,**

Situated on

**PACIFIC AND RAILROAD AVENUES,**

Just west of Webster Street, in front of the well-known KOHLMOOS HOTEL, in

## ALAMEDA,

So justly famed for its Delightful Climate and Pure Artesian Water.

**Only 25 minutes from San Francisco,** by either the Narrow-Gauge or the Central Pacific Railroads. Mastick Station of the C. P., and Pacific, Second and Third Avenue Stations of the Narrow-Gauge, are each within five minutes' walk, giving the location of the property now offered great advantages.

Pacific Avenue is macadamized, and is the only avenue that runs through from the Bay shore on the west to Park Street, thereby giving it preëminence over all others for business purposes.

**Now is the time to Invest.** The semi-annual dividends of the Savings Banks having just been declared, investors will suffer no loss of interest by withdrawing their money to purchase at this sale.

**An opportunity seldom offered.** Don't let your money lay at such small interest, when houses on such conveniently situated property will pay three times the interest the banks do.

Churches and Schools in the immediate vicinity. Also, Gas to this property.

The Oakland and Alameda horse-cars, from Oakland to Park Street, pass within two minutes' walk of the property, affording every convenience.

**Terms Easy. Low Rate of Interest.**

For catalogues and further information, apply to TAGGART & DINGEE, 460 and 462 Eighth Street, Oakland, or J. O. ELDRIDGE, 22 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

**FINEST PHOTOS IN THE CITY**

....AT THE....

IMPERIAL GALLERY,

**724½ Market Street.**

## TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,

Eddy Street, near Market.

KRELING BROS.....Sole Proprietors and Managers
GUSTAVE HINRICHS.....Conductor
FRITZ LA FONTAINE..... Stage Director

Positively Last Nights of Verdi's Grand Tragic Opera,

**UN BALLO IN MASCHERA.**

Miss Helene Dingeon as.....Oscar

Monday Evening, Aug 4th.....**FATINITZA**

Admission, 25 cents.....Reserved seats, 50 cents

**Will open in San Francisco, on Saturday, Sept. 6th, for Seven Days Only,**

# COLE'S CIRCUS

Colossal three-ring Circus, 2 Menageries in 2 Tents, Elevated Stage, Russian Roller skaters, bicycle experts

**And 12 Genuine Bedouin Arabs.**

45 Acts at every performance, all nations represented, largest elephant alive, and all kinds of shows.

**Absolutely the Greatest on Earth.**

Full particulars in later announcements. After dark, Street Parade, Night Sept. 5th.

## COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION,

**Phelan's Building, Rooms 6, 8, 9, 10, 11.**

**Entrance, 806 Market Street.** Gas Specialists; positively extract teeth without pain; only office that make and gives the celebrated "Colton Gas;" established in 1863; over 8,000 references; also, performs all operations in Dentistry.

**THE**

## LADIES' CARD BASKET.

**Mr. John P. Dwyer,** late of Palace Hotel, has opened an office at 620 Market Street, directly opposite the Palace, where he will be pleased to see all of his old friends and as many new ones who may favor him with a call. Ladies will find it very convenient, when in want of Visiting Cards, to drop in and leave their order. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Cards furnished in one hour's notice. Specimen cards written free.

# WALL PAPERS,

**FRESCOING,**

INTERIOR DECORATING

**WINDOW SHADES.**

## G. W. CLARK & CO.

**645 and 647 MARKET STREET.**

# TWO NEW BOOKS

**Distinctively Californian.**

**Now ready, and may be ordered of any Bookseller:**

## A CALIFORNIA PILGRIMAGE,

TOLD IN VERSE,

**BY ONE OF THE PILGRIMS.**

This work does not purport to be a history of Missions, but only what the title implies—a visit to the old shrines. To local descriptions and legends are added such allusions to familiar events of Mission history as seemed desirable, with such fragmentary thoughts as would be naturally suggested to one appreciative of the only bits of antiquity to be found in this new land.

**120 pages, Square 16mo.,** with elaborate gold stamp and red edges, with frontispiece engraving of the Carmel Mission, from a sketch by Keith, **Price, $1.25.**

## A TRIP TO ALASKA,

By **Mr. George Wardman,** U. S. Revenue Inspector at the Seal Islands, Alaska.

16mo. 235 pages. Price, $1.50.

This book contains a vivid account of men, manners, and customs at the Seal Islands. It also treats of the operations of the company controlling the fur-seal trade, about which so much is now being said.

The *American Bookseller*, New York, says:

"Messrs. Samuel Carson & Co., of San Francisco, announce for the end of June, "A Trip to Alaska," by George Wardman, whose position as Revenue Inspector at the Seal Islands gives him most favorable opportunities for writing an account of the men, manners, and customs of our outlying territory in the North."

**SAMUEL CARSON & CO.**

**PUBLISHERS AND WHOLESALE BOOK SELLERS,**

**120 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.**

*A copy of either of the above books will be sent postpaid on receipt of the price.*




See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

**J. W. EVANS,**
General Agent, 29 Post Street.

---

**L. D. STONE & CO.**
(Successors to R. Stone),
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
**Harness, Saddles, Saddlery Hardware**
Collars, Whips, Robes, Horse Blankets, and all kinds of Harness and Patent Leathers.
422 and 424 Battery Street, corner Washington, San Francisco.

---

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
**Commission Merchants,**
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
☞ Liberal advances made on consignments. ☜

---

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

---

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
**General Shipping and Commission**
MERCHANTS,
309 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

---

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

---

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
(Established 1854).
**HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION**
MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

---

THE
**AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY.**
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.

---

**A. P. HOTALING & CO.**
429 to 437 Jackson St., sole agents for the **J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky,** "O. P. S.," "O. O. K.," "O. K." "A No. 1," "A." Established 1852.

---




**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

---

**Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed**
**TILES**
For Decorations.
**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

---

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

---

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
**HENRY F. MILLER**
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
**HEMME & LONG**
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
**WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.**
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

---

**ICHI BAN**

FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

---

ESTABLISHED 1855.
**CARRIAGES.**
**O. F. WILLEY & CO.**
NEVADA BLOCK,
No. 317 MONTGOMERY STREET, - - - - - - SAN FRANCISCO,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
**CARRIAGES, LIGHT ROAD WAGONS, CARTS, SULKIES,**
Our stock of which is now, as it has heretofore been, unsurpassed in elegance and solidity. Recent importations have greatly enlarged our supply of vehicles of all kinds from the following celebrated Eastern establishments, of which we are the agents, viz.:
Brewster & Co., (of Broome Street) New York,
C. S. Caffrey & Co., Camden, N. J.,
Henry Hooker & Co., New Haven, Conn.,
H. Killam & Co., New Haven, Conn.,
W. S. Frazier & Co., Chicago Road Carts.
We have also an assortment of Buggies and Phaetons, with full leather tops, which we sell at prices ranging from $85 to $125. Constantly on hand a full supply of
**HARNESS,**
From the famous manufactories of Wood Gibson, New York, and Tompkins & Mandeville, together with a complete assortment of Concord and other Harness. **Fine Silk Plush Robes, Lap Robes of all kinds, Horse Blankets, Whips in variety, Wheel Jacks, Wood Stable Forks, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs,** etc., etc. The Agency Goods above enumerated will be sold at Eastern prices with freight added. We have always in stock, and are prepared to manufacture to order, Mountain and other Wagons. In returning thanks for past patronage and favors, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

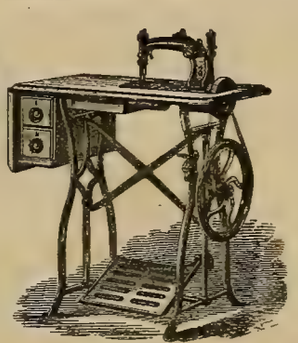
---

**CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY**
OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.
Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

---

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.
**NEWSOM & GASH,**
**ARCHITECTS**
Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,
Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

---



**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.**
**WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.**
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

---

**HIGHLAND SPRINGS**
LAKE COUNTY, CAL.
"The Switzerland of America."
OPEN ALL THE YEAR
Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.
Daily communication via Cloverdale.
DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor

---

**ÆTNA**
**HOT MINERAL SPRING**
To the highly curative properties of these waters the charms of the place is added an elegant and capac Swimming Bath.
These waters purify the blood, and refresh, renew, restore the whole system. They cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Kidney and Liver Disease Chronic Diarrhœa, Paralysis, and Pulmonary Compla in the early stages. These waters are a specific in case Malaria, Chill and Ague Fever. They afford magical lief in cases of Nervousness, Sleeplessness, and Gen Debility.
Visitors leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. for St. Helthence by daily stage (Sundays excepted), arriving at Ætnas at 5 P. M. For pamphlet, containing analysis cures, address WM. BURNELL, Sup't, or WM. LIDELL, Proprietor, Lidell P. O., Napa Co., Cal.

---

**BERKSHIRE PIGS.**
Cheaper to feed good pigs than poor ones. We l pure bred Pigs from our Imported English Boar and S —imported in 1880 and 1884. Prices $15 to $30. Pigs one to six months old. Address **I. J. TRUMAN,** Market Street, San Francisco.

---




**THE HALL TYPE-WRITE**
Awarded medal at Semi-Centennial Fair of Amer Institute in New York over all competitors. Also, Scott medal at Franklin Itstitute, Philadelphia. Sim and durable. Self-inking. No ribbon. Interchange type. Weighs only seven pounds. Takes all sizes pa Useful in family or office. Full information at
PACIFIC COAST AGENCY, ROOM 34, No. 11 CALIFORNIA STREET.
(S. F. Office Empire Portable Forge Co. of Cohoes, N.

---

**BUGGIES**
If you want a high-priced Buggy, Carriage, or Phae or if you want a good one for a low price, describe you want, and order from
TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., 511 Market St., S

---



**Remingto**
STANDARI
**Type-Writ**
Again improved perfected. See t
**G. G. WICK & CO.,**
539 Market
Opp. Sansome,

---

**TO YOUNG MEN.**
There is nothing which will make a fortune for you so little outlay as a **HAY BALING PRESS.** PRICE PRESS, with three men, will earn $1,600 i season; costs $450. The MONARCH PRESS, at puts ten tons in a box car and will clear $10 to $20 per There is money in baling hay. These are the best pre Address **TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO.,** San Franc

---

**BEAUTIFUL SNOW**
FOR THE COMPLEXION!
This elegant preparation is the most perfect beau known, It is pure and harmless, delightful in its app tion, and wonderful in its effects, while the closest scr fails to detect its use. Prepared by
**H. BOWMAN, Chemist, Oakla**
For sale by all druggists.

---

**GERMEA**
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. No. 6. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 9, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: The *Argonaut's* Stand on the Irish Question—A Breaking-up of Old Lines—The Objections to "Solid" bodies of Voters—The "Solid" South and "Solid" Irish vote—The Swarming in the Political Beehive—When old Lines are Broken Down a Political Millennium will Come—The "Journal of Civilization"—The Secret Springs that Work it—Its Hostility to Mr. Blaine and the Cause—The Paltry Motives that Actuate the Harpers' Hostility—A Business Jealousy—Their Failure to get the Publication of Mr. Blaine's Book the Cause—The Tariff Issue—What it means to American Workingmen—"Free Trade" means "Low Wages"—The Democratic Party in favor of Debasing American Labor—Mr. Barclay Henley—How Thin he is when Spread over the Continent—Mr. Estee's Committee ..... 1–2

THE COLTON CASE: A Synopsis of its History ..... 3–4

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day ..... 5

THE LATEST VERSE: "A Ballad of Sark," by Algernon Charles Swinburne; "A Garden Party," by Thomas Collier; "La Señorita," by Elvira Sydnor Miller; "In an Old Bonnet"; "History," by Edgar E. Saltus .... 5

A DARKY OTHELLO: "Flaneur" describes an Assault on Shakespeare by a Colored Company of Tragedians—Othello's Mouth—The "Army" and his Spear—More Electric Girls—President Arthur's Ovations in New York—An Interesting Budget of Gotham Gossip ..... 6

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People ..... 6

SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip ..... 7

THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest ..... 7

IF A WOMAN DIE WILL SHE LIVE AGAIN? An Agnostic Lover's Strange Study in Psychology ..... 8

VANITY FAIR: "For Sweet Charity's Sake"—New York Belles in Private Theatricals—Their Startling Costumes—"Card-leaving" by Proxy—Bernhardt's Eel-skin Jersey—Stylish Shop-girls—Bathing-dresses at Long Branch—English Carriage Etiquette—How to Hang in Hammocks ..... 9

THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB: Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith Illustrates a Delicate Point of Finance ..... 9

LICENTIOUS LORD ST. LEONARDS: "Cockaigne" on Another Shameless Nobleman—A Peer Tried for a Criminal Assault—The Family of St. Leonards—An Histrionic Scion, Mr. Edward Sugden, and the Countess of Desart—Stage Mashers in General—A Newsy London Letter ..... 10

STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic, and Otherwise: Anecdotes of H. J. Byron—The Soldier's Bath—Queen Vic.'s Credit—The Bishop's Opinion—A Useful Squint ..... 10

THE INN MAN: English Dinners ..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record ..... 14–15

Some people *affect* surprise, and some *are* surprised, at the article in last week's *Argonaut* in reference to its NEW attitude toward Irish voters. The fact is, the *Argonaut* has taken no *new* attitude in reference to the Irish or to ecclesiastical interference in American politics, nor in reference to any *class politics*. No journal is published in the world—no editorial writer has yet been born or yet has died—with less of prejudice toward men or women because of their nationality or their religion than the *Argonaut* and its writers. We have an unbounded love for all the world—a love that is neither circumscribed nor tempered by the faintest tinge of prejudice. We love the Chinese, the Jews, the Irish, the chivalry, the Yankees. We love Greeks, Catholics, and Protestants; we love Mohammedans, Buddhists, and Mormons. We love the Devil, and we subscribe to very few of the vulgar prejudices that for all these ages have been entertained against His Satanic Majesty. The fact is, however, that we love Americans better than any other people, and America better than any other country. We do not want—and to the extent that we can help it, we will not have—any ecclesiastical, or church, or religious interference with the politics of our country. We do not like—and to the extent that we can aid in this direction, we will contribute to break up—"class politics," whenever and wherever we encounter them. A "solid" Irish Catholic vote is an abomination; it is destructive to good government; it does not exist without a cause, and it is our aim to expose the cause, to denounce the powers that promote it, and to divide the class. It is the result of ignorance, bigotry, and priestcraft. A "solid South" is an evil and an abomination; it came from the cause of slavery; it promoted a civil war; it is the consequence and result of the sum of human villainy; it is the crystallization of all the ignorance, avarice, and brutal barbarism that endured slavery and made its existence possible. A "solid" Democratic South means a continuance of the ignorance, crime, and barbarism that ought to have been whipped to death during the war. It is the cowardice of intelligence that has not yet been able to master enough of courage to vindicate itself in Southern communities and rise superior to brute force. Whenever the South regains its manhood, its sense, and its full independence, there will be no "solid South," and until there is no solid South and no solid Irish it will never be safe to entrust the administration of this government to the Democratic party. When the Catholic Irish cease to be "solid," when the South ceases to be "solid," our mission in this respect will have ended; our work will be done; our objects accomplished. The *Argonaut* will then look about for some other work to do; if it finds none, its editors will fold their wings and steal silently away to a crematory. Against the Catholic religion, and its questions of "faith and morals," we have no other or greater prejudice than against any other religion. The *Argonaut* has no sectarianism. It has no veneration for that which is not both venerable and good. It has no respect for that which it can not respect. It has no belief in that which it can *not* believe. It has no hypocritical pretenses, but it has the courage to declare that no ecclesiasticism or church organization shall stick its nose into the politics of this country, whether it is as old and venerable as the religion of India, or as new as the upstart growth of Mormonism. We would not willingly see the Methodist Church, or the Hard-shell Baptists, or the Dunkers, or Shaking Quakers, or the Episcopalians, or any other sect, become "solidly" Republican; we would not like to see them vote the Republican ticket, and act together as a political power, governed by preachers. We should suspect them of sinister designs and believe that they had some evil end in view. We would as soon see a "solid" South as a "solid" New England, or a "solid" West, or a "solid" Pacific Coast. There might be a locality that for a special interest and for a brief period would go largely in one political direction; that would vote solidly upon an occasion; but when any locality, South or North, West or East, Territory or State, settles down to the policy of voting solidly with any one party, it indicates some other agencies at work than those of patriotism; some other than intelligent and honest motives. The same line of argument applies to the colored race. Whenever the time shall come when in the South the whites are not solidly Democratic in order to prevent the natural and healthful results of the war from being recognized, and the constitutional amendments from being enforced by honest legislation and just administration, it will then be the privilege and the duty of the colored voters to range themselves with parties according to their individual interests or opinions, and cease to be solidly Republican.

We congratulate the Irish, ourselves, the Roman Catholic Church, and the country, that we see the unmistakable indications of a change of policy in respect to the Irish vote. In the almost forty years that we have been an interested observer and student of political events, we have seen no Presidential campaign presenting such indications as are observable to-day. There has been during past years a large and intelligent Irish minority that has had no sympathy for the Democratic party; with this class we have had no difference of opinion. There are many intelligent and earnest Irish Catholics who have not mixed their religion with political affairs, or undertaken to meddle with party politics; with this large and respectable class we have had no difference of opinion. There are many intelligent Irish Democrats who have not mixed their politics with their religion; with this class we have had no quarrel. Our controversy is with the ignorant and unreflecting mass of Irish voters who take their politics second-hand from ecclesiastical leaders, who subordinate the affairs of government to the interest of the Roman Church. Whenever this class shall begin to emancipate itself from this ecclesiastical thraldom; when it shall cease to mass its votes; when its members shall divide and follow their own individual judgments, and cast their votes as do Germans, Americans, Jews, Protestants, members of all churches, and immigrants of all nations—then we shall hail the moment as one in the direction of good government, and salute the movers as patriotic citizens. All this means the separation of church and state. It means this, and nothing more. To keep separate church and state is an American doctrine. It is a fundamental theory of our government. It is applied to Americans, and has a right to be made applicable to all foreign people who shall come to this country. It is applicable to the Church of England immigrant; to the believers in the Jewish faith; to Protestants of all denominations; to the Mormon religion, which alone is of American invention, and there is no reason why it should not apply to Ireland and Rome. We think we see this good time coming. We hail it as the coming of a political millennium. We welcome it. There is a marvelous movement going on in this direction. We see it in the altered position of the leading Roman Catholic journals of the land; in the resolute and determined attitude of the prominent Irish political journals; in openly expressed views and independent positions taken by the most prominent Irish-American writers, orators, thinkers, and leaders. We welcome the change as the omen of a better time, when the political parties of our country shall have no religious or ecclesiastical element to divide them. We say we see this movement. We modify the expression to say we see the movement of the surface waters indicating the probability of an important change. We hope it may come, and we are not insincere when we declare that if it does come it will bring a harvest of blessings to our country, in which both Rome and Ireland will find their advantage. The Roman Catholic Church has no enemies in America—outside its pale—who have not been stirred to opposition through fear of its political encroachments. The intelligent and better men of its clergy and laity say that this fear is unfounded. Let them demonstrate the fact by presenting to us no longer a compact mass of Irish millions voting solidly for the Democratic party—solidly, blindly, and ignorantly. No other class of foreign or native-born electors do this thing, hence we have to look for some especial cause. In the "solid South" we find the cause in the ignorance, prejudice, and hatred left from a civil war. In the "solid Irish Catholic vote" we attribute it to the church, the priesthood, the confessional. When this "solid South" dissolves, there will be no longer a bloody shirt to wave. When the "solid Irish" break ranks, there will be no longer any know-nothingism left in America.

"*The Journal of Civilization*" for all the years of its existence has thanked God that it was better than the Sadducees and sinners of the press. Its editorial high priest has stood with broad phylacteries, and made long prayers in the political synagogue—thanking God that he and his employers, the Harper Brothers, were better and purer than other men. Now they have been whipped out of the temple as unclean and dishonest money-changers. Their professions of superior motives, their hypocritical pretenses of immaculate and unselfish purity, have been exposed, and it is now demonstrated that all their opposition to Mr. Blaine, all their indignation at his lack of public integrity, results from a business jealousy. *Harper's Weekly*—owned by Harper Brothers and edited by George William Curtis—opposes the nominee of a national convention in which its editor acted as a delegate; in all of its deliberations he participated; all of its acts he approved; and, with solemn voice and serious countenance, he declared it was an insult to question the sincerity of his purpose to support the nominees. And why do they oppose this nominee? For the sole and only reason that the firm of Harper Brothers was not chosen by Mr. Blaine to print his book. A private, personal grudge, [illegible] alone by mercenary considerations, has prompte[illegible]ess

firm, the Harpers, to send their editor to a national convention to betray the Republican party, to violate his word of personal honor, and to bolt his ticket. It has prompted these proprietors of the "Journal of Civilization" to turn loose its pensioned libelers, with pen and pencil, in type and picture, to vilify and caricature the man concerning whom J. W. Harper Jr. (the head of the firm) wrote as follows only sixteen months ago. The Harper publishing house desired to secure the publication of Mr. Blaine's history, "Twenty Years of Congress," and wrote to a personal friend of his own and Mr. Blaine the following letter:

"With the instinct of a publisher accustomed to deal with the people rather than with the privileged classes, I recognize the fact that there is no man living more closely in sympathy with the people than Mr. Blaine. I keep a not untrained finger on the popular pulse, which in our American life is generally healthy, and I am sure that it beats strongly in admiration and affection for the man who has been absolutely fearless in his patriotism. Mr. Weed's reminiscences will be interesting as the record of an acute observer, but I am sure that Mr. Blaine's narrative will hold the American people, because it will be a human, real flesh-and-blood record, not of a Machiavellian observer, but of an active participator, brave fighter, and gallant leader in the most critical events of our nation's history. So, when it comes quite convenient to you, I wish that you would give Mr. Blaine to understand that, while the doors of Franklin Square always stand wide open to 'them literary fellers,' such as scholars, and poets, and novelists, and evangelists, and travelers, the proprietors generally go down to the sidewalk to welcome a historian of his own times, and, with uncovered heads, reverently help him to unload the manuscript from his triumphal car on the Elevated Railway. Please intimate all this to Mr. Blaine, and you know how to do it gracefully and well."

This Mr. James W. Harper, with his "not untrained finger on the popular pulse," only sixteen months ago bore testimony to the fact that this American popular pulse is "generally healthy," and that it was then beating in "*strong admiration and affection for the man who has been absolutely fearless in his patriotism.* . . . . "AN ACTIVE PARTICIPATOR, BRAVE FIGHTER, AND GALLANT LEADER IN THE MOST CRITICAL EVENTS OF OUR NATION'S HISTORY." This man at that time—this proprietor of the "Journal of Civilization"—would go down to the sidewalk with "reverent" mien and "uncovered head" to help Mr. Blaine unload a manuscript into his publishing mill, to help him dump his brains into the Harper hopper, that should grind out profit to his printing establishment. For coin, for gain, for earning some paltry thousands to add to his millions, this representative proprietor of America's most exalted type of journalism would have eaten the dirt of the pavement over which the brave fighter and gallant leader walked. Because he did not get the chance of this business venture, with a meanness that is contemptible, a cowardice for which there is no sufficient expression of detestation, Mr. Harper turns his types, his printing-presses, his personal influence, his hired dude and Hessian, to personal detraction and abuse of Mr. Blaine, He charges this man—who has been "*absolutely fearless in his patriotism*"—with dishonesty and with betrayal of a public trust; he holds him up to ridicule in caricatures; he lies about him with a malicious and devilish pertinacity that would be unworthy of a "civilization" that uses the stiletto and the assassins' blade in secret passages, that strikes in the back and in the dark. If George William Curtis, Thomas Nast, and James W. Harper Jr. are the journalists of civilization, God have mercy on such barbarians as edit the *Argonaut*.

An important, but not the most important, issue of the campaign is the tariff. The "free-trade" doctrine means a reduction of wages in all the departments of labor. Every man in America who works for wages will have his earnings reduced if the Democracy comes into power and repeals the existing tariff law. This law protects the manufacturing and producing interests of the nation. It is a question of high wages or low wages to the workingmen—a question of profit or loss to most of the manufacturers and producers. The argument of the free-trader is: Let the world engage in free competition; let it sell in the dearest and buy in the cheapest market is the law of trade; practically, let England make ships, and guns, and munitions of war, because she can make them cheaper than America; let America produce grain, meats, fruit, and food, because she can raise such things cheaper than England. Very good, but in the event of war, England will not sell us armaments for our defense; in the event of war, America would be at the mercy of England, and England could compel us to send her food. The principle first destroys all our present manufacturing plants, turns our mechanics out of employment, and brings our own workmen into competition with each other as farm workers, and reduces all to the grade of wages now established in England, Italy, Spain, or China. Free-trade would equalize labor throughout the world. As labor in America is higher than in any other country, the rate of wages would be reduced in America to the European or Asiatic standard, or the mean wages between the two. This—interpreted in the light of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man nonsense—is difficult to answer; but, if considered in the narrower and more selfish view of regarding our country and ourselves as entitled to a higher consideration than should be accorded to foreign countries and alien peoples, it is evident that we have a right to protect our industries and our wage-workers by maintaining profits and keeping up the prices of laborers' wages. The American laborer has the right to look out first for himself and family in preference to any other laborer or laborers' family in the world. The American citizen has the right to look out for America in preference to any other country in the world. The American workingman has the right to look with suspicion upon a measure which, if carried out, would allow him to starve, in order that the English mechanic might get more meat for his dinner, or the Chinaman get more rice. There is an amount of hypocrisy and cant mixed up in this free-trade discussion that is solely prompted by the greed of foreign manufacturers, importing merchants, newspapers, and brainless thinkers, who would not care if the American mechanic and workingman should starve, so long as England can do the manufacturing of the world. Let the American laborer remember that *the only value which any manufactured article has is in the labor that produced it. Reduce the tariff (which gives such an article an increased value over a foreign article) and the price of labor is reduced.* War upon the tariff is a war upon wages. The Democratic party favors tariff reduction—this means a reduction of wages.

Mr Barclay Henley is a wool-grower and wine-raiser, of the county of Sonoma. He is long resident in, and from a family highly esteemed in, the Congressional district represented by him. His constituents had the right to look to him for intelligent and faithful advocacy of their special and peculiar interests. Their special and peculiar interests are: first, a railroad that, passing through the heart of their counties, should connect the Sacramento Valley and northern California with the valley of the Willamette and southern Oregon. This Mr. Barclay Henley opposed, endeavored to confiscate the land-grant, and render the building of the road impossible. This was arrant demagogism and for political buncomb. Mr. Henley's constituents want the road, and do not want the land; and while the member of Congress from Maine, or Florida, or Central Nowhere might object to the giving away of the public lands and the waste of the public domain, the people of northern California want the road, and will not thank their own member of Congress for sacrificing their local interests in order to make a little anti-monopoly buncomb for himself. The people in the First Congressional District who raise sheep and grow wool desire the tariff on foreign wools to be restored, and they will not thank Mr. Henley for swapping himself off and trading his vote with Morrison and Carlisle in order that he might investigate the Alaska Fur Company. The furs of Arctic seals do not come into competition with the wool of California sheep, and the wool-growers who vote in the Henley district will not be impressed with the importance of reducing the price of furs at the expense of their immediate interests. The people of Sonoma and the adjacent counties raise grapes and make wines, and desire that the products of their vineyards do not come into competition with the wines of France or the raisins of Spain, and they would appreciate the services of Mr. Henley if he would devote more of his valuable time and all of his wonderful talents to the kind of legislation that would give encouragement and protection to the wines, brandies, fruits, and raisins of the district which sends him to Congress. When so small a man as Mr. Henley endeavors to spread himself over so broad a territory as is comprised within our national domain, he necessarily appears to spread very thin. If he would confine himself to the practical needs of his own district, and give earnest attention to its legislative necessities, he would accomplish more for his constituents and not less for himself than he is likely to gain by stretching his legs across the world—one foot on Alaska and one in Mexico; one fighting monopoly in Arctic seas, and one upholding imperialism in the sister republic, is too great a strain for a longer-legged man than, as we remember Mr. Henley, we now recollect him to be. This is very wise advice of ours, and applies to members of Congress generally. San Francisco has never, in the whole course of its political existence, been represented in Congress by a competent member who was willing to confine himself to the advocacy of its local interests. There is a grand reputation to be made in this direction, and if we did not think that W. W. Morrow and Charles N. Felton had the ability and intention to grasp the opportunity, we should be less anxious than we now are for their election.

The Republican National Committee have determined not to consider the domestic and personal slanders associated with the name of Governor Cleveland. This is honorable. Democratic party journals and party orators ought to remember this fact when they are tempted to throw mud. So far, in our exchanges, we have seen this scandal used in no respectable and leading Republican journal. There is no reason why this campaign may not be conducted upon a higher plane than that of slander and libelous personal defamation. For ourselves, we admit the very high political character and honorable public career of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. We claim for Mr. Blaine that he possesses all the requisites of high statesmanship, that he is personally above reproach, and that his public and private life is as free from stain as any man who has ever been honored by any party with a Presidential nomination. The election of either gentleman will secure for our country as good a President as the condition of their respective parties will allow. Mr. Cleveland will, in our judgment, be better than the average of his Democratic following. Mr. Blaine will be fully up to the standard of the best men of his party. And if WE, who write and talk, who are charged with the duty of educating the more ignorant and prejudiced of the party following, would bear in mind that the contest is between parties rather than individuals, and that the campaign deals more properly with principles than persons, it would be better all around. James G. Blaine is going to be President of the United States. John A. Logan is going to be Vice-President. Cleveland and Hendricks are going to be left at home. A campaign black with lies will make no appreciable difference in the result. Blaine and Logan will be elected all the same, so we advise our Democratic newspaper contemporaries to keep as cool as possible, and as clean as they can. We advise our oratorical declaimers to leave as much out of their speeches as is convenient. Make them short and decent. Let us have a good-natured contest over what is to be an inevitable victory for the Republican party, so that we can all accept the result in a good-natured way, and be content.

The slight shock of earthquake that occurred a few days ago, the tremor of which seriously agitated the entire State, is found to have been caused by the return of the Hon. A. A. Sargent, California's distinguished statesman and diplomate from the court of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Germany. Mr. Sargent, stepping upon the eastern border, caused the State to tilt up just the least bit—not enough to be serious, but sufficient to give the higher elevations of the Sierra and Coast Range quite a shock. Ministers plenipotentiary and ambassadors extraordinary ought to be more careful when they go about. This carelessness is the more culpable upon the part of our late minister to Berlin, for no one in the world has a more thorough appreciation of his own weight than this gentleman. Having narrowly escaped a war with Germany because this barbarous and uncivilized "anachronism" is under the guidance of a statesman so "avaricious" of power, and so intolerant of opposition that he discourages the use of American pork, we are thankful of having been spared the calamity of a destructive earthquake. Really, Mr. Sargent should be more prudent. We are in full sympathy with the American hog; we recognize his right to go abroad; and, whenever the question of "root hog or die" comes up between him and the slab-sided porker of the Westphalian forest, or any other foreign swine, we declare ourselves always for the American hog. The *Evening Bulletin*, of Wednesday, gives both of Mr. Sargent's opinions of Prince Bismarck, which we print for the benefit of Prince Bismarck, sending him a marked copy.

Mr. Sargent's first opinion of Bismarck:

"While he has been of undoubted benefit to Germany in some directions, he is so avaricious of power and so intolerant of opposition that he is an anachronism—that is, he is out of place in the present age, and should have lived two hundred years ago, in the times of absolute despotism."

Mr. Sargent's second opinion of Bismarck:

"Considering the fact that Germany is a country where there is so much poverty and real distress among the lower classes, and that it is so good a field for propagating socialism, that violent form of politics is singularly unpopular there, and is embraced by only a small faction of the people. It is better handled by Bismarck than by any other power in Europe, for his measures of repression are more effective than those elsewhere in force. It must also be acknowledged that the condition of Germany is much better to-day than it was before Bismarck adopted his protective policy. By means of it the German market has been kept for German manufacturers, instead of being flooded by English goods, and the result is that there has been a perceptible increase in the wages of both mechanics and farm laborers."

Mr. Sargent declined the Russian mission "on account of climate." Russia is too cold. Germany was too hot. Ministers plenipotentiary and embassadors extraordinary are sometimes difficult to be suited—with climate.

The State Central Committee is just good enough to escape unkind criticism. It might have been worse and it might have been better, and that is just what we can say of almost everybody and everything in this world. If this committee will work, organize, give Blaine and Logan the electoral vote of the State, give us six members of Congress, and enough legislators to elect a United States Senator, we will speak well of it and of Estee who gave it to us. If it won't work, and goes blundering through the campaign, and the State is lost, we will give it a bad name and drag Estee back and up from out his political grave in order to give one last final kick to his political corpse.

## THE COLTON CASE.

### A Synopsis of Its History.

We publish, as prepared for us by a reporter in attendce during the entire trial, a statement of the Colton case, which the evidence is submitted and the argument of ich will begin upon the fifth of November next, doubtss consuming some weeks of eloquent discussion. If this se was pending before a jury, if it had not been, as we nk, unfairly represented by a daily journal, we should sitate to allow the use of our columns for any statement it would seem to favor either side of the controversy. ie narative, as we give it, furnishes an interesting and dable chapter in the history of our litigation, and preits the business transactions between the railroad people d the widow Colton not so much to the prejudice of deidants as certain politicians and journalists seek to conThis statement will be eagerly read by a large numr of people who desire to understand the general points dispute, the general nature of the controversy, and who ve not had the time or the inclination to wade through interminable mass and maze of testimony that for hty-three trial days has wearied the reading community:

ast Friday the celebrated case of Ellen M. Colton against Ld Stanford, C. P. Huntington, Charles Crocker, and Wells, rgo & Co. came to a close so far as evidence is concerned, and re is nothing now left for the lawyers to do but argue the case l wait for the decision of Judge Jackson Temple of Santa Rosa. e case has excited great interest all over this State, and has been tched with some attention east of the Sierra. It is a celebrated e. The attention of Department One of the Superior Court of noma County has been occupied with it since the thirteenth of vember, 1883, and eighty-three days of actual trial have been nsumed in putting in evidence and arguing on its admissibility. t it was not the length of the trial, the number and talent of nsel engaged, nor the vastness of the interests supposed to be volved that created public interest in the cause at bar, so much it was the distinguished position of many of the parties to the t, all of whom are well known to the people of this State.

The proof in the Sonoma court shows that in 1871 Charles ocker, meeting Colton on the cars, made his acquaintance, and lton made haste to improve the occasion by asking leave to purse some stock in the Rocky Mountain Coal Company, the conl of which the defendants had just acquired. Crocker consentand, being somewhat taken with his good-natured acquaintance, ggested that Colton could buy a thousand shares—the stock was n worth about six dollars a share—and he would make him sident of the mine. Colton ran the affairs of the coal company October, 1874, when his relations with the defendants were enged, and a contract was entered into by which the defendants d Mark Hopkins sold to Colton twenty thousand shares of the ck of the Central Pacific Railroad Company and twenty thouad shares of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, for an n one million dollars. Colton did not have a million dollars, t the defendants took his note for the money, and held the stock security for payment, allowing Colton to draw dividends on the ck, and charging him six per cent. interest on the note. Money s worth from ten to twelve per cent. per annum at that time, and contract, which was virtually a contract to deliver forty thousand res of stock, was a valuable document, especially as it had five rs to run, and could be rescinded by either party at the end of two rs. Why should defendants and Hopkins give to Colton so valuea contract? one naturally asks; and the answer is found in the ntract itself, which provides that Colton is to give all of his time, of his skill and talent, and all of his business ability to the servof the corporations in which the defendants were interested, and which it was agreed that he was to receive the same salary as fendants received as directors of those corporations—viz., ten ousand dollars a year. In other words, the defendants and Hopns engaged the services of Colton for ten thousand dollars a ar, and, to bind him close to their interests, gave him a valuable ll on forty thousand shares of stock, taking the precaution to sere the right to rescind the whole contract at the end of two years hey so desired. It has been proved, during the trial, that at the d of two years defendants and Hopkins concluded they were ter off without Colton's assistance, and duly notified him, in iting, of their desire to terminate the contract, Mr. Mark Hopis writing a letter to Colton explaining their reasons for that p. What those reasons where, and what particular facts com to the notice of the defendants caused them to send Colton his charge, have not been shown on the trial; only hinted at. If defendants had adhered to their determination to have no more do with Colton it would have been a fortunate thing for them—would have saved them the cost and annoyance of spending arly nine months in court, engaged in proving that Mr. Colton d his representatives sustained no injury at their hands; and y would have been several hundred thousand better off, as any e can see by reading the testimony in the trial. But Colton went them—as is testified by Mr. Crocker—with tears in his eyes, and ged the defendants and Mr. Hopkins to take back their notice discharge. He represented to them, in moving terms, that to er his connection with them, and thereby disclose to the world actual position in their affairs, meant ruin and disgrace, for he d held himself out to the world as being their partner, jointly erested with them in their enterprise, and his credit—social as ll as commercial—would be shattered if it were found that he d only been with them on sufferance. Colton's tears and protations were too much for Crocker's good nature. He always d a liking for Colton, and, thus urged, became his champion, erruled the wishes of his associates, and allowed the connecn to be renewed, which led to this present dispute in court. Mr. pkins was induced to take back his letter of dismissal. He did and kept the paper in his safe. When Hopkins died, and his e was opened by his associates and executors, this paper was nd. Colton saw it brought from the recesses of a private drawer, d, pale and nervous, said to Mr. Crocker: "That paper conns me alone, let me take it." "All right," said Mr. Crocker, od-naturedly, as he handed the letter over. Probably Colton stroyed it. He had no use for it, and it could not be found ong his private papers after his death. At this time (1876) a new ntract was made, to take the place of the previous one; and this he contract which has been relied on in this action. In this, as the previous contract, Colton bargained with the defendants and pkins that he would give his time, labor, skill, and ability in service of the Central and Southern Pacific Railroad compas, and in all the companies in which the defendants were intered, for the period of five years from the fifth day of October, 4, receiving for such services the same salary as was paid to the endants—the sum of ten thousand dollars per annum.

Shortly after the new contract was made, defendants and Mr. pkins sold David Colton one-ninth of the capital stock of the stern Development Company. This company was an organion of a most peculiar character. It was an instrument by ans of which the defendants carried on their business of build- railroads. All the money they had not permanently invested y deposited in the company, receiving interest therefor at the e of eight per cent. per annum. They made no assessments, for ne were necessary, and as each one drew interest on what he had posited, no one got an undue advantage. Hopkins had in at nes four or five millions, Stanford three millions, Crocker and antington large sums, and Colton a small amount. The comny had working-tools, horses, carts, machinery, etc., and this s represented by the capital stock. It built railroads with the chinery and the money put in by defendants, and in turn was paid by receiving the bonds and stocks of the roads as soon as built. When the defendants or the company needed money they would sell the bonds or borrow on them. Many of the bonds and stocks had but little market value and were not offered, and from other causes the company always had a lot of stocks and bonds on hand, which was all the security the defendants had, or rather all they had to show for the vast sums of money they had put into the Western Development Company. Shortly after Colton bought the one-ninth of the capital stock of the Western Development Company, in 1877, he suggested to Huntington and Crocker that they declare a dividend, or divide up part of the stocks and bonds held by the Western Development Company which had been paid in for building the Southern Pacific and various other roads. This proposition was met by a decided negative from both these gentlemen, they holding that these bonds and stocks were not earned by the Western Development Company and were not subject to a dividend, because the roads which had been built by that company, and for which the bonds and stocks had been received in payment, had been paid for by the Western Development Company with borrowed money, and that until that borrowed money was returned the Western Development Company was in no condition to pay the dividend.

Shortly after this interview, when Mr. Huntington had returned to New York, Mr. Stanford was in Europe, and Mr. Crocker was away from the city for a few days, and Mr. Hopkins was sick and utterly unable to attend to business, Colton convened the directors of the Western Development Company, who were employees of the different companies and acting under his orders, and directed them to pass a resolution declaring a dividend of a large amount of bonds and stocks, amounting in par value to between four and five millions of dollars. The declaration of this dividend was kept carefully concealed from the defendants and from Mr. Hopkins—who died in the month of March, 1878—until the month of July, 1878, when Huntington was again in San Francisco, when Colton announced to the defendants that he had declared this dividend, and proposed to render to them their part of it. After a stormy interview between the various parties, it was finally agreed, as the dividend had been declared, and upon the promise then made by Colton that he would not part with any of the said bonds or stocks, that the declaration of the dividend should be allowed and remain uncanceled. But it was promised by each of them that if these bonds or stocks declared as a dividend should be required to be sold to meet the indebtedness of the Western Development Company then they would each return to the said company the whole or such amount as might be called for. On the trial defendants offered to show that Colton not only did not have those bonds then, but had actually pledged them before he announced the dividend was declared, and had really declared the dividend to help him out of a financial difficulty into which his stock losses had involved him. But the court could not see the relevancy of the testimony and would not receive it.

In the month of October, 1878, Colton died, after a brief illness, leaving all his property to his wife, and appointing her his executrix, with S. M. Wilson and Charles N. Green, his former private secretary, as co-executors in case she needed help in settling up the estate. At the time Colton died nothing had ever been paid by him on the million-dollar note, but the dividends on Central Pacific stock had gone to its credit, and there was due unpaid principal and interest about seven hundred thousand dollars. He had also one-ninth of the stock of the Western Development Company, and a large block in the Rocky Mountain Coal Company. His relations, therefore, to defendants, at the time of his death, were that he was a co-stockholder with them in four companies, the treasurer of the Rocky Mountain Coal Company, and he owed them on the stock of the Central and Southern Pacific seven hundred thousand dollars. Colton's title to receive the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific stock lay in the contract of 1876, which provided that Colton should give his services for a stated salary. It was suggested that Colton's death rescinded that contract, that the right to purchase stock did not descend to his heirs, now that he was not alive to fulfill his share of the contract, and that idea occurred to Mr. Wilson, the legal adviser of Mrs. Colton. But the defendants recognized his widow as his executrix and sole legatee, and proposed to recognize her interest in all those companies with them to the same beneficial extent as they had recognized them in Colton during his lifetime. There was no attempt on the part of the defendants to change the position of Mrs. Colton as the legatee of her husband in any manner whatever. They went along with the corporate business of the companies after the death of Colton, as they would in case of the death of any stockholder who might have held five or ten shares with them. But that position evidently did not suit the plaintiff; for very soon after her husband's interment she commenced calling the defendants' attention to the fact that she wanted a settlement of her husband's interest in the various companies. The defendants responded that they did not know how to make any settlement with her; that if she would keep her rights and interests in the various companies, she should have her part of whatever benefits might arrive from her various ownerships; that whatever profit was made, or dividend declared, she should have the part which she was fairly entitled to, and to which her husband would have been entitled had he lived. They represented to her that they could not tell what were her interests in the Western Development Company till they had wound up the affairs of that company, paid its debts, and realized on its assets, and that would take a very long time—years in fact. But, as is shown by Mrs. Colton's letters to the defendants, and to Mr. S. M. Wilson, this idea of waiting did not suit her. She urged, with no common force and eloquence, that she could not afford to continue in the business of building railroads, and that the defendants *must buy out all of her interests in the companies*, giving her money that she could invest in stable securities, such as United States bonds. The defendants replied that their pecuinary burdens were already as great as they could bear. Money was hard to get, times were dull, railroad securities low, and they were in no condition to buy her out. They wanted her to assume Colton's liabilities on the note, keep his stocks, and await for future rewards, which they felt sure would come. They had confidence in the success of their roads, and wanted her to stay in with them and take her share. But she insisted on a cash settlement, and Mr. Wilson, her adviser, made various offers to defendants, all of which were rejected; and at last they made a firm offer to cancel the seven hundred thousand-dollar debt on the note, take up her stocks and allow her to keep certain stocks which Colton had which were very valuable and paid large dividends. This was refused, but Mrs. Colton was almost about to accept it when Mr. Wilson, finding he could do no better for her, advised that Mr. Lloyd Tevis be employed in her behalf, and his suggestion was seconded by two eminent lawyers, Mr. R. C. Harrison and John W. Swift, who had been called in to advise with Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Colton. Mr. Tevis went to defendants, and by representing that they ought to be more generous than just to the widow of their old associate, by explaining the tremendous loss that would come from a legal settlement, and its annoyance to them, succeeded in obtaining an offer of two hundred thousand dollars more than had been made to Mr. Wilson, and which was the basis of the compromise settlement which Mrs. Colton is now seeking to have set aside. In the negotiations which led up to this settlement, Governor Stanford was a powerful advocate for Mrs. Colton, though he abhorred the idea of buying her out at all. Said he, "If we buy her out and it should chance that these securities go up, they will say that we took advantage of a woman." But Tevis and Wilson begged him to discard that idea, and relieve her from the responsibilities of a position she found distasteful. When it was finally forced on Governor Stanford, that they must buy her out, he said: "Let's be liberal to her. I would willingly give her two hundred thousand dollars more than she has any claim to, to make her feel that we have been generous to her." Huntington said: "Why should we do that? Colton has robbed us from the start, and betrayed our confidence; why should we give her more than she is entitled to?" But the generous, kindly wishes of Governor Stanford prevailed, and, as Mr. Huntington remarked, when the settlement was consummated, "You said you would rather give her a hundred thousand or two hundred thousand more than she had any possible claim to, and we have done so."

Financial credit is based on a real or supposed estimate of a man's ability to pay, and in 1874, when Colton went to work for the Railroad Company under the first contract, his credit was not of the best. It is not likely that then he could have cashed his unsecured note for five thousand dollars, for men who had money to lend were familiar with his losses in mining-stock speculations, his bad ventures in the Amador Mining Company, and numerous other companies in which he was concerned. Knowing this, the world of finance was greatly surprised when it heard that Colton had purchased from defendants twenty thousand shares of Central Pacific stock and twenty thousand shares of Southern Pacific stock, and while every one wondered how he did it, it was unanimously agreed that he did not pay cash down. The street rumors were correct. Colton's resources at the time were well known. He had a mansion on California Street, in which his widow now resides, a building on Montgomery Street, pretty well mortgaged, and a lot on Spear Street, also covered with a money-lender's plaster. What remained to him of these properties after paying the mortgages, it is proved did not go into the business of these railroads. At his death it was shown that he had this residence property, that he had one-fifth of the Ione Ranch, the acquisition of which will be spoken of hereafter; that he was entitled to twenty thousand shares each of Central and Southern Pacific stock, subject to the lien of seven hundred thousand dollars; that he had a ranch in Contra Costa County which he had purchased from the defendants for one hundred and sixty shares of the Rocky Mountain Coal Company, which had cost him ten dollars a share; that he had eighteen hundred and fifteen shares of the stock of that company which were producing him an income of eighteen hundred and fifteen dollars per month; he had one-ninth of the stock of the Western Development Company. It was claimed that the Western Development Company owed him as money deposited with them and interest thereon about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and he also claimed one-ninth of the dividend which had been declared by the Western Development Company.

This was quite a large showing as the result of four years' work with the railroad company, at the rate of ten thousand dollars per annum salary and the dividends on the stocks he held. When it became clear that the Colton estate could only be settled by an appeal to the courts or purchase by the railroad people, the defendants, reluctantly agreeing to the latter course, ordered their bookkeeper to make out a statement of Colton's account with the various companies. Personally the defendants knew nothing of their books, except what they gleaned from the balance-sheets given them by their employees. Mr. Colton, himself occupying the position of Financial Director of the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific railroads, had immediate supervision of the books. As President and Treasurer of the Rocky Mountain Coal Company, he had sole charge of its accounts, which were kept by Mr. White, a brother of Mrs. Colton. The chief bookkeepers of the other companies were Mr. Frank Douty (president of the Western Development Company), Mr. Gunn, and Mr. Brown, the latter being also the private bookkeeper of Mr. Charles Crocker. Mr. Douty is a nephew of Mr. Colton, and always had a warm personal regard for his uucle—and, in fact, Mr. Colton was popular with nearly all of the company's employees. These were the gentlemen instructed to prepare an abstract of Mr. Colton's account, from the books which had been kept by them and over which Colton himself had supervision. They had not gone far with the work when it was found that a check paid by the Central Pacific to the Rocky Mountain Coal Company, for coal, and collected by Mr. Colton, as treasurer of the coal company, had been appropriated by Colton to his own use, with the exception of a small sum which he had put to the credit of the company. The check was for $11,622, and on tracing it out they found that Colton had paid it over to Parker & Fry, stock brokers, to settle a losing stock accoent. As the bookkeepers went on with their work, they found other transactions, until the complete account showed that Colton was indebted to the coal company in the sum of about one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. The books of the Western Development Company showed, on a cursory examination, that Colton had appropriated twenty-six thousand dollars from its funds.

These facts were communicated to Mr. S. M. Wilson, who indignantly denied that his old friend Colton could have been dishonest. Mr. Crocker said he hoped it might be so, and sent for Mr. Gunn, telling him to go over the accounts with Wilson and see if some explanation could not be found for the appropriations. Together the gentlemen went over the books, Mr. Wilson fighting every item but unable to explain a single dollar away. Still the defendants did not seek any advantage, nor did they desire to sacrifice any of Mrs. Colton's rights. They said to Mr. Wilson: "We will look into matters further; we will see just where Mr. Colton stood with us at the time of his death, and whatever is right and fair shall be given to his widow, to the last cent that belongs to her." All the books and papers were placed at Mr. Wilson's disposal, all the defendant's employees ordered to assist him in making an examination, and it was suggested to Mr. Wilson that he employ experts if not satisfied with his own researches. Mr. Wilson did not desire the delay that a further search would entail. He was a cautious lawyer, a warm friend of Colton, and anxious to do the best for Mrs. Colton. His lawyer's caution and other things forced him to the conclusion that if they had found in a short time (as they claimed) $200,000 of defalcations against Colton, it would be much better that he should not press a further and closer examination into the books and papers of the corporations over which Colton had the immediate care and charge. The evidence taken on the trial is a stronger vindication of Mr. Wilson's judgment than any words could be, for it is very certain that if the defendants had at that time discovered the enormous discrepancies since brought to light, Mr. Wilson could not have brought about the settlement he did, and the plaintiff, instead of being in her present affluent position, would in all probability be utterly portionless. Mr. Wilson urged prompt action, saying that the plaintiff was very anxious to get away, and delay in the settlement was distasteful to her. She herself wrote to Mr. Crocker before that, saying: "I hope you will see Mr. Wilson and fix up my business, and do it immediately, for I am getting ready to leave the State." Before Mr. Tevis was employed she urged Mr. Wilson again and again to settle the matter as soon as possible, and told him, if he could do no better, to accept what the defendants were willing to give. The settlement that Mr. Tevis made netted the plaintiff just two hundred thousand dollars more than she had urged Mr. Wilson to take before Mr. Tevis's employment.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the plaintiff came out of this transaution empty-handed. During the time between the death of Colton and the settlement with plaintiff the plaintiff drew from the Western Development Company one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, which of itself shows that the defendants were not disposed to, and were not, treating her with any harshness or illiberality. The plaintiff came out of that settlement a rich woman; and if she had been content to abide by that settlement, she would have remaiued so. She had her house (one of the mansions of California which was worth from two hundred to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars); she had her Mount Diablo ranch, which brought her in $50,000; she sold the stock and other personal property—which was on the ranch when it was turned over to Colton for the insignificant sum of one hundred and fifty shares of coal stock—to the amount of $23,000; she had her one-fifth interest in the Ione ranch, of the value of $60,000; she had fourteen hundred shares of the coal company's stock, which brought her in a dividend of $1,400 a month; she had the $175,000 which she had drawn from the Western Development Company after the death of Colton; she had one hundred shares of the First National Gold Bank stock (which the evidence in this case shows had been embezzled from the Western Development Company by Colton); she had $200,000 of Southern Pacific bonds, on which the defendants have since been paying interest at the rate of $12,000 per annum; she had $6,000 paid to her by defendants for four hundred shares of Rocky Mountain Coal and I[illegible]

Company's stock, which was surrendered, which had been held by Colton in trust for the defendants; she had $10,000 of the bonds of the California Pacific Railroad Company, which had been received by Colton as a commission on work which he did while in the defendants' service, and for which he was paid by them; besides various kinds of personal property and choses in action which brought her entire possessions at that time up to the sum of about one million dollars. And, in taking into consideration this estimate, it must not be forgotten that the defendants offered, and were prepared, to show in this case that the losses sustained by Mr. Colton on mining stock between the time he went into the service of the Central Pacific Railroad Company and his death amounted to $477,000, and that the money so lost was, in various forms, taken from the corporations in which the defendants were interested. A million dollars in houses, and stocks, and bonds, well invested, is a large sum. It was a big result for four years of Colton's service with the railroad company, and it would seem that such a splendid position would fill the desires of any lady left a widow, even at the early period of life of the plaintiff in this case, and with nobody dependent upon her resourses. What Mrs. Colton's position in point of wealth will be should the compromise be rescinded by Judge Temple, her stocks given back, and herself restored to a one-ninth ownership in the Western Development Company, is something not worth the trouble of guessing; but it goes without saying that she will regret to the end of her life her acquaintance with the eminent counsel who have prosecuted the case.

On May 24, 1882, G. Frank Smith, Mrs. Colton's attorney, filed the complaint in this cause. Four months later, other attorneys having come into the plaintiff's case in the meantime, a second or amended complaint was filed. There is a radical difference between the two complaints—so great that one hesitates to believe that both relate to the same state of facts and were sworn to by the same person, after due deliberation and consultation with attorneys of eminence. The first complaint alleges certain facts that do not appear in the second complaint. First, that between the time of Colton's death and the settlement the Western Development Company paid to Mrs. Colton fifteen thousand dollars, or thereabouts, on account. Thereabouts must mean one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, for what was really paid over amounted to that sum, and receipts were produced therefor in court, so there is no wonder that an amended complaint was needed to correct so grave an error.

The first complaint recites a visit from Crocker to plaintiff, in which he is said to have told her that besides the stock and bond dividend of Western Development Company, and the four hundred and eight shares of coal stock, Colton was indebted to the Coal Company for one hundred and ninety thousand dollars, which he had improperly drawn and appropriated. That Crocker caused it to be reported to plaintiff, by her attorneys, that if she did not comply with his demands and give up her stocks and bonds, defendants would attack the memory of Colton and ruin his character for honesty and integrity, and would also stop payment of interest on the bonds, move them from Wells, Fargo & Company, and stop their sale. Crocker also threatened to take plaintiff's home from her and all else that she possessed. That defendants knew that plaintiff knew nothing of her husband's affairs. That Crocker's violence of language, at a time when plaintiff was feeble, induced her to consent to the intervention of Tevis, whom she believed to be disinterested. That she consented to the compromise from a misunderstanding of the facts caused by the fraud, false statements, and devices of Charles Crocker. That Colton had paid more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the million-dollar note, which fact was not known nor made known to plaintiff. That all the representations made by defendants as to the value of the stocks and bonds were false and fraudulent. That plaintiff and her attorneys were not allowed to inspect the Hopkins inventory, and that all the accounts and statements of Colton's indebtedness furnished by defendants were false and untrue, and, as plaintiff believes, prepared by employees of the defendant, Crocker, for the purpose of deceiving her as to the condition of her husband's affairs.

Broadly speaking, each and every one of the foregoing averments was omitted from the amended complaint; but it was necessary for the plaintiff to show the court some facts of which she was ignorant at the time of the settlement or she could not ask to have it rescinded. So her second complaint is molded to show that defendants were really acting in a fiduciary capacity toward her as the widow of a *partner*, and that instead of dealing frankly with her they concealed values, exaggerated liabilities, and made an unconscionable profit out of the settlement. As the case progressed on trial *Mr. Hayes actually abandoned all direct and indirect charges of fraud, duress, and concealment by defendants, and placed* all his reliance on success on his hope that he could prove a partnership with Colton and a trusteeship over plaintiff's interests by the defendants, in which case if they got the best of the bargain the chancellor in equity might order an accounting. Still the other counsel did not withdrew the amended complaint, and the cause was tried upon that, and will be argued on it. She states in the complaint, as amended, that subsequent to the agreement she learned for the first time that there was only seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars due on the note made by Colton for the purchase of the Central Pacific Railroad stock, and that at the time of the settlement she supposed there was a million dollars due; that the Western Development Company had divided a large amount of dividends that she did not know of; that after Colton's death a new company had been formed under the name of the Pacific Improvement Company to take hold of the business of the Western Development Company; that since that settlement she had discovered that four hundred and eight shares of Rocky Mountain Coal and Iron Company's stock, which she surrendered to the defendants, had not been held by Colton in trust for them, but was held by him for himself; that she had since discovered that Colton was not indebted to, and had not embezzled from, the Rocky Mountain Coal and Improvement companies any sum whatever, and that he was not indebted to the Western Development Companp for any money which had been fraudulently appropriated by him belonging to that company; that the values which the defendants had placed on the stocks and bonds which she surrendered in her settlement were incorrect and untrue; and that she found out such incorrectness by seeing the inventory of the estate of Mark Hopkins published in the newspapers of this city. She further alleged that there were some assets belonging to the Western Development Company which were not on the list furnished by the defendants' employees; and that she was induced to enter into the contract by those statements and by a desire to protect the reputation and character of her deceased husband; and that during the time she was negotiating with the defendants for this statement she was in a state of mental stupefaction caused by her husband's death, and was thoroughly incapacitated to either discuss or conduct any business whatsoever.

The evidence produced at the trial (which was utterly uncontradicted, for it will be remembered that plaintiff's counsel declined to cross-examine Mr. S. M. Wilson at all, that Colonel Fred Crocker was asked but one question, that Mr. Charles Crocker's testimony was not attacked in any way, that plaintiff failed to call for the testimony of Mr. John W. Swift, one of her advisers, prior to the settlement) does not bear out their allegations. It appears that Mrs. Colton did know what amount was due upon the note of Colton; that Mr. Wilson wrote to the defendants and obtained from them a statement of what was due, and that he communicated that fact to the plaintiff, and that the plaintiff wrote letters in which she averred what amount she would have to pay to protect Mr. Colton's purchases of Central Pacific and Southern Pacific stocks. Mr. Wilson stated that both himself and the plaintiff knew that the dividend of the Western Development had been declared, and that the bonds and stocks which were in issue between the plaintiff and the defendants, and which the defendants should return, were the result of that dividend which the plaintiff says she did not know of.

It is further proved that early in the negotiation for this settlement, as far back as January, 1879, Mr. Wilson wrote to Mrs. Colton of the formation of the Pacific Improvement Company; and it is further proved that Mrs. Colton's private secretary, Mr. Green, under the instruction of Mrs. Colton, wrote a letter to the Western Development Company, authorizing it to transfer to the Pacific Improvement Company a small amount of money which stood upon its books to the credit of Mrs. Colton's daughter.

The evidence as to the Rocky Mountain Coal and Iron Company's stock is that in 1871, after the defendants and Mark Hopkins had acquired the ownership or the control of the mine to the extent of five thousand shares, Colton applied to Crocker and asked to be permitted to purchase a part of the stock of that company, and Crocker, who desired to be relieved of the trouble of looking after the details of the mine, told Colton that the defendants and Hopkins were then holding one thousand two hundred and fifty shares each; that he (Colton) might buy a thousand shares, and they would continue to hold their stock in that proportion. Subsequently Crocker told Colton to buy up all the outside stock of the coal company he could get at low price, for the joint account of himself, Hopkins, and defendants. The stock so bought was to be divided up evenly, leaving Colton still with two hundred and fifty shares less than the others.

Colton was made president and treasurer of the coal company in 1871, and held those offices till the time of his death in 1878. The stock he bought cost from six dollars to ten dollars per share, and as soon as defendants took the control of the mine it rose enormously in value, for the simple reason that they used the coal to supply the Southern division of the Central Pacific. They gave the mine its value by that contract. Colton did nothing toward it, but had the gratification of seeing his shares rise from ten dollars to one hundred dollars, and pay a monthly dividend of one dollar per share. There was every reason why Colton, when told to buy stock on joint account, should have been grateful for the opportunity, and divided it fairly; but he did not do so, and, seeing what a good thing it was, he held out a block for himself over and above his share under the agreement. Prior the agreement Mr. Wilson, for Mrs. Colton, figured out that Colton had four hundred and eight shares in excess; on the trial defendants figured that it was really four hundred and forty shares, while plaintiff's expert claimed it should be only four hundred and eight shares. The discrepancy is only thirty-two shares—a small amount. When defendants took that stock back, they paid its purchase price to Mrs. Colton. So the proof stands that if there was an error, the plaintiff only lost the difference between the cost and the market value of a few shares, but that was more than made up by the dividends that Colton had collected and kept for eight or nine years, amounting to over thirty thousand dollars, and which the defendants allowed her to retain.

Colton was intrusted by defendants with the business of purchasing, from Messrs. Hart & Goodman and Solomon Heydenfeldt, a large piece of land bearing coal, known as the Ione Ranch. Defendants did not see the property nor know its value. They trusted all to Colton, and on his report told him to make the purchase. He was in their employ, receiving a salary for that and other duties, for the coal was needed to supply their locomotives and steamers, and it was his duty to buy as low as he could, and report the exact price to them. Instead of doing so, he represented that its cost was $136,000 more than he paid for it, and in his own books, kept in his own hand, appears a statement that he made $111,000 on the transaction, valuing a piece of property turned over to the sellers as part of purchase money at $25,000 more than any expert in San Francisco says it was worth.

A more naked transaction than that even was shown on the trial. Messrs. Hopkins, Huntington, Stanford, and Crocker owned a lot of land on Channel Street, which was bought from them by the city and county of San Francisco. The warrant for payment was made out to be paid two years after purchase. Colton had no interest in the land, but he told an employee of defendants, who would have collected the money for them in the ordinary course of business, to give him the warrant and he would attend to it. He did attend to it, to the extent of collecting the money, depositing it to his own credit, partially with the London and San Francisco Bank and partially with the Western Development Company, and he did not pay any part of it to the defendants, or for their use.

It was proved further that a number of entries had been made upon the books of the Western Development Company, crediting to Colton, in various guises, moneys which belonged to that corporation. So that instead of the charges of defalcation against him rendered by the defendants on account of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, to the extent of $200,000 being untrue or fabricated, as the plaintiff alleges, for the purpose of coercing her into a settlement, the proof shows that such defalcations, without including the interest which Colton had been making for several years, run up to more than double that amount. And in addition thereto it is proved that Colton, while in the employ of the defendants, had collected the sum of fifty thousand dollars as commission from the bondholders of the California Pacific Railroad Company, in an exchange which he, as an employee of the different corporations, had made with them for bonds guaranteed by the Central Pacific Railroad Company.

It was attempted to be shown by the plaintiff that a short time before entering the employment of the defendants' corporations he had written a letter to Mr. Huntington, in which he told him that he had been offered a commission to attend to that business. If that were true it would only show, what a reasonably honest man would have known, that such an arrangement as that was terminated by his employment, and that if he did collect that commission after he entered into the service of these corporations he should at least have had the frankness to disclose that fact to the defendants, and have taken their judgment as to whether or not he was entitled to keep it. These additional disclosures defend to an extent beyond the power of any words that could be used the good sense and judgment of Mr. S. M. Wilson in not allowing experts to further examine the books of these corporations before the settlement.

On the question of understating and concealing the values of Mrs. Colton's stocks and bonds a mass of evidence was taken. It was proved that the statement given to Mr. Wilson by defendants was simply given as an expression of their opinion; Mr. Wilson was, to use a legal phrase, dealing with the defendants at arms' lengths. He was no innocent lamb led up to the slaughter with his eyes shut. Mrs. Colton, too, was alive to her interests. In her complaint she avers that she was deceived by her trust and confidence in the defendants. On the witness stand she swore that she thought the settlement unjust to her. Her own language was: "I recognized the robbery and injustice of the settlement, but I was in the position of the traveler when the pistol of the highwayman is at his throat." Charming highwaymen these defendants proved to be in this settlement. All of them begging Mrs. Colton to stay with them, keep her bonds and share the profits of their business. Governor Stanford, the great-hearted highwayman, fearful lest it should be thought that he took advantage of a woman, and urging his associates to give her a couple of hundred thousand more that she might esteem them generous rather than strictly standing on their legal rights. Charles Crocker, too firm in his faith of his old friend, yet unable to contradict the evidence of fraud, offering ten thousand dollars to any one who could explain away the evidences of Colton's thefts. Mr. Wilson never accepted the values of defendants. He got a statement made up by Mr. Douty of par values and contrasted it with the estimates made by Mr. Brown; in one was the exact cost of every piece of property, and in the other Brown's estimate of present value. Besides that Mr. Wilson went outside for information—to bankers, brokers, and railroad men.

But, to utterly disprove the plaintiff's theory that she had acquired a knowledge of the falsity of defendants' estimate of values after the settlement was made, after seeing the appraisement of the Hopkins estate, Mr. Wilson testifies that he had that inventory before him at the time he was negotiating for the settlement, that he called the plaintiff's attention to the fact, and that he used those values in making his estimate of what was right and proper the plaintiff should receive from the defendants. And it was further shown that Mr. Wilson had his attention called to the inventory and appraisement of the Hopkins estate by the present attorney Mrs. Colton in this action.

On the trial witnesses, renowned as financial experts, were asked: "How much would you have loaned on Colton's interests after his death?" "Would you have taken Mrs. Colton's interests off her hands, paid the seven hundred thousand dollars due on the note and stood in her shoes?" The court did not allow these queries as outside of legal evidence, but, in depositions and other ways, gentlemen averred that though they had the money they would nothing could have induced them to take Mrs. Colton's stocks off her hands. They would have been in the unfortunate position of minority stockholders, and what that means every one in the State knows. Colton had a good position. He was in with the defendants—allowed to share the profits of all their business in return for his work. He drew a large salary, and had a voice in the councils of the directors. But his death took all that additional value to his stocks away, and that fact was represented to both Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Colton. The time, too, was so bad, that a sale of large blocks of stock was not to be thought of. The Thurman Act had taken from the Central Pacific one-fourth of its earnings—not net profits—and dividends seemed to be afar off. Competition in railroad building was active, and, worst of all, a New Constitution had just gone into effect with its train of novel ideas, the effect of which no one could estimate. The Sand-lot weekly belched forth denunciation of capital, morality, law, and decency; the torch of the incendiary had scarce been quenched. Men looked aghast at their neighbors and asked, "What next?" Capital, ever sensitive, was leaving the State; and he would have been a desperate gambler indeed who would have dared to put a cold million into California securities over which he had no control. All these circumstances rendered the stocks and bonds of the various California railroads a matter of speculation; and especially was this the case with respect to the bonds of the Southern Pacific Railroad, which at that time had not been constructed beyond Fort Yuma.

If the productions which in May, 1879, as published by the London *Times* and the various leading newspapers of New York and the Eastern States, had proved to have been well founded as to the effect of the New Constitution, the Southern Pacific Railroad would never have been completed, because the capital necessary for that purpose could never have been obtained; and the West Development Company, instead of being involved, as it is shown it is to-day, to the extent of six or seven millions to the bad, would have been insolvent to probably twice that amount, and all the wealth of the plaintiff as stockholder of that company would have been called in to have supplied her portion of the deficit.

The present claim of the plaintiff is very much like a suit brought against Flood, O'Brien, Mackay, and Fair, by the person who had previously owned the ground which formed the Consolidated Virginia and California. If Mr. Bell, who sold them the property, had come back, after the skill, labor, ability, and capital of the purchasers had been used to develop it, and said: "I did not know that there was a gold mine underneath that property when I sold it to you, and therefore I want to rescind that contract of sale and get the property back, and I am ready to pay you back what you gave me as the purchase money," he would have occupied precisely the position which the plaintiff assumes in this action.

It is always supposed that the person who makes a compromise as to matters which are speculative in their character, and which can be developed only by the use of labor and means, is not in a position to come back and say, if the thing turns out to be a success, "I have made a bad bargain, and want the court to correct it for me."

Lord Thurlow once said that it seemed to him that one of the provinces to which it was expected to put a Court of Chancery was to make a new bargain for every one who found, as the result of time and experience, that they might, if they had been better informed, have made a better one for themselves.

Another claim of the plaintiff which has been utterly repudiated in the trial of the case is, that there were some assetts of the Western Development Company that were not put in. It not was contended by either party before the settlement that the statement made out by the employees of the defendants, of the different corporations, fully and fairly expressed the entire situation; it would be shown by a more detailed examination, which examination Mr. Wilson was fully authorized to make, and for the making of which every opportunity was offered him. But it was because the plaintiff was not willing to wait for a more detailed statement that the settlement was made as a compromise on the statement then exhibited; and it was to plaintiff's benefit that such a course was taken. There were some few assets of small value omitted through hasty work, but on the other hand it was proved, on the trial, that one and a half million of dollars of the company's liabilities were left off the statement. As the court remarked, "they had a right to show that the errors were not all in favor of defendants."

The plaintiff's claim of "mental stupefaction" during the progress of the negotiations could never have been seriously entertained by her later counsel, for when it was totally disproved they made not the slightest attempt to offer evidence in rebuttal. In fact, all of their rebuttal together only applied to a few trivial points, not in any way touching the main issues of the case. All the evidence as well as her own letters, showed her to be a smart business woman, keenly alive to her own interests at that time. In one letter with charming frankness she boasts that she had deceived the defendants by making her expenses appear very large while in fact she kept them very low. So much money did she draw on this head of expense that the defendants asked of her if she was not making some new investment, and in her note she admitted that it took a good deal of "brass" to make such large demands.

When this complaint was filed it was generally supposed by the comments made upon the transaction between the plaintiff and the defendants that she was a very much abused woman; that the defendants by reason of their superior knowledge and business men had driven a very hard bargain with her; that they had left her to gnaw the crust of poverty, while they, as the result of transactions in which they and Colton were engaged, had gathered to themselves great and untold riches. The plaintiff saved the defendants the labor and expense of adding to the ten thousand pages of testimony by making an affidavit, in effect, that the defendants by reason of their purchases from her had become insolvent, and she was afraid that if the court did not protect her by the appointment of a receiver to gather up the stocks and bonds which she had transferred to them that the fruits of this action, if determined in her favor, would be utterly lost to her. It may be asked, why was this affidavit made that would give such aid and comfort to the defendants in their case? The answer is, it was made at the time of a great financial panic in New York; it was known that the defendants were large borrowers of money; it was supposed that a great deal of testimony as to their financial transactions would be permitted to be taken to support this motion for a receiver, and that the defendants, rather than undergo the necessary examination to have their recent affairs exposed—which were not proper evidence and could not be got out at the trial of the main action—would offer some considerable sum in settlement of the plaintiff's claim. It was the same tactics which induced the plaintiff to read in evidence the letters written by Huntington to Colton, letters which had nothing to do with the merits of the case, and which it was proposed, being offered, would lead to a proposal to settle the entire controversy.

But the result of the plaintiff's here is, and by her own showing that these defendants who took so much advantage of her in the settlement, who kept to themselves all the property of the West Development Company, who had organized the Pacific Improvement Company, who took from her twenty thousand shares of Central Pacific Railroad stock and twenty thousand shares of Southern Pacific Railroad stock in place of seven hundred thousand dollars in good gold coin, and who had made fabulous sums of money in the building of the Southern Pacific Railroad in Arizona and New Mexico and other works, had, by taking these responsibilities from which the judgment and good sense of her counsel, Mr.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*
*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*
*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*
*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*
*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*
*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*
*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*

# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Wednesday, Aug. 6, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‡8.00 A.M. | Byron and Martinez | ¶6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Deming, El Paso and Eastern Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | Deming, El Paso and Eastern Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and Lodi via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Stockton via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Ione | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Los Angeles and South | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | Merced, Madera, Fresno, and Tulare | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Mojave, Needles, and Eastern Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | Mojave, Needles, and Eastern Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Ogden and Eastern Express | 11.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | Ogden and Eastern Emigrant | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Tehama via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Redding | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Virginia City | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 8.00 A.M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Vallejo Junction; and that leaving at 8.30 A.M. can meet Pacific Express from The Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.
¶ Daily from Martinez. Sundays only from Byron.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.
To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.
To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30; ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.
To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.
To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.
To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.
From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, *3.15.
From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.
From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.
From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.
From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.
From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.
From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**
118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.
ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,
Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

NORTHERN DIVISION
SOUTHERN PACIFIC
RAILROAD.
BROAD GAUGE.

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | San Mateo, Redwood, and Menlo Park | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | Santa Clara, San Jose, and Principal Way Stations | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas, and Monterey | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Hollister and Tres Pinos | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Watsonville, Camp Goodall, Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Soledad and Way Stations | 6.00 P.M. |
| †7.50 A.M. | Monterey and Santa Cruz (Sunday Excursion | †8.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
‡ Theatre train; Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A.M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A.M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, Camp Goodall, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

For SUNDAYS ONLY—Sold SUNDAY MORNING, good for return same day.

For SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, May 12th, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—7.30, 9.15 A.M., 1.30, 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P.M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A.M., 1.30, 4.30, 6.30 P.M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20 A.M., 2.00, 3.25, 4.50 P.M.
(Sundays)—7.55, 10.00, 11.30 A.M., 3.15, 4.30, 6.30 P.M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00 A.M., 2.30, 3.55, 5.30 P.M.
(Sundays)—8.30, 10.30 A.M., 12.00 M., 3.45, 5.00, 7.10 P.M.
Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 7.00 P.M.

**7.30 A.M. and 1.30 P.M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAINS for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through trains from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 10.30 A.M. and 6.00 P.M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A.M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.
Returning arrives in S. F. at 7.40 P.M.
Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.
GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.

DOOR PLATES
AND HOUSE NUMBERS,
New and Elegant Styles at Greatly Reduced Rates.

Every description of Tableware repaired and replated at San Francisco Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating Works, 653 and 655 Mission St., San Francisco, between New Montgomery and Third.
E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.

PALACE HOTEL.
A. D. SHARON, Lessee.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.

## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Passenger Trains leave Station, foot of Market Street, south side, at

**8.30 A.M.**, daily; Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wright's, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, SANTA CRUZ, and all Way Stations. Parlor Car.
**2.30 P.M.** (except Sunday), Express; Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ. Parlor Car.
**4.30 P.M.**, daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and intermediate points. Saturdays and Sundays to Santa Cruz.
**$5 Excursions** to SANTA CRUZ, and **$2.50** to SAN JOSE, on SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, to return until MONDAY, inclusive.
**8.00 A.M.**, every Sunday, Excursion to SAN JOSE, BIG TREES, and SANTA CRUZ.
**$3.00** to BIG TREES and SANTA CRUZ.
**$1.75** to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE.

### To Oakland and Alameda.

From **Fourteenth and Webster Streets, Oakland**—5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, ¶11.00, 11.30 A.M., ¶12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.30, 10.45, 11.45 P.M.

From **High Street, Alameda**—5.16, 5.46, 6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 7.46, 8.16, 8.46, 9.16, 9.46, 10.16, ¶10.46, 11.16, ¶11.46 A.M., 12.16, ¶12.46, 1.16, 1.46, 2.16, 2.46, 3.16, 3.46, 4.16, 4.46, 5.16, 5.46, 6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 9.16, 11.31 P.M.

‡ Sundays excepted. ¶ Saturdays and Sundays only.
TICKET, Telegraph, and Transfer Office, 222 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.
L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. R. M. GARRATT, G. F. & P. Agt.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**
## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA

Leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon,** for
YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

**Oceanic.....August 7th**
**Arabic.....August 19th**
**San Pablo.....Capt. Reed**

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A.M., on August 3d, 11th, 19th, and 27th, and Sept. 4th, and every eighth day thereafter. The last steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A.M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A.M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P.M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY
**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

ALAMEDA.....TUESDAY, August 15th, at 3 P.M.
MARIPOSA.....MONDAY, September 1st, at 3 P.M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.
For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for
CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion, etc.
Prepared by
E. GRILLON,
Chemist of the Paris Faculty,
SOLE PROPRIETOR,
27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.
Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

REMOVAL.

EDWARD E. OSBORN, Patent Solicitor, United States and Foreign, has removed to 220 Sansome Street, Rooms 10, 11, and 12, San Francisco.

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.
COWEN, PORTER & CO.,
FUNERAL DIRECTORS,
118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.
J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.
Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

THE NEVADA BANK
OF SAN FRANCISCO.
Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.

DIRECTORS.
James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President;
James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.
J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.
New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Capital.....$3,000,000

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremon National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

Imperial Fire Insurance Co. Of London. Instituted 1803.
London Assurance Corporation Of London. Established 1720.
Northern Assurance Company Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
Queen Insurance Company Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.
OF CALIFORNIA.
FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).
JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

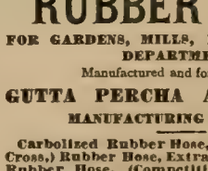
C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.
HUTCHINSON & MANN,
INSURANCE AGENCY.
322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.
W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
No. 216 Sansome Street,
East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.
Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00
Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

Contract for Fall and Winter Supply
....OF....
COAL
For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street. Telephone 308.

"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."
THE NORTON
DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.

D. S. BROWN & CO.,
36 California Street, San Francisco,
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

RUBBER HOSE
FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,
Manufactured and for Sale by the
GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.
VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.
FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.
JOHN W. TAYLOR,
MANAGER.
Corner First and Mark[illegible],
SAN FRANCISCO.




"Ruy Blas" is said to be Marchetti's only opera. It will not commend him to an enduring fame, for it will never be a popular one. It is as composite as a piece of bad architecture, and the composer must have written it under a succession of influences.

At times it is Wagneresque in its scientific confusion of sound, without a thread of melody running through it. Again, it begins to flow with the light and tricksy measures of opera comique, and anon it is absolutely reminiscent of opera bouffe. So, at least, say a couple of musicians who claim to have detected in it fragments from "La Grande Duchesse" and "Girofié-Girofla." Whatever charm of music there is in it lies in the orchestra, rather than the vocal score; and, sung by any other company, it would be undeniably a dull and tedious performance.

"Ruy Blas" has never been a favorite in any form. Victor Hugo's tragedy was one of the favorite features of Charles Fechter's repertoire, and the melodramatic Swiss was called the only Ruy Blas on the stage, but it was never as well liked by his audiences as by himself. The play was revived the other day by Sarah Bernhardt, at her own theatre in Paris, but even the electric Sarah failed to make anything of it. Maria de Neuborg is rather an objective person in any event, and fell in love rather as a matter of employment and to relieve the undeniable tedium of being a Spanish queen, than because she was

> "Caught up into love, and taught the whole
> Of life in a new rhythm."

This unimpassioned young German is quite ready to love her lord if he will permit her to do so, but as it appears that he would rather hunt wolves, she determines to accept the flowery devotion of Ruy Blas instead. No wonder the tropical Sarah could not make much of such an one.

Perhaps the real reason that Ruy Blas is always eyed askance is that because, after all, he is a lackey, put it how you will, and not a creature of gentle blood cheated of his rights, or that luxuriant growth of fiction, a nobleman in disguise. That dashing young blade, his namesake, Don Cæsar de Bazan, who flaunts his rags so jauntily, and snaps his fingers at fate, is much better liked, partly for the devil-may-care of his disposition, and partly, it may as well be confessed, that, careless tramp though he be, he is still a grandee of Spain. We do dearly love a lord, even in America. But there is more in a lackey than his livery to object to, and one never quite forgives the queen her lack of discernment, nor Ruy himself his obsequious surrender to Don Sallust.

What a curious freak of feeling it is, that while one may grow to dislike a dramatic villain very heartily, there is always a little undercurrent of sympathy for the baritone villain in the opera. Is it because of the mellow warmth that lies in the full lower notes of the human voice, appealing to us?—or that our natural sense of justice rises against this constant distribution of villainy to baritones?

Verdi has just completed a new opera. With his usual unerring dramatic instinct, he has selected for the libretto the great tragedy of "Othello." It is great of itself; greater than "Hamlet" some maintain it to be, and it certainly is from a purely dramatic sense. Linked with the music of the author of "Aida," what a tremendous play of human passion its representation will be! By all the traditions of opera, Othello should be a tenor rôle. By every natural suggestion, it should be sung by a baritone. It means strength, virility, power, force, everything in music which is big, and grand, and sweeping.

I like to think of Giannini as Othello; but fancy one of Mapleson's tenors getting hold of the part. Figure to yourself little Anton struggling, on tip-toe, with the masterful passions of the jealous Moor; the flat-faced, flat-voiced Vicini smothering Desdemona with a high note; or the automatic Bello slaughtering a stageful of people.

It is a horrible contingency to contemplate, but it is likely to occur at any moment so long as Heaven will keep turning out that kind of tenors.

Meantime Othello might fall among the baritones, and never be amiss for it. Galassi, if the man had any fire in him—anything in him but his great voice—would be the ideal operatic Othello. As for Iago, he ought to be a tenor. Your real [illegible] and plotters, and schemers are generally [illegible]d people. A man with a very big, deep voice may be—often is—a very weakling. His senses are charmed by the musical depth of his own tones, and he often destroys his career by living up to his voice; but he is only harmless and weak, not villainous.

Very few of the great actors or the great orators have had good natural voices. Very few of the great singers have had much natural intelligence. Diplomates, as a rule, have high voices softened to low, but not deep, tones in speaking by cultivation.

All these things, however, are reversed in opera, and I left Don Sallust somewhere up the page, waiting to be a villain, or rather a revengeful schemer. Signor Vilmant, like every one else in the cast, was in his very best voice for the occasion. And they almost made the opera a popular one by the thorough excellence of its giving. This, too, with very few of what may really be called *arias*, and consequently very few individual opportunities. Signor Vilmant has a taking little duet with Signora Orlandi in the third act, and Orlandi herself has a descriptive, humorous song, one may call it, in the second act. She sang it with much archness and vivacity, and it is a peculiar and pretty trifle in itself, but the Signora's voice is utterly inflexible, and she takes her high notes with a suddenness which leaves one quite unprepared for the attack, and a lack of resonance which is simply appalling. Yet when she sings with any one, when there is another voice to hold up the eccentricities of hers, there seems to be universal accordance. She is a pretty woman, dresses well, and has a faultless set of teeth; therefore one likes to find her name in the cast.

Relieved from the sombreness of action which has characterized the other operas given, Serbolini as the aged beau becomes almost a comedian, but has little individual opportunity to air the enormously wide vibrations of his voice. Is it necessary to say that he comes to the rescue in the ensemble? Is it not the peculiar quality of these people to do everything that they ought to do in the ensemble?

Peri was not in her best voice at the beginning, and "O mia Germania," with its impetuous beginning and involved continuation, did not evoke much enthusiasm; but she rallied to her best standard in the scene with Ruy Blas in the cabinet, and the love duet was most exquisitely sung.

Giannini, in fact, was simply delightful throughout. He was in his best voice and manner, and superbly dressed as well. The blue and white court costume was a handsomer piece of fashioning than one often sees upon the stage, and Giannini, who is not usually a graceful man, took on a new grace in its wearing. Neither is he always an impassioned singer. He sings because it is his nature to. He is a perfect specimen of natural singing. He makes no faces, he does not pump for breath, he does not grab his chest, and twist his mouth, and strain his blood-vessels for a note. He stands firmly upon his feet and rolls the notes out tone by tone, formed naturally and easily, and coming from just where they should come. Such singers are rarely impassioned. But he threw into his declaration to the Queen a fervor of feeling and delicacy of expression which quite captured the house. It is the fashion of the hour to jeer, and sneer, and jibe, to be flippant, frivolous, and soulless, but a little touch of sentiment like this, a little flame of passion, a little ardor of true, old-fashioned feeling never misses its mark; so the house immediately made the loving pair sing their little duet over again.

The chorus was at times sadly adrift, especially the female chorus, which, by the way, is a very small one. But whenever they threatened to veer altogether, the two California stand-bys who have been singing there on the end time out of mind, and have glared each successive leader fixedly in the eye throughout many changing opera seasons, glared at this one, caught the note on the first base, and restored it to the insufficient chorus.

The orchestra was in even better training than usual, barring a few freaks in tempo, the mountings handsome, and all the costumes rich and clean.

At the Grand Opera House "The Devil's Auction," which was drawing crowds, was unwillingly displaced, owing to some contract clause, by "The Black Crook." How much is in a name! We have had spectacles by the half hundred more attractive than "The Black Crook," which can be but a disjointed and inconsecutive affair in the manuscript over which all the quarrels have raged. Yet, on the opening night at the Grand Opera, there was a pressing, seething, swearing crowd, struggling to get in by eight o'clock. The performance was long and tiresome, owing to the waits. There is no good and sufficient reason why there should ever be a wait at a performance of this kind. The watchword of such a combination is drill. Drill is all that people go to see. There is no music, no drama, no brains, no anything but a lot of people doing some one thing on time. They have certainly had weeks and weeks in which to rehearse "The Black Crook," knowing that it was coming, and, upon its very first night, it should have gone off like clockwork. In a week it will be a very entertaining performance. People, meantime, are simply attending rehearsals. There are numbers of fresh, new costumes, some of which are exceedingly pretty, notably those in the ballet of the glen of silver ferns. There is a kind of refrain of color running through the entire production; and pink and black keep coming up here and there like the theme of a sonata, commencing with the peasants' costumes and ending with Rudolph transformed. There are some well-managed ballets—the inimitable Herbert brothers, and the presumable *pièce de résistance*, the march of Amazons.

This takes place on the open stage with a handsomely arranged background of tiers of staircases. The costumes are very fine and the staircases very effective, but the Amazons march like clod-hoppers. It would seem that young women, the business of whose life is to march and dance to music, would appear to have at least served an apprenticeship at it. To see those young women tumble down the golden staircases haphazard and hodge-podge, is to afflict any one with an eye for discipline and an ear for time with a ten minutes' spasm of artistic agony.

The management have furnished some good material for a spectacle, let the young women contribute a little energy, hold their heads up, their chests out, and keep time, and they will learn something of the delight of the ringing applause which used to greet the Comley-Barton coryphées in the Favart march, and spurred them to such ambition that they vanquished a company of the National Guard at their own specialty—marching.

The march has always been a favorite with the singing world since pomp began and soldiers went forth to fight. Its tempo is inspiring in music, and the march is the feature of every parade since the world began. A good march is a beautiful sight, as we learned from the Knights Templars last year. A bad march is a nerve-exhausting spectacle, as we may learn from the march down the stairs of the Amazons or the usual street parade.

BETSY B.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Cole's Circus opens in this city September 6th.

Rose Eytinge is coming to California in a new play, "Medora."

Maria Peri's hair is said to be a yard and three-eighths in length.

Brooks & Dickson's "In the Ranks" company are due here next Tuesday.

Lawrence Barrett will open at the California Monday, August eighteenth.

Mr. and Mrs. Laura Joyce-Bell, late of the "Orpheus" Company, left for New York last week.

It is stated that the Tivoli management intend sending a company through the interior in a short time.

The subscription lists for the Pappenheim opera season are now open daily at the Grand Opera House.

Lotta has had several of Judic's plays translated for her. All she now needs is a translation of Judic's *chic*.

There is some prospect of Laura Don producing her "Daughter of the Nile" at the Oakland Theatre next week.

It is said that Gilbert & Sullivan have abandoned comic opera writing, and that their next work is to be a grand opera.

Actors now deliberately make arrangements to play regular engagements in Oakland as one of the "show towns." This is droll.

Jos. R. Grismer, Phœbe Davis, and a company will appear at Child's Opera House, Los Angeles, during fair week, under the Baldwin management.

Signor D. De Vivo has taken the entire management of the Pappenheim opera season at the Grand Opera House. It is to commence September 2d.

While the Wallack Company are here they will present "Young Mrs. Winthrop" and some English comedies, such as "The Rivals" and "London Assurance."

Enrico Giannini, who is advertised as the "tenore leggiere" of the opera, has a voice of almost the same robust quality as Francesco's, without its smoothness and finish.

Charley Reed is about to organize a permanent minstrel troupe in New York, to take the place of the San Francisco minstrels. Their specialty is to be the burlesque of popular plays.

It is now stated by the Denver *Tribune* that Marie Burroughs denies her reported marriage to Louis F. Massen. It is probable, however, that it will take place on her arrival in New York.

Next Monday evening, at Woodward's Gardens, will take place a Græco-Roman wrestling match between Pietro Delmas, champion of France, and Tom Cannon, champion of England.

Charley Reed, the "plain comedian," is in negotiation with Messrs. Gale and Spader for the Comedy Theatre in New York, where he intends inaugurating a regular minstrel season with a small company.

A proud and fond father is now added to the little harpist's outfit at the California. The mother carries a basket and the father a bag, and the harp corner of the orchestra nightly resolves itself into a dressing-room before and after the performance. It is the self-evident conviction of these good people that there is really not much in the opera but the little fat girl's harp score.

The Baldwin Theatre is closed for renovation. "In the Ranks" opens the fall and winter season, commencing August 18th. The box office, for the sale of reserved seats, will open Thursday morning, August 14th.

The Ellsler-Lee Weston combination, under the management of George Floyd, will soon open at the Baldwin. They will not produce Barrymore's new play, "The Don," unless their season in this city is extended for that purpose.

It is announced that Alice Harrison is to be the recipient of a benefit before her departure for the East. She is to be accompanied on her way across the continent by John Gorlay and his future wife, who will arrive from Australia abou the tenth.

Considering the elegance of some of the costumes in the fern glen act in "The Black Crook," the pink paper muslin skirts of the coryphées, in the first act, are inexcusably cheap. There is also an inexcusable lack of substrata—in other words, petticoats.

A dilletante now sojourning in this city, who has heard Italian opera in every land in which it is sung, declares Giannini to be one of the three great tenors of the world, who rank thus: Neumann, Gayarre, Giannini. Where is the contract-fettered Tortoni?

A number of rumors are circulating concerning the wealth of individual members of the opera. Nothing is substantiated, but the Signora Orlandi's pink satin dress and pearl girdle were so superior in quality to the blue trimming satin which decked the Queen of Spain, that she must be one of the Cœsi.

The Bijou Burlesque Company returned to town after giving two performances, and disbanded. The two performances brought in one hundred and eighty dollars, at Dietz's Opera House, in Oakland. Mr. Watkins, the representative of Miles & Barton, the Bijou Opera House managers, arrived from New York, and began arrangements for them to continue the return tour Eastward.

M. B. Leavitt has engaged the following attractions for the Bush Street Theatre, next season: Fay Templeton Opera Company, Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin, Rice's Burlesque Company, Brooks & Dickson's Extravaganza Company, Leavitt's European Specialty Company, "A Mountain Pink" Company, Oliver Doud Byron, Aimée, "Sam'l of Posen," Harrison & Gourlay, and Hanlan Brothers.

Monsieur Damala, the temporary husband of Sarah Bernhardt, gets three hundred francs a night for playing Philippe Derblay in Ohnet's "Le Maître de Forge." When he married Sarah, not so long ago, he had nothing—that the world knew of—but a Greek profile and a fur-trimmed overcoat. He has now a profession, a reputation, and an income. There are more business marriages in the theatrical world nowadays than in the courts royal.

Minnie Hauck, after singing Carmen some three hundred times, heard the whole opera for the first time the other night in Paris. It was Marie Van Zandt's last night in the rôle, and the one American expressed herself as being much pleased with the other American. Miss Minnie Hauck has been in as bad a plight as a young San Francisco actress, who determined to leave the stage because it prevented her going to the theatre.

Signor Luigi Logheder, the leader of the orchestra, whose refined and distinguished appearance evokes so much attention, is a sad invalid. It is only by the greatest exertion that he is able to pull himself together for his work. He walks the streets leaning heavily on his cane, and protected from the inclemency of the glorious climate by a huge ulster. He would scarcely be recognized as the upright young leader who occupies the chair at night.

Charles Reade was in the habit of placing personal criticism on the letters he received. This is what is written on a letter from Ada Isaacs Menken to Reade: "Miss Menken, a clever woman with beautiful eyes, very dark blue. A bad actress, but made a hit playing Mazeppa in tights—a quadrogamist. Her last husband was, I believe, John C. Heenan. I saw him fight Tom King. . . . . *Requiescat in pace*. Goodish heart, loose conduct—gone!"

Mr. Fred. Warde has left Tillotson, who is to produce "Queena" and "Lynwood" during a season of seven weeks at the Union Square in New York. Lillian Cleves has been engaged as leading lady. Williams & Tillotson have replaced Fred Warde in "Lynwood" by Eben Plympton, who played Lord Carringford in the first "Hazel Kirke" company in this city. They will also have a "Queena" company on the road with Maud Granger in the title rôle.

Tessie Butler, who plays the peasant girl Amina in "The Black Crook," is a fair specimen of local unemployed talent. In a way she belongs in California, being a niece of a California prima donna of early days, Agatha States. She came here, however, with Horace Lingard's unfortunate company, and was one of the victims of the sudden disbanding. She is a very pretty girl, and in the small part shows herself to have improved amazingly within a year.

Some English and American managers happening to be together last week in a London restaurant, naturally fell to talking about the extravagant demands of actors,—actresses, and opera singers. "Mr. Abbey was the first man to raise the prices and engage artistes at such enormous salaries," remarked Mr. Gye, looking at the ex-impresario of the Metropolitan Opera House. "Yes, and he actually paid them," said Colonel Mapleson, in a tone so lugubrious that he brought down the house.

All San Franciscans take an interest in Alice Lingard. She has just made a hit in "Called Back," in London, where she is advertised as an "American" actress. The cream of the joke is that she has been burlesqued at a minor theatre, where a minor actress has been congratulated upon her "wonderful imitation of the American accent." Oh, cockney! cockneys! and Alice Lingard was a nurse-maid picked up by a concert-hall manager while she was wheeling a perambulator in one of the London gardens where policemen and nurse-maids most do congregate.

e subscription list for the Pappenheim Ger-
and Italian opera season opened Wednesday
Grand Opera House box office, and over
thousand dollars were subscribed the first
The season consists of eight subscription
s, and two for each week. The operas will
Lohengrin," "The Huguenots," "The Jew-
"Fidelio," "Norma," "Zampa," "Der
chutz," and "Martha." Madame Fabbri
ngaged Signor D. de Vivo as business man-

e success of the opera company has enabled
to get their luggage out of pawn, where it
the last place misfortune struck them, and
s begun to arrive. Every available spot
d the California Theatre is filled with big
containing wardrobes for twenty-four
s. These wardrobes are said to be all of
ding richness. A statement easy to believe
the production of "Aida." It is claimed
no opera company ever came to America so
letely and so magnificently equipped as this

nay be interesting during the present operatic
to know that the reigning prima donna in
is an American. Her name is Durand, and
areer since her début at La Scala has been
riumphal tour of the cities of Italy. Numer-
ffers have been made to her by the different
ssarios. Being an American she is disin-
d to risk her standing in America, where,
ancies, her nationality would be against her,
the Italians have not allowed her to be
ted to the other European capitals by paying
ums which, in that country, are fabulously

has finally developed that the disruption of
lijou Opera Troupe has entailed great hard-
on some of the minor members. They have
reduced to most distressing straits. All
strangers in the city, and knew not where
m for aid. Many were obliged to pawn their
ty wardrobes for food. Mr. Charles Wat-
the agent of their Eastern managers (Miles
rton), arrived in town Thursday. He brought
him only five hundred dollars—a sum entire-
adequate to take so large a troupe out of the
He telegraphed to Miles & Barton for two
sand dollars, but up to present writing no
has been received.

e are promised "The Barber of Seville." We
lways being promised "The Barber of Se-
" but San Francisco must have hoodooed it,
never comes. It is a very familiar opera
where else, but not here, except upon the
ersal piano. It was originally written as a
of the Carnival programme, and was pro-
d at the Argentine Theatre, in Rome, during
Carnival of 1816. It became at once so uni-
ally popular that a double score of Rosina
written, one for contralto and one for so-
o. Many buffo singers have made their re-
tion upon Figaro. All these items are inter-
g to us in San Francisco as we shall probab-
ver hear the opera.

hatever any one may think of the beauty of
Mille herself, her photographs in the charac-
f Cupid are little gems. In this connection,
ay be remembered that some seven or eight
s ago a beautiful child, called Fay Temple-
used to give a sort of olio at the Bush Street
atre, in which she appeared dressed as Cupid,
her photographs sold with inconceivable
dity. The child has become a woman, and
nging her way to us across the continent. It
intended, even in her childhood, that she
uld be an opera bouffe prima donna. Unfort-
ely for her plans, her developed voice proved
a contralto. She avenges this slight of fate
ot having any tenor in her troupe, but they
ery successful without even tenor or soprano.

n ardent young man from the country was
ng alone at the Grand Opera House on the
night of "The Black Crook." He did not
e much interest in anything until the glitter-
talacta left her swan-drawn boat and walked
n the stage. He immediately aroused him-
and it was evident that he had a touching
f in the reality of every charm. He even
ected that long golden mane of growing on
head, and regarded her glittering sea-foam
e as an integral part of her. He had no one
to speak to, so he spoke to himself. "O
lemity, ain't she a beautiful woman!" he
aloud in honest rapture, and to this moment
not suspect what caused the outbreak of
s around him. Happy, thrice happy be-
r!

e Pi-Ouit," (sung by Vanoni during the first
of her engagement,) was one of the distinct
sses of Judic in the *café chantant* days, and
even carried over to the times of her more
n successes. Since she has been singing in
salons, for a fabulous number of francs a
t, she has eschewed many of her former fa-
es, among them perhaps not "Le Pi-Ouit,"
it is not chronicled that the inhabitants of the
ourgs have heard her sing the ballade of a
f Parisian merry-makers, who go to As-
s, or Auteuil, or some one of those places,
frolic. While there they partake freely of
mbers, and milk, and other non-agreeing edi-
and suffer the consequences. Judic present-
e consequences in her song with a graphic
y which convulsed all Paris, excepting the
ourgs. Judic comes to America next sea-

paragraph originating in Washington has
going about to the effect that Miss Helen
y, the actress, was a Washington girl, and
x-wife of John McCullough, from whom she
id to have been divorced by reason of incom-
ility of temper. All Californians know that
n Tracy was a San Francisco girl, educated,
t born, here, and a graduate from the princi-
eminary of the day. She was one of two sis-
both of whom went upon the stage—the
r sister with most indifferent success. Helen
y became stage-struck during one of John
ullough's earlier engagements, and made her
t with him, playing Virginia to his Virginius,
lemona to his Othello, Ophelia to his Ham-
etc. But no marriage ever took place between
for the good and sufficient reason that the
leman was already married. When John
ullough was a humble chair-maker, he mar-
an estimable young woman in his own rank of life, with whom he lived very contentedly until ambition began to sow its disturbing seeds in his breast. With the commencement of his studious habits, the enlarging of his sphere, the quick and direct change in his mode of life, his almost immediate success, etc., he outgrew his humble surroundings, and intellectually outgrew his wife. She recognized the fact as strongly as he did, and an amicable separation took place. They have lived for many years upon terms of peculiar friendship. When the actor's engagements call him to Philadelphia, he always calls first, as the familiar friend of the family, at Mrs. McCullough's house. Mrs. McCullough is an ardent Catholic and a nonbeliever in divorce, and the actor has never sought for one moment to free himself from the very light-restraining ties of this marriage. Some say that in the atmosphere of adulation, admiration, and foolish women's infatuation, with which he has been so many years surrounded, he has been glad of the bond which gave him liberty yet kept him out of danger. McCullough himself says to his intimates that he has always respected his wife too much to put the indignity of a divorce upon her, as their marriage was an unfortunate one for her. During the last of his stay in San Francisco, John McCullough had a visit from his son, a young man of twenty-four years. He was a well-educated, good-looking fellow, but very shy, and not at all the dashing blade his father was.

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

### Bills and Casts for Week ending August 9th.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Bill August 4th and 5th, "Ruy Blas," by Filippo Marchetti. Cast as follows:

Donna Maria de Neubourg, Queen of Spain, Signora Maria Peri; Don Salustio de Bazan, Marquis of Finlas and Secretary of the King, Signor T. Vilmant; Don Pedro Guevarra, Earl of Camporeal and Governor of Castille, Signor Benedetti; Don Fernando de Cordova, Marquis of Priego, Signor Bergami; Don Guritano, Grand Mayordome, Signor E. Serbolini; Donna Giovanna de la Cueva, first lady in waiting, Signora A. Beraldi; Don Manual Arias, Signor Monge; Ruy Blas, Signor Francesco Giannini; Cassildas, a lady in waiting of the Queen, Signora Annina Orlandi; An Usher of the Court, Signor Mogdiliani.

Bill August 7, "La Traviata," August 8, "Ernani." August 9, (matinée) "La Traviata."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Bill: "The Black Crook." Cast as follows:

Hertzog, J. Harry Richmond; Greppo, James S. Maffit; Rudolphe, F. D. Allen; Count Wolfenstein, W. F. Granger; Maximilian von Puffengruntz, W. H. Bartholomew; Wulfgar, J. C. Tiernan; Bruns, Edward Herbert; Amina, Miss Tessie Butler; Rosetta, Miss Annie Dunbar; Dame Barbara, Mrs. J. S. Langrishe; Carline, Miss Sallie Apt; Stalacta, Miss Louise Dempsey; Crystalline, Miss Jennie Cunningham; Ruby, Miss Victoria Nathanson; Sapphira, Miss Kitty Wilson; Emeraldine, Miss Marie Clifton; Platinetta, Miss Millie Day; Coraline, Miss Fannie Quick; Amethysia, Miss Nellie Graham; Garnetta, Miss Jennie Mayell; Diamondina, Miss Annie Mayell; Turquoisia, Miss Hettie Rich; Sparkletta, Miss Emily Deane; Stalagmita, Miss Nettie Stafford; Dew Drops, Misses Annie and Alice Steddard; Dragonfin, Albert Martinetti; Hackletooth, C. Worth; Sharkskin, J. K. Hyman; Splayfoot, T. F. Boister; Eeleye, John Morris; Cuttleconk, J. O. Penton; Stickleback, F. Brewster; Golddust, Master Penny; Nuggetnose, John Curtis; Yellowscale, B. A. Brown; Spangleneck, J. Browning; Smelterface, Henry Deacon; Silverback, Charles Deacon; Zamiel, B. J. McLaughlin; Skuldawhelp, Thomas A. Lord; Redglare, Fred. Herbert.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Leon & Cushman's Minstrel Comedy Company. Bill: "Sarah Barnum's Dilemma," "Ill-Fed Dora," and variety performance. Company as follows:

The only Leon, Mr. Frank Cushman, Mr. James E. Adams, Mr. Daniel Thompson, Mr. J. H. Surridge, Mr. Frank Casey, Messrs. Hooley, the Crimmins Brothers, Cohen, J. H. Surridge, and John Unsworth. J. H. Surridge, Manager; George H. Lennox, Business Manager; Charles Hunniman, Musical Director; George Curtis, Properties.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "Fatinitza." Cast as follows:

Fatinitza, Miss Hattie Moore; Lydia, Miss Helene Dingeon; Julian Hardy, Mr. Harry Gates; General Kautchukoff, Mr. E. N. Knight; Izzet Pasha, Mr. E. Carlmuller; Sergeant Steipann, Mr. R. D. Valerga; Mustapha, Johnny Williams.

MECHANICS' FAIR.—J. H. Culver, secretary, 31 Post Street. Exhibit of Mechanical Progress, Invention, Art, etc. Instrumental Concert afternoon and evening.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Closed during the week.

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—Stecchan & Cornelius, Managers. Closed during the week.

The Baldwin will be closed next week.

The opera company continue next week at the California.

"The Devil's Auction" company next week at the Grand, in "The Black Crook."

Next week at the Tivoli "Fatinitza" will give place to another opera.

At the Bush Street next week "The Bohemians" in "Fizz! Bang! Boom!"

The Standard will remain closed.


**Artists' Materials.**

Send for catalogue of materials. Pictures neatly and cheaply framed. R. R. HILL & Co., 116 Geary Street.

**A Suggestion to Boarders.**

In the aristocratic portions of New York and Boston may be found folding-beds by the thousand. When those here who live in one, two, or three rooms come to know how elegant, convenient, and comfortable the BURR FOLDING-BEDS are, they will insist upon having them. Ten of these beds were sent up on Nob Hill this week. H. H. GROSS, 21 New Montgomery Street.

**Mattresses and Pillows**

Of the nuo material, "better than hair," at half the price. For sale by the California Furniture Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.


— THE METROPOLITAN HALL IS UNSURPASSED by any hall on the Pacific Coast for concerts, lectures, etc. It is admirably fitted up, the organ alone costing twenty thousand dollars.

## THE MECHANICS' FAIR.

The opening exercises of the nineteenth annual exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute took place last Tuesday afternoon in the Grand Opera House, an audience of nearly 1500 people being present. After the opening prayer by the Rev. M. M. Gibson, and two finely rendered selections by the Amphion Quartet, the President, Mr. P. B. Cornwall, gave a short history of the progress of the institution. He was followed by the orator of the day, and, after a few remarks, thanking the audience for their attention, Mr. Cornwall closed with a cordial invitation to be present at the pavilion in the evening.

At the pavilion the noise and bustle of getting in the last exhibits has somewhat subsided. At this time last year the huge building still looked bare and incomplete, but now all but a very few booths are fitted and tastefully arranged. The first thing one notices on entering is Marion Wells's fountain in the centre of the building, towering far above all surrounding objects, and surmounted by an heroic statue of Neptune. The art gallery contains a greater number of exhibits than on any previous year, and the gardens are particularly beautiful. A noticeable feature of the season will be occasional "floral days," the idea being borrowed from the Cincinnati exhibition.

### Fair Notes.

Among the notable exhibits is that of Cibils's Fluid Extract of Beef, exhibited by H. B. Birnbaum, 20 California Street. It is made by Cibils Brothers, in Buenos Ayres, and is worthy of the interest it is exciting in medical circles. It is said to be greatly superior to the ordinary solid or pasty extracts in taste, economy, and nourishing power, containing as it does all the nutritious salts of the meat, and a large percentage of albuminous matters. The method of using it is simple and pleasant. It can be mixed with wines, beer, etc., dissolving immediately. The resulting compound has a pleasant taste, and not only sustains the mind, but builds up the body.


**"At the Sign of the Golden Lion."**

*London Punch, June 14, 1884.*

Everything in the Lyon d'Or is of the Renaissance time—except the food, which is of the latest and best style, and the drink, which is some of it of the oldest or the best vintage, decidedly Pommery Sec! The decanters are of the mediæval pattern, but there has been no trifling with the champagne bottles, which are of the usual make. A Lafitte first, or a good Pontet-Canet with age on it, and then ask mine host of the Lion d'Or to give you his Pommery, not too cold, no matter how warm the weather may be. As good a dinner as you'll get in Paris, and perfectly served, is to be obtained at the Lyon d'Or. I don't say the Lyon is a cheap animal. No; to perpetrate an international jeu de mot, I should say, "The Lion's Cher." To drop into poetry—

You'll spend some hundred francs or more
For dinner for three at the Lyon d'Or.

**What is Said.**

Those who have visited the warerooms of the California Furniture Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street, are loud in their praise of the beautiful goods offered for sale, at prices below any they have found elsewhere.

**Root Beer.**

A strictly non-alcoholic family beverage, at once delicious to the taste and beneficial to the system. The youngest child or the feeblest invalid can drink it with advantage. Put up in pint and quart champagne bottles, with patent stoppers, at seventy cents and one dollar and ten cents per dozen. All orders promptly filled. H. L. St. John & Co., 14 Hayes Street.

**Beautiful Hands and Complexion.**

Produced by using MADAME ROBISON'S BHABA, BHARBARINE, and POUDRE INDIENNE. The hands and finger-nails beautified, freckles removed, nail-biting cured. MADAME ROBISON, Manicure, 126 Kearny Street, Thurlow Block.

**Fredericksburg Lager Beer**

Is the finest in the world. Send your orders, for kegs or bottles, to 539 California Street.

— MRS. ADA CLARK'S DANCING ACADEMY IS one of the most elegant schools in the city. Her manner of conducting juvenile and adult classes is well known in this city, and it would certainly pay parents to visit her school, at 211 Sutter Street, and see her manner of instruction.

THE

**PAPPENHEIM OPERA SEASON,**

BY INEZ FABBRI'S

**German and Italian Opera Company**

OPENING NIGHT.....SEPTEMBER 1st

SIG. D. DE VIVO.....Managing Director
CHAS. SCHULTZ.....Acting Manager

**Subscription for Eight Nights now open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., at the**

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**

**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,**

Eddy Street, near Market.

KREILING BROS.....Sole Proprietors and Managers
GUSTAVE HINRICHS.....Conductor
FRITZ LA FONTAINE.....Stage Director

This evening and every evening during the week Suppe's popular comic opera, in three acts,

**FATINITZA.**

Next week, A POPULAR COMIC OPERA.

Admission, 25 cents.....Reserved seats, 50 cents

**Will open in San Francisco, on Saturday, Sept. 6th, for Seven Days Only,**

**COLE'S** Colossal three-ring Circus, 2 Menageries in 2 Tents, Elevated Stage, Russian Roller skaters, bicycle experts

**And 12 Genuine Bedouin Arabs.**

45 Acts at every performance, all nations represented, largest elephant alive, and all kinds of shows. **CIRCUS**

**Absolutely the Greatest on Earth.**

Full particulars in later announcements. After dark, Street Parade, Night Sept. 5th.

**FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES**
235 KEARNY ST. S.F.

**Southwest cor. of Bush. Established 1877.**

PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

**COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION,**

**Phelan's Building, Rooms 6, 8, 9, 10, 11.**

**Entrance, 806 Market Street.** Gas Specialists; positively extract teeth without pain; only office that makes and gives the celebrated "Colton Gas;" established in 1863; over 8,000 references; also, performs all operations in Dentistry.

**PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.**

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of New York.....September 2**
**City of Tokio.....September 13**

At 12 o'clock M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Jose.....August 15**

At ten o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, SAN BLAS, MANZANILLO, and ACAPULCO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA and LA LIBERTAD, and via ACAPULCO for other Mexican and Central American ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Australia**.....Saturday, August 30, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

**TWO NEW BOOKS**

**Distinctively Californian.**

**Now ready, and may be ordered of any Bookseller:**

**A CALIFORNIA PILGRIMAGE,**

TOLD IN VERSE,

**BY ONE OF THE PILGRIMS.**

This work does not purport to be a history of Missions, but only what the title implies—a visit to the old shrines. To local descriptions and legends are added such allusions to familiar events of Mission history as seemed desirable, with such fragmentary thoughts as would be naturally suggested to one appreciative of the only bits of antiquity to be found in this new land.

**120 pages, Square 16mo.,** with elaborate gold stamp and red edges, with frontispiece engraving of the Carmel Mission, from a sketch by Keith, **Price, $1.25.**

**A TRIP TO ALASKA,**

By **Mr. George Wardman,** U. S. Revenue Inspector at the Seal Islands, Alaska.

16mo. 235 pages. Price, $1.50.

This book contains a vivid account of men, manners, and customs at the Seal Islands. It also treats of the operations of the company controlling the fur-seal trade, about which so much is now being said.

The *American Bookseller*, New York, says:

"Messrs. Samuel Carson & Co., of San Francisco, announce for the end of June, "A Trip to Alaska," by George Wardman, whose position as Revenue Inspector at the Seal Islands gives him most favorable opportunities for writing an account of the men, manners, and customs of our outlying territory in the North."

**SAMUEL CARSON & CO.**

**PUBLISHERS AND WHOLESALE BOOK SELLERS,**

**120 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.**

*A copy of either of the above books will be sent by mail postpaid on receipt of the price.*




J. W. EVANS,
GENERAL AGENT, 29 POST STREET,

**L. D. STONE & CO.**
(Successors to R. Stone),
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
**Harness, Saddles, Saddlery Hardware**
Collars, Whips, Robes, Horse Blankets, and all kinds of Harness and Patent Leathers.
**422 and 424 Battery Street, corner Washington, San Francisco.**

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
**Commission Merchants,**
**San Francisco.**
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
Liberal advances made on consignments.

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
**San Francisco,**
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
**General Shipping and Commission MERCHANTS,**
**309 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.**

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
**204 and 206 California Street,**
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
**(Established 1854).**
**HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.**
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
**39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.**

**Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed**
**TILES**
**For Decorations.**
**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**
**311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.**

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**
**Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.**
**119 MONTGOMERY STREET.**

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
**HENRY F. MILLER**
**(Factory Boston, Mass.) and**
**HEMME & LONG**
**(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)**
**AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.**
**WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.**
**101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.**
**Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.**
**PIANOS**

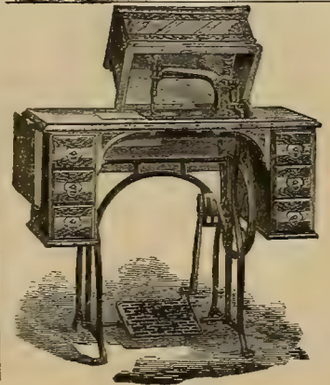
**ICHI BAN**

**FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.**

**ESTABLISHED 1855.**
**CARRIAGES.**
**O. F. WILLEY & CO.**
NEVADA BLOCK,
**No. 317 MONTGOMERY STREET, - - - - - - SAN FRANCISCO,**
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
**CARRIAGES, LIGHT ROAD WAGONS, CARTS, SULKIES,**
Our stock of which is now, as it has heretofore been, unsurpassed in elegance and solidity. Recent importations have greatly enlarged our supply of vehicles of all kinds from the following celebrated Eastern establishments, of which we are the agents, viz.:
**Brewster & Co.,** (of Broome Street) New York,
**C. S. Caffrey & Co.,** Camden, N. J.,
**Henry Hooker & Co.,** New Haven, Conn.,
**H. Killam & Co.,** New Haven, Conn.,
**W. S. Frazier & Co.,** Chicago Road Carts.
We have also an assortment of Buggies and Phaetons, with full leather tops, which we sell at prices ranging from $85 to $125. Constantly on hand a full supply of
**HARNESS,**
From the famous manufactories of Wood Gibeon, New York, and Tompkins & Mandeville, together with a complete assortment of Concord and other Harness. **Fine Silk Plush Robes, Lap Robes of all kinds, Horse Blankets, Whips in variety, Wheel Jacks, Wood Stable Forks, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs,** etc., etc. The Agency Goods above enumerated will be sold at Eastern prices with freight added. We have always in stock, and are prepared to manufacture to order, Mountain and other Wagons. In returning thanks for past patronage and favors, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

**CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY**
**OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.**
**Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.**
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.
**NEWSOM & GASH,**
**ARCHITECTS**
Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,
Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.



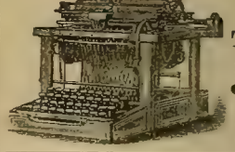
**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.**
**WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.**
**303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.**

**HIGHLAND SPRING**
**LAKE COUNTY, CAL.**
**"The Switzerland of America."**
**OPEN ALL THE YEA**
**Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in v ety and unquestionable value of the me inal qualities of its mineral waters.**
**Daily communication via Cloverdale.**
**DR. C. M. BATES, Proprieto**

**ÆTNA**
**HOT MINERAL SPRIN(**
To the highly curative properties of these water the charms of the place is added an elegant and capa Swimming Bath.
These waters purify the blood, and refresh, renew restore the whole system. They cure Rheumatism, ica, Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Kidney and Liver Dis Chronic Diarrhœa, Paralysis, and Pulmonary Comp in the early stages. These waters are a specific in ca Malaria, Chill and Ague Fever. They afford magic lief in cases of Nervousness, Sleeplessness, and G Debility.
Visitors leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. for St. H thence by daily stage (Sundays excepted), arriving Ætnas at 5 P. M. For pamphlet, containing analysi cures, address WM. BURNELL, Sup't, or WM LIDELL, Proprietor, Lidell P. O., Napa Co., Cal.

**BERKSHIRE PIGS**
Cheaper to feed good pigs than poor ones. We pure bred Pigs from our Imported English Boar and —imported in 1880 and 1884. Prices $15 to $30. Pigs one to six months old. Address **J. J. TRUMAN, Market Street, San Francisco.**

**BUGGIES**
If you want a high-priced Buggy, Carriage, or Ph or if you want a good one for a low price, describe you want, and order from
**TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., 511 Market St.,**



**Remingt**
STANDAR
**Type-Wri**
Again improve perfected. See
**G. G. WICK & CO., 539 Marke**
Opp. Sansome,

**TO YOUNG MEN.**
There is nothing which will make a fortune for yo so little outlay as a **HAY BALING PRESS.** PRICE PRESS, with three men, will earn $1,600 season; costs $450. The MONARCH PRESS, at puts ten tons in a box car and will clear $10 to $20 p There is money in baling hay. These are the best p Address **TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO.,** San Fra

**A. P. HOTALING & CO.**
**429 to 437 Jackson St.,** sole agents for the **Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky,** "O. P. S.," O. K.," "O. K." "A No. 1," "A." Established 18

**BONESTELL ALLEN & CO. PAPER WAREHOUS**
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST
**Importers of All Kinds of Pap**

**BEAUTIFUL SNOW**
**FOR THE COMPLEXION!**
This elegant preparation is the most perfect be known. It is pure and harmless, delightful in its a tion, and wonderful in its effects, while the closest s fails to detect its use. Prepared by
**H. BOWMAN, Chemist, Oakl**
For sale by all druggists.

**GERMEA**
**FOR BREAKFAST**
**DELICIOUS.**
**TRY IT!**

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. No. 7. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 16, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: The *Argonaut's* Opinion of "The Press"—Sensation, not Sense—Free Advertising for Dr. O'Donnell—"Lepers in California," according to the New York *Morning Journal*—Its Description of Imaginary Lepers—The Chicago *Tribune* also Deceived—Munchausen O'Donnell and how he "Scooped" the Eastern Reporters—Go from Home to Learn the News—The Political Outlook—Protection versus Free Trade—A Few Salient Points for the Workingman—Why the English Dislike Blaine—The Effect of Butler's and Tammany's Bolt on the Democratic Party—Need of a New Party in San Francisco—Arctic Explorations—Their Utter Uselessness—Were the Survivors of the Greeley Party Justified in their Acts?—A Hope that this will be the Last of Arctic Expeditions—The Earthquake Shocks at the East—Probability that they have only begun—Cyclones, Sun-strokes, Mad Dogs—now Earthquakes—A Gloomy Outlook..... 1-3

CORRESPONDENCE: "Ouida" Scored—A Gaul Tilts at "Parisina"—A Workingman on the Situation..... 3

A BOURGEOIS ROMANCE: The Humble Idyl of a Shop-girl's Love; by François Coppée..... 4

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People all Over the World..... 5

OLD FAVORITES: Roundhead Ballads—"Naseby," by Lord Macaulay; "To the Lord Protector," by John Milton; "Battle Song," by William Motherwell..... 5

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day..... 5

THE MARQUIS DE LEUVILLE: "Flaneur" describes his many meetings with Mrs. Frank Leslie's Fiancée—The Pranks of that Peculiar Personage—An Interesting New York Letter..... 6

THE COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER: A Useful Guide to Epistolary Elegance—By Frank R. Stockton..... 6

SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip..... 7

THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest..... 7

THE ARTIFICIAL MAN: A Semi-scientific Story of Life Engendered by Chemistry..... 8

LITERARY NOTES: New Books—Miscellaneous Gossip..... 8

STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic, and Otherwise: The German's Idea of Warfare—Congressional Wit—An Ohio Man in Church—A Farewell Sermon—She Ought to Know—A Living Directory—How he Left the Ram—The Yankee and the Archdeacon..... 9

VANITY FAIR: French and English Mourning—Popularity of the Tricycle among Ladies—Fashionable Dress Materials—A Belle's Method of Bathing—Gentlemen's Bathing Costumes—A Parisian Fête—The Dress of a Long Branch Belle—Some Old-time Dresses—Actresses' Foot-gear 9

RIVAL QUEENS OF OPERA BOUFFE: "Parisina" Discourses on Mesdames Judic and Théo—A Singer who Surpasses Schneider and an Actress who Rivals Bernhardt—The Complaisant Husbands of the Pair—A Gossippy Paris Letter..... 10

ANCIENT AND MODERN FABLES: Charon and the Prima Donna—Alcibiades on Busts—The Fate of an Aged Trunk..... 10

THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "Mugwumps' Campaign Song"—"The Faded Booms"—"A Sportsman's Love"—"A Mellifluous Madrigal"—"Painting the Town Red"..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record..14-15

One of the special peculiarities of the *Argonaut* is the genuine and sincere contempt it has for the press—a contempt which it loses no fair opportunity to express. It is our opinion that the most over-slobbered, over-rated, over-estimated of all the institutions of modern civilization is the press. In comparison with it, nothing is so mercenary, venal, or cowardly. Nothing is more unreliable. If it is not enterprising in the direction of being sensational and nasty, it is dull and heavy to the point of stupidity. If it is not viciously criminal and demoralizing, if it does not pander to the very worst passions by its utter disregard of decency, then it is liable to go to the other extreme of hypocrisy and cant. The political press is in no sense representative of the intelligent statesmanship of the country. The commercial press does not pretend to be a type of commercial honor. The religious press is simply imbecile. The newspaper that has power abuses it. The one that has not is a sycophant. By power, of course, we mean money. The journalist is influential and honored for his money. A person is not a journalist in America because he is a writer, but because he is a proprietor. To be a great journalist does not demand ability, culture, experience; does not require the possession of any virtue or any other talent than that of business, and no brains other than those possessing the business faculty. The greatest "journalists" of America never write; they never even direct the policy of their papers, except in the money-making direction; they are not, as a rule, men of good character, and they are often profligate and unprincipled. To print libelous articles—within the line of the law—is enterprise. To invade the domestic circle—within the safety of the cowhide or the pistol—is admissible. To color, or misstate, or suppress facts, in order to satisfy the prejudice of the reader, is the common mode of conducting the modern newspaper. We did not intend this homily when we began, with our scissors, to go over our exchanges. We had cut out of the New York *Morning Journal* an account of our Doctor O'Donnell's Eastern pilgrimage, with "two lepers." Doctor O'Donnell is not a very learned nor over-educated son of Esculapius. He is a nervous, earnest, cranky, half-crazy enthusiast, whose enthusiasm finds vent in sand-lot and street oratory. His leading topic is the topic that is on top—to-day, anti-Chinese; to-morrow, labor's wrongs and capital's oppressions. Just now his special craze is leprosy and a desire to be elected coroner of San Francisco. A few days since, after advertising his Eastern pilgrimage, with a "procession of lepers," with which he was to traverse the continent—which he did not intend to do, because he has no lepers, and because there are none to be had—he took his grip-sack and walked on board the ferry-boat, bound for an overland trip. His advertising dodge succeeded, and all the journals of the Eastern States have been caught by the doctor for free advertising. The health officers of Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other Eastern cities have formally consulted how best to resist the leprous invasion. The newspaper press, the reporters, and editorial writers have all bestirred themselves in giving notoriety to O'Donnell and his lepers. For the benefit of our Eastern readers, we may observe that occasional lepers have found their way here from China or the Sandwich Islands. They have been returned to China, as from time time a few have accumulated. *So far as is known to-day, either to our health department or to our medical faculty, there is not one case of the disease known in California.* There is not, and has never been, in this State, an authenticated case of a white leper. The article in the New York journal referred to leads out with astounding headlines in display type:

"GOTHAM'S LEPER GUESTS."

"DR. O'DONNELL ARRIVES WITH HIS FRIGHTFUL EXAMPLES."

"*The Wretched Lepers Stoned by the Populace on their Journey East—Harrowing Tales of Human Suffering.*"

That this article may be fully appreciated before it is read, let us say again that there are no lepers in California; that none went East, or intended to go; that the man O'Donnell was never a member of the Legislature or the Constitutional Convention. For the "tall, courtly, gray-haired, mustached, and imperialed Southern gentleman from Baltimore," picture a snub-nosed Irishman. For "two thousand" lepers, read "ooo." For any lepers at all the imagination may be called upon, or photographs which were not taken in San Francisco. That "Ah Chin," or any other leper ever worked as a domestic in San Francisco; that a leper could work at any trade; that there is such a place as "Bull Run Alley," or that it has any "underground" stories; that Doctor O'Donnell ever spoke to any other audience than a beggarly mob of straggling street-loafers; that he was followed to the boat by any number of people; that he had a freight-car or rode in a caboose; that the lepers he did not have were stoned at any station; that the Doctor made any anti-Chinese speeches along the road; that there were difficulties about taking lepers through Eastern cities; that there are "leprous cigar factories" in San Francisco; that there is a "rich San José farmer" who is a leper; that there are "leprous fruit-pickers," and "leprous laundrymen," and a "leprous printer"; that there is a "rich young woman twenty-six years old with a black mantle over her head," of "good family," who is leprous—all of this stuff, which the reporter narrates as fact, is sheer, wicked, invented moonshine, to enable a crazy quack doctor to make a sensational visit to Eastern cities. All his lying and mischievous inventions about "steamers bearing from eight to ten lepers from China and the Sandwich Islands," the "ten hundred and ninety-five coolies on one ship imported as merchants and students," the thousand of lepers in San Francisco "hidden in cellars," the "thirty-four" in the pest-house—all these terrible things are found only in the empty head of this crack-brained, Irish quack who is traveling in the East imposing upon the credulity of reporters, who, in turn, through an irresponsible newspaper press, are selling these lies to that part of the community which is stupid enough to place any reliance upon them. If this outrageous and lying fabrication was not calculated to prejudice our State by preventing immigration, it would be better to let it pass unnoticed. We reproduce the entire article, for the several purposes of showing what a contemptible thing is the press that will give circulation to such a sham sensation, and to inform our Eastern readers what a false and lying knave is this Irish quack, and to put Eastern people generally upon their guard against any credence in this kind of sensational literature. The article is from the New York *Morning Journal* of August 1st:

Two of the worst Chinese lepers ever seen in the United States will be shown at noon to-day in Union Square, by Doctor E. C. O'Donnell, formerly a member of the Constitutional Convention of California, a man who has spent half a lifetime and a fortune in the anti-Chinese agitation. He arrived in the city early yesterday morning, and took a suite of rooms at the Grand Union Hotel. At a late hour last night the two lepers were expected to come into the city at three o'clock this morning in a freight-car. Doctor O'Donnell does not exhibit them for money. He pays his own expenses, gives free lectures, takes up no collection, does not receive a cent, and would not accept a cent. He was the first man who spoke on the sand-lots in California, has been a member of its Legislature, and is the author of several of the anti-Chinese laws in its new Constitution. He named Nob Hill, and also discovered and repudiated Kearney. He has been a practicing physician in San Francisco for thirty-four years. He is tall and courtly, has gray hair, gray mustache and imperial, and talks like a Southerner, having been born in Baltimore, Maryland, to which city he is now returning after thirty-five years' absence.

The two of the thousand Chinese lepers of San Francisco that he has brought with him are Wo Lin and Ah Chin. The face of the former is frightfully swollen, and the flesh lies on it in folds so that it has the appearance of being corrugated. Their heads are twice the natural size. Neither can see except by turning his eyes up toward the sky. Wo Lin has lost all his fingers and half of each foot. His left leg is as large as a pillar. His mouth is drawn to one side, and his face emaciated from the destruction of its muscles. Each has tubercular leprosy. The doctor, who is familiar with the disease, says they are the worst specimens of lepers he has ever seen. He discovered them four days before he left for the East, living two stories under-ground in Bull Run Alley, between Pacific and Broadway streets, in San Francisco. It is thought that they had been hidden there by the Six Companies. The two had been in the country eight or nine years, and had probably had leprosy four or five years. Wo Lin had lived on a boat at Hongkong, and had rarely been on land until he came to California. He made men's overalls. Ah Chin also was from Hongkong. He worked as a house servant in a very respectable family in San Francisco, and had the leprosy while he was there. The first is thirty-one years old, the second twenty-seven.

Doctor O'Donnell induced the two lepers to come East with him by giving them food, medicine, and money. He left San Francisco a week from last Sunday. Before starting, he spoke to a vast crowd in front of the City Hall, and was followed to the railway station by twenty thousand people. He had hired a freight car. He put a horse in one end of the freight car and the lepers in the other. They were provided with rice, tea, vegetables, and chickens, and a portable stove with charcoal for fuel. The doctor rode in the caboose.

News that a train bearing the Chinese leprosy across the continent was coming went faster than the cars. At nearly every station the car in which the lepers were was stoned. The two unfortunate victims were not hurt, but were frightened nearly to death. The doctor made an anti-Chinese speech at nearly every town at which the train stopped, speaking some days twelve or fifteen times. At Chicago the freight train with the lepers was side-tracked on the prairie just outside the city. Here Doctor O'Donnell made three speeches against the Chinese, to great crowds in the open air. The lepers were not permitted to come into the city, and some difficulty

was found in taking them through the town on the cars. They were seen, however, by reporters of Chicago newspapers. The doctor took an express train here, and hurried to New York, leaving his anti-Chinese arguments to follow in a box-car. He does not apprehend that there will be any opposition to showing the two lepers here, as their horrible affliction is not contagious, though experience in California shows that it is not hereditary only, but may be derived by contact. If the authorities seize them and take them to one of the island hospitals, the doctor says that he will be glad, as he will then be rid of them.

A *Journal* reporter last night called on Doctor O'Donnell, at the Grand Union Hotel. The gray anti-Chinese agitator occupied a front suite of rooms on the second floor.

"My object in coming East," said he, "is to educate the people on the Chinese question. They seem not to understand it."

As he said this with great earnestness, he took from a portfolio photographs of two hundred Chinese lepers of San Francisco. Horrible, revolting faces, with a leonine look, and on which the flesh hung in great folds. Eyes that that had a hideous look. Scars, and limbs from which half the members were missing. One of the limbs of one of the Chinamen was larger than his body. Another had a frightful swelling that weighed nearly a hundred pounds.

"These nineteen victims of leprosy," said the doctor, indicating a card on which there were nineteen photographs, "were nineteen cigar-makers. I found them making cigars two stories under ground, one hundred and fifty feet back from the sidewalk. There they lived in filth and darkness."

When they came to the light they could not see. All were nearly blind. The cigars they made were sold on the streets. They had probably been hidden away by the Six Companies. Again, they like dampness because it ameliorates their sufferings. Here are photographs of Fo Lim and Yo San, with leprosy of the worst type. They owned a cigar factory. Here are thirteen Chinamen who went to work for them. They were healthy when they went to work. All got leprosy. Employers and employed were sent together to the pest-house.

"Here are photographs of four white men, all with leprosy. The first was a rich farmer near San José. He hired twelve or thirteen Chinamen to pick fruit for him. He supposes that he contracted leprosy from them. The second was an engineer in San Francisco. He believes that he got the leprosy through shirts washed at a Chinese laundry.

"This is an American printer, who was infected with leprosy by smoking cigarettes made by a Chinaman. His fingers have dropped off. The fourth photograph is of a sheep herder near San Francisco who hired Chinese herdsmen, from whom he contracted the terrible disease. You see that picture of a young woman with a black mantle thrown over her head, who has the leprosy so terribly? That is a young woman of one of the wealthiest families in California. She is highly educated, and only twenty-six years old. The whole family have the leprosy—three daughters, two sons, father, and mother. They live in a fine house in San Francisco, and never go outside of it. I have been in the house and am acquainted with the family. They contracted leprosy from Chinese servants employed in the house. Only two weeks ago I caused the arrest of a beautiful and educated English girl with leprosy on a steamer which had arrived at San Francisco from Honolulu, where she had contracted it from the Chinese. She was sent to the pest-house despite the protestations of her parents. Every steamer that comes to San Francisco from the Sandwich Islands and from China carries with her from eight to ten cases of leprosy.

"The anti-Chinese law is inoperative. And as long as you can not keep out the Chinese, you can not keep out leprosy. The *City of Tokio* arrived at San Francisco two weeks ago with ten hundred and ninety-five Chinese coolies on board, and every one came ashore as a merchant or a student. There are a thousand Chinese lepers hidden in the cellars in San Francisco now. Thirty-four are in the pest-house. Nearly a hundred have been sent back to China. The Chinese Six Companies practically own the coolies they bring over. When these servile laborers become lepers they are hidden away in cellars, and set to earning their living by making cigars and cigarettes. Do you think that Chicago or New York would submit to the presence of leprosy within its limits when the awful disease was attacking the white people, as San Francisco does? The Chinese have come to the Sandwich Islands and the Philippine Islands, and they have annihilated the people. I do not want to see my country destroyed as those islands have been."

Even so respectable and careful a journal as the Chicago *Tribune* of July 29th sends out its reporter to whoop up this nonsense. We cut a specimen brick from a two-column article. Says the doctor to the reporter:

"I'm afraid I shan't be able to get the lepers through to New York, and that is what I want most. I don't care anything about these interior towns; they'll take care of themselves; it's the coast towns, and New York in particular, that are endangered. If I can only get my car quietly into New York, and slip those lepers out, and plant them before old Beecher's church, I shall be satisfied."

"Where is the car now?"

"I got a telegram about one o'clock, and it was then only thirty-one miles from here. The car is coming in over the Chicago and Milwaukee road, and is expected here at three o'clock.

"Who has charge of the car?"

"My brother-in-law."

And then the doctor persuades the reporter that he has found two lepers in Chicago. At an evening interview the lepers are supposed to be "side-tracked two miles outside of Chicago." And so our doctor is making the rounds of the Eastern cities, while his imaginary lepers are making the rounds of the Eastern press. The moral of this now long article is the gullibility of the people and the unreliability of the press. This sensational lie is now in process of circulation throughout the Eastern States. It is a specimen of the misrepresentations that are industriously and constantly circulated, and for thirty years have been, to the prejudice of this State. Floods, fires, Indian wars, vigilance committees, squatter riots, stock speculations, financial panics, earthquakes, sand-lot uprisings, epidemics, and other incidents common to all countries, and from most of which we are singularly exempt, have been taken up by the Eastern press and exaggerated, to the great prejudice of our State. And, curiously enough, most all of these things are originated by some egregious, braying ass, that breaks from our own corral. The *Chronicle* made one of its great "hits" by illustrating the dreadful destruction of our earthquake of 1868. The *Call* and *Chronicle* rivaled each other in the sand-lot Irish riot business. Kearney tramped the East to sow communistic rot; and now O'Donnell is endeavoring to convince the world that we are cursed with leprosy. We are cursed with two viler and more destructive things than leprosy—viz., an unreliable daily press and unprincipled political demagogues.

The political outlook presents some grave complications for the Democratic party. It is menaced with danger from within and without. Its present attitude in reference to the tariff question is more embarrassing than its past political history. The war is passed, and by many forgotten; the crime of rebellion is condoned; but the attitude of Morrison and Carlisle, of the Southern politicians, of the leading Democratic jobbing merchants of New York city, of the Democratic party generally, as represented in the last Congress and the last national convention, has convinced the Democratic workingman that the Democratic party is a free-trade party. The practical result of a Democratic victory will lead to such a modification of the revenue laws as will withdraw from American manufactured productions the protection that now gives them advantage over European manufactories. The American mechanic and skilled manufacturing laborer is more intelligent than he was. He reads more and understands better the effect of protective revenue legislation than he formerly did. He is becoming, year by year, more independent in his politics. As manufactures increase laborers multiply, and in this matter capital and labor are united in interest. Wealth and work go hand in hand; fair profits to capital means full wages to labor. So close, so real, and so intimate are these relations that no opportunity is afforded for the political demagogue to insert himself between the two. The great working middle class, which in America comprises the voting majority of the country, is intelligent enough to know that free-trade means "no profits" and "small wages." This class understands the argument better than the political economist or the speculative politician. It is to him a question of beef and bread, school-books and blankets, a leisure Sunday and a summer picnic. It is to the working voter a question of manhood and independence arising from good wages and good profits, and he is going to vote for Blaine and Logan, not because of anything personal to them; against Cleveland and Hendricks, not because of anything personal to them; but because one set of candidates is the output of a convention that represents a protective tariff party, and the other of one that represents a free-trade party—that, and nothing more. It also happens that England is the especial country of free-trade; that it is with English workmen and English workshops that this rivalry is keenest and most direct. It also happens that the great bulk of the Democratic party is composed of Irishmen, who have an especial hate for England and everything English. Irish Democrats are not so ignorant as formerly. Sense and reason have penetrated into their dense craniums, and the Irish voter is beginning to understand that he is used by the Democratic politician for his own selfish purpose—so that when the opportunity is presented him to hit England a lick with his vote and increase his own wages, he sees it. He would be a dense and stupid Irishman who had not the sense to appreciate his political position, and use it, first against the "Saxon oppressors," and next in favor of his own stomach. He would be an unintelligent and ill-informed mechanic who did not know that labor, and labor alone, gives value to all manufactured articles. He would be a dunderhead who could not draw the logical conclusion that, in order to reduce the value or price of an article and that it might be sold cheaper in the market, it would be necessary to reduce the wages of the working-man that produced it.

The attitude of Benjamin F. Butler toward the Democratic party—who, whether rightfully or wrongfully, nevertheless is the representative of a large workingmen's force—is to it a cause of serious danger. It is not an idle boast upon his part that he has one and one-half million of following. He will run independent, and there is no argument required to demonstrate that he will draw a large voting force from Cleveland, who, aside from the position of his party, has a personal record in direct hostility to workingmen and workingmen's interests. Until the Butler element is adjusted, it will remain an unknown quantity in the November result. The attitude of Tammany—little as we personally sympathize with or respect it, and little regard as we have for the persons who lead it—is, nevertheless, an important factor in the political movements now going on. The attitude of the Irish political press and the Roman Catholic religious journals toward the Democratic party, is altogether a novel one. It embodies a revolution both phenomenal and startling. It indicates the appreciation of causes and the movement of influences that have never before acted in this direction. These are indications of changes not merely affecting the surface of affairs, but evidencing such an overturning of political parties as has only once before occurred in the history of American politics. All these things foreshadow the entire destruction of the Democratic organization as it exists to-day, and a reconstruction which will involve modifications to the Republican party of the greatest importance. The Democratic party will meet with such a defeat at this election as it has never experienced. Blaine will carry all the doubtful and half doubtful States. He will be elected by a majority that has not occurred within these later years. He will carry New York—a victory that will prove to the Democracy a rout. The victory of Blaine and Logan will, in our judgment, be so overwhelming and decisive, that it can not be claimed as a Republican party triumph at all. If in California there were no Congressional or municipal election, there would be no contest. The only vitality now in the Democratic party of this State is not for Cleveland or the national platform. The whole force and rallying power lies in the personal candidacy of local aspirants. Take the city and county elections out of the campaign, and from the canvass eliminate the interests incident to personal politics, and California would give twenty thousand majority for the candidate who represents protective revenue laws and an American policy. The Irish rank and file in this State are moving almost solidly for Blaine and Logan. The reasons are found in the treacherous conduct of the chivalry wing, that has sold and betrayed the Irish wing, till, in weariness and disgust, it turns away. What ought to be done in this city of San Francisco is to organize an independent non-partisan citizens' municipal ticket, composed of decent and honest men, who are not nominated by bosses; who, when elected, will not have to divide with bosses; who, as supervisors and legislators, will submit to the dictation of no boss, and who will not permit themselves to be sold in order that a thieving lobby may thrive. This idea will keep. In the meantime, let the Democratic State Committee, the County Committee, the *Examiner* and *Alta*, Bob Hastings and Frank Sullivan, keep up their courage—they will soon be out of the woods.

The newspaper world is in the enjoyment of a delirious ecstasy over the fate of the Greely dead. Were they eaten by the survivors? The light, shrunken remains, as taken from their shallow graves; the painful period of cold and starvation; the fearful struggles against the seeming inevitable—all this affords a fine field for the wildest play of the reportorial imagination. Until this sensation grows old and a new one takes its place, of the two thousand daily words which by contract are sent to our daily journals, fifteen hundred will be occupied in speculations over this utterly unimportant question. If the survivors of the Greeley party maintained their own lives by eating the flesh of their dead comrades, what of it? Those cold remains could not have been put to a better use. If Dr. Pavy and the printer, Henry, were shot under the rigid discipline demanded by the imperiled position and extreme danger of the party, what of it? They had better have stayed at home. These Arctic explorations are so useless, so expensive, and so perilous, that we have but little patience with the governmental authority that allows them, or with the fools who survive or perish in them. Just now we are deeply pitying ourselves that we are likely never to get respite from this new Arctic sensation. This Arctic business is a tremendous nuisance, and now that the people engaged in it are beginning to eat each other, we shall hope that it may be abated. Ever so many years ago a young English seaman was driven from home and country to avoid domestic rows with a virago wife. He never came back. She grew to a white old age, vexing the life of the English admiralty to seek for Sir John Franklin. Half the governments in the world have explored the Arctic seas for a useless passage, and in vain explored a region where nothing is to be found but desolation. If the young adventurers of the navy and cracked-brained scientists could quietly sail away to Arctic seas, and, in event of death, die quietly, starve, or eat each other, and not have such an infernal fuss made over them, we should be content. We should also be content if half the useless lieutenants of our ornamental navy should seek glory in the ice, and if half our worthless ships should be engaged in hunting Syms's Hole and find it. We do not pretend that a dead sailor, after dying of starvation, and eaten cold, is a very appetizing diet. We do not think a lean Frenchman or a fat Dutchman are the choicest of feeding if taken alive. We think the ordinary sailor, at the best, must be strong with tobacco and gin, but we think of no better use for him dead than to bait shrimps. In a word, we do not feel the least bit sentimental over the Greely dead, nor are we going to waste any unnecessary

pity over the survivors, although we are quite willing to admit that they were brought to dire distress upon a very poor diet, from which we are glad they were rescued. We express our honest sentiment when we say that we hope the next expedition may fare worse and never survive to get into the two thousand daily words of our Associated Press dispatches.

There is—there must be—a law of compensations nicely adjusted. New York and the East have had an earthquake. We are glad of it. The East deserves a better specimen of God's wrath than it got, but, and we know it, this is but a gentle reminder of terrible possibilities. Wait till the next time—wait till again an angered Omnipotence seizes your little corner of the footstool, and tosses it about for, say, ten seconds (the last was but five), and you will awake from the catastrophe deeply sobered. You will be dragged out from the burning ruins of your overthrown structures of brick and iron, profoundly humiliated. You will have the conceit taken out of you, and never again, when we Californians tell you of our climate, our Yosemite, our prospective vintage, our marvelous centals of grain, and boast of our golden land, will you drawl out your unwilling assenting, "Y-e-s," and add to it the insulting interrogation, "But how about your earthquakes?" Now you have had an earthquake, and we are glad of it. Yours are just beginning, and ours are at their final end. We think we have had our last. We think you of the East will have a great many more, and a great many harder ones and more destructive. Think, O Boston, of Sodom; think, O Philadelphia, of Gomorrah; think of cities destroyed for their sins. Think, O Brooklyn, of the ruin caused by the absence of seven righteous men, and reflect that you have Henry Ward Beecher! Think, O wicked city of New York, of your Tammany, your Independents, your painted dudes, your whited sepulchre full of dead politicians' bones! Sun-strokes, strokes by lightning, mad dogs, cyclones, epidemics, and money panics are but the gentle reminders of the final avenging earthquake that shall topple your twelve-story buildings, your Brooklyn Bridge, your pride, into chaos, and take from you the conceit and arrogance of your commerce and your wealth. This earthquake was doubtless intended by the Author of all Good to shake free-trade out of your merchants, deviltry out of Tammany, hypocrisy out of the Independent dudes, and to remind you that the God who rules in Israel, who controls the destinies of men, and who holds in His hands the four quarters of the earth, expects you to vote for Blaine. The serious aspect of this Eastern earthquake is the danger it presents of sending to our coast an undesirable emigration. The fact is—and we admit our selfishness in the premises—we do not want any more people. We have enough at present, and we look forward with alarm to the time when the beauty of our climate, the wealth of our soil, the luxury of our markets, and all the generous attractions of our locality shall be appreciated, and draw to our coast a redundant and over-crowded population. In this view of the case, we hear of the cholera in France, of dynamite disasters in England, earthquakes at the East, and cyclones in the West, with deep regret, for fear that these things will drive too many of their people to California.

The position taken by Mr. Blaine in reference to the scandal against him is admirable. His position marks a new era and the establishment of a new relation between candidates for office and the libelous hounds of the newspaper pack. It is the bad custom of the meaner party journalists to open in full-mouthed cry upon the track of any and every candidate seeking office. The result has a tendency to drive every sensitive and quiet citizen to eschew the political career. He is a bold man, a hard-cheeked and callous one, who has the courage to attempt to serve his country in official life. The rascal who has no shame and no reputation to lose, and who is willing for the chance of plunder to run the gauntlet of detraction and defamation, is the material from among which too many of our official servants are chosen. Cleveland, the Democratic candidate, is charged with grave offenses against the decencies of life—charges that involve his personal honor—and, either in innocent indifference to a false accusation or the consciousness of undeniable guilt, he takes to the woods. Blaine is charged with similar offenses, and, with the prompt and manly resolve of a courageous and guiltless mind, he challenges his accuser, summons the vile and cowardly miscreant before the courts to defend himself and his libelous journal from the crime of false and malicious libel. If the friends of Mr. Blaine—we do not mean his political friends, but those who know and honor him in his personal and domestic relations—had gone to Indianapolis and retired John C. Shoemaker from life, by the quiet and undemonstrative strangulation of hemp, had razed the printing office in which the Indianapolis *Sentinel* was printed, had thrown its type into some convenient cess-pool, it would have been better, because it would have been a more speedy and satisfactory punishment of a crime for which there is no excuse, no apology, and no compensation measurable in moneyed damages. We are glad that this suit for libel is to be brought. We hope it is the beginning of an irreconcilable and unrelenting war against the infamous policy that permits a party journal, or any journal, to invade the domestic and private life of any man, under any circumstances, without being held to a prompt and exacting responsibility. Benjamin F. Butler never did a bolder, nor for himself a more popular, thing than when in Congress he shook his clenched fist at the reporters' gallery, defied and threatened it, and exhibited to the world the contempt he felt for a cowardly, libelous press. Mr. Blaine has done a bold thing in the midst of a Presidential canvass to declare that he will vindicate his private character, and protect the honor of his wife against the slanders of the Democratic press. We honor him for it, and every brave and honorable man who has a reputation to guard and a family fireside to protect will applaud the courage of the act.

Before the nomination of Blaine was made, it was urged that his candidacy would necessarily involve a defensive campaign. It does not look much like it just at present. He seems to have carried the war into the very heart of Democratic Africa. The free-traders are upon their knees, like the tired and wounded Spartacus, fighting for dear life. The Independent dudes, that were to have lifted the contest up to the high moral plane of a political prayer-gauge, drew their sleds to the top of the hill, but are now sliding down belly-whack, with Beecher in the lead. The bachelor candidate upon the platform that does not condemn the twin relic of Mormonism, has taken to the Adirondacks. The *Sun*, the only independent Democratic journal in America, advises him to resign, and get in out of the wet. The entire united Irish Democratic press—all there is of it that has any influence—inform the Democracy that the Irish no longer apply. The Democracy are taking to their cellars all over the country, in expectation of the political cyclone that is coming in November. One more such "aggressive" Democratic campaign as this, and the wreck of the Democratic party will be scattered along the entire English coast.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### "Ouida" Scored.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Permit me to say that I was somewhat surprised to find a number of quotations from Ouida's last novel published in the *Argonaut* of August 2d, and spoken of as "Philosophy." It may be that the *Argonaut* is right in thus regarding this author's works. I was, however, under the impression that she had met with but scant praise from many of the best critics of the day. One of the best writers of modern times has remarked that, in judging the works of a poet—and I suppose the same rule equally applies to a novelist—three principal things have to be considered—namely, substance, manner, and quantity. It is unnecessary to say that few writers fulfill these requirements in such a manner as to give them an undisputed title to the highest honors. Scott, as a novelist, will stand the test as satisfactorily as any one can ever hope to; nor has, I think, any writer yet appeared who can seriously contest his position as the "Prince of Novelists." Now, we need not go to "Ouida" to learn that "Vanity of vanity, all is vanity." That pessimistic note has been echoing through the world for many centuries, and men of healthy constitutions, men with "mentes sanæ in corporibus sanis," refuse to believe it, nor is it desirable that they should. The teachers we require now, when old creeds are breaking up and old hopes which have solaced the better spirits among men seem almost to be fading away, are those who will stimulate and help us to find the light. But "Ouida" is not content with sounding this dismal note, she is not only pessimistic but cynical. In one place she implies that it would probably be no great loss if civilization were destroyed. It goes without saying that if civilization be destroyed there is nothing we know of worth preserving. What she says as to the world remembering its rich men and forgetting its great men, is really neither more nor less than a libel on humanity. Is there anything in the substance of her works to balance this cynical pessimism? I confess, for my own part, that I have never been able to read one of her novels through. I have commenced some of them, and dipped into them, and then laid them down in utter weariness, and have wondered if people who could really appreciate such works as "Guy Mannering," "Middlemarch," "Shirley," or the "Scarlet Letter," could find any pleasure in Ouida's "Greek Gods" and other characters, if characters they can be called. In regard to style, I imagine that with many people this must be her strong point, and it can not be denied that she is an extremely clever woman. But I think her style should not impose upon those who are conversant with the works of the best authors, for it is verbose, gaudy, and extremely exaggerated. She exhausts the English language in conveying the most commonplace ideas. In the test of quantity, her work certainly does not fall short. Compare the enormous bulk of it with the scanty but priceless results of Hawthorne's genius. Well may she speak slightingly of a civilization which has made her rich, and loaded its book-shelves with her works. What, indeed, can be said for an age which has progressed from "Currer Bell" to "Ouida"?—from the breezy heights of glorious and immortal genius to the noxious swamps of mere cynical talent, baneful in its influence, and, I make bold to say, without a single redeeming point? T. A. BARNES.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 3, 1881.

[The *Argonaut* did not necessarily indorse the lady's "cynical pessimism" by printing some extracts from her new novel. The extracts were simply printed as matter of current literary interest. Whether "Ouida's" tendencies are toward good or evil, the fact remains that she has the largest clientèle of any female novelist writing in English. This would be sufficient defense—if defense were needed—for giving space to her work. As to calling her a "philosopher"—well, we called her a "petticoated philosopher." The young man who wrote the introduction in which those words were used had prided himself on his delicate satire. When he saw, by your letter, how delicate his satire was, he immediately pulled down his satire sign, and has since refused to be comforted.—EDS.]

### A Gaul Tilts at "Parisina."

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I respectfully solicit a place in your columns to protest, as a Frenchman, against the assertion of "Parisina," in your issue of August 2d, "that the French nation is one of the most immoral nations going." I do not wish to qualify such language nor to bandy words with one who uses it, and who, although doubtless lionized while in Paris, yet stoops to fling mud at the French name. I believe that honest people can discriminate between criticism and insult, and so I might let the matter drop. But there are many of those honest people who judge France by Paris, and Paris by the places and people they frequent when there. "Dis-moi qui tu hantes et je te dirai qui tu es." I merely wish to bring testimony in rebuttal, and remind the impartial reader that "Qui n'entend qu'une cloche n'entend qu'un son." One could naturally suppose—at least in France one could—that if any writer were to raise a voice in favor of the French, it would be an American. Alas! for the poor scribes who are hoarse with singing the praises of the "sister republic"! Alas for poor Bartholdi! Alas for De Lesseps! (whose name the Germans have respected throughout our worst contentions). "Aures habent et non audient." And we Franco-American citizens who are in a position to hear the discordant clamor of eulogies on one side and jeers on the other—alas for our tympanums! Alas for the thin-skinned! If these are the feelings entertained by the Americans, our "natural allies," who live far from us, and with whom we never had but friendly intercourse, how should it be with the nations close to us, with our memories of past conflicts; our different forms of government; our rivalry in politics, commerce, etc., maintaining between us a constant and irritating friction? And yet it is an Englishman who vindicates the nation of Franks, for Franks we are still, and are misjudged in consequence. Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, a writer and an artist of great talent, well known in England and throughout Europe, in his book published last year, entitled "The French Judged by an Englishman," does not spare us in his criticisms; indeed, he comes out with many a hard truth about our social system. But then, it *is* truth; he does not go into a justice court to produce a Monsieur Savary, (a defaulter if I am not mistaken), or Naquet, (an ex-communist), as the types of French husbands. Nor does he describe French society by a view of the race-course (see "Parisina" of the 26th of July). But I refer you to his book, and simply quote what has reference to the insult above mentioned, in answer to it. As I have not the original, I must do so in my own language: "One of my country neighbors in the south of France," says Mr. Hamerton, "once asked me the following question: 'You are a foreigner, you have resided in this country for several years; you seem to observe us closely, and you can compare us with another nation. Now, tell me frankly if it appears to you that our women are worse than those who inhabit the English provinces?' 'By no means,' I answered; 'here, as in England, there is no occasion to worry over the conduct of the women—it is blameless. I must confess that abroad, and especially in England,' (Mr. Hamerton had certainly not been in America) 'they generally believe that here women deceive their husbands. It is the Parisian literature which has created this groundless belief. True it is that in France the manner in which marriages are arranged leaves not the shadow of an opportunity for a love story, consequently the novelists and dramatists seek their matter in guilty intrigues. The French writers are much read abroad, and, as the subject is generally a passion for a married woman, the readers of other countries conclude from this that it is a general feature of French life. I know that these guilty intrigues are common in the idle society of Paris—a society better known to foreigners than the quiet and far more numerous society of the provinces. After having witnessed for many years the simple and laborious life of French women, their courage in the fulfillment of their arduous duties, one feels indignant at the monstrous and ridiculous calumnies spread abroad about them. I hope that my English readers are now convinced *that the virtue of French women in the provinces is as unassailable as that of their own mothers and sisters.* There are some exceptions, but the decisions of the courts of divorce proves that there are exceptions in England as well.'" Thanks, Mr. Hamerton. Honor always gives honor where it is due. E. B. LAMARE.

[Mr. Lamare is mistaken in supposing that our Paris correspondent is an American. "Parisina" is an English lady, who has lived long in Paris, and in the provinces as well.—EDS.]

## MUSICAL NOTES.

### Concert of the Loring Club.

The concert of the Loring Club, which took place last Tuesday evening, was unmarked by any conspicuous departure from the general plan of an appropriate and carefully presented programme; but it passed off with that unusual freshness and enthusiasm on the part of the singers, and close attention on the part of the listeners, belonging to the first concert of a new season. And this was not only the first entertainment of the Loring Club's eighth year, it was also the first music we have had since the summer rest came to an end; and, as such, it received the accumulated appreciation one grows ready to bestow upon a pleasure long withheld. A "Loyal Song," by Kücken, very vigorous, very forcible, and very abundant in patriotic asseverations, furnished an animated and solidly sung chorus of introduction. A complete change of sentiment followed, in Fischer's "Woodland Rose"—at least so one would say upon first thoughts, remembering the gentleness and delicacy which transformed the ringing, impetuous voices into tones of tender devotion. But, after, all, it was loyalty in both cases; and the difference in the accent, volume, and so forth, required between a song of fealty to the "patriot hosts" of a man's native land, or to one small, shy inhabitant thereof, merely illustrates the fact that allegiance is capable of being variously expressed. Faultlessly as the "Woodland Rose" was sung, it was received with less pronounced praise than Storch's lovely "Serenade." In this charming composition a dreamy, murmurous accompaniment is taken up by the chorus, and breathed forth in unsyllabled sound. Immediate a tenor voice follows, with words and melody, and is borne along upon the full, rich undercurrent of this supporting harmony. Sung as it was on Tuesday evening, with the solo part given by Mr. Moore, and every attention paid to shading, finish, and poetical reading, the effect could not be other than delightful. A repetition was strongly urged, but the encore was declined. A second number embodying prominent solo parts was presented in the first scene from "Frithiof's Saga," by Max Bruch. These parts were taken by Mr. Nelle, with accompaniment by full chorus, and piano by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr. This selection, with "Discovery," by Grieg, filled the place of honor. The latter, an extremely characteristic composition, and having a conclusion of telling and original power, was a work which appealed to the appreciation through faith more directly than through an immediate comprehension of its interesting and original conceptions. But neither "Discovery" nor the scene from the Saga gave just that unlabored pleasure derived from some of the less pretentious numbers. Take, for instance, that dainty fragment, "Come in the Silent Night." And the Loring Club sang as well as Petschke wrote when this was given. As for the "Theresa Waltzes," by Carl Faust, "They carry me back to the days when I was young" cried some one, in their praise. What more could they ask than the power to restore lost youth? With a bright "March," by Storch, the eight concerted numbers of the evening were concluded. Five enjoyable solos were contributed in addition to the chorus singing by Mrs. Henry Norton. These were: "I hardly know, my darling," by Kjerulf; "O Fatima," from "Abu Hassan," by Von Weber; "Mary Morrison," by Arthur Sullivan; Scena e Ballata, from "Il Guarany," by Gomez; and "Sigh, my Lute," by Helen Hopekirk, as an encore. Although suffering from a troublesome hoarseness, as is so often her ill-fortune in a first number, Mrs. Norton sang the Kjerulf song with great sensibility and feeling. To distantly paraphrase what one has said of a certain young artist, Mrs. Norton's power of rendering may sometimes be questioned, her execution may be called by some pretentious, by others feeble; but one has a conviction that she sees and comprehends things with extraordinary intensity. Certainly her singing on this occasion did everything to deepen this impression. It was a delight from beginning to end, and she was received with most cordial and appreciative demonstration. F. A.

The Orchestral Union will give, during the ensuing season, three concerts in Metropolitan Hall, Fifth Street, and four informal recitals in the rehearsal rooms of the society, in the same building. The first informal recital will be given on Tuesday evening, August 19th.

## A BOURGEOIS ROMANCE.

By François Coppée.

Handsome Madame Bayard, in her black dress and plainly braided hair, was sitting at her desk at the back of the shop, writing quietly in an immense brass-bound ledger, when her husband came home, after having done his commissions for the morning. He stopped on the threshold to grumble at his workmen for taking so long to unload a wagon from the Northern Railway, that was drawn up by the pavement, filled with a dozen barrels of glucose for the great chemist of the Rue Vieille du Temple.

"I have bad news for you," said Madame Bayard, wiping her pen in a little pot of steel shavings, as her husband came into the glass cage. "Poor Voisin is dead."

"Léon's nurse! Ah, poor woman! And her little girl?"

"That is the saddest part of it, my dear. One of poor Voisin's relatives writes to me that they are too poor to burden themselves with the child, and that they will be obliged to send her to the asylum. Oh, those peasants!"

The druggist stood silent for a moment, pulling his thick blonde beard; then, suddenly looking at his wife with kindly eyes, he said:

"You know, Mimi, she is Léon's foster-sister. If we were to take her"——

"That is what I thought," his handsome wife answered, simply.

"That is right!" cried big Bayard, stooping over his wife and kissing her on the forehead, without troubling himself about what his workmen and shop-boys might think of it. "That is right! You are a good woman, Mimi; we will fetch little Norine home here, and she shall be brought up with Léon. That won't ruin us. And I have just done a grand stroke of business. We will go to Argenteuil on Sunday, and fetch the child; it will be a nice little excursion for us."

* * * * * * * *

They were worthy people, the Bayards, and an honor to the drug trade. Their marriage had joined two houses that had long been rivals; for Bayard was the "son" of the "Silver Pestle," which had been founded by his great-grandfather, in 1756, in the Rue Vieille du Temple, and he had married the heiress of the "Offering to Esculapius," of the Rue des Lombards, an establishment which dated back to the First Empire, as was duly set forth by its sign-board, copied from Guérin's celebrated picture. Worthy people! very worthy people! And there were many more like them still in the old Parisian commerce, whatever people may say, keeping up the old traditions, giving back the *pain bénit* to the parish church, going to the upper boxes at the Opera Comique on Sundays, and innocent of the secret of false weights. It was the curé of Blanc-Manteaux who had made the match—he and his brother of Saint-Merri. The curé of Blanc-Manteaux had administered extreme unction to Bayard the father on his death-bed, and it had frightened him to see a young man of twenty-five weighed down by the whole responsibility of such an important house as the "Silver Pestle," a house famous for its ipecacuanhas; and his confrère of Saint-Merri had been very anxious to establish Mademoiselle Simonin, whom he had confirmed, and whose father, old Simonin of the "Offering to Esculapius," famous for its camphors, was one of his most solid parishioners. Their joint negociations succeeded; the camphor and the ipecacuanha—two excellent specialties—were united in the holy bonds of matrimony; there was a dinner and a ball at Véfour's; and for the last ten years Madame Bayard had worked quietly every day, winter and summer, in her glass cage; and, with her pale brunette skin and her simply braided hair, was the ideal of all the young shopmen in the Sainte-Croix de la Bretonnerie quarter.

For a long time there had been a trouble in this happy home, a cloud in the pure sky: the Bayards had no heir; and it was not till five years after their marriage that little Léon made his appearance. You may imagine how joyfully he was welcomed. Now they would be able to write some day, under the "Silver Pestle," these magic words: "Bayard & Son." Only as the child arrived just at the isinglass-melting season, when Madame Bayard's presence in the shop was indispensable, she could not think of nursing him herself. She was obliged, too, to give up the idea of taking a nurse for him at home, on account of the unhealthy atmosphere of this corner of old Paris, and she was obliged to content herself with a journey to Argenteuil every Sunday, with her husband, to see her son at his nurse's, Mother Voisin, who was overwhelmed, as one may suppose, with coffee, sugar, and other delicacies. At the end of eighteen months Mother Voisin brought back the baby, in splendid condition, and now, for the last two years, a nursery-maid, carefully chosen, had taken the child out for an airing every day in the Square of the Tour Saint-Jacques, and displayed the fine rosy cheeks and dimples of the future druggist to her companions. So that the good Bayards, when they heard of the death of Mother Voisin, could not bear to think of the little girl who had been fed with the same milk as their son being abandoned to public charity, and they went to Argenteuil to fetch her.

Poor little Norine! For the fortnight since her mother was laid in the grave she had been taken in by a cousin, who kept an inn and billiard-room, and although not five years old, she was already set to wash the tumblers. Monsieur and Madame Bayard thought her charming, with her great eyes the color of the summer sky, and her luxuriant fair hair that fell loose from her ugly, black mourning cap. Léon, who had been brought down, too, with his nurse, kissed his foster-sister; and the cousin, who had boxed the orphan's ears that very morning for neglecting to sweep out the hall, was as affected as if losing Norine broke his heart. However, he was comforted when his Parisian visitors ordered a copious breakfast.

It was a beautiful Sunday in June. They were in the country, and they must profit by the fresh air—so Monsieur Bayard declared. And while handsome Madame Bayard pinned her petticoats around her and went with the children and the nurse to gather wild flowers in a neighboring field, the druggist, who was not proud, offered the inn-keeper cousin a glass of vermouth, and sat down with him by the billiard-table, which was covered with dead flies. They had luncheon in a hot and shadeless arbor, through which the mid-day sun darted his merciless rays. But what of that?—they had taken their ease and they were comfortable all the same. Madame Bayard had tied her bonnet to the trellis-work, and her husband, in a boatman's straw hat that the inn-keeper had lent him, carved the duck, merrily. Little Léon and Norine, who had made friends directly, emptied the salad-bowl of cream cheese, and gamboled about in the grass. After luncheon they went out in a boat, and, intoxicated with the fresh air and the country, the busy family who lived in a street in Paris that was damp even in the dog-days, were determined to enjoy their rustic idyl to the full.

Yes, there was a moment—as they were coming back in the boat, before a delicious sunset, with little pink clouds on a green ground—when Madame Bayard, grave Madame Bayard, who petrified the shop-boys with a look, began to sing the well-known air, "Toward the Shores of France," keeping time with the splash of the oars, with which her husband was rowing in his shirt-sleeves. They dined in the same arbor they had lunched in; but this second meal was sadder; the night moths which came and buried themselves in the candles frightened the children, and Madame Bayard, overcome with fatigue, had hardly strength to guess the simple riddles on her dessert-plate.

No matter! They had had a good day, and when they came back, in a first-class car, they felt they had done the thing thoroughly. Madame Bayard, with her head leaning on her husband's shoulder, watched Léon and Norine, who had fallen asleep on the nurse's knees, and, half asleep herself, whispered in a happy voice:

"We are doing a good action, Ferdinand, in taking in the poor little thing. And then she will be a companion for Léon. They will be like brother and sister.

* * * * * * * *

And so they grew up together.

Those Bayards really were very worthy people. They made no difference between the humble orphan and their own beloved son—who was destined some day, under the firm of "Bayard & Son," to monopolize rhubarbs and engross castoreums—and they loved her as if she had really been their daughter, little Norine, who was as intelligent as she was sweet, and as delicate of mind as she was dainty of body. The nurse took two children now to the square of the Tour Saint-Jacques when it was fine, and in the evening, at the family dinner-table, there were two high chairs side by side for the foster-brother and sister. Monsieur and Madame Bayard were not long finding out, for that matter, that Norine had a very good influence on Léon. She was quicker, more nervous, and more teachable than the boy, who was lymphatic and heavy—as his father said—and she seemed to communicate something of her own lightness and flame to him.

"She shakes him up," said Madame Bayard.

Since his foster-sister's arrival, Léon had grown brighter and more animated every day. When they were old enough to learn to read, Léon drove his mother to despair. He could not get on, but stuck over one of those alphabets with pictures where the letter E is under an elephant, and the letter Z under a zouave; but as soon as Norine, who had learned to spell very quickly and could read syllables already, came to his aid, the little fellow began to make wonderful progress. It was the same thing when they were both sent to a children's school kept by an old Miss Merlin, in the Rue de l'Homme-Armé. According to the misleading prospectus sent out by Miss Merlin to the shopkeepers of the quarter, there was "a garden" attached to the establishment—that is to say, four broomsticks in a sanded court—and it was there that, on the first day in the play hour, the innocent Léon broke out into cries of terror at seeing the mistress drive one of her knitting-needles into the front of her dress when she had to interrupt her work for a moment. One of the big girls, who was sitting in the corner with the fool's-cap on, explained this phenomenon to Léon and Norine; but, all the same, the boy could never get rid of an impression of superstitious terror when he was in the school-mistress's presence. This terror would have paralyzed his childish faculties and prevented him, in school, from following Miss Merlin's wand when she pointed to the map of Europe or the table of weights and measures, if Norine had not been there to reassure and encourage him. From the beginning she was the best pupil in the school, and to the idle and backward Léon she was a sort of fraternal counselor and affectionate teacher. At about four o'clock Madame Bayard used to watch the two children, whom the nurse had brought home to the shop, settle themselves by her in her glass bureau, and note how Norine, opening a copy-book or a lesson-book, would explain to Léon some exercise he had not understood, or make him repeat the imperfectly learned lesson.

"The good God rewards us," Madame Bayard would say sometimes to her husband at night, between the curtains. "That little Norine is a treasure. So good, and so hard-working! I was listening to her, to-day, working with Léon. I really think without her he would never have learned his multiplication-table."

"Trust me, Mimi," replied Bayard; "I shall not forget. We are getting on very well; we will give her a dot and marry her, won't we, when she is old enough?"

* * * * * * * * * *

She is old enough—age always comes so quickly! And now there is a beautiful, slender, fair, young girl, in the glass cage, sitting beside Madame Bayard, who begins to show silver threads in the bands of her black hair. Norine writes in the big, brass-covered ledger now, while her adopted mother works at some piece of embroidery.

Seven o'clock. The gentlemen ought to be in by now. They have to shut up the shops where gas-jets are flickering and twisting in the November wind. Here they are at last! Bayard has grown stout, and has a corporation, and Léon, who had passed his apothecary's examination last month, has grown into a very handsome young fellow.

"How d'ye do, Mimi?—how d'ye do, Norine? Let us make haste up-stairs to dinner. I have a great piece of news to tell you," said the druggist.

They went up to the dining-room, and while Madame Bayard, seated in her lyre-shaped chair, ladled out the soup, old Bayard tucked his napkin under his chin, looked knowingly at his wife, and said:

"It is all settled, Mimi!"

"The Forgats consent?"

"Yes; and Léon will marry Hortense in six months; and our daughter-in-law will come and live here with us. Yes, Norine, you knew nothing about it, for one doesn't talk of those things before young ladies; but, for the last year and more, Léon has been in love with Hortense Forgat, and has done nothing but torment us to give her to him. *Parbleu!* it was not difficult—we had only to speak the word. Léon is a good enough match. The only difficulty was that we wanted to keep our son with us. However, now everything is settled, and your foster-brother will have the wife he wants. Are you glad?"

"Very glad!" answered Norine.

O deaf ears! O blind eyes! They never heard Norine's voice when she answered them—the dull, sad tone that is the echo of a broken heart! They never saw that Norine turned white, and her head, as though it had suddenly grown too heavy, rolled from side to side as if she were going to faint. They guessed nothing, they understood nothing—this long time they have guessed and understood nothing. And yet they are all fond of her—Norine, who is the charm and the ornament of the house. They even think, good people, of marrying her some day to their head shopman, a widower who has saved money, and who is "everything a woman can wish to make her happy." Léon loves her, too, with all his heart, but as a sweet and kind sister, and he never guesses, this great spoiled boy, that poor Norine is in love with him, and ready to die of the sorrow of it. No, not even this evening, when they have unconsciously inflicted one of the worst of tortures on her, do they suspect the truth. And they will all sleep peacefully, dreaming pleasantly of the future, while Norine, shut in her room—her room that is separated from her adopted parents' by so slight a partition—will fall upon her bed, fainting with pain, and bury her head in the pillow to stifle her sobs.

* * * * * * * *

The ball is over, the rooms are beginning to empty; here and there the candles that have burned down in their sockets have broken the bobèches, and the bits of glass lie scattered on the polished floor.

The Bayards were determined to have the wedding at their own house. And, with plenty of flowers—for they are in the middle of summer—they have decked the Rue Vieille du Temple, till it has quite a festive air, and there they have triumphantly installed their daughter-in-law.

It is all over at last. The young bride and bridegroom are in their wedding-chamber, where Madame Bayard accompanied them a moment. As she comes out she meets Norine in the small drawing-room, where she is helping the servants to put out the lights, and kissed the young girl tenderly, saying:

"Go to bed, my child; you must be tired." And she adds with a smile: "It will be your turn next."

And, at last, Norine is left alone in the darkened room, only lighted by the bed-room candle, which she had put down on the piano.

How strong the flowers smell; and how her head aches! It has been a horrible day! She has suffered agonies from the moment when she knelt before Hortense, her rival, with her mouth full of pins, like any lady's maid, arranging her white satin train, until just now, when Léon, with his arm round his young wife's waist, had drawn her toward him, and, husband and wife, had almost mingled their kisses on her forehead.

Ah, the scent of the flowers is unbearable, and she feels quite giddy.

She falls down into an arm-chair, worn out with the dull pain in her head, and, with her head thrown back, and her forehead pressed between her two hands, watches that door—the door of the room where the young bride and bridegroom are shut in together. She is almost delirious! Oh, how the scent of those flowers hurt her! And what thousands of memories come crowding on her! She sees herself again a little girl in the inn at Argenteuil, and the Parisians arriving so well-dressed and caressing her; and the pretty little boy, with a white feather in his hat, kisses her. Then other pictures follow each other rapidly through her mind. The school in the Rue de l'Homme-Armé, and Miss Merlin, with her knitting-needle sticking in her chest, pointing with the end of her wand to the table of weights and measures; the darkened drug-shop on Sunday, when the shutters were shut and she and Léon played at hide-and-seek behind the sacks and barrels.

O God! Is she going mad? Now she can not help humming the air of that waltz she was dancing with Léon just now. She is suffocated!—oh, those flowers! She must go—at least she must open the window. But she can not get up, she has no strength left. Is this death? Her forehead seems bound by two fingers of iron. Oh, those roses! those orange-blossoms!—those orange-blossoms above all!

At last, with a great effort, she rises, straight and pale—so pale in her white dress. But suddenly she falls—first upon her knees, and then striking her head and shoulder upon the floor.

Poor, poor Norine! She lies outstretched at the door of the bridal chamber—dead.

But was it a broken heart, you ask?

"Not so," says a cynic. "People do not die of broken hearts."

True. Then it must have been the heavy perfume of the flowers.—*Adapted for the Argonaut from the French by Mlle. Bouchier.*

---

Henry J. Raymond, like all men who had been privileged to argue every case without hearing any reply, undertook to discuss both sides of everything in Congress, and therefore when on one occasion he asked to pair with a Democratic member, a Western Republican got up and said: "As the gentleman from New York generally talks one way and votes another, I move that he be allowed to pair with himself."

---

The Maori king will return to New Zealand by way of New York and San Francisco.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

General B. F. Butler will be sixty-six years old in November.

The Queen of Rome has hair forty inches long, and thick in proportion.

John B. Gough was a singer of comic songs in New York before he became a lecturer.

Governor Cleveland has a sister who has been a missionary in Ceylon for thirty years.

Daudet has small black eyes, near together, a dark reddish skin, and firm chin, and is rather stout.

Lieutenant Greely is thirty-nine years old, is tall, thin, dark, with blue eyes and black hair, very near-sighted, but handsome.

President Arthur's state dinners, last winter, are said to have surpassed those given by any of his predecessors in costliness. The nine he gave last season averaged eight hundred dollars each.

Senator Bayard is a conspicuous figure this summer at Rehoboth Beach, Delaware. He is seen daily in the surf, where his daring feats of swimming attract universal attention, as well as his "natty" bathing-suit.

The great-grandmother of George B. McClellan, Mrs. Samuel McClellan, planted three elms in Woodstock, Connecticut, for joy, when she heard the news of the battle of Lexington, and they are now the largest and finest elms in the town.

In his household expenses Jay Gould spends fifty thousand dollars; Mr. Tilden, although a bachelor, spends more; August Belmont's expenses are a hundred thousand a year; and W. H. Vanderbilt's are said to amount to two hundred and fifty thousand.

Sir John Astley has testified in a London court that he permits his own cab-driver to pick up fares as a common cabman, he paying Sir John two dollars and a half a day from the receipts, and he also declared that the Duke of Marlborough had cabs running for hire on the London streets.

President Arthur, at the expiration of his term, will go back to New York and resume his place in his former law firm, but act as consulting counsel. Mr. Arthur is worth about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—a fortune that has come to him in a legitimate way, as he never speculates.

General Todleben, of Sebastopol, who died recently at Weisbaden, was a striking illustration of the extent to which in the Russian army promotion is open to merit. He began life as the son of a Riga shopkeeper; he ended it as a Count of the Russian Empire, and in his last campaign he was commander-in-chief of the Russian army in Bulgaria.

Colonel Mapleson, General Booth, and Madame Patti herself all unite in declaring that there is no truth whatever in the story that General Booth had made enough money from his salvation speculations to purchase Patti's castle in Wales. She has just added a new wing, introduced electric lights, and means to live in her own house herself.

The death of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's second son, Edward J. Holmes, is a severe blow to the distinguished scientist, novelist, and poet. The young man was a graduate of Harvard College, and at one time the private secretary of Dr. Holmes's intimate friend, the late Senator Sumner. Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr., another son, is a lawyer, and a writer of books on the law.

Moltke the Silent, as he is called, at eighty-four, is tall, slender, erect, with a sallow, beardless face, stony gray eyes, and yellow hair, wearing a cap and a military coat. Unattended by even a single servant he walks through the streets of Berlin slowly and noiselessly, Saluted by every soldier he meets, he returns the courtesy, but apparently without noticing to whom, and everywhere he retains a cold, absorbed, mysterious manner.

Mrs. Weldon's success in her recent action has made her the most notorious woman in England. She has suggested fierce inquiries in Parliament on the laxity of the lunacy laws, while she is wildly applauded at the fashionable music hall, where she sings nightly. In court she wore a close-fitting black dress, a Spanish collar, and a single massive gold bracelet. She has a once pretty face spoiled by a self-complacent simper.

Attorney-General Brewster has always been noted for his aristocratic bearing and rigid observance of "deportment"; but he seems to be surpassing himself in his visit to Long Branch. "His coming," says a correspondent, "was preceded by seven horses and a pony, eight vehicles, sixteen trunks, four valises, and a hat-box. Six rooms in the hotel and eight outside are occupied by his forces, which consist of himself, Mrs. Brewster, their little son, a private secretary, a valet, a coachman, a footman, and a maid. His victoria is ten feet high, and painted gold and black, with broad red wheels, and the coachman and footman are stupendous to contemplate."

The wife of Lieutenant Greely is described as follows: She possesses a face and figure of such remarkable beauty that they attract the attention and arouse the admiration of the most unconcerned. She is apparently about thirty years of age, tall and slender. Her complexion is dark, and her hair and large luminous eyes are as black as a raven's wing. On her regular and well-cut features are traces of care and sadness, caused by three years of uncertainty as to the fate of her husband. "My family," she said to a reporter, "gave up my husband as lost a long time ago, and tried to convince me that further hope was useless; but though I have worn mourning for several months past, I could never convince myself that I was in reality a widow. You see, my wifely instinct was correct, for my husband is returned to me safe and sound, and I hope never to leave his side again."

## ROUNDHEAD BALLADS.

### The Covenanters' Battle-Chant.

To battle! to battle!
To slaughter and strife!
For a sad, broken covenant
We barter poor life.
The great God of Judah
Shall smite with our hand,
And break down the idols
That cumber the land.
Uplift every voice
In prayer and in song;
Remember the battle
Is not to the strong.
Lo, the Ammonites thicken!
And onward they come,
To the vain noise of trumpet,
Of cymbal and drum.
They haste to the onslaught,
With hagbut and spear;
They lust for a banquet
That's deathful and dear.
Now horseman and footman
Sweep down the hillside;
They come, like fierce Pharaohs,
To die in their pride!
See, long plume and pennon
Stream gay in the air!
They are given us for slaughter,
Shall God's people spare?
Nay, nay; lop them off—
Friend, father, and son;
All earth is athirst till
The good work be done.
Brace tight every buckler,
And lift high the sword!
For biting must blades be
That fight for the Lord.
Remember, remember,
How saints' blood was shed,
As free as the rain, and
Homes desolate made!
Among them—among them!
Unburied bones cry:
Avenge us—or, like us
Faith's true martyrs die!
Hew, hew down the spoilers!
Slay on, and spare none;
Then shout forth in gladness,
Heaven's battle is won.

*William Motherwell.*

### To the Lord General Cromwell.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plowed,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war. New foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

*—John Milton.*

### Naseby.

Oh! wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the north,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press that ye tread?
Oh! evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.
It was about the noon of a glorious day of June
That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine,
And the man of blood was there, with his long essenced hair.
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.
Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The general rode along us to form us for the fight;
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.
And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line;
For God! for the cause! for the Church! for the laws!
For Charles, king of England, and Rupert of the Rhine.
The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravos of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall
They are bursting on our flanks! Grasp your pikes! Close your ranks!
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.
They are here—they rush on—we are broken—we are gone—
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth Thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name! and fight it to the last!
Stout Skippen hath a wound—the centre hath given ground.
Hark! hark! what means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he! thank God! 'tis he, boys!
Bear up another minute. Brave Oliver is here!
Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row;
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dikes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accursed,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.
Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar:
And he—he turns! he flies! Shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.
Ho, comrades! scour the plain; and ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search secure;
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.
Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.
Where be your tongues, that late mocked at heaven, and hell, and fate?
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades?
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths?
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?
Down! down! forever down, with the mitre and the crown!
With the Belial of the court, and the Mammon of the Pope!
There is woe in Oxford halls, there is wail in Durham's stalls;
The Jesuit smites his bosom, the bishop rends his cope.
And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword;
And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the houses and the word!

*—Thomas Babbington Macaulay.*

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The motto of a canning establishment: Possunt quia posse videntur: "They can because they seem to can."—*Life.*

"Yes, I am pretty tired," he said; "I sat up with a corpse." "Was it a wake?" asked a friend. "No," he answered sadly, "it was not awake; it was dead."

Chicago people have a habit of leaving their fatherless babes on each other's door-steps. It is a thing that evens itself up, however, as each fellow gets one after a while.—*Chicago Herald.*

*Clergyman* (on his way from church, to the son of a parishioner rather addicted to hunting on Sunday)—"My little boy, I didn't see your father at church this morning; I am afraid he does not fear God."

*Young Heathen*—"Oh, yes, I guess he does; he took his gun with him this morning."—*Life.*

"I want to present Augustus with a cane," said a New York lady; "but I don't know what size he wears."

"What do you mean by size?" was the question; "are canes of different sizes?"

"Oh, yes, and one has to be very careful in selecting them. I shouldn't like to send dear Augustus a cane with a head big enough to choke him."—*Philadelphia Call.*

*Teasing Bud*—"Oh! *do* you like my friend, Miss Ingénue? I am so glad! Don't you think she is very *comme il faut?*"

*Amiable Gentleman* (not to be outdone in polyglot admiration)—"Yes; and then, too, there is something so very *passée* about her!"

He wonders after a time whether *distinguée* was not the word he meant to use.—*Life.*

*Irate Farmer*—"See here, sir, if you are going to run a railroad through my farm, I want forty thousand dollars damages."

*Superintendent*—"Forty thousand dollars! Great Cæsar, man! You only paid four thousand dollars for the whole property three months ago!"

*Irate Farmer*—"Yes; but a railroad makes it ten times more valuable."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Scene—Rooms of a young medical student. He is engaged in dissecting. To him enters a friend.

*Friend*—"Hello, Jimmy! Whose corpse is that?"

*Jimmy*—"Mine."

*Friend* (thunderstruck)—"Yours? Why, how"——

*Jimmy*—"Of course it's mine; I bought it and paid for it."

Friend drinks Croton water and dies.—*Puck.*

*Fair Patient*—"Have you any idea what is the matter with me, doctor?"

*Doctor*—"Why, I can diagnose your case, miss, with my eyes shut. There is nothing the matter with you except that you need rest."

*Fair Patient*—"Why, I have just come back from a whole month at the most popular health resorts."

*Doctor*—"Yes, as I said, you need rest."—*Philadelphia Call.*

"The moon is waning," Elfrida said, sitting a little closer to Ethelred to keep off the malaria. "Yes," said old Sir Marmalade, her sire, who crossed the piazza at that moment, "and the swain is mooning. Haw, haw, haw!" and he was gone. Ethelred shuddered and drew Elfrida to his side until she had to breathe in her mind. "Thank heaven," he said, earnestly, "that the moon is not waxing! I tremble to think what a joke it might have suggested to him!"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"For ten years past," said the new boarder, "my habits have been regular as clock-work. I rose on the stroke of six; half an hour later I sat down to breakfast; at seven I was at work; dined at twelve, ate supper at six, and was in bed at nine-thirty; ate only hearty food, and hadn't a sick day in all that time."

"Dear me," said the deacon, in sympathetic tones, "and what were you in for?"

And in the awful silence that followed you could hear the hash grate its teeth.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

They were out blue-fishing, and the girl with the yellow bang wanted to go back.

"Yes, marm," said the skipper. "Don't feel very spruce, and pine for the shore, eh? Home? Walnut jest yet. Yew will like it better if ye ain't sycamore. This hazel clear up, and then ye can see the light-ship. She's worth lookin' at, if you've never cedar. I wood like more breeze, so'd we could leave that bark behind us. Don't eat candy, thank ye; wouldn't give mahogany. Oak-eep your lines clear o' the 'elm, can't ye? Ready about, now. Look out for your heads."—*Life.*

"Say, Cap, can you give me a small contribution for campaign expenses?" said a tramp, stepping up to a business man. "I am doing a little collecting to help things along."

"What party are you a representative of?" asked the merchant.

"Now, which would you suppose, judging from my personal appearance?"

"Well, that is rather a difficult question. From your hungry and hopeless look, I might take you for a Greenbacker; from your assumed pious expression and the extent of your cheek, I should say you were a Re[illegible] but when I catch the aroma of your breath and [illegible] size and color of your nose, I set you down as a I[illegible] every time."—*Texas Siftings.*

## THE MARQUIS DE LEUVILLE.

"Flaneur" Tells his Experience with Mrs. Frank Leslie's Fiancé.

The affair between the Marquis de Leuville and me is slowly approaching a crisis. Whenever I meet the big-shouldered, wasp-waisted, high-heeled, bejeweled, and well-oiled scion of the noble house of "Louisville," some untoward event occurs. A malignant fate presides over us whenever we come in contact. I don't know why this is, for I have always regarded the marquis as one of the most extraordinary and unique creations of heaven. Added to a form and face which has no counterpart on earth are all the attractions that can be bestowed by unlimited tailors, indefatigable barbers, corset-makers, boot-makers, and decorators. "Louisville" is an admirable illustration of the highest result of a combination of art, mechanism, and nature. He is interesting because he defines the limit. Nothing can go beyond "Louisville." Twice within a week I have had the misfortune to come into violent collision with the betrothed of Mrs. Frank Leslie. On both occasions he has glared at me as long as it was possible for him to do so, and I suspect that the result will be gore.

When he trotted into an elevated car a short time ago, carrying Mrs. Leslie's fan, poodle-dog, parasol, wrap, and morning paper, I ventured to smile. I had not fairly got the manœuvre under way when I was obliged to abandon it and look serious under the fierce gaze of the marquis. He sat directly opposite me, beside Mrs. Leslie, and stared at me with an air that meant that if I smiled again I would die with the smile on my lips. When Mrs. Leslie arose haughtily and left the car, and the marquis trotted after her with her bits of luggage, I ventured to grin again; he turned at the door and glared back and caught me in the act. The car started off before there was time for further manifestations.

One evening this week I was wandering down Broadway, after dinner, when the Marquis de Leuville and Mrs. Leslie came around the corner from the Hotel Victoria, and started up town. They were surrounded, as usual, by a picturesque and motley throng of small boys, newspaper venders, and loungers, and accompanied by a cavalcade of cheap yellow cabs, whose drivers entreated "Gustawvus"—as they called the marquis—to ride in their hacks free of charge. The nobleman wore his usual serene and haughty look; his nose was held high in the air, and the radiance of the neighboring gas-lamps was caught in the oily locks of his beard and hair. His single glass dangled over his bulging breast, and his feminine gloves and boots were of the usual immaculate fit and infantile dimensions. He gossiped with Mrs. Leslie and paid no attention whatever to the crowd. Just as he approached the corner of Twenty-eighth Street, he excused himself to his fiancée a moment, and went into a cigar store to get a light. This to me was a bitter disappointment. It will do for a grocery-store young man who is out for a walk at night with his best girl, for a husband of independent attributes who is returning from the theatre with his wife, or for a remorseless and case-hardened lover; but for a marquis to adopt such a plebeian measure for getting a light was disappointing.

I suppose that everybody has noticed that a woman is never so thoroughly lonely and forsaken as when she is standing outside of a cigar-store waiting for her escort to "get a light"; she usually walks on a few steps and then encounters the crowd which invariably hangs about a cigar-store, and directly retraces her steps. She looks curiously into the window, folds and unfolds her hands, taps the sidewalk with her boot, and then abruptly walks to the gutter and attempts, without success, to assume the outward resemblance of one who is waiting for a car. Every one who passes gazes at her, whether she be comely or not, and, when the man comes out of the cigar-store, in nine cases out of ten he finds that the temperature has fallen several meters. It is only fair to say that Mrs. Frank Leslie displayed none of those symptoms when the marquis deserted her in order to light his paper cigarette. She placed herself plump in front of the little cigar-store door, and stood there gazing in. The cheap hackmen ceased prodding their horses with the butts of their whips, and thus came to a standstill, the loungers gathered around the window, and the small boys elbowed their way around Mrs. Leslie and peeped in at the door. She stood placidly and serenely. The marquis delivered a Bostonian smile to the man behind the counter, rolled his cigarette, took a light, bowed, and turned toward the door. The man had the expression of one who was confronted with an awful problem. His contracted brow was raised, his jaw had dropped, and he clung to the show-case with both hands. Had the marquis taken the mirror under his arm, filled his pockets with cigars, and stolen all the watches, he could have walked out with perfect impunity. He had galvanized the man behind the bar.

As he came out he stepped majestically through the files of small boys, whose comments had now swelled into a chorus, and wheeled suddenly around to the left side of Mrs. Leslie, who was apparently oblivious of the presence of any one except the marquis. It was at this moment that I hurried by the group. The marquis was moving one way, I another. We collided. I rebounded as though I had struck a rubber cushion, gasped my apology, and hurried on. I had only time to see the marquis laboriously raise his hat and resume the glare that he had favored me with in the elevated railroad train, when I ran into a man who had been watching the panorama. By this time I began to feel as though I were out of place. I felt unfamiliar and at sea. While I was deciding whether to apologize or lick the second man, I observed that he had said nothing. I looked at his face and recognized Amos Cummings, the journalist. Before I could speak he said, with the convinced manner of a man who has solved a difficult riddle:

"That must be Louisville!"

"It is."

"Well," said Mr. Cummings, with a sigh of relief as he puffed his cigar and gazed at the receding form of Mrs. Leslie's lover, "I'm glad I've seen it. People have often mendoned it, but I never saw it before. I have set type, and reported for the newspapers in almost every city in the Union; I have had experience in Texas, San Francisco, Chicago, Speonck, Penn Yan, Boston, Keokuk, and Batavia; I have seen many curious, uncouth, ghoulish, and unique objects; but I never before saw such a thoroughbred combination as the marquis. He wears the shoulders of a 'longshoreman, the corsets of a school-girl, the flamboyant smile of a Tammany brave, and he smokes cigarettes!"

Two nights after that I was passing the Fifth Avenue Hotel at about eight o'clock, when I observed an unusual throng around the post which upholds the clock. As I passed I observed the Marquis de Leuville talking very earnestly with a little Frenchman, who regarded with some nervousness the crowd which had surrounded the marquis. Just as I passed some one on the outskirts of the crowd tipped the marquis' hat over that gentleman's noble brow from the rear with the end of his cane. As he did so the marquis started, scowled, and fixed his eye upon me. I felt that he suspected me of the deed, though I was ten feet in the opposite direction, and I am positive that I looked guilty. As I hurried up Broadway I could feel his eyes on the back of my head. Cold chills chased each other down my back.

This morning, as I came down town in the elevated train, I heard a tearful shriek just as the car was starting down from Fourteenth Street, and observed that the gate-keeper threw the gate open wide, stepped back, bowed with ironical politeness, and winked with great waggishness to the business men in the car. A moment later the doorway was darkened, and the marquis trotted in. His raiment was gorgeous. His shoulders were wider than ever, and one could almost span his waist. His hair was artistically banged low on his brow, and his white felt hat balanced on the back of his head so as to exhibit his front hair, or hair front—I've forgotten what the girls call it. He took a handkerchief from his pocket, as he sat down directly opposite me, and delicately touched the banged hair over his brow. Then he daintily caressed his whiskers, smiled sweetly at his boots, and raised his eyes. When one considers that the marquis weighs something over two hundred and twenty-five pounds, the incongruous nature of the exhibit may possibly be imagined. As he raised his eyes, he detected me in the act of engineering the same unholy grin that had incensed him once before, and as he scowled he accidentally dropped his cane. It—the cane—fell directly in front of me, and I had a momentary impulse to pick it up; but I restrained myself, and looked coldly at the marquis, who, I was sure, had a smaller waist than usual that morning. He looked at the cane, and the animosity died out of his eyes as the awful fact presented itself to him. The other men in the car who were looking on caught the situation at a glance, and no one offered to pick up the cane. He raised his finger and beckoned to the brakeman, but that functionary made some impolite remark and continued whistling an air from "Cordelia's Aspiration." At last, with an effort, the marquis set his lips, bent over, and reached for the stick. He grew very red, puffed heavily, suddenedly straightened himself again, and involuntarily put his hand to his side; then he made another fierce effort, grabbed the stick, threw himself triumphantly back, and panted heavily, while a subdued murmur of applause ran around the car. I alighted at the next station, and as I glanced back I saw, neatly framed in a glass window, the oiled whiskers and angry countenance of the marquis still glaring at me savagely. I recalled the fact that the marquis had recently given Mrs. Leslie a target in a gold frame, in which he had shot his coat-of-arms and monogram at a distance of eight hundred paces, with a pocket pistol. At the same time he gave Mrs. Leslie a necklace which had been in the Leuville family for sixteen hundred years. I know these figures are correct, because twice eight are sixteen; besides, the paragraph which detailed the fact was written by Eugene Field.

The marquis still floats about town. I dodge him.

NEW YORK, August 6, 1884. FLANEUR.

## THE COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

I find, in looking over the various "Complete Letter-writers," where so many persons of limited opportunities find models for their epistolary correspondence, that there are many contingents incident to our social and domestic life which have not been provided for in any of these books. I therefore have written a few models of letters suitable to various occasions, which I think may be found useful. I have endeavored, as nearly as possible, to preserve the style and diction in use in the ordinary "Letter-writer." FRANK R. STOCKTON.

No. 1.

*From a little girl living with an unmarried aunt, to her mother, the widow of a Unitarian clergyman, who is engaged as matron of an Institution for Deaf Mutes, in Wyoming Territory.*

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Aug. 12, 18—.

REVERED PARENT: As the morning sun rose this day, upon the sixth aniversary, both of my birth and of my introduction to one who, though separated from me by vast and apparently limitless expanse of territory, is not only my maternal parent but my most trustworthy coadjutor in all points of duty, propriety, and social responsibility, I take this opportunity of assuring you of the tender and sympathetic affection I feel for you, and of the earnest solicitude with which I ever regard you. I take pleasure in communicating the intelligence of my admirable physical condition, and hoping that you will continue to preserve the highest degree of health compatible with your age and arduous duties, I am,

Your affectionate and dutiful daughter,
MARIA STANLEY.

No. 2.

*From a young gentleman, who, having injured the muscles of the back of his neck by striking them while swimming on a pane of glass, shaken from the window of a fore-and-aft schooner, by a severe collision with a wagon loaded with stone, which had been upset in a creek, in reply to a cousin by marriage who invites him to invest his savings in a patent machine for the disintegration of mutton suet.*

BELLEVILLE HOSPITAL, CENTER CO., O.,
Jan. 12, 18—.

MY RESPECTED COUSIN: The incoherency of your request with my condition [*here state the condition*] is so forcibly impressed upon my sentient faculties [*enumerate and define the faculties*] that I can not refrain from endeavoring to avoid any hesitancy in making an effort to produce the same or a similar impression upon your perceptive capabilities. With kindest regards for the several members of your household [*indicate the members*], I am ever,

Your attached relative,
MARTIN JORDAN.

No. 3.

*From the superintendent of an iron-foundery to a lady who refused his hand in her youth, and who has since married an inspector of customs in one of the Southern States, requesting her, in case of her husband's decease, to give him permission to address her, with a view to a matrimonial alliance.*

BRIER IRON MILLS, Secauqua, Ill., July 7, 18—.

DEAR MADAM: Although I am fully aware of the robust condition of your respected husband's health, and of your tender affection for him and your little ones, I am impelled by a sense of the propriety of providing in time for the casualties and fortuities of the future to ask of you permission, in case of your (at present unexpected) widowhood, to renew the addresses which were broken off by your marriage to your present estimable consort.

An early answer will oblige,

Yours respectfully,
JOHN PICKETT.

No. 4.

*From the cook-maid in the family of a dealer in silver-plated casters, to the principal of a boarding-school, enclosing the miniature of her suitor.*

1317 EAST 17TH STREET, N. Y., July 30, 18—.

VENERATED MADAM: The unintermittent interest you have perpetually indicated in the direction of my well-being stimulates me to announce my approaching conjugal association with a gentleman fully my peer in all that regards social position or mental aspiration, and, at the same time, to desire of you, in case of the abrupt dissolution of the connection between myself and my present employers, that you will permit me to perform, for a suitable remuneration, the lavatory processes necessary for the habiliments of your pupils.

Your respectful well-wisher,
SUSAN MAGUIRE.

No. 5.

*From a father to his son at school, in answer to a letter asking for an increase of pocket-money.*

MY DEAR JOSEPH: Your letter asking for an augmentation of your pecuniary stipend has been received, together with a communication from your preceptor relative to your demeanor at the seminary. Permit me to say, that should I ever again peruse an epistle similar to either of these, you may confidently anticipate, on your return to my domicile, an excoriation of the cuticle which will adhere to your memory for a term of years.

Your affectionate father,
HENRY BAILEY.

No. 6.

*From the author of a treatise on moleculer subdivision, who has been rejected by the daughter of a cascarilla-bark-refiner, whose uncle has recently been paid sixty-three dollars for repairing a culvert in Indianapolis, to the tailor of a converted Jew on the eastern shore of Maryland, who has requested the loan of a hypodermic syringe.*

WEST ORANGE, Jan. 2, 18—.

DEAR SIR: Were it not for unexpected obstacles, which have most unfortunately arisen, to a connection which I hoped, at an early date, to announce, but which, now, may be considered, by the most sanguine observer, as highly improbable, I might have been able to obtain a pecuniary loan from a connection of the parties with whom I had hoped to be connected, which would have enabled me to redeem, from the hands of an hypothecater the instrument you desire, but which now is as unattainable to you as it is to

Yours most truly,
THOMAS FINLEY.

No. 7.

*From an ambassador to Tunis, who has become deaf in his left ear, to the widow of a manufacturer of perforated under-clothing, whose second son has never been vaccinated.*

TUNIS, Africa, Aug. 3, 18—.

MOST HONORED MADAM: Permit me, I most earnestly implore of you, from the burning sands of this only too far distant foreign clime, to call to the notice of your reflective and judicial faculties the fact that there are actions which may be deferred until too recent a period.

With the earnest assurance of my most distinguished regard, I am, most honored and exemplary madam, your obedient servant to command, L. GRANVILLE TIBBS.

No. 8.

*From a hog-and-cattle reporter on a morning paper, who has just had his hair cut by a barber whose father fell off a wire-bridge in the early part of 1867, to a gardener, who has written to him that a tortoise-shell cat, belonging to the widow of a stage-manager, has dug up a bed of calceolarias, the seed of which had been sent him by the cashier of a monkey-wrench factory, which had been set on fire by a one-armed tramp, whose mother had been a sempstress in the family of a Hicksite Quaker.*

NEW YORK, Jan. 2, 18—.

DEAR SIR: In an immense metropolis like this, where scenes of woe and sorrow meet my pitying eye at every glance, and where the living creatures, the observation and consideration of which give me the means of maintenance, are, always, if deemed in a proper physical condition, destined to an early grave, I can only afford a few minutes to condole with you on the loss which you so feelingly announce. These minutes I now have given.

Very truly yours,
HENRY DAWSON.

No. 9.

*From the wife of a farmer who, having sewed rags enough to make a carpet, is in doubt whether to sell the rags, and with the money buy a mince-meat chopper and two Cochin China hens of an old lady, who, having been afflicted with varicose veins, has determined to send her nephew, who has been working for a pump-maker in the neighboring village, but who comes home at night to sleep, to a school kept by a divinity student whose father has been educated by the clergyman who had married her father and mother, and to give up her little farm and go to East Durham, N. Y., to live with a cousin of her mother, named Amos Murdock, or to have the carpet made up by a weaver who had bought oats from her husband, for a horse which had been lent to him for his keep—being a little tender in his fore-feet—by a city doctor, but who would still owe two or three dollars after the carpet was woven, and keep it until her daughter, who was married to a dealer in blowing-engines for agitating oil, should come to make her a visit, and then put it down in her second-story front chamber, with a small piece of another rag-carpet, which had been under a bed, and was not worn at all, in a recess which it would be a pity to cut a new carpet to fit, to an unmarried sister who keeps house for an importer of Limoges faïence.*

GREENVILLE, July 20, 18—.

DEAR MARIA: Now that my winter labors, so unavoidably continued through the vernal season until now, are happily concluded, I can not determine, by any mental process with which I am familiar, what final disposition of the proceeds of my toil would be most conducive to my general well-being. If, therefore, you will bend the energies of your intellect upon the solution of this problem, you will confer a most highly appreciated favor upon

Your perplexed sister,
AMANDA DANIELS.

—*From Stockton's New Book.*

A conductor of a Pullman car says many towels are lost every year. Passengers don't carry them off, but throw them out of the window. In the darkness of the night they evidently mistake the towel for the porter.—*Philadelphia Call.*

## SOCIETY.

### Engagements and Marriages.

The engagement of Miss Kate Goods to Lieutenant Ewing, U. S. A., is announced.

The engagement of Miss Josephine Thibault and Mr. William Hamelin, of Oakland, is announced. Their marriage will take place some time during the present month.

The engagement of Miss Deare, of Oakland, to Mr. George Gladding, also of that city, is announced.

The engagement is announced of Miss Walker, of Salt Lake City, to Mr. Morton Cheesman Jr., of this city.

Ensign Jas. H. Glennon, U. S. N., and Miss Susie Blair were married last Tuesday evening at the residence of Mrs. Randolph Harrison, the aunt of the bride. The ceremony was private, none but a few friends of the contracting parties being present.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker were registered in London on the 23d ultimo.

Mrs. M. Crooks and her daughter, Mrs. Morris Newton, are at the Albemarle, New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hastings have returned to this city, after a visit to Mrs. Coit, at Larkmead, her country place.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert K. Nuttall are residing at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Mr. R. V. Bell, chief of the Indian Division of the Department of the Interior, at Washington, is in the city.

Hon. and Mrs. Henry Edgerton, of Sacramento, are in the city and are stopping at the Grand.

Mr. and Mr. A. Lindley (*née* Hight), of Reno, are stopping at the Baldwin.

Mrs. G. W. Granniss left on the steamer of the 27th instant for Japan, to visit her daughter, Mrs. Alexander Center. Mrs. Granniss will be absent about a year.

Rev. W. S. Neales, rector of St. Paul's Church, who has been been visiting friends in Canada, is expected to return home shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone are visiting in San José, having left Paraiso Springs.

Grove L. Johnson and family, of Sacramento, are at Monterey, to remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, who have been at Honolulu for some months, returned to this city by the steamer of the 8th inst.

Mr. Jesse R. Grant is at the Palace.

Adjutant-General G. B. Cosby and daughter, who were in town last Saturday, have returned to Sacramento.

Mrs. Theodore F. Payne visited Monterey last week.

Mrs. Senator John P. Jones and family are at Del Monte.

Hon. S. Clinton Hastings is stopping at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire are at Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. Charles Crocker has returned to the city after a business trip to British Columbia.

Mrs. H. M. Newhall returned home last Tuesday after a trip to the Eastern States.

Mrs. J. D. Redding has been spending a few days at Del Monte, Monterey.

Colonel and Mrs. R. H. Savage have arrived in London, and were registered there on the 24th ultimo.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Newhall, after a short trip to the East, returned to the city last Tuesday.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs, who has been to Chicago on a visit, returned home last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Donahue are at San Luis Obispo on a visit to Baron von Schroeder and wife.

Mr. Robert Bolton and the Misses Bolton are expected to return from the East about the latter part of the month.

Colonel William Forsyth, of the Geysers, has been in town on a short visit, but returned home last Tuesday.

Mrs. General W. H. L. Barnes is spending the summer at Sag Harbor, New York.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford has returned to the city from her visit to Sacramento.

Mrs. Theresa Fair and family are expected to return from Europe some time during September.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Miller Jr. are at present at Blithedale.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. W. Sharon left the city on Monday last for the East. They purpose extending their trip to Europe, where they will remain during the winter, in the meantime visiting Sir Thomas and Lady Hesketh; they expecting to return home some time next spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Squire P. Dewey are at Saratoga. Mrs. Dewey is much improved in health.

Mrs. Charles Sutton Jr. has returned to the city after a summer vacation at Howell Mountain.

Mrs. Theodore Shillaber leaves next Thursday by steamer for Honolulu.

Mr. John Scott Wilson returned home last Sunday after an absence of about six weeks.

Mrs. Homer S. King is on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Smith Brown, at Oak Knoll, Napa County.

Miss Sallie Stetson is expected home from Portland by the next steamer.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln and family went to White Sulphur Springs, Napa County, last week, to remain there a few weeks.

Dr. A. N. Arroyo, Minister of Guatemala, and Envoy Extraordinary to the Vatican, and Rev. D. A. Arroyo, Secretary of Legation, arrived in the city from Europe, and are stopping at the Palace.

Mr. Charles Lux and family were in New York city last week, staying for a few days before making a tour of all the most famous resorts in the White Mountains.

General John F. Miller, United States Senator, was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York city, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Crooks and Miss Mabel Crooks were in London last month.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ainsworth, of Oakland, are in the city on a short visit, and are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Hon. John Uere, ex-Lord Provost of Glasgow, Scotland, arrived from Australia last Monday en route for England, and is stopping at the Palace.

Mr. Carlton W. Miller has gone to Yosemite and Big Trees to be absent a month.

Mrs. Governor Stoneman was in town last week, but has returned to Sacramento.

Mrs. W. B. Bourn, who has been spending the summer in Napa County, came down to the city last Wednesday, and was stopping at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Le Conte, of Berkeley, returned home last Thursday from their Eastern trip.

Mr. J. V. Coleman was at Lake Killarney, Ireland, last month.

Mrs. J. H. Maynard came up from Monterey last Tuesday, and was at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Julius Goldsmidt and family, of London, are in the city on a visit, and are at the Palace.

Mrs. Thibault and her daughter, Miss Thibault, who have been absent from the city on a pleasure trip to Europe, returned home last Thursday.

Rev. T. H. B. Anderson, President of the Pacific Methodist College, who has been visiting in San José, was in the city last Thursday on his way to his home in Colusa.

Mrs. James McClatchey, of Sacramento, is in the city on a visit to friends.

Hon. José Y. Estudillo, ex-State Treasurer, of Los Angeles, is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant-Colonel L. L. Bromwell, of Oakland, has gone to Ogden for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan are visiting at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Doctor Luke Robinson was in London last month.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Van Wyck are at Napa Soda Springs.

Mrs. General W. H. Dimond and family are at Pescadero.

Mrs. W. F. Goad and Miss Goad returned from Monterey this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne are spending the summer at Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. William Morris have removed to Oakland, and will reside at No. 1428 Webster street.

Mr. Ross Coleman, son of Mr. John W. Coleman, is at home from the Naval Academy, at Annapolis, Md., to spend his vacation. He will return some time next month.

Miss Estee has been visiting in Oakland for several weeks.

Mr. G. W. Armes was registered in London on the 23d ultimo.

Mr. C. F. Kimball and Miss Kimball, of Los Angeless, are in the city, and are stopping at the Palace.

Mr. Walter Maxwell, of Los Angeles, is in the city, but expects to return home in a few days.

Lieutenant H. Knox, of the Royal Navy, arrived from Australia last Sunday.

Surveyor-General W. H. Brown is spending a short vacation from duty at Partlett Springs.

Mr. Alfred Greenebaum has returned to this city, after an extended tour in Europe.

Mr. Charles H. Schuyler, of Chicago, is visiting Yosemite.

Prince N. Asano, of Japan, Japanese Minister to Italy, and his suite, arrived from the East Thursday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

General G. G. Kimball, of Red Bluff, is on a visit to this city, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

General T. J. Clunie and wife returned from the East to-day.

Mr. G. W. Armes, of Oakland, returned home last Thursday from a trip to Europe.

Bishop Wingfield, of the Northern Diocese of California, is at the Palace.

Mr. John D. Spreckels, president of the Oceanic Steamship Company, and family, are expected from Honolulu, by the *Mariposa*, on the 22d.

Mr. Asa Harker, accompanied by his wife, left for the Islands yesterday, on the *Alameda*, for a needed rest.

### Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant-Commander H. E. Nichols, U. S. N., has been ordered to command the United States steamship *Pinta*, at Sitka, relieving Lieutenant-Commander Caldwell, who will proceed to his home. It is understood that the latter officer has tendered his resignation. Lieutenant-Commander Nichols arrived in the city yesterday.

The monitor *Camanche* has been docked at the Mare Island Navy Yard for needed repairs.

Ensign B. T. Walling, U. S. N., and Assistant-Engineer G. D. Strickland, U. S. N., have been detached from the *Ranger* and placed on waiting orders.

Naval Cadet W. P. Winchell, U. S. N., has also been detached from the *Ranger* and ordered East for final examination.

Assistant-Engineer Emil Thiess, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty on board the *Ranger*.

The *Mohican* will be the next vessel fitted out at the Mare Island Yard.

The *Lackawanna* has been ordered to the Mare Island Yard and will go out of commission; her officers will be transferred to the *Mohican*.

Paymaster M. C. McDonald, U. S. N., of the *Ranger*, left for the East on Monday last, for one month's leave of absence.

Assistant Surgeon John J. Cochran, U. S. A., and wife arrived from the East last Thursday.

Midshipman T. W. Ryan, U. S. N., is stopping at the Occidental.

Captain Henry Johnson, U. S. A., is at the Occidental.

Naval Cadet Emil Theiss, U. S. N., is stopping at the Occidental.

Captain Charles Porter, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., and wife arrived from Eureka, Cal., are in the city, and are at the Occidental.

Lieutenant H. H. Bailey, U. S. A., is in the city, and is stopping at the Occidental.

### Notes and Gossip.

Miss Sutro, the daughter of Mr. Adolph Sutro, is reported to be engaged to a professor in Berlin. Miss Sutro received a great many letters from the gentleman, who was unknown to her, but who had seen her photograph, and, being captivated by it, proposed marriage. All the letters were sent unanswered to Mr. Sutro, who, on visiting Berlin and meeting the professor, liked him so much that he advised his daughter to answer, with the result as announced. All this on the authority of the New York *Sun*.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bunker celebrated their silver wedding on the seventh instant.

The Loring Club gave their initial concert of the season on Tuesday evening, the 12th instant. A large number of our fashionable people were present, and the concert was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Governor George Stoneman was the recipient of a handsome entertainment at the hands of his military staff on Friday, the eighth instant, the occasion being the Governor's sixty-second birthday. A trip was made on the steam yacht *Edith* around the bay to the various military posts, where the party were appropriately received. The excursion was extended to Mare Island, where Commodore Russell, U. S. N., received the distinguished guest and his friends and extended to them many courtesies. Late in the afternoon the return to the city was made, without an accident to mar the pleasure of the day.

Mr. H. A. Cummings has been appointed assistant treasurer of the Central Pacific Railroad Company.

It is expected that His Majesty, King Kalakaua, will pay us a visit this fall, some time after the adjournment of his Parliament, which is now in session.

Mr. C. F. Dallam, a wealthy Texan gentleman who has been spending some time on this coast, sailed yesterday for Honolulu on the *Alameda*, accompanied by his wife.

### Art Notes.

Miss Nellie Hopps has sufficiently recovered from her illness to be able to make a country sketching tour to Bowlder Creek.

Mr. Thomas Hill, who has been at Clarke's during the summer, is in town on a visit.

The School of Design, Mr. Virgil Williams director, begins its third term on Monday, September 1st.

Mr. C. D. Robinson has returned from his summer sketching tour in Yosemite Valley.

Miss Matilda Lotz has just sent from Paris two pictures—one of a dog's head, and the other a study of sheep.

There are ninety resident artist contributors to the Mechanics' Fair Exhibition. They do not include any of the members of the Palette Club, which decided not to exhibit.

### Obscure Intimations.

"Hydropathic Injunction."—Will try and find room for it soon.

"E. L. M."—Accepted. Will soon appear.

"A Lay Evangelist."—Accepted.

"K. F.," Paris.—Answer by mail.

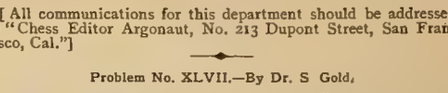
"W. W.," S. F.—You ask: "What room is there in the journalistic profession in California for a man of general information, a facile writer, but with no experience; about thirty years of age; at present a mechanic; having had, as such, rare opportunities of observation upon the labor problem, when combined with personally conservative opinions?" We do not think that there is very much room. However able you may be, you will find it difficult to get an opportunity to demonstrate your ability. There are always numbers of trained journalists, here as elsewhere, ready to fill all vacant places. Preference is naturally given to experienced men.

"A. B. D.," Postoffice.—Do you think the fact that "you have a bet concerning it" would justify us in giving you the lady's name? Do you think your curiosity is a laudable or honorable one? Do you think we think those initials are your own? Do you think your request a warrantable one, and if so, why did you not sign your real name and your address? No, Mr. "A. B. D."—this is not a scandal shop—get thee to a dowager.

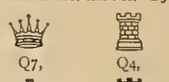
## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

### Problem No. XLVII.—By Dr. S Gold.



K2, Q7, Q4, QR3, KKt2, KB3.

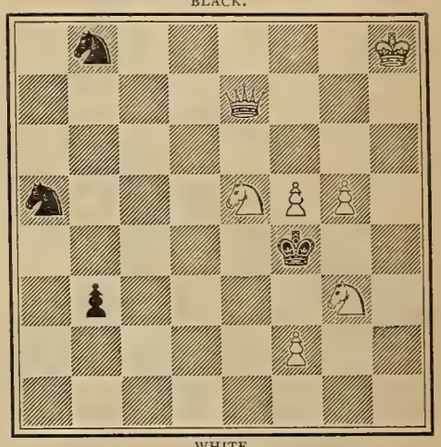


K4, QR3, QB4.

White to play and mate in two moves.

### Problem No. XLVIII.—By Fr. Dubbe.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

### Solution of Problem No. XL.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—Kt Q3 | 1—K Q4 (a) | (a) 1—— | 1—K B4 |
| 2—Q K3 | 2—Any move | 2—Q B3 ch | 2—Any move |
| 3—Q or Kt mates. | | 3—Q or B mates. | |

### Answers to Correspondents.

J. A. McQ., Eureka, Cal.—Your solution to No. XLV. is incorrect. If 1 P x P, then 1—P K4 and mate is impossible in three moves.

B. M. P., Eureka, Cal.—See reply to J. A. McQ., in last week's column.

E. A. K., Oroville, Cal.—Your solution to No. XLIII is correct. The problem is faulty, as there is another solution.

During Doctor Zukertort's visit a friendly match of twelve games was played with Mr. Fritz Peipers, six even and six at the odds of Kt., the score standing: Even games, Zukertort, 4; Peipers, 1; drawn, 1. At odds, Zukertort, 1; Peipers, 5. We append two games, one from each of the series:

### Game No. 34.

Played 24th of July, 1884, at the Mechanics' Institute.

| *White.* Peipers. | *Black.* Zukertort. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 14—P KB4 | 14—P x KP |
| 2—Kt KB3 | 2—Kt QB3 | 15—Kt x P | 15—B K3 |
| 3—B B4 | 3—P B4 | 16—KKt B3 | 16—B x Kt |
| 4—Kt B3 | 4—Kt B3 | 17—Kt x B | 17—P x P |
| 5—P Q3 | 5—B B4 | 18—R x P | 18—R x R |
| 6—Castles | 6—P Q3 | 19—Kt x R | 19—Q B3 |
| 7—B KKt5 | 7—Kt QR4 | 20—P Kt3 | 20—R KB sq |
| 8—B x Kt | 8—Q x B | 21—R Kt sq | 21—P KKt4 |
| 9—Kt Q5 | 9—Q Q sq | 22—Q Kt4 | 22—K R sq |
| 10—P QKt4 | 10—Kt x B | 23—Kt K6 (!) | 23—Q B7 ch |
| 11—P x B | 11—Kt R4 | 24—K R sq | 24—Q KB4 |
| 12—P x QP | 12—P x P | 25—Q x P | 25—Q B6 ch |
| 13—Kt Q2 | 13—Castles | 26—K Kt sq | 26—Q B7 ch |
| | | Drawn. | |

### Game No. 35.

Played 16th of July, 1884, at Mechanics' Institute.

REMOVE WHITE'S QUEEN'S KNIGHT.

| *White.* Zukertort. | *Black.* Peipers. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 14—KR Kt sq | 14—Q K4 |
| 2—B B4 | 2—P Q4 | 15—R Kt2 | 15—P QKt4 (!) |
| 3—P x P | 3—P K5 | 16—B x P | 16—QR Kt sq |
| 4—Q K2 | 4—Kt KB3 | 17—P B4 | 17—Kt B4 |
| 5—P Q3 | 5—B Q3 | 18—QR Kt sq | 18—P Kt4 |
| 6—P x P | 6—Castles | 19—P KR4 | 19—P KB3 |
| 7—B KKt5 | 7—P KK3 | 20—P x P | 20—BP x P |
| 8—B x Kt | 8—Q x B | 21—R Q sq | 21—P QR3 |
| 9—Castles | 9—Q Kt4 ch | 22—B B6 | 22—R Kt3 |
| 10—P KB4 | 10—B x P ch | 23—R R sq | 23—K Kt2 |
| 11—K Kt sq | 11—B Kt5 | 24—Q QB2 | 24—KR QKt sq |
| 12—Kt B3 | 12—B x Kt | 25—R Q sq | 25—R x P ch |
| 13—P x B | 13—Kt Q2 | 26—Q x R | 26—R x Q ch |
| | | 27—R x R | 27—Q B6 |

White resigns.

There exists in England many local chess societies, such as the Surrey Chess Association, Sussex Chess Association, Counties Chess Association, but the old and general British Chess Association has been broken up for some years since the death of Lowenthal, we believe, who was its director. Efforts are being made at present to reorganize this society, and a meeting has been called at Simpson's Divan for July 24th next to adopt the measures deemed necessary for the success of the project. As all that can contribute toward developing and encouraging a taste for chess is received with less of indifference in England than in other countries, we are therefore certain that in a short time the British Chess Association will be reorganized.—*La Stratégie, July, 1884.*

There are now thirty-two newspaper chess columns in the United States and Canada. Fourteen years ago there were but three.

In the correspondence match between the cities of Paris and Vienna, play has been suspended until September 15th.

Burton, author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," says "play is a good and wittie exercise of the minde."

## THE ARTIFICIAL MAN.

A Semi-Scientific Story.

Before a bright fire, whose flames cast fantastic shadows on the wall of the laboratory, his emaciated body lost in the folds of a gray, brocaded wrapper, sat a grave, silent, graceful, eccentric Being. His glance was restless, but without vivacity, his mouth scarcely shaded by flaxen down, his lips dry and colorless. Over this mask a waxy, bloodless skin, and, to crown all, scanty, silky, sickly hair, whose dull red color reminded me of German dolls' wigs.

He rose, returned my salutation, and re-seated himself. The chilling silence of the vast apartment descended upon us like a pall. Who was this man who installed himself in the chemist's arm-chair, and made himself so completely at home?—who disdained to speak to me, or glance at the thousand curiosities around him? An upholsterer, a savant, a creditor? An invalid—a madman, perhaps.

I shuddered. Why had not my friend warned me that in this sanctuary of science, where study had so often brought us together, where no profane foot ever entered, I shou'd find this mannikin.

*Mannikin!* The word reassured me. On seeing me, it is true the nondescript had risen, but slowly, with the mechanical deliberateness of an automaton. I even thought I noticed a creaking like that of a badly oiled spring. And those restless eyes, those blinking lids, the convulsive shiver that occasionally shook his left hand. Terror overpowered me, and, to put an end to these torturing doubts, I said, sharply, to the stranger:

"Do you smoke, sir?"

He declined with a courteous gesture the cigar-case I extended to him, and, in a thin voice, without looking at me, said:

"Not on operating days, thank you."

"I will throw away my cigar if the smoke affects you."

"Keep it, I beg of you. I am not so effeminate. My lungs are not strong enough to admit of my smoking, but yours does not disturb me."

There was no longer any doubt; he was an invalid. I longed to inquire further.

"You spoke of an operation," I insinuated; "are you suffering from any chronic difficulty?"

"Not in the least."

"Some wound, perhaps?"

"None whatever."

"And yet you require the services of a physician or surgeon."

"Not at all."

"But the operation?"

"My operation belongs to the department of chemistry," said the mysterious Being. "It is merely an absorption of organic substances—a repast, if you choose—which is repeated every eight days, and which I consume by means of this."

He unfastened his waistcoat, drew aside his shirt, and showed, above the abdomen, like a metal button on the delicate pink flesh, a little silver plug.

"This apparatus," he continued, "is in immediate connection with the cardiac opening to my stomach. By screwing the point of an injecter to this tube, the gastric juice of a newly killed calf is introduced into my digestive organs, and the membranes of the stomach are enabled by this tonic to dissolve food readily. Your friend, the chemist, will be here presently to administer the usual dose. Would you like to see the operation?"

The stranger said all this in the simplest manner. I was struck dumb.

"Is this treatment made necessary by a cancer in the stomach?"

"I have told you," said the man of tubes and injecters, "that I am neither an invalid nor a subject. I am, to my sorrow, a product of modern chemistry, a specimen of the miserable race which will soon supersede natural generation; in a word, I represent to you, from head to foot, a systematical, artificial, mechanical Man."

"You should add *paradoxical*," I interrupted, smiling; "for, even if I believe that chemistry has intoxicated you, in imitation, alas! of all our contemporaries, decidedly it is not chemistry which originally produced you."

"Assuredly it was nothing else. I have neither father nor mother."

"Good heaven!" said I, half angrily, "let us drop this Mother Goose nonsense, and talk seriously."

"Nothing can be more serious, I assure you. The germ from which I sprang was compounded by a skillful microscopist. It was placed in a little incubator, subjected to a certain temperature, with surroundings conformable to the laws of nature. At the risk of redoubling your amazement, I will add that this germ possessed such vitality that two other beings were developed as well as myself. But the chemist sacrificed them, so as to devote himself exclusively to my miraculous formation."

"So you drew your first breath in a bell-glass or retort?"

"Exactly. My organs developed, my bones knit, my heart beat, my brain thought, my eyes opened. In short, I saw the light, like a chickling that breaks the shell, in the soft atmosphere of an incubator."

"The romance is charming. A little too much in the style of Jules Verne, but"——

My singular interlocutor gathered up all his strength in a movement of his limbs, which made his joints creak. He arose, planted himself in front of me, and said, "Look!"

Before I could grasp the phenomenon, the top of his skull opened like a snuff-box, and the brain, removed from its articulated case, lay palpitating in his hands. At the same moment his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets, his nostrils quivered convulsively, his lips ejaculated incoherent syllables.

I recoiled with horror. But the stranger restored his brain, resumed his former attitude, and said, in an indolent tone: "What do you think now?"

I stood silent. What would he do next? Would this freely constructed creature expose his lungs, uncoil his viscera, scatter about the room his limbs rent from his body? Leaning against a photographer's brace, where my flaccid arms and quaking legs found a much needed support, I could not take my eyes from this living mechanism.

"Reassure yourself," he said. "The exhibition is over. The brain, that nerve-centre, and the stomach, the nutritive focus, are the only organs whose functions I can suspend at will. The sole advantage of my miserable condition is that if any moral or physical difficulty manifests itself, I can discover the cause and apply the remedy. You are now convinced, I hope. My 'romance,' you said. It will be the romance of your children—of all the human beings that the earth shall bear upon her exhausted bosom. The time is near. Universal decrepitude advances, slowly but steadily. In one century, perhaps in less, indefatigable chemistry will everywhere substitute the false for the true. All things being known, phenomena, until then mysterious, can be produced at will, and man, absolute master of the secrets of creation, will transform inanimate matter into exhaustless sources of life.

"I am, in fact, only the prototype of these chemical creations. Sprung from a successful experiment, I demonstrate the possibility of a human compound or synthesis. You know my origin. It remains for me to explain my development.

"From my infancy, the mechanism to which I owed my life disposed my organization to a completely vitiated food, so the milk that first nourished me was formed of the most composite products; lime diluted in an emulsion of brain; pap of stiffened white of egg; farina dissolved in margaric acid and water. With these delicacies my childhood was sustained. The stomach of a normal infant would have rejected instinctively these fraudulent combinations. Mine thrived on them, and after two years of this *régime* I was permitted to vary the programme with a preparation of chocolate, or soup made on the pampas of America from old buffalo skins. One day I knew the luxury of biscuit soaked in wine; a decoction of *diospyros fuchsinæ*, and extract of litharge and tartaric acid, so completely turned my poor brain that the eminent chemist, chief nourisher in life's feast, suppressed this generous fabrication, and restored me to the weak substitute of manufactured milk.

"I grew thus, a hot-house plant, without strength or sap. At ten years of age I could scarcely talk. Through my transparent skin the eye could follow the violet net-work of my veins. My breast, placed under the intense light of a lamp, showed the details of the organs and revealed the mysterious functions of circulation, digestion, sensation. Faithful to his theories, the chemist continued to nourish me with adulterated food. It is thus that I consumed, without pleasure and without profit, preparations of artificial meats and hypothetical vegetables. Coffee manufactured in a mold, beer made from nux vomica, vitriolized liqueurs, preserves treated with benzoic or butyric acid, the whole arsenal of succedanea which the imperfect chemistry of our day devises, coöperated in the sickly development of my pitiful organization.

"At the age when the exuberance of youth should give new strength I felt nothing but exhaustion. The generous ardor of virile blood did not agitate my languid frame. One evening in spring the chemist's pretty little maid, who watched over me with a half-maternal vigilance, stood with her hand in mine. We were alone. The soft perfume of wild roses floated over the warm atmosphere of the summer-house, which the moon now flooded with her enchanted light. The young girl did not speak, but her eyes, fixed on mine, expressed a thousand tender poetic thoughts. She leaned toward me; I felt her soft breath fan my cheek; the silky curls of her brown hair caressed my forehead. To another this would have been the exquisite dawn of first love; but I was conscious only of a feeling of fright.

"'Help! help!' I cried.

"The startled girl looked at me one moment, and then fled like a frightened fawn.

"I have often thought of that moment, but a sense of fright overpowers the vaguely delicious memory it has left me. All pleasure is foreign to me. My floating thoughts conceived, with great effort, a few coherent ideas, and disconnected dreams haunted my days and nights. Incapable of the slightest exertion, I was happy only near a fire or in the warm light of the summer sun. My almost negative sensibility accepted without revolt the anatomical experiments in which my creator, the chemist, delighted. Last year I underwent trepanning, which permits the savant to follow, day by day, the manifestations of life; and my æsophagus opens to the different tubes of the nutritive preparations by which it is regenerated.

"Such experiments on a subject like you would have produced copious hemorrhages, painful shocks. I endured them with indifference, just as a plant receives a graft or submits to pruning, for the blood in my veins is not red, but pink, and contains only a few hundred hematic globules to the cubic inch. Thanks to this vegetative existence, to these artificial resources, to these successive modifications of my temperament, I have reached the age at which you now see me. Will you guess that age, now that you know the history of my formation?"

"Thirty-two years," I ventured, after a little reflection.

He smiled. "I am scarcely eighteen. This senile appearance I owe to the chemical methods of which you and your children will realize the dangerous benefits. Constitutional debility will be the heritage of your posterity, and in a few centuries these miserable but highly perfected races will walk the earth with their families reduced to the lowest degradation, incapable of exertion, of industry, of reproduction. In that mechanical age individuality and free-will can exist no longer. Thought, that secretion of well-balanced organisms, will no more preside over human actions. Scientific analysis pushed to its extreme limits, and the synthesis which completes it, will rule this decrepit world. Then the reaction. Primitive barbarism will reappear among this effete civilization, and nations which were great through courage, learning, nobleness, will sink lower than the brutes and finally disappear in one grand cataclysm, that a new generation may grow upon their ruins, pass through the same phases of infancy, barbarism, progress, enlightenment, death; for such is the law of the eternal repetition of things."

So spake in my startled ears the Artificial Man.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1884. DON QUICHOTTE.

## LITERARY NOTES.

New Books.

"The Man from Texas; A Western Romance," by Henry Oldham, is an exciting story dealing with the guerilla warfare in Kansas and Missouri toward the close of the rebellion. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; price, $1.25.

"A Trip to Alaska," by George Wardman, is a description of a summer cruise from San Francisco to and around Alaska. It also contains many interesting facts regarding the customs, religion, etc., of the natives of the frozen north. Published by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.25.

"The Miz Maze" is a tale in nine parts, written by nine well-known English authoresses. The story is in the form of letters written by seventeen people, each authoress writing certain letters, in order to give to each correspondent a descriptive style. The idea is novel. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 35 cents.

"A California Pilgrimage, by One of the Pilgrims," is a collection of verses on the old Spanish Missions. It is a handsome little volume, neatly bound with an elaborate cover, and is clearly printed on heavy paper. The frontispiece is an engraving of the Mission San Carlos del Carmelo. Published by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.25.

"The Hollanders in Nova Zembla" is an excellent translation of Hendrick Tollen's great epic, probably the most popular in the Dutch language. It describes the voyage of the third great Arctic expedition sent out by the Netherlands in 1596, and is written in a most impressive style. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons; for sale by Bancroft.

"Clytia" is another of Mary J. Safford's translations from the German of "George Taylor." The scene is laid in the Palatinate in the sixteenth century, and the story is, briefly, as follows: A young emissary of the Jesuits, sent to sow schism in a sisterhood of reformed nuns, falls in love with one of the nuns, Clytia, and after many complications marries her. Published by William S. Gottsberger; price, in cloth, 90 cents; paper, 50 cents.

"The Scientific and Poetical Works" of the "Last of the Hereditary Bards and Skalds" has been published by the J. W. M. Jones Co. In the "Scientific" part, the author thus described "Centripetal and Circular Motion": "When the centripetal can go no farther, it changes into a circular motion. When the circular can go no farther, it changes into the centripetal. Thus light eventually slopes off from its centre with a cometary crook of bluish-looking ether. All suns were, and *are*, comets."—p. 15. We sincerely hope the author has a right to his *nom-de-plume*.

Minor Notes: One of the latest issues of "Lovell's Library," is Henry George's "The Land Question," first published under the title of "The Irish Land Question," a strong plea for the nationalization of land. Published by the John W. Lovell Company, New York.——"Santa Barbara as It Is" gives a description of its topography, climate, resources, and objects of interest. Published by the Independent Publishing Company, Santa Barbara.——"I Say No," the new novel by Wilkie Collins, which has been running in *Harper's Weekly* lately, is one of his many stories of love and mystery. It has been well described as "a masterpiece of complexity and involution." Published by Harper & Brothers, in the "Franklin Square Library," and also in a neatly bound twelvemo edition.——Among other new "Franklin Square" books are: "Lucia, Hugh, and Another," by Mrs. J. H. Needel; "Venus's Doves," by Ida A. Taylor; and "Lancelot Ward, M. P.," by George Temple.——Laurence Oliphant's "Piccadilly" has reappeared, the author reissuing it "under an impulse which seemed at the time irresistible." Published by Harper & Brothers; price, 25 cents.——"The Countess of Monte Cristo" is an alleged "companion to Dumas's celebrated novel of 'The Count of Monte Cristo.'" The author is unknown. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers; price, $1.——No. 3 of Lothrop's "Young Folk's Library" is "Kitty Kent's Troubles," by Julia A. Eastman.

Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Crawford's "Doctor Claudius" is about to appear as a serial in the *Independance Belge*, of Brussels.

Mr. Henry James's "American" has just been published in Paris as "l'Américain à Paris"; it is translated by Monsieur Léon Bochet, and published by Hachette.

Arrangements are now being perfected whereby the London *Illustrated News* will be published in an American edition simultaneously with the English print.

The famous Marshalsea Prison, in London, where Dickens laid many scenes of "Little Dorrit," is now a lodging-house on the Canal Street plan—cheap and nasty.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne and his publishers are receiving a large number of letters from readers of "Archibald Malmaison," who wish to be confirmed in their belief that the story is true.

Mr. Stimson, the author of "Guerndale," proposes to write three other novels, forming a complement to his "Crime of Henry Vane," the four illustrating phases of love in modern society.

Mr. Walter Besant, who is a careful student of his profession and its details, states that throughout England nine-tenths of the books read are novels, and that in the whole world the proportion is nineteen-twentieths.

The *Critic* says that "Ramona," Mrs. Jackson's Indian story, now running in the *Christian Union*, "is said to charm even the compositors who set it up." Any one who knows compositors may be pardoned for doubting the statement.

Mr. Walter Besant's new novel, "Dorothy Forster," has been received with almost universal commendation by the English newspapers. The *Athenæum* calls it "a real tour de force," and remarks that Mr. Besant's ability has never before been so conspicuously shown.

The London *Athenæum* pays fifteen shillings, and the *Academy* ten shillings per column for reviews, while the morning papers only pay ten shillings and sixpence. The leaders of a number of provincial papers are written in London, the average remuneration being a guinea each. The monthlies only give a pound a page, as a rule; the struggling ones sometimes, however, giving as low a sum as two shillings and sixpence.

"As an instance of the hereditary transmission of the literary faculty, Isaac Taylor, an Englishman who is eighth in descent from Milton's maternal uncle, and who claims he is 'the nearest collateral representative of the author of 'Paradise Lost,' states that more than one hundred volumes have been written by the Miltonian family—apart from the works of Milton himself." To which it might be added, that not one hundred people every heard of any of them—apart from the works of Milton himself.

The publication last year of editions of Longfellow's "Hyperion" and "Outre-mer," in "Lovell's Library," on which books it was claimed copyright had expired, called out, it will be remembered, a caution to the trade from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., well known to be the authorized publishers of Mr. Longfellow, that this act was an infringement of copyright. The Lovell Company, through Roger Foster, counsel, has now entered suit, in the New York Superior Court, for damages to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars.

## VANITY FAIR.

In no matter of dress do the French and English differ more than in the matter of mourning. In England, for court mourning, any old black dress will do, and white gloves and white shoes are worn with this hastily improvised grief. It is a shocking combination. Now, the French wear a thin light crape mingled with jet and soft gauze ribbon, which makes an agreeable second mourning. Narrow bands of black or white crêpe-lisse are worn. The whole dress is fresh, light, and tasteful. It must be conceded, however, that the English first mourning, with the unrivaled English crape and the perfection with which it is put on plain dresses, is very elegant and appropriate, according to our American ideas. In the London mourning-shops a lady can dress herself much more cheaply than in New York or Paris—very beautiful gowns, trimmed with crape and jet, being bought for forty or fifty dollars, made up and ready to be put on. Their artists have a liberal education in taste; and it is really most marvelous to inspect their mantles, and bonnets, and dresses for morning or evening. France is no longer a cheap place for shopping, except for gloves. Worth makes up French mourning, which to English eyes looks very dressy, of velvet, gauze, and jet, and uses Spanish and Breton lace mixed with crape, which is not allowed in true English mourning.

The tricycle is proving popular in Washington, as evinced by the number of female Department clerks who are riding. A correspondent says that, as he writes, a trim little lady on the shiniest of machines flies past his window at a dangerous speed, and turns a sharp corner with reckless unconcern. Her toilet is something between the walking-dress and the riding-habit, and its ample folds conceal entirely whatever movement is required to give the motor power for her vehicle. It is not uncommon to see two ladies riding side by side on a machine constructed for the purpose, and the lady artists have adopted the tricycle as a convenient means of seeking the picturesque spots in the vicinity of the city. Among the novelties that one is tempted to turn around and look at on the street is a lady seated on a tricycle accompanied by two favorite dogs; a man and wife riding side by side, with two little children perched up behind; or a very old and decrepit person accompanied by a younger and stronger to supply the impetus, are among the more unusual sights.

Silk has almost disappeared in Paris as an article of dress (except in foulards), and wool has taken its place. The lovely dresses seen at the Grand Prix were almost all of wool. It is the most healthy material to wear next the skin, and should there be almost white, as colored woolen under-garments are corroding. But the lovely tints of merino are now so common and so cheap that fashion dictates that these should be worn for dressy occasions; also cotton and linen fabrics in stripes and spots, now so fashionable, made up with French taste, take their places on the coach, in the victoria, on the promenade, at Hurlingham, and at the garden-parties of London. One scarcely ever sees a silk dress on a young person now, except at dinner or in the evening; all is simplicity and cheapness. Dress should be light of weight to be healthy and becoming; heavy materials spoil the figure, tire mind and body, and spoil the walk in summer. In the Bois de Boulogne women walk in very short dresses with immense bustles, and with very pretty clocked stockings of a color unlike the dress. They drive in short dresses, and show the feet very much. It is doubtful whether this is a pretty fashion, as a short dress never looks well when a woman sits down. The pretty flowered muslins, the percales, the foulards, and the white merino dresses, and new shot silks made up with muslin, gauze, nuns' cloth, cashmere, cream veiling, or grenadine, are very tasteful. Slippers are worn with decidedly low heels. For a dusty drive French women have their pretty little full cloaks, called mushrooms, made of a sort of Japanese silk, richly set off by lace in a cascade falling down each side, and the sleeves gayly trimmed with lace. These are at once useful and ornamental. The bonnets are of a high conical shape, so that a pretty French woman looks like Titania peeping out of a fox-glove. Colored Spanish laces for silk and cashmere dresses aid the light summery appearance of these dresses, which are cheap, light, and pretty. If a woman is seen in a heavy expensive silk, weighted down with trimming, she is known to be an American.

Few women go into the surf at Long Branch, writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times*. One dashing young woman, who is either superior to or unaccustomed to society's newest rules, is a gorgeous spectacle all in herself. She is a bewitching brunette, and comes down to the sands about eleven or thereabouts covered from head to foot in a mantle of white Turkish stuff, relieved by broad, red stripes. She is accompanied by her French maid and a natty little Frenchman who looks like a teacher of deportment, but really fills the office of "bathing man." She calls him Arsene. He wears knee-breeches, a tight, short jacket, silk hose, slippers without heels, and a jaunty silk skull cap, held in place by an elastic band. The color of his whole attire is sombre black. The maid places a camp-stool on the sand and shades it with a parti-colored portable awning. Everything being ready, the mistress throws off her mantle, tosses it to her maid-servant, and stand a beautiful picture on the golden sands. She is encased in light red merino from her neck to her knees. Her arms and lower limbs are covered with silk, of a glove-like tightness. Her short tunic is edged with lace. Her lustrous black hair is unbound, and floats out on the wind. Her bathing man, at her command, lifts her up in his arms and carries her with stately step into the sea until he is knee-deep; then he suddenly plunges her under a big breaker. She comes up with a sputter and the usual feminine shriek. Arsene smiles and speaks to her assuringly. He submerges her no more, but gently floats her over the waves for five or ten minutes, and then carries her out. The ready maid throws the capacious Turkish robe over the wet form, and Arsene once more takes up his charge and hurries with her into her own apartments at the hotel. The maid follows and assists her to make her toilet with which she will at night make men wonder and women envious. The lady is from Cincinnati. Her father made a sudden fortune in grain. She is his only child, and has been petted and indulged. She was educated in France, and has only recently returned to this country.

Paris is an out-of-door place; the climate is superb, neither hot nor cold, and every French person regards it as a very great pleasure to be "under the stars" as much as possible. They have a different idea of what is amusing from the English, and where an English lady would get up a "costume bazaar," the French Duchesse de Mouchy engaged the Spanish bull-fighter Frascuelo, with his thirty-five assistants and seven bulls, to come from Spain to give a *fête* for charity! Expectation was on tiptoe, and tickets for the *fête*, which was to have been given at the Hippodrome, were selling at a premium, when the government stepped in, and the performance was forbidden, though Monsieur Camescasse, the Chief of Police, had formally authorized it. What a difference does this show between the English and the French woman of rank! Bull-baiting is not yet extinct in France. It flourishes at Nismes and Arles. Perhaps it is not more cruel than English pigeon-shooting. But an English woman would shudder at the idea of a bull-fight. French women wear their hats at the theatre, unlike the English, and in many ways adopt the external idea of propriety more effectually than their English sisters, who sometimes mistake the half-world for the real world, which French women never do.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* describes some of the peculiarities of that most charming of summer hotels, The Berkeley Arms: While the ladies here attire themselves in excellent taste, the gentlemen, at this most exclusive of all the resorts along the coast, have—in their engrossing preparation for bathing—chosen to depart as far as possible from the practice of their fair associates and admirers; and, as if to emphasize the difference, have selected stockinettes and gauzy stuffs striped with contrasted hues. In a few cases the fabrics are attractive and graceful; generally their appearance, as worn, is entirely motley and *outré*. Some are very expensive and elaborate. One handsome young gentleman from New York wears a blue and yellow suit, with various stripes around the body, indicating the division of his physique into as many zones. Another tall, gaunt specimen of manhood has succeeded in giving the suggestive, spiral, cork-screw-like direction to the stripes and bars, suggestive, when erect, of the barber's pole. Others of the same elongated constitution prefer upright stripes, while one of portlier build rejoices in their diminishing convergence toward his vortex. Here also may be seen the baggy clown suit, made in one piece, the garment of white serge, and the tightly fitting suit of blue stockinette. When the fun grows fast and furious, it may be easily imagined that tigers are chasing frightened zebras through the water. It may be presumed that the actors in this aristocratic-democratic comedy only dimly perceive the ludicrous appearance that their fantastic garb and seemingly grotesque antics present to distant lookers-on.

"I have seen a description in a letter from Long Branch," writes Miss Grundy, "of a dress worn there by a lady said to be from Philadelphia, which was of flesh-colored silk made to fit as close to the skin as possible, with an entire dress of black lace over it, which, the writer said, looked as if its wearer had black lace only over her skin—a dress precisely, in every particular, like that worn by a young married lady from Washington at hops in Saratoga in 1882. The same one appeared earlier that summer at Long Branch in a low neck, no sleeved jersey waist, and knee-breeches, without a tunic, when she bathed in front of the West End Hotel."

Practically, the origin of our modern fashions may be traced to the time of the Renaissance in the reign of Henry VIII. The cloth hose worn then gave rise in their upper and lower form to the stockings of later times. Anne of Cleves appeared, on her arrival in England, to the surprise of the ladies, in a short Duch gown, but the other wives of the king wore immense trains of great splendor and costliness. The first form of modern hat emanated from Spain, and was introduced to France by certain conspirators, and christened the "chapeau Henri IV." The garters worn at this time were most beautiful, studded with diamonds and other precious stones. With Charles II. came in the fashion of wearing large quantities of false hair, a mode introduced by Louis XIV. There were various kinds of wigs, the story, the scratch, the busby, the riding wig, and the nightcap, and wigs of gray hair were very expensive. With them came powder, which was worn by servants as well as their masters, and the use of this cosmetic is traced to the time of Henry II., when ladies wore colored powders.

Patches were used from Charles I. to George II., but in society, not at home. Gentleman's coats were wired to stick out, at the time ladies wore immense hoops. Concerning the powdered heads of our ancestors, it is related how there was a record of some lady celebrated for her wonderful coiffure, who was asked by an eminent hair-dresser of the period, a writer on the hair, how long her hair had been unopened, and just imagine her answer. Nine weeks! And this hair-dresser replied: "That is as long as it is well to keep it, especially in hot weather." Some ridiculous young men delighted in dressing themselves with enormous wigs, on the extreme top of which they placed a little toy hat. On their coats they would have windmills and carriages embroidered; they wore the tightest of silk hose and tremendous cravats, and walked with gold-headed canes nearly as tall as themselves. They always appeared in the park on very small ponies. The Macaroni ladies were quite as absurd. Though ugly, the male dress of the last century was less objectionable than many of the styles gone before, and ladies' costume was never so pretty.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Meissonier, since the opening of the exhibition of his pictures, has apparently a dislike to paint women; his reply to a critic who asked him for the reason was merely: "They can paint themselves better than I can."

One of our English cousins was recently placed at dinner by the side of a charming woman, who had been requested by the hostess to amuse the stranger. They were getting on very well, when he drew attention to a guest opposite by saying: "Oh, I say, do look at that spotted man; did you ever see such an object?" And the lady said with much dignity, to stop his prattle, if possible: "Yes; that is my husband." And the wretch said: "Oh, how jolly, you know, because you can tell me—is he really spotted all over?"

The archdeacon of an Australian colony, on one occasion going up-country, fell in with a Yankee merchant, with whom he became quite friendly, and they refreshed themselves together several times during the day. At the halting place for the night, the Yankee—who had no idea of his companion's sacred calling, his traveling costume giving no indication of it—put the question: "Going up to mine or trade?" "Oh, neither," replied the reverend gentleman; "I am Archdeacon of Victoria." "The h—l you are!" ejaculated the astonished Yankee; "take another drink?"

A stranger in London, the other day, going to the City, asked a casual passer-by if he could direct him to New Broad Street. The fellow thought for a while, and then said that he did not know and proceeded on his way. Before the stranger had gone fifty yards farther, he heard footsteps running in his direction, and looking back, he perceived the man he had before addressed, who, fearfully out of breath, rushed up to him and exclaimed: "Perhaps it is *Old* Broad Street you want?" "Well, where's that?" inquired the stranger; when, to his surprise, the fellow answered: "I don't know where that is either."

A Methodist minister once started a church in a young Western town, but for want of pecuniary support was soon obliged to abandon it. His farewell sermon to the lukewarm brethren was characterized by more heat than elegance. He ended thus: "At the last day the Lord will say to St. Peter, 'Where is your flock?' and St. Peter will answer, 'Here, Lord.' He will say to Calvin, 'And where are your sheep?' and Calvin will reply, 'Here, Lord'; and so all of the shepherds can answer. But when He asks me, 'Where are your sheep?' how will you feel when I am compelled to reply, 'Lord, I haven't any; mine were all hogs?'"

An Ohio man visited Philadelphia recently and remained over the Sabbath. He attended church, drifting by accident into one of the most fashionable churches in the Quaker City. He was a man of eccentric garb and undignified appearance, but for all that the usher escorted him to a very handsome and luxuriantly cushioned pew. He had been sitting there but a little while when a portly, handsome, and fastidiously dressed gentleman entered the pew, adjusted his gold spectacles and cast a withering sort of glance at the Ohio man. The latter never winced, but returned the stare. The fashionably dressed man assumed a look of increased annoyance, and finally pulled from his pocket a card, and after writing a line upon it, handed it to the Ohio man. The latter glanced at it and read: "This is my pew." Coolly taking out his pencil, the Ohio man added the following: "Is that so? It's a d—d fine one. What do you have to pay for it?" He then handed the card back to the pew-holder.

During the war with the South, says *Life*, there was a certain company of raw recruits marching rapidly to the front. Their way to the outpost led along a Virginia road which stretched over rolling country that was dotted here and there with clumps of trees. At a turning they saw ahead of them a pine grove which grew about a hundred yards to the left of their path, but they were unaware that in its midst a squad of Rebel cavalry was lying in ambush. As the company got abreast of the timber, the guerillas opened a scattering fire on their flank. It was the first time that the recruits had heard bullets singing over their heads, and, moreover, they had no idea that the enemy was within five miles of them, so they were uncertain how to regard this demonstration. The squad halted, undetermined what to do; and one big German, after putting his hands to his mouth trumpet-fashion, shouted toward the trees: "Stob shooding," and then turned excitedly to the officer in command, exclaiming: "What de tevil dey aboud? *Don'd dey know dey is some beobles here?*"

"Will you be kind enough, sir, to hold this ram for me while I open this gate? It is fastened on the inside, and I must climb over." This modest remark (says the New York *Sun*) was made by a man who was standing at a gate on a lonely road, and it was addressed to a stalwart sailor who had just come up. The only other object visible on the long, straight road was the large black ram, whose massive crooked horns were being held by the man as the two stood quite still in front of the gate. "Why, sartinly, shipmate," said the obliging tar, as he seized the big horns and relieved the first holder. The latter climbed quickly over the gate. "I thank you very much," he said politely, when he got to the other side. "You will be surprised to hear that I never saw that ram before to-day. The brute attacked me about half an hour ago, and we have been tussling together ever since. As long as you stood before him holding his horns firmly he can't hurt you. Good-bye. I hope you will be as lucky in [illegible] from him as I have been." It is not known what he said.

## RIVAL QUEENS OF OPERA BOUFFE.

"Parisina" on the New Roxana and Statira of the Paris Stage.

Although the smart young man who does the dramatic criticisms for the London *World* thinks Anna Judic unworthy of comparison with that roystering, rollicking little piece of vulgarity, Nelly Farron, *tout Paris* has long since proclaimed Judic queen of opera bouffe, and one of the most finished, comely actresses on the stage. Next to her in point of popularity stands Théo—naughty Théo. And America is soon to see both of them in the same company, together with several other "stars." Neither of them has been across the ocean before, and though many Americans have probably seen them in Paris, to most they will come as revelations; not equally dazzling, perhaps, but equally charming.

The great attraction of the company will naturally be Judic. For years and years Maurice Grau has been angling for her. I have seen him baiting his hooks for her here every summer, I should say (though I won't swear to my accuracy) ever since the downfall of the Emperor—that is to say, a good twelve-month before the future prodigy of Paris had even become known to the theatre-going public. In 1882, I think, happening to meet Grau in the Avenue de l'Opéra, we had some talk about the impresario's pet scheme—dream, it might almost be called. He had once more failed to persuade his goddess, and, hoping to console him, I hinted that Jeanne Granier would be as good a "draw" as Judic in America. Grau sighed thoughtfully, and said he doubted it; "Judic," he remarked, "is the only one of them who is constantly making progress; I must have her or no one." And he was not exaggerating. Ever since she first struck a few clear-sighted prophets by her dainty singing and *saying* of songs at a *café chantant*, she has been growing more and more perfect. In her early days we used to say she had replaced Schneider. To name the two of them in a breath now would be an injustice to Anna Judic, than whom no more accomplished comedienne walks the French stage at this moment outside the Comédie-Française, Sarah Bernhardt alone excepted. Her voice, too, has become mellowed and full, a rare thing in an opera bouffe singer. You will have a world of delight opened to you if Grau's company gets as far west as the fair city by the Golden Gate.

Heigh-ho! It makes one feel very old to look back to those first successes of Judic's in "La Timbale d'Argent"; older still to think that one remembers hearing one's elders whispering about Schneider and the Duke de Gramont Caderousse, and how he, not even having a clubman's reputation to lose, appeared openly as "her protector" at the Bal des Artistes. I hardly know why the fact that Hortense on this occasion was dressed all in white, with her marvelous necklace of black pearls and diamonds, and adorned with a chaplet of white camellias, should have fixed itself on my memory, for I was "a mere child then"—as a lady of my acquaintance was wont to say when she recalled an event which was likely to give her hearers a clue to her age. This was before a tawny head of hair had taken the place of the raven locks with which nature had originally endowed her. Time does indeed work wonders! Even Sarah Bernhardt's copper-hued mane was dark brown once. I could run through a long list of such transformations. But to return to Judic, who is still young enough to boast of raven locks, and clever enough also not to risk spoiling her personal appearance by dyeing them any other color.

Judic rose on the theatrical horizon at a strange moment. Paris was still bleeding from a hundred wounds—wounds of civil war and foreign invasion. The ruins of the Hôtel de Ville had scarce ceased smoking, and frivolous, fascinating Paris was hardly in the mood yet to arouse itself with rough-and-tumble Offenbach madness, or the indecent cleverness of Schneider and Blanche d'Antigny. It was a transition period, between the days of mourning and the new dawn of prosperity. No one knows better than I how very dark had been the dark hours, for I made one of the two million prisoners of the siege of Paris. I ate roast horse and mouse pie, when I could get them, warmed my frozen fingers over a fire of cotton reels, and shed many tears for my vanquished friends. The natural reaction had come. People wanted to be amused—desperately—but their black-crape dresses and hat-bands put them to the blush when they thought of it; and the glories of opera bouffe seemed to have departed with the tinsel splendor of Napoleon the Little and his rakish, dissipated courtiers. Well, it was all a mistake. Golden nights were preparing for opera bouffe again. Leon Vasseur appeared and Judic left the music hall. "La Timbale d'Argent" proved an enormous success at the Bouffes, on the very boards which had witnessed the triumphs of "Orphée aux Enfers" and "La Belle Hélène." Molda, the heroine of the new opera, grew famous in a night, and the next morning, forgetful of Prussians, Communists, and death, the boulevard was raving over the charm, *finesse*, and eyes of Anna Judic, just as a little while before it had been raving over the *canaillerie* of Thérèsa.

She did not owe all her success to her eyes or her talent. She had the loveliest arms, the shapeliest ankles, and the most luxuriant of dark tresses to plead for her also. Yet the talent far outweighed all other attractions. It had a stamp of its own—a mixture of sensuousness, piquancy, and delicate refinement. When Molda had a *risqué* verse to sing, she made it seem ten-fold as improper as it really was by underlying it with glances, sighs, and heavings of a fair white bosom—and, above all, by an indescribable and inimitable something in her manner of pronouncing the words—lingering on them with mock hesitation, far more wicked than the coarse, free-and-easy gestures of Schneider, yet so marvelously studied, so skillfully toned down, that the wickedness was only suggested, and the performance remained a work of art. The men might like the naughtiness, and yet their admiration went more to the artist than the woman; while the women forgot to be jealous until they learned by experience what a hold this bewitching Anna had over the minds and hearts of their husbands masters.

Judic never, or rarely, falls into coarseness. She produces her effects by subtile shades and half-tones—coy, yet wicked, half unveilings of her ankle, and the sensual play of her nostrils. Yes, those nostrils of hers have a great part in all her by-play, and her by-play is the most faultless to be seen on the boards of Europe.

She is a Jewess, with the fascination of her race, many of its grand qualities, and plenty of its unpleasant meanness. Her face is beautiful; her eyes, arms, hands, neck, bust, and hair all are beautiful. But nature has been unkind to her figure. The Queen of Opera Bouffe has a defect in the shoulders—not marked enough to be called a deformity, but quite noticeable enough to spoil her form and prevent any rival from being jealous of it. As to the moral side of her—— But what have I or you to do with the morality of the goddesses men admire from before the footlights? At all events, she has been married, and has the reputation of being an excellent mother to her children.

Théo, her rival, rose like her, and like Thérèsa, from the obscurity of the *café concert* to the glory of being a dramatic "star." Some ten years ago she was vegetating at the El Dorado, earning six hundred dollars a year, with which (as her tastes were expensive and she had to find her own dresses) she found it a hard job to make both ends meet often enough. Happily her husband (for she also boasted a husband) was a tailor—skillful with the goose and the needle. Théo managed somehow till she got an offer of an engagement in Vienna, which she jumped at. It was there that Offenbach found her one day, half starving. A delusive impresario had abandoned her and her companions, omitting to pay them before he "levanted." Offenbach had heard her in Paris; he saw at once how suited she was for the new Théâtre de la Renaissance (just opened then). His "Pomme d'Api" was on the eve of being revived there, and, after a long silence, he was about to tempt fortune once more with a new effort, the now famous "Jolie Parfumeuse." Although Judic's popularity was at the hour prodigious, he conceived the bold idea of raising a rival, and, paying Théo's expense, brought her back to Paris, and secured her an engagement. She came, saw, and conquered—thanks a little to her *minaudière* ways and good looks; thanks still more to the help of complaisant journalists, friendly *cocottes*, and other powers of the "Tout Paris," which ruins or enriches actresses. In "Pomme d'Api" she was voted a success. Schneider deigned to say that "Vraiment, la petite avait beaucoup de chien." The remark was repeated. It became the fashion to applaud Offenbach's protégée, to affect enthusiasm over her weak and not over-correct soprano, and to adore the "chien," which had elicited the great Hortense's encomium. "La Jolie Parfumeuse," which was produced soon after, set the seal to her triumph. The "disrobing scene" in the last act fairly took the audience by storm, and, in consideration of her arms and shoulders, all her faults of voice and errors of acting were forgiven. She was a "star" from that evening, and a star she remains. Nabobs and princes began to court her. The critics pronounced her delightful. Albert Edward himself, it is whispered, paid her pointed attention. And Judic went nearly out of her mind with jealousy.

An attempt was once made, before Maurice Grau engaged both for America, to get the rivals to play in the same company. The result proved disastrous. A violent scene convulsed the green-room one night, and the papers next morning told of a hand-to-hand encounter between its idols—ending in the ignominious expulsion of Théo by her more vigorous enemy, and, of course, of the secession from the theatre of the vanquished beauty.

Queens of opera bouffe have less occasion than the actresses in genteel comedy of charming and astonishing the public by the splendor and exaggeration of their dress. Almost as much has been said about Sarah Bernhardt's toilets as about herself; and had the fifty or so of trunks which contained Doña Sol's pearl-embroidered robes, Marguerite Gautier's camellia-decked raiment, poor Frou-Frou's flounced furbelows, l'Etrangère's exotic gowns, and Fédora's Parisian master-pieces gone down in mid-ocean, surely Sarah's appearance in the States would have been shorn of much of its interest. Jane Hading's success is due in part to her tailor. Blanche Pierson made a name for elegance before she began to have any talent, and Croizette's fascination owed something to the taste with which she dressed her part, as well as to her beauty. In an opera bouffe, an actress has more often than not to wear a national or a pseudo-historic costume, and all she can do is to set the fashion for some new hat, or give a name to a novelty. Thus, we have worn "Angot paniers," "Timbale hats," "Niniche bonnets," and "Mascotte handles" to our sunshades, pins for our hair, and charms for our watch-chains.

It is certainly a point in favor of Judic's talents that her dresses have not taken the world by storm. The charm of her personality is so great as hardly to need extraneous help from the *couturier*, milliner, stay-maker, or coiffeur. So that her rounded arms, neat ankles, and brilliant orbs were set off attractively, what else was there to wish for? The most perfect productions of the *couturier* are of very small consequence in comparison with such physical advantages as these—by which men's hearts were captivated long before Worth or Félix were thought of.

On a former occasion Ihave discoursed on the peculiar position of a "professional beauty's" husband. But what is this in comparison to that of the husband of a queen of opera bouffe? Yet power makes up for a good deal, and perhaps Monsieur Judic and Monsieur Théo were, I have little doubt, both of the opinion that they had not lived in vain. They have had theatrical directors, authors, composers, journalists, as well as the many admirers of their wives—so to speak—at their feet. Who would ever have heard of the tailor of the Place de la Bourse, if it had not been for his better half? Would Monsieur Judic have been hail-fellow-well-met with half the dramatic and literary world of Paris, the darling of the *boudinês*, and the "moucher" of dukes and princes, had no such person as Anna with her dark lashes and light repartees existed? Report describes Monsieur Judic as a dashing fellow, accepting and making the best of his position, and Monsieur Théo as a timid, anxious creature, given to a weak, tearful kind of jealousy, which has caused him to weep in the shadow of a side-wing while his wife was the centre of an admiring throng in the green-room. Both died lately, Monsieur Judic a few weeks ago, Monsieur Théo the other day. Their widows are reported to be inconsolable; so doubtless they were both, in their respective ways, good husbands. They were perhaps somewhat foolishly blind at times, although they were wont to open their eyes pretty wide where their own interests were concerned, and their own interests and those of their wives were generally synonymous.

Théo has been accused of imitating Judic in everything. A *mauvais plaisant* the other day exclaimed, on learning of the death of her husband, following so closely on that of her rival's: "There she is, always the same, no originality! I have a horror of plagiarism." A gruesome joke, to say the least.

Success such as that of Judic and Théo always conjures up a harvest of small ambitions. One can imagine any number of *petites bourgeoises* with a voice and a pair of eyes practicing over their famous songs, and honest tradesmen building castles in the air as they listened to their wives, while ostensibly engaged in drawing their needle or minstering to the wants of their customers. To be famous, to be known as the husband of successful divas of operetta—what a dream of grandeur! To travel over Europe and America in conjugal attendance upon a dramatic "star," to live in the brilliant rays, and near, as it were, a reflected halo round their head; to have the fingering of a princely income; to sign engagements, and to watch carefully over the fulfillment of the bonds; to have married a queen of operetta and to become king consort—what a destiny! Fortunatus with his cap is but a beggar in comparison. It seems hard upon these gentlemen that they must needs, like Wolsey, bid good-bye to all their greatness.

The American tour is the crowning glory of the lives of Judic and Théo. They will live over again their old successes in "La Timbale d'Argent," "Niniche," "La Femme à Papa," "Mlle. Nitauche," "La Jolie Parfumeuse," "Pomme d'Api," etc. And the terms upon which they have agreed "to cross the stormy waters" are golden. Judic is to have one thousand dollars nightly, without counting perquisites. Her whilom rival—and now comrade, if not friend—three hundred. And this gives pretty accurately the measure of the two, Théo being in comparison with Judic as three to ten. PARISINA.

PARIS, July 25, 1884.

### ANCIENT AND MODERN FABLES.

I.

"When I was young," said Socrates to Alcibiades, one Sunday afternoon, "it was the custom of the maidens of Athens to wear tunics somewhat low as to the neck and short as to the sleeves whenever they went into the theatre, or out to a hop, or any other like occasion of frivolous amusement. I suppose that was before your day, O Alcibiades?"

"It was," said Alcibiades, with a sigh.

"But the tricks of fashion are altogether worthy of wonder. To-day, for the first time in many years, I went into a church. It was one of those which made the loudest outcry against the low-necked tunics in the days of my youth. And what was my surprise, O excellent young man, to find that the quondam fashion of the ball-room had crept into the temple of worship. Before me sat the fair daughter of Plutocratus, the richest silver miner of Attica. She wore a garment entirely sleeveless, and cut very low in the neck; but she had wisely protected her arms and shoulders from the flies by a covering of mosquito-bar, which is called a lace yoke in the language of the day. What think you of this fashion, Alcibiades?"

"I think," replied the beautiful Alcibiades, "that it would be wiser to keep out the flies with wire screens at the doors and windows, and do away with the lace yokes altogether."

The maidens of Athens heard of this saying of Alcibiades, and were highly displeased.

Alcibiades died an old bachelor in a foreign land.—*Ex.*

II.

An aged Trunk sat back in the dark corner of the car, and refused to budge when the baggage gentleman called him out. The baggage-man, in great wrath, advanced and seized the venerable Saratoga by the Handle.

"Gently, friend, gently," said the Trunk; "that thing you have hold of was not made to lift me by."

But the baggage-man gave it a Yank that pulled it out by the Roots, and then, with violent language, he upbraided the Trunk for not holding on.

"I have nothing to do with getting out this baggage," replied the Aged Trunk; "my sole mission and duty in life is to get on the wrong train. Failing in that, I am content merely to go to the wrong hotel, although I would prefer to lose my Check and get lost entirely. You will find the remaining Handle at the other end."

The baggage-man walked around and caught hold of the surviving Handle. By placing his feet against the end of the Trunk, and holding on with both hands, he was able to pull off this one in three strong pulls. Then the Aged Trunk closed its eyes, leaned back, and simply said;

"And this is where I must get off, too."

The baggage-man wept. He had now to stoop down, put his arms around that Trunk, pick it up bodily, and carry it to the car door. He did so, but the exertion broke his back in three places. He determined that he would not die unavenged, so he hurled the now helpless Trunk upon the iron-bound Truck that awaited it. Then, as he heard the awful crash that announced the ruin he had wrought, he sank to the floor of the car, saying:

"I die happy."

But a comrade looked in the car and said, sadly:

"Missed yer tip, Bill!"

"Didn't I bust the Trunk?" he asked, faintly.

"Naw; only wrecked an express truck."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

**The House Made Beautiful.**

Many young couple of modest means are deterred from receiving their friends by the fact that they have but one room, and do not like to invite their friends into a room half of which is occupied by a large, old-fashioned bed. They have no space for tables, a sewing-machine, a book-case, or any of the furniture which makes a *home*. Such people are even now depriving themselves of the pleasures of friendship, when they might receive visitors just as well as not. By using the Burr Patent Folding Bed, they could economize space and at the same time greatly improve the appearance of the room. These beds have the appearance of a handsome cabinet during the day, and make a healthy and comfortable bed for the night. They are for sale in infinite variety of prices and styles by H. H. Gross, of 21 New Montgomery Street.

— MT. GARDNER SEMINARY, AT GARDNER, Massachusetts, under the proprietorship of Mrs. Aurelia Burrage, formerly of this city, will begin its second year September 24th. This school of languages is located in one of the most healthy and beautiful New England towns.

**An Elegant Country Residence.**

To-day, at twelve o'clock, noon, Taggart & Dingee will sell at auction, on the premises, the valuable property near Haywards, Alameda Co., belonging to Mr. J. H. Strowbridge. This property, consisting of five hundred acres of choice fruit land, will be sold in subdivisions of from ten to thirty acres, with the fine stock, farming implements, etc., in suitable lots. The Strowbridge mansion, a magnificent modern residence of twenty rooms, with the broad verandas so delightful in a country home, will be sold elegantly furnished, together with the stables, trout-pond, handsome lawn, and a fine orchard of five acres, the whole including one hundred acres. Tickets for the special train which leaves town at nine o'clock A. M. (including an ample free lunch), may be obtained of Easton & Eldridge, 22 Montgomery Street.

— MRS. HENRY NORTON WILL RESUME THE teaching of singing August 15th. Residence, 1505 Washington Street. Communications may be addressed in care of M. Grav's music store, 206 Post Street. Oakland day, Wednesday, at 363½ Twelfth Street, Room 21.

**A FASHIONABLE MODISTE.**

**What the "Bulletin" says of Mrs. K. A. Deering.**

Good taste in dress is a rare faculty which is only possessed by a few, for it takes years of study to understand the good points of the various female figures. As much depends upon the carriage and proportions as upon the age and complexion of a lady, and the brain is often taxed to its utmost to decide what is the proper style, cut, and color to show to the best advantage the wearer of a garment. The best-costumed ladies are those who patronize only the most experienced dress-makers, well knowing that no such person can afford to send out of her establishment a garment that does not do her justice; and we do not know of any place to find these qualifications than at the dress-making establishment of Mrs. K. A. Deering, at 121 Post Street, over O'Connor, Moffitt & Co.'s. Every dress she makes is a success. She has a large force of workers and an experienced French cutter direct from Paris. Mrs. Deering also takes orders for buying, which are executed conscientiously. Her accommodations are magnificent, and her prices as reasonable as any in the city.

**More Left.**

Notwithstanding the unexpected demand for those beautiful dressing-tables, we have some left, which we are offering at the same low prices, with a still further reduction of ten per cent. until further notice. California Furniture Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

— CAPACITY FOR WORK, MENTAL AND PHYSIcal, increased — Prolong your life with Celery, Beef, and Iron.

**Fredericksburg Lager Beer**

Is the finest in the world. Send your orders, for kegs or bottles, to 539 California Street.

**Root Beer.**

A strictly non-alcoholic family beverage, at once delicious to the taste and beneficial to the system. The youngest child or the feeblest invalid can drink it with advantage. Put up in pint and quart champagne bottles, with patent stoppers, at seventy cents and one dollar and ten cents per dozen. All orders promptly filled. H. L. St. John & Co., 14 Hayes Street.

— BLAINE AND CLEVELAND CAMPAIGN MEDals. Best gold and silver-plated badges out. Samples of either candidate, gold, 50 cents; silver, 25 cents. Wholesale terms on application. E. F. GAMBS, sole agent for Pacific Coast, 234 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,**

Eddy Street, near Market.

KREELING BROS. ..... Sole Proprietors and Managers

Positively last nights of Verdi's Grand Opera, in five acts,

**IL TROVATORE.**

With a Grand Orchestra and Chorus and an excellent cast.

Monday Evening, August 18th, first time in this city in four years—

**PINAFORE! PINAFORE!**

Admission, 25 cents. ..... Reserved seats, 50 cents

**THE**

**PAPPENHEIM OPERA SEASON,**

**BY INEZ FABBRI'S**

**German and Italian Opera Company**

**OPENING NIGHT..... SEPTEMBER 1st**

SIG. D. DE VIVO ..... Managing Director
CHAS. SCHULTZ ..... Acting Manager

**Subscription for Eight Nights now open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., at the**

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**

**MADEMOISELLE LOUISE LOUIT,**
**Teacher of French,**

Will give private lessons at residence of pupils, or at Perry Seminary, 1625 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland.

**LOANS MADE FOR ONE YEAR ON WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND JEWELRY, AT THE COLLATERAL BANK, No. 15 Dupont Street.**

**THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!**

**The Light-running**

**"HOUSEHOLD" SEWING MACHINE.**



Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to **three months' trial.**

**Samuel Hill Estate**

CITY SALES ROOMS,
**634 Market St.**
Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

**ESTABLISHED 1855.**

# CARRIAGES.

# O. F. WILLEY & CO.

NEVADA BLOCK,

**No. 317 MONTGOMERY STREET, - - - - - - SAN FRANCISCO,**

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

## CARRIAGES, LIGHT ROAD WAGONS, CARTS, SULKIES,

Our stock of which is now, as it has heretofore been, unsurpassed in elegance and solidity. Recent importations have greatly enlarged our supply of vehicles of all kinds from the following celebrated Eastern establishments, of which we are the agents, viz.:

**Brewster & Co.,** (of Broome Street) New York,
**C. S. Caffrey & Co.,** Camden, N. J.,
**Henry Hooker & Co.,** New Haven, Conn.,
**H. Killam & Co.,** New Haven, Conn.,
**W. S. Frazier & Co.,** Chicago Road Carts.

We have also an assortment of Buggies and Phaetons, with full leather tops, which we sell at prices ranging from **$85** to **$125.** Constantly on hand a full supply of

## HARNESS,

From the famous manufactories of Wood Gibson, New York, and Tompkins & Mandeville, together with a complete assortment of Concord and other Harness. **Fine Silk Plush Robes, Lap Robes of all Kinds, Horse Blankets, Whips in variety, Wheel Jacks, Wood Stable Forks, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs,** etc., etc. The Agency Goods above enumerated will be sold at Eastern prices with freight added. We have always in stock, and are prepared to manufacture to order, Mountain and other Wagons. In returning thanks for past patronage and favors, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

# W. W. COLE'S GREAT SHOWS

Will open in San Francisco

**SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th,**

**And Continue for Seven Days.**

**ROOM! ROOM! MORE ROOM!!**

A new location necessary. Too large for lots used by ordinary shows. The tents will be erected on the vast vacant property situated at Market, Eighth, and Mission Streets, opposite New City Hall.

**Utterly and Absolutely New in every respect**




## 3 CIRCUSES IN 3 RINGS

**2 MENAGERIES IN 2 TENTS,**

AND A

**MAMMOTH ELEVATED STAGE!!**

Most positively three times larger, better, more varied, more novel, more interesting, and more meritorious than any amusement enterprise of whatever kind that ever has visited the Pacific Coast.

**Something You Never Saw Before and You Know It!**

12 Genuine Bedouin Arabs; Samson, the largest Elephant alive; the Human Fly, Mlle. Aime: Seven Sisters with Hair 7 feet long; 45 Acts at every performance; All the Presidents and Politicians in Wax; Russian Roller Skaters; Bicycle Experts: a White Hippopotamus: Two-Horned Black Rhinoceros: Aerial Bicycle Riding: Performances in Two Tents; Giants, Dwarfs, Curious People; Performing Wild Beasts, Performing Stallions, Performing Pigs, Ponies, Lions and Tigers, Herds of Elephants, Droves of Camels.

**A Regiment of Circus Performers**

Will appear in a programme of

**Phenomenally Difficult Acts and Deeds of Exceptional Daring.**

**First Performance Saturday Afternoon, September 6th.**

**Admission, and a good seat, only $1**

Children under nine, 50 cents. Reserved Chairs, 50 cts. extra. Tickets will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store, corner Kearny and Sutter Sts., at a slight advance, to cover extra expense.

**A Grand After-Dark, Illuminated Street Parade, Friday Night, Sept. 5th**

A Perfect Sea of Pyrotechnic Fire. The streets literally ablaze. Animal Dens wide open. The most gorgeous, glittering spectacle ever seen since the world began.

**Will also exhibit at**

| | |
|---|---|
| **Nevada City** | **Monday, August 18** |
| **Auburn** | **Tuesday, August 19** |
| **Marysville** | **Wednesday, August 20** |
| **Oroville** | **Thursday, August 21** |
| **Chico** | **Friday August 22** |
| **Red Bluff** | **Saturday, August 23** |
| **Redding** | **Monday, August 25** |
| **Willows** | **Tuesday, August 26** |
| **Woodland** | **Wednesday, August 27** |
| **Sacramento** | **Thursday, August 28** |
| **Elmira** | **Friday, August 29** |
| **St. Helena** | **Saturday, August 30** |
| **Napa** | **Monday, September 1** |
| **Vallejo** | **Tuesday, September 2** |
| **Martinez** | **Wednesday, September 3** |
| **Oakland** | **Thursday, September 4** |

# BUTTERICK'S

**Patterns—Fall Styles.**

**Send Stamp for Catalogues. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco,**

# TAGGART & DINGEE,

**Real Estate Agents and Auctioneers**

**460 and 462 Eighth St., Oakland.**

**EASTON & ELDRIDGE, 22 Montgomery St., San Francisco.**

**W. H. RHODEHAMEL, Haywards.**

**J. O. ELDRIDGE..... AUCTIONEER.**

# NOTICE.

## GREAT CREDIT SALE

# 500 ACRES

In subdivisions of from 10 to 20 acres each,

**Of the far-famed**

# FRUIT & BERRY LAND

—AT—

# HAYWARDS

Alameda Co., Cal., being the well-known

## STROWBRIDGE RANCH,

Only ten minutes' walk from the post-office at Haywards, at

# AUCTION

**SATURDAY, AUG. 16, 1884,**

At 12 o'clock, noon, on the property.

An opportunity never before offered for securing small tracts of productive FRUIT LAND in this celebrated location.

Surrounded by the famous orchards of Meek, Wenton, Blackwood, Jessup, and others, and on account of its proximity to San Francisco, and the cheap transportation, this land offers advantages unequaled by any other section in the State, **and is rapidly enhancing in value. Secure a homestead with an income. Only 60 minutes from San Francisco.**

**Long Credit and Low Rate of Interest**

☞ Only One-third Cash, balance in 1, 2, and 3 yearly payments; interest on deferred payment only 7 per cent. per annum.

**An Elegant Country Seat.**

That portion of the tract comprising 100 acres, on which are the improvements, include the

**STROWBRIDGE MANSION,**

A magnificent modern residence of twenty rooms, completely and elegantly furnished. Broad verandas, and every comfort of a luxurious home.

Fine large stables, carriage-houses, summer-houses, and out-buildings; also, trout pond and never-failing stream of running water; fine orchard of five acres, assorted fruits; handsome lawn, etc., etc., will be sold as a whole, including the furniture.

**Send for Diagram Catalogue of Ranch; also, Stock Catalogue,**

And don't fail to see the property before the day of sale.

At the same time and place will be sold Strowbridge's celebrated band of

**Thoroughbred Spanish Merino Sheep, Fine Driving and Trotting Horses, High Grade Durham Cows, Farming Implements, Furniture, &c., &c.**

## TO REACH THE RANCH.

The 7:30 and 10 A. M. boats from San Francisco connect at Oakland pier with Haywards train. Free busses meet all trains, taking parties to see the ranch, allowing ample time to view the property and return to the city in the afternoon.

**ON DAY OF SALE**

A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Oakland pier on arrival of 9 A. M. boat from the city; Market Street, Oakland, at 9:25; and East Oakland at 9:35 A. M. This train will return to the city after the sale.

Don't fail to examine this choice FRUIT LAND before the day of sale.

AN AMPLE FREE LUNCH WILL BE PROVIDED.

Tickets for Special Train and further particulars can be had of the undersigned.

**TAGGART & DINGEE,**
460 and 462 Eighth Street, Oakland.

**EASTON & ELDRIDGE,**
22 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

**W. H. RHODEHAMEL,** Haywards.

### THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Mellifluous Madrigal.

My Madeline! my Madeline!
Mark my melodious midnight moans;
Much may my melting music mean,
My modulated monotones.

My mandolin's mild minstrelsy,
My mental music magazine,
My mouth, my mind, my memory
Must mingling murmur "Madeline!"

Muster mid midnight masquerades,
Mark Moorish maidens, matrons, men,
'Mongst Murcia's most majestic maids
Match me my matchless Madeline.

Mankind's malevolence may make
Much melancholy music mine;
Many my motives may mistake,
My modest merits much malign.

My Madeline's most mirthful mood
Much mollifies my mind's machine;
My mournfulness's magnitude
Melts—makes me merry, Madeline!

Matchmaking mas may machinate,
Manœuvring misses me misween;
More money may make many mate,
My magic motto's "Madeline!"

Melt, most mellifluous melody,
'Midst Murcia's misty mounts marine;
Meet me mid mooonlight—merry me,
Madonna mia—Madeline!

—*Orcus Pyramidalis.*

A Sportsman's Love.

A sportsman winged by Cupid's dart
Said to the maid he loved, "My deer,
Your wiles have fast enchained my hart
With lynx of steel, 'tis very clear.

"I quail to think of my sad lot,
My bittern never-ending woe;
Should my fawn dreaming come to naught—
I think 'twould lay this buffalo.

"Heron my knees I doe declare
I'd gladly, freely diver thee;
Owlet me all thy burdens bear—
Thy sor-roes, share them all with me.

"You otter know how bad I feel,
To your sea-duck-tive arts a prey.
If you refuse, your heart is teal—
Say weasal wed, and name the day."

She smiled, the minks, and blushing said,
"Think not that I woodchuck you over,
Knowing how badger heart has bled—
Besides, you'll make a bang-up plover!"

—*Ex.*

The Faded Ones.

Those faded booms, those faded booms!
That withered in the lakeside glooms;
As vague as some lost, undreamed dream,
Their dim, gaunt, shadowy figures seen.

Call them not back; oh, never more,
From the long lake's low, reedy shore,
Shall boom for Bayard, Sam, or Ben,
Return to walk the haunts of men.

—*Burdette.*

Red Paint.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"I'll go and paint the city red?"

—*Washington Star.*

If such there be, go mark him well;
For him awaits no dungeon cell,
But, strictly sober, he'll go home
And peacefully repose in bed;
Nor will he in wild visions roam,
Nor wake next morn with muddled head.

—*Morning Journal.*

The Mugwumps' Campaign Song.

Oh, we are the salt of the earth,
And the pick of the people, too;
We're all of us men of worth,
And vastly better than you!

Sing Hey! the political flirts!
The delicate, dainty few!
There's Chaplain Beecher and Corporal Schurz,
And Captain Codman, too!

The majority's sure to be wrong,
We are the moral few;
But they're "coming it" awfully strong,
And that makes us awfully blue.

Sing Ho! the political flirts!
The moral, immaculate few!
There's Curtis, and Godkin, and Corporal Schurz,
And the Boston *'Tizer*, too!

O Matthew, come over the sea,
We're looking and longing for you;
An "intelligent remnant" we—
But we don't know what to do!

Sing Hi! the political flirts!
The virtuous, vestal few!
The *Times*, and the *Nation*, and Corporal Schurz,
And *Harper's Weekly*, too!

We are the only good;
The rest are a riff-raff crew;
But we never are understood,
And the people shout, they do:

"Sing Bah! you political flirts!
You dubious, dudish few!
Sing Bah! to you all, especially Schurz,
And Calico Curtis, too!"

—*Norwich Bulletin.*

— THE METROPOLITAN HALL IS THE BEST for political meetings in the city, combining, as it does, a large seating capacity and fine acoustic properties.

— NO SCROFULOUS INFECTION CAN RESIST THE purifying power of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

— DON'T FILL THE SYSTEM WITH QUININE, when fever and ague and malarial fevers can be much more effectively treated by Ayer's Ague Cure. Warranted to cure.


The Strongest and Best!




The Strongest and Best!

Recommended by the leading Physicians and Chemists of the Pacific Coast.

FOR SALE BY

C. J. HAWLEY & CO.

Nos. 215 and 217 Sutter St.

FROM THE PRESIDENT

OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

*Gentlemen:*

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,

WM. CAREY CRANE."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

Hunyadi JÁNOS

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

"*A natural laxative, superior to all others.*"
Prof. Macnamara, M.D., of Dublin.

"SPEEDY, SURE & GENTLE."
*Prof. Roberts, F.R.C.P., London.*

"*Relieves the kidneys, unloads the liver, and opens the bowels.*"
London Medical Record.

*Ordinary Dose, a Wineglassful before breakfast. Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.*

NONE GENUINE BUT WITH THE BLUE LABEL.

For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.

No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco,

and Portland, Oregon.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
24 Post St., San Francisco

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, PENMANSHIP AND TELEGRAPHY.

E. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for

TAMAR CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion, etc.

INDIEN Prepared by E. GRILLON, Chemist of the Paris Faculty,

GRILLON SOLE PROPRIETOR, 27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.

Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

EDUCATIONAL.

BARNARD'S
BUSINESS COLLEGE,
37 Post St., S. F. Send for Circular.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL for GIRLS
Will re-open Monday, August 3d.
Temporary location, 1001 Sutter Street, corner of Hyde.

PERRY SEMINARY,
Formerly Sacramento Seminary of Sacramento, will open
August 6, 1884,
At 1625 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland. For catalogue and particulars, address MRS. HERMAN PERRY, Or MISS KATE M. FULLER, Principals.

Elocution, Oratory, and the Drama.
MRS. M. J. BRADLEY,
528 Ellis Street. Office hours, 1 to 3.

MISS F. A. DILLAYE,
ORGANIST AND TEACHER OF ORGAN, PIANO, AND VOCAL MUSIC. Opportunities to practice may be secured by organ pupils at her residence, 725 O'Farrell St.

MME. VIOLA A. POMEROY,
Teacher of Singing, Elocution, Voice Culture. Voice Building—"Delsarte Method." Restores Lost or Impaired Voices. Lessons in French, German, and Italian—for Opera, Parlor, or Concert. Pupils thoroughly prepared for the Dramatic and Operatic Stage. Residence, 220½ McAllister Street.

SHORT-HAND INSTITUTE.
Oral instruction day and evening: also, lessons by mail; send for circular. Long's School of Phonography, 220½ McAllister Street.

PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.
THOROUGH TRAINING BASED ON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES. WM. T. ROSS, A. M.,
Rooms 78 and 79, St. Ann's Building, No. 6 Eddy St.

PRIVATE INSTRUCTION
In the English Branches. Bookkeeping and Accounts. Preparations for Examinations a specialty. Call 4 to 8 P. M. B. L. BROWN, 313 Geary Street.

FINEST PHOTOS IN THE CITY
....AT THE....
IMPERIAL GALLERY,
724½ Market Street.

WINDOW SHADE FACTORY. H. E. BULLIVANT & CO., FACTORY AND SALESROOM, 753 Mission St., bet. 3d & 4th. Decorating and Lettering a specialty for stores, offices, residences, etc.

JOS. FIGEL
211 MONTGOMERY ST. S.F.

Offers the

LATEST STYLES
.....OF.....
CLOTHING
.....AND.....
FURNISHING GOODS
FOR GENTS AND BOYS,
READY MADE and MADE TO MEASURE at
REDUCED PRICES.
A Full Line of Desirable Suitings in our Merchant Tailoring Department.

CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. MONOGRAMS, Arms, Crests, Wedding, Reception and Visiting Cards designed, engraved, and printed; lot Papeterie; Albums at great bargain. ROBERTS, 10 Post St., Masonic Temple. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

JOHN MIDDLETON,
COAL.
14 Post St., and N. E cor Geary and Mason.

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS
And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,
415 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco

MARBLE WORKS.
MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.
W. H. McCORMICK,
827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR
AND
CLOTH OF GOLD
CIGARETTES.

Our Cigarettes can not be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883.

13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

ALASKA
COMMERCIAL CO.
No. 310 SANSOME STREET,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

$130,000
Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, 1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal. Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers.
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.


### CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of August, 1884, an assessment (No. 13) of Twenty (20c) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the eleventh (11th) day of September, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the eighth day of October, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

### POTOSI MINING COMPANY.

Location and principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-ninth day of July, 1884, an assessment (No. 16) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the 2d day of September, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 23d day of September, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California

### CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 23d day of July, 1884, an assessment (No. 14) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the twenty-sixth day of August, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of September, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.


The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over 3,300 illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy Free to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Wednesday, Aug. 6, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‖8.00 A.M. | ..Byron and Martinez | ¶6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Deming, El Paso} Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {and East.....} Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | {Galt and } via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | {Stockton } via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Ione | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Los Angeles and South | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | { Merced, Madera, } | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Fresno, and Tulare } | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Mojave, Needles, } Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {and East..... } Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | {Ogden and } Express | 11.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {East..... } Emigrant | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {Red Bluff } via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {and Tehama } via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Redding | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‖10.00 A.M. | .. " | ‖3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | ..Virginia City | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 8.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Vallejo Junction; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from The Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.
¶ Daily from Martinez. Sundays only from Byron.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, ‡3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‖8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‖6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‖9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‖9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.


NORTHERN DIVISION
SOUTHERN PACIFIC
RAILROAD.

**BROAD GAUGE.**

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Camp Goodall.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡7.50 A.M. | ..Monterey and Santa Cruz.. .....(Sunday Excursion..... | ‡8.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
‡ Theatre train; Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, Camp Goodall, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—Sold SUNDAY MORNING, good for return same day.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

## NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

### TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, May 12th, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—7.30, 9.15 A. M., 1.30, 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 1.30, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20 A. M., 2.00, 3.25, 4.50 P. M.
(Sundays)—7.55, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.15, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 3.55, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.30, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.45, 5.00, 7.10 P. M.
Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 7.00 P. M.

**7.30 A. M. and 1.30 P. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAINS for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through trains from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 10.30 A. M. and 6.00 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning arrives in S. F. at 7.40 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


# DOOR PLATES
**AND HOUSE NUMBERS,**

**New and Elegant Styles at Greatly Reduced Rates.**

Every description of Tableware repaired and replated at **San Francisco Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating Works, 653 and 655 Mission St.,** San Francisco, between New Montgomery and Third.

**E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.**

# PALACE HOTEL.
**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**


## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Passenger Trains leave Station, foot of Market Street, south side, at

**8.30 A. M.**, daily; Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wright's, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, SANTA CRUZ, and all Way Stations. Parlor Car.

**2.30 P. M.** (except Sunday), Express; Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ. Parlor Car.

**4.30 P. M.**, daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and intermediate points. Saturdays and Sundays to Santa Cruz.

**$5 Excursions** to SANTA CRUZ, and **$2.50** to SAN JOSE, on SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, to return until MONDAY, inclusive.

**8.00 A. M.**, every Sunday, Excursion to SAN JOSE, BIG TREES, and SANTA CRUZ.

**$3.00** to BIG TREES and SANTA CRUZ.

**$1.75** to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE.

### To Oakland and Alameda.

‖6.00, ‖6.30, ‖7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 A. M, ¶12.00, 12.30, ¶1.00, 1.30, ¶2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.30, 10.45, 11.45 P. M.

**From Fourteenth and Webster Streets, Oakland**—‖5.30, ‖6.00, ‖6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, ¶11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶12.00, 12.30, ¶1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 9.30, 10.45, 11.45 P. M.

**From High Street, Alameda**—‖5.16, ‖5.46, ‖6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 7.46, 8.16, 8.46, 9.16, 9.46, 10.16, ¶10.46, 11.16, ¶11.46 A. M., 12.16, ¶12.46, 1.16, 1.46, 2.16, 2.46, 3.16, 3.46, 4.16, 4.46, 5.16, 5.46, 6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 9.16, 11.31 P. M.

‖ Sundays excepted. ¶ Saturdays and Sundays only.

TICKET, Telegraph, and Transfer Office, 222 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. R. M. GARRATT, G. F. & P. Agt.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **12 o'clock noon**, for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| Steamer | 1884. | From San Francisco |
|---|---|---|
| **Arabic** | | **Tuesday, August 19th** |
| **San Pablo** | | **Thursday, September 25th** |
| **Oceanic** | | **Thursday, October 30th** |
| **Arabic** | | **Tuesday, November 11th** |
| **San Pablo** | | **Thursday, December 18th** |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Rio de Janeiro**.....**September 2**
**City of Tokio**.....**September 13**

At 2 o'clock P. M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Jose**.....**August 15**

At ten o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, SAN BLAS, MANZANILLO, and ACAPULCO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA and LA LIBERTAD, and via ACAPULCO for other Mexican and Central American ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Australia**.....Saturday, August 30, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on August 3d, 11th, 19th, and 27th, and Sept. 4th, and every eighth day thereafter. The last steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAVUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY
**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

ALAMEDA.....TUESDAY, August 15th, at 3 P. M.
MARIPOSA.....MONDAY, September 1st, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.


Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.,**
**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**
**118** Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.
J. S. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.
Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK
OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.
James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President;
James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.
J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital.....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremon National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**
Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.
OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building). JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,
**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.
W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
**No. 216 Sansome Street,**
East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

**Contract for Fall and Winter Supply**
....OF....
# COAL

For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. **CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street.** Telephone 308.

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**
THE NORTON
## DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**
**26 California Street, San Francisco,**
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

# RUBBER HOSE
**FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS,**
Manufactured and for Sale by the
**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese Cross,) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition,) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR,
MANAGER.
**Corner First and Market Streets,**
SAN FRANCISCO.




Fizz! Bang! Boom! Fizzle!

The good old proverb says, with the combined bad grammar and good sense peculiar to proverbs, "Two's company, and three's none." I therefore take the liberty of adding to that lonely Boom, with its accompanying lonely exclamation point, an expletive which relieves its superfluous position and explains the entire situation.

"Fizz! Bang! Boom!" is, without exception, the most deliciously elaborate and naïvely bad performance that any one of us ever saw in all our lives. But that does not excuse the remorseless conduct of the audience upon the opening night. It was the duty of people who went to see a play with such a name as "Fizz! Bang! Boom!" to sit it out. It was evident, from the wildly interspersed theatrical gags, and numerous allusions to one-night stands, that these poor comedians had had a hard time in getting here. There is no reason to suppose they ever drew a full house before. In Christian charity it would have been kind to leave them the unique experience. But when their quality began to appear, one man arose, slowly and solemnly, and sloped out. He was good enough not to permit his feelings to play upon the surface, but walked slowly and sadly up the aisle, with the absorbed preoccupation of a somnambulist. By atmospheric permeation, his disgust communicated itself, and a twain arose and walked out. They were followed by a trio, by a quartet, by a sextet, by a baker's dozen. Every time the bill indicated a fresh specialty, a fresh batch of people got up and floated out. When they began to drift out by fifties, their consciences began to prick them, and they wore pained, deprecatory expressions, as they should say, "I would stay an I could, but my artistic gorge rises against me."

There was but a ghastly handful of us left at the last, but the players played on with undiminished energy, quite unabashed by the hegira. They were evidently better used to seeing people going out of the house than coming in.

A line dexterously inserted in the bills insinuates that the music harmonizes with the plot. The plot is a careful collation of the principal hits of the combinations of the last year or two. There is a prosperous Dutch husband from George Knight; a pair of musical visitors and a tin-pan train from the minstrels; a barking dog, a piece of tree-climbing, and an athletic leap into a coal-bin, from Harrison & Gourlay; a thrice-diluted imitation of Kate Castleton; and a hodge-podge of opera bouffe. Of course they sing that charming little number from "The Mascotte,"

"I feel uncomfor-ta-ble,
Uncomfortable,"

As every wandering combination does. Fortunately Fay Templeton is coming pretty soon to the Bush Street Theatre, and will redeem these scrappy fragments by a complete production of the opera, which is said to be the best in her repertoire. Although they advertise nineteen musical numbers, the "Mascotte" fragments are the only recognizable melodies. The "Fizz! Bang! Boom!" song is carried by the black and white costumes. Kate Foley's "My, what a dreadful thing!" is sadly in need of some verses to stand on, for the small creature has made it bristle with significant looks about nothing at all, and she deserves a good song if for nothing more than because she articulates so distinctly. Miss Carrie Godfrey, on the other hand, who has an excellent voice, does not articulate at all. Still, any one who stayed to see Miss Godfrey in the last act was rewarded for patient waiting. Kate Foley, a little more obscurely placed, would be an agreeable little actress; but she is not yet up to carrying even this performance as a star. As for the three young men in "Fizz! Bang! Boom!" they are the most awful productions yet revealed of the mushroom combination system.

By some extraordinary chance, hitherto unknown in the history of Italian opera, the unpronounceables now singing here are moving smoothly along a grooved path, redeeming every promise and never bolting a programme or a part. The consequence is a series of crowded houses, delighted and enthusiastic, and a melodious accompaniment of jingling dollars to the brasses and strings of Logheder's orchestra. True, it is injudicious of them to crowd three big operas into three successive nights in the latter part of the week, and leave the first of the week open, but they would not be Italians, and they would not be singers, if they could not execute some folly. And, since this one rebounds upon themselves only, it is easily condoned. Perhaps the least satisfying performance of the season thus far has been "La Traviata." The best, undoubtedly, was "Ernani." The work itself, great as it is, is not for a moment to be compared with "Aida." It has not the splendor, the pageantry, the picturesqueness of "Aida," the weird solemnity of its music, the archaic charm of its story, the warm sensuousness of its effect. And they surely sing "Aida" well. But in the excellence of the performance itself, if one may pick distinctions, it outranked it, for the singers were in their best voice, and Vilmant and Serbolini so prominently placed as to exhibit their best powers.

Vilmant was something quite superb as Carlo Quinto. The nervous impetuosity of his style fits well to the kingly part, and its music calls out the best notes in his ringing voice. Like Peri he is full of youthful fervor and fire, and sings the best he can and all he can all the time, and acts so well by the traditions of his training, that as Carlo Quinto, he almost persuaded a de[illegible] audience that he was actor as well as [illegible]. Alas! Rigoletto fell to him and proved [illegible]ong, for the independent young baritone totally eliminated the physical afflictions of the famous jester, straightened his legs, left off his hump, jested almost imperceptibly, and wore the motley as he might a courtier's suit. There was not a seam in his face, nor a lock of gray in his hair, which, by the way, was a pale blonde, and contrasted oddly enough with his dark brown beard. His costume was a beautiful one, like a rich crazy-quilt put together by a novice, but otherwise there was little suggestion of Rigoletto in him, though twice he laid upon the part a skillful touch of real pathos. Both times, however, it fell to him to close the scene with a fall, and I must say the dashing young baritone falls like a bag of potatoes loosely packed. He goes down a point at a time, and, to the irreverent, the effect is ludicrous. He sang superbly as Carlo Quinto, sang well as Giorgio Germont, and very weakly and huskily during the first part of "Rigoletto." But his voice came back to him at last, and carried a most indifferently acted part to success. For there be those high and mighty ones who hang upon the mere notes for the enjoyment of the opera, who disdain a libretto and scorn a plot, and look upon one as sadly lacking in the musical instinct who wants to know what all the row is really about, and who demands a certain balance in the artists for enjoyment. When one does not consult a libretto, the tenor and soprano seem to be always saying either "Io t'amo, Io l'amo, Io fremo," or "Son Io," and their duets, so far as one can make out, is nothing but "Per te" set to an inconceivable number of notes. The baritone is always striking his breast and crying out, "El tempesta del mio cor." The *tempesta* in the baritone's *cor* is chronic in every opera. No one ever catches what the basso is growling down in his stomach except an occasional "Questa," and the chorus is simply unintelligible. By the ear, therefore, a libretto is rather circumscribed. People who are satisfied with this sort of thing were delighted with Vilmant's Rigoletto.

For myself, though it be heresy to say it, though honest little Emma has been refused the Academy of Music because she is not high enough for that mighty temple, I preferred the performance of "Rigoletto" as given by the Abbott Company. For Tagliapietra dramatically more nearly approaches the hapless jester of Victor Hugo than any artist on the operatic stage, and perhaps we did not fully realize his strength in the part until Galassi played it after him, and played it weakly, for "Rigoletto" is an opera so powerful in its effects that it must be acted as well as sung, and though both Galassi and Vilmant leave Tagliapietra far behind as singers, they do not approach him as Rigoletto. Emma Abbott, too, whatever expression she could throw into her poor little eyes threw into them as Gilda, and played with an exceeding pathos, certainly not with the placidity of the pretty Peri in her terrible adventures. As for Baldanza as the Duke, shall we frown upon him because a greater has arisen? Never!

Every one likes little Peri, as she is called, though she is tall as an Amazon, and there is always more zip in the performance when she is in the bill, because with all her crudeness she is so thoroughly sympathetic. There is a sweet, clear, young ring in her voice which is inexpressibly charming. But it is undeniably manifest that the little Peri has not finished her musical education. She is all right while it is smooth sailing, but when the little Peri comes across a technical difficulty, it, in short, breaks the little Peri all up. And to rout the little Peri, horse, foot, and dragoons, give her a cadenza. She cut the florid music of Gilda all she dared, but being called upon to sing a certain set of emotions concerning her newly declared lover, in a glittering series of pyrotechnics, the Peri delivered herself of a cadenza which was a thing of jerks, and jags, and bobs, and saws. Having rent it in unequal shreds, she retired from the encounter as smiling and triumphant as if the Milanese conservatory were patting her on the back. Dear little Peri, what a pity she must ever grow to be a minute older. There is naïveté in that sort of singing now.

Serbolini, as Sparafucile, dressed himself with horrible significance in gore red, and had only one opportunity to sing one of his notes about a yard and a quarter long. I enjoy Serbolini's long notes, for they afford me my first practical opportunity to actually see the wide waves of sound. His Don Silva in "Ernani" was so dignified and noble, and his Infelice was sung with such deep feeling that I almost forgot to watch for my waves until the long note came. This vibrato, which in some parts of Italy is so highly considered, Serbolini excels in.

As for Giannini, encomiums are becoming more and more rapturous. The latest is that a distinguished local musician claims him to be the greatest local tenor that has been heard since Mario. Certainly a more soul-satisfying voice was never heard than Giannini's in "Ernani." The strong dramatic music seemed to bring out all the velvet richness and silver strength of its quality. In "Rigoletto" he unmistakably had a frog in his throat; but he is so unmistakably *en rapport* with his public that they would not give the frog a chance and warmly ignored it.

Music-thirsty as this community has been, they will get their fill of opera. The German season, with Pappenheim in Wagner, follows the Unpronounceables immediately—nay, displaces them—and the Germans will only have ceased to sing, if their season be successful, when Mapleson will arrive with his troupe, intending to give a six weeks' season.

The Unpronounceables will go next week to the Grand Opera House. This theatre is abundantly provided with properties. Let us hope they will give these artists mountings better worthy of their work than they have been doing. "Ernani" and "Rigoletto" were both mounted, as regards scenery, with a cheapness, a carelessness, and a general shabbiness which in a first-class theatre was simply inexcusable.

BETSY B.

---

At the Baldwin next Monday evening, August 18th, will be produced Geo. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt's melodrama, "In the Ranks." It will be rendered by a large company. All of the original properties and mechanical effects have been brought across the continent, as well as a large quantity of scenery. During the action of the play six revolving scenes are shown, said to be unlike anything ever before seen on the San Francisco Stage.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Mr. Hayman left New York for San Francisco on August 13th.

There is a probability of an amicable divorce between Mr. and Mrs. Langtry.

In the Frohmans' new play, "Called Back," Ada Deaves will have a character part.

The New York *Mirror* says that Henry Irving includes San Francisco in his next tour.

The Hanley Sisters, of "Pop" fame, are engaged for the Bijou Opera House of New York.

Louise Pomeroy has been offered Emma Loraine's part in "Queena," by Williams & Tillotson.

The Spanish Students at the Vienna Gardens are not the same who were here before. They play none but Spanish airs.

George R. Sims has written a new play for Louis Harrison and John Gourlay. Price, five thousand dollars; name, "The Gay City."

J. H. Rosewald, late musical director of the Emma Abbott Opera Company, and his wife, Julie Rosewald, have returned from the East.

Miss Louise Paullin has been engaged for the rôle of the Princess in "Zanita," at the Boston. Miss Elma Delaro and Miss May Stembler are also to be in the cast.

At the annual dinner of the Green-Room Club, at the Star and Garter, Richmond, July 22, the toast of "The Press" was responded to by M. H. De Young, of the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

Sadie Martinot will star early in September in a musical comedy written for her by Chas. Hoyt, author of "A Bunch of Keys," etc. It is entitled "The Queen of Bohemia," and is a satire on "blue stockings."

As the page in "Un Ballo," Signora Peri wears a pair of paper frills or ruffs around the tops of her boots. The effect is peculiar. It makes the young lady look, below the girdle, like a couple of cutlets of veal *en papillote*.

Messrs. Cambiaggio, Sieni, and Lampani have rented the Grand Opera House for a short season, beginning next week. They assume all the business responsibilities themselves, except the newspaper advertising, and put their own people in the box-office.

Zelda Seguin's proposed opera tour has been abandoned. She is now in Europe, endeavoring to secure two new operas by Oscar Weil, and replenishing her wardrobe. Brooks & Dickson are trying to bring together Mrs. Seguin and Catharine Lewis, for a joint starring tour, but the latter objects.

Otto Skinner, who played the younger brother in "Francesca da Kimini" during Barrett's last visit here, is playing in London with the Daly company, in "7-20-8." Although cast in a very small rôle—the agricultural young husband in the Bargiss family—the English critics have singled him out for favorable mention.

Miss Carrie Godfrey is a San Francisco girl, and another evidence of the marked predilection of our choir singers for the stage. An amateur dramatic club first fired her ambition. From there she tried the footlights at the Tivoli, and floated by the natural gravitation of a girl with rather a good voice to be the singing member of a combination.

Brooks & Dickson's "In the Ranks" company, which opens at Baldwin's Monday night embraces Ed. J. Buckley, Frank Kilday, I. N. Drew, J. H. Fitzpatrick, Harry Pierson, R. C. White, Perkins D. Fisher, Robert U. Percy, Delancy Barclay, Selina Fetter, Nellie Donald, Annie Allis-ton, Mrs. Charles Peters, Mrs. C. Hill, and little Hattie Hill.

Mr. Donald Harold, of the "Fizz! Bang! Boom!" combination, was quite successful upon his first appearance in San Francisco, when he played the forelegs of the heifer in "Evangeline." His recent appearance shows that an actor is always unwise to abandon a school of acting in which he has been successful.

It is rumored that M. H. De Young, of the *Chronicle*, will build a theatre on the site of the present Vienna Gardens, and that his present visit to Europe has some connection with it. The Vienna Gardens is certainly in the market. Mr. Hayman is said to have gone to New York to consult with Gustave Frohman and Steele Mackay on the subject.

As the "In the Ranks" company has been in town for a week past, the natural supposition arises that they are actually rehearsing, and that the first night's performance will go smoothly. This is a most unusual state of affairs, although it is well known that the Madison Square people, Dion Boucicault, Lawrence Barrett, and Henry Irving owe three-fourths of their success to thorough rehearsals.

Miss Kate Foley, who may be remembered as the small bride who spent a troubled honeymoon in the "Voyage in Suisse," with the Hanlon-Lees combination, wears a pale blue satin infant dress which was the theme of much admiration on the part of the ladies. The fresco work, which is what principally invited their compliments, consists of a lot of flowers cut out from a highly colored pattern of cretonne and pasted on the satin. It is none the less pretty and effective for the simplicity of the device.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett opens at the California next Monday, August 18th, in "Francesca da Rimini," with new costumes for the entire company and auxiliaries by Auguste & Co., of London and Paris, from designs by Hon. Lewis Wingfield. The company (twenty-two people) and special car of baggage and scenery arrived this morning. "Francesca" will be followed by Mr. W. D. Howells's tragedy, "Yorick's Love," to be produced with new scenery by Mr. Hawes Craven, scenic artist of Henry Irving's Lyceum Theatre, London. There will also be produced during the engagement Charles Osborne's new tragedy on the life and death of the Archbishop of Canterbury, entitled "Becket."

Mr. John Gourlay, who has been in town awaiting the arrival of his fiancée, on the Australian steamer, left with the young lady on the overland train on Thursday. They are bound for Detroit, where Mr. Gourlay's relatives live, and the marriage is to take place at his home immediately upon their arrival there. Harrison and Gourlay will meet each other in September, and inaugurate their new season, while both are still in the spell of the honeymoon.

Francisco Giannini is said to be the owner of a small estate in the neighborhood of Rome, where-in he has left, to await his return, a dark-eyed wife and a large brood of dark-eyed children. It is rumored that he has been engaged by Mapleson. This as good as shelves him, as the great prima donnas will not sing with a tenor who divides the honors with them. The pleasing task will doubtless fall to him, therefore, of singing with Mademoiselle Dotti on off nights.

Alice Harrison's benefit will take place this evening at the California. The list of volunteers embraces Kate Castleton, Mrs. Elizabeth Saunders, Ida Aubrey, Blanche Thayer, May Tittel, Lillian Owen, Minnie Tittel, Clyde Harron, Hattie Forrest, George Wessels, George Osbourne, L. R. Stockwell, Frank Wright, Ed. N. Thayer, R. G. Preston, Jay Rial, Frank Gardner, and Charles Schultz. Alice Harrison appears in specialties. Robertson's comedy, "School," will be presented, followed by "The Little Rebel." The Herbert Brothers have volunteered to appear. Robert M. Eberle will officiate as stage director.

Eugénie Pappenheim, the German prima donna, like all German prima donnas, was at one time a very large woman—tipped the scales, it was said, at two hundred and thirty pounds. To the amazement of her friends she returns to America with a comparatively trim figure, and—although there are fifty or sixty pounds less of Pappenheim—with her artistic skill undiminished. Pappenheim is said to have reduced herself on the new principle discovered by the great German doctor who so successfully reduced Bismarck's fat boy. This physician has philanthropically given his system to Germany in a pamphlet, and all fat Germany is reducing itself. The most notable falling off is in the theatres—not in point of attendance, but in the waist measures of all the prima donnas and leading ladies in the realm.

Lotta, who speaks French like a native, is going to play in France in the language of the country. When Lotta first left San Francisco she knew nothing but English, and that was shaky; but she has devoted herself to study ever since she began to succeed, and is now a thoroughly well-educated and accomplished woman. She went into a convent where no English was spoken, and remained there a year to study the French language, and has ever since spoken it whenever she can as a matter of choice. The entire loss of her singing voice is almost fatal in her new enterprise, but it has been the ambition of her career to play in France, and she is determined to try it. Adelaide Neilson had always the same desire, and always had a French maid and French companion in her train to keep her up in the language.

The subscription list for the Pappenheim Opera Season is rapidly filling, according to the manager's statements. The season opens at the Grand Opera House on the 1st of September. Madame Fabbri has secured the services of Madame Pappenheim as the prima donna. She comes with high recommendations from the press of London and Vienna, and is claimed by her friends to be the successor of Madame Titiens and the rival of Materna. She is to sing for twelve nights, in German and Italian operas. Mr. W. Junck, the German tenor, is said to have a wonderful voice, reaching the high C with ease. The favorite, Baldanza, is also engaged for the Italian repertoire. The large chorus engaged for the season have been rehearsing for the last two months, "Lohengrin," "Zampa," "Der Freischutz," "Norma," "Les Huguenots," and "La Juive." Mr. Rosewald is the conductor, and is now rehearsing with the principals and choirs. Signor De Vivo is the managing director.

Those who saw "Excelsior" at the California, a couple of months ago, will be interested in the following paragraph. It is from an article on Italy, in *Blackwood* for June: "Curiously enough, perhaps as a natural revulsion from the conventional rule of beauty under which she has been supposed to live for a century or two, to the exclusion of all more vigorous laws of life, the Italy of the present day is of all nations that which throws herself most eagerly into the latest inventions of civilization. An amusing sign of this is to be found in the ballet which has lately been going the rounds of the Italian cities—a quite characteristic and highly Italian performance, in which, by lively pantomime and dumb show, is set forth the confusion of Ignorance and the progress of Science as exemplified by the Alpine tunnels, the Suez Canal, and other great works of the age. Everybody in Italy has gone to see 'Excelsior.' There Ignorance, in an idiotic wig and black garb, wrings his hands with dismay on seeing one new triumph after another—the railway, the telegraph, the great engineering of modern times. There the public beholds with admiration the awful pause and suspense of the workmen on one side of the Mont Cenis or the St. Gothard tunnel, waiting for sound and sight of the workmen who have tunneled through on the other side, until, O joy! the sound of a pick is heard, the brown paper rocks are rent, and a crowd of ballet-dancers, who naturally have attended the steps of the navvies, burst in and execute a *pas de triomphe!* The Italian spectators not possessing at any time a very lively sense of humor, applaud to the echo, and Ignorance falls into terrible contortions of dismay."

---

W. W. Cole's Circus opens in San Francisco Saturday afternoon, September 6th, for a short season only. On account of the increased number of attractions, Mr. Cole has been compelled to rent the large lot on which the Mechanics' Fair Building formerly stood, on the corner of Market, Eighth, and Mission streets, as the lots usually hired by circuses were found to be much too small. A slight foretaste of the delights of this show will be given freely to young and old alike, on Friday evening, September 5th, when a grand illuminated parade of the principal streets of the city will take place.

## THE DALY COMPANY IN LONDON.

The London papers conflict as much in their reports of the first appearance of Augustin Daly's company in England as our San Francisco critiques did during the Mapleson season. One paper remarks that the Americanness of the atmosphere was the peculiar feature of the attraction, while another claims that, though in point of merit they are beneath the English standard, they do not vary in their methods from any of the English comedians. The *Saturday Review* maintains that James Lewis is purely a comedian, who resorts to no tricks to make his points. The *Athenæum* frowns upon his putting two loose quills behind his ears to look like donkey ears, as a piece of buffoonery. The *Review* thinks their ideas of comedy fine, subtle, almost French; the *Athenæum* thinks them loud, coarse, and aggressive. Ada Rehan, who is generally mentioned as a minor actress, is universally accepted as an American. One paper regards her as the typical American girl, another as a gross caricature, and she is more than once called forward, loud, and impertinent. Drew is barely mentioned, and Mrs. Gilbert and Lewis are regarded as the only real exponents of American art. They have both met with the highest favor by the audiences, but all the journals are careful to explain that the success they have undoubtedly met with is due to the preponderance of the American element in the houses. Reading between the lines, it is easy to see that they have taken like wildfire, and that conservative John Bull grudges the admission.

The *Times* scores the play severely. Concerning the players, it says: "Miss Ada Rehan's impersonation of an arch young lady has little of the girlish artlessness associated with the *ingénue* of the English stage. On the contrary, it is stiff, pedantic, frequently ungraceful from over-affectation, and altogether, we should hope, a libel upon American maidenhood. It is not without its qualities, however, for a certain dry humor plays under the drawling intonation of the actress, and relieves her somewhat elephantine movements. A portrait of a young wife, more conventional in character from the English point of view, is furnished by Miss Virginia Dreher; and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert gives an unexceptionable, though somewhat meagre, sketch of an elderly lady possessed with visionary notions of her husband's greatness. The ballet-master of Mr. William Gilbert belongs to pure farce; and surely no English manager would allow an actor to pass off gibberish as Italian before an educated audience. Excellent character sketches, however, are given by Mr. James Lewis and Mr. Charles Leclercq, while Mr. John Drew and Mr. Otis Skinner appear respectively as a lover and a husband of a somewhat angular type."

The *Telegraph* also condemns the play, and further says: "Miss Ada Rehan, with a majestic presence and a face delightful to gaze upon, has a charming scene of coquetry in the third act that no student of the attributes of a feminine mind should miss. A life-like portraiture of an elderly married woman is graphically presented by Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, a clever and manifestly experienced actress. Mr. James Lewis, with much finish of style, is admirable as her weak-minded husband. Mr. John Drew is a polished actor."

The *News* is by no means in love with either play or actors. It says: "Mr. James Lewis seems to be a capable low comedian, although his acting has no great breadth or power. Mr. C. Leclercq gives a clever and characteristic sketch of a literary "professor," who trades upon human vanity. Miss Ada Rehan, who appears in the principal female part, strikes us as being artificial and mechanical in style, although she undoubtedly presents a handsome and commanding figure upon the stage."

The most favorable criticism is that in the *Standard*. It says: "Mr. James Lewis is altogether admirable. His talent is evidently great. Another very clever performance is the Tamborini of Mr. William Gilbert. Miss Ada Rehan is seen to advantage. Throughout the piece the young lady plays agreeably. Of the ladies, however, the ablest is Mrs. G. H. Gilbert."

Mr. George Augustus Sala, in the *Illustrated London News*, says: "Mr. Daly's company rivals the Meiningers in their rare intelligence, artistic fitness, and perfect discipline."

The *Athenæum* says: "England and France have more to learn from a company like Mr. Daly's than they have to teach them."

*Figaro* says: "It is impossible to believe that this piece, even as an adaptation, is a fair example of the dramatic literature of the United States, whose citizens, whatever faults they may or may not possess, certainly can not be accused of lack of brains. Miss Rehan, the chief lady of the troupe, speaks with a broad American accent. Mr. William Gilbert, Mr. James Lewis, and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert as his wife, were very amusing."

*Truth* says: "Mr. Daly's company furnished an entertainment as original and interesting as London has seen for many years. It would be difficult in England to find a neater light comedian than Mr. James Drew, less offensive actor than Mr. Charles Leclercq, or a better soubrette than Miss May Fielding. To get a young woman who is both pretty and funny is something very new, and not to laugh at Miss Rehan's assumption of a seemingly modest and timid girl who knows her way about, is to be ignorant of what true fun is."

The *Globe* says: "Miss Ada Rehan, who plays the heroine, is too impulsive. Her rather rompish ways belong to a different class of figure; and her performance, though clever and vivacious at times, goes dangerously near jarring upon the audience. Mrs. G. H. Gilbert is an excellent 'old woman.' Mr. James Lewis is an admirable comedian."

"7-20-8" was followed by "Dollars and Sense." The cablegrams say that this is successful, and that the house is crowded nightly. Toole's Theatre is so small, however, that, even with the crowds, it is probable that Daly will lose money.

---

Mrs. Charles H. Blinn (Nellie Holbrook) intends to stump West Virginia and Indiana this fall for Blaine and Logan.


**Artists' Materials.**

Send for catalogue of materials. Pictures neatly and cheaply framed. R. R. HILL & CO., 116 Geary Street.


## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

**Bills and Casts for Week ending August 16th.**

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Bill August 13th, "Rigoletto," by G. Verdi. Cast as follows:

Rigoletto, Signor T. Vilmant; The Duke, Signor Giannini; Sparafucile, Signor Serbolini; Gilda, Signora Peri; Maddalena, Signora Mestres.

Bill, August 14th, "Un Ballo en Maschera," by G. Verdi. Cast as follows:

Amelia, Signora Virginia Damerini; Riccardo, Signor Francesco Giannini; Renato, Signor Trieste Vilmant; Paggio, Signora Maria Peri; Tom, Signor Enrico Serboline; Sam, Signor C. Banchi; Selvano, Signor M. Monge.

Bill, August 15th, "Il Barbiere de Seviglia," by Gioacchimo Rossini.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Bill: "The Black Crook." Cast as before.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Bill: "A Basket of Chips, or Fizz! Bang! Boom!" by A. Z. Chipman. Cast as follows:

Adele, Miss Carrie Godfrey; Totts, Miss Kate Foley; Valentine, Miss Blanche Moulton; Adolphus Fizz, Frank M. Willis; Billy Bang, Arthur Moulton; Harry Boom, Donald Harold. M. P. O. H., J. H. Redding.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "Il Trovatore," by G. Verdi. Cast as follows:

Leonora, Miss Ida Schueler; Azucena, Miss Hattie Moore; Inez, Miss Kate Marchi; Manrico, Mr. Philip Fried; Count di Luna, Mr. F. La Fontaine; Ferrando, Mr. E. N. Knight; Ruiz, Mr. R. D. Valerga.

MECHANICS' FAIR.—J. H. Culver, secretary, 31 Post Street. Exhibit of Mechanical Progress, Invention, Art, etc. Instrumental Concert afternoon and evening.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Closed during the week.

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—Stecchan & Cornelius, Managers. Closed during the week.

---

At the Baldwin, next week, Brooks & Dickson's "In the Ranks" Company.

At the California, next week, Lawrence Barrett in "Francesca da Rimini."

At the Grand, next week, the C. S. L. Italian Opera Company.

At the Tivoli, next week, "Pinafore."

At the Bush Street next week, "The Bohemians" in "Fizz! Bang! Boom!"

The Standard will remain closed.

---

The predictions of success caused by the handsome appearance of the fair at its opening are fully confirmed by the large attendance this week. Last Saturday night over eight thousand people visited the fair—a larger number than on any similar occasion last year. And on Wednesday evening of this week between seven and eight thousand people were present. The cause of the large attendance on Wednesday night was the competitive floral exhibition. In the centre aisle of the ground floor ten tables were placed, each of which was decorated by a different florist. The result was extremely beautiful, the brilliant coloring and tasteful arrangement of the flowers making a charming sight. On Thursday the flowers were renewed, and remained on exhibition during the day and evening. The result has been so satisfactory that a similar exhibition will take place each Wednesday till the fair closes. Up-stairs, a constant stream of visitors flows through the art gallery.

---

Paris has had two recent sensations—it has discovered Judic's front name and Théo's last name. An American contract disclosed the fact that Judic in the family circle is known as Anna. A newspaper notice and a funeral certificate showed that Mr. Théo had died and been buried as Monsieur Vachet.

---

CCCXXIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, August 17, 1884.

Rice and Tomato Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Broiled Chicken. Saratoga Potatoes.
Summer Squash. Baked Bellpeppers.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
Tomato and Cucumber Salad.
Cream Tutti-Frutti. Sponge Cake.
Apples, Pears, Peaches, Nectarines, Apricots, Grapes, Figs, Gages, and Plums.

CREAM TUTTI-FRUTTI.—Dissolve half a package of gelatine in half a teacup of cold water an hour before you are ready to use it. Take a pint of double sweet cream and whip it with half a cup of fine sugar. Take the gelatine and pour just enough boiling water upon it to make it clear; when this is cold pour it into the whipped cream and beat again. Have some citron and raisins stoned and finely chopped, about a large handful in all; stir into the mixture and mold. Place on ice or in a very cool place. Preserves which are carefully drained from the syrup and partly dried will take the place of the citron and raisins, or they may be all used together.

---

— IN SPEAKING OF EDUCATION RECENTLY TO a friend of mine, I asked why all the schools of California congregated in Oakland. "For the same reason," said he, "that the schools of Greek philosophy congregated in Athens. Since Athens was the intellectual centre, no one would have cared to pursue his intellectual labors in Bœotia." Oakland is our University town. The best professors live there, or within easy access of it, and it is with full appreciation of these facts that Mrs. Herman Perry has recently removed her school from Sacramento to its present charming location, 1625 Telegraph Avenue. The school opened on the 6th of August. Though the new school buildings were incomplete, so many applied for admission that Mrs. Perry decided to begin at once, with her present accommodations. If these young people can not be happy with four acres of lawn, beautiful flowers, trees, immense possibilities for croquet and lawn-tennis, added to the educational advantages provided by such instructors as Mrs. Perry and Miss Fuller, they and their relatives must indeed be difficult to satisfy.

---


**$100,000**

Worth of furniture to be disposed of before the last day of August by the California Furniture Company, Nos 220 to 226 Bush Street, at ten per cent. discount until further notice.




CAT MUSIC.

Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.


ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.

ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.

ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.

THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

FALK'S
Bilsener
BEER

KNABE PIANOS

"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*

A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St. S. F., Sole Agents.

SACHS, PRUDEN & CO.'S
FAMOUS GINGER ALE
THE GREAT FAMILY BEVERAGE.

Especially recommended as a healthy Table Drink, as it contains no Alcohol or any intoxicating ingredients It is recommended for Ladies and Children as a pleasant and stimulating beverage. Exhilarates without intoxication Invigorates without reaction as with alcohol. Assures healthful sleep to the worried and anxious, repairs lost strength, and imparts renewed vigor. Clears and refreshes the brain of the business man, renders the thoughtful man more subtile and reasoning, and dispels lassitude and fatigue. Put up in quart bottles. When bottles are opened and entire contents are not used, they can be recorked with gum corks, and it will keep until used. Sold by Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, Restaurants, and Bars. For sale by

Lebenbaum, Goldberg & Bowen, Cluff Bros.,
C. J. Hawley & Co., Quade & Straut.

Trade supplied by JOHN T. CUTTING & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS, 116 FRONT STREET.

COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION,
Phelan's Building, Rooms 6, 8, 9, 10, 11.
Entrance, 806 Market Street. Gas Specialists; positively extract teeth without pain; only office that make and gives the celebrated "Colton Gas;" established in 1863; over 15,000 references; also, performs all operations in Dentistry.

"The best is the cheapest."
FOR THE BEST
FIRE AND GARDEN
HOSE
GO TO
W. T. Y. SCHENCK
36 CALIFORNIA ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

REMOVAL.
EDWARD E. OSBORN, Patent Solicitor, United States and Foreign, has removed to 220 Sansome Street, Rooms 10, 11, and 12, San Francisco.

STORE YOUR FURNITURE
Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.
BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH
J. H. MOTT & CO.,
735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco
Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

WALL PAPERS,
FRESCOING,
INTERIOR DECORATING
WINDOW SHADES.
G. W. CLARK & CO.
645 and 647 MARKET STREET.

BETHESDA
SUPERIOR TABLE WATER
L. CAHEN AND SON 418 SAC. ST S.F.




See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

**J. W. EVANS,**
General Agent, 29 Post Street.

---

**L. D. STONE & CO.**
(Successors to R. Stone),
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
**Harness, Saddles, Saddlery Hardware**
Collars, Whips, Robes, Horse Blankets, and all kinds of Harness and Patent Leathers.
422 and 424 Battery Street, corner Washington, San Francisco.

---

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
Commission Merchants,
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
Liberal advances made on consignments.

---

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

---

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
General Shipping and Commission
MERCHANTS,
309 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

---

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
Shipping and Commission Merchants
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

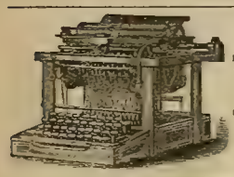
---

**CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY**
OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.
Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

---

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

---



**Remington**
STANDARD
**Type-Writer.**
Again improved and perfected. See them.
G. G. WICKSON & CO.,
539 Market St.,
Opp. Sansome, S. F.

---

**PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.**
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

---

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
**TILES**
For Decorations.
**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**
313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

---

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

---

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
**HENRY F. MILLER**
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
**HEMME & LONG**
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
**WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.**
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

---

**ICHI BAN**

FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

---

**FIREMANS FUND**
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA.
THE LARGEST PACIFIC COAST COMPANY.
CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - - $750,000
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1883, - - - - $1,500,000
AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

---

**INVENTORS' INSTITUTE,**
105 STOCKTON STREET,
Corner of O'Farrell.
PATENTS PROCURED FOR $65, AND PATENTS
Negotiated. Send for particulars.

---

**THE FULTON.**
3 Fulton, opposite New City Hall. "The Fulton"—new house; splendidly furnished suits of rooms. References.

---

BONESTELL ALLEN & CO.
PAPER WAREHOUSE
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F
Importers of All Kinds of Paper.

---

**NEW MAP OF SAN FRANCISCO,**
Just published by Warren Holt, 413 Montgomery St. Compiled to date from official sources. Complete in every respect—streets, grades, railroads, public buildings, etc. Soundings on the city front and Fort Point. Printed on the finest map paper. Size, 4½ by 5½ feet. Price—Mounted on ash rollers, $10; book form, with muslin back, $8; plain, $6 50. WARREN HOLT, Publisher, 413 Montgomery Street

---

THE
**LADIES' CARD BASKET.**
Mr. John P. Dwyer, late of Palace Hotel, has opened an office at 620 Market Street, directly opposite the Palace, where he will be pleased to see all of his old friends and as many new ones who may favor him with a call. Ladies will find it very convenient, when in want of Visiting Cards, to drop in and leave their order. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Cards furnished in one hour's notice. Specimen cards written free.

---

THE
**AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY.**
SAN FRANCISCO.
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.

---



**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT-RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.**
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

---

**UNEXCELLED!**
Ask your Grocer for
ARCTIC REFRIGERATOR HAMS,
ROYAL BREAKFAST BACON
ROYAL LEAF LARD.
All Guaranteed Choice Family Goods.

---

**HIGHLAND SPRINGS,**
LAKE COUNTY, CAL.
"The Switzerland of America."
OPEN ALL THE YEAR.
Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.
Daily communication via Cloverdale.
DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.

---

**ÆTNA**
**HOT MINERAL SPRINGS.**
To the highly curative properties of these waters and the charms of the place is added an elegant and capacious Swimming Bath.
These waters purify the blood, and refresh, renew, and restore the whole system. They cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Chronic Diarrhœa, Paralysis, and Pulmonary Complaints in the early stages. These waters are a specific in cases of Malaria, Chill and Ague Fever. They afford magical relief in cases of Nervousness, Sleeplessness, and General Debility.
Visitors leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. for St. Helena, thence by daily stage (Sundays excepted), arriving at the Ætnas at 5 P. M. For pamphlet, containing analysis and cures, address WM. BURNELL, Sup't, or WM. H. LIDELL, Proprietor, Lidell P. O., Napa Co., Cal.

---

**BERKSHIRE PIGS.**
Cheaper to feed good pigs than poor ones. We have pure bred Pigs from our Imported English Boar and Sows—imported in 1880 and 1884. Prices $15 to $30. Pigs from one to six months old. Address I. J. TRUMAN, 509 Market Street, San Francisco.

---

**BUGGIES!**
If you want a high-priced Buggy, Carriage, or Phaeton, or if you want a good one for a low price, describe what you want, and order from
TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., 511 Market St., S. F.

---

**TO YOUNG MEN.**
There is nothing which will make a fortune for you with so little outlay as a HAY BALING PRESS. The PRICE PRESS, with three men, will earn $1,600 in one season; costs $450. The MONARCH PRESS, at $600, puts ten tons in a box car and will clear $10 to $20 per day. There is money in baling hay. These are the best presses. Address TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., San Francisco.

---

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.
**NEWSOM & GASH,**
**ARCHITECTS**
Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,
Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

---

**BEAUTIFUL SNOW**
FOR THE COMPLEXION!
This elegant preparation is the most perfect beautifier known. It is pure and harmless, delightful in its application, and wonderful in its effects, while the closest scrutiny fails to detect its use. Prepared by
H. BOWMAN, Chemist, Oakland.
For sale by all druggists.

---

**GERMEA**
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. No. 8. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 23, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: Old-time Politics—How Henry Clay was Beaten—The Stories of his Sunday Gambling—Van Buren's Extravagant Administration—The Government's Patch on William L. Marcy's Trousers—The Jackson, Taylor, and Fremont "Whoop-ups"—Lincoln's Campaign won on More Important Questions—The Bloody Shirt in the Grant Campaigns—Hayes Elected by Strategy—Garfield's a Fair Fight—The Present Campaign—Similarity of the two Candidates—Neither a Saint—Either would make a Good President—A Demand for the Suppression of the Mud Batteries and the Smut Mills—Ben Butler as an Assassin—His Cold Steel between the Ribs of the Democratic Party—A Staggering Blow—The Shrill Scolding of the Democratic Press—Cleveland will Suffer—Blaine will Not—The Discomfited Dudes and Democrats—Municipal Nominations—Dangers from "Boss" Politics—Secret Agreements—Conspiracies against Honest Voters—Will Republicans support a "Boss" Ticket?—Will the *Argonaut* support a "Boss" Ticket?—These Questions Answered—In certain Contingencies a Citizen's Ticket will be Run.....1–3

CORRESPONDENCE: A San Franciscan in Mexico—Elections in Chihuahua—The People of Zacatecas—A Workingman on the Political Situation.. 3

A FRONTIER MAGDALEN: The Secret of a Fallen Woman's Life—How a Mother was Mercifully Deceived..... 4

THE LATEST VERSE: "Isis," by Frank H. Morton; "The Warrior's Quest," by Mrs. E. D. R. Bianciardi; "Asunder," by Hugh Conway (Author of "Called Back")..... 5

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day..... 5

NEW YORK'S YOUNG MEN: "Flaneur" gives an Analysis of Gotham's Gilded Youth—The Knickerbocker Young Man—The "Bad" Young Man—The Mercantile Young Man—The Clubs they Affect—What they do and Whom they Marry..... 6

SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip..... 6

MAGAZINE BRIC-A-BRAC: "A Kiss in the Rain," by Samuel Minturn Peck; "Equivocation," by C. Sooysmith; "The Reason," by Robertson Trowbridge; "Not Long Ago," by Sydney Herbert Pierson; "At the Making of the Hay," by Samuel Minturn Peck; "If I were a Ghost," by Bessie Chandler..... 7

BILL NYE'S BUDGET: Notices of his New Lecture (written by himself)—The Pleasures of Gardening..... 7

THE RUSSIANS IN CALIFORNIA: The Story of a Pacific Coast Acadia—How "Fort Ross" got its Name—Chief Solano in the Rôle of Paris—A Threatened Trojan War in Marin County—The Princess Helena Gargarin—How Mount Helena was Named..... 8

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People all Over the World..... 8

VANITY FAIR: California Bathing-suits—No French Shoe-Shops in New York—The Cause of Her Long Strides—New York Flats—Australian Bathing-places—A Female Speculator—A New Use for Flesh-tinted Satin—The Boston Girl—Luxurious Bed-rooms..... 9

STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic, and Otherwise: Anecdotes of Whistler, Webster, and Lord Randolph Churchill—How he had his Well Dug—No Need for False Teeth in Heaven—A new Revision of the Bible—Two Old-Virginny Gentlemen..... 9

LITERARY NOTES: Some New Books—Notes on Literary People—Gossip about the Magazines—Miscellaneous Chit-chat—Popularity not the Test of Merit in Literature—Some Successful and Forgotten Books... 10

THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest..... 10

THE INNER MAN: Some Old-time Dishes—What was the "Posset"?—The "Manchet"?—"Lambs'-wool"?—"Hippocras'?—"Marchpane"?—Some Venerable Dinner-table Costumes—The "Fen-Bell" at Cambridge..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record..14–15

Our recollection of political campaigns goes back to the time when the Presidential contest lay between Henry Clay and James K. Polk. Mr. Clay lost that election by the dissemination of a Democratic lie. History makes the issue to have been determined upon the annexation of Texas. New York cast its electoral vote for Polk by a majority of some five thousand, and this vote determined his election. The counties of western New York were largely Whig. That section of the State was strongly impressed with religious sentiment. The Presbyterian and other evangelical churches were strong in membership. At a period too late for refutation (for this was before the era of telegraphic communication) the lie was industriously distributed that Henry Clay, on a day named, upon a Mississippi steamer, upon a Sunday, played cards for money. Gambling was esteemed in that community an inexcusable crime. To gamble on Sunday was an unpardonable offense. The authority for the fact—as given—was the statement of Doctor Scott, a prominent Presbyterian clergyman, then of New Orleans, now of San Francisco. Whatever influence Mr. Clay's Texas letter may have had, it was the card slander that beat him. Had it not been circulated, and believed, the vote of western New York would have given him the State and he would have been President. We recollect the campaign of Harrison, with its log cabins, and hard cider, and outhanging latch-string. It was the single speech of Mr. Ogle, a member of Congress from Pennsylvania, that, more than anything else, contributed to the election of General Harrison. As we recollect, at this distant day, it arraigned the administration of Van Buren for extravagance. It paraded a bill from some department audit, where William L. Marcy had charged the Government for a patch upon his trousers. This speech—facetious and witty as it undoubtedly was—with the "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" songs, aroused the people to such a pitch of enthusiasm that a political revolution was easily worked. We have just a dim recollection of the last Jackson campaign, when liberty-poles were erected upon every village green and at every county cross-roads; when "mint drops" in the shape of two-dollar-and-a-half gold-pieces were in the pockets of the traveling stump-speakers, for the sovereign electors to see, but not to touch or handle. The campaign was one not of reason or argument, but was a whoop-up. The Taylor campaign was one of songs, in which his charger, "Old Whitey," cut an important figure. "Give them a little more grape, Captain Bragg," was the principal argument of the campaign. Taylor's answer to Santa Anna, on the field of Palo Alto, "Tell the d—d old greaser rascal to go to h—l; put that in polite language, Colonel Bliss," which was interpreted into "General Taylor never surrenders," was the conclusive reply that was made to all assertions against General Taylor's fitness for civil administration. The Fremont campaign was an attempt to revive the campaign of senseless songs, but the "Pathfinder of Empire" and "The Woolly Horse" failed to capture the popular imagination, and Buchanan was elected President. During all the earlier campaigns the questions of "internal improvements," "tariff," and "State sovereignty" cut less important figures than did the log-cabins, hard cider, white horse, woolly horse, campaign songs, and stories. The election of Lincoln turned upon more important questions: Shall slavery be extended to the territories? Shall the South politically dominate the North? Shall the Union be preserved all free, or be divided and become half slave? These questions were too important to permit the rail-splitting element to play other than a subordinate part, and the contest was decided by a thoughtful people. Lincoln's second campaign was an appeal to the patriotism of the nation. Both campaigns of Grant swung back to song and story, but the songs were the war songs and national anthems that stirred the hearts of the people with patriotic emotion; the stories were stories of the battle-field. The bloody shirt was flaunted, the embers of the civil war were fanned into flame, the worst passions of sectional hate were deeply stirred. The Hayes campaign was a campaign of lies and tricks, of bribery and cipher dispatches. It was the effort of a subtle foe to surprise the garrison, to mine the defenses, to steal in by stratagem; a campaign of "literary bureau" and "barrel"; a "still hunt." The Garfield campaign was, in the main, a fair fight in the open. The Morey letter was the only distinguishing attempt at fraud; and had not the assassin's shadow been thrown across the path of the administration, it would have passed into history as a fairly respectable campaign upon the part of both parties. Now comes the Blaine-Cleveland campaign. Its character is not yet stamped upon it. There is nothing in the lives of either candidate that should take the contest out of the fair field of honorable combat. Neither is a warrior or hero; neither has fought at New Orleans, or in the Black Hawk or Mexican War; neither won military honors in the civil war of the slave-holders' rebellion. Both were born of poor but honest parents in the respectable middle rank of life. Neither has been compelled to eat the bitter bread of poverty, and neither has been compelled to split rails for a living, or earn his subsistence in a tannery or upon the tow-path of a canal. Both are educated, but neither is a scholar in the higher sense of the technical meaning of the word. Both are lawyers, and neither is eminent in his profession. Cleveland has filled with dignity the official duties he has been called upon to discharge. Blaine is eminent as a lawyer, and has discharged with signal ability his duties in the high position to which he has been called. Each is the representative of his party. The principles of the parties are well defined, are read in their past history, and are determined in their party platforms. The past lives of the two men are open at every page. Neither is a saint; neither is as bad as his enemies would make him, and either would make as good a President as the party that may elevate him to power. Blaine, in event of election, would come up to the level of his party. Cleveland would rise above his. So, regarding this Presidential contest, we see no reason why it might not be conducted in a decent, dignified, honorable way. Bob Ingersoll, in placing Blaine in nomination, in an unhappy flight of oratorical pyrotechnics, compared him to the "white-plumed Henry of Navarre"; another idiot of our acquaintance, under like circumstances, alluded to the tasseled pines of Maine. Other idiots have caught the inspiration, and now the Republican rank-and-file parade in helmet like plumed and mail-clad knights armored in pine cones, and "the woods are full of 'em." Not to be outdone by Republican mediæval nonsense, the Democratic "villains" are inappropriately dressing themselves in the equipments of free-men. The collar and inscription of Gurth the swineherd would more fittingly indicate the free-trade relation of Democratic thraldom to the Saxon manufacturers. We wish all this masquerading nonsense were eliminated from the campaign, and that it could be conducted upon a higher and more intellectual plane. We wish there could be no lies told that would not choke the utterers; we wish there could be no mud thrown; we wish that every printed scandal which crosses the domestic threshold of any candidate, would turn the slanderer to salt; and, while we are wishing, we may conclude by saying we wish the campaign was ended, Blaine elected, and all the toil and infernal nonsense of a Presidential canvass four years away.

With the deliberate premeditation of the political assassin, Ben Butler has thrust the cold steel into the ribs of the Democratic party, turned the knife in the wound, and, coolly wiping his blade upon his boot, asks the workingmen of the nation to organize for his defense. It is a mortal blow, and would be a cruel one if the body was not already beyond the sensation of pain. It would have been a cowardly one had he waited longer, for already was the party in the last expiring agony of dissolution. Let Cleveland now whisper his letter of acceptance, confess his sins, turn himself to the wall, and remain Governor of New York. Let the Independents go about the streets of New York and Boston as mourners. Let Harper's "journal of civilization" and the New York *Times* margin their columns in black. Let Nast the Hessian, and Curtis the dude, drape themselves in crape, beat their heads against the wall, and howl. With Cleveland's letter of acceptance and Butler's final acceptance of candidacy we may consider the game as made. The letter of Governor Cleveland is neither as weak as Republicans would make it, nor as strong as Democrats assert. It is a dignified acceptation of an honorable candidacy; it is an unqualified endorsement of the history, principles, and position of the Democratic party; it is full of platitudes; it is involved; it is the reverse of brilliant; it is not as good as Butler's; it is not comparable to Blaine's; it contains a feeble paragraph of demagogy to catch the labor vote; it bids for the lager-drinking Germans, but in such a confused and involved way that the average Dutchman will not comprehend it until long after election; it outbids the Democratic platform in the direction of civil service reform, and "with humble reliance upon the favor and support of the Supreme Being," it implores the intervention of a r[illegible]

his election, and, in such an event, promises the best human efforts for the conscientious discharge of his public duty. Cleveland may fool Democrats with his letter, but he can't fool God. The attitude of Benjamin F. Butler staggers the Democracy. The *Times* says it is the result of an arrangement with "Steve Elkins," and that his address is "the culmination of the colossal impudence and arrogance of Butler." The Democratic New York *World* styles him a "blatant, noisy demagogue, a chronic disturber, the 'walapus' and modern Jack Cade of American politics." The New York *Herald* bounces Butler, and styles his address a "rigmarole of querulous garrulity"—and all agree in regarding Butler's position as one calculated to work immeasurable injury to Cleveland. The general sentiment of the Northern Democratic press is one of angry denunciation of Butler for his fatal blow at the Democratic party. In our opinion it sweeps away the last possible chance for defeating Blaine and Logan, and places their election beyond the remotest probability of doubt.

Ben Butler has in the past played a most important part in the politics of our country, and in the writer's judgment is destined in the future to fill a broad and important page in the political history of the nation. His enemies have always accused him of demagogy, and not unjustly. His opponents will continue to accuse him of artful devices to secure popular attention, and the performance of all sorts of tricks to win popular approval. These accusations will be well deserved, for he will resort to every artful device known to the politician to keep himself prominently before the people. In his ability to do this thing, and in the greater ability and intellectual power that lie behind this machinery, and which give it direction and propulsive force, lies the power of Ben Butler. He has to-day a personal following in America greater than any other man in it, save James G. Blaine. He has a party organization that, in spite of its disorganization, is stronger than that of the Democratic party. General Butler has too much sense to believe that he can defeat Blaine; that is not his object—his day for the Presidential race has not yet come. This is his opportunity to destroy the Democratic party, and he will do it. When this great national party is out of his path, he will gather together its members, rally again its forces, re-baptize them with a new name, bury their historic crimes, and become the nominee of a new party with every prospect of ultimate success. There are active elements in this country destined to work important results upon its political destiny. There is an unrest and disquiet among the working classes of the country that portends serious disturbance if their just complaints are not heeded and their real wrongs given prompt remedy. Blaine will be President for the next four years; he will come to the administration of the government under favorable circumstances. At peace with all the world, unparalleled prosperity at home, a plethoric national treasury, and revenue laws which give ample protection to American industries and a market to American productions, he will have afforded him the opportunity of remedying, by the enactment of proper laws, all the wrongs that now vex the working-class. These wrongs are not imaginary, and they demand prompt and intelligent legislative remedy. The rich men and men of income and leisure who do not hear and know that there is music in the air, are fools. Our hope of the Blaine administration is that it will so fully and frankly recognize the rights of honest labor, and so remedy the wrongs under which it sweats, that it will have the moral power to take the socialist, the communist, the idle, criminal agrarian by the throat, and choke the villainy and demagogy out of his idle and worthless carcass. There is no danger in these vicious classes if the honest toiler is not by his wrongs driven to their association. There ought to be no conflict between capital and labor, and there will be none if this government is intelligently and honestly administered, first in the interest of labor, and secondly in the interest of property, and always in recognition of individual interest under the law. This is a republic in which the majority has a right to rule and will rule; that majority is composed of workingmen; it embraces all the toilers that are below the class of incomed ease and above the class of criminal idlers. That is the class which to-day composes the Republican party. It is the party of labor—the workingmen's party. The dudes of the upper crust have struck hands with the men who labor only with their mouths, and together compose the Democratic organization. This alliance of political adventurers, demagogues, idlers, and dudes has combined with English manufacturers to bring about a political condition that will make possible the success of a labor party with General Butler at its head. When the Republican party shall cease to be the friend of the workingman, it will have filled the measure of its usefulness, it will have had its day, it will have done its work, and in its place we shall be prepared to welcome the deluge, or Ben Butler, or any other plan of radical change. This speculation will be more timely at the close of Blaine's first Presidential term.

When Blaine was nominated he brought to the campaign such certainty of success in this State that we foresaw the danger this strength and confidence would bring to our municipal politics. There is no more doubt about the electoral vote of California being cast for Blaine than that the election will be held in November. There is only one possible contingency of danger, and that is the organization and successful working out of a scheme to rob the ballot-boxes through false registration, false voting, and false counting. The unexpected and altogether mysterious removal of Registrar Johnson, and the more unaccountable appointment of General Walsh, suggest the propriety of an outlook in this direction. California is not a good place for this kind of thing. Our early history in this city of San Francisco is suggestive of the gallows as a fit ending and proper elevation to those persons who think to tamper with the electoral system with impunity. It was election frauds that organized the Vigilance Committee, that mounted guns upon Fort Gunny-bags, that raped the county jail, and that swung strangulated criminals from the windows of a warehouse. It will be remembered that this wave of bloody justice lapped the bench of the Supreme Court, and did not respect official rank in pursuit of those crimes that defied the law. California is not a good place for this kind of thing. What we anticipated—viz., the confidence that Blaine's nomination suggested—has not in the Republican Congressional nominations been realized. Our candidates in this city, and in all the districts of the State, are excellent ones; they are better than usual. Felton and Morrow are exceptionally good. They are men of ability and character. The whole delegation, if elected, will give California what it has never had in the Congress of the United States—viz., an able, influential, industrious, and honorable delegation; one that will command respect and hold its own in committee or on the floor. California has with few exceptions—very few—been meanly and pitifully represented in Congress. The last delegation, as a whole, was a bad lot—the representatives of San Francisco were two cranks. General Rosecrans introduced more bills and passed fewer than anybody else; still, we are grateful to him for defeating the little brazen-faced demagogue, bobby ferral, whose unremitting bell-clapper would have wagged its unceasing clamor in Congress to the mortification of every citizen of the State. The Republican party of San Francisco will, when its convention assembles to nominate a city ticket, meet its dangerous crisis. If it shall pass that crisis successfully, and nominate respectable honest, competent men, the Republican ticket will be elected by an unprecedented majority. Not only must the ticket be composed of respectable and honorable men, but they must be nominated in an honorable manner by a respectable convention. There are in the Republican party many *seemingly* respectable persons—obscure nobodies—who have led such unimportant lives that they are unknown to the community. The bosses pick out such men, and nominate them for office under secret agreements that when elected the patronage of their offices shall go to the bosses, and their salaries be divided. This arrangement is now going on in both parties in San Francisco. It is going on in the Republican party, and with prospect of success. It is safe to say that the Republican nominees will be *apparently* most respectable ones. If every party man opposed to the rule of bosses, or THE BOSS, will do his duty, they will be *really* respectable. If THE BOSS fails to secure the control of the nominating convention, he will have such a trading minority that by compromises he will secure a part of the ticket. This part will be such offices as have the largest appointing power—heads of departments where contracts lie, enough Supervisors to compose a ring, enough members of the Board of Education to secure a working majority. The mayor will be most probably a first-class man. "THE BOSS" realizes the necessity of a good clean figure-head. "THE BOSS" is able and clear-headed; he is a sweet talker, and knows to whom he must talk sweet, and to whom he can talk low down.

The *Argonaut* does not like cliques nor cabals, does not like bosses. If the *Argonaut* were Democratic, it would rebel against Wallace, Delmas, Greathouse, English, and Foote. If it lived in the middle south counties, it would revolt against Bill White. If it lived in San Francisco, it would not submit blindly to Mr. Buckley. If it were Irish, it would kick against the chivalry—we mean, of course, that portion of it that intrigues and cuts under, and makes politics a trade. If it were Southern, it would kick against the Irish—we mean, of course, that ignorant, beetle-browed mob of sand-lot Irish that, too idle to work, too cowardly to steal, and to lazy to beg, spars for potatoes and whisky around the ballot-box. If the *Argonaut* were a Republican party organ—which it thanks God it is not—it would bow in submissive loyalty to Mr. William Higgins, and respectfully take its orders from James Gannon, Esq., and obediently accept as authority the dictates of any muddle-brained convention that bad whisky and promises of patronage could call together, and accept the voice of its aggregated loafers as instructions upon the highest duties of citizenship. We recognize the authority of party mandates; we accept as important, and sometimes as necessary, party machinery; we are willing to subordinate our opinion to the opinions of other men as intelligent as we think ourselves to be, if they act as honestly as we think we do. But in the absence of these requisites in convention—viz., honesty of purpose, intelligence, and unselfishness—we do not feel ourselves bound, in morals or conscience; we do not feel that there is the least obligation for us to submit to the opinions, or to be governed by the action, of a convention that is not in *all respects* fairly convened and fairly conducted. If there is a caucus to which we have not been invited, or a bargain in which we have not had the chance of putting our finger, or trade that has been conducted outside of our full knowledge, we will not be governed by it. If a boss—"THE BOSS"—has, from the "Mint" Saloon or any other headquarters to which we have no access, put up delegates in ways of which we have no information, and if a convention is scrambled up from the gutters by fraud, we will not be bound by its deliberations or acquiesce in its results. Such a convention shall not say to us that Mr. A, or B, or C, or D will make a good sheriff, or clerk, or assessor, or tax-collector, when we have reason to suspect that this *apparently* reputable citizen has been bound by promises which he dare not break to give deputyships to every loafer in town, and divide salaries with the men who procured his nomination. Such politics we so utterly despise and contemn that we will have no part in them. This is not a complaint against bosses, or "the boss," or the men that bosses use, or the fellows that do their dirty work; it is simply a declaration that in our own opinion we are not fools to be used by such cattle, and it is a statement, in advance, of our right to bolt the ticket if the knaves of the party so far get the start of the fools of the party as to get together a convention which shall nominate candidates for office other than the best citizens, and other than in an open and altogether honorable manner. It is entirely within the ability of independent and respectable citizens—thirty-three Democrats, thirty-three Republicans, thirty-three honest workingmen, and the writer of this editorial, together composing a convention of one hundred respectable, property-owning, tax-paying citizens—to make municipal nominations one week before the day of election that shall sweep this city like a prairie fire; a convention without a platform, a ticket without a pledge, which shall set at naught all the conspiracies of politicians, and sweep away all the cobwebs that are now being spun in their dark and dirty corners. Let those of our citizens who believe there ought to be no intrigues in municipal politics, hold themselves free for some independent, non-partisan movement, if the necessity for that movement shall arise—perhaps a choice from Republican and Democratic tickets, when made; perhaps a thoroughly independent movement like those of early days, leaving every citizen freedom to vote for the Presidential and Congressional nominees of his party, and affording him the opportunity of voting for independent, non-partisan municipal candidates, whose character, antecedents, and position in society shall be a guarantee that in office they will perform their duties with intelligence and honesty, with economy and sense.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Why is it that none of the daily papers will investigate the late action of Professor Sanger, of the Girl's High School? Is it not because they are afraid of the Roman Catholic Church? As an American I am ashamed that the press allows such an outrage to go almost unnoticed, and I am sure that if you will but investigate this thing thoroughly, examine all the scholars that listened to his teachings upon the subject that is complained of by the Roman Catholic priests, you will find that he has but done his duty. In the name of God, how much longer must we submit to this insult from the priests interfering in our schools? Professor Sanger would have been derelict in his duty had he failed to teach pages 320 and 321 of the World's History by William Swinton. It will be only a few years when they will teach such books only as may be sent by the Pope. As to Professor Sanger, I am sure that he has taken great pains to have his scholars an honor to the city. Without the knowledge of their teacher, I think every one in his class asked that he might be retained. I beg of you, Messrs. Editors, give this thing a full investigation. It was plainly to be seen by the remarks of the *Post*, in its Saturday issue, that it knew nothing of the affair, but from a Catholic standpoint. Shame, I say, to the daily press to allow such an outrage to go almost unnoticed, except upon the word of a Romish priest! Please excuse me for asking you to investigate this affair, for I know full well that the daily press dare not say one word that would grate harshly on the ears of the priest.

Respectfully yours, AN AMERICAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 20, 1884.

The foregoing anonymous communication was sent to us on Thursday, too late for us to give the matter referred to any thorough examination. If there is any intelligent person in this community knowing the facts of this case, and brave enough to expose them—if a wrong has been done—we shall be most glad to allow the use of our columns. We have never known Professor Sanger of the Girls' High School. We have never examined the "School History" of William Swinton. We are not prepared to

question the motives of Mr. Andrew J. Moulder in suspending the teacher, although we understand that Mr. Moulder is a Roman Catholic. We do not know the Rev. Father Gallagher well enough to say whether he is an illiberal, narrow-minded papal bigot, who is interfering with our public schools in order to destroy them, or whether he is a sincere, conscientious, and godly priest, tender of the conscience and alarmed at the peril of immortal souls through the teachings of our godless schools. We are altogether ignorant of the facts, except as we have seen them set forth in our cowardly, Catholic-fearing daily press, and we would not charge a thieving magpie of bad reputation with petit larceny on the testimony of any daily paper in San Francisco. But if any citizen who does not sell merchandise, and is therefore not afraid of offending his customers; any individual who does not want office, and is therefore not afraid of offending the Pope's Irish; any conscientious person who is not afraid of offending the devil by telling the truth—we shall take immense pleasure in ventilating this business, no matter whom it may hit or whom offend. The *Argonaut* is on good terms with the Pope; we understand each other. We have had the personal assurance of Pius IX. that sincerity of purpose, truth-telling, accompanied by an honest life, are guarantees of final salvation. We have any quantity of indulgences paid for in advance. We have masses, prayers, and paternosters laid up for us in reserve and got receipts for their purchase-money, and nothing gives us more pleasure than to expose the hypocrisy of priests, the demagogy of politicians, and the cowardice of voters, who think they are doing themselves, or the church, or God, good service in the performance of such small and contemptible service as we believe this treatment of Professor Sanger to be. Reliable information respectfully solicited. Anonymous communications not depended upon for facts.

The man who reads the Mulligan letters with a desire to find in them something criminatory of their author will do well to remember that they were given to the public by Mr. Blaine himself. He had rescued them from the unlawful possession of one who held them to extort money. Mr. Blaine, conscious of his own integrity, voluntarily read them in open session of Congress. He explained their contents and the circumstances under which they were written, to the entire satisfaction of Congress, the press, and every honest man who was intelligent in reference to the controversy. This controversy rested for years, and would have rested forever if political exigencies had not demanded a scandal for the campaign. There is no flaw in Mr. Blaine's public or private career; hence the necessity of reviving this stale, old, oft-repeated calumny; and much good may it do the Democracy in retailing it.

The English journal known as the New York *Times*, on the second day of June, 1883, said of Governor Cleveland, in reviewing one of his veto messages: "Governor Cleve-"land is willing to swindle the architects of the capitol out "of the money which the State owes them for work done "for the State, in order to gain a reputation as a reformer. "This is about the cheapest and scurviest trick even of "this very low-priced statesman." This "cheap and very scurvy low-priced statesman" is the "statesman" chosen by the National Democracy to be President of a republic whose only rival in trade, whose only competitor in commerce, is England. Free-trade and the Cobden Club were driven to an extreme necessity when they were compelled to purchase the nomination of this very low-priced politician.

It is said that Mr. Blaine will push to a speedy trial his case against the slanderous journal of Indianapolis and its libelous editor. We hope so. Public opinion in America is fully ripe for the punishment of this and all other blackmail journals, which, either for personal revenge, politics, or coin, will invade the domestic circle or assault without just cause private enterprise or private character. Mr. Blaine will make no political speeches in this campaign, and certainly not in Indiana, when he goes there for the vindication of his own and his wife's honor. The Democratic party is already routed and destroyed; it will get most of the Southern States, all of them in which ignorance is most dense, but there will be no electoral vote cast in any Northern State for Grover Cleveland.

A foreign letter-writer gives this description of Lord Tennyson, the poet laureate of England: "His figure is bent, and yet it bears its seventy-five years lightly. The once dark mass of hair, now gray, falls back from the broad, high forehead, while the 'knightly growth fringing his lips' is streaked with silver, and the face, though rugged and deeply lined with thought, is still full of calm dignity, and of a tenderness strongly at variance with the poet's somewhat brusque tone and manner. His disregard of the conventionalities of life is thoroughly natural and unaffected. His suit of light gray, hanging about him in many a fold like the hide of a rhinoceros, the loose, ill-fitting collar and carelessly knotted tie, the wide, low boots, are not worn for artistic effect."

## "IN THE DEVIL'S NAME!"

### And How the Law Laid the Devil.

Early in the morning of a severe winter day, as the concierge of a very high and narrow dwelling in the neighborhood of St. Madeleine's, Paris, was industriously engaged in the pursuance of his business as shoe-cobbler, he was disturbed by the sudden violent ringing of the door-bell.

Monsieur Jean Joyeuse angrily threw his neighbor's boot from his lap, rose hastily, and opened the door, bringing a tolerably vexed mien to view, which, however, immediately made place to an obeisance, as he saw before him a gentleman of fine presence, who was the possessor of a head of remarkably black hair.

"There is a room to be let here?" asked the stranger.

Monsieur Joyeuse assented with another bow. The stranger expressed the wish to see the apartment. Jean remarked most politely that he had three rooms to let—one in the first story, another in the second, and still another higher up in the mansard.

"Then lead me to the mansard room."

"He will rent the mansard," thought Monsieur Joyeuse, and prepared, in spite of the stranger's elegance, to lose all respect for him, when, by some accidental movement, the overcoat of the black-haired gentleman parted upon his breast, and the landlord espied the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in the button-hole of his frock coat.

Monsieur Jean was now in one of those situations when one does not know what to say.

At last he stuttered forth that the attic room was not fitted for such a gentleman.

The stranger made an impatient gesture, and said, shortly:

"Prepare the room, and in the course of the forenoon I will move in."

With these words he drew forth his purse, and gave a napoleon as earnest-money. Jean then saw him enter an equipage near the church and rattle away.

Monsieur and Madame Joyeuse had ample leisure in the succeeding hours, which they devoted to the cleansing of the garret-room, to give themselves up to the consideration of the question in how far a Knight of the Legion of Honor could maintain his dignity in the eyes of respectable people, after becoming the inhabitant of a mansard room of the worst description.

"He is a cheat, a swindler, a counterfeiter," decided Joyeuse. But madame, who had been formerly a flower-girl, and was of romantic temperament, scented a Don Juan, who had "his designs." This delightful dialogue by no means interrupted the work. The spiders were driven away, the dim window panes were polished, and the boards cleanly scrubbed.

This was hardly accomplished as the mysterious stranger drove up, accompanied by a servant. This latter carried a gloomy-looking black casket, resembling a child's coffin in size and form. This was the only baggage the servant carried into the new dwelling. Monsieur Joyeuse gave his wife a significant glance, and whispered aside to her: "A murderer!" Then he asked the servant what the coffin contained. The latter smiled cunningly, and answered that he did not know. Monsieur Joyeuse was sure he had guessed aright, and this creature was in understanding with his master. Suspicion, curiosity, and anxiety increased to extremity in the breasts of this worthy pair as the stranger said, abruptly:

"Monsieur Jean, you are to admit only one gentleman to see me."

"Very well, sir; but how am I to know him?"

"By the countersign, 'In the Devil's name!'"

Monsieur Jean's tongue was paralyzed, and madame's conviction that a Don Juan was before her was considerably shaken.

The stranger, however, calmly serene, ascended to his chamber.

The worthy conjugal pair had hardly recovered from their fright when the bell jingled again, and a second stranger appeared, a man of most lowering aspect, with dark glances, and still darker bushy eyebrows.

"Did a gentleman move in here to-day?"

"Yes; but he receives no one."

"He will receive me. Let me in. I come in the Devil's name!"

Thereupon the dismal guest vanished likewise. From now on these two—the lodger who did not make this his sleeping-place, and the Devil's ambassador—met each morning at a certain hour in Monsieur Jean's house, shut the door of the mansard room behind them, and at five o'clock in the afternoon departed, to meet again in the morning. Monsieur and Madame Joyeuse did their best to discover the clandestine practices of these dangerous men. They listened by turns at the door, but could hear nothing but godless songs, which reëchoed from the mansard walls. Monsieur and Madame Joyeuse endured this for six weeks. One day, when there was a pause in the singing, the portier caught up a few crumbs of the conversation.

"Courage! courage!" Jean heard one say. He recognized his lodger's voice.

"But it is so hard to play the Devil!" said the other.

"Aha! a contract with the Evil One," thought Monsieur Jean, and shuddered.

"But only consider," began the lodger again, "how effective it is, especially where you call the dead from their graves—and then the summons to Satan and his host, and the answer from the chorus of assembled devils"——

Monsieur Joyeuse had heard enough. The villains should not make his house a den of evil. The police must be informed immediately. The Commissaire heard Monsieur Jean's horrible recital with amazement. He, with two constables, was soon upon the scene.

"In the name of the king, open!" demanded the Commissaire.

The door was immediately thrown open.

"What is your name? Who are you?"

"Giacomo Meyerbeer."

"And you?"

"Levasseur, first bass of the Grand Opera."

The Commissaire at once divined the truth, but he asked what they were practicing.

"We are studying the rôle of Bertram in 'Robert the Devil,' a new opera which will soon be produced. In order to be undisturbed I rented this garret room," answered Meyerbeer, smiling.

"But the coffin! the coffin!" cried Monsieur Joyeuse, still incredulous. The two musicians laughed aloud.

"A simple violin-case," said the composer, gazing with amazement on the looks of poor Jean.

"You are a blockhead!" said the Commissaire to the disconcerted janitor, and, turning, he begged most humbly to be pardoned his intrusion. Then he withdrew.

A couple of weeks after, Monsieur and Madame Joyeuse had, through the gift of a couple of tickets, the pleasure of witnessing the first representation of the famous opera.

As Levasseur, in the necromantic scene, gave vent to the profound depths of his voice, Jean could not refrain from saying to his Lucy:

"I maintain it—he is the Devil, after all."—*Translated for the Argonaut from the German of Max Ketzer, by E. L. M.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### A San Franciscan in Mexico.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have been long enough in this place, Zacatecas, to dislike it as heartily as I do the rest of Mexico, and yet, curiously enough, it strongly reminds me of San Francisco in some respects. It is a mining town of about sixty-five thousand people, built on hill-sides, at about seven thousand feet elevation, in a treeless and verdureless country, with great scarcity of water and almost no fuel. The climate is cold, raw, and windy, like our own, the streets are as steep and ill-paved as our own, the sewerage is as defective as our own, and the fleas outnumber and could outwhip our own without half trying. The streets are at all times crowded with people, and remind me of Chinatown, the *pelados*, or working class, who comprise almost the entire population, having the same indifferent rudeness toward foreigners that the Chinamen display. Their methods of life, too, are singularly like the Chinese. Their women are coarse, ugly, and brutish, and scarcely any of them can read or write. For that matter, though, there is hardly a woman in the whole city who is half educated. This I am told by native residents, for there is no society here, nor opportunity for a stranger to make the acquaintance of families. Prostitution is rife, and seems to be patronized and sanctioned openly by the highest public officials. There are many fountains half dry, a plaza, and an alameda; numerous churches, and a number of fine buildings, both public and private; also street-cars, telephones, and electric lights. On the *Bufa*, a high rock or mountain, around which the city is built, is the first church erected in Mexico by the Spaniards, and at Veta Grande, a mining town of about ten thousand inhabitants, six miles from here, is a mine, now in operation, which was formerly owned by Hernando Cortez, conqueror of Mexico. At Guadaloupe, another suburb about five miles away, is a beautiful church, most elaborately and expensively carved and gilded. The street-cars run to Guadaloupe by gravity, it being down grade all the way, but they are hauled back by eight-mule teams. Each car carries a conductor, driver, brakeman, and a man to blow a horn to clear the way. Labor is too cheap for consideration here.

On the 27th of July an election for governor of the State was held here. There were several candidates, but nobody will know who was elected until the accession of the new governor in September. The candidate favored by the present governor is a gambler, "short-card player," and loafer. Anterior to the election, the city was filled with federal troops, and on the night preceding the voting day there was an incipient riot, which was promptly squelched by the military, and there was no disorder afterward. Elections in Mexico are a perfect farce. Whoever is the candidate of the national government is sure to be elected. I know positively, from the Jefe Político, or mayor of a city, that the judges of election were instructed from the city of Mexico to return the government candidate, if he got no more than one vote. The church party has great power, though. The law forbids the priests to wear any of their insignia of office in public, but its mandate is openly violated. I am told of an order issued not so many months ago, that the Americans, on a certain night, must collect themselves in the principal hotel and remain there. Nothing occurred that night except an immense concourse of the *pelados* in front of the cathedral, but it was learned shortly afterward that the church party had incited a massacre of the "gringos," and that the governor notified the bishop that he would be hanged in front of his own cathedral if any foreigner was hurt that night. Spaniards, or *Gachupines*, as they are called, are hated as badly as Americans, and on the 16th of September the windows of their residences are always broken by the mob.

The mercantile business here is principally in the hands of the Spaniards. There are many mines in, about, and around the city, and the whole face of the country is honeycombed with prospect holes, but the mines are doing little just now, the season's crops are a failure, and everything looks blue.

In Chihuahua I attended a Fourth of July dinner, which was gotten up in a singular way. An Englishman, an Austrian, an American who was passing through Chihuahua, and an American resident of the city, met on the night of the first of July, and the Englishman and the Austrian suggested a celebration of the Fourth. The idea was promptly taken up, and Mr. R. A. McKee, a former resident of San Francisco, took the matter in hand, and carried it, by hard work, to a successful termination. The governor, mayor, the general commanding the federal troops, and all the public officials were invited, but not one of them appeared, though the general sent his band to represent him. A number of Americans were conspicuous by their absence, among them the American Consul, an ex-officer of the United States army, and a young gentleman who once enjoyed an unenviable notoriety in San Francisco, all of them prominent men in the city. The dinner was presided over by Hon. J. T. Anthony, ex-Governor of Kansas, now resident in Chihuahua. He made a stirring speech of the usual Fourth of July pattern. Eloquent responses to toasts were made in English by Don Enrique Creel, banker; Don Gmo. Moye, and Don Juan MacManus, of the Ayuntamiento; and in Spanish by Sres. Terrazas, Gonzales, Ochoa, Seijas, and Partido. Don Pablo Ochoa's response to the toast to "The fathers of the two great sister republics—Washington and Hidalgo," was especially fine. Mr. J. M. Rogers responded for England, Mr. Henry Weber for Austria and Germany, and Mr. Joseph McNulty, M. E., gave a vivid description of the mineral wealth of the Sierra Madre, and the prosperity, immigration, and wealth which this resource must attract to Mexico in the near future. The Pacific Coast was complimented with a toast, and felicitous remarks on various subjects were made by Messrs. R. A. McKee, R. L. Piton, Colonel J. H. Bowen, and others. Altogether it was a very happy affair.

I have said a good deal about the opposition to foreigners, especially to Americans, in this country, and it is much deprecated by the Mexican gentlemen whom I meet; but to show the drift of public opinion, I enclose a cutting from a local paper which appeared the other day: "Muchos periódicos anuncian la aparicion en Francia de este terrible azote de la humanidad que tantos estragos causa por donde quiera que pasa. Algunos colegas temen que invada nuestro país tan mortífero enemigo; pero ojalá que no pase mas que de simples temores, pues de lo contrario, quién sabe qué sería de nosotros. Yankees, timbre y cólera. Jesus!" The trouble is partly that the respectable foreigners have to suffer for the misdeeds of the roughs and rascals who came in with the advent of the railroad.

ST. LAWRENCE.

ZACATECAS, August 1, 1884.

## A FRONTIER MAGDALEN.

"The Sin Forgiven by Christ in Heaven by Man is Cursed Alway."

The coach came sliding and grating down the long hill; it swung floutingly through the miserable hovels of the Mexican quarter, rattled past the brilliant temptation of the "Continual" saloon, and the less imposing facade of Trellcot's opposition establishment. "Big Jim," the driver, found an unthonged spot on the sides of his horses, and so persuaded them to a final spurt, which should emphasize the suddenness of the pull-up on the post-office corner. All the men lounging there under the cottonwoods swayed and surged for a vantage-ground whence to peer into the stage.

"Not a damned passenger!" cried Alf Dixon. "Boys, this camp's peterin' out just about as fast as the law allows, an' a little more so. This is the fourth night the coach's come in empty. What the hell"——

"Dry up, Alf!" It was Bruce Stewart, the blonde young deputy sheriff, who rode guard over the treasure-box, now nimbly springing down from the top, Winchester in hand. "Give us a rest on your French talk. The's an old lady in there—a saintly old tender-foot—God help her here!"

He opened the coach door and made a baluster of his strong young arm.

"Now, ma'am, here you are at the office, if you'd like to inquire. Maybe some of these old citizens might tell you about your daughter—sorry I'm a stranger here, you might say," with an admonishing frown at the crowd. He guided the old lady into the house and pulled forward a big chair, then faced the gathering group, flushed and breathing hard. "*Well!* this stumps *me!*" He pushed his way to the door, then raising his voice again, cried, loudly, in slangy Spanish: "Play numskull, every manjack of you! That poor old soul has come out here to find her daughter, that she thinks is teaching school—she told me all about it, coming up on the stage. It won't do to let her find out about it to-night, anyway—it's Carrie!"

Then Mr. Stewart retreated with precipitation. He had killed his man at Georgetown, an adjacent camp, and, as to physical daring, perhaps no man in the county had greater hardihood. But his moral courage was not equal to this situation, and so Bruce Stewart fled the field.

Every man in the post-office drug store had understood the young deputy's admonition, and all eyes turned on the tiny old figure sitting in their midst, all quaint and travel-worn, but still quite self-possessed. A very little old lady she was, with delicate features and wax-like coloring. A bunch of feathery white curls escaped from her bonnet at either temple, in a fashion of years long gone. Her raiment was not antiquated, either as to fabric or fashioning, and yet, to a fanciful mind, it would suggest a lingering fragrance of lavender and faded rose-leaves, or kindred essences, whose very memories now are relegated amid the things of a shadowy past.

After the secession of Bruce Stewart, the old lady sat a few moments glancing about with quiet composure. If the novelty of the scene surprised her, she made no signs. Neither did she succumb to fatigue. She held her light shape erect as a girl's when she approached the postmaster.

"Are you the gentleman in charge?" she said, with a precise courtesy; and her thin, soft tone was a vocal rendering of old-fashioned, slanting, Italian chirography. "Ah—the postmaster—yes. Then, no doubt, you will be able to direct me to my daughter—Miss Piatt. She—she is engaged in the profession of teaching."

Doctor Lucas adjusted his glasses on his thin, sharp nose, and looked at her crossly. He was probably the only man in the room who had not felt a thrill of chivalric sympathy at sight of her. He was a lean, dark, sallow, snappish little man, in chronic ill-humor, thanks to the rapid decline of business in the town, and the brow-beating of his virago wife. To-night he was in even worse than usual temper, on account of the coach's late arrival, and the crowd in the drug store keeping him on duty there, while an overworked deputy, visible through the glass front of the post-office enclosure, struggled alone through distribution of the mail. He would have liked to drive the whole concourse without and close his doors upon them. Failing safety in that measure, he obeyed his instinct to bully a creature weaker than himself.

"There's only one schoolma'am in town, and he's a man!" he snarled. "*I* don't know anything about your daughter—she's not my sort. You'd better go over to Daniel's. Guess *they* can give you all the information you want."

She looked at him in doubt and wonder. In all her life her exquisite delicacy and femininity had warded off from her such roughness as this. A murmur of indignation began in the room; but it was silenced by one sweeping glance of significance from the bright blue eyes of a man who came forward and bent his stately head to the old lady with perfect Creole grace.

"That suggestion is not a bad one; our friend here is uncultured and unmannerly, but he means well—we will take it for granted that he means well. Madam, will you accept my escort to seek out your daughter? It may be an undertaking of time—life in this section is busy and hustling—people are self-centred, and pay little attention to their neighbors—the faculties of perception and observation become diminished"—— As he led his charge away, the pleasant cadence of his soft, Southern tone died away in the safe generalizing of platitudes, uttered with the intent of soothing while he gained time.

Every man in the drug store breathed freer, satisfied of this issue of this difficult and painful matter, since George Locke's tact and ingenuity would direct its arrangement. But one young fellow walked briskly to the postmaster, rubbing his broad hands in a very agony of indignation and disgust. His jaunty attire, astute, slim German face, and sliding step made up an anomalous ensemble. This was Barney Heiman, the butcher. He exercised a shrewd business faculty, and was always amply in funds; his unfailing generosity with these resources gave him an assured standing among men, and might have secured him position in the heterogeneous social life of the town had he cared for such distinction. Moreover, his very soul was instinct with the innate chivalry that strikes root deeper than that learned at court.

"See here, Doctor Lucas!" he said; "I'm peaceful-minded, and all that, but I just can't stand no such o'n'ry way of talkin' to a lady—and an old lady, too! I'd have taken a hand myself, but—why, to talk to a lady, it just breaks me all up. But I'd just 's soon tell a man what I think of him—even if it's not very complimentary—as I would to lasso a critter. And I think it's mighty rough for you to abuse and talk hard to an old lady about her daughter that she can't help about, and you got half a dozen half-breed kids runnin' around up here in Chihuahua, without any schoolin', and learnin' to steal and fill the dance-houses! I believe a man can *be* a man, if he's a gambler—if he ain't a tin-horn gambler!—and I think a man can stand way up in a town and still want jumpin' on the worst kind! And I wouldn't stop much at doin' it!"

Barney's tirade met with approval; more particularly that clause referring to the hapless half-caste children Doctor Lucas had ignored since his marriage. Such a storm of reproach assailed Doctor Lucas as made him bend his craven head. Matters might have become serious for him but for the reaction of laughter over Bob Nugent's tipsy dictum. Bob was a gentleman, drunk or sober—more commonly drunk, poor fellow!—and he voiced his scorn of the druggist.

"'S not worth thrashin', Ba'ney? Doc, yo' d'sherve duckin' 'n tailin' pond; 'n I'd give 't t' yo' 'f I wasn't drunk."

George Locke, timing his free step to the careful tread of that tiny figure beside him, swiftly revolved in his mind the situation, and determined to conduct his charge to a hotel, assumed to be "Daniel's," where he could, by collusion with the people, defend her from undesirable information, at least until she should be strengthened by a night's rest. What, then, was his dismay when the dainty footsteps paused on the broad sidewalk before a door whose streaming light made distinct the sign before the building—"Daniel's." She dropped his arm, and went straight in at the wide door.

"Is—is Daniel's a tavern? Have I come into the wrong place?"

She looked about at the unwonted surroundings—tiers of barrels, long shelves of flasks and bottles. Some young men were lounging in large cane arm-chairs, and another, coatless, came forward from a tall desk.

"What place of business do you keep?" the old lady asked, politely.

He was a dark, boyish-looking young fellow, until one noticed the thoughtful brow and gray eyes, that belied his smooth cheeks and pleasure-loving mouth. He flushed as he answered, very gently:

"We are liquor-dealers."

The little old lady staggered slightly, almost as if the winey fumes began to affect her. Then she turned, with a certain timid fierceness, to George Locke, standing in the doorway, pale and disconcerted.

"Why did that man send me to find news of my daughter *here*—at a saloon?"

Young Daniel's face flushed. He could hardly have gotten a keener stab than this, that struck home to his own deep sense of shame in his business. There was something very noble and brave in the young man's nature, subject as he had been to life-long evils of circumstance—surrounding and training. George Locke hardly knew which of the two he most pitied, as he interposed:

"Oh, that's simple enough. You see, all the news from outside comes here to Daniel's first. Jack"—with a look of meaning and caution—"have you heard how Carrie is getting along with her new school, over at Flintville? This lady is her mother. *She don't know just where Carrie is now.*"

His peculiar emphasis put on guard the young man, ready-witted and clever, and educated to quick expedients by the practical exigencies of the section.

"No," replied young Daniel, pleasantly; "no mail has come in yet. You know she only went over to Flintville last Monday. We'll hear from there to-morrow or next day."

"We might go around to the hotel, and make sure," said George Locke. "Mrs. Piatt, will you await me here—oh! I assure you there is no impropriety. The most irreproachable ladies of the camp make no scruple of coming in here to see the collection of minerals and ores. These things are different on the frontier, you know. Here, Henry, will you show Mrs. Piatt your cabinet?"

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Your plan seems to me far-fetched and melodramatic," said young Daniel, gloomily.

George Locke had unfolded his plan of action, based on information his protegée had given in their slow walk from the postoffice to "Daniel's." But all the Southerner's magnetic eloquence could not convince the younger man.

"It is a bit theatrical," Mr. Locke conceded; "but practicable, I think. It all events it's our only salvation."

"What is the use to discuss the matter," said Jack Daniel, bitterly. "Mrs. French would no more let the Aylmer come into her house, for any purpose whatever, than she would go down to the 'Continual,' and accompany the Aylmer in one of her songs!"

"Mistake, Jack. You don't know Mary French's true heart and sweet, womanly charity as I do. Jack, it's a great pity you two could not have met on equal ground. Or, failing that, it's a pity you ever met at all. Confound this free and easy frontier life! In any place where social regulations exist, Mary French would never have come in contact with a man in your position, and you'd have been spared a deal of suffering."

"George," cried the other, fiercely, "what's the matter with you to-night?"

For, indeed, this turning the knife in another's wound was most uncharitable of George Locke, the tactful. He put his hand on the young man's shoulder. "Jack," he said—and the tenderness of his tone was like the tenderness of a father—"Jack, don't you know I saw how deep a wound you got to-night from Carrie's mother? You're fighting against your own soul, Jack, as well as against your love. Give it all up, and go away from this. Begin all over in a new country, and with Mary French—I believe you could do it. You ought. Nature made you for each other."

"See here," said Daniel, doggedly, "if you want to risk your own fate, don't let any scruple about interfering with me deter you. I've had my little lesson; I shall never aspire to Mrs. French's hand again. Meanwhile, that poor old soul is left, forlorn and weary, in a place that seems to her polluting, no doubt. Let us get back to her."

"Jack," said Locke, "I will tell you a bit of a secret. I am not a marrying man. I was married at twenty-five, and within a year my wife became insane. Hereditary—but it had been kept from her, poor girl! She has been in an asylum these twelve years. Now, as you say, let us return to Mrs. Piatt. Make some excuse for my leaving her, and dally about for a while, before you bring her up to Mrs. French's. I must have time to explain to Mary."

"All right; but you understand I have nothing to do with to-morrow's business. Barney Heiman will help you. He's just the man—honest, and hearty, and true; not so overburdened with style as some of the fellows who rank him."

"You'll come with Carrie, yourself," said George Locke, bluntly.

"Not I! Good God! don't you see the difficulty of the situation?—the delicacy? How can I meet Mary French in company with the Aylmer?"

"None the less you will do it. Precisely for the reason of your complicated relations, we don't want Barney Heiman, or any other, involved. Come, Jack, brace up, and have some style about you," said Locke, disguising his sympathy in slang. "You must meet the obligations you have incurred. You're not the first man who has found 'his honor rooted in dishonor.'"

* * * * * * * * *

Physically, Mrs. French was an admirable match for the noble mold of George Locke's commanding type. Her well-built form was large, compact, and plump. Her cheeks were ruddy, her gray eyes clear, and her round facial lines all sweet and wholesome. She was the sort of woman men are apt to fancy—a sort of domestic goddess. But it does not always chance a goddess smiles on the plans of the sons of men. George Locke was astonished to find that his friend's objection to his proposition was based on personal reasons. The mere detail that it involved juggling with the religious faith of another had nothing repugnant to her strong rationalism. He perceived quite plainly that between her compassion for the unfortunate mother and the zest she found in his original if irreverent idea, she was fairly inclined to confederacy—until the statement of the Magdalen's identity. Mr. Locke had, of course, been quite cognizant that Mrs. French had broken with her intended husband, a week before the day set for their marriage, on discovery of his entanglement with the Aylmer. And yet he had confidently expected that generosity and sense of justice would ignore personal feeling in dealing with the matter in hand.

"You talk as if that poor girl were the only sinner in the world!" cried George Locke at last, exasperated by her obstinacy, while time was flying. "You are thoroughly unjust to her, and you are less generous than she. I didn't know you *could* be so narrow-minded. Mary French, this woman you despise tries more sincerely—ay, I believe she *does* more—to help the weak and sinful than you do."

Mrs. French lifted her bowed head in amazement. But George Locke's noble, kindly countenance was full of stern sincerity and rebuke.

"I mean what I say. She preys on men, as is the manner of her kind—poor girl! But no man pays tribute to her at the expense of a family. Her speech is as blameless as your own, amid all the ribaldry that surrounds her; sometimes it has even seemed to me that her sweet songs purify the atmosphere about her. O Mary French! you need not sneer. Men are not always full of evil. I do believe that many a one goes there to let her music work its spell on heart-chords that have long been silent."

"Do the people of the 'Continual' saloon find this mission work profitable, or is it a labor of love?" inquired Mrs. French, with meek sweetness.

He went on, ignoring the feminine sarcasm:

"She has made a veritable crusade against the young lads, mere boys, who used to haunt the saloons—calls them up to her piano, and talks to them like a mother. Ah, bah!" cried Mr. Locke, "it is folly to expect one woman to show another mercy. And yet," he added, his voice tremulous with some tender memory, "I have known one woman to warrant such confidence."

Mrs. French looked up.

"Would that woman have done what you ask me to do?" she demanded, a certain grievance in her tone.

Mr. Locke smiled to himself at that little touch of emulative jealousy, tending as it did to confirm his suspicion that Mrs. French's pride had suffered, rather than her affection, in the rupture with her lover six months before. He must have been more than man, if he had failed to perceive that her interest in himself was deeper than was strictly consistent with hopes quite blasted. It would have been abnormal, too, had he failed to take advantage of that weakness for the furtherance of his wishes.

"There was no selfish taint in her whole nature. She would have aided to the utmost what I thought right."

Mrs. French rose and looked into his face with eyes full of infinite enthusiasm and yearning pity, well-nigh divine.

"When will she be here—that dear, old, lonely mother? Oh, we will be so good to her, will we not? And you—you really believed in my heartlessness—you know you did! What right had you to think me a Pharisee? For shame, George Locke! I thought you knew me better."

"In the nick of time!" thought the man, following helplessly as she moved to answer the knock announcing the weary pilgrim's coming. And he was not the first man—nor yet the last—constrained to own that, as compared to the nimble wiles of women, men's artfulness is but a clumsy and transparent effort.

And so it was that twenty-four hours later, Mary French, with diplomatic, deferential interest, sat listening to the disclosure on spiritualism, into which she had skillfully

led her guest. It was not difficult to understand how all the more mystical and poetic phases of that doctrine had taken hold in this gentle, unphilosophic mind, of antiquated simplicity.

"I do not doubt that our dear ones return," she said; "but we do not perceive them often, for our senses are dulled by the world's gross usage. I have tried strenuously to comply with the conditions, in order that I might receive the materialized presence. I have sometimes thought that if my daughter"——

She stopped short with a little faint cry. A woman's form stood in a window giving upon the long, front gallery; a figure graceful, small, of perfect mold, compassed about with filmly, misty clouds of vaporous white; the little head was banded round with bands of waving golden hair; the great blue eyes were full of mournful resignation, the sweet, faultless lips were sad, the whole face was the face of a suffering angel. She held one lovely hand toward the twain within the room, and the sweet, sad lips spoke.

"*Mother—return!*"

Then swiftly and silently the vision was gone.

* * * * * * * *

Jack Daniel did not tarry with the pseudo news he bore. The mother had not spoken when he came in. The details of his story had been skillfully devised. Smallpox had broken out in Flintville the week of the teacher's advent there. She had contracted the scourge, and a sudden chill had driven it in with swift congestion. Death had come very soon, and immediate interment had been needful. She had died with her mother's name upon her lips. Watching the mother carefully, the young man was going on with tentative platitudes of sympathy, and the regrets of those who knew the dead girl. The old lady covered her dim eyes with her hand, her delicate lips wrung piteously.

"You are very kind," she said, still with precision, "but—will you leave in solitude with my sorrow? Dear young lady, will you come to me later on? To-morrow—I will leave you."

Without a word, Mary French and Jack Daniel went softly to the room where George Locke was watching beside the Aylmer. She cowered like some stricken creature, still veiled by the foamy masses of clinging tulle, that had made her appearance at the window ghost-like. The Creole touched their hostess, bending down humid eyes.

"Say something to her," he said, pitifully. "I think her mother's suffering hurts her less than her position with you. She would not stay in here with Daniel, but made him go and leave me with her."

That argument was an unwise one. It was not enough, then, that her old lover stood here with his face downcast, in conscious shame for his relations with this fallen creature! She must ply her nefarious acts upon the other man, trading on his chivalry. Mrs. French's face hardened as her heart grew hard again. The crouching woman lifted her tear-stained visage, and came to stand before the other, with pleading written on every line of her bearing.

"I have no right to even thank you," she said, "and yet I would lay down my life for your pleasure. Don't think I do not feel my shame—I even recognize the mockery of my being wrapped in this," she bent her lips gratefully and reverently to the airy gauze about her. It was Mary French's bridal veil that she had brought out hastily when their project had been found to lack such an accessory. "Oh, there is nothing like a woman's kindness to a woman! The love of man, at best, is only a selfish passion. In all the greatest crises of a woman's life, she wants a woman's ministering. I have been so long shut out from that sweet consolation—oh, for my very soul's sake, speak to me, and help me!"

But Mrs. French stepped back and answered coldly:

"I am sorry for your distress. I think your unfortunate mother will be needing me. My parlor is at your service, as anything you may require to recover your composure. Mr. Locke, my hospitality is in your hands."

* * * * * * * *

A fire at their corral disabled the stage company's rolling stock, so that the out-going coach was not in readiness to leave until the lamps lighted in the "Continual" saloon twinkled their reflections in the malodorous pool above the dam. The usual knot of loungers stood in waiting as it swung around to the post-office under the cottonwoods. Young Daniel, standing despondently, near by, spoke to the driver.

"Wait, Jim, George Locke will bring you another passenger shortly."

Jim put out his under lip, in jealousy of his importance.

"That's all right. I know. *Told* me he'd see the old lady down to the railroad. George is a good fellow—for a rebel that was."

The crowd took up the word, "Old lady," "Carrie's mother," "Going back," "Jack, how did Locke settle that business? He's kept it mighty mum."

"Ask him," said young Daniel, briefly.

"Seems 's if it's kind o' rough for Carrie to have to play *to-night*," hazarded one rugged prospector in overalls.

"Rough nothing. Business is business," said a pert, young accountant.

"Wonder how the firm'll like the lonesome kind of tunes she's giving us to-night."

"Go slow on that. Here's Locke and the old lady."

As the pair settled back in their seats, a steady flaw of wind set for some moments thither, and brought the singer's voice and words so clearly that Jim delayed, with whip in air, to catch the old familiar strain:

> "Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
> Womanhood's years have been only a dream,
> Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
> Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!"

Mrs. Piatt half rose from her place.

"That—oh, that voice sounds like my poor dead daughter's!" And, as the coach lurched away, she hid her face on George Locke's shoulder, with an outburst of tears that were the first she had shed in her sad, sorrowful sojourn there.

A. F. D.

San Francisco, August, 1884.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

Isis.

We turn the leaves of the Past,
And of all the pictures there,
We ever recur to Isis
With a scrutiny—that is prayer.

* * * * * * *

Isis, Mother of Silence!
From the being of Hermes wrought;
Who gives to her votaries Patience:
To her lovers who gives Thought;
Alone, she views the ages
With her fathomless, questioning eyes.
Who can lift the veil of Isis
In a world that feeds on lies?
And the secret still eludes us,
As it did when Nilus was born:
Though we rend the heart within us,
As the rock in Horeb was torn.
So this! he knoweth the secret:
At his bidding the waters rise.
For the soul of Isis binds him
In his path through imperial skies.
But the cold, still goddess spurns us,
As she sways the threads of Fate,
Until one day we awaken—
Awaken, alas! too late.
Isis, Mother of Silence!
Is it given to goddesses, then,
To walk the earth in human guise,
And capture the souls of men?
And—dulled by apprehension—
As a garment, put we by
The manhood that informs us—
And faint, and falter, and die?
Die at the feet of Isis—
With murmur of wail and prayer?
Lo! if we rise we quell her:
There are greater than Isis there.
Old Egypt's mocking goddess,
With a smile that is half a sneer,
Pallid, possessed, and conquered:
She flutters and falls in fear.

* * * * * * * *

It is only to know the secret.
Let him read the riddle who can!
The woman who loves is Isis:
But her master-god is Man.

—*Frank H. Norton in September Manhattan.*

The Warrior's Quest.

A warrior rode upon a quest
For deeds to crown a noble name,
And give to her whom he loved best
Not only love, but fame.
Where'er the storm of war might drift,
Its din to him was music rare;
Nor e'er did smoke of battle lift
But he was there.

Of him the lands afar had heard;
His prowess lived in many a song;
His name became a household word—
The Righter of the Wrong.
The years like moments sped away,
While onward still some vision lured,
And calm within his bosom lay
His love assured.

But the sweet lady for whose sake
The warrior rode upon his quest
Found the years long to watch and wake,
For tidings east or west;
And oft she sat within her bower
Silent and sad as day grew dim,
And oft she climbed the lofty tower
To watch for him.

"O love," she sighed, "since life is sweet,
Since life is brief, why seek so long
For gifts to lay before my feet?
Thou doest love a wrong.
I can not ride from east to west
To meet thee in the battle's fray,
But I must bear an aching breast
From day to day."

Homeward at length the warrior turned,
Sated with victory, and full fain
To tell the love that once more burned
Into a cherished pain.
His glorious steed with trappings gay
Bore him right proudly, and his train
Of gallant knights far stretched that day
Across the plain.

But as they neared the castle walls
Where dwelt the lady of his love,
What sight upon their joyance falls,
What sound their fear doth move?
A funeral train from out the gate
To tolling bells is slowly led:
Glory and love have come too late—
They greet the dead.

—*Mrs. E. D. R. Bianciardi in September Harper's.*

Asunder.

Once, when the sun, in slowly dying splendor,
Sank, sending crimson smiles across the sea;
When, in the twilight, eyes looked true and tender—
"Tell me," you said, "how great your love for me."
Darker and darker grew the sea before us;
Turning I saw a shadow at your side;
Mist filled the sky and hid the pale stars o'er us;
As those who speak in dreams my lips replied:
"Some measure love by gold,
By endless time, by soundless sea;
But I—I love you well enough
To leave you, Love, if needs must be."

Words, thoughtless words! but breathing doubt forbidden!
Fears, foolish fears! that love must lull to rest—
Not you or I knew then the meaning hidden
Veiled in those words you deemed an idle jest;
Now, Love! with paths divided, hands asunder,
Now we have learned the meaning, you and I,
Hid in the misty sky, the dark sea under,
Hid in those words I spoke, and knew not why—
"Some measure love by gold,
By endless time, by soundless sea;
But I—I love you well enough
To leave you, Love, if needs must be."

—*Hugh Conway (author of "Called Back") in the Christian Union.*

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

John L. Sullivan is undoubtedly behaving himself, as nothing is said about him. This unfortunate man is never spoken of unless he is drunk or fighting.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Necktie parties" are the prevailing form of amusement in Montana. Thirteen horse-thieves have been lynched there by cowboys within three weeks. The services commence with the hymn, "Life is but an hemp-tie dream."—*Norristown Herald.*

The Salvation Army folks do certainly get up strange nick-names. At a "hallelujah tea-fight," in Medina, N. Y., the other day, there were present "Jumping Sambo," "The Hallelujah Canary Singer," "Joyful Jeremiah," "Happy Sal," "Smiling May," and "Dick, the Devil Teaser."—*Ex.*

Stephen Whitlock, aged eighteen years, of Lyons, New York, "after eating a quart of peanuts, two quarts of cherries, pits and all, and drinking several glasses of ice-water, died in great agony." The cause of his death is unknown, but heart disease is suspected.—*Norristown Herald.*

As some sportsmen were grouped around the stand at the shoot yesterday a fine dog, a setter, came up to his owner, Mr. Patrick Lyons.

"That's an A1 dog of yours," said a bystander.

"I thought he was a K9," said Mr. Lyons.—*Buffalo Times.*

*Maud*—"Isn't this a queer title for a book, mother—'Not Like Other Girls?' I wonder what she can be if she is not like other girls?"

*Mother*—"I don't know, unless she goes into the kitchen and helps her mother instead of staying in the parlor to read novels."—*Life.*

*Reckless Dude* (to Burglar, whom he has discovered in closet)—"Oh, you nasty, saucy thing, to hide in my bedroom! There! I'll break your umbrella, so you can't go out without getting soaked, for it's raining like anything outside."

Burglar faints.—*Life.*

"I say, Jones, dine with me at the house to-night, will you?"

"Certainly—with pleasure. Will your wife expect me?"

"No; that's the beauty of it. We had a quarrel this morning about the sea-shore business, and I want to make her mad."—*New York Sun.*

"Oh, dear, what a dreadful odor of carburetted hydrogen!" said the Boston lady.

"Mum?" said the janitor, with a puzzled countenance.

"The smell of carburetted hydrogen," she explained.

"That's no kind of gin, mum," replied the janitor; "that's garse; the pipe is leaky, mum."—*Exchange.*

"Mamma," said a prudent miss to her mother, who was contemplating a second marriage, "I wouldn't marry again if I were you. Remember how pa spent so much of your property."

"Nonsense, my dear," replied her mother, "you know what the proverb says: 'Ce n'est que le premier Pa qui coûte'—not a step-father."—*Exchange.*

*Mamma*—"It is very wrong in you, Johnny, to quarrel in this way."

*Johnny* (who has just had a fight with his brother Tom)—"Well, I got mad and had to do something."

*Mamma*—"But you should not let your temper carry you away in that manner. I will tell you a good rule: when you are angry always count twenty before you strike."

*Tommy*—(the victor in the recent unpleasantness)—"Yes, and he'd better count forty before he strikes a fellow that can lick him."—*Life.*

An erroneous phrenologist once told me that I would shine as a revivalist, and said that I ought to marry a tall blonde, with a nervous, sanguinary temperament. Then he said: "One dollar, please"; and I said, "All right, gentle scientist, with a tawny mane, I will give you the dollar, and marry the tall blonde with the bank account and bilious temperament when you give me a chart showing me how to dispose of a brown-eyed brunette with a thoughtful cast of countenance, who married me in an unguarded moment two years ago."

He looked at me in a reproachful kind of way, struck me with a chair in an absent-minded manner, and stole away.—*Bill Nye.*

"Father."

Thus spoke a fair young girl, about whose sweet young face there clustered a bang like a solid stone wall around a flower-garden, and in whose voice were mingled the soft notes of the flute and the silvery notes of the dinner-bell half an hour late. The person addressed was a cold, hard man, with iron-gray hair and corkscrew whiskers, and with that stern look in his eye which prompts a man to go elsewhere to borrow a dollar. He was sitting in his office reading the morning paper.

"Well, girl, what is it?" he replied, looking at the headlines of the Chicago grain-market dispatches.

"Father, Gerald has asked me to marry him and I have accepted him."

"I don't doubt it."

"Yes, father, and I thought I would tell you, so it would not surprise you when he asked you for me."

"Don't worry yourself, girl. Don't worry yourself. I will not be half as much surprised as Gerald will, my darling," and he reflectively threw his right leg up over his left knee and ran his hand carefully around the toe of h boot.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## SOCIETY.

### Engagements and Marriages.

The engagement of Miss Belle Glazier, daughter of Simon W. Glazier, formerly of San Francisco and now of New York city, to Jacob Bernheimer, of New York city, is announced. Mr. Bernheimer is the son of a retired and wealthy merchant of that city.

Miss Annie Laurie Jackson and Mr. Frederick L. Wooster were married on the 14th instant, at the residence of the bride's parents. A large number of friends and acquaintances were present to witness the ceremony.

The engagement of Miss May Hutchinson, of Santa Clara County, and Mr. George W. Page, of this city, is announced.

The engagement of Miss Celestia Patterson and Doctor Emile C. Mervy is announced. The marriage will take place in December.

The marriage of Miss Kate Houseman and Mr. George Searle will take place on September 2d.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker departed for the East on Wednesday last, accompanied by Mr. William E. Brown, and will remain in New York about a month. Miss Hattie Crocker, who left here about a year ago for a trip around the world in company with Sir Sydney and Lady Waterlow, is expected in New York on or about the 28th instant.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins left here for New York on Tuesday last, to remain in that city and elsewhere in the East until the middle of October.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry May were in London at latest advices, and were the guests of Mrs. James Macdonough.

Mrs. R. C. Hooker has been again visiting Monterey.

Mrs. Creed Haymond is visiting at Truckee.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Wooster (*née* Jackson) left the city last Friday for a three-weeks' visit to Lake Tahoe. It is their intention to visit Monterey and Sierra Madre Villa before returning to the city to reside permanently.

Mrs. Ben C. Truman has returned to Monterey, where she will remain until the middle of September.

Mrs. John A. Paxton, formerly of this city, but now a resident of Sonoma County, is visiting in Los Angeles.

Ensign James H. Glennon, U. S. N., and wife (*née* Blair), are at present visiting in Southern California.

Mrs. J. H. Maynard and daughter have gone to the Geysers, to remain until the 8th proximo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Davidson are spending a few weeks at Napa Soda Springs.

Hon. William H. Sears, United States Collector of the Port of San Francisco, left for the East a few days ago, for a month's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Crocker, who have been sight-seeing in Europe for several months, have returned to New York.

Mr. Adolph Sutro is expected to return to the city on September 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore F. Payne are at Del Monte, Monterey.

Admiral N. Kopitoff, of the Russian navy, accompanied by Count M. Apraxine and Sub-Lieutenant A. Eberhard, arrived from China last Sunday, and left for Russia on Monday afternoon.

Colonel and Mrs. S. D. Mayer are stopping at the Geysers.

Major J. Q. Brown, of Sacramento, was in town last Wednesday at the Occidental.

Hon. George T. Bromley, United States Consul at Tien Tsin, China, left for that place on last Monday by the O. and O. S. S. *Arabic*.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue have returned from San Luis Obispo.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford is spending a few weeks at the Geysers.

Mr. and Mrs George Abbott are at present at Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. M. Smith returned to the city from Oonalaska by steamer last Sunday.

Miss May Scott is at Santa Barbara.

Miss Dunkelberger and Miss McLellan, of Los Angeles, are visiting friends at the Navy Yard, Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gollin leave for the East and Europe today.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone leave for New York on Monday next, to be absent two or three months. They will go by way of Kansas City, at which place Mr. Melone has a married sister.

Mrs. Doctor J. D. Whitney has been visiting Mrs. Alfred Poett, at San Mateo.

Major Charles A. Kenney is stopping at the Gysers.

Mrs. Morris Newton, who has been on a visit to the East, returned home last Thursday, having been recalled by the serious illness of her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Reynolds are stopping at the Hotel Bella Vista. Mrs. and Miss Reynolds intend to take a trip to Europe some time during next spring.

Ex-Governor John Downey, of Los Angeles, is on a visit to the city. It is Governor Downey's intention to remove to this city to reside permanently.

Mrs. B. B. Redding and Mr. George H. H. Redding returned to the city from Lake Tahoe last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emile A. Bruguirre are at the Napa Soda Springs for a few weeks.

Miss Marguerite Thornton has returned to the city from Menlo Park.

Hon. and Mrs. Henry Edgerton, of Sacramento, have been visiting Monterey during the present week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and family are stopping at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Nat J. Brittan were in the city last Wednesday and were stopping at the Palace.

Hon. Ward McAllister Jr., District Judge of Alaska, returned to the city from the East last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. De Young, who went to Europe some months since, returned to the city last Wednesday.

Mrs. Wm. C. Ralston and Miss Ralston have returned to the city and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Robinson came from Redwood City last Wednesday for a few days.

A large party of gentlemen to the number of about fifty, including a number of physicians, went to the Geysers last Saturday as the guests of Dr. Marc Levingston. All but a few of them returned to the city on Monday.

Hon. John H. Kinkead, of Nevada, the newly appointed Governor of Alaska, accompanied by Mrs. Kinkead, are in the city and are stopping at the Palace. Governor Kinkead will shortly leave for Alaska to enter upon his new duties.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose are at the Palace on a short visit before returning to their country home at San Mateo.

Mr. T. H. Goodman, General Ticket Agent of the C. P. R. R., will leave for Saratoga on next Tuesday. Mrs Goodman will accompany him. They expect to return in a few weeks.

Hon. George W. Cassidy, of Nevada, is at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant-Commander Leonard Chenery is on a visit to his father, Mr. Richard Chenery, who is residing at Belfast, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. George Abbott are at Napa Soda Springs for a few weeks.

Mrs. S. W. Boyd is at present the guest of Colonel William Harney, at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Hans Kohler are still at Santa Cruz, but expect to return to the city in September.

Mrs. Alexander G. Abell is among the recent arrivals at Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Collier, who have been spending the summer at Del Monte, return on Monday next, and will winter at the Bella Vista.

Senator and Mrs. Jones, of Nevada, have been spending the week at Monterey.

Miss Lizzie Wade, of Oakland, left for the East on Thursday last, and will spend the fall and winter at Utica, N. Y.

Lieutenant Glennon, U. S. N., and bride are enjoying their honeymoon at Del Monte.

Mrs. Captain Nicholas Smith (accompanied by her husband as far as Ogden) left for the East on Thursday last.

Hon. M. M. Estee returned yesterday from a trip to San Bernardino.

Rev. R. O. Butler, D. D., and wife, of Philadelphia, are on a visit to the coast, and are stopping at the Palace.

Rev. Dr. Wakefield and wife, of Richmond, Va., arrived in the city to-day for a short visit.

### Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant Henry Johnson, U. S. A., is stopping at the Occidental.

Lieutenant W. L. Pitcher, Eighth Infantry, has been ordered to Fort Gaston, where his company is stationed.

Lieutenant Frank Guertin, U. S. N., of the *Independence*, has tendered his resignation, to take effect August 1, 1885, and leave of absence has been granted him until that date.

Paymaster J. A. Ring, U. S. N., and Surgeon S. H. Dickson, U. S. N., arrived from China on Sunday last.

Commander Frederick Rodgers, U. S. N., of the *Independence*, was in the city this week, and attended a meeting of the M. O. L. L. U. S.

Major-General Pope, U. S. A., visited the Mare Island Navy Yard on Tuesday last, and was the guest of Commodore Russell.

Colonel. T. C. Sullivan, U. S. A., and wife, have gone East to reside at Boston, Massachusetts.

Lieutenant E. Hubert, U. S. A., was at the Occidental Hotel last Thursday.

Captain Charles A. Porter, U. S. A., who is stationed at Benicia, is in town and stopping at the Occidental.

Surgeon T. C. Heyl, U. S. N., who is on duty at the R. S. *Independence*, Mare Island, is on a visit to his family, who are residing at the Hotel Bella Vista.

### Notes and Gossip.

The next concert of the Schumann Club is announced for September 8th.

The Reliance Club, composed of many of our fashionable people, gave a reception at Saratoga Hall last Monday evening to Ensign and Mrs. John J. Knapp (*née* Harrison), on their return to the city after the wedding trip.

Mrs. George W. Smiley, who was well known in San Francisco, died in London July 30th.

There will be quite a collection of Central Pacific officials in New York after those on the way and those to go arrive there. The list will then be: Leland Stanford, President; C. P. Huntington, Vice-President; Charles Crocker, Second Vice-President; Timothy Hopkins, Treasurer; A. N. Towne, General Manager; J. C. Stubbs, Freight Traffic Manager; T. H. Goodman, General Ticket Agent. It is said a business meeting will be held in New York, though the nature of it is not stated.

### Art Notes.

Mr. Thomas Hill left the city last Monday for Yellowstone Park, where he expects to remain for several months.

Mr. Henry Raschen has returned from Fort Ross, where he has been making a number of sketches.

Jules Tavernier is not at work at present, being confined to his room by a severe attack of illness.

C. D. Robinson returned from Yosemite Valley last week, bringing with him a finished picture of a view in the valley, and a number of fine sketches.

J. Barkhaus accompanied the members of the Bohemian Club to the Midsummer High Jinks at Russian River, and made a number of sketches incident to the celebration of that festivity.

Yates is still at San Rafael, but expects to return to the city shortly.

---

The growth of St. Luke's Episcopal Parish has kept apace with the growth of that portion of the city in which it is located, and both have prospered. Where a few years since was a waste of sand, hill-sides covered with chaparral, brick-yards, slaughter-houses, and milk-ranches, are now broad avenues and elegant homes. The little mission parish of St. Luke's, established by the Rev. Giles Gray, in "Pixley Hall," built for itself a comfortable church upon Pacific Street, where it remained and flourished for many years. The unceasing growth of the congregation demanding for it more generous accommodations, a location was secured on the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Clay Street, to which the old church was removed, enlarged, and refurnished, at a cost of some seven thousand dollars, till now, completed and ready for use, it is one of the most spacious and comfortable of the church edifices of our city. On Sunday (to-morrow) divine service will be held in the "new" church. This permanently locates and substantially fixes the Parish of St. Luke. It takes its place among the larger and more important of the Episcopal congregations of the city. It has before it a broad career of usefulness. The Episcopal Church is rapidly growing in America. It is extending in influence and increasing in numbers. It is commending itself more and more to the popular favor by democratizing itself, and is gradually outliving the impression that it is an aristocratic church, for the accommodation of the fashionable and wealthy. This church occupies an honorable position in America, and is accomplishing great good. We can not omit the opportunity of repeating an oft-expressed wish—that the Protestant evangelical churches might come together, unite upon one creed, one formula of religious worship, and together form one united organization. There is no intelligent man or woman who would not desire to see a rational religious faith more firmly established and more generally prevalent. If the pulpit has not maintained its former power, its day of usefulness has not gone by.

---

The *Athenæum* takes Mr. Howells to task for speaking of rooms being "lit with transoms of colored glass," observing that "he must have used the word 'transom' for its sound, without any regard to its meaning, for a room could hardly be lighted by a cross-bar." The word, as Mr. Howells uses it, is not to be found in the latest edition of Webster, though it is commonly employed in this country to designate the shallow window immediately above a door. It is curious that the French word for the thing called by Mr. Howells a "transom" (what is it in English, anyway?) is *vastistas*, supposed to come from the German, "Was ist das?" A sort of international what-is-it.

---

The remarkable suit against the Duke of Brunswick, now in court at Wetzlar, and which was begun in 1604, involves a claim set up by the Counts of Stolberg against the administrators of the Ducal Private Domain for the restitution of certain estates, forests, and mines in the Hartz Mountains. The property is valued at nearly five millions of dollars. After the suit was first begun it was carried on continuously for half a century.

---

It is not necessary for the force of an epigram that it should be strictly true. Lord Randolph Churchill, being asked what he thought of Irving, said: "I don't know that I should call him a great actor, but he is certainly a curious one. He is always Irving on the stage, and always Hamlet in private life."

---

The Empress of Austria, while at Heidelberg recently, lived at the most expensive hotel with a suite of seventy persons, including four fencing-masters.

## MAGAZINE BRIC-À-BRAC.

### A Kiss in the Rain.

One stormy morn I chanced to meet
A lassie in the town;
Her locks were like the ripened wheat,
Her laughing eyes were brown.
I watched her as she tripped along
Till madness filled my brain,
And then — and then — I know 'twas wrong —
I kissed her in the rain!

With rain-drops shining on her cheek,
Like dew-drops on a rose,
The little lassie strove to speak
My boldness to oppose;
She strove in vain, and quivering
Her finger stole in mine;
And then the birds began to sing,
The sun began to shine.

Oh, let the clouds grow dark above,
My heart is light below;
'Tis always summer when we love,
However winds may blow;
And I'm as proud as any prince,
All honors I disdain;
She says I am her *rain beau* since
I kissed her in the rain.

—*Samuel Minturn Peck in September Century.*

### Equivocation

We lingered, in the act to part,
The last word still unspoken,
By the quick beating of my heart
The silence faintly broken.
So beautiful she seemed and pure —
Ah me! how I should miss her.
Unable longer to endure
My wish, I asked to kiss her.
A blush of deepest rose o'erspread
Her face, as if to mask it,
As, with a woman's art, she said,
"Why, Frank, you should not *ask* it!"

—*C. Sooysmith in September Century.*

### The Reason.

Upon Corinna's cheeke the rose
Doth make perpetuall holidaye;
Soe that it alwaise seemeth Maye
What place soe'er Corinna goes.
Yet, freshe and daintie though they be,
Her rosie cheekes are naught to me!

Corinna's eies are like the daye
That from the Orient comes afarre;
Surelie in all the skies no starre
Is half so radiant brighte as they!
Yet, shine they ne'er so wondrouslie,
Her beaming eyes are naught to me!

And, oh! her lockes, her lockes of golde —
Well doe they know the subtle arte
To winde about a lover's hearte!
Yet me such fetters shall not holde!
Though they be faire, yet I am free;
Her locks of gold are naught to me!

For why? They can the reason telle
Who know the features of her minde;
Wherein if love, and wishes kinde,
And truth and sweetnesse doe not dwelle,
I care not then how faire she be,
For these are alle in alle to me!

—*Robertson Trowbridge in September Century.*

### Not Long Ago.

Not long ago she passed me by.
A little girl, demure and shy,
With rumpled hair and dancing eyes,
Whose glances strayed like butterflies.
But "very, very plain," quoth I.

Again we met. How time will fly!
I can't describe her though I try;
It seemed she'd stepped from paradise
Not long ago.

And now I cease to magnify
Her sovereign grace, or glorify
Her perfect taste. 'Tis hardly wise
For me to try to criticise
Her now. I married her — that's why —
Not long ago.

—*Sydney Herbert Pierson in September Century.*

### At the Making of the Hay.

When the whip-poor-wills are calling,
And the apple-blooms are falling,
With a tender tint forestalling
Summer's blush upon the grass;
When the little stars are keeping
Watch above the meadow sleeping,
And the jack-o'-lantern's peeping,
I will meet my bonnie lass.

I will seek her; I will find her;
I will slyly steal behind her;
And with kisses I will blind her
Till she sets the happy day!
And when the barley's heading,
And the summer rose is shedding,
Oh, there'll be a merry wedding
At the making of the hay.

—*Samuel Minturn Peck in September Manhattan.*

### If I were a Ghost.

If I were a ghost, and you were a ghost,
And we met in the deadman's land,
Would your heart rejoice at the sound of my voice?
Would you shrink at the touch of my hand?
If you knew at once, as I know you would,
That all of the pleasure and pain,
Of the gladness of love and the sadness of love
Were to be lived over again,
Would heaven seem heaven, then, do you think?
Would you find it a sweet surprise,
If within your breast the human unrest
Should awake again in the skies?
Or would it not darken that fair new world
With a shadow of earthly stain?
For if perfect bliss could be marred by my kiss,
Then the peace of heaven were vain.
Oh, foolish questions, and idle thoughts,
What do I care for the life above?
When our souls, I know, wherever they go,
Will die with the death of our love.

—*Bessie Chandler in September Manhattan.*

## NEW YORK'S YOUNG MEN.

"Flaneur" gives an Analysis of Gotham's Gilded Youth.

There is a good deal of variety among New York's young men, but after all they may be divided without much difficulty into half a dozen classes. I am aware that there are a great many excellent men who insist that there are no such things as classes in America; but if they would wander about among New York men for a short time they would find that they are in error; at least, they would learn that the majority of New Yorkers consider them in error. There is a constant talk of classes here, and the social grades by which men are distinguished are clearly defined. I will give a few specimens of well-to-do young men in New York life who fairly represent the different degrees.

I know a tall, thin, and agreeable man, about thirty years of age, who is a capital illustration of a New York man of the highest social rank. He graduated from Harvard, studied for three years in Germany, drifted for a short time in a desultory manner about Europe, and returned to New York, where he will live till he dies. He is a member of a law firm, and his business hours are from half-past ten o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon, with an hour and a half interval for luncheon. He usually wears dark clothes cut in the conventional English fashion, makes afternoon calls, dines frequently at his club, and his only intimate friends are men whom he knew when he was ten years old. He is a Knickerbocker. Half of the best families of the town are connected with him by blood or marriage. There is nothing of the snob about him. His particular club is a quiet one in Twenty-eighth Street, which no man can enter whose family was not known in New York one hundred years ago, and he drives carefully on the avenue every afternoon at five o'clock. He is an agreeable and good-natured gentleman. He does not own race-horses, seldom bets upon them, never plays poker higher than one dollar limit, though he could afford to lose twenty thousand dollars at a sitting without feeling it in the slightest degree. His mother's name appears on the list of patronesses of all the charitable entertainments of the season, and his father spends a large portion of his time in delivering scorching criticisms upon our Legislature and condemning the manner in which our city finances are managed. The young man is the future head of the family, and as such he is treated with the utmost consideration. He takes a lively sort of interest in his sisters, and when he doesn't talk about his family he discusses the latest bit of club gossip or takes a run into politics. He is the sort of man who never bullies a waiter, abhors a single glass, detests an English drawl, and never dresses extravagantly. The horses that he drives are solid, heavy-stepping animals, and he holds his elbows down, keeps his toes together, and wears his hat squarely on his head. His younger brothers are quiet and good-natured young men, who are asked everywhere for the family's sake, and who go into society as a matter of course. They do not affect to despise dancing, and are as agreeable and unpretentious as the elder brother. It may be true that these men are occasionally uninteresting, and that the lack of romance and dash in their composition renders them at times a bit tiresome, but on the whole they are emphatically representative men of the best elements of New York society, and their friendship is a thing to be prized.

There is another young man of good family and considerable wealth who flourishes here. He usually belongs to Knickerbocker and Union clubs, dresses with a pronounced affectation of everything that is English, wears a single glass, and is a society man by profession. I have such a man in mind. His name seldom gets into the papers, and he never, by any chance, does anything that will bring him before the public. He has served as chairman on the Committee of Application of both of his clubs, and he knows the inside history of every prominent family in New York. His grooms, horses, carriages, and, indeed, everything but his house, are English; and as he was educated at Oxford, it is difficult to believe that he is not really an Englishman. He speaks of the Prince of Wales as "The Prince," as if there was only one prince and he was one of his subjects; and he knows Burke's "Peerage" by heart. He drives a coach, and refuses ten invitations where he accepts one. He piques himself on being asked to the most exclusive entertainments, and spends weeks of thought on the six little dinners that he gives every season. He gossips pleasantly with women, reads the prayer-book, and is detested by every man he knows except his parasites. His success with fashionable women is simply amazing. He is thin and angular. His time is divided up so that he walks and drives upon the avenue at a stated hour every day, and he is altogether what he has always striven to be—a distinguished society man. He never goes below Twenty-third Street. There are not more than half a dozen such gorgeous beings in New York.

The lesser society man—by which I mean the youth who moves in a social scale a little below that of the two millionaires described above—copies both of the foregoing examples to a slight degree. He is usually a dancing man, and is always well dressed. He belong to a small club where the dues are about fifty dollars a year, and he knows rafts of pretty girls. He is asked about from one country house to another during the summer, plays tennis, takes his friends out driving in his gig, if he owns one, is fond of the theatre, and usually does something for a living. He is either in a banker's or a broker's office down-town, or he is passing an apprenticeship in one of the professions. He growls continually because he has to rise at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, and it is not to be wondered at when one remembers that he dances till three A. M. six nights out of the week during the winter season. His ambition—and it is one which he does not attempt to conceal—is to marry a wealthy girl; and in nine cases out of ten he succeeds. He has numerous cousins scattered about town. His highest ambition is unquestionably to arrive at such a point as will insure his receiving much-sought-after and exclusive invitations.

Another man who is often met is the younger son of a wealthy widow, or a careless father, who is allowed ten thousand dollars or fifteen thousand dollars for pin money, besides the debts which he manages to contract with his tailor and florist. This specimen very often gets into the papers, has numerous intrigues with actresses, considers himself a frightfully wicked specimen of humanity when he succeeds in lugging some woman of the stage off to supper, and cultivates round shoulders and a wearied, exhausted, and dissipated expression. He drinks absinthe cocktails, talks continually about women, and passes with the younger members of his sex as an awfully bad man. It is not infrequently the case that this youth—there are a great many of the kind in New York—imagines himself very much more depraved and wicked than he really is. His father usually knows which way the wind is blowing, and allows the boy to have his swing. After he has sown his wild oats, the young man not infrequently settles down into a solid, good-natured, and thorough-going business man. He then affects the blasé air of a man who has seen everything in the world, and gives fatherly advice to other young men who are endeavoring to spend large incomes after the manner which he affected. These young spendthrifts are commonly the most agreeable men in the world. Once in a while you will find one who is puffed up at his own importance; but, as a rule, he has the good nature of a high liver.

Still another class is composed of young men of good family, who take an interest in horses and dogs. They are the handsome men in towns. The constant outdoor exercise and brisk course of athletics which they go through gives them high color and an easy carriage. They talk horse perpetually, and know as much about dogs as any English fancier. Even as they wander about the streets in town, they are accompanied by thorough-bred bull-dogs, Irish setters, or Scotch collies. They are the originators and supporters of the horse and dog shows, and they are, almost without exception, deferential and polite young men. They are great favorites with elderly people, and form the back-bone of the fox-hunting and polo clubs. Not infrequently these same young men are the prominent movers in New York's athletic clubs. They are expert gymnasts, spar well, and are "patrons of the ring." Some of the youngsters are game and clever boxers. Their older brothers are heavy oarsmen and sparrers. This particular class has done more to elevate athletic sports to its present high standing in the East than any other in town. They play base-ball, cricket, tennis, and racquet, and organize and row the regattas on the rivers.

These are the men of good family and position who are within the pale of society. There are, besides, thousands of young men who have money, time, and inclination, but who never succeed in getting into society. A great many of them are Wall Street men who have come here, and succeeded by shrewdness and indomitable work in making fortunes. Their only social friends are those whom they meet in boarding-houses or hotels. Society men on "the street" seldom ask their business acquaintances to their houses. The majority of Wall Street men are hard drinkers. Those who are not well clubbed dine at Delmonico's and at the Brunswick, and live in apartments. They usually marry some girl whom they have met on their vacations in the country.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, August 13, 1884.

## BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

His Lecture Tour.

Pending a brief interim between this date and the opening of the lecture season, I have been quite busy preparing my press notices and opinions of my lecture in advance. The labor and annoyance of preparing opinions and press notices on a lecture that has never been delivered are very great, and I am very glad that it is over. I have taken the liberty of putting these glowing indorsements into print intending to cut them out afterward and furnish them to my advance agent, to be used hereafter in advertising the lecture:

"It was well worthy of the greatest of all living single-handed, champion collar-and-elbow monologuists who appeared last evening in his wonderful scientific olio and bazoo voluntary, delivered mainly in the United States language. It was a perfect maelstorm of mirth, a cyclone of large and expensive words, snatched from science and woven into one beautiful fabric. We were not present at the lecture, but we gain the above information from the lecturer himself, who has kindly volunteered to write the above encomium."—*Sunday Morning Smartellick.*

"This great intellectual What Is It delivered his prize reverie here last evening, and will repeat it at Spoon Lake to-morrow evening if our hotel will let go of the lecturer's spike-tail coat, now held for food destroyed by the latter last night and this morning. We were present at the lecture and suffered along with another of our leading citizens, whose name is kindly withheld on account of his family."—*Semi-weekly Deathrattle.*

"Nothing in the lecture last evening was more gratifying than the twenty minutes given the audience in which to weep. Every one present, including the lecturer, went out between the acts to shed a tear, and no one, the lecturer included, came back. This alone was well worth the price of admission. We hope that he will again come this way, and, after telling us what disposition to make of his remains, repeat his lecture of last night."—*Small-pox at Work.*

"It beats anything I have ever saw."—*Dr. McCosh.*

"I would be willing to go one hundred miles to see the gestures and tableaux alone."—*Blind Tom.*

"I would not try never to keep house without it."—*W. H. Vanderbilt.*

"The lecture is full of little gems of rhetoric and soul till you can't rest."—*Daily Longfeltwant, Capetown, Africa.*

"It is well worth the price of admission to see Mr. Nye sashsay up and down the rostrum like a hen with her head cut off, and hold his audience at his own sweet will."—*Congressional Record.*

"Last evening Bill Nye delivered his celebrated lecture here to a man whose name we could not learn. He was, no doubt, a stranger, but, on coming forward, Mr. Nye offered to refund the man his money and spend the evening at poker. This morning Mr. Nye goes on to Boston two thousand seven hundred and one dollars ahead, and his audience will walk back to Skowhegan, where it is said he resides. Mr. Nye regards this as the greatest effort of his life. He can not only convulse an audience with laughter, but he can sock it into a shoreless sea of gloom at the same price."—*The Sunday Christian.*

"It is the most entertaining lecture I have ever went to."—*O. Wilde.*

"The lecture last evening was most enjoyable. Mr. Nye is one of the most entertaining lecturers now at large. Notwithstanding the fact that standing room could not be obtained at 7:45 o'clock last evening, the throng still pressed forward. Two people were fatally injured. Little hope is entertained of their recovery."—*The Daily Scad.*—[231deod&17weowtf]

"After Mr. Nye's lecture, last evening, a petition signed by two thousand seven hundred and thirty-one of our citizens was handed to the lecturer, asking him to name a date upon which he would repeat the lecture here, and to give the committee sufficient notice so that our people will have ample time to sell their property and move away."—*The Hired Man at Work.*

"Bill Nye's celebrated lecture was delivered at the Opera House last evening to a well-dressed audience. If it had continued an hour longer the audience would have remained cheerfully. Mr. Nye speaks easily with one hand in his pocket and the other in the pocket of a total stranger. After each pathetic passage in the lecture ushers were sent around with oriental tear-jugs for the audience to weep in. Ample time is given for those who wish to shed the scalding tear throughout the lecture to do so, but people are cautioned against giving way to their grief sufficiently to sob the seats loose. The lecturer announced that he positively would not be responsible for tear-soaked and sob-shattered Opera House furniture."—*The Sunday Morning Sausage.*

Other press opinions will be added to the above as soon as I get time to write them. Parties in need of glowing press opinions for lecture or show business this winter will do well to address the subscriber, enclosing navy blue postal money-order and and unlicked postage-stamp for reply.—*Denver Opinion.*

### My Garden.

I always enjoy a vegetable garden, and through the winter I look forward to the spring days when I will take my cob pipe and hoe, and go joyously afield. I like to toy with the moist earth, the common squash bug of the work-a-day world. It is a pleasure also to irrigate the garden, watering the saur-kraut plant and the timid tomato vine as though they were children asking for a drink. I am never happier than when irrigating my tropical garden or climbing my neighbor with a hoe when he shuts off my water supply by sticking an old pair of pantaloons in the canal that leads into my squash conservatory.

One day a man shut off my irrigation that way, and dammed the water to such a degree that I shut off his air supply, and I was about to say dammed him up also. We had quite a scuffle. Up to that time we had never exchanged a harsh word. That morning I noticed that my early rising horse-radish and my dwarf army worms were looking a little *au revoir*, and I wondered what was the matter. I had been gone several days, and was grieved to notice that my garden had a kind of *blasé* air, as though it needed rest and change of scene.

The Poland China egg plant looked up to me and seemed to say: "Pardner, don't you think it's a long time between drinks?" The watermelon seemed to have a dark brown taste in its mouth, and there was an air of gloom all over the garden.

At that moment I discovered my next door neighbor at the ditch on the corner. He was singing softly to himself:

"Oh, yes, I'll meet you;
I'll meet you when the sun does down."

He was also jamming an old pair of Rembrandt pants into the canal where they would shut off my water supply. He stood with his back toward me, and just as he said he would "meet me when the sun goes down," I smote him across the back of the neck with my hoe-handle, and before he could recover from the first dumb surprise and wonder, I pulled the dripping pantaloons out of the ditch, and tied them in a lover's knot around his neck. He began to look black in the face, and his struggles seemed to cease altogether. At that moment his wife came out and shrieked two purely womanly shrieks, and hissed in my ear: "You have killed my husband."

I said, possibly I had. If so, would she please send me the bill and I would adjust it at an early day. I said that in a bantering tone of voice, and raising my hat to her in that polished way of mine, started to go, when something fell with a dull thud on the greensward.

It was the author of these lines. I did not know till two days afterward that my neighbor's wife wore a *moire antique* rolling-pin under her apron. I did not suspect it till it was too late. The affair was kind of hushed up on account of the respectability of the parties.

By the time I had recovered, the garden seemed to melt away into thin air. My neighbor had it all his own way. While his proud hollyhocks and little Johnny jump-ups reared their heads to drink the mountain water at the twilight hour, my little low-neck summer squashes curled up and died.

Most every year I make a garden. I pay a man three dollars to plow it. Then I pay seven dollars and fifty cents for garden seed, and in July I hire the same man at three dollars to fallow the whole thing while I go and buy my vegetables from a Chinaman named Wun Lung. I've done this for eight years, and I owe my robust health and rich olive complexion to the fact that I've got a garden and do just as little in it as possible.

Parties desiring a dozen or more of my Shanghai egg plants, to set under an ordinary domestic hen, can procure the same by writing to me and inclosing lock of hair and ten dollars.—*New York Mercury.*

---

Being under the glare of the footlights, actresses' feet show plainly, so the foot is made to appear small by lifting the heel as high as possible. On the foot these shoes are almost intolerable, sometimes causing the greatest pain. Usually they are worn only during the scene, after which they are taken off and easier slippers are put on until the time for the actress to go before the spectators arrives, when her instruments of torture go on again. Ballet-dancers' shoes have to be stiffened from the toe half way back to the heel on the sole, the sides, and the top, to enable the dancer to stand on the point of her toes. A ballet-dancer can not stand on her toe, while bouquets are thrown at her and the people hurrah, by a supreme effort of her will. The shoe is built up a little at a time while it is on the last by putting on with a brush first a layer of flour paste, then a piece of linen, then, after it is dry, [illegible] and some tenacious paper. The operation is repeated until the structure is thick enough to bear weight. [illegible] makes the shoe flexible, while the paper stiffens it.

## THE RUSSIANS IN CALIFORNIA.

A Pacific Coast Acadia.

Many years previous to the foundation of the presidio and mission of San Francisco de Assisi, the Russians, crossing from Siberia, had established a line of trading posts in Russian America, the headquarters of which was at Sitka. They knew perfectly well that Spain laid claim to territory northward to the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, but longing to extend their commercial advantages, and also for some less bleak and more fertile region in which to cultivate supplies for their northern trading-posts, the Russian governor sent to ask whether he might be allowed to land upon the coast of California, and leave a few men who were to be employed in hunting wild cattle and in drying their flesh for the Alaskan settlements. This request seemed unobjectionable, and was granted. Whereupon Alexander Kuskoff, and a ship-load of Muscovites, appeared in Bodega Bay, colonizing there not only the crew but also a large band of Kodiak Indians.

Kuskoff, like old Peter Stuyvesant, had a wooden leg, whence his nickname "Pie de Palo," but by no means had he a wooden head. Landing diplomatically, he was careful nevertheless to fortify himself securely almost before it was known he was there. More and more Russians followed quickly the first comers, and their houses looked so formidible that the governor of California protested. Kuskoff received most politely the remonstrances of Señor Arguello, expressed his doubts as to whether Russia had not as original a right there as Spain, had his specious explanation all ready of how he came to set foot on that shore, and why he didn't depart, and showed the greatest willingness to refer to Sitka and St. Petersburg all the complaints, which, he argued, it belonged to the Czar and the King at Madrid to settle, and not to him.

But the days of wiring diplomatic correspondence round the world in an hour or two were not yet; and while the baffled Spaniards (who were busy enough with their French enemies at this time) waited four-and-twenty months or so between dispatches, the Russians were by no means idle, gradually adding to their claim until they considered their own all the land for three leagues back, between Punta Barra de Arena and Punta de los Reyes—about one hundred miles in length.

To Bodega Bay they gave the new name, Romanzoff, but set up only warehouses on its shore, preferring to go half a dozen miles inland for the home settlement, where a fort also was constructed.

It consisted of log-houses placed in a quadrangle and made very strong, for defensive purposes, since both Indians and Mexicans were hostile in feeling, if not in act, and were always to be dreaded.

Nevertheless, the Russians felt so insecure where they were, that before long an expedition was recruited for exploring to the northward. Marching only a few miles, through forests of the most noble timber, and across a succession of well-watered, black-soiled foot-hills, these wanderers came to the largest river of this region—a clear, rapid stream, a hundred yards or so in width (at this autumnal season of low water)—and followed it to its ocean mouth. This stream they named Slavianka—a word lost in sound, but not in sense, in our present "Russian River."

The banks of this river were clothed with heavy timber, some of the trees in the bottoms going so far ahead of anything ever seen in Europe, that when the men went home and told of it, years later, their friends all said they were liars, or at least that they told "travelers' tales"—which means the same thing. These trees stood close together; rose as straight as a mast, sometimes to the height of three hundred feet; were clothed with dense thickets of an evergreen, cypress-like foliage borne upon short, scraggy limbs, and were covered by thick, wrinkled bark, inside which the heart-wood was as red as cedar.

Ten miles north of the mouth of Russian River, Kuskoff's explorers saw that the hills opened a little, yielding a square mile or so of passably level land; while a cove, protected by a reef, made a safe anchorage for vessels. Here it was decided to place their village, and all who could be summoned from the fields were set at work upon houses and defenses.

About a dozen acres of the level surface of the bluff were enclosed by a stockade of squared logs set on ends in a trench. This formed a bullet-proof wall twelve feet high. At each corner stood a bastion block-house, octagonal in form and two stories high, with a conical roof. These block-houses were constructed of squared logs dove-tailed together, and nothing less than large artillery could have done them much harm. Their port-holes, serviceable either for musketry or for the carronades possessed by the garrison, commanded all the neighborhood, and could enfilade any party attacking the stockade from without. These bastions still stand, and one of them is in a very fair state of preservation, but only the old bar-staples and the tackle-rings for the carronades remain to indicate their warlike purposes. In and out at the port-holes fly the doves of peace, cooing gently together, and the mossy old roof-boards shelter under the eaves intensely busy colonies of creaking cliff-swallows, snug in bottle-shaped tenements of adobe.

The stockade, having moldered well to ruins, was rooted up a few years ago by the present owner of the tract. But its position is well defined, and a portion of it still does duty as fence at one corner, where, upon ground slightly higher than the rest, stands the old chapel.

Passing through its broad vestibule, the audience-room is seen to be perfectly square, and large enough to hold perhaps a hundred persons. The floor, walls, and ceiling are all hewn plank—these workmen had no saws; and the only attempt at ornament is a rudely whittled bead along the cornice and around the door. Over the centre of the room a bell-shaped dome opens upward through the ceiling, and is carried a considerable distance above the roof, where, from the outside, it appears as a low-crowned cupola. The interior of this bell (which would act as a sounding-board giving a very impressive tone to the priest's voice if he stood beneath), and the ceiling around it, were painted yellow, but the walls were white-washed. Two windows gave plenty of light.

Creeping up-stairs—and they were designed for the leanest of sextons—we find only a big chest and a pair of battered candlesticks as attic treasures. The candlesticks were whittled out of wood, stood nearly five feet high, were painted green, and the tin socket on top designed for a candle as big as a pikestaff, was still rough with the tallow which had dried there fifty years ago. There is preserved, also, a lectern, whittled out of wood in imitation of lathe-turning, and painted green like the candlesticks.

This chapel—an imitation of the Sitkan church as nearly as might be—was for the use of the officers only. Perhaps we should never have known this, in the forgetfulness which has so quickly covered the history of this old post, as the olive moss mantles the ancient roofs, had not a pretty incident kept it for us. The people who dwell in that neighborhood now will tell you that several years ago a French gentleman, who is supposed to have been a person of great wealth and distinction, asked for lodging, and spent a day in close examination of the surroundings of the post, and in questioning all who knew anything of its traditions. Perhaps he learned much himself, but in exchange he gave the farmers some news. Among other things he pointed out to them where outside the stockade, and upon the landward side of the bluff, the Russians had erected a large chapel for the worshiping of their subordinates and their Indian servants. When asked how he knew this, since nearly every trace of such a building was gone, he replied that he was acquainted, in St. Petersburg, with an aged priest of the Greek Church, who, in his youth, had officiated in this very chapel.

Inside the stockade, the headquarters house and residences of the officers, the barracks of the soldiers, the amusement hall, the workshops, and stables were placed, leaving an open space or plaza in the centre. Most of these buildings still stand, and are in use, the old store and officers' quarters being the tavern of the present village which has come to be called Fort Ross by gradual corruption from the Mexican—*El Fuerte de los Rusos*—"fort of the Russians."

Of the life which was lived here during the thirty years of Russian residence in California, singularly little is known. The chief pursuit was farming, but the community was busy otherwise, or, rather, this entailed auxiliary industries. The Russians built several ships of considerable tonnage, launching them in the cove. One of their vessels was afterward bought and used by the Americans at San Francisco. The strangers had a flour-mill and tanneries, but no saw-mill; nor will you find traces of a handsaw, though it would certainly be difficult to build a ship without that tool. Their millstone was merely a disk of sandstone roughly ground and surrounded by an iron tire, and the gearing was chiefly wooden. For the tanneries the best of bark existed in the hills, the tan-bark oak furnishing material which is said to have no superior in the world for leather-making, and something like ten thousand tons of which are exported annually at present from this district.

Very few of the Russians had their families with them, but the subordinate men took Indian wives, so that you may find plenty of half-breed Russian Diggers and Kodiak Diggers scattered about this part of the State. The effect of the religious teaching of the Greek pastors is plainly visible to-day in the ideas of the local Indian population.

Fur-trapping, of course, was encouraged, a trade being kept with the savages and trappers making expeditions to the mountains. The reports of the interior brought back by them excited the curiosity of the last governor of the settlement, Retschet (if I have his name spelled rightly), who one summer made a sort of exploration picnic toward the east. His wife was the Princess Helena Gargarin, who is accredited with singular beauty. They ascended the snowy peak whose crest was plainly visible from the hills behind the fort, and named it after the beautiful princess—the same Mount Helena of our maps.

At that interesting period old Solano was chief of all the Indians in that district, and was an object of alternate terror and respect to the Mexican colonists. Governor Retschet, accompanied by his wife, visited and conferred with Solano during the inland picnic I have mentioned, whereupon an unexpected sequel occurred. Solano was smitten with the charms of the fair princess, and finding he could not buy the lady in any trade, resolved to attack the Russians and capture her.

This plan would, doubtless, have been carried out, and a romantic war been set on foot, but that the infatuated redskin indiscreetly confided his passion to General Vallejo, the Mexican *commandante*. Warning the garrison of the intended raid, and applying himself to dissuading the Digger chief, General Vallejo succeeded in averting this little Trojan war; but Helen, the Princess Gargarin, had come precious near being H. R. H. the Squaw Solano!

The end of the colony was painfully sudden. The Czar had finally decreed that his subjects must leave Mexican territory. The last commander sold the land to General Sutter for thirty thousand dollars. In 1840 two ships appeared in the little roadstead, anchoring under the splintered white cliffs where great beds of iridescent algæ, shifting every instant under the heaving sea, turn the crude sunlight into a thousand brilliant hues. The captains presented their orders to the Russian commandant, and, when he had read them, he ordered the chimes in the little belfry to be rung and the cannons to be fired in the block-houses. Responding to this alarum, the colonists came running in from their fields, leaving the herds unattended, and the plow midway the furrow. Crowding about him on the plaza, they listened to the orders of the Emperor requiring their instant departure. The ships waited only long enough for messengers to bring in the more distant workers, and for the hasty packing of clothing and small keepsakes; and at sunset the people sang their last hymn in the chapel, made their last round of the sunny plaza where they had lived the best part of their lives, dropped a farewell tear on the graves clustered beyond the gulch, saluted the Russian flag with guns next to be fired under the emblem of the United States, and sailed away in the deepening twilight never to return.—*Ernest Ingersoll in September Manhattan.*

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Max Müller, the famous Oriental scholar, seeks relaxation in carpentry.

Miss Ellen Terry's vaccination has cost her two thousand pounds in loss of salary.

The fortune left by the Duke of Albany is estimated at forty-six thousand pounds. It all goes to his young wife.

The marriage engagement of Lulu Hurst, the "magnetic girl," to Paul Atkinson, her manager, is advertised in the Georgia papers.

Mr. Lamont Dupont, the great gunpowder maker, recently killed in the Thompson's Point explosion, was worth thirteen million dollars.

Since his return from the Polar regions Lieutenant Greely is compelled to wear the thinnest clothing permissible, and is only thoroughly comfortable when he enjoys his cigar in the ice-house.

The future Queen of the Netherlands will be the richest woman in Europe, being heiress to the four million dollars of her late brother, and the vast private possessions of her father, the present king.

Christine Nilsson, who has got socially higher than any other prima donna of her time, is to spend a week as the fellow-guest of the King of Sweden at Taymouth Castle, the seat of Lady Breadalbane.

Madame Ninette de Bousignac, the married daughter of the late Judah P. Benjamin, inherits the principal part of her father's personal estate, which amounts to more than three hundred thousand dollars.

Of the four original proprietors of the London *Daily Telegraph*, a paper that now nets a profit of ten thousand dollars weekly, the sole survivor is now the owner of a country weekly, and another died in a poor-house.

Franklin was married at twenty-one, Mozart at twenty-five, Byron, Washington, Wellington, and Bonaparte at twenty-seven, Peel at thirty-two, Wadsworth at thirty-three, Wilberforce at thirty-eight, Luther at forty-two, Addison at forty-four, and old Parr, for the third time, at one hundred and two.

The New York *World* recently published a list of persons in New York who are assessed over $100,000 in real estate. Among the newspaper fraternity James Gordon Bennett leads with three buildings assessed at $1,108.000, not half their value, it is said; Oswald Ottendorfer, of the *Staats-Zeitung*, $925,000; George Jones, of the *Times*, $666,000; and Charles A. Dana, of the *Sun*, $100,000.

The current impression that Jeff Davis is in affluent circumstances is contradicted by a Georgia newspaper, which publishes a letter from a lady who has just visited the ex-Confederate President, in which she reports that he is very poor. The plantation which Davis received as a legacy from a female sympathizer is covered with water at the present time. Davis has been disappointed also in the returns from his book, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate States," which has never been in demand since the first feeling of curiosity was satisfied. A popular subscription in the South is suggested, of such proportions as will enable Davis to spend his remaining days in pecuniary comfort.

"Julia Jackson, the only child of 'Stonewall' Jackson, is here," writes an Old Point correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and adds: "She is a slight, blue-eyed girl, with fair hair, dark eyebrows, and long lashes, which give strength and character to her mobile, changing face. She is quite an accomplished young lady, swims like a fish, shoots like a rifleman, and rides like a Kentucky belle, in her gray Confederate uniform trimmed with big brass buttons. It is very pretty to see the deference paid the widow and only child of their lost leader by all the Southern men and women who may chance to meet them. Mrs. Jackson is a modest little lady, with charming manners and sweet voice."

General Beauregard is daily seen on Canal Street, New Orleans. He is of short stature, the Boston *Transcript* says, with white hair, mustache and imperial, and, notwithstanding his advanced years, he is as nimble and cheerful as many men years his junior. The general walks back and forth from his home, winter and summer, and can be found almost any time at the club, of which he has long been a member, discussing the past with his friends and intimates. Unless directly questioned, he never refers to the scenes or causes of the late war, and altogether he is a courtly gentleman of the old school, with the pride of both, but none of the petty meannesses which not infrequently crop out in the latter-day parvenues and codfish aristocracy. General Beauregard has recently suffered a great bereavement in the death of a daughter, the wife of one of the most prominent citizens of New Orleans, and since that sad event he has aged rapidly.

Cornwall, the postmaster of Dublin, who is on trial for such a hideous crime, is the son of a landed proprietor in Meath, and after a short service as clerk in the London office was appointed in 1850 to his recent position by the Marquis of Clanricarde, when Postmaster-General, at the instance of the marchioness, who was fascinated by his musical accomplishments and drawing-room graces. He stands six feet, is of handsome presence, but pompous and pretentious, and with a great deal of vulgar swagger both in his air and conversation. There is nothing, however, repellent or repugnant in his appearance, or which would give the least index of crime. He is sixty-one. Mr. Kirwan, who figures beside him, and who will probably be found less of a criminal than a foolish friend, is of a Galway family of remarkable gentleness and purity of character, and is a nephew of Lawrence, author of "Guy Livingstone." He has that thin, fair hair and cream-colored complexion which speak the slender mind. The first mention of his name in the matter killed his mother. None of the accused are genuine Irish. They all belong to the English colony.

## VANITY FAIR.

The humorous aspect of the bathing suit has come to be a special department of newspaper literature. It is a subject which will continue to afford material to the facetious scribe so long as Eastern women continue to dress for their salt-water dip in their present absurd manner. It is in California alone that bathing suits have resolved themselves into garments which are at once stylish, comfortable, and modest. In Europe the modesty of that moral continent is such that the sexes still bathe apart from each other—which is a fortunate thing, considering what unmitigated guys they make of themselves in the water. Even in fashionable France no better bathing suit for women has yet been devised than the short monkey-jackets and the long, loose trousers, which make a guy even of a goddess. But as these ladies are wheeled to the very water's edge in their little bath-houses, and even then wear a cloak till they are submerged, when it is removed by the professional bather, the awful vision is but momentary. In Newport, Narragansett, and other high-church bathing-places, so to speak, the long flannel Turkish trouser is still the badge of decency. At the giddy Branch and its spurs, and at Coney Island, the ladies have made some attempt to emancipate themselves, but have not yet hit upon anything better than heavy flannel fancifully made up, or some lighter material which clings to the form most revealingly when wet, and is the staple material for the facetious reporter. In California alone the ideal bathing suit exists. It is of worsted made upon knitting-machines, and while it has not an ounce of superfluous material to hold water, it covers the body thoroughly. The trousers, stockings, and tunic, are all knitted in one piece, and the Californienne, in the first stage of preparation for her bath, looks like a Majilton or a Martinetti, particularly as black is the favorite and most correct color for these suits. A petticoat of the same material completes the costume. Some of the more expert swimmers remove the petticoat after entering the water, and hang it upon the pier till it is needed again. But it is not in any case a very serious incumbrance. The style of the California bathing suit is as irreproachable as its comfort. Simple as they are, the few of them that have appeared upon the Eastern beaches have created quite a sensation. Our Californian brokers who went East were amazed at finding themselves obliged to send home for their bathing suits, this kind being not procurable in the metropolis; and a Californian bathing suit has become quite an orthodox present. In this connection it may be interesting to observe that among the hundreds of placards which disfigure Pacific Grove, at Monterey, those upon the beach read:

JERSEY BATHING SUITS
STRICTLY PROHIBITED.

It is easier to enumerate what can not be found in New York than what can; but it is quite a curiosity in shopping that it is impossible to buy a ladies' French shoe in the metropolis. In San Francisco we maintain three French shoe stores, and all the large dealers import from France. The French shoe—or more strictly speaking, the pompadour heel—is out of fashion among ladies, but during its reign the French shoe stores did a large business in New York orders, and actresses looked upon the laying in of a stock of French slippers as a part of the California trip.

"Have you ever been in a New York flat?" asks a New York correspondent. "It is like playing keep house. There are seven or eight rooms, all on one floor. They are all small, and the only difference between them is that some are smaller than the others. Some of them are lighted by windows to the outer world. Some of the rest are more or less lighted by windows opening into air-shafts, so that you can very conveniently smell what all your neighbors are having for dinner. Some of them have no windows at all. Now and then you find a flat with closets in it, where you can hang your clothes. When you do catch a thing of this kind, it is your duty to gather it in right away, because the chances are that you won't see another if you live to be one thousand one hundred years old. A few flats have private hallways running through them. More of them can only be promenaded by going through the various rooms. It is nice, if you have a guest, to go roaming through his bedroom in the morning, or to have him come through yours, if he wants to reach the dining-room. All your cooking must be done in a little bit of a place no bigger than a yacht's galley, and all your coal, groceries, and other things come up on a dumb-waiter that makes a noise like a ten-cylinder printing-press. The janitor invariably amuses himself by starting this machine about six o'clock in the morning and keeping it going until ten. Then he couldn't be hired to touch it again before bed-time. There is a speaking-tube running from your flat down to the front door. They tell you it is put there so that when your bell rings you can whistle down and find out who it is before you open the door. It isn't there for anything of the sort. It is simply so that the street arabs can pull the bell and then whistle up to tell you to go and soak your head, or something equally nice and reassuring. There are two doors at the foot of the stairs. The outside door is left open day-times, and closed at night after a certain hour. You haven't any key to it, and all the bell-handles but one are inside, between the doors. That handle is supposed to lead to the janitor's room. But he goes out into the back-yard, or up on the roof to sleep, so that when you come home late and ring, he will be sure not to hear you. Under these circumstances the only chance you have to get in lies in breaking down the door, in which case you will probably be arrested for burglary. For all these reasons, living in a flat is hardly the poetic idea of sweet and serene happiness."

I know plenty of young men who contrive to have a great deal of cheap fun at the expense of the average Boston girl (writes a correspondent of the New York *Mail*). The newspapers, pictorial weeklies, and even the magazines foster them in it. Some of the girls, to be sure, are curious creatures; but many whom the New Yorker in Boston has met are remarkable nice, and first-rate people to know. To be sure they are wholly different from the young ladies he is accustomed to meet at home. They have more substance, but less sparkle. A New Yorker feels constrained to be careful what he says and how he says it. After an hour's chat he goes away feeling very tired, and his heart doesn't bound with delight at an invitation to call again. He doesn't feel half so sorry to go as he does after a little witch in his own city has been entertaining him. He feels a strong desire to go home and read up. For the street the Boston girl dresses plainly, but expensively, and with an utter disregard of what in New York is called style. She neither seems to know nor to care how to put on her clothes to the best effect. A female relative of the New Yorker tells him that they are very thorough; that beneath the plain skirt of a Boston damsel you will never see a cheap or soiled linen underskirt, but clean, and costly as her purse will allow. This female relative asserts, moreover, that with many New York maidens who make considerable display the reverse is the case. Many an expensive silk raiment hides from all but the critical of her own sex a shockingly untidy petticoat. As this is altogether out of my bailiwick, I drop it with a mere statement of the facts.

It is said that castanets are to be introduced into all the ball-room orchestras this year, to mark the time. The first effect of the use of these instruments is a certain brightness, which after a little is replaced by a sense of monotony; which in turn becomes fascinating and mysterious. The idea originated where such ideas generally do, in Paris.

Bed-rooms are more luxurious than ever in the modern American houses, and this is altogether the wrong place for luxurious or sumptuous furnishing. A bed-room should have as little furniture as possible beyond what is absolutely essential. No draperies which can hold the dust, no stuffed furniture, and no carpets other than soft rugs for the feet. French bed-rooms are furnished much in this way, and are only used as sleeping apartments. A boudoir leading off from the chamber may be as luxurious and tempting as possible, but the bed-chamber should not be a lounging place ever, lest the air becomes vitiated. An English brass bedstead is always a most admirable piece of furniture for a bed-room, since it combines cleanliness and durability. These bedsteads are not costly in the end, and are easily kept bright. An open grate fire-place should be in every chamber of the house. The floor should be of hard wood, with a smooth surface, or, if of pine, it should be painted or shellacked and varnished. There should be no hangings over the bed or at the windows. If the bed-room is to be attractive, its attractiveness should be in its simplicity and extreme cleanliness. There are other rooms in which it is possible to exhibit as much grace and taste as inclination dictates, but the nursery and bed-rooms should have no pretensions aside from healthful and comfortable fittings.

At the fashionable watering-places of Australia there is a pleasure that is lacking at our own sea-side resorts, says the Detroit *Free Press*. The bathing places are surrounded by pickets through which the wild waves come surging. Outside these pickets hungry-eyed sharks watch the bathers with yearning looks. The breaking of a picket always results in a wild flight of the bathers toward the shore. When a sailor falls overboard in Sydney harbor, they think themselves lucky if they recover over fifty per cent. of the original investment. Half a sailor is better than no bread to the shark.

While in a Long Branch store (writes a correspondent) where the belles buy the adjuncts and replenishments of toilets brought from the city, I stood near a girl who was examining several pieces of light pink satin. She had pushed up the sleeve of her dress somewhat, and was laying the fabrics, one after another, across the exposed part of her arm. "This is a match this morning," she remarked to a companion; "but it's rather cool this morning, and I'm afraid it wouldn't do in case the weather should turn hot. I get awfully pink—don't you know?" What could she mean? I considered, and came to the right conclusion. She was selecting a material to put under the lace at the neck of her bodice, and her desire was to have it an exact hue of her complexion. But her own shade, unlike that of the satin, varied with the temperature, and so was raised a complication which puzzled her. How did she solve the problem? By taking two shades of the cloth, thus preparing herself for the ruddiness of a torrid occasion and the pallor of a sea-shore rainstorm. At that rate, we shall soon have in the dry-goods market fabrics dyed not only for complexions as affected by the temperature, but to meet the complex requirements of biliousness, malaria, and so forth.

Much has been written of the vast wealth of Vanderbilt and Gould. The possessions and treasure-boxes of the Astors, the Stuyvesants, and a dozen other millionaire families have all been dwelt upon, but the history of the millionaires of New York would be incomplete without the name of Miss Catherine Wolfe. Born in the humble walks of life, Miss Wolfe, through inheritance and her judicious management of the property left her, has become the richest lady in this country. She to-day has an income of five hundred thousand dollars a year, and the vast tracts of real estate standing in her name at the present time are valued at between five million dollars and six million dollars. Her property is also daily growing in value, and in a few years her annual income will be in the neigborhood of one million dollars. Miss Wolfe is the daughter of the late Peter Wolfe, who, under the firm name of Wolfe & Bishop, did a wholesale business in hardware, tinware, and general notions in a small shop in Chambers Street many years ago.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mr. Whistler has added another to his many audacious sayings. One of his sycophants lately declared that there have been only two real painters in the history of the world—Velasquez and Whistler. The artist replied: "Why drag in Velasquez?"

The subjoined queries and replies recently occurred in a Southern Sunday-school: *Teacher*—"How many men have you read of by the name of James?" *Scholar*—"Two." *Teacher*—"What were their names?" *Scholar* "Frank and Jesse."

When the news that Greely had been found reached the Benson District, in Franklin County, Kentucky, a forlorn, ague-stricken native remarked, thoughtfully: "Found, is he? I thought he was dead long ago. I voted for him onct, but —— my hide to —— if they ever get me to do it again."

A well-digger played a great trick on his neighbors. When he had dug down about twenty feet the well caved in just as he got out. He then hung his coat near and wandered away. The neighbors found the coat, and, supposing the digger to be at the bottom, cleaned out the well; and when they got through, the man himself drove along with cribbing. More than prayers were said there.

An eccentric minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Ohio was once preaching in a very high pulpit. He was sailing along in his discourse, all eyes upon him, when suddenly he disappeared behind his barricade, causing the necks of the congregation to be stretched in pursuit of him. He soon came in sight again, and explained his absence by saying: "I just dropped my false teeth, and was looking for them. Thank God, when we get to heaven we will not need false teeth."

After the battle of Austerlitz, a grave-digger, engaged in burying the dead, was suddenly interrupted in his work by an exclamation of horror from the officer whose duty it was to superintend the operation, and who indignantly affirmed that one of the bodies just consigned to the earth still breathed. "That shows how little you are in the habit of this sort of thing," coolly retorted the grave-digger; "if you were to pay attention to all they say, there wouldn't be a single dead man among them."

William Daniel, of Baltimore, the Prohibition candidate for Vice-President, is a man of diminutive stature and boyish appearance. It is told that when he was one of the most distinguished lawyers on the "East'n Sho'" of Maryland, he visited one day one of the old families where still obtained the custom of making the children eat at a second table after their elders had dined. So when dinner was announced, one of the half-grown boys of the family sidled up to Mr. Daniel with the invitation: "Let's you and me go out and play sock-ball while the grown folks eat dinner."

For his famous Florida plea Webster was paid one thousand dollars in ten $100 bills. He was engaged in study as the money was handed him, and, after giving a receipt, resumed his work. That night the money could not be found, nor could the most diligent search reveal any clue to its whereabouts. A number of years afterward Mr. Webster, turning the leaves of a book long unused, found a $100 bill. On turning the next leaf he found another, and so on successively until the entire ten were brought to light from the place where he had absent-mindedly put them as he studied. When the double-eagle was first struck from the mint, Daniel Webster, seeing one in the possession of his secretary, was so much impressed with the beauty of the coin that he asked his secretary to procure ten for him. They were handed him at noon. On the afternoon of the next day Mr. Webster, having occasion to pay a small bill, felt in his pockets for one of the gold coins, but they were all gone. On inquiry, it was found that he had shown them as beautiful toys to guests and to children whom he had met. If any one seemed very much pleased with it, Mr. Webster would give him the coin without thinking of its value.

Two elegant old-school Virginia gentlemen were seated one summer evening on the "hurricane" deck of a Rappahannock steamer, with their feet against the smoke-stack, chairs tilted back, and all the accessories to "old-school" comfort in the way of juleps and cigars. Suddenly one of them speaks: "Colonel, you know Bob Kyarter? He was colonel of the Fifty-fifth; badly wounded at Chancellorsville. Well, you heard about that little legal affair of his'n lahst fall?" "Seems to me I did. What was it?" "Well, you know, Bob Kyarter is a fine old Virginia gentleman, good deal of land but vehy little cash, and there was a new postmahster appointed by Grahnt at the Landing here—Kyarter's Landing. And when Colonel Bob Kyarter, a gentleman of high social standin' and position in the community, of a good deal of land but vehy little cash, comes to this Yankee postmahster to mail a lettah, why, the fellah says to Colonel Bob Kyarter that he was tired of mailin' lettahs for rebel brigadeahs, and onless he put a stamp on to the lettah it wouldn't go; that he spent his whole cussed salary paying for stahmps for rebel brigadeahs. He actually said that thing to Colonel Bob Kyarter, a gentleman of high social standin' and position in the community, of a good deal of land but vehy little cash—he did, sah, by gum, sah!" "Well, what did Bob Kyarter do; he didn't suffah such cussed"—— "No, sah; he shot him, of course; and don't you know, colonel, times is got so around heah that if it hadn't been for Colonel Bob Kyarter's high social standin' and position in the con there would 'a been serious litigation over that l

## LITERARY NOTES.

### Personal.

The municipal authorities of Paris have named certain new streets after Darwin, George Sand, Sainte-Beuve, Heine, and Gustave Doré.

Ellesmere said of an acquaintance, who thought Bacon might have written Shakespeare's plays, that "he might as well think Brougham wrote the Waverly Novels."

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has recently become a silent member in the firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Mr. Folsom, so long known in connection with that house, having resigned.

A letter of Guizot's, recently published, describes Théophile Gautier thus: "The head of Vitellius, a gourmand buried in fat and beard, the outward presence of a great epicurean, witty and mocking."

Mr. Fargus—otherwise Hugh Conway, the author of "Called Back"—is an auctioneer of Bristol. He is a little past forty, is very deaf, and is not particularly entertaining in conversation. He is full of literary ambition. Several years ago he published a volume of poems, and he has written many short stories for the English magazines.

Jean Ingelow has a new volume of poems nearly ready for publication. She is of the old-fashioned order of poets who know not the current magazine, but save all their verses for the symmetrical freshness of a book. Miss Ingelow is now a large, comfortable, round headed woman, of middle age, with a face whose expression is thoroughly placid and happy.

The death of the great publisher, Nicholas Trübner, was sudden and pathetic in its circumstances. He had given a dinner party the night before, and seemed perfectly well, and had greatly enjoyed himself. He slept quietly at night, and waking at six in the morning, complained to Mrs. Trübner of a pressure on his heart. She brought to him some simple remedy; he took her hand and pressed it to his lips in lover-like gratitude, and in an instant was gone.

### New Books.

"The Princess Nobody" is the title of a fairy story which the poet Andrew Lang is writing.

The volume of Thackeray's uncollected writings, which is in preparation, is to have as an appendix the new edition of Mr. Shepherd's "Bibliography of Thackeray."

"The King's Men: a Tale of To-Morrow," by Robert Grant, John Boyle O'Reilly, J. S. of Dale, and John T. Wheelright has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

No. 402 of "Lovell's Library" is "How He Reached the White House, or a Famous Victory," an amusing story of political life. It is published by the John W. Lovell Company, New York.

"Guerndale," the novel by "J. S. of Dale," which has attracted so much attention in literary circles, has been republished by Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, in a neat paper-covered edition. For sale by C. Beach; price, 50 cents.

Mr. Henry James has named the forthcoming volume of his international story "Tales of Three Cities." It will be published by James R. Osgood & Co.; as will also Edmund Quincy's "Stories and Sketches," Cable's "Doctor Sevier," and Edgar Fawcett's "The Adventures of a Widow."

Appleton's "Illustrated Hand-book of American Summer Resorts" is out again, revised for 1884. It is a useful book, telling how to reach all the summer resorts of any prominence, the fares by the various routes, the situation and charges of the hotels and boarding-houses, and describes the character and attractions of the various places. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co.; price, 50 cents.

The fifth volume of "Puck on Wheels" has been issued by Keppler & Schwarzmann of New York. It is a bright and witty production, and fully sustains the reputation made by former numbers. Among the contributors are John Vance Cheney, V. Hugo Dusenbury, P. P., R. K. Munkittrick, and H. C. Bunner. The latter's burlesque, "Atlanta in Caledonia," is particularly good. The book is filled with humorous illustrations by Keppler, Opper, Gillam, and others.

"The Democratic Party; Its Political History and Influence," by J. Harris Patton, M. A., is a concise history of that party, from its origin to the present day. It clearly discusses, under separate headings, the position taken by the Democrats on all political questions of our national history, and is a very comprehensive hand-book for political students. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.; price, $1.

Albert R. Frey (address, Astor Library, New York) is engaged in compiling a work called "Masques: A Dictionary of Literary Disguises." It embraces between fourteen and fifteen thousand titles, and aims to give the pseudonyms under which American, English, French, German, Dutch, and Spanish authors have written. Mr. Frey requests writers who have employed pseudonyms to send him both their real and false names: "No name—and especially no American name—can be so obscure as to be unwelcome."

The fifth volume of Scribner's "Stories by American Authors" contains the following: "A Light Man," by Henry James; "Yatil," by F. D. Millet; "The End of New York," by Park Benjamin; "Why Thomas was Discharged," by George Arnold; and "The Tachypomp," by E. P. Mitchell. It is a very handy little book to while away odd hours. The editorial judgment displayed in all the volumes so far issued has been excellent. Not a dull story has yet appeared. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"Practical Essays," by Alexander Bain, LL.D., is a collection of essays principally on educational subjects, which the author has contributed from time to time to the Reviews. In an article published in 1879 in the *Contemporary Review*, he discusses at considerable length the now much-vexed "Classical Controversy," and strongly advocates the "complete bifurcation of the classical and modern sides." The essays, nine in all, are interesting and instructive to the American reader, though they treat of the English phases of educational questions almost exclusively. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co.

"The Republican Party," by Eugene V. Smalley, contains, in addition to the history proper, the following chapters: "Republican Principles," consisting of the platforms adopted by the national conventions from 1856 to 1884, inclusive; "Early Republican Leaders," by Charles T. Congdon, and "Republican Victories," giving the popular and electoral vote at each Presidential election since the formation of the party, and a statement of the reduction of the national debt under the Republican administration. It is published by John B. Alden, New York.

"Mr. Davenport Adams's 'Dictionary of the Drama' is now finished and ready for the printer. It will be a work eminently useful to the dramatic circles." So says the *Tribune*. We doubt it. If it is no better than Mr. Adams's "Dictionary of English Literature," it is worthless. No man living ever succeeded in finding anything he wanted in that volume.

"The Discoveries of America to the Year 1525," by Arthur [illegible] Weise, M. A., is a work of considerable research. It is a volume of some four hundred pages, handsomely bound, printed large, clear type and embellished with many fac similes of early maps, among which are, "A Part of the Maps of the New World, contained in the Strasburg (1513) edition of Ptolemy's Geography," "Map of the New World in Peter Martyr's Legatio Babylonica, 1511," and "Maps of the Terre de la Franciscane in the Cosmography of Jean Alphonse and Raulin Secaler, 1545." The first chapter is devoted to a study of the aboriginal race, of whom Mr. Weise finds the first mention in the Egyption records. He proceeds to identify them with the inhabitants of Atlantis, spoken of by the Greeks, and finds—in the traditions recorded by the Egyptians of the peopling of Atlantis by the descendants of a man created from the earth, and the celestial beings who visit the earth—a confirmation of the biblical account of the creation of Adam, and the communication of his descendants with the angels. After speaking of the Northmen's visits, he describes at considerable length the English, French, and Spanish expeditions. The correctness of Mr. Weise's logic in his proof of the identity of the red men and the inhabitants of Atlantis is extremely doubtful, but where actual facts are dealt with, he is an excellent historian. The book is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

### Magazine Gossip.

"The Americans as Painted by Themselves" is the title of an article which Lady Vernly has contributed to the August number of the *Contemporary Review*. If she has taken Mr. James's novels as authority, what a nation of vulgarians and vague prigs she must consider us!

"Hugh Conway" (Mr. Fred. Fargus), the author of "Called Back," has sprung at a bound into popularity. He is to write a story for Harper's Christmas number. He has received a commission to write a story for the Christmas number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. He is also to write a story for the Christmas number of the *Graphic*, and will, as usual, be a contributor to the *Bristol Christmas Annual* (Arrowsmith's), in which his ability as a story-writer was first discovered to the public, a year or so ago.

Mr. W. D. Howells, who has made the prosaic "parlor-car" and the "register" serve the purposes of fiction, has now taken the even more practical "elevator," as a hook upon which to hang the plot of a farce to be published in the Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine*. This exceptional number will have, among other interesting features, a ghost story by Hugh Conway, the author of "Called Back," which is said to be as strong in its way as that popular novel. Mr. Warner's paper on Christmas, which is to open this number, as we have already announced, will be profusely illustrated by English artists—Weguelin, Boughton, Green, and Barnard.

Some interesting facts have arisen with reference to the future of the *Manhattan Magazine*. It appears that the chief stockholder in this publication is Mr. Henry C. Pedder, a gentleman of literary tastes, and until about the 15th of July holding a confidential position of great importance in connection with the firm of Messrs. Arnold, Constable & Co., one of the wealthiest dry-goods firms in New York. Funds for the support of the magazine were liberally supplied by Mr. Pedder, and disbursed through the editor, Mr. William H. Forman. The checks of Mr. Forman, it is said, were drawn against an account in the Nassau Bank which was credited by checks drawn by Messrs. Arnold, Constable & Co. By this means the impression arose that Mr. Pedder was one of the firm, and that it was interested in the magazine. The publication has now reached the last half of its second year, and having been assiduously and extravagantly advertised, has fair prospects of eventual success. At this juncture, however, some difficulty has arisen between Mr. Pedder and Messrs. Arnold, Constable & Co., and he, just returned from Europe, where he had gone for a short trip, has assigned to the firm for a consideration of one dollar, his real estate in New Jersey—a beautiful residence at Llewellyn Park. Beyond this fact little is known, and the future of the magazine is uncertain. In the past it has been grossly mismanaged, and money has been literally thrown away in such important matters as the price it paid for its paper, the reckless waste in its job-printing, and the expense of a suite of offices far too costly for a young magazine. As a single instance of this wastefulness it may be noted that it prints its cover on the inside in black and the outside in red, which serves no good purpose and makes a difference in its printing bill of at least two hundred and fifty dollars a year. And it is easily seen that if this amount is to be spent at all, it might much better be in the shape of an additional engraving, or in some form that would improve the magazine itself. For a long time, too, it was guilty of the amazing folly of buying its paper from its printer at a cent and a half a pound more than it could be bought direct from the manufacturers. In this fashion it has sunk many thousand dollars, which some one has paid. Still the magazine is advertised, and is well regarded in many quarters; and should Mr. Pedder's affairs be such that he can not continue to supply the funds, and it goes in bankruptcy, there is a fine opportunity for others to step in and continue its publication, with good management, having first rid it of the burden of the incompetents who have wasted its means heretofore. Thus the *Art Age*.

### Miscellaneous Chit-Chat.

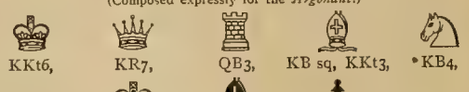
In Julian Hawthorne's "Fortune's Fool," there is an amusing anachronism. The hero visited San Francisco in 1847, and, being attired in the garb of the Indian tribe among whom he had been living, is represented as attracting a great deal of attention. This may have been the case, though dress was not very critically noticed by the men of the Pacific Coast at that date; but when his embarrassment is described as having been increased by the attention it attracted among the ladies, one feels like suggesting that if Mr. Hawthorne had ascertained the number of women who were in San Francisco in that year, he might have spared his hero's blushes.

Popularity (says the *Critic*) is not a test of merit. The late Albert D. Richardson, for instance, was one of the most popular of American authors, if the sale of books is the criterion of popularity, for two of his works, "Field, Dungeon, and Escape," and "Beyond the Mississippi," had a circulation of 255,000 copies. Matthew Hale Smith's "Sunshine and Shadows" sold to the extent of 100,000 copies. J. T. Headley's history of the Civil War found 150,000 purchasers. Fifty-five thousand copies were sold of "Knots United," a detective book; and like figures might be given by the column. And yet, of the long list of subscription books, very few are of any permanent value. But they attain a circulation that is seldom reached through the regular trade. The most popular American novelist in the commercial sense is, perhaps, the Rev. E. P. Roe, and the first editions of his later novels have consisted of 25,000 copies. The immediate popularity of a book has no necessary connection with its permanent value. Thus one of the most popular writers of our green and salad days was Mistress Fanny Fern. Her "Fern Leaves" had a sale of nearly 100,000 copies, her "Ruth Hall" of 55,000, and her "Shady Side" of 46,000. Few books of their day equaled them in popularity. But where, oh! where are they to-day? Out of print and out of remembrance, every one of them. Another famous literary woman of a generation ago was Fanny Forester, whose collected writings, in a two-volume edition bearing the title of "Alderbrook," had a sale of 33,000 copies; and the biography of the amiable writer found 15,000 purchasers. Still another widely-known writer was Miss Cummins, whose "Lamplighter" had a circulation of nearly or quite 100,000. Our fathers regarded "Doesticks" as funny—and so he was, more or less—and bought 77,000 copies of his books; and, to offset the account, probably, they purchased 55,000 copies of that exhilarating work, Benton's "Thirty Years' View," and 145,000 of Kane's "Arctic Explorations. To come down into later times, American readers have recovered from the Muhlback craze, just as people recover from measles; but while the attack was at the height of its virulence, it was very acute indeed. The writer lost track of the Muhlback series at the sixteenth volume, but up to that point it had enjoyed a sale of 240,000 volumes, and the aggregate circulation must have been something astounding.

## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

**Problem No. XLIX.—By W. E. Arnold, Baltimore, Md.**
(Composed expressly for the *Argonaut*.)

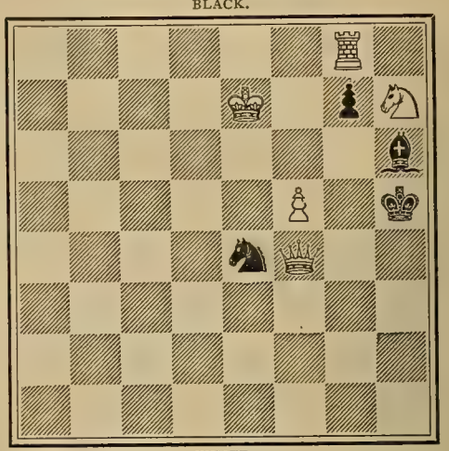


KKt6, KR7, QB3, KB sq, KKt3, *KB4,
KKt5, KR7, Q6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

**Problem No. L.—By Ch Kondelik.**

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

**Solution of Problem No. XLI.**

1—Q R7 1—K x R
2—Kt K2 mates. Other variations are obvious.

**Solution of Problem No. XLII.**

1—Q QKt sq 1—K B5
2—B Kt5 ch 2—Any move
3—Q mates.

Correct solutions received as follows: Problem No. XLI and XLII, from W. E. Arnold, Baltimore, Md. Problems XXXIX, XLI, XLII, XLIII, XLIV, XLV, XLVI, XLVII, XLVIII, from U. Hartnell, Salinas City, Cal.

### Answers to Correspondents.

Studio—Your solution is correct. See reply in last week's column to E. A. K.

J. A. McQ., Eureka, Cal.—Key move to No. XLIV is correct. If in first variation Kt to K4, Black moves K K4, and no mate in three. Second variation is correct.

### Game No. 36.

We give the moves of what is generally considered to be Morphy's most brilliant game. It was won from Paulsen in American First Chess Congress, 1857; time, four hours. The first player's longest move was his sixteenth—thirty-eight minutes. None of the second player's moves exceeded five minutes, except his seventeenth, on which he considered twelve minutes. The notes are by Mr. G. Reichhelm, of the Philadelphia *Sunday Times*.

| *White.* Paulsen. | *Black.* Morphy. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 15—Q x P | 15—B Q2 |
| 2—Kt KB3 | 2—Kt QB3 | 16—R R2 | 16—QR K sq |
| 3—Kt QB3 | 3—Kt KB3 | 17—Q R6 (d) | 17—Q x B (e) |
| 4—B Kt5 | 4—B B4 | 18—P x Q | 18—R Kt3 ch |
| 5—Castles | 5—Castles | 19—K R sq | 19—B R6 (f) |
| 6—Kt x P (a) | 6—R K sq | 20—R Q sq (g) | 20—B Kt7 ch |
| 7—Kt x Kt | 7—QP x Kt | 21—K Kt sq | 21—B x P ch |
| 8—B B4 | 8—P QKt4 | 22—K B sq | 22—B Kt7 ch (h) |
| 9—B K2 | 9—Kt x P | 23—K Kt sq | 23—B R6 ch |
| 10—Kt x Kt | 10—R x Kt | 24—K R sq | 24—B x P |
| 11—B B3 | 11—R K3 | 25—Q B sq (i) | 25—B x Q |
| 12—P B3 (b) | 12—Q Q6 | 26—R x B | 26—R K7 |
| 13—P QKt4 | 13—B Kt3 | 27—QR R sq | 27—R R3 |
| 14—P QR4 (c) | 14—P x P | 28—P Q4 | 28—B K6 |
| | | And Black wins. | |

(a) This kind of capture is rarely good play, for it always entails a certain loss of time.

(b) An error against the principles of development. White's pawn at Q2 is now held backward.

(c) Being cramped in the centre, Paulsen tries to escape through a flank movement.

(d) Paulsen was shaking hands with himself at his supposed escape from the cramp of the position, when Morphy suddenly reached out his hand and made the following move.

(e) "Good gracious! What's the man about?" was the exclamation on all sides. "Why, he loses his Queen!" The veteran Stanley, the ex-chess champion of America, was also looking on, and even he criticised the move with, "Morphy ought to be confined in a lunatic asylum."

(f) There is a faint glimmer now of what Morphy is about.

(g) To avoid the menaced mates on Q Q3, then P KB4.

(h) He could also have moved R Kt7.

(i) Forced.

The British Chess Association was reorganized on July 24, 1884, by the election of the following officers: President, Earl of Dartrey, K. P.; Vice-Presidents, Lord Randolph Churchill, M. P., Sir Robert Peel, M. P., and John Ruskin; Treasurer, W. H. Cubison; Secretary, L. Hoffer; Governing Council of Twenty-one, Messrs. W. Donisthorpe, P. Hirschfeld, Thomas Hewitt, F. H. Lewis, J. I. Minchin, F. H. Gastineau, P. T. Duffy, C. E. Mudie, J. H. Walsh, Doctor Reeves, Revs. W. Wayte and G. A. MacDonnell, of London; of the provinces, Messrs, J. O. Howard Taylor, E. Thorold, Revs. A. B. Skipworth, C. E. Ranken, and J. Greene, Messrs. E. K. E. Marden, G. E. Walton, N. Bateson Wood, and Robert Steel, Calcutta. The council was instructed to draw up the necessary rules and regulations for the government of the association.

A late writer can not understand why the game of chess is not more commonly popular: "It must call into action parts of the brain which are not occupied in other work, for we find it a relief after other labors, and it is never dull, stale, or *passé*."

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Bridge of Sighs.

One more unfortunate
Lacking in cash,
Rashly importunate,
Consuming hash.
Take it up tenderly,
Banish your fears;
Eating it patiently,
Notice the hairs.

Look at the gristle—
Not very soothing—
And there's mixed with it
Pieces of clothing!
Take it up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch it not scornfully,
Speak not so swornfully,
Do not see mournfully
Pieces of lash;
Think not of poor "Purr,"
All that remains of her
Now is pure hash!

Look at those tresses
Dropped into the pan!
Those fair auburn tresses,
While wonderment guesses—
Woman or man?

Alas, for the rarity
Of boarding-house parity
Under the sun!
Oh! it is pitiful
Dishes so scanty full,
Not even done.

In he goes boldly,
No matter how coldly
The landlady looks;
Bound for enough of it,
E'en though the tough of it
Injures his looks—
And the housekeeper reads him
Out of her books.

Take it up tenderly,
Nor leave any there,
Mysterious, gingerly,
Fashioned with care.
Owing for last week,
Take out your cash,
And with a cast meek
Pay for your hash!

—*New York Sun.*

The Old Mother Hubbard.

When old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
Her costume was modest, though queer;
As the ham-bone she sought
'Twas little she thought
How the future would deal with her gear.

When first her old fashion
Became a strong passion,
They truthfully copied her gown—
Of fancies the oddest,
Short-waisted and modest,
Long-sleeved, narrow-skirted, and brown.

But the late innovation
That's shocking the nation
Leaves her arms, like the cupboard, all bare.
Of the puffy high neck
There is left not a speck,
And too much is revealed of the fair.

The gauzy confusion
Of lace and illusion
Would shock Mother Hubbard outright.
She'd never indorse it,
Nor own to the corset—
Mayhap she would die of the fright.

—*New York Morning Journal.*

**CCCXXIV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, August 24, 1884.**

Asparagus Soup (white).
Smelts à l'Espagnole.
Cantaloupe.
Breaded Lamb Chops. Mashed Potatoes.
Baked Egg-plant. Corn.
Roast Chickens.
Vegetable Salad.
Frozen Peaches and Cream. Lady-fingers.
Apples, Pears, Figs, Peaches, Nectarines, Prunes, Gages, and Grapes.

ASPARAGUS (WHITE) SOUP.—Cut off the hard green stems from two bunches of asparagus and put them into two quarts and a pint of water, with two pounds of veal—the knuckle is the best. Boil in a closely-covered pot for three hours, until the meat is in rags, and the asparagus dissolved. Strain the liquor, and return to the pot with the remaining half of the asparagus heads. Let this boil for twenty minutes more, and add before taking up two-thirds of a teacupful of sweet cream in which has been stirred a desertspoonful of corn-starch. When it has fairly boiled up serve with small squares of toast in the tureen. Season with salt and pepper.

Théo's husband was a tailor. He always designed—and in their earlier days made with his own hands—the piquante costumes which are a part of his wife's notoriety. Théo was probably the first to wear the new fashion—a tailor-made suit.

**Picture Framing.**

Paintings, engravings, and foreign photos neatly and cheaply framed. Artists' material catalogue free. ROBT. R. HILL & Co., 116 Geary St.

**Why the Ocean is Restless.**

The restlessness of the waters of the ocean is probably due to the uncomfortable bed in which it lies. If so, the Burr Folding-Bed beats the ocean bed all "holler." The Burr Bed occupant is always comfortable, never restless, and when he rises he folds his bed, BEDDING AND ALL, into the form of a handsome book-case, writing-desk, parlor cabinet, or upright piano; and thus it is he has a splendid bed, a useful piece of furniture, and an ornament to his room, and at the same time SAVES RENT BY USING IT. To insure a good night's rest, all that is wanted is a Burr Folding-Bed and a clear conscience. The Burr Beds are kept in great variety at 21 New Montgomery Street. H. H. GROSS.

**Hall Stands.**

New designs in mahogany, cherry, walnut, and ebony. For sale by the California Furniture Co., Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

## THE MECHANICS' FAIR.

During the third week of the Mechanics' Fair the attendance each evening has been uniformly large; that on Monday night, about five thousand, was the smallest of the season. The crowd is greatest on Saturday night, though on Wednesday, both during the day and evening, a large attendance is attracted by the floral displays, which are a decided success. On Wednesday next the display will take place in the Art Gallery. Dinner-tables will be set out, provided with glassware, china, etc,—a complete service for twelve persons. On one of the tables, each florist is to exert his skill in the way of table decoration, and the prizes will be awarded, as before, by a committee of five ladies of acknowledged taste. This, together with the handsome exhibits in the gallery, furnish material for quite a liberal education in household decoration. Furniture of all kinds, carpets, wall-papers, pictures, and fancy work, all things needed in the furnishing of a house, be it cottage or palace, are to be found here. Such attractions for the ladies have never been offered before in this city.

To the Ladies.

Ladies visiting the Fair should visit the stand of the Western Perfumery Co. They always have a bottle of the celebrated "Elite Bouquet" open for the use of ladies. For sale by all druggists and dealers.

Carpet Beating and Renovating.

Among the many displays in the fair more useful than ornamental, none attract so much attention as that of J. Spaulding & Co., the pioneer carpet-beating establishment of the coast, Nos. 353 and 355 Tehama Street. Their claim of having no competition to speak of seems to be fully warranted by the practical demonstration they make every evening at the Pavilion. The samples from their work can be safely handled by ladies with white kids without danger of soiling, so perfectly cleaned are the carpets before leaving their establishment. At the fair they demonstrate the effectiveness of their renovating process, where carpets taken from the McAllister Street fire, black with smoke, are instantly changed to their original colors, and look as good as new The insurance companies were not slow to avail themselves of this process, thereby saving themselves many thousand dollars, as nothing has heretofore been considered so near a total loss at dwelling-house fires as carpets. Their restorative is a chemical compound, that will not injure the most delicate tint or fabric, and is equally effective for removing grease-spots on clothing or upholstery, and is an actual preventive against moths. To-night they will have a force of men at work at the fair, demonstrating all that is claimed above, and more. Their stand at the fair is about half-way the north gallery, and should be seen to be appreciated.

— FOR ARTISTIC, DURABLE, AND INEXPENSIVE work in door-plates, house-numbers, and plating work of all kinds, go to the San Francisco Gold, Silver, and Nickel Works of Nos. 653 and 655 Mission Street.

— AN EFFICIENT TONIC AND NERVINE, AND gentle stimulant. Gives a healthy appetite and easy digestion. Worn-out constitutions repaired by drinking Celery, Beef, and Iron.

**Moorish Cabinets.**

The California Furniture Co., Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street, have some Louis IV. and Oriental cabinets, which they will sell below cost. Those in want of the finest pieces of furniture in the city will find them at the above warerooms.

— MRS. HENRY NORTON WILL RESUME THE teaching of singing August 15th. Residence, 1505 Washington Street. Communications may be addressed in care of M. Gray's music store, 206 Post Street. Oakland day, Wednesday, at 363½ Twelfth Street, Room 21.

**A FASHIONABLE MODISTE.**

**What the "Bulletin" says of Mrs. K. A. Deering.**

Good taste in dress is a rare faculty which is only possessed by a few, for it takes years of study to understand the good points of the various female figures. As much depends upon the carriage and proportions as upon the age and complexion of a lady, and the brain is often taxed to its utmost to decide what is the proper style, cut, and color to show to the best advantage the wearer of a garment. The best-costumed ladies are those who patronize only the most experienced dress-makers, well knowing that no such person can afford to send out of her establishment a garment that does not do her justice; and we do not know of any place to find these qualifications than at the dress-making establishment of Mrs. K. A. Deering, at 121 Post Street, over O'Connor, Moffitt & Co.'s. Every dress she makes is a success. She has a large force of workers and an experienced French cutter direct from Paris. Mrs. Deering also takes orders for buying, which are executed conscientiously. Her accommodations are magnificent, and her prices as reasonable as any in the city.

— BLAINE AND CLEVELAND CAMPAIGN MEDals. Best gold and silver-plated badges out. Samples of either candidate, gold, 50 cents; silver, 25 cents. Wholesale terms on application. E. F. GAMBS, sole agent for Pacific Coast, 234 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

"The best is the cheapest."
FOR THE BEST
FIRE AND GARDEN
HOSE
— GO TO —
W. T. Y. SCHENCK
36 CALIFORNIA ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

THE
PAPPENHEIM OPERA SEASON.
MME. INEZ FABBRI'S
German and Italian Opera Company
SIG. D. DE VIVO, Managing Director.
GRAND OPENING NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 1st
"LOHENGRIN."
Extraordinary engagement, at great expense, of
MME. EUGENIE PAPPENHEIM,
The great Dramatic Soprano, and the acknowledged noble successor of MME. TITIENS.
Miss M. Kirchner,
Lyric Soprano from the Imperial Theatre, Berlin.
Mr. George Werrenrath,
Primo Tenor from the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen, and
Mr. Wm. Junck,
The famous young Tenor from the Imperial Theatre, Berlin, and only rival of Wachtel.
A Powerful Company of Principal Artists. A Grand Chorus of Sixty Voices.
Grand Orchestra of Forty.....Mr. Rosewald, Conductor.
Gorgeous Costumes by Jahn and Foster.
Subscription Tickets for eight nights, two per week, now ready, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., at the
GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
REPERTOIRE—Lohengrin, La Juive, Les Huguenots Norma, Zampe, Fidelio, Der Freischutz, Martha.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,
Eddy Street, near Market.
KRELING BROS.....Sole Proprietors and Managers
This evening, and until further notice, Gilbert & Sullivan's popular comic opera,
PINAFORE! PINAFORE!
Very Handsome Ship Scene!
Entirely New Costumes!
Grand Orchestra and Chorus!
Admission, 25 cents.....Reserved seats, 50 cents

OIL STOVES
NEW A & W MONARCH C for 1884.
Don't buy till you see it!
Or send for Circular
JNO. F MYERS & CO.
869 Market Street,
San Francisco.

COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION,
Phelan's Building, Rooms 6, 8, 9, 10, 11.
Entrance, 806 Market Street. Gas Specialists; positively extract teeth without pain; only office that make and give the celebrated "Colton Gas;" established in 1863; over 15,000 references; also, performs all operations in Dentistry.

LOANS MADE FOR ONE YEAR ON WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND JEWELRY,
AT THE
COLLATERAL BANK,
No. 15 Dupont Street.

CALIFORNIA
ELECTRO PLATING WORKS
657 MISSION STREET.
Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating on all Metals.
Table Ware repaired and plated at the lowest rates. Copper Plates silver plated for saving gold. All work in our line guaranteed. KEATING & FAGAN, Proprietors.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
BOOTS AND SHOES
Made to order by
W. F. MEAGHER,
111 Geary St., near Dupont, San Francisco.
Stage and Wedding Shoes of Louis XV. a specialty.

DE FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES
235 KEARNY ST. S.F.
Southwest cor. of Bush. Established 1877.
PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

CALIFORNIA
STORAGE WAREHOUSE,
No. 722 Mission Street,
Next door to the Grand Opera House. Advances made on Pianos and Furniture. Lowest rates of interest. Goods carefully stored in large, airy lofts. Insurance effected.
THOS. H. ROONEY.

KELSEY HOUSE.
This well-known villa has been thoroughly renovated. The houses and cottages are situated on most beautiful and spacious grounds. Billiard room, parlor, and reading room attached. Telephone communication. Cars pass every 7½ minutes; 10 minutes' ride from the train. Apply at Windsor House, Ninth and Washington, or on the premises, cor. Telegraph Avenue and 24th Street, Oakland.

VALUABLE VINEYARD FOR SALE.
IN BEARING, on land selected by the advice of the best authorities, and the condition of the Vines and growing crop shows the wisdom of the selection. **One Hundred and Sixty Acres**, all of which is equal to the **best in the State**, and so pronounced by vine-growers from the most noted grape districts; less than one mile from the beautiful town of **Pleasanton, Alameda County.** This fine property will be sold as a whole, or in divisions by the avenues, at a very reasonable price that will yield a large income on the investment, and a future increase in value. For full information, apply to
ALBERT E. CRANE,
410 Montgomery Street, San Francisco,

REMOVAL.
EDWARD E. OSBORN, Patent Solicitor, United States and Foreign, has removed to 220 Sansome Street, Rooms 10, 11, and 12, San Francisco.

THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!
The Light-running
"HOUSEHOLD"
SEWING MACHINE.

Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to **three months' trial.**
Samuel Hill Estate
CITY SALES ROOMS,
634 Market St.
Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

WALL PAPERS,
FRESCOING,
INTERIOR DECORATING
WINDOW SHADES.
G. W. CLARK & CO.
645 and 647 MARKET STREET.

ESTABLISHED 1855.
CARRIAGES.
O. F. WILLEY & CO.
NEVADA BLOCK,
No. 317 MONTGOMERY STREET, - - - - - - SAN FRANCISCO,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
CARRIAGES, LIGHT ROAD WAGONS, CARTS, SULKIES,
Our stock of which is now, as it has heretofore been, unsurpassed in elegance and solidity. Recent importations have greatly enlarged our supply of vehicles of all kinds from the following celebrated Eastern establishments, of which we are the agents, viz.:
Brewster & Co., (of Broome Street) New York,
C. S. Caffrey & Co., Camden, N. J.,
Henry Hooker & Co., New Haven, Conn.,
H. Killam & Co., New Haven, Conn.,
W. S. Frazier & Co., Chicago Road Carts.
We have also an assortment of Buggies and Phaetons, with full leather tops, which we sell at prices ranging from $85 to $125. Constantly on hand a full supply of
HARNESS,
From the famous manufactories of Wood Gibson, New York, and Tompkins & Mandeville, together with a complete assortment of Concord and other Harness. **Fine Silk Plush Robes, Lap Robes of all kinds, Horse Blankets, Whips in variety, Wheel Jacks, Wood Stable Forks, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs,** etc., etc. The Agency Goods above enumerated will be sold at Eastern prices with freight. We have always in stock, and are prepared to manufacture to order, Mountain and other Wagons. In return for past patronage and favors, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

### THE INNER MAN.

Here is a description of several kinds of dishes, drinks, etc., in vogue among our English ancestors, which may be of interest to some persons. It is from the September *Atlantic*. First, let us hear what was the *posset*, a name with which we are all doubtless familiar. There was nothing remarkable about it, for it was composed simply of hot milk curdled by some strong infusion. It was held in great favor, however, both as a luxury and as a medicine. Our nearest approach to it is whey, or milk curdled with wine or acid. The posset made with sack was a treat usually prepared for bridegrooms Macbeth alludes to this drink when, speaking of the king's guards, he says: "I have drugged their possets." An odd custom was that of putting the flowers called *sops*, but now called pinks, into wine at weddings, to give it a flavor. Cakes, waters, etc., were generally blessed and put into the sweet wine which was presented to the bride; and probably because in shape or color these cakes were thought to resemble the flowers, the former were called "sops in wine." *Lamb's-wool* was the curious name for a favorite liquor of the common people, composed of ale and roasted apples, the pulp of the fruit being worked into a smooth mixture with the ale. *Hippocras* was a medicated drink of red wine with sugar and spices, also commonly given at weddings.

The *manchet* was a fine white roll, named, it is thought, either from the French *michette* or *main*, because small enough to hold in the hand. Manchets are used at Oxford and Cambridge to-day. One recipe for manchet, taken from the "True Gentlewoman's Delight," by Lady Arundel, date 1676, orders the compounder to take to a bushel (!) of fine wheat flour twenty eggs and three pounds of fresh butter, together with salt and barm and "new milk pretty hot." Another and later recipe makes of manchet what we should call a pudding; the directions being to put into a buttered dish a pound of minced beef suet mixed with a quart of cream, eight yolks of eggs and the whites of four, seasoning with nutmeg, cinnamon, rose water, and two grated manchets. *Marchpane* is a confection not unlike our maccaroons, composed of sugar and almonds, according to an old housewife's book called "Delightes for Ladies," 1608. This cake is of very old origin, and was an especial favorite in olden times.

Speaking of the manchet being still eaten at the English universities, reminds me of an anecdote told me by a friend of an American gentleman who was once dining at Cambridge, in company with various university dignitaries; and after the long and stately meal was over, and the cloth removed, a waiting-man brought in a large roll of linen, about half a yard wide, placed it on the table, and unrolled a very little of it, after which a great silver bowl was set in the middle of the board. The bowl was empty, and the whole ceremony passed unheeded by the company. The stranger guest had the curiosity to inquire of his neighbor the meaning of the observance. He, however, confessed his ignorance, and the question went around the table until it came to a person of antiquarian tastes, who said that the custom dated back to the days when gentlefolk ate with their fingers and used no napkins; that then the bowl of water was passed to each guest that he might dip his fingers in it, drying them afterward upon the linen which was unrolled the length of the table as a common napkin. While still at table, or soon after the company left it, the American heard the sounding of a bell, and on asking for what purpose it rang he met with the same difficulty in getting an answer. Again the antiquarian came to the rescue with the information that it was the "Fen-Bell," rung at the same hour every evening, in accordance with the will of a person dead ages before, who once, belated on his homeward way, lost himself in the mist among the fens, and only found his road at last by help of a bell, which indicated to him the direction of the town; in gratitude for which circumstance he ordained that a bell should ring at fixed hours of the evening, for all time to come, to guide the wanderer upon the marsh. The last of the fens having been drained hundreds of years ago, the survival is an amusing instance of the English clinging to ancient usages. But the humor of the whole to the stranger present was the fashion in which the college dons took his inquiries. Apparently they had accepted those meaningless customs for an indefinite term of years, without a thought of challenging them, as part of the scheme of things—like the rising and the setting of the sun—and woke up to the question of their origin and meaning with as much bewilderment as though it had been suddenly demanded of them why two and two make four.

---

It is something to be a king, even if it be only Don François d'Assisi, whom half the world forgets to remember as a king at all, if one may have such a service of table-glass as he has just ordered for his château at Epinay. It consists of thirty-six sets of ten differently shaped wine and cordial glasses, which would make a pretty group of glittering gorgeousness around each guest's plate; and ice-plates and bowls, decanters and finger-glasses, and ice-glasses in saucers to the number of twenty dozen, make up about six hundred pieces; and all of them are cut in imitation of the ornament on a drinking tumbler of the time of Charles X., and also with the Spanish royal arms. The work of making these pretty things had to be done in England, as Spain had no factories equal to it; and that would be a bitter drop in the king's glass if he were reigning, but as he is not he can bear it with composure.

---

**Fredericksburg Lager Beer**

Is the finest in the world. Send your orders, for kegs or bottles, to 539 California Street.

— THE METROPOLITAN HALL IS UNEQUALED on the Coast for lectures, concerts, etc. Its fine appointments and acoustic properties place it before all others.

— CLEANSE THE BLOOD WITH AYER'S SARSAparilla, and realize how far down in the scale of health you have been living.

— AYER'S PILLS CURE HEADACHE BY REMOVing obstructions from the system, relieving the stomach, and giving healthy action to the digestive apparatus.

The Strongest and Best!




The Strongest and Best!

## A HOME DRUGGIST
TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

**RHEUMATISM.** "Eight years ago I had an attack of **Rheumatism**, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

**SALT RHEUM.** GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with **Salt Rheum** in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

## Apollinaris

NATURAL MINERAL WATER

*"Issues from a spring deeply embedded in a rock, and is therefore of ABSOLUTE ORGANIC PURITY."*
Oscar Liebreich,
*Regius Professor, University of Berlin.*

*"Pure water is only to be obtained from natural sources."* Lancet.

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.

*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

**For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.**

**No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon.**

JOS. FIGEL
211 MONTGOMERY ST. S.F.

Offers the

LATEST STYLES
.....OF.....
CLOTHING
.....AND.....
FURNISHING GOODS
FOR GENTS AND BOYS,

READY MADE and MADE TO MEASURE at

REDUCED PRICES.

A Full Line of Desirable Suitings in our Merchant Tailoring Department.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
24 Post St., San Francisco
COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, PENMANSHIP AND TELEGRAPHY.
E. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

EDUCATIONAL.

BARNARD'S
BUSINESS COLLEGE,
37 Post St., S. F. Send for Circular.

— MT. GARDNER SEMINARY, AT GARDNER, Massachusetts, under the proprietorship of Mrs. Aurelia Burrage, formerly of this city, will begin its second year September 24th. This school of languages is located in one of the most healthy and beautiful New England towns.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL for GIRLS
Will re-open Monday, August 3d.
Temporary location, 1001 Sutter Street, corner of Hyde.

PERRY SEMINARY,
Formerly Sacramento Seminary of Sacramento, will open
August 6, 1884,
At 1625 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland. For catalogue and particulars, address MRS. HERMAN PERRY,
Or MISS KATE M. FULLER,
Principals.

MADEMOISELLE LOUISE LOUIT,
Teacher of French,
Will give private lessons at residence of pupils, or at Perry Seminary, 1625 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland.

Elocution, Oratory, and the Drama.
MRS. M. J. BRADLEY,
528 Ellis Street. Office hours, 1 to 3.

MISS F. A. DILLAYE,
ORGANIST AND TEACHER OF ORGAN, PIANO, AND VOCAL MUSIC. Opportunities to practice may be secured by organ pupils at her residence, 725 O'Farrell St.

MME. VIOLA A. POMEROY,
Teacher of Singing, Elocution, Voice Culture. Voice Building—"Delsarte Method;" Pupil thoroughly prepared for the Dramatic and Operatic Stage. Residence, 220½ McAllister Street.

SHORT-HAND INSTITUTE.
Oral instruction day and evening: also, lessons by mail; send for circular. **Lough's School of Phonography**, 220½ McAllister Street.

PRIVATE INSTRUCTION
In the English Branches. Bookkeeping and Accounts. Preparations for Examinations a specialty. Call 4 to 8 P. M. **B. L. BROWN**, 313 Geary Street.

FINEST PHOTOS IN THE CITY
....AT THE....
IMPERIAL GALLERY,
724½ Market Street.

WINDOW SHADE FACTORY. H. E. BULLIVANT & CO., FACTORY AND SALESROOM, 753 Mission St., bet. 3d & 4th. Decorating and Lettering a specialty for stores, offices, residences, etc.

CARDS. CARDS. MONOGRAMS, Arms, Crests, Wedding, Reception and Visiting Cards designed, engraved, and printed; lot Papeterie; Albums at great bargain. ROBERTS, 10 Post St., Masonic Temple. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Contract for Fall and Winter Supply
....OF....
COAL
For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. **CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street.** Telephone 208.

BOUND VOLUMES
.....OF.....
THE ARGONAUT.

**Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, XIII, and XIV.**

Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volumes rom the commencement by applying at the Business Office, No. 213 Dupont Street.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. **Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.**

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS
And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,
415 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco

MARBLE WORKS.
MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.
W. H. McCORMICK,
827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR
AND
CLOTH OF GOLD
CIGARETTES.

Our Cigarettes can not be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883.

13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

ALASKA
COMMERCIAL CO.
No. 310 SANSOME STREET,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

$130,000
Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, **1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.** Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers.
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion, etc.
Prepared by E. GRILLON, Chemist of the Paris Faculty,
SOLE PROPRIETOR,
27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.
Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

### CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of August, 1884, an assessment (No. 13) of Twenty (20c) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the eleventh (11th) day of September, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the eighth day of October, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.
Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

### POTOSI MINING COMPANY.

Location and principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-ninth day of July, 1884, an assessment (No. 16) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the 2d day of September, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 23d day of September, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

### CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 23d day of July, 1884, an assessment (No. 14) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the twenty-sixth day of August, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of September, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Wednesday, Aug. 6, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‡8.00 A.M. | ..Byron and Martinez..... | ¶6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " " " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa..... | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Deming, El Paso} Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {and East.....} Emigrant .. | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | {Galt and} via Livermore..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | {Stockton} via Martinez..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Ione..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Los Angeles and South..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | {Merced, Madera,} ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Fresno, and Tulare} ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Marysville and Chico..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Mojave, Needles,} Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {and East.....} Emigrant .. | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | {Ogden and} Express..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {East.....} Emigrant..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {Red Bluff} via Marysville.. | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {and Tehama} via Woodland... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Redding..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers.. | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José..... | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | ..Virginia City..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 8.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Vallejo Junction; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from The Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

¶ Daily from Martinez. Sundays only from Byron.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *9.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, ‡11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.


NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

BROAD GAUGE.

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Camp Goodall.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel | 6.00 P.M. |
| | (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.00 P.M. |
| †7.50 A.M. | ..Monterey and Santa Cruz.. | †8.55 P.M. |
| | .....(Sunday Excursion..... | |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.

‡ Theatre train; Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, Camp Goodall, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—Sold SUNDAY MORNING, good for return same day.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, May 12th, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—7.30, 9.15 A. M., 1.30, 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 1.30, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20 A. M., 2.00, 3.25, 4.50 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.55, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.15, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 3.55, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.30, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.45, 5.00, 7.10 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 7.00 P. M.

**7.30 A. M. and 1.30 P. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAINS for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through trains from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 10.30 A. M. and 6.00 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning arrives in S. F. at 7.40 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


BONESTELL, RICHARDS & CO.

ALLEN & CO.

PAPER WAREHOUSE

411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST, S.F

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balcouies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**


## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Passenger Trains leave Station, foot of Market Street, south side, at

**8.30 A. M.**, daily; Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wright's, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, SANTA CRUZ, and all Way Stations. Parlor Car.

**2.30 P. M.** (except Sunday), Express; Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ. Parlor Car.

**4.30 P. M.**, daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and intermediate points. Saturdays and Sundays to Santa Cruz.

**$5 Excursions** to SANTA CRUZ, and **$2.50** to SAN JOSE, on SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, to return until MONDAY, inclusive.

**8.00 A. M.**, every Sunday, Excursion to SAN JOSE, BIG TREES, and SANTA CRUZ.

**$3.00** to BIG TREES and SANTA CRUZ.

**$1.75** to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE.

### To Oakland and Alameda.

$6.00, $6.30, $7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶12.00, 12.30, ¶1.00, 1.30, ¶2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.30, 10.45, 12.45 P. M.

**From Fourteenth and Webster Streets, Oakland**—$5.30, $6.00, $6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, ¶11.00, 11.30 A. M., ¶12.00, 12.30, ¶1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 9.30, 10.45, 11.45 P. M.

**From High Street, Alameda**—$5.16, $5.46, 6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 7.46, 8.16, 8.46, 9.16, 9.46, 10.16, ¶10.46, 11.16, ¶11.46 A. M., 12,16, ¶12.46, 1.16, 1.46, 2.16, 2.46, 3.16, 3.46, 4.16, 4.46, 5.16, 5.46, 6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 9.16, 11.31 P. M.

‡ Sundays excepted. ¶ Saturdays and Sundays only.

TICKET, Telegraph, and Transfer Office, 222 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. R. M. GARRATT, G. F. & P. Agt.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.**

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **2 o'clock P. M.** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| Steamer | 1884. | From San Francisco |
|---|---|---|
| **San Pablo** | **Thursday, September 25th** | |
| **Oceanic** | **Thursday, October 30th** | |
| **Arabic** | **Tuesday, November 11th** | |
| **San Pablo** | **Thursday, December 18th** | |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Rio de Janeiro** .....**September 2**

**City of Tokio** .....**September 13**

At 2 o'clock P. M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Granada**.....**September 1st**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Australia** .....Saturday, August 30, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on August 3d, 11th, 19th, and 27th, and Sept. 4th, and every eighth day thereafter. The last steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 3000-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

MARIPOSA.....MONDAY, September 1st, at 3 P. M.

ALAMEDA.....MONDAY, September 15th, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.


Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.,**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Fine Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

I. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.

Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital**.....**$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President;

James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.

London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital**.....**$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.

THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.

BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.** Of London. Instituted 1803.

**London Assurance Corporation** Of London. Established 1720.

**Northern Assurance Company** Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.

**Queen Insurance Company** Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**

**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884**..... **759,475 18**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.

VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.

SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# REMOVAL.

**THE**

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.**

Have removed to their

**New Store, No. 15 First Street,**

**NEAR MARKET.**

# RUBBER HOSE

—FOR—

**Gardens, Mills, Mines, & Fire Departments,**

Manufactured and for sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard (Maltese Cross) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose (Competition), Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire Engine Hose, Carbolized Maltese Cross Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

**JOHN W. TAYLOR, - - - Manager.**

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**

## THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.

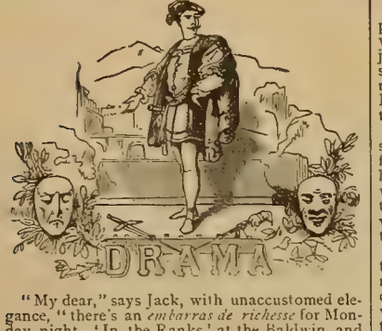


**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**

**86 California Street, San Francisco,**

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.




"My dear," says Jack, with unaccustomed elegance, "there's an *embarras de richesse* for Monday night—'In the Ranks' at the Baldwin, and Lawrence Barrett at the California. Now, whither shall we bend our steps?"

Jack has a childish desire to be always right in his choice on such occasions; therefore, when he puts it to me like this I skirt the matter with a little conversation, and let him make his own selection.

"Why don't you say Buckley at the Baldwin, and 'Francesca da Rimini' at the California," I asked, irreverently.

"Well, you see, Betsy, being a man, I know my own mind, and I know that I am going to the Baldwin to see the play, and to the California to see the actor."

Jack is one of those who fell at the feet of Lawrence Barrett in the early days of "Rosedale," and has been making kowtow there ever since.

"I have always made it a point to be in my accustomed seat on Barrett's first nights heretofore, but 'In the Ranks' is a stranger, and as 'a stranger I will give it welcome,' to paraphrase the almost forgotten Hamlet. By the way, I wonder if Barrett has given the legitimate the dead shake," pursued Jack, dropping down into his accustomed phraseology.

"I hope so," I said, quietly; and my liege stared at me with unequivocal wonder.

"Why, Betsy, I thought you were a legitimate crank—mourned its decadence, prayed for its restoration, adored its exponents, and went to various other ridiculous lengths."

"I am not at all aware of being foolish in my fancies," I said, loftily; "but I am discriminating. Lawrence Barrett in what we know technically as the legitimate is not a great actor. In him, and in many others, we find ourselves confined to noticing the points of resemblance or difference in their readings. Analysis has taken the strength out of all ordinary acting, and only geniuses like Salvini and Booth carry us with them in their playing. In Lawrence Barrett's new field, in these new characters upon which no other man has set his seal, he is undeniably a great actor. Furthermore, his studious habits, his careful research, his fine liberality in mounting, his thorough conscientiousness of detail, make everything he gives us a historical picture to study. One learns"——

"Betsy," cries Jack, "for heaven's sake, come down off your stilts. Your words are getting to be a yard long, and your speech sounds like an editorial in a dramatic newspaper. If I let you go off into one of those historical spells of yours there will be no getting you back. Let us go see 'In the Ranks,' and find out what people are doing to-day."

We went to the wrong place for Jack, after all. The chronic first-nighters were at the Baldwin, but the shining lights were at the California. Nevertheless "In the Ranks," carefully rehearsed, well mounted, and sufficiently well played, made a thorough and immediate hit.

Every successful writer finds a literary mine, and Sims has found his in his little glimpses of rustic England. Like all successful writers, too, Sims has found trespassers upon his mine. In "The Silver King" the most delightful little bit of the entire play is the gossip of the three old cronies on the shady porch at the sign of "The Checkerboard." Throughout the first four acts of "In the Ranks" one can almost smell the primrose hedges of rural England. In the little gathering of the villagers at the church to see the wedding, one finds one's self trying to pick out Mrs. Poyser, the pioneer in fiction of this interesting class, and I am not sure that Mrs. Buzzard's shawl and poke did not come out of Mrs. Poyser's own particular camphor-box.

"I seem to have seen these people somewhere before," said Jack, when the agony began to thicken and the story to ferment.

But I pointed out to him that Sims had but one set of puppets. "Their adventures are various, but the people are the same; and you may recognize them among their new sets of scenery. The persecuted young husband is the Harold of 'The Lights o' London,' and the tortured lover of 'Romany Rye.' The faithful, suffering wife still suffers. The villain is ever the same. This shrewd young Joe Buzzard, whom this actor plays with just the right commingling of rustic wit and village dullness, is the bird-fancier's assistant in 'Romany Rye,' and old Jarvis himself in the other play. Old Mrs. Buzzard is generally Joe's mother; and, if not, you will find her warm heart and sharp tongue in some part of the play. I am not sure, Jack. We are but men and women, after all, and it is just as well to put one set of types through adventure as another. And in his melodramatic way how well the man understands human nature. He plays upon us as if we were fiddle-strings, and makes us give out a little responsive squeak from just where he touches us. How very simple that little wedding scene is; and yet there isn't one in the house that hasn't a half feeling this is a touch of nature without any melodrama in it. And listen to the honest hisses of the gallery at the villain's machinations."

"Betsy," quoth Jack, quietly, "you are a most consummate simpleton."

"You will acknowledge," I pursued, "that he can get a man into a worse and apparently more inextricable fix in a shorter space of time than any man living. Now, here is Ned Buckley arrested, handcuffed, imprisoned; his wife drugged and in the hands of villains not half a mile away. Every moment is urgent, the sergeant will not leave the doors are locked, he is shut up in a [illegible] prison-cell with a drunken soldier—how is he going to get out?"

"By that most palpable window, my dear simplicity. Presently the scenery shall begin to waltz; we shall have the other view; he will jump out in full view of several sentries, disarm singlehanded a large detachment of Her Majesty's red-coats, and reach his wife in the nick of time. In the meantime, my dear, please observe that the hero's name is Drayton and not Buckley."

"So it is. But Buckley's appearance had some special interest, owing to his having been identified with the old California. What a polishing he has undergone since that time! He had always an earnest and impetuous manner; it is toned down to just the right degree to make a vigorous actor of him, but he has not lost his old tricks of stumbling."

"Well, no," said Jack; "he has twice deprived the amiable Mrs. Buzzard of her euphonious marriage name, and invested her suddenly with another, and has in one or two other instances reversed the cast; still we will kindly assume that this is Ned Drayton's way."

The general evenness of the cast is very satisfactory. While there is not one name of any prominence in it, every one seems to have been selected for some certain fitness. Miss Selena Fetter is an agreeable actress, with a soft, pleasant voice; Kilday is a good walking villain of the melodramatic type; Fitzpatrick gives a certain old-country realism to Colonel Wynter; Joe Buzzard is a delightful country bumpkin, and Buckley an excellent hero. The scenery conducted itself in the most masterly manner.

"Don't you think it's getting a little redundant?" I queried; "and that the play is weakening and running largely to scenery in the latter half?"

But Jack viewed, with the unmitigated delight of a boy, the shifting parade of the walls, and the ease with which the big brick barracks turned inside out and disclosed Ruth's garret; and the *meubles* of this not luxurious place walked off on their legs like sentient beings, with the swift changes of that young woman's circumstances. It seemed too bad the drama could not have closed in some beautiful spot like Dingle Wood, but the scenery was worn out with motion and emotion, and could no farther go.

"Will you kindly tell me," whispered Jack, in one of his awful stage-whispers, "what's the matter with me? I feel subdued—quieted down. I have a disinclination to speak aloud, as if I were in a cathedral."

I may remark, *en passant*, that Jack's merest whisper has an awful carry, and sounds as if he were practicing in a whispering gallery. We had sat through several acts of that most beautiful of modern plays, "Francesca da Rimini."

"You will observe, Jack," I answered, didactically, "that these people, all unconsciously perhaps, take their pitch from Lawrence Barrett, and he is keyed down immensely in the little time he has been gone from here. It is not yet quite a thing of custom with any of them, and a sense of repression still hovers in the air. It hangs even on Pepe the Jester, though he is as strong as ever, and it will be the making of that young gentleman who is playing Count Paolo."

"I don't see anything the matter with him, madam," said Jack, who had taken a fancy to him, and declared he liked him better than his predecessor. "Nothing is the matter with him. You do not do him the honor to remember him, and yet he has made giant strides since he was here last time; but he does not yet invest the part of Paolo with that faint poetical aroma that Skinner gave it. But this will come to him. His elocution has taken on some little elegance with his training in the new part. His ear is seduced by the metrical measure of the lines, so that he sometimes slights their meaning; but this will come too. He is a handsome man, though undersized, and wears those costumes well. Marie Wainwright is a handsome woman, and carries her gorgeous costumes well. But a change has come over her. What is it?"

"She has shed her golden locks, Jack; and in the shedding, by some curious freak, for the wicked prima donna is a blonde, brings out a strong resemblance to Lillian Russell. She has improved vastly. She is an excellent actress now."

"Yes. She still says *gyurl*, and *skyeye;* but in other respects she is doing quite well."

"Quite well. Why, Jack, that love scene is a picture, and a poem, and several other beautiful things. I think perhaps half of our subduing is that we are dazed by all these splendors. There is the stamp of historical accuracy in all these costumes, and the unmistakable cachet of an artist in the selection of their colors. Even these pages, and troubadours, and small fry, wear garments which are perfect studies in the quaintness of their cut and the mingling of their tints. Barrett's own are sombrely magnificent, as befit the sombre grandeur of his character; and Paolo's wedding-dress of pink and white and gray, with the exquisite draping of the cloak and the workmanship of his golden girdle, is the handsomest costume I have ever seen upon the stage. The Lords of the Guelphs and Ghibellines are arrayed with a splendor which befits the lords of those mighty factions. True, neither one has an accent to match; but Lawrence Barrett, ready as he is to provide, could not buy any accent in Europe. And do you observe how beautifully everything is graded? The subduing spell is even in the colors; and they are tints and shades and strange inspirations of the dyer's art, rather than raw, crude colors. There is no glare, no blinding rush of color, even in the great tableau in the church. It is all one exquisite harmony. Francesca's dresses and head-dresses, and her marvelous sleeves, are ineffably historical looking."

"That Francesca is a little devil," bolted out Jack, excitedly, in good plump every day English. "She is doing all the damage here. That poor boy means well enough."

"My dear boy," I explain, "countless women have objected that poor Francesca should be handed down to history the temptress in this sad love tale. It is the natural revolt of the sex against the skulking cowardice of Father Adam. But can you not see that, in this one particular place, it was the delicate art of the story-teller to put it so? The boy fights against his fate, and does not deliberately betray his brother. The tragedy would have been a grimmer one the other way."

"It is pretty grim now," whispered Jack, as the injured Lanciotto burst into the moonlit apartment on the discovered lovers. Subdued as all had been before, the three played this scene with a feverish hush that made it curiously impressive. Lanciotto is the one part in which Lawrence Barrett is deeply sympathetic; and he gives the yearning love for his young brother in this act, in his longing to find some loophole of innocence, with passionate intensity.

The curtain never fell upon a tragedy in San Francisco whose story was so completely told in the studious finish of its mountings, the picturesque elegance and historical completeness of its costume, and the faithful, intelligent care of its playing.

Well, after all our fuming, and fretting, and longing, and demanding, we have had "The Barber of Seville." Of course, there was a crowded house. It is the fate of every Italian opera company that comes to make one *fiasco* before the crowded house of the season. Henceforth let them keep their comic operas in Italy where that class of humor is understood, unless the excellence of the singers guarantee the production. For here was a wooden Rosina, with never a spice of mirth in her; a wooden but active Barber, with never a dash of humor in him; a tenor who went into flabby jelly before the footlights, and became stage sick. Our dignified basso, with his noble presence, became transformed into a jeering, pasted comedian of a type we do not understand; and another comic popped up from somewhere and added to the general confusion. The vocal score of "The Barber" is little else than a set of scales. What music there is, is in the orchestration, and in the orchestra chaos reigned. The leader played like an acrobat on the piano keyboard with his left hand, and like another acrobat on the piano-lid with his right hand, for his descending baton struck the piano on the first accented beat of every measure in a vain attempt to bring the wild orchestra up to time.

So long as we had to have one bad night, and it is a necessity of every season, we should be glad that this company met their Waterloo in "The Barber." In any case they are fitted to cope with heavier material. They announce two new operas that have never been given in San Francisco for next week, and every one cheerfully breathes upon "The Barber of Seville." *Requiescat in pace.* BETSY B.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Pearl Eytinge is said to be a confirmed opium smoker.

"In the Ranks" is running to excellent houses at the Baldwin.

Signor Baldanza will join the Pappenheim-Fabbri Opera Company.

Mr. Harry Edwards returns to San Francisco with the Wallack Company.

By her benefit last Saturday night, Alice Harrison cleared one thousand dollars.

Charles Wyndham is in Austria, undergoing a course of treatment for nervous exhaustion.

Manager Gye has refused the management of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

John Gourlay and the future Mrs. Gourlay have started for Detroit, where they are to be married.

Howard Taylor's "Caprice" has scored "a decided success" in New York, according to the *Mirror*.

At the California next Monday evening, Lawrence Barrett will produce Howells's play, "Yorick's Love."

Irving has, through his agent, signed with Al Hayman for a season of three weeks at the Baldwin Theatre.

Sarah Bernhardt did the sleep-walking scene in "Macbeth" in digitated pink hosiery to represent her bare feet.

Murtha Porteous is playing at the Spanish Fort, in New Orleans, and will shortly appear in "The Merry War."

If Kate Castleton can complete her "All at Sea" company (which seems to be difficult) she will put it on the road.

Clay M. Greene has been hunting and fishing in New Hampshire with Doctor Robinson and Jack Wallace of New Work.

Miss Eleanor Carey, Frederick de Belleville, and John W. Jennings are in the cast of Harry Miner's "Silver King" company.

The Wallack Company, from Wallack's Theatre, New York, succeeds "In the Ranks" at the Baldwin, commencing September 8th.

Maurice Barrymore's new play, "Don," is to be produced in San Francisco soon, with Harry Lee, Frank Weston, and Effie Ellsler in the cast.

The cable says: "Patti has signed a contract with Mapleson to sing in this country the coming winter, and next summer in England."

Lillie Grubb, who took a subordinate part in the first "Pop" troupe is playing the Duchess, Vernona Jarbeau's late part in Dixey's "Adonis."

Mr. Frank Farrel, the representative of the Wallack Company, is in town, making preparations for the production of "Lady Clare" and "Moths."

W. A. Mestayer has given up managing, and will only act hereafter—next season in his new piece, "We, Us & Co.," under the management of John H. Russell.

John Maguire has been excommunicated by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montana, for the sin of bringing into the Territory the great infidel, Robert G. Ingersoll.

The New York correspondent of the San Francisco *Music and Drama* states that a new theatre on the Mackaye pattern will be built in San Francisco during 1886.

Mr. Thomas Maguire has organized a company of New York capitalists who agree to build him a theatre of the kind he wants whenever he finds the proper place. No site has been determined on as yet.

"The Devil's Auction" company left town on Monday last under the superintendence of Chas. H. Yale. They played in Stockton, Sacramento, and Cheyenne, and open for a week's engagement on Monday in Denver.

Jessie Vokes, the oldest of the female element of that once famous company, died in London on the 7th inst. She went on the stage when she was four years of age. She first appeared with the Vokes family in 1861.

The New York *Star* is authority for the statement that Al Hayman tried unsuccessfully to convince the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, that a financial success could be made of a season of cheap Italian opera under his management. Mr. Hayman denies the statement.

Mr. Ned Buckley, in one of his constitutional stumbles in "In the Ranks," reads from his wife's letter, "Life with you, even in a garret, would be Paris." Taking an American view of the situation, this is a very strong declaration on the part of the young woman, but it fits oddly in English melodrama.

It may be observed that when the recruits come from the ale house, led by the dashing Sergeant of "In the Ranks," each man's hat is decorated with a rosette of ribbon. This is the incipient soldier's acknowledgment that he has accepted the queen's shilling, and he wears the ribbon in token thereof till he is provided with his uniform.

Emma Abbott will return to San Francisco this winter. Among other operas, she will produce "Semiramide." The troupe will include among others, Mlle. Bellini, Tagliapietra and Campobello for baritones, Castle, Fabrini, and Brignoli for tenors, Walter Allen for buffo, Broderick and Beaumont for bassos, and Miss Annandale for contralto.

The "Fizz! Bang! Boom!" Company has finished its little pyrotechnical display. Gale & Spader had made a most disastrous bargain, and, concluding to stop, gave the company five hundred dollars and permission to wander at their own sweet will. And now Manager Rial, of the Bush Street Theatre, demands one thousand dollars for a broken contract.

Williams & Tillotson have not stinted expense in the production of "Queena" in New York. The Union Square Theatre has been taken for seven weeks, at a weekly rental of eighteen hundred dollars. Eben Plympton receives $250 a week; Lillian Spencer gets $150 a week; Sadie Martinot receives the same salary. The salary list is expected to reach $1,200 a week.

Mr. Frederick Warde and his manager, Mr. Collins, are at daggers' points. Collins claims that his contract with Warde has two years to run, while Warde says the contract was broken last season, and that he will not act under Collins's management again. So Collins warns all managers against making any engagements with Warde, and Warde is accordingly unengaged.

Louise Lester is having a gay time. During the performance of "The Grand Duchess," in Cincinnati, she was presented with a handsome diamond ring, and four members of her company have left her and are in New York. They informed a New York *Mirror* reporter that they were unable to secure their salaries, although champagne suppers were in order with the management.

Al Hayman arrived from the East Wenesday, with a list of attractions for the Baldwin. Lulu Hurst, the "magnetic girl," will give two exhibitions in this city. Henry Irving has been secured for a short season. Emma Abbott will sing four weeks. Clara Morris, the Wallack Company, "The Wages of Sin," "May Blossom," Théo, Joe Jefferson, and the Florences will all appear in this city soon.

The simultaneous appearance of the various members of the "Fizz! Bang! Boom!" combination in the various theatres with the rising of the curtain on Wednesday evening, announced the sudden suspension of their engagement. Various rumors of managerial rows were current as the cause of the stoppage; but the fact that they drew just forty-seven dollars and a half on their last night is the theory most generally accepted.

Miss Selena Fetter, at the Baldwin Theatre, is the young lady who made her début in Louisville, Kentucky, about a year ago. The Kentuckians, who proudly claim the "raising" of the beautiful Mary Anderson, but rather resent her having been born in California, prophesied that this young actress would rise up as a formidable rival against her. The blue grass actress is a favorite variety, but Miss Fetter will probably not snub the Prince of Wales for half a dozen years yet.

Lawrence Barrett is always an immense favorite with the fair sex in the audience, and their admiration is much given to taking an ejaculatory form. An aged girl was moved to cry out, on Tuesday night: "Oh, isn't Barrett sweet! He's just lovely!" It was at the moment when the brave Lanciotto leaves his miserable fate in Francesca's hands, and the adjective did not seem to fulfill the mission the good woman intended. She should provide herself with a thesaurus to express herself by.

Emerson's Theatre will re-open next Monday evening, with a new company, secured by Charles Reed during his Eastern trip. Among the members of the company are Charley Reed, "the plain comedian; J. Carroll Johnson, comedian; Wm. Henry Rice, female impersonator; John Robinson, interlocutor: Crandall and Eastwood, character comedians; Keegan and Wilson, song and dance artists; W. S. Mullaly, author and conductor; the California Quartet, Morant, Welter, Holland, and Wyatt; and the Madrigal Boys.

One of the features of the combination system is the constant recurrence of half familiar faces and voices in the new coming troupes. The effect is puzzling. People find themselves constantly saying, "Where have I seen that man or woman before?" and find themselves involuntarily tracing them back to some obscure part. There are two cases in point at the California Theatre. The Lords of the Guelphs and Ghibellines must both have been here before. It is impossible to recognize their faces, but their voices, once heard, are unmistakable.

Emilie Melville is singing "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein" in Melbourne, to crowded houses. Little Gracie Plaisted is still with her. She sings Wanda, and, according to the Australian papers, both are immensely successful. Curiously enough, Emilie Melville is quite sharply criticised for singing one verse of "The Sabre of My Sire" in French. Truly, what is one man's meat is another man's poison, for in some English opera she used to give in San Francisco whose principal number always called for an encore, she gave the first encore in German and the second in French. With us it was accounted quite a feat, but the Australians are doubtless purists in style.

Enrico Giannini, who made such a fiasco in "The Barber of Seville" on Friday night, made his second appearance on any stage on that occasion. His first was made a few months ago, in a small town in Mexico. A Mexican audience is not as patient as an American one, and in their demonstrations declined to make any allowance for stage fright. Giannini was obliged to hurry out of the town, and was glad to get away with his bones intact. This stage fright—which with him is a kind of sickness—seems to be constitutional in the family, for this is just the way the elder Giannini sang a few years ago in New York, when the disgusted Mapleson shipped him summarily to Italy.

Signora Virginia Damerini is in ill health, and is not likely to be well for some time. She continues to sing against the urgent advice of her physicians, but will not injure herself if she do, as she did in "The Barber of Seville," when, during the greater portion of the concerted music, she opened her mouth and appeared to pronounce her words but uttered no sound. No one enjoyed "The Barber of Seville" but the gentlemen of the orchestra, who kept up a running fire of conversation with every one behind the footlights, and chaffed them all unmercifully. They went into a very ecstasy of delight over the painful wobble of the poor tenor's legs, and the leader carelessly banged the piano with his bâton to cover his own cachinnatory explosions.

Sara Jewett, sadly disgusted with her brief starring experiment, has been spending the summer in her little cottage, Windycote, on the east coast of Massachusetts. She rejoins the Union Square company as leading lady at the beginning of the season. Maud Harrison is indignant, and considers that she has been most shabbily treated in the matter of promotion. Sara Jewett has lost a great deal of money in her starring year. She invested in a very elegant wardrobe, which, being intended almost entirely for the legitimate, will do her but slight service in the Union Square society plays. The beautiful dress which she wore as the artist's bride during the last week of her engagement here was a Juliet dress, copied from an old Italian picture. Her trunks are stocked with such treasures, now comparatively useless.

Miss Selina Fetter underwent the embarrassment of losing her wig at a very critical moment in the play on Monday night. Although it was absurd enough to see the heroine's effective back hair lying idly on a chair while she went through her heroics, the audience kindly forbore to laugh. Considering the bouncing about that a player goes through with, a secure fastening of the wig ought to be a serious thought. But they never manage to be unconscious of their wigs, and they are always clutching at them with an uneasy sensation that they are insecure. Louis James's wig as Pepe is a most characteristic one, and would never be suspected if he did not feel for it once in a while to see that it was there; and every one is familiar with the young stage blonde who is always pulling her forelock to keep the wig in place.

In connection with the hit made by Mrs. Gilbert, of Daly's Company, in London, it may be interesting to know that she never had a speaking part in her life until she was forty years of age. She was a successful danseuse, but was never a beauty, and as years began to creep upon her, her usefulness in this line became impaired. "I don't think I can play you on the public any longer," the manager said to her, quite bluntly, one day; "I've either got to make a comedienne of you, or you must learn a new trade. I'll give you a part in the next piece, if you will have it." Mrs. Gilbert declared that she would die of fright if she attempted to open her mouth before the public which she had been facing in silence for twenty years. Out of sheer necessity, however, she was compelled to accept, made a hit the first night, and has kept on making hits ever since.

We have received the following note:

NEW YORK, August 13, 1884.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In October Mr. Joseffy will visit your city. Oblige me by using enclosed notices, off and on, in your valuable paper. With many thanks. Very respectfully,

HENRY WOLFSOHN, Manager for Mr. Joseffy.

The "enclosed" is a series of printed notices, about thirty in number, most of them like this:

"The celebrated pianist, Rafael Joseffy, may be expected to appear in our city this season. For execution, touch, and beauty of execution this great artist has no peer. It is with genuine pleasure that we announce his coming to our city. He is now considered the world's greatest pianist—Rubinstein and Bulow not excepted. A great sensation will be created by the playing of Mr. Joseffy. His touch is considered as the acme of perfection. Wherever Mr. Joseffy appeared he achieved an instantaneous and marvelous success, keeping the audience spell-bound up to the last moment."

We are very much obliged to Mr. Henry Wolfsohn for his courtesy in sending us the thirty notices. We shall use them "off and on"—especially off.

Perhaps there is no actor upon the stage of whose domestic affairs so little is known or said as Lawrence Barrett's. His wife and two daughters are ladies of culture and education, with a marked taste for retirement, and who have always been kept out of the shadow of the theatre. The daughters, while immensely proud of their father and of his reputation, know actually very little of his stage life, and only go to see him play at his invitation, when he has perfected his study of a character sufficiently to take a pride in it. They are great travelers, but when in New York live in handsome apartments in one of the big flats peculiar to that city. Their circle is literary, artistic, and fashionable, and sparsely theatrical. Both young ladies, like their father, are great students. The one excels in music, and the other in decorative art. The marriage of the eldest last year in Germany will doubtless make some change in their plans of living, as they are much united, but they are such experienced travelers as to think little of a flitting across the Atlantic.

The managers of the Pappenheim opera season state that the demand for seats—especially for the first night—is very large. The first production of Wagner's romantic opera, "Lohengrin," will be given on the first of September, with a thorough *mise en scene*. The costumes and properties of this opera alone cost over six thousand dollars. They were made by Jahn & Foster, are very handsome, and historically correct. Madame Pappenheim will sing the principal rôle of Elsa in "Lohengrin." Madame Pappenheim achieved a success in this opera when it was first given at the Academy of Music, in New York, in 1877, at the Wagner Festival. Mr. Warmeath, now engaged with Madame Fabbri, was the tenor, and as Lohengrin he also scored a success. Miss Khirscher, the lyric soprano, is well spoken of by the German press. Mr. Junck, the leading German tenor, and Signor Baldanza are also great acquisitions. Mr. Müller and Signor Villani are the baritones, and Mr. Frillman and Mr. Hartingsen are the bassos. Mr. Rosewald is the musical director, and Mr. Harold the chorus-master and concertator. The chorus will be composed of sixty well-selected voices, and forty musicians make up the orchestra. The Grand Opera boxes will be decorated with plants and flowers, and the fountain will flow for the first time in many months. The sale of subscription tickets will close next Tuesday, and on Wednesday morning will commence the sale of single tickets for any night.

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

### Bills and Casts for Week ending August 23d.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Bill, "Francesca da Rimini," by George H. Boker. Cast as follows:

Lanciotto, Mr. Lawrence Barrett; Beppo Pepe, Mr. Louis James; Count Paolo, Mr. F. C. Mosley; Francesca, Miss Marie Wainright; Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, Mr. Charles M. Collins; Guido, Lord of Ravenna, Mr. B. G. Rogers; Cardinal Malespini, Mr. S. E. Springer; Rene, Mr. Percy Winter; Lucensio, Mr. C. Hawthorne; Gremio, Mr. J. L. Finney; Vicentio, Mr. W. F. Gerald; Torelli, Mr. A. T. Riddle; Ludovico, Master Eugene Morgan; Marco, Master Herman Forbes; Captain, Mr. J. M. Sturgion; Officer of Ghibelins, Mr. Garrie Davidson; Ritta, Miss Rosa France.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill: "In the Ranks," by George R. Sims and Henry Pettitt. Cast as follows:

Ned Drayton, Mr. E. J. Buckley; Gideon Blake, Mr. Frank Kilday; Col. Wynter, Mr. J. H. Fitzpatrick; Ruth Herrick, Miss Selena Fetter; Barbara Herrick, Miss Nellie Donold; Mrs. Buzzard, Miss Annie Allison; Capt. Holcroft, Mr. Harry Pierson; Farmer Herrick, Mr. R. C. White; Joe Buzzard, Mr. P. D. Fisher; Sergt. Searle, Mr. F. B. Bowers; Richard Belton, Mr. L. N. Drew; Private Curtis, Mr. Gester Victor; O'Hare, Mr. F. Lane; Lechmere, Walter Denier; Barker, Mr. J. Peterson; Kurcher, Mr. Oliver Waters; Turvey, Mr. J. B. Santley; Timmins, Mr. R. V. Percy; Old Thomas, Mr. A. Fisher; Bloxam, Mr. J. Russell; Constable, Mr. W. Gillow; Police Sergeant, Mr. J. Autoine; Wimple, Mr. G. Landis; O'Flannigan, Mr. J. F. Watson; Spivins, Mr. D. Barkley; Workingman, Mr. A. Beeks; O'Leary, Mr. T. Allton; Mr. Brown, Mr. J. Comstalk; Sentry, Mr. H. Phillips, Tiger, Mr. W. Drexell; Warder, Mr. F. Sartine; Dina Turvey, Miss Laura Wallace; Mrs. Timmins, Mrs. Chas. Peters; Mrs. Wymple, Mrs. Caroline Hill; Mrs. Pankley, Miss Emma Carrol; Mrs. Whiffen, Miss Lyon; Mrs. Grendle, Mrs. Bailey; Mrs. O'Flannigan, Miss Mamie Hill; Grandmother, Mrs. Naylor; Polly Timmins, Little Hattie Hill; Child, Little Alice.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Bill, August 19, "Ernani." Cast as follows:

Carlo Quinto, Signor Trieste Vilmant; Elvira, Signora Maria Peri; Ruy Gomez de Silva, Signor Enrico Serbolini; Ernani, Signor Francisco Giannini; Gran Scudiere, Signor O. Benedetti; Iago, Signor Modijliana; Confidante d'Elvira, Signora A. Carallini.

Bill, August 21, "Faust." Cast as follows:

Faust, Signor Francesco Giannini; Mephistopheles, Signor Enrico Serbolini; Marguerite, Signora Virginia Damerini; Valentine, Signor Trieste Vilmant; Siebel, Signora O. Orlandi; Wagner, Signor Cesare Banchi; Martha Schwerlein, Signora E. Beraldi.

Bill, August 22, "Aida." Cast as follows:

The King of Egypt, Signor Cesare Banchi; Amneris, his daughter, Signora Trinidad Mestres; Aida, a slave of the Egyptian King, Signora Maria Peri; Radames, a general of Egypt, Signor Francesco Giannini; Ramneses, Grand Priest, Signor Enrico Serbolini; Amonasro, King of Ethiopia, and father of Aida, Signor Trieste Vilmant; Herald, Signor Orete Beneditti.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Bill: "A Basket of Chips, or Fizz! Bang! Boom!" by A. Z. Chipman. Cast as follows:

Adele, Miss Carrie Godfrey; Totts, Miss Kate Foley; Valentine, Miss Blanche Moulton; Adolphus Fizz, Frank M. Willis; Billy Bang, Arthur Moulton; Harry Boom, Donald Harold; M. P. O. H., J. H. Redding.

August 18th and 19th, when theatre was closed, company being a failure.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "Pinafore." Cast as follows:

Miss Louise Leighton and Miss Helene Dingeon, alternating as Josephine; Miss Hattie Moore as Buttercup; Miss Kate Marchi as Hebe; Mr. T. W. Eckert and Mr. R. D. Valerga, alternating as Ralph; Mr. Harry Gates as Admiral; Mr. M. Cornell as Captain; Mr. E. N. Knight as Deadeye.

MECHANICS' FAIR.—J. H. Culver, secretary, 31 Post Street. Exhibit of Mechanical Progress, Invention, Art, etc. Instrumental Concert afternoon and evening.

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—Stecchan & Cornelius, Managers. Closed during the week.

At the Baldwin, next week, Brooks & Dickson's "In the Ranks" Company continue.

At the California, next week, Lawrence Barrett continues.

At the Grand, next week, the C. S. L. Italian Opera Company. A new opera, "Guarany," on August 26.

At the Tivoli, next week, "Pinafore" continues.

At the Bush Street next week, Charlotte Thompson in "Jane Eyre."

At the Standard next week, Charley Reed and his new minstrel company.



THE ACROBAT.
Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.
ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.
ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.
THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

SACHS, PRUDEN & CO.'S
FAMOUS GINGER ALE
THE GREAT FAMILY BEVERAGE.

**Especially recommended as a healthy Table Drink, as it contains no Alcohol or any intoxicating ingredients It is recommended for Ladies and Children as a pleasant and stimulating beverage. Exhilarates without intoxication. Invigorates without reaction as with alcohol. Assures healthful sleep to the worried and anxious, repairs lost strength, and imparts renewed vigor. Clears and refreshes the brain of the business man, renders the thoughtful man more subtle and reasoning, and dispels lassitude and fatigue. Put up in quart bottles. When bottles are opened and entire contents are not used, they can be recorked with gum corks, and it will keep until used. Sold by Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, Restaurants, and Bars. For sale by**

**Lebenbaum, Goldberg & Bowen, Cluff Bros., C. J. Hawley & Co., Quade & Straut.**

**Trade supplied by JOHN T. CUTTING & CO., SOLE AGENTS, 116 FRONT STREET.**

FALK'S
Bilsener
BEER

FALL STYLE HATS
INTRODUCED THIS WEEK BY
C. HERRMANN & CO.
(HERRMANN THE HATTER),
The Largest Hat Establishment on this Coast!
332--336 Kearny St., between Bush and Pine Streets.
Steam-power Factory connected with the Establisment. Everything in the line of Hats and Caps made to order. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

STORE YOUR FURNITURE
Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.
BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH
J. H. MOTT & CO.,
735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco
Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

BUTTERICK'S
Patterns---Fall Styles.
Send Stamp for Catalogues. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.

BETHESDA
SUPERIOR TABLE WATER
L. CAHEN AND SON. 418 SAC. ST. S.F.




J. W. EVANS,
GENERAL AGENT, 29 POST STREET.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.
Commission Merchants,
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
Liberal advances made on consignments.

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.
General Shipping and Commission
MERCHANTS,
309 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
304 and 306 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY
OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.
Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
TILES
For Decorations.
W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
HENRY F. MILLER
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
HEMME & LONG
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

ICHI BAN
FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

FIREMANS FUND
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA.
THE LARGEST PACIFIC COAST COMPANY.
CAPITAL, - - - - - - $750,000
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1883, - - - - $1,500,000
AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

INVENTORS' INSTITUTE,
105 STOCKTON STREET,
Corner of O'Farrell.
PATENTS PROCURED FOR $65, AND PATENTS
Negotiated. Send for particulars.

THE FULTON.
3 Fulton, opposite New City Hall. "The Fulton"—new house; splendidly furnished suits of rooms. References.

IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES
Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating.
Every description of Tableware and Household Goods plated and repaired at the San Francisco Plating Works, 653 and 655 Mission St., between New Montgomery and Third.
E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.

NEW MAP OF SAN FRANCISCO,
Just published by Warren Holt, 413 Montgomery St. Compiled to date from official sources. Complete in every respect—streets, grades, railroads, public buildings, etc Soundings on the city front and Fort Point. Printed on the finest map paper. Size, 4½ by 5½ feet. Price—Mounted on ash rollers, $10; book form, with muslin back, $8; plain, $6 50. WARREN HOLT, Publisher, 413 Montgomery Street.

THE
LADIES' CARD BASKET.
Mr. John P. Dwyer, late of Palace Hotel, has opened an office at 620 Market Street, directly opposite the Palace, where he will be pleased to see all of his old friends and as many new ones who may favor him with a call. Ladies will find it very convenient, when in want of Visiting Cards, to drop in and leave their order. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Cards furnished in one hour's notice. Specimen cards written free.

THE
AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY.
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.



Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

UNEXCELLED!
Ask your Grocer for
ARCTIC REFRIGERATOR HAMS,
ROYAL BREAKFAST BACON
ROYAL LEAF LARD.
All Guaranteed Choice Family Goods.

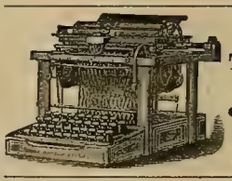
HIGHLAND SPRINGS,
LAKE COUNTY, CAL.
"The Switzerland of America."
OPEN ALL THE YEAR.
Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.
Daily communication via Cloverdale.
DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.

ÆTNA
HOT MINERAL SPRINGS.
To the highly curative properties of these waters and the charms of the place is added an elegant and capacious Swimming Bath.
These waters purify the blood, and refresh, renew, and restore the whole system. They cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Chronic Diarrhœa, Paralysis, and Pulmonary Complaints in the early stages. These waters are a specific in cases of Malaria, Chill and Ague Fever They afford magical relief in cases of Nervousness, Sleeplessness, and General Debility.
Visitors leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. for St. Helena, thence by daily stage (Sundays excepted), arriving at the Ætnas at 5 P. M. For pamphlet, containing analysis and cures, address WM. BURNELL, Sup't, or WM. H. LIDELL, Proprietor, Lidell P. O., Napa Co., Cal.

BUGGIES!
If you want a high-priced Buggy, Carriage, or Phaeton, or if you want a good one for a low price, describe what you want, and order from
TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., 511 Market St., S. F.

TO YOUNG MEN.
There is nothing which will make a fortune for you with so little outlay as a HAY BALING PRESS. The PRICE PRESS, with three men, will earn $1,600 in one season; costs $450. The MONARCH PRESS, at $600, puts ten tons in a box car and will clear $10 to $20 per day. There is money in baling hay. These are the best presses. Address TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., San Francisco.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.
NEWSOM & GASH,
ARCHITECTS
Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,
Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.



Remington
STANDARD
Type-Writer.
Again improved and perfected. See them.
G. G. WICKSON & CO.,
539 Market St.,
Opp. Sansome, S. F.

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

JOHN MIDDLETON,
COAL.
14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason

GERMEA
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. NO. 10. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 6, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: The Campaign—It has Settled Down to Steady Work—The Political Dudes have Readjusted their Hair—The Issue Reduced to Republican or Democrat—Which Party is Worthy of our Confidence?—The Campaign in California—The Formal Opening To-night—Whom and What we are to Hear—The Modern Lack of Credulity—Modern Miracles—Our Disbelief in Unauthenticated History—History a Novel founded on Fact—All Historians Biased by Politics or Religion—The History of the Church of Rome during the Eighteenth Century—The History of an Endeavor to Fetter Human Mind and Liberty—Some Facts in the Papal History—Events of the Eighteenth Century—A Century of Strife for Political and Religious Liberty—An Onslaught on the Divine Right of Kings and the Pretensions of Priests—The Serra Centennial—A Contrast—Catholics in California and Puritans in New England—The Catholic Church a Drag on Civilization—How the Catholics Enlightened the Native Californians—The Account in the Church Records—The Account Viewed in the Light of Reason..... 1-3

CORRESPONDENCE: Science and Creeds—A Card from H. W. Arthur Nahl—The Senger Matter—A Workingman on the Situation—The Nahl Picture Condemned..... 3

AN UNBORN GHOST: The Strange Narrative of an Ocean Voyage—By Leonard Kip..... 4

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People all Over the World..... 5

SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip..... 6

THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest—The New Orleans Chess Club's Rooms..... 6

BURDETTE AND BILL NYE: The Song of the Sausage—The "Best Element"..... 7

THE PRINCE OF SNOBS: "Flaneur" tells how General Meredith Reed sat on Royalty—How Madame Théo snubbed a Reporter—A Budget of Gotham Gossip..... 7

ECONOMY IN A FLAT: A Study from Life—Being Valuable Suggestions in the Direction of not Getting Rich and Dying Mean..... 8

VANITY FAIR: Life at West Point—The London *World* on American Girls—What is "Propriety?"—Wiles of the Fair Sex—The Divided Skirt for Lawn-tennis—A Female Orlando—A New Way to Pay Old Debts—A Matrimonial Paper—Mt. Desert Occupations—"Obey" in the Marriage Service—Husbands for Sunday and Beaux for a Week—The Mother Hubbard in Washington—Custom-House Duties on Clothing—Customs at Long Branch..... 8

"PARISINA'S" LETTER: "Bohemian Beaches"—Life at the Normandy Watering-places Described—Madame at the Casino and Monsieur in Paris—The "Husbands' Express" and the "Lovers' Train"—Artists and Journalists *en vacances*—A Gossippy Letter from Etretat..... 9

STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise: Not that Kind of a Baby—The Unlucky Host—The Gillie and the Geologist—Adirondack Murray and the Sport—Two Crushing Rejoinders—An Economical Farmer—Toombs as a Duelist..... 9

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day..... 10

OLD FAVORITES: "The Revenge: A Ballad of the Fleet," by Alfred Tennyson..... 10

LITERARY NOTES: Victor Hugo's Double Life—Some New Books—Magazine Gossip—Literary Gleanings..... 10

THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "Chloe and Corydon at a Picnic"—"To a Terrapin"—"The Candidate"—"Mary had a Little Corn"—"O, Lemonade" 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record..14-15

The first passionate explosion of disappointed politicians has passed away, and the political campaign has settled down to the consideration of the rational issues involved in the Presidential election. Most of the party dudes of Massachusetts and New York have readjusted their hair and swung back to their party allegiance. Those journals that fired Columbiads are now contenting themselves with less effective, if not less brilliant, fire-works. Carl Schurz has exhausted his oratorical efforts. George William Curtiss has assuaged his lacerated feelings. The *Times* sings low. Greenbackers, Independents, Civil Service reformers, Workingmen, Prohibitionists, and all the thousand and one parties, orders, and organizations of a political character, are realizing that after all their members are either Democrats or Republicans; that in this country, at this time, there are but two national parties with whom rest the election of a President; that this is not a good time for the formation of a new national party. Blaine is the nominee of the Republican party; Cleveland is the nominee of the Democratic party. One of these two will be President of the United States. We have twelve millions of adult male citizens in the United States, many of whom are competent for the Presidential office, and all of whom are willing to fill it. Unhappily for them, the machinery of party organization is so operated that they have but one choice between the two—those who like neither can abstain from voting. The country is beginning to realize this fact, and, as it does, the less important questions begin to fade out, and rational men begin to realize the practical position in which they are placed. The laboring man may admire Butler; the temperance man may admire St. John; the Greenbacker, the Civil Service reformer, and everybody with an idol or a hobby, see that they can not worship the one nor ride the other without aiding to elect either Blaine or Cleveland. To vote for Butler or St. John is to give half a vote for one or the other of the national party candidates. To stay at home helps to send the man to Washington that one does not want for President. An American citizen can not under any circumstances shirk his responsibility as an elector. The small cobwebs of the campaign are being swept aside. Cleveland and his widow, Blaine and the Mulligan letters, are issues no longer deemed important. Blaine fairly represents the Republican party, Cleveland fairly represents the Democratic party. The one elected will administer the Government in harmony with the history of the principles of his party, and will call to his aid in that administration the men of his party. In this view party histories are worth careful review, party principles demand careful consideration, and party leaders the closest scrutiny. With which party rests, "in the main, the honesty, purity, intelligence, and strength of the nation"? Which party has in the past been patriotic?—has been on the side of loyalty?—has fought to preserve the Union?—to maintain the national credit and pay the national debt? Which party was the party of slavery and which the party of freedom? With which party, more than the other, rests the morality, the intelligence, the patriotism of the country? Which party, more than the other, can be most safely relied upon to maintain the freedom of conscience, the independence of the common schools, decent respect for the Christian Sabbath, the proper control of the sale of alcoholic drinks, the hours and rates of labor, the appropriation of public lands for homes, the restriction of the marriage contract and the marriage relation to one woman, the general legislation to protect property, preserve life, guard the rights and interests of labor, and to enact laws for the moral, intellectual, and material advancement of all the people of all parts of the country?

As elsewhere, so in California, the people are now beginning to think for themselves. Wisely, as we think, the campaign was not formally opened until time had been given for reflection. The campaign in this State, on the part of the Republican party, opens to-night. Some few guns have been already fired by the flying artillery in skirmish action, but now, on this Saturday night, the siege-guns and heavy artillery, having been placed, are to open along the entire battle-line. It is expected that every soldier will in his place do his duty. Upon the younger men and orators will the speaking devolve; upon candidates and those ambitious for the offices and honors incident to party politics, the weightier responsibilities of the fight; upon editors and writers the duty of supplying the ammunition and carrying arguments to the front. The men in office should act as the commissariat, looking to the rich men of the party to see to it that the army chest is well supplied with funds. The chairmen of the national committees are the generals-in-chief, of State committees are division commanders, each with their aids and staff. The individual voter is of the rank and file; he must do the real work. When the battle is over and the smoke of the conflict has lifted itself from the field, then the camp-followers come in to plunder the dead, to seek the loot, to claim the honors of the victory, and steal the bread, and fish, and hash of office. The "Wigwam" was opened for the fight on Saturday night by A. G. Booth, Hon. George L. Woods, Hon. George C. Perkins, George A. Knight, and Walter Leman, with glee clubs, music, and song. The party was never more united, the outlook never more encouraging, and victory never more certain than it is to-day in California for the Republican party. The following is the list of the Republican orators and their opening appointments in California. Most of them are enlisted for the campaign. The list presents a goodly array of talent:

SAN FRANCISCO—By the Hon. William W. Morrow, Republican nominee for Congress, Fourth District, and Hon. M. M. Estee, at the "Republican Wigwam." SAN JOSE—By the Hon. Charles N. Felton, Republican nominee for Congress, Fifth District, and Hon. John F. Swift. PACHECO—By the Hon. Joseph McKenna, Republican nominee for Congress, Third District, and Hon. L. B. Mizner. SALINAS CITY—By Colonel Henry H. Markham, Republican nominee for Congress, Sixth District, and Hon. Oregon Snaders. STOCKTON—By the Hon. Thomas Fitch. GRASS VALLEY—By the Hon A. G. Booth and Hon. Hon. J. G. Swinerton. SAN BERNARDINO—By the Hon. A. A. Sargent. SACRAMENTO—By the Hon. Creed Haymond. MARYSVILLE—By the Hon. David McClure and Hon. A. L. Hart. MODESTO—By the Hon. H. C. Dibble. SAN RAFAEL—By the Hon. E. F. Preston and Hon. J. McM. Shafter. AUBURN—By the Hon. B. J. Watson and Hon. M. D. Boruck. SANTA ROSA—By the Hon. E. D. Wheeler. MERCED—By Governor George L. Woods. SANTA CRUZ—By George A. Knight, Esq. NAPA—By Doctor Benjamin Shurtleff and C. H. Jackson, Esq. DIXON—By the Hon. A. P. VanDuzer and Hon J. M. Dudley. WOODLAND—By the Hon. Grove L. Johnson and Doctor H. Vernon. SAN DIEGO—By the Hon. W. A. Cheney. REDWOOD CITY—By the Hon. D. J. Murphy. VALLEJO—By the Hon. Harry V. Moorehouse. SAN LUIS OBISPO—By the Hon. F. Adams and Hon. V. A. Gregg.

We are painfully conscious of a lack of reverence for ever so many of the things of this and the other worlds. Historic events of the most deeply interesting character, ceremonials and pageants hallowed by the most sacred traditions and authorized by the precept and example of the earliest and most pious of fathers, do not somehow impress us as they seem to impress other and better men. We do not believe so readily as we really think we ought to do. So strong is our tendency to disbelieve absurd, unnatural, and unreasonable things—in the absence of proof—that we discover a tendency in our mind not to place implicit confidence even in miracles, especially modern miracles, such as those of Lourdes and Knock, and even when we were supplied with a home production of "stigmata," right here in San Francisco, and vouched for by some of our most reliable and excellent citizens, we—well, we didn't go a cent on the girl, nor on the miracle, nor on the reliable and excellent citizens who stood sponsors for its authenticity. This lack of reverence, and tendency to require evidence in proof of the supernatural, are inherited defects of moral character for which we do not hold ourselves solely responsible. The individual who possesses the faculty of reverence is undoubtedly a happy person. The person who can believe without inquiring is a happy individual. Faith must be awful nice. Ours is not as big as a grain of mustard seed, and of that doubting kind that if it were as big as a mountain it would not remove a grain of mustard seed. It is not alone in matters of faith and worship that we lack belief, but we find ourselves disinclined to give credit to facts of history unless they are authenticated by direct proof or by conclusive presumptive evidence. The story of the world is an historical novel founded on fact. It has been written by the imaginative, the partisan, the prejudiced. It has been told in the partiality of friendship, in the bitterness of hate, in the zeal of religion, in ignorance, superstition, and bigotry. Ambition and revenge have guided the pen. In the interest of politics, truths have been suppressed and falsehoods have been suggested. Through this long and tangled narrative, from the problematical creation of Adam and Eve in the hypothetical garden of Paradise all the way down to the unaccountable declination by Sam Tilden of the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, there have been intrigue and crime, there has been much that was pure and good, there have been villains and villainies. As a rule the devil has had the best of the long controversy in which he has been engaged. When pitched over the battlements he dragged the most brilliant angels down. In t

garden the serpent had the better of the angel. The world was saved by a scratch from the Noachian deluge; the scheme of redemption was an afterthought; the age prehistoric was a blank; the early historic a fable; in the dark age was only seen the twilight of barbarism fading into the darkness of ignorance and crime, followed by the dawn of superstition. The morning of that day was under the guidance of kingcraft and priestcraft—priest and king contending. In that age history was written; that is the history we now are reading. Histories written by politicians in the interest of dynasties, and by priests in the interest of ecclesiastical establishments, are lies. The history of the Church of Rome during the eighteenth century was an almost uninterrupted history of criminal endeavor to imprison and fetter the human intellect and to tyrannize over the mind and conscience of mankind. It is a history of contention and struggles against the effort of the people for emancipation and liberty. The history of the papacy has been ever memorable for its crimes, its ambitions, its intrigues; but these crimes, ambitions, and intrigues were especially conspicuous during the century which opened with the Pontificate of Clement XI. and terminated with that of Pius VI. During the one hundred years of Clement XI., Innocent XIII., Benedict XIII., Clement XII., Benedict XIV., Clement XIII., Clement XIV., and Pius VI., there was an unbroken succession of ecclesiastical villainy, except in the brief periods of Benedict XIV. and Clement XIV. These two more enlightened and virtuous-minded of ecclesiastics endeavored to stay the torrent of clerical abuses and reform the church. For his effort to correct the evil practices of cardinals, bishops, priests, and the monkish mob that grew fat in idle mendicancy, and for abolishing the Jesuit order, Clement was poisoned to the death. It was during this century that the insolence of the papal power involved it in wars with nearly every power in Christendom, and in contentions with all. With Germany, Austria, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and England, its popes were in constant contest. The eighteenth century was the age of the decline of the papal power. The church witnessed its own decadence, and saw civil authority emerge from the conflict purified and strengthened. It was the age when Spain began its fall. The stolen wealth of Spain's American conquests was squandered in royal extravagance, and her colonial empire lost. In England it was the age of Anne and the Georges, of William Pitt and the American revolution. It was the time of Clive and Warren Hastings, when India was acquired; it produced Clarkson and Wilberforce; it was the age when the first king of Prussia laid the foundations of the German state, the time of the illustrious Fredericks, when they carved out empire with the sword. In Russia the Mongolian savages gave way for the establishment of the Romanoff dynasty, and the colossal power took its place in the family of civilization. It was the period of Peter the Great, of Catharine, of Potemkin, and Suwarrow. In Austria was Maria Teresa. In Sweden was Charles XII. In France it was the age of the greatest and grandest of revolutions that the people ever waged against the intrenched wrongs of kings and priests. It produced the French national assembly, the germ of a republic, the time when the right to vote was given to every person with a decent coat. It saw the fall of the Bastile; through blood, crime, terror, mistakes, and wrongs was waged the war of the common people against king and pope, royal prerogative, and ecclesiastical tyranny, against dukes and bishops. Its night of darkness and horror witnessed bloody scenes and brought forth ferocious characters—the Girondists and the Mountain; Robespierre, Danton, and Marat. It produced the reign of terror. In the execution of its king it declared war against all the kings of earth. In its altar erected to the Goddess of Reason it emancipated the human family from all the popes and ecclesiastical establishments of all the world. The revolution of France sent out Napoleon to impress its principles upon Europe. He advertised the rights of the people, as at Austerlitz, in war. It was the age of Voltaire, Montesquieu, and the encyclopædist. State and church, religious establishments and "vested" rights, were reasoned out of the world by the philosophers, laughed away by the wit of scoffers. It was a savage and sacrilegious onslaught upon the divine right of kings, and upon the impudent and insolent pretensions of priests. It swept away the abuses of the feudal age; it emancipated the mind and conscience of mankind from the thraldom of superstition; it cleared the way for the American declaration of independence; it made the American republic possible. The eighteenth century was a splendid conflict with intrenched wrongs. Its result was a series of splendid achievements and of progress in the onward advance of civilization; an age of philosophy, science, and invention; an age of great writers, artists, and statesmen.

---

Such was the drift of our reflections on an idle Sunday spent at "Owlswood" with Ranke's "History of the Popes," a book not to be studied by Californian boys and girls in the public schools. Tired of our history and our cigars, we chanced to see the Thursday's issue of the San Francisco *Chronicle* with its glowing account of the centennial of the Spanish friar, Junipero Serra, and the old Carmel Mission, near Monterey; its pictures of the ruined church of San Carlos de Monterey, and of the new one, restored with redwood shingles, painted glass windows, and yellow wash over its old adobes; the portraits of Fra Junipero Serra—who was born in 1713, left Spain for California in 1749 to found the mission church at San Carmel, just one hundred years before we came to hunt gold in the Sierra foot-hills—and Father Angelo Casanova, parish priest at Monterey who reconstructed the ruined church in Carmel Valley. Carefully and patiently we read the thirty-six tedious columns of historical romance, and examined all the pictures, and read the accounts of the missions established by early Spanish priests; thought of the eighteenth century, of what Spain and the church had done for California; reviewed in our own mind the history of our early missions, of Jesuit, Franciscan, or Dominican, contrasting the Spanish and Catholic immigrant with the Englishman and Puritan who came to New England; in thought we contrasted the bleak, cold coast of our northern Atlantic with the warm and sunny shores of the mild and gentle Pacific. To the rock-bound, forest-covered, sterile coast of New England came the English Puritan immigrant to fight savages and conquer nature, to carve out empire and lay the foundations of government and civilization; to the fertile land of California—clothed in wild flowers basking in the sunlight, no rigors of climate to encounter, no winter's cold or inhospitable forest, no implacable race of ferocious savages—came the Spaniard and the Romanist to convert Indians and plant the Church of Rome. The times were the same; Spain was at the acme of her glory, and England had not assumed her position among the leading powers of the world; the papal power was at its zenith; Protestantism was in its infancy. There was only one reason why the immigrant to New England should have excelled the immigrant to California; it was the same reason that made England triumph over Spain and outrun her in the career of prosperity; it was the same reason that left the French immigrants to Lower Canada to grovel in ignorance, bigotry, and poverty, while the immigrants from France to the Carolinas advanced in mental and moral progress and in material wealth; it was the same reason that held Mexico in check and places her to-day in contrast with the republic of the United States. It was the Roman Catholic Church that has shown how it can blight nations and peoples; that casts a shadow wherever it exists, and that, in contrast with Protestantism and free thought, is to all lands and all people and all institutions, and ever has been, a curse. We have the right to inquire what is there that has been useful in the history of the California missions?—what have they accomplished that is beneficial?—what results are the outgrowth of planting these early mission establishments in all of our beautiful valleys? We look over their broken adobe walls, their old pear orchards and mission vines, their dilapidated, ruined churches, and we ask: What good have they done? When we see intelligent Catholic gentlemen and ladies, a Democratic Legislature, monks, priests, bishops, coadjutor bishops, and archbishops whooping up the centennial of a Spanish monk and priest, we ask: What has this priest, or the order to which he belongs, or the church he represents, done for California or anybody in it?—what is the condition of the early Spanish-Californian population, and how do they compare with the communities where monk, and priest, and Church of Rome do not hold sway? They came to Christianize the Indian; then we ask: Where is the Indian and what is his history? The early Spanish-Californian has not kept pace with the progress of the age. Despoiled of herds, and lands, and wealth, he may thank the civilization of Rome that he was not able to compete with the immigrants of other lands and the worshipers at other altars, that he was too deficient, and weak, and ignorant to keep step to the music of the age. We look for the poor Indian, and he has been swept from the earth by the dissipation, vices, and diseases which accompanied Spanish soldier and priest when they came with holy water to plant the cross, and with blessings and gunpowder to found Christian missions. We read of the jealousies between monks and soldiers, of the quarrel between Serra and Fages; of the growth of flocks and herds, and the harvest of fruits and grains; of bloody encounters with hostile Indians, but we find no lasting monuments of Christian civilization, no schools, no homes, no industries; and observe no permanent benefit for all the toils, and sacrifices, and hardships which monk and soldier are said to have encountered. We do not understand why intelligent Catholics should be proud of this history, or endeavor to revive it. Half a century after these missions were established, the Indian woman was clad in a breech-clout, the dwellings of tule or dried mud, and in them no table, nor chair, nor bedstead; no glass in the windows, no chimney, no wooden floor. Young women were locked up at night. Indians were treated as children. They were not allowed to own property, to cultivate land on their own account, to control their children, to select their occupations or place of residence, to choose their captains, or to determine the times when they would work or play; nor could they leave the mission without the consent of the Friar Superior. The red converts, as well as the wild Indians, were designated in the Spanish speech as *gente sin razon*—people without reason, or senseless—while the whites, or those containing Spanish blood, were *gente de razon*, or reasonable beings. This contemptuous title for the Indians was common in conversation and in the official documents, and was thus impressed upon the common mind. If the Indians refused to work or to attend religious service, they were not secure against the lash, and we are even told that sometimes the goad—a stick with a sharp iron point—was used to keep order in church, the beadle reaching over to punch the fellow who did not show a proper spirit of devotion. While the red men were believed to be very near the brute, intellectually, and were looked upon as incompetent to take proper care of themselves, there was little aversion on the part of the Spaniards or Mexicans to association or intermarriage with them, and a large majority of the native Californians of Spanish blood are the descendants of Indian women. Contrast this picture, and it is historical—from Bancroft—with any scheme of colonization attempted by any Protestant people, and let the answer be a truthful one. And now let us quote—with comment—from the account given in the *Chronicle*. Not that we believe the narrative is true, but because it is from church authority and is accepted as authentic. This life of Junipero Serra—who is to be canonized as a saint—which is held up to the youth of our present day as a model, and whose biography is studied in our parochial schools—let us coldly, irreverently, but honestly, analyze it and see if it is worthy of imitation. We pass the interesting narrative of his birth in 1713, his joining of the Franciscan Order in 1730, his visit to California in 1769, to the consideration of his more personal history as indicating his traits of character and the kind of religion that found favor in his sight.

"He had long been a sufferer from an affection of the chest and ulcers in the legs, both aggravated if not caused by self-inflicted hardships and a pious neglect of body. The death of his old companion Crespi had been a heavy blow. His sorrow had been deep at partial failure in his efforts to place California exclusively under missionary control, and to revive under better auspices the Jesuit epoch of the peninsula."

The cultivation of ulcers and the indulgence of personal uncleanliness does not command our sympathy, nor do we at all sympathize in his failure to place early California under Jesuit control.

"It was not enough for him to abstain from positive pleasure; he considered it as his duty to inflict upon himself bitter pain. He ate little, avoided meat and wine, preferred fruit and fish, and never complained of the quality of his food, or sought to have it more savory. He often lashed himself with ropes, sometimes with wire; he was in the habit of beating himself in the breast with stones, and at times he put a burning torch to his breast. These things he did while preaching, or at the close of his sermons, his purpose being, as his biographer says, not only to punish himself, but also to move his auditory to penitence for their own sins. Palou relates the following incident which occurred during a sermon which he delivered in Mexico—the precise date and place are not given: Imitating the devout San Francisco Solano, he drew out a chain, and, letting his habit fall below his shoulders, after having exhorted his auditory to penance, he began to beat himself so cruelly that all his spectators were moved to tears, and one man, rising up from among them, went up with all haste to the pulpit, and taking the chain from the penitent father, came down with it to the platform of the presbytery, and following the example of the venerable preacher, bared himself to the waist, and began to do public penance, saying, with tears and sobs: 'I am the sinner, ungrateful to God, who ought to do penance for my sins, and not the father, who is a saint.' So cruel and pitiless were the blows that, in the sight of all the people, he fell down. They supposing him to be dead, the last unction and sacrament were administered to him there, and soon after that he died. We may believe, with pious faith, that his soul is enjoying the presence of God."

That such absurd nonsense as this should in this nineteenth century be paraded for Christian virtues is not creditable to the intelligence or the honesty of the Roman Church. If such penance was grateful to God a hundred years ago, why do not archbishop, bishop, coadjutor-bishop, priest, and monk lash themselves with chains to-day in the Cathedral, or in the Jesuit church, or in the churches of St. Patrick, St. Francis d'Assisi, St. Bridget, or Notre Dame, in San Francisco? One of the leading virtues of this most devout padre was the encouragement he gave to his sore leg. He journeyed once on foot from Mexico to California, although he was suffering severely from an inflamed leg, the result of an injury received twenty years before.

"Limping from mission to mission with a lame foot that must never be cured, fasting much and passing sleepless nights, depriving himself of comfortable clothing and nutritious food, he felt that he was imitating the saints and martyrs. He bore this painful wound to the end of his life, and it was characteristic of the man, as well as of the abnormal standards of the age, that he not only sought no measures for a radical cure of the diseased member, but, obstinately accepting the suffering as a cross, allowed the trouble to be aggravated in every way, by going without shoes or stockings, and by taking long journeys on foot. When he preached he was carried out of himself by the fervor of his desire to impress his hearers. Baring his breast, he would beat it violently with a stone, or burn the flesh with a lighted torch, to enhance the effect of his descriptions of the tortures of hell. There is in his memoir a curious engraving, showing him lifted high above a motley group of listeners, holding in his hands the blazing torch and the stone."

This the character and this the name for whom the enlightened Roman Catholics of California ask a legal holiday—ask thousands of dollars for a memorial church; whose life and history the Society of California Pioneers

are asked to plant with other archives in their corner-stone; whose portrait they are asked to place in their public hall. Let us give one more incident—shameful and sacrilegious as it is—to illustrate the credulous and superstitious bigotry of the man, the age, and the church:

"When Serra was traveling with a party of missionaries through the province of Huasteca, in Mexico, many of the villagers did not go to hear the word of God at the first village where they stopped; but scarcely had the fathers left the place when it was visited by an epidemic, which carried away sixty villagers, all of whom, as the curate of the place wrote to the Reverend Father Junipero, were persons who had not gone to hear the missionaries. The rumor of the epidemic having gone abroad, the people in other villages were dissatisfied with their curates for admitting the missionaries; but when they heard that only those died who did not listen to the sermons, they became very punctual, not only the villagers, but the country people dwelling upon ranches many leagues distant. Their apostolic labors having been finished, they were upon their way back, and, at the end of a few days' journey, when the sun was about to set, they knew not where to spend the night, and considered it certain that they must sleep on the open plain. They were thinking about this when they saw near the road a house, whither they went and solicited lodging. They found a venerable man with his wife and child, who received them with much kindness and attention, and gave them supper. In the morning the fathers thanked their hosts, and, taking leave, pursued their way. After having gone a little distance they met some muleteers, who asked them where they had spent the night. When the place was described, the muleteers declared that there was no house or rancho near the road, or within many leagues. The missionaries attributed to Divine Providence the favor of that hospitality, and believed undoubtingly that their hosts were Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, reflecting not only about the order and cleanliness of the house, though poor, and the affectionate kindness with which they had been received, but also about the extraordinary internal consolation which their hearts had felt there."

We began this article by lamenting our want of reverenee for some things called holy, and our regret for lacking a faith that would not enable us to accept the miraculous, the incredible, and the unnatural. But this most atrocious and mendacious narrative of Father Palou, the biographer of Junipero Serra, is so absurd and so wicked that we apologize to ourselves for having expressed regret that we could not swallow this and the kindred lies which are told to uphold so false and dangerous a religion as we believe this of Rome to be. We do not altogether lack respect for the Christian religion; and as we have been taught the faith of our pious mother, we blush for the churchman, high or low, priest or layman, high ecclesiastic or low friar, who can believe that Christ, the Son of God, with his immaculate mother and Joseph her husband, came down to earth to keep hotel for this tramping monk, who was picking his sore leg across the cactus plains of Mexico. We would not willingly revive these stupid lying legends of monks and martyrs, if the officials of the papal church would let them sleep in their forgotten graves, where common sense and common consent have buried them. But if the Archbishop of Oregon will draw liquid soup from the marrow-bones of a saint seventeen centuries dead; if Catholic priests and gentlemen will certify to the miracle of the stigmata in San Francisco; if the reverend clergy of California will open the grave of Junipero Serra, an hundred years buried, and play his bones like castanets for our amusement, they must not take offense if we laugh at their absurd and altogether ridiculous nonsense.

We made the observation some time since that most of the political speaking was over the heads of the audience addressed. The speaker is too apt, in his self-admiration, to address the better class of his hearers, more in the hope of applause from the intelligent and appreciative than with the idea of instructing or converting the uneducated and unthinking. A meeting held a few nights since at Union Hall, and addressed by the Reverend Kalloch, in the interest of Butler, was a model political effort, and one which the Republican party might profitably imitate. The audience was largely composed of workingmen. It was largely Democratic, and at the beginning loudly demonstrative for Cleveland. It was almost riotous, so angry were the stalwarts who had "never scratched a ticket," when Cleveland was arraigned as an enemy of labor. Kalloch shook his threatening finger, and bade them be quiet. He went on with his indictment of the Democratic candidate in the most earnest and eloquent manner—for Kalloch is earnest, argumentative, logical, and eloquent. The audience listened, and when he had concluded there went away from that meeting hundreds of men who had changed their minds. If an electoral ticket is arranged for Butler in this State, and Kalloch takes the stump for him, astonishment will strike some people who are now sneering. If the independent tax-paying citizens should have cause to offer coöperation with the workingmen cn a municipal ticket, there will be music in the air. We recommend Boss Buckley and Boss Higgins to give us a good city ticket, or there will be a cyclone.

Colonel Robert Ingersoll, with Mrs. Ingersoll, his two daughters, and Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Baker, will arrive in San Francisco, overland from Oregon, on September 11th. He lectures on Friday evening, September 12th, at Sacramento. The colonel will deliver an unorthodox lecture on next Saturday evening, September 13th, at Metropolitan Temple. Subject, "Orthodoxy." He remains on the coast some weeks, lecturing three times in San Francisco; hence to New Mexico, where he has a ranch and cattle property.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### Mr. Nahl's Picture Condemned.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your prevailing impartiality on matters of common interest seems to me on the wrong path, while endeavoring to exonerate the directors of the Mechanics' Institute for exhibiting Mr. Nahl's much talked-of picture. Aside from a questionable artistic merit, and passing over Bishop Riordan's sectarian views (undoubtedly more so than those Mr. Senger would have taken on the matter), there remains the fact that the casual uplifting of a modern dress, with the consequent exposure of two female legs that are admired by an uncivil by-stander, is far from being a subject tending to elevate either taste or morals. True, the painting almost opposite, representing Sampson's capture, exposes nudity on a much larger scale; and so do many others. Yet, while these dwell on historical or mythological events, and train the eye and the mind to physical perfection, Mr. Nahl's effort only suggests to numerous youthful visitors precocious topics that will not fail to bring results, in many cases, diametrically opposite to the above, being detrimental to purity of thought, without any moral or even physical compensation. My opinion will certainly be shared by the many fathers and mothers who think that like artistic performances are more adapted for saloons or worse places than for the decoration of their homes, or inspection by their children. I am, dear sirs, your obedient servant,

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 1, 1884. MARK TROMBONI.

### A Card from H. W. Arthur Nahl.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Is it not strange that the Catholic "cloth" should become now suddenly awakened to the idea that it is being scandalized by the teaching in our public schools of historical facts occurring in the sixteenth century and the introduction of a priest in my painting, "Incident in the Louvre?" I can mention at least a dozen paintings hanging in the public galleries of Catholic France and Belgium—one is a wearer of the "cloth" making a proposition and a present to a grisette, by A. Solomon. Another is "A Good Story," where two priests are seated at a table drinking wine and eating; one of the priests is relating a story which it is plainly to be seen is not in the catechism; the other is convulsed with laughter. Another modern painting, a priest sitting at a well-spread table touching glasses with his good-looking housekeeper, by Ed. Grutzner. I could cite many more, and will do so for the benefit of any over-zealous Catholic who desires further information on the subject. If the Catholic cause is never more scandalized than the "Incident in the Louvre" scandalizes it, the Catholic is pure indeed, and therefore need have no fear of being tainted. The assailant of my painting, in a certain paper, says "there are some men who prefer notoriety to fame." My fame I am competent of looking after, and, as to the notoriety, it is plainly seen "which way the wind blows," as the writer of the article in the before-mentioned paper says *he* is a *non*-Catholic; yet he has devoted three full columns condemning me because I painted a picture from *actual fact*, so very zealous is he in the Catholic cause. This more than virtuous party is evidently fishing for the Catholic patronage or vote, or is otherwise well paid. This same saintly person (who would of course blush at a woman's garment or pair of stockings hanging from a line on the roof of a Chinese washhouse) furthermore says that my painting, "if photographed, would come under the operation of the law." Very well, let him arrest me! It will add to my notoriety, and give a grand opportunity to some pure-minded picture-dealers and artists (who smirk and fawn in my face and stab me in the back with their venomous tongues) to air their knowledge of perspective, and art in general; besides, if this defender of decency who has been so *shocked* at the "Incident in the Louvre" has any "filthy lucre" to spare, it will *keep* just as well in my pocket as in his. He makes much out of a *mistake* of the *Chronicle's* art critic, reporting me to have said "it's only a little thing, and I am doing it merely for amusement." I did use these words, *but not at all in connection* with the "Incident in the Louvre," but about a little painting I am doing of the "Wartburg." I am not so rich in this world's goods as to spend over a year's time in painting *just for pleasure;* besides, I do not consider the Louvre picture a small one by any means. I could tell you much more, but I know I am presuming upon your valuable time. I am, sir, very respectfully yours,

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 2, 1884. H. W. ARTHUR NAHL.

### Science and Creeds.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The recent furor in regard to Professor Senger's lesson in history, of the grand events during the sixteenth century, as taught by him, brings up this question: Are we not, from a scientific standpoint, in this nineteenth century, away behind the age as to the various creeds of the day? In an era when science is leading us on to more fully comprehend the grand scheme of creation, when we are accepting cremation of all that is mortal instead of the old doctrine of the resurrection, and placing implicit faith in the Creator that on the magnetic waves of light our spirits are borne to other worlds than this, we certainly can not cling to the old dogmas of the past. Science, God, and Nature are leading us on to realize the fact that our tiny globe is no more in the material universe than a drop of water is to the broad Pacific that rolls so grandly upon our shores. "In this nineteenth century everything told us of a Creator must be on a scale in which he is known to us in his works, and *not* on the fond legends of an ignorant tribe." Astronomy, geology, chemistry, botany, and zoology have made the old Roman Catholic, Calvinistic, Judaic and other once possible creeds, *impossible* to be the food of a new age. Science has done, and is doing, more for us than *all the saints* in the calendar. It is surrounding us with all the enjoyments and blessings of a higher life. Fulton, Morse, Franklin, Edison, and a score of others are our saints, and ought to have a niche in every heart. Science is leading us on to realize the fact that we are created, *not* for this world alone, but for a universe as boundless as eternity; that we have not only one life, but a million more; that hereafter we shall be under the control of the same grand, natural laws of nature as we find ourselves at present. Science tells us

> "There is no death; what seems so is transition.
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
> Whose portal we call death."

Science corrects theology, line after line, until few of the lines are left. She is to-day our guiding angel, leading us onward and upward, and she surely will be with us forever. Ralph Waldo Emerson says: "The unsparing, impossible solutions of science have disposed once for all of the dusty corners and cobwebs, and the middle-age Christianity is as dead as Paganism." The narrow creeds of the day are a thousand years behind the times. We want a creed that tells us of millions of worlds yet to come, and it can not be too grand, too glorious for the scientific revelations of our time. And the narrow, bigoted tenets of the present must soon give way before the flood of light now breaking.

> "'Twill come; though long be Error's night,
> Truth's morn will break sublimely grand,
> And all mankind, redeemed, shall stand,
> For God hath said, 'Let there be light.'"

SAN FRANCISCO, September 2, 1884. ALFRED H. NAHOR.

### The Senger Matter

EDITORS ARGONAUT: If there is one thing that claims the unreserved admiration of a foreign teacher, it is the system of public education in this country. If there is anything that deserves the homage, not only of my co-religionists, the Roman Catholics, but of all those who aspire after the era of religious tolerance, it is the liberal spirit which, in America, enables us to follow the dictates of our church with often greater freedom than among our own people. But if anything surprises me, it is to see the *Argonaut* make a stand against religious neutrality in the teaching department. You can not pretend that the questions raised by the Senger incident are not vexatious ones, to say the least; and, admitting them, either you must have none but Protestant teachers, and the schools become sectarian, or else you must admit controversy (and it does not require a theologian to sustain it in this case) opening the door to the ill feelings, the dissensions, the persecutions which we deplore elsewhere. Here is a teacher who, inadvertently I believe, is led to tread one step upon forbidden ground; immediately a protest is made and a warning given through him for all to refrain from trespassing the line traced by a most judicious policy. I do not see that anybody is gagged or any one encroaching. I think, on the contrary, that this incident, which might have proved a brand of discord in other countries, was settled in the most unimpassioned and impartial manner by all parties concerned. I am aware what a delicate matter it is to touch on certain historical points without evincing some more or less sectarian feelings, but for the welfare of the community it is desirable to check this tendency. It would be your opinion if the tables were turned, and it would soon be the case if you succeeded in establishing such a precedent. Suppose, indeed, that a Catholic teacher held the place of Professor Senger, and a Protestant girl should take the counterside of the questions propounded to this gentleman, and this Catholic teacher would answer according to his convictions that the Roman Catholic Church has not changed; that the dogmas are only the articulate form of doctrine which has previously been believed implicitly; that dogma is not promulgated until a doctrine is questioned or attacked, or till the weak, being exposed to danger, compels the teachers of truth to examine these truths to the bottom. (See Kent Stone, "The Invitation Heeded," ch. on Infallibility, p. 129 and following.) Or even suppose that—in regard to the duality or trinity of papal power—he would have quoted from Macaulay's "Essay on Ranke's History of the Popes." Lord Macaulay is one of the greatest English essayists, and a Protestant, yet the *Argonaut* would have objected to this, and quite rightly, too. There is nothing perfect in *human* institutions, and in the present case our safeguard is evidently restriction. It is here, if we wish to preserve harmony, that speech is silver but silence is gold; and, taking all in all, I can apply to the common schools of San Francisco and the Union the words of the optimist: "Tout est pour le mieux dans le meilleur des systèmes possibles."

Respectfully, E. B. LAMARE.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 1, 1884.

### A Workingman on the Situation.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Both the great political parties have formulated their platforms and nominated their candidates. Great and solemn are the interests involved in the issue. During the next four years there will probably be introduced into the legislation and administration of the government such influences as will determine its future destiny for all time, whether it is to be a "government of the people, for the people, and by the people," as Mr. Lincoln said, or a government of mere expediency and prerogative. It is generally admitted that the Democratic party has no principles; that it will advocate any measures that promise to be popular with the people; that it has for a quarter of a century been on the wrong side of every great question of national policy; that its antecedents are un-American and un-republican; that it has nothing but the penitent professions of a bad historic record to commend it to the public confidence. The American citizen's choice is not between candidates, but between parties; and the difference between parties is to be found in their past record as developed from their fundamental doctrines. Possibly both the candidates nominated have their faults. It might be difficult to determine where the preponderance of personal merit lies (although Mr. Cleveland's character, morally considered, seems to be very defective). Doubtless our principal business should be conscientiously to consider which party, by its antecedents, is most likely to subserve the best interests of the country. The merits or demerits of candidates are matters of secondary importance. Nevertheless, if we consider the political merits of the candidates, it is not difficult to determine where the preponderance of merit lies. Mr. Blaine is one of the ablest, most polished, most experienced statesmen in America—we may say in the world. Having been in public office for more than a quarter of a century, during the most exciting and dangerous period of our political history, he has on every occasion acquitted himself with entire satisfaction to his constituents. He is an orator of extraordinary fertility, fluency, and power, a parliamentarian of acknowledged superiority, a patriot who always labored for the public good, a diplomate who instantaneously comprehends the nature and extent of all foreign complications, an historian of comprehensive grasp. Nothing seems to be wanting in his nature, disposition, and acquirements to make him one of the most brilliant and successful Presidents since the foundation of the government. He does not only possess the sagacity, prudence, and conservatism of Mr. Lincoln, the generosity, dignity, and patriotism of Washington, but, in combination with these noble qualities, he has in a very eminent degree the wonderful penetration, depth, and literary culture of Chesterfield; the Christian thoughtfulness, generosity, endurance, and enthusiasm of Gladstone. Mr. Cleveland is an inexperienced, untried man. It would be an extraordinary spectacle in American politics for a person to be mayor of an interior city, governor of the greatest State in the Union, and President of the United States within the brief period of four or five years. It is evident that personal merit could not accomplish so much for any man. Luck and availability are much in Mr. Cleveland's favor; but these are poor evidences of a man's fitness for the exalted office of President. Whatever his merits may be, he has given no exhibition of any abilities which should make him a Presidential candidate. Has he spoken or written anything of importance on political economy or morals to show that he can grasp fundamental principles?—that the everlasting truths of justice and freedom, which were laid down as the foundation of our government by our fathers, would be properly applied in the administration of the government if he were President? Or would we run the risk of having an inexperienced demagogue in the executive chair, who in great emergencies would utterly fail of resources? The American people, among all the nations of the earth, are concerned in realizing to the world the grand ideals of truth, honor, freedom, and justice, and to make the republic an eternal actuality for all time to come; and consequently they will exercise their high prerogative in electing to the highest position of honor only the most brilliant, experienced, and tried statesmen—chief among whom stands James G. Blaine. A. F. CLARKSON,

SAN FRANCISCO, August 5, 1884. (A Workingman.)

The following description of the rooms of the New Orleans Chess, Checkers, and Whist Club would seem to show a marked interest in chess in the Crescent City: On the first floor to the right is the chess-room, containing thirteen heavy black walnut chess-tables, with elegant inlaid boards; the walls are hung with fine pictures, and the mantels hold the photographs of the world's great chess players. Besides, the room is fitted up with all the other appliances and comforts necessary to a first-class chess-room. Eighteen sets of club-size Staunton men have been ordered from England, and are expected shortly. The library and reading-room is off the chess-room, and fronts on the Baronne Street side. On the opposite side, fronting Canal Street, is the parlor, luxuriously furnished. The annex parlor, in which there is a splendid piano, is used as the music-room. Adjoining the annex is the wine-room, elegantly fitted up. To the left, on the wing, is the reception-room; back of this are the domino, checkers, and writing-rooms. On the rear galleries are the toilet-rooms, store-rooms, and closets. On the second floor, on Baronne Street, is the billiard [illegible] containing two new tables. At the corner of Canal [illegible] is the whist room. Across the hall is the general [illegible], however, playing is only allowed for amusement, [illegible] is permitted in the club building. Next is the [illegible] mon, and cribbage-room. Opposite the billiard [illegible] room, with one new table. The Baronne Str[illegible] thrown into one large room, to be used exclusive[illegible] it is the intention of the club to establish a circul[illegible]

## AN UNBORN GHOST.

By Leonard Kip.

Upon the third day of May, 1881, I took passage for New York in the packet ship *Nathan G. Southcote*, then in the Liverpool trade. She was a stanch and comfortable old vessel, though notoriously of no great speed. As to that, however, I cared very little. My chief object was health, which I believed could be best secured through a sea voyage, and the longer it lasted the better it might be for me. Had time been of much value, I should have taken the steamer, and made a more rapid passage, with probably fewer comforts.

Voyages for health or pleasure in sailing-vessels have now become so infrequent that I naturally expected to have the whole cabin for myself. And this at first seemed to be the case, for during the first twelve hours of the voyage, the most of which time I passed on deck, the captain and pilot were my only companions. But after we had discharged our pilot and were well under way, rolling lazily down the channel, other passengers came upon deck, and I discovered that instead of being the only one on board I was merely one of six.

What seemed to be a family of five, indeed, had taken passage with us, and probably for a similar reason. There was a gentleman of about fifty-five, and his son just grown into manhood. The father, though at first inclined to be somewhat distant in manner, almost at once warmed into a more courteous frame, and the son soon followed him, drawing, as was natural, into still nearer friendliness. The others of the party were young ladies of about sixteen, eighteen, and twenty years respectively, and of course I became acquainted with them also, though not as speedily as with the two men. I had at first supposed them to be the daughters of the old gentleman, but after a while discovered that they were no relation. He was Sir Giles Pettengal, the owner of a well-known Kentish manor, and with his son had projected an extensive and leisurely tour through the United States. The eldest of the girls was Lady Clara Breck, the only daughter of Sir Joshua Breck, deceased, and was now the ward of Sir Giles, who during the lifetime of Sir Joshua had been his most intimate friend. The other two were also members of distinguished county families, and, being near neighbors and associates of Lady Clara, had gladly embraced this opportunity to accompany her and see a little of the world. All three were rather pretty girls, though not decidedly beautiful. They seemed, however, to have the pleasing qualities of fair features, clear complexions, and intelligent expressions, together with every appearance of amiability; and in young girls these attributes are generally sufficient to constitute considerable attractiveness. I have said that my acquaintance with them was less speedy in ripening. This was to have been expected, under the circumstances; but as soon as they realized that I could be trusted with their temporary friendship they freely bestowed it upon me, and so it came about that in three or four days I was admitted into the family intimacy, and there seemed to be every indication that our voyage would be a pleasant one, not only in its physical but also in its social characteristics. The wind was fair, the weather warm, the officers and crew capable; and I looked forward confidently to three or four weeks of agreeable companionship, and was certainly far from imagining that any disturbing element could arise in any direction.

The trouble began late in the evening of the fifth day. I had played my game of chess with Clara Breck, and had trotted the other girls, each on an arm, for a few minutes up and down the quarter-deck. Then when they had turned in, I had had my smoke and a small installment of political talk with Sir Giles and Alfred. After they had left me I had had another smoke with the captain, and then had turned in myself, feeling very well pleased with the events of the evening, and hoping to enjoy a long and comfortable sleep. But scarcely had I undressed and tumbled into my berth, and was dropping into that delicious languor which precedes a healthful nap, when I was all at once startled into full wakefulness by hearing my name pronounced in the tone of salutation, and apparently close beside me. As I had a stateroom all to myself and had locked my door, and by the light shining through its pane from outside could look into each corner, and knew, moreover, that my trunks filled every portion of the space beneath the berth, so that no one could have lain there concealed, I was more startled than at first I might have been willing to acknowledge. But I put a bold front upon the matter, and, in as calm a voice as I could assume, responded:

"Well, who are you? And what do you want?"

"I am the spirit—or, as you would call it, the ghost—of the eighth Baronet of Pettengal," was the answer. "I am a little lonely, and have thought that it would be a pleasant thing to make your acquaintance, if you will permit it, for purposes of occasional conversation."

The voice was very low, yet distinct, not seeming to come from any distant corner of the stateroom, but close at my ear, as though hovering bird-like in the air within a few inches of me. It is a little singular, though perhaps realized by me as such more thoroughly in subsequent reflection than at the time, that I did not feel at all astonished. However surprised I might have been if I had been led to anticipate such an incident, it seemed at the very first a perfectly natural thing to be talking with a ghost. I can only assume that this particular ghost had some electric or magnetic faculty of impressing upon me a realization of his character and identity, so as from the first to put me completely at my ease. But for all that, and however one may accept the possibility of a ghost, it is perfectly allowable to correct him upon a matter of statistics, and accordingly I responded:

"I am certainly very happy to be able to make your acquaintance. But I think that I should know exactly to whom I am speaking. Are you not making a trifling error in your designation of yourself? The gentleman now on board is the sixth Baronet of Pettengal, and his son, Alfred, will some day be the seventh. How, then, can you—"

"Things are a little different in our line from many others," was the answer. "And I am inclined to suspect that as I grow older I shall find that, in some respects, we are a peculiar family. I am aware, of course, that, in most cases, a spirit is the impalpable residue of a person after the decay of the material body. But for some reason that I can not now explain, it has always been otherwise with the Pettengals. We are created spirits in advance, and sometimes are obliged to wait a long time until a body adapted to us has been prepared. In my case I have been in being for many years; during which time, having the gifts of acute observation and of easy transmission from place to place, I have acquired considerable knowledge of the world, and perhaps more correctly than if I were fettered with a body whose constitutional frailties and eccentricities might so react upon me as to bias my judgment. But now the time is approaching when for me this form of existence must end. In fact, young Alfred Pettengal, having grown to man's estate, will soon marry; and, as he is my father, I must, necessarily, before long be born. You will see upon reflection that it is a very important thing—this being born right. My paternity, of course, is fixed; and, as to that, I will state that I am very well satisfied. But the matter of my maternity is still to be settled; and, as we commonly inherit so many of the qualities of our parents, it becomes very important that I should make proper inquiries, and, if possible, exert some influence about the selection of my mother. Constitutional qualifications—mental idiosyncrasies—all such attributes are matters of descent; and, as they will probably enter in a greater or less degree into my future being or intellectual system, they may easily increase or diminish, as the case may be, the happiness and success of my life. You will therefore readily comprehend that the suitability of the marriage of my future father must cause me many moments of anxious reflection."

"Well?"

"Indeed, it can not be possible but that I should be very anxious about it. It may not have escaped your notice that at the present time he seems to be greatly fascinated by the one whom they call Clara Breck, and as the match appears to meet the short-sighted approval of the baronet, there is great danger that his attentions may culminate in an engagement."

"But Clara Breck seems to me a very pleasant and desirable young lady," I responded. "She is rather pretty, is accomplished, intelligent, and, to all appearance, of a good disposition, I can not see why"——

"For all that," interrupted the Ghost, "she has one great defect. You will observe that she seldom or never smiles."

"Quiet in demeanor, certainly," I said. "But how can that be objectionable? It gives dignity to the character—it produces a repose of manner which"——

"And a certain morbidness which is very displeasing to me. I do not approve of levity, but there is a happy medium. What if I were to inherit this excess of gravity which somehow you so much admire? And I certainly would become heir to it, for I have often heard that the qualities of the mother are those that are generally most readily transmitted to the male offspring. At first, of course, when I am born I shall develop few characteristics at all. My present intellectual tendencies will naturally be blunted and overpowered by the weaknesses of my body. But as I grow older, all that will change. At first I shall be known as a child of peculiar gravity—probably unlike all other children in that respect. Then, as a boy, utterly incapable of participation in the laughter and merriment of my companions, I shall be shunned. After that, as a grave and seemingly unimpassioned man, I shall be looked upon as a person unable to enter into the cheerful conversations of others—repelling, perhaps, all sympathy by my grave and saturnine expression—driven into self seclusion and so leading a life of morbid isolation—in fact, I can think of no life in existence so utterly at variance with real happiness as that which may be forced upon me by such an unsuitable alliance upon the part of my father. Can you not therefore sympathize with me? And, if it should prove necessary and you had the power, would you not be willing to do all in your ability toward my rescue?"

"Well, really," I said, "I scarcely know how to answer you. As for sympathy I can give you very little of it, for I am inclined to look upon Miss Clara as a very interesting girl, with whom any man might feel proud to connect himself, and I think you very greatly over-estimate the possible inconveniences of her gravity and repose of manner. Then, as to your right to call upon me for assistance—though I can not, for the life of me, tell how I could ever render any—I must remind you that as yet we are scarcely acquainted. For certainly I can not call it an acquaintance, the merely holding a few words with you, without having had the pleasure of even seeing you. And so—really I—that is to say——"

How it would all have ended if left to itself, I do not know. It was very unpleasant to have to rebuff the Ghost's confidence in such a summary manner, but I felt that it must be done, and that I would be glad of any relief from the perplexing situation. Fortunately chance came to my assistance, for at that moment a rattling, scratching sound was heard at the outside of my door. It was the steward putting out the passage-light, the proper hour having arrived. At the interruption the Ghost's voice seemed to recede, as though he were being startled into flight. I waited for him to begin again, but he did not do so. Then I turned around upon my pillow, and trying to dismiss the whole matter from my thoughts, almost immediately fell asleep.

I awoke to the dawn of a bright and sunshiny day, and came upon deck feeling very much refreshed and undisturbed. In fact, it was rather singular that I had either forgotten my interview with the Ghost, or had somehow schooled myself to regard it as a vague, misty circumstance akin to a dream, perhaps actually nothing but a dream, and to be speedily dismissed from my mind. It is likely that if nothing further had happened upon the subject, the whole matter would actually, before very many days, have altogether faded away from my recollection. But there was one little circumstance that suggestively kept it, from time to time, hovering in my mind, and with a kind of instinct that I was destined to hear still more upon the subject. This was the evident attraction which young Alfred Pettengal seemed all at once to feel for the society of Clara Breck. I had not noted it before, but now it seemed to me that he was ever at her side, bending over her with an appearance of intense interest which could mean only one thing. In return she seemed very much pleased with his attention, manifesting her approval of it as openly as a well-brought-up and refined young lady could permit herself to do. I noticed, too, that Sir Giles appeared not at all dissatisfied with the way things were tending, that he was more than anxious, indeed, for the match, and possibly from the first had projected the voyage for the purpose of bringing the two young people more nearly into close intimacy. And I looked upon Alfred as an exceedingly happy fellow, thus favored not only with present and prospective fortune, but also with the love of a most charming young lady. For the time I forgot all that the Ghost had told me, or, if for a chance moment I happened to think of it, gave it little heed, laughing in my sleeve at him, indeed, as an exceedingly censorious and ridiculous spirit, and one who, not having yet had the opportunity to mingle with the world by living, had not learned to know his own mind, and would learn right as soon as he had been born and reached years of discretion.

A week thus passed away, quietly and serenely, one day like another, and with such an uninterrupted sequence of pleasant weather and agreeable associations, that it began to seem as though the good time must last forever. Then came the change. There is nothing so certain as the unexpected, we are told, and the first of those misfortunes occurred which were destined to make that voyage so memorable to me. Alfred had gone below to write a letter, and for the first time in three days Lady Clara had taken my arm that I might promenade the main deck with her. The air was warm and balmy, the sails all spread and gently drawing, the good ship was lazily rolling along at five or six knots an hour. Everything spoke of peace and enjoyment.

But it happened that the main hatch had been lifted off, in order that the men might get out some necessary supplies from below; not only that, but the hatchways below were open all through the three decks. We stopped for a moment to gaze down the ugly, dark hole thus laid open at our very feet, and the thought crossed my mind—must necessarily have crossed the mind of both of us—how terrible would be a fall through that black, gaping well. We little knew how soon——

"Take care; don't lean over too far," said the captain, laughingly, as he that moment passed.

"I will look out for that, captain," I replied; and, as though his warning had impressed some additional precaution on me, I took Lady Clara lightly by the arm. At that moment—how it happened I scarcely know, except that through the influence of some unusually long swell—the ship rolled over farther than usual to leeward, my companion was thrown forward, breaking apart from my too feeble grasp, there was a stifled shriek—— Well, it need not be described more minutely, I suppose. I will only say that when they lifted her up from the bottom of the hold she was quite dead. It was impossible that anybody could have survived such a fearful fall. And so in an instant the pleasure of our voyage was changed to misery. I could do nothing, for my part, but help carry her tenderly to her own cabin; and then I left her with her friends, and seeking refuge in my stateroom, flung myself face forward upon my berth, and vainly strove to shut out from my ears that last despairing cry of the poor girl.

"You did it well, very well indeed," suddenly came to me, in a low, distinct tone, as of some one close by. My door, as usual, was locked, and I felt that the intruding voice must be the voice of the Ghost.

"I do not understand you," I said.

"No? But it is an act of friendship that I shall ever remember, and with gratitude," continued the Ghost. "For I suppose that but for your interposition matters would have gone on to their apparently destined end, and I should have been born with that unfortunate Breck blood in my veins. When, last week, I told you my distress, I had not for a moment any idea of looking for your intercession. To the best of my recollection I spoke merely from a desire which a lonely spirit often feels to put confidence in somebody, rather than always bear a load of misery apart from all sympathy. It is therefore very pleasant to discover that you have taken such an interest in me as voluntarily to have come to my relief; and when I saw you grasp her by the arm and hurl her below"——

"You scoundrel!" I cried, raising myself from my berth so suddenly as to wound my forehead quite severely by striking against the ship's transom; but at the moment I scarcely noticed it. "Miserable ghost, spirit, or devil—whatever you may be—you know full well that I would not willingly have injured a hair of poor Clara's head, and that my only object in touching her at all was to hinder what happened."

"There, there! You need not be angry," responded the Ghost. "You know that I saw it all, and that it is useless to deny it. Moreover, there seems very little necessity to do so—even an indiscretion in the denial, if you will allow me to say so, since your impulse to come forward for my relief was really an admirable and praiseworthy one, demanding all my gratitude, and any fear of acknowledging it now will be sure to take away half the open-handedness of the gift. And why should you fear? Surely I can not complain against you—in fact, being miserable, and, as it were, for the present incorporeal, I could not give evidence for or against you, or in any way make myself believed. Therefore you must see that it is better"——

Without waiting to hear more, I flung myself out of my berth and left the stateroom. I am of the impression that as I left a faint sardonic laugh followed me, but about that I can not feel certain, and, as I desire to tell only the truth, I will not insist upon it. But I gained the deck in momentary fear of being followed by a mocking voice, nor was it for some minutes that I regained my composure. That such a base charge should be made against me—it made my blood boil, and even infused a terror into my being. It was in vain that I repeated to myself the assurances of my innocence, and argued that even if the Ghost believed

the contrary, he could not in any way appear against me to my discredit. The great fact remained that I had been accused of a horrible, willful murder, and I strode the deck wildly until near the break of day, finding little ability to compose myself, and not daring to return to my berth lest I might meet new insults.

But for a while I was spared any further annoyances of the kind, and so, little by little, matters resumed something of their accustomed course. Poor Clara was buried at sea on the third day, and gradually the whole party began to recover something of their wonted cheerfulness. Tears at first, and then saddened countenances with lowered voices, and after that an occasional smile or a merry remark uttered in momentary forgetfulness of the late disaster. Men can not always grieve, and the poor girl was merely the friend of the others, with no closer tie of relationship; and so, upon the fifth or sixth day after the burial, we began to think that after all life might have some charms remaining for us. Perhaps we might have revived even more quickly than we did if the weather had continued warm and sunshiny and our progress satisfactory; but for three or four days we had been troubled with baffling head winds, the sky was overcast, the air chilly, and now the captain began to talk about the neighborhood of icebergs.

"Do you not think," came whispered into my ears that night—and of course it was the Ghost who spoke—"that my destined father, Alfred Pettengal, is becoming a little too much interested in Lady Blanche Proctor?"

I rather languidly turned my head at hearing this. A week ago I would have left my stateroom on the spot rather than hold any communication with the Ghost, so great had then been my indignation. But of late I was cooled down somewhat. My consciousness of innocence was, of course, complete, and in that respect self-sustaining; and I argued, further, that as the Ghost could do me no harm, it was scarcely worth while to make myself unhappy or excited about anything it said or did. Moreover, it were best to look upon the whole matter in a philosophic light, and even encourage the Ghost to talk, that I might learn something about the attributes of that peculiar species of being. It was not every one, in fact, who ever had an opportunity to talk with a ghost, and the occasion was rather to be improved than neglected or spurned. And, after all, what did it matter what the Ghost might think of me? So, as I have said, I languidly turned my head, and then responded:

"Well, and what about Lady Blanche?"

"Only this, that my father seems becoming rather fascinated with her, and I can not but look upon the prospect with some alarm. I was extremely opposed to his marriage with Lady Clara, her descendable qualities being so obnoxious to me; but in the case of Lady Blanche I see much more reason to apprehend trouble."

"I really can not see—that is to say, I can not but think—that Blanche's cheerful disposition, her merry nature, would greatly promote the happiness of anybody who"——

"That is the point, and that is where the difficulty lies," exclaimed the Ghost. "In the case of Lady Clara there was a reserve and quietude of manner which coming to me by descent might seriously have injured the pleasure of my association with my fellow-creatures, causing them to look upon me as morose and unsympathetic, and unworthy to be the recipient of their confidence. And yet all that might be borne. The same nature attaching to other persons has often been mistaken for dignity, and a quality of thought pertaining to great intellectual endowments; and so perhaps the mischief of isolation may have partially been recompensed by the distant admiration of those who feel compelled to hold themselves aloof. But in the case of Lady Blanche, what you call a merry disposition and a cheerful deportment verges too closely upon the trivial, I think. You will observe that she laughs at everything, that she seems incapable of any serious thought. This in a young girl may not be a very noticeable fault, unless one's attention is directed toward it, as in my case, by a reasonable anxiety about the future. But in a man it would appear very different. Suppose I should inherit that careless, volatile disposition, capable of greeting everything with a smile, and never seeming able to bend my mind to the serious contemplation of any subject whatever, in what small consideration would I be held by my companions. No, of the two I think I would prefer the serious deportment of Lady Clara."

"And since that is now beyond you"——

"I would at any sacrifice avoid the chance of having the levity of Lady Blanche descend upon me. The mere possibility of such a thing causes me the most poignant anxiety."

"And I suppose, as the amount of all this, that you would like me to establish your happiness by murdering Lady Blanche, as you believe I have already murdered Lady Clara."

"I am asking nothing of you at all; I am speaking merely for the sake of conversation and from that weariness of spirit which seeks for fellow-confidence. I am content to abide the result in patience. I am firm in the belief that something will yet turn up for my assistance. Whether it will be through you I can not tell. If at a favorable moment you should recall my deliverance, and again with one kind act of charity come to my relief, all I can say is that I shall recognize it in my heart as a noble concession to friendship—to be even gratefully"——

"Upon my word!" I exclaimed, "your assurance altogether overwhelms me. I am not angry, nor would it do me any good to become so. I have gone past the point of anger, in fact; and can only look upon you as a curious demoniacal study. As such, I think I should like to follow your career after you are born, and see into what sort of a monster you will develop. If possible, I think that I would gladly prevent your being born at all, for I believe that I should thereby confer great and lasting benefit upon the human race. But I presume that in such a matter I am powerless; destiny is always too strong for any one. And now, if you will kindly leave me to myself, I will go to sleep."

With that I turned my face to the wall and was about to fall off into a doze, when a hail from the deck startled me. It was the lookout man forward, signaling the first iceberg. I sprang upon deck, and in a few moments found myself with my fellow-passengers grouped at the starboard quarter rail, and gazing out over the almost motionless sea.

It had been cloudy weather for days, but now a rift had broken in the dark pall, through which the full moon cast down a broad sheen of light directly upon the iceberg, which lay about a half a mile from us. The mass was over two hundred feet high, and was a most beautiful object, our distance from it possibly adding to our admiration. For an hour we stood and watched the glittering mass; then, as we slowly left it behind and began to realize how chilly was the air, descended again to our cabins.

But meanwhile I had had an opportunity to observe other things than the iceberg. I saw how close Alfred Pettengal stood to Lady Blanche Proctor—much closer, perhaps, than necessary. I saw how tenderly he drew her shawl about her, and how needlessly he let his arm remain around her waist, under pretense of keeping her shawl in place. All this was food for thought; and I began to understand that the Ghost had been uncommonly observant to have been the first to note the transfer of Alfred's affections from the dead to the living creature. Was that decree of fate, then, being actually worked out? Well, it was no business of mine; and, disassociating myself from any connection with the Ghost's impressions upon the subject, I could not for the life of me see why Alfred was not making a very happy choice.

The next day we saw two icebergs; the day after merely a great deal of floating ice, amid which we nearly became entangled, requiring skillful seamanship to avoid it. The second day we saw one stupenduous iceberg, scarcely a thousand feet from us. Then came twelve hours, during which we encountered no ice of any kind or description, and so we were lulled into a false security, our captain imagining that all danger of the kind was past. And so—it was in the evening of the twenty-third day of May, I remember—our fate suddenly overtook us.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

The county of Marin is the most picturesque and beautiful of all the counties of the State of California. It has the most romantic scenery, the finest bay and ocean views, the finest landscapes, the most charming drives, along the shores of the Bay of San Francisco and along the cliffs of the Pacific. It has the most charming glens, and nooks, and valleys, watered by purling brooks and streams. It has grass ever green on its ocean side, where is made the best and purest of butter. There are deer on its mountain slopes, quail in its chaparral, and fish in ocean, bay, and stream. It is the place for yachting clubs, lawn-tennis, picnic frolics, and the summer High Jinks of the Bohemian Club. It has the best of narrow-gauge railroads running along the waters of the bay, through tunnels, over hills, through groves, and glens, and forests, to the primeval redwoods. It is near to San Francisco; it is the place where gentlemen delight to live; it is the place where roads, and good roads, ought to be made, where hotels ought to be erected, where summer resorts should be established, where sanitariums ought to be located. There is but one passably respectable hotel in the county; there is not a road-side inn where a good breakfast can be had; there is but one good drive, and that only three miles long, in the county. The hotels, saloons, and gin mills are, as a rule, beastly; the roads are narrow, dusty, of steep grades, and dangerous; the county government is illiberal, narrow, and penurious, and it seems as though it was the policy of the small politicians who run it to make it so uncomfortable a residence for gentlemen that they will not come to it to reside, or to spend their money, or to improve it, or to increase the taxable value of its now almost worthless real property. In the range of coast hills, the mountain Tamalpais lifts its summit to a height of three thousand feet. It overlooks the broad Pacific from Cape Mendocino to Santa Cruz, takes in the Farallones, the Golden Gate, the seal rocks; embraces the interior view of bay, and river, and plain; the city of San Francisco, its harbor and surroundings. High up on its flanks rests a beautiful lake, the source of water supply for San Rafael. In its sides are the sources of the Lagunitas and Paper Mill creeks. On the top, when made accessible, the Government will establish a signal service station. It needs six miles of road-building to make this mountain-top accessible—to make a winding pleasure-drive around its wooded sides to reach the summit by easy grade. The county won't build it, nor give a cent toward it; the government won't do anything toward it. So Joseph Eldridge, Esquire, auctioneer and real estate dealer, resident at San Rafael, has undertaken the unpleasant, uncomfortable, and disagreeable task of begging money for its construction. There are two railroad companies ever so many hotels and livery stables, there are large property-owners and wealthy residents, who ought to contribute promptly, largely, and cheerfully to the accomplishment of this work. The insurance companies and Merchants' Exchange of San Francisco ought to give; everybody who owns property or keeps horses, or drives or lives in the county, ought to give. It adds an attraction to the city of San Francisco, another place for strangers to pass a pleasant day, and spend their money.

One of the charming features of life at Long Branch is the morning drives back in the country, says the *Sun*. From ten o'clock until noon you meet an endless number of equipages of every description. Gay little girls in dainty morning dresses jog along in village carts, laughing as they inhale the sweet country air. Dowagers roll by in the landaus that later in the day bear the gracious burden of their marriageable daughters along the brilliant dress-parade of Ocean Avenue. These unselfish mammas are satisfied with the morning drive along the quiet country roads, while those bits of bric-à-brac, their daughters, sleep or lounge on the hotel piazza, or occasionally play lawn-tennis, done up in some marvel of scarlet and black or white and blue in the form of the latest lawn-tennis frocks. The prettiest of these have stripes an inch broad running around a scarlet ground, and hose and tennis shoes and turban or hat to match. They are bits of bright coloring against the green lawn, and their faces are flushed and bronzed with the air that sweeps in from the ocean. It is not high fashion to bathe.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Senator Bayard is a man of family. He has nine daughters and three sons.

Ex-Senator David Davis has decreased his weight within three years from three hundred to two hundred and forty-one pounds.

Before inventing and perfecting his well-known air-brake, George Westinghouse was regarded by most of his acquaintances, it is said, with pity, as a person without "gumption."

The women whose photographs sell best in England are the Princess of Wales, Miss Mary Anderson, and Mrs. Langtry. We learn that Miss Anderson's face is considered a "classic oval."

Henry Labouchère, M. P., is not only one of the brightest men in London, with an income of ten thousand pounds a year from *Truth*, but has a big share in the *Daily News*, which makes an enormous income.

Mr. Henry Villard, who left for Europe on the 20th of August with his wife and four children, is by no means a poor man. He is not worth the eight millions he was a few months ago, but he could easily turn the scales at half a million.

President Arthur wears a tall silk hat, the only one of its kind in Washington; Mr. Blaine's favorite is a black slouch drawn over his eyes till it nearly touches his nose; Secretary Chandler usually wears a Derby; Secretary Folger, a rather low-crowned one; while Secretary Teller's is thought to make him look like an Episcopal bishop.

Lord Petrie, who has recently become a peer of the realm, is a Roman Catholic priest, and the head of a Roman Catholic institution of learning. He will take his seat in the House of Lords in the autumn, unless that estate should be abolished in the meanwhile, and will be the first Roman Catholic priest who has sat there since the Reformation.

The Emperor of Germany recently held his annual meeting with the Emperor of Austria at a German watering-place. As usual, the two lofty personages kissed and embraced each other publicly with absolutely uncontrolled emotion. At dinner Wilhelm I. was escorted to a seat between Francis Joseph and Francis Joseph's imperial spouse, the table being decorated with his favorite corn-flowers.

The wife of Lieutenant Greely, a woman of remarkable beauty, is tall and slender, apparently about thirty years of age. Her complexion is dark, and her hair and large luminous eyes are black. On her regular and well-cut features are traces of care and sadness, caused by three years of uncertainty as to the fate of her husband. "My family," she said to a reporter, "gave up my husband as lost a long time ago, and tried to convince me that further hope was useless; but though I have worn mourning for several months past, I could never convince myself that I was in reality a widow. You see my wifely instinct was correct."

"I was walking up Broadway," said Carl Schurz at a recent dinner in New York, "when I saw a good-looking, massively built man coming toward me. I knew who it was at once, though I had never been in his actual presence before. I could not help smiling at the excellence of this gentleman's likeness as portrayed by the caricaturists. But evidently he recognized me from the many amusing pictures which have been drawn of me, for his face was, like mine, on the full grin. We knew each other at once. We had been pictorially produced. We both laughed, simultaneously touched our hats, and passed on." The other man was John Kelly.

Emile Augier, the dramatist, was the schoolmate at the College Henri IV. of the Duc d'Aumale. Their intimacy led afterward to his appointment as librarian to the Duc, a post which he held for many years. He is said to be discontented with his career, and to claim that he has been the victim of hostile cliques. He is, nevertheless, reported to have made considerable money by his writings—as much, some say, as two hundred and fifty thousand francs. His face is rather Teutonic in form and feature, but he is in character a thorough Parisian, who is irrevocably convinced that no other city in the world is fit for a scholar or an artist to live in.

It seems it is a mistake to suppose that Mrs. Mackay, the wife of the millionaire, is always attired in the marvels of gowns which are described in the Paris papers. It is only on state occasions that she displays anything very elaborate. At her own home, the superb hotel in the Rue Tilsit, she is fond of wearing black, with ornaments of black pearls, and at dinner-parties she is sometimes seen in a simple pale-blue silk, with an edging of white crêpe lisse at the throat and ornaments of turquoise. She seldom wears diamonds, nor does her daughter, Miss Eva Mackay, who has announced her intention of marrying an American—when the right American comes along.

Aurelien Scholl is a familiar figure on the boulevard. Between five and six his tall figure, with shoulders slightly stooping, gravish-blonde hair, gray mustache, eye-glass fixed in the left orbit, a light overcoat, with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in the button-hole, and a general air of supercilious indifference pervading his rather worn face, may invariably be seen approaching Tortoni's, where there is a daily meeting of gossips, and wits, and scandal-mongers at the absinthe hour. At noon you find him breakfasting at Bignon's, and making a horrible disturbance if a sauce displeases his *blasé* palate. Occasionally you will find him at the Cercle de l'Escrime et des Arts, one of the innumerable clubs in the foundation of which Scholl has been interested. In public Scholl affects rather the tone and bearing of the matador; and twenty-five years' experience in sharpening the shafts of his wit and lashing his contemporaries has made *méchanceté* so familiar to him that he can scarcely open his mouth without giving utterance to something Mephistophelean.

## SOCIETY.

### The Wallace-Bradley Wedding.

The principal event of the past week was the wedding, on Wednesday evening, of Miss Anna L. Bradley, daughter of George L. Bradley, to Mr. Ryland B. Wallace. The ceremony was performed at the beautiful residence of the Bradleys, No. 1024 Bush Street, at eight o'clock in the evening, the Rev. Dr. Scott officiating, in the presence of about fifty intimate friends. A number of the guests were relatives of the high contracting parties.

At the hour appointed the bridal procession entered in the following order: First came the groom, accompanied by Mr. William Wallace as his best man; they were followed by two little girls in white satin gowns; next came the two bridesmaids, Miss Grace Bradley, a sister of the bride, and Miss Marguerite Wallace, a sister of the groom. Next came Mr. and Mrs. George L. Bradley, and, last of all, the bride, unattended.

After the ceremony was over, some time was spent in the usual congratulations, and dancing was soon after inaugurated. A general reception commenced at half-past eight, which lasted until about half-past ten, when the dining-hall was thrown open, and the guests proceeded to discuss a generous supper, which was distinguished by elegant profusion, particularly in the matter of wines. The entire first floor was elegantly and profusely decorated with flowers and vines, and immense tropical plants occupied convenient nooks and corners. The marriage-bell—which hung in the bay-window, in which the marriage rites were performed—was a beautiful floral structure, of most pleasing design. The marriage gifts were of the choicest description, and embraced many rich and tasteful things, among which were articles of gold, silver, China, and crystal ware, many works of art, and bits of bric-à-brac.

The bride's costume was composed of white satin, plain, and exceedingly rich: underneath the train was a lace skirt, which fell over a white satin skirt, edged at the base with small ruffles; the body, pointed in the front, was finished at the throat with a collar of white lace and a garniture of white feathers; the bridal veil was attached to the coiffure by a diamond ornament.

Miss Grace Bradley was attired in pink silk and white lace; and Miss Marguerite Wallace wore blue with white trimmings.

Mrs. Bradley wore a toilet of wine-colored velvet, *en train*, with a tablier front of embossed velvet, and finished at the neck and sleeves with white lace.

Among the guests were Judge and Mrs. W. T. Wallace, Miss Ada Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Donahue, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Donahue, Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Miss Nettie Schmiedell, Miss Matie Peters, Mrs. Charles Peters, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge, Miss Mollie Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, Miss Stetson, the Misses Durbrow, Mr. Durbrow, Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Godley, Miss Florence Godley, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Elliott, Mrs. E. Martin, Miss Myra Giffin, Doctor and Mrs. Simpson, Messrs. Wallace, E. M. Greenway, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. Severance, Miss Severance, W. B. Hains, Mrs. C. L. Prescott, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Ashe, Miss Ashe, Mrs. Mitchler, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Lawler, Miss Grace Brown, Miss Adams, Miss Bancroft, the Misses Palache, Miss Webster, the Misses Bevier, Miss Rosa May, Mrs. Charles A. Laton, Mr. and Mrs. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Sullivan, Mrs. R. Sheehey, and a great many others, principally young ladies and gentlemen.

The newly married couple are now on their honeymoon trip to various watering-places, and will return to town next week. Cards have been issued for two receptions, to take place the last two Thursdays in this month.

### The Brown Musicale.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brown gave a musicale at their elegant residence, on Pine Street, last Tuesday evening. The principal artists of the Cambiaggio Italian opera troupe were present. The evening was most pleasantly spent. The artists gave a large and diversified number of selections, and their singing was much enjoyed by the guests. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. B. B. Redding, Mr. George Redding, Miss Hanchette, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Redding, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. J. D. Grant, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mrs. Lucy Arnold, Mr. Willard, Mr. and Mrs. Jarboe, Miss Jarboe, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Harry Black, Miss Kate Woods, and Mr. Karl Formes.

### The Pope Reception.

The past reputation of Black Point for delightful hospitality was fully sustained in the reception given by Mrs. General Pope, on Thursday afternoon, to her niece, Mrs. C. P. Yeatman, of St. Louis. The floral decorations were very handsome and in exquisite taste. The Presidio and Angel Island bands furnished the music, and dancing was indulged in to an unlimited extent. Some two hundred invitations were issued, and but few regrets returned. To all who were present this affair was most enjoyable.

### A New Tennis Club.

A lady in this city has for some time been most indefatigably engaged in the organization of a tennis club. It is difficult for tennis-players here to find courts, without going out of the city. Hence her exertions. Success has at last crowned her efforts. She has leased a lot on the corner of Van Ness and Sutter for a couple of years; has had a high board fence put around it; has had the courts laid out; has had dressing-rooms erected; has had a Yale lock put on the door, to which every member has a key; and now she is happy. The club at present consists of twenty-four members. The initiation fee is ten dollars, and dues two dollars per month. As the club grows larger, new courts will be laid out, there being sufficient ground for that purpose. No name has yet been given to the club. A name will be chosen at the first regular meeting, which takes place Saturday, September 13th.

### Engagements and Marriages.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary P. Eddy to Mr. George H. Lent, son of Mr. William M. Lent.

Miss R. May Parrott, daughter of the late John Parrott, was married in Paris, on the 29th ultimo, to Count Auguste de la Lande. The ceremony was performed in the chapel of the Papal Nuncio, by Monsigneur de Rende, United States Minister Morton being the witness for the bride. Count de la Lande is in the French diplomatic service, and, being unable to leave France, the marriage took place in Paris instead of at San Mateo, as at first intended.

The engagement of Miss Emily Hanlon, daughter of Mr. D. Hanlon, of South Park, and Mr. Leon Derby Smith, of the Central Pacific Railroad, is announced.

The marriage of Miss Katie B. Pope to Mr. Richard S. King will be celebrated on Tuesday, the 16th instant, at eight o'clock. The marriage will be private, only a few friends being invited.

Mr. H. B. Smith Jr., the local agent of the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company in this city, was married to Miss Hattie McKee, at Janesville, Wisconsin, last Wednesday.

Miss Idah Meacham, the well-known elocutionist, was married last Wednesday to Mr. Samuel H. Strobridge, of Haywards. The ceremony was private. Rev. E. B. Spalding was the officiating clergyman.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Justice Stephen J. Field and wife, accompanied by his brother Cyrus W. Field, arrived at Portland, Oregon, last Tuesday. They expect to go to Puget Sound and Victoria before visiting San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Coleman are at present in Paris, but expect to return home about the middle of October.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry May are making a visit to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight.

Mr. E. W. Hopkins returned last Sunday from an Eastern trip.

Baron Von Schroeder and wife expect to take a trip to Europe in a short time, to be absent several months.

Mrs. William M. Gwin and Mrs. Evan J. Coleman are on a short visit to friends in the interior.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Pullman, of New York, returned to the city last Saturday from Monterey.

The Misses Haste, of Oakland, returned home last Monday, after a European trip extending over a year.

Governor Leland Stanford and Mrs. Stanford will probably return to San Francisco some time during the present month.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge and Miss Mollie Dodge are at Hotel Del Monte, Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Belvin, accompanied by Miss Lilo McMullin, are at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Bryant, of Philadelphia, who have been on a bridal tour visiting the principal places of interest in California, returned home last Saturday.

Mrs. Lewis R. Mead, of Oakland, went East last Saturday, to be absent about six months.

Mr. H. B. Pasmore, who has been residing at Leipsic for nearly two years, returned home last week.

Doctor and Mrs. Fred May are temporarily residing in the Isle of Wight.

Mr. Frank G. Newlands is at present at Bartlett Springs on a short visit.

Miss Kate Tritle, daughter of Governor F. A. Tritle of Arizona, is in the city on a visit to friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord, Mrs. Whitney, and Mrs. Charles Main were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Howard, at San Mateo, last Sunday.

Doctor and Mrs. W. L. Newlands (*née* Johnson) are on their bridal tour, going to Monterey, thence to the Geysers, after which they go to Paraiso Springs, where they will take up their residence.

Mr. Henry Janin is on a visit to Bar Harbor, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Wensinger returned from Monterey last Monday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hewlett, of Stockton, left for the East last Thursday, to be absent about two months.

Captain John Mullan, a former resident of this city, but now of Washington, D. C., is on a visit to the city, and is stopping at the Occidental Hotel.

Miss Louise Elliott who has been spending some weeks on a camping excursion, has returned, and is at present visiting in Oakland.

Mr. John J. Valentine, General Superintendent of Well, Fargo & Co.'s Express, was registered in New York last week.

Miss Nellie Gibbs, who has been absent in Europe for the past two years, is expected to return home in a short time.

Mrs. John H. Bowman, of Cloverdale, is in the city and is stopping at the Grand Hotel.

Mr and Mrs. Ben B. Thayer, of Guadalupe, were in the city last Monday.

Hon. Thomas Fitch and wife, of Los Angeles, are in the city, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. H. H. Haight, widow of ex-Governor Haight, intends going East to reside for a couple of years.

Mrs. J. W. Ingram, who has been in Denver, is expected to return to the city in a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. James Scobie, accompanied by Miss Scobie, went East last week on a trip to Europe. They expect to be absent about two years.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Benson have returned to this city from San Leandro.

Hon. Paul Neumann, Attorney-General in King Kalakaua's Cabinet, is expected from Honolulu on the steamer of Monday next.

Mr. Robert Barton, of Fresno, is on a visit to this city, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Noah F. Flood, who has been a resident of El Paso for some time, is on a visit to the city and is at the Palace.

Mr. Harry Emeric has returned to this city, after an absence of four years in New Mexico.

Mr. George O. Davis has been absent from the city for a few weeks, on a visit to Arizona.

Rev. A. D. Barrows and wife were guests at Ætna Springs last week.

Miss Bessie Kittle is expected to return home this week, after an absence of some months at Portland, Or.

Rev. S. C. Damon and wife, of Honolulu, arrived in this city from China last Tuesday, and are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. M. E. Ross and daughter, of Washington, D. C., are on a visit to this city, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lawrence Pool were at the Tamalpais Hotel last week.

Messrs. Henry S. Dexter and Stanley H. Dexter, of New York, were guests at the Tamalpais Hotel, San Rafael, last Saturday.

Mr. George T. Marye has returned to the city, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding have returned from Victoria, B. C.

Miss Ethel Sperry is visiting Mrs. Hans Kohler, in Santa Cruz.

Mr. Walter Ponsford and Mr. G. H. Redding have returned from Los Medanos.

Miss Fannie Fargo is visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins are in Great Barrington, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose Jr., who have been spending a few weeks at the Geysers, returned to the city last Thursday and were at the Palace Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Rose went to their country home, at San Mateo, on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue were at the Occidental last Thursday. They came to the city to attend the Bradley-Wallace wedding.

Mr. Walter Ponsford, of London, England, left last Tuesday, by the steamship *Rio de Janeiro*, for Yokohama, Japan, and a trip around the world.

Doctor and Mrs. W. L. Newlands (*née* Johnson) returned to the city last Thursday from Monterey, and were stopping with the bride's father, ex-Lieutenant-Governor James A. Johnson.

### Army and Navy News.

General J. D. Bingham, U. S. A., Chief Quartermaster of the Division of the Pacific, has returned from Monterey.

Major W. S. Worth and wife are at Angel Island for a few days. Major Worth will shortly leave for New York, where he has been assigned to duty as Recruiting Officer.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry M. Lazelle, U. S. A., is on a tour of military inspection of every station in the Division of the Pacific. He is at present at Fort Gaston.

Surgeon J. G. Ayers, U. S. N., and wife, are in the city and stopping at the Occidental. Surgeon Ayers has been detached from the *Adams*.

Captain Charles A. Porter, U. S. A., and wife, who have been on a visit to Angel Island and the city, returned to Fort Gaston, where Captain Porter is now stationed.

Lieutenant Roger H. Galt, U. S. N., arrived from Washington last Friday. Lieutenant Galt will be married to Miss Meares about the middle of the month.

Commodore J. H. Russell and family left for Lake Tahoe on Wednesday last for a short visit. Captain F. V. McNair is temporarily in comman at the Navy Yard, Mare Island.

The U. S. S. *Ranger*, which has been repairing at the Navy Yard for the past two weeks, will not be ready for sea until the latter part of October.

Surgeon J. G. Ayers and Assistant-Surgeon L. W. Curtis, U. S. N., have been detached from the U. S. S. *Adams* and ordered home; the latter left for the East on Monday last.

Surgeon T. C. Heyl, U. S. N., has been detached from the U. S. R. S. *Independence* and ordered to the *Adams*.

The U. S. S. *Adams* is at the Mare Island Yard awaiting instructions from the Navy Department. She is in need of extensive repairs.

Ensign G. H. Stafford, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Ranger* and ordered home.

Mrs. Fulton, the wife of Pay-Director James Fulton, U. S. N., left for Los Angeles on Saturday last. She will be joined by her husband the early part of October, when both will proceed to Washington.

Lieutenant H. P. Kingsbury, U. S. A., who is stationed at Fort Wingate, Arizona Territory, arrived in the city last Friday.

### Art Notes.

Mr. Benoni Irwin returns to San Francisco, after a somewhat prolonged absence in Europe. His time has been mostly spent in Paris, and in industrious work at his profession. Mr. Irwin is, in art birth, of San Francisco, and one of whom it has just reason to be proud. His paintings have now for several years found place in the Salon, and been most favorably noticed by judges and critics. Mr. Irwin's strength lies in portraiture and figure painting. Whether his stay in California is to be permanent or not we are not advised.

Mr. Virgil Williams has returned to this city, from his vacation at San Gabriel, and has resumed his duties as director of the School of Design.

Mr. M. Straus held an art reception at his studio on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. His principal picture, "Mount Tamalpais," attracted much attention.

Mr. Edwin Deakin is at work on some grape studies, for the Eastern market.

Mrs. Kautz, wife of General Kautz, commanding at Angel Island, is at present in Norway, sketching and painting. She returns for the winter to Vienna, of which city she is a native, returning in the early part of next season to San Francisco. Mrs. Kautz gives promise of great achievements in the art line, and has already turned out some most commendable work.

Good report comes from Paris concerning our young San Francisco artists, Miss Elizabeth Strong and Miss Lotz, each of whom have had pictures exhibited in the Salon, and each of which found buyers while on exhibition. The picture of Miss Strong—a dog and kitten piece—received favorable mention by the art critics, and, though small in size, brought twenty-five hundred francs.

## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

### Problem No. LIII.—By T. B. Rowland.

WHITE—King at QR6; Queen at QB2; Rooks at QB5, KB2; Knights at KB5, KKt6; Pawns at QB3, Q2, KB6.

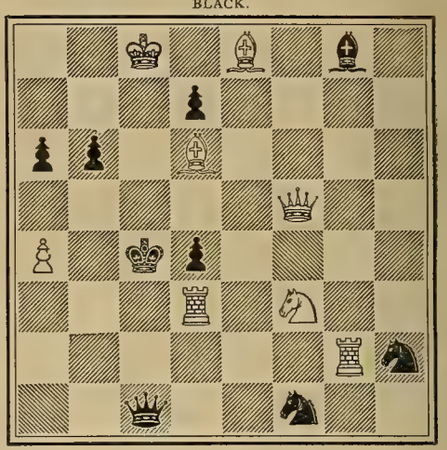
BLACK—King at K5; Queen at KR2; Bishop at QKt sq; Knight at Q6; Pawn at QR2.

White to play and mate in two moves.

### Problem No. LIV.—By J. Jespersen.

*From British Chess Magazine.*

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

### Game No. 38.

Played July, 1884, in the Paris Cercle des Echecs, between Monsieur A. Clerc and Baron A. de Rothschild. The game and notes are from the London *Chess Monthly*.

KING'S KNIGHT'S GAMBIT.

| *White.* A. Clerc. | *Black.* De Rothschild. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 12—K Kt2 | 12—B x Kt |
| 2—P KB4 | 2—P x P | 13—R R sq | 13—Q B3 (!) |
| 3—Kt KB3 | 3—P KKt4 | 14—P x B (d) | 14—Q B7 ch |
| 4—B B4 | 4—B Kt2 | 15—K R3 | 15—P Kt7 |
| 5—P Q4 | 5—P Q3 | 16—R Kt sq | 16—P KR4 |
| 6—Castles | 6—P KR3 | 17—P Kt5 | 17—Kt R3 (e) |
| 7—P B3 | 7—Kt QB3 | 18—P x Kt (f) | 18—B B3 |
| 8—P KR4 (a) | 8—P Kt5 | 19—Q x P | 19—Q x R (!) |
| 9—Kt R2 (b) | 9—P B6 (!) | 20—Q x P ch | 20—K Q sq |
| 10—P x P (c) | 10—P Kt6 | 21—Q x B ch | 21—Kt K2 (g) |
| 11—Kt Kt4 | 11—Q x P | 22—B K3 | 22—R x P ch (h) |
| | | 23—Q x R | 23—Q R8 ch |

And White resigned.

(a) This might perhaps be considered an ineffective continuation. 8 P KKt3, although premature, is more forcible.

(b) Under the circumstances, 9 Kt K sq should have been played; because after 9—P B6, 10 P x P, P Kt6, would then not have been dangerous on account of 11 Kt Kt2, etc.

(c) Being once committed to rather a lively form of the gambit, the best course for White would have been 10 P KKt3, with a view to the ultimate sacrifice of the knight for the two advanced pawns.

(d) White has no alternative; the Bishop must be captured or the game given up.

(e) Perfectly sound and a vigorous continuation of a spirited counter-attack.

(f) This capture is too risky. White might have continued with 18 R x P, Kt Kt5; 19 Q K2, Q x Q; 20 R x Q, with a comparatively defensible game.

(g) Of course, Black must have foreseen this saving move when he played 19—Q x R, which gives evidence of the baron's high qualities.

(h) A worthy termination to a fine little game, which is a perfect gem so far as Black is concerned.

Correct solutions received as follows: Problem No. XLIX, from E. A. Kusel, Oroville. Problems No. LI and LII, from U. Hartnell, Salinas City.

## BURDETTE AND BILL NYE.

### The Song of the Sausage.

Having been frequently urged to give my views upon the matter of trichinosis, and having repeatedly excused myself heretofore in all cases, it may be well to briefly touch upon the subject in the interests of scientific and perhaps international progress.

If the American hog is infested with trichinæ spiralis, I, for one, do not favor his use as an international beverage. Here and in Boston, where the American hog is largely cooked with the baked bean—which acts as an antidote to the spiral worm of commerce—the danger is slight; but when we consider that Bismarck's constituents eat ham, sausage, and even fresh pork, raw, it is apt to prove disastrous on foreign shores. The spiral worm, when raised to the one hundred and sixtieth degree (Fahrenheit) is not dangerous to health, and it is urged by some that when well done he adds to the flavor of the pork.

Trichinæ spiralis is a parasitic, quiescent, encysted, nematoid worm. The reader is presented with this definition freely and cheerfully, and he is earnestly requested to paste it in his hat, and amuse himself with it when he is lonely. He may also tie a line to it and fish with it if he chooses.

The trichinæ remains encysted sometimes for years. He has encysted on doing this ever since myself and other scientists discovered him. Why he should voluntarily continue his career as a nematoid parasite I can not at this moment explain. However, I am still engaged in my laboratory upon a ham sandwich, and when I get it dissected, I will make a fuller report, with much larger words in it than this has.

Dresden had eleven trichinæ epidemics from 1860 to 1872; and in 1875, at Hedersleben, out of two thousand people, three hundred had trichinosis and one hundred and one died. It is said to be a very disagreeable death to die. Ham sandwiches at railroad eating-houses do not contain trichinæ. There must have been trichinæ in them when the sandwiches were new, but there are none now. Trichinæ can stand everything but eternity. Even the spiral worm must at last yield to the wheeling cycles of relentless years. Put a little mustard on a railroad sandwich and you can eat it as safely, so far as trichinæ is concerned, as you could a slice of red sandstone with a piece of granite on each side of it.

Man, the pig, the rat, and sometimes the cat, have trichinæ. It has also annoyed the Democratic party some during the past twenty-four years. The animal is very productive under favorable circumstances, multiplying and replenishing the earth to a great degree. During one week the female trichinæ may become the proud mother of two thousand little spirals, all twins, and closely resembling each other in form, feature, and general characteristics. And yet, if any of these little ones gets stepped on and injured, she mourns and will not be comforted, even after sixteen thousand other little cunning children have come to claim a mother's love. She still grieves for the one that was ruthlessly squashed.

I will now describe the trichinæ, so that if any reader of the scientific treatise should meet one on the street he could notify the police.

When the little trichinæ is born into this world of sin, and before he gets his eyes open, he is about one two-hundredths of an inch in length, and rather pale, with a sad look in his face. At this age he should be taken to some secluded spot and Paris green should be sprinkled on his or her tail, as the case may be.

In a week after the birth of the trichinæ it may be found some distance away and quite active. He may be found when ten days old as far east as the southeastern part of the diaphragm, or he may drift north toward the liver.

We should learn from this to shun the first temptation to indulge in the maddening sausage, for one by one it will weld its seductive links about you until at last you are a slave. Let us take warning from others and flee from the gilded hells where the sausage is held to our lips by fair hands, and whose beautiful eyes beseech us to eat of it and die. I have eaten sausage myself, I know, but I have reformed now. I am no more its slave. I can pass by a sausage now and look at it sternly in the eye, and say: "No, sir; you are not my meat. I reck not whether thou art pork or pet poodle, thou canst not shake thy gory locks at me, thou trysting-place of the quiescent, encysted, nematoid parasite."—*Bill Nye in Denver Opinion.*

### The "Best Element."

Some of the Best Element of the Republican party met to talk it over. For a few moments the Best Young Men sucked their canes in intellectual silence, with the exception of the dissipated Best Young Man, who recklessly extracted stimulus from what he called a "siggerit." At length he ceased smoking, and said, feebly, but with that peculiarly high-bred intonation which appertains to the upper classes:

"'Bout this heah Blaine fellah, y'knaw; anybody knaw anything 'bout him, y'knaw?"

The Best Young Man, who supports himself by wearing the shirts his mother laundries, replied, after a moment's repose:

"Aw—Maine fellaw—lumbaw dealaw—saws boawds—something that kind. Sawt of a—a sawt of—er—er—that sawt of thing, don't ye knaw?"

"Dreadful," said the rest of the Best Element of the Republican party. They rested a few moments when the inquisitive Best Young Man said:

"This othaw fellaw what is with him, this Logan, ye knaw; I heah he's Ingin fellaw?"

"Is so, Cholly," assented the well-informed Best Young Man. "He's genuine impawted Ingin fellaw; weahs feathaws in his haiah, an-a-er-whoops an' hollahs in the stweet. Weahs leg boots and turn-down collahs; does, by Gawge."

"It's dweadful low ticket," said the Best Young Man, whose sister sorts rags in the paper mill. "We cahn't vote no such ticket, ye knaw."

"Baw Jove, deah boys," said the Best Young Man, whose father is chambermaid in a livery stable, speaking with such earnestness that the other Best Young Men were startled, "come to think it ovah, baw Jove, I cahn't vote faw no ticket no how. A—er—acquaintance of mine—fwiend, might say, in fact my fathaw"—the other Best Element shuddered at the suggestion of a relation so commonplace and "vulgaw"—"fact is, he says befaw a fellah can vote, don't ye know, he's got to pay a bloody poll tax, or something like that sawt of a bloomin' thing, don't ye knaw? Costs a dollah, ye knaw, befaw you can vote. Haw."

The effect of this chilling announcement on the convention was terrible, and for a few moments the Best Element displayed symptoms of rapid disintegration. One or two feeble hands moved irresolutely toward unresponsive pockets, but paused midway in their hopeless journey. Finally it was resolved that the corrupt and mercenary condition of national politics this year was such as debarred elements of refined society from taking any part therein, and the best element would therefore stand aloof and cast their ballots for no one, unless private ballot-boxes could be put up for them in the club-rooms.—*Burdette in Burlington Hawkeye.*

## THE PRINCE OF SNOBS.

### "Flaneur" tells how Gen. Meredith Reed Crushed Royal Impertinence.

The marriage of Miss Emily Reed to Mr. Francis Aquila Stout, at Newport, last week, was the triumph of snobbery. General Meredith Reed, the bride's father, and formerly our Minister to Greece, is a man whose pretentious manners and Turveydrop deportment have made him famous. General Meredith Reed will convince any one, after he has talked with him for half an hour, that his family, and particularly himself, comprise all of the aristocratic elements of American society. The curious part of the hoorah which attended the wedding was the attempt made by General Reed to give Mr. Stout the same air of exclusiveness which he strove to throw about his own daughter. To ordinary New Yorkers, Mr. Stout is simply a bald and fat man about forty years of age, whose father made considerable money by keeping a hardware shop on Duane Street.

According to General Meredith Reed, Francis Aquila Stout is the descendant of half a dozen signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a man whose social connections, both here and in Europe, are vast and imposing. Mr. Reed's daughter is a quiet and over-awed little girl, who has just come out of a convent, and who has been taught to regard her father with the veneration which his lineage demands.

It is amusing to read the comments in the different papers upon the Stout-Reed wedding. Over five thousand invitations were issued, and, among the invited guests, were all the crowned heads of Europe, with the exception of King William and the Czar. Montgomery Schuyler explains that the reason these two monarchs were not invited by General Reed to his daughter's wedding is owing to a bit of forgetfulness on the part of the monarchs. It would seem, according to Schuyler, that while General Reed was living in Paris, he was interrupted one morning at breakfast by his servant, who said:

"There's a couple of kings below, sir."

"Their cards," said General Reed.

"Which they give me none, sir,"

"Get their names."

The servant disappeared and returned a short time afterward, explaining that they were the Czar and the Emperor of Germany.

"I don't know them," said General Reed. "They have no right to call without being introduced."

This is the reason that these monarchs were snubbed on the occasion of the wedding of Miss Reed to the hardware merchant's son. The monarchs still live.

The most singular thing about the Stout-Reed wedding was the unanimity with which not only the crowned heads of Europe, but the President of the United States, his Cabinet officers, and indeed most of the other people of prominence who were invited, contemptuously flung aside their invitations without even deigning to answer them. All Newport is still laughing over the Stout-Reed wedding.

The most popular man in Newport is unquestionably James Gordon Bennett. All the escapades which made his name notorious in New York ten years ago have been forgotten. The most exclusive people accept his invitations, and he is a lion among the women. A gossippy youth, who has just returned from spending two months at Newport, said yesterday:

"We have been at Newport now for twelve years, and we have run after everybody, from the Earl of Onslow and the President down, but we have never yet had a man who had half the popularity of Bennett. In the first place, he has improved immensely in appearance. He is not only decidedly handsomer, but very distinguished-looking, and he carries himself with a certain dignity that has heretofore been wanting. When I saw him a year ago he was round-shouldered, his face was pallid, and he seldom walked a block; he was attended by his valet, who carried his wraps in winter, and, though his manners were always delightful, he seemed insufferably bored by the fact that he was obliged to exist. Now he has gained twenty pounds in weight, and stands as erect as a soldier. He has a capital figure, and his hair and mustache are a silvery gray. He has not taken a drop of wine or liquor for six months, and his life on the ocean in his yacht has given him a bronzed and ruddy color, which throws his hair and mustache in sharp contrast. He is a man who would attract attention anywhere. He brought over a horde of foreigners with him, and he entertains them with his usual lavish hospitality. They live all over his yacht and his Newport place, smoke his cigars, eat his dinners, and drive his best horses up and down the avenue. Mr. Bennett is invited everywhere."

They tell a little story about Commodore Bennett and a young Cleveland woman who has been the rage at Newport for some time. Bennett's magnificent manner, the regal style in which he lives, and the fascination which the memories of his wild escapades give him among women, chained the fancy of the Cleveland beauty. She is a young married woman, about twenty-two years of age, and her husband—as is the case with most all young married-woman beauties—keeps discreetly in the background. She is said to be worth a million or two, and, in my opinion, she is the most beautiful woman of the season. When Bennett arrived she made a dead set for him. They got to be capital friends, and she devoted most of her time to trying to get him to take a glass of wine with her. She said she only did it for a lark; but it made no difference whether she did or not, for Bennett never humored her. She was quite popular in society there until a week ago, when the Commodore came ashore and took her off for a sail in the *Namouna*. They were back by nine o'clock at night. A few days later Mr. Bennett decided to give the lady in question a luncheon, and he asked her to invite her own guests. She asked twelve women, and every one of them refused flatly. She was in despair. She appealed to Bennett, and he looked about. There was not a lady in Newport who would make one of the party with the Cleveland beauty. It was as complete a frost as I have ever seen, and it was an infernal outrage, too, for the little woman is as straight as a die. It was all the result of one of those malicious remarks that are started so easily at Newport, and that will kill the best reputation in an hour. The lady in question—for she is a lady—left Newport on the day the luncheon party was to have occurred.

Minnie Palmer has arrived, been interviewed, and well advertised in the papers. She has told her little fiblets, guyed the reporters, and will now go upon the road. Among other things, she prides herself that she brought back one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars in cash as the result of her trip on the other side, and she very impertinently says she is "sorry for Lotta."

I dropped in to see Miss Palmer casually, with another man, the day before yesterday, and I suppose it is an ungracious thing now to write unkindly of her, for she did everything in her power to make herself agreeable. For instance, she talked of Minnie Palmer, and what a wonderful woman she was, until my head swam. Then she put on one bonnet after another, holding the ribbons under her chin with fingers that glistened with jewels, and cast up her eyes and pursed up her mouth with the expression of one who is trying to look bewitching and beautiful. It was not a success. Her gayety seems forced, and while one can not help admiring the shrewdness and business ability of John R. Rogers, her manager and alleged husband, who made her famous in London by advertising her underclothes and marriage contracts, yet one must resent the astonishing assurance of Miss Palmer, and her commiseration for "poor Lotta."

Another woman has arrived who is in every sense a beauty. It is Madame Théo. I rhapsodized about her so freely last season, that I am afraid the San Francisco public won't stand any of that sort of thing again. Théo is a famous woman. She literally has the most magnificent bust and arms in the world. They are classic, they are statuesque, they are stunning. A long, earnest, and sincere newspaper man called upon her when she arrived. She wore a dress that was cut V-shaped in the neck, just revealing the superbly formed bust beneath. The man in question interviewed her. He spoke French with all the exuberance of one who has spent ten years in the Latin quarter, and who has learned to believe that an opera bouffe queen is greater than any angel conceived by man. When he got up to go, Théo tore a rose from her corsage bouquet, and, grasping it in one plump little hand, plunged it down into the voluptuous interior of the V-shaped dress. There she held it a moment, and then, bringing it forth, pinned it to his coat. He trembled like a leaf, and when he got to the open air he stood bare-headed to the breeze. Even the yellow-cabmen forbore to interrupt his reverie.

It is regarded as a piece of poetic justice that a claimant has come forward to annoy Mr. Howard Taylor concerning the authorship of his play, "Caprice." Mr. Taylor is the gentleman who has insisted for some months that he wrote "May Blossom," the play which is credited to Belasco. Mr. Taylor has annoyed Mr. Belasco extremely, and he claims that he has a right to do so, inasmuch as Belasco has stolen his (Taylor's) words and ideas. Then Mr. Taylor wrote "Caprice," and added to his name "joint author of 'May Blossom.'" He had just succeeded in raising a small tempest in a tea-pot over the matter, when another man, who goes by the name of Allen, I believe, came forth and asserted positively that "Caprice" was his play and not Mr. Taylor's. It is now Belasco's turn to smile.

It is a great mistake to write plays unless you can manage them as Bartley Campbell does. Nobody ever interferes with Bartley Campbell, because he is the whole show in himself. I asked him one night a short time ago, when we were going to the Casino, what first gave him the idea of managing his own productions.

"I was struck by the result of a combination of author and manager," said Bartley, "one summer when I went down to Long Branch with a friend of mine; on every side of us we saw magnificent cottages, villas, and mansions; they were pointed out to me as belonging to actors and managers, all of them—from Maggie Mitchell's villa to Manager Henderson's place—very superb residences. After I had seen them all I turned to my friend, and said: 'Where do the authors live?' He smiled. Then he said God only knew. A short time after that I went to Paris. I drove about, took trips in the country, and at intervals I had magnificent residences pointed out to me as the homes of authors and playwrights, from Sardou down. 'Where do the managers live?' I asked. My friend shrugged his shoulders. It then occurred to me that if a man could be an author in America and a manager in France he would strike a large winner, and, not being ubiquitous, I decided to try to be a manager and author in New York. Now I have six companies under my control, and am correspondingly happy." FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, August 27, 1884.

The hours of recreation of Max Müller, the Oriental scholar, are spent in carpentry.

Nearly all the rich men in this country were bo

## ECONOMY IN A FLAT.

A Study from Life.

"That was a very thickly studded story about a New York man who lived in a flat, and out of a salary of one thousand dollars a year saved two hundred and seventy dollars."

A newspaper Economist was talking with a young married man who has a salary of twelve hundred and fifty dollars a year, and never saves a cent.

"Then you don't believe a man can live in a city on that salary and save money?" asked the Economist.

"Yes," answered the listener, "I do. That is to say, a man can exist. There is a good deal of lying done about this problem of living, or else I am the most extravagant man on earth, which I don't believe. I get twelve hundred and fifty dollars a year, and don't save a cent. On the contrary, I run in debt. Now, suppose you come and take dinner with me. And you go with me to-day, so that the madame will have no warning. In that way you shall see for yourself our average mode of life."

The Economist and the young married man of twelve hundred and fifty dollars went away together to the home of the latter to six o'clock dinner. As they approached the house, the man of high salary said: "You notice that the portion of town in which you are now walking is decent and clean."

So it was. There was a breath of cleanliness in the air that was like a shower or a parched field. The houses were neat and tidy.

"Is it worth anything to a man's mind and body to live in such a vicinity?"

The question had but one answer. The house was reached. The apartment where the twelve hundred and fifty dollars a year young man lived was a flat. It contained five rooms, and was up one flight of stairs. It was a rest in its appearance. There was not a picture too many or too costly. It was comfort. Every window was a charming nook, and one could sit at any one of them and enjoy life. One of the bedrooms was cool, delightful, and looked like a dell. It was festooned with leaves, and a geranium shaded the window, and a hanging-basket of woodland greens swayed from the ceiling as if it was handed down by an angel. The kitchen was as pretty as any room in the house. It was carpeted, and adjoined the back parlor. A bird-cage swung from the window of this, and the yellow inmate danced and sang merrily as his salaried master and companion entered.

"I suppose you think I get this flat for the same that you would pay for a shanty on a back street?"

There was no way of arriving at that conclusion.

"I pay thirty dollars for it. Cheap enough. That thirty dollars is not for the bare rooms, my friend; it is for health, for respectability, for decency. My wife and boy can go out for a stroll of an evening or morning anywhere in this part of the city without being knocked down or catching some disease caused by filth. They can sit in any window in the house and have a very pretty view. Are these things worth paying for?"

The Economist was silent.

"Come in and let's have something to eat."

The table was prettily spread. There were few plates and few dishes. There was a rose and an evergreen of some sort in a goblet on the table. The little housewife was her own housekeeper, and consequently her own cook. She brought in the work of hands and culinary taste.

"This is rump roast," said the master of the house. "It makes the best roast you can buy, if it is tender, and if you buy at one place you can always get it so. How much was this?" he asked his wife.

"I paid one dollar for it; it is a trifle larger than we generally get," said the little wife, "but we will have a stew out of the remaining portion of it to-morrow," she continued.

There were some baked potatoes, stewed tomatoes, corn, tea, bread, and butter. It was butter, however, and simply delicious.

"I get my butter in the country," said the man of twelve hundred and fifty dollars. "By the time I get it delivered it costs me as much as it would by the firkin in a wholesale house; but it is butter when it gets here. The same with my eggs. Is that worth anything?"

Then there were some tarts, and some fruit, and a bottle of claret. "I get that claret from a friend who procures it at wholesale, one dollar and a half a gallon. Taste it. It is as good as you or anybody can get for more money. I dring one gallon a week; it is all the drinking I do. I never take a drink down town; I never taste beer or whisky. I say, is there anything in that to make a man repine? Any comfort in that, my boy? Of course I could do without this wine; I could move on a back street or live in a basement; I could have my wife make a slave of herself, so that she would be tired out, and peevish, and fretful when I came home. Nice things for a man whose business cares harass him, to come home and find a cross, red-faced, peevish wife, ain't it? Helps a man to make a living, doesn't it? Makes him young, and causes him to sleep well! Bah! Have another glass?"

Then, after the dinner, he brought out two pipes and some delicious smoking tobacco.

"I hardly ever smoke a cigar, except upon the street. Of course, I might give you a clay pipe and some chips to smoke. I don't care to poison my nerves, so I get the purest and best tobacco. Anything wrong in that? Of course it costs more."

The Economist ventured to ask the twelve-hundred-and-fifty-dollar man if his wardrobe was not an expensive item.

"No; not very. I wear a pair of trousers, patched, to my office. I have what common people call a Sunday suit, for we go out now and then to visit, or to a concert, or to the theatre. My clothes—linen and underwear—go to the laundry. My wife makes her own dresses and other wear, except two dresses, which she always has for evening, made by the modiste. They are trimmed over, and cut down, or fixed up so that they can do service for a year at least. She has a woman who comes to the house to do her wash. She does her own ironing. Is there anything in my life that is extravagant?"

The Economist was silent.

"You can come to my house any day in the week and find as good a dinner as you got there to-day. We don't gorge one day and starve the next. That may be a good way for animals to live. None of it for me."

"What are your expenses?"

"I don't know. I don't care what they are, so long as my wife's cheeks are red, so long as her eyes sparkle, so long as my boy enjoys his youth, so long as I do not feel the prodding of Time and his chiding voice. 'Don't do it—you are getting old. Take care of yourself.' I say bah! on such an idea of life as that."

And, when he said this, his wife put her arms about his neck and kissed him. And the Economist went away, marveling much at what he had seen and heard.—*Chicago Herald.*

## VANITY FAIR.

Some English girls wear the divided skirt for a lawn-tennis costume, but they cover it with a tunic which comes within three inches of the edges of its frills, and it is difficult to see the superiority of this costume over that with the ordinary skirt. Still, anything for reform.

A Philadelphia gallant adopted a graceful way of getting out of an awkward dilemma. He was acting as escort of a young lady to a small evening reunion. Diving into his pocket for the necessary change with which to pay the car fare, he found he had neglected to bring with him any money. He turned, laughingly, to his fair companion and borrowed from her a quarter. The following day he went to the mint and secured twenty-five glistening new pennies, and taking them to a jeweler's, he had each one mounted in gold and strung into a unique necklace.

A new organ of matrimony, under the title of *Orange Blossoms*, resplendent in a pink and golden cover, has made its appearance in London. It treats of buds as well as blossoms, and records the marriage stakes that are to be played for. Its literature is essentially of a matrimonial kind, and deals with those questions which more seriously and most pleasantly affect womankind. The paper, moreover, has a boldness of its own. It does not think that women should be admitted to the franchise, but upholds the idea that women should remain women, and not aspire to be men.

The two principal occupations of the girls at Mount Desert are looking for the mails and the males. One comes in leather, brass-bound bags, and the others in Knickerbocker breeches and flannel shirts. Upon the arrival of the evening steamer across "the ferry," as the eight miles from Ellsworth Landing to Bar Harbor is called, the phalanx of fair ones file down to the landing, and every young man who arrives, as he walks up the steep gang-plank, has to pass between several hundred beauties, each dressed in the most picturesque fashion her taste and means will allow. It is a hard ordeal. There is not a young lady in Bar Harbor who is not expecting somebody, so they all go regularly to the steamer, though the "coming man," in a deplorably large number of cases, does not come.

It is exceedingly amusing (says a correspondent of a Boston paper) to watch the various methods employed by the ladies at watering-places to decoy the sterner sex and secure them for an evening's tête-à-tête. I saw one young man, who for some time to come would remain in his teens, being enticed by a practiced young lady almost old enough to be his mother. The young man was the possessor of a horse and buggy, but not being thoroughly versed in the art of coquetry, he was rather intimidated by the fair companion's advances. I overheard her remark that his evening ride would be very lonesome, but even this broad hint was lost, for I saw him later on drive off unaccompanied, while his recent companion muttered, "The little fool; he don't know anything."

There has been a great deal said at Eastern watering-places this summer about the bathing-suits—that some of them were scarcely in accordance with the strictest rules of propriety. That vague word "propriety" is as shifting in its significance as the sands of the seashore, says a correspondent of the Boston *Courier*. Yesterday a woman must wear a dress so long that it swept the ground, because "propriety" says that her dainty feet must not be exposed to public gaze. To-day she may wear her gown so short that when she seats herself not only her little foot but a generous display of rounded ankles is in full view, and "propriety" sanctions it. So it is with bathing dresses. Why it is a woman should be expected to go into the surf completely loaded down with heavy flannel, and when she appears at the opera or reception be clad in such diaphanous garments so scantily cut as to be positively repulsive, is a question I am unable to answer. All that can be said is that "propriety" thus decides it.

One of the most amusing studies at any watering-place is the woman with a Sunday husband, and a correspondent has found it especially diverting at Cape May. The number of wives who are left widowed during the week, to be joined from Saturday night until Monday morning by Philadelphia spouses, is very great; and inevitably they include a certain proportion of coquettes. "Now, it is a common silliness in extremely raw young men to flirt with married women," this authority declares. "There you have the essential conditions. From the going out of the train on Monday morning until the coming in of the same on Saturday evening, these giddy wives covertly exchange sentiments with beaux. And on Sunday the married flirt kills two fond birds with one stone cleverly thrown. She dotes on her husband in the most undisguised and captivating manner, from the greeting kiss to the parting hug. He correctly believes that she loves him dearly. But it is also true that she knows and fully intends the effect produced upon the beau."

A London correspondent in the New York *Tribune* says: "As to Lady Violet, who made a charming Orlando at Coombe House, her beauty is easily explained, as she is of the famous Callander strain of 'beauty-blood.'" This refers to an amateur theatrical performance of "As You Like It," given at Coombe House. Nellie Calhoun, a San Francisco girl, played Rosalind; she, being an actress, was engage for the rôle, and, being an actress, was used to tights. But why did Lady Violet Campbell want to play Orlando? It is a part never played by a woman on a regular stage. It must have been to show that in the "famous Callander strain of beauty-blood" the legs are shapely.

Some ladies about to be married (writes a clergyman) have an unconquerable reluctance to use the word "obey." One or two, if their own statements are to be accepted, have ingeniously constructed the term "be gay." On one occasion the minister suggested that if the bride was unwilling to utter the obnoxious word aloud, she might whisper it to him. She positively refused, but afterward consented when he had been forced to dismiss the witnesses without proceeding any farther. A ch rming young wife once boasted that she could not remember a word of what she had promised when she was married, as she was "in a perfect daze" during the ceremony. She added that, after protracted inquiry among her married friends, she had not found one whose experience in this respect was different from her own.

The London *World* has made some of the American papers mad by its article on the American girl, uncivilized and civilized. The former type is described as always talking loudly and always in haste; as having a hearty appetite, and this is illustrated by a description of an American breakfast; and, finally, this creation of the writer in the *World* usually has lots of candy in her pockets, which she eats at all hours. She loves to sit in a rocking-chair in the heat of the fire or sun, munching candy and reading novels. Her feet are said to be usually without an instep; they are small, narrow, and flat, and owe all their beauty to well-fitting shoes. The civilized girl, who has seen Europe, holds her back extraordinarily stiff, carries her head very high, and skims along the street like an important little water-wagtail. She disowns and despises her own country, and her sole ambition is to get into society.

Notwithstanding the universal war against Mother Hubbards, and the edict that forbids the Western Union Telegraph Company's girls in Washington from wearing them under pain of dismissal, they are occasionally seen on the streets, although nothing could be more unsuitable for street wear. Only yesterday (says a writer in the Washington *Capital)* I saw one of black satin on Broadway, and I noticed that the wearer attracted the gaze of every man she met, some of them going so far as to turn and stare after she had passed. I wonder if that is not the secret of their popularity, for there must be a secret reason for it, for not one woman in a hundred can wear them and look either graceful or tidy. Husbands abominate them, and the girl who might be so brave or so rash as to receive her lover in one would lose him forever. And yet both lover and husband stare after them in the street and ogle the wearers, to the disgust of every woman possessing a particle of modesty.

On one of the hottest days of this summer two ladies, cabin passengers by the steamship *City of Rome* to New York, sat on their trunks wearing very large and costly seal-skin sacques. They did not wear them because they felt the need of such covering, but because they feared they would be compelled to pay duty on the garments. But the mere fact of wearing a garment would not entitle any one to get it in free of duty, because many precautions are taken to prevent the fraudulent importation of articles in this way. If, for instance, the customs officer should notice women crossing the ocean often with different kinds of seal-skin sacques as garments for their own use there would probably be a seizure and appraisement. Every passenger by ocean ships is required to make oath as to all articles contained in his or her baggage subject to duty, and that duty must be paid before the baggage is delivered. Any dutiable article not enumerated in the entry of baggage is subject to confiscation. If the value of dutiable articles exceeds five hundred dollars, or if a proper appraisement can not be made at the vessel, the goods must be sent to the public store.

The young ladies at West Point can never see the cadets, except those who are at the West Point Hotel, the only hotel allowed on the reservation, and that does not accommodate a large crowd. The omnibuses and carriages which run from neighboring points carry the young ladies from the surrounding hotels. It is estimated that a girl travels several thousand miles going to and from West Point during the season. Sunday afternoon parade is always attended by a great crowd. Promptly at half-past six the parade is formed. The Adjutant, a young gentleman wearing a tall shako and a dazzling pair of white trousers, is the cynosure of all eyes. The long line of cadets go through the drill as one man. The word of command sounds something like this:

"C-a-r-r-y———hunks!"

"Shoulder———hunks!"

"Pre——sent———hunks!" etc.

Carry hunks means carry arms; shoulder hunks is shoulder arms—hunks being the pronunciation of arms commonly used by adjutants in the army at parade. The hops go on with the same regularity, the same waltzes are played, the same corporal stands at the door with his drum-sticks firmly grasped, ready to beat the tattoo at ten o'clock, for the young ladies to go home and leave the cadets in peace. The same grim sentry marches up and down, to keep the girls from seeing the boys home and hanging on the gate afterward. The band continues to play "Take Back the Heart that Thou Gavest" as the innocent young tadpoles of both sexes disperse. Nothing at West Point changes—even the faces of the cadets remain always young. Apparently they are the same fellows who drilled, and danced, and flirted along about 1835.

## BOHEMIAN BEACHES.

"Parisina" Describes Some Normandy Watering-Places.

If there should be a little incoherency about my letter to-day, don't blame me, but the tropical weather, which makes one fairly faint and wild with longing for the fresh sea breezes. Had I the wings of that Biblical dove, I would fly away—to the Norman coast, or to distant Britanny, or Biarritz. But, alas! Providence has denied us wings, and I am driven to live on the dreams of vanishing breezes and the recollection of the pleasant holiday I have had already.

It is exasperating enough to have to listen to the talk of those who have not been away yet—to hear one's friends inquiring, "Where shall I go?" and answer their "Where have you been, my dear?" However, I hope to get another fling at Deauville next week, during the race-days, and meanwhile I purpose giving you the benefit of a Norman experience on some of the bright little Bohemian beaches I have lately visited.

The choice of the *bain de mer*, or spa, is not to be made in a moment. There are pros and cons to be weighed; you must know who's going to where, and where who's not going. If you are to start with your husband, you want to learn whether Madame X. is still at *your* bathing-station. She may have to be eluded or watched—for men are frail creatures. On the other hand, if you are to start alone, you will naturally like to be assured that you won't be without company *all* the time you are absent. And then the most trifling *gommeux* who send bouquets to you becomes an object of momentary interest, though three months hence you would not give a thought to him or look at his bouquets.

It is passing strange to see how many husbands at this season find reasons for not accompanying their spouses to the healthful shore. The poor men have business, of course; the Bourse delays them; they need rest, but can't get it, or won't—so long as the countess is in town and Mademoiselle Phyllis's "protector" is away at Trouville. Equally odd, I own, are the maladies which take friends of the husbands to certain watering-places at the same period. Monsieur de Petit Crevé could surely cure his asthma somewhere else, and the Baron (who hates the sea) does not need surf-bathing. But men lose their right to be captious in the matter if they forget their duties; and, after all, the number of those who care one way or the other is very small in this age of science, progress, realism, electricity, agnostic tolerance, and corruption.

The freedom of Casino life is pleasant enough after the restraint of Paris, which you have had to tolerate since the last summer. You have little to do, and less to think of. Housekeeping is done with, receptions are over, and you have only the bathing, and the Casino, and—well, flirtation, to distract you from nature. *Entre nous*, nature is badly treated by most of us, even when no flirtation comes to take us away from her. The Casino is not conducive to simplicity, nor will you find that article on many beaches. If husbands were clearer sighted they would not abandon their wives so much to the sea breezes. But they are too busy "burning the candle" at the other end of the line, in Paris, to trouble about the doings of their better halves. It is astonishing how often I have caught my married male acquaintances lately prowling about the Faubourg St. Lazare, in suspicious proximity to Phrynes and Phyllises, and evidently bent on wicked pleasure. This is the golden time of the river restaurants from Bougival to Bercy. Monsieur Naquet would find only too many arguments to justify his divorce law if he were to spend a week on those "busy" husbands who are "detained in town."

But we are wandering from Normandy, and it's time we got back there to see what Madame is about while Monsieur "attends to his business."

There are several Normandies, very different from each other, and very differently inhabited. The *beau monde* affects a few *chic* bathing-places. Dieppe, Trouville, Deauville, Houlgate, Cabourg—these are the favorites. "Society" goes to them as it goes to a ball, a *fête de bienfaisance*, the Salon, and the Mirlitons. It goes to live the life of the Boulevards; to exhibit Worth's last creations and the most recent freaks of an English tailor; to listen to the songs sung by their favorite singers, yawn over pieces they have seen a score of times; to play at charity and minister to the vanity of dainty stall-keepers; to breathe an atmosphere of ozone tinctured with oppoponax; to scan nature from the box-seat of a drag; to pass the summer evening beneath the Casino chandelier, dancing to Arban's waltzes; to gamble none too mildly either, the *tapis vert* being merely a miniature race-course; and, finally, to return to town, jaded, perchance sun-burnt, little the better in health, and vastly poorer in pocket—often poorer in reputation. In another week, when the rag, tag, and bobtail of the turf will have followed society, Trouville and Deauville will be at their best. Then, if the reader will accompany me, he shall be initiated into a thing or two.

This is not the Normandy Bohemians love. They prefer the quiet spots about Fécamp—Yport with its woods and artists; delightful Etretat; Petites-Dalles or Vancottes; and the other pretty nooks north and south of Dieppe. By "Bohemian," mind you, I do not necessarily mean down-at-heel folk, but only folk with artistic tendencies and a horror of convention. You may travel down to Fécamp or Havre in a "restaurant-car," and meet plenty of Bohemians. Indeed, I am not sure you would not meet more of them this way; for the artist taketh small heed of money—the artist model still less. Nor do most dashing *demi-mondaines* (Bohemians of another pattern) usually go in for economy.

If you go down on Saturday by the express, by the "husbands' train," you cross (somewhere about Rouen) an up-train, which has come to be called *le train des amants*. What dreadful possibilities the name wakes! All the week for the lovers, Sunday for the husbands! A plethora of "gommeux" and "mashers" during six days, and, on the seventh, a gathering of well-to-do Boursiers, merchants, and functionaries—portly forms, broad waistcoats, spreading Panamas, various short coats, tight trousers, white gaiters, and flat-soled shoes!

No one stays long at Fécamp, picturesque though it is in a way. It made desperate efforts to grow fashionable, but they have failed; and a week ago it was looking inexpressibly dismal. It is best to leave the town behind, to go right—or left—to Yport or Etretat.

A rudely-built vehicle, half dilligence, half omnibus, will jog over to Yport in an hour. If fortunate enough to obtain a seat in front, the passenger is well off, but inside there is little breathing space. The distance is not great—five miles at most—and the sturdy Norman horses get up the hills in fine style, and bring you down at a gallop, whisking round sharp corners till you have hardly sense enough left to wonder why the whole contents of the *dépêche*, top-heavy with luggage, is not left lying by the roadside. Soon you get a glimpse of chalets peeping through the trees. Below are the establishments of the card-weavers, and cottages with terraced gardens. Then the gardens cease, and you get to tiny shops, and a long village street, which brings you in a few more minutes to the sea.

The scene on the beach is pretty enough when you get to the beach. On one side is the little crowd of bathers, hurrying to and fro from the sea to the cabins, in their long wrappers; on the other the fishermen, busy among their boats with tackle and nets, launching barks or drawing them up on the beach with the monotonous "haw! hees!" unfurling the brown sails, their red shirts and blue nightcaps making small dabs of color on the gray shingle.

Yport is not only a bathing place and a fishing village; it is a chosen abode of many artists—a Barbizon-on-sea. For several seasons successively De Neuville, the military painter, occupied a house midway up the left cliff. J. P. Laurens has built himself a gothic fortress farther back in the valley. Last year the veteran Français was among the visitors at the hotel, and Madame La Villette has studied marine effects there, from June to December—masked, to preserve her face against the sea-breeze and spray. Art is the staple subject of conversation at the *table d'hôte*. A familiar figure to all Yport habitués is the painter Benedict Masson, a short man in a brown surtout, who strikes Napoleonic attitudes, discourses of "tones" and "effects"; patronizes not only his younger colleagues, but nature herself; pledges art in bumpers of excellent claret, and pays a portion of his hotel bill in portraits of mine host and his family. He is the prime mover in all matters of charity, going around with the subscription list, making out programmes of entertainments, taking a theatrical part himself, if necessary—his dream being to be elected mayor, or at least municipal councilor.

Every one is more or less artistic at Yport—especially less. Even a retired commercial traveler who goes there occasionally has been bitten with the æsthetic furor, and manipulates oils, much to the detriment of his clothes and the amusement of the colony.

Petites-Dalles, a little farther along the coast, is a newer "creation" than Yport, and would probably not have sprung into popularity with what may be called (without offense, I hope) *la grande Bohème* had not the Empress of Austria spent a summer lately in the neighboring Château de Sasselôt. M. Blowitz, of the London *Times*, has since then built him a gabled villa on the heights adjoining. Hard by is the house of Ernest Daudet, and often enough you may see his younger but more gifted brother, Alphonse, strolling on the shingly beach, looking as gleeful and glad to be away from Paris as any schoolboy.

A lonely walk over the cliffs leads from Yport to Benouville—where, by the bye, the other day I found myself sitting under the apple-trees at a rustic fair, drinking bowls of milk with a sister of the Empress of Austria (the Countess de Trani) and the little princess her daughter. They are stopping at Etrelat, with the Comte de Trani, at present, at a very unpretending inn, much patronized by literary Bohemians, and often described. Judging from the homeliness of their dress and the shabbiness of the wagonette that was waiting to take them home, they can not be very rich in the world's goods, though they can claim kinship with half the royalty of Europe.

At the rival inn, the Hauville, over the way, I met any number of artists, journalists, and painters, many of them accompanied by handmaidens—who may have been their cousins, of course, or sisters, though they did not look like it. However, we are not severe at Etretat. "Live and let live" is the rule, so long as decorum is not too gravely or too openly offended. The piquancy of the place lies in this very tolerance. You will see staid English chumming at the Hauville with ladies whom their virtue would scorn to acknowledge in Boulogne or Brighton, should chance throw them in their path a second time. Proud Bostonians grow hail-fellow-well-met with pretty models and errant milliners, Princes and Puritans sit cheek-by-jowl at the table with literary buccaneers and struggling "brushes," whom they would cut remorselessly on the boulevards.

But in spite of the latitude allowed, or perhaps because of it, Bohemian Etretat is more proper and far less vicious than its aristocratic rivals. You never see indecent dresses in the water, and hear little at the *table d'hôte* to shock you. To the influence of the Bostonians who frequent the place, no doubt, belongs the chief merit. At all events they fancy so.

Etretat is full this year, and as gay as possible. Among the Bohemians you may see on the beach are Albert Wolff, Mademoiselle Beaumaine of the Variétés, Prince Lubomirski (the bald-headed, ruined gambler who married the *bourgeoise* with the millions and gaudy château), Meilhac the dramatist, and a hundred more I could mention. Miss Bryant, daughter of William Cullen Bryant, has taken a house for the season not far from the Hôtel Hauville, and a great influx of other Americans is expected.

ETRETAT, August 15, 1884. PARISINA.

Of the Prince of Wales's three daughters the Princess Victoria seems to possess the greatest sense of authority She is taller than her elder sister, of more decisive countenance, and has brighter eyes. She is said to resemble Queen Victoria more than the other children, and to be more like her in character as well. The Princess Louise, the eldest, is, like the Princess Alice, gentle and thoughtful, and they say at court that it is by her own wish that her "coming out" has been retarded till next season.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"I suppose," he remarked, as he returned from the barber-shop with his hair cropped closely to his head, "you will call attention now to the size of my ears." "Oh, no," she replied, sweetly, "that would be altogether unnecessary, dear."

Scene: *Table d'hôte* at fashionable hotel on Deeside; big market day. Farmer of the old school has dined. *Waiter*—"Finished, sir?" *Farmer*—"Fat's the chairge?" *Waiter*—"Five shillings, please." *Farmer* (startled)—"Five shillings? Weel, I'm nae deen yet." Resumes operations.

It was at the baptismal font (says *Life*), and the minister had the baby in his arms. "What is the name?" he asked of the mother. "Josephine Newton." "Joseph E. Newton, I baptize thee in the name"—— "No, no," hurriedly whispered the mother, in great alarm; "not Joseph E. Newton, Josephine Newton; it's not that kind of a baby."

It is said that at one of Lord Cowley's parties an unknown gentleman remarked to him: "Do you mean to say that Lord Cowley's parties are never livelier than this?" "Never," said his lordship. "Well," returned the stranger, "then I shall take myself off at once." "You're a lucky man," said Lord Cowley, sighing; "I'm obliged to stay."

In a certain salon the subject of conversation was the different methods of suicide. A learned member of the company recalled the fact that slaves, in antiquity, strangled themselves by swallowing the tongue. "That is a convenient kind of death," said a lady, "and I would willingly adopt it in case of necessity." "Ah! but that would not be death by strangulation," murmured one of her friends; "in your case it would be death by poisoning."

At a wine party of young men at one of the colleges, notes of apology were handed in from two of the proposed guests, who were unable to attend, owing to the death of their father. A young gentleman, heir to a considerable property, who had been partaking freely of the hospitalities of the festive board, suddenly burst into tears. "Was this dear old gentleman a friend of yours?" asked the sympathetic host. "No, no, it's not that," sobbed the guest; "only—I was just thinking—everybody's father dies but mine!"

There are losses which people suffer unconsciously, like that sustained by the geologist who hired a Scotch gillie to carry his bag of specimens across the mountains. "It was a heavy load, and just nothing but stones," said Donald, relating his experiences to a friend, "and I was not fool enough to drag the pebbles a guid ten miles. I just emptied the bag before I started, and filled it at the cairn I last came to, and the gentleman was just as pleased." The unlucky geologist was doubtless puzzled by the contents of the bag when he came to examine it later.

It is said of Adirondack Murray that the walls of his parsonage were covered with sporting scenes and implements. He often went out walking in sporting attire, usually escaping recognition. One day in Boston thus arrayed he bowed to a sport whom he had seen on the race track, and who was accompanied by a lady, both elegantly dressed. The next day both gentlemen met on the turf. "See here," said the sport, not knowing the distinguished divine's true name, "use all the familiarity you please on the track, but for heaven's sake don't recognize me in Boston."

Samuel Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," was a very able man, but his stupendous conceit made him appear half cracked. He was an inveterate tuft-hunter, and never wearied of telling stories of his "noble friends." It was Warren who expressed his astonishment that, at a ducal table at which he had recently been a guest, "there actually was no fish"; but he was utterly extinguished by the answer, "I suppose they had finished it up-stairs." This reply has always been attributed to Douglas Jerrold, but it was really uttered by Serjeant Murphy at a house-dinner at the Old Garrick Club.

Wade took occasion once to abuse Robert Toombs very roundly in a speech. He was called on that night by one of Toombs's friends. "I am requested to say," said the friend, "that Senator Toombs considers the language you used to-day a gross insult to him. He therefore asks that you make a retraction or abide by the consequences." Wade looked at the messenger an instant, and then said: "I want Toombs to challenge me. We Northerners have decided to kill off four or five of you Southerners, and I've picked out old Toombs as my man. Of course I shall be given the choice of weapons, and d—n me if I don't take my old rifle, and lay Toombs out the first crack." Toombs declined to issue the challenge.

A well-known card player of this city, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, fell up against a well-developed faro game in Chicago during an unusually fierce and sanguinary argument with the tiger, and quit loser about sixteen hundred dollars, which amount represented every cent he owned in the world. As he rose to leave the gilded arena, speculating the while on the condition of the walking between Chicago and Pittsburg, the dealer remarked, in a very cheerful manner: "Hold on a minute; we're going to have a little lunch of cold ham, etc., in a few minutes. Won't you join us?" "Join you be ——," roared the victim of the combat, as he turned on his heel with an air of disdain and quit the place; "do you think I can eat sixteen hundred dollars' worth of ham?"

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Mr. Brown*—"I see in the papers that a woman was recently bitten by a bat and shortly afterward died of lockjaw."

*Mrs. Brown* (tartly)—"If she had been bitten by the kind of bat you went on while I was away last summer, she probably would have died from delirium tremens."—*Graphic.*

The Pittsburg *Chronicle* says that in stopping street cars a Boston woman shakes her book, a New York woman throws her parasol at the driver's head, a Brooklyn woman whistles, a Chicago woman puts her foot on the track, a St. Louis girl winks at the conductor, a Cincinnati woman says "Huha, huha!" and a Pittsburg woman paralyzes the horses with a smile.

Milo, the wrestler, a Grecian of gigantic strength, being desirous of giving a convincing proof of his powers, undertook to rive in twain the stump of a gnarled oak, but his hands being taken in the rift, he perished miserably of hunger and thirst. This anecdote teaches us the extreme folly of "taking the stump" when it is not absolutely sure how things are going to come out.—*Life.*

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hours I've seen my fondest hopes decay; I never tried to save an hour but what I wasted half a day. I never took a girl to church, the longest way back home to plan, but that she left me in the lurch, and walked back with another man. I never had a fond gazelle to glad me with its dark blue eye; but had a goat, which knocked me out, my life is marred with buts, said I.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"I am an excellent sparrer," writes "Young Athlete"; "I am quick, strong, cool, and quite scientific, but my arms are very short. How can I best improve my reach?" With a brick, my son, with a brick. Don't waste time on scientific sparring, and don't worry about your short arms, when a good half brick, deftly put in, with or without a twist, will enable you to catch John Sullivan half way across the street.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

*Alice*—"I wonder if bicycling develops the calves, Edie?"

*Edith*—"I'm sure I don't know. I should think it ought to. Do you mean to ask your papa to buy you a bi—a tricycle?"

*Alice*—"Oh, no; but I noticed when all the Chicago bicyclists rode past the house how terribly small their legs were."

*Edith*—"Why, how queer! I noticed it, too."

*Alice*—"Yes; I'd rather pad than—that is, if I wore knee-breech—I mean, if I were a man."—*Nashville Banner.*

A young lady in Ulster County, N. Y., called at a lawyer's office in Kingston, the other day, and asked to have suit begun against a former lover for breach of promise.

"He promised to marry me four times," she said, "but he hasn't kept his word, and my affections are all blighted."

"How much damage do you wish to claim?" said the polite lawyer.

"Well, I was blighted four times; and I think one hundred dollars a blight is none too much."

So suit was entered at four hundred dollars damages for four blights.—*Albany Journal.*

"I say, boss, wud yez give me a loight?" said an old Irishman on Park Row.

The gentleman looked alternately at his freshly lighted cigar and the half-filled bowl of the Irishman's weather-beaten dudeen, and a look of disapprobation came over his face.

"I may have a match," he remarked.

He found one and handed it over.

The Irishman crooked his knee and drew the match slowly down his trousers' leg.

"Oi'm thinkin'," he said, "that (puff) yez musht (puff) be wan of (puff, puff) thim doodes."—*New York Sun.*

He was a tramp, and when he had carefully scanned the back yard for the expected wood-pile and found none, he quietly slid around, and, knocking at the front door, began his story of misfortune and his inability to get work.

"Yes," said the farmer, who was of a classic turn, "but 'labor conquers all things'; you remember the old saw, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed I do," said the wayfarer, as tears started to his eyes, "and the remembrance is indeed painful, but as I came along I didn't see any hanging up on the back of the house, so I thought I would ask for something to eat. Yes, I remember the old saw, and the wood-pile, too, but have no use for them; good day," and he vanished into the whereness of the whither.—*Boston Post.*

"I have the only book in America, Stephen," remarked Mr. Tilden, softly, "that can offset Mr. Blaine's book as a campaign document. Mine is a pocket-book, and," he added more softly still, "it is going to remain one."

And he buttoned his pocket so slowly, and so closely, and with such scrupulous attention to every button, that Stephen Grover felt a cold chill wander up and down his back.

"So that's the kind of a reformer you are," he said, bitterly.

"Oh, no," the old man replied, kindly, but with an air of pleasant coolness, "I am not a reformer. I am a performer. Res—a thing; hence, reformer, one who fixes things. Per—through; hence, performer, one who has got through fixing things. See, Stephen?"

And Stephen thought he could, as through a smoked glass—darkly.—*Burdette in Hawkeye.*

At a Texas hotel recently a native took a seat at the table, and the proprietor, who was also the waiter, stepped up to take his order.

"Whut'll yer take, stranger?" he inquired.

"Gimme a hunk of beef, some pertaters, a bit of biled cabbage, a section of pie, and a glass of iced tea," replied the guest.

"Whut's that last thing yer axed fur?" said the startled landlord.

"A glass of iced tea."

"Looky ha'r, yer flannel-jawed dude of the cattle-pens, yer got that ice-tea racket from some of them New Yorick traveling men, an' I haint a goin' to stan' no sich airs from a galoot uv your shape. Yer'll take river water or I'll lick the stuffin' clean outen yer. Ice-tea! Well, I'll be busted!"

He took water.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Mrs. Hayes is having trouble with Rutherford lately. The other day, while he was building a Queen Anne hencoop, he complained of his liver being out of order, and when he had finished he went to town and got a bottle of Bobkin's Stomach Bitters and Everlasting Liver Teaser.

"Come here, Rutherford, and let me smell that stuff," said Lucy, when he had pried the cork out of the bottle with an old pair of scissors, for Lucy does not allow a corkscrew in the kit of family tools.

Rutherford reluctantly presented the bottle, and Lucy sniffed long and critically.

"Just as I feared," she said, as she corked the bottle again and locked it up in the closet. "You can't regulate your liver with that stuff if I know it, Rutherford. It smells just like your breath smelled when you came home from that Blaine ratification meeting the other night."—*Middleton Transcript.*

## AN OLD FAVORITE.

"The Revenge"—A Ballad of the Fleet.

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far away;
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then swore Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no coward,
But I can not meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, let us know,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roared a hurrah, and so
The little "Revenge" ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little "Revenge" ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their decks and laughed,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delayed
By their mountain-like "San Philip" that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stayed.
And while now the great "San Philip" hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great "San Philip," she bethought herself and went
Having that within her womb that had left her ill-content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?
For he said "Fight on! fight on!"
Though his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck;
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said "Fight on! fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they feared that we still could sting,
So they watched what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maimed for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried, in his English pride:
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or shore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

And the gunner said "Ay, ay," but the seaman made reply:
"We have children; we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they manned the "Revenge" with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sailed with her loss and longed for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruined awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls, and their sails, and their masts, and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered navy of Spain,
And the little "Revenge" herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main. —*Alfred Tennyson.*

## LITERARY NOTES.

Clark Russell is at work upon another sea story. It is to be called "A Strange Voyage."

"The Red Manor," just begun in *Temple Bar*, is said to be the work of Lord Lytton's daughter, a girl in her teens.

Negotiations are said to have been recently undertaken for the disposal to certain book publishers in New York city of Henry C. Pedder's interest in the *Manhattan Magazine*. That interest amounts to nearly sixty thousand dollars.

The *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal* and the *Western Lancet* have been consolidated. The junior editor of the *Journal*, in consequence of pressing collegiate and professional duties, retires. The consolidated magazine will be conducted by Henry Gibbons, M. D. and W. S. Whitwell, M. D.

The latest numbers of the Franklin Square Library are "A Fair Maid: A Novel," by F. W. Robinson; "Matrimony: A Novel," by W. E. Norris; and "Georgia Scenes, Characters, Incidents, etc., in the First Half Century of the Republic," by a native Georgian. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

James Payn, in his "Literary Recollections," now in course of publication, earnestly advises young authors not to publish their works anonymously. "If one," he wisely says, "has any personality belonging to one (whether it is spelt with an 'i' or not) it is just as well to claim it, otherwise some one is sure to do so."

Mr. Max O'Rell has left London for France, where he will remain until his duties as teacher in a London institution shall make necessary his return. He has arranged with Calmann Levy that his forthcoming book on England shall appear about the middle of October. His "John Bull et Son Ile" has now been translated into English, Russian, Italian, Greek, Hindustani, and Bengalee.

The *Critic's* "Lounger" learns from a friend that the *nom de plume* Hugh Conway is the real name of a boy whose life Mr. Fargus once saved. "Called Back" was originally sold outright to the publisher for four hundred dollars. After the book became very popular the publisher agreed to pay the author forty dollars for every thousand copies he sold. Under this agreement Mr. Fargus has received for some time two hundred and fifty dollars per week.

The *Overland Monthly* for September contains, among other papers, an interesting description of "Nine Days' Travel in Mexico," by Louise Palmer Heaven; "A Naturalist in the Desert," by W. G. Wright; a biographical and critical essay on Charles Lamb, by Henry Colbach: an historical and descriptive sketch of "San Carlos—Mission del Carmel," by Mary Graham; "A Practical Consideration of the Mormon Question," by William Beatty; and the fourth of Colonel Holger Birkedal's papers on "Peru, Bolivia, and Chile." There are also several short stories, among them "Young Strong of the 'Clarion,'" by Milicent Washburn Shinn. The number is very readable. Published by Samuel Carson & Co., San Francisco.

"Why I am a Republican," by the Hon. George S. Boutwell, is a comprehensive and accurate history of the Republican party. The financial, protective, public lands, and educational policies of the party, and the beneficial effects following their application, are ably set forth. The questions at issue in the pending contest are discussed, and the reasons given which justify a continuance in power of the Republican party. The public services of James G. Blaine and John A. Logan are added, together with several important addresses, the Republican platforms and the Democratic platform of 1864. A copious index of some fifty pages completes the usefulness of this valuable book. It is published by William J. Betts & Co., Hartford, Conn.; for sale by James T. White & Co.; price, $1.50.

Several weeks ago George Edgar Montgommery resigned his place as the dramatic editor of the New York *Times*. Mr. Montgommery is now writing the articles on books and authors which appear frequently in the *Graphic*, the special weekly articles on subjects relating to the drama in the New York *Mirror*, special articles on literary and social subjects for the *World*, special correspondence for the Springfield *Republican* and Boston *Advertiser*, and regular weekly correspondence for the Philadelphia *North American*, the Albany *Express*, the Pittsburg *Chronicle-Telegraph*, the Washington *Herald*, the New York *Truth*, and the Buffalo *Courier*. Mr. Montgommery is also contributing poems and articles to the *Manhattan*, the *Century*, *Harper's Bazar*, *Youth's Companion*, Chicago *Current*, *Harper's Weekly*, and other periodicals and magazines.

We wonder if many readers of the *Argonaut* know that Victor Hugo for many years had what was practically a double household? True, he had more—for he was a man of many amours, and being a very sultan in the literary world, he had only to throw the handkerchief. But he had one faithful mistress—Madame Drouet—who died a little time ago. She too was wounded, as was Madame Hugo, by his ceaseless infidelities; her heart bled, as did his wife's, over his fickleness; and strange to say, the two women, by community of suffering, came to be friends. When Hugo was exiled, Madame Drouet followed him to Guernsey. Her residence was not far from that where lived his lawful wife, and Madame Drouet was a frequent guest. When Madame Hugo died, her rival took up her place within the Hugo household as a sort of *gouvernante*, and she lived there till she died. A strange episode, is it not? And one that is known to but few English or American readers.

In the Boston *Courier* of August 24, 1884, appears a story entitled "Mr. Fernande—An Incident of the Season at Monte Carlo." It is written over the signature of Edward H. Crosby. The *clou* of the story—the peg on which the plot is hung—is the fortunate error of a ruined gamester. He rises in despair from *rouge et noir*, when his eye is caught by the flash of a coin from the floor. He places his foot upon it, makes another wager, wins, bets again, and so on until he has made good his losses. When he goes to pick up the coin which saved him, he finds that it was—a drop of wine. This plot is identical with that of a story which appeared in the *Argonaut* over three years ago—on May 22, 1881, to be exact. It was entitled "The Magic Bit of Silver," and the only difference between it and the foregoing is that the drop was a drop of water instead of wine. While Mr. Edward H. Crosby has apparently, in some respects, diverged from the precepts of a certain great Teacher, he has followed him, at least, in turning water into wine.

Few medical men have become prominent as writers of fiction. Doctor Holmes is the only member of his profession in the United States who has acquired fame in this branch of literature. Doctors of medicine write many books, but they rarely write works of fiction. Doctor W. P. Hammond has written several admirable works on nervous disorders, which are regarded as standard by the profession at large. It would naturally be supposed that the doctor would utilize his vast knowledge of peculiar nervous manifestations to produce a novel embracing the most interesting phases of mental phenomena. In his novel "Lal," instead of doing this, Doctor Hammond has seen fit to follow well-beaten paths, the result being a very simple story, related in a very simple manner. "Lal" can not be ranked above the commonplace, and is a sad disappointment to the many admirers of the author. Doctor Hammond has failed to do justice to his great natural abilities, and "Lal" will not add lustre to his brilliant name. We would like to ask the doctor to explain this peculiar chapter: Tyscovus, his hero (a Pole), loses on the wayside, in Colorado, a little book of maxims, written by a remote ancestor. It is picked up and *read* by Lal, an ignorant girl reared on the frontier. Did the remote Tyscovus write in English, that Lal (running down the centuries) might read? Or was Lal acquainted with Polish? Published by D. Appleton & Co.; for sale at the bookstores.

### CALIFORNIA ARTIFICIAL STONE CO.

(SCHILLINGER'S PATENT),

**By which a Pavement is made that will last for more than a Lifetime.**

Frequent are the complaints made by our taxpayers of San Francisco regarding the condition of our streets, which, in many instances, are laid out with the poorest material obtainable. The attention of the Board of Supervisors is called to the admirable work performed by the California Artificial Stone Company, whose interesting exhibition of paving flag-stones at the Mechanics' Fair is located at the left of the entrance, and next door to the Superintendent's office. The exhibition is well worthy of an inspection.

The ingredients of this stone, which consists of English Portland cement and gravel which is found upon the shore of San Pablo Bay, are also on exhibition. Each block formed of the stone contains two layers of the material, the lower being coarser than the upper portion, yet the two are so blended togetner that it is scarcely noticeable. These are manufactured for pavements, gardens, or interiors, are about three inches in thickness, while the squares for streets and roadways are from four to six inches thick. This stone, which is made under Schillinger's patent, is almost universally used in Eastern cities, as well as on this coast.

Mr. Goodman, the manager of the company, has his headquarters at No. 404 Montgomery St. In an interview with that gentleman, he stated that the company is daily in receipt of contracts from all parts of the State. The rights for Territories to utilize this patent are now offered for sale.

The validity of this patent has been sustained by such eminent jurists as Judge Blatchford, then of the United Circuit Court, and now of the United States Supreme Court, Northern District of New York; Judge Shipman, of the Southern District of New York; and Judge Sawyer, United States Circuit Court of California, and last month Judge Sage of the United States Circuit Court, Southern District of Ohio, again sustained the patent, and held as follows: "Now, if the marker, whether it be a cord or of any other description is not material, make a cut or depression which has the effect to cause the pavement to break by upheaval or cracking from any cause along the line of the cut or depression, its use is clearly an infringement. Whatever depth of cut or mark will produce the effect stated is as certainly an infringement as if the blocks or sections of the pavement were entirely separated one from another. The cutting with the trowel, it was held, was an infringement, although it was not the entire depth of the pavement, the difference is only in degree. Decree for complainant."—*Recent Decisions.*

### FINE GARMENTS.

**The Grand Display made by Liebes & Co.**

Regarding the necessity of wearing fur in this country, many persons entertain an erroneous idea, inasmuch as they claim that such material is only suitable for regions where the thermometer stands at zero; and yet the truth is, there is no place in the world where furs are so much needed as here in San Francisco, owing to the extreme capriciousness of the climate, and it is always better to be too warmly than too thinly clad. Furs, like diamonds, are always valuable and always in fashion, which may account in a measure for ladies investing such large sums in this elegant material. No better evidence could be furnished of the great popularity attained by fur clothing on this coast than by alluding to the colossal collection displayed at the Mechanics' Fair by the celebrated furriers, Messrs. H. Liebes & Co., whose firm-name has become a household word, not only on this coast, but in the Eastern States and Europe. This firm's exhibit at the pavilion is to be found on the Grove Street side in the gallery; and if there is any one in the city who has visited the Fair, and failed to note this grand display, they should by all means go tonight, if for no other reason than to see what a stock Messrs. Liebes & Co. are compelled to keep on hand. And yet the collection at the Fair is but a little a part of their magnificent goods. If one wants to more fully feast the eyes on fur, they should go the firm's immense emporium, Nos. 111, 113, 115, and 117 Montgomery Street, where every article of out-door wear that can be made of fur is shown. There are goods ready-made, or they can be made to order at the shortest possible notice, the fitter of the establishment being one of the finest in the city. Sealskin of course is the favorite, and it is made up in an endless variety of styes—from the quiet dignified wrap for an elderly lady to the dainty and jaunty little jackets for the fashionable belle. It would be next to an impossibilty to ask for any kind of fur or style of garment not obtainable at this house. There are quantities of elegant dolmans, ulsters, jackets, mantles, bonnets, hats, capes, caps, gloves, etc.—not to mention a large display of sealskin satchels, of every style and size, that are so universally carried at present. But the newest garment is the "Empress," a handsome and stately-looking affair, which has already received a world of praise from the ladies. This firm has been happy in securing, during the late visit of Mr. H. Liebes to London, the exclusive service for the United States of the best process of dying sealskin, so that, while furnishing a superior depth of colors, they are prepared to guarantee all sealskins purchased from them to preserve their color for at least five years.

### Fire Calamities.

The press almost daily chronicles the destruction of life and property by fire. Oil-stoves and lamps explode, followed by death and destruction. Although no one is safe, the best protection against these terrible calamities is a dozen Harden Hand Grenades, costing $10 and $15 per dozen—two sizes. That's cheap—cheaper than burning up. Don't neglect it another day. Drop a line to the agency, and a case will be sent right out to your dwelling. Your wife or servants can use them just as well as you can. Consider the matter, and let me hear from you. Of course, you want them at your place of business, and you want quite a lot of them. Yours truly,

H. H. GROSS, 21 New Montgomery St.

### Corner Pedestals

Just arrived and for sale by the California Furniture Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush street.

### A FASHIONABLE MODISTE.

**What the "Bulletin" says of Mrs. K. A. Deering.**

Good taste in dress is a rare faculty which is only possessed by a few, for it takes years of study to understand the good points of the various female figures. As much depends upon the carriage and proportions as upon the age and complexion of a lady, and the brain is often taxed to its utmost to decide what is the proper style, cut, and color to show to the best advantage the wearer of a garment. The best-costumed ladies are those who patronize only the most experienced dress-makers, well knowing that no such person can afford to send out of her establishment a garment that does not do her justice; and we do not know of any place to find these qualifications than at the dress-making establishment of Mrs. K. A. Deering, at 121 Post Street, over O'Connor, Moffitt & Co.'s. Every dress she makes is a success. She has a large force of workers and an experienced French cutter direct from Paris. Mrs. Deering also takes orders for buying, which are executed conscientiously. Her accommodations are magnificent, and her prices as reasonable as any in the city.

### Pine Cone Souvenir.

Beautifully decorated Yo Semite Cones, twelve inches long, $1.50 each. Campaign "Specs" (both parties), 10 cents by mail. ROB'T R. HILL & Co., 116 Geary Street.

### To Ladies.

Ladies desiring a perfect perfume should try the Elite Bouquet. Its perfume is sweet and lasting. For sale at all druggists, and at the Palais Royal, 108 Post Street.

### M. Meussdorffer's

Fall style Hats can be seen at N. E. corner Montgomery and Bush and 404 Kearny Street. His Silk Hat, "THE" style for fall and winter, is universally approved.

### Folding Chairs.

Something entirely new. *The best yet.* Call and see them, at the warerooms of the California Furniture Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush street.

—MRS. HENRY NORTON WILL RESUME THE teaching of singing August 15th. Residence, 1505 Washington Street. Communications may be addressed in care of M. Gray's music store, 206 Post Street. Oakland day, Wednesday, at 363½ Twelfth Street, Room 21.

—CELERY, BEEF AND IRON INVALUABLE FOR professional men, invaluable for business men, for you can do more work with less fatigue if you drink CELERY, BEEF AND IRON.

—NOW IS THE TIME TO SECURE THE METROpolitan Hall, located in the centre of the city, for political meetings during the coming campaign.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,

Eddy Street, near Market.

KRELING BROS.....Sole Proprietors and Managers

Wonderful and deserved success of the splendid reproduction of Gilbert & Sullivan's ever popular opera,

**H. M. S. PINAFORE!**

**Grand Orchestra and Chorus!**

**Last Chance to see Pinafore!**

Mondry evening, September 8th, for a few nights only, BOCCACCIO. Look out for the spectacular and magnificent LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

Admission, 25 cents.....Reserved seats, 50 cents

### METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

**SATURDAY.....SEPTEMBER 13**

## ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Will deliver his great Lecture on

## "ORTHODOXY,"

**On September 13th.**

Admission $1.00; Reserved seats, $1.50. Reserved seats at Gray's Music Store.

### MILES BENNETT,

**PROFESSOR OF SINGING,**

Gives lessons at pupils residences, at Mr. Gray's music store, Post Street, or at 729 California Street. References kindly permitted to the Bishop of California; Mr. Robert Sherwood, 309 California Street; Mr. M. Gray and others.

### LOANS MADE FOR ONE YEAR ON WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND JEWELRY,

**AT THE**

**COLLATERAL BANK,**

**No. 15 Dupont Street.**

### COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION,

**Phelan's Building, Rooms 6, 8, 9, 10, 11.**

**Entrance, 806 Market Street.** Gas Specialists; positively extract teeth without pain; only office that makes and gives the celebrated "Colton Gas;" established in 1863; over 15,000 references; also, performs all operations in Dentistry.

**We have just received our Fall and Winter Stock of**

### CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES,

**Comprising all the latest styles and novelties in our line, and are prepared to get them up in the very latest styles and at the lowest possible prices. We would be pleased to have you call and examine our stock.**

**REEVE & STAAB,**

**Tailoring Parlors,**

**Corner Geary and Kearny Streets,**

**San Francisco.**

**Entrance, 10 Geary St.**

## OIL STOVES

NEW A & W MONARCH C for 1884.

Don't buy till you see it!

Or send for Circular.

**JNO. F. MYERS & CO.**

869 Market Street,

San Francisco.

### FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES

235 KEARNY ST. S.F.

**Southwest cor. of Bush. Established 1877.**

PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

## WOODWARD & BEACH,

**Real Estate and General Auctioneers**

OFFICE AND SALESROOM,

**10 Montgomery Street, adjoining Hibernia Bank, San Francisco.**

## SPECIAL CREDIT SALE

.....OF.....

# REAL ESTATE

## AT AUCTION,

**On Long Credit, at Low Rate of Interest,**

## THURSDAY,

**Thursday, - - - September 11, 1884**

At 12 o'clock noon,

**At Salesroom, No. 10 Montgomery Street,**

Consisting in part of that

## MAGNIFICENT BLOCK

In the most desirable part of the

## WESTERN ADDITION

Bounded by

**Scott, Devisadero, Clay and Washington Sts.**

**IN 34 SUBDIVISIONS.**

The above is admitted to be the most desirable residence property in San Francisco, convenient of access by two lines of cable roads, surrounded by splendid improvements and possessing a commanding view of the city and bay, which must be seen to be appreciated.

.....Also,.....

**10 Lots N. W. side of Bryant, between Seventh and Eighth Streets.**

**5 Lots W. side Capp Street, corner Twenty-fifth Street, and**

**2 Lots E. side San Jose Avenue between Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth Sts.**

### TERMS:

**ONE-QUARTER CASH.** Balance in one, two, and three years. Interest, 7 per cent., including taxes.

**TITLE PERFECT.**

Full abstract up to day of sale.

Catalogues, with full details and diagrams, now ready at our office.

**WOODWARD & BEACH,**

**Real Estate Agents and Auctioneers,**

**10 Montgomery Street.**

### NEW MAP OF SAN FRANCISCO,

Just published by Warren Holt, 413 Montgomery St. Compiled to date from official sources. Complete in every respect—streets, grades, railroads, public buildings, etc. Soundings on the city front and Fort Point. Printed on the finest map paper. Size, 4½ by 5½ feet. Price—Mounted on ash rollers, $10; book form, with muslin back, $8; plain, $6 50. WARREN HOLT, Publisher, 413 Montgomery Street.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

## BOOTS AND SHOES

Made to order by

**W. F. MEAGHER,**

**111 Geary St., near Dupont, San Francisco.**

Stage and Wedding Shoes of Louis XV. a specialty.

CRAPE. CRAPE.

## CRAPE.

Old and Faded Crape Veils and Bonnets RE-DYED and FINISHED LIKE NEW at the

**PALACE DYE WORKS,**

633 Market Street, Palace Hotel.

## CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

While the Editor or Art Critic (or some other person to me unknown), of a certain paper in this city, chose to call me a pot-boiler, and the "Incident in the Louvre" a daub and indecent, I kept silent, allowing that every person has a right to his own opinion as to the merit of the picture; evidently this virtuous (?) egotist, emboldened by my silence, has felt himself quite safe from any opposition, and, going outside of his limit, has dared to add that the "Incident in the Louvre" "is without the merit of originality." I now publicly denounce this person as a libelous liar, and challenge him in the sum of five thousand dollars ($5,000) to prove that my painting is not original. If there is a particle of decency in him let him come forward, give his name openly to the public, prove his charge and make an honest five thousand dollars. This person has also said that the picture, "if photographed, would come under the operation of the law." Photographs of the "Incident in the Louvre" will be for sale after the 20th of September, 1884. H. W. ARTHUR NAHL.

San Francisco, September 1, 1884.

CALIFORNIA

## ELECTRO PLATING WORKS

**657 MISSION STREET.**

**Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating on all Metals.**

Table Ware repaired and plated at the lowest rates. Copper Plates silver plated for saving gold. All work in our line guaranteed. **KEATING & FAGAN,** Proprietors.

## KELSEY HOUSE.

This well-known villa has changed hands and has been thoroughly renovated, and is now run in conjunction with the well-known Windsor House. The houses and cottages are situated on most beautiful and spacious grounds. Telephone communication. Cars pass every 7½ minutes; ten minutes' ride from the train. Apply to C. C. Wheeler, proprietor, at Windsor House, Ninth and Washington, or on the premises, cor. Telegraph Avenue and 24th St., Oakland.

CALIFORNIA

## STORAGE WAREHOUSE,

**No. 722 Mission Street,**

Next door to the Grand Opera House. Advances made on Pianos and Furniture. Lowest rates of interest. Goods carefully stored in large, airy lofts. Insurance effected.

**THOS. H. ROONEY.**

### VALUABLE VINEYARD FOR SALE.

IN BEARING, on land selected by the advice of the best authorities, and the condition of the Vines and growing crop shows the wisdom of the selection. **One Hundred and Sixty Acres,** all of which is equal to the **best in the State,** and so pronounced by vine-growers from the most noted grape districts; less than one mile from the beautiful town of **Pleasanton, Alameda County.** This fine property will be sold as a whole, or in divisions by the avenues, at a very reasonable price that will yield a large income on the investment, and a future increase in value. For full information, apply to

**ALBERT E. CRANE,**

410 Montgomery Street, San Francisco,

### THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!

**The Light-running**

## "HOUSEHOLD"



**SEWING MACHINE.**

Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to **three months' trial.**

**Samuel Hill Estate**

CITY SALES ROOMS,

**634 Market St.**

Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

## WALL PAPERS,

**FRESCOING,**

INTERIOR DECORATING

**WINDOW SHADES.**

## G. W. CLARK & CO.

**645 and 647 MARKET STREET.**

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

### The Candidate.

Gaily the candidate
Seeketh the bar,
Where thirsty citizens
Throng from afar,
Singing: "In search of thee
Hither we come,
Candidate, candidate,
Set up the rum."

Hark, 'tis the candidate
Calls them by name,
Up to the parapet
Swiftly they came.
And still his song is heard,
All through the din:
"Thizzz timez zon me,
Se'mm muppagin!"
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

### Mary had a Little Corn.

Mary had a little corn
Upon her little toe;
And everywhere that Mary went
That corn was sure to go.

It went with her to church one day,
About a three-mile walk;
And when she got into her seat
You should have heard her talk.

There was a funeral that day,
And every one did weep;
But Mary never shed a tear—
She squirmed up in a heap.

"Take off your shoe, my darling child,"
Her tender mother said;
But Mary only heaved a sigh
And shook her little head.

Then sternly did her father look,
What could poor Mary do
But elevate her little foot
And shed her little shoe?

The burial service being said,
Each deacon left his pew;
And instead of bearing off the corpse
Walked out with Mary's shoe.

And as they bore it down the aisle,
Some stranger, it is said,
Had the irreverence to ask
How long the man was dead.
—*New York Star.*

### Chloe and Corydon at a Picnic.

"Come, Chloe, beauteous maiden, come,
And here, within the flowery shade,
Enjoy with me the tuneful hum
Of bees that swarm throughout the glade.
Upon the velvet moss reclining,
And with thy murmurings in mine ear,
What thought have I of love's repining—
So come, sweet Chloe, rest thee here!"

"Nay, Corydon; I fear, alack!
The ants would clamber up my back."

"Ah, Chloe, here among the flowers,
While linnets coo in vines above,
How sweet to dream away the hours
Or weave fair sonnets to my love!
A zephyr, coming to delight me,
Breathes in mine ear a soothing tone
And tells me Chloe shall requite me—
And so I smile as eke I prone."

"Rise, Corydon! I pri'thee rise!
You're proning on the custard pies!"
—*Chicago News.*

### O Lemonade.

O Lemonade! or pink or amber hued,
Or with mysterious purple tint imbued;
Compounded or in bar or circus tent,
Or guileless, or with cream of tartar blent,
Thou art a beverage of incertitude.

Much loved of the bucolic multitude,
Whether or sickly sweet or sourly crude,
Thou art a gustatory chastisement,
O Lemonade!

Promotor of profound solicitude,
And multi-various vicissitude;
To lips that taste, on anguish subsequent,
Creating pangs stomachic, turbulent,
Thy acid mission is but to delude,
O Lemonade!
—*Boston Saturday Gazette.*

### To a Terrapin.

O terrapin, terrapin, whither away,
Thou slow-moving, evil-eyed tramp;
What destiny tempts thee, old pilgrim, to stray
So far from the terrapin camp?
Why prowl at my garden, thou sauntering crust
Of inscrutable cunning—why sneak
And recoil, like a snake, with an air of distrust,
When a gentleman deigneth to speak?

Thou toothless, old, triple-lashed rover, what news
Bringest thou from the terrapin isles;
And what of thy trip through the dusks and the dews,
O'er the pathless and perilous miles?
What bloody banditti beleaguer thy way,
And where does thy lone journey trend?
O prince of the turtles, make answer, I pray,
To the querulous poet, thy friend!

Thou Wandering Jew of the terrapin race,
What marvelous mysteries lie
Tormentingly locked in thy taciturn face,
And forever unsealed in thine eye?
For thee doth some terrapin mistress await,
In her portable palace, I wot—
For thee sits she night after night at the gate,
And sadly complains of her lot?

O terrapin, terrapin, whither away,
Through the dews and the dazzle of dawn?
No longer, poor gypsy, thy steps I will stay,
But will think of thee often when gone;
Thy road is as rugged, no doubt, as my own,
Thy soul is as sunless and sore—
So I wish thee good-morning, thou terrapin lone,
And bid thee God-speed from my door.
—*Chicago Current.*





The Strongest and Best! Recommended by Leading Physicians and Chemists.

The Strongest and Best! Recommended by Leading Physicians and Chemists.

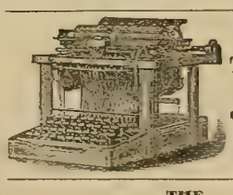
J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS
And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,
415 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco

JOS. FIGEL
211 MONTGOMERY ST. S.F.
Offers the
LATEST STYLES
.....OF.....
CLOTHING
.....AND.....
FURNISHING GOODS
FOR GENTS AND BOYS,
READY MADE and MADE TO MEASURE at
REDUCED PRICES.
A Full Line of Desirable Suitings in our Merchant Tailoring Department.

Apollinaris
THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS
"The Presidential Beverage."
Harper's Bazar.
"It is the Water to which we must look."
Lancet.
ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.
Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.
No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco,
and Portland, Oregon.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
24 Post St., San Francisco
Commercial Education, Penmanship and Telegraphy.
E. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES
Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating.
Every description of Tableware and Household Goods plated and repaired at the San Francisco Plating Works, 653 and 655 Mission St., between New Montgomery and Third.
E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.


Remington
STANDARD
Type-Writer.
Again improved and perfected. See them.
G. G. WICKSON & CO.,
339 Market St.,
Opp. Sansome, S. F.

THE
LADIES' CARD BASKET.
Mr. John P. Dwyer, late of Palace Hotel, has opened an office at 620 Market Street, directly opposite the Palace, where he will be pleased to see all of his old friends and as many new ones who may favor him with a call. Ladies will find it very convenient, when in want of Visiting Cards, to drop in and leave their order. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Cards furnished in one hour's notice. Specimen cards written free.

ESTABLISHED 1855.
CARRIAGES.
O. F. WILLEY & CO.
NEVADA BLOCK,
No. 317 MONTGOMERY STREET, - - - - - - SAN FRANCISCO,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
CARRIAGES, LIGHT ROAD WAGONS, CARTS, SULKIES,
Our stock of which is now, as it has heretofore been, unsurpassed in elegance and solidity. Recent importations have greatly enlarged our supply of vehicles of all kinds from the following celebrated Eastern establishments, of which we are the agents, viz.:
Brewster & Co., (of Broome Street) New York,
C. S. Caffrey & Co., Camden, N. J.,
Henry Hooker & Co., New Haven, Conn.,
H. Killam & Co., New Haven, Conn.,
W. S. Frazier & Co., Chicago Road Carts.
We have also an assortment of Buggies and Phaetons, with full leather tops, which we sell at prices ranging from $85 to $125. Constantly on hand a full supply of
HARNESS,
From the famous manufactories of Wood Gibson, New York, and Tompkins & Mandeville, together with a complete assortment of Concord and other Harness. Fine Silk Plush Robes, Lap Robes of all kinds, Horse Blankets, Whips in variety, Wheel Jacks, Wood Stable Forks, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs, etc., etc. The Agency Goods above enumerated will be sold at Eastern prices with freight added. We have always in stock, and are prepared to manufacture to order, Mountain and other Wagons. In returning thanks for past patronage and favors, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

KNABE PIANOS
"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*
A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St. S. F., Sole Agents.

EDUCATIONAL.
BARNARD'S
BUSINESS COLLEGE,
37 Post St., S. F. Send for Circular.

— Mt. Gardner Seminary, at Gardner, Massachusetts, under the proprietorship of Mrs. Aurelia Burrage, formerly of this city, will begin its second year September 24th. This school of languages is located in one of the most healthy and beautiful New England towns.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL for GIRLS
Will re-open Monday, August 3d.
Temporary location, 1001 Sutter Street, corner of Hyde.

PERRY SEMINARY,
Formerly Sacramento Seminary of Sacramento, will open
August 6, 1884,
At 1625 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland. For catalogue and particulars, address MRS HERMAN PERRY,
Or MISS KATE M. FULLER,
Principals.

MADEMOISELLE LOUISE LOUIT,
Teacher of French,
Will give private lessons at residence of pupils, or at Perry Seminary, 1625 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland.

MISS F. A. DILLAYE,
ORGANIST AND TEACHER OF ORGAN, PIANO, AND VOCAL MUSIC. Opportunities to practice may be secured by organ pupils at her residence, 725 O'Farrell St.

MME. VIOLA A. POMEROY,
Teacher of Singing, Elocution, Voice Culture. Voice Building—"Delsarte Method;" Pupils thoroughly prepared for the Dramatic and Operatic Stage. Residence, 220½ McAllister Street.

SHORT-HAND INSTITUTE.
Oral instruction day and evening: also, lessons by mail; send for circular. Long's School of Phonography, 220½ McAllister Street.

PRIVATE INSTRUCTION
In the English Branches. Bookkeeping and Accounts. Preparations for Examinations a specialty. Call 4 to 8 P. M. B. L. BROWN, 313 Geary Street.

FINEST PHOTOS IN THE CITY
....AT THE...
IMPERIAL GALLERY,
724½ Market Street.

WINDOW SHADE FACTORY.
H. E. BULLIVANT & CO.,
FACTORY AND SALESROOM,
753 Mission St., bet. 3d & 4th.
Decorating and Lettering a specialty for stores, offices, residences, etc.

CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS.
MONOGRAMS, Arms, Crests, Wedding, Reception and Visiting Cards designed, engraved, and printed: lot Papeterie: Albums at great bargain. ROBERTS, 10 Post St., Masonic Temple.
CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS.

INVENTORS' INSTITUTE,
105 STOCKTON STREET,
Corner of O'Farrell.
PATENTS PROCURED FOR $65, AND PATENTS
Negotiated. Send for particulars.

THE FULTON.
3 Fulton, opposite New City Hall. "The Fulton"—new house; splendidly furnished suits of rooms. References.

$130,000
Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, 1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal. Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers.
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY
A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for
TAMAR CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite Cerebral Congestion, etc.
INDIEN Prepared by E. GRILLON, Chemist of the Paris Faculty
SOLE PROPRIETOR,
GRILLON 27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.
Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BOUND VOLUMES
.....OF.....
THE ARGONAUT.
Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, XIII, and XIV.
Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volume from the commencement by applying at the Business Office, No. 213 Dupont Street.


### CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of August, 1884, an assessment (No. 13) of Twenty (20c) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the eleventh (11th) day of September, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the eighth day of October, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

### CONSOLIDATED IMPERIAL MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of September, 1884, an assessment (No. 21) of Ten (10) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the seventh (7th) day of October, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the twenty-eighth day of October, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.


A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Monday, September 1, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‖8.00 A.M. | Byron and Martinez | ¶6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Deming, El Paso, Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | and East, Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Stockton via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Ione | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Kaight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Los Angeles and South | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | Merced, Madera, | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Fresno, and Tulare | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Mojave, Needles, Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | and East, Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Ogden and Express | 11.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | East, Emigrant | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | and Tehama via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Redding and Delta | 6.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‖10.00 A.M. | " " | ‖3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | 5.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Virginia City | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 8.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Vallejo Junction; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from The Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

¶ Daily from Martinez. Sundays only from Byron.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, ..22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also. Druggists' Glassware.


NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC

RAILROAD.

BROAD GAUGE.

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | San Mateo, Redwood, and Menlo Park | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | Santa Clara, San Jose, and Principal Way Stations | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Salinas, and Monterey | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Hollister and Tres Pinos | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Watsonville, Camp Goodall, Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Soledad and Way Stations | 6.00 P.M. |
| †7.50 A.M. | Monterey and Santa Cruz (Sunday Excursion) | †8.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.

‡ Theatre train; Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, Camp Goodall, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—Sold SUNDAY MORNING, good for return same day.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, May 12th, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—7.30, 9.15 A. M., 1.30, 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 1.30, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20 A. M., 2.00, 3.25, 4.50 P. M. (Sundays)—7.55, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.15, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 3.55, 5.30 P. M. (Sundays)—8.30, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.45, 5.00, 7.10 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 7.00 P. M.

**7.30 A. M. and 1.30 P. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAINS for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through trains from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 10.30 A. M. and 6.00 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning arrives in S. F. at 7.40 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


BONESTELL, RICHARDS & CO.

ALLEN & CO.

PAPER WAREHOUSE

411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

**OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL**

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.**

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 2 o'clock P. M. for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| Steamer | 1884. | From San Francisco |
|---|---|---|
| **San Pablo** | **Thursday, September 25th** | |
| **Oceanic** | **Thursday, October 30th** | |
| **Arabic** | **Tuesday, November 11th** | |
| **San Pablo** | **Thursday, December 18th** | |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

**PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.**

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Tokio** ..... **September 13**

At 2 o'clock P. M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Blas** ..... **September 15**

At ten o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, SAN BLAS, MANZANILLO, and ACAPULCO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA and LA LIBERTAD, and via ACAPULCO for other Mexican and Central American ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Zealandia**..Saturday, September 27, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

**PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.**

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on Sept. 4th, 12th, 20th, and 28th, and Oct. 6th, and every eighth day thereafter. The last steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

**OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 3000-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

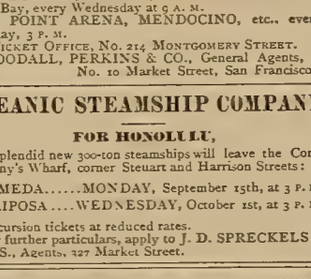
ALAMEDA.....MONDAY, September 15th, at 3 P. M.

MARIPOSA....WEDNESDAY, October 1st, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

THE

**AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY.**

SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**

Office, 208 California Street.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.,**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. B. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.

Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

**THE NEVADA BANK**

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President: Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.

London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

**THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital.....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.

THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.

BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**
Of London. Instituted 1803.

**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.

**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.

**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

**COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.**

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. E. MANN.

**HUTCHINSON & MANN,**

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

**HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.**

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**

**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.

VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.

SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# REMOVAL.

**THE**

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.**

Have removed to their

**New Store, No. 15 First Street,**

**NEAR MARKET.**

# RUBBER HOSE

—FOR—

**Gardens, Mills, Mines, & Fire Departments,**

Manufactured and for sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard (Maltese Cross) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose (Competition), Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire Engine Hose, Carbolized Maltese Cross Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

**JOHN W. TAYLOR, - - - Manager.**

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**

THE NORTON

DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**

**86 California Street, San Francisco.**

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.




Several conditions are necessary for a complete enjoyment of Wagner's operas—even of "Lohengrin," which, the musicians tell us, is a light and tricksy thing compared with the "Trilogy" or "Parsifal." It was the great composer's first incursion into the music of the future, and he had not yet thoroughly shaken off a slight tendency to tunes. Thus, a diligent explorer may find several traces of melody in "Lohengrin." Wagner permitted them to remain because they were very short, and almost impossible for the quickest ear to catch, but he repented in sackcloth and ashes in every opera that came after.

Therefore, as I said before, several conditions are necessary for a complete enjoyment of his works. The first of these is that the audience be composed exclusively of musicians of the very highest order and most complete training. They must have a most accurate knowledge of thoroughbass, counterpoint, and harmony, and be able to identify with each individual note, the boom of each separate bassoon, the blare of each trumpet, the reedy thrill of each clarionet, the human wail of every violin, the deep, sympathetic undertone of each 'cello, the long, woody toot of the oboe, the shrill piping of the flute—all the wonderful combining sounds that make an orchestra. Added to this, they require a half familiarity with the music. And under all, and over all, they need the temperament of the Norseland, its solemnity, its depth, its love of stately myth, its ineffable seriousness. The light, mercurial Italian temperament, with its warm, lascivious fancy, its sensuous love of melody, has here no place. A Wagner audience must be deeply musical, heavy, German.

With an Italian company the prima donna is the next consideration, but with Wagner the orchestra is the first. This must be no handful of twenty or thirty pieces. Wagner's grandeur is like the Yosemite—it is all in magnitude. He seizes the fancy with tremendous bursts of strangely concerted sound. Every musician must be an artist in skill and as accurate as a machine, and there must be so many of them that the crescendos will send cold chills of ecstasy running down your spine, and the diminuendos make you hold your breath with marveling.

The chorus should match the orchestra. It should be immense in point of numbers, with enormous and inexhaustible strength of lung, and a superlative capacity for coming in unhesitatingly on the right beat—it being a peculiarity of Wagner's to deal in the unexpected. The stage should match the chorus. It should be vast and spacious, and set with a magnificent wealth of scenery and a magnificent disregard of expenditure and mechanical possibilities.

The prima donna should be an iron-bound, steel-rimmed, copper-fastened young woman, with all the grace and beauty of youth, the experience of maturity, a tireless, round, resonant voice, which can sustain itself in the most difficult register for a phenomenal length of time, and a woman who can dress as if inspired, look like a picture, and act like Rachel.

The tenor should be tall, and fair, and strong—a man to suggest Sir Galahad at merest glance—sing with the sweetness of an angel, the strength of an anvil-striker, and the endurance of a trained athlete.

The baritone must have a tenor and bass register, and the basso must sing up in his head for long stretches of times, and make it sound as if it came from his boots.

Everything in the production must be the very glory of immensity. Being so, as at Beyreuth, the listener realizes that Wagner is the one man who makes opera a consistent thing—a drama in which the lines are sung instead of written, and the action upheld by music.

The prima donna does not come forward to the footlights and sing a song, alternately at different sides of the prompter's box, nor is the entrée of the contralto, the baritone, and the basso signified each by a separate tune.

Wagner has selected a beautiful Norseland myth for each of his operas, has the stately and appropriate text set to stately and appropriate music. The action goes on with artistic directness, with very few opportunities to break the spell with the applauding of individuals, and very few melodious fragments to applaud. Under the given conditions, a Wagner work is a great, solemn, mystic, weird, exalting harmony. But it is far over our heads in San Francisco. We are a music-loving, but not yet a musical community. We are in a condition to be bored by solemnity, greatness, and stupendous excellence. And if ever a large, bored audience almost yawned its jaws out of joint, it was the audience at the Grand Opera House on Tuesday night. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the conditions for full Wagnerian enjoyment did not exist.

The chorus and the orchestra were most hilariously go-as-you-please. Upon the whole, the chorus got away with the orchestra and went the most as it pleased, for it is certainly the worst chorus in "Lohengrin" that ever helped to present opera in San Francisco. The tenors were generally two beats behind the time, and even then they left the burden of starting invariably to one gentleman, who sang quite a series of involuntary solos. Now and then the other tenors would catch up with him, and now and then he went on alone manfully to the end. The sopranos were few in number and comparatively inaudible, at a, if audible, generally when such manifestation was not expected of them.

The orchestra started in gallantly enough with the prelude, but after that it was simply execrable. Poor old Wagner! People set their teeth on edge and gave him credit for many a discord that did not belong to him. Both orchestra and chorus require at least six months' full practice to do anything acceptable with "Lohengrin."

The principals redeemed much. The tenor is almost everything that Lohengrin should be. It is the duty of every one in listening to a new tenor to try to forget Giannini. The Italian is simply a phenomenon in the purity of his voice, its sweetness, strength, and endurance, and in the natural ease of his singing. Juncke is the conventional tenor, with a sweet voice, remarkably sympathetic in its quality. He has a wonderful violin tone in two or three notes of the upper register, and some bad, throaty notes in the lower. Why did not some one encore the sweet little swan song which he sings better than anything, but which is so short that one wants to hear more of it?

As Lohengrin he is a beautiful creature. One may say these things of a knight in a myth. As some one has already said, he seemed to have come out of the "Idyls of the King." He is fair with the Saxon fairness, as Norse gods and Greek gods always are, and in his splendid, shining armor, for the costumes are most beautiful, he is a picture to see. The stage offered a wonderful contrast as Müller, shining equally in plated steel, but dark of locks and mien, confronted the Knight of the Swan. Müller, by the way, seemed animated by a new fire, or, rather, revived an old one, for he sang and acted with the spirit of former years, looked as he used to do in his halcyon days, and came very near to shining down the imported singers.

Lohengrin has, indeed, little to do but look pure, and white, and shining. He seems, like the Buddhist's idol, to be a creature of infinite peace, and far beyond the reach of human passion. But he has a human voice, poor fellow, and an enormous amount of sustained recitative to undergo. It failed him at times, but rallied for his long farewell—a good fifteen minutes of steady, difficult singing. They call Wagner's the music of the future. As a matter of science it may be so, but it is written at least eight hundred years too late for the physical capacity of the race. They should bury Wagner's tenors and sopranos with Salvini's Desdemonas.

In a community to whom Wagner is comparatively unknown, Pappenheim had a most trying début to make. The singing of a soprano rôle in any one of Wagner's opera is a *tour de force* which only those can understand who are familiar with the music and its technical vocal difficulties. Cadenzas, roulades, trills, all the pretty tricks of music which catch an audience, are disdained by Wagner. He stands on what he liked to consider high moral musical ground, and gives his singers good, strong, straightforward work to do. Like many other strong, straighforward, moral things, it is not quite pleasant at first. It is a cultivated taste, and we who are so vitiated musically do still love a tune.

Pappenheim did not make the hit that was anticipated, principally because she had not the material to hit with. She is undeniably an artist of great power and skill. Her voice gives signs of wear, and she evinced great fatigue in the last act; but her upper notes are very clear and pure, and tell well in the ensemble. There is a thrill of feeling in her voice, if you shut your eyes as you listen; but her face is so immobile as to destroy this impression when you look. It has, in truth, but one expression, and she sings her song of joy on the balcony, in the second act, with precisely the same expression that she wore as she called upon her visionary knight to come to defend her life, in the first.

She is a very graceful woman, both with her arms and in posing, and managed the sweeping length of her beautiful wedding-dress most artistically. But she did not do herself the justice to look her best, nor is she in any way electric. She will make her way slowly but surely.

Miss Simonsen is too miniature for such a strong dramatic rôle as that of Ortrud.

The Herald is a remarkable picture of Scandinavian phlegm. He reeled off his proclamations in a very jerky set of high notes, and seemed to be blissfully unconscious of the splendors of his costume—for the costumes all are very beautiful, and the general mounting really good.

Frillman, for a début in grand opera, and in "Lohengrin" at that, was remarkably successful. If he were not a débutant, and the public did not know of his effort and sympathize with him in his experiment, it would be another thing. Upon the whole "Lohengrin" was pretty bad. It needs six months more of rehearsal.

Lawrence Barrett drew one of the biggest houses of his engagement in "Julius Cæsar." There seemed to be a revival of the taste for the legitimate, which existed here so strongly during the days of his management at the California. His Cassius, like everything he has done lately, seems to be mellowed and softened by experiencing time, and it left a good taste in the mouth to get the flavor of a Shakspearean play once again.

"Becket" is not to be produced during this engagement. And what has become of the "Man o' Airlie," over which the town once went wild, but who has never shown himself since? What a good appearance he might put in just now.

"In the Ranks" will fold up its pretty wedding robes, tuck away the creaking hinges of its machinery, and carry off its clever company to make room for the Wallack company of comedians. They open in "Lady Clare," Robert Buchanan's version of the Forge Master. It is Anglicized, adapted, and variously different from the version formerly produced at the Baldwin, and which was an almost literal translation of the novel. The season promises to be quite an event. People are always glad when the Wallacks come; this time they are twice and thrice glad, because Harry Edwards has come with them.

BETSY B.

—W. W. Cole's Colossal Circus commences this (Saturday) afternoon, September 6th, at Market, Eighth, and Mission streets. It remains here for eight days. There are three rings, and two menageries in two tents There are all sorts of attractions, including curiosities of every description. Admission, one dollar; reserved seats, fifty cents extra. Tickets for sale at Sherman & Clay's, corner Kearny and Sutter streets.

—On Tuesday evening, September 9th ("Admission Day"), a masquerade ball will be given at Woodward's Gardens A number of prizes will be awarded. The ball is under the direction of Major D. L. Levy.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Thomas Maguire left New York for San Francisco on Saturday last.

Alice Oates will have a company twenty-seven in number next season.

It is rumored that Laura Don will succeed Lawrence Barrett at the California.

Lulu Hurst receives one thousand dollars for each of her ten performances in California.

Louise Paullin is in Boston rehearsing for Tompkins & Hill's new spectacle, "Zanita."

Howard Taylor has received an order for a play, similar to "Caprice," from Nina Boucicault.

The Wallack Theatre company arrived in town on Tuesday. They open at the Baldwin on Monday.

Mrs. Julia Melville-Snyder has dramatized a novel for the début of one of her pupils, in November.

It is now rumored that Ellen Terry, who nearly lost her arm through a severe vaccination, has lost her voice.

Mrs. Osmond Tearle (*née* Minnie Conway) remains at Long Branch, where she occupies a pretty cottage.

The "Royal Spanish Opera Company," now at Child's Opera House, Los Angeles, are coming to San Francisco.

Christine Nilsson has a new musical kink. She has taken it into her head that she wants to sing "Carmen."

Kate Denin, the well-known actress, is also the landlady of a boarding-house on Twenty-third Street, New York.

Jacob Müller, the baritone, has lost a great deal of superfluous flesh and regained his voice during his long retirement.

Miss Ellen Terry played the part of the Prince in "King John," at the Princess' Theatre, London, thirty years ago.

Managers of Lawrence Barrett's and Henry Irving's class are now known definitively in England as "art managers."

Signor D. DeVivo sues Stecchan & Cornelius for $249.75 damages, sustained during his recent operatic tour in the north.

Hudrigson, the baritone, who sings the rôle of the Herald in "Lohengrin," is a Swede, and does not speak one word of German.

Several members of Daly's company, including Ada Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, and James Lewis, had their pockets picked in London.

Miss Elizabeth Rowellan, who made her début in "Camille," a few months ago, will appear with the Wallack Company in "Moths."

Next week, at the Standard, there will be a new first part, and Charley Reed introduces his latest burlesque, entitled "In the Tanks."

Max Freeman has had a row with Miles & Barton, and will leave the management of the Bijou Opera House to join the Lyceum organization.

Mrs. Langtry has been playing in the smaller cities of England. She has had several offers to star in London theatres, but prefers to manage herself.

Colonel Mapleson begins his Italian opera season in New York, November 1st, and after an engagement in Philadelphia, comes direct to San Francisco.

"Nym Crinkle," speaks of Howard Taylor's "Caprice" as "harmless bucolic lymph." The other critics praise it, however, and it seems to be a success.

Harry Edwards and Osmond Tearle, of the Wallack Theatre company, stopped at Lake Tahoe for a couple of days' fishing, but they arrived in town on Friday.

Miss Josie Hall, one of the "dudes" in "Pop," has had an offer from Tompkins & Hill, of the Boston Theatre, to play the Prince in "Zanita." She made quite a hit in Dixey's "Adonis."

Théo takes a childish delight in viewing herself in the glass in full costume. Her *couturière* always knows when she is pleased, for a toilet which suits her she always declares to be *très ha-ha!*

Augustin Daly's Company closed their engagement at Toole's Theatre, in London, to a packed house. The engagement has been very successful, and the English public wish them to return next season.

The "In the Ranks" company end their engagement at the Baldwin Saturday night. They skip a night in order to pack their scenery, which is very complicated. They go from here direct to Salt Lake.

W. S. Gilbert recently disagreed with Henry E. Abbey about the casting of a character in "Pygmalion and Galatea," and, telling Abbey he "did not know how to treat an English gentleman," left the theatre.

The list of opera companies coming to San Francisco is appalling. First, the Royal Spanish Opera Company; then the Fay Templeton troupe; the Carleton troupe; the Emma Abbott troupe; and the Mapleson Company.

The part of Ruth Herrick in "In the Ranks," was written by G. R. Sims expressly for Miss Sophie Eyre, now leading lady of Wallack's company, when she was occupying the same position at the London Drury Lane Theatre.

John A. Stevens says he is the possessor of an island, which was presented to him while he was in Port Arthur, Ontario. It is to be hoped he will go and live upon it, and that, like Sancho Panza, his doctor will forbid him to eat.

Nilsson says Patti's voice holds out remarkably well for a woman of her age. Patti only hopes she may be able to sing as well as Nilsson when she is as old. Gerster remembers the pleasure both these singers gave her when she was a little girl.

Mrs. Thursby, mother of Emma Thursby, the soprano, died suddenly the other day, at the Gramercy, in New York. Miss Thursby, who is a devotedly fond daughter, is on the ocean, en route for Norway, and does not yet know of her loss.

John McCullough has arrived from Europe, greatly improved in health. He will start on the road immediately, under the management of Joseph Brooks. William Connor, who has heretofore managed McCullough, still retains an interest, however.

Dick Hooley, who made such a stroke with "Ultimo," at the Standard, some years ago, is now a successful manager in Chicago. The Carleton Opera Company, which will be here in a couple of weeks, has been playing at his theatre. Uncle Dick is rich.

During the Wallack engagement Miss Sophie Eyre will play Lady Clare Vere in "Moths," Lady Gay Spanker in "London Assurance," Zicka in "Diplomacy," Julia in "The Hunchback," Lady Teazle in "School for Scandal," and Constance Winthrop in "Young Mrs. Winthrop."

Miss Lily Post, who went East with Emilie Melville, has severed her connection with the Carleton Opera Company, of which she was prima donna, to keep her engagement with McCaull. She will spend three weeks with her friends in San Francisco and then go to New York, where she opens in October at the Casino.

Lillian Spencer has been reinstated as Queena. Messrs. Tillotson & Williams discharged her and engaged Kate Forsythe, but the latter was afraid of the critics, as were Tillotson & Williams, and the upshot was that Tillotson had to implore Lillian Spencer to take the part again, as the house would be closed if she did not.

The Baldwin Hotel is just now quite a headquarters for theatrical people. The Wallack people and the "In the Ranks" company are stopping there. Lawrence Barrett and the German principals are at the Palace. The Italian company put up at the Hotel Gailhard, because they prefer French cooking and require red wine three times a day.

Mr. Harry Edwards has a fifty-thousand-dollar collection of bugs, numbering fully two hundred and sixty thousand mounted specimens, which may go to Governor Stanford's proposed college. He is the standard authority on entomology in the United States, and has recently written a twenty-page chapter on the American butterfly for a London publication.

Frau Juncke occupied a box with Mesdames Fabbri and Rosewald on Tuesday night. She appeared to be in a state of intense excitement until the audience made some kindly manifestations to the tenor. Juncke himself, in some of the glances which were supposed to be sent heavenward, managed to convey a little comforting assurance to his anxious wife.

Madame Patti's suit for a divorce has not been granted, and the probabilities are that she will have difficulty in obtaining it, for the reason that the separation was granted at the demand of her husband on account of her intimacy with Nicolini. Now he opposes her application, and will probably not withdraw his opposition before she pays over a large sum of money.

Emma Abbott says she has "secured Castle and Brignoli for tenors, Beaumont and Broderick for bassos, and Tagliapietra and Campobello for baritones, and that they are not dead wood." Byrne's *Dramatic Times* says they are "perhaps not dead wood; dead veal would be nearer the mark." This will make Camp and Tag's many female adorers here get up and howl.

It is worthy of note that in a city once famous for producing comic operas before they came out in New York we have not yet had "Iolanthe," "Princess Ida," "Falka," "Lakmé," "A Trip to Africa," "A Beggar Student," etc., with the exception of one or two of the foregoing at the Tivoli. We are almost surfeited with grand opera, and people are pining for comic opera.

When John Gourlay and Lena Merville were children in Australia, their parents planned a marriage between them, but John thought otherwise. He was married on the 23d of August to Miss Lambert, also of Australia, at the residence of her uncle, in Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Harrison (Emma Schutz), who had just returned from their bridal trip to Europe, were present at the ceremony.

Harry Edwards and George Fawcett Rowe, who were boys together, were brought up in an old cathedral town in England, where the theatre was almost unknown, and looked upon from afar as one of the most fruitful devices for sin of the evil one. They were separated early in life, and did not meet for many years afterward. When they met at last, it was in a theatre in Australia, and both were actors.

Blanche Correlli, while in Syracuse, New York, a short time ago, demanded her salary just as the curtain was being raised. C. H. Smith, the manager, said she had already received it, and on his telling another singer to take her part, the fair Blanche flew at him and maintained a rough-and-tumble fight for ten minutes. After fifteen minutes of hysterics, she went on with her part, but the company disbanded the next day.

Where so many people undertook to make themselves Saxon with yellow hair, as in "Lohengrin," it is too bad Madame Pappenheim did not avail herself of the possibility. Some flowing, fluffy, golden hair would have added vastly to her appearance. The brown, remorselessly straight hair which she wore did not. Furthermore, the palpable patch of powder with which she had endeavored to lighten her bang, was an eyesore to the audience all the evening.

The stupendous and rather doubtful announcement was made the other day that Giannini has a repertoire of *fifty-six operas*. On top of this comes the news from New York that two managers are quarreling over a German tenor and his mezzo-soprano wife, who have just arrived from Europe. This tenor claims to have a repertoire of eighty operas. His name is Harry Junck. Can it be that the modest young man of the Grand Opera House is an eighty-gun tenor?

On the 25th ultimo a surprise party was given to the mother of Robert M. Eberle, on the occasion of her seventy-fifth birthday, at her residence, No. 821 Larkin Street. A large number of friends, including many of the theatrical profession, were present. After a serenade by Blum's Band, a bounteous supper was partaken of, and the guests departed, having spent a most delightful evening. Charlie Reed and J. Carroll Johnson presented several handsome and appropriate floral devices.

When the Herald in "Lohengrin" comes down the stage to make those long-toned proclamations, he tucks his thumb into his belt in the most debonair manner, and puts himself thoroughly at ease. Henry the Fowler was accounted one of the finest soldiers of his time, was fond of pomp and circumstance, and doubtless a martinet in discipline. The airy indifference of this nonchalant herald would have broken Henry the Fowler all up.

The critics in Newcastle-on-Tyne state, circuitously, that Langtry has learned to act in America. Langtry herself will not return to New York, as she intended, but has made an engagement for a London winter. She does not desire to return to America till she has discovered a new way to do her hair. Her Chinese boy still accompanies her, and is regarded in England as the most interesting piece of bric-à-brac that she has picked up. He has not yet stolen a watch or diamond ring from her.

Miss Lulu Hurst, who appears at the Metropolitan Temple, September 15th and 16th, has, during the short time she has been before the public, become an almost universal topic of discussion. Whatever may be the means she adopts, she certainly succeeds in "slinging around" some tolerably strong men, if our New York correspondent may be believed. She gives two performances at the Metropolitan Temple, September 15th and 16th, under the management of Messrs. Al. Hayman and Fred. J. Engelhardt.

Everywhere in England are Americans on the stage. Nellie Calhoun is permanently attached to the Haymarket Company, Linda Dietz to the St. James, and Marie Jansen to the Criterion. Mary Anderson's photographs still appear in every shop-window. The names of Booth, Barrett, Raymond, Lotta, and Minnie Palmer are about as familiar there as here; and it is said that some individual members of Daly's company are liked in London, especially James Lewis, the comedian, who is said to have received offers which will induce him to remain there.

The "funny man" of the *Times* thus pays a well-earned tribute to the bewitching manner of the husband of the "Georgia Wonder," who is about to take her on a professional trip to California: "It is understood that a special palace car has been secured for the transportation of Mr. Atkinson's smile. The sides of the car will be carefully padded, so that the interesting article in question can not possibly be bruised or otherwise injured." In the last number of *Life* this same Mr. Atkinson is made to account for the New York earthquake in this manner: "It was only a bang-up magnetic shock from Lulu Hurst, who was having a surf-fit of bathing at Long Branch. Curious, wasn't it? PAUL ATKINSON, the only man who can manage Lulu."

Since Francesco Giannini became an object of interest, it has been variously discovered that he is twenty-nine, thirty-nine, and thirty years of age; that he has two wives, one wife, and no wife; that he is as rich as a lord, and travels for pleasure; that he is as poor as a rat, and deeply in debt; that his beautiful costumes are furnished by a manager, and that he sits cross-legged and makes them himself; that his estate is in the suburbs of of Naples, Rome, and Mrlan; that he was born with a soprano voice which sank suddenly and unaccountably into a basso, and that it has been yanked up by various stages to the tenor range; that he has been the recipient of numerous hospitalities since the season closed; that he charges fifty dollars a night for singing, and so on *ad infinitum*. In addition to all this, this curiously complex creature is an excellent man of business, and refuses to close with the slippery Mapleson's offer unless that gentleman would pay him fifteen days in advance for every time he sang.

Who doesn't like the circus? What boy hasn't sat on the fence, and watched the procession go by, with yearning in his heart to be a "circus man"? What boy, his cash being exhausted in circus and side-show dissipation, ginger-pop, and peanuts, has not attempted to "crawl under"? What boy has not felt the top of the circus shepherd's crook enlace itself in the waistband of his breeches, thence to haled forth ignominiously? If such a boy there be, go mark him well—he hath not lived. But city boys are not like country boys—these things do not happen to them. They go decorously through the door. They do not know the delights of "crawling under." And as for men—men can only recall the delights of the circus. As we read the flaming bills of the circus here to-day, of the "twelve genuine Bedouin Arabs"; of "Sampson, the largest elephant alive"; of "the Human Fly, Mlle. Aimé"; of "Seven Sisters with hair seven feet long"; of "all the Presidents and Politicians in Wax"; of "a White Hippopotamus" and a "Two-horned Black Rhinoceros"; of "giants, dwarfs, and curious people"; of the "illuminated street parade"; of "a perfect sea of pyrotechnic fire," and "the streets literally ablaze"—a pang of regret steals o'er us that we are not still boys. However, we shall all go—to take the children.

**CCCXXIV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, September 7, 1884.**

Thick Beef Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Fried Flounders, Excelsior Sauce.
Lima Beans. Baked Tomatoes.
Roast Beef. Sweet Potatoes.
Russian Salad.
Strawberries and Whipped Cream. Lady Cake.
Peaches, Apples, Plums, Gages, Pears, Figs, and Grapes.

THICK BEEF SOUP.—Salt and pepper one quart of soup stock; add three medium-sized potatoes pared and sliced, half an onion, half a small carrot scraped and sliced, three slices of turnip, half a bay-leaf, and a salt-spoonful of chopped parsley. Boil until the vegetables are thoroughly cooked; add a few drops of caramel, vegetable ball, or burnt sugar, to give it a color, and serve very hot.

RUSSIAN SALAD.—See No. CXLIX.
EXCELSIOR SAUCE.—See No. CLXL.

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

**Bills and Casts for Week ending September 6th.**

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Bills as follows: Monday, "Julius Cæsar"; Tuesday, "Hamlet"; Wednesday, "Richelieu"; Thursday, "Othello"; Friday, "Merchant of Venice" and "David Garrick"; Saturday, "Julius Cæsar"; Saturday matinée, "Money." Cast of "Richelieu" as follows:

Cardinal Richelieu, Lawrence Barrett; Louis XIII., S. E. Springer; Gaston, Duke of Orleans, Percy Winter; Baradas, F. C. Mosley; Chevalier de Mauprat, Louis James; De Beringhen, Charles Hawthorne; Joseph, a Capuchin, B. G. Rogers; Huguet, an officer, Charles M. Collins; François, J. M. Sturgeon; Courtier, J. L. Finney; Captain of Archers, T Brown; First Secretary, A. Smith; Second Secretary, S. Moran; Third Secretary, T. Willis; Julie de Mortimer, Miss Marie Wainwright; Marion de Lorme, Miss Minnie Monk.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill: "In the Ranks," by George R. Sims and Henry Pettitt. Cast same as before.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Bill, September 2 and 4, "Lohengrin," by Richard Wagner. Cast as follows:

Elsa Von Brabant, Eugenie Pappenheim; Lohengrin, William Junck; Henri the Fowler, H. W. Frillman; Frederick, Jacob Müller; Ortrud, Leonora Simonsen; Herald, O. Hurdtvigson.

September 5, "Der Freischutz," by Von Weber.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Bill: "Miss Moulton." Cast as follows:

Fernande (Miss Moulton), Charlotte Thompson; Madame de Latour, Miss Annie Adams; Dorathea, Mrs. Louisa Watson; Jeanne de Latour, Miss Ida, Aubrey; Jennie, Miss May Seymour; Paul de Latour, Little Silva Miller; M. de Latour, C. G. Craig; M. Belin, J. L. Wooderson; Dr. Longworth, William Yerance; Louis, D. D. Williams; Woppy, John Burke; Jack Grey, R. L. Grayson.

Bill, September 4, 5, and 6, "East Lynne."

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "Pinafore." Cast as follows:

Miss Louise Leighton and Miss Helene Dingeon, alternating as Josephine; Miss Hattie Moore as Buttercup; Miss Kate Marchi as Hebe; Mr. T. W. Eckert and Mr. R. D. Valerga, alternating as Ralph; Mr. Harry Gates as Admiral; Mr. M. Cornell as Captain; Mr. E. N. Knight as Deadeye.

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—Stecchhan & Cornelius, Managers. Standard Minstrels. Company as follows:

Charley Reed, J. Carroll Johnson, W. Henry Rice, John Robinson, Crandall and Eastwood, Keegan and Wilson, Hooley and Thompson, W. S. Mullaly. The California Quartet—Morant, Wetter, Holland, and Wyatt. New Minstrel First Part. The Great Musical Burlesque, "The Princes of Madagascar."

MECHANICS' FAIR.—J. H. Culver, secretary, 31 Post Street. Exhibit of Mechanical Progress, Invention, Art, etc. Instrumental Concert afternoon and evening.

At the Baldwin, next week, the Wallack Company in "Lady Clare."

At the California, next week, Lawrence Barrett in "Francesca da Rimini."

At the Grand, next week, the Pappenheim-Fabbri Opera Troupe. "La Juive."

At the Tivoli, next week, "Boccaccio."

At the Bush Street next week, Charlotte Thompson in "Nell Gwynne."

Edward Sothern's eccentric comedy, "Gertie's Garters," has been revived and re-christened "Crushed; or, Whose are They?" It must not be thought that garters are the main motive of the play. The idea of the plot are the difficulties which a trifle may cause in a family, and how domestic happiness may be disturbed by an innocent indiscretion on the part of sensitive married people. Speaking on the subject to a New York *Mirror* reporter recently, Sothern said: "You can imagine my position when I had to go to a ladies store and buy a pair of 'property' garters."

## THE MECHANICS' FAIR.

During the week the management has secured a larger attendance at the fair than has been present during any week of the previous seasons. On Wednesday, the last floral day, excursions from Napa, Healdsburg, and other interior towns, embraced this last opportunity to see an exhibition so interesting to them, and the immense hall was crowded in consequence during the entire day and evening. Thurday evening a handsome bouquet was offered as a prize to the most beautiful lady present, and drew a crowd that would make an anchorite forswear his vows. A similar competition for handsome men took place on Friday evening. This (Saturday) evening will probably call forth the largest crowd, however, as it is the last night of the fair. Taken as a whole, this season may be regarded as the most successful in the history of the institution. The displays have been beautiful and novel, and have been arranged in a manner reflecting great credit on those in charge.

## A CARD.

WHEREAS, A certain publication has published libelous aspersions on our goods, and

WHEREAS, Certain unscrupulous competitors have been giving further circulation to this libel by distributing and mailing marked copies of said publication, we deem it expedient to make the following statement:

Two weeks before the appearance of the first libelous paragraph, published in said periodical, we received marked papers of a "warning," *stamped with a hand in blue ink.*

The significance of this sign manual is too well known to need explanation. The purpose of this card is to characterize the assertions of the said periodical as malicious falsehood, false in fact and false in intent. Our reputation as a firm of thirty years' good standing, our rapidly increasing trade throughout this country and all over the world, the fact that our goods are guaranteed, and that we are the leading commission house in the green-fruit industry of the coast, give us facilities, not only for supplying the public with wholesome products, but will quite enable us, we believe, to successfully withstand the infamous extortion attempted upon us. Very respectfully,

A. LUSK & COMPANY.



TAKING A RIDE.
Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.
ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.
ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.
THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

SACHS, PRUDEN & CO.'S
FAMOUS GINGER ALE
THE GREAT FAMILY BEVERAGE.

**Especially recommended as a healthy Table Drink, as it contains no Alcohol or any intoxicating ingredients It is recommended for Ladies and Children as a pleasant and stimulating beverage. Exhilarates without intoxication. Invigorates without reaction as with alcohol. Assures healthful sleep to the worried and anxious, repairs lost strength, and imparts renewed vigor. Clears and refreshes the brain of the business man, renders the thoughtful man more subtile and reasoning, and dispels lassitude and fatigue. Put up in quart bottles. When bottles are opened and entire contents are not used, they can be recorked with gum corks, and it will keep until used. Sold by Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, Restaurants, and Bars. For sale by**

**Lebenbaum, Goldberg & Bowen, Cluff Bros., C. J. Hawley & Co., Quade & Straut. Adolph Kahn, Druggist.**

**Trade supplied by JOHN T. CUTTING & CO., SOLE AGENTS, 116 FRONT STREET.**

FALL STYLE HATS
INTRODUCED THIS WEEK BY
C. HERRMANN & CO.
(HERRMANN THE HATTER),
The Largest Hat Establishment on this Coast!
332--336 Kearny St., between Bush and Pine Streets.
Steam-power Factory connected with the Establisment. Everything in the line of Hats and Caps made to order. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Steinway & Son's, Kranich & Bach, | Ernest Gabler, and C. Roenisch
PIANOS!
M. GRAY, 206 POST ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

STORE YOUR FURNITURE
Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.
BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH
J. H. MOTT & CO.,
735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco
Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

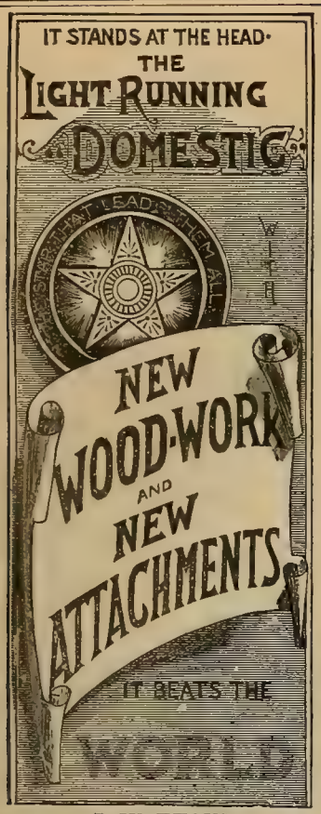
BUTTERICK'S
Patterns---Fall Styles.
Send Stamp for Catalogues. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.

FINE
Suits, $25. TAILORING Suits, $30.
Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.
Suits, $40. TAILORING Suits, $50.
Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.
Suits, $60. TAILORING Suits, $70.
J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.

Contract for Fall and Winter Supply
....OF....
COAL
For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street. Telephone 308.

REMOVAL.
EDWARD E. OSBORN, Patent Solicitor, United States and Foreign, has removed to 220 Sansome Street, Rooms 10, 11, and 12, San Francisco.

BETHESDA
SUPERIOR TABLE WATER
L. CAHEN AND SON, 418 SAC. ST.




J. W. EVANS,
GENERAL AGENT, 29 POST STREET.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.
Commission Merchants,
San Francisco.
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
Liberal advances made on consignments.

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.
General Shipping and Commission
MERCHANTS,
309 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY
OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.
Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
TILES
For Decorations.
W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

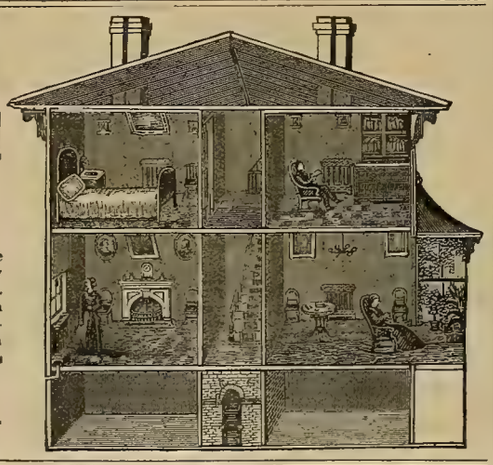
LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

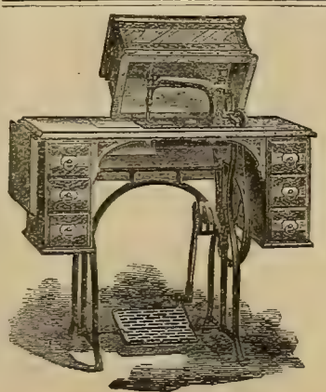
SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
HENRY F. MILLER
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
HEMME & LONG
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

ICHI BAN
FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

FIREMANS FUND
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA.
THE LARGEST PACIFIC COAST COMPANY.
CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - - $750,000
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1883, - - - - $1,500,000
AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

COMFORTABLE
HOMES!
The fuel required for one open grate will comfortably warm three or four rooms. A uniform temperature, a mild, soft, spring-like atmosphere, is produced through the entire house and halls by the
HOT WATER SYSTEM.





Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

UNEXCELLED!
Ask your Grocer for
ARCTIC REFRIGERATOR HAMS,
ROYAL BREAKFAST BACON
ROYAL LEAF LARD.
All Guaranteed Choice Family Goods.

HIGHLAND SPRINGS,
LAKE COUNTY, CAL.
"The Switzerland of America."
OPEN ALL THE YEAR.
Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.
Daily communication via Cloverdale.
DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.

ÆTNA
HOT MINERAL SPRINGS.
To the highly curative properties of these waters and the charms of the place is added an elegant and capacious Swimming Bath.
These waters purify the blood, and refresh, renew, and restore the whole system. They cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Chronic Diarrhœa, Paralysis, and Pulmonary Complaints in the early stages. These waters are a specific in cases of Malaria, Chill and Ague Fever. They afford magical relief in cases of Nervousness, Sleeplessness, and General Debility.
Visitors leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. for St. Helena, thence by daily stage (Sundays excepted), arriving at the Ætnas at 5 P. M. For pamphlet, containing analysis and cures, address WM. BURNELL, Sup't, or WM. H. LIDELL, Proprietor, Lidell P. O., Napa Co., Cal.

MARBLE WORKS.
MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.
W. H. McCORMICK,
827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR
AND
CLOTH OF GOLD
CIGARETTES.
Our Cigarettes can not be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883.
13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

ALASKA
COMMERCIAL CO.
No. 310 SANSOME STREET,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

JOHN MIDDLETON,
COAL.
14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason

GERMEA
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. NO. 11. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 13, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: The Rev. Father Prendergast's Assault on our Common Schools—His Endeavors to Prove that Accepted History is False—The Sale of Indulgences—Controversies as Who were the "True" Popes—Missing Links in the Chain of Popes—Popes Made and Unmade by Political Intrigue, Bribery, and Royal Influence—More Papal History—The "Infallibility" and "Impeccability" of the Pope—A Borgia as an Example—The Theory applied to Politics—Church and Pope have Gone into History—The Aim of Historical Study Lost by Suppression of the Facts—George William Curtis's "Wide-spread Disaffection" against Blaine—Mr. Blaine the Candidate of the Party—Unanimity and Enthusiasm of the Republicans—Who are the Bolters?—A few Literary Dudes and Political Prudes—The Mulligan Letters—The Unsuccessful Attempt at Blackmailing with Them—The Bolters more English than American, more Democratic than Republican—An Enthusiastic Opening to the Campaign—California a Republican State—A Review of California's Votes—The Republican Party United—The "Wide-spread Disaffection" among the Democrats—Mr. Morrow's Congressional Candidacy—A Protection Club Formed—Women in Politics..... 1-3

AN UNBORN GHOST: The Strange Narrative of an Ocean Voyage—By Leonard Kip..... 4

OLD FAVORITES: "The Bull-fight of Gazul"—"The Lamentation for Celin," from the Spanish by John G. Lockhart..... 5

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People all Over the World..... 5

SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip..... 6

THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest..... 6

TWO NEW PLAYS: "Flaneur" Describes Harrigan & Hart's Latest Success—Also Hugh Conway's "Called Back"—Some Theatrical Methods—An Interesting Budget of New York Gossip..... 7

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day..... 7

A CRUST OF BREAD: An Incident of the Franco-Prussian War..... 8

THE HOUSE OF LORDS: Our London Letter: "Cockaigne" Discusses the "Hereditary Law-makers"—Some of the Peers—The Fast-going Cravens..... 9

STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise..... 9

VANITY FAIR: Summer Costumes in London—The Latest in Hosiery—Social Life at West Point—The Button Controversy—English Bathing Customs—Gentlemen's Boutonnières—Engagement Bracelets..... 10

LITERARY NOTES: New Books—Publishers' Comments—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip..... 10

THE INNER MAN: A "Burgoo" in Kentucky—A Vegetarian *Menu*—Dining *al fresco* in France—English Table-Manners—A History of Beverages..... 12

INTAGLIOS: "Hard Lines," by Nora Perry; "The Duke of Alva's Garden," Anon.; "Song," by Pakenham Beatty; "Circe," by Ernest McGuffey; "I am a Woman," Anon.; "The Way of the World," Anon..... 10

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record.... 14

The Reverend Father Prendergast of Saint Mary's Cathedral is delivering lectures assaulting our common school system. In his first lecture he charged that Swinton's school history contains misstatements concerning the sale of indulgences by the Roman Church in the time of Martin Luther. This reverend father of the Papal Church has assumed an herculean task if he expects to prove that the Roman Catholic Church during all the mediæval age did not sell indulgences, or that the great reformation that began in Germany and extended throughout the world, that shook the Roman Church upon its boasted foundation of impregnable rock, did not take its origin and inspiration from this and other abuses. The sale of indulgences for the purpose of receiving money to build the Vatican at Rome, to aid in the redemption of the holy sepulchre, to replenish the coffers of the church; the conduct of Tetzel, of Luther, of Leo X., the history of the German reformation, are all established upon foundations that in this age can neither be undermined nor shaken. The highest intelligences have accepted these facts, and father Prendergast and all the fathers that can have no sons, and all the priests that have ever been or ever may be anointed with holy oil or sprinkled and crossed with holy water, can never blot out their record. These facts in the history of the Roman Church stand recorded as they have been written. The history of the Church has been written in fire and blood. The time has gone by when any churchman—even one as earnest and devout as we admit Father Prendergast to be—can unwrite the story of the ecclesiastical errors and crimes of this ambitious hierarchy of Rome. Another historical misstatement of Swinton, according to this reverend gentleman, is that "there were reigning three Popes simultaneously, each anathematizing the other." Father Prendergast does not deny the historical fact that at one time there existed three claimants to the papal throne, each pretending to be the successor of the apostle Peter, each claiming the keys of heaven, and each claiming to be the vicar of Christ on earth; but says this wily son of the Church, "Only one was the true Pope." Of course; but had the political intrigues of either fixed the tiara upon his head, he would have been the true Pope and the others would have been imposters. It is not easy for us to go back twelve centuries and with any satisfaction weigh the evidence favoring the pretensions of Conon, Theodore, or Pascal; nor four hundred years further back to consider whether the martyred St. Lucius was or was not a "true" Pope; nor yet to grope with any sort of satisfaction for evidence whether Liberius was justly banished and Felix made "true" Pope by the Emperor Constantine; whether Liberius was justly restored or Felix justly deposed; why Liberius again abdicated and Felix became again Pope, and again Liberius till the controversy was happily settled by his martyrdom. Here are seven years of controversy, years of important events in Roman history, interesting to the student, forming an important link in the chain of Popes—a chain whose links are not all golden, for some are of brass, some of iron, some were brumagim, and some links are altogether visionary. There have been more than thirty anti-popes. A schism extending from 1378 to 1447 supplied not less than five contending claimants against the "true" Pope. In 683 the papal throne was vacant. In 1054 there was no Pope for the entire year. In 1085 the throne was vacant for a year. After Celestine IV. there was a vacancy of nineteen months. After Nicholas IV. there was a vacancy of two years and three months. In 1304 the papal throne was unoccupied eleven months. In 1305 the papal See was removed to Avignon, where it remained for seventy years, and the papal throne was vacant for two years and four months. Popes have been made and unmade by Kings and Emperors. Time and time again has the election of a Pope depended upon a political intrigue, been decided by bribery and influenced by political Popes. Once by a mob. The whole history of the papacy is a history of intrigue. Is Father Prendergast unmindful of the struggle in the twelfth century? Has he forgotten the contest of Alexander III., with Victor V., Pascal III., Calistus and Innocent III.? Would not Innocent, Pascal, Calistus, and Victor have come down to us as true Popes if the political struggles had ended differently? In the eighth century, Constantine Theophylactus and Philip contested the papal throne with Paul I. All this is cheap, easily-acquired encyclopedic learning. It is history, and we are simply contending that as history it is right that it be taught in our schools. We do not care a tinker's ten-cent piece whether these contending Popes were true or false; whether they were or were not duly anointed as successors of Saint Peter, and whether they did or did not hold by ecclesiastical power of attorney the divine authority of Christ. We regard both true or false Popes as irreverent and sacrilegious pretenders to an authority that God has not delegated to mortal man. But these are not questions which we are interested in settling; these conundrums may occupy the unprofitable time of those who have nothing better to do. All we say is, that this is history; that Swinton has not misstated it; that this is the history to be studied in our common schools; that it is not to be interfered with by priests; that because *the Roman Catholic Church* does not happen to like the exact form into which history has crystallized its story, is not a good reason why the true story should not be told in our school books and explained by our school teachers. With one more sophism of our good padre we content ourself, for we skip the everlasting jumble over the Pope's infallibility. We give up the attempt to understand the difference between infallibility and impeccability. If the Vicar of Christ and representative of the Son of God is by divine power clothed with "infallible" wisdom in matters of "faith and morals," and yet is not clothed with power to resist temptation to sin, we can only say God has made a mistake. We can not understand the Prendergastic subtlety of reasoning that makes distinction between "official infallibility" and "personal impeccability." We do not subscribe to the doctrine that a bad man may be a good Pope. We can not understand and we shall not attempt to try to understand how a Borgia can be guilty of all the offenses of the Decalogue, culminating in the infamous crimes of incest and murder, and still hold with honor the Papal crown, still be infallible in matters of faith and morals. That Pope Alexander did not receive holy orders, but by political intrigue reached the positions of Archbishop and Cardinal and Pope at one grand bounce, are matters of historical research proper for the investigation of school boys. We do not agree with Father Prendergast that—we quote—"a man whose private life is tarnished may be an intelligent and upright judge," or that the "private aberrations of a President or other supreme civil officer are not necessarily incompatible or irreconcilable with fidelity to public duty," or that the morals of a Presidential candidate ought not to be estimated in elevating him to the Presidential office. This may be a very good Democratic doctrine, and may be applicable to the honorable Grover Cleveland just at this time, but it seems to us to be a bad and immoral and dangerous doctrine, and one that is altogether unbecoming to the pulpit. "There was a Judas once," says the reverend father, "who numbered but one in the apostolic college." The whole number of Apostles was but twelve, and that the apostolic age. Of the nearly three hundred of the apostolic successors who have filled the chair of the Fisherman, we may fairly presume that the proportionate number of rascals has increased. Judas had the shame to go hang himself. History has impaled those other Judases, those "false" Popes, wicked Popes, the ambitious criminal Popes, in history for our boys to study. We demand that this study shall not be interfered with, for in this history of the papacy lies a great moral. It teaches our boys not to plant their feet upon the road that may lead them to the papal throne; and our girls, too, for that matter, for there was once the tradition of a female Pope Joan—"a tale," says Gibbon, "that until the Protestant reformation was repeated and believed without offense." The Romish Church is unwise at this late and enlightened day to attempt to bolster up the criminal and rotten record of the papacy. It is and has ever been a political institution, subject to the changes and vicissitudes of everything human. It has possessed something of good and much that was evil; there have been good Popes, more justly renowned for their learning, their piety, their splendid and exemplary lives, and there have been infamous and criminal men who have dishonored and disgraced the papal throne by their vices and immoralities, their wicked and despicable lives. Church and Pope have gone into history; there let them repose. We would not care how little was known of either, but we protest against the interference by papish priests with the study of history in our public schools through fear that it should unearth and expose the crimes of papal monsters. The errors, crimes, and mistakes of kings and rulers, civil and spiritual, are the beacon-lights along the coast to warn the voyaging student of history to beware their dangers. It is from this source that the statesman draws his wisdom and his warnings. The history of the Church of Rome is altogether too valuable and precious a repository of awful examples for us to lose it as a mine of knowledge for our American school boys to work. So let us keep up the notice over our school-house doors, warning priests not to rob the sluice-boxes.

"Three months of the campaign," says *Harper's* "journal of civilization," "have passed over, and no serious effort has been attempted by the friends of Mr. Blaine

move the well-spread disaffection against him or explain the facts upon which the disaffection rests." The answer to this is simple and easy. There has never been any "wide" disaffection against Mr. Blaine, what there was is fast disappearing, and it never rested on facts. Mr. Blaine was fairly and honorably nominated by the great majority of the Republican rank and file. His nomination was confirmed by a two-thirds majority of the delegates to a national convention, in which all that there was of trick, intrigue, and dishonorable manipulation was on the part of a disaffected minority that went into convention intending to work in it, and unless successful come out of it disaffected. This disaffected minority was led in convention by George William Curtis. Men as patriotic, as moral, as intellectual and as honest as this editor of the "journal of civilization," who preferred another candidate than Mr. Blaine, have accepted his nomination as the best that could have been made; they have accepted it because it is made and was fairly made. Messrs. Evarts, Hoar, Long, Cabot Lodge, Dawes, Hawley, Woodford, Foraker, Edmunds, and hundreds of other honorable Eastern Republicans who would have preferred the nomination of President Arthur, Senator Edmunds, John Sherman, Mr. Lincoln, Senator Harrison, or some other of the honorable and honored of our statesmen, are reconciled to the fact that Mr. Blaine is the candidate of the party; they are giving him their effective and earnest support, and we of the distant West have been taught to estimate the gentleman we have named as the equal in the virtues of patriotism and intelligence of George William Curtis and Carl Schurz; for, as we understand the situation, these two compose the "wide" disaffection alluded to. All over the nation, with an unanimity and enthusiasm that are unparalleled, this nomination has been accepted. Six millions of intelligent adult male citizens, enrolled as members of the Republican organization, hail the nomination of James G. Blaine as one most fit to have been made. All respectable Republicans in official life—Senators, members of Congress, Governors of States who have held, are holding, and in the future expect to enjoy honorable places in the Government, are content—all except the editor of the "journal of civilization," Carl Schurz, and certain Eastern journals that are in no sense American. Two States have answered to the roll call since the campaign was newly organized—Vermont and Maine. We read of no "wide disaffection" in these results, we hear of no mutterings of disaffection from the rank and file of the great solid Republican States of the West. The journals of the party that come to us from all the States show no evidences of "wide-spread" disaffection. The New York *Nation* drools and wets its diapers. The *Herald* and *Times* make up their dreadful little faces into puckerings of pain, leaving us in doubt whether it is colic or wind that disturbs them. The "journal of civilization" with its hireling Hessian may caricature every man whom as Republicans we honor, and still we are not impressed that Republican disaffection is very wide-spread or that it rests upon facts. If it amuses the literary prudes and political dudes of New York and Brooklyn to moralize over the dreadful disclosures of the Mulligan letters, or the audacious crimes that Mr. Blaine perpetrated when he seized them from the hand that stole them and that held them for blackmailing, and read them to the Congress of the United States, and shook them under the nose and in the face of Proctor Knott, who undertook to make Democratic party capital out of them, let them do so. There is nothing in the Mulligan letters that, justly interpreted by an intelligent and honest mind, casts the faintest shadow upon Mr. Blaine's integrity. No one knows it better than the men in the employ of Harper Brothers. No one knows it better than Carl Schurz and the other journalistic advocates of English free trade. The whole scandal was explained at the time to the satisfaction of everybody. Its reproduction is barred by the statute of political limitations. The later explanation of the Hon. William Walter Phelps is a complete vindication of Mr. Blaine, and is not answered by the pencil of Nast in *Harpers' Weekly* by representing Mr. Phelps as having his hair cut by Ben Butler, nor is it a vindication of the "journal's" independence to picture Blaine at one end of the British lion and Butler at the other, twisting its head and wrenching its tail. The picture that presents itself to us of the ultimate west, is, that the "journal of civilization" the *Nation*, *Times*, *Herald*, their editors and proprietors, and all the disaffected Independents and bolting dudes of New England and New York, are more English than American, and more Democratic than Republican.

Mr. Carl Schurz is a disgruntled German, hard to please and difficult to keep conciliated. It would seem that this not over-great foreigner ought to be well contented with the political luck that he has met in this his American land of exile. Banished from Germany for political offenses, he brought his piano, his spectacles, and his gripsack to our country. Senator from Wisconsin, then from Missouri, in which positions he did not at all distinguish himself; then a major-general in the army, where he did distinguish himself as a marked failure, and where he gained no renown for military strategy or personal bravery; then, by the accident of God, a member of the Hayes Administration—Secretary of the Interior, in which place he was conspicuous, as everywhere else, for negative qualities. As senator he did look wise; it is so easy to look wise through spectacles. As general, in dressing-gown, slippers, and meerschaum, sitting at his headquarters playing the flute marked the high-water of his record as a soldier. As Secretary of the Interior, it is charitable to look upon him as a fool. This man, having posed and failed as editor, having failed at everything (except the piano), having quarreled with three States and four administrations, having been tried and found wanting everywhere, is now playing the rôle of "bolter," "sorehead," and "Independent." He is endeavoring to convince his German countrymen not to vote longer with the Republican party. It is a pity that Mr. Carl Schurz is estimated by nobody at the value he puts upon himself. We would modestly suggest that this unappreciated, disgruntled Rhinelander go back to the land of schweitzer kase, beer, blood-pudding, and music, and let this infernal land go to the devil, because it has no other or higher office to bestow on the Honorable Carl Schurz. The Hon. Joseph Hawley, United States Senator from Connecticut, successful general, and distinguished orator, has answered the dyspeptic man from over the Rhine in an admirable address delivered at Brooklyn, from which we make the following extract:

This is the old story—this defending the Republican party. We have been at it for twenty-three years, and have always made a good job of it, and are going to again. Why should this party, now twenty-three years and over in power in the National Government, be turned away? That is the question of the campaign. Mr. Schurz says: "Does it not occur to you that it would have been well—would have been much better—for the Republican party had it gone through the discipline of some interruption?" I should like to know from Mr. Schurz, if he were here, at what particular period in the history of the Republican party it would have been a good thing to have had the other party take its place? I would ask him whether it would have been at the beginning, or at the middle, or at the end of the war? Would it have been about the time when we had determined to proclaim the Emancipation, which the Democratic party denounced as a great mistake and a robbery? Would it have been about the time when we were endeavoring to secure the fruits of the war by the great Constitutional Amendments, that the blood shed in the war might not be wasted? Would that have been a good time? They were against every one of them. Would it have been a good time when we were about to adopt the Fifteenth Amendment, to establish universal suffrage—one of the most signal proofs of the devotion of this party to moral principle? Would it have been a good time to do it when we were about to elect Abraham Lincoln the second time, and when it refused to swap horses while crossing a stream? Would it have been a good time to do it when we were about to establish the system of National Banks—the first time that we had any system of banking in the United States? Before that we had as many systems of banking as there were States, and paper money averaged anywhere from ninety to one hundred cents on the dollar—resulting in a perpetual and unending robbery of labor. Would that have been a good time to have had a little interruption in the control of the Republican party? Would it have been a good time when we were about to adopt the Civil Service law the other day in Congress? Or, to go back again, would it have been a good time when we were about to elect General Grant [applause] as our President, as a testimonial of the great admiration and gratitude of the United States to the magnificent soldier who led a million and a quarter of men to victory? Would it have been a good time to suffer this interruption when we elected James A. Garfield? Surely it would not have been a good time when we were about to elect Mr. Hayes, otherwise Mr. Schurz would not have been Secretary of the Interior. [Applause.] I have forgotten under what President he was a foreign minister, but there certainly were a few years when it would have been unwise to have had the interruption occur.

We stand here in battle array—the Republican party does—its platform adopted, its candidates named, and ready for the affray. It was but yesterday that they joined issue with us. We say to them very courteously, "Our friends, the enemy, will please to open fire." Upon what will they direct the force of their attack? "Turn the rascals out!" they say. For what? Will you give a reason for it? Turn them out because when they were born without a party they declared that slavery must not go into the new territories of the Union? [Applause.] Turn the rascals out for that? But the Democratic party now say, "That is all very well. Slavery itself is gone." But there is no man in the land who would restore it, so that certainly is not held up against us. When we told Mr. Lincoln, and Mr. Lincoln told the country, that it was his sworn duty to protect the property of the nation and to retake the forts if they should be captured, did he make any mistake then in law or duty? Are we to be turned out for any of these things? We declared that whatever they called the rebellion we were bound to put it down. Democrats denied our rights to coerce States. We said, we should coerce individual rebels and see what the result would be in sovereign States. Did we make any mistake in our constitutional or sovereign duty at that time? We did firmly deny the right of secession, and thereby put ourselves upon the country and invoked the favor of Almighty God. Does anybody say the rascals are to be turned out for that? We raised great armies, praise the Lord! We raised great armies to defend the Union and Liberty—the greatest armies that ever shook the globe by their tread—led by the ablest generals, fed the best, clothed the best, and they fought the best in the best cause in the world. [Cheers.] We incurred great debts. We spent money by the three or four thousand millions of dollars; we shouldered a debt, actually as counted, of three thousand millions by the close of the war; and this we did by a magnificent display of courage equal to that of the battle-field, in the great legislators of that day. [Applause.]

The honor is not due to the soldiers alone. Oh, no; there are millions of people, good women and men, as well entitled to all honor, and among those who were foremost in the exhibition of glorious faith were the legislators who called again for three hundred thousand men, and for five hundred thousand men, and another for one hundred thousand, and yet another for one hundred thousand, and a million, if need be, and who did put into the field a million and a quarter of men in the summer of 1864, and would have had another million and a quarter if they had needed. Was there any mistake made by us in the discharge of that duty? Did we make any mistake before God and mankind when, driven to it—for the Lord would not give us freedom unless we let His people go—we proclaimed emancipation? [Applause.] Is there anything laid up in heaven or in the judgment of mankind now or hereafter against the Republican party for that glorious deed?

Such an eloquent and unanswerable defense of the Republican party during its history of twenty-four years, ought to satisfy this greedy and voracious political pauper from Germany. In the desire to conciliate the German vote, both the Republican and Democratic parties have been wasting the honors and emoluments of office and high station upon a mob of German adventurers. We for one—only one—for ourself—just for ourself—are tired of "fighting mit Siegel" and voting "mit Schurz," and just for ourself—not compromising our party—we are infernally glad that this particular humbug has taken himself, his legs, his spectacles, his appetite, and his piano over to the Independents.

Mr. Morrow's Congressional candidacy has developed a new feature of politics among the working classes. In the seventh ward, where foundries, workshops and mechanical industries thrive, the working men, upon their own motion, and without any moneyed aid, have organized a Morrow club, have uniformed themselves at their own expense, and are doing all they can to send Mr. Morrow to Congress. These men are Republican and Democratic, are native and foreign born, and are real workers. They work with their hands and not with their mouths. The reason of their effort is to promote their own personal interest. They believe that a protective tariff in aid of manufacturing and mechanical industries will keep up the price of labor; they think that free trade means low wages; they know that the Democracy favors free trade, that the South demands free trade in the interest of cotton; that the Republican party has always advocated protective tariff legislation. Morrow is a Republican; he is young, energetic, able, and in earnest. These working men want a representative in Congress who has the ability and disposition to serve them; they think Mr. Morrow can do this better than Mr. Hastings, and because they think so they are at work for him, and they intend to elect him. This is practical, sensible politics. For the working class, or any class, to choose a member of Congress who, by reason of party ties and party association, can not, or dare not, or will not for any reason vote for such legislation as is demanded by the interests of his constituents, is to do a foolish thing. When Henley, of Sonoma, and Rosecranz, of the San Francisco district, voted for the Morrison bill, they knew they were doing that which the people of their districts would disapprove. But party ties were so strong that they could not resist them. The working men of the seventh ward do not mean to be fooled in this way. Mr. Morrow is in earnest in his tariff views. If he goes to Congress, and we think he will, he will not disappoint the labor men who vote for him.

In California the Republican party has organized and opened its campaign. On Saturday evening all along the line were heard the thunder and music of its orators, as in wigwam, camp, and hall its members assembled. The opening in San Francisco and elsewhere was imposing, both in numbers and in the spirit shown by the rank and file. In our State of California, the party was never more united, or more enthusiastic, or more confident of success. The Democratic party was never more disunited, more despondent, and more certain of defeat. All things being equal, California is Republican—with a united party it has never been defeated. In all its Presidential campaigns since the first election of Lincoln it was never beaten till the forged Morey letter stole five electoral votes from Garfield. Leland Stanford was elected Governor in 1861 by 23,286 over McConnell, and 25,092 over Conness. Frederick Low beat Downey, in 1863, by a clean majority of 19,602. Lincoln beat McClellan, in 1864, by a majority of 18,293. Then came the disastrous campaign of 1867, when Gorham ran against Henry Haight. This small specimen of chicanery stole the gubernatorial nomination by manipulating the political hoodlums of San Francisco, and was beaten by a majority of 9,546. (*Mem.*: the last we have heard of Black-and-tan is that he has left the Republican party and joined the Democracy. Of the Gorham clique, Carr, Sargent, and Frank Page still survive. Sargent is still wriggling to keep himself to the surface.) In 1868 Grant beat Seymour 506. In 1871 Booth's majority over Haight was 5,061. Grant's majority

in 1872 was 12,234. In 1875 the Republican party was divided between Phelps and Bidwell, and Irwin was elected by a majority of 435. In 1876 Hayes beat Tilden 2,821. In the last Governor's election there were disturbing elements which do not now exist. The Republican party is a unit for Blaine, and it will go into this contest entirely confident of victory. The Democracy is divided and discordant. It will go into the fight demoralized and disheartened. The Republican party can not quarrel between this and election day. The Democracy can not, by any possibility, unite at all. It is, to a large extent, with the Democratic party a race contest. The Irish have been made to do all the work, while the chivalry got all the honors and the offices. It is turkey to the chivalry and crow to the shovelry all the time. The nomination of Cleveland, with his subserviency to corporate wealth and England, his opposition to the labor element of the country, has penetrated even the dense stupidity of the lower Irish, and the result (as the "journal of civilization" would remark) is a wide-spread disaffection. The attitude that Mr. Blaine has taken in reference to our foreign affairs has impressed the voting Irish Democracy (even the Pope's Irish) that with Mr. Blaine for President our sixty millions of people would not much longer remain in commercial and political subserviency to Great Britain. There are here elements of party discord that do not exist in any other part of the Union. They are at work; they are irreconcilable, and the result of Blaine's success is a fixed and impregnable fact.

Our friend General Rosecrans ought to set himself up as a political fortune-teller, or party sight-seer, or Democratic mind-reader. He has been in the Congressional necromancy business till he has now gained a large and valuable experience. He was in Maine the other day, just before election, and predicted that the Republican Governor would just scratch in by three thousand majority; he was elected by nineteen thousand. Rosecranz prophesies that California will give Cleveland ten thousand majority. It must be very cheerful to have such a sanguine old gentleman as our friend Rosy always on hand with favorable omens and auguries, to cheer and encourage the party as it enters upon its struggles. Whether he divines by the stars, or palmistry, or the entrails of beasts, or the flight of birds, or by cards, we do not know. Nor does it make it much difference, for the general is always wrong. Still, it makes his fellow-Democrats feel good to see an occasional sanguine, cheerful member, and have him prophesy for the party a change of luck. It is a dreadful long political road that has not turned in twenty-four years and shows no bend ahead.

John Sedgwick has served this county for two years as Sheriff. He ought to have been reëlected, but the Democratic tidal-wave two years ago stranded him, as it did other Republican municipal candidates. He is again a candidate for nomination by the Republican Convention. We hope he will be nominated. We hope he will be elected. San Francisco never had so good a Sheriff. He introduced system, order, efficiency, and politeness into all the departments of the business. He was popular. His renomination and election would please all business men who came in contact with the shrievalty when Mr. Sedgwick occupied the place, and would give satisfaction to the entire legal profession, which has intimate business relations with this office.

Governor Stanford, fully restored to health and fully equipped with physical and mental energy, will soon be at his post in San Francisco, giving personal direction to the business with which he has been so long associated. His return will give Mr. Charles Crocker the rest he has long needed, which he will spend, not in going to Europe, but in the better enjoyment of Monterey. Mrs. Stanford will accompany the Governor on his return, spending the winter at their city residence.

General Miller may be shortly expected to return to California, when he announces himself as ready to enter the campaign for Blaine and Logan. Touched with the Washington malaria, he has been, under the advice of physicians, staying in New York for a respite from his senatorial labors. His health fully restored, he will be of service during the summer in aiding to give the electoral vote of the State to the Republican candidates—in making assurance doubly sure.

The Democracy are driven to the desperate resort of enlisting old women to fight their political battles. Poor old Mrs. Parnell has with her broom been detailed to sweep back the surging tide of Irish that is now rising all over the land in rebellion against the English candidate, Cleveland, and have determined to vote for the only American statesman whom they believe will have the courage to resist the insolence of the British commercial policy. Another very nice and awfully venerable old New England lady—Mrs. Morrill—has been unsepulchred from the tomb of time to revive some scandals—that never existed—between her husband and Blaine, of which she knew nothing at the time, and all of the circumstances of which she has since forgotten. Now there is Mrs. Partington, Mrs. Swisshelm, Mrs. Belva Lockwood, Miss Susan B. Anthony, and Henry Ward Beecher to hear from. The Democracy are imitating the example of Jeff Davis running away in petticoats.

The Associated Press has achieved another triumph. It has detailed with particulars of minutest detail the alarming condition of John McCullough, the actor—his debauch at a supper, his drunkenness, his aimless wanderings at midnight upon Manhattan Beach, his loss of mind and memory, his helpless condition, his rescue and dispatch to New York. After two days burdening of the wires with this malicious devilishness, it is announced that "the sensational stories about John McCullough, the tragedian, have been found, upon investigation, to be utterly without foundation; Mr. McCullough is in the best of health and spirits."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### A Wail from the Girls.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Four of us girls have had our heads bobbing in close proximity for some time, gathering in a bunch these various threads of the tangled, or rather perverse, problem in question. We have voiced our honest thoughts. If we *are* only girls, we believe we are echoing the puzzled queries of scores of other girls, who think long and deeply, as we have, then vibrate between any two of a dozen clashing opinions. We hope that the reader will not be startled to learn that the bone of our contention, that is, the subject of this particular discussion, is men—young men, between the ages of twenty-five and thirty. We rule out, to begin with, as foreign in this connection: First, young men who take life very heavily and seriously, and drink such deep and continued draughts of intellectual nectar that social life is unheard of in their catalogue; second, young men who feed so continually on the empty husks of too much gayety that they become calloused to a realization that life holds anything else. The third class of young men may be described in this wise: Intelligent, socially inclined without a tendency to social dissipation, reckoned good fellows among themselves, always certain of carrying grace with them in meeting new people socially, fond of good books, good companions of both sexes, good music, good drama, good clothes, good dinners, good manners, and—goodness knows what *not* that borders on the moderate and the well-ordered. Now, such men are *agreeable*, everybody likes them, although, after acquaintanceship has had time to develop into easy friendship, opinions may be changed. What we want to know is this: Why do these men, with so much else that is exceptionally nice about them, *why* do they make social parasites of themselves? We do not wish to be unjust in our criticism, simply honest. If confronted with this question, what would they say in response? Deny it, of course. How could they when knowing it to be the very quintessence of all truth. They have their regular round of lady friends. One evening of the week at such and such a place. "Charming girls, those R——s," they declare, as the gracious adieus at the door float sweetly out with them into the cool night air. The lamp-post at the corner throws a gleam of light aslant their satisfied faces, as they button up their overcoats and turn toward their homes. Possibly some side street lures them into an oyster saloon, for a hot oyster combat, just by way of chatting over the evening's events in a comfortable sort of way. They are always well received and courteously entertained wherever they go. They are invited to call again, and they do so, and accept, and re-accept, and accept again.

And why not? perchance may be asked. Well just this. Do they ever reflect, we wonder, that the young ladies, though anything but narrow in their views, or inclined toward making unjust demands, feel chagrined at times? When forced to admit that parasitical tendencies are fast coming to the surface, in the character of friends whom they have so profoundly admired, the confession is unpleasant. Suppose pride succeeds in suppressing open verdicts from the young ladies. Suppose they make an effort to hide the fact of being inveigled into playing a cheap part; even then, there are only too many left to criticise, watch, and take note. Countless jibes, and many smiling taunts, call a surge of color to many a fair face, the calm exterior of which would defy the sting of acknowledging the truth of words that the tell-tale flush confirms. When affairs reach this crisis, how do the young ladies feel? Well, it is hard to define exactly how they do feel. First they say, "It must be that the young men do not like us; in no other way can we explain their reason for never repaying in the slightest degree our constant entertainment." Why, then, do they come? Why do they sound our praises abroad, and declare they have never spent anything but a delightful evening beneath our parental roofs? Do they think there is no exertion in our entertainment? No prettier compliment could be paid us than this, to be sure. Any one of us knows, however, just how much tact, vivacity, and care is required to keep the ball of conversation rolling, avoid inharmonious topics, and be ready to change, vary, and enlarge the programme of entertainment at any moment.

Yet, if they do enjoy our company, why do these same young men go by twos and threes to the Patti opera, or to the ball, and act as escort to *no one?* Do we stay at home? Sometimes we *do*. We can not always demand papa's time, nor even that of our brother-in-law, although they are as good as gold and accommodate us whenever they can. We have even been accompanied to the ball and left in charge of the hostess. We did not *care* particularly, four or more of us together, as more than one party of ladies present had come in the same way. We also knew that when midnight was past, and the carriages began to roll up to the door, we would not lack for most attentive companions through the broad halls and down the steps, the concluding chapter to an evening filled with gallantries and deferential kindnesses. Yes, the young men are always on hand upon these occasions. Again comes in the question: Why is it? Are they penurious except when they themselves or some of their fellows are under consideration? Are they afraid that their attentions will be misconstrued, and paterfamilias will come down upon them for a declaration of intention and a never-darken-my-door-again-young-man threat? Granted, that custom demands recognition of certain acts as indicative of certain meanings. They might be excused from showing attentions in too marked a degree to any particular one in a family. Would this debar the gentleman from the privilege of seeking the company of two or more? Would his act be misconstrued? Could his indebtedness not be thus canceled in a simple and not particularly expensive way? Does he think that, should he begin in this way, there would be no chance to stop? Does he really delude himself into the belief that after making a departure of this kind he would ever afterward be open to dark hints from the young ladies, to be accompanied to some place of amusement? Could he not conceive that their good sense would let them know that if he had thought *once* far enough to offer his services to them, he likewise could think again, if his inclinations pointed in that direction? Is it an inborn lack of gallantry?

We believe that these same young men, if stopping to look this subject squarely in the face, would do some things differently, as no man likes to be set down for what, in reality, he *is not*. If there were only one or two observers the matter would also be of less consequence, and would be a slighter reflex on the man's character. The truth is, however, that he is being judged by a wider and wider circle of people—perhaps justly, perhaps harshly. Young ladies do not like to feel themselves as being looked upon as mere sources of amusement to the men they entertain and associate with. They are willing and glad to do their part. They enjoy the companionship of these men up to a certain point, until friends—those who really have their interests at heart, and do not like to see them made a laughing-stock of—lapse from good-natured satire into abject silence regarding these same young men, whom they know still tread in the ways for which they have become noted. It is mortifying, unfair, and inexplicable to us; and we earnestly wish that some fair-minded man, who knows the innings of these things, would answer us, and show us the other side of this question, *as we have put it*. Perhaps some other young ladies can also give us their views; and we may be able to arrive at some conclusion that will solve the problem. FOUR GIRLS.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 12, 1884.

### Mr. Nahl's Picture.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The deep public interest that has been aroused in regard to Mr. Nahl's notorious picture has its existence from a principle deeper than any which is involved in the controversy between Catholicism and Protestantism. These are passing questions. They are conditions of the times; and, doubtless, with the march of time and progress, Catholicism and Protestantism, as they exist to-day, will both have been swept from the face of the earth. A Catholic has really little more cause to complain of the "Incident in the Louvre" than has a Protestant or any defender of art. The question is quite beyond one of "perspective," also, or of any of the technicalities of art. The object of art, if it is anything, is to maintain a high standard of taste and of morality; and its influence must be elevating or we have no use for it.

An artist must be true to life. But he must be so broadly comprehensive as to penetrate through the films and slums of the abuses of life, whether incidental or systematic, whether springing from petty personal ignorance, or malice, or from the faults of firmly founded institutions. He must look beyond this, and grasp the grand central idea of universal life in its oneness. He must feel the impulse in his own mind and soul from the great, throbbing, world-wide, growing thing called life, whose leaven quietly works in humanity, slowly overthrowing one after another of our worn-out institutions and outgrown systems. He must be in sympathy with the grand aims and possibilities of life. He must be near to the great first cause (it matters little whether it be called God, or nature, or the everlasting laws of force; whatever it is called, it is all one—the power at work in the universe, making what it is this magnificent phenomenon of life with its vast possibilities, its mighty passions), understandingly near, and must be, like the first, one of nature's highest interpreters; and he must hold ever before us an ideal equal to the highest that we have conceived of what life should be, and toward which we believe life to be advancing. By nature, I mean not merely woods, and hills, and flowing streams, rocks, fens, and fields of waving grain, nor meadows blooming sweet with flowers, and heavenly sunsets gracing landscapes fair. These be some of the beauties incident to life. I mean everything, from the still, gray stone, to the throbbing, thinking soul of man, and the mysterious power at work within, evolving this from that, and binding to their separate spheres the mighty orbs of heaven. When the interpretation of the poet or the artist falls below our own ideals, it is a disappointment and an offense.

Probably only the veriest prude imagines any impropriety in nudity in statuary or painting. This is simply copying the most beautiful model of the highest artist. In the picture in question there is no matter for offense in the representation given of the innocent and unconscious girl. The offensiveness is in the suggestion brought out by the leering, smirking face of the priest, who evidently is lustfully gloating over what his low mind degrades into impurity in that which the true spirit of art demands shall not be held as impure. We can not but feel that humanity is outraged and its author insulted when the suggestion of impurity is reflected upon the human figure, or any portion thereof. The picture is true, therefore, not to our highest conception of life, but to one of the falsities incident to some present conditions of life. True, it is in keeping with a lewd, low phase of life, and the incident may be copied from "actual fact," as is claimed. Nobody, I suppose, is fool enough to try to defend the virtue of priests. The picture is a thrust at the hypocrisy of the pretended immaculate priesthood, bringing out in strong colors the evils naturally accruing from the false and unnatural system of celibacy affected by them. As such, it belongs to the province of caricature, and not to that of high art. The mission of art, surely, is not beneath that of poetry. Fancy such a situation being made the subject of a grand poem, and receiving an honored place in literature! It must verge at once into satire, to which, in art, caricature corresponds. There is in the present instance an incongruity between the subject and the treatment that jars on sensitive nerves—an unfitness against which artistic instinct cries out in earnest protest.

We are willing that such inconsistencies should be held up to ridicule in caricature and burlesque, but we require more than this of high art. We demand a model, a standard. True art should represent, in universal language, the everlasting principle of beauty and of truth. Caricature should bring to light passing evils, with a view to eradicating them or hastening their decline; and it is useful only for the passing moment. Nobody wants such a picture as the "Incident in the Louvre" to live, because it represents that which we wish to have blotted out from humanity as speedily as possible.

We can have no higher conception of life than as a thing of growth, because there is no goal in sight. Nor do we want any; for we ask nothing better than infinite progression, which seems to be the object pointed out by such indications as we find in life. Therefore it is enough when the artist presents a scene suggesting growth or transition; the first lessons in art should teach that, for even the *lines* of beauty are those flowing ones that constantly suggest transition of form; when he portrays the nobler passions of humanity struggling against baser ones; when he shows the nobler fury of man battling with evils, intelligence striving with superstition, or liberty rising triumphant over oppression. If the artist essays to portray man he *must* express something manly. Art can not rest in baseness.

The irate resentment of a parent or lover, introduced in opposition to the insulting lewdness of the priest, or even the silent contempt of an unobserved observer, would have redeemed Mr. Nahl's picture from the merited charge of baseness. There is about equal consistency in the priest who assumes to be a representative of holy things, and is capable of such grossness as is portrayed in the painting, and in the man who pretends to be an artist, yet falls so far short of comprehending the true spirit of real art as to "spend over a year" endeavoring to bolster up such grossness upon the plane of artistic merit. Respectfully, N. L. NEALE.

OAKLAND, September 10, 1884.

In certain portions of Louisiana, where watermelons grow on the malarial lowlands, it is the common belief that too much indulgence in that fruit is productive of ague, or chills and fever. At all events, about the whole colored population in those districts become annually afflicted with ague during the watermelon season, while the whites, who are more abstemious, are mostly free from it. It is narrated that, one morning near the close of the season, Julius and Cato met in the plantation, each with a large melon in his hand, and both shaking with the chills until their shining teeth clattered together noisily.

"How is yo' dis mornin', Julius?" asked Cato; "any better dan de day befo' yesterday?"

"Oh, I got de ague dreffal bad, and I'm powerful weak," replied Julius; "but de melon season am about ober. Hain't got much mo' 'n a week longer, an' den we'll get ober de trouble."

"Yes," returned Cato, "we'll get shut o' de chills den."

Neither of the honest darkies ever dreamed of getting ill by putting any restraint to his appetite.—*Ex.*

## AN UNBORN GHOST.

By Leonard Kip.

II.

We had collected in the saloon, for it was too cold to remain with any pleasure upon deck, but had not yet thought of retiring. All at once there came a crash, and a sort of shiver of the whole framework of the ship, mingled with the sound of splintering wood, beginning at the bows and running with a rippling, jagged noise along the side. We rushed on deck, with incoherent inquiries, but soon discontinued them as useless, the whole trouble being spread out plainly before us. Ahead and all along our starboard side were masses of floating ice. On the port side the dark water could still be seen, though even there floated small cakes, seeming for the moment to be drifting past, but in reality slowly swinging around to embrace us, as drawn by the attraction. The watch forward had probably been asleep, or, if awake, had been too intently gazing after icebergs, and had neglected to look out for the equally dangerous fields of surface ice. And so we had driven headlong into the edge of one of the fields, tearing open our bows, ripping off the planking on our quarter for about fifty feet, and, with the concussion, bringing down our foretop and maintopgallant masts.

The first impulse of our captain was to order the loosened shrouds and stays cut, so as to clear our ship of all that burden of wrecked spars and cordage. This was soon done. Then ensued a moment of silent examination, to ascertain our chance of extrication from the ice. This was found to be impossible, for the ship had partly worked its way into an indentation in the ice-field, and, with our loss of sails and spars, there could be little or no motion or steerage way. After that came the order to sound the pumps—a process which disclosed a leak so enormous that even in the few minutes which elapsed between the measurements the water in the hold was found to have increased nine inches in depth. It was evident that the good ship had made her last voyage, and must be abandoned; and so our captain reluctantly gave the order to launch the boats.

Up to this time the men had behaved themselves well, but now came the moment when, through blind terror or cruel selfishness, they began to betray their trust. One of the larboard-quarter boats was successfully launched and supplied with bags of biscuits, and a cask of water lowered into it. But when the captain came aft to gather our party together, with a view of giving us an opportunity to leave the vessel, a gang of seamen dropped themselves helter-skelter into the boat and pushed off, basely deserting us. Upon this the captain ordered the launch of a second boat, and that there should be no further desertions, stood, pistol in hand, ready to assert his authority and punish any symptom of mutiny. For a while this plan seemed to be succeeding, for the men worked with a ready will, and, as before, the boat was soon properly lowered and provisioned. But at this point all authority was defied, as before, under the influence of each one's controlling effort to save his own life. The men did not absolutely in words defy the captain, but pressing in one compact mass against him, pushed him powerless before them, and so, as the others had done, crowded into the boat. I do not think the poor captain had any fair opportunity to use his pistol, so close was the pressure upon him. One shot he fired, but ineffectually, his arm being thrown up by the struggling mass. The next moment he was crowded into the water, without the power of saving himself. Had he not fired that shot possibly the men might have dragged him into the boat after them. But in some cowardly spirit of revenge, and perhaps with the fear lest he might still have been able to retain the pistol and be capable of a second shot, they left him struggling in the water, and before I could find a line to throw to him he had drifted past and sunk.

Let me hurry to the end, for it is not my purpose to describe a shipwreck, further than it may prove necessary as the framework of the rest of my story. A third boat filled with deserters from the ship was pushed out and capsized at a hundred feet distance, none of that boat being saved. And now only our own party of five was left upon the vessel, and it was evident that it behooved us also to leave if we would save our lives, for the ship was settling lower in the water, there were ominous sounds from the compressed air below, and the whole mass, in fact, began to lean over at a constantly increasing angle, so that at any moment an additional lurch might throw the gunwale under and carry us all at once to the bottom. There was no remaining boat, nor if there had been could we have lowered it. There was nothing left for us but to take refuge upon the ice-floe. The ship itself probably would not remain above water an hour longer.

We therefore went at once diligently to work. First, we dropped upon the ice a few bags of biscuit and a case or two of canned meats. Then a small cask of water was carefully lowered, and a bottle or two of spirits. All the clothing of any description that we could gather was tossed upon the ice, as well as a pile of sail-cloth, with which, though we might not spread a tent from it, we might extemporize some sort of a covering against the cold. Other odd trifles, too varied to mention, some useful and some the reverse, were added to the pile, and lastly we threw down a couple of mattresses as a protection from the chill of the surface of the ice, and then we prepared to disembark.

First, we disposed of Sir Giles, lowering him by the two arms over the side, and dropping him safely upon the ice. We had thought to disembark the girls in the same manner, but even in that moment a change in the situation had taken place. The vessel had given another lurch, sloping down on the larboard so that the rail was then very near the water, and the starboard rail, of course, proportionally elevated. Upon that side the deck had now become so lifted that it would have been difficult for any one but an athletic man to jump down, while the bilge of the vessel's side, in a measure shut out the view of the landing-place, leaving it uncertain whether a direct downward leap might not leave one in the narrow ribbon of water that had begun to open between the ice-floe and the ship. For a moment it was a serious matter how to proceed. But a happy suggestion came to me, and picking up a piece of stray rope about forty feet long, I tied it to the quarter-rail.

"Now," I said to young Pettengal, "I will jump upon the ice and guide the other end of the rope, holding it taut. You will tie a smaller rope about the waist of each of the young ladies and fasten it loosely to the larger rope. In this way we can sling them one by one over the side, so that they will slide down and be caught by me as they severally descend."

No sooner said than begun. A loosely running sling was prepared and hung upon the larger rope so that it would slide down with even a slight weight. Then I dropped myself with some difficulty upon the ice and took hold of the farther end of the larger rope, carrying it as far as possible from the ship, so as to decrease as much as possible the perpendicularity of the incline. Then Alfred Pettengal lifted Viola Marley upon the rail, brought the noose of the smaller rope around her waist, attached it to the larger rope, and, bidding her be of good courage, launched her upon her downward way. It was only a second after all. She slid down safely and uninjured, was caught in my arms and released from the slip-noose, which was at once drawn back for the rescue of Lady Blanche.

She, in turn, was then lifted upon the rail, and the slip-noose put around her waist and attached as before. It was all done in a minute. Her courage and her obedience to directions were perfect. There appeared no reason why fate should not have permitted her rescue as well as the other. A moment more and she also would have slid unharmed into my arms. But that moment was not granted. Before she could be launched from the rail, the ship took another violent lunge, and went down stern first. The rope pulled out of my hands like lightning. I heard one cry of terror, saw a wild seething of water, felt the ice rock beneath me, and, in a few seconds, where the good ship had floated was merely open sea, fast settling from its agitation into composure. Of the two persons on board, only young Pettengal succeeded in saving himself, having sprung off at the right moment, and, though drawn down by the suction, been enabled on rising to swim to the ice-floe and clamber upon it. But Lady Blanche, alas! entangled as she must have been with the rope, had not even that poor chance, and, being dragged down, never rose to the surface again.

For a moment I stood stupefied and bewildered; then turned away sick at heart. And was that to be the fate of all our party—one after another to be taken until there were none left to tell the tale? Only four of us, now; and it seemed, indeed, as though I, instead of being one of four, was entirely alone. I had established so little real intimacy with the others that I might not dare even to sympathize with them in their grief. Few as we were, and much as I might have desired their companionship, even though it were a companionship in misery, I felt that for a while at least I must forbear intruding upon their grief. And so, retiring to a suitable distance from them along the floe, I flung myself upon the bare ice, and gave myself up to the bitterness of my thoughts.

But I was not allowed after all to remain alone for long. Within five minutes of my retirement, I heard a small, quiet voice whispering into my ear. Of course, I recognize it at once—it was the Ghost of the eighth Baronet of Pettengal. Whether to be indignant or not at his approach, I could not for the moment tell. He had never yet visited me without lashing my mind into disturbance; and yet, at that instant of isolation, the voice even of a ghost might have some companionship in it. At least I might hear what he was about to say; and, anyhow, I was powerless to avoid his presence. But to keep upon the safe side, and show that I was not too easily to be conciliated with unreliable attentions, I addressed the Ghost rather roughly.

"Well, what now?" I said. "And how came you here? I had hoped that I had heard the last of you—that, my stateroom being your accustomed lurking place, you had gone down with the vessel."

"It is not a very civil reception you are giving me, but I will pass it over," the Ghost responded. "Nor do I think that you show any great discrimination in supposing that I can be drowned. It is not in my nature, of course. You must be aware, upon reflection, that I must wait to be born. But let that also pass. I came to you with a very good impulse—in fact, to thank you."

"And for what?"

"Last week you interested yourself in me, as you will remember, and, in a very friendly spirit, relieved me from all chance of a very undesirable maternity in the person of Lady Clara. I could scarcely have anticipated, I must say, that you would again so soon interfere in my behalf, especially as, meanwhile, we have had some words. But I suppose that friendship—true friendship, I mean—does not take much accout of a few little bickerings. At any rate, I must now thank you for your noble intercession in my favor as against maternity through Lady Blanche."

"Really, I can scarcely as yet understand," I began, though an inkling of his meaning at the moment faintly dawned upon me. "That is to say"——

"Do not again too coyly affect ignorance," the Ghost responded. "I was at your side, and noted how just at the right moment for your intervention, you let the rope slip out of your hand, so that she was left in the water."

"You infernal demon!" I cried; "for what purpose do you thus come haunting me, and imputing all dastardly deeds to me? And why, even if I were capable of such a crime, should I commit it in your behalf, whom I have never even seen? You know very well that I did not willingly let go the rope, but that it was drawn out of my hands through the rolling away of the vessel. You saw that I did my best to save Lady Blanche, and that but for the inopportune sinking of the ship at that very moment she would now be safe with us upon the ice."

"Now, why will you still so transparently deny your friendly service to me?" responded the Ghost. "Is it from any fear lest I might bring you into trouble, by mentioning your admission of the transaction to your discredit? You might know that it would never be in my heart to betray you, and that, even if I desired, I could not appear in any way to your injury. Let me tell you that you are very wrong in affecting denial of your charitable action, and you have certainly lived long enough in the world to have learned that a favor openly acknowledged is twice a favor tendered timorously. Even I, who have not yet lived at all, have observed as much as that. Besides, it may some day be in my power to reward you, and then"——

"It may some day be in my power to punish you, foul, malignant spirit that you are."

"Calling names, at least, will not help you," the Ghost retorted. "And moreover," it added, in what seemed a reflective tone of voice, "I do not precisely see how you will ever be able to work me any injury. For several years after I am born I shall be a very young child; certainly you will then have no opportunity to attack me, even if you were so brutally inclined. And when I am grown up and capable of defending myself, you will be quite an aged man, and it is probable that I shall be very well able to protect myself against you. No; you must give up any idea of ever resenting anything that now, in such a kindly spirit, I may feel it proper to suggest."

"Then, since I am so powerless, will you now leave me, and no longer in such an unmannerly spirit force your company upon me? That is the least you can do under the circumstances, it would seem."

"Yes, certainly; if you desire it, I will leave you at once, again thanking you for your kind and considerate"——

I turned over on the ice and shut my ears, desiring to hear no more. And when at last I raised my head again I heard the Ghost no longer. It had evidently left me, and there was no sound except the wash of the ocean against the ice-floe, and, from the short intervening distance, the low voices of my companions giving expression among themselves to their grief.

Two hours afterward, however, I bitterly regretted my voluntary isolation. I had fallen into a doze, lying upon my back and gazing up at the now clear sky, when all at once I heard a sudden loud report, like the explosion of a gun, and hastily arousing myself, I saw that the ice-field had parted between me and my companons. I ran instantly to rejoin them, but it was already too late. A great and constantly widening gap lay between us, and before I could reach it thirty feet intervened. I could not leap across; I knew not how to swim. Momentarily the chasm widened, as the fields of ice, becoming entirely separated, swung apart. In vain my late companions shouted to me, and I back to them; there was no help in that. All that we could do was to cry farewell. For some reason, that I could not understand, but probably owing to diverse currents, the two sheets of ice constantly widened their distance from each other. In a less than half an hour they seemed a mile apart. In an hour we were hidden from each other by the darkness.

It is not easy to describe my sense of desolation. Imprisoned on a floe of floating ice, without food and without any protection from the cold other than my clothing! To feel that at any moment the ice might break up into still smaller fragments, incapable of sustaining my weight any longer! To know that even if the ice held together, it was necessary for me to be rescued within a limited time or else starve to death! If I floated farther to the north I should be out of the track of vessels, and even if provisioned must freeze at last. If I floated to the south, where vessels more abounded, the increasing warmth must inevitably wear away the ice, and in that way complete my destruction. In whatever way I looked upon it my situation seemed hopeless.

The next morning, when I awoke—though such was my despair of mind that I can scarcely say I had slept at all—I found that I was encompassed in a heavy fog. By no observation could I tell whether I was drifting southwardly or not, though the air seemed growing somewhat warmer. That however might have come as much from a change of wind as of direction. I noticed with alarm that my ice-island was rapidly diminishing in size. At first it must have had an extent of some twenty acres; now it had split away or gradually had worn off until it had scarcely more than half its former extent. It was evident that my fate would be decided for me before many hours, and it seemed hardly possible that there could be other than one result.

All that day I shivered with the cold, and more and more felt the pangs of hunger. Constantly my ice-floe still further diminished in size, as little by little I saw small portions separating at the edge and drifting off by themselves. At this rate, twenty-four hours at the farthest would bring everything to an end; at any moment the result might be precipitated by a more sudden and violent disruption of the floe. When night came I looked not to see another morning. Somewhat to my surprise, even at the time, I found myself giving the matter less concern than I should have conceived possible. Perhaps my sufferings had already taken away something of the love of life. However that might be, when I lay down upon the ice with the expectation that any moment might be my last, it was with an approach to indifference as to the issue. Still, I seemed to have enough lingering vitality left to induce me to neglect no possible means of escape, and for that purpose I determined to lie awake. But my increasing weariness and the chilliness of the air proved too much for my resolution, and no sooner did I lie down than I fell asleep as soundly and sweetly as in my own bed at home.

Fell asleep, and until morning. Then all at once I awoke to safety and rescue. It was about six—the fog had lifted, the sun was up, the sea tranquil and glittering in the sparkle of the new day. And lo! within half a mile a large steamer was speeding along toward its port. I raised myself and wildly swung my arms. I was seen; the steamer slackened; the gunwale was crowded with a dark fringe of excited watchers; then a boat was lowered and pulled toward me. Still, lest there should be any mistake, I continually waved my arms and danced wildly up and down, and shouted.

"They see you plainly, and are coming after you. What, then, is the use of giving yourself all that trouble?"

It was, of course, the Ghost.

"I should have supposed that you would have remained with your party, and not have ventured here again, annoying me," I said. "Or are they all dead?"

"None of them is dead," the Ghost responded. "They are on their ice-floe, now some twenty miles away. Be easy about them, they will be rescued before long. How else could I ever be born in my predestined station? I have merely come across for a moment of consultation with you. For you must be aware that I can waft myself across from place to place at will, and almost with the quickness of thought."

"Having such advantages connected with your incorporeal state, I rather wonder that you care about being born at all."

"So it might at first appear," the Ghost responded; "and yet there is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question. I find that there are many pleasures of life from which I am at present debarred—from agreeable society, for instance. I can not but pine after some association with those who are to be my fellow-creatures. You can not imagine how lonely a ghost can be at times. Upon the whole, I think that I shall gain something by being born. But let that pass; it is not that I came to speak to you about."

"Well, what then?"

"This may be the last time that I shall ever come to you, and I must disburden my mind. In fact, I can not let the opportunity pass without expressing my opinion of you."

"Oh, as to that you can spare yourself," I replied. "Twice already, under a misconception of the circumstances, you have tendered me your thanks. You need not trouble yourse'f again to"——

"I have no thanks for you—not in the least," said the Ghost. "On the contrary, I can scarcely now find words to mark my detestation of you. Except for your impertinent and officious interference with my concerns, I should now be feeling very well satisfied with my prospects. As it is, you have probably blighted all my future life."

"Really, I do not see how."

"When you first met me," pursued the Ghost, "my prospective father, the sixth baronet of Pettengal, was on the point of allying himself with Lady Clara Breck. Possibly there might have been some objections of a trivial nature to the alliance. I will acknowledge, indeed, that there was something connected with the habitual gravity of Lady Clara which was far from satisfying me. Yet, after all, gravity is associated with dignity, and in other respects I have never yet met any one who had more agreeable qualities. I remember that I casually spoke to you somewhat critically about her, not however suspecting that you would presume to offer your intervention. But I grieve to say that such has been your impertinent spirit of interference in a matter which could not in the least have concerned you, that—possibly with the idea of hereafter claiming some reward from me—you basely murdered Lady Clara. This you can not deny."

"On the contrary, I deny it altogether. And I must say that a more outrageously villainous charge has never"——

"There! there! It is scarcely worth while to indulge in expletives. Well, to proceed: after a few days my destined father seemed disposed to attach himself to Lady Blanche Proctor. She was rather too merry-hearted, I thought, but after all that is better than habitual moroseness, and is perhaps a fault upon the right side. And then what did you do? At the very first critical remark I made about Lady Blanche—a remark, let me say, not uttered in malice, but merely in a certain unreflectiveness of speech as prompted by my sense of loneliness—your outrageous spirit of intermeddling again exhibited itself, and you took the responsibility of murdering her also."

"By all the demons of"——

"That will do. It is scarcely necessary to be profane about it. Had you only left me alone, I should have been at peace, with the assurance that one or the other of those two fair girls would one day be my mother. But now mark the difference! A minute ago I left my party on their ice-floe. My destined father was sitting upon a pile of sacks, and in his arms and covered with the same cloak sat Viola Marley. It was in pretense of keeping her sheltered from the cold; but can not I see to what results it is tending? He is already becoming enamored with her—I feel that it can not be avoided; and so, after all, I am destined to inherit through my mother the detestable qualities of the Marleys, a family which has made itself in the eyes of all other observers a synonym of"——

"But what"——

"A family, let me say, whose idiosyncrasies already so widely known, must be carried down in their descendants, embittering the existence of unborn generations, and drawing down upon them the unfavorable criticism and possibly the hatred of all who"——

"But still"——

"A family, let me add, which for centuries past, and under every circumstance, has developed those baneful and insufferable tendencies which, wherever they have been and with whomever associated, have never failed to"——

"Now, then, hurry up and look lively!" cried another voice at my elbow; and turning, I saw that the boat from the steamer had reached the ice-floe, and was waiting for me. At the interruption, the Ghost relapsed into silence, and from that time, let me say, I never again encountered it. For a moment I gazed in the direction in which it seemed to have taken its departure; even at the instant of my rescue I could not avoid that distraction of attention. Seeing this, the men in the boat again called me to make haste; and two of them, thinking that perhaps my situation had turned my brain, climbed upon the floe, took me in their stout arms, and laid me tenderly in the boat. There I reclined between the thwarts, while we were rowed back to the steamer.

Closing my eyes, I heard none of the eager questions that were put to me, volunteered no explanation of my presence on the floe. All my efforts for the moment were to shut out outward sights and sounds, that I might more fully realize my escape. But amidst all came the wondering inquiry, impossible to be put away, and destined never to be answered—coming not merely then but for years afterward, whenever I lay awake in the silent watches of the night—what was the matter with the Marleys?

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1884.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The Bull-fight of Gazul.

King Almanzor of Granada, he hath bid the trumpet sound,
He hath summoned all the Moorish lords from the hills and plains around;
From Vega and Sierra, from Betis and Xenil,
They have come with helm and cuirass of gold and twisted steel.

'Tis the holy Baptist's feast they hold in royalty and state,
And they have closed the spacious lists beside the Alhambra's gate;
In gowns of black, and silver-laced, within the tented ring,
Eight Moors, to fight the bull, are placed in presence of the king.

Eight Moorish lords of valor tried, with stalwart arm and true,
The onset of the beasts abide, come trooping furious through;
The deeds they've done, the spoils they've won, fill all with hope and trust;
Yet, ere high in heaven appears the sun, they all have bit the dust.

Then sounds the trumpet clearly; then clangs the loud tambour:
Make room, make room for Gazul—throw wide, throw wide the door!
Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still, more loudly strike the drum,
The Alcayde of Algava to fight the bull doth come!

And first before the king he passed, with reverence stooping low,
And next he bowed him to the queen, and the infantas all a-row;
Then to his lady's grace he turned, and she to him did throw
A scarf from out her balcony, 'twas whiter than the snow.

With the life-blood of the slaughtered lords all slippery in the sand,
Yet proudly in the centre hath Gazul ta'en his stand;
And ladies look with heaving breast, and lords with anxious eye,
But the lance is firmly in its rest, and his look is calm and high.

Three bulls against the knight are loosed, and two come roaring on;
He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching his rejon;
Each furious beast upon the breast he deals him such a blow,
He blindly totters and gives back, across the sand to go.

"Turn, Gazul, turn," the people cry—"the third comes up behind;
Low to the sand his head holds he, his nostrils snuff the wind;"
The mountaineers that lead the steers without stand whispering low,
"Now thinks this proud Alcayde to stun Harpado so?"

From Gaudiana comes he not, he comes not from Xenil,
From Gaudalarif of the plain, or Barves of the hill;
But where from out the forest burst Xarama's waters clear,
Beneath the oak-trees was he nursed, this proud and stately steer.

Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood within doth boil;
And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as he paws to the turmoil.
His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of snow;
But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe.

Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand close and near,
From out the broad and wrinkled skull like daggers they appear;
His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old knotted tree,
Whereon the monster's shagged mane, like billows curled, ye see.

His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night,
Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierceness of his might;
Like something molten out of iron, or hewn from forth the rock,
Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the Alcayde's shock.

Now stops the drum—close, close they come—thrice meet and thrice give back;
The white foam of Harpado lies on the charger's breast of black—
The white foam of the charger on Harpado's front of dun:
Once more advance upon his lance—once more, thou fearless one!

Once more, once more—in dust and gore to ruin must thou reel;
In vain, in vain thou tearest the sand with furious heel—
In vain, in vain, thou noble beast; I see, I see thee stagger;
Now keen and cold thy neck must hold the stern Alcayde's dagger!

They have slipped a noose around his feet, six horses are brought in,
And away they drag Harpado, with a loud and joyful din.
Now stope thee, lady, from thy stand, and the ring of price bestow
Upon Gazul of Algava, that hath laid Harpado low.

*—From the Spanish by John Gibson Lockhart.*

### The Lamentation for Celin.

At the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are barred,
At twilight, at the Vega-gate, there is a trampling heard;
There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of woe,
What tower is fallen? What star is set? What chief comes these bewailing?
"A tower is fallen, a star is set! Alas! alas for Celin!"
Three times they knock—three times they cry—and wide the doors they throw;
Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go;
In gloomy lines they, mustering, stand beneath the hollow porch,
Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming torch;
Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing,
For all have heard the misery—"Alas! alas for Celin!"
Him, yesterday, a Moor did slay, of Bencerraje's blood—
'Twas at the solemn jousting—around the nobles stood;
The nobles of the land were by, and ladies bright and fair
Looked from their latticed windows the haughty sight to share;
But now the nobles all lament—the ladies are bewailing—
For he was Granada's darling knight—"Alas! alas for Celin!"
Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to view;
Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in sable veil,
Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up their doleful tale;
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless bewailing,
And all the people, far and near, cry—"Alas! alas for Celin!"
Oh! lovely lies he on the bier, above the purple pall—
The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of them all;
His dark, dark eyes are closed; his rosy lip is pale;
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnished mail;
And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their wailing—
Its sound is like no earthly sound—"Alas! alas for Celin!"
The Moorish maid at the lattice stands—the Moor stands at his door;
One maid is wringing of her hands, ond one is weeping sore;
Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black they strew
Upon their broidered garments of crimson, green, and blue;
Before each gate the bier stands still—then bursts the loud bewailing,
From door and lattice, high and low—"Alas! alas for Celin!"
An old, old woman cometh forth, when she hears the people cry—
Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed eye:
'Twas she that nursed him at her breast, that nursed him long ago;
She knows not whom they all lament, but soon she well shall know!
With one deep shriek, she through doth break, when her ears receive their wailing—
"Let me kiss my Celin ere I die—alas! alas for Celin!"

*—From the Moorish by John Gibson Lockhart.*

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Queen Margherita last winter said that Mrs. Astor was the most beautiful woman ever presented to her.

It is a mistake that Santa Anna left Mexico a poor man. He carried into exile in the West Indies a great fortune, spent thousands cock-fighting and gambling, and left his widow rich.

A movement is now afoot to raise by dime subscription throughout the country a fund to add to the $500 left by Mrs. Brown for a monument to the memory of her son, "Artemus Ward."

Sir Moses Montefiore will be one hundred years old October 24th. It is proposed to establish a Montefiore professorship at the Hebrew College at Cincinnati in commemoration of the event.

George Augustus Sala is to visit Australia in January next on a lecturing tour. He will speak on life as he has seen it, a prolific theme. After staying twelve months he will lecture in San Francisco.

The estate of the late Nicholas Anchorena, of Buenos Ayres, perhaps the richest person in the world, consisted of seventeen hundred square miles of land, four hundred thousand sheep, and a hundred and fifty thousand cows, besides houses in the city.

In middle life Mr. Gladstone formulated to himself rules for chewing food. Thirty-two bites were to be given to each mouthful of meat, certain less numbers to fish, bread, etc. These rules he has since closely adhered to, and has trained his children to do the same.

Mr. Gladstone has several times lately shown signs of physical weakness. About a fortnight ago he nearly fell down in the House of Commons, and since then he fainted in his private room after undergoing a severe cross-questioning in the House on the Egyptian debate.

The celebrated alienist, Moreau de Tours, who lately died in Paris at the age of 80, was chiefly known by his great work, entitled "La Psychologie Morbide," the fundamental idea of which is contained in the celebrated paradox, which gave great offense at the time, that "genius is a nervous disease."

More gorgeous dresses are worn by Mrs. William Cook, of Philadelphia, at Saratoga, than by any other visitor. Although she has not walked for three years, and is wheeled about in an invalid chair by her maid, she carried at a recent ball a huge fan of twenty white ostrich feathers, nearly half a yard long, set in big sticks of solid amber.

Prince Bismarck, it is said, distrusts an Englishman who speaks French perfectly. This is from no contempt for linguistic attainments, for the chancellor, albeit no man of books, is one of the best of linguists. But he evidently holds that an Englishman very familiar with France and the French is an Englishman spoiled. This is rather unflattering to the French.

The husband of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is about thirty-three, fine and manly looking, while she is small, round-shouldered, and past sixty. She is but one of the many distinguished women who have married men much younger than themselves; among them Miss Thackeray, Miss Mulock, Rose Terry, Grace Greenwood, George Eliot, and Madame de Staël.

Muley Hassan, Emperor of Morocco, is a young and handsome man of good bearing and imposing manners. He is unable to speak any language besides his own Makhreby or Western Arabic, but knows how to read, and is the only subscriber to a newspaper in the empire. The fortunate sheet is a small weekly Arabic journal, printed in Algiers and sent to him regularly by a messenger.

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, gave Sleet, the butcher, a kiss for his vote nearly a century ago; and another equally beautiful woman, Jane, Duchess of Gordon, recruited her regiment in a similar manner. Duncan Mackenzie, a veteran of Waterloo, who died at Elgin, Scotland, in 1866, delighted in relating how he kissed the duchess in taking the shilling from between her teeth to become one of her regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, better known as the Ninety-second.

Referring to a recent visit to Verdi's residence, a personal friend of the composer writes: "There were always some freshly-written sheets of music lying on his desk, and if I approached too near or strove to cast a glance at the MSS. Verdi would take me by the arm and lead me from the room. 'You read music too easily,' he said to me one day; 'I will not have you investigating my work.'" Verdi is now 73 years of age. He has no children, and his seclusion is shared only by his wife. His vast establishment is thoroughly well kept up, some twenty servants being employed to take care of it and minister to the wants of the great composer and Mme. Verdi. He is a fine-looking old man, with snow-white hair and mustache. The death of Wagner, who was just his age, made a deep impression upon him, and has caused a visible alteration in his health.

Léonce Petit, the French painter and draughtsman, is dead. He was born in 1839, and was originally intended for the law. His talent for caricature, however, led him to throw away his ponderous text-books for the more fascinating career of a painter. His earliest works appeared in the *Journal Amusant*, the Paris *Caprice* and the *Eclipse*. To each of these journals he contributed sketches of country life, full of fun and broad humor. After this he was engaged to illustrate a number of books, and since 1869 he has been represented at almost every salon. His picture, "Gambrinus," painted with singular strength, was exhibited in 1877. His satire was always kind, though the rustics whom he chose for his subjects often failed to see this. More than once in the beginning of his career he had to stand the brunt of chawbacon's invec[illegible] take to his heels to avoid cudgeling. He did [illegible] escape punishment.

## TWO NEW PLAYS.

"Flaneur" Describes "Investigation" and "Called Back."

Of the two important theatrical openings this week—the ones that ushered in the fall season—I am inclined to think that Harrigan and Hart's was the more important. The reappearance of Robert Mantell and the new play, "Called Back," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, under the management of the Madison Square, and with a good company, was a theatrical event. So was the opening of the regular season at the Theatre Comique. "Called Back" was not a great success. "Investigation" was a pronounced hit.

Harrigan and Hart have owned a theatre of successes for eight years. The two or three bad plays which have been produced in that time were withdrawn on the second night and popular pieces substituted. There are no stage managers in New York—which means America in this respect—who can approach Harrigan and Hart. The perfection of detail with which they mount their plays, and the thoroughness with which everything is done on their stage, result in as well balanced and even a company as that of Henry Irving. Harrigan and Hart are even more careful and conscientious in mounting their plays than Irving himself, but no one ever thinks to commend them for it.

No better instance of the thoroughness which Mr. Harrigan exercises in matters pertaining to the stage could be found than the manner in which he "worked up" three characters in his new play. The interest of "Investigation" plays around the visit of three country members of the Legislature to New York. They have little to say throughout the piece, but the action plays around them, and they are therefore brought prominently forward. The types of backwood statesmen who go to Albany from such remote counties in New York State as Chautauqua, Cattaraugus, and Steuben are always guyed by the New York city politicians. There is reason for it, too. The dearest wish of a country member's life is to be put on some committee to investigate some of the nuisances in New York. The competition among the country members for such an appointment is of deathless intensity. When one of them is appointed, and comes here to investigate, he first paints the town red; then goes through the formalities of investigation; and in the course of five months or so he returns to his native town a good many thousand dollars richer than when he visited the metropolis. While here he lives at the best hotels, and sees what is commonly called "life."

To return to the three actors who play the Investigating Committee. Mr. Harrigan has a place on Scroon Lake, in the interior of New York State. It is in the heart of the farming section of the country, and there are half a dozen Assemblymen within ten miles of his place. When Harrigan planned "Investigation," he sent for three of his best character actors—Messrs. Bradley, Merritt, and Fisher. They lived with their manager at Scroon Lake during the entire summer, and while there Harrigan picked out a countryman for each one of them to study. Each man studied his model thoroughly, not only in the matter of speech, but "made up" an exact imitation of him. The result was that the three actors who walked on the stage at the Theatre Comique, on Monday night were precisely similar to three *bona fide* countrymen near Scroon Lake. They were admirable types. Everything was in keeping, from the accent and the gesture down to the trimming of the chin whiskers, and each one had a distinct individuality. This, after all, is the most refreshing thing on the stage. How immeasurably weary one grows of the sameness of such actors as John T. Raymond, J. K. Emmett, and even McCullough, Wyndham, and Coghlan. No matter what the play may be in which these gentlemen appear, one always sees the man and not the character. That is why the creation of three individual types entirely new to the stage has helped "Investigation" on to popularity. This care by Harrigan for the minor details of his plays is unnoticed and unknown by the majority of people. Scarcely a paper in New York has referred to it. Everything is accurate and natural in the play, from the live piccaninny to the tumble-down flights of stairs, and the pipes, costumes, and bunks in the opium-joint scene.

I met on Tuesday the two men who have made the Theatre Comique famous. They were standing in front of their theatre, talking quietly together. Three or four ticket-speculators gazed at them affectionately, and a dozen or more small boys crouched in the neighboring doorways and gutters and stared at their idols with round-eyed admiration. The Comique was built by Wisedell, who built the Casino and the Madison Square theatres. The Theatre Comique had a mournful history before Harrigan and Hart took hold of it. It was known as the Jonah among theatres. It changed its name fourteen or fifteen times in as many years, and was always a failure until Harrigan and Hart took the site, tore down the old house and built the present one. It is in the Moorish style, and has one of the best stages in the city. The two men who own the house stood there with their hands in their pockets, almost the same in appearance as when they made their first success as the Mulligan Guards in the Grand Duke Theatre—a sort of newsboys' dive in the lower wards in the city years ago. Tony Hart is still a big, fat, jolly boy, and Harrigan is the same humorous and whimsical Irishman as ever.

"I have come to the conclusion," said Harrigan, after talking a little while, "that it is impossible to exaggerate anything in character-acting. The men who imitate the countrymen in 'Investigation' do not overact in the least, either in appearance or manner. The same is true of Irish character-acting. Once in a while I meet a man who claims that we overdo the business in the Mulligan series of plays, but, if the man is worth the trouble, I can take him to a dozen places within gunshot of the Theatre Comique where he will see types of wild Irishmen ten times as grotesque as those that appear on our stage. The more you intensify the peculiarities of such men as our country members, the nearer you come to the truth."

The author of "Investigation" has introduced all sorts incidents of metropolitan life, but so carefully are the ous portions of the play interwoven that the whole moves along smoothly to the end. The last scene is inexpressibly funny. Harrigan, who plays a gallant and humorous Irishman of the Major Gilfeather type, agrees to appear in amateur theatricals with his lady-love, a rich widow of a defunct candle manufacturer. The part of the widow is taken by Mrs. Yeamans, who is one of the very few funny women on the stage. She makes up as an old, rich, snobbish, romantic, and affected Irish woman. She makes her debut in the most elaborate costumes. The play is "Romeo and Juliet." Harrigan and Mrs. Yeamans play the balcony scene. The spectacle of Ed. Harrigan, with his typical Irish face and fringe of red chin whisker, dressed in the conventional blue and white silk costume of Romeo is extraordinary. His Irish brogue and the way in which he speaks the lines are indescribably funny. Dave Braham's music is not so good as the work in some of his former pieces. There is one song, though, that will soon be heard all over the land. It is sung by Harrigan in the third act, and the slogan is "The Man Who Knows it All."

The other play at the Fifth Avenue Theatre brought out a distinguished audience of first-nighters. Everybody who was in town, and the people are coming back to town very rapidly, was on hand. Mr. Conway, the deaf Bristol auctioneer, who wrote the book "Called Back," is so much encouraged by the phenomenal success of his work—a success, by the way, that I find it impossible to understand—that he has decided to give up the auction business hereafter and devote himself to books and plays. I believe he assisted in the dramatization of his book. If so, he is probably responsible for the extraordinary number of words which the play contains. It is a curious play. There is action in it, but the most of it is talk; and there is no doubt that had it been produced by a company of actors who were a shade less competent than the Madison Square troupe, it would have fallen flat. The perfect scenery, the effect of long, vigorous and careful rehearsals, the accurate costumes, and the many elaborate effects introduced at the presentation of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, forced a success.

Of course, the interest is centred in Mantell, whose hit with Fanny Davenport, last year, set everybody chattering. The actor has a part which is not only lamentably wanting in originality, but prosy in the extreme. Mantell's performance in "Fédora" showed what he could do in a powerful and heroic rôle. There is no disguising the fact that he is a finished artist and an actor of strong emotional power. The part which he plays in "Called Back" is very different from that in "Fédora." He has to play a high-minded, virtuous, and intense young man throughout the whole play. He is blind in the first act, cruelly wronged in the second, his lady-love becomes insane in the third, he goes to Siberia in the fourth, and he is the instrument by which virtue triumphs in the fifth. Through the whole play Mantell has little opportunity to do other than lament his fate and pursue the villain to the best of his ability. It is a part which is very difficult to work in sympathy with, but Mantell keeps it to the fore throughout the play. It is the best proof in the world that he is a strong actor.

Before I went to see "Called Back" I was told by three or four men that there was a Ferguson claque in the house. It was said before the play began that Ferguson had a much better part than Mantell, and would take the honors away from that distinguished actor. Ferguson is very popular with "the boys." He is a long, lank, and jolly young man, who made an ambitious attempt to star last year as the Dude in "A Friendly Tip." He has done several bright bits of character-acting. His part in "Called Back" is that of the oily and obsequious villain, and there is no question about his success. He received more applause than Mantell. Miss Millward, the English importation, proved to be a conscientious and sincere little English girl, who made every effort in her power to cope with the part fitted to a woman with black hair, a scowling brow, a voice of thunder, and a figure twelve feet high by fourteen broad. The heroine in "Called Back" is a sort of a combination of the nihilistic heroine in Oscar Wilde's play, "Vera," a modern Lady Macbeth, and an intensified edition of Mr. William Shakespeare's Ophelia.

NEW YORK, September 4, 1884. FLANEUR.

---

During one of the celebrated "mud blockades," some years ago, a man, in order to call a doctor, went six miles to town by means of a rail-fence. Not only in Illinois, but in many other western States, the roads are practically impassable for three months in nearly every year. The period of non-communication has often extended to half a year.

---

Lienteuant Greely and his party, during one of their explorations, entered a valley which was literally filled with a single block of ice, the glacier being two miles wide at its face, and widening its way in undulating folds from the lake up the valley, and having the appearance of green chalcedony and crystal. It was named for Mrs. Greely.

---

Aaron Jones, of Lynchburg, posted a notice of dissolution on his shop door as follows: "The partnership heretofore existing between me and Mose is this day dissolved. All persons indebted to the concern will settle with me, and all parties the firm is indebted to will settle with Mose."

---

"Mr. Bret Harte," the London *Academy* announces, "presents the melancholy spectacle of a man of genius who has largely given himself over to the production of pot-boilers."

---

Mr. Conway's novel of "Called Back" is being published serially in Dutch in a Rotterdam newspaper.

---

His Holiness, Pope Leo, has issued an encyclical protesting against the recently enacted French Divorce law.

---

"Americans," says Lord Mandeville, "are a nation of Sir Charles Coldstreams."

## SOCIETY.

### Notes from Monterey

A second season seems to set in at this place, if one may judge from the squads of fashionable people who have arrived here during the past few weeks and swelled the number up again into the hundreds. The weather, so capricious and provoking elsewhere, with the single exception of Saturday last, has been extremely beautiful and delightful for a good month, so that the arrivals have been many and the departures few—there having been no less than two hundred and thirty odd guests here on Sunday morning last. There are many very agreeable ladies here, and a positive absence of "old cat." You know what I mean by "old cat," don't you? Yes, you do; you've seen the feline many a time. But she isn't here—leastwise, if she is, she don't scratch or spit. And there is quite a number of maidens (and wives, too) who romp, and flirt, and swim, and do other things that would provoke the "old cat" were she here.

Mrs. Jewett came down early in the week, with a trio of maidens under her wing—Miss Chetlain, of Chicago, Miss Brumagim, and Miss Holladay, who sings so sweetly. "I want you to go with me to the old church at Monterey," said Mrs. Jewett to a number of ladies on Monday last. And go they did, seven or eight of them. But they were met at the door of the sanctuary by a Milesian madonna, seemingly under the influence of John Barleycorn or Brown Stout, who demanded "ten cents a head" from the party, gave an Aimée kick, shut the door in their faces, and ejaculated, shrilly: "Yez nothing but a pack of tramps." Naturally enough, as the ladies had all contributed to the mite box time and again, Mrs. Jewett and her party made an immediate attempt to find the good Padre Casanova, and acquaint him with the performance of the virago in charge, when, lo! they unconsciously entered the sacred apartment by a side door, and were again confronted by the impudent creature, who at first crossed herself, and then let fly a volley of epithets which would have made the famous fish-women of Billingsgate expire with envy. "Yez are no ladies at all, at all," she cried, advancing toward the now thoroughly frightened group and shaking her fist, "but yez are a lot of tramps." The ladies made a precipitous exit, and agreed that s'm'other time they would lay the matter before the good father who lives adjacent.

Mrs. Senator Jones, of Nevada, is here, and those with her number seventeen—among whom are her own children, Mrs. Lester, Mrs. Hamilton, and Mrs. Gorham and their children, and a rare old lady who has the honor of being the senator's mother. This old lady is blind, having lost her sight through excessive weeping over the death of a son. But, surrounded by the other members of this family of seventeen, who make her the recipient of every joy that it is in their loving natures to bestow, her aged face radiates with a beauty and serenity that can not be truthfully delineated by pencil or pen. In this Nevada colony are Mrs. Hobart and her two daughters. Among other ladies well known who are enjoying this second season are Mrs. Barroilhet, Mrs. Jarboe and Miss Jarboe, the Misses Luning, Mrs. Harber, Mrs. Captain Hooker, Miss Tevis, Mrs. Simmons, Mrs. Webster and Miss Webster, Mrs. A. D. Sharon, Mrs. Salisbury, Mrs. and Miss Dunphy, Mrs. Flood, Miss Filkins, Mrs. Parrott, Mrs. Mellus of Los Angeles, Mrs. Tilton of Victoria, Mrs. Judah of San Mateo, Mrs. Archibald of Oakland, Mrs. Foye and Mrs. Freeman and daughter of Sacramento, Mrs. Edgar Mills and Miss Mills of Menlo, Miss Hull, Mrs. Belvin and Miss McMullin, Miss Martin, and many others, including a number of brides. Among the "society fellows" who came down on Sunday last and s ayed along into the week were Friedlander, Jelly, Froelich, Tobin Jr., young Mr. Jarboe, young Mr. Godeffroy, Martin, Pillsbury, Wilfrid Chapman, the Belgian Consul, a baron with a single-barre'ed eye-glass, an Irish gentleman named Thompson, a valetudinarian with one blue eye and one black, and a real daisy named Darling from Milpitas.

HOTEL DEL MONTE, September 11, 1884. L. TENNIS.

---

### The New Tennis Club.

Since last week the membership of the new tennis club has increased from twenty-four to thirty five. The courts have been laid out, and the members meet to-day on the grounds for the purpose of formally organizing and choosing a name. Their first step will probably be to raise the initiation fee to a high figure, and put machinery into operation for balloting upon future applicants. This is perhaps selfish, but extremely natural. There is nothing like being a "charter member."

---

### Engagements and Marriages.

The marriage of Miss Constance Maude Neville and Mr. Stephen Rickard, son of Professor W. T. Rickard, of London, England, will take place next Tuesday, 16th inst., at two P. M., in St. Luke's Church, Van Ness Avenue.

The engagement of Mr. Jas. L. Flood, of this city, to Miss McAllister, sister of Judge Ward McAllister, of this city, is announced.

The engagement is announced of Miss Emily Boyson, daughter of Mr. Julius Boyson, and Mr. P. A. Finigan, a well-known citizen.

Miss Jennie Yerby, daughter of Mr. H. C. Yerby, of Oakland, was married last Wednesday evening to Mr. J. E. Durkee, of Arizona, Rev. Mr. Brown, of the M. E. Church South, being the officiating clergyman.

---

### Movements and Whereabouts.

United States Senator John F. Miller and family were in Chicago last Monday en route for San Francisco.

Mr. Lloyd Tevis arrived home last Wednesday, after an Eastern trip, having accompanied Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Sharon on their bridal trip as far as New York.

Mrs. Camilo Martin, of San Rafael, is spending a short time at Paraiso Springs.

Mrs. William E. Brown, of the C. P. R. R. Co., was registered in New York at the Windsor Hotel last Monday.

Rev. S. P. Sprecher, pastor of Calvary Church, returned from his European trip last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding have returned to the city after spending the summer at San Rafael.

Justice Stephen J. Field and wife, in company with his brother, Cyrus W. Field, are expected in this city from Oregon next Monday, to remain a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Wooster (*née* Jackson) have returned to the city after their bridal tour.

Colonel and Mrs. C. H. Maddox, of San José, were in the city last Sunday, and were stopping at the Occidental.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs, General Freight Agent of the C. P. R. R. Co., was registered in New York city last Monday.

Mrs. John J. Valentine has been stopping at Del Monte during the absence of her husband at the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryland Wallace (*née* Bradley) have returned to the city from their wedding trip to Aptos, and are stopping at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and her sister, Miss Hanchette, intend to pay a visit to Sacramento during the State Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo. F. Payne have returned to the city from St. Helena.

Hon. Paul Neuman arrived in the city from Honolulu last Monday, to remain about a month.

Rev. John Hemphill and wife, who have been on a visit to this city for a month or two, returned to Philadelphia last week.

Mrs. Fair and family arrived in New York from Europe last Friday week.

Mr. John J. Valentine, General Manager of Wells Fargo & Co.'s, returned to the city last Wednesday from New York city.

Mrs. S. D. Mayer has returned to the city after an absence of several weeks at the Geysers.

Mr. Edgar Mills was registered last Monday at the Windsor, New York city.

Mr. D. H. Haskell, of the C. P. R. R. Co., and Miss Haskell, returned last Saturday from an Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruguerre, who have been visiting at Napa Soda Springs, have returned to the city.

Mr. Wakefield Baker, son of Mr. L. L. Baker, who has spent his college vacation in this city, will return East shortly to renew his collegiate studies.

Mrs. Adam Grant, accompanied by Miss Lizzie Hawkins, Miss Coghill, and Miss Joliffe, returned to the city from the Geysers, after a two-weeks' visit at that summer resort.

Miss Bessie Sedgwick, who has been visiting Stockton, has returned to the city.

Miss Mattie Sheldon has been the guest of Mrs. Hans Kohler, at Santa Cruz.

Messrs. R. L. and J. Crooks, of San Francisco, were in New York city last Monday, and were stopping at the Albemarle.

Mrs. Delmas has returned to the city, after spending the summer at Russian River.

Mr. Tiburcio Parrott was at Del Monte, Monterey, last week.

Major J. L. Rathbone, who went East a few weeks since, returned to his home at Menlo Park last Wednesday.

Mr. J. C. Williamson, the actor, who is well known in San Francisco, arrived from Australia by the steamer of last Sunday, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Hon. and Mrs. Barclay Henley, of Santa Rosa, were in town last Wednesday, and were guests at the Occidental.

Mrs. J. E. Tippett has been visiting Bar Harbor, Maine, for a few weeks, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Arthur Beebe, of Boston, Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Kellogg, who have been spending the summer at Menlo Park, have returned to the city.

Mr. J. J. Sabin, of the Pacific Bell Telephone Co., was in New York city last Monday.

Dr. J. C. Shorb has returned to Bartlett Springs.

Mrs. and Miss Kendrick, who have been making a European tour, are expected home in a short time.

General H. M. Naglee, of San Jose, was in town last Tuesday, and was stopping at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Morton Cheesman came up from Monterey last Monday, and was at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Collier have returned to the Hotel Bella Vista.

Mr. and Mrs. Tewksbury have returned to the city, and are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Strobridge, of Haywards, were at Del Monte, Monterey, last week, on their bridal tour.

Miss Cora Townsend, of New Orleans, who has been the recipient of many social attentions during her visit to this city, left for New York last Wednesday, returning from that place to her home.

Miss Grace Eldridge, of San Rafael, has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Chas E. Green, for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Blanding, and Miss Lena Blanding, have returned to the city from San Rafael.

Hon. Chas. A. Sumner returned to San Francisco last Thursday, from Washington and the East.

Hon. John P. Jones, United States Senator from Nevada, has returned to town, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John Perry Jr. returned to the city from an Eastern trip, last Thursday.

Mr. Jno. L. Beard, Regent of the State University, is stopping at the Grand Hotel for a few days.

Major George H. Dill and wife started on an Eastern trip last Saturday.

The family of General J. F. Houghton, after an absence of two years in Europe, take their departure from Liverpool on the steamer *Oregon*, October 25th, en route for San Francisco. Stopping for a time at the East, they will arrive at their home in Oakland on the last of November.

Miss Cora Caduc is at present stopping at the Geysers.

Colonel C. H. Judd, of Honolulu, arrived by last steamer, and is stopping at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. A. N. Towne was at Saratoga according to the latest advices.

Mr. I. L. Requa, of Piedmont, has gone East, to remain for an indefinite period.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Highton were visiting the Geysers last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon are paying a visit to Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker are in New York. Miss Hattie Crocker, who lately arrived from Europe, is with them.

Sir E. S. Hutchinson, and his niece, Miss M. E. Brown, were at the Geysers last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, who were expected to return by the last steamer from Honolulu, were unavoidably detained at that place, owing to the severe illness of Mrs. Spreckels.

Bishop J. H. D. Wingfield and wife, of Benicia, are in the city, and are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Congressman J. H. Budd, of Stockton, is on a visit to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Stanley Dexter (*née* McAllister) were in this city last Friday, and were stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. S. W. Sumner, of Boston, has taken apartments at the Grand for the season.

Doctor William Phelps, of New York, well known here some years ago, arrived in the city this week. He is at the Grand Hotel.

Colonel C. W. Brush returned this week from his visit to Florida.

General and Mrs. N. P. Chipman, of Red Bluff, are at the Grand.

Mrs. S. F. Thorn is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Colonel Davis, at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Cheesman are at the Grand for the season.

Captain Eldridge and family are at Haywards.

### Army and Navy News.

Rear Admiral R. W. Shufeldt, U. S. N., and Miss Shufeldt are the guests of Commodore Russell at the Mare Island Navy Yard. The admiral expects to leave for Washington the latter part of the month.

Orders have been received at the Mare Island Yard to put the *Adams* out of commission. Her officers will be ordered home, and the crew transferred to the receiving ship *Independence*.

Assistant Paymasters John Corwine and H. R. Sullivan, U. S. N., arrived from the East on Thursday. They leave for the Asiatic station on Saturday; the former to report for duty on board the *Enterprise* and the latter on the *Monocacy*.

Captain John Irwin and Chief Engineer Montgomery Fletcher, U. S. N., were at the Navy Yard on Wednesday last inspecting the U. S. S. *Adams*.

Lieutenant B. F. Rinehart, U. S. N., an officer well known on this coast, was recently thrown from a buggy in Waynesburg, Pa., and received injuries which are likely to prove fatal.

Commander Frederick Rodgers, U. S. N., of the *Independence*, leaves for the South on Saturday on two weeks' leave of absence.

Surgeon J. L. Neilson, U. S. N., of the *Ranger*, who has been East on a short leave of absence, has returned to duty.

Lieutenant J. C. Burnett, U. S. N., executive officer of the U. S. R. S. *Independence*, at Mare Island, was in town last Monday, and was stopping at the Palace.

Assistant-Paymaster H. R. Sullivan, U. S. N., arrived from the East last Thursday, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant-Colonel Montgomery Bryant, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., and wife, were at the Occidental last Wednesday.

Captain P. D. Vroom, Third Cavalry, U. S. A., is in town, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Captain W. N. Tisdall, First Infantry, U. S. A., was a guest at the Occidental last Thursday.

Captain Henry W. Lawton, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., and wife, are stopping at the Occidental.

P. A. Paymaster M. Charles McDonald, U. S. N., arrived in the city last Friday from the East.

Captain S. G. Whipple, First Cavalry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Whipple, are on a visit to the city from Eureka, California.

### Notes and Gossip.

While visiting Signor Parolini, Signor Giannini's attention was attracted by the singing of one of Parolini's pupils—Frank Page. He desired Mr. Page to sing a number of airs, and finally astonished the company and the singer by affirming that Mr. Page possesses a phenomenal voice. Signor Giannini promises to personally superintend Mr. Page's training for the stage, when he is ready to go to Milan.

### Art Notes.

Mr. F. Schafer intends leaving for the East and Europe in a short time, and has decided to sell his studies of local and Eastern scenery. The collection is on exhibition at the Art Association's gallery, where it will be sold next Thursday evening.

The California Palette Club announces that on Saturday evening, October 4th, at half-past eight o'clock, a number of sketches by the active members will be distributed by lot among the associate members. The rooms of the club are at 417 Kearny Street.

### The Schumann Club.

The first concert of the Schumann Club's second season will take place next Thursday evening, September 18th, at B'nai B'rith Hall. The various numbers to be presented are all new, and the selections, as shown by the following programme, are of great musical interest:

1. May Dance.....Asger Hamerick.
2. Lotus Flower.....Rubinstein.
3. Sea Fairies.....H. Zöllner.
4. Peasant's Wedding March.....Soedermann.
5. Invitation to the Dance.....Reinecke.
6. Spring Night.....Bargiel.
7. Eglantine.....Jensen.
8. Day is at Last Departing.....Raff.
9. Spring.....Bargiel.

This club (a chorus of ladies voices) was organized, as will be remembered, in August of last year. Two concerts have been already given, the expense of these entertainments being borne by the singers alone. Since the organization has been fairly and successfully established, however, many applications have been received for associate membership, and, in order to place the club upon a permanent financial basis, it has been determined to admit subscribing members at an annual subscription of ten dollars Each of such associate members will receive four tickets to each concert, and four concerts will probably be given during the season, the first taking place September 18th, and the club year ending May 31st, 1885. Admittance to the concerts will be by invitation only. Application for membership (ladies or gentlemen) may be made through any member of the club, or the musical director, Mr. D. W. Loring.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The microbe of cholera is said to resemble a comma. Is that why it so soon brings a man to a full stop?—*Life.*

"DEAR CHET: Can't you send up another man-of-war? How the d—l else will I get back to Washington?"—*William E. Chandler.*

Two Hebrews were killed at the riot in Russia, at Yerkaterinesalarisoff. They probably broke their necks trying to tell where they came from.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

An exchange says that a Texas man fell overboard in the Gulf of Mexico, and his cork leg rose to the surface and held him head downward until he died from rush of blood to the head. Singular he didn't drown!—*Peck's Sun.*

An actor informs us that the worst case of stage fright he ever experienced was when the stage in which he was riding, going from Denver to another place in Colorado, was stopped by road-agents and robbed.—*Somerville Journal.*

*Terrified City Milkman*—"Great Scott! What's that? Mary, bring the gun quick, there's a wild beast in the yard!"

*Mary* (who was once in the country)—"Why, you old fool, that's a cow!"

*T. C. Milkman*—"You don't say so?"—*Puck.*

If there is anything that will make a man cordially hate himself it is when he takes a walk about a mile to the post office, to find that he has left his key at home; and then, on going home after it, to find, on opening the box, that the only thing in it is a card notifying him that his box rent is due.—*Boston Post.*

Snifkins had come home rather late, and, when about half way up the first flight, had concluded he would just as soon sleep there as anywhere, but Mrs. S. appeared at the top, and began: "Jacob!" No answer. "Jacob, don't you hear me call you?"

"Yesh, m' dear. Nothin' but two pair, sixes up."—*Boston Globe.*

*Mrs. Jollyboy*—"Is Miss Bellefille at home, Thomas?"

*Thomas*—No, mum; she's driven over to your house this afternoon, as usual."

*Mrs. Jollyboy*—"As usual! Why, I haven't seen her for weeks. Who did she go with?"

*Thomas*—"With Mr. Jollyboy, mum."—*Life.*

"Did not some high words pass between them before the first blow was struck?" asked a lawyer in an Austin court of a colored witness.

"High words! No, indeed, sah; dey used de lowest kind of talk. I could understand ebery word dat passed between 'em puffectly. Dey talked right plain to one anuder."—*Texas Siftings.*

"What is the heaviest thing in the world?" asked young Sharply of Mrs. Badger, his landlady, as he poised a biscuit in his hand.

"I should say it was money."

"Ah?" inquired the yound man.

"Yes; because you never seem strong enough to raise sufficient to pay your board when it is due."

Mr. Sharply eats his biscuit now without asking any conundrums.—*Exchange.*

Judge Sponge is a well-known gentleman at the national capital, and has retired practically from the legal bar for the purpose of practicing at another style of bar. He has many notable characteristics, preëminent among them that of borrowing.

He met Colonel Shortstop on the block a day or two ago and solicited a small loan. He was refused, but suavely persisted with able promises of an early return of the money.

"Oh, no! you can't work your racket on me," finally said the colonel, impudently; "I'm too old a soldier for that."

"You an old soldier?" retorted the judge, now rather irritated. "You're called a 'colonel,' but you never smelt powder. You never were in the army at all."

"Oh, yes, I was," replied Shortstop, "and I'm in it now. I'm in the ordnance corps, and, as you see, perfectly bum proof."

They parted—never to speak again.—*Washington Hatch.t.*

## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

Problem No. LV.—By Aurelio Abela, Malaga.

WHITE—King at KKt sq; Queen at QB8; Rooks at KKt3, QB4; Bishops at Q sq, QKt8; Knight at QKt4; Pawns at Q5, KB3.

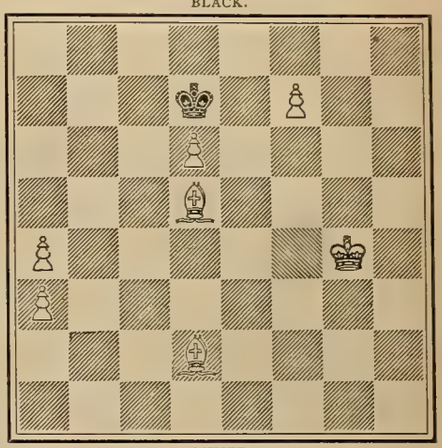
BLACK—King at K6; Queen at KR2; Rooks at K4, KKt4; Bishop at KKt sq; Knight at QR6; Pawns at Q3, Q7, KKt7, KR4.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Problem No. LVI.—By L. Guinet.

*From La Strategie.*

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. XLV.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—Q KB5 | 1—Any move |
| 2—Q, R, Kts or P mates. | |

Solution of Problem No. XLVI.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1—Kt Q4 | 1—BxKt (a,b,c) | | (a) 1—— | | 1—K x Kt |
| 2—Q QB4 | 2—P Q4 | | | 2—Q QR8 | 2—Any move |
| 3—Q x P mates. | | | | 3—Q QR sq or Q5 mates. | |
| (b) 1—— | 1—B KKt5 | | (c) 1—— | | 1—P Q4 |
| 2—Q K6 ch | 2—Kt or B x Q | | | 2—Q x B | 2—Any move |
| 3—Kt mates. | | | | 3—Q x P mates. | |

Solution of Problem No. XLVII.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—Q KB7 | 1—K x R |
| 2—B Kt2 mates. | Other variations are obvious. |

Solution of Problem No. XLVIII.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1—Q Q6 | 1—K x P (a) | | (a) 1—— | 1—KtatR4 QB3 |
| 2—Q R6 ch | 2—K x Q | | 2—Q Q2 ch | 2—K x Kt |
| 3—Kt KB7 mates. | | | 3—P B4 mates. | |

In Game No. 37, Black's first move should be P Q3.

Correct solutions received as follows: Problem No. LIII, from U. Hartnell, Salinas City, and E. A. Kusel, Oroville. Problem LIV, from U. Hartnell, Salinas City.

### Answers to Correspondents.

B., Modesta, Cal.—Letter received and reply sent by mail.

J. D. E., East Oakland.—Problem will receive immediate attention. Accept our thanks.

### Game No. 39.

An interesting *partie* contested August 8th, 1884, in the current tournament of the New Orleans Chess, Checkers, and Whist Club, between Messrs. C. O. Wilcox and J. D. Seguin. The game and notes are from the *Times-Democrat*.

CENTRE COUNTER GAMBIT.

| *White.* | *Black.* | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| MR. WILCOX. | MR. SEGUIN. | 23—Q B3 | 23—Kt KB4 |
| 1—P K4 | 1—P Q4 | 24—Q x P | 24—P B4! (e) |
| 2—P x P | 2—Q x P | 25—Q B7 | 25—Q R2 |
| 3—QKt B3 | 3—Q Q sq | 26—B Q5 | 26—KR QB sq |
| 4—P Q4 | 4—Kt KB3 | 27—Q R7 | 27—Kt K4! |
| 5—Kt B3 (a) | 5—P K3 | 28—Q R6 | 28—Q R4 |
| 6—B K3 | 6—B Kt5 | 29—P B3 | 29—Kt Kt6 ch |
| 7—Q Q3 | 7—Kt Q4 | 30—K Kt sq | 30—Kt K7 ch |
| 8—B Q2 | 8—B x Kt | 31—K R sq (f) | 31—Kt x QP |
| 9—B x B | 9—Castles | 32—R x P! | 32—R K sq |
| 10—B Q2 | 10—P KB3 (b) | 33—R KB sq | 33—Q R5 |
| 11—P B4 | 11—Kt K2 | 34—R QKt6 | 34—R x R (g) |
| 12—B K2 | 12—P QKt3 | 35—Q x R | 35—Kt Q6 |
| 13—Q Kt3 | 13—B Kt2 | 36—P R3 (h) | 36—Q Kt6 |
| 14—R Q sq | 14—P QR4 | 37—B K4 | 37—Kt B7 ch |
| 15—Castles | 15—Q K sq | 38—R x Kt | 38—Q x R |
| 16—B B3 | 16—Kt Q2 | 39—Q x P | 39—Q K8 ch |
| 17—KR K sq | 17—Q Kt3 (c) | 40—K R2 | 40—Kt K7 |
| 18—P QR4 | 18—K R sq | 41—P R5 (i) | 41—Q Kt6 ch |
| 19—K R sq | 19—QR K sq | 42—K R sq | 42—Kt B5 |
| 20—B x RP (d) | 20—B x Kt | 43—Q Kt sq | 43—R Q sq |
| 21—B x B | 21—P x B | 44—B Q5 | 44—Kt x B |
| 22—R x P | 22—R QKt sq | 45—P x Kt | 45—R x P |

And Black wins.

(a) 5 B to Q3 is a more approved continuation, although we believe Doctor Zukertort prefers the text play.

(b) Apprehensive of Kt Kt5, etc.

(c) Inviting the tempting reply 18 B Q3, whereupon 18—P KB4; 19 P B5, Kt Q4, with a fine game.

(d) A slip costing a piece, but involving most interesting complications, as White gets an equivalent in the shape of three Pawns and a powerful position.

(e) Best. If 25 P x P, Kt K4; 26 B Q5, Q R4; 27 R K sq (or Q2?), R x P!, with a very dangerous attack.

(f) White sees clearly enough that the object of these checks is to induce him to go to the fatal B2.

(g) Best; the adverse Q is placed completely out of play.

(h) The best, if not the only resource.

(i) If 41 Q KR5, Q Kt6 ch; 42 K R sq, P Kt3; 43 Q Kt4 (or Q Kt5?), R QKt sq!, and wins.

"You needn't come up here begging any more, or I'll scald you," said a lady living in the fifth story of a New York house to a tramp who knocked at the door.

"I don't usually lower myself by soliciting aid from persons living above the second floor; but I thought you paid [illegible] up here that you could afford to be charitable, and I [illegible] self-respect to furnish you with the opportunity. [illegible] retire." And removing his hat with the grace of a [illegible] withdrew from the canvass.

## A CRUST OF BREAD.

By François Coppée.

The young Duke of Hardimont had gone to Aix in Savoy to let his famous mare Périchole take a course of the waters. She had turned roarer since that cold she caught at the Derby. The duke was finishing his breakfast, one morning, and glancing absently over his newspaper, when he read the news of the disaster at Reichshoffen. He emptied his glass of Chartreuse, laid his newspaper down on the restaurant table, ordered his valet to pack his trunks, and two hours later took the express for Paris and hurried to the recruiting office to enlist in a foot regiment.

A man may have led the enervating life of a *petit crevé* (as they çalled them then) from nineteen to twenty-five—he may have done his best to dull his brains in racing-stables and in the boudoirs of opera-singers. In spite of it all, there are moments when he can not forget that Enguerrand de Hardimont died of the plague at Tunis the same day as Saint Louis; that Jean de Hardimont commanded the Grand Companies with Du Guesclin, and that François-Henri de Hardimont was killed with Maison-Rouge in the charge at Fontenoi. Degraded as he might be by his foolish and scandalous passion for Lucy Violet, the prima donna of the Nudités Parisiennes, when the young man learned that a battle had been lost by Frenchmen on French ground, the blood rushed to his face, and he had the horrible sensation of a blow.

So it came about that in the early days of November, 1870, Henri de Hardimont, of the Third Fusiliers, and member of the Jockey Club, having returned to Paris with his regiment, which formed part of Vinoy's corps, was on guard with his company before the redoubt of Hautes-Bruyères, a position which had been hastily fortified, and protected by the cannons of the Fort of Bicêtre.

It was a dreary place; a road planted on either side with rows of stunted, leafless trees, and plowed up with deep cart-ruts, stretched across the waste fields of the suburb. On one side of the road there was a deserted inn, a roadside inn with arbors in its garden, where the soldiers had taken up their quarters. There had been fighting there a few days before. The shots from the mitrailleuses had shattered some of the trees along the road, and all bore on their bark the white scars of the bullets. The house itself was simply appalling; the roof had been smashed by a bomb, and the walls with their dull red paint looked as if they had been bespattered with blood. There was a grim irony in the dismantled arbors with the black trellis-work; in the swings that creaked upon the wet ropes in the damp wind, and in the shot-riddled sign-post—a dead rabbit surmounted by two billiard-cues tied together by a ribbon, and framed around with the inscriptions: "Cabinets de Société—Absinthe—Vermouth—Wine twelve sous the quart"—all recalling the popular Sunday revels of former times. Overhead was a sad, gray, winter sky, with great leaden clouds—a lowering, gloomy, cruel, angry sky.

The young man stood at the door of the inn, with his rifle slung behind him, his cap over his eyes, his hands in the pockets of his red trousers, shivering with cold under his sheepskin. He sank into a sad reverie, this soldier of a defeated army, as, with mournful eyes, he watched the line of mist-covered hills from which, every moment, there rose a puff of white smoke followed by the roar of a Krupp cannon.

All at once he began to feel hungry. He knelt down on one knee and drew a large piece of bread out of his knapsack, leaning against the wall near him; then, as he had lost his knife, he began to bite the bread with his teeth, eating slowly.

However, he had enough of that after a few mouthfuls; the bread was hard and had a bitter taste. And to think that he could not get any more till the rations were served out next day, and even then only if the commissariat chose to give it. Fighting was a hard trade sometimes; and he must just choose such a moment as this to remember his former "diet luncheons," as he used to call them, after a too copious banquet over night. He remembered how he used to sit by one of the windows down-stairs in the Café Anglais, and call for—the merest trifle—a cutlet, eggs, brouillés with asparagus tops; and how the butler, who knew his habits, would put the wine, a bottle of fine old Léoville, on the table, lying in a basket; and how carefully he would draw the cork. Ah! Those were good old times. He should never be able to get used to this bread of poverty.

And in his impatience the young man threw the rest of his bread into the mud.

At that moment a soldier came out of the inn; he stooped and picked up the crust; then, moving a few steps off, he wiped it on his sleeve and began to devour it eagerly. Henri de Hardimont had already begun to feel ashamed of his action, and he looked with pity at the poor wretch who seemed so ravenously hungry. He was a big, tall, ill-built man, with feverish eyes and an untrimmed beard; so thin that his shoulder-blades stuck out under the cloth of his worn-out cloak.

"You must be very hungry, my friend?" said he, going up to the soldier.

"As you see," replied the other with his mouth full.

"I beg your pardon. If I had known it might be of any use to you, I should not have thrown my bread away."

"Never mind," said the soldier, "I am not so particular as all that."

"All the same," continued the gentleman, "it was wrong, and I am sorry I did it. I can not let you go with such a bad opinion of me as you must have now; we must have a drink together. I have some old brandy in my flask."

The man had finished eating. The duke and he drank a mouthful of brandy; and their introduction was complete.

"What is your name?" asked the soldier.

"Hardimont," replied the duke, suppressing his title. "And yours?"

"Jean Victor. I have only just joined the company. I come from the ambulance. I was wounded at Châlon. Ah, I was well off in the ambulance; the nurse used to make such good horse-soup. But I only had a scratch, and the major signed the order for me to come out. And now, worse luck, I have only to begin starving again. For you may believe me or not, mate, but, as true as I stand here before you, I have been hungry all my life."

It was a terrible sentence to be spoken to a voluptuary who had just caught himself regretting the cuisine of the Café Anglais; and the Duc de Hardimont looked at his companion with a sort of horrified surprise. The soldier gave a sad smile, showing a set of wolfish-looking teeth—famished teeth, that flashed white against the wan face—and, then, as if he saw that some explanation was expected of him:

"Monsieur," said he, suddenly dropping his familiar style of address, as though it dawned on him that here was one of the rich and happy of this earth, "let us walk up and down the road here, and I will tell you a few things that I don't suppose you have ever heard before. My name is Jean Victor, only Jean Victor, because I am a foundling, and my only pleasant recollection is of my early childhood at the Foundling Hospital. The sheets were clean in our little beds in the dormitory; we used to play in the garden under the big trees; and I remember my sister—she was quite young, and a pale lily—she was dying of consumption. I was her favorite, and I used to like to walk by her side better than to play with the other children, because she would draw me close to her, and lay her thin, hot hand on my forehead. But from the time I was twelve years old I knew nothing but poverty! The board bound me apprentice to a chair-mender in the Faubourg Saint-Jacques. It is a bad trade, you know; you can't make a living out of it; and the proof was that generally the master could get no apprentices but the poor children from the Blind Hospital. And that was where I began to suffer from hunger. The master and mistress—two old Limousins who ended by being murdered—were terrible misers. They kept the bread locked up, and only cut us a little bit at each meal. And in the evening, at supper, you should have seen the mistress, in her black cap, ladling out the soup and giving a sigh at each ladleful. The other two apprentices, the "jeunes aveugles,' were less to be pitied, for if they did not get any more than I did, at any rate they did not see the angry look of that hard woman when she handed our plate. And, unfortunately, I had a good appetite even then. Could I help that? I was three years apprenticed there, and always ravenous. Three years! And you can learn the trade in one month. But the board can't know everything, and never suspect how the children are cheated. Ah! you were surprised to see me pick up the bread out of the mud. I am pretty well used to it; I have picked up crusts enough on the dust-heap; and when they were too dry I left them to soak all night. There were good windfalls sometimes, I confess—bits of bread just nibbled, that the youngsters used to pull out of their baskets and throw on the pavement as they came out of school. I used to loiter about round there when I went on errands. And then when the apprenticeship was finished, I could not make a living by the trade, as I told you. Oh! I have tried plenty of others; I was willing enough to work. I have been a mason's boy, an errand-boy, a *frotteur*, and I don't know what else. Sometimes there was no work to do; sometimes I lost my place. But anyhow I never got enough to eat. Ah, thunder! I have felt furious sometimes when I passed the baker's shops. And then I used to remember the good sister at the hospital, who always told me to keep honest, and it seemed as if I felt the burning touch of her little hand on my forehead. When I was eighteen years old I enlisted. You know as well as I do that the soldier has barely enough. And now—really it almost makes one laugh—there is the siege and the famine! You see that I told you the truth just now when I said I had been always hungry."

The young duke was kind-hearted, and this sad tale of one who was a man and a soldier, like himself, touched him deeply. He was not sorry that the evening wind dried those two tears that suddenly dimmed his eyes.

"Jean Victor," said he, "if we both survive this terrible war we shall meet again, and I hope to be able to be of some use to you. Meanwhile, as there is no baker at the outposts but the sergeant, and as my ration of bread is twice as big as it need be for my small appetite—it's agreed, isn't it?—we will go shares, like good comrades."

The two men grasped hands warmly and firmly; then, as night was falling, and they were disturbed by scouts and sentinels, they went back into the inn parlor, where a dozen soldiers were sleeping on the straw, and throwing themselves down upon the floor, side by side, were soon sound asleep.

Toward midnight Jean Victor awoke. He was hungry, probably. The wind had swept away the clouds and a ray of moonlight, shining into the room through a hole in the roof, lit up the beautiful fair head of the young duke, sleeping like Endymion. Jean Victor, who had been so touched by his comrade's kindness, was watching him with simple admiration, when the sergeant of the patrol opened the door and called the five men who were there to relieve the sentinels at the outposts. The duke was one of the number, but he did not wake when his name was called.

"Hardimont, get up!" repeated the sergeant.

"If you will let me, sergeant," said Jean Victor, rising, "I will take his place; he sleeps so soundly, and he is my comrade."

"As you like."

And as soon as the five men were gone the snoring recommenced.

But half an hour later the sound of hurried shots, quite near, broke the silence of the night. In a moment the soldiers sprang to their feet; they went out of the inn with cautious steps, their fingers on the triggers of their guns, and looking far off along the road that lay white in the moonlight.

"What o'clock is it?" asked the duke. "I was on duty to-night."

Some one answered, "Jean Victor took your place."

At this moment a soldier came running up the road.

"Well?" they all cried to him, when he stopped, out of breath.

"The Prussians are attacking—we must fall back upon the redoubt."

"And the comrades?"

"They are coming. There is only that poor fellow missing—Jean Victor."

"What?" cried the duke.

"Killed on the spot by a ball in the head. He had not time to say, 'Ouf!'"

* * * * * * * * *

One night last winter, toward two o'clock in the morning, the Duc de Hardimont came out of the club with his neighbor, the Count de Saulnes. He had just lost a few hundred louis, and his head ached a little.

"If you don't mind, André," he said to his conpanion, "we will walk home. I want a little fresh air."

"As you like, old fellow, though the pavement is very dirty."

They sent away their broughams, turned up their coat-collars, and walked down toward the Madeleine. All at once the duke struck the toe of his boot against something and sent it rolling; it was a large crust of bread all soiled with mud.

Then, to his astonishment, Monsieur de Saulnes saw the Duc de Hardimont pick up the crust, wipe it carefully with his coronet-embroidered handkerchief, and lay it on a bench on the boulevard, full in the light of a gas-lamp.

"What are you doing?" asked the count with a burst of laughter. "Are you mad?"

"It is in remembrance of a poor fellow who once needed it," replied the duke, in a voice that trembled a little. "Don't laugh, my dear fellow, don't laugh—the poor boy died for me."—*Adapted for the Argonaut from the French by Mademoiselle Bouchier.*

---

The ingenuity displayed by the West Point cadets is wonderful. A lot of them sent down to New York and got a billiard-table, which they succeeded in getting put up in the coal cellar undetected, and had the enjoyment of for nearly three months. The officers got wind of it finally, and organized a plan to surprise the whole gang and put them all in limbo. On the night of the proposed raid, the officers congratulated themselves that they would bag the whole party; they saw the lights from the billiard-cellar gleaming brightly. They made a rush for the door, which yielded unexpectedly, and they all tumbled into the room in a bunch. When they had picked themselves up and rubbed their shins, they looked around for the culprits. There, indeed, was the billiard-table, but not a cadet was to be found—only a paper pinned to the table making a present of the whole apparatus to their beloved instructors, mentioning that they had sent down to New York and bought it for the officers as a pleasant surprise, and begging them to accept it as a token of affection. When young Logan came up he was rash enough to wear a high silk hat. He was immediately seized, mounted on the mantel-piece, an empty water-bucket turned over his head, a coal-scuttle on top of that, his imposing tile on top of the coal-scuttle, and a cavalry helmet surmounted the whole. Thus accoutred, he was forced to sing "I'm getting a big boy, now," which he did with tears in his eyes. Next day a first-class man came to him and mentioned that he had just received a letter from Mr. Augustin Daly, asking him to secure an actor for the leading part in a play called "The Good Samaritan"; that he had observed a striking dramatic talent in him (Logan), and proposed to give him his first rehearsal of the part then and there. He marched him over to the barracks, fished out a jacket which needed some buttons on it, produced a needle and thread, and in half a minute young Logan was playing the Good Samaritan to perfection, sewing on the first-class man's buttons for dear life.

---

A well known and elderly North Pearl Street merchant was in New York a week ago, buying goods. He entered one house, when the junior partner stepped up to him and said, brusquely: "How old you are getting, Mr. Blank; pity you can't keep young and strong, like us." The remark was gratuitous, and the manner of it impertinent. The Albany merchant said nothing for a moment, but presently answered: "My young friend, it is true I am getting old, being past sixty; but I will wager you the best dinner your friends can get in New York that I will take you—side hold—and throw you over my head. Come up stairs. We will be alone, and you can throw some buffalo robes on the floor so you will not get severely hurt, and if I don't upset you in short order, I will buy both wine and dinner. Come." And the old gentleman took the young man by the arm, as if to pull him up-stairs. But he wouldn't go. He looked ashamed and was much embarrassed by the smiles of those in the store. "The fun of the thing was," said the Albanian, relating the circumstances, and chuckling to himself, "that it was such a clear, cold case of bluff. The youngster could have made a wreck of me with one hand. And I am really ignorant of what a side hold is. But I looked him square in the eye, and he doubtless thought I was a bad man from the north, although the getting up-stairs would have winded me. However, it did him good, taught him a lesson, and I am sure he looks upon me now as a sort of antique John L. Sullivan."—*Ex.*

---

James Payn, the novelist, says: "It was the custom with a very respectable firm of publishers with whom I did business to pay my checks to the names of my immortal works instead of to myself; and since it suited their convenience so to do, I never complained of it, though it sometimes put me in rather a false position when I presented my demands in person, as for example in the case of the 'Family Scapegrace.' When I came for the proceeds of 'Found Dead,' it was too much for the sense of (professional) propriety of the banker's clerk, who gravely observed: 'It is very fortunate, sir, that this check is not payable to order, or it would have to be signed by your executors.' This incident, I remember, delighted Dickens, who remarked, however, with a sudden access of gravity: 'I should not like to have much money at a bank which keeps so clever a clerk as that.'"

## THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

"Cockaigne" Inveighs Against the "Hereditary Law-Makers."

The refusal of the House of Lords to pass the Franchise Bill, under whose provisions the right of suffrage would have been greatly extended in England, is assuredly the beginning of their end as an hereditary legislative assembly. Every Englishman, alive to the spirit of the times, and not befogged by the dust and cobwebs of Tory conservatism must admit this. It was a bit of poor conceit and foolhardy grandeur on the part of the peers to thus throw down the gauntlet, as it were, and court by their open act of defiance, a downfall more immediate than even their most sanguine enemies could have hoped for. With the temper of the country so marked against them, and the thousand and one evidences of public opinion inimical to their continuance staring them in the face, it was a silly thing for them to do at such a crisis. It is true their lordships are to be given another chance. Parliament is prorogued to the 15th of September, when the Franchise Bill in the same form as before, and not altered a speck, will be presented to them again from the Commons. Should the Lords see fit to reject it a second time, there will of course be the usual appeal by the Ministry to the country in the shape of a general election early in 1885.

On the result of this election depends the political complexion of the House of Commons, and whether Gladstone or the Marquis of Salisbury will be the next Prime Minister. I don't think there can be much doubt as to what that result will be. The real issue of the canvass, though not put forward *in toties verbis*, will be understood to be the (at least) remodeling of the House of Lords from an hereditary to an elective assembly. The unfortunate foreign policy of the present government, the unsatisfactory condition of affairs in Egypt, the failure of the Conference, and the state of Ireland will of course be made all they can of by the Conservatives. Gladstone will be saddled with every misfortune that has ever befallen Great Britain since he was born, and Earl Cairns, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote will talk themselves hoarse in their endeavors to buckle the girth round the grand old man. But the people have had enough dust thrown in their eyes already by these same men. It won't do. The main point will not be lost sight of in the glittering generalities of political oratory, and Englishmen will vote as they must see their own interests tend. It is all very well to talk of the errors of the Government. Everybody knows all that sort of thing is the natural stock in trade of the Opposition, and that if the Opposition gets in it will then be the Government, and will directly become the target for the abuse and vilification it had just heaped on the other party merely because it was then, like itself now, in power. It is not saying too much to assert that Englishmen are beginning to see through this sort of thing, and, aside from party traditions, which in all countries and on all occasions are little more than bosh when weighed on their merits as benefits to the greatest number, are thinking it is about time they went in for a utilitarian form of government, and let themselves loose from a useless, dronish aristocracy.

Mind you, I don't mean to say that Englishmen want to have the aristocracy abolished. Far from it. It is useful enough in many ways, far too numerous for me to mention in these limits, but it is in its private capacity that it is. Its refinement, and wealth, and taste, and education encourage trade and make it the patron of the arts. But there is no need that it should make laws to enable it to be beneficial in those respects. It can keep quite aloof from legislation and still do all that is required of it. If the aristocracy must have a voice in the making of the country's laws, they should take their chance like other people. In other words, let them be elected—not born to the right. And that is the plan upon which it is now suggested to rehabilitate the House of Lords. Instead of having every peer, whether fitted by nature or trained for the position of law-maker or not, put by birth in a position where he can not only direct but control the conduct of his fellow-men, it is proposed that out of the great mass of peers—good, bad, and indifferent—a certain stated number be chosen by their fellow-peers, or by the country at large, to sit in the upper house of Parliament and be called the House of Lords. This is the way the representative peers from Scotland and Ireland are chosen. No Scotch or Irish peer, unless he also be an English peer or peer of Great Britain, can sit in the House of Lords. But the Scotch peers are allowed to select sixteen of their number, and the Irish twenty-eight, and these sit in the House of Lords as, what are called, Representative Peers. The Irish peers hold their seats for life; but the Scotch only sit in the Parliament to which they are elected, and one Parliament can last, at most, but seven years. Such a plan, it seems to all reason ought to suit everybody. The peers who occupy the leading positions in politics would of course be always chosen, and those who take no interest in the proceedings of Parliament, as do quite four-fifths of the House of Lords (as it is now constituted), would have no longer a right to assert a prerogative which now they always neglect.

When one looks at the matter fairly and honestly, it is most ridiculously absurd that such men as the Earl of Lonsdale, the Duke of Portland, the Earl of Ashburnham, or the Duke of Manchester should have, by *birth*, the right to make laws for their fellow-men; and not only to make laws, but to prevent the passage of generally useful enactments through solely selfish motives. I don't suppose any one ever saw one of the four peers above named in his seat in the House of Lords, and there are hundreds of the same sort. Lord Lonsdale passes his time among horses. So does the Duke of Portland. The Earl of Ashburnham lives in Paris, and occupies his leisure moments at home in peddling manuscripts which his father, also an absentee from his legislative "duties," took years and spent a fortune in collecting. The Duke of Manchester doesn't trouble himself about what takes place in the upper chamber at St. Stephen's. Perhaps it's better that he doesn't. But what is the use of having such men? Why force them indeed to make laws when they don't care to take the trouble to do it? When viewed in a common-sense way, the whole thing must be the laughing stock of the enlightened world. Then, when one thinks of the Duke of Marlborough—a blackguard like that—having a seat in the House of Lords, and the scamp Earl of Shrewsbury, and the dishonest Marquis of Huntley, and the recently notorious Earl of St. Leonards, it is enough to make a decent Englishman blush. Fancy, too, the wife-beating and adulterous Duke of Marlborough having the audacity to get up and speak during the debate on the Divorce bill, in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the primate of all England, without rebuke from the weak-kneed prelate, and having such a statesman as Lord Granville compelled by the usage of the House to refer to him in reply as the "Noble" Duke. There are scores of other peers who never put their noses inside of the hereditary house. They take no interest in its proceedings and would be quite fishes out of water, save in their empty right to be there, did they find themselves listening to a debate.

And not only is the present to be considered, but the future. The majority of men having seats in the House of Lords now are bad enough, but think of the eldest sons and heirs ready to step into their fathers' places. There is Viscount Mandeville. He will make a great ornament upon the ducal bench, surely. Then, Lord Garnoyle is another delightful specimen. Lastly, we have the latest scapegrace of the day, Viscount Savernake. Like Lord Euston, the heir of the Dukedom of Grafton, he has just married a London habitué of the Westminster Aquarium at night (no more need be said)—a young woman named Dolly Jester. Lord Savernake is only one and twenty, and is the heir to the Marquisate of Ailesbury. He is also the heir to the Earldom of Cardigan held by the world-famous leader of the "Charge of the Light Brigade," that title having in 1868 become merged in the Ailesbury Marquisate. The family goes back to the time of Charles I., and seems to have got on pretty well till Lord Savernake's father married a daughter of the Earl of Craven. The Cravens, both male and female, are a rapid, fast-going lot from top to bottom, and, if connubial inclinations are anything to go by, Lady Evelyn has demonstrated her Craven strain. Left a widow in 1869 she shortly after married a Captain Coventry, and thirdly a Captain Riddell of the 16th Lancers. Her aunt is the mother of Sir Frederick Johnstone, one of the joint seducers and ill-users (with the Prince of Wales and Viscount Cole) of the unfortunate Lady Mordaunt. Sir Frederick has one twin brother, a foul-mouthed, vulgar, ill-bred little brute, whose language and behavior before ladies are such as to make an American's eyes snap fire. How he is tolerated in decent society is a puzzle. But the Prince is his brother's friend, and that, of course, is where it all is. It might be of interest to note, as a fact having probably some bearing on the moral instincts of the descendants of the first Earl of Craven, that he married Louisa Brunton, a celebrated actress, in 1807. Actresses in those days were, it is safe to assume, no better than they are in these, though I have been assured by an old lady of my acquaintance, who professes to know, that she was a "good" actress—the adjective being meant to apply to her morals only. The fact that she became a Countess had, I fear, a great deal to do with my old lady-friend's opinion. Lord Savernake seems not to care a straw for family or anything. He has been flaunting his lately courtesan bride in the faces of everybody, drawing her about on the top of his drag. The two have been living down near Windsor, but have now gone for a trip to the Engadine.

A list of noble prostitutes would make a good Radical paper to circulate just before the elections, beginning with the first Duchess of Richmond, and the Marchioness of Conyngham, and running down to the present Countess of Shrewsbury and Viscountess Savernake. It would be almost as interesting reading as would a compilation of the peerages that started in illegitimacy and immoral kingly favoritism.

To show what rapid strides the movement against the existence of the House of Lords has lately achieved might be quoted the meeting at St. James's Hall on Saturday. The hall was densely crowded and the proceedings enthusiastic in their unanimity. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the Radical member of Parliament from Carlisle presided, and Labouchère of *Truth* moved "that the House of Peers in Parliament is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished." The motion was carried *nem. con.* One of the most curious circumstances in relation to this movement is that so many peers of long line and ancient ancestry are in favor of what would seem to be their own political downfall. When one sees, too, such men as the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Kimberley and Earl Granville—men whose lines fade away in the vistas of ages—standing boldly up in favor of reform, how utterly absurd, how supremely grotesque does it appear to have an upstart like Earl Cairns fighting against it—a man whose father is undeniably stated to have been a huckster in Belfast, but who, I have been creditably informed, was in reality a gentleman's butler. How the real peers must laugh when they hear him talk and bluster in their behalf!

London, August 18, 1884. Cockaigne.

Sir John Macdonald, the present premier of Canada, is said to have started in life as a boot-black in Glasgow. He emigrated to Canada at an early age. When only eighteen, the daughter of a wealthy Canadian fell in love with him, and he ran away with her to a clergyman, who consented to marry them. The bride's father, after a time, forgave this escapade and started him in business. Thence he drifted into politics, and displayed so much shrewdness and tact that in a short time he was a leading member of the Ministerial party in the Dominion Parliament. Sir John's personal resemblance to the late Earl of Beaconsfield is so great that when he was in London he was not infrequently taken for him.

Adelina Patti sent Signor Arditi's daughter a diamond and ruby brooch on her marriage, and the signor wrote a march for the wedding.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An Emperor of Germany once stood before the magnificent tomb of the Duke of Rudolph of Suabia. Some of his courtiers were of opinion that he ought not to allow his mortal enemy to have so splendid a monument, but that he should have his body exhumed and buried elsewhere. "Oh, let him lie where he is," said the emperor; "I only wish all my enemies were as splendidly buried."

"*Employer*—"You want to speak to me?" *Clerk*—"Yes, sir." "What is it?" "I wish to submit to your sense of justice a claim that I am sure you can not help but recognize." "Go on; I listen." "Nothing is more obvious. I perform exactly the same duties as Z——, and I receive thirty francs less than he does. Is this just?" "No, my dear fellow, it is not. You are right. From this day Z——'s salary shall be cut down thirty francs."

An actress was playing Lady Macbeth at a north-country town in England, where the audiences were very appreciative, if somewhat rough. The play had proceeded as far as the scene where Lady Macbeth urges her husband "to bed, to bed." Macbeth appeared so very reluctant to follow his wife as she dragged him toward the door, that a voice from the pit shouted lustily, "If he wo'ant go along wi' ye, oi wull." Lady Macbeth made a rapid exit.

An Englishman and a Scotchman had a dispute as to which of their respective countries had produced the most eminent men. Every name of note was claimed by the Scotchman as that of a man born north of the Tweed, till finally the Englishman said: "Surely, you won't claim Shakespeare as a Scotchman?" "No," replied the canny Scotchman, "I'll no say Shakespeare was a Scotchman, but ye'll maybe admit he was maist clever eneuch to be ane."

They were reading the old farmer's will, and his nephew, the principal inheritor, was paying the closest attention to its provisions. Presently the notary came to the clause, "I bequeath to the servant that shall close my eyes one hundred francs." "Hi! Hello, there!" says the heir; "just read that again, will you?" The notary complies. "That's one hundred francs saved, anyhow," says the heir; "uncle only had one eye! Got the faithful domestic that time, didn't I?"

At a dinner-party the coachman had come in to help wait at table. Among the guests was a very deaf old lady. Coachman, in handing vegetables, comes to the deaf party. "Peas, mum?" says Jehu. No answer. "Peas, mum?" (louder.) Still no answer from the D. P., but placing her ear-trumpet to her ear, lifts it interrogatively to the man, who, glancing down and seeing the tube, ejaculates: "Well, it's a rum way of taking them, but I suppose she likes it. Here goes!" and down went the peas into the ear-trumpet.

During a debate in Congress, some years ago, Blaine lost his temper. After the discussion was over an Illinois Congressman said to him: "Mr. Blaine, I am not very familiar with you, so I can not speak as freely as I would to an old friend, but I feel that I ought to tell you that you made a d—d fool of yourself yesterday." Blaine answered with a sigh: "I am afraid I did forget myself." Then breaking into a chuckle, he added: "What kind of language do you use when reproving a man with whom you consider yourself thoroughly intimate?"

Some years ago the late Governor Hubbard, of Connecticut, was a member of a coterie which met periodically to play whist. One of the party, who was locally famous for his slovenly habits and soiled dress, astonished his friends on a certain occasion by appearing with a beautiful white rose in his buttonhole. Addressing Mr. Hubbard, he said: "Hubbard, did you ever see a finer rose than that? Now, where do you imagine I got that rose?" The ex-Governor looked quizzically at the flower resting in the dirty loophole, and answered: "Looks as though it might have grown there."

Not long ago two fellows were riding down Charles Street in a Boston horse-car, which was going toward the West End. One was telling his friend a funny story. As the climax of the story was reached, the car crossed a street, and just when it was time to laugh the conductor said, "Chestnut!" This was too much for the narrator, and he jumped up on a seat and shouted: "You're a liar! You never heard that story before in your life, you confounded idiot!" There was trouble, of course, and explanations followed, during which it was revealed that "Chestnut" was only the name of a street.

"Queer incidents?" echoed a Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific conductor. "Yes, we have a few. We meet all sorts of people, you know, under all sorts of circumstances. Some annoyances? I should remark. Only last week a little thing occurred that made me so mad I wanted to kill somebody. We were running out from Chicago, and were an hour behind time. I had orders to sidetrack at Seneca for an East-bound special, provided I could get there by such a minute. We were going fast to make it, when all of a sudden the engineer pulled up out in the country. I rushed out to see what the matter was, and we saw a farmer's boy a few rods down the track waving an old red shirt that he'd taken from a scare-crow in the field near by. I shouted to him to come up and tell us what was wrong. He slid along bashfully, me all the time yelling to him to tell us why he had stopped the train. When he had got within forty feet of the engine he skipped off the track and climbed the fence. Then he turned and said: 'Say, mister, did ye hear how the Boston-Providence game cum out yesterday? Me and Jim Jackson had a bet on it.'"

## VANITY FAIR.

The politeness of the West Point cadets to the ladies at their hops and germans is a proverb, says a *Sun* correspondent, but they evidently consider the appearance of a civilian, especially when he dances well, as an arrant attempt to jump a claim, in the language of Bret Harte, which doesn't belong to him. They have therefore organized a system of butting a civilian off the floor when he presumes to dance, which is highly scientific. This is directed solely at the civilian and chivalrously spares his partner; likewise the butting cadets take care not to let their own partners suffer during the bombardment. It is a duel solely between the civil and the military. The civilian is warmly greeted when he appears in the ball-room and urged to dance. As soon as he takes two or three turns in the waltz a cadet dancing at the same time comes lunging down the room, and cleverly whisking his partner out of the way, lowers his head and plants a scientific butt directly amidships of the civilian, which knocks the wind out of him and doubles him up like a jack-knife. Before he has time to straighten up another cadet whirls around and butts him right in the middle of the back. In half a minute a battering-ram in white trousers and a gray coat has lit into him on one side with a whack that would knock him down if he wasn't held up by the blow of a catapult on his left. This is kept up during the evening. Meanwhile half the cadets are profuse in their apologies, while the other half savagely demand of the unfortunate victim what in the dickens he means by butting into them like that. Between apologizing and receiving apologies, the trespasser is pretty nearly exhausted, and has so many hurts and bruises that he is a perfect Lazarus by the time the hop is over. He is always politely invited to return, but one hop generally puts him through. Everybody knows how the sudden cessation of a thundering band of music causes remarks to be shouted out in a tone like a locomotive's whistle. The other night at a West Point hop the band crashed out a few final bars and suddenly stopped, when the voice of a lovely little rat in pink was heard yawping at the top of her lungs: "Don't my new bustle hang like a daisy!"

Hosiery, says Clara Belle, has already emancipated itself from the quietude which, after the retirement of highly fanciful stockings from favor, was for a time imposed by fashion. Among the present ultra refinements of the toilet are stockings edged with lace frills at the top, and gartered most fantastically. A pair of elastic satin ones, for instance, are veiled over with puffs of point d'esprit and lace flounces to fall over the knees. A lace cockade adorns each side, in the centre of which is a pompon of narrow velvet ribbon and a tiny Rhine crystal buckle. Why not real diamonds? Well, what's the use?

Controversy has been started by the *Pall Mall Gazette* as to why women button their clothes from right to left, and men from left to right. It has led to an elaborate display of learning and wit. One writer declares that men have buttoned from left to right since the earliest Assyrian dynasties. Another asserts that the mode of buttoning distinguishes the Mussulman and the Hindoo in India, while a third says that the writer need not go so far as India for an illustration, as the women of America are recognizable by the male system of buttoning from left to right. The ladies of New Orleans, who held to the other fashion till a recent period, did so because of the French colonization of Louisiana. Then the controversy branched off into a question of the comparative quality of male and female brains. A lady insists that her sex buttons from right to left because the dressmakers so fix their dresses, and denies that man has any right to draw invidious inferences; while a sardonic and sarcastic enemy of female rights, declaring that the placing of the right thumb over the left is positive proof of a ruling mind, holds that the female method of buttoning indicates accordingly the advent of her true position as man's ruler.

Engagement bracelets are more used than engagement rings. Some of them are very pretty, being set with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires, and having the initials of the engaged pair engraved on the back of the lock. Chain bracelets are extensively worn, and are far more popular than bangles. Silver is preferred by a great many people to gold. It is more stylish and never looks shoddy.

From all accounts they are dressing much more sensibly in London during the hot weather than they have been wont hitherto to do. Formerly, if any one appeared dressed in anything but the conventional black, he was stared at and generally followed by a crowd of gamins. This season, however, it has been by no means a rare sight to see men clad in white ducks and tusse silk jackets, and their hats adorned with the Indian puggaree. Fans, too, are in constant use among gentlemen, and that innovation, at any rate, would have been voted a few years ago a certain sign of effeminacy. Englishmen are much more sensible in the matter of dress when they go over to Paris, and I have seen the great "Tum Tum," otherwise the Prince of Wales, himself, strolling about the Boulevards clad in a light brown holland suit, and on his feet canvas lawn-tennis shoes, while over his august head he held a cotton umbrella, lined with green.

It is rather strange that so few American girls who marry Englishmen ever visit America after having once left it. Lady Churchill, who was a Miss Jerome, Mrs. Paget, Mrs. Hughes-Hallet, Mrs. Beckett-Denison, and a number of others who have been married for years, have never visited their homes here. Lady Mandeville and Mrs. Sartoris are the only exceptions to the rule. Somehow when an American girl once gets in England, and within the fascinating limits of London society, she has no desire to return to America.

There is a fashion in stockings as in everything else (says a Long Branch correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*) and the place to see it most plainly marked is the seashore or the springs. The stocking has come to be an important, not to say conspicuous, part of the toilet. No fashionable young woman would any more appear on the piazza after dinner, or in a game of tennis on the lawn after breakfast, without a correct stocking, than she would be seen at a grand ball in a morning dress. A charming young woman here boasted to a companion the other night that she has never worn the same pair of stockings twice since her arrival. She might have added that she has not been seen twice in the same toilet. She has hose to match every one of her interminable line of costumes. By judicious investigation I learned that since New Year's Day her purchases of stockings have amounted to twenty-seven dozen. When you reflect that here at the seaside she makes sometimes five changes of toilets—and of course that means the feet five times differently adorned—the number seems almost small. The springs and the mountains, too, are to come, and think of the round of dinners and dances the last winter and spring! The sombre black stockings that were so largely in vogue last summer, have gone out, and you see only the brightest colors and the most bizarre designs. A pretty brunette is so good as to treat us to an artistic hose exhibition every morning on the piazza, while the strains from the "Merry War," "The Tambour Major," and the rest are floating out of the windows from the fiddles and the trombones of the band in the parlor. She rests her dainty slippered feet on the rung of a chair in so skillful a manner that, while you are conscious of their piquant presence, they do not seem at all obtrusive. Last week she gave us a show of stripes, the week before we had dice, and dominoes, and tiny pool balls, with number fifteen exactly on the instep. Now we have a panorama of snakes. A snake of a different color and species winds itself round her trim limb, and gazes with baleful eye from her instep every day. Next week, I am informed by one who is in a position to know, we shall have birds and insects. The cost of these assessories to the toilet is something not to be laughed at. The stockings are all of the best silk, of course, for no woman feels that her social position is sufficiently secure to dare to put on anything else here, and the importing price of some of these strangely adorned hose is, I am told, $100 a pair.

It has often occurred to me (says Labouchère) as being exceedingly absurd that, owing to insular notions about decency, ladies in a great majority of fashionable watering-places are not allowed to bathe with their male relatives and are thereby largely prevented from learning to swim. I am glad, therefore, to hear that at Margate and Ramsgate, at all events, different rules prevail, and that ladies are permitted, if they prefer it, to bathe in the company of their husbands, brothers, and acquaintances, and are not, strange to say, annoyed by the traditional crowd of grinning 'Arries. As the drowning season has now set in with undiminished severity, it is to be hoped that this sensible example will be followed elsewhere. A properly made bathing-dress is not nearly so indecent as the garments in which British matrons of the most austere virtue array themselves for dances and dinner parties.

It is given out that good taste tabooes the button-hole bouquet, so that gentlemen up in the vagaries of style will no longer indulge in this decoration. Button-hole bouquets, indeed, never had very strong hold, though it used to be that the fashionable tailors always fixed a band of rubber back of the upper left-hand button hole to hold the flowers. There were even small bottles for water in which the stems were placed, the contrivance hidden by the coat lap. But not one gentleman in a hundred could be induced to promenade set off with a boutonnière. At dinners, the flowers, when provided, were put in position, but they were usually got rid of as soon as the table was left.

Among the Romans the women wore dresses of a kind of stuff so transparent that the body might be seen through it. This stuff was made of silk so extremely fine that it was dyed a purple color before it was made up; for when this species of gauze was manufactured, it was so delicate that it could not possibly have admitted the dye. The shell-fish which furnished the precious material for this color were found near the island of Cos, whence writers have denominated this stuff the dress of Cos. Nero named these habits "dresses of glass." They continued in vogue till the time of Jerome, who declaims loudly against them. We learn from Isaiah that the women and maidens of Jerusalem wore dresses of a similar nature.

A Michigan journalist has been amusing himself with watching women's hands, as with their owners they present themselves to view upon the public streets and in public conveyances. He says that the young lady who carries her hands as though she is not on intimate terms with them is frequently seen. The hands seem to be in her way, and to have no mission in common with the other departments of her earthly habitation. They hang down by her side, limp and ungraceful. If they have nothing to carry they are all at sea, and take water with every incoming wave of progression. They may be small and neatly gloved, but this fact does not prevent them from becoming as large as a sugar-cured ham in the estimation of the owner. A lady who carries an unoccupied pair of hands upon the street has undertaken a contract calculated to give her a pretty deep insight into the mysteries of hopeless confusion. The young lady who carries a roll of music upon the street simply as a hollow mockery for the disposition of a pair of unmanageable hands is also numerous. She is met everywhere in such quantities as to give the uninitiated the impression that the woman public is only another name for a musical conservatory. The library book is also extensively used in this connection, which seems to prove that public libraries have not lived altogether in vain.

## LITERARY NOTES.

J. R. Osgood & Co. are preparing to bring out "The Golden Spike," by Mr. Edward King.

Publishers of Tourguéneff's works find them to be exceedingly popular in the United States.

Justin McCarthy has prepared a volume of "Irish Lyrics" for publication in the Parchment Series.

The English orders for the Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine* already exceed seventy thousand copies.

Jules Verne has finished a novel of his own peculiar kind on the earthquake in Java. The story is said to be very thrilling.

Mark Twain has been spending the summer months near Elmira, N. Y., where he is engaged upon another humorous work, to be published next year.

Henry George Bohn has died at the age of eighty-eight. He started in the book business in 1831 and retired in 1876, after a prosperous and distinguished career.

Lord Tennyson announces through the London *Times* that he will not answer the multitudinous letters sent to him, will not look at manuscripts, nor even return them.

Ben Jonson's copy of "The Faerie Queen," "The Shepheard's Calendar," etc., with many annotations in "rare Ben's" own hand, has recently been sold in London.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Mary Clemmer Hudson, at Washington, on the 18th ultimo. Mrs. Hudson made a distinguished name in journalism, but died of over-work.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, have lately issued the "Life and Public Services of Grover Cleveland," by Pendleton King. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.; price, 30 cents.

Miss Sara O. Jewett is highly complimented in the Boston correspondence of the Hartford *Courant* for her personal beauty. Of the grace of her literary work many readers have already learned.

"Dr. Sevier" will be published in book form by J. R. Osgood & Co. The description of Mary's ride into Rebeldom, in the September installment of the story, is the strongest and most vital part of it yet published.

The proprietors of a Scotch weekly newspaper, published at Dundee, have offered a prize of one thousand dollars for the best serial story that shall be sent them, and agree, further, that the copyright shall remain with the author.

Messrs. Payot, Upham & Co. have issued a pamphlet entitled "The Industries of San Francisco," edited by Frederick H. Hackett, giving a brief history of the city and an account of her industries, principal business houses, etc.

"The Ice Queen," by Ernest Ingersoll, is an interesting story for children. It relates the adventures of three boys and a girl who endeavored to cross Lake Erie on the ice. Published by Harper & Bros.; for sale by Bancroft.

Harper & Bros. announce a new and complete edition of Tennyson's poems, with a chronological index; a "History of the Four Georges," by Justin McCarthy; and Ranke's "The Oldest Historical Group of Nations, and the Greeks."

W. D. Howells evidently believes that a little humor, judiciously employed now and then, will save an author's popularity with an over-fed literary public. Although just having finished the libretto of a comic opera, he is now preparing a farce, the scene of which is laid in an elevator.

The John W. Lovell Company, of New York, has lately issued Henry George's "Social Problems," "Over the Summer Sea," by John Harrison and Margaret Compton, and a "Life of Grover Cleveland, with a Sketch of the Life of Thomas Andrews Hendricks," by Deshler Welch.

A new novel by Mr. F. Marion Crawford is ready for the press, and will be published immediately in London by Chapman & Hall. The title of it is "A Heartless Politician," and it deals with subjects quite different from those of Mr. Crawford's previous works, being a story of American political life.

Madame Carette who was formerly reader to the Empress Eugénie, has written a novel called "Passion," which, it is said, has created a stir in Paris consequent on the discovery that its glimpses of the imperial court really contain the biography of the ex-empress during the most important period of her career.

Colonel Thomas W. Knox has issued (in uniform style with his "Boy Travelers in the Far East") "The Voyage of the *Vivian* to the North Pole and Beyond." It relates the adventures of two youths in the open Polar Sea, and, with its handsome illustrations, is an interesting and instructive book for boys. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft.

Another volume has been added to Harper & Bros.' edition of Miss Mulock's works. It contains "Miss Tommy," which is appearing in the current numbers of *Harper's Bazar*, and is the love story of two persons well advanced in years; also "In a House-Boat," the journal of a river trip taken by six girls in an anomalous vessel called the *Pinafore*. It is illustrated with numerous wood-cuts. For sale by Bancroft.

In his "Fallacies in 'Progress and Poverty'" William Hanson "clearly exposes many mistakes" in Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" and "Social Problems," and in Henry Dunning Macleod's "Economics," although some of his own views are as erroneous as could possibly be those of either of the authors whom he attacks. He adds two papers, "The Ethics of Protection and Free-trade" and "The Industrial Problem Considered *a-priori*," and ends the volume with a short chapter on "The Ideal Man." Published by the Fowler & Wells Company, New York; price, $1.

The latest issues of Harper's "Franklin Square Library" are "'Women Are Strange,' and Other Stories," by F. W. Robertson; "Curiosities of the Search Room"; and Parts I and II of "A Dictionary of the English Language," by the Rev. James Stormonth. The latter is printed from the English plates, and will be completed in twenty-three numbers. The etymology embraces the latest researches in that department, and the pronunciation has been carefully revised by the Rev. P. H. Phelp. The vocabulary is sufficiently extensive for the general public, and space is economized by the omission of illustrations and illustrative extracts.

"The King's Men: A Tale of To-morrow," by Robert Grant, James Boyle O'Reilly, J. S. of Dale, and John T. Wheelwright, is another of the composite style of novels which has of late become popular among novelists. The peculiarities of each author crop out here and there, but the result is not nearly up to the standard of any one of the four. The title is derived from the conspiracy on the part of the heroes to restore King George V., the grandson of the present Prince of Wales, to the throne of England, from which he has been driven by the formation of the "Republic of England and Ireland," some twenty years before the opening of the story. One of the most novel conceits in the book—and this writing of the future gives great scope for the imagination—is "Mr. Jarley Jawkins," a contractor, who, at the shortest notice, provides houses, elegantly furnished and supplied with a full complement of servants, and guests to fill them. The guests include nobility of all grades, whose estates have been swept away by the Revolution—wits, scholars, professional beauties—all the components of a brilliant company. Love, intrigue, and villainy are included in the story, but the interest is not sustained, and the book is little more than readable. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

### THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

**It Might Have Been.**

I hear him walking the baby—
For his room is next to mine—
I fancy I hear him mutter
Some bad words akin to mine,
As he walks and walks the baby
In the room just next to mine,

I hear him walking the baby
Each night when the darkness comes,
And I know just what he's thinking
In the baby-by he hums.

From his walking, walking, walking,
I wonder if he would start,
If he knew the gang at the Deadfall
Were out on an old-time lark?

For he used to be a captain;
His nose was a bloomin' sight;
He used to ride in a carriage—
Poor Billy's walking to-night.

And his wife down at the seaside,
In satins and diamonds fine—
Billy go on with your walking,
In the room just next to mine,
Splutter away in your talking—
Here's to you in my wine.

For she was my sweetheart, Billy—
But I guess I don't repine
When I hear you walking and swearing
In the room just next to mine.
—*Chicago Herald.*

**A Bad Spell.**

You have heard of the City of Sioux—
The loveliest ever you knioux—
And the following tale,
I am sure, can not fail
To be read with emotion by yioux.

To this bustling young city of Sioux,
Came a scion of Albion trioux;
When the name was pronounced
In his hearing, he flounced,
And at once in a passion he flioux.

"Now tell me, O people of Sioux,"
He shouted, "What can a man dioux?
As 'tis spelled, so we say it,
And that is the way it
Should be!" And he blustered and blioux.

And all through the City of Sioux,
That man raised a hullabullioux,
With madness enraged,
Like tiger uncaged,
And fell upon Gentile and Jioux.

As over the City of Sioux
He rushed, still the madder he grioux,
Till he fell in a fit,
And his soul promptly it
Left his body—sans further adioux.

Then the coroner's jury of Sioux
Their verdict most solemnly drioux,
"By disease of the heart
Victim's life did depart."
You have heard the sad tale; I am thrioux.

**An Idyl of the Hammock.**

We are sitting in the hammock, she and I, May and I,
And the gently blowing breeze,
Through the overhanging trees,
With a sad and mournful sigh,
Whispers by,
Rustles by,
Coolly, sweetly, sadly, gently rustles by.

We are swinging in the hammock, lovers two, May and Lew,
And her tiny booted feet
With the branches nearly meet,
And I see in eyes of blue,
Love so true,
Fond and true,
Brightly glowing, gladly beaming, fond and true.

We are sitting in the hammock, lovers fair, foolish pair,
And my careful arm around
Her delightful waist is wound,
Just to keep the little dear
From a fear,
Haunting fear,
From a tumbling, toppling-over, haunting fear.

* * * * * * * *

We are lying in the grasses, she and I, May and I,
And the maiden blushing red,
Sitting squarely on my head,
Utters one affrighted cry——
"Hammock's down,
Broken down,
Oh, the horrid, horrid hammock's broken down!"
—*Earle H. Eaton.*

**Aimer, C'est Oublier.**

As I strolled on the beach with the fair Isabella—
We were friends of long standing, I'd known her a week—
Was it love or the shade of her gorgeous umbrella
That fluttered in crimson across her soft cheek?

Hope tugged at my heart-strings and made me audacious,
For when Coquetry blooms like a Provençal rose,
It is surely a sign that she means to be gracious,
And bless with sweet favor some one of her beaux.

So I set me to wooing, both blithely and bravely,
Caught in mine a small hand in a brown *gant de Suède*,
Snatched a kiss from her lips, and was begging her suavely
To leave out my heart from the list of betrayed,

When she stopped me. "I'm sorry," she murmured, discreetly,
"But you see—I'm engaged!" and pretended to sigh,
While a swift recollection upset me completely—
"Great Heaven!" I gasped, "I forgot. So am I."
—*Life.*

### GRANOLITHIC PAVEMENT.

(STUART'S PATENT.)

Stone pavements have come to be universally recognized as the handsomest, most durable, and most economical form of pavement, and consequently a great many varieties have been offered to the public. But, of all of them, the Granolithic Pavement, manufactured under the Stuart patent, is universally conceded to be the best. In the late exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair, various samples of this durable and inexpensive pavement were shown—some that had been made but twenty-four hours, and others that had been in use for more than seven years and showed no signs of wear. One piece was exhibited that had been tested with a cold-chisel, and yet its surface showed no marks or defacement. For purposes of out-of-door ornamentations, this stone is rapidly superseding all the old-fashioned materials. It is particularly adapted for garden statuary, fountains and similar adornments, as it can be beautifully molded and takes a perfectly smooth surface. Some steps, to be used in the construction of the Odd Fellows' building in this city, have been exhibited, and attracted great admiration on account of their handsome finish and delicate molding. Though white is the color most generally used, Granolithic Pavement is manufactured in a variety of colors, ranging from light brown to black. For courts and sidewalks, a handsome tessellated pavement is made of white and slate color. Besides the above-mentioned uses, this material is manufactured for curbstones, carriage stones, stairways; in fact, for all purposes where durability and solidity are desired. Granolithic stone has been accepted by builders and architects through Europe and the East as the most durable of artificial stones, and, being fire-proof, is of the greatest value for staircases in all buildings. An instance of this was shown at the fire in the Marine Hotel, England, where the lives of the guests were saved by the granolithic staircases, which alone resisted the terrible flames. This is a consideration which all should take in view when constructing a building. To prove the popularity of this stone mention may be made that ONE MILLION square feet of it was laid in Great Britain last year, and one quarter of that amount has been put down in the Eastern cities, principally New York, Philadelphia and Washington. The general verdict is, that as a pavement it cannot be surpassed, while as a fire-proof building material it is absolutely perfect. In fact, Granolithic Stone is known all over the world. In Hongkong the Governor's mansion is paved with it, and Mr. W. S. Sommervell, the manager, whose office of this company is at 422 Montgomery street, informed the writer that in China and Australia it is in common use. The ingredients of this stone were selected with a view to securing an article which would surpass in durability a l natural stone. They are pulverized granite and a cement specially prepared for the purpose. Mr. Somervell takes great pleasure in explaining at his office, 422 Montgomery St., the characteristics of the article known as the Granolithic Pavement.

**To Ladies.**

Ladies desiring a perfect perfume should try the Elite Bouquet. Its perfume is sweet and lasting. For sale at all druggists, and at the Palais Royal, 108 Post Street.

—CELERY, BEEF AND IRON INVALUABLE FOR professional men, invaluable for business men, for you can do more work with less fatigue if you drink CELERY, BEEF AND IRON.

**M. Meussdorffer's**

Fall style Hats can be seen at N. E. corner Montgomery and Bush and 404 Kearny Street. His Silk Hat, "THE" style for fall and winter, is universally approved.

— THE METROPOLITAN HALL IS UNEQUALED for concert purposes, having a fine auditorium and an organ of four thousand stops, costing twenty thousand dollars.

**Interior Decorations.**

All kinds of wood-work for the interior of houses now being constructed can be contracted for by the California Furniture Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.


**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,**

Eddy Street, near Market.

KREILING BROS.....Sole Proprietors and Managers

For a few nights only, Suppe's popular comic opera,

**BOCCACCIO!**

Produced with Elegant Costumes and Scenery, Grand Orchestra and Chorus, and an Excellent cast.

Next week, LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

Admission, 25 cents.....Reserved seats, 50 cents

**METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.**

**SATURDAY.....SEPTEMBER 13**

**ROBERT G. INGERSOLL**

Will deliver his great Lecture on

**"ORTHODOXY,"**

**On September 13th.**

Admission $1.00; Reserved seats, $1.50. Reserved seats at Gray's Music Store.

**LOANS MADE FOR ONE YEAR ON WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND JEWELRY,**
**AT THE**
**COLLATERAL BANK,**
**No. 15 Dupont Street.**

**COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION,**
**Phelan's Building, Rooms 6, 8, 9, 10, 11.**

**Entrance, 806 Market Street.** Gas Specialists; positively extract teeth without pain; only office that make and gives the celebrated "Colton Gas;" established in 1863; over 15,000 references; also, performs all operations in Dentistry.

**OIL STOVES** | NEW A & W MONARCH C for 1884. Don't buy till you see it! Or send for Circular. | **JNO. F MYERS & CO.** 869 Market Street, San Francisco.

**H. B. PASMORE,**
**TEACHER OF SINGING,**

Begs to announce that he has returned from Europe, and is prepared to instruct in Singing according to the best and most approved methods, and will also receive pupils in Theory and Composition and Organ-playing at M. GRAY'S, 206 Post Street. Reception hours—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 2 P. M.

**REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS,**
**Fifth Congressional District,**
**CHAS. N. FELTON.**

**REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS,**
**Fourth Congressional District,**
**WM. W. MORROW.**

**STORAGE.**
**Furniture and Pianos, Trunks, Paintings, Mirrors, Carpets, Ornaments,**

And other goods received for storage and safe keeping. Good stored in clean, light, dry lofts. Charges moderate, advances made, insurance effected. California Storage Warehouse, No. 722 MISSION ST., next to the Grand Opera House. **THOS. H. ROONEY & CO.**

**Steinway & Son's, Kranich & Bach, | Ernest Gabler, and C. Koenisch**
**PIANOS!**
**M. GRAY, 206 POST ST.,**
**SAN FRANCISCO.**

**F. SCHÄFER.**
**ART SALE**
**THURSDAY EVENING, SEPT. 18, 1884, at 7:30 o'clock.**

**We are authorized to sell by auction, in the large gallery of the San Francisco Art Association, No. 430 Pine Street, the entire collection of OIL PAINTINGS by the above-named Artist, comprising EASTERN, OREGON, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, AND CALIFORNIA SCENERY.**

**NOTE.—The Pictures will be on view during the day of the 12th and 13th inst., and day and evening of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, September 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th inst, at the Art Gallery, No. 430 Pine Street. Catalogues may be obtained at the Art Gallery or at our office, No. 22 Montgomery Street.**

**EASTON & ELDRIDGE,**
**AUCTIONEERS.**

**Contract for Fall and Winter Supply**
....OF....
**COAL**
For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. **CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street.** Telephone 308.

We have just received our Fall and Winter Stock of
**CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES,**
Comprising all the latest styles and novelties in our line, and are prepared to get them up in the very latest styles and at the lowest possible prices. We would be pleased to have you call and examine our stock.
**REEVE & STAAB,**
**Tailoring Parlors,**
**Corner Geary and Kearny Streets,**
**San Francisco.**
**Entrance, 10 Geary St.**

**LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S**
**BOOTS AND SHOES**
Made to order by
**W. F. MEAGHER,**
**111 Geary St., near Dupont, San Francisco.**
Stage and Wedding Shoes of Louis XV. a specialty.

CRAPE. CRAPE.
**CRAPE.**
Old and Faded Crape Veils and Bonnets RE-DYED and FINISHED LIKE NEW at the
**PALACE DYE WORKS,**
633 Market Street, Palace Hotel.

**THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!**
**The Light-running**
**"HOUSEHOLD" SEWING MACHINE.**



Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to **three months' trial.**
**Samuel Hill Estate**
CITY SALES ROOMS,
**634 Market St.**
Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

**CALIFORNIA**
**ELECTRO PLATING WORKS**
**657 MISSION STREET.**
**Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating on all Metals.**
Table Ware repaired and plated at the lowest rates. Copper Plates silver plated for saving gold. All work in our line guaranteed. **KEATING & FAGAN,** Proprietors.

**KELSEY HOUSE.**
This well-known villa has changed hands and has been thoroughly renovated, and is now run in conjunction with the well-known Windsor House. The houses and cottages are situated on most beautiful and spacious grounds. Telephone communication. Cars pass every 7½ minutes; ten minutes' ride from the train. Apply to C. C. Wheeler, proprietor, at Windsor House, Ninth and Washington, or on the premises, cor. Telegraph Avenue and 24th St., Oakland.

**NEW MAP OF SAN FRANCISCO,**
Just published by Warren Holt, 413 Montgomery St. Compiled to date from official sources. Complete in every respect—streets, grades, railroads, public buildings, etc. Soundings on the city front and Fort Point. Printed on the finest map paper. Size, 4½ by 5½ feet. Price—Mounted on ash rollers, $10; book form, with muslin back, $8; plain, $6 50. WARREN HOLT, Publisher, 413 Montgomery Street.


**CONSOLIDATED IMPERIAL MINING CO.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of September, 1884, an assessment (No. 21) of Ten (10) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the seventh (7th) day of October, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the twenty-eighth day of October, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.


**WALL PAPERS,**
**FRESCOING,**
**INTERIOR DECORATING**
**WINDOW SHADES.**
**G. W. CLARK & CO.**
**645 and 647 MARKET STREET.**

## THE INNER MAN.

"If you should go out to Kentucky about this time," said the old judge, "you would probably be invited to a burgoo. You don't recognize him by that name, do you? No? Well, a burgoo (accent on the first syllable) is a grand, good thing. It is an all day picnic in the woods, with a feast which throws the clam chowder and the barbecue into the deep shade of obscurity. In fact, the burgoo usually includes a barbecue as a sort of incident. You go out to a corner of the woods, where the thick underbrush has been carefully cut away, and where there are trees enough for shade, but not enough for gloom, and there you sit and smoke the finest tobacco in the world, and drink lemonade, and sniff the delightful aroma of the burgoo until along in the afternoon, when the niggers pronounce the burgoo ready, and ladle it out to you in big bowlfuls. The burgoo is a delicious broth, which is a perpetual reminder of the aborigines who handed it over to our pioneering forefathers when they began coming across the mountains from Virginia. You take—or rather the darkies take—a gigantic kettle and hang it over a roaring fire. A light broth is made first; then they throw in young chickens, young ducks, sucking pigs, and all sorts of small game, with fresh potatoes, green peas, string beans, corn, and every other vegetable. Everything is cooked until the meat begins to fall to pieces. Then the waiters, with shining, smiling black faces, and snow-white jackets and aprons, bear great bowlfuls of the toothsome stew through the grove. Oh, how good it is! My mouth waters as I tell you of it. Afterward there is more burgoo, and then more burgoo, until everybody has actually had enough. Then the darkies satisfy themselves, while you return to your pipe and your glass, until the shadows of evening gather sleepily around you."

The French entertain you at breakfast, at eleven or twelve o'clock, with a repast which is very light and elegant—a few strawberries, a sole *au gratin*, some chops deliciously cooked, and a cup of tea, or coffee, or claret, as you choose, and then drive you about Paris, or separate, as you prefer, or take you to an artist's atelier, or to see some of the thousand sights of Paris, or they take you to the Bois of an evening to show you a *café chantant* or give you an ice. The habit which is so dear to Parisians of eating out-of-doors is one to which English people never take kindly. Some wit who was charged too much for a cauliflower thinks the Parisian mentally calculates that you are charged nothing for the view of the Boulevard, the Champs-Elysées, the Arc de Triomphe, and the Bois. One can afford to pay for the unclouded blue of the sky and the undimmed brightness of the sun. One is presented gratuitously with a panorama of unequaled variety and splendor of human life in these *al fresco* meals. There is something in this. The general air of amusement, *l'esprit Français*, is thrown in. It would be impossible to change the natures of the two cities, so near in geographical position, so very far apart in everything else.

Of English manners at table, Cora de Vere thus writes in the Cincinnati *Commercial*: No guest ever passes a plate or serves anything; the servant does all that. Soup is taken from the side of the spoon, noiselessly. Soup and fish are not partaken of the second time; if there is a joint, and the host carves, it is proper to ask for a second cut. Bread is passed by the servant, and must be broken, never cut. It is considered gauche to be undecided whether one will take clear soup or thick soup; decide quickly. In refusing wine simply say "Thanks," or better, "Thank you." The servants retire after handing the dessert, when the party at once launches into politics and gossip, with now and then (not often, alas!) a bit of gay badinage, or "chaff," until the lady of the house gives the signal, and the ladies retire to the drawing-room. Toasts and taking wine with people have gone out of fashion, and the charms of the drawing-room have so far increased in the last decade that it is only the more confirmed two-bottle men who "linger long across the walnuts and the wine," the *jeunesse dorée* usually preferring the cup of tea poured by some white hand and sweetened with a look from drooping eyes, which is to be obtained in the drawing-room.

Judging by a meal which the vegetarians enjoyed recently at the Health Exhibition of London, there is as much fun and fine feeding in a vegetarian *menu* as in the most elegant bill of fare. Commencing with soups, the "Veges" took green peas and tomato. Then they lightly wandered on to "savories." These dainties comprised vegetable pie, vegetable steak and onions, cauliflower *au gratin* and *macaroni Italienne*. They were followed by a course of vegetables, cabbage, new potatoes, peas; then came the sweets—apple tart, tapioca pudding, fig pudding, hominy pudding, and currant tart. Stewed fruit, apricots, gooseberries, and mixed fruits were served on the groaning board, and then came ripe fruit—cherries, green gages, bananas, and gooseberries; cheese and salad "topped" the banquet, the liquids to which were fruit champagnes and unfermented wines. Among the latter we should have desired nothing better than Muscat, Vesuvius, Madeira, Alto Douro, Bordeaux, and Congress. As to the champagnes, we might have tried raspberry, strawberry, pine-apple, pear, orange, and lemon.

Doctor French, in a recent work, "Nineteen Centuries of Drink in England," says that mead was the intoxicant of the ancient Briton. The Romans introduced wine. Cider was known at an early date, but the Saxons, Danes, and Normans brought in the secret of stronger beverages. Distilled liquors were introduced under the Plantagenets, and clergymen then began to tipple. In the sixth century men of all degrees "slumbered away their time in drunkenness." The prevalent intemperance of the seventeenth century is said to be due to the Act to Encourage Distillation, the exhaustion of light wines, the influences of the court, and the development of toasting and club life. Doctor French predicts that moderation will increase until intoxicating beverages shall be used and not abused, and thus become one of our blessings.

## INTAGLIOS.

### Hard Lines.

In the crowd, there she stands,
A Jacqueminot rose in her hands;
Strong and straight, like the rose,
She lifts up her head; no one knows
Of the thorn that doth prick
The rose to the quick.

No one guesses, while red
The rose lifts its head,
And its odorous breath
Is sweet on the air, that Death,
With pain-poisoned dart
May be eating its heart.

No one guesses or knows
Where a proud heart bestows
Its passion and pain,
Its loss and its gain;
No one guesses or knows
What is death to the rose.
—*Nora Perry.*

### Circe.

An ancient galley rocks and dips,
In idleness content,
Her grizzled crew with parted lips
Are listening intent;
Across a waste of liquid miles
They hear the sirens sing,
As from the fair, enchanted isles
Their magic voices ring.

Along the crested ocean swell
The chanting music rolls,
And weaves a sweet and dreamy spell
That wraps them in its folds;
And curling waves in rhythmic beat
The floating echoes bring,
While sea, and air, and sky repeat
The song the sirens sing.
—*Ernest McGoffey.*

### I am a Woman.

I am a woman—therefore I may not
Call to him, cry to him,
Fly to him,
Pray him delay not!

And when he comes to me, I must sit quiet;
Still as a stone is,
Harder and colder.
If my heart riot,
Crush and defy it!

Should I grow bolder—
Say one dear thing to him,
Cling to him—
What—to atone is
Enough for my winning?
This were the cost to me,
This were my winning—
That he were lost to me!

Not as a lover at last if he part from me—
Tearing my heart from me—
Hurt beyond cure—
Calm and demure,
Then, my behavior,
Showing no sign to him
By look of mine to him
What he has been to me.

Pity me—lean to me,
Christ, O my Saviour!
—*From an old magazine, author unknown.*

### The Duke of Alva's Garden.

It was once a Moorish palace;
With its walls and pillars white,
Fair it stood till fortune's malice
Put its turbaned lords to flight.
There, at midnight's charmed hour,
Stealing past her dusky warden,
Would Zorayda pluck a flower,
Or an orange from her garden.

Wide its staircase still and stately,
Lofty springs its cedar roof.
Through its halls, deserted lately,
Once did knights, in arms of proof,
Led by him whose forehead lowers,
And whose sternness can not pardon,
Pass, and trample on the flowers
In the Duke of Alva's garden,

Now 'tis an abandoned palace,
Round its tilèd fountain falls
Many a fragrant orange chalice,
With its fruit in golden balls.
Still the lovely spot discloses
Hints of crime, and hearts that harden,
Whispered by the blood-red roses
In the Duke of Alva's garden.
—*Every Other Saturday.*

### The Way of the World.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone;
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth;
It has troubles enough of its own.
Sing and the hills will answer,
Sigh—it is lost in the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you,
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many,
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train;
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisle of pain. —*Anon.*

Oliver Doud Byron laid a wreath of flowers upon the Longfellow tablet in Westminster Abbey, some weeks ago, and appended to the wreath a card with the inscription: "From an American admirer—Oliver Doud Byron, actor." To these words Louis Harrison added: "Opens at Utica, N. Y., October 6th." The card remained on view several days before it was removed.




The Strongest and Best! Recommended by Leading Physicians and Chemists.

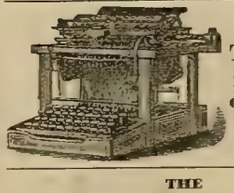
J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS
And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,
415 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco

JOS. FIGEL
211 MONTGOMERY ST. S. F.
Offers the
LATEST STYLES
.....OF.....
CLOTHING
.....AND.....
FURNISHING GOODS
FOR GENTS AND BOYS,
READY MADE and MADE TO MEASURE at
REDUCED PRICES.
A Full Line of Desirable Suitings in our Merchant Tailoring Department.

Hunyadi János
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
LAXATIVE.
"THE RICHEST OF NATURAL APERIENT WATERS."
Baron Liebig.
"SPEEDY, SURE & GENTLE."
Dr. Roberts, Univ. Coll. Hosp., London, England.
Ordinary Dose, a Wineglassful before breakfast.
Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.
NONE GENUINE BUT WITH THE BLUE LABEL.
For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.
No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
24 Post St., San Francisco
COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, PENMANSHIP AND TELEGRAPHY.
F. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES
Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating.
Every description of Tableware and Household Goods plated and repaired at the San Francisco Plating Works, 653 and 655 Mission St., between New Montgomery and Third.
E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.


Remington STANDARD Type-Writer.
Again improved and perfected. See them.
G. G. WICKSON & CO.,
539 Market St.,
Opp. Sansome, S. F.

THE
LADIES' CARD BASKET.
Mr. John P. Dwyer, late of Palace Hotel, has opened an office at 620 Market Street, directly opposite the Palace, where he will be pleased to see all of his old friends and as many new ones who may favor him with a call. Ladies will find it very convenient, when in want of Visiting Cards, to drop in and leave their order. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Cards furnished in one hour's notice. Specimen cards written free.

EDUCATIONAL.

BARNARD'S
BUSINESS COLLEGE,
37 Post St., S. F. Send for Circular.

MILES BENNETT,
PROFESSOR OF SINGING,
Gives lessons at pupils residences, at Mr. Gray's music store, Post Street, or at 729 California Street. References kindly permitted to the Bishop of California; Mr. Robert Sherwood, 309 California Street; Mr. M. Gray and others.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL for GIRLS
Will re-open Monday, August 3d.
Temporary location, 1001 Sutter Street, corner of Hyde.

PERRY SEMINARY,
Formerly Sacramento Seminary of Sacramento, will open
August 6, 1884,
At 1625 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland. For catalogue and particulars, address MRS HERMAN PERRY, Or MISS KATE M. FULLER, Principals.

MADEMOISELLE LOUISE LOUIT,
Teacher of French,
Will give private lessons at residence of pupils, or at Perry Seminary, 1625 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland.

MISS F. A. DILLAYE,
ORGANIST AND TEACHER OF ORGAN, PIANO, AND VOCAL MUSIC. Opportunities to practice may be secured by organ pupils at her residence, 725 O'Farrell St.

MME. VIOLA A. POMEROY,
Teacher of Singing, Elocution, Voice Culture. Voice Building—"Delsarte Method;" Pupils thoroughly prepared for the Dramatic and Operatic Stage. Residence, 220½ McAllister Street.

SHORT-HAND INSTITUTE.
Oral instruction day and evening: also, lessons by mail; send for circular. Long's School of Phonography, 220½ McAllister Street.

PRIVATE INSTRUCTION
In the English Branches. Bookkeeping and Accounts. Preparations for Examinations a specialty. Call 4 to 8 P. M. B. L. BROWN, 313 Geary Street.

FINEST PHOTOS IN THE CITY
....AT THE....
IMPERIAL GALLERY,
724½ Market Street.

WINDOW SHADE FACTORY. H. E. BULLIVANT & CO., FACTORY AND SALESROOM, 753 Mission St., bet. 3d & 4th. Decorating and Lettering a specialty for stores, offices, residences, etc.

CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. MONOGRAMS, Arms, Crests, Wedding, Reception and Visiting Cards designed, engraved, and printed; lot Papeteric; Albums at great bargain. ROBERTS, 10 Post St., Masonic Temple. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS.

INVENTORS' INSTITUTE,
105 STOCKTON STREET,
Corner of O'Farrell.
PATENTS PROCURED FOR $65, AND PATENTS Negotiated. Send for particulars.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY
A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion, etc.
Prepared by E. GRILLON, Chemist of the Paris Faculty
SOLE PROPRIETOR, 27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.
Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BOUND VOLUMES
.....OF.....
THE ARGONAUT.
Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, XIII, and XIV.
Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office, No. 213 Dupont Street.

A PRIZE
Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*

# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Monday, September 1, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‖8.00 A.M. | Byron and Martinez | ¶6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Deming, El Paso } Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | and East } Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and } via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Stockton } via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Ione | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Los Angeles and South | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | Merced, Madera, } | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Fresno, and Tulare } | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Mojave, Needles, } Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | and East } Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Ogden and } Express | 11.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | East } Emigrant | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff } via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | and Tehama } via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Redding and Delta | 6.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Virginia City | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 8.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Vallejo Junction; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from The Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.
¶ Daily from Martinez. Sundays only from Byron.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *9.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.


NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

**BROAD GAUGE.**

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | .....Salinas, and Monterey... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Camp Goodall.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.00 P.M. |
| †7.50 A.M. | ..Monterey and Santa Cruz.. .....(Sunday Excursion..... | †8.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
‡ Theatre train; Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, Camp Goodall, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—Sold SUNDAY MORNING, good for return same day.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, May 12th, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—7.30, 9.15 A. M., 1.30, 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 1.30, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20 A. M., 2.00, 3.25, 4.50 P. M.
(Sundays)—7.55, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.15, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 3.55, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.30, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.45, 5.00, 7.10 P. M.
Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 7.00 P. M.

**7.30 A. M. and 1.30 P. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAINS for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through trains from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 10.30 A. M. and 6.00 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning arrives in S. F. at 7.40 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


BONESTELL ALLEN & CO. PAPER WAREHOUSE

411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F.

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.**

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 2 o'clock P. M. for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| Steamer | 1884. | From San Francisco |
|---|---|---|
| **San Pablo** | **Thursday, September 25th** | |
| **Oceanic** | **Thursday, October 30th** | |
| **Arabic** | **Tuesday, November 11th** | |
| **San Pablo** | **Thursday, December 18th** | |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Tokio** ..... **September 13**
**City of New York** ..... **October 7**

At 2 o'clock P. M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Blas** ..... **September 15**

At ten o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, SAN BLAS, MANZANILLO, and ACAPULCO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA and LA LIBERTAD, and via ACAPULCO for other Mexican and Central American ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Zealandia**..Saturday, September 27, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on Sept. 4th, 12th, 20th, and 28th, and Oct. 6th, and every eighth day thereafter. The last steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

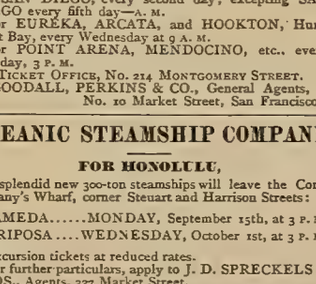
The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

ALAMEDA.....MONDAY, September 15th, at 3 P. M.
MARIPOSA....WEDNESDAY, October 1st, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

**THE**

## AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY.

SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**

Office, 208 California Street.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.,**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER. Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital .....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremon National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

## Imperial Fire Insurance Co.

Of London. Instituted 1803.

**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.

**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.

**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# REMOVAL.

**THE**

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.**

Have removed to their

**New Store, No. 15 First Street,**

**NEAR MARKET.**

# RUBBER HOSE

—FOR—

**Gardens, Mills, Mines, & Fire Departments,**

Manufactured and for sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard (Maltese Cross) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose (Competition), Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire Engine Hose, Carbolized Maltese Cross Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

**JOHN W. TAYLOR, - - - Manager.**

## "IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."

## THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.

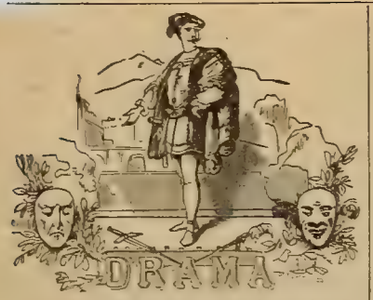


**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**

**36 California Street, San Francisco,**

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.




Any one who has read Ohnet's novel, "Le Maitre de Forge," and goes to see "Lady Clare" with any preconceived idea of the play, will find that he had better have left his preconceived idea at home, and had better not have read the novel at all. It only gives to the play a certain reminiscent familiarity which is puzzling. Monsieur Ohnet wrote "Le Maitre de Forge" as definitely for dramatization as Wilkie Collins wrote "The New Magdalen" for the same purpose. The dialogues and situations follow each other with the sure placing of the skilled artisan in such work. The narrative part consists of the outlines of character, and what one may call the stage directions, fitted with the grace of style of the practiced writer. The transfer of the story to the stage in the original was as simple as running water.

Mrs. Henderson, in her version, made this simple transfer, and then translated badly. Her rhetoric was riotous, and had a certain magniloquence of style which was infinitely amusing at times. This was combined with an absurd literalness of translation which made her text stiff and lacking in idiomatic finish. But her dramatic instinct was much surer than Mr. Robert Buchanan's, and the incidents of the pretty story were much more happily grouped than in the present version.

To begin with, the hero of the tale has been deprived of his occupation. He is vaguely described as a self-made man. Mr. Osmond Tearle points this description only once with a very rakish-looking blue waistcoat, it being a generally accepted idea that self-made men have queer toilet freaks that last them their lives, but otherwise he bears no evidence of not being of as gentle blood as any around him. Philip Derblay, the original hero, has a background of rolling-mills and foundries, and is what is known in English-speaking countries as an iron man. It is a rich, round, strong term, and explains of itself the barring line between the hero and the daughter of the Countess of Broadmeads, while suggesting the iron-laid road to wealth which leads a man with the grime scarce off his hands into the proudest honors in England, where there are portionless daughters to marry.

In the original he is strong, noble, and proud; and being stung by the confession of the lady wife on his wedding night, he pursues a course with her in which his cold courtesy exasperates her, and his indifference maddens her. In "Lady Clare" they act always like a pair of lovers upon the threshold of a declaration. He lays a shawl upon her shoulders with the lingering tenderness of a privileged lover, and is made to conduct himself generally like a man who has numerous little tiffs with a very high-spirited wife, but no deep grievance lies between them. In the original, Philip is just *bourgeois* enough to twit a little. In "Lady Clare" he is as self-contained and elegant as if he drew his blood from all the Plantagenets.

In the original, Athenäes is a vulgar young parvenu, with some girlish jealousy left over to avenge, with some accumulated womanly spite to wreak, with a natural predisposition for flirtation, but with no more positive wickedness than these. In the Anglicized version, Melissa Smale is a sort of female villain—a new, thin-lipped, black-eyed Zicka—with a corroded evil in her heart, and every evidence of desperate intention, if she were not whipped out of the play as suddenly as she is popped in.

In the original Lord Ambermere is a Parisian rake, but, like Charles Surface, a good fellow at heart. He has made that Parisian necessity, a wealthy marriage, but it does not follow that he immediately becomes an unmannerly brute. In "Lady Clare," his provocation of a quarrel with his cousin's husband is a forced, unnatural, and irrational situation. It is their first meeting since his marriage, and nothing occurs to bring about such a denouement. It is as absurd in its way as Melissa's invitation to John Middleton to dance, an invitation which she presses as urgently as the female villain might do in a cheap melodrama.

When Lord Ambermere declares his love to Lady Clare, after the duel, he is irresistibly reminiscent of the story told by a famous American general, who declared, after whipping the Mexicans three times in one day: "There was no fun in fighting the dark devils, because they never knew when they were beaten."

The mere Anglicizing of the play has neither injured or improved it. Life *en villegiature*, like French cookery and dress-coats, is very much the same the world over. Mr. Robert Buchanan has simply weakened the strength of Monsieur Ohnet's story and distorted his cleverly drawn characters, for even the pretty ingénue, Marie, has become a meaningless child, and the frank, handsome brother, with a passion for rod and gun and a friendship for Philip, has become a boy in roundabouts. The boy and the girl are the puppets of a piece of mechanical stage comedy, which comedy they play so neatly that one really pardons their cutting down.

As it stands, therefore, it is a rather bad dramatization of a singularly good book, thoroughly well played.

For Miss Sophie Eyre is a handsome, graceful woman, with a charming play of feature when occasion moves, a rich, round voice, and a pure, crisp speech. She is agreeable, magnetic, intelligent—a pretty bouquet of gifts, truly. The Lady Clare is not a very lovable person, a proud, haughty, high-strung girl, who marries her base-born, wealthy husband as a mere convenience, and does not hesitate to tell him so in very straight English. But Sophie Eyre is so very nice, as our English cousins say, that one finds one's self, like poor Middleton, getting rather fond of Clare for all her faults, and glad to see her in his waiting arms at last. Mr. Osmond Tearle, who could have been so much more fairly dealt by if the author had chosen, redeems Middleton, by his manly style and earnestness, from what could easily degenerate into a very lackadaisical part. The play, indeed, is all Lady Clare's, and everything is subjective to her part. Only the grave youngsters who make the comedy divide the stage with her at all, and a neat, serious little pair of comedians they are. Lord Ambermere is made so thoroughly objectionable that it is really not fair to judge the actor by this part, and Melissa Smale comes under the same ban, for both play these parts as they are written—by Mr. Robert Buchanan. In only one instance has the flavor of the original been preserved, and that is in the overwhelming Mr. Smale, the father of Melissa. The good-natured old parvenu, whose daughter marries a man of blood, is not a various person, nor susceptible of much change.

It seemed rather hard that Harry Edwards could not receive his warm, long welcome in something like *propria persona*, but his old, familiar, genial smile was recognized at a glance through the disguising russet of Mr. Smale's hair and beard; and the long, spontaneous burst of welcome which greeted him must have have been quite as satisfactory as the finding of a new bug, or the impaling of beetle. Presently a flash of his old comedy was discovered in the fit of Mr. Smale's hat, and the applause was renewed, for it came to pass once that, although Harry Edwards's province was elegant comedy, the stage manager laid a vandal hand upon him and cast him for one of the two old bummers in "Kit." And Harry Edwards avenged himself by making such a delicious and thorough old bummer of the part that no one could ever play it after him. But the Wallack company have laid out a good programme, and we shall see every one at his best before they go away. Next week Tearle is entitled to lay away the disfiguring disguises to which he is prone, to look the very handsomest that he can as Corrèze. For Ouida's most unpleasant story of "Moths" is to be produced—though how a work of hers can be dramatized and still retain the strange bizarre effect which her literary style gives, it is difficult to understand.

Lawrence Barrett, who almost alone of American actors understands the full value of rehearsal, did not choose to risk the future of "Becket," and revives beautiful "Francesca da Rimini" for his last week, and plays Benedict for his farewell.

What a perfectly delightful Beatrice Marie Wainwright will make, if there be the suspected glint of comedy in her composition. Her lines have fallen in grave places in Lawrence Barrett's repertoire, but she has progressed almost unconsciously until she is one of the most poetical and intelligent actresses on the stage.

What a beautiful thing is intelligence! And if we admire it in a horse and love it in a dog, how resplendently it shines in man or woman. And nothing so certainly brings it out in the theatre as the reading of Shakespeare.

Of the legitimate revivals at the California, "Julius Cæsar" and "Othello" have been the most interesting. Lawrence Barrett's Iago is a gem in psychology. He seems to have thoroughly probed the nature of this fair-seeming friend—a nature not uncommon, though we often meet it in less picturesque form, and he plays it with an art, a finish, a completeness, which are infinitely satisfying. He is wise to have lavished his time and his art upon it rather than upon Othello, for its subtleties are better adapted to his style than the large, open nature of the Moor.

It is not difficult to find a fairly good Othello in any fairly good leading man. They all play it, in their various degrees of excellence, upon one model—all but Edwin Booth. With every other actor, from Salvini down, he is a big, burly, curly-haired negro. With Edwin Booth he is a Moor—a slim, dark, nervous, sinewy Moor, with the long, straight, Moorish hair, and the long, straight, sweeping Moorish mustache. Heaven has denied him inches enough for the rôle, but otherwise he is the Othello. Louis James makes himself the traditional negro, but plays the part without the traditional rant. He reads exceedingly well, is impressive and noble in his wrath, tender in his affection, almost touching in his despair. He deserves a word of credit, too, for his picturesque dress of green and white, with its attendant girdle.

As for Marie Wainwright, she is certainly the sweetest and gentlest Desdemona that ever fell under the undeserved ban of her black lord's displeasure on the boards of the old California, where so many, many Desdemonas have wept and prayed. Nor did she wear the Desdemona uniform—a white satin dress variously relieved—but arrayed herself for the century she was playing in, and was a picture in her pretty coif and her rich looped brocade.

The Barrett season has been a delight to the eye, the ear, and the intellect, and puts a triple regret into our farewells.

Alack and alas for the season of German opera! Its failure is a foregone conclusion, for the dreary waste of seats at the first performance of "Der Freischutz," the second subscription night of the season, gave token that its knell had rung. While Madame Fabbri deserves every credit for her attempt to introduce Wagner where he was unknown; and those gentlemen who, for mere love of music, have backed her deserve even more, the causes of failure are obvious.

The public were certainly willing to respond very heartily. Although San Francisco has been drained by ten months of almost unintermittent opera, there was a large and brilliant house at the first performance of "Lohengrin." Now that it is all over, and no word from any one can save or doom the season, it is simple truth to say that it was most hideously mangled. "Der Freischutz" fared no better. Miss Bertha Kirchner is a mezzo soprano who sings very well with a very bad voice. To a person exalted enough to appreciate method without silvery sound Agathe's prayer was beautifully sung, but Miss Kirchner's voice is so thick and unpleasant that no one appreciated her singing.

The tenor, Warrenrath, is another of the conventional German tenors, with a light, veiled voice, much given to pianissimo, and with a soul full of sentiment, for which he has no adequate expression.

The Walpurgis night scene looked like one of Charley Reed's inspirational burlesques, and was evidently an attempt on the part of the Opera House to ransack the garret of all its old properties. Some of them belonged in Jules Verne, some in "The Devil's Auction," and some in a bonfire. The huge bug dropped in the foreground at the last minute and put in one of Cole's big decorative circus-wagons. It is certainly an unknown beast, and made Walpurgis night a very comical affair.

Madame Pappenheim made a tremendous effort in the first act of "La Juive," and quite stirred the house to enthusiasm, but Signor Baldanza, who had evidently never sung his part before, broke down repeatedly, and the rush of trouble overwhelmed her at last.

Pappenheim, in any case, is not a prima donna to carry a season. In Germany, where they get into the habit of liking a singer, they keep on liking her as long as she lasts.

But here she is new. We are as mercurial as the French, as warm-blooded as the Italians, and a singer must touch us on the quick, or she touches us not at all. Every one dutifully acknowledges Pappenheim's excellence as a musician, her standing as a prima donna; but she is not electric, magnetic, attractive, and they will not rush to hear her.

BETSY B.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP

Rhea has been dining with Victor Hugo in Paris.

Charles Coghlan is supporting Mrs. Langtry, in England.

Mary Anderson and Mr. Henry Irving have had a quarrel.

Pauline Lucca courts Parisian popularity—by refusing to sing in Wagner's opera.

Sophie Eyre's friends give her twenty-nine years, Langtry's age. Her enemies call her thirty-five.

Eben Plympton has resigned from the cast of "Lynwood," because he can not agree with Tillotson.

Colonel R. G. Ingersoll lectures in the Metropolitan Temple, next Saturday evening, on "Orthodoxy."

Alice Lingard has firmly established herself in the favor of the London public by her success in "Called Back."

Mrs. Langtry has made an engagement with Henry E. Abbey to open at the Avenue Theatre, London, in January.

M. B. Leavitt's All Star Specialty Company opened at the Grand Central, Philadelphia, last week, under Abe Leavitt's management.

On Tuesday, September 2d, "May Blossom" reached its one hundred and fiftieth performance at the Madison Square Theatre, New York.

Mr. Charles W. Dungan, the baritone, has returned from his vacation, and will shortly join the home company of the Casino, New York.

Miss Enid Leslie, who appears in "Moths," at the Baldwin, next week, will be remembered as the blind girl in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," last year.

J. C. Williamson, of "Struck Oil" fame, is now the manager of two theatres in Melbourne, one in Sidney, one traveling opera company, one drama, and one burlesque company.

Miss Annie Pixley (in private life Mrs. Robert Fulford, and formerly of this city) was at Cape May during the recent earthquake. She said it gave her quite a homesick sensation.

Miss Adela Measor, of the Wallack Company, in the rôle of Mary Middleton, a young girl of fifteen, is extremely natural and child-like. She is the wife of Mr. J. C. Buckstone, of the same company.

Mr. Golden, the young actor who was stricken down by paralysis last week, is the husband of Miss Dora Wiley, who is coming to San Francisco as the prima donna of the Carleton Opera Company.

Miss Flora Livingston's rôle of Melissa Smale, in "Lady Clare," does not permit of much display of dress, but her part of Lady Dolly, in "Moths," will allow an exhibition of her much admired toilets.

Miss Nelly Hooper, daughter of Lucy Hooper, the well-known correspondent who wrote the famous eulogium on Mrs. John W. Mackay, goes on the regular stage next season. She has accepted an engagement at Daly's.

Lulu Hurst, the "Georgia Wonder," will appear at the Metropolitan Temple next Monday and Tuesday evenings, September 15th and 16th. A preliminary exhibition, in private, will be given to a number of journalists.

At the minstrels next week there will be two new end songs—Charley Reed's "Medley" and Carroll Johnson's "Climbing the Golden Stairs." The programme will conclude with Johnson's afterpiece, "Our Summer Boarders."

Fay Templeton and her comic opera company arrived from the north by the *State of California*. This will be the lady's first appearance here in ten years. The company opens at the Bush Street Theatre next Monday night in "Girofle-Girofla."

John C. Buckstone, who appeared at the Baldwin on Monday last as Hon. Cecil Brookfield, a lad of seventeen, is a son of the famous English comedian and playwright. Mr. Buckstone's father is the author of nearly two hundred plays.

Mr. Walter Standish has been obliged to change the name of his play, "Freaks of Fortune," to "Fickle Fortune," Clay M. Greene having already appropriated the former name in a comedy written some time ago for Robson and Crane.

Charles Hoyt's new play for C. B. Bishop hinges on the complications into which a rough Dakota stock raiser manages to get himself. He is elected to Congress against his wishes, and his experiences in the national capital are told in extremely witty dialogue.

Miss Genevieve Stebbins, who so acceptably replaced Miss Georgia Cayvan in "May Blossom," at the Madison Square, is a California girl, who took her first lessons in elocution from her aunt, Mrs. Clapp, well known to every girl in San Francisco who ever posed in a tableau or "spoke a piece."

J. C. Williamson has arrived from Australia with a comfortable lot of money-bags. A large black mustache disguises him to such a degree that not one of his old friends knows him at sight till he smiles with the familiar twinkle of his eye as when he made his first hit and went by the sobriquet of "Knock-me down Johnny."

They are getting up quite an excitement in Paris over the fact that they are to have three new operas never before sung in the gay city. They are to be brought out during the Patti-Sembrich season, and they are "Gioconda," "Mefistofele," and "Il Guarany." It rather sets us up to think that we can give Paris a pointer on a new opera.

Harry Lee was married the other day, in New York, to a lady who is not in the profession. He is the leading man of Effie Ellsler's troupe, and they will shortly appear at the Baldwin, to play an eight-weeks' engagement. Miss Ellsler does not like to play with any other leading man. "Called Back" will be the feature of their repertoire in San Francisco.

Miss Sophie Eyre is said to be even more charming in private life than on the stage. She has a quick, breezy, brisk manner, with none of the affectations of the stage, and all the *aplomb* of a woman used to army life. She wears dresses with a great deal of drapery, that flips and flops about her heels à la Ellen Terry, and she is said to be up in the lost art of conversation.

Mr. John T. Gourlay sends his wedding cards to announce his marriage to Miss Lambert, of Australia, in Detroit, Michigan. They have been sweethearts for five years, and the faithful little lady came over to him at last. Gourlay skips very well by the light of the moon, but he could not skip to Australia. Although Detroit is his home, the Detroitans saw "Skipped" for the first time on Monday last.

Mr. Charles Matthews is credited with a remarkable feat of memorizing many years ago in London. The comedy of "A Game of Speculation" was translated from the French, rehearsed, and produced in less than three days. His part, of Affable Hawk, is very long, and he is barely absent from the stage a moment through three long acts, yet he "swallowed the dose without spilling a word" on the first night.

Mr. Marcus Mayer arrived in town last Saturday, to make arrangements for Henry Irving's season in San Francisco. Mr. Irving will be supported by Miss Ellen Terry and his own company, about seventy in all. He will play "Much Ado About Nothing," "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "The Bells," "Louis XI.," "Eugene Aram," "Richelieu," etc., for a season of two weeks.

Théo opens in Boston early in October. She says she has brought with her thirty ravishing chorus girls, who will turn the heads of the gallant Americans. "On my last visit here," she says, "one of these gallant Americans wanted to run off with me, and finally carried off my *femme de chambre*. This time I have fortified myself with thirty handsome chorus girls and a pretty *femme de chambre*. So, you see, the outposts are well guarded, and I am safe."

The C. L. S. Company do not go to New York under Tom Maguire's management, as stated last week. Presumably through financial difficulties, the veteran manager has been compelled to terminate the negotiations. It is stated that Jay Rial has been offered the necessary capital to take the company East, but as yet he has made no decision in the matter. If he does not take them East, we are likely to have another season of Italian opera, after Barrett's departure.

Harry Brown, an actor and singer who comes to the Bush Street Theatre next week with the Fay Templeton troupe, was for some time a member of the Baldwin stock company when there was one. He used to threaten momentarily to become a most convulsing comedian, but an unconquerable shyness always fell upon him and prevented the fulfilling of his intention. Since he left California he has plucked up heart of grace, and is now encored seven or eight times every night.

Every one will regret to hear that they are playing "The Squire," in Boston, with Miss Agnes Booth as Kate Verity. Miss Agnes Booth has been placed on an artistic pinnacle by the entire Atlantic coast community. This is a constant matter of surprise to such Californians as remember her or who have seen her in New York. She is a woman who must be far upon the shady side of forty. She has a figure robust but symmetrical, a long, withered throat, which sets her head high, an expressionless and rather hard face, and an immense tangle of fashionable, yellow hair. Her voice is rather common-place, and her reading nothing unusual, yet her every appearance is hailed by the entire Eastern press as an event of artistic importance. Yet is there but one "Squire"!

In 1833 Covent Garden was the scene of one of the most notable, and at the same time saddest, of theatrical farewells. On March 23d, in the above year, Edmund Kean and his son Charles stood together for the first time upon the London stage as Othello and Iago. The house was crammed to suffocation. Brandy had long since shattered the reputation, the genius, and the health of the great actor. He had been very ill throughout the winter, and was utterly unfit to sustain the fatigue and excitement of such a night; but he went through the part, dying as he went, until he came to the "Farewell" in which, in the old days, he used so to stir the very souls of the spectators; he broke down on the words "Othello's occupation's gone!" Then, gasping for breath, he began, "Be sure thou prove——" but unable to proceed, he fell upon his son's shoulder, moaning, "I am dying—speak to them for me!" And so the curtain descended upon him forever.

The Wallack Company open in "Moths," next Monday evening, with the following cast: Lord Jura, Osmond Tearle; Prince Zuroff, Harry Edwards; Raphael de Correze, Charles Glenny; Duke of Mull, J. C. Buckstone; Ivan, Sam Dubois; Vera Herbert, Sophie Eyre; Lady Dolly, Flora Livingston; Duchess de Sennaez (specially engaged), Elizabeth Rowellan; Fuschia Leach, Enid Leslie; Princess Nadine, Mrs. Sol Smith.

Managers Abbey and Grau have secured Sarah Bernhardt for a season of two hundred and fifty performances, beginning in 1886. After an extended tour through South America, she plays in San Francisco and the principal Western cities, thence to Mexico and Havana, and finally in New York in 1887. Her repertoire will be unchanged, except by the addition of "Fédora," "Divorçons," possibly "Macbeth," and her new play by Sardou.

Eugenie Pappenheim sang "The Jewess" in a pair of white trousers, so scant as to make them comic. Any insufficiency of stage apparel always reminds the public of Charley Reed; but as Pappenheim has probably never seen the plain comedian, she does not know this. Nevertheless, it behooves any woman who is going to sing a Turkish trouser part to put two widths of ordinary satin in each leg. They are like pajamas, they will not bear the economy of cutting down. Pappenheim, by the way, has pretty feet.

McKee Rankin introduced female ushers in his theatre at the opening a fortnight ago. These ushers wear very long white aprons, and white frilled caps, like the nursery-maids in the Park. They present a very cool and pleasing spectacle in the hot weather, but as each usher is blessed with an abundant ignorance concerning the location of any one seat in the house, each patron brought himself into a cast-iron sweat in trying to teach these young women the way. In order to help his clientèle to recover from the young women, McKee has established a cheap cab-stand at the door of the theatre.

Giannini and his company are stranded in San Francisco, and although they are all wealthy dukes, marquises, contessinas, and one thing or other, they will doubtless have to work up a benefit to get them out of here. No one will regret to hear this—that is, to hear them sing again—for they have still a large repertoire left untouched. They have been the recipients of much hospitality, and sing ungrudgingly for their friends, and Giannini is the same artless and perfectly simple child of nature off the stage that he is on. He is fond of singing Logheder's music, and Logheder is a composer of considerable merit, notwithstanding the tum-tum waltz, sung by Damerini in "The Barber."

When Cole, the circus man, was only seventeen years of age, his father, also a showman, died, leaving a circus, a wife, and a family on the young lad's hands. The boy took immediate charge of the entire lot, buckled to his work with the strength of a Spartan, and out of the small and somewhat primitive show which his father managed evolved the present huge amphitheatre with all its attendant attractions. All this can not have taken place very long ago, as W. W. Cole has still something of the look of a beardless boy, offset by the Napoleonic nose of a successful manager. He married, as well as commenced business life, early, and his wife and a young son of eight or nine years attend him on his triumphal tours.

Miss Rehan, who has received the coldest reception of any of the Daly Company, seems to have "hooked on" at last. The London *Era* says: "On Tuesday afternoon, at the Crystal Palace, 'Needles and Pins' was performed for the first time in England. When we state that Mr. James Lewis, Mr. G. H. Gilbert, and Miss Ada Rehan played the principal parts, the roars of laughter with which the grotesque incidents were greeted will be readily understood. Miss Rehan appears to puzzle some who witness her performance. Genuine humor and a vivid sense of what is grotesque and ludicrous are qualities perhaps rarer in the fair sex than in the lords of creation. Many actresses have brilliant talents in comedy, but that buoyant sense of humor which appears so natural to Miss Rehan is rare, and seems to be a special gift. Ladies at the Palace on Tuesday, who at first frankly confessed that 'they didn't know what to make of her,' shrieked with merriment at her drollery before the comedy ended."

"On Saturday night last," writes a correspondent of the London *Topical Times*, "I was passing through Pitfield Street, Hoxton, and met a costermonger's barrow, filled with books. The vehicle was divided into compartments of three; each had a placard, badly written, stating 'all at 3d.,' 'all at 2d.,' 'all at 1d.' Curiosity tempted me to rummage the books about, and out of the penny lot I purchased 'Les Voyages de la Vérité, Pièce Fantastique Mêlée de Chants, en Cinq Actes et Huit Tableaux, par MM. Th. Gogniard et Eug. Grangé. Répresentée pour la première fois à Paris, sur le Théâtre des Variétés le 20 Octobre, 1863.' It is published by Michel Lévy, Boulevard des Italiens, Paris, price one franc. I should not have troubled you with these few lines only that the second act of the piece is the counterpart of 'The Palace of Truth,' so that MM. Gogniard and Grangé, two most original and talented dramatic authors, must have annexed a portion of their piece without acknowledgment from Mr. W. S. Gilbert's comedy. With this post I send you my purchase."

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

**Bills and Casts for Week ending September 13th.**

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Bills as follows: Monday, "Francesca da Rimini." Cast as follows:

Lanciotto, Mr. Lawrence Barrett; Beppo Pepe, Mr. Louis James; Count Paolo, Mr. F. C. Mosley; Francesca, Miss Marie Wainwright; Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, Mr. Charles M. Collins; Guido, Lord of Ravenna, Mr. B. G. Rogers; Cardinal Malespini, Mr. S. E. Springer; Rene, Mr. Percy Winter; Lucensio, Mr. C. Hawthorne; Gremio, Mr. J. L. Finney; Vicentio, Mr. W. F. Gerald; Torelli, Mr. A. T. Riddle; Ludovico, Master Eugene Morgan; Marco, Master Herman Forbes; Captain, Mr. J. M. Sturgion; Officer of Ghibelins, Mr. Garrie Davidson; Ritta, Miss Rosa France.

Saturday, "Much Ado about Nothing."

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill: "Lady Clare," by Robert Buchanan. Cast as follows:

John Middleton, Osmond Tearle; Lord Ambermere, Charles Glenny; Hon. Cecil Brookfield, aged seventeen, J. C. Buckstone; Mr. Woosnan, Daniel Williams; Sir Gould Smale, a Yorkshire millionaire, Harry Edwards; Captain O'Connor, John Gormon; Count Legrange, C. E. Edwin; Montgomery, S. Dubois; Lady Clare Brookfield, Sophie Eyre; Countess of Broadmeads, Mrs. Sol. Smith; Mary Middleton, aged fifteen, Adela Measor; Melissa Smale, Flora Livingstone; Mrs. Foster, Miss E. Blaisdell

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Bills as follows: September 7th, "Der Freischutz," by Von Weber. Cast as follows:

Octocar, Charles Thrower; Cimo, O. Hartvigson; Agatha, Eugenie Pappenheim; Annchen, Leonora Simonsen; Caspar, Jacob Mueller; Max, William Junck; Hermit, H. W. Frillman; Kilian, H. Dickman; Bridesmaids—Miss E. Schulzberg, Miss A. Weeeler, Miss J. Metzler, Miss A. Wheatley, Miss M. Adelotte, Miss M. F. Code, Miss C. Smith, Miss M. E. Taggarts.

September 9th, "La Juive," by Halévy. Cast as follows:

Rachel, Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim; Ludosia, Mme. Rossetti; Leopoldo, M. Thrower; Cardinal de Brogni, Sig. Bologna; Ruggero, O. Hartvigson; Alberto, Charles Morel; Eleazer, Signor Baldansa.

September 11th, "Norma," by Bellini. Cast as follows:

Pollione, Sig. Ernesto Baldanza; Oroveso, Sig. Clemente Bologna; Flavio, Charles Morel; Norma, Mme. Eugenie Pappanheim; Adalgisa, Leonora Simonson; Clotilda, Minnie Nordt.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Bill: "Nell Gwynne." Cast as follows:

Nell Gwynne, Miss Charlotte Thompson; Frances Stewart, Miss Annie Adams; Lady Sanderson, Miss Louise Watson; Queen Catharine, Miss May Seymour; Duke of Richmond, C. G. Craig; Charles II., King of England, William Yerance; Lord Buckhurst, W. T. Doyle; Major Wildman, W. C. Dudley; Samuel Pepys, J. L. Wooderson; Sir George Etheredge, R. L. Grayson; Brother John, George Seymour; Page to the King, Little Silva Miller; Servant to Buckhurst, J. M. Burke.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "Boccaccio." Cast as follows:

Boccaccio, Miss Hattie Moore; Fiametta, Miss Helene Dingeon; Beatrice, Miss Kate Marchi; Isabella, Miss Tillie Valerga; Pietro, Mr. Harry Gates; Scalza, Mr. E. N. Knight; Lotternighi, Mr. E. Carlmuller; Leonetto, Mr. R. D. Vallerga; Lambertuccio, Mr. M. Cornell.

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—Stecchhan & Cornelius, Managers. Standard Minstrels. Company as follows:

Charley Reed, J. Carroll Johnson, W. Henry Rice, John Robinson, Crandall and Eastwood, Keegan and Wilson, Hooley and Thompson, W. S. Mullaly. The California Quartet—Morant, Wetter, Holland, and Wyatt. New Minstrel First Part. The Great Burlesque, "In the Tanks."

W. W. COLE'S CIRCUS.—Corner Eighth and Market.

At the Baldwin, next week, the Wallack Company in "Moths."

At the California, next week, Charlotte Thompson as Ogarita in "The Sea of Ice."

At the Grand, next week, the Pappenheim-Fabbri Opera Troupe. "Les Huguenots."

At the Tivoli, next week, "Little Red Riding Hood."

At the Bush Street, next week, The Fay Templeton Opera Troupe in "Girofle-Girofla."

At Metropolitan Temple, next Monday and Tuesday, Miss Lulu Hurst in feats of strength.

**CCCXXVII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, September 14, 1884.**

Clam Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Fried Clams.
Beef and Tomato Sauce. Mashed Potatoes.
Summer Squash. Egg Plant.
Roast Venison, Currant Jelly.
Olla-Podrida Salad.
Chocolate Custard. Sponge Cake.
Apples, Pears, Peaches, Gages, Plums, and Grapes.

BEEF AND TOMATO SAUCE.—Peel half a dozen medium sized tomatoes, and stew them with a very small bit of red pepper, a little salt, two cloves of garlic, half a bay-leaf, a sprig of thyme, and a sprig of parsley. When the tomatoes are soft strain them, and return the juice to the fire with one even dessert-spoonful of sugar and a small piece of butter. Prepare a thickening by stirring one heaping teaspoonful of flour with a little cold water until it is smooth; then add gradually to the boiling juice, stirring constantly. It should be as thick as a thin custard when it is done. Have ready some slices of cold roast beef, and put them into the sauce just long enough to heat.

"OLLA-PODRIDA" SALAD.—See No. CCLXXXIII.

CHOCOLATE CUSTARD.—Beat separately the whites and yolks of seven eggs. Add to the yolks a quarter of a pound of white sugar, and stir the whites into the yolks. Dissolve a quarter of a pound of chocolate in a pint of hot milk; add one pint and a half of cream; give it one boil, and turn it on the eggs, stirring all the time. Strain it into a pitcher; set the pitcher into boiling water, stirring the custard constantly until it thickens. When cold serve in glasses.

**Artists' Materials.**

Our catalogue sent free. Pictures cheaply and neatly framed. R. R. HILL & CO., 116 Geary St.

**Art Sale.**

On Thursday, September 18th, at 7:30 o'clock P. M., at the gallery of the San Francisco Art Association, No. 430 Pine Street, Mr. F. Schäfer, the well-known local artist, will sell at auction, through Messrs. Easton & Eldridge, his entire collection of oil paintings, comprising Pacific Coast and Eastern scenery. The pictures are now on view at the gallery, and can be seen during the day or evening.

**Hall Stands,**

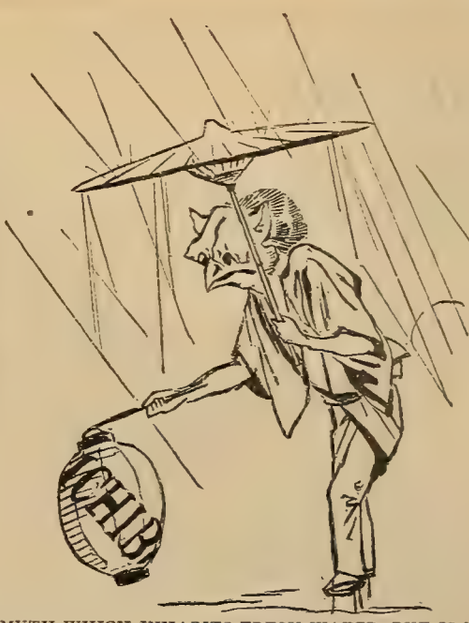
New and elegant designs, at very low prices, at the warerooms of the California Furniture Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

**Champagne.**

To show the extraordinary prices people are willing to give for Champagne, it may be stated that at the Earl of Clarend n's sale, on Monday, 2d inst., Pommery Sec, '74, realized from 150 to 160 shillings; and at a sale at Christie's, on the 9th inst, the same wine was sold at 170 shillings per dozen, or 25 shillings more than any other brand of the same vintage.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

**John Forgie,**

Importing Tailor, has opened his new store, Palace Hotel, 637 Market Street, San Francisco.



KAPPA, A MYTH WHICH INHABITS FRESH WATER, BUT IS NEVER SEEN.
Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.
ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.
ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.
THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

SACHS, PRUDEN & CO.'S
FAMOUS GINGER ALE
THE GREAT FAMILY BEVERAGE.

**Especially recommended as a healthy Table Drink, as it contains no Alcohol or any intoxicating ingredients It is recommended for Ladies and Children as a pleasant and stimulating beverage. Exhilarates without intoxication. Invigorates without reaction as with alcohol. Assures healthful sleep to the worried and anxious, repairs lost strength, and imparts renewed vigor. Clears and refreshes the brain of the business man, renders the thoughtful man more subtile and reasoning, and dispels lassitude and fatigue. Put up in quart bottles. When bottles are opened and entire contents are not used, they can be recorked with gum corks, and it will keep until used. Sold by Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, Restaurants, and Bars. For sale by**

**Lebenbaum, Goldberg & Bowen, Cluff Bros., C. J. Hawley & Co., Quade & Staut. Adolph Kahn, Druggist.**

**Trade supplied by** JOHN T. CUTTING & CO.,
**SOLE AGENTS, 116 FRONT STREET.**

FALL STYLE HATS
INTRODUCED THIS WEEK BY
C. HERRMANN & CO.
(HERRMANN THE HATTER),
**The Largest Hat Establishment on this Coast!**
**332--336 Kearny St., between Bush and Pine Streets.**
Steam-power Factory connected with the Establisment. Everything in the line of Hats and Caps made to order. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

STORE YOUR FURNITURE
**Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.**
BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH
**J. H. MOTT & CO.,**
**735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco**
Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

BUTTERICK'S
**Patterns—Fall Styles.**
**Send Stamp for Catalogues. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco,**

FINE
**Suits, $25.** TAILORING **Suits, $30.**
Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.
**Suits, $40.** TAILORING **Suits, $50.**
Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.
**Suits, $60.** TAILORING **Suits, $70.**
**J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.**

**REMOVAL.**
**EDWARD E. OSBORN, Patent Solicitor,** United States and Foreign, has removed to 220 Sansome Street, Rooms 10, 11, and 12, San Francisco.

KNABE PIANOS
"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*
**A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St. S. F.,** Sole Agents.

BETHESDA
SUPERIOR TABLE WATER
L. CAHEN AND SON. 418 SAC. ST. S.F.




See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

J. W. EVANS,

General Agent, 29 Post Street.

---

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.

Commission Merchants,

San Francisco.

OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.

☞ Liberal advances made on consignments. ☜

---

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.

Shipping and Commission Merchants

San Francisco,

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON

Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

---

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.

General Shipping and Commission

MERCHANTS,

309 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

---

J. C. MERRILL & CO.

Shipping and Commission Merchants

204 and 206 California Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.

Shipping and Commission Merchants

UNION BLOCK,

202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,

Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

---

GEORGE MORROW & CO.

(Established 1854),

HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

---

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY

OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.

Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.

C. SPRECKELS, President.

J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.

A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

---

VALUABLE VINEYARD FOR SALE.

IN BEARING, on land selected by the advice of the best authorities, and the condition of the Vines and growing crop shows the wisdom of the selection. **One Hundred and Sixty Acres**, all of which is equal to the **best in the State**, and so pronounced by vine-growers from the most noted grape districts; less than one mile from the beautiful town of **Pleasanton, Alameda County.** This fine property will be sold as a whole, or in divisions by the avenues, at a very reasonable price that will yield a large income on the investment, and a future increase in value. For full information, apply to

ALBERT E. CRANE,

410 Montgomery Street, San Francisco,

---

$130,000

Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, **1038 Mission** Street, **San Francisco, Cal.** Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

---

THE FULTON.

**3 Fulton, opposite New City Hall.** "The Fulton"—new house; splendidly furnished suits of rooms. References.

---

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed

TILES

For Decorations.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street

---

LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.

Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.

119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

---

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE

HENRY F. MILLER

(Factory Boston, Mass.) and

HEMME & LONG

(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)

AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.

101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.

Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.

PIANOS

---

ICHI BAN

FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

---

FIREMANS FUND

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CALIFORNIA.

THE LARGEST PACIFIC COAST COMPANY.

CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - $750,000

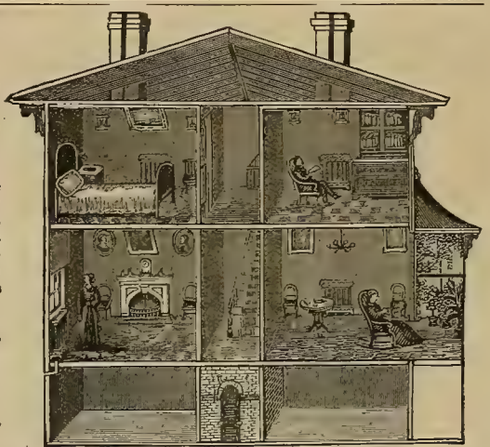
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1883, - - - - $1,500,000

AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

---

COMFORTABLE

HOMES!



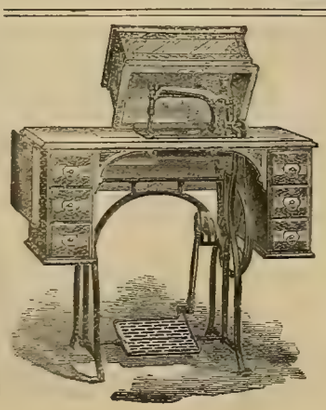
The fuel required for one open grate will comfortably warm three or four rooms. A uniform temperature, a mild, soft, spring-like atmosphere, is produced through the entire house and halls by the

HOT WATER SYSTEM.

C. D. HARVEY,

23 STEVENSON STREET, S. F.

---



Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.

WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.

303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

---

UNEXCELLED!

Ask your Grocer for

ARCTIC REFRIGERATOR HAMS,

ROYAL BREAKFAST BACON

ROYAL LEAF LARD.

All Guaranteed Choice Family Goods.

---

HIGHLAND SPRINGS,

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

"The Switzerland of America."

OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.

Daily communication via Cloverdale.

DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.

---

ÆTNA

HOT MINERAL SPRINGS.

To the highly curative properties of these waters and the charms of the place is added an elegant and capacious Swimming Bath.

These waters purify the blood, and refresh, renew, and restore the whole system. They cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Chronic Diarrhœa, Paralysis, and Pulmonary Complaints in the early stages. These waters are a specific in cases of Malaria, Chill and Ague Fever. They afford magical relief in cases of Nervousness, Sleeplessness, and General Debility.

Visitors leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. for St. Helena, thence by daily stage (Sundays excepted), arriving at the Ætnas at 5 P. M. For pamphlet, containing analysis and cures, address WM. BURNELL, Sup't, or WM. H. LIDELL, Proprietor, Lidell P. O., Napa Co., Cal.

---

MARBLE WORKS.

MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.

W. H. McCORMICK,

827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

---

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR

AND

CLOTH OF GOLD

CIGARETTES.

Our Cigarettes can not be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883.

13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

---

ALASKA

COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

---

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.

Stationers, Booksellers,

Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,

204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

---

JOHN MIDDLETON,

COAL.

14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason

---

GERMEA

FOR BREAKFAST.

DELICIOUS.

TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. NO. 12. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 20, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: The Desperate Bravery of the Democracy—Though Utterly Torn to Pieces it is Hopeful—The Democracy in California—And in the East—Its Impending Dismemberment—The Hopelessness of its Cause Perfectly Evident—And yet it has Unbounded Confidence in the Result—The Work of the Municipal Conventions—Their General Corruptness—Managed by Bosses and Spoilsmen—The Necessity of Independence in Municipal Politics—The *Argonaut's* Position on the Question—The Independents, not the Democrats, are the Maligners of Blaine—Nor do the Slanders on Cleveland come from Republicans—The Hangers-on of both Parties are the Mud-slingers—Actuated by Personal Spite—Some of the Calumniators Named—The Maine Election—Mr. Blaine's Speech—The Republican Position on the Protection and Temperance Issues Defined—The Recent Exposure in a Neighboring Medical College—Body-snatching in General..... 1-2

BLAINE ON FREE-TRADE: A Chapter from "Twenty Years in Congress".. 3

A MODERN MAGIC MIRROR: Being an Illustration of the Control Exerted by Mind over Matter. By Robert Duncan Milne..... 4

SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip..... 6

THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest..... 6

RUNAWAY DAUGHTERS: "Flaneur" gives some Further Points concerning the Morosini Elopement—The Theatres—A Budget of Gotham Gossip..... 7

STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise: The Unabashed Messenger Boy—Why he Did It..... 7

VANITY FAIR: An Elegant Invalid—Modern Turkish Women—The Social Kite—How she Kept her Head Clear—English and American Snobbishness—Female Tipplers—A New Drawing-room Car—A Belgian Watering-place—Tasteful Hair-dressing..... 8

THE AMERICAN GIRL: An English Journal's Views of Her—The Pitiless Criticism of the Briton—Another British Journal takes Up the Cudgel for our Girls..... 8

TROUVILLE-DEAUVILLE: "Parisina" describes the Life at those Watering-places—The Duc de Morny's Latest Freak—How the Mondaines Dress at the Trouville Races..... 9

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People all Over the World..... 9

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day..... 10

THE LATEST VERSE: "To Rabelais," by W. H. Hudson; "The Rime of Sir Lionne"; "Clear the Way," by Algernon Charles Swinburne..... 10

LITERARY NOTES: New Books—Publishers' Announcements—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip..... 10

AN OLD FAVORITE: "The Glove," by Robert Browning..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record..14-15

We look upon our Democratic fellow-citizens with undisguised admiration for their sanguine courage and for the cool confidence with which they promise themselves victory when defeat threatens to overwhelm them. It is supremely admirable, this calm, resolute determination to whistle through the woods, the night, and the graveyard of all sort of possible party calamities, and to keep their courage up to fighting point in face of the inevitable. The crew and officers of the storm-tossed ship, standing to the helm and pumps when it is lashed by the fury of the waves, on fire, and sinking, are a theme for the orator and the poet; but the determined courage with which the sailor clings to the last plank, as night and the tempest close around him, can not be compared to the desperate bravery of the modern Democrat. Sticking to the rotten, old, water-logged, rudderless Democratic bark, not a drop of water on board, the whisky gone, not a worm-eaten biscuit, storm above, raging, angry waves on every side, rocks beneath, the night coming on black and moonless, and not a soul on board with the remotest prospect of being saved, and still the Democrat fights on. He brags, and lies, and defames his opponent; he parades, and cheers, and hurrahs for whomsoever may be provided for him as a Presidential candidate. If in the ranks, he will procesh, and carry torchlights and banners, and whoop and yell, and neglect his business, vote early and often, and die game. If he is a leader, he will intrigue, and scheme, and plot, and combine with anybody and everybody that offers an additional vote. If an orator, there is no lie he will not tell; if an editor, there is no libel he will not write; and if a candidate for office, there is no dirty hole into which he will not crawl; he will risk his money and peril his soul with a certainty of losing both. It has always been so since our earliest recollections. When a boy, we lived in the banner school district of the banner town of the banner county of the banner State. Whigs and Democrats then. Whigs have changed. Democrats never change. In our school district we polled sixty-three votes. Mr. Tomlinson, the miller, a good citizen, always voted the Democratic ticket; the blacksmith and a drunken shoemaker voted with him. In the village Colonel Bixby was the leader, and with him a little desperate band of Democratic braves always ready for the forlorn hope. The point of this narrative is to remark that there was never a town meeting, nor a county or State or general election, that this little squad of Democratic desperadoes did not go into the fight with confidence of success, swearing oaths big with victory, boasting in the morning, defiant at night, and always confident for next time. It is so to-day in California, with a party divided, discordant, torn into factions, and the factions divided and fighting among themselves; the chivalry quarreling with the Irish, and both chivalry and Irish fighting in their own ranks; the Honorable Bilks at feud with the Sand-lot; the Bilks bilking each other; half a score of sand-lot loafers on every Sunday, with foulest billingsgate, shillalahing each other, and ward clubs fighting, loud-mouthed, each denouncing the other as villains and thieves, and each right; the Pacific Club respectability of the party inharmonious and irreconcilable; the leaders jealous and vindictive; the senatorial candidates watching one another, each knowing that the other is knavishly scheming for his own success; the party of anti-monopoly, with half its members and all its newspapers, in the pay of some monopoly; the party of free-trade, with half its candidates openly promising protection; the city convention in the hands and under the direction of a boss who fixes a market value upon every nomination to be made, and gets his money upon delivery of the goods; the Governor at feud with the Attorney-General, and everybody at feud with the Governor; the *Alta* and *Examiner* at swords' points; the extra session of the Legislature divided in an irreconcilable conflict over the special question for the consideration of which it was called; the outs quarreling with the ins, and the ins and outs quarreling with each other; split wide open upon the tariff question; half the party angry because Cleveland was nominated, the other half angry because Thurman was not nominated. There is a Field and an anti-Field controversy. There is a Butler party, headed by Kalloch; a Greenback party, headed by Dougherty; a leper party, headed by O'Donnell, and all within the Democratic lines. There is an active fight to continue the Hon. James Farley in the United States Senate; there is the *Examiner* faction, trying to give the position to George Hearst; there is a chivalry faction, trying to give it to Judge Wallace; a Northern wing, endeavoring to secure it for Judge Hager, and a dark horse for the position in every corner of the State. There are over fifty-six thousand Democratic office-seekers in California; there are over twelve thousand seven hundred and fifty in the city of San Francisco. For the office of mayor there are not less than one hundred candidates; for the office of supervisor there are twelve hundred; and for members of the Board of Education, twenty-four hundred; while for the other positions, from county sheriff to pound-keeper, there are thousands and thousands of expectant, anxious, willing "'opes to be." And yet this angry, tangled, discordant, jealous, warring mob are a united and happy family in opposition to the Republican party. They expect to all come together before election, and the chances are that there will be a universal hand-shaking reconciliation as soon as the nominations are made, and Buckley has received his money. The lion and the hyena, the unicorn and the four-leaved clover will all lie down together, the shillalah will be buried, and the dudeen of peace be smoked in token of reconciliation. The Irish manufacturing laborer will vote for Hastings and the English Cobden free-trade tariff. The anti-English, anti-renter Irish nationalist, land-league Fenian, dynamite Democrat will vote with the English dude, in his checkered bob-tailed coat and close-fitting pantaloons, who parts his hair in the middle, wears a single eye-glass, and damns the blarsted, infernal country because it does not admit English manufactured goods free of duty. The condition of Democratic affairs at the East is not any more cheerful and harmonious than here. If there is any considerable division of the party satisfied, except at the South—and the South is satisfied with anything—we have not heard of it. The Pennsylvania Democracy, with Sam Randall at its head, is divided upon the question of free-trade. The Democratic Congress, upon the most important political issue of the contest, came to an open rupture. The Tammany Society, with its some seventy thousand votes, has been in open and irreconcilable opposition to the Democratic nominee. John Kelly's reconciliation is of questionable value and of doubtful sincerity. Butler, with his immense following of Democratic laborers, has assumed a position of first political importance; his movement threatens to assume proportions that will dwarf the whole Cleveland party organization. The attitude of Mr. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, to the Democracy, will cause it a loss of more votes than the defection of the *Herald*, *Times*, *Nation*, and *Harper's Weekly* will cause to the Republican party. The *Irish World*, the *Irish Nation*, the *Irish Citizen*, and other Irish political and Catholic journals, that have rebelled against the nomination of Cleveland, are significant of important results. The open stand taken by Sullivan, Finnerty, Devoy, Ford, and other Irish nationalist leaders, all over the country, foreshadow the storm that will destroy the Democratic party, and for the time shatter it to fragments. And yet, in spite of all this, the dyed-in-the-wool Democrat proclaims his confidence of the result, is sanguine of the election of the Democratic candidates, and looks forward with confidence to the good time coming when he will be rewarded for a zeal that never slackened, for a fidelity that never abated, by election or appointment to a place that pays.

The municipal conventions of both parties will, before another issue of the *Argonaut*, have substantially finished their labors, and given to San Francisco the names of candidates for office. Practically, these conventions have no connection with the political parties they are convened to represent. Practically the tax-paying citizen has no control or direction of them, and no restraint over them. They are either under the management of a boss, or they come together and make such combinations and trades, in the interest of candidates, that they are in no sense independent. In a convention of one hundred and ninety-three members there is always a healthful, honest minority; but there is very apt to be enough mercenaries, and enough who, to nominate a friend, will sacrifice the balance of the ticket, to overwhelm that minority. The only restraining idea is to give a ticket strong enough to secure success. The mayor must be a good man in order that the supervisors may be reprobates. The superintendent of schools must be popular enough to drag after him a gang of mercenaries. The offices with largest patronage must have some unknown nobody, some respectable figure-head, with whom a secret treaty can be pre-arranged. All these things are doubtless incident to the politics of such cities as San Francisco. We can not circumvent the party boss; but sometimes we can overthrow him and dump his cart. San Francisco is ripe for the experiment, its people —the great majority of them—would prefer an independent municipal ticket to a party ticket, and there is a movement on foot to get one unless there is fairly decent work by the party conventions. The *Argonaut* reserves to itself the privilege of entire independence in reference to municipal affairs.

One of the noticeable features of this campaign is the fact that nearly all of the vindictive and bitter assaults against Mr. Blaine come from the Independent part[illegible] the Independent press, and not from the Democra[illegible] or press. It is also true that the larger part of the

and scandalous attacks upon the private character of Mr. Cleveland has not come from Republican sources. Between armies there are recognized "laws of war"; there is a code of civilization which soldiers respect, even when the blood is hot in battle; with all armies, hanging upon their flanks, skulking upon the line of march, hovering for plunder around the battle-field, looting and robbing, ofttimes murdering the living, sometimes mutilating the dead—so, in and about political organizations, hang an unprincipled gang of adventurers solely intent upon personal gain, desirous of satisfying some vindictive personal resentment. There is more of this acrimonious, nasty, personal vituperation in this contest than in any recent Presidential election that we recall. We congratulate ourselves and the other respectable and honorable party men of the Democratic and Republican parties, that it is not from ourselves or our journals that these slanders and libels usually issue. It is to the higher journals, such as that of "civilization," such as the *Nation*, the wealthy *Herald*, and the independent *Times*, and the religious press. It is from the dudes and preachers of the "superior" classes—from the Scribes and Pharisees, and not from us publicans and sinners. So let us thank God that we are not good in the same way as these best people who delight to wallow in scandal, and whose idea of politics is to defame a candidate by the invention and circulation of never-ending calumnies.

Every now and then we hear of some most unpleasant scandal connecting medical students and medical colleges with the violation of graves, with the stealing of bodies, and with their mutilation. Body-snatching, by medical employees, students, and attaches of medical colleges is looked upon by them as a lark, not dissimilar to stealing from melon-patches or the confiscation of honey from sulphur-smoked bees. While we are not disposed to regard with disfavor the providing of medical and surgical institutions with subjects for dissection and anatomical study, we would not permit the decencies of sepulture and the sacredness of the burial ground to be disturbed by a mob of graceless students, who think it something very smart to rob a grave, and find pleasure in boasting over the criminal invasion of a graveyard. The last scandal of this kind comes from Oakland, where an accidental fire in the California Medical College disclosed half-dissected, putrid human remains upon the roof. There is a legal provision for subjects of dissection. Any number of bodies can easily be provided. There is no better use to which a dead body can be applied. To properly use the body of a dead person for a scientific use is commendable; but the medical college, professor, or student that would obtain a dead body illegally and treat it indecently, deserves to be burned, and the only regret in reference to the college alluded to will be that it was not altogether destroyed by fire, and that the guilty did not perish with it. We take it as proven, that when a medical faculty finds itself in the possession of subjects for dissection legally, there is no reason why they should not, after use, be given decent interment or be cremated, and not thrown out to rot and stink.

The Democracy of the county of San Luis Obispo has done a wise thing in giving to the Hon. Frank McCoppin—formerly Mayor of San Francisco—the nomination to the Assembly, and the Hon. Frank McCoppin—formerly State Senator from San Francisco—has done a patriotic and generous service to the party and the people of that county by consenting to serve them in the honorable but not lucrative position of member of Assembly. Mr. McCoppin made the best alderman and supervisor the eleventh ward of our city ever had; he made the best mayor we ever had, and we recall the name of no legislator in the later history of this State with whose name there is associated more of practical, serviceable, and healthful legislation. We sincerely wish there might be a large Democratic minority of as good men as we think the Hon. Frank McCoppin to be in the next legislature.

On the night of the eighth of September, the Republicans of Maine, elated with the greatest victory the party had ever achieved in that State, carried the news to Blaine, with music and banners. To his friends and neighbors of Augusta the Presidential candidate made response, and said:

> Fellow-citizens and old friends: The Republicans of Maine may well congratulate themselves on the magnificent victory which they have won. Four years ago this evening we were overwhelmed and humiliated by the loss of the State. We rejoice now over the unparalleled triumph which is registered by the choice of both branches of the Legislature, by the election of the Representatives in Congress, of all county officers of every county in the State except one, and by a popular majority for Governor Robie of, perhaps, 15,000 votes. [He might have said 20,615.] The cause of this Democratic overthrow, gentlemen, is known to us all. Our canvass has been conducted on the one great issue. Our papers have kept that constantly before the people. Every one knows that the Morrison bill enacted into a law would seriously cripple, if not utterly destroy, the leading industrial interests of Maine; that it would reduce the wages of every laboring man, and stop manufacturing enterprises in the State. Seeing this, the people of Maine have protested against the enactment of so destructive a measure, and have set the seal of their disapprobation upon the Democratic party, that supports it. Many Democrats of Maine who never before wavered in their allegiance to the party have ranged themselves to-day on the side of protection to American industry by voting the full Republican ticket. Their leaders could not hold them. Party discipline is powerless against the convictions of men. The issue on the temperance amendment to the Constitution has been very properly and very rigidly separated from the political contest of the State to-day. Many Democrats voted for it and some Republicans voted against it. The Republican party, by the desire of leading temperance men, took no action, as a party, on the amendment. For myself, I decided not to vote at all on the question. I took this position because I am chosen by the Republican party as a representative of national issues, and by no act of mine shall any question be obtruded into the national campaign which properly belongs to the domain of State politics. Certain advocates of prohibition and certain opponents of prohibition are each seeking to drag the issue into the national canvass, thus tending to exclude from popular consideration questions which press for the nation's decision. If there be any question which belongs solely to the police power of the State it is the control of the liquor traffic; and wise men will not neglect a national issue in the year of a national contest. Judicious friends of a protective tariff, which is the practical issue of the campaign, will not divert their votes to a question of prohibition, which is not a practical issue in the national campaign. I accept with great pleasure your congratulations on the vote of the city and surrounding towns of Kennebec County. I don't disguise from you I am profoundly gratified with the result. Desirous of the good opinion of all men, I am sure I esteem beyond all others the good opinion of those excellent people among whom I have passed nearly all the years of my adult life, who have known me intimately from youth to manhood as a fellow-citizen, neighbor, and friend. I return my thanks for your call, and still heartier thanks for your great work of to-day.

Such an occasion was properly used by Mr. Blaine to say just what he did say. He said just enough, and not too much, and gracefully. A lesser man would have said more or nothing. Cleveland would have said nothing, and said it badly. We reprint it to show the position of the Republican party upon two great issues; one is national, and one is local. The protection of American industry by the imposition of a tariff collectible at our custom houses—the revenue devoted to the maintenance of government, payment of interest upon the national debt, the payment of pensions to soldiers, the support of an army and navy, the building of public edifices, and the promotion of internal improvements—is necessarily a national question to be considered and decided at a Presidential election. The temperance question in all its shapes—prohibition by constitutional legislation, local option, regulation, license, who shall sell alcoholic drink, where and when, and in what quantities, and of what quality, and to what class of persons, and under what conditions and penalties—is necessarily a local one and belongs to the domain of State politics. The regulation of the traffic in alcoholic drink from its very nature, and considered in reference to the population, climate, and productions of the different States, should be left to the people of those States to determine. If the Prohibition people unwisely thrust it into the issues of a national campaign, where it does not belong, it will alienate from the cause many friends who, on all proper occasions and at all proper times, will give it their best and most earnest support. Mr. Blaine has a right to be proud of the good opinion of the people of Kennebec County, among whom he has passed all the years of his adult life. Their esteem is a sufficient answer to the libels of the "journal of civilization" and the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, and will suffice till, at the November election, by the vote of more than six millions of men, he shall have a more general and complete vindication by being elected President of the United States.

We do not often see the interior newspapers; they come to our office, but we never somehow find time to open them. Thus we often lose good things. Sometimes we are the subject of personal abuse which we never hear of and never see; this we regret, for if there is anything that delights us it is the enmity of knaves and the lack of appreciation by fools. We have recently been advised that one or more of the country journals have honored us by their attempt at abuse. We would thank the editor and proprietor, or the individual who inspires these things, to send us a marked copy, and "personal," as we keep a scrap-book for this kind of literature.

Though not described by Audubon, the social kite deserves a word (says the Boston *Gazette*). You, in your affable way, start a topic, novel and interesting. Scarcely have you flushed your game ere the kite pounces on it, tears it from you, and proceeds to discuss it for the benefit of the company. You are good-natured, and let him have his way. Presently Jones, on the other side of the table, smiling pleasantly, begins the recital of some interesting incident which happened down town in the morning. Jones is not a talkative man, and this is the one little *morceau* by which he hopes to shine at dinner. The kite lets him get as far as the second sentence, and then swoops down as before. Having plucked each feather from this second prey (clumsily, too, rending and tearing it, and not at all in the neat manner in which you or Jones would have done it), he relapses into temporary silence, watching with eager eye for his next victim, ready with beak and claw for the first idea that flies. If, haply, you attempt to continue your story, there follows the most disagreeable duet, the kite usually getting the better of it by dogged pertinacity and ill-breeding, and leaving you somewhat nettled for so small a matter. The kite is by no means a rare bird. He is hardy, with a hide of phenomenal thickness. Though solitary as regards other kites, he dearly loves the society of men; for, left to himself, there is no one to interrupt or from whom to filch ideas. When by chance two kites meet, a spirited contest ensues, the louder-mouthed and more ill-bred (there are degrees in kites) carrying the day, and the rest of the company wishing them at Jericho.

## STORYETTES.

### Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Anecdotes still abound in the English papers of the late Duke of Wellington, and the last claim for him is that he inherited the iron nerve of his father, as when he went through the operation of having his eye taken out the moment it was condemned, and then pointed it out coolly to a visitor in the glass where it had been deposited, with the question: "Would you like to see it?"

One stormy morning, while a party of Scots was crossing from Arran to Ardrossan, one of their number was observed by his companions to be sitting at the side of the boat with a very woe-begone expression on his face, and evidently suffering severely from sea-sickness. On seeing this, one of the travelers approached him, and said, kindly: "Are you sick, Geordie?" "Ma gudeness!" said Geordie, evidently in disgust, "d'ye think a'm doing it for fun?"

The following anecdote of George Daniel and Mathews, the actor, is told: Daniel went to Highgate to see Mathews's dramatic curiosities, and every time he was shown anything remarkably rare, he would say: "Ay, ay, very rare, very valuable; but I have a duplicate of it in my library," until at last Mathews thoroughly lost his patience, and exclaimed: "Why, d—— you, you have duplicates of everything I have except my lame leg, and I wish you had that with all my heart."

An Australian squatter, renowned far and wide for his extreme ugliness, had once made an oath that should he ever come in contact with any one plainer than himself he would shoot him. Meeting one day with a man he thought was uglier than himself, he explained to him the nature of the oath he had made, then, producing a pistol, requested him to say his prayers. "What!" said the man; "am I uglier than you?" "Yes," replied the squatter. "Then, for heaven's sake, shoot!" cried the man.

One of the most distinguished members of the Académie des Sciences in the last century was Monsieur de Lagny, a noted mathematician. When lying on his death-bed he gave no sign of consciousness in return to the affecting questions addressed to him by his friends and relatives who stood around. His friend and colleague, Maupertuis, joining the group, said: "I think I can get him to speak." He approached the bed and said, in a low voice: "Monsieur de Lagny—the square of twelve?" The patient then began to move, and lisped: "A hundred and forty-four." These were his last words.

Johai tells a story of a gypsy which illustrates the happy freedom from all the ordinary restraints of civilization which characterizes the race. The gypsy was the happy father of a flourishing progeny of twelve children, one of whom a hunter happened to shoot one day, mistaking it for his more lawful prey. To console the unhappy father, the repentant hunter gave him a compensation in money, which he considered approaching adequacy from his own point of view, but which seemed so magnificent to the gypsy father that he ventured to suggest if his benefactor should think of hunting again, he still had eleven children who might be turned to account by a similar advantageous mistake.

The story is told of a New York messenger boy who brought a dispatch into the private office of a certain great financier and railroad king, and who, while he waited for an answer, leaned on the great man's desk and whistled a lively tune, to which he kept time with his feet. The great man was shocked throughout his entire system, and he bent upon the audacious imp a gaze whose severity would have unnerved a police captain; but its only effect upon the uniformed urchin was to cause him to wink one eye with much unconcern, while he still continued his tune and his shuffle. Then the great man said, sternly: "Boy, this is not Harrigan & Hart's!" To which the unhumbled young rascal replied: "Well, you bet yer life it ain't; I wouldn't pay no half dollar to come in here."

English tourists are going in large numbers to Ostend, the famous Belgian watering-place, this season. The hotels and public buildings at this resort are of unusual elegance, and a new Kursaal, covering a space of thirty-six thousand feet, is said to be a magnificent structure. The concert-room in the rotunda holds six thousand persons, and faces an arcade looking out upon the sea. The windows of this room are, in seasonable weather, let down below the floor, from which, when desired, they are raised by hydraulic machinery. By means of trap-doors, chairs and tables are also removed from sight. The ball-room is one hundred and eighteen feet long, fifty-six feet wide, and forty-five feet high. Ostend also has a casino, and a theatre where the best artists of Brussels and Paris appear. No less than eight hundred bathing machines are to be seen upon the beach, where the King and Queen of the Belgians may often be seen.

Agamemnon and Andromache are the names of the two children in the family of Doctor Schliemann, the verifier of Greek history. The learned doctor and his wife and children are passing the summer in Germany. Their new dwelling in Athens is about the best modern house in the city. It is an imposing square mansion of the best Pentellic marble, crowned with marble statues of the whole Olympic host, in groups of two and three. The front has a deep portico set into each story, while the plain moulding between the two stories contains, in large Greek letters, the inscription, "Iliou Melathron." The interior consists of lofty, spacious rooms, with marble floors, and ceiling frescoed richly with illustrations from the Grecian mythology. Part of the collection of antiquities exhumed at Troy is within the marble mansion, the remainder being in Germany.

## BLAINE ON FREE TRADE.

The importance of our trade relations with England, and of Mr. Blaine's views in reference thereto, and to the general question of tariff for protection of American industries, has seemed to justify us in the following extract from Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress." The extract is eloquent, historical, and well reasoned, interesting in itself, but the more interesting as expressing the views of the next President of the United States, who will be charged with the executive enforcement of laws concerning our relations, commercial or political, with foreign nations:

Strictly speaking, there has never been a proposition by any party in the United States for the adoption of free-trade. To be entirely free, trade must encounter no obstruction in the way of tax, either upon export or import. In that sense no nation has ever enjoyed free-trade. As contradistinguished from the theory of protection, England has realized freedom of trade by taxing only that class of imports which meet no competition in home production, thus excluding all pretense of favor or advantage to any of her domestic industries. England came to this policy after having clogged and embarrassed trade for a long period by the most unreasonable and tyrannical restrictions, ruthlessly enforced, without regard to the interests or even the rights of others. She had more than four hundred Acts of Parliament regulating the tax on imports, under the old designations of "tonnage and poundage," adjusted, as the phrase indicates, to heavy and light commodities. Beyond these, she had a cumbersome system of laws regulating, and in come cases prohibiting, the exportation of articles which might teach to other nations the skill by which she had herself so marvelously prospered.

When, by long experiment and persistent effort, England had carried her fabrics to perfection; when, by the large accumulation of wealth and the force of reserved capital, she could command facilities which poorer nations could not rival; when, by the talent of her inventors, developed under the stimulus of large reward, she had surpassed all other countries in the magnitude and effective ness of her machinery, she proclaimed free-trade, and persuasively urged it upon all lands with which she had commercial intercourse. Maintaining the most arbitrary and most complicated system of protection so long as her statesmen considered that policy advantageous, she resorted to free-trade only when she felt able to invade the domestic markets of other countries and undersell the fabrics produced by struggling artisans who were sustained by weaker capital and by less advanced skill. So long as there was danger that her own marts might be invaded, and the products of her looms and forges undersold at home, she rigidly excluded the competing fabric, and held her own market for her own wares.

England was, however, neither consistent nor candid in her advocacy or establishment of free-trade. She did not apply it to all departments of her enterprise, but only to those in which she felt confident that she could defy competition. Long after the triumph of free-trade in manufactures, as proclaimed in 1846, England continued to violate every principle of her own creed in the protection she extended to her navigation interests. She had nothing to fear from the United States in the domain of manufactures, and she therefore asked us to give her the restricted benefit of our markets in exchange for a similar privilege she offered to us in her markets. But on the sea we were steadily gaining upon her, and in 1850–55 were nearly equal to her in aggregate tonnage. We could build wooden vessels at less cost than England, and our ships excelled hers in speed. When steam began to compete with sail she saw her advantage. She could build engines at less cost than we; and when, soon afterward, her ship-builders began to construct the entire steamer of iron, her advantages became evident to the whole world.

England was not content, however, with the superiority which these circumstances gave to her. She did not wait for her own theory of free-trade to work out its legitimate results; but forthwith stimulated the growth of her steam marine by the most enormous bounties ever paid by any nation to an enterprise. To a single line of steamers, running alternate weeks from Liverpool to Boston and New York, she paid nine hundred thousand dollars annually, and continued to pay at this extravagant rate for at least twenty years. In all channels of trade where steam could be employed she paid lavish subsidies, and literally destroyed fair competition and created for herself a practical monopoly in the building of iron steamers, and a superior share in the ocean traffic of the world. But every step she took in the development of her steam marine by the payment of bounty was in flat contradiction of the creed which she was at the same time advocating in those departments of trade where she could conquer her competitors without bounty.

With her superiority in navigation attained and made secure through the instrumentality of subsidies, England could afford to withdraw them. Her ships no longer needed them. Thereupon, with a promptness which would be amusing if it did not have so serious a side for America, she proceeded to inveigh through all her organs of public opinion against the discarded and condemned policy of granting subsidies to ocean steamers. Her course, in effect, is an exact repetition of that in regard to protection of manufactures; but as it is exhibited before a new generation, the inconsistency is not so readily apprehended nor so keenly appreciated as it should be on this side of the Atlantic. Even now there is a good reason for believing that many lines of English steamers, in their effort to seize the trade to the exclusion of rivals, are paid such extravagant rates for the carrying of letters as practically to amount to a bounty, thus confirming to the present day (1884) the fact that no nation has ever been so persistently and so jealously protective in her policy as England so long as the stimulus of protection is needed to give her the command of trade. What is true of England is true, in greater or less degree, of all other European nations. They have each in turn regulated the adoption of free-trade by the ratio of their progress toward the point where they could overcome competition. In all those departments of trade where competition could overcome them, they have been quick to interpose protective measures for the benefit of their own people.

The trade policy of the United States at the foundation of the government had features of enlightened liberality which were unknown in any other country of the world. The new government was indeed as far in advance of European nations, in the proper conception of liberal commerce, as it was on questions relating to the character of the African slave-trade. The colonists had experienced the oppression of the English laws, which prohibited export from the mother country of the very articles which might advance their material interest and improve their social condition. They now had the opportunity, as citizens of a free republic, to show the generous breadth of their statesmanship; and they did so by providing in their Constitution that Congress should never possess the power to levy "a tax or duty on articles imported from any State."

At the same time trade was left absolutely free between all the States of the Union, no one of them being permitted to levy any tax on exports or imports beyond what might be necessary for its inspection laws. Still furthur to enforce this needful provision, the power to regulate commerce between the States was given to the General Government. The effect of these provisions was to insure to the United States a freedom of trade beyond that enjoyed by any other nation. Fifty-five millions of American people (in 1884), over an area nearly as large as the entire continent of Europe, carry on their exchanges by ocean, by lake, by river, by rail, without the exactions of the tax-gatherer, without the detention of the custom-house, without even the recognition of State lines. In these great channels the domestic exchanges represent an annual value perhaps twenty-five times as great as the total of exports and imports. It is the enjoyment of free-trade and protection at the same time which has contributed to the unexampled development and marvelous prosperity of the United States.

The essential question which has grown up between political parties in the United States respecting our foreign trade, is whether a duty should be laid upon any import for the direct object of protecting and encouraging the manufacture of the same article at home. The party opposed to this theory does not advocate the admission of the article free, but insists upon such rate of duty as will produce the largest revenue and at the same time afford what is termed "incidental protection." The advocates of actual free-trade according to the policy of England—taxing only those articles which are not produced at home—are few in number, and are principally confined to *doctrinaires*. The instincts of the masses of both parties are against them. But the nominal free-trader finds it very difficult to unite the largest revenue from any article with "incidental protection" to the competing product at home. If the duty be so arranged as to produce the greatest amount of revenue, it must be placed at that point where the foreign article is able to undersell the domestic article, and thus command the market to the exclusion of competition. This result goes beyond what the so-called American free-trader intends in practice, but not beyond what he implies in theory.

The American protectionist does not seek to evade the legitimate results of his theory. He starts with the proposition that whatever is manufactured at home gives work and wages to our own people, and that if the duty is even put so high as to prohibit the import of the foreign article, the competition of home producers will, according to the doctrine of Mr. Hamilton, rapidly reduce the price to the consumer. He gives numerous illustrations of articles which, under the influence of home competition, have fallen in price below the point at which the foreign article was furnished when there was no protection. The free-trader replies that the fall in price has been still greater in the foreign market; and the protectionist rejoins that the reduction was made to compete with the American product, and that the former price would probably have been maintained so long as the importer had the monopoly of our market. Thus our protective tariff reduced the price in both countries. This has notably been the result with respect to steel rails, the production of which in America has reached a magnitude surpassing that of England. Meanwhile rails have largely fallen in price to the consumer, the home manufacture has disbursed countless millions of money among American laborers, and has aided largely to our industrial independence and to the wealth of the country.

While many fabrics have fallen to as low a price in the United States as elsewhere, it is not to be denied that articles of clothing and household use, metals, and machinery, are, on an average, higher than in Europe. The difference is due in a large degree to the wages paid to labor, and thus the question of reducing the tariff carries with it the very serious problem of a reduction in the pay of the artisan and the operative. This involves so many grave considerations that no party is prepared to advocate it openly. Free-traders do not, and apparently dare not, face the plain truth—which is that the lowest-priced fabric means the lowest priced labor. On this point protectionists are more frank than their opponents; they realize that it constitutes indeed the most impregnable defense of their school. Free-traders have at times attempted to deny the truth of the statement; but every impartial investigation thus far has conclusively proved that labor is better paid, and the average condition of the laboring man more comfortable, in the United States than in any European country.

An adjustment of the protective duty to the point which represents the average difference between wages of labor in Europe and in America, will, in the judgment of protectionists, always prove impracticable. The difference can not be regulated by a scale of averages, because it is constantly subject to arbitrary changes. If the duty be adjusted on that basis for any given date, a reduction of wages would at once be enforced abroad, and the American manufacturer would in consequence be driven to the desperate choice of surrendering the home market or reducing the pay of workmen. The theory of protection is not answered, nor can its realization be attained by any such device. Protection, in the perfection of its design as described by Mr. Hamilton, does not invite competition from abroad, but is based on the controlling principle that competition at home will always prevent monopoly on the part of the capitalist, assure good wages to the laborer, and defend the consumer against the evils of extortion.

An argument much relied upon and strongly presented by the advocates of free-trade is the alleged tendency to over-production of protected articles, followed uniformly by seasons of depression, and at certain intervals by financial panic and wide-spread distress. These results are, unhappily, too familiar in the United States, but the protectionists deny that the cause is correctly given. They aver, indeed, that a glut of manufactured articles is more frequently seen in England than in the United States, thus proving directly the reverse of the conclusion assumed by the free-traders, and establishing the conservative power of a protective tariff. The protectionists direct attention to the fact that the first three instances in our history in which financial panic and prolonged depression fell upon the country, followed the repeal of protective tariffs and the substitution of mere revenue duties—the depression of 1819–24, that of 1837–42, and that of 1857–61. They direct further attention to the complementary fact that in each of these cases financial prosperity was regained through the agency of a protective tariff, the operation of which was prompt and beneficent.

On the other hand, the panic of 1874 and the depression which lasted until 1879 undoubtedly occurred after a protective tariff had been a long time in operation. Free-traders naturally make much of this circumstance. Protectionists, however, with confidence and with strong array of argument, make answer that the panic of 1873 was due to causes wholly unconnected with revenue systems—that it was the legitimate and the inevitable outgrowth of an exhausting war, a vitiated and redundant currency, and a long period of reckless speculation directly induced by the conditions. They aver that no system of revenue could have prevented the catastrophe. They maintain, however, that by the influence of a protective tariff the crisis was long postponed; that under the reign of free-trade it would have promptly followed the return of peace, when the country was ill able to endure it. They claim that the influence of protection would have put off the reaction still longer if the rebuilding of Chicago and Boston, after the fires of 1871 and 1872 had not enforced a sudden withdrawal of two hundred and fifty millions of dollars of ready money from the ordinary channels of trade to repair the loss which these crushing disasters precipitated.

The assailants of protection apparently overlook the fact that excessive production is due, both in England and in America, to causes beyond the operation of duties, either high or low. No cause is more potent than the prodigious capacity of machinery set in motion by the agency of steam. It is asserted by an intelligent economist that, if performed by hand, the work done by machinery in Great Britain would require the labor of seven hundred millions of men—a far larger number of adults than inhabit the globe. It is not strange that, with this vast enginery, the power to produce has a constant tendency to outrun the power to consume. Protectionists find in this a conclusive argument against surrendering the domestic market of the United States to the control of British capitalists, whose power of production has no apparent limit. When the harmonious adjustment of international trade shall ultimately be established by "the Parliament of man" in "the Federation of the world," the power of production and the power of consumption will properly balance each other. But in traversing the long road and enduring the painful process by which that end shall be reached, the protectionist claims that his theory of revenue preserves the newer nations from being devoured by the older, and offers to human labor a shield against the exactions of capital.

---

Mr. George Macdonald is preparing a preface for a book which has excited much interest in Denmark and Germany, and which bears the singular title of "Letters from Hell."

---

"Boys will be boys," says an exchange. "Beg pardon; not much they won't. They are boys. They will be men."—*Burdette.*

## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

**Problem No. LVII.—By L. Mussini.**

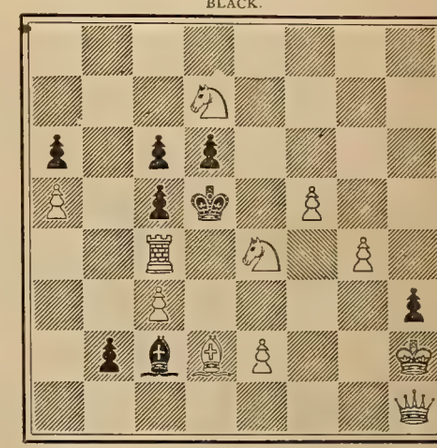
WHITE—King at KR8; Queen at QR5; Rook at QKt4; Bishops at KB2, KR7; Knight at QB6; Pawns at QB2, KR4.

BLACK—King at KB3; Queen at Q7; Bishop at K4; Knight at KKt5; Pawns at QB6, K3, KB2, KR4.

White to play and mate in two moves.

**Problem No. LVIII.—By M Ehrenstein.**

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

**Solution of Problem No. XLIX.**

1—Kt x P  1—K B6
2—Kt KB2 mates.  Other variations are obvious.

**Solution of Problem No. L.**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—K KR8 | 1—B x Q (a) | (a) 1— | 1—P Kt4 |
| 2—Kt B6 dbl ch | 2—K Kt4 | 2—Q x Kt | 2—Any move |
| 3—R R5 mates. | | 3—Kt or Q mates. | |

Correct solutions received as follows: Problem L, from L. Zeckendorf, New York City. Problem LV and LVI, from U. Hartnell, Salinas City.

**Answers to Correspondents.**

E. A. K., Oroville.—Yours of 10th instant received. You have made a mistake in giving the No. of the Problem. Write again.

L. Z., New York City.—Variations to No. XXVI are as follows: 1 Kt QB4, Kt Q4 ch; 2 Kt x Kt ch, any move; 3 Kt K7 or B6, mates. If 1—K KB4; 2 Kt K7 ch, King moves; 3 Q K3 or R4, mates.

**Game No. 40.**

Ninth game of match played between Messieurs Arnous de Riviere and Tschigorine, at Paris, July, 1883. Notes by S. Rosenthal.

French Defense.

| *White.* DE RIVIERE. | *Black.* TSCHIGORINE. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K3 | 15—P KKt3 | 15—B KR3 (e) |
| 2—P Q4 | 2—P Q4 | 16—Kt KKt sq | 16—P KB4 |
| 3—Kt QB3 | 3—Kt KB3 | 17—P KB4 | 17—B K3 |
| 4—P x P | 4—P x P | 18—B B3 | 18—Kt KB sq(f) |
| 5—Kt KB3 | 5—B Q3 | 19—B KKt2 | 19—R K2 |
| 6—B Q3 | 6—Castles | 20—Kt KB3 | 20—Kt Q2 (g) |
| 7—B KKt5 (a) | 7—R Ksq ch(b) | 21—B KR3 | 21—Q QKt3 |
| 8—B K2 | 8—P QB3 | 22—B x P | 22—Q x KtP (h) |
| 9—Castles | 9—QKt Q2 (c) | 23—B x P ch | 23—K Kt2 |
| 10—Q Q2 | 10—Q B2 (d) | 24—P KB5 | 24—Kt KB3 |
| 11—QR K sq | 11—Kt KB sq | 25—P x B | 25—Kt x B |
| 12—B x Kt | 12—B KB5 | 26—Kt KR4 | 26—R x P |
| 13—Q K3 | 13—P x B | 27—Kt KB5 ch | 27—K Kt 3 |
| 14—K R sq | 14—Kt KKt3 | 28—Kt Q6 dis ch | |
| | | Black resigns. | |

(a) The correct play is 7 Castles, Kt QB3; 8 B KKt 5, etc.

(b) Well played. Black immediately takes advantage of the weakness of White's preceding move, as he is forced to interpose with his KB, which occupies a good position.

(c) We should prefer 9—B KKt5, followed, later, by QKt Q2.

(d) Weak. We do not at all see the use of having the pawn doubled by the play. Black would have obtained a superior position by playing 10—Kt KB sq, followed by Kt KKt3.

(e) 15—B Q3 is preferable.

(f) Again a weak move. The black pawn at KB4 being exposed to attack of White's B, Kt, and Q, is weak, and for the purpose of defending it, it is necessary to allow to the Kt the possibility of coming to K2. The correct move was 18—B KKt2, followed by Q QKt3.

(g) Here again 20—B KKt2 is preferable.

(h) This move loses immediately. The least injurious was 22—QR K sq.

(i) 27, R x R, followed by 28 Q Kt6 ch; or 27 R x P ch, followed by 28, Q x Kt ch, also wins.

---

We add with much pleasure to our list of exchanges the *Southern Trade Gazette*, published at Louisville, Ky. The *Gazette* has an excellent chess department under the editorial charge of Mr. Will H. Lyons. The number before us has no less than six different problems, composed for the *Gazette* by such composers as J. Jesperssen, Dr. S. Gold, Frau Sofie Schett, and others. The *Gazette* announces Problem Tourney No. 3, for best set of problems, consisting of one two-move and one three-move problem, the first prize being "Cook's Synopsis," American edition. The tourney will end in December, but problems must be sent prior to December 1st.

---

The chess column in *Turf, Field, and Farm* has been revived. According to the authority of the Philadelphia *Times*, Captain George H. Mackenzie is again the editor.

---

The new work on Chess Openings, to be published by Robert Clarke & Co., is announced to appear early next month.

---

Alice Oates is twenty-six years young. Yes, it does seem rather scant, considering the time she has been on the stage; but you must remember she began marrying when she was fifteen.—*Brooklyn Eagle*

---

If you want to make your appearance in society with son, come out in éclat hammer coat.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

## A MODERN MAGIC MIRROR.

An Illustration of the Control Exerted by Mind over Matter.

BY ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

Has the connecting link yet been found between mind and matter? Physiology and psychology are alike ready with a negative answer. The more advanced school of positive science scouts at the idea of the existence of mental phenomena at all—of *mind*, in fact, as an independent entity or agency—outside of matter; avers, in effect, that matter is the basis of all force, intellectual as well as physical, and that it is illogical and unscientific to conceive of any departure from this axiom. The minutest microscopical examination of the brain-pulp has disclosed nothing holding out any hope of the faintest solution of the matter; though this mere fact, in itself, need offer no bar to the conception of their separate and individual existence, for the distinguished physicist, Helmholz (author of the paper on the "Conservation of Energy"), is fain to admit that the atoms composing even so compact a substance as gold may be relatively as far apart from each other as the remotest suns that people the infinities of space. If such be the case—and in view of what the microscope has already laid bare, the reasoning mind is led to the inevitable conclusion that, from the central standpoint of our senses, infinity stretches away in both directions, to the ultimate atom as to the remotest nebula—the mere fact, we repeat, of not being able to measure and weigh the ultimate atom ought to be rather an inducement to leave the vast question (of the existence of mind independent of matter) in abeyance, than to authoritatively lay down formulæ which any succeeding discovery may at once upset.

It would be just as scientific to assert that there is no connection between the arteries that carry the blood from the heart to the extremities and the veins that carry it back, because no mortal eye, assisted by the most powerful instruments, has yet beheld that connection, as to dispute the connection between mind and matter. The reasoning proceeds *pari passu* in both cases. The phenomenon of the circulation of the blood—in other words, the connection between vein and artery—remains a mystery as securely locked as the connection between MIND and MATTER.

But if the connection between mind and matter in the same individual is mysterious, what are we to say of the connection between mind and mind in different individuals, without the intervention of any apparent material agency whatever? The existence of this phenomenon is attested by experiments, recently conducted in London and elsewhere, of so surprising a nature that it seems difficult to refer them to the mere legerdemain of the charlatan. It seems equally difficult to assign them to real, though occult, natural causes, in the face of those high scientific authorities we have referred to; and we are thus reduced to the alternative of regarding them as clever tricks, or of admitting the existence of a power or agency as yet unconditioned by modern science. It is with the object of demonstrating that such phenomena really belong to the latter class, that I now relate a curious occurrence coming under my own ken, which has carried matters a step farther in the investigation of this mysterious potency, which permits, under certain conditions, a positive control by mind, not only over the senses and mind of another, but also over the machinery of nature which affect those senses in the ordinary manner.

In the early part of the present summer, while sauntering along Montgomery Street, I ran against my old friend Q——, who had left here some weeks before on a business trip to the Sandwich Islands. I then learned that he had just returned thence the day before, and proceeded to make the usual inquiries regarding his wife and family. It turned out that his wife, with his two young children, scarcely more than infants, were then on a visit to her relatives in the Eastern States, a fact which I had not been aware of, and that he was somewhat puzzled at not having received an answer to a telegram sent to her parents' house upon his arrival the preceding morning.

"The only way I can account for it," he concluded, "is that I returned several days sooner than I anticipated, but as I asked her to telegraph an answer on receipt, I am a little annoyed and anxious at having received none."

After pointing out the many contingencies which might interfere with his receiving an immediate reply, and promising to meet him that evening at the club, by which time, I doubted not, satisfactory news would be received, I left him.

Evening came, and I found my friend Q—— still without news. He was, furthermore, laboring under more distress and anxiety than I conceived so ordinary a circumstance warranted, but, knowing his nervous temperament, I endeavored as far as possible to divert the current of his thoughts into other channels; but, in spite of the fact that we sat down to an uncommonly good dinner, he remained moody and preoccupied as before.

"I feel," he said, as we sat talking, later on, "as if some evil were about to befall me or mine. A vague and unaccountable uneasiness has possessed me all day, and has, in fact, increased in intensity since morning. Have you any faith in presentiments of this nature?"

"If we are to believe only a tithe of the stories written on this subject, and, presumably, well authenticated," I returned, "no doubt would be left about the matter. Unfortunately, however, modern physiology is prone to refer them, more practically, to a disordered liver."

"Then you have," said he, "no faith in those mysterious phenomena by which mind can converse with mind without the medium of the material agencies of eye or voice?"

Anxious, if I could not divert the current of his ideas totally from the subject which now seemed to have gained full possession of him, to at all events change its scope from specific to general issues, I was not averse to engage in a discussion which had, at that time, the merit of general interest, from being mentioned in connection with personages of sufficient distinction to confer upon any matter, however frivolous, a sort of borrowed lustre, and so replied that the phenomena of so-called "mind reading," he alluded to, were certainly remarkable enough to warrant further investigation.

"Why," he continued, "should there not exist a medium in space so impalpable as to elude analysis or detection, and yet as competent to transmit sensations or messages between mind and mind, or, if you like the term better, between brain and brain, as the wire which flashes its electric message, annihilating, so to speak, space and time, from continent to continent? Take the working of the ordinary electric telegraph—in what does it consist? The mind of the operator communicates motion to his hand. This motion, through the intermediate mechanism of a battery and a wire, is transmitted, it may be, a thousand miles or more, and is there reproduced to the eye of the recipient, and conveys to his mind the same idea as emanated from the mind of the operator at the starting-point. The telegraph is simply an extension of the dumb alphabet. Now, to account for the phenomenon of mind-reading in a logical and scientific manner, we must assume the possession of a sense apart from our ordinary corporeal senses, capable of being acted upon by a medium as subtle as itself, this medium to be in turn acted upon by the mind of another. The only conditions necessary, then, would be that the two minds in communication should be *en rapport*; in other words, that the bell should sound (metaphorically speaking) in the receiving operator's office so as to attract his attention and prepare him for the receipt of the message. I can not help thinking that the undefinable premonition of something that has oppressed me all day is the sounding of the bell of an operator with whom I am *en rapport* at the other end of the wire."

I felt interested, and allowed Q—— to proceed.

"I am," he went on, "enunciating no new theory. It has descended to us from the philosophers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, who did not confine scientific research to the thumb rule of the senses. What they lacked in instruments and appliances of precision it is very questionable if they did not make up for in breadth and audacity of intellectual conception. Is it not a fact that modern scientific habits of thought, by reason of their very mathematical anxiety to raise no structure except on a positive basis, are in effect dwarfing their efforts and restricting their energies to subjects as barren and fruitless of result as the theses of the mediæval schoolmen? Almost all that is of practical use in improving the condition and widening the beneficial knowledge of mankind is being done by the arts and not by the sciences, and is the result of the independent efforts of units rather than the aggregate axioms of schools. Euclid raised his splendid geometrical structure on a sound basis because he affirmed the constitution of a point to be 'that which has neither parts nor magnitude.' But would it not be more decent in Science to be agnostic rather than positive in denying the existence of forces, immeasurable or indefinable by her present instruments, until she can confidently affirm the constitution of an atom, or define the connection between mind and matter?"

I had to admit that the reasoning of my friend was sound, and he presently resumed his argument.

"As I said before, the theory I have advanced is not new. The famous Marquis of Worcester, two hundred years ago, in his 'Century of Scantlings of Inventions,' points to the transmission of instantaneous messages between persons in distant portions of the earth. Sir Kenelm Digby, a noted mediæval authority on occult science, dilates on the mysterious sympathetic connection which exists, not only between living persons, but between persons and inanimate objects with which they had previously been brought into connection. Admitting the imaginative coloring with which science and physiology were then so largely tinctured, is it fair to suppose that all such theories were mere creations of the brain, having no counterpart or analogy in nature? Is not the competency to conceive of the existence of such recondite natural forces a presumption of their competency to exist? Is there not a certain school which holds that everything is possible which is conceivable?"

"That reminds me," said I, as Q—— paused, "that there is a certain personage in this city now, who lays claim, I hear, to the possession of occult powers before which those of the ordinary mind-reader or clairvoyant sink into insignificance. I should have mentioned the circumstance sooner, but I had no idea that your theories on this subject were so pronounced."

"You surprise me!" returned Q——. "Is he a professional? Strange that I should not have heard of him!"

"Not so extraordinary, either," I replied, "considering that you have been on your travels for the past month or more, and this personage only arrived last week. No; he is not a professional—at least, not in the sense of giving manifestations of his power for money. In fact, from all I hear, he is indisposed to do so at all upon mere casual request."

"You are not acquainted with him, then?" queried Q——.

"Personally, no," I replied; "but my introduction comes from a potential source, and if we apply to him upon philosophic and scientific grounds, I do not think he will refuse to gratify our wishes in any way he can."

"I should very much like to make trial of his powers tonight," mused Q——. "Who knows but that he might solve the mystery of the anxiety that has oppressed me all day?"

"I shall be pleased to introduce you," I said, "my own introduction serving for both. I see by my watch it wants only a few minutes of nine, so we had better start immediately or risk making a somewhat untimely call."

We accordingly jumped into a hack, and a few minutes afterward sent up our cards to Professor V——, at the Palace Hotel. A message was returned with the intimation that the professor would be happy to receive us, and we were presently ushered into a handsomely appointed suite of apartments, much of the furniture and bric-à-brac evidently, by its elegance, and rarity belonging to the occupant, who rose from a table, at which he had been reading, to receive us. A pleasant-looking, mild-faced gentleman, about fifty, rather short and stout, his eyes beaming good-naturedly through spectacles beneath a forehead and head almost entirely destitute of hair, Professor V—— greeted us courteously, and asked us to be seated. After I had made use of the introduction with which I was furnished, the professor asked in what manner he could serve us, and on being informed that we had called for the general purpose of conversing with a gentleman of his reputation for acquirements in magnetic science of a peculiar order, and the specific one of relieving, if possible, my friend Q——'s apprehensions regarding his absent relatives, smiled, and seemed to deliberate before speaking.

"Gentlemen," he at length said, "you have not been misinformed as to certain discoveries in the domain of natural science it has been my good fortune to make. I shall be most happy to show you what results I have accomplished, and to explain, as far as I yet grasp them, the principles that govern their action. I shall also be sincerely glad to assist this gentleman" (motioning toward Q——) "in ascertaining what he desires to know, if it is possible for me to do so; but I warn you that we must not be too sanguine in our expectations, as the phenomena which we will presently try to produce are conditioned, equally with all other processes and operations of nature, and if these conditions are not favorable to their production, our efforts, I warn you, will be fruitless. The chief conditions necessary to the production of the phenomena are an earnest desire on the part of the seeker to gain the knowledge he is in quest of, and, secondly, an intellectual or spiritual sympathy with the object inquired after. At least *one* of these conditions is necessary, though from causes which I am not as yet able to explain, I have sometimes seen the experiment fail when *both* have been present in a strong degree."

"But pardon me, professor," I interjected, "you have as yet given us no suggestion as to the *nature* of the experiment performed or the phenomena produced. I, for one, should be better able to follow your argument if I had some idea to what it substantially referred."

"Very true," assented the professor; "I shall endeavor in a few words to satisfy you. I have, in effect, arrived at a comprehension of that mysterious natural law by which the so-called magicians or necromancers of the Middle Ages produced before the eyes of their visitors scenes which were then being enacted by other persons in other portions of the earth. Whether Cornelius Agrippa and Albertus Magnus comprehended the law which evoked these scenes upon their magic mirrors, I can not tell. I, in fact, believed, with the modern scientific world, that the magic mirrors of these early philosophers were only fit to found nursery tales upon, or, at best, clever optical tricks mysterious enough certainly to impose upon the unlettered credulity of the age, but nothing more, until chance threw me one day face to face with the wondrous and almost inconceivable reality of their scientific truth.

"Your friend here is anxious to obtain information regarding his family now absent in the East," he went on, rising at the same time. "He unites the desire for knowledge with the *rapport* which exists between husband and wife. He therefore fulfills the two necessary conditions for obtaining satisfactory results. Still, as I said, there are other conditions, the nature of which I have hitherto been unable to estimate or control, and accordingly we must not be too sanguine as to results. If you gentlemen will assist me in arranging the necessary apparatus for conducting the experiment, you will do me a favor," and the professor moved toward an alcove in the apartment, screened by a curtain.

Drawing this aside he disclosed a highly-polished convex metal mirror, about four feet in diameter, supported by a short glass pedestal which raised it about a foot from the floor, so that its centre lay on a plane with the eyes of persons seated before it. The convexity of the mirror was such that our reflected images, from where we stood some six feet off, looked as though viewed from some thirty or forty feet. At either side of the pedestal stood a polished box of some wood, which the professor told us was hazel, from an aperture in the top of each of which ran a copper wire upward behind the mirror.

"These wires, as you see," said the professor, leading the way to the back of the mirror, "ascend separately and enter the metal of the mirror at two points near the centre of its back. They are, consequently, insulated from each other till connected by the body of the mirror. In the boxes from which they issue are set two of the most powerful induction coils made, which have the effect of multiplying many thousand-fold any current of electricity entering the boxes through these wires, which you see are insulated by ordinary flexible india-rubber." And so saying, he called our attention to two flexible tubes issuing separately from either box, and lying carelessly on the floor.

"Now, gentlemen," he continued, "if you will provide yourselves with those chairs which you see there—those with the glass legs, I mean—and sit down upon them *here*"—pointing to a spot some six feet distant from the face of the mirror and directly in front of it—"I will bring you stools for your feet, so that we can begin the experiment. Perfect insulation," he observed, as he set a beautifully cut-glass footstool before each of our chairs, "is a *sine quâ non* in our operations."

The professor then arranged our chairs so as to separate them by an interval of some three feet, and into the intermediate space he wheeled a similar seat, insulated like our own, before which he also placed a glass footstool.

"These are for myself," he observed, as he did so, and then, moving to a little ormolu table near by, he unlocked a case which stood upon it, and took thence a very curious and extraordinary piece of mechanism which I shall endeavor to describe. In general appearance it was not unlike a skull-cap, such as is worn by old or bald people to protect their heads against sudden changes of temperature. It was not, however, made of cloth, but of some substance having a shiny, metallic lustre, from the exterior surface of which sprang an innumerable number of delicate wires, uniting and terminating in a spherical ball or knob, which gave the whole the appearance of a rude or barbaric crown.

"This," said the professor, handling it carefully, "is, as you no doubt see from its shape and appearance, a species of head-piece of which the construction is peculiar and unique. It did not assume its present proportions or struct-

ure by any sudden intuition on my part. It did not spring suddenly from my brain as Minerva, clad in full armor, did from the head of Jove, but is the result of much thought and experiment tending to simplify as well as amplify the operations in which it is used. The body or lining of my 'magician's cap,' as I sometimes jocosely term it, is made from extremely tenuous platinum foil, so flexible as to conform to each protuberance or indentation of my skull. I have simply to put it on and adjust it with a slight pressure of the fingers to ensure its fitting with more nicety than the daintiest glove upon a lady's hand. But before I put it on I must first make my connection with the mirror," and so saying he picked up the ends of the rubber tubing containing the insulated wires that connected with the induction coils in the boxes beside the pedestal of the mirror, and inserted them into holes in the side of the knob in which the wires that sprang from the exterior surface of the cap terminated.

"I have now formed the connection between my cap and the mirror," remarked the professor, as he turned down the gas in the chandelier and took his seat upon the vacant chair between Q—— and myself. "It only remains for me to put it on my head to open the connection between my *brain* and the mirror." So saying he put the cap upon his bald and shining skull, pressing it cautiously down and adjusting it with his fingers. This latter action I was just dimly conscious of by the light which the street-lamps on Market Street furnished through a window on my left, the professor sitting on my right hand, and Q—— on his, all of us sitting some six feet from the mirror, whose outline could barely be distinguished through the darkness. Its face was, of course, a perfect blank, and as far as reflection was concerned might as well have been the wall of the alcove.

"Let us join hands," said the professor, at the same time taking my right hand in his left, and forming, I presumed, a similar connection with Q—— upon the other side.

"There are only three things which I wish to impress upon you," he said, earnestly, "before we begin. Do not speak; do not rise from your seats or remove your feet from the glass stool; keep the subject for which we are now assembled uppermost in your minds. Communion of thought is as important in our experiment as insulation of body. A few minutes will suffice to determine whether the conditions are favorable or otherwise to a successful issue."

We had sat there side by side, hand in hand, silent and immovable, for two or three minutes, I trying to bend my thoughts and keep them fixed upon my friend's absent relatives, and wishing that he might be successful in obtaining some sign to allay his anxiety, when I was conscious of a dual action taking place in my mind. In spite of my efforts and the earnest wish to keep the matter in hand uppermost in my thoughts, I caught myself speculating upon the absurdity of the situation. Here were we, presumably sane, practical men of the nineteenth century, sitting like so many boobies in the darkness before a large convex mirror waiting for something to turn up! Then I asked myself, Was there anything in the professor's manner that would lead to the inference that he was amusing us with some mystical mummery, to end in some commonplace optical delusion? I thought of the circumstances of my introduction, of the heartfelt anxiety which I knew was oppressing Q——, and I felt that, whatever might happen, I could entertain no reasonable doubt of the professor's sincerity of purpose, whatever might be the result. Then another transition came across my brain. I seemed to become impressed with a strong and fervent desire that something *might* happen—what that something might or should be I knew not. I seemed to enter into the spirit of the surroundings—to be translated into the dim chamber of some mediæval adept in the black art. The stillness grew oppressive, and the vague shadows of the room gave a species of visibility to the darkness. How long I sat in this condition, than which none could be imagined more conducive to inspire weird and ghostly sentiments in the soul, I could not at that moment tell, when I suddenly became conscious of a tingling sensation in my right hand, which, it will be remembered, the professor held in his. A gentle pressure followed, which caused me to strain my eyes in the direction of the mirror. Was I deceived or did my eyes actually see something there? Yes, there could be no doubt of it. The circular area of metal in front of us was becoming faintly luminous—sufficiently so to make it visible. It seemed as though clouds of a grayish-blue, such as one sometimes sees in the early dawn of a rainy morning, were forming, floating heavily, convoluting upon its surface. The clouds became more luminous and settled into a mist. The mist whitened, and, as it whitened, became more and more transparent each moment. I felt with a thrill of inexpressible delight—I can give no other term to the feeling that pervaded me, so enthralled had I become by the spectacle before me—that *something* was going to be revealed, that *something* was going to take place. A spell seemed to come over my senses, so that I forgot where I was, why I was there, my whole soul wrapped up in the scene that I now *felt* was going to be enacted upon the magic mirror. A few seconds more and the luminous mist cleared away and I beheld—not the mirror, but, in its place, a picture of such exquisite delineation in detail and harmony of color, as to excite the liveliest feelings of surprise and satisfaction. Then I became sensible that it was *not* a picture I was looking at, but an actual, living, breathing scene of events transpiring apparently not more than fifty feet off. Directly in front of me I beheld the interior of a handsomely-furnished chamber, every nook and corner of which, though dimly lighted only by an oil-lamp on a dressing-bureau at one side, was depicted in the most vivid delineation. In a bed at the right-hand side of the chamber a lady was calmly sleeping, her face distinctly visible, as also the heaving of her breast in breathing. In the centre of the room was a table on which were spread some books, papers, letters, a pocket-book, a purse, and some gold and silver coins. In a crib-bed, next the opposite wall to where the lady lay, reposed two very young children, three or four years old, perhaps, at the utmost.

One of the children turned in bed and threw its arms around the other's neck in sleep. The lady also seemed to rest uneasily, her lips moving occasionally as if murmuring in sleep. A cat ran across the floor and hid under the children's bed. The wind coming through the crevice of a window in the farther wall, shook the muslin curtains. The night-lamp, turned half down, flickered a moment, then regained its usual brilliancy. The whole scene was so realistic, so utter a reproduction of life, that I unconsciously felt myself part and parcel of it. Abruptly the sleeping lady, in another of her uneasy turns, exposed her full face to the field of vision, and I immediately recognized the wife of my friend Q——. This recalled me at once to a sense of my situation. I became sensible that I was in Professor V——'s apartment in the Palace Hotel, and not intrinsically connected with the scene before me. I noticed by the borrowed light from the mirror, which cast a pale, sickly glimmer upon the watchers before it, that Q—— had seen and appreciated the scene before him. His pallid countenance had taken on an intensity of meaning, the forward inclination of his body denoting such an intimate comprehension of, and sympathy with, the scene enacted before him, that it was impossible not to be struck by the power and grandeur of MIND that extended its sympathies toward, and yet at the weakness of MIND that failed to comprehend the intrinsic weakness of the shadowy form of MATTER that stood out before us from the clear, distinct circle of the burnished speculum. Between, the professor sat calm, sedate, unflurried, watching the scene on the mirror through his tortoise-shell glasses; on his head the cap of the modern magician, who throws one gauntlet down upon the ringing floors of the halls of science, while he takes the other respectfully off to throw a pinch of incense upon the altars of the grand old dead gods of the mediæval philosophy. The professor, however, must have noticed the inner workings of the mind that were glassed upon the features of either of us, for, turning to me, he said, in a whisper, that could not be heard by Q——: "Hush! There will be developments."

Combat the impression as I may, from whatever cause it arose I know not, but the fact remains to my certain knowledge, that from being a moment before cognizant of my surroundings, the place I occupied in them, and my relation to the scene before me, I again became identified with it. Can this fact be placed to the account of that unseen electrical agency which, perchance, if it were sifted, analyzed, weighed, measured, conditioned, and defined, might be found to constitute the spring and potency of all others? I know not. I simply state facts, and leave others to draw inferences.

A moment had sufficed to bring me back from, and set me back, mentally speaking, in my surroundings; give me a knowledge of the thoughts passing through the minds of my companions; hear the whispered "Hush!" of the professor, and in another moment, I repeat, I was again part and parcel of the scene before me.

Still the bed-chamber looked the same as ever. The lady and the children slept, sometimes restlessly, sometimes quietly. The lamp flickered occasionally; the cat got out from beneath the crib-bed, cleared the rails of the crib at a bound and nestled by the feet of the children to get warm.

Then suddenly another feature appeared upon the scene. It was the face of a man. A door in the left-hand wall of the room was half opened, and a head peered through. As villainous, shaggy, dirt-begrimed head as I have ever seen—and I have seen some—peered through that door. The head looked around and entered, and, its diagnosis seeming satisfactory, the body followed. In the hand of the right arm the intruder held a bludgeon; in the left a dark-lantern, which, perceiving, as I presume, that the chamber was already sufficiently lighted for his purpose, he extinguished.

Noiselessy, stealthily, step by step, he crept to the table whereon lay the letters, pocket-book, purse, and loose change in gold and silver which I have already described.

Before grasping it, for that was evidently his purpose, he looked stealthily around. Just at that moment the lady in bed turned again uneasily on her pillow, and, by the movement of her lips, I presume she murmured. The burglar, for such unmistakably he was, turned and looked at her. Then he slowly raised his bludgeon to striking-point, and advanced a step toward the bed.

At this moment I felt a spasmodic grasp from the professor, and could hear, in faint though concentrated tones, an ejaculation on his extreme right.

"Where is brother Will?"

At once the scene moved slowly to the left. The thin edge of a partition wall separating two chambers moved one-third of the distance across the foreground. At the right-hand of this partition wall, separated, in fact, by but a few inches from the bed of the lady in the room which had apparently just moved to the left, stood another bed. From beneath the coverlid the face of a young man appeared, also buried in sleep. Again the ejaculation came from my friend Q—— on the professor's right.

"Save her, brother Will!"

As if in answer to that response, the figure of the young man in bed started to an erect posture, rubbed its eyes, and looked dreamily about. The burglar in the room to the left had meanwhile advanced another step toward the lady, the bludgeon in his hand still raised, and with a most fiendish expression on his face.

"O God!" cried Q——, and, at the words, the lady woke with a startled cry which I could distinctly though faintly hear, and rose to a sitting posture in the bed.

I shall never forget the graphic picture then presented to my gaze. The robber with his bludgeon raised, a scowl which meant death on his features; the lady awe-stricken, mute, and helpless; the young man just starting out of bed in the adjoining room—why, or wherefore, he apparently knew not.

"Now," said the professor, in calm yet concentrated tones, "the supreme moment has come. We can assist. Summon all the strength of your wills. Rise in the power of mind and spirit against and in favor of those minds and spirits there, that are on the eve of a deadly struggle. Rouse your energies and let us see whether Mind can not reach Matter by the converse of the law by which Matter has just acted upon Mind."

At the pressure of his hand I felt my energies braced up to any pitch of audacity in the cause of right—not with the cool, calculating feeling with which a middle-aged man usually looks upon things, but with the freshness and vigor of a boy broken loose from school. I recognized the fact that the instant was momentous; the electrical energies sustained me; I set my feet firmer on the glass footstool.

With a bound the young man, almost a boy, sprang, as if propelled by some unseen agency, against the door opening into the other chamber, and, in an instant, just as the burglar's bludgeon was raised to strike the lady who fell fainting back upon the bed, threw himself upon him.

Every chance was against the boy, short, slim, and evidently more accustomed to study than to rough-and-tumble fights.

"God help him!" cried Q——, and down went the burglar. Other doors were opened, and male and female figures rushed in, and what would have transpired I know not, for Q——, in the excitement of the moment, stamped upon the floor with his right foot and broke the connection.

Mists again came over the mirror. The professor got up disgustedly and turned on the gas.

"They are at my brother's house, near Poughkeepsie," said Q——, about five minutes after, when his excitement was allayed and he had again become cool. "I know the rooms well. We'll send a telegram there immediately and find out whether the ordinary electrical connection tallies with the extraordinary one." Strange as it may seem, the scene he had just witnessed seemed to create a complete revulsion in his feelings, and from the anxious, nervous husband of an hour before, he was now—by what strange mental perversity I know not—preternaturally light-hearted and volatile.

It was twenty-three minutes past ten when the message was sent, and at twenty-three minutes to eleven, while we were congratulating the professor over the success of his experiment and the extent of his scientific research, the answer was returned that the house had been entered by burglars at one that morning, and details by letter next day corroborated the truth of what had appeared upon the mirror.

"All's well that ends well," oracularly remarked Q—— as we walked arm in arm down the street to the club; "but I'll be blessed if I can see into that magic mirror business yet."

"Nothing simpler," rejoined I, not to be taken aback upon such a clear proposition as that. "Why, my dear boy, there are electricians in London and New York who say that they can not only make Patti or Langtry appear upon a dozen stages at once, but also guarantee that the various audiences shall hear them sing—and all done by one little wire. Professor V—— has done pretty much the same for us to-night, with the single exception that the wire was left out."

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1884.

---

Mr. Howard Paul, in a recent article on "After-dinner Speakers," thus concludes some amusing reminiscences: "Lord Coleridge, at the Irving banquet at St. James's Hall, before our popular tragedian went to America, intimated that an after-dinner speech 'consisted of platitudes and anecdotes;' and I remember hearing Mr. Russell Lowell, poet, humorist, and American minister at the Court of St. James, say, that if suddenly called upon after dinner to speak, his mind was more or less a blank, but that on his way home from the feast he thought of ever so many good things he would like to have said. This implied a lack of ready wit, but I fancy Mr. Russell Lowell did himself an injustice by this confession, as his speeches usually have an impromptu air and abound in point and and interest. Charles Dickens was an admirable after-dinner speaker, but I have no doubt he knew tolerably well beforehand what he was going to talk about, and since the lamented death of 'Boz,' I fancy George Augustus Sala bears away the palm. When this notable journalist rises, poises his chin in the air, rolls his dark eyes upward, and sends out his clear metallic chest notes, one feels an assurance that a clever speech is forthcoming, delivered with fluent ease and felicity of expression. I once heard a noble lord, who very frequently makes excellent speeches in the Upper House, declare that he would part with half of his worldly possessions if he could roll off a speech with the facility of G. A. S. This may have been a *façon de parler*, but it certainly implied a large measure of admiration for the oratorical ability of our prince of journalists. To my mind, the most wonderful speaker in the world is Henry Ward Beecher, the celebrated Brooklyn divine. He can speak at any time, at any place, and on any subject. His pyrotechnic brain, incessantly whizzing and whirling, shoots out thousands of bright thoughts which he readily clothes in most musical and expressive language. On the whole, I think the Americans are more telling after-dinner speakers than the English. There is Daniel Dougherty, the eminent advocate of Philadelphia; Sunset Cox, Oakey Hall, Ben Butler, and Chauncey M. Depew, whose names are well known on this side of the ocean, and who, when they get on their legs, usually corruscate to the edification of their hearers."

---

The London clubs are generally open to Americans, and the Athenæum, the Saville, the Savage, the Green Room, and the Rabelais have formidable lists of honorary members. The Rabelais is an interesting institution. In order to be eligible a man is required to have done one of two things. He must either have read Rabelais's works or not have read Rabelais's works. In either case he can come in. Lord Houghton sometimes presides, and opens proceedings by solemnly arising and enunciating a single Latin phrase. There are no speeches, and but one toast, which is drunk standing with all the honors at the end of the feast. The words are: "To the immortal memory of the master!" There are six American members.

---

Foreign journals speak of an invention produced in Germany, viz., a musical bed, so constructed that, by means of a concealed piece of mechanism, the pressure of the body produces the softest harmony, which lasts long enough to lull one to sleep. At the head of the bed is a dial with a hand, which can be placed at whatever hour the person wishes to awake, and, at the time fixed, the bed plays a march of Spontini, with drums and cymbals loud enough to wake the soundest sleeper.

## SOCIETY.

### The Galt-Meares Wedding.

The most prominent social event of the past week was the marriage of Miss Mary Meares, daughter of Doctor J. L. Meares, to Lieutenant Rogers H. Galt, of the United States navy. The ceremony was solemnized at Grace Church, by the Reverend Mr. Foute, last Wednesday evening. The church never presented a finer appearance than on the evening in question. Extensive floral decorations had been made—more elaborate, possibly, than usual, owing to the fact that the bride had been for some time one of the leading members of the Chancel Society. In honor of the occasion the Easter altar-cloth of the Chancel Society was laid. The decorations embraced the choicest of vines, ferns, and fragrant blossoms of every hue. The chancel rail was buried in a mass of flowers, and the gate leading within the rail was also draped with blossoms; the reredos was covered with diamond-shaped arches, one above the other, composed of red and white flowers, with green garlands winding around and through them; the centre of the reredos was occupied with a wreath of variegated flowers about three feet in diameter; in the centre of the wreath was a cross formed out of gas jets. Tall ferns and palms walled in the whole of the back of the altar, running down the sides to the aisles.

By eight o'clock the church was full of the invited guests, and half an hour later the organ burst into the familiar strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The bridal party entered in the following manner: first came Misses Bettie Ashe and Sallie Maynard, two young girls, not yet out of school. They were followed by Miss Millie Ashe and Mr. J. L. Meares Jr., a brother of the bride. Next came Miss Eva Maynard and Mr. Charles J. Swift. Next, Mrs. S. V. Maynard with the groom, who wore his uniform. Last, the observed of all observers, the tall, handsome bride, leaning on the arm of her father. After the marriage ceremony had taken place, the bridal party led the way out of the edifice, the bride and bridegroom at the head. The street was lined with carriages, and the sidewalk blocked with people eager to catch a sight of the handsome couple.

A reception was held at the residence of Mrs. Maynard, No. 614 Folsom Street, from nine until eleven o'clock, at which were present only the two families of the contracting parties; however, they were numerous enough to fill the Maynard parlors. The ceremony of cutting the bride-cake was performed by the bride, and each young lady present cut a slice until the "lucky ring" was found in the slice cut by Miss Mamie Maynard, which signifies that she is to be the next young lady who will preside over a bridal cake. The more striking costumes were as follows:

The bridal costume was an exquisite robe of satin, of a light cream tint, extremely long in the train, the front and sides being heavily draped with several rows of richly embroidered lace; the corsage was cut high, and finished with lace to match; the bridal veil was fastened with white flowers.

Mrs. George Maynard was attired in a long train robe of black Canton crape and silk.

Misses Bettie Ashe and Sallie Maynard wore ankle dresses of white mull trimmed with Valenciennes lace and white satin ribbons.

Miss Millie Ashe wore an imported French embroidered muslin with white satin ribbons.

Miss Eva Maynard was costumed in white surah silk, the front elaborately trimmed with white lace.

Miss Royal wore a toilet of black satin, *en train*, with an over-dress of black lace with jet embroidery.

Mrs. Louis Garnett wore a lavender satin, covered with Chantilly lace, pink feathers at the corsage and in the coiffure.

Mrs. Judge Holmes, of Fresno, an aunt of the bride, was attired in a handsome black gros grain trimmed with black lace.

Mrs. Sallie Gwin wore black satin and black lace.

Miss Maggie Gwin wore white surah silk, low neck, and trimmed with white lace.

Mrs. William Ashe wore pink brocaded satin, *en train*, and trimmed with white lace; diamonds.

Mrs. Judge Wallace appeared in a robe of black velvet with diamonds.

Mrs. Foute wore a long black satin with an overdress of black Spanish lace, and jet.

Mrs. H. B. Williams was in black satin and lace.

Miss Lena Maynard wore a silk of apricot tint with a jacket and trimmings of maroon velvet.

The bridal gifts were of the most magnificent description and embraced a great variety. They were not, however, placed on exhibition.

The newly married couple are now on their way to Washington, where Lieutenant Galt will be stationed for the next two years. The lieutenant is a son of Professor Galt, of Norfolk, Va., and is a scion of one of the oldest families of the South.

Among those at the church, some of whom were at the reception, were the following guests:

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Williams, Mrs. W. H. Keith, Mr. Keith Jr., Mr. and Mrs. William Ashe, Porter Ashe, Miss Loyal, Judge and Mrs. Wallace, George W. Gibbs and family, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Harrison, Lieutenant and Mrs. Milton, Dr. Nightingale, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Graves, Mrs. S. Gwin and daughter, Miss Maggie Gwin, Mr. and Mrs. McGavin, Mr. and Mrs. Perine, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Newton, the Misses Holladay, the Misses Otis, Mrs. and Miss Thornton, Mrs. H. H. Toland, Mr. and Mrs. George Theobald, Mr. Robert Hewie, Alfred Kelley, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Pierson Miss Pierson, Mr. Lulchen, Paymaster Schenck, Mr. Arnold, Joseph Clark, Bradford Thompson, Frank Washington, J. Henly Smith, Mrs. Willie Gwin, William Fisher, Stafford Parker, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Miss Lena Blanding, Harry Tevis, Miss Florence Atherton, Miss Georgie Hammond, James Hare, Miss Jessie Maynard, Mrs. Lafayette and Mrs. John Maynard and Miss Sallie Maynard, of San Mateo.

### Notes from Monterey.

HOTEL DEL MONTE, September 18, 1884.

This has been a very Mecca of bridal parties since the *renaissance* of Monterey, there having been no less than nine bridal couples at this hotel at one time last year, and seven during the month just passed. It is, indeed, becoming just the thing for fashionable people of San Francisco and elsewhere who can not afford the Eastern tour, or who do not care to, to quietly enjoy their honeymoon here; and especially is this the case with brides who have previously sojourned at Del Monte during their maidenhood. I call to mind Miss McMullin, who was one of the noted beauties here during the season of 1880, and who has been with us this season as Mrs. Belvin, the wife of a tobacco merchant of Virginia; then there was Miss Crittenden, a magnificent girl, who is now Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, wife of the popular young treasurer of the Central Pacific Railroad, who has palaces in town and out; vivacious Nellie Trowbridge, that was, is now the quiet little helpmeet of a rising young medico of Arizona; Miss Easton, who was here in 1880, soon afterward became Mrs. Charles F. Crocker, and has presented her husband with two treasures which he adores more than his millions in hand and in sight; Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, who was a guest here during the first summer, and who has something to be proud of in the shape of a fifteen-months-old boy, was Miss Towne, the only child of Mr. A. N. Towne, the manager of the Central and Southern Pacific system of railways; the two daughters of Colonel Eyre are, respectively, Mrs. Girvin and Mrs. Pinkard; a daughter of the ten times millionaire Phelan, who spent two seasons at Del Monte as a Miss, hopes to go to Washington as Mrs. Congressman Sullivan; and it is possible that Mrs. Robert Hastings, she who was famous for her personal charms as Miss Mamie Coghill, may also yet be entitled to a seat in the diplomatic gallery at the national capitol; the Miss Sharon who was here in 1880, soon afterward became Lady Hesketh and a transplanted rose, while Miss Hamilton also reciprocated the adoration of an ardent Briton, and has since been presented to the Queen as Lady Waterlow; Mamie, the daughter of General Williams, who was at Del Monte during the season of 1881, is the wife of one of the rising young merchants of San Francisco—Frank Johnson; Fannie, the eldest daughter of Hon. M. D. Boruck, who visited Monterey in 1881-2-3, is the wife of Calvin Whitney, also a rising young merchant; the pretty young lady who drove her dog-cart here in 1880, and who is coming down on Saturday with a party, is the wife of a young gentleman who buys his Koederer by the shipload, instead of by the case, and is known to his intimates as "Jimmy" Robinson; and there was a whole lot of nice girls who have bowled, and danced, and flirted, and pouted at Del Monte, [illegible] have permanently changed their names, and who have been here one or more times since their matrimonial conversions, among whom are Mrs. David Brown (*née* Miss Dolly Brown), Mrs. Downey Harvey (*née* Miss Cutter), Mrs. Newlands (*née* Miss Ada Johnson), Mrs. Charles E. Green (*née* Miss Eldridge), Mrs. Doctor May (*née* Miss Coleman), Mrs. Raum (*née* Miss Woodward), Mrs. Wright (*née* Miss Bell), Mrs. Dr. Herzstein (*née* Miss Cora Wallace), Mrs. H. Hussey (*née* Miss Nannie Crane), Mrs. Arthur Smith (*née* Miss Hattie Rice), Mrs. Lieutenant Wise (*née* Miss Marion McAllister), Mrs. Morris Newton (*née* Miss Callie Crooks), Mrs. Doctor Brown (*née* Miss Emma Cole), the Baroness Schroeder (*née* Miss Mamie Donahue), Mrs. R. H. Pease (*née* Miss Ogden), Mrs. Mulhally (*née* Miss Rosenstock), and, possibly, a number of others. Miss Sallie Swearingen and Miss Bessie Grattan, both of whom were here the first summer, married gentlemen in Washington whose names I do not recall, and Miss Kate Sutro has lately married a Russian physician, with a big name, in Germany.

But, really, what I started out to say to you was that Del Monte saw its first wedding on Monday evening last, which was quite an event. The happy pair was Morton Cheesman Jr., son of a former banker of Marysville, and Miss Annie Walker, a daughter of J. R. Walker, a wealthy and well-known gentleman of Salt Lake. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Babin, Miss Sarah Walker, a cousin of the bride, assisting as bridesmaid. The bride was attired in an elegant costume of white gros grain silk draped with duchesse lace, and a veil from the coiffure to the balayeuse of her robe further adorned by orange blossoms, and *bouquet du corsage*. Miss Sarah Walker had on a robe of China crêpe, trimmed with lace; Mrs. Walker, mother of the bride, was in black silk; Mrs. Cheesman, also in dark silk; and Miss Cheesman in pale blue surah satin, with *bouquet du corsage* of Lamark rosebuds and Marguerites.

The weather continues to be simply perfect everywhere in this section, especially at the seashore. There are nearly two hundred people at the hotel; and boating on the lake, lawn tennis, bowling, picnicking, and gossip over the Morosini and Sickles episodes seem to be the order of the day. Touching the latter sensation, a general impression prevails among our fair veranda-ites that Miss Sickles's $500,000 is a nice rich stake (no play upon the word steak) for the festive butcher, and that without that he might appear chop-fallen.

L. TENNIS.

### Engagements and Marriages.

The reported engagement of Miss Mary P. Eddy and Mr. George H. Lent is authoritatively denied.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hattie L. Hayes, daughter of Mr. Thomas R. Hayes, of Messrs Main & Winchester, to Mr. George B. Willcutt, son of Mr. J. L. Willcutt, of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company.

Miss Anna Walker, daughter of Mr. J. R. Walker, of Salt Lake City, was married to Mr. Morton Cheeseman Jr. last Monday evening, at Del Monte, Monterey, Rev. Mr. Babin being the officiating clergyman.

Notwithstanding the contradiction by Mr. Mackay, the papers announce the betrothal of his step-daughter, Miss Eva Bryant, to Prince Colonna as having been celebrated recently near Rome.

On Wednesday, 10th instant, Miss Ella McAllister, daughter of Colonel Julian McAllister, U. S. A., was married to Mr. H. Stanley Dexter, of New York, at St. Paul's Church, Benicia. The ceremony was performed by Right Rev. Bishop Kip. A special train conveyed the invited guests to and from Benicia. After the ceremony the bride and groom left for San Francisco, and on Thursday afternoon took the overland train for New York, where they will hereafter reside.

The engagement is rumored of Miss Cora Townsend, of New Orleans, who was lately on a visit to this city, and Colonel Robert F. Morrow.

H. B. Smith Jr., Pacific Coast Agent of the Missouri Pacific, and Wabash and St. Louis Railroads, who was married to Miss Hattie McKey at Janesville, Wisconsin, on the 3d instant, will arrive here with his bride in a day or two.

On the 17th instant, at Los Angeles, the wedding of Hugh Livingstone Macneil, cashier of the Los Angeles County Bank, and Miss Louise Slauson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Slauson, of Los Angeles, was celebrated in the presence of a large number of friends at the family residence on Figueroa Street. The bride is an accomplished musician, and is well known in San Francisco society. Mr. and Mrs. Slauson were for many years residents of this city.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Sharon, who have been passing two or three weeks in New York, have arrived in London.

Mrs. Fisher Ames went to Monterey on Saturday last to remain several weeks.

Miss Gwin, who has been visiting Miss Maynard at San Mateo, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne are at the Windsor Hotel, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, and Miss Nettie Tubbs, went to Monterey early in the week to remain quite a while.

Marysville is represented at the Hotel Del Monte by Miss Huntington and Miss Ellis.

Mrs. Calvin E. Whitney has returned from Piedmont, where she has been spending the summer, and taken up her residence at 2714 California Street.

The Misses Luning, who have been making their first visit to Monterey since its *renaissance*, returned to the Palace on Monday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brown have returned from their summering in Marin County.

Mrs. J. H. Jewett, accompanied by the Misses Chetlain, Holladay, and Brumagim, has returned from Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln have been sojourning for a few days at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding have returned to the city from San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore F. Payne have returned from their *pasear* in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge, and Miss Mollie Dodge, went to Monterey on Saturday last to remain a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryland Wallace, who have been enjoying their honeymoon in Santa Cruz County, have returned to the city, and are at the Occidental.

Hon. William Alvord and Mrs. Alvord passed last Sunday at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. L. Wooster, who have been enjoying their honeymoon at Tahoe and elsewhere, have returned to the city.

Captain and Mrs. Taylor and their daughter, Edith, are in New York.

Hon. Henry Edgerton and wife, of Sacramento, are at the Grand.

Consul Burton returned from Napa County on Thursday, improved in health. He goes to Los Angeles next week, hoping to be fully restored within a month or so.

Hon. John F. Miller and family arrived here on Monday last, and are at the Palace.

The wife of Mr. L. C. Kelley, of Sather & Co.'s bank, accompanied by her daughters, Maud, Edna, and Claire, left for a trip to the Sandwich Islands on Monday last.

Colonel Judd, Chamberlain to King Kalakaua, came up on the last trip of the *Alameda*, and has gone East to bring back his family.

Mr. W. M. Giffard, of the Honolulu agency of the Oceanic Steamship Company, is visiting California for recreation and rest. He is at present at the Hotel del Monte, and on his return will make a trip to the Geysers.

F. W. Damon and his bride recently arrived from China, and left on the *Alameda* for their field of missionary labor among the Sandwich Islanders.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fraser, of Mount Hamilton, have been visiting in the city during the week.

Mrs. W. Woodberry is paying a visit to her mother, Mrs. Kilburn, in Oakland, after which the family go East, to remain several months.

Rev. W. B. Wakefield, D. D., and wife, who have been on a visit to the city and coast for some weeks, have returned home in Richmond, Virginia.

Major C. C. Heathcoté and wife, of England, were in the city last Monday, and were stopping at the Palace.

Mrs. Edgar Mills and family are visiting Del Monte, Monterey, and expect to remain until some time in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone have arrived in New York city, and were stopping at the Windsor.

Mr. George H. Lent left last Monday for the East, to continue his studies at Harvard.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kurtz (*née* Watson) are making a short visit to the Geysers.

Justice Stephen J. Field, of the United States Supreme Court, arrived in the city from Portland, Oregon, last Monday. Mrs. Field did not accompany him on his visit.

Mr. Hugh Tevis returned to Arizona last Monday, after a visit to friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse R. Grant, and Mrs. W. S. Chapman, who have been visiting the Geysers, have returned to the city, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Rev. G. W. Izer and family arrived from Portland last Monday. Rev. Mr. Izer has been appointed to the charge of the Howard Street M. E. Church for the ensuing year.

Mrs. M. A. Fuller and her daughter, Miss Nellie, have been spending the summer with friends in Oakland and San Francisco, and returned to their Hawaiian home on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Heighton, accompanied by Miss Cora Caduc, have returned from the Geysers, where they spent a week or so. Mr. Heighton is now in Arizona, and will return next week.

General and Mrs. Banning, of Wilmington, arrived here on Monday last, and are at the Occidental.

Mrs. J. Clarke, Miss Benton, and Miss Forbes went to Monterey on a short visit on Wednesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Green, of Los Angeles, who have been visiting in this city, returned home yesterday.

Mrs. Edward Barron and family, who have been residing in Europe and at the East for some time, returned to the city last Monday, and are stopping at the Baldwin.

Rev. Dr. Shepherd and wife, of Santa Rosa, were in the city last Monday, and were stopping at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Cheesman Jr. (*née* Walker) were at the Palace Hotel last Tuesday, but left in the afternoon for Lake Tahoe. They expect to reside in Salt Lake City.

Rev. T. K. Noble and wife have gone to Lake Tahoe to remain a couple of weeks

Senator John F. Miller and family arrived in the city from New York last Monday, and are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Mattie Sheldon, who has been visiting at Santa Cruz, has returned to the city.

Colonel and Mrs. James H. Withington, who have been visiting for some time at Santa Barbara, are expected to return to the city in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Dexter (*née* McAllister) have left the city for New York, where they will reside permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. James Mellus, of Los Angeles, who have been visiting Monterey, have returned home.

Mrs. Theresa Fair and family returned to the city last Thursday, after an extended absence in Europe. She was met at Reno by Dr. Spaulding.

Hon. C. T. Ryland, of San José, was in the city last Wednesday, and was stopping at the Lick House.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Hopkins have returned from their Eastern trip, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Lizzie Story returned to San Francisco by steamer from Portland last Monday.

Mrs. J. D. Redding was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, at Redwood City, last Sunday.

Mrs. S. F. Thorn, of the Grand Hotel, who met with a very severe accident in San José, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Davis, of that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward M. Smith, of Alameda, are stopping at the Baldwin, and expect to remain there during the coming winter.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and family have returned to the city from their summer stay at Russian River.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Wetherbee are visiting in San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean expect to leave the city for New York during October, to remain several months.

Mrs. E. Danforth, of this city, was registerd at the Albemarle, New York city, last Monday.

Mrs. William C. Ralston has returned to Georgetown, where she will spend the winter.

Judge and Mrs. Robert T. Hayne, who have been visiting at Emmetsburg, Md., expect to leave that place shortly for a trip to Europe.

Rev. S. C. Damon and wife, of Honolulu, who recently arrived in this city from a trip to Japan, returned home by the steamer of last Monday.

The Hon. Paul Neumann, Attorney-General of Hawaii, is in the city for a brief visit. Although an old Californian, he thinks the Sandwich Islands are an earthly paradise.

Hon. H. L. Dawes, United States Senator, of Massachusetts, and wife, accompanied by Mr. H. L. Dawes Jr. and Miss Dawes, arrived in the city last Wednesday, and are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. C. B. Wyatt and Miss Wyatt are again at the Grand Hotel, for the season.

United States Senator A. Cameron, of Wisconsin, and Senator J. F. Morgan, of Alabama, are at the Palace Hotel.

Hon. Thos. Fitch and wife, of Los Angeles, are in the city, and are registered at the Palace Hotel.

General H. M. Naglee, of San José, accompanisd by the Misses Naglee, were on a visit to the city last Thursday, and were at the Occidental Motel.

Hon. Edward Curtis returned Wednesday from the East, and is at the Grand.

Colonel John D. Spreckels and family were expected home from Honolulu on the *Alameda*, but were detained on account of the illness of Mrs. Spreckels. They are expected on the *Mariposa*, on Monday next.

Mr. William Hearst has returned East, to renew his studies at Harvard College.

Mrs. George W. Cope returned from an Eastern trip last Wednesday.

Mrs. S. C. Bigelow, who has been visiting Santa Barbara, returned home by steamer last Tuesday.

Doctor R. A. Bayley and wife, of New Orleans, are in the city, and are stopping at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose Jr., of San Mateo, were in town last Tuesday, and were at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Walker, of Salt Lake City, are at Monterey, at Hotel Del Monte, where they will probably remain until the latter part of the month, when they expect to return home.

Mrs. Horace Davis has returned to the city, after her visit to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Flood, and Miss Jennie Flood, returned to the city to-day, after their extended Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Smith Jr. (*née* McKee) arrive to-day from the East and will stop at the Occidental.

Bishop J. C. Granberry, of the M. E. Church South, arrived in the city last Thursday from Portland, Oregon.

Mr. James L. Flood, who has been East for several months, returned home to-day.

### Army and Navy News.

Captain F. V. McNair, U. S. N., has gone south on two weeks' leave. During his absence Commander Kempff is acting as Captain of the Mare Island Yard.

Pay Director H. M. Denniston, U. S. N., who succeeds Pay Director Fulton, at the Mare Island Yard, has been authorized to delay reporting until October 16th.

Mrs. Coghlan, the wife of Commander J. B. Coghlan, of the *Adams*, is the guest of Lieutenant and Mrs. Cutts at the Mare Island Yard.

Lieutenant T. Dix Bolles, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Adams* and ordered as executive of the *Pinta*, at Sitka, Alaska.

Ensign A. W. Dodd, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Ranger* and ordered home.

Assistant Engineer E. O'C. Acker, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Adams* and ordered to the flagship *Hartford*.

Lieutenant Daniel Delehanty, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Adams* and ordered to the Navy Yard, Mare Island.

Surgeon T. C. Heyl has been detached from the *Adams* and ordered to the U. S. R. S. *Independence*.

Mrs. Major D. S. Gordon and daughter arrived from the East last Sunday to join Major Gordon, who is stationed at the Presidio.

Lieutenant J. W. Carlin, U. S. N., who has been residing in the city for some months under waiting orders, went to Mare Island last Monday to assume the duties of executive officer on the U. S. R. S. *Independence*.

Assistant Paymaster Frank H. Clark, U. S. N., was in town last Wednesday, and was registered at the Palace Hotel.

Captain Henry Johnson, U. S. A., was at the Occidental Hotel last Thursday.

R. N. Galt, U. S. N., who has just wedded a fair Californian, has been at the Baldwin during the week.

Lieutenant J. C. Burnett, U. S. N., on duty on the U. S. R. S. *Independence*, is in town and stopping at the Occidental Hotel.

Captain Charles Harkins, Second Infantry, U. S. A., is registered at the Grand Hotel.

### Notes and Gossip.

In reference to the rumored change in the choir of Trinity Church, it may be well to state that there will be from next Sunday (September 21st) a volunteer choir of over thirty voices, led and trained by Mr. Hugo Talbo. Mrs. McAllister has no intention of singing as leading soprano. The duty is assumed at present by the young lady who has been acting in that capacity for some time past in the evening choir. It is believed that the new choir will be a complete success, owing to the deep interest taken in the semi-weekly rehearsals.

Val Knudson, of Kauai, and family returned from a three years' residence in Europe, where the young ladies have been finishing their education, and left for their island home on the last trip of the *Alameda*.

Quite a number of well-known San Franciscans went to Monterey on Saturday last to pass Sunday at the Hotel Del Monte, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Keeny, Mr. and Mrs. A. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Slevin, Mr. and Mrs. F. Jaynes, Mr. and Mrs. T. Orndorff, Mrs. J. Eppinger and Miss Eppinger, Mr. and Mrs. John Curry, Captain N. T. Smith, Captain R. G. Hooker, J. J. Hagan, James Freeborne, J. Janssen, G. N. Wilbur, Geo. Whitteel, D. T. Murphy, C. H. Jones, M. Cheesman, A. W. Carr, A. S. Tubbs, A. C. Tubbs, J. H. Smith, Edward Hull, David McClure, and Henry Barroilhet; also Mrs. A. M. Easton and A. M. Easton of Milbrae, Mrs. Lucy Arnold and J. D. Arnold of Sacramento, and Mrs. L. M. Brown of Oakland.

It is expected that a large number of tourists from Eastern cities will make the trip to the Sandwich Islands during the winter. In this city, too, several parties are being made up for a trip to Honolulu, to enjoy the hospitalities of mine host Tilden, of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

The San Francisco Philharmonic Society announces a fourth season of orchestral concerts, to be given at Platt's Hall during the coming winter. The orchestra will include the best instrumentalists of the city. The programme has been arranged with great care. Each concert will be preceded by a rehearsal (open to subscribers only), to take place on Tuesday afternoon next before each concert. Mr. Gustav Hinrichs will conduct the orchestra as usual. The following are the dates: Wednesday afternoons, at three o'clock, October 15th, November 12th, December 10th, 1884; Wednesday afternoon, at three o'clock, January 7, 1885. The subscription list is now open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store, corner Kearny and Sutter streets.

The Hawaiian Legislature has been prorogued, and several of its members, among whom was Mr. W. O. Smith, the leader of the opposition, came up on the *Alameda* for a visit to the United States.

### Art Notes.

Theo. Wores's painting, "The Chinese Candy Seller," which was exhibited at Morris & Kennedy's, has been purchased by Mrs. Fassett, of Elmira, New York.

A meeting of the lady managers of the Rosenthal Art Exhibition was held at the rooms of the Art Association last Thursday, at which Mrs. Irving M. Scott presided. Committees were appointed on finance, painting, and pictures, and a special committee to select a suitable location for the exhibition.

It is a singular fact that America is indebted to Pompeii for the great industry of canning fruit. When the excavations were just begun a party of Cincinnatians found, in what had been the pantry of a house, jars of preserved figs. One was opened, and they were found to be fresh and good. Investigation showed that the figs had been put into the jars in a heated state, an aperture left for the steam to escape, and then sealed with wax. The hint was taken, and the next year the canning of fruit was introduced in the United States, the process being identical with that in vogue in Pompeii twenty centuries ago.

In the year 1524 Martin Luther laid aside the monk's costume, and henceforward dressed according to the fashion of the world. He chose black clothes, and consequently the color has become the fashion of the clergy. His reason for choosing this color was—the Electors of Saxony took an interest in him, and now and then sent him a piece of black cloth, being at that time the court fashion, and because Luther preferred it; so his scholars thought it became them to wear the same color as their master. From that time black has been the color mostly worn by the clergy.

The old blind King of Hanover was, perhaps, the most perfect dinner host ever known. His smallest parties consisted of six, his larger of some multiple of six, the maximum limit being thirty-six. The explanation of this arrangement was that, in his majesty's opinion, no *chef* or butler, however accomplished, was capable of ministering properly to the wants of more than half a dozen people. When, therefore, he invited twelve people two distinct *cuisines* and cellars were called into existence, and the staff was increased proportionately at each addition to the original group.

The first composer who tried his hand at setting an opera to music was Francisco Bamarino, an Italian artist, and the piece to which he lent the charm of a melodious accompaniment was "The Conversion of St. Paul," which was brought out at Rome in 1460.

## RUNAWAY DAUGHTERS.

"Flaneur" gives Further Points about the Morosini Elopement.

The elopement of Miss Morosini with her father's coachman illustrates for the five hundredth time the effect of trying to introduce European customs among American girls. Mr. Morosini, ever since Jay Gould took him up and made him his body-guard, has assumed an enormous amount of style. He resides most of the year at Yonkers, a town of fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants, about ten miles north of New York. His daughters, both of whom are American-born girls, and who attended American boarding schools, were governed at home exactly as though they lived in the heart of Spain. They were kept under the closest watch, and were not allowed to receive visits from the young men in the neighborhood. The result was that they grew to the age of nineteen or twenty years in utter seclusion. Yonkers is a well governed town, with a large police force, and well lighted streets and avenues. Robberies are very infrequent there, and the tramps have been effectually driven away. The majority of the girls in Yonkers wander about the streets, row upon the Hudson river, or go sketching to the woods, without the thought of an escort. This sort of thing would not do for the Misses Morosini, however; they must always have a servant to accompany them. The elder girl, being of a romantic and fanciful disposition, was the one that they were particular to debar from the society of men. She rode every day, and Mr. Morosini engaged a handsome and bright young coachman to accompany her. This was an intelligent thing to do. Wherever Miss Morosini went the coachman accompanied her, whether it was for her morning ride in the woods, or to some of the shops in Yonkers. Here was a girl whose father and mother were particular to keep isolated from young men of her own station, and yet she was forced to have as her daily companion the young coachman whom Mr. Morosini had apparently selected because of his good looks. When yesterday the people of Yonkers saw Miss Morosini and the coachman walking up the railroad track, both of them apparently very much excited, and each carrying a small bundle, they thought nothing of it. Neither did the conductor on the railroad train, nor the officials at the Grand Central Depot, to whom Miss Morosini's face was familiar. They knew she was traveling about with a coachman, but they had so often seen her do so before that nothing was thought of it. Everybody knows how they got married and went off to live together.

The anguish of Mr. Morosini and his lamentation over the stain which has been brought upon his name are rather amusing to people who know the man. It is difficult for New Yorkers who were acquainted with Morosini fifteen years ago to appreciate the grief which he feels over the debasement of the name of Morosini. As a father, of course, every one respects his feelings; but it is difficult to weep with him over the stain upon the name. Morosini is solely and entirely a creation of Mr. Jay Gould's. Some years ago Major Selover, a robust, vigorous, and impulsive speculator, who, I believe, is pretty well known in San Francisco, had his fortunes ruined by one of Jay Gould's little tricks in the Stock Exchange. He met the small and insignificant-looking Gould that very afternoon on Wall Street, and, without stopping to consider that gentleman's wealth and financial standing, picked him up and flung him headlong down a flight of stairs into a basement barber-shop. Within twenty-four hours Major Selover had a national reputation. Few men have tossed the owner of a hundred million dollars about as he did. Mr. Gould was not seriously hurt, but he was very much frightened; and that very afternoon he set about looking for a body-guard. A stalwart and obsequious young Italian was recommended to him, and the next day Mr. Gould appeared upon the street followed by a body servant. This was Morosini. There was no talk of his family then. By clinging close to Mr. Gould, and serving his every wish, Morosini became his private secretary, and eventually served the great Wall Street speculator so well that Gould put him into the firm of Washington E. Connor & Co. The firm was composed of Mr. Connor, who was also a creation of Mr. Gould; of the millionaire's son, who may perhaps be similarly described, and of Mr. Morosini. The firm has been successful, and all its members live in great style. None of them, from Jay Gould down, however, have succeeded in getting into society. This is the precise history of Mr. Morosini's past in America. He is now a man of great personal dignity, and is still the willing servant of Jay Gould.

To return for a moment to Miss Morosini. It will be remembered that the case of the daughter of ex-Governor Hubbard, of Connecticut, who ran away with her father's coachman, was precisely similar to that of Miss Morosini. She was debarred from the society of the young men of the town, and her sole companion on her lonely rides was a robust and jolly young Irish coachman. In the end, of course, she ran away and married him. I remember also the case of a Miss Black, who lived in Monmouth County, New Jersey, and who ran away with a negro coachman about two years ago. Her father had a big place, and his daughter was considered too exclusive to associate with the village girls. It will be found in every instance in which a girl marries her father's coachman that she has been the subject of this ridiculous custom. A girl on a horse is just as safe in this section of the country, provided she will not venture too far in the mountains, as anywhere else on earth. I observe that you never hear of girls who were brought up on the good old American plan, and who know how to take care of themselves, eloping with their fathers' coachmen.

The case of Miss Lillian Spencer, who is suing her managers for ten thousand dollars damages for violation of contract and injury to her professional reputation, is likely to bring up a number of interesting questions. Miss Spencer's case is by no means an unusual one. Messrs. Williams and Tillotson are the gentlemen who are at present running a snap season in New York for the purpose of booming a number of plays which they expect to take upon the road during the coming season. One of these plays bears the absurd title of "Queena." It is written by Mr. Tillotson, and is an ingenious rehash of half a dozen unsuccessful plays. Williamson is the backer of the enterprise. In order to get a New York verdict for their plays, the managers engaged the Union Square Theatre for eight weeks at a rent of two thousand dollars a week, and hired such people as Eben Plympton, Lillian Spencer, and Sadie Martinot. They attempted to force their plays down the public's throat. The public went the first night, was bored, and resolutely stayed away thereafter.

Lillian Spencer was engaged to play the title rôle of "Queena." It was a stupid part, and, though Miss Spencer acted intelligently and honestly, she failed to score a hit. It is no wonder. The actress doesn't live who could make a success of the character. Mr. Tillotson, who, like most authors, was utterly unable to see any defect in his own work, first praised Miss Spencer, then censured, and finally discharged her. Her dismissal occurred in the middle of the first week, though she had been engaged for a season of thirty-four weeks. Messrs. Tillotson and Williams then went to Kate Forsythe, who was formerly John McCullough's leading lady, and told her that Miss Spencer had resigned. Miss Forsythe agreed to appear the following night in "Queena," so as to continue the run of the piece in New York, and began to restudy the part which she had once played upon the road. Then she suddenly learned of the manner in which Miss Spencer had been treated, promptly repudiated such unprofessional conduct on the part of the managers, and refused to act for them. Miss Spencer had spent six hundred dollars for costumes, and was thrown out of an engagement just when it was too late to close with any other manager. She expects now to prove that she is competent to assume the part, and that Williams and Tillotson are liable to heavy damages for their treatment of her.

The relations of managers and actors in America have always been very loose. There is little or no legislation in the matter, as there is in France, where the government takes a direct interest in the theatre, and the result is a continual series of misunderstandings, quarrels, and lawsuits.

There are a number of lawyers here who have made theatrical litigations a specialty. Among them are Howe & Hummel, who are expert criminal lawyers, and who have practically the monopoly of theatrical quarrels when they are carried to the courts. Howe is a fat and blustering man, who wears flashy clothes, and sports more diamonds upon his shirt-bosom and fingers than any other man in New York. He is a great talker, and his gorgeous appearance always influences a poor but impressionable jury. His partner, Hummel, is a midget. He is one of the smallest men I have ever seen outside of a museum. He wears a perfectly bald head, parenthetical legs, and a cast-iron smile. It is part of his business to keep in with theatrical people, and he attends every first night at the theatres, as a matter of course. He is invariably attired in evening-dress, and he seems to have a special fancy for Amazonian women. Each one that he brings to the play is larger than the last.

Another noted theatrical lawer is ex-Judge Dittenhoeffer. He, too, is a consistent first-nighter, and his persistency in clinging to theatrical people has resulted in a large and profitable practice among them. A peculiarity about the cases which these gentlemen handle is the utter impossibility of prophesying the result of any of the contests. Precedent apparently goes for nothing. The laws are muddled, and no man can tell how a case is coming out. That is why so much interest is felt in the Spencer case.

There is a pronounced and vigorous kick against the Barge Office management by every incoming traveler from Europe. For many years it has been the custom in New York for the steamers to run right into their docks upon their arrival from Europe, and tourists stepped down the gang-plank and ran ashore into the arms of their expectant friends. Now all incoming passengers are obliged to leave the steamers down the bay, board one of John H. Starin's steamboats, and proceed to the Barge Office, a huge building near the Battery, where they are penned in while the officials examine their luggage. Sometimes they are kept for several hours in this place, while their friends stand outside of the huge iron grating, visible but inaccessible, and shout their greetings. Mr. Starin collects a tariff of so much a head on each of the incoming passengers, and is making a remarkably good thing of it. The baggage is handled by a local boss, Barney Biglin, and the hacks, which cost the tourists from six to ten dollars more than they ordinarily should, are run by another local boss. Everybody is bothered and delayed that these three pot-house politicians may increase fortunes that have already grown to big dimensions under the fostering care of the ring which now controls the city.

"FLANEUR" (BLAKELY HALL).

NEW YORK, September 10, 1884.

At some of our pleasure resorts this season (says the *Hour*) it has been remarked that the women, young and old, drink like fish. Take Narragansett Pier. Women who do not swallow three or four cocktails, or milk-punches, or other intoxicating drinks every day, and who allow themselves to show the least disapproval of such excesses on the part of others, are voted "horridly slow." Look along the hotel piazzas, or through the Casino after bath time, and nearly every woman you see will be drinking some alcoholic mixture. The result is that they frequently get partly intoxicated—"feeling in high spirits" they say. Then, in addition to this drinking business, recall what is said about the immodesty displayed on the beach during the morning hours, when bathing is fashionable. Some of the costumes are absolutely indecent. Last year two or three women were informed by the police that they would not any more be allowed to come to the beach with so little on. One creature who kept herself just inside the law, was popularly known as "Madame Montre-tout." This summer two or three females have had orders to put on bathing-dresses of thicker material, or to stay away from the surf.

His Holiness Pope Leo has issued an encyclical protesting against the recently enacted French divorce law.

## THE AMERICAN GIRL.

**How She Looks as seen through European Spectacles.**

Two weeks ago, under "Vanity Fair," we published a few lines summarizing an article in the London *World* on "The American Girl." The extract was cabled to this side of the water. The paragraph attracted so much attention that we now reprint the entire article. It is headed "American Girls, Civilized and Uncivilized":

By the uncivilized American girl is meant the girl who has not "done Yew-rope." She has never been out of her own New York or Boston; she is unspoiled by Paris; she is a fresh Yankee, with all her native raw material glaringly exposed. She is generally very pretty; her complexion is dazzling, her eyes are dark and brilliant, her little foot and hand ravishing, and her figure slight and slim as a wand of willow. Make her speak (she won't want much making, by the bye), and her voice is harsh and loud, her accent is outrageous, and her nasal twang unbearable. She has an immense amount of fun in her—that is, if you get hold of a good specimen to study; she has plenty of wit and shrewd quaint humor; and she is never at a loss for something to say. She is a romp at heart, and loves a bit of hard flirting dearly. She is not very accomplished, but she knows arithmetic well, and thoroughly appreciates the value of money. There is generally something original about her; she has her own peculiar "notions" and eccentric ways of behaving in society. She always talks loudly, as if she thought you were deaf, and always in haste, as if an express train waited for her just one minute and no more. She has a hearty appetite, and mixes the strangest condiments together. At her breakfast she breaks up four or five half-boiled eggs into a tumbler, and beats them violently into a sort of yellow mash, before she will taste them; and with these eggs she devours corn cakes, rolls, "m'lasses," toast, jam, bacon, fish, fowl, hominy, prunes, coffee, cream; often finishing with a plate of fruit and a tumbler of iced water. She usually has a lot of candy in her pocket, and eats it at all hours. She loves to sit in a rocking-chair, in the heat of sun or fire, munching candy and reading novels. She does not care for sewing or house-work; she considers it beneath her, and leaves it to the "help," or servants. She loves to display her small feet and hands—a peculiarity of American women. They occasionally glory in an instep, but this is seldom, their feet, as a rule, being small, narrow, thin, and flat. But a foot of this kind can be made to look a tiny wonder in a well-fitting boot; therefore the American girl delights in boots and eke in gloves, and spends the greater part of her pocket-money on these items. She dreams of Yew-rope, but as yet she has not been there, and it glitters like a fairy vision in the distance. Paris and London she thinks of as places where ravishing toilettes may be purchased at moderate cost; and she pictures Italy as a land overflowing with romance and moonlight, and filled with languishing lovers, all of them with big titles, and any of whom can be bought, titles and all, for a reasonable sum of money. She has half a dozen strings to her bow, in the shape of marriageable young men, who all hang about her like so many fish on a line, none of them certain of their fate, but all of them needing to spend a deal of cash in the meantime in order to remain in the good graces of their lady love, who is generally provokingly indifferent to each and all of their claims. She only makes a few cool and collected business arrangements with them—such as letting them plainly understand that she will condescend to accept bonnets from one, shoes from another, gloves from another, fans from another, jewelry from another, and so forth; and she makes it clearly evident that she expects to receive such articles of dress as payment for permission to adore her.

She is, as a rule, very lively, and has a fair amount of surface knowledge which serves her in good stead when she desires to "come out strong" in conversation. The simpering affectation of innocent ignorance, so commonly practiced by the English girl who is not sure of her ground, is utterly discarded by her American sister, who rushes headlong into any discussion, no matter how abstruse, and hazards remarks which are sometimes marvelously shrewd and clever, but often very shallow and absurd. But the American girl does not mind what she says, as long as she says something—to keep silence on any subject is insufferable torture to her. "Sakes alive!" exclaimed a charmingly lovely Yankee belle to me one evening, "what are our tongues for if we mayn't talk? Guess the English are a long way too solemn; they don't have more funerals than we do, say?" Absolute dignity of manner is unknown to the American girl. She learns deportment of course—the result being that she holds her back extraordinarily stiff and straight, and carries her head very high; but the slow gliding movement of a highly bred French or Italian *grande dame* (for it must be confessed that the foreigners surpass the English in grace of bearing) is a thing that highly astonishes her, while it wins her reluctant admiration. She can not walk slowly to save her life. She skims along the street like an important little waterwagtail, very prettily but always more or less fussily. She clings to the belief that stiffness of back constitutes elegance of carriage, ignoring, or, perhaps, not knowing, that the little turn of a woman's waist, and the supple curve of her back, are charms that attract the painter's brush and the sculptor's chisel. She adores shops, and, however wealthy she may be, she thoroughly enjoys buying cheap things, and boasting of the bargains she has made. The days of her life pass in novel-reading and flirtation—and she herself is a curious compound of good nature, cynicism, affection, worldliness, tenderness, and cunning; and with all her good points considered as favorably as possible, she is never quite a woman. At least, she is not a womanly woman, such as poets rave of and artists dream of—she has no such spiritual beauty in her soul as that which is shadowed forth in the exquisite face of Ary Scheffer's "Marguerite." Whereas an unspoiled English girl is like a ripening peach, still on its tree, and glowing with downy and beautiful bloom, the unspoiled American girl is like the same peach plucked for some time and carefully packed in a box—good fruit, and fair to look at, but no bloom on it.

So much for the uncivilized specimen—the regular "Yankee gel." And now to consider briefly the influence of Yew-rope when brought to bear upon such a nature, and what is the result of a five or six years' residence in England upon the mind of an American woman. The first noticeable change in her is that she disowns and despises her own country. She wishes to be thought English, or French, or Italian—anything rather than American. She carefully studies her pronunciation of the English language, and she strives hard to eradicate from her memory the distressing nasal twang with which she was once familiar; and though she occasionally betrays her origin by placing wrong accents upon words such as "*in*quiry" for "in*quir*y," and "rowt" for "route," she generally succeeds pretty well in her endeavor to talk English as the English themselves talk it. Her attempts to master French and Italian are seldom crowned with the like success; she has not the least idea of accent, and the few sentences she utters while she is in Paris are certainly not Parisian, any more than the orders which she issues to the covertly grinning waiters at the hotel in Florence are choice Tuscan. By heritage she was always self-opinionated, and Yew-rope has not improved her in this respect. She is too apt to consider that she alone, by means of her shrewd American organization, is able to quickly receive a joke or grasp an idea.

The American girl resident in Europe is always the victim of a craze for getting "into society," and she is generally envious of those who are already there by hereditary right. She clings to literary and artistic celebrities in the hope that, by holding on very tight to the acquaintance of some rising novelist or musical composer, she may be lifted into the Sunshine of the "Upper Ten." Here she is very often woefully disappointed, for authors and artists who become highly distinguished have a wonderful happy knack of shaking off people they do not care about, and floating up to social honor like balloons released from too much ballast. As she grows older, and sees all the tropical bloom of her complexion fading into the dried Ribston pippin tint common to middle-aged American women, the envious regrets of her life increase, as she beholds the brilliant wheel of aristocratic life whirling round and round, utterly regardless of her, and she begins to wish she had never left America.

We now learn by cable that *Truth* has come out with an antidote to the unflattering article of the *World* on the American girl, and allows a correspondent to describe her as well bred and attractive, with a sweet and pleasantly modulated voice, as speaking good English, and not through her nose—modest without prudery, charitable without ostentation, cultivated without conceit, she is vigorous, healthy, and energetic, rides, skates, plays tennis, and delights in physical exercises. We shall look for this defense at English hands with much interest.

## VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. William Cook, of Philadelphia—although she has not been able to walk at all for three years, and whenever she comes into the parlor at the Grand Union Hotel is in a wheeled chair attended by a maid—dresses more richly and has a greater variety of elegant toilets than almost any other lady at Saratoga. One evening lately when she appeared in the parlor, and was, as usual, the centre of a group of ladies and gentlemen, who enjoyed her merry chat, she wore a ball-dress of white gauze, with broad stripes of white satin, combined with plain white satin, and trimmed most elaborately with white bugle passementerie. The skirt had a long train trimmed with passementerie, and on the sides a heavy silk cord was laced over narrow plaited satin ruffles, ending with long gimp tassels. Around her throat were two strands of large pearls, with a crescent of diamonds as a pendant, and in her ears hoops of diamonds, and on her arms glittered bracelets of diamonds and pearls. With this toilet she carried a huge fan composed of twenty white ostrich plumes, each near half a yard long, and set on long sticks of clear amber, each stick made out of a solid piece of amber. Another of her toilets is a Queen Anne dress made by Worth, who copied it from a portrait of her whose name is given to the modern style of architecture. The old lady is evidently of a picturesque turn of mind, if one may form an opinion from Queen Anne houses and this very elaborate dress. It has a front of pale amber satin, with sides of marazin blue satin. The back of the bodice and short train are of dark blue and gold-ribbed terry velvet. The front of the waist is of the amber satin, and the sleeves are of gold satin, puffed high on the upper part of the arm and slashed with blue, tight from elbow to wrist, and finished with Venetian point lace. Across the front of the dress are straps of steel gauze passementerie, caught in the centre with a sort of rosette or ornament of the tinsel trimming. The same kind of passementerie is used on the sleeves and bodice of her dress. The neck is open and cut square; around her throat was the necklace above described. Her shoes were of black patent-leather, with uppers of old-gold satin, giving the same effect as a silk stocking and slipper.

A new drawing-room car has been recently made, in which by a simple device the heavy chairs are made to fold at joints; the seats sink to the floor, the mirrored panels swing open, reaching within a foot of the car centre, and, presto, the drawing-room is divided into ten sections, each affording a bed-room in which there are two beds, a mirror, wardrobe hooks, and other conveniences.

By the Koran every Mussulman is entitled to four *hanoums* or wives proper, and no more. Why this particular number was fixed upon by Mohammed is not directly in evidence, but tradition has it that the Prophet's fourth wife had a mind of her own, and gave him to understand that she would make him a very lively vision if he ventured to dream about a fifth. The old gentleman discreetly announced a revelation in accordance with these views, and no Mussulman has ever had more than four wives to this day. But no limitation is put on the number of odalisques he may have. Since they have commenced leaving their faces uncovered the most picturesque view of Turkish women is from behind. They still wear the veil, but so loosely that the face can for the most part be seen. From the back, however, there is nothing visible but the white head-dress and the graceful folds of the shapeless feredje, which envelops them to the knee. It is a vantage point, because it leaves a space for poetic imagination. There are French women living as odalisques in many of the wealthier harems; and, possibly, specimens from others of the southern nations. But there are no German or English women, so far as known. With the large majority of native females the prevailing tint is yellow. Nine out of ten of them are pigeon-toed, and all the blondes have freckles. They never wither and dry up in growing old, as do the nations to the north and west; but fatten and grow oily, developing ridges where there ought to be hollows, growing at the edges and settling in hight, until at early womanhood they have no more shape or figure than a Hubbard squash. If I were to have my choice of the whole invoice (says a correspondent), I should take an Abyssinian brunette. They are divinely tall and slender, and black as the ace of spades. They dress in pure white, and the black face and red lips against the white setting of the burnous give an effect that is as enchanting as a picture. The only fault they have about them is their legs. Their ankles are about as big around as a rolling-pin, and it is ankle all the way up to their knees. The leg is set exactly in the middle of the foot, which is very low and flat. This African trade-mark is, as I have said before, somewhat of a blemish, and tends to lower the quotations for them with some people. On the street the women are models of propriety. They never speak to a man on such occasions, though they will stare at a foreigner with simple and childlike curiosity. A smile is not hard for a stranger to obtain, but it is given not so much in coquetry as to worry the guardian eunuch who accompanies the smiler abroad. Fiancés are allowed to walk and talk together, and it is the correct thing for accepted lovers to serenade their dulcineas in the evening with a guitar. There has been the same loosening of rigidity of late years in the matter of women going abroad alone as in other lines of Turkish conduct. The women are very careful, and though they are seen everywhere—riding in the cars, buying in the bazaars, and lunching quietly in the cemeteries—they never venture to speak to a stranger in the street, and if they have lovers at all it is in the closest secrecy and entirely under the rose.

A correspondent writing from Long Branch says of a female guest there: Three times in succession she ordered the waiter to bring her a champagne cup, and she quaffed the third with as steady a hand and unflushed a cheek as if it had been water. "Dessert, ma'am?" said the waiter. "You may bring me some almonds; nothing else," said the lady, and when the nuts were brought she ate a good handful, feed the waiter, and left the table. "Champagne cup," you know, is composed of champagne, various liquors, lemon juice and other piquant and exhilarating drinks. It takes a pretty strong head to stand much of it, and when at supper the same night the same lady emptied a pint bottle of Mumm's extra dry into a goblet of chopped ice and slowly sipped it, I marveled. Later on I saw her munching almonds on the veranda while she chatted with some friends, and then it occurred to me that there must be some connection between nuts and wine beyond the mutual pleasantness to the palate that I did not understand. Since then I have noticed that the ladies most partial to wine parties are in the habit of carrying shelled almonds in their dress pockets or embroidered hand-bags, and to-day I was told that these nuts are the latest known antidotes for lavish libations, it having been discovered by a professional wine-taster that nothing else so effectually kept the head clear and palate keen of taste. I notice that women drink a great deal more wine, and drink it publicly, than they used to do. Old-fashioned etiquette held that a lady should never be urged beyond a glass of champagne, and, if at dinner, no more than a sip at the various wines. The present generation would scream at such an idea, and girls not out of their teens are proud of their capacity to stand as much as their escorts. At Delmonico's, at Wormley's in Washington, and even in Young's at proper Boston, a lady lunching alone does not hesitate to order a bottle of good wine, and, in consequence, I have been told, the noonday snack of a lady of fashion never costs less than ten dollars, and it has become quite the thing lately for married women to take young men to lunch or supper and pay the bills. The caterers regard them with profound consideration, for they order more extravagantly than men.

An American woman relates an interview she once had with an English woman in Italy, who explained, with a most kindly, amiable air, that she was more communicative with Americans than with her own country people in traveling, because, if she were civil to the latter, "they might try and impose themselves upon our acquaintance at home, but you Americans will never meet us in London, don't you see?" This reminiscence of a practical, but apparently unconscious, exhibition of snobbery led another of the party to remark that a titled foreigner, connected with one of the legations at Washington, declares that he has heard the terms "good family" and "aristocracy" more used during his one year in "republican America" than in the whole course of his life before. "And this," said the frank and spicy relater of the anecdote, "by people whose grandfathers sold small wares in some primitive village, or worked at a carpenter's bench or other decent calling, and who now do all this talking in the hope of creating distinctions where none essentially exist."

A very important item in personal appearance is the arrangement of the hair, and every woman should consider her own class of features in the choice of her coiffure. There is nothing so foolish or detrimental to good looks as a mania for following any prevailing fashion of hair-dressing, for it stands to reason that one style can no more suit all faces than one color will suit all complexions. To a certain extent nature herself dictates how the hair should be dressed, since she gives curly locks to some, and smooth, straight tresses, without even the suspicion of a wave or ringlet to others; and frequently the owners of the former would give anything in their power to get rid of the curls, while those who have the latter spend half their time in the endeavor to coax their hair into tendencies and habits utterly contrary to its nature. So much for feminine follies. There is no doubt that where hair does curl naturally it is so becoming as to make a plain face almost comely, and given a well-formed head, tolerable features, and complexion, and the kind of hair that clings pretty smoothly to the head, thereby expressing rather than hiding its shape, and curls softly at the ends, there is nothing so pretty. A woman who has this kind of hair can wear it naturally to her life's end, and it will never look unsuitable or out of place. But there is another sort of curl in some hair; it is crisp and rough and frizzy, and curls close up to the roots. This, if allowed to grow long, is very difficult to manage, and also to keep clean; but it has a beauty of its own, and should be cut rather short, frequently washed—daily, if possible—and allowed to curl all over the head. Of course, it must be combed, but it needs the brush far more than the comb. Straight hair should be braided or plaited, or arranged in loops and bows. A woman whose head is broad and flat should wear her hair in a coronet of plaits on the top. This remedies the little defect of formation, and gives dignity and grace. Sometimes, when the hair is very long and abundant, it can be divided into three plaits, one carried over the top of the head, one forming a necklace round the throat, and the other arranged at the back. One or two long plaits hanging down the back show the length of the hair, but the head should be very perfectly shaped or it will not bear this mode of coiffure. The fashion now prevalent of combing all the hair up to the top of the head, necessitates a pretty nape of the neck and a delicately formed head. If there be either lack or prominence of the organs at the back, it is plainly shown, so ladies had better beware how they follow this fashion, unless they wish to lay bare their strong points and weaknesses to those who indulge in the habit of observation.

## TROUVILLE—DEAUVILLE.

"Parisina" tells of Race Week at those two French Watering-places.

Whatever may be the reason, Trouville has been far less brilliant than usual this season, while its ultra aristocratic neighbor, Deauville, across the river, has, except for a few days during the race week, been a howling widerness. Why either place should ever have become fashionable is one of those puzzling things which "no fellah can understand." A dozen other spots in Normandy are prettier and healthier, and equally accessible. Trouville owes its vogue, in the first place, to a few choice spirits, who, with a taste for the Dutch school of art, pitch, and eccentricity, elected to take up their abode in the cottages of the fishermen there. It has, however, little natural beauty to recommend it, and smells horribly. The sands of Deauville may be good bathing, but they are as dismal when the sea goes out as sands well can be. When fashion, having reached boiling point at Trouville, bubbled over, speculation seized on the flats on the other side of the small river, and Deauville came into existence. A good many unfortunate shareholders have had reason to rue the day when this was accomplished, and the flavor of unpaid dividends hangs about the place still.

All the charm of Trouville is essentially artificial—the work of architects who have spent money on the beach like water and of that wonderful entity, "Tout Paris," which has made it popular. It is a mushroom watering-place, but a very marvelous mushroom, all the same. It sprang up in a night, thanks to Imperialist fashion; and though since the Franco-German war it has lost much of its prestige and glitter, it still draws more Parisians to it than any other holiday resort in Normandy. But the Parisians who frequent it change yearly. They grow vulgarer and vulgarer, and I foresee the time when it will be a French Coney Island. The *Promenade des Planches* is losing its brightness, the Casino its glitter, even *La Patinière* is not what it used to be; and of all the hotels the Proches Noires alone retains a reputation for *distinction*.

Trouville remains a representative watering-place still, though its glory is not the glory of our mothers' day, nor likely ever again to be so. *Cocottes* and countesses, painters and princes, still elbow each other in the salt sea waves at bathing-times, and meet on the planks—the famous planks which once seemed a Norman edition of the Boulevard des Capucines. What society principally lacks there is intimacy. Those who used to carry things with a high hand, and give the *tone* to society (a flashy and dissipated tone it was, albeit aristocratic), have been swamped by the great influx of the "fast" of other sets besides their own. Many of them are not quite so young or quite so charming as they used to be. The Baronne de Poilly owns a cottage there—*Le Cottage des Camélias*—and life was extremely gay, to put it mildly, in that cottage. Dances and private theatricals, besides delightful little dinners, to which unmarried girls were not invited, and most married men excluded, followed each other in bright succession. The baronne now prefers Folembray, and Camélias is let to an outsider, while the hostess entertains the children and grandchildren of her former friends and admirers on her ancestral acres. Nowadays the Princesse de Sagan reigns at Trouville, in her stead. Her villa is oriental in arrangement, while a Parisian freedom of speech and a pseudo Anglo-American freedom of manners prevail there. Of course, she is accompanied by her inseparable, the Marquise de Galliffet, who is just as fascinating and "youthful" in her appearance as when she and the gallant general (as great a favorite with the ladies as she was with the men) first fell out. There is also Madame Dalffus, the wife of the financier and daughter of the great Baron Haussmann; Madame Bischoffsheim, another queen of finance; the Duchesse de Castries, and the Duchesse de Gramont. They keep themselves somewhat aloof from the general herd, although they may sometimes be seen, of a morning, conspicuous among the small groups that congregate at *la patinière* (an old windlass situated at the end of the jetty), helping other aristocratic scandalmongers pull to pieces the reputations of the absent—who are proverbially in the wrong. At bathing time, too, the tall, well-knit form of the princess may be admired as she hurries from the sea to her *cabine*, as well as the more fairy-like contour of her satellite, the marquise.

All these ladies have their own special cabins, fitted up more or less luxuriously with folding-chairs, mirrors, warm foot-bath, and the hundred and one etceteras of the toilet-table. The waste of pearl powder and cosmetics must be enormous. Madame does up her face before she goes into the sea, for many a field-glass is riveted on her as she sallies forth toward the frothy waves, from which she is sure to emerge somewhat worn and dilapidated, and in sore need of a second application of the puff, pencil, and hair's foot. Preparing for the bath can not be called "undressing." It is a change of costume.. The Trouville *élégante* enters the sea as she does a drawing-room, *armée de pied en cap*. The bathing-dress is of fine serge, blue trimmed with white or white edged with blue, or perhaps crimson frilled with ivory lace. She draws fine silk stockings over her feet, which are shod with pretty sandal shoes. If it is a sunny morning a yoke hat is tied jauntily down over her carefully braided hair; and if cloudy a Massaniello cap or a bandanos *chiffonné à la créole* completes the costume. To walk bare-headed or bare-legged into the water would be thought almost indecent; while women whom nature has not gifted with a perfect figure may remedy its faults by means of corsets—made expressly for the purpose—in webbing. Thus accoutred, their meeting in the water with male acquaintances, themselves clothed from throat to knees in brilliantly striped jersey and drawers, loses much of its indelicacy. Frenchwomen are often good swimmers, and it is not uncommon for them to challenge one of the lords of the creation to a race around the bathers' punt, or a still more adventurous excursion into deep water. No sooner has the dripping naiad escaped from the waves than she is hastily enveloped by her maid or a female friend in a long cloak, under cover of which she reaches her cabin. The choice of the cloak is an important point. This year they are preferred striped, like a Mexican blanket.

Foulard has been the favorite material this season—foulard, the most costly of the summer tissues, which apes the simplicity of cotton. Madame de Galliffet appeared on one occasion in gray foulard spotted with white, a white crape fichu draped artistically around the swan-like throat. Madame Bischoffsheim was to be seen several times in dark blue foulard, strewn with white rings, and trimmed with crimson velvet. The Princess de Sagan wore two gowns of this material—a black foulard covered with bouquets of brilliantly dyed flowers, and one of raw silk, speckled with ruby red. Cream-white woolen, ornamented with lace to match or glittering gold braid, has also been in high favor. The cream and the gold was chosen by the Duchesse de Castries for her first appearance at the Deauville races, and as early in the day the weather looked uncertain, the bodice thereof was concealed beneath a little "cover" jacket of gray fustian—a fashion introduced by Redfern, who also designed most of the yachting costumes worn by the fair ones in their sea trips.

In name, at least, we have had a Deauville race-week this season, bringing with it its bookmakers and barons, and its bevies and beauties. But they were less numerous than of yore—less gay. We had the outward seeming without the old spirit. You could not help feeling that what you saw before you lacked heartiness, and you drove away from the scene murmuring *Vanitas vanitatum*.

Could it be otherwise? Deauville would not have been Deauville but for De Morny. When that favorite of fortune died it ceased to be Deauville. The vapid youth who inherits the name does not replace his father. The Duchesse de Seste is a very different person from the *mondaine* who once shone like a star, though she is the same woman. She put her old life away from her when she cut off her silvery-fair hair to put it in her first husband's coffin. Bonapartist society, which followed in their train, has grown old; its vice has rotted it; it has almost vanished, and as yet the society of the republic, with its cosmopolitan tastes and tendencies, has not been sufficiently remodeled to have any special aspects or aspirations of its own. The four relics of the old, gay time who were on the course the other day looked quite sad as they perceived the havoc time had wrought in Deauville. The tribune so empty, such a superfluity of bawling roughs, "horsey" women, and Hebrew *parvenus*. Such a lack of elegance, dash, and even mere glitter.

The racing was capital though; over two hundred horses, thirty-odd races, and several exciting finishes. Then the return to Trouville, over the bridge and along the quays, was pleasant and sunshiny. The little harbor was crowded. Yachts of every size and rig were anchored together, among them the Princesse de Sagan's boat, the *Bull-dog* (Monsieur de Gonlaed, master); Monsieur Menier's *Giralda* (back from a trip to the East); Baron Arthur de Rothschild's *Passe-partout*, and several English vessels from Cowes and Portsmouth. The observed of all observers, however, was Monsieur Blanc's steam-yacht *Nubienne*, which has created quite a sensation since it returned from Canada. It is a superb boat, fitted up with a reckless disregard of cost, and, though such a dandy vessel, well able to take care of itself in a rolling sea. All day long while it lay in the harbor, the *Nubienne* was crowded with curious visitors, none of whom were allowed on board without an introduction from some friend of Monsieur Blanc's or special permission.

We were talking of the youthful Duc de Morny just now. All the world has been talking of him over here this week. He has a talent for getting himself talked about—a talent he inherits from his sire—and does not seem to care much whether the tone of the conversation he gives rise to from time to time is contemptuous or the contrary. The telegraph flashes such odd things across the ocean nowadays that it may have informed you already of the last achievement of this bright, interesting sprig of ducal intellect. Monsieur le Duc had won considerable notoriety by going about dressed as a ballet-dancer, and breaking the heart of la belle Feyghine, who killed herself (poor, foolish girl) for love of him. But people were beginning to forget these feats. Monsieur le Duc did not want to be forgotten. He knew that unless he did something eccentric now and then he would be indistinguishable from any other scion of nobility, and on coming down to stay at his mother's villa, a fortnight ago, he set the thing he calls his brains to work to devise something very, very funny.

After ten days' meditation, an idea struck him (or was suggested to him by some other equally transcendent wit) which, with the assistance of sundry lunatics like himself, he proceeded to give effect to. You may perhaps know that a statue of the late Duc de Morny, which had been erected at Deauville, was, for political reasons, some years since removed from its pedestal and consigned to a cellar. This statue young hopeful and his friends resolved to set up again. By bribing some servants at the Mairie, they managed to get possession of the statue. In the dead of night last Saturday, after a soirée at the Casino, the duke might have been seen creeping through the darkness, in a tail-coat and white choker, to the centre of the sleeping watering-place. With him was a group of other men in tail-coats and chokers, all with bad colds in their heads (for they had forgotten their overcoats), and all looking very mysterious. On second thought, it was a pity they had not assumed their outer garments, for they would then have made a pretty parody of the long-coated conspirators in "La Fille de Mme. Angot." Presently they were met by a man wheeling a truck, on which truck lay a statue, which, together, they unloaded, and began to hoist on to the vacant pedestal. Just then, however, came a tramp of feet (as at Mademoiselle Lange's again); they heard a pistol cocked, and, interrupting their task, saw themselves surrounded by a dozen gendarmes, led by the local *Commissaire de Police*. "In the name of the law!" said the Commissaire, pointing his pistol at the conspirators. And at the name of the law the bold gentlemen in white chokers looked very frightened. However, they were let off easily, with a summons and a *procés verbal*. Monsieur le Duc slunk back to his maternal villa, with his coat-tails between his legs; and the statue of his father was left lying ignominiously in the road, beside its pedestal, till the morning, when it was quietly taken back to the cellar.

PARIS, August 22, 1884. PARISINA.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

On account of Miss Carrie Astor's engagement, the beaux of Newport are wearing asters.

Miss Hastings, a relative of Warren Hastings, who was ten years old at his acquittal, and is now one hundred and three years old, lives still at Malvern, England.

The first poem published by the late Mary Clemmer Hudson was printed in the Springfield *Republican* when she was fourteen. Her first novel came out when she was twenty.

The black ex-Queen Assab, Turin's royal guest, refused the aid of doctors during a recent indisposition, on the ground that it was against African court etiquette for white hands to touch her.

Mr. George Louis Palmella Busson du Maurier, the famous society artist of *Punch*, is a particularly fine tenor singer, and would probably have gone on the operatic stage had it not been for the opposition of his parents.

The young Duc de Morny, of unsavory notoriety, lately tried to replace on its pedestal, at Trouville, the statue of his father, which was taken down in 1870. The police interfered, and would not allow him to complete the undertaking.

Munkaczy, one of the greatest living artists, who painted "Christ before Pilate," has just been put in a private madhouse near Paris. He thought a passing file of soldiers about to assassinate him, shrieked wildly for aid, and was found to be hopelessly mad.

Charles W. Hutchinson, ex-Mayor of Utica, has not only bolted from his home, but has bolted the door of civilization behind him by becoming an adopted member of the Seneca tribe, a remnant of which resides on a small reservation in central New York.

A daughter of George Alfred Townsend ("Gath") was recently married clandestinely in Europe to Mr. Bonadventure, a middle-aged New York bookseller. She is described as a young lady eighteen years old, bright and interesting, and of more than ordinary intelligence.

Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, who appears to be having "no end of fun" as a Presidential candidate, is an enthusiastic tricycle rider. Indeed, she first introduced that vehicle into Washington. A correspondent writes that Mrs. Lockwood much resembles in looks the late Mrs. Lydia Pinkham, but this probably a campaign slander.

Fifty years ago there was a boy in Africa who was taken prisoner in one of the fierce wars between the tribes, and was carried away from his home to be sold as a slave. After being sold and resold, now for sugar, and again for rum, he was finally carried away in a slave-ship. A British cruiser captured the slaver. The boy is now Bishop Crowther, England's black bishop of Africa.

The young lady who is said to have secured the heart of F. Marion Crawford, hitherto reported as not a marrying man, Miss Bessie Berdan, is a blonde of twenty-one, with a charming manner, who has been in Constantinople for six months, and whose sister married Count d'Aunay several years ago. Her mother was a beautiful Miss Kimball, of New York. It is thought she is typified in his novel, "A Roman Singer."

A Canadian hotel-keeper who took Senator George F. Edmunds out fishing recently, says he is one of the most agreeable men he ever met for such an excursion. The senator is not only an expert fisherman, but he is a first-rate amateur cook, and can broil a fish or make a punch with equal facility. It is said Mr. Edmunds takes great pride in the later accomplishment, and is often called upon by his friends to exercise his skill.

Among the curious freaks of the present Duke of Hamilton was his buying every seat in the Opera House at Nice, in order that he and a lady of whom he is said to be desperately enamored might enjoy the opera alone. Madame Ambre was the prima donna of the occasion, and the opera "Sonnambula," played to an audience of two, was presented with more "gags," according to Madame Ambre, than any other Italian opera she ever heard of.

King Alfonso is in wretched health, in consequence of excesses. It is doubtful if he lives long. The Austrian Queen Christina, daughter of the Archduke Charles Ferdinand, is very unpopular at Madrid, and her regency, it is feared, would be the signal for a revolution. This is the real secret of the recent amicable overtures by Alfonso toward the offended Vatican. The death of Cardinal Moreno, a Spanish primate, makes the readjustment of the differences easier than it was before.

The principal topic of conversation among gallants at Newport is the marvelous beauty of Princess Dadion, of Constantinople. She is there in company with Monsieur and Madame de Clerkez, of Paris. De Clerkez has rented the beautiful King cottage and purposes remaining for several weeks. The princess is frank in her manners, and does not hesitate to tell her friends that she was betrothed to the Roumanian prince whose name she bears at the somewhat tender age of one year. Judges of female loveliness declare the princess the most beautiful woman seen in Newport for many years.

Kwang-sii, the Emperor of China, was born on August 15, 1871, and has accordingly just completed his thirteenth year. The youthful emperor is the son of Prince Chun, seventh son of the Emperor Tavu-Kwang, and brother of Hien-Fung, father of the late Emperor Tung-chih, who died in January, 1875, when the present emperor succeeded to the throne by proclamation. His name before his succession was "Tsai t'ien," but as it is customary for the Celestial rulers to select a new name on succeeding to the imperial purple, this was changed to Kwang-sii, which means "Illustrious Succession." The present sovereign is the ninth Emperor of China of the Tartar dynasty of Ta-sing, "The Sublimely Pure," which succeeded the native dynasty of Ming, in the year 1644.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

### The Thompson Street Poker Club.

Mr. Cyanide Whiffles was absent from the meeting of the Thompson Street Poker Club on Saturday evening, and as he was known to have received the money due him on a contract involving a week's labor with kalsomine, it was feared that either he had been decoyed into seeing some alderman about the Broadway franchise, or had been otherwise foully dealt with. A relief expedition was therefore organized, headed by Mr. Tooter Williams, to go in search of him, and the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith, who still had hopes of Mr. Whiffles being steered against the game, contributed funds sufficient to transport the expedition to the central portion of Sixth Avenue, where Mr. Whiffles had last been seen. At ten o'clock Mr. Williams sighted Mr. Whiffles standing dejectedly in a doorway, while a few steps away stood Miss Melissa Brown, who was coaxing him to escort her home. Mr. Williams gallantly joined his plea to that of the lady, at the same time winking at Mr. Whiffles to let him know of the lay-out down town. But Mr. Whiffles remained obdurate.

"Gwuffum heah," he said to the old lady; "I doan' want nuffin' ter do wif yo' no mo'."

Miss Melissa shed tears.

"Take de lady home and jine in de nex' jacker," urged Mr. Williams.

"No, sah. I ain't gwine ter take her home no mo'," said Mr. Whiffles.

"Whad's de madder, Cy?" asked Professor Brick, who accompanied the expedition as a scientist. "Ain't yo' god no 'sideration fer de secks?"

"Naw, I hain't," said Mr. Whiffles.

Miss Melissa was now enjoying a real good cry.

"De cause—de cause?" asked Mr. Williams, who was affected by the lady's grief.

"De cause?" iterated Mr. Whiffles. "Wy, dis yar yeller gal kem out dis evenin' fer a preamble up de aveyou, an' bimeby I arst her to come in an' have a sangwidge 'n' some cream. 'N' she went, 'n' we sot down, 'n' in er minit, 'Scuse me,' sez she, 'jess—jess a minnit,' 'n' I said I would, knowin' she was a lady, 'n' whad does she do but ups an' goes ter der do', 'n' calls in three mo' buck mokes, 'n' sots 'em down ter sangwidges 'n' *beer* 'n' cream, 'n de bill was mo'n fo' dollahs. *No*, sah; I doan' mine goin' ter de club 'n' knockin' de tar outen Preach Smith in de nex' jacker, but I doan' 'scort no sech wuffless niggah 'traction as *dat!*"

Mr. Williams felt that the case was beyond him.—*Life.*

"Yes," said Miss Emma Abbott, enthusiastically, "I read the papers every day, while I was in Paris, and I have kept myself thoroughly posted on political affairs. They laugh at me, you know, for the interest I take in politics. One day last week I was eating *pates de foie gras* with my friend Goono, in the Café des Capucins, and Goono said: 'Ma chere amie, how will America cast her ballot next November?' 'Tout ensemble crême le grand éclat,' I replied, laughingly; 'I know nothing of the latest styles, but, unless there are imperative demands for a change, I suppose America will cast her ballet in the conventional illusion waists and pink-silk tights.' Whereupon he laughs heartily, and, nudging me under the seventh whalebone of my imported $25 corset, he said I was *chictott*, and *tres-ha-ha.*"—*Ex.*

In the midst of the engagement, when the air was lurid with screaming shot and bursting shell, the admiral, on board the American flagship *Invincible*, heard a crash on the port bow and felt at the same time a slight shock. He called to the quartermaster:

"Was that the British ram that struck us?"

The quartermaster saluted:

"No, sir," he said, "it was a Jersey clam boat."

"All hands abandon ship!" ordered the admiral, with the calmness of despair, for he knew that all was lost. In twenty minutes the *Invincible* lay safely at the bottom of the sea, where the clam-boat troubleth no more.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A New York lady, who imagines that the frontier Indian is depicted by Fenimore Cooper, was conversing with a wealthy Government official from the plains.

"I imagine that some of these squaws are quite refined in their manners," she remarked.

"Yes," was the reply; "when one of them squaws marries a soldier, gets herself inside of a pair of cavalry boots, and outside of a few quarts of whisky, and hangs on some shoo-fly jewelry, her conduct is ladylike in the extreme."—*Texas Siftings.*

*Princess of Wales*—"Dear, dear! Where have you been now?

*The Prince*—"Nowhere, m' dear; only 'nspecting m' royal mother's present."

"What present, pray? Has some one sent her a case of wine?"

"Oh, no, m' dear. You know King John sent her an elephant?"

"Yes."

"Well, I (hic) 'ave been to see it."—*Philadelphia Call.*

*Young Housekeeper* (with small experience in marketing)—"I hardly know what to order for dinner. We had veal yesterday, and lamb the day before."

*Butcher*—"How would a leg of mutton do, or veal or tongue?"

*Young Housekeeper* (relieved at the suggestion)—"Oh, yes; that would do nicely. You may send a leg of tongue."—*Mail and Express.*

There was really nothing the matter with the young orator but nervousness; nevertheless, when he opened his speech by saying, "My cello fitizens, rumthing is sotten in the Den of Statemark," his friends led him off the platform, and next morning published a physician's certificate to the effect that he was suffering from an acute attack of "malarial cerebration."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

*Murphy*—Phat's this comin' doon the sthreet?

*Reilly*—Bedad, it's me uncle Moike. He's wurkin ter git a pension as a Mixican vetheran av the war av eighteen hoondred an' twilve, and they won't give it him. The shpalpeens!

*Murphy*—How long has he been in the coonthry?

*Reilly*—He's jist afther landin' last Choosdy!—*Life.*

How refreshing it is to the city man to walk through the green fields of the country when they are adorned with thousands of wild but beautiful flowers. And how it arouses his sluggish energy and sends the blood coursing through his veins when he carelessly kicks over a wasp's nest, and has to run for dear life.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

After a careful study of several hundred newspapers, we have arrived at the conclusion that if all the States that are promised to Cleveland give him their votes and each State that Blaine is sure of gives its vote to that candidate, both Blaine and Cleveland will be elected by a very large majority.—*Puck.*

The Detroit *Evening Journal* had a birthday anniversary recently, and celebrated the event by printing the edition in carmine ink. The reading matter "took ink" well, but the cuts made the paper look as if the devil had the nose-bleed and used the paper for a handkerchief.—*Pe.k's Sun.*

*First Club Man*—"Well, 'pon my soul, I never knew a flatter man than Grinelandster."

*Second Club Man*—"Excuse me, Bob, but all the world knows he's a flatterer."—*Life.*

## THE LATEST VERSE.

### The Rime of Sir Lionne.

"Hush, a little, for harp and rhyme:
This befell in the olden time."—W. ALLINGHAM.

In days of old, as rimesters tell,
(*Culvert, and petrel, and mangonel*),
A maiden dwelt in a castle stout,
Guarded and walled, within, without,
And ever defeat and direful rout
To all her castle's besiegers fell.

No suitor the maid's proud heart could win,
(*Pike, and halberd, and culverin*);
She recked not of love-kiss, ne vow, ne sigh,
But her song had the ring of a battle-cry:
"Oh, strong is my fortress—a maid am I—
And never a foeman shall enter in."

But it fell in an evening windy-wet.
(*Hauberk, and helmet, and bascinet*),
A knight drew rein 'neath the castle wall;
Proud was his port, his stature tall,
His face held the gazer's eye in thrall,
And a lion of gold on his casque was set.

He winded a bugle silver-clear,
(*Mace, and arblast, and bandoleer*),
Singing: "Yield up thy castle, fair May, to me:
Sir Lionne me hight, of a far countrie.
Now boune thee, Lady, my love to be,
Or I take thee by prowess of bow and spear!"

In the pale, pale light of a crescent moon,
(*Spear, and corselet, and musketoon*),
She saw him there by the castle wall,
And shrilled to the warder a careless call:
"Ho!—let portcullis and drawbridge fall;
We would see this bold knight of a braggart tune."

And oh! but the wind had changed, I trow,
(*Falchion, and gauntlet, and good cross-bow*),
When, an eve from thence, in a fading light,
On the bastion-keep stood a maid and knight,
And, while to his heart he clasped her tight,
"Thou hast conquered, Sir Lionne!" she murmured low.

"I had vowed that no knight beneath the sun,
(*Demi-pique, helm, and habergeon*),
Beneath the sunlight, or moonbeam shine,
Should be lord of this castle and heart of mine;
But take me, dear love, I am only thine;
My fortress is taken, my heart is won."

—*Chambers's Journal.*

### To Rabelais.

After reading the Episode of the Abbey of Thelema.

O dreamer! reaching forward through the ages,
Strong eyes were thine to see,
Since that grand vision that escaped the sages
Was given unto thee.
That vision of the world's unfolded glory,
Of nature's golden prime,
When all that mars us now shall be a story
Of some forgotten time.
Then life shall flow as flows a placid river
Through all the summer day,
By sunny vales and shady forests ever,
And many a pleasant way.
No more shall sin the heart's deep yearning smother,
The sounds of war shall cease,
And men and nations dwell with one another
Securely, and in peace.
Then gold shall have no smile, and wealth no beauty,
To charm and to destroy;
And men no more shall ever speak of duty,
Since duty shall be joy.
And they shall need no law (being never smitten
With selfish madness more),
Nor statute save "*Fais ce que voudras*" written
Above each open door.
Then children shall know naught of pain or sadness,
Of hunger or of crime,
But with fresh faces roam the fields in gladness,
Through all the summer time.
No shrunken forms, no shriveled limbs and wasted,
Shall their dark tale confess;
No haggard look of those who, young, have tasted
Life's deepest bitterness.
And there shall dwell the gentle youths and maidens,
Unfettered, equal, free,
With nothing harsh to mar the perfect cadence
Of careless purity.
And there shall be no priest to throw o'er Nature
The pall of his dark creed;
For gentleness to every living creature
Is all the laws they need.
O dreamer! reaching forward through the ages,
Strong eyes were thine to see!
Lo! as I ponder o'er the wondrous pages
Of thy strange prophecy,
Sad thoughts are mine; the brightness of the vision
Doth slowly fade and die;
And solemnly, with shame and with contrition,
I lay the volume by.
Four hundred years have passed since thou didst linger
O'er this bright page of thine—
Four hundred years since thou, with fearless finger,
Didst trace each glowing line.
We have grown wiser with our priests and sages,
Our science, wealth, and skill,
And still that vision of the middle ages
Is but a vision still.

—*W. H. Hudson in Boston Transcript.*

### Clear the Way!

Clear the way, my lords and lackeys! You have had your day.
Here you have your answer—England's yea against your nay;
Long enough your House has held you; up, and clear the way!
Lust and falsehood, craft and traffic, precedent and gold,
Tongue of courtier, kiss of harlot, promise bought and sold,
Gave you heritage of empire over thralls of old.
Now that all these things are rotten, all their gold is rust,
Quenched the pride they lived by, dead the faith and cold the lust;
Shall their heritage not all also turn again to dust?
By the grace of these they reigned, who left their sons their sway;
By the grace of these, what England says her lords unsay;
Till at last her cry go forth against them—clear the way!
By the grace of trust in treason knaves have lived and lied;
By the force of fear and folly fools have fed their pride;
By the strength of sloth and custom reason stands defied.
Lest perchance your reckoning on some later day be worse,
Halt and harken, lords of land and princes of the purse,
Ere the tide be full that comes with blessing and with curse.
Where we stand, as where you sit, scarce falls a sprinkling spray;
But the wind that swells, the wave that follows, none shall stay;
Spread no maze of sail for shipwreck; out, and clear the way!

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne in Pall Mall Gazette.*

## LITERARY NOTES.

A portrait of Austin Dobson, taken from a painting by Watts, will adorn the next number of the *Century*. A sketch of the poet's life, by Mr. Brander Matthews, is to accompany the picture.

The latest issues of Harper's Franklin Square Library are "The Court of the Tuileries, from the Restoration to the Flight of Louis Philippe," by Catherine Charlotte, Lady Jackson, and Part III of Stormonth's English Dictionary.

"The Man Wonderful in the House Beautiful," by Chilion B. Allen, A. M., LL. B., M. D., and Mary A. Allen, A. B., M. D., is a text-book, treating, in an allegorical manner, of anatomy, physiology, and hygiene. Published by the Fowler & Wells Co., New York.

There are now one hundred and eighty-six members in the Incorporated Society of Authors, of which Tennyson is President. All writers are invited to become members. Committees have been appointed on dramatic copyright, international copyright, and the registration of titles.

Mr. Froude is said to be at an inaccessible resort somewhere on the coast of England, finishing his biography of Thomas Carlyle. He is probably revising his proof, as that work was understood to be practically finished several weeks ago. Its appearance is expected to be the literary event of the autumn.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* for September contains, among other articles, an interesting paper on "The Women of Chaucer," by the Rev. Alfred Ainger; "Greece in 1884," by J. P. Mahaffy; "The Tour of Covent Garden," by Austin Dobson; and "Cricket," by Andrew Lang. The frontispiece is an excellent engraving by E. Schladitz, from G. Leslie's "Sweet Peas."

Henry N. Copp has compiled a valuable pamphlet for miners, a "Manual for the Use of Prospectors on the Mineral Lands of the United States." It gives the United States and the principal local mining laws, the legal forms for miners' use, and methods of determining the various minerals. It is published by the editor, Henry N. Copp, Washington, D. C.; price 50 cents.

Miss Anna K. Green, who has been called the "Gaboriau of America," has produced several stories of considerable merit in her particular line—detective stories. The latest of these. "Hand and Ring," which appeared some time ago in *Frank Leslie's Weekly*, has been published in book form by G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York. It is the history of a mysterious murder case, and the interest is well sustained throughout. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.; price, 50 cents.

Professor Josiah P. Cooke contributes the leading article in the *Popular Science Monthly* for September, in which he discusses the spirit, aim, and methods of "Scientific Culture." "The Upper Missouri River System" is an interesting paper by Lester F. Ward, A. M. Among the many other articles are "Aims of the Study of Anthropology," by Professor W. H. Flower, F.R.S.; "Where and How We Remember," by M. Allen Starr, M.D.; "Hygiene for Smokers," by Dr. Félix Bremont; and "The Problem of Population," by Charles Morris.

A new and enlarged edition of "Words; their Use and Abuse," by William Matthews, LL.D., has lately been published by S. C. Griggs & Co., of Chicago. Two chapters have been added to the original work. The first, on "Onomatopes," is a discussion of the theory that there is a relationship between thought and articulate sound—in other words, that certain sounds are the natural expression of certain sensations; the second, on "The Names of Men," is exceedingly interesting and amusing. There are several other changes of less importance, all tending to improve this already valuable book.

In the *North American Review* for September begins a series of articles on the tariff question. David A. Wells, Thomas G. Shearman, J. B. Sargent, and Professor G. W. Sumner set forth the "Evils of the Tariff System," and, in October, several writers of similar ability will answer them by showing the "Benefits of the Tariff System." Among the other articles in the September number are the "Basis of Popular Government," by Bishop J. Lancaster Spalding; "The Exclusion of the Chinese," by John H. Durst, a young California writer; and "The Demand of the Industrial Spirit," by Charles Dudley Warner.

The book "Petit Albert," whose very existence is problematic, appears to be among books what the sin against the Holy Ghost is among transgressions. Priests assert that merely to look into it is a great sin, and that the devil has power to seize any one while in the act of reading it. The name Albert is not associated exclusively with diabolical wickedness. If any enterprising publisher should get hold of it, he would do well to bestow upon it a second title, of a much more blood-curdling nature. "Every Man His Own Lucifer," or "The Lost Soul's Vade Mecum," may be useful as indications of what may be required.

The first volume of Leopold von Ranke's "Universal History" has been translated into English by G. W. Prothero, assisted by the Rev. D. C. Tovey. It is the only history in the English language which presents a connected view of universal history; and, coming from the pen of so well-known a historian, cannot fail to be appreciated by English and American men of letters. The present volume treats of the oldest historical group of nations and the Greeks. But four volumes have been written as yet, but the author intends completing it up to the present time, necessitating at least three more volumes. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft.

Admiral Porter has written a romance bearing the title of "Allan Dare and Robert le Diable." That the veteran head of our navy should come before the public as a writer of romance will obviously cause no little surprise, and great curiosity will naturally be felt to peruse it. Admiral Porter has old-fashioned ideas of romance, and hence "Allan Dare and Robert le Diable" has a well-wrought plot and abounds in remarkable adventures. It will be remembered that nearly all of the novels of Dickens, and many of those of Thackeray, were published in monthly parts. The world is more impatient to-day than it was then, and hence Admiral Porter's novel will appear at fortnightly intervals, each part containing a large installment of the story.

That pestilent and persistent person, the collector of parallel passages, is still at work as hard as ever. In a recent number of *Notes and Queries* he points out that Goethe's "Singet nicht in Trauertönen" appeared in "Wilhelm Meister" before Longfellow wrote, in the "Psalm of Life," "Tell me not in mournful numbers"; and that, on the other hand, Longfellow wrote the "Psalm of Life" long before Baudelaire (whose attention had been called to American poetry by his fondness for Poe) wrote "Le Guignon," in his "Fleurs du Mal," in which we have "L'art est long et le temps est court," and also

"Mon cœur, comme un tambour voilé,
Va battant des marches funèbres."

In his last "chronique" Monsieur Claretie quotes from the original document the words of George Sand's receipt for the sum she received from her publishers for the copyright of "La Mare du Diable"—one hundred pounds. When she took her romance "Jeanne," the first of the rural series, to Doctor Veron, of the *Constitutionnel*, and offered it to him as a feuilleton, he desired to know what remuneration she expected. "Should I be too unreasonable altogether," she asked, hesitatingly, "if I proposed the half of what you give Eugene Sue?" This was said in all simplicity, without the slightest tinge of irony. Balzac treated his publishers very differently, and never showed the slightest bashfulness in asserting his own merits. "I have twice the talent of Dumas," he said one day to Monsieur Delavigne, "and three times the talent of Eugene Sue. Pay me three times what you give Sue—nothing can be simpler."

### THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

#### The Clam's Carol.

I'm a gay, contented clam,
Yes I am!
I will ope my mouth and smile,
For a while.
For the fat and juicy oyster
Is now dragged from out his cloister
By the rude and reckless hoister,
Full of guile. —*Ex.*

#### The Cholera.

The boy lay on his little back,
From him all joy had fled,
And suddenly he gave a leap
And stood upon his head;
Then tied his legs about his neck
And beat the limpid air,
Then fiercely clasped his little paunch—
Six melons nestled there. —*Ex.*

#### Rare Old Ben.

Rare old Ben with the bias eye
Rare and tough and extremely sly;
Busy all day and up all night,
Free of speech and quick in fight;
Up to snuff with your guileless tricks,
The hold of your high hat full of bricks;
Scoffed and hated and feared of men
Rare old Ben!
Rare, and no gravy.

Rare old Ben of the Bunting-mill,
Running for office, time to kill;
Indepe-Democrat-Republican-
Anti-monopoly-Workingman-
Labor-Reformer-Communist-
High License-Prohibitionist-
Greenbacker—all things to all men
Rare old Ben!
Rare, and turned over.

Rare old Ben of the sandy craw,
General, governor, man of law;
Red in his button-hole blooms the rose,
Red the blood in his bad eye glows;
When he is ready to fight or talk,
Some man is going to "holler" or walk,
B for Bunting, Butler, and Ben—
Rare old Ben!
Rare, but not too rare.
—*Burdette.*

#### Ode to the Boojum Snark.

O Boojum Snark! thou monster dread!
With mighty maw and hydra head!
Long has thy course undaunted run,
And through thy jaws full many a ton
Of reckless rhyme hath vanished!

But though thou long hast terror bred,
I am resolved thy blood to shed—
But how on earth can it be done,
O Boojum Snark!

I might approach with stealthy tread
And throttle thee. But hold—'nough said—
I'll write a poem, a lengthy one,
And load it with a deadly pun,
And send it thee—'twill strike thee dead,
O Boojum Snark! —*Ex.*

#### The Old Mother Hubbard.

When old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
Her costume was modest, though queer;
As the ham-bone she sought,
'Twas little she thought
How the future would deal with her gear.

When first her old fashion
Became a strong passion,
They truthfully copied her gown—
Of fancies the oddest,
Short-waisted and modest,
Long-sleeved, narrow-skirted, and brown.

But the late innovation
That's shocking the nation
Leaves her arms, like the cupboard, all bare;
Of the puffy high neck
There is not a speck,
And too much is revealed of the fair.

The gauzy confusion
Of lace and illusion
Would shock Mother Hubbard outright.
She'd never endorse it,
Nor own to the corset—
Mayhap she would die of the fright. —*Ex.*

#### Vanity.

Three fishers went sailing out into the east,
Where the sailing was best and the fishing was least;
Joy sat upon each piscatorial mug,
And they carried their bait in a j-u-g, jug.

They cast in their lines with the tide running out,
And they taunted the fish with hilarious shout;
They fished until sunset, from bright, rosy dawn,
When their b-a-i-t, was g-o-n-e, gone.

When home they would sail, there was no w-i-n-d,
So they had to row hard 'gainst the t-i-d-e;
An oar is a thing that no man understands,
And they b-l-i-s-tered the palms of their hands.

Now, safe on the shore most devoutly they wish
They might go to a store and b-u-y, some fish,
And proudly each m-a-n, shoulders his rod
And bears home a string of smoked herring and cod.

Oh, woe to the f-i-s-h-er who brings,
As the prey of the angler, salt cod and such things;
Or a can of cove oysters, and swears that he took
Every oys-t-e-r, with a line and a hook.
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Lieutenant Greely and his party, during one of their explorations, entered a valley which was literally filled with a single block of ice, the glacier being two miles wide at its face, and winding its way in undulating folds from the lake up the valley, and having the appearance of green chalcedony and crystal. It was named for Mrs. Greely.


# BIBLE COMPETITION!

# $11,857.00 IN REWARDS

GIVEN BY THE

## Pacific Coast Farm and Fireside Journal,

CLOSING, MARCH 1st, 1885,

or as soon as the first series of 25,000 subscribers is filled. Due notice of which will be given in the *Pacific Coast Farm and Fireside Journal*. The proprietors announce a magnificent list of rewards for correct answers to the following Bible questions. The questions are not difficult and within the reach of all:

### THE BIBLE QUESTIONS:

**1.—Is Diamond referred to in the Bible? If so, state first reference.**
**2.—Is Emerald made mention of in the Bible? If so, state first reference.**
**3.—Is Sapphire spoken of in the Bible? If so, state first reference.**

These all refer to precious stones.

Now, anyone having a knowledge of the Scriptures ought to be able promptly to answer these questions with a little study, and so secure some one of these rewards. Bear in mind everyone competing must **send One Dollar** with their answers, for which the *Pacific Coast Farm and Fireside Journal* will be sent six months to any address. If you answer each of the questions correctly, and your answers are in time, you are sure to secure one of those costly rewards.

## 500 FIRST REWARDS, $3,750.00.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | One Elegant Rosewood Piano | $500.00 | |
| 2 | One Gents' Gold Hunting Case Watch | 100.00 | |
| 3 | One Handsome Parlor Organ | 200.00 | |
| 4 | One Ladies' Fine Gold Hunting Case Watch | 100.00 | |
| 5 | One Handsome Parlor Set—Walnut Furniture | 150.00 | |
| 6 to 11 | Five Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns | 250.00 | |
| 12 to 17 | Five Cabinet Sewing Machines | 250.00 | |
| 18 to 38 | Twenty Solid Coin Silver Watches | 400.00 | |
| 39 to 59 | Twenty Quadruple-Plate Ice Pitchers | 300.00 | |
| 60 to 89 | Twenty Quadruple-Plate Cake Baskets | 150.00 | |
| 90 to 100 | Ten Solid Silver Hunting Case Watches | 350.00 | |
| 101 to 300 | Two Hundred Fine Gents' Scarf Pins | 500.00 | |
| 301 to 400 | One Hundred Fine Ladies' Brooches | 300.00 | |
| 401 to 500 | One Hundred Solid Silver Table Spoons | 300.00 | |

The above five hundred rewards will be given to the first five hundred persons who send one dollar for subscription to the *Pacific Coast Farm and Fireside Journal*, and correct answers to the Bible questions given above. Then come the

## 500 MIDDLE REWARDS, $4,950.00.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Five Hundred Dollars Gold Coin | $500.00 | |
| 2 | One Beautiful Rosewood Piano | 750.00 | |
| 3 | One Elegant Cabinet Organ | 250.00 | |
| 4 | One Gents' Elgin Watch, Stem-setting and Stem-winding, Gold Hunting Case | 100.00 | |
| 5 | One Ladies' Hunting Case Watch, Stem-setting and Stem-winding | 100.00 | |
| 6 to 20 | Fourteen Beautiful, Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns | 500.00 | |
| 21 to 40 | Twenty Elegant Cabinet Sewing Machines | 1,200.00 | |
| 41 to 100 | Sixty Fine Waterbury Watches | 300.00 | |
| 101 to 200 | One Hundred Boxes (½ doz.) Fine Gents' Linen Handkerchiefs | 300.00 | |
| 201 to 300 | One Hundred Elegant, Triple-plated Butter Knives | 100.00 | |
| 301 to 400 | One Hundred Sets Triple-plated Teaspoons | 200.00 | |
| 401 to 450 | Fifty Half-barrels Best Cube Sugar | 500.00 | |
| 451 to 500 | Fifty Boxes Best Japan Tea | 150.00 | |

The $500.00 Gold Coin will be given to the person sending the *middle correct answer* of the whole competition, from first to last. The four hundred and ninety-nine costly articles, beginning with the Piano, that follow No. 1, of the middle rewards will be given to the four hundred and ninety-nine persons who send the next correct answers following the middle or center reward that takes the $500 gold coin; then, that even the last ones may not feel that they are left out, the *Pacific Coast Farm and Fireside Journal* will give a series of

## 250 CONSOLATION REWARDS, $3,157.00.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | One Gents' Solid Gold, Stem-winding and Stem-setting Elgin Watch | 100.00 | |
| 2 | One Fine Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Set, 6 Pieces | 100.00 | |
| 3 | One Ladies' Solid Gold, Stem-winding Elgin Watch | 95.00 | |
| 4 to 7 | Four Fine Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns | 240.00 | |
| 8 to 19 | Twelve Quadruple Plate Ice Pitchers, Finely Chased | 320.00 | |
| 20 to 31 | Twelve Genuine Coin-silver Hunting Case Ladies' Watches | 360.00 | |
| 32 to 50 | Nineteen Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns | 380.00 | |
| 51 to 63 | Nineteen Fine Quadruple Silver-plated Cake Baskets | 228.00 | |
| 70 to 100 | Thirty-one Beautifully Bound Volumes Hood's Poems | 93.00 | |
| 101 to 167 | Fifty-seven Fine Solid Gold Broaches | 171.00 | |
| 168 to 175 | Eight Splendid Home Sewing Machines | 520.00 | |
| 176 to 200 | Twenty-four Beautiful Heavy Silver Cruets | 330.00 | |
| 200 to 250 | Fifty Gents' Scarf Pins | 150.00 | |

This list of consolation rewards will be given to the last two hundred and fifty persons who send correct answers to the above Bible questions. Fifteen days will be allowed for letters to reach their destination. But bear in mind your letter must bear the post-mark not later than March 1st, 1885 (with one dollar inclosed for the paper) the closing day for letters from distant points to reach the office of the *Pacific Coast Farm and Fireside Journal*. All letters are carefully numbered as they arrive and there can be no mistake. If your answers are correct and they reach there in time, you will surely get some reward in addition to the beautifully illustrated *Pacific Coast Farm and Fireside Journal*, which alone is worth the dollar. It contains eight pages of interesting matter for the farmer and the home circle—something to interest every member of the family. Look up your Bible now, and see if you can find the answer to these questions. It will do you good, apart from the opportunity you have of obtaining a valuable reward in addition to the *Journal*, which alone is good value for the dollar. We could not afford to give these valuable rewards unless we were certain of your patronage in years to come, and we have adopted this way of giving the commission back to our patrons in rewards instead of hiring canvassers and paying commissions to them. We feel almost certain that you will become life subscribers to the *Pacific Coast Farm and Fireside Journal* if you take it for six months. It is our aim to make it the leading paper for the farmer and the home circle.

No information will be given to any one beyond what has been above stated. So don't waste time by waiting, but send in your answers and money *now*. If you happen to be too late for the first, you may be fortunate enough to obtain a middle reward. We direct special attention to the fact that clergymen are not permitted to compete. This we think exceedingly fair. The field is now open for a fair and square race for these rewards.

No money will be received by telegraph or in any way but through the Post Office or by express. One dollar only required. You are sure of good value for your money. Send postal orders or postal notes. If you send stamps add six cents for discount. Address all letters and orders to

**THE PACIFIC COAST FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL,**
***P. O. Box 226. 1014 Broadway, OAKLAND, CAL.***



# OPENING

—OF—

# ART GOODS

—BY—

# GEO. C. SHREVE & CO.

110 MONTGOMERY STREET.


#### Lawn-Tennis.

The bright sun of the present century has never looked upon anything like lawn tennis. It is the game of games. A great deal has been written about base-ball, and cricket, and foot-ball, and such familiar and harmless recreations, but no one has ever yet done justice to tennis. I am not going to do it justice any more than the others have, but I feel that I ought to just say a few words in praise of this beautiful game, and at the same time mention one or two of its weaknesses.

A man who wants to play tennis well has got to keep down his desire to show off his muscle. You see, they mark out what they call a court. It consists of lines of whitewash drawn on the grass. Then right across the middle of it they erect a fishing-net three feet high. Then they have some rubber balls, which are covered with chamois-skin and are as lively as an Alderney bull in a ten-acre field. Next they provide you with a kind of bat which is called a racket. It consists of a handle, a wooden frame, and a tightly stretched net-work of bass-fiddle strings.

When you begin to play you stand on one side of the net, and the other fellow—if it is a fellow—stands on the other. Then he "serves" you a ball. That is to say, he tosses the ball up over his head and hits it a thwack with his racket. It comes over the net straight down toward the ground, and you get back to prepare for a big bounce. But it does not bounce at all. Why? Because he has "cut" it, and put such a "twist" on it that it couldn't bounce. Then you don't hit it, and the other fellow smiles like a gibbering idiot and calmly remarks: "Love 15."

You think fifteen is a little early for love, but you don't say anything, and the other fellow remarks:

"Now I'll serve you an easy one."

He taps the ball gently, and this time you get it on a bound. You remember how he sent it at you the first time, and you want to get even; so you hit it as hard as you can, and the next moment you see it up in the air about four blocks away, still going. Your opponent glares at you and hires a boy to go and get it, while he remarks sarcastically: "Love 30."

This proposition startles you a little, and you are silent. He gets the ball and serves you another easy one. You return it right into his racket. He hits it with all his might, and it whizzes over the net and catches you under the chin with a loud crack. Your opponent then falls down on the grass, and doubles himself up in a bow-knot, and laughs as if he had the colic. When he arises, he says:

"Aw, I say, de-ah boy, that was a façah, you know. Love 40."

This is adding insult to injury, and you are determined to do or die. He serves you another easy one; you drive it back right into his face; he catches it neatly with a back-hander, and puts it just in the corner of the court where you are not. Do you feel pleasant? No, you do not. Then he blandly remarks: "Love game."

And you say: "No, I'll be hanged if I do;" and you throw down your racket and walk away, and it's about seven weeks before any one can get you to try it again.

But there is revenge in store for you. Practice every day until you can play a little—just a little. Then go and get your sister, and tell her you want to teach her the game. There never was a woman who could do more than play *at* tennis. You'll have lots of fun. It's mean, but it's awfully jolly, you know.—*Puck.*


**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,**
Eddy Street, near Market.
KREILING BROS.....Sole Proprietors and Managers

Last nights of LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

Monday evening, September 22, and during the week,
**THE ROYAL MIDDY.**

Owing to the extraordinary prepatations necessary for the proper production of
**LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD,**
the representation will be deferred until Monday evening, September 29, when it will positively be produced.

Admission, 25 cents.....Reserved seats, 50 cents

**LOANS MADE FOR ONE YEAR ON WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND JEWELRY,**
**AT THE**
**COLLATERAL BANK,**
**No. 15 Dupont Street.**

**COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION,**
**Phelan's Building, Rooms 6, 8, 9, 10, 11.**
**Entrance, 806 Market Street.** Gas Specialists; positively extract teeth without pain; only office that makes and gives the celebrated "Colton Gas;" established in 1863; over 15,000 references; also, performs all operations in Dentistry.

**OIL STOVES**
NEW A & W MONARCH C for 1884.
Don't buy till you see it!
Or send for Circular.
**JNO. F. MYERS & CO.**
869 Market Street,
San Francisco.

**REMOVAL.**
**EDWARD E. OSBORN, Patent Solicitor,** United States and Foreign, has removed to 220 Sansome Street, Rooms 10, 11, and 12, San Francisco.

# WALL PAPERS,

**FRESCOING,**
INTERIOR DECORATING
**WINDOW SHADES.**
**G. W. CLARK & CO.**
645 and 647 MARKET STREET

## AN OLD FAVORITE.

### The Glove.

(PETER RONSARD *loquitur*.)

"Heigho," yawned one day King Francis,
"Distance all value enhances!
When a man's busy, why, leisure
Strikes him as wonderful pleasure—
'Faith, and at leisure once is he?
Straightway he wants to be busy.
Here we've got peace; and aghast I'm
Caught thinking war the true pastime!
Is there a reason in metre?
Give us your speech, Master Peter!"
I who, if mortal dare say so,
Ne'er am at loss with my Naso,
"Sire," I replied, "joys prove cloudlets;
Men are the merest Ixions"—
Here the king whistled aloud, "Let's
. . Heigho . . go look at our lions!"
Such are the sorrowful chances
If you talk fine to King Francis.

And so, to the court-yard proceeding,
Our company, Francis was leading,
Increased by new followers tenfold
Before he arrived at the penfold;
Lords, ladies, like clouds which bedizen
At sunset the western horizon.
And Sir De Lorge pressed 'mid the foremost
With the dame he professed to adore most—
Oh, what a face! One by fits eyed
Her, and the horrible pitside;
For the penfold surrounded a hollow
Which led where the eye scarce dared follow,
And shelved to the chamber secluded
Where Bluebeard, the great lion brooded.
The king hailed his keeper, an Arab
As glossy and black as a scarab,
And bade him him make sport and at once stir
Up and out of his den the old monster.

They opened a hole in the wire-work
Across it, and dropped there a fire-work,
And fled; one's heart beating redoubled;
A pause, while the pit's mouth was troubled,
The blackness and silence so utter,
By the firework's slow sparkling and sputter,
Then earth in a sudden contortion
Gave out to our gaze her abortion!
Such a brute! Were I friend Clement Marot
(Whose experience of Nature's but narrow,
And whose faculties move in no small mist
When he versifies David the Psalmist)
I should study that brute to describe you
*Illum Juda Leonem de Tribu!*
One's whole blood grew curdling and creepy
To see the black mane, vast and heapy,
The tail in the air stiff and straining,
The wide eyes, nor waxing nor waning,
As over the barrier which bounded
His platform and us who surrounded
The barrier, they reached and they rested
On the space that might stand him in best stead;
For who knew, he thought, what the amazement
The eruption of clatter and blaze meant,
And if, in this minute of wonder,
No outlet 'mid lightning and thunder
Lay broad, and, his shackles all shivered,
The lion at last was delivered?
Ay, that was the open sky o'erhead,
And you saw by the flash on his forehead,
By the hope in those eyes wide and steady,
He was leagues in the desert already,
Driving the flocks up the mountain,
Or catlike crouched hard by the fountain
To waylay the date-gathering negress;
So guarded he entrance or egress.
"How he stands!" quoth the king; "we may well swear,
No novice, we've won our spurs elsewhere,
And so can afford the confession,
We exercise wholesome discretion
In keeping aloof from his threshold;
Once hold you, those jaws want no fresh hold,
Their first would too pleasantly purloin
The visitor's brisket or surloin;
But who's he would prove so foolhardy?
Not the best man of Marignane, pardie!"
The sentence no sooner was uttered,
Then over the rails a glove fluttered,
Fell close to the lion, and rested;
The dame 'twas, who flung it and jested
With life so, De Lorge had been wooing
For months past; he sat there pursuing
His suit, weighing out with nonchalance
Fine speeches like gold from a balance.

Sound the trumpet, no true knight's a tarrier!
De Lorge made one leap at the barrier,
Walked straight to the glove—while the lion
Ne'er moved, kept his far-reaching eye on
The palm-tree-edged desert-spring's sapphire,
And the musky oiled skin of the Kaffir—
Picked it up, and calmly retreated,
Leaped back where the lady was seated,
And full in the face of its owner
Flung the glove.

"Your heart's queen, you dethrone her?
So should I," cried the king; "'twas mere vanity,
Not love, set that task to humanity!"
Lords and ladies alike turned with loathing
From such a proved wolf in sheep's clothing.

Not so I; for I caught an expression
In her brow's undisturbed self-possession
Amid the court's scoffing and merriment;
As if from no pleasing experiment
She rose, yet of pain not much heedful
So long as the process was needful;
As if she had tried in a crucible,
To what "speeches like gold" were reducible,
And, finding the finest prove copper,
Felt the smoke in her face was but proper;
To know what she had *not* to trust to,
Was worth all the ashes, and dust, too.
She went out 'mid hooting and laughter;
Clement Marot stayed; I followed after,
And asked, as a grace, what it all meant—
If she wished not the rash deed's recallment?
"For I"—so I spoke—"am a poet;
Human nature behooves that I know it!"

She told me, "Too long had I heard
Of the deed proved alone by the word;
For my love—what De Lorge would not dare!
With my scorn—what De Lorge would compare!
And the endless descriptions of death
He would brave when my lip formed a breath,
I must reckon as braved, or, of course,
Doubt his word—and moreover, perforce,
For such gifts as no lady could spurn,
Must offer my love in return.
When I looked on your lion, it brought
All the dangers at once to my thought,
Encountered by all sorts of men,
Before he was lodged in his den—
From the poor slave whose club or bare hands
Dug the trap, set the snare on the sands,
With no king and no court to applaud,
By no shame, should he sink, overawed,
Yet to capture the creature made shift,
That his rude boys might laugh at the gift,
To the page who last leaped o'er the fence
Of the pit, on no greater pretense
Than to get back the bonnet he dropped,
Lest his pay for a week should be stopped.
So, wiser I judged it to make
One trial what 'death for my sake'
Really meant, while the power was yet mine,
Than to wait until time should define
Such a phrase not so simply as I,
Who took it to mean just 'to die.'
The blow a glove gives is but weak—
Does the mark yet discolor my cheek?
But when the heart suffers a blow,
Will the pain pass so soon, do you know?"

I looked, as away she was sweeping,
And saw a youth eagerly keeping
As close as he dared to the doorway;
No doubt that a noble should more weigh
His life than befits a plebeian;
And yet, had our brute been Nemean—
(I judge by a certain calm fervor
The youth stepped with, forward to serve her)
—He'd have scarce thought you did him the worst turn
If you whispered, "Friend, what you'd get, first earn!"
And when, shortly after, she carried
Her shame from the court, and they married,
To that marriage some happiness, maugre
The voice of the court, I dared augur.

For De Lorge, he made women with men vie,
Those in wonder and praise, these in envy;
And in short stood so plain a head taller
That he wooed and won. How do you call her?
The beauty, that rose in the sequel
To the king's love, who loved her a week well;
And 'twas noticed he never would honor
De Lorge (who looked daggers upon her)
With the easy commission of stretching
His legs in the service, and fetching,
His wife, from her chamber, those straying
Sad gloves she was always mislaying,
While the king took the closet to chat in—
But of course this adventure came pat in;
And never the king told the story,
How bringing a glove brought such glory,
But the wife smiled—"His nerves are grown firmer—
Mine he brings now and utters no murmur!"

*Venienti occurrite morbo!*
With which moral I drop my theorbo.
—*Robert Browning.*


**Artists' Materials.**

Our catalogue sent free. Pictures cheaply and neatly framed. R. R. HILL & Co., 116 Geary St.

**Beautiful Work.**

The mantels on exhibition at the warerooms of the California Furniture Company, Nos. 220 and 226 Bush Street, are said to be the best work of the kind ever shown in San Francisco.

— IT IS NOW AN ACKNOWLEDGED FACT THAT Dr. Henley's CELERY, BEEF, AND IRON is one of the most useful tonics the world has ever seen. Those who are afflicted with impaired nervous systems will find this to be an invaluable remedy. It is made from Liebig's Extract of Beef, Extract of Celery, and Pyrophosphate of Iron, with condensed wine. When it is borne in mind that it is now an admitted fact that celery possesses such powerful nervine properties as to be an absolute cure for palpitation and other affections of the heart, it will be at once seen that this is one of the finest combinations which have been placed before the public.

**John Forgie,**

Importing Tailor, has opened his new store, Palace Hotel, 637 Market Street, San Francisco.

—THE METROPOLITAN HALL IS WELL KNOWN throughout the Pacific Coast as the finest hall west of the Mississippi for lectures, concerts, etc.

**To Ladies.**

Ladies desiring a perfect perfume should try the Elite Bouquet. Its perfume is sweet and lasting. For sale at all druggists, and at the Palais Royal, 108 Post Street.

**M. Meussdorffer's**

Fall style Hats can be seen at N. E. corner Montgomery and Bush and 404 Kearny Street. His Silk Hat, "THE" style for fall and winter, is universally approved.

**Hayden Havens,**

Of Rochester, N. Y., will contract for interior work and furnish designs. Apply to the California Furniture Company, Nos. 230 to 236 Bush St.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

**STORAGE.**

**Furniture and Pianos, Trunks, Paintings, Mirrors, Carpets, Ornaments,**

And other goods received for storage and safe keeping. Goods stored in clean, light, dry lofts. Charges moderate, advances made, insurance effected. California Storage Warehouse, No. 722 MISSION ST., next to the Grand Opera House. **THOS. H. ROONEY & CO.**

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

**BOOTS AND SHOES**

Made to order by

**W. F. MEAGHER,**

**111 Geary St., near Dupont, San Francisco.**

Stage and Wedding Shoes of Louis XV. a specialty.

CRAPE. CRAPE.

**CRAPE.**

Old and Faded Crape Veils and Bonnets RE-DYED and FINISHED LIKE NEW at the

**PALACE DYE WORKS,**

633 Market Street, Palace Hotel.

**J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.**

**MERCHANT TAILORS**

**And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,**

**415 MONTGOMERY STREET,**

**Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco**

*Apollinaris*

THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS

*"The dangerous qualities of contaminated drinking water are not obviated by the addition of wines or spirits."*

Medical Officer of Privy Council, England.

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.

*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

**For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.**

**No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon.**

JOS. FIGEL

211 MONTGOMERY ST. S.F.

**Offers the**

**LATEST STYLES**

.....OF.....

**CLOTHING**

.....AND.....

**FURNISHING GOODS**

**FOR GENTS AND BOYS,**

**READY MADE and MADE TO MEASURE at**

**REDUCED PRICES.**

**A Full Line of Desirable Suitings in our Merchant Tailoring Department.**

**HEALD'S** BUSINESS COLLEGE 24 Post St., San Francisco

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, PENMANSHIP AND TELEGRAPHY.

E. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.

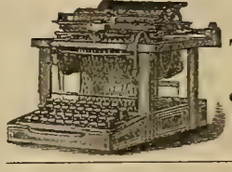
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

**IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES**

**Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating.**

Every description of Tableware and Household Goods plated and repaired at the **San Francisco Plating Works, 653 and 655 Mission St.**, between New Montgomery and Third.

**E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.**



**Remington** STANDARD **Type-Writer.**

Again improved and perfected. See them.

**G. G. WICKSON & CO., 539 Market St.,** Opp. Sansome, S. F.

**THE**

**LADIES' CARD BASKET.**

**Mr. John P. Dwyer,** late of Palace Hotel, has opened an office at 620 Market Street, directly opposite the Palace, where he will be pleased to see all of his old friends and as many new ones who may favor him with a call. Ladies will find it very convenient, when in want of Visiting Cards, to drop in and leave their order. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Cards furnished in one hour's notice. Specimen cards written free.

**EDUCATIONAL.**

**BARNARD'S**

**BUSINESS COLLEGE,**

**37 Post St., S. F.** **Send for Circular.**

**H. B. PASMORE,**

**TEACHER OF SINGING,**

Begs to announce that he has returned from Europe, and is prepared to instruct in Singing according to the best and most approved methods, and will also receive pupils in Theory and Composition and Organ-playing at M. GRAY'S, 206 Post Street. Reception hours—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 2 P. M.

**MILES BENNETT,**

**PROFESSOR OF SINGING,**

Gives lessons at pupils residences, at Mr. Gray's music store, Post Street, or at 729 California Street. References kindly permitted to the Bishop of California; Mr. Robert Sherwood, 309 California Street; Mr. M. Gray and others.

**MISS WEST'S SCHOOL for GIRLS**

**Will re-open Monday, August 3d.**

Temporary location, 1001 Sutter Street, corner of Hyde.

**PERRY SEMINARY,**

Formerly Sacramento Seminary of Sacramento, will open

**August 6, 1884,**

At 1625 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland. For catalogue and particulars, address MRS. HERMAN PERRY, Or MISS KATE M. FULLER, Principals.

**SHORT-HAND INSTITUTE.**

Oral instruction day and evening: also, lessons by mail; send for circular. **Long's School of Phonography,** 220½ McAllister Street.

**PRIVATE INSTRUCTION**

In the English Branches. Bookkeeping and Accounts. Preparations for Examinations a specialty. Call 4 to 8 P. M. **B. L. BROWN,** 313 Geary Street.

CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. — MONOGRAMS, Arms, Crests, Wedding, Reception and Visiting Cards designed, engraved, and printed; lot Papeterie; Albums at great bargain. ROBERTS, 10 Post St., Masonic Temple. — CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS.

**INVENTORS' INSTITUTE,**

**105 STOCKTON STREET,**

**Corner of O'Farrell.**

PATENTS PROCURED FOR $65, AND PATENTS

Negotiated. Send for particulars.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for

**TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON**

**CONSTIPATION,** Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion, etc.

Prepared by **E. GRILLON,** Chemist of the Paris Faculty

SOLE PROPRIETOR, 27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.

Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**BOUND VOLUMES**

.....OF.....

**THE ARGONAUT.**

**Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, XIII, and XIV.**

Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volumes rom the commencement by applying at the Business Office, No. 213 Dupont Street.


**CONSOLIDATED IMPERIAL MINING CO.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of September, 1884, an assessment (No. 21) of Ten (10) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the seventh (7th) day of October, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the twenty-eighth day of October, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.


**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Monday, September 1, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‡8.00 A.M. | ..Byron and Martinez..... | ¶6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " " " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa..... | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Deming, El Paso} Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {and East.....} Emigrant.. | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | {Galt and} via Livermore..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | {Stockton} via Martinez..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Lone..... via Benicia..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Los Angeles and South..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | {Merced, Madera,} ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Fresno, and Tulare} ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Marysville and Chico..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Mojave, Needles,} Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {and East.....} Emigrant .. | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " ..... | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | {Ogden and} Express..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {East.....} Emigrant..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {Red Bluff} via Marysville.. | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {and Tehama} via Woodland... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Redding and Delta..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers... | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José..... | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | ..Virginia City..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 8.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Vallejo Junction; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from The Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.
¶ Daily from Martinez. Sundays only from Byron.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, *9.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52; 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by [illegible] & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.


NORTHERN DIVISION
## SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.
BROAD GAUGE.

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Camp Goodall.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.00 P.M. |
| †7.50 A.M. | ..Monterey and Santa Cruz.. .....(Sunday Excursion..... | †8.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
‡ Theatre train; Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, Camp Goodall, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—Sold SUNDAY MORNING, good for return same day.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

## NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

### TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, May 12th, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—7.30, 9.15 A. M., 1.30, 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 1.30, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20 A. M., 2.00, 3.25, 4.50 P. M.
(Sundays)—7.55, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.15, 4.30, 6.30 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 3.55, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.30, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.45, 5.00, 7.10 P. M.
Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 7.00 P. M.

**7.30 A. M. and 1.30 P. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAINS for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through trains from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 10.30 A. M. and 6.00 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Caspar, Noyo, Kibesillah, Westport, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.
Returning arrives in S. F. at 7.40 P. M.
Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


ONESTELL DAVID ALLEN & CO.
PAPER WAREHOUSE
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F.
**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

# PALACE HOTEL.
**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.**

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 2 **o'clock P. M.** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| Steamer | 1884. | From San Francisco |
|---|---|---|
| **San Pablo** | **Thursday, September 25th** | |
| **Oceanic** | **Thursday, October 30th** | |
| **Arabic** | **Tuesday, November 11th** | |
| **San Pablo** | **Thursday, December 18th** | |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of New York** ..... **October 7**
**City of Peking** ..... **October 18**

At 2 o'clock P. M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Colima** ..... **October 1**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Zealandia**..Saturday, September 27, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on Sept. 4th, 12th, 20th, and 28th, and Oct. 6th, and every eighth day thereafter. The last steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

MARIPOSA ....WEDNESDAY, October 1st, at 3 P. M.
ALAMEDA ...WEDNESDAY, October 15th, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.
For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

THE
## AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY.
SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**
Office, 208 California Street.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.**
**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**
118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church, Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.
J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.
Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK
OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.
James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President;
James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.
J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital .....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremon National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

## Imperial Fire Insurance Co.
Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.
Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.
OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).
JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN.

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,
**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.
W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
**No. 216 Sansome Street,**
East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

# REMOVAL.
**THE**
**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.**
Have removed to their
**New Store, No. 15 First Street,**
**NEAR MARKET.**

# RUBBER HOSE
—FOR—
**Gardens, Mills, Mines, & Fire Departments,**
Manufactured and for sale by the
**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard (Maltese Cross) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose (Competition), Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire Engine Hose, Carbolized Maltese Cross Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

**JOHN W. TAYLOR, - - - Manager.**

## "IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."
THE NORTON
## DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.**
**36 California Street, San Francisco.**
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.




A great many people have objected to "Moths" as an immoral play. It certainly is a very faithful transcription from the book, and, in the book, every one excepting the two young girls has sinned the seventh sin. Yet we go year after year to see "Camille," which is the very beatification of filth, if one only stop to analyze it. Every actress with a healthy mental stomach should revolt against playing "Camille." Yet which of them would not like to play Vera, Princess Zouroff, if she could look it and play it as Sophie Eyre does?

The play itself, considering what intractable material for the stage Ouida's work is, is well adapted. Ouida herself claims that in "Moths" she has only lifted the lint from the cancerous sore which eats into high life in Europe, more especially into English high life.

"Droch," who writes some clever miniature book reviews in *Life*, alludes in a late number to the new school of novel-writing as "literary clinics." Although Ouida does not belong to the new school, "Moths" perhaps is more a clinic than than any of the others, for the lecture is read literally at the hot-bed of vice. Nor is it immoral, because it exposes the evil. The immorality of a play consists in making vice a pleasant, pretty thing, which one would like to handle warily, it is true, but yet with that pleasant sense with which one invites mild danger.

The vice in Ouida's book is unpleasant. It is like the lifting of the silver veil off Mokanna. The real immorality of the book consists in showing what a very hard and unsatisfactory time of it the Princess Zouroff had in trying to be good. It is the obvious duty of a moral book to show that being good is a downy, easy, pleasant pastime. It would be a most egregious lie, but it would satisfy the moralist.

In the dramatization of "Moths" the book has been adhered to more closely than could have been thought possible. Much even of Ouida's queer, tangled, riotous language has been preserved, and it harmonizes fitly enough. Almost every word of Jura's text has been taken bodily from the book, and yet, reading casually, Jura appears to have been mere merely sketched in. It was a happy thought of the dramatist to throw him thus into prominence and to sink Corrèze. Jura is a very possible young man, though cynics scout; for there be men, born even to-day, with whom self-sacrifice is a passion. They are found chiefly in the forests and in the mountains, where nature helps a man's heart to grow big. But such a one might spring by chance from the English peerage, where the traditions of his order and his general good form make him simply delightful for dramatic purposes.

Tearle should have played Corrèze, if there had been any one left to play Jura; but, as the play stands, it needs a better Jura than Corrèze. Mr. Glenny is not all happy as the sweet-voiced singer, Although he developed an unexpected earnestness and sentiment, his natural style unfits him for the part.

It would be difficult to embody this brilliant creature who flits across the pages of "Moths" as Corrèze himself flashed across Europe. It has been urged ever since Ouida began to write that her men and women are all fantastic creatures, and that the chiefest of her phantasms is Corrèze, a wild, beautiful, impossible dream of a man. And yet he is copied, almost line for line, from the greatest tenor that ever lifted up his voice to sing. Corrèze was Marquis of Corrèze, and sunk his title in his singer's name. Mario was Marquis of Candia, and preferred to be known to the nations as Mario.

Corrèze was the darling of every great salon in the great capitals. So was Mario. Life was quicker among the snows of Russia, or under the suns of Madrid, in the gloom of Poland, or in the whirl of a London season, even in ever-gay Paris itself, when Corrèze sang. So it was with Mario.

Corréze walked a flower-lined path strewn with the hearts of infatuated women; so did Mario. But Ouida has such a weird, involved, exaggerated way of saying these things that Corrèze seems like an impossible creature, made of air, and certainly very difficult to put upon the stage with the very faintest shadow of resemblance to himself. Glenny was not at all like Corrèze, and it was far better that he should be merely a minor consideration, and that honest Jack Jura should usurp all the "business," to put it in slang. Tearle quite reveled in this part, which fits him as neatly as a glove, and sent the milder half of his audience home in tears with the pathos of his death scene.

Miss Flora Livingstone has so excellent a conception of the butterfly soul of Lady Dolly Vanderdecken that she is absolutely repulsive, although, for some undefinable reason, she would have seemed better fitted to play the Duchesse de Sonnaz. As she plays Lady Dolly her conception excels her performance. Lady Dolly was really an ancient ingénue, and Miss Livingstone has a certain hardness of style and precision of speech which belong to the female villain, and sit curiously upon flippant, naughty Dolly. Her success, however, was only curtailed by her mannerisms, for the part is admirably studied.

When Ouida drew the Duchess de Sonnaz she had the swarthy Princess de Metternich in her eye. And however high that haughty and most fashionable dame may have carried her head, report gave a lover to every great lady who flourished in the maelstrom pleasure which characterized the Second Empire. Miss Rowellan plays the Duchesse de Sonnaz without any subtlety, for that most conspiring lady made a point of never committing her plans in round words to her lover —scarcely to herself. It is a species of wickedness that needs delicate treatment, even upon the stage, and Miss Rowellan is too redundant, particularly in facial expression, yet made a creditable appearance for a second one, especially that she was placed in sharp contrast with the quiet finish of a metropolitan company.

Ouida did not go to one model to copy Sergius Zouroff. He is an international b-ast. He is a genus rather than an individual — and is indigenous to no one country. We have our great national representative, Sergius Zourofi, whom all the world knows, and we have our little local Sergius Zouroff, whom all our little world knows. The tales of their amours and their brutalities are familiar stories. Perhaps neither one has quite the veneer of the Russian prince, for it is written that he had the manners of a gentleman; and it was only being scratched that he became a tartar. It is rather odd to see Harry Edwards, who is the very type of bonhomie and aristocratic dignity, play a brute part, but perhaps he conveyed better than a more professional villain the few glimpses of better feeling which struggle to assert themselves in the face of Vere's clear, upright life. At all events, they redeem the character from being wholly obnoxious, and make the marriage seem a more possible thing than if the actor played it *au pied de la lettre*.

Ouida is very deeply indebted to the adapter, or to Miss Enid Leslie, perhaps to both, for having rescued Miss Fuschia Leach from the grotesquery of her drawing in the book. Miss Enid Leslie is a very ingenuous little actress, and gets off her little Americanisms with a little British undertone of appreciation of them which gives the character a curious complexity. It is not like anything in heaven or earth, but it is amusing, and lightens up the gloom wonderfully. It is the only glint of comedy, unless one except the unconscious comedy of the Princess Nadine Nelaguine. This naughty old Russian gives every evidence of having come direct from the *Mayflower*, and of being at the present moment in full charge of a Bible class and a heathen fund.

It does not often happen that one sees a character in a book so thoroughly embodied upon the stage that one's ideal is fulfilled—and the player stands for the character forever thereafter. Such an one is Sophie Eyre's realization of Vere Herbert. It is a character distinctly difficult to present, for Ouida always exaggerates good quite as thoroughly as she exaggerates evil. Vere Herbert is an uncomfortable girl, as Lady Dolly tells her. All good people are uncomfortable who have a blunt way of telling the truth, whether it be palatable or unpalatable; and Sophie Eyre as Vere Herbert tells it with a naïveté which is perfectly irresistible. She has not the artist's touch in dress, nor does she do herself justice in the arrangements of her chevelure at all times, but she is a picture to fit into Tennyson's dream of fair women in "Moths." She is a beautiful woman, without a touch of girlishness in her style; yet, in the first act she is all that Vere Herbert was—an English girl, large of body and mind, with a yet unopened heart, with a frank, guileless, truthful nature, untouched by and shocked at the artificialities of the world her mother moves in, and with one of those unadaptable natures of hard white marble which will take no stain, and utterly resist the plastic art. She is the picture of chaste, cold loveliness, the very embodiment of natural purity. One hardly knows how the full idea of Vere Herbert is conveyed. Her lines are few and her situations comparatively hackneyed, but one does thoroughly realize her purity, her truth, her indomitable pride, her iron will—all the strong characteristics that go to make up what in reading the book does not seem to be a dramatic character.

As the heart panteth after water, so has San Francisco panted for comic opera. This class of music always seems to stir the town up. People go about whistling, singing, and tinkling familiar bits on the piano, and the mimics are at work. The Fay Templeton season, therefore should fill a wide-felt want, as the newspapers say. It is not one of the wonderfully equipped French troupes, with a comedian for every possible variation in comedy and a chorus of voices to make up for the lack of them in the principals, nor is it a New York troupe, fresh from the Casino, with costumes to compensate for lack of voices.

It is just a plain little American opera-bouffe troupe which has been playing out West for any number of months with enormous success. Accepting it provincially (the New York press ranks San Francisco among the provinces when it speaks of Emma Abbott's reputation as a prima donna), the little troupe gives rather a good performance. Fay Templeton was a charming child when she was here ten years ago. Her too early singing has helped perhaps to develop her voice into a contralto instead of soprano, as the voice is said to deepen with using, and her too early precocity has deepened her style into coarseness. She has the genuine opera-bouffe instinct, and with French training might have had French *chic*. As it is, she imitates the French prima donna to some extent; but she overdoes it, and loses the effect.

She has a fresh, sweet, young voice, and sings very well, but she has a large encrustation of affectations which are very trying to an audience. She never speaks in her natural voice, and has no articulation whatever. She makes the most indescribable grimaces, which ruin her beauty, for she has a handsome pair of eyes, but a mouth that will not bear such reckless twisting. As for her pronunciation, it is of that hybrid school which has crept into use upon the stage, and which, with this class of company, seems to pass for a species of elegance. She has a trim little figure, and dresses exceedingly well, and has enough talent to make one keep wishing that some one would take her in hand, strip her of these glaring faults, and set her feet upon the highway to success.

Of the two operas given, "The Mascotte" has been the better done, even with Harry Brown's Lorenzo, which is the most tiresome and utterly silly piece of extravagance that has been perpetrated since Harry Richmond was permitted to play Pop.

The sparkling, tuneful numbers of "Giroflé-Girofla" were too recklessly cut out, all the more that a lot of insignificant songs for the various principals were substituted. But "The Mascotte" was not so shabbily treated. Fay Templeton introduced some very good opera-bouffe business in "The Mascotte." It is true, her daring would make a veteran's hair curl, but for a sort of an air the girl has which conveys the idea that it is not distinctly wicked, but a matter of technical study on her part; but one does not mind these things in opera-bouffe. The support, with the exception of Olmi, the baritone, do not call for individual mention. They are all fairly good, accepting them from the westward circuit point of view.

BETSY B.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP

Max Freeman's new play is called "Avalanche."

It is rumored that Maggie Mitchell's daughter, Fanchon, will make her début this season.

Irene Perry has signed a contract with McCaull for forty-one weeks, beginning October 1st.

Alice Harrison, Carrie Godfrey, Marcus Mayer, and Treasurer Evans of Cole's circus, went East last Saturday.

Signor Campanini and Madame Gerster are endeavoring to combine forces for a concert tour in the United States.

Lawrence Barrett's receipts in San José, last Monday night, exceeded those of any night of his last season in this city.

It is announced in the East that W. E. Sheridan and Miss Louise Davenport are to be married shortly in San Francisco.

Théo gets a salary of twelve hundred pounds a month on her American tour. She is coming to San Francisco before long.

Mrs. Langtry has signed a contract with Manager Abbey for a series of winter performances at the Princess Theatre, London.

David Belasco's "May Blossom" is to be produced in England and France. It is being translated by a well-known French dramatist.

George M. Ciprico has been commissioned by Frank Farrell, the manager of the Wallack Company, to write a play for Miss Rose Coghlan.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll's lecture on "Orthodoxy," last Saturday night, was received with considerable enthusiasm by the large audience.

Louise Rial is credited by Byrne's *Dramatic Times* with making a pronounced hit in the principal character in "Claire and the Forge Master."

Robert Frazer left New York last Saturday to prepare for the presentation of "Called Back" at the Baldwin by the Ellsler-Lee-Weston combination.

Charlotte Thompson's company plays in Sacramento and Stockton next week, and, after a week at Los Angeles, goes East, *via* the Southern Pacific.

Edward Harrigan, of Harrigan & Hart, talks of taking his company to England next summer, but the success there of his plays is extremely doubtful.

It is stated that Messrs. Daly and Terriss lost about four thousand and twenty-five hundred dollars respectively, during their London season at Toole's Theatre.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt will produce a translation of Sheridan's "School for Scandal" at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris, of which she is now manageress.

The American soprano, Miss Emma Nevada, has been engaged as the leading vocalist for the Norwich, England, Triennial Musical Festival, beginning October 14th.

The Italian Opera Company begin a short season at the California Theatre, under the management of Messrs. Giannini, Cambiaggio, and Sieni, next week, opening with "Lucia."

Next week, at the Baldwin, the Wallack company play "Young Mrs. Winthrop" on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings; and "Diplomacy" on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, and at the matinée.

At the Standard next week there will be a new first par- and a new olio, "The Arrival of Patti." The performance will conclude with Charley Reade's latest burlesque, entitled "Lulu Wurst, or Force and Fluence," by the entire company.

Harry Brown, of the Fay Templeton Opera Company, made his first appearance as an opera-bouffe comedian in this city. He played Calchas in "La Belle Hélène" when Emelie Melville gave that opera at the Baldwin, some eight years ago.

Howard P. Taylor has orders at present from no less than nine actresses for plays after the style of "Caprice," and has accepted one commission. The play is not yet completed, although he has christened it "The Butterfly."—*New York Mirror*.

London *Society* states that, in consequence of the success of Mr. Augustin Daly's clever company at Toole's Theatre, Mr. William Terriss has entered into an agreement with Mr. Edgar Bruce for their reappearance at the Princess Theatre, in May, 1885.

Mrs. Lawrence Barrett has taken a house in London and has settled there for the present. She has emerged from her long seclusion, and is entertaining very handsomely. The leaders of the London literary and artistic circles are constantly to be met with in her drawing rooms.

"Lohengrin" has been received with so little favor in San Francisco that it has converted very few to the Wagner theories. People will therefore appreciate the mot of Rossini, who, when he first heard "Tannhäuser," certainly the most melodious of Wagner's operas, exclaimed: "Si c'était de la musique ce serait horrible."

It was observed, during the opera season, that Pappenheim's strength immediately gave out after any trying morceau, and that she was never equal to the encore. Physical strength is the first requirement for a Wagnerian singer, and Pappenheim undoubtedly had an enviable reputation in Wagner's music during a long term of years. Her giving out and her lack of health are attributed to the severe course of banting that she underwent.

The most recent of the leading acquisitions by Mr. Carleton, for his opera company, is Miss Alfa Norman, who made her first appearance as the prima donna of the company two weeks ago, and made a very fine impression. The lady is spoken of as having a singularly pure and flexible voice, to which is added a most attractive personality.

George Middleton, a San Francisco actor whom many old-timers will remember, is dangerously ill in the New York Hospital, and without money or friends. He made his first appearance in this city, playing Modus in "The Hunchback" with Julia Dean Hayne, in 1860. For a number of years, off and on, he was on this coast, playing and dramatizing, in the latter field achieving considerable success.

Gabrielle Krauss, the prima donna at the Grand Opera House in Paris, is called by the French "La Rachel Chantante." Gabrielle Krauss in her youth was a failure in Vienna, but the French have taken her into their heart of hearts, and forgiven her her German name and her quasi-German origin. Her Sappho is said to be an exquisite study.

Mr. Glenny came very near to making a comic part of Corrèze by the eccentricity of the wig he wears. All artists in Europe, of course, wear long hair, but this looks as if it had been blown in at the back by a high wind, or chewed off, as the Danbury man says, by a hungry mule. Mr. Glenny himself, however, was in such dead earnest that no one dared to laugh at his wig.

The *America* carried an unusual number of theatrical people to New York on September 5th. Among them were the Countess d'Arco, who in democratic America contents herself with the simpler title of Madame Janisch; Rose Coghlan, of Wallack's; Oliver Doud Byron, Lotta, Gustave Amberg of the Thalia Theatre, L. M. Rubon, Professor J. C. Draper, and an entire new German operatic and dramatic company.

Francisque Sarcey, in his last feuilleton, laments bitterly the decline of the dramatic art in the Théâtre Français. He declares that the leading tragedienne can only play two parts, and that Paris is tired of her in both of them. It is insinuated in Paris that they want Sarah back in the Société very badly, but no one dares to suggest asking her to come; and that Sarah would give the world to get back, but does not dare to ask to go.

Kate Castleton has sent to England for her father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and intends that the entire family shall reside henceforth permantly in Oakland. She does not abandon the stage, but will make a descent upon it from time to time, accordingly as she is inspired by a new craze in costume or furnished by the scribes from time to time with a new comic song. At present she is "all at sea."

Some observant people at the Bush Street Theatre the other night, remarked that Fay Templeton was trying hard to look young, but that the lines around her mouth gave her away. They further remarked of Alice Vane, "What a pretty foot that girl has." It may interest them to know that Alice Vane is Fay Templeton's mother, and that there is supposed to be just eighteen years between them.

It may interest her admirers in San Francisco to know that Marie Jansen, who succeeded Lillian Russell as the queen of the dudes in New York, has also migrated to London. Lillian is living in perfect seclusion in a remote part of London with her husband and baby, and Miss Jansen is a vast favorite with the Englishmen. Her voice is said to have grown shriller and harsher than ever, but she is considered to be more beautiful than Lillian Russell.

A *fac simile* of the dress worn by Miss Flora Livingstone, as Lady Dolly Vanderdecken in "Moths," was worn on the stage of the Baldwin by another actress a few months ago. It is so remarkable a dress that it could not be forgotten; but while this one bears every mark of being an original, the other bears every mark of being a copy. It was possibly copied before it left the *atelier*, as the materials are of so unusual a pattern that they could not be picked up at any counter, but the coincidence is peculiar.

The cholera scare and the great heat in Paris have brought the theatrical business almost to a standstill. The Comédie-Française played to one hundred and sixty dollars, recently, when the average receipts are sixteen hundred dollars. The Grand Opera plays to almost empty benches, and the manager is sinking enormous sums besides the Government subsidy of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars a year. There is promise of bankruptcy and ruin in the theatrical business in Paris, equal to anything ever seen in America.

The mannerisms of leaders are becoming universally interesting. Logheder leads very quietly, sitting at the back of the stage with every musician of the stage or orchestra within the sweep of his eye. Rosewald sits closely under the prompter's box, gesticulates wildly, prompts nervously, and almost jumps on the stage at the chorus when it is time for them to come in. Fay Templeton's leader, Perlet, uses no score, and stands all the time that he is leading. He uses the piano all the time, playing with his left hand, and amuses himself meanwhile by surveying the audience.

Patti Rosa, the sprightly contralto who is starring this season with "Mizpah," is devoted to her pug, which is an interesting and talented creature. She says: "When I was traveling from Baltimore to New York, the car was crowded, and I sat next to a nice old gentleman, who very kindly offered me a half interest in his seat. You know I always have to smuggle the dog into all the cars and hotels, so I quietly put him under the seat. I was busily engaged on a Seaside novel, when I noticed that the nice old gentleman was gradually but surely edging closer to me and casting sidelong glances that were truly awful. I could not comprehend it, as the old gentleman seemed to be highly respectable. Suddenly it occurred to me to call the dog to my aid. I bent down, and, looking under the seat, I saw that the sagacious animal was rubbing himself against the old gentleman's nether anatomy. The innocent old party thought that it was I who was being demonstrative."

Werrenrath, the second tenor of the Fabbri opera troupe, was once a favorite Lohengrin in Germany. He has not been singing in opera, however, for a number of years, and has become quite rusty at that sort of work. He came to America some six or seven years ago, and settled in Brooklyn, where he still resides and gives lessons in singing. He was the first in America to give a song recital, and still continues to give them in Brooklyn, where he has an immense clientèle. He is especially liked in the German Lieder, and is said to sing the Erl-King better than any concert artist before the public.

Heaven made Sophie Eyre a very handsome woman, but gave her a broad British foot to stand upon. This she nightly compresses into a narrow French shoe, to her own most manifest discomfort. This is the cause of the awkward stage walk of which so many complain, for she has a free, springy gait when not so compressed, which is the natural dower of every healthy free young English woman. There are not many who will care to look at Sophie Eyre's feet when they can look at her face, to say nothing of the folly of tight—— But doubtless Miss Eyre has been hearing the remainder of this sentence ever since she began to buy her own shoes.

Emma Abbott has had seven "death dresses" made by the artist who makes them for Sarah Bernhardt. She also announces that she has satin sachets filled with perfume inside the lining of all her dresses, and that she will henceforth devote a great deal of attention to this branch of her art. Emma has heretofore always died in a white muslin with angel sleeves and a flowing golden wig. Always but once. One night the flowing wig was set before the stove to dry, after being crimped; but being placed too near, it caught fire and was destroyed. That night Emma died with her hair done up. She has been taking daily singing lessons in Paris, and has added "Semiramide" and "Lakmé" to her repertoire. The sachets and the baritones will carry the season.

Lulu Hurst is passionately fond of ornament and of dress, but her taste in the matter is not Parisian. She loves the rustle of silk, and thinks red silk rustles just a little more than any other. She wears a long, thick, gold watch-chain, nearly two yards in length, and is constantly on the look-out that no harm may come to it when she is exercising the "fo'ce." She is as primitive as a backwoodswoman, and has the soft intonation and the peculiarities of pronunciation of a little darky. Above all things, she loves to go to the "show," and was much concerned during the press exhibition the other night for fear the "show" would commence before she got there. It did commence about an hour before. The press wanted its money's worth.

Ouida tells a pretty and apparently improbable story of how Corrèze sat in his window at Ischl, and sang to the accompaniment of his guitar till the villagers all collected and shouted his name with delight as they recognized his voice. There is in very truth a quaint little town in Switzerland, on the lake of the four cantons, where great singers really go and do this sort of thing. An inn, called the Waldstäalerhoff, has sheltered many a singer seeking rest. The old inn, which was torn down to make room for this one, has echoed the song of many famous lips, and from the windows of this one Pauline Lucca's beautiful notes often float over the lake, startling the boatmen as if she were the new Lorelei and gathering the homely Swiss villagers about her windows to applaud as loudly and as honestly as they do in opera houses in the capitals.

"Adelina Patti has declared her intention of refusing to fulfill her forthcoming engagement at the Paris opera, in consequence of the French courts having postponed their decision in the matter of her application for a divorce from the Marquis de Caux. It is certainly a monstrous injustice that the laws relating to cases of this kind should not be abrogated specially to meet the convenience of the singer in question; and if she persists in her determination not to sing in Paris until affairs are adjusted to suit her convenience, it is to be feared that the country will be plunged once more into the horrors of a revolution. This is a case, indeed, of such vast importance that a conference of the European powers seems to be an absolute necessity, as the only means of adjusting a matter so vitally affecting the interests of the whole civilized world. The womanly delicacy of feeling and retiring modesty of the prima donna can not be too highly eulogized, and it is an unspeakable outrage that she should be thwarted in her latest caprice by the unsympathetic administrators of the law." The foregoing is from the *Keynote*.

Mr. Sims Reeves, the London vocalist, has been interviewed regarding his opinions on the operatic problem. With one exception, his views are dolefully pessimistic. Italian opera, he declares, is dying out, and in this he confirms the statement of all observers, which is further corroborated by the fact that next year London will have no regular season, but possibly performances from a "scratch" company. German opera, he believes, is not likely to replace Italian opera. In Germany it has entirely replaced it, but Mr. Reeves, of course, speaks of London only. His statement about German opera is only a prophecy, but, as experience shows, it is never safe to distrust a prophecy. Wagner's music, he says, does more harm to the voice in two years than other music in ten years; an opinion which is contradicted by Madame Lucca, who is not an admirer of Wagner, but declares that all this talk about his music ruining voices is "mere bosh." Without Italian and German works, the operatic stage of the future will be in a bad way. France is the only other country that has supplied the world with operas, and Mr. Reeves must therefore be looking to Offenbach and Gounod for entertainment in coming seasons. But this is not all. Not only are all the Italian and German composers of the past miserable failures in London, but the world is even worse off for vocalists than for operas. "In Italian opera," says Mr. Reeves, "only Patti and two male singers are fit to do the work. There is no bass." Nilsson, Lucca, Gerster, Sembrich, etc., are, of course, no singers at all. As for the basses, there never was one in the whole history of music. But once upon a time there was a great tenor. He still lives. His name is Sims Reeves.

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

**Bills and Casts for Week ending September 20th.**

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill, Hamilton's adaptation of Ouida's novel, "Moths." Cast as follows:

Lord Jura, Osmond Tearle; Prince Zouroff, Harry Edwards; Raphael de Correze, Charles Glenney; Duke of Mull, J. C. Buckstone; Ivan, S. Dubois; Vere Herbert, Miss Sophie Eyre; Lady Dolly, Miss Flora Livingstone; Duchess de Sonnaz, Elizabeth Rowellan; Fuschia Leach, Enid Leslie; Princess Nadine, Mrs. Sol. Smith.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Bill: The Fay Templeton Opera Company in "The Mascotte" and "Girofle-Girofla," on alternate nights. Casts as follows:

"GIROFLE-GIROFLA."—Girofle, Girofla, twin sisters, Fay Templeton; Don Bolero, Harry Brown; Mourzouk, Signor George Olmi; Marasquin, George Traverner; Pedro, William Guiberson; The Pirate Chief, Robert Ward; Aurora, Alice Vane; Paquita, Lillie West; Fernand, Hermine Polacio; Guzran, Lulu Crane; Cousins to the Brides, Lillian Cleaver, Stella Diard, Miss Shields, Leontine De Vill; Bridesmaids, Rene Avenal, Kate Clark, Maureen Polacio, Miss Winters, Miss Jameison.

"THE MASCOTTE."—Bettina, Fay Templeton; Prince Lorenzo, Harry Brown; Pippo, Signor George Olmi; Fiametta, Lillie West; Prince Frederick, George Traverner; Rocco, William Guiberson; The Pet of the Pages, Miss Arnold; The Prince's Pages, Hermanie Polacio, Mademoiselle Maureen; The Pride of the Regiment, Lulu Crane; Angelo, Kate Shields; Marco, Maureen Polacio; Paola, Leontine De Vill; Lugi, Stella Diard; Manrico, Rene Avenal; Alfonza, Lillian Cleaver; The Sergeant, Robert Broderick; Matteo, Robert Ward; Ricardo, Joseph Graham; Cæsar, Randall Hobbs; Umberto, Arthur Hubbard; The Officer, Joseph LeBrass.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Bill, "The Sea of Ice." Cast as follows:

Louise de Lascour, Miss May Seymour; Marie, little Silvia Miller; Carlos, C. G. Craig; Barabas, J. L. Wooderson; Raoul de Lascour, W. C. Dudley; Jean Medoc, B. Ecnary; Pierre Pascome, D. D. Williams; Cabin Boy, Julia Baird; Ogarita, Miss Charlotte Thompson; Diana de Lascour, Miss Annie Adams; Countess de Theringe, Mrs. Louisa Watson; Marquis del Monte, C. G. Craig; Horace de Brionne, William Yerance; George de Laval, W. T. Doyle; Spanish Secretary, R. L. Grayson; Servant, J. Burke; Officer, Y. Teall.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." Cast as follows:

Lucia, Miss Louise Leighton; Alice, Miss Kate Marchi; Edgar, T. W. Eckert; Sir Henry Ashton, F. La Fontaine; Sir Arthur Bucklaw, R. Valerga; Normand, A. Messmer; Bide the Bent, E. N. Knight.

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—Stecchhan & Cornelius, Managers. Standard Minstrels. Company as follows:

Charley Reed, J. Carroll Johnson, W. Henry Rice, John Robinson, Crandall and Eastwood, Keegan and Wilson, Hooley and Thompson, W. S. Mullaly. The California Quartet—Morant, Wetter, Holland, and Wyatt. New Minstrel First Part. The Great Burlesque, "Our Summer Boarders."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. "Les Huguenots," announced for September 16th, not given. Through financial troubles Pappenheim-Fabbri troupe disbanded. Theatre closed during the week.

At the Baldwin, next week, the Wallack Company in "Young Mrs. Winthrop" and "Diplomacy."

At the California, next week, the Giannini Opera Troupe. Monday, "Lucia."

At the Grand, next week, nothing is as yet announced.

At the Tivoli, next week, "Little Red Riding Hood."

At the Bush Street, next week, The Fay Templeton Opera Troupe in "Olivette."

The thirty-seventh anniversary of the entrance of the United States army into the City of Mexico was celebrated last Monday evening by the Veterans of the Mexican War by a banquet, in their hall on Bryant Street. The table was loaded down with every delicacy, and was tastefully decorated by the daughters of Comrade Lange, Ordnance Sergeant at the Presidio. The following toasts were given and responded to: "The President of the United States," by President Duncan, responded to by Major E. A. Sherman; "California, the first fruit of the Mexican War," responded to by General Irwin McDowell; "Our Country," responded to by T. W. Freelon; "The Honored Dead and Fallen Comrades," by Captain T. J. Knipe; "The Flag of Our Union," by Captain W. S. Swazey; "Our Commerce and Manufactures," by Colonel A. Andrews; "The Society of California Pioneers," by W. B. Farwell; "The Volunteers," by Captain Blanding. The pleasant evening came to a close with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

During one of the celebrated "mud blockades," some years ago, a man, in order to call a doctor, went six miles to town by means of a rail-fence. Not only in Illinois, but in many other Western States, the roads are practically impassable for three months in nearly every year. The period of non-communication has often extended to half a year.

Lunches will be served in Platt's Hall by the ladies of Howard Presbyterian Church, beginning on Monday, September 22d, and continuing through the week.

**CCCXXVIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, September 21, 1884.**

Crab Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Broiled Chicken. Saratoga Potatoes.
Mutton and Rice.
Corn Fritters. Lima Beans.
Roast Pork. Apple Sauce.
Tomato, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Sweet Omelet. Strawberries and Cream.

MUTTON AND RICE.—Cut into dice pieces of cold mutton; add one cupful of cold boiled rice to one cupful of meat. Butter a saucepan thoroughly, pour in a little stock or gravy, add the mutton and rice, and stir until it is hot; then pour in the eggs, slightly beaten, and stir until the eggs are cooked. Season to taste.

SWEET OMELET.—Beat up six eggs very light; add a spoonful of flour, a little fine sugar, and nutmeg; put this into an omelet pan; stir until it sets; then loosen the edge with a knife; have ready any kind of preserve, spread on with a spoon quickly, roll it up, and slip the omelet from the pan on to a long dish; sift over with sugar, and serve with sugar and cream.


GREAT FREE
EXHIBITION
OF
JAPANESE CURIOS

ICHI BAN
20, 22, and 24 Geary Street.

NEW GOODS

Just received and arriving by every steamer.

Tourists should not fail to visit ICHI BAN. It is one of the most interesting places on the Pacific Coast.

N. B.—Ichi Ban's WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT offers great bargains to the trade in novelties for the holiday season, at very low prices. Call before buying your Christmas stock.

FALL STYLE HATS
Now ready and introduced by
HERRMANN THE HATTER.
The Largest Hat Store on the Coast.
332, 336 KEARNY STREET,
Between Bush and Pine Streets, San Francisco.
Steam Factory connected with Establishment at 17 Belden St. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free.

FINE
Suits, $25. TAILORING Suits, $30.
Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.
Suits, $40. TAILORING Suits, $50.
Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.
Suits, $60. TAILORING Suits, $70.
J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.

REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS,
Fifth Congressional District,
CHAS. N. FELTON.

REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS,
Fourth Congressional District,
WM. W. MORROW.

THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!
The Light-running
"HOUSEHOLD"
SEWING MACHINE.

Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to three months' trial.
Samuel Hill Estate
CITY SALES ROOMS,
634 Market St.
Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

STORE YOUR FURNITURE
Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.
BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH
J. H. MOTT & CO.,
735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco
Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

BUTTERICK'S
Patterns—Fall Styles.
Send Stamp for Catalogues. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.

Steinway & Son's, Kranich & Bach, | Ernest Gabler, and C. Roenisch
PIANOS!
M. GRAY, 206 POST ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

SACHS, PRUDEN & CO.'S
FAMOUS GINGER ALE
THE GREAT FAMILY BEVERAGE.
Especially recommended as a healthy Table Drink, as it contains no Alcohol or any intoxicating ingredients. It is recommended for Ladies and Children as a pleasant and stimulating beverage. Exhilarates without intoxication. Invigorates without reaction as with alcohol. Assures healthful sleep to the worried and anxious, repairs lost strength, and imparts renewed vigor. Clears and refreshes the brain of the business man, renders the thoughtful man more subtile and reasoning, and dispels lassitude and fatigue. Put up in quart bottles. When bottles are opened and entire contents are not used, they can be recorked with gum corks, and it will keep until used. Sold by Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, Restaurants, and Bars. For sale by
Lebenbaum, Goldberg & Bowen, Cluff Bros.,
C. J. Hawley & Co., Quade & Straut. Adolph Kahn, Druggist.
Trade supplied by
JOHN T. CUTTING & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS, 116 FRONT STREET.

BETHESDA
SUPERIOR TABLE WATER
L. CAHEN AND SON, 418 SAC. ST.

IT STANDS AT THE HEAD
THE
LIGHT RUNNING
DOMESTIC
WITH
NEW WOOD-WORK AND NEW ATTACHMENTS
IT BEATS THE WORLD

J. W. EVANS,
GENERAL AGENT, 29 POST STREET.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.
Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
Liberal advances made on consignments.

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.
General Shipping and Commission
MERCHANTS,
309 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY
OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.
Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
TILES
For Decorations.
W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street

LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
HENRY F. MILLER
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
HEMME & LONG
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

ICHI BAN
FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

FIREMANS FUND
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA.
THE LARGEST PACIFIC COAST COMPANY.
CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - $750,000
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1883, - - - - $1,500,000
AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

CALIFORNIA
ELECTRO PLATING WORKS
657 MISSION STREET.
Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating on all Metals.
Table Ware repaired and plated at the lowest rates. Copper Plates silver plated for saving gold. All work in our line guaranteed. KEATING & FAGAN, Proprietors.

KELSEY HOUSE.
This well-known villa has changed hands and has been thoroughly renovated, and is now run in conjunction with the well-known Windsor House. The houses and cottages are situated on most beautiful and spacious grounds. Telephone communication. Cars pass every 7½ minutes; ten minutes' ride from the train. Apply to C. C. Wheeler, proprietor, at Windsor House, Ninth and Washington, or on the premises, cor. Telegraph Avenue and 24th St., Oakland.

Contract for Fall and Winter Supply
....OF—
COAL
For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street. Telephone 308.

$130,000
Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, 1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal. Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers.
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

THE FULTON.
3 Fulton, opposite New City Hall. "The Fulton"—new house; splendidly furnished suits of rooms. References.

WINDOW SHADE FACTORY.
H. E. BULLIVANT & CO.,
FACTORY AND SALESROOM,
753 Mission St., bet. 3d & 4th.
Decorating and Lettering a specialty for stores, offices, residences, etc.

FINEST PHOTOS IN THE CITY
....AT THE....
IMPERIAL GALLERY,
724½ Market Street.



Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

UNEXCELLED!
Ask your Grocer for
ARCTIC REFRIGERATOR HAMS,
ROYAL BREAKFAST BACON
ROYAL LEAF LARD.
All Guaranteed Choice Family Goods.

HIGHLAND SPRINGS,
LAKE COUNTY, CAL.
"The Switzerland of America."
OPEN ALL THE YEAR.
Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.
Daily communication via Cloverdale.
DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.

ÆTNA
HOT MINERAL SPRINGS.
To the highly curative properties of these waters and the charms of the place is added an elegant and capacious Swimming Bath.
These waters purify the blood, and refresh, renew, and restore the whole system. They cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Chronic Diarrhœa, Paralysis, and Pulmonary Complaints in the early stages. These waters are a specific in cases of Malaria, Chill and Ague Fever. They afford magical relief in cases of Nervousness, Sleeplessness, and General Debility.
Visitors leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. for St. Helena, thence by daily stage (Sundays excepted), arriving at the Ætnas at 5 P. M. For pamphlet, containing analysis and cures, address WM. BURNELL, Sup't, or WM. H. LIDELL, Proprietor, Lidell P. O., Napa Co., Cal.

MARBLE WORKS.
MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.
W. H. McCORMICK,
827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR
AND
CLOTH OF GOLD
CIGARETTES.
Our Cigarettes can not be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883.
13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

ALASKA
COMMERCIAL CO.
No. 310 SANSOME STREET,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

JOHN MIDDLETON,
COAL.
14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason

GERMEA
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. No. 13. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 27, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: The Chicago *Citizen* on the Maine Election—An Irish Rebellion against "Bourbonism"—The *Argonaut's* Pet Scheme at last Effected—The Irish Vote no longer "Solid"—An Extract from the *Argonaut* of last October—A Review of Democratic History in this State—Who have done the Work for the Democracy—And who have Pocketed the Rewards—The (Irish) Cat is Tired of Getting Nuts for the ("Chiv") Monkey—Why the Irish and Southerners are Unnatural Allies—The Southerners are the Allies of England—The South Favors Free-trade and Cheap Labor—The Democratic Party is the Irish Party—The Southerners became Democrats because they were not strong enough to be Anything Else—The Chivs have nothing in Common with the Irish—They Despise and Use the Latter as Stepping-stones—Robert Ingersoll on Orthodoxy—A Man with the Courage of his Convictions—He Views Priestly Tradition in the Light of Reason—Admires Jesus as a Man, not a God—He would Banish Priests and Substitute Good Cooks—He is too Radical—The Great Spiritual Progress of Modern Times—The Spirit of Religious Reform is Abroad in the Land—Ingersoll Represents the Thoughts of Many Men—Let the Ecclesiasts Answer Him.....1-3

CORRESPONDENCE: A San Franciscan in Mexico—A Curious Semi-religious Ceremony—Identity of Plot—A Coincidence..... 3

THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMAN: An Idyl of the Road. By Flora Haines Apponyi..... 4

SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip—A Letter from Monterey..... 6

THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest..... 6

THEO AND LOTTA: "Flaneur" Describes Lotta's Innocent Abandon in "Nitouche"—And Théo's Wicked Demureness in "La Jolie Parfumeuse"—A Racy Letter about Racy Actresses..... 7

VANITY FAIR: Americans Abroad—"Clara Belle" on the Man Dressmaker's New Method—She had never Bathed before—Left at the Hotel—The Origin of the Petticoat..... 8

STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise. Witty Sayings by Famous Men—Anecdotes of the War..... 8

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People all Over the World..... 9

LONDON CORRESPONDENTS: "Cockaigne" Describes their Peculiar Methods—Their Romances about the Royal Family—Our London Correspondent gives some Cold Facts..... 9

THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB: The Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith gives Mr. Tooter Williams a "Pointer" on the Noble Game..... 10

THE LATEST VERSE: "A Little Rose," by Julia C. R. Door; "A Bit of Lace"; "Cleopatra," by Alexander Macaulay; "The Heart of the City," by William H. Hayne; "Heart-Break," by Harriet Prescott Spofford..... 10

LITERARY NOTES: New Books—Magazine and Literary Gossip..... 10

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day..... 11

CENTURY BRIC-A-BRAC: Translation from the Spanish of A. Bécquer, by Mary Ainge de Vere; "Faynte Hearte," by F. Marshall White; "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder," by John A. Frazer Jr.; "A Theosophic Marriage," by Henry J. W. Dam; "An Avowal," by Frank Dempster Sherman; "The Silenced Choir," by D. D..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record..14-15

An editorial in the *Citizen*, of Chicago, a weekly journal owned and edited by John F. Finnerty, an Irishman and member of Congress, says, in its issue of September 13th, that there was polled a very large Irish-American vote in the last Maine election for the Republican candidate; that this change accounts for the increased Republican vote of that State; that in the Presidential election the vote will be more emphatic; that more than sixty per cent. of the Irish vote in the North will go Republican. He styles this election as "the Irish rebellion in Maine," and says it is the first battle against "Bourbon" Know-nothingism. "Bourbonism" is another name for "chivalry." Mr. Finnerty says that "in the West, where Republicanism is of a larger and more liberal type than in Maine, the bolt will amount to a revolution."

At the recent Maine election, in Augusta, Father Murphy openly voted the Republican ticket, and sixty per cent. of the Irish followed his example. We can name six Catholic Fathers in San Francisco who will do the same thing. There are six intelligent priests in this city. We hope our Know-nothing friends will not take alarm and vote for Cleveland, for we assure them there is no immediate danger of enough Irish invading the Republican party to overwhelm it. For seven years the *Argonaut* has endeavored to divide the Irish; to convince them of the unreasonableness of a "solid" Irish vote, and now, when the pack begins to break up under the influence of the thaw, we hope that the "fool Americans" will have sense enough to understand that things are working our way, and not to meddle.

There is one thing which the Irish must have the sense to appreciate, and that is that in coming over to the Republican party they can not be worse treated than they have been by the Democracy. For just thirty-five years the Irish have done the voting in this city and State for the Democratic party, and been by that party treated like dogs. For all these years the chivalry have ruled the party and held its offices. Without the Irish there would be no Democratic party. If the Irish desert at this election, the Democracy will not elect a man upon its ticket. If there should be made an analysis of the birth of the Democratic office-holders in California, from United States Senator down through the leading Federal offices to the more prominent State and county positions, it would be apparent how unfairly and ungenerously the Irish have been treated by their Democratic colleagues, how few Irishmen have been honored, and how many Southern men have been given place. To go back to the earliest of party struggles—that between Broderick and Gwin. Broderick was the only Irish-American in California who ever had the courage to stand up in square hand-to-hand combat with the chivalry. The conflict between Gwin and Broderick is part of the history of the Democratic party in this State—a conflict ending in the triumph of Broderick, and his election to the Senate of the United States—a victory ending in death. He was murdered on the "field of honor," died by the hand of "Southern gentleman"; Colonel Baker said, "by the trick of the pistol"; at all events he was killed by David S. Terry. Gwin and Terry still live, influential and honored members of the Democratic party, and, with one brief and accidental exception, no man of Irish birth has ever been elected from California to the Senate or the Congress of the United States, or to be Governor of California, by the Democratic party. That exception was the Hon. Eugene Casserly, who was compelled to resign through threats of exposure that involved his honor. He was driven out of the Senate and to his death. The Republican party sent an Irishman—the Hon. John Conness—to the United States Senate, and have given more honors and more offices to citizens of Irish birth than the Democratic party, while ninety per cent. of the Roman Catholic Irish vote the Democratic ticket. Let the Irish reflect on their three successful politicians in California—Broderick, Casserly, and Conness. One, the greatest, murdered for his political offenses, and buried on Lone Mountain; another died, prematurely hastened to his grave, broken-hearted by the persecution of Democratic party associates; the last still lives an honored and useful life in New England, rescued from death and dishonor by having joined the Republican party. Let the struggling Democratic politician of Irish birth look back to the beginning; let him recall his own and his countrymen's services for the Democracy, and let him weigh and count the honors that have been bestowed upon them. Of all the Governors that the Democracy have nominated or elected one was an Irishman. John G. Downey, by the accident of occupying the gubernatorial chair as successor to Latham, had demonstrated his capacity and integrity. He commanded from the party an unwilling nomination. He got the nomination, but there were ten thousand Democrats who did not vote for him, and he received 18,779 votes less than his party strength two years before, and was defeated by 19,602—the majority of Governor Low, and the largest ever cast for any Governor of California. How many members of Congress of Irish birth have been nominated in California by the Democracy since the Hon. Phil. Herbert, chiv M. C. from California, killed an Irish waiter in the city of Washington? We do not now recall one. Of the six men now in Congress, four are chivs and none is Irish.

In the *Argonaut* of October last we demonstrated, by figures, carefully compiled, that in the city of San Francisco the Irish composed nearly two-thirds of the voting element of the Democratic party. There were fifteen thousand Irish as against twenty-five hundred chivs—six Irish Democrats to one Southern Democrat. We reprint a portion of the article alluded to: "The Mayor of "San Francisco, the Honorable Washington Bartlett, is a "native of the South. The County Clerk, Sesnon, is "Southern. The Auditor, Edgar, is Southern. The City "and County Attorney, Mr. William Craig, is from Ala-"bama. The Superintendent of Schools, Mr. A. J. Moul-"der, is from Virginia. The Coroner, Mr. Levingston, is "a Southern gentleman. The Superintendent of the "Streets, the President of the Police Board, and two of "the Fire Commissioners are from the South. Mr. Fleet "Strother, chairman of the Water Committee of the "Board of Supervisors, was born 'under the shadow of "the national capitol.' Mr. J. Henley Smith, chairman "of the Judiciary Committee, is also Southern. Mr. "James, chairman of the Committee on Street Lights, is "from Missouri. Mr. Burton, chairman of the Commit-"tee on Fire and Water, is from Virginia. Doctor Mears, "of the Health Office, also Shorb, Rogers, Douglass, and "Perry, are Southern. John H. Wise, Harbor Commis-"sioner—the only one appointed from San Francisco—is "from Virginia; he is also chairman of the Democratic "State Central Committee. The same proportion of "Southern officials holds in the Sate departments. The "only Democratic United States Senator, James Farley, "is from the South. The Secretary of State, Thompson, "the Attorney-General, Marshall, the State Treasurer, "January, the Superintendent of Schools, Welcker, the "Speaker of the Assembly, and more than four-fifths of "all the attachés, deputies, and clerks at the State capital, "as well as a large majority of the municipal employees "at the city hall in San Francisco, and the court-house "cliques throughout the interior, are Southern. Upon "the Supreme Court bench the chivalry is represented by "McKinstry, McKee, Ross, and Thornton. Two-thirds "of all the Superior Judges, Sheriffs, and County Clerks "of the interior are Southern men. State Prison Direct-"ors Boggs and Gelwicks are from the South. The State "Engineer, Hammond Hall, and Adjutant-General "George H. Cosby, are Southern. Of the Board of "Equalization, Markley and Wilcoxson are from the "South. The Commissioner of Immigration, P. H. For-"ester, is Southern. Nearly all the Democratic Regents "of the University—Rodgers, Mayne, Martin, Wallace, "Lane, and Welcker—are from the South. The Mayor of "Oakland is Southern. Of the six members of Congress, "four are from the South—Budd, Glascock, Henley, and "Tully. Nearly all the Notaries Public are Southern men. "The Honorable David S. Terry, the acknowledged lead-"er of the Democratic party, with not a sentiment in com-"mon with anybody who has not been a rebel soldier, is "a Southern man. The Railroad Commissioner, Foote, "who is the programme candidate for Governor, is from "Mississippi. The organ of the Democratic party, the "*Examiner*, is edited by Southern men, in the interest of-"its proprietor, Mr. George Hearst, a Southern man, for "United States Senator. This list is irregular, incom-"plete, and, in one or two names, perhaps, inaccurate. "But it substantially and truthfully represents the facts; "and the facts are conclusive of a political and party con-"spiracy, which has for its object the advancement of the "members of a ring of the Democratic organization, a "minority in number, and who have no just claim to the "possession of superior intelligence or superior integrity; "for, much as we delight in exhibiting our contempt for "the priest-ridden and Pope-worshiping part of our Irish "mob, we are compelled, in justice, to admit that in the "exercise of official duties our Irish officials have "for efficiency and integrity which the chivalry "dimmed by the superior lustre of their offici-"tration."

We are rejoiced to believe that the Irish rebellion inaugurated at the East will extend to California. If Tammany and the working classes of the Eastern States have cause for disaffection against the tyranny of Democratic party rule, how much greater cause have the Irish in this State and city for discontent. There is, and has ever been, and will continue to be, antagonism between the Democrat of Southern birth and the man of Irish birth. The South is the natural ally of England. It always has been, and, until the manufacturing interest and the white labor class obtain a larger influence at the South, always will be. England is for free-trade, the South is for free-trade; Calhoun was a free-trader; the free-trade vote in Congress came largely from the South; the cotton interest—that is, the cotton planter—demands an open market for cotton, and a free port of entry for all articles it does not manufacture. It favors cheap labor. In almost every respect Southern interests are in conflict with the Irish. England helped the rebellion and aided the South during the civil war in the interest of her trade and commerce; she would have divided and destroyed the American Union, and perpetuated slavery, to have kept an open free market for her goods in Southern States. The Northern Irish, to the extent they were copperheads during the civil war, were the allies of England. We hope we see the dawn of a day in which the Democratic Irish slaves will rebel against this party tyranny, when they will plant the green above the gray; and, under the folds of his flag of the shamrock and harp, let him declare that the Democratic party belongs to the Irish. It does belong to them and to nobody else. The chivalry are only Democrats because the Republicans thrashed them in their attempt to fix the institution of slavery upon the free territories of the country; only Democrats, because a slave-holders' rebellion, in the interest of a government of slavery, failed. The Confederate Government, in its first Congress, at Montgomery, Alabama, enacted a law declaring that no foreigner should become a citizen of it, and declared by resolution that white slavery was admissible. Mr. Vice-President Stephens, the brains of its civil administration, declared that slavery was the corner-stone of the new republic. The chivalry is only Democratic because it has nowhere else to go. David S. Terry, W. W. Foote, Duke Gwin, John H. Wise, Clarence Greathouse, George Hearst, Chairman English, and the whole of the rank and file and following of the discomfited personnel of the rebellion, have been thrown into the Democratic party by forces they could not control; they have nowhere else to go. In the Republican party they would not find congenial association. They are Democrats from necessity, from motives of self-interest, from ambition, and not from principle. The chivs have nothing in common with the Irish. They despise, hate them; they use them as a means for attaining office and gaining honors. They use the Irish as they used their slaves before the war, and as they have used the black voters since the war—stepping-stones to cross the brook; rounds of the ladder up which they climb the bread-fruit tree; paws for the gathering of the hot chestnuts of office; utensils to be used, and pushed aside, and hid, and emptied; hatchets to hew their wood, and buckets with which to draw their water. The most marvelous thing about the whole business, and that which most moves our wonder, is that the Irish stand it; do their party work, and are content to be the slaves of a class of haughty party leaders which began its career in California by murdering the foremost Irish Democrat the State ever had—a class of insolent, aristocratic Know-nothing partisans that has not, and never had, and never will have, any other use for the Pope's ignorant Irish than to use them.

Since writing the above we are informed that at a recent primary election in the Democratic party in Fresno the Irish and chivs have met in the skirmish line, and the chivs have met with a grand bounce, have been routed. Holmes beats Campbell for Superior Judge, Daily beats Terry (the nephew of D. S. Terry) for District-Attorney, Meade beats Hall for Sheriff. For Treasurer, Baily; for Surveyor, Choice. In Yolo, as we learn, there is a similar condition of things. The air is thick with shillalahs. Wherever a Southern political head pops up, it catches a Donnybrook whack, and we are glad of it.

Robert Ingersoll is causing a profound sensation among the orthodox—*all* the orthodox, from the Roman Catholic down through the Episcopalian, Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian, and all that hold to similar dogmas or believe in like creeds. It is impossible for the orthodox world to ignore this orator of liberal thought. It is all very well to say that he is not original, that he is only reflecting Voltaire and Paine; his lectures are none the less interesting that he has culled them from the fields of infidel literature, and they are none the less convincing that his unanswerable arguments, his biting satire, and his pungent wit are drawn from sources beyond himself. The fact is, that to the great, busy world his lectures are new, and even to the student of the writings of freethought they come with the interest of a novel presentation, and not the less effective because they embrace the views of earlier students, and perhaps abler ones, in the same line of investigation. Mr. Robert Ingersoll has the courage of most of his convictions. He has the courage to say what multitudes of intelligent persons think. He holds up the whole orthodox scheme to a cold and merciless analysis; with pitiless scorn and most irreverent contempt he tears away its disguises, exposes its nakedness, and lets the daylight of common sense and common reason in upon the skeleton. As he makes this structure of ecclesiasticism to appear, it is but a frame-work of fraud and priestly artifice, based upon foundations of lying traditions. He does not deny the existence of God. To those who ask, "Is there a God?" he replies, "I do not know." "Is there a future world?" "I do not know." But in reference to the scheme of salvation, the divine character of Christ, the inspiration of the sacred writings, the creation of man, the Noachian deluge, the conception and birth of Jesus, the doctrines of predestination and foreordination, the miracles of the New Testament, the wonderful romances of the Old, transubstantiation, masses for the dead, and the entire ecclesiastical history, dogma, and faith of the Roman Catholic Church, from the period of the mystic birth down through the dark ages, till it burst forth in all the cruel insolence of its despotic power, he challenges and holds it up to the light of reason. With this old mass of rotten rubbish—the creation of priests—he sets afloat and drifting the dogmas and creeds of the later religious industries. In ecclesiasticism he finds nothing good. In church organizations, nothing worth praising. In religion—as existing to-day—he discovers only fraud, hypocrisy, cruelty, cunning, and evil. His suggestion is not to reform, but to tear down and sweep away the rubbish, dig up the foundations, plow the ground, and sow salt over the site where the edifice stood. He denies to Jesus the divine attributes, but exalts him as a man; takes from Matthew, Mark, and Luke the character of inspiration, and makes of them faithful historians, whose narrations have been interpolated in the interests of ecclesiasticism by ecclesiastics interested in building up a money-making industry for their own aggrandisement. The Gospel of St. John he declares was written an hundred years after the death of Christ, by an unknown author, and is a forged and artfully concocted writing, in the interest of the priestly organization that was then taking shape. In answer to the charge that he tears down and destroys what men hold sacred, without giving anything to take its place, he answers, "I have destroyed nothing that is good." If his answer is true, here he might have rested and let the consequences take care of themselves. It is every man's right to assault the bad with earnest, honest truth, and he is called upon for neither excuse nor apology. Mr. Ingersoll has improvised a something—not his own—which he styles "the religion of humanity": justice, generosity, forgiveness of enemies, mercy, cleanliness, comfortable houses, carpets on the floor, pictures on the wall, statuary in niches, nicknacks, a loved and loving wife, lovely and lovable children, and, we suppose, a good income, plenty of money, good digestion, and good health, that such things may be enjoyed. He would banish all priests, and, instead thereof, substitute good cooks, who should serve at the family altar, with good domestic servants as ministering acolytes. He would let the sunlight in upon the gloomy Sabbath of the Presbyterian; he would abolish the grim Jehovah of the Jews for the genial God of Love; he would have everybody healthy, happy, and content. Perhaps it would be more generous if Mr. Ingersoll would contrast the grim creeds and cruel, narrow faiths of old, dead ecclesiasticism, with the newer, sweeter phases of modern thought, and admit that the old night is passing away and the new, bright, and glorious sun of a freer thought is rising in all the lands. It is not easy to uproot and destroy the foundations of structures that have been growing for nearly two thousand years. It is easy and profitable to laugh at the mistakes of those who have gone before, but is it just or generous for Mr. Ingersoll to omit to admit that religion in this age is undergoing great changes, is making great progress? That the clouds of ignorance, bigotry, and prejudice are being dissipated; that the spiritual heavens look clearer than even when we were boys; that much which was harsh, rigid, unlovely, and irrational, has passed away, or been toned down; that there are churches and creeds which are just, and generous, and rational; that there are Christians who forgive their enemies, are merciful, use soap, live in good houses, encourage art, love their wives and children, keep good cooks, and enjoy a clear conscience and good digestion—it would have been graceful for Mr. Ingersoll to admit. That the work of reform is going on within the churches, and is being pressed forward by conscientious, intelligent, earnest Christian men and women, it would be well for him to confess. Old formulas, and old dogmas, and old beliefs, are being forgotten and allowed to drop into disuse, and are not being taught. And while we rejoice to see this eloquent assailant of all that is bad and brutal, all that is narrow and mean, all that was unjust and wicked in the creed or history of any church, and while we rejoice at the courage that dares to expose and denounce ignorance, bigotry, hypocrisy, priestcraft, and crime, we would have been delighted if Mr. Ingersoll had done himself the justice to admit that the spirit of religious reform was abroad in the world; that it had invaded orthodox circles, and was in its way making progress; that this was an age of enlightened freedom and liberty of thought, an age of education and intellectual advancement. It might perhaps be found on trial that very many of our clergy and many conscientious and intelligent laymen would, if not denounced and laughed at, sneered at, and ridiculed, become aids and helpers in this matter. However, the priests and preachers must take care of themselves. We are not taking sides, not expressing opinions; we go to hear Ingersoll; we pay our dollar and laugh, and we take the liberty to say to the grim old criminal of Rome, and to all the accused pilloried in the same dock, that they must plead to the indictment and enter upon their defense. Colonel Robert Ingersoll—whether he is right or wrong—is voicing the opinions of multitudes of intelligent men and women; he is reflecting the sentiments to-day of more adult thinking men and women in all the civilized countries of the world than all the orthodox churches of the world. The difference between the men and women who follow Ingersoll in his modes of thought and those who blindly follow the absurd dogmas of the papal church was seen in the contrasted intelligence of the audience that listened to him on Sunday evening and that which listened to Father Gleeson on the evening of Monday. That reply we did not hear; but as it was satisfactory to the learned clergy which adorned the platform and the unlearned audience which listened, we shall be content if each claims the victory. Our satisfaction lies in the fact that the war is inaugurated, and will not be ended until results are accomplished. A war between opposing forces that is to be determined by intellectual combat can only result in good. We await—not the end, for it will not come in our generation—but note the progress of the fight serenely, confident of the triumph of right and reason.

The Most Reverend J. S. Alemany, O. P., the Very Reverend N. Cougiato, Provincial Superior of the Society of Jesus, together with certain less distinguished fathers in the Holy Roman Apostolic Church, are engaged in taking testimony for the purpose of making Father Magin a saint. Father Magin was one of the Spanish Franciscan friars who came to California in the early days to convert Indians and raise cattle at the Mission of Santa Clara. He died early in the century. Tradition accredits him with the gifts of prophecy and miracles, and there is also a tradition that he was eminent for piety. This ecclesiastical commission is now engaged in gathering testimony as to whether he was a prophet, whether he had the gift of miracles, and whether he was pious. It is ransacking the memories of the oldest inhabitants, and going through musty records, to get at this man's life, in order to his further beatification and subsequent canonization in Rome. After the report is made, if favorable, the case will be adjourned for ten years. The proceedings for the canonization and beatification of the dead are not begun till fifty years after sepulture. The proceedings are in the nature of a trial. What is now going on at Santa Clara is a sort of preliminary investigation to take proofs, which, in the form of documentary evidence, are to be transmitted to Rome, and there to be examined by the College of Cardinals. The next proceeding is the report of the cardinals. Then comes an open consistory or trial, in which the devil is allowed counsel. An *advocatus diaboli* is appointed, whose privilege it is to use all honorable exertion to rescue the soul from beatification. We do not know whether this advocate is appointed by the devil or by the church. If by the devil, we think the attorney would not find it difficult to prove that saints were very scarce at that period in California. That the presumptions of the time, and the general history of monks and friars turned loose among squaws and greasers, do not justify the probability that Father Magin was any better than the general average of his Franciscan brethren; and that the general fragrance of the monks and friars of that particular order, at that particular time, does not justify the probability of the existence among them of an unknown saint. If the devil is to have an advocate in this business, he is entitled to one not *of* the church, not appointed *by* the church; one not in fear of the church; one who is not overawed by the superstitious and mummeries that are only venerable for age, and only endurable through superstition, ignorance, bigotry, and ecclesiasticism. When will the learned men of Rome ever understand that such nonsense as this does not fit the age in which we live? In the time of Leo III., in the year 804, when darkness enshrouded the world, when superstition and ignorance prevailed, it may have been policy; it may have been permissible to play those fantastic tricks, to conjure down the devil and keep the tigers of the human race in abeyance to the kings and

priests, who caged and stoned them; but now, 1884, in this land of school-houses and newspapers, in this age of free thought and free discussion, what nonsense! Does this commission of Catholics and Jesuits suppose for a moment that it can by any evidence impose this hundred-year-old dead monk upon us a saint, or stuff us with the idea that he was a prophet or a miracle-worker, or any more pious than thousands of good people, good Catholics, and good Protestants, and good Infidels, who have since died? The *Argonaut* is doing more good to the Roman Catholic Church to-day than all the saints it has canonized in eleven centuries. We are endeavoring to suggest to its clergy and laity the changed conditions that surround it. If we sneer at its stale old superstitions, disbelieve its lying chronicles, put no faith in its pretensions to perform miracles, and laugh in irreverent glee over its thaumaturgical tricks, its beatifications and canonizations of dead Spanish friars, and expose its artifices and refute its false history, it is only for the purpose of inducing it and its learned clergy to conform themselves and the church to the condition of things which science has demonstrated. We know when the laugh comes in; that we are fighting against an organization the like of which does not exist in the world; that has lived, and flourished, and grown strong since the birth of Christ. We know our weakness and its strength. We know, also, the age in which we live. We know that the new reformation has set in. We know that the intelligent laity of the Roman Church does not countenance any of these things which we delight to hold up to the contempt and ridicule of intelligent minds. We know that in the centres of intelligence, in places like London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, all this work of priests is no longer permitted. Cardinal Newman in London, and Cardinal McCloskey in New York, would not countenance any pretended miracle of a stigmata, the reprinting of Junipera Serra's absurd biography, the beatification of Father Magin, or any other of the revolting and superstitious nonsense to which this diocese is being and has been constantly subjected since the time of Bishop Alemany—things which bring the blush of shame and mortification to every honest and intelligent Catholic, and which will soon pass away. We shall live to see it, and shall rejoice at it.

There are no nominations more important than those of Superior Judges. When our judiciary becomes weak or venal, when men are elected to perform judicial duties who are corrupt and mercenary, our government will be far along the road to a bad end. The judicial should not be a political place subject to a popular election. Judges should be appointed for life or good behavior. It is a serious mistake that we have an elective judiciary. We are already reaping evil consequences from the system in this city, and affairs are growing worse from year to year. The half educated young lawyer, or the old one, played out and unsuccessful, the disappointed, dishonest, and tricky, finding himself stranded in his profession, having exhausted the police court, and failed in every attempt to gain a respectable professional maintenance, turns politician, joins his club, equips, wears somebody's livery, makes ward speeches, attends ward clubs, sends delegates to a convention, procures himself to be nominated as a judge. We have judges to-day in San Francisco, and candidates for judicial position, utterly lacking in dignity of personal character, utterly destitute of legal learning, and utterly void of any qualification for the bench, of questionable integrity, and of doubtful principles. As the modest, learned, quiet lawyer will not seek the bench, it should be the duty of delegates to a nominating convention to seek them out. The bar associations ought to take active steps to secure good nominations without distinction of party. We endorse for Republican nominations Judges Rearden, Hunt, and Carey. We endorse Judge Sullivan for renomination, and, could we have our own way, would prefer non-partisan judicial nominations. WE SHALL HAVE OUR OWN WAY, because the *Argonaut* will, *unless the Republican Convention does good work*, hold a nominating convention of its own, and ask every one of its readers to intelligently consider the reasons it will advance why it thinks a candidate should or should not receive the support of electors. In the meantime we are not discouraged at the outlook. The Republican Convention has given us a good platform, and, so far as we can learn, is honestly endeavoring to give us a good ticket. It is not under the control of Higgins and Gannon, nor of any bosses or combination of bosses, at present. There is a minority of mercenary, small-priced, contemptible men in the convention. There is, in our opinion, a majority of respectable, intelligent, disinterested, and honorable men, and even the bosses know that unless a good ticket is given us it will be defeated. The advantage that bosses and rogues have in political conventions is that they can mass their mercenaries and trade their votes. The way to defeat this is for the honest men to refuse to trade. It is better for the Republican party to have an altogether bad ticket than one that is half bad and half good.

The *Examiner* publishes an editorial headed "The First Lady in the Land," in which, after saying that the lady who is to preside in the White House must be of pure morals, and her name must never have been tarnished by scandal, goes on to say, by implication, that the people of this country would not tolerate Mrs. Blaine as the first lady of the land. We thought that the brutality and mendacity of the Indianapolis *Sentinel* were phenomenal; but it appears that we have here as dirty an exhibition of depraved Democratic journalism as ever disgraced the party that nominated for the head of its ticket a man who has been stigmatized as a moral leper. Mrs. Blaine has been one of the first ladies in this land for many years, and in March she will be the first, and no man has been found lying and cowardly enough to smirch her good name, or place his dirty finger on the pure record of her innocent life, except a blackguard editor of a Democratic paper in Indianapolis, and his "brother smut" in San Francisco.—*San Francisco Daily Evening Post.*

The above article from the *Post* we approve and endorse. The *Examiner* article, with the cunning of the Jesuit, the malice of the devil, and the cowardice of irresponsible chivalry, does not make such directness of allusion to the wife of the Presidential candidate as to justify the cremation of its anonymous author. If it bears the application which the *Post* gives it, its author is a malignant and cowardly blackguard. If it does not, it is untimely, and it would be a graceful and manly thing for its proprietors to direct its managing editor to write a proper disclaimer.

The splendid German meeting at the Republican Wigwam on Thursday night, Governor Salomon being the principal speaker, with something more than two hundred of our most prominent German citizens as vice-presidents, a German delegation two hundred strong from Oakland, an enthusiastic and intelligent German audience, is a complete refutation of the Democratic lie, so industriously circulated—viz., that the German Republicans are indifferent to the election of Blaine and Logan. Whatever may be the condition of affairs in other States—in Wisconsin, Michigan, or Ohio—there is no apparent defection of Germans from the support of the Republican Presidential ticket in California. The orator, though it be Carl Schurz; the leader, though it be Charles Kohler, who persuades himself that he can *lead* the Germans because he is of their nationality is a fool. Germans are thinkers There is no "German vote" in the sense that there is an "Irish vote." They are independent, and perhaps self-opinionated, and have always—in this State—divided politically according to their convictions. Politicians or priests never lead the Germans; men in office never influence to any considerable extent the German vote. There is only one outside issue that is important to them, and that is "BEER." Beer is an element in State and city politics. Beer cuts no figure in national affairs. Barley and hops are home productions. The German will revolutionize for beer; but he has sense enough to know that Sunday laws are not a matter of national regulation or legislation. The German has the sense to know that liberal and intelligent legislation is safe in the hands of liberal and intelligent people—Republicans. The German knows that the States where there are the most illiberal Sabbatarian laws and the most rigid and vexatious Sunday restrictions are Democratic. In half a dozen Southern States there are laws which close livery stables, barber-shops, houses of entertainment, and all places of amusement. We misunderstand the higher and more intelligent German sentiment, if it is not willing and does not desire healthful restrictive legislation and control over the sale of alcoholic drink; and while they regard lager beer, pure wine, and innocent Sabbath recreation as civilizing institutions not to be abused, they do not consider them of sufficient importance to determine their Presidential votes. The Democracy pays the German a very poor compliment when it assumes that the German-American citizen has not a higher patriotism and a love for American institutions than he has for his appetite.

The State of California, thanks to Colonel Andrews—and for his appointment, thanks to Governor Stoneman—is likely to make a respectable presentation of itself at the New Orleans Fair. We have heretofore been very remiss in this respect. Our exhibit at the Centennial at Philadelphia was contemptible, and we failed to have the State properly represented in Australia, Central and South America, and wherever the opportunity has been afforded to make an exhibition of our products and our resources. Colonel Andrews, with the pluck and enterprise that always characterize his efforts, has secured such coöperation from agricultural, mining, wine, fruit, silk, and other special industries, as will, in his opinion, assure us of a good showing. Indeed, Colonel Andrews declares that the California exhibit will, in point of interest and attractiveness, be second to no other State. When this fair is over, we shall hope to see our own effort in the same direction take new shape. There is no reason why there should not be a world's affair at San Francisco; and it may be accomplished if the effort shall develop the proper enthusiasm and energy.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### A San Franciscan in Mexico.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: A very curious semi-religious ceremony took place here on the 29th, 30th, and 31st of August, the origin of the celebration of which is shrouded in such mystery that I have as yet found no one who could account for it. The 29th is the anniversary of the beheading of St. John the Baptist, and for some occult reason that is connected with the battle of Lepanto; and for three days annually the *pelados* engage in a sham battle between the Moors and the Christians. The expenses are defrayed by a general subscription of a few cents each among the laborers in the various mines, and by an assessment on those who aspire to act as officers of the two armies, the amount being graduated according to the rank assigned. The war takes place on the hill just outside of the northeast end of the city, and is daily witnessed by several thousand people. The general-in-chief of the Christians wears an enormous cocked hat and a nondescript military uniform, and his subordinates are uniformed according to their fancy. The principal officers of the Moors wear the usual historical dress, with turbans, robes, and crescents. The rank and file are uniformed in all sorts of absurd uniforms, such as are never seen elsewhere off the opera bouffe stage, or outside of a carnival. All ages and sizes are there, even little boys and girls. The Moors even have a contingent of Indians, in full war-paint and feathers, and armed with bows and arrows. The rest of them are armed with all sorts of old-fashioned muskets, carbines, and toy guns. The two camps are on opposite hills, about a thousand yards apart, but the fighting takes place in a little quadrangle in the encampment of the Moors.

The Christians march up to this quadrangle, their general enters and rides round and round the ring with the leader of the Moors, each making grandiloquent speeches. Finally they indulge in a little sword exercise, in the old-fashioned "two up and one down" melodramatic style, chasing each other around the ring, while the troops fire their guns in the air with a sound like Fourth of July crackers, and the flags, about one to every fourth man, are wildly waved. The Christian general has a rank of men in most preposterous uniforms, who keep close to the heels of his horse at whatever speed he may go. Presently the troops advance to within a few feet of each other and stand, firing their pop-guns in the air, while the flag-waving and beating of the toy drums continue, and the Indians career wildly around feigning to shoot their arrows, and uttering what are meant for blood-curdling war-whoops. A bugle blows, and the Christian army turns tail and runs wildly off down the hill pursued by the Moors; again a bugle, and the Moors come flying back, chased by the Christians; and so it goes for three hours. It is the most ludicrous sight that I have ever seen. There are two clowns in the ring—a man and a boy—and their antics attend all the proceedings. Some cannons are used, which are carried about on men's shoulders, stood up on end, to be loaded and laid on the ground to be fired. During the battle a part of the Christian army retires to its far-off encampment, and there encourages the rest of the fray for the day with popping of guns and waving of flags. Success wavers between the two armies until the third day, when the Christians triumph, capture the chief of the Moors, surround him with a hollow square, and in a few minutes elevate his head on a pole and the war is ended. The contestants retire to their homes enveloped in glory enough to last them for another year. Why the Mexicans, who hate the Spaniards, should still annually celebrate a Spanish victory, is something that "no fellow can find out." The sight from a distance is fine—the incessant movement of the multitude, the heterogeneous uniforms, and the gayly colored *serapes* of the populace giving a kaleidoscopic effect which is quite well worth seeing.

During a *pronunciamiento* here, a few years ago, a fight between the two parties occurred on top of the Bufa, and the victorious party burned their prisoners alive in a corner of the convent walls. Many of the bones are still there, collected in little heaps surrounded by stones. I rode up there the other day to see them. It is a ghastly sight, and I would not have believed that such could be the outcome of civil warfare in this nineteenth century.

I was told the other day by a Mexican gentleman the origin of the term "gringo." He said that a number of years ago a vessel came into the port of Mazatlan, and the sailors, when ashore, sang "Green grow the rushes, oh," from which the inhabitants picked up the sound of the name, which has been applied to English-speaking persons ever since. I give it for what it is worth. I have been told that the Japanese call English sailors "damurists," from their favorite expression: "Damn your eyes." ST. LAWRENCE.

ZACATECAS, Mexico, September 22, 1884.

### Identity of Plot.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of September 6th you make the statement that the story entitled "Mr. Fernande" (written by me for the Boston *Courier*) was copied from a sketch printed in your paper three years ago. The article does me great injustice, for I had never seen your paper until less than a year ago, and moreover my sketch was suggested by a paragraph which I saw in a publication from some foreign city, I think, nearly four years ago. I have written many sketches that have been widely copied, and I would hardly be willing to put my name to a second-hand story, as the article suggests. I should consider it a favor if you would make a correction of the statement. Yours truly,

BOSTON, September 13, 1884. E. H. CROSBY.

[The sketch referred to appeared in the *Argonaut* of May 21, 1881, and was copied all over the country. It was finally boiled down into a "news item" by the patent condenser of the New York *Sun's* "Sunbeams," and appeared as an actual occurence, said to have taken place at Madrid. This may be the paragraph to which Mr. Crosby refers. As to a "correction of our statement," we did not state that Mr. Crosby "had copied from a sketch printed in your [our] paper three years ago." We simply stated that the two plots were identical. The discovery as to identity in plots has been made concerning men more famous than Mr. Crosby—notably, Shakespeare, Boccaccio, Molière, Racine, Sardou, Charles Reade, and even Dion Boucicault. Mr. Crosby, like Molière, "prend son bien partout où il le trouve." In this respect they resemble each other.—EDS.]

### Parallel Passages.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: A paragraph on "parallel passages" in your literary notes, last week, mentioned that Baudelaire had paraphrased Longfellow's "Art is long," etc. This reminds me that Baudelaire has used Edgar A. Poe's

"And laugh, but smile no more,"

In his poem "l'Héautontimo-rouménos,"

"Au rire éternel condamnés,
Et qui ne peuvent plus sourire!"

His paraphrase of Gray's "Full many a gem," etc., occurs in the same poem that contains "l'Art est long" and "Mon cœur, comme un tambour voilé"; namely, "Le Guignon," the XI. in the "Spleen et Idéal" division of "Les Fleurs du Mal":

"Maint joyau dort enseveli
Dans les ténèbres et l'oubli,
Bien loin des pioches et des sondes;
Mainte fleur épanche à regret
Son parfum doux comme un secret
Dans les solitudes profondes."

One can not determine whether that "à regret" is a stroke of Baudelaire's genius, or simply and solely to rhyme with "secret."

SAN FRANCISCO, September 23, 1884. T.

Here is a *pensée* of a nineteenth century Pascal, copied from an album belonging to a lady who is very f[illegible] whipping into her fold literary lions, jackals, [illegible] gifted or curious beasts: "An imbecile tells a w[illegible] has pretty teeth; *un homme d'esprit* makes her la[illegible]

## THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMAN.

An Idyl of the Road.

Two o'clock on a February afternoon, on the northern confines of the Mojave desert. The southern train, like some huge, fire-eyed serpent, trailed its sinuous length northward. The passengers looked wearily out of the car window upon a monochromatic picture, in dull tones of gray, the heavy leaden hues extending even to the distant hills which bordered the horizon, and the brooding sky above. Three hundred miles farther south the very isolation and sterility of the great desert waste invests the region with a charm all its own, and imparts a peculiar interest to each bit of rock, sprig of vegetation, or rarer token of animal life. On the Mojave the traveler is oppressed with a sense of the hopelessly commonplace. The level and sterile ground, lying in close proximity to productive and fertile districts, the ranks of tall cacti, filing in endless succession at all angles from his line of vision, the scanty vegetation and wiry grasses, which only serve to accentuate the poverty of the soil, and the occasional dusty roads, circling about like aimless wanderers, weigh down upon the spirit like the helpless mediocrity of an individual to whose society he is condemned.

Were any element needed to emphasize the forlorn situation, it was supplied in the abortive attempt at a town, where the train slowly drew to a stand. In the rear of the long railroad warehouse, and a hundred yards across a stretch of gray sand, which repeated in its dull neutral tints the prevailing tone of the landscape for miles around, a row of pretentious business houses had been marshaled into existence, and gazed forth upon the world in painful vacuity of purpose; yet in their dismal fronts and empty, staring windows lurked a suggestion of guilt, like human beings who are conscious of having missed their destiny; and various aggressive signs, flaunted before shuttered windows and barricaded doors, helped to deepen the impression.

The Pullman conductor, blandly apologetic, mildly sympathetic, advanced through the car, stopping for a few words at each section. Behind him came the conductor of the train, lofty and inexorable. A new washout had occurred fifty miles farther on, and the train had orders to stop at Mojave until the road was repaired.

The passengers looked out upon the town with newly acquired personal interest, and smiled grimly at its cheerless aspect. A group of lowly cabins would have seemed more in accord with the scene, and offered some suggestion of lowly comfort; but the double row of showy modern buildings struck a sharp discord in the melancholy waste, like the tinkling notes of a fashionable waltz sounded in the midst of a funeral dirge, recalling the mind from the woes of the grave to the vain frivolities and shallow ambitions of life.

The last persons to descend from the sleeper were an elderly gentleman and a young lady, the former leaning heavily on the arm of the latter. They looked about them with the helpless air of strangers unused to travel and its attendant train of misadventures.

"If you please." The girl addressed a stout young fellow hurrying past, whose blackened hands and grimy countenance, surmounted by a close-fitting cap, proclaimed him to be the fireman of the locomotive. With the quick response of a man accustomed to obey orders with unquestioning promptitude, he immediately came to a stand, and, touching his cap courteously, awaited what she had to say.

"I wish you would direct us to some quiet place. My father is an invalid and can not bear the noise and disturbance of a hotel." Her voice, though gently modulated, had in it the subtile accent of command, with which a well-bred person addresses an inferior.

The man hesitated and looked away before replying. With unusual tact he appeared to grasp at once the full perplexity of the situation.

"The car is at your service, you know; but I presume that would be even worse than a hotel, with the constant switching up and down the track. As to the town, with the exception of two badly kept eating-houses, it's really a dead letter. Still, there may be a chance at Granniss's. We'll see."

He had taken from her hands the small traveling-bag the girl was carrying, and giving the invalid the support of his arm, led the way across the stretch of sand which intervened between the railroad building and the outposts of civilization beyond. Over the young lady's face flickered a momentary smile, half amazement, half vexation, as she realized the odd companionship which she had unthinkingly invited. No question of social distinctions vexed the invalid, who was too glad to have a strong arm upon which to lean to ask the material of the stuff that covered it. A keen wind swept down from the northeast, filling their eyes with sand and cinders as they plowed their way through the soft soil. Gaining the sidewalk at length, they passed along over successive grades and varieties of planking, to where a restaurant sign swung lazily in the breeze. Here their guide paused, and took a brief survey of the premises through the uncurtained windows. The long room was untenanted save by a half-dozen large tables, set out with cheap casters and stone ware, as if in expectation of coming guests, but the thick coating of dust over napery and dishes, and the festoons of cobwebs which hung from the low ceiling and had been permitted to gather undisturbed about the dreary equipment of the tables, seemed to indicate that the arrival of hungry guests had been long deferred.

If Miss Wilbur was disposed to cherish any romantic notions in regard to the curious scene, her guide was prompt to dispel them.

"Granniss set up a restaurant," he explained, laconically. "Busted the first week. Off to the mines, and left his wife here to make out the best she can. They must have spare rooms up-stairs, and she looks like a tidy body."

A sad-eyed little woman, with two children hanging to her skirts, answered their call. Her face partook of the prevailing neutral tones of the desert, even to the dull eyes, which lacked the sunny warmth of blue and the fire and sparkle of gray. Her countenance was emblematic of her character, which, having missed the dews and sunshine of ordinary existence, had relapsed to the dry, monotonous level of the region in which it was cast. As the fireman had anticipated, she was ready to eke out her insufficient income in any honest fashion, and the travelers were soon installed in a couple of airy rooms, sparsely furnished, but sufficient for their needs.

A little separated from their fellow-passengers, and remaining for the most part in their simple apartments, it happened that they were left to themselves the first twenty-four hours, and missed the genial feast of reason and flow of soul with which old travelers beguile the irksome moments of detention on the road. On the afternoon of the second day, Miss Wilbur, answering in person a rap at the door, was surprised to see their whilom acquaintance, the train-hand, cap in hand, standing there in respectful attitude.

"May I ask after your father's health?"

"Thank you. He is feeling much the same. He can not expect to recruit fully until our journey is ended."

She smiled as she spoke, reflecting that the rough-looking fellow made quite a respectable appearance, divested of his coarse garments and relieved of his coating of smut and soot. He accepted the smile as an invitation to enter, and stepped inside the door with the easy and unconscious assurance of a man accustomed to a ready welcome in the humble homes he frequented. Miss Wilbur stiffened perceptibly, but the invalid, who had recognized the young man's voice through the open door leading to the room in which he was seated, called out a cordial greeting, and the two men were soon engaged in a brisk conversation. The young lady beheld this proceeding with unspoken disapprobation; and after sitting some time in silence, and seeing that the unbidden guest evinced no inclination to leave, she brought out a little writing-desk and busied herself somewhat ostentatiously with her letters. If she thought to affront the visitor by this act, she made a signal failure. Whenever she lifted her eyes, she found his gaze fixed upon her in secret admiration of the small head with its graceful poise, and as he caught the glance of her eyes he smiled a friendly response. As he rose to take his leave, he ventured upon a frank expression of his wishes for their welfare.

"And you must not allow yourself to be wearied with your enforced stay in this bleak little place, Miss Wilbur. We are having no end of fun down at the train and over at the hotel—impromptu theatricals—charades—burlesque operas. If your father could spare you this evening, now"——

"Thank you." Her voice was icy, and the face she turned to him disturbed even his easy composure. "You will have to excuse me. I am not accustomed to such—gatherings." He was moving toward the door, and she followed him, making a desperate effort to bring out something which obstinately hid in the depths of her pocket. As he reached the threshold she displayed a small purse of Russia leather. "You must excuse us for our negligence yesterday," she said, hurriedly. "We could not permit you to be troubled without some remuneration," and she pressed a small piece of silver in his hand.

At this malicious reminder of the difference in their social status the young man started visibly. He drew himself up to his full height and seemed for a moment about to spurn the business-like offering, but his better judgment or the admirable trait of civilized beings which we call prudence won the day, and, after a scarcely perceptible delay, he turned the coin over curiously in his hand, and then, carelessly dropping it upon the floor, as if to satisfy himself that it had the ring of true metal, bowed low to his benefactress.

"Do not speak of the service, Miss Wilbur," he said, gratefully; "this fully compensates me."

The girl was trembling with the excitement of her audacious deed when she returned to the room she had just left. Her father greeted her with a puzzled air.

"A really superior fellow, my dear," he said, thoughtfully. "There are great possibilities in that young man. I should not be surprised," he continued, reflectively, "to see him a person of considerable consequence some day. And did you happen to notice his profile when in repose, Bertha? It somehow reminded me of the faces of those old Grecian gods we see in ancient sculpture"——

The girl gave vent to a little hysterical laugh.

"Neither his superior manners nor his Grecian profile render him superior to certain material considerations generally valued by men of his class."

"I don't understand you, Bertha."

"It is nothing—only I tendered him the usual recognition for his services yesterday"——

"And he accepted it?" The speaker seemed more astonished than disappointed.

"Took it with the most profound thanks and the remark that he felt fully repaid for his trouble by my generosity. I am not sure," continued the girl, "but that was the true object of his call this evening. I think I am beginning to acquire an insight into the character of this singular young man." Miss Wilbur was busily putting up her writing materials as she spoke. "He is a product of Californian civilization. He would not be possible in the more conservative circles of the Eastern States. We shall probably see more of his type before we return home."

The events of succeeding days appeared to demonstrate that Miss Wilbur had placed an effectual check on the advances of her quondam admirer. The road remained closed to travel, but the passengers at the hotels, thrown upon their own devices, proved equal to the emergency, and celebrated their enforced stay on the desert with a continuous round of gayety. Besides a constant succession of dramatic readings, concerts, and theatricals, the two or three vehicles of the place were called into constant requisition, and gay pedestrian parties passed down the street every day, bound on trips of exploration through the surrounding deserts. Bertha Wilbur observed, not without some honest indignation, that the young fireman loomed out a prominent and central figure on all these occasions. The strong-limbed, genial young giant was serving the convenience of the crowd. In another fortnight, in all probability, the people who now took him into their circle with such pleasant cordiality would no doubt pass him without recognition if they met him on the street. Her own summary treatment of the man had possessed at least the merit of honesty of purpose. She was not the woman to pursue for her own amusement an acquaintance which she would have been unwilling to acknowledge at all times and on every occasion.

When a week had passed she found something of importance to engage her thoughts. Her father, who had been failing imperceptibly day by day, grew dangerously ill. The girl hovered over him in torturing suspense. In a strange and isolated place, far removed from home and friends, she endured the agony of dread and indecision which only those know who have met and fought the fell destroyer face to face, alone and helpless. As the day drew to a close, she stepped to the window and stood looking out over the dreary waste to the western sky, where the sun was setting in an angry blaze of crimson. She was overcome with an appalling sense of loneliness and foreboding of impending loss. If he should die there among strangers, without proper care! Burning tears fell upon her small white hands, clenched in the energy of despair.

There came a low tap at the door. She opened it to find the fireman standing before her.

"I am told that your father is ill. May I ask how he is feeling now?"

She stre ched out her hands to him, with a sense of need and gratitude that for the time leveled all distinctions, nor noticed the tight grasp in which they were caught and held, nor yet the impulsive movement, so quickly checked, to draw her close to his breast. Bertha Wilbur was not a plain-looking girl at any time, but with her head drooping from its accustomed stiff poise, and that look of passionate appeal in her large brown eyes, she really looked like a tearful little Madonna.

"What shall I do? Do you suppose a good physician could be found? He is so sick," she added, as the invalid turned in his bed with a moan.

"Unhappily, Mojave does not boast a medical practitioner of any school."

"Must he die without help?" The girl wrung her hands in her helplessness.

"But in a little town forty miles down the road resides one of the best physicians on the coast."

"Oh, send for him! Send at once! No matter at what price."

"It is not so much a matter of price," he returned, slowly. "We are under strict orders to remain at Mojave until the break in the road is repaired."

The light of hope in the girl's face faded.

"Could you send a telegram to Mr. Cameron, the vice-president of the road? Do you suppose it would help?" she timidly asked, after a pause.

"You know the vice-president?" he questioned eagerly. "He is said to be a very accommodating sort of a man. But I think it is late for a telegram to find him," drawing a clumsy silver timepiece from his pocket. "I believe that I myself will take the responsibility of running 'Fifty-eight' down the road."

"Are you sure you will run no risk of losing your place?" she generously queried. "I would not have you injure your"—she hesitated for a moment, in quest of a proper word—"your prospects on our account for the world."

An odd smile flickered for a moment about the young man's lips.

"If I do, I shall ask you to intercede for me with the vice-president," he gravely replied, and quietly left the room.

Three hours later he returned, accompanied by a small, keen-eyed little man, who promptly diagnosed the case, and pronounced the disease a low malarial fever, contracted in the flooded southern districts. The patient was in no immediate danger, but his sickness might be of several weeks' duration, and constant care and good nursing would be required.

"I shall feel easier in leaving you, Miss Wilbur," he said, as he rose to go, "because I know that you are in good hands. Douglas will see that you have every possible attention."

"I shall not leave Mr. Wilbur until he is better," the fireman responded, with decision.

The young lady awoke to a sudden consciousness that certain social bounds she had been wont to revere were being flagrantly ignored. It was time to make a sharp, decisive move, which would insure a perfect understanding in the future.

"Mr. Douglas has been very kind, indeed," she coldly replied. "I shall take care that he is liberally paid for his trouble."

The eyes of the two men met—the one with a startled note of interrogation, the other's with an expressive frown.

"No doubt, no doubt, Miss Wilbur," the doctor contrived to utter, in response. "And now I will bid you good-evening. Observe my directions strictly, and be sure to send for me at once in case the symptoms I described should manifest themselves."

Succeeding days and nights resolved themselves into a dull waiting. Occasionally fellow-passengers presented themselves, with the accustomed formula of inquiry and condolence, and lukewarm proffer of aid in case of need. Three times a day the little landlady appeared at the door with a tray of food, of which the girl managed to swallow a few mouthfuls, with a haunting recollection of the deserted guest-room below, with its frescoes of cobwebs and dreary pageant of dust-laden tables. Silent and helpful, the fireman remained at his post. Somewhere in his nomadic existence he had acquired enough tact to recognize and comprehend the rebuff, and, although a candid admiration shone ever in his eyes, his bearing toward her was that of distant respect. Occasionally she yielded to his quiet request to rest for a while, and, reclining upon the sofa, sought the bodily repose which anxiety and apprehension denied her mind, or at rare intervals dropped off for a few moments of quiet slumber. Her fellow-watcher seemed alike indifferent to the need of food or sleep.

One day she stood at the window and absently watched a train draw up at the depot opposite, and, after a score or

two of people had gone aboard, with a snort and a whistle and ringing of bell, glide off down the track. As it vanished from sight around a curve, she read the number, "Fifty-eight," in large gilt figures on the locomotive.

"Why, it is our train—yours!" she exclaimed to the man who sat quietly regarding her. He nodded his head, unmoved by the announcement.

"But it is going without you!" she continued, with growing excitement. "What will you do? You will lose your place. You have lost it already," she appended with a desperate sense of conviction.

His cool answer seemed to rebuke her concern.

"Oh, I attended to that yesterday—told them to put another man in my place for two or three runs."

"Oh!" Then, after a pause: "I did not know that such things could be done by—persons occupying subordinate positions. I fancied railroad discipline was very strict, and it seemed so dreadful to think we might be the cause of your ruin."

He came and stood before her with an air of self-assertion that was little short of impudence, when the difference in their worldly positions was considered.

"Do you really think so lightly of me as to imagine I could be ruined by a little thing like that? Don't you think I am capable of taking care of myself the wide world over—or of any one else who intrusted their life to my care?" The last words were spoken in a soft undertone. The girl's cheeks flushed angrily. What right had he to call her to account for her opinions?

"It is no question of what I think. I had no intention of entering into a discussion of your abilities," she said, coldly. "The only matter of importance is the extent of the disadvantage you incur by remaining with us. I shall pay you for your time; that has been understood from the first. What wages do you receive on the road?" she asked, sharply, not unwilling to humble him by this prosaic reminder of the lowly post he had resigned for the time.

"Seventy-five dollars a month," he answered, in a tone that was almost triumphant. "You may not think it," he added, apologetically, "but I am nearly thirty years old, and I never earned so much money before in my life."

"Really?" She could not refrain from a slight interest in this life which had been brought into such close contact with her own, and was still so widely separated. His next remark amused her with its betrayal of ignorance.

"That is a pretty little stone you have there," pointing to a gold-mounted charm pendant from her watch-chain.

"It is something I prize very highly. You have probably never seen one before. They are called intaglios. Would you like to examine it?" She had unfastened it from the chain and was amiably extending it to him for closer inspection. He viewed it long and closely.

"I once owned its exact duplicate."

"Impossible! Such things are very rare and costly," she added, with a faint smile of superiority. "A friend sent it to me from Genoa. It was engraved more than a thousand years ago, and represents a mythological character—the goddess Diana"——

"Minerva," he quietly corrected her. "See the helmet," pointing carelessly to the head. "I lost mine on the streets of Genoa five years ago."

"Genoa? You?" she echoed, in confusion. What manner of man was this who talked familiarly of mythological characters and the possession and loss of costly gems; who referred to a sojourn in Genoa as if it were an every-day affair, and yet—snoveled coal for a living?

"So you have been there?"

"Yes. I spent five of the best years of my life knocking about Europe. If it should be the same," he continued, with odd persistence, "there should be a name and a date beneath this lock of hair. See if you can make it out."

He held out a small but powerful magnifying glass which he had drawn from a buckskin case in his pocket. She seized it almost eagerly, and bent over the stone to confute his assertion, then raised her eyes to his in honest confession.

"The stone is yours. You must take it back. I insist."

He waved it back imperiously.

"If you talk so, I shall be sorry I ever mentioned it. If you have ever dipped into international law you must be aware that a legal title is sometimes vested in property through right of salvage. I abandoned my claim to the stone five years ago."

A stir on the part of the sick man put an end to the discussion.

The fever raged for four weeks without abating. The weary watchers observed with dire foreboding that he grew weaker and weaker, and knew that a crisis was drawing near. With his advanced age and enfeebled constitution, would he survive the reaction which must inevitably follow? One afternoon they detected the unmistakable tokens of a coming change. His pulse, which had hitherto leaped with the mad impetus of fever, grew slow and feeble. He ceased to toss upon the pillow, his clenched hands relaxed, and his moans became scarcely audible. Douglas hastened for restoratives, and Miss Wilbur tremblingly assisted him. A telegram was dispatched, exhorting the doctor to come upon the evening train, now due in a couple of hours. The thin coverings over the sufferer were replaced with heavy blankets, beneath the cover of which they chafed his limbs to restore the circulation of the sluggish blood, and bottles of warm water were procured in a vain effort to impart an artificial heat to his chilled limbs. In the midst of their labors a startling message came.

"Murdoch called eleven miles in country. Deliver message on return."

The effect upon the two who read it was in striking contrast. The daughter sank into a chair unnerved and hopeless; the man flung the bit of paper to the floor, and turned to her with an expression of contempt. Had he been other than a humble workman, one might have fancied that he deliberately planned to rouse the girl to action by his stinging words.

"For shame, Miss Wilbur; this is no time to yield to selfish emotion when he"—indicating the pale face and inanimate form on the bed—"so needs your help."

The girl rose to her feet, and, with tightly compressed lips, moved swiftly about the room, proving herself a steady and efficient aid. Forced back upon his own resources, the young man bent all his energies to work to meet and conquer the dreaded foe whose icy presence had drawn near, and was ready to enfold the form of the patient in an everlasting embrace.

The sick man himself had passed from the wildness of delirium to the portentous silence that attends an impending crisis. No whisper passed his lips, but as he followed their movements and passively submitted to their efforts, they dared not ask whether the calm eyes held prescience of returning strength, or greeted them with the mute farewell of a soul bound on its last lone journey.

As nightfall approached, a change was perceptible on his face. A look of extreme weariness replaced the mute silent watchfulness. His breath came in long, weary respirations, and his eyelids drooped until they folded the eyes from sight.

Always mindful of the lesser strength of his fellow-watcher, Douglas swung the sofa noiselessly around until it faced the bed on which the sufferer lay. Then he turned to the girl.

"You must lie down."

"But if he should need me? I can not sleep."

"You can keep your eyes fixed on his face if you like. Hoard your strength for the time when it may be required."

Without demur she yielded to his wish; but as he tenderly wrapped a heavy traveling shawl around her she averted her eyes from his face. Later on, her gaze wandered from the quiet sleeper to the features of the man who sat gravely regarding her from his post beside the pillow, and marked the strong, intellectual brow, the finely molded features, and the decisive lines about the mouth and chin. Waiting by the mysterious border-land which separates the world of affectation from the world of reality, she gave full sway to the questionings which had been flitting through her mind in shadowy background during days of agonized suspense. By what right dared people set up artificial standards of human worth, to measure a man by accidents of birth or education, rather than fine inherent possibilities? And who was it had said that the grandest triumph on earth was that of the man who proved himself the master rather than the slave of circumstances? She looked back to the influences of her own petted life. What if poverty and abuse had been allotted her in place of the tender and lavish affection which had smoothed every obstacle from her pathway? She knew very well she would not have been a woman who would have been superior to circumstances. Had she one trait which could have rendered her a better or more sensible woman than poor little Kitty Malone, her old nurse's daughter, who disdained the honest work for which nature had fitted her, and frittered her time away over the piano, only to marry at last a miserable scamp, and end her days in misery and shame? Of all the men of her own acquaintance, what one would have stood by her so faithfully in time of need as this man, whom from the first she had treated with contempt? As she reached this point in her thoughts, almost involuntarily she extended her hand and felt it taken in a close, warm grasp.

Following her meditations at one moment with a clear brain, rousing by starts to a full comprehension of the momentous period that was passing, and at another relapsing into dreamy reflections, nature gave way at last to the strain imposed upon her, and she sank unawares into a heavy slumber.

Each minute of the night dragged by as if weighted with leaden wings to the lonely watcher by the sick man's bedside. With tense gaze bent upon the sufferer's face, he dared not change his attitude lest some unguarded movement should rouse the patient to that last losing struggle with the unseen spirit hovering near. A close observer would have noted that the brawny fireman had singularly altered during his self-elected exile in Mojave. His face had thinned perceptibly, and the coarse, healthful color that formerly reddened his cheek had wholly disappeared, while a serious dignity replaced the look of boyish good nature that formerly characterized his face.

An hour or so after midnight a rumble in the distance deepened into a sullen roar, and a hoarse shriek proclaimed the advent of the early morning freight. The sleeper on the sofa roused with a start and met the significant look on the young man's face, then listened in silence until her ear caught the sound of hurried footsteps coming up the quiet street. A moment later the doctor entered the door. Both nurses arose as he approached, to await in suspense the verdict of the autocrat of life and death. As he placed his finger on the sick man's pulse the latter awoke and met his look with an intelligent gaze.

"All right, doctor, thanks to *him*." His voice was feeble and his articulation like that of a child first learning the use of the organs of speech.

Miss Wilbur bent forward one moment to look in the doctor's face, beseeching confirmation of the hope these words had brought, then buried her face on the pillow beside her father's with a prayer of gratitude on her lips.

"Why don't you see to him, doctor? He needs you now."

The eyes of the convalescent had crossed the room to where Douglas sat limply on a chair, very white about the lips, and on his face the sickly counterfeit of a smile which strong men assume when conquered for the first time by overpowering physical weakness.

"Halloa, old fellow, what's the matter with you?" There was genuine anxiety in the doctor's voice, and he crossed the room with long strides. Rapidly as he advanced, Bertha Wilbur was at the young man's side before him. The fireman gave her one expressive look, and closed his eyes in secret content at the first touch of her supporting arm about his head. The physician gravely assisted him to the lounge. Then he turned and interrogated the young lady, who was kneeling by its side.

"How much has this young man eaten lately?"

"I—I don't know; I never thought," confessed the girl.

"How much sleep has he taken this last four weeks?"

"Oh, doctor, it is all my doing; I have been so blind, so selfish, allowing him to go night and day without rest. And he—he has been so thoughtful of me." The young fellow opened his eyes to faintly negative her self-accusation, and a pink flush suffused the girl's cheeks. "Doctor, save him—save him for me!"

The last words were spoken in a soft voice, scarcely above a whisper, but the stricken Hercules gave her hand a grateful pressure.

"Don't worry, my dear, these Camerons are a tough race. You can not kill one with a hatchet."

"Camerons?" The girl's face was upturned to his in bewilderment. For a moment the physician was agitated by a suspicion that he was about to have a third patient on his hands.

"Camerons to be sure; I thought you knew the family. Douglas Cameron is a chip of the old block—obstinate and Quixotic as the old man himself. In faith, I have good reason to know the lad. Didn't he inveigle me into a trip around the world in his steam yacht three years ago? Oh, I assure you, Miss Wilbur, that of all the tyrannical, inquisitive, cranky, revolutionary youths"——

The doctor's abuse acted like a tonic on the fireman.

"Confound you, Murdoch! if I only could get hold of you!" he interrupted with a vindictive glance at the man of medicine, who returned it with a smile of conscious supremacy.

"Don't try to intimidate me, Douglas. I'm the better man of the two to-day. Sick-room diet and a watcher's hours are not conducive to an iron muscle. Oh, indeed, it was a very bright idea of yours, Douglas, that of learning the A B C of your business, and I dare say you made a mashing young stoker. I warn you, Miss Bertha, you'll have your hands full, managing this young fellow and his notions. There, there; don't get excited, man! Bear in mind that if you have any difficulty in collecting your wages as sick nurse, I'm your most valuable witness."

The girl had listened to this tirade with an absent look, comprehending its purport but imperfectly, her attention fixed upon the young man's face, where a ruddy flush was slowly replacing the pallor of the previous moment. She dropped her face until it almost touched his own, and her earnest eyes met his in honest penitence and womanly love.

"I should think you would despise me, Douglas." An eloquent glance gave the falsehood to this assertion. "But you will forgive me, dear, for—for—I didn't want to, and I vowed I wouldn't; but—I loved you from the first."

The invalid, with a sick man's quick intuitions, had grasped the situation, and calmly reflected upon it with a feeble smile flickering about his lips. Mojave, with all its drear desolation and its colorless monotony of existence, had seen the realization of hopes cherished by Robert Cameron and himself twenty years gone by.

FLORA HAINES APPONYI.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1884.

---

A writer in the October *Century* gives the following as the nicknames bestowed upon the various generals during the civil war, by their soldiers:

General Grant was commonly known as "Old United States," from the initials of his name, but sometimes he was called "Old Three Stars," that number indicating his rank as lieutenant-general. McClellan was endeared to his army as "Little Mac." Meade, who wore spectacles, was delighted to learn that the soldiers had named him "Four-eyed George," for he knew that it was not intended as a reproach. Burnside, the colonel of the First Rhode Island Regiment, rose to the dignity of "Rhody" when he became a general. Hooker never liked the sobriquet of "Fighting Joe," though he always lived up to it during his career in the field. Pope was saddled with the title of "Saddle-bag John," in memory of his famous order about headquarters being on horseback. Sigel, the German general, was known in the other corps as "Dutchy." Hancock won the brevet of "Superb," from a remark made by General Meade at Gettysburg, when the Second Corps repulsed Longstreet's men. Humphrey, being a distinguished engineer, was invariably styled "Old Mathematics." The Pennsylvania Reserves used to call Crawford "Physics," he being a surgeon at the beginning of his military career. Logan, with his long black hair and dark complexion, was "Black Jack" with his men. Sheridan, the cavalry leader, was "Little Phil," and Sherman's troops spoke of him as "Old Tecumseh." The sterling nature and steadfast purpose of Thomas earned for him the significant and familiar name of "Old Reliable." Alexander McDowell McCook, like Hooker, was called "'Fighting' McCook." The New York City regiments in the Fifth Corps changed Sykes to "Syksey." Halleck was derisively nicknamed "Old Brains," and Rosecrans had his named shortened to "Rosey." Lew Wallace was "Louisa" to the soldiers under his command; he was a great favorite for his fighting qualities, and the soldiers adopted that inappropriate name for want of a better. Kearney, who had left an arm in Mexico, was invariably known in the ranks as "One-armed Phil." Butler was styled "Cockeye," for obvious reasons. Kilpatrick was nicknamed "Kill," while Custer was called "Ringlets," on account of his long, flowing curls; and so the catalogue might be prolonged indefinitely. Among the Confederates familiar nicknames were not so common as with the Federals. The soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia usually spoke of General Lee as "Bob Lee." Little Mahone was best known as "Skin and Bone." Early was called "Bad Old Man," and Jackson will live in history as "Stonewall."

---

Algernon Charles Swinburne, the poet, detests tobacco. One day, at the Arts Club, after going from room to room in the vain hope of finding a clear atmosphere to write in, he exclaimed, impatiently: "James the First was a knave, a tyrant, a fool, a liar, a coward. But I love him, I worship him, because he slit the throat of that blackguard Raleigh, who invented this filthy smoking."

---

Mr. James Gordon Bennett is said to have a greater number of houses awaiting his occupation than any other American. He has one in Fifth Avenue and another in Fort Washington, and rooms at the *Herald* office. His Newport villa is always in readiness, and he has also a fine establishment in Paris.

---

Dr. Rae, the arctic explorer, asserts that cannibalism took place as surely among some of Sir John Franklin's people as it did among the Greely party. His authority for the charge is the testimony of some Esquimaux whom he met while in the far north.

---

Handel, the composer, was a great eater. He would often order a dinner for three, and then frighten the others half to death by calmly eating the triple dinner himself.

## SOCIETY.

### Notes from Monterey.

HOTEL DEL MONTE, September 23, 1884.

Summer lingers in the lap of autumn, and a combination of the seasons seems to be productive of the most matchlessly beautiful weather. A large number of people came down on the "daisy train" on Saturday evening last, among whom were Senator Jones, Captain Hooker, David McClure, Fisher Ames, A. C. Hamilton, James Robinson, and Charles Josselyn, whose wives were here, and a number of other gentlemen who have no wives, including two or three army officers.

One evening this week I espied two groups of veranda-ites, respectively male and female—the former on the left and the latter on the right of the veranda looking toward the grove. As I stood for a moment, I glanced toward the fairer group, and I heard the following medley of sweet sounds: "——same ones she had last summer made o"——"eats four times a day at the Palace, and is always hungry"——"greatest toady here"——"treats her husband like a dog"——"don't know any more French than I do"——"never happy unless she has a man stuck up before her"——"not hand made at all"——"thinks the peasant bodice makes her look young"——"'s flat as a pancake"——"r foot wouldn't look so small if she didn't cramp it so much"——"hasn't any more bust than a baby"——"looks like a mummy"——"hasn't a sound tooth in her head"——"heard her coming in last night long after I had gone to"——"yes, if there's a man around"——"no more manners than a hog"——"owes for everything on her back"——"disgracefully short"——"shocking suit"——"such a display"——"don't see her children from morning to night"——"makes a great fuss over her husband"——"still waters run deep"——"never could see her beauty"——"I should say so"——"do you call her handsome! heavens and earth"——"pedigree, indeed"——"better pay her dressmaker"——"lives from hand to mouth most of the time"——"treats her husband shamefully"——"the inevitable aigrette"——"machine made"——"fancy straws"——"watching for a rich husband"——"ten new dresses"——"too immodest"——"plants herself"——"puffed lace"——"no brains"——"bonnets"——"wealthy"——"miserable"——"black as an Indian"——"divorce"——"French maid"——"bonnet"——"dress"——"rich"——"queer"——etc.

And I said to myself: "Well, I'll be switched; what monsters these fair creatures are, to be sure; no wonder their tongues alarm the entire male creation; how venomously they did go on, the lovely things"; and then I caught something from the other group—something like this:

"Hell's full of just such fellows"——"rather"——"bounces his poor wife if she even looks at a man"——"did you ever see her eat?"——"no more figure than a tobacco-sign"——"devilish lies, from beginning to end"——"he'd rather lie than tell the truth"——"getting even on the landlord"——"his treatment of Maria Halpine's enough for me"——"no more honor in him than there is in a wolf"——"would rob his grandmother"——"goes to bed drunk every night of his life"——"nice pill"——"lies faster than a horse can trot"——"that be d—d"——"blackmailer from the word go"——"ought to be shot"——"cowardly cur"——"she may be a lady, but she looks like a New York dollar-store girl"——"find him drunk at the club every night"——"every d—d one of them ought to be hung"——"first marriage is too thin"——"isn't an honest newspaper in the land"——"well, he married her, and that's more than you can say for your man"——"got to be a regular gutter-snipe"——"rather be seen in conversation with a horse-thief"——"wouldn't believe him under oath"——"what's he know about law?"——"it's a d—d lie"——"hasn't got a cent to his name"——"always find him in Pauper Alley, full as a goat"——"neither one thing nor the other"——"set of hounds"——"knew he was lying when he said so"——"what kind of a wife would she make?"——"took many a year to paint that nose"——"she'd better take in her sign, then"——"well, I should snicker"——"mugwumps"——"yes, and all the rest of them pencil their eyebrows"——"can't sing for peanuts"——"got a foot like a canal-boat"——"never happy unless she's got some lawn-tennis dude hanging on to her"——"and the old man gets as drunk as a lord"——"bad man from Bodie"——"biggest old hypocrite in San Francisco"——etc.

And I drew in a long breath, and I said to myself: "Well, I'll be ——!" and then I took back all I had said about the girls, and wondered why Moses made such a fool of himself as to incorporate among other things upon his tablets: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." But Moses was not an ethnologist, I fancy. At any rate that commandment don't amount to shucks; for men and women, at all times and in all places, and even ministers and editors, bear false witness against each other. If you don't believe it, visit the veranda with me next Saturday night.

I am informed that a number of San Francisco married ladies are contemplating the getting up of "slumming" parties after the follies of the summer season shall have been a thing of the past; which agony is, you know, the latest fashionable craze in London, Boston, and New York. "Slumming" originated in the former city, and was introduced in New York by Mrs. Langtry, who made the rounds of the doubtful precincts of Gotham by gaslight once or twice. Good has grown out of slumming in London, although the slummers, as a general thing, make their nocturnal rounds out of curiosity. New York, next to London, can show some hideous sights. But, with the exception of the tenement-house and underground horrors that exist in London and New York, the fair "slummers" of Frisco will find that the occidental metropolis "is no slouch."

September 26.

I take it that you must have had some foggy weather in Frisco during the week, for it has not been all balm and sunshine here. It has been a good week to wander among the woods and fields, as poor Goldsmith did during his troubadour travels in France. This morning, however, the sunshine broke through the uncongenial clouds, and fields of heavenly blue lay along the western sky, making a poor pagan like myself feel like a Greek with the songs of Theocritus in his throat. We had a Boston girl here last Saturday who declared that the hotel fare was "preëminently good," at which young Goddefroie nearly fainted away. She wasn't a Hebe, either; and when some one quoted what Théophile Gautier said about all the homely women in the world being compelled to climb to the top of the Arc de Triomphe and throw themselves to the pavement below, she bestowed a withering glance at the speaker. But the author is dead and can not be molested. My observation leads me to believe that, as between great beauty and great culture in women, culture gets shut out every time—and why? Great beauty always inspires praise and admiration, aside from its mental and moral attributes; besides, great beauty is real. Extreme culture, however, such as one comes across occasionally here and there, seems generally to have disfigured the possessors; besides, it is seldom real, and often affected; and if there is anything more unwholesome than the affectation of culture, it is yet to be seen. The true brilliant dazzles by its own sparkle. As I am compelled to return to the bosom of my family on Monday next, this must be the last screed from, Yours, truly, L. TENNIS.

### The New Lawn-Tennis Club.

The new tennis club has held a meeting, organized, elected officers, and done everything but select a name. Several names were proposed, such as "Occidental," "Van Ness," "Pacific," and "Renshaw"—but none was chosen. "Renshaw" is the name of the two famous English brothers who are the lawn-tennis champions of the world. Some of the more patriotic members object to "Renshaw" as being non-American. They can then take "Sears," who is the present American champion, but who has been beaten by Renshaw. A name will probably be chosen at the next meeting. The membership how includes fifty, and the executive committee are discussing the advisability of fixing a limit and raising the entrance fee to a much higher figure. They will probably submit these matters to the club at the next meeting. In the meantime the courts have been finished off until they are in very good condition, and the grounds generally have been much improved.

### Engagements and Marriages.

On the 17th instant, Mr. James P. Brown, chief clerk of the Law Department of the Central and Southern Pacific Railroads, was married to Miss Josephine E. Griffith of Sacramento, in the presence of a few intimate friends.

The engagement is announced of Mr. William Hoff Cook, a young attorney, son of the late Elisha Cook, to Miss Mollie Edmunds, of Oakland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Susie McMullin, daughter of Mrs. John McMullin, to Mr. Charles E. Hanlon, a rising young attorney.

The engagement is announced of Miss Fannie Houghton, daughter of General J. F. Houghton, to Hon. Morgan G. Bulkeley, of Hartford, Conn.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Coleman, who have been absent in Europe for several months, sailed for New York last Monday, and are expected to return to the city some time in October.

Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder leave here for Bremen to-day, from which point they will proceed to the home of the baron's parents, where they will remain a year.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker, who have been tarrying in New York for a month or more, leave for Chicago next week, where they will remain until the middle of October, when they will return to San Francisco.

Sir John Lister Kaye returned to San Francisco last Tuesday, after a visit to England, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Colonel John D. Spreckels, President of the Oceanic Steamship Company, after a protracted stay at the Islands, returned with his family this week.

Ex-Governor F. F. Low and family expect to leave for China by the steamer of October 7th.

Mr. William P. Coleman, who has been East for several weeks, returned to the city last Saturday. Mrs. Coleman is visiting at Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne are at present enjoying the autumnal beauties of New England at the White Mountains.

Senator and Mrs. Jones and family, who have been sojourning at Del Monte for two months, in company with Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Gorham, Mrs. Lester, and their families, and the Senator's mother, have returned to the Palace, where they will remain for a few days and then go to Gold Hill.

Mrs. Alvinza Hayward, who, with her daughter, Mrs. Caswell, has been enjoying the beauties of Lake County for two months, has returned to San Mateo.

General and Mrs. Banning, who have been sojourning at the bay for a week, returned to Los Angeles on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, of Menlo Park, have been spending the greater portion of the week at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fraser, who have been visiting in the city, have returned to Mount Hamilton.

Mrs. J. B. Crockett and daughter went to Monterey on the 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Requa and Miss Requa are stopping for a short time in New York.

Mrs. J. H. Maynard and Miss Houston have been spending a few days at Monterey.

The Misses C. and K. Pierce, of Santa Clara, the Misses N. and Q. Smith, of San Francisco, and Miss Polhemus, of San José, have been taking in the seashore attractions of Monterey during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Willcutt went to Monterey on the 18th.

Mrs. James A. Robinson, of Redwood, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, of Woodside, and Miss Felton, of Menlo, went to Monterey on Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson, who have been visiting Mrs. E. B. Crocker, at Sacramento, returned home on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge and Miss Mollie Dodge have returned from Monterey.

The Misses Lizzie and Fannie Crocker, who have been visiting the Lindleys, in Sacramento, have returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse D. Grant and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Chapman have been spending a few days at Del Monte.

Miss Millie Ashe, who has been a guest at Mrs. Judge Crocker's, in Sacramento, has returned home.

Miss M. Taylor, Miss M. T. Kelly, and Miss M. Colburn went to Monterey on Saturday last.

Miss Pacheco, of Oakland, who has been visiting Mrs. Carroll, at Sacramento, has returned home.

Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison, after an extended European trip, returned home last Sunday.

Hon. Maurice C. Blake, who has been absent for some months on a visit to friends in Maine, returned to the city last Monday.

Mrs. Mark Hopkins was in New York city last Monday, and was stopping at the Windsor.

Hon. Jas. T. Farley, United Statés Senator, arrived from the East last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harker have returned from Honolulu, improved in health.

Mr. Daniel O'Connell, editor of the *Advertiser*, the Government organ of Hawaii, returned with his family from Honolulu for a visit to their numerous friends in this city. Mr. O'Connell has fallen desperately in love with the Sandwich Islands, and has won golden opinions by his genial qualities and ability as a journalist.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, accompanied by Mrs. J. Henley Smith, went East last week, and expect to be absent for some months.

Mrs. Wm. M. Gwin and Miss Gwin have returned to Paraiso Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, were in New York city last Sunday, and were registered at the Windsor.

Hon. John Cummings, an important chief of the Hawaiians, whose hospitality at his beautiful home at Waimanilo has been enjoyed by so many visitors to the Islands, came up this week to take back his family, who have been visiting in San Francisco.

General and Mrs. T. H. Williams, of Oakland, arrived home last Saturday after an Eastern trip.

Major George Macfarlane, of Honolulu, is in the city on a brief visit to friends.

Mrs. Hans H. Kohler expects to return to the city, from Santa Cruz, during the coming week.

Judge S. W. Sanderson, is at Bartlett Springs, where he is suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism. His daughter, Miss Jennie Sanderson, is with him.

Miss Mary Hanlon, who has been visiting friends at Sacramento during the State Fair, returned home last Tuesday.

J. N. Wright and wife, with Miss Rhodes and Mrs. G. A. Walkem, sail for a visit to Honolulu on the 1st proximo.

Captain and Mrs. W. L. Merry are spending a week or two at Saucelito.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of New York city, accompanied by Mr. Charles Nordhoff, made a very short visit to the city, arriving last Monday and returning by the overland of Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Phelps, who have been on a visit to the city, and who were stopping with Mr. Thomas Brown, of the Bank of California, left for New York on last Sunday by steamer *Columbia* to Portland, thence by Northern Pacific Railway and connections.

Mrs. D. A. McKinley, wife of the American Consul at Honolulu, with Miss McKinley, returned to San Francisco on Monday last.

Dr. J. Mott Smith and George W. Macfarlane, of the House of Nobles of Hawaii, came up from Honolulu on Monday last. The former returns to his post of duty at Washington; the latter returns to Honolulu after a brief visit to friends in California.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson were in the city last Monday, from Redwood City, and were stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Hon. J. Mott Smith, who temporarily resided in this city, but is now a resident of Honolulu, arrived on a visit on Monday last.

Major-General Walter Turnbull was a visitor at the Geysers last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert N. Graves have gone East on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Watson and Miss Watson are visiting Lake Tahoe.

Hon. Rollin M. Daggett, United States Minister to the Hawaiian Islands, arrived in this city last Monday from Honolulu. Minister Daggett is accompanied by his family.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Porter Ashe have returned to this city from their visit to Sacramento during the State Fair.

Mrs. David Bixler, who has been visiting in the East for several months, returned home yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Burnett, who have spent the summer near San José, have returned to the city.

Mrs. J. S. Fassett and Miss Sara Fassett, of Sacramento, are at Del Monte, Monterey.

Mr. Ansel Easton has gone to San Luis Obispo to reside.

Mrs. L. Kellogg, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. H. D. Barron, left for New York last week, and does not expect to return until next January.

Miss Julia Peyton, a niece of Mrs. Hall McAllister, who has been visiting at San Rafael, has returned to Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Willie Howard, of San Mateo, is at Paraiso Springs.

Prince Kamauaakoa, of the Hawaiian Islands, is on a visit from Honolulu, and is stopping at the Grand Hotel.

Mrs. S. W. Sanderson and Miss Sibyl Sanderson returned home from Sacramento last Sunday.

Hon. John Boggs and wife, of Colusa, are in the city, and are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Creed Haymond has returned from her visit to Sacramento during the State Fair.

Professor W. M. Giffard having completed his mission among the Chinese, returns to his home in Honolulu on Wednesday next.

Mr. W. O. Smith, the leader of the opposition in the recent session of the Hawaiian Legislature, returns with his wife after a brief visit to the coast, sailing on Wednesday next.

Mrs. J. M. Fillmore and daughter, who have been visiting in New York and elsewhere in the East, left the former place for San Francisco on Tuesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan J. Coleman arrived in New York on Tuesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Fisher and Miss Fisher went to Monterey on Monday last.

Mrs. M. P. Jones and Miss Jones are spending a few days at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Barker, on the 1st proximo, will occupy their new home, "Fernwood," on New Broadway, Oakland.

Mrs. L. A. Booth is visiting friends at Mare Island.

Mrs. H. P. Livermore has nearly recovered from the effects of her terrible accident at Mount St. Helena, and is no longer confined to the house. Her mother, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Eells, returned to her home in Cincinnati with her husband.

Professor W. D. Alexander, of Honolulu, came up on the *Mariposa* as representative of Hawaii at the conference to be held at Washington, for the purpose of deciding on a prime meridian to be used by all nations as the common zero whence to calculate longitude.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood are at their country residence at Menlo Park.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, of Los Angeles, is on a visit to friends in this city.

Mrs. David Bixler, who has been East for several months, returned to this city on Friday.

Colonel and Mrs. J. N. Withington returned to this city to-day from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and family have returned from Monterey, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Hon. and Mrs. H. F. Page arrived in this city to-day from the East.

Hon. H. L. Dawes, of Massachusetts, and Hon. Angus Cameron, of Wisconsin, of the United States Senatorial Committee, have returned to the city, and are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Judge Ward McAllister, recently appointed United States Judge of Alaska, leaves to-morrow to assume his official duties.

Hon. Paul Neumann, Attorney-General of the Hawaiian Kingdom, left for the City of Mexico last Thursday.

### Army and Navy News.

Captain J. W. Dillenback and Lieutenants E. J. McClernand and C. J. Bailey, a trio of Presidio bachelors, went to Monterey on the 18th, to stay a few days.

Rear-Admiral Clark H. Wells, U. S. N., retires from active service on the 30th inst. This promotes Commodore J. H. Upshur, who is at present in command of the Pacific Squadron.

Captain F. V. McNair and Commander Frederick Rodgers, U. S. N., have returned from the South and resumed their duties at the Mare Island Yard.

The *Adams* was put out of commission at the Navy Yard on Saturday last. New boilers are being constructed for her, and as soon as completed she will be recommissioned.

Lieutenant Daniel Delehanty, U. S. N., has been assigned to duty in the equipment department at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Assistant Surgeon J. S. Sayre, of the U. S. R. S. *Independence*, is in the city on a few days' leave of absence.

Captain Clarence M. Bailey, Eighth Infantry, and Mrs. Bailey, left Angel Island Saturday for San Diego, where Captain Bailey's company is stationed.

Assistant Surgeon Robert S. Gibson, U. S. A., and family arrived from Fort Wingate, New Mexico, last Saturday, and were stopping at the Palace Hotel.

General Jno. C. Kelton, Assistant Adjutant-General Division of the Pacific, left last week for Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on special duty. During his absence Major Wm McKee Dunn, of General Pope's staff, will assume the duties of Adjutant-General.

Major F. M. Coxe, Paymaster U. S. A., who is stationed in Arizona, is expected to visit the city in a few days.

Lieutenant F. Dix Bolles, U. S. N., and wife are in the city, and are registered at the Grand Hotel.

The following changes are made in the Medical Staff Department of California: Assistant-Surgeon Robert H. White, U. S. A., has been ordered to Fort Winfield Scott (Fort Point) to relieve Assistant-Surgeon A. S. Polhemus, who has been ordered to report at Presidio. Acting Assistant-Surgeon H. I. Raymond, upon being relieved from duty at the Presidio, is ordered to Fort Gaston, California, to relieve Assistant-Surgeon Edward Gray, who is ordered to report to the Medical Director of the Department for annulment of contract.

### Art Notes.

Straus has just finished a fruit piece for a California purchaser, and is now engaged on several local and Eastern orders.

Mr. James Walker, the well-known animal painter, who visited San Francisco about eight years ago, is again in the city, and expects to remain until about December 1st.

The board of managers have decided to open the exhibition of the Toby Rosenthal pictures at the Art Association rooms on Thursday, November 13th, the admission to be twenty-five cents. The exhibition promises to be one of the best ever given in San Francisco.

Edwin Deakin's collection of oil paintings, including his "Notre Dame of Paris" and "Westminster Abbey," is on exhibition at the Art Association's rooms, 430 Pine Street, and will be sold at auction next Thursday afternoon and evening.

There really has been no prophet in the whaling business since Jonah died.—*Burdette.*

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A correspondent asks: "Please advise me what a bald head denotes. I find some people grow bald sooner than others." We have always labored under the impression a bald head denoted an absence of hair.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

There comes a time in every little girl's life when she is seized with a longing to cook. And there comes a time in every big girl's life when she is seized with a longing to hire somebody else to cook. It comes after she gets married.—*Ex.*

A lady writer says that the sensation of tight lacing is "an enjoyable one that only those who have experienced it can understand." A young girl who "sits up" with a young man several nights a week ought to be able to understand the sensation of such squeezing, although she may never have experienced it.—*Peck's Sun.*

"My husband is very little help to me about the house," remarked Mrs. Smith to her friend. "He never does any of the marketing. He always forgets to bring anything home with him."

"How different he is from my husband," responded her friend, sadly.

"In what way?"

"Mr. Jones comes home loaded every night."—*Graphic.*

He was getting thoroughly despondent, and one evening, after his wife had treated him to an unusually large slice of her mind, he said:

"Well, Maria, I've stood this about as long as I can; I've about made up my mind to go and throw myself into the lake."

"Don't you do it, John," was the reply. "Gracious knows there's sickness enough comes from that lake water already."—*Burlington Free Press.*

It is reported that a day or two ago Mr. St. John went into a Kansas drug-store and called for a glass of soda-water.

His left eye accidentally twitched as the clerk gazed at him inquiringly. The mistaken clerk, not knowing the gentleman, gave him a liberal allowance of the usual flavor demanded on such occasions, and the glass was drained to the dregs.

"My goodness gracious me!" said the candidate, smacking his lips; "I don't see how men can drink liquor when they can get soda-water like that."—*Ex.*

"Paralyzed glue!" yelled the horse reporter; "that's a surprise!"

"What's that?" inquired the paragrapher.

"Why, Vanderbilt has sold Maud S to Bonner."

"'S that so? What'd he get for her?"

"Forty thousand dollars."

"That's what I call a Maud S't sum," replied the paragrapher, and then he proceeded to get out of the line of cuspidors, paper weights, chairs, ink stands, and impure language that commenced to flow from the horse editor.—*Evansville Argus.*

"Some people think that hack-drivers are all on the make, especially the night-liners," said a Washington club young man to another the other day. "You know that fine silk umbrella I bought last month? Well, I left it in a 'night-liner' which took me home the night of the boat-race. It had my name and address engraved on the handle."

"Did you get it back?"

"Yes; I got back the brass plate. It came through the mail. The sender said he couldn't bear to keep it, as it was of no use to him, and I might want to put it on another umbrella. Kind of him, wasn't it?"—*Baltimore American.*

*Guest*—"How comes this dead fly in my soup?"

*Waiter*—"In fact, sir, I have no positive idea how the poor thing came by its death. Perhaps it had not taken any food for a long time, dashed upon the soup, ate too much of it, contracted an inflammation of the stomach that brought on death. The fly must have had a weak constitution, for when I served up the soup it was dancing merrily on the surface. Perhaps—and the idea presented itself only at this moment—it endeavored to swallow too large a piece of vegetable; this, remaining fast in its throat, caused a choking in the windpipe. This is the only reason I can give for the death of that insect!"—*Ex.*

She was young and stylish, and, from a rear view, one would have thought she was just the proper caper for a summer girl, but her front elevation did not pan out similar pay dirt. Her face was the color of a red wagon, and, being more vivid in some places than in others, gave one the impression that somebody had put a cullender over a ground of cardinal, and then painted the cullender's holes with vermilion. She was walking along the Cape May beach with Mr. Greatheart, and, as she scratched herself slyly with the point of her parasol, she said:

"Mr. Greatheart, what *is* good for hives?"

And Mr. Greatheart looked out over the bounding main and exclaimed:

"Bees, honey."

And then two porpoises rolled up in the surf, turned over, and died.—*The Hatchet.*

Let us royster with the oyster in the shorter days and moister that are brought by brown September with its roguish final R.; for breakfast or for supper, on the under shell or upper, of dishes he's the daisy and of shell-fish he's the star. We try him as they fry him, and even as they pie him; we're partial to him luscious in a roast; we boil him and we broil him, we vinegar-and-oil him, and oh, he is delicious stewed with toast. We eat him with tomatoes and the salad with potatoes, nor look him o'er with horror when he follows the cold slaw; and neither doth he fret us if he marches after lettuce and abreast of cayenne pepper when his majesty is raw. So welcome with September, to the knife and glowing ember, juicy darling of our dainties, dispossessor of the clam! To the oyster, then, a hoister; with him, in royal royster, we shall whoop it through the land of Uncle Sam.—*New York Journal.*


# BIBLE COMPETITION!

# $11,857.00 IN REWARDS

GIVEN BY THE

## Pacific Coast Farm and Fireside Journal,

CLOSING, MARCH 1st, 1885,

or as soon as the first series of 25,000 subscribers is filled. Due notice of which will be given in the *Pacific Coast Farm and Fireside Journal.* The proprietors announce a magnificent list of rewards for correct answers to the following Bible questions. The questions are not difficult and within the reach of all:

### THE BIBLE QUESTIONS:

**1.—Is Diamond referred to in the Bible? If so, state first reference.**
**2.—Is Emerald made mention of in the Bible? If so, state first reference.**
**3.—Is Sapphire spoken of in the Bible? If so, state first reference.**

These all refer to precious stones.

Now, anyone having a knowledge of the Scriptures ought to be able promptly to answer these questions with a little study, and so secure some one of these rewards. Bear in mind everyone competing must **send One Dollar** with their answers, for which the *Pacific Coast Farm and Fireside Journal* will be sent six months to any address. If you answer each of the questions correctly, and your answers are in time, you are sure to secure one of those costly rewards.

## 500 FIRST REWARDS, $3,750.00.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | One Elegant Rosewood Piano | $500.00 | |
| 2 | One Gents' Gold Hunting Case Watch | 100.00 | |
| 3 | One Handsome Parlor Organ | 200.00 | |
| 4 | One Ladies' Fine Gold Hunting Case Watch | 100.00 | |
| 5 | One Handsome Parlor Set—Walnut Furniture | 150.00 | |
| 6 to 11 | Five Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns | 250.00 | |
| 12 to 17 | Five Cabinet Sewing Machines | 250.00 | |
| 18 to 38 | Twenty Solid Coin Silver Watches | 400.00 | |
| 39 to 59 | Twenty Quadruple-Plate Ice Pitchers | 300.00 | |
| 60 to 89 | Twenty Quadruple-Plate Cake Baskets | 150.00 | |
| 90 to 100 | Ten Solid Silver Hunting Case Watches | 350.00 | |
| 101 to 300 | Two Hundred Fine Gents' Scarf Pins | 500.00 | |
| 301 to 400 | One Hundred Fine Ladies' Brooches | 300.00 | |
| 401 to 500 | One Hundred Solid Silver Table Spoons | 300.00 | |

The above five hundred rewards will be given to the first five hundred persons who send one dollar for subscription to the *Pacific Coast Farm and Fireside Journal*, and correct answers to the Bible questions given above. Then come the

## 500 MIDDLE REWARDS, $4,950.00.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Five Hundred Dollars Gold Coin | $500.00 | |
| 2 | One Beautiful Rosewood Piano | 750.00 | |
| 3 | One Elegant Cabinet Organ | 250.00 | |
| 4 | One Gents' Elgin Watch, Stem-setting and Stem-winding, Gold Hunting Case | 100.00 | |
| 5 | One Ladies' Hunting Case Watch, Stem-setting and Stem-winding | 100.00 | |
| 6 to 20 | Fourteen Beautiful Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns | 500.00 | |
| 21 to 40 | Twenty Elegant Cabinet Sewing Machines | 1,200.00 | |
| 41 to 100 | Sixty Fine Waterbury Watches | 300.00 | |
| 101 to 200 | One Hundred Boxes (½ doz.) Fine Gents' Linen Handkerchiefs | 300.00 | |
| 201 to 300 | One Hundred Elegant, Triple-plated Butter Knives | 100.00 | |
| 301 to 400 | One Hundred Sets Triple-plated Teaspoons | 200.00 | |
| 401 to 450 | Fifty Half-barrels Best Cube Sugar | 500.00 | |
| 451 to 500 | Fifty Boxes Best Japan Tea | 150.00 | |

The $500.00 Gold Coin will be given to the person sending the *middle correct answer* of the whole competition, from first to last. The four hundred and ninety-nine costly articles, beginning with the Piano, that follow No. 1, of these middle rewards will be given to the four hundred and ninety-nine persons who send the next correct answers following the middle or center reward that takes the $500 gold coin; then, that even the last ones may not feel that they are left out, the *Pacific Coast Farm and Fireside Journal* will give a series of

## 250 CONSOLATION REWARDS, $3,157.00.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | One Gents' Solid Gold, Stem-winding and Stem-setting Elgin Watch | 100.00 | |
| 2 | One Fine Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Set, 6 Pieces | 100.00 | |
| 3 | One Ladies' Solid Gold, Stem-winding Elgin Watch | 95.00 | |
| 4 to 7 | Four Fine Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns | 240.00 | |
| 8 to 19 | Twelve Quadruple Plate Ice Pitchers, Finely Chased | 330.00 | |
| 20 to 31 | Twelve Genuine Coin-silver Hunting Case Ladies' Watches | 360.00 | |
| 32 to 50 | Nineteen Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns | 380.00 | |
| 51 to 69 | Nineteen Fine Quadruple Silver-plated Cake Baskets | 228.00 | |
| 70 to 100 | Thirty-one Beautifully Bound Volumes Hood's Poems | 93.00 | |
| 101 to 167 | Fifty-seven Fine Solid Gold Brooches | 171.00 | |
| 168 to 175 | Eight Splendid Home Sewing Machines | 520.00 | |
| 176 to 200 | Twenty-four Beautiful Heavy Silver Cruets | 330.00 | |
| 200 to 250 | Fifty Gents' Scarf Pins | 150.00 | |

This list of consolation rewards will be given to the last two hundred and fifty persons who send correct answers to the above Bible questions. Fifteen days will be allowed for letters to reach their destination. But bear in mind your letter must bear the post-mark not later than March 1st, 1885 (with one dollar inclosed for the paper) the closing day for letters from distant points to reach the office of the *Pacific Coast Farm and Fireside Journal.* All letters are carefully numbered as they arrive and there can be no mistake. If your answers are correct and they reach there in time, you will surely get some reward in addition to the beautifully illustrated *Pacific Coast Farm and Fireside Journal*, which alone is worth the dollar. It contains eight pages of interesting matter for the farmer and the home circle—something to interest every member of the family. Look up your Bible now, and see if you can find the answer to these questions. It will do you good, apart from the opportunity you have of obtaining a valuable reward in addition to the *Journal*, which alone is good value for the dollar. We could not afford to give these valuable rewards unless we were certain of your patronage in years to come, and we have adopted this way of giving the commission back to our patrons in rewards instead of hiring canvassers and paying commissions to them. We feel almost certain that you will become life subscribers to the *Pacific Coast Farm and Fireside Journal* if you take it for six months. It is our aim to make it the leading paper for the farmer and the home circle.

No information will be given to any one beyond what has been above stated. So don't waste time by waiting, but send in your answers and money *now.* If you happen to be too late for the first, you may be fortunate enough to obtain a middle reward. We direct special attention to the fact that clergymen are not permitted to compete. This we think exceedingly fair. The field is now open for a fair and square race for these rewards.

No money will be received by telegraph or in any way but through the Post Office or by express. One dollar only required. You are sure of good value for your money. Send postal orders or postal notes. If you send stamps add six cents for discount. Address all letters and orders to

**THE PACIFIC COAST FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL,**
***P. O. Box 226.*** ***1014 Broadway, OAKLAND, CAL.***



# KNABE PIANOS

"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*

**A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St. S. F.,** Sole Agents.



— IT IS SELDOM THAT SUCH AN EXCELLENT opportunity occurs for purchasing fine oil paintings as is afforded by the sale of Edwin Deakin's collection. The entire collection, without reserve, will be sold at auction by Easton & Eldridge, at the art gallery of the San Francisco Art Association, 430 Pine Street, on Thursday, October 2. There will be two sales, the first beginning at 12 M., and the second at 7:30 P. M.


**CCCXXIX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, September 28, 1884.**

Artichoke Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Fried Pompano. Mashed Potatoes.
Escaloped Tongue.
Baked Stuffed Bell-peppers. Green Peas.
Roast Veal.
Oyster Salad.
Strawberries, Ice-cream, and Lady-fingers.
Grapes, Apples, Pears, Gages, Plums, and Peaches.

ESCALOPED TONGUE.—Chop some cold tongue (not too fine), and have for each pint one tablespoonful of onion juice, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of capers, one cupful of bread crumbs, half a cupful of stock, and three tablespoonfuls of butter. Butter the escalop dish and cover the bottom with bread crumbs. Put in the mixture of tongue, and add the stock, in which has been mixed the onion juice. Put part of the butter on the dish with the remainder of the bread crumbs, and thin bits of butter here and there. Bake twenty minutes, and serve hot.


# HOMES

.....IN THE.....

# SANTA CRUZ HILLS

The region above named is fast becoming famous for the beauty of its scenery, its fertility, healthfulness, and remarkable adaptation to the growth of the grape and other fruits. Lands improved or unimproved, offering the best advantages as to schools, railroads, wagon-roads, and desirable neighbors, are for sale on easy terms. Address

**M. G. NORTON, Wright's, Cal.**



**Mechanics' Pavilion Skating Academy.**

DAILY SESSIONS (Sundays excepted) commencing Monday, September 22d, from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M., and evenings from 7:30 to 10 o'clock.

☞ Tuesday evenings the Pacific Skating Club has the exclusive use of the Rink.

TERMS—Mornings and Afternoons, 25 cents for admission and use of skates. Evenings, when boys under 15 cannot skate, 25 cents for admission and 15 cents for skates. All improper persons and features interdicted. Full Band in attendance. J. L. WALTON, Actuary.



**Artists' Materials.**

Our catalogue sent free. Pictures cheaply and neatly framed. R. R. HILL & Co., 116 Geary St.



— FOR CONCERTS, LECTURES, EXHIBITIONS, and public meetings of all kinds, the Metropolitan Temple, on Fifth Street, near Market, has advantages unequaled in any public hall west of the Mississippi. The appointments are first-class in every respect.



**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,**

Eddy Street, near Market.

KREELING BROS.....Sole Proprietors and Managers

Last nights of Gence's popular comic opera, in three acts,

**THE ROYAL MIDDY.**

The extensive stage alterations and improvements necessary for spectacular productions being completed,

**LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD**

Will be produced Monday evening, September 29th.

Admission, 25 cents.....Reserved seats, 50 cents



# THE DELSARTE SYSTEM

**OF EXPRESSION.**

**MRS. EDNA SNELL POULSON,**

Who has been absent some months, studying with Steele Mackaye, F. H. Sargent, and Oskar Guttman, will resume her pupils in

**Voice Building, Oratory, and Pantomime,**

**MONDAY, OCTOBER 6th.**

Private pupils and classes desiring instruction can address her in the care of Van Ness Seminary, Ralston House, 1222 Pine Street, San Francisco, or at Snell Seminary, 568 Twelfth Street, Oakland.

Mrs. Poulson, as representative of the New York Lyceum Theatre School of Acting, is authorized to receive applications and examine candidates for admission thereto.



**OUR FELLOW-TOWNSMAN,**

# H. B. PASMORE,

Who just recently came home to stay from the Musical Centres abroad, and who is now officiating Organist of St. Francis Catholic Church, on Valejo Street, in this city, will give in the early part of next month a

# "SONG RECITAL,"

His first public appearance since his return. This musician will be the first male soloist to present an entertainment of this kind here.

MARCUS M. HENRY, Business Agent.



# DEAKIN'S ART SALE.

**We are instructed by Edwin Deakin, Artist, to sell his entire collection of elegant Oil Paintings on THURSDAY, October 2, 1884—noon and evening sale—at the Art Gallery of the San Francisco Art Association, No. 430 Pine Street, between Montgomery and Kearny Streets. Included in this sale are the magnificent pictures of Notre Dame at Paris, Westminster Abbey, Old Buildings, Landscapes, Studies of Grapes, etc. The collection is now on view at the Art Gallery, No. 430 Pine Street. Catalogues at our office or at the Gallery. We will mail catalogues to any address on application.**

**First Sale, Thursday, Oct. 2, at 12 o'clock noon.**

**Second and Closing Sale, same date, at 7:30 P. M.**

**EASTON & ELDRIDGE,**

**AUCTIONEERS.**

**Salesrooms, No. 22 Montgomery St.**



**F. WICHERT,**

Professor of Violin, Spanish, German, ... lations, and Book-keeping. Graduated ... **Leavenworth Street.**

## CENTURY BRIC-A-BRAC.

### A Theosophic Marriage.

She was a theosophic miss
Who sighed for sweet Nirvana;
She talked of esoteric this
And that, in mystic manner.
She wore a wide and psychic smile,
Used diction transcendental.
Two suitors her besieged meanwhile—
Both softly sentimental.

The one, he was a drummer bland,
Who wore a lofty collar;
He knew not things were hollow, and
He chased the nimble dollar.
The other was a soulful youth,
Who talked of things symbolic;
Enamored quite of inner truth—
And predisposed to colic.

The one, he talked of common love
In tones that made her shudder;
The other soared with her above
To misty realms of Buddha.
She sent the first upon his way
With snub unmitigated—
Upon the other smiled, and they
By Hymen were translated.

FOUR YEARS LATER.

Within a lofty Harlem flat
She's found her sweet Nirvana;
She does not think of this and that
As marshy zephyrs fan her;
She dreamily wipes Buddha's nose
And spanketh Zoroaster,
And mends their transcendental clothes,
Torn by occult disaster.

Her adept husband still can solve
The mysteries eternal,
But for some reason can't evolve
A salary diurnal.
He still floats on to cycles new,
But fills his astral body
With—not the Cheelah's milky brew—
But Jersey apple toddy.

She eloquently mourns her life
And objurgates her Latin,
To daily see the drummer's wife
Drive by her, clad in satin.
She has been heard, in fact, to say,
When somewhat discontented,
"Though 'osophies' hold social sway,
Though 'ologies' enjoy their day,
I think, in love, the good old way
By far the best invented."
—*Henry J. W. Dam.*

### An Avowal.

There's a word in my heart, dare I tell it?
A dangerous, wonderful word;
It calls, and I hush it and quell it;
It flutters and calls like a bird
Made captive from out its dark prison,
And begs for a glimmer of light;
Up, up to my throat it is risen,
And poises for flight.

Her eyes are like stars softly shining,
Each one has a sparkle within;
And radiant roses are twining
In cheeks where my kisses have been.
But something of sadness and sorrow,
A shadowy emblem of doom,
Seems whispering, "Wait for the morrow!"
And leaves me in gloom.

One touch of her exquisite fingers,
One pressure of velvety tips,
In memory's mazes still lingers;
One kiss is still fresh on my lips.
But down in my heart in a flutter
A bird dwells to tenderly sing
The song that my lips dare not utter,
The song of a ring—

A ring wrought of gold, with a jewel
Imbedded within it that tries
To flash back the soft or the cruel
Light locked in her beautiful eyes.
Will she wear it, I wonder, a token
Of all that my heart holds so fast
That the fetters remain yet unbroken
And firm to the last?

There it comes! What a ghost of a shiver
Just ran through my shivering tongue!
And down in my heart there's a quiver
Of something that ought be sung.
One word—ah, my darling, you know it;
The long captive songster has flown!
Love—love—is the burden! the poet
Loves you—you alone!
—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

### The Silenced Choir.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE REV. DR. CHARLES S. ROBINSON.

Oh, may I join the choir inaudible
Of those (how mortal they!) who sing no more
In churches better for their absence—sing
In notes sublime that pierce the night like *Stars*,
And with their shrill insistence lead men's thoughts
To grander operas; sing in muscles
Stirred to risibility by warring
Sense and sound—sing in organ-lofty scorn
For miserable hymns that have no trills,
For simple pastors and parishioners
Who seek the temple, not to praise the choir
But God, and whose devotion dies the while
Hosannas languish on the proxy's tongue.
Be mine the "noiseless tenor of their way."
"Silence was pleased." She will be pleased again.
*So* to sing in heaven: this is peace to come,
Which martyred worshipers who strove in vain
To follow foreign tongues have dearly bought.
No more may I support a leader's voice
In some great agony, or feed pure love
Of self in voicing praise of God; enkindle
Generous ardor sharps and flats among;
Beget the smiles of envious rivalry—
And help the musical director crush
The [illegible] mild of hectored ministers.
[illegible] I join the choir inaudible,
[illegible]illness is the gladness of the world.
—*D. D.*

### Faynte Hearte.

Dwelt my ladye in a castle high,
Were I a knight who hearde her crye,
& knew for me arose a sighe,
& were these ye daies of olde,
Despite ye feudal sworde & lance
My steede sholde 'neath her casement prance,
& with grimme deathe I'd take my chance
& all her warriors bolde.

But her fortresse is of modern bricke,
& I'm a modern swayne love-sicke;
My weapon's but a walking-stick;
I'm daunted by her mother.
So, lyke a lover out of date,
Thus borne vi. centuries too late,
I yielde myselfe to bitter fate,
& her—untoe another.
—*F. Marshall White.*

### Translations from the Spanish of A. Bécquer.

WHAT IS POETRY?

What is Poetry? you ask;
While your blue eyes smiling look
Through my soul—their open book.
*Can* you ask? Ah, sweet, to me
*You* are Poetry!

HER LOOK.

To-day the earth and the heavens broad
Smile and sparkle from pole to pole.
The sun shines down in the depths of my soul,
With light that shall last through Eternity.
To-day I saw her—she looked at me—
To-day I believe in God!

HER KISS.

For one of your looks, the world well lost;
For one of your smiles, Heaven's dearest bliss;
For one of your kisses! Ah, me, the cost!
What should I give for your kiss—your kiss?

WHERE GOES LOVE?

Sighs are air and return to air,
Tears are water—to water flow.
Now, tell me, woman, where does Love go
When Love is forgotten—ah, where—ah, where?
—*Mary Ainge De Vere.*

### Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder.

It was in the early summer when my love and I last parted;
She the sea-side sought, and left me in the city broken-hearted—
I to swelter through the summer, she on sea-kissed shores to wander;
But her last words gave me comfort: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

How I loved the little letters that from time to time she sent me!
As I read, it seemed that they a momentary sea-breeze lent me—
When she wrote of picnics, bathing, yachting trips; then bade me ponder
Well the truth of that old saying, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Oft she spoke of her admirers; how she made them dance attendance,
Made them carry books and baskets, and forswear their independence;
Spoke of one she nicknamed Crœsus, who on her his wealth would squander;
But she added, "Dear old goosie, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.'"

So I worked away, quite happy, through the broiling summer weather,
Longing for the coming autumn, when we'd walk the world together.
Though her letters were less frequent, still I very often conned her
Last one, where the postscript told me, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Fewer still were now her letters, and she wrote, "I'm very busy."
I expostulated—mildly—with my wayward, witching Lizzie;
Once more came the same old answer—any other seemed beyond her—
"Don't you know, you stupid Willie, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder?'"

One more letter yet she sent me while she at the sea-side tarried,
Laughing at our "mild flirtation," telling me that she was—married;
And 'twas thus her note concluded—as I read my face turned yellow:
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder—fonder of the other fellow!" —*John A. Fraser Jr.*
—*October Century.*


**As Soft as Downy Pillows,**

At one-tenth the price of silk floss. A cure for nervous headache. Sold only by the California Furniture Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush St.

—MERIT WILL TELL! C. MULLER, THE LEADing Optician, 135 Montgomery Street.

**John Forgie,**

Importing Tailor, has opened his new store, Palace Hotel, 637 Market Street, San Francisco.

—OVERTAXED BRAINS STRENGTHENED AND excited nerves soothed. No more hypochondria. No more despondency. Beware of worthless imitations, and buy the best in the market—Henley's Celery, Beef, and Iron.

**To Ladies.**

Ladies desiring a perfect perfume should try the Elite Bouquet. Its perfume is sweet and lasting. For sale at all druggists, and at the Palais Royal, 108 Post Street.

**Bric-a-Brac Tables.**

Very stylish solid mahogany for sale by the California Furniture Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

—C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

—Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

**BOOTS AND SHOES**

Made to order by

**W. F. MEAGHER,**

**111 Geary St., near Dupont, San Francisco.**

Stage and Wedding Shoes of Louis XV. a specialty.

**CRAPE.**

Old and Faded Crape Veils and Bonnets RE-DYED and FINISHED LIKE NEW at the

**PALACE DYE WORKS,**

633 Market Street, Palace Hotel.

**J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.**

**MERCHANT TAILORS**

**And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,**

**415 MONTGOMERY STREET,**

**Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco**




**NONE GENUINE BUT WITH THE BLUE LABEL.**

**For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.**

**No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco,**

**and Portland, Oregon.**

**JOS. FIGEL**

211 MONTGOMERY ST. S.F.

**Offers the**

**LATEST STYLES**

.....OF.....

**CLOTHING**

.....AND.....

**FURNISHING GOODS**

**FOR GENTS AND BOYS,**

**READY MADE and MADE TO MEASURE at**

**REDUCED PRICES.**

**A Full Line of Desirable Suitings in our Merchant Tailoring Department.**

**HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE**

24 Post St., San Francisco

*COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, PENMANSHIP AND TELEGRAPHY.*

E. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

**IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES**

**Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating.**

Every description of Tableware and Household Goods plated and repaired at the **San Francisco Plating Works, 653 and 655 Mission St.**, between New Montgomery and Third.

**E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.**

**REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS,**

**Fifth Congressional District,**

**CHAS. N. FELTON.**

**REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS,**

**Fourth Congressional District,**

**WM. W. MORROW.**

**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

**EDUCATIONAL.**

**BARNARD'S**

**BUSINESS COLLEGE,**

**37 Post St., S. F.** **Send for Circular.**

**H. B. PASMORE,**

**TEACHER OF SINGING,**

Begs to announce that he has returned from Europe, and is prepared to instruct in Singing according to the best and most approved methods, and will also receive pupils in Theory and Composition and Organ-playing at M. GRAY'S, 206 Post Street. Reception hours—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 2 P. M.

**MILES BENNETT,**

**PROFESSOR OF SINGING,**

Gives lessons at pupils residences, at Mr. Gray's music store, Post Street, or at 729 California Street. References kindly permitted to the Bishop of California; Mr. Robert Sherwood, 309 California Street; Mr. M. Gray and others.

**MISS WEST'S SCHOOL for GIRLS**

**Will re-open Monday, August 3d.**

Temporary location, 1001 Sutter Street, corner of Hyde.

**PERRY SEMINARY,**

Formerly Sacramento Seminary of Sacramento, will open

**August 6, 1884,**

At 1625 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland. For catalogue and particulars, address MRS HERMAN PERRY,
Or MISS KATE M. FULLER,
Principals.

**SHORT-HAND INSTITUTE.**

Oral instruction day and evening; also, lessons by mail; send for circular. **Long's School of Phonography,** 220½ McAllister Street.

**PRIVATE INSTRUCTION**

In the English Branches. Bookkeeping and Accounts. Preparations for Examinations a specialty. Call 4 to 8 P. M. **B. L. BROWN,** 313 Geary Street.

**CARDS.** MONOGRAMS, Arms, Crests, Wedding, Reception and Visiting Cards designed, engraved, and printed; lot Papeterie; Albums at great bargain. ROBERTS, 10 Post St., Masonic Temple. **CARDS.**

**INVENTORS' INSTITUTE,**

**105 STOCKTON STREET,**

**Corner of O'Farrell.**

PATENTS PROCURED FOR $65, AND PATENTS

Negotiated. Send for particulars.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY

**TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON**

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge for **CONSTIPATION,** Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion, etc. Prepared by **E. GRILLON,** Chemist of the Paris Faculty SOLE PROPRIETOR, 27 Rue Rambuteau, PARIS.

Tamar—unlike pills and the usual purgatives—is agreeable to take and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**BOUND VOLUMES**

.....OF.....

**THE ARGONAUT.**

**Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, XIII, and XIV.**

Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volumes rom the commencement by applying at the Business Office, No. 213 Dupont Street.

**STORAGE.**

**Furniture and Pianos, Trunks, Paintings, Mirrors, Carpets, Ornaments,**

And other goods received for storage and safe keeping. Goods stored in clean, light, dry lofts. Charges moderate, advances made, insurance effected. California Storage Warehouse, No. 722 MISSION ST., next to the Grand Opera House. **THOS. H. ROONEY & CO.**


**CONSOLIDATED IMPERIAL MINING CO.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of September, 1884, an assessment (No. 21) of Ten (10) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the seventh (7th) day of October, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the twenty-eighth day of October, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Monday, September 1, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‡8.00 A.M. | ..Byron and Martinez..... | ¶6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " " " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa..... | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Deming, El Paso} Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {and East.....} Emigrant .. | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | {Galt and} via Livermore..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | {Stockton} via Martinez..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Ione..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Los Angeles and South..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | {Merced, Madera,} ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Fresno, and Tulare} ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Marysville and Chico..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Mojave, Needles,} Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {and East.....} Emigrant .. | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " ..... | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | {Ogden and} Express..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {East.....} Emigrant..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {Red Bluff} via Marysville.. | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {and Tehama} via Woodland... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Redding and Delta..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers.... | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José..... | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | ..Virginia City..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 8.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Vallejo Junction; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from The Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

¶ Daily from Martinez. Sundays only from Byron.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, ‡3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52; 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.


NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

BROAD GAUGE.

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. ....Menlo Park..... | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. ....Principal Way Stations.... | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. ....Salinas, and Monterey... | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Camp Goodall.. Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.00 P.M. |
| †7.50 A.M. | ..Monterey and Santa Cruz.. .....(Sunday Excursion.... | †8.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.

‡ Theatre train; Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, Camp Goodall, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY--Sold SUNDAY MORNING, good for return same day.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, September 22, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—9.00, 11.15 A. M., 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P. M. To Saucelito, 7.30 A. M.

(Sundays)—8.00, 10.15 A. M., 1.30, 5.30 P. M. To Saucelito only, 11.30 A. M,

Extra trip on Saturdays at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.45, 9.00 A. M., 12.15, 3.15, 4.50 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.55, 10.15 A. M., 3.30, 4.50 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 9.30 A.M., 1.00, 3.50, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.30, 10.50 A. M., 12.00 M., 4.00, 6.05 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 2.15 P. M.

**11.15 A. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAIN for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through train from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 1.30 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

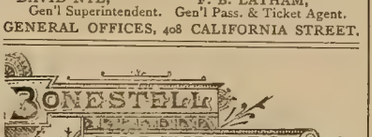
**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning arrives in S. F. at 6.40 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.**

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 2 **o'clock P. M,** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| Steamer | 1884. | From San Francisco |
|---|---|---|
| **Oceanic** | **Thursday, October 30th** | |
| **Arabic** | **Tuesday, November 11th** | |
| **San Pablo** | **Thursday, December 18th** | |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of New York** .....**October 7**
**City of Peking** .....**October 18**

At 2 o'clock P. M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Colima** .....**October 1**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**City of Sydney**...Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on Sept. 4th, 12th, 20th, and 28th, and Oct. 6th, and every eighth day thereafter. The last steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

MARIPOSA....WEDNESDAY, October 1st, at 3 P. M.
ALAMEDA...WEDNESDAY, October 15th, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

**THE**

## AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**

Office, 208 California Street.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church, Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER. Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital .....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremon National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**
Of London. Instituted 1803.

**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.

**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.

**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

# RUBBER HOSE

—FOR—

**Gardens, Mills, Mines, & Fire Departments,**

Manufactured and for sale by the

## GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard (Maltese Cross) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose (Competition), Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire Engine Hose, Carbolized Maltese Cross Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

**JOHN W. TAYLOR, - - - Manager.**

**No. 15 First Street, near Market.**

## CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY

**OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.**

**Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.**

C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**

## THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.

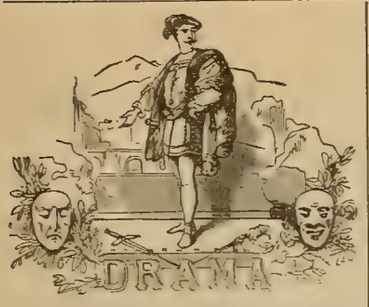


**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & Co.**

**36 California Street, San F**

Sole Agents for Pacific Co.




It is a curious fact that although San Francisco apparently got up on its moral ear and rejected "Moths" as an unclean thing; that although the critics, one and all, rushed into the breach with a full charge of moral aphorisms, and told us in the trimmest English that we could not touch pitch without being defiled; although people complained that it left a bad taste in their mouths, like the horrible aftermath of a seductive opiate; in short, although every one felt called upon to profess a strong moral distaste for the naughty circle that gathered to make revel in Felicite—it has yet been the success of the engagement, and, in answer to a very large number of requests, is to be put back upon the stage next week.

At first, when my shuddering soul confessed that I preferred it to that emblematic specimen of Madison Square purity, "Young Mrs. Winthrop," I felt guiltily conscious that I was hopelessly depraved. But with the restoration of "Moths" I am consoled. I feel that the only difference between my fellow-beings and myself is my candor. I feel now that they as well as I like this fictitious aristocratic atmosphere in which the people in "Moths" move. It abounds in duchesses and princesses, and all the delightful gentry of the novel. Ouida knows reading human nature well enough to know that we like our people either as high or as low as they can come. It is just as easy to create a Russian princess in sables as a lawyer's or a banker's wife in silk; and when she must change she comes down absolutely. Her heroine is either a peasant maid in sabots, a vivandière in gaiters, or a London actress in *maillots*.

Young Mrs. Winthrop is a very real young person, and all the incidents of the play, excepting only the absurd reconciliation scene, are very faithfully transcribed. All these things might be, have been; but they are very mild dramatic pabulum, and if all the emphasis is to go out of the books and out of the plays, what a dull expanse of gray monotony the world of fiction will become.

Have your realisms, you who will. There is a goodly crop of writers sprung up to furnish you unendingly with every-day men and women, set in commonplace situations, over whose commonplace woes you may weep your easily stirred commonplace tears.

But there is a beautiful wingèd thing called Imagination. It is warm with light, rich with color, and poised ever ready for flight. Curled in its wide, caressing pinions, you may float into another world as boundless as it is beautiful, and live two lives, while the mud worms are groveling in one. It has carried all the poets into the mysteries of fable-land, all the heroes into the face of danger, sculptors and painters into mazes of imagined beauty, and the brown earth up to a mellow rose color for all the dreamers that ever found delight in living. But it is out of fashion now, poor thing, and it has become the style to clip its wings, much as they bang a pony's tail.

And in this era they weep salt tears over the last act of "Young Mrs. Winthrop," which is the very apotheosis of triviality.

As a bit of craft "Young Mrs. Winthrop" is a most ingenious little play. The materials are so simple, for the gradual estrangement of husband and wife without any dramatic thunderclap to bring it about is not an easy thing to handle in a play, and the death of a child is an every-day sorrow which often brings two widening hearts together. But, as a drama, it is rather flabby. It has always been its good luck to be exceedingly well played; but, in bad hands, it would certainly fall down of inanition. Bronson Howard's heroines are always damp. They weep unceasingly, and Young Mrs. Winthrop is no exception. She has not much else to do but stand around and cry mildly through each of the three acts, being careful to burst into a shower of tears with every curtain. This, Miss Sophie Eyre does in the wettest manner possible. She is almost as thoroughly drenched as Lillian, the Banker's Daughter; but one does not really care for a dissolving view of so charming an actress as this lady is conceded to be. Furthermore, the undeniable silliness of the last act really belittles her. Fancy a deep-souled man and woman in a cardinal hour like this making an almost bantering exchange of small old-time country-lane jealousies. It may be very excellent stage comedy, but human nature is not yet so flippant that this is a faithful transcript of it. This takes with an audience, however, and is one dash of the author's ingenuity. Another is the character of Edith, the blind girl. There is no *raison d'être* for this, except that those afflicted of heaven appeal to the sympathies, and this young girl is fitted quite as a matter of fact into the little household, where her sightless eyes make her the object of tenderest compassion, and her mild little courtship assumes a halo of poetry.

Enid Leslie, who is one of the few really ingenuous *ingénues*, is one of the daintiest, dearest, most sympathetic little creatures in the part that ever feigned a sorrow. It is true, if she went about in real life with her blue eyes fixed like that, people would think she had a fit. But there is a traditional stage blindness as well as a traditional stage madness, and she would be a daring actress indeed who would depart from the canons by so much as one solitary natural wink.

The good mother-in-law is another indication of Bronson Howard's excellent judgment in playwriting, but perhaps his most ingenious stroke is the suppression of little Rosy. There is every reason to suppose that she was an *enfant terrible*.

The superabundance of toys in the forehand, the doting grandmother, the fond Edith, all make that timely attack of croup a direct inspiration. It not only heightens the interest of the play, but it spares the public one precocious, shrill-voiced, thin-legged youngster.

A curious feature of "Young Mrs. Winthrop," as presented by the Wallack Company, is the resistance to the English flavor. The play is so thoroughly American, so thoroughly a play of New York, that it almost requires American interpretation. Being the genuine article, the Wallack Company do not even seem like a lot of New York Anglo-maniacs. Miss Sophie Eyre says Mrs. Winthrop with a fidelity of enunciation on the last syllable which is unknown in America, and Mr. Buckstone alludes to the dollars of his salary with a certain pointed unfamiliarity with the term.

Mr. Harry Edwards, who is simply delightful as Buxton Scott, has not been so thoroughly English this long time as when he swung his glass in swift-recurring reminiscences of the courtship of Constance and Douglas. Mr. Osmond Tearle is never aggressively anything but universally excellent with the excellence of thorough good taste in acting. In fact, the Wallack company give to the play a strength which is not its own by their acting of it, but it is distinctly something beneath their capabilities.

The moral of the play for which people claim so much is certainly unimpeachable, but it was written for the atmosphere in which it attained its success, and in another latitude seems rather vapid.

"Diplomacy" is rather more in the line of this company, if it were not miscast with a delirious completeness which to the onlooker is simply staggering.

---

The impregnable Giannini was caught by the throat at last, and pointed his dissimilarity to other tenors by getting up out of bed and singing because he was expected to. He was, most manifestly, suffering very much, so he was considerately encored in the "Che un Frena," the encore being pointedly tendered to him, although it was generally better sung than usual. Giannini ill is a better Edgardo than any other tenor well, and he was determined to make it so, for his stolid face actually lit up at the warmth of his reception, and he went through it unflinchingly, even interpolating the usually omitted scene with Ashton.

Vilmant as Ashton seemed really delighted to get back to the public, and declared his sentiments in affectionate pantomime.

Damerini is not a great Lucia, but she dropped so many of her faults, and sang in so much better style than she has ever sung before in San Francisco, that she was thoroughly satisfactory. It is true that after the mad scene she acknowledged the applause with her usual grin—Damerini's smile becomes too wide for so soft a name as smile as the applause grows—but the lapse of the Italians into *propria personæ* after any great effort has so become a thing of custom that we bow to it. They might have learned a lesson from the Germans during their brief, disastrous season. These latter never departed from the sustained dignity of their rôles to bow a grinning acknowledgement of applause. They heard and heeded, but artistically ignored it till the proper moment came.

The chorus, albeit the same group of people who helped to rush the German season to its unfortunate close, have been singing unusually well with the Italians; and the little season, upon which so much depends, bids fair to result prosperously for the stranded singers. Italian opera is losing its hold in the older countries, and threatens soon to become actually obsolete in London. A distinguished musical writer prophesies that it will come down to exactly what we are having now—a generally good troupe, without any great name at the head, who will give a fairly good performance at reasonable prices. These troupes abound in Italy, especially in the open-air, summer theatres; and such singers as Damerini and Vilmant grow wealthy on their earnings. As for Giannini, it is only that he is not one of the famous tenors of the world. His name is on the list of M. Maurel's engagements for the winter in Paris, but it is modestly inscribed third or fourth among the tenors.

---

The audiences at the Bush Street Theatre are looking up. This is partly because people will go to hear comic opera under any circumstances, and partly because "Olivette" is a favorite opera and not so sadly hacked and hewn as "Giroflé-Girofla," or so grossly overdone as "La Mascotte." Olmi's talents and looks are rather buried in the buffo part of De Merrimac, but Traverner is more acceptable as Valentine than he has yet been, and sang the pretty serenade with considerable expression and with such volume of voice that he was distinctly audible in every part of the theatre. This is the first time that this has occurred.

Miss Fay Templeton continues to be pretty, Frenchy, and *chic* in her appearance, an impression entirely dissipated by her acting. She apparently spends no study upon any point whatever, but has a collection of opera bouffe grimaceries, which she dispenses without rhyme or reason. It gives one a pang to see so much good material wasted, for she only needs to bring a little intelligence to bear upon her lines to give the whole performance the élan which it lacks. Fay Templeton sings the sob song especially well. She has also succeeded in reducing Olivette's sailor to a mere minimum, a small matter of two or three stripes around the hips. Some actresses may yet come, more daring, who will remove these stripes one by one, but just yet the popular prejudice is in favor of them. It is perhaps needless to mention that the chorus girls copy Fay's insufficiency stripe by stripe. Perhaps, indeed, this is why the business has looked up.

Miss Lillie West is relegated to a very small part in "Olivette," and one misses her brisk action, if not her small voice. Miss Alice Vane has been lifted to a prominent one. Miss Alice Vane never permits the high temper of the termagant Aurora, nor the dash and spice of the naughty Countess, to interfere with her own mild and perfectly placid personality. Miss Alice Vane can sing in four distinct and separate keys in one verse, and send out an occasional high note which sets every nerve in the audience on edge without the flicker of an eyelash. One can not help admiring Miss Vane's admirable poise and her small foot; but why will Miss Vane insist upon singing?

The new operas, in which the company would have been wiser to commence, are announced for immediate production. BETSY B.

---

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP

Rose Eytinge opens at the Baldwin in December.

Mr. W. H. Tillotson is dangerously ill in New York.

W. T. Carleton's English Opera Company follows Fay Templeton at the Bush Street Theatre.

"Little Red Riding Hood" will be produced at the Tivoli October 6th, with grand spectacular effect.

The Grand Opera House management will revive "The Tour of the World in Eighty Days" next week.

A new scene-loft, sixty feet high, has been erected at the Tivoli, giving over thirty feet clear above the flies.

At the Baldwin, next week, "Moths" will be reproduced for three nights only. Friday evening, benefit of Harry Edwards.

Clay Greene has re-written his drama, "Under a Polar Star," and introduced several situations founded on the Greely expedition.

Robert Frazer has arrived in this city, to superintend the scenic preparations for the production of "Called Back," at the Baldwin.

Miss Gracie Plaisted has left Emelie Melville's company—which is doing very well in Melbourne—and engaged with J. C. Williamson.

"Our Boys" has been played, in all, one thousand four hundred and eighty-six times in London, and seems to draw as well as ever.

Harry Courtaine, who left this city in Milton Noble's company, two years ago, is now a beggar in the streets of London, ruined by drink.

Robert G. Ingersoll will deliver his last lecture in this city at the Grand Opera House, September 28th, on "The Liberty of Man, Woman, and Child."

Mr. John Mackey has gone into partnership with Mr. E. E. Rice for the revival of "Pop," and has secured Miss Delaro for Kate Castleton's part. Miss Ida Mulle is also in the cast.

Besides the "great and original" Lulu Hurst, who knocked out San Francisco athletes last week, there are two others on the road, one of whom is Anna Eva Fay, the Spiritualist.

Following the Wallack troupe at the Baldwin will come Miss Effie Ellsler, supported by Mr. Frank Weston and a full dramatic company. During her engagement "Called Back" will be produced.

Max Freeman has been rehearsing one of M. B. Leavitt's "Adamless Eden" companies—the one that plays the original English version. After playing in the East a short time, the company comes to this city.

Signor Cambiaggio left for New York last Tuesday, with the purpose, it is supposed, of preparing for the appearance of the Gianninni Company in New York soon after the close of their present season at the California.

In Audran's new opera, "La Belle Coquette," which is to be produced at the Bush Street Theatre next week, Fay Templeton assumes three characters in the leading part—Laurette, Lieutenant Girar, and the Countess Lignolle.

The "Tour of the World in Eighty Days," at the Grand Opera House, will be followed either by Sheridan in a season of legitimate drama, or by "Nana Sahib," a Parisian spectacle, of which Manager Bert holds the American right.

Lillian Grubb has made a decided hit in the part of Talamea, at the New York Bijou Opera House. She is very highly spoken of by the New York papers, and appears to be captivating the gentlemen with scanty hair in the most approved fashion.

At the Standard, next week, there will be a new burlesque, "The Departure of Pappenheim," with operatic airs by Rice and Johnson. McGill and Reardon, Irish character comedians, make their first appearance. The performance will conclude with "In the Tanks," reproduced by request.

Nym Crinkle declares that there is no art in a woman's singing with a voice. It is the woman who can sing without a voice who is an artist; and he quotes Minnie Maddern as a case in point. This is precisely what was said of Minnie Maddern in San Francisco, where she never sang above a whisper, but the whisper was always encored.

"Gli Ugonotte" was given recently at Macerta, a small town in Italy, and quite paralyzed the good people with its weight and sombreness. They fancied it belonged to the new school, of which faint rumors had reached them, and they would have none of it. We have worked ourselves up to thinking that we want "The Huguenots" very badly because we have been disappointed once or twice. We worked ourselves up to the same condition of mind about "The Barber of Seville," and when we got it, it turned sour on our musical stomachs. Perhaps "The Huguenots" will do the same thing if we begin to want it too hard.

Manager Hayman has secured a lease of the California Theatre, beginning January 1, 1885. The theatre is to be thoroughly renovated and refurnished. Mr. Hayman, as manager of the Baldwin, has invariably manifested a desire to give the San Francisco public the best of attractions. When he has failed, it has not been through any fault of his. He has invariably, too, kept faith both with the public and the professionals. It is not therefore to be wondered at that he will have the good wishes of both the public and the press in his new move, and that it is to be hoped the old California will return to its pristine good fortune under its new and enterprising manager.

Sophie Eyre, like every patriotic Irish woman, has a genuine fancy for the Irish green. She has not appeared a single night without wearing a sprig of maiden's hair or a little vine of smilax—two of the tenderest greens that grow, and which were picked out immediately from among the hundreds of California greens by her trained Irish eye.

Osmond Tearle is going to star with Mrs. Tearle so soon as his present contract is finished. R. B. Mantell is going to star with Mrs. Mantell so soon as his contract is finished. McKee Rankin is starring with Mrs. Rankin at his own theatre in New York. Handsome Jack Barnes announces that handsome Mrs. Jack Barnes has come to New York with him. In short, the stage, which was so very wicked last year, is resolving itself into a continental span of domestic bliss. There is still Frederick de Belleville, however, who is not starring with Mrs. Frederick de Belleville.

Adelina Patti, who wears very modern dresses in almost everything she sings, has her wardrobe renewed once a year. The modistes always give her the advanced fashions, and will do for her what they will do for almost no other of their clientèle, excepting Mrs. Mackay—to wit, remodel a dress, and transform it beyond recognition. Patti is going to Paris in October to replenish her wardrobe for the coming season, for although she declines to sing in Paris after the way the French law has treated her, she still maintains that there is no other city in the world where they know how to make a dress, a wrap, or a bonnet.

Miss Elizabeth Rowellan, whose engagement with the Wallack Company has made a professional of her, is barely nineteen years of age, though from a certain maturity of figure she looks much older on the stage. Off the stage she is a very pretty girl, with a complexion of dazzling brilliancy and a head of blonde curly hair, which she wears in a Langtry bang. The complexion is useless to her professionally, as pigments supply a color better adapted to the test of the footlights, and the blonde hair she has hitherto covered with a red wig, which hardens and coarsens her face. The possibilities of the face are a serious study in the art, and the amateur never calculates the effects of distance.

Francesco Giannini is devotedly fond of fancy-work, and executes some remarkable *chef-d'œuvres* with the needle. It is one of the griefs of his life that the crochet-hook baffles him, and that he can not become skillful in the multiplicity of stitches that have latterly grown up in that kind of work. He has begun to console himself, however, with a new industry, the manufacture of small photograph-frames in plush. These he makes in large numbers and distributes liberally among his friends, generosity being one of his characteristics. His latest achievement in this class of work is a tall plush obelisk, into which he has let an ordinary clock. It is a neat piece of handiwork, and shows what a clever artisan he might have become had he not turned artist instead.

A Californian in Munich writes that one of the periodical revivals of "Lohengrin" was about to take place in that city. It was to be mounted with great splendor, and there was great difficulty in obtaining seats, although the price for them in marks was about equivalent to what would be four dollars and a half in our money. The river scene, especially, is set with every attempt at naturalness, and is full of nodding swans. The swan that draws Lohengrin is always a beautiful creature, startlingly real, and as unlike the wobbling, disjointed monster at the Grand Opera House, as a swan is unlike a unicorn. It would convulse all Germany with horror to have the dove slide down the string on the back of his head, as our dove did. Hence the four dollars and a half.

During the present engagement of the Wallack company the rôles entrusted to Mr. Harry Edwards have either been out of his line or have been unpleasant ones, such as Zouroff, in "Moths." It is, therefore, with a double pleasure that his friends will learn of his intention to play a favorite rôle for his benefit, next Friday evening—that of Master Walter, in "The Hunchback." Who does not remember Harry Edwards as Master Walter in the old days at the California? Those were times when débutantes were a-many, and "The Hunchback" was often put on. The rôle of Julia has a fascination for débutantes. The result of their selection usually was that the Helen of Bella Pateman and the Master Walter of Harry Edwards would so dwarf the hapless débutante that she would never be seen again. Mr. Edwards's performance of Master Walter is indeed a masterly one. When he played the rôle in Boston, on a certain evening, he received the personal congratulations of Longfellow, Holmes, and Field upon his rendering. With this favorite part and his great popularity, he will doubtless have a packed house at the Baldwin next Friday evening.

When Miss Sophie Eyre, who, as Mrs. Lonsdale, was quite a distinguished amateur in England, first went on the professional stage, the London critics, to a man, went wild over her beauty, and boldly challenged comparison with Mrs. Langtry, then in the zenith of her social fame. Any one who saw her last week in "Moths" can easily understand the challenge. Any one who saw her this week, as Mrs. Winthrop, must wonder at the transformation. It can not have lain altogether in her dresses—which, frankly, were luridly hideous and unbecoming. Indeed, if she will take the advice of a very honest admirer, she will take that black velvet out to the Farallones and sink it a thousand fathoms deep before she ever risks an appearance in mantua-making New York. The blue velvet brocade is the only one she can venture on in that critical city. The difference this week lay partly in her lack of color and partly in the arrangement of her hair; but mostly in the set of weird, uncanny gowns in which she encased the fashionable Mrs. Winthrop. Miss Sophie Eyre has a beautifully molded throat and chin, a pair of black eyes that flash and soften at her will, and a smile that people watch for, it is so rare. But she needs a dress-maker to become a professional beauty.

---

The Carleton English Opera Company expect to reach this city on October 13th.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

### Concert of the Schumann Club.

With the first concert of its second season the Schumann Club entered upon what is intended shall be a permanent existence as a musical society. Heretofore the club has been something of an experiment. The two concerts of its first year were given by courtesy of active members alone, all expenses being borne by them, and invitations issued to their interested friends. Demand for these invitations has become so general, however, and the musical work of the society has been so earnest and satisfactory, that the organization will be permanently continued, and associate members admitted. The names of Mrs. R. N. Van Brunt, Mrs. D. Wilder, Miss S. Rightmire, Miss A. C. Dyer, Miss A. L. Murry, Miss M. L. Boyer, Miss G. E. Wadsworth, Mrs. F. M. Stone, and many others, together with that of Mr. D. W. Loring, as musical director, are sufficient guaranty for the character and quality of all future programmes, even though the excellence of those already presented did not speak for itself.

The selections given at B'nai B'rith Hall on Thursday evening of last week were all new, and each of some special interest. The first, a "May Dance," exceedingly bright, fanciful, and rhythmic, attracted attention as the composition of Asger Hamerik, director of the musical section of the Peabody Institute, at Baltimore—a writer whose Danish birth, European training under Gade, Berlioz, and Von Bulow, and present artistic position in our own country, invest his creations with a sort of international charm which one can not quite perceive in distinct foreign work. At all events, so it seemed in the "May Dance," and, barring one little high-voiced slip, it would doubtless have warmed Mr. Hamerik's heart to hear his graceful music so happily rendered. The "Lotus Flower," by Rubenstein, very mysterious, very quiet, and most intelligently sung, proved a particularly interesting number. A famous philosopher has said that beauty consists in an exact balance between the intellect and imagination, and as much as any selection of the evening the rendering of the "Lotus Flower" showed this just proportion. "The Sea Fairies," a somewhat involved but delightful composition, by H. Zöllner (adapted to Tennyson's words by Mr. Loring) opened with a contralto solo by Miss Rightmire. This led to intricate work by the chorus, which was well sustained by the piano accompaniment of Miss Marshall. The "Peasant's Wedding March," a crisply accented and charmingly phrased little description by Soedermany, followed next in order, and was given with such good color and picturesque effect as to receive a well-merited encore. In this, however, as well as in several succeeding numbers—noticeably, "Eglantine," by Adolf Jensen, and "Invitation to the Dance," by Carl Reinecke—the voices were subjected to a strain in certain passages, or what gave the impression of a strain, which was almost painful. In the "Wedding March" this misfortune fell in turn upon the lower altos and high sopranos. With the former, one felt a sympathetic and nervous anxiety lest their deep F (or whatever the note may have been) should not be accurately struck and sustained; while in the case of the latter, a sort of vexed displeasure mingled with protesting pity as the upper notes were reached with little less than a scream. In the unaccompanied "Eglantine," a fascinating thing in itself, this experience was repeated; and although in the excitement, inspiration, and enthusiasm of their work the singers themselves may be unconscious of the effect produced, it is not a restful one. That it can be avoided to a great extent was shown by such a reposeful and yet impassioned number as Bargiel's "Spring Night." The key of a composition, even where as wide a compass is demanded, makes all the difference in the world; and in this exquisite dream of a spring night, either that, or the spirit of so lovely an imagination, eliminated everything harsh and empty. It was full, rich melody, and interpreted with beautiful finish and feeling. Almost as much may be said of "Day is at last departing," a tranquil and subdued evening song by Joachim Raff, for this too was devoid of shrillness, and was only gentle and artistic. The evening closed with an animated and charming "Spring Song" by Bargiel, and concluded a programme whose good taste could not have been improved. F. A.

Although David Belasco has nearly finished his new society play, he has not yet selected a title. The first and fourth acts are laid in New York City, the second in Boston, and the third at Long Branch.

## A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS SAVED

### By the Harden Hand Grenades in Alameda

*H. H. Gross, Esq., 21 New Montgomery Street, City*—DEAR SIR: We take pleasure in informing you of the good work done by your hand grenades at our factory in Alameda yesterday. A fire caught upon the shingle roof of a large frame structure and burned furiously, and for a time endangered our entire works. The fire was burning over about one hundred feet of surface when the alarm was given, and the men all being on the first floor, seized the grenades and had to go up three flights of stairs to the top of the building, which is sixty feet high, and there was difficulty in gaining access to the fire on account of the steepness of the roof and the absence of cleats, which occasioned considerable delay. When the men reached the fire they instantly extinguished it by the use of your hand grenades, although the shingles were well burned. We believe your grenades saved the building from total destruction. Please send us an additional supply immediately. Yours, very truly,

W. T. COLEMAN & Co.,
Agents of the Harmony Borax Company.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 24, 1884.

What do you think of extinguishing an intensely hot fire on a steep roof where the fire had burned clear through the shingles? They order another supply, and even put them in their residences. If you want any, you must order them right away, as there are two hundred unfilled orders on the books, and this is enough to nearly exhaust two large shipments now due. Yours, truly,

H. H. GROSS.

## THE VAN NESS SEMINARY.

The Van Ness Seminary, for the education of young ladies, has given evidence of its success and prosperity by moving into new and elegant quarters. One of the monuments which Mr. Ralston builded in San Francisco for the perpetuation of his name was the elegant house, of eccentric shape, workmanship, and finish, erected on Pine Street, near the corner of Leavenworth. It was, we believe, intended for a gentleman's club. If it had been designed and built for a ladies' seminary it could not have been better adapted for that purpose. Its rooms are spacious, its halls and stairways most commodious, its private apartments are fitted with every convenience, its floors in hard woods, most of its sleeping apartments in polished woods, and everything, from kitchen to tower, exactly calculated for the use and convenience of a ladies' school. Its grounds are well adapted for lawn-tennis, croquet, and other healthful recreations. The building is well ventilated, well drained, and located in a most desirable, healthy, and fashionable quarter of the city. We know of no building more exactly fitted for the uses of a school. To the large corps of accomplished teachers, there has been added Miss Walsh, formerly principal of Clark's Institute. This is now the leading ladies' seminary of the city, taking rank with any in the State. It was formerly the school of Mrs. Colgate Baker, and is now under the management of Mrs. Gamble and Mrs. Woods. The enlarged accommodations justify these ladies in adding to the number of their pupils, to which end they invite parents and guardians to an examination of their Van Ness Seminary, No. 1222 Pine Street, near Leavenworth.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 25, 1884.

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

### Bills and Casts for Week ending September 27th.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill, Sept. 22, 23, 24, Bronson Howard's society drama, "Young Mrs. Winthrop." Cast as follows:

Douglas Winthrop, Osmond Tearle; Constance, his wife, Sophie Eyre; Ruth Winthrop, his mother, Mrs. Sol. Smith; Edith Chapin, Constance's blind sister, Enid Leslie; Buxton Scott, a lawyer, Harry Edwards; Mrs. Dick Chelwyn, Flora Livingston; Herbert Winthrop, J. C. Buckstone; Dr. Mellbanke, John Germon.

Bill, Sept. 25, 26, 27, Sardou's "Diplomacy." Cast as follows:

Mr. Henry Beauclerc, Osmond Tearle; Captain Julian Beauclerc, Charles Glenny; Count Orloff, Harry Edwards; Baron Stein, George Osborne; Angie Fairfax. J. C. Buckstone; Countess Zicka, Sophie Eyre; Dora, Adela Measor; Lady Fairfax, Flora Livingston; Marquise de Rio Zares, Mrs. Sol Smith; Mion, Enid Leslie.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Bill: Audran's three-act opera, "Olivette." Cast as follows:

Olivette, Fay Templeton; Coquelicot, Harry Brown; The Countess Roussillon, Alice Vane; Captain de Merrimac, Signor George Olmi; Valentine, Mr. George Traverner; the Duc des Ifs, Joseph LeBrasse; Marvejol, Wm. Guiberson; Veloutin, Lillie West; Lartimon, Robert Ward; Ferdinand, J. Stanley; Sansterre, Irene Avenal; Follesamour, Herminie Pollaccio; Rosaline, Nellie Clifton; Rigolette, Leontine du Ville; Nana, Kate Clark; Roberto, J. Graham; Mostique, Maureen Pallaccio; Pedro, Will Xanton; Cosmos, Randall Hobbs; François, Robert Broderick.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Bill September 22d, "Lucia." Cast as follows:

Lucia, Signora Virginia Damerini; Alisa, Signora A. Cavallini; Edgardo, Signor Francesco Giannini; Sir Henry Ashton, Signor Trieste Vilmant; Raimondo, Signor Cesare Banchi; Sir Arturi, Beneditti; Normano, Signor Mooge.

Bill September 24th, Verdi's opera, "Aida," Cast as follows:

The King of Egypt, Signor Cesare Banchi; Amneris, Signora Trinidad Mestres; Aida, Signora Maria Peri; Radames, Signor Francesco Giannini; Rameses, Signor Enrico Serbolini; Amonasro, Signor Trieste Vilmant; Herald, Signor Oreste Beneditti.

Friday evening, "Rigoletto." Saturday matinée, "Lucia di Lammermoor."

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "The Royal Middy." Cast as follows:

Franchette Michel, the Royal Middy, Miss Hattie Moore; Marie Franciska, Miss Helene Dingeon; Don Domingos, E. M. Knight; Lamberto, T. W. Eckert; Don Januario, Harry Gates; Francesca, George Harris; Norberto, A. Messmer; Jaquinto, M. Cornell; Mungo, E. Cadmuller.

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—Stecchhan & Cornelius, Managers. Standard Minstrels. Company as follows:

Charley Reed, J. Carroll Johnson, W. Henry Rice, John Robinson, Crandall and Eastwood, Keegan and Wilson, Hooley and Thompson, W. S. Mullaly. The California Quartet—Morant, Wetter, Holland, and Wyatt. New Minstrel First Part. The Great Burlesque, "Zulu Wurst; or, Force and Fluence."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Theatre closed during the week.

At the Baldwin, next week, the Wallack Company in "Moths" for three nights. Friday, benefit of Harry Edwards—"The Hunchback."

At the California, next week, the Giannini Opera Troupe. "Les Huguenots."

At the Grand, next week, "The Tour of the World in Eighty Days."

At the Tivoli, next week, "Little Red Riding Hood."

At the Bush Street, next week, The Fay Templeton Opera Troupe in "La Belle Coquette."

The following is the list of attractions for the season at the Bush Street Theatre to follow Fay Templeton: W. T. Carleton's English Opera Company, Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin, Brooks & Dickson's Extravaganza Company, Ada Gilman and Company in "A Mountain Pink," M. B. Leavitt's New Specialty Company, Dickson's "Sketch Club," Oliver Doud Byron, Mademoiselle Aimée and her English Comedy Company, the "Two Johns" Combination, Edouin & Sanger's "Dreams" Company, the Hanlon Brothers Combination, Edw. F. Thorne's "Black Flag" Company, M. B. Curtis and his Company in "Spot Cash," Rice & Dixie's Burlesque Company, Emma Tompkins's "A Rag Baby" Company, and Harrison & Gourlay's Company.


GREAT FREE
EXHIBITION
— OF —
JAPANESE ARTS & CURIOS
THE FINEST COLLECTION ON THIS COAST.

ICHI BAN
20, 22, and 24 Geary Street.

MANY NEW FEATURES RECENTLY ADDED. Orders for Ornamental Bamboo Work solicited. Fine Embroidery done to order.

RUGS, RUGS, RUGS.
Turkish, Persian, Bagdad, Bandurr, Bokhara, etc. Lowest prices and best assortment in the city.



WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT.

In this department is displayed the best and most extensive assortment of salable novelties ever offered to the retail trade for the Holidays. Please call before buying your Christmas stock.

ELITE BOUQUET
—AND—
PECK'S PREMIUM PERFUMES,
(ALL ODORS).

FALL STYLE HATS
Now ready and introduced by
HERRMANN THE HATTER.
The Largest Hat Store on the Coast.
332, 336 KEARNY STREET,
Between Bush and Pine Streets, San Francisco.
Steam Factory connected with Establishment at 17 Belden St. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free.

FINE
Suits, $25. TAILORING Suits, $30.
Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.
Suits, $40. TAILORING Suits, $50.
Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.
Suits, $60. TAILORING Suits, $70.
J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.



Remington STANDARD Type-Writer.
Again improved and perfected. See them.
G. G. WICKSON & CO.,
539 Market St.,
Opp. Sansome, S. F.

THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE:
The Light-running
"HOUSEHOLD" SEWING MACHINE.



Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to three months' trial.
Samuel Hill Estate
CITY SALES ROOMS,
634 Market St.
Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

STORE YOUR FURNITURE
Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.
BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH
J. H. MOTT & CO.,
735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco
Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

BUTTERICK'S
Patterns—Fall Styles.
Send Stamp for Catalogues. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.

Steinway & Son's, Kranich & Bach, | Ernest Gabler, and C. Roenisch
PIANOS!
M. GRAY, 206 POST ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

SACHS, PRUDEN & CO.'S
FAMOUS GINGER ALE
THE GREAT FAMILY BEVERAGE.
Especially recommended as a healthy Table Drink, as it contains no Alcohol or any intoxicating ingredients It is recommended for Ladies and Children as a pleasant and stimulating beverage. Exhilarates without intoxication. Invigorates without reaction as with alcohol. Assures healthful sleep to the worried and anxious, repairs lost strength, and imparts renewed vigor. Clears and refreshes the brain of the business man, renders the thoughtful man more subtile and reasoning, and dispels lassitude and fatigue. Put up in quart bottles. When bottles are opened and entire contents are not used, they can be recorked with gum corks, and it will keep until used. Sold by Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, Restaurants, and Bars. For sale by
Lebenbaum, Goldberg & Bowen, C. J. Hawley & Co., Cluff Bros., Quade & Straut. Adolph Kahn, Druggist.
Trade supplied by JOHN T. CUTTING & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS, 116 FRONT STREET.

BETHESDA
SUPERIOR TABLE WATER
L. CAHEN AND SON, 418 SAC. ST. S.F.

THE LIGHT RUNNING DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE THE STAR THAT LEADS THEM ALL

See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

J. W. EVANS,
General Agent, 29 Post Street.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.
Commission Merchants,
San Francisco,
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
☞ Liberal advances made on consignments. ☜

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.
General Shipping and Commission
MERCHANTS,
309 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION,
Phelan's Building, Rooms 6, 8, 9, 10, 11.
Entrance, 806 Market Street. Gas Specialists; positively extract teeth without pain; only office that make and give the celebrated "Colton Gas;" established in 1863; over 15,000 references; also, performs all operations in Dentistry.

OIL STOVES
NEW A & W MONARCH C for 1884.
Don't buy till you see it!
Or send for Circular.
JNO. F. MYERS & CO.
869 Market Street,
San Francisco.

REMOVAL.
EDWARD E. OSBORN, Patent Solicitor, United States and Foreign, has removed to 220 Sansome Street, Rooms 10, 11, and 12, San Francisco.

WALL PAPERS,
FRESCOING,
INTERIOR DECORATING
WINDOW SHADES.
G. W. CLARK & CO.
645 and 647 MARKET STREET.

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
TILES
For Decorations.
W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street

LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
HENRY F. MILLER
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
HEMME & LONG
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

ICHI BAN
FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

FIREMANS FUND
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA.
THE LARGEST PACIFIC COAST COMPANY.
CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - $750,000
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1883, - - - - $1,500,000
AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

CALIFORNIA
ELECTRO PLATING WORKS
657 MISSION STREET.
Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating on all Metals.
Table Ware repaired and plated at the lowest rates. Copper Plates silver plated for saving gold. All work in our line guaranteed. KEATING & FAGAN, Proprietors.

KELSEY HOUSE.
This well-known villa has changed hands and has been thoroughly renovated, and is now run in conjnnction with the well-known Windsor House. The houses and cottages are situated on most beautiful and spacious grounds. Telephone communication. Cars pass every 7½ minutes; ten minutes' ride from the train. Apply to C. C. Wheeler, proprietor, at Windsor House, Ninth and Washington, or on the premises, cor. Telegraph Avenue and 24th St., Oakland.

Contract for Fall and Winter Supply
....OF....
COAL
For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street. Telephone 308.

$130,000
Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, 1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal. Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers.
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

THE FULTON.
3 Fulton, opposite New City Hall. "The Fulton"—new house; splendidly furnished suits of rooms. References.

WINDOW SHADE FACTORY.
H. E. BULLIVANT & CO.,
FACTORY AND SALESROOM,
753 Mission St., bet. 3d & 4th.
Decorating and Lettering a specialty for stores, offices, residences, etc.

FINEST PHOTOS IN THE CITY
....AT THE....
IMPERIAL GALLERY,
724½ Market Street.



Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

UNEXCELLED
Ask your Grocer for
ARCTIC REFRIGERATOR HAMS,
ROYAL BREAKFAST BACON
ROYAL LEAF LARD
All Guaranteed Choice Family Goods.

HIGHLAND SPRINGS,
LAKE COUNTY, CAL.
"The Switzerland of America."
OPEN ALL THE YEAR.
Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.
Daily communication via Cloverdale.
DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.

ÆTNA
HOT MINERAL SPRINGS.
To the highly curative properties of these waters and the charms of the place is added an elegant and capacious Swimming Bath.
These waters purify the blood, and refresh, renew, and restore the whole system. They cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Chronic Diarrhœa, Paralysis, and Pulmonary Complaints in the early stages. These waters are a specific in cases of Malaria, Chill and Ague Fever. They afford magical relief in cases of Nervousness, Sleeplessness, and General Debility.
Visitors leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. for St. Helena, thence by daily stage (Sundays excepted), arriving at the Ætnas at 5 P. M. For pamphlet, containing analysis and cures, address WM. BURNELL, Sup't, or WM. H. LIDELL, Proprietor, Lidell P. O., Napa Co., Cal.

MARBLE WORKS.
MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.
W. H. McCORMICK,
827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR
AND
CLOTH OF GOLD
CIGARETTES.
Our Cigarettes can not be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883.
13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

ALASKA
COMMERCIAL CO.
No. 310 SANSOME STREET,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

JOHN MIDDLETON,
COAL.
14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason

GERMEA
FOR BREAKFAST
DELICIOUS
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. NO. 14. SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 4, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS ..... 1–2
THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE POLICY: By Irving M. Scott ..... 3
INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People all Over the World ..... 5
THE LATEST VERSE: "The River Terek's Gift," by Lemontoff; "In the Beginning," by Robert Browning (?) ..... 5
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise ..... 5
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip ..... 6
THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest ..... 6
A PEN PICTURE OF BLAINE: How the Great Statesman Looked and Acted—"Flaneur" throws more Light on the Subject of "Interviewing." ..... 7
A VIOLINIST: By Helen Lake ..... 8
CHATEAUX AND CHATELAINES: "Parisina" describes the Customs and Costumes of the Parisian *Monde* at their Country-houses—A Typical Establishment—A Graphic Picture of Luxurious Life ..... 9
LITERARY NOTES: New Books—Personal Gossip—Miscellaneous Chit-Chat—"Français de Cuisine"—Mr. Henry James's French—Publishers' Announcements ..... 10
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day ..... 10
A CALIFORNIA LOCHINVAR: How they Forded the Salinas in the Olden Time. By Robert Duncan Milne ..... 11
THE FRAZER RIVER CRAZE: Being the Reminiscences of One of the Pilgrims ..... 11
VANITY FAIR: Bennett's Domino Ball—The Girls of Greenland—A Performance at the Beach—The Coquettish Mexican Women—The Manliness of Modern Girls—A Parisian Queen of Fashion ..... 12
MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ..... 13
THE INNER MAN: Narratives of Various Witnesses who claim to have met Sharp Carving Knives ..... 14
THE TUNEFUL LIAR: "The Coachman to His Love;" "The Political Maud;" "Our Village Belle;" "Her Name" ..... 14
DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record ..... 16

We are glad of an opportunity to criticise the action of a Jewish rabbi in the city of New York, and to condemn him. We feel a sort of uncomfortable throb that we are so often compelled to criticise adversely and harshly the conduct of our Irish and German fellow-citizens. We are compelled to do it because they so persist in going wrong, and do so many questionable things. We find ourselves so frequently scolding the Pope's Irish and the lager-drinking Dutchmen, that it is with feelings of real pleasure that we catch the Jews, or any part of them, in doing absurd and foolish things. As there are two kinds of Irish folk, and two kinds of Germans, so there are two kinds of Israelites. It don't seem to be exactly nationality or birth, for we find some very excellent, intelligent, and liberal Jews from Poland and Russia, and we find some illiberal, bigoted, and narrow-minded from all other countries. When we meditate upon this question of class that grows out of nationality or religion, we feel compelled to admit that there is no creed or birthplace that can guarantee liberality of sentiment or honesty of life, and that there is no land or religion that does not embrace exceedingly mean and narrow-minded persons. The fact is that humanity is very much alike in all countries; the differences of intelligence and sense depend upon education and the surroundings of life. There are in San Francisco the best and broadest of minds, the most generous of men; there are here those who only lack courage to belong to the criminal class; and both are Jews. There is the orthodox synagogue and the liberal synagogue, and there is the Israelite who attends either. There are those who keep fasts and feasts with the utmost fidelity, and those who take lunch on Atonement Day. There are families in San Francisco who go into mourning if a son or daughter weds out of the pale of the church; these people are fools, and insult the people among whom they live and the families with whose young people they permit their own to associate. But there are so many honorable ones; they are so generous to each other, so liberal, so public-spirited; there are so few of them that become mendicants or criminals; they so thoroughly mind their own business; they so intelligently divide in political opinions and party affiliations, and they so determinedly abstain from any attempt at proselyting or thrusting their religious opinions upon anybody else; they so universally keep their church out of politics—that we find very little to criticise and very little to condemn. Hence, when a rabbi makes an ass of himself and goes dead wrong, we are glad of it, as it enables us to bounce him, and thus balance ourselves up and relieve ourselves from the charge of unfairness and prejudice toward any one race by the dealing of generous blows at all. One Rabbi Braun, of the "Synagogue Gate of Hope," in the city of New York, has obtrusively thrust himself into offensive public notice by endeavoring to have the public school authorities of the city of New York accommodate the peculiar class of narrow-minded individuals to which he belongs, by excusing the children of Jewish parents from attending school on certain of the Jewish holidays. We were glad to see that this movement of sectarian bigotry was promptly met by another rabbi, who represents the larger and more liberal class of the Israelites of the city of New York, with a prompt and energetic protest, saying that Rabbi Braun did not represent the views of his more intelligent co-religionists, and declaring that they looked with disfavor upon any attempt to accommodate the public school system to the worship of any church, or the attempt of any rabbi to carry this or any of their other religious questions into politics. The Jews have always educated their children at our common free schools; they have been the constant, true, and loyal friends of the non-sectarian educational system, which, in justice to all religions and all churches, we have established in this land of free conscience and free thought. And while there is a specious and plausible argument in favor of either dismissing schools or excepting Jewish scholars from attendance on certain holidays, it will be seen that this would be letting down the bars and establishing a precedent that would have no limitation, and would result in destroying an educational system that has no safety except in adhering to the resolute and fixed determination that no church nor religion shall have its wish consulted in this respect. Religious and sectarian influence must be kept away from the schoolhouse, and if for no other reason than because the Roman Catholic Church, strong in numbers, wealth, and political power, stands awaiting its opportunity to destroy it. It would gladly use the Jews or any denomination of Protestants as allies to overthrow the system of free, non-sectarian education, in order that it might steal a sufficient amount of the public school moneys to maintain parochial schools taught by priests and monks, nuns and sisters of charity. The system of our free schools is now undergoing a very severe ordeal, and we are glad to be able to feel and know that in the Jewish people of the United States it has a reliable, stanch, and loyal support. We are glad to observe that this meaner and more illiberal minority of narrow-minded Israelites are being educated into the belief that it is well for them, and us, and everybody, that all these prejudices of race, religion, and nationality, should be broken down. We are glad to know that there is so large and influential a class of foreigners of all religions and all races who are accepting the American idea which shall in time wield us all into a solid, compact, American nationality.

The daily papers contain accounts of the maternity, arising from illicit intercourse, of a girl twelve years of age. The locality of the residence of the girl's parents is the vicinity of Third and Folsom streets. The criminal father is a mechanic thirty years of age, working in the neighborhood, and who "roomed in the house." The neighbors say that "her mother allowed her to accompany him to balls, and to stay out late at night." There are three criminals in the transaction, who deserve (unless there is some explanation not apparent upon the face of it) the most severe punishment. If there is no section in the criminal code which provides for the punishment of a father and mother who are so neglectful of the moral welfare of their female child as to throw her into the unwatched association of an unprincipled man, and leave her there till debauched and ruined, there ought to be. How any man who is a father, and any woman, whether she is or is not a mother, in daily intercourse with a girl, should not have observed her condition, is something inexplicable, under the given hypothesis of human intelligence and human affections. That a father and mother should allow a daughter of twelve years, in their own house, and through their own gross criminal neglect, to be thrown into association with so unprincipled a villain as this mechanic proved to be, "to go to balls and be absent all night," is something to move the indignation of respectable and thoughtful people. It is to be considered that this most painful incident arises not among the criminal classes, not among mendicant and rag-picking paupers, not in a tenement house where poverty is fighting for bread, but in a respectable part of the city, in a comparatively well-to-do family—a family that has three meals a day, at two of which meat is served; that is well housed, lodged, clothed, and shod; that can dress children for dancing parties, that can find leisure for picnics; the children of which are being educated at public schools. The "thirty-year-old mechanic" should be tied to a cart's tail, and flogged through every dirty alley of San Francisco, dragged dead to Potter's Field, and consigned to unmarked burial. The child is simply to be pitied that it was her misfortune to be born of such parents. The moral of this most sad story will suggest itself to all parents. And there are those who will inquire whither we are tending, whether we are not educating certain classes away from the simplicity of their lives, and giving to them tastes and ambitions that have a tendency to destroy their morals and render them discontented with the positions in life which somebody must fill. Perhaps the publicity of this scandal may prompt fathers, and mothers, and guardians to a more watchful care of girls entrusted to them.

To those of our city readers who do not keep fully posted in political affairs, and those of our country readers who do not take any particular interest in our municipal politics, it may afford them pleasure to know that the Democratic Convention is proceeding with its nominations harmoniously. Mr. Christopher A. Buckley, one of the most esteemed of our Irish adopted fellow-citizens, who keeps a saloon on Bush Street, composes the convention. His proceedings are entirely harmonious, and the greatest unanimity prevails between himself and Mr. Fitch, of the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*. Mr. Fitch is an influential and modest citizen, who demands but little, but demands that little strong. When he insists upon a recognition of his demands, he insists with a pertinacity that knows no refusal and that will submit to no denial. Mr. Fitch insists upon owning the Mayor of San Francisco. He has, and for a long time has had, in his possession a most worthy person, who belongs to him by right of original discovery, and who has belonged to him so long that the common law statute of limitation will bar any action brought for his recovery. He is a man of such advanced years, is so acustomed to his servile position, and so enjoys himself in it, that emancipation would be to him a cruelty. He has been so long a bondman to this master, has served him so faithfully and well, has rendered him such patient and willing service, that there has grown up in the mind of the master a fondness for the servant. Mr. Fitch has an evening journal of wide circulation and of influential position. He is guardian of our city treasury. He is protector of our municipal hen-roost. He is an intelligent and faithful watch-dog of all our interests. He has at times hydrophobia, and at the sight of (Spring Valley) water he is liable to severe and dangerous paroxysms. Except for this, and one or two similar eccentricities, he is, and for a generation has been, of invaluable service to our municipal government. Two years ago he demanded of the Democracy the nomination and election of the Hon. Washington Bartlett, of Virginia, as Mayor of San Francisco. Mr. Bartlett has made a good mayor. He vetoed water ordinances. He was honest, industrious, econ

cal. He has been a faithful servant—to Mr. Fitch. He has been good to his brother. During the time that Mr. Bartlett has been posing as figure-head to the city government, Mr. Supervisor Pond and one or two other efficient members of the board have been doing the real work of the municipality—have kept expenses within appropriations, have lived up to their pledges of reduced taxation, have observed the one-twelfth rule, have paid the deficits of the past administration, have introduced economies, and, so far as the community is advised, have been honest. The Democracy would have been glad to make Mr. Pond mayor; he was honorably entitled to a nomination which he had earned. Mr. Buckley would have been glad to nominate him, and thus strengthened his ticket among intelligent business men. The attitude of Mr. Fitch did not permit him to do this thing in safety; it was Bartlett or an Independent ticket, and Mr. Buckley yielded. Before the Democratic convention had assembled this bargain had been consummated. It was carried out by Mr. Buckley in good faith on Monday evening. Mr. Buckley called his lambs together at B'nai B'rith Hall, and they responded. Mr. John T. Fogarty called them to order. John Rafferty was appointed temporary secretary; Max Popper was made temporary chairman. McCoortney moved a committee on organization and order of business; McGinney, on platform and resolutions. Patrick Collins, David Wagner, John Stout, Moses Zeller, Robert McCord, Walsh, Barry, Herrin, Casey, Flannigan, Fitzgerald, Patrick Lynch, Levi Schmitt, McGinney, Moholey, B. F. Napthaly, and Andrew J. Bryant were appointed to the various committees; for sergeants-at-arms, Pat Cosgrove, Ed. Ring, Jack McCabe, Bill Gaffney, Jake Dinan, Johnny Martin, Jo Carrington, Dan Sullivan, Bill Brown, Con Mack, Billy Crudden, T. Sweeney, Jo Van Praag, Jack McDermott, Steve Murphy, Bob Scott, and Ed Colbin. The first division was on the motion to appoint a sub-committee of ten to select names for school directors; it was carried by 136 to 23. The County Committee was then appointed. Club One, Christopher A. Buckley, and, after him, for the government of the Democracy of the County of San Francisco, Mulvaney, Curran, Welch, Flynn, Sullivan, Fitzgerald, Newman, Clare, Magner, Kenney, Blohm, Sullivan, Flinn, Kreling, Cannavan, Kelley, Krause, O'Brien, O'Connell, O'Shea, Kelly, Mahoney, Kelley, Lerwin, Kelly, Donovan, Lynch, Flint, Clancey, McDonald, Farrell, McInnery, McMullen, Cagle, Hogan, Lynch, Clancey, and O'Connor. This important work provides the future governing body for the Democratic party—nearly every mother's son of them is of alien birth and parentage; every one of them is the slave and thrall of Buckley; not a representative Democratic citizen in the entire lot; men from a class that represents neither the intelligence, the character, the wealth, or the respectability of the community it governs, and to which the Democratic gentlemen and tax-payers submit with shameful cowardice and a most contemptible want of self-respect. And then the Chair announced that "nominations for mayor were in order," and, upon the motion to adjourn, another test vote was had, resulting in 145 noes to 11 ayes. Mayor Bartlett's name was received by "loud cheers," and seconded by Mr. Barry. Samuel Pollock moved it be made unanimous. Mr. Bartlett made a speech amid the "wildest enthusiasm," and the call of the roll by Secretary McGinney resulted in 150 votes against 11 for Strother. Then the convention nominated Peter Hopkins, who keeps the saloon in the Grand Hotel, for sheriff. Fitch is happy. Buckley is happy. There will be no Independent people's party movement; there will be no bolt in the Democratic party. The Irish are happy at the nomination of Hopkins, the chivalry are happy at the endorsement of Bartlett. The convention adjourns to meet again on Tuesday evening. *It* resumes its work. We are wrong in our pronoun. *He* resumes his work. *He* is Buckley. At *his* request Mayor Bryant nominates Strother for Auditor, and he is *unanimously* nominated. At *his* request Mr. John H. Miller places John T. Sullivan in nomination for Supervisor of the First Ward, and he is *unanimously* nominated. Christopher Vorath, at *his* request was *unanimously* nominated for Supervisor of the Second Ward; D. P. Levy, *unanimously* nominated as Supervisor for the Third: C. H. Burton, *unanimously* nominated for the Fourth; George W. Thomas, *unanimously* nominated for the Fifth; E. B. Pond, *unanimously* nominated for the Sixth; J. D. Griffin, *unanimously* nominated for the Seventh; William Kreling, *unanimously* nominated for the Eighth; J. B. Lewis, *unanimously* nominated for the Ninth; Timothy Fitzpatrick, *unanimously* nominated for the Tenth; J. G. James, *unanimously* nominated for the Eleventh; Thomas Ashworth, *unanimously* nominated for the Twelfth. For Superior Judges, J. F. Sullivan was *unanimously* nominated, Walter H. Levy was *unanimously* nominated, T. H. Reardon was *unanimously* nominated, T. B. Blakeman was *unanimously* nominated. Horace G. Platt was *unanimously* nominated for District Attorney. Fisher Ames was *unanimously* nominated for City and County Attorney. J. J. Flynn was *unanimously* nominated for County Clerk. And then the convention *unanimously* voted to adjourn, in order that Mr. Christopher Buckley might consult with himself in reference to further nominations. This spirit of harmony is the brand of the Boss burned in upon the flanks of the Democracy. There is no Democratic party in San Francisco; it has been captured and is now imprisoned in the Bush Street gin-mill. Every cowardly Democrat who has not the courage to protest against this whole business, is a chained and handcuffed prisoner looking out of the prison bars of Chris Buckley's gin-mill. If the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin* and the *Morning Call* do not expose this political conspiracy that has nominated Mr. Buckley to the Legislature twenty times and to the State Senate four times, that gives him twenty-four solid votes upon the election of a United States Senator, and twenty-four solid votes upon every bill introduced into the Legislature, it will be conclusive evidence to the writer of this article that Mr. Fitch and Mr. Pickering are in this Democratic conspiracy, have traded with Buckley, and have gotten their part of the swag.

The *Daily Examiner*, in display type, announces the proceedings of the Republican Convention as resulting in a SLATE TICKET; and, upon our Republican conscience, it does look very much as though the whole business was a pre-arranged conspiracy. The slime of the snake is marked upon every turn of the track. It will be observed as the result of the conventions that there are good men upon each ticket. Then, says the common-sense, honest citizen, there is a practical mode of solving this problem, and a natural way out of the difficulty: let us select the good men from either ticket, and, without reference to politics, give them our support. This might be done if it was not apparent that there had been collusion between the respective bosses, and that it happens in those offices where there is large patronage or large spoils there is a combination man. To illustrate: For mayor, Merry—Bartlett. They are honest, honorable men. There can be no serious mistake if either shall be elected. We should vote for Captain Merry, because we think him a man of broader intelligence; better business capacity, more self-reliant, and independent than Mr. Bartlett. For auditor, Stone and Strother. We think both men honest, but we look upon Strother as as a garrulous, conceited demagogue, of unlimited blather. Stone is a gentleman, honorable and competent. But how about the candidates for sheriff? One boss names Hopkins; the other boss names Patterson. Here there is no choice, and there will be very little to choose—probably, for we are writing before nominations are completed—between the candidates for county clerk, street commissioner, city and county attorney, surveyor, or coroner. It is certain, we think, that the Board of Supervisors is arranged for a ring, although there are four supervisors nominated by the Democracy who are men above suspicion and of tried fidelity. Mr. Pond, we are informed, will not consent to run for supervisor of his ward. The Board of Education will, without doubt, be arranged for business. With an honest mayor, auditor, tax-collector, treasurer, a scattering of honest supervisors and school commissioners, there are enough jobs, places, patronage, and opportunity to steal to make a small syndicate of bosses comfortable. With legislators, supervisors, school directors, and municipal officers with patronage, the bosses can afford to leave enough honest men in nomination to secure the support of the *Bulletin*, and to prevent the organization of an independent ticket. It is an adroit movement. If an independent movement was started, those nominees who are of good character would be put forward to vindicate the ticket as a whole, and to deprecate any movement that would imperil the success of regular tickets. It would also be urged that Blaine's or Cleveland's chances would be lessened. As for ourselves, we confess our inability to see any present way out of the predicament. We think the Republican Convention has, to the extent we have suggested, been managed in the interest of dishonest politics. It carries with it no moral obligation to any honorable party man. It leaves every voting citizen to exercise his personal judgment to vote for Republican or Democrat, to scratch, or stay at home. We reserve to ourselves the privilege of making our own ticket. We wish one hundred non-partisan, respectable, tax-paying, disinterested and intelligent citizens of San Francisco would get together and make a ticket for us. There are elements scattered about which, if united, would result in success. While the politicians and party thieves are disunited and divided in allegiance to their respective bosses, it is the opportunity of honest men to elect an honest municipal government, and a legislative ticket divided between the two national parties. To prove that the Republican Convention was manipulated as we have indicated, let it be observed that, as in the Democratic, it took only one ballot, and usually a *viva voce* one, to nominate. Captain Merry was nominated by acclamation. Of the 188 votes cast for sheriff, Patterson—formerly street superintendent—received 141; of the 197 votes cast for county clerk, Jacobs received 149; of the 199 votes cast for auditor, Stone received 143; of the 199 votes for tax-collector, Wadhams received 108; W. S. Ruggles was nominated for street commissioner by acclamation; D. M. Cashin received all the votes for recorder but 12; Bauer was nominated for treasurer by acclamation; Mr. Wilson was nominated for district-attorney by acclamation; John Lord Love got the regular 109 votes for city and county attorney; C. S. Tilton received 131 for surveyor; E. N. Torrey received 109 for public administrator, and Lawler 104 for coroner. Thus the game is made.

It is sometimes regarded as a privilege to have the choice of evils; of the two evils presented to the electors of this city by Messrs. Buckley and Higgins, we find but little choice between them. Never in the history of municipal politics did the respectable citizen find himself of so little consequence, either in his party or in the councils of the city in which he lives, as in his present position. Outside of the men nominated by the two conventions, and the men who nominated them, there is a wide and almost universal dissatisfaction. Even the good men in nomination feel the embarrassment of their position, and are ashamed of the company they are compelled to keep. This is the opportunity for an independent municipal ticket. It ought not to be allowed to pass without an effort being made in that direction.

The attitude of Mr. J. B. Stetson toward the candidacy for Mayor, at the hands of the Republican Convention, was thus stated in the convention by his friend Mr. Charles De Lacy.

*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Convention:* Before the nominations for mayor close, I desire to state that the name of a gentleman—one of our most influential and prosperous merchants—has, by the press, been placed before the public as a candidate for the office of mayor. Practically he never has been a candidate. His friends and admirers were anxious that his name should be placed at the head of our ticket, but, in his sense of what was most fitting, he concluded that the office should seek the man, and requested his friends to make no personal solicitations in his behalf on the floor of this convention. Therefore, I desire it to be understood that J. B. Stetson [applause], the gentleman to whom I refer, is not a candidate for mayor before this convention.

The defeat of Mr. Craig for city and county attorney, and the substitution for him of Mr. Fisher Ames, was one of the outrages of the Democratic Convention for which there seems to be no other explanation than that hinted at by the *Evening Bulletin*, and which we hope the *Bulletin* has not, in its bargain for the nomination of Bartlett, agreed to suppress. We know that Mr. Fitch knows certain things which would interest the tax-payers very much if he has the nerve and Mr. Buckley's permission to print them. It is fortunate that the tax-payers have the opportunity to defeat Mr. Ames by voting for John Lord Love.

The defeat of the Honorable Wm. T. Wallace, late Democratic Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, and later member of the Legislature at the unfortunate special session thereof, was again a candidate for the Legislature, and beaten by a Mr. Creighton, an Irish broth of a boy in the corporation yard. If there is another pond of humiliation for our friend Wallace to fish in, we just hope he will throw his bait, bob, hook, sinker, and basket into it, and give up the pursuit of fishing for office.

Mr. Pond was entitled to the Democratic nomination for the office of mayor. He became a candidate under the solemn promise that Mr. Bartlett would not and could not be a candidate. If in the court of conscience the truth could be extracted from the Democratic State Central Committee, and from Mr. Buckley, it would be clearly demonstrated that Bartlett had been nominated under pressure of Mr. Fitch of the *Bulletin*.

The renomination of Mr. Reis for city treasurer is one of those decent things for which we must thank Mr. Buckley, for Mr. Reis is a gentleman, and has made a good treasurer. We are under similar obligation to Mr. Higgins for Mr. Bauer, who has demonstrated his fitness for the place by one term of service, and who is in all respects a most respectable and worthy citizen. Both Reis and Bauer are Germans, and both are the representatives of the best of their class.

The withdrawal of John Sedgwick from candidacy for sheriff, in the very last hours of the Republican Convention, surprises his friends, if they permit themselves to be surprised at anything this very remarkable convention could do. The nomination of Mr. Patterson for that position does not surprise any one who understands the relations that exist between him and Mr. Higgins, and did exist between them when Mr. Patterson was street superintendent.

It is understood that the nomination of Mr. E. N. Torrey for public administrator was upon the understanding that Mr. Knight, of the firm of Clunie & Knight, is to be his attorney. It was a slate nomination, while the almost unanimous choice of the Republican party would have been given for Mr. George Hickox.

# THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE POLICY.

By Irving M. Scott.

We print an able speech from Mr. Irving M. Scott, upon the question of protection. This address is important, from the fact that it is the great question upon which the Presidential election hinges. It is the important American question, which, if settled now, will become the permanent and fixed policy of the Government until the time shall come when, in the interest of American mechanics and working-men, it may be wise to seek a market beyond our own borders. This speech is important, because it presents the views of an intelligent operative mechanic who considers the question from his own standpoint of interest. Mr. Irving Scott is not a politician or office-seeker, but the representative of a great industry employing thousands of working-men—an industry to which his brains and energy have largely contributed; one that takes the crude iron from our mines and launches it in armor-clad ships for the defense of our coast and commerce. The author of this address does not represent alone the capital of the Union Foundry, but the organized labor of skilled artisans, whom he has gathered here from our own and foreign countries to build up on our own coast, and within the municipal boundaries of our own city, a foundry and ship-yard that has no equal in America, and possesses within itself the elements of an institution that has no superior in the world. We commend to our readers, for their especial consideration, those figures which demonstrate England's labor force and the cost per day of supporting that labor. It illustrates the tremendous competition to which our manufacturing and mechanical industries are subjected, and the absolute necessity of legislation for their protection and defense. In order that we may not encroach upon the space of our journal devoted to other than political discussions, we add two additional pages to this week's *Argonaut*. No apology is necessary—at least, none ought to be—to our non-political readers, not even to ladies, for placing before them readable information upon this most important political issue. It is one that involves the very highest considerations, and there should be no intelligent woman or man who does not at least endeavor to comprehend the political issue which now divides the country.

We hope to be able next week to print the very able address—upon the same subject—of the Hon. John F. Swift, delivered at Metropolitan Temple.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES, AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

My purpose this evening is to discuss principles, not men, farther than representatives of those principles.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

I shall therefore pronounce no eulogy upon James G. Blaine, the Republican nominee for the Presidency of the United States. He needs none.

The world knows his history by heart. There it is! Behold it written in letters of living light, enduring as time itself, written far up, above, beyond the reach of partisan strife and calumny. Written in that great volume of immortality where are recorded the bright and glorious deeds of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Clay, Webster, Lincoln, and Garfield. Chaste, wise, learned, vigilant, and discreet, energetic, strong, and fearless in asserting and maintaining right, James G. Blaine, the Plumed Knight, boldly stands out, with port erect, foremost in American statesmanship; foremost in the defense and advancement of his country's cause; foremost in championship of American free and well-requited labor, American industries, American institutions, American liberty and honor, home and abroad.

JOHN. A. LOGAN.

Nor can aught friend or foe do, add to, or take a single ray of light and beauty from the bright fame of General John A. Logan, the Republican nominee for the Vice-Presidency of the United States.

The record of the deeds of the Black Knight are plain and indelible. They are written on many a tough and stubborn battlefield, on the pages of sound statesmanship, on the monuments of national glory, and in the hearts of his countrymen—ay, they are written with the blood of a true patriot.

DEMOCRACY.

On the other side, lo! what a picture! Indeed, personal abuse, detraction, and defamation of character seem to be the chief weapons employed by the representatives of the Democratic party. I will use none of them, but turn with disgust and loathing from all their vile slanders, from all their stale slanders with respect to the most honorable and magnanimous of political opponents—slanders fully refuted and nailed as such years ago; from all their newly concocted slanders, too, with respect to his pure, virtuous, and Christian family. Indeed, so insatiable seems the lust of representatives of the Democratic party to slander, it is to be hoped for the honor of Americans and the good of public morals that their fearful onslaught on the character of their own nominee for the highest office in the gift of the people is but a Democratic slander after all.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

As to that, having no taste, no inclination to meddle in the family affairs of others, I cheerfully leave the vindication of the character of Grover Cleveland, Democratic nominee for the Presidency of the United States, to his friends, to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, whose great experience in the "errors" of the flesh would seem to fit him eminently for the task; to the worthy successors of Tweed and Oakey Hall; to the notorious forgers of the Morey letter, and if, perchance, he shall be found too unchaste for their support, may God have mercy on his soul!

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

I leave, too, as the case may be, the defense or laudation of the record and political character of Thomas A. Hendricks, Democratic nominee for the Vice-Presidency of the United States, to the same investigating committee, together with that of the more intrepid and chivalrous school of nullification and rebellion.

If they shall find that he did not strike with traitorous and would-be parricidal hand his mother country when she was bleeding and torn with civil strife, then let them make known his filial love and dutifulness, so that her mind shall be disabused, for she surely thought then, and thinks now, that he struck her many a hard blow in her sore distress.

So much for the men; the candidates for Presidency and Vice-Presidency are now before you; your suffrages are sought to determine on whose banner victory shall perch.

PRINCIPLES.

Shall the American protective policy, or shall the foreign protective policy, during the next four years, obtain in this land consecrated to free labor and to freedom?

AMERICAN LABOR.

Shall American labor work for its own honor, dignity, gain, prosperity, and independence, or shall it work to forge chains with which to bind itself hand and foot? Shall it work to pay tribute to foreign nations, to pay their taxes, to support their profligate, haughty, and oppressive monarchies and aristocracies, to fill their treasuries and vaults to repletion, and thereby degrade itself to servile dependence?

That is the vital question for your consideration and solution!

James G. Blaine and John A. Logan, as exponents of the Republican party, boldly and manfully speak right out just what they mean, in plain, matter-of-fact terms.

PROTECTION.

Protection to all that is American, protection to American labor, American industries, American institutions, American commerce, American honor, and American citizens on every sea and in every land domed by the heavens.

Grover Cleveland and Thomas A. Hendricks, as expoñents of the Democratic party, speak in ambiguous, evasive, equivocal terms, in a sort of legerdemain dialect, as "now you see it, now you don't."

Free-trade and quasi protection, protection and quasi free-trade, "as you like it."

But since they venture to declare in favor of what they are pleased to call the "time-honored principles of Democracy," we propose to hold them as responsible endorsers of free-trade, for that, since the days of President Jackson, has been the talisman, the *ne plus ultra* of the Democratic party.

And now let us fairly and impartially consider the two policies, the American protective policy, espoused by the Republican party on one side, and the free-trade policy, advocated by the Democratic party on the other side.

THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE POLICY.

The American protective policy is older than the Constitution of the United States. Its principles were advocated by our American progenitors long prior to the Declaration of Independence, and, in fact, that great charter of civil and political rights is but the enunciation of those principles. England, by her aggressions, had warred upon the civil, political, and commercial rights of her American colonies until human endurance could bear no more. The colonies rose, declared their independence, and fought out the Revolution begun in 1776 with victory to freedom. They won much, but not all. They gained their nominal but not real independence of the mother country.

BRITISH POLICY.

Nor have their descendants fully gained it; the Colonial policy of Great Britain still holds us in thraldom. The British Government, British statesman from first to last, have worked to this end, and boast of their success. Thus, Lord Chatham said in Parliament: "He would not have Americans make a hob-nail." Another noble lord added: "Nor a razor to shave their beards." Lord Brougham said: "It was well worth while by excessive exports to stifle in the cradle the rising manufactures of the United States." Mr. Robertson said, in the House of Commons: "That the British policy was nothing more or less than for the English to get a monopoly of all markets for their manufactures, and prevent other nations, one and all, from engaging in them." The London *Spectator*, in 1843, said: "In all economical relations, the United States still stand to England in the relation of colony to mother country."

Mr. Lowe, a British author, says: "It is now above forty years since the United States of America were definitely separated from England, and since their situation has afforded a poof that the benefit of mercantile intercourse may be retained in all its extent without the care of governing or the expense of defending those once regretted provinces."

Free trade gives to England the American market on terms more favorable than if the United States were a British Colony. England could not legislate better for herself than the free-trade policy of the Democratic party when in power has done. English statesmen know it, and boast of it. But pernicious as the free-trade policy is to American interests, and humiliating as it is to American pride, the herdsman seems to brand his cattle not more legibly than British ingenuity burns its free-trade mark into the body of the Democratic party.

It is plain as day why the richer classes of society should favor the importation of costly fabrics and expensive luxuries free of duties; but that the rank and file of society, laboring for wages, should favor duty-free imports of foreign goods, manufactured by cheap pauper labor, to compete with their own manufactories, and thereby force upon themselves a reduction of their own wages, certainly seems a suicidal act of insanity. English statesmen gave us greater credit for sagacity than to be caught by a hook so ill-concealed. A member of the British Parliament said: "It was idle for the English to endeavor to persuade other nations to join with them in adopting the principles of what was called free-trade. Other nations knew as well as the noble lord opposite, and those who acted with him, what the English meant by free-trade—was nothing more nor less than by means of the great advantages they enjoyed to get a monopoly of all their markets for English manufactures, and prevent them, one and all, from ever becoming manufacturing nations."

CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Turning now to the Constitution of the United States, we find Article I, Section 8, provides that Congress shall have power "to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States; to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States." How could the American protective policy be more clearly enunciated: "Lay and collect duties, imposts, and provide for the general welfare." Had the framers of the great master-work of all time and the people who "ordained and established" it as the fundamental law of the land intended to restrict the laying and collecting of duties "for revenue only," they would have said so, and would not have said, "for the general welfare."

MADISON.

Mr. Madison, who subsequently became President, at an early period in the history of American policy, declared that "a failure of the Federal Government" to lay and collect imposts on foreign foreign fabrics imported into this country would be a "fraud" upon the Northern States; holding that they stripped themselves, by means of the Federal Constitution, of all power to protect their own manufactures. That great statesman had naught to say about "revenue only," but evidently meant just what he said, protection to "Northern manufactures"; that it would be a "fraud" for the Federal Government not to exercise that power vested in it; not to execute, as a duty, that great trust reposed in it of protecting American industry, regardless of revenue. Protection, not revenue, was the subject for consideration. Had other than the North been manufacturing States, he would doubtless have included them, for he knew no North, no South, no East, no West, but the country—the whole country.

Madison said a failure to execute the sacred trust would be a fraud.

Modern Democracy bellows like a sea-lion, it would be a fraud to execute it.

Which is right, Madison supported by the Constitution, or modern Democracy propped up by the pro-British crutches of free-trade?

Madison, say I; what say you?

ANDREW JACKSON.

With respect to the power of Congress to legislate on this matter, there can be no question. President Jackson says: "This indispensable power surrendered by the States must be within the scope of authority on the subject expressly delegated to Congress. In this conclusion I am confirmed as well by the opinions of Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, who have each repeatedly recommended this right under the Constitution, as by the uniform practice of Congress, the continued acquiescence of the States, and the general understanding of the people." And with respect to the duties of Congress, the following quotations of some of our ablest statesmen are adduced:

WASHINGTON

Says: "I can not forbear intimating to Congress the expediency of giving effectual encouragement, as well to the introduction of new and useful inventions from abroad, as to the exertions of skill and genius of producing them at home. Congress has repeatedly, and not without success, directed their attention to the encouragement of manufactures; the object is of too much consequence not to insure a continuance of their efforts in every way which shall appear eligible."

JEFFERSON

Says: "To cultivate peace and maintain commerce and navigation in all their lawful enterprises; to foster our fisheries as nurseries of navigation and for the nurture of man, and to protect the manufactures adapted to our circumstances—these, fellow-citizens, are the land-marks by which to guide ourselves in all proceedings."

"The establishments (manufacturing) formed and forming will under the auspices of cheaper materials and subsistences, the freedom of labor from taxation with us, and of protecting duties and prohibition, become permanent."

"The great inquiry now is, Shall we make our own comforts or go without them at the will of a foreign nation?"

He, therefore, who is now against manufactures, must be for reducing us either to a dependence upon that nation, or be clothed in skins, and live like beasts in dens and caverns. I am proud to say that I am not one of these. Experience has taught me that manufactures are now as necessary to our independence, as to our comfort."

MADISON

Says: "It will be worthy of the provident care of Congress to make such future alterations in the laws of the land as will more especially protect and foster the several branches of manufactures, which have been recently instituted or extended by the laudable exertions of our citizens. There is no subject which can enter with greater force and merit into the deliberations of Congress than a consideration of the means to pursue and promote the manufactures which have sprung into existence and attained unparalleled maturity throughout the United States during the period of the European wars. This source of national independence and wealth I anxiously recommend to the prompt and constant guardianship of Congress."

MONROE

Says: "Our manufactures will require the systematic and fostering care of Government. Possessing as we do all the raw materials, the fruit of our own soil and industry, we ought not to depend in the degree we have done on supplies from other countries." "Equally important is it to provide at home a market for our raw materials, as by extending the competition it will enhance the price and protect the cultivation against the casualties incident to foreign markets."

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

Says: "The great interests of our agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing nation are so linked in union together, that no permanent cause of prosperity to one of them can operate without extending its influence to the others. All these are alike under the protecting power of legislative authority, and the duties of the representative bodies are to conciliate them in harmony together."

GENERAL JACKSON,

Writing in 1824, four years prior to his election to the Presidency, says: "We have been too long subject to the policy of British merchants. It is time we should become a little more Americanized, and, instead of feeding paupers and laborers of England, feed our own, or else in a short time by continuing our present policy we shall be paupers ourselves. It is, therefore, my opinion that a careful and judicious tariff is much wanted, to pay our national debt, and to afford us the means of that defense within ourselves on which the safety of our country and liberties depend. And last, though not least, give a proper distribution to our labor, which must prove beneficial to the happiness, wealth, and independence of the community." General Jackson at that time seemed not behind the foremost in the advocacy of the American protective policy. He then, impelled by his ardent nature, on seeing his country in debt and distress, urged, with his whole force of character, what with felicity he called a "judicious tariff," something more than the tariff of 1816, or even that of 1824. Those tariffs were too tame to meet the views of Old Hickory on American protection. It was a sad event, and for which there seemed no good reason, when President Jackson apostatized from that faith, and espoused instead that evil genius, Free-trade, whose baneful influence he so plainly saw and eloquently described in 1824. I choose to believe that his implacable hostility to Mr. Clay, the great apostle of the American protective policy, was not the cause of his apostasy, but what a man of iron will and inflamed passions will sometimes do to defeat a great rival sets reason at naught and conjecture at defiance. The record, at best, shows his course at erratic. He first espouses the cause of the American protective policy, as advocated by Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams, and then not only forsakes, but vengefully wars upon, that cause without deigning a word of explanation.

JEFFERSON DEMOCRATS AND JACKSON DEMOCRATS.

Now when I hear men proclaiming themselves Jefferson Democrats, and at the same time Jackson Democrats, I am at a loss to comprehend their meaning, if such they have, unless they refer to Jackson as he stood in 1824. If that is their meaning, then they are in favor of the American protective policy, and opposed to the British colonial system, or so-called free-trade system. If they mean President Jackson, the great champion of free-trade, then they can not be Jefferson Democrats. For the policies of Jefferson and President Jackson were at antipodes.

THOMAS JEFERSON.

So true is this, that were Thomas Jefferson to wake from his repose, and behold the blight wrought by that Utopian, rather "*bohon-upan*" policy, inaugurated by President Jackson; to behold the debts, financial embarrassment, and distress of the country, the fireless forge and furnace, the motionless spindle and loom, the furled sails, and sailorless fleets of commerce, the idle hands, and unfed mouths of all dependent upon the industries, and the foreign aspect of the people clad in imported fabrics, he would move heaven and earth to amend the Declaration of Indepepdence and the Constitution of the United States by adding thereto: "Down, down with free-trade, now and forever?"

But let not our reverence for the opinions of the fathers of our liberties adverse to free-trade, or, in other words, in favor of protecting our industries by law, make us forget our purpose of rigidly and fairly investigating the subject for ourselves.

The theory of free-trade is chiefly based, by its advocates, on these four abstract propositions, which we now propose to consider with the view of determining their true significance and worth.

FIRST PROPOSITION.

"The highest right of property is the right to exchange it for other property." We answer: Is this true? Is not the highest right of property tantamount to that of an individual, the right of protection? And further, is it not a maxim of law that "One shall so use his own property as not to injure another"? We illustrate:

A has money property.

B, his fellow-citizen, has white labor property in his energies and will to work.

C has cheap Chinese labor property.

Now I submit that A has no right in equity to exchange his money property for the Chinese cheap-labor property of C to the injury of the white-labor property of B. The passage of the Chinese restriction law, which the Democrats are so anxious to father, is a full endorsement of this view. Now, what is true with respect to the rights of labor as property, is also true with respect to the rights of every other species of property.

SECOND PROPOSITION.

"Any system of law which declares that A, a citizen, may trade on equal terms with B, a citizen, but shall not, on equally favorable terms, trade with C, who lives in another country, reaffirms in

effect the principle of slavery." We answer that the rights of community are paramount to those of an individual; that the citizens A and B have, in addition to their individual interest, a community interest, in which C has no part or share. A and B, exchanging in trade with each other products differing in kind, so as to meet the wants of each, not only benefit their individual interests, but also their community interest, which would not be benefited were either to the exclusion of the other to trade with C. Therefore, if either trade with C, the trade to be equal ought to be so made that something shall inure to the community interest of A and B, and this something is termed duties on the foreign goods of C; that is, at the beginning, the relation of A to B is not equal to the relation of of A to C, or that of B to C. Now, an equality between these relations must be established before the free-trade system contemplated in the proposition under consideration can be equably effected. But the establishment of that equality destroys, as shown, the free-trade system—root and branch. Hence we conclude that proposition No. 2 is defective and sophistical.

THIRD PROPOSITION.

"The general result for which all men labor is to increase the abundance or diminish the scarcity of those things which are essential to their subsistence, comfort, and happiness." We answer, that increasing the abundance or diminishing the scarcity of the essentials contemplated is a consideration of secondary importance to that of ability to buy them, abundant or scarce in quantity, high or low in price. Ability to buy, regardless of cost, is the first and chief requisite.

For illustration: Ireland, in times of her sorest famines, had abundance of food raised on her own soil, rich in fertility. Abundant food! But it was withheld from her starving sons and daughters because they had not the requisite with which to buy. In all her untold miseries, abundant food for millions, raised by Irish labor on Irish soil, was being exported, cargo after cargo, from that distracted island. Indeed, it is well authenticated that on the highways hurrying loads of export food to replete the granaries and storehouses of Anglo-Irish landlords met hurrying loads of imported food, sent without stint to offset those inhuman extortions—sent as a sacred offering of the filial Irish heart and American sympathy, to hush the cries of hunger and resuscitate famine-stricken Erin. The colonial policy, in its greatest severity and unjustness—or, in other words, the English free-trade policy, as defined by British statesmen— had stifled manufactories in Ireland and thereby prevented the Irish people from securing, by means of their labor, the requisite with which to buy bread, the requisite with which to buy food, raiment, and shelter. And that has been, from first to last, the cause of famine in Ireland. Sons of Erin, in presence of the Great Author of Truth, I appeal to you, as men of truth, to say whether or not this *is* the truth.

This being the truth, it follows that increasing the abundance or diminishing the scarcity of the essentials contemplated is not the general result for which men labor, but the ability to buy them, abundant or scarce, high or low.

Farther, were the given proposition true in the abstract, there is nothing in it by which it can be deduced that foreign imports through free trade should be the proper means to employ. On this point Joshua Gee, a British writer of great force and clearness, says: "The surest way for a nation to increase in riches is to prevent the importation of such foreign commodities as may be raised at home."

PROPOSITION FOURTH.

"Any increase in the price of domestic products consequent upon the imposition of taxes on the import of corresponding products of foreign origin is paid by the domestic consumers."

We answer, that this proposition is partial and sophistical, in that it is limited to the consideration of the consumer paying the import tax, as if that was all. Whereas, in fact, the consumer not only pays the import tax, but also the taxes which have in any manner, directly or indirectly, been added to the essential cost of producing the article of his consumption. It is well authenticated that the excise and other taxes entering into the cost of the exports of Great Britian are more than double the essential or original cost of that export. These taxes, as excise and so on, going into the English treasury, to support royalty, aristocracy, and church of state, are paid by the consumer of these exports from England, and no sophistry of either the pensioned British writers-up of free-trade, or their great devotee, the Democratic party, can disguise or gainsay this fact. You and I, and all of us consumers of foreign exports—or, in other words, American imports—pay not only the original value of those imports, but all the taxes that have been imposed upon them.

MONEY PAID ON IMPORTS.

The money paid by us as duties on imports goes into the treasury of our country, inures to the benefit of our country—it benefits you, and me, our children, and all of us. On the other hand, the money paid by us in form of excise and other foreign taxes which have entered into the cost of those imports, goes into the treasury of the foreign country whence they came, inures to the benefit of our competitors, to the disparagement of American labor and American industries.

LORD BROUGHAM.

With respect to English taxes, Lord Brougham says: "Taxes on every article that enters the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the feet; taxes on everything that is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes on everything on the earth, and in the waters under the earth; on everything that comes from abroad or is grown at home; taxes on the raw materials, and on every new value that is added by the labor and art of man; taxes on the spices which pamper man's appetite, and on the drug that is administered to his disease; taxes on the ermine of the judge, and on the rope that hangs the criminal; taxes on the poor man's salt and on the rich man's dainties; taxes on the ribbons of the bride, and on the brass nails of her coffin; at bed or at board, 'couchant ou levant,' we must pay. The schoolboy spins his taxed top, the beardless youth manages his taxed horse on a taxed saddle, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon which has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back on his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent., makes his will on a stamp that has paid eight pounds, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid one hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then taxed from two to ten per cent. in probate, and large fees are demanded for burying in a church; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble, and he is gathered to his fathers to be taxed no more."

And yet England has free-trade. Why? Because her labor, hand and machine, is at minimum rates.

ENGLISH TAXES.

Now, I fully consent that Englishmen shall enjoy the luxury of paying all these taxes into the English treasury, and solemnly protest against my countrymen depriving them of that luxury. Let England—let every cheap pauper labor country keep their taxes at home. Keep them domesticated. We have no good use for them. We do not want them, however much the Democratic party may desire them. To arrive at greater precision than set forth in my statement, that the excise and other taxes entering into the cost of the exports of Great Britain are more than double the essential or original cost of those exports, I offer the following extract from a carefully prepared document of the Twenty-seventh Congress, to wit: "It is generally alleged that a man pays fifteen shillings for the use of government out of every twenty shillings he spends in England. Some have stated the public tax at seventeen shillings in the pound." Thus, taking an average, we perceive that in fact the excise and other taxes imposed on English exports amount to more than four times their original value. These English exports—or, in other words, American imports—since the destruction of our commercial fleet, come to us mostly in English vessels; so that the American consumer of these imports not only pays their original value, and all the taxes British ingenuity can attach to them, but pays for having them freighted to him.

His fellow-countrymen and his country's treasury realize not one cent of benefit. England, in some form or other, gets it all. Now, that system of political economy that does not see these obvious facts, does not see that consumption of foreign products supplants the consumption of domestic products, giving aid and comfort thereby to foreign industries to the disparagement of home industries, repleting foreign treasuries at the expense of our home treasury—but does see with Argus eyes, and proclaims as with lungs of Æolus, the abstract fact that "any increase in price of domestic product consequent on the imposition of taxes on the import of corresponding products of foreign origin is paid by the domestic consumer"—is evidently partial, sophistical, and mischievous in the affairs of men.

FALLACIES OF FREE-TRADE.

The analysis of the four principal propositions of the doctrine put forth by the advocates of free-trade shows one and all of them partial, defective, and untrue in fact, and as the water of a reservoir can not rise above the source whence it comes, so conclusions can not rise above the premises from which they are logically deduced.

RADICAL ERROR OF FREE-TRADE.

But what constitutes the radical error of the free-trade policy?

We answer in predicating constant equality, instead of variable inequality.

The earth, with its hills and dales, its rippling streams and mighty waters, its arid plains and verdant fields, its restless seas and rugged mountains, its summer's heat and winter's cold, presents not a greater diversity in its physical features than the world, with its high and low, rich and poor, its free, well-paid labor, and its labor of compulsion, its armies of progress, and its tramping hordes of hungry millions, its states of freedom and empires of despotism, presents in its social, political, and commercial features.

LAW OF CHANGE.

And in all the law of change is ever in force; mountains are eroded and borne in the form of débris into the sea, whence they rise again as islands and continents into prominence and loftiness; convulsions occur that shake the earth to its centre; tornadoes and cyclones sweep over the earth, wrecking fleets, prostrating cabin and palace, forest and city alike; so revolutions occur, not less marked, in the affairs of men.

Republics are eroded and engulfed beneath the enslaving wave of despotism, whence they rise again in grandeur and beauty to enfranchise and bless mankind. Convulsions occur from within that shake the foundations of mightiest empires and most stable governments, and wars sweep over the world, changing all its social, political, and commercial aspects.

MILLENNIUM.

Now, when inequality shall no longer exist; when despotism and freedom shall be in unity; when the chasm between free labor and cheap, pauper labor shall be closed up by equal wages; when industry and indolence shall equally share the fruits of labor; when the land-marks of states and nations—the protecting walls of family and society—shall be destroyed, and the ideal brotherhood of man everywhere obtain; when "grim-visaged war shall smooth his wrinkled front," "swords be beaten into plowshares and pruning-hooks," the "lamb and lion lie down together," and, in a word, the millennium be established, then, and not till then, will the policy of free-trade be feasible or tolerable.

EQUALIZING LABOR.

The effect of equalizing American free labor and Chinese labor is seen in the hoodlumism in our midst. The places in the various industries intended by kind Providence for the willing hands of those boys and girls at remunerative wages, are filled, to the shame of the free-trade policy, with Chinese coolies.

To the winds with quibbling about terms; the fact, the principle, is here seen in its nakedness and deformity—call it by any other name; clothe it in foreign fabrics, woolen cashmere, silk—as you will—the principle remains the same. It is simply in one case free-trade unclad, and in the other free-trade clad.

It may, perhaps, quite as well come to us unclad as clad; for, in either case, it comes as the enemy of domestic labor, while in the latter case we pay exorbitant excise on its clothing. There is no disguising the fact that the free-trade policy is pro-Chinese, pro-foreign, anti-American, every inch of it.

The dogma of the universal panacea was long ago exploded as a chimera. As well attempt to navigate the dry land, plain, valley, and mountain with sea-going vessels as to render constant equality coincident with variable inequality. To secure the best results, the means must be adapted to the requirements.

"Let alone, let alone" every industry to take care of itself, is the shibboleth of the free-trade policy. What could be more unnatural, unwise, and inhuman? As well say "let alone" our wives and children, give them no protection, no shelter against the burning rays of the sun, the piercing cold, and the fury of the storm.

FREE-TRADE DEMOCRATS.

Are ye, free-trade Democrats, of those who have eyes to see, see not?—ears to hear, hear not?—and faculties to understand, understand not? Go, learn sense of the prudent husbandman. See with what care he waters, fertilizes, and nurtures the tender plant; see that he withholds nothing requisite to its healthful growth, till it shall have struck its roots deep into the earth, whence, without his farther aid, it can sustain itself.

The lion, conscious that its young are lions, may with impunity "let them alone," leave them alone in unexplored wilderness, arid desert, or hostile jungle, to battle for life. But in the economy of the world there are other animals quite as useful and profitable to man as lions—those whose well-being requires the watchful care and protection of the herdsman and shepherd. So it is mostly with our various industries, which, if "let alone," must perish, but, if cared for and protected, will thrive and contribute to our prosperity and happiness.

But Democrats seem to think that lions are preferable to those animals that feed and clothe us and bear our burdens.

FREE-TRADE.

The "let alone," or free-trade policy, as we have seen, leads to a system of taxation by foreign nations and foreign factors.

PROTECTION.

Now, on the other hand, the American protective policy operates as a rescue from, and a shield against, such wrongs.

It operates to create and establish new industries, and to encourage both new and old.

By multiplying the greatest diversity of industry, it becomes the greatest benefactor. The industries fertilize one another.

It operates to build up domestic commerce at the expense of foreign commerce.

It fills our own homes with the necessaries, comforts, and luxuries of life, instead of bestowing them upon foreign homes.

It destroys monopoly by inducing competition at home.

It countervails the machine power of foreign countries by utilizing the resources of our own county.

It devises and gives employment to all willing hands within our domain.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Webster says: "Place this great truth on the title-page of every book of political economy, that where there is work for the hands of men, there will be work for their teeth. Where there is employment, there will be bread. It is a great blessing to the poor to have cheap food, but greater than that, prior to that, and of still higher value, is the blessing of being able to buy food by honest and respectable employment.

"Employment feeds, and clothes, and instructs. Employment gives health, sobriety, and morals. Constant employment and well paid labor produce, in a country like ours, general prosperity, content and cheerfulness."

For further proof of the beneficent effect of the American protective policy, open to any page of its record.

Thus, the tariff of 1824 found the country deeply in debt and in great distress, arising from having bought more than it sold. The fruit of that tarifi paid the debt, and gave to the country prosperity and happiness.

HENRY CLAY.

Thus Henry Clay says in 1832: "If I were to select any term of seven years since the adoption of the present Constitution, which exhibited a scene of the most widespread dismay and desolation, it would be exactly that term of seven years which immediately preceded the tariff of 1824. And if the term of seven years were to be selected of the greatest prosperity which this people have enjoyed since the establishment of their present Constitution, it would be exactly that period of seven years which immediately followed the passage of the tariff of 1824."

DEMOCRATIC FREE-TRADE.

But the free-trade policy of the Democratic party changed that order of things.

The sun of that bright day went down in gloom. Night followed, rivaling the dark ages in adversity, till in 1840 the aggregate of the public debt amounted to $900,000,000. Twelve years of Democratic rule under Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren had brought the country to the verge of ruin. The people paused, stood aghast, before the murky abyss.

Then, turning from the lead of that *ignis fatuus*, free-trade, sought their way back to the highway of progress, whence they had strayed.

Harrison and Tyler, pledged to the American protective policy, were respectively elected President and Vice-President of the United States by an overwhelming majority.

President Harrison dying in 1841, one month after his inauguration, the affairs of Chief Magistrate devolved on Mr. Tyler, than whom Benedict Arnold was not more perfidious. Notwithstanding his perfidy, the Tariff Act of 1842 was passed, and the sun that went down in gloom rose in splendor. The industries, as by supernatural agencies, are revivified by its light and genial warmth. Hands and teeth everywhere find work to do throughout the land. Wages increase, and all goes merry as a marriage-bell. Let the following suffice to illustrate the general change wrought:

"In the Schuylkill region," says Mr. Webster, "after the passage of the tariff of 1842, by which a duty of $1.75 per ton of coal was imposed, the increase of product amounted, in three years, to not less than five hundred and sixty thousand tons. The price of labor became greatly advanced, but the price of coal fell from $5.50 per ton to $3.37—a pretty good proof that prices may fall in consequence of protection." In 1864, twenty years later, American steel rail sold at $148.50 per ton, and English Bessemer steel at $85.65. In 1882—forty years after Mr. Webster spoke—under the American protective policy, we manufactured, at higher rates of wages, 1,300,000 tons, and imported only 387,000 tons, while the price, under a protection of $28 per ton, fell from $148.50—with limited sales—to $31 per ton, under a sale of 1,300,000 tons, and is now $27 per ton; showing it is just as true now as in 1842, that home competition under a sound protective policy reduces the price of the article, and at the same time advances the rate of wages.

Monopoly destroyed, abundance increased, prices diminished forty per cent. on coal, eighty per cent. on steel, and wages greatly advanced. What greater benefits could be asked of the protective policy? But, hold; there are other benefits growing out of it. The industries—agricultrial and commercial—are so interwoven in a common texture, or common interest, that no one can be benefited or injured without the others being benefited or injured with it; and what benefits or injures any industry benefits or injures labor, for labor is the soul of all industry.

PROFESSOR COLTON.

Professor Colton says: "It has been ascertained, and well certified, that the Glenham woolen factory, at Fishkill, New York, with a capital of $140,000, gives profitable employment to $1,422,000 worth of American capital, chiefly agricultural." This being true, then $500,000,000 of manufacturing capital of the United States, at the same rate, would employ $5,080,000,000 worth of American capital. It is thus obvious that a failure to protect the manufacturing capital works not only an injury to it, but to ten times its amount of other capital. And, further, in consequence labor is thrown out of employment. The statistics of Massachusetts show that in that State the wages were 28.36 per cent. higher in 1883 than they were in 1860. That the average wages are 62 per cent. higher in Massachusetts than the wages are in Great Britain, and that the living, though 50 per cent. better in Massachusetts than in Great Britain, is but 6 per cent. higher.

"Facts are stubborn things." These facts are no less potent than stubborn in demonstrating the wisdom of the American protective policy.

No demonstration of mathematics is more rigidly certain than that the protective policy is the sterling, unswerving friend of the poor man, and of labor, and of the whole country, as is determined by these carefully prepared statistics. When the population of Great Britain was 25,000,000, an English writer estimated that the man-power of the manufacturing machinery of that empire was 200,000,000, and the operatives 500,000. Both now are greatly increased—say 50 per cent. Then in that machinery there is an effective force equal to that of 300,000,000 strong, able-bodied, skillful, and hard-working men. Conceive, now, the being and sustenance of these machine men, entirely English.

Their structure is entirely of English metal and wood, and their food is English coal. They are independent of your cereals, wines, and products. Eat neither of your corn or wheat, nor drink of your wines, excepting a small supply for their overseers or officers. They are aggressive, persistent, alert, and hard of heart as of limb.

These men, created of wood and metal, knowing neither fatigue nor hardship, working for their board and expenses—say two cents a day per man—work much cheaper than Chinamen do, even in their own country, where their wages are comparatively nominal.

Let, then, neither those who say "the Chinese must go," nor those who say the Chinese shall not come, forget this fact, that the effective man-power in the machinery of Great Britain is more than five times the man-power of all China with its teeming millions.

That is the effective labor at nominal wages—starvation prices, "two cents per day per man" of Great Britain, by means of its machinery or army of iron men, is more than five times the effective labor—could it all be utilized—of China.

Now, in the great battle of life, you unavoidably have to meet this mighty force as a foe, face to face. Will you oppose to it your muscle, your bare body, or will you shield and defend yourselves with the resources of your country? If the latter, protect your industries, protect your labor; reward it, not as the labor of menials, but as the labor of equals, in whom is vested sovereignty.

Abundant materials are in your fields, and forests, and mountains. Inexhaustible energies are reposing in your coal-beds or running to waste in your numerous streams. Skilled and willing hands are in readiness to transform, to marshal these elements, these resources, into a superior force with which to confront your mighty and relentless foe, three hundred millions strong. Shall they not do it? Will you not, in view of the facts presented, husband your resources, foster and protect your industries, protect your labor against any and all cheap pauper labor, whether it be in the form of hand or machine? To this end, the American protective policy, thus far, has done noble battle, and stands to-day with port erect, conscious of its integrity and wisdom, and proudly points to the record of its crowning effort during the last twenty-four years.

Though opposed on every side and at every point by the free-trade policy, yet has it triumphed over its implacable enemy, and accomplished more of good than it promised.

Its achievements are without precedent, parallel, or prior conception. Statesmen may err in opinions, analysts in conclusions, but the results of experience are fixed facts. Thirty thousand millions of dollars added to the wealth of the United States—an

amount two thousand millions more than double the accumulation in all prior time—added since the Republican party, under the banner of the American protective policy, took the helm of the ship of State in 1860, and managed to the present time, is a fixed fact, the crowning fact, the summary fact of the whole case.

Who can say, without violation of his conscience, that in his soul he believes that policy, that party, can not longer be trusted with the affairs of government? Indeed, he may as well deny his own existence, deny that the earth revolves, or that the stars are above our heads, as to deny that the Republican party, with the American protective policy inwrought in its glorious ensign at the main, has accomplished these unprecedented achievements; has wisely and safely guided, through darkness, and storm, and perilous seas, the ship of State, laden with a cargo of thirty thousand millions of dollars of material wealth, and the honor and integrity of the Union, and the blessings of progress in all things essential to our prosperity and happiness, greatness and glory.

"Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

September 7, 1884.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

"Lucky Baldwin" claims to have cleared fifteen thousand dollars on the turf this season.

A fifty-thousand-dollar monument is being built in Vienna for Mozart, who, it is said, wanted bread in his lifetime, and now gets a stone.

A daughter of Dr. Pavy, the physician of the Greely expedition, who died at Cape Sabine, lives in Paris, Kentucky. She is a little girl, and her father left no money for her support.

A foot-note on a page of the Massachusetts Register, reading thus, "——29. son, 6," records the birth of Dr. O. W. Holmes, by his father, according to the doctor's own statement.

The horse of Miss Van Rensselaer, who is called the best whip on Bellevue Avenue, Newport, has a white and gold bridle, with a rosette of water-lilies, and is driven with a jeweled whip.

R. W. K. Gleig, of England, who was present at the battle of New Orleans in 1815, and saw General Packenham killed, is a nonogenarian, and is the oldest author who still writes. He was a great favorite with the Iron Duke.

A long-lost portrait of Prince Murat has recently been found in the Public Library at Tallahassee, it having been sold by a colored woman, to whom a lady moving into the house, and finding some dust-covered old painting in the garret, had given it.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart has a piece of amber, bought for her by her husband, the size of the palm of one's hand, and inclosing a small fish; its price was forty-three hundred dollars. The Empress of Russia, who has the finest tea in the world, has an amber tea service—cups and saucers, cream jug, and sugar bowl—out of which to drink it.

Robert Buchanan thinks that America possesses in Walt Whitman the most original poet in the world, the noblest soldier in Sherman, the profoundest philosophic physiologist in Draper, the greatest humorist in Mark Twain, the finest living actor in Jefferson, and the wisest statesman in Lincoln. Our cigarettes are abominable, and nowhere in the world is so much feminine beauty to be found.

Mrs. Polk, who is living in Tennessee, Mrs. Tyler, who is now at Richmond, Virginia, and Mrs. Garfield, who lives at Mentor, Ohio, three Presidents' widows, are among the United States pensioners. Each receives five thousand dollars a year, according to Act of Congress. President Taylor's daughter also gets a pension of fifty dollars a month, given because of his service in the Mexican war.

Hans Makart was privately married shortly before he became mad, to a ballet-dancer. His first wife was a lovely Munich woman, who, to please him, dyed her beautiful black hair red, and, the hair growing in her last illness, when she lay in her coffin it was half black and half red. He imagines his head is a color-box, and that if he could extract the pigments he could achieve the greatest work of art that the world has ever seen.

The late Duke of Wellington, son of the Iron Duke, says that the famous words attributed to his father, "Up, Guards, and at them," were really uttered by Lord Saloun; or, rather, that the latter's words were: "Up, Guards, and fire low." The Iron Duke's horse Copenhagen came from Spain, and was ridden by the great soldier during all his Spanish campaigns. When the animal was buried in Strathsfieldsaye Park, England, the old duke, then very infirm and feeble, surprised his family and servants by appearing at the ceremony. He had one of the hoofs made into an inkstand.

Du Maurier's studio is described as lighted by large casullioned windows. An Indian matting dado runs around its walls, and above this a sage-green paper, adorned with mythic forms of fruit. The carved stone chimney-piece supports a reduction of the Venus of Milo, and a pedestal clock of ancient date ticks on a bracket. There is a demi-grand piano of oak and brass, at which the artist and many of his friends have often "uttered themselves in song." The orange-tawny skin of his famous dog Chang, nearly eight feet long from tip to tip, hangs opposite. Du Maurier's lasting affection for that fine brave beast is well known.

The "King of Cyprus," as he entitled himself, has died at St. Petersburg. His name was Colonel Louis de Lusignan, and his descent was from the Crusaders and the Lusignans of France. A soldier in the Russian army, he nevertheless preserved the hope of becoming King of Cyprus and Armenia, and advanced his claims with the persistency of a Henry V. as often as a crisis arose in the affairs of the Ottoman Empire. When Lord Beaconsfield attached Cyprus to the English empire, he issued a solemn protest, and demanded from Turkey a bonus of one hundred million dollars for the surrender of his rights. He was an excellent specimen of the almost extinct species of royal pretenders.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

### The River Terek's Gift.

The Terek rages fierce and fast
'Mid rocky masses clashing;
His wailing cry is like the blast,
In spray his tears are splashing.
But he, in crafty guise, when ends
His flight o'er wildernesses,
A wheedling courtesy pretends—
The Caspian thus addresses:
"Open, open, ancient sea!
Give refuge to my torrent;
Far wanderings have wearied me,
No more is rest abhorrent.
On Kazbek I my life began,
By milky clouds was nourished,
And toward the foreign might of man
Have hatred ever cherished.
I have, to please thy little ones,
With cousin Darel striven,
And hitherward a herd of stones,
A glorious spoil, have driven."
Old Caspian, sleepy, feigns repose,
Couched on his springy beaches;
But at his ear the Terek, close
Wheedling, again beseeches:
"And I for thee to entertain
Have brought no common stranger;
A Kabardine, on battle-plain
Who fell, the first in danger.
A precious corselet hath he on
With greaves of steel, and saintly
Koranic verses graved thereon
In golden letters, quaintly;
And sternly knitted are his brows,
And with a purple color
The ends of his mustachios
Tinged by hot blood of valor.
His open eyes responseless stare
As when in hatred leveled;
His scalp-lock black, once kept with care,
Curls down his neck disheveled."
But softly dreaming on his shore,
No sound old Caspian utters;
The Terek, turbulent once more,
With rising anger mutters:
"Hark, Father; lo! a gift more rare
Than these I bring, revealing
What I have kept till now with care,
From all the world concealing;
A Cossack maiden's body fair
My waves bring o'er the bowlders,
And brightly golden is her hair,
And darkly pale her shoulders.
Her saddened face is halo-crowned,
Calm sleep her sweet eyes hushes,
Her bosom hath a tiny wound
From which the red stream gushes.
But for my youthful beauty none
Now mourns of all her fellows,
Except a Grehen Cossack's son,
Alone beside my billows.
He hath saddled his raven steed,
In nightly foray eager
Upon the hills his life to speed
By some fierce Tchechen's dagger."
No more the angered river said,
But over him uplifted
Disheveled locks, which on his head
Like snow in winter drifted.
The Father then, in glorious strength,
Rose mightily, like thunder,
And passionate tears sprang at length
His dark-blue eyes from under.
Rejoicing leapt the ocean old
With warm embrace to greet him.
And, murmuring his love, enfold
The waves that rushed to meet him.

*—Blackwood—From the Russian of Lemontoff.*

### In the Beginning.

August, year unknown; time, six o'clock in the morning;
Sate in a tree an ape; irrational; eating an apple,
Raw; no cook as yet, no house, no shred of a garment;
Soul, a blank; taste, nil; a thumb but slowly beginning;
Warranted wholly an Ape—a great jack-ape o' the forest,
Jabbering, hairy, grim, arboreal wholly in habits.
So he sate on till noon, when, hushed in slumber around him,
Everything lay dead; all save the murmuring insect,
Whose small voice still spake, proclaiming silence. Awaking
Suddenly then, he rose, and, thinking scorn of his fellows,
Longed to be quit of them all, his Apess specially. She, dear,
Knew no dream, no vision; her Apelet playing about her
All her thought her care! At four he finally left her,
Went to live by himself, but felt a pang—'twas a conscience
Budding, in germ! Yet went; then stopped to bathe in a fountain;
Wow! What an ugly phiz! He saw and shuddered; a Ruskin
Stirred in his breast. Taste born!—the seed of a mighty Ideal,
Raffaelesque, Titianic! Erect he strode through the jungle,
Cleaving his way with a stick—Art's rise! An implement maker.
Parent of Armstrong guns, steam rams, et cetera! Still on
Plucking the fruits he went; felt pain, no matter the region;
Said it was not the apple, or crab, or cranberry; no! nor
Even the sloe. 'Twas a chill. He caught it there in the fountain,
Bathing, still in a heat, the water cold o' the coldest.
Glorious Ape?—Logician! Not yet a perfect induction,
But good step that way, as good as many among us!
So he went on till eve, when, reached the edge o' the forest,
Just where the opening paths sloped westward; then i' the gloaming,
Mounting a rising knoll, he saw the sun in his glory
Set over flood and fell; and joining, as in embraces,
Earth to heaven draw near; he saw, and suddenly trembled;
Sudden his apehood shrank as a robe, and fell from off him;
Sudden a soul was born. He owned a greater above him,
Near him, round him, in him, far away in the splendor,
Having a right to rule, and he a duty to serve it.
And this happened at eight—at eight P. M. precisely—
On that August day; and if you can not believe it,
Go to your Darwin; read how an ape grew man; and a moment
Was when his soul was not; another, his soul was quickened.
And this must be true, or else—unhappy dilemma—
Men and monkeys both have souls, or flourish without them.
So farewell, Ape-man! Lo, we, your progeny, greet you;
Thank you much for a soul, and—may we never forget it!

*—London Speciator—Robert Browning?*

Miss Grace P. Furniss, of Bergin Point, heard a burglar down-stairs at midnight. She got out of bed, seized her revolver, stepped softly to the dining-room, and just as she opened the door received a shot in her left arm from the intruder. Instead of fainting, she fired her own weapon, and he made his exit.

## STORYETTES.

### Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

W. R. Travers, it is said by the New York *Graphic*, recently attended a party in Newport, and was asked by a lady when it would be seven o'clock. He replied: "It is n-not s-seven o'clock yet, but it will be b-b-by the time I c-can s-s-say it."

The remains of an English traveler had been exhumed for interment in the family vault. When the coffin was opened we started back in affright. "Why, these appear to be the remains of a lion." "Yes," replied a nephew of the deceased, with a sigh, "that's the lion that ate him up; uncle's inside of him!"

A curious anecdote has been told of the Emperor William of Germany. An artist was commanded to paint some court ceremony, and brought some sketches to the emperor. Instead, however, of representing the crown prince standing upright by his father's side, the painter had sketched him with one foot on the step of the throne where the emperor was seated. His majesty at once seized a pencil, scratched out the obnoxious foot, and drew it in its proper place, writing on the margin: "Not yet."

A grandee in Spain is privileged to wear his hat in his sovereign's presence for a certain time, carefully graduated according to his rank. John de Courcy won the same boon from King John. This stalwart champion's descendants were wont to assert their privilege by keeping their heads covered for a moment or so in the royal presence; but at one of George III.'s drawing-rooms, the then Lord of Kinsale chose to wear his headgear so long that the old king's attention was drawn to his unmannerly bravado. "The gentleman," said he, "has a right to be covered before me, but even King John could give him no right to be covered before ladies."

A youthful German diplomate was at a Washington reception. It was a pretty sight, but it interested not the embryo Bismarck. He stared a stony stare through a single eye-glass at the scene and spoke but seldom, and then in the German tongue. "Why," said a lively young lady to him in the same language, "don't you speak English?" "Oh, yes," he answered, "but I can not think of speaking it here. I learned the accent in London." There was a moment's silence, broken by the Teuton's declaration: "But I speak French also. Do you?" "Oh, yes," said the young lady, "but I couldn't think of using it to a German. I learned the accent in Paris."

The effect of music on the senses was oddly and wonderfully verified during the mourning for the Duke of Cumberland, uncle of George III. A tailor had a great number of black suits, which were to be finished in a very short space of time. Among his workmen there was a fellow who was always singing "Rule Britannia," and the rest of the journeymen joined in the chorus. The tailor made his observations, and found that the slow time of the tune retarded the work; in consequence, he engaged a blind fiddler, and, placing him near the workshop, made him play constantly the lively tune of "Nancy Dawson." The design had the desired effect; the tailors' elbows moved obedient to the melody, and the clothes were sent home within the prescribed period.

Professor James Hall, the State Geologist of New York, found out recently in Philadelphia that although scientific men should be accurate they should not be too accurate. Professor Hall, who is one of the greatest living authorities on fossils, happened to hear Professor Williams declare in a lecture that the *spirifer disjuncta* and *spirifer mesostrialis*, two kinds of fossils, existed side by side in the same rocks. This brought Professor Hall to his feet, with the statement: "If any one will show me the two *spirifers* side by side in the same rock, I will sacrifice my life's work; I will give up my reputation, eat my hat, and make the person who shows me the rock a present of my coat and boots." Professor Williams took the first train to Ithaca, and, returning the next day, came to the meeting and solemnly dumped a big box of rocks on the floor. It was consigned to Professor Hall in the following words: "The enclosed rock contains the *spirifer disjuncta* and *spirifer mesostrialis* side by side. You have it. Please eat your hat, and send me your coat and boots by express."

Some amusing details are gradually coming to light in regard to the recent revolt of the female convicts in the prison of Alcala, in Spain. They drove out all the guards and took complete possession of the place, which they barricaded and guarded day and night. They had an ample supply of provisions, and when the troops arrived to capture the prison, the women jeered them through the windows and pelted them with bread and vegetables from their abundant supply. The officer in charge of the expedition against these viragoes found himself in a bad fix. For eight days he did not know what to do. To use artillery against the young ladies was out of the question, and to get into the prison without smashing down the walls seemed impossible. Every day telegrams from Madrid were poured upon the unfortunate old commander, giving him instructions. But all these instructions were easier to give than to execute. At last he conceived a brilliant idea. He gathered together a band of the best looking soldiers in his command, made them shave, wax their mustaches, and put on their gayest uniforms. Then he sent them with a flag of truce to the amazons. The handsome fellows were at once admitted, but were not allowed to return; in fact, they did not want to get back, and it was part of the commander's plan of campaign to have them captured. In a very short time these military prisone spread disunion and mutiny among the amazons, and th the place was easily taken.

## SOCIETY.

### Engagements and Marriages.

Mr. John P. Young, managing editor of the *Chronicle*, was married on Saturday last to Mrs. Georgina M. Simons, at the residence of the bride's brother, Captain A. M. Brown, U. S. N., 824 Powell Street, Rev. C. D. Barrows being the officiating clergyman. The wedding was numerously attended by the many friends of the contracting parties, and the presents were numerous and costly. Immediately after the reception the newly married couple departed on their bridal trip for Monterey, returning to the city on Monday last.

The engagement of Mrs. Pringle to Mr. Sidney V. Smith is announced.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Percy Selby to Mrs. Fred. W. Macondray.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Ed. C. Jobson, of this city, and Miss Jennie Cox, daughter of State Senator Cox, of Sacramento. The marriage will take place at some date during the present month.

### Hospitalities to Judge Field.

The return to this coast of Justice Stephen J. Field, of the United States Supreme Court, has been the occasion of several brilliant dinners and receptions.

The first of these was the dinner given to the Justice on Monday evening, September 21st, by Mr. W. Frank Goad, at his elegant residence, on the corner of Washington and Gough Streets. The decorations were exceedingly tasteful, and the *menu* worthy of Mr. Goad's *chef*. From half-past six to ten o'clock the company devoted themselves to the dainties spread before them, and then retiring to the parlors, spent a few hours in social converse. The guests were: Hon. Stephen J. Field, Hon. O. P. Evans, Hon. T. Wilson, Mr. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. McElrath, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Frank G. Newlands, and Hon. James A. Johnson.

On Friday evening, September 26th, Justice Field was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson. Mr. Wilson is one of Judge Field's oldest friends, and received his distinguished guest in a truly magnificent manner. The floral decorations of the reception rooms, parlor, and dining-hall were very tastefully arranged, and the *menu* choice. The guests, to the number of twenty-eight, took their places at the table at seven o'clock, and remained till ten, when they adjourned to the smoking and billiard rooms, and enjoyed a few hours in games and pleasant conversation. Those present were: Hon. Stephen J. Field, Hon. A. A. Sargent, Judge Sawyer, Judge Sabin of Nevada, ex-Governor Low, Judge Ross, Judge Myrick, Judge Sharpstein, Colonel Hoge, General W. H. L. Barnes, Judge Cope, Judge Mesick, Mr. J. R. Jarboe, Mr. Ralph C. Harrison, Mr. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. William Mathews, Mr McElrath of Oakland, Mr. William S. Wood, Professor Ashburner, Mr. Bishop, Judge Hunt, and Mr. George E. Whitney.

On Saturday evening of last week Justice Field was again entertained by Frank G. Newlands, at his residence, No. 638 Folsom Street. A large number of gentlemen well known in the world of science, law, letters, and commerce, were invited to meet the distinguished guest. The rooms were elegantly decorated with flowers of all kinds, and the *menu* was most elaborate. Covers were laid for twenty-four, and at seven o'clock the guests took their places at the table. At ten o'clock they retired to the library and card-rooms, and there enjoyed several hours in social converse enlivened by the flow of wit and humor. Among the guests were Hon. Stephen J. Field, Justice McKinstry, General Barnes, Justice Ross, Judge O. P. Evans, Mr. Charles Webb Howard, Mr. T. B. Bishop, ex-Governor Johnson, Mr. William T. Coleman, Mr. J. R. Jarboe, Dr. J. C. Shorb, Mr. Gordon Blanding, Colonel Stuart Taylor, Mr. C. F. Crocker, Judge James M. Allen, Mr. William Matthews, Mr. William Ashburner.

On Tuesday evening of this week Mr. Lloyd Tevis gave a dinner party at his home on Taylor Street to Associate Justice Field. Among the guests was the Hon. Frank McCoppin. The Justice, on being informed that Mr. McCoppin had been invited to meet him, requested the host to seat Mr. McCoppin by his side. Mr. McCoppin was to have left for San Luis Obispo, but postponed the trip to attend the dinner.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Hon. Charles Freemantle, of England, is on a visit to the city, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Edwin Danforth and Miss Fanny M. Danforth returned home last Sunday, after a trip to the Eastern States.

Mrs. G. Frank Smith and family, of Oakland, who have spent the summer at various places in the interior, have returned home.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant is at present on a visit to Oregon.

Mr. Charles J. Wilder, Freight Auditor of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, was in New York last Monday, and was registered at the Hoffman House.

Mrs. Colonel J. H. Dickinson left the city last week for a visit to the East.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue accompanied the Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder to the East on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith have returned from San Rafael, and are at their residence on Harrison Street.

Miss Ina D. Coolbrith, the well-known poetess, has gone East for a visit and for a much-needed respite from her labors. Miss Coolbrith expects to be absent about six months.

Mr. J. C. Flood and family will reside at the Palace Hotel during the coming winter.

Mrs. John Parrott and Miss Howard, of San Mateo, are in New York city, and are stopping at the Brevoort House.

Mrs. Senator Jno. F. Miller and Miss Dora Miller are at present at General Miller's ranch, in Napa Valley.

Hon. Stephen J. Field, of the United States Supreme Court, has returned to Washington. Justice Field was the recipient of many social courtesies and attentions during his brief visit, notably at the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, and Mr. Frank G. Newlands.

Professor W. M. Gifford and Doctor Hoting, of Honolulu, returned from their trip to the Geysers on Saturday, and left for the Sandwich Islands on Wednesday last. They report a very enjoyable trip to the coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse D. Grant returned from Monterey last Friday, and left on the following day for New York city. It is their intention to return to this city next spring.

Hon. and Mrs. Henry Edgerton, who have been visiting at Santa Barbara, are expected to return to their home in Sacramento in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker have returned home after their visit to Sacramento.

Mr. M. Theodore Kearney is in New York city, and is registered at the Windsor.

Mr. Jno. I. Sabin, of the Pacific Bell Telephone Company, who has been East on a trip, returned home last Sunday.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey is in town, on a visit to her friends.

Miss Lilo McMullin is visiting the McMullin ranch, in San Joaquin County. Mrs. Governor James A. Johnson is also a guest at the same place.

Mr. Carleton C. Crane, of Oakland, has returned from his Eastern trip, during which he was a visitor at Saratoga Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock paid a visit to Sacramento last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Noah F. Flood are in the city, and are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Major George W. Macfarlane, of the king's staff, returns to Honolulu on the next steamer.

Mrs. J. R. Stege has returned to the city after an Eastern trip of about five months.

Mrs. Colonel C. P. Head, of Prescott, Arizona Territory, is visiting relatives in Oakland; in the meantime the colonel is making excellent headway for Congress, having received the Democratic nomination for Delegate from Arizona Territory. His wife is a lady of high social standing and brilliant attainments, and was a graduate of Miss Atkins's famous seminary at Benicia some seventeen or eighteen years ago.

Sir Richard Temple, of England, who has been Governor of the Bombay Presidency, was in the city at the Palace, but left Wednesday for Yosemite Valley.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs, of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, who has been East for some weeks, was in New York city last Monday, and was registered at the Windsor Hotel.

Doctor McIntyre, of England, arrived in this city last Monday, and left on Wednesday, in company with Sir Richard Temple, for a visit to Yosemite Valley.

Colonel and Mrs. George H. Kimball, who have been absent from the city for several weeks, returned here last Thursday.

Mrs. R. K. Nuttall (*née* Rosenstock), who has been the guest of the Misses Corbett, at San Mateo, has returned to the city.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford has returned home from her visit to Sacramento.

Hon. John Cummings and party return to Hawaii on the 15th instant. They have been the guests of Captain John Wright, at his residence in Oakland.

Mr. Charles N. Felton and family expect to reside at the Palace Hotel during the coming winter.

Mrs. W. S. Chapman returned from Monterey last week, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Hon. Horace Davis, who has been visiting at the East for several months, returned home last Thursday.

Mrs. Joseph Marks, who has been absent on a trip to Europe for the past two years, returned to this city on Thursday last.

Chief-Justice R. F. Morrison and wife came up from Menlo Park last Tuesday, and registered at the Occidental Hotel.

General Superintendent J. A. Fillmore, of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, left the city last Tuesday for the South, on railroad business.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young, who were married in this city on the 27th ultimo, and who went to Monterey on the evening train, returned on Monday last.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Arthur, who were married in San Francisco on the 23d ultimo, also made Monterey the Mecca of their exodus from single blessedness, but have returned.

Miss Carrie Pierce, who has been visiting friends in San Francisco, returned to Santa Clara a few days ago.

Miss Minnie Mizner, who has been visiting in Sacramento, has returned to her home in Benicia.

Colonel Eyre and family, who have been summering at Menlo, have returned to their residence in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, who have been spending a short time at Monterey, have returned to Menlo.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Crocker, who have been spending a few days at Monterey, returned on Tuesday last.

Hon. Paul Neumann, Attorney-General of the Sandwich Islands, is expected to return from his mission to the City of Mexico, and leave for Honolulu on the 15th.

The Misses Moore, of San José, who have been visiting in this city, have returned home.

Mrs. A. M. Easton went to Monterey on Saturday last to spend a few days.

Mrs. Jewett came down from Glen Ellen during the week, but has returned.

Mrs. A. J. Pope, Miss Pope, and Miss M. Pope are spending a few days at Monterey.

Mrs. William H. Moor, who has been visiting in the East, returned home on Wednesday last.

Mrs. H. M. Newhall went to Del Monte for a few days on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and Miss Tubbs have returned from Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire have been sojourning at the Del Monte since Saturday last.

Hon. William M. Gwin, who has been in the East for nearly a year, returned on Wednesday last.

Mrs. General Charles Thompson and family are visiting at Glen Ellen.

W. H. Cornwell, Esq., a large sugar-planter, has been visiting this coast, and returns to his Sandwich Islands home on the 15th.

Mrs. A. L. Lankershim and her daughter, Mrs. J. N. Van Nuys, arrived here from Los Angeles on Wednesday last, and are at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Kimball, of the Grand, who have been visiting relatives in Los Angeles, returned on Wednesday last, accompanied by Mrs. W. J. Broderick, a sister of Mrs. Kimball.

Mrs. M. M. Estee and family will return to the Palace from their country place, near Napa, early in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Noah Flood, who have been residing at El Paso some three or four years, have again taken up their abode in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Blanchard, of Los Angeles, are staying a few days in this city.

Lieutenant A. B. Dyer, U. S. A., and Mrs. Dyer, arrived here on Monday last from the East.

Lieutenant Nicholas, U. S. A., and Mrs. Nicholas, arrived here from Oregon on Tuesday last.

Captain Dillenback and Lieutenants McClernand and Bailey, U. S. A., who have been visiting Monterey and vicinity, returned to the Presidio last week.

Colonel Judd, Chamberlain to King Kalakaua, returns from the East in a few days, with his family, and will leave for the Islands on the *Alameda*, on the 15th instant.

Mrs. J. W. Green, of Los Angeles, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green, leaves for home on Monday next.

Mrs. J. M. Fillmore, accompanied by her daughter, returned from New York on Thursday last.

Mrs. Loomis and Miss Felton, of Menlo, and Mrs. Captain Kohl and Miss Kohl, of San Mateo, took a run up to the city on Wednesday last. Mr. Kohl, who has been in Philadelphia for the past month, looking after his cable railroad interests in the Quaker City, will shortly return.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Taylor and two daughters, Mrs. T. H. Loomis, and Mr. and Mrs. Pettit, of Philadelphia, who came here by special car some two weeks ago, to do the the principal places of interest on the coast, returned from Monterey on Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday departed for the Yosemite *via* Madera.

Mrs. L. N. Breed, of Los Angeles, is staying for a short time at the Palace.

The Misses Rountree have been visiting their brother at Virginia City, Nev.

Mrs. James A. Fillmore and Miss Jessie Fillmore returned from the East last Thursday.

Mrs. Lillie Coit is in town, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Flora Carroll, of Sacramento, is spending a short time in the city, on a visit to friends.

Hon. Frank McCoppin, who has been in the city for a week or two, has returned to his home, at San Luis Obispo.

K. Kuki, Japanese Minister to the United States, arrived in the city last Wednesday, from Yokohama, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Colonel C. H. Judd and family, of Honolulu, arrived from the East last Friday, on their way home.

General John McComb, of Folsom, is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Doctor J. Campbell Shorb has returned to the city, after a vacation in the interior of the State.

### Army and Navy News.

The following-named army and navy officers have been in town during the week: W. P. Richardson, U. S. A., C. A. Ernest, U. S. A., A. H. Russell and John Stafford, U. S. A., H. Ebers, U. S. N., and F. J. Moses, U. S. Marine Corps.

Ensigns J. P. Parker and Harry Phelps, U. S. N., have been ordered to the *Ranger*.

Medical Inspector David Kindleberger, U. S. N., has been detached from the U. S. Flag-ship *Hartford*, and placed on sick-leave.

Mrs. J. C. Sullivan, wife of Paymaster Sullivan, U. S. N., arrived here from the Arctic squadron on Wednesday last.

Lieutenant J. E. T. Penning, U. S. N., arrived from Hongkong on the 1st instant.

Mrs. Colby, wife of Paymaster Colby, U. S. N., has taken possession of her residence on Franklin Street.

The U. S. S. *Ranger* was docked at the Mare Island Yard on Wednesday. She will be ready for sea on 20th instant.

Lieutenant J. W. Carlin, U. S. N., executive officer of the U. S. R. S. *Independence*, is in the city on a few days leave of absence.

Lieutenant Andrew H. Russell, Ordnance Department, was in town last Wednesday, and was stopping at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant John Stafford, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., was registered at the Occidental last Wednesday.

Lieutenant John F. McBlain, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., arrived from the East last Thursday.

The wife of Paymaster John C. Sullivan, U. S. A., arrived in the city last Wednesday by the steamer from China.

Lieutenant Richard H. Wilson, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., arrived in the city last Thursday from Fort Gaston, California.

Paymaster C. Topping, of H. M. S. *Satellite*, arrived in the city by steamer from Panama, and is stopping at the Occidental Hotel.

### Notes and Gossip.

The first large New England party, under the management of Raymond & Whitcomb, leave Boston November 6th. They intend wintering at the Hotel del Monte, Monterey, and the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, Honolulu.

Colonel Best, one of the contracting parties in the marriage mentioned below, was well known in San Francisco when stationed here some years ago: "At Newport, last week was celebrated the marriage of Miss Mary, daughter of the late John Stansbury Tooker, of New York, and Clermont Livingston Best, Colonel of the Fourth United States Artillery. Bishop Clark was assisted in the ceremony by Rev. George I. Magill. Two weeks ago society was astonished by the announcement of the engagement, which was immediately followed by the date of the marriage. The groom is sixty, and has a son as old as the bride. He is an officer of the First Artillery, and he and Lieutenant Walker acted as ushers. From Fort Adams came eight or ten officers clad in brilliant artillery uniforms, something very unusual in fashionable weddings here. Miss Tooker is said to be very wealthy. Not long since she built an elegant villa on the fashionable thoroughfare where the wedding occurred. There were no bridesmaids."

### Art Notes.

"Miss Lizzie Strong, a young California artist," says a French paper, "is now staying at a country house, near Dompierre, and is busily engaged on two large pictures which she destines for the Salon of next spring. She owns five fine dogs which she uses as models. One of these, a beautiful colley, is so thoroughly trained in his new avocation that he comes obediently and assumes any attitude at a word of command from his mistress."

Mr. Edwin Deakin expects to leave San Francisco shortly for the purpose of residing in New York city during the winter.

Mr. Frederick Yates, who has been spending the summer at San Rafael, will return to the city about the 17th of the present month.

The managers of the proposed Toby Rosenthal exhibition have called a general meeting of the boards of officers of the association to be held at the Palace Hotel next Thursday evening, October 9th, to take definite action in regard to the exhibition.

The Deakin art sale was very lightly attended, and the prices realized were low. The two large pictures, "Notre Dame" and "Westminster Abbey," were withdrawn. Mr. Deakin says he has a New York offer of two thousand dollars for one of them.

---

The speech of the Hon. John F. Swift, delivered at Metropolitan Temple, on Monday night—the speech being "Protection," or, as he styled it, "The American Question"—was one of the ablest, if not the most able and ingenious, of the speeches that have been delivered upon that question in this city during this campaign. His audience, though not large, was a highly appreciative and intelligent one. Mr. Swift's presentation of the question was interesting and unique. He gave an historical account of the legislation touching this question since the foundation of the American Republic. It was the question that led to the war of the rebellion, and, though the war of the rebellion succeeded in giving us national independence and liberty, yet for many years after the adoption of our national independence and the establishment of our national Union, we remained in as complete commercial vassalage to Great Britain as we were during the reign of George III. and Lord North. He demonstrated by unanswerable argument that this country could not remain prosperous and accumulate wealth with free-trade relations between it and England. This he illustrated especially in his argument by referring to the history of England and Ireland; to England and India; he demonstrated the fact also by reference to Spain, Portugal, Italy, and the South American Republics, Russia, and the German states before their consolidation into the German Empire. He demonstrated that all these countries and the United States would suffer in competition with England's great wealth, her wonderful machinery, and her large experience; that between all traders one necessarily obtains the advantage, and that England, in her trade policy with all weaker people, had obtained advantages, was illustrated in their conditions as existing to-day. England's policy varies in reference to the people with whom she deals; ships of war, and guns and gun-powder are the arguments she uses to the defenseless and the weak. Persuasion and the Cobden tract is the argument she uses to the powerful and the strong; she uses these with America; she would use armies and armaments with us, if we, too, were not willing to reply in the same arguments of war. We can not undertake to follow Mr. Swift in his reasoning. It was a complete and exhaustive argument; the result of thought and careful study. Mr. Swift has none of the tricks of oratory. He obtains no applause by the arts of the speaker. He did obtain great applause from this audience, but in every instance through the cool, convincing logic of his argument. In our judgment, and in the opinion of those skilled in estimating the value of such an address, this argument is unanswerable. It should be read by every Republican in the State of California. We shall endeavor to procure it for our next issue, allowing our readers to see whether we have spoken too enthusiastically over this—which we consider—most excellent address.

---

The nomination of Louis N. Jacobs for county clerk was a concession to the *Chronicle*. He is, and for some years has been, a telegraph-operator, with a brief and unfortunate episode in the stock board.

## A PEN PICTURE OF BLAINE.

Our Correspondent Describes his Reception in New York.

As I passed the Fifth Avenue Hotel, yesterday afternoon, at two o'clock, my attention was attracted to a crowd that was pushing about the Twenty-third Street entrance of that popular caravansary. I hurried down the street, and presently found myself standing on tiptoe watching the doorway through which James G. Blaine was expected to pass. One man stood upon my favorite corn, two others clung to me as an ivy does to an oak, and a dude in the rear kept tapping me in the middle of the back with his knuckles, after the manner of the postman's knock Dickens describes so often. I turned and asked him how he was getting along, after he had been at it some time, and he told me that he expected me to move forward. I didn't. I stood there for the greater part of half an hour, and then gave it up. There were at least five hundred people in the crowd. Directly in front of the door stood an open victoria, with a genuine red-nosed, square-jawed, and Simon Pure fourth ward Irishman on the box. This was calculated to catch the Irish vote. The windows of the hotel, even as high as the fifth story, were open, and the heads of the guests thrust out. There was a blockade of cars, and the cheap cabs allowed sight-seers to sit on their roofs opposite the entrance for ten cents a head. I was endeavoring to embrace a chance to eat an early dinner, and I tore myself away from the "seething crowd," and walked around the corner of the hotel on my way up town. As I passed the main entrance, a large and well-dressed man, with probably the biggest symmetrical blonde mustache in New York, removed his cigar from his lips, smiled, and said:

"How are yer?"

It was Jimmie Pryor, who has for many years officiated as the "ornamental and efficient" detective of the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

"Been trying to see his nibbs?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Yes."

"Did it go?"

"It didn't."

Mr. Pryor tossed away the butt of his cigar, threw a dazzling and effective smile upon a shop-girl who passed at the moment, shook hands with me formally, said, "Where you been keepin' yourself for a month?" and then strode with the air of the proprietor of the hotel through the corridor toward the rear. I followed meekly. When we arrived at the reading-room, Mr. Pryor turned and said:

"What! you don't know his nibbs? Come with me."

I continued to go with him through the reading-room and out into the passage, which led to the private entrance on Twenty-third Street. Here fully half a hundred ladies were stowed away in the doorways and an adjacent alcove, waiting to see Mr. Blaine as he passed by. Without was the seething mass of sight-seers kept in order by four stalwart policemen. Five or six unshaven but important-looking politicians lounged about with their hands in their pockets, and cigars in their mouths. I went to the door for a moment, bared my head to the breeze, and attempted to look casual. The man who had been standing on my corn looked at me enviously, and the dude who had been rapping at my back shrank visibly. Meanwhile Mr. Pryor was slowly ascending the stairs in the rear that led to Mr. Blaine's quarters. I followed him. On the next floor we arrived at a doorway which was guarded by policemen and four politicians. They stepped in front of the door instinctively.

"This," said Mr. Pryor, with a proPryortory (I should be glad if you would receive this kindly, as it is my first effort since I have returned from the seaside) wave of the hand, "is a pertiklar friend of mine." The politicians assumed four habitual, professional, and buttery smiles, stepped aside, and we walked into the presence of the Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States. As I entered the room, I instinctively held myself well in hand to take note of any magnetism which might be floating about. I had every reason to believe it was there. I was ready for it. Two stenographers and a fashionably dressed young man, who proved to be Mr. Blaine's son and secretary, were whispering busily at one corner of a long table. Three of the Republican machine workers, broad-shouldered, close-cropped, and business-like, were talking in a low tone in a corner of the room, and near a window, absently tearing up a letter as we entered, was James Gillespie Blaine.

From the numerous portraits that I had seen of Mr. Blaine, from the published descriptions, and from the general impression one gets of so famous a personage, I had expected to meet a man of unusual stature. I supposed that Mr. Blaine was not only unusually tall, but that he had a considerable girth. His hair and beard I imagined were sandy or yellow, heavily tinged with white. Consequently I was surprised when I saw Mr. Blaine in the flesh. He is a man of slim and, I might even say, elegant figure. His waist is small, and his clothes fit him with a perfection that Mr. Arthur himself might envy. His hands are small and carefully kept. His face is quite colorless, and his beard and hair as white as snow. Altogether, Mr. Blaine looks like a thoroughly respectable, aristocratic, and well-balanced banker or merchant. His face was perfectly pale yesterday and his eyes very bright, though I observed that their lids were red, and that there were heavy circles under them. He looked at me, and nodded pleasantly to Jimmie Pryor. That worthy smiled with the ineffable grace that is peculiarly his own, waved his hand toward me, and said, in a loud tone, as though addressing an oracle on a distant mount:

"Y'r 'Xcellency, 'low me to present a perticklar friend uv mine."

Mr. Pryor then stepped back two paces, folded his arms, and gazed upon us with the air of one who would say, "Now you have been started, let's see what you can do." The Candidate and I stepped forward; he smiled pleasantly, and we shook hands. I distinctly remember that there was not the faintest indication of magnetism in his touch. His hand was cool and soft, and he had acquired the knack, which all public men have, of giving your hand a quick and hearty pressure, and then slowly releasing it.

"There seems," I said, after a slight pause and under the encouraging glance of Mr. Jimmie Pryor, "to be considerable excitement outside."

"Yes," said the Candidate, with a smile, "there does seem to be more or less commotion."

"Yes, there does," I said, vaguely, glancing around for more encouragement from Mr. Jimmie Pryor. That gentleman, however, refused to assist me. He stood curling his mustache in magnificent silence, and he seemed to say though he didn't speak, "You're making a nice sort of a break, ain't you, after I gave you such an elegant start." Mr. Blaine waited for me to say something else, but I didn't say anything, and so he put out his hand again, said in one word:

"I'mpleasedtohavemetyou."

Upon this I bowed, and Jimmie Pryor took me by the arm and we walked forth from the Presence. As I passed out, I observed the four politicians look at me reverentially, but I swaggered by them without the slightest sign of recognition, and followed Mr. Pryor haughtily down the stairs, through the passage, and directly up to the bar.

Mr. Pryor looked at me solemnly, but with a pleased expression. He evidently felt that he had done the proper thing, and he was proud of it. He told the bar-keeper that he believed he would try the usual dose, and then said, with the careful and thoughtful air of a man who is always exact:

"Well, you didn't make any bad breaks after all. What do you think of him?"

"He seemed a little weary."

"No wonder," said Mr. Pryor; "he's working his bloomin' head off. He's a pleasant man, though, ain't he? Take him all and all, though," continued Mr. Pryor, resting his elbow on the bar, crossing his legs artistically, and assuming the air of a man whose words have weight, "I don't think he is as pleasant as Arthur. Arthur, you know, is good-natured, and is one of the boys. Blaine is just as pleasant and good-natured, but he seems about seventeen feet higher than Arthur. That is because he is a genius, I suppose," added Mr. Pryor, reflectively. "There is nothing like being a genius, after all—is there? Well, here 'sluck."

As I passed out of the main entrance of the hotel, I could not resist the temptation to go back and glance at the crowd. It had almost doubled in size. People were pushing and jostling, and the four policemen near the door were working vigorously. Just as I neared the corner, they drew their clubs, and made a passage-way to the open carriage. The crowd left an aisle, and a moment later there was a fluttering of handkerchiefs from the ladies who stood in the doorway. Then the Candidate stepped briskly out, and walked through the aisle down to the carriage. Evidently his mood had changed. He was very much agitated about something or other, and he shook his head with great vehemence to the three politicians who clustered around him. The crowd hurrahed wildly, and he took off his hat in a perfunctory sort of a way, as he thew himself in a corner of the carriage. The three politicians got in with him. Mr. Blaine pulled his high hat well down over his ears, leaned forward, and began to talk to them rapidly. They lent a deferential ear. The Candidate thumped his fist into the palm of his other hand, shook his fingers menacingly, and presently raised both hands in the air, as one who is uttering a fierce denunciation. As he whirled up Fifth Avenue, the small boys and a good many of the men in the crowd ran after him, and pedestrians stood still on all sides and waved their hats as he passed.

(I am aware that this is an utterly unprofessional and thoroughly culpable way of writing an interview with a great man. Of course, the proper form would have been for me to say, in the light and airy style that correspondents affect: "Met Blaine yesterday. After greeting me cordially, he said, 'My dear fellow, I have been wanting to see you for some time. I have just arrived in town,'" etc. The difficulty with this style is that it wears one out too soon. The effect is severe on a constitution that has already suffered much, and needs tender and delicate care. Besides there's the reader. It's about time he had a chance to recover, too.)

BLAKELY HALL ("FLANEUR").

NEW YORK, September 23, 1884.

---

Mr. Buckley concluded his convention by the unanimous nomination by acclamation of Webb and Lawler as police judges, with the unanimous nomination by acclamation of five justices of the peace. The Republican circus continued its performance by nominating unanimously and by acclamation four superior judges agreed upon by Mr. Higgins and Colonel Gannon, at the Mint Saloon, and two police judges, one by acclamation and the other by the usual vote of one hundred and thirty-three. Five candidates were nominated for justices of the peace, and, on motion of one of the ring-masters, elected by acclamation and unanimously. Mr. Higgins and Colonel Gannon have asked for further time that they may determine whom to nominate for school directors, and for a county committee who will serve them next year.

---

If now the *Chronicle* and *Bulletin* will pool their issues, and work together harmoniously, and show the same accommodating spirit as manifested by the lying down of the Republican lions with the Democratic lambs, we see no reason why the public sow may not be skinned with very little squealing. There are enough advertisements to satisfy both journals. If Bartlett is elected, his will go to the *Bulletin*. If Jacobs is county clerk, the *Chronicle* will get the ads. If Hopkins is sheriff, the *Alta* will do his business. If Patterson, Higgins will doubtless start a city journal. We suggest to Buckley and Higgins the establishment of a small official daily in copartnership. It is a shame that the rich stealings of official advertising should be scattered about to the unprincipled daily press.

---

A ballet-dancer died recently at Naples, leaving a large fortune. This shows how easy it is to accumulate wealth when one dresses economically.

## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

**Problem No. LXI.—By A. F. Mackenzie.**

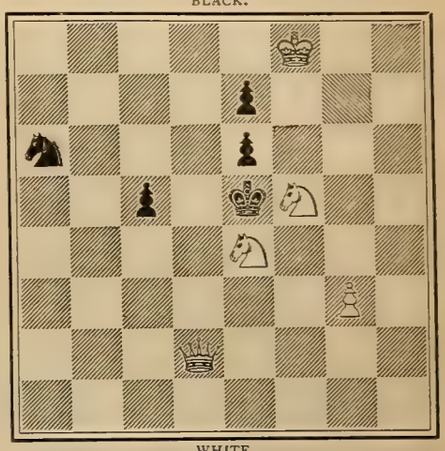
WHITE—King at QB sq; Queen at Q8; Rooks at QB8, KR4; Bishops at QR4, KKt7; Knights at Q5, KB7; Pawn at QR3.

BLACK—King at QB5; Rook at K3; Bishop at QB4; Pawns at Q5, K2, K5.

White to play and mate in two moves.

**Problem No. LXII.—By V. Freitag, Prague.**

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

**Solution of Problem No. LIII.**

1—Q Kt sq
2—Q, R, or Kt mates acc.

1—Any move

**Solution of Problem No. LIV.**

1—B x P
2—Q Q5 ch
3—R x P mates.

1—Q Kt8 (a,b)
2—K x Q (if Kx R, QxP mates.

(a) 1——
2—R x Q
3—R or Kt mates.

1—Q Kt7
2—Any move

(b) 1——
2—B Kt5 ch
3—Q mates.

1—Q B6
2—Any move

In Problem No. LVIII, Pawn at Q Kt2 should be *White*.

Correct solution received as follows: Problem LVIII, from U. Hartwell, Salinas City.

**Game No. 42.**

Played in the match between Clifton and the St. George's Club, on May 7, 1884, the players being the leaders of their respective teams. Game and notes (condensed) from the *British Chess Magazine*.

VIENNA OPENING.

| *White.* Dr. Ballard. | *Black.* Mr. Thorold. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 13—Kt Kt5 | 13—Q K sq |
| 2—Kt QB3 | 2—B B4 (a) | 14—B Kt4 (g) | 14—R B3 |
| 3—B B4 (b) | 3—P Q3 | 15—B Q2 | 15—P KR3 |
| 4—Kt B3 | 4—Kt QB3 | 16—Kt B3 | 16—R Q3 |
| 5—P KR3 (c) | 5—Kt R4 (d) | 17—K K2 (h) | 17—P QKt4 (i) |
| 6—B K2 | 6—Kt K2 | 18—Q x P | 18—B QR3 (!) |
| 7—P QR3 | 7—QKt B3 | 19—Q x P | 19—B x P ch |
| 8—Kt QR4 (e) | 8—P KB4 | 20—K K sq | 20—B x P (j) |
| 9—Kt x B | 9—P x Kt | 21—Kt Kt sq (k) | 21—QR Q sq |
| 10—P Q3 | 10—Castles | 22—B B sq | 22—R Q4 |
| 11—P QB3 (f) | 11—P KB5 | 23—Q B4 | 23—B Q6 |
| 12—Q Kt3 ch | 12—K R sq | 24—Q R2 (l) | 24—B QB7 |
| | | 25—P QKt4 | 25—Q Kt3 |

And Black wins.

(a) Either this move, Kt KB3 or Kt QB3 may equally be played, but the two former have the advantage of preventing the Hamppe-Allgaier attack.

(b) The usual combination is P B4; the game is now resolved into a form of the Giuoco Piano.

(c) P Q3 is the correct play.

(d) Rarely of much service until the B is prevented from retreating by P Q3, for now the Kt has to go back again immediately.

(e) By this move his KB is shut in; he should have brought the B to B4, and if Black then ventured on P B4, he could reply with Kt KKt5.

(f) This leaves his QP weak, and enables the opponent still further to shut up his pieces. He should have exchanged pawns.

(g) The correct play seems Kt K6 forcing B to take, leaving two Bishops against two Knights.

(h) The weakness of QP now begins to make itself felt.

(i) A fine move, followed by a still prettier one, which White did not see. His best course, perhaps, was 18 B x B, Q x B; 19 Q x P, R Kt sq; 20 Q R4, R x P; 21 KR QKt sq, Q Kt2; 22 Q B2, R x R; 23 R x R, Q R3; 24 B B sq, etc.

(j) P KR4 would win a piece, but Black, in view of Kt x KP, perhaps thought he would purchase it too dearly.

(k) Kt x P would be ruinous now on account of Kt Kt3; and if he played P KR4, then 21 P KR4; 22 B R3, RQ4; 23 Q B4, B Q6; 24 Q R4, P K5; 25 Kt Kt5, P K6, etc.

(l) Q R4 is better, perhaps, as it would prevent Black's next move.

---

"San Francisco has hardly figured yet in the history of chess, but it contains a very large number of fair players. The strongest of them is, in my opinion, Mr. J. D. Redding, a young lawyer, with whom I played a little match on even terms, the conditions being Mr. Redding to have the first move, and play five times the Evans Gambit, I betting twenty-five to five. I won five games, but (especially in the first and second) it was a hard tussel. . . . Next to Mr. Redding I must mention Mr. Heynemann, who played a number of games about twenty-five years ago with Mr. Staunton; Mr. Jefferson, late champion of Tennessee; Mr. Selim Franklin, well known at Simpson's Divan, and Mr. Critcher, a rising player of great promise."—*From letter of Doctor Zukertort to London Field.*

Mr. Steinitz, as was announced some time since, proposes to publish a chess magazine, if he can secure a subscription list of four hundred. There should be but little difficulty in obtaining that number among the many chess-players in this country, particularly when so able a chess-player and analyst has the matter in hand. The subscription price has been placed at three dollars per annum, and it is hoped that Mr. S. may secure the desired list in time to have the initial number appear by the first of the year.

## A VIOLINIST.

By Helen Lake.

When a "floating" young man of thirty years has a sister of eighteen summers, ready to graduate from the boarding-school which has conveniently swallowed her up for the last eight years, what is he to do with her? The answer seems obvious enough: board her with a fashionable chaperon, and occasionally make her a visit with theatre tickets in your pocket, and your conscience will be clear at the expense of very little time and trouble. With a little money in her own right she would probably not tax the chaperon very long, even if she had nothing else to recommend her; and Mr. Frank Curtis remembered his sister as a very pretty little girl.

He had not seen her for three years, and for the last six months her bestowal, between graduation and the arrival of the not impossible he, had caused him anxious thought. Some ladies who presented themselves to his mind as duennas were too careless for such a charge; others might be very amusing during an evening visit, but he did not like the idea of their rather too worldly influence on a very young girl. Others again, irreproachable in every respect, could not go to more than two balls in a season, and would be driven out of their senses by the stream of visitors, male and female, that in his mind's eye Frank pictured bowing before his sister's shrine.

There was no help for it. Frank saw plainly that matrimony for him was imminent. He was not averse to the idea. He was beginning to grow a little tired of the life he was leading, and to look with interest, not unmixed with curiosity, on other people's domesticity.

About this time he made a trip with the Cutler family; they were rich and self-made, worshiping their maker, and the household consisted of father, mother, and daughter still under twenty-five. Joseph Cutler, of Cutler, Sheffield & Co., was reputed worth five millions, of which one at least the golden youth hoped would be settled on his daughter Lizzie as a bride. Lizzie herself had every reason to think so. She had been brought up with the fact of her heiress-ship constantly kept before her, and she conducted herself accordingly.

Not very clever, but accustomed to have her sallies laughed at as if she were; not very pretty, but praised in all manners, from the sledge-hammer compliment full in her face that a finer-souled girl would resent like an insult, to the flattery so delicately insinuated that she only half understood she was being flattered; she at least knew that her money could buy her whatever she wanted in the way of a husband, and she was content to wait until chance should bring her the man who most nearly resembled her ideal. All women have an ideal, such as it is; hers must be good-looking, of unimpeachable social position, and "smart" enough to manage the gilding that coated her. She was reported to have refused twenty men; she turned her back on the dancers who implored her to take a turn, cut them from time to time on the street, and disported herself in various clumsy, coquettish ways, serene in the consciousness that she had only to present herself, as usual, to receive her customary incense from the worshipers she had slighted.

Frank Curtis's wooing was brief after he had once decided that Lizzie Cutler's money would provide a luxurious home for himself and his sister. He had a small income of his own, and was considered clever in his profession; no one could accuse him of being too bare-faced in his mercenary schemes. Besides, it was not the fashion in his circle to marry for love; all the girls were angling for rich husbands, and all the men meant to marry girls with money. Congratulations poured in thick and fast on the pair when a hundred-thousand-dollar house began to rise at Mr. Cutler's expense, to be ready for the young couple on their return from their bridal trip. They were to take in Clara Curtis's commencement as they traveled, and bring her home with them. As neither was violently interested in the other, they felt that a third person would not be *de trop* during their early married life, and Lizzie was sure that Clara would never interfere with her; no one ever had; she did not know the meaning of the word.

Frank was agreeably surprised at his sister's appearance when he and his bride arrived at her school. The interview was a little constrained, and in a vague, masculine way he felt that she and Lizzie did not seem very congenial, but he supposed that would wear off after a little; and school-girls were always shy when they had no home-life in vacations to accustom them a little to society before they were fairly launched.

"Of course, you are coming to-night," said Clara, as they were about to separate. "It's our concert, and everybody is coming."

"Of course," assented Frank. "Do you do anything."

"I play," she said, dimpling and blushing, "a duet for violin and piano with Mr. Heldmann."

"I wish your sister sang," said Lizzie, as they examined their programmes with fleeting interest that evening. "Singing is so much more popular."

Frank nodded. He was fond of music, and, to sit through a whole evening of school-girls' playing and singing was a sacrifice on the altar of fraternal affection and the proprieties. As for Lizzie, she always frankly allowed that good music sent her to sleep. But she became suddenly attentive, and so did Frank, when Clara appeared with the violin and the professor took the piano. Frank heard genius in the moaning and wailing under her hands of that most perfect of instruments. If she had been pretty before, she became transfigured now. He wondered how she felt, standing before all those people, of whom, perhaps, not one in ten understood what she was playing. But the novelty of the thing, the sweet face lovingly pressed against the violin, the delicate fingers flashing over the strings, brought down the house. She was the success of the evening, and had her first taste of that intoxicating drink—the applause of the multitude.

"I congratulate you," said her brother, as she and the rest came down from the stage after the concert, and mingled with their friends. "You have talent, decidedly; but don't you think your time is wasted in learning an instrument as difficult as the violin? It is an unusual one for a woman, anyway, and is of next to no use in society. But, then, I don't know that it makes much difference," he added, hastily, seeing that she looked rather dashed; "girls generally give up their music when they get out of school, or after they are married, and I was proud of you to-night."

"Clara, Professor Max wants us all in the music-room," said one of her companions, and Mr. and Mrs. Curtis were left alone while Clara and her fellow-performers pursued their way to the music-room and the presence of the professor of music and German, a fair-haired, powerfully built man of one or two and thirty years, known among his fluttering pupils as Professor Max, and addressed by them as Mr. Heldmann.

When they were all assembled, he congratulated them on their success, and thanked them for the credit they had done him, in a few words in which there was only a very slight trace of accent, but an occasional peculiarity of construction that betrayed his nationality. Then he dismissed them all but Clara.

"I have told you many times now already, Miss Curtis," he said, as the others shut the door, on their exit, "you have genius that you should cultivate. You have the soul of an artist; you should live for music. You have already a good technique; I advise you that you go to Europe and study. You see now to-night what you can do with an audience. Think how you will feel when that power is tenfold increased."

"Be a professional player?" said Clara, with wide eyes. "What would my brother say!"

"Talk to him about it. He will yield. Must he not be very proud to have such a famous sister?" cried Professor Max, eagerly. Clara shook her head doubtfully. It would be impossible to make Heldmann understand what a gulf separated her and her people from that world he wished her to enter.

"If he object," pursued the professor, "you must go alone by yourself. Break from your friends loose; you were born to be great. Must you smother such a talent? And for what? That foolish men make love to you in a ball-room, and you marry and die like other women. What for a career is that for you? You live not ten years so. My child, I love you now two years already, and I study you every day. You understand me and yourself not yet. You are afraid. American girls are cold and childish. Well, that is good now. I love you, I tell you so, but you must not love me. So you have no career, and I give you to art. You must love some day, otherwise your playing will always lack; then you will know what I have done in leaving you free from my love, for I ask nothing back. All that I can do to help you will I do. You must call on me when you need me, and when you have the world at your feet, after your triumph, think once at home of the man who first set free the fluttering wings of your genius. Clärchen, heavenly child, good-bye. Remember what I tell you. Drown not your great gift in the sea of such pleasures as society gives you. Rather must you let it swim in the mighty ocean of harmony; so will it live and grow. Once more good-bye."

Clara, bewildered and frightened, only saw the tears dim his bright blue eyes, only felt two bearded lips on her cold hands, and she was alone with the memory of her first love affair.

She went home with her brother and his wife, was called upon, went to balls, entered on the round of gayeties appropriate to a girl in her first season, under the chaperonage of a sister-in-law whose prestige of wealth cast a glamour over her. But she was not altogether a success. Men thought her quiet and transcendental; women, shy and uninteresting. She practiced incessantly, much to the disgust bf Lizzie, who declared to her husband that the scraping of Clara's fiddle drove her crazy. Every day only proved more conclusively that she and her sister-in-law were made of different clay.

That conversation with Heldmann in the music-room recurred to Clara again and again; the future he had suggested looked more and more alluring contrasted with the worthless present. Lizzie's life appeared contracted and poor to her; it had not even the dignity of devotion to Frank, for their marriage was the outcome of ambition on both sides, and their affection the result of habit. Everything about the people she saw was small and commonplace. Was not art a better goddess than money? Could she not breathe a freer air? She was seized with the divine discontent that was the beginning of better things for her, and she never went to a concert that her conscience did not reproach her for her supineness.

Another thing troubled her, and that was the very evident desire of Frank and Lizzie to see her married. She had been at home a year now, and was beginning to understand the meaning of Lizzie's constant entertaining and cautious praises of certain men. She was passively indifferent to them all. Some amused her more than others, but she had not found one among them all who excited her curiosity to explore below the surface, or to whom she cared to show anything more than a superficial cordiality. She had noticed, however, that one Harry Bennett, a friend of her brother, was beginning to act toward her very much as poor Professor Max had behaved before his explanation in the music-room had enlightened her as to the motives of his conduct. She liked Harry; his bright, genial nature was attractive, his simple-mindedness winning; but what he saw in her to care for in that way puzzled her greatly. She was not at all the kind of girl that he most affected; he had always admired gay, laughing women, full of hit or miss repartee. Lizzie was equally interested in his feelings and intentions, and, having imparted her surmises to Frank, the two combined to make it easy for Harry to become a family friend.

He called one afternoon, and found Clara practicing in the parlor.

"Confess that you don't really like that stuff," he said, as she laid aside the violin and came down the room to greet him. "You only play it because you think you ought to."

"It is the best part of my life," she answered, gravely; "the only part that I feel is worth living."

"I know," said Harry. "All young girls think they ought to live for something. That's part of their boarding-school training; but most of them find a husband and children worth living for in the end, and the rest goes into the background."

"You don't like music," said Clara, as if dismissing the subject. It was quite impossible for her to discuss the matter with one who did not even understand the alphabet of her language, and had often confessed that he could not tell "Yankee Doodle" from "America."

"Tell me honestly," he went on; "I am in earnest; of all the married women you have known, does one keep up her music? Or if she does, isn't her husband the sufferer by it? Now, if we were married I have no doubt the little Stradi-what-do-you-call-it would go into the garret in a very few months, and you would find your house and your visits all you needed to take up your time and thoughts, and you be happy in it, too. What do you say?" He leaned forward and took her hand.

"You use powerful arguments to prevent my marrying at all," she answered, "if I should narrow to what you describe as a woman's happiness, and be satisfied with it."

"It is not narrow, Clara; it is only natural. I am looking at the practical side of life, and you will shut your eyes to it. But that is half your charm for me. I have been hoping for months that we might try life together. You shall do just as you like—practice all day long if you want to. I never would let you feel that you had lost your liberty."

"Don't think that I am ungrateful," said Clara, in a low voice; "but I can't, indeed I can't. It is impossible for me to imagine myself your wife. You will forgive my paining you, won't you? But the idea of marrying and going on with this life I am leading now is like being buried alive. There is no freedom; there is no escape." She drew a long breath and released her hand.

"What will you do if I let you go?" he inquired, rallying from his surprise at the suddenness and vehemence of her refusal.

"Musicians tell me that I can, if I will, become a great violinist. I have wasted too much time already. I shall open the subject to my brother this very evening."

"Clara, don't do that, I implore you! You don't know anything of that kind of life; you don't know what terrible influences will be brought to bear on you. Give up the fancy; I wish I could move you by saying 'for my sake.' Give it up. It is worse than what you believe of marriage."

But Clara, undeterred, thought of Professor Max's words, and nerved herself for an interview with her brother. It was more stormy than she had anticipated. From his standpoint she was absolutely inexcusable, and equally incomprehensible. Had he not married to give her a home? Was not Lizzie the kindest and most considerate of sisters? Had she not all the dresses, and parties, and callers that any girl could ask for? As for her art talk, it was ridiculous cant. If she wanted violin lessons she could have them from any teacher in the city; but to go on the stage was to disgrace the family, to lose all chance of marrying in her own rank, and to repay his and Lizzie's love and care by willful opposition to what was best for her interests and theirs. Lizzie naturally took her husband's part, but Clara was immovable. Her mind was made up, and her unanswerable argument was:

"I have money of my own, and I am of age."

"Your principal would support and educate you for about four years," returned her brother, with the calmness of desperation. "Your interest is a mere song."

"Then I will use the principal as far as it goes," returned the undaunted Clara. "If I succeed, I have a fortune assured. If I fail, I can give lessons at least, and I am not afraid."

They were obliged to give way before her determination. The world discovered that the Curtises had quarreled with Clara and sent her to Europe, and her name was dropped from its visiting-books, and after a while from its mind.

She sent one letter to her relatives, but Lizzie returned it unopened, without consulting Frank, and they received no more communications. They learned through an ever vigilant press that Miss Curtis, a young American girl, had, as Clara Anselmo, made a brilliant début abroad, and after that they lost sight of her for several years.

On taking up his paper one morning, Frank discovered that the celebrated violinist, Madame Clara Anselmo, and the great Polish pianist and composer, Philippe Noël, who rivaled Chopin in his delicate fancy, and the strain of French blood that gave him his name, had been engaged for a series of concerts.

"It is in the worst possible taste for her to come back here," said Lizzie. "Of course you will take no notice."

"Most people have forgotten her existence by this time," said Frank, deprecatingly. "I shouldn't dream of your going, but think I shall go and hear her play."

He went. Across the hall he saw Harry Bennett and his pretty fiancée, unconscious of any interest but music on Harry's part, for Clara was years before her day. Harry seemed excited and nervous, and in watching him Frank forgot to look for his sister's entrance until the welcoming applause of the audience roused him.

She was the same Clara, simple and quiet as ever, except that a close observer could see added power in her serene forehead and direct gaze. But once in the full tide of sound, she seemed to become etherealized with excitement and delight. Max Heldmann was right. This was her world, the career for which she was born. Her genius, cramped for lack of scope, would have fretted away its fragile dwelling-place, or else, dwarfed of its full development, turned back on itself, would have turned her into an irritable, unhappy woman.

The audience was roused to furor by the violin and piano duet composed by Noël, and played by him and Clara. Even Harry could not but feel the sympathy and perfect accord between the two. He turned to the pretty girl by his side, and knew that she was all his, but he felt that if he had married Clara she would always have escaped from him on the wings of music. When she played she no longer belonged to earth.

Unknown to Lizzie, Frank went to see his sister the next morning. He met Harry in the hotel parlor, and they went together to her rooms, annoyed to find that, early as

it was, the pianist Noël was already there, apparently on an intimate footing. But perhaps he had only come to practice. He rose with Clara as the two men came forward.

"Frank, I am very, very glad to see you. I didn't hope for this," she said, giving him an affectionate kiss, and holding out her hand to Harry. "This is my husband, M. Noël. Philippe, my brother, Mr. Curtis, and his friend, Mr. Bennett."

Frank was startled, and Harry dismayed. Something still stirred in the depths of his heart for her in spite of the seven years and the new love. Noël excused himself on the plea of an engagement, murmured in French to Clara: "You will do better without me," and departed.

"And you never sent me word of the change in your life, Clara," said Frank, reproachfully.

"I had no encouragement," she answered, and blushed a little. "When my first letter was sent back unopened, naturally I did not make a second attempt, considering our parting."

"Sent *back*," began Frank; then, remembering Harry's presence, and conjecturing Lizzie's work, he said, hastily: "Forgive me, and tell me about yourself now."

"If you care to hear. Mr. Bennett, you won't be bored? No? Well, I studied hard, night and day, as you may suppose. My début was wonderfully successful. I may tell you that without conceit. They said I was a full-fledged artist, and the house fairly rocked with applause. You can not imagine the triumph, the bliss. To know that you have the power to express to others what music says to you, and that you sway them with your emotions; to feel—feel to your highest and deepest capacity, and have it all here"—— She held out her hands with a quaint, foreign gesture. "I am happy. Then, Philippe"—she paused a moment and went on—"music gave us to each other. His first composition was dedicated to me, and I never play anything so well as what he writes. We were married three years ago, and—he is half of my soul, as I am of his. Don't smile, Harry. You can not feel the divineness of music, and I can not tell you; but the universe is in it, and, when words are too feeble, we play together, he and I."

She had risen, and stood before them with loosely clasped hands and far-away eyes. Frank, in his well-fed, placid domestic life; Harry, in his struggle for the almighty dollar and his tranquil engagement, could not follow her if they tried, and they did not try. They vaguely felt that she lived in an atmosphere too rare for them, that poets write of, but never find. Then Noël came back, and they rose to go.

"God bless you, Clara, wherever you may go," said her brother, in farewell.

"God bless you, Clara," said Harry, clasping her hands.

But when they were gone she leaned her head against her husband's arm, with the light still in her face, and, as he bent his face above her hair, in her heart she blessed Max Heldmann, who had given her to Art and to Love.

San Francisco, September, 1884.

## CHÂTEAUX AND CHÂTELAINES.

"Parisina" Discusses Fashionable Life in French Country-houses.

Returning from Trouville, I spent a week or so in Paris, boring myself considerably; and while I wandered, disconsolate, glancing up longingly at the closed shutters of my lady friends and acquaintances, and feeling like a fish out of water, I met loads of men whom I knew, looking peculiarly jolly and comfortable. It behooves me, however, to acknowledge that they did not seem very glad to see me, a fact which naturally somewhat spoiled my pleasure in seeing them. After one or two encounters, it dawned upon me that I was not wanted, that I had seen the same expression concealed by a polite smile, when, in my own house, I have dared to brave etiquette and enter the *sanctum sanctorum*—my husband's smoking-room—while he has been chatting there with his friends and cronies; also when I and others have appeared with the luncheon baskets by the river side, and the sportsmen, instead of helping themselves to the good things in the hampers, have had to do the gallant (when hungry as wolves) and minister to our delicate wants first.

The fact is, when men stay in town in August there is generally some attraction to keep them there. With the old, or more than middle-aged, it may be creature comforts—good dinners, which they could not hope to be provided with by seaside *restaurateurs*, baccarat, or whist, release from conjugal duties and all feminine supervision as to the keeping of respectable hours. With the young, or the young by courtesy, ten to one there is a woman in the case. Society's prying eyes removed, how sweet to bask in the smiles of Mademoiselle Loulou, to act as the escort of Mimi Pinson, and to live over again the dear, Bohemian, student days.

Tripping along the Boulevard—not the same boulevard, by any means, as during the season—I could not help casting longing eyes at the gentlemen as they sat sipping their *petit verre*, or absorbing iced drinks beneath the cool shade of the ailanthus trees. Paris is certainly the land of Cocaigne for them; it has no off season. When the Parisiennes of their old world have departed, there is the Parisienne of Mürger—a much more poetical personage than the fashionable *cocotte*, who apes the manners of society, and takes her holidays at Deauville and Dieppe along with the rest.

A great many men who are blind and deaf to the seductions of seaside or other watering-places, and who neither bet on the race-course nor gamble at the casinos, take their departure as soon as the shooting season is open. To them the acme of human bliss is to walk knee-deep in the underwood, toil over the stubble early and late, to brush the early dew from the grass, and to return foot-sore with a well-filled game-bag. Only a small minority of Frenchmen hunt, but the large majority shoot. The tradesman or small *employé* will leave his counter or his desk, and spend his autumnal holidays with his dog and gun, meeting the financier, the diplomate, and the aristocrat on their own ground. A certain amount of equality exists between sportsmen—leather gaiters and the fortune of the field leveling class distinctions.

There are dandy sportsmen here, as elsewhere, but the balance lies with those who love sport for itself, and despise show. Monsieur Grévy—a worthy Nimrod—is one of them. The President, in spite of his seventy and odd years, can bring down his bird with as sure an aim as any; is not afraid of walking many miles in search of his game; has a fine disdain for a *battue*, prefers to start his own covey of partridges or raise his own pheasants. Mont-sous-Vaudrey beasts of no preserves, and Monsieur Grévy has merely purchased the right of shooting over the neighboring roads and fields; and any time within the next fortnight, he, who is supposed to guide the chariot of the state, may be seen in the simplest of shooting costumes following his dogs, rifle on shoulder—a *bourgeois* among *bourgeois*.

No one, however condescending, would ever think of dubbing Mont-sous-Vaudrey a château, nor has it any pretensions to the title, being merely a long, low, white house in the midst of a garden. If report speaks true, Monsieur Grévy has—in common with school-boys—a weakness for jam, and is not above superintending the making of his good lady's preserves in the season. The kitchen at Mont-sous-Vaudrey is on the ground floor, separated from the dining-room by a tiled floor, and it is reported (but I must confess never to have seen it myself) that he has been known to don the cook's apron and stir the luscious compound over the fire.

Monsieur Grévy is a democrat, from the crown of his hat down to the heel of his boot. He is far more at home in the simplicity of his country house than in the splendidly furnished palace provided by the State. Monsieur Thiers was a *bourgeois* of another type—in money matters he was very mean. Monsieur Grévy is open-handed, on the contrary; his hospitalities are unostentatious, but are rendered on a generous scale. The desire for repose and quiet, joined to a scarcity of bedrooms at Mont-sous-Vaudrey, however, compels him to be sparing with his invitations. A couple of aids-de-camp, a chance member of the cabinet, his daughter, and his daughter's child, are all he can accommodate in the chintz-hung, walnut-wood-furnished guest-chambers at Mont-sous-Vaudrey.

Aristocrats of the noble Faubourg are often not more luxuriously lodged, sometimes not so well; and when they retire to their ancestral acres, in the summer, it is for the practice of rigid economy. Chancing once in Normandy to pass through a village where I knew a count, a Paris acquaintance of mine, owned land, I found the noble châtelain (his ancestors had fought by the side of St. Louis) dressed in a blouse, superintending the stacking of his ricks, and his comtesse sorting apples for the Parisian market. Even those whose names are among the highest in the land sometimes pass their summer quietly enough. A hack for monsieur, a pair of useful coach-horses to drive madame to church, are all he can afford to keep in stables built for twenty horses at the least. No company is kept, though all the near relations—some two or three generations—will assemble together. The children play in the mast-green court-yard, the ladies knit comfortable clothes for the poor villagers, the men spend the day shooting. In the evening comes monsieur le curé, for a game of whist, and every one is in bed by ten o'clock.

The Château de Malesherbes, in the department of the Loiret, is a good specimen of such an abode. The last owner was the Comte de Chateaubriand, the nephew of the author of "René" and "Les Natchez." He had to make *feu de tout bois;* all the big timber was felled on the estate, and the fine old castle, with its donjon and keep, now stand up somewhat bare in its circle of copse-wood. When I was there, the other day, the pears were ripening on the espaliers in the dry moats, a few beds of geraniums and dahlias lent a little color to the gray stone. My visit was for the Marquise de Beaufort, a daughter of the old count, but her son-in-law, the Vicomte de Mirepaix, really owns the place, having, on his marriage, bought out the rest of the family. I was ushered into a large drawing-room, lighted by three lofty windows. The chairs and sofas were all hidden under red chintz covers. Over one of the doors hung a portrait of the great Chancellier de Malesherbes, and opposite the no less celebrated Lamoignon de Malesherbes, who defended Louis XVI. at the bar, and afterward followed his client to the guillotine. The marquise was more proud of him, I found, than of her great-uncle, the friend and admirer of Madame Récamier. She had known her grandfather, whose sire, the Comte de Chateaubriand, had married the only daughter and heiress of this Lamoignon, and she had heard him tell how, a child of ten years old, he had seen his relatives, one after another, arrested and carried off to Paris, whence not one had returned, he being left to the care of a faithful steward. The steward's cottage stands in the court-yard, under the shadow of the huge gothic granary, the staircase of which is worn by the tread of many vassals, who, in "the good old times," paid their tribute in grain and meal to the lords of the manor. All this the marquise, in her quiet, pleasant way, will dilate upon by the hour together; but if you ask her about her fair ancestor, Henriette d'Entragues, she looks pained and answers in monosyllables. Yet less sensitive persons might deem it an honor that this belle Henriette should have responded, not unkindly, to to the advances of Henri IV. The gallant Béarnais was in the habit of riding over and spending a day or so at the castle, to bask in the smiles of the beauty. His kingly couch still stands in one of the tapestried chambers above, and the portraits of the royal lover and his mistress hang on either side of the old oak fire-place in the dining-room.

Just a few of the ancient families are able to keep up the traditional magnificence of their houses in and out of town. The Duchesse de Luynes, during the long minority of her little son, reigns over princely establishments in the Boulevard Saint-Germain and at Dampierre—a magnificent red-brick castle, built by Louis XIII. for his favorite squire, and filled with the most splendid artistic collections by the old Duc Honoré de Luynes, who died in Rome of a chill, because, like St. Martin, he insisted on sharing his cloak with a beggar. She was honored, a year or two ago, by a visit of some days from the Prince of Wales.

The Comtesse de Béhague plays the hospitable hostess at Courrance. A curious story is connected with this château. The gay party who play tennis on the soft swards, or picnic beneath the tall elms—finest of all the country round—hard by, know that ten years ago Courrance was like the palace of the sleeping beauty. No foot ever crossed the threshold; the old furniture, half devoured by rats and mildew, rattled in the darkened rooms, while in the gardens and park the vegetation had grown up rank, and unattended—the weeds smothering the more tender plants untouched by gardener's hands. The proprietor, the Comte Nicolai, it was generally understood, was in foreign parts. What was known to only a few, was that in 1830 the villagers, excited by the revolution in Paris, had attacked his dwelling, sacked the house and cellars, and then, half mad with drink, had abused two helpless maidens—the count's daughters. One can imagine the half-crazed father, when he came to learn the horrible outrage, turning his back on the house of woe, and calling down a curse upon it. For thirty years no one entered the place. On the death of the Comte Nicolai it was purchased by the Comte de Béhague, to whom it also brought ill luck, as he died of fever caught while superintending the grainage of his grounds.

At Follambré—the Baronne de Poilly's place, at Bonnetable—the splendid château of the Duc and Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, every-day existence is much the same as at an English country house of equal importance where guests are invited by series. The gentlemen of the house assemble at a relatively early hour in an elegant *négligé*, to pay a visit to the stables. One or two ladies who have taken their beauty sleep, and are not afraid of running the gauntlet of the morning sun, accompany them, their *robes de chambres* adjusted to their slender waists (to wear them floating would not be considered proper). The first breakfast—tea or chocolate (coffee is rated vulgar)—is served in the rooms. At half-past nine, second rendezvous on the terrace—sportsmen and "sportswomen" armed *cap-a-pie*, the rest dressed for riding—the ladies in the simply cut English habit, the men in black and white checkered clothes, and leather leggings. After a couple of hours spent in the preserves, or cantering across country, or beneath the shade of the woods, every one is ready for *déjeûner*. But before the bell rings a second change of raiment has been made; most of the men appear in dark blue, with loose cravats; the ladies in fresh linen, or Foulard gowns. The meal is served *à la française*, and French wit and gayety are by no means wanting. Fashionable French women are not afraid of a whiff of tobacco—one or two smoke a cigarette *du bout des levres*—none leave the table before coffee and cigars. After which it is etiquette to accompany the lady of the house on her visit to the poultry yard and orchard. Flirtation is allowed; in fact, it is the order of the day. At two o'clock all the available traps are brought round, and the guests—those who have had enough shooting for the day—make up driving parties, some going to the nearest town, some preferring the nearest woods where they rode in the morning. Most of the younger ladies have made a fourth and smarter toilet for the purpose. Dark-blue cloth, or white serge braided with gold and silver, is in favor. By six o'clock the carriages have returned; the châtelaine has tea served in her boudoir; then the dressing bell rings, and the whole party retire to their respective rooms—the ladies to put on high dresses open at the throat, if the house-party dines alone, and low bodices if invitations have been sent out to neighboring country houses. The white or black cravat is the mark of distinction for the males. Dinner is at eight, and lasts till nine. The gentlemen are permitted one hour's undisturbed enjoyment in the smoking-room. Then they join the ladies, and there is singing and dancing, more flirting, and perhaps charades or theatricals. By midnight the house is once more in repose *Bon soir, mes amis.*

All this, you will see, is innocent enough, and very different from the wild and wicked country life so often described by "Gyp" and "Zut" in the *Vie Parisienne*. I don't say "Gyp's" pictures are all libels. There are vicious châteaux and virtuous châteaux, no doubt. I suppose I have not seen the vicious ones. "Zut's" châtelaines are all vicious. "Gyp's" country gentlemen are all Lovelaces. Their heroes and heroines spend the summer in furnishing evidence for the separations and divorces which will be the talk of Pasis in the following winter. The days are made pretexts for guilty rendezvous in park and forests. The nights pass in strange and exciting *chasses-croisées* from room to room, and corridor to corridor. Now, if this is "Gyp's" experience, all I can say is that she has not been lucky. Here and there odd adventures do occur. Duchesses go wrong in the country, and so do dukes. But they are neither so cynical as one might fancy, nor as common. Take it all in all, life in the château compares very favorably with life in the cottage.

Paris, September 4, 1884. Parisina.

An English traveler has this to say, in *Cassell's Magazine*, on "the monotony of American men": "A visitor from the New World can not but be struck with the absolute independence with which Englishmen live up to their own ideas, whether they coincide with the general current of opinion or not. On the other side of the Atlantic, public sentiment rules with almost irresistible force; no erratic departures from the general law are tolerated; every man must conform to the rules of the majority. If you know one young man in the United States, you know them all. They resemble each other with curious fidelity in dress, manner, and appearance. Their very thoughts, racy and original as they are, run in the same groove, and they give expression to them in the same crystallized form of speech. All harmless and amusing eccentricities are almost ruled down into a dead level of monotonous uniformity in the New World. Perhaps I should except New York from this general statement. This, the greatest city in America, is the most cosmopolitan in its character. Men of all nationalities go to make up its vast population; it is less distinctly American than Philadelphia or Boston. Its young men, whether intentionally or not, closely resemble young Englishmen; indeed, all classes exhibit their own peculiarities uninfluenced by the repressing tyranny of general habits or opinions."

## LITERARY NOTES.

### Personal Gossip.

The London *World* says that Will Carleton, "the American people's pet poet," is strolling through the continent, picking up material for a new volume of ballads.

Marion Crawford, the prolific and popular American novelist, is, like many other young men, a persistent smoker of cigarettes, which, like most Spaniards and some Frenchmen, he makes himself, very adroitly. When writing, he has a little Roman bowl full of tobacco, and a book of cigarette papers at his elbow, and whenever he pauses for a thought the time is utilized to manufacture a fresh cigarette. A favorite cat lies at his feet, on whose gold collar is inscribed, "I'm F. M. Crawford's cat; whose cat are you?" and two tiny love-birds in a rustic cage, that was once in Sam Ward's rooms on Clinton place, stand near the window. Mr. Crawford's friends in New York, some of whom recently saw him, by the way, claim to have his authority to contradict the report of his matrimonial engagement.

"An Old Girl, who knew Dr. Holmes as a boy," thus writes to the *Critic*: "I, too, was born when pears and peaches were ripe, and the grapes were growing purple, in August, 1812—just three years after the Autocrat. Alas! the girls who sailed in the first steamboats, made their first trip to Niagara by canal and stage-coach, walked on the Battery in silk stockings and bronze kid slippers, played the jigs and marches on pianos with eight legs and three drawers, as a rare accomplishment, danced with Commodore Hull in their girlhood, and with stately General Scott in mature age, turned up their noses at such youths as Abraham Lincoln, sat for the first daguerreotypes, and used the first sewing-machines—the girls who did these things are fast passing away. And we are led to exclaim with the dear doctor:

> 'Pick the *left* pocket of its silver dime,
> But spare the right—it holds our golden time.'

It is odd to notice how difficult it is for a writer to make any change, however slight, in his signature, after it has once got into the title-page of a book. Just now, Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has dropped a W. out of the middle, and Mr. Brander Matthews, who has dropped a J. from the beginning of his name, are often annoyed by seeing themselves referred to as Mr. E. W. Gosse and Mr. J. B. Matthews. Most people have already forgotten that Bayard Taylor was once J. Bayard Taylor, and that Bret Harte signed his first book F. Bret Harte. In like manner, Mr. Austin Dobson has dropped an H., and Mr. Laurence Hutton a J., while Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse was formerly W. Cosmo Monkhouse, and Mr. Bronson Howard once parted his name with a C. Charles Dickens had left behind him two initials, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan gave up a fourth name when he entered into literature.

### Miscellaneous.

The author of "John Bull et son Ile" places Cooper in a list of prominent *English* novelists! It is strange that the mistake has not before been noticed by the numerous readers of that spicy book.

The first number of the *International Magazine*, an addition to the ever-growing list, has been issued in London by David Bogue. The contents will comprise "contemporary geography, records of travel, enterprises at home and abroad," and some general literature.

Clarke Russell's "John Holdsworth, First Mate," recently issued in the "Franklin Square Library," and generally reviewed as Mr. Russell's latest work, was in reality first published, anonymously, in the conventional three-volume English form, in 1878. Some critics have "noted its inferiority to its author's earlier writings"!

Mr. Arthur Gosset has issued a "Manual of French Prosody" (London: Geo. Bell & Sons). The inability even of cultivated men to read French poetry properly, is notorious; few teachers, as Mr. Gosset says, can perform or explain the scansion. "And yet," he continues, "a knowledge of the rules of French Prosody, sufficient for the appreciation of the latter, can be acquired in a short time."

From an old account book of Bernard Lintott, the bookseller, the following information respecting the prices usually paid for the copyrights of plays is gained. Tragedies were then the fashionable dramas, and obtained good prices. Dr. Young received for his "Busiris," £84; Smith for his "Phædra and Hyppolytus," £50; Rowe, for his "Jane Shore," $50 15s., and for "Lady Jane Grey," £75 5s.; and Cibber, for his "Nonjuror," obtained £105.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded them without solicitation.

In Dutton Cook's "Thackeray and the Theatre" the assertion is made that "The Wolves and the Lamb" was Thackeray's only contribution to the literature of the stage. A few weeks ago, A. T. B. DeWitt, New York, published "'Penmark Abbey,' a nautical melodrama in three acts, translated from the original French by Henry Llewellyn Williams." The publisher states that the play was never before published in English. "Penmark Abbey" was produced at the Théâtre de la Porte St. Antoine, Paris, February 1, 1840. The question arises whether this was the only play written by Thackeray in French.

The proper policy for authors to pursue in submitting manuscripts, says the *Current*, is to state distinctly in their accompanying letter the price they put upon their work. They should fix this at "the usual rates" or otherwise, as they may choose, just so they make themselves plain. They should approach the publisher just as a farmer does his customer, the one having something to sell at a stipulated price and the other having something to buy. The intercourse, under such conditions, takes on a purely business character, and one can refuse the terms of the other without heart-burnings on either side. This is the only sensible way of dealing. Such a plan insures mutual good feeling and prevents discouragement.

Monsieur Jehan Soudan, who came to America in the train of Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt, has recently published a volume called "Histoires de l'autre Monde—Mœurs Américaines," which consists of a dozen and a half sketches of American life and character translated (or rather betrayed) into French without any specific acknowledgment or mention of the American authors, although Monsieur Armand Silvestre, in the preface, declares that all the tales told by Monsieur Soudan are of American origin. The collection is very curious. The first story, "Extrait du Carnet d'un Décavé," is the clever sketch which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* shortly after the *World* Employment Bureau offered to provide young men for evening parties. "Flirtation d'outre-tombe" (oddly misprinted "Filtration d'outre-tombe") is Mr. Frank R. Stockton's very clever tale of "The Spectral Mortgage." "Par Cartes Postales" is Mr. Brander Matthews's "Chesterfield's Postal Cards to His Son." "A Tâtons" is an adaptation, much weakened, of Fitz-James O'Brien's gruesome "What Was It?" The rest are mostly comic sketches taken from *Puck*, illustrations and all.

We are pleased to see that *Le Français*, which had announced its own death, is still in existence. It is the best journal of the kind published in the United States. In the present number, under the heading of "Français de Cuisine," *Le Français* dishes up some of the peculiar French with which persons imperfectly familiar with both it and their mother-tongue garnish their English. In the first place, people are fond of using the phrase "nom de plume." There is no such phrase in French; to serve in that sense French people use the word *pseudonyme*. So, too, with "esprit du corps"—there is no such phrase; it should be *esprit de corps*. The London *Times* spoke recently of "war *à l'outrance*"; it meant "war *à outrance*." Many persons think they are using French of Paris when they speak of "four rooms *en suite*"; they are, on the contrary, using French of Stratford-atte-Bowe, or somewhere else, for a Frenchman would not understand them. Were he to attempt to convey the idea they struggle with he would say: "Un appartement de quatre pièces." French *appartement*, by the way, is not the same in meaning as English "apartment." In France a *modiste* does not make dresses, but hats and bonnets; therefore the American "French modiste" is neither French nor a *modiste*—she is a *couturière*. People write of the "*morale* of troops," italicising the word; they think they are using French, but they are not; if they want to use the French word in that sense, they must employ the masculine substantive *moral*, without the final *e*. In Mr. Hjalmar Hjörth Boyesen's serial in the *Century*, "A Problematic Character," the French is truly of a problematic character. "Bric-à-brac" does not mean what Mr. Boyesen evidently thinks it means; "objets de vertu" is most decidedly not French; is it English, Mr. Boyesen? It seems like the height of presumption to attack Mr. Henry James's French; he is currently reputed to be a sort of step-father to the Gallic tongue; yet we must demur to some of his phrases. In "A New England Winter," in the September *Century*, he writes: "She was a simple American girl, of the class that lived in *pensions*." The French word *pension* has several meanings—among others, "boarding-house" and "boarding-school"; as he is speaking of a girl, one would naturally suppose that he meant "boarding-school"; the context, however, shows that he does not—he meant a "boarding-house," and he should have said a *pension bourgeoise*. Again, he speaks of Florimond being *enfoncée* in his chair; this idea could have been expressed with perfect ease in English, but if Mr. James objects to English, he should at all events look to his French. Florimond was *enfoncé* in his chair; being a man he could not be *enfoncée;* his mother might. Further, when he says to his mother, "Qu'est-ce *que* vous prend?" the ghosts of Girault-Duvivier, Noël, Chapsal, and other great grammarians, gibber, squeak, and fly affrighted. Florimond would have said, "Qu'est-ce *qui* vous prend?"

### New Books.

The latest issues of Harper's Franklin Square Library are Part V of Stormouth's "Dictionary of the English Language," and "Hoco, the Dreamer," a tale of Scotch University life by William Sime.

"The True Issue," No. 16 of G. P. Putnam's Sons' "Questions of the Day" series, is a pamphlet demanding tariff reform, and endeavors to show that industrial depression and political corruption are caused by the present tariff system.

"Fridolin's Mystical Marriage," translated from the German of Adolf Wilbrandt by Clara Belle, is a study of an eccentric artist, and contains much quiet humor. Published by W. S. Gottsberger, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 50 cents.

"The House on the Marsh" is a novel of the Wilkie Collins school, and deals with the usual love and mystery. It is of a most exciting character, and the interest is well sustained to the end. The author's name does not appear on the title-page. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 25 cents, paper.

"Ogilvie's Hand-book of Useful Information" is a modest little book of one hundred and twenty-eight pages, pocket size and form, but its wide range of subjects and accuracy make it a veritable little encyclopædia. It will be found useful to men in all occupations. Published by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., New York; price, 25 cents.

George Ambrose Dennison has lately published a collection of his "poems," under the title of "Songs and Lyrics." It is printed on heavy paper and neatly bound in dark-blue cloth. This is about all that can be said for the volume, except that the verse is not irredeemably bad. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

The Poems of Mrs. Helen Hinsdale Rich have been published in a handsome little volume by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The book is entitled "A Dream of the Adirondacks," and is prefaced by a short biographical sketch of the authoress. The publishers have done their best with the outer garb of Mrs. Rich's poems. But one wonders why she wrote them. For sale by Bancroft.

William H. Thomes, the author of a number of interesting stories of nautical adventure, has corrected and revised, from Ballou's *Monthly Magazine*, a chronicle of his adventures in California during the years 1843, '44, and '45, and published it under the title, "On Land and Sea." The story is well told, and is of considerable local interest. Published by DeWolff, Fiske & Co., Boston.

One of the most extraordinary books of the season is "Himself Again," by J. C. Goldsmith. The story tells the life of a young and poetical minister, who, driven from his parish by the persecutions and slanders of narrow-minded deacons, assumes, and lives for years, under the name of a drowned smuggler, to whom he bore a wonderful resemblance. He finally reveals his identity, to escape the penalty of a murder committed by the man whose name he had assumed, and, reëntering his profession, is "Himself Again." Into this bare outline are woven an astonishing number of incidents, mostly of a marvelous character. Murders, loves, and complications of all kinds are used by the author in reckless profusion. But the story, notwithstanding its technical faults, is quite interesting, and contains a number of exceedingly bright satirical sketches, and the most remarkable dialect of the English language—that spoken by the Dutch in the interior of New Jersey. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

It would seem that Mr. Edgar Fawcett is endeavoring to obtain the reputation of being a "wonderfully productive" writer. But, if we may judge by his latest effort, "The Adventures of a Widow," he but robs Peter to pay Paul; he succeeds in his desire, but loses his reputation for originality. This last work shows a decided lack of elaboration, and is very like his other works—one character, indeed, Corson, is almost a repetition of the Romaine of Mr. Fawcett's "Rutherford." The story is, briefly: A wealthy and beautiful New York widow, tiring of the aristocratic dullness of her own set, endeavors to find a literary *salon*. But, according to Mr. Fawcett, unfortunately for her purpose, the *littérateurs* of New York are both fools and knaves, and she is, accordingly, unsuccessful. The caricatures of literary people which Mr. Fawcett presents are most woefully overdrawn, and none of the characters are worthy of particular praise. In fact, the only commendable feature of the book is Mr. Fawcett's graceful style—the pleasing manner in which he expresses his unpleasing ideas. The book is published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

---

After a confidential interview the other day, a Distinguished Politician remarked to Judge Boalt:

"Of course, you understand that this is between you and I."

"*Between you and I?*" responded the Judge, interrogatively. "Prepositions govern the objective case."

"Ah, yes, so they do," replied the Distinguished Politician, after a moment's reflection; "you are right—I mean *betwixt* you and I."

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Boys, do not smoke!" exclaims the Boston *Courier*. "The average life of a locomotive is only thirty years."

"Will you have your oysters scalloped?" asked the waiter at an Austin restaurant of a green customer.

"Have the oysters scalped? Has everything in the restaurant got hair on it? Why don't you scalp the butter?"—*Texas Siftings*.

"You are now one," said the minister to the happy pair he had just tied together.

"Which one?" asked the bride.

"You will have to settle that for yourselves," said the clergyman.—*Farmer's Almanac*.

If there is anything that will make a man cordially hate himself, it is when he takes a walk of about a mile to the postoffice to find that he has left his keys at home, and then on going home after them to find on opening the box that the only thing in it is a card notifying him that his box-rent is due.—*Boston Post*.

A man without hands was charged in New York a few days ago with stealing a watch. Next thing we know a legless man will be arrested for kicking a policeman, and a blind man will be accused of winking at the drug clerk behind the soda water fountain.—*Norristown Herald*.

"So you are the new girl?" said the boarders to the pretty waiter lass; "and what name are we to call you?"

"Pearl," said the maid, with a saucy toss of her head.

"Oh," asked the smart boarder, "are you the pearl of great price?"

"No; I'm the pearl that was cast before swine," retorted the pretty waiter.

There was a long silence, broken only by the rustle of the flies in the milk-pitcher.—*Free Press*.

"What ever became of Morgan?" said a little boy to his father, who had just become a Mason.

The father smiled.

"He was never heard of afterward, was he?"

The father still smiled.

"Then, if he was never heard of again, I know what must have happened to him."

"What?" asked the father.

"He must have been elected Vice-President."—*Life*.

It is hardly necessary to remark that the Irish element preponderates in New York politics. Most of the officials have the appearance of being of recent importation. Mr. Pettigrew, who recently arrived in New York from the South, noticed this fact, and having struck up an acquaintance with a policeman, said to him:

"I notice that almost all the members of the New York Board of Aldermen have Irish names. Were they born in this country?"

"To the best of my knowledge there isn't a foreigner on the boord. Ivery man on the boord was born in ould Oirland, God bless her."—*Texas Siftings*.

*New York millionaire*—"Are the girls locked up for the night, wife?"

"Yes."

"Coachman chained?"

"Yes."

"Has the patent butcher-catcher in the front yard been oiled so that it works well?"

"Yes."

"Well, we might as well chloroform the gardener and go to sleep."—*New York Tribune*.

"I am sorry that I can not remain at home long enough to vote," remarked a gentleman.

"Great goodness! you must not go away!" replied an ardent Democrat. "Every vote will count in this election. You must not leave."

"My business abroad is very pressing."

"Makes no difference; you owe something to your country. It's going to be a close race, and it behooves every Democrat to visit the polls."

"But I am not a Democrat!"

"Well, of course, business ought to be attended to. A man's first duty is to himself."—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

"Aren't they saying horrid things about the Mother Hubbard?" she said, as she looked up into his manly face.

"Yes," he replied, "I believe they are."

"Some of the things they say in the newspapers," she added, "are too awful to read."

"Then you don't read them, my love?"

"Oh, yes, I read them, but I think they are shocking."

"What have you read lately about the Mother Hubbard, darling?" he asked.

"I will not tell you now, my dear," she replied, her cheeks suffused with blushes; "some time, perhaps, you will have the right to ask me, but not now."

"Oh, I understand," said he; "I guess I have seen the piece you speak of. Well, I must confess it does look that way sometimes."—*Ex*.

Skierniwice, September 16th.—Last evening the Czar and Czarina gave a small and select dinner. Precisely at seven-thirty two cabs drew up at the door of the palace, and Francis Joseph of Austria and Wilhelm of Germany entered the portals, and, after hanging their crowns on the hat-rack, and depositing their sceptres in the corner of the hall, took a glance in the mirror preparatory to entering the drawing-room.

"Wilhelm," said Francis, nervously, "is my cravat climbing up the back of my collar?"

"No; it's all right," replied the German Emperor. "My hair all smooth? Wonder who we're to take in?"

"Give it up. Come along, we're late."

After a famished interval of fifteen minutes, during which the hot weather was the chief topic of conversation, dinner was announced. The Czarina rose.

"Your Imperial Highness," she said graciously, "will you dine a mite?"

After the Czar had been enticed out from under the sofa, the Austrian Monarch had been coaxed from behind a bookcase, and Wilhelm had been revived, the Czarina apologized for her *lapsus linguæ*, and the party entered the dining-room.

"Came within an ace of fainting, didn't I?" remarked the German Emperor, and a royal flush o'erspread his pallid countenance.

"Yes," replied the Czarina. "For a moment it was three kings and an ace—almost a full hand for me. How are the people of Germany at present?"

"Oh, they're assassination," gloomily answered Wilhelm, as he eyed the waiters with suspicion. The Imperial Soup-taster then proceeded to sample the *consommé*, and their Highnesses, before taking any, waited patiently to see whether he would fall dead or turn green, while nothing disturbed the convivial silence save the measured tread of the sentinel in the pantry and the smothered ticking of the infernal machine that was concealed in the mashed potatoes.—*Life*.

## A CALIFORNIA LOCHINVAR.

How they Made a Ford Over the Salinas in the Olden Time.

Every one who is acquainted with the topography and general character of the Salinas River knows that from within a few miles of its source, in San Luis Obispo County, to the point where it debouches upon the great plains below the Soledad crossing, its channel runs over quicksands and between bluffs of greater or less altitude, according to the nature of the ground through which the stream has cut a passage, varying from two or three to twenty or thirty feet in height, with here and there, though not frequently, shelving or sloping banks, making it possible for wheeled conveyances to cross. The Salinas, in fact, through the major portion of its course, reminds one more of a New Mexican or Texas stream than of such as are more especially common to California. But it is not only that at most places the character of its banks renders it difficult or impracticable to cross. There is another feature equally forbidding as this, and that is the nature of its bed. Worn as its channel has been through regions abounding in sand—through a veritable sand stratum, so to speak—its bed consists mainly of shifting sand, the collocation of the pools and shallows in which are liable to change at any time, more especially during the freshets of the rainy season, so that even the well-known and constantly used fords become uncertain and dangerous. At such times travel is often impeded, sometimes for days. Stage-coaches on the regular southern route have been known, in times past, though not recently, to have been swept down the stream, coach, horses, and all, and inextricably lost in the treacherous sands. It is necessary to understand these facts clearly in order to appreciate the character of the incident I am about to relate.

It was early in the fifties that a Mexican, or rather a native Californian family, of the name of Silva, occupied a *hacienda* of only moderate pretensions among the hills lying between the Salinas and the San Juan Creek, in the southern portion of San Luis Obispo County. The Silvas did not possess many cattle, nor a very luxurious *hacienda*, but they were a family aristocratic in their pretensions, and were looked up to by the surrounding country in consequence. Their eldest daughter, Inez, was a girl of great beauty, as Mexican beauties go. Black eyes and hair, a clear, pale skin, a graceful carriage, and modest manners withal, made her, at eighteen summers, the envy of the girls and the admiration of the men from San Luis to the San Antonio Mission, and far beyond. Of course she had many suitors for her hand. That was to be expected. The jingling of spurs and the lounging of young *caballeros* was an every-day occurrence in the courtyard of the *hacienda*—so much so, in fact, that the hospitality which such a condition of things enforced, and for which Mexican households are proverbial, began to make serious inroads upon the slender means of Don Miguel; and he determined, in a very practical way, that the best way to stop the leak was by removing the cause of it—in other words, by marrying off the Señorita Inez. Among the black-eyed señorita's suitors was one upon whom the old man looked with especial favor, and this was a certain Don José Esquina, whose cattle roamed the hills and valleys from the San Miguel Mission to the Cholame, and even beyond. Old Don Miguel had been trying to keep up appearances on a slender income all his life, and he knew the value of a comfortable *hacienda*, with plenty of fat beeves which could be sold for money, which money again, as he explained to Inez, with considerable shrewdness, could be exchanged for silks, and laces, and trinkets, of which she now possessed but a sparing supply; whereas it was extremely doubtful whether young Manuel Pereira, who was, after all, little better than a vaquero—but upon whom the señorita looked with a much more favorable eye than she did upon the middle-aged Don José—could even give her a comfortable home. It was true, he admitted, that Manuel had a pretty rich uncle in San Diego County, but then he was not on good terms with him, and a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush.

Well, the upshot of it all was that, after the old man had been drumming this into her ears all summer, the Señorita Inez acquiesced, or seemed to acquiesce, in his views, and it was arranged that she should marry Don José within three months. The day was fixed for the middle of October, invitations were issued to friends and acquaintances, great preparations were made at the *hacienda*, and the old padre from San Miguel was to be on hand to tie the knot.

Two days before the event the guests came trooping in, on horseback, in ox wagons, in whatever they had and howsoever they pleased. There were *vaqueros* from all the country round, seemingly bent upon having a good time; though their presence was considered somewhat remarkable, as Don José Esquina was known not to be very popular among them, on account of his somewhat close and penurious habits. Such, at least, was the allegation against his character, which allegation seemed to be in a manner borne out by the paucity of the presents which he had bestowed upon his affianced bride, and which was the subject of a good deal of unfavorable comment on the part of the feminine portion of the guests, though Don José himself averred that the jewels, and the finery, and what not, which he had ordered from San Francisco, had been unaccountably detained; some of the *caballeros*, however, insinuating that the reason for this detention lay in the fact that the cash to pay for them had not been forwarded in advance, and that Don José's credit for prompt payment was not good at the bay. The presence of young Manuel Pereira, it should here be remarked, was conspicuous by its absence.

The day before the wedding the rainy season set in. Every one remembers the suddenness and force with which the rain set in on the 19th of October, 1854, and the 20th had been set for the wedding day. That same day rumor had it that Manuel Pereira had been seen somewhere about the *patio*, and that he had even been observed holding close converse with the Señorita Inez. Be this as it may, the rain continued coming down in torrents, and by nightfall the Salinas, though six miles off from the Silva *hacienda*, could be heard booming with a voice like thunder. A *vaquero* from San Luis Obispo also brought in news that he had been nearly swept away as he was fording the river at the Asuncion ranch, and that the ford was gone.

The wedding morning broke black and gloomy, the rain still coming steadily down. At breakfast it was noticed that there was not a single *vaquero* to be seen, which was somewhat remarkable, as there were some forty at supper the night before, and they are not usually noted for missing their meals. After breakfast Don José Esquina paced up and down the corridor with Don Miguel Silva, from eight till ten o'clock, and still there was no appearance of the Señorita Inez. At length the bridegroom began to grow restive. This was the signal for the father to act, so the women's quarters were besieged for Inez, but no Inez was forthcoming. The greatest excitement prevailed. Search was made everywhere about the place, and kept up until it became evident that Inez had certainly disappeared. Just when this fact became a certainty, a dripping and mud-bedraggled *vaquero* came in from Don José Esquina's ranch, saying that more than a thousand head of cattle had disappeared unaccountably from the range the preceding night. He, with other *vaqueros*, had ridden over leagues of territory that morning, and could see but few.

Presently another *vaquero* came in with the intelligence that the ford at the Asuncion ranch was now passable, and that there were hundreds of strange cattle upon the Santa Margarita pastures at the other side of the river.

Later on in the day news came in from San Luis Obispo that Manuel Pereira and Inez Silva had been married by the padre in the mission church that morning. The cattle on the other side of the river were presently ascertained to bear Don José Esquina's brand.

The rumor gradually assumed shape that a plot had been concocted between Manuel Pereira and his fellow *vaqueros*, by which about a thousand head of Don José Esquina's cattle had been rounded up and driven down to the ford at the Asuncion ranch; that they had then been stampeded across the quicksands until the channel was beaten down firm by the weight of their hoofs, so as to permit the passage of the Señorita Inez and her lover. What if a couple of hundred beeves were lost in the passage! That only paid the ancient grudge against the penurious Don José; and, if he did lose his cattle as well as his bride, it is questionable whether the loss of the former did not affect him most. At all events the whole process was characteristic and effective, and shows how they made a ford over the Salinas in the olden time. ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1884.

---

In the domain of Paris fashion, no stronger influence has been exerted by any one during the last twenty years than by the Princess de Metternich. She may be said to have introduced Wagner's music and Thérèse's singing into the higher classes of Parisian society by giving them the stamp of her approval; she also introduced charades and charity *fêtes*, one of the features of the hour, and, witty herself, she caused wit to be the current coin of conversation. In the matter of dress, her taste was faultless, and her word all-powerful. She ransacked the past and the present, history and fiction, pictures and books, to find picturesque and becoming effects in costume, and her patterns were as often taken from peasants as from queens. At present the Princess de Metternich dresses with extreme simplicity, though always with elegance and good taste. A younger queen of fashion has risen in the person of the young Marquise de Belbeuf, sister of the Duc de Morny. This lady possesses a taste for the *bizarre* and eccentric in dress, and is likely to impress her fancies more or less upon a wide circle of admirers. Her bewitching ways and youthful air cause ungraceful things to appear graceful upon her. She is addicted to tight-fitting jerseys, having one to almost every dress in her wardrobe. They are sometimes trimmed with gold or silver braid, and always display her armorial bearings in embroidery. She has parted with her beautiful locks and wears her hair short, like that of a boy. She makes sundry other feminine advances toward a masculine style and attire. Indeed, no competitor of the other sex can beat her in certain field sports and amusements. Withal, or perhaps on account of these peculiarities, the young marquise is very fascinating, and possesses a strong personality. She looks as often like a Watteau figure of the eighteenth century as like a piece of Sèvres china of this. It is her fancy to enter a ball-room crowned with a wreath of autumn blossoms, not too bright in color, and with a bouquet of similar flowers in her corsage. Presently she touches a secret spring, and both wreath and bouquet are brilliant with electric light.

---

One of the curious features of modern advertisements is the tendency to use as signatures words that suggest a meaning, and sometimes a very obvious one. In one of these instances an advertiser for a boarding-place requests all replies to be directed to "Moderate." How suggestive of his expectation of reasonable terms. Then, again, the woman who advertises for assistance in her troubles, gives "Unfortunate" as her address, in order to keep the latter in harmony with her appeal. "Non-inquisitive" is appended to another advertisement, and as the latter calls for rooms and board, the signature suggests the nature of the case too clearly to require any explanation. Another advertisement of similar character bids the reader address "Discreet," a word which in this connection has a well-understood meaning. Another word which is often found among a certain class of advertisements is "Quiet," and it sometimes appears as "Very Quiet." In this connection it also has a conventional meaning, so well understood that when a very quiet person advertises for board no explanation is required. Occasionally an advertisement appears offering board, and bidding applicants address "Secluded." This at once suggests that concealment which is required by an evil life, and in this manner a single word is made to indicate a purpose.

---

The Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle* reports that Dr. W. C. Gibson, of Macon, has lately effected a cure in the case of a negro afflicted with a disease greatly resembling leprosy.

## THE FRAZER RIVER CRAZE.

Being a Reminiscence of One of the Pilgrims.

One day in 1857 I stood on Folsom Street wharf, bidding farewell to some friends who were off for Frazer River on the steamer *Panama*. One of them was Charley Bennett, saying good-bye to his wife; the other, Henry Avery, both young men just in their prime, and full of hope, going to make their fortune in the new El Dorado. As they bade us all "Good-bye," Bennett said: "Well, so long, boys! I'll soon have my pile, and be back with you all." And Avery, taking leave of his fiancée, told her to cheer up and not cry, "for in less than a year," said he, "you'll be rejoicing in my return with a fortune that will make your life happy anywhere."

As the gang-plank was hauled in and the vessel steamed from the wharf, we wished them good-luck and God-speed, with three cheers—the rest who were left feeling a lurking wish that they, too, were bound for the promised land.

My next meeting with the two friends—Bennett and Avery—was on the occasion of their parting. They had been among the first to go up the Frazer River, where they had taken up a claim on the bar of Fort Yale. There they had worked until the rise of the river covered the bar and drove all the miners out, causing about ten thousand men to be gathered together at Forts Hope and Yale, waiting to get through the cañon to the great "Canoe Country" above, on the Frazer. We had heard much of it from the Indians as the birthplace of the gold that was found so plentifully on the river-bars, and on any little shelving point on the river. We thousands, who had nothing else to do, had watched the miners work the bar at Fort Yale until the water drove them out, and we had estimated that five hundred thousand dollars had been taken out of that one bar. What, then, must be the richness of that country whence this gold had been washed? That was a mystery which we were all anxious to fathom.

At the time when Bennett and Avery left their claim they had made about twenty-two thousand dollars. Bennett thought he had enough, so they sold their claim for five thousand dollars, and settled up. Avery, however, was not satisfied to return with only thirteen thousand five hundred dollars, which seemed to him too small a pile, considering the possibilities offered by the unexplored country up the river. But Bennett was content to return to his wife and go into business in San Francisco. One morning he and six others were to start down the river in a canoe for Victoria, there to take the steamer, and he tried hard to persuade Avery to change his mind and return with him. Even up to the moment of starting, Bennett pleaded with him that they who had been so long together should not now be separated; but Avery was immovable. So hands were wrung, and the parting words were spoken. The boat shoved off, struck a rapid not fifty feet from the bank of the river, and in a flash was overturned, throwing the men into the stream.

We hastened to their assistance, and succeeded in saving all but Bennett, who was never seen again, nor was his body ever found. It was supposed that the weight of the gold-dust, carried around his body, dragged him down and kept his body from rising to the surface. Thus his hard-won treasure but swept him to the Golden Shore.

In a few weeks the crowd of men camped at Yale and Hope got tired of drinking and gambling, while waiting for the river to go down and allow them to go through the cañon. The inaction became very irksome, and every day some one was leaving for Victoria. Finally a mass-meeting was called and a committee was appointed, with Avery as chairman, to open the trail and make a passage over the mountains into the great Canoe Country above. Immediately the camp was all alive and full of hope, with its squads of men every day going to the front to work on the trail. But by this time I had already parted with Avery, and had turned my face toward San Francisco. On reaching Victoria I found a party of friends who were going up the Lillouet trail, on to the head-waters of the Frazer River. I joined them.

The party consisted of one hundred and forty-nine men, with nineteen boats (*bateaux*), and three hundred pounds of provisions to the man; which, with blankets, cooking-utensils, and guns, made the boats so deep in the water that we were afraid to cross the Gulf of Georgia from Victoria to the mouth of the Frazer. We therefore chartered the English government steamer *Otto*, and one Monday in the latter part of June we went steaming out of Victoria harbor, men and provisions, on board the vessel and the nineteen boats in tow. That evening we were landed at Point Roberts, where we made our first camp. On the next day began the hardships of the trip, caused by our having to pull all day in the boats up the river. Arriving within seventy-five miles of Fort Hope, we turned off into Harrison Lakes. Crossing the two lakes, we came to the Lillouet River, fifty miles in length, connecting the upper with the lower lakes. The river was so steep that we had to tow our boats up, first on one side, then, coming to a big tree-top in the river which we could not pass, we had to cross to the other side, and thus back and forth all the way.

This was the most dangerous part of the trip. The river was so rapid that we lost nineteen men by the boats being capsized. Once overboard, they were so quickly swept out of sight that it was impossible to save them. Seventeen days it took us to climb the fifty-mile river, which, on my return, I came down in two hours. We crossed the two upper lakes, which brought us to a portage of thirty miles. This we had to cross on foot, carrying our provisions on our backs. By this time there were two hundred pounds of provisions left to each man, besides blankets and tools, which obliged us to make two loads. We would take a pack of one hundred pounds on our backs, carry a coffee-pot in one hand and a pick or shovel in the other, and, thus burdened, go under trees, over trees, along a rough Indian trail a mile. Then laying down the pack, we would go back and bring up the other half of the load. So, to make thirty miles, we had to pack for sixty miles and walk ninety.

We at last struck Frazer River, two hundred

miles above Fort Hope. The little flat on which we camped was claimed and worked by two French Canadians, with their squaw wives. To "clean-up" they used a hide fastened at the four corners to sticks driven in the ground; into this novel pan the men would shovel about a barrow-load of dirt, and while the squaws rocked the hide and worked the dirt with their hands, the men would throw water on the dirt, and so rock out the gold. In this rude way they took out fifty dollars a day while we were camped there. The main body went into camp, while we sent out two parties to prospect for a place where we could build winter quarters, and prepare to work all winter. All the shelvings and bars we found were rich, but no place was large enough for our party.

On starting out the two parties separated at Bridge River, one going up the Frazer, and the other up the Bridge River, so called from a suspension-bridge across it erected by the Indians. It was so old that they could not tell when it was built, having been there during their lives, and in their fathers' and grandfathers' time. Four large cables, made of the sinews of animals and the inner bark of trees, were stretched fifty feet across the cañon, seventy-five feet above the river. The two lower cables were covered with young saplings two or three inches in diameter and four feet long, placed side by side as close as possible, fastened to the cables by sinews, and at every two or three feet connected with the upper cables, eighteen inches above. On this ingenious structure, swaying in the wind like the pendulum of a clock, the Indians and squaws would walk across with their large loads, in perfect ease and safety. But we white men, after taking a few steps, would suddenly drop on our hands and knees, on account of the queer sensation in the stomach, and, in that undignified but safer position, make the rest of the trip across. Not one of us wanted to make it a second time.

I went with the party up Bridge River a hundred miles, when we came to a camp of Indians, where we stayed over night. The Indian chief asked us what we wanted and where we were going, and we told him. The next morning we were informed that he would not allow us to go any farther up the country. We showed him our permit from "King George's Government," as the Indians call the English Government, but he remarked that that made no difference—he would not allow any large party to settle on his land, for it was his. We had some good shots with us, and each of us had one of Sharp's six-barreled revolving rifles. When the chief had finished speaking, one of our best shots took a memorandum-book out of his pocket, tore out a white page the size of a common playing-card, walked off a good distance, and, planting all six shots into the card, told the Indians that they would be treated in the same manner if they tried to stop us from going up to prospect the country. The old chief, without replying, took a brand from our fire and walked off to a birch-tree, on the bark of which he made the black outline of a man, drawing a line across the forehead and also where the heart would be. Coming back to us, he took from one of his men an old English flint-lock musket with all the wood covered up by round brass-headed tacks. He took aim, and the first bullet went in where he had made the mark on the head; with another gun he sent a ball into the place marked for the heart. Then, turning to us, he remarked that a similar fate awaited every one of us "Boston men" if we went any farther up the country.

We stayed in camp that day and cogitated. In the evening the chief sent us some fresh salmon with berries, which gave us, with our bacon and bread, the best meal we had for months. That night we decided that it would not pay, exactly, for us to proceed, even if we could scoop up the virgin gold with one hand, if, in order to do so, we had to stand with a rifle in the other. We therefore returned to the main camp and reported. The other party came in next day. They had been two hundred miles up the river; the banks were high bluffs, mostly of rock, and there was no country where we could work, as far as they could see. We now knew as much as we wanted to, and every one prepared to leave such a forlorn prospect as soon as possible. Six of the boys built a raft of logs and started down the river, intending to go by way of Fort Hope. Before the raft was out of sight down the river it struck a rock, broke in pieces, and the boys were all drowned. The rest of us took the back track and went to Victoria, as we had come, but in less time!

We returned to San Francisco on the steamer *Pacific*, and what a reception we received as we came alongside the wharf! Good-natured hisses, jeers, groans, and laughter greeted us on every side. I never could decide whether it was because we were, as the old nursery-rhyme says, "all tattered and torn," or because they who laughed had "been there," too, and, getting back before us, thought to hide their confusion by guying the other fools. For even to this day it is hard to find any one who has had the Frazer River craze, though we all know that the excitement nearly depopulated the city. Every old steamer and hulk that could be made to carry passengers was fitted out for Victoria, some of them being little better than coffins, judging by the lives known to be lost.

Some few months ago the body of an old man was found dead in his hut out on the sand-hills overlooking the Golden Gate, where he had lived, for the last few years, as a hermit. It was Avery. He had gone up the river, spent all his money prospecting, become discouraged, lived with the Indians, and at last, weary and worn, had drifted back to San Francisco. But here the march of civilization had left him behind. He could not be "in the world, yet not of the world," and so, building him a hut out by the sea, where the only sound that broke his solitude was the roar and beating of the waves on the beach, he hid his sorrows till Time called him hence. A. P. S.

San Francisco, September, 1884.

---

The late Duke of Wellington used to say: "I'm all right. If they abolish the House of Lords, I shall go over to Belgium. I'm Prince of Waterloo there. When the great powers swallow up Belgium, I can still live in Spain, where I am Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo. And if Spain chooses, I shall retire to Portugal, where I shall end my days as Marquis of Torres Vedras and Count of Vimiero."

## VANITY FAIR.

The most notable entertainment of the Newport season was given last week by James Gordon Bennett in the form of a domino ball. The most elaborate preparations were made in the way of decorations. Seven hundred people were invited, and the most of them were present, including Attorney-General Brewster, all the officers of the North Atlantic Squadron, the training ship *Fort Adams*, the torpedo station, and the English war vessel, and the members of the Buffalo polo team, and all the leading cottagers and visitors. Along the wall enclosing the front of the grounds, awnings were erected to exclude the eyes of the vulgar crowd, and the rear piazzas were also enclosed. Within the grounds a large tent, one hundred by sixty feet, furnished accommodations for the host of people, while alcove tents at the end were used by the two bands which furnished the music, the Germania of Boston, and the Casino Band. The floor of this tent was as smooth as that of a drawing-room, while overhead were alternate stripes of red and white bunting. The pillars were turned with cut flowers, even up to the peak, where were crossed the private signals and yacht flag of Mr. Bennett. Chairs were arranged along the sides, and among them pots of growing plants, while the musicians were completely hidden by a mass of foliage from the tropical plants. A covered passage-way, handsomely carpeted, led to the tent from the house. At the entrance to the tent the English and American ensigns were draped and festooned. Opposite was an ice-bridge, illuminated by calcium lights from behind, and by colored lights from in front, producing a most beautiful and fascinating effect. In a pagoda connected with the house was laid a private table for President Arthur and the other distinguished guests. The table was ornamented by two hundred handsome candelabra, got by Mr. Bennett while abroad. The centre-piece represented the commodore's flag in flowers. Sir Edmund Commerill, of the British navy, and Admiral Luce, of the American navy, occupied seats around the table in the pagoda. The german was led by H. Legrand Cannon and Miss Frick of Baltimore. Count Jansee, of Paris, aided in giving out the favors. These were, for the ladies, fans of flowers with a centrepiece representing an owl, and, for the gentlemen, boutonnières fastened with silver owl pins. The ladies also received lace owl pins in silver. There were also blue satin ribbons, embroidered at the end with the word "Namouna," and silver pins bearing the date of the ball, "September 3." The german was danced by seventy couples and included many novelties. One of these was a figure of red and white balloons, which, worn on the costumes, floated with the movements of the wearers. Another was a figure in which the favors were silk English, French, and American flags. The culminating feature was at midnight, when eighteen ladies and eighteen gentlemen entered and danced the quadrille. The gentlemen wore hideous masks of beasts and birds, and the ladies were disguised by dominoes. The collation was arranged on numerous small tables placed carelessly about. The event was a most marked success. Nothing to equal it has ever been seen in Newport.

---

The following scene on the beach at Long Branch is described by "Cress," in the Cincinnati *Enquirer:* "A young lady who boasted of receiving seven bouquets was conspicuous in a pale blue silk dress, flounced with white lace, and cut so low that she wisely intrenched herself behind a bouquet the size of a meat-platter, made up of white rose-buds. She is well known in New York, and is a connection of the Strakosch family. Sunday morning she threw the whole hotel in hysterics by a little performance on the beach. Arrayed in a marvel of white lace, mull, and embroidery, with a coquettish white toque on her golden frizzes, and white silk parasol with a white lace cover to shield a countenance on which only the sun could raise a blush, she sauntered on the sands, escorted by a young man whose pedigree is of the "bluest." They selected a comfortable spot where they could view the bathers, and the young lady, seating herself with her back against a post for support, stretched her dainty limbs at full length, displaying pale blue silk stockings and a bewitching pair of bronze sandals. The young man then threw his lazy length upon the ground, and deliberately laid his classic-looking but empty head upon her hip."

---

The following is by the late J. A. MacGahan, the lamented correspondent, whose remains have just been brought from Europe to rest in his native State, Ohio. It is descriptive of the girls of Disko, a little Greenland town: "This is the country for Mrs. Bloomer; the women all wear trousers, and would scout the idea of anything else as absurd and probably indecent. I should pity the girl who tried to introduce the fashion of petticoats in Greenland. 'Oh, the shameful hussy!' 'The brazen-faced thing!' would be the verdict of every Disko woman; and Disko society would know her no more. The Disko costume appears very funny until you get used to it, but rather pretty, nevertheless. The hair is done up in a kind of top-knot on the crown of the head; a loose-fitting jacket, made of any kind of light, thin stuff of any color, trimmed with a fur collar, reaches to the waist; a pair of seal-skin trousers with the hairy side out descend nearly to the knee, where they are confined with a garter; a pair of top boots meet the trousers at the knee, the feet and ankles being of red leather, the upper portion of white linen, trimmed with fur around the tops. Imagine a pretty girl dressed in this costume, with the darkest, demurest eyes, and the sunniest brown complexion ever painted by sunshine, and sea-breezes, and ocean spray, and you have a fair idea of a Disko girl. You should see them tripping about in their little red boots, that scarcely seem to touch the ground, so soft is their tread, or springing over the rocks like young antelopes, to know how charming a girl may be in boots and breeches. And they have the daintiest little feet and hands, too—feet and hands that would make the prettiest American or English girl burst with envy, so finely shaped, so small, so delicate, and yet so strong. My partner was a demure little beauty, with dark, slightly almond-shaped eyes, a skin as brown as that of the nut-brown maid herself, the reddest, ripest lips, and the daintiest little feet that were ever seen. A greater pleasure even than to encircle her slender waist or to gaze into her dark eyes was to watch her little red-booted feet as they skimmed over the ground like the wings of a sea-bird over the waves—a pleasure quite lost when you dance with a girl who wears petticoats. The motion of dancing had caused her boots to settle down, leaving just above the knee a bit of the leg exposed, which, contrasting with the white starched linen tops of the boots, appeared as brown as a walnut. This peculiarity of the Disko girls is a bit of coquetry by which they probably indemnify themselves for not wearing low-necked dresses. But a girl who should expose her bust as a European lady does at a ball or a theatre would be hooted out of the village."

---

"At the theatre, the other evening," says a writer in the *New York World*, "I had the pleasure of sitting near a young lady whose dress shot up at the shoulders like the ears of a rabbit, and I was once more reminded of the masculine freaks that female fashions now take to with such marked degree. Why should the sleeves of a lady's dress extend two inches above her shoulders? For no other reason than that men in the military wear epaulettes. Why do ladies wear tailor-made suits? Because men do. Why should a lady wear broad, heavy shoes, which they now do? Because men do. Why do women wear ulsters? Because men do. Why do women wear stiff white collars about their necks? Because men do. Have you thought of the gradual approach toward man's dress that the women have made in the last ten years? The old female dress reformers started wrong. They wanted to put bloomers on the women. That would not do. Neither would trousers, such as Doctor Mary Walker wears. No modest woman could jump out of a dress into a pair of trousers and preserve her self-respect and the respect of her masculine admirers. The approach to the male costume was by a more circuitous route, and the result reached is both pleasing and endurable. Feminine attire is not so feminine as it used to be, and it is altogether sensible and proper that it should not be. Take a girl now dressed in an ulster that reaches her heels, that has lappels in front and big buttons, that is made of good, heavy, warm cloth, and if she has a cap and stout shoes she looks when walking away from you on a cold day in winter very much like the gentleman at her side. You say she is sensible, and so she is, but how far has she departed from the style of her grandmother, when everything was silk and lace and feathery finery! It is coming to be recognized that a woman is not a kitten to be kept in a satin bag at home and dressed in a blue ribbon when she goes out, but that she has muscles to be developed, and a skin that may safely come in contact with the dancing breezes and the light of heaven. In other words, women are becoming more sturdy and robust than they used to be. Croquet is not the game now, but it must be lawn-tennis, which requires more exertion, more strength, and more activity. The girl of the future will be an athlete. She will have strong arms and a ruddy complexion. She will ride horseback and row boats. She will dig the juicy clam at the seaside, and feast like a king as the result of her honest toil. And she will be all the better for it—all the stronger and healthier physically, mentally, and sentimentally. She will be a better specimen every way than her puny sisters of a generation back. Above all, she will make a better wife and a better mother. All this she can be, and still retain every real and essential womanly characteristic."

---

The favorite hour for strolling about the streets here, for the ladies (says a correspondent from the City of Mexico) is in the morning, from about nine till twelve o'clock. During those hours you encounter throngs of ladies, both Mexican and foreigners, walking leisurely along, staring in the shop windows, occasionally entering to make their purchases or to pull over the dress-goods and trimmings, and drive the clerks distracted in the good old American lady's fashion, and then depart without buying anything, just the same as in the cities of the North. The Mexican ladies love admiration, like to be noticed, even stared at, in the streets and all public places, by men. You can see this to be the case from their pleased manner when they are closely observed by strangers, particularly by foreigners. And, inasmuch as many of them have heard or read of the superior position held by women in American society, and of the devotion of the average American to his wife, it is not strange that Mexican women of the higher classes usually look with favor upon American men—if they are gentlemen. However, American men are not apt to be strongly fascinated with Mexican women, as even the best of them are badly educated, poor conversationalists (talking of nothing but their "novios" beaux, dress, and "the church"), very fanatical in religion, almost all bigototed Romanists, and very few of them as beautiful as the average American girl.

---

One of the many wondrous velvet broché novelties seen on the velvet counter of Arnold, Constable & Co., this season, has, on a faille Français ground of heavy rep and weight, figures of flying herons in various graceful positions in cut velvet pile, the shading, forming the throat, eyes, feathers, and mandibles of the bird, being of uncut pile. It would not take much of such a fabric to give character to a theatrical or fancy-ball costume. The new beaded laces for dresses, the new points de Gênes, and Chantilly, and Valenciennes, and Escurial beaded piece laces, flounces, and borders found on the lace counter are as remarkable as any of the novelties. The hosiery department still caters to the taste of those gentlemen who willingly spend one hundred dollars for a pair or two pairs of ladies' fine silk stockings with point lace insteps, lace-frilled tops, and lace-trimmed, jeweled garters; and the handkerchief counter can again be visited with success by ladies who shop for a present for a gentleman that must cost from five to fifty dollars.

---

In a recent official report Professor Baird says that the work of the Fish Commission began on a small *scale*.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Madame Materna, the great dramatic prima donna, has been engaged for the Imperial Opera, in Vienna, receiving eight hundred florins a night.

Nellie Calhoun, who sends over occasional glowing accounts of her success, is playing small parts in the London Haymarket, and is sadly scored, every time she gets a chance to appear at all, for her Americanisms.

John Howson has secured a verdict in his favor in the suit he brought against W. A. Mestayer for two hundred dollars, for non-payment of salary during the run of "Madam Piper" at Wallack's Theatre, New York.

The Helen D'Auvray who has made such a success in Paris as a young American actress, is said to be identical with "Little Nell, the California Diamond," who played here some years ago. In private life she is Miss Helen Williams.

Gus Levick, who came to San Francisco with Bartley Campbell, and is one of the many actors who have given Max Freeman a black eye, was married the other day in New York. He had been playing in "The Seven Ravens," at Niblo's, and was dismissed from the cast on his wedding night.

Sherwood, the pianist, who was pretty well introduced to the public by Amy Fay, the lady who has since become his wife, in her little book, "Music Study in Germany," is about to extend his sphere beyond the Boston lines. He has made arrangements to go to New York two days in the week to give lessons, and the New York musicians are greatly indignant thereat.

A musical journal states that all genuine waltz music comes from Vienna. Chopin, the Pole, wrote a great many waltzes, but none of them adaptable to dance purposes. It also states that all the new waltzes that crop up, no matter where, are inspired by some one of the Strauss brothers, and that the lap of the Danube waves must be heard through any waltz music to give it the proper swing.

The little black-eyed, fat-legged Brianza, who ranked as the third dancer during the production of "Excelsior" in San Francisco, is the premiere in "Sieba," and has just refused an offer of marriage from a dashing young broker in New York, who wished to marry her out of hand and pay the four-thousand-dollar forfeit the Kiralfys demanded for the canceling of the engagement. Actresses in the East have ceased losing their diamonds, and are pestered with offers of marriage.

The hats tipped sharply up to a point in front, which have been decorating the milliners' windows during the past fortnight, were introduced to New York last winter by the French actresses. They obtained amongst them as a sort of uniform from Aimée down to the last chorus girl, and it was not regarded as strictly good form for ladies with other than French morals to wear them. All women, however, like to tempt danger by wearing the devil's livery. These hats are very fashionable.

Belasco, having found a successful mine, is working it very well. He himself succumbed to nervous influences from overwork on the opening night of "May Blossom," and it was so effective, honest as it was, that he now keeps a faint as one of the properties of the theatre. On the opening night of "Called Back," rehearsed under his direction, he had the whole company faint with nervousness at the proper intervals, and the play, which was hanging fire, began to boom as soon as it was known that the principals were fainting.

Mathilde Cotrelly, the opera bouffe prima donna, was for some time leading lady in the German Theatre in San Francisco. She studied English in this city, and entered upon her opera bouffe and English-speaking career simultaneously in the first performance of "Fatinitza" at the California Theatre. She has now abandoned opera bouffe, and returned to legitimate comedy in a translation of "The Seamstress" from the German. Having run the rest of the gamut of theatrical experience, she is now getting a divorce from her husband, who is a dancing-master in Chicago.

At Irving Hall, next Thursday evening, October 7th, Mr. H. B. Pasmore will give a song recital, the first ever given in this city by a male soloist. He will be assisted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, pianist, and Miss Bessie Marshall, accompanist. Mr. Pasmore has just finished an extended course of study in Leipsic and London—in the former place under Unger-Kaupt, the renowned operatic singer, a pupil of Viardot-Garcia; and in the latter city under William Shakespeare, of the Royal Academy of Music. The programme is an attractive one. Seats can be secured at Sherman & Clay's music store after Monday, October 6th.

Lotta has had "Nitouche," one of Judic's plays, translated for her, and is now playing it in New York. Lotta is very anxious to get upon a higher plane of acting, and wants gradually to drop Zip, Musette & Co. The critics, however, are very hard upon her Nitouche, in which they claim that she has made unwarrantable changes. One of the features, as Judic plays it, is an entry on horseback. The horse recently threw Madame Judic, walked across her, and lay down on her, according to the French papers; but the great Judic came out all right again after a day or two of depression. Lotta makes this entry in a workman's cart, drawn by two villagers in blouses, and greatly detracts from the thrill of the scene.

Alice Lingard, who is known as an American actress in London, has made a great success there. She is now playing the heroine in "Called Back" to crowded houses, and is said to be younger, handsomer, and dressier than when she played "Frou-Frou," at Maguire's Opera House, a dozen years ago. She has dispensed with William Horace, and is devoted to the education of her two daughters, now great, strapping girls, who will be ready in two or three years to take their mother's place upon the stage. Alice, who has always been a shrewd business woman, has managed not only to keep up her reputation as a dresser and to retain possession of her handsome New York home, but to put by a pretty penny for a rainy day.


# BIBLE COMPETITION!

# $11,857.00 IN REWARDS

GIVEN BY THE

## Pacific Coast Farm and Fireside Journal

*CLOSING MARCH 1st, 1885,*

or sooner if the first series of 25,000 subscribers is filled. Due notice of which will be given in the PACIFIC COAST FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL. The proprietors announce a magnificent list of rewards for correct answers to the following Bible questions. The questions are not difficult and within the reach of all:

### THE BIBLE QUESTIONS:

**1—Is Diamond referred to in the Bible? If so, state first reference.**

**2—Is Emerald made mention of in the Bible? If so, state first reference.**

**3—Is Sapphire spoken of in the Bible? If so, state first reference.**

These all refer to precious stones.

Now, anyone having a knowledge of the Scriptures ought to be able promptly to answer these questions with a little study, and so secure some one of these rewards. Bear in mind everyone competing must **send One Dollar** with their answers, for which the PACIFIC COAST FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL will be sent six months to any address. If you answer each of the questions correctly, and your answers are in time, you are sure to secure one of those costly rewards.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—Anyone, so desiring, can have the value of these rewards in U. S. Gold Coin, less 20 per cent. State in your answer which you prefer.

## 500 FIRST REWARDS, $3,750.00

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—One Elegant Rosewood Piano | $500.00 | 39 to 59—Twenty Quadruple-Plate Ice Pitchers | 300.00 |
| 2—One Gent's Gold Hunting Case Watch | 100.00 | 60 to 89—Twenty Quadruple-Plate Cake Baskets | 150.00 |
| 3—One Handsome Parlor Organ | 200.00 | 90 to 100—Ten Solid Silver Hunting Case watches | 350.00 |
| 4—One Lady's Fine Gold Hunting Case Watch | 100.00 | 101 to 300—Two Hundred Fine Gent's Scarf Pins | 500.00 |
| 5—One Handsome Parlor Set—Walnut Furniture | 150.00 | 301 to 400—One Hundred Fine Ladies' Brooches | 300.00 |
| 6 to 11—Five Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns | 250.00 | 401 to 500—One Hundred Solid Silver Tablespoons | 300.00 |
| 12 to 17—Five Cabinet Sew'g Machines | 250.00 | | |
| 18 to 38—Twenty Solid Coin Silver Watches | 400.00 | | |

The above five hundred rewards will be given to the first five hundred persons who send one dollar for subscription to the PACIFIC COAST FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL, and correct answers to the Bible questions given above. Then come the

## 500 MIDDLE REWARDS, $4,950.00

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—Five Hundred Dollars Gold Coin | $500 00 | 41 to 100—Sixty Fine Waterbury Watches | $300.00 |
| 2—One Beautiful Rosewood Piano | 750.00 | 101 to 200—One Hundred Boxes (½ doz) Fine Gents' Linen Handkerchiefs | 300.00 |
| 3—One Elegant Cabinet Organ | 250 00 | 201 to 300—One Hundred Elegant Triple-plated Butter Knives | 100.00 |
| 4—One Gent's Elgin Watch, Stem-setting and Stem-winding, Gold Hunting Case | 100.00 | 301 to 400—One Hundred Sets Triple-plated Teaspoons | 200.00 |
| 5—One Ladies' Hunting Case Watch, Stem-setting and Stem-winding | 100.00 | 401 to 450—Fifty Half-barrels Best Cube Sugar | 500.00 |
| 6 to 20—Fourteen Beautiful Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns | 500.00 | 451 to 500—Fifty Boxes Best Japan Tea | 150.00 |
| 21 to 40—Twenty Elegant Cabinet Sewing Machines | 1,200.00 | | |

The $500.00 Gold Coin will be given to the person sending the MIDDLE CORRECT ANSWER of the whole competition, from first to last. The four hundred and ninety-nine costly articles, beginning with the Piano, that follow No. 1, of these middle rewards will be given to the four hundred and ninety-nine persons who send the next correct answers following the middle or center reward that takes the $500 gold coin; then, that even the last ones may not feel that they are left out, the PACIFIC COAST FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL will give a series of

## 250 Consolation Rewards, $3,157.00

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—One Gent's Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Elgin Watch | $100.00 | 32 to 50—Nineteen Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns | $380.00 |
| 2—One Fine Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Set, 6 pieces | 100.00 | 51 to 69—Nineteen Fine Quadruple Silver-plated Cake Baskets | 228.00 |
| 3—One Lady's Solid Gold Stem-winding Elgin Watch | 95.00 | 70 to 100—Thirty-one Beautifully Bound Volumes Hood's Poems | 93.00 |
| 4 to 7—Four Fine Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns | 240.00 | 101 to 167—Fifty-seven Fine Solid Gold Brooches | 171.00 |
| 8 to 19—Twelve Quadruple Plate Ice Pitchers, finely chased | 390.00 | 168 to 175—Eight Splendid Home Sewing Machines | 520 00 |
| 20 to 31—Twelve Genuine Coin-silver Hunting Case Ladies' Watches | 360.00 | 176 to 200—Twenty-four Beautiful Heavy Silver Cruets | 330.00 |
| | | 200 to 250—Fifty Gents' Scarf Pins | 150.00 |

This list of consolation rewards will be given to the last two hundred and fifty persons who send correct answers to the above Bible questions. Fifteen days will be allowed for letters to reach their destination. But bear in mind your letter must bear the post-mark not later than March 1st, 1885 (with one dollar inclosed for the paper) the closing day for letters from distant points to reach the office of the PACIFIC COAST FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL. All letters are carefully numbered as they arrive and there can be no mistake. If your answers are correct and they reach there in time, you will surely get some reward in addition to THE PACIFIC COAST FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL, which alone is worth the dollar. It contains eight pages of interesting matter for the farmer and the home circle—something to interest every member of the family. Look up your Bible now, and see if you can find the answer to these questions. It will do you good, apart from the opportunity you have of obtaining a valuable reward in addition to the JOURNAL which alone is good value for the dollar. We could not afford to give these valuable rewards unless we were certain of your patronage in years to come, and we have adopted this way of giving the commission back to patrons in rewards instead of hiring canvassers and paying commissions to them. We feel almost certain that you will become life subscribers to the PACIFIC COAST FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL if you take it for six months. It is our aim to make it the leading paper for the farmer and the home circle.

No information will be given to any one beyond what has been above stated. So don't waste time by waiting, but send in your answers and money NOW. If you happen to be too late for the first, you may be fortunate enough to obtain a middle reward. We direct special attention to the fact that clergymen are not permitted to compete. This we think exceedingly fair. The field is now open for a fair and square race for these rewards.

No money will be received by telegraph or in any way but through the Post Office or by express. One dollar only required. You are sure of good value for your money. Send postal orders or postal notes. If you send stamps add six cents for discount. Address all letters and orders to

JNO. F. UHLHORN, Manager.
**FARM AND FIRESIDE PUBLISHING CO.,**
*P. O. Box 226. 1014 Broadway, OAKLAND, CAL.*



# KNABE PIANOS

"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*

**A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St. S. F.,** Sole Agents.



**Filippe's Academy of Languages,**

Established 1871, has removed to more commodious and pleasant quarters, 702 Market Street, corner of Geary. Professor DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy practical method saving months of study. "UNIQUE" method of acquiring foreign languages, where students have not the opportunity to practice. Fine library and periodicals from Spain and France free to students.

**"Buffets."**

Something new in the way of sideboards and side tables at the warerooms of the California Furniture Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

— NOW IS THE TIME TO SECURE THE METROpolitan Hall for the use of speakers during the Presidential campaign. It is situated in the central portion of the city, and is so perfectly arranged that the speaker need not raise his voice above the ordinary conversational tone to be heard in all parts of the large auditorium.

**F. WICHERT,**

Professor of Violin, Spanish, German, Commercial Calculations, and Book-keeping. Graduated at Berlin. **1122 Leavenworth Street.**



# HOMES

.....IN THE.....

# SANTA CRUZ HILLS

The region above named is fast becoming famous for the beauty of its scenery, its fertility, healthfulness, and remarkable adaptation to the growth of the grape and other fruits. Lands improved or unimproved, offering the best advantages as to schools, railroads, wagon-roads, and desirable neighbors, are for sale on easy terms. Address

**M. G. NORTON, Wright's, Cal.**



**Mechanics' Pavilion Skating Academy.**

DAILY SESSIONS (Sundays excepted) commencing Monday, September 22d, from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M., and evenings from 7:30 to 10 o'clock.

☞ Tuesday evenings the Pacific Skating Club has the exclusive use of the Rink.

TERMS—Mornings and Afternoons, 25 cents for admission and use of skates. Evenings, when boys under 15 cannot skate, 25 cents for admission and 15 cents for skates. All improper persons and features interdicted. Full Band in attendance. J. L. WALTON, Actuary.


A Bit of China.

John Chinaman, my Jo John,
When first the world began
To wear boiled linen under-clothes,
You were a handy man.

You wore your pig-tail up, John,
Though soon you'll wear it low,
For Johnny Crapeau's on your trail,
John Chinaman, my Jo.

—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*


**IRVING HALL,**

Over Kohler & Chase's Music Store, 139 Post St.

**Tuesday Evening.....October 7, 1884.**

# "SONG RECITAL,"

**First ever given in this City by Male Soloist,**

—BY—

# H. B. PASMORE,

(Just returned from Europe), assisted by

**MRS. CARMICHAEL-CARR, Pianiste,**

—AND—

**MISS BESSIE MARSHALL, Accompaniste.**

ADMISSION (reserved seat included), ONE DOLLAR. Seats can be secured (no extra charge) on and from Monday, October 6th, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music House, Kearny and Sutter Streets.

MARCUS M. HENRY, Business Agent.



**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,**

Eddy Street, near Market.

KRELING BROS.....Sole Proprietors and Managers

This Evening and every evening until further notice Boilldieu's Charming Operatic Spectacle,

**LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD,**

Produced with Magnificent Spectacular Effects, Gorgeous Costumes, Scenery, Etc.

Admission, 25 cents.....Reserved seats, 50 cents



**DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT,**

# T. H. REARDEN

(PRESENT INCUMBENT).



**REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS,**

**Fifth Congressional District,**

# F. J. SULLIVAN.



**ROOFS.** SEND YOUR ORDERS EARLY FOR for repairs to H. G. FISKE, THE PIONEER ROOFER.

**827 Market Street, opposite Stockton.**



**MARBLE WORKS.**

**MARBLE MANTELS,** made of **ONYX,** Colored, **ITALIAN,** and Statuary Marbles, Monuments and Headstones. **W. H. McCORMICK,** 827 Market St.



**COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION,**

**Phelan's Building, Rooms 6, 8, 9, 10, 11.**

**Entrance, 806 Market Street.** Gas Specialists; positively extract teeth without pain; only office that makes and gives the celebrated "Colton Gas;" established in 1863; over 15,000 references; also, performs all operations in Dentistry.



**OIL STOVES**

**NEW A & W MONARCH C for 1884.**

**Don't buy till you see it! Or send for Circular.**

**JNO. F. MYERS & CO.**

**869 Market Street,**

San Francisco.



**REMOVAL.**

**EDWARD E. OSBORN, Patent Solicitor,** United States and Foreign, has removed to 220 Sansome Street, Rooms 10, 11, and 12, San Francisco.



# WALL PAPERS,

**FRESCOING,**

**INTERIOR DECORATING**

**WINDOW SHADES.**

# G. W. CLARK & CO.

**645 and 647 MARKET STREET.**





**Remington** STANDARD **Type-Writer.**

Again improved and perfected. See them.

**G. G. WICKSON & CO.,**

539 Market St.

Opp. S...

## THE INNER MAN.

### The Sharp Carving-Knife.

It is understood that at the next meeting of the British Association the question of the existence of a "sharp carving-knife" will be thoroughly discussed, and in all probability a committee will be appointed to investigate the matter.

The universal incredulity which has hitherto been expressed by scientific persons as to the existence of a sharp carving-knife is, of course, due to the fact that no sharp carving-knife has ever been recognized and examined by a scientific person. The evidence as to its non-existence is therefore of a purely negative character. There is nothing in the manners and customs of nature which renders it intrinsically improbable that such a thing as a sharp carving-knife should exist. There are dull razors and sharp razors, dull penknives and sharp penknives, dull hunting-knives and sharp hunting-knives. Why, then, in view of the fact that dull carving-knives exist, should not nature have created sharp carving-knives? Of course, the answer to this is, that while sharp razors, penknives, and hunting-knives are common, the sharp carving-knife, if it exists, is confessedly extremely rare. Still, those who believe in its existence are not arguing in behalf of any such aburd proposition as that it is common.

Although no scientific person has seen a sharp carving-knife, there are presumably honest and intelligent observers who claim to have seen it. In the beginning of the sixteenth century the Bishop of Spalatro published an account of a sharp carving-knife which he had seen in the archbishop's palace in Venice. He described this knife as having very much the appearance of an ordinary carving-knife, but asserted that he saw it cut chickens, roast beef, and ham with perfect ease. He was at first inclined to think that the knife was a miraculous vision, but the archbishop assured him that it was a genuine sharp carving-knife, and that it had been in his possession for twenty years. Twelve other men besides the bishop saw the sharp carving-knife—so he alleges—"whereat they greatly marveled and crossed themselves." There is no reason to suppose that the good bishop wantonly told what was not true; but it must be confessed that the existence of the alleged Venetian sharp carving-knife rests wholly upon his unsupported testimony, and not one of the many other men who must have seen it, had it existed, has left any record of the fact.

The next alleged appearance of a sharp carving-knife was in 1822, when one is said to have been seen by the keeper and guests of a private hotel in Queen Street, London. These persons, twenty-two in number, certify in writing that in their presence, on the 12th of July, 1822, Mrs. Smith, the keeper of the hotel, carved a spring chicken with perfect ease with a knife which was recognized by every one present to be a sharp carving-knife. The knife in question was further certified by Mrs. Smith herself to have been bought of a peddler, who represented it to be an ordinary carving-knife. This testimony seems explicit, and at first sight quite convincing.

When, however, we inquire what became of this sharp carving-knife, we find no answer. One would have supposed that all the scientific persons in England would have rushed to examine it, that it would have been exhibited at a guinea a head to thousands of wondering housekeepers, and that it would have been bought, without regard to expense, by the British Museum. But it seems to have disappeared as quietly and completely as the Venetian knife described by the Bishop of Spalatro. This is certainly very strange, and it can not but throw doubt upon the whole story.

In 1841 a sharp carving-knife was seen in Babylon, Long Island. Mrs. H. G. Raynor had bought a carving-knife from Messrs. White & Thompson, of No. 312 John Street, in this city, and on attempting to carve a piece of roast beef, found, to her unspeakable astonishment, that it was sharp. Three boarders—Judge Milliken, the Rev. James Williams, and Mr. T. H. McGonigle—all testified that they saw the knife, and that it was a genuine sharp carving-knife. It is asserted that this knife was preserved by Mrs. Raynor for nearly three years, when it was stolen by some person unknown. None of the witnesses are now now alive—Judge McGonigle, the last survivor, having died in 1859—but they were all persons of veracity and respectability. Their testimony is entitled to careful consideration, and, unless it can be rejected, establishes the fact of the existence of the sharp carving-knife.

There are countless stories of the appearance of sharp carving-knives at watering-place hotels. These, however, are entitled to no weight. Some of them are the invention of newspaper writers in search of startling sensations, and others are evidently mere advertising tricks. Perhaps in some cases the stories were true; they come to us in such shape that no scientific person would think them worth investigating. The testimony of Mrs. Raynor and her friends should, however, be carefully investigated, as well as the curious story of the appearance of a sharp carving-knife in Queen Street, London.

There is among all men and women a constant expectation of some day meeting with a sharp carving-knife. The desire for such a knife is universal, and is one of the strongest passions of the race. It would be a great comfort to millions of people were the British Association to decide that the sharp carving-knife does exist. If it has been seen only once, it may be seen again. If it appeared to Mrs. Raynor and to the Bishop of Spalatro, it may again appear to any one of the unhappy householders who daily suffer the agonies of carving with a dull knife.—*Harper's Bazar.*

---

"Times have changed," said Old Hyson, mournfully, "times have changed."

"And as to wherefore?" asked his son.

"In former times," said the old one, "man ate the cream."

"And now?"

"They cremate the man."

There was an awful pause, and Young Hyson walked out of the counting-room on his tip-toes, and told one of the salesmen he was afraid the old man was breaking up fast.—*Burdette.*

---

It is perhaps just as well General Hancock was not elected. Mrs. Hancock composes music.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

### Our Village Belle.

She was our village belle,
Hear me tell
How she flirted with the teacher,
And the single village preacher,
And the swell.

She said she was eighteen.
Was I green?
Sev'ral slender streaks of gray
That through her hair did stray
Could be seen.

And to the church she often went,
Most intent
On all the preacher said.
And at his prayers her head
Down she bent.

Then she'd glance across the aisle
At the style
That the village swell would fling,
And she'd think to win a ring
And his pile.

And then behind her fan
She would scan,
And the teacher's jealous look,
As his face rose over his book,
Thin and wan.

But she wed none of these three,
Woe is to me!
For my father wooed another,
And I have a second mother.
It is she! —*Life.*

### The Coachman to His Love

How beautiful the maid is, as
At the stable-door she stands!
Just twenty-five years old next grass,
And rising sixteen hands.
Her chestnut hair is banged across,
Square as a hunter's tail,
And her step is like a Derby 'oss
A-coming back to scale.

O Eveleen! your madd'ning kiss
Within my memory lags
When o'er the halter chains I hiss
Or litter down the nags.
And when the menial fork I ply,
Or mix the mash of bran,
Your form is present to my eye—
I am a happy man!

Fair maiden, can it be indeed,
To win you I may hope?
You to the halter I may lead,
Or, at the worst, elope?
O bliss! O rapture! how the thought
Illumines the harness room,
That I from coachman may be brought
Up to the rank of groom!

But ever at my anxious heart
A hunting care will prey;
How saddle be the lover's part
If dawns no bridle day!
Or, if the maid my suit should scorn—
Her heart should 'ossify,
And she should leave me all forlorn,
How wretched then were I!

But Eveleen, 'tis time to bolt,
Here comes your father cross,
With the revolver of the Colt,
The pistol of the hoss;
Farewell, farewell, for I must fly—
I do not love a scene;
He weighs fourteen stun more than I—
Adieu, my Eveleen!
—*Philadelphia Record.*

### Her Name.

"The best laid plans of men and mice,"
The poet says, "gang aft agley,"
And though a poet sometimes lies,
In this case truth holds the sway.

There was a man, deep in whose soul
Poetic fancies held high place;
His name was Rose, a pleasant name,
With more or less of grace.

Unto this Rose the angels brought
A dear, delightful child,
A very bud of promise, and
The father called her "Wild."

A Wild Rose, then, she was to all,
The sweetest flower that bloomed and grew
On breezy hill, in woody dell,
Midst daisies kissed by dew.

The years were numbered one by one,
With much of ill and much of good,
Until our Wild Rose, fresh and fair,
Blushed into womanhood.

And then there came the low'ring clouds
Of circumstance, the murky fog
Of actual life, and she was wed—
Her husband's name was Hogg.
—*Merchant Traveler.*

### The Political Maud.

Ben Butler, on a summer's day,
Stood in a convention making hay;
The hay was sweet and the hay was dry,
But it wasn't as cocked as old Ben's eye,
For old Ben saw on a gelding gay
Judge Nomination ride that way.

When the Judge saw Ben in the hay at work
He stopped his horse with a sudden jerk,
And he rolled his eyes on the winsome face
And the buxom form, and the airy grace,
And the wealth of cheek, and the mesh of hair,
Of sweet Ben Butler a-working there.

"Oh," sighed the Judge, "that the fate were mine
To wed with a creature so divine!
With Ben for a mate my life would seem
Like a poet's song or an artist's dream;
But, when they heard of my marital pick,
How like a steer my folks would kick!"

So, fearful of what his folks might say,
Judge Nomination rode away,
And left Ben Butler standing there
With wealth of cheek and mesh of hair;
And of all sad words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are these—"He wouldn't have Ben."
—*Ex.*


LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

**BOOTS AND SHOES**

Made to order by

**W. F. MEAGHER,**

**111 Geary St., near Dupont, San Francisco.**

Stage and Wedding Shoes of Louis XV. a specialty.

**CRAPE.**

Old and Faded Crape Veils and Bonnets RE-DYED and FINISHED LIKE NEW at the

**PALACE DYE WORKS,**

633 Market Street, Palace Hotel.

**J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.**

**MERCHANT TAILORS**

**And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,**

**415 MONTGOMERY STREET,**

**Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco**




*"No amount of pure ocean air in the lungs can neutralise the bad effects of polluted water in the stomach."*

New York Herald.

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.

*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

**For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.**

**No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco,**

**and Portland, Oregon.**




**Offers the**

**LATEST STYLES**

.....OF.....

**CLOTHING**

.....AND.....

**FURNISHING GOODS**

**FOR GENTS AND BOYS,**

**READY MADE and MADE TO MEASURE at**

**REDUCED PRICES.**

**A Full Line of Desirable Suitings in our Merchant Tailoring Department.**

**HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE**

24 Post St., San Francisco

*COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, PENMANSHIP AND TELEGRAPHY.*

E. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

**IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES**

**Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating.**

Every description of Tableware and Household Goods plated and repaired at the **San Francisco Plating Works, 653 and 655 Mission St.**, between New Montgomery and Third.

**E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.**

**REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS,**

**Fifth Congressional District,**

**CHAS. N. FELTON.**

**REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS,**

**Fourth Congressional District,**

**WM. W. MORROW.**

**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

**EDUCATIONAL.**

**H. B. PASMORE,**

**TEACHER OF SINGING,**

Begs to announce that he has returned from Europe, and is prepared to instruct in Singing according to the best and most approved methods, and will also receive pupils in Theory and Composition and Organ-playing at M. GRAY'S, 206 Post Street. Reception hours—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 2 P. M.

**THE DELSARTE SYSTEM OF EXPRESSION.**

**MRS. EDNA SNELL POULSON,**

Who has been absent some months, studying with Steele Mackaye, F. H. Sargent, and Oskar Guttman, will resume her pupils in

**Voice Building, Oratory, and Pantomime, MONDAY, OCTOBER 6th.**

Private pupils and classes desiring instruction can address her in the care of Van Ness Seminary, Ralston House, 1222 Pine Street, San Francisco, or at Snell Seminary, 568 Twelfth Street, Oakland.

Mrs. Poulson, as representative of the New York Lyceum Theatre School of Acting, is authorized to receive applications and examine candidates for admission thereto.

**MISS WEST'S SCHOOL for GIRLS**

**Will re-open Monday, August 3d.**

Temporary location, 1001 Sutter Street, corner of Hyde.

**PERRY SEMINARY,**

Formerly Sacramento Seminary of Sacramento, will open **August 6, 1884,**

At 1625 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland. For catalogue and particulars, address MRS. HERMAN PERRY, Or MISS KATE M. FULLER, Principals.

**SHORT-HAND INSTITUTE.**

Oral instruction day and evening: also, lessons by mail; send for circular. **Long's School of Phonography,** 220½ McAllister Street.

**PRIVATE INSTRUCTION**

In the English Branches. Bookkeeping and Accounts. Preparations for Examinations a specialty. Call 4 to 8 P. M. **B. L. BROWN,** 313 Geary Street.

CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS.

MONOGRAMS, Arms, Crests, Wedding, Reception and Visiting Cards designed, engraved, and printed; lot Papeterie; Albums at great bargain. ROBERTS, 10 Post St., Masonic Temple.

**INVENTORS' INSTITUTE,**

**105 STOCKTON STREET,**

**Corner of O'Farrell.**

PATENTS PROCURED FOR **$65,** AND PATENTS Negotiated. Send for particulars.

**FINEST PHOTOS IN THE CITY**

....AT THE....

**IMPERIAL GALLERY,**

**724½ Market Street.**

**Contract for Fall and Winter Supply**

....OF....

**COAL.**

For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. **CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street.** Telephone 308.

**BOUND VOLUMES**

.....OF.....

**THE ARGONAUT.**

**Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X XI, XII, XIII, and XIV.**

Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office, No. 213 Dupont Street.

**STORAGE.**

**Furniture and Pianos, Trunks, Paintings, Mirrors, Carpets, Ornaments,**

And other goods received for storage and safe keeping. Goods stored in clean, light, dry lofts. Charges moderate, advances made, insurance effected. California Storage Warehouse, No. 722 MISSION ST., next to the Grand Opera House. **THOS. H. ROONEY & CO.**


**CONSOLIDATED IMPERIAL MINING CO.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of September, 1884, an assessment (No. 21) of Ten (10) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the seventh (7th) day of October, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the twenty-eighth day of October, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*

# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Wednesday, October 1, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‡8.00 A.M. | ..Byron and Martinez | ¶6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Delta and Redding | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Deming, El Paso and Eastern Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | ..Deming, El Paso and Eastern Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Galt and Ione, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ..Galt, via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Los Angeles and South | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | ..Merced, Madera, Fresno, and Tulare | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Merced, Madera, Fresno, and Tulare | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Mojave and East Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | ..Mojave and East Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Stockton & *Milton via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ..Stockton, via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | ..Virginia City | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 8.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Vallejo Junction; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from El Paso and Mojave at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

¶ Daily from Martinez. Sundays only from Byron.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier).**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *9.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23 *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23 *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

J. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

8 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.


NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

BROAD GAUGE.

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and Menlo Park | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | † 3.36 P.M. |
| 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and ....Principal Way Stations | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ....Hollister and Tres Pinos | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Camp Goodall.. Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations | 6.00 P.M. |
| †7.50 A.M. | ..Monterey and Santa Cruz ....(Sunday Excursion | †8.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
‡ Theatre train; Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, Camp Goodall, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—Sold SUNDAY MORNING, good for return same day.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, September 22, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—9.00, 11.15 A. M., 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P. M. To Saucelito, 7.30 A. M.

(Sundays)—8.00, 10.15 A. M., 1.30, 5.30 P. M. To Saucelito only, 11.30 A. M,

Extra trip on Saturdays at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.45, 9.00 A. M., 12.15, 3.15, 4.50 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.55, 10.15 A. M., 3.30, 4.50 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 9.30 A. M., 1.00, 3.50, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.30, 10.50 A. M., 12.00 M., 4.00, 6.05 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 2.15 P. M.

**11.15 A. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAIN for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through train from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 1.30 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning arrives in S. F. at 6.40 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


BONESTELL, RICHARDS & CO.

ALLEN & CO.

PAPER WAREHOUSE

411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.**

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **2 o'clock P. M.** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| Steamer | 1884. | From San Francisco |
|---|---|---|
| **Oceanic** | **Thursday, October 30th** | |
| **Arabic** | **Tuesday, November 11th** | |
| **San Pablo** | **Thursday, December 18th** | |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of New York** ..... **October 7**
**City of Peking** ..... **October 18**

At 2 o'clock P. M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Jose** ..... **October 15**

At ten o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, SAN BLAS, MANZANILLO, and ACAPULCO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA and LA LIBERTAD, and via ACAPULCO for other Mexican and Central American ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**City of Sydney**...Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on Oct. 6th, 14th, 22d, and 30th, and Nov. 1st, and every eighth day thereafter. The last steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

MARIPOSA ....SATURDAY, November 1st, at 3 P. M.
ALAMEDA ...WEDNESDAY, October 15th, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

THE

## AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**

Office, 208 California Street.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church, Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER, Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia. J. W. PORTER.

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President;
Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President;
James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier;
Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital .....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremon National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**
Of London. Instituted 1803.

**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.

**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.

**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

# RUBBER HOSE

—FOR—

**Gardens, Mills, Mines, & Fire Departments,**

Manufactured and for sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard (Maltese Cross) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose (Competition), Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire Engine Hose, Carbolized Maltese Cross Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

**JOHN W. TAYLOR, - - - Manager.**

**No. 15 First Street, near Market.**

## CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY

**OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.**

**Works,.....Eighth and Brannan Streets.**

C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**

## THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.

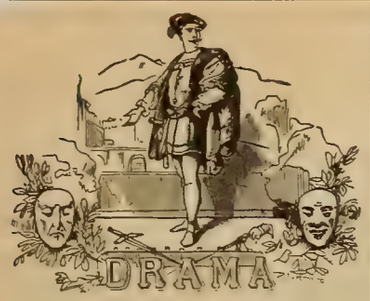


**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**

**38 California Street, San Francisco,**

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast




"The Barber of Seville" is a Sahara of tedious recitative studded with oases of melody. It is true, the oases are numerous, but as those in the great desert sparkle all the more greenly to the tired traveler's eye for the arid desolation around, so, in the opera, it is such a genuine relief to come to one of them, that they have perhaps a better reputation than they deserve.

And yet, as a production typical of the tastes of another country—tastes radically different from our own—it has been interesting. We have known there must be something to make "The Barber of Seville" live so long and flourish so luxuriantly, and we have felt it to be our duty to work ourselves up to the point of appreciation. How often we all try to make ourselves like, or fancy we like, something—something that is really detestable to us.

Have you not seen people who were proud of their fondness for red pepper, and prouder yet of the amount of it they could consume? Have you not seen a humble and admiring circle sitting in abasement around these lordly salamanders, ashamed to confess they didn't like the stuff, and cauterizing their throats with more than they wanted of it with a curious species of bravado?

Did any one ever see any man eat a seventeen-minute canvas-back that he didn't take an inexplicable pride in its rawness? Does he not boast, though ever so slightly, of his fondness for duck gore to his neighbor, who shudders over a twenty-minute duck, and whose gorge actually rises over the blatant gourmet's bird? There is no actual merit in eating red pepper, or raw duck; yet what man likes to confess that he doesn't like either? I find myself in the same condition about "The Barber of Seville." Musicians say that it must be a good opera, because it has lived and thrived for sixty-eight long years, and ranks in popularity only next to "Don Giovanni." As a matter of fact, it was condemned with hisses by the demonstrative Romans on the first night of its production, but did afterward outgrow their dislike and attain a wonderful popularity. Perhaps it is like the raw duck and the red peppers, the more you take of it the more you want, and the more you can stand. And, in any case, it is only suited to an Italian audience. Adelina Patti made it popular because she is fond of opera buffa, and people go to see Patti without much thought of the opera itself. Rosina's is a sparkling, merry rôle, and her score teems with tests of the flexibility of a voice. In some short memoirs of Rossini, recently published, there is an anecdote of Patti's singing to Rossini in the earliest part of her career to obtain his opinion of her voice. With a disposition to be civil to the old gentleman, she sang "Una voce poco fa," embellished by Strakosch. Rossini listened to her with great pleasure, observed that the morceau was a pretty thing, and benignly asked who was the composer. Patti dropped the Strakosch embellishments for a long time after that, but eventually took them up again in deference to the taste of the general public for profuse embroidery. And who shall say how many hundreds of times she has sung Rosina? The rôle became so identified with her that for a long time it was given over to her almost exclusively, outside of Italy.

And it is only in Italy that the entire opera can be enjoyed. That which is dull recitative to us, is to them humor as delicious as Gilbert's choicest satire. The two estimable old gentlemen in shovel hats, Dr. Bartolo and Don Basilio, who to us are a species of good-natured Guy Fawkes, are to them fine types of Italian stage humor. Like all else Italian, it is musty with age—a type that has come down from very primitive times. Indeed, the girdle has been put very closely about the old earth, for if you will step from the California Theatre to Jackson Street, you will find the comedy in the theatre of the flowery land to be not altogether dissimilar. As they chattered away in their high-pitched, noisy way, enriching the scene with pantomime, as the two comedians in every possible exaggeration of facial make-up went through their little introduced comicalities, such as the statueizing, if one may call it so, of Bartolo and the cutting off of Basilio's beard, there was an air of Chinese simplicity about it all. The little Peri, rouged to a bright vermillion and blanched to pallid white, with her toes artlessly turned in *à la Chinoise*, enhanced the resemblance. The little Peri, by the way, is probably the worst Rosina in the world, always excepting Damerini. Peri's fun had the elephantiasis badly, and she sings Rossini atrociously. But then, the little Peri sings many things badly with her sweet, fresh, young voice, and we forgive her because her voice is so sweet, and fresh, and the fault lies in her training; but, more than all, because she was born under the right star, and is *simpatica*. Perhaps Logheder will forgive her for the way she sang his waltz, because her intention was so evidently good. And the public will forgive Logheder for writing it, partly because instrumentally it is good, though vocally it is trivial; and partly because he is so thoroughly an accomplished leader that his occasional excursions into composition should not militate against him. No man is fully satisfied with the bent of his own genius.

Bergami also introduced a song, a delightful, tricksy thing in melody, which he sang exceedingly well in a very bad voice, but carried its wavering notes off with the instinct of training and the action of the experienced buffo. And, talking of action, what a clever bit of pantomime Serbolini gives in the long "Calumny" song! It is a perfect study in gesture, all the more that he has a pair of peculiarly nervous, flexible, and expressive hands, as the hands of a musician should be. This pantomime is as unlike the few studied gestures of the Kiralfy pantomimist, as a Greuze is unlike a chromo. After all, when one comes to think of these two clever artists, and of Vilmant with his ringing, strong young voice, and his beautiful costume as the brother of Giannini as Almaviva, and of the general air of enjoyment which the singers themselves carried, perhaps we have had a performance which would rank very well in Italy, where they do not demand five-thousand dollar prima donnas.

The fact that one needed to be Italian to enjoy it was something of a drawback, but then we had always Giannini Giannini in comedy is something delicious. What need to say that he tossed off Almaviva's runs as easily as the scales of his daily practice; that he sang the serenade to his own guitar accompaniment, by the way, as if he were really singing at the lady of his heart, by night, under the casement, and that he threw his rich, round, strong, full, satisfying notes into every ensemble number with a marvelous power of sustaining force. He always does these things as a matter of fact. But the stolid Giannini, being deliberately comic, was irresistibly droll. The childish and frank enjoyment with which he entered upon the assumption of comedy communicated itself across the footlights, and his every effort was so vastly amusing, in a way he did not at all intend, that we all had a real good, comfortable, funny, informal time. This is all very well for a night, but who cares to see the great Giannini disport himself again as Almaviva, unless, indeed, it should come to pass that we must see the Barber again.

Pretty Fay! why did she not come out in a new opera on her opening night, when growlers might not institute invidious comparisons? Why did she not sing in "La Belle Coquette," in which she approaches more nearly to the French model she so faithfully copies than anything she has yet done? It is a lighter opera than its Audran kin, with faint memories of "Olivette" and company tinkling occasionally through its choruses. It does not tax the people beyond their musical strength, and such music as is introduced is introduced appositely. The male chorus, who have the choicest numbers, sang especially well; and the female chorus were not bad in the pretty minuet introduced from Madame Favart—a minuet, by the way, whose stateliness developed a rollicking character in its later measures more consonant with opera bouffe than absolute dignity.

How strange that Shakespeare, though he has been burlesqued to the last point of endurance, should give a libretto to the opera bouffe stage. The story of this little opera is "All's Well that Ends Well," almost point for point It is not very humorous, though a would-be wicked prince and his tutor have been introduced to fill out the complement; but it gives Fay Templeton a chance, in her three characters, to wear three of the very prettiest Frenchy costumes that ever charmed the eye. Indeed, Fay Templeton understands opera bouffe dressing to the very point of nicety. The atmosphere of the school itself, too, hangs about her, and perhaps it is only a proper setting that she needs—for she does need an indefinable something. She sings very well, so far as the use of her voice is concerned, but her articulation is very faulty, and in dialogue she actually speaks through her nose. Perhaps this, too, belongs to the opera bouffe school, for Mr. George Olmi—who is the only other one who is of that school, and who is really a most excellent artist in his particular line—does precisely the same thing. Harry Brown's name is down in capitals on the bills, but the tutor, which he presents without any of the touches of fine humor with which a Duplan might bedeck it, is the first part in which he has ceased to be clownish; and he was, correspondingly, received with some favor. "Fatinitza" is announced for next Monday, and we shall see what Frenchy little Fay will do with German work.

The real event of the Wallack Company's season has been the production of "Diplomacy," which is to be played at Wallack's Theatre this winter as one of the leading attractions. At the Baldwin the cast has been radically wrong. To begin with, Osmond Tearle was unwise to let the character of Julian Beauclerc pass out of his hands. In playing Lord Jura in "Moths," though the part is a minor one, he has all the sympathy, and the stage is not taken from him. In "Diplomacy," as Harry Beauclerc, though he is everything that he should be, though he has the quiet, self-possessed air of a man of the world, though he has the grace and the courtesy of the trained diplomatist, though he has the tenderness and sympathy of a most affectionate brother, he has little to do the better part of the time but stand around the stage and look interested and sympathetic. Nothing could better show how thoroughly and conscientiously Osmond Tearle is an actor, than the complete manner in which he entered upon this rôle. He even took years upon himself with a delicate distinction. The merely handsome actor highly powders his temple locks, and is satisfied. Osmond Tearle not only went into half mourning for a banished youth with that mingling of gray hairs which is known as pepper and salt, but suggested that struggling moon of incipient baldness which so strikes the terror of age upon its victim.

This was a trifle in itself, but was an item in the completeness of the part. To those who look upon "Diplomacy" with that keen, artistic pleasure which such a play alone can give, it was a stroke of luck to have Tearle play the part. But the romantic and most easily affected part of the audience, and these are of the majority, demand to see him suffer as Julian, and therefore regard him as having buried himself as Harry Beauclerc.

Mr. Glenny certainly plays Julian with a great deal of feeling and intensity, and if he did not play Julian there is no other part in "Diplomacy" for him.

Then they cast Sophie Eyre for Zicka, or, rather, she elected to play it herself. Her Zicka is not the one we know a strong, passionate, jealous, desperate woman—a tigress one moment, a snake another. Sophie is cast in a broad, generous and noble mold, and can not fully lend herself, even in acting, to the machinations of this skillful adventuress. As Zicka she is merely a woman with a wrong, who pays her grudge in a mean way. She is absolutely colorless in the first part, and plays the last act very neatly; and that is all there is of Sophie Eyre's Zicka. But how charmingly she would play Dora. How beautiful, how tender, how superb in her indignation; how fond in her submission she would be. When they cast Adela Measor for such a rôle, they must have forgotten that Dora was a radiant, gorgeous creature from the tropics, a dashing, brilliant girl, the sensation of all the fast watering places in Europe, and accustomed, according to her own tale, to receiving a long series of magnificent proposals from the married men of her acquaintance.

When Miss Adela Measor emerges from her dressing-room in white nun's veiling, she is such a picture of a nice, proper, good little girl that even a monk would approach her, breviary in hand. Miss Measor has a most intelligent conception, and would play anything in her line indisputably well. But her line is very closely defined. Her voice is childish, shrill, and insufficient, and physically she is unfitted to cope with a part of any strength. She is no more like Sardou's dashing Parisienne Dora than an English meadow-lark is like a bright-plumed Brazilian bird.

George Osbourne was specially engaged for his former success as Baron Stein, and the remaining rôles were variously well described. Buckstone is quite like the real thing as Angie Fairfax, and Harry Edwards throws a great deal of feeling into the part of Orloff. The famous interview between the three men was finely done. If Glenny's playing was slightly overwrought, it was not so much amiss in this scene, and it was only in his interview with Dora, especially the accusation, that he was really at sea. And yet, considering that nearly all were playing parts for which they were physically and mentally unfitted, it was, upon the whole, an enjoyable performance.

People were so glad to give Harry Edwards a Californian welcome that he has assumed an extraordinary prominence in the troupe, and will put his reluctant farewell into words at his benefit on Friday night.

A number of people—as many, in fact as could get into the theatre—went to the California on Wednesday night to hear "The Huguenots." A number of them came away smiling, triumphant, and happy, and said they had heard "The Huguenots."

Whether out of delicate deference to the religious prejudices of the time, or for some more occult reason, everything in the opera which in any way related to the Huguenots was carefully excised. A whole act, a whole scene—arias, choruses, and cadenzas galore—were cut out, clean and sharp. The grand chorus between the Catholics and the Huguenots, and the massacre itself, including the death of the lovers, was omitted. By some strange oversight, they forgot to cut out the grand duet. This, together with a few other uncut trifles, made up the grand opera of "The Huguenots."

Giannini sang like an archangel at times. There was an actual splendor in his voice. At other times, alas! he forced it; not with the singer's usual desire—to make a noise—but that, overcome by the might of the rôle, he undertook to act it and sing at the same time. But he was in such dead earnest, as he always is, that the passion of the moment rose up and choked him. Nevertheless, these were but spots upon the face of the pale moon, and he deserved the storm of huzzas with which they gave him good-night. Damerini approached the grand tragic rôle of Valentine with her usual placid composure, and never permitted herself to indulge in anything so unusual as a little facial expression. She sang very badly at first, and kept her best powers for the grand duet, in which, moved perhaps by Giannini's fire, she rose to her best.

Mestres, as Urbain, looked very like a real boy, but carefully omitted every note in which the great contraltos have made their hits, scorned the long trill, and disappeared altogether early in the engagement. The rest of the company, augmented by Bologna, stood around and sung mildly whatever sentiments not of a religious character were left in.

BETSY B.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP

John McCullough is said to be worth one hundred thousand dollars.

John T. Malone will appear in Rose Eytinge's company at the Baldwin in December.

Alphonse Daudet's latest novel, "Sappho," has been dramatized by Adolphe Bélot.

Théo and Aimée will appear together, on the 14th inst., in a Sunday concert at the Casino, New York.

The Grismer-Davies combination plays at Fresno next week, and Los Angeles the week after. They have so far met with moderate success.

Clay M. Greene has become agent and assistant manager of Minnie Palmer's company. He has also received an order to write a new play for "My Sweetheart."

The Wallack Company will go direct to Chicago from here, with the exception of Osmond Tearle, who goes on to New York, called home for a domestic event of great interest to him.

Little Mac, the dwarfed minstrel, who will be remembered by the frequenters of the old Alhambra Theatre some ten or a dozen years ago, is hopelessly insane in an asylum at Elgin, Illinois.

Among the guests at the Esmond House, Portland, which was burned September 14th, were Lawrence Barrett, Louis James, Marie Wainwright, and Minnie Monk; but they suffered no injury or loss.

Damerini declined to sing the rôle of Rosina at half-past seven o'clock on the evening of the performance, as she desired to keep herself for Valentine. She should be a little weary by now of Peri's infallible understudy.

Sarah Bernhardt has called a meeting of her creditors. She is in debt to the tune of five hundred thousand dollars, but she has offered them such advantageous rates of payment, that she will be out of debt in something over twenty-two years. Who would have expected the extravagant Sarah to have come out as a financial artist in this triumphant manner?

Miss Leonore Simonsen, who took the part of Ortrud in the recent performance of "Lohengrin" in this city, will be the recipient of a complimentary concert prior to her departure for New York. It will take place at Irving Hall, Post Street, October 8th.

R. B. Mantell says that he would rather have women than men in his audiences, as they are quicker to observe the good points of acting. While this is undoubtedly true, so far as it goes, we beg to call Mr. Mantell's attention to Tennyson's famous quatrain.

Manager Hayman has secured the following stock company for the Baldwin Theatre: Miss Effie Ellsler, Miss Enid Leslie, Frank Weston, Harry Mainhall, George Osbourne, Fred Corbett, George Wessells, E. N. Thayer, E. J. Holden, William Lansing and George Galloway.

At the Standard next week Elwood, a ballad-singer, and Gus. Mills, "burlesque artist, make their first appearance. The performance will conclude with a burlesque on Offenbach's comic opera "La Grande Duchesse," re-written, localized, and interspersed with songs and dances.

At the Baldwin, next Monday, October 6th, Miss Effie Ellsler, supported by Frank Weston and a full dramatic company, will appear for one week only in "La Belle Russe." On Monday, October 13th, will be produced the great London and New York success, "Called Back," with new scenery and appointments.

Mr. Robert Frazer has arrived from New York, and is rehearsing "Called Back." This play must require a stupendous amount of preliminary play, for whenever it is going to be produced, somebody arrives from somewhere to rehearse it. A mere little every-day stage manager around a theatre nowadays is very small potatoes.

The Carleton English Opera Company, which follows the Templeton company, at the Bush Street Theatre, includes Dora Wiley and Alfa Norman, sopranos; Jessie Bartlett-Davis and Rose Beaudet, contraltos; Alonzo Hatch, Henry Rattenberry, and Richard Golden, tenors; W. H. Clark and F. O. Dowd, bassos; Herr Gustave Adolphi, buffo, and a strong chorus.

Mr. H. B. Pasmore recently returned from a long course of study in Leipsic and London, and will give a song recital at Irving Hall on Tuesday evening next. The occasion is interesting, as he is the first male soloist to give a recital in California. A feature of the programme is Bach's one song, "Wilst du dein Herz mir Schenken." Fortunately he never wrote another.

The John Templeton who is business manager in the front of the house, and Robert Ward, a most profound basso on the stage, is the father of Fay Templeton and the husband of Alice Vane. His contract matrimonial with the lady, however, has long since expired, and it is purely in a business way that they continue to be acquaintances. They meet at the theatre, but give their patronage to different hotels.

At the first Philharmonic concert, Wednesday afternoon, the 15th instant, Raff's symphony, "In the Woods," is to be rendered here for the first time in five years; also, other novel *morceaux* are on the programme. The orchestra are rehearsing under the personal supervision of Gustave Hinrichs. H. Heyman, the acting secretary and first violinist, is endeavoring to make this series—as were the last—not only an artistic, but a society success.

Théo is singing in "La Mascotte," in New York, with great success. Fay Templeton was thought to have pretty well elaborated the business of the gobble duet here. Théo has not half so much. She keeps at a respectful distance from Pippo the better part of the time; but when she does launch herself at him, Gotham holds its breath, and conversation ceases in the audience for full five minutes. The audiences are composed principally of men.

Miss Anderson has been telling a London reporter that during her late tour of six weeks in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, and Birmingham, she met "audiences of a generous and enthusiastic character, and my efforts to please them were recognized most cordially. The Scotch people I found more eager and responsive than I had expected them to be; they are not a cold people, but equally warm-hearted and intellectual."

Baron Stein, in using the familiar phrase, "L'amour sans ailes," the other night, in "Diplomacy," by a freak of accent peculiar to one who does not know the niceties of French pronunciation, made himself to say "Love without *garlic*," instead of "Love without wings." While it is a sad truth that love does flourish most and best in those countries where garlic does abound, it is still not the custom to mention in polite society the non-existence of that peculiar ingredient.

Miss Enid Leslie will not go East with the Wallack Company, but will remain at the Baldwin to play in "Called Back." She has been a little overshadowed in the Wallack Company, but is such a thorough favorite that every one will be glad to know that she remains. Although a clergyman's daughter, Enid Leslie is an actress by nature, and has improved very much and almost grown out of the crudeness which characterized her. That crudeness has developed into the most artistic ingenuousness.

Vanoni has put off her burlesque trappings, her new ambitions, and her big salary, and gone back to Koster and Bial's Concert Hall. She made her reappearance at a Sunday evening concert, and was greeted with the wildest acclamations of delight by her former clientèle. She has shaken the dust of San Francisco from her feet, and declares that we don't know an artist when we see one. So say many others. But then, Booth, Clara Morris, the metropolitan stock companies, Patti, Nilsson, Gerster, Henry Abbey, and many more of that ilk, all say we do.

Effie Ellsler, who has always liked to spend as much of her time as possible in San Francisco, owing to a romantic attraction, perhaps, for the

scene of her honeymoon, has been making her way slowly westward, and has been in San Francisco for a week or ten days past. She opens on Monday next in "La Belle Russe." She will make a very small female villain, but Effie has the devil in her eye. She has a reputation for being a wonderful dresser lately, and her name is now put down among the lists of actresses who have a large amount of capital in diamonds.

If the young woman in the chorus of the Fay Templeton troupe who wears the shaggy lace petticoat every night, does not soon mend her trimmings, there will be a strike in the audience. If there is one thing more than another in which Fay Templeton is perfectly *au fait*, it is her *jupons de promenade*. The young woman with the torn petticoat is most respectfully requested to make a study of the prima donna's excellence in this line.

Miss Elizabeth Rowellan, satisfied that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, has wisely resolved to go to New York. There is a prospect that she may obtain an engagement at Wallack's Theatre, certainly as good a school as a novice could desire. Miss Rowellan has studied the entire old-fashioned repertoire—Julia, Pauline, Camille, Juliet, Julia and company, together with several modern plays. Like the study of algebra, these will only serve her as discipline, but the study of them may have served her so well that she will shortly be heard of in her new field.

Mapleson has been trying to terrify Patti into studying some new rôles by pointing out to her the decline of Italian opera. He wishes her to add "Lakmé" and "Carmen" to her repertoire. She declines positively to bother with "Lakmé," but has "Carmen" under consideration. If Bizet had written the opera with Patti in his eye he could not have fitted her more closely with a rôle. Patti is disinclined to study a new part, however, and declares that Italian opera will last as long as she does.

All the leading actresses now have leading dogs. Ellen Terry has a white poodle, which got lost just as they were starting for America, and the train and boat both stopped until the poodle was found. Patti-Rosa, an Eastern promoted variety actress, has a pug which is rather more celebrated than she herself. Rose Coghlan has a famous little blue Skye, which is well known to all New York, as she daily gives it an airing in the park in her victoria. It has crossed the Atlantic with her several times, and is quite a distinguished traveler. The blue Skyes rank first, the English pugs next; but the black-and-tan terrier, once so great a favorite, is now the very acme of bad taste.

Rose Coghlan vehemently disclaims the idea that there is any rivalry between herself and Sophie Eyre. All the same the dear public is anxious to see these two handsome Irish women measure figurative swords. That interesting event is now announced to take place in Chicago. As "Diplomacy" is to be an attraction at Wallack's this winter, they are now going through the process of what is known in the profession as "trying it on a dog." By the time they have tried it in various ways in the various cities it will be pretty well whipped into shape for New York. In the new cast Rose Coghlan will play Zicka, and Sophie Eyre, Dora. Rose Coghlan has the advantage over Sophie Eyre of being a fine dresser, but New Yorkers say that she dressed just like Sophie Eyre when she first came over.

A handsome basket of flowers was passed up to the stage the other night inopportunely, as usual. As no one in particular was singing anything in particular, Giannini, who is always perfectly artless and perfectly natural under all circumstances, retired deliberately from the action, took his stand under the gas jet at the proscenium boxes, looked up the card, read the address, discovered that it was for Peri, and handed it to her as composedly as if it had been a potato. In committing Giannini to New York, San Francisco feels like a fond mother handing over a spoiled child to careless hands. We feel they will not understand him, and take his frank and unconquerable naturalness for indifference to stage etiquette. Giannini thought it the honorable thing to let the public know for whom the basket was intended.

At the Baldwin to-morrow evening, Mr. Paul Juignet begins his second season of French dramatic performances. The initial performance of the season will be "Les Crochets du Père Martin," by MM. Dennery and Grangé, the first of whom is the author of "The Two Orphans." The company will be composed of both professionals and amateurs. During the season, a number of dramas, comedies, and vaudevilles will be produced, and M. Juignet says that he will be careful to present nothing which is not unexceptionable in moral tone. It is to be hoped that the season will be a success. The company includes the following: MM. Paul Juignet, Émile Ortion, Louis Imhaus, Charles Morel, Georges Castel, Edmond Legendre, Félix Lafaix, Ernest Lang, Fernand Meunier, Charles Comtois, Pierre Aubry, Claude Provost, Mesdames Caroline Lassale, Lucile Villemer, Alphonsine Grossiau, Valérie Greth, Rose Durand, Mathilde Mirier.

— AN EXPERIENCED TEACHER WOULD LIKE TO make an engagement. English branches, French, Spanish, and music. Address Miss L. T. K., this office.

**John Forgie,**

Importing Tailor, has opened his new store, Palace Hotel, 637 Market Street, San Francisco.

— CELERY, BEEF, AND IRON IS NOURISHING and sustaining.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— CONSTANT RUSH AT MULLER'S OPTICAL Depot, 135 Montgomery Street.

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

**Bills and Casts for Week ending October 5th.**

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill, during the week (except Friday), Hamilton's adaptation of Ouida's novel, "Moths." Cast as follows:

Lord Jura, Osmond Tearle; Prince Zouroff, Harry Edwards; Raphael de Correze, Charles Glenney; Duke of Mull, J. C. Buckstone; Ivan, S. Dubois; Vere Herbert, Miss Sophie Eyre; Lady Dolly, Miss Flora Livingston; Duchess de Sonnaz (specially engaged), Elizabeth Rowellan; Fuschia Leach, Enid Leslie; Princess Nadine, Mrs. Sol. Smith.

Friday night, benefit of Harry Edwards, "The Hunchback."

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Bill: Audran's three-act opera, "La Belle Coquette." Cast as follows:

Laurette, Lieutenant Girar, and Countess de Lignolle, Fay Templeton; Griffardin, Harry Brown; Count Hector de Lignolle, Signor George Olmi; King Rene, William Guiberson; Prince Oliver, Alice Paine; Richard, H. Cleveland; Landry, Signor Novello; The Seneschal, Robert Ward; Barigoul, Robert Broderick; French Officers, Joseph Graham and Randoll Hobbs; Rosita, Lillie West; Master Paris, Miss Lulu Crane; Châteauneuf, Hermine Palacio; Suzanne, Miss Clifton; Tionette, Emelie Randall; Glorieux, Nellie Clifton; Marcel, Miss Clark; Peasants of Provence and Neopolitans, Maurice Palacio, Miss Winters, Lillian Brown, Ada Stanhope, Kate Clark, and Leontine De Ville.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Bill, Monday, Sept. 29, "Il Barbere di Seviglia." Cast as follows:

Conte d'Almaviva, Signor Francesco Giannini; Bartolo, Signor L. Bergami; Rosina, Signora Maria Peri; Figaro, Signor Trieste Vilmant; Basilio, Signor Enrico Serbolini; Fiorello, Signor Oreste Benediti; Ambrogio, Signor Paoli; Berta, Signora E. Beraldi; Un Officiale, Signor Modigliani.

Wednesday, Oct. 1, "Gli Ugonotti." Cast as follows:

Margarita di Valois, Signora Maria Peri; Il Cente di San Bris, C. Bologna; Valentina, Signora Virginia Damerini; Il Conte di Nevers, Signor Trieste Vilmant; Cosse, Signor Modigliana; Tavannes, A. Arrigo; Thore, G. Berghame; Retz, C. Banchi; Meru, A. Tappalani; Raoul di Nangis, Signor Frances o Giannini; Marcello, Signor Enrico Serbolini; Urbano, Signora T. Mestres; Bois Rose, Signor Oreste Beneditti; Maurevert, M. Mongini; Un Servo di Nevers, N. Morelli; Un Arciere, O. Trippani; Zingari, Dama d'Onore, Signora, E. Beraldi; Monaci, Signori Catholici, Signori Protestanti.

Sunday evening, October 5, "La Favorita."

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: Boieldieu's operatic fairy spectacle in four acts, "Little Red Riding Hood." Cast as follows:

Little Red Riding Hood, Miss Helene Dingeon; Bertha, Miss Emily Possazi; Anne, Miss Carrie Pfeiffer; Nanette, Miss Tilly Valerga; Fairy Queen, Miss Kate Marchi; Urian, Miss Lottie Stockmeyer; Prince Rudolph, Mr. M. Cornell; Duke Roger, Mr. Harry Gates; Edmond, Mr. Harry Nieman; Master of Ceremonies, Mr. E. N. Knight; Tobias, Mr. R. D. Valerga; Karl, Mr. E. Carlmuller; Woodcutter, Mr. Arthur Messmer.

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—Stecchhan & Cornelius, Managers. Standard Minstrels. Company as follows:

Charley Reed, J. Carroll Johnson; John Robinson, Crandall and Eastwood, Keegan and Wilson, Hooley and Thompson, W. S. Mullaly. The California Quartet—Morant, Wetter, Holland, and Wyatt. New Minstrel First Part. The Great Burlesque, "In the Tanks."

SPANISH OPERA TROUPE, VIENNA GARDENS.—G. F. Walter, Proprietor. La lindisima y popular zarzuela en tres actos, con libro original del gran poeta Don Luis Olona y musica del célebre y creditado maestro Don Joaquin Gatzambide, titulada, "El Juramento." Cast as follows:

Maria, Señora Huerva; La Baronesa, Señora Quesada; El Marques de San Estaban, Señor Garcia; Carlos, joven oficial, Señor Aguilar; Sebastian, aldeano, Señor Cuello; El Cabo Peralta, Señor Quevedo; El Conde, Señor Higuero; Un Aldeano, Señor Seco; Soldados, Aldeanos y Aldeanas, Coro general.

Thursday, October 2d, "El Relampago."

REPRESENTATIONS FRANCAISES, BALDWIN THEATRE.—Sunday, October 5th, "Les Crochets du Père Martin," le célèbre drame de MM. Dennery et Grangé; réprésenté à Paris au Théâtre de la Gaité. Personnages:

Le Père Martin, Paul Juignet; Armand Martin, Emile Ortion; Félicien, Louis Imhaus; Charnaçon, Charles Morel; Laurent, Georges Castel; Le Capitaine Dubourg, Edmond Legendre; Le Vicomte de la Branche Tordue, Félix Lafaix; Le Marquis de la Haute Futaie, Ernest Lang; Bastien, Fernand Meunier; Gérard, Charles Comtois; Un Matelot, Pierre Aubry; Un Employé de l'Hotel, Claude Provost; Geneviève, Caroline Lassale; Amélie, Lucile Villemer; Olympia, Alphonsine Grossiau; Georgina, Valérie Greth; Pampette, Rose Durand; Celina, Mathilde Mirier.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Bill; Jules Verne's "Tour of the World in Eighty Days." Cast as follows:

J. J. Bennett, E. T. Stetson; Phineas Fogg, Edwin Bert; Jean Passepartout, Louis Imhaus; John Fix, Paul Craig; Detenonga, Edwin Deaves; Obadiah, Owen Dale; Captain Speedy, P. Hosmer; Lieutenant Dwight, C. Fredericks; High Priest, L. Bowen; Aouda, Miss Eleanor Barry; Ayeesha, Miss H. M. Ingham; Nancy, Miss Lillie Owen.

At the Baldwin, next week, Effie Ellsler in "La Belle Russe."

At the California, next week, nothing is announced.

At the Grand, next week, "The Tour of the World in Eighty Days."

At the Tivoli, next week, "Little Red Riding Hood."

At the Bush Street, next week, The Fay Templeton Opera Troupe in "Fatinitza."

**CCCXXX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, October 5, 1884.**

Soup—Purée of Pumpkin.
Cantaloupe.
Fried Oysters. Wilted Cucumbers.
Veal Patties.
Summer Squash. Lima Beans.
Roast Pork. Apple Sauce, and Sweet Potatoes.
Lettuce, French Dressing.
Charlotte Russe.
Bananas. Apples. Figs. Plums.
Peaches and Grapes.

VEAL PATTIES.—Put into a stew-pan a generous half pint of white sauce, with a pint of cooked veal, cut into dice, add a teaspoonful of lemon juice; stir until very hot; have some shells of puff paste, remove the upper crust which has been creased by the cutter, take a teaspoon and scoop out the uncooked paste, fill with the veal, and serve very hot. The paste can be made the day previous, and heated twelve minutes, just as itgoes to the table.

PUREE OF PUMPKIN SOUP.—(See No. CIXXXVI.)

RUGS!

ICHI BAN

20, 22, and 24 Geary Street.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

**ICHI BAN'S facilities for HOUSE FURNISHING and DECORATING has been greatly increased by the recent arrival of a large invoice of**

ORIENTAL RUGS,

**Comprising all known varieties, which are offered at lower prices than ever before. These Rugs and the large stock of useful and ornamental**

JAPANESE GOODS

**Make ICHI BAN the best place on this coast to secure those things which make home beautiful and attractive. Everybody is cordially invited to call and inspect the store.**

ELITE BOUQUET

—AND—

**PECK'S PREMIUM PERFUMES,**

**(ALL ODORS).**

GERSTER GLOVES!

**Elegant, Perfect-fitting, and Durable,**

....AT....

**I. KEINER'S, 32 KEARNY ST.**

**THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!**

**The Light-running**

"HOUSEHOLD"

SEWING MACHINE.



Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to **three months' trial.**

**Samuel Hill Estate**

CITY SALES ROOMS,
**634 Market St.**
Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

STORE YOUR FURNITURE

**Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.**

BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH

**J. H. MOTT & CO.,**

**735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco**

Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

FALL STYLE HATS

Now ready and introduced by

HERRMANN THE HATTER.

**The Largest Hat Store on the Coast.**

**332, 336 KEARNY STREET,**

Between Bush and Pine Streets, San Francisco.

Steam Factory connected with Establishment at 17 Belden St. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free.

FINE

**Suits, $25.** TAILORING **Suits, $30.**

Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.

**Suits, $40.** TAILORING **Suits, $50.**

Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.

**Suits, $60.** TAILORING **Suits, $70.**

**J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.**

BUTTERICK'S

**Patterns—Fall Styles.**

**Send Stamp for Catalogues. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**

**Steinway & Son's, Kranich & Bach,** | **Ernest Gabler, and C. Roenisch**

PIANOS!

M. GRAY, 206 POST ST.,

**SAN FRANCISCO.**

SACHS, PRUDEN & CO.'S

FAMOUS GINGER ALE

THE GREAT FAMILY BEVERAGE.

**Especially recommended as a healthy Table Drink, as it contains no Alcohol or any intoxicating ingredients. It is recommended for Ladies and Children as a pleasant and stimulating beverage. Exhilarates without intoxication. Invigorates without reaction as with alcohol. Assures healthful sleep to the worried and anxious, repairs lost strength, and imparts renewed vigor. Clears and refreshes the brain of the business man, renders the thoughtful man more subtile and reasoning, and dispels lassitude and fatigue. Put up in quart bottles. When bottles are opened and entire contents are not used, they can be recorked with gum corks, and it will keep until used. Sold by Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, Restaurants, and Bars. For sale by**

**Lebenbaum, Goldberg & Bowen, Cluff Bros., C. J. Hawley & Co., Quade & Straut. Adolph Kahn, Druggist.**

**Trade supplied by**

JOHN T. CUTTING & CO.,

**SOLE AGENTS, 116 FRONT STREET.**

BETHESDA

SUPERIOR TABLE WATER

L. CAHEN AND SON. 418 SAC. ST. S.F.




**J. W. EVANS,**
**GENERAL AGENT, 29 POST STREET.**

---

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
**Commission Merchants,**
**San Francisco,**
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
Liberal advances made on consignments.

---

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
**San Francisco,**
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

---

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
**General Shipping and Commission**
**MERCHANTS,**
**309 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.**

---

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
**204 and 206 California Street,**
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

---

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
**(Established 1854),**
**HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION**
**MERCHANTS.**
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
**39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.**

---

**CALIFORNIA**
**ELECTRO PLATING WORKS**
**657 MISSION STREET.**
**Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating on all Metals.**
Table Ware repaired and plated at the lowest rates. Copper Plates silver plated for saving gold. All work in our line guaranteed. **KEATING & FAGAN,** Proprietors.

---

**Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed**
**TILES**
**For Decorations.**
**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**
**311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street**

---

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**
**Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.**
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

---







**ALFRED GREENEBAUM & CO.,**
**123 CALIFORNIA STREET,**
**SOLE AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.**

---

**SOLE AGENCY FOR THE**
**HENRY F. MILLER**
**(Factory Boston, Mass.) and**
**HEMME & LONG**
**(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)**
**AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.**
**WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.**
**101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.**
**Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.**
**PIANOS**

---

**ICHI BAN**

**FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.**

---

**FIREMANS FUND**
**INSURANCE COMPANY**
**OF CALIFORNIA.**
**THE LARGEST PACIFIC COAST COMPANY.**
**CAPITAL, - - - - - - - $750,000**
**ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1883, - - - - $1,500,000**
**AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.**

---



**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.**
**WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.**
**303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.**

---

**UNEXCELLED!**
**Ask your Grocer for**
**ARCTIC REFRIGERATOR HAMS,**
**ROYAL BREAKFAST BACON**
**ROYAL LEAF LARD.**
**All Guaranteed Choice Family Goods.**

---

**HIGHLAND SPRINGS,**
**LAKE COUNTY, CAL.**
**"The Switzerland of America."**
**OPEN ALL THE YEAR.**
**Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.**
**Daily communication via Cloverdale.**
**DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.**

---

**KELSEY HOUSE.**
This well-known villa has changed hands and has been thoroughly renovated, and is now run in conjunction with the well-known Windsor House. The houses and cottages are situated on most beautiful and spacious grounds. Telephone communication. Cars pass every 7½ minutes; ten minutes' ride from the train. Apply to C. C. Wheeler, proprietor, at Windsor House, Ninth and Washington, or on the premises, cor. Telegraph Avenue and 24th St., Oakland.

---

**THE FULTON.**
**3 Fulton, opposite New City Hall.** "The Fulton"—new house; splendidly furnished suits of rooms. References.

---

**$130,000**
Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, **1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.** Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers.
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

---

**FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR**
**AND**
**CLOTH OF GOLD**
**CIGARETTES.**
Our Cigarettes can not be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883.
**13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.**
**WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

---

**ALASKA**
**COMMERCIAL CO.**
**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**
WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

---

**PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.**
**Stationers, Booksellers,**
**Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,**
**204 Sansome Street, near Pine.**

---

**JOHN MIDDLETON,**
**COAL.**
**14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason**

---

**GERMEA**
**FOR BREAKFAST.**
**DELICIOUS.**
**TRY IT!**

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. NO. 15. SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 11, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: A Foreigner on our Municipal Politics—Two Excellent Nominations—What the Respectable Citizens Should Do—The San Francisco Imitator of Curtis and Schurz—The *Examiner* the Organ of the Southern Clique—How it has Misrepresented Mr. Blaine—His Refutation of the Statement—An Irish Member of Congress on the Feeling of the Irish toward Mr. Blaine—The McSweeney Case Reviewed—One Hoped-for Result of the Coming Victory—An Irish Gentleman on the Situation—Charles Crocker's Removal to New York—Why he leaves us—The Candidates and the Conventions—Political Notes.....1-3

THE BRITISH ARMY: "Cockaigne" Discusses its Present Inglorious State—The Causes which Led to its Degeneracy—The Abolition of the Purchase System..... 3

A STUDY IN PHYSIOGNOMY: The Characteristics of Blaine and Logan, as Shown by their Faces. By Mary O. Stanton..... 4

A DOMESTIC DICE-BOX: The Bona Dea of a Bachelor's Household..... 5

THE LATEST VERSE: "A Little Rose," by Julia C. R. Dorr: "Ballade of Middle Age," by Andrew Lang: "In the Sierra," by Joaquin Miller; "The Writer to His Pipe," by Charles E. Whitney..... 5

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People all Over the World..... 5

SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip—The Fair Musicals ..... 6

THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest..... 6

NEW YORK THEATRICALS: "Flaneur" Discusses the New Plays and Players—Theatres and Morals—Young and Ambitious Actresses—The Madison Square—Miss Genevieve Stebbins..... 7

THE MYSTERY OF THE MINE: How the Two Owners of the "Fraternity" Claim Dissolved Partnership. By. Y. H. Addis..... 8

VANITY FAIR: The Expenses of Fashionable Life in Paris—Customs in St. Petersburg—Literary Society in New York—Ladies as Smokers—A Defense of Bonnets—Luxurious Toilet Articles for Gentlemen—Clara Belle on the Divided Skirt—Blondes *versus* Brunettes as Elopers—Novelties in Female Fashions..... 9

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day..... 9

BILL NYE'S BUDGET: William tells about his Experience in that Wisconsin Cyclone—Never take a Cyclone by the Tail—The Fate of Mr. Peachblow, and why he went Away—Hydrophobic Bacteria, and what to do with them—How to Handle a Mad Dog..... 10

LITERARY NOTES: Personal Gossip—New Books—Miscellaneous Chitchat—Announcements..... 10

STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—Why he was Surprised—The Jester's Ready Wit—Carping Critics—Wits of the Stage—Bret Harte's Little Joke—The Boy with Brains—A Reversible Remedy for Obesity—A Dynamite Duel..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record. 14-15

We have been endeavoring to feel the pulse of our better class of citizens, both Republican and Democratic, in reference to municipal nominations. We have diligently asked almost every gentleman with whom we have come in contact, "what he thought about it, and what he was going to do about it?" Except the interested knaves who put up the jobs, and the men or their immediate friends who think to be benefited by the nominations, we have not found one respectable citizen who is not indignant at the conduct of the bosses, and willing to punish them if he knew how to do it. There has never been a time in the history of San Francisco, from the period of the Hounds till to-day, when the respectable element of both parties was so willing and anxious to form an Independent party for the election of a city ticket as now. There is no respectable minority of decent men in either party who are not willing to come together for the purpose of punishing the combined rascals who have conspired to play the nastiest party trick that was ever attempted in this city. If there is any man upon either ticket who is honorable and honest, who would rather hold office as the result of this disgraceful combination than to hold the good opinion of his fellow-citizens, let him be sacrificed for the public good. When an Independent convention is assembled, let Mr. Bartlett or Mr. Merry be tendered the candidacy for mayor—if he will consent in writing to accept it and repudiate the one he has let himself be nominated by. If both accept, toss the silver for a choice and let the other back down, and so on through those offices where the policy of the bosses has given unexceptionable candidates on each ticket. For the rest, alternate between Democrats and Republicans, choosing capable and honest men. Such a ticket, so nominated, would sweep the city like a broom, and would forever end this dirty bossism; would forever emancipate our city from the misrule of political thieves and adventurers. Nor does it make very much difference who nominates, or where the convention is held. It is the fact that it presents good names, and not creatures of a political conspiracy. We recommend an Independent convention of well-known and honorable resident tax-payers—say one hundred in number—to meet in secret; let there be appointed out of this number an executive committee of twenty-five, to meet in secret, canvass the character and availability of candidates, and recommend a ticket; this ticket to be acted upon, name by name, by the one hundred, approved and rejected, and all in secret; let there be no platform nor pledges other than the honorable past conduct of the candidates. Let there be no money raised except to print tickets and for the legitimate expenses attending an election, and the precautions for an honest count.

As soon as the national conventions had concluded their Presidential nominations, the meaner part of the political press at once began to calumniate and defame the candidates for whom they were not retained. The first force of the slander storm has spent itself, and now, within a month of the day of election, we find the two parties making their appeals to the country upon their respective histories and upon issues involving the political principles upon which they are divided. Cleveland's widow and the Mulligan letters cut no figure in the respectable politics of the country among respectable people. The great mass of the American people are too intelligent and too generous to allow either of these scandals to occupy their minds to the exclusion of the more important questions that are involved in a Presidential campaign. We in San Francisco remember the poor old French gutter-snipe, who, with his bag and scavenger fork, wandered up and down our street drains. With bent back and eyes downcast, he picked up cigar stubs from early morning till dark night. These flung-away bits of stub and quid were to him merchandise, afterward converted into cigarettes for the use of Tar Flat and Barbary Coast. Carl Schurz and George William Curtis are still working the slums for bits of evidence against Blaine, which by the "Journal of Civilization" are manufactured into fragrant editorial and oratorical scandals for the edification of those who like this kind of mild political dissipation. It is to the credit of the people that they have not been led far away from the legitimate issues of the campaign by an unprincipled press like *Harper's Weekly*, or an unprincipled foreign mercenary like Carl Schurz. We are sorry to admit that we have in San Francisco a specimen of the meaner kind of party newspaper. For hypocrisy it is worthy of Boston, for malignity it would be creditable to the city of New York, while for downright malicious lies and misrepresentations, for insinuation and cowardly inuendo, it would adorn the place to which its editors and proprietors will surely go unless they repent themselves, and are baptized and born again, regenerated in their political faith, and turn Republican. The *Examiner* is owned and edited by Southern men. At heart every man about it is a Know-Nothing, and hates an Irishman as he hates holy water, or cold water, or any other liquid except Bourbon straight. The *Examiner* office is the headquarters and home of the chivalry. It is successor in interest to the Gwin-Terry clique—the clique that murdered Broderick, that defamed Casserly, that drove Conness out of the party, that takes to itself all the turkey of office, and gives to the Irish all the crow of party work. These men for thirty years have organized themselves into an exclusive chivalry clique, and have arrogated to themselves all the honors and all the emoluments of the Democratic party whenever it has been in power in this State. The *Examiner* represents a class of Americans that has made it a policy to exclude their Irish Democratic party allies from a fair and just participation in the benefits of a party organization; a class without whose vote there would be no Democratic party in California, and no Democratic party in any of the Northern States of the Union. Not a week, and scarce a day, has passed since the Chicago Convention that the *Examiner* has not deliberately misrepresented Mr. Blaine's views in reference to our foreign citizens, and has not endeavored to make it appear that in his earlier political career he was an active representative Know-Nothing, and that, in his legislative and official career, he had been the unrelenting enemy of all naturalized citizens; that in his malice toward the Irish he had forgotten the honor and dignity of his country, and made cowardly concessions to England. Only on Monday last it used the following language in i s leading editorial:

> The unpopular theory held by Mr. Blaine while Secretary of State, and put in writing by him, that when an American citizen leaves this country he by that act abandons all claims upon his Government to protection, and is formally surrendered to the tender mercies of any nation which may elect to abuse him, is not the doctrine of the Democratic party. According to Mr. Blaine, the moment an American citizen lands abroad he becomes an alien. If, for example, it is one of the practices of the country he goes to to imprison foreigners, he must accept his imprisonment in good part, as one of the inevitable consequences of his inclination to travel. That is Mr. Blaine's theory of intense Americanism as applied to citizens of foreign birth. It is written in the archives of the State Department at Washington, and illustrated in the experience of McSweeny, O'Connor, Walsh, Brady, and hundreds of Irish-Americans who a few years ago revisited their native country, under the impression that they were leaving a government behind them big enough and strong enough to assert the rights of its citizens and protect them wherever they went.

And yet the writer of this is not ignorant enough not to know that he falsifies and misrepresents both the history and the opinions of the Republican candidate. There is not a man upon the editorial staff that does not know that Mr. Blaine is justly charged with a very strong animus against the trade greed of England and her political insolence during our civil war. The intelligent Irish know this, and for the first time in the political history of the republic are the Irish breaking away from the Democracy. To stem this wave the *Examiner* stands upon the shore, waves its broom, and scolds. It is the same old Democratic broom which its rangers used during the war, when it fanned the Irish prejudice and excited them to riots. So universal and so persistent have these falsehoods become, that Mr. Blaine has, and wisely, we think, denied them in the following letter to Hon. William McKinley, of Ohio:

> BELLAIRE, October 4, 1884.
>
> HON. WILLIAM MCKINLEY, M. C., Canton, Ohio—My Dear Sir: I have your favor stating that certain charges are made against me, which you wish to be able to contradict authoritatively. I answer you promptly and decisively: First, it is utterly untrue that I ever advocated a residence of twenty-one years in this country as a requirement of naturalization. I always opposed the party that suggested it. I think the only change of the naturalization laws for which I ever voted in Congress was to admit those foreigners who had honorably served in the Union army to citizenship without the delay required of others. Second, I never voted to impose a tax of ten dollars per annum on miners, by the internal revenue laws framed to raise money for the expenses of the war. The proprietors of the mines were taxed ten dollars per annum, just as lawyers, physicians, builders, and other callings were, but the individual miner, the man who actually worked in the mine, was not in the least affected by the tax. I voted for the tax on the proprietors of mines, as I did for every other needed for the support of the Union armies. The tax was repealed fifteen years ago. Third, I do not own, and never did own, an acre of coal land, or any other kind of land in the Hocking Valley, or in any other part of Ohio. My letter to Hon. Hezekiah Bundy, in July last, on this same subject, was accurately true. Very truly yours, JAMES G. BLAINE.

That the *Examiner* does not express the opinions of the Irish, it is only necessary to consider the attitude of the leading Irish press and the more prominent Irish leaders toward Mr. Blaine; to recall the great Irish-American meeting at Cooper Institute, presided over by Sullivan, President of the "Land-league," and representatives of the best intelligence and best patriotism of Ireland. We can not, we think, do better than to quote from a recent speech of the Hon. Mr. Finnerty, an "Independent" Ir

member of Congress from Chicago, renominated, and one of the real representatives of the Irish in America, to illustrate the feeling toward Mr. Blaine. He said:

"Going to Congress as an Independent Democrat—elected as an Independent with Democratic leanings—I was confronted in the House of Representatives with the narrowness of the party to which my heart turned most. I found that, when a great national work was to be undertaken, and when we called upon that party to build a navy that would enable our government to maintain the dignity of its citizenship, I was but one of a few Democrats in the House who voted to sustain the Republicans, to place in the hands of the administration a weapon with which to punish foreign insolence and maintain the rights of adopted American citizens. I found in the same proportion, when the great debate on the tariff came up, when it was sought to plant in this country the institution of free-trade—that threat which has hung over the people to their detriment ever since the majority had come into power in Congress—I am proud to say I was one of the forty-one Democrats who voted to strike down English influence in this country and to maintain American interests at any cost.

"It is said, or it has been said, that I am not a laboring man. I have only to say that for years after I came to this country I have been what is termed a wage-worker. I earned my bread, not by the sweat of my brow, but by the labor of my brain and of my hands in the honorable profession to which I belong—journalism. I never in my life held a public office; I never in all my life received a penny of public money until you elected me your Representative in Congress. And, knowing what a wage-worker is, knowing what people suffer who have to depend on wages for a living, I can enter into the feelings of every man, however humble or however high, who earns his livelihood by honest labor.

"I am never afraid to appeal to the jury of the people, and the position I occupy to-day—a position which I am in part forced to occupy, but which I am proud to occupy—is choosing between the candidate of Great Britain and the nominee of America, and I have come out and raised the flag of James G. Blaine. [Great cheering.] I want no free-trade President. I want no free-trade in this country to shut up all of our mills, as some of them have been shut up under the threat of free-trade, for the depression in this country is due to the fact that manufacturers are afraid of the majority in Congress. And if it were not for the votes of Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, and the men who followed him in Congress, you would to-night have had the working-men of America begging their bread on the roadside; you would have reduced this country to a position of pauperism. When I declared my platform to you, two years ago, I told you that under any circumstances I would be the enemy of free-trade, and so I have been, and so I am.

"Where I believe the Democrats are right, I will vote with them. Where I believe the Republicans are right, I will vote with them. But I will always vote for the interests of the whole people, irrespective of section, creed, nationality, or previous condition. That, gentlemen, is my platform, and I believe it is a wise one. But I remember that there is away down below us here a great and a rich country, and I know that the English, and the Germans, and the French are the commercial masters of it, and particularly the English. I allude to Mexico and South America. The policy of the man I support for President is so perfectly American that he wishes American commerce to rule the American seas. I believe in that policy. In fact, to tell the honest truth, the sentiments of James G. Blaine on the public policy of this country have converted me to be his defender. I do not do so for any other consideration; but if Mr. Thurman, or Mr. Bayard, or any other of the old Democratic warriors, who have been faithful to the party for so many years, had been in the field, you would not find me a candidate in the Second District of Illinois. I will tell you why. I could not bring myself to oppose James G. Blaine, but he is the most brilliant man ever nominated for the Presidency of the United States. I could not then bring myself to fight Thurman, whom I respect; I could not bring myself to fight Senator Bayard, whom I equally respect; but when they bring out from Buffalo a man who was obscure three years ago; a man whom none of us knew when they elected him—because of his very obscurity and the unpopularity of his opponent—Governor of New York, when every act of his has shown him to be the enemy of the working people; when every veto he has sprung proved him to be the cringing tool of monopolists; when he was made the representative of the aristocratic Southern wing of the Democratic party, which defies the Irish vote; when he was the pet and the champion of English interests on this continent—when *Harper's Weekly*, our life-long enemy; when *Puck*, our mean maligner; when all these organs of a Satanic influence in America, aided and backed by every blue-nosed Know-Nothing calling himself a Democrat, descended from the American Tories who tried to keep this great country bound to England; when the Democratic party, in spite of the protest of the working-men of this country, dared to slap us in the face with the swollen carcass of Grover Cleveland—I raised the flag of rebellion. Are we dogs that we should stand this? We are men who have gone to the polls year after year in the very hopelessness of defeat, whom no bribes could purchase, whom no threats could terrify. Are we to be spit upon by the slaveholders of the South to-day, and the remnants of the Know-Nothing party, which has suddenly conceived a change of heart and joined the ranks of the Bourbon Democracy?

"I tell the American people that the Second District, the next 4th of November, will teach the Bourbon bosses the sorest lesson they ever learned, by lifting the flag of James G. Blaine. Let them abuse him, let them malign him, let them say what they please, he is the great American, and we honor him. He is the man who represents every aspiration of our hearts. He is the man who, for the first time in the history of thirty years, laid down the principle that the American citizen who does not change his allegiance must be protected by this Government in whatever land he may wander.

"I have heard the cry of McSweeney raised. The changes have been rung upon that from one end of the land to the other. Let me say here, that when an Irishman leaves Ireland and comes to this country and assumes the oath and the duties of citizenship—when he does that, and enjoys the freedom of this land, then, when he deliberately returns to his own country, and by accepting office under British law becomes again a British subject, he has forfeited all right to the protection of this country, and although I should be sorry to have a harsh fate awaiting him, at the same time I have no respect for any man who changes the glorious condition of American citizenship for the paltry condition of a British subject. If I were to commit that act I would feel that I was served right in being abandoned. If Mr. McSweeney had not accepted office, then, indeed would the State Department be culpable in not defending him. I hope this will be a lesson to all others of his kind, that the mere fact of living in America is not sufficient when a man is brought before a British court. He should be able to produce his naturalization papers, or to prove that he was a minor before he came to this country. That would stop all this trouble. But let the plain truth be told. Too many of our men who were arrested on the other side were negligent in regard to their naturalization papers. Even the unfortunate man who was hanged for the slaying of Carey, and to save whom your Representative, as I think you will acknowledge, did his utmost—that unfortunate man labored under the same difficulty—his papers were not in regular form. And I will say in justice to the incumbent of the Presidential chair, Mr. Arthur, that he telegraphed Minister Lowell to recognize O'Donnell just the same as if he had his papers; but the English government knew they had a technical advantage, and despite the American protests they refused one week's respite."

We especially commend to those of our Democratic Irish readers who are honest enough to be willing to receive facts, his explanation of the McSweeney case. Judge Field laid down the same principles here, the other day, when he remanded to China a Chinaman who, having been formerly a resident and citizen of California, had forfeited his right by voluntarily returning to his native land, and voluntarily renouncing such rights to citizenship as he had acquired by a temporary domicile in California. McSweeney was first an English subject; this he renounced to become an American citizen. He then abandoned this country, became domiciled again in Ireland, became an office-holder under the English government, renounced his American citizenship and his American allegiance, and resumed his allegiance to the Queen of England. He became subject to do military duty for England against America. He paid his taxes, and educated his children in the land to which he was born. Any administration that would follow this kind of a case, and embroil the country in war for this kind of an Irishman, would disgrace itself and dishonor the country. This would be dragging the coat-tail and balancing the chip for a fight. If there is any intelligent person in America who does not know Mr. Blaine's opinions of the English government as exhibited in its unfriendly administrations at the very beginning of our civil war; its hasty recognition of Southern belligerency; its secret conspiracy with France; its discourtesy and insolence through the Trent affair, and its actual practical aid to the rebellion in providing its government with money, medicine, ships, and armaments of war; its disgraceful connivance with the Emperor of the French to subvert the Mexican republic and establish a throne upon its ruins, let them read the twenty-sixth chapter of his "Twenty Years of Congress," an historical narrative that every Democratic Irishman who *can* read ought to be compelled *to* read, and every Democratic journal ought to be bribed to print. The *Examiner* of San Francisco is the type of a journal that is passing from existence—a narrow, illiberal, dishonest, and not able, party organ. Honest, manly, intellectual men will no longer write for newspapers of that character. Such journals have no influence. They perform the functions of the blood-hound upon the slave plantation, they keep the "niggers" from running away. They hunt the swamps. One of the magnificent results of a Republican national, State, and municipal victory would be the early death, certain damnation, and hopeless resurrection of the San Francisco *Examiner*.

From all the advices received from Ohio, it is certain that the election is to be a closely contested one; every effort that either party can make is now being put forth in that State to secure its prestige for the Presidential election; all that money, eloquence, and effort can do, is being done by both Democratic and Republican associations, State and national. When the result is known, whatever it may be, it will not be possible for either party to truthfully say that it has not done its best. Indications favor the success of the Republican party; if it does not succeed, the party will have received a black eye. If the Republicans shall carry Ohio by *one* vote, it will be decisive of the result, and conclusive of the election of Mr. Blaine. If Ohio goes against us, we will not attempt to say that it is not the augury of defeat.

We believe there is no intelligent and honest man in San Francisco, of either party, who has been accustomed to take an active part in politics, or who looks upon a political as upon other duties, who does not feel a personal humiliation in his present relation to municipal politics. Two men have usurped the control of nominating conventions, and have indicated every candidate for whom the citizen may vote. That some of these candidates are excellent and honorable men is a part of the trick of management; is sugar-coating for the nauseous pill; is a tub thrown to the popular whale. The intrigues and crimes of false voting, of double voting, that resulted in the boss management of clubs, delegates, and conventions, is known to everybody. The primary element of one party is used in common by the bosses of both. It is believed that the bosses are friends, and co-partners in the whole business; that they hold frequent and secret meetings, and it is said that the profits of selling nominations, of dividing salaries, and of distributing patronage, are divided between the two, a premium being allowed to the winner thus: If the Democratic party succeeds, the Democratic boss gets sixty per cent. of the swag, and the Republican boss forty per cent. —reversed if the Republicans win. This control extends to all the leading offices, rules the supervisors, and sends twenty legislators to Sacramento. Schemes are devised and openly considered to rob the city of millions by allowing false judgments and defaulting decrees to be manipulated by dishonest attorneys. The citizens are ripe for an independent party. It is the universal desire of every honest and disinterested party man that he should have the opportunity of recording a vote that will be a protest against the "methods" of nomination. That there are certain most respectable and worthy citizens nominated for office, is an embarrassing fact, and yet one that ought to be easily disposed of. We have been permitted to look upon Captain Merry as a friend. We recognize in him a good citizen. He is intelligent, energetic, public-spirited, honest, and thoroughly competent to discharge the duties of the office of mayor. He never sought from the boss, or from anybody, the nomination. His candidacy was the result of a popular demand that he should serve. He was popular, and nothing but a brutal defiance of public opinion could have defeated him. The bosses did not dare to defeat him, so with the cunning that distinguishes the shrewd politician, they accepted him to make weight for the rascals they had determined to place upon the ticket. There are other good men upon the Republican ticket for the same purpose. Now, what are we to do with Captain Merry? We admit his worthy character; but are we to vote for him, to submit to a bad ticket because he is on it, and thus become parties to the conspiracy that puts him at the mercy of a corrupt ring of supervisors that he can not control? —that welds the manacles of the bosses upon our limbs? —that makes us a cypher in the party, and makes us play the rôle of fools in the community in which we live? Captain Merry, Mr. Stone, Doctor Bauer, Mr. Willard B. Farwell, and other gentlemen can relieve us of this embarrassment, unless they want office more than they want our good opinion or the respect of the community in which they reside. Captain Merry would have done a brave and manly act—after his nomination, and when he saw the miserable mob of unknown and irresponsible adventurers who were given to him as supervisors—if he had sent a written communication to Mr. Higgins's convention, and asked Mr. McClure or Mr. Knight to read it, declining the questionable honor of a nomination at their hands unless the convention would repudiate its supervisoral ticket, and the other blackguards who had bargained for the support of the bosses. He may do it yet. Let him call together his *friends*, let him consult himself as to what an honorable man should do under the embarrassing circumstances in which he is placed. Let Captain Merry, when he reads a newspaper—*Chronicle*, *Examiner*, or *Alta*—consider from what particular point of self-interest they write. When he is met at his house, or in the street, or at his place of business, by politicians who are fearful lest, if he withdraws, Blaine will lose votes, let him him know that he is talking to a candidate, or the friend of a candidate, or some impecunious loafer who expects to pick crumbs from this packed convention. Some ass said in convention that "Mr. Blaine was looking to California." We sincerely hope he is not, for if he is the man we take him to be, he would be deeply pained and profoundly mortified to know that all this nasty municipal intrigue was being enacted under the shadow of his candidacy. Honest work never hurts the Republican party. It will take no votes from the Presidential candidate if our municipal politics is decently conducted. We have no power to convene an independent convention; we are in no position to direct political events in this city; but we do know that we voice a majority of honest men of all parties when we declare that they are ripe for an independent union movement, and will, if the opportunity is offered them, teach the bosses a lesson, and will not regret the fact if this lesson should be a severe one to certain very good men who have so little self-respect and personal pride as to accept office as the gift of Christopher Buckley or William Higgins. We will, in our next issue, analyze all the tickets—Democratic, Republican, and Independent. We will weigh the candidates and give our opinion of them. We will, with honest endeavor, choose the men we think most deserving of election, without reference to politics or parties. We shall ourselves vote the "*Argonaut* ticket," leaving our readers as independent as ourselves to vote for whomever they may think the best men.

The *Evening Bulletin* seems to take a special pleasure in disparaging the nomination of Willard B. Farwell, to be supervisor of the fifth ward. Mr. Farwell was an early resident of San Francisco; he filled a respectable position in the early history of the city, and during his absence from the city we have heard nothing to his discredit. From an intimate personal acquaintance with Mr. Farwell for over thirty years, and a once intimate business association with him, we know of no reason why he should not make a most intelligent, honest, and honorable supervisor.

Mr. Charles Crocker has not returned from New York, although he is expected in a few days. It is true that he has purchased a residence in the city of New York, and with the intention of making that city his legal residence. Those who know Mr. Crocker intimately, know that California has had no more loyal citizen than he. Few have been more enterprising, and few more public-spirited. The Crocker family have been distinguished for their generosity. The widow of Edward Crocker, in her aid to the poor, in the exhibition of her art gallery, and in all respects, has demonstrated her kindly feeling toward the people of Sacramento, among whom she continues to reside. Since the residence in San Francisco of Mr. Charles Crocker, he has acted as a generous, public-spirited citizen. If he has made money, he has invested it in our midst. A hand-

some private residence and ornamental blocks of buildings in our business centres attest the value of his residence among us. The avenue cable roads have contributed to our convenience; his road carries us from the Park to the ocean beach for five cents; he reconstructed our conservatory in the Park when destroyed by fire; he has ornamented the "Beach at Monterey" with costly, elegant, and well-appointed improvements. The system of roads constructed by himself and his associates, has given to our State great prosperity, and has greatly increased the value of all our property. During all these years, since Governor Stanford turned the first sod at Sacramento, through their early financial struggles, through all the embarrassments which attend such enterprises as these, these gentlemen, and Mr. Charles Crocker especially, have been subjected to the assaults of the jealous and narrow-minded. In the legislature, in the courts, in the municipal councils of all the cities which they have builded, in party conventions, in public assemblages, in social and private circles, these railroad-builders have been the target of undeserved abuse. Their property rights have been assailed; juries have delighted to mulct them in excessive damages; they have been unjustly taxed, in defiance of the law that all taxation should be equal and uniform; the Bord of State Equalization, the assessors, and supervisors of all the counties through which their roads pass, have treated them as public enemies; they have been assailed from the sand-lot; they have been blackguarded and blackmailed by newspapers; they have been threatened with fire, rapine, and the confiscation of their property. Because of these things, and because as a citizen of another State Mr. Crocker can invoke the protection of the Federal courts, and escape for his personal property "arbitrary" assessment and over-valuation, he has chosen to make for himself a domicile in a place where, if the people are no better than in California, they have the virtue of minding their own business. San Francisco is a veritable "Little Pedlington" for small gossip, where all men know everybody's business, and give it their individual attention. It is governed by a narrow-minded press, edited by small men. It is governed in politics by the most contemptible of bosses, and we are not surprised that Mr. Charles Crocker should get out of it.

Mrs. Mark Hopkins has also changed her residence to her native New England home. We cut the following paragraph from the Berkshire *Courier*, printed at Great Barrington, October 1st:

"Mrs. Mark Hopkins, who has made her summer home in this village for the past few years, and has done so much toward beautifying the village, and adding to its wealth by the erection, and presentation to the Congregational Society, of the elegant parsonage, and also the opening of the quarry across the river, has now added another, and most convincing act, showing her good will and the great interest she takes in the prosperity of her former home. She, on Saturday, officially notified the assessors that she had taken up her residence in this town, and that she should in future be a resident of it. The great benefit to the town by this action can not but be apparent to the most superficial observer, and the citizens will certainly welcome Mrs. Hopkins very cordially as a dweller within its borders."

It is stated, upon what appears to be good authority, that an attempt is being made to "colonize" the Fourth Congressional District in the interest of Buckley's candidate for Congress, Mr. Hastings. We do not know anything about the truth of this rumor, but we do know that it will not be successfully consummated. Mr. Buckley knows as well as any one else that it is a crime to transfer people from one district to another to vote. To entitle any one to vote in any particular district, he must have come into the district in good faith to make it his home. A temporary residence, even for the time prescribed by the statute, will not answer. It must be for the time provided by law, *and also in good faith*. These transfers would not be made if it were not supposed that it could be done without being noted, for the law provides fine and imprisonment for the offense, and it also makes it an offense for any one to aid, counsel, procure, or advise such a violation of the law. But the political manipulator hopes to escape observation, and be rewarded by the successful candidate for the risk taken in the fraudulent transaction. At the coming election the United States marshals and supervisors will be on the lookout for these offenders. The colonizers are being spotted now, and if they attempt to vote, they will be landed in the State prison as a warning to others. It is well enough to remember, also, that the State pays one hundred dollars reward for the arrest and conviction of any and every person violating the election law. There should be a public sentiment in this matter, and we call upon our citizens to make it their duty to carefully scrutinize the precinct registers, when they are open in the several precincts, and when they discover any names that do not appear to represent *bona fide* residents in the districts, to notify the proper officers, and see that the cases are properly investigated. If the officer appears indifferent, or does not give the proper attention, then report to the United States marshal and United States supervisor. A little earnestness and vigilance at the proper time will save us the disgrace of a vigilance committee later on; for the people of this city intend to have a fair, square election, if it costs another of those supreme efforts that has made San Francisco distinguished for its ability to rid itself of bad government. We warn the political bosses to go slow, and keep out of trouble.

Doctor C. C. O'Donnell will be elected coroner of San Francisco, and, when elected, it will not be because the community think him the most learned physician nor the coolest-headed citizen. It will not be in compliment to his professional standing nor his professional worth, but it will be for his pluck and perseverance; and because the voting community think he is a better man than either candidate put in nomination from the Alhambra or Mint saloons. Under the circumstances, we think no good citizen need hesitate as between the candidates for coroner who are *now* before the people. It is possible that some gentleman may yet be nominated.

The Republican Convention have given for supervisors twelve individuals, most of whom are dragged from utter obscurity; men unknown to the community in which they live, and for which they are called upon to legislate; men, as a rule, without business or social standing; without intelligence or property qualifications, and if they are honest we do not know it, because, as a rule, they are unknown and untried men. Doctor Justin Gates has a drug store with baths attached, or he keeps a bathing-house with a drug store attached. Robert Roy, marked "banker," is a banker's clerk. Doctor Kunkler—of Doctor Kunkler we have no knowledge. J. S. Abbott is a "lawyer" of whom we never heard. W. B. Farwell, the best man in the list of supervisors, is marked "capitalist"—doubtless in irony of his financial condition. D. Hicks is named as a "bookbinder"; we presume he wants to bind the municipal books. James H. Williamson is a "plumber"; of all the trades and industrial pursuits, the last that we would elect for a supervisor would be a plumber. D. L. Farnsworth is a drayman. Albert Hyer is a grocer. James Gilleran is marked "hotel-keeper"; we wonder what hotel he keeps? Daniel McMillan is marked "real estate and capitalist"; if he is upon the tax-roll in either capacity, we shall be glad to know it. Samuel Valleau, printer, is the son of Tom Valleau, inspector for thirty years past of the Custom-house. After thirty-four years' residence in San Francisco, we know but three of the twelve supervisors, and two of them unfavorably. Of the remainder we have no knowledge, and no means of ascertaining whether they would make intelligent legislators or not. Hence we shall feel it our liberty to vote for them or not, as we may feel disposed.

An uncomfortable story is told of Dr. Barrows, of the Congregational Church, on Post Street. It is said that he invited the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to visit the church on Sunday; that he seated them in reserved pews, a compact mass, and then passed the contribution-box, with an especial appeal for gifts to a body of visiting clergymen. We hope this is not true; but if it is, in point of taste and morals it would not be unlike the conduct of Robin Hood or Dick Turpin. We do not approve of forced contributions, either in church or upon the highway.

An Irishman and gentleman met the writer on Montgomery street on Tuesday morning, and said: "I used to have a great respect for you Americans. I used to think you a courageous and self-respecting nationality; now I think you the damndest of cowards and most contemptible of fools." We demanded to know whether his remarks were in earnest and personal. He said they were, whereupon *we* apologized, and *he* explained: "You allow two Irishmen, one stone blind, who keeps a gin-mill, and the other without occupation, to rule the politics of this city. They organize clubs by the swapping of fraudulent votes; they organize nominating conventions by fraud and violence; they put up a Democratic and Republican ticket in copartnership, dividing the patronage and the swag; they assess candidates and officials, and steal the money; they nominate good men to the offices that have little patronage and no plunder; then they laugh at your complaints, and whistle in confidence that the rascals of their creation will be elected, and divide." We apologized again, and admitted the fact that we were those things he had called us.

Among the nominees for judicial positions in the interior, there is none that gives us more pleasure than that of S. D. Woods, of Inyo County, for superior judge. Mr. Woods is an old resident of California, coming to this country when a boy, in the year 1849, and has for the last three years resided in the county of Inyo. His legal qualifications and his personal character are sufficient guarantees that, if elected, he will prove a competent, industrious, and serviceable judge. We hope to see him elected.

## THE BRITISH ARMY.

"Cockaigne" Describes its Degenerate Condition.

While for the time being the "franchise" question seems to absorb public attention, to the exclusion of all other topics of thought, debate, or conversation, there is one matter of public concern ever present in the mind of the British public, whatever else may appear to occupy it. It is the state of the army. Certainly, if one can judge by what one reads, hears, and sees, the armed land forces of her most gracious majesty are in a most deplorable condition. Of the component parts of the army one might justly say: Its generals are either superanuated old boobies or inexperienced upstarts, its regiments are skeletons, its fixed officers and subalterns unseasoned dandies, and its rank and file raw boys. The army list is one thing, the army estimates quite another. In one we see a grand array of officers; in the other, a painful absence of men. Now, everybody knows that an effective army isn't made up of officers, though I have been told, on good authority, that the late Confederate army, judging by its professed members since the close of the war, had no grade below that of captain. But, however that may have been with the southern forces, I should be sorry to think that the English army was formed upon the same plan.

There can be little doubt that the army has reached its present inefficient state through bad management and the unfitness of its controllers and commanders. At the close of the Crimean war no army in Europe had such prestige, with its laurels fresh gained at Alma, Inkerman, the Redan, Sebastopol, and the famous charge at Balaklava; no army possessed such seasoned veterans, such trained campaigners. But that was thirty years ago, and since then a series of innovations and changes, termed "improvements," wrought by the hand of a bungling commander-in-chief, assisted by several civilian secretaries-for-war, who did his bidding, have undermined its constitution, blighted its beauty, destroyed its *esprit de corps*, and made it a thing of shreds and patches for its enemies to jeer at, and its friends to pity. These are hard words, but they are true.

The man most to blame for this condition of things is, unquestionably, the Duke of Cambridge. Since shortly after the close of the Crimean war he has been the field-marshal, commanding-in-chief, of the British Army, and since that time it may be fairly said that the army has gone steadily down hill. The duke, though possessed of an English title (without which his command of the English army would appear ludicrous—fancy the German or Russian army with a Duke of Manchester for its chief!) is in reality a German, his real title being Duke of Brunswick-Luneberg. Small wonder is there, then, that he should have set to work, at once he got the power, to upset the army's English individuality of character and tone, and to introduce in its place—both boldly and by insidious alterations of minor details, of uniform and trifling things like that—every characteristic of the German army. Not only was the German military system taken as a model, but every change or improvement it has experienced, from time to time, has been instantly and closely followed in the English army. I know that Mr. Cardwell, the secretary-for-war in Gladstone's first cabinet, in 1868 (now Lord Cardwell), has been, and is, blamed for the present disorganized state of military affairs; and that Mr. Childers has also received his modicum of abuse in the same connection. But though it is quite true that all important army changes must emanate from the War Office, yet it is equally presumable that the secretaries (who are nearly always civilians) are only too glad to get their ideas from and to follow the advice of the Horse Guards, an office over which the commander-in-chief has absolute and exclusive dominion. After glancing at the army with its German tunics (introduced by the German Prince Consort, in 1855), its German helmets, its German territorial system, its German drill, and, lastly, its German shoulder-straps, no one need hesitate long to say where the blame lies. Neither Mr. Cardwell nor Mr. Childers was German. The Prince Consort was, and so is the Duke of Cambridge.

Aside from the ruin he has effected in the English army by his German "fads," the Duke of Cambridge is totally unfit for the position he holds. This is admitted both in and out of the army. Of course he understands the theory of military ethics, and their application in practice, so far as they apply to the government of a home garrison in time of peace or the conduct of a sham fight on the Aldershot hills, amid the roar of blank cartridges. But to claim that he is competent to mold and control a great army, or to guide its movements in time of war is what nobody can do. Yet, in face of the fact of his acknowledged uselessness, he sticks on in his place and keeps out worthier men. Did he even drone his time away in the hum-drum routine of a stay-at-home peace general's existence, as nine-tenths of our generals have done for years, it would not be so bad. But not content with his grant of twelve thousand pounds a year as a royal prince, and his pay as field marshal and colonel of the Grenadier Guards, the King's Rifle Corps, and the Seventeenth Lancers, with some other regiments, he passes his time in efforts to retard what it should be his duty to advance.

LONDON, September 17, 1874. COCKAIGNE.

The nomination of George Parkinson by the Higgins convention for senator from the ninth senatorial district, is a most excellent one, and goes in the direction of redeeming the convention from the universal contempt with which it is regarded. Mr. Parkinson would make a good senator under any circumstances, for he is an honest man. He will, if elected, do credit to the position, in spite of the disgraceful fact of his nomination by a convention the majority of which were the hirelings of a small pair of bosses, and the minority of which had not sufficient courage and self-respect to make a muss.

There is a theory that goats cause famines in India by destroying the forests, and thus decreasing the rainfall.

## A STUDY IN PHYSIOGNOMY.

The Characteristics of Blaine and Logan, as Shown by their Faces.

Lavater, the eminent physiognomist, in one of his essays, remarks: "I have never seen a nose with a broad back, whether arched or rectilinear, that did not appertain to an extraordinary man. We may examine thousands of countenances and numbers of portraits of superior men before we find such a one."

To the scientific physiognomist this observation seems most just, for he understands that the development of this feature in this manner denotes a highly developed physiological and anatomical, as well as a corresponding mental condition. Lavater tells us that he did not understand anatomy and physiology, hence he was unable to make scientific analyses and deductions from the phenomena which he observed; but as he mingled with the greatest and most talented persons of Europe, observation had taught him that this appearance was never found in the countenances of commonplace or undeveloped persons. It is true, that great fools have been observed with large noses; but the law I lay down as a scientific one, that "the size of the nose (governed by quality) is the measure of mental power," finds in these cases no exception, for the reason that the nose indicates the physiological, as well as the mental, powers of the individual, and the large noses observed in the faces of complete idiots disclosed only great vegetative powers—viz., those of the breathing, circulatory, and digestive systems, which in many idiots are powerfully exhibited. They often seem to be only huge animals, having retrogressed to a purely animal condition.

The remark, then, of Lavater, in regard to the *size* of the nose, may be safely laid down as a law in physiognomy; but in order to comprehend its full import we must add to this another equally important law—viz., that the *shape* or *form* of the nose indicates the *kind* or *direction* of mental power. The shape of a nose observed may disclose artistic, musical, commercial, architectural, or literary ability, but the size of this organ, together with the *quality* of the individual, gives us at one glance the most accurate knowledge of his capacity in either of these departments.

Now, *quality*—either in man or animal—is known by fineness and clearness of the skin and hair and brightness of the eye. If observers would cultivate their powers in physiognomy as highly as they do in the ordinary affairs of



life, one keen glance would decide for them instantaneously the question of the quality of an individual, for size, form, color, and quality are as potent in disclosing human character as they are in revealing characteristics in every other department of Nature's broad domain. Man depends upon observation of these conditions for his knowledge of a horse, a plant, a rock, a gem, or a planet, and, indeed, for his understanding of everything in the world.

Now to the facts upon which these two laws are based: "Facts," says Gradgrind, "are stubborn things," and *facts* are what the scientist relies upon, not only to prove his deductions, but to base his laws. The old-time method in metaphysics was to construct a fanciful theory and then let the facts shift for themselves. The scientific method is to observe, collect, and classify the facts, and then to deduce laws in accordance therewith. The facts and the law must agree—this is sound logic as well as sound science.

If we were to glance down the vista of the ages and observe well the countenances of the master-minds of the remote past, we should have in them ample proof of the laws above stated. The busts, pictures, and statues portraying the features and personality of the most celebrated generals, statesmen, orators, philosophers, scientists, and architects, which are exhibited in the art galleries of the world, reveal to us—if art can be relied on—that the faces of Galen, Hippocrates, Aristotle, Alexander, Cicero, Archimedes, Julius Cæsar, Demosthenes, Cato, Lucretius, Sesostris, Plato, Josephus, and many other men of eminence, possessed unusually large noses, many of them "broad on the back," as Lavater expresses it, and not *one* exhibits an undeveloped or small nasal organ. These noses vary in *form*, but can be classified at sight by one understanding the meaning of the forms of the nose. All these men were master-minds in different departments of thought and action.

We will now turn to more modern times, and recall to the mind of the reader the physiognomies of the more recent men of intellect—masters in art, science, government, literature, and leadership. We shall find the field quite as rich as that of the ancients. Let it be understood that each department of activity has a *form* or *shape* peculiar to itself. Scientific, mechanical, and philosophical noses are long, prominent, and bony, and where there is talent they are "broad on the back" as well. Musical noses are short, thick, round, soft, and muscular. Commercial noses are large, thick, long, with more muscle than bone, and of equal width the entire length, sometimes straight in outline and sometimes convex. Executive noses often presents a very high outline just below the junction with the forehead. This nose is denominated the "Roman nose," and belongs to those who have naturally excellent ability as generals, leaders, superintendents, etc.

The largest noses known to modern times are (among commanders) those of Washington, Garibaldi, Cromwell, Wellington, Napoleon, Admiral Sir Charles Napier, General Winfield Scott, General Sherman, and Admiral Farragut; among statesmen, Lord Chatham, William Pitt, Lord Brougham, Jefferson, Jackson, Franklin, Thomas Paine, Metternich, Palmerston, John Adams, and Gladstone. Observing the noses of poets, we find that here, as elsewhere, the largest belong to the most eminent. Observe, for example, those of Dante, Tasso, Dryden, Cowper, Shelley, Goethe, Pope, Schiller, Joanna Baillie, Byron, Tennyson, Longfellow, and Whittier. This class of noses exhibits a straight outline in the descent from the forehead to the tip, and this form is characteristic of most writers of elegant literature.

Perhaps the most massive noses are found in the countenances of astronomers and philosophers. Among astronomers note the following: La Grange, De Lambre, Enler, Haller, Herschel, and Proctor. Philosophers and scientists lead the world in regard to size of nose. The largest noses in the faces of any historical characters are the following: Those of Des Cartes, chemist and discoverer; Ralph Waldo Emerson, philosopher; George Eliot, essayist and philosophical novelist; Adam Smith, philosopher; Doctor Joseph Black, chemist and discoverer; John Locke, metaphysician; Sir Isaac Newton, scientist and discoverer; Cuvier, naturalist; Humboldt, scientist and naturalist; Voltaire, essayist, poet, and philosopher; Sir Joseph Banks, naturalist; Horace Vernet, artist; Ariosto, poet; Martin Luther, reformer; Richard Wagner, composer; Liszt, composer; Michael Angelo, artist; Captain James B. Eads, engineer; George Stevenson, engineer; Marco Polo, explorer; Harriet Beecher Stowe, authoress; Volta, Ampère, and Dalton, scientists.

The above-named persons are among the most eminent known to history—their noses, although diverse in form, are the largest among those of the most talented classes. In comparing them the student of physiognomy must not make the mistake of comparing class with class. That would be unjust and unscientific, for the noses of musicians and philosophers, for example, of equal rank in their several classes, would not be equal in size, for the reason that musical noses are muscular, while philosophical noses are bony. Now, muscle tends to shorten, and bone to lengthen, the nose, hence it would be manifestly improper to form an opinion as to relative greatness by comparing class with class. Then, too, it is impossible to form a just opinion on one single sign alone. *Size* counts for a great deal, but *quality* endorses or interprets the value of size; then, to learn the direction or kind of mentality the individual is endowed with, we must note the form or shape of the nose. Now we have analyzed the entire individual, except his power for activity, and this is revealed by the color of the person. Colorless, pallid persons have never the vigor that the well colored possess. Lack of color is caused by a defective glandular system, which, by reason of naturally defective organization, fails to absorb or secrete the coloring materials from the nutriment and atmosphere.

An interesting lesson in practical physiognomy can be found in an analysis and scientific reading of the faces of the gentlemen who have been put forward by the Republican and Democratic parties, to win the chief executive offices of the government. These four candidates are all powerful men, mentally and physically, each in a different way, yet possessing several strong traits in common.

The general appearance of the physiognomy of James G. Blaine indicates great force, courage—both mental and physical—(for there are three kinds of courage), great will-power—not selfish will, but the will which prompts to decisive and instantaneous action—indeed, his chief expression is one of readiness, decision, and resolution; there is also plenty of aggressiveness tempered with natural courtesy and agreeability. The downward slope of the outer line of the upper eye-lid shows that he is a persuasive, agreeable speaker, seeking to convince with arguments strong and clear, but presented in a suave and conciliating manner, unless aggression should be necessary, and then the power is *there* to call upon. In fact, the entire face and body show a great *reserve fund* of power of all sorts. His nose indicates great mental fertility and resource; it is very constructive (observe thickness just above the nostrils, near where it joins the cheek); the signs for mental imitation, analysis, hope, and sublimity (this last faculty gives great breadth, vastness, and comprehensiveness to the mind) are very decided, while imagination, executiveness, acquisitiveness, human nature, and veneration are largely represented. The line running across the nose where it joins the forehead denotes that self-will has been developed by constant activity. This peculiarity is noticeable in the countenances of all able commanders, generals, leaders, superintendents, and similar classes whose professions call into unceasing action this most useful faculty. The dense color noticeable in the eyes, hair, and complexion, give evidence that force and power for action are present, while the fullness of the cheeks, and general size of the face tell of a good digestive system and a well-nourished physique, betokening an organism of great constitutional vigor. The ear, eye, and mouth testify each of the other that the possessor's ability to speak and receive spoken sound is of the best, while the semi-circles under the eyes reveal at a glance that this faculty has been well used. The eye is deep-set, bright, and animated in movement; the upper lip is long, indicating self-esteem, dignity, and equipoise—the carriage of the head and shoulders corroborates this local sign. The tip of the nose stands well out from the face, showing not only an ambitious, far-reaching disposition, but also a far-seeing one. This peculiarity is noticeable in the faces of all who have achieved great positions in life by natural ability. Cicero's nose is an excellent example of this appearance. The under lip discloses sympathy and generosity on a large scale; but, referring to the forehead and nose, we find this trait controlled by reason and judgment. Logical d duction, memory of events, locality, size and form, are a present in great force, while intuition and memory of fac and places are remarkably developed. Friendship is activ warm, and ardent. The face reveals a very sympathetic pe sonality, and its owner would have excelled as a physicia had he studied medicine. His domestic traits are mo decided, with fidelity sufficient to hold together fami and friends in a strong bond. The length of the nose e presses caution and forethought, while its great size, bor development, and muscular combination, indicate in ge eral terms an administrative, philosophical, and litera character. The chin is hidden by a beard, and in th case the scientific physiognomist must be governed b other signs. Mr. Blaine's chin should be long, broad, an bony to accord with the rest of his face. These indica tions denote firmness and conscientiousness—and th amount of bone in his nose tells of an equal osseous for ation in the chin. To sum up, we shall expect to find t this character intellect and executiveness of a high orde practicality, force, courage, conscience, and aggressiveness

The physiognomy of John A. Logan, candidate for Vice President, is not of so large or powerful a character as tha of Blaine. There are indications of more love of ease an self-indulgence than in the latter, still the practical an executive qualities of the man are most apparent, He i bold, fearless, and with plenty of physical courage. Th straight outline of the nose shows that the sense of th ideal is strong in him; the general size denotes executive ness, will-power, veneration, mental constructiveness—al of more than the average degree. Language is well de veloped, and reasoning-power most excellent. He is ar agreeable talker, and possesses a fund of mirth and good-humor—wit and humorous sarcasm blended. There is a great share of the artistic present in his character, not executive art, perhaps, but the talent of appreciation of art-objects—a sense and love of the beautiful, with a trace o the sensuous and pleasure-loving also. This is known by the rolling and slightly dimpled chin. It is an artistic chin, with more of muscle than bone in its composition. The slightly retreating outline of the forehead denotes ability for practical reasoning, and its general formation denotes capacity for forming plans requiring intricacy and combinations, as in chess, etc. Strong vital powers and great assimilative ability are most apparent in his physiological make-up. Will-power is very noticeable, while mental imitation, analytical ability, comparison, and



causality are prominent mental traits. Language mos copious, fluent, and appropriate, is indicated. The dense *color* shown in the eyes, hair, and complexion gives us the clew to his Celtic origin, and exhibits, as well, his energy, pluck, and fearlessness. He is not so guarded and cautious as is Blaine, but he has the ability to talk his way out, or fight his way out, of any difficulty he may get into. He possesses a solid, vigorous physique, and his digestive and breathing powers are exceedingly well developed. His enemies may be sure that he will remember them to the end of his life, which promises (with care) to be a long one, for he has all of the signs of longevity, and, I believe (if his portrait, which I have before me, is correct) that he is descended from long-lived ancestry.

MARY O SHANTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1884.

---

An elderly French governess was once afflicted with illness, and, being visited by one of her former pupils, that lady proposed to improve the occasion by reading her a chapter of the Bible. "You must tell me what part you would like to hear me read," said she. "Oh, any part you like, my dear," murmured her *ci-devant* instructress. "Oh, but really you must let me know your favorite chapter," said the other. "Eh bien, mon enfant," answered the invalid; "lisez-moi donc l'histoire de cette pauvre Madame Potiphar et de ce vilain Joseph."

---

The law regulating the sale of intoxicants in Vermont is so well enforced that a demand has been created for lithographic prescriptions for some of the popular beverages. These are made up at the drug stores, and administered to the sufferers on the spot. The prescription for that purely American remedy known as the cocktail is as follows: "Recipe—Spir. Frument, 2 fl. oz.; Ext. Angos, ½ dr.; Syr. Simp., ½ fl. oz."

---

General Sherman went to a circus in St. Louis. Not satisfied with the animals and the circus, he took in the dressing-tent and the side-show. In the dressing-tent he did not offer to kiss any of the young ladies, but he told one of them she was pretty. He also added: "You're pretty, and you know it."

## THE DOMESTIC DICE-BOX.

In a suburban cottage, not far away, four San Francisco ..chelors keep house together. They are all good fellows, ..d get along very well together. Men, as a rule, get along ..tter together than women do, being more tolerant of ..ch others' peculiarities, and possessing a larger fund of ..arity.

However, even in bachelor households differences will ..metimes arise. The best of friends will argue. The ..st of friends will differ as to what the roast should be. ..r example, I look on a man who eats veal as being with.. ..t shame and void. Yet one of my warmest friends adores ..al. When we dine together we taboo the subject. If ..ere is veal, he eats it, and I avert my eyes in silence. I ..k on him with solemn pity, as the Bedouins do on mad.. ..n. Yet I say naught.

Well, these four bachelors sometimes differ. One will ..mplain of a too monotonous succession of beef. The ..erer for the week will defend himself. If the discussion ..ows warm, the others will silently go to the mantel, and ..ng thence a Dice-box—a large and elegant Dice-box. ..is is placed before the disputants.

"Shake!" say the box-bearers, laconically.

The disputants shake. The Dice roll out upon the table. ..om the dictum of the Dice there is no appeal.

Let me give some examples. It is at dinner. Floss ..nounces that the only way to drink Burgundy is when it ..s stood for three hours in the kitchen at the point furthest ..tant from the range.

The Troubadour differs. The Troubadour states that ..e has often drunk Burgundy which has stood in warm wa.. ..for a few moments; that Burgundy warmed in this way ..re nearly approaches the temperature of the room.

Floss replies that the globules of the wine do not thus ..eive that synchronous and homogeneous caloric neces.. ..y to their beatific ingurgitation.

To this the Troubadour at once crisply makes answer ..t any man entertaining such opinion is a scoundrel and ..orse-thief.

From this guarded language the others at once infer that ..risis has arrived. The Dice are brought. They are ..emnly shaken.

RESULT.

Floss.....A tray full on deuces.
The Troubadour.....Four fives.
1. Floss.....Is a scoundrel and a horsethief.
2. Burgundy.....Should be warmed with water.

The Dice are removed, and dinner goes on.

Sometimes the conversation takes a political or histori.. ..c range, although politics, as a rule, is tabooed. On one ..asion, politics coming up, the Mugwump and Barba.. ..a took up the cudgels for their respective candidates. ..e discussion speedily became envenomed. Mr. Cleve.. ..l's moral character, of course, caused the trouble. ..e Mugwump contended that Mr. Cleveland had not ..e so. Barbarossa contended hotly that he had. The ..tter was left to the Dice. The Dice decided that Mr. ..eland *did*. Then to his feast of crow, with face ..ne, the mild-eyed, melancholy Mugwump came. And ..since then the matter is considered settled. For the ..e have spoken, and there is no appeal.

The Dice are very useful in deciding that awful ques.. ..", "Where shall we go?" It may be discussed up to ..rtain point, but when that point is reached the Dice ..brought, and there is no appeal.

All sorts of disputes have been thus decided. All sorts ..uestions have been thus answered. Among an infini.. ..e of other matters, the Dice have decided—

..t turkey is better cold than hot;
..t Lord Bacon did not write Shakespeare;
..t vegetables should be served as a course, and not with the ro..;
..t Sir Philip Francis was not the author of the Junius letters;
..t salt should be eaten with nuts;
..t Frederick the Great was a scoundrel;
..t cheese should be served with salad;
..t Peter the Great was a pig;
..t beef should always be underdone;
..t Elizabeth was not a virgin queen;
..t mutton should always be well cooked;
..t Raleigh, Essex, and Leicester thought so, too;
..t dry champagne is better than sweet;
..t Mary Queen of Scots was no better than she should be;
..t California red wines are bad;
..t George Washington was a prig;
..t California white (still) wines are good;
..t Dickens was a snob;
..t tomatoes should always have a mayonnaise dressing;
..t Charles I. was justly decapitated;
..t clear soups are better for dinner than thick ones;
..t Cromwell was a great man;
..t thick soups are good for luncheon;
..t Thackeray is greater than Dickens;
..t Welsh rabbits are healthful when taken between the hours of ..e and two A. M.;
..there is an open polar sea;
..sardelles are better than sardines;
..Anne Hathaway was a vixen;
..the men of the Greely expedition were justified in eating ..ther;
..Marshal Grouchy was not to blame at Waterloo;
..green peppers are indispensable to the epicure;
..if Shakespeare wrote "Titus Andronicus" he must have ..n when he was drunk;
..cucumbers are poisonous;
..Charles Reade's best novel is "The Cloister and the ..h";
..brandy is bad—"for what is brandy but red rum? What is ..n, spelled backward, but murder?";
..Lord Bacon was a great man, although despicable in many ..ays;
..a cheese *fondu* is better than a Welsh rabbit;
..Disraeli was a brilliant charlatan;
..lamb à la périgord makes a divine hash;
..the evolutionary theory is correct;
..hot bread is an invention of the devil;
..Bazaine was not a traitor;
..absinthe is poisonous;
..the piano is an instrument of torture;
..no man ever committed a cold-blooded murder in a clean ..

..tobacco was the gift of a beneficent and repentant God to ..o compensate them for the existence of women;
..widows are more dangerous than girls;
..they are also more charming;
..women are angels;
that they are devils;
that they are frequently both;
that the upshot of all discussions concerning women may be summed up in the words of the elder Mr. Weller: "Women is rum creeturs, Samivel."

Thus, as may be seen from the wide range of the foregoing, some of the most vexed questions in history, letters, morals, and the cuisine have been settled by the Dice.

There is no appeal from the decision of the Dice; there are no wranglings.

Here, then, exists the ideal home—a bachelor home, look you—a peaceful, happy household, where there are no quarrels, no heart-burnings, no jealousies, and no household gods save one, and that one a Bona Dea—a good goddess, whose name is Chance, and who lives in

A Dice Box.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

### A Late Rose.

I sent a little maiden
To pluck for me a rose,
The sweetest and the fairest
That in the garden grows—
A blush-rose, proud and tender,
Upon its stem so slender,
Swaying in dreamy splendor
Where yellow sunshine glows.

Back came the little maiden
With drooping, downcast head,
And slow, reluctant footsteps,
And this to me she said:
"I find no sweet blush-roses
In all the garden-closes;
There are no summer roses;
It must be they are dead!"

Then bent I to the maiden
And touched her shining hair—
Dear heart! in all the garden
Was nothing half so fair!
"Nay!" said I, "let the roses
Die in the garden-closes
Whenever fate disposes,
If I *this* rose may wear!"

—*Julia C. R. Dorr in October Lippincott.*

### Ballade of Middle Age.

Our youth began with tears and sighs,
With seeking what we could not find!
Our verses all were threnodies,
In elegiacs still we whined;
Our ears were deaf, our eyes were blind,
We sought and knew not what we sought.
We marvel, now we look behind:
Life's more amusing than we thought!

Oh, foolish youth, untimely wise!
Oh, phantom of the sickly mind!
What? not content with seas and skies,
With rainy clouds and southern wind,
With common cares and faces kind,
With pains and joys each morning brought?
Ah, old, and worn, and tired we find
Life's more amusing than we thought!

Though youth "turns spectre-thin and dies,"
To mourn for youth we're not inclined;
We set our souls on salmon flies,
We whistle where we once repined.
Confound the woes of human-kind!
By heaven we're "well deceived," I wot;
And, hum, contented or resigned,
"Life's more amusing than we thought!"

ENVOY.

*O nate mecum*, worn and lined
Our faces show, but *that* is naught;
Our hearts are young 'neath wrinkled rind:
Life's more amusing than we thought!

—*Andrew Lang in September Longman's.*

### The Writer to His Pipe.

"Come, trusted friend, the night is waning;
*Trouvere* is o'er. I've seen enough.
The dripping roof weeps with the raining—
Come lend thy cheer; I'm weary."—Puff.

"The day, with all its noise and hurry;
The night, with opera and Macduff,
Have wearied me of life's long worry;
I want a friend to talk to."—Puff.

"A friend that pardons all my failings,
Of those that don't there's *quantum suf*,
One that has a balm for all my ailings,
And quiets endless thinking."—Puff.

"We've been as one now many seasons,
Burnt pounds of Walter Raleigh's stuff;
Been gay and sad, and for these reasons
Should stand by one another."—Puff.

"We've had our hours of vigil gloomy,
Been proud with praise, firm in rebuff;
Yet through it all you clung so to me,
I would not give you up now."—Puff.

"For solace sweet you've ever brought me,
Smoothed many a journey long and rough,
And softer sentiments have taught me
When sterner were far easier."—Puff.

"Then here alone we'll chat together,
And smile at life's fantastic rout,
Forgetful all of winds and weather,
But not of one sweet face— What—out!"

—*Charles E. Whitney in New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

### In the Sierra.

My brave world-builders of the West!
Why, who hath known ye? Who doth know
But I, who on your peaks of snow
Break bread the first? Who loved ye best,
Who holds ye still of more stern worth
Than all proud peoples of the earth?

Yea! I, the rhymer of wild rhymes
Indifferent of blame or praise,
Still sing of ye, as one who plays
The same old air in all strange climes—
The same wild, piercing highland air,
Because—because his heart is there.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

San Francisco is said by Lord Ronald Gower to be the most picturesque city in the world.

Doctor Holmes is thought by Mr. Frederick Locker to be the best living writer of *vers de société*.

Lieutenant Greely's book about his voyage is to be published in London and America on the same day.

Two American poets, Thomas Bailey Aldrich and William Winter, were born on the same day in October, 1836.

Lawrence Barrett, Edwin Booth, and William Winter are among the latest applicants for admission to the Tavern Club.

Baron Alphonse Rothschild says it would take him twenty-five years to settle his affairs sufficiently to allow him to withdraw from the firm.

Henry Clay, a grandson of the great Whig statesman, was shot in a drunken brawl at Louisville, Ky., on the 21st ult., and died on the following day.

Isabella Stuart, Countess d'Albanie, who boasts to have the blood of the Pretender in her veins, is mother abbess of an English convent at Braila, in Roumania.

Premier Gladstone talks very rapidly on the stump. One of his recent speeches in Scotland contains eleven thousand five hundred words, and was delivered in one hour and thirty-five minutes.

Señor Carlos Ramon, a Spaniard of education, who, owing to reverses and discouragement, was porter in a Springfield hotel, has just fallen heir to a large fortune and three important titles.

Mary Elizabeth Garrett, daughter of the late John W., is now said to be the richest unmarried lady in this country. The estimates of her father's wealth run from $10,000,000 to $50,000,000. Of this she receives one-third.

Raising Vice-Admiral Courbet to the rank of admiral, in recognition of his services in China, will give him a position equivalent to that of a Marshal of France. Admiral Trehouart, who died in 1873, was the last to hold the honor.

Max O'Rell, author of "John Bull et Son Ile," is described as a well-made, bald gentleman, entirely Gallic in type, and a fluent talker in French and English. He recently occupied a seat at the "Savage Club" dinner in London.

W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, has given for public purposes not less than three millions of dollars, besides one million devoted to charities, and he has remaining at least ten millions of dollars, as he is the largest real estate owner in Washington.

B. B. Valentine, one of the editors of *Puck*, who for years wrote the "Fitznoodle Papers" therein, has sued the proprietors of that journal for fifty thousand dollars for breach of contract. Some interesting details of editorial squabbling are expected at the trial.

George Sand had beautiful hands, fingers, and nails, but an inelegant figure. She earned more than two hundred and twenty thousand dollars with her pen, and spent all but four thousand dollars of it, chiefly in entertaining her friends. She played the piano with great dexterity.

Josie Mansfield, for whose sake Jim Fisk died, is very fat, very dark, and very well dressed. She shows off her ample proportions to wondering Parisians every pleasant afternoon in the year. She is supposed, by those who are unacquainted with her history, to be an immensely wealthy Cuban widow.

The late Countesss-dowager of Seafield, England, was in the habit of sleeping in a room by herself, without means of calling a servant. One night she was seized with a sudden illness, and while on her way out of the room to procure help, fell on the floor, and lay there until morning. Her friends believe that her life might have been saved had she received assistance promptly.

Whistler's most characteristic room in his Chelsea residence is a symphony in dull blue and canary color, skillfully contrasted; matting covers the floor, blue china fills the dressers and is here and there attached to the canary-colored walls, and soft white silk curtains, lined with canary silk, elaborately embroidered in gold thread, hide the windows, and the pots on the mantel hold skeleton flowers.

It is said that of the eleven who formed the Government of National Defense, after the fall of the French Empire, but a single one, Jules Ferry, has a share now in the government of the country, and he the lion's share. Six of the eleven are dead. Emanuel is buried in the French Legation at Berne, Jules Simon is in almost as great obscurity in Paris, Eugène Pelletan is one of the Senators, and Henri Rochefort is editor of the *Intransigeant*, in which he attacks the Republic as violently as he attacked the Empire.

"Here in France," wrote Heinrich Heine, "my German name Heinrich was, immediately on my arrival in Paris, translated into Henri. I had to submit to it, and was finally obliged to call myself so, because the word Heinrich does not suit a French ear, and because the French make everything as comfortable to themselves as possible. Even the name Henri Heine can never be pronounced quite correctly; most of them call me M. Enri Enn; many contract this into Enrienne, and some even give me the appellation M. Un Rien. This hurts me in many ways, especially with regard to my literary occupation; it is, however, in another way a benefit to me. For instance, among my fine countrymen who come to Paris, there are some who would like to calumniate me, but as they always pronounce my name in the German language, the French never even imagine that the wicked fellow and poisoner of the fountains of innocence about whom these gentlemen are fearfully raving, is identical with their friend M. Enrienne."

## SOCIETY.

### Engagements and Marriages.

The engagement of Mr. B. Chandler Howard, of the P. M. S. S. Co., and Miss Nellie Hopps, the artist, is reported.

The engagement is announced of Miss Fannie Fargo to Mr. Rose, of Los Angeles. The marriage will not take place until January.

The marriage of Miss Evelyn K. Waters and Mr. Charles L. Benton took place last Wednesday. The ceremony was private, only a few friends being present. Mr. and Mrs. Benton will reside at 711 Jones Street, and will receive on Tuesday evenings.

### The Fair Musicale.

On last Tuesday evening Mrs. Teresa Fair gave a musicale at her handsome house. This was her first large entertainment since her return from Europe. A number of the members of the Gian nini Italian Opera Troupe were present, including Signora Maria Peri, Signora Trinidad Mestres, Signora Francesca Giannini, Signor Serbolini, and others. The artists rendered a number of selections during the evening. Signor Giannini sang "Salve Dimorah"; Signor Serbolini gave a solo from "Un Ballo in Maschera," and was followed by Signora Mestres, who sang a Spanish canzoneta; Signora Peri and Signor Giannini sang the duet from "Aida"; Signora Peri also gave "The Last Rose of Summer"; Signori Serbolini and Giannini followed in a "Muleteer's Song," arranged as a duet; and Signora Giannini sang "Spirto Gentil" and "La Donna è Mobile." An elaborate supper was served about midnight, and the evening was a most enjoyable one. The guests, of whom there were many, all retired well pleased with their evening and their hostess.

### Lawn Party.

On Saturday afternoon, October 18th, a lawn party will be given in the grounds of Trinity School, 1534 Mission Street, corner of Twelfth Street, in aid of St. John's Episcopal Church. There will be croquet, archery, and lawn-tennis, and a luncheon will be served by the ladies of the parish. In the evening there will be a musicale from eight to nine o'clock, and dancing from nine to eleven. Mr. Henry Heyman has kindly volunteered to direct the musicale, which is under the patronage of Mrs. William Alvord, Mrs. Collier, Mrs. William T. Coleman, Mrs. E. E Eyre, Mrs. H. H. Toland, Mrs. General Pope, Mrs. S. W. Holladay, and the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of the Diocese. Tickets for the evening are obtainable only from the above-mentioned ladies and the Rev. E. B. Spaulding, rector of St. John's parish. The Presidio Band will be in attendance both afternoon and evening.

### The New Tennis Club.

The Van Ness Aveuue Lawn Tennis Club have increased the admission fee from ten to twenty dollars, and have limited the membership. The club seems to be quite prospersous. The executive committee have just let contracts for laying a new court, which will be the third; they have also begun the erection of a commodious building on the grounds, which will contain dressing-rooms, lockers for suits, hats, etc., and all the conveniences required by tennis players.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Ex-Governor F. F. Low and family left for Japan by the steamer *City of New York* last Monday, on their pleasure trip around the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Crocker, who were in New York city, to meet Miss Hattie Crocker on her return from Europe, have returned home. Miss Crocker accompanied them.

Mrs. M. A. Tubbs went to Monterey on the 4th instant, to remain a few days.

M. C. Blum, U. S. A., and wife, are at the Occidental.

Mrs. R. C. Hooker has returned from Monterey, after a visit of two months.

Mrs. C. G. Toland has been spending the week at Del Monte.

Among the young ladies who went to Monterey on Saturday last were Miss Whittier, Miss Randall, and Miss Terhune.

Mrs. Ben. C. Truman and daughter left here on Thursday last for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Williams, of Sacramento, are at Monterey.

Hon. A. A. Sargent and Mrs. Sargent have taken up a temporary residence at the Occidental.

Mrs. C. L. Cunningham is among the sojourners at Monterey.

Mrs. A. G. Hawes and daughter have been spending the present week in Connecticut; Mrs. Hawes's friends will be gratified to learn that the lady, who was quite an invalid when she left here last summer, has fully recovered her health; Miss Allie, it is needless to say, is enjoying herself among the hills of New England immeasurably.

Miss Jennie Flood and Mrs. Purdy, of Menlo Park, spent Sunday last at Del Monte.

Ex-Governor Perkins and Mrs. Perkins went to Monterey on the 3d instant, to stay over Sunday.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker, of Sacramento, has been at the Occidental for a few days, and also Mr. and Mrs. Porter Ashe.

Miss Yerrington, of Carson, came down to San Francisco on a visit on Wednesday last.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker and Miss Crocker have been sojourning at the Del Monte for a week.

M. C. Blaine, U. S. A., and Mrs. Blaine, arrived here from the East on Tuesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Fountain, of Dixon, have been sea-airing themselves at Monterey during the week.

Captain N. T. Smith will leave here on November 1st to join his wife, who left San Francisco an invalid early in August, since which time she has been with friends in New York and elsewhere in the East.

Mrs. K. K. Nuttall and Miss Nuttall have returned from Monterey.

Mrs. Grove L. Johnson, of Sacramento, who, accompanied by Miss Josephine, her daughter, has been enjoying the genial October climate of "the bay," returned home a few days ago.

Miss Grace Eldridge, of San Rafael, who has been enjoying the saline breezes at Monterey, for a short time, has returned to the home of the mosquito and the land of the brave.

Henry T. Scott, George W. Prescott, George Crocker, and Christian Froelich, of the Y. M. C. A., went down to Monterey one day last week to see what the wild waves were saying.

Mrs. Lillie Coit, who succeeded in leaving Larkmead a few days ago, has returned to her pleasant rural retreat near St. Helena. She expects to reside at the Palace during the coming winter.

Mrs. W. W. Stone and Miss Stone have been staying a few days at Del Monte.

Mrs. Harrington has left the White Mountains and is at present in the State of Steady Habits. Mrs. Harrington will be joined by her husband shortly, who leaves here for New York on the 1st of December.

Mrs. Governor Johnson, who has been visiting Mrs. McMullin, in San Joaquin County, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Donahue, who have been visiting ex-Governor Downey, in Los Angeles, have returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore will give up housekeeping on the 1st proximo, and take apartments at the Occidental.

Sir Richard Temple, of England, returned to the city last Monday, after a trip to the Yosemite Valley, and was stopping at the Palace.

Hon. W. L. Dudley, of San Joaquin County, accompanied by his daughters, left last week for an extended trip through the Eastern States. They will remain away until Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Washington Todd and family, of St. Louis, arrived in town Tuesday last, with the intention of spending the winter on this coast. They have taken up their residence at 1414 Post Street.

Professor John Murray and son, of Berkeley, will leave during this month for Santa Barbara, their future residence.

Miss Mary W. Grant, who has been visiting at the East for the last two years, arrived home last week.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker came down from Sacramento last Monday, and was registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Douglass Dick, and Miss Howard, returned to the city from New York last Monday, and left immediately for San Mateo.

Mr. W. N. Cowles, of Santa Barbara, was in town last Tuesday, on a short visit, and was at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. David Farquharson are in New York city, and are stopping at the Albemarle.

Mr. Douglass Gunn, editor of the San Diego *Union*, was in town last Tuesday, on a short visit.

Hon. Wm. H. Sears, United States Collector of Customs, has returned home after a visit of a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Porter Ashe were stopping at the Occidental Hotel last Monday.

Mr. J. W. Twiggs has been visiting the Misses Maynard at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker are in New York city, and are stopping at the Windsor.

Mrs. Dr. Ainsworth (*née* Trowbridge) is on a visit from Arizona to the city, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel

Hon. Wm. M. Gwin, who has been absent at the East for nearly a year, returned home last week.

Colonel Wm. Forsyth, of the Geysers, is in town for a visit of a couple of weeks, and is stopping at the Occidental.

Major Chas. A. Kenney is on a visit to New York city and the East, and is registered at the Windsor.

Mrs. Jas. A. Johnson, who has been the guest of Miss Lilo McMullin at the McMullin ranch, returned to the city last week.

Mr. Jos. D. Grant has returned to the city after a trip to Oregon.

Miss Macondray has returned to the city from Menlo Park.

Mr. E. F. Northam is on a visit to New York city, and is stopping at the Colonnade.

Mrs. Henry Barroilhet, who has spent some weeks at Monterey, has returned to her home at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Searle (*née* Cole), left for Portland last week, on their bridal tour, and expect to be absent about a month.

Miss Nellie Gerke will spend the winter in the city, but anticipates a trip to Europe in the spring.

Mr. J. H. Kinkead, wife of the newly appointed governor of Alaska, returned to this city by the last steamer from Oregon, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant George H. Doty, U. S. R. M., on duty on the revenue steamer *Corwin*, returned to this city last Monday, and is stopping at the Occidental.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs, general freight manager for the C. P. and S. P. R. R., who has been East on business, returned to the city last Tuesday.

Captain and Mrs. R. R. Thompson, who have been residing at Alameda, expect to make San Francisco their home.

Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, of the United States Circuit Court, left for Oregon last Saturday, and will probably be absent a little over a couple of months.

Mrs. Edgar Mills and Miss Mills have returned to Menlo Park, from Monterey.

Mrs. General R. W. Kirkham and Miss Kirkham, of Oakland, who have been on a visit to the East for some months, returned home last Tuesday.

Senator James T. Farley and family were in town last Monday, having come to the city from Jackson, and were at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lawrence Pool have gone East on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Maynard expect to reside at the Palace Hotel during the coming winter.

Rev. J. N. Beard, A. M., who has been appointed to the pastorate of the Central Church, arrived in the city with his family last Wednesday.

Mrs. Captain William H. Moor, who has been on a visit to the East, returned home last week.

Mrs. Grove L. Johnson and daughter have returned to Sacramento, after their visit to this city.

Mr. T. H. Goodman, of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and Mrs. Goodman, who have been in New York city for several weeks, have returned home.

Doctor B. B. Brewer, of Sacramento, is in town, and is stopping at the Grand Hotel. Doctor Brewer intends to remove to this city in a short time, to remain permanently.

Miss Morrill, a niece of Major W. M. Dunn, U. S. A., who has been visiting at Black Point for some time, went East last Thursday afternoon.

Mr. H. E. Bothin has returned to the city, after spending the summer at Fruit Vale.

Mrs. Maynard and Miss Houston, who have been on a visit to the Geysers, are in town, and are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Hon. William T. Wallace, who has been on a visit to Eureka, Cal., returned home by steamer last Sunday.

Mrs. Julius Bandmann and Miss Bandmann, who have been visiting at the East for some months, returned home on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Waterhouse, of Honolulu, returned to the city to-day, after an Eastern trip.

Mr. Francis R. Smith and daughter, of New York, who have been visiting California for some time, have returned to the city from a trip to Yosemite and Big Trees. Mr. and Miss Smith intend visiting Monterey, Los Angeles, and other points in Southern California during the coming week.

Mrs. Barclay Henley, of Santa Rosa, is on a visit to the city, and is stopping at the Occidental.

Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Larkin returned home from the East to-day, after an extended absence from the city.

General J. D. Williamson, Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington, and his daughter, Miss Williamson, are on a visit to the city, and are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

### Army and Navy News.

Mrs. Commodore Phelps, who was so popular at the Navy Yard for a number of years, and who, with Mrs. Lieutenant Adams (her daughter), has been spending the summer in the White Mountains, will meet her husband upon his arrival in New York from Rio de Janeiro, and then proceed to Washington, where the commodore will be retired as an admiral, after which the distinguished officer and his wife will take up their permanent residence in San Rafael.

The U. S. S. *Ranger* will be floated off the dry dock on Monday.

Lieutenant J. G. Eaton, and Ensigns Selim E. Woodworth and W. A. Whittlesey, U. S. N., have been ordered to the *Ranger*. Ensign Woodworth arrived from the East on Friday.

Paymaster H. T. Stancliff, and Assistant Surgeon J. S. Sayre, U. S. N., of the *Independence*, are in the city, on a few days' leave of absence.

Lieutenants C. F. Emmerick and J. M. Helm, U. S. N., have been detached from the *Ranger* and placed on waiting orders.

Ensign A. A. Ackerman, U. S. N., recently attached to the Greely Relief Expedition, arrived from the East on Saturday last, and reported for duty on the *Ranger*.

Captain W. S. Schenck, U. S. M. C., visited the Navy Yard on Wednesday, on official business.

Lieutenant Daniel Delehanty, U. S. N., of the Mare Island Navy Yard, is in the city, on a week's leave of absence.

Lieutenant J. C. Burnett, U. S. N., of the U. S. R. S. *Independence*, is on a short leave of absence, and left for Mendocino County last Thursday, to be absent about a week.

Major Wm. McKee Dunn, U. S. A., Senior Aid on General Pope's Staff, left for New York last Thursday afternoon, on a month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant Gilbert P. Cotton, First Artillery, U. S. A., who has been stationed at the Presidio with Light Battery K, left on the steamer of Monday last for Fort Canby, to which post he has been assigned, and ordered to duty with Battery L. Lieutenant Cotton has made many warm friends during his stay in the city, and he carries with him not only their regrets at his enforced absence, but also their good wishes for him at his new post of duty.

Major Milton B. Adams, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., has been announced as Engineer Officer of the Division of the Pacific and Department of California, *vice* Major W. A. Jones, ordered to Washington Territory.

Assistant Surgeon Edward Everts, U. S. A., is in town, and is stopping at the Baldwin.

## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

### Problem No. LXIII.—By Dr. S. Gold.

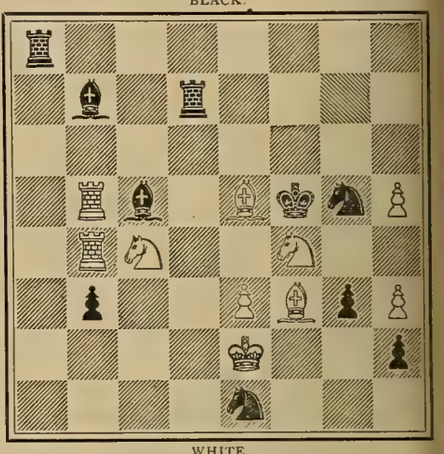
WHITE—King at Q2; Queen at KB sq; Knight at K7; Pawn at Q3

BLACK—King at Q5; Rooks at KKt3, QKt4; Bishop at QKt6; Knight at KKt5; Pawns at K3, Q4, QB3, QKt3, QR4.

White to play and mate in two moves.

### Problem No. LXIV.—By Robert Franz, Berlin.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. LV.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—Q K B 5 | 1—Any move |
| 2—Q, R, B, Kt, or P mates acc. | |

Solution of Problem No. LVI.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—P K B 8 (rook) | 1—K x P |
| 2—R Q 8 ch | 2—Any move |
| 3—B mates | |

Our correspondent Mr. U. Hartnell, Salinas City, sends the following problem, suggested by No. LVIII.

WHITE—King at KR2; Queen at KR sq; Rook at QB4; Knight at K4, Q7; Bishop at Q2; Pawns at KKt4, KB5, K2, QB3, QR

BLACK—King at Q4; Bishop at QB7; Pawns at KR6, Q3, QB QB4, QKt7.

White to play and mate in three moves.

### Game No. 43.

We clip from the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* the subjoin elegant little game (hitherto unpublished), which was played in t Vienna Chess Club in the year 1860:

EVANS'S GAMBIT.

| *White.* | *Black* | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. Steinitz. | Mr. Pilhal. | 10—Q Kt3 | 10—Q Q2 |
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 11—K K sq | 11—Q B4 |
| 2—Kt KB3 | 2—Kt QB3 | 12—B Kt5 (a) | 12—Kt Q2 |
| 3—B B4 | 3—B B4 | 13—Q Q5 (b) | 13—B x QBP |
| 4—P QKt4 | 4—B x KtP | 14—Kt x B | 14—P x Kt |
| 5—P B3 | 5—B R4 | 15—Kt x KP | 15—Kt K2 |
| 6—P Q4 | 6—P x P | 16—Kt x Kt (c) | 16—Q x Q |
| 7—Castles | 7—Kt B3 | 17—Kt B6 dbl ch | 17—K moves |
| 8—B R3 | 8—P Q3 | 18—B x Kt mates | |
| 9—P K5 | 9—P x KP | | |

(a) We believe that on examination this will be found to be t most forcible method of continuing the attack.

(b) Threatening to win a piece by B x Kt and Q x B.

(c) Bringing about a charming termination. It is worthy note that after the text move it is impossible for Black to save t Queen, even had he seen and guarded against the beautiful lit mate which is now administered by Mr. Steinitz.—*Turf, Fie and Farm.*

According to announcement, Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, have issued a reprint of "Cook's Synopsis," which has been added an American supplement by Mr. J. W. Mill chess editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, contain American inventions in the chess openings, together with a fr analysis in the openings since 1882, notably in the Evans's Gamb the Vienna Opening, including the Hampe-Allgaier-Thorold Ga bit, and a new gambit, the Fyfe, introduced in 1883 by Mr. F of the Glasgow Chess Club, the French Defense, and the Knig Game of Ruy Lopez. The irregular openings are also given important place, the examples of which are taken from the Lon Chess Congress of 1883. A list of chess clubs and chess perio cals in the United States and Canada have also been added. Miller has, by his care and industry, made a very important valuable addition to chess literature, and the result of his la will be welcomed and appreciated alike by both amateur and p fessional. The book is neatly gotten up, and makes an eleg 8vo. of 272 pages; cloth; price, $2.

The international match between Paris and Vienna, in wh play was suspended until September 15th, is likely to lose som its interest as, owing to a disagreement between the member the Paris Cercle des Echecs and the committee entrusted with conduct of the match, three members out of four of that commit MM. Clerc, Chamier, and Arnous de Riviere, have resigned. causes which led to this are as yet unexplained. In making announcement, *La Vie Moderne*, while deploring the situat says: "Under the conditions in which the play continues, it not have the same importance. It is, in fact, well known that Paris Cercle does not possess three other players capable of rep ing those who have resigned, and the match cannot preserve character of an international contest, from a French point of v as the only player who has not resigned is—*a Pole.*"

## NEW YORK THEATRICALS.

Our Correspondent tells what is Going on in Gotham.

The production of "The Private Secretary" at the Madison Square Theatre on Monday night would have fallen flat had it not been for the capital acting of an Englishman who played the part of a young divine. Mr. Thornton was brought over especially to do this bit of work, and he carried the weight of the production on his shoulders. He made it a success by an original and well-balanced piece of comedy acting, which was far in advance of any work of the sort we have had in New York for years. Men like Harry Dixey, John Mackay, and Nat Goodwin, when they play light comedy parts, invariably drag them down to burlesque. Higher comedians, like Wallack—who, by the way, is an everlasting and magnificent example for all sorts of references—can not unbend sufficiently to give a light comedy part a festive and natural delineation. Waldron Ramsay is a tiresome stick, and Tom Whiffen and his wife, though quaint and thorough, are no longer funny. As for Mr. Herbert Kelsey, the man who played the lead in the new piece, it can only be said that he looked and acted like a gentleman's son in difficulties, which was exactly what he was expected to do. Kelsey, who, by the way, is becoming a male professional beauty, has succeeded Montague in the hearts of the young women, who apparently find it necessary to worship somebody on the stage. He is a handsome Englishman, of excellent family, with all the characteristics and accomplishments of a thorough gentleman. Above all, he is neither a masher nor a fop, and he is a married man, who is seen constantly with his wife in the streets, and never with any other woman. It is a pleasure to say this, for, as a rule, when a handsome actor makes a sensation on account of his physique or facial beauty, he becomes the most unsufferably cad and tiresome ass in Christendom. There is a capital opportunity in this play to compare the manners of Mr. Kelsey and Mr. Waldron Ramsay. Kelsey's clothes are neither so new nor as showy as Mr. Ramsay's, and yet he looks like a fashionable gentleman throughout the play. Mr. Ramsay has all the manners of a stage gentleman, wears gorgeous apparel, has an affected walk, and carries his left arm in a curious way that he evidently thinks adds grace to his carriage. I don't know Mr. Ramsay personally, but, upon my word, he is the most tiresome of actors. Mr. J. LeMoyne is, as everybody knows, one of the best comedians on the stage today. He was rather funny, and did good work throughout the comedy. But it was unquestionably Mr. Thornton who took the honors of the evening.

The world will learn with feelings of dismay and surprise that the stage of the Madison Square Theatre is no longer the abode of all that is pure, infantile, and sweet in dramatic art. In the "Private Secretary," the word "d—n," with various ramifications extending from "dammit" to "I'm d—d," is spoken no less than six times; a wicked pun is made on "catechism," and a wholly disreputable and utterly sinful joke is uttered concerning the resemblance of a child to its alleged father. It will thus be seen that the effête and debasing customs of the East have wormed their way into the very sanctuary of pure and domestic drama in America.

It was Daniel Frohman who made the Madison Square the most pronounced success in the dramatic field in America. Under his astute management the house has continually increased in prestige and wealth, until at present, both in the business it does in New York city and the work it does on the road, the Madison Square certainly stands at the head of our theatrical enterprises. Mr. Frohman insisted at the start that the policy of the theatre should be of a particular character. He said the fact was overlooked generally by theatrical men that the majority of American citizens were God-fearing and church-going people, who had cast-iron ideas about what was moral and right, and who would cheerfully patronize a show that was untainted by suggestion of coarseness of any sort. Another idea of Mr. Frohman s was that everything about the house should be American; that encouragement should be offered to native playwrights, and that American actors should have larger advantages than foreign ones. In this way Mr. Frohman built up the business of the Madison Square Theatre. People all over the country, who never go to see an ordinary theatrical company, attend the Madison Square plays without any qualms of conscience, and have even become convinced during the lapse of time that they are doing rather a holy and praiseworthy thing. The result of this policy is too obvious to need any pointing out now. Having arrived at the point where they have an entire field to themselves, the Mallorys, who are the backers of the Madison Square enterprises, allow Mr. Frohman to resign, and take into his place Mr. A. M. Palmer, formerly of the Union Square Theatre, whose plays are always foreign, frequently wicked, and usually acted by English men and women. The first result of this was the purchase of "Called Back" at an unusual expense by the Madison Square Theatre. If there is anything that the Madison Square dislikes, it is hurry or confusion; therefore it was greatly excited when it learned that anybody else had a right to produce "Called Back," if they chose to dramatize it from the novel. The even tenor of the way of the Madison Square Theatre was disturbed, and its managers were obliged to go forth and produce the play at another theatre in great haste, in order to head off competitors. But "Called Back" was not their only foreign venture. "The Private Secretary" was their second purchase, at the instigation of Mr. Palmer, while "May Blossom" was running to a paying business and steadily pouring money and reputation into the Madison Square. It was discovered again that their new foreign play could be produced by anybody who chose to dramatize the story from the novel on which it was based. Messrs. Mallory and Palmer learned that Mr. Gillette, who wrote and acted "The Professor," was preparing to produce the play at the Comedy Theatre, and so they hurriedly put it in rehearsal. Mr. Gillette's company hammered away at it night and day, and announced on Saturday that they were ready to produce it on Monday last. The Madison Square abruptly stopped the run of "May Blossom," and produced their version of "The Private Secretary" on time Monday night. In spite of the haste the first performance was well-dressed, admirably set, and went off with perfect smoothness and precision. It is a high compliment to the efficiency of the drill and resources of the theatre. The comedy is essentially English, and has strong points of similarity to "Confusion." In the last-named play the fun is caused by the confusion which exists concerning the identity of a dog and a baby; in "The Private Secretary" everything centres in the mistake which is made concerning a young divine and a scape-grace. As in all English comedies—this one, by the way, is taken from the German novel, "Der Bibliothekar"—there is the same testy old gentleman, the maiden aunt, the humorous butler, and the talkative landlady. These characters are the stock in trade of the English dramatists, and I don't know that we have any right to complain of their frequent recurrence.

There are two charming girls in the play, whose names do not occur to me, and who do not really seem to be of much consequence. This is not polite, I know, but it is impossible to keep track of the pretty girls who trip in and off of this stage as the different pieces are produced. These two have big eyes—all Madison Square girls have big eyes—high-heeled boots and black hose—all Madison Square girls wear black hose—and they wear fresh, white lawn dresses, and engaging smiles. They skip on and off the stage, romp playfully with one another, giggle musically, scream with girlish impetuosity, and are subsequently married to the two juvenile actors in the play. I often wonder how a girl who has any serious aspirations in the way of success on the stage, keeps up until an opportunity shows itself. Many a woman with the ability to do enduring and noticeable dramatic work, is obliged to lie idle for years, until an opportunity presents itself for her to distinguish herself. There is always a chance for plump and pretty girls to dance in and off the stage in soubrette parts. But how often does a rôle present itself which is worthy of the serious attention of a woman of pronounced talent. Take the case of Miss Genevieve Stebbins, for instance. She came from San Francisco some years ago, and furnished Steele Mackaye with funds to open and conduct as a theatre the little hall which stood on the site now occupied by the Madison Square Theatre, just after the burning of Daly's old house. Miss Stebbins had one chance to appear in a serious rôle then, and made a decided impression. She proved to be an actress of great intensity and power, and she received flattering notices from the papers. Then she was put on the list of the Madison Square Theatre actresses, and told to wait until a strong part presented itself. There is no doubt that the managers have kept Miss Stebbins in mind, as she is continually on the pay-roll of the theatre. They have been waiting for a strong part like that of Hazel Kirke to present itself in order to give her a chance; but strong rôles are lamentably few and far between in the run of modern plays, and Miss Stebbins is still waiting. When Georgie Cayvan took her vacation, Miss Stebbins played her rôle in "May Blossom," and she certainly played it as well as Miss Cayvan. Her time is passed in "under-studying" the characters of different emotional actresses who play the lead at the Madison Square, so that she can take their work on her shoulders when they are taken ill and obliged to give up their rôles. As no one is ever known to be ill at the Madison Square Theatre, Miss Stebbins has small chance of making herself known. Meanwhile she is waiting for that intense and serious rôle in which she will some day make a hit. There is nothing peculiar about her case, I simply take it as an instance of many others. As Miss Genevieve Stebbins receives a liberal salary while waiting for the intense rôle to turn up, sympathy for her would probably be wasted. Still, it's hard lines for an ambitious girl.

BLAKELY HALL ("FLANEUR").

NEW YORK, October 1, 1884.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

### Mr. Pasmore's Song Recital.

Mr. H. B. Pasmore, whose song recital at Irving Hall took place last Tuesday evening, is the first gentleman to venture upon this form of musical entertainment in San Francisco. Several ladies have already braved its dangers, and striven for its honors, with varying success.

The experiment has been less hazardous in feminine hands, however, than it would necessarily prove under masuline auspices. To please, in what is at its best a monotonous undertaking, the singer's most telling qualities must be maintained throughout, while their style and expression are constantly varied; and the latter part of this arduous task certainly falls with far heavier weight upon a man than upon a woman. She is helped out in a thousand little ways by the charm of her dress, and her inborn gift of histrionic power; but as for a man, both nature and art are against him, and Mr. Pasmore, as a concert singer, it must be confessed, was noticeably beset by these antagonists. His voice, a low baritone of fair compass, is mellow, smooth, sympathetic—in that it raises no feeling of opposition—evenly distributed and of moderate power. The training bestowed upon this excellent organ has evidently been unexceptionable. Mr. Pasmore's use of the breath, his free emission of tone, his ease in singing, his careful phrasing, and strict abstinence from tremolo—are all in the best taste; but his conscientiousness is carried to such a painful degree as to completely absorb and annihilate many qualities which are indispensable to the entire success of a public singer. His whole method and manner are obviously opposed to anything verging upon sensational effects; but this inclination toward reserve and quietness is so exaggerated in its results as to render Mr. Pasmore's interpretations absolutely lifeless. What natural force and fire he may possess are held under with an iron hand. His magnetism is too feeble, or too refined, to move and inspire an audience, and his delivery too spiritless to convey the ideas of his songs with any sort of strength and color.

The programme presented on Tuesday evening was delightfully chosen. Its first number, "Si Tra i Ceppi," from Handel s opera, "Berenice," showed Mr. Pasmore's distinct and round articulation of tone to good advantage, and afforded an interesting illustration of the old-time music, now so seldom heard in the concert-room.

Two songs by Rubinstein followed, "Tragödie" and "Zuleikha"—the former of special originality and beauty, and the latter in the pronounced style of all Rubinstein's Persian adaptations.

Among subsequent selections, Schubert's "Wanderer"; the recitative and aria, "Thus Saith the Lord," from the "Messiah"; and a "Drinking Song," by Mr. Pasmore, were especially unfortunate, in lacking the energy, passion, and vigor which their best rendition required.

More enjoyable, but still of that dead uniformity which is the great deficiency in Mr. Pasmore's otherwise refined and praiseworthy work, were: A beautifully melodious song, "W... to me Thy Heart, Love," by Bach; "Blick Ich Umher," from ... hauser"; a "Romance" and "Bridal March," by Mr. Pasmore. This last, a particularly happy little work, is deserving of a special place in musical literature.

Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, the pianist of the evening, contributed very acceptably a Gavotte, from Gluck's "Orpheus," transcribed by Von Bulow; a Barcarolle, in A major, by Mary Carmichael; "Song without Words," by H. B. Pasmore; "Zur Guitarre," an impromptu by F. Hiller; and two Chopin numbers—a Nocturne, op. 32, No. 1, and a Valse, op. 34, No. 1.

Mr. Pasmore's accompaniments were played by Miss Bessie Marshall, whose reading is always sympathetic and intelligent; and, although the evening's impressions in some other directions were disappointing to those who had looked forward to Mr. Pasmore's appearance in the concert-room as the advent of a fresh, forcible, and strongly individualized public singer, the occasion did not fail to reveal him as a musician entitled to all respect.

What—owing to the depressingly monotonous character of the performance—would otherwise have been the solemn and almost funereal spirit of the evening, was signally relieved by the chairs of Irving Hall. These seats, which are of the camp-chair species, furnished comedy enough in a delicate and adaptive manner peculiarly their own, to fully counterbalance whatever lugubrious feelings might have been experienced by the audience at large. For if, in any up-rising or down-sitting, the weight of the would-be occupant placed itself exclusively upon the front part of these unphilosophically constructed seats, the chair instantly folded itself up, and slipped away from beneath. The consequences of this treacherous propensity are better imagined than described. It suffices to say that, after the visible and humiliating collapse of several stoutly-built ladies, two or three children, and a crusty old gentleman, the assemblage suddenly became so wary of any motion whatever, as to suggest the most universal and conscientious attention to the programme.

F. A.

The first concert of the fourth season of the Philharmonic Society will take place at Platt's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, October 15th, at three o'clock. The orchestra will be under the baton of Mr. Gustav Hinrichs. Following is the programme:

1. Marche Heroique (first time)..... Saint-Saëns.
2. Symphony im Walde..... Raff.
3. Eine Faust, Overture (first time)..... Wagner.
4. Italian Love Romance (first time)..... Heinrich Hofman.
5. La Jota Aragonese (first time)..... Saint-Saens.
6. Slavische Tänze (first time)..... Doorak.

The rehearsal takes place on Tuesday, October 14th, at 12:30 P. M. The box sheet will be open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, on Monday morning next. Mr. Henry Heyman is the secretary of the Philharmonic Society, and Mr. Marcus M. Henry the business manager.

Miss M. E. Hanchette, an American young lady, who had been studying the piano under the elder Kullak, Berlin, until his death, and later under Franz Kullak and Abbe Liszt, will arrive in this city Sunday, the 12th instant. Miss Hanchette is credited with being a phenomenal pianiste. On completing her studies at Berlin she was received as a pupil by Liszt, who takes lady students only with reluctance. Her playing elicited his unqualified praise. While in Berlin the lady played in several concerts, and the press placed her as first among the American pianists studying in Germany.

### Art Notes.

The following is from the *Frankisher Courier* of Nuremberg: "Recently there arrived here the figures for the San Francisco Garfield monument, which the sculptor, Happersberger, has lately finished in Munich. The main figure, ten feet in height, shows the President in a standing position in plain citizen costume, with buttoned-up coat. The head of the figure is bared, and has a thoughtful look on the countenance. In the left hand the President is holding a scroll of paper, the right hand slightly raised and placed upon the left forearm. The other figure, which is to be placed upon the steps at the base of the pedestal, is a seated figure of Columbia in mourning. A diadem of stars adorns the head, and the eyes are mournfully lowered. A light garment covers the weeping figure, whose right hand grasps an upright sword, while the left hand is gently placing a laurel crown before it. The sculptor, a born American, has executed his work successfully. The figure of the President is finely conceived, and, in spite of the modern style of dress, is highly monumental. As regards the feminine figure, it has a head of classic beauty, the arms and hands being masterly executed. The drapery is flowing, and in the handling of it, as well as of the entire figure, the sculptor deserves great praise. The trophies, the eagles, the wreaths, the fasces, and the canal-boat, which have likewise been modelled by Happersberger, and are to adorn the sides of the pedestal, have been masterly worked out, and are already successfully cast in the bronze foundry of Professor Lenz of this city."

The Palette Club held a reception at its rooms, No. 417 Kearny Street, last Saturday night, which was largely attended. The occasion was the distribution of twenty-seven pictures and sketches, the work of the skilled brushes of the active members of the club, to the associate members. The pictures were raffled for and were won as follows: No. 1, "Evening" (P. L. Peters), by M. Lachman; No. 2, "Tamalpais" (A. C. Rodriguez), by Joseph Austin; No. 3, "Noontime" (Holdridge), by Mr. Eckhart; No. 4, "The Cottage" (Rodriguez), by L. Thors; No. 5, landscape (Bouchand), by Charles Peters; No. 6, caricature (Barkhaus), by H. Y. Preice; No. 7, "The Philosophers" (Yates), by M. J. Flavin; No. 8, Study of the Head (Barkhaus), by Seldon Knox; No. 9, "In the Woods" (Von Perbandt), by S. L. Pererice; No. 10, "Soldier of the Sixteenth Century" (Raschen), by Rob Roy; No. 11, "A Reverie" (Stanton), by Horace W. Wright; No. 12, "The Wild Waves" (Dressler), by Frank Lombard; No. 13, "Virus Ici!" (Kunarth), by Henry Butler; No. 14, "Moorish Head" (Wores), by E. Scott; No. 15, "Seashore" (Heath), by G. W. Carmany; No. 16, "Yosemite" (Tavernier), by D. F. Bell; No. 17, "Midst the Dasies" (Stanton), by David Cahn; No. 18, "Flowers" (Samish), by Ricardo Pinto; No. 19, "The Pilgrim" (Stanton), by Charles Low; No. 20, "Alameda Flat" (Pissis), by Mr. Bennett; No. 21, "Eel River" (Dickinson), by Fred. Woodworth; No. 22, "At Work" (Barkhaus), by A. Gras; No. 23, "Dog's Head" (Nahl), by Doctor Pescia; No. 24, "The Church Porch" (Charles Prosch), by Toby Schussler; No. 25, "A Fair Wind" (Charles Peters), by Joseph Randall; No. 26, "Sunlight and Shadow" (Pages), by Louis Harum; No. 27, "Drop That" (Kertell), by Mr. Lippi. Upon the conclusion of the awards those present participated in a collation. These gift socials will hereafter take place twice a year.

The Republican parade that occurred on Saturday night is admitted to be the most successful of all the party demonstrations that have been held during this campaign. A stranger coming to this country from foreign lands could not be impressed by anything that could more favorably represent the Republican party than by contrasting Republican and Democratic processions. The personnel, general appearance, and general deportment of the respective bodies of men in this city, and in all cities in this State, and in all the States, would demonstrate the fact that the better educated, more wealthy, more respectable, and more industrious belong, as a rule, to the Republican party; and that, with some exceptions, the ignorant, criminal, and vagabond class belong to the Democracy. This sweeping assertion need not prevent us from admitting that in the ranks of the Democracy are found many honest men. That they are intelligent we will not confess.

## THE MYSTERY OF THE MINE.

### How the Owners of the "Fraternity" Claim Dissolved Partnership.

The "Fraternity" mine was situated on a treeless upland, near a little draw that ran down from the Caballo Mountains. It had been taken up in first claim by Lon Howard and "Crib" Lewis, two prepossessing men who came "out from the East," as the phrase ran. Maugre the fact that the prevailing mining fever made a granite ledge seem scarcely an irrational site for prospect holes, the proprietors were ridiculed no little for their choice of location during their occasional visits, for supplies or other business, to the neighboring mountain town. It was assumed that they had independent sources of income, since the mine certainly could not yield them the necessaries of life. "She wouldn't buy her own fuse, let alone blasting powder," said one mining sharp, *soi-disant*. "Such tenderfeet couldn't locate a graveyard for me. They'd better cut their shaft into three-foot sections, and peddle it to the new telegraph company for post holes." The partners were reticent and self-contained about their business, and bore well the attempted facetiousness of the camp.

At last there was the inevitable gratified flutter of fulfilled prediction among the prophets, when "Crib" Lewis came to make his abode in town, with the announcement of his partner's departure for their former home.

"Lon was not fitted for rough life like that," he said, in casual explanation. "Now, if we had made a big stake, he might have stayed with it for a while. But Lord! how he did hate this part of the world! All you fellows know how often he used to swear he was going to break off and go 'back to God's country.' I miss him, of course; we've been together from the time we could run alone."

Howard's absence was regretted less than might have been had not Lewis so freely alluded to his partner's sense of superiority to the section. There was no doubt that Lewis, left to himself, changed most unfavorably. He coarsened and roughened, day by day, and settled through lower and lower social strata, until the most depraved and vicious of the camp were his chosen associates in the wild debauches for which, without labor, he had always ample funds.

It was at this time that my father, coming home to our late dinner, announced the arrival, on the evening coach, of a fellow-Californian and old-time neighbor of our family. Mr. Walter made one or two brief expeditions into the outlying region, and then quietly stated to us the conclusion of negotiations by which the "Fraternity" mine became the property of a wealthy California company, as whose agent our friend had come hither. The terms of the sale were so considerable as to give the transaction an importance beyond any other that had taken place in the district for a twelve-month past. Therefore Mr. Walter, apprehending a rush of claimants to "the extension," thought it expedient to fix accurately the boundaries of the original mine before knowledge of this unexpected purchase should generally transpire. For this purpose the expert, my father, and a young surveyor, prepared to drive out to the mine; and Mr. Walter, with whom I was a favorite, suggested that I should make the fourth in the carriage.

We made a late start, and driving easily the thirty-odd miles, we reached the mine a little before night. It was not too late to view the place—certainly as little as well might be like any preconceived idea of a valuable mine. A little draw running down from the low mountains, a league away, with only an occasional scrubby tree dotting its arid border. A small tent on the slope near the run, and some rods distant, half-way up the incline of the mound-like hill, a primitive windlass, in no wise different, save in point of massiveness, from the apparatus at the well in many an old-fashioned farmyard.

"And *this* is the mine that has cost Scott, Reynolds & Burke such a preposterous sum, on the strength of your verdict!" I cried, picking up a bit of the glistening white rock, almost white as marble, that salted the earth. "I wonder, Mr. Walter, that you dare assume such responsibility. This is certainly unlike any ore-bearing rock that I have seen, yet I flatter myself that I have grown quite a connoisseur."

"That is the phenomenal peculiarity of the mine—the surface indications are so slight. Yet you can find a certain amount of silver float among this beautiful, worthless stuff. The fact remains that the lead is almost virgin silver, as you shall see to-morrow. I have traced it far into the extension, by a well-defined line of minor shafts—you see the dumps marking their situation. Those men worked almost as if by intuition. Only the baldest luck or actual clairvoyance can explain their strike. It was only actual satisfaction of my own senses that reassured me of the value of the mine, for Lewis's eagerness to sell was suspicious, as was his extreme anxiety to keep our negotiations secret in town yonder. Well, I suppose he feels disgraced by his dissipation there, and the figure he gets is big enough to satisfy any man."

"Something crooked," commented my father, who is of an analytical turn, and not over-full of faith in his kind.

Mr. Walter laughed. "Straight enough, so far as our ownership is concerned. We'll see what color the bird in the bush proves to be."

"What provision have you against Howard's claim?" my father asked, dubiously.

"Oh, that's all right. Lewis holds a power of attorney, and Howard's signature to a deed with blanks for the parties of the second part. They were executed, he admits, at a time when Howard was about going home in disgust, before they struck this rich lead of 'wire-silver.' It was never cancelled, and is perfectly valid now."

We retired for the night. A bed was made for me within the carriage, with its movable cushions, and my father spread his blankets between the wheels. I heard him speaking to our companions after I had settled to repose.

"What's the matter? Don't you like the tent?"

"We can not both sleep on the narrow cot," the young surveyor answered, "and they've tried to level the floor, and left it like a new-plowed field." He moved on to spread their joint pallet on the ground.

Mr. Walter came and stood near the carriage. "There is something oppressive in that tent," he said; "I could not sleep there, possibly. A chill struck me the moment I entered. It was just so when we looked in at the stores this afternoon. What can be the cause?"

"A band of Apaches may have looked in and left their blood-curdling taint on the atmosphere," my father jeered. "They were seen through here a few weeks ago. Walter, you grow more fantastic and metaphysical every year. We'll have you tipping tables and materializing soon."

"But I am not to blame," said Alfred Walter, simply, and without temper, "that I am over-susceptible to certain psychic influences, any more than a man is culpable who gets bronchitis in a Texas norther; and, now I think of it, this is the first night I have been on this ground. On each of our three visits here, Lewis found something to take us across the divide to Salvador, and we slept there."

"Oh, no doubt Lewis has even more than the average Eastern man's esteem for his own scalp, and a mile above here there used to be a favorite Indian trail. It is used yet, at times—you may have remarked that we kept no camp-fire. Keep your guns handy and you're all right—unless you awaken Ysador and her wrath at the same time. The child is fond of her nap. Good-night."

My last waking consciousness was of amusement at my father's cavalier dealing with Mr. Walter, and a mild wonder at the patience with which that gentleman sustained patent reflections against his courage. Then an indefinite period of deep, dreamless sleep, before I awakened, starting, shuddering with the horror of—what was it? The lugubrious, long-drawn howl of a pack of wolves, drawn hither by the scent of our food? But, in this section, even the skulking coyote was rare in the extreme. Was it, then, the despairing cry of a wayfarer, belated, who had fallen upon some unknown peril, or had a band of marauding Apaches slipped down upon us to make an unaccustomed night attack?

"Ysador!" my father softly called, as I cocked my ready revolver—for on the frontier a woman learns the duty of self-defense.

In another moment we were grouped beneath the carriage, preparing as we could for what might come. The long rifles rested across the wheel spokes, and the reserve pistols lay close at hand. No sight, no further sound. The night was opaquely dark. "The horses!" I whispered, with a sudden recollection, and in another moment young Hande was noiselessly gliding with a snake's sinuous movement, to the tree where his two bays were tethered. He slipped among us again, calm and wary.

"Cub and Baby are there," he said, "but trembling to their hoofs. They scent mischief."

"Look at the mine!" cried Alfred Walter, thrilling.

From the mouth of the shaft streamed upward—what? a luminous mist, a palely phosphorescent cloud, electric, glowing, vague and dim, but unmistakable. It increased in volume and it deepened in density, hanging an amorphous body of cold incandescence in relief against the gloom. Then began a distinct movement among its particles, neither pulsating nor rotary, but rather akin to an irregular system of endosmose and exosmose. It is impossible to describe the peculiar appearance of atomic scintillation in a mass of purely nebulous matter that, in bulk, gave no suggestion of molecular constitution. Gradually the mysterious substance densified about its centre. With many a wavering expression and contraction, an outline shaped itself within the cloud—shaped itself, apparently materialized, and stood forth, the head and shoulders of a singularly handsome man, whose mournful eyes looked toward us, over us, through us, to the tent of the "Fraternity" partners, on the edge of the draw.

"Good Heavens!" cried Harvey Hande, "It is Lon Howard!"

"But look!" said Alfred Walter; "see how the cloud is moving!"

The central apparition resolved itself again into luminous mist, and the nebula swung forward, floating tremulously down the hillside toward us and the tent. It kept its shapeless shape no briefest minute. Now it streamed up through the night, like the mounting flame from some funereal pyre; now it spread flatly, like a great bird stooping with pinions wide outspread; again it rolled, globular in form and motion, or whirled furiously, as if driven by a mighty gale. The edges of the aerial mass swept so near us in its passage that we, crouching there before the mystery, felt ourselves drawn forward with it, for through us, at its neighborhood, ran an electric thrill, acute to painfulness, yet with a curious sense of exaltation and attraction.

"It is gone!"

"It is not gone," said Alfred Walter; "it has *entered the tent*."

We had left the door-flaps of the tent thrown back, relying on the dryness of the season, and through the opening we could see the whole interior, illumined by that strange, unearthly glow. And yet, not the faintest gleam pierced the thin canvas walls. Save at its entrance, the tent was not to be distinguished from the night without. Gazing into that narrow space, we four who watched that night saw developed a drama, such as was never seen of mortal eye before. We saw the heap of tools within, the bear-skin upon the clodded floor, the piled-up powder-cans, the flour-barrel and its attendant stores. At one side, the rude cot bed, with its rough blankets and meagre pillow, and—could it be? The form of a man was outstretched on the bed. He stirred, he turned in his sleep and rose upon one arm to look about him and gaze out into the night, and, seeming reassured, sank back again to rest. Then another tall shape appeared at the tent door, rifle in hand, as if from keeping guard. He bent to hear the sleeper's breathing. Seemingly satisfied of the other's unconsciousness, the newcomer went close beside him, put the muzzle of his gun against the head of the sleeping man, and fired. Oh, the ghastly sight, in place of manly beauty, when the curdling smoke had cleared away! The murderer set aside his gun; he closely rolled his dead comrade in the blankets and dragged aside the stiffening body. He carried without all the stores and the bed, and where the cot had stood he dug a deep and narrow grave and laid the dead man in it, packing and treading the cold earth over his senseless clay. Then, with deliberate ingenuity, he spaded over all the floor of the tent until it presented a uniform surface. The stores, the barrel, the tools, were carefully replaced, and, last of all, the assassin set up again the bed in its accustomed stand. But the consummation of brutal indifference was reached when Lewis coolly stretched himself upon that empty couch above the bloody grave where lay his victim. He lay, and seemed to sleep; and again the splendid head and mournful eyes of his old-time friend took shape in the air, and bent above the slayer. Lewis sprang up with a wild ringing cry that rang through the night with awful power, and dashed into the darkness.

No need to question longer what had roused us from slumber; the same alarm swept over us now, the same engorged brain oppressed, the same depleted heart-channels, the same wavering, failing members distressed.

The spell was broken. How long we had been watching, we could never know; but we must have slept until the night was far advanced, and dawn had not yet come. The scenes we had just witnessed would have occupied hours in their actual occurrence; whereas they had been compressed into a brief period of time, by some subtle process analogous to the swift operation of dreams. Shocked and stunned, we had not moved, when Alfred Walter spoke:

"This is more than mere hallucination. There is purpose in it. The manifestation is beginning again. Look at the mine!"

Beyond a doubt, there was some repetitive power here—some purpose of regularity in recurrence; for we watched the phenomenon until it had reached the stage of locomotion. Then Alfred Walter stood up with a deep-drawn breath.

"Let us get out the shovels. Instead of monumenting a claim, we must open a tomb."

The three men lost no time; strong and active all, it was only a brief while till they had dug away the earth from the mortal remains of Lon Howard, done to death by the traitorous hand of the man he had loved and trusted like a brother. The terrible task accomplished, young Hande rode over the bridge to Salvador, and brought back a crowd of men and a buck-board to convey poor Howard's body into town.

Our own party returned intact. We left our melancholy convoy a league outside the town, and hastened forward to prepare for its reception. As we drove through the main street of the camp, still early in the day, clusters of men were talking here and there with the absorbed, impressive air that generally tells of tragic happening. From one of these groups a man we knew, an inveterate gossip, drew apart, and hailed us.

"Hallo! 're you back already? Heard the news?"

"We've heard no news from town. What is it?"

"Crib Lewis was buckin' faro all day yesterday. He blew in seven thousand—the boys thought all he had—but they found checks for a little fortune in his room this morning. Say he's sold his mine. The old 'Fraternity's' richer than the Comstock, they say, and the damned fool blew his brains out last night! Go up to Doc. Hassler's and see him. I'd *pay* to look at a fool like that!"

Dr. Hassler was the coroner. His office was the objective point with the ill-tidings we carried. And so once more they rested, side by side, the partners in the "Fraternity."

Y. H. ADDIS.

SANTA ANA, October, 1884.

---

People who have articles accepted by Eastern magazines will read the following with interest. It is by a writer in the New York *World*:

"I walked into the office of *Scribner's Magazine* some years ago with a manuscript. Doctor Holland looked at it and paid me one hundred and twenty-five dollars for it. I was rejoiced at the chance of seeing myself in such respectable print. The next month I bought the first copy of the magazine that illumined the stands, rushed into a hallway to hide my blushes, and glanced it through. Alas! my article was not there. The next month I bought it again, expectation still soaring. The production was still unaccountably delayed. Next month, ditto. Next, next, next, ditto, ditto, ditto. At the end of the year it had cost me five dollars in cash and twenty-five dollars in disappointment. It was the rosy month of May, 1874, when I first walked in so hopefully and out so joyously. Ten years have since sped and I have been gazing through the magazine for my ambitious contribution ever since. It hasn't appeared; yet the magazine has constantly improved. I have spent the one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Stepping into the *Century* office some two years ago, I mentioned the little matter to Mr. Gilder. He sent a youth to ransack the massive caverns of the establishment, and out of the midst of twenty delinquent tons he dragged forth my manuscript, somewhat unkempt and dishevelled, but evidently ready for business. I tried to imagine how many hundred times it had been read and thoughtfully replaced. 'It will fall into its predestined niche some time,' said Mr. Gilder, smiling. Next time I go in there I am going to ask him to give it to me so that I can sell it to the Harpers."

---

Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the Washington philanthropist, is now upward of eighty-four years of age, and is yet strong and vigorous. He has grown somewhat peculiar, however, about his eating, never touching anything not prepared by his own cook, or coming from his own house. If he expects to be absent from home at lunch time, he carries a hearty luncheon with him, which he takes out and eats at the proper time, with great relish.

---

Mrs. B. A. Lockwood, the woman's original candidate for the Presidency, is constantly in the receipt of letters of application for office under her administration. One lady applies to be Secretary of State, thinking, she says, that it is just the place for an old woman. A gentleman from Kentucky proposes to be "boss of the White House," and wants Mrs. Lockwood to marry him as soon as she is elected.

---

F. Marion Crawford says, in the first chapter of "Dr. Claudius": "As no man, living or dead, has ever understood any woman for five minutes at a time, he was not to be blamed. Women are very like religion—we must take them on faith or go without." This is rather a bold statement for a man not yet thirty to put in cold type.

## VANITY FAIR.

Female elopers nowadays are principally of the blonde ...e of femininity; that is, more light-haired—and headed, ...y be added—girls enter into clandestine marital con...cts than do ebon-locked lasses. In consequence, the ...rld awaits some scientific explanation of this fact. Are ...w to assume that black-haired women have more common ...se and reasoning power than their blonde sisters? Is ...ht hair the tangible evidence of light brains? Is the ...hing romantic element greater in fair women than in ...nettes? Are the former usually more susceptible to ...le influence and sentimental cajolery than dark women? ...s nature endowed them with a fatal wealth of affection ...r mankind to make up for their usual paucity of inde...pendence and lookaheadativeness? However, to the credit ...the blondes be it announced that fewer of their color ...re in divorce suits or woman's rights conventions than ...he brunette type. And so long as the fair creatures do ...run away with anything more valuable than men, what's ...odds?

...eople in St. Petersburg all arm themselves for the win... Double windows are universal; they are an absolute ...essity. For the admission of fresh air one pane in each ...dow is left so that it may be opened at pleasure. The ... of the window is so thoroughly secured that not a ...th of the keen air can enter. This process accom...hed, the difference of the temperature within doors is ...ibly perceptible, and heating by means of stoves may ... be delayed for some time. The interior of a Russian ...se is not familiar to all, so, under favor of the Lares ... Penates, we will enter the sacred domicile, first prom...; that a well-kept house in St. Petersburg or Moscow is ...edingly comfortable. A tall, portly *suisse* (house por... admits you, when a footman ushers you up a mostly ...ious, handsome staircase, often of marble, and after ...ing through the usual double doors you are introduced ... an ante-room, where you leave your inevitable gar...t—your fur cloak. The reception rooms are then en...l, and these often seem interminable; eight or nine in ...ber in the houses on the Palace or English quays are ...uncommon, generally opening into one another. The ...d parquets of the rooms are often very beautiful—the ...-polisher is an important institution in Russia; of ...se, some rooms are richly carpeted and do justice to ...ooms of Turkey and Persia. The silk or damask cur..., wall hangings, and coverings for the ottomans are ...rb. All is luxurious; vases of lapsis-lazuli, porphyry, ... malachite, pictures, and objects of art in general are ...ofusion. The Russians are very fond of promenading ...gh their suites of apartments, and ample space is left ...is purpose. The winter being so long, every con...ble means is used to shed around the charms of warm...imates; trellises, along which various creepers are ...d, are introduced; pretty baskets of plants (tulips, ...nths, and camellias in full bloom, while winter is still ...g outside), the constant warm temperature indoors be...vorable to their cultivation. The Continental fash...f living in flats much prevails here.

...We have been doing some theatres since we came to ..." says Madge in London *Truth*. "I almost wish the ...fashion prevailed of wearing bonnets. Many a wom... looks quite nice in a bonnet, and when it is removed ... the least so. There is something mean and meagre ... the heads of the majority of middle-aged English ...n. And then, their ideas of hair-dressing are so ter... Some of them pin a flower into their hair, though ... wear a high mourning dress. Others indulge in a ... for combs, though their charms are anything but in ...panish style. Most of the elderly women wear too ... forehead, and appal one with the 'front of Jove.' ... is something dispiriting about a very high forehead ... a woman, at least. One never expects any brightness ... nor or any of the smaller graces of manner to go with ... manding brow. Ears, too, are not invariably satis...y. There is too frequently a bald effect just behind ... And oh, could you only see the fearful people who ... their hair scraped up to the tops of their heads! Such ... as they have mercilessly unveiled! They resemble ... the 'scrag' of an elderly pullet, than one's ideal of ... undness and softness and warm whiteness of a wom...eck. Now, the bonnet would cover much of these ...s, would it not?"

...Paris *Figaro* has begun a series of studies on the ... living in grand style in 1884. The writer supposes a ... um income of 300,000 francs (say £12,000) a year. ... f all for the Paris establishment. The household in ...n will be served by a cook, an under cook, a *maître* ... a *valet de chambre*, three footmen, a chambermaid, ... assistant chambermaid, or *lingère*. The cook will ... 1,200 francs a year. His accounts will be 2,000 to ...rancs a month, on which he will receive a commis... five per cent. The *maître d'hotel* is paid 1,200 ... a year and dressed; the *valet de chambre* is paid 1,200 ... but has to dress himself. The footmen are paid ... to 80 francs a month and dressed completely. ... says the toilet and livery of a first-class footman ...nt an outlay of upward of £100 a year. A good ...ss is paid from £100 to £120 a year; a tutor from ... £160. The *concierge* and his wife are paid to... 1,200 to 1,800 francs, without board, but with livery. ...ad coachman, or *piqueur*, receives £100 a year, ...lging, but without board. He drives when mad... ...es out alone or with her husband, but he never ...is master alone nor the children. This important ...ge has a second, who is paid 70 francs a month, ...ard. The stable helpers are paid 130 francs a ...t Paris, without board or lodging. For Paris serv... household will need three or four carriage horses, ...r horses for night work, some ponies and cobs. A ... of carriage horses costs from £300 to £1,000. ... the horses and carriages, counting seven horses ...ill cost about 60,000 francs to buy, and 20,000 ... year to keep up. *Figaro* promises in another arti... cle to sum up the cost of the country establishment, and the total expense of this grand existence on £12,000 a year.

"A delicate subject, sir," said a London tradesman to a London reporter, "but the fact is more ladies smoke in town here than the world wots of. Abroad ladies smoke as a matter of course; in Spain, Italy, Russia, Turkey, France—nay, in Italy ladies find the cigarette too mild, and smoke the strong Regia cigar with evident enjoyment. Now even in England the cigarette is becoming popular with ladies, who are not in the least afraid to come here and ask for what they want. No; we manufacture no special brand for them, but always recommend the one with the most delicate flavor. Some years ago I used to fancy that ladies who came to buy cigarettes wanted them for their husbands or their brothers, but I know better now. But why should not ladies smoke? I assure you that many of them are advised to use tobacco by their doctors. The cigarette is innocuous, and there is no more effective soother of ruffled temper or excited nerves. None. But excess should be avoided, and that is the advice I always give to my clients: 'Smoke, but do not over-smoke, madam.'"

"We are just now at the beginning of a season's novelties in woman's clothes. Fashionable people are nearly all back from the country, and the bells are forgetting the summer wardrobes, and thinking about the autumn and winter ones. There are two salient features in this fall's feminine adornment. The first is that women will assume a convict or zebra aspect, by means of striped fabrics, so made up that the stripes will encircle the form. Whoever has any interest in the appearance of a short and fat woman, therefore, has no reason to be overjoyed, as the sure effect will be to make such a figure look dumpier. The second oddity relates to a freakish diversion on the part of the daughters of wealth and leisure, who are varying and belittling the art tendency of the period by dressing dolls. They have waxen effigies of themselves made to order, reproducing in miniature their own shapes as laced and girded for the putting on of the outer robes. Even to the features and complexions a reduced counterpart is produced. By means of such a doll the artistic effects of textures, colors, and styles can be tested. Sometimes this is done by having the garments made of the proposed materials, but a commoner method is to paint paper for the purpose, and put it on with scissors and pins. To such an extent was this idea carried by Miss Lindella Brown, whose wedding took place last week, on Murray Hill, that a complete scenic representation of the bridal party at the altar was constructed weeks beforehand, to be altered and improved according to the exacting judgment of the æsthetic bride. These dolls were complete as to the visible parts of their toilets down to the smallest details, such as the bouquets in their hands and the stockings on their feet. The model is said to have cost five hundred dollars." The foregoing is from a New York letter in the Albany *Journal*.

"Is there a literary society in New York?" asks George Edgar Montgomery in the *World*. "In one sense there is, I suppose. That is to say, there are many accomplished and bright makers of books in New York—poets, novelists, critics, and thinkers. There are, perhaps, a half dozen houses where they are accustomed to come together now and then. They have a club, the Authors Club, in Twenty-fourth Street, where, on certain nights of the winter, one may elbow two-score of them. Yet the fact that we have authors—many of them delightful men, with the social instinct highly developed—and houses in which authors are welcomed cordially, does not prove that we have a distinctive literary society. The matter, I think, may be sifted down in this way: Our authors are a hard-worked class, and when they throw their business aside, they like to mix with the world. General society is more stimulating to them than a bookish society. They need to go out of themselves. They need the sparkle and gayety of less serious, less familiar existence. The Authors Club is popular, without doubt, because the members meet to forget 'shop.' Literature is the last thing this club concerns itself with. The punch-bowl is infinitely more important for a few brief, reckless hours." This is doubtless true—from Mr. Montgomery's standpoint.

"I have made a downright serious trial of the divided skirt, as invented and recommended by Lady Haberton," says Clara Belle. "A set of the garments was brought to America by Mrs. King, Secretary of the Rational Dress Association, who has ridden her hobby astride from England to America. But Mrs. King has had a falling out with Lady Haberton, and now favors a costume composed of a loose flowing basque reaching a little below the hips, and a pair of trousers of the same material, somewhat in the Turkish style. The Haberton idea consists of a skirt separated practically into two skirts for its entire length, and the whole covered clear out of sight by an overskirt of usual length, so that to the outside observer there is nothing unusual. Mrs. King lent the toggery to me, in order that I might be convinced that it was a failure. I couldn't understand why it would be any worse than regular skirts and petticoats, but in taking a walk I discovered a vital defect. In going downstairs, or an incline of the sidewalk, in stepping up into a carriage, in crossing a muddy gutter—in short, whenever it became desirable to lift the skirt, with the clutch and whisk so characteristic of a graceful woman's management of her drapery, the thing was put to a trial that found it wanting. One hand reaching back for a grip wouldn't accomplish the purpose at all. Nothing smaller than the hand of Providence would suffice to get hold of both divisions at once, and the alternative was to use both hands, for all the world like an ancient spinster from the country, who takes that method of securing herself against a possible unevenness of her hem. No, the Haberton skirt won't do."

Mr. Folger was the thirty-fourth Secretary of the Treasury, and the fifth from New York.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

An agricultural exchange, in an article on "How to Feed Horses," mentions feeding "corn in the ear" as one way. This may be an economical way, but it must be excessively painful to the horse.—*New York Graphic*.

An obituary that appeared in an Austin paper winds up: "He was a good man; he was born in Arkansaw, and has, no doubt, gone to a better land." The deceased can't help going to a better land than Arkansaw, even if he had not led an upright life.—*Peck's Sun*.

A gentleman in Mississippi thought that his stomach was made on the principle of a rubber balloon, and ate one hundred large peaches just to see how many he could hold. When he discovered how many he could hold it was everlastingly too late. The last one stuck in his crop, and he became defunct.—*Peck's Sun*.

*Amateur Farmer* (showing pet Jersey bull to friend from the city, who obstinately persists in staying on the other side of the fence) —"He's perfectly gentle, George. See him come to me when I call him."

*Friend from City*—"Oh, yes; he does that all right for me, too, but the trouble is he doesn't mind when I tell him to go away." —*Life*.

"What's all this I hear about the Mother Hubbards? What are they, anyway?"

"Oh, they're dresses that are not pleasing to the fastidious Westerners. They seem to be afraid of them."

"Women wear them in the East, too, don't they?"

"Oh, yes; they're worn all over."

"Have you ever seen anything in them to be afraid of?"

"Yes; my wife!"—*Ex*.

"I can lick the snoozer who broke that wheelbarrow," remarked Mildred's little brother. Whereupon the high-school girl reprovingly remarked: "You should endeavor to select from your vocabulary more genteel terms. It would be vastly better to remark that, in a pugilistic encounter with the uncouth individual who impaired the usefulness of the unicycle, you could lamm the stuffing out of him." [Great applause in the pit; whistling in the gallery.]—*Peck's Sun*.

A New York lady, who was very much afraid of the sea, was induced to take a trip on the steamboat to Coney Island. She did not show much alarm until the boat was fairly out at sea, when she suddenly turned pale and shuddered.

"What is the matter?" asked her husband.

"Just look at all those life-preservers."

"Don't get scared," replied her husband, soothingly; "I dare say there is not one of them that is in order."—*Texas Siftings*.

"That young Mr. Smith is an awful fool. Do you know what he did when we were on the boat?"

"No; what did he do?"

"He obtained a whisk broom, and attempted to brush the whitewash, as he called it, off my back."

"Nothing very foolish about that."

"Not if it had been whitewash; but you see it was nothing but my corsets showing through my jersey."—*New York Mail and Express*.

"Why is it that the employees in telephone offices are all ladies?" Mrs. Brown made this inquiry of her husband.

"Well," answered Mr. Brown, "the managers of the telephone offices were aware that no class of employees work so faithfully as those who are in love with their labor; and they knew that ladies would be fond of the work in telephone offices."

"What is the work in a telephone office?" Mrs. Brown further inquired.

"Talking," answered Mr. Brown; and the conversation came to an end.—*Somerville Journal*.

*Mrs. DeBrowne*—"I have seen several of your paintings, Mr. Pallette, and I admire them immensely."

*Mr. Pallette* (amateur artist)—"Aw, thanks, my dear Madame, thanks; you're very kind, I'm sure."

*Mrs. DeBrowne*—"I think that your style is very similar to that of the French artist, Meissonier, particularly so as regards color and perspective."

*Mr. Pallette*—"Do you think so? Aw, it is not infrequent in the profession for one artist to unconsciously follow the style of another artist, y' know; but it seems rawther strange. I am quite sure that Meissonier has never seen any of my work."—*New York Sun*.

"In soft, adumbrant meshes of sieved silver, the sunbeams melted through the leaves and dripped in spangles of gold upon the brown and black moquettrie shadows that led to the ragged edge of the curb, where a fragile little fragment of humanity lay moaning."

"That's all right enough," said the managing editor, "but it's a little too long. Make it shorter."

"But what will I say, sir?" asked the blonde reporter.

"Oh, I'd just say, 'Henessy Mulcahey's little boy Pat fell into an open sewer and broke his nose.' That'll do for an introduction, and then you can go on to say what's necessary about the careless manner in which these things are conducted, and that under another administration of our local government, and so on, you know. Give 'em a rap, that's all."—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

The other day the driver of a Woodward Avenue car saw a boy slip softly up on the rear platform, and he presently called to him to vacate. The boy replied by making faces.

"I tell you to git!"

The boy elevated his nose.

The driver seized his whip, but the boy winked at him.

Whip in hand, the driver dropped off the car to make good his threat, but as he grabbed for the rear railing he missed it and sprawled in the street, while the horse jogged along at such a gait as made it necessary to run two blocks to overtake the car. The boy meanwhile indulged in chuckles, grins, cackles, guffaws, and gyrations, but as the driver got within ten feet of the car he walked in, deposited his fare in the box, and came out to coolly observe: "I'm a passenger now, and you larrup me if you want the company sued for ten thousand dollars damages!"

The driver didn't.—*Free Press*.

It was in the good old days when canal-ring statesmen thrived (the printer will please not make that "thieved") at Albany, that one of them had a particularly handsome set of rooms at the Delavan.

"There is only one thing lacking about the parlor," said a visitor one day, "to give it a real homelike and comfortable aspect —you want some mottoes, 'God bless our home,' or Biblical texts, and so on. When I go down to New York I'll send you one—something nobby and appropriate."

Accordingly, a few days later the genial senator received a package, to the opening of which his friends were duly invited. When the parcel was unpacked, the promised motto was revealed. It was very handsomely gotten up—there was no denying that; and it was a Biblical text—that was equally apparent. Still, the senator, at least, had his doubts as to whether it was so very appropriate. It read: "Thou Shalt Not Steal."—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine*.

## BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

### He tells about that Cyclone.

HUDSON, Wiconsin, September 30.—Those who know me best will remember that I have never, openly or secretly, written or uttered a sentiment that could in any way be warped into an adverse criticism of the cyclone. Whatever I may have learned or observed derogatory to the cyclone and its cruel and treacherous nature, I have religiously kept to myself. I have even gone so far as to stand up for and champion the cause of the cyclone when its enemies sought to damage it in my hearing. When others spoke in harsh and severe terms of the vandal, murderous work of the cyclone, I said: "Ah, yes, gentlemen; but do not overlook the great work of purification that is done by it in its mad gyrations. Think how necessary are these atmospheric upheavals to rid us of superfluous electricity and purify the stagnant air." I did this until I suffered personally among men, and even the blue-nosed and sore-eyed hoodlum pointed at me as I passed, and said: 'There goes Bill Nye, the friend of the cyclone.'"

And what is my reward for all this? Like a peaceful Ute, stealing up through the sheltering ambush to saw open the windpipe of a dear friend, comes the ring-tail peeler of the sky, scarcely moving the green leaves as he steals along the valley on his hind legs. The air is like the atmosphere of death. No sound is heard except the dull thud of the woodman's ax as it buries itself in the heart of a pine tree that belongs to some one else. The sun has dropped behind a dull gray cloud that is faced with pale green. Still lower down the steel-gray and purple clouds come boiling over the tree-tops. The tree-toad makes a few desultory remarks, Katy-did says "good-evening," and the premature twilight has come. Up from the southwest comes a sullen mutter, a crash, a roar, like twenty oceans in joint caucus, the rush of falling trees, the crash of giant hail-stones, the thunder of falling waters, and, like the deadly charge of heaven's artillery, it is over. That is a cyclone—one of the adult variety when it is feeling well. When you see one of that kind sliding up into the sky, do not try to twist its tail as it goes by. It takes a strong, quick man to reach out over the dash-board and twist the tail of a cyclone. He must be strong in the wrists, cool-headed, and soon in movements.

The cyclone which visited northern Wisconsin on the 9th instant was about a mile and a half wide, and lasted through a period of time, I would say, such as would be measured in pronouncing the word "Scat!" in an ordinary tone of voice. It blew down three churches, sparing all the saloons, jerked the school buildings crooked, knocked the postoffice silly, and demolished a dozen stores and places of business. It killed two of the most promising young men and the purest Christian woman in the village. Then it went out into the forest, where I was riding along, attending to my own business, tipped me over, and broke my leg. Everywhere it sought out the young and fair. It spared the old, the sinful, and the tough, but spent its fury on the tender, the good, the true, and the beautiful. Is it surprising that it jerked me galley west? No, indeed! I am only surprised that I am alive.

I had intended to say a word or two about what to do when you see a cyclone coming, but this letter is already too long. One general rule may not be out of place, however. First, be sure that it is a cyclone. Then take your family and adjourn to the State penitentiary. Those who have spent the major portion of their lives in the penitentiary will remember with pleasure the feeling of security they experienced while there. I may say truly that I have never felt that same old security myself since I—— But why rake up old personalities? They will all come to the surface when I run for President.—*Denver Opinion.*

### Why he Went Away.

George W. Peachblow came from the effete East one day in the prime of summer time, and got out of the stage at the Buffalo Wallow hotel, wearing a plug hat and a pure heart. Two weeks later a man generally resembling George W. Peachblow, but wearing a November twilight study in purple and olive-green over his eye, rode into the railroad station of Bitter Creek and bought a second-class ticket for the effete East.

That is the nub of the romance, but what were the details, the stage settings, and so forth, which we need to fill up the space between and to enlighten the gentle reader?

Briefly, George W. Peachblow allowed he would not only introduce his plug hat into the new camp, but he would also start a Sabbath school. That was all right enough. Nobody objected to the Sabbath school in the little mining town. People who think that a mining town is the ante-room of perdition, are mistaken. The miner may be a nomad, but he is not necessarily a cannibal heathen. The prospector in the lonely gulch may have conscientious scruples and mental reservations in relation to the plug hat, but he does not eat his fellow-man raw.

George W. Peachblow did not meet with any opposition in his Sabbath-school movement, and the leading citizens looked upon his plug hat more in sorrow than in anger. The Sabbath which had been named for the organization of the school opened bright and beautiful. A little band of children and young people stood outside the cabin waiting for Mr. Peachblow to arrive. He met them with a proud smile. He spoke kindly to this one and smiled on that one, winding up by gayly patting a bright little girl under the chin. He remembered this circumstance years afterward. If he is alive, he doubtless remembers it yet.

The next day he received the following letter, with which I close:

"June the 5

"mister peach blossom Sir I take my pen in hand to say that I will lick you on sight for your behavior to my sister on yesterday which was no gentleman I will warn you that you will have to put up your dooks when you meat for I kallate to jar your frail cistern till you are paralized if you think you can come to the frontear and chuck a young lady under the chin which is a total stranger, you will find that you have got the wrong pig by the ear which is me and I give you fare warning that I will ware you out on sight. We dont know much about forrin langwidges here and I aint a polished pensman but I kallate I can drive your dome of intellect down into your tall coller in two rounds.

"Peal your cloze and throw up your dooks when you see a thick-set young feller in the full vigor of manhood's early morn for that's me and I will then put a moss aggit on your brow and a watch pocket under your eye, for thirty days.

"You might send this letter to your folks in the east so that they may know what has bekum of you in case your remains should not be found kardially yours Alonzo B Slugg of Sluggtown which is me the undersigned

"P. S—My sister dezires me to say that you kant put her into the infant class nor chuck her under the chin with impunity when she is twenty-two years old, even if she is a dworph."—*St. Paul Herald.*

### Hydrophobia.

A scientific writer has said that "there is one peculiar feature in the length of time required after the bite of the dog before which the disease incubates, or the hydrophobic spore implanted in embryo is awakened to noticeable vivification about the cicatrix of the wound, and becomes perfected nomadic bacteria." If we pause for a moment in our mad rush for gain, and in our great scuffle for position and wealth, to think seriously, we are forced to admit this great truth. No one knows how soon the sporadic embryo may cross his track as a full-grown, raging, nomadic bacteria. In the full flush of joyous manhood, in the prime of a joyous young life, with all its golden possibilities, looking out across the unrippled sea of time with a bosom heaving with hope, down the long and fragrant sweep of vista, out through the ether blue, down to the golden shores of eternity, out across the limitless expanse of the to be, soaring away toward the golden pretty soon, we forget that the hydrophobic spore is lurking about the cicatrix, soon to pounce upon us a full-blown bacteria.

And what can we do to prevent the ever-watchful hydrophobic spore's attack? How may we guard against the full-grown and half-famished bacteria? How shall we know the spore of the hydrophobic bacteria when we see it, and thus forewarned be forearmed?

First, we should provide ourselves with microscopic magnifiers about five thousand diameters, whatever that may be, and then we are prepared to examine a dog of which we may have doubts, and all dogs are included in this category. Armed with a microscope, the savant next proceeds to examine all dogs which he may meet. First let him cut the dog neatly in two lengthwise, and with the aid of the microscope examine him, picking out any spores or bacteria found, and smashing them on a board. Hydrophobic bacteria, it has been claimed, may be killed by cauterizing the wound as soon as made, but I have found that a surer method has been to cauterize the dog. Dogs may be cauterized in various ways, but no better way has presented itself in my practice than that of tying him to a cook-stove and throwing the two simultaneously into the moaning sea. Strictly speaking this would not be termed cauterization, but I use the word in its broadest sense. Another method of cauterizing a dog is to tie the animal to a railroad-track on a busy day, and let nature take her course.

Never seek a quarrel with a hydrophobic dog. Treat him well, but maintain a haughty reserve until you can get over the garden-wall.

Should a dog who afterward turned out to be hydrophobic eat away the calf of your leg, settle up your business affairs, bite some one whom you wish to have remember you after you are gone, and get yourself measured for a funeral sermon. Death should never find us entirely unprepared.

All classes of dogs are said to be nearly equally injurious to the bitee when hydrophobic. The cast-iron dog alone can be regarded as absolutely spore proof. Whether in the full flush of active doghood or slumbering in the common iron-gray spitz sausage of commerce, the dog is a snare and a delusion. When impregnated with rabid bacteria, he becomes taciturn and snappish, entirely losing his genial disposition and becoming the prey to ennui and hypochondria. Beware of the dog that never laughs. Shun the dog that seems to harbor a corroding sorrow. He is almost sure to die a violent death, with the seat of some good man's pants in his mouth.—*New York Mercury.*

## LITERARY NOTES.

### Personal Gossip

"The Duchess," the author of "Molly Bawn," "Phyllis," and many other delightful love stories, is a Mrs. Arles, a beautiful and charming Irish lady.

"Homoselle," of the "Round Robin" series, was written by a Mrs. Tiernan, who has lately written another story—of Virginia life—entitled "Propinquity."

Mr. Julian B. Arnold, son of Edwin Arnold, is now in this country, superintending the publication of "The Arnold Birthday Book," edited by his sister, and composed of selections from the works of their fathers.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has made the discovery—by means of a parish register and a MS. volume by the Countess of Winchelsea—that Mrs. Aphra Behn, instead of being, as she herself reported, "of a good family in the city of Canterbury," was the daughter of a barber who lived at Wye.

The Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, author of "Atlantis, the Antediluvian World," published by Harper & Brothers, which undertakes to demonstrate that the Atlantis myth is a reminiscence of the first civilized nation that ever existed, is the Farmers' candidate for Congress in the Third Minnesota District.

The Christian names of the late Mr. MacGahan seem to be imperfectly known to many of his biographers. The New York *Tribune* spoke of him as "John A."; the London *Daily News*, which certainly ought to know, as it was in the service of that paper that he reached the highest mark of his reputation, calls him "James A."; and another English newspaper states authoritatively that his name was nothing less than "Januarius Aloysius." His tombstone should settle the question.

"Who is this Munro?" was asked of the Scribners in 1877, about the time the first number of the Seaside Library came out. "He's an instrusive and impudent meddler," was the reply, "fooling with things he don't understand." Now, seven years later, George Munro is worth not less than five million dollars, and he has made every cent of it from the *Fireside Companion* and the Seaside Library. So the other day I called on the latter. I passed through the clatter of a hundred presses, and found him at the top of his enormous brick and iron building. There can be no mistake in classing him as an editor, for the Seaside Library issues one number on every morning the year round, and so is recognized and circulated by the postoffice department as a "daily newspaper." Indeed, there are people who subscribe to it by the year, as they do to any other daily, and have a number chucked into their doors every time they eat a breakfast! They have their hands full, I should think. The building is, I believe, the largest printing establishment in the world except Harper's. One entire floor is filled with the Burr type-setting and distributing machines, each of which does the work of ten compositors. In the two pressrooms web presses feed off from their large rolls twenty-five thousand "Seaside" sheets an hour. The publisher has a staff of one hundred regularly employed writers. Mr. Munro has a pleasant face completely framed in hair and beard, now turning gray.—*Cor. of the Journalist.*

### Announcements.

"The Life and Adventures of Peg Woffington," is the title of a forthcoming work in two volumes, by Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy.

A new novel by Marion Crawford, entitled "An American Politician," is to be published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A dictionary of "Initials and Pseudonyms" is in preparation by Mr. W. Cushing, of the Harvard Library. It will be sold only by subscription.

Mr. Payn's "Literary Recollections," published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, of which frequent mention has been made in the press, is about to be issued by the Messrs. Harper.

Mr. Edouard Detaille, the famous military painter, has undertaken a "History of Millitary Costume in France from 1790 to the Present Time." There will be forty large plates and four hundred wood-cuts to illustrate the text.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson finished the novel he was engaged on when he was attacked by his long and serious illness. It is named "Prince Otto," and is described as a fantastic and humoristic study of modern manners. It will be published immediately in London by Longmans.

Mr. Brander Matthews's new edition of the Sheridan comedies "The Rivals," and "The School for Scandal," is to have the benefit of a charming series of vignette drawings and sketches by Mr. E. A. Abbey and Mr. Charles S. Reinhardt. The English edition will bear Messrs. Chatto & Windus's imprint.

The magazines already announce to their readers a number of the serial stories with which they are to be regaled during the year. In *Harper's Magazine* a long story will be provided by Mr. Howells, and another by Miss Woolson, called "East Angels." In the *Century* Mr. Howells will publish another serial, to be called "The Rise of Silas Lapham," which follows the career and the rise of a self-made man. To the *Atlantic* Mr. W. N. Murfee, who writes under the pseudonym "Charles Egbert Craddock," will contribute a novel, "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains"; Mr. W. H. Bishop will supply a serial fiction; Mr. James, a novel entitled "The Princess Casamassima," and Miss Jewett, one entitled "A Marsh Land."

### New Books.

Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co. have added another to their excellent "Young Folks' Library"—"Evening Rest," by J. L. Pratt.

George W. Cable's story, "Doctor Sevier," which has been running in the current numbers of the *Century*, has been published in book form by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

"The Children of Issachar" is a story of wrongs and remedies, describing the period of reconstruction in Georgia. The name of the author is not given. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

The latest issues of "Harper's Franklin Square Library" are Part VI. of Stormonth's "Dictionary of the English Language," bringing the work through the word "exchange," and "Between the Heather and the Northern Sea," a novel, by M. Linskill.

"The Armorer's 'Prentices," by Charlotte M. Younge, is a story of citizen life in the early Tudor days, and contains many interesting pictures of those historic times. It first appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine* of last year. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co., price, $1.50.

The first bound volume of the *English Illustrated Magazine* is out. It is by far the most excellent magazine of a general character that England has produced, and bids fair to rival our best American productions. The reading matter is interesting and wide in scope, and the illustrations are numerous and of a high grade. The magazine has steadily improved from the first number, and counts among its contributors the most famous names of English and American literature and art. It is published by Macmillan & Co.; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.; price, $2.50.

Mrs. Mary Hunt McCaleb has produced a volume of "Poems," dedicated them to "the best and dearest friend I have on earth, my husband, Hon. T. L. Odom, of Texas." This is somewhat remarkable, but is explained by her last "poem," entitled "Two Loves," and evidently addressed to McCaleb. In it she states that "God has lifted you," and she has married Hon. T. L. Odom, of Texas. The last verse must be consoling to the "lifted" McCaleb:

"Your place, my darling, still is yours,
And still I wear your ring,
And hold your image in my heart,
A holy, sacred thing;
And he who would so tenderly
Lift up my broken life,
Is faithful still in memory
To his departed wife."

These gems are published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

Numbers 5 to 8 of the "Diccionario Technológico" have just been issued. This brings the work down to H, "Head" being the last article. Señor Ponce de Leon is engaged in a most meritorious work, and one that will be appreciated by all who have occasion to translate, and who are familiar with the meagreness and the mistakes of other Spanish-English dictionaries. In pursuance of our usual plan, we give some extracts to show the nature of the work. The article "Counter" fills nearly two pages, from which we cull the following definitions: "COUNTER.—Mostrador; tablero; contador; banco; mesa (jueg.); ficha; tanto (mar.); bovedilla (mec.); contador (ac.); contra matriz; punzon de estampar. *Counterfeit*, falsificar, contrahacer; *countermarch*, contraparar *countermine*, (fort.) contraminar; *counterseal*, contrasellar; *countersink*, (tec.) avellanar, fresar; *counterbass*, bajoncillo; *counter clout*, clavo romo; *counter-die*, contramatriz; *counter-nut*, (mec. tornillo de pasos, contratuerca; *counter-pane*, colcha de cama, cobertor, sobre-cama; *countersunk bit*, avellanador; *counter-wheel* rueda de corona," etc., etc. The work is very full, and covers the ground thoroughly. It is well printed, in large, clear type, on good paper. Published by Nestor Ponce de Leon, 40 and 42 Broadway, New York.

### Miscellaneous.

"Dead Men Tell No Tales, but Live Men Do," is the title which Mr. George Augustus Sala has chosen for the ten short stories he is composing.

Lord Tennyson's new work is mainly one poem, of the same length as "Enoch Arden," with several unpublished lyrics and some short pieces, including the Leopold memoriam.

Another magazine, *The Manhattan*, has discontinued publication. Its failure was due to the negligence and indiscretion of its owner, Henry C. Pedder, who, having gone to Europe in the interest of Arnold, Constable & Co., with which firm he was connected in a confidential capacity, and whose treasury he had long robbed with rare skill, neglected to adequately provide against detection.

Why does not some publisher collect the various articles that have appeared lately on the author's art, and publish them in book form? It would be an entertaining book, and would sell well. There is Mr. Walter Besant's "Art of Fiction"; Zola's article in the *Figaro;* Andrew Lang's lecture; some chapters of Trollope's autobiography; Henry James's article in the August number of *Longman's Magazine*, and a number of kindred articles from well-known hands.

One of the most original stories in the new volume of studies in story-telling, "In Partnership," by Brander Matthews and H. Bunner, is "The Documents in the Case." The device of telling a story by the use of fragments of newspapers, letters, telegrams, advertisements, pawn-tickets, programmes, etc., had never been used before "The Documents in the Case" appeared in *Scribner* for September, 1879. Since then the same idea has been taken by a Mr. Faulkner in the *Continent*, a Mr. Nobles in the *Mirror*, Mr. Bangs in *Life*, and a Mr. Valentine in *Swinton's Story-Teller*.

The *Saturday Review* says of Carnegie's book, "Round the World": "We shall not linger with Mr. Carnegie in his journey overland from Pittsburg to 'Frisco, only noticing with a sigh that even over the city which looks on the Golden Gate, there hangs a canopy which, though according to the natives 'mostly fogs and a peculiar wind,' the ironmaster's experienced eye recognized as smoke, which even his own smoky Pittsburg would not beat in denseness. This is a terrible blow to a long-cherished illusion of ours to that charming novel, 'Dear Lady Disdain.' It is no compensation for a smoke-canopy to know that the place whips all creation by having the biggest monster hotel in the world. If the Golden Gate is sooty, no amount of golden ceilings can restore its character to San Francisco." "The experienced ironmaster" must have a pair of Sam Weller's "patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power," if he can see a canopy of smoke over San Francisco. Most of us would be perfectly willing to see such a canopy. But there are not factories enough here to even fairly obscure the sun.

There is a growing disposition for mature heroines among our writers. Like many other things in literature, this fashion comes from France, where they do not begin to relate the heart history of a woman until she is at least twenty-six. In her travels across the channel the mature heroine is shorn of many of her surrounding circumstances. As a rule, marriage is left out the first thing. The heroine of the French novel is a wife. The heroine of the British novel is a faithful old maid. Georgiana Craik in "Godfrey Helstone, and Mrs. Mulock Craik in "Miss Tommy," have turned out of these faded heroines in a year. Miss Braddon's last heroine is a widow. Howells is going to take up the story of Marcia Farbard again in a new novel, with her somewhat dull wits sharpened by experience. Boyesen's last heroine is a wily widow of three, two, and so on through a long list of them. The languid, blue-eyed, ringletted, old-fashioned heroine has completely gone out, and readers will no longer accept a colorless girl. As a matter of patriotism, they do not put the American girl into books as fast as they once did. She got into disrepute abroad, where they could not understand her, and the English writers themselves know no more about an American girl than they do about green corn. For this difficulty maturity has become romantic.

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

**Bills and Casts for Week ending October 11th.**

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill, during the week Belasco's "La Belle Russe." Cast as follows:

Captain Dudley Brand, Frank Weston; Sir Philip Calthorpe, Harry Mainhall; Quilton, George Osborne; Roberts, Fred Corbett; Geraldine (La Belle Russe), Effie Ellsler; Lady Calthorpe, Miss Mary E. Hill; Little Beatrice, Little Lulu Wade; Agnes, Miss Calvert.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Bill: Monday and Wednesday, "Fatinitza." Cast as follows:

Vladimir, afterward Fatinitza, Fay Templeton; Princess Lydia Ivanovna, Lillie West; Julian Hardy, Signor Novello; General Kantshakoff, Signor George Olmi; Captain Vasil, Joseph Le Braesn; Lieutenant Ossip, Alice Vane; Sergeant Steipan, William Guibersok; Demetri, Hermine Palacio; Nikophan, Maureen Palacio; Ivan, Kate Clare; Feodor, Miss Clifton; Winks, Robert Ward; Bizzet Pasha, Mr. Harry Brown; Hassan Bey, Robert Broderick; Mustapha, Le Brase; Noureddah, H. Palacio; Zuleika, Kitty Clark; Dionu, Lulu Crane; Nursidah, Stella Diard; The Marsaldsha, J. Wilson.

Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday, "The Mascott." Cast as before.

Friday, Miss Templeton's benefit. Bill, "Fatinitza." Cast as before.

Saturday, matinée, "Girofié-Girofla." Cast as before.

Saturday night, "Olivette." Cast as before.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Closed during the week.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: Boieldieu's operatic fairy spectacle in four acts, "Little Red Riding Hood." Cast as follows:

Little Red Riding Hood, Miss Helene Dingeon; Bertha, Miss Emily Possazi; Anne, Miss Carrie Pfeiffer; Nanette, Miss Tilly Valerga; Fairy Queen, Miss Kate Marchi; Urian, Miss Lottie Stockmeyer; Prince Rudolph, Mr. M. Cornell; Duke Roger, Mr. Harry Gates; Edmond, Mr. Harry Nieman; Master of Ceremonies, Mr. E. N. Knight; Tobias, Mr. R. D. Valerga; Karl, Mr. E. Carlmuller; Woodcutter, Mr. Arthur Messmer.

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—Stecchhan & Cornelius, Managers. Standard Minstrels. Company as follows:

Charley Reed, J. Carroll Johnson; John Robinson, Crandall and Eastwood, Keegan and Wilson, Hooley and Thompson, W. S. Mullaly. The California Quartet—Morant, Wetter, Holland, and Wyatt. New Minstrel First Part. The Great Burlesque, "The Grand Dutch-S."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Bill; Jules Verne's "Tour of the World in Eighty Days." Cast as follows:

J. J. Bennett, E. T. Stetson; Phineas Fogg, Edwin Bert; Jean Passepartout, Louis Imhaus; John Fix, Paul Craig; Detenonga, Edwin Deaves; Obadiah, Owen Dale; Captain Speedy, P. Hosmer; Lieutenant Dwight, C. Fredericks; High Priest, L. Bowen; Aouda, Miss Eleanor Barry; Ayeesha, Miss H. M. Ingham; Nancy, Miss Lillie Owen.

At the Baldwin, next week, "Called Back."

At the California, next week, nothing is announced.

At the Grand, next week, "The Tour of the World in Eighty Days."

At the Tivoli, next week, "Little Red Riding Hood" is continued.

At the Bush Street, next week, The Carleton English Opera Company in "La Fille du Tambour Major."

**CCCXXXI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, October 12, 1884.**

Rice and Tomato Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Asparagus and Salmon Salad.
Beefsteak, à la Bordelaise.
Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Egg Plant. String Beans.
Roast Venison, Currant Jelly.
Port Wine, and Spice Sauce.
Lemon Pie.
Bananas, Peaches, Figs, Apples, Pears, Plums, and Grapes.

ASPARAGUS SALAD.—Boil two bunches of asparagus, with one quart of water and one tablespoonful of salt, for twenty minutes. Take up and drain on a sieve, and when cold cut off the points. Season a quart of cooked salmon with one teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a teaspoonful of pepper, three tablespoonfuls of oil, one of vinegar, and two of lemon juice. Let this stand on the ice at least two hours. Arrange the salmon in the centre of the dish and the asparagus points around it. Cover the fish with one cupful of mayonnaise dressing. Garnish the dish with points of lemon. Green peas can be used instead of asparagus.

**"A Solemn Warning."**

524 SACRAMENTO STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, October 11, 1884.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the public of the thousands of analyses I have made during twenty-two years' residence in this city. It is only in the past few weeks—during which time, in the regular course of my business, I have analyzed several samples of honey and canned fruits—that I find for the first time my work and my ability to do it has been questioned, and then by an obscure sheet called the *Ingleside*. The following letter from the proprietor of that journal is, without doubt, the "solemn warning" which the *Ingleside* states, in its issue of October 3d, was given me. I now submit the letter without further comment. THOMAS PRICE,
Analytical Chemist.

S. F., September 26, 1884.

MR. PRICE—Dear Sir: I called at your office this morning in relation to the *News Letter* affair. Can you manage to step up to my office, 712 Montgomery?

I am anxious not to do you an injustice, and can not do so intelligently without seeing you. You will readily recognize that in declining an interview you put both yourself and me at a disadvantage. Very sincerely,
HENRY B. MCDOWELL.

The Grand Pacific Roller Skating Rink, corner Sutter and Jones streets, opened on Wednesday evening, October 8th. The music was by the Second Regiment Artillery Band, and there was a large attendance. Mr. J. B. Keys is the manager.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— PRICELESS—MULLER'S IMPROVED SPECTACLES. No. 135 Montgomery Street, near Bush.


# BIBLE COMPETITION!

# $11,857.00 IN REWARDS

GIVEN BY THE

## Pacific Coast Farm and Fireside Journal

*CLOSING MARCH 1st, 1885,*

or sooner if the first series of 25,000 subscribers is filled. Due notice of which will be given in the PACIFIC COAST FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL. The proprietors announce a magnificent list of rewards for correct answers to the following Bible questions. The questions are not difficult and within the reach of all:

## THE BIBLE QUESTIONS:

**1—Is Diamond referred to in the Bible? If so, state first reference.**

**2—Is Emerald made mention of in the Bible? If so, state first reference.**

**3—Is Sapphire spoken of in the Bible? If so, state first reference.**

These all refer to precious stones.

Now, anyone having a knowledge of the Scriptures ought to be able promptly to answer these questions with a little study, and so secure some one of these rewards. Bear in mind everyone competing must **send One Dollar** with their answers, for which the PACIFIC COAST FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL will be sent six months to any address. If you answer each of the questions correctly, and your answers are in time, you are sure to secure one of those costly rewards.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—Anyone, so desiring, can have the value of these rewards in U. S. Gold Coin, less 20 per cent. State in your answer which you prefer.

## 500 FIRST REWARDS, $3,750.00

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | One Elegant Rosewood Piano | $500.00 | |
| 2 | One Gent's Gold Hunting Case Watch | 100.00 | |
| 3 | One Handsome Parlor Organ | 200.00 | |
| 4 | One Lady's Fine Gold Hunting Case Watch | 100.00 | |
| 5 | One Handsome Parlor Set—Walnut Furniture | 150.00 | |
| 6 to 11 | Five Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns | 250.00 | |
| 12 to 17 | Five Cabinet Sew'g Machines | 250.00 | |
| 18 to 38 | Twenty Solid Coin Silver Watches | 400.00 | |
| 39 to 59 | Twenty Quadruple-Plate Ice Pitchers | 300.00 | |
| 60 to 89 | Twenty Quadruple-Plate Cake Baskets | 150.00 | |
| 90 to 100 | Ten Solid Silver Hunting Case watches | 350.00 | |
| 101 to 300 | Two Hundred Fine Gent's Scarf Pins | 500.00 | |
| 301 to 400 | One Hundred Fine Ladies' Brooches | 300.00 | |
| 401 to 500 | One Hundred Solid Silver Tablespoons | 300.00 | |

The above five hundred rewards will be given to the first five hundred persons who send one dollar for subscription to the PACIFIC COAST FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL, and correct answers to the Bible questions given above. Then come the

## 500 MIDDLE REWARDS, $4,950.00

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Five Hundred Dollars Gold Coin | $500 00 | |
| 2 | One Beautiful Rosewood Piano | 750.00 | |
| 3 | One Elegant Cabinet Organ | 250 00 | |
| 4 | One Gent's Elgin Watch, Stem-setting and Stem-winding, Gold Hunting Case | 100,00 | |
| 5 | One Ladies' Hunting Case Watch, Stem-setting and Stem-winding | 100.00 | |
| 6 to 20 | Fourteen Beautiful Heavy Black Silk Dress Pat'ns | 500.00 | |
| 21 to 40 | Twenty Elegant Cabinet Sewing Machines | 1,200.00 | |
| 41 to 100 | Sixty Fine Waterbury Watches | $300.00 | |
| 101 to 200 | One Hundred Boxes (½ doz) Fine Gents' Linen Handkerchiefs | 300.00 | |
| 201 to 300 | One Hundred Elegant Triple-plated Butter Knives | 100.00 | |
| 301 to 400 | One Hundred Sets Triple-plated Teaspoons | 200.00 | |
| 401 to 450 | Fifty Half-barrels Best Cube Sugar | 500.00 | |
| 451 to 500 | Fifty Boxes Best Japan Tea | 150.00 | |

The $500.00 Gold Coin will be given to the person sending the MIDDLE CORRECT ANSWER of the whole competition, from first to last. The four hundred and ninety-nine costly articles, beginning with the Piano, that follow No. 1, of these middle rewards will be given to the four hundred and ninety-nine persons who send the next correct answers following the middle or center reward that takes the $500 gold coin; then, that even the last ones may not feel that they are left out, the PACIFIC COAST FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL will give a series of

## 250 Consolation Rewards, $3,157.00

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | One Gent's Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Elgin Watch | $100.00 | |
| 2 | One Fine Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Sat, 6 pieces | 100.00 | |
| 3 | One Lady's Solid Gold Stem-winding Elgin Watch | 95.00 | |
| 4 to 7 | Four Fine Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns | 240.00 | |
| 8 to 19 | Twelve Quadruple Plate Ice Pitchers, finely chased | 390.00 | |
| 20 to 31 | Twelve Genuine Coin-silver Hunting Case Ladies' Watches | 360.00 | |
| 32 to 50 | Nineteen Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns | $380.00 | |
| 51 to 69 | Nineteen Fine Quadruple Silver-plated Cake Baskets | 228.00 | |
| 70 to 100 | Thirty-one Beautifully Bound Volumes Hood's Poems | 93.00 | |
| 101 to 167 | Fifty-seven Fine Solid Gold Brooches | 171.00 | |
| 168 to 175 | Eight Splendid Home Sewing Machines | 520 00 | |
| 176 to 200 | Twenty-four Beautiful Heavy Silver Cruets | 330.00 | |
| 200 to 250 | Fifty Gents' Scarf Pins | 150.00 | |

This list of consolation rewards will be given to the last two hundred and fifty persons who send correct answers to the above Bible questions. Fifteen days will be allowed for letters to reach their destination. But bear in mind your letter must bear the post-mark not later than March 1st, 1885 (with one dollar inclosed for the paper) the closing day for letters from distant points to reach the office of the PACIFIC COAST FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL. All letters are carefully numbered as they arrive and there can be no mistake. If your answers are correct and they reach there in time, you will surely get some reward in addition to THE PACIFIC COAST FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL, which alone is worth the dollar. It contains eight pages of interesting matter for the farmer and the home circle—something to interest every member of the family. Look up your Bible now, and see if you can find the answer to these questions. It will do you good, apart from the opportunity you have of obtaining a valuable reward in addition to the JOURNAL, which alone is good value for the dollar. We could not afford to give these valuable rewards unless we were certain of your patronage in years to come, and we have adopted this way of giving the commission back to patrons in rewards instead of hiring canvassers and paying commissions to them. We feel almost certain that you will become life subscribers to the PACIFIC COAST FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL if you take it for six months. It is our aim to make it the leading paper for the farmer and the home circle.

No information will be given to any one beyond what has been above stated. So don't waste time by waiting, but send in your answers and money NOW. If you happen to be too late for the first, you may be fortunate enough to obtain a middle reward. We direct special attention to the fact that clergymen are not permitted to compete. This we think exceedingly fair. The field is now open for a fair and square race for these rewards.

No money will be received by telegraph or in any way but through the Post Office or by express. One dollar only required. You are sure of good value for your money. Send postal orders or postal notes. If you send stamps add six cents for discount. Address all letters and orders to

JNO. F. UHLHORN, Manager.
**FARM AND FIRESIDE PUBLISHING CO.,**
*P. O. Box 226.* *1014 Broadway, OAKLAND, CAL.*



**Regular Republican Nominee for Judge of the Superior Court,**

D. J. MURPHY.

**Republican Nominee for Judge of the Superior Court,**

E. W. BLANEY.

**REGULAR DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR RECORDER,**

WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

**REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR SHERIFF,**

PETER HOPKINS.

**For Assemblyman, Forty-first District,**

H. C. FIREBAUGH,

Republican Nominee. Residence, 2509 Clay Street.

**Regular Republican Nominee for Sheriff,**

WM. PATTERSON.

**Democratic Nominee for City and County Surveyor,**

R. P. HAMMOND, JR.

**Regular Republican Nominee for Justice of the Peace,**

MYER JACOBS.

**Republican Nominee for Assemblyman, Fortieth District,**

JULIUS BUHLERT.

**Regular Democratic Nominee for Justice of the Peace,**

WILLIAM H. MOTT.

**Democratic Nominee for Supervisor, Ninth Ward,**

J. B. LEWIS.

**The People's Choice for Coroner,**

DR. C. C. O'DONNELL.

Vote for him for what he has done against the Chinese.



# PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

**First Concert. Fourth Season.**

**PLATT'S HALL,**
**Wednesday Afternoon, October 15th,**
**At 3 O'clock.**

**GRAND ORCHESTRA,**
**G. HINRICHS, Conductor.**

Sale of Seats begins on MONDAY, October 13th, at 9 A. M., in Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music House, Kearny and Sutter Streets.

HENRY HEYMAN, Secretary.

**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,**
Eddy Street, near Market.
KRELING BROS.....Sole Proprietors and Managers

This Evening and every evening until further notice Boildieu's Charming Operatic Spectacle,

**LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD,**

Produced with Magnificent Spectacular Effects, Gorgeous Costumes, Scenery, Etc.

Admission, 25 cents.....Reserved seats, 50 cents

**REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR,**

WM. L. MERRY.

**REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS,**
**Fifth Congressional District,**

CHAS. N. FELTON.

**REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS,**
**Fourth Congressional District,**

WM. W. MORROW.

**REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS,**
**Fifth Congressional District,**

F. J. SULLIVAN.

**FOR TAX COLLECTOR,**

LUMAN WADHAM.

**REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR STATE SENATOR,**
**Ninth Senatorial District,**

GEORGE C. PARKINSON.

**Regular Republican Nominee for District Attorney,**

J. N. E. WILSON.

**DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT,**

T. H. REARDEN
(PRESENT INCUMBENT).

**Regular Republican Nominee for Assemblyman, Forty-seventh District.**

C. D. DOUGLAS.

**Regular Democratic Nominee for Assemblyman, Fortieth District,**

DANIEL J. LEARY.

**Regular Democratic Nominee for Senator, Thirteenth Senatorial District,**

A. CRAIG.

**Regular Democratic Nominee for Superintendent of Streets,**

T. J. LOWNEY,
PRESENT INCUMBENT.

**REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR TREASURER,**

CHRISTIAN REIS
PRESENT INCUMBENT

## STORYETTES.

### Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Actors and actresses have a good deal of fun among themselves on the stage, though guying is strongly discountenanced by good managers. Generally the fun is quite impromptu, but sometimes a joke is carefully planned beforehand.

Once, in a performance of "The Lady of the Lake," one of the principal actors—Roderick Dhu—was known to be in pecuniary difficulties. When Roderick gave the line, "I am Roderick Dhu," Fitz-James responded: "Yes; and your rent's due, too."

A piece called "The Spy" was once produced. The early acts showed that it was going to be a dead failure. At a certain point a character had to rush on and shout, "five hundred pounds for the Spy!" The author, who was concealed behind a rock, arose and cried: "It's yours—copyright, manuscript, and parts!" That was the end of the performance.

When eating has to be done on the stage, there is a great temptation to play tricks with the food. During a performance of "Henry V.," Pistol had to eat a leek. It was made from an apple. But once the Fluellen of the evening gave him a real onion, and he had to struggle with it, though the tears coursed down his fat cheeks.

One day, at a matinée performance of "Uncle Tom," an exceedingly tall actor was playing George Harris. When he came to the speech in which he declares that at the worst he can earn six feet of free soil, another actor arose and said, very politely; "Excuse me, sir, seven." "Thank you, seven," returned the first, and went on gravely with his lines.

At Boulogne, during a royal reception some years ago, a number of English ladies, in their anxiety to see everything, pressed with such force against the soldiers who were keeping the line that the soldiers were forced to give way, and generally were, as policemen say, "hindered in the execution of their duty." The officer in command, observing the state of affairs, called out: "One roll of the drum; if they don't stand back, kiss them all!" After the first sound of the drum the ladies took to flight. "If they had been French," said a Parisian journal, "they would have remained to a woman."

The French comedian Perlet was extraordinarily thin. At last he became such a skeleton that he consulted a physician, who recommended him to try some baths in the Pyrenees. Having obtained leave of absence from his manager, he betook himself to the mineral springs, where he bathed unremittingly, but all in vain; he did not increase in size.

"Patience," urged the doctor; "there is nothing like our baths for making people fat."

One day, while Perlet was waiting philosophically in his bath for an *embonpoint* which never came, he heard a conversation in the next room, from which his own was divided by only a thin partition, and which was occupied by an enormous woman, fat as the Hottentot Venus.

"Doctor," said she, "I am getting tired of this."

"Why?" asked the Æsculapius.

"I have been here two months."

"Well?"

"Well, I am as enormous as I was when I came."

"A little patience, madame," urged the doctor; "there is nothing like our baths for making people thin."

Perlet, hearing these words, sprang out of his bath, dressed, rushed home to his hotel, ordered his bill, and left for Paris by the next train.

Bret Harte at one time used to plunder the people from the rostrum, in the way of fifty-cent lectures. During a trip over the Pennsylvania circuit, he found himself one evening in a small town, the very atmosphere of which was depressing. Turning to the committeeman who awaited on him at his room in the hotel, Harte said:

"Is this a healthful climate?"

"Passably," responded the committeeman.

"What's the mortality of this city?"

"About one a day."

"About one, eh," said Harte. "Come this way a minute," and he drew the committeeman into the recess of the bay-window, and then said to him, solemnly: "Is the man dead for to-day? I am going to lecture here to-night, and it would be a great relief to me to know that I could get through alive."

When Colman read his admirable opera of "Inkle and Yarico" to Doctor Mosely, the doctor made no remark during the progress of the piece; and when it was concluded, he was asked what he thought of it.

"It won't do," said the doctor; "stuff—nonsense."

Everybody else having been delighted with it, this decided disapprobation puzzled the circle; he was asked why?

"I'll tell you why," answered the critic. "You say in the finale,

'Now let us dance and sing,
While all Barbadoes' bells do ring.'

It won't do; there is but one bell in all the island!"

This reminds one of Doctor Johnson's equally refined but better founded criticism on the following passage in one of Grattan's eloquent speeches in favor of the freedom of Ireland, which Boswell pointed out to him in a newspaper: "We will persevere, till there is not one link of the English chain left to clank upon the rags of the meanest beggar in Ireland."

"Nay, sir," said Johnson, "don't you perceive that *one* link can not clank?"

Captain Hans Cracksen and the engineer Philip Metrokins had challenged each other to a duel. The latter had the choice of weapons, he declaring in favor of dynamite. On the morning of the duel appointed the parties appeared on the ground, each carrying with him five dynamite bombs. The seconds then climbed on the highest trees, and the duel commenced. The first two cartridges took no effect; but the third exploded with a tremendous report. The seconds quickly descended from their posts of observation. Cracksen was literally crushed into pulp, and Metrokins had disappeared from the earth. The only traces left of the duelists were their boots, which lay there uninjured. They were made by the firm of Schmidt & Co., No. — —— Strasse, Berlin.

"Once," writes an angler, "with rod and basket I set out to reach a stream at sunrise. Trespassing, I suddenly found myself opposite Farmer Growler's, who, with his trusty dog Towser, was stealthily awaiting my approach. Fortunately the stream separated us, and the bridge at a distance. The dog quickly received orders to cross, and as quickly obeyed. To escape his fleetness and ferocity was impossible, so up the nearest tree I climbed, with the dog at its foot, and Growler across the river hastening to the bridge, and shouting:

"'Hold him, Towser—hold him!'

"Thrusting my hand into the basket, I procured a strong fish-hook, and speedily attached it to a stout piece of string. With a dainty sandwich as bait, I fished from my elevated position and caught the dog. Fastening the end to a branch of the tree, I hastened down the other side in safety, just as Growler entered the field, and, making my escape in the opposite direction, I greeted him with:

"'Hold him, Towser—hold him!'"

The Königsburg house-breakers have been presenting a numerously signed memorial to the Minister of Home Affairs to express their thanks for his recent enactment directing the policemen to continue the use of the whistle. The memorial says, among other things: "If the night-policemen are to form a real guard of safety, it is necessary that they should whistle, as only by that means the burglars can pursue their calling *in safety*, and take measures of precaution at the sound of the signal."

Grocer, to his shopman: "Pedro, I owe about three thousand francs."

"Yes, sir."

"I have two thousand francs in the safe, but the shop is empty; I think it is the right moment to fail."

"That's just what I think."

"But I want a plausible pretext for my creditors. You have plenty of brains; think the matter over to-night and to morrow morning."

The clerk promised to think it carefully over. On entering the shop next morning, the grocer found the safe open, the money gone, and in its place a note, which ran as follows: "I have taken the two thousand francs, and am off to America. It is the best excuse you can give to your creditors."

Lord Townshend, at the battle of Dettengen, was standing quite near a drummer boy whose brains were dashed out by a cannon ball. His lordship gazed on the horrible spectacle for some moments in silence. At last an old officer spoke up and said:

"Why is your lordship surprised? Such things must happen in war."

"I know it," was the reply; "but what astonishes me is that a boy with so much brains should be here at all."

A confirmed stutterer went into a restaurant and met a few casual acquaintances, who at once commenced chaffing him most unmercifully respecting the impediment in his speech. At last one of them, a pert little fellow who had been making himself rather conspicuous by his remarks, said:

"Well, old man, I'll bet suppers round you can't order them without stammering."

"D-d-d-done," says Brown, and, to the astonishment of the company and the discomfort of his challenger (all of whom were unaware of his being, as is often the case with stutterers, a first-class singer), he beckoned the waiter and sang the order without the slightest hitch. Then, turning round to his tormentor, said: "N-n-n-now, y-y-y-you c-c-c-can p-p-p-pay."

A Parisian once remarked to Longfellow that there was one American word that he never could understand, or find in any dictionary.

"What is it?" inquired the poet.

"Thateldo," was the reply.

"I never heard of the word," said Longfellow.

Presently a servant came in to replenish the fire. After putting on a little fuel Longfellow remarked to him: "That will do."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Frenchman, "that is the very word which has troubled me."

The late Dean Buckland is said to have been so intimately acquainted with the properties of all the geological formations of England, that being one night belated, and not knowing where he was, he alighted from his horse, took up a clod of earth, and examined it. He immediately exclaimed, "Uxbridge!" and proceeded on his journey.

Roquelaure, the deformed jester of Louis XIV., contrived to get out of many a scrape by his ready wit. One day he went to the king to ask his pardon for having struck off the helmet of one of his sentinels, who had failed to give him the military salute. Louis, who knew his man, wondered that Roquelaure should crave his pardon for so venial an offense, and said to him: "This is a serious matter Roquelaure, but I will pardon you this time." It afterward turned out that the soldier's head was in the helmet, and fell with it to the ground.

The mayor of a small town had come to Leipzig to see the fair. A stranger who had lost his way asked him:

"Pray, good honest man, what is the name of this street?"

"I am *not* a good honest man," said the former, "I am the mayor of Marburg."


JOS. FIGEL
211 MONTGOMERY ST. S.F.
Offers the
LATEST STYLES
.....OF.....
CLOTHING
.....AND.....
FURNISHING GOODS
FOR GENTS AND BOYS,
READY MADE and MADE TO MEASURE at
REDUCED PRICES.
A Full Line of Desirable Suitings in our Merchant Tailoring Department.

Hunyadi János
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
"A natural laxative, superior to all others."
Prof. Macnamara, M.D., of Dublin.
"SPEEDY, SURE & GENTLE."
Prof. Roberts, F.R.C.P., London.
"Relieves the kidneys, unloads the liver, and opens the bowels."
London Medical Record.
Ordinary Dose, a Wineglassful before breakfast.
Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.
NONE GENUINE BUT WITH THE BLUE LABEL.
For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.
No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco,
and Portland, Oregon.

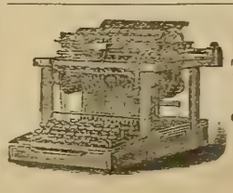
WOLFF & RHEINHOLD,
506 BATTERY STREET,
Sole Agents for this Favorite Brand of
CHAMPAGNE.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
BOOTS AND SHOES
Made to order by
W. F. MEAGHER,
111 Geary St., near Dupont, San Francisco.
Stage and Wedding Shoes of Louis XV. a specialty.

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS
And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,
415 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
24 Post St., San Francisco
COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, PENMANSHIP AND TELEGRAPHY.
S. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

OIL STOVES
NEW A & W MONARCH C for 1884.
Don't buy till you see it!
Or send for Circular.
JNO. F MYERS & CO.
869 Market Street,
San Francisco.


Remington
STANDARD
Type-Writer.
Again improved and perfected. See them
G. G. WICKSON & CO.,
539 Market St.,
Opp. Sansome, S. F.

EDUCATIONAL.

H. B. PASMORE,
TEACHER OF SINGING,
Begs to announce that he has returned from Europe, and is prepared to instruct in Singing according to the best and most approved methods, and will also receive pupils in Theory and Composition and Organ-playing at M. GRAY'S, 206 Post Street. Reception hours—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 2 P. M.

THE DELSARTE SYSTEM
OF EXPRESSION.
MRS. EDNA SNELL POULSON,
Who has been absent some months, studying with Steele Mackaye, F. H. Sargent, and Oskar Guttman, will resume her pupils in
Voice Building, Oratory, and Pantomime,
MONDAY, OCTOBER 6th.
Private pupils and classes desiring instruction can address her in the care of Van Ness Seminary, Ralston House, 1722 Pine Street, San Francisco, or at Snell Seminary, 568 Twelfth Street, Oakland.
Mrs. Poulson, as representative of the New York Lyceum Theatre School of Acting, is authorized to receive applications and examine candidates for admission thereto.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL for GIRLS
Will re-open Monday, August 3d.
Temporary location, 1001 Sutter Street, corner of Hyde.

PERRY SEMINARY,
Formerly Sacramento Seminary of Sacramento, will open
August 6, 1884,
At 1625 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland. For catalogue and particulars, address MRS. HERMAN PERRY,
Or MISS KATE M. FULLER,
Principals.

SHORT-HAND INSTITUTE.
Oral instruction day and evening: also, lessons by mail; send for circular. Long's School of Phonography, 220½ McAllister Street.

PRIVATE INSTRUCTION
In the English Branches. Bookkeeping and Accounts. Preparations for Examinations a specialty. Call 4 to 8 P. M. B. L. BROWN, 313 Geary Street.

CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS.
MONOGRAMS, Arms, Crests, Wedding, Reception and Visiting Cards designed, engraved, and printed; lot Papeterie; Albums at great bargain. ROBERTS, 10 Post St., Masonic Temple.
CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS.

INVENTORS' INSTITUTE,
105 STOCKTON STREET,
Corner of O'Farrell.
PATENTS PROCURED FOR $65, AND PATENTS
Negotiated. Send for particulars.

FINEST PHOTOS IN THE CITY
....AT THE....
IMPERIAL GALLERY,
724½ Market Street.

Contract for Fall and Winter Supply
....OF....
COAL
For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. CHAS. R. ALLEN,
120 Beale Street. Telephone 308.

BOUND VOLUMES
.....OF.....
THE ARGONAUT.
Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X XI, XII, XIII, and XIV.
Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volumes rom the commencement by applying at the Business Office, No. 213 Dupont Street.

STORAGE.
Furniture and Pianos, Trunks, Paintings, Mirrors, Carpets, Ornaments,
And other goods received for storage and safe keeping. Goods stored in clean, light, dry lofts. Charges moderate; advances made, insurance effected. California Storage Warehouse, No. 722 MISSION ST., next to the Grand Opera House. THOS. H. ROONEY & CO.

IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES
Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating.
Every description of Tableware and Household Goods plated and repaired at the San Francisco Plating Works, 653 and 655 Mission St., between New Montgomery and Third.
E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*

# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Wednesday, October 1, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‖8.00 A.M. | Byron and Martinez | ¶6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Delta and Redding | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Deming, El Paso and East Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | Deming, El Paso and East Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and Ione, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Galt, via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Los Angeles and South | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | Merced, Madera, Fresno, and Tulare | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Fresno, and Tulare | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Mojave and East Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | Mojave and East Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Ogden and East Express | 11.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | Ogden and East Emigrant | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Tehama via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Stockton & *Milton via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Stockton, via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Virginia City | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 8.00 A.M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Vallejo Junction; and that leaving at 8.30 A.M. can meet Pacific Express from El Paso and Mojave at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.
¶ Daily from Martinez. Sundays only from Byron.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier)**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A.M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P.M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‖8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23 *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23 *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52; 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.25, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by REGNELPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.


NORTHERN DIVISION
SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.
BROAD GAUGE.

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | San Mateo, Redwood, and Menlo Park | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 4.25 P.M. | | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | Santa Clara, San Jose, and Principal Way Stations | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas, and Monterey | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Hollister and Tres Pinos | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Watsonville, Camp Goodall, Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | Soledad and Way Stations | 6.00 P.M. |
| †7.50 A.M. | Monterey and Santa Cruz (Sunday Excursion) | †8.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
‡ Theatre train: Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A.M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A.M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, Camp Goodall, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—Sold SUNDAY MORNING, good for return same day.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

## NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

### TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, September 22, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—9.00, 11.15 A.M., 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P.M. To Saucelito, 7.30 A.M.

(Sundays)—8.00, 10.15 A.M., 1.30, 5.30 P.M. To Saucelito only, 11.30 A.M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 1.45 P.M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.45, 9.00 A.M., 12.15, 3.15, 4.50 P.M.

(Sundays)—7.55, 10.15 A.M., 3.30, 4.50 P.M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 9.30 A.M., 1.00, 3.50, 5.30 P.M.

(Sundays)—8.30, 10.50 A.M., 12.00 M., 4.00, 6.05 P.M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 2.15 P.M.

**11.15 A.M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAIN for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through train from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 1.30 P.M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A.M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning arrives in S. F. at 6.40 P.M.

Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


BONESTELL, RICHARDS & CO.
ALLEN & CO.
LARGE WAREHOUSE
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F
Importers of All Kinds of Paper.

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.**

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 2 o'clock P. M. for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| Steamer | 1884. | From San Francisco |
|---|---|---|
| **Oceanic** | **Thursday, October 30th** | |
| **Arabic** | **Tuesday, November 11th** | |
| **San Pablo** | **Thursday, December 18th** | |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Peking** .....**October 18**
**City of Rio de Janeiro** .....**November 22**

At 2 o'clock P.M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Jose**.....**October 15**

At ten o'clock A.M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, SAN BLAS, MANZANILLO, and ACAPULCO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA and LA LIBERTAD, and via ACAPULCO for other Mexican and Central American ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**City of Sydney**...Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2 o'clock P.M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A.M., on Oct. 6th, 14th, 22d, and 30th, and Nov. 1st, and every eighth day thereafter. The last steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A.M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A.M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P.M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

MARIPOSA ....SATURDAY, November 1st, at 3 P.M.
ALAMEDA ...WEDNESDAY, October 15th, at 3 P.M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

THE
## AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**

Office, 208 California Street.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. K. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.
Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital**.....**$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital** .....**$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremon National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**
Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold)**.....**$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884**..... **759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

# RUBBER HOSE

—FOR—

**Gardens, Mills, Mines, & Fire Departments,**

Manufactured and for sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard (Maltese Cross) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose (Competition), Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire Engine Hose, Carbolized Maltese Cross Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

**JOHN W. TAYLOR, - - - Manager.**

**No. 15 First Street, near Market.**

## CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY

**OFFICE, 325 MARKET STREET.**

**Works**.....**Eighth and Brannan Streets.**

C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**

## THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**

**36 California Street, San Francisco,**

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.




Never was the eternal fitness of things more thoroughly turned awry than when Miss Effie Ellsler attempted to play La Belle Russe. As well might the baby's mewling white kitten attempt the cry of the lioness in the eastern jungle as this small, precise, and excessively nice young person wrestle with the dark sinuosities of the character of La Belle Russe.

La Belle Russe—there seems to be a fatal fascination in these euphonious words, for they rise to the pen as often as they do to the lips of the players, and that is more than often enough to point their absurdity—La Belle Russe is a woman who is a wanton, a decoy, a murderess twice over in intention, a bigamist, and an imposter of the Tichborne genus. She is cool, hard, desperate, reckless, impudent, taunting, clear-headed, and abundantly provided with the unanswerable philosophy of these women. A nice summing up, truly, for our gentle, little Hazel Kirke to attempt, and small wonder that she was badly worsted in it. Actresses have a *penchant* for La Belle Russe. Rose Coghlan was quite unhappy the last time she was in California because she was not allowed to play the part, and Jeffreys-Lewis is never so thoroughly happy as in the second act of this remarkable play. It is true that any Calthorpe family, with their perceptive faculties reasonably developed, would think her an experienced artist's model practicing poses. But it is distinctive of the Calthorpe family to go through a series of the most remarkable adventures in a short twelve hours, to have the most extraordinary people in the world doing the most curious things at a moment's notice, and not a member of the family to evince the faintest symptom of surprise.

Mr. Quilton, the family lawyer, rushes in a new sensation with every train, and there is every appearance that the play only comes to an end because the down trains have stopped running. La Belle Russe probably went out in her red silk dress and diamond hair-pin, and caught the night express up to London. There is no other way of disposing of her by train, and the whole play depends upon the railroad system. Miss Effie Ellsler differs totally from Jeffreys-Lewis. She does not pose. In the first act, when she enters the lawyer's office, presumably just from the train, she looks like a quiet, sweet, homely little widow, using homely in the old-fashioned sense, who will be picked up before she begins to think of taking off her crape. The Madison Square emphasis with which she says: "I am Lady Calthorpe," makes her seem rather an affected little creature, but otherwise she does not suggest the cool, dare-devil of Belasco. In the second act, she looks like the same little widow in second mourning, and when every one puts the Madison Square emphasis on La—Belle—Russe, which every one in the entire cast emits in three distinct pellets every time they speak it, Effie's own little emphases are quite lost.

In short, her Geraldine Calthorpe is a mild, sweet, tear-voiced, sympathetic, plaintive, loving little woman with a shockingly bad reputation.

Captain Dudley Brand is also a transformed person. The delicate, almost invisible scar with which the handsome Osmond Tearle was wont to indicate his departed beauty, is replaced by Frank Weston with a good, honest, open gash. In fact, his cheek seems to have been plowed open by a canon ball, when there was no surgeon at hand to sew it up. The rest of the personation is as open and candid as the gash. The light, cool, self-possessed air of the man of the world is gone. Weston is more like a bumptiously good reformer, determined to give the house of Calthorpe a sort of moral spring cleaning. He has the honest, earnest, hearty ways of the Squire in "Hazel Kirke," and it is simply impossible to believe that there is anything so very naughty in his background as La Belle Russe. He may have come across her when he went slumming in a philanthropic way, but that this Dudley Brand was ever a fast man, the week's audiences have distinctly declined to believe.

Gerald Eyre is the only Philip Calthorpe who ever played in San Francisco who definitely answered the descriptions of that gentleman which rather freely intersperse the text; because, besides being big and broad, burly and brown, he was an Englishman as well. Mr. Harry Mainhall plays it with a certain honest breeziness which would make it very effective if Geraldine did not continually insist upon describing him. Mr. George Osborne indulged in one of his most admirable make-ups as Quilton, the lawyer, and only needed to work his points up a little more slowly.

"La Belle Russe" is a very strong play for fine wits, there being a possibility for an infinity of detail; but these people are either cast in the wrong mold or have been running in the wrong groove for this sort of playing. Effie Ellsler made a national reputation as Hazel Kirke, and in the one short act of "As You Like It" that she once gave in San Francisco, she was a most charming and dainty little Rosalind. In the character of the gentle, fate-pursued Pauline, in "Called Back," she would seem to fit once more into the sympathetic niche which is peculiarly her own, or, if it be shared at all, is shared only by Georgia Cayvan.

The so early production of "Called Back," in San Francisco is an event of peculiar interest. No light fiction of late years has excited such universal interest as this singular little metaphysical tale. The book itself has little literary merit, has certainly no peculiar grace of style to commend it; yet no one takes it up who willingly lays it down again, for the author has the successful story-teller's own peculiar fascination. He holds the interest with an extraordinary grip, and the name of the people who have sat up all night to finish "Called Back" is legion. To read it, it is made of most intractable material for a play, and yet the same strange spell must rest upon the drama as upon the book, for it is said that while they wonder where the charm lies, people go to see it again and again. It has certainly received the benefit of full rehearsal at the Baldwin, and if there is anything in the theatres for which the public is devoutly grateful, and of which it is thoroughly appreciative, it is full rehearsal. A manager has no more right to present an insufficiently rehearsed play to a public than a cook has to send raw beef to the table, or a tailor to send home a coat without any buttons. The man who buys a theatre ticket is seeking to purchase a night's illusion. It is promised him, in effect, and he is entitled to it. Furthermore, it is bad business policy. Rehearsals have made immense fortunes for the martinets in discipline, and lack of rehearsals has inevitably been followed by lack of money.

The restoration of the stock system must restore rehearsals, and it is the golden opportunity for the small people, if they choose to think so. Under the new system at the Baldwin the principals are to be frequently changed—which is all the novelty the public ask—but the body of the company remains the same. The swarm of commonplace nobodies, who have come upon the land like the locusts during the combination plague, will appear no more forever.

In the older countries—in France, in Germany, in England—an actor of small pretensions lives his life out in one company, if he have not the strength to rise, yet never loses his faithfulness at his work. No one ever goes to the theatres in Germany, where this principle is more fully carried out than in any other country, even though the French theatre leads the world, without observing the extraordinary finish of every performance. There is even no dialect, of all the many in the queer little German provinces, that their actors can not imitate. We were astonished during the Geistinger season because there were three evenly excellent comedians in the company, while at the home theatres the man who has only to bring a note in at the door is taught to comport himself properly.

In the Théâtre Français, when a new play is read to the sociétaires and their rôles are assigned them, they immediately begin to cast about for models. There is not a faubourg in Paris nor a condition of life that is not well known to the Gots. They take their models from life, even as a painter takes his, study over the picture before they attempt it, lay it in with mere suggestiveness, even as he does, and only present it to the world in its completed state. The actor is a mimic by profession, and his first work should be to imitate. Strangely enough there is but one actor in all these United States who works after the manner of these Frenchmen, and that is Edward Harrigan of the Theatre Comique in New York. Tony Hart is a clever little actor in pursuing a path that is laid for him, but Harrigan has all the brains in the concern. The man has the true artist's soul, and, having it, he is afflicted with the artist's yearning for a higher ideal. But he has not been given wings to soar, and he is only successful in his own groove. In that he is great. Having been given eyes to see, he has cast them about him and has seen. All of his Mulligan sketches are merely reproductions of people and things that so abound in New York that his audiences laugh themselves weary with amused recognition.

During the present summer, when he went to his home for his vacation, he took with him the three leading members of his company. There were four old Irishmen in his neighborhood who had struck him as being available material, and he determine[illegible]aking studies of them. The four actors [illegible]opriated the four Irishmen, got them to accompany them in all their summer sports, studied them faithfully, face, accent, voice, gait, the very expression of their clothes, and reproduced them in "Investigation" at the beginning of the season, down to the last detail of their individualities, and all New York is convulsed over them. Was not this worthy of Got himself?

A stock actor, a man who is to appear night after night, month after month, perhaps year after year, before the same people, should make it his first study to sink his own personality and make himself infinitely various. Nothing will so surely prevent a necessity for the importation of novelties. It involves care, fidelity, industry; but the reward of a successful actor is so great that it should tempt the smallest of them to faithful trying for it.

Under the arrangement proposed by Mr. Al. Hayman at the Baldwin, we shall continue to have the same succession of stars, or at least stock stars; and as many of our local people are really very talented, it rests with themselves to make it a good company. George Osborne has the material of which good character-actors are made. Wessels is a good melodramatic actor, of a somewhat emphatic style; Thayer has experience and a reverence for the traditions; Corbett always fills a small part acceptably.

How well it would be for all the theatres, east and west, if a literary censor were a part of the staff, and actors were not allowed to read and pronounce at their own sweet will. The vagaries of pronunciation in the theatres during the past week alone, have been enough to petrify a purist and give any educated man the jaundice.

The only meritorious morsels in the performance of "Fatinitza," at the Bush Street Theatre, were Fay Templeton's costumes and her action in the singing of the March quartette. Miss Lillie West discoursed at intervals in a high, shrill voice, concerning something or other—it did not transpire during the evening what. All the others gabbled away about something, but no living being but themselves knew what they were saying or singing. The close of the engagement is not viewed with the most poignant regret, especially as the Carleton company, who are coming next week, really can sing. Still, no one can see Fay Templeton go without wishing that she were wise enough to utilize what heaven has given her, and hoping that she will put herself into the hands of some one who will teach her the technique of her business. She is young, pretty, talented, marked out for the opera bouffe, but knows no more of acting or identifying herself with a character than a child who has not arrived at the age of reason.

BETSY B.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP

Chiarini's Circus is exhibiting in Melbourne.

Jeffreys-Lewis has made a failure of her Australian tour, and will return shortly.

Marie Prescott will shortly begin her fall season with "Czeka," in New York.

Augustin Daly's company will return to England for the months of May and June, 1885.

Miss Adele Waters is in Chicago, where she plays in "Confusion" with Nat. Goodwin.

Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan are said to have their new opera in rehearsal at the Savoy Theatre, London.

Jennie Lee has been playing the rôle of Conn in "The Shaughraun," at Sydney. Queer part for a woman.

The Carleton Opera Company met with great success in Denver, particularly with the "Tambour Major."

The New York *Mirror* says: "Ida Mulle has become prominent as more than a mere successor of Kate Castleton in "Pop."

Miss Minnie Maddern has signed with Charles Frohman for a three years' engagement, beginning in Chicago, November 9.

Madame Janauschek is suing the New York *Herald* for adverse criticism, which she and her manager think amounts to libel.

George Olmi, of the Templeton company, was taken ill on Thursday evening, and his part, Pippo, was taken by Signor Novello.

Lawrence Barrett recently played a week in Helena, Montana, the charge for admission to the parquette and dress-circle being $2.50.

Miss Marie de Grey, an English actress, is coming from Australia, and will play a short engagement—probably at the Baldwin Theatre.

John A. Mackay has introduced into "Pop" a burlesque on "Orpheus and Eurydice," which affords Ida Mulle a chance for her specialty.

Colonel Mapleson's Italian opera season in this city will begin March 1st, and last the entire month. It will probably be at the California Theatre.

Miss Lillian Spencer is suing Williams and Tillotson for ten thousand dollars for breach of contract in removing her from the title rôle in "Queena."

Next week at the Standard Theatre the closing feature of the programme will be Charley Reed's new burlesque, "Papa's Coachman, or a Tale of Modern Love."

Miss Genevieve Ward, who will be in San Francisco soon, has been playing Lady Macbeth and Jane Shore to crowded houses at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne.

The Allen sisters—about whom the S. F. T. P. O. C. T. Children raised such a row—are all four in the cast of "Sieba," and form the centre group of the first tableau.

The new play written for John T. Raymond by W. D. Howells and Mark Twain, is called "The New Colonel Sellers," and is said to be very bright and amusing.

Emelie Melville has just closed a very successful season in Melbourne, during which she appeared in "Pinafore," "Girofle-Girofla," "La Périchole," and "Maritana."

Pauline Markham is playing in interior New York. She has discarded "Mazeppa" and appears in "Two Orphans," "Ticket-of-Leave Man," "Led Astray," and "Camille."

The C. L. S. company has accepted an offer of thirty thousand dollars for eight weeks in New York from Barton Key. They will probably appear at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Rose Eytinge will bring out a new play by Alfred Trumbull, a New York journalist, and Cyril Searle, entitled "Aunt Emily." It is a comedy-drama, and well spoken of by the critics.

Little Nell, the California Diamond, has had a play written for her by Ferier, called "Miss Maggie." She is really a great favorite in Paris, and is about to make a tour of the continent.

Fay Templeton is said to have had her entire stage wardrobe made in France. She should have had her company's wardrobe made there as well. Tizzêt Pasha's harem looks like a bead bazar.

When Ellen Terry is in London her salary is three hundred and seventy-five dollars per week. When she is in America Irving gives her a check every Saturday night for seventeen hundred and fifty dollars.

Mr. J. N. Long, who is making a decided success of the negro in "May Blossom," will probably have charge of the transit of "The Private Secretary" company, which follows "Called Back" at the Baldwin.

Lawrence Barrett will play in the principal Eastern cities for a season of three months and then go to Australia, by way of St. Louis and San Francisco. He joins Henry Irving in London after his Australian tour.

F. S. Chaufrau was stricken with paralysis on the evening of Wednesday, Oct. 1st, and died on the morning of the 2d. He has been acting for forty years, and is well known in the rôle of Kit, in "The Arkansas Traveler," in which he played several engagements at the California Theatre.

Mrs. Langtry and Manager Abbey have conjointly bought George Ohnet's drama, "Serge Panine," which is to be produced during her engagement at the Princess' Theatre. The London critics say that a great improvement has been wrought in Mrs. Langtry's acting during her tour.

Signor Perugini, known in private life as Jim Chatterton, has been engaged by Monsieur Maurel for the coming season of Italian opera in Paris. Perugini was the feature of the McCaull troupe during their season at the California, but seemed rather too light-waisted for grand opera. His costumes still continue to be a part of his reputation.

Mr. Thomas Gossman, who is very generally believed to be the best property-maker in America, and whose work has been seen in some of the most elaborate of the Madison Square stage-settings, will transfer his services to the Lyceum Theatre when that establishment comes to be finally opened.

Madame Patti made her operatic début at the New York Academy of Music, November 24th, 1859, in "Lucia," and was supported by Brignoli, the tenor. If Colonel Mapleson's negotiations with the directors are successful, she will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of that date by singing the same opera in the same theatre, and supported by the same tenor.

In that extraordinarily bad performance of "The Hunchback" which marked the last week of the Wallack season Miss Enid Leslie appeared as Helen. So, at least, it was written down in the bills; but a cursory glance at Miss Enid Leslie's garden hat led the spectators to believe that in a moment of emotional insanity that very charming young actress had elected to launch out as Dom Januario.

Mrs. Langtry commences an engagement of six months in London in January, under the management of Henry E. Abbey. The Lily has been buying a lot of new stage dresses, but has preferred them in home manufacture and bought them in London instead of going to Paris. She complains that the Parisian dressmakers make her short-waisted.

Willie Edouin and his wife are still playing the "Babes in the Woods." Alice Atherton, who has grown slender and shapely, is no longer the bad man, but plays the little school-girl, a part that used to belong to little Ella Chapman. That was half a dozen years ago, but Alice Atherton has not grown out of her baby face yet, though she has a constantly augmented flock of babies around her.

Miss Lillie West, the prima donna secunda of the Fay Templeton troupe, is said to have been educated for the operatic stage. She is a Chicago girl, and they are so high over there since the recuperation of the city after the fire, that their scheme of operatic education probably takes in the upper register only. At all events, this young lady has only been heard to sing in the upper register during the entire engagement.

The "Orpheus and Eurydice" company, which made a fiasco here some months ago, was playing in St. Louis last week to crowded houses. Daisy Murdock has taken Ida Mulle's part of Cupid, and has made a hit. Marie Vanoni was again with the troupe. Miss Belle Urquhart took Laura Joyce's rôle of Venus, and Louis de Lange played Jupiter instead of Digby Bell. The rest of the cast was unchanged.

Since the announcement that the dramatization of the novel of "Called Back" would be produced at the Baldwin Theatre on next Monday evening, there has been an extraordinary run on the book stores for the book, and early in the week the local supply was completely exhausted. The San Francisco News Company immediately telegraphed for a new supply, and several thousand are expected to be on sale at the various stands to-day. The book is now in its hundred-thousandth edition.

"May Blossom" has been suddenly and inexplicably withdrawn from the stage of the Madison Square Theatre while it was yet presumably in the full tide of success. It is presumed that this was done because the Frohmans owned the country rights, and the Mallorys did not choose to further advertise their new enemy's property. Apropos, a Mrs. Fernandez is now traveling about the country as a rehearser. She rehearses the children in the different cities for the "bird's burial."

A Mr. Perkins, of Chicago, has been organizing a scheme for giving a series of concerts in California. A number of Chicago artists were to go in with him, paying one hundred dollars apiece in advance, and in return were to share in the profits of the enterprise. They must think us music-mad in the East, for every one in the business, from Colonel Mapleson down, contemplates making a musical descent upon us. But what have we ever done to Chicago that we are to hear Chicagoans sing?

The following is from the New York correspondent of the San Francisco *Music and Drama*: "It is club gossip that a well-known journalist, one of the best known in the country, who has an idea of establishing a paper on the model of Labouchère's *Truth* in this city, is very desirous of securing the services of 'Betsy B.' as his writer on dramatic and other topics. He said to a friend in my hearing at the Lotus Club, 'If eighty or one hundred dollars a week will bring Mrs. Austin to New York, and my plans become facts, San Francisco will lose the brightest writer in the United States.'"

Miss Blanche Thorne, formerly of San Francisco, has been playing in "The Seven Ravens," at Niblo's, in New York. When she left here she went with Dion Boucicault to play small Irish parts. Her advent in the company excited the marked displeasure of Miss Sadie Martinot, but Miss Nina Boucicault arriving shortly thereafter, promptly cleaned the company out of all malcontents, and announced that she intended to run her father herself. Dion Boucicault is breaking very fast, and is quite often obliged either to let some one act in his place or close the theatre. He has altogether ceased to produce new plays.

Janauschek, in her new play, "My Life," plays three rôles. In one of these, as Circe Encore, an enchantress, she wears a dazzling lot of diamonds, worth, report says, at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. These diamonds draw the women like wildfire, and the matinées are crowded. The play itself is an absurdity, in which there are no less than three bigamists, one of whom goes on bigamizing with a steady persistency which is simply marvelous. Janauschek's acting is said to be something superb, but the play is violently attacked. Janauschek says that she plays melodrama to make money, and can

ily afford to lose it in the legitimate as an occasional treat.

There are several "Bunch of Keys" companies wandering over the East, but the favorite one is that in which Flora Moore, once of Tony Pastor's company, is the prima donna. Flora Moore made quite a little fortune out of her Irish songs and jigs, and bought a pretty home at Long Branch, where she has been dispensing hospitalities during the summer, chiefly to the variety profession, of which her husband is still a member. Flora Moore herself has shaken off the dust of the variety stage, and has entered in a "Bunch of Keys" upon what may be called the post-variety stage. But she showed that she was clever, even in her humblest capacity, and in a year or two some one will be writing a play for her.

Signor Leon has most efficiently managed the affairs of the C. L. S. company during their two weeks' season at the California Theatre. A month ago the company was deep in debt, and the poorer members were almost penniless, while Giannini and Signore Mestres and Damerini had packed their trunks and were prepared to depart for New York. Signor Leon, however, secured the support of several prominent citizens, persuaded the principals to remain in town, and reorganized the company on the joint-stock plan. During the two weeks he devoted his entire time to the business of the company, and, by the most rigid economy, cleared eight thousand three hundred and ninety-eight dollars. With this sum the debts of the company were paid, and sufficient remained to carry the company to New York. They leave for that city with high hopes. It is, however, the opinion of the writer of this paragraph that, with the possible exception of Giannini, the troupe will receive in Gotham a large and elegantly formed black eye.

At the Baldwin, next Monday evening, will be produced "Called Back," dramatized from the novel of that name by Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr. "Hugh Conway" is the pseudonym of the author of the novel; his real name is Fred. Fargus. A new character appears in the play, which is not in the novel—that of Mary, Gilbert's sister. The cast is as follows: Gilbert Vaughan, Mr. Frank Weston; Arthur Kenyon, Mr. Harry Mainhall; Anthony March, Mr. Frederick Corbett; Dr. Ceneri, Mr. George Osborne; Pacia Macari, Mr. George Wessells; Petroff, Mr. E. J. Holden; Bolski, Mr. H. Glenney; Chief of Secret Police, Mr. William Lansing; Major Markeloff, Mr. E. N. Thayer; Captain Varmaloff, Mr. Bartley O'Brien; Sergeant of Cossacks, Mr. W. L. Dennison; Warder Kedril, Mr. Robert Horton; Nicholas, Mr. R. Ambrose; Henri, Mr. Jas. Musgrove; Pauline, Miss Effie Ellsler; Mary, Miss Enid Leslie; Mrs. Wilkins, Mrs. Mary E. Hill; Susan, Miss Sadie Belden; Wolynski, Miss Louise Calvert. The incidental music is composed and arranged by Mr. Frank Howson; the piece is produced under the stage management of Mr. Robert Fraser, of the Madison Square Theatre, New York.

At the Bush Street Theatre, next Monday evening, the Carleton English Opera Company make their first appearance in this city. Mr. Carleton has always been a favorite here, from the time of his first appearance in San Francisco with the Hess troupe, some seven or eight years ago, down to his appearance with the McCaull opera troupe at the California, year before last. He was, in fact, the main-stay of that troupe. He brings with him an excellent company, if the Western papers may be believed. In conjunction with him are the following: Miss Dora Wiley, Miss Rose Beaudet, Madame Norman, Mrs. Jessie Bartlett, Miss Clara Wisdom, Mr. Alonzo Hatch, Mr. Richard Golden, Mr. Jay C. Taylor, Herr Gustav Adolphi, Mr. W. H. Clark, Mr. H. Rattenbury, and others. Of these, Mr. Hatch and Mr. Taylor will be remembered here. Mr. Hatch sang with the Melville troupe some years ago at the Bush Street Theatre. Mr. Taylor was one of the Comley-Barton troupe at the California; although in a secondary part, he invariably received an encore for his quaint "Moon Song." The others are, we believe, strangers to us, with the exception of Mr. Carleton, of whom it is needless to speak. In the repertoire of the company are included such operas as "The Merry Wives," "Fra Diavolo," "La Fille du Tambour Major," and others of that nature. They open in the latter.

When Giannini, who is nothing if not perfectly natural and frank, accepted the Bohemian Club's invitation to dinner, he made three stipulations—first, that he should not be asked to take wine, as he is a temperate man; second, that while he was perfectly willing to sing all they liked before dinner, they must not ask him afterward, as he could not sing on a full stomach; and lastly, they must not ask him to wear a dress suit, as he had none. Moved by the conviviality of the occasion, he took a glass of wine; warmed by the wine, he sang till midnight, and spurred by the necessities of being constantly fêted, he went off next day and bought a dress suit. Giannini, like all who live on the shores of the Mediterranean, prides himself on the size of his foot, and in the new dress-suit the trousers have spring bottoms and spring over almost the entire foot. He is a very dumpy little man off the stage, but neat and trim, and wears his boots pinching tight without wincing. At a private musicale, the other night, he and Serbolini sang a muleteer's song arranged as a duet, and Signora Mestres's "A Canzone Español," two characteristic numbers so different from anything they have given in public, and so well sung that the applause was almost as noisy as in the big opera house itself. The troupe were offered many courtesies prior to their departure, which they delayed a day for the musicale in question.

---

"You are on the wrong tack," said the pilot's wife, when the hardy son of the loud-sounding sea sat down on it and arose with the usual exclamations.

"No," he replied, after a critical examination, "I'm on the right tack, I guess, but I'm on the wrong end of it."

---

Mrs. Langtry will sail from Liverpool January 5th for New York. She intends playing ten weeks in New York, and fourteen in the other large cities of the United States. Two new plays are to be produced.

—WANTED—AN IMPROVED FARM OF AN AREA of from fifty to one hundred and fifty acres, lying east of the Coast Range, in one of our warm, sunny valleys, contiguous to San Francisco. There must be water in abundance, and at all seasons; vines and orchardage with varieties of table fruits Grazing land is preferred to grain lands. Sellers will communicate to the *Argonaut*, with full and completely-detailed description of the property: Soil, water, trees (natural, ornamental, and fruit, with vines); character of the improvements, dwelling, outhouses, fences, etc., with price. P. S.—The payment will be cash if trade is made. Communication not desired for more than two weeks from this issue of the *Argonaut*.

---

—THE METROPOLITAN HALL HAS A FEW dates left unengaged during the present campaign, which party leaders would do well to secure immediately. This hall is the best in the city for political meetings, as the auditorium is large, the situation convenient and central, and the acoustic properties are perfect.

---

—AN EXPERIENCED TEACHER WOULD LIKE TO make an engagement. English branches, French, Spanish, and music. Address Miss L. S. K., this office.

---

—CELERY, BEEF, AND IRON—THE FRIEND OF the disordered and enfeebled.

---

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

---

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

---

—LADIES' BAZAR PATTERNS, 215 Dupont St.

---

—C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

## THE ARGONAUT

is regularly mailed to the following commercial exchanges, hotels, and reading rooms throughout the world, and will always be found on file in said places:

**Athens**—Hotel d'Angleterre.
**Antwerp**—La Bourse.
**Baden-Baden**—Hotel d'Angleterre.
**Baltimore**—Merchants' Exchange.
**Barbadoes**—Albion Hotel.
**Batavia**, Java—Commercial Society.
**Belfast**—Commercial Exchange.
**Berlin**—Hotel du Nord.
**Birmingham**—*Daily Post*; Queen's and Northwest Hotel; Great Western Hotel; Midland Hotel; Chamber of Commerce.
**Bombay**—Chamber of Commerce.
**Bordeaux**—Hotel de Paris.
**Boulogne-sur-Mer**—Hotel des Bains.
**Bristol**, England—Commercial Rooms.
**Brussels**—Grand Hotel.
**Buenos Ayres**—Chamber of Commerce.
**Calcutta**—Chamber of Commerce.
**Callao**—Colville & Co.
**Canton**—Jardine, Matheson & Co.
**Cape of Good Hope**—Commercial Reading Rooms.
**Chepstow**, England—Beaufort Arms Hotel.
**Colombo**, Ceylon—*Times* newspaper.
**Como**, Italy—Hotel de la Reine d'Angleterre.
**Constantinople**—Baltozzi Frères; Hotel d'Angleterre.
**Copenhagen**—Royal Exchange.
**Cordova**, Spain—Hotel Suisse.
**Dresden**—Grand Hotel de Saxe.
**Dublin**—*Irish Times* newspaper; Shelbourne Hotel; Hibernian Hotel.
**Dunedin**, New Zealand—Chamber of Commerce.
**Edinburgh**—Douglas Hotel; Royal Hotel; Balmoral Hotel; Chamber of Commerce.
**Florence**, Italy—Hotel de Montebello.
**Frankfort**—L. Livingstone; L. Dinkelspiel.
**Geelong**, Australia—*News of the Week*.
**Geneva**—Hotel Metropole; Hotel Nationale; Hotel de Beaurivage; Grand Hotel de la Paix.
**Genoa**—Grand Hotel de Genes; Grand Hotel Isotta.
**Gibraltar**—Turner & Co.
**Glasgow**—Chamber of Commerce; Queen's Hotel; St. Enoch's Station Hotel.
**Halifax**—White Swan Hotel.
**Hamburg**—Lutterroth & Co.
**Havre**—Quesnel Frères et Cie.
**Interlaken**, Switzerland—Victoria Hotel; Hotel des Alpes.
**Jamaica**—Middleton & Co.
**Jersey**, England—Commercial Reading Room.
**Leamington**, England—Regent's Hotel.
**Leeds**, England—Chamber of Commerce.
**Leghorn**, Italy—Hotel Anglo-American.
**Lima**—William Gibbs & Co.
**Lisbon**—Unias Commercial.
**Liverpool**—Northwestern Hotel, Lime St. Station; General Bankers' Association; Chamber of Commerce; Adelphi Hotel; Compton Hotel.
**London**—Langham Hotel, Portland Place; Westminster Palace Hotel, Victoria Street, S. W.; Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square; Royal Hotel, Blackfriars; Charing Cross Hotel; Midland Grand Hotel, St. Pancras Station; Bridge House Hotel, London Bridge; Grand Hotel.
**Luzerne**, Switzerland—Hotel Schwanen.
**Lyons**, France—Hotel d'Europe.
**Madras**—Chamber of Commerce.
**Madrid**—*La Epoca*; Banco de Castilla.
**Manchester**—Queen's Hotel; Chamber of Commerce
**Marseilles**—Grand Hotel de Marseilles; Pascal, Fillis & Co.
**Mauritius**—Chamber of Commerce.
**Mazatlan**—Kelly, Myrtle & Co.
**Melbourne**, Australia—Chamber of Commerce.
**Milan**—Grand Hotel Continental.
**Montreal**—; Windsor Hotel; St. Lawrence Hotel.
**Moscow**—St. Nicholas Hotel.
**Munich**—Hotel d'Angleterre.
**Naples**—Grand Hotel.
**New York City**—Fifth Avenue Hotel; Hoffman House; Brunswick Hotel; Sturtevant House; Gilsey House; Delmonico's; St. Nicholas Hotel; Astor House; The Windsor; Chamber of Commerce.
**Nice**, France—Hotel Continental.
**Nottingham**, England—Maypole Hotel.
**Ostend**, Belgium—Bath Hotel.
**Ottawa**, Canada—Russell's Hotel.
**Palermo**, Sicily—Hotel de France.
**Paris**—Hotel Continental; American Exchange; Grand Hotel de Louvre; Grand Hotel; Hotel Meurice.
**Plymouth**, England—Duke of Cornwall Hotel.
**Quebec**—Stadocona Hotel.
**Ramsgate**, England—The Grandville Hotel.
**Rome**—Bristol Hotel.
**St. Petersburg**—Hotel Demuth.
**Seville**, Spain—Grand Hotel de Paris.
**Shanghai**—*Mercury* newspaper.
**Sheffield**, England—Royal Hotel.
**The Hague**—Hotel Paulez.
**Toronto**—Queen's Hotel.
**Venice**—Hotel Victoria.
**Vienna**—Grand Hotel; Hotel Kaiserin Elizabeth; Grand Hotel de la Cour d'Autriche; Grand National Hotel.
**Washington**—Wormley's Hotel; Arlington Hotel; Ebbitt House.
**Weisbaden**—Hotel du Rhine.


# RUGS!

**ICHI BAN**

20, 22, and 24 Geary Street.

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

**ICHI BAN'S facilities for HOUSE FURNISHING and DECORATING has been greatly increased by the recent arrival of a large invoice of**

# ORIENTAL RUGS,

**Comprising all known varieties, which are offered at lower prices than ever before. These Rugs and the large stock of useful and ornamental**

# JAPANESE GOODS

**Make ICHI BAN the best place on this coast to secure those things which make home beautiful and attractive. Everybody is cordially invited to call and inspect the store.**

# ELITE BOUQUET

—AND—

**PECK'S PREMIUM PERFUMES,**

**(ALL ODORS).**

# GERSTER GLOVES!

**Elegant, Perfect-fitting, and Durable,**

....AT....

**I. KEINER'S, 32 KEARNY ST.**

**THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!**

**The Light-running**

# "HOUSEHOLD"

**SEWING MACHINE.**



Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to **three months' trial.**

**Samuel Hill Estate**

CITY SALES ROOMS,
**634 Market St.**
Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

# WALL PAPERS,

**FRESCOING,**

INTERIOR DECORATING

**WINDOW SHADES.**

**G. W. CLARK & CO.**

**645 and 647 MARKET STREET.**

**Delsarte System of Expression.**

**Mrs. Edna Snell Paulsen,**

Pupil of Steele Mackey, F. H. Sargeant, and Acker Guttman, gives instructions in VOICE BUILDING and GESTICULATION, at

**No. 607 Sutter Street.**

# REMOVAL.

**MR. ALFRED J. KELLEHER**

Desires to announce that in future he will give lessons at his residence,

**2324 Clay Street, near Webster.**

California-street cars to Webster.

# STORE YOUR FURNITURE

**Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.**

BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH

**J. H. MOTT & CO.,**

**735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco**

Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

**MARBLE WORKS.**

**MARBLE MANTELS**, made of **ONYX**, Colored **ITALIAN**, and Statuary Marbles, Monuments and Headstones. **W. H. McCORMICK**, 827 Market St.

FALL STYLE HATS

Now ready and introduced by

# HERRMANN THE HATTER.

**The Largest Hat Store on the Coast.**

**332, 336 KEARNY STREET,**

Between Bush and Pine Streets, San Francisco.

Steam Factory connected with Establishment at 17 Belden St. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free.

**FINE**

**Suits, $25.** **TAILORING** **Suits, $30.**

Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.

**Suits, $40.** **TAILORING** **Suits, $50.**

Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.

**Suits, $60.** **TAILORING** **Suits, $70.**

**J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.**

# BUTTERICK'S

**Patterns—Fall Styles.**

**Send Stamp for Catalogues. Agency, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**

**Steinway & Son's, Kranich & Bach,** | **Ernest Gabler, and C. Roenisch**

# PIANOS!

**M. GRAY, 206 POST ST.,**

**SAN FRANCISCO.**

# AGENCY WANTED.

**ALBERT C. BURRAGE,**

A former resident of this city and a graduate of Harvard, has just been admitted to practice law in Massachusetts, and is settled at No. 32 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass. Any legal business or agency of any sort sent to him will be attended to with faithfulness and dispatch Highest references in this city.

**COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION,**

**Phelan's Building, Rooms 6, 8, 9, 10, 11.**

**Entrance, 806 Market Street.** Gas Specialists; positively extract teeth without pain: only office that makes and gives the celebrated "Colton Gas;" established in 1863; over 15,000 references; also, performs all operations in Dentistry.

**REMOVAL.**

**EDWARD E. OSBORN, Patent Solicitor,** United States and Foreign, has removed to 220 Sansome Street, Rooms 10, 11, and 12, San Francisco.

**ROOFS.** SEND YOUR ORDERS EARLY for repairs to H. G. FISKE, THE PIONEER ROOFER.

**827 Market Street, opposite Stockton.**

**Mechanics' Pavilion Skating Academy.**

DAILY SESSIONS (Sundays excepted) commencing Monday, September 22d, from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M., and evenings from 7:30 to 10 o'clock.

Tuesday evenings the Pacific Skating Club has the exclusive use of the Rink.

TERMS—Mornings and Afternoons, 25 cents for admission and use of skates. Evenings, when boys under 15 cannot skate, 25 cents for admission and 15 cents for skates. All improper persons and features interdicted. Full Band in attendance. J. L. WALTON, Actuary.

**F. WICHERT,**

Professor of Violin, Spanish, German, Commercial Calculations, and Book-keeping. Graduated at Berlin. **1122 Leavenworth Street.**




See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

J. W. EVANS,
General Agent, 29 Post Street.

---

DR. JAMES F. SULLIVAN
Has Removed from No. 7 to
1105 Van Ness Avenue, near Geary Street.

---

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.
Commission Merchants,
San Francisco,
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
☞ Liberal advances made on consignments. ☜

---

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

---

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.
General Shipping and Commission
MERCHANTS,
309 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

---

J. C. MERRILL & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. OESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

---

GEORGE MORROW & CO.
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

---

CALIFORNIA
ELECTRO PLATING WORKS
657 MISSION STREET.
Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating on all Metals.
Table Ware repaired and plated at the lowest rates. Copper Plates silver plated for saving gold. All work in our line guaranteed. KEATING & FAGAN, Proprietors.

---

CRAPE.
Old and Faded Crape Veils and Bonnets RE-DYED and FINISHED LIKE NEW at the
PALACE DYE WORKS,
633 Market Street, Palace Hotel.

---

HOMES
.....IN THE.....
SANTA CRUZ HILLS

The region above named is fast becoming famous for the beauty of its scenery, its fertility, healthfulness, and remarkable adaptation to the growth of the grape and other fruits. Lands improved or unimproved, offering the best advantages as to schools, railroads, wagon-roads, and desirable neighbors, are for sale on easy terms. Address
M. G. NORTON, Wright's, Cal.

---

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
TILES
For Decorations.
W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
311, 312, 315, and 317 Market Street

---

LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

---

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
HENRY F. MILLER
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
HEMME & LONG
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
PIANOS

---







Constantly on hand, Champagne Wines from Messrs. George Goulet & Co.'s in quarts, pints, and half-pints, in bond or duty paid.
ALFRED GREENEBAUM & CO.,
123 California Street, Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

---

ICHI BAN


FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.


---

FIREMANS FUND
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA.
THE LARGEST PACIFIC COAST COMPANY.
CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - $750,000
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1883, - - - - $1,500,000
AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

---



Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
1303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

---

UNEXCELLED!
Ask your Grocer for
ARCTIC REFRIGERATOR HAMS,
ROYAL BREAKFAST BACON
ROYAL LEAF LARD.
All Guaranteed Choice Family Goods.

---

HIGHLAND SPRINGS,
LAKE COUNTY, CAL.
"The Switzerland of America."
OPEN ALL THE YEAR.
Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.
Daily communication via Cloverdale.
DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.

---

KELSEY HOUSE.
This well-known villa has changed hands and has been thoroughly renovated, and is now run in conjunction with the well-known Windsor House. The houses and cottages are situated on most beautiful and spacious grounds. Telephone communication. Cars pass every 7½ minutes; ten minutes' ride from the train. Apply to C. C. Wheeler, proprietor, at Windsor House, Ninth and Washington, or on the premises, cor. Telegraph Avenue and 24th St., Oakland.

---

THE FULTON.
3 Fulton, opposite New City Hall. "The Fulton"—new house; splendidly furnished suits of rooms. References.

---

$130,000
Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, 1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal. Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers.
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED

---

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR
AND
CLOTH OF GOLD
CIGARETTES.
Our Cigarettes can not be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883.
13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

---

ALASKA
COMMERCIAL CO.
No. 310 SANSOME STREET,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

---

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

---

JOHN MIDDLETON,
COAL.
14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason

---

GERMEA
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. No. 16. SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 18, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: Boss Rule in San Francisco—To What it has Led us—The Disgraceful Impotence of a Great City—The Power of Higgins and Buckley—What Good Citizens should do—The *Argonaut* Ticket—An Italian Adventurer in American Politics—The Present Low State of Municipal Politics—A Ticket to be Nominated by the Respectable Citizens—A Glance at National Politics—The *Argonaut* Apologizes to Dr. Barrows—A Don Quixote in Chinatown—Secretary Hunter and his Carrying off a Distressed Maiden—What is to be Done with Chinese Bawds when "Rescued" by Philanthropists?—A Field to be Worked among Our Own Race..... 1-2

THE STORY OF A PARAGRAPH: An Account of its Travels and Vicissitudes. 3

MORNING MUSINGS: Being the Matutinal Soliloquies of a Young Man. By Sheldon Borden..... 4

THE BRITISH ARMY: Our London Letter—"Cockaigne" describes the Causes which have led to the Deterioration of the Army in England... 5

INTAGLIOS: "After the Battle," by Joaquin Miller; "Blue Bells of New England," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "Moss," by Edgar Fawcett; "Cleopatra," by Algernon Charles Swinburne..... 5

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People all Over the World..... 5

THE UNION SQUARE: Our New York Correspondent discusses the New Play and Players there—A Word about the Carleton Company—The Lack of Opera Bouffe Queeens..... 6

THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest..... 6

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day..... 7

LITERARY NOTES: New Books—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip..... 7

VANITY FAIR: The Life of a New York Society Girl—The very Latest in G—t-rs—Laced Stockings—Toilet-Making in Public—A Bedroom "Harmony" in Black..... 7

THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA: A Story of Patrician and Plebeian Sorrow. By François Coppée..... 8

TWO PARISIAN WEDDINGS: "Parisina" describes the Magnificence of the De Fleury-Deslandes Nuptials—And the Republican Simplicity of the Reinach-Reinach Marriage..... 9

STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—A Soldier's Strategy—A Story of the Elder Booth—How Brown Saved the Trains—Tender Love-letters—Stonewall Jackson's Way..... 9

SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip—Dinner Parties..... 10

THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB: A Slight Misunderstanding..... 12

THE TUNEFUL LIAR; "My Love is a Ladye"; "Her Reason for Leaving"; "The People's Choice"; "Burgundy"; "Oh! Lather Me Lightly"; "The Ship Comes In"; "A Cannibalistic Carol"..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record. 14-15

Political affairs in San Francisco are leading up to the very worst and most dangerous of conditions that are possible under a republican form of government. The irresponsible element of society has obtained the control of the municipal affairs of San Francisco. The candidates of both parties are named by combinations of individuals who are utterly indifferent to the welfare of the community. The machinery of the two parties is worked by men lacking principle, and only intent upon making money for themselves in utter disregard of the rights of others, and in utter indifference to consequences other than those which afford them the opportunity of plunder. We confine ourselves in this article to the Republican organization, as it is the one to which we have belonged. A city of two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, with three hundred millions of wealth, expending some four millions of dollars annually, having a party organization—Republican—that represents, as we think, a majority of its honest votes—a majority of its intelligence, wealth, enterprise, and moral character—has fallen under the control of political adventurers, who have taken the first step in a direction that leads inevitably to a profligate administration of city affairs, and ultimately to such taxation as will result in schemes of plunder little short of practical confiscation. That the nominees are not all equally bad, is due to the fact that intelligent, honest voters have not become entirely indifferent. There is enough of healthful public sentiment still existing to act as a brake upon the down-grade. The bosses of our party have been compelled, through fear of the utter repudiation of their acts, to concede something to decency. It is, we think, a misfortune that there are some good and worthy citizens nominated. These men hinder and embarrass any effort at reform. If the ticket was in its entirety as bad and contemptible as are a majority of its candidates, there would be less hesitation in abandoning it. Personally we feel scarcely less bitter toward the "good" men on the ticket than we do to the impecunious loafers and adventurers who made it, or to the profligate rascals who engineered it, or to the miserable unfortunates who, in their drowning struggles, have caught at the straw of a nomination as a means of bread or whisky to be more easily earned than by honest labor. That there are four or five men on the general ticket, and some among the nominees for supervisors, legislators, judges, and justices, who would make good officers, is the embarrassment. These men are now diligently and actively at work to smooth the path for the election of the whole ticket—and, except the Democratic, one of the worst that has ever been presented in San Francisco. There has not come to the *Argonaut* office, since the convention met, one single individual to apologize for the bosses and the ticket, and to beg us not to imperil the election of Blaine and Logan by opposition, for whom we are not willing to vote. They are honorable men, and we know it; they say they have not been nominated by the bosses—so far as they know—and we believe it; they say they have made no bargains or promises, and we believe that. They think, or affect to think, that now that the ticket is made, the best thing to do is to elect it entire. We do not think so. We think that the only honest way to do, and the only safe course to pursue, is to repudiate this conspiracy, defeat it if possible, and thus make a similar effort in the future impossible. If we fail to defeat it, the effort will not be in vain; the influence of a resolute and determined protest may save San Francisco from an unprincipled Tammany, or may at least defer the time when the gin-millers and Barbary Coasters, under the leadership of Higgins, Gannon, McClure, Knight, Dr. May, and other skilled laborers in the industry of politics, shall obtain the control of the Republican party of San Francisco. The election of a Board of Supervisors is of more importance to the people of this city than the election of a President of the United States or the choice of members of the Congress of the United States. Local politics are of more importance than general politics upon the principle that to be "sound at the bottom" is the only safety for the top. Republican government will soon prove a disastrous failure whenever there is a criminal indifference or neglect of local administration. Under our new Constitution, the Supervisors have the administration of our local affairs without the interference of the State Legislature. The property of San Francisco is at its mercy. We are writing this article early in the week; we shall hope there may yet be nominated an independent, union, non-partisan ticket. We care but little who nominates it. It can not by any possibility be as bad as a majority of the other two. If it have some men upon it not as good as some upon the Republican or Democratic tickets, it will have a healthful effect to elect them. It will be an act of citizens, and not of bosses. It will emancipate us from boss rule. It will be a vindication of our Republican manhood. If no such ticket comes to our relief, we shall do the best we can, exercise our best individual judgment, vote for such men as we regard the most competent and nearest to honest—voting a blank where no honest or competent man is available—and leave the consequences to the devil, who seems to have gotten into all the political swine, in the hope that the entire herd may drown itself. The *Argonaut* will do just what it advises every intelligent citizen to do, and that is, make its own ticket out of the available material presented. There ought to be no party politics in municipal affairs. It makes no difference whether the sheriff of this county or the mayor of this city is Republican or Democratic. It will make no difference to us when we come to make up our own ticket whether the candidate is a party man or not. We recognize the fact that we are necessarily confined in our choice. Mr. Christopher Buckley has some good men upon his ticket; they are there in spite of him. There are some good men upon Mr. Higgins's ticket; they are there in spite of him. There are good men in independent nomination, and there is Doctor C. C. O'Donnell for coroner, who is self-nominated; from these, and such other tickets as may be placed in nomination, we shall make a careful selection. Where there are two equally good men for an office, we will toss the coin and abide the cast. If there are men nominated that a self-respecting citizen can not vote for, we will cast a blank. As between candidates, we will write upon our ballot the name of the one we think the better man. This ticket we will print in the *Argonaut* upon its issue before election day. In the meantime we will make diligent inquiry concerning all the candidates, and we will give the reasons of our preference. Our readers are intelligent, can all use a pencil, and should endeavor to conscientiously perform a duty which they themselves have made difficult by neglecting their duties in managing their primary elections; and if by any chance we who are not politicians, who have no other interest in the election than the public good, we who are intelligent enough to read, and interested enough to think, and diligent enough to act, and sensible enough to devise an honest, economical administration of municipal affairs, should happen to think and act together, we can make our influence felt on election day.

The *Chronicle* of Tuesday contains the account of the daring exploit of an individual by the name of Hunter, who is the secretary of a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children," in the rescue of a sixteen-year-old Chinese prostitute from the bagnio of a Chinese alley, where for three years she had been plying her unwilling vocation. The account, as told by the *Chronicle*, contains the element of a romantic ballad, or it might, perhaps, do for one of those touching Sunday-school romances that now flood the land, if for its telling there can be found fitting language, and if from it there can be drawn a moral moral. A Miss Culberton, of the Chinese Mission, informs Mr. Hunter, "the secretary," of the painful fact that this Asian maid of the biased eyes is a caged prisoner of the alley. The secretary, with the chivalric impulse of knight errant or troubadour, jumps into his hired hack, as Don Quixote would have mounted his Rosinante, and plunges to the rescue of the sorrowing damsel lorn in grief. Safely she borne away on the wings of—of—— We must drop the simile of knight or troubadour. She was run off in a hack by Hunter, and taken to the Chinese Mission, on Sacramento Street, near Stockton. And now the question with us is, "What is Mr. Hunter going to do with this Asian thing?" What will the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children do with this woman of the Orient, who comes from a caste of crime, belongs to a guild of prostitutes, who has been reared by her parents for a career of infamy, and been sold by them for coin to a life of shame? What will they do with this sixteen-year-old harlot, who knows no work, is accustomed to no toil, who is capable of no industrious pursuit, for whom there is no place in our civilization? How will the society, or secretary, the Chinese Mission, or Miss Culbertson dispose of this woman who has for three years plied her vocation, and for one entire year been a window-tapping harlot in a Chinese alley? Are we to hear that some months since she has been married to some white man, some reliable Young Christian? This thing has been repeatedly done by Mr. Otis Gibson, from his mission house. This shameful and disgusting end has been the termination of more than one of these "rescues," if we are to believe the newspapers. We do not know what has been the outcome of any of these "filthy concubinages," nor how much of domestic happiness has resulted from this Christian and barbarian miscegenation. We have some respect for the Christian fireside, for the sacred place called "home," for the domestic altar, where at night or morn the pious father, the Christian mother—the pure, loved, and honored mother—kneel with their children and teach them to pray, and, by their precepts and their examples, guide them along the paths of usefulness; but we have no knowledge of th

hybrid and unnatural family that has for its father a soft-headed, pious fraud, who, through passion and the fervor of religious sentiment, was induced to mate himself with a Chinese harlot; and yet he is to be excused and pitied in comparison with the male and female conspirators who affect to think they are doing God's service by this vile prostitution of every sentiment that is humane, decent, American, or Christian. We commend to these pious fanatics and humanitarians run crazy, to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, to the Chinese Mission, and Miss Culbertson, the poor, destitute, tempted, neglected girls born in our own land, of our own white race—daughters of our neighbors, who are standing at the very mouth of this pit, on the very edge of this moral gulf, from which they have attempted a rescue. Let them know, and act, and feel that their sympathies and services can be directed in a more profitable direction than by fishing in the seething depths of an illimitable Chinese hell for the rescue of an occasional soul. When all our girls are taken care of, and given the opportunity of choice between innocence and sin, then let us pour out our money, our sympathies, our exertions, to redeem the unfortunates of Asia from the consequences of their civilization.

The ten millions of voters who will in November take part in the election of a President of the United States, on Tuesday last witnessed a spectacle similar to that which preceded the battle of Bannockburn, and augured the victory of the Scotch over the English on that bloody and decisive field. When the armies were drawn up in battle array, an English knight advanced to challenge any Scottish chief to deadly combat. Sir Robert Bruce accepted the challenge, and, riding out in presence of the assembled hosts, met his opponent, and with his battle-axe clove him down through shield and helmet to the bloody ground. The election in Ohio was for a Secretary of State, a Supreme Judge, lesser State officers, and members of Congress. Except for the members of Congress, the election was unimportant; and, except that it preceded the Presidential election, and was by politicians of all parties accepted as a presage of victory or defeat, it would not have attracted especial attention. By the common and intelligent assent of every honest mind, it was agreed that the Ohio result in October would indicate upon which banner the eagles of victory would rest in November. In view of the significance of the result, each party put forth its best efforts; each marshaled to the battle-field its chiefs; Blaine himself bore the royal standard of the Republican party; Hendricks the standard of the Democracy, while, to keep up the simile of the conflict at Bannockburn, Carl Schurz, with his band of mercenaries and camp-followers, hung upon the flanks of the battle to kill the wounded and loot the dead. From every State in the Union, leading statesmen, orators, and politicians rallied to the field of Ohio. Money was poured out like water on both sides; frauds were probable on both sides; the party pulse was at battle fever, and lives were lost on both sides. Ohio is a representative State. Its community is composed of merchants, farmers, and manufacturers. It has toilers in mines of coal and iron. It has great cities with cosmopolitan populations. Its Western Reserve was settled from New England. Its cities are filled with Germans and Irish. It has a representative citizenship, North and South. It lies geographically between the Northern and Southern States. It lies midway between the East and West. It grows wool, so that in point of productions, industries, interest, and populations, it is a representative State, and more so than any other in the American Union. It is, and for some years has been, in its State administration, Democratic. Its governor, its delegation in Congress, the city government of Cincinnati, and most of its larger towns, are Democratic. Ohio lies upon the borders of Kentucky, and there are no registry laws to prevent colonization. On Tuesday it polled the largest vote that it had ever cast, and the result was a Republican majority of say 12,000, against a Democratic majority of 19,115 at the corresponding election four years ago, and 12,529 Democratic majority for governor one year ago. This has been a splendid contest in Ohio, attended with a splendid result; it determines the election of Blaine and Logan; it settles the question of Republican administration for the next four years. There can be no honest pretense on the part of any respectable politician in America that the result in Ohio is not indicative of the result of the Presidential contest. It instills new courage and nerves the heart of every one of the five millions of soldiers enlisted in this campaign; it strikes consternation and dismay to the soul of every one of the five millions of Democrats who had hoped by fraud, pollution of the ballot, or interference with the electors, to put the Government of the United States under the political control of the same Southern rebels, and the same Northern "copperheads," who, twenty years ago, were warring against its existence and endeavoring to destroy the Union. The German vote is found to be true to the Republican party; it does not swing off from the national issue because of its love of lager-beer. It demonstrates that the German citizen possesses an intelligence and a patriotism that are superior to the demands of his appetite. Wisconsin, Michigan, and Indiana are no longer doubtful; New York ceases to be the doubtful State of the campaign; Connecticut and New Jersey are certain for the Republican party; and while Western Virginia deprives us of the last hope of breaking the line of the solid South, the result in Ohio demonstrates that, as against it, we will have a solid North. It breaks the chain that has manacled Irishmen to the Democratic party; it demonstrates that they are not indifferent when the direct issue is presented to them whether they love themselves better than Englishmen, and love America better than England. It has illustrated the intelligence and practical sense of the American people, when impelled to think and compelled to act, to act patriotically, wisely, and well. It has settled the election of Blaine and Logan. To the twenty-four years of continued Republican rule, it adds four years more. For four years, at least, it continues the policy of protection to American labor; it disposes of the heresy of free-trade; it is a victory of the United States of America over England, and of the working mechanics and manufacturers over three millions of the machine men who can be maintained in Great Britain at two cents per day. It is a triumph of American labor over English capital; it is a triumph of loyal Americans over aliens and rebels; it is a triumph of intelligence and property over criminal adventurers. It places America where it belongs—in the foremost rank of civilization; it demonstrates to the world that the fifty-five millions of American people are determined to maintain an American government and an American policy, self-reliant and free from the influences of English or European politics. It gives us a President whose policy will be American, and an administration that will maintain the dignity of the American character.

It is undoubtedly true that the better class of citizens are responsible for the unfortunate condition of political affairs in this city at this time. If our citizens—we refer now to the Republicans—had done their duty at the primary election, had given attention to the organization of their ward clubs, they might have sent such respectable delegates to a nominating convention as would have given us a less objectionable ticket than the one we now have; one that would have been easy to elect, and, when elected, would have intelligently and honestly performed the duties of the positions to which the candidates were designated. Our respectable citizens did not do this thing, and it is now too late to attempt to do anything except to repair the consequences of their neglect. The fact is, as we have stated it again and again, an irresponsible clique of disreputable politicians have, by trickery and fraud, manipulated the Republican convention, and presented to us a ticket, the minority of which is composed of good citizens, and a majority of which is utterly unworthy of confidence. That there are any good men upon the ticket, that the Board of Education is really a most respectable and excellent one, is due to the fact that after the convention was called, and after the mayor, auditor, and other candidates had been nominated, a serious and partially successful effort was made to wrench the control of the convention from the hands of the "bosses." It was apparent that some of the leading offices were to be given to good men, and a majority to be given to the tools of the "bosses." An effort was made on the part of Captain Merry and other respectable citizens to compel Mr. Higgins and his associates to give them a decent ticket; conferences were held between these citizens and Mr. Higgins to that end, and the result has been a respectable Board of Education, and perhaps seven respectable supervisors out of twelve. It is clearly apparent that the bosses attempted to secure a ring in the board, and one that would do their bidding. There are not more than seven men of the twelve Republican supervisors in nomination whose past lives, present position, and character are guaranties of honest administration of the city government. The members of the Assembly in nomination are so utterly obscure that it is difficult to ascertain anything concerning them; of those that are known, we recognize very few who are justly entitled to represent the city of San Francisco in legislative councils. The only relief there seems to be from this unfortunate condition of things at this late day, is for citizens to exercise their best judgment and select the best men from all the tickets placed in nomination; and this they should do without reference to political parties. Messrs. Pond, James, Sullivan, and Ashworth are well entitled to nomination as supervisors by the Democratic party, as they have proved themselves to be honest during the past two years of municipal service.

Since the year 1856 the Republican party has ruled the country. Upward, in face of slavery, war, reconstruction, debt, and Democratic conspiracies of all kinds, the Republican party has steadily advanced in numbers, power, and influence. The nation to-day is at peace with all the world; is prosperous at home; its financial credit is unimpaired. Its industrial classes are well employed and well paid. The immigration of barbarians is stayed, the immigration of white labor is encouraged. The country is well governed, the laws are well administered. During all this time the South has been at war, has opposed reconstruction, has made a free ballot impossible, and given its "solid" electoral vote to the Democratic party. To-day, unreconciled, it sulks, and with unrelenting hatred of the Union will give its entire electoral vote to the party that sympathized with slavery, free-trade, State sovereignty, and rebellion. Out of two hundred and forty-eight electoral votes cast without class prejudice, the Republicans from the Northern States must obtain two hundred and one to make Mr. Blaine's election possible. In the North, and especially all its great cities, Democratic practices are shameless and corrupt. This party, in the desperation of political starvation, is inciting its hungry and vicious membership to every extreme measure to wrest the control of the Government from the party that has successfully administered it for nearly a quarter of a century. This party counts with certainty upon one hundred and fifty-three Southern votes. If Governor Cleveland shall become President of the United States, he will owe his election to the Southern Democracy. He will, of necessity, be controlled by it. What the consequences must be, it is not difficult for intelligent and patriotic citizens to foresee.

The man who came to the *Argonaut* office one day last week, and voluntarily communicated a misstatement in reference to the Reverend Doctor Barrows, and the collection which took place at his church in behalf of poor ministers attending the annual conference of the Congregational churches on this coast, did a mean thing; and in printing it without verifying the truth of the incident, the *Argonaut* did a mean thing. Doctor Barrows did not corner the engineers and draw from them a forced collection; the collection was made from the vestibule, and under circumstances that relieved it from all appearance of bad taste and from all inappropriateness. The *Argonaut* apologizes.

At the opening of the present campaign, Mr. Morrow, the Republican candidate for Congress in the Fourth District, delivered a speech at the Wigwam, in this city, in which he demonstrated his ability to discuss the issues of the canvass in an original and effective manner. The text of the speech was the proposition that the sole purpose of instituting governments among men was to secure protection. This protection might be of no higher order than that obtained by the Patriarchs, when "Laban, who had flocks and herds, and wished them looked after by an officer on the frontiers, lest the Midianites should drive them off, and he paid a tax to that end," or it might be a more enlarged system, and extend into every avenue of trade and commerce and into all the civil relations of life, protecting the citizen from burglars, excessive water rates, the small-pox, and trichinæ; but wherever found, it represents the true purpose for which the government is created, and hence that form of government is best which affords the greatest protection to the life, liberty, and property of its citizens. Mr. Morrow then demonstrated that the policy of the Republican party, in extending protection to those requiring protection, and particularly in protecting the labor of the country from direct or indirect invasion from abroad, by tariff and other legislation, was in accordance with the true theory of government. The argument was a good one, and was forcibly presented and supported by facts drawn from the history of the country. It showed, furthermore, that the speaker had a knowledge of the science of government which might be of some advantage to a member of Congress, from even so remote a section of the country as California. But if Mr. Morrow, at the opening of the campaign demonstrated his ability to make an intelligent member of Congress, he has shown by the speeches he has made since that if the opportunity is afforded he will take a leading position in Congress, and be a credit to the Pacific Coast. In his last speech, delivered at Union Hall on the 6th instant, he answered the feeble argument of Hendricks that there should be a change of administration in order that the books should be examined, by showing that it is in the power of either House of Congress to examine the books of the Government; and if they have not been examined, it is the fault of the Democratic party, which has been in power in the lower House since 1875 (except from 1881 to 1883). But the books have been examined by experts, under the direction of committees of both Houses of Congress, and they show a record of economy and honesty in comparison with which the last Democratic administration was a crime. From a loss of $3.81 on every $1,000 collected and disbursed in Buchanan's administration, peculation has been reduced to the extraordinary small percentage of one and eight-tenths of a mill on every $1,000 collected and disbursed in Arthur's administration. Mr. Morrow then proceeds to discuss the tariff question in the light of previous efforts of the Democratic party to establish free-trade as a part of the political creed of the country; he

shows the disastrous consequences that followed even a partial success in that direction, when under the Polk administration it succeeded in passing the tariff act—for revenue only—of 1846, and he portrays the destruction that would eventually follow the adoption of such a policy now. One of the unjust features of free-trade to our people, Mr. Morrow bases upon an argument not before made, we believe, in this campaign, but which is concisely and forcibly stated by David H. Mason in an exceedingly able article on "Protection in the United States," in the Cyclopædia of Political Science and Political Economy. It is as follows:

"Producers and traders in other countries are not subject to our laws, nor amenable to the processes of our courts, nor obliged to serve upon our juries, nor liable to be drafted into our armies, nor bound to contribute to our internal taxes, nor answerable for non-performance of any of the duties of American citizenship. They are total aliens to our national commonwealth. To permit them to sell their merchandise in our home markets, free of all tariff charge, free of all local burdens, free of all allegiance to our Government, would be to exalt perfect strangers above the heads of its own patriotic people in privilege. * * * * * Why should the total alien, without any participation in developing our resources, without sharing in the support of our Government, without a personal stake in the welfare of our Union, be allowed to be an exceptionally favored beneficiary of all that toil and effort? There is no way in which he can be compelled to compensate our nationality for the high privilege of admission to our domestic markets, except through duties on imports. Only by the imposition of such charges, made adequate to the purpose, can the unequal conditions of competition be equalized between the alien and the citizen, meeting as rivals in trade upon our soil."

In another speech Mr. Morrow elaborated this argument by showing that while free-trade would bring the manufactured articles of other countries into competitition with the products of our own factories, with all the advantage in favor of the foreign article, by reason of its freedom from taxation on admission into our market, it would also draw from our consumers support to foreign and aggressive capital, and revenue to foreign and perhaps unfriendly governments. This proposition he illustrates in this way: It has been ascertained, for instance, that in Great Britain every dollar's worth of manufactured product represents an average of fifty-six cents paid to labor, twenty-one cents paid to capital, and twenty-three cents paid to the government as taxes. In the sale, therefore, in this country of an article imported from England worth one dollar, the seller obtains twenty-one cents for English capital, and twenty-three cents for the English government; and under free-trade he pays nothing to our Government for the privilege of coming into this country and levying this tax for the benefit of a foreign nation, and he makes no return for the right to exact a tribute to foreign capital. Now, Mr. Morrow contends that while it it unjust to bring the working classes of the United States into competition with the pauper labor of Europe or the coolie labor of Asia, as has been shown by writers and speakers, yet this is not the only bad feature of free-trade, for it allows the consumer to withdraw his support from home industries, home capital, and home government, to contribute to foreign labor, foreign capital, and the revenue of a foreign government. This is a plain statement of a wrong involved in free-trade which can only be corrected in the millenium of peace, when we shall have "the parliament of man, the federation of the world"; but it can not be tolerated now. We think Mr. Morrow should be elected to Congress—first, because because he is sound in his political views; and second, because he has ability to make himself felt as a representative of this community in the councils of the nation; and we so recommend. And in this connection we cordially endorse the following compliment paid him by the Philadelphia *Press:*

"W. W. Morrow, who has been nominated for Congress by the Republicans in the Fourth Congressional District of California, made a most favorable impression on the Republican National Convention as chairman of the California delegation, and his election will add to the strength of the Pacific Coast delegation in Congress."

The amalgamated convention for the nomination of a union ticket, and from which we had hoped much good, has made for itself a most contemptible start. After nominating twelve candidates for school directors, most of them gentlemen of the highest respectability, the convention proceeded to the nomination of Superior Judges. If this convention had been composed of honorable and intelligent representatives, gentlemen who desired to reform the politics of this city, the first and most natural thing for it to have done would have been to place John Hunt, J. F. Sullivan, and T. H. Rearden in nomination as Superior Judges. The first thing the convention *did* do was to nominate that most flatulent and unconscionable of demagogues; that most loquacious of empty-headed political blatherskites—bobby ferral. If this is an earnest of the work to follow, and a specimen of the ticket that is to be presented, we may despair of any good result. Mr. John Nightingale, J. J. Green, and the other reformers had better shut up shop. We are simply disgusted, and have reason to know that this whole movement is simply a conspiracy to elect Mr. Bartlett.

Justice Miller is said to be distinguished from his brethren of the Supreme Court of the United States by being the only member who habitually wears a "swallow-tailed" coat and a good-natured smile.

## A LEGAL YARN.

Several of the city papers last week published versions of a story concerning the good joke played by a suckling Blackstone on an embryonic Coke. The story was good, but it has a sequel. The sequel is better.

The original story was this: Coke, being in the office of Blackstone, who has a very fine library, remarked, after the other's enumeration of his wealth of reports, treatises, and digests:

"Yes, your collection of English reports is a fine one, but I see you haven't got Easton and Eldridge."

"No," said Blackstone, eagerly; "but I've ordered it, and I expect it daily."

Coke roared, and told the story in the Bar Association, and all over town. Blackstone accepted the situation good-naturedly, and grimly bided his time.

Everything cometh to him who waits. His time came.

At lunch in the Bar Association, the other day, Coke was telling the story again, in Blackstone's presence. It was received with the usual roars. When silence was restored, Blackstone said, quietly:

"The point of the story, of course, is that Easton & Eldridge is the name of a firm of auctioneers, and not of law reporters?"

"Yes," replied Coke.

"Further, that no such law reporters as 'Easton and Eldridge' ever existed?"

"Yes"

"Well, I will bet you a bottle of wine that such a volume of reports exists—further, that I possess it."

Coke's jaw dropped. He was amazed. But pride compelled him, and he at once said, "Done!"

In a few moments there was brought in a law-book—a dingy, dismal-looking volume, with the under-done pie-crust colored cover familiar to the law and lawyers. It was inspected with much care by the assembled pundits. On the back it read:

EASTON & ELDRIDGE'S
REPORTS.
EXCHEQUER BR.

Within was the ordinary title-page, time-stained and faded, printed in old-style type, and setting forth that these were the reports of cases tried before the Honorable Court of Exchequer for the Trinity and Michaelmas Terms, 1815, faithfully reported by Christopher Eldridge and John Easton, barristers-at-law.

Had a bombshell exploded before Coke he could not have been more amazed. He acknowledged the corn, and paid his bet. Such was the storm of chaff to which he was subjected, however, that he made a feeble effort to maintain himself.

"Pshaw!" said he, "who could remember the names of all those English reporters? Why, there are hundreds of them. If I had stopped to think, though, I might have known that there was a volume called Easton and Eldridge. I remember it now quite well." And he turned over the leaves of the dingy volume with his thumb and forefinger.

"Ah, you do, do you?" said the remorseless Blackstone; "well, now I'll bet you another bottle of wine that you don't."

"W-h-a-a-a-t?" stammered the discomfited Coke.

"And I'll bet you a basket of wine on top of that, that no such reporters as Easton and Eldridge ever existed."

Coke gazed at him in amazement and terror. He first thought the wine had affected Blackstone's brain—then that he was mad—then that he was bluffing. When this idea seized him, he at once regained his confidence. He took a second look at the volume on the table, reflected, and said:

"A basket goes!"

Then Blackstone became sublime. He explained how his soul had writhed within him at the slight put upon his legal lore and his library; how he had resolved upon Revenge; how he had taken a book-binder and a printer into his confidence; how he had taken an old volume of Meeson and Welsby's Exchequer Reports, and doctored it; how the label on the back had been changed, and artistically made aged in its appearance; how a title-page had been set up in a job-office, in old-fashioned type, and printed on a dingy fly-leaf taken from the back of the book; how he had finally doubly revenged himself upon the unsuspecting Coke.

As the howls and shrieks of laughter rose up from round the table, the unhappy Coke fell fainting to the floor.

Standing over his prostrate foe, waving the treacherous volume in his hand, Blackstone thundered forth:

"Ad astra per aspera—Fortes fortuna juvet—Sola virtus invicta Alienâ optimum frui insaniâ—Moveo et propitior!"

### Doctor C. C. O'Donnell's Platform.

If I am elected Coronor, and a freeman kills one of the bosses, or one of their henchmen, and the case is brought before me, I will do all I can to bring in a verdict of justifiable homicide.

I will not divide my salary, my perquisites, my fees, or my stealings with Doctor William May.

I will not vaccinate Chinamen with mucilage, nor blackmail the consignee of any steam tramp that may come to our harbor.

I will not use the bodies of drowned persons the second, third, or fourth time for the purpose of holding a fraudulent coroner's inquest, in order to increase my illegal fees.

I will not bury paupers in old shoe-boxes, and then steal the boxes from the Potter's Field to bury other paupers.

I will not sell the clothes of persons dead from infectious diseases to the second-hand clothes-dealer, to be sold again to the poor.

I will not unnecessarily withhold from their friends the bodies of those accidentally killed. I will not unnecessarily expose them at the morgue. I will not blackmail their relatives.

I will not enter into a conspiracy with any undertaker, nor will I interfere or attempt to influence friends of deceased persons from employing such undertaker and from making such disposition of their dead as they may desire.

I will not prostitute my office to serve criminal rich men when death comes to their victims and exposes their crimes. I will not for coin sell myself to cover sin, nor, by perjury and subornation of perjury, endeavor to hide iniquity. I will not rob the poor nor blackmail the rich.

I will not subject the tax-payers of this city to the expense of a lepers' hospital, because there will be no lepers left after I have subjected them to the experiment of fumigation with oxalic acid and asphyxiation, which is a certain remedy for the disease if applied as soon as the patient arrives in the country.

I will not rob the dead, and I will not have a set of deputies about the office who will steal the watches, jewelry, and money of deceased persons.

In the administration of my office as Coroner, I will respect the feelings of the living, I will respect the remains of the dead, I will be honest, I will do my duty, I will not owe my election to bosses or party politicians, but to the people.

The national debt is only twelve times as large as that of the city of New York.

## THE STORY OF A PARAGRAPH.

As Wilkie Collins might say in beginning a novel—In the *Pall Mall Gazette* of September 5, there appeared the following paragraph:

"ENGLISH JOURNALISM OF THE FUTURE.—In newspaper enterprise, so far as relates to the collection and display of news, we humbly confess that we sit at the feet of our American confrères. Our native modesty was therefore naturally overwhelmed when we found the following in the San Francisco *Argonaut:* 'If a 'barn be blown down there will appear in the *Pall Mall Gazette* 'next day a diagram of the premises; view of the barn before being blown down; view of the barn while being blown down; 'view of the ruins; interview with the hired man who said he always knowed it was going to blow down; interview with the 'owner, with his and other theories on barns blowing down; interview with Professor Mugwump, the distinguished *savant*, with 'his views as to the reasons why barns blow down instead of up; 'comparative table of barn mortality for the last forty years, 'showing percentage of barns blowing down compared with the 'illiterate vote; and history of loss from the earliest time to the 'present.' Alas! we must disclaim the compliment, but we accept it as a sanguine prophecy of the pitch of perfection to which journalism may yet be carried."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is in error in supposing that the paragraph in question was written about or related to that distinguished London daily. It appeared in the *Argonaut*, it is true; but it was inspired by certain feats in American journalism, and not by those of the English press. The paragraph appeared in the *Argonaut* of June 5, 1884, and was caused by the insufferably verbose letters written from the National Republican Convention, then in session at Chicago. As originally printed, it read as follows:

"There is a tendency nowadays toward padding in papers, which readers can not too strongly repress, if they value their lives, or that which goes to make up their lives—their time. The New York *Herald* is responsible for this bed-quilt journalism. If the *Herald* has a five-word idea to say, it takes twenty-five to say it in, and then indulges in vain-glorious flapdoodle over its 'enterprise.' Its cable letter is simply maddening; the padding-pudding is so rich and so redundant that it is almost impossible to find the news plums. The Chicago papers have faithfully followed in the footsteps of the *Herald;* if a barn blows down they devote a page to it. There will be a diagram of the premises; view of the barn before being blown down; view of the barn while being blown down; view of the ruins; interview with the hired man, who says he always knowed it was a-going to blow down; interview with the owner, with his and other theories on barns burning down; interview with Professor Mugwump, the distinguished Chicago savant, with his views as to the reason why barns blow down rather than up; comparative table of barn mortality in this and other States for the last forty years, showing percentage of barns blowing down compared with the illiterate vote; history of barns from the earliest times to the present; statement of loss—five hundred dollars. And does a suffering Chicago public read this? Great Scott, no! Nobody reads it but the proof-reader; not even the men who write it—they haven't time. It serves, however, as a peg to hang a boast upon concerning 'enterprise.'"

The foregoing remarks in the *Argonaut* sprung from the irritation engendered by "Gath's" six-column convention letters in the San Francisco *Chronicle*. They were so windy, so puerile, and so platitudinous that it was a weariness of the flesh to try to read them.

The moral reflections on barns, which followed, seemed to tickle the editorial fancy, for that portion of the paragraph has been copied all over the world. It has been wandering about the Eastern press for months—a paragraphic vagabond. It has had the "distinguished honor" of being copied by the London dailies—as will be seen. Every day or so it turns up again in some paper from some odd quarter of the globe. We have seen it in journals from Jamaica, the Cape of Good Hope, Queensland, Victoria, New South Wales, and New Zealand.

In its wanderings the paragraph has met with many strange vicissitudes. Verbal changes have been made (such, for instance, as "loss" for "barns," in the last line of the *Gazette* version); Professor Mugwump's name has suffered transliteration (the occult meaning of his cognomen is lost on our British and colonial cousins); and there is an editorial mania for correcting the hired man's grammar (which we admit is a trifle weird).

We have borne all these changes with philosophy tempered with curiosity. When, however, some unprincipled English contemporary of the *Pall Mall Gazette* (probably a rival sheet—perhaps the Thunderer!) makes use of the *Argonaut's* little paragraph to attack the *Gazette*, we protest. Between the *Argonaut* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* the most friendly feelings exist. The *Argonaut* approves of the sprightliness and vivacity lately shown by its venerable and sometime sluggish contemporary; it gazes with unaffected pleasure on the *Gazette's* essay at the cancan, albeit essayed with limbs used only to the stately measures of the saraband.

Hence we make this statement in confession and avoidance. Hence we again place on record the derelict paragraph—a piece of newspaper flotsam, thrown up on this far-away Pacific shore, out of the deep—out of the sounding seas of journalism which belt the world.

There was held in Austria recently a nose show, at which were displayed olfactory curiosities in interesting and almost infinite variety. The nose which took the prize was that of a Viennois, and it is described as "a gigantic, violet-hued trunk of elephantine proportions." The result might have been different if the inhabitants of the Bourbon region of Kentucky had known that a nasal exposition was contemplated.

Mrs. Samuel H. Clark, of Baltimore, who died the other day, was so large that no hearse could be had that would hold the coffin, and one had to be improvised. She weighed six hundred and twenty-three pounds, and her coffin was two feet deep, five feet nine inches long, and three feet two inches wide. Ten pall-bearers were necessary to carry the remains to the grave.

## MORNING MUSINGS.

Being the Matutinal Soliloquies of a Young Man.

SOLILOQUY THE FIRST.

Heigho! So this is London, and a smoky, foggy, dismal metropolis it is, to say the least of it.

Reminds me of young Simpkins of our class, who undertook to write an apostrophe to the ocean—à la Byron—and completed one line: "Oh, thou prodigious dampness!" Simpkins stuck there and couldn't get any farther; but there is no such limit to London dampness.

By the great ponds of Michigan, the air here seems to hold water in solution! One runs a risk of being drowned in breathing!

I suppose this is what Mr. Guppy called a "London particular"; but with all due respect, I don't think London *is* particular, or she wouldn't have such an atmosphere.

Fine showing, this, for an April morning! Ho, hum! I really must get up and commence my pilgrimage.

I can't understand why I should have started on this European tour, and condemned myself to wandering about looking at things I don't want to see, climbing mountains I don't want to climb, rummaging around through nasty streets where I don't want to rummage, and inhaling odors that I decidedly object to. What is the use now of my "doing" London, and subjecting myself to fatigue, odors, and 'ackney-coaches, when I can accomplish it all so much more pleasantly with one of Dickens's novels at home in a hammock, or drifting down the Chesapeake? I can't understand why I should want to see the Tower because the princes were murdered there, nor the Avon because Shakespeare was born there, nor a hundred and one other places because something was done or wasn't done there! If a man tells me his father was hanged, I am quite satisfied to believe him without rushing off immediately to see the place and bring away a piece of the gallows or a shred of the rope.

Thank heaven, when I'm through with London my occupation's gone, and I can go home in peace. Constantinople, Venice, Rome, Switzerland, Paris—I've done them all, and pretty thoroughly, I hope, though my people at home will be sure to think of some confounded place that I ought to have seen, but didn't see. Something that I have omitted which *they* have been dying to see for goodness knows how long!

Think I'd better coach up on the guide-book, and—that reminds me, I gave mine away to the pretty girl whom I rescued in Venice from the gondoliers—those fellows are as bad as London 'ackney-coachmen—and who was so charmingly grateful. Said she hoped we might meet again, and she was ever and ever so much obliged to me, and it was *so* nice to meet a countryman, for she was American—I would have known *that* if she had stopped after "nice"—and a great deal more to the same effect, all in the sweetest voice and with the cordial, confiding way which belongs alone to our girls. Bless 'em! Shook hands with me, smiled more in her soft gray eyes than with my lips, gave me her card and left me standing there with my hat off, a spectacle for those rascally boatmen!

Made a memorandum on a blank leaf of my guide-book to this effect:

"Prettiest picture in Venice. Study in gray. Gray eyes, gray robe, name Gray. Worth a fortune, but by the right person to be had for the asking.

"N. B.—Would that I dared to ask."

Then I gave the nearest gondolier a twenty-franc piece to overtake her and retrieve to mademoiselle the book she did neglect. And that's all.

By Jove, I *must get up!*

SOLILOQUY THE SECOND.

Three weeks in London! Well, London isn't so bad after all, and I am really interested in hunting up queer places.

I'd give a farm just to find Mrs. Todgers's lodging-house, and Miss Gray is constantly looking for a Curiosity Shop. That I should meet *her* again, and especially in this human labyrinth, is a piece of good fortune little short of fatality. Her mother and fourteen-year-old brother constitute the party, and the old lady says she really doesn't know how they would have managed to see so much of London but for my valuable aid. I'm a disinterested party, I am! Hanged if I don't believe I'm getting too much absorbed in the flesh tints, and the perspective, and the foreshortening, and the coloring of my study in Gray. She has not said a word about my guide-book, not even whether she received it or not; but she seemed to be glad to see me, and I—pshaw! I'm too old to lie abed and day-dream like a school boy! I think I'll go home. I've seen enough yellow fog and black smoke. Mrs. Gray says they are going to Scotland, and the Hebrides, and all those moist, dem'd unpleasant places that William Black rejoices in—and, indeed, when one can sit by a warm fire and read about rain and wind, leaden sky and dewy heather, it isn't bad; but excuse me from participating, as the man said when he was going to be hanged. Yet I can be with *her* by going. She said her mamma wanted me to go *so* much. I wonder whether she speaks to me with mamma's lips? Girls do, I know, particularly when they are afraid to let a fellow see that *they* take any interest. For example, if her mother wanted me to go as an escort, and she herself didn't care a straw whether I went or not, she would have said: "*I* want you to go so much." It's a good sign when mamma comes to the front.

Bah! I'm trying to construe nothing into something—a practice I thought I had abandoned ever since the days when I persuaded myself that a certain school-girl returned my youthful passion, because she permitted me to carry her book-strap to school, a dream that was dispelled by her subsequently conferring that privilege on another young gentleman in knickerbockers.

But still I *should* like to see Scotland and the places so "clustered around with historical associations"—I believe that's the phrase—which one reads about in—in Sir Walter and—and other historians. At home they'll be sure to ask me about Auld Reekie, St. Ronan's Well, Corrie Nan Shian, and Coil au Togle, and what shall I say? It is clearly my duty to go to Scotland, because—Harry Olden, you are pulling the wool over your own eyes! You don't care a jot more for ordinary places with extraordinary names than you do for extraordinary places with ordinary names! Now, acknowledge it's the girl. Well, confound your impertinence, suppose it *is* the girl!

*I am going to Scotland.*

SOLILOQUY THE THIRD.

Ah—grrr—krrr—gnooch! By Jove, how I must have been snoring! I never felt so little like getting up in my life, though the sun is pouring in at the window, and the whistle of the partridge comes from the hillside like a morning matin:

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed."

I'm glad I came to Scotland—glad we left the beaten track of tourists and took up our quarters at this Highland hostelry. I don't think I ever enjoyed rambling through woods, and picking ferns, or sketching hilltops, half so much, even on the banks of the old Susquehanna—my benison on her broad bosom!

I'm sure there must be something about these Highland braes that nourishes rhyme, romance, and all that sort of thing, for a fellow seems to drop into poetry as naturally as Mr. Silas Wegg. Laurel—I beg pardon, Miss Laurel—my study in Gray—says she knows I am of a poetic temperament, and I am so foolish as to go hammering up verses to prove it! Ah, well! When it is happiness to be foolish, 'tis foolishness not to be happy!

Seem to me I've heard some quotation like that, only briefer. Heigho! Yesterday was a red-letter day in my existence. To be sole guide, assistance, counselor, and protector of the dearest girl in the world for a whole day of rambling through forest and glen, is what I call a blessed privilege! We explored Ben Voirlich—all the mountains in this country seem to be afflicted with Christian name of Benjamin—spoke our little piece over Monan's Rill, and ate our luncheon in "Lone Glenarty's hazel shade." I think I must have spouted a whole canto of "The Lady of the Lake" at different times, and how spirited she was over the defiant stag—how her beautiful eyes fill up at the death of "my gallant gray."

Well, it's a blessing I know Scott by heart! It is precious little else I know besides poetry and novels, but she defers to me as if I were an emporium of information. Said she:

"Mr. Olden, you seem to *feel* poetry, while other people just *say* it. You give it a ring of reality that is more affecting than finished declamation."

*I*—"It must be because *you* are my auditor then. Generally I regard poetry as a combination of fantastically elevated words and ideas—a hyperbolical expression of ultra-human sentiments in ultra-human language. With you for a listener, it seems almost appropriate, so high a rank do I give you."

*She (archly)*—"I wonder if I have anything to do with the feelings which prompt you to wind up an impassioned poem with some absurd parody or burlesque?"

*I*—"Oh, that is done for the purpose of taking the edge off what you might otherwise consider sentimentality—and partly to convince myself that I am not growing sentimental in reality."

*She*—"Is sentiment such a crime in your eyes?"

*I*—"Not a crime, but a source for ridicule. Promise me not to laugh—not to think me absurd—and I'll play at romance like the veriest lover of them all. 'By heaven, I have a mighty leaning to it!'"

*She*—"Some day you'll play at it in earnest, and *be* the 'veriest lover of them all,' or I am no prophetess."

*I*—"Methinks the day has come—the hour and the *wo*man! Can you not see that since I have known you—since that happy day in Venice"——

*She (naïvely)*—"When you returned my book?"

*I*—"Ah! You did get the book? Then it has told you that from the first I have set up your picture in my heart, and fallen down before it"——

*She*—"'All on a summer's day!' Are you not getting dangerously near the brink, Mr. Olden—of the lake, I mean? You might wet your feet."

*I*—"Do you think I say this in a vein which justifies flippant interruptions, Miss Gray?"

*She*—"Do you think I treat you in a way which justifies flippant gallantry, Mr. Olden?"

*I*—"You wrong me when you treat as gallantry the homage of a man who"——

*She*—"Is quite as serious as he usually permits himself to be, or as he has been during any summer vacation for the past half a dozen years. Who parodies Rosalind, and says, 'Come, I'll woo thee, for I'm in a holiday humor, and like enough to be ensnared'?"

*I*—"You regard me as a trifler, I see."

*She (regretfully)*—"And only think what you might have been! Let us go home."

Now, what does all this mean? Am I in love? And is there a chance for me? As to the first, yes; and the second—— Well, she scorned the manner and not the matter of my wooing. There's some comfort in that. If you can convince a woman that you *were* a trifler until you succumbed to *her*, she is prepared to forgive the first, and to regard the last as very natural.

"Only to think what you might have been." She said it almost mournfully. Now, I don't think I might have been anything in particular; but I shall try to *be* it from this time forth, and she shall be the judge. How beautiful she is! I'd give a king's ransom to hear her say——

*There's the breakfast bell!*

SOLILOQUY THE FOURTH.

*Jangle, jangle, jangle!* Confound the church bells! A fellow never can sleep on Sunday mornings for their clamor!

Back to Edinburgh from the Hebrides—back from the land of mist, and clouds, and romance, with a full determination to read about, but not visit, it henceforward. Too much fish and Gaelic to suit me. Three months gone, and the ground covered with autumn leaves, since I've been dangling in her train; and—and I fear I've been making a fool of myself! Does she care for me at all? Well, I'm a sanguine, self-persuasive man; but, putting all that aside, I think I am gaining ground a little.

Why am I not ecstatically happy then? I expected to be, and—by Jove, I *will* be! I have lived a quarter of a century without having seen any woman so beautiful, so lovable; and I know she's far too good for me. What a disgustingly conceited idiot I am! I dare say it's all my egotism, and she really never gives me a second thought. And yet when I pulled that reckless young scapegrace brother of hers out of Loch Mayle, she put both her cold little hands in mine, and whispered some incoherent words, of which I could only catch, "For-give me—I know you better—now." Pshaw! that was only gratitude. And yet, when I held her hands, and tried to tell her how gladly I would take far greater risks for her sake, she did not take them away, but raised her eyes to my face so bravely and trustingly that I trod on air for days afterward.

She keeps my book, too. I saw the leaf on which I wrote that absurd crotchet thrust into her little silk purse. She had torn it out, and was making a relic of it. That might be because of its oddity, and probably means nothing. There never was a girl so proof to flattery as not to preserve such a spontaneous tribute. She treats me just the same as ever—is friendly and cordial—no more. Uncertainty, then, is all I arrive at—uncertainty as to her feelings, uneasiness as to mine.

Pretty much the same way I felt at Long Branch, three years ago, when I spent a fortnight trying to determine whether I was in love with Lucy Romer, and, if so, whether she would be pleased to hear it; at the end of which time she married young Landless, and, to my surprise, *I* was pleased to hear it!

Suppose this was to result similarly?

I think I'd better go home. And yet there will be something lost out of life when I leave *her*. I should be wretched, I am afraid; but not so wretched as I would be should she refuse me. Perhaps not so wretched as I might be eventually if she accepted me.

"Where shall I find the concord of this discord?" Apparently not in this bed, for it looks like what Mrs. Partington calls a "corruption of Mount Vociferous." Hello, Boots! Bring me some hot water!

*Mr. Henry Olden, get thee home on the next steamer.*

SOLILOQUY THE FIFTH.

O Lord! O Lord! I feel as if I had just parted with my immortal soul, not to mention everything I have eaten for the past twenty-four hours. Seasickness! The man who called it one of the comic diseases was surely never seasick! A myriad of curses on the reeling, rocking old tub. I could almost wish she'd go to the bottom!

I wonder how Miss Gray and her mother are standing it? I hope to heaven I shall not see her again until she recovers, or else I'm done with romance for ever! The old lady would insist on taking this steamer, and I think it was a dispensation of Providence to cure my malady. How can a man worship when his divinity is white around the lips, and red around the eyes, with a drawn, pinched look, as if anxiously expecting a catastrophe; when she is sensitive as to sympathy, and querulous as to assistance; when she appears to regard her young brother with undying hatred, and her mother as a barbarian armed to the teeth with camphor and shawls for her especial torture? How, I say, can a man be sentimental when all his faculties are concentrated on finding some place where he can hold himself still, when the only feeling he can summon from the depths of his embittered nature is one of hatred and contempt for the stewards?

How could I have been such a simpleton as to dawdle sentimentally through a whole summer, and start home during the equinoctial storms? A proper termination this for love's young dream, and all its attendant follies. Sweet reveries and murmured vows forsooth! Moonshine all of it, and, as for poetry—it is a mockery, a grinning skeleton! O Lord, I'll never be a fool again!

I suppose Miss Gray loathes the very remembrance of all that midsummer madness, and I recall it with the same unbounded satisfaction I derive from recollecting a meal of cold pork and potatoes. Pork! Ugh! I'll never eat again! They say this steamer will reach New York to-morrow, and I here register a vow that I'll go back home and stay there—be a misanthrope, philosopher, cynic, hermit—anything but a *sentimental fool! Amen.*

SOLILOQUY THE SIXTH.

Will the day never break? Those swallows outside of my window have been chattering for an hour as if it were their wedding day. The 24th of April—just a year to-day since I landed in Venice—just a year since I began studying the light and shade of my beautiful picture in Gray, and to-day I place it in my father's hall! Ah, there comes the sun! How the clouds gather golden fringes! How pure and fresh the morning air! The birds are singing as if they knew my happiness! The dew is sparkling on the grass. It is spring time, and my wedding-day!

SHELDON BORDEN.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1884.

---

The prize of forty thousand francs offered by the French Academy for some certain test of death, to prevent people from being buried alive, was given to a physician who announced that on holding the hand of the supposed dead person to a strong light, if living a scarlet tinge is seen where the fingers touch, showing a continuous circulation of the blood—no scarlet being seen if dead. Doctor Max Busch also announces that on contracting a muscle by electricity, its temperature will rise, and be shown by any small surface thermometer, if the person is living; if it does not rise, life is extinct.

---

The *Journalist* says: "Mr. Thomas Fairchild Aiken, who has been long identified with the press of New Orleans, is now in New York city preparatory to going to San Francisco to start a daily paper in the Democratic interest."

## THE BRITISH ARMY.

"Cockaine" Describes its Degenerate Condition.

II.

The first great blow at the efficiency of the army was doubtless the abolition of what is known as the "purchase" system. Up to 1871–72 commissions in the army were obtained by purchase, and each step from sub-lieutenant up to lieutenant-colonel had its set price. Of course, entrance could be obtained as well without purchase, as could the different steps, subject to certain conditions; but purchase was the most common method. Now, I know I am stating what, especially to Americans, will appear a most untenable proposition. The abolition of purchase was the beginning of what the territorializing of the regiments completed—the destruction of *esprit de corps*. While I admit that money does not make a gentleman, its possession, especially in the army, has a refining influence upon its possessors and their companions, and by its means a regiment's officers can, during peace, establish a name and achieve a social prominence, which in time of war it will be their aim to uphold. In no way was this proved better than in the Crimean war, where the curled darlings of London society and the petted scions of noble houses fought for the name of their regiment quite as much as for their Queen and flag. Then the lowest-priced commission was four hundred and fifty pounds (over two thousand dollars), and the highest—that of lieutenant-colonel of the Rifle Guards—eight thousand pounds, or about forty thousand dollars. Now everything is competitive examination, and while regiments are officered by young gentlemen who can do the most elaborate sums in algebra, and tell the ages of the kings of France and those of their wives' relations for centuries, they are mostly of a class who go into the army for a living, without means beyond their pay—barely sufficient to exist upon—to keep up the social status of their corps. Of course, there are exceptions.

What I say doesn't apply to the Foot Guards or the Household Cavalry. They are the swell regiments of the service, and the War Office takes deuced good care that no cadets from Sandhurst are appointed to them who are not either noblemen or gentlemen of means sufficient to keep up the ancient social prestige of the regiments. The Grenadier Guards is the swellest regiment in the whole army. The Scots Guards come next, and then the Coldstreams; though by some people the Rifle Brigade is classed first. Its officers, though generally gentlemen of good family, are not, as a rule, so well off as those of the Guards. The First and Second Rifle Guards and the Blues are a very rich lot, and their entertainments are very grand; but such loads of rich parvenus' sons get into them that they are somewhat spoiled. The same, in a great measure, may be said of the different cavalry regiments, of which there are some thirty odd, both heavy and light; but especially of the light, into which the swaggering sons of fortune-made brewers, cotton-spinners, soap-boilers, and button-makers flock by the dozens, there to acquire the "good form" their fathers know not of, in social attrition with gentlemen. The Seventh Hussars has perhaps less snobs in it than the others, and the exception might also include the Tenth Hussars and Fifth and Ninth Lancers. The Eleventh Hussars (of Balaklava renown) and the Sixteenth Lancers, as well as the ordinary run of Dragoon Guards regiments, are redolent of gilt-edged cads.

But it is not of the cavalry that I would more particularly speak. It is an arm that has been less interfered with by the Duke of Cambridge than the infantry. The line battalions, as the infantry regiments are called, are the ones which have been most favored by the duke's distinguished consideration. Previous to July, 1881, the hundred and ten regiments of which the line infantry branch of the army is composed, were (with the exception of one—the Rifle Brigade) known by their numbers. This had been the rule from almost time immemorial, and sobriquets had become attached to different corps, founded upon tradition or some act of the regiment itself, by which they were familiarly known to the country, and of which both officers and men were as proud as of the smoky and battle-rent colors they are often so loath to exchange for new. Thus, the Third were known as "The Buffs," from their facings; the Forty-second Highlanders as "The Black Watch," the Eighty-eighth as the "Connaught Rangers," and the Fiftieth as "The Dirty Half-hundred." There are many others, but space precludes their insertion. Each regiment also had a different colored facing, and various distinctive appointments on the uniform; for instance: at some ancient battle the bullets of the Fiftieth Regiment giving out, the men cut the buttons off their coats and rammed them into their muskets. For this they have worn dull lead buttons ever since, instead of brass, like other regiments. It is easy to see how proud the members of the regiment could grow of this distinction. Well, on July 1, 1881, all these things—all these ties that bound men together by their subtile influence—were swept away and ruthlessly broken. Instead of their numbers, the regiment got territorial titles, such as the "Surrey" and the "Yorkshire" Regiment, with now and then a "Prince Thingumbob's Own"; distinctive uniforms were changed; "red" regiments were turned into rifles, clad in dark green, and others altered to "Highlanders," whereby men who had never been across the borders were forced to take off their trousers and sport bare legs beneath a kilt and sporran for the first time in their lives. And not only this, but two regiments of different and separate histories and traditions, were merged into each other and made one. The facings, too, were altered and classified in such a way as to completely obliterate all the distinctive marks they made of old. I believe one chief reason advanced for the territorial scheme was that men from the different counties would enlist in their own county regiments, if they were so designated. That the scheme in that respect has been an egregious failure, admits of little doubt. Then there has been the "short service system," which has got rid of tried, seasoned soldiers, and filled their places with beardless, pale-faced boys, yet ungrown to the full dimensions of their uniforms. The country, also, is flooded with retired majors and colonels, forced into private life after a few years' service, merely to make room for others who, in a few more years, are to share the same future.

As for generals, who is there? Besides the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Wales is a field-marshal! and the Duke of Connaught a major-general!! Out of the one hundred and sixty-odd general officers, who shine in feathers and gold lace on field days, there are just three to whom the country could look in time of need—Lord Wolseley, Sir Frederick Roberts, and Sir Evelyn Wood. But even they have only seen service against vastly inferior foes. What they would do were England's army pitted against the forces of Germany, Russia, or France, is another matter. But what the army would do seems the most serious question of all. It is one, too, which the Duke of Cambridge may find himself called upon to answer—or be answered for—sooner than he thinks.

LONDON, September 27, 1884. COCKAIGNE.

## INTAGLIOS.

### Blue-Bells of New England.

The roses are a regal troop,
And humble folks the daisies;
But, blue-bells of New England,
To you I give my praises;
To you, fair phantoms in the sun,
Whom merry spring discovers,
With blue-birds for your laureates,
And honey-bees for lovers!

The south wind breathes, and lo, ye throng
This rugged land of ours;
Methinks the pale blue clouds of May
Drop down and turn to flowers!
By cottage-door, along the roads,
You show your winsome faces,
And, like the spectre lady, haunt
The lonely woodland places!

All night your eyes are closed in sleep,
But open at the dawning;
Such simple faith as yours can see
God's coming in the morning;
You lead me, by your holiness,
To pleasant ways of duty;
You set my thoughts to melody,
You fill me with your beauty.

And you are like the eyes I love,
So modest and so tender.
Just touched with morning's glorious light,
And evenings's gentle splendor.
Long may the heavens give you rain,
The sunshine its caresses,
Long may the little girl I love
Entwine you in her tresses.

—*T. B. Aldrich.*

### Moss.

Strange tapestry, by Nature spun
On viewless lawns aloof from sun,
And spread through lonely nooks and grots
Where shadows reign, and leafy rest—
O moss! of all your dwelling spots,
In which one are you loveliest?

Is it when near grim roots that coil
Their snaky black through humid soil?
Or when you wrap, in woodland glooms,
The great prone pine-trunks, rotted red?
Or when you dim, on sombre tombs,
The "Requiescats" of the dead?

Or is it when your lot is cast
In some quaint garden of the past,
On some gray, crumbled basin's brim,
With conch that mildewed Tritons blow,
While yonder, through the poplars prim,
Looms up the turreted château?

Nay, loveliest are you when time weaves
Your emerald films on low, dark eaves,
Above whose pink porch roses peer,
And woodbines break in fragrant foam,
And children laugh—and you can hear
The beating of the heart of home.

—*Edgar Fawcett.*

### Cleopatra.

Under those low large lids of hers
She hath the histories of all time;
The fruit of foliage—stricken years,
The old seasons, with their heavy chime
That leaves its rhyme in the world's ears.

She sees the heart of death made bare,
The raveled riddle of the skies,
The faces faded that were fair,
The mouths made speechless that were wise,
The hollow eyes and dusty hair;

The shape and shadow of mystic things,
Things that fate fashions or forbids;
The staff of time-forgotten kings
Whose names fall off the Pyramids,
Their coffin-lids and grave-clothings;

Dark dregs, the scum of pool or clod,
God-spawn of lizard-footed clans,
And those dog-headed beasts that trod
Swart necks of the old Egyptians,
Raw draughts of man's beginning God;

The pois'd hawk, quivering ere he smote,
With plume-like gems on breast and back;
The asps and water-worms afloat
Between the rush-flowers moist and slack;
The cat's warm black, bright rising throat!

—*Algernon Swinburne.*

### After the Battle.

Sing banners and cannon and roll of drum!
The shouting of men and the marshaling!
Lo! cannon to cannon and earth struck dumb!
Oh, battle, in song, is a glorious thing!

Oh, glorious day riding down to the fight!
Oh, glorious battle in story and song!
Oh, godlike man to die for the right!
Oh, manlike God to revenge the wrong!

Yea, riding to battle, on battle day—
Why a soldier is something more than a king!
But after the battle? The riding away?
Ah, the riding away is another thing!

—*Joaquin Miller.*

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Emperor of Austria has the finest collection of pipes in Europe.

The King of Siam has two hundred and sixty-three children. He is under thirty.

Nordenskjold, the famous Arctic explorer, is said to be anxious to try his luck in the south, and has made plans for an expedition to the South Pole.

William H. Vanderbilt and his sons, says a New York dispatch in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, have lost nearly fifty millions of dollars the past few years in ill-timed speculations of various kinds.

Andrew Jackson, though a lawyer, was so misinformed in regard to the marriage laws of his State that three years after his first marriage he had the ceremony repeated to guard against any invalidity.

The Rev. W. H. H. Murray, who five years ago was filling Music Hall, Boston, with his eloquence, in the presence of vast audiences, is now the proprietor of the "Snowshoe Café," in Montreal. Last year he was in the lumber business, in Texas.

There are five foreign-born senators—one Englishman, one Scotchman, and three Irishmen—while in the House there are twenty foreigners—three Englishmen, three Scotchmen, six Irishmen, five Germans, one Norwegian, one Brazilian, and one Canadian.

Premier Gladstone demonstrated recently that he is in the best of health and spirits by making the ascent of Ben Macdhui, the second highest mountain in Scotland, on foot, accompanied by his daughter Helen. The entire distance walked was fully twenty miles.

Jules Ferry, the present premier of France, was educated as a lawyer, and first made his mark as a journalist. His early articles, written when the Liberal press was not in favor with the government, subjected him to considerable persecution. One piece won for him a fine of twenty-four hundred dollars.

Hans Makart, the distinguished Austrian painter, who recently became violently insane, died on the 3d instant, at Vienna, from inflammation of the brain. His chief hallucination was that his head was a box full of pigments, which he wanted, but could not get at. His malady suddenly took a fatal turn, and he died in great agony.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the Scotch-Pennsylvania millionaire, now abroad, has somewhat amused the Londoners by gravely giving the Queen a certificate of character, in his "Round the World," in these words: "Victoria, probably the most respectable woman who ever occupied a throne; such a character as one would not hesitate to introduce to one's family circle."

Goethe was given in 1823 the most costly present that any mortal ever received—namely, twelve bottles of Rosenwein, which were sent to him by the City of Bremen. In the famous Rathskeller in that city is a special vault containing this wine, which grew in 1624, and then cost sixty reichsthaler the oxhoft (an old measure). Taking this at compound interest, the value of each bottle sent to Goethe was twenty-two million five hundred thousand dollars.

A foreign correspondent writes that Thiers's handshake was brusque and dry, but not unpleasant; that Gambetta's contrasted with his apparent openness and heartiness, and did not express character; that Clémenceau's is nervous and rapid, and with a friend very friendly; that Grévy scans your face in a good-humored way while holding your hand; and that Victor Hugo shakes hands after the manner of a grandiose statue into which, as into Galatea, the breath of life has been breathed.

The King of Siam has sent a very handsome present to President Arthur, consisting of a Malay kriss of the finest temper, with solid gold hilt, and incased in a gold-alloyed scabbard, and two spears of quaint Malay fashion, with gold sheaths for the beautifully polished blades. They are reported to be of greaty beauty and are very valuable. They are sent in acknowledgment of gifts presented by the President to a Siamese Rajah who treated with great kindness some shipwrecked Americans.

Mr. Richard Burdell, of New York, has distinguished himself by choosing to take up his abode on a fast railroad train. He is a regular traveler on the limited express between New York and Chicago. He has an income of eighty thousand dollars a year, and is too restless to stay easy in a hotel. He is entirely able and willing to bear the expense of thirty-five dollars a day that it costs him to live on a Pullman car for the sake of the soothing effect of traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, on General Lew Wallace, American Minister to Turkey: "General Wallace (author of 'Ben Hur') is going home on leave. He is a very serious loss to us all, and if he is not reappointed, American interests (arms, ammunition, etc.) will suffer fatally in Turkey. He has the most extraordinary personal influence with the Sultan, and has done more for American claims in a couple of years than all the other ambassadors have done for theirs in twenty. A man of immense talent, and thoroughly understanding his business."

"Oklahoma" Payne, the man who has made himself notorious by his incursions into the Indian Territory, is described as an ordinary-looking man, who possesses a strong magnetic influence over his followers. He is about six feet high, strongly built, wears a mustache and full chin beard, is of dark complexion, and has dark eyes. He speaks with coarse fluency, and appeals to the passions to accomplish his ends. The papers have not spoken much of his mistress, but she helps him greatly. She is hard-featured, and inclined to be a termagant. She is about forty years old. Payne tries to pass her off as his cousin. It is said that he follows her advice in all his plans, and that her influence over him is unbounded.

## THE UNION SQUARE.

**Our New York Correspondent Discusses a New Play at that Theatre.**

The regular opening of the Union Square season occurred last night, when a play called "The Artist's Daughter" was produced. It was written by Mr. Elliot Barnes, who has made one or two conspicuous failures in the dramatic field, particularly with a play called "Only a Farmer's Daughter." Mr. Barnes, whose titles always have a daughter in them, is not a brilliant playwright. He is neither creative or original, but he has a fair idea of dramatic construction, and his plays show considerable familiarity with stage business. I am told that the play which was brought out last night was submitted to the Union Square manager years ago, and that Mr. Barnes was as much surprised as anybody else when the manager at length decided to produce it. The full force of the Union Square Theatre company, including Sara Jewett, who has been reinstated in her old place as leading lady, was cast for the production. Such a corps of well-drilled and experienced actors would carry any play not positively bad. "The Artist's Daughter" is one of those pieces that are half way between success and failure. There is absolutely nothing new about the play. It abounds in such sentences as "What, *you* here?" "Thank Heaven, we are saved!" "Sixteen long years," etc., etc. It is amusing to observe the unction with which an actor revels in these antique chestnuts of the stage. He is never so happy as when he can roll one of these choice and well-rounded morsels off his lips and send it bowling toward the audience. You can always tell when an actor is about to do this sort of thing. Everybody knows it is coming, from the leader of the orchestra to the boy in the gallery. The middle of the stage is yielded to him at once, he throws back his head, struts forward, yells "Thank Heaven, we are saved!" or something of that sort, and then bows instinctively. The audience applauds from force of habit.

Undoubtedly the most amusing thing in the play last night was the struggle which the entire company made over the pronunciation of the word "duchess." There had evidently been a division on the stage concerning it, and they had at last agreed upon a combination French and English pronunciation. It began with "dootsh," and ended with a sort of guttural "sh" sound. Every time one of the actors addressed Ida Vernon with this peculiar epithet, she started perceptibly though she was a duchess, and the audience rustled in its seats. The whole house got in the habit of repeating the word after the actor, so that whenever he spoke it there were whispered echoes from all over the auditorium.

The play is supposed to occur in France in 1765, or thereabouts, and it is full of the gravest improbabilities; but they are improbabilities that we have become acustomed to by long experience. A poor artist marries a high-born lady, who immediately falls into consumption and is in the act of dying when the curtain rises. They live in a scanty hut, and her bed is directly beneath a window which opens on her lungs, and besides a door which opens on the back of her neck. The snow is deep, and the wind is high. At intervals during the first act, various actors, including villains, physicians, and friends, open the door and window and gaze in upon the woman, who is lying in bed. She has a cough. I can't say that it is to be wondered at. Before the curtain drops, she dies. Such exposure would kill John L. Sullivan in two hours. Sara Jewett dies easily and leaves an infant child. Just before she dies her sister, the "Dootch-sh," comes in to make her a little present of five thousand louis. As she arrives, the villain of the piece, Mr. Stoddard, stabs Jack Barnes, the hero, and throws him off the bridge into Seine. Then he puts on Barnes's dressing-gown, sits down by the dying wife's bedside, and when the "Dootch-sh" comes in, she discovers him, thinks he is the husband, gives him the five thousand louis, and takes away the child. Jack Barnes is not killed, but begins a search at once for his daughter. He searches for her sixteen years in the places where she is least likely to be found, but never thinks of looking for her where any one with a grain of sense would have directed his steps at once. In the next act—which occurs sixteen years later—we see Sara Jewett playing the part of the daughter. Her father who, during the sixteen years of her search, has become a great painter, is brought in to do her portrait under the vigilant eye of the "Dootch-sh," who, by the way, claims to be Sara's own mother, when she is really only her adopted mother.

About this time the scoundrel Stoddard turns up—he too having been away sixteen years—and claims that he is the father of Sara. The husband of the "Dootch-sh," it is also rumored, is the father of Sara, and that lady herself believes she is the daughter of the "Dootch-sh's" first husband. It will be seen that there is a great deal of paternity lying around loose. This gave Maud Harrison last night an opportunity of getting in some clever lines about Sara's "fourfathers." Of course, everything ends happily in the end, and the curtain drops on a scene of contentment and joy. Miss Harrison was very sprightly and attractive, and Sara Jewett was as usual. Between ourselves, about the only man on the stage who created any lasting impression was that excellent actor, Stoddard. This quality of acting is a curious thing, by the way. No one can explain it, and yet there is nothing which so quickly impresses people as true art on the stage. I was struck with it last night in the third act, after half a dozen actors had made their speeches, when Stoddard came lounging on the stage. He only had a few lines, but as he leaned forward and spoke them you could see the whole audience sway forward in their seats. The house paid him rapt attention until his exit, and then he got the heartiest applause of the evening, and the action of the play was stopped while he came forward to the footlights and acknowledged the call. It was *acting*.

The two additions to the Union Square Company were Jack Mason of Boston and Jack Barnes of London. The latter was known as "Handsome Jack Barnes" when he played the leading support to Adelaide Neilson. He was considered a very bad actor then, and when he went back to London, after his tour in America, he made up his mind that he would never be a success on the stage. One or two successes on the other side, however, convinced him that there was some chance yet, with the result that last year he became one of the most popular leading men of London. He is tall, carries himself well, has a fine profile, and good voice. Jack Mason is a New York boy, whom I knew when he played tag on Twenty-fourth Street, a good many bald-headed years ago. Not that he is old, by any means. He is of a graceful build, and has a fine face and an agreeable voice. He was somewhat affected by nervousness on the first night, and was stiff and constrained. He will be a very good addition, I think, to the company, as handsome and capable young juvenile actors are rare. Still, he is by no means a genius.

I was annoyed a night or two ago when hearing an act of the Dixey Company at the Bijou Theatre, by the utter ignorance of most of the women of the comic opera stage of the commonest rudiments of the art of singing. The majority of women think that they sing by the grace of God. In nine cases out of ten they are out of time or tune, throaty, and gasping. When Selina Dolaro, Pauline Hall, or Lillian Russell, after achieving more or less of a name on the stage as the result of well-rounded limbs generously exposed, or unusually pretty faces, go to Max Maretzek and take a quarter's lessons for twenty-five dollars, the fact is gravely published and much talked over. It seems an altogether noble and vigorous thing to do. Once in a great while a singer like Le Fort comes forward, and the public is at once gratified and surprised to find that she has learned to sing before coming on the stage rather than after her début. Musical culture is in such a state in America now, that a good singer is sure of instant recognition. It is to this taste, I believe, that Carleton now appeals with his opera company. It has long been apparent here that an opera company capable of singing well, and competent to present the better class of English operas, would be successful. That the people want it is shown by the success which attended the revival last summer of "Fra Diavolo," "Maritana," and "The Bohemian Girl." They were neither well sung nor well dressed, but the houses were crowded constantly. Mr. Carleton will probably succeed with his company, as he undoubtedly presents these operas in better form than the Bijou did here. There is considerable curiosity in New York to see and hear Miss Alfa Norman, the prima donna of the Carleton opera company. I have heard Miss Norman sing several times. Her voice is that of an absolute soprano—a rare register, by the way, as the majority of singers are mezzos, who can not sing above A. Miss Norman sings to E sharp, and her voice is as clear as a bell, and thoroughly sympathetic. She is very well known among amateur musicians here, as she has studied for a long while with Signor de Rialp, and later with Mr. J. Ernest Perrine. The absurdity of going to Italy to study music is pretty well proven by this time. The masters of singing in New York are now men of cosmopolitan reputations. Miss Norman is looked upon here as an example of what can be done in the way of vocal culture by New York instruction.

The opera-goers just now are looking for an idol. Lily Post is out of town, Lillian Russell is probably lost to us forever, Pauline Hall is walking around in a gossamer suit in a theatre too far down town to visit often, Billie Barlow is leading a march at the Casino, Selina Dolaro is writing plays which no one will produce, Ida Mulle is on the road, and Emma Carson has been divorced from her husband and has disappeared from the admiring gaze of the dudes. There is nothing left to worship but avoirdupois. Miss Summerville, who plays the lead at the Bijou Theatre, weighs two hundred and ten pounds, and Januschowsky, at the Casino, pushes her close for second place. Both are fair, fat, and approaching forty, and there is absolutely no woman on the comic opera stage here who can be termed physically beautiful. I don't know anything about the moral perfections.

BLAKELY HALL ("FLANEUR").

NEW YORK, October 8, 1884.

---

Not having the pleasure of the acquaintance of Mr. James Gilleran, Republican candidate for Supervisor of the Tenth Ward, we print the following as an evidence of the estimation in which he is held by at least one of his neighbors:

32 THIRD STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, October 16, 1884.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your valuable weekly paper I read every Sunday. I noticed in the last issue an editorial article criticising our newly nominated Republican supervisors, on account of their obscurity—unknown to the community, without business qualification and social standing, without intelligence or real property. Having my business for the last ten years in the Tenth Ward, and not fifty yards from the man that was nominated for supervisor of that ward, I believe I am able to give the truth of his history. For the last four years he claims to belong to the Republican party. He is a native of Ireland, and got, through the influence of Republicans, about five years ago, the house he occupies now. Through the patronage of Republicans in his boarding-house he claimed to be a Republican since the last Presidential election. He at that time got popular with the "Boys," by representing that he could command the votes in his house in their favor. Laying the wires for this election, he got in with one of the County Committeemen in his district, whom he patronized as a customer. In return, he was appointed President of Club No. 3, District No. 35. Being afterward elected permanently, he had the power to appoint the Enrolling Committee; he used his influence to stuff the roll, to get his delegation into the convention, by whom he was nominated. So much for his obscurity and social standing. His boarding-house is superintended by his wife and a half-dozen Chinamen. So much for his business qualifications. In the way of intelligence, I think he can about write his own name. In respect to his property qualifications, he owns half of his boarding-house, but pays no taxes on real estate. I am, and always have been, a Republican; but God forbid me to vote for such a candidate. Hoping you will make use of this in your valuable paper, I am respectfully yours,

JULIUS MORRIS.

---

A banker, who is in company with his son, receives ten thousand francs from a debtor, and sets to counting the bills.

"One, two, three, four," he says, and goes on counting up to nine, when he stops, rolls up the notes, and whispers to his son:

"Never turn up the last bill when you are counting money; there may be another under it."—*French.*

---

Emerson says: "There is always safety in valor." But Emerson never was interviewed by a red-headed woman with a cold and relentless cowhide under her shawl.—*Cincinnati Merchant Traveler.*

## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

**Problem No. LXV.—By Wm. E. Tinney, New York.**

*From Southern Trade Gazette.*

WHITE—King at QB8; Queen at QKt6; Rooks at QB2, Q8; Knight at KB6; Pawn at KB5

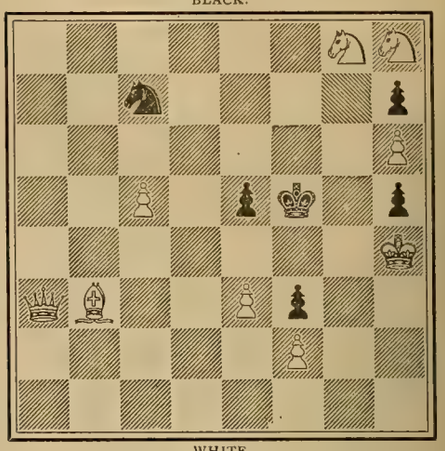
BLACK—King at K2; Rooks at KKt sq, KKt8; Bishops at QB4, KR8; Knights at KB8, KR2; Pawns at QKt2, KB2.

White to play and mate in two moves.

**Problem No. LXVI.—By G. Niessing, Lissa.**

*From Taglichen Rundschau Problem Tourney.*

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

**Solution of Problem No. LVII.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—B K3 | 1—Any move |
| 2—Q, R, or B mates acc. | |

**Solution of Problem No. LVIII.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—Q QB sq | 1—B x Kt (a, b) |
| 2—R K4 ch | 2—P x R |
| 3—P QB4 mates | |

| | |
|---|---|
| (a) 1— | 1—B Q6 |
| 2—Kt QKt6ch | 2—K K4 |
| 3—B KB4 mates. | |

| | |
|---|---|
| (b) 1— | 1—K x R |
| 2—Q x B | 2—K QKt4 |
| 3—P QB4 mates. | |

**Answers to Correspondents.**

Anonymous.—Dr. J. H. Zukertort has played the greatest number of blindfold simultaneous games—the number being sixteen. Morphy's greatest number was eight, but these were played against picked men taken from among the strongest players in Paris, Morphy winning six and drawing two.

E. A. K., Oroville.—Solution is correct. If Q B3 ch, Pawn can not take, as it moves in the other direction. Problem No. LX is correct.

**Game No. 44.**

Deciding game for first and second prize in the Scottish Chess Association handicap tourney. The game and notes are from the Glasgow *Herald*.

FIANCHETTO DI DONNA.

| *White.* | *Black* | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| G. B. Fraser. | Sheriff Spens. | 15—P x P | 15—B QR3 (b) |
| 1—P K4 | 1—P QKt3 | 16—Q QKt3 | 16—R QB sq |
| 2—P Q4 | 2—B QKt2 | 17—P KB4 | 17—R QB5 |
| 3—P KB3 | 3—P K3 | 18—B QB3 | 18—R QB sq (c) |
| 4—B Q3 | 4—Kt K2 | 19—P QR3 | 19—B KR5 (d) |
| 5—Kt KR3 | 5—K KKt3 | 20—P KKt3 | 20—B K2 |
| 6—Kt QB3 | 6—Kt QB3 | 21—Q Q sq | 21—P KB3 |
| 7—Kt K2 | 7—Kt QKt5 | 22—Q KKt4 | 22—P KB4 |
| 8—P QB3 | 8—Kt x B (a) | 23—Q KB3 | 23—Q K sq (e) |
| 9—Q x Kt | 9—P Q4 | 24—P KKt4 | 24—Kt KR5 |
| 10—Kt KB2 | 10—B K2 | 25—Q KR3 | 25—Q QKt4 |
| 11—Kt KKt3 | 11—P QR4 | 26—Kt KKt3 (f) | 26—Kt KB6 ch |
| 12—Kt KR5 | 12—Castles | 27—K Q sq | 27—Q QKt6 ch |
| 13—B Q2 | 13—P QB4 | 28—K B sq, and Black announced mate in four moves. | |
| 14—P K5 | 14—P x P | | |

(a) It seems to us that at this stage of the game it is weak for the first player to allow the exchange of KB for Kt.

(b) White has already a poor game.

(c) This can only be regarded as loss of time; meanwhile the adverse bishop has left the original diagonal which was perhaps advantageous to Black.

(d) It seems that as the game has been played, Black here should have checked; that is to say, that the White Kt should not be at B2; however, the finish is good, as we give it below.

(e) A very good move, of which the first player does not appreciate the value.

(f) Castles Q R would perhaps have been better.

---

We publish a little chess curiosity in the shape of a game played between two members of the Bohemian Club.

REMOVE WHITE'S QUEEN.

| *White.* Mr. P. | *Black.* Mr. G. |
|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 |
| 2—Kt KB3 | 2—Kt QB3 |
| 3—B QB4 | 3—P Q4 |
| 4—P x P | 4—Kt Q5 |
| 5—Kt x P | 5—Kt x P ch |
| 6—K Q sq | 6—Kt x R |
| 7—P Q6 | 7—P KB3 |
| 8—B KB7 mates. | |

---

The following is from the constitution of Detroit (Michigan) Chess Club: "We deem the game of chess to be both moral and instructive; a discipline to the mind, and recreation for the body; a game whose influences are for good and against evil, whose literature is an honor to the world, and whose subtle combinations are an endless source of enjoyment to all lovers of intellectual pastime."

---

The Russian Government has forbidden all public libraries and reading-rooms to keep on hand translations of the works of Agassiz, Bagehot, Huxley, Zola, Lasalle, Lubbock, Lecky, Louis Blanc, Lewes, Lyell, Marx, Mill, Reclus, Adam Smith, and Herbert Spencer. Strange juxtaposition, however, Zola and Agassiz!

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Yes, Biddy Muldoon, Moike is roisin' in circumsthances. Lasht Thursday Moike kem home wid a tin hat and glimmer pants, an' wint out to shoot off Roman pin wheels fer Jimmy Blaine, an' the nixt he was a howling fer Cleveland, an' thin he goes out an' whoops her up fer Butthler, an' nixt night he wallops Nick Cleary fer not gittin' dhrunk wid him fer the glory av St. John. Bechune the four av thim Moike is doin' glorious, an' whin the poles are runnin' Moike will cast four votes in sivin warruds, be the token, at sivin dollars each. The counthry is in danger, Biddy, but fer downright, arnest, soul-sarchin' warrud worruk, give me moi Moike an' four candidates."—*Life*.

"William Broker," she said to her husband, very earnestly, as they sat at the breakfast-table, "look me in the eye and tell me the truth: are you losing all your money in a fruit speculation?"

He was scared to death when she began, but conscious innocence gave him strength and courage as she concluded her question.

"No," he said, firmly, "I am not."

"I believe you are," she said, shaking her head, "for last night you cried in your sleep, and said you had lost every chip you had in the world on one little pear."

And then he gasped, and admitted that he had dropped a few cases in a little deal in perishable fruits. But it was the narrowest escape he ever had in his life.—*Ex*.

A determined-looking man, with a nose like the beak of a hawk, a bad eye, and built up all the way from the ground like a bank safe, applied for a position on the New York police force.

"Do you think that you can make arrests, and guard prisoners so that they will not escape?"

The applicant smiled a smile that made the toughest policeman feel uncomfortable—a sort of a combined Richard the Third and Othello smile.

"If you had six prisoners and one was to escape, would you leave the five and follow up the fugitive?"

"Of course not. I'd club the five to death who didn't try to escape, so that I'd know where to look for them when I got back with the remains of the other one."

"You can't fool us. You have been on the police force before," said the inspector, as he made out a captain's commission for the applicant.—*Ex*.

*Puck* offers campaign lies at the following low rates:

FOR REPUBLICAN USE.

*(Now Ready.)*

| | |
|---|---|
| Startling Developments in Sheriff Cleveland's Career [per development]. | $7 50 |
| Horrid Murder of a Defenseless Negro by Thomas A. Hendricks | 7 00 |
| Details of same, with Full Name of Corpse | 5 00 |
| Depravity of Cleveland as a School-boy, with Map | 3 00 |
| Autograph Letter of Grover Cleveland, saying: "To —— with the Workingman! I'm for Gould" | 25 00 |
| The Same, with "hell" Spelled Out in Full | 30 00 |

*(In Preparation.)*

| | |
|---|---|
| Chromo Lithograph of Cleveland Kicking his Grandmother and Saying "D—n!" | $8 00 |
| Recommendation to the Public of Grover Cleveland by R. B. Hayes, Warranted to Kill even a Better Man [per dozen,] | 75 |

FOR DEMOCRATIC USE.

*(Now Ready.)*

| | |
|---|---|
| Proofs in Detail that Blaine Wrote "Peck-a-Boo" | $4 00 |
| The Same, with Illustrations, together with a Map of the Mulligan Letters | 7 00 |
| Documents Showing the Complicity of John A. Logan in the Outrageous and Memorable Assault on the Hon. B. Patterson | 10 00 |
| The Same, with a Sketch in Oil of Logan's Mustache | 15 00 |

☞ SPECIAL RATES TO CLUBS. ☜

Good Farmer Thistlepod sat in his farmhouse on the prairie wide. The shadows of the evening were falling silently over the shingled roof. There was a crashing sound like a burst of sarcastic laughter in Congress. A person, a stranger to Farmer Thistlepod and his family, came through the roof without the formality of an introduction, disturbing the ceiling on his way through, and falling upon the dog, killed it instantly.

Farmer Thistlepod looked up and said in a tone of interest:

"Where from, stranger?"

The stranger rose to his feet, and apologizing for his disheveled condition and the plastering on his coat, said that he was from Sac County.

"Expect any more of your folks along putty soon?"

The stranger reckoned not; good many started when he did, but they mostly went in different directions. Did bring part of his wagon along with him, but dropped it out in the barn-yard. Reckoned he could stay all night?

Farmer Thistlepod allowed he could. They wan't very much crowded this time of the year. Couple of fellows from Missouri came down the chimney last Sunday night, and a horse and wagon slid into the smoke-house middle of the week, but cyclone travel was mostly over for the season. Bring much of your farm with you?

The stranger reckoned he only started with twenty acres of timber land and the barn. The barn dropped into the krick, but the timber land he scattered over Hardins and Miller townships.

Farmer Thistlepod, suddenly bethinking himself of the rites of hospitality, asked if his guest had been to supper.

The guest said no, he had not, and they started for the dining-room, Farmer Thistlepod remarking that he wouldn't charge him anything for supper and lodging, and they could settle for the damages in the morning.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

There is no one thing in which people are more deceived than in the number of torches in a procession, and the time it takes the procession to pass a given point. If it is a Republican procession, the Republican papers say there were four thousand nine hundred and eighty-one torches carried by actual voters, that the procession was two hours and thirty minutes passing a given point, that the scene was one of Oriental magnificence, and that the enthusiasm on the part of the fifty thousand people showed that the Republican candidate was a favorite. People who take this statement as true are rudely awakened from their stupor by reading the Democratic paper, which will assert on oath that there were only eleven hundred and seven torches in the procession, that most of them were carried by hoodlums, that no one would have known of the procession except for an occasional howl from a drunken Blaine man, that the party could have passed a given point in fifteen minutes, if the given point had not been a saloon where free beer was furnished the vagrants who carried the bad-smelling tin-cans. If it is a Democratic procession, the Republican paper will pass it over by the slighting remark that a few of Cleveland's bummers were out on a drunk with incendiary flambeaux the night before, and they would have burned the town, very likely, if the police had not interfered and locked them up for disorderly conduct. The reader puts away the Republican paper and picks up a Democratic paper, and reads of the grandest torchlight procession that was ever seen on the continent, eight thousand and seven hundred voters being in line with torches, by actual count, all well drilled, going through evolutions that would have done credit to veteran soldiers. Men are not fitted for the work of torch-counting. Take two respectable, honest men, of opposite politics, and place them at a given point to count the torches of a procession, and they will not agree within two thousand, and they will call each other liars and horse-thieves, and will have a scrapping-match, and roll in the gutter before the procession gets around the corner. Let the two great parties unite on an honest woman for official torch-counter, and she can not be appointed a minute too soon for the peace of mind of the people.—*Peck's Sun*.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"Royal Love" is the title of Wilkie Collins's new story.

Bret Harte has written for the Christmas number of *Longman's Magazine* a sketch which he calls "Sarah Walker."

The author of "Molly Bawn" has written a new novel called "Doris," and it will shortly be printed by the Lippincotts.

Mr. Swinburne's new volume, "A Midsummer Holiday," is made up of songs actually written during his recent quiet holiday.

Henry James's forthcoming novel, "The Princess Casamassima," will be, it is reported, his longest and most elaborate story.

An inexpensive edition of one hundred and forty-seven cartoons from *Punch*, representing fifty years of English history, is on the Putnams' list.

The Christmas number of *Longman's Magazine* is to have colored illustrations, and DuMaurier and Birket Foster are on its staff of artists.

The "Chinese Game-Song," which will shortly appear in *St. Nicholas*, was discovered at the Chinese Mission by Ella Sterling Cummins, a writer of this city.

The real name of the author, "Charles Egbert Craddock," whose stories of Southern life have been so successful, is said to be N. M. Murfee, and his residence St. Louis.

A special double number of the *English Illustrated* will be issued in December. The price of this number will be doubled, also, but even then it will only be thirty cents.

A magnificent holiday edition of the play of "Romeo and Juliet," illustrated by Goupil photogravures, from original drawings from Frank Dicksee, is announced by Cassell & Co.

The second volume of Professor McMaster's "History of the People of the United States" is almost ready for publication. The fifth volume of the revised edition of Bancroft's history is also leaving the Appleton press.

If the volumes of Carlyle reminiscences already published have aroused popular indignation, what will be said of the one that is to come? For it is described as containing far more rancorous observations on his contemporaries than did the first volume.

A Boston gentleman went abroad last winter with a list of one hundred and fifty books that he was desirous of purchasing. He searched Paris, London, Vienna, and Leipsic, and came home with only four of them, to wonder whether Europe is really a better book-mart than America.

William R. Jenkins, 850 Sixth Avenue, New York, has added to his "Théâtre Contemporain" Ohnet's play, "Le Maître de Forges." Belot's "Le Testament de César Girodot" will follow next in this series, and About's "Le Roi des Montagnes" in the "Romans Choisis" of the same publisher.

In the pretty epilogue to "As You Like It" Rosalind says: "Good wine needs no bush." And Rosalind rarely knows what she is talking about. In the old times, before sign-painting had reached the present advanced state, a vintner hung a branch of ivy over his door to signify to the unlettered that he had wine on sale. The custom has almost gone out, even in France, except in the by-ways. But a writer in the current number of the *Century*, in a very interesting paper on Rosa Bonheur, alludes to this old custom, and relates that the little wine shop at By has the traditional bush hung over the door. It is renewed once a year by the young men of the place, with much form and feasting, and it becomes the landlord's duty to "water the bush." San Franciscans are familiar with a little wine-shop in the foreign quarter, a small, low, one-storied building, always noted by the passers-by for its long name—"Café au Boulevard de la Poussière." It is all the more remarkable in a new country that it bears the vintner's traditional sign, the green bush hung over the door. If "good wine needs no bush," the little café naïvely betrays the quality of its wares, but as a preserver of an ancient custom it is interesting.

New Books.

Part 7 of Stormonth's English Dictionary has been issued by Harper & Brothers, in their "Franklin Square Library"; also William Black's "Judith Shakespeare."

James Payn's "Literary Recollections," which have already appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, have been revised by the author and issued in a neat little volume by Harper & Bros., New York. For sale by Bancroft.

Ernest Ingersoll has collected, from the many magazines to which he has contributed, his papers on the natural history of the United States, and now gives them to the public in a handsome volume, called "Country Cousins." In all cases the articles have been thoroughly revised—in some cases extensive additions have been made—and the result is a volume both interesting and instructive to the many lovers of out-door studies. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft.

The latest of William Black's stories, "Judith Shakespeare: Her Love Affairs and Other Adventures," which is running in the current number of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, has been issued in their uniform edition of Black's works, and also in their "Franklin Square Library." Judith is the daughter of William Shakespeare, and in her Black has drawn one of his most charming heroines. The story is interesting and prettily told, the quaint expressions of Shakespeare's time forming a large part of the dialogue. For sale by Bancroft.

The *Popular Science Monthly* endeavors to present discussion of the leading scientific questions of the day in a manner clear to the general reader, and at the same time sufficiently technical to insure accuracy. The October number, which is well up to the publishers' standard, is headed by an article by Dr. Francis J. Shepherd on "The Significance of Human Anomalies," an application of the theory of evolution to those phenomena. The presidential address of Lord Rayleigh on "The Recent Progress of Physical Science," delivered before the Montreal meeting of the British Association, is given in full, with a portrait and biographical sketch of the author. The editor continues his controversy with the classicists for higher consideration for science in education. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The "Art Year Book," for 1884, is an outgrowth of the annual catalogue of the New England Institute, and is the first publication of the kind issued in this country. It contains information with regard to artists, exhibitions of the year, graphic processes, and active art industries, examples of various graphic processes, autographic drawings by well-known American artists, examples of applied art, and a descriptive catalogue of the art collection of the Institute. The reading-matter is printed on heavy linen paper, and the illustrations are on Whatman paper, Bristol board, etc. It is, altogether, a very handsome production, and speaks well for the progress of American artistic printing. The edition of two thousand copies is augmented by an *édition de luxe* of one hundred and a *grand édition de luxe* of forty copies. The ordinary edition is thus printed: the text on hand-made paper; the illustrations on high-finished paper; the catalogue on fine book-paper. The book is bound in boards, covered with white parchment paper, on which is a Japanesque design, printed in five colors—red, blue, brown, silver bronze, and amber yellow. The work is published by the New England Institute. It is printed by Mr. Arthur B. Turnure, of the Art Age Press, New York; for sale by John M. Little, Boston; price, $4, $20, and $100.

## VANITY FAIR.

The Countess Walewska, once maid of honor to Empress Eugénie, is said to have anticipated Whistler's "harmonies" in her dress, which was always black, as she believed that color showed off the beautiful white of her neck and shoulders and the carnation of her cheeks. One day, owing to an accident at a hunt, this lovely and ingenious lady of honor was forced to keep her bed, but she received her friends all the same, and astonished them somewhat by wearing a loose peplum robe of black foulard silk, which covered neck and arms, and pillow-cases and sheets also of the same fabric. The coverlet was of pale pink brocade, bordered with swan's-down. This might be termed a "nocturne" in pink and black, and made an impression on certain susceptible courtiers, so that its fame reached the imperial ears and Eugénie herself went and had a black silk bed to heighten her own fair beauty.

Clara Belle says in the *Cincinnati Enquirer*: "Nearly all black stockings are now woven or knitted with a strip of white under the foot extending from heel to toe. Such stockings are said to be half-soled in white. It is not, however, confined to black stockings. The greater number of colored Lisle thread and Balbriggan hose are half-soled in white. The fact is that we have got pretty tired of finding ourselves tattooed every time we undress for bed, with an exact reproduction of the hosiery pattern which we have been wearing during the day, or, worse still, dyed jet from knees to toes. We are determined to at least be what Beecher declared Mrs. Tilton to be—a white-soled creature. But the novelty stocking is the one that laces up, like an old-fashioned prunella gaiter, except that the line of string-and-eye-hole embracement is not from ankle to heel, but from under the knee to the upper bulge of the calf. That scheme ought to be approved, because it abolishes the garter with its impediment to a free circulation of the blood, and the supporters dependent from the waist with their annoying tension. I hardly expected to ever feel angelic, but when I went out with a pair of laced stockings on, the absence of all sense of garterial restraint imparted a sense of winged flight, and it seemed to me that my feet were off the sidewalk most of the time."

Have you a little mirror hanging from your belt, Flora?—a little mirror with an ivory miniature of some great beauty of the "olden, golden" time at the back? Is that mirror about three inches each way and set round with precious stones? If you have not this means at hand of coolly examining your own face in the midst of a ball, however large, or at the opera, or at a garden party, it simply argues that you are not up to the last "beauty dodge," and have only to "hide your diminished head," unless, indeed, you buy one of the equally fashionable ones of French plate-glass with a pretty border of gold beads and with an ivory comb at the back, and suspend it to the now revived châtelaine. Another thing that has "given me pause" is the tiny box with its inch-wide powder-puff, which hangs beside the mirror and is more or less costly and bejeweled. It is the height of the *pschutt* to "take it up tenderly," "lift it with care," and, quietly withdrawing the down from its bed of *veloutine* powder, to carefully besprinkle your face, neck, and arms, and this in the face of a whole theatre or ball-room and of your partner or escort. Not to do this once at least in the course of the evening—and you may do it after each dance or each of the prima donna's arias—argues—oh, horror!—that you are *enameled*.

"There are several styles in garters this season," said a prominent New York dealer. "Here, for instance, are some pretty pale blue, white, and pink ones, which are made of satin-finished elastic, and painted with roses and sprays of vines. You see they fasten with buckles, and can be made larger or smaller, as necessity requires. The buckle was invented for obvious reasons. Prices range from one to five dollars per pair. The buckles come separate from the garters. The handsomest buckles are only used when specially ordered. They are generally sold by jewelers. Some are of plain gold or silver, and some are studded with jewels. The most fashionable now are those set with Rhine-stones. A beautiful pair that I recently saw are of solid gold, with forget-me-nots in blue enamel. An ingenious device to shield the flesh from bruise is a scented pad, soft and tiny, which is placed under the buckle. The latest wrinkle is the bangled garter. They are just the same as the bangles that used to be so much in favor, except, of course, that they are larger, and have to be pliable or shut with a spring, instead of being in one rigid piece, like those worn on the wrist. We make them of silver in several forms, mostly in flat links, with a snap-catch, and each link has one or two little silver ornaments or coins hanging from it. Of course, they are rather expensive. One pattern has little bells dangling from it, and a girl can go to a party and dance around with a fellow until he thinks he is taking a sleigh-ride. If the ladies want to utilize their bangles, we have the new garters unmounted—that is, without any ornaments a tached—so that the little charms can be taken off the bangles and fastened to the garters, a job that can be done by any jeweler in a few minutes. No, I know they won't show, but still they will make a hit, for all that, and I've sold a fair-sized bill of them to several houses. Perhaps the public will have a chance to see how the new fashion looks, after all, for I think one of the ballets in a show piece to be brought out next November in New York will be danced with the bell-bangle pattern on the legs."

The visitor to New York and the average citizen who works for his living seldom or never sees the really swell society girl unless he catches a glimpse of her in her box at the opera house or sees her roll by in a glittering drag once a year on "coaching day," writes a correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*. Any one more thoroughly guarded than the girl in question, it would be difficult to imagine. To begin with, the season has been so much shortened of late that she is in New York a few months only in the year. Six years ago social festivities began in September, and no one thought of leaving town before July. Nowadays fashionable people never come home before November, and the season is not fairly started before December. It goes fast and furious for five months, and then comes the Coaching Club's parade in May, which officially closes the season. The society girl runs over to England in May and catches the London season at its height. About the second week of August she goes to Newport, where she remains till quite late in September. Thence she journeys to her father's country home, and "builds up" in preparation for the New York season. She is called a bud—a débutante—in her first year, a society girl in her second, and is pronounced passée in her third. Her life is a constant series of entertainments. She rises late in the morning, goes to a two-o'clock breakfast or luncheon in her mother's brougham, returns in time to make an elaborate toilet and be whirled through the park at six o'clock, when she is brought back to dress for dinner and the subsequent opera, reception, or ball, or perhaps all three. At an early hour in the morning she steps out of the carriage, wrapped to the chin in furs, and falls wearily into the arms of her maid. Her manner is very "English." It is fashionable just now to be brisk, wide-awake, and jolly. The romantic girl, the novel-reading girl, the spiritueIle girl, and the "accomplished" girl are all out of style. The girl of the period is very bright, a bit horsey, and uncommonly attractive. If her flow of spirits is sometimes forced and palpably unreal, who can wonder? What would you have? Fatigue will overtake the strongest of us. Eventually she marries in her own set, becomes one of the "married women beauties," rides to hounds, goes yachting with her husband, and brings up a family of well-bred boys and girls. Rarely—very rarely, indeed—a bit of scandal tarnishes her name. Whether in London, Newport, or New York, she is always as carefully guarded as a princess. She never goes out without her chaperone, and her mother's eye is ever upon her. And the father? Does any one ask about the old man? He plugs away steadily in town eleven months in the year, making the money necessary for the maintenance of the girl.

## THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

By François Coppée.

Her Majesty the Queen of Bohemia—there will always be a kingdom of Bohemia for story-tellers—was traveling in strict incognito, and in humble fashion, under the name of the Countess des Sept-Châteaux. She was accompanied by the old Baroness Georgenthal, her companion, and General Horschowitz, her equerry. In spite of furs and foot-warmers, it was very cold in the reserved compartment; and when the Queen, growing weary of her English novel, and worried by the general's knitting—for the general knitted—wanted to look out on the snow-covered country, she was obliged to rub the glass of the carriage window for a minute or two with her handkerchief, the frost had covered it so thickly with glittering tracery and delicate ferns of ice. It was a strange caprice, certainly, and worthy of her majesty's twenty years, to set out for Paris in mid-winter, to join her mother, the Queen of Moravia, who was to have visited her in Prague the following spring. However, nothing would do but she must start on the journey, with the thermometer sixteen degrees below freezing point. The baroness had to shake up her old rheumatism; and the general, in despair, had to leave behind a magnificent counterpane he was knitting for his daughter-in-law, and to content himself with working a simple pair of worsted stockings, by way of occupation on the road. It was a rough journey. The whole of Europe lay covered with snow; and they had come half across it, with all sorts of difficulties and hinderances, by railways that were disorganized by the hard weather.

Now they are getting near the end of their journey. At nine o'clock they dined at the buffet at Mâcon, and although this evening the foot-warmers are again hardly lukewarm, and outside great snowflakes float about in the darkness, the baroness and the general—both slumbering in a corner under furs and railway rugs—are dreaming of their arrival in Paris. The good old lady is full of the advantages she will find there for special religious exercises; and the old soldier, of a certain wool shop in the Rue Saint-Honoré, to which he means to pay an early visit, the only shop at which he can match his green Berlin wool skeins satisfactorily.

The Queen is not asleep. She sits there buried in thought, with her eyes wide open in the shadow, feverish and shivering in her blue-fox furs, with her elbow leaning on the window-sill and one hand clenched in the beautiful ruffled golden hair that has fallen loose from her coquettish little traveling cap, listening mechanically to the vague distant music that the tired ears of the travelers seem to hear in the iron gallop of the express. She is looking back over her whole past life, this poor young queen, and thinking how miserable she is.

She saw herself as she used to be, when she was a little princess with red hands and an unformed figure, playing with her twin sister, whom they had married far away in the north—the sister she was so fond of, and who was so like her that when they were dressed in the same way they had to put ribbons of a different color in their hair that they might not be mistaken one for the other. That was before the revolution that overturned her parents' throne. She had loved the calm and sleepy atmosphere of the little court of Olmutz, where etiquette was tempered by such easy-going good-nature. In those days her father, good King Louis V.—who since then had died in exile, of a broken heart—used to walk through the park with her and her sister, in his court dress, every afternoon at four o'clock, to take *café au lait* in the Chinese pavilion covered with ivy and vines, looking out on the river and the far-off circle of hills red-tinted in the autumn.

Then came her marriage, and the great presentation ball, one beautiful night in July, when the murmur of the crowds in the illuminated gardens had come up through the open windows. How she had trembled when she was left alone a moment in the conservatory with the young king. She loved him already; she had loved him from the first moment she had seen him, as he came forward, with the white plume in his cap, so graceful and elegant in his blue uniform and diamonds, with the gold spurs on his small gray boots ringing at every step. After the first waltz Ottokar had taken her arm, and, stroking his long black mustache the while, had led her into the conservatory and made her sit down under a palm tree. Then sitting beside her, he had taken her hand in that grand, easy way of his, and looked into her eyes, and asked her: "Princess, will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?" And she had blushed, and looked down, and, holding her hand to her heart to still its wild beating, had answered him: "Yes, sire," while the Tziganes' violins suddenly crashed out the first note of the Tchèque march, that sublime song of triumph and enthusiasm.

Alas! how soon that happiness had fled! Six months of error and illusion—scarcely six months—and then one day, before her baby was born, she had found out, by a cruel chance, that she had been deceived, that the king did not love her, that he never had loved her, that the very day after his marriage he had supped with Gazella, the first dancer of the Prague Theatre, a light woman. And that was not all! She had found out—what every one but herself knew—Ottokar's old liaison with the Countess Pzilorann, by whom he had three children, whom he had never abandoned, in the midst of a hundred caprices, and whom he had actually dared to make first lady in waiting to his wife. The Queen's love was killed on the spot—the delicate, shy love she had never dared to confess to her husband, the love that she compared now to a tame bird she had killed one day when she was a little girl, squeezing it suddenly in her hand when she had been startled by the noise of a servant breaking a vase.

She had a son, certainly, and she loved him; but it was terrible sometimes, when she was sitting by the gilded and coronetted cradle of her little sleeping Wladislas, to feel a cold shiver pass over her heart at the sight of the child, the offspring of a man who had so wickedly and cruelly outraged her. Besides, she never had him to herself—never all to herself. It was not at all as it had been in her kind parents' court—and that was another grief, that they had been driven out by a revolution. Here, in this ancient and haughty court of Bohemia, everything was done according to the laws of the strictest etiquette. A whole host of governesses and dry-nurses, stiff old ladies with grand manners and lofty airs, surrounded the royal cradle, and, when the Queen came to see her son and kiss him, she was told with solemnity: "His highness coughed a little last night," or "His highness is cutting a tooth." And it seemed to her as if the chilly breath of these women blew over her mother's heart, and quenched and froze it.

She could really bear it no longer, poor Queen—her life was too hard. And so sometimes, when she was overpowered with grief and ennui, she used to get leave from the king to pay a visit to the Queen of Moravia, who had taken refuge in France. She would fly away and escape, as from a prison—alone, for it was contrary to the traditions that the heir-apparent should travel without his father—to weep out all her griefs on her gray-haired mother's neck.

This time she had left without asking permission, suddenly, only staying to leave a rapid kiss on the sleeping Wladislas's forehead, for she was mad with disgust and shame.

The debauchery of the king became more notorious daily. He had wives and families now in every town in Bohemia, in every one of his hunting-boxes. He was a laughing-stock everywhere, and in the streets of Prague they sang satirical verses, asking what was to become of all this illegitimate race, and whether Ottokar, like Augustus the Strong before him, would enroll all his bastards in a squadron of guards of honor. To provide for the wants of his numerous progeny, the king turned everything into money, and drained and indebted the state. The trade in decorations was especially scandalous. There was a tailor at Vienna who was quoted as having made his fortune by selling, to amateurs of foreign orders, a certain dress-coat at five hundred florins, with the ribbon of the most illustrious order of Bohemia, a military order that dated back to the Thirty Years' War, in its button-hole.

* * * * * * * * *

What is wrong? The train has begun to go more slowly; it has stopped. What is the meaning of this stoppage in the open country in the middle of the night? The general and the baroness have awakened very anxious; the lord-in-waiting has let down the glass, and is leaning out into the darkness; and suddenly the guard, who is running along in the snow beside the carriages, stops and raises his lantern, lighting up the bristling white mustaches and fur cap of the general.

"What is the matter? Why are we stopping?" asks old Horschowitz.

"The matter is that we shall have to stop here for an hour at least. The snow is two feet deep; it is impossible to get on. The Parisians will have to do without their *café au lait* to-morrow."

"What! Wait here an hour in this weather! You know the foot-warmers are cold."

"What can I do? They have telegraphed to Tonnerre for sweepers; but, as I said, we must wait at least an hour."

And the man moved away with his lantern in the direction of the engine.

"It is too bad! Your majesty will catch cold!" croaked the baroness.

"Yes, I am very cold," said the Queen, shivering.

Now was the time for the general to show his heroism. He jumped down on to the rails, sinking up to his knees in snow, caught hold of the man with the lantern, and spoke to him in a low voice.

"If it was the Great Mogul himself I could do nothing," answered the man. "The signal-man's house is just in front of us; he may have a fire, and if the lady likes to get down? Hi! Sabatier!" A second lantern approached them. "Go and see if the signal-man has a fire in his house."

Fortunately he had. The general was as proud as if he had gained a battle, or finished the last stripe of knitting in his famous counterpane. He went back to the Queen's carriage to tell her the result of his efforts, and a moment after the three travelers were in the low-roofed room of the little house, stamping their feet on the floor to get rid of the snow on their shoes, while the signal-man, who had brought them in, and who still wore his sheep-skin, knelt down before the fire and threw some dead wood upon the dogs.

The Queen threw her cloak on the back of her straw-bottomed chair, and sat down before the cheery blaze. She took off her long, Swedish kid gloves, and began to look about her.

It was a peasant's room. There was a dry, uneven, earthen floor; strings of onions hung from the smoky rafters; an old poacher's gun was fastened over the chimney-piece by a couple of nails, and there were a few flowered plates on the dresser. The general made a grimace at two cheap pictures that were pinned to the wall; one, the portrait of Monsieur Thiers wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, the other Garibaldi in his red shirt. But what attracted the young queen's attention was a wicker cradle, by the side of the large bed, half hidden by striped chintz curtains, from whence there came the murmurings of a child wakened from its sleep.

As soon as he heard it, the signal-man left the fire, went to the cradle, and rocked it gently.

"Bye-bye, chickie, bye-bye! It is nothing—only friends of daddy's."

He seemed a kind father, this man in his goat-skin, with his bald head, his rough old soldier's mustache, and those two deep sad lines round his mouth.

"Is that your little girl?" the Queen asked, with interest.

"Yes, ma'am; it is my Cécile. She will be three years old next month."

"But—her mother?" inquired her majesty, hesitatingly. And, as the man shook his head; "You are a widower?"

But he shook his head again. Then the Queen, touched, got up and went to the cradle, and looked at Cécile, who had gone to sleep again, hugging a card-board dog tenderly to her breast.

"Poor child!" she murmured.

"Wasn't it a heartless thing to do for a mother to abandon a child of that age?" said the signal-man, in a smothered voice. "That she should have left me after all, was my own fault. I ought not to have married a woman too young for me—I ought not to have let her go to the town, where she picked up evil acquaintances. But to abandon this darling! Wasn't it infamous? And now I have to bring up the poor mite myself! And I can tell you it is not easy, with all the work I have to do. In the evening I am very often obliged to leave her there screaming and crying when I hear the whistle of the train. In the daytime, though, I take her with me, and she is quite used to it already, the darling! She is not afraid of the railway now. Only yesterday I was holding her in my left arm, while I waved my flag with my right. Well, she never even trembled as the express train went by. But, you see, what troubles me most is having to make her frocks and caps. Fortunately, I was a sergeant in the Zouaves once, and know how to use my needle."

"But, my poor friend," began the Queen, "it is a very difficult task for you. I should like to help you. I suppose there is a village near here, and there must be some good people in the village who would take charge of your little girl. If it is only a question of money"——

But the signalman shook his head.

"No, good lady, no. I am not proud, and I would accept with all my heart anything that was done for Cécile. But I will never part with her. No, not even for an hour!"

"But why?"

"Why?" repeated the man, in his deep voice, "because I can trust no one but myself to make this child what her mother was not—a good woman! But, excuse me, would you kindly rock Cécile a moment? I am wanted on the track."

Who can tell what thoughts passed through the mind of the young Queen of Bohemia that winter night as she sat rocking the poor signal-man's child, while the general and baroness, whose help she had refused, sat and sulked before the fire? When the guard opened the door and cried out: "Now then, ladies and gentlemen, the express is starting; take your seats!" the Queen put her purse, swelled with gold, and the bouquet of violets from her belt, into little Cécile's cradle, and went back to her seat in the train.

But her majesty stayed only two days in Paris; she returned to Prague almost immediately, and now she never leaves it. She devotes herself entirely to her son's education. The places of the governesses, with their thirty quarterings, who cast the shadows of their funereal caps over the heir-apparent, have become sinecures. If there are still kings in Europe when little Wladislas is grown up, he will be what his father was not—a good king. Already, though he is but five, he is very popular; and when he travels with his mother on those good old Bohemian railways, where they go as slowly as a carriage, and, looking out of the window, sees a signalman holding a child with one arm and waving his little flag with the other, the royal child, at a sign from his mother, kisses his hand to him.—*Adapted for the Argonaut from the French by Mademoiselle Bouchier.*

### "An Unborn Ghost."

[Although neither of the subjoined letters was intended for publication, we think that printing them is justified by the fact that each explains an apparent injustice; that each, to a certain extent, answers the other; and that each was written in ignorance of the existence of the other letter.—EDS. ARGONAUT.]

ALBANY, October 5, 1884.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I enclose a copy of what the New York *Graphic* has done to my story, "An Unborn Ghost," which appeared in the *Argonaut* of September 6–13. I know no parallel for such impudence, and I wish there could be some redress; but I suppose there is none. Possibly you may be moved to make some statement about it in the *Argonaut*—I do not know whether it would be out of place or not. The story in the *Graphic* form is being widely copied in the East, and, of course, greatly to my discredit. I do not ask the *Argonaut* to enter at all into my defense, but it seems as though it might be interested in not having attributed to its columns such an emasculated abortion as the *Graphic* has brought out. Yours, very sincerely, LEONARD KIP.

GRAPHIC OFFICE, NEW YORK, October 4, 1884.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I mail you herewith a copy of our supplement of last Saturday, and call your attention to the story, "An Unborn Ghost," copied in part from the *Argonaut*. When I gave out the copy I thought it was complete, but after it was set up, and too late to replace it with anything else, I discovered that we had put the second part only in type. In order to make it intelligible to our readers, I was obliged to write the first part myself. I should take it as a personal favor if you would please send me a copy of the *Argonaut* containing the first part, so that I may see how nearly I came to the original version. I was sorry to have to change anything in so good a story, but, under the circumstances, it was unavoidable. With regards, I am yours, very respectfully, BENJ. NORTHROP, Associate Editor *Graphic*.

Gentlemen are by no means neglected nowadays in the way of luxurious and costly toilet and other articles. Prominent among these are large manicure boxes of plush, satin-lined, complete with each necessary article, of silver, finely engraved and chased, hammered, or otherwise treated. Others are in satin boxes, velvet lined. Whisk brooms are magnificent with silver *repoussé* handles. Large shoe-horns and shoe-buttoners are made on the most artistic designs of silver in antique finish, the handles either etched or in nuggets. There are velvet cases for these, lined with puffed satin. Exquisite little pocket pincushions are made round, of silver, representing crackers, a thin line of velvet just perceptible between the two delicate plates. The caprice for nugget sets still continues in sleeve-buttons and rings set with sunken stones, such as a detached ruby and sapphire, and others with an emerald added. A nugget seal ring is set with a fine carnelian prepared for engraving.

Judge Van Vorst's decision in the Loubat case, that Mr. Loubat was properly tried and legally expelled by the Union Club, will be a relief to all, not only to persons to whom clubs are of any value for social purposes, but to all friends of common sense. A man asserting his right at law to stay in the society of gentlemen who dislike or despise him, is surely one of the most ludicrous spectacles which the moving panorama of modern society presents.

## TWO PARISIAN WEDDINGS.

Imperialist and Republican Customs Contrasted.

We have had several *chic*—very *chic*—weddings in Paris this week, and the air is heavy with rumors of weddings still more *chic*. Two days ago the Trinité was the centre of attraction. The Vicomte de Fleury, son of the ex-aid-de-camp of Louis Napoleon, "led to the hymeneal altar" Mademoiselle Madeleine Deslandes, the charming daughter of Baron Deslandes. Count Fleury, the bridegroom's father, has been, and still is, a very great figure in French society. He stood by the usurper when the crimes of December were consummated. In the Franco-German war he occupied an important command, and later on, when his imperial master had been knocked off the throne, he served the republic (much against his will, no doubt) as ambassador at St. Petersburg. His wife—the countess—knew how to hold her own at court, although she was neither renowned for great beauty, like the Comtesse de Pourtales, nor for wit, like the Princesse de Metternich. Meissonier, who has painted so few female portraits (one too many, however, for his reputation as a gallant gentleman, I may add with other friends of Mrs. Mackay), painted her, years ago, when she was almost young—a somewhat washed-out blonde. You may have seen the picture, measuring some eight by five inches, at the Meissonier exhibition this year. And I remember it causing quite a sensation at the Salon, at the time when Winterhalter, of the "prunes and prism" school, was painter-in-ordinary to the court, and when we were accustomed to see court ladies represented with a smile and a simper, and not in the every-day garb of stern reality. Baron Deslandes is known more especially as a hospitable host. His house is the rendezvous of *la grande finance;* his dinner parties are always in the best style; his two daughters are heiresses whom more than one needy scion of nobility has wooed in vain. Madeleine is, since yesterday, the Vicomtesse Fleury, but Marguerite is still waiting for promotion, fortunately for the young bucks of the noble Faubourg. The baron's mother, Princesse Kakoschkine (she has been married twice), is the daughter of *la Catalini*—the toast of a past generation of clubmen, a queen of song of forty years ago. Last Monday she gave a *soirée* in honor of her grand-daughter's approaching marriage, and a very grand affair it was. From the number and the names of the guests no one would have thought we were still in the midst of the *morte saison*, and that every lady worth knowing is supposed to be away. The fact is, a journey to Paris is no very terrible matter; indeed, it breaks the monotony of *villégiature* agreeably enough, and so grand a wedding, preceded by one of the princess's parties, attracted many a *châtelaine* away from her country domains. The bride's mother was an Oppenheim. Her uncle, Baron Albert Oppenheim, appeared at the marriage in the character of a witness; her aunt, Baroness Kaskel, arrived with the baron from Dresden. American visitors, who abound in that charming old Saxon town, will recall the fine house and social importance of the Director of the Dresden Bank and his *mignonne* wife, who has fought and obtained for herself a place among the German aristocracy there—no small victory in such a stronghold of feudal prejudices. Money will do a good deal, but it will not always unlock the portal of a *schloss* or gain admission into the palace of a petty German sovereign with more quarters to his arms than serving-men, and more pride than credit. If she lived here, the baroness would swell the ranks of the *cocodettes*. She has her gowns and bonnets from Paris, and is an authority in the small world of Dresden in all matters connected with fashion.

The announcement of the Vicomte Fleury's match had put all the Bonapartists, male and female, in a flutter for weeks past. Worth and Raphael, Felix and Virot, had been unapproachable since the signing of the wedding contract; and the friends of the happy couple had been overwhelmed with letters begging for invitations to the nuptial ceremony. It was no easy matter to make one's way up to the Trinité yesterday, so great and eager was the curious crowd outside. One carriage after another drove up to the porch, unloaded its brilliant burden, and was succeeded by the next. The balustrade overlooking the garden in front of the church was thronged with people, and the irreverent *gamins* had invaded every invadable corner, the trees, the benches, and even the marble statues which adorn the fountain. Long before noon (the hour fixed for the wedding) the aisles and apsis were so full that it seemed impossible to find room for the chief actors in the coming drama. We had to wait some little time. Punctuality is not a virtue which brides usually practice. Perhaps they think they will be all the more appreciated if they keep the public for half an hour on hot coals of expectation. Sometimes it so happens that Monsieur le Maire is particularly busy, and can not attend to the demands of half a dozen couples at once; but this was not the case on this particular occasion. Aristocratic brides do not take the Maire on the way to church, all that is necessary in the way of civil binding being done quietly a day or two before. However, half an hour after midday we of the elect, inside the church, heard a dull and vague murmur of voices outside the building, and presently the sacred portals were flung wide open. Monsieur Guilmant, the organist, intoned the glorious wedding march from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the georgeous *suisse* rapped solemnly on the flags with his halbert, and, in a flood of sunshine, the procession entered and slowly wended its way toward the altar.

Have you ever seen the altar of the Trinité? It is a sight to see, and to be remembered, once seen. Nowhere in Paris has the Empire left its gaudy but splendid mark more clearly than in the *chaire* of the Trinité. You may quarrel with the showiness of the architecture, complain that it is stagey, pick holes in the superabundance of colors of the rich toned marbles, and sigh for a chaster, loftier character in the ceiling and the windows, but you can not deny the richness of the effect obtained by the architect of this most modern, mundane, and meretricious of Parisian temples. It was the very place for pinchbeck emperors and parvenu nobles to celebrate their nuptials in. You can not associate it with the idea of piety, of reverential worship, or of heaven. It seems an admirable place for "half-shell" Christians. A fitting fane for *cocodés* and *cocodettes*, and brilliant worldlings. Yet somehow I confess to a sneaking fondness for the Trinité. I have seen so many weddings and funerals in it, so many Easter rejoicings, so many mournings. Here I heard, long ago, Alboni's full, luscious contralto and Adelina Patti's fresh soprano melting one into another, while the great Massini lay coffined before them. Here I have stood and listened to the music played over poor, dead Bizet. Here I had seen them carry Dejazet, that memorable morning when all Paris turned out to see her buried. And here, time and time again, has Père Didon cajoled and charmed me by his curious eloquence. But never, perhaps, have I seen the Trinité to such advantage as yesterday. The church, as in duty bound to such wealthy children, had fairly outdone itself in preparation for the event. It far outshone St. Francis Xavier on the occasion of the La Rochefoucauld and Ligne marriage, earlier in the season, although Bourbons and Orleans mustered thick as blackberries within the altar rails. All that money could buy (and what can it not buy in churches?) had been done to render the service impressive. The doors were hung with heavy draperies, crimson and white. Sweet music, lights, incense, color, fashion, and beauty, all combined to make the ceremony magnificent in the extreme. The Pope had sent the bridal pair his blessing. The Empress Eugénie, though (as she had written) she "could not attend in the body, was present in the spirit." The guests were the *fine fleur* and cream of Bonapartist society; while the costumes of the bride and friends really dazzled one by their costliness and taste.

Toilet was, of course, *de rigueur*. The men were in their uniforms or evening dress, with all their decorations hung about them. The women had put forth every effort to outdo each other. The priests and choristers were in the glory of their gala vestments. A little in advance of the rest of the guests sat Princesse Mathilde, the observed of all observers, with her nephew, Prince Victor, of whose caprices we have lately heard so much. Immediately behind them, were Madame de Galbois, lady-in-waiting to the princess, and the Maréchale Canrobert, she who was once known as Flora Macdonald—a direct descendant, too, of bonnie Prince Charlie's immortal Flora, and not unworthy in her youth to be compared with her for loveliness. The bride and bridegroom, looking radiant both (for this was a love-match as well as a match of convenience, if we may believe the gossips), occupied two gilded chairs, in the centre of the nave, or knelt on velvet cushions. The bride wore a marvelous white satin dress, with paniers and train of Genoese velvet, trimmed with point lace and delicate garlands of orange-blossom. In her hair which was caught up and very high, in the fashion of the day, she had more orange-blossoms, and, over all, a long, streaming veil of tulle. Beside her stood her father, Baron Deslandes, and, by the bridesgroom, Countess Fleury, wearing a rich dress of *velours evêque*, trimmed with *point d'Alençon*. The other members of the family included Princesse Kakoschkine in violet satin, the Duchesse d'Isly (Countess Fleury's sister) in blue and marroon silk, ornamented with Valenciennes; the Marquise de Pracomtal (General Fleury's niece) accompanied by her daughter, Mademoiselle Amélie de Pracomtal, in white; the Baronne de Kaskel, in *faille Suède*, trimmed with Honiton; and the two charming bridesmaids, Mademoiselles Marguerite Deslandes and Ada Oppenheim, in exquisite dresses of pale blue crape. I need not describe the men, I suppose. Let it suffice that they included Marshal Canrobert (who is growing feeble and aged, though he still looks a soldier), General Prince de Bauffremont, Arsène Houssaye, Count Camondo, Count Potocki, and—but if I were to go through the whole list of celebrities my eye lighted on, I should need a full column.

During the service, Monsieur Guilmant and several singers from the opera ravished our ears with Beethoven's *O Salutaris*, Niedermayer's *Pater Noster*, Adam's *Laudate*. Finally Monsiur Guilmant treated us to the grand march from "Tannhäuser"; and to the strains of the sublime music the wedding procession streamed slowly out of the sacred edifice (not before the usual embracing had been done in the sacristy, however), and getting into the carriages which were waiting, drove off—to the Princesse Kakoschkine's, where they had lunch—and Parisina left them.

The same evening the young vicomte and his blushing bride took the express to Bordeaux, where they spent the night. This morning they will have reached Biarritz, and Paris will hear no more of them until the end of their joyful honeymoon.

"Look on this picture, and on that."

A couple of days before this great social event, another marriage—no less interesting, I dare say, to the persons concerned—was celebrated quietly at the Mairie in the Elysée quarter. The bride and bridegroom were Republican notabilities—Monsieur Joseph Reinach, once the right-hand and confidant of Gambetta, and Mademoiselle Henriette Reinach, his cousin. The Reinachs are immensely rich and influential still, though they have lost their great protector by the death of the "Dictator," and young Joseph (he is scarcely thirty) will doubtless some day swell the roll of cabinet ministers.

In this instance the ceremony was simple to a fault. A cold, bare room replaced the gorgeous Trinité. The only guests were the members of the family. Instead of the countless altar-lights and songs, golden vestments and high priests, a commonplace mayor with a tri-color scarf girt about his waist, and a vulgar reading from the Code Napoléon. They do say that after the civil ceremony another was celebrated at the nearest church, in deference to the bride's weak scruples. But, if this be the truth, it made little noise in Paris. Joseph is a Republican, and nowadays Republicanism would be divided if it were not irreligious. The future minister was wise in his generation, and, if he did bow the knee, said nothing of it to the people.

PARIS, September 17, 1884. PARISINA.

The old Holmes mansion at Cambridge has lately been demolished.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Not long since, ex-Judge Black, in examining a witness who had been in the army, said: "Come, soldier—tell us what you know of this matter." "I am no soldier—I am an officer," haughtily responded the witness. Whereupon the old lawyer calmly said: "Well, then, officer, who is no soldier, tell us what you know." The vain fellow was crushed.

Two actors in a Baltimore theatre forgot their lines at a critical juncture, and stood awkwardly speechless, too close to the footlights and too far from the prompter to be immediately helped. A man in an orchestra chair leaned forward, with a grave expression of inquiry on his face, and solemnly asked, in a voice audible to the performers and half the audience: "Well?"

A young composer asked Rossini to look at his score, and make a cross wherever he found an error. After a few days Rossini returned the work, and the author anxiously turned over the pages, but found no crosses. "Ah," he cried, joyfully, "then you have found no faults." Rossini smiled and said: "If I had put a cross over every mistake I found, it would not be an opera—it would be a cemetery."

When the Polish violinist, Wienawski, was playing before the Czar Alexander II., in the private apartments of his majesty, a huge Newfoundland dog erected himself against the performer, and stood there inspecting the violin. The Czar, who was quietly enjoying the artist's embarrassment, finally said: "Does the dog interfere with you?" The frightened violinist answered: "No, your majesty; I am afraid I interfere with the dog."

The Rev. James P. Smith, speaking at Fredericksburg, Virginia, recently, of Stonewall Jackson, told this story: "Jackson's power of self-control was wonderful. One day a warm friend and admirer ventured to ask him which way the army would move on the following day. 'Can you keep a secret, sir?' asked Jackson. 'Yes, sir,' said the gentleman, supposing he was about to obtain the desired information. 'Then, sir,' said Jackson, 'so can I.'"

Lord Norbury, when once charging a jury in a breach-of-promise case, noticed that the letters of the faithless defendant had been so long in the plaintiff's pockets, or so often shown to her sympathizing friends, that they were greatly frayed at the folds, and almost in tatters. "Gentlemen," said Lord Norbury, carefully holding up one of the epistles to the gaze of the jury, "it's easy to see that these are love-letters, because they are so exceedingly tender."

It is recalled that when the late Secretary Folger was a member of the State Senate, at the close of a debate on the famous Tweed charter, two senators, who were strongly suspected of having accepted bribes, rose to give their reasons for voting against their party. One of them, turning toward Mr. Folger and the other faithful Republicans, expressed regret at having to differ with them, and then quoted, "'Tis had to part with friends so dear!" "How dear?" cried Folger, quick as a flash; "will the senator name his price?"

During Sherman's march to the sea the Boys in Blue sometimes resorted to strategic measures to fill the mess-pot. One day a burly soldier attached a strong linen thread to his bayonet. At the other end was a small fish-hook seductively baited. Passing an Irishwoman's cabin, he dropped his hook among a flock of geese, and caught a big gander. As he started off on the double-quick, the woman noticed her pet gander rapidly following the retreating soldier, and, not suspecting the cause, came promptly to the rescue with, "Arrah, now, me darlint, don't run! Shure, the gawnder won't hurt yez, me honey!" "I know he will! The durned thing means business!" replied the defender of the flag, as he disappeared over a hill with the squawking gander in hot pursuit.

The elder Booth was billed to appear as King Henry IV. at the Old Bowery Theatre on a certain evening. A large and fashionable audience assembled, and at the proper time the curtain rose. As is well known, the elder Booth occasionally took a drop too much, and it was seen from the maudlin way in which he stumbled through the first scene on this occasion that he must have been indulgingly somewhat copiously. At last a few hisses from the gallery caught his ear. He suddenly stopped, and advancing to the footlights, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, you see that I am not in a good condition to play to-night. But if you will only wait five minutes while I go behind the scenes to cool my head in a pail of water, I'll come out and show you the d—dest King Henry you ever saw in your life!"

Doctor Newman Hall, the author of a tract entitled "Come to Jesus," became greatly excited over some criticisms, and wrote a very sarcastic and bitter reply, which he carried to Doctor Binney for suggestions and approval. The nettled Doctor Newman read it himself, and whenever he came to any passage which happened to be particularly bitter, he rubbed it in with an emphasis that would make even a mummy squeal. When he had done, he said: "Well, Doctor Binney, how do you like that lot?" "Oh," was the cautious reply, "I think it is remarkably well written, but has extremely sharp and bitter things in it. Have you fixed up a title for it yet?" "No, I have not," replied Doctor Hall; "perhaps you can assist me?" Then Doctor Binney said, slowly and deliberately: "This would be a capital title: 'Go to the Devil,' by the author of 'Come to Jesus.'" The philippic found the fireplace.

During the war Brown was a train dispatcher at Memphis, and one evening prior to taking hold of his key he chanced to meet several jolly companions, and by lingering with them managed in some mysterious way to get a rabbit's foot into his pocket, or, in other words, imbibed too much sour mash. The consequence was, that when he found himself at his post of duty he had sense enough to realize that it was impossible for him to direct the movement of trains on the road during the night. The more he endeavored to find a way out of his dilemma the more fuddled he became, until at last he grew indignant, and after side-tracking all the trains on the road, he closed his office and went to bed. The trains remained on the side-tracks all night, waiting for orders to move, while the respective crews shook their fists and howled in their profanity. The next day Brown was discharged.

Balakirefi, the Russian court-fool, often pushed his waggeries too far, and gave offense to his Imperial Majesty Peter the Great. On one occasion the enraged emperor summarily banished him from the court, bidding him never "appear on Russian soil again." The jester disappeared accordingly. But a week after this, Peter, while standing at one of the windows of the palace, espied the disgraced favorite coolly driving a car past the very gates of the palace. He summoned him to his presence, and said: "How dare you disobey me, when I forbade you to show yourself on Russian ground?" "I have not disobeyed you," answered the jester; "I was not on Russian ground." "Not on Russian ground!" said Peter; "what do you mean?" "No. That cartload of earth I was sitting on is Swedish soil. I dug it up in Finland only the other day." Balakirefi was restored to his former office of court-jester.

## SOCIETY.

### The Harvard Club Dinner.

The members of the Harvard Club of San Francisco gave their eleventh annual dinner last Thursday evening at the Palace Hotel. A full attendance of members was present, with the addition of Major-General John Pope, Judge George M. Sabin, Professor Howison, and General W. H. L. Barnes, who were the invited guests of the club. The menu was elaborate, comprising an endless variety of delicate viands, interspersed with the rarest vintages. The festivities of the evening included the following toasts and songs: "Ode to Fair Harvard," J. E. McElrath; "The College Building," A. McF. Davis; chorus, "Gaudeamus"; "Our Alma Mater," Judge B. C. Whitman; song, H. Gillig; "The Judiciary — the World's Protector," Judge George M. Sabin; chorus, "Lauriger Horatius"; "Philosophy, the Science of all Subjects," Professor G. H. Howison; chorus, "'Twas off the Blue Canaries"; "The Sons of Harvard, and the Fathers of the Sons," General W. H. L. Barnes; song, H. Gillig; "The Ladies, Married and Unmarried," John W. Taylor; chorus, "It's a way we have at Old Harvard." The dinner terminated at a late hour, and was declared one of the happiest events of the season.

### The Fair Reception.

Party calls were made last Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. Theresa Fair, on Pine Street. The affair was entirely informal, the guests being those who were present at the musicale on Tuesday evening of last week. Dancing was the feature of the evening, and was continued until eleven o'clock, when an elegant supper was served. The decorations were ornate, and the menu was both choice and bountiful. Dancing was afterward resumed until a seasonable hour, with an occasional vocal selection interspersed, which added to the pleasure of the entertainment. Nothing was left undone to make it an evening of uninterrupted enjoyment.

### The Alvord Dinner Party.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord gave a dinner to a few relatives and friends on Thursday evening of last week, at their residence, 553 Harrison Street. Covers were laid for eight, and an elaborate and elegant menu was discussed.

### The Coleman Dinner Party.

Mr. William T. Coleman entertained Sir Richard Temple at his San Rafael residence on Thursday evening of last week. The distinguished visitor, with a few invited guests, partook of a dinner with their host, and passed the remainder of the evening in an enjoyable manner. Sir Richard Temple is an English nobleman who has vast business interests in India and England.

### The Whitney Dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin E. Whitney gave an elegant family dinner at their new residence, 2714 California Street, on the 19th instant, in celebration of the first anniversary of their marriage; and there were present, besides Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Boruck, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. George Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Hewlett, Mrs. A. P. Whitney, Miss Belle Boruck, Miss Ella Whitney, and Leland S. Boruck. Many floral offerings were received by the host and hostess during the day, which, added to the exquisite floral decorations of the apartments set off for guests, almost transformed the same into a miniature Eden.

### The Skating Clubs.

Those of our society people who can not skate are endeavoring to learn, and, as a consequence, both of the rinks are well patronized. The Pacific Skating Club meets every Tuesday evening at the Pavilion, while another club is being organized at the Sutter Street Rink. It is the intention of the originators of these clubs to keep them select.

### Engagements and Marriages.

A. D. Wilder, Division Superintendent of the Central Pacific Railroad, and Miss Mary A. Snyder were married on Wednesday, October 1st, at the residence of the bride's parents, in Racine, Wisconsin. After the wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Wilder started on their wedding tour. They will visit his home at Buffalo, New York, and in a few weeks will return to Oakland, their future home. The young bride is well known in California.

The wedding of Mr. Ed. C. Jobson and Miss Jennie Cox, daughter of Senator Cox, of Sacramento, takes place at the residence of the bride's parents in Sacramento next Monday. The contracting parties are well known in society circles in this city.

The marriage of Miss May Smith and Mr. Harry Janin, well known San Franciscans, will take place next March in New York city.

The engagement of Mr. George Sweeney, formerly of the firm of Volkman & Sweeney, commission merchants, of this city, to Miss Susie Shaw, of Highland Park, Alameda County, is announced.

The engagement of Miss Amelia Mayrisch, of Alameda, to Mr. Lehman, Vice-Consul of the German Empire, is announced.

The marriage of Mr. Percy Selby and Mrs. Fred. W. Macondray will not take place until some time after Mr. Selby's return from the East, where he has just gone.

The engagement is announced of Miss Fannie Fargo, daughter of J. B. Fargo, to Leon Rose, son of L. J. Rose, the well-known viticulturist at San Gabriel Mission, Los Angeles County. The wedding will take place in January.

The engagement is announced of Miss Margaret Thornton, daughter of Justice J. D. Thornton, to Mr. Abbott Kinney, a wealthy land owner of Los Angeles, residing at Sierra Madre. The marriage will take place on the 12th of November.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

The many statements that have been erroneously made in different papers during the past few weeks, of the return of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, have naturally arisen from the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Crocker left here on the 10th of August last to meet their daughter, with the intention of a speedy return. It is now known that Mr. Crocker has purchased a residence in New York, is at present occupying it, and may not return for a long time.

Miss Mollie Dodge and Miss Jennie Hooker, who have been visiting Miss Tubbs, in Napa County, have returned.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman, who have been in New York and Chicago since August last, have returned, and are at the Palace permanently. Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs have also returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, who left here on the 8th of July last for an extended tour of the Eastern and Middle States, after having divided their time pleasantly between New York and New England, were in Montreal last week, preparing for their homeward trip, and contemplating a return to this city on or about the first of November.

It has been the intention of Hon. and Mrs. Leland Stanford for some time to leave New York, where they have taken up their permanent residence, and their car *California* was sent East two weeks since in response to a telegram from the governor; but it is not known by their most intimate friends here when they will revisit California, especially as the health of both Governor Stanford and Mrs. Stanford is very good.

Mr. H. R. Judah, the very able and popular passenger agent of the northern division of the Southern Pacific Railroad, after many years' continued presence at the scene of his duties, left for Honolulu on a vacation of rest and recreation on Tuesday last.

Judge Harvey S. Brown, of the law department of the Central Pacific Railroad, left here for the East a few days ago, arriving in Washington on Wednesday last. Judge Sanderson, the attorney of the C. P., is still at Bartlett's Springs, where, with the efficacy of the waters and his complete inability to procure palatable viands, he hopes to lay low and forever that sympathetic phenomenon generally known and everlastingly damned as gout.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, who left here on the 19th of August with the intention of returning in five or six weeks, are at the Windsor, New York, where they will remain, probably, until the first of November, the health of Mrs. Hopkins having been very greatly improved meanwhile. Mrs. Mark Hopkins has taken up her permanent residence in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, and will hereafter only spend her winters in California.

Charles Webb Howard has been enjoying the hospitalities of Del Monte during the week.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance will be pleased to learn that there is a new branch to their genealogical tree—a little twig, so to speak. Mr. Severance has been the agent at Salt Lake of the Central Pacific Railroad for more than two years past.

Mrs. Horace Davis went to Monterey on Tuesday last.

Mrs. P. H. Jackson and Miss Jackson, of Oakland, are spending the week at Monterey.

Miss Emily Hager, who has been visiting the Misses Corbett, of San Mateo, has returned to this city.

Mrs. B. C. Truman and daughter were at the Continental, Philadelphia, yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone, after a brief stay in New England, have returned to the Windsor, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Gould, of Los Angeles, are at the Palace for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis and Miss Felton, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hopkins, who has been summering at Menlo Park, have returned to the city for the winter; the former, as usual, have taken their old apartments at the Palace, while the latter may be found at the Tallant residence.

Miss Lizzie Hawkins, who has been sojourning a while at the seashore, has returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Hopkins are at the Buckingham, New York.

Justice E. M. Ross and Mrs. Ross are at the St. Elmo, Los Angeles; also Justice and Mrs. Myrick.

Mrs. General Redington has been spending a few days at Monterey.

Mrs. Peter Donahue, accompanied by her brother, ex-Governor Downey, returned from her visit to Los Angeles on Monday last.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills have returned from their visit to Sacramento.

Colonel and Mrs. C. H. Judd, accompanied by the Misses E. and J. Judd and the Misses L. F. and H. Dickson, all of Honolulu, spent last Sunday at Monterey.

Miss Bettie McMullin has been visiting Mrs. ex-Governor Johnson during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jaynes, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Calvert, and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cary were at Del Monte on Sunday last.

Joseph A. Donahue and family will take up their residence in the city for the winter on the 1st of November.

Miss E. Porter, of Watsonville, has been visiting in the city during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, and Miss Houston, of San Mateo, have taken up their residence at the Palace for the winter.

Mrs. W. W. Stow and Miss Stow, who accompanied a niece of Mrs. Stow as far as Omaha, returned home on Wednesday.

Mrs. Lillie Coit, after the full enjoyment of the autumnal beauties of the choicest part of Napa County, will take up her residence for the winter at the Palace.

Mrs. Clark J. Crocker and daughter have returned from Monterey.

Senator James G. Fair has arrived in New York from Europe. While at Carlsbad he was under medical care, and was greatly benefited by the medicinal waters at the springs.

Mr. and Mrs. James V. Coleman arrived home last Wednesday after an extended European tour.

Colonel and Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer have returned to the city, and are at the Bella Vista.

H. C. Chesebrough returned from the East this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Edgerton returned from Eureka, Humboldt County, last week.

Mr. John W. Mackay has returned from a short trip to Virginia City.

Mrs. John Bensley, who recently returned from Europe, is domiciled at her residence on Van Ness Avenue.

Percy Selby has gone East.

Miss Annie M. Lathrop and Miss Gertrude Stanford are in New York city.

Mr. Edward F. Bosqui has returned from the Bolton Ranch at San Luis Obispo.

Miss Mamie Redington and Miss Nora Tobin came up from San Mateo last week.

Captain Goodall and family are in New York city.

Mrs. Barclay Henley, of Santa Rosa, is at the Occidental.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Booth are at the Grand, having secured apartments for the winter.

Mr. Fred. C. Peterson is quite ill at his residence.

Miss Grace Eldridge, of San Rafael, has returned from Monterey.

George W. Ristine returned from the East last week.

Mrs. Philip Caduc, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Florence, arrived from New York last Monday. They have resided abroad for the past eight years.

Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Kittle are at the Tamalpais Hotel, San Rafael.

Mrs. Mesick and Miss Mesick, of Sacramento, will pass the winter in this city, the Mesick mansion having been rented to Governor Stoneman for two years.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Belvin (*née* McMullin) have engaged apartments at the Palace for the winter.

Miss Mollie Dodge and Miss Jennie Hooker have been the guests of Miss Tubbs, in Napa Valley.

Miss Tot Cutter and Miss Jennie Cox, who were recently in the city on a visit, returned to Rancho Los Medaños last Sunday, accompanied by Miss Madeline Gregory.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue are in New York city.

Captain R. R. Thompson and family, of Alameda, will soon occupy the Hearst mansion on Van Ness Avenue.

Colonel Wm. Harney and family have returned from San Rafael, and are at the Beresford.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Estee, and Miss Maud M. Estee, have returned from Napa, and will winter at the Palace.

Mrs. Henry Barroilhet has returned to San Mateo, after a prolonged sojourn in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Benton (*née* Waters) have returned from Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Hatch are at Point Reyes.

Mr. Charles J. Wilder, of the C. P. R. R. Co., who has been on a visit to the East, returned home last Sunday.

Mr. Charles Meinecke left for Europe last week, and expects to return shortly with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Spence and Miss Spence, of San José, were in town last Saturday, and were stopping at the Grand Hotel.

Mrs. Alfred Poett, who has been visiting at San Mateo, returned home last week.

Mr. Drury Melone was registered last Sunday at the Windsor Hotel, New York city.

Mr. J. G. Crooks is in New York city, and is registered at the Albemarle.

Hon. and Mrs. A. A. Sargent, who are spending a short time in the city, are stopping at the Occidental Hotel.

Hon. N. Greene Curtis, of Sacramento, was in town during the week, and was registered at the Grand Hotel.

Mrs. A. G. Hawes and Miss Allie Hawes are at present in Boston, Massachusetts.

cupy the Tallant residence during the winter.

Mrs. J. D. Whitney, who has been visiting Mrs. Lillie Coit, at Larkmead, has returned to the city.

Miss Ina D. Coolbrith, of Oakland, has arrived in New York city, and is stopping at the St. Denis Hotel.

Mrs. William A. Bissell has returned to the city, after a visit to Sacramento.

Judge S. C. Hastings returned home from Portland, Oregon, last Wednesday.

Hon. and Mrs. Henry Edgerton, of Sacramento, came down by steamer from Eureka last Wednesday, and were registered at the Palace Hotel.

Colonel C. Mason Kinne, who has been on a visit to San Luis Obispo, returned home last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht and daughter, Miss Florence Hecht, have gone to Monterey, where they expect to remain for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Booth have returned to the city, and will reside during the winter at the Grand Hotel.

Sir Richard Temple was again in town last Tuesday, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre have returned to the city from Menlo Park, and are again occupying their Sutter Street residence.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Folger, of Oakland, who have been on a visit to Santa Barbara, returned home by steamer last Thursday.

Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, of the U. S. Circuit Court, who has been to Portland, Oregon, on official business, returned to the city last Monday.

Mrs. C. Cook, of Oakland, returned home from the East last Wednesday.

U. S. Senator John F. Miller and family are at Ætna Springs, to remain about a week, or until he has entirely recovered from an attack of illness.

Mr. R. D. Peebles, of England, manager of the London and San Francisco Bank, is in town on a visit, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool have gone East on a visit, to be absent for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, of Redwood City, have engaged apartments at the Palace for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Cummins returned to Honolulu last Wednesday on the steamer *Alameda*. Quite a number of friends were at the steamer to say farewell, and their staterooms were filled with beautiful floral gifts.

Mrs. J. P. Jones and family will pass the winter at the Palace, having returned last Monday.

Colonel Judd, Chamberlain to King Kalakaua, accompanied by his wife, departed for the Hawaiian Islands last Wednesday. They were the recipients of several handsome floral devices, sent by admiring friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Thrift, of Watsonville, are at the Palace.

J. A. Houghton has gone East on a visit.

Miss Jennie Harvey left for Honolulu Wednesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hearst contemplate an extended trip in the Eastern States and Europe. Willie Hearst has returned to Harvard.

Miss Lina Ashe will return from Boston next month.

Miss Eva Shepard has returned from her visit to Miss Ralston at Menlo Park.

Miss Emily Talbot is the guest of Miss Pope in Napa.

Mrs. Tallant is sojourning in Europe.

Christian Froelich has returned from Monterey.

Mrs. Wm. Ward has returned from San Rafael.

Robert Granger has returned from Nevada.

Wm. Ralston is at the Palace, having returned from Georgetown.

Mrs. F. Berton, wife of the Swiss Consul, has returned from St. Helena, and is at the Grand.

Colonel George W. Macfarlane returns to Honolulu on the 1st proximo.

Mr. Richard Lambert, U. S. Consul at San Blas, Mexico, returned to his post last Wednesday by steamer San José.

Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D. D., who has been East on a visit of a few weeks, returned home last Friday, and will occupy his pulpit on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker, who have been absent from the city for some time on an extended tour, returned home to-day.

Chief Justice Morrison, of the Supreme Court, and wife have returned to the city from Los Angeles.

Thurlow McMullin returned from Eureka, Humboldt County, yesterday.

Hon. Clay W. Taylor, of Shasta, is in town, on a short visit to the city, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

### Army and Navy News.

Surgeon Winn, U. S. A., and family, have been stopping at the Palace during the week.

General Newton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Newton arrived here from the East on Tuesday last.

J. G. Eaton, U. S. N., arrived here from the East on Thursday last.

H. M. Denniston, Pay Director, U. S. N., accompanied by Mrs. Denniston, arrived here from the East on Thursday, the 16th instant, and at once relieved Pay Director James Fulton, who has been on duty at Mare Island for nearly four years. Pay Director Fulton has been on duty in this city and at the navy yard for seven years, during which time there has never been an error or complaint in the Pay Director's office, which modestly illustrates the integrity and capability of the officer in charge. Mr. Fulton goes to Los Angeles in a day or two, from which point he will proceed to Baltimore with his family, where he will await new orders.

The following-named officers of the U. S. Army and Navy have been visiting the city since Sunday last: F. L. Toun, U. S. A., was at the Palace on Sunday and Monday; A. Thiers, U. S. N., and G. N. Doty, U. S. C. S., were at the Occidental on Monday and Tuesday last; A. Key, U. S. C. S., and J. C. Cantwell, U. S. M. Corps, were at the Occidental during the week; S. Woodworth, U. S. N., was at the Grand on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Lieutenant John Newton, Sixteenth Infantry, and Mrs. Newton arrived in the city last Tuesday and were stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant J. G. Eaton, U. S. N., was among the arrivals from the East last Thursday.

Lieutenant A. B. Dyer, Fourth Artillery, U. S. A., and Mrs. Dyer, who have been on a visit to the city, will return home on Monday next.

Captain Daniel M. Taylor, of the Ordnance Department, assumed the duties of A. A. G. of the Division and the Department during the absence of General J. C. Kelton and Major W. M. Dunn.

Pay Inspector H. M. Denniston, U. S. N., and family, arrived from the East last Thursday.

Captain E. C. Russell, First Artillery, U. S. A., and wife were in this city on Thursday, and were at the Occidental Hotel.

Major Frank M. Coxe, U. S. A., and Mrs. Coxe, who have been expected on a visit to this city from Arizona, are stopping at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant J. B. Milton, U. S. N., arrived in town last Thursday, by steamer, from Eureka, Cal.

Lieutenant J. C. Burnett, U. S. N., who has been on a visit to Mendocino County, has returned to his post on the *Independence*.

The *Ranger* came out of dock Monday morning, and will sail for Central America about the 20th, to resume the survey of that coast. She has received several additions to her complement of officers.

Commander Coughlan, lately in command of the *Adams*, in Alaskan waters, is, with Mrs. Coghlan, now visiting Lieutenant and Mrs. Cutts.

Lieutenant Carlin, of the *Independence*, has the reputation of being the best chess-player in the navy.

Doctor T. C. Heyl, U. S. N., returned from his visit to the city last Monday evening.

Pay-Director Fulton, U. S. N., goes East in a few days, on a visit.

Lieutenant J. W. Harrison, of the steamer *Corwin*, is in town.

Lieutenant J. W. Howison, U. S. R. M., who has been ordered to the revenue steamer *Corwin*, is in town, and is registered at the Occidental.

### Notes and Gossip.

The music, the arrangement of the programme, etc., at Mrs. Fair's musicale, were under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman.

The managers of the Authors' Carnival Association will give a series of promenade concerts at Mechanics' Pavilion during the first week in December. Judging from their efforts in the past the contemplated concerts will undoubtedly prove to be a social and financial success.

The ladies of Calvary Church are making arrangements to hold a fair during the latter part of this month. There will be musical and literary exercises on each evening.

The closing hop of the San Francisco Yacht Club will be held at the club-house in Sausalito on Saturday afternoon, November 1st.

A distinguished party of visitors were at the Big Trees last week, consisting of Sir Richard Temple, Lord Sinclair, Lieutenant de Villarel, Captain Berthaut, Miss Jeannie Washburn, and Miss Olive Musgrave.

The marriage of Miss Ida Therese Foote, daughter of Captain Foote of the United States Navy, and Lord Montague Paulet, son of the Marquis of Winchester, took place last Tuesday at St. George's Church, in London. United States Mi

ister Lowell and a large and fashionable company were present. After the wedding breakfast at Kensington Palace, the newly married couple started for Nice. The wedding presents were numerous and elegant. Queen Victoria sent a unique diamond bracelet and a gold breakfast service. The Prince and Princess of Wales sent a diamond necklace and an Indian shawl. The beauty of the young American bride was greatly admired. Her entire trousseau was of American manufacture and commanded general admiration.

Among the recent arrivals from the Sandwich Islands are those of Chief John Cummings, wife, and party, of Waimanilo, W. H. Cornwell, E.R. Miles, W. G. Wood, Mrs. H. J. Nolte, Miss May Emerick, and other well-known Hawaiians.

Edwin Freshfield, Esq., and Rev. A. F. King, two distinguished English travelers, left for a trip to the volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands on the *Alameda*, on Wednesday last.

**CCCXXXII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, October 19, 1884.**

Pepperpot.
Cantaloupe.
Fried Smelts. Potatoes.
Broiled Quail on Toast.
Summer Squash. Baked Bell Peppers.
Roast Beef.
Tomato and Cucumber Salad.
Marlborough Pudding. Strawberries.
Apples, Grapes, Peaches, Pears, Plums, and Figs.

PEPPERPOT.—See Vol. 4, No. 8.

MARLBOROUGH PUDDING.—Grate enough apples to make eight ounces; add to this eight ounces of fine white sugar, eight ounces of butter, six eggs well beaten, the juice of two lemons with the grated peel of one. Line a pie dish with fine puff paste, put the pudding in it and bake in a quick oven.


**ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE GRENADE.**

**Jones & Co. Saved a Heavy Loss.**

SAN FRANCISCO, October 13, 1884.

*H. H. Gross, Esq., 21 New Montgomery Street*

—DEAR SIR: You may add our name to the list of those *who have reason to know* of the merits of the Harden Hand Grenade as a Fire Extinguisher.

A few days ago a fire started in our basement near the gas engine, where the floor was saturated with oil. It made a lively fire, and for a time looked very serious. Several ineffectual attempts were made to extinguish it, but at last a couple of your Hand Grenades were brought in, and one of them, dashed into the fire, *extinguished it in a second*. We always thought the Hand Grenade was an excellent appliance, and *now we know it*.

Yours truly, JONES & CO.,
Wholesale Grocers, Main and Market streets.

WHO BUY THEM.

A few of the recent purchasers:
Tatum & Bowen.
South Pacific Coast Railway.
Board of Supervisors of San José.
Board of Supervisors of San Francisco.
San Francisco Pioneer Woolen Mills.
Judson Manufacturing Company.
Oregon Railway and Navigation Company.
D. O. Mills & Co., Sacramento.
A. L. Bancroft & Co.
Mission Rock Warehouse.
Remington & Co.
Sperry & Co., Stockton.
California State Board of Agriculture.
Feigenbaum & Co.
Neustadter Brothers.
Keane Bros.
Sutter Street Cable Road.
Central Railroad.
H. M. Newhall & Co.
The Famous.
W. W. Montague & Co.
Cutting Packing Company.
Baker, Hamilton & Co.
Tivoli Opera House.
California Fur Company.
S. & G. Gump.
Weightman Bros.
The *Bulletin*.
The *Call*.
The *Evening Post*.
And 250 others.

The grenades saved a residence in Alameda last week. They saved Coleman's Borax Works, Turner, Kennedy & Shaw's lumber yard, the Pacific Planing Mills, and a house on Jessie Street. The Harden Hand Grenades have never failed to do their work. They will retain their virtue unimpaired a century.

I want agents for the Sandwich Islands, Japan, China, and India; must have plenty of push and capital. H. H. GROSS.
21 New Montgory Street.

**Prof. Tripp's Grand Descriptive Series.**

"France and Europe since 1848." A graphic portrayal of the marvelous political transformations and thrilling dramatic episodes, with vivid delineations of the prominent actors, including the Eastern question, illustrated by large colored maps, and indorsed by eminent authorities in Europe and America.

—CELERY, BEEF, AND IRON—PHYSICAL decline arrested—Vigor re-established. Price of Celery, Beef, and Iron within the reach of all.

—WANTED—AN IMPROVED FARM OF AN AREA from fifty to one hundred and fifty acres, lying east of the Coast Range, in one of our warm, sunny valleys, contiguous to San Francisco. There must be water in abundance, and at all seasons; vines and orchardage with varieties of table fruits Grazing land is preferred to grain lands. Sellers will communicate to the *Argonaut*, with full and completely-detailed description of the property: Soil, water, trees (natural, ornamental, and fruit, with vines); character of the improvements, dwelling, outhouses, fences, etc., with price. P. S.—The payment will be cash if trade is made. Communication not desired for more than two weeks from this issue of the *Argonaut*.

**"Who Designs Them?"**

A question often asked of the salesmen of the California Furniture Company. Not one man, but a score have contributed to the great variety now exhibited at our warerooms, Nos. 220 to 226 Fifth Street.


# REPUBLICAN TICKET.

## NATIONAL.

**President, - - JAMES G. BLAINE**
**Vice-President, - JOHN A. LOGAN**

**ELECTORS.**

| | |
|---|---|
| HENRY EDGERTON, | A. R. CONKLIN, |
| J. D. BYERS, | J. B. REDDICK, |
| CHARLES F. REED, | HORACE DAVIS, |
| MICHAEL H. HECHT, | CHESTER ROWELL. |

## CONGRESSIONAL.

First District.....THOMAS L. CAROTHERS
Second District.....JAMES A. LOUTITT
Third District.....JOSEPH McKENNA
Fourth District.....WILLIAM W. MORROW
Fifth District.....CHARLES N. FELTON
Sixth District.....H. H. MARKHAM

## MUNICIPAL.

Mayor.....W. L. MERRY
Sheriff.....WM. PATTERSON
Auditor.....N. B. STONE
Tax Collector.....LUMAN WADHAM
County Clerk.....LOUIS N. JACOBS
Superintendent of Streets.....CHAS. S. RUGGLES
Recorder.....D. M. CASHIN
Treasurer.....JOHN A. BAUER
District Attorney.....J. N. E. WILSON
City and County Attorney.....JOHN LORD LOVE
Surveyor.....C. S. TILTON
Public Administrator.....E. N. TORREY
Coroner.....DR. W. M. LAWLOR
Superior Judges.....JOHN HUNT, D. J. MURPHY, E. W. BLANEY, L. E. PRATT.
Police Judges.....HALE RIX, W. A. S. NICHOLSON
Justices of the Peace.....MEYER JACOBS, ETHELBERT BURKE, C. F. WOOD, D. A. O'CONNELL, W. B. SMITH.

**SUPERVISORS.**

First Ward.....DR. JUSTIN GATES
Second Ward.....ROBERT ROY
Third Ward.....DR. J. E. KUNKLER
Fourth Ward.....J. E. ABBOTT
Fifth Ward.....W. B. FARWELL
Sixth Ward.....D. HICKS
Seventh Ward.....JAMES H. WILLIAMSON
Eighth Ward.....D. L. FARNSWORTH
Ninth Ward.....ALBERT HEYER
Tenth Ward.....JAMES GILLERAN
Eleventh Ward.....DANIEL McMILLAN
Twelfth Ward.....SAMUEL VALLEAU

**SCHOOL DIRECTORS.**

| | |
|---|---|
| J. H. CULVER, | DAVID STERN, |
| C. W. BEACH, | J. F. ENGLISH, |
| GEO. T. SHAW, | IRA G. HOITT, |
| J. P. H. WENTWORTH, | G. J. HOBE, |
| THOS. O'BRIEN, | A C. DITHMAR, |
| C. T. DEANE, | EDWARD POLLITS. |

## LEGISLATIVE.

**SENATORS.**

Ninth District.....{GEORGE C. PARKINSON / ONESTI PALMIERI.
Eleventh District.....
Thirteenth District.....{JOHN M. DAYS / J. L. BOONE.

**ASSEMBLYMEN.**

Twenty-ninth District.....JAMES H. DALY
Thirtieth District.....E. C. KALBEN
Thirty-first District.....PETER DEVENEY
Thirty-second District.....JOS. FRANKLIN
Thirty-third District.....DR. W. B. MAY
Thirty-fourth District.....F. W. HUSSEY
Thirty-Fifth District.....DR. N. T. WHITCOMB
Thirty-Sixth District.....JOHN LAFFERTY
Thirty-seventh District.....M. SULLIVAN
(To be selected).
Thirty-eighth District.....W. B. HUNT
Thirty-ninth District.....CHARLES H. WARD
Fortieth District.....JULIUS BUHLERT
Forty-first District.....H. C. FIREBAUGH
Forty-second District.....V. C. McMURRY JR
Forty-third District.....E. F. LOUD
Forty-fourth District.....F. M. LOVELL
Forty-fifth District.....H. K. McJUNKIN
Forty-sixth District.....A. H. COOK
Forty-seventh District.....C. D. DOUGLASS
Forty-eighth District.....FRANK FRENCH

**REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS,**

**Fourth Congressional District,**

**WM. W. MORROW.**

**REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS,**

**Fifth Congressional District,**

**CHAS. N. FELTON.**

**REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS,**

**Fifth Congressional District,**

**F. J. SULLIVAN.**

**REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR STATE SENATOR,**

**Ninth Senatorial District,**

**GEORGE C. PARKINSON.**

**Republican Nominee for Senator, Thirteenth Senatorial District,**

**JOHN L. BOONE.**

**Regular Democratic Nominee for Senator, Thirteenth Senatorial District,**

**A. CRAIG.**

**Regular Republican Nominee, Thirty fifth Assembly District,**

**DR. N. T. WHITCOMB.**

**Regular Democratic Nominee for Assemblyman, Fortieth District,**

**DANIEL J. LEARY.**

**Republican Nominee for Assemblyman, Fortieth District,**

**JULIUS BUHLERT.**

**For Assemblyman, Forty-first District,**

**H. C. FIREBAUGH,**
**Republican Nominee.**

**Regular Democratic Nominee for Member of Assembly, 43d Assembly District.**

**CHARLES W. WELCH.**

**Regular Republican Nominee for Assemblyman, Forty-seventh District.**

**C. D. DOUGLAS.**

**Regular Republican Nominee for Judge of the Superior Court,**

**D. J. MURPHY.**

**Republican Nominee for Judge of the Superior Court,**

**E. W. BLANEY.**

**DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT,**

**T. H. REARDEN**

(PRESENT INCUMBENT).

**REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR,**

**WM. L. MERRY.**

**Regular Republican Nominee for Sheriff,**

**WM. PATTERSON.**

**REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR SHERIFF,**

**PETER HOPKINS.**

**REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR TREASURER,**

**CHRISTIAN REIS,**

PRESENT INCUMBENT.

**REGULAR DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR RECORDER,**

**WILLIAM J. BRYAN,**

**Present Incumbent.**

**FOR RECORDER,**

**D. M. CASHIN,**

**Republican Nominee.**

**Regular Democratic Nominee for Superintendent of Streets,**

**T. J. LOWNEY,**

PRESENT INCUMBENT.

**Regular Republican Nominee for District Attorney,**

**J. N. E. WILSON.**

**Democratic Nominee for City and County Surveyor,**

**R. P. HAMMOND, JR.**

**FOR TAX COLLECTOR,**

**LUMAN WADHAM.**

**Regular Democratic Nominee for Tax Collector,**

**WM. P. FROST.**

**The People's Choice for Coroner,**

**DR. C. C. O'DONNELL.**

Vote for him for what he has done against the Chinese.

**Democratic Nominee for Supervisor, Ninth Ward,**

**J. B. LEWIS.**

**For Supervisor.....Eleventh Ward,**

**DANIEL McMILLAN,**
**Regular Republican Nominee.**

**Regular Republican Nominee for Justice of the Peace,**

**MYER JACOBS.**

**Regular Democratic Nominee for Justice of the Peace,**

**WILLIAM H. MOTT.**


**NOVEMBER STYLES.**

**BUTTERICK'S**

**Patterns and J. F. Ingalls' Illustrated Books** for Ladies' Fancy Work, Kensington Embroidery, Crochet and Knitted Lace, Patchwork, etc. **H. A. DEMING, Agent, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**



**U. S. PNEUMATIC LETTER PRESS**
**G. G. WICKSON & CO.**
**539 Market St., S. F.**

The unsightly and heavy screw and iron press and its necessarily bulky stand must give place to our light, portable, and ornamental Pneumatic Letter Press, requiring but a trifling exertion to operate, no stand, and costing less than an equally reliable screw press. Can be operated by a child and carried with ease. Great variety of styles, ranging from $10.00.

**IMMENSE REDUCTION**
—OF—
**FIRE INSURANCE RATES.**

**PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.**

**HOME INSURANCE COMP'Y OF NEW YORK.**

**CASH CAPITAL.....$3,000,000**
**CASH ASSETS.....7,250,000**

**PHŒNIX INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD, CONN.**

**CASH CAPITAL.....$2,000,000**
**CASH ASSETS.....4,300,000**

Issuing either separate or joint policies at applicant's option, beg to inform property owners and insurance brokers that until further notice they will write acceptable business at one-half the present standard rates of the BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS, and that even less rates in certain cases. MERCHANDISE in approved public warehouses, 35c. per $100 per annum.

DWELLINGS and contents in rows of dwellings, 45c. per $100 per annum. Lesser rates if unexposed. RETAIL GROCERY STORES (exposed by dwellings only), 60c. per $100 per annum. SPECIALLY advantageous rates on mercantile buildings for one or a term of years. All persons desiring strong insurance at moderate rates are invited to apply for tenders at the office of the above-named companies, 523 California Street, San Francisco.

**ARTHUR E. MAGILL, Gen'l Ag't,**
**JAMES W. WHITING, City Ag't.**

**HARRY L. ROFF**, northeast corner of Tenth and Broadway, Oakland, Alameda County, Cal., or to their agents, to be found at all important places in California.

**Steinway & Son's, Kranich & Bach, | Ernest Gabler, and C. Roenisch**

**PIANOS!**

**M. GRAY, 206 POST ST.,**
**SAN FRANCISCO.**

**AGENCY WANTED.**

**ALBERT C. BURRAGE,**

A former resident of this city and a graduate of Harvard, has just been admitted to practice law in Massachusetts, and is settled at No. 32 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass. Any legal business or agency of any sort sent to him will be attended to with faithfulness and dispatch. High references in this city.

## THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB.

### A Slight Misunderstanding.

Mr. Tooter Williams entered the rooms of the Thompson Street Poker Club late Saturday evening, and with an air which convinced the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith that he had been playing policy again and with good results. Mr. Cyanide Whiffles had just won a pot containing twenty-one cents, including a postage stamp, and Mr. Williams took his seat behind him to give him luck. Under his skillful advice Mr. Whiffles soon doubled his capital and got hysterical with good humor. This circumstance made it certain in the Rev. Mr. Smith's mind that Mr. Williams had money concealed about his clothing, for under ordinary financial circumstances he would have taken a hand and confessed temporary inability to take up the I. O. U.'s out against him and held now by Mr. Whiffles.

The next few minutes were unprofitable to Mr. Whiffles, for Mr. Williams induced him to back three nines against Professor Brick's third raise, when that scientist had pulled a club flush. Immediately after, however, Mr. Whiffles caught a tray full against a pat straight held by Mr. Gus Johnson, and, to use his own felicitous expression, "fondled dat niggah twell he drap mo'n fo' dollahs."

As Mr. Williams lifted his eyes after this occurrence, he saw the Rev. Mr. Smith's countenance undergoing the throes of a wink, and said wink was accompanied by a slight but perfectly intelligible nod in the direction of Mr. Whiffles's hand. Mr. Williams winked back, and then the Rev. Mr. Smith resumed his wonted expression of apathy. Everybody passed on the next hand; it was the Rev. Mr. Smith's deal, and the first jackpot of the evening had come at last.

"How yo feelin' to be outen dis jacker, Toot?" asked the Rev. Mr. Smith, carelessly.

"Oh, tolerble," said Mr. Williams, in the same tone. "I wants ter help Cy; I'll be in de nex'."

By this time Mr. Johnson had discovered that he only had nine high, and passed.

Professor Brick had a pair of sevens and couldn't open.

Mr. Whiffles had three queens and two sixes, and was so wild with excitement that Mr. Williams had to hold him down to his chair. He opened the pot for three dollars.

"'Pears like some niggah's got suffin," said the Rev. Mr. Smith, stealthily smuggling another wink at Mr. Williams. "I rise dat six mo'."

"I liffs yo jess—jess a dollah," said Mr. Whiffles, putting in his money, but then under the stimulus of a fierce nudge from Mr. Williams, he said: "Scuse me, but I meant ter liff yo"—here Mr. Whiffles took out his wallet—"one, two, free, fo' an' two's six—six dollahs."

"I sees dat six, an' I rises yo' five mo'," said the Rev. Mr. Smith.

Professor Brick gasped so for breath at this juncture that Mr. Johnson opened a window. Mr. Whiffles was disposed to call.

"Goferim, goferim!" whispered Mr. Williams; "wufliess niggah, he ain't got no mo'n a fisk—goferim!"

Under this advice Mr. Whiffles raised five dollars. Mr. Williams winked at the Rev. Mr. Smith, and that gentleman raised back ten. Mr. Whiffles went down in his boot-leg and pulled out another wad.

"I calls," he said, putting up the money.

"Doan' want no cyards."

The Rev. Mr. Smith took two cards.

Mr. Whiffles bet one chip.

The Rev. Mr. Smith raised him ten dollars.

"I ain't god no mo' spondles," said Mr. Whiffles, aghast at the magnitude of the transaction he had been drawn into. "Ise god up my room rent, an' wages, 'n all de clections fer de boss in de barbah shop now."

"Put up dem notes," whispered Mr. Williams. "Work 'em off on de ole suckah."

Mr. Whiffles put up the I. O. U.'s he had from Mr. Williams's last game.

"Whad am de quotations on dese yar' bon's?" asked the Rev. Mr. Smith, examining them curiously.

"Dey goes at pah," said Mr. Williams.

"Den took 'em up," said the Rev. Mr. Smith, winking at him again.

Mr. Williams extricated twenty dollars from his hat, three from his vest-pocket, and two from his trousers, and took up the notes.

"Whad do yer do now, Cy?" asked the Rev. Mr. Smith.

"I rise yo' de balans," said Mr. Whiffles, who was perfectly willing to bet away Mr. Williams's money.

"Rise yo' ten," said the Rev. Mr. Smith.

"Ain't got it," said Mr. Whiffles.

"Borrow from Toot."

Mr. Williams advanced the money, and Mr. Whiffles called. The Rev. Mr. Smith winked at Mr. Williams again, and showed down a king full. Mr. Whiffles fainted. The Rev. Mr. Smith poured a glass of beer down his back to revive him, and then, to Mr. Williams's horror, paid him back all the money he had won, except that which had been put up by Mr. Williams himself.

"Whad yo' doin' dat for?" demanded Mr. Williams, aghast.

"Doan' want ter rob dat sufferin' moke," said the Rev. Mr. Smith.

"Didn' yo' wunk at me?" asked Mr. Williams; "an' doan' dat mean er square divvy on de winnin'?"

The Rev. Mr. Smith was silent.

"Didn' yo' wunk at me?" yelled Mr. Williams.

The Rev. Mr. Smith put his feet on the table, and leaned back.

"Toot," he said, sweetly, "I'se got a sty on my left eye, an' it wiggles. Dad muss have given yo' de wrong flip. It am ag'in de prowishuns ob rule sixty-fo' ter wink at de membah doin' de bettin', an' ef I *did* wunk, it was ter remin' yo' ob dat rule."

"Gin me back dat thutty dollars, den," said Mr. Williams, in a tone of war.

"Cawn't," said the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith; "but Brer Whiffles hes god thutty-six dollahs mo' in yo' papah, and ef he's hones', he'll give yo' ten of it, and call it squar'."

Mr. Whiffles gave Mr. Williams another $10 I. O. U., received from him the week before. Mr. Williams took it in sullen silence.

"Dad's swindlin'," he said, as he rose to leave the room.

"*No.* sah," said the Rev. Mr. Smith, with the air of one inculcating a lofty moral; "dad's pokah, Toot. Dere am two rules yo' didn' membah. Fust, doan' bet on anudder man's wink, 'n den, de wises' of all, 'doan' take back yo' own papah at pah.'"

Mr. Williams went home.—*Life.*

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

### The Ship Comes In.

For years we have waited,
In hope and in glee,
Watching the billows,
Scanning the sea,
For our ship on the ocean,
Laden with gold,
To come and enrich us.
The tale is soon told;
No longer we're waiting,
For sorrow's our cup;
The ship has come in,
But it's bottom-side up.
—*Philadelphia Call.*

### Her Reason for Leaving.

"Why, Mary Ann, I'm much surprised
That you should wish to go;
There is no reason that you should—
That is, none that I know.
You have but three to work for, and
The work is very light,
With nothing to disturb you from
The morning till the night."

"Sure that's all true, mum, an' that's why
I do be lavin', fur
'Tis dreadful to be stayin' where
There's not a bit of stir.
I'm goin' back to my ole place—
Och! that's the place for noise—
Eight childher, mum—yes, mum—an' six
Of thim foine fightin' boys.

"An' thin the master an' his wife—
It's but the truth I spake—
Do have a loively, tearin' quar'l
At laste once in a wake.
Faith! but it's like the owld counthry,
Wid plisint noise an' riot;
An' back I'll go, an' not stay here
To die of pace and quiet."

### The People's Choice.

My soul is tired of politics,
Its vicious ways, its knavish tricks;
I will not vote for any man,
But whoop it up for Belva Ann.

She does not win the heart of men
With roguish winks, like charming Ben,
Nor of magnetic powers vain,
Like Lulu Hurst and Mr. Blaine.

O Belva! maiden candidate!
I'll get up soon and sit up late,
And do the very best I can
To whoop it up for Belva Ann.
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

### Oh! Lather me Lightly.

Lather me lightly and speak to me low!
Trust me, barber, the time is near
When barbers may talk from ear to ear
And no one hear!
Lather me lightly and speak to me low,

Lather me lightly and speak to me low!
Oh, interrogative barber mine.
Your close, warm breath is strong like wine
(Lather me here—
Here in the other eye), speak to me low.
—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

### My Love is a Ladye

My love is a ladye of culture deep—
She dwelleth in Boston towne.
She cooketh ye succulent, fulsome bean,
And baketh ye bread so browne.

And though she's a ladye of wealth untold,
Yet taketh she boarders in,
And feedeth them high on ye festive bean,
And scoopeth ye filthy tin.

My love hath her castles in street and lane,
Her guerdon you sure have met;
It hangeth from terrace and window pane
And telleth of "Rooms to Let."
—*The Judge.*

### A Cannibalistic Carol.

Oh, come with me to the Arctic seas,
Where the blizzards and icebergs grow,
And dally a while with the Polar breeze
In the land of the Esquimaux;
We will fish for seals and the great white bears
In the caves of the frozen shores—
We will spread our nets in the frigid lairs
Of the walrus that snorts and roars.

When the rest of creation swoons with heat
All pleasant and chippy we'll be—
'Twould be hard to find a summer retreat
As cool as the Arctic Sea.
We will ramble along in the snowy glade
With never a sultry sigh,
Or loll at ease in the grateful shade
On an iceberg four miles high.

So come with me to the Arctic pole—
To the land of the walrus and bear,
Where the glaciers wave and the blizzards roll,
And victuals are frequently rare.
You are plump and fat—with such a mate
In my iceberg home I'd dwell,
In the pleasing hope I could baffle fate
And eat you au naturel. —*Chicago News.*

### Burgundy.

Burgundy isn't a good thing to drink;
Young man, I beseech you, consider and think,
Or else in your nose, and likewise in your toes,
You'll discover the color of Burgundy rose.
Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,
A dangerous symptom is Burgundy rose.

'Tis a very nice wine, and as mellow as milk;
'Tis a very nice color in satin or silk;
But you'll change your opinion as soon as it shows
In a halo around the extreme of your nose.
Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,
'Tis a very bad thing at the tip of your toes.


JOS. FIGEL
211 MONTGOMERY ST. S.F.
Offers the
LATEST STYLES
.....OF.....
CLOTHING
.....AND.....
FURNISHING GOODS
FOR GENTS AND BOYS,
READY MADE and MADE TO MEASURE at
REDUCED PRICES.
A Full Line of Desirable Suitings in our Merchant Tailoring Department.

Apollinaris
THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS
"*Its purity offers the best security against the dangers which are common to most of the ordinary drinking waters.*"
London Medical Record.
ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.
*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.
No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco,
and Portland, Oregon.

WOLFF & RHEINHOLD,
506 BATTERY STREET,
Sole Agents for this Favorite Brand of
CHAMPAGNE.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
BOOTS AND SHOES
Made to order by
W. F. MEAGHER,
111 Geary St., near Dupont, San Francisco.
Stage and Wedding Shoes of Louis XV. a specialty.

IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES
Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating.
Every description of Tableware and Household Goods plated and repaired at the San Francisco Plating Works, 653 and 655 Mission St., between New Montgomery and Third.
E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
24 Post St., San Francisco
COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, PENMANSHIP AND TELEGRAPHY.
E. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

HOMES
.....IN THE.....
SANTA CRUZ HILLS
The region above named is fast becoming famous for the beauty of its scenery, its fertility, healthfulness, and remarkable adaptation to the growth of the grape and other fruits. Lands improved or unimproved, offering the best advantages as to schools, railroads, wagon-roads, and desirable neighbors, are for sale on easy terms. Address
M. G. NORTON, Wright's, Cal.

EDUCATIONAL.
H. B. PASMORE,
TEACHER OF SINGING,
Begs to announce that he has returned from Europe, and is prepared to instruct in Singing according to the best and most approved methods, and will also receive pupils in Theory and Composition and Organ-playing at M. GRAY'S, 206 Post Street. Reception hours—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 2 P. M.

Delsarte System of Expression.
MRS. EDNA SNELL POULSON,
Pupil of Steele Mackey, F. H. Sargeant, and Acker Guttman, gives instructions in VOICE BUILDING and GESTICULATION, at
No. 607 Sutter Street.

REMOVAL.
MR. ALFRED J. KELLEHER
Desires to announce that in future he will give lessons at his residence,
2324 Clay Street, near Webster.
California-street cars to Webster.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL for GIRLS
Will re-open Monday, August 3d.
Temporary location, 1001 Sutter Street, corner of Hyde.

PERRY SEMINARY,
Formerly Sacramento Seminary of Sacramento, will open
August 6, 1884,
At 1625 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland. For catalogue and particulars, address MRS. HERMAN PERRY,
Or MISS KATE M. FULLER,
Principals.

PRIVATE INSTRUCTION
In the English Branches. Bookkeeping and Accounts. Preparations for Examinations a specialty. Call 4 to 6 P. M. B. L. BROWN, 313 Geary Street.

BOUND VOLUMES
.....OF.....
THE ARGONAUT.
Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, XIII, and XIV.
Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office, No. 213 Dupont Street.

CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. | MONOGRAMS, Arms, Crests, Wedding, Reception and Visiting Cards designed, engraved, and printed; lot Papeterie; Albums at great bargain. ROBERTS, 10 Post St., Masonic Temple. | CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS.

INVENTORS' INSTITUTE,
105 STOCKTON STREET,
Corner of O'Farrell.
PATENTS PROCURED FOR $65, AND PATENTS Negotiated. Send for particulars.

FINEST PHOTOS IN THE CITY
....AT THE....
IMPERIAL GALLERY,
724½ Market Street.

Contract for Fall and Winter Supply
....OF....
COAL
For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street. Telephone 308.

STORAGE.
Furniture and Pianos, Trunks, Paintings, Mirrors, Carpets, Ornaments,
And other goods received for storage and safe keeping. Goods stored in clean, light, dry lofts. Charges moderate; advances made, insurance effected. California Storage Warehouse, No. 722 MISSION ST., next to the Grand Opera House. THOS. H. ROONEY & CO.

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS
And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,
415 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco.

OIL STOVES | NEW A & W MONARCH C for 1884. Don't buy till you see it! Or send for Circular. | JNO. F. MYERS & CO. 869 Market Street, San Francisco.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*

# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Wednesday, October 1, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‡8.00 A.M. | ..Byron and Martinez | ¶6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Delta and Redding | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Deming, El Paso \| Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {and East \| Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Galt and Ione, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ..Galt, via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Los Angeles and South | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | {Merced, Madera, } | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Fresno, and Tulare} | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Mojave and East} Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | { " " } Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | {Ogden and \| Express | 11.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {East \| Emigrant | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {Red Bluff \| via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {and Tehama \| via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | .. " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Stockton & *Milton via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ..Stockton, via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | ..Virginia City | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 8.00 A.M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Vallejo Junction; and that leaving at 8.30 A.M. can meet Pacific Express from El Paso and Mojave at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.
¶ Daily from Martinez. Sundays only from Byron.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier)**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A.M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P.M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23 *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23 *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52; 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.25, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & CO., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

**Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.**


NORTHERN DIVISION
SOUTHERN PACIFIC
RAILROAD.
BROAD GAUGE.

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Camp Goodall.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.00 P.M. |
| †7.50 A.M. | ..Monterey and Santa Cruz.. ....(Sunday Excursion..... | †8.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
‡ Theatre train; Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A.M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A.M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, Camp Goodall, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—Sold SUNDAY MORNING, good for return same day.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, September 22, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—9.00, 11.15 A.M., 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P.M. To Saucelito, 7.30 A.M.

(Sundays)—8.00, 10.15 A.M., 1.30, 5.30 P.M. To Saucelito only, 11.30 A.M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 1.45 P.M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.45, 9.00 A.M., 12.15, 3.15, 4.50 P.M.

(Sundays)—7.55, 10.15 A.M., 3.30, 4.50 P.M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 9.30 A.M., 1.00, 3.50, 5.30 P.M.

(Sundays)—8.30, 10.50 A.M., 12.00 M., 4.00, 6.05 P.M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 2.15 P.M.

**11.15 A.M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAIN for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through train from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 1.30 P.M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A.M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning arrives in S. F. at 6.40 P.M.

Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


BONESTELL, RICHARDS & CO.
ALLEN & CO.
PAPER WAREHOUSE
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F.
**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.**

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 2 o'clock P. M. for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| Steamer | 1884. | From San Francisco |
|---|---|---|
| **Oceanic** | **Thursday, October 30th** | |
| **Arabic** | **Tuesday, November 11th** | |
| **San Pablo** | **Thursday, December 18th** | |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Peking** ..... **October 18**
**City of Rio de Janeiro** ..... **November 22**

At 2 o'clock P.M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Granada** ..... **November 1**

At 10 o'clock A.M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**City of Sydney**...Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2 o'clock P.M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A.M., on Oct. 6th, 14th, 22d, and 30th, and Nov. 1st, and every eighth day thereafter. The last steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A.M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A.M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P.M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

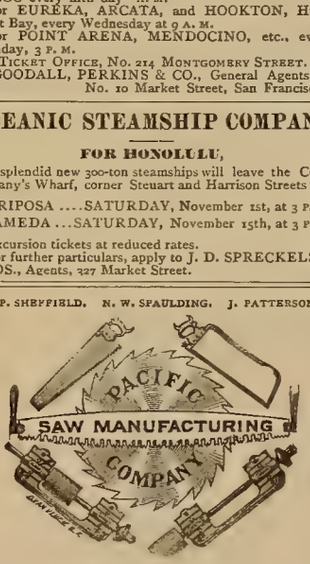
The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

MARIPOSA ....SATURDAY, November 1st, at 3 P.M.
ALAMEDA ...SATURDAY, November 15th, at 3 P.M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

THE
**AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,**
SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**
Office, 208 California Street.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.**
**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**
118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church, Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.
Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President;
James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital.....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**
Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.
Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.
W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

# RUBBER HOSE

—FOR—

**Gardens, Mills, Mines, & Fire Departments,**

Manufactured and for sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard (Maltese Cross) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose (Competition), Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire Engine Hose, Carbolized Maltese Cross Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

**JOHN W. TAYLOR, - - - Manager.**

**No. 15 First Street, near Market.**

## CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY

**OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET.**

**Works.....Potrero.**

C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**

## THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**
**36 California Street, San Francisco.**
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.




"Called Back" was a most unpromising book out of which to make a play. The hero is a chivalric, impetuous, and sentimental lover, who charges wildly over Europe like a detective in search of information, yet has not a single dramatic situation except his stumbling upon a murder in his blindness. The heroine is a statuesque, placid young woman, with an unhinged mind, who is interesting only as a metaphysical study by reason of her loss of memory. The Italian socialists are but faintly sketched in, and though the locale changes frequently it is comparatively colorless. Yet it is a strangely interesting collection of horrors, and appeals to the mind with a vivid intensity, though there seems to be almost nothing in it to present to the eye.

Mr. Hugh Conway, the author, is, however, an auctioneer, and accustomed to furbishing things up for the trade; so when he realized the enormous success of what he had intended for a humble little tale, and that the great public, which demands everything dramatized, from the Passion on the Cross to the simple home of the Vicar of Wakefield, wished a dramatization of Miss Pauline March's lapse of memory, he set about it with the skill of an artisan and the enthusiasm of a successful man.

Mr. Gilbert Vaughn, who had been alone in the world, and had only an old nurse who kept lodgings to look after him, was promptly provided with a sister who makes the very faintest spice of comedy, and a brother-in-law who cures his eyes. They also give a home element to the play, and are so appositely set in that they seem to be a pair of people who were left out of the book by a mere oversight. Dr. Ceneri is touched up; Macari is very reasonably put into prominence; a sequence of events is made, and lo! the play!

Among the embellishments is quite a choice assortment of "My Gods!" Gilbert Vaughn gets the most of them, and Frank Weston has combined to throw into each one the disposition of a helpless man appealing to a deaf God. His "My God" is as different from Charles Thorne's patent as the nun's carelessly muttered habitual rosary is different from the passionate appeal of a suffering woman. At present, in short, Mr. Frank Weston's appeal is reverent, but this reverence will probably disappear with the run of "Called Back."

Miss Effie Ellsler approaches each one of her several "My Gods" with a little premonitory gasp, but finally tackles them with all the force of an ambitious tragedienne. The others are distributed variously along the line, till at last, in the mouth of the Siberian captive, it becomes a mere bit of dramatic clap-trap.

It is almost as difficult to explain the interest of the play "Called Back," as it is the interest of the book; yet it undoubtedly has a curious fascination. There is a silent, tense strain of feeling in the audience during the murder scene, that is the greatest compliment a house can pay. Indeed, its strong melodramatic action is followed throughout, even through the well-worn familiar cruelties of the Siberian episode, with a most unusual interest.

A part of this is due to the setting, which is worthy of the best New York theatre in its completeness and fidelity to detail, and is of that bewildering kind latterly become the fashion, in which the very walls have legs and walk off before your eyes in the most self-possessed and collected manner. Once these wonders, much modified indeed, were sacred to the pantomime, and a door which became a window, or a table which turned into a sofa, blushed with pleasure at the shrieking delight of hundreds of children, while the property man ate his Christmas turkey with all the proud consciousness of a successful artist. But the stale tricks of the pantomime pale before the wonders of to-day, and Dr. Kenyon's Hampstead villa whisks its vine-clad verandas off the stage as easily as if they were banners, turns its back to us, and straightway we are in a Soho garret. These things, however, are merely mechanical, and the actual beauty of the mounting lies in the setting of the first and last scenes—Gilbert Vaughn's chambers in London and the villa on the Lake of Geneva, with the familiar view of the pretty lake seen through the windows.

As a matter of course, the Siberian scene, with its background of snowy waste and its every suggestion of chill, whistling winds, penetrates the gazer with cold and sympathy. We should never feel natural, since Russia came into fashion, without an occasional Siberian shock. But a pretty interior is what most charms the modern eye, and here are two, each beautiful of its kind.

So far as the acting in "Called Back" is concerned, Mr. George Osborne undoubtedly ranks first. Surely he went up into the foreign quarter and found some exile prowling gloomily around its streets in those inspirational velveteens and that strange old cloak. His make-up, from head to foot, is something beyond cavil, and his acting accords harmoniously with it, whether as the enthusiastic follower of a cause, at first, or the suffering, gasping, dying man in the gloom of Siberia, at last.

The best opportunity of the play is given to Paolo Macari, whom the bills call Paola. Macari made the hit of the play in New York, to the almost extinction of the beautiful Mantell, and there is every evidence that much of his business has been transferred to Wessells. Osborne, as Ceneri, does not attempt an accent, but Wessells as Macari does. Three several times, too, he hit for a moment upon a very good one. Each time it only lasted through a sentence, but it shows that if Mr. Wessells would only replace his present extraordinary original production of dialect with a whole stock of the specimens displayed in three places, there is a great triumph in a dialect part awaiting him. Either he has been well taught, or he has well conceived the part of Macari; but in the playing of it he has keyed the extravagances of his style up to the highest notch. Mr. Wessells rolls his black eyes and grits his white teeth at the audience till the people are positively alarmed lest his grudge be against them; and he shrinks himself up in such involved contortions that one really loses track of the play in wondering whether he will ever come out straight again. Also, it was really unkind of him to break in at a critical moment of the play with a wild cry of "Pauliner! Pauliner!" R is an admirable letter in its place, especially for an actor; but set at the end of the name Pauline it has a sort of back-alley look, which sets the young woman down sadly in the social scale. When Mr. Wessells shall have forgotten the audience, he will be a better actor.

Effie Ellsler is very pretty, very interesting, very sad as Pauline, and conveys the idea of the girl's bewildered efforts to fix her memory very happily. It is, at best, but a subjective rôle, though Alice Lingard has made an immense hit in it in London; and, indeed, Effie Ellsler does some clever acting in the scene with Macari, when the poor, terified creature realizes danger, but has not wits enough to call for help.

Frank Weston's rigid mannerisms and round, Western speech are not exactly adapted to Gilbert Vaughn, the enthusiast and dreamer, who is also something of a lay figure in the play; but there is no other fault than a slight unfitness to be found with him, and he is always such an earnest actor that he carries his part.

The others are all well enough, and the entire production is eminently a good one.

At the Bush Street Theatre, that jolly old sinner, Offenbach—heaven rest his experienced soul!—has brought success, as he has brought it many a time, and oft with his tuneful, tinkling melodies. There is every reason to suppose that we were listening to opera bouffe in "La Fille du Tambour Major," but the people approached it with such gentle discretion, in such a thoroughly proper frame of mind, that nothing but the old-time lilt in the melodies could have convinced the hearers that this was an Offenbach opera. To begin with, it is sung absurdly well for this class of performance, for though the prima donna's voice is very very light, and very, very thin, she sings exceedingly well with what voice she has. She has not a single one of the quips and cranks of opera bouffe. Yet she is rather a nice little person with a mild capacity for becoming a favorite.

The contralto is a jolly, sonsie lass, with a merry face, a singularly deep voice in speaking, and a faint suggestion in her singing of having been once the contralto in a church choir. She will doubtless be the pet of the troupe, yet she, too, is as innocent of opera bouffe peculiarities as a school-girl.

Mr. Carleton, notwithstanding his fine voice, as all the world knows, deliberately gave up grand opera long ago for a lighter field, but devotes his best energies to the line he has chosen. He, too, approaches opera bouffe with deep, serious gravity. The basso would have liked to cavort ever so little, but the bigness of his voice overruled him, and Miss Clara Wisdom is too massively beautiful to attempt to be funny with impunity. Of all the group, therefore, no one really breathed the spirit of opera bouffe but Richard Golden. Across his voice we will draw a veil, but as a comedian he is so thoroughly an artist that it was with a positive pang one saw him overdo his neat little snuff-point ever so little. But the pang was more of a compliment than the ready laugh. The chorus is small, especially the male chorus, but they are well selected, and all of the ensemble music is really admirably given.

The season will give a great deal of musical pleasure, as they will bring out many of the lighter operas which have latterly been ignored in the rush of novelties. "Fra Diavolo" will soon be given; it belongs to that class for which the Carleton company are most distinctly suitable. As in letters there is a beautiful province somewhere between Bohemia and Philistia, so in music there is a pretty upland bordering upon the heights of grand opera and rising out of the valleys of bouffe music; and on this upland we shall see this clever band of people at their best.

BETSY B.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP

An extra performance of "Called Back" will be given at the Baldwin on Sunday evening.

Frank Chanfrau opened the season at the Boston Theatre with "Kit" for thirteen successive years.

Henry T. Chanfrau has taken his father's place as Kit, in the "Arkansas Traveler," filling all dates, and acting under the same management.

"Le Maître de Forge," which was brought out at the Gymnase in Paris, in December last, is still running to crowded houses. They have already taken in 1,025,000 francs.

It is rumored that Billy Emerson is to become manager and principal of a minstrel company, but whether he will remain in San Francisco or go elsewhere is not stated.

They are about to revive "Les Danicheffs" in Paris, at the Porte Saint-Martin, with great splendor of scenery and a fine cast. Impetuous Paris is quite agog over the revival.

Joseffy, the pianist, announces four concerts at Irving Hall next week, to take place October 20th, 22d, 24th, and 25th. At the Wednesday concert he will be assisted by the Philharmonic orchestra.

Chanfrau's death is said to have been brought about so suddenly by a combination of panic and hair dye. His dates will all be filled by his son, Harry T. Chanfrau, who has long studied his father's rôles.

At the Bush Street Theatre, next Monday evening, the Carleton opera troupe will produce "The Merry War." Those who have seen the troupe in this opera say that it is an even more pleasing performance than the "Tambour Major." During the opera Mr. Carleton will introduce "August Mignon's" (Major John A. Darling's) latest song, "The Old Fair Story."

A concise synopsis, or "Called Back" boiled down:

Act I—"My God! He is blind!"
Act II—"My God! She is mad!"
Act III—"My God! She is sane!"
Act IV—"My God! He is dead!"

"The Private Secretary," an adaptation from the German "Der Bibliothekar," will follow "Called Back" at the Baldwin. It is being played in two theatres in New York, one in Boston, and one in Philadelphi. J. N. Long will superintend the production. He arrived Thursday, and began rehearsals at once.

Emma Nevada is reputed to be engaged to Mr. Charles Chatterton, a brother of Signor Perugini. Her father declines the alliance, as Chatterton is an invalid and entirely dependent for support upon his brother, who is very generous with him. Papa Nevada thinks that Charles is only looking for a new support.

Very few have recognized Miss Clara Wisdom and Miss Rose Beaudet as ex-members of the McCaull Opera Company. This is due to the fact that skirts are very disguising. Miss Rose Beaudet is celebrated for her figure, and Miss Clara Wisdom was one of the two tall white girls in the "Madame Favart" march.

Ida Mülle, who has taken Kate Castleton's place in "Pop," has introduced a burlesque on "Orpheus and Eurydice," with Mackay in the olio part, and wears the famous Cupid dress—or undress—with great success. Ida Mülle and Fay Templeton are the only two actresses who have discarded trunks in theatrical undress.

At the Standard, next week, will be produced Charley Reed's latest burlesque, "Crawled Back." The leading character, "Pay Yolo Mulcahy, a tamale merchant," is taken by the Bush Street Boucicault, Charley Reed. There are numbers of other characters in the drama of "Crawled Back," including sports, conspirators, and tamales.

Henry Lee, who was to have come with the Ellsler combination, and play Gilbert Vaughn in "Called Back," broke his contract and accepted an engagement to support Fanny Davenport in "Fédora." Fanny was looking for an actor who would not be taken away from her by the managers, as Mr. Mantell was, and she selected Henry Lee.

The New York *Times* says: "Local dilettanti have short memories. The tenor Giannini, who lately sang in San Francisco, and over whom it is vaguely understood that the California critics went into ecstacies, appeared in New Orleans, and in the Western cities four years ago, under the direction of Mr. Max Strakosch, and did not create the mildest sensation."

Victoria Morosini Schelling was offered five hundred dollars a week if she would appear in burlesque attire at Niblo's, and sing only one song a night. Although she is reputed to have accepted, her appearance is not yet announced. If her engagement should not be quickly effected prices will go down, as elopements have dropped ninety per cent. during the past fortnight.

Giannini left numerous autographs and photographs behind him. He always signed his name in the Italian way, as a member of a large family, Giannini Francesco. There is every reason to believe that the troupe's season in New York will be unfortunate. They come immediately before Doctor Damrosch's season of German opera, for which each stockholder of the Metropolitan Opera House has subscribed $1,750. Mapleson's season begins when the German season closes.

Patti, Modjeska, and Emma Abbott always travel with two maids. One is a kind of forewoman who is half companion. She does all the directing and planning, much of the dressmaking, and some of the packing. The other is the drudge, and does all the bathing, rubbing, hair-combing, etc., as well as stand ever in an attitude of most respectful attention toward the first lady's maid. These six women have planned and made many a robe which has contributed to the fame of the French couturières.

Minnie Maddern has been only two years upon the stage. Although she started out to be an actress of the Lotta school, she has unexpectedly developed a lot of emotional talent, and is going to give a "Frou-Frou" matinée for the professionals of New York. This is certainly a new departure. Minnie Maddern is young, slender, pretty. In our experience Frou-Frou is always a large, round person, excessively mature, and excessively fat. Such, at least, is the kind we have always had in San Francisco, and, so far as known, everywhere outside of France.

Fay Templeton has been playing in Oakland this week, and a number of Oakland girls think they have discovered that they went to school with her, at Madame Zeitska's, some time in the seventies. One thinks that she was then known as Linda Nash; a second, that she was indisputably Linda Harris; while still another claims that she came to school one morning with a clean apron and a new name, and was known thenceforth as Linda Kranz, and declares the three Lindas to be one. Fay Templeton, however, played Cupid both before and after this time, and is sometimes considered not to have outgrown her Cupid rôle even yet. Did any one else go to school with her under some other name?

Concerning "Queena," which was lately produced at the Union Square Theatre, New York, Mr. Stephen Fiske writes in the *Mirror*: "'Queena' comes from California, and it is a good specimen of the California school of play-writing, which consists in patching together choice bits of other people's pieces. This style of work used to be called plagiarism, but is now known as Californianism." The author of "Queena," Mr. Tillotson, was not born in California; he never lived in California; he never was in California but once, and then only for a few days. The scene of "Queena" is not laid in California; the piece was not written in California; the plot has nothing Californian; the piece was never produced in California but once, when it was unanimously damned by Californian critics. This is its sole claim to being called Californian. We might with as much fitness call Mr. Stephen Fiske a Californian, owing to his evident kinship to that useful though humble Californian beast of burden, the *burro*.

Mademoiselle Rhea is extensively advertising a five-thousand-franc gown by Worth, as a part of her repertoire this season. Various stories are told of the gown in question, one being that it was made for the Queen of Holland, but that her majesty declined it as being too gay for a real queen to wear. Another is that Rhea bought it at a second-hand shop in Paris; and another that it hung for months in the Louvre, where it was known well as a bad bargain. The chances are that this dress, like most of her others, was made by Mademoiselle Rhea's maid.

"Called Back" is to be followed at the Baldwin by "The Private Secretary," now running at the Madison Square Theatre. It is said to be so absurdly funny that the Madison Square clientèle gasp for breath, and fancy they must have strayed into the wrong house. It has completely upset the policy of the theatre, as people always cry instead of laugh at that house, and it is no longer considered a matter of Christian obligation to go to the Madison Square. People go just as they go to any other theatre, and they like it. Christians always do enjoy the first sip of wickedness.

The cut of hair which was known for some time as the Young Mrs. Winthrop cut, because Miss Carrie Turner set the fashion during the "Young Mrs. Winthrop" season, is now known as the opera bouffe cut, and has had a fresh revival. The cut of Miss Enid Leslie's hair is English, and was known at one time as the chorister cut. The Langtry cut has never altogether gone, though Langtry herself has abandoned it. It is still a part of the opera bouffe cut. To this Miss Dora Wiley has added a couple of ear-locks once known as beau-catchers, which are, by the way, hideously unbecoming. Sarah Bernhardt and the Princess of Wales still cling persistently to false fronts, though natural hair has come in.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

### The Philharmonic Concert.

The fourth season of the Philharmonic Society was opened by a well-attended concert on Wednesday afternoon last, at Platt's Hall. Although an evening hour would be more acceptable to many whose business engagements prevent their attendance upon afternoon performances, the latter is not without one pronounced advantage—professionals are then obtainable whose services are not to be secured in the evening; and the saving presence of these musicians is so distinctly felt in the quality of this day-time playing as to appreciably increase its artistic value. Certainly Mr. Hinrichs had at his command no such orchestra last year as the one he now controls. It is full, well balanced, and reasonably efficient; and upon this occasion, at least, its trumpets, horns, trombones, and so forth, betrayed no serious intention of making themselves disliked. This occupation has formerly been something of a hobby with these particular instruments; but the new dispensation has doubtless assisted them in turning from the error of their ways, and there is, seemingly, every hope of a permanent reform in this quarter.

Raff's third symphony, the beautiful "Im Walde" (in F), constituted the important feature of the programme. This work comes clearly under the head of descriptive compositions. Its first movement, a carefully written allegro of somewhat elaborate though coherent instrumental development, is indicated by the author as "Day in the Woods, with its attendant impressions and sentiments." This was played in a conscientious spirit, with smoothness and strict attention to detail, but scarcely as poetically as the Largo, which follows, to make up the first part of the second movement, Twilight. Here, to be sure, Raff himself is more interesting. It is said that in all his nine symphonies each slow movement is of exceptional melodic beauty. He confines himself at these points less minutely to form, and gives place to pure, unfettered melody. No more exquisite illustration of this delightful habit could be asked than is found in the "Traumerei" of his third symphony. Through lovely modulations the light fades away, the leaves rustle and whisper softly, little birds call sleepily back and forth from their high, swaying nests, and over all—taken chiefly by the clarinet—breathes a rich, wandering melody, full of longing, yet gently peaceful.

In this tranquil scene the charm of the symphony reached its height, both as a conception and interpretation. The "Dance of the Dryads," which completes the second movement, is vastly inferior to the thoughts preceding it. It was played with precision, lightness, and in an excellent tempo. "Night," the third and last movement, includes the entry and procession of the Wild Chase, with Frau Holle and Wotan. This, however, is so boisterous and noisy as to seem almost vulgar after the refinement of other portions. The close softens into a partial return of earlier themes at daybreak, and is more enjoyable. Among the shorter numbers composing the remainder of the programme, "Eine Faust Overture," by Wagner, stood out most strikingly. Wagner is undeniably difficult to understand—above all, at a first hearing. As some one said, despairingly: "It is a weird beating of sound from all sides at once. It whirls and dashes around like a storm at sea, with never a thing to catch and hold to, not a single little strain to sing to one's self afterward." This was not strictly true of the "Faust" fragment. There was a wonderful choral-like song at the close, which seemed to symbolize rest after strife, and which clung to memory the more vividly by reason of its wild setting. The selection was one worthy of early repetition, which is more than can be said of the empty Saint-Saens numbers, "Marche Héroique" and "La Jota Aragonese." This last, a frivolous jumble of castanets and kindred minstrelsy, caught the taste of the audience directly, and was re-demanded. A tender and sentimental little work by Heinrich Hofman was presented—for the first time—in an "Italian Love Romance." The first movement, "Zwiegesprach," was delightfully read, and the second, "Carnevals-scene," was dashed off with brightness and vigor. As much may be said of the closing, "Slavische Tanze," No. 1, by Dvorak, while the playing altogether showed marked improvement over last year's efforts. For so rainy an afternoon a large audience assembled, and the success of the concert was all that could be desired.

F. A.

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

**Bills and Casts for Week ending October 18th.**

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill: Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr's "Called Back." Cast as follows:

Gilbert Vaughan, Frank Weston; Arthur Kenyon, Harry Mainhall; Anthony March, Frederick Corbett; Doctor Ceneri, George Osborne; Paoli Macari, George Wessells; Petroff, E. J. Holden; Bolski, H. Glenney; Chief of Secret Police, William Lansing; Major Markeloff, E. N. Thayer; Captain Varmaloff, Bartley O'Brien; Sergeant of Cossacks, W. L. Dennison; Warder Kedril, Robert Horton; Nicholas, R. Ambrose; Henri, James Musgrove; Pauline, niece of Doctor Ceneri, Miss Effie Ellsler; Mary, Gilbert's sister, Miss Enid Leslie; Mrs. Wilkins, Mrs. Mary E. Hill; Susan, Miss Sadie Belden; Wolynski, Miss Louise Calvert.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Bill: Offenbach's "La Fille du Tambour Major." Cast as follows:

Captain Robert, W. T. Carleton; Stella, Dora Wiley; Duchess Della Volta, Clara Wisdom; Claudine, Rose Beaudet; The Abbess, Miss Rochelle; Bianca, Miss Young; Lorenza, Rosetta Bartlett; Griolet, Jessie Bartlett-Davis; Monthabor, W. H. Clark; Duc Della Volta, Richard Golden; Marquis Bambini, Frank Dowd; Clampass, F. R. Risdale; Sergeant, Mr. Dixon.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Closed during the week.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: Boieldieu's operatic fairy spectacle in four acts, "Little Red Riding Hood." Cast as follows:

Little Red Riding Hood, Miss Helene Dingeon; Bertha, Miss Emily Possazi; Anne, Miss Carrie Pfeiffer; Nanette, Miss Tilly Valerga; Fairy Queen, Miss Kate Marchi; Urian, Miss Lottie Stockmeyer; Prince Rudolph, Mr. M. Cornell; Duke Roger, Mr. Harry Gates; Edmond, Mr. Harry Nieman; Master of Ceremonies, Mr. E. N. Knight; Tobias, Mr. R. D. Valerga; Karl, Mr. E. Carlmuller; Woodcutter, Mr. Arthur Messmer.

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—F. W Stecchhan, Manager. Standard Minstrel Company, as follows:

Charley Reed, J. Carroll Johnson; John Robinson, Crandall and Eastwood, Keegan and Wilson, Hooley and Thompson, W. S. Mullaly. The California Quartet—Morant, Wetter, Holland, and Wyatt. New Minstrel First Part. The Great Burlesque, "Papa's Coachman; or, A Tale of Modern Love."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Manager. Bill: "The Red Pocket-Book." Cast as follows:

Julian, Marquis de Mondelet, E. T. Stetson; Monsieur Le Farge, J. L. Lindsay; Count de Ville, Paul J. Craig; Clarisse de Ville, Miss Hannah M. Ingham; Monsieur Fontaine, T. J. Raymur; Jean Brillo, Owen Dale; Pierre, Louis Imhause; Doctor Misard, P. Johnson; Monsieur Chasse, H. Woods; Monsieur Vestris, P. Thrope; Lieutenant, W. Calhoun; Ramy, J. T. Leonard; Bonquin, H. Fredericks; Cabin Boy, Master James; Orang Outang, Master Marion; Servant, W. Bell; Violette, Miss Livingstone; Madame De Lunay, Miss Eleanor Barry; Marie, Miss Lillie Owens.

At the Baldwin, next week, "Called Back" will be continued.

At the Bush Street, next week, The Carleton opera troupe in "The Merry War."

At the California, next week, no announcement has been made.

At the Tivoli, next week, "Little Red Riding Hood" will be continued.

At the Grand Opera House, next week, "The Mountebank."

— AN EXPERIENCED TEACHER WOULD LIKE TO make an engagement. English branches, French, Spanish, and music. Address Miss L. S. K., this office.

**See Them.**

Those new style Hall Racks, cheap and beautiful. A really stylish piece of furniture at a moderate price, for sale by the California Furniture Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Steeet.

— ONLY THREE WEEKS OF THE PRESENT CAMpaign remains, and party leaders should immediately secure the Metropolitan Hall for public meetings. It is easily accessible from all parts of the city, and offers advantages unequaled by any hall west of the Mississippi.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—STERLE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

— LADIES' BAZAR PATTERNS, 215 Dupont St.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

—BE WISE! BUY YOUR SPECTACLES AT MULler's, No. 135 Montgomery Street, near Bush.


**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,**

Eddy Street, near Market.

KRELING BROS.....Sole Proprietors and Managers

This Evening and every evening until further notice Boilldieu's Charming Operatic Spectacle,

**LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD,**

Produced with Magnificent Spectacular Effects, Gorgeous Costumes, Scenery, Etc.

Admission, 25 cents.....Reserved seats, 50 cents

**Filippe's Academy of Languages.**

Established 1871, has removed to more commodious and pleasant quarters, 702 Market Street, corner of Geary. Professor DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. "Unique" method of acquiring foreign languages, where students have not the opportunity to practice. Fine library, and periodicals from Spain and France free to scholars.

ROOFS. SEND YOUR ORDERS EARLY for repairs to H. G. FISKE, THE PIONEER ROOFER.
**827 Market Street, opposite Stockton.**

**IRVING HALL.**

**Monday and Friday Evenings, and Wednesday and Saturday Matinees, Oct 20, 22, 24, 25.**

THE CELEBRATED PIANIST, RAFAEL

**JOSEFFY**

With the Orchestra of the

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**

ADMISSION, ONE DOLLAR. Reserved Seats, Fifty Cents extra, at Gray's Music Store, Post Street.

**Mechanics' Pavilion Skating Academy.**

DAILY SESSIONS (Sundays excepted) commencing Monday, September 22d, from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M., and evenings from 7:30 to 10 o'clock.

☞ Tuesday evenings the Pacific Skating Club has the exclusive use of the Rink.

TERMS—Mornings and Afternoons, 25 cents for admission and use of skates. Evenings, when boys under 15 cannot skate, 25 cents for admission and 15 cents for skates. All improper persons and features interdicted. Full Band in attendance. J. L. WALTON, Actuary.

**NOTICE.**

We have sold R. A. SWAIN & CO. all the stock and good-will of HATHAWAY & CO., No 16 Post Street.
P. N. LILIENTHAL,
W. H. CHICKERING,
Assignees of Hathaway & Co.

In connection with the above notice, we beg to inform the public that having purchased for cash and at a great bargain the

**BANKRUPT STOCK OF HATHAWAY & CO.**

CONSISTING OF

**Crockery, Glassware, China Fancy Goods, Plated Ware, Cutlery, etc.,**

And having added to it largely from our wholesale stock,

**Will re-open Monday, Oct. 13th,**

For the sale of the stock at unprecedentedly low prices. The public are cordially invited to call and inspect our goods, and may be assured of polite attention.

**R. A. SWAIN & CO.**

THE OLDEST AND ONLY

American Crockery House

**IN THE CITY,**

**16 Post St., 112 & 114 California St.**

**JOE POHEIM,**
**MERCHANT TAILOR,**

Makes the best-fitting clothes in the State at 25 per cent. less than any other tailor in the city.

| | |
|---|---|
| **Business Pants made to order from** | $ 6.00 |
| **Business Suits from** | 25.00 |
| **Dress Pants from** | 8.00 |
| **Dress Suits from** | 30.00 |

Other garments in proportion. The best of workmanship and trimming guaranteed. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free to any address on application to

JOE POHEIM,
**203 Montgomery, 724 Market, 1110 & 1112 Market, and 11 & 13 Turk St.**

**THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!**

**The Light-running**

**"HOUSEHOLD"**

**SEWING MACHINE.**



Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to **three months' trial.**

**Samuel Hill Estate**

CITY SALES ROOMS,
**634 Market St.**
Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

FALL STYLE HATS

Now ready and introduced by

**HERRMANN THE HATTER.**

**The Largest Hat Store on the Coast.**
**332, 336 KEARNY STREET,**
Between Bush and Pine Streets, San Francisco.

☞ Steam Factory connected with Establishment at 17 Belden St. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free.

**REMOVAL.**

**EDWARD E. OSBORN, Patent Solicitor,** United States and Foreign, has removed to 220 Sansome Street. Rooms 10, 11, and 12, San Francisco.

**F. WICHERT,**

Professor of Violin, Spanish, German, Commercial Calculations, and Book-keeping. Graduated at Berlin. **1122 Leavenworth Street.**

**MARBLE WORKS.**

**MARBLE MANTELS,** made of **ONYX,** Colored **ITALIAN,** and Statuary Marbles, Monuments and Headstones. **W. H. McCORMICK,** 827 Market St.

GREAT FREE

# EXHIBITION

**ICHI BAN**

**20, 22, and 24 Geary Street**

.....OF THE.....

# ARTS AND MANUFACTURES

.....OF THE.....

# JAPANESE EMPIRE

**Established to introduce to the world the wonderful skill of the JAPANESE in the manufacture of USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL ARTICLES for house furnishing and decorating. The public is cordially invited to inspect this wonderful collection. COME OFTEN. BRING YOUR FRIENDS. ASK QUESTIONS. DO NOT PURCHASE. EVERYBODY WELCOME.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**20, 22, & 24 GEARY ST.**



**THE SIERRA MADRE VILLA HOTEL,**

LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CAL.,

**Is located on the south side of the Sierra Madre Mountains, one thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea.**

**ABOVE THE FOGS OF SEA AND VALLEY.**

It is in the midst of an ORANGE GROVE, overlooking the beautiful San Gabriel Valley, with its extensive vineyards and orchards of citrus fruits. For comfort, a pleasant home, good living, PURE AIR, and sparkling mountain water, it has no rival. The FAME OF THE VILLA, for its beautiful and healthful location, and superior accommodations with all modern improvements for one hundred guests, is world wide. There are fine suites of sunny rooms; broad verandas, inclosed with glass to keep out the chilly air when required; a beautiful lawn, and the most GENIAL CLIMATE under the sun. The Villa is fourteen miles from Los Angeles, and is reached by rail to within four miles, at San Gabriel station, where the stage meets all trains from East or West. Address by mail to San Gabriel, Cal., P. O., or telegraph to Villa.

**W. GARDNER COGSWELL, Manager.** **W. COGSWELL, Proprietor.**

**KNABE PIANOS**

"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*

**A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St., S.F.,** Sole Agents.

**ELITE BOUQUET**

—AND—

**PECK'S PREMIUM PERFUMES,**

**(ALL ODORS).**

**GERSTER GLOVES!**

**Elegant, Perfect-fitting, and Durable,**

....AT....

**I. KEINER'S, 32 KEARNY ST.**

**PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.**

**Stationers, Booksellers,**

**Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers.**

**204 Sansome Street, near Pine.**

**WALL PAPERS,**

**FRESCOING,**

INTERIOR DECORATING

**WINDOW SHADES.**

**G. W. CLARK & CO.**

**645 and 647 MARKET STREET.**

**STORE YOUR FURNITURE**

**Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.**

BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH

**J. H. MOTT & CO.,**

**735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco**

Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.




**J. W. EVANS,**
GENERAL AGENT, 29 POST STREET.

**DR. JAMES F. SULLIVAN**
Has Removed from No. 7 to
1105 Van Ness Avenue, near Geary Street.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
Commission Merchants,
San Francisco,
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
Liberal advances made on consignments.

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
General Shipping and Commission
MERCHANTS,
309 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
Shipping and Commission Merchants
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

**CRAPE.**
Old and Faded Crape Veils and Bonnets RE-DYED and FINISHED LIKE NEW at the
PALACE DYE WORKS,
633 Market Street, Palace Hotel.

**JOHN MIDDLETON,**
**COAL.**
14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
**TILES**
For Decorations.
W. W. MONTAGUE & CO
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
**HENRY F. MILLER**
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
**HEMME & LONG**
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
AND THE TAYLOR & FARLEY ORGANS.
**WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.**
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.
**PIANOS**







Constantly on hand, Champagne Wines from Messrs. George Goulet & Co. in quarts, pints, and half-pints, in bond or duty paid.
**ALFRED GREENEBAUM & CO.,**
123 California Street, Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.




FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

**FIREMANS FUND**
**INSURANCE COMPANY**
OF CALIFORNIA.
THE LARGEST PACIFIC COAST COMPANY.
CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - $750,000
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1883, - - - - - $1,500,000
AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.



**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.**
**WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.**
303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

**UNEXCELLED!**
Ask your Grocer for
ARCTIC REFRIGERATOR HAMS,
ROYAL BREAKFAST BACON
ROYAL LEAF LARD.
All Guaranteed Choice Family Goods.

**HIGHLAND SPRINGS,**
LAKE COUNTY, CAL.
"The Switzerland of America."
OPEN ALL THE YEAR.
Has no rival on the Pacific Coast in variety and unquestionable value of the medicinal qualities of its mineral waters.
Daily communication via Cloverdale.
DR. C. M. BATES, Proprietor.

**PARAISO SPRINGS.**
OPEN ALL THE YEAR.
A Paradise in Winter Time for Tourists.
The curative properties of these Hot Soda and Sulphur Baths are unexceled and are recommended by all physicians. Terms reduced for the winter months. For circulars, terms, and all particulars, address
J. P. REEVE, Proprietor Paraiso Springs, Monterey County.

**KELSEY HOUSE.**
This well-known villa has changed hands and has been thoroughly renovated, and is now run in conjunction with the well-known Windsor House. The houses and cottages are situated on most beautiful and spacious grounds. Telephone communication. Cars pass every 7½ minutes; ten minutes' ride from the train. Apply to C. C. Wheeler, proprietor, at Windsor House, Ninth and Washington, or on the premises, cor. Telegraph Avenue and 24th St., Oakland.

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

**$130,000**
Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, 1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal. Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers.
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

**ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.**
No. 310 SANSOME STREET,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

FINE
Suits, $25. **TAILORING** Suits, $30.
Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.
Suits, $40. **TAILORING** Suits, $50.
Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.
Suits, $60. **TAILORING** Suits, $70.
J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.

**GERMEA**
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. No. 17. SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 25, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: The *Argonaut's Real* Opinion of the Result of this Campaign —And the Reasons for that Opinion—The Refutation of the Charges against Mr. Blaine—The Results of the Recent Elections—The Political Methods of the Democratic Party Denounced—The Similarity of the Clay-Polk Campaign—And the Dissimilarity—Clay could not Personally Refute the Charges against Him—Blaine Can, and Does—Mr. Blaine's Speeches in Ohio—His Opinions on the Tariff Question—"An American Policy"—The Hocking Valley Charge—The Labor Question—In Regard to the Solid South—The Question of Mr. Blaine's "Good Taste" in making Campaign Speeches—"A Republican's" Letter to the *Argonaut*—Its Answer—Illustrious Precedents—The Premiers of England who Address their Constituents.....1–3

A CANCEROUS ROSE: The Story of a Sculptor's Love. By Honoré Balzac. 4

INTAGLIOS: "Adjustment," by J. G. Whittier; "Amy," by H. C. Faulkner; "Could She Have Guessed," by Elaine Goodale; "The Wish-Bone," by Ruth Hall; "Give Over Coaxin', Neighbor," by Margaret Eytinge..... 5

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People all Over the World..... 5

A NEW YORK KNOCK-OUT: "Flaneur" Describes the McCaffrey-Mitchell Mill—The Victor, McCaffrey, is Coming to San Francisco—Gossip about "Nita's First" and Theatrical Matters Generally..... 6

STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—Working his Passage on a Canal-boat—He Pleaded Guilty—Ryan's Retort—A Watch Guard—The Darky's Doubts—Actor and Dramatist—John Brown and Princess Louise—A Brahman's Murder..... 6

THE SQUAW'S ROCK: The Tragic Story of an Indian Maiden's Love. By Robert Duncan Milne..... 7

VANITY FAIR: A Diplomatic Hint—The "American Girl" at Mount Desert—Festivities at French Country Houses—Fashionable Dances for the Winter—A Novel Wedding Scene—Clara Belle's Latest Discoveries..... 7

LONDON CLUB GOSSIP: "Cockaigne" tells of Mrs. Cayley, the Latest Professional Beauty—And of Miss Chamberlaine—The Boorishness of the "First Gentleman in England"..... 8

THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest..... 6

LITERARY NOTES: "The Chinese Theatre"—Messrs. McDowell and Wores's Article in *The Century*—Some New Books—Blaine's Method of Writing his Book—Magazine Mortality—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.... 9

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day..... 9

SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip..... 10

THE LATEST VERSE: "Birchbrook Mill," by John Greenleaf Whittier; "Francesca to Paolo," by Julie K. Wetherell; "Malice," by Paul Hamilton Hayne; "Coming into Port," by W. W. Story; "The Old Sedan Chair," by Austin Dobson; "The Song of the Barada," by Edna Dean Proctor; "The Poet is Immortal," by Algernon Charles Swinburne..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record.14–15

We are often asked, in a confidential sort of way, what our *real* opinions are in reference to the election of Blaine and Logan. We have never entertained a moment's doubt, from the hour of the nomination of these gentlemen at Chicago, that they would be elected President and Vice-President of the United States. It has been with us a matter of reliance upon Providence and confidence in God. When, on one occasion, one of the early kings of England—Rufus the Red-haired—was crossing the English Channel, the ship which bore him was overtaken by a storm. His courtiers, anxious for his safety, and seeing the peril with which he was surrounded, asked him if he was not afraid. Seizing the helm and himself guiding the ship, he replied: "No; kings are never drowned." We have had our anxieties for the Republican party; we have feared for its safety as we have seen it environed with perils and involved in storms and dangers; we thought it was going to wreck in Grant's second administration; we feared the pirates were coming on board in the Tilden campaign; we were less despondent when Garfield became the candidate of the party for the Presidency; our hopes reached the point of elation and supreme confidence when, at the Chicago convention, as a choice of the majority of the nation, fairly and honorably expressed, Blaine stepped on board the craft as its commander and captain. We foresaw the rising storm; the detraction, calumny, and abuse; the slanders penetrating to his very fireside; the lies piled up, like Pelion upon Ossa. We knew that every occurrence in his life would be misconstrued and misrepresented by a vicious Democratic leadership. We are not deceived; the storm that raged around him at Chicago has increased with relentless fury every day since the campaign began; one by one these calumnies have been disproved; one by one these lies have been refuted; bravely, coolly, and calmly, with his hand upon the rudder, Blaine has so far steered the bark safely through the storm of the campaign. Confident in his own integrity, with a bravery that never falters, with a courage that meets every charge, he disproves them all. The Mulligan letters—those letters which he rightfully wrenched from the hands of the villain who had stolen them—he read on the floors of the Congress of the United States; he gave them to the press of the country for publication, and, as new batches have appeared, they have been given the widest and freest circulation. The verdict upon the Mulligan letters is that Blaine is an honorable and honest man. The lying charge of Catholicity, the lying charge of his being a Know-nothing, have been disproved; the lying charge of his interest in the Hocking Valley frauds has been refuted; the slanderous charge that was aimed at the honor of his wife was boldly met, fully ventilated, and satisfactorily explained. Blaine stands to-day with a clean and honorable record before the American people—pure in his private life, honorable in his party career, the best and highest representative of all that is good in the Republican party—honorably nominated, having the support of the better elements of the party to which he has devoted his life, and with every assurance and prospect of success. Looking upon our captain and looking upon the storm, knowing how stanch is the party ship whose deck he treads, as our eyes sweep the horizon and view the roaring elements, we say, with the confidence that inspired England's early king, that there is no danger that Blaine will go down in the storm that his enemies have raised. Since his nomination he has been supported by that element of the Republican party which embraces the intelligence, the moral influence, the wealth, and the patriotism of that party—and that means the wealth, the intelligence, and the patriotism of the American people. Every election that has so far taken place gives assurance of Republican success. The election in Vermont, the election in Maine, the election in Ohio, the election in West Virginia, and in all the towns and cities where elections have been held, indicate the strength and growing confidence of the Republican organization. In all the States, and wherever the conflict has been waged, Republicans come out triumphant. Ohio was the Austerlitz of the Republican party. On the morning of that battle day the Democracy had marshaled all its hosts, presented all its strength, choosing its own position, and under the most favorable auspices of victory—if victory had been possible. By the admission of Mr. Blaine, by the common consent of all leaders—Republican and Democratic—it was admitted that the election in Ohio was significant of the Presidential result. Everything that treachery, fraud, and money could accomplish was brought to bear upon that election. That the Democratic party would resort to fraud and every species of political villainy its past history demonstrates. Ever since the reconstruction of the South, the Democrats have exhausted every effort to wrench from the Republican party the national control. A solid South has attempted to steal the last four Presidential elections, by wholesale fraud and crime. The ballot-boxes of fifteen Southern States have been polluted; Southern negroes have been disfranchised by shotguns, intimidated by open menaces and secret assassinations; by double voting of whites; by fraudulent returns; by stuffing of ballot-boxes; by gerrymandering; by colonization; by bribery, perjury, and subornation of perjury; by cipher dispatches; by forged Chinese letters, and every device and artifice to which the most experienced and practiced party criminals could resort. With such a history of fraud and crime, and with such an opportunity as Ohio presented, we have no reason to doubt that every criminal effort was put forth by the Democrats in that State that was within their reach. Hence we say, as we view the storm that rages around our craft, and as we look upon Blaine, serene and self-confident, we think he commands the position. And, regarding him as our "king and chief," we reply, with the confidence of the red-haired Rufus, "Kings never drown."

Never in the history of our country has there been such a campaign as this; never have the great issues of the conflict been so directly and so clearly presented. Since the days of Henry Clay there has been no such candidate; the parallel is often drawn between Henry Clay and James G. Blaine; the remark is often made that great men, distinguished statesmen, men of prominent position in the history and politics of the country, cannot become presidents; that it is to the obscure and unknown in the nature of things that the presidency must fall; and as in the conflict between Henry Clay and James K. Polk, the unknown and obscure politician of Tennessee triumphed over the world-renowned and famous orator and statesman, that now as then will the parallel hold for the election of the unintellectual, cold, and stolid Cleveland over his brilliant and gifted opponent. The career of Polk was too obscure to have provoked enemies, or to have subjected him to criticism. So it is with Cleveland, in the uneventful history of his undistinguished and uneventful existence. But times have changed. Clay lived in an era before that of railroads and telegraphs, steam and electricity; he lived in an era when lies traveled in their seven-league boots, while truth dragged its slow and weary march behind. Clay was beaten because of the lies that were told against him, and because refutation and denial were impossible. We live now at a time when calumny and defamation march no faster than truth. Schoolhouses and newspapers have so multiplied in the land that it is cunning and artful calumny that can not be overtaken and crushed by an honest truth. Could Henry Clay have taken the stump and been whirled with force of steam and electric speed over the vast continent, the clumsy fabrications of the Democracy would have been met by the eloquence of his convincing diction, and refuted by the majesty of his splendid presence; for the lies against both Clay and Blaine were of the kind that shrink away to nothing when exposed to the light of truth. We give in this issue of our journal some of the more important of the opinions uttered by Mr. Blaine in his brilliant campaign, and regret that we have not space for more. We have among our readers those who have felt that it was in lack of taste that Mr. Blaine should have canvassed for himself, in violation of the traditions of presidential candidacy; let them ask themselves whether it would have been better for him to sit silently down at Augusta, and to have allowed this storm of defamation to rage around him unanswered, than to have taken the course he did in boldly confronting his enemies, and explaining the principles which he represented before the American people in his candidacy for President of the United States. If there are any who have believed this, we beg of them to remember that it is the policy of the Premier of England; of Prince Bismarck of Germany; so it was with Cavour of Italy, and with all the more distinguished of the modern statesmen of Europe, to meet their electors face to face. If Mr. Gladstone is justified in his speeches at the Lord Mayor's dinners, and in his addresses to his constituency in the Highlands, it is surely proper for so eminent a statesman as Mr. Blaine, nominated as he is for the highest position in the Republic, to make himself fully understood by the intelligent class to whom he looks for political support.

AT MASSILLON, OHIO, OCTOBER 8.

How agriculture and manufacture go hand in hand, and both dependent upon the encouragement of a protective tariff:

*Men of Ohio:* In a procession of our political opp[onents] Youngstown, recently, there appeared a man and woman [in rags] and apparent wretchedness, bearing the inscription: "Th[is is what] protection has done for us." [Derisive laughter.] This [was]

tended to typify and denounce the results of protection in Ohio. I want to present the other side of the picture. In Ohio, to-day, there are 21,000 manufacturing establishments. They cost $200,000,000, and they turn out annually products worth $350,000,000. As a result of that investment and that product, I observe a great many people in Ohio who are not in rags and not in wretchedness. Thirty-five and forty years ago the entire Western country was called upon as an agricultural community to oppose the protective tariff, because it unjustly favored the manufacturers of the East. Since then the manufacturing industries of the country have traveled westward, until Ohio has become one of the largest manufacturing States of the Union, and combining within herself great agricultural interests and great manufacturing interests, thus presenting all the elements of comfort and material progress. As steadily as the agricultural States become settled, manufactures follow. Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan are coming on rapidly after Ohio. Iowa, Kansas, and Minnesota will come along in due time, the result being that the protective policy now being upheld by the Republican party operates so far as to carry manufacturing into every State, and ultimately into every county in the Union. It never was designed that one part of the country should be permanently agricultural and another part manufacturing, but it was designed that agriculturists and manufacturers should go hand in hand, and wherever they do go hand in hand we have thrift, progress, and happiness. If this industrial system, which combines the highest elements of human prosperity by a unity of the agricultural and manufacturing interests, is worth preserving, you should not forget that our political opponents have never failed in the last fifty-one years—never since 1833—when they had power in Congress, either to repeal the protective tariff, if one existed, or to try to repeal it, or to prevent the enactment of such a tariff. In other words, since 1833, the Democratic party in Congress has never sustained by its votes a protective tariff—not once! [A voice, "And it never will."] We are met with the accusation that the protective tariff injures the commerce of the country. That is more frequently made in the East than in the West. I answer to it that since the protective tariff was enacted, in 1861, the exports of the United States have been vastly greater in amount and value than all the exports from the first settlement of an English colonist on this continent down to the inauguration of President Lincoln. I think that is worth repeating. ["Yes! yes!"] If you take every export that was ever made from the territory which now constitutes the United States, from the time of the settlements at Jamestown and at Plymouth Rock, in 1607 and 1620, clear down to 1860, and add them together, they fail, by several thousand millions of dollars, to be as great in amount as our exports from 1860 to this time. So that the assertion that the protective tariff hinders the development of the commerce of the country is not only disproved by facts, but directly the contrary is true, for agriculture, and manufactures, and commerce go hand in hand, and were designed to go hand in hand. They are triple cords, which, bound together, make up the strength of our national prosperity. I assume, therefore, that the people of Ohio are interested in maintaining the protective tariff; and, if you are, it is in your power to do it.

AT SOUTH CHARLESTON, OCTOBER 9.

Mr. Blaine defines his ideas of "an American policy":

When the Republican party came into power, by the election of 1860, the total wealth of the State of Ohio was a little over $1,100,000,000. Twenty years from that time, in 1880, it was $3,200,000,000. In other words, under twenty years of a protective tariff you had advanced in wealth double the whole amount that you had acquired in all the previous history of the State. Do you wish now to give it up? There is not a conspicuous speaker in Ohio to-day representing the cause of our opponents who is not hostile to the protective tariff. There is no speaker, of any kind, representing the Republican party, who is not in favor of the protective tariff. The issue, therefore, is broad and distinct between the parties; distinct as applied to domestic policy; equally distinct as applied to foreign policy. What we want is a great, broad, peaceful American policy; increasing our trade with our neighbors, and strengthening, in the bonds of an enlightening friendship, all the countries of America. This will open a great outside market for the manufacturing industries of Ohio and other States. And instead of inviting manufacturers from abroad to compete with ours at home, the Republican party proposes to seek distant markets for our own manufactures. That issue is so distinct that you can't mistake it, and it is so distinct that I can't make it plainer by argument. The decision rests with you, and I believe it is safe in your hands.

AT NELSONVILLE, OCTOBER 11.

Our readers will observe the distinctness of his denial of the Hocking Valley coal scandal, uttered in the very heart of that mining district. Lies thus promptly nailed never can be resurrected, yet the San Francisco *Daily Examiner* continues to repeat them. At Nelsonville, Mr. Blaine made the following speech:

If I am at home anywhere it is in a coal region. I was born and brought up in a coal region in the valley of the Monongahela, and I know something about coal. I have been an owner of coal lands nearly all my adult life, and the greater part of what little property I have in this world is in coal lands. I have also been to some extent engaged in the mining of coal. I am interested as a stockholder and director of a company in West Virginia. I have had twenty-nine years' experience in connection with the coal industry, and I count it a piece of remarkable good fortune that neither myself nor any of the companies with which I have been connected has ever had a strike, or dispute, or quarrel of any kind with any man. Further, I have to say that during the last eighteen months the company I am connected with has been able to pay an average of sixty dollars a month to every one of the two hundred men engaged. You see, therefore, that I am not talking about a subject I do not understand. But while I acknowledge that I am the owner of coal lands in Pennsylvania and in West Virginia, I am kindly assured by a number of Democrats in Ohio that I own also a large tract of coal land in Hocking Valley. Now I think when a man has property attributed to him which he protests he does not own, and when the other parties insist that he does own it, they ought to be compelled by law to make it good to him. They say that I am a large holder in the Hocking Valley syndicate. I say that I do not own a single share. They say again that I do. Let them come into court and make the ownership good to me. If I could bring them into court on that issue, and under the rules suggested, I could bankrupt a great many Democratic editors and speakers who insist that I own property that I never did own. [Laughter and cheers.]

*A Miner*—May I ask, Mr. Blaine, if you are interested in the Union Furnace?

*Mr. Blaine*—No; not to the extent of a single penny. I will make it stronger than that. I never owned an interest in any iron furnace in Ohio or anywhere else in the civilized world. I never was engaged in the iron business at all, but I have been engaged in the coal business, and a large proportion of the property I own is invested in coal to-day. I am interested with you in this matter. If the coal business breaks down in Ohio, it can not be maintained in Pennsylvania or West Virginia. We all stand or fall together. When they were about to sign the Declaration of Independence, some one said to old Doctor Witherspoon, "Well, we must hang together." "Yes," said he; "if we do not, George III. will see to it that we hang separately." So, my friends engaged in the coal industry, if we do not stand together, we shall fall together. I thank you for the very kind reception you have given me, and I leave in the hope and expectation that we shall soon have better times for mining interests throughout the whole of the United States.

AT DETROIT, OCTOBER 17.

Mr. Blaine denies that he was ever a Know-Nothing, defines his naturalization views, and expresses his objection to European pauper and criminal immigration, and to contract labor:

Let me say, in full and explicit reply to inquiries by letter and telegraph, that I never was a member of the Know-Nothing Order; that I never voted for a man who was nominated by it, either for a State or national office, and that, instead of supporting Mr. Fillmore in 1856, when I was a young man of twenty-six, I had the honor to be a member of the National Republican Convention which nominated General Fremont, and as the general is now on this platform, he will be able to bear testimony that, however inefficient my support may have been, it was very earnest and very ardent. I was then junior editor of the Kenebec *Journal*, and the paper was entirely devoted to General Fremont's advocacy, and aided in giving him the largest majority ever cast in Maine for a Presidential candidate of any party. The Know-Nothing Order held views in regard to immigration and naturalization with which I never had any sympathy and from which I have never hesitated to express dissent; but in connection with that subject, let me say that there are at present three wrongs which, in my judgment, require correction: First, I think that the habit which has grown up on the part of some European countries of sending their paupers to the United States ought not to be longer tolerated. I believe in the good old American system, which requires that each town or each county shall take care of its own poor. If in European countries their laws tend to impoverish their working people, those countries ought to take care of them when reduced to want, instead of shipping them to us. Second, and still more objectionable, is the practice of shipping their criminals to us, as has been done in many cases, criminals being released from punishment on condition that they shall come to the United States. I think that is a very grave offense against this country, which should not be permitted. Third, if a tariff for protection is designed to elevate the laboring man of this country, and secure him good wages (and if it is not for that, it is not for anything), then I think the custom which some men are trying to introduce—of importing cheap contract labor from foreign countries to compete with home labor—ought to be prohibited. It is a species of servitude, against the spirit of our laws, and injures all who are in any way connected with it. These are three evils which I think ought to be remedied. But as to every honest immigrant seeking to better his condition, whether he comes from the British Isles or from the great German Empire, from the sunny climes of the Latin nations, or from the brave Scandinavian races of the north, we bid him God speed, and give him a hearty welcome and hospitality; and when he is admitted to citizenship, we assure him protection at home and abroad. Once among us and for us, his rights are equal before the law with those of the native-born citizen. No distinction can be tolerated among those who are clothed with the honor of American citizenship.

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, OCTOBER 19.

The principle of protection is in the interest of labor and for the benefit of the laboring man:

*Men of Indiana:* The struggle in all human society is for bread. There is no use in propounding fine theories to a man who is hungry; there is no use in commending political principles to one who is in need of shelter; there is no need of talking philosophy to one who is naked. Food and clothing are primary requirements of human society, primary elements of human progress; and to secure these you must put people in the way of earning good wages. I never saw any man moved to enthusiasm by silently contemplating the prosperity of another, while he himself was in need. To move him, you want to make him feel his own prosperity. The beginning, therefore, and the end of wise legislation is to give every man a fair and equal chance; to leave the race of life open and free for all. What agency will best accomplish that? What legislation will most tend to that end? Certainly it will not tend to that end to throw open our ports, and say: "Send ye all here your fabrics, made by the cheapest and most distressed labor of Europe, to compete with our own people, who are just opening their shops and building their factories," for if you do that, you can not spin a wheel or turn a lathe in these factories at home unless you can get your labor at European prices. We begin right here. From these considerations we deduce the conclusion that the protective tariff is primarily for the benefit of the laboring man; because if you take in your hand any manufactured article, or cast your eye upon anything which can not be taken in hand, you find the chief constituent element in its cost is labor. In many cases the material is but one per cent., and the labor ninety-nine per cent. in the cost of the article. Therefore, all legislation of a protective character is, and must mainly be, for the benefit of labor, because labor is the principal element in the cost of the fabric; and hence if there be any man who is preëminently and above all others interested in the tariff, it is the laboring man. If you compare the two great political parties in relation to this question, you find that the Republican party lives moves, breathes, and has its being in protection. The protective tariff was one of the first fruits of the election of Mr. Lincoln. We have had it for twenty years on the statute-books, with various amendments which have been added from time to time to make it more protective; and the result is that all history—ancient, modern, and mediæval—may be challenged for national progress like unto that which we have made since 1861. I am mere reciting facts and figures of your assessors' books and of the United States census tables when I say that within the last twenty-three years of the history of this country we have added more wealth, doubly over, than we had acquired from the discovery of the continent by Columbus down to the election of Abraham Lincoln. There must have been some peculiar and potent agent at work to produce this great result. That agent was the protective tariff, operating to nerve the arm of labor and reward it fairly and liberally. Whether that policy shall be continued, or whether it shall be abandoned, is the controlling issue in this campaign. All other questions are laid aside for the time. There are many which are worthy of consideration, but two weeks from Tuesday next we shall have an election in every State in the Union, to determine, with reference to this question, the character of the next Congress and the future policy of the Government. You have before you the Republican party, pledged to sustain the protective tariff, and illustrating that pledge by specific and consistent example, extending through the last twenty-three years. You have, on the other hand, the Democratic party, which in fifty-one years, since 1833, has never, in a single instance, voted for protection. I say, therefore, to the laboring men and to the mechanics (some of whom may do me the honor to listen to me), your unions, your leagues, all those associations which you have formed for your own advantage and your own advancement, are well and proper in their way. It is your right to have them and to administer them as you choose. But they are not as strong as a rope of sand against the ill-paid labor of Europe if you take away the protective tariff, which is now your background and support. So do not be deluded by the idea that you can dispense with a protective tariff, and substitute for it your labor unions.

AT FORT WAYNE, INDIANA, OCTOBER 20.

Mr. Blaine explains the consequences of a solid South, and justifies himself for the attitude he has taken before the American people:

*Citizens of Indiana:* The October elections in Ohio and West Virginia have put a new phase on the national contest, or rather, they have reproduced an old phase. The "good" Democratic party, as of old, consider now that they have the South solid again. They believe that they will surely get 153 electoral votes from the sixteen Southern States, and then they expect, or they hope, or they claim that they may secure New York and Indiana, and that with New York and Indiana added to the solid South, they will seize the Government of the nation. [A voice, "They can't do it."] I do not believe that farmers, business men, manufacturers, merchants, mechanics, and last of all, and most of all, I do not believe that soldiers of Indiana can be put to that use. I do not believe that the men who added lustre and renown to your State through four years of bloody war can be used to call into the administration of the Government the men who organized that great rebellion. In the Senate of the United States the Democratic party have thirty-seven members, of which number thirty-two come from the South. Of their strength in the House of Representatives a majority comes from the South, and now their intention is, with an absolutely solidified electoral vote from the South, added to the votes of the two States I have named, to seize the government of the United States. [A voice, "It can't be done; that seizure can never be made."] That means a great deal. It means that as the South furnishes three-fourths of the Democratic strength, it will be given the lead and control of the nation in the event of a Democratic triumph. It means that the great financial and industrial systems of the country shall be placed under the direction of the South; that our currency, our banks, our tariffs, our internal revenue laws—in short, that our whole system upon which the business of the country depends, shall be placed under the control of that section. It seems that the constitutional amendments, to which they are so bitterly opposed, shall be enforced only so far as they may believe in them; that national credit, as guaranteed in the fourteenth amendment, that the payment of pensions to soldiers of the Union, as guaranteed in the same amendment, shall be under their control, and what that control might mean can be measured by the bitterness with which those amendments were resisted by the Democrats of the South. There is not one measure of banking, of tariff, of finance, of public credit, of pensions, not one line of administration upon which the Government is conducted to-day, to which the Democrats of the South are not recorded as hostile, and to give them control would mean a change, the like of which has not been known in modern times. It would be as if the dead Stuarts were called to the throne of England; as if the Bourbons should be invited to administer the government of the French republic; as though the Florentine dukes should be called back and empowered to govern the great kingdom of Italy. Such a triumph would be a fearful misfortune. With reference to the South itself, that section, under the wise administration of the Government by the Republican party, has been steadily and rapidly gaining for the past ten years in all the elements of material prosperity. It has added enormously to its wealth since the close of the war, and has shared fully in the general advance of the country, To call that section now to the rulership of the nation would disturb its own social and political economy, would rekindle smouldering passions, and, under the peculiar leadership to which it would be subjected, it would organize an administration of resentment, of reprisal, of revenge, and no greater misfortune than that could come to the nation or to the South. It would come as a reaction against the progress of liberal principles in that section—progress so rapid that the Republicans are waging earnest contest in those States, whose interests are most demonstratively identified with the policy of protection against the baleful spectacle of a solid South. I am not speaking for myself. No man ever met with misfortune in being defeated for the Presidency, while men have met great misfortunes in being elected to it. I am pleading no personal cause. I am pleading the cause of the American people. I am pleading the cause of the American farmer, and the American manufacturer, and the American mechanic, and the American laborer, against the world. I am reproached by some excellent people for appearing before these multitudes of my countrymen upon the ground that it is inconsistent with the dignity of the office for which I am named. I do not feel it to be so. There is not a courtier in Europe so proud but that he is glad to uncover his head in the presence of his sovereign. So I uncover in the presence of the only earthly sovereignty I acknowledge, and bow with pride to the people of America.

---

The *Argonaut* has received the following note, asking its views in reference to a question that is being largely considered, and one upon which there is an honest difference of intelligent opinion:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: During a discussion at the lunch-table, to-day, as is natural, the course of conversation drifted into politics. A prominent gentleman, and a Republican, expressed his disgust at the manner J. G. Blaine is "parading" through the "States," claiming that in this instance the man is seeking the office, and not the contrary, as it should be. I differed with him, and pointed out his various misapprehensions, but not to his entire satisfaction. Finally we concluded to address you on the subject, as we know your sentiments, although extremely independent, are in accord with the best interests of our glorious Republican party, and would ask you, should it not be out of place, to give us the benefit of your well-considered opinion. Very truly yours,

ROBERT Y. WILSON, a Republican.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 21, 1884.

It is undoubtedly true that all the earlier traditions of our party—in fact, of all parties in our country, and, we may undoubtedly admit, of all parties in all countries where there is an appeal to a free and intelligent ballot—favored the sentiment embodied in the aphorism that "the office should seek the man, and not the man the office." This principle is, in republics, founded upon the idea that the office-holder is the servant of the people, as in the government of royalty he is the servant of the king. This tradition belongs not only to the earlier, but to the better days of the Republic, and like many other maxims and theories of government, is not as applicable to modern as to ancient times. In constitutional governments, the monarch no longer chooses his premier, or cabinet, except by a fiction of law. In our republic, we have devolved the choice of servants upon parties. Party machinery regulates the expression of the popular choice and governs the direction of the popular will. We have at the present time four candidates for the presidential office, each supported by a strong party, each representing distinctive principles. Blaine is the embodiment of the sentiment of national patriotism, of encouragement to American labor by a protective tariff, and of the so-called "American principle" in our relation with foreign countries. Mr. Cleveland represents the idea of "free-trade"; the Hon. Benjamin F. Butler certain peculiar views in reference to the relation of capital and labor, and Mr. St. John stands as the exponent of the principle of "prohibition," and of regulating and controlling the alcoholic traffic. Each of these parties embraces large numbers of people with varying degrees of intelligence. Some of these candidates, notably Mr. Blaine and Mr. Butler, have occupied prominent positions; Messrs. Cleveland and St. John are more conspicuous from their present position as candidates than from any prominence in their past lives. In a certain sense, it would not be just to the more obscure and less-known candidates if they were not allowed to canvass the

country in expression of their peculiar opinions. It would not be fair to the more distinguished and prominent candidates if they were not allowed to defend their past public actions when questioned, explain their past lives when assailed, and intelligently define the principles upon which they will administer the government when elected. The common sense of an intelligent people, honestly seeking the truth in order that they may act wisely in casting their votes, sanction the innovation, and demand of their candidates that they should defend themselves when assailed, and explain their views upon prominent questions of national concern. Heretofore these duties of explanation and defense have devolved upon political friends, party organizations, and newspaper organs. The tongue of the candidate was tied, under the rule that it was improper and immodest for him to speak in his own defense, or in vindication of the principles and the history of the party that nominated him. It was not too soon recognized that this was an absurd rule; that under its enforcement the best known and most distinguished of the statesmen of the country had been sacrificed, while obscure and unknown men were dragged into the Presidential chair. Webster, Clay, Calboun, Benton, in the earlier days of the republic, and a score of great men in these later days, have been doomed to defeat and mortification by the bringing forth of "available" candidates—available only because unknown. It is time that this tradition was broken down. It is time that the sham was brushed away from the Presidential office, as it has been from all others. In early times the slave that sought a buyer stood silent in the market-place. Now the servant out of place may advertise. The Roman candidate stood in the open forum, clad in the white robes of office. The candidates of the later time—all the lesser offices of our country—are sought for by active energy. Douglass and Lincoln, drawn from their seclusion by the great war issues, took the stump for the Senate of the United States. Gladstone may speak at a banquet at Guildhall, or defend himself upon the hustings in Midlothian. Every prince in Europe may have his official organ—every member seeking a Parliamentary election may speak and labor for it. If every candidate for Congress may stump his district, if every candidate for governor of a State may stump his State, if every office-seeker in America, from the humblest to the highest, may lay his wires, may intrigue, or may make open and honorable effort for success, we know of no reason why, in a Presidential election, the Presidential candidate may not do just what Mr. Blaine is so well doing to-day—"not for himself," he says, and one sense it is not for himself, but for his party and his country. If the courtier seeking place may stand uncovered in presence of his king, may not the Presidential candidate stand uncovered in the presence of the sovereign people of this Republic, answering and refuting the charges against him, defining and explaining the principles upon which he will administer his great office, if chosen to perform them? This we write in answer to the general question, whether a candidate for the Presidency in America may take the stump. The application that may be made of this argument will be colored by the political opinions of the men who read it. If the Democracy think it good taste for Mr. Cleveland to visit county fairs and make stupid speeches to farmers about corn, and oats, and pumpkins, or to ride in processions through blazing fireworks at Buffalo, or sit silent in Wall Street for the admiration of the importers, free-traders, Independents, and dudes who admire him, we shall not object; but at the same time, these dudes, Independents, and free-trade jobbers, must not object if our candidate, the eloquent and gifted rhetorician, the experienced statesman and publicist, shall, upon invitation of his fellow-citizens, answer the assaults and personal charges made against his public and private life by themselves, and they must not complain if in this defensive campaign against their slanders, and this aggressive campaign in favor of American ideas, he should reap the advantages of his honorable life and its eloquent defense.

The correspondence between the Hon. Grover Cleveland, Democratic nominee for President, and that good old mother in Israel, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, is one of the most marvelous specimens of political literature that has yet appeared in our country. It is a very curious letter when we consider the admitted facts in the career of Governor Cleveland, his bachelor life, his physical make-up, his age, his former habits, his known associates—so curious that we print it entire. It is the more curious when we remember that the "good husband" of the lady to whom it is addressed is that deeply penitent and reverend gentleman who walked through the valley of humiliation under the shadow of false accusation with the frail sister Elizabeth; the poor, crushed, and wounded Brother Beecher, who sat through his long trial in smiling effrontery, accepting bouquets and gifts of flowers from lady friends, while a stream of vile evidence was pouring forth to pollute the youth of the nation—a torrent that he might have arrested by closing the doors upon his nasty trial. It is curious that this good Brother Beecher should have become the champion of the maligned and good Mr. Cleveland. It is curious that this particular nest-hiding parson of the paroxysmal kiss should volunteer to defend anybody from the kind of offense with which Mr. Cleveland stands accused. The letter is funny in itself, and as false and contemptible as it is weak and hypocritical. It is the sniveling and whining emanation of a cowardly schoolboy. It is undignified to the point of being ludicrous; it is in execrable taste; it is unmanly. There is not a gentleman in America who will not think it untrue, or, if true, that Grover Cleveland is a fool. Let the fact be noted that it was written for publication, and is being used as a political document. We extract the following as "specially" telegraphed to the *Examiner:*

*My Dear Mrs. Beecher:* Your letter, as you may well suppose, has affected me deeply. What shall I say to one who writes so like my mother? I say like my mother, but I don't altogether mean that, for she died in the belief that her son was true and noble, as she knew he was dutiful and kind. I am shocked and dumbfounded by the clipping that you send me, because it purports to give what the man actually knows, and not a mere report, as the other four or five lies do which I have heard about my life in Albany. *I have never seen any living woman whom I have any reason to suspect was in any way bad. I do not know where any such woman lives in Albany.* I have not been in any house except the Executive Mansion or the Executive Chamber, the club-house, twice at receptions given, and on one or two other occasions, and the residences of perhaps fifteen or twenty of the best citizens of Albany to dine. *Of course, I've been to church.* There never was a man who has worked harder or more hours in the day. Almost all my time has been spent in the Executive Chamber, and I hardly think there has been twenty nights in the twenty-one months I have lived in Albany, unless I was out of town, that I have left my work earlier than midnight to find my bed at the Executive Mansion. I am at a loss to know how such terribly wicked and utterly baseless lies can be invented. The contemptible creatures who coin and pass these things appear to think that *the affair which I have not denied* makes me defenseless against any and all slanders. As to my outward life in Buffalo, the manifestation of confidence, which was there tendered me must be proof that I have not led a disgraceful life in that city. And as to my life in Albany, all the statements that it has been other than laborious and correct are utterly and in every shadow untrue.

I do not wonder that your good husband is perplexed. I honestly think that I deserve his good opinion, and any aid he is disposed to render me. I don't want him to think any better of me than I deserve nor to be excused. Can not I arrange to see him and tell him what I can not write? I shall be in New York on Wednesday, and Thursday afternoon and evening I shall spend in Brooklyn. Having written this much, it occurs to me that such a long letter to you is unnecessary and unexpected. It is longer than any I have ever written on the subject referred to, and I beg you to forgive me, if your kind and touching letter has led me into any impropriety. Yours, very sincerely, GROVER CLEVELAND.

I have marked this private, but you must not infer that I at all doubted your proper use of it. G. C.

There is a large and intelligent class of tax-paying citizens in San Francisco, which, in municipal politics, is non-partisan. This class of electors does not consider or care whether the men who administer the city government are Republicans or Democrats, so long as they possess business capacity and integrity. These citizens will at some convenient hour before the day of election make themselves a ticket, by the selection of candidates from all the names presented. That is just what the *Argonaut* is going to do in its next issue. It is going to do this in fearless independence of politicians, and in thorough indifference to party opinions or political consequences. We are Republican in our national politics, and, all things else being equal, as between municipal candidates we shall favor Republicans. We are American by birth, and, all all things else being equal, we shall favor our countrymen. We are white, and, all things else being equal, we shall favor our color. We are non-sectarian, and, all things else being equal, we shall favor those who are not religious fools or bigots. We hate bosses, despise gin-mill politicians, have an utter contempt for demagogues, and ask no favor of any member of any party. We like a respectable Democrat better than a thieving, boss-ridden, office-seeking, cowardly Republican. We like an intelligent and honorable foreigner better than we do an American blockhead and blackguard. We like a coal-black, kinky-headed Congo better than a white-livered and black-hearted white man. We like the Pope's Irish, if he is conscientious and honest, better than we do the puritanical hypocrite. We think our city politics important, because we are taxed for maintaining the government. We desire a good government, of liberal, intelligent, conscientious, honest men. In the three parties there are for candidates many good men, some fools, and some knaves; there are some good men nominated by the bosses—some bad men nominated by citizens. Some have been traded upon the tickets, some have been placed there by trick and political conspiracy; some men have been forced upon the tickets by newspapers, some have been nominated as material for thieving rings. From these different sources, Republican, Democratic, and Independent—from Republican, Democratic, and Independent tickets—we shall make what we please to call the *Argonaut* ticket. By that we mean our own ticket—one that we shall vote ourselves. We shall give our reasons for choice of candidates. Our readers can determine whether our reasons are good ones, and then every reader of the *Argonaut* can vote as he pleases. This ticket will not be chosen with any view to catch the votes of the impecunious, ignorant mob. We hope it may be better than the one made by Mr. Higgins or by Mr. Buckley. It will be more respectable than the Republican ticket, because it will not have the name of Doctor William B. May upon it. It will be more respectable than the Democratic ticket, because it will not be disgraced by the name of Fleet Strother. And it will be infinitely more respectable than the Tax-payers', because it will not be dishonored by the name of bobby ferral for judge. If it does not have the name of Doctor C. C. O'Donnell for coroner, it will be clean of the names of Lawlor or Levingston. The ticket will be honestly chosen, boldly advocated, will cost the candidates nothing, and be submitted to the consideration of all who pay taxes and have the intelligence to use a pencil.

The McSweeney case has been used so often as a weapon against Mr. Blaine, that we deem it a duty to bring to the attention of our readers a recent decision of the United States Circuit Court for the District of California, in which Justice Field delivered the opinion of the court, and Judges Sawyer, Hoffman, and Sabin concurred. The case is entitled "In re Look Tin Sin, on habeas corpus," and is reported in Vol. IV, *West Coast Reporter*, page 71. Among other things, Justice Field says:

"In an opinion given by Judge Black, when Attorney-General of the United States, in the case of a native Bavarian, naturalized in this country, who desired to resume his status as a Bavarian, this doctrine is recognized. 'There is,' he says, 'no statute or other law of the United States which prevents a native or naturalized citizen from severing his political connection with this government, if he sees proper to do so in time of peace, and for a purpose not directly injurious to the interests of the country. There is no mode of renunciation prescribed. In my opinion, if he emigrates, carries his family and effects with him, manifests a plain intention not to return, takes up his permanent residence abroad, and assumes the obligation of a subject to a foreign government, this would imply a dissolution of his previous relations with the United States, and I do not think we could, or would afterward, claim from him any of the duties of a citizen.' The doctrine thus stated has long been recognized in the United States as a settled rule of public law; and in the treaty of 1868 with China and this country, the right of a man to change his home and allegiance is recognized as inherent and unalienable. [Article V.] So if persons born or naturalized in the United States have removed from the country, and renounced in any of the ordinary modes of renunciation their citizenship, they cease to be persons subject to the jurisdiction of the United States."

This opinion was delivered in the Circuit Court at San Francisco, on September 29th, 1884. McSweeney emigrated, carried his family and effects with him, manifested a plain intention not to return, took up his permanent residence and bought an estate in Ireland, took a public office under the British government, and assumed the obligation of a subject of that government, and, in the opinion of Judge Black, the last Democratic Attorney-General of the United States, thereby dissolved his previous relations with the United States. And if there was a war between the United States and the British Empire, and McSweeney was found fighting in the British army, against the United States, he could not be punished by the United States for treason, because by his acts he had severed his relations with and renounced his allegiance to the United States; and under our settled policy, as repeatedly announced, "we could not claim from him any of the duties of a citizen."

We have a large class of political demagogues, who, for the purpose of appealing to the prejudice of ignorant aliens, are constantly violating the law themselves by their actions in reference to the Chinese question. The last and most noticeable effort in that direction is by the present "tough old board" of school directors, who—in defiance of the Constitution of the United States, of the Constitution of California, of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, and of all other competent legal tribunals holding jurisdiction over the question—have determined that children born in California of Chinese parents are ineligible for admission to our public schools; this by a vote of nine to three—a vote that evidences ignorance, prejudice and demagogy—a vote entirely unworthy of intelligent men who claim to be respectable. The particular case, as we are informed, upon which the question arose was as to the admission of the daughter of a Chinaman. The child was born in California; her parents are Christians, and have adopted the American dress; they live in harmony with our civilization; the child speaks English, associates with American children, and her father is the deacon of a Protestant church. This child has as much right to a desk in our public school as has the child of any Catholic, Protestant, or Jewish family who have immigrated to our State. To refuse to allow this girl, or children of this kind, the opportunity of education, is an act of contemptible injustice, and a cowardly concession to the prejudice, ignorance, and bigotry of the alien Democracy.

It has been suggested to us that the best and most intelligent convention for the nomination of a Board of School Directors would be the teachers, both male and female, who are subject to its jurisdiction. If the teachers in this city will, before Wednesday night of the coming week, indicate to us their choice for School Directors, we will carefully note it, and, in the making up of the "*Argonaut* ticket," be governed by their wishes. All communications will be regarded as strictly confidential, and burned as soon as contents are noted.

## A CANCEROUS ROSE.

[Henry Curwen, in his essay on Balzac, wrote: "Balzac simply studied the world without going into Utopian regions, and probably to a surgeon the development of a cancer is as beautiful as the flowering of a rose—at all events as worthy of attention."]

Ernest Jean Sarrasine was the only son of a Franche-Comté lawyer, who hoped to make a magistrate of him, and only prayed to be spared to see his only son seated upon the bench, snoring in broad daylight for the greater glory of legislation. But heaven had not this joy in reserve for him. The youthful Sarrasine, early entrusted to the Jesuits, after a turbulent childhood, in which lapses of apathy followed bursts of precocity, and his only pronounced tastes were for fighting and carving figures in wood, growing older, was expelled from college for a cynically impious carving of a saint, which he contrived to hoist upon the top of the confessional while waiting for his turn at the ear of the holy father. Sarrasine ran away to Paris to escape his father's wrath, and, obedient to the dictates of his genius, went straight to the studio of Bouchardon, the celebrated sculptor. He worked night and day; Bouchardon was delighted with his intelligence and application, and even brought about a reconciliation between the lad and his father.

The laborious study exacted by sculpture tamed for many months the tempestuous and savage nature of Sarrasine. Bouchardon, foreseeing the mighty uprising of the passions once let loose in the vigorous young soul, encouraged him in continuous labor, or led his thoughts in intellectual channels when excessive fatigue might have turned him toward dissipation.

At twenty-two Sarrasine unfortunately passed from the salutary influence of Bouchardon. He won the Marigny prize for sculpture, and started for Italy, to his master's profound regret, when he reflected on the young man's ignorance of the world. Sculpture had been Sarrasine's mistress—dispossessed only for a short time by one Clotilde, a celebrity of the opera, who found Sarrasine so ill-dressed, imperious, and erratic, that she soon returned him to art. A witticism of Sophie Arnould's on the subject was that she wondered her companion had been able to contend against statues. Sarrasine's ardent imagination found fuel under the burning sky of Italy. He went to Rome inflamed with a desire to write his name on the roll of fame somewhere between those of Michael Angelo and Bouchardon.

He was still in the ecstasy that a fortnight's study of Rome awakens when he entered the crowded Argentina Theatre one evening. Two names were on every tongue—Zambinella! Jomelli! He took a seat in the orchestra. The curtain rose. For the first time in his life he heard Italian music by Italian voices. His soul passed into his eyes and ears—every pore seemed to listen. Suddenly the house rocked with applause; it was the entrance of the prima donna. She came to the front of the stage and bowed gracefully. The lights, the enthusiasm of a whole population, stage illusion, and the charm of the fashion of the dress of that epoch—1758—conspired against poor Sarrasine. He uttered cries of delight. He saw at last united in one whole that ideal beauty whose various perfections he had hitherto sought scattered and single in nature, taking from one model a rounded limb, from another the breast's contour, from others shoulder, neck, or hand, never meeting under the cold Parisian sky the suave creations of antique Greece. La Zambinella showed him in one person the living, exquisite feminine proportions of which a sculptor is at once the most severe judge and the most ardent admirer. This was something more than a woman; she was a master-piece. She was love incarnate to ravish a man's heart; she was beautiful past a critic's highest standard. When she sang, he was in delirium. He was first cold, then on fire. He did not applaud, he was speechless, his brain seemed turning, the sort of frenzy that tears us at the age when desire has in it something almost infernal. Sarrasine burned to fling himself upon the stage and seize the woman. Outwardly he was stolid; within, glory, science, future, career, crowns, all had melted away. To be loved by her or to die, such was the sentence Sarrasine passed upon himself. Her beauty magnetized him, and her thrilling voice wrenched from him short involuntary cries. He was obliged to leave the theatre. He felt as weak as a nervous man who had given way to a transport of rage. He had had so much pleasure or suffered so exquisitely that he was exhausted. Filled with a reactionary sadness, he wandered on until he came to the steps of a church. He sat down, lost in a convulsed reverie. Passion had blasted him as by lightning.

His first practical step was to hire a stage-box at the Argentina for the season. The golden age of love, when the sentiment alone suffices and we are almost happy in solitude, could not last long with Sarrasine; yet for a week he lived a whole life-time, preparing clay for a statue of La Zambinella, upon which he worked in the morning; and in the evening, lying on a sofa at the back of his box, familiarizing himself with the violent delights the sight of his mistress combined with the sound of her voice could give him; but though he tamed his eyes to beholding her, his passion only grew deeper as it grew calmer. His fidelity to his box would have been the gossip of all Paris if the affair had taken place there, but in Italy people go to the theatre bent on their own passions and adventures so exclusively that the spying opera-glass is unknown. Sarrasine's devotion did not escape the singers themselves, however, and one evening he saw that he was being laughed at in the wings. He would have given vent to his anger had not La Zambinella at that moment stepped upon the stage. She cast upon Sarrasine one of those eloquent glances that often say more than women mean. The look was a revelation. Sarrasine was beloved!

"If it is only a caprice," he thought, already accusing his mistress of too much ardor, "she little knows the dominion under which she is going to fall. Her caprice will last as long as my life, I hope." At that moment there came three light knocks at the door of the box. The artist opened it. An old woman entered mysteriously.

"Young man," said she, "if you wish to be happy, be prudent, put on a large cloak and slouch hat, and be in the Rue du Corso before the Hôtel d'Espagne at ten o'clock this evening."

"I shall be there," he answered, putting money in the duenna's wrinkled hand. He rushed from the box, after giving a sign of comprehension to La Zambinella, who timidly cast down her voluptuous eyelids, like a woman made happy by feeling that at last she is understood. As he left the theatre a stranger seized his arm.

"Look to yourself, sir Frenchman," he whispered; "this is a question of life and death. Cardinal Cicognara protects the singer, and he is not a man to be played with."

If all hell yawned between La Zambinella and Sarrasine at that moment, he would have cleared it at a bound.

"If death awaited me on the threshold of that house I should but go the faster," he answered.

"*Poverino!*" muttered the stranger, and disappeared.

At the appointed hour, intoxicated with love and quivering with hope, Sarrasine, muffled in his cloak, ran to the rendezvous given him by the old woman. She was there.

"You are late," she said. "Come."

Together they threaded several little streets, and at last his guide paused before a somewhat stately palace, knocked, the door opened. She led Sarrasine through a maze of staircases, corridors, and apartments, lighted only by the pale beams of the moon, and at last reached a door through the crevices of which streamed bright light, while outbursts of gayety from many voices resounded within. At a word from the old woman, Sarrasine was admitted into this mysterious apartment, and found himself in a brilliantly lighted, sumptuously appointed banqueting hall. Bottles and decanters flashed back sparkles from their burnished facets. He soon recognized the male and female singers at the theatre, mingled with other guests, all on the eve of an artists' orgy, apparently only waiting for him. He suppressed any exhibition of disappointment, and put a good face on the matter. He had hoped for turned-down lights, his mistress by a low fire, a rival on the watch, whispered vows, perilous kisses, faces so near that La Zambinella's perfumed hair would wave upon his forehead.

"Wine and women forever!" he cried, coming forward. "*Signori e belle donne*, I will take my revenge later; now I am overwhelmed with gratitude at your reception of a poor sculptor." Having received specific welcome from those present, Sarrasine endeavored to approach the armchair in which La Zambinella was indolently reclining. She had boldly crossed her knees and was swinging the upper foot, an attitude odly consonant with the luxurious character of her capricious beauty. She was dressed in satin embroidered with flowers; her breast, masking its treasures in laces by a triumph of coquetry, was of dazzling whiteness. She smiled graciously upon the sculptor, and Sarrasine, annoyed at being obliged to address her in the presence of others, seated himself beside her, and spoke to her of music, congratulating her upon her great talent. But his voice trembled with love, fear, and hope.

"What are you afraid of?" said Vitagliani, the most celebrated singer of the troupe. "At least you have no rival here to-night."

After this speech the tenor smiled, and the lips of the other guests repeated the smile, of which the sneer was lost upon the lover. The publicity of his love was a blow to Sarrasine's heart. For the first time he reflected that Zambinella was only a daughter of the stage, and that in the tempestuous excitement which surrounds the lives of such women the pure delights that tend to make the love of a young girl so charming must necessarily be wanting. He reflected, and resigned himself to his position. Supper was served. Sarrasine unceremoniously took his place beside Zambinella. During the first half of the feast some decorum was preserved, and the sculptor was able to chat with the singer. He found that she had wit and originality, but her ignorance was stupendous, and her weakness and superstition commensurate. When Vitagliana opened the first bottle of champagne, Sarrasine read a lively apprehension of the "pop" in his neighbor's eyes. This involuntary shudder was interpreted by the enamored artist as an indication of the excessive sensitiveness of a highly organized being; it charmed him. So much protection enters into the composition of a man's love! "Use my strength as your shield"—the sentence is written across every declaration of love.

In spite of the eloquence of some mutual glances as the entertainment proceeded, Sarrasine was surprised at the reserve La Zambinella maintained toward him. She had commenced by displaying all the freedom of the women of the stage toward a conquest; then suddenly she had wrapped herself up in the modesty of a timid young girl. This was after Sarrasine had told a story about himself that unconsciously showed the violence of his disposition.

When the supper became an orgy the guests began to sing. The fires of the wines were in every eye, in the music, the hearts, and the voices. There was an overflowing Italian humor in it all that was enchanting and characteristic. In the midst of the uproar Zambinella remained motionless, as if afraid. She drank very little; Sarrasine too much for complete self-control. At last he caught Zambinella in his arms and carried her out of the dining-room, to a sort of boudoir adjoining. She was armed with a dagger.

"If you come a step nearer, you force me to plunge this blade into your heart!" she panted. "Leave me; you would despise me. I have learned to feel too much respect for you to be conquered so. I can not endure to decline from the height of your first feeling for me." Sarrasine sprang forward with a gesture half-threatening, half-passionate, but she eluded him with a bound and escaped into the other room. When Sarrasine appeared, running after her, he was greeted with a shout of derisive laughter. Zambinella had fainted. As she revived, Sarrasine heard her whisper to Vitagliani:

"He will kill me!"

Sarrasine was bewildered. Thought returned. He fell on his knees beside his mistress protesting his respect. At dawn one of the women proposed to go to Frascati. The plan for passing the day at the Ludovisi villa was joyfully decided upon. Carriages were ordered. Sarrasine had the happiness to accompany La Zambinella in a phaeton. She still seemed exhausted.

"Are you ill?" asked Sarrasine. "Would you rather be driven home?"

"I am not strong enough for revels like these," she replied; "I need much good care, but with you I feel so safe. If it had not been for you I should not have stayed to supper—such nights spoil my voice."

"Now that we are alone," cried the artist, "and that I am calm, tell me that you love me."

"What would be the use?" she answered. "You think me pretty, but you are French. Your feeling will not last; you would never love me as I wish to be loved."

"How do you wish to be loved?"

"Purely! I abhor men more perhaps than I hate women. I long to find refuge in friendship. The world is a desert for me. I am cursed; condemned to understand what happiness is, to feel it, to desire it, and to see it elude me on every side. Remember, sir, I have not deceived you; I forbid you to love me. I can be your devoted friend. I admire your power and your character. I need a brother, a protector. Be to me all that means, but nothing else."

"Not love you!" cried Sarrasine. "Sweetheart, you are my life, my happiness!"

"There is one word which, if I should speak it, would make you repulse me with horror."

"Coquette!" said the infatuated artist, "nothing could terrify me. Tell me that you will cost me my career, that I shall die in two months, that I shall burn eternally for having once kissed you! Are you a demon? Must you take my name and fame? Do you want me not to be an artist? Speak."

"What if I were not a woman?" hesitated La Zambinella, in a sweet, silvery voice.

"Ridiculous!" cried Sarrasine. "Do you think you could deceive the eye of a sculptor? Have I not studied you for ten days? You wish me to flatter you?"

She smiled sadly, murmuring: "My fatal beauty."

"Forget an hour's madness," she continued, more calmly. "I esteem you, but do not ask me for love; it is dead in me. I have no heart. The stage, the applause, the music, the fame to which I am condemned—these are my life—I have no other. In a few hours you will no longer see me with the same eyes—the woman you love will be dead."

Every word and gesture of her genuine despair was passion's whip to the swelling heart of Sarrasine. When he lifted La Zambinella to the ground at Frascati, he felt that she trembled.

"What is the matter?" he cried, in alarm.

"A snake," she whispered, pointing to an adder gliding along the path. "I am afraid of them."

Sarrasine crushed the creature's head with his heel.

"How could you endure to do it?" said La Zambinella, looking at the dead reptile with visible repugnance.

"Now do you deny that you are a woman?" said Sarrasine, smiling.

They rejoined the others and wandered in the woods of the villa Ludovisi, which belonged to Cardinal Cicognara. The morning sped all too rapidly for the enamored Sarrasine. The cry of "brigands!" was raised once, and all fled shrieking, giving Sarrasine another proof of his mistress's almost abnormal timidity. She sank lifeless upon the ground, so that he was obliged to take her in his arms and run with her to a neighboring arbor.

"Explain," said he, "how this extreme weakness of yours, which would be repulsive in any other woman, only makes me love you more? Now, I should detest a powerful woman full of energy and passion. Oh, soft and fragile being, how could you be anything but timid and clinging with that form and voice?"

"I give you no hope," she replied, almost sternly. "Speak to me no more in that way; you will be ridiculed. I can not forbid you the theatre, but if you do love me, or if you are prudent, you will go there no more. I beg that you will heed me."

"Hush, child!" smiled the intoxicated artist. "Obstacles make the prize dearer."

La Zambinella was silent, but on returning to Rome she entered the drag with a party of four and imperiously ordered the sculptor to go back alone in the phaeton. On the way home, Sarrasine resolved to carry off La Zambinella. At nightfall, as he was going out to ask some one where the singer lived, one of his comrades met him on the threshold.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I have an invitation for you from our ambassador to spend the evening at his house. He gives a magnificent concert, and when you hear that Zambinella sings"——

"Zambinella!" cried Sarrasine, on fire at the name. "I am mad about her!"

"You are like everybody," replied his comrade.

"If you are a friend of mine, you, Vien, Lauterbourg, and Allegrain will all help me out in an adventure I have planned after the concert," said Sarrasine.

"No cardinal to kill, I hope?"

"No; nothing beyond what may become a man," replied Sarrasine.

In a short time the sculptor had made all his arrangements. He came late to the embassador's, but he came in a traveling-carriage, harnessed to four powerful horses and driven by the most daring *vetturino* in Rome. The sculptor made his way to the concert hall just as La Zambinella was singing.

"I suppose it is out of respect for the cardinals and bishops that she wears a man's dress and a sword," said Sarrasina.

"She? Who—she?" replied the old lord to whom he addressed his remark.

"La Zambinella."

"La Zambinella?" echoed the Roman prince. "Are you jesting? Where did you come from? Have women ever been on the stage in Rome! Don't you know by what creatures the women's rôles are played in the Papal States? I am the man, sir, who gave Zambinella his voice. I paid for everything for the rogue, even his singing master. Very well! He is so ungrateful for all my goodness to him that he has never entered my doors; and yet if he makes a fortune he will owe it all to me."

Prince Chigi might have spoken at much greater length.

son, had saved her, become insolvent and utterly unable to respond to the plaintiff's demand.

This affidavit brought the plaintiff's contention to a most lame and impotent conclusion—a claim that had been set forth to the world with all the brazen trumpetry of venal writers, and had been opened on the judicial boards of Sonoma County with all the eloquence and zeal of the young and aspiring attorney engaged on the plaintiff's side.

If it were useful to draw a moral from this suit, one could find aid from the familiar fables. The mountain of evidence and the mouse of proof, or the story of the dog, who, crossing a stream, let fall the juicy joint of meat to grab at its larger-appearing shadow in the water, would bring out the points most vividly. It can not be doubted that if the plaintiff gives up the substance of her handsome settlement, and takes her old place with her old debts and her share of the liabilities of the various corporations, she will have but little more than fell to the lot of the unintelligent canine in the fable.

The case has had a political aspect. It is no longer even an open secret that the advice given by two of the plaintiff's counsel to the Governor, to call an extra session of the Legislature, was intended to influence the plaintiff's chance to force a compromise. It was also thought that the public feeling to be created against the defendants and the Legislature, that would arise from the prejudice of the hour, would create a sentiment strong enough to overawe the court before which the case was tried. That was the idea, absurd as it was; for it is not likely that any public feeling that could be worked up would have such a result.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"The Bread-Winners" has absolutely ceased to be a topic of conversation. Even the *Century* has given over trying to fan the dying flame. In this cessation of interest in Anonyma, publishers have been obliged to resort to a new expedient. "A Nameless Nobleman," and several others of the more popular of the "No Name Series," are to be published shortly with the authors' names prefixed. But the names are still carefully preserved, even in the announcement of the intention. A useless precaution, it would seem, since with the initial number of the new edition it will cease to be a secret.

"Brain Exhaustion," by J. Leonard Corning, is a discussion of what the author calls "the economical questions involved in normal and morbid intellection." It begins with a discussion of the law of convertibility of forces as applied to the brain, its applicability being clearly proved. The author then describes the symptoms and remedies of brain exhaustion, finally adding a most comprehensive treatise on its causation and prevention. The book is not for physicians alone, but can be read with interest and advantage by men in all professions where excessive brain-work is possible. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

In his "Travels in Faith from Tradition to Reason," Robert C. Adams adds another to the already long list of works denying the inspired origin of the Bible and the divinity of Christ. He relates his own religious life, from his youth to strict Puritanism, gradually changing to the "utilitarian" views he now holds. He describes his early life in the straight-laced tenets of New England Congregationalism, the doubts engendered by contact with the (outer?) world, and his final conversion to agnosticism by reading Payne's "Age of Reason." He adds several letters, published from time to time, expounding his views and answering the discussions which they called forth. He presents no new ideas, but he expresses the old ones clearly and well. The book is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and is for sale by Bancroft.

"The Poetry of Other Lands," compiled by N. Clemmons Hunt, is a collection of translations of the best poems of other languages, ancient and modern. Some few of the translations are well known, but by far the greater number are new to American and English readers. In some cases a paraphrase, rather than a translation, has been made, as it has been found impossible to convey the poetic beauty of the expressions by their English equivalents. The poems are grouped together under separate headings, as: "Poems of Nature," "Poems of Love," "Personal Poems," "Poems of Sentiment," "Poems of Religion," and "Miscellaneous Poems," and the volume is headed by an excellent index of authors, giving the author's name and the title, nationality, and translator of the poem. Especial care has been taken by the compiler to select such translations as retained the thought of the writer and not the mere form of expression. The book is well printed, handsomely bound, and contains some four hundred and fifty pages. Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

We have received: "Ralph Waldo Emerson," an essay, by John Morley. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.——"The Reading Club, No. 13," edited by George M. Baker. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Bancroft.——"The Lost Arts," and "Daniel O'Connell," by Wendell Phillips. Published by Lee & Shepard; for sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.——"The Report on the Physical and Agricultural Features of State of California," by Professor E. W. Hilgard. For sale by W. B. Hardy, Oakland.——"The Eastern Pioneer of Western Civilization," by C. S. Ebry, B. A., Tokio, Japan.——An "Index" to the "Monograph," "The Troubadours," "The Princess Taraknop," by W. R. S. Rallston; "The Evolution of British Society," by Goldwin Smith; and "William Tell;" issued by Q. P. Index, Bangor, Maine. For sale by J. W. Cristopher, 47 Day Street, New York.——In the Franklin Square series: "A Fair Country Maid," by E. F. Byne, and "Godfrey Helstone," by G. M. Craik.

The suicidal mania has permeated American literature. In no less than three of the most recent novels a suicide is the denouement of the story. In Marion Crawford's last book, the Russian baroness sleeps herself to death with an over-dose of chloral. In "The Crime of Henry Vane," whose sub-title is "A Story with a Moral," the hero shoots himself with a revolver. The tale is written with all the charm of style of the author of "Mrs. Knollys" and "Guerndale" (Mr. Frederic Stimson, whose pseudonym is "J. S. of Dale"), but as it is presented as a psychological study with an interrogation point at the end of it, it is gloomy reading, and leaves an unpleasant after-taste. In Blanche Howard's last novel, "Guenn," the heroine drowns herself upon a rocky shore, and drifts upon the beach next morning, like seaweed. "Stirling" is an anonymous Osgood publication. It is a Danish-American novel, written with remarkable taste and daintiness. Yet in this, too, the heroine drowns herself, and in this, too, the author asks the question, "Was she not justified?" It is simply a mania in letters.

A party of New Yorkers were visiting Niagara Falls last week, and on Sunday morning left their hotel for a stroll. The usual importunate gang of hackmen attacked them, with offers of service. "My friends," gravely replied one of the excursionists, an athletic young man, "would you have us break the Sabbath?" The gang seemed paralyzed, and the athletic youth walked on with his companions, bearing the proud consciousness of being the first excursionist who ever silenced a Niagara Falls hackman.

The *World*, in claiming the immunity of both the Democratic candidates from rhymesters, is at least assailable, says *Life*, in regard to Hendricks, who eight years ago was only known as

"Thomas A. Hendricks,
Sam. Tilden's appendix."

## THE LATEST VERSE.

### La Señorita.

I saw her on a golden day,
The Spanish belle of Monterey;
When first her beauty's glad surprise
Shone out like starlight in the skies.
'Twas evening on the Alamo,
When señoritas come and go,
Each looking with coquettish glances
From lace mantilla that enhances
Their beauty, as the soft moss throws
An added splendor round the rose;
The high comb in her raven hair
Held one red blossom prisoned there,
And round her neck an amber chain
Had caught the sunlight's yellow rain;
The dusky bloom of throat and chin
Was like a flower with vine therein,
The glad spring in her step, the South
Glowed in the rose of cheek and mouth,
Whilst over form and face was thrown
A spell the coldest heart must own.
She passed serenely through the throng
A perfect poem set to song,
Whilst e'en her graceful fan had taught
Some voiceless love the speech it sought;
And she recalled a night of stars,
Soft serenades 'neath lattice bars.
A rose dropped silently below,
Where slept the moonbeam's drifted snow.
Fond looks for love alone to mark—
A dagger-thrust made in the dark.
—*Elvira Sydnor Miller.*

### In an Old Bonnet.

This is the way her mother looked
At seventeen—
For we found the bonnet carelessly hooked,
With its veil of green,
To a nail in the garret dusty and dun,
And she tried it on for me, just for fun,
Great big bows like a baby's sash
Under the chin—
Oh, the smile on her lips, and her eyes' quick flash
As I tied her in!—
And the white satin bows, they were never so white
Or so soft as the throat they hid from sight.
An elaborate structure above her head
Where a garden grew,
Roses, and lilies, and poppies red,
And tulips, too—
The tulips were yellow, I grieve to state;
But that was the taste of '48.
But the hat of Leghorn and the garden there—
There was lots of it—
They couldn't make her a bit less fair—
No, not a bit.
And under the shade of the bonnet I bent,
To tell her exactly what I meant.
That is the way her mother looked
At seventeen,
When she and a certain young buck were booked
For Gretna Green—
For she must have been blushing, it's safe to say
In just the same dear and delightful way. —*Puck.*

### History.

As one who to some long-locked chamber goes,
And listens there to what the dead have said,
So are there moments when my thoughts are led
To those dull chronicles whose volumes close
Epochs and ages in the same repose
That shall the future as the past o'erspread;
And when but memory may tend the dead
Or prune the ivy where once grew the rose;
And, as there to me from their pages streams
The incoherent story of the years,
The aimlessness of all we undertake,
I think our lives are surely but the dreams
Of spirits dwelling in the distant spheres,
Who, as we die, do one by one awake!
—*Edgar E. Saltus.*

### A Garden Party.

A crimson opulence and form of white,
Through which the bees wing with a drowsy drone;
A mound of pansies, belted with a zone
Of dainty pinks, sweet with the kiss of night;
Great, golden clusters, wherein much delight;
And scarlet sprays by whispering breezes blown
Athwart the path, down whose cool way has flown
A humming-bird, like sun-made iris bright.
And here where orioles make sumptuous feast,
And robins gather in the fragrant shade,
And butterflies are free to come and go,
There blooms a lily from the distant east,
That brings to mind a rare Circassian maid,
Haunting some grim sheik's dim seraglio.
—*Thomas S. Collier.*

### A Ballad of Sark.

High beyond the granite portal, arched across
Like the gateway of some godlike giant's hold,
Sweep and swell the billowy breasts of moor and moss
East and westward, and the dell their slopes enfold
Basks in purple, glows in green, exults in gold.
Glens that know the dove and fells that hear the lark
Fill with joy the rapturous island, as an ark
Full of spicery wrought from herb, and flower, and tree.
None would dream that grief even here may disembark
On the wrathful, woeful marge of earth and sea.

Rocks emblazoned like the mid shield's royal boss
Take the sun with all their blossom broad and bold.
None would dream that all this moorland's glow and gloss
Could be dark as tombs that strike the spirit acold
Even in eyes that opened here, and here behold
Now no sun relume from hope's belated spark
Any comfort, nor may ears of mourners hark
Though the ripe woods ring with golden-throated glee,
While the soul lies shattered, like a stranded bark
On the wrathful, woeful marge of earth and sea.

Death and doom are they whose crested triumphs toss
On the proud plumed waves whence mourning notes are tolled.
Wail of perfect woe and moan for utter loss
Raise the bride-song through the graveyard on the wold
Where the bride, with death for priest and doom for clerk,
Hears for choir the throats of waves like wolves that bark,
Sore anhungered, off the drear Eperquerie,
Fain to spoil the strongholds of the strength of Sark
On the wrathful, woeful marge of earth and sea.

Prince of storm and tempest, lord whose ways are dark,
Wind whose wings are spread for flight that none may mark,
Lightly dies the joy that lives by grace of thee.
Love through thee lies bleeding, hope lies cold and stark,
On the wrathful, woeful marge of earth and sea.
—*Algernon Charles Swinburne in Eng. Ill. Mag. for August.*

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The English is a queer language. In England a "pony" is a five pound note; in this country, a glass of beer; in the dictionary, a small horse.—*Portland Advertiser.*

"Have you got the rent ready at last?"

"No, sir; ma went out washing, and forgot to put it out for you before she left."

"How do you know she forgot to put it out?"

"Well, she told me so."—*Texas Siftings.*

*Mr. Brown*—"I see in the papers that a woman was recently bitten by a bat and shortly afterward died of lock-jaw."

*Mrs. Brown (tartly)*—"If she had been bitten by the kind of bat you went on while I was away last summer, she probably would have died from delirium tremens."—*Graphic.*

"See here, my friend, that dog of yours killed three sheep of mine last night, and I want to know what you propose to do about it?"

"Are you sure it was my dog?"

"Yes."

"Well, I hardly know what to do. I guess I had better sell him. You don't want to buy a good dog, do you?"—*Exchange.*

*Arabella*—"Here he is—just where he's been for weeks. Why doesn't he speak out? I'm sure I encourage him enough."

*George*—"Here she is, as usual wearing a costume which cost more money than I can make in six months. How can I ask her to marry me, as it would be impossible for me to support her in the extravagant style in which she now lives?"—*Texas Siftings.*

"How glorious it is to be engaged in a purely intellectual occupation," murmured a Boston maiden, gazing rapturously into the admiring eyes of a country editor; "your own mental faculties for tools, and the whole universe for a workshop. Now tell me," she added, "what do you find the most difficult thing connected with your noble profession?"

"Paying the hands," said the editor. — *Philadelphia Call.*

A married couple were out promenading in the suburbs of Austin one day. Presently the wife said:

"Think, Albert, if the brigands should come now and take me from you."

"Impossible, my dear."

"But supposing they *did* come and carry me away, what would you say?"

"I should say," replied the husband, "that the brigands were new at the business. That's all."—*Texas Siftings.*

Somnolent lies the pickle in its briny bath, and in dreamy idleness the wad of chewing-gum lies on the window-sill. Athwart the glinting sunbeams in their lonely search the shivered corset-steel intrudes its sinuous length, while in the far-off delly dells of the bosky woodland copse the curl-paper flutters in sad-eyed idleness for the bangs it nevermore will clasp. A broken garter here, an undarned stocking there, a few bent and scattered hairpins—they are little things, but, oh! how mutely yet pathetically they tell the hungry heart that the sweet girl graduate has fled and is now engaged in catching beaux and freckles.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

*Maud*—"Oh, how I do hate that girl!"

*John*—"You certainly do not mean that brilliant Miss Hansom?"

"Indeed I do; she is just too horrid for anything."

"But you just this moment kissed her."

"Well, I had a good chance and I could not resist the temptation; I hate her so."

"Really, Maud, you speak in riddles."

"Do you see that oval, sallow spot full of ugly brown freckles on her right cheek?"

"Why, so there is. What a fearful disfigurement! But it is strange I did not notice it before."

"It was not there before; I just kissed the powder off."—*Philadelphia Call.*

*Mrs. A. to Mrs. B.*—"That Mrs. Newcomer is so fond of her children. The other day when I called she was blowing soap-bubbles with them through a common clay pipe."

*Mrs. B. to Mrs. C.*—"That Mrs. Newcomer is so funny. Mrs. A. saw her amusing the children with a common clay pipe."

*Mrs. C. to Mrs. D.*—"That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a common clay pipe."

*Mrs. D. to Mrs. E.*—"That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a horrid pipe. I don't see how any woman in her sober senses could do that."

*Mrs. E. to Mrs. F.*—"That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a pipe and drinks awfully."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Colonel Clepmore, editor of the *Daily Blue Wing*, went fishing one Sunday and broke his leg. The Rev. Mr. Gidfelt heard of the accident, and, in his Sunday evening sermon, said: "Here we have a striking example of the retribution following the violation of the Sabbath. If Colonel Clepmore had been at church he would not have broken his leg."

The following Sunday, as the Rev. Mr. Gidfelt was ascending the steps of the pulpit, he stepped on a piece of orange peel, dropped by a child of the Sunday-school, slipped, fell, and broke his leg. The next issue of the *Blue Wing* contained the following: "Here we have a striking example of the retribution following self-appointed censorship. If the Rev. Mr. Gidfelt had been fishing he would not have broken his leg."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

## A DARKY OTHELLO.

"Flaneur" Describes an Assault on Shakespeare by Colored Actors.

A company of colored tragedians is attracting considerable attention up-town. The stay-at-homes are crowding the Cosmopolitan Theatre every night, where they guy the performers to their heart's content and generally work themselves up into a condition of riot and disorder before the play is brought to a close. The troupe is doing "Othello" with extraordinary vehemence and intensity. There is more lung power to the inch among the colored tragedians than any white company extant. They act from the word go, and they act with all their hearts and souls. On the first night the audience was a little in doubt how to take the performance. There were a hundred or two first-nighters, a few white-haired Abolitionists, a handful of long-haired enthusiasts, and a select contingent representing the highest grade of negro society in New York. Few people are aware, even here, of the manner in which some of our colored citizens live. There is a certain class or clique of them that forms the aristocracy of their race. They live in the vicinity of West Washington Square, and are equally distant from the old darky settlement in Thompson Street and the colony of dandified negroes in Twenty-sixth Street. There are perhaps two hundred of them near Washington Square. In many of the families they keep one or two domestics, and it is very seldom that the wife does any sort of work. The husband may be the janitor of a down-town building with an income of two or three thousand a year, or he may be a colored lawyer, clergyman, or truckman. Possibly he owns a barber-shop or small grocery store, and not infrequently he is the head waiter in a big restaurant or a trusted watchman or porter in a banking or mercantile house. He wears his whiskers carefully trimmed, is neat in his attire, reads and writes easily, and is an enthusiastic church-goer. I have, in the course of business, known a number of such men. They take a great interest in church matters, and are very intelligent on subjects concerning their race. They have about the same opinion of Senator Blanche K. Bruce as they have of Frederick Douglass. There were quite a number of these people in attendance on the first night that the Astor Place Colored Tragedians played in New York. The men were well-behaved and intelligent-looking, their wives and daughters were tastefully and often elegantly dressed, and some of the lighter mulattoes and quadroons were remarkably handsome women.

The interest in Othello was great; but it was dwarfed by the pathos which moved everybody's heart at the untoward and unhappy condition of the "Army." It seemed to be the unfortunate fate of the "Army" to be caught in all the casualties and accidents of the play. He waged a fierce life-and-death war with the properties and the furniture, and, whenever two scenes came together, the "Army" was sure to be caught between them. He was struck on the head twice and floored by drop-curtains; and it was only by the narrowest possible chance that he escaped falling into the footlights while marching in the wake of Othello in Venice. At the beginning of the play the "Army" seemed more or less interested by his novel position on the stage; it was evidently his début, and he was pleased. After he had been buffeted by the stage-carpenter, scene-shifters, and property-men, however, for an hour, he began to lose the expression of pleasure which characterized his face, and became sullen and rebellious. He was of pure African blood, had an enormous mouth, and a shiny face. He wore a tin-foil helmet four sizes too small, tied under his chin by a bit of white twine. Spangles had been fastened to his trousers, and he wore a coat of mail that was very short in the sleeves and very low in the neck. So low, in fact, that it revealed a nineteenth century collar and tie. He carried a shield in one hand, and a long spear in the other, and stood with all the conscious pride of his race, in a pair of No. 16 low shoes. His disasters were completed in the fourth act. He had been pushed violently from the rear of the stage, after his last encounter with the drop-curtain, and stood in the background holding the spear as though he intended to climb it, and dangling his shield loosely in his left hand. It was Cassius's drunken scene. The "Army" stood placidly glancing at the chandelier while the actors crossed swords; the Cassio thrust his sword through the body of his brother officer, and that actor began to die all over the stage with an amount of athletic vigor that drowned the music and tested the trap-doors. Eventually, with a final hand-spring and a terrific gurgle, he flung himself against the "Army," prepared to die in his arms. This move was entirely unexpected by the "Army," who had been so buffeted by the scenery that he had lost his interest in this mundane sphere, and had given way to grim melancholy. Consequently, when the dying soldier threw himself into his arms, the "Army" gave a roar of surprise and promptly tumbled over on the stage. The dying man, who didn't propose to have his scene spoiled by any such break as this, rose testily, dragged the "Army" to his feet, and then reclined gently in his arms. The "Army" held him for a short time, and then, having made up his mind that he had had enough for one evening, he casually but heavily dropped his burden on the back of his head on the stage, and stalked out of sight. He was not seen again that night.

The tragedian who played Othello has evidently led a tempestuous life. The condition of his face would indicate that he has been the victim of many blows. It has been knocked completely out of gear. But one feature remains intact—it is his mouth, which is of almost infinite dimensions. There have been many mouths of unusual size on exhibition on the New York stage. That of Billy Kearsands is, I believe, the most famous; but it is a thing of beauty and a modest exhibit compared to the cavernous opening in the face of the gentleman who played Othello at the Cosmopolitan Theatre Monday night. The mouth was backed up by a voice of befitting depth and volume, and when Othello walked to the footlights and slowly opened his monstrous jaws and sent his voice bellowing through the auditorium the audience sat in mute and respectful wonder. He played Othello with both arms and legs, and at the rate of about forty to sixty miles an hour. The actor who played Iago was formerly a dandy barber in a Sixth Avenue hair-dressing saloon. He was giddy and girlish. Every movement of his hands was an affectation, and he was addressed as "Clara" by the audience from the moment he came on the stage. He had a shrill falsetto voice and was in a great state of excitement from beginning to end, and smiled saucily at some Union Club men who sat in a box.

The event of the evening was when Desdemona came upon the stage. She was dressed in white, and was languid and graceful. It was only when she began to speak that the audience lost interest in her. She had a Yankee twang, and that was all that was audible of her voice; not a solitary word that she spoke could be understood. The audience, after the first act, became as wild as any of the crowds that ever attended the performances of the late Count Johannes. They pounded on the floor delightedly, cheered the performers, guyed them, and kept time with every step they took. Five hundred feet were raised in the air every time Othello stepped, and five hundred feet came down like a clap of thunder. This, with the catcalls, cheers, whistles, and other manifestations, slightly marred the usual effect of Shakespeare's lines.

The success of the colored tragedians, coming as it does on top of that of Miss Lulu Hurst, shows that the best way to make money in New York in the summer time is to give the stay-at-homes something that they can make fun of. This was shown again the other night, at the Bijou Opera House, where Manager Donnelly produced "The Bohemian Girl." The theatre—what it is to call every concert hall an opera house nowadays—is doing a stunning business. Men are going there in hundreds to see the chorus "girls." I doubt if a more select assemblage of Knickerbockers and old New Yorkers could be found in town than those who go to the Bijou Theatre. They are the men who were prominent in the Government in '30 and '35. Their faces are enlivened by fond recellections as they sit in the Bijou Opera House and recognize one after another of the chorus girls, as they trip lightly on the stage. The old girls keep up well, too. There is not one among them that looks over sixty years of age.

It is observed with considerable satisfaction by the admirers of Miss Lulu Hurst, that the various other electric girls who were to run in opposition to her have not proved successful. Miss Lee and Miss Weston, both of whom came from the State of Georgia by express trains in order to catch the Hurst fever at its height, failed to exhibit anything more than ordinary physical strength. The worst fizzle is that of Miss Lee, who was brought out at the Bijou Theatre at an exhibition for invited guests only. It was said that she could do all the tricks that Miss Hurst did, but it was found that she could do nothing at all, and Colonel Miles abandoned the idea of running her in opposition to the Georgia Wonder.

President Arthur's popularity in New York is very great. He is the first President we have ever had that the people here were proud of in a spectacular sense. General Arthur always looks well, and acts like a distinguished man. The theatres of late have caught the knack of giving him a reception when he visits them. This has not always been the case when a President visits a New York place of amusement. Grant was seldom visited with honors, and Hayes wouldn't have received an extra thump on the bass drum had Mrs. Hayes taken him to every theatre in New York while she was in the White House. But President Arthur receives an ovation whenever he enters a New York theatre. I believe the fashion was first started, or at any rate was given a decided impetus, by Mr. Edward Aronson of the Casino. One night, without any notice of his coming, President Arthur decided to see "Prince Methusalem," which was then on the boards at the Casino. Attended by one or two distinguished citizens who had been to dinner with him, he drove quietly to the theatre. As he started up the stairs the eagle eye of Mr. Aronson caught sight of him. Captain Williams showed the President through the Casino. He was only gone a short time, but it was sufficient for the management to have the President's box draped with American flag. In "Prince Methusalem" there is a brass band which marches about the stage meeting a procession of more or less beautiful Amazons. The procession was just coming up the stage when the President took his seat. They struck up "Hail to the Chief," were joined by the orchestra, and three cheers were given by a comedian; the chorus-girls waved their hands and danced, the ushers applauded, and the audience rose to its feet and cheered wildly. General Arthur came to the front of the box, bowed gracefully and retired. Since that it is impossible for him to enter a theatre in New York without a similar recognition. The citizens seem to realize that it will be a long time before they will again have a New York man in the Presidential chair.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, July 30, 1884.

---

The writer last week was on a street-car, and as he was smoking he took the platform with the driver. Then he heard the following conversation between the driver and a passenger:

*Passenger*—"How will you vote for President?"

*Driver*—"For James G. Blaine, you bet!"

*Passenger*—"What is your reason?"

*Driver*—"Reason enough. Do you think I would vote for that d—d rascal Cleveland, who vetoed the twelve-hour bill for drivers and conductors? Not much!"

*Passenger*—"But there are a good many Irish drivers. Will they vote the same way?"

*Driver*—"Every mother's son of them—conductors, drivers, and stable-men. If there is one who would not, he ought to be made to work thirty hours a day with nary a chance for a knock-down."

---

English courts have to decide upon the validity of a sale of a man's own head. A poor man in London, who had a cranium of peculiar shape, sold the article to some doctors ten years ago, to be delivered after death, in consideration of having his funeral expenses paid. Afterward he became rich, and, now that he has died, his friends want the contract annulled. The doctors have brought a suit for possession of the property, and pending a decision the corpse is buried with the head in place.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Hallam Tennyson's bride is poor and portionless, but so beautiful that her face is a fortune.

Henry Ward Beecher has purchased a bicycle, on which he proposes to exercise on his farm on the Hudson River.

Prince Jerome Napoleon ("Plon Plon") is showing his age very much, is growing thin, and his nose and chin resemble those of a Punchinello.

This is the way a lady visitor at Sharon Springs describes William H. Vanderbilt: "His bushy brown whiskers look slightly gorillaish, especially as the thatch on his crown is so thin; but for all that he has a pleasant face and is always smiling."

Miss Florence Marryatt, who will come to this country in the fall to give a series of entertainments, plumes herself upon her versatility. She is a novel-writer, singer, actress, reader, and elocutionist.

Mr. S. L. Clemens and Mr. George W. Cable will give readings the coming season. They will give the evening's entertainment by each reading from his own published works and contributing original sketches prepared especially for the occasion.

Thackeray's name is said to be derived from the occupation of his ancestors, who were thatchers, or *thackers*, hence the *thackery* or *thackeray*. Whittier comes from *white-tawier*, the old verb to *taw* meaning to dress the lighter skins of goats and kids, and then whiten them for glovers' use.

The President of San Salvador, recently on a visit to New York, is forty-three years old, and has served two terms as chief magistrate of a republic of eight hundred thousand inhabitants. He is fond of travel, and not long ago went to Madrid, where King Alfonso did him the honors in true Castilian style.

Some months ago a champagne house at Epernay offered prizes for the best five poems on champagne. The subject seems to have inspired a large number of votaries of sentiment, seeing that no fewer than eleven hundred poems were sent in to the jury. The chief prize of one thousand francs has just been awarded to Monsieur Clovis Hugues.

Mr. Augustin Daly has been well received with his comedy company in London. After the first performance he was called upon for a speech, in which the hearers heard once more of those old bonds of union between England and the United States which the elder Hawthorne, when a consul at Liverpool, used slyly to boast that he played upon as opportunity offered.

Victor Hugo is an early riser. He never sits down to write, but stands at a high desk, and refreshes himself by an occasional turn across the room and a sip of *eau sucrée*. He drops work at noon. He spends the afternoon out of doors, and dines at eight, eating abstemiously and drinking Bordeaux and water. He is fond of the society of ladies, and can kiss a hand in the courtliest style of the old *régime*.

Miss Catherine Lorillard Wolfe, who has the finest villa at Newport, and one of the costliest collections of pictures in this country, has turned from architecture and painting to archæology, and will send Dr. William Hayes Ward, with a party of explorers, to Babylon. If Miss Wolfe cares for celebrity, she has chosen a sure and short road to it. Her name will enter into literature at once and will stay there.

The Princess Metternich is plump and has a good deal of color in her cheeks, the consequences, she says, of beer being so tempting in Austria, and Viennese climate being so dry. In looking at the French crown jewels she let fall some tears and exclaimed: "How gay and frolicsome we used all to be at the fêtes where those diamonds were worn! What a good old time the reign of the Emperor was to all those who had easy access to him."

United States Senator Hill, of Colorado, is said to be the richest man in that State. He went out there a poor chemist a few years ago, and by some good chance hit upon a process of reducing refractory ores, and no one to this day has the secret. He built a great smelter, which is bringing him in a great fortune. His yearly income, it is said, can not be less than eight hundred thousand dollars. He lives in great style in Colorado.

At a recent literary party in London, among the guests at which were Mr. and Mrs. William Rossetti, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Mrs. Madox-Brown and Mr. Philip Bourke Marston, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wilde made their first formal appearance in London society, the bride of the æsthete being attired in a gown of white satin, with huge sleeves, a mediæval collar, a girdle of golden filagree, and a chaplet of real white lilies around the head. Oscar Wilde's wife is very pretty, with dark eyes, red cheeks, and satin skin.

Among the guests who frequented Hugo's hospitable house in Guernsey was a certain Captain Penson, who, after proposing to Adèle Hugo and being refused by her parents, eloped with the young girl, whom he abandoned shortly after their marriage, by which he so prostrated her with grief that despair destroyed her intellect. As soon as Victor Hugo heard of her sad state, he went over to America, whither her husband had taken her, and brought her back; but she never recovered from the shock, and is still living in the lunatic asylum at St. Maudé, where her father occasionally visits her.

---

At the close of business hours in New York you can see emerging from large stores, factories, etc., dozens of stylish-looking girls with school-books conspicuously displayed. It is the custom of really stylish New York shop-girls to carry to their fields of labor bundles of school-books, in order to convey the impression that they are completing their education at some fashionable seat of learning, instead of working for their daily bread. How is that for style?

## SOCIETY.

### Engagements and Marriages.

The engagement of Mr. Stanley Dexter, a former resident, but now a lawyer in New York city, and Miss Ella McAllister, daughter of Colonel Julian McAllister, U. S. A., of Benicia, is announced.

Mr. Fred W. Sharon and Mrs. Louise Breckinridge were married last Saturday, very privately, the only persons present at the ceremony being Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. William Sharon, and Mr. Frank Newlands. Mr. and Mrs. Sharon are stopping at the Palace.

The marriage of Miss Mary Mears and Lieutenant Roger H. Galt, U. S. N., will take place early in September.

Miss Ida Johnson, daughter of ex-Governor James A. Johnson, will be married on the twenty-seventh instant to Doctor W. L. Newlands of Paraiso Springs.

The marriage of Mr. Fred L. Wooster and Miss Annie Laurie Jackson, daughter of Colonel J. P. Jackson, is announced for the fifteenth instant.

Miss Lilias E. Harrison and Ensign John J. Knapp, U. S. N., were married at the Church of the Advent last Thursday week.

The engagement of Miss Katie P. Pope, daughter of Mr. John F. Pope, and Mr. Richard S. King, of Messrs. Law, King & Law of this city, is announced. The marriage will take place in September.

The wedding of Miss Susie Blair, niece of Mrs. Randolph Harrison, and Ensign James H. Glennon, U. S. N., will take place next Tuesday.

At the summer residence of the parents of the prospective bride, at San Rafael, on the evening of July twenty-eighth, was celebrated the betrothal of J. Leo Lilienthal, son of Doctor S. Lilienthal of New York city, to Miss Bertha Gerstle, daughter of Louis Gerstle, Esq., of San Francisco. After the manner of the Germans, the betrothal was a jolly event, confined on this occasion to the immediate relatives and friends of the families concerned. The marriage is in the near future.

The engagement is reported of Miss Eva Mackay, daughter of Mr. John W. Mackay, to Monsieur Colonna, of Naples, Italy.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord spent last Sunday at Monterey.

Mr. C. Adolphe Low and family came to the city from Monterey last Monday, and will leave for the East on Monday next, by way of Portland and the Northern Pacific.

Mr. William F. Babcock, Miss Babcock, and Mr. Harry Babcock are at Sisson's, and expect to remain for two or three weeks.

Hon. John P. Jones, United States Senator from Nevada, arrived in this city from Virginia City last Saturday.

Colonel and Mrs. J. H. Withington have returned from Monterey, and are at the Palace.

Justice Stephen J. Field is at Long Branch.

Ensign John J. Knapp, U. S. N., and wife (*née* Harrison) are at Monterey. They leave for St. Louis about the 20th instant.

Mrs. Colonel A. G. Hawes and Miss Allie Hawes went East Saturday, to be absent for some months.

Mr. C. G. Hooker and family left for the East last Thursday, via the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Mr. Benjamin Woodworth, of Fresno, has been in this city the past week, on a short visit.

Mrs. L. L. Baker is on a visit to Monterey, and expects to remain a couple of weeks.

Mrs. William BeDell returned to this city last Monday from an Eastern trip.

Hon. Aaron A. Sargent, ex-United States Minister to Germany, and wife, arrived last Tuesday, and are stopping at the Palace.

Ex-Governor Leland Stanford was at Long Branch Hotel, New York, during this week.

Mr. William P. Coleman left for the East last Tuesday. He will visit his family, in Georgia, during his absence, and it is probable that Mrs. Coleman will accompany him on his return.

Mrs. H. D. Bacon and Miss Carrie Bacon, of Oakland, returned home last Tuesday from New York.

Lieutenant F. R. Schwatka, of Arctic fame, who lately resigned from the army, arrived in the city last Tuesday and is stopping at the Occidental. He is accompanied by Mrs. Schwatka.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford left Monterey last week to visit a short time in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Bryant (*née* Marvin), of Philadelphia, are at the Palace, on a short visit.

Professor Frank Soulé, of the University of California, and Mrs. Soulé have returned from their Eastern trip.

Hon. William M. Gwin is still at the East. He is at present visiting Long Branch.

General Phineas Banning and wife, of Wilmington, Cal., arraived from the East last Monday, and were at the Occidental.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hobart are at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Requa, of Piedmont Springs, intend leaving for the East about the 1st proximo.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell have returned from the country, and are at the Palace.

Mr. Alpheus Bull Jr. arrived from an Eastern trip last Sunday.

Mrs. William T. Wallace and daughters are visiting in Sonoma.

General John McComb and Miss McComb are paying a short visit to Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Sonntag (*née* Bovee) are at Lake Tahoe.

Hon. George T. Bromley, lately appointed United States Consul at Tien Tsin, China, has been the recipient of many social attentions at the hands of his numerous friends in this city. Mr. Bromley leaves for his post of duty on the steamer of the 19th instant.

Mrs. Adam Grant and Miss Joliffe will visit the Geysers next week.

Doctor H. W. Harkness has returned to the city from Lake Tahoe.

Senator James T. Farley will return from the East some time during September.

Mrs. R. H. Follis has returned home after a summer visit to Napa County.

Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan is at Bartlett Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, who are at present in New York, expect to return home some time in October.

Hon. R. W. Irwin, Consul-General to Japan, is in the city and stopping at the Palace. He will be accompanied to Japan by Master Cummings, the son of a prominent resident of Honolulu.

Senator James T. Farley was at Hot Springs, Arkansas, July fourteenth, for a brief visit.

Miss Kate Bancroft leaves next week for an extended tour through Yellowstone Park, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona. She will return to spend the winter here.

Mrs. and Misses Durbrow have returned from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. C. W. Bonynge and daughter are spending the summer in Scotland, and are not expected in San Francisco.

Senator John F. Miller and family will spend the most of the summer in Saratoga.

Bishop and Mrs. Whitaker, of Nevada, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Requa, near Piedmont Springs, and will probably visit Santa Monica before returning home.

Hon. Paul Neumann, Attorney-General in King Kalakaua's cabinet, is expected from Honolulu on the next steamer, for a short visit to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar E. Coursen, of Portland, who have been visiting friends in the city, returned home by last steamer.

Mrs. C. R. Peters and daughter have returned from San Rafael.

Mrs. John S. Culver and Miss Flora Culver, of Tucson, are in the city on a visit for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Louis B. Parrott is at Monterey for a few days.

Major A. S. Bender will probably soon return to the city from Honolulu on a short visit.

Rev. D. Cochran and wife, of Toronto, Canada, are at the Palace.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hozier, of England, is at the Occidental.

Miss Sallie Stetson is at present visiting friends at Portland, Oregon. She is expected back on the next steamer.

General Alexander Burnett and family are at Haywards.

Doctor W. F. Smith, the oculist, formerly of this city, is now permanently located in Chicago.

Mrs. W. H. Keith, Miss Keith, and W. H. Keith Jr. are in Marin County for the summer.

Hon. J. B. Grinnell, of Iowa, is stopping at the Palace.

Doctor W. L. Newlands, of Paraiso Springs, is in town, and stopping at the Palace.

Mrs. Colonel McAllister and the Misses McAllister, of Benicia, are on a short visit to the city, and are at the Occidental.

### Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant U. R. Harris, U. S. N., took charge of the navigation department at the Mare Island Yard on the 1st.

The family of Surgeon T. C. Heyl, U. S. N., who have been in Vallejo for the past month, return to San Francisco the coming week. They have engaged apartments at the Bella Vista.

Assistant Surgeon J. S. Sayre, U. S. N., reported for duty on board the U. S. R. S. *Independence* on the 1st.

Lieutenant Frank Guertier, U. S. N., of the *Independence*, is in Lacrosse, Wisconsin, having been called home on account of the serious illness of his mother.

Surgeon John L. Neilson, of the *Ranger*, left for the East on Saturday last, on one month's leave of absence.

The family of the late Pay Director E. C. Doran, U. S. N., are at present in Vallejo, Cal.

The *Pinta* sailed for Sitka on Saturday afternoon last. She will relieve the *Adams*, which vessel will proceed to the Mare Island Navy Yard for repairs.

Lieutenant Gilbert P. Cotton, First Artillery, U. S. A., has gone East on a month's leave of absence.

Captain Woodhull S. Schenck, U. S. M. C., is in the city and is stopping at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Captain E. K. Russell, First Artillery, by his promotion takes command of Battery D, and will be hereafter stationed at Alcatraz Island.

Lieutenant W. Emmet, U. S. A., and wife are at the Occidental.

Work in Mare Island Navy Yard will be begun and continued until at least after November whenever the Department decides whether to repair the *Ranger* or resume work on the *Mohican*.

Lieutenant-Colonel M. Bryant, Eight Infantry, and wife are in town and stopping at the Occidental.

Admiral R. W. Shufeldt, U. S. N., is at the Geysers, to remain for a month.

Lieutenant C. M. Baily, U. S. A., and Captain E. B. Savage, both of the Eighth Infantry, returned from San Diego last Tuesday.

Lieutenant I. T. Webster, U. S. A., returned to his post at Black Point to-day after a short absence.

### Notes and Gossip.

An excursion party, under the management of Mr. Charles Butler, left last Thursday for the Yellowstone Park. They expect to be gone about thirty days.

A "Charity Party" will be given at the Park Opera House, Alameda, Friday evening, August fifteenth, under the direction of a committee of ladies.

Mr. Henry Edwards, the actor and scientist, is expected in this city about September 6th.

Mr. L. Gottig, president of the German Savings Bank, returned home on Thursday, after a European trip of several months.

Doctor George Chismore returned home on Thursday, after a year's absence in Washington Territory and British Columbia.

### Art Notes.

Mr. Benoni Irwin, the artist, well known in former years in this city, is on a visit and may probably remain until the holidays. There are ten of Mr. Irwin's pictures now on exhibition at Morris's.

Mr. Virgil Williams, director of the School of Design, is spending his vacation at San Gabriel, Cal.

Mr. Theo. Wores's latest picture, "The Candy Seller," will be placed on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's on Saturday, 9th inst.

### An Irish Voter on the Situation.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: To say that the *Argonaut* of last Saturday created a sensation as well as a surprise here would be putting the case mildly. I refer particularly to the editorials and extracts contained on its first and second pages, in respect to the "Irish and Catholic vote," as the phrase goes. You have presented a mass of evidence, introduced and interlarded by your own peculiar method of expression—unless it is incident rather than method—which can be neither questioned nor overcome, however much the accustomed reader of your shining weekly may criticise that which has gone before. No paper would dare to attempt to palm off as original, unless they were so, the extracts which you give from so many prominent, influential, and widely read Irish and Catholic papers; and in the case of several of them, we all know that you quote exactly, because we have the identical papers here among us. I say this because I happened to hear a well-known Democrat assert that two of the extracts which you gave were "fabrications," and had never appeared in the *Irish World* and the *Freeman's Journal*. In less than ten minutes I had the very papers in his hands. He had to admit that the *Argonaut* was right, but he left the public room in which he had been oracularly sounding his customary Sunday political sermon for the edification of the number who make it a resort, and we missed the remainder of his usual afternoon advice on how we ought to vote. As an Irishman, and one of the "Pope's Irish," I have often been angered by your articles; but it is a national quality with us to admire a bold foe, and our religion teaches us to be merciful to the offender. I have kept on taking your paper, therefore, because if I didn't read what was in it, how could I intelligently discuss or criticise what you said? You have abused us, but you have also spoken well of us. In all you have been frank and outspoken, and you have never tried to humbug us for our votes, as the most of the Democratic papers do. They must think we are gossoons, indeed. Watch them now. One would think that McSweeney was their brother, and that it was only last week he was "rotting in an English dungeon," the way some of them go on about him; and that Walsh, and Lane, and McEnery were their first cousins. We understand all this. We know that an American Secretary of State doesn't keep the keys of English prisons. Blaine is not all we would like him, but he is better a long way than Cleveland. I need not say why; your paper last week gave ample proof of that in your extracts from the papers that we do put faith in, and that keep better account of how England treats Ireland and how Irishmen are wronged and outraged by the British government than the Democratic papers in this State. We know that we have always the honest and bold John Devoy with us; that the New York *Tablet* never leads us astray; that McMasters is our year-around friend; that Patrick Ford stands by us through thick and thin, and that none of these honey us to get our votes, or delude us in campaigns to use us and then cast us off till the time comes around for another election. They know all that Blaine has done, all that Cleveland hasn't done, and it is no more than politics and offices they think of. They have thought over the whole matter and judged the two men. We feel confident that they have done so in our interest, and we will go as they advise, instead of following off again after the party that got our votes in 1882 for a governor who turned his back on us as soon as he got in office. During that campaign it was the Irish this and the Irish that, honeying us and using us. But, when the election was over, the other side of the sign was turned, and there, staring us in the face, were the big letters like on a circus poster, "No Irish need apply." Do the Democratic papers think we have forgotten it?—or that we will now forgive it? It is our turn. We have been doing the voting for the Democrats long enough. Some of them have said they can get along without us—to "let the Irish go!" Well, we will go, and we'll go for Blaine, as our countrymen and co-religionists in New York and in other States will mostly do. The Republicans can treat us no worse than the Democrats have. We will try them, anyway. Put down Gilroy and Santa Clara County sure for Blaine.

GILROY, August 4, 1884. A CORKONIAN.

## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

### Problem No. XLV.—By Hugo Toscani.

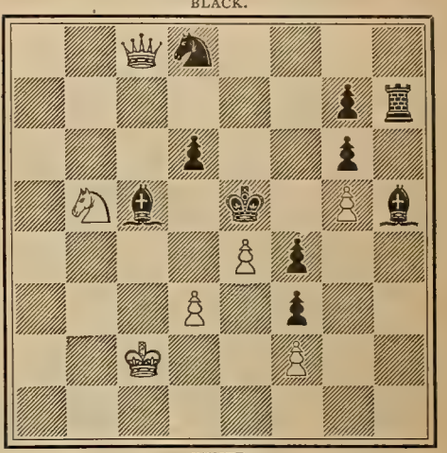
WHITE—King at QKt6; Queen at KKt 4; Rook at K5: Knights at QR3, QB5; Pawn at QKt4.

BLACK—King at Q3; Queen at QB7; Rook at K2; Bishop at QR5; Knight at QKt4; Pawn at Q5.

White to play and mate in two moves.

### Problem No. XLVI.—By Ph. Klett.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

### Answers to Correspondents.

J. B., Jolon—What has become of you? Your contributions were very acceptable.

J. A. McQ., Eureka, Cal.—The key-move to Problem XXXVI is *R* QKt sq. Your move is simply another variation, solved as follows: 1 R QKt sq, Kt K3 (not 6); 2 Kt x P ch, K x B; 3 Q K5 mates. If Black, on second move, replies Kt x Kt, then 3 Q Q6 mates.

G. A. G., Willows—Letter received, and explanation very satisfactory.

### Game No. 33.

Played in the late championship tournament of the Manhattan Chess Club, between Messrs. Richardson and Baird. This game received the prize of five dollars for the best played game of the tournament. The game and notes are from the *Brooklyn Chess Chronicle*.

FOUR KNIGHTS' OPENING.

| *White.* Richardson. | *Black.* Baird. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 32—P K7 ch (d) | 32—K Kt2 |
| 2—Kt QB3 | 2—Kt QB3 | 33—P queens | 33—R x Q |
| 3—Kt KB3 | 3—Kt KB3 | 34—Q x R | 34—Q Q sq |
| 4—B QKt5 | 4—B QKt5 | 35—Q x Q | 35—Kt x Q |
| 5—Kt Q5 | 5—B QR4 | 36—B QB8 | 36—P x P |
| 6—Kt x Kt ch | 6—Q x Kt | 37—P x P | 37—P QR4 |
| 7—P QB3 | 7—P QR3 | 38—R Q sq | 38—Kt B3 |
| 8—B QR4 | 8—Castles | 39—R Q5 | 39—Kt K2 |
| 9—P Q3 | 9—Kt Q5 | 40—R x P | 40—Kt x B |
| 10—B Q2 | 10—Kt K3 | 41—R QB5 | 41—Kt K2 |
| 11—Q K2 | 11—P QB3 | 42—R x B | 42—Kt Q4 |
| 12—P KR3 | 12—B QB2 | 43—R QB4 | 43—K R3 |
| 13—Kt KR2 | 13—P Q4 | 44—K B sq | 44—P Kt4 |
| 14—Castles QR | 14—Kt QB4 | 45—K Q2 | 45—Kt K6 |
| 15—B QB2 | 15—P x P | 46—R B6 ch | 46—K Kt2 |
| 16—P x P | 16—B K3 | 47—R B5 | 47—P KB3 |
| 17—K Kt sq | 17—P QKt4 | 48—K K2 | 48—Kt x Pat Kt7 |
| 18—B K3 | 18—Kt QKt2 | 49—R x RP | 49—Kt K6 |
| 19—Kt Kt4 | 19—Q K2 | 50—R QB5 | 50—Kt x P |
| 20—Q KB3 | 20—KR Q sq | 51—P QR4 | 51—Kt R7 |
| 21—Q Kt3 | 21—B x Kt (a) | 52—P QR5 | 52—P KKt5 |
| 22—P x B | 22—Q K3 | 53—K B2 | 53—P Kt6 ch |
| 23—R x R ch | 23—R x R | 54—K Kt2 | 54—Kt KKt5 |
| 24—Q KR4 | 24—Q KKt3 | 55—P R6 | 55—Kt K6 ch |
| 25—P KB4 (b) | 25—P x P | 56—K B3 | 56—Kt QB7 (e) |
| 26—P K5 | 26—Q KR3 | 57—P QR7 | 57—Kt K8 ch |
| 27—Q K sq | 27—Q KKt4 | 58—K K2 | 58—P Kt7 |
| 28—B x P ch | 28—K B sq | 59—R B7 ch | 59—K Kt3 |
| 29—B Q4 | 29—P QB4 | 60—P queens | 60—P B6 ch |
| 30—B KB5 | 30—P KKt3 (c) | 61—K B2 | 61—Kt Q6 ch |
| 31—P K6 | 31—BP x B | 62—K Kt sq | |
| | | And Black resigns. | |

(a) Thus far both parties have conducted the game with great care and judgment, but this capture, we think, is an error on Mr. Baird's part, inasmuch as it opens the K R file, and enables White to begin a troublesome attack on the Black King.

(b) The commencement of a very fine combination.

(c) Were Black now to take the QB he would lose the Queen or be mated by 31—R to KR5.

(d) All this is beautifully played by White; if now 32—Q x P the reply 33—R to R8 ch wins easily.

(e) Black struggles gallantly, but the opposing forces are too strong for him.

### A Chess Curiosity.

Cherished chess! The charms of thy checquered chambers chain me changelessly. Chaplains have chanted thy charming choiceness, chieftains have changed the chariot and the chase for the chaster chivalry of the chess-board, and the cheerier charge of the chess-knights. Chaste-eyed Caissa! for thee are the chaplets of chainless charity and the chalice of child-like cheerfulness. No chilling churl, no cheating chafferer, no chattering changeling, no chanting charletan, can be thy champion; the chivalrous, the charitable, and the cheerful are the chosen ones thou cherishest. Change can not change thee. From childhood to the charnel-house, from our first childish chirpings to the chills of the churchyard, thou art our cheery, changeless chieftainess. Chastener of the churlish, chider of the changeable, cherisher of the chagrined, the chapter of thy chiliad of charms should be chanted [illegible] chimes and chiseled on chalcedon in cherubic chirograp[illegible]

## IF A WOMAN DIE

### Will She Live Again?

### An Agnostic Lover's Strange Study in Psychology.

Late one night in June two men, a medical student and a young lawyer, sat discussing more things than Horatio dreamed of in his philosophy.

"Can you think," said Graham, the lawyer, "that there is absolutely no existence of any vital principle apart from the physical functions that stop with death? I will never believe that there is not something behind all that—the something that looks out of the eyes—that intangible, incomprehensible something; that 'I' or that 'you' which only uses human eyes or voice to express itself."

"All that has been discovered to be nothing but a combination more or less complicated of brain cells," returned Fielding, the student. If you had gone into that sort of thing as I have, you would see that it is all reducible to matter. A few more steps and there will be no question of spirit, even for such idealists as you. Touch one spot in the brain of a genius, and you have a gibbering idiot. Lift a bit of bone from an idiot's brain, and you can educate your man of genius."

Graham shook his head.

"You won't see. Hasn't that idiot in some way lost the connection between matter and spirit? Try as you may, you never will discover that subtile, vital essence. When you have called the intellect the working of the brain; the moral sense the working of the brain again; all good or evil qualities the working of the brain still again—I say there is something above and beyond all that, that you train and educate, and that escapes with death. Whether there is individual immortality or not, I am not prepared to argue with you, but on the very theory of the indestructibility of existing principles in the universe, that vital principle is not destroyed."

"All the musty remains of an inherited theology," returned Fielding. "You are not brave enough to discard them in the face of scientific proof. I have seen too many deaths and too many dissections not to be positively assured that the vital essence is extinct with death. Why, just look at it, how many trifling accidents put an end to a man's existence. Stop his heart, take away a few pounds of blood, destroy his digestion, and you have destroyed him, I say. The necessary combination of forces to work his machinery has been disarranged, and he stops for good and all. I grant you for some it is hard enough to give up the idea of a soul, but most people will be glad to welcome annihilation, as I do. No, we are born and we die, and there's the end."

Graham smoked silently for some time, and looked out of the open window on the brilliant moonlight that dimmed half the stars.

"A night for lovers," he remarked presently.

"Who believe in immortality for one night only," laughed Fielding. "What nonsense it seems that the reflected light of a dead world, and the twinkling of a few live suns, millions of leagues away, should make people ready to die for each other, when they laugh at the idea after their own sun rises."

"You incorrigible materialist!" cried Graham; "why do people marry every day?"

"Habit, example, and the conditions of the race. One woman is as good as another if she is healthy and sweet-tempered."

"Poor Tom Carroll doesn't think so where Dora Varian is concerned," said Graham, with a short laugh.

"Yes, and in two years Tom Carroll will have forgotten her refusal and her existence, under the comfortable *régime* of some indifferently pretty housekeeper whom accident will saddle on him as a wife, and mother of his children."

"I don't know why she wanted to throw Tom over," said Graham, looking at the end of his cigar with a slight frown. "What a merciless flirt she is! It would not have been so bad if she hadn't taken him away from another girl. I wonder if she has any heart at all?"

"She's a skeptic, like me," said Fielding, carelessly. "These men work up speeches out of novels, and play devoted, and it amuses her. It would amuse me."

"You don't know her well, do you?" said Graham. "I don't believe, if you did, you could keep out of her clutches. But she will find her match at last, I have no doubt. Those women do suffer sometimes."

"I'll wager you what you like," cried Fielding, "that Dora Varian and I will play at love in the most artistic way, and separate at the end, neither of us the worse for the game."

"I will make no wager,' said Graham, briefly; "but none the less I am sure that you will either marry, or one of you will repent it."

* * * * * * * * *

Fielding had never been one of the young men about town. He was seldom lured into a ball-room, and never into the pleasure parties where people meet so much more agreeably than under the lighted chandeliers. Now it was noticed that he was losing his retired habits to talk to Dora Varian, and it was not long before one was seldom seen without the other. People wondered and gossiped; these two kept their own counsel. Fielding was imperturbable when rallied, and Miss Varian, placid and taciturn in all her love affairs, was equally so in this. And the three months came to an end, and Fielding said to Miss Varian:

"Next week I sail for France. You will wish me a pleasant voyage, won't you?"

"How long will you be gone?" she asked, lifting her eyes with friendly interest.

"Impossible to tell. My plans are so indefinite that I have come to say good-bye. 'It may be for years, and it may be forever,'" he answered, with a slight laugh. "In any case, I thank you for the most enjoyable summer of my life. I shall often look back to it with regret that it was so short; and then the pity of it is that these pleasant things are never the same again."

"I don't require these elaborate compliments of my departing friends," said Miss Varian, with a metallic sound foreign to her voice; "and I don't agree with you that it is a pity about the uniqueness of our pleasant things. I would rather say good-bye than *au revoir*, it means so much less—though I am sorry you are going away," she added, after a moment. "We have had a very pleasant summer, haven't we? I shall remember it until quite next summer, I am sure."

"We are both heart-whole," said Fielding to his friend. "Had we wagered, I would have won."

His trip to Paris was shorter than he had expected, and seven or eight months found him at home again. But he did not renew his friendship with Miss Varian. He heard of her sometimes in the old way, and wondered if there was anything in the expression of those speaking eyes of hers that had made him fancy sometimes, with a pang of self-reproach, that she had given him gold for his base metal. No; nonsense! She looked like that at every man who had an hour's conversation with her. If her voice sometimes vibrated with what in another woman would be betrayal of feeling, it was because she had learned to modulate her lightest breath for effect.

A note came to Fielding one day. He opened it hurriedly. There was no formal beginning. It ran as follows:

"The physicians have given me up. I must see you before it is all over. Come at once, if you can. I hope this is legible. I am writing against orders. Dora Varian."

In half an hour he was by her bedside. His professional experience, slight as it was, told him there was no hope.

"Dora, what has brought you to this?" he said, unable to conceal how shocked he was.

"You," she answered, vehemently. "You laid a deliberate, cruel plan for your own amusement, and you may well enjoy your work."

"Do not excite yourself," he said gently, putting back with his cool hand the heavy locks that fell over her forehead.

"I am sane enough. I haven't been delirious at all. I wanted to tell you that I intend some day to make you suffer as you have made me. You knew you took all the flavor out of my life after you went away. How flat and weary everything seemed. I took no pains to live; what could I live for? My mother cares for my brother more than for me. So I did what they call 'running down.' I danced and flirted harder than ever, to forget you, and my heart-ache, and my languid limbs; and when this illness came, the doctors said I had no strength to get well." She spoke in short, rapid sentences, but would not pause long enough to give him a chance to stop her or to answer. "I have not the will to get well," she added; "but I have the will for this: you shall love me yet. My soul shall follow yours day and night, until it wins your love as completely as you won mine. There will be a way. I shall find it."

Fielding was overcome with grief and remorse as she went on. He could not find a word to say, until at last he stammered:

"Dora, I never thought—I did not believe that you—— What can I say? Will you forgive me?"

"On the day you say you love me, and that day is coming," she answered, with a solemn impressiveness that shook his nerves in spite of his knowledge that her words were utterly futile. The superabundant life that had been one of her greatest charms was so soon to be quenched, and she spoke of what was to happen between them after the great final change had extinguished it.

"Why not *now*, Dora?" he implored, taking her hand. "How can there be forgiveness if not now?"

"That remains with you," she said, faintly, "and on that day my soul will know and tell you. I shall again see you with other eyes."

After that she refused to speak either to him or to the others who came back into the room they had left that she might talk at her ease.

"The end," murmured Fielding, as he stood beside her open grave with uncovered head. "We are born and we die, and that is the end."

* * * * * * * * *

Time passed as usual. Fielding threw himself more and more passionately into his profession, and for so young a man was becoming celebrated for his microscopic investigations of the life-germ. He finally discovered that he needed rest long after every one else had been urging him to give up his absorbing pursuit for a time; and he betook himself in search of health and eye-sight to a pretty village, where so few went for the summer that he would be practically alone if he wished. He made his temporary home with a widow who rejoiced in the possession of one daughter, as beautiful a specimen of humanity as it had ever been Fielding's good fortune to meet. He looked at her as a physician is inclined to regard a pretty woman, with the eye of an anatomist, and found her perfect.

He was willing to make it a dual solitude for a few weeks, and at first he was amused at the loquacity of the pretty mouth curving upward at the corners like a Cupid's bow. Pretty mouths are so rare in this world. Most of those you see are mere gashes for the exit of the necessary revelation or concealment of ideas, or the performance of gastronomic feats; or else the heavy, unfinished lips lie loosely against each other, as if Heaven's journeyman had made them and not made them well.

After a while he began to grow tired of the ceaseless flow of words without an idea.

"I wish I dared make a bargain with her mother for her brain in case I should outlive her," he wrote in his journal. "The examination of it would solve several problems that are tormenting me at present. I never met any one in full possession of all her faculties and a common education that came so near to being an idiot. She seems to have absolutely no soul."

He started, stared at what he had written, and threw down the pen in disgust.

"What impelled me to use a word there that I have not used for years? How long is it since poor Dora Varian died? Three years, upon my word. How time flies! It seems like last week, and yet I know it is months since I have thought of her. But what is that—does Miss Barrows play the guitar?"

He leaned out of his window, for he thought he heard a low vibration like a musical string rapidly untuned. No, it seemed in the room beside him. He shook himself impatiently, murmured something about taking cold, and then went down-stairs where Miss Barrows was lounging in a chair in the sunset glow. She gave him a sleepy little smile as he took the chair beside her; the heat had silenced her for a few moments. Fielding took the fan from her hand and slowly plied it back and forth until her closed eyes and regular breathing suggested that she might be entirely oblivious of his presence.

He surveyed her with a feeling of something like aversion in spite of her beauty. There was no intelligence in the heavenly clearness of her eyes, no trace of thought on the brows that seemed almost chiseled; the slip-shod English that came from her full throat in a voice that at times was unearthly sweet dismayed his fastidious ear. He slightly pushed back his chair and thought of one summer night when he had forgotten how the time passed as Dora Varian and he paced up and down the garden path, softly talking. Miss Barrows stirred and unclosed her eyes when he moved.

"Have you missed me?" she said, quietly, and again the guitar vibrated on the air.

What was the matter with the girl? Those were her eyes surely that he sat gazing into aghast, and yet, where had they caught that look of Dora Varian?

"Well," she said, with Dora's own smile, "I have waited and watched, and the time has come at last when I can see you with living eyes and talk with a living voice. Yes, you are right. *I am Dora Varian.*"

A chill shook Fielding from head to foot. What horrible hallucination was this? Had his close application to work crazed him at last, and was this the form his madness was to take? Half timidly he touched her hand; it was warm and soft as ever.

"You need not answer me just now," she said, gently withdrawing from his touch. "Let me explain to you first how this came to pass. When I died, I told you I should see you again, and three long years I have been beside you day and night, trying to give you some sign of my presence. Whenever you thought of me I knew it, and tried to tell you so, but all efforts only resulted in some strange sound. I felt that you heard it, for you always looked around to account for it in some natural way. But oh, Mark, it is six months since I have entered your mind."

"Where is she—where is Miss Barrows?" inquired Fielding, adapting himself as one does in some grotesque dream.

"Sleeping, and so I can be with you. Shall I come again?"

"Amy!" called the mother from the house. The girl in the chair, whoever she might be, closed her lids for a moment, and when they opened Miss Barrows made some flippant remark about her nap, with a disregard of grammar and vowel sounds that kept Fielding in irritated silence. She gave him a coquettish tap with the fan she snatched from him, and ran into the house. Fielding slowly followed her, and persuaded himself that he had been asleep too.

But as he learned her ways better, and knew that she had a habit of sleeping away most of her afternoons on the little hair-cloth sofa in the cool parlor, he was obliged to confess to himself with a sort of horror that she led two lives, for which he could make no account. As surely as he found himself beside her when she lay sleeping, so surely would she wake and look at him with Dora Varian's eyes and talk to him with Dora Varian's tones blending through the different voice of Amy Barrows. Sometimes they took long walks into the woods beyond the village, and Fielding began to find the old fascination of Dora's conversation and manner intensified into some strange, new feeling by the charm of faultless beauty. He lost the uncanny sensations she gave him at first, and in his enforced idleness was rapidly learning to look forward to the hours when the exquisite casket should be occupied by the fitting gem. When she left it the other occupant returned to it, supremely unconscious of whatever might have taken place during her absence from herself.

Before many weeks went by, Fielding became aware that he was deeply in love with the mysterious other part of Amy Barrows's existence. He tried at first to believe that it was simply the effect of her physical loveliness, but was forced to give up that theory, because *as herself* she was not only uninteresting, but was actually becoming repulsive, for all her beauty.

"The sunset is like that one when we first met here," said Dora, as they came back, after one of those walks that Amy might wake where she fell asleep.

"I wish it could last forever!" cried Fielding, passionately. "Dora, don't leave me. I am losing my senses. Whatever you are, you beautiful mystery, I love you, and I can not let you go."

He caught her in his arms, and rained eager kisses on her upturned face.

"My day is come! I forgive you. But I can not stay," she whispered, deadly pale. "*She* is coming back; she must not wake like this."

A flicker and film came over her eyes, and Fielding held a sleeping woman, whom he had barely time to place in her chair on the little porch, when her mother came out, and Amy woke, saying that her heart beat as if she had been running.

The next day, devoured with impatient longing, Fielding sat through a long summer afternoon, waiting, hoping for her habitual drowsiness to overtake her. She had not failed to notice that for some time he had been her shadow, that wherever she went he was sure to follow, and whenever she woke she was sure to find him beside her. What was she to think? Her curiosity and interest were roused, yet he never spoke a word beyond what common courtesy dictated. Why did he sit looking at her with those eager eyes. She grew shy and troubled. Her heart never used to beat so; and why did she feel so tired when she woke from those long, dreamless sleeps that she went into because there was nothing to keep awake for?

She ventured a question after a long, dreary silence. Poor girl! she could not know that her existence and her speech just then were more than his tense nerves could bear.

"Good heavens!" he murmured; "Dora, where are you?"

The air seemed alive with harp-strings struck by a powerful hand. A spasm of deadly terror crossed Amy's face as between her and Fielding came the outline of a shadowy form in which the man could distinguish the blazing eyes under the cloudy hair of the woman he loved.

"What is It!" shrieked Amy, throwing herself on Fielding for protection. "What is It trying to do to me! It is struggling with me!"

Then there was a heavy fall. They came rushing from the house at the sound, and saw Fielding with the dead girl across his knees, staring into vacancy with eyes that never again lost that distracted look, saying over and over again:

"There is a soul! There is a soul! I have seen It!"

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1884. HELEN LAKE.

## VANITY FAIR.

The recent charity entertainment given by a number of New York "society belles," headed by Miss Fanny Work, was interesting in more ways than one. In the first place, it took place in Mr. Work's stable. But what a stable! It was designed by Colonel Harking, and cost the neat little sum of seventy-five thousand dollars. It is not so ample as Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt's, but it is considered elegant enough for the giving of one of the most elaborate private theatrical performances for lady auditors ever seen in New York. The upper part of the stable was elaborately prepared by professional stage carpenters, with a stage, scenery, etc., and seats for three hundred guests. These were absolutely and exclusively women—so were the performers. Not a mustache or a pair of pantaloons, except the theatrical hair and tights worn on the stage, were visible about the stable that afternoon. The feminine portion of the élite were there in full force, each paying a handsome admission fee for the sake of charity and a little boisterous fun. The performers in every instance were young ladies. The play was "Adrienne Lecouvreur," which is of a period that requires very décolleté dressing for the female characters and the wearing of court dresses of the Louis XV. period by the male characters. Miss Work played Adrienne in three or four elegant costumes and a profusion of diamonds. She won the approval of Mrs. James B. Potter and Mrs. Burton N. Harrison, who came as semi-professional critics. Miss Leavitte played Maurice de Saxe, the principal male character, in perfectly fitting tights and a court dress of the cut of a modern evening suit, and you may well believe that her figure was not particularly concealed by such a garb. All the male characters were performed by young women in similar costumes of silk tights and—well, silk tights chiefly. The whole of the costumes were gorgeous in color as well as cut, were heavy with gold lace and embroidery, and must have cost each performer a very considerable sum, as each was made especially for the wearer.

The indolence of New York society men has given rise to an entirely new occupation—that of "card-leaving." The man who does this work is generally a man with some appearance of respectability. In the afternoon he wears a neat frock-coat which is closely buttoned, to hide the low-cut waistcoat beneath. He spends the day in leaving cards and invitations. In the evening he repairs to some up-town saloon, where he dons a dress-coat and crush-hat and is ready for "calling." Then he obtains some lazy man's list of formal calls, and a supply of cards, and goes to the opera. There he learns from the coachmen what ladies are away from home, and, calling at their houses, leaves the card of his patron, often making sixty calls in a night.

"It is queer how some fashions fasten themselves in favor," says a female fashion correspondent writing from Long Branch. "The fair ones now attire themselves for the ocean bath after a manner which ten years ago they would have blushed even to think of. While I can not regard the bathing-dress of the times as immodest, I find it impossible to understand how it was ever accepted. It is easy to conceive that after some two or three ladies of unquestionable position tripped down to the sea in this attire of generous display that others would follow their example, but how in the world did the pioneers of the fashion pluck up the necessary courage? Not one of them but is careful when she descends from her carriage and crosses a muddy street in the city that no man shall see the top of her gaiters. And yet at the shore they will walk calmly before hundreds, making a far greater exhibition. It is all custom, of course. I have known young ladies to protest indignantly one summer against the prevailing mode, and the next to adopt it. There is one influence which must not be forgotten. So general are the short costumes, that the girl who persists in the old style is quickly accused of not daring, for physical reasons, to do as do her sisters. That is a dreadful charge, and must be proved false. From this matter I think the question of modesty has now wholly departed, and the belle is no more backward in cutting short her bathing-dress at the one end than she is in cutting short her ball-dress at the other in the city. There has been an attempt to introduce the bathing-robe, by which ladies might cover themselves on their way from the bath-house to the water, and so conceal their charms until they reach the protection of old ocean. The attempt has been but slightly successful; the excuse being that the use of the robe requires that a maid should remain with it upon the beach while its owner is disporting among the waves. And that was an expense the necessities of the case did not seem to warrant. When no immodesty is thought, it is obvious—is it not?—that immodesty can not exist. I am firmly convinced that is the situation in this instance. There are ladies who do not hesitate to be photographed in their abbreviated breeches, and to place the pictures in albums which lie all winter upon library tables, open to all comers. Can you imagine they would do it if in their minds there was a glimmer of wrong? It is well, however, to exercise some precaution in the selection of bathing-costumes. There are such costumes made of material so thin that once wet they will clasp the body as closely as the natural skin, outlining every curve of the form. Not everybody, to look at them as they are innocently spread upon the shop-counter, would dream that they possessed this wicked trait, and ladies may buy them in ignorance of the somewhat embarrassing peculiarity. A pretty miss last summer, at one of the resorts, wearing one of the dresses I have alluded to, discovered, to her horror, while in the water, what had happened. She frankly told her escort, and he sent for her water-proof cloak, without which she was ashamed to return to the dressing-room."

English carriage etiquette differs from ours, as the gentlemen of the family rides beside his wife, allowing his daughters to ride backward. He also smokes in the park in the company of ladies. However, no gentleman sits beside a lady in driving unless he is her husband, son, or brother. Not even an affianced lover is permitted this seat. The groups in Hyde Park and in Rotten Row and about the Serpentine have a solemn look, the people in the carriages rarely chatting, but sitting up in state to be looked at, the people in chairs gravely staring at the others. None but the people on horseback seem at their ease; they chat as they ride, and all faultlessly caparisoned as they are, with well-groomed horses, and servants behind, they seem gay and jolly. In America it is the equestrian who always looks preoccupied and solemn, and as if the horse were quite enough to manage. The footmen are generally powdered and very neatly dressed in livery in the swell carriages, but the coachmen are not so highly gotten up as formerly. Occasionally one sees a very grand, fat old coachman in wig and knee-breeches, but Jeames Yellowplush is growing a thing of the past even in London. An English lady does not walk alone in the park. She may walk alone to church, or do her shopping, but even this is not common. She had better take a hansom, it now being proper for ladies to go out to dinner alone in full dress in one of these singularly open and exposed-looking carriages. It is not an uncommon sight to see a lady in a diamond tiara in a London hansom by the blazing light of a summer sun. Thus, what we should shun as a very public thing, the reserved English woman does in crowded London, and regards it as proper, while she smiles if she sees an American lady alone in a victoria in Hyde Park, and would consider her a very improper person if she asked a gentleman to drive out with her—as we do in our parks every day of our lives—in an open carriage. Truly, etiquette is a curious and arbitrary thing, and differs in every country.

All the world and his wife (writes Olive Logan) are talking about Sarah Bernhardt's funny costume for Lady Macbeth. Imagine a jersey—a sort of abdominal jersey, if I may be allowed the expression—an eel-skin garment reaching from the neck to—why, to the voluminously plaited skirt, of course, only the skirt begins about a foot and a half lower than skirts usually begin, and all the upper part is unmitigated unwrinkled jersey. The result is that Sarah—unless she has resorted to the extreme measure of padding—is not such a fleshless creature as has been supposed. The jersey is embroidered with heraldic figures, and the whole effect is marvelously odd. If anything would give her Lady Macbeth a stamp, it would be that wonderful, skin-fitting bodice. Sarah is living her London engagement at the Star and Garter, at Richmond. She has a suite of rooms at the famed hostelry of Richmond Hill, her windows commanding that peerless prospect which has formed the theme of rapture for so many poetic pens. She drives into town—about ten miles—every afternoon, and out again after the performance at night. Physically, this seemingly frail creature must really be very strong.

A drive or a stroll through the suburbs of Boston will show how generally the hammock has come into use in that city as an adjunct of outdoor comfort. There is scarcely a door-yard or piazza of any pretensions without one or more of these swinging couches. Rightly placed and hung, the hammock affords the very luxury of repose, and our people have done well to borrow it from their southern neighbors, whose climate and temperament are so conducive to the cultivation of a "genius for repose." But rightly hung does not mean suspended in a cramped situation, with both ends equally elevated. This is the way to put up a swing, but not a hammock, unless it be intended simply to sit in. For reclining purposes, the head should be higher than the feet. A good rule is to fasten the head of the hammock six feet three inches from the ground or floor, and the lower end three feet three inches. The distance between the two should be eighteen or twenty feet, though fifteen feet will answer. The longer rope should be at the bottom end, as this makes swinging much easier and more agreeable. For outdoor use, when two trees are not available, the hook for the head may be fastened upon the tree or the rope tied to it, and a post set in the ground at the required distance for the lower end. In this manner shade can be secured though the lounger be the possessor of but a single tree. The fastenings and the rope should be strong and secure beyond a peradventure; and if the hammock is to be used by young children, it should be hung very near to the ground, that the inevitable tumbles and spillings may be as harmless as possible. The closely woven hammocks are the best, as they do not wear out so quickly. For an enjoyable and healthful siesta, or for summer reading and day dreaming, this "couch in the air" is preferable to all others. For the purposes of flirtation or courtship—if the latter old-fashioned word be applicable to the modern fashion of wooing—we have not observed that any hints or directions are necessary. The hammock lends itself to the graces and natural wiles of woman, and adapts itself to a young man's fancies with a facility that suggests its origin in the land of languor and of love. Its utilitarian ends are many, but it is nevertheless essentially a thing of beauty and of luxury.

A good story is told of the late Victor Massé. He was one day informed that a rival composer took every opportunity of saying that his (Massé's) music was execrable. "He maintains I have no talent," said Massé; "I always declare he has plenty. We both know we lie."

## THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB.

### The Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith Illustrates a Delicate Point in Finance.

At the regular meeting of the Thompson Street Poker Club, Saturday night, there was trouble. It seemed that each member wished to look on, and that the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith was the only one who wished to play. Mr. Cyanide Whiffles said he had been arguing the Mulligan letter business with a Cleveland man, and felt tired; Professor Brick complained that the subject as to whether beer should not be taken through a straw, which he was now investigating, was so complex that he really couldn't get his mind out of it. Mr. Rube Jackson stated that the recent panicky feeling in Wall Street had so affected the kalsomining interests that he felt financially indisposed; and Mr. Tooter Williams avowed his belief that the vigorous cash system pursued of late in the club was one which, in view of the coming campaign, the members should modify. The Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith heard these various objections, polished his spectacles several times with his bandana, ingeniously adjusted the fly-leaf of his cigar with mucilage, so that it would draw, put his feet on the table, blew a cloud, and for ten minutes seemed lost in an interesting calculation. Then he proposed that the members should each buy three dollars' worth of chips, for cash, and whatever losses went beyond that should be settled by I. O. U.'s. This solution to the difficulty met with instant favor, and the alacrity with which even Professor Brick drew out three dollars and his chair to the table showed that the club's interest in the noble game had not for a moment abated, notwithstanding the other tremendous questions in which the country at large was involved.

Mr. Tooter Williams offered to bank, and, to the great surprise of all, the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith made not the slightest objection. Each member then put up his three dollars, and received the equivalent stacks. Mr. Williams got the deal, and the game began.

For two hours the interest was feeble, owing to the two-pair complexion of called hands, but at last the simultaneous arrival of a jack-pot, Mr. Whiffles's deal, and the wicked look in Mr. Williams's eye woke everybody up to the fact that the event of the evening had come.

It had been agreed that no one should issue an I. O. U. until his chips were exhausted, and so the jack-pot consisted mainly of celluloid, the one paper it contained coming from Mr. Whiffles, whom three deuces had ruined a few minutes before.

Mr. Williams opened with four dollars in chips. Prof. Brick came in with a dollar stack of chips and a three-dollar I. O. U.

"I rise dat a dollah," said the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith, putting in a ten-dollar I. O. U. of Mr. Williams's, which he had won, and taking out five dollars change in chips.

Mr. Whiffles, having no chips, called with an I. O. U. Mr. Williams pondered.

"I sees dat rise an' I liff yo' nine dollahs," said Mr. Williams, writing out another ten-dollar I. O. U.

"Pud up de chips," said the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith, throwing the paper back with the calmness which goes with power. Mr. Williams sullenly complied, and parted with his last stack.

Prof. Brick called with an I. O. U.

The Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith had two more ten-dollar I. O. U.'s of Mr. Williams's.

"I liffs yo' jess—jess two dollahs, Toot," he said, extracting eight dollars change in chips from the pot as before.

"Wha—whadyer take out de chips for?" queried Mr. Williams, who was growing uneasy.

"Change," said the Rev. Mr. Smith, sententiously. He now had all the chips but one dollar, and the pot consisted entirely of paper, with the exception of that dollar.

Mr. Whiffles wrote out another I. O. U. and called. So did Mr. Williams. Everybody now drew three cards. Mr. Williams had no chips, and bet a $10 I. O. U. Professor Brick called. The Rev. Mr. Smith had a $6 I. O. U. of Mr. Williams's, one for $3 of Mr. Whiffles's, and one for $2 from Professor Brick. He threw them into the pot, taking therefrom its last dollar in chips.

"Wha—whadyer took dat dollah outen de pot for?" queried Mr. Williams again, desperately.

"Change," said the Rev. Mr. Smith.

Mr. Whiffles called.

On the showdown, Mr. Williams exhibited three jacks and got the pot, which he drew in with an air of sullen sadness singular in a victor.

The Rev. Mr. Smith yawned, shoved his pile across the table, and said he guessed he'd go home.

"Wha—whadjer want for dese yar chips?" asked Mr. Williams, with an attempt at cheerful indifference.

"The usual squivalent," replied the Rev. Mr. Smith, yawning again.

"Fourteen dollahs," said Mr. Williams, grandly. "Yar's de mount," he added, handing over a collection of the due bills he had just raked in.

"Gin me de spondles," said the Rev. Mr. Smith.

"Dar am de bills," said Mr. Williams, pointing again to the I. O. U.'s.

"I ain't no cla'rin-house," said the Rev. Mr. Smith.

"Dem notes am legal-tender," said Mr. Williams.

The Rev. Mr. Smith bestowed upon Mr. Williams a steady and dangerous glower.

"De squivalent fer dem chips," he said, "am tin. De squivalent fer dem notes am honah. Ise de lass man in de world to doubt a niggah's honah, but Ise de lass man in de world to buck my money agin it. Gin me de squivalent."

With a sepulchral sigh, Mr. Williams disgorged fourteen lawful dollars, and the Rev. Mr. Smith, yawning again, quitted the room. Mr. Williams did not break the gloomy silence for several minutes. Then he said:

"Niggahs, dis yar speriment am a failure. Wen a niggah kin put in a niggah's paper and 'stract chips, dar ha'nt no profit in bankin', an' de credit ob dis yar club am gone, lessen the papah's backed wid de c'lateral. Dar's no membah got c'lateral. Dis yar papah's wuff lessen fo' cents a pound. Dis bank's 'spended."

The club adjourned.—*Life.*

## LICENTIOUS LORD ST. LEONARDS.

"Cockaigne" Discusses Him and other Shameless Peers.

The letting off of the Earl of St. Leonards with a sentence that virtually means no sentence at all has naturally created a good deal of talk in all circles, and given rise to the usual comments from the radical press on the favoritism shown to the nobility. There are a good many ways of looking at the whole business, depending considerably on the station in life and society from which the view is taken. One can find a tenable reason for almost any shortcoming of human nature if one likes to seek for one, and an excuse for the bad behavior of a man in high position seems always the easiest of discovery by those who are in the habit of slurring over the vices of the nobility. On the other hand, the fact that a man has a title seems with some people to give double venom to their tongues and pens, and because a man happens to be a peer is given as an especial reason why he should be treated with additional severity.

As a matter of course, both sides are wrong. When a man behaves himself as Lord St. Leonards has been shown to have done, it is not a question for society and its very capricious opinions to deal with, but one for the law to be applied to. Now, nowhere on the face of the globe is the law less a respecter of persons than in England. Its unprejudiced treatment of the Prince of Wales in the Lady Mordaunt case, and of Colonel Valentine Baker, later on, would be enough to show that, did one need any instances to demonstrate what every one must acknowledge. But that this rule has in every sense been followed in the case of Lord St. Leonards would be a difficult matter to uphold. His lordship was convicted on the nineteenth of May of a criminal assault upon a servant maid in the employ of some people in whose house he was staying. The nature of the assault was in many respects similar to that of which Miss Dickenson accused Colonel Baker, for which he was confined in jail for one year and socially ruined. Lord St. Leonards, I believe, admitted the fact of the assault, but claimed that it was acquiesced in upon previous encouragement by the prosecutrix, and that the prosecution was for the purpose of extorting money from him by blackmail. He proved that the woman had been the associate of prostitutes, and that the people in whose employ she was were living together as man and wife without having been married.

Altogether, these facts were of a character to throw considerable doubt over the maid-servant's story; but, notwithstanding, the earl was convicted, and ordered by the Recorder, before whom he was tried, to appear for sentence last Saturday. Previous to the passing of sentence his lordship's counsel addressed the court in behalf of his client, and in the course of a lengthy plea for leniency contended that a conviction itself of such a person as a peer of the realm carried with it more punishment than the judge would have jurisdiction to inflict. Sir Thomas Chambers seemed to see such force in this plea that his sentence was that Lord St. Leonards be imprisoned for seven weeks *from the date of his conviction*, the retroactive effect of which was that the amorous earl put on his hat and walked out of court a free man. It is true, he had been virtually imprisoned for the charge awaiting sentence for seven weeks, but not actually so in the full legal sense, and that is where the apparent unfairness of the proceeding really shows itself. Had he been imprisoned for but one day after sentence it would have been different.

Of course it does not really matter. It seems like tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. But it has brought up all the old talk, and people say, "Suppose Lady Shrewsbury (whose character justifies one in assuming her to be quite as willing a subject for assault as any servant-maid in the kingdom) had been assaulted by her footman, would he have got off with less than two years? No, indeed." One can not help but admit there is much truth in the assumption. But while a good deal of adverse feeling has shown itself as to the Recorder's action on principles of even-handed justice, there can be no doubt that much of it has come from the fact of the earl's previous bad behavior in many ways, as he is looked upon and known as one of the titled blackguards of the day in England. It would be as useless, as it would be doubtless unpalatable, to enter into the many escapades and derelictions of this nobleman, whose name, with those of the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Aylesford, Lord Euston, Lord Shrewsbury, and a score of others, stinks in the nostrils of the people of Britain. There has been such a surfeit of the doings of these titled scapegraces, that one tires of their constant recapitulation, and there is a marked sameness about their disgraceful actions.

While on this subject, however, it would seem to be but fair to remark that the nobility of England, in its truest and real meaning of the word, can hardly be blamed for the short-comings of Lord St. Leonards, and have his sins laid at their door. In no sense is he a nobleman, save in name. His actions are certainly not those of one, and by birth he is too recently plebeian to justify the application of the axiom of *noblesse oblige* to his inclinations. His great-grandfather was a barber, and a Dublin barber at that. His grandfather undoubtedly achieved, as Edward Sugden, great eminence as a lawyer, and became successively Lords Chancellor of Ireland and England. In 1852 he was made a peer. But this, while it legally ennobled him, didn't give him the *sang pur*, without which there can be no real nobility in England—at all events, not the sort of nobility from which one can expect the ways and attributes of an ancient lineage.

I know it is a common thought in America to lay no store by ancestry. Perhaps there may not be anything in it, in these days at any rate. But I have often observed that people who laugh at rank and family line one moment, will the next be shocked when they hear that the aristocrat has behaved badly. Why? Why, according to their views, should anything better than, or different from, anybody else be expected from a man of high rank and old family? Yet they always seem to look for it—on what hypothesis I have ever been at a loss to find out. But when a peer whose line goes back to the Conqueror goes wrong, what can we expect from one whose coronet is but thirty years old? That is the age of the golden band which encircles the brow of the present Earl of St. Leonards.

It might be of interest to know that the Mr. Edward Sugden of the London stage is a cousin of the present peer; and if one of his late performances off the boards can be taken as a sample of his character, he is true to the family instincts as shown by the earl himself. It may be as well to premise, by saying that Mr. Sugden is, and has been for some years, one of the "ladies' darlings" of the London stage; and with Mr. Conway (who is his chief rival) gets perhaps more pink notes from fair ones, high and low, than any other actor before the British footlights. In 1878 he formed the acquaintance, through the means of these three-cornered missives, of the Countess of Desart, a young and beautiful girl, but a few years married to a rather neglectful husband. The acquaintance ripened into a daily visit on the part of the dashing actor at her ladyship's house, and their mutual loves seemed steeped in bliss, till, one fine day, Lord Desart suddenly awakened to a state of affairs long known to others, and—well, the customary divorce followed. It was rather hard lines upon Lord D., for the major part of his income came from his wife, and with her he lost it. After the divorce Mr. Sugden married the unchaste countess, and left the stage to live in clover and idleness on her money—while it lasted. It appears to have taken about four years to get to the end of it, for last year he unceremoniously left the lady, and betook himself to the stage again; and he is now playing at one of the London theatres (the Court, if I am not mistaken), where he is again delighting the eyes of romantic young ladies, in lovers' parts. Sugden, so far as looks go, is hardly the sort of man to attract feminine attention, one would think. Short and thin, with a far from handsome face, he would not, perhaps, be noticed in private life. But the glitter of footlights, and the attendant charms of a seducer's part—in which he shines as well on as off the stage—seem to attract female hearts to him.

It is strange what an advantage a commonplace actor has over other men with women. Men are blamed enough, I am sure, for their fondness for actresses. But women in these days seem to be given amazingly to the same sort of thing. Of course, they only think of them as the heroes they appear to be on the stage. Could they see them as men do, during the sunlit hours, they would surely experience a decided disenchantment. But it is quite useless to say so. The other day I had the pleasure of taking a young lady in to dinner at a rather swell party in Queen's Gate. She was certainly a girl from whom I had expected better things, but what was my surprise to find almost her first remark to be: "I don't know which I am the fondest of, Sugden or Conway." It is all the more strange because in England actors, as I have frequently observed, do not get asked to entertainments in good society, as they seem to be in America. Yet, perhaps, that's where it all is. Did girls meet them in real life, and see what illiterate, ill-mannered fellows they are when not speaking the heroic words set down for them in the playbooks, they would alter their opinions.

The season is now fast drawing to a close. There remains but one event of annual importance to chain people in town—viz: Goodwood. The Prince and Princess of Wales, as usual, go down to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Richmond at Goodwood Park for the race week, and the house party for the occasion will be made up of the customary "set," such as Gladys, Lady Lonsdale, Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, Lord Suffield, Major Oliver Montagu, and Mr. W. C. Craven.

By the by, speaking of Mr. Craven reminds me of the fact that his son, who a few years ago married one of London's most fascinating belles, Miss Cotton, has just eloped with a Mrs. Boswell, a young married beauty, and the wife of an army officer. Young Craven, since his marriage, had run through all his money with racing, hunting, coaching, etc., and, as he is but fairly good looking, people are wondering what motive Mrs. Boswell had in leaving a comfortable home and devoted husband for his society. He is true to the family strain, is young Craven. His father is one of the fastest of fast men about town, and his mother, who is now separated from her husband, was at one time more intimate than propriety permitted with the Prince of Wales. She is a sister of the present Earl of Hardwicke, and is unknown in respectable society. Curiously enough, her husband is one of the prince's stanchest friends and "pals." Such things are surprising in the abstract, but nobody seems to notice them in the whirl of fashionable life. I dare say Mr. Craven himself has played the same part by too many other husbands to give him any right to complain if his own connubial preserves are trespassed upon. And then, among some people it is actually regarded as a sort of honor when the Prince of Wales is the trespasser.

A new beauty is looming up on the horizon. She is a Miss Kate Blake, a comparatively obscure girl from the south of England, of quite humble parentage, but of uncommonly pretty features, and a perfect complexion. I have heard her compared to Mrs. Langtry, and the prediction made that she would be her next great rival. All she will need will be the notice of the Prince of Wales. London seems in sad need of something fresh in the beauty line. Mrs. Cornwallis West, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Livingston Thompson, Lady Garvagh, Lady Castlereagh, Gladys, Lady Lonsdale, and Lady Donoughmore are quite *passées* now, and as for Miss Chamberlain, one never so much as hears of her. Her golden butterfly days are quite over in England, and, doubtless, her papa and mamma are wishing they had never left their home in Euclid Avenue to throw away so much time and money on such a bubble reputation they seemed so proud of achieving for their daughter. She is about as stale in England as a girl can be, and I am very much mistaken if she finds that her European notoriety will enhance her charms when she goes back to America.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, July 15, 1884.

---

A new comedy is called "Spot Cash." The principal characters, it is presumed, are New York bank officials. They "spot" cash pretty effectually.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Barry Sullivan was once playing Othello at a Dublin Theatre. When the scene appeared for him to ask Desdemona for the handkerchief, he commenced, "Give me the handkerchief." A pause. "The handkerchief." Another pause. "Give me the h-a-ndkerchief." When a voice from the front was heard to exclaim: "Ah, Mister Sullivan, sorr, wipe your nose wid your fingers, and go on wid the play."

The late Bishop Jacobson, of Chester, England, was never to be caught napping in a conversation. In company once, after dinner, the clergyman just appointed to a leading pulpit was under discussion. The bishop said nothing, but listened attentively to the various expressions of opinion, like, or dislike, until a lady appealed directly to him with, "And what you think, my lord, of the new vicar?" "I think," replied Doctor Jacobson, "that he is a middle-aged man."

During the stay of the Queen, some years ago, in the vicinity of Loch Vennachar, the Princess Louise, who lacks none of the love of her sex for shopping, drove into the town of Callander to get some velvet matched. Having procured what she was in search of, she was about to pay for it, when she discovered that she had left home without her purse. Explaining the matter to the draper, and promising to send the money next day, the Princess was greatly amused at receiving the characteristically pawky reply: "Dinna fash yersel', mem; yer mither's credit is good."

Once when visiting a small town in one of the smallest German states, the sovereign prince was received at the gates by twenty young damsels in white. As a piece of cunning strategy, the ten prettiest maidens were placed in the front rank, and the ten—less pretty ones—in the second. Charmed with the attractive appearance of the vanguard, his serene highness did what comported itself well with his sixty years and his princely dignity—he kissed every one of them on their beautiful foreheads. At the end of the front rank he made a sudden pause—only for a couple of seconds, however; then he beckoned to his adjutant, "Sparrenholz, here—go on with the rest!"

A crowd of Irish peasants once attacked Dick Flaherty, a constable. He rushed into an empty cabin. In a moment his enemies rushed in after him, and found Dick standing in the farthest corner, aiming a cocked pistol. Dick squinted terribly, and his eyes rolled frightfully as he shouted: "I can only shoot one of ye, and *I have my eye on* the man I'll shoot." Each one of the would-be murderers thought that Dick's eyes rested on him, and that he was the doomed man. All shrank back, and then retired to deliberate. They were about removing the thatched roof, in order to stone him to death without danger to themselves, when a party of policemen hove in sight. Dick's squint saved his life.

Some years ago a detachment of United States artillery was stationed at Hot Springs, Arkansas, to protect the public property, the Supreme Court having decided that the springs belonged to the United States. One day one of the detachment fell ill and was ordered by the surgeon to "take a hot bath and drink the water," meaning the sulphur spring water. He went to one of the bath-houses, where a bath was prepared for him, and he was left to enjoy the luxury. After the usual time had elapsed the attendant went in to see how he was getting along. He found the soldier sitting on the edge of the tub much swollen about the waist and the water reduced about one-half. The attendant asked him how he was getting along. The soldier replied: "Pretty well; I enjoyed the bath; but," he added, and a look of despondent determination settled upon his countenance, "I'll be hanged if I drink all that water, not even if they put me in the guard-house for it."

When H. G. Byron was writing his "Forty Thieves" burlesque, he informed William Brough that he had hit upon a good title. "Call it 'The Eighty Legs,'" suggested Brough, "or 'The Pianoforte.'" "I am calling it," rejoined Byron, "'The Thirty-nine Thieves,' through the author's habit of taking one off." Byron once took his friends to a neighboring hostelry and ordered three stiff goes of brandy. When these were produced his quick eye spotted a dead fly in his own glass. "Only one among three of us," he said; "bring two more flies, waiter." Byron had a horror of funerals, but he attended that of a brother Bohemian at Brompton. After a long wait at the cemetery entrance, Byron and the other friends of the deceased followed the wrong funeral into the chapel. "Ah!" he remarked, when the mistake was discovered, "just like Bill—never in time." One night Bandmann, the actor, came into the Albion with a lithographer, and took a seat in the same box with Byron. Bandmann was explaining what he desired in the way of a picture or a poster, and asked the lithographer for his pencil. "I'll endeavor to give you an idea, but you know I don't draw." Byron caught the last sentence, and added: "So the manager says." Once some one was telling of a row he had witnessed between an Irishwoman and her two daughters, and wound up the account with the observation, "And, to cap the climax, the old harridan, in her rage, chucked a bottle of oil at the girl. Wasn't it disgraceful?" "Not at all," instantly said Byron; "it was about the most peaceful thing she could do—to pour oil on the troubled daughters." Byron met J. S. Clarke one day, who was about departing on a provincial tour. "Whom do you take with you?" asked the author of "Our Boys." Clarke mentioned several names, and said: "I engaged Walter Joyce, but he's trying to cry off on account of looking after his public house." "And shall you let him off?" "I fear I can't conveniently." "Oh, I see," quoth Byron, "you pays your money, and you takes your Joyce."

### THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

On a Peel.

" A slip,
A trip,
A liberal flip
Of 'broidered underclothes.
" A glance
Askance
The moment grants
Of dainty boots and hose.
" A slide,
A glide—
Ah! woe betide!—
An agonizing squeal.
" A fall,
A squall—
Lord bless us all—
'Twas a banana peel."

—*H. M. Beatty.*

The Dude from Dudeville.

This is the dude from Dudeville.

This is the maid with golden hair,
The soft blue eyes and languid air,
That was mashed on the dude from Dudeville.

This is her brother, a slugger bold,
Who thumped the dude when to him was told
That his sister, the maid with the golden hair,
And soft blue eyes and languid air,
Was mashed on the dude from Dudeville.

This is the father who saw the fun,
But said not a word till the thing was done
By his son, the tough young slugger bold,
Who thumped the dude when to him was told
That his sister, the maid with the golden hair,
And soft blue eyes and languid air,
Was mashed on the dude from Dudeville.

This is the bulldog, true and tried,
That caused the dude to "get up and slide,"
When unloosed by the father who saw the fun
But said not a word till the thing was done
By his son, the tough young slugger bold,
Who thumped the dude when to him was told
That his sister, the maid with golden hair,
And soft blue eyes and languid air,
Was mashed on the dude from Dudeville.

—*New York Sun.*

F. C. Damkroeger, a young man who served one of the *Argonaut* routes, was drowned last week while out boating with some companions. A strong breeze carried the boat out toward the Golden Gate, and while off Lime Point a heavy gust of wind capsized her. The occupants succeeded in getting upon the keel of the capsized craft, but were four times washed off by the rough sea. The fourth time young Damkroeger went down. He was a steady young man of good habits, and his death is greatly deplored by his family and friends. The body has not yet been recovered.

**CCCXXII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday August 10, 1884.**

Chicken Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Fried Clams. Cold Slaw.
Lamb Chops, Tomato Sauce.
Egg Plant. Stuffed Bellpeppers.
Roast Pork. Sweet Potatoes. Apple Sauce.
Lettuce, Egg Dressing.
Velvet Cream.
Apples, Peaches, Nectarines, Apricots, Grapes, Gages, Plums, Figs, Almonds, and Pears.

VELVET CREAM.—Whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth; two tablespoonfuls each of sugar, currant jelly, and raspberry jam. Beat all together briskly. Serve with cream and cake.

— THE USUAL YEARLY EXAMINATIONS AT THE Royal Conservatory of Music, at Leipsic, Germany, were concluded this year on May fifteenth by a concert of more than ordinary interest, since the programme for the same consisted entirely of original compositions of pupils in the various branches of theory—an excellent idea, giving opportunity for the public to judge of the talent which is being developed and cultivated in one of their most cherished institutions. It is pleasing to note that on this occasion San Francisco was honored in her representative, Mr. Henry Bickford Pasmore, whose name occupied a prominent position on the programme as composer of four numbers—there were only nine altogether—"Overture to Miles Standish" (E major) for orchestra, and three songs—"Harmony," "The Zephyr," and "Still, Still my Heart." These compositions were highly commended, the overture in particular being pronounced the most valuable of the three presented at the time, and worthy of special mention for its finely conceived introduction, clear and effective management of the orchestra, for its individuality and the evidence it gave of diligence, energy, and ability. The three songs are from a suite of six by the same composer, published by Breitkopf and Härtel some time ago, and are therefore not reviewed at length. The many friends and admirers of Mr. Pasmore in this city will be pleased to hear that he sailed from England on July 30th, and intends in about a month to be again located here, to take a position awaiting him as church organist and to resume the practice of his profession, for which he is better fitted than ever by more extended study and experience added to his undoubted natural ability.

— BLAINE AND CLEVELAND CAMPAIGN MEDals. Best gold and silver-plated badges out. Samples of either candidate, gold, 50 cents; silver, 25 cents. Wholesale terms on application. E. F. GAMBS, sole agent for Pacific Coast, 234 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

— CELERY, BEEF, AND IRON—PHYSICAL DEcline arrested—Vigor re-established. Price of Celery, Beef, and Iron within the reach of all.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

TAGGART & DINGEE,
Real Estate Agents and Auctioneers
460 and 462 Eighth St., Oakland.

EASTON & ELDRIDGE, 22 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

W. H. RHODEHAMEL, Haywards.

J. O. ELDRIDGE.....AUCTIONEER.

NOTICE.

GREAT CREDIT SALE

500 ACRES

In subdivisions of from 10 to 20 acres each,

Of the far-famed

FRUIT & BERRY LAND

—AT—

HAYWARDS

Alameda Co., Cal., being the well-known

STROWBRIDGE RANCH,

Only ten minutes' walk from the post-office at Haywards, at

AUCTION

SATURDAY, AUG. 16, 1884,

At 12 o'clock, noon, on the property.

An opportunity never before offered for securing small tracts of productive FRUIT LAND in this celebrated location.

Surrounded by the famous orchards of Meek, Wenton, Blackwood, Jessup, and others, and on account of its proximity to San Francisco, and the cheap transportation, this land offers advantages unequaled by any other section in the State, **and is rapidly enhancing in value. Secure a homestead with an income. Only 60 minutes from San Francisco.**

Long Credit and Low Rate of Interest

☞ Only One-third Cash, balance in 1, 2, and 3 yearly payments; interest on deferred payment only 7 per cent. per annum.

**An Elegant Country Seat.**

That portion of the tract comprising 100 acres, on which are the improvements, include the

**STROWBRIDGE MANSION,**

A magnificent modern residence of twenty rooms, completely and elegantly furnished. Broad verandas, and every comfort of a luxurious home.

Fine large stables, carriage-houses, summer-houses, and out-buildings; also, trout pond and never-failing stream of running water; fine orchard of five acres, assorted fruits; handsome lawn, etc., etc., will be sold as a whole, including the furniture.

**Send for Diagram Catalogue of Ranch; also, Stock Catalogue,**

And don't fail to see the property before the day of sale.

At the same time and place will be sold Strowbridge's celebrated band of

**Thoroughbred Spanish Merino Sheep, Fine Driving and Trotting Horses, High Grade Durham Cows, Farming Implements, Furniture, &c., &c.**

TO REACH THE RANCH.

The 7:30 and 10 A. M. boats from San Francisco connect at Oakland pier with Haywards train. Free busses meet all trains, taking parties to see the ranch, allowing ample time to view the property and return to the city in the afternoon.

**ON DAY OF SALE**

A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Oakland pier on arrival of 9 A. M. boat from the city; Market Street, Oakland, at 9:25; and East Oakland at 9:35 A. M. This train will return to the city after the sale.

Don't fail to examine this choice FRUIT LAND before the day of sale.

AN AMPLE FREE LUNCH WILL BE PROVIDED.

Tickets for Special Train and further particulars can be had of the undersigned.

TAGGART & DINGEE,
460 and 462 Eighth Street, Oakland;

EASTON & ELDRIDGE,
22 Montgomery Street, San Francisco; or

W. H. RHODEHAMEL, Haywards.



WRESTLING MATCH.
Specimen of Japanese humorous art, by T. Yata, artist for Ichi Ban.

ICHI BAN is a FREE EXHIBITION of the ART and MANUFACTURES of the JAPANESE EMPIRE, to which all are welcome.
ICHI BAN is the largest and most comprehensive collection of JAPANESE GOODS in the world.
ICHI BAN is the most attractive store in AMERICA.
THESE FACTS ARE INDISPUTABLE.

FALK'S
Bilsener
BEER

NEW MAP OF SAN FRANCISCO,

Just published by Warren Holt, 413 Montgomery St. Compiled to date from official sources. Complete in every respect—streets, grades, railroads, public buildings, etc. Soundings on the city front and Fort Point. Printed on the finest map paper. Size, 4½ by 5½ feet. Price—Mounted on ash rollers, $10; book form, with muslin back, $3; plain, $6 50. WARREN HOLT, Publisher, 413 Montgomery Street.

INVENTORS' INSTITUTE,
105 STOCKTON STREET,
Corner of O'Farrell.
PATENTS PROCURED FOR $65, AND PATENTS Negotiated. Send for particulars.

THE FULTON.
3 Fulton, opposite New City Hall. "The Fulton"—new house; splendidly furnished suits of rooms References.

Nineteenth Industrial Exhibition
—AND—
MECHANICS' FAIR,
SAN FRANCISCO, 1884.

Opens August 5th; closes September 6th. Mechanical Progress, Invention, Art, and Natural Products will be represented by the best obtainable exhibits on this coast. An Instrumental Concert by an efficient orchestra each afternoon and evening.

**Premiums**—Medals of gold, silver, and bronze, diplomas, and cash will be awarded as premiums to meritorious exhibits.

**Admission.**—Double season ticket $5; single season, $3; apprentice season, $1.50; child's, $1.50. Adult single admission, 50 cents; child's, 25 cents. Season tickets to members of the Institute at half rates.

Any desired information given or sent on application to the Secretary, 31 Post Street.

P. B. CORNWALL, President.
J. H. CULVER, Secretary.

THE
LADIES' CARD BASKET.

**Mr. John P. Dwyer**, late of Palace Hotel, has opened an office at 620 Market Street, directly opposite the Palace, where he will be pleased to see all of his old friends and as many new ones who may favor him with a call. Ladies will find it very convenient, when in want of Visiting Cards, to drop in and leave their order. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Cards furnished in one hour's notice. Specimen cards written free.

THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!
The Light-running
"HOUSEHOLD"
SEWING MACHINE.



Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to **three months' trial.**

Samuel Hill Estate
CITY SALES ROOMS,
634 Market St.
Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

STORE YOUR FURNITURE
Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.
BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH
J. H. MOTT & CO.,
735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco
Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

"The best is the cheapest."
FOR THE BEST
FIRE AND GARDEN
HOSE
GO TO
W. T. Y. SCHENCK
36 CALIFORNIA ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

WALL PAPERS,
FRESCOING,
INTERIOR DECORATING
WINDOW SHADES.
G. W. CLARK & CO.
645 and 647 MARKET STREET.

BETHESDA
SUPERIOR TABLE WATER
L. CAHEN AND SON. 418 SAC. ST. S.F.

### THE INNER MAN.

English Dinners.

In no respect can American and English etiquette be contrasted more fully than in the matter of the every-day dinner, which in America finds a lady in a plain silk dress, high-necked and long-sleeved, but at which the English lady always appears in a semi-grand toilet, with open pompadour corsage and elbow sleeves, if not in low-necked, full-dress attire; while her daughters are uniformly sleeveless, and generally in white dresses, often low-necked in depth of winter. At dinner all the men are in evening dress, even if there is no one present at the time but the family.

The dinner is not as good as the ordinary American dinner, except in the matter of fish, which is universally very fine. The vegetables are few and poor, and the "sweets," as they call dessert, are very bad. A gooseberry tart is all that is offered to one at an ordinary dinner, although fine strawberries and a pine are often brought in afterward. The dinner is always served with much state, and afterward the ladies all combine to amuse the guests by their talents. There is no false shame in England about singing and playing the piano. Even poor performers do their best, and contribute very much to the pleasure of the company. At the table people do not talk much, nor do they gesticulate as Americans do. They eat very quietly, and speak in low tones. No matters of family history, or religion, or political differences are discussed before the servants. Talking with the mouth full is considered an unpardonable vulgarity. All small preferences for any particular dish are kept in the background. No hostess ever apologizes, or appears to hear or see anything disagreeable. If the *omelette soufflée* is a failure, she does not observe it; the servant offers and withdraws it, nor is any one disturbed thereby. As soon as one is helped he must begin to eat, not waiting for any one else. If the viand is too hot or too cold, or is not what the visitor likes, he pretends to eat it, playing with knife and fork.

No guest ever passes a plate or helps to anything: the servant does all that. Soup is taken from the side of the spoon noiselessly. Soup and fish are not partaken of a second time. If there is a joint and the master carves, it is proper, however, to ask for a second cut. Bread is passed by the servant, and must be broken, not cut, afterward. It is considered *gauche* to be undecided as to whether you will take clear soup or thick soup; decide quickly. In refusing wine, simply say, "Thanks"; the servant knows then that you do not take any.

The servants retire after handing the dessert, and a few minutes' free conversation is allowed. Then the lady of the house gives the signal for rising. Toasts and taking wine with people are entirely out of fashion; nor do the gentlemen remain long in the dining-room.

At the English dinner-table, from the plainest to the highest, there is etiquette, manner, fine service, and everything that Englishmen enjoy. The wit, the courtier, the beauty, and the poet aim at appearing well at dinner. The pleasures of the table, says Savarin, bring neither enchantment, ecstasy, nor transports, but they gain in duration what they lose in intensity; they incline us favorably toward all other pleasures—at least help to console us for the loss of them.

At very few houses, even that of a duke, does one see so elegant a table and such a profusion of flowers as at every millionaire's table in New York; but one does see superb old family silver and the most beautiful table-linen even at a very plain abode. The table is almost uniformly lighted with wax candles. Hot coffee is served immediately after dinner in the drawing-room. Plum-pudding, a sweet omelet, or a very rich plum tart is often served in the middle of dinner, before the game. The salad always comes last, with the cheese. This is utterly unlike our American etiquette.

Tea is served in English country houses four or five times a day. It is always brought to your bedside before rising; it is poured at breakfast and at lunch; it is a necessary of life at five o'clock; it is drunk just before going to bed. Probably the cold, damp climate has much to do with this; and the tea is never very strong, but is excellent, being always freshly drawn, not steeped, and is most refreshing.

Servants make the round of the table is pairs, offering the condiments, the sauces, the vegetables, and the wines. The common sense of the English nation breaks out in their dinners. To make too great a display of wealth is considered *bourgeois* and vulgar to a degree. A choice but not oversumptuous dinner meets you in the best houses. But to sit down to the plainest dinners, as we do, *in plain clothes*, would never be permitted. Even ladies in deep mourning are expected to make some slight change at dinner.

Iced drinks are never offered in England, nor in truth are they needed.

In England no one speaks of "sherry wine," "port wine," "champagne wine," he always says "sherry," "port," "claret," etc. But in France one always says "vin de Champagne," "vin de Bordeaux," etc. It goes to show that what is proper in one country is vulgar in another.

It is still considered proper for the man of the house to know how to carve, and at breakfast and lunch the gentlemen present always cut the cold beef, the fowl, the pressed veal, and the tongue. At a country-house dinner the lady often helps the soup herself. Even at very quiet dinners a *menu* is written out by the hostess and placed at each plate. The ceremony of the "first lady" being taken in first and allowed to go out first is always observed at even a family dinner. No one apologizes for any accident, such as overturning a glass of claret, or dropping a spoon, or even breaking a glass. It is passed over in silence.

No English lady ever reproves her servants at table, nor even before her husband and children. Her duty at table is to appear serene and unruffled. She puts her guests at their ease by appearing at ease herself. In this respect English hostesses are far ahead of American ones.—*Harper's Bazar.*

— AYER'S SARSAPARILLA NEVER BEFORE equaled its present daily record of marvelous cures and immense sales.

— LADIES, AYER'S HAIR VIGOR IS A SUPERIOR and economical dressing. It has become an indispensable article for the toilet.

The Strongest and Best!




The Strongest and Best!

Recommended by the leading Physicians and Chemists of the Pacific Coast.

FOR SALE BY

C. J. HAWLEY & CO.

Nos. 215 and 217 Sutter St.

AYER'S
Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years.
W. H. MOORE."
Durnam, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

Apollinaris

NATURAL MINERAL WATER

"*Issues from a spring deeply embedded in a rock, and is therefore of ABSOLUTE ORGANIC PURITY.*"
Oscar Liebreich,
*Regius Professor, University of Berlin.*

"*The only water safe for the traveller to drink is a NATURAL MINERAL WATER.*"
Sir Henry Thompson, F.R.C.S. Lond. Eng.

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.

*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.

No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco,

and Portland, Oregon.

WINDOW SHADE FACTORY. H. E. BULLIVANT & CO., FACTORY AND SALESROOM, 753 Mission St., bet. 3d & 4th. Decorating and Lettering a specialty for stores, offices, residences, etc.

FINE

Suits, $25. TAILORING Suits, $30.
Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.

Suits, $40. TAILORING Suits, $50.
Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.

Suits, $60. TAILORING Suits, $70.
J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier,
314 Kearny Street.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

EDUCATIONAL.

BARNARD'S
BUSINESS COLLEGE,
37 Post St., S. F. Send for Circular.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL for GIRLS
Will re-open Monday, August 3d.
Temporary location, 1001 Sutter Street, corner of Hyde.

PERRY SEMINARY,
Formerly Sacramento Seminary of Sacramento, will open
August 6, 1884,
At 1625 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland. For catalogue and particulars, address MRS HERMAN PERRY, Or MISS KATE M. FULLER, Principals.

Elocution, Oratory, and the Drama.
MRS. M. J. BRADLEY,
528 Ellis Street. Office hours, 1 to 3.

MISS F. A. DILLAYE,
ORGANIST AND TEACHER OF ORGAN, PIANO, AND VOCAL MUSIC. Opportunities to practice may be secured by organ pupils at her residence, 725 O'Farrell St.

MME. VIOLA A. POMEROY,
Teacher of Singing, Elocution, Voice Culture. Voice Building—"Delsarte Method." Restores Lost or Impaired Voices. Lessons in French, German, and Italian—for Opera, Parlor, or Concert. Pupils thoroughly prepared for the Dramatic and Operatic Stage. Residence, 220½ McAllister Street.

SHORT-HAND INSTITUTE.
Oral instruction day and evening: also, lessons by mail; send for circular. Long's School of Phonography, 220½ McAllister Street.

PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.
THOROUGH TRAINING BASED ON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES. WM. T. ROSS, A. M.,
Rooms 78 and 79, St. Ann's Building, No. 6 Eddy St.

PRIVATE INSTRUCTION
In the English Branches. Bookkeeping and Accounts. Preparations for Examinations a specialty. Call 4 to 8 P. M. E. L. BROWN, 313 Geary Street.

CITY COLLEGE,
119 HAIGHT STREET.
The next term of this old and well-known institution will open on MONDAY, July 7, 1884. Thorough instruction in English, Classical and Modern Languages. A Kindergarten for Young Children. Address
REV. JAMES MATTHEWS, Principal.

ST. MARY'S HALL,
BENICIA, CAL.
The next term of St. Mary's Hall, with Graduating Course and Departments of Music, Languages and Art, will begin THURSDAY, August 7th. Address
REV. L. D. MANSFIELD, Rector.

HARMON SEMINARY,
BERKELEY, CAL.
A first-class Boarding School for Young Ladies. Next term will open July 31st. For catalogue, with full description, terms, etc., address MISSES HARMON, Berkeley, Cal.; or E. J. WICKSON, 414 Clay Street, San Francisco.

SHORT-HAND & TYPE WRITING
Taught privately or by mail. Situations procured for pupils when competent. Call or write to F. LUSK, Heald's Business College.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
24 Post St., San Francisco
COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, PENMANSHIP AND TELEGRAPHY.
F. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

FINEST PHOTOS IN THE CITY
....AT THE....
IMPERIAL GALLERY,
724½ Market Street.

THE
AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.
C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.
Office, 208 California Street.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

JOHN MIDDLETON,
COAL.
14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS
And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,
415 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco

MARBLE WORKS.
MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, COLORED, ITALIAN, and STATUARY MARBLES. Monuments and Headstones.
W. H. McCORMICK,
827 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, S. F.

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR
AND
CLOTH OF GOLD
CIGARETTES.

Our Cigarettes can not be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883.

13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

ALASKA
COMMERCIAL CO.
No. 310 SANSOME STREET,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

$130,000
Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, 1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal. Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers.
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of August, 1884, an assessment (No. 13) of Twenty (20c) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in U. S. gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the eleventh (11th) day of September, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the eighth day of October, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

POTOSI MINING COMPANY.

Location and principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-ninth day of July, 1884, an assessment (No. 16) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the 2d day of September, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 23d day of September, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California

CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 23d day of July, 1884, an assessment (No. 14) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the twenty-sixth day of August, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of September, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over 3,300 illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy Free to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.
Respectfully,
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago Ill.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Wednesday, October 1, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‖8.00 A.M. | ..Byron and Martinez | ¶6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Delta and Redding | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..{ Deming, El Paso } Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | ..{ and East } Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Galt and Ione, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ..Galt, via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Los Angeles and South | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | ..{ Merced, Madera, } | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..{ Fresno, and Tulare } | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..{ Mojave and East } Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | ..{ " " " } Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | ..{ Ogden and } Express | 11.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | ..{ East } Emigrant | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..{ Red Bluff } via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..{ and Tehama } via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | .. " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Stockton & *Milton via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ..Stockton, via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | ..Virginia City | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 8.00 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Vallejo Junction; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. can meet Pacific Express from El Paso and Mojave at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

¶ Daily from Martinez. Sundays only from Byron.

### LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier)

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23 *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23 *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, 3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.


NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

BROAD GAUGE.

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey.... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Camp Goodall.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.00 P.M. |
| †7.50 A.M. | ..Monterey and Santa Cruz.. .....(Sunday Excursion..... | †8.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.

‡ Theatre train; Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, Camp Goodall, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—Sold SUNDAY MORNING, good for return same day.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, September 22, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—9.00, 11.15 A. M., 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P. M. To Saucelito, 7.30 A. M.

(Sundays)—8.00, 10.15 A. M., 1.30, 5.30 P. M. To Saucelito only, 11.30 A. M,

Extra trip on Saturdays at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.45, 9.00 A. M., 12.15, 3.15, 4.50 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.55, 10.15 A. M., 3.30, 4.50 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 9.30 A. M., 1.00, 3.50, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.30, 10.50 A. M., 12.00 M., 4.00, 6.05 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 2.15 P. M.

**11.15 A. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAIN for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through train from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 1.30 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning arrives in S. F. at 6.40 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


BONESTELL, RICHARDSON & CO.

PAPER WAREHOUSE

411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of the world. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 2 o'clock P. M. for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| Steamer | 1884. | From San Francisco |
|---|---|---|
| **Oceanic** | **Thursday, October 30th** | |
| **Arabic** | **Tuesday, November 11th** | |
| **San Pablo** | **Thursday, December 18th** | |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Rio de Janeiro** .....**November 22**
**City of Tokio** .. .....**December 9**

At 2 o'clock P.M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Granada** .....**November 1**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**City of Sydney**...Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on Oct. 6th, 14th, 22d, and 30th, and Nov. 1st, and every eighth day thereafter. The last steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

MARIPOSA ....SATURDAY, November 1st, at 3 P. M.
ALAMEDA ...SATURDAY, November 15th, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

**THE**

## AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY.

SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**

Office, 208 California Street.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER, Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia. J. W. PORTER.

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital .....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremon National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

## NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY OF IRELAND.

**ESTABLISHED.....A. D. 1822**

Authorized Capital .....$10,000,000
Subscribed Capital..... 5,000,000

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

**Office, 309 Sansome St., San Francisco.**

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.** Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation** Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company** Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company** Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St., San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

# RUBBER HOSE

—FOR—

**Gardens, Mills, Mines, & Fire Departments,**

Manufactured and for sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard (Maltese Cross) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose (Competition), Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire Engine Hose, Carbolized Maltese Cross Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

**JOHN W. TAYLOR, - - - Manager.**

**No. 15 First Street, near Market.**

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**

## THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.

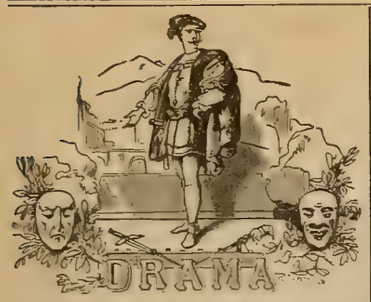


**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**

**86 California Street, San Francisco.**

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.




New York is in one vast, broad, universal grin. It is smiling at "The Private Secretary," laughing at "Nita's First," roaring over "The Wooden Spoon," shrieking over "Investigation," and hopelessly convulsed over Harry Dixey in "Adonis." There is nothing to keep the balance of gravity and restore people to their normal soberness but "Called Back" and Minnie Palmer.

The fancy of the public for dramatic material seems to run in strata. To go back not too far, Edwin Booth's famous production of "Hamlet," with its run of a hundred nights, set Shakespeare on his legs for a long time. He was superseded by a large flock of well-dressed women, who made emotion popular. The decline of the emotional period came in with the fattening of its priestesses. The cultivation of emotion invariably turns it to adipose tissue. Much of the sentiment of the world is wrapped up in layers around the bodies of that afflicted class known as fat women. But all expression of it is left to the lean ones. Clara Morris has wrung tears enough from this nation to water the sands of our great central desert and make them fertile. She had no feeling in the matter, for she jested, in an undertone, like a comic newspaper, all the time. Yet, because she could play the castanets with her shoulder-blades, the world suspected that she suffered with her heroines, and wept with her for them. Alas! she is growing fat and sympathetic, and they will shortly take her real tears for influenza, and wonder when she means to retire.

Sarah Bernhardt, wily financier that she is, knows well that her emotional power lessens with every inch of her growing girdle, and has had herself ordered to take complete repose for some time. She is going into training at a small village on the French coast, and will emerge therefrom able to wear her old clothes and play "Frou-Frou" and company in bones and lace once more. When Fanny Davenport discovered that she was no longer a soubrette or ingénue, but a harrowing emotional leading lady, she promptly proceeded to remove her flesh and get herself down to her bones—bones being the accepted exponent of emotion. She lost her health, her complexion, her spirits, her nerves, her abounding sympathies, her capacity for enjoyment in the process—but she was saved to the fast thinning emotional stage.

Ada Rehan, pretty blue-eyed slender Ada Rehan—tell it not in Gath!—is getting fat, and there seems no reason for it, except that she was injudicious enough to play "The Squire" with a gentle tenderness which could never belong to the young woman in "7-20-8." When much of the emotion of the land following these noble leaders had passed into the fatty stage, simple human nature returned to itself, and melodrama and farce came in again.

We are now in the melodramatic and farcical epoch. When we wish to cast our dramatic horoscope, we have but to look eastward, and lo! it is all farce that is coming to us. The melodrama we have with us, but of course we can not look upon the Carleton Opera Company in a farcical light. It is true, the opera company is composed of a baritone and contralto, a rather unusual state of things; but the people themselves are so dignified and grave about it that one does not dare to wonder whether they are amused at the assumption or are carrying it off high-handed. If there be a prima donna, she has not yet been seen, and Miss Wiley continues to composedly sing her rôles in a still, small voice which does not reach beyond the orchestra chairs. If there be a tenor, he has not yet appeared; and Mr. Golden, who is one of the most artistic and finished comedians that ever squeaked the notes—he was not born to sing—replaces the elegant Perugini as the Marquis Sebastiani. He carries the substitution even to the advertising of the wonderful dress which Monsieur Chose wore at the Vanderbilt ball, and whose long public life Monsieur Chose himself could never have foreseen when he had the pretty thing put together. The rôle is none the worse for being in Mr. Golden's hands; according to the farcical spirit of the day it is more enjoyable, but it is radically different, and emphasizes the lack of a tenor. It is difficult to say just what position Miss Rose Beaudet fills. One can not tell by her voice, for she has none; nor by her acting, for she does not act; but she's a "fine figger of a woman," as Joe Gargery himself would admit; and, if the general windmill style of her carriage doesn't mean anything, she is, at least, not statuesque, which is something in opera bouffe.

As for Mr. Carleton himself, the manager, baritone, and impresario, if there is one thing that stands out in the ensemble of the company beyond his own fine voice and thoroughly delightful singing, it is his management and discipline of this small body of people. The rawest and crudest of them shows that he has been taught to do whatever he does do; that the pains of some personal attention had been expended upon him. There is nothing which a grateful public so quickly acknowledges. The number of his people is absurdly small, even for the little stage of the Bush Street Theatre; but every ounce of good that is in any one of them is put to use. Mr. Carleton is a very dashing, brilliant—yes, and reliable—artist; but as an opera bouffe economist he is a genius. All the sparkle of the performance depends upon his own voice, upon the pretty contralto, Jessie Davis, and upon the finished comedy of Richard Golden.

"The Merry War" itself has acres of dullness of action sprinkled with the most tuneful melodies; but even with the antics of the heavy Dutch tulip-grower, it does not come anywhere within the realm of farce.

So that, after all, we are only fully up to the age in "Called Back." The splendors of the production so completely illuminate the action of "Called Back," that one does not stop to think how poor a play it is, judged by all the dramatic rules and canons. And yet, if it had not been preceded and explained by the book itself, there is no one spot in which it is not specifically wrong. And, linking it with the book itself, the very essence of the book, the *raison d'être*, the mystery which Gilbert Vaughn sits down to tell when he writes the book, is completely ignored. And what an ignoring, when it is the very key to the wonderful epidemic of interest which his singular book has spread wherever the English language is spoken and read. It is, for the most part, made up of common and much-used materials. The colony of Italian socialists in London has been fruitful material for many a writer. Black himself left the fresh, heathery moors and the stormy fjorths of his familiar Scotland to write a tale of these plotting London Italians, with a fair-faced, innocent heroine like Pauline set among them. Wilkie Collins and a dozen others have drawn these Italian villains like Macari till we are familiar with every shift of their knitting brows; and you may find Doctor Ceneri wandering over Europe in any dozen of the semi-continental novels that are written by the gross on the other side. Pauline's lapse of memory has been treated in half a dozen different forms quite recently, most notably by W. Clark Russell, the Sage of the Sea. The trip to Siberia, which in the play affords a very effective *mise en scène*, is, in the book, rather gratuitously thrust in—a melodramatic piece of distance to prove the perseverance and devotion of the much-tried lover. Naturally, the murder scene, a blind man struggling in upon a group of assassins, dabbling his hand in the blood of an unknown man, hearing the moans of an unseen woman, surrounded by a pitfall of horrors which his yearning, desperate eyes may not see, is a most thrilling situation. In the play, though it must necessarily come just where it does, it is inevitably an anti-climax. The audience sees all the people, hears the dispute, witnesses the murder, and knows the secret.

But to the reader this is a mystery as dense as to Gilbert Vaughn himself. His graphic tale is told, for Hugh Conway has the true power of Scheherazade in the telling of a story; he compels the interest, whatever be his materials, and it is impossible to lay down the book till the mystery is cleared. And in the clearing of it lies the success of "Called Back." Wilkie Collins can build you a mystery thicker than this any day in the week; so can Gaboriau; so can that most inventive young woman, Miss Green, of "The Leavenworth Case." But the charm is in the unraveling. They, one and all, reel it off thread by thread, on a detective's reel, cleverly, neatly, wonderfully. But Conway, the busy, plodding, practical, every-day auctioneer, appeals, with the directness of genius, to that belief in or wonder concerning the supernatural which underlies the professed faith of almost every human being.

The chapter of the dream, or vision, or cataleptic fit, or whatever name you may choose to dignify or snub it by, is the central chapter of the book, the keystone of the arch, as the author himself has signified, by naming it "Called Back." It will make your flesh creep if you are superstitious, or set you to wondering if such things could be if you are not. It is written with the convincing earnestness which traps the wariest reader into half belief, and with the simple directness which appeals, without fear of any scoff, to the wide army of believers. The people are not uncommon people, the murder is not a peculiar one, the book is no marvel of literary grace; but the writer has the story-teller's peculiar attribute of holding the interest; he has the true melodramatic instinct, in rushing his blind man into a nest of murderers; the true palate for romance, in making Italian conspirators of them. But the success of the book rests entirely upon his appeal to the widespread, unacknowledged belief in the supernatural.

In the play, there being no mystery to unravel, the supernatural is laid aside. Its success depends, therefore, entirely upon character-acting and scenery. Gilbert Vaughn is a crank, and Pauline a piece of modeled putty. At the Baldwin Ceneri is the principal character, by the sheer force of Osborne's excellence. In any other case, Macari's is the star part. Having made the circuit, the ephemeral popularity of "Called Back" as a play will die out with its run in San Francisco. But the book will be read a long time yet, merely for speculation upon the chapter which the stage ignores.

BETSY B.

---

There has been nothing new at the theatres this week, with the exception of "The Merry War" at the Bush Street. This has been drawing crowded houses all the week, although the company do not appear to so much advantage in it as in the "Tambour Major." Mr. Carleton's music in "The Merry War" is not particularly effective, although he sings well, as he always does. Miss Wiley, however, appears to advantage, as does also Mrs. Bartlett-Davis, as Elsa. Mr. Golden as the Marquis Fillippo Sebastiani is not particularly happy when singing, and neither are his auditors, for the music is exigent, and he has no voice to speak of. In other respects his rôle is most admirably filled; he is an excellent comedian, and his methods are refined. The same can not be said of Herr Gustavus Adolphi, who played the part of Balthazar Groot; this gentleman might with advantage tone down his acting, which is broad in the extreme. Miss Rose Beaudet, too, indulges in rather too much bounce to be agreeable. These two are all the more marked by reason of the quiet method of the rest of the company. The chorus in the "silent drill" was handsomely costumed, and led with precision by Miss Clara Wisdom—*en fille sage*. The stage of the Bush Street is hardly large enough for such displays, but the audience seemed pleased. "Fra Diavolo" next Monday.

---

At the Standard this week "Crawled Back" has attracted much attention. It is from the teeming brain of Chas. Reed, Esq. Mr. Reed most ably filled the difficult and tragic rôle of the tamale merchant, "Pay Yolo Mulcahy." He announces for this afternoon a grand souvenir matinée, on the occasion of the sixth performance of "Crawled Back," when every lady will receive "a bon-bon souvenir tamale."

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

New York boasts of five stock companies.

Henry Irving will not came to San Francisco.

Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera will be completed next month.

Charles Dungan has joined the McCaull Opera Company, in Philadelphia.

Miss Lillie Post has returned to her former position at the New York Casino.

David Belasco has declined ten thousand dollars for his interest in "May Blossom."

Howard P. Taylor's new play is called "Ripples." Rachael Booth will probably star in it.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg is visiting old friends at Birmingham, Connecticut, her native place.

At the Baldwin "Called Back" will be continued during next week. It is still running to good business.

In consequence of the success of Charley Reed's burlesque, "Crawled Back," it will be continued another week.

John Howson will appear in "London Assurance," which is to be produced at Wallack's Theatre, November 10th.

Our old friend, Charlie Bishop, has written a play. It is called "A Case of Wine," and will be produced by Nat. Goodwin.

Mr. W. E. Sheridan plays a two-weeks' engagement at the Baldwin in December. Miss Rose Eytinge also plays one week in December.

Satisfactory arrangements having been made, Madame Ristori sailed for this country last Saturday, and will fill John McCullough's dates, beginning November 18th.

Colonel Mapleson has secured Mademoiselle Nevada (Miss Emma Wixom) for a season in America, at three hundred dollars a night. She sailed for New York October 23d.

Next Monday evening, Mr. Charles Kelly, at one time manager of the Baldwin Theatre, will receive a benefit at the Grand Opera House. The bill is "Belphegor, the Mountebank."

A company, with a capital of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, has been formed in New York for the erection of a theatre on the church property opposite the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

Mr. J. N. Long has arrived in the city, and rehearsals of "The Private Secretary" have been commenced under his direction. This piece will follow "Called Back," at the Baldwin. It will be produced with the same care and attention to detail which have characterized the latter play.

At the Bush Street Theatre, on Monday evening next, the Carleton troupe will present "Fra Diavolo." In this opera will be introduced the entire strength of the company. It will be the first appearance of Miss Alfa Norman and Mr. Alonzo Hatch. Mr. Carleton will sing the rôle of Fra Diavolo.

Audran's new opera, "Le Grand Mogol," has been successfully produced in Paris. It is a sort of a reversed "Mascotte"—that is, it might be fitly called "Le Mascot." In other words, the hero, who is a prince, wears a collar of pearls; if these pearls turn black, he loses his kingdom. The pearls turn black only in case the prince—— But never mind.

The rumors of the marriage, during their stay in this city, of Miss Marie Burroughs (in private life Miss Lilly Arrington, of this city) and Mr. Louis Massen, of the Madison Square Theatre, were somewhat premature. A few days ago they were married in Jersey City, N. J. About twenty-five friends were present at the marriage feast, among whom were Doctor Mallory and Dan Frohman, of the Madison Square Theatre.

Miss Minnie Palmer's manager (and husband, rumor has it), John R. Rogers, has added another to her already valuable collection of diamonds. The story is that he purchased the pawn-ticket for eighty-seven dollars from a man who had pawned this handsome stone for two thousand dollars. The jeweler to whom it was taken to be set offered four thousand dollars for it, but the offer was declined. And now Mr. John L. Sullivan has been offered a handsome salary to act as Miss Palmer's body-guard. Truly, Mr. John R. Rogers is an excellent advertiser.

The following dispatch has come over the wires concerning the first appearance of the Giannini Opera Company: "NEW YORK, October 23d.—The *Tribune* says of the Italian opera at the Star last night: 'The new-comers achieved a most emphatic and unqualified success. They are the equals, if not the superiors, of Mapleson's last company. Many people will wonder that such a voice as Giannini's should be found in the midst of those of the singers, whose existence was not even known in the United States until a few weeks ago. He is more richly favored, but is surpassed in vocal skill, taste, and histrionic power by Vilmant, as he was in fervid declamation by Signora Damerini. His passion recalls memories of Ambré's impersonation of "Aida."' Other papers make similar favorable mention of the new company."

Madame Judic's terms for her season at the Palais Royal reminds one of Patti's during her American tour. She is to get one thousand francs for each performance and six hundred and twenty-five francs for each rehearsal. Each new piece she appears in is to be kept on the bills for sixty days at least, successful or not. She is to have a special dressing-room and the services of a maid exclusively to herself. She has stipulated likewise for a benefit, one-half the gross receipts of which are to fall to her share, and she is to have as large a number of tickets to dispose of as she pleases. During her long connection with the Paris Variétés, Madame Judic has played so many parts that the management can find no novelty for her. She has played the harp and trumpet, and ridden "practicable" horses, till her manager can think of nothing new under the sun. So she goes to the Palais Royal.

Nat Goodwin has purchased the out-of-town rights to "The Private Secretary," A. M. Palmer's version of "Der Bibliothekar" (the version to be produced at the Baldwin after "Called Back"). Sol Smith Russell will probably go on the road with another version—"Nunky."

Miss Mary Anderson, after her present season in London, and engagements in three smaller English cities, will begin her American tour in New York, opening September 12, 1885. She will not reach San Francisco until April 5, 1886. The announcement is made thus early that we may prepare ourselves, as Manager Abbey says an advanced scale of prices will be necessary.

The Giannini company arrived in New York Wednesday, October 15th, and opened at the Star Theatre on the following Tuesday, under the management of James Barton Keys. The repertory for the first two weeks is as follows: First week—Tuesday, October 21, "Aida"; Wednesday, October 22, "Il Trovatore"; Friday, October 24, "Rigoletto"; Matinée, Saturday, October 25, "Faust." Second week—Monday, October 27, "Ernani"; Tuesday, October 26, "Norma"; Thursday, October 30, "Il Guarany"; Friday, October 31, "Lucia"; Matinée, Saturday, November 1, "Aida." Within a few hours of the opening of the subscription list fully thirty-five hundred dollars was subscribed for the season. Among the subscribers figure the names W. P. Travers, Eugene Dewey, Stanley Wood, and others well known in this city.

The youngest son of the late actor, Frank S. Chanfrau, a lad of fourteen, inherits to a remarkable degree his father's genius for comic verisimilitude. In his commodious house at Long Branch, surrounded by many acres of well-tilled soil, Mr. Chanfrau used to hold dramatic receptions, and instruct a class of amateurs; but his ambition for his own boys was in other directions than that of the stage. He and his wife used to "star" a good deal together, until they found that they almost doubled their receipts by "starring" singly. Perhaps there never was a married couple more devoted to each other. Chanfrau's filial devotion is well shown in the following episode: When he returned from California, and was the possessor of a snug fortune, he bought a handsome house at Yonkers and then went to the warehouse in Peck Slip, where his father was employed as a porter, and said: "I'd like you to step out with me for a while." "I can't," replied the elder man; "it isn't dinner hour yet, and my employers wouldn't like it." "Yes, they would; they are perfectly willing," said the actor, and then took his father to Yonkers, showed him through the house, and asked him what he thought of it. "It is a very beautiful place," was the reply. "Well, it is yours," said Chanfrau. His epitaph is of his own selection. It is a quotation from his "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler," which has a most pathetic sound now: "I done my level best; I ain't got nothing to take back."

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

**Bills and Casts for Week ending October 25th.**

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill: Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr's "Called Back." Cast as follows:

Gilbert Vaughan, Frank Weston; Arthur Kenyon, Harry Mainhall; Anthony March, Frederick Corbett; Doctor Ceneri, George Osborne; Paoli Macari, George Wessells; Petroff, E. J. Holden; Bolski, H. Glenney; Chief of Secret Police, William Lansing; Major Markeloff, E. N. Thayer; Captain Varmaloff, Bartley O'Brien; Sergeant of Cossacks, W. L. Dennison; Warder Kedril, Robert Horton; Nicholas, R. Ambrose; Henri, James Musgrove; Pauline, niece of Doctor Ceneri, Miss Effie Ellsler; Mary, Gilbert's sister, Miss Enid Leslie; Mrs. Wilkins, Mrs. Mary E. Hill; Susan, Miss Sadie Belden; Wolynski, Miss Louise Calvert.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Bill: Strauss's "The Merry War." Cast as follows:

Uberto Spinola, W. T. Carleton; Violetta, Miss Dora Wiley; Artemisia, Miss Rose Beaudet; Elsa, Jessie Bartlett-Davis; Marquis Fillippo Sebastini, Richard Golden; Balthazar Groot, Herr Gustave Adolphi; Ricardo Surrazo, H. L. Rattenberry; Carlo Spinzi, C. T. Parr; Fortunato Franchetti, G. Hunt; Colonel Von Scheelin, F. Doud; Biffi, C. Fais; Gini, G. Atwood; Captain of the Guard, and Theresa, Miss Clara Wisdom.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Closed during the week.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: Boieldieu's operatic fairy spectacle in four acts, "Little Red Riding Hood." Cast as follows:

Little Red Riding Hood, Miss Helene Dingeon; Bertha, Miss Emily Possazi; Anne, Miss Carrie Pfeiffer; Nanette, Miss Tilly Valerga; Fairy Queen, Miss Kate Marchi; Urian, Miss Lottie Stockmeyer; Prince Rudolph, Mr. M. Cornell; Duke Roger, Mr. Harry Gates; Edmond, Mr. Harry Nieman; Master of Ceremonies, Mr. E. N. Knight; Tobias, Mr. R. D. Valerga; Karl, Mr. E. Carlmuller; Woodcutter, Mr. Arthur Messmer.

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—F. W Stechhan, Manager. Standard Minstrel Company, as follows:

Charley Reed, J. Carroll Johnson, John Robinson, Crandall and Eastwood, Keegan and Wilson, Hooley and Thompson, W. S. Mullaly. The California Quartet—Morant, Wetter, Holland, and Wyatt. Ellwood and Gus Mills. New Minstrel First Part. The Great Burlesque, "Crawled Back."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Manager. Bill: "The Red Pocket-Book." Cast as follows:

Julian, Marquis de Mondelet, E. T. Stetson; Monsieur Le Farge, J. L. Lindsay; Count de Ville, Paul J. Craig; Clarisse de Ville, Miss Hannah M. Ingham; Monsieur Fontaine, T. J. Raymur; Jean Brillo, Owen Dale; Pierre, Louis Imhause; Doctor Misard, P. Johnson; Monsieur Chasse, H. Woods; Monsieur Vestris, P. Thrope; Lieutenant, W. Calhoun; Ramy, J. T. Leonard; Bonquin, H. Fredericks; Cabin Boy, Master James; Orang Outang, Master Marion; Servant, W. Bell; Violette, Miss Livingstone; Madame De Lunay, Miss Eleanor Barry; Marie, Miss Lillie Owens.

---

At the Baldwin, next week, "Called Back."

At the Bush Street, next week, "Fra Diavolo."

At the California, next week, nothing has been announced.

At the Tivoli, next week, "Pirates of Penzance" and "Marriage by Lantern."

At the Grand Opera House, next week, "Belphegor, the Mountebank."

**Secret of a Perfect Form.**

This is what the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin* says of the great Corset House of the Pacific Coast: "Every lady knows there is nothing so essential to a lovely form as a perfect-fitting corset. An ill-shaped corset will ruin the loveliest figure, while a well-shaped corset will greatly improve the ugliest form. Every lady should be very careful of the corset she wears. Her health and comfort, as well as her shape, are involved. No two forms are exactly alike, and, therefore, each lady must suit herself. To fit all the varied female forms, and mold them to perfection, many styles, sizes, and lengths of corsets are required. The only place where you can find such an immense assortment is Freud's Corset House, Nos. 742 and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 Dupont Street, known as the Celebrated Corset Emporium of America. This famous establishment carries over two hundred and fifty-five different styles of corsets, perfectly adapted to every possible shape, and at the very lowest prices. It is furnished with cozy dressing-rooms, where ladies can try on corsets before purchasing, and no lady has ever left Freud's Corset House without being perfectly fitted and satisfied. There may also be found the latest styles of hoop-skirts, bustles, and corsets, which add so much to a beautiful and graceful form."

**Tailor-Made Suits.**

Mrs. R. G. Lewis, of 126 Kearny Street, Thurlow Block, employs several experienced pressers and sewers of tailor-made suits. She is a woman's friend, and employs women—the same who do the work for establishments that advertise their work as being done by men. Mrs. Lewis is just in receipt of all the newest European styles.

**The Very Latest Fashions.**

Ladies should not neglect the opportunity of calling upon Mrs. K. A. Deering, the well-known modiste, over O'Connor, Moffitt & Co.'s, 121 Post Street. She has on display the latest styles for ladies' robes, cloaks, tailor-made suits, etc. Mrs. Deering has a French cutter direct from Paris, who is an expert with tailor-made suits. Ladies in the interior can correspond with Mrs. Deering, and their orders will be attended to.

**Sideboards.**

There is nothing in which there has been greater changes than in sideboards. The styles are now unique in the extreme. Many of our customers are disposing of theirs which are out of date, and purchasing new and stylish ones for about the same money. Call and see them, 220 to 226 Bush Street, California Furniture Co.

— AUGUST MIGNON'S NEW SONG, "The Old Hair Story," as sung by William Carleton, for sale by Sherman, Clay & Co.

— CELERY, BEEF, AND IRON, A MOST DELICIOUS drink—tonic and nervine. Good appetite, perfect digestion, and sound sleep.

— AMONG THE MANY FINE HALLS SAN FRANCISCO can boast of, the Metropolitan Hall stands easily first. For public purposes, such as political meetings, lectures, concerts, school exhibitions, etc., it offers unequaled advantages. Its organ is the finest on the coast.

**Parlor Desks.**

A large line of fine parlor desks, in mahogany, ebony, and cherry, which we are determined to close out at greatly reduced prices before our new holiday goods begin to come in. Call and see them at our warerooms, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush St., California Furniture Company.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

— LADIES' BAZAR PATTERNS, 215 Dupont St.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

—CAUTION! PURCHASE YOUR SPECTACLES OF J. Muller, No. 135 Montgomery St., near Bush.


**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,**

Eddy Street, near Market.

MCELROY BROS.....Sole Proprietors and Managers

Last nights of Boeldieu's Charming Operatic Spectacle,

**LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD,**

Next week — PIRATES OF PENZANCE and MARRIAGE BY LANTERN.

Admission, 25 cents.....Reserved seats, 50 cents

**Filippe's Academy of Languages.**

Established 1871, has removed to more commodious and pleasant quarters, 702 Market Street, corner of Geary. Professor DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. "UNIQUE" method of acquiring foreign languages, where students have not the opportunity to practice. Fine library, and periodicals from Spain and France free to scholars.

VICTOR ROTARY

**TRICYCLE.**

**All parts interchangeable. One machine fits a whole family.**

**OVER 60,000 IN USE.**

**Faster than walking. Safer than horses.**

**GEO. H. STRONG, Agent,**

**Office of Dewey & Co., 252 Market St.**

**ROLLER SKATING!**

**GRAND PACIFIC**

**ROLLER SKATING RINK,**

**Corner Jones and Sutter Streets.**

Open daily from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P. M. The largest, finest, and best equipped rink on the coast. Owing to the popular demand we have concluded to mitre the floor, making it the most perfect skating floor in the city.

SATURDAY, Oct. 25th, Children's Day. Admission, with use of skates, 25 cents. Music by Second Regiment Band.

TUESDAY EVENING, Oct. 28th, Grand One mile Race for gold and silver medals, under the auspices of the Grand Pacific Roller Skating Club.

Admission, 25 cents; skates, 15 cents.

NEW CROP

**CALIFORNIA RAISINS,**

**LONDON LAYERS,**

**AND LAYERS,**

**FOR SALE BY**

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**

IMMENSE REDUCTION

—OF—

**FIRE INSURANCE RATES.**

**PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.**

HOME INSURANCE COMP'Y

**OF NEW YORK.**

**CASH CAPITAL.....$3,000,000**
**CASH ASSETS..... 7,250,000**

PHŒNIX INSURANCE CO.

**OF HARTFORD, CONN.**

**CASH CAPITAL.....$2,000,000**
**CASH ASSETS..... 4,300,000**

Is uing either separate or joint policies at applicant's option, beg to inform property owners and insurance brokers that until further notice they will write acceptable business at one-half the present standard rates of the BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS, and that even less rates in certain cases. MERCHANDISE in approved public warehouses, 35c. per $100 per annum.

DWELLINGS and contents in rows of dwellings, 45c. per $100 per annum. Lesser rates if unexposed. RETAIL GROCERY STORES (exposed by dwellings only), 60c. per $100 per annum. SPECIALLY advantageous rates on mercantile buildings for one or a term of years. All persons desiring strong insurance at moderate rates are invited to apply for tenders at the office of the above-named companies, 523 California Street, San Francisco.

**ARTHUR E. MAGILL, Gen'l Ag't,**
**JAMES W. WHITING, City Ag't.**

**HARRY L. ROFF**, northeast corner of Tenth and Broadway, Oakland, Alameda County, Cal., or to their agents, to be found at all important places in California.

**THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!**

**The Light-running**

**"HOUSEHOLD"**

**SEWING MACHINE.**



Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to **three months' trial.**

**Samuel Hill Estate**

CITY SALES ROOMS,

**634 Market St.**

Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

FALL STYLE HATS

Now ready and introduced by

**HERRMANN THE HATTER.**

**The Largest Hat Store on the Coast.**

**332, 336 KEARNY STREET,**

Between Bush and Pine Streets, San Francisco.

Steam Factory connected with Establishment at 27 Belden St. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free.

**MARBLE WORKS.**

**MARBLE MANTELS**, made of **ONYX**, Colored **ITALIAN**, and Statuary Marbles, Monuments and Headstones. **W. H. McCORMICK**, 827 Market St.

GREAT FREE

**EXHIBITION**

**ICHI BAN**

**20, 22, and 24 Geary Street**

.....OF THE.....

**ARTS AND MANUFACTURES**

.....OF THE.....

**JAPANESE EMPIRE**

**Established to introduce to the world the wonderful skill of the JAPANESE in the manufacture of USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL ARTICLES for house furnishing and decorating. The public is cordially invited to inspect this wonderful collection. COME OFTEN. BRING YOUR FRIENDS. ASK QUESTIONS. DO NOT PURCHASE. EVERYBODY WELCOME.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**20, 22, & 24 GEARY ST.**

**KNABE PIANOS**

"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*

**A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St., S.F.**, Sole Agents.

**The GRANDEST PREMIUM and a Long Loan AT 4 per cent**

Visitors to the Dore Gallery, London, will remember the great painting, covering nearly an entire end of the gallery, entitled **"Christ Leaving the Praetorium."** This masterpiece—Dore's grandest work—has lately been engraved and printed for subscribers only, at the price of $8 per copy, or $40 U. S. money. Custom duties and ocean express bring the cost to American purchasers to $60. A copy cannot be secured for less except from the publishers of the **Chicago Globe** have contracted for the entire American edition, our order being for 250,000 copies, we paying cost of American plate.

**"THE CHICAGO GLOBE."**—Every future subscriber to this paper, however, can secure a copy of this, the most valuable work of art ever issued in the form of an engraving, by sending 42c. in addition to the subscription price, to prepay cost, express and properly packing, or postage, if sent by mail. The publishers of the

**THE LARGEST CIRCULATION** AND THE LARGEST PROFITS **Can only be Secured by Dividing Profits with subscribers, in the form of long time four per cent. loans.**

Any subscriber is privileged to apply for a loan, to be made out of advertising profits, the amount borrowed being permitted to remain unpaid as long as borrower remains a subscriber and keeps the interest paid. Subscription price, $2. On the basis of 250,000 circulation (which will probably be doubled) the business and profits will approximate as follows:— **RECEIPTS:** 250,000 subscribers, $500,000; 500 inches advertising, $2.50 per line, $15 per inch, 52 issues, $1,170,000—total, $1,670,000. **EXPENSES:** for paper and press work, 250,000 copies, 52 issues, $104,000; editorial work, office, repairs, etc., $25,000; premium engravings, $250,000; incidentals, $10,000—total, $389,000; leaving a net profit of $1,281,000. For this enormous profit from sale of advertising space, **The Globe** depends on its 250,000 subscribers, for advertisers pay for space in proportion to circulation. With but 25,000 circulation the profits would be but a tenth of the amount. Therefore, as subscribers are doing us a favor when they send us their names, we desire to return favor for favor. Any subscriber who desires to borrow from $100 to $500 at 4 per cent., the principal to stand if desired as long as borrower remains a subscriber, should so state when he orders the premium. In such case—

**The Subscription Price, $2.00, need not be sent, as it can be deducted when loan is made**

And subscription begins. Your individual note is all the security asked: provided you will send the names of several of your neighbors to whom we can refer, not as to the amount of property you are worth, but as to good character.

**CONDITIONS.** Loans made pro rata; not less than $100 nor more than $500. First year's interest at 4 per cent., and the subscription price to be deducted from amount loaned. If the subscriber does not apply for a loan, the subscription price must be sent in advance. If a loan is desired, no money need be sent for subscription, the charges for the Premium, 42c., only being required, as the subscription and first year's interest can be deducted from the loan. Every subscriber must accept as a condition of receiving the Premium, that he will display it in a conspicuous place in his house or office, and inform those who call how and where he secured it. Positively this must be done. Every Premium sent out secures additional subscribers, and no application will be entered unless the charges on the Premium are sent. These charges, 42c., have nothing to do with the subscription price, and barely cover cost, delivery, and properly packing so large an engraving, and the delivery charges must be prepaid. The subscription price, $2 (which represents a profit and not a direct expense) can remain unpaid until loan is made and subscription begins. Postage stamps will not be received for Premium charges except from places where a postal note can not be obtained. When a loan is made the adjoining form of note will be sent, with the money, to the subscriber's nearest bank or express office, and no note need be signed until the money is paid over. Send the names of several references, and immediate inquiry will be made. If no loan is desired, no references need be sent. The Premium will be sent at once. Address,

**The Chicago Globe,** 68 W. Monroe St., CHICAGO, ILLS.

One year after date, for value received, I promise to pay to the order of the publisher of the CHICAGO GLOBE the sum of . . . . . Dollars, with interest at 4 per cent. per annum after maturity. It is understood and agreed that no part of the principal of this note will be demanded or become payable, (except at my pleasure,) as long as I remain a paid-up subscriber to the above named paper.

(*Signed.*) . . . . . .

**ELITE BOUQUET**

—AND—

**PECK'S PREMIUM PERFUMES,**

**(ALL ODORS).**

**GERSTER GLOVES!**

**Elegant, Perfect-fitting, and Durable,**

....AT....

**I. KEINER'S, 32 KEARNY ST.**

**STORE YOUR FURNITURE**

**Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.**

BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH

**J. H. MOTT & CO.,**

**735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco**

Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

**ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.**

**No. 310 SANSOME STREET,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

**ROOFS.** SEND YOUR ORDERS EARLY for repairs to H. G. FISKE, THE PIONEER ROOFER.

**827 Market Street, opposite Stockton.**

**$130,000**

Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, **1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.** Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

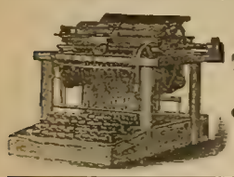



See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

J. W. EVANS,

General Agent, 29 Post Street.

---



Remington STANDARD Type-Writer.

Again improved and perfected. See them.

G. G. WICKSON & CO., 539 Market St., Opp. Sansome, S. F.

---

DR. JAMES F. SULLIVAN

Has Removed from No. 7 to

1105 Van Ness Avenue, near Geary Street.

---

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.

Commission Merchants,

San Francisco,

OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.

☞ Liberal advances made on consignments. ☜

---

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.

Shipping and Commission Merchants

San Francisco,

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON

Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

---

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.

General Shipping and Commission MERCHANTS,

309 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

---

J. C. MERRILL & CO.

Shipping and Commission Merchants

204 and 206 California Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.

Shipping and Commission Merchants

UNION BLOCK,

202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,

Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

---

GEORGE MORROW & CO.

(Established 1854),

HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

---

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY

OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET.

Works.....Potrero.

C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

---

FINE

Suits, $25. TAILORING Suits, $30.

Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.

Suits, $40. TAILORING Suits, $50.

Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.

Suits, $60. TAILORING Suits, $70.

J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.

---

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed

TILES

For Decorations.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

---

LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.

Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.

119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

---

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE

HENRY F. MILLER

(Factory Boston, Mass.) and

HEMME & LONG

(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)

PIANOS!

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.

101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.

Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.

---







Constantly on hand, Champagne Wines from Messrs. George Goulet & Co. in quarts, pints, and half-pints, in bond or duty paid.

ALFRED GREENEBAUM & CO.,

123 California Street, Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

---

ICHI BAN

FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

---

FIREMANS FUND

INSURANCE COMPANY

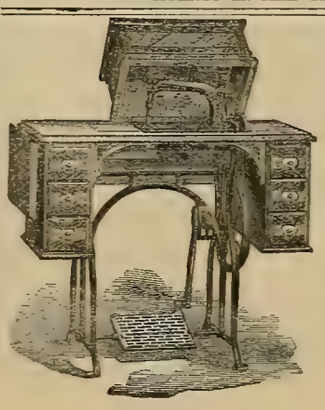
OF CALIFORNIA.

THE LARGEST PACIFIC COAST COMPANY.

CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - $750,000
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1883, - - - - - $1,500,000

AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

---



Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.

WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.

303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

---

UNEXCELLED

Ask your Grocer for

ARCTIC REFRIGERATOR HAMS,

ROYAL BREAKFAST BACO

ROYAL LEAF LAR

All Guaranteed Choice Family Goods.

---



PRICE'S SAN LEANDRO

VILLAGE PHAETON, $135

Without Top, $110.

Lightness, Elegance, and Durability com bined. Guaranteed to ride as smooth the best four-wheeled vehicle.

Sold subject to approval on arrival. Send for catalogu

TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., San Francisco.

JACOB PRICE, San Leandro.

---

PARAISO SPRINGS

OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

A Paradise in Winter Time for Tourists.

The curative properties of these Hot Soda and Sulph Baths are unexceled and are recommended by all phy cians. Terms reduced for the winter months. For circ lars, terms, and all particulars, address

J. P. REEVE, Proprietor Paraiso Springs Monterey County.

---

KELSEY HOUSE

This well-known villa has changed hands and has bee thoroughly renovated, and is now run in conjunction wi the well-known Windsor House. The houses and cottag are situated on most beautiful and spacious grounds. Tel phone communication. Cars pass every 7½ minutes; t minutes' ride from the train. Apply to C. C. Wheeler, pr prietor, at Windsor House, Ninth and Washington, or the premises, cor. Telegraph Avenue and 24th St., Oaklan

---

NOTICE.

We have sold R. A. SWAIN & CO. all the stock ar good-will of HATHAWAY & CO., No 16 Post Street.

P. N. LILIENTHAL,
W. H. CHICKERING,
Assignees of Hathaway & Co.

In connection with the above notice, we beg to infor the public that having purchased for cash and at a gre bargain the

BANKRUPT STOCK OF HATHAWAY & CO.

CONSISTING OF

Crockery, Glassware, China Fancy Goods, Plated Ware, Cutlery, etc.

And having added to it largely from our wholesale stocl

Will re-open Monday, Oct. 13th,

For the sale of the stock at unprecedentedly low price The public are cordially invited to call and inspect ou goods, and may be assured of polite attention.

---

R. A. SWAIN & CO

THE OLDEST AND ONLY

American Crockery House

IN THE CITY,

16 Post St., 112 & 114 California St

---

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.

Stationers, Booksellers,

Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers

204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

---

GERMEA

FOR BREAKFAST

DELICIOUS.

TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. No. 18. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 1, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: The *Argonaut's* Ticket—Why We Prefer Blaine to Cleveland—Our Choice for the Congressional Delegation—The *Argonaut's* Municipal Ticket—Some Thoughts on Municipal Politics—What they are—And what they should be—The *Argonaut's* Candidates—And why they are Chosen ..... 1-3

AFTER LONG YEARS: By Helen Lake ..... 4

VANITY FAIR: Club Life in New York—A Sculptor on the Female Form Divine—Personal Attendants in New York—The Thumb as an Index of Character—The Interior Decoration of Clubs—"Polishing" when Décolleté Dresses are Worn ..... 5

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People all Over the World ..... 5

A NEW YORK GIRL—Who Probably had Stage Aspirations—A Curious Picture of some Phases of Life in New York—The East Side—The Hostile Denizens—A Pen Picture by "Flaneur" ..... 6

STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—The Pugilist and the Pedestrian—Daddy's Deal—Artemus Ward's Irreverence—Opening the Oysters with Prayer—They Sought with Lanterns—The Boy's Blessing—On a Stretcher to the Ball ..... 6

IN THE CONFESSIONAL: A Story of a Crime. By François Coppée ..... 7

PARISIAN MATRIMONY: Our Paris Correspondent tells how Marriages are Made in France—The Matrimonial Agencies—The Amateur Agents—The Intervention of Dress-makers and "Friends of the Family"—The Mysterious Cheques sometimes Sent to Decayed though Clever Gentlewomen ..... 8

THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest ..... 8

LITERARY NOTES: H. H. Bancroft's New Volume—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip ..... 9

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day ..... 9

SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip ..... 10

BILL NYE'S BUDGET: A Daisy Doctor ..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record ..... 14

We turn the key of our library for an hour of uninterrupted labor. We have a political duty to perform. We would consult with ourselves, that we may perform that duty intelligently, conscientiously, and well. We employ ourselves in the preparation of our ballot for use on election day. First, there is a President to elect. Let us consider him who is to become the chief magistrate of more than fifty millions of free people. He sits at the head of a Cabinet council composed of statesmen chosen by himself, who hold the portfolios of foreign affairs, of the treasury, of war, of the navy, of the department of the interior, of the postoffice. He is the arbiter upon whom devolves the ultimate responsibility of decision; he is the "executive" charged with carrying the laws of the nation into effect. We should be guilty of a betrayal of our country and a sacrifice of ourselves if we did not give this question our earnest consideration. The office demands the loftiest and most unquestioned patriotism; it demands the highest qualifications of statesmanship; it requires the greatest and widest experience in the management of public affairs; it calls for a high order of intelligence, for integrity, for the endurance of labors that come from physical health. At the head of a nation whose very civilization rests upon the family relation, there must be one who is a representative of the best and purest and most honorable type of husband and father. At the White House, which is the official home of this Christian government—a government resting its foundations upon an aggregation of homes—there should be installed as its master one to whom the home relation and association with virtuous women is not unfamiliar, and who in that home will not be ashamed to kneel before the domestic altar. This man and citizen to whom we, by the exercise of our elective privilege, are to give authority over us, to clothe with a majesty and sovereignty more than imperial, should be born to a patriotism that exalts his country above all other lands, his people above all other people, and should be endowed with a courage that will make him brave all dangers and risk all perils to preserve the liberty of his country and to protect the rights and property of all its citizens. Such a man, in our opinion, *is not* Grover Cleveland. Such an one, in our best judgment, *is* James G. Blaine. As our choice is limited between the two; as we want no return of rebel power, no repudiation of the nation's debt, no paralysis of the national industry, no change from a party policy that has carried the country successfully through civil war, paid its debts and pensioned its soldiers, restored the autonomy of States and placed the country in all its parts upon a splendid and certain career of national prosperity, maintained the nation's dignity, and preserved it at peace with all the world, we shall cast our vote for the Republican candidate for President, THE HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, OF MAINE. And in order that this policy may not be interrupted in event of his death, we are glad to know that his possible successor in office, his friend, in full sympathy with him and with his policy, and with the Republican party and its principles, is the brave soldier and experienced statesman, honest man, and honorable citizen, and good husband, candidate for Vice-President of the United States, the HON. JOHN A. LOGAN, OF ILLINOIS.

Recognizing the importance of choosing a Congressional delegation that shall be in harmony with the administration, that upon the questions of tariff legislation shall realize the necessity of protecting the manufacturing industries of the country, in order that the prices of labor may be sustained and the best interests of working men and women be maintained; and in order that the President may be supported in that American policy which would guard our commerce and our interests against the greed and exactions of foreign governments, protect our coast against the invasion of foreign enemies, and give to us a navy commensurate with our wealth and population, with the grandeur and extent of our territorial empire, and with the dignity and power that ought to belong to this grandest of all republics, we will vote for members of Congress for the candidates nominated in this State by the various Republican Congressional conventions:

First District.....Thomas L. Carothers.
Second District.....James A. Loutitt.
Third District.....Joseph McKenna.
Fourth District.....William W. Morrow.
Fifth District.....Charles N. Felton.
Sixth District.....H. H. Markham.

Residing in the Fourth Congressional District, our personal vote will be cast for the Repubublican nominee From a personal knowledge of his qualifications, habits of life, and character, we rest in confidence that, if elected, we shall receive from him intelligent, honorable, faithful, and earnest service. Our ballot will bear the name for Congress of the Hon. William W. Morrow.

This duty having been easily performed, we turn to the municipal ticket. Those of three conventions lie before us—Republican, Democratic, and Independent. We know the inner workings of the three; know the political history of San Francisco for thirty-five years; know the secret intrigues of its bosses; know the men they use; know the motives that govern them, and the hirelings they employ; KNOW THE MEN WHO EMPLOY THEM; know the men who, from integrity and resolute manliness of character, have the courage to oppose and defy them, and dare them and their bravoes; we know the sore-headed, truckling, jealous, and disappointed wretches who kick against the bosses, and denounce and abuse their methods of politics, simply because the bosses will not employ *them*, or use them, or give them the opportunity to steal. There is an honest opposition to bosses; there is an honest indignation against dishonest politics; and there is a shameful, cowardly, and criminal subservience to political rascality and party leadership that is more disgraceful to the *"good"* men who submit and compromise than the political adventurers and party knaves, who, through their audacity and brazenness of cheek, impose themselves upon the parties as bosses. And now we come to the municipal ticket, fully impressed with the importance of the duty we are called upon to discharge. All our adult life has been spent in San Francisco; our property, the accumulation of that life of unremitting labor, is within the radius of this city's influence, and lies looking up to the sunlight where it can not escape taxation; our home is here; our grave will be on the peninsula, when we get our harp and stool. The municipal politics of San Francisco is of more immediate and personal interest to us than the politics of the general government. We love money on general principles; we love our own accumulations because they have been honestly acquired, and because they are ours; we hate to be robbed, or plundered, or swindled through taxation. There ought to be no party politics in municipal affairs, and in the making of our ticket there shall be none; there shall be laid aside all prejudice coming from party, from nationality, or from religion, and just so far as possible we will love our enemies and forgive those who have despitefully used us. We will choose, so far as we can, the best of the available material placed at our command. We will vote it, and commend it to our readers for their consideration. And first, for the office of Mayor, two names only are presented. Wm. L. Merry, the Republican candidate, is a merchant, and successful one; a family man, with a quiver full; a man of character, of good qualifications, and of unchallenged integrity, but untried in public office. Mr. Washington Bartlett is the Democratic candidate. He is a lawyer of limited attainments and practice; a bachelor; one who has been almost constantly in office, and who has always honestly and honorably discharged the duties of the offices he has held. He has been Senator, County Clerk, and Mayor for two years, and has made a safe and honest administration. He is unenterprising for the city; his highest idea of government is to limit the tax levy and keep expenditures within that levy, and this he takes second-hand from the *Bulletin*, as he does his water views, and all his views, and all his opinions, his conscience, his instructions, and his candidacy. Mr. W. L. Merry was nominated in spite of Mr. Higgins, and in response of the convention to a popular demand. He has a good business record—is frank, active, open, prompt, and manly. He is of northern birth, and loyal. Mr. Bartlett was nominated by Mr. Chris Buckley against his will (for he wanted a better man, and one, if he had been nominated, we would have supported; we mean Mr. Supervisor Pond). Bartlett was imposed upon Buckley through the influence of the *Bulletin*—whether by a bargain or not, let the readers of that journal watch and find out; we do not know. We have great respect for Mr. Fitch; but Mr. Fitch has for years and years warned his readers not to trust in politicians. Mr. Bartlett is and has been a politician, and an office-seeker, and office-holder all his life. Mr. Merry is a merchant, who never had or sought an office. We take the *Bulletin's* advice, and FOR MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO, we write the name of Wm. L. Merry.

The position of Sheriff of the county is one of leading importance. In case of a riot or any uprising against the law, it is of the highest importance that it should be filled by a brave man, whose sympathies are upon the side of law and order, whose interests are identified with property, who does not make criminals or vagrants, or associate with them when made. He should be an independent official, and should not owe his allegiance to any one. William Patterson owes his nomination to Higgins; Peter Hopkins owes his to Buckley. John Sedgwick was sold and betrayed to make room for Patterson, and we now hear that Patterson is, in turn, to be knifed for Peter Hopkins. Around this office of Sheriff have whirled the swiftest, deepest, dirtiest eddies of the nasty pool of boss politics. Peter Hopkins is very clever and very respectable, and keeps one of the very best saloons in the city. If Hopkins or Patterson belonged to themselves, they would have a more respectable ownership than they now enjoy. They belong to the bosses; they will run their offices under boss dictation, and appoint the hirelings of the bosses as deputies. Mr. Patrick Connolly is the present Democra

cumbent of the office of Sheriff; he has held it for two years; he has brought to its management an intelligent and business-like system; he has himself been at the head of the office; his deputies have performed their duties honestly and promptly; and we are informed by attorneys doing business with the Sheriff's office under Mr. Connolly that it was never before so well administered in all its departments. Mr. Connolly might have been nominated by the Buckley Democratic convention if he had been subservient to the bosses. He refused, and was slaughtered; and the result was his defeat for the nomination by Peter Hopkins. He has made a most excellent Sheriff; he deserved nomination, he deserves election. It will be a graceful and just thing if the people will elect him over either of the other boss candidates. Therefore, for Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco we put the name of Patrick Connolly.

For Auditor, three names are presented—William M. Edgar, Fleet Strother, and N. B. Stone. As a politician we look upon Strother as an embodiment of the most contemptible demagogism; as a politician we do not believe that he has an honest hair in his head, nor an honest pore in his body; there has not been one vote cast by him in which he has not strived to have his own political influence felt. He is a stubborn and ignorant crank; if he were elected Auditor, the conviction that would govern him in the auditing of bills would be whether it would help him to office. Filled with vanity and self-conceit, a garrulous political blatherskite, we leave his election to the men who nominated him. We would vote against him if for no other reason than that of gratitude, because we do business in Dupont Street, and not in Fleet Street. William M. Edgar, the present incumbent, is an honorable and excellent man. As far as we can understand, he has made an honorable and intelligent auditor. He should have been nominated by the Democracy; he fell a sacrifice to "boss Buckley" because he was too honorable and independent to do his bidding. Between him and N. B. Stone, the Republican candidate, we hesitate in choice; but Mr. Stone we have known so long, so favorably; his entire life in San Francisco has been so honorable, and as we know he has received his nomination from the hands of the Republican convention in spite of Mr. Higgins and in spite of the majority, we sustain him, and because we know he is so entirely competent to perform the duties of that office, and because we know that he would honestly and successfully administer it, we place upon our ticket for Auditor the name of N. B. Stone.

For the office of Tax Collector we pass the names of Luman Wadham and William P. Frost—men who have no especial claims to office from their respective parties, and no especial qualifications for the performance of official duties. We find no hesitation in selecting the name of George D. Grabill, from the Independent ticket. Mr. Grabill was born in the State; has been for fourteen years in the employment of one of our leading steamship lines, and is in all respects competent to perform the duties of this office. His character and business qualifications fully entitle him to the support of all electors who think character and qualifications are important in municipal offices. We therefore put upon our ticket for Tax Collector, George D. Grabill.

We now come to the office of County Clerk, an office of large importance, with a very large number of deputies and patronage; it distributes a large amount of advertising. Louis N. Jacobs, the candidate of the Republican party, as far as we know is a most respectable young gentleman, and if we did not believe that he was indebted to the *Chronicle* newspaper for his nomination, we should be the more disposed to support him; if we believed that the patronage of his office would be subject to his own control, we should be the more disposed to give him our vote. Of James J. Flynn, the Democratic candidate, we know nothing, other than the fact that he is one of the lieutenants of Mr. Buckley—one who is at his bidding—and, believing as we do, that if he is elected to the office of County Clerk Mr. Buckley will have the disposition of his patronage and the subsequent management and control of his office, we withhold from him our vote. We turn to the Independent ticket and find the name of one whom we know to be both honest and independent, because he has been tried in the same office and performed his duties well. Therefore, for office of County Clerk we write upon our ticket the name of David Wilder.

For the office of County Recorder we have selected the name of Cyril T. Pidwell, Secretary of the Odd Fellows' Building Association, represented to be well qualified for the position. Mr. D. N. Cashin, the Republican candidate, is now in the custom-house, where he will remain—so far as we are concerned—unless he is more independent of boss rule and machine politics than he has been for the past few months. He is young enough and well enough provided for to have taken a more independent and manly part in politics than he has. William J. Bryan is in the same fix in reference to his boss, Mr. Buckley. We place upon our ticket for Recorder the name of Cyril T. Pidwell.

For Superintendent of Streets we are happily relieved from any embarrassment of choice. Of John Calvert we have no other knowledge than that he is described upon the Independent ticket as a "contractor and builder"—a very good reason in itself why he should not be Superintendent of Streets. If Timothy J. Lowney had not been nominated two years ago by boss Buckley, and again nominated by him, and had not appointed clerks and distributed patronage under his direction, he would have been a good officer. If he could own himself he would possess a good master, and the master would possess an honest servant. There is no better man on the Republican ticket, no man with a more honorable record in the past, or who gives assurance of better capacity, and higher integrity, and peculiar fitness for the office of Superintendent of Streets than Charles S. Ruggles.

For Treasurer, we know of no choice between John A. Bauer and Christian Reis. Mr. Bauer having been nominated upon the Republican ticket naturally is our choice. Mr. Reis, the present incumbent of the office, having performed its duties honestly and well, is entitled to consideration. We take from our pocket a silver dollar and toss for a choice between them, the heads for Bauer and tails for Reis; heads wins, and we write upon our ticket the name of John R. Bauer for City and County Treasurer.

For the office of Public Administrator we have to choose between the names of E. N. Torrey, Walter M. Leman, and Philip Roach. Mr. Leman is familiar to our citizens as an actor, having retired from the stage superannuated; he was nominated by the Independents through sympathy, because his friends thought he ought to have been nominated by the Republicans. No one should be nominated through sympathy. Mr. E. N. Torrey was nominated by Mr. George A. Knight, with the understanding and agreement that if Mr. Torrey were elected Public Administrator, Mr. Knight should be his attorney. We regard this as queer politics, and hence we turn to the name of Philip Roach, as in our opinion, the best man, and we know of no reason why he should not be put on the *Argonaut* ticket. Mr. Roach is an old and justly respected citizen; he has so far performed the duties of his office well; he has an excellent adviser, and without any hesitation we write upon our ticket for Public Administrator the name of Philip Roach.

For District-Attorney, we find the names before us of J. D. Sullivan, Horace G. Platt, and J. N. E. Wilson. J. D. Sullivan, the present incumbent, ought to have been nominated by the Democracy, for he has made a good officer. That Mr. Horace G. Platt could beat him in the nomination shows the extent of the subserviency of Mr. Platt to his political bosses. Mr. Platt is a gentleman of good birth and good education, and if he had the just pride of a scholar and gentleman he would not take office from the Irish boss who has given him his nomination. We know Mr. Wilson personally, and can bear testimony to his qualifications and his honorable character. If he is elected he will make an honest and efficient administration of the duties of the office of District-Attorney; hence, for that place we write the name of J. N. E. Wilson.

For the office of City and County Attorney we have the names of Fisher Ames, J. F. Cowdery, and John Lord Love. We know the scandal that is circulated regarding Mr. Fisher Ames, his alleged connection with the Montgomery and Dupont streets and sidewalk frauds, and the charge that he will improperly confess large judgments against the city of San Francisco. Of all this we have no proof and no knowledge; nor is there anything, so far as we know, in the professional career of Mr. Fisher Ames to justify the opinion that he would be guilty of such offenses. Mr. Cowdery has filled the position once before, honorably and well; but because we think John Lord Love is the superior of either of the others in ability, because we think him to be honest and fearless in the performance of his duties, and because we do not believe that he belongs to any boss, or is owned by anybody, we have chosen him, over the other two, to be the City and County Attorney. If we should find ourselves unhappily engaged in important lawsuits, and were compelled to choose between Messrs. Ames, Cowdery, and Love, we should select Mr. Love, and we should have confidence that he would not betray our trust. We believe that John Lord Love will make an efficient and able law adviser for the city and county of San Francisco. So believing, we write his name upon the ticket for City and County Attorney.

For the office of City and County Surveyor, the Independents have nominated Henry Langrehr, a tinsmith and plumber. We can not understand how a tinsmith, or plumber, could be qualified as a surveyor. We drop the name of Mr. Langrehr from consideration. Charles Tilton we have known since he was a child, and we have supported him for office during all these later years. Under other circumstances we would be glad to see him elected City and County Surveyor, but he belongs too completely to Mr. Higgins, and has done that to secure his nomination which does not command our respect. We therefore write the name of Richard P. Hammond Jr. for City and County Surveyor. This young gentleman is a thoroughly educated and competent civil engineer and surveyor.

For the office of Coroner we write the name of C. C. O'Donnell. We anticipate all that can be said against him. We know that he is charged with criminal practices in his profession, with ignorance, with being the most brazen-faced of demagogues, with injuring the State by his false pretense of taking lepers to the East; that he is a loquacious, empty-headed, garrulous Sand-lot demagogue, with every probability that he will disgrace the office before he had been a month in it. We have had all this urged upon us; his one-horse wagon, his gross caricatures of Chinese pictures, and his own uninteresting phiz upon painted canvas dragged about the streets. We have been scolded, laughed at, ridiculed, and abused for our determination to vote for Dr. O'Donnell for Coroner. All the same, we are going to do it, and do it in cold-blooded malevolence; not because we think him a better man in every particular than the candidates in nomination by the Republican and Democratic bosses, but because we believe that this grim joke will exert a healthful influence upon the future politics of this city, and teach bosses and their satellites a severe, practical lesson. If the election of O'Donnell shall prove an unfortunate one, we are confident that his administration of the Coroner's office can not be as utterly bad and utterly disgraceful as that administration has been for some years past. For Coroner, Dr. C. C. O'Donnell—and may the devil look out for the consequences.

For the offices of Superior Judges we have no hesitation in writing the names of John Hunt, J. T. Sullivan, T. H. Rearden, and as between Mr. Murphy and Mr. Blaney, we toss the dollar. Mr. Murphy has the larger experience in criminal practice. Mr. Blaney is a gentleman and a student, and would, in our opinion, be of great usefulness as a judge. We toss the dollar and Mr. Blaney wins—we wish our coin had a head upon both sides. Thus our ticket for Superior Judges is completed—two Democrats and two Republicans.

To the offices of Police Judges we write the names of Hale Rix and James M. Lawler. We leave out the name of H. Watson Webb because we can not reconcile his conduct with that of an independent and honest man. In various cases brought up before him, for violation of the Park laws, he has convinced us that there is an influence controlling him superior to the law. Mr. James H. Lawler, the present Democratic incumbent, has shown himself more independent, less in terror of the bosses, and less susceptible to the meaner political influences than H. W. Webb. We therefore write for Police Judges the names of Hale Rix and James M. Lawler.

For Justices of the Peace we write the names of Ethelbert Burke, James C. Pennie, Meyer Jacobs, James I. Boland, and D. A. O'Connell.

We now consider the twelve Supervisors. These men must legislate for our two hundred and fifty thousand people; they have the power of taxation over three hundred millions of property. Under the new constitution this board is of more importance to us and our interests than the State Legislature, from which body legislation upon local questions has been taken. To the different candidates we have given the most careful and exhaustive consideration. Concerning those of whom we were ignorant, we have inquired; and concerning those whom we know, we have had our opinions confirmed. The result of deliberate investigations gives us the following names for Supervisors:

| | |
|---|---|
| First Ward | Justin Gates (R.) |
| Second Ward | Edwin P. Peckham (D.) |
| Third Ward | Dr. J. E. Kunkler (R.) |
| Fourth Ward | Elliott M. Root (I.) |
| Fifth Ward | Willard B. Farwell (R.) |
| Sixth Ward | E. B. Pond (D.) |
| Seventh Ward | Calvin Ewing (I.) |
| Eighth Ward | W. E. Bridge (I.) |
| Ninth Ward | Albert Heyer (R.) |
| Tenth Ward | Henry B. Russ (I.) |
| Eleventh Ward | Jefferson G. James (D.) |
| Twelfth Ward | Thomas Ashworth (D.) |

Justin Gates is an honest man. This testimony is given him by all his old Sacramento friends, where he lived so many years. He is highly esteemed among merchants, and is of that kind of mental make-up that he can belong

to no man. In our opinion, he will be the member of no ring; and though we think exceedingly well of his Democratic opponent, Mr. J. T. Sullivan, we shall vote for Mr. Gates.

As between the candidates in the Second Ward, there is no choice. The Independents present Mr. J. J. Doyle, an Irish contractor; the Republicans give us a political French Jesuit from the Irish bank, Mr. Robert Roy. If his word pledged in politics is the measure of his political honor, we prefer that he should not be elected Supervisor. Mr. Edwin P. Peckham is nominated by the Democratic County Committee, but Mr. Peckham is not Mr. Buckley's nominee in any sense that will reflect upon his entire independence. There is no man of the twelve upon our ticket for whom we shall vote with more pleasure and more confidence that he will make for himself a good record than E. P. Peckham.

For the Third Ward, Mr. Buckley has given us Dan Levy, a saloon-keeper, and the Independents James S. Reynolds, a lawyer. Mr. Higgins has given us his family physician, Doctor J. E. Kunkler. The doctor has called upon us and explained the reason why he has consented to take this nomination. From the inside we have heard this statement confirmed. Providence has written upon the face of Doctor Kunkler "honest man"; if elected, and if he shall prove not to be as honest as he looks, we will hold his Creator responsible for the fraud. For Supervisor of the Third Ward we have chosen Doctor J. E. Kunkler.

For the Fourth Ward we have written the name of Elliott M. Root, a Democrat, of the firm of Root & Sanderson, wholesale grocers. He is nominated by the Independents. His standing as a merchant determines for him our support.

For the Fifth Ward we have had no hesitation in choosing Willard B. Farwell, and this not because of any known reason why the other gentlemen nominated might not make good Supervisors if elected, but because we know that Mr. Farwell will make as good a Supervisor as the city has ever had.

For the Sixth Ward, without stopping to inquire who the Independents or the Republicans have nominated, we write the name of E. B. Pond. Everybody knows that he will make a good Supervisor, because he has been tried. For this office Mr. Pond ought to receive every vote in San Francisco.

For the same reasons we have selected Mr. Jefferson B. James for the Eleventh Ward, and Mr. Thomas Ashworth for the Twelfth, because they are experienced, tried, competent, and honest Supervisors.

For the Seventh Ward, Calvin Ewing, of the firm of Main & Winchester, is nominated by the Independents. Mr. Griffin, the Democrat, belongs to Buckley, and Mr. Williamson to Higgins. Our vote will be cast for Mr. Ewing.

For the Eighth Ward, W. E. Bridge, the livery-keeper of Sutter Street. We do not know the other candidates, and we do know Mr. Bridge. He has the interest to make a good Supervisor. He has common sense. He is honest. We want him on the street committee, and shall therefore write upon our ticket the name of W. E. Bridge.

In the Ninth Ward, Mitchell Phillips was the choice of the Republicans of his ward, and ought to have been nominated by the Republican convention, and would have been if he had had fair play. He is a victim to boss rule, as is every ambitious young man. He is President of the Black Eagles. He is, and for many years has been, in the employment of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. He is energetic and competent. His Republican opponent, Albert Heyer, is a German of the very highest respectability, a man of substantial wealth, and an old resident of the district. He was not a candidate for nomination; he was not a slate man nor a Higgins man; and if elected will prove an honest, common-sense, intelligent, and level-headed Supervisor. As between him and Mr. Phillips we are in a dilemma. We want to put both upon our ticket, and as there is a place for only one we are compelled to toss the coin. So here goes—heads for Phillips, tails for Albert Heyer. Phillips's bad luck pursues him, and Heyer wins. So our candidate for Supervisor of the Ninth Ward is Albert Heyer.

For the Tenth Ward we have chosen Henry B. Russ, of the Independent ticket. He has served before, and with credit to himself. We are glad of the opportunity of casting our vote for a gentleman of property and intelligence. We are glad of the opportunity of voting against the kind of Irish politicians that we believe Mr. Gilleran and Mr. Fitzpatrick to be. We understand that they are not intelligent, have little or no property, and were nominated by their respective bosses for their respective uses. We vote therefore for Henry B. Russ.

We have omitted three names from the Republican ticket with some regret—Hicks of the Sixth Ward, Farnsworth of the Eighth Ward, and Daniel McMillan of the Eleventh Ward. It was a choice between good men. Pond, James, and Ashworth are entitled to re-election because of their honorable service in the present Democratic Board.

The department of our common schools is one of great importance, and for the choice of directors for its control it is necessary that we should exert the greatest care. The outgoing board has rightly earned the sobriquet of "tough old board," and if certain members of it have not sold positions for coin, and certain other members prostituted themselves by the making of base proposals to teachers, then they have been much maligned. The Democratic board is the choice of Buckley, and is composed, in the main, of an unworthy lot of unknown people, whom we have a right to suspect were chosen for no honest purpose. The Independents are better, as a body, but they are a haphazard choice. The Republicans are, in the main, the best and most carefully selected School Board that the city has had presented to it for years. The names we have taken are ten Republicans, one Democrat, and one Independent, and all are family men of respectable character. The changes we have made are at the suggestion of teachers. The ticket as presented by us meets the approval of a large majority of the school-teachers of this city, both male and female. They are all men of professional occupation or of business pursuits. We know how and by whom they were chosen for nomination. They were carefully selected by a body of respectable citizens, and presented to the Republican Convention with such an endorsement as could not be ignored. There is no boss politics and no machine business in the list as we present them, and we sincerely hope that the school department may be lifted out of its present shameful position by the election of the following-named gentlemen as School Directors:

| | |
|---|---|
| J. H. Culver, | C. W. Beach, |
| W. B. Wilshire, | George T. Shaw, |
| J. P. H. Wentworth, | Thomas O'Brien, |
| C. T. Deane, | David Sterne, |
| J. F. English, | Ira G. Hoitt, |
| Edward Pollitz, | R. T. Van Norden. |

And now we come to the performance of an unpleasant and painful task. We are called upon to choose between the Democratic and the Republican Legislative ticket. It a choice of evils. The Republican ticket falls altogether short of our estimate of what should constitute a legislative delegation from San Francisco. It does seem as though there might be found a higher class of Legislators than are, from year to year, presented from this city. The delegation in the Senate and lower house from the country are, as a uniform rule, in all respects superior to the city delegation. Men of better learning, higher purpose, purer motives, and in all respects more honest and serviceable. The Democratic ticket contains some honorable names, but as a whole it is simply abominable. The majority of them are born thralls and slaves to Christopher Buckley; they are his merchandise, his cattle, his things, his saloon fixtures, his stock in trade; they are his personal chattels, transferable upon his bill of sale. It looks as though they were put up for sale, and to be delivered to the highest bidder for cash, payable at the fall of the hammer. This choice of evils is perhaps one of the natural dilemmas of our system of party politics. We often encounter the same condition of things as present themselves to us in this instance. We are compelled to support the Republican Legislative ticket because it is a part of the machinery of our national politics. A United States Senator depends upon it. Its election will avoid the call of an extra session at the bidding of a Democratic gang of political malcontents. So much legislative work of a political character is done in caucus that it is of the first importance that this city should have a Republican delegation if it can be accomplished. We had intended to omit the name of Doctor May, whom, for personal reasons, we have the right to punish; but, on the whole, we have concluded to swallow the whole dose. We retch a little, but we swallow it all the same. We vote for George C. Parkinson for Senator with great pleasure, as we know he is an honest man, true to his friends, and full of honest, practical common sense. There are several gentlemen in nomination for the Legislature whom we endorse. But we need not particularize, as we support the entire list.

Our work is done. It has been honestly, conscientiously, and disinterestedly performed. For our preferences we have demanded and received no coin. We have no hope of reward; if any are elected we have no promise of patronage—except if Ruggles is elected Superintendent of Streets, a friend of his promises us a load of gravel for our sidewalk. It is the only outside inducement, and we were not Spartan enough to refuse the bribe. *We shall take the gravel.* The task has not been altogether a pleasant one, for in some instances we have been compelled to disappoint friends; we have been compelled to differ with them, and to deny their very earnest personal solicitations. It is not an agreeable task to array one's self against the members of his party—a party he aided to plant, and for nearly thirty years has labored to sustain, and toward which he has never faltered in his allegiance except when it has been debauched by a corrupt and selfish leadership. This ticket is submitted, not as perfect, but as the result of our best judgment. The individual elector may possess information that we do not possess, and he will use his judgment and his conscience by acting upon that information. Our ticket—"the *Argonaut* ticket"—is not to be used at polls—is not to be cut out and dropped into the ballot-box. It would be an ignorant man who would make this mistake. It is to be used as a memorandum for practical aid of voters, supplementing their knowledge of candidates when deficient, and hinting to them the inner working of the political conventions, of which they may be not so well informed as we. Our readers are intelligent and can write. They will, when they prepare their ballots, have all the nominations before them, and with pen and ink first carefully erasing the name of the rejected candidate, plainly write the substituted name from the *Argonaut*. If the voter is not a good writer, let him ask his friend, or wife, or son, or daughter, to act as his amanuensis. Let the matter be carefully done on the day or evening before the election, at leisure, and with the care due to the performance of a most responsible public duty.

## THE ARGONAUT TICKET.

NATIONAL.

PRESIDENT.....JAMES G. BLAINE.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....JOHN A. LOGAN.

ELECTORS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Henry Edgerton, | A. R. Conklin, |
| J. D. Byers, | J. B. Reddick, |
| Charles F. Reed, | Horace Davis, |
| Maurice H. Hecht, | Chester Rowell. |

CONGRESSIONAL.

First District.....Thomas L. Carothers.
Second District.....James A. Loutitt.
Third District.....Joseph McKenna.
Fourth District.....William W. Morrow.
Fifth District.....Charles N. Felton.
Sixth District.....H. H. Markham.

MUNICIPAL.

Mayor.....W. L. Merry.
Sheriff.....Patrick Connolly.
Auditor.....N. B. Stone.
Tax Collector.....George D. Grabill.
County Clerk.....David Wilder.
Superintendent of Streets.....Chas. S. Ruggles.
Recorder.....C. T. Pidwell.
Treasurer.....John A. Bauer.
District Attorney.....J. N. E. Wilson.
City and County Attorney.....John Lord Love.
Surveyor.....Richard P. Hammond Jr.
Coroner.....Dr. C. C. O'Donnell.
Superior Judges.....John Hunt, J. F. Sullivan, T. H. Rearden, E. W. Blaney.
Police Judges.....Hale Rix, James M. Lawler.
Justices of the Peace.....Meyer Jacobs, Ethelbert Burke, John M. Dolan, D. A. O'Connell, James C. Pennie.

SUPERVISORS.

First Ward.....Dr. Justin Gates.
Second Ward.....E. P. Peckham.
Third Ward.....Dr. J. E. Kunkler.
Fourth Ward.....Elliott M. Root.
Fifth Ward.....W. B. Farwell.
Sixth Ward.....E. B. Pond.
Seventh Ward.....Calvin Ewing.
Eighth Ward.....W. E. Bridge.
Ninth Ward.....Albert Heyer.
Tenth Ward.....Henry B. Russ.
Eleventh Ward.....Jefferson G. James.
Twelfth Ward.....Thomas Ashworth.

SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

| | |
|---|---|
| J. H. Culver, | David Stern, |
| C. W. Beach, | J. F. English, |
| George T. Shaw, | Ira G. Hoitt, |
| J. P. H. Wentworth, | R. T. Van Norden, |
| Thomas O'Brien, | W. B. Wilshire, |
| C. T. Deane, | Edward Pollitz. |

LEGISLATIVE.

SENATORS.

Ninth District....George C. Parkinson, Egisto Palmieri.
Eleventh District....Joseph Maglone, Gerson Mosbacher.
Thirteenth District.....John M. Days, J. L. Boone.

ASSEMBLYMEN.

Twenty-ninth District.....James H. Daly.
Thirtieth District.....E. C. Kalben.
Thirty-first District.....Peter Deveney.
Thirty-second District.....Jos. Franklin.
Thirty-third District.....Dr. W. B. May.
Thirty-fourth District.....F. W. Hussey.
Thirty-fifth District.....Dr. N. T. Whitcomb.
Thirty-sixth District.....John Lafferty.
Thirty-seventh District.....M. Sullivan.
Thirty-eighth District.....W. B. Hunt.
Thirty-ninth District.....Charles H. Ward.
Fortieth District.....Julius Buhlert.
Forty-first District.....H. C. Firebaugh.
Forty-second District.....V. C. McMurry Jr.
Forty-third District.....E. F. Loud.
Forty-fourth District.....F. M. Lovell.
Forty-fifth District.....H. K. McJunkin.
Forty-sixth District.....A. H. Cook.
Forty-seventh District.....C. D. Douglass.
Forty-eighth District.....Frank French.

Mr. Frank Sullivan, candidate of the Democratic party for Senator, is accredited with the following bit of crank oratory, delivered at a country precinct in the county of Santa Clara: "I wish my opponent was here with me to-night upon this stand; I should take pride in having you compare our respective physical proportions; I am richer than the Murphys; I inherited a fortune, and I marri millions; I can afford to go to Congress, and, when th to be an honest man." John Maynard is the *Argon* reporter of this very characteristic speech.

## "AFTER LONG YEARS."

By Helen Lake.

The summer boarders who were constantly coming and going at the Baghot Springs Hotel took the liveliest interest in a party of three, who for the last two months had had possession of the pleasantest rooms in the house and the most comfortable corner of the wide veranda. This interest was likewise awakened immediately in the minds of the latest arrivals, a man and his wife, evidently tourists. The man was unusually handsome, with brilliant blue eyes, heavy dark hair with reddish inflections in the sun, strongly marked dark eyebrows, and a reddish beard and mustache, which concealed the defects in the lower part of his face, particularly the straight lines of a cruel mouth, and removed the effeminacy of his excessive beauty. His manner was so studiously unconscious as to betray to a keen observer the height of consciousness. His wife was perhaps ten years younger than he, a fair, pretty woman of six or seven and twenty, evidently very much in love with her husband, and prone to jealousy. Having seen the interested look her husband had given the trio on the veranda as he got out of the stage, she struck up an acquaintance with her neighbor at table, and, by seemingly careless, though really adroit questioning, elicited a small watering-place history of the party who had attracted her husband's notice. To this she observed that he lent as attentive an ear as she did, though he seemed absorbed in his dinner and the other conversation going on around them.

The man, she learned, was the celebrated blind author, John Rossitur. One of the ladies, the handsome, dark one, was his sister, who had devoted her life to taking care of her brother, being eyes, hands, everything, to him since he had become blind in his twenty-second year, some ten or twelve years ago. The other, the slighter blonde in mourning, was a Mrs. Everson, a schoolmate and dear friend of Miss Rossitur, a widow who had lately come from the East, and had been spending three or four months with her. Gossip said that she would soon relinquish the name of Everson for that of Rossitur.

"The same name as ours. I wonder, Julian," said the questioner to her husband, "if that can be your brother George's widow? You know I never saw her."

"Very likely," replied the astute Julian; "I thought her face looked familiar. I will find out."

After dinner they went out on the veranda and saw the Rossiturs and their friend still seated in their pleasant corner, apparently oblivious of the world around them, absorbed in themselves and the book which lay in Mrs. Everson's lap.

"Stay here, Grace, while I smoke my cigar, and I will be back presently," said Julian, establishing his wife in a chair just out of sight of the Rossiturs. At first he walked up and down in front of her; but presently turned the corner, gradually extending his range until he passed Mrs. Everson, and by design, though apparently by accident, brushed off her handkerchief, which lay on the arm of her chair. As he restored it with a courteous excuse, he saw from her start, and the whiteness of her lips as she glanced at him, that she was for the first time aware of his presence. He went back immediately to his wife, and Mrs. Everson continued reading, but the keen ear of the blind man detected the short breaths that she tried to control.

"Something has agitated you," he said, in his deep, quiet voice. "Don't read any more."

She closed the book, and a few moments later Julian Everson and his wife saw her flit past them and vanish into the house, like a black shadow. But before she had set foot on the first stair, Julian stood in front of her, blocking her way.

"Isabel," he said, gently, almost entreatingly.

"How dare you recognize me? How dare you speak to me?" was her answer.

"I always dared what I wanted to do; and it is not like you to make scenes," he said, quietly drawing her hand within his arm, and leading her to an upper balcony, where they were not likely to be interrupted. "Is this for me?" he added, and touched the crape on her dress.

"You!" she flashed, contemptuously.

"You pass for a widow here, you know," he continued; "one of those widows who console themselves. When is it to be? Does he know of my existence. He thanks God piously for his affliction, I hope, since it has given him two such devoted slaves."

"It seems that I have no protection from your presence," said Isabel, after a pause. "But you can not enforce a right over my actions or intentions. You lost that five years ago. You have not changed. Do you pursue the same course with your second wife that you did with me?—your second wife, for whom you neglected, insulted, abused me, until I left you in sheer desperation. She married you. Is she meek, and faithful, and loving?"

"Grace?" said Julian, carelessly. "Yes, she is all that; and I am sick of the whole concern; but she is happy enough. If she wasn't, she hasn't the spirit to run away. I never thought you would, but for a very different reason; I thought you had too much pride. You always gave out to the world that you were so serenely content, I thought nothing would ever induce you to betray that it was all a sham. Perhaps I shouldn't have gone so far if I had known. I believe now that we might have been reconciled if it had not been for your father. Our divorce was all his doing. Why, you know I never loved any woman as well as I did you—as well as I do now. I admire you more than any woman I ever knew. There has never been a day nor an hour that you haven't been before my eyes. Your originality always fascinated me, I confess; you were so utterly unlike other women. Half my practicing on you was to see how you would take it; and you never did what I expected."

She received his flattery like a stone, and he suddenly changed his tone to one of suppressed emotion.

"Isabel," he went on, "how can I tell you, how will you ever know, what I suffered through the long hours of sleepless nights after I went home and found you gone? I swear to you that since that time I have never touched a drop. Haven't you one word for me?"

"You always put on the leading-man manner extremely well," said Isabel, with a sneer. "I am glad Mrs. Everson has never gone through with any of those scenes that make me recoil, not only from you, but from myself, that I should have had a part in them. Even setting aside that last frightful night I spent under your roof, I——" She broke off.

"I know I was a fiend to you," he said, in a smooth, coaxing voice; "but you would not see me to let me tell you so. Isabel, you loved me too well to trust yourself. But if you had, you would have forgiven me, and we should have been spared such a meeting as this."

"All this is to no purpose," said Isabel, coldly. "Your preposterous, cold-hearted vanity makes you false to your second wife as you were false to me. I was your wife once; I am not your wife now, and this talk between us is not only useless, it is wicked. As an unmarried man, you used to boast of your conquests, and had your gallery of broken-hearted beauties, whose pictures you used to show to your newest love, with judicious mock-modesty remarks to make her believe she was the first one who had ever touched your heart, however many you might have unknowingly touched with your dangerous fascinations. Now that you are married for the second time, it galls your vanity that the first wife is not expiating in perpetual tears her inconceivable folly in throwing away her chance of living in your companionship, no matter if you had reduced that companionship to hourly torture. No, Julian Everson, you have ruined my life, but you have not broken my heart. And now I will not have another word."

She turned to leave him, but he caught her by the wrist, and she made no effort to resist.

"You always had a long tongue, and I never pretended to match words with you," he remarked. "It's useless to contradict your romantic misconception of a man's character, so I shall not try. But, Isabel," here his voice grew soft again, "you will not prevent my seeing and kissing Baby Bell. She must have grown to be a big girl. It was for her sake that you consented to keep the only thing of mine that you did not give back to me with utter contempt—my name. Does she ever ask about her father?"

"*My child* died the year I lost my father," said Isabel, with an indescribable accent on "my child," and in the shock of his surprise she slipped from his loosed grasp, and disappeared.

A few moments later John Rossitur and his sister came up stairs, and, after leading him to his room, Miss Rossitur entered Isabel's.

"Annie," said Mrs. Everson, looking up without moving, "I must leave here to-morrow. That man that passed us and spoke to me down-stairs is—was—my husband, and his wife is with him. You see, I can not stay here."

"I see," said Annie, gravely. "My dear, if there were anything I could say to you or do for you to help you, I would. You know that since you told me the story of your life you have had my deepest, truest sympathy, and I trusted you would never see him again. He has not dared to speak to you! What has he said?"

"The old story," said Isabel, wearily. "He knows by instinct what will cut me deepest, and his hand is always ready. And, Annie"—she walked to the window and stood looking out at the long shadows of the pines on the red-brown mountains opposite, until her companion thought she had forgotten what she meant to say—"Annie, when I go back, it can not be to your home; I must live alone."

"Must it be?" said Annie, with a sudden resolution. "Tell me truthfully, Isabel, why? Don't try to evade an answer; only say 'yes' or 'no' to a question I shall put. Do you love my brother?"

She turned her friend from the window, and looked in her face. There was no need of words.

"There are justifiable cases of re-marriage," pursued Miss Rossitur. "If there ever were, this is one. Your husband is married again. Why should you let him stand in the way of your happiness? Legally he is no more to you than if he had never been."

"You don't think of your brother," said Isabel, faintly.

"Indeed, I do think of him. Why, Isabel, he loves you—he told me so; but he said he was strong enough to enjoy your daily presence without betraying himself, because you seemed so happy and restful with us, and so unconscious that you could win anything more than a man's esteem. He said he would not insult you by speaking of love to you, knowing how you feel about your marriage. But, Isabel, you are an exceptional woman. You would not take such a step lightly, as some women in your position would take it; that everybody knows who knows you."

"Don't tempt me, Annie," exclaimed Isabel, imploringly. "You know that in your eyes and mine I am just as much married to Julian Everson as when we took those awful vows that we have both broken. For me to marry your brother would be a crime."

"It would not—it would be a right and holy thing to do," cried Annie Rossitur, "and I urge you to do it, though it renders useless the sacrifice I made years ago, when, for his sake, I sent away the man I loved and who loved me."

"My mind is made up," said Isabel, firmly. "Your brother must never know of this conversation, and I must go to-morrow."

"At least," returned her friend, "you will let us go with you and see you safely on your way home, for John's sake; otherwise he might think I have betrayed him. May I tell him the reason we leave this place?"

Isabel bowed her head, and Annie left the room to make arrangements for starting the next day.

Meantime Julian had rejoined Grace.

"Is she George's wife?" she asked. "I will speak to her the next time she passes me."

"She is not George's wife, and you will do nothing of the kind," Julian answered, shortly. Grace turned dark red.

"I thought that woman took her own name," she said, in a suppressed tone. "I will not stay another hour in the same house with her. I will not," she added, and her voice rose with her increasing excitement.

"Very well. Don't inform the whole house of it. We can't leave until to-morrow, anyway," said Julian, easily, and picked up a newspaper. He saw very little in it, for the announcement of his child's death had shocked him, and Grace was making herself particularly objectionable. She sat staring in front of her, speechless and immovable, until Julian threw down his paper, and remarked:

"Why so pensive?"

"I wish I knew whether you care for her still. I never could find out in all these years. I wish I knew what to think," she answered, vehemently.

"Don't think at all; it's the easiest way," said her husband, calmly. "Suppose I do care for her; you only make yourself miserable. Suppose I don't; you are just where you were before. You can take your choice."

"I will not be driven out of the house by that woman," said Grace, suddenly veering. Julian shrugged his shoulders. "I won't stay; but I know how we will go, so that she shan't have the triumph of seeing me run away from her. You must get a horse and carriage, and we will appear to go for a drive; we will bring up at the station, and you can telegraph for our baggage. Don't you think so?"

"Anything you like," returned Julian, impatiently. "I should think you could see that the complication is much more disagreeable to me than it can be to you. Yes, your plan is well enough. Then we go for a drive an hour before the stage leaves, and we don't come back, that's all. To make sure, I'll order a carriage now; and then, in heaven's name, drop the subject."

Neither Grace nor Isabel appeared again until the next day, when one apparently went for her drive, and the other, with the Rossiturs, took her departure in the usual way by the stage. In making arrangements at the station for the return of the carriage to the Springs, the Eversons were delayed. Grace was hurried on the car, and Julian swung himself up after the train was in motion. Then the first object that met Grace's eyes was Isabel Everson with the Rossiturs, both the women looking nervous and sleepless, and the blind poet wearing the habitual serene expression that his closed eyelids gave his rugged face.

Isabel sat facing her friends in a sort of trance. She was quite unconscious of the flight of time until the early autumn day drew toward a close and the lamps were lighted through the car.

"In another hour we shall be at home," observed Annie, looking at her watch. "How glad I shall be."

As she spoke there came a jar and a crash. Every one has read of the frightful scenes that follow a railway collision. When Isabel could collect herself she found that by some strange chance her limbs were free and she was unhurt, then she knew by the smoke and the smell of burning that the train had caught fire. She put up a faint thanksgiving that her troubled life was to close so soon though she trembled at the manner of her death, for she knew that rescue was almost hopeless.

"Annie!" she called. "John, can you hear me?"

Rossitur answered. Annie was lying insensible or dead under a mass of broken wood and iron. Isabel found him close to her. She lifted his head against her breast and held it there while the slow minutes wore away among the shrieks and moans of the dying men and women, and the crackling of the creeping fire.

"Now I feel my helplessness as I never have done in all these years of blindness," said Rossitur, with the calmness of despair. "If I had my eyes, I feel as if I could get out from under this weight on me and do something toward saving you. But I must lie here and let you die. I may tell you now, in the face of death, how I love you. I am badly hurt, I know, and I am a maimed, useless creature at best. My love can not wound you now. I hope and pray that you will be rescued still."

"Hush!" she answered. "I am only too glad to die with you. What can my life be to me now? You know what it has been, but heaven spare me the dreary blank that existence would be to me without you."

"Isabel," he said, suddenly, "we can neither of us hold out much longer. This is our last meeting on earth. I have never seen your face. Will you let me kiss your lips for the first and only time in life?"

She bent her head toward him. Then came a rush of suffocating smoke, more cries—some from without the car—and then unconsciousness.

Afterward, in Annie Rossitur's home, Isabel learned all that had happened to her. She learned that Julian, who had been unhurt, like herself, had managed to extricate himself and force a passage through a window. He had worked heroically in saving others, and had been mainly instrumental in rescuing Isabel herself. He had risked his own life in helping to drag John Rossitur from the wreck, but he only saved the glorious frame from being harmed by the fire. It was a lifeless body that they laid beside his crushed but still breathing sister. Grace had been burned beyond recognition; she had been stunned by the first shock, and had probably suffered very little. She was found hopelessly buried under the débris.

And now Julian was down-stairs, waiting to see Mrs. Everson. She rose from Annie's bedside, and went to him. His first impulse, as she entered, was to take her in his arms, but something in her manner kept him at a distance, though in the old life with her he had not often yielded to any check on his impulses.

"You came to be thanked," she began. "Though I can not thank you for saving my life, indeed I thank you with all my heart for preventing my dear Annie from dying such a horrible death. And you will let me tell you how much I admire and appreciate the courage you showed that dreadful night."

"You are not fit to be out of bed, and you are nurse that woman!" he exclaimed, angrily. "What will you do next?"

"I am strong, you know," she replied, with the ghost of a smile.

"But Isabel," he proceeded, hastily, "I did not come to be thanked. The praises of these people are sickening. A man couldn't do less than I did. I came—how can I say it?——forgive me, Isabel, and come back to me."

"It is too late. I have gone through so much," said dropping into a chair, for her limbs failed her as she thought of the coming struggle of wills, and remembered his pertinacity of old.

"It is not too late," he cried, throwing himself beside her, and taking her in his arms with all the ardor of

first love for her. "You shall not say so—you can not. If you do, you will ruin my life. Can you be so hard? I know all you have suffered for me. I confess how cruel I have been to you—not once or twice, but so often that I have wondered how much more you would stand. But I have always loved you, and I love you now ten times as much as I did at first. I would treat you like a saint. You are the one woman in the world to me. Good God! Isabel, you are not going to refuse!"

He sprang up and held out his arms.

"I can not," she replied; "I can *not* do it. I have forgiven you, but it takes all my strength. Is it fair to come to me like this when I am so shaken?"

"Am I nothing to you any more? You did love me once, I know," he said, reproachfully. "Is the love of such a woman as I have always thought you made of such slight stuff that it has died out so easily?"

"Easily!" cried Isabel. "Think how long it took to kill it. It was not until I had proof upon proof that what I loved never had any existence, that my love all melted away. I loved you with a girl's imagination, and you took willful, deliberate pains to destroy my ideal. I loved him with a woman's heart, and he was worthy of it, but he would never have known it if he had lived, for you stood between us, and I can be no man's wife."

"Isabel, have you no pity for your child's father?"

Then she gave way and broke into such tears as he had never seen her shed.

"You had none for your child's mother," she answered, hurriedly and brokenly. "My life is safe from you now. Can't you see that we are better apart? Annie Rossitur may may live for years, but she can never move hand or foot again, and my place is with her. How long has Grace Fearing been dead?—and you ask me to come back to you. If I could forget those years of misery and degradation that I spent with you, the memory of those five years that you were her husband would rise between you and me"——

"Isabel, listen to me!"

"No, I know you well. It is only because I am unattainable that I am desirable in your eyes. Hear me out, please. If I were to yield, you would tire of me in a month and the wretched story would be repeated. I ask you, not for the sake of what we once were to each other, nor for my sake, but for your own sake as a gentleman, as a man, to give me your word that you will not persecute me again, but will go away and leave me to lead a life where, unless you wish it, I can never cross your path."

"How can I ever go away and leave you? Your love may come back."

"Julian, your place is filled by a later, higher love that can never do either of us wrong. Forgive me, you forced me to say it. Now will you go? Now will you promise?"

She rose as she spoke, and he murmured "I promise," as he passed her on his way to the door; and to his wayward fancy she had never seemed half so lovely as now, standing beyond the reach of his hands forever, as he turned and looked back at her for the last time, across the gulf of an irreconcilable past.

San Francisco, November, 1884.

## VANITY FAIR.

Concerning bachelors, a New York correspondent writes: "Club life is getting to be much more of a feature of New York society than it was even ten years ago. Though it would seem by the papers that a great many men are being married, still there are a great many bachelors, and to bachelors the club is a great boon. There was a time, and that not very long ago, when the restaurants of the clubs were a continual source of expense, as they were very scantily patronized; for the number of men who dined at the club, compared with the number of men who dined at home, were very few, and even club members, though they do not always dine at home, do not always dine at the club. If you go to Delmonico's any evening, or to the Brunswick, or, in fact, any restaurant in New York, you will see a great many club men at the tables, which shows that they do not always dine at their house. The reason for this is hard to understand, for one would think that a member of a club, with a good restaurant, would rather dine at his club, if he were not going to dine at home, than to dine anywhere else around town; the table is always sure to be good, the attendance excellent, the service luxurious, the surroundings pleasant, and he may smoke his cigar with his coffee and enjoy himself without any of the restraints of the public restaurant. And another feature of club life is that the meals are served for about what they cost, so that it is much less expensive than any first-class restaurant, such as Delmonico's or the Brunswick; but, as I say, within a very few years club restaurants are more patronized than they were, and bachelor life seems to be more popular than in old times, for the reason, I suppose, that bachelors are made more comfortable nowadays than they used to be. It does seem as though every temptation were held out to a man to be a bachelor. The handsomest apartment houses in New York are bachelor apartment houses, and they are run with such completeness in the way of attendance that a man who gets used to these creature comforts is loath to take the risk of married life. These bachelor apartment houses are not furnished with restaurants, but the lodgers can get their breakfasts in their rooms if they choose. The rooms are rented unfurnished, and are divided into small suits of from two to four rooms."

The female form divine was thus discussed by a female sculptor in an interview with a reporter: "A good figure is a rarity. There are so many girls who come to me to pose as models, and so very few who are of the least use! Their knees are crooked and their arms bent, and their waists pinched in—there is always something wrong. I did see a good figure once. She was almost perfect. You know the 'Venus de Medici' is supposed to be the perfection of form. Well, this girl's figure was almost identical with hers. Had I wished to make a full-sized statue, I would not have changed her one iota. She was a very wealthy girl, and very indolent. Every pose was a study and every move beautiful. She was to have sat to me. All arrangements were complete—I had even taken her dimensions—when she was obliged to leave town. Was not this unfortunate? She was a very attractive girl, but not very pretty—very good figures seldom are. I will give you her dimensions. She was five feet four and a half inches high. A woman cannot be really beautiful much under that; they may be petite, as they call it, or cunning; but who would be called cunning? To be queenly, a woman should be five feet five. Then she measured thirty-one inches about the bust, twenty-six and one-half inches about the waist, thirty-five inches over the hips, nine inches from the armpit to the waist, eleven and one-half inches around the ball of the arm, nine and one-fourth inches around the elbow, and six and one-half inches around the wrist. You see, she tapered four and a half inches from the bust to the waist; that is right. Small waists and large hips look horrible to an artist. Then her hands and feet were good and large. An artist always looks for large extremities. The feet of this girl were nine and a half inches long. 'What an immense hoof!' do you say? Well, not so very large. I think it was a No. 4 shoe she took. Now, here is a cast of a foot not so large, you will say. Well, it measures eight and a half inches. The fingers of the hand, too, must be long and taper, with a curve backward to the tips. Women have come to me so proud of their hands—such tiny hands, and yet perfect deformities, with every finger warped and crooked. I should have said, of course, that no figure can be good unless rounded and free from angles. I must confess, though, that a fine, statuesque figure would not look well draped in the present fashion. Yes, I will give my idea of a fine figure in the present fashion. Bust measure, thirty-two inches; waist, twenty-four; nine inches from armpit to waist; long arms and long neck. By 'neck' I mean from the collar-bone to the chin; and recollect this: I would far rather see the waist measure twenty-five inches than twenty-three. This figure shall be five feet four and three-fourths inches in height. I once saw a figure I admired a good deal that was thirty-four about the bust and twenty-six about the waist." A corset-maker, when interviewed by the same reporter, gave her ideas about the female form as follows: "You must know that every woman in the world—that is, every plump woman—thinks her own figure perfection. She may say, 'My figure is perfectly awful,' but all the same she thinks that something is wrong with every woman whose figure is not similar to hers. A woman five feet five inches high should measure twenty-three about the waist, thirty-eight about the bust, and thirty-nine about the hips. I think a woman may be as small as she likes and still have a good figure; but then, of course, her breadth measure must be less in proportion. It's a perfect libel to say that Americans are tight lacers. Very few that I know of lace at all. They merely clasp their corsets. Those who lace never acknowledge it, though. I have known some who laced tight, but those were very few. Yes, we can make any kind of a figure look well. Look here! Here's a 'hip bustle.' That combines a bustle, a dress-improver, and a hip-extender. Here is another kind that is still more effective. Here are some pads. We can pad the back so as to make the spine look straight. No, we don't pad the arms; we leave that to the dressmaker. About half, or a little more, of the American women have passably good figures. The remainder are bad. About one-quarter of the entire number of women and one-half of those ill-favored wear pads and panniers."

No less than seventeen names on the published list of saloon passengers of the steamer *Oregon*, which arrived at New York a few days ago, were followed by the words "and maid" or "and man-servant." One or two of the passengers were accompanied by couriers as well as other servants, and of two well-known New York ladies, one was accompanied by two maids, and the name of the other was accompanied by the words, "courier, man-servant, and maid." The relict of the hard-working Philadelphia manufacturer of shoe-blacking, who went home from his factory in an office coat three years ago, and died of overwork before nightfall, was accompanied on her way over by "three servants." And yet the writer was informed by the agent of a steamship line of this city that this was rather a poor steamer for servants. It appears that while very few out-going steamers carry personal attendants for the saloon passengers, the incoming ones are invariably infected with them, and sometimes in very large numbers. An American can go to Europe without any difficulty alone; but after he has acquired the accent and the culture which travel is supposed to stamp him with, he finds it impossible to come back again without a personal attendant. Women manage their maids better in public than men manage their men-servants or valets. An American usually acts as though he were overcome by the presence of his servant. When he first goes to dinner on board the steamer, the man stands behind his chair, if he has good sea-legs and is in no danger from seasickness. He is in everybody's way, is of no particular use to his master, and usually proves a bore to everybody before the voyage is over. On this side, if he is a bright and intelligent man, he doesn't stay in service long, as the opportunities for his advancement in a social way are practically unlimited. He is constantly out of place, and has no recognized position even among the servants. There is, indeed, the same trouble with ladies' maids. In England the woman who holds the post of personal attendant to the lady of the house is considered very much above the other domestics in position; and when she comes over here, and finds that she must wash her own clothes, make her own bed, and sit in the kitchen when her mistress has nothing for her to do, she relieves her mind, leaves her position, and advertises for a place as governess. French maids are considered more valuable, though they usually demand their evenings after eight o'clock, appropriate the "old dresses" of their mistresses while the garments are still new, and are seldom long in attendance upon one mistress. In a family of girls, particularly if two or three of them are in society, one or more maids are considered absolutely indispensable. There is no one of the servants who can be spared from duty to assist the young ladies for a drive or for an evening entertainment, and so the maid takes her place as a matter of course.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Belva Lockwood is the only candidate in the presidential field who is not a father.

Mrs. Sartoris, daughter of General Grant, is again settled in her English home. She entertains a great deal, and her father's army and navy friends are frequently her guests.

Gounod's composing-room contains a fine library, with a large organ at one end, a grand piano in the middle, and a small desk under the window, this desk being really a small piano.

Prince Matohroh, the field-marshal of Dahomey, has been tried for high treason, and sentenced to be "buried chest-deep in the earth, and then shot at by the Amazons until he is dead."

Pope Leo XIII. intends, it is said, to break a venerable tradition and appoint a Swiss cardinal. Monsignor Lachat, the recently deposed Bishop of Berne, is named as the man who is to receive the honor.

The marriage of Mr. Paul Dana, son of Dana of the *Sun*, to Miss Butler Duncan, daughter of Mr. William Butler Duncan, will take place on November 11th, at Grace Church, in New York city.

It is said Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of Pittsburg, now controls Liberal newspapers in the following English towns: London, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Middlesexborough, Sunderland, Newcastle, Walsall, and Southampton.

The Marquise de Belbœuf, a leader of the fashion, and sister to the Duc de Morny, who has vainly endeavored to marry an American heiress, has had her hair cut short, and it is expected that the satellites of the fashionable world will follow suit.

Mr. Langtry, husband of the beautiful actress, is an enthusiastic lover of aquatic sports, and spends most of his time fishing, boating, or gunning for water-fowl. He has recently purchased a life-boat, and fitted it up for cruising in the Channel and the Irish Sea.

The present (third) Duke of Wellington is not as well off as his father was. Some of the foreign pensions granted to the first duke, notably the Belgian pension, were for two lives only, and expired with the second duke. The English pension was granted for three lives.

Sir Moses Montefiore's memory, notwithstanding his hundred years, is wonderfully good. A short time ago he reminded his private secretary that the agreement between them for a three years' engagement was on the point of expiration. "We will renew it for another three years, if you please," said the centenarian.

Among our "American" painters, Bierstadt is a Düsseldorf man; G. H. Boughton, S. G. Guy, Edward and Thomas Moran, and J. G. Brown are English by birth; Edward Gay and Thomas Hovenden are Irishmen; De Haas is a Dutchman; Walter Shirlaw and the Harts are Scotch; and Constant Mayer is French.

Rev. Newman Hall has attained approximate ideas of the size of this country. He said, in conversation, while on the Saguenay: "I had no idea of the enormous extent of the country until, after traveling westward a thousand miles at least, I came to St. Louis, where I was dumfounded on being asked if I intended to 'go West.'"

Mr. Gladstone has a very sweet tenor voice, and sings English, Scotch, and Irish ballads, as well as negro melodies, to which he confines himself, with great taste and feeling; but when he goes on visits to country houses he insists on singing duets with Mrs. Gladstone, who is very much in the situation of Colonel Bardwell Slote, "I sing, but those who hear me say I don't," and the business becomes a bore.

Judge Brown, of the United States Court for the Wisconsin District, has just seen Victor Hugo and Von Moltke. He say: "He (Victor Hugo) wears his hair cut short, and has a white beard on his cheeks and chin. His eyes are dark—brown, I think. I did not see much of Hugo—not near so much as I did of Von Moltke. He is old and uncommunicative. He did not seem desirous of making any acquaintances, and the people let him alone. He had with him his nephew, a handsome young German officer. Von Moltke himself does not look at all like a soldier, but the officers in the German army are the handsomest and most intellectual-looking soldiers, I think, in the world."

The Queen of Greece is described as a remarkably fine-looking woman, quite tall, exquisitely formed, with shapely and rather small hands and feet, thick, waving black hair, large brown eyes, with wonderful long lashes that are the admiration of every one who beholds her, and a creamy pure complexion. She is said to be the handsomest queen in Europe, and is idolized by her husband, King George (who is a brother of the favorite Princess of Wales). The Queen of Greece is a famous horse-woman, and looks well in the saddle and rides handsome thoroughbred Arabian horses. She is also fond of making lacework, such as is done in Oriental countries, and giving it to ladies who win her favor in any way.

The late Hans Makart was slenderly built, of medium height, with delicate features and a long black beard, and hair streaked with gray. The Emperor of Austria was very fond of him, and commissioned him to make the drawings for the triumphal procession to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Emperor's marriage. They were beautifully executed, nearly all the costumes being in the style of the Renaissance. Makart's taciturnity was almost as proverbial as that of Field-Marshal Von Moltke. Once, at a mixed gathering in Vienna, Gallmeyer, the famous Vienna soubrette, prattled to him for two mortal hours. Makart never answered a word. Finally the little actress' tongue tired of wagging. Slapping the great artist with her fan, she said: "Now, little Makart, tell me something else."

## A NEW YORK GIRL.

Who in our Correspondent's Opinion had Aspirations for the Stage.

A short time ago, two girls, fashionably dressed, well mannered, and jolly, went together to a matinée at the Bijou Opera House. In the seat which adjoined theirs was a quiet and easy-going youth of perhaps twenty-four years, who had come up town from business early Saturday afternoon for the purpose of taking his two little nieces to the play. He had seen the performance several times, was rather bored, and, having nothing else to do, sat sideways in his seat so as to keep a protective eye over the nieces, and stared with more or less mechanical intentness at the fashionably dressed young women. Neither of them was at all flirtatious, and after a while he gave up the chase, and devoted himself to his wards. The little ones giggled and tittered throughout the play until the final drop of the curtain, when one of them discovered that she had lost her glove. In the search which ensued, the prettier of the fashionably dressed young women was successful in finding the glove, and, after receiving the thanks of the niece, she raised her eyes, smiled coldly upon the young man, and floated away with the crowd. He took the two little girls to Maillard's for ices, and then dragged them home. After that he met a friend, and together they bowled down Broadway in the ostensible search of an appetite for dinner, but in reality to have a look at the women who parade that thoroughfare on Saturday afternoon. They ran across the two young women who had sat near him in the theatre, but apparently passed unrecognized.

Three days later he saw the pretty one again on the corner of Twenty-third and Broadway streets, talking earnestly with a theatrical agent, whom he happened to know. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. The young man, who was fastidiously dressed, had a clean-cut and handsome, though rather sallow, face, and an imperturbable expression. Without a moment's hesitation he walked up to the theatrical agent, apologized for interrupting him, and asked why the deuce he hadn't dined with him the night before, as he had agreed to do. The agent had never received such an invitation, but he managed to master the expression of his face, rubbed his chin, smiled upon the serious and sedate young man who stood before him, and then presented him to the girl. She bowed, and in a few moments they were all three walking along Twenty-third Street. The theatrical agent left them and they turned back toward Broadway. An hour later they sat opposite one another in a secluded corner in the Brunswick dining-room, discussing an elaborate dinner. He observed that the girl knew the difference between Burgundy and claret, that her manner was free, unaffected, and decidedly proper, and that her finger-nails were in admirable trim. She sipped several kinds of wine, and at seven o'clock he put her in a cab and she drove away. She gave him her address, but said he must promise never to call on her, and agreed to write him the next day at the club.

"I think," he said an hour later, when discussing the matter in the strictest confidence with twelve or fourteen men in the café, "that she is from Boston, that she has theatrical aspirations, and that she is a girl of admirable family and breeding. There was nothing of the novice about her, and she is a lady by birth. You can always tell the difference, you know. If a girl's finger-nails are a little off, it is well to look out for her. If she doesn't know how to eat, let her go forever; and if her manner is boisterous, giddy, or gushing, pass her coldly by. It is actually charming to find a girl who is thoroughly presentable, devilish pretty, and knows exactly how to act. Here's luck."

"Where does she live?"

"She told me she lived in Avenue C, but of course that must have been a lark. It is the most disreputable neighborhood in New York—that is, it is one of the most poverty-stricken districts. My grandfather was born over there, by the way, but then it was an aristocratic quarter. Now it swarms with tenement-houses and groggeries."

The following day the note arrived on time. It was written in the long-pointed English hand so much affected by young women now, and was well worded. It said that she had arrived home safely, that she was anxious to see him again, and that she hoped that he would not forget their engagement for the following Friday night. It happened that he had walked up town that day with several convivial friends with the usual result. They had all climbed into a stage at Fourteenth Street, and were rumbling by the Fifth Avenue Hotel when the sedate young man caught a glimpse of the girl hurrying along Broadway. Without a moment's hesitation he dashed out of the stage, ran nimbly under the horses' heads, and almost under their feet, to the sidewalk, and accosted her breathlessly before she reached the corner. She was unaffectedly glad to see him, and without any thought of appearances he clasped her hand in both of his and squeezed it warily, while he talked tempestuously. She was rather surprised to observe that his serenity was for once ruffled, and it suddenly occurred to him that he had been drinking rather heavily, so he dropped her hand, muttered something about Friday night, raised his hat, and she tripped on down town with a smile of amusement on her face. He watched her until she disappeared in the crowd. Her figure was perfectly molded, and she wore a close-fitting English walking dress and a jaunty little hat. After she had disappeared he turned abruptly, stumbled against an elderly lady, apologized, and hurried on up to his club.

"I tell you, gentlemen," he said to the two men he asked to dinner with him that night, "she is a beauty. I am not the sort of a man to fall in raptures over any woman, you know, but this little beauty has caught me. I'd give a cool hundred to the Society for the Prevention of Intemperance and Sin if I could see her for just two minutes now."

"Why don't you get into a wagon," said one of his friends, after deep thought, "and go and see her? You said she told you where she lived. Try it on; it won't do any harm."

The sedate young man twisted his black mustache for a long while, and stared at his plate. Then he got up, buttoned up his coat, lighted a fresh cigar, told a man to call a hansom to the door, and said:

"It's a go. You wait here for a while, and I'll come back and tell you about it. If my mangled remains are brought back in an ambulance, bury me in the wine-cellar with a bottle of fizz above my head, and close the club for a week."

New York is really several cities merged into one. Men who were born and brought up in that section of New York that lies between Grand Street, Third Avenue, Fourteenth Street, and the East River, within which confines are perhaps three hundred thousand people, are entirely distinct from the men brought up on Murray Hill, or whose lives have been spent on the west side, or in Harlem. Thousands of men have lived half a lifetime in New York without penetrating the heart of the east side. The new yellow hansoms which have just been introduced here are rather grotesque looking vehicles. I doubt if one of them had ever visited the east side before the one in which the sedate young man sat placidly smoking rumbled over into the tenement-house district.

It was about half-past eight at night when he entered the most populous of the tenement-house blocks, and drove slowly along. On either side of the street vast brick structures towered eight or ten stories toward the sky, ash-barrels and heaps of refuse stood along the edge of the sidewalk, and the street was littered with tin cans, hoop-skirts, and broken barrels. About the small doors which led into the big tenement houses, were clustered slatternly looking women with untidy babies in their arms and hordes of ragged children playing about their feet. On every corner were gangs of lawless and rough-looking men sitting upon horseless trucks, and drinking beer out of tomato cans, which they passed from mouth to mouth. The effect of the yellow hansom was extraordinary. Crowds of children trooped after it, until there were over a hundred ragged, loud-mouthed, and agile little dare-devils cavorting around the horse and vehicle. In the middle of a long block, the driver pulled up his nag, opened the little hole in the roof, and said to the occupant:

"I've been hit in the head twice wid a pertater, sir, and I'll be kilt before we get home. I'm afraid they'll be breaking the glass if we don't hurry away."

Just then there was a shower of missiles against the cab, and in sheer desperation the driver whipped up his horse and galloped down the street, while the sedate youth, with a smile of enjoyment, closed the forward doors and kept on puffing his cigar.

"This," he said to himself, "is not only romantic, but it is becoming decidedly dangerous. I haven't had so much fun in a month."

When they arrived in the neighborhood he was seeking, he told the driver to wait for him a short distance away, bounded out at Twelfth Street and Avenue C, and walked rapidly down, looking for the number the girl had given him. The presence of a gracefully built man dressed in the height of fashion, well-gloved and well-coated, in such a time and at such a place, was almost as much of an attraction as the hansom, and a portion of the crowd followed the young clubman, while the rest chased the yellow cab up the street. When he found the number he was rather surprised to see that the name over the liquor saloon was the one the girl had given him. Without a moment's hesitation, he strolled into the saloon and stood up before the bar. There were two powerfully built and muscular young toughs in their shirt-sleeves serving out drinks. In front of the bar were a lot of street laborers, 'longshoremen, and roughs. They all turned and regarded the newcomer with looks of subdued hostility. He poured out a big horn of whisky, tossed it off carelessly, paid, and, after glancing around, strolled out of the shop. As he did so, he heard one of the young bar-tenders say:

"If that dude's one of Kate's swell fellers, I'll break every bone in his bloody body."

The young man went out toward the gutter and thought severely for three minutes. He knew that if the young bar-tenders got at him, he might as well be in Kamschatka as in New York, as far as any protection was concerned. Then he tossed away his cigar, buttoned his coat up to his neck, and walked deliberately up to the side door which led to the rooms over the bar-room. Five or six toughs who were standing there growled surlily at him as he felt around the door for the door-bell; but finding none, he went in and groped his way up a pair of carpetless stairs. With a hand at either side to guide him, he climbed up to the first floor. The walls were grimy and black, and there was a disagreeable smell of cooking. At one of the long passages there was a smoky kerosene lamp burning dimly. There were a number of doors on either side, and a flight of steps on his right led to the next floor. He knocked gently at the nearest door. No response. He knocked louder. Some one bade him enter in a feminine tone. Then he knocked again, and the voice of a man howled, angrily, "Why in h—l don't you come in?"

The visitor whirled about on his heels and rushed up the next flight of stairs. He didn't care to tackle the man with the rough voice, and preferred to take his chances further up. These stairs were quite ricketty, and they squeaked as he sprang along. At the top step he stopped suddenly, and found himself face to face with a man in his shirt-sleeves who had a grizzly face, was powerfully built, and apparently about fifty years of age. He had evidently been a regular New York boy, and he looked at the new-comer with a cold, significant, und thoroughly knowing air. There were several lights in this passage.

"Well, sir," said the man, shortly, "what's your business here?"

"I want to see Miss Kate," said the sallow youth, stepping up in front of the man and looking him squarely in the face.

"She's my daughter."

"Yes, I know. I came over to see her on a matter of business of the most pressing nature. My theatrical company starts out Thursday"——

Just then a door at the farther end of the passage opened and out popped the girl herself. Her hair was carelessly drawn up to a knot at the top of her head, and she was dressed in a loose calico wrapper. She sprang forward in amazement, and the two met at a distance of at least fifteen feet away from her father, who stood leaning against the wall with his clear eye upon the young man. The girl mumbled something about her surprise at seeing him, said he had the nerve of a prize-fighter, and told him to wait at the corner of Avenue C and Ninth Street, and she would be with him in fifteen minutes. He nodded, said "good-evening" civilly to the father, and started down the steps. As he did so the old man followed him, keeping about three steps in the rear. The youth didn't know at what moment the horny fist of the old one would fall down on him, but he succeeded in walking slowly until the last flight of stairs was reached, and then he dashed down four steps at a time and yanked open the hall-door. As he did so there was a howl from above, and just as he bounced into the street the old man seized the kerosene lamp which had stood in the first passage and hurled it after him, lighted as it was. It struck the door jamb with a crash within half a foot of the young clubman's head as he landed in the street and ran like a deer toward the hansom. The old man lumbered down stairs and started in pursuit, joined by all the loungers and the rabble of small boys who had been waiting below. The clubman, who had carried off more than one medal as an amateur runner, sped up the middle of the street, bounced into his hansom and away they drove. They soon distanced the crowd, made a detour and drove by the corner of Avenue C and Ninth Street in about fifteen minutes, just as the girl came up breathlessly, clad in her walking-dress and hat. She bounced into the hansom, and in half an hour more they were at the Brunswick again.

BLAKELY HALL ("FLANEUR").

NEW YORK, October 24, 1884.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

A Card from N. B. Stone.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: My attention has been called to a circular signed "School Teacher," which seems to be pretty generally circulated throughout the city, but from what source it has emanated I am at a loss to know—I can not think it possible from the teachers in our schools, for there are very many highly educated and intelligent ladies belonging to that department, who, I am quite sure, would never indorse anything of the kind. It is full of misrepresentation and falsehoods, and calculated to influence many who do not know me, to vote against me on Tuesday next.

*It is not true* that I tried to reduce the salaries of the teachers below the schedule fixed by the Board of which I had the honor to be a member, and for which all the members, who had any regard for the pledge given by them, were compelled *to vote* in order to keep their pledges to the people and the convention which nominated them. The charge that I tried "to reduce their salary to twenty-five dollars per month—or to put them on a level with the Chinese servant or servant girls' wages," is a *willful and malicious falsehood*.

I have lived in this city for nearly thirty-four years, and ought to have some kind of a record. And if there is a person entitled to a vote who thinks I would do one act that would have a tendency to cripple the schools, or injure their efficiency, I would ask him to vote against me.

I tried, while in that department, to elevate in every way that I could, instead of degrade, and my whole record shows it. I kept my pledge to the people and to the convention that nominated me—which was to reduce the expenses of the School Department to twenty-five dollars per capita for educating a child, *and not to twenty-five dollars per month for the salary of a teacher*.

I introduced and had incorporated as one of the fixed rules of the board a "new mode of electing teachers"; and every mother who has a daughter teaching in the schools, or expects to have, should have been thankful; for if that rule had not afterward been repealed by a corrupt board, your daughters would not have been obliged, as they have been, and are now—in order to get a position or hold the one they have—to visit the members of the board *at their private offices and their rooms*. Let me say here to the mothers of the teachers in our school, for God's sake look into this subject; and if any future Board of Education attempts to continue the present hellish mode of electing teachers, rise in a body and drive them from the City Hall as you would a pestilence.

It is not true that I *sought the nomination for Auditor*, or that I have made any bargains in connection with it. If ever an office sought the man, this one did. The truth of this is easily ascertained. N. B. STONE.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 31, 1884.

[The attack made upon Mr. N. B. Stone, the *Argonaut's* candidate for Auditor, for his effort in reducing the expenses of the school department, is vile, and can only have been prompted by a reckless opponent. It is a lie made out of whole cloth. We remember well the facts of the case, and will give them to our readers. In the year 1879 the nominating conventions of both parties—Republican and Democratic—demanded from their candidates for School Directors a pledge to reduce the expenses of the school department to twenty-five dollars per capita. Before being nominated every aspirant for School Director had to make a personal pledge to carry out, without equivocation, the plank in the platforms of both conventions demanding the reduction, and Mr. Stone, like an honest man, did fulfill his pledge, and should be commended for it. The reductions made by the board at that time were fifteen per cent. on the salaries of the highest paid, down to seven per cent. on the lowest paid teacher. And we remember well the excellent rule adopted by the board at that time solely through the efforts of Mr. Stone, by which teachers were selected on their merits solely, and were appointed according to the degree of merit by which they passed the Board of Examiners. The adoption of this rule did away with the very reprehensible custom of personal solicitation or influence as between the School Director and the lady aspiring for a position of teacher, and Mr. Stone should be given the full support of every honest man and woman in the community for having had this rule passed by the board of which he was president. The mean spirit that made the attack on Mr. Stone must feel grieved when he finds out that his scurrilous misrepresentations have given us an opportunity to praise an honest gentleman, who fulfilled all his promises to his constituents.]

## LITERARY NOTES.

### H. H. Bancroft's New Volume.

The second volume of Mr. Bancroft's "History of the Northwest Coast," which has just appeared, constitutes the twenty-eighth volume of the entire series. Like its predecessor, it treats of the explorations of Oregon and Washington Territory. But in this volume we note the first efforts of the Americans to obtain accurate scientific knowledge of that great territory which they were destined to possess.

The opening chapters are devoted to Lewis and Clarke's celebrated expedition in 1804. These daring explorers, both young men, were sent out by Thomas Jefferson, "the father of United States exploration," as Mr. Bancroft calls him, to follow in the footsteps of Mackenzie, the first white man who crossed the continent. They proceeded up the Missouri, and, striking west from its headwaters, crossed the dividing ridge, and, following the course of the Columbia, reached the Pacific Ocean November 7, 1805.

Starting on the return trip March 26, 1806, they proceeded by way of the Yellowstone Valley, where they met with many adventures among the Indians. One of the party, John Colter, left the expedition and was soon after captured by the Indians. Mr. Bancroft thus describes his escape from his savage captors:

"Having stripped him, the chief asked him if he could run fast. Knowing the custom, and that he was doomed to the trial of the gauntlet for his life, Coulter replied that he was a very poor runner; whereupon the chief gave him a start of three or four hundred yards. The terrible whoop of a hundred savages rang in his ears as he darted away with a speed no less surprising to himself than to his pursuers. Never a thought prompted him to look behind until he was half-way across a plain six miles in extent, and bristling with prickly-pears that pierced his bare feet at every stride. When he did turn his eyes, however, he saw close upon him an Indian armed with a spear. To outrun this savage he redoubled his efforts, while the blood gushed from his nostrils and coursed down his breast. Glancing back once more, he saw his foe nearly upon him, while the river was yet a mile distant. When the savage was within a few paces, a sudden impulse forced him to turn quickly about and spread out his arms. This action, coupled with his wild appearance, seemed to surprise the red man, who attemped to stay his own headlong pursuit, but stumbled and fell from exhaustion, breaking his spear in the act of throwing it. Colter instantly seized the spearhead, and pinned his man to the earth before continuing his breathless race. A few seconds were gained while the pursuing savages were halting over their dead comrade; and presently their yell of vengeance fell dull on Colter's ears as the friendly river closed over him. Making for a raft of drift-wood lodged against an island, and diving under it, he found a spot where he could obtain air through an opening. There he remained until night, the savages in search of him many times passing above his hiding-place. When it became quite dark, he swam some distance down stream, to leave no trail, and then landing, traveled for seven days, naked and with nothing to eat but roots, when he reached the trading-post of Manual Lisa, on the Big Horn River."

They finally arrived in Washington, in February, 1807, broken in bodily and mental health. Lewis died by his own hand two years later, when but thirty-five years of age, and Clarke, after filling several important positions, died in St. Louis, in 1838.

Mr. Bancroft devotes considerable space to a consideration of the great scheme to command the fur trade of North America, devised by John Jacob Astor, of whom he says:

"Bold, keen, grasping, with a mind no less fertile than sagacious, he is great, not as Newton, Washington, Lincoln, and Peabody; but like Napoleon, or Vanderbilt, a greatness not to be admired, but shunned."

In 1810 Fort Astoria was founded, and Mr. Astor entered extensively into the fur-trading business on the Pacific Coast. He even sent a party overland, from the Missouri to the Pacific, by way of the Columbia River, but in 1813 he was finally compelled to abandon the enterprise in favor of the Northwest Company. In 1818 the great question as to the ownership of the Northwest coast arose between Great Britain and the United States. After a condensed but accurate résumé of the explorations up to 1818, Mr. Bancroft exhaustively discusses the various phases of the Oregon question, which was finally settled in 1846. Mr. Bancroft next describes the gradual development of the Northwest coast. Some curious facts are thus recorded:

"Hitherto the impression had been prevalent on the Northwest coast, as it was at a much later period in California, that to attempt agriculture on the Pacific Coast would be folly. Some land was woody, some sterile—all was wild. It was well enough for savages and fur-bearing beasts, but it was unfit for civilized cultivation. Keith [the chief trader of the Northwest Fur Company], when asked by the London directory if breadstuff could not be raised there, answered 'No; if you stop supplies from beyond the mountains, you will have to ship provisions round Cape Horn. There is no alternative. This is no agricultural country.' But McLoughlin's [Keith's successor] was a mind above the trammels of fixed impressions. He thought for himself, and then acted upon his judgment. The first fruit-tree grown on the Columbia sprang from the seed of an apple eaten at a dinner-party in London. The dinner had been given to Captain Simpson, of the company's coast service. One of the ladies present, more in jest than in earnest, took from the apples brought on with the dessert, the seeds, and dropping them into Simpson's pocket, told him to plant them when he should reach his Northwestern wilderness. The captain had forgotten the circumstance until reminded of it while dining at Fort Vancouver in 1827, by finding in the pocket of the waistcoat which he had worn last in London the seeds playfully put there by his lady friend. Taking them out he gave them to Bruce, the gardener, who carefully planted them; and thence, within the territory of Oregon, began the growth of apple-trees."

The varied life of those pioneers who hunted and trapped in this country in the early days is well illustrated by the experiences of one "Peg-leg" Smith, of whom Mr. Bancroft says:

"At the San Francisco city hospital in October, 1866, died Thomas L. Smith—sometimes called 'Peg-leg' Smith, because he carried a wooden leg—at the age of sixty-nine years. His life was the type of a class. Born in Kentucky, at the age of sixteen he ran away from a child-beating father, served a term as flatboatman, made his way into the nearest Indian country as trapper, attended St. Vrain on a trip for Laclede and Choteau to Santa Fé, trapped in the Green River country, when he discovered and named the Smith branch of Bear River, visited the Navajos and Moquis, trapped in Arizona, trapped again in 1828 with Bridger and Sublette in the Utah country, then worked over on to the Platte River, where he lost his leg, in 1829, and was again in Utah, after which he came to California, and when towns were built he drank his rum in peace, sunned himself on curbstones, where occasionally would break from his lips one of those wild war-cries to which he had so long been familiar, to the utter confounding of staid passers-by."

Some space is given by Mr. Bancroft to Eugène Duflot de Mofras, who visited this coast in 1841–2. Mofras was sent here by Louis Philippe, who wished to shed the lustre of exploration on his bourgeois reign. Concerning the French explorer, Mr. Bancroft says:

"Mofras arrived December 30, 1841, at San Francisco, whence he hastened to Monterey to prepare for a second tour through the provinces. California pleased him best, for in the character of a French nobleman, recommended by the Mexican government, he became the lion wherever he appeared. There was a round of feasting and amusements, less refined, no doubt, than those of the European capitals, but nevertheless a source of pleasure from their very novelty; and then to be the centre of the ladies' admiration and of the men's envy, this sufficed for a Frenchman to cover a multitude of discrepancies. He shone at bull-baits and horse-races, balls and parties, and had every prospect of having a brilliant record. But faults arose to dim his fame, and charges were made of the most reprehensible conduct. He is said to have been arrogant toward the Californians, and openly expressed his contempt for them; but this must have taken place when he succumbed to his partiality for strong drink. At San Antonio Mission, it is said, and probably falsely, the administrator placed him under arrest for rude language and personal violence, and was upheld by the government in this course. Mofras stamped the Californians as an indolent, lounging, smoking, and hard-drinking race, caring for no other exercise than riding and dancing, and leaving all hard work to the long-suffering women. He gives due credit to their hospitable and social character, however, and predicts a glorious future for a country so richly endowed by nature."

A remarkable prediction was made by Doctor McLoughlin (the chief trader spoken of above) in 1845, when General Simpson sent him word to abandon Yerba Buena, as the trading-post there was not profitable:

"'No,' said McLoughlin, 'do not abandon it; though a loss thus far, it will surely prove profitable in time. We can give the Californians, for their hides and tallow, our London goods at our own prices. It is an important post; do not abandon it.' Had the wise men of the East and Europe listened to this far-seeing sage, and taken advantage of their opportunity, they might have doubled their capital stock twice over during the next five years. In 1846 the company sold the establishment, and retired forever from San Francisco Bay."

It is our impression (although Mr. Bancroft does not mention it) that McLoughlin sold the company's property in Yerba Buena to Captain W. D. M. Howard, father of Willie Howard, of San Mateo. Thus McLoughlin's prediction, that it would be "profitable to hold," was realized, for this purchase was one of the chief elements in the wealth of Howard estate. If we remember aright, the property purchased by Captain Howard extended from what is now Howard Street over to about Commercial Street.

The volume concludes with some account of the general civilization of the country, which began during the period from 1842–6. The feeling of the natives toward the farmers is well shown in an incident recounted by Mr. Bancroft as follows:

"Though not particularly pleased with the original appearing in their midst of the fur-traders, the natives were much more digusted when they saw farmers driving stakes into their hunting-grounds.

"'Is it right for us to kill the Americans?' asked a Cascade chief of McLoughlin one day.

"'What!' roared the doctor.

"'They or we must die,' the chief calmly continued. 'Not only do they spoil our forests and drive away our game, thus depriving us of food and clothing, but with their accursed morals and religion they sow broadcast the seeds of disease and death. Shall we kill them, or let them kill us?'

"'Only a dog would talk so,' replied McLoughlin, ineffable scorn conspicuous in voice and features. 'You are not a gentleman; you are not a chief; you are only a little man; never speak to me again; I will never look at you.'

"The savage slunk abashed away, and never again was seen at Fort Vancouver."

The work grows even more interesting than the first of this series as it is brought down to more recent times; it shows the same careful research. It is published and for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

### Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Clark Russell's new volume of sea yarns is called "On the Fo'k'sle Head."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich is not so young a poet as he looks. He is forty-eight years old this month.

Mr. Marion Crawford's "Roman Singer" is now appearing in Swedish in the Stockholm *Dagblad*.

The history of the Rothschilds is being written by a member of the house, who is well known in Paris for his literary tastes.

A new translation of "The Inferno" into English "terza rima" has just been brought out in Edinburgh by Mr. J. R. Sibbold.

Mr. Stevenson's new novel, "The Story of Prince Otto," is mentioned as a study of morals and marriage. It is coming out serially in *Longman's Magazine*.

The late Henry J. Byron wrote altogether about sixty plays, for which he received nearly four hundred thousand dollars. His will was proved for twenty thousand dollars.

Max O'Rell's new book will bear the title "John Bull's Womankind." The French edition was published October 8th, the edition consisting of twenty thousand copies.

Mr. Walter Besant, with two other Englishmen, has written a romance which they intend to publish anonymously, as they are anxious that the public should judge it on its own merits.

A magazine, the first number of which is to be put forth as a Christmas volume, is soon to be published in Scotland. Mr. W. H. Mallock is to be a contributor, and Mrs. Lynn Linton is to give to it a story called "A Rift in the Lute."

Mrs. Henry Wood never received a penny from any one for the right of dramatizing her romances, although it has been calculated that a small royalty on all the plays founded on "East Lynne" would have brought her no less a sum than five hundred thousand dollars.

General Beauregard in his article on the battle of Bull Run, in the November *Century*, gives the reasons why the Confederate victory at Bull Run was not followed by an attack on Washington. He also discusses his personal relations with Mr. Davis, and criticises the subsequent conduct of the war on the Confederate side.

*Longman's Magazine*, almost the youngest of the English monthlies, has been the most hospitable to American authors. To the first number Mr. Howells contributed his delightful paper on Lexington. All of Bret Harte's recent short stories and brief serials have appeared in its pages. Mr. John Burroughs and Mr. Henry James have also contributed; and now the November number will contain a paper by Mr. Brander Matthews, on the antiquity of jests.

When the London *Spectator*, the other day, noticed the current number of *The Nineteenth Century*, it carefully omitted any mention of Mr. Swinburne's article on Charles Reade. "No doubt," says Mr. Yates, "Mr. Swinburne did play a cruel joke on Mr. Hutton when he persuaded him to print 'Faustine' in the columns of his highly moral journal. But that was many years ago. Mr. Swinburne has foresworn sack now, and lives cleanly. To keep chewing the cud still of that old grievance is a bit of womanish spite unworthy of the editor; it is a bit of folly, too, for it only makes people remember what he would surely wish them to forget."

Captain Burton will shortly publish the first installment of a new translation of the "Arabian Tales." Nearly all the popular editions are more or less imperfect, being renderings from Prof. Galland's French version, which is itself an abridgment of the original. Some years since Mr. Torrens published a literal translation of about fifty tales out of the "Thousand and One." Mr. Payne's translation has been published at a price which is almost prohibitive, and Mr. Lane's translation does not contain more than half the tales, and is from the Cairo Arabic edition, which is itself an abridgement. As Captain Burton knows Arabic as no other European, he will probably reproduce the tales in a form as closely Arabic as possible.

The "Stories by American Authors," which the Scribners have been publishing, have met with good sales considering the dullness of the summer. The average sale of each of the half-dozen volumes thus far issued has been about six thousand; fifty dollars are paid to the authors for each story, be it short or long. The volume which contains Park Benjamin's "The End of New York," reprinted from the defunct *Fiction*, an imaginary though vivid and quite amusing satire on the defenseless condition of the country, and the worthlessness of the American navy, attracts wide attention in the West, presumably because the events which are supposed to have occurred are attributed to the year 1881, when Blaine was Secretary of State. Probably ten thousand copies of this volume have been sold, mostly in the West, where the rage for anything relating to "Blaine and war" is unabated. This is one of the few books that the political campaign is helping.

Mr. Edmond de Goncourt has just reprinted the first romance which he wrote in collaboration with his brother, Jules. The story was entitled "En 18—," and the printing was completed on December 1, 1851. Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* came on the day of publication, and the authors had great reason to think that the public of France would have more serious work in hand than the consideration of their literary claims. They walked the streets of Paris, and with the pardonable egotism of youth looked on the walls for the posters that were to announce the advent of the new authors. But they looked in vain. The printer, afraid that the mysterious, meaningless, cabalistic title of "En 18—" would be held by the authorities to imply something adverse to the Napoleonic legend, had committed the entire stock of placards to the flames. A few months later the bookseller informed them that only sixty copies had been sold, and he should be glad if they would remove the remaining stock, a thousand or more. This mass of unappreciated literature was relegated to a garret, and a few years later, when the brothers by chance penetrated to this lumber-room, they each sat on the floor to read again the unfortunate firstlings of their muse. In an excess of critical fury they now condemned the book to the flames. The bulk was actually burned, but a few copies evidently escaped, and after sundry refusals M. Edmond de Goncourt has now yielded to repeated requests, and the work is once more offered to the public.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Very likely! *Tom*—"I say, George, what's 'Nuda Veritas?'" *George* (*vaguely*)—"Eh? Oh! I don't know. Some new actress, I suppose."—*Ex.*

All great men have some eccentric habit, and now that Sitting Bull is becoming civilized he is not an exception. Whenever the great chief appears at dinner, he carefully unfolds his napkin, spreads it on his chair, and sits upon it.—*Peck's Sun.*

She looked at the waning moon, and remarked:
"How pale it is."
"It ought to look pale," he replied, with the air of a man thoroughly conversant with his subject; "it has been full for several nights."—*New York Mail and Express.*

"My dear," said a Mormon wife to her husband, "I should think that you would be ashamed of yourself flirting with that Miss B., as you did to-day."
"Flirting with her?" he replied in astonishment. "Why, we have been engaged for more than three months. It's all over town."
"Oh, I beg your pardon," said his wife, indifferently. "If you are engaged to her I suppose it is all right. When does the happy event occur?"

Danger lurks even in the corn-fields of Kansas. A narrow escape is described by a local paper: "A painful accident happened to a son of Barney Heeney of Union township a few days ago. His mother sent him to the corn-field for roasting ears. He had to use a ladder to get up to the ears, when he climbed out upon an ear and proceeded to saw it off. He thoughtlessly sawed it off between himself and the stalk, precipitating him to the ground and bruising him severely. Had it not been that the shade of the corn kept the ground moist and soft, he would have been killed."—*Ex.*

"What do you do when people come in and bore you?" a warm personal friend asked of a merchant.
"When they stay too long, the office-boy, who is very bright and knows just when to interfere, tells me there is a gentleman in the counting-room waiting to see me on important business."
"Ha! ha! That's a capital way to get rid of bores who don't know"——
Just then the boy opened the door and sang out:
"Gent in the countin'-room waitin' to see you on important business."—*New York Sun.*

"I tell you what," airily exclaimed Perkins, as he sat down to the supper-table, "I was in a tight place this afternoon."
"Yes, I know you were," interrupted his wife in clear, cold utterances that cut like a knife; "I saw you coming out of it."
And then it flashed across Perkins's mind that he had incidentally stepped into a saloon with a friend, for the purpose of examining a doubtful political statement with the aid of a magnifying glass, and the contemplated anecdote slipped from his grasp like money at a summer resort, while the supper was finished amid a silence so profound that you could plainly hear a napkin ring.—*Rockland Courier.*

"Yes, gentlemen," he said, "I am a well-known man. I am a New Yorker, and my name is a familiar one to the American people."
"Were you a general in the war, stranger?"
"No, sir. I fit in the war, but not as a general."
"Congressman, perhaps, or governor of some State?"
"No, sir. I am not a politician nor a statesman. I am a private citizen, and proud to say it."
"Well, if you are not a great soldier or statesman, what is it that has made your name a familiar one throughout the country? Who are you?"
"I'm John Smith."—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

A genteel-looking tramp, with a fair load for Monday morning, stood on a Chatham Street corner yesterday in a meditative mood. He nervously twirled a dime in his fingers and finally tossed up the coin, saying: "Heads for a breakfast; tails for a cocktail!" He looked at the coin after it fell to the sidewalk, and sorrowfully exclaimed: "Heads! that's for breakfast."
Flipping it again in the air, he said: "Twice out of three times." It fell tails. The tramp's thirst was neck and neck with his hunger. "I mush' give she breakfast a shance. So here goes zerd and last time," he said.
He tossed the coin again in the air. It fell in the gutter and bounded into the sewer through a hole in the rounded curbstone.—*New York Sun.*

"It's all very well, Charles," said Stephen Groveland; "it is all very well to have your *Sun* shine for all for two cents, but it is not mete that it should smile with the tender radiance of June on some, and light down in a lurid sunstroke on others."
"Fore gad, Greaver Stoveland," replied Charles A. Dana (for it was he), "thou art offen thy base when thou sayest such is not mete for the *Sun*. Grammercy on my trow, but that everything is meat and drinks for the *Sun*."
And, so saying, he smote Greaver Cloveland with a coup de solid that could be heard clear across the barn-yard with the naked eye.
N. B.—Gutteral Benjer supplied the naked eye which heard it, he carrying the finest collection of the nakest eyes in stock at that time on the market.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"I'll bet you ten dollars," said a man in a New York hotel lobby, the other day, "that I can name twenty States that will go Democratic this fall." Another man immediately accepted the bet, and the names were given to him in a sealed envelope, which he was not to open for a few minutes. A little while after the same man, being in a bragging mood, said that he could "name six more States that would go the same way." Men called him crazy, and some went out to look for the police. In the meantime he pulled out his bank-book, and offered to back up his statement to the amount of twenty-five dollars. A Yale College politician, standing by, offered to bet him fifty dollars. The man coolly accepted, and wrote down the names of the six best Democratic States in the Union. Then there was naturally some curiosity to see what the other twenty names were, and the envelope was opened, when it was found that twenty States had been named regardless of their political tendency. The man had sacrificed ten dollars and made forty very easily.—*Ex.*

Many years ago an excellent Quaker gentleman of Philadelphia took to himself a wife without any formal ceremony, both the parties to the union believing a ceremony to be unnecessary. The governor of the State, who was a warm personal friend of both, begged them to be married in due form, to which they objected, saying they were married already. But one day the governor, being invited with other friends to dine with the Quaker, adroitly turned the conversation upon the subject of matrimony. In the discussion which followed he addressed his host personally, saying: "Seth, I understand thee to say that thou dost consider Hannah to be thy lawful wife?" "Yea, verily do I," said he. "Thou wilt certainly cherish her as thy wife so long as thou shalt live?" "Indeed I shall," replied the host, looking proudly at Hannah. Presently the governor turned to the wife: "Hannah," said he, "thou dost love Seth as thy true and faithful husband?" "Truly I do," said she. "And thou wilt always be a faithful wife to him?" "Yea," said she. "Then," said the governor, rising with dignity "by the authority vested in me as chief magistrate of this commonwealth, I pronounce you man and wife."

## SOCIETY.

### Mrs. Fair's Musicale.

The most important social event of the week, and one of the most elaborate of the season, was the musicale given by Mrs. Theresa Fair last Thursday evening at her residence on Pine Street. To make the occasion one of unusual interest, the services of the renowned pianist, Rafael Joseffy, had been secured, and a most excellent programme was arranged under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. A brilliant assemblage was present, and everything that could be was done by the hostess for their comfort and enjoyment.

The musicale commenced a little before nine o'clock, when all the guests had assembled. They were especially pleased with the playing of the talented virtuoso. The violin solo of Mr. Heyman and the singing of Miss Woods were also the subject of much favorable comment. The following is the programme, which was a quaint affair, printed on fine linen paper in imitation of a hem-stitched handkerchief, with Mrs. Fair's monogram plainly embossed (without color) in the upper left-hand corner:

1 Quintet, op. 44.....Schumann.
Mr. Rafael Joseffy,
Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. A. Hinrichs,
Mr. H. Coloff, Mr. J. Hinrichs.
2 Song.
3 *a* Serenade, } .....Joseffy.
*b* At the Spring, }
*c* Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12.....Liszt
Mr. Rafael Joseffy.
4 Aria, O Diletta, "Abu Hassan".....Weber.
Miss Woods.
5 Violin Solo, "Reverie".....Vieuxtemps.
Mr. Henry Heyman.
6 *a* Nocturne, }
*b* Valse, } .....Chopin.
*c* Nouvelle Melodie, } .....Joseffy.
*d* Souvenir d'Amerique Valses, }
Mr. Rafael Joseffy.

Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Accompanist.

An elegant collation was served during the evening, which was perfect in every detail. Dancing was also indulged in until a late hour.

### The Jefferys-Beers Wedding.

A quiet wedding occurred at eight o'clock last Tuesday morning in Trinity Church, the contracting parties being Miss Mary E. Beers, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Hiram Beers, rector of Trinity Church, and Mr. Henry Scott Jefferys, late assistant rector of Trinity Church, but now stationed at Modesto. Notwithstanding the early hour, a large assemblage of friends were present, who whiled away the time previous to the ceremony by listening to the organ solos rendered by Professor R. J. Wilmot, the blind organist. The numbers played were as follows: "Fugue" in G, by Mendelssohn; "Cujus Animam" from the "Stabat Mater" by Rossini, and an Offertory in G by Wely. The playing was a complete surprise to all and was an enjoyable prelude to Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," which was performed as the bridal party entered the church. First came Mr. Edgar S. Kelley, the groom's best man, escorting the bridesmaid, Miss Clara Van Wyck. They were followed by the bride and Mr. E. J. Gillespie, while the groom and Mrs. Dr. Beers brought up the rear. They advanced to the chancel, which was handsomely adorned with a nuptial arch and floral wedding bell, and, while the organ softly pealed forth the Bridal Chorus from "Lohengrin," Dr. Beers read the impressive marriage ceremony and pronounced the couple man and wife. The Right Rev. Bishop Kip pronounced the blessing, and the party then left the chancel while the organist played the "Grand Nuptial March." After receiving the congratulations of their friends, they at once departed on their bridal tour in the interior.

### Dinner Parties.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Williams Jr. were the recipients of a dinner party on Friday evening of last week, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, No. 2020 Franklin Street. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Belvin and Mr. Percy Williams were also present.

On the same evening Miss Nellie Marshall gave a dinner at her residence, No. 2648 California Street, to Miss Bettie McMullin, Mr. Charles L. Weller, and Mr. A. T. Vogelsang.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding entertained a party of friends at dinner on Friday evening, at their residence, on the corner of Franklin and Clay streets. Those invited were Miss Kittie Jarboe, Miss Yateman, Miss McPherson, Mr. Harry Tevis, Mr. Henry Crocker, Mr. Edward Sheldon, Mr. John Maillard, and Mr. Donald Campbell.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. I. Requa, of Piedmont, and Mr. J. Shaw, arrived Saturday from the East in a special car. Mr. Towne is now on his way to Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, and Miss Hattie Crocker, left New York for this city last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Poett are in town for the winter.

Mr. J. C. Flood and family came up from Menlo Park last Monday, and are now occupying their apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott have returned to their residence on Van Ness Avenue, after a visit to the Donohoes at Menlo Park.

Miss Edith McAllister is expected to arrive from Europe in a few days.

Admiral Phelps, accompanied by his wife, will arrive here from the East about December 1st, and expect to make San Rafael their home.

Sir John Lester Kaye is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Governor Johnson and Miss Bettie McMullin are at Paraiso Springs.

Miss Paige is entertaining Miss Fannie Hubbard at her residence on Sutter Street.

Mr. J. J. Applegate left on Wednesday for a three months' trip in the East.

Mrs. A. A. Sargent, who has been the guest of Mrs. B. F. Stoakes, in San Leandro, has returned home.

Judge S. W. Sanderson is quite ill at his residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Newton are occupying their new home, 2021 California Street.

Mrs. Governor Stoneman is occupying the brick mansion in Sacramento.

Miss Tot Cutter came down from Rancho los Medanos last Wednesday, and left yesterday on the steamer *Santa Rosa* for Los Angeles, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Downey Harvey She was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Jobson, who will remain in Los Angeles for a couple of weeks.

Miss Ethel Sperry, of Stockton, was in the city last week, at the Occidental.

Mrs. J. Henley Smith has returned from Baltimore.

Miss Lilo McMullin has been visiting her sister, Mrs. John C. Hays, at the Tulare Ranch.

Mr. J. S. Crooks, Mrs. Crooks, and Mrs. Susie Gonzales are at the Albemarle Hotel, in New York city.

Mr. H. H. Hewlett, President of the First National Bank of Stockton, accompanied by his wife, returned on Tuesday from a two-months' tour through Canada and the Eastern States. They brought with them Miss Elizabeth Hewlett, who has been visiting relatives in Baltimore and New York for two years.

Hon. Paul Neumann, Attorney-General of the Hawaiian Islands, returns to Honolulu on the *Mariposa*, sailing to-day.

Doctor and Mrs. James Wight and the Misses Wight, after a prolonged absence in Europe, return to their home on the island of Maui on the steamer of to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Baldwin have been sojourning a few days in Tucson, Arizona, and are now at the Santa Anita Ranch, in Los Angeles County. They are expected in this city in a few days.

Captain A. W. Peirce and wife leave to-day for Honolulu.

Mrs. Volney Spaulding, Miss Belle Smith, and Miss Tessie Fair have been enjoying the beauties of Monterey for a few days.

Miss Kittie Stoneman and Miss Augustine Haraszthy, who have been visiting Mrs. L. C. Frisbie in Vallejo, have returned home.

Mr. Covington Johnson left for New York last Monday on business. The length of his stay is uncertain.

Mrs. L. Maitland and children leave on the *Mariposa* to-day for Honolulu.

Ex-Senator Grove L. Johnson, with his wife and daughter, are at the Lick House.

Senator James G. Fair returned Thursday from his Eastern and European tour, greatly improved in health.

Mr. Frank Miller, manager of D. O. Mills & Co.'s banking-house in Sacramento, is at the Occidental.

Mr. F. Pyat leaves on the *Mariposa* to-day for a trip to the celebrated volcanos of the Hawaiian Islands.

Misses Lizzie and Fannie Bolton have returned from the East.

Mrs. and Miss Gashwiler are at the Baldwin Hotel.

Doctor Alexander Younger has returned from Rancho los Medanos.

Miss Edith Findley has been the guest of Miss Jennie Hall, at her residence in Oakland.

Mr. Edgar Mills is expected home from the East soon.

Colonel Robert Barton, of Fresno, is at the Palace.

Mr. W. H. Rice and wife, of Honolulu, return home on the *Mariposa* to-day.

Colonel George W. Macfarlane, of King Kalakaua's staff, will extend his visit until the departure of the *Alameda*, on the 15th instant. He has been the recipient of numerous social courtesies during his visit to San Francisco, and rumor has it that he may not return alone.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Morse, of Japan, formerly residents of this city, are at the Palace.

Mr. George Cheeseman, who is at the Occidental Hotel, will return to his rancho, in Mexico, next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins are daily expected back from the East.

Mr. Joseph McCall, General Agent of the Erie Railroad, left on Wednesday for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. David Farquharson returned from the East on Wednesday, after an extended sojourn.

Mr. D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent of the Union Pacific Railroad, leaves next Tuesday for Omaha, to consult with the general manager of the Oregon Short Line, which will be open for travel on December 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Titcomb have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. John L. Truslow, General Agent of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, who has been in Los Angeles on a visit, returned yesterday.

Mr. J. W. Randolph has returned from the East.

Mr. George J. Cowan, of the Erie Road, left for Chicago last Friday.

Miss Mamie Gibbs has returned to the city, after an absence of eighteen months in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Kittle have returned from San Rafael, and will remain at their Sutter Street residence during the winter. Miss Dottie Kittle will return from the East soon.

Captain W. B. Bradbury returned from the East last Sunday.

Miss Belle Reis is expected home from Cheyenne soon.

Mr. R. A. Donaldson, Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Central Pacific Railroad, returned from Los Angeles last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin, of Sacramento, are at the Grand Hotel.

Mrs. J. H. Kinkead, of Nevada, and Miss Kibbey, of Washington, D. C., registered at the Palace on Tuesday, where they will remain during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittan were at the Palace last Tuesday.

Miss Minnie C. Clark, of Sacramento, is visiting friends in this city.

Mr. L. J. Norton, of Napa, is stopping at the Grand.

Mr. Truxton Beale, who has been visiting his father, General Beale, in Washington, D. C., has returned to this city.

Mr. James Gamble has returned from the East. His family are still in New York.

Mrs. Arthur Smith is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Railroad Commissioner Carpenter and State Surveyer Willey arrived in this city on Tuesday, from the interior.

General and Mrs. Phineas Banning, of Wilmington, Los Angeles County, came up to the city last Tuesday.

Miss Julia Peyton will pass the winter with friends in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Henry Barroilhet, of San Mateo, was in this city last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis, of Menlo Park, came up to the city Wednesday, and were stopping at the Palace.

Dr. Robert E. Williams has returned from his visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Spence, of Los Angeles, are at the Baldwin Hotel.

Assistant-General Superintendent R. H. Platt, and Mr. W. G. Curtiss, Superintendent of Track of the Central Pacific Railroad, went over to Reno on a trip of inspection last Monday, and on Wednesday went up the California Oregon Railroad, and will probably go as far as the end of the road, returning on the west side of the river.

### Army and Navy News.

Colonel W. Winthrop, U. S. A., is at the Occidental Hotel.

Chief-Engineer G. K. Kutz, U. S. N., and wife are at the Occidental.

Lieutenant Martin, of the Fourth United States Cavalry, arrived from the East last Wednesday.

Ensign L. L. Purcell, U. S. N., is at the Occidental Hotel.

### Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Jobson, assisted by Miss Tot Cutter, held an informal reception in their apartments at the Grand Hotel last Wednesday evening, prior to their departure for Los Angeles. A number of their most intimate friends called and enjoyably passed the evening in social converse, and the discussion of an elegant collation.

C. P. Huntington has sold the four-story brownstone mansion and stable on West Fifty-fourth Street, with a lot of ground, 141 feet 8 inches by 100 feet 5 inches, to John D. Rockefeller, President of the Standard Oil Company, for $650,000, taking in part payment nine lots at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Seventy-second Street at $400,000. The latter was resold to Leland Standford for $400,000. It is stated that Governor Stanford proposes to erect a palatial mansion on the site.

At the wedding of Mr. Jefferys and Miss Beers, last Tuesday, in Trinity Church, a Grand Nuptial March, by Edgar S. Kelley, was played on the organ by Miss Dellaye and Mr. Zoberbier. It was arranged especially for the occasion, and was quite a novelty, as it is seldom that an organ duet is heard.

The marriage of Mrs. E. C. Kendrick and Captain J. H. Coombs took place last Monday evening, in the presence of the relatives of both families. They will soon occupy their new residence on California Street.

The annual preliminary dispute between Col. Mapleson and the stockholders of the Academy of Music has assumed a very curious phase. The stockholders, after several very animated meetings, agreed to guarantee seven hundred dollars for every performance in which Patti and Gerster took part. This so effectually headed the colonel off on the Dotti nights, with which he is wont to so liberally besprinkle a season, that, in his rage, he immediately telegraphed that Madame Patti desired her name scratched off the prospectus. No sooner was her name scratched off, than Madame Patti and Nicolini set sail for America, in the steamship *Oregon*, and will arrive in New York in a few days, apparently under engagement to no one. Mapleson being the only man who can manage Patti, and Patti being the only human being who can manage Mapleson, they had agreed this season to change the customary terms of the engagement, and were to be no longer impresario and prima donna in their relations to each other, but full business partners. This arrangement was brought about in consequence of the success of the San Francisco season, and the ninety thousand good dollars with which the wily colonel reimbursed his New York losses. It now looks as if the prima donna is playing a little Italian strategy upon her sometime impresario, and is going to open negotiations with the Academy herself. Meantime Giannini is singing the pegs from under expensive Italian opera.

CCCXXXIV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday November 2, 1884.

Onion Soup.
Canteloupe.
Smelts à la Espagnole.
Potato Croquettes. Lamb Chops.
Summer Squash. Brussels Sprouts.
Roast Mallard Ducks. Currant Jelly.
Okra Salad.
German Puffs, Strawberries, Fruits, and Nuts.

Abe Sichel, former pupil of Alois F. Leyeal, of this city, now at the Conservatory of Music at Leipzig, again received, at the end of last term, a certificate from his teachers, Doctor Carl Reineke and Doctor Salomo Jadassohn, for his industry, faithful study, and the progress he made during the term. He was also permitted to play at the "Abend-Unterhaldung" (Evening Concert) at the Gewandhaus—which favor is only granted to advanced scholars. On the 2d of October a distribution of prizes took place at the Conservatory, where six prizes were offered for the best scholarship, and, among four hundred and eighty scholars, he was honored with a free scholarship, which is equal to three hundred marks.

— Among the many candidates for School Director is found the name of W. B. Wilshire, who is the regular Democratic nominee. Mr. Wilshire is a well-known business man, being the senior partner in the firm of W. B. Wilshire & Co., 115 Front Street, San Francisco, and 95 Front Street, Portland, Oregon. He is also a man of family, a desirable thing in a School Director. He will bring to the office, if elected, much enthusiasm, and great tenacity of purpose in whatever he starts out to do. He ought to be elected, and probably will be.

— Celery, Beef, and Iron cures nervousness and weakness. Hundreds of sufferers by dyspepsia relieved.

— Friend to the Rich or Poor—Muller's Pebble Spectacles, 135 Montgomery, near Bush.

**Why Dr. C. C. O'Donnell Should be Elected Coroner.**

A most natural and proper question for any one to ask is, Why should this or that man be elected to any particular office? What are his qualifications? What his moral character? These are questions which every intelligent citizen asks, not alone of himself, but of every one whom he thinks is possessed of any information bearing upon the subject. There is one candidate before the people of whom it is a pleasure to answer. Dr. C. C. O'Donnell, the candidate for Coroner, has demonstrated his fitness for the office by his acts, and it is to be regretted that there are not more like him.

Dr. O'Donnell has boldly made declarations, which, when called upon, he has proven. A short time ago the doctor declared that there were numerous lepers hidden in the slimy depths of Chinatown. His utterances were reported in the newspapers with alarm and dread at the fearful danger we were all being exposed to. The police came out and denied the truth of the doctor's statements, and said there was no cause for alarm; but strange to relate, a few days thereafter the papers contained a little item stating that, "Officer so and so had unearthed a leper in Chinatown, who was formerly a cook in a private family." In a day or so still another was discovered, and this in spite of their boasted denial of the doctor's assertions. Some called the doctor an alarmist; that he was only trying to get up a scare to frighten the timid, but not so; the doctor saw the danger, knew that it existed, and fearlessly told the people so. What was the sequence? The leading journals took up the cudgel and beat about the brains of the Health Officers, and exhorted them to do their duty and rid our fair city of this pestilential horror, and actually forced the sworn officials to exert themselves, and never ceased to point out the danger discovered by the doctor till Chinatown was scoured and the leper hordes were loaded upon the China steamer and sent out of the country. Had it not been for Dr. O'Donnell's watchfulness and timely warning, this foul and loathsome disease would have been allowed to grow and fester and poison the entire community.

Dr. O'Donnell has always been in earnest, and is in earnest now. But his enemies are not asleep, but are active and powerful, and they have entered into this fight, and, if possible, by lying, and jugglery, and fraud, they will defeat the doctor. The Chinese Six Companies have determined to do all in their power to prevent his election. It is currently rumored that a fund has been raised in Chinatown to be used against the doctor to defeat him, and thereby be revenged for his outspoken denunciation and exposure. And as the near approach of election day comes around it behooves good citizens to look out for the malicious lies and scandalous abuse which will be heaped upon this independent candidate. This is one reason why the people should honor the doctor.

The next is because the bosses have failed to intimidate him and utterly failed to force him to withdraw from the fight. It is a noble and laudable ambition for any honest citizen to aspire to any office within the gift of the people, and the time should come now, when such a one can ask the suffrages of his fellow-citizens without being calumniated and brow-beaten for doing what rightfully becomes him, and not have to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee to these vile pariahs who assume to direct and control the city, whose only motive is unlawful gain; whose henchmen are gathered from the State Prison and the slums of the city; whose hirelings fill our public offices and share their unearned gains with their masters; whose creatures go around the city in mobs and terrorize good citizens; ward-strikers who stuff ballot-boxes, who for reward are permitted to fatten at the public crib and bask in the sunshine of their master's smile. The election of Dr. O'Donnell will be the entering wedge which will ultimately drive these parasites, these vampires who revel in luxurious idleness at the expense of the tax-payers, in the County Jail, or force them to seek honest manual labor and to soil their hands by some other methods than filching from their neighbor's pockets. When Dr. O'Donnell goes into the office of Coroner, his hands will be free, and he will be able to fill his deputyships without entering the dingy back room of any of the bosses and asking their mighty will.

The next and best reason of all is because the people want him, they have watched his course for years, they have seen him a veteran of the Mexican War, an early pioneer, a native American citizen, whose blood is fet from Revolutionary sires; they have seen him struggle against adverse circumstances, and snatch the laurel of independence from Fortune's brow and crown himself by honest toil; the people believe in him, and who can gainsay the people? They are masters, these office-seekers but the servants.

**Patent Rockers.**

The low price for which patent rockers are being sold by the California Furniture Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street, seems to be appreciated, judging from the enormous demand, which has steadily increased from the first.

**Cloaks and Tailor-made Suits.**

Mrs. K. A. Deering, the dressmaker, 121 Post Street, over O'Connor, Moffat & Co.'s, is making a specialty this winter of cloaks and tailor-made suits. She has also received the latest styles for dresses. Mrs. Deering never dissappoints a customer.

—The Metropolitan Hall possesses great advantages for public meetings, lectures, concerts, exhibitions, etc. The organ is the finest in the city, having 2,000 stops, and the acoustic properties are perfect. Speaking in ordinary tones, a lecturer can be clearly heard in all parts of the house.

**Bridal Robes.**

Mrs. R. G. Lewis, of 126 Kearny Street, Thurlow Block, has many handsome novelties for bridal robes, her fall styles having just arrived from Europe. Mrs. Lewis does her own fitting, which is the best that can be said for this artist.

—Steele's Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

## THE GIANNINI OPERA TROUPE.

### What is the Verdict of the East?

Inasmuch as great interest is felt by opera managers, opera critics, opera-goers, opera quidnuncs, theatrical and newspaper men, and the public generally, as to New York's verdict on San Francisco's pet, the Giannini troupe, we may be pardoned for giving some space to extracts thereanent from the New York press. It may be well to premise with some remarks from the Chicago *News Letter*:

It seems that San Francisco critics are not sure of their ground when they write of opera. When the Italian opera company which is soon to be taken to New York was in their midst, the critics of 'Frisco could scarce find language to express their rapture. Now that the troupe is coming East, and is to risk the ordeal of a metropolitan verdict, the writers show a tendency to quaver in their decisions of the company's extraordinary merits. They awaken to the fact that the company was by no means so good as it has been heretofore considered. In fact, it is found upon analysis that Giannini was the only fine artist in the troupe. The popular price idea was what led, in a great measure, to the San Francisco success of the troupe. They were frantic in their applause because the seat cost only two dollars. It remains to be seen whether the theory will hold good in New York. We think not.

The following is from the *Sun* of October 22, on "Aida":

It would be unjust to compare the performance of the company which appeared in "Aida" last night with the many previous star performances of the same work. It should be judged rather by its pretensions. We believe the company lays no claim to the possession of extraordinary talent, and makes a fair ensemble the basis of its performances. In short, it professes to prove that it is possible for a stock company to give interesting presentations of Italian opera. The performance of "Aida" last night about came up to these pretensions. As might have been expected from the character of the company, its efforts were distinguished by a fair average of merit rather than by individual excellences. The ensembles were far more effective than the solos or duets, the performance touching its highest point in the great concerted scene at the end of the second act. The individual members of the cast evidently rely more upon energy and vigor than upon finish and refinement. Throughout last evening there was a lack of that beautiful cantabile singing without which no artist can lay claim to greatness. Individual defects may, however, easily be pardoned in a performance like last night's, in which all the participants seemed actuated by a spirit of earnestness and zeal. Future representations will prove more enjoyable than last night's if the management will suppress the noisy claque which applauded everything—good, bad, and indifferent—and often marred the action by ridiculous recalls.

The *Times* of October 22d, on "Aida":

The word "respectable" . . . . . is the only one that can be applied, with intent to praise, to the performance at the Star Theatre yesterday evening. . . . . The representation of "Aida" was extremely smooth; some portions of the work were given with so much passion and force that the listeners grew quite enthusiastic, and at no stage of the entertainment did anything give positive offense to either eye or ear. The tenor, Signor Giannini, although wholly successful, did not eclipse his associates, for, with the exception of the contralto, all are equipped with good voices, and appeared to have as much experience as they showed earnestness and animation. Signor Giannini has a powerful, fairly vibrant, and even tenor voice, which gives out A's, B flats, and B's with unusual facility; he phrases broadly and intelligently, and he is a passable actor. Signor Giannini's command of mezza voce is limited, and hence there is little or no light or shade in his execution. But he is an honest and vigorous singer, whose only objectionable trait is a tendency to drag the time—as in "Celeste Aida"—and to cling to a tone with the idea of proving his staying power, to the disfigurement, occasionally, of the theme running through his measures. The soprano of the company, Signora Virginia Damerini, is a very skilled songstress, with some agreeable high notes in her voice. Signora Damerini's style is both refined and expressive. . . . . Signor Tieste Vilmant is an excellent baritone, although he did not make as much of the effective parts of his duet in the third act with Aida as was expected. Signori Serbolini and Bologni, bassos, are both competent artists, and dealt satisfactorily with Ramphis and the King. The contralto, Signora Trinidad Mestress, was the weak spot of the performance. Her voice is worn and afflicted with a painful *vibrato*, her method is bad, and, as an actress, she is inexpressive and ungainly. . . . . Where there was so much to admire in a representation it was hardly necessary to induce a noisy claque to make its presence known by demonstrations which often discouraged disinterested spectators from expressing their delight by means of audible, if not deafening, plaudits.

The *Tribune* of October 22d, on "Aida":

The new-comers achieved a most emphatic and unqualified success. There was in the audience, which filled the theatre comfortably, a strong contingent drafted from the element of our population which is usually relied on by the managers of Italian opera to insure an adequate supply of those outward signs of inward satisfaction. The performance might, therefore, have been a poor one, and there would nevertheless have been no lack of applause; but happily on this occasion the accommodating sons of sunny Italy found their labors confined to swelling the plaudits which came from all parts of the audience-room, and were called out by a performance which, if we except the weakness of a single character, the inefficiency of the chorus, and the tawdriness of the stage furniture, was as good as the best performances at the Academy. . . . . Giannini has a voice of good ringing timbre, of a reasonable wide register, and generally pure intonation. But it was and is guiltless of most of the refinements which come from patient cultivation, and are the indices of a thoroughly musical nature in the singer, such as a good mezzo voce, a smooth cantabile, and an effective portamento. . . . . The strangers are the equals if not the superiors of Mr. Mapleson's last company. This fixes a standard for judging them. With their shortcomings as manifest as they were last night, it would not do to speak of any one as a brilliant artist. In vocal outfit Signor Giannini is the most richly favored, but he is surpassed in vocal skill, taste, and histrionic power by Signor Vilmant, as he was in fervid declamation by Signora Damerini, the dramatic soprano of the troupe. In Signor Serbolini the company has a sonorous and tuneful basso; but here the enumeration of really talented people among those who appeared last night stops. The contralto, Signora Mestress, has a large voice, but it is hollow and of variable quality, and Signor Bologni is a weak and colorless basso.

The *Morning Journal* of October 22, on "Aida":

The first performance of the new Milan Opera Company, at the Star Theatre, took place last night. It was so successful that nothing but the most enthusiastic verdict can be awarded it . . . . At the beginning there appeared to be considerable doubt among the audience as to what the outcome of the performance would be. . . . . The *Journal* took its cue from what a number of conscientious and able critics said of it in San Francisco. Their highest verdict given was nothing better than what occurred last night. . . . . The house contained many of the best people. It is a fact that a great many of the Academy stockholders, and those who are habitual opera-goers, were seen in the orchestra seats last night, and applauded to the echo the magnificent finale of the second act, that certainly has never been better given here. . . . . Praise may be awarded to Signora Virginia Damerini, the Aida of the evening, who has a rich, ringing soprano voice, the only defect of which is a distinct tremelo; to Giannini, whose Radames is perhaps the best we have ever had here; to Signor Vilmant, whose baritone voice is as touching and yet as strong and vibrating as a harp; to Signor Serbolini, whose Ramphis, the High Priest, is without a single exception the best we have ever had here, and to Signora Trinidad Mestress, whose Amneris certainly recalls Carey in her best days. . . . . Judging from the performance of last night, if this company does not prove a pecuniary success, we may conclude that Italian opera can not prove a popular success in New York.

From the *Graphic* of October 22d, on "Aida":

. . . . . Curiosity had drawn together a large and fashionable audience. . . . . The performance, while being admirable in its evenness and well balanced throughout, lacked any of the elements of greatness. All the singers were good, but none was extraordinary, either in range of voice, purity of tone, or style of singing. On the other hand, no one was bad. As a consequence the ensembles were more effective than the solos and duets. Taken altogether, however, it was a meritorious performance, well worth hearing, and much better than the public had any reason to expect. While the renditions of the rôles were marked by force and spirit, they lacked that finish and elegance which has characterized the performance of the same parts by some of the artists heard here in the past. The opera, however, was given with an earnestness which was pleasing in the extreme, and atoned for whatever there may have been of individual shortcomings.

The *Star* of October 22d, on "Aida":

The audience in the Star Theatre last night contained many people whose faces are seen regularly in the boxes and stalls during the regular opera season. But the majority of those assembled were not of the ultra-fashionable class. They were folks who had embraced the opportunity of witnessing grand Italian opera at truly popular prices, and they had come to enjoy themselves. They were not disappointed in this object. The Milan Opera Troupe proved a genuine surprise. The representation of "Aida" was complete and effective. . . . . Signora Damerini in the title rôle displayed a voice of great power and compass, but without much flexibility. She pleased the audience, and several of her solos were encored. The tenor, Francesca Giannini, was quite a revelation. He is a capital actor and a better singer than either Mapleson or Abbey have introduced to us.

The *World* of October 23, on "Trovatore":

The new tenor last night won in "Il Trovatore," at the Star Theatre, that kind of a triumph which is known to the theatre as an "ovation." . . . . Giannini sang the music with an ardor that was new, and . . . . . succeeded in rousing the audience on several occasions to the noisiest pitch of frenzy. They waited impatiently for the "Di quella pira," and when he rang out at the close what was taken for a clear *ut di poitrine*, though it was only a relative and not a positive C, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. There can be no doubt now that we have in Signor Giannini a most acceptably robust tenor, whose skill in the use of an exceptionally vibrant voice is as marked as the voice itself. Whether he possesses the delicacy and subtler power of expression that will carry him through rôles with less bravura music may well be doubted. . . . . Much of what would ordinarily be severely criticised as vocal execution was glossed over and pardoned. The Azucena was a Signora Mestress with a singularly disagreeable voice, the middle register of which was almost entirely absent, and the upper and lower were of such widely differing qualities as to suggest continually that two persons were singing. Signor Vilmant is a baritone with an excellent style. His Conte di Luna reached, as is usual, its zenith in "Il Balen, which was better phrased than we have had it here in years. This was unexpected, because he sang badly out of tune in the first act and dragged the time wretchedly. But as he warmed up he displayed the excellent qualities of a true artist. Signorina Maria Peri, the Leonora, is a sympathetic soprano, of pleasing appearance and several good notes in her voice. She was recalled several times, and like her companions, appeared to improve with each act.

The *Morning Journal* of October 23d, on "Trovatore":

The performance was hardly up to the splendid rendering given to "Aida." . . . . The performance of the "Trovatore" was not a great one, but very good, taking it all in all. Madame Peri was the prima donna last evening. She hardly has the calibre of Damerini. She has a good, reliable voice, but it is somewhat colorless in expression, and becomes slightly monotonous. . . . . Giannini was the Manrico. There is no question but that he is a splendid tenor. His voice is full, rich, and apparently inexhaustible in resources. But he has the fault of giving too much voice at all times. He modulates rather badly, and has evidently been told that we desire him to shout his head off. He sung the "Di quella pira" in an unconventional way that rather surprised the audience, introducing the high note at the end in place of the middle of the air. Madame Mestress is a respectable and reliable contralto. There was little exception to be taken to her Azucena. Vilmant, the baritone, seemed to be a little out of voice. He hardly repeated his success of the night before.

*Truth* of October 23, on "Trovatore":

. . . . . Signor Giannini as Manrico strengthened the fine impression he made the previous evening, and established his right for respect and admiration, both musically and dramatically. Signor Vilmant, as Conte di Luna, sang and acted capitally, although his work was not as good as on Tuesday evening. The Leonora of Signora Maria Peri was pleasing and satisfactory, but displayed no elements of greatness. . . . . The Azucena of Signora Mestress was rather exaggerated, but altogether was acceptable.

The foregoing extracts are all condensed, but nothing of much importance is omitted. They give a fair idea of the verdict of the New York press.

---

Edward W. Blaney, one of the candidates for judicial honors, we have taken great pleasure in placing upon our ticket. He is a gentleman of whom California may well feel proud. He was educated in the public schools of this State, passing through the Grammar and High Schools of this city, and graduating with high honors from the University of California. He was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of California and in the United States Courts, since which time he has practiced his profession with eminent success in this city continuously for about twelve years, winning the confidence and respect of his associates at the bar. For three years of that period he occupied the responsible position of Prosecuting Attorney of this city and county, and his administration was characterized by an honest and faithful devotion to the duties of the office and to the interests of the people seldom equaled by a public officer. There is not a stain upon either his public or private life. He is eminently fitted for the office to which he aspires, and, if elected, his abilities and his honest and manly record justify the belief that justice will be righteously administered, and that his administration will give entire satisfaction to the people. Mr. Blaney is young, studious, and ambitious; he has in him the material from which good judges are grown. The office of Superior Judge is for six years. We assure our readers that we think we make no mistake in recommending him to their support.

---

A correspondent of the Baltimore *Herald* says that the real heroine of Whittier's poem, "Barbara Freitchie," was Mrs. Mary A. Quantrell, and that the Quantrell family have letters from Mr. Whittier acknowledging his mistake. Mr. Joseph Walker, of Washington, tells the story, as follows:

"There was no window-sill, and there was no old woman about it. Mrs. Mary A. Quantrell was at that time a woman of thirty-two, black-haired, and, though she did become my mother-in-law afterward, I must say that she was very pretty. On the day that Jackson and his army passed through Frederick, she and her little daughter, Virgie Quantrell, who is now the wife of Mr. Brown, at present an employee of the Government printing-office, were standing at the gate. Virgie was waving a very small flag, such as children play with on patriotic days. Many of the rebel soldiers had called out, 'Throw down that flag!' But the little girl kept waving it. Suddenly, a lieutenant drew his sword and cut the staff in two, the flag falling to the ground. The little girl then took another small flag and waved it, and this in turn was cut from her hand. Then Mrs. Quantrell displayed a larger flag, and waved it in a conspicuous manner. This she continued to do until Stonewall Jackson and his men had all marched past her house. She was not molested in the least. In fact, many of the officers and men treated her with marked courtesy. Some of the officers raised their hats and said, 'To you, madam; not to your flag.'"

---

William M. Edgar is the candidate for Auditor (present incumbent) on the People's Independent Taxpayers' ticket. He has been a resident of San Francisco for twenty-four years. Mr. Edgar went into the Auditor's office as clerk under Monroe Ashbury, in 1873; he served as deputy under George F. Maynard during his entire term; he was also with Colin M. Boyd, and served for two years as deputy with John P. Dunn. In 1882 he was elected Auditor. His competitor was the late Henry Brickwedel, a merchant of long standing in this city. The Auditor's office is the most important in the city government; its system of bookkeeping is very complex, there being over three hundred different statutes relating to expenditures in municipal affairs. In the Auditor's department a knowledge of, and familiarity with, these statutes is indispensable. Mr. Edgar possesses such a knowledge.

---

An old reporter writes: "When I was much younger than I am now, I was sent to ask questions of the late Commodore Vanderbilt, and I remarked, apologetically, to him: 'I'm afraid I am prying too much into your private business.' 'Never you mind my half of this job, young man,' the blunt old veteran replied; 'I am not going to say anything to you that I don't want to.'"

---

Mr. J. G. James, who is one of the many candidates for the office of Supervisor from the Eleventh Ward, is the regular Democratic nominee. He is also the present incumbent, holding the supervisorial position from his ward. Mr. James is highly spoken of.

## STORYETTES.

### Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The other evening a man carried home some fine oysters and went out into the kitchen to open them. Hearing a good deal of noise, the man's mother-in-law called out to know what he was opening them with. "With an oyster-opener, you fool; did you suppose I was doing it with a toothpick?" was his reply. "No, certainly not," quietly remarked the old lady; "but judging from the language used I guessed you were trying to open them with prayer."

---

Two Irishmen on a sultry night, immediately after their arrival in India, took refuge underneath the bedclothes from a skirmishing party of mosquitoes. At last one of them, gasping for breath, ventured to peep beyond the blankets, and by chance espied a fire-fly which had strayed into the room. Arousing his companion with a kick, he said: "Fergus, Fergus, it's no use. Ye might as well come out. Here's one of the crayters looking for us wid a lantern!"

---

Artemus Ward, when in London, gave a children's party, to which one of John Bright's sons was invited, and from which the youth returned aglow with delight. "Oh, papa," exclaimed the little Bright, when asked by the great Bright whether he had enjoyed himself, "indeed I did; and Mr. Ward gave me such a nice name for you, papa." "What was that?" inquired the father. "Why, he asked me how that gay and festive cuss, the governor, was!" replied the child.

---

The politest man in town has been discovered. He was hurrying along the street the other night when another man, also in violent haste, rushed out of a side alley, when they collided with great force. The second man looked mad, while the polite man, taking off his hat, said: "My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this violent encounter, but I am in too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon; if you ran into me, don't mention it," and he tore away at a redoubled speed.

---

A good story of the Viennese carnival is current in the Austrian capital. At a ball given by the Viennese Choral Society, which is always sure to be so thronged that it is the work of hours to reach the entrance, a member of a well-known financial house hit on an original but successful mode of conveyance. He arranged with four bearers to carry him through the crowd on a hospital stretcher. Of course, the crowd made way, and great was their astonishment when he threw off the covering, and jumped out alive and hearty.

---

A certain bishop of the Episcopal Church taught his youngest son to repeat the blessing at the table. For a year the boy had done so, and assumed it to be his especial province, though, unfortunately, he had rather lost sight of the reverent attitude due the occasion, for one day his father entered the dining-room in great haste, obliged to take a railway train which started in half an hour. Seating himself hurriedly, papa asked a blessing almost without the usual pause. His hopeful youngest listened, watched him at its close a few moments, and then ejaculated: "Well, you have got cheek!"

---

In a certain town lived a good deacon who had two sons, thirteen and fifteen years of age, respectively. Going to the barn one day, he heard some chattering in the hayloft, and, listening, detected such expressions as "I pass," "Down she goes," "Make it spades," etc. Rightly divining that his boys, in company with some neighbors, were engaged in his abomination, a game of cards, he secured a good-sized cudgel, and quietly mounted the ladder. Just as he stepped into the loft one of the hopefuls asked: "What's trumps?" The old gentleman answered, as he laid about him with the cudgel, "Clubs is trumps, and it's daddy's deal."

---

During a heavy rain-storm, some days ago, a portly provincial took refuge in one of the leading hotels. Before entering the bar-room, he carefully stowed away his streaming umbrella to dry in the corner of the entrance hall, having first pinned to the silk half a sheet of notepaper bearing the following inscription: "Hands off! This umbrella belongs to a man who is in the habit of striking a three-hundred-pound blow without any effort to speak of. He will be back in a quarter of an hour." When the author of this warning, invigorated by a "square drink," sought his property, after some fifteen minutes' absence, the umbrella was gone. On the ground, however, lay his monition, to which had been added these words, in the manner of a postscript: "The umbrella above referred to has been taken by a man whose ordinary rate of walking is ten miles an hour. To pursue him would be useless; to await his return, absurd."

---

While Verdi was putting the finishing touches upon "Il Trovatore," he was visited in his study by a privileged friend, who was one of the ablest living musicians and critics. The latter was permitted to glance over the score and try the "Anvil Chorus" on the pianoforte. "What do you think of that?" asked the master. "Trash!" said the connoisseur. Verdi rubbed his hands and chuckled. "Now look at this, and this, and this," he said. "Rubbish!" The composer rose and embraced his friend with a burst of joy. "What do you mean by such strange conduct?" asked the critical one. "My dear friend," responded the master, "I have been composing a 'popular' opera; in it I resolved to please everybody except the great judges and classicists like you. Had I pleased you, I should have pleased no one else; what you say assures me of success. In three months 'Il Trovatore' will sung, and roared, and whistled, and barrel-organ over Italy." And so it was.

## PARISIAN MATRIMONY.

Our Paris Correspondent Tells how Matches are Made in—France.

In her new book, "La Patrie Hongroise," Madame Adam tells us that in the Hungarian provinces marriages are managed after this wise: The young man, having made up his mind, pays a formal visit to the parents of his inamorata, and after spending the evening with them, talking upon indifferent subjects (not a hint does he let fall concerning his ultimate intentions), he goes away, leaving his cloak behind him. This is as much as to say "Barkis is willin'." If the girl, backed by papa and mamma, sees fit to reciprocate his affection, nothing is said about the cloak; and the owner of it, coming to claim his garment, does so as an accepted suitor. If, on the other hand, his offer has to be rejected, the cloak is sent or taken back to its owner, who may be said, in the Parisian vernacular, to have *remporté une veste*.

What a charmingly simple arrangement! Diffident young fellows and modest, elderly bachelors, who tremble at the idea of popping the question, would hail such a custom with delight. Think of the rows of paletots and ulsters left hanging in Beauty's hall after a party! Some young ladies with personal attractions of their own, and a pleasant little fortune to boot, would have to keep a servant employed returning rejected suitors' habilaments. And then John Thomas: "Them coats would try the patience of a saint. If my young lady does not make up her mind to keep one of them paletots, I shall give warning." It is true, difficulties might sometimes arise. The absent-minded find themselves launched into matrimony because they forgot their coats by pure accident. Imagine the feelings of a discreet old bachelor, who finds on arising the next morning that he has left his outer garment at the house of a father blessed with many daughters, and the agitation in the domicil before and after the mistake is discovered. Plots for any number of farces and opera bouffes might be evolved out of such complications.

In no matter of equal consequence do the habits of countries differ more widely than in the etiquette to be pursued with regard to marriage. Englishmen and Americans have a weakness for personal action in the matter, and, however shy they may be by nature, are altogether loath to depute another to act for them. Frenchmen never act for themselves, except in the cases of widows. For a young man to make a personal proposal of marriage to the innocent object of his affections would be a terrible breach of good manners, though many a secret compact, we may be sure, has been sealed between two figures of a quadrille. Young people may "understand each other" before the elders are asked for their opinions—youth, love, desire being the same all the world over, in spite of etiquette and conventionality; and a girl may love, and even "tell her love"—though her mother keep her never so carefully under her matronly wing. But the actual proposal has to be made to the parents, either by the lover himself, or, better still, by his father or other male relative, and custom requires that they shall put on a new pair of light kid gloves on the occasion. Another peculiarity, essentially French: although leap year comes no oftener in France than elsewhere, the proposal sometimes originates with the female side; not from the lady in person, but from her relatives, and the object of this flattering distinction is not obliged to answer "yes."

Every one knows that marriages are "arranged" in France. Every one does not know, however, how strongly in love with their *fiancées* Frenchmen are prone to become between the first interview and the signature of the marriage contract. "Convenience" does not, in their eyes, exclude the idea of love. Perhaps they are peculiarly inflammable; perhaps they have their feelings well in hand. Above all, they do not possess the stubborn personality of the Britain, who chooses to choose for himself, and scorns anything that seems like compulsion. When an Englishman marries, and becomes the father of a numerous family, it is rather because his feelings get the better of him. To a Frenchman marriage seems like a duty he owes to society, and it is a duty which all his friends and acquaintances take pretty good care he shall not shirk. The man who has reaped the necessary harvest of wild oats, and the girl who emerges from the seclusion of the schoolroom into the light of the world, are so many raw materials for others to work upon.

French match-makers are of two kinds—those who make matches for the love of the art, and those who do so from interested motives. Again, there are the Agences Matrimoniales proper, and the secret agents who work "under the rose." Now, these are much more numerous than people generally imagine. If the list of persons who add small sums, from time to time, to their incomes by this means was made out, great would be the surprise in "the upper ten." That charming widowed countess, who is so fond of gathering young people about her, and gives such delightful dances, although she has no daughters of her own, makes a thousand dollars, at least, a year out of divers matrimonial transactions—perfectly legitimate transactions, be it understood, and which give entire satisfaction to the principal parties concerned. Madame Mode, the fashionable dress-maker, has brought more couples together within the last twelve months than I could count on my ten fingers. Her perquisite may be the making of the wedding trousseau, or something more. Notaries sometimes act as go-betweens, the drawing-up of marriage contracts being a lucrative item in their profession, and likely to lead to more profitable work still—judicial separations, and, in the future, divorce cases. Sometimes the business is confided to priests, and then the church or the poor are the gainers, through thank-offerings or big subscriptions to charitable institutions—unless the priest be of questionable repute, like the Abbé Salard, who was condemned the other day for getting post-matrimonial bills backed by unsuspecting penitents.

The fact is, the Agences Matrimoniales would hardly work without aiders and abettors of one kind and another. Only the very vulgarest transactions, purely of convenience, are managed by them alone. All delicate missions are confided to the secret agents, who, in their turn, sometimes make use of others—as the monkey does of the cat's paw. Unsophisticated matrons, who plot out of pure good-nature and the natural affinity of the female heart for lovers and weddings, sometimes play these subordinate parts unknowingly. They may number less scrupulous plotters among their acquaintances, and these throw out suggestions, which the match-making mind takes in rapidly and unsuspiciously: "What a charming girl that was at your house the other night!" "Yes, is it not so? Unfortunately her fortune is small. Military men do not make money, as a rule, and her father is a general—a most honorable man." "Ah, you say so? But position goes for something. I am much interested in the career of a fine young lieutenant. He has money, but few friends to push him on. I am sure you will be delighted with him. Will you permit me to introduce him to you?" "I shall be ravished." And they are brought together by this means.

The young soldier finds it no very difficult matter to kindle an interest in the hearts of the veteran's daughter, and he considers the honor of being admitted into a general's family cheap at the price of a big cheque to his obliging sponsor. If the latter part of the transactions were suppressed, the rest would be straight enough. A large number of marriages in Paris are made up in this way, while the most scrupulous persons lend themselves to amicable arrangements. Last winter some of my friends gave no less than four dinner parties for the sake of a widower desirous of taking a second wife to his bosom. He had a daughter of fourteen, which complicated matters and outweighed the fourteen thousand dollars of his income. Often both parties are in the dark concerning the intentions of their hosts, and, as for the young lady herself, she is almost always kept in ignorance; though many of them, quick at putting two and two together, make pretty shrewd guesses. Heiresses, especially, get very knowing on the subject; they don't blush or look awkward, but manage to take stock of their possible lover through the veil of their drooping lashes—so that when their parents ask them, casually, if they have noticed such and such a young man, and what they thought of him, they are quite ready with an opinion.

Half the heiresses in Paris have their names down on the private ledgers of the agencies. The girls themselves and their families know nothing of it. Some busy-body or other provides the requisite details as to age, position, and the amount of the *dot*. If these prove satisfactory to the applicant, some way will be found to put them in presence. In case of his being accepted, the bridegroom has to pay a high percentage on the fortune when once the connubial knot is tied. Men have, before now, been married by the means of an agent, unknown to themselves; and when about to start on their wedding journey the bill is presented; it is paid—grudgingly. Anything is better than that they should be suspected of having had recourse to such a means to obtain a well-dowered bride.

It happens sometimes that the parents of the young lady are the negotiators. They may have made their money in trade, and hanker after an aristocratic son-in-law. A thousand dollars, well laid out, will procure their daughter a real coronet—somewhat worn and battered, perhaps, or a bran new brummagem one. The poor scion of nobility, the Roman count or German baron, is, of course, looking out for such a wife. He knows people of all kinds. There are women moving in a certain society who are not above getting the expense of a ball paid, in exchange for half a dozen blank invitation cards. He gets one sent to him, and the retired dealer gets another; no agent appears at all. The girl has never before set eyes on a baron or viscount; he appears in a halo, and to conquer is easy. She has been well educated, and is pretty, perhaps, or else *les beaux yeux de sa cassette* make the necessary impression. There is no unseemly hurry. Time is given for the lovers to make acquaintance. In a few weeks they are married. French marriages are always got over as quickly as possible.

Parents who live out of the gay world will sometimes be sadly perplexed when their daughter arrives at a marriageable age. Suppose a family of well-to-do provincials to be transplanted into the capital. No possible suitors are numbered among their few acquaintances. Mademoiselle has a nice little *dot; Monsieur son Père* is a retired notary; *Madame sa Mere* has spent her best days in ministering to his comfort. They are not in society. A taste for dress is soon fostered in Paris. The ladies' dressmaker is a pleasant, communicative little woman. One day, while she is trying on some new dress, she enters into conversation. "It is a pleasure to dress mademoiselle; she has such a pretty figure. White becomes her extremely; she will make a charming bride." The girl blushes; mamma stifles a sigh. The dressmaker hopes she may be intrusted with the wedding robe when it is required. Mamma confesses that there is no bridegroom in view—"We have just come to town; we know very few people; daughters are a great responsibility." The next time the two ladies visit the dressmaker, a very elegant dame is turning over a book of patterns. The couturière, as she helps herself to pins, whispers something about her being Madame de ——, who gives such beautiful balls. Mademoiselle peeps at her admiringly, and gets a smile in return. Women strike up an acquaintance easily enough over *chiffons*. They meet once or twice—by pure accident. Madame de —— finds she knows several people at Blankville, where mother and daughter have resided; she is longing for news of Madame la Préfete, or the wife of the Procureur—*cette chère amie*. An invitation to call ensues, which the two accept with expressions of delight; and, later on, when they find that their new friend is blessed with an exceptionably delightful, albeit impecunious, brother, the acquaintance ripens into intimacy. As for the dressmaker, she exclaims, with many "*Mon Dieus*," that she has been a good prophet, when the wedding-gown is finally ordered; and she does not forget, at the same time, to put down a few extras in the bill, which are paid without a murmur.

I am not romancing; this is fact, not fiction. If there are spinsters in Paris, it is most likely due to their lack of worldly goods. Every old bachelor with money has had to run the gauntlet of the match-making and matrimonial agents, ready to provide him with *brune* or *blonde*, short or tall, thin or buxom, according to taste.

PARIS, October 7, 1884. PARISINA.

## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

Problem No. LXIX.—By H. F. L. Meyer.

WHITE—King at K6; Rook at Q3; Bishop at K2; Knight at K3; Pawn at Q2.

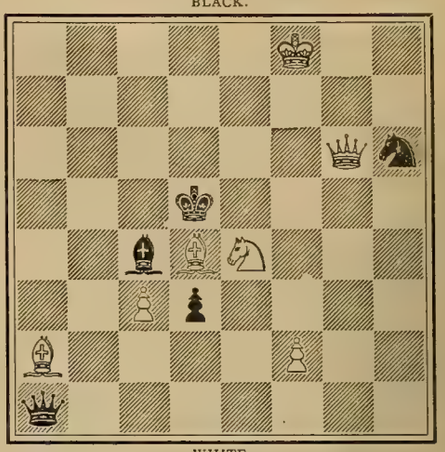
BLACK—King at QKt4; Pawns at QKt3, QKt2.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Problem No. LXXX.—By E. G. L.

*From Chess Monthly.*

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. LXI.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—Q Kt8 | 1—Any move |
| 2—Q, R, B, or Kt mates acc. | |

Solution of Problem No. LXII.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—Kt KB6 | 1—K x Kt at B6 (a) |
| 2—Kt x P | 2—Any move. |
| 3—Q R6 or B4 mates acc | |
| (a) 1—— | 1—K x Kt at B5 |
| 2—Kt B7 | 2—Any move |
| 3—Q or P mates acc. | |

Answers to Correspondents.

E. A. K., Oroville, Cal.—In No. LXV, if R x B, then Black replies R x R ch. Your two-mover can also be solved by 1 Q x P ch, any move; 2 Q K4 mate. The other problem can not be used. Should be pleased to receive a call.

J. B. and E. M. Muñoz, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Your favor received with missing number. Accept thanks for prompt attention.

Game No. 46.

Through the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, we are indebted to the Frankfort *Schachzeitung* for the score and notes of the following highly interesting game, played July 17, 1884, in the principal tourney of the third congress of the Southwestern German Chess Association between Mr. Bauer, of Frankfort, and Mr. Schwan, of Düsseldorf:

QUEEN'S PAWN'S OPENING.

| *White.* Mr. W. Bauer. | *Black.* Mr. Schwan. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P Q4 | 1—P Q4 | 18—R KB sq | 18—Kt Q sq |
| 2—KKt B3 | 2—KKt B3 | 19—Kt B3 (d) | 19—Kt B2 |
| 3—P K3 | 3—P K3 | 20—R Kt3 | 20—K Kt2 |
| 4—B Q3 | 4—P B4 | 21—Q B4 | 21—P KR3 |
| 5—P QKt3 | 5—P x P | 22—P KR4 | 22—B Q2 |
| 6—P x P | 6—B Kt5 ch (a) | 23—P P4 (e) | 23—B B3 |
| 7—P QB3 | 7—B Q3 | 24—R R3 (f) | 24—P KKt4 |
| 8—Castles | 8—Castles | 25—RP x P | 25—RP x P |
| 9—Kt K5 | 9—KKt Q2 | 26—R Kt3 | 26—P Kt5 (g) |
| 10—P KB4 | 10—P B4 | 27—R x P ch !! | 27—P x R |
| 11—R B3 | 11—Kt KB3 | 28—Q x P ch | 28—K Kt4 |
| 12—R R3 | 12—Kt B3 | 29—Kt x Kt | 29—R x R ch |
| 13—B K3 | 13—B x Kt | 30—K x R | 30—K B sq (h) |
| 14—BP x B | 14—Kt KKt5 | 31—Q R5 | 31—Q K sq (i) |
| 15—Q Q2 (b) | 15—Kt x B | 32—B Kt6 | 32—Q B sq |
| 16—Q x Kt | 16—P KKt3 (c) | 33—Q R7 (j) | 33—B K sq |
| 17—Kt Q2 | 17—Q K2 | 34—Q R8 ch | 34—K K2 |
| | | 35—Q B6 ch | Black resigns. |

NOTES BY MR. BAUER.

(a) Lost time, because the adverse QKt should come out not at QB3, but via Q2.

(b) 15 B to Q2 with the intention of subsequently playing R to Kt3, followed by P to KR3, was not feasible, because of Black's counter attack by Q to R5.

(c) Necessary to prevent 17 P to KKt4.

(d) Also played to stop the advance of the adverse KKtP.

(e) White seeks to dislodge the adverse QB, with the object of sacrificing his own Bishop for the KBP.

(f) Menacing P to KKt4.

(g) The only move! Had he played the K to Kt3, the following pretty variation would have occurred: 26—K Kt3; 27 Kt R4 ch, K R3; 28 K B2!, P x Q; 29 Kt x P ch, P x Kt; 30 K KR sq ch, and mates next move.

(h) If 30—R KB sq ch; 31 Kt B7 dis ch, K x Kt; 32 Q Kt6 mate. If 30—R Rsq; 31 Kt R7 dis ch, mating in a few moves. Finally, if 30—R KKt sq; 31 Kt x P dbl ch, K B2; 32 Q R5 ch, K x Kt; 33 B B5 mate.

(i) The only move to avoid immediate mate or the loss of the Queen.

(j) Prettily gaining time, and forcing mate in five moves.

In the Fifth Annual Chess Tournament of the New Orleans Chess, Checkers, and Whist Club, just closed, Mr. J. D. Séguin, the chess editor of the *Times-Democrat*, won the first prize, and Messrs. C. O. Wilcox, M. F. Factum, F. Dameron, the second, third, and fourth prizes respectively.

The Brooklyn *Chess Chronicle* has just entered upon the third year of its existence, and is to be congratulated upon its success. The present number is an excellent one, full of interesting chess matter, and will be gladly welcomed by every chess player.

The Prince of Wales has a superstition that his mother will outlive him, and that he will never be King of England.

# CITIZENS'

## INDEPENDENT TICKET.

DOWN WITH THE BOSSES!

## TO THE VOTERS

### OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The Citizens' Independent Convention, composed of men from all political parties, place before the public for Municipal and Legislative offices the following ticket, selected from the different parties, free from party or boss dictation, and of such character and standing in this community that every man can vote for them with full confidence that the offices of our local government will be honestly administered, and they respectfully invite their careful consideration and support.

Vote for your own Presidential Electors, Congressmen, and Mayor, but see that our city and legislative ticket follows these; none genuine unless it bears our vignette:

Mayor .....
Sheriff.....PATRICK CONNOLLY
Auditor.....WM. M. EDGAR
Tax Collector.....GEO. D. GRABILL
Treasurer.....OTTO KLOPPENBURG
Recorder.....CYRIL T. PIDWELL
County Clerk.....DAVID WILDER
District-Attorney.....JEREMIAH D. SULLIVAN
Attorney and Counselor.....JABEZ F. COWDERY
Coroner.....FOX E. J. CANNEY
Public Administrator.....WALTER M. LEMAN
Surveyor.....H. C. LANGREHR
Superintendent Public Streets.....JOHN CALVERT

### SUPERIOR JUDGES.

JOHN HUNT, T. H. REARDON,
ROBERT FERRAL, J. F. SULLIVAN.

Police Judge No. 1.....HALE RIX
Police Judge No. 2.....FRED. E. SUTHERLAND

### JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

JOSEPH J. DUNNE, ETHELBERT BURKE,
EDWARD MYERS, H. J. STAFFORD,
JAMES I. BOLAND.

Unexpired Term.....ETHELBERT BURKE
Unexpired Term.....HENRY J. STAFFORD

### SUPERVISORS.

First Ward.....GUSTAV GERCKE
Second Ward.....J. J. DOYLE
Third Ward.....JAMES S. REYNOLDS
Fourth Ward.....E. M. ROOT
Fifth Ward.....S. H. SEYMOUR
Sixth Ward.....E. P. POND
Seventh Ward.....CALVIN EWING
Eighth Ward.....WM. E. BRIDGE
Ninth Ward.....MITCHELL PHILLIPS
Tenth Ward.....HENRY B. RUSS
Eleventh Ward.....REUBEN W. BROWN
Twelfth Ward.....JOHN MOLLOY

### SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

WILLIAM J. JORY, WASHINGTON AYER,
GASTON E. BACON, ALBERT ROWE,
CHAS. H. MANN, GUSTAV POHLMAN,
S. E. DUTTON, J. C. BATES,
WM. J. HENEY, N. T. MESSER,
L. S. SHERMAN, CURT ROEMER.

Unexpired Term.....N. T. MESSER
Unexpired Term.....CURT ROEMER

### STATE SENATORS.

NINTH DISTRICT.

J. P. DAMERON, LYMAN L. MOWRY.

ELEVENTH DISTRICT.

DR. G. J. PHELAN, DR. W. N. GRISWOLD.

THIRTEENTH DISTRICT.

MILTON P. SESSIONS, J. M. KINLEY.

### MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY.

Twenty-ninth District.....HENRY NEUNABER
Thirtieth District.....E. H. DOYLE
Thirty-first District.....WILLIAM SHEW
Thirty-second District.....DR. GEO. B. TOLMAN
Thirty-third District.....EDWARD CONNOLLY
Thirty-fourth District.....EDWARD PYNE
Thirty-fifth District.....J. P. SCHARDIN
Thirty-sixth District.....THOMAS BRADY
Thirty-seventh District.....F. J. ZEEHANDELAAR
Thirty-eighth District.....DANIEL MAHONEY
Thirty-ninth District.....D. T. RIORDAN
Fortieth District.....WILMER BRADFORD
Forty-first District.....SAMUEL GUTHRIE
Forty-second District.....GEO. WINTERBURN
Forty-third District.....
Forty-fourth District.....ROBERT BELL
Forty-fifth District.....WALDRON SHEAN
Forty-sixth District.....THOMAS DONNELLY
Forty-seventh District.....THOMAS BROWN
Forty-eighth District.....JOHN M. MATHEWS

REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS,

Fifth Congressional District,

T. J. SULLIVAN.

REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR STATE SENATOR,

Ninth Senatorial District,

GEORGE C. PARKINSON.

Republican Nominee for Senator, Thirteenth Senatorial District,

JOHN L. BOONE.

JOHN M. DAYS,

Republican Nominee for State Senator, Thirteenth Senatorial District

Regular Democratic Nominee for Senator, Thirteenth Senatorial District,

A. CRAIG.

For the Assembly, Twenty-ninth District,

M. E. GORMAN,

Regular Democratic Nominee.

Member of Assembly, Thirty-fourth District

HENRY F. PRICE,

Regular Democratic Nominee.

Member of Assembly, Thirty-third District,

EDW. CONNOLLY,

Citizens' Independent Nominee.

Regular Republican Nominee, Thirty fifth Assembly District,

DR. N. T. WHITCOMB.

Thirty-sixth Assembly District,

JOHN LAFFERTY,

Republican Candidate for the Assembly.

For the Assembly, Thirty-sixth District,

SAMUEL McKEE,

Regular Democratic Nominee.

For the Assembly, Thirty-seventh Assembly District,

D.J. GORDON.

For the Assembly, Thirty-eighth District,

WM. J. SULLIVAN,

Regular Democratic Nominee.

Regular Democratic Nominee Assembly District No. 39.

MARION A. WILSON.

Regular Democratic Nominee for Assemblyman, Fortieth District,

DANIEL J. LEARY.

Republican Nominee for Assemblyman, Fortieth District,

JULIUS BUHLERT.

R. PORTER ASHE,

Regular Democratic Nominee for Assembly, Forty-first District.

For Assemblyman, Forty-first District,

H. C. FIREBAUGH,

Republican Nominee.

For the Assembly, Forty-third District,

EUGENE F. LOUD,

Republican Nominee.

Regular Democratic Nominee for Member of Assembly, 43d Assembly District,

CHARLES W. WELCH.

Regular Republican Nominee for Assemblyman, Forty-seventh District.

C. D. DOUGLAS.

Regular Republican Nominee for Judge of the Superior Court,

D. J. MURPHY.

Republican Nominee for Judge of the Superior Court,

E. W. BLANEY.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT,

T. H. REARDEN

(PRESENT INCUMBENT).

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR,

WM. L. MERRY.

REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR TREASURER,

CHRISTIAN REIS,

PRESENT INCUMBENT.

J. A. BAUER,

Republican Nominee for Treasurer.

REGULAR DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR RECORDER,

WILLIAM J. BRYAN,

Present Incumbent.

FOR RECORDER,

D. M. CASHIN,

Republican Nominee.

For Recorder,

C. T. PIDWELL,

Citizens' and Tax-payers' Nominee.

Regular Republican Nominee for Sheriff,

WM. PATTERSON.

FOR SHERIFF,

PATRICK CONNOLLY,

(PRESENT INCUMBENT,)

Independent Citizens' and Tax-payers' Candidate.

REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR SHERIFF,

PETER HOPKINS.

WM. M. EDGAR,

Nominee Tax-payers' and Independent Ticket

FOR AUDITOR.

For County Clerk, Citizens' and Tax-payers' Nominee,

DAVID WILDER.

Regular Democratic Nominee for Superintendent of Streets,

T. J. LOWNEY,

PRESENT INCUMBENT.

Regular Republican Nominee for District Attorney,

J. N. E. WILSON.

For City and County Surveyor,

CHARLES S. TILTON,

Regular Republican Nominee.

Democratic Nominee for City and County Surveyor,

R. P. HAMMOND, JR.

FOR TAX COLLECTOR,

LUMAN WADHAM.

Regular Democratic Nominee for Tax Collector,

WM. P. FROST.

For Public Administrator,

WALTER M. LEMAN,

Citizens' and Tax-payers' Nominee.

The People's Choice for Coroner,

DR. C. C. O'DONNELL.

Vote for him for what he has done against the Chinese.

Regular Republican Nominee for Supervisor, Fifth Ward,

W. B. FARWELL.

For Supervisor, First Ward,

DR. JUSTIN GATES,

Regular Republican Nominee.

For Supervisor, Third Ward,

JAMES S. REYNOLDS,

Citizens' Independent Candidate.

CALVIN EWING,

Independent Citizens' and Tax-payers' Candidate for Supervisor, Seventh Ward.

Independent Citizens' Nominee for Supervisor, Eighth Ward,

W. E. BRIDGE,

Proprietor St. Lawrence Stables, 212 Sutter Street.

Democratic Nominee for Supervisor, Ninth Ward,

J. B. LEWIS.

FOR SUPERVISOR, NINTH WARD,

MITCHELL PHILLIPS,

Citizens' and Tax-payers' Ticket.

SUPERVISOR, TENTH WARD,

HENRY B. RUSS,

Citizens' Independent Nominee.

For Supervisor.....Eleventh Ward,

DANIEL McMILLAN,

Regular Republican Nominee.

For Supervisor, Twelfth Ward,

JOHN MOLLOY,

Tax-payers' Nominee.

For Supervisor, Twelfth Ward,

THOMAS ASHWORTH,

Regular Democratic Nominee — Present Incumbent.

Regular Nominee for School Director,

GUSTAVE POHLMANN,

Citizens' Independent and Taxpayers' Party

ALF. R. KELLY,

Regular Democratic Nominee for School Director.

GABRIEL COHN,

Democratic Nominee for School Director.

For School Director,

DR. WASHINGTON AYER

Citizens' and Tax-payers' Ticket.

For School Director,

GASTON E. BACON,

Citizens' and Tax-payers' Nominee.

For Judge of Superior Court,

T. Z. BLAKEMAN,

Democratic Nominee.

For Judge of Police Court No. 2,

F. E. SUTHERLAND,

Nominee Independent Citizens' Convention.

Independent Citizens' Nominee for Justice of the Peace,

JAMES I. BOLAND.

FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

JNO. M. DOLAN,

Regular Democratic Nominee.

Regular Republican Nominee for Justice of the Peace,

MYER JACOBS.

Regular Democratic Nominee for Justice of the Peace,

WILLIAM H. MOTT.

## BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

### A Daisy Doctor.

"There's a big difference in doctors, I tell you," said an old-timer to me the other day. "You think you know something about 'em, but you are still in the fluff, and bloom, and kindergarten of life. Wait till you've been through what I have."

"Where, for instance?" I asked him.

"Well, say nothing about anything else; just look at the doctors we had in the war. We had a doctor in our regiment who looked as if he knew so much that it made him unhappy. I found out afterward that he ran a kind of cow foundling asylum in Utah before the war, and when he had to prescribe for a human being it seemed to kind of rattle him. I fell off'n my horse early in the campaign and broke my leg, I rickolect, and he sot the bone. He made what he called a good splice, but the break was above the knee, and he got the cow idea into his head in a way that set the knee behind. This was bad. I told him one day that he was a blamed fool. He gave me a cigar, and told me I must be a mind-reader. For several weeks our colonel couldn't eat anything, and seemed to feel kind of bilious. He didn't know what the trouble was till he went to the doctor. He looked at the colonel a few moments, examined his tongue, and told him right off that he had lost his cud. He bragged a good deal on his diagnosis. He said he'd like to see the disease he couldn't diagnose with one hand tied behind him. He was always telling how he had resuscitated a man they hung over at Tie City in the early days. He was hung by mistake, it seemed. It was a dark night, and the vigilance committee was in something of a hurry, having another party to hang over at Dirty Woman's Ranch that night, and so they erroneously hung a quiet young feller from Illinois who had been sent out West to cure a case of bronchitis. He was right in the middle of an explanation when the head vigilanter kicked the board from under him and broke his neck. All at once some one said: 'My God! we have made a blunder. Boys, we can't be too careful about hanging total strangers. A few more such breaks as these, and people from the States will hesitate about coming here to make their home. We have always claimed that this was a good country for bronchitis, but if we write to Illinois and tell this young feller's parents the facts, we needn't look for a very large hegira from Illinois next season. Doc., can't you do anything for the young man?'

"Then this physician stepped forward, he says, and put his knee on the back of the boy's neck, gave it a little push, at the same time pulled the head back with a snap that straightened the neck, and the young feller, who was in the middle of a large word, something like 'contumely,' when the barrel tipped over, finished out the word and went right on with the explanation. The doctor said he lived a good many years, and was loved and esteemed by all who knew him. This doctor was always telling of his triumphs in surgery. He did save a good many lives, too, toward the close of the war. He did it in an odd way, too. He had about one year more to serve, and, with his doctoring on one side and the hostility of the enemy on the other, our regiment was worn down to about five hundred men. Everybody said we couldn't stand it more than another year. One day, however, the doctor had just measured a man for a porous plaster, and had laid the stub of his cigar carefully down on the top of a red powder-keg, when there was a slight atmospheric disturbance, the smell of burnt clothes, and our regiment had to apply for a new surgeon. The wife of our late surgeon wrote to have her husband's remains forwarded to her, but I told her it would be very difficult to do so, owing to the nature of the accident. I said, however that we had found an upper set of store teeth imbedded in a palmetto tree near by, and had buried them with military honors, erecting over the grave a large board on which was inscribed the name and age of the deceased, and this inscription: "Not dead, but spontaneously distributed. Gone to meet his glorified throng of patients. Ta ta, vain world."—*Denver Opinion.*

Ellen Terry is popularly accredited with four husbands, when she has, in fact, had but three. The first of these was Wyatt, an artist. He was a Royal Academician, and his pictures are just now attaining a very wide celebrity. The second was Godwin, an architect of much reputation. The Godwin episode did not last long. The gentleman belonged to an old and eminently respectable orthodox family, and immediately established his wayward wife under the family roof tree with his aged mother and his sisters. It was the delight of Ellen's life to shock them, and it was a favorite trick with her, when guests were expected, to go to the table dressed as a ballet girl in the briefest and fluffiest of skirts, with the very pinkest of cheeks and the most exaggerated of *kohl* eyelids. She was seduced from the bosom of this family by her affection for a young actor, and, after the necessary legal technicalities had been gone through with, she became Mrs. Kelly. Mr. Kelly suited no better than the rest, however, and was soon dismissed. The widowed Ellen is satisfied with her matrimonial experience, and no longer goes about crying, like Beatrice, "Heigho for a husband!" Ellen Terry is thirty-nine years of age, and would probably soon stop marrying in any case.

The following letter was received by Mr. Thorne, of the London Vaudeville Theatre: "Sir: I see you are about to produce a play called 'Saints and Sinners.' I am a beautiful little sinner. Can you give me a part? Very truly, ——." "To Miss ——. Madam: It is true that the play at the Vaudeville is called 'Saints and Sinners'; but as the ladies are all saints and the men are the sinners, I can not offer you a part. Should you reform, I'll see what can be done for you. The market for sinners is overstocked at present. Yours, obediently, T. Thorne."

The literal translation of the high-sounding name, "Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca," sounds rather queer: "Mr. Peter Kettle of the Boat." "Torquato Tasso" means a "Chained Badger." "Dante" is "Deerskin." "Giovanni Boccaccio" may be mildly rendered "Jack Gobbler."


JOS. FIGEL
211 MONTGOMERY ST. S.F.
Offers the
LATEST STYLES
.....OF.....
CLOTHING
.....AND.....
FURNISHING GOODS
FOR GENTS AND BOYS,
READY MADE and MADE TO MEASURE at
REDUCED PRICES.
A Full Line of Desirable Suitings in our Merchant Tailoring Department.

SAN FRANCISCO
PLATING WORKS.
Every description of METAL GOODS plated with
Gold, Silver, Nickel, Bronze, etc.
Old work refinished, repaired, and plated equal to new.
653 and 655 Mission Street,
Between New Montgomery and Third, San Francisco, Cal.
E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.

Apollinaris
THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS
*"Pure water is even more important than pure milk."*
New York Herald.
ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.
*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.
No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon.

WOLFF & RHEINHOLD,
506 BATTERY STREET,
Sole Agents for this Favorite Brand of
CHAMPAGNE.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
24 Post St., San Francisco
COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, PENMANSHIP AND TELEGRAPHY.
F. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

JOE POHEIM,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Makes the best-fitting clothes in the State at 25 per cent. less than any other tailor in the city.
Business Pants made to order from..$ 6.00
Business Suits from..... 25.00
Dress Pants from..... 8.00
Dress Suits from..... 30.00
Other garments in proportion. The best of woakmanship and trimming guaranteed. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free to any address on application to
JOE POHEIM,
203 Montgomery, 724 Market,
1110 & 1112 Market, and 11 & 13 Turk St.

AGENCY WANTED.
ALBERT C. BURRAGE,
A former resident of this city and a graduate of Harvard, has just been admitted to practice law in Massachusetts, and is settled at No. 32 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass. Any legal business or agency of any sort sent to him will be attended to with faithfulness and dispatch. Highest references in this city.

EDUCATIONAL.

REMOVAL.
MR. ALFRED J. KELLEHER
Desires to announce that in future he will give lessons at his residence,
2324 Clay Street, near Webster.
California-street cars to Webster.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL for GIRLS
Will re-open Monday, August 3d.
Temporary location, 1001 Sutter Street, corner of Hyde.

PRIVATE INSTRUCTION
In the English Branches. Bookkeeping and Accounts. Preparations for Examinations a specialty. Call 4 to 8 P. M. B. L. BROWN, 313 Geary Street.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
BOOTS AND SHOES
Made to order by
W. F. MEAGHER,
111 Geary St., near Dupont, San Francisco.
Stage and Wedding Shoes of Louis XV. a specialty.

CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS.
MONOGRAMS, Arms, Crests, Wedding, Reception and Visiting Cards designed, engraved, and printed; lot Papeterie; Albums at great bargain. ROBERTS, to Post St., Masonic Temple.
CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS.

INVENTORS' INSTITUTE,
105 STOCKTON STREET,
Corner of O'Farrell.
PATENTS PROCURED for $65, AND PATENTS Negotiated. Send for particulars.

FINEST PHOTOS IN THE CITY
....AT THE....
IMPERIAL GALLERY,
724½ Market Street.

Contract for Fall and Winter Supply
....OF....
COAL
For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street. Telephone 308.

STORAGE.
Furniture and Pianos, Trunks, Paintings, Mirrors, Carpets, Ornaments,
And other goods received for storage and safe keeping. Goods stored in clean, light, dry lofts. Charges moderate, advances made, insurance effected. California Storage Warehouse, No. 722 MISSION ST., next to the Grand Opera House. THOS. H. ROONEY & CO.

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS
And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,
415 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco

OIL STOVES
NEW A & W MONARCH C for 1884.
Don't buy till you see it!
Or send for Circular.
JNO. F. MYERS & CO.
869 Market Street,
San Francisco.

ALASKA
COMMERCIAL CO.
No. 310 SANSOME STREET,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

MARBLE WORKS.
MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, Colored ITALIAN, and Statuary Marbles, Monuments and Headstones. W. H. McCORMICK, 827 Market St.


### SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco California. Location of works, Virginia Mining Distsict, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 22d day of October, 1884, an assessment (No. 80) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the 26th day of November, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the fifteenth day of December, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

E. L. PARKER, Secretary.

Office—Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.


A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.


# REPUBLICAN TICKET.

## NATIONAL.

**President, - - JAMES G. BLAINE**

**Vice-President, - JOHN A. LOGAN**

### ELECTORS.

| | |
|---|---|
| HENRY EDGERTON, | A. R. CONKLIN, |
| J. D. BYERS, | J. B. REDDICK, |
| CHARLES F. REED, | HORACE DAVIS, |
| MARCUS H. HECHT, | CHESTER ROWELL. |

## CONGRESSIONAL.

First District.....THOMAS L. CAROTHERS
Second District.....JAMES A. LOUTITT
Third District.....JOSEPH McKENNA
Fourth District.....WILLIAM W. MORROW
Fifth District.....CHARLES N. FELTON
Sixth District.....H. H. MARKHAM

## MUNICIPAL.

Mayor.....W. L. MERRY
Sheriff.....WM. PATTERSON
Auditor.....N. B. STONE
Tax Collector.....LUMAN WADHAM
County Clerk.....LOUIS N. JACOBS
Superintendent of Streets.....CHAS. S. RUGGLES
Recorder.....D. M. CASHIN
Treasurer.....JOHN A. BAUER
District Attorney.....J. N. E. WILSON
City and County Attorney.....JOHN LORD LOVE
Surveyor.....C. S. TILTON
Public Administrator.....E. N. TORREY
Coroner.....DR. W. M. LAWLOR
Superior Judges.....JOHN HUNT, D. J. MURPHY, E. W. BLANEY, L. E. PRATT.
Police Judges.....HALE RIX, W. A. S. NICHOLSON
Justices of the Peace.....MEYER JACOBS, ETHELBERT BURKE, C. F. WOOD, D. A. O'CONNELL, W. B. SMITH.

### SUPERVISORS.

First Ward.....DR. JUSTIN GATES
Second Ward.....ROBERT ROY
Third Ward.....DR. J. E. KUNKLER
Fourth Ward.....J. E. ABBOTT
Fifth Ward.....W. B. FARWELL
Sixth Ward.....D. HICKS
Seventh Ward.....JAMES H. WILLIAMSON
Eighth Ward.....D. L. FARNSWORTH
Ninth Ward.....ALBERT HEYER
Tenth Ward.....JAMES GILLERAN
Eleventh Ward.....DANIEL McMILLAN
Twelfth Ward.....SAMUEL VALLEAU

### SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

| | |
|---|---|
| J. H. CULVER, | DAVID STERN, |
| C. W. BEACH, | J. F. ENGLISH, |
| GEO. T. SHAW, | IRA G. HOITT, |
| J. P. H. WENTWORTH, | G. J. HOBE, |
| THOS. O'BRIEN, | A. C. DITHMAR, |
| C. T. DEANE, | EDWARD POLLITZ. |

## LEGISLATIVE.

### SENATORS.

Ninth District.....GEORGE C. PARKINSON, ONESTI PALMIERI.
Eleventh District.....JOSEPH MAGLONE, GERSON MOSBACHER
Thirteenth District.....JOHN M. DAYS, J. L. BOONE.

### ASSEMBLYMEN.

Twenty-ninth District.....JAMES H. DALY
Thirtieth District.....E. C. KALBEN
Thirty-first District.....PETER DEVENEY
Thirty-second District.....JOS. FRANKLIN
Thirty-third District.....DR. W. B. MAY
Thirty-fourth District.....F. W. HUSSEY
Thirty-Fifth District.....DR. N. T. WHITCOMB
Thirty-Sixth District.....JOHN LAFFERTY
Thirty-seventh District.....M. SULLIVAN
(To be selected).
Thirty-eighth District.....W. B. HUNT
Thirty-ninth District.....CHARLES H. WARD
Fortieth District.....JULIUS BUHLERT
Forty-first District.....H. C. FIREBAUGH
Forty-second District.....V. C. McMURRY Jr.
Forty-third District.....E. F. LOUD
Forty-fourth District.....F. M. LOVELL
Forty-fifth District.....H. K. McJUNKIN
Forty-sixth District.....A. H. COOK
Forty-seventh District.....C. D. DOUGLASS
Forty-eighth District.....FRANK FRENCH

REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS,
Fourth Congressional District,
WM. W. MORROW.

REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS,
Fifth Congressional District,
CHAS. N. FELTON.

## *PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.*

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Saturday, Nov. 1, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‡8.00 A.M. | ..Byron and Martinez | ¶6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " " " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " " " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Delta, Redding, and Portland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Deming, El Paso} Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {and East} Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Galt and Ione, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ..Galt, via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Los Angeles and South | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | {Merced, Madera,} | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Fresno, and Tulare} | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Mojave and East} Express | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {" " } Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | {Ogden and} Express | 11.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {East} Emigrant | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {Red Bluff} via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {and Tehama} via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | .. " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Stockton & *Milton via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ..Stockton, via Martinez | *12.10 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | ..Virginia City | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 8.00 A. M. meets Pacific Express from Ogden at Vallejo Junction; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. meets Pacific Express from El Paso and Mojave at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

¶ Daily from Martinez. Sundays only from Byron.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier)**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23 *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23 *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52; 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

**Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.**


NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

**BROAD GAUGE.**

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Watsonville, Camp Goodall.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.00 P.M. |
| †7.50 A.M. | ..Monterey and Santa Cruz.. .....(Sunday Excursion..... | †8.55 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.

‡ Theatre train; Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, Camp Goodall, and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—Sold SUNDAY MORNING, good for return same day.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, September 22, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—9.00, 11.15 A. M., 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P. M. To Saucelito, 7.30 A. M.

(Sundays)—8.00, 10.15 A. M., 1.30, 5.30 P. M. To Saucelito only, 11.30 A. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.45, 9.00 A. M., 12.15, 3.15, 4.50 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.55, 10.15 A. M., 3.30, 4.50 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 9.30 A. M., 1.00, 3.50, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.30, 10.50 A. M., 12.00 M., 4.00, 6.05 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 2.15 P. M.

**11.15 A. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAIN for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through train from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 1.30 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning arrives in S. F. at 6.40 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


BONESTELL, RICHARDS & ALLEN & CO.

PAPER WAREHOUSE

411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F.

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.**

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 2 o'clock P. M. for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer 1884. From San Francisco

**Arabic.....Tuesday, November 11th**

**San Pablo.....Thursday, December 18th**

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Rio de Janeiro.....November 22**

**City of Tokio .....December 6**

At 2 o'clock P. M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Granada .....November 1**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Australia**...Saturday, November 22, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on Nov. 7th, 15th, and 23d, and December 1st, and every eighth day thereafter. The last steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

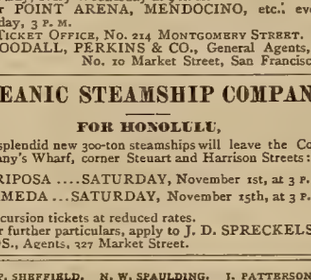
MARIPOSA ....SATURDAY, November 1st, at 3 P. M.

ALAMEDA ...SATURDAY, November 15th, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

THE

## AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY.

SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**

Office, 208 California Street.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church, Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER, J. W. PORTER. Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital .....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremon National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

## NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY OF IRELAND.

**ESTABLISHED.....A. D. 1822**

Authorized Capital.....$10,000,000
Subscribed Capital..... 5,000,000

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

**Office, 309 Sansome St., San Francisco.**

## Imperial Fire Insurance Co.

Of London. Instituted 1803.

**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.

**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.

**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St. San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

# RUBBER HOSE

—FOR—

**Gardens, Mills, Mines, & Fire Departments,**

Manufactured and for sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard (Maltese Cross) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose (Competition), Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire Engine Hose, Carbolized Maltese Cross Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

**JOHN W. TAYLOR, - - - Manager.**

**No. 15 First Street, near Market.**

## "IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."

## THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.**

**36 California Street, San Fra...**

Sole Agents for Pacific Coas...




It is not so many years since that brigandage was one of the dangers most to be apprehended in traveling in Italy. It has retreated into the deepest fastnesses of the mountains before the threatening snort of the iron horse, until at last these picturesque, pilfering gentry have but a solitary fortress left in the hills of Sicily. And, of a truth, the noble profession has degenerated, for their prey is no longer the well-filled wallet of the passing traveler, or the traveler himself as hostage for a noble ransom. The mountain brigand of to-day descends into the valleys to steal the farmers' sheep and goats—perhaps does not scorn a chicken on the roost—but he is no longer one of the terrors of the highway.

Yet he will never die from song and story, however degenerate the scion of to-day; and is all the more picturesque the further he retreats into history. In one of those English novels turned out yearly by the hundreds, which so bristle with quotations that it is actually difficult to pick out the original matter, I came across this one:

"I do distrust the poet who discerns
No character or glory in his times,
And trundles back his soul five hundred years,
Past moat and draw-bridge into a castle court,
To sing—oh, not of lizard or of toad
Alive i' the ditch there—'twere excusable—
But of some black chief, half knight, half sheep-lifter."

The scornful poet is all wrong. It is necessary to trundle one's soul back to get anything picturesque or beautiful, especially in the way of brigands. The best article that we have had in that line within twice a score of years was our own Black Bart. No highwayman ever tried harder to be a poetical brigand, but he was fettered by the customs and necessities of modern life; and what with a landlady and a laundry bill, all the the poetry of his calling evaporated into thin air. He was ignobly clapped into jail, too, poor fellow! And a brigand should die by bullet or steel; so that, after all, Black Bart was but a clever imitation—a paste brigand, so to speak.

A hundred years a little goatherd lay dreaming on a sunny hillside in Italy, and that injustice of fate which makes one man a prince with a velvet pocket, gold lined, and another a tender of goats with a ragged pocket and no lining at all, burned into his soul, and he resolved to become a brigand. By some curious process of reasoning, his preliminary step was to become a monk, and under the shelter of his cowl he learned the secrets which he made use of in his craft, till the name of Fra Diavolo became the terror of all the country round about. But he was a scurvy rascal this, for he was hanged by the neck at last by a hempen rope, like a common every-day malefactor, instead of rolling down a green bank with a bullet in his heart, as Carleton does so effectively in the pretty little old-fashioned opera they have been giving at the Bush Street Theatre this week past.

And who is going to blame Carleton that he has had the music transposed, and sings the famous tenor rôle in his rich, trolling baritone. Why, if Heaven will not give us tenors, in Heaven's name give us the music, and sing it in whatever voice you will so that it be well sung. I, for one, have never seen a better Fra Diavolo than Carleton; for, besides the music of his song, there is a dash in his acting of it, and, to say truth, a cold, business gleam in his eye, such as might have shone in Diavolo's own when he made love to a traveling dame as a stroke of business. He sang the pretty Italian serenade with a good, round British accent, and with every musical completeness, but without one throb of the pulsing passion which should underlie a serenade, even as a plaintive, metrical sob should underlie every waltz.

In short, I do not know but that Mr. Carleton's Fra Diavolo is a very subtle bit of art in a small way—a picturesque brigand as to externals, but full of business to his soul's core.

Such an one was not Castle's—almost the only Fra Diavolo that we have all been hearing since our birth—for though he sings it in the tenor score, he fails to make a villain of the fellow. He would never have stormed the saucy Lady Allcash in the very meridian of her honeymoon. Fra Diavolo, by the way, seemed to be singing in the year 1800, and the Allcashes in 1884. It was a clashing of epochs, but no one seemed to mind, for Lord Allcash was as *point device*, according to his date, as the daring Diavolo in his. Lord Allcash, who is by turns a tenor, bass, or baritone, as the cast admits, is this time a tenor, and not half bad in his little rôle.

Jessie Bartlett-Davis wears, surely, the most unbecoming traveling costume that ever disfigured a bride, but she redeemed her looks by letting her light locks down once, and appearing for a moment in becoming deshabille. But her bright, frank face, her cheery manner, and her pleasant voice are always welcome, and one wonders why Auber could not have given the bride a little solo.

Still, even Zerlina, the peasant heroine of the little opera, is not much favored in this way, for the bold robber Diavolo, consistent ever, steals even Zerlina's thunder by singing over "On yonder rock reclining" in the very echo of her last note of it. Miss Alfa Norman sang it very sweetly, too, for her voice is fresh, and clear, and young, and that very rare article, a pure soprano. It seems to have an incipient flexibility which is not yet fully brought out, and she is not up to the trick of holding a note until the audience draws a long breath for very sympathy. She needs to tone up her voice and tone down her make-up, and she will one day soon be one of the best English opera prima donnas. Her novitiate is promising, for her slight nervousness is not displeasing, and one feels that she has not really let her voice out.

And what has become of Alonzo Hatch's voice? Once it was there, as we all know, and now it is not. He begins to sing, and there is a faint, faraway sound, like a child's voice, excepting that the tenor quality is still there. The effect of it is most peculiar. It is not worn with time, or broken with using. It is a simple evanishing, as if he had exhaled it upon a sigh or spent it upon a song, and kept a faint echo to remember it by. He sings with perfect self-possession, with no strain or effort to make it louder, and does not seem to realize its smallness. He is even encored for the pretty love song in the third act, which he sings with the very hush of pianissimo. It seems a delicate irony to address the possessor of such a voice by the sounding title of Sir Brigadier, and yet one does not laugh. Sometimes a broken-down tenor is amusing, sometimes he is exasperating; but this strange little voice with the music all left in it, and the strength all gone out of it, is plaintive, pathetic, touching.

Perhaps it emphasizes the strong, young ring of Clark's voice. Clark requires some training on those lower notes, which have yet neither strength nor resonance; but they are there to cultivate, and a pure basso is almost as rare a treasure as a pure tenor nowadays. How the clashing of schools shows in these two robbers, Beppo and Giacomo, for Clark is of America, American, and Adolphi is of the German school, thoroughly German. He has all their primitive, childish, heavy idea of fun, their thoroughness of detail, and their fidelity in making up. He looks like a Parisian rag-picker in terra cotta, rather than a mountain brigand; but Nature laid her hand upon him first, and art furbished him up afterward. *On dit* that he was engaged expressly to play the Holland tulip-grower in "The Merry War." A remarkable bit of enterprise, truly, for so small a combination. But Carleton has executive ability for a larger one, and it was impossible not to wish that the final tableau in "Fra Diavolo" could have been given with the space, the distance, and the full impressiveness which this pretty scene deserves. The chorus is absurdly small, and the orchestra is execrable. They distinctly decline to remain on the same key with the singers, yet even they fell into line, and played the melancholy strain during the betrayal of Diavolo so that it was actually recognizable. So unusual a feat upon their part deserves honorable mention.

What is the matter with the orchestra? They should be musicians, for one easily recognizes among them a number who played at the Philharmonic the other day, with so much expression, with such unusual precision, with such totally unexpected improvement, that the oldest subscriber turned pale with amazement, that Henry Heyman beamed like a translated saint on an old canvas, and Gustave Hinrichs was upon the very border of displaying some emotion.

"La Mascotte" is said to be the next opera in preparation, for in this company they fly from one kind of an opera to another with a suddenness which is bewildering and a versatility which is really delightful.

Meantime "Called Back" and "Crawled Back" pursue the even tenor of the way, mutually dependent upon each other it must be, for wherever goes to see one goes to see the other. Perhaps Charley Reed has a little upset the bitterness of the Siberian scene at the Baldwin, for when the people see the hapless Siberian exiles limping in rags and tatters, and hear the wild Russian chant of the miserables, they laugh instead of weep. For there comes to them a vision of "Crawled Back," where the black Russians face the Siberian snows in linen ulsters trimmed with fur, and fluttering palm-leaf fans to ward of the snow-drifts. The intense Macari becomes something quite delicious as Pay yo lo Mulcahy, the vender of the succulent tamale, with a most delightful article of accent and a complete disregard of the fact that the tamale men are all Mexicans and their wares unknown in Italy. How is Charley Reed to burlesque "The Private Secretary" when it comes, for it is only sentiment that bears burlesquing? Perhaps, however, he will turn around and make it lugubrious, for the plain comedian is never to be caught napping.

"Called Back" is to be continued another week at the Baldwin, in consequence of its success, and Effie Ellsler is to take a benefit on the Friday night of the last week. Who, then, is to be leading lady during the run of "The Private Secretary"?

BETSY B.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Miss Jessie Bartlett-Davis is Mrs. Will J. Davis, of Chicago, in private life.

Frank Mayo will retire from the stage after this season and devote himself to play-writing.

Alice Oates is once more on the road, this time under the management of Colonel Snelbaker.

Lotta has declared her irrevocable determination to retire from the stage after the present season.

Miss Genevieve Ward will remain in Australia until next August, when she returns home by way of China and Japan.

The New York theatres are empty. This is due to a combination of Presidential campaign and roller-skating fever.

On account of the success of "Called Back," at the Baldwin, it will be continued for another week—making four in all.

Mr. Frank Farrell, the theatrical representative, is to be married, November 17th, to Miss Elsie Strout, of this city.

Madame Etelka Gerster expects to leave Bremen for New York early in November, to begin her concert tour in the United States.

Mrs. Osmond Tearle is the mother of a boy two weeks of age. It is current dramatic news that he weighed twelve pounds at birth.

Next Friday evening, November 7th, Miss Effie Ellsler will take a farewell benefit at the Baldwin, when extra attractions will be presented.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, a San Francisco pianist, has been winning golden opinions from the principal German newspapers. He has given concerts in Leipzig, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Cologne, and Wiemar.

Lawrence Barrett has signed a contract with J. C. Williamson for an Australian season of one hundred nights, beginning in Melbourne, June 1, 1885.

Mr. George C. Milo, supported by Miss Adele Payne and a complete company, will begin a two-weeks engagement at the California Theatre November 10th.

Mr. Hayman, manager of the Baldwin Theatre, leaves for the East early next week, to complete arrangements for opening the California Theatre next January.

The New York *Mirror* says: "Several members of the Barton Hill company reached New York, from the West Indies, October 20th. They tell a deplorable tale of their misfortunes."

"Excelsior" has just been taken off the stage in Paris, after a run of five hundred nights. It ran so long that the ballet girls wore out the gold lions, and the animals were twice gilded during the run.

Miss Helen Dingeon is singing the delicious music of Mabel, in "The Pirates," most admirably, at the Tivoli. The performance is worth listening to, if only for her rendering of the rôle. The orchestra, however, is excellent, and the chorus not bad.

Alice Lingard is getting frisky as the years go by. Her success as Pauline has gone to her head, and she now subscribes herself "Allie." Alice is beautiful, but for an Allie she is rather—not to put too fine a point upon it—rather massive.

The wires have let us know that Irving and Ellen Terry have made up. The cause of the trouble is not known, but it is suspected that Irving made a speech in a Canadian theatre during which he did not mention "my sister artist, Miss Terry."

The friends of A. D. Bradley, who was in the first "Around the World in Eighty Days" company that played at the Grand (then Wade's) Opera House, will be pained to learn that he is now in indigent circumstances, and has entered the Forrest Home.

Mr. W. E. Sheridan will commence a two-weeks engagement at the Baldwin with the first week of December. "The Fool's Revenge" will be splendidly mounted and cast for his opening. Miss Rose Eytinge and company will play an engagement after Mr. Sheridan.

At the Baldwin, on Monday, November 10th, will be presented the New York success, "The Private Secretary." It has been in rehearsal over two weeks, under the direction of Mr. J. N. Long, of the Madison Square Theatre. Mr. Long will play one of the principal characters.

Louis Nathal, the husband of Miss Louise Lester, who sang in the Winter Garden, Tivoli, and similar places in this city, is now singing General Boum in "The Grand Duchess" at the Park Theatre, New York. Haydon Tilla, formerly of the minstrels, is playing Fritz in the same company.

They have been playing "Moths" at Wallack's with Rose Coghlan as Vere and Gerald Eyre as Sergius Zouroff. The company needed Gerald Eyre very badly when they were here many times. But Rose Coghlan's Vere can be no more like Sophie Eyre's than currant jelly is like Alpine snow.

Mr. W. E. Sheridan will shortly play an engagement at the Baldwin Theatre, opening in "The Fool's Revenge." A great point is to be made in the mounting of the play, which certainly well deserves such care. There is a possibility for most beautiful effects, both in mounting and costume.

Madame Raberg, a mezzo-soprano who was here with Geistinger, is the prima donna of the Thalia Theatre in New York, and is singing Agathe in "Der Freischutz" with great success. Raberg was a pretty woman in a large German way, and has recently been divorced from her husband. Hence——

At Emerson's Standard Theatre, next week, the management announce that "during the finale the correct election returns will be read from the stage as fast as received by telephone." The performance next week will conclude with Carroll Johnson's latest afterpiece, entitled "Fourth Ward Bon Tons."

At the Bush Street, on Monday and Tuesday of next week, the Carleton troupe will present, by request, "The Drum-Major's Daughter." On Wednesday evening an "ideal" representation of "The Mascotte," after weeks of careful preparation, will be given. The costumes deserve particular mention, some of them being exquisitely beautiful. On Friday, November 7th, Mr. Carleton will be tendered a benefit, for which occasion an unusually attractive programme will be presented.

Mrs. Melville-Snyder is preparing a young society lady for the stage. She will probably make her first appearance as Julia, Juliet, Pauline, Parthenia, or Camille. Mrs. C. R. Thorne is preparing a young society lady for the stage. She will probably make her first appearance as Julia, Juliet, Pauline, Parthenia, or Camille. Mrs. C. R. Thorne is preparing another society young lady for the stage. She will probably make her first appearance as Julia, Juliet, Pauline, Parthenia, or Camille.

Apropos of the bed-room scene in "Fra Diavolo," which Miss Alfa Norman plays very prettily, a story is told that Little Nell, the California diamond, has a similar scene in her new French play, Miss Maggie. When she changed her dress in sight of the audience, a gentleman arose and exclaimed aloud: "Tres bien, mademoiselle, tres bien!" This having created some disturbance in the house, the gentleman was good enough to explain to the audience that he had admired the modesty of the change, and quiet was restored. To the benumbed intelligence on this side of the Atlantic, it looks as if the gentleman was trying his best to get up an encore, but the audience of the Folies Dramatiques did not tumble. Perhaps, upon the whole, the senseless encore is thoroughly American.

Marie Geistinger has just made her first appearance at the same theatre in Vienna where she made her début thirty years ago. She has brought out "The Beggar Student," in which she takes the tenor rôle, having always had a predilection for what are technically known as breeches parts. She is the rage once more, and is reputed to have battalions of Viennese officers suing for her smiles. These love stories have followed Geistinger all around the world, except in San Francisco. But if she had stayed one more week and kept on playing "Donna Juanita," she might have had a San Francisco leaf in her album.

Emily Melville, who made a lot of money during her last six months in Australia, has gone to India, under half a year's engagement. The blind Armes Beaumont is the tenor of the troupe, and Signor Verdi, better known in America as Jim Green, is the baritone. Gracie Plaisted, for whom Emily Melville sent, after months of struggling with opera bouffe giantesses in the colonies, has seceded from the Melville troupe and set up as a prima donna on her own account. She is doing very well, being in the enjoyment of every requisite for the position, excepting a voice. This, however, has ceased to be a desideratum in comic opera prima donnas.

Mr. J. Nicholas Long, the rehearser of "The Private Secretary," was a California boy, and yet another of the long list of those who belonged to the old California Theatre Company. He was first brought to notice in playing the brother of Viola, in "Twelfth Night," during the beautiful Adelaide Neilson's first engagement. He was but a stripling then, and the make-up of the character was so admirable as to be really deceptive. At that time he was known as Nick Long. When his fortunes bettered he became Mr. J. N. Long. When he joined the Madison Square Theatre he became Mr. Nicholas Long, and since his promotion to the position of rehearser he is Mr. J. Nicholas Long. But he is still the old Nick.

Mr. John McCullough seems to be converted into a hopeless mass of newspaper material. He occupies his time in saying things about his friends which are printed with the most pointed fidelity. The next week he takes it all back, and the taking back furnishes another half column. Mr. McCullough punctuates these changes of opinion by rapping people at intervals over the head with a huge knobbed stick, which he is in the habit of carrying, and with which he has laid out no less than four people since he broke down in Chicago. Meantime he wanders about at his own sweet will, and is ever encouraged by many to resume acting. As the New York papers frequently remind us, we are too far from the Atlantic seaboard to know very much; but if Mr. McCullough were in California, it is probable that his knobbed stick would first be politely and firmly taken from him, and that he would be placed in the shelter provided for his unfortunate condition. The crazed McCullough, wandering with witless babble up and down the Broadway Babel, is almost as sad and unpardonable a spectacle as the dethroned Lear wandering neglected on the midnight heath.

The New Yorkers, being determined to sit upon the San Franciscans in some way concerning the Milan Opera Company, profess themselves to find Giannini no great shakes, as San Franciscans did, but rave over the ensemble. We all raved over the ensemble till our inkstands were empty and our throats were parched, but it all came around to Giannini at last. This Giannini furor attacks the victim very gradually. The first night you think this big-chested, lusty-throated fellow is a good singer. A night or two after you call him an artist. Within the fortnight he is a wonder. Within the month he outstrips all the tenors you have ever heard for strength, for sweetness, for endurance, for his wonderful register, for his honesty, for his earnestness, for his simplicity, for his good nature, for his enormous repertoire, for his ease, and for his abundant lack of the ordinary tenor's airs and graces. Having accepted the company, within a month intelligent, musical New York will have the Giannini furor, and they will greet his every appearance as we did, with a very storm of huzzas, and come very near to forgetting the ensemble. The blackest eye that the irrepressible Mapleson ever got was in Giannini's forestalling his season, and Mapleson has no less than five in his rack of wheezy tenors this season.

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

**Bills and Casts for Week ending November 1st.**

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill: Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr's "Called Back." Cast same as last week.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Bill: Auber's "Fra Diavolo." Cast as follows:

Fra Diavolo, W. T. Carleton; Zerlina, Miss Alfa Norman; Lady Allcash, Jessie Bartlett Davis; Lord Allcash, Henry Rattenberry; Lorenzo, Alonzo Hatch; Beppo, Gustave Adolphi; Giacomo, W. H. Clark; Matteo, Mr. Ridsdale; Francesca, Miss Clara Wisdom; First Carbineer, F. Doud.

Friday and Saturday nights, Offenbach's "Merry War." Cast as before.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Closed during the week.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance," and Offenbach's "Marriage by Lantern."

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—F.W Stechhan, Manager. Standard Minstrel Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Manager. Bill: "Belphegor, the Mountebank."

At the Baldwin, next week, "Called Back" will be continued.

At the Bush Street, next Monday, "Drum-Major's Daughter."

At the California, next week, nothing has been announced.

At the Tivoli, next week, "Pirates of Penzance" and "Marriage by Lantern" will be continued.

At the Grand Opera House, next week, "Belphegor, the Mountebank," will be continued.

**Important to Every Lady.**

A great philosopher once said that the fountain of human happiness flows from health, comfort, and contentment. The body must be in a healthful and comfortable condition to attain true happiness. Nothing adds so much to a woman's health and comfort as a perfect fitting corset. The corset surrounds the most vital parts of the body, and upon it greatly depends their healthful action. An ill-shaped corset throws the waist into an unnatural position, and often seriously affects the heart and lungs. A well-shaped corset is constructed upon natural and scientific principles, and always supports and strengthens the frame. Most ladies, by sad experience with poor corsets, know the truth of these facts, and they now go direct to Freud's Corset House, Nos. 742 and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 Dupont Street, where they always get corsets which are perfect fitting as well as health preserving. Freud's Corsets are recognized throughout America as the only corsets which accurately fit the form as well as add to health; and, so far as corsets are concerned, no lady is ever unhappy who wears "Freud's Perfect-Fitting Corsets."—*Daily Evening Bulletin, San Francisco, October 25th.*

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

**Vienna Chairs.**

One of the most beautiful and useful articles of furniture to be seen is the new Vienna Chair, either for saloons or private dwellings. For sale by the California Furniture Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

— LADIES' BAZAR PATTERNS, 215 Dupont St.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— AUGUST MIGNON'S NEW SONG, "The Old Fair Story," as sung by William Carleton, for sale by Sherman, Clay & Co.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,**

Eddy Street, near Market.

KREILING BROS. ..... Sole Proprietors and Managers

This evening and until further notice, Offenbach's charming operetta, in one act,

**MARRIAGE BY LANTERN,**

And Gilbert & Sullivan's comic opera, in two acts,

**PIRATES OF PENZANCE.**

Admission, 25 cents. ..... Reserved seats, 50 cents

**SCHOOL DIRECTOR,**

## W. B. WILSHIRE

**Regular Democratic Nominee.**

## FOR TAX COLLECTOR,

Geo. D. Grabill,

**Nominee of the Citizens' and Tax-payers'**

**INDEPENDENT PARTY.**

**Regular Democratic Nominee for Public Administrator,**

## PHIL. ROACH.

**Regular Republican Nominee for School Director,**

GEORGE T. SHAW.

**FOR AUDITOR,**

## N. B. STONE.

**CALIFORNIA**

**ELECTRO PLATING WORKS,**

**657 MISSION STREET,**

**Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating on all Metals.**

Table Ware repaired and plated at the lowest rates. Copper Plates silver plated for saving gold. All work in our line guaranteed. **KEATING & FAGAN,** Proprietors.

## JOHN MIDDLETON,

## COAL.

**14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.**

## ROLLER SKATING!

**GRAND PACIFIC**

**ROLLER SKATING RINK,**

**Corner Jones and Sutter Streets,**

**NOW OPEN.**

Daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and from 7:30 to 10 P. M. Thronged nightly with delighted and interested visitors. New Skates. New Floor. Most complete accommodations. Good Music. Healthy Recreation.

Admission, 25 cents; skates (extra evenings only) 15 cts. No children under sixteen allowed to skate at night.

MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 10th, Second Grand One-Mile Race for gold and silver medals.

Music by Second Artillery Regiment Band.

J. B. KEYS, Proprietor.

## C. P. R. R.

**Commencing at noon of November 1, 1884, Ferries and Trains will be run by**

**PACIFIC STANDARD TIME,**

As furnished by Messrs. RANDOLPH & CO., 10 Montgomery Street, San Francisco. The new standard will be **ten (10) minutes faster** than San Francisco local time.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen'l Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. and Tkt Agt.
J. C. STUBBS, Gen'l Traffic Manager.

## W. R. STRONG & CO.

**SACRAMENTO.**




**Wholesale Fruit and Commission Dealers. Consignments solicited.**

## DR. LORYEA'S

## NEW HAMMAM

**218 POST STREET.**

The best and most luxurious Turkish, Russian, Electric, and Medicated Bath House in the city. Open day and night. Single tickets for $1, or twelve tickets for $10. My old tickets good



**U. S. PNEUMATIC LETTER PRESS**

**G. G. WICKSON & CO. 539 Market St., S. F.**

The ungainly and heavy screw and iron press and its necessarily bulky stand must give place to our light, portable, and ornamental Pneumatic Letter Press, requiring but a trifling exertion to operate, no stand, and costing less than an equally reliable screw press. Can be operated by a child and carried with ease. Great variety of styles, ranging from $10.00. A serviceable Holiday Gift.

## FALL STYLE HATS

Now ready and introduced by

## HERRMANN THE HATTER.

**The Largest Hat Store on the Coast.**

**332, 336 KEARNY STREET,**

Between Bush and Pine Streets, San Francisco.

☞ Steam Factory connected with Establishment at 17 Belden St. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free.

**Steinway & Son's, Kranich & Bach, | Ernest Gabler, and C. Roenisch**

## PIANOS!

## M. GRAY, 206 POST ST.,

**SAN FRANCISCO.**

## CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY

**OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET.**

**Works** ..... **Potrero.**

C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

**NOVEMBER STYLES.**

## BUTTERICK'S

**Patterns and J. F. Ingalls' Illustrated Books** for Ladies' Fancy Work, Kensington Embroidery, Crochet and Knitted Lace, Patchwork, etc. **H. A. DEMING, Agent, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**

GREAT FREE

## EXHIBITION

**ICHI BAN**

**20, 22, and 24 Geary Street**

.....OF THE.....

## ARTS AND MANUFACTURES

.....OF THE.....

# JAPANESE EMPIRE

**Established to introduce to the world the wonderful skill of the JAPANESE in the manufacture of USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL ARTICLES for house furnishing and decorating. The public is cordially invited to inspect this wonderful collection. COME OFTEN. BRING YOUR FRIENDS. ASK QUESTIONS. DO NOT PURCHASE. EVERYBODY WELCOME.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**20, 22, & 24 GEARY ST.**

## SACHS, PRUDEN & CO.'S

## FAMOUS GINGER ALE.

This celebrated Ginger Ale is known everywhere, and is as popular in the cold-water districts of Maine as it is in the home of the soft-flowing Bourbon, or on the vine-clad hills of California. Put up in quart bottles. No family should be without it. For sale everywhere. John T. Cutting & Co., Sole Agents, 116 Front Street, San Francisco.

## THE SIERRA MADRE VILLA HOTEL,

LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CAL.,

**Is located on the south side of the Sierra Madre Mountains, one thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea.**

**ABOVE THE FOGS OF SEA AND VALLEY.**

It is in the midst of an ORANGE GROVE, overlooking the beautiful San Gabriel Valley. For comfort, a pleasant home, good living, PURE AIR, and sparkling mountain water, it has no rival. The Villa is fourteen miles from Los Angeles, and is reached by rail to within four miles, at San Gabriel station, where the stage meets all trains from East or West. Address by mail to San Gabriel, Cal., P. O., or telegraph to Villa.

**W. GARDNER COGSWELL, Manager.** **W. COGSWELL, Proprietor.**

## ELITE BOUQUET

—AND—

**PECK'S PREMIUM PERFUMES,**

**(ALL ODORS).**

## GERSTER GLOVES!

**Elegant, Perfect-fitting, and Durable,**

....AT....

**I. KEINER'S, 32 KEARNY ST.**

**Filippe's Academy of Languages.**

Established 1871, has removed to more commodious and pleasant quarters, 702 Market Street, corner of Geary. Professor DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. "UNIQUE" method of acquiring foreign languages, where students have not the opportunity to practice. Fine library, and periodicals from Spain and France free to scholars.

**COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION,**

**Phelan's Building, Rooms 6, 8, 9, 10, 11. Entrance, 806 Market Street.** Gas Specialists; positively extract teeth without pain; only office that makes and gives the celebrated "Colton Gas;" established in 1863; over 15,000 references; also, performs all operations in Dentistry.

## WALL PAPERS,

**FRESCOING,**

INTERIOR DECORATING

**WINDOW SHADES.**

## G. W. CLARK & CO.

**645 and 647 MARKET STREET**

## STORE YOUR FURNITURE

**Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.**

BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH

**J. H. MOTT & CO.,**

**735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco**

Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

**THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!**

**The Light-running**

## "HOUSEHOLD"

**SEWING MACHINE.**



Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to **three months' trial.**

**Samuel Hill Estate**

CITY SALES ROOMS,
**634 Market St.**
Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

**FINE**

**Suits, $25.** **TAILORING** **Suits, $30.**

Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.

**Suits, $40.** **TAILORING** **Suits, $50.**

Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.

**Suits, $60.** **TAILORING** **Suits, $70.**

**J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.**

VICTOR ROTARY

## TRICYCLE.

**All parts interchangeable. One machine fits a whole family.**

**OVER 60,000 IN USE.**

**aster than walking. Safer than horses.**

**GEO. H. STRONG, Agent,**

**Office of Dewey & Co., 252 Market St.**

## $130,000

Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, **1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.** Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at riage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.




**J. W. EVANS,**
**GENERAL AGENT, 29 POST STREET.**

---

**DR. JAMES F. SULLIVAN**
Has Removed from No. 7 to
**1105 Van Ness Avenue, near Geary Street.**

---

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
**Commission Merchants,**
**San Francisco,**
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
Liberal advances made on consignments.

---

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
**San Francisco,**
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

---

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
**General Shipping and Commission**
**MERCHANTS,**
**309 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.**

---

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
**204 and 206 California Street,**
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

---

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
**(Established 1854),**
**HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION**
**MERCHANTS.**
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
**39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.**

---

ROOFS. SEND YOUR ORDERS EARLY for repairs to H. G. FISKE, THE PIONEER ROOFER.
**827 Market Street, opposite Stockton.**

---

**Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed**
**TILES**
**For Decorations.**
**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**
**311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.**

---

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**
**Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.**
**119 MONTGOMERY STREET.**

---

**SOLE AGENCY FOR THE**
**HENRY F. MILLER**
**(Factory Boston, Mass.) and**
**HEMME & LONG**
**(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)**
**PIANOS!**
**WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.**
**101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.**
**Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.**

---

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**

We beg to inform the trade that we have made arrangements with MESSRS. CANTRELL & COCHRANE for regular monthly shipments of their world-renowned Non-Alcoholic beverages, which we offer in bond or duty paid, in lots to suit.

**AROMATIC GINGER ALE.**
An agreeable aromatic beverage, pleasantly flavored and sweetened. The carminative properties of the Jamaica Ginger render this at once a pleasant liqueur and a cordial tonic beverage, which may be taken at any time and in any weather.

**SPARKLING MONTSERRAT.**
With the pleasant acidity of the Lime Fruit, it combines an aromatic flavor and that proper measure of sweetness which make certain fruits so grateful to the palate and so refreshing to the system.

**CLUB SODA**
(Protected by registration) was originally prepared by Messrs. Cantrell & Cochrane for the use of clubs, and has now become the favorite form of this popular beverage.

**LIME JUICE SYRUP.**
This Syrup posesses all the Anti-Scorbutic and other well-known properties of Lime Juice, which, according to medical testimony, keeps the body in a healthy state.

**ALFRED GREENEBAUM & CO.,**
**123 California Street, Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.**

---




**FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.**

---

**FIREMANS FUND**
**INSURANCE COMPANY**
**OF CALIFORNIA.**
**THE LARGEST PACIFIC COAST COMPANY.**
**CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - $750,000**
**ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1883, - - - - - $1,500,000**
**AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.**

---



**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.**
**WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.**
**303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.**

---

**UNEXCELLED!**
**Ask your Grocer for**
**ARCTIC REFRIGERATOR HAMS,**
**ROYAL BREAKFAST BACON**
**ROYAL LEAF LARD.**
**All Guaranteed Choice Family Goods.**

---



**PRICE'S SAN LEANDRO**
**VILLAGE PHAETON, $135.**
**Without Top, $110.**
**Lightness, Elegance, and Durability combined. Guaranteed to ride as smooth as the best four-wheeled vehicle.**
Sold subject to approval on arrival. Send for catalogue.
**TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., San Francisco.**
**JACOB PRICE, San Leandro.**

---

**PARAISO SPRINGS.**
**OPEN ALL THE YEAR.**
**A Paradise in Winter Time for Tourists.**
The curative properties of these Hot Soda and Sulphur Baths are unexceled and are recommended by all physicians. Terms reduced for the winter months. For circulars, terms, and all particulars, address
**J. P. REEVE, Proprietor Paraiso Springs, Monterey County.**

---

**KELSEY HOUSE.**
This well-known villa has changed hands and has been thoroughly renovated, and is now run in conjnnction with the well-known Windsor House. The houses and cottages are situated on most beautiful and spacious grounds. Telephone communication. Cars pass every 7½ minutes; ten minutes' ride from the train. Apply to C. C. Wheeler, proprietor, at Windsor House, Ninth and Washington, or on the premises, cor. Telegraph Avenue and 24th St., Oakland.

---

**NOTICE.**
We have sold R. A. SWAIN & CO. all the stock and good-will of HATHAWAY & CO., No 16 Post Street.
P. N. LILIENTHAL,
W. H. CHICKERING,
Assignees of Hathaway & Co.

In connection with the above notice, we beg to inform the public that having purchased for cash and at a great bargain the
**BANKRUPT STOCK**
**OF HATHAWAY & CO.**
CONSISTING OF
**Crockery, Glassware, China Fancy Goods, Plated Ware, Cutlery, etc**
And having added to it largely from our wholesale stock
**Will re-open Monday, Oct. 13th,**
For the sale of the stock at unprecedentedly low prices. The public are cordially invited to call and inspect our goods, and may be assured of polite attention.

---

**R. A. SWAIN & CO**
THE OLDEST AND ONLY
**American Crockery House**
**IN THE CITY,**
**16 Post St., 112 & 114 California St**

---

**PAYOT, UPHAM & CO**
**Stationers, Booksellers,**
**Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers**
**204 Sansome Street, near Pine.**

---

**GERMEA**
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. No. 19. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 8, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: The Election from Day to Day—A Diary of the Hopes and Fears of a Republican—Dismal Republicans and Cheerful Democrats—Despondent Democrats and Rejoicing Republicans—The Whirligig of the Returns—The Result—The Outlook for Business in California—Something about our Merchants—The Loss of the trade of the Northern and Southern Country—Why?.....1-3

CORRESPONDENCE: California's "Old Families"—Whence are they to Come?..... 3

IN THE CONFESSIONAL: The Story of a Crime..... 4

STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—The Terrible American Mosquito—Landseer Rebuked—No Day for Whistling—A Strong Point—Involuntary Suicide—It's an Ill Wind that Blows Nobody Good—A Clever Thief—Lady Bulwer's Retort..... 5

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People all Over the World..... 5

OLD FAVORITES: "The Play," by Edgar Allan Poe; "Rococo," by Algernon Charles Swinburne..... 5

OPERA IN NEW YORK: Our Correspondent tells of Oily Gammon Maplesson and the Giannini Troupe—The Row about Cambiaggio & Co.—The Quarrel between two Actresses—A Budget of Gotham Gossip..... 6

THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest..... 6

VANITY FAIR: A Woman's Paradise—The Great Bazaars of Paris—Furs, Feathers, and Furbelows—How the Women are Entrapped into Buying More than they can Afford—How the Dry Goods Spider weaves his Web for the Feminine Fly..... 7

LE ROI S'AMUSE: "Cockaigne" Describes the Practical Jokes Played for the Prince's Amusement—And the People who Played Them—Some Advice to American Heiresses..... 8

BOYISH SOCIAL TORTURES: Experiences at Dancing-school during "Childhood's Happy Days"..... 8

BILL NYE'S BUDGET: He Explains why he did not Run for President—His Legislative Candidacy—His Opinion of Missouri Gall—His Sympathy for Vanderbilt—His Views of Rome..... 9

THE INNER MAN: The Gastronomic Tastes of Some Well-known Actresses—The "Sunday Dinner" Denounced..... 9

LITERARY NOTES: Some New Books—Newspaper Notes—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip..... 10

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day..... 10

SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip..... 11

THE TUNEFUL LIAR; "A Corsage Bouquet"; "There's No Pocket in a Shroud"; "A Victory"; "The Charming Poke Bonnet"; "The Sealskin Sacque."..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record.14-15

*Monday morning, November 3, 1884.*—The coming political conflict pervades our little universe, and fills us with such an awe as in the natural world seems to precede the storm. There is the hush and silence that overawes. We are sanguine of the triumph of the Republican party, and we shall admit to a deep and bitter disappointment if Mr. Blaine is not elected President. There is in this no selfish sentiment; there is no dream of personal advantage; it carries with it no lingering thought of office or of honor, of advancement or of profit. But we fear the return to power of the Democracy. It is more than a change of administration—it is a revolution. It brings back to power a party that has endeavored to divide and destroy the nation; that has, in its effort to extend human slavery to the territory of the Union, involved us in civil war, and that to-day, holding the same principles, stands in the attitude of a solid South, menacing the country with an effort to undo all that the war has done; threatening to render the constitutional amendments practically dead-letter laws; threatening to drag back to the political arena all the questions, except that of human slavery, that were supposed to have been settled upon the battle-field, and to reverse the policy of the country upon the great issue of protection to American industries. The history of the Republican party has been so splendid, so patriotic, so successful, that we can not doubt that the intelligence of a grateful people will give it continuing charge of the country. Assuredly, the land that is prosperous and at peace needs no change. It is our fears that whisper danger, and we fear because of the elements that compose the personnel of the Democratic party. The men who would imperil their lives for the interest of an institution that was local, and was revolting to every sentiment of human right and human justice, will not allow the welfare of the whole country to restrain them from indulging in political conspiracies prejudicial to its credit or its honor. We fear the rebels. We do not feel at ease in the presence of that increasing number of foreigners who owe an allegiance to the Roman Church that is higher than their allegiance to the laws and constitution of our republic. When we see the ignorant mass that kneel before the altars of this church, recognize their devotion to its dogmas, governed by its priests and voting as directed by them in solid phalanx, receiving their whispered instructions from the confessional, we fear their influence, as we fear anything that is ignorant, strong in numbers, secret in action, and governed by interests not in harmony with the best interests of the whole country. We fear the Romanists. Looking abroad over the land, we think we observe that a majority of the criminal, and profligate, and idle class are Democrats. They swarm in our great cities and live in the worst parts of them. They are led by demagogues; they are bribed; they are boss-ruled. This class haunt the gin-mills, live upon profligate women, lead criminal lives, and compose the majority of the Democratic voting force. Alcoholic drink is the cause of the profligacy and demoralization of this class. We fear Rum. Summing up the causes of our anxiety on this Monday before the Tuesday of election, we find them to be Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion.

*Tuesday (Election Day), November 4.*—We deposited our vote at an early hour, our precinct poll is duly guarded, we have no election work to do, and we find ourselves at noon in our office. Ten millions of adult voters will to-day place their vote in the electoral urn. A solid South, composed of fifteen States, entitled to one hundred and fifty-three electoral votes, will give them to the Democratic candidates for no other reason than that they are the representatives of the party which encouraged the civil war. This solid South, in alliance with the broom-rangers and copperheads of the North, is a formidable political power. The Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate was in open treason to the State in which he lived; the candidate for the Presidency took no part against the slave-holders' rebellion. The great wealth of England's manufacturers, the large interests of Eastern importers and traders, are a strong, and active, and dangerous political force; and, aided by the disgruntled stalwarts of New York and pharisaical dudes who are too good for the Republican party, and when they die will be too good to live with God in Paradise and associate with carpenters and fishermen, are in league to defeat the election of Blaine and Logan. Still we are confident of the result, and we now record our prophecy that the Republican candidates will be elected. If defeated, we shall admit our deep disappointment. We wish we felt a higher confidence in the intelligence of our foreign working class. We wish we could believe that they had sufficient sense to understand where their true interest lies. We wish we had more faith than we have that the Irish will vote the Republican ticket. Everybody says they will; but the gold-headed cane voted to Blaine at a Catholic fair in Colusa County does not seem to fool us very much. We believe that the patriotic and intelligent Irish fully appreciate the importance of Blaine's election, and understand his attitude toward England. We believe that the Irish who have acquired property, and who have shaken off the bigotries, and miracles, and moonshine of Romanism, are some of them pretty good Irishmen, and will vote the Republican ticket; but still we detest the bigoted, ignorant political Pope's Irish, and remember that in all the past history of the Republican party they have not been members of it; that during the war they rioted against it; that ever since that time they have been in hostility to it. We believe now that they will, with few exceptions, vote the Democratic ticket. We have forborne for some time any unkind comment upon this class of our foreign population; it was because we did not desire to afford them any excuse for not keeping their promise; but here, to-day, alone in our office, and before the election, we desire to record our opinion that these promises are false and will not be sustained. With another reflection we close our writing—viz., that it is the duty of every American citizen to submit to the legally expressed will of the majority; that in the event of Cleveland's election we shall hope that the prosperous career of the country may go on uninterrupted; that the South, when again clothed with political power, with its citizens in the cabinet councils of the nation, will show itself more loyal to the country than it has during the period of Republican administration. It will be our pleasure, as it will be our duty, to accept the result of this election whatever it may be, and not to question the motives or distrust the patriotism of the Democratic administration until it shall have demonstrated its intention to betray the best interests of the country. We are disposed to accept Mr. Cleveland, if elected, as a man with honest purposes, with patriotism and firmness of character; and, reflecting that power renders all men conservative, we shall hope that should Messrs. Cleveland and Hendricks be clothed with the administrative power of the government, they will call around them loyal citizens, and will not themselves fail in endeavoring to give to our government a patriotic administration.

*Sundown, Tuesday.*—Too anxious to eat our dinner at home, we strolled down to the Bohemian Club, hungry, nervous, anxious. The first sight that angered us was the offensively cheerful countenance of Colonel Stuart M. Taylor, who is Democratic, and who is president of the club. The first click of the telegraph wire was Democratic. Every Democrat was jubilant. We remembered that eight years ago the Democracy were fooled by the first news and felt confident that Uncle Sammy's barrel had rolled triumphantly over the country. We remembered that four years ago the Democracy were sure that General Hancock was elected, and that at the hour of midnight those of the party who were not too drunk organized a procession, and, with din of horns and the rebel yell, painted the town red till morning. So we reposed our soul in confidence and said, "Political follies repeat themselves; *our* good news will come later." We went to the Merchant's Exchange, and then to the *Chronicle* corner. We heard the cheers from the *Examiner;* we visited the *Alta*, *Call*, *Bulletin*, and *Post* bulletin boards; we wandered despondently through the valley of political humiliation, wishing we had left our Blaine hat at home, till we found ourselves at the headquarters of the Republican League. These rooms presented a deserted and dreary appearance; the few Republicans who had gathered there looked the very picture of despair. Over them hung the silence of a profound disappointment; upon the countenances of the few who straggled in there came first a sickly smile, and then the pallor that accompanies an awful woe. The first dispatches were anything but reassuring; it seemed as though the Republican party had been routed, horse, foot, and dragoon. Now and then some courageous and sanguine Republican brought in a ray of sunshine, but it seemed to come from his own genial temperament rather than from the Associated Press dispatches. And thus for some hours our blues steadily and slowly increased. We sat, and smoked, and whispered, listening to the discouraging intelligence that brought to some of us the conviction that our hope of office was up, and the expectation of triumph over. Later in the night the news became more cheerful, and once or twice we managed to whoop up a painful and distressing cheer. We figured on our memorandum book and on the cuffs of our shirt every encouraging item, until we had really worked ourselves into the belief that we were not so desperately beaten, so overwhelming defeated, so thoroughly routed. News from New York gave the first gleam of hope. Indiana was gone, New Jersey was gone, and Connecticut; but still New York was safe, and Blaine and Logan were elected. The Republican party would add four years more to its twenty-four years of political power.

Thus at midnight we went home quite contented that our party had saved itself by a scratch.

*Wednesday, November 5.*—At an early hour we received the San Francisco journals; first the *Chronicle*, and we were elated by reading the head-notes, in display type, "VICTORY," "TRIUMPH OF BLAINE AND LOGAN, AND PROTECTION," "FREE-TRADERS AND DUDES REBUKED," "NEW YORK SAFE FOR BLAINE," "ROUSING MAJORITY IN OHIO," "CALIFORNIA SWINGS INTO LINE," "BOTH PARTIES CLAIM INDIANA," accompanied by a column showing the electoral vote that had been cast—two hundred and thirty-three for Blaine, one hundred and fifty-three for Cleveland, with Indiana in the Blaine column, Connecticut and New Jersey doubtful. We pu on our trousers, and, clothed in a more cheerful mind, we sought the *Daily Examiner;* looking to its display head-lines we found the following: "AN IMMENSE VOTE POLLED," "FEW DISTURBANCES REPORTED," "RESULT YET IN DOUBT," "NEW YORK CLAIMED FOR CLEVELAND BY THE *World*," "NEW JERSEY INDIANA, AND CONNECTICUT GONE DEMOCRATIC," "ALL THE SOUTHERN STATES SOLID FOR CLEVELAND," "POSSIBILITY OF ILLINOIS GOING DEMOCRATIC," "WISCONSIN AND MICHIGAN DOUBTFUL." And so we said: Beyond a doubt Blaine is elected President of the United States. Then we looked to the *Alta California*, and found, in great display type, that its first and most important item was the election of Mayor Bartlett, and that Hopkins was ahead of Patterson for Sheriff; that Flynn was elected County Clerk; and "THAT DR. O'DONNELL HAD RUN AWAY WITH HIS OPPONENTS"; that Bauer was elected Treasurer; "Morrow ahead of Hastings." And we said to ourself: The child is born, and his name is not Grover Cleveland. Then we turned to the ever-reliable *Call*, and found ourself confronted with this startling proposition, in display type: "GROVER CLEVELAND IS PROBABLY THE CHOSEN PRESIDENT," "NEW YORK IS DOUBTFUL," "CONNECTICUT, INDIANA, AND NEW JERSEY HAVE GONE DEMOCRATIC"; Massachusetts and Illinois were on the ragged edge; the South was solid, with eighty thousand in Georgia, and seventy thousand in Texas. And then we determined that we didn't know what the result was; that we would take our coffee, light our cigar, and creep quietly into our office by the back streets. This we have done, and here, at the hour of noon, on the day after election, we are writing in the uncertainty of the result.

*Wednesday, one o'clock P. M.*—We ventured to make a sortie into the street, and the first man encountered was Bill Briggs, and we overheard him say that "New York had gone Republican; that he had bet three thousand dollars on Cleveland, and might have hedged an hour ago." We dropped into Gunst's and bought a two-bit cigar, where a young gentleman with black eyes and curly hair offered to bet us a hundred dollars even up on Blaine's election. We met friend after friend, and all with glowing countenances. New York was certain; Indiana was safe; Florida had elected Republican Congressmen; West Virginia had gone for Blaine; California had redeemed her promise of fifteen thousand majority—a solid congressional delegation—six majority on legislative joint ballot. We entered the Republican League headquarters; the rooms were crowded; the old lugubrious mugs of midnight had become cheerful smiling visages of noon. Mr. Rideout informed us that William Parks, of Marysville, had been elected to the Legislature; Colonel Crocker congratulated himself over the defeat of the late Speaker of the Assembly at Sacramento; Louis Sloss smiled when assured that Barclay Henley was defeated for Congress. There was good feeling all around, and every man showed by his glad and smiling countenance how profound was his satisfaction at the election of Blaine and Logan. Good men will thank God in their prayers that the country has not been turned over to the Democratic party.

*Thursday morning, early.*—We went home last evening confident of the election of Blaine and Logan, and yet there were too many elements of uncertainty to give us that calm reliance upon Divine Providence that is so desirable in the presence of a great possible calamity. We watched the breeching, and saw that the strain in New York and Indiana was severe. However, we slept the sweet sleep of the honest Republican who enjoys a clear conscience and a good digestion. In the morning the *Chronicle* assured us that "BLAINE WAS ON TOP," but as we read along, and considered the sources of the information, we put on our most dignified countenance, looked resigned, went out and kicked our favorite dog, under the suspicion that his tail-wagging welcome was a Democratic display. We sought the *Examiner*, and, to our horror, observed its triumphant horn-blowing roosters; read in great type that "CLEVELAND HAD CARRIED THE STATE OF NEW YORK, AND WAS OUR NEXT PRESIDENT." We reflected that, after all, this was the *Examiner*, and still we hoped. Then we sent for the reliable *Call*, and read: "WAITING. RESULT OF THE ELECTION NOT YET DECIDED. BOTH PARTIES CLAIMING NEW YORK." We turned to the "Postscript," and still the doubt. While awaiting the verdict of this great political contest, which has drawn forth the expression of political opinions from more than ten millions of people; and while impressed with the conviction that Cleveland and Hendricks have been chosen to administer the highest official duties of the Government; and while fearing that this political verdict is a revolution fraught with possibly dangerous consequences to the American Republic—we again put on record our resolve to accept this verdict as one from which—if legally rendered—there is no appeal. The underlying principle of our Government is the ABSOLUTE RIGHT OF THE MAJORITY TO RULE. It is the majority of adult males who are clothed, by the Constitution, with power to govern the American people. If they are dissipated, idle, poor, ignorant, and treasonable, it is the misfortune of the sober, the industrious, the wealthy, the intelligent, and the patriotic; but they must submit. But while we do claim that within the Democratic lines there is a majority of the disloyal, criminal, profligate, and impecunious class, and that without them a Democratic party would not exist, we admit that within that party there are honorable, patriotic, intelligent, and wealthy men, who, in the exercise of political power, will feel their responsibilities in the performance of their political duties. Of this class we have no reason to doubt that the Hon. Grover Cleveland is one. Now that there is no further inducement or temptation to lie about him, we may admit that we know of no reason why he shall not make as good an administration as it is possible for any Democrat to make. He was a good Sheriff of Erie County, a good Mayor of Buffalo, and a good Governor of New York. He is not as brilliant and eloquent as Blaine. He has not had the wide experience in political life that has been enjoyed by this distinguished statesman. We accept him as an honorable, intelligent, and level-headed independent man—perhaps to a degree obstinate, as indicated by his course toward that worst, meanest, and most dangerous of all party associations, Tammany, of New York. Perhaps he will call around him good, and great, and pure men, from the North and South, to guide and advise him in the performance of the duties of his great office; and perhaps he may escape assassination, and that the most contemptible and cowardly of all cowardly and contemptible men—a traitorous Northern broom-ranger and copperhead—may not become President of the United States.

*Friday morning.*—We are calmly writing up the finishing touches of our week's diary, our pulses beating their even music and our nerves as quiet as though the country had not gone heels-over-head to everlasting political perdition. We are over the sensation of falling, and we are endeavoring philosophically to consider the situation as we lie flat upon our party back. First, we ascertain that our vertebræ are sound; we are not paralyzed; it is not warm blood that is trickling down our trousers; the warm sun shines over head. We examine, limb by limb, our entire anatomy, and, to our surprise, we are not so much injured as we thought we were. We arise, shake ourself, take up our pen, and write. Our brain works, our hand moves, and we are ready for the next political campaign. We are as much surprised as was Billy Foote when he skedaddled from the battle of Raymond and reported himself as wounded to the surgeon, to find that he had not been hurt, that only his trousers were torn. Unlike him, we shall go back into the battle. We shall not become a willing captive of war. We shall be in the next fight, and all the fights. Yesterday afternoon was an exciting one. Alternate elevation and depression. When an election result, as in New York with its thirteen hundred thousand votes, see-saws around the dividing cipher, it is too close to be comfortable. So at a late dinner-hour we went home. At ten o'clock telephoned to the Republican headquarters:

"Hello! What's the latest from New York?"

"Blaine nine hundred ahead, and still gaining."

"Thank you. Good night." And we went to bed.

At twelve o'clock, the wife, with a brilliant inspiration, went to the telephone, and we heard the following:

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"Is that the Democratic headquarters?"

"You bet."

"What's the latest from New York?"

[*Aside in office:* "Shut your damned racket so that I can hear this telegram.] I did not understand. Repeat."

"What's the latest from New York?"

"Cleveland is elected dead sure by a large majority. Big street parade. Boys painting the town. Everybody drunk but me. Who inquires?"

"*Argonaut.*"

"Hell! Beg pardon, madam. Tell old Pix we have got him by a little, and not to forget it."

"Thank you. Good night."

And still we slept until the servant brought us the *Chronicle*, and the little faint hope that hung lingering as a dreamy probability faded out and died. Blaine, the brilliant American statesman, is defeated. Logan, the brave and gallant soldier, is retired from the Senate, and both from public life. Cleveland, the available, the unknown and untried, is President elect. Hendricks, the broom-ranger, copperhead, and traitor, who endeavored to drag his State of Indiana into rebellion and withheld appropriations for the enrollment and equipment of loyal soldiers, will sit at the head of the United States Senate for four years, Vice-President of the United States. It is a revolution brought about by a solid South, that ever since it has been released from Northern bayonets has disfranchised its black voters. The Southern cause, that was lost in the shock of war and went down in the clash of arms, is no longer lost. It survives and triumphs. Across the bloody chasm the rebel soldier shakes hands with the Northern copperhead. New York, Indiana, New Jersey, and Connecticut deliver the loyal North over to the solid South. We shall see what comes of it. We submit, only we do not like it; we have lost our reliance upon Divine Providence and our confidence in God, unless he is working out the nation's good by some mysterious revelation that we can not appreciate and the wisdom of which we can not fathom.

The Senate of the United States remains Republican. The Congress is close, with enough of the Sam Randall Democracy to render it impossible to tamper with the revenue laws, or to withdraw from our manufacturing industries the protection of duties. President Cleveland is an Independent, as he was elected Governor of New York and Mayor of Buffalo by Republicans. Every step he has taken successfully in public life has been by the aid of Republican voters. The *Herald*, an Independent paper; the *Times*, the *Evening Post*, the *Commercial*, *Harper's Weekly*, the Springfield *Republican*, have given him substantial aid, without which he could not have been elected. Independent Republicans have given him substantial support; without their votes he could not have been President. The civil service reformers of the entire country have given him their firm adhesion; so that this Democratic President, who comes to the national administration as chief of the Democratic party, owes his success to Republican and civil service journals and votes. What will Cleveland do under the circumstances? What did he do, under like circumstances, when elected Governor of New York? He fought Tammany; he ignored and snubbed the Irishman, John Kelly; he lost no opportunity to veto bills in aid of labor. He is the representative of corporate wealth; of the English Cobden Club; of the railroad powers; of the dudes; of civil service reformers; of bolting Republicans. He comes to the Presidential office with all the elements of independence; his immediate friends and supporters are reformers; his battle slogan has been "reform." He is the reform Governor of New York; he is the reform President-elect of the United States. The leading element of his character is obstinacy and courage; and so we take heart that the ultra Democratic wing will find itself less jubilant after next 4th of March than it is to-day.

As for our friends, the Democracy of California, they have accomplished nothing, and are entitled to nothing. Of all the political leaders who ever undertook to marshal a party force they have blundered the worst. Two years ago the Democracy, presenting an harmonious and united organization, carried California by a majority of 23,519. This they have transformed into a Republican majority of more than 15,000. They have lost the State in all its parts; lost a United States Senator; lost six members of Congress; lost the city of San Francisco, except a few municipal offices, saved by the inharmonious action of Republicans; lost honor, lost everything except Doctor C. C. O'Donnell for Coroner, and Fleet Strother for Auditor. Messrs. Delmas, Wallace, Greathouse, English, Spencer, Billy Foote, and Chris Buckley—the best politician of the lot being Christopher Buckley—have distinguished themselves; they have demoralized the Democratic party of California; sown angry dissensions in the party by their infamous conduct at Stockton, in their infamous and unpardonable treatment of Judge Field. They have driven 26,000 Democrats into resolute and irreconcilable opposition to the party so long as these men hold their positions as leaders in its councils. They have disgraced and dishonored the administration by their mistakes and blunders; they have dragged Governor Stoneman into a false and embarrassing position; Delmas and Wallace have imperiled their honor as gentlemen and their reputation as lawyers by the debasement and prostitution of their legal talents—the one to ambition for an office he will never gain, and the other for a vindictive, passionate, personal, mercenary revenge against the railroads which he will never accomplish. The truth is, this California result is a railroad victory. It is a formal acceptance, not only by the Republican party, but by the leading gentlemen of the Democratic party, of the propo-

sition of the railroad to retire from politics. It says to them, and to all the great corporations: Now that you are no longer in party politics, we pledge ourselves that you shall have fair and honorable treatment. The Republican leaders and the best men of the Democracy have, by this decisive result, pledged their honors to treat corporate wealth with fairness; to protect and assess it as individual property is assessed and protected. This result in California is a rebuke to Sand-lottism; is a rebuke to the wild vagaries of Dennis Kearney, and to the wilder and wickeder political dogmas of Wallace, Delmas, and others that simply disgust every honorable man who has accumulated property, every intelligent man who thinks, and have disgusted every brave man who has the courage to resent their senseless agrarian demagogism. We have written ourself into so philosophical and amiable a mood, that we can say with honesty we accept the result, and leave national affairs for the next four years to God and the Democratic party. California matters we will look out for ourselves.

A very good friend of the editor of this paper said to him since the election: "Now, in common gratitude and decency, you can say nothing more against the Pope's Irish, because they have voted for Blaine." "Where have they voted for Blaine?" we asked. The Roman Catholic Irish vote has not demonstrated its Republican conversion in Ohio that we know. It is in the German wards that Blaine has been sustained. It was not in New Jersey, where there are thousands of Irish operatives; nor in Connecticut, where the manufactories are filled with Irish mechanics; nor in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, where there are solid miles of Irish gin-mills and tens of thousand of tin-pails carried by Irish laborers to their daily toil; Tammany is composed, rank and file and leaders, of Irish, and it has been true to the Democracy. In those cities where the Pope's Irish most abound, in those parts of cities where the Pope's Irish are thickest, there the Democracy has won its greatest triumphs. It does seem as though in San Francisco, south of Market Street, for some unaccountable reason, there had been an Irish defection from the Democratic party. Our objection to the Pope's ignorant Irish is that they vote under dictation of priests and not from intelligent convictions. We should as bitterly oppose them, and as severely denounce them, if they voted the Republican ticket in solid mass. If all Ireland's ignorant immigration should come over to the Republican party, we should inveigh against it all the same. We abominate any class of people, foreign or native-born, that allow their class prejudices to control their votes in American politics. We place the Irish-born Romanists, the Polish Jews, the Southern rebels, the Northern copperheads, who allow their religious or race prejudices to govern and decide their conduct as American citizens, in the same category. We favor an American party; not a *native* American, but a party which shall embrace the intelligence and patriotism of all citizens who love America better than any other country, and the American state better than any church. If this excludes Romanists or any class of foreign-born citizens, it is not our fault; if it excludes Mormons, it is not our fault. We are glad if it embraces Protestants; we are glad if it includes foreigners; we are glad if it brings to us Catholics, Jews, or Protestants, if they bring with them a love for our country greater than for the countries of their birth, and an allegiance to our laws greater than to any church organization. As yet we have not sufficient evidence that the class whom we designate as the "Pope's ignorant Irish" have to any considerable extent emancipated themselves from their loyalty to the Church of Rome or their allegiance to the Democratic party. We have carried the country successfully through six successive Presidential elections without them, and now, if they have voted with us, they have brought to us the misfortune of defeat. We have carried California too often without them to give them the credit of this victory. Too many causes exist upon which we may predicate the vote in this city to attribute success to the "Pope's Irish" as a class. So we beg our successful municipal candidates not to expect us to gush too freely over our new allies until we ascertain definitely how many have joined us and whether they have come to stay. We are too badly scared at this time to gush over anybody, and we can not help feeling that a national victory without the Pope's Irish would have been preferred to a State triumph with them, even if we were compelled to concede that they have contributed to it. We may as well frankly admit that we do not love the class known as the "Pope's ignorant Democratic Irish" well enough to pay them any compliments they do not deserve. Hence, we reserve our gush.

California has redeemed the promises made by its delegation in the national convention at Chicago. It said that Mr. Blaine was the favorite of the Pacific Coast; that if he was the candidate of the Republican party for President it would assure to that party the electoral vote of the three Pacific States; that California would send a solid Republican delegation to Congress; that it would give a Republican United States Senator to take the place of Senator Farley. It seems at this writing that all these promises have been redeemed.

Whatever may be the result of the election—we are writing at a time when we think Mr. Blaine has been defeated—there is no respectable minority of the Republican party that does not fully concede the fact that in James G. Blaine the party has had its best representative and its strongest possible candidate. There is no man in the party who, considering his many efforts, could have made so splendid a campaign as has Mr. Blaine. His most brilliant speeches, delivered in so many States within the last ten weeks, challenge the admiration of the intellectual world. Flying with the speed of steam through hamlets, villages, cities, and States, he has every time dropped the right word in the right place. To the miners of Hocking Valley; to the toilers in the coal and iron mines of Pennsylvania; to the students of Michigan University; to the farmers of the great valley of the Ohio; to the delegations of clergymen, of women, of great bankers, and merchants, and business men, wherever and whenever he has been called upon, he has made speeches the most telling and the most appropriate. Never in the history of our country was there displayed so great versatility, such real genius in dealing with the masses of the people, as displayed by Mr. Blaine in the recent campaign. If he is beaten, it tends to prove, and is perhaps conclusive, that it is dangerous and impolitic for any party to nominate its best and greatest man for the Presidency. If Blaine is defeated, he will take his rank among American statesmen with Webster, Wright, Benton, Calhoun, Clay and others who were all too great and too illustrious to come in competition with the unknown and available man. As for us, we shall take pride that we have gone to a defeat with so distinguished a leader.

We often hear it remarked by Republicans that if the Democracy has been beaten this time it will never rally to another effort; and Democrats delight in saying that if the Republicans are beaten this time they will not make another national campaign. This we do not believe. The Democratic party has demonstrated its vitality during twenty-four years of minority; the Republican party has shown its vitality by the endurance of a greater strain—it has enjoyed twenty-four years of uninterrupted power. The parties are too nearly equally balanced in popular numbers and in States to encourage the idea that either will yield its organization. If the Democracy is restored to power the "solid South" will go to pieces. It is not improbable that at the end of four years there would be presented such questions as should arraign the two parties upon different issues. It is not improbable that the question of prohibition will cut a much larger figure in the future than it has in the past; and it is not improbable that the Republican party may be compelled to take position upon this and kindred moral questions; that it will be compelled to become what it boasts itself to be—namely: "the party of great moral ideas"; and if it does this, it is not improbable that it may be destined to more than four years of minority.

There ought to be an ordinance passed by the Board of Supervisors to prevent lying by street car companies—*i. e.*, to prevent the companies from printing lies upon the cars as to their destination. To illustrate, the Central Company has this lying legend printed across the length of its cars on both sides: "To the City Hall and Golden Gate Park." The cars do not go within two blocks of the City Hall nor within a mile of Golden Gate Park. The company that does this kind of thing steals nickels from strangers, and the Supervisors are accessory.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### California's "Old Families"—Whence are They to Come?

The separation of humanity into distinct classes, with strongly defined lines of demarkation, is so universal that it may be said to be a fundamental social law. No matter where or under what circumstances bodies of human beings are drawn together, its operation is the same. In the rudest mode of life, where man exists, from the wild Indian of the plains, or the native tribes of central Africa, to the highest type of modern civilization and culture, this law is at work. It probably has been, since the primitive ancestor abandoned his hole in the ground to seek protection from the elements under an artificial shelter; and it doubtless will continue until his final posterity shall also have become a cave dweller, with no associations among his kind, living solely for and by himself.

In civilized life there is no single consideration which necessarily determines these divisions among men. It is not that the "higher class," if the expression is admissible, despise or are antagonistic to the strata below, that they appear and are so carefully preserved, or are so easily manifested in new communities, though a belief to this effect is very common, if not quite general, with the classes referred to. On the contrary, however, instances are frequently observed of remarkable friendships and sincere mutual regard between individuals occupying widely separate social places.

The causes which lead to these distinctions are not difficult to find, though varied in character; but all may be said to come under the general statement that men are not alike. There is a natural barrier, which neither wishes to cross, between the intelligent and the stupid, the educated and the ignorant, the well-bred and well-mannered gentleman or lady and the boorish clown and his female companion, the moral and the immoral, the religious and the irreligious, the man who lives by the labor of his brain and he who lives by manual labor. All these, and many other causes, lead to the segregation of society in general into particular classes. In fact, so long as men themselves vary in character, disposition, and inclination, so will their associations and affections be different, each gravitating toward those who are nearest like himself—for mankind, like water, seeks its level. In the present condition of our local society, the line appears principally between the rich and the poor, or, rather, upon a pecuniary basis. This, too, is a natural distinction which has existed to a greater or less extent through all times. It has the practical recognition of the Christian church, and even the Bible itself, where it is easily detected.

As we descend the social scale, the class feeling apparently increases in proportion to the distance from what aspiring individuals so placed recognize as the upper class, or class above them; and there are no stations where the inferior is more frequently reminded of his inferiority, or where a slight difference in the status between individuals is more carefully preserved in their daily life and intercourse, than in what may be designated as the sub-stratum of social life. Here many hope to rise, and are impressed with a belief that they must do so by leaving neighbors or old associations behind them. Even among workmen, or the class we have recently been taught to know as the "bread-winners," the difference between the skilled and the unskilled is at once apparent in the superior manner and bearing of the former toward the latter. The patronizing air with which a higher paid servant deals with one in less degree is unmistakable. One negro will seldom serve another in any capacity, even though the would-be master has been fortunate enough to secure wealth. All this is surely another manifestation of the universal class feeling or prejudice.

In older settled communities these elements have long ago arranged themselves into three separate and distinct classes; and the older the community the more difficult it has become to step from one grade into the next higher. In the United States these may be generally classified as the "old" or "first families," which comprise those of the highest social standing; the middle class, comprising most well-to-do people with a representation from all the professions and mercantile people; and the lower class, wherein may be found the remainder, largely made up of foreigners. Into all these grades naturally falls the material of which each is composed, the only apparent influence bearing upon the matter being that of social pressure. In Europe—England, perhaps, more especially—there is a positive and clearly defined recognition of all these by the crown itself; as the nobility, aristocracy, gentry, etc., the middle and lower classes being subdivided almost indefinitely. Thus all these distinctions have been so long acknowledged that they are firmly engrafted upon the minds of people; particularly is this true with the lower class. The result is that in England, today, the population is almost as positively divided into castes as are the East Indians by their religion. The difference which exists in America (and, it is hoped, always will) is that we have no castes, and no person must remain in the grade in which he was born. How long this privilege will remain it is for posterity and the experiment of our republican institutions to decide; it will not vex the present generations.

Here in California our social leaders are generally the families who have amassed wealth. In almost every instance we know that the heads of these families have made their own money rapidly, in our own midst, and within our personal recollections. It is true that in frequent cases this wealth has been acquired by questionable means. It is also true that many others have acquired wealth, and consequent position, honorably and reputably. All these individuals have risen from obscurity by their own exertions; but in every case society accepts, and continues to accept and recognize them, or their families, as leaders; in fact, they constitute and control society itself, no matter how much unfriendly and severe criticism they may be privately subjected to.

With us society is new, and as yet in a chaotic state. Old families, or good families, do not emigrate, though some of their members occasionally may; but even in such cases their status is local, and can not be transferred to another community; and for such, as with others, position is yet to be gained, though they have an unquestionable prestige, and consequent advantage socially. It will require at least another generation of Californians before these lines shall become rigid and sharply defined. In due course of time, however, when the fittest shall have survived, a permanent and acknowledged better class will appear here, as it invariably has in the older States, and society will have struck bottom. In the meantime the wheel of fortune will revolve, the ever-changing social panorama will move on, individuals will appear and disappear as in the past, though never again so rapidly, and California will have its old families, in spite of those who so foolishly claim that there are no social distinctions in this country, and vainly imagine that by denying the existence of such they can prevent their formation.

Whether wealth is, or should be, a basis upon which a family may properly begin, or from the accumulation of which it may be allowed a social recognition as among the better class, discussion is useless. The world is coldly practical, and we take matters as we find them, not as we think they ought to be. We do not stop to waste sentiment on the matter, for we know that impecunious families do not last, however much merit or talent they may be possessed of; and that they rapidly disappear with the loss of material substances. As Hawthorne has expressed it:

"In this republican country, amid the fluctuating waves of our social life, somebody is always at the drowning point. The drama is enacted with as continual a repetition as that of a popular drama on a holiday, and, nevertheless, is as deeply felt perhaps as when an hereditary noble sinks below his order—more deeply, since with us rank is the grosser substance of wealth and a splendid establishment, and has no spiritual existence after the death of these, but dies hopelessly with them."

We see that position can not be maintained without the much-abused though eagerly sought wealth; and it is certain that the distinctive characteristic of thoroughly well-bred men and women can not be produced without leisure and a positive rest and relief from the daily struggle of the money-getter. Wealth already acquired will only admit of this.

Most of us knew the argonauts of '49; in fact, they still linger as a minority among our prominent men, though rapidly giving place to a younger generation. Socially they were not much, even in their own time; as a rule, they were energetic, though obscure, young men from the middle class of the Atlantic States, who had left an overcrowded civilization with a hope of bettering their condition. They were adventurers, in the full sense and meaning of the word. The motive, however, which brought them here was the same which has caused men to go west since history began. Adventurers who, in their times, corresponded with these, followed the Norman William into England, peopled Virginia, New York, and New England, and finally furnished California and the Pacific slope with the nucleus of a vigorous and enterprising people. It would be as vain for those of us who are their descendants to attempt to claim that they were from a higher social class, as the traditional cavalier of the South now appears ridiculous in the light of modern research and genealogical skepticism.

But such as they were—and they were generally good men and true—it was they who founded our State, and prepared it for what has followed and what is yet to come. All honor to them for it! Will the "old families of California" of the future come from this stock, or must we look farther? The fortunes which are still possessed by some of these early pioneers, or their children, can not but produce, if properly applied, the same degree of refinement, culture, and that quality which we understand as "breeding," in California, that it has in the older States, though, of course, time is necessary to bring about such results. But in order to secure this end a public or private sentiment, which is mainly gratified in the ostentatious expenditure and waste of material substance on the mere externals, must be replaced by corresponding ideas to those which govern "nice people" elsewhere. Instead of the selfish and vulgar struggle to outshow must come that real pride (not vanity) and a commendable spirit of emulation in those qualities which mark the real, and not the bogus, money-made imitation of the actual gentleman or lady. The hopeful signs of the times are that this transformation has already begun.

F. K. U.

San Francisco, November, 1884.

## IN THE CONFESSIONAL.

By François Coppée.

One evening last winter, the Abbé Faber was struggling painfully up the Rue Mouffetard, fighting against a hurricane with his open umbrella, on his way to the parish church. Feeling sure that he had come for nothing, he could not help regretting in his secret heart the good fire he had left in his little lodgings in the Rue Shomond, and the Bollandiste folio that was lying open on his table with his spectacles upon it. But it was a Saturday evening, a day when the old widows who eked out their small incomes in the boarding-houses roundabout were wont to come for absolution, to prepare themselves for the communion on Sunday. So that the good priest could not do otherwise than install himself in his oaken box, and, like a punctual cashier, open his little window, where those devotees who look upon confession as a sort of spiritual savings bank might come and pay in their weekly installments of petty sins.

The Abbé Faber was not very well pleased to have to go out that particular Saturday, as it happened to be a pay day, and the Rue Mouffetard was crowded, and the crowd was one that looked unfavorably upon his cassock. It was not very pleasant for the holy man to have to lower his eyes at their unfriendly glances, and to shut his ears to the insults that assailed him as he passed. There was a certain wine-shop that the abbé especially dreaded—a wine-shop flaming with gas and sending out fumes of alcohol from its open door, through which one saw a long vista of bottles marked absinthe, bitters, Madeira, vermouth, etc. Then, standing around the counter there was always a band of boon companions, in long blouses and high caps, who called, insolently, "Caw! caw!" after the poor abbé, as he hurried along the pavement.*

This evening, however, the bad weather had turned the streets into a desert, and the Abbé Faber reached his church without let or hinderance. He dipped his finger in the holy water, crossed himself, bowed to the high altar, and then turned to his confessional. At any rate, he had not come for nothing; there was a penitent waiting for him.

A male penitent! A rare and exceptional thing at Saint-Médard. The Abbé Faber could distinguish, by the red light of the lamp hung to the pointed arch of the chapel, that the man kneeling there wore a short white smock frock and thick hob-nailed shoes, and he took him for some workman who had kept his peasant faith and habits of religious observance. The confession he was about to hear would probably be as interesting as that of the cook in the Rue Mouge, who, after acknowledging she had pilfered her masters, had cried out against the least hint of restitution. The priest smiled to himself as he remembered the summary formula used by one of the "faubourgiens" on the occasion of his wanting a certificate of confession when he was going to be married: "I have neither murdered nor stolen. Absolve whatever else there is." So the vicar went very calmly into the confessional, and after waiting first to take a good pinch of snuff, drew back the little green serge curtain that covered the window.

"Monsieur le curé," stammered a rough voice stifled to a whisper.

"I am not a curé, my friend. Say your *confiteor*, and call me 'my father.'"

The man, whose face the Abbé Faber could not see—for it was veiled in shadow—slowly repeated the prayer, which he seemed to have some difficulty in remembering, and then he continued, in muffled tones:

"Monsieur le curé—no, Father—forgive me if I do not speak as I ought; but I have not been to confession for five and twenty years—not since I came up from the country. You know how it is; a man in Paris—and then I was no worse than the rest, and I thought to myself: the good God is surely kind. But to-day I have something on my conscience that is too heavy for me to bear alone, and you must hear me, monsieur le curé—I have killed a man!"

The abbé jumped in his chair. A murderer! It was no question here of inattention during service, of slandering neighbors, and such like old wives' cackling that he was accustomed to listen to half-absently, and to absolve readily. A murderer! This head that leaned so close against his own had conceived and brought forth the thought of a crime; these hands, clasped together on his confessional, still bore, perhaps, the stain of blood! In his emotion, not unmixed with terror, the Abbé Faber could only answer, mechanically:

"Confess, my son. The mercy of God is infinite."

"Hear the whole story," said the man, in tones that vibrated with deep pain. "I am a mason, and I came to Paris more than twenty years ago, with a man from the same village. We had been friends from childhood. We had gone bird-nesting, and had learned to read at school together. He was almost a brother. His name was Philippe; my name is Jacques. He was a tall, handsome young man; I was always heavy and ill built. There was not a better workman than Philippe—while I am but an awkward hand—and so good, and brave, and open hearted. I was proud to be his friend, to walk by his side; proud when he slapped me on the back and called me a great stupid. I loved him because I admired him. When we came here, by good luck we were both engaged by the same master. In the evenings he left me alone generally; he used to go out and amuse himself with his pals. It was natural enough at his age. He was fond of pleasure; he was free: he had no burdens. I could not do as he did; I was obliged to be careful, for I had an infirm old mother at home, and at that time I used to send her my savings. It was on that account I boarded with a green-grocer's widow in the house where I lived, who used to cook dinner for the masons. Philippe did not dine there; he went elsewhere, for, to tell the truth, the cooking was nothing wonderful. But my landlady was a widow, and unfortunate, and I saw that my custom was a help to her; and then, to be frank with you, I had fallen in love at first sight with her daughter. Poor Catherine! You will know, by and by, monsieur le curé, all that came of it. I waited three years before I was able to tell her of my affection for her. As I told you, I was only an indifferent workman, and the little I earned was hardly enough for me and what I sent to the mother; I could not dream of marrying. But at last my good old mother went to heaven. I was not quite so pinched; I was able to lay by a little money, and when I thought I had enough for us to keep house together, I spoke to Catherine. She said neither yes nor no at first. *Parbleu!* I never supposed she would jump at the offer; I was none so fascinating. Catherine spoke to her mother about it; she considered me an industrious workman and a steady man, and the marriage was settled. Ah! I have had some happy weeks. I saw that though Catherine had accepted me, she was not really attached to me; but she was a kind-hearted girl, and I thought I should get her to love me some day. Of course, I had told Philippe all about it; I saw him every day at the workshop, and when Catherine was engaged to me I wanted him to know her. Perhaps you have already guessed what followed, monsieur le curé. Philippe was handsome, very merry, very pleasant, everything that I was not, and, quite unconsciously, without any intention on his part, he made Catherine fall in love with him. Ah! she has a frank and honest heart, has Catherine; and as soon as she knew what it was she felt, she told me. But then, all the same, I shall never forget that moment! It was Catherine's birthday, and I had got her a present—a gold chain, that I had done up nicely in a box of cotton-wool. We were alone in the back shop, and she had just poured out my soup. I took the box out of my pocket, and opened it, and showed her the jewel. Then she broke out crying.

"'Forgive me, Jacques,' she said, 'and keep that for the woman you marry. I can never be your wife now. I love another. I love Philippe.'

"I had sorrow enough then, monsieur le curé; I had my share. But what could I do, when I loved them both? Only what I thought was for their happiness, *pardi!*—let them marry. And as Philippe had always been fond of amusing himself, and had no money put by, I lent him my little nest-egg to buy the furniture with.

"So they were married, and all went well in the beginning. They had a little boy, to whom I stood godfather, and whom I named Camille, after my mother. Soon after his birth Philippe took to wild ways. I had been mistaken in him; he was not for married life; he was too fond of pleasure and frolics. You live in a poor district, monsieur le curé, you must know the sad story by heart—the workman who drifts away, little by little, into idleness and drunkenness, who goes on the spree for two or three days at a time, who does not bring home his wages, and only comes home, worn out with his orgies, to quarrel with and beat his wife. Well, in less than two years Philippe had sunk down into one of these wretches. At first I used to lecture him; and sometimes, when he was ashamed of his conduct, he tried to turn over a new leaf. But it did not last long; and by and by my remonstrances irritated him; and when I went to see him, and he caught me looking sadly around the bare room, and at poor Catherine—she had grown pale and thin, with sorrow—he used to grow furious. One day he even dared to make a show of jealousy of me and his wife—who is as pure as the Holy Virgin—reminding me that I had been in love with her in former days, and accusing me of being so still. Such folly and such infamy as I should be ashamed to repeat. Ah! that day we were ready to strangle each other. I did what I ought to have done: I gave up seeing Catherine and my godson; and as for Philippe, I only met him now and then, by chance, when we happened to be walking in the same yard.

"Only, you see, I was too fond of Catherine and little Camille; I could not lose sight of them altogether. On Saturday evening, when I knew Philippe would be gone with his companions to drink away his wages, I used to prowl about in their quarter, and meet the child, and get him to talk; and if times were very hard at home, he did not go back empty-handed, you may be sure. I think that wretched Philippe knew I helped his wife, and winked at it—it was convenient. But I must pass over all that, it is too sad. Years have passed since then. Philippe sank lower and lower in vice; but Catherine, whom I helped as much as I could, brought up her son decently, and now he is a fine boy of twenty, as good and as brave as his mother. He is not a workman; he has educated himself. He learned to draw in the night-schools, and now he is with an architect, and earns pretty good wages. Though his home is saddened by the presence of the drunkard, they are getting on better, for Camille is very good to his mother. And the last year or two it has gladdened my heart to meet Catherine—she is a good deal changed, poor woman!—arm in arm with her boy, and he dressed like a gentleman.

"But yesterday evening, as I came away from dinner, I met Camille; and when I shook hands with him—oh, he is not proud; he is never ashamed of my blouse stained with plaster—I thought he looked very strange.

"'What is the matter?' I asked.

"'I drew yesterday in the conscription,' he answered, 'and I drew the number ten, one of those numbers that send you out to die of fever in the colonies, with the marines. At any rate, there I am now bound for five years, and I shall have to leave my mother alone, with the father—and he drinks worse than he ever did, and is more violent. And she will die, godfather. Oh, what a curse there is upon the poor!'

"Ah! I spent a fearful night! Just think, monsieur le curé, all that poor woman's twenty years of struggling wasted in a moment, by the folly of a mere chance, because a child has put his hand into a bag and pulled out a bad number! After a sleepless night, I came out bowed like an old man, to go to the house we are building in the Boulevard Arago. One has to work all the same, whatever trouble one may have. So I climbed up there on the scaffolding—we have got the house up to the fourth floor already—and I began to fasten my beams. All at once, some one struck me on the shoulder. It was Philippe! He only worked by fits and starts now—he had probably come to do a day's work to earn money for drink. But the master who had a forfeit to pay if the building was not finished by a certain time, took on every one he could find.

"I had not seen Philippe for a long time, and I could hardly recognize him. Burnt and dried up with brandy, with his gray head and trembling hands, he was quite an old man—a ruin.

"'Well,' said I, 'so the son has drawn a bad number?'

"'What of that?' he answered, in a hoarse voice, with an angry look. 'Are you going to begin bothering me like Catherine and Camille? The boy will do like the rest, he will serve his country. *Parbleu!* I know what they have in their minds—my wife and my son. If I was dead he wouldn't have to go. But, worse luck for them, I am strong enough yet, and Camille is not a widow's son.'

"A widow's son! Ah, monsieur le curé, why did he say that unlucky word to me? The evil thought came to me at once, and never left me all the morning as I worked side by side with that unhappy wretch. I thought of all she would suffer, poor Catherine, when she should no longer have her boy to support and protect her, and when she would be left alone with this miserable drunkard, who had grown utterly degraded, fierce, and capable of anything. A neighboring clock struck eleven, and the other workmen went down to their breakfast. We were the last, Philippe and I. As he got on to the ladder to go down in his turn, he must needs look jeeringly at me, and say with his hoarse, drunken voice:

"'You see, I have not lost my sailor's footing. Camille is none so near being a widow's son.'

"I was beside myself with rage! I seized the bars of the ladder with my two hands, Philippe holding on to them and crying 'Help!'—and, with one push, I sent it backward into space!

"He was killed on the spot. It was supposed to be an accident; but now Camille is a widow's son, and he won't have to leave her.

"That is what I have done, monsieur le curé, what I wanted to tell you and to tell God! I repent and I ask for pardon, that is certain—but I must not see Catherine go by, in her black dress, so happy on her son's arm; I should be ready not to regret my crime any more. To avoid that I am going to emigrate; I shall go to America. As for the penance—here, monsieur le curé, here is the gold chain that Catherine refused when she told me that she loved Philippe; I have always kept it in remembrance of the only happy days I have known in my life. Take it, and sell it, and give the money to the poor."

* * * * * * * * *

Did Jaques rise absolved by the priest? What is certain is that the old priest has not sold the gold chain. After putting the price of it into the poor-box of the church, he hung up the jewel, as an *ex voto*, on the altar of the chapel of the Virgin, where he often goes to pray for the poor mason.—*Adapted for the Argonaut from the French by Mademoiselle Bouchier.*

* The priests are nicknamed "corbeaux" or "crows," in France.

---

Agnes Leclerq was born in Baltimore in 1840. As she grew into a dashing, handsome woman she developed great ability as a rider, married a rope-dancer and joined a circus. She visited New Orleans and other Southern cities, and became one of the stars of the sawdust ring. Obtaining a divorce, she appeared in Washington during the war and led a gay life. All the young army officers were among her admirers. In 1862 she married Prince Salm-Salm, and succeeded in having him made a Brigadier-General. Salm-Salm was a genuine prince, but he had run down at the heel. His spunky wife made him go through the war creditably, but without any special distinction. When peace came the princess wanted her husband retained in the regular army as colonel, but General Grant was against her, and the two adventurers went to Mexico and tendered their services to the Emperor Maximilian. The emperor was shy at first, but the princess won him over, and the prince was made his first aid-de-camp. The two stuck to poor Maximilian to the last, and Salm-Salm came near being shot with his royal master, but his wife begged him off. Returning to Germany, Salm-Salm received a command in the army, and was killed at Gravelotte. Some years after the widow married Mr. Charles Heneage, an attaché of the British Legation at Berlin. The match did not turn out well, and a separation followed. Heneage paid his dismissed wife five thousand dollars a year until her death, some two or three years ago. Rather an adventurous career for a Baltimore girl.

---

The suit against *Puck* for fifty thousand dollars by Mr. Valentine, late associate editor, is peculiar. Mr. Valentine claims that he was promised an interest in the paper soon after its transfer to New York from St. Louis, where it barely kept itself alive, and that on the strength of the promise he worked hard for several years—much harder than the chief editor, Mr. Bunner. The latter, he says, did receive an interest, while the promise to him was disregarded, so he left the office a few days ago and at once started the suit for fifty thousand dollars. This will be a nice nest egg for Mr. Valentine if he gets it. He also has a suit against Mr. Bunner for fifteen thousand dollars. Mr. Valentine is the young man who wrote those "Fitz-noodle" papers which were once a feature of *Puck*. Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann, the proprietors of *Puck*, don't seem much worried about the suit.

---

This, according to the New York *Morning Journal*, is what was done at a recent wedding in Brooklyn: The ceremony over, the happy couple and their friends proceeded to the groom's house, where an elegant collation was awaiting them. Soon after dancing was begun the guests were treated to a novel effect. Large white flakes of snow commenced to fall, and in a short time the floor was covered with falling fragments. In the distance was heard the merry jingle of sleigh-bells. The dancers stopped in the face of the blinding snow-storm, and, as if by magic, the folding doors rolled back, and a fine black steed, richly caparisoned, dashed into the hall, drawing an elegant Albany cutter. Ferdinand Linn, who drove the vehicle, took the bride and groom for a ride around the room, and then presented the horse and sleigh to them, in the name of himself and brother.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

William Shakespeare is running for office at Kalamazoo, Michigan.

General Butler has worn the same style of clothes for twenty years.

Senator John Sherman has been drawing a salary from Uncle Sam since the 4th of March, 1855.

It is twenty-four years since we all ran out to see the Prince of Wales, and now his son is coming.

Alphonse Daudet is said to be on the verge of a collapse, the result of the dissipation of his Bohemian years and of overwork later.

Horace Greeley never said "Good morning," or "Good evening," "How do you do?" "Good by," or inquired after anybody's health.

A gown in which every plait of the skirt was of a different color was worn by Mrs. John Wood lately on the stage of a London theatre.

The picture of the Czar has been ordered removed from the hotels and restaurants of St. Petersburg because it is insulted by the public.

Miss Mollie Garfield is to become a student at the Vassar College. James and Harry Garfield will graduate at Williams next spring. They will then study law.

Admiral Courbet, the French commander in China, entered school intending to become a soldier, but changed his mind in favor of the navy after reading one of Captain Marryat's novels.

Mr. Emmons Blaine, who is to marry the daughter of Mr. Medill, the editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, is short and thickset, with a swarthy face, a piercing dark eye, a genial smile, and charming manners.

Sarah Bernhardt being a Dutch subject, and Monsieur Damala a Greek, and their marriage having taken place in London, there is no marriage under French law, and consequently there can be no divorce even if they want one.

The Queen vetoed peremptorily the purpose of allowing Colonel Valentine Baker to accompany Wolseley into Egypt. She will not forgive his offense, though the Prince of Wales and a part of society have reinstated him in favor.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Marion Crawford, after visiting Mrs. Terry, in Rome, and passing a portion of the winter in Europe, will come to America, and next summer occupy the Berdan homestead in Hanover, New Hampshire. Mrs. Crawford is described as being a "blonde cendrée, with auburn eyes and a Junoesque figure." Boston society made her acquaintance as Miss Berdan, two summers ago.

John Swinton, in announcing the close of the first year of his weekly paper, which is printed exclusively in the interests of labor as opposed to capital, declares that he has "enjoyed heavier pecuniary losses in the publication of the paper, and in the free circulation of thousands of copies of it all over the country, during the past twelve months, than might be expected even by experienced newspaper men."

Mr. Tollemache, the rector of South Wytham, in England, has his three children named: Lyulph Ydwallo Odin Nestor Lyonel Toedmag Huge Erchenevyne Saxon Esa Cromwell Orma Nevill Dysart Plantagenet Tollemache-Tollemache; Mabel Helmingham Ethel Huntingtower Beatrice Blazonberrie Evangeline Vise de Loui de Arellane Plantagenet Toedmag Saxon Tollemache-Tollemache; Lyonia Decima Veronica Eoyth Undine Cissa Hylda Rowena Ada Phyra Ursula Ysabel Blanche Lelias Dysart Plantagenet Tollemache-Tollemache.

It is told of Baron Rothschild, in Paris, that when his *chef de cuisine* died, and had been interred with honors almost equal to the Queen's John, he advertised for a *chef* to fill the place of the dear departed, and required, among other accomplishments, that the aspirant for the place should be able to concoct three hundred and sixty-five different soups. To such a paragon the baron offered an annual stipend of fifty thousand francs. Incredible as it may appear, the right man was found, and the great millionaire enjoyed a different soup every day in the year, until he had to pay a well-merited penalty to offended nature with his life.

When Edison, genius and inventor that he is, had given two weeks of his valuable time to going up and down on the New York Elevated Railroad trying to discover what caused its noise and a cure for it, he gave up the job. Then a little woman took it. She rode on the cars three days, was denied a place to stand on the rear platform, laughed at for her curiosity, and politely snubbed by conductors and passengers. But she discovered what caused the noise, invented a remedy that was patented, and she was paid the sum of ten thousand dollars and a royalty forever. Her name is Mrs. Mary Walton, and she lives in New York city.

A favorite amusement of Dom Pedro II. of Brazil, is to leave his gorgeous turnout in a side street, and, accompanied by a gray-haired chamberlain and a stalwart lifeguardsman, walk the distance of a square or more to a manufactory or other establishment, and surprise the proprietor and employees by his sudden and unannounced appearance among them. Of course, he is given the liberty of the establishment, and he takes his time in examining the machinery and *modus operandi*. With a kind word of encouragement and commendation, he goes away, perhaps to pay a similar visit to another establishment. These visits he makes impartially to the mechanical and commercial establishments, controlled by foreigners as well as natives.

---

Good cookery, by developing flavor, increases the nutritiousness of food, which bad cookery would perhaps render indigestible. Hence a good cook rises to the dignity of an artist. He may rank with the chemists, if not with the physicians.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Rococo.

Take hands, and part with laughter;
Touch lips, and part with tears;
Once more and no more after,
Whatever comes with years.
We twain shall not re-measure
The ways that left us twain,
Nor crush the lees of pleasure
From sanguine grapes of pain.

We twain once well in sunder,
What will the mad gods do
For hate with me, I wonder,
Or what for love with you?
Forget them till November,
And dream there's April yet;
Forget that I remember,
And dream that I forget.

Time found our tired love sleeping,
And kissed away his breath;
But what should we do weeping,
Though light love sleep to death?
We have drained his lips at leisure,
Till there's not left to drain
A single sob of pleasure,
A single throb of pain.

Dream that the lips once breathless
Might quicken if they would;
Say that the soul is deathless;
Dream that the gods are good;
Say March may wed September,
And time divorce regret;
But not that you remember,
And not that I forget.

We have heard from hidden places
What love scarce lives and hears;
We have seen on fervent faces
The pallor of strange tears;
We have trod the wine-vat's treasure,
Whence, ripe to steam and stain,
Foams round the feet of pleasure
The blood-red must of pain.

Remembrance may recover,
And time bring back to time
The name of your first lover,
The ring of my first rhyme;
But rose-leaves of December
The frosts of June shall fret,
The day that you remember,
The day that I forget.

The snake that hides and hisses
In heaven, we twain have known
The grief of cruel kisses,
The joy whose mouth makes moan;
The pulse's pause and measure,
Where in one furtive vein
Throbs through the heart of pleasure
The purpler blood of pain.

We have done with tears and treasons,
And love for treason's sake;
Room for the swift new seasons,
The years that burn and break.
Dismantle and dismember
Men's days and dreams, Juliette;
For love may not remember,
But time will not forget.

Life treads down love in flying,
Time withers him at root;
Bring all dead things and dying,
Reaped sheaf and ruined fruit,
Where, crushed by three days' pressure,
Our three days' love lies slain;
And earlier leaf of pleasure,
And latter flower of pain.

Breathe close upon the ashes,
It may be flame will leap;
Unclose the soft close lashes,
Lift up the lids and weep.
Light love's extinguished ember,
Let one tear leave it wet,
For one that you remember,
And ten that you forget.

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

### The Play.

Lo! 'tis a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years!
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
In veils, and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theatre to see
A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly;
Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast, formless things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their condor wings
Invisible woe!

That motley drama!—oh, be sure
It shall not be forgot!
With its Phantom chased forevermore
By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the selfsame spot;
And much of madness, and more of sin
And horror, the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout
A crawling shape intrude!
A blood-red Thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude!
It writhes! it writhes! with mortal pangs
The mimes become its food,
And the seraphs sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbrued.

Out—out are the light—out all!
And over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm;
And the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy "Man,"
And its hero, the conqueror Worm.

—*Edgar Allan Poe.*

## STORYETTES.

### Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The story is told that when Bulwer's novel, "A Strange Story," was produced, a friend met Lady Bulwer in one of the London salons. "Oh, by the bye, have you read Bulwer's last work?" asked the friend of Lady Bulwer. "No," was the response; "I have renounced the devil and all his works and pomps."

The late Doctor Macadam used to tell of a tipsy Scotchman making his way home on a bright Sunday morning, when the good folk were wending their way to the kirk. A little dog pulled a ribbon from the hand of a lady who was leading it, and as it ran from her she appealed to the first passer-by, who happened to be the inebriate, asking him to whistle to her poodle. "Woman!" he retorted, with that solemnity of visage which only a Scotchman can assume; "woman, this is no day for whustlin'."

There is a story told of an eminent judge, still living, though retired from the bench, which illustrates the importance of a voluntary confession better than the most elaborate argument. A prisoner tried before him for larceny had admitted his guilt when apprehended, but at the trial was defended with great persistency by able counsel. "Gentlemen," said the judge to the jury, "the prisoner says he is guilty. His counsel say he is not. You must decide between them." Then, after a pause, he added: "There is just one thing to remember, gentlemen. The prisoner was there, and his counsel wasn't."

A writer in the *Critic* says that an Englishman was stopping with him in the country, not long ago, and as they were sitting together on the piazza one day he noticed an agonized expression on his visitor's face, which had suddenly become extremely pale. At last the poor fellow jumped up and cried: "Excuse me; I have often heard of your terrible American mosquitoes, and thought I should be able to stand them; but really I shall faint if I stay here." He was taken in-doors, and it was then found that he had been sitting over a wasp's nest, and that eight or ten of the insects were inside of his clothes and had been stinging him for some time before he gave in to them. He was sick in bed for three days!

A friend of Sir Edwin Landseer, who accompanied him to Kensington Museum on the first occasion of its exhibition by gaslight, relates that Landseer stopped short before his large picture, "A Visit to Waterloo." "I must have been mad," said he, "when I painted that." And, walking up to the picture, he placed his hand over the part which had attracted his criticism. An attendant policeman shouted his polite caution: "Now, then, take your 'ands off there!" "My good man," said Sir Edwin, "I was merely remarking how bad that was." "Then why don't you go and do better?" said the policeman, who had no idea to whom he was speaking. "Quite right, quite right! I am ashamed of it!" returned Sir Edwin.

A highly respectable and prosperous Georgia farmer discovered that his corn-cribs showed signs of nocturnal depletion. As this occurred with considerable regularity, his suspicions became aroused, and he rigged a spring-gun and watched for results. The first night following, along in the small hours, he heard the report of the gun, and, hastening to the spot, found a "dead nigger." The next morning he notified the coroner, which official summoned a jury and proceeded to view the remains. After a full investigation of the case, the coroner gazed solemnly at the jury, and remarked that, while he was not entirely aware of the conclusions reached by them, he would suggest a verdict of "involunary suicide." And that was the verdict.

As Mr. Vanderbilt says, there is everything in feeling confidence in the future. James's Landing, Arkansas, used to be situated in Tennessee. One night the river went on a bender, and next morning the landing was on the Arkansas shore. The half-dozen residents crawled out of bed, to be amazed, and dumfounded, and plunged into despair. After a bit, a steamboat came along, and turned her nose into the bank, and the captain called out: "What in blazes has happened?" "This new cut-off has moved us into Arkansas," was the reply. "Bad! bad! And how do you feel?" "Well, we did feel all broke up at first; but we've had a meeting, and talked it over, and we've got a heap of confidence in the future. Come to figure up, we've jumped Tennessee debts to the amount of eight hundred dollars."

Robbery in Mexico is of the most ingenious kind. On one occasion a traveler was talking with a gentleman of the country, and boasting that he could always take care of himself wherever he was. "Nonsense," said the gentleman. "Why, nonsense? Do you suppose anybody could rob me if I was on my guard? I would shoot—I would kill." "My dear sir," replied the gentleman, "you could be robbed most easily; why, that diamond, for instance, which you wear in your shirt-front, that could be taken from you in the next twenty-four hours without your even knowing that it was gone." "Absurd!" "I will wager a hundred *pesos* that it can be done, and inside of twenty-four hours." The wager was immediately accepted, and that evening the traveler retired and slept undisturbed until the next morning. About noon-time, when he was about to walk out in the air, a man came running down the corridor chased by another and holding in his hand a drawn sword. "Save me, save me," cried the poor berated wretch. The intended victim rushed by and placed the traveler between him and his assailant, at the same time hanging on to him in his terror. Then he darted into the street—man with the sword following. The traveler listened to the shrieks as they grew fainter and fainter, and then felt his shirt-front. *The diamond was gone.*

## OPERA IN NEW YORK.

"Flaneur" tells of Oily Gammon Mapleson and the Giannini Troupe.

Mapleson permeates the air. With an amount of assurance which Barnum himself might envy, Her Majesty's colonel comes up for another season of Italian opera, with a series of whoppers that make the reader gasp at the end of every sentence. What we object to particularly in Mr. Mapleson is that he should insist upon humbugging us with the same old expedients year after year. For instance, before the last season of Italian opera at the Academy of Music began, Mr. Mapleson talked for weeks about the extraordinary array of promising débutantes with which he would astonish America. Each one of these singers was eulogized to the skies by the colonel, and the public felt that it was inexcusably ignorant in never having heard of them before. They were of every age and nationality, from Miss Reilly of Cincinnati to the woman named Reini, who, by the way, was never once heard during the season. One after another these much-puffed myths disappeared from the operatic horizon, and we had the same familiar old series of threadba·e operas given by incompetent people, made doubly conspicuous by the radiant superiority of Madame Patti. All sorts of reproaches wer · showered on Colonel Mapleson's head, but they had no effect whatever. This year he comes up again, and tells us all about it with his usual vivacity. Among other great singers, he announces Mademoiselle Ida Riccetti, who, we are informed, has a high soprano organ of extraordinary purity and power, and a superb dramatic style. She is, according to Mr. Mapleson, the pet of the old world; but when we insist upon knowing something about her record, it turns out that she has been studying for some years in Italy. She makes her appearance in that startling novelty, "Il Trovatore," accompanied by a new tenor, Signor Cardinali, whom Mr. Mapleson says is a "pure Italian." That settles it. Another débutante is Miss Emma Steinbach. Rumors of her stupendous successes in Vienna and Paris are not well founded. Of Mademoiselle Emma Nevada, who is also billed with Mr. Mapleson, we have heard. She is an American girl who sang Lakmé in Paris last season with some success. All of Mapleson's promises concerning Van Zandt, Nilsson, Trebelli, etc., vanish into thin air. However, Adelina Patti will come, and we shall have Patti and no one else during the whole season.

The Milan Company has made a success here despite Messrs. Cambiaggio and Sieni. These gentlemen, it would seem, have been playing in hard luck ever since they started out with their company. They assert that they made no money in San Francisco, and the artists of the company are almost destitute, or were until a few nights ago. The affairs of the opera company are in rather a tangled condition, but their most recent quarrel, through which Cambiaggio and Sieni were dethroned, and a new contract made with a pair of American managers, was somewhat as follows: James Barton and Horace McVicker, both young men, and tolerably well known about town, became the managers of the Milan Company on Edwin Booth's agreeing to back them in their enterprise. Horace McVicker is the son of the Chicago manager, whose daughter Edwin Booth married years ago. Barton and McVicker went about among their friends in New York, and got them to go into a subscription to the extent of a few hundred dollars apiece. Then they brought out their opera and made a hit. The company sang "Aida" first, which, in my opinion, shows them off to the best advantage, and created genuine enthusiasm. Giannini is by no means the greatest tenor of the age, but his singing is true and firm, and his voice seems to be absolutely tireless. All the other people in the cast worked hard, and the result was not only artistic but pecuniary success. Suddenly, on Monday last, the artists struck. They said that they had received practically nothing from Cambiaggio and Sieni for several months, and that the majority of them were in a condition of absolute necessity. They demanded three thousand dollars before they sang that night. The managers argued and prayed. It was useless. The artists knew that there was money coming in at the door, and they proposed to have it. It is not an easy thing to raise three thousand dollars at an hour's notice, even for managers who are playing a successful engagement, and so for a time there was blood on the face of the moon in the vicinity of the Star Theatre. Finally, however, Messrs. Barton and McVicker succeeded in raising the cash, and the singers were appeased. Then Cambiaggio and Sieni were removed from their positions as managers, though they still hang on to the company. It is proposed to make an extensive tour with the Milan Company immediately after the completion of their New York engagement.

The Union Square Theatre has not yet succeeded in getting anything worth the superb company troubling itself about. "The Artist's Daughter" was a failure, and so the entire troupe was cast for a revival of "French Flats," the comedy or burlesque which made such a success there some years ago. It was almost pitiable to see such thoroughly good actors as those who compose the Union Square Theatre company wading through the maudlin slush of "French Flats." Years ago, when that sort of a farce was new to America, the play was a hit. Now it is simply a reminiscence of things that were funny in years gone by, and it no longer raises a laugh. Maud Harrison, Sara Jewett, Mrs. Phillips, Parcell, Stodard, Whiting, Barnes, and Mason, not to mention less noted artists, are worthy of a better fate than to be cast for a threadbare old farce at the very beginning of the season. With plenty of money, a popular theatre, and the best stock company in America, the Union Square seems to be all at sea. I believe they are looking around for something new, as "French Flats" was quite as much of a frost as "The Artist's Daughter." By the way, I wonder why the seats are not changed in this theatre? They are Mackaye's patent chairs, and they are certainly the most uncomfortable seats the mind of man has ever devised. They are tiresome in the extreme, and they have helped on the failure both of "The Artist's Daughter" and "French Flats."

It would seem that Madame Janisch is destined to be forced down the public's throat, whether the public will have her or not. Mr. Sargent hadn't money enough to force Madame Janisch for more than two weeks, at the end of which time his exchequer was emptied, the actress fainted away on the stage, and the season was brought to an abrupt close. The mere fact of her fainting away was of no consequence. That is the proper thing now. Davenport, Belasco, Millward, and several other people have already set a noteworthy example, and it is understood to be the natural and inalienable right of anybody connected with the theatre to faint away whenever business grows dull or the play looks like a failure. Gilmore and Gardner, theatrical managers and speculators, have just made an arrangement with Madame Janisch for a term off our weeks, with the privilege of a three years' contract. The curious part of this scheme is that neither Gilmore nor Gardner have seen Janisch act. They know she was a failure, but some instinct seems to tell them that it will be possible to make Janisch a great star, and so they are going to give her another trial. It is proposed to make her a sensation, I believe, and Mr. Sargent will remain with her as Director of Sensation. The managers expect that she will make quite as great a success as Modjeska, but they will be most beautifully disappointed. Modjeska is a woman who is naturally of a volatile and emotional temperament. Her face is an extremely fine one, and the intellectual part of her character predominates. While not strictly a beautiful woman, she has a most charming personality, and her figure is very good. It is different with Janisch, who has rather a coarse face and a mature figure.

There is a good deal of amusement here over the quarrel between Florence Gerard and Carrie Turner, the two leading women of Eric Bayley's comedy company. These people are playing "Impulse" and "The Colonel" through the country, but they do not live happily together. Miss Gerard and Miss Turner were formerly the warmest and dearest of friends. They were never separated, and their fondness for one another was as gushing as that of classmates at boarding-school. When they got out on the road Miss Turner observed that Miss Gerard's name was printed in larger type on the bill than her own. From that moment all was over between them. Not only do they threaten each other with personal violence and sneer at one another upon the stage, but they have actually gone to law, and the luckless Eric Bayley is the only one who suffers. Every effort has been made by the interested parties to patch up the breach, but it doesn't go, and the leading ladies in Mr. Bayley's comedy company are still at swords' points. Bayley's season looks like a failure.

The claque has become a nuisance of colossal proportions in New York. There is one in every theatre, and audiences have of late taken to resenting its interference vigorously. Hissing the claque is now one of the recognized amusements of the average theatre-goer. I do not find that the claque is regularly employed by the management in many instances, though it is occasionally. It strikes me that the claque is usually the result of a liberal distribution of free tickets, and that the deadheads consider, or are informed, that their duties are to applaud loudly at every opportunity during the play. Just what the result of all this may be is easily imagined. There is nothing that kills genuine applause so surely and rapidly as the interference of the claque; and when that noisy body of deadheads begins its labors, honest applause ceases.

Everything is still comedy. There is not a serious play in town, and every theatre is doing farce and comedy or light opera and variety business. The managers seem to have gone mad on this subject. They have fallen in line, one after another, in the footsteps of Augustin Daly, and they are all illustrating with great force how easy it is to give comedy in New York without anything in it that is amusing.

BLAKELY HALL ("FLANEUR").

NEW YORK, October 30, 1884.

---

The most remarkable political event that has ever occurred in the history of this State is the election of the Republican candidate in the Fourth Congressional—San Francisco—District. Mr. W. W. Morrow is elected over Robert Hastings by a majority of 4,753. This district was Democratic at the Presidential election of 1880 by a majority of over 1,200, and at the election of Governor, two years ago, General Stoneman had a majority in the territory comprising the district of nearly 7,000 votes. Mr. Morrow leads Blaine in the district by nearly 2,000 votes. Whether it was Mr. Morrow's popularity or his thorough canvass that gives him this unprecedented majority, we leave our readers to determine. When we consider the fact that Mr. Hastings spent nearly fifty thousand dollars for his canvass, and Mr. Morrow nothing but for legitimate expenses, it seems the more remarkable. Perhaps there is a moral which parties will do well to heed. The sons of two millionaires were nominated in San Francisco for Congress. They spent money like fools, and were left. Perhaps it illustrates that the masses can not be bought. Perhaps it will teach the gilded youth that the purchase of nominations is not a good investment for their pa's money.

---

The lightning which, a week or so since, struck the house of Mr. Jesse King, at Raynham, Massachusetts, knocked several people in it insensible, and printed the picture of a neighboring tree on the shoulder of his daughter.

---

Several readers have asked us why we did not publish the Bulwer love-letters, resurrected by Miss Devey, his wife's executor, and widely published in American and English journals. We do not see what good end is served by publishing such nauseous and ridiculous rubbish. Most men have made asses of themselves at one time or another; that a distinguished man should have made an ass of himself is not particularly interesting—it is only disappointing. We congratulate those literary and journalistic chiffoniers who have made this unsavory find in a modern kitchen-midden; but we hope they will find nothing nastier in their affectionate browsing over this conjugal compost-heap.

---

Prince Bismarck says medical science has made no progress in the past two thousand years!

## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

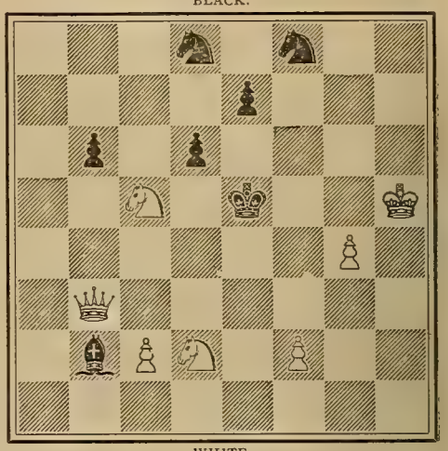
**Problem No. LXXI.—By J. Thursby.**

WHITE—King at KKt5; Queen at KR6; Rook at K sq; Bishop at KKt7; Knights at QR4, QR7; Pawns at QKt6, Q2.
BLACK—King at Q4; Bishop at Q2; Knight at QR7; Pawns at Q6, QB4.

White to play and mate in two moves.

**Problem No. LXXII.—By Ludwig Fechter, Vienna.**

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

**Solution of Problem No. LXIII.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—Q KB8 | 1—Any move |
| 2—Q or Kt mates. | |

**Solution of Problem No. LXIV.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—B Kt 4 ch | 1—K K5 |
| 2—B KB6 | 2—Any move (if B x R, |
| 3—Kt Q2 mates. | B KB5 mate), |

Correct solutions received as follows: Problems LXI, LXIII, LXIV, from B. M. Parker, Eureka, Cal. Problem No. LXVIII, from R. G. Cunningham, Los Angeles, Cal. Problem No. LXV, from "Quincy," Oakland, Cal.

**Answers to Correspondents.**

R. G. C.—In No. LXVII, if Black R x B, pinning Kt, mate can not be given.

B. M. P.—In No. LXV, if 2 Kt Q5 ch, B x Kt. See answer above.

**Game No. 47.**

Played at the Mechanics' Institute, July 1884, betweeen Mr. Jefferson and Doctor J. H. Zukertort. Game and notes from the *Chess Monthly*.

GIUOCO PIANO (ODDS GAME.)

Remove White's Q Kt.

| *White.* Zukertort. | *Black.* Jefferson. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 26—B B2 | 26—P KR3 |
| 2—Kt B3 | 2—Kt QB3 | 27—B Kt3 | 27—Kt R2 |
| 3—B B4 | 3—B B4 | 28—B Q2 | 28—KR KB sq |
| 4—P B3 | 4—Kt B3 | 29—B B3 | 29—Kt B3 |
| 5—Castles | 5—P Q3 (a) | 30—P B3 | 30—P QKt3 (?) |
| 6—P Q4 | 6—P x P | 31—P K4 | 31—Kt Q4 (?) |
| 7—P x P | 7—B Kt3 | 32—R x P ch | 32—K Kt sq |
| 8—P Q5 | 8—Kt K2 | 33—R x P | 33—QR Q sq |
| 9—P K5 (b) | 9—P x P | 34—R Kt6 | 34—R B2 |
| 10—Kt x P | 10—QKt x P | 35—R Kt5 | 35—Kt x B (h) |
| 11—B Kt5 | 11—B K3 | 36—P x Kt | 36—K B sq |
| 12—R K sq | 12—Castles | 37—B x R | 37—K x B |
| 13—Q B3 | 13—P B3 | 38—R B5 ch | 38—K K3 |
| 14—QR Q sq | 14—Q B sq | 39—R B4 | 39—R Q8 ch |
| 15—P KR3 | 15—B B2 | 40—K B2 | 40—R Q7 ch |
| 16—B Q3 | 16—R K sq | 41—K Kt3 | 41—R x P |
| 17—B Kt sq | 17—B x P | 42—R K4 ch | 42—K B3 |
| 18—R x Kt (c) | 18—Kt x R (d) | 43—P KB4 | 43—R R6 |
| 19—Q x P ch | 19—K R sq | 44—P Kt5 ch | 44—K B4 |
| 20—B R6 (!) | 20—B x Kt | 45—R K5 ch | 45—K Kt3 |
| 21—R x B | 21—R KKt sq | 46—K Kt4 | 46—R x P |
| 22—R R5 (!) | 22—Kt B3 (e) | 47—K R7 (!) | 47—P R4 |
| 23—R x R | 23—Q Q2 (f) | 48—P B5 ch | 48—K R2 |
| 24—Q x Q | 24—Kt x Q | 49—R K8 (!) | 49—P Kt3 (i) |
| 25—B Kt5 | 25—Kt B sq (g) | 50—P B6 | 50—P R5 (j) |
| | | 51—P B7 | Resigns. |

(a) 5—Kt x P is here considered best.
(b) Sacrificing a pawn for the sake of complicating matters.
(c) Not quite sound, but a piece and two pawns behind, White must keep up the attack at any price.
(d) After 18—P x R, 19 B x Kt, P x B; 20 Q to R5 or 20 Q x P, Black would find ample means of defense, and his vastly superior material should soon tell.
(e) 22—Q Q2 was tempting, but it would prove insufficient; *e.g.*: 22—Q Q2; 23 B Kt5, Kt B3; 24 Q Kt6 (!). If 24 B x Kt, then 24—Q Q8 ch and 25—Q x B.
(f) 23—P x B would be met with: 24 Q x Kt ch, R Kt2; 25 R x P, Q Kt5—the only saving move; if 25—K Kt sq, White forces the game with 26 B x P ch; if 25—Q Q2, then 26 B x P; 26 R x P ch, K Kt sq; 27 R x R ch, Q x R; 28 Q K6 ch, etc.
(g) If 25—P KR3, White would continue with 26 B x P, P x B; 27 R x P ch, K Kt2; 28 R R7 ch, and 29 R x Kt.
(h) Best under the circumstances, and sufficient to effect a draw.
(i) His best course would be 49—R B5 ch; 50 K R5, P Kt3 ch, etc.
(j) If 50—R B5 ch, then 51 K Kt3 (!), R B6 ch; 52 K B4, R B8; 53 R K7 ch, K R sq; 54 K K5, etc.

---

Mr. J. H. Blackburne, the noted English chess-player, was announced to leave England on the 29th ultimo, for a trip to Australia. It is Mr. Blackburne's intention to remain there during the winter, returning to England some time during next spring, by way of the United States. San Francisco may expect a two weeks' visit at that time, during which he will doubtless give an exhibition of his blindfold play.

---

The national testimonial, concerning which appeals are still made to the English chess-players, has reached about two hundred and ten pounds.

## BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

### He Explains why He did not Run for President.

No one can adequately comprehend the quiet joy I feel when I call to mind how last June I hushed the first intimation on the part of my friends, and said, pleasantly but firmly, that I could not run. Before the mad *vox populi* had swelled into a sullen roar and grown into a resistless tide, I quelled it. Ere it had begun to *vox populi* very seriously, I said no, it could not be. With a prophetic eye I saw that it wasn't to be a question entirely of statesmanship. If it had, I certainly would not have quailed. And I can't say really that I quailed as it was, but I questioned the utility of my nomination.

"Gentlemen," said I, "if this is to be a contest of intellect and bulging brow, I have no hesitancy in peeling off my coat and becoming your plumed huckleberry; but I trow it is not."

Later developments proved my keen-sighted ability to probe the future. When I trow anything, it is almost useless for any one else to come in and undertake to outtrow me.

I saw, as it were, with an eagle's ken, that this was to be a grand free-to-all smirch campaign, the best smirchist three in five to take the stakes. So I looked over my brilliant career as an ornament to society, and decided to pass. While I am no moral wreck or social outcast by any means, I felt as though I did not yearn for the asperities of a bitter and more or less exciting campaign filled with criminations and recriminations.

Those were substantially the reasons I set forth to representative friends in the party. That is the reason that my name was not suggested in the convention. I knew that my nomination would be the signal for a most bitter and unjust attack upon my career as postmaster at Laramie City, Wyoming.

Remorseless politicians, the cruel vultures of the opposing party, would have scoured the country to ascertain what my true name was before I went to the Rocky Mountains, and why I adopted a *nom de plume*. They would have ripped up my social record, and made me appear before a heartless world as a wart upon the features of good society. They would have heralded my shame broadcast over the face of the earth, so that on the fourth of March I would have found the city of Washington deserted.

I presume, as a matter of fact, there isn't a city in the civilized world that is so unreasonably squeamish and so prudish on the question of social smirch as Washington. So I didn't want to go to Washington, and do my own housework, and bring in my own coal, and carry water, and sweep out the White House myself.

Man is a social being, and does not like to be ostracized. I've been through an Indian outbreak, six or seven mining stampedes, an earthquake, and a cyclone; but I've never been ostracized yet, and I don't want to be. I can stand almost any amount of physical pain without a murmur; but if I should happen to be ostracized, and couldn't get proper medical assistance at once, I believe it would break down my iron constitution, and leave me a physical wreck. —*Puck.*

### His Cyclone Accident.

My leg is growing together again all right, and very soon the doctor will turn me loose on the community again. It's been a pretty long siege, and seemed a little tough at times, but I didn't kick. I couldn't very well.

Many have asked me how the accident occurred. I can not state definitely, but think I must have stepped on a peal of thunder, and slipped. People can not be too careful, in peeling their thunder, not to leave the peals around where some one may step on them and get hurt.

### His Opinion of Missouri Gall.

Shortly after my unfortunate cyclonic fracture of the leg, which occurred on the 9th of September, and while lying on my back with a ten-pound weight attached to my limb for the ostensible purpose of preventing a shortening of the bone, but, really, as I have every reason to believe, to prevent my escape from confinement, I received, among many other friendly and consolatory letters, containing everything from unavailing tears up to stamps, bank checks, and postoffice money orders, the following unique, yet open, frank, and flattering letter. As I have not yet answered it, I desire to introduce it here and make a few desultory remarks upon it, which I will designate by a large, blue pencil mark, and mail to the writer thereof:

——, Mo., Sept. 11, 1884.

BILL NYE, Hudson, Wis.—Dear Sir: I send you to-day a copy of the *Chief*. I edit and publish it. I am twenty-one years old, and this is my first offense. A friend of mine, who knew you as police judge of Laramie, Wyoming, said that a half-column article from your pen would be worth ten dollars to me. Write and send the article, and when I realize the ten dollars I will remit.

R. S. G.

I am always glad to send my goods anywhere by express, subject to examination and approval, and more especially to Missouri, the home of the great statesman and author, Frank James. I am now writing short scientific articles for the press, which I feel so confident will give perfect satisfaction that I am sending them everywhere, with permission to set them alongside of any other work of the kind on trial. Should any of these articles rip, season-crack, or cut in the eye, I shall make no charge whatever for them. I want it thoroughly understood that it is absolute no trouble to show goods.

I am glad to know also that when at last Mr. Frank James, full of years and usefulness, shall close his eyes and fold his weary hands upon earth, and when the clods of the valley shall rest above his silent dust, there will be some one to rise and take his place. A young man only twenty-one years of age, full of fresh young blood and Missouri gall, will be ready to complete the work which General James has so nobly begun.

I am free to say to you, R. S. G., that it had been intimated to me that when the James boys died there was no one in the whole broad commonwealth of Missouri to take their places and assist in distributing railroad dividends; but you and I know better—do we not, R. S. G.? You bet! No one recognizes sterling ability in a young man quicker than I do, and when I discover it I am not backward about mentioning it. That is why I take this public method of prophesying that if your life is spared, and you improve the advantages held out toward you, there is no reason in the world why you should not become one of the most eminent train robbers that our history has ever known. Begin modestly at first by robbing a few crippled newspaper men. Then you can gradually lead up to picking the pockets of the blind. After that you might gather gold filling out of the cemetery people's teeth. It wouldn't be long before you could get drunk and rob a clothes-line. By all means keep your gall in a cool place, R. S. G., and you will come out O. K. Your success depends almost solely on that. If I had that gall of yours I would have it stuffed. I don't know when I have noticed such an abnormal and precocious gall in one so young. It must pain you severely at times and crowd the other organs. Take care of it, however, and you are safe. Your whole future depends upon it. Keep it in a cool place, and whenever you want a few columns of matter to be sent subject to approval and printed in your valuable paper, the name of which has at this moment escaped my mind, just drop a postal-card stating how much you can use and how you desire to have it shipped.—*New York Mercury.*

### His Sympathy for Vanderbilt.

I learn with much sadness that Mr. William H. Vanderbilt's once princely fortune has shriveled down to one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. This piece of information comes to me like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. Once petted, fondled, and caressed, William H. Vanderbilt, shorn of his wealth, and resting upon no foundation but his sterling integrity, must struggle along with the rest of us.....In conclusion, I do not know what to say, unless it be to appeal to the newspaper men of the country in Mr. Vanderbilt's behalf. While he was wealthy he was proud and arrogant. He said: "Let the newspapers be blankety blanked to blank," or words to that effect, but we do not care for that. Let us forget all that, and remember that his sad fate may some day be our own. In our affluence let us not lose sight of the fact that Van is suffering. Let us procure a place for him on some good paper. His grammar and spelling are a little bit rickety, but he could begin as janitor and gradually work his way up. Parties having clothing or funds which they feel like giving, may forward the same to me at Hudson, Wis., postpaid, and if the clothes do not fit Van they may possibly fit me.

### His Views of Rome.

ROME, October 5, 1884.—We arrived in Rome last evening via the Rock Island road, and an old cattle friend of mine from North Park, who is staying here, invited me to come and visit him during my stay in the city. He is here, he says, to obtain that polish which he was unable to obtain on the range. It has long been his heart's dearest wish to go abroad and complete an already very thorough education. He was always pretty fair in arithmetic, and could cipher the socks right off our most eminent men, but he was a little rusty on Rome, he says.

He has been showing me the town and telling me all about it. Rome, he says, has been the county-seat of this country for upward of twenty-five hundred years, and still they haven't got a first-class hotel in the place. Romulus filed on Rome under the Desert Land Act, six hundred years before Christ, and built a lunatic asylum on the Capitoline Hill. In those days everybody was highly educated, and every common Dago on the streets could talk the dead languages like a Normal School graduate. Greek and Latin were talked just as common at a prize-fight or church sociable in Rome, among the middle and lower classes, as cigar-box Spanish is in Southern Colorado today.

Before the Christian era Rome was ruled by kings, who were elected for life or during good behavior. This was done to curtail campaign expenses, so that the surplus funds could be frittered away on bread and other Roman delicacies. There was also a Senate and a College of Pontifices and two-inch augurs who explained the will of the gods. These augurs became at last a great bore (Etruscan relic found near a Roman corral).

For many years there was a squabble between the patricians and the plebeians. The patricians were people who had made a good deal of money, and whose blue-blooded daughters showed their proud and high lineage by eloping with the family coachman. The plebeians, as a rule, were not checked up so high, but they generally got there Eli with both feet, as a proud Roman told me yesterday as he socked his Roman nose into a tumbler of Roman punch.

Rome got this term "plebeian," I learn, from West Point at an early day.

They had pretty hot times from that on for four hundred years more. Sometimes one was on top, and sometimes the other. I could give a long and glowing *résumé* of the history of heathen Rome in my own crude way, if I had space, but I have not.

The present Rome is built over forty or fifty feet of débris that is between two and three thousand years old. Those who have been in Chicago when the street-gang was engaged in raking up old personalities and things that had been accumulating for fifty years, will remember the subtle odor of the deceased past. (Excuse me a moment, while I go and eat a little asafœtida to take the taste out of my mouth.) Well, Rome is older, and, therefore, it is worse. I hate to speak about it, but when they are excavating for a new building here, and turn up a few discarded socks of the time of Romulus, along with other relics of a forgotten era, the excavists run and stick their noses into the bosom of a Limburger cheese, and the people flee to the mountains till it is safe to come home again.

This puts a kind of damper on building, and real estate is rather dead. At least, it is not feeling well. So they only build a new house every fifty or sixty years. Then it takes half a century for the air to get fresh again.—*Denver Opinion.*

## THE INNER MAN.

### Actresses' Appetites.

An old theatrical man says of actresses: "Some of them live like princesses; many others are fortunate if they get three square meals a day. There is Miss Coghlan, the leading lady of Wallack's Theatre—she receives a liberal salary, about three hundred dollars a week, I believe, and she resides permanently in New York. She has no hotel or traveling expenses to encounter, and is enabled to run her establishment at an even expense all the year around. She has a man cook, a coachman, a maid, and a general servant, and her dinners are superb. She breakfasts about eleven o'clock and dines about six, after her daily drive in the park. I never heard that she had a liking for any particular dish, but I distinctly remember the delight she evinced once when I was talking with her over the approach of the oyster season. Sara Jewett is quite the opposite of Miss Coghlan. She is very domestic in her tastes, lives quietly, is seldom to be seen in a public restaurant, and sticks to the good old American dinner with patriotic allegiance. Kate Forsythe, who also lives very quietly with her mother in a flat up-town when she is in the city, eats late suppers quite often at the restaurants, and has a fondness for nibbling candies and sweetmeats at all hours. The same is true of Sadie Martinot, who, however, is a rather more fastidious eater than Miss Forsythe. I have seen her very often at Delmonico's, and it is by no means unusual to see Modjeska there when that actress is in New York. Modjeska's tendencies, however, are toward a quiet life, and when she is in town she usually stops at the Clarendon, where her rooms are almost inaccessible. She seldom eats in the public restaurant there, and it is said that her luncheons and breakfasts are models for a dainty appetite. Champagne is quite as grateful to an exhausted actress as it is to an athlete. It is a drink that is frequently given to men who are engaged in long athletic struggles, you know, as it refreshes without leaving any after effects of spirits. After an actress has gone through a hard night's work in an emotional play, a glass of champagne brings her nerves down from the high-strung point. There is a very well-known leading lady in New York, whose name I wouldn't dare to mention, who is passionately fond of pigs' feet. I took her to Parker's one night, a short time ago, after she had made a successful creation, and she ate six plates of pigs' feet before she had time to talk over the newspaper notices which she was sure she would receive the following day. She drank a mixture of Bass's ale and champagne with her supper. But it is only fair to say that she had been so nervous before the play that she was unable to eat any dinner. There is a French opera bouffe actress, who is now in this country, who gained quite a reputation three or four years ago by the great quantities of macaroni she could eat. She even had it brought to her dressing-room, in order to sustain her between the acts. She used to eat it with chopsticks, more for the fun of showing that she could do it than for any other reason, I suppose. As to what the majority of actresses eat for supper? The chorus girls, and the hundreds of women who play minor parts, are usually satisfied with a few oysters and a bottle of beer; in winter they eat a chop, if they can get it, and in summer they are as fond of ice cream as all the other girls of America appear to be."

### Sunday Meals.

It is an accepted fact in household ethics that a good part of Monday must be sacrificed to recovering from indigestion engendered by Sunday's irregularity. In most households, breakfast on the first day of the week is an hour later than on other days, and generally a more elaborate meal. Dinner, on the other hand, with apparent inconsistency, is several hours earlier; with the third eating, tea or supper, a most movable feast. And this derangement of the weekly routine any chatelaine will tell you is solely to secure the "Sunday out" to the servants. Yet it would seem possible to provide this most suitable and proper recreation without sacrificing the physical good form of the entire family for two days. In households where more than one servant is employed an alternation of duties is easily arranged, but in families where a maid-of-all-work constitutes the assistance corps a little management may be needed. Said a vivacious hostess at a table where the question was recently discussed—the meal being dinner at six o'clock Sunday evening: "From my earliest recollection Monday headache was a weekly ailment at home. When I married and found myself the dictator of a world of my own, my first care was to reform Sunday eating so far as my family was concerned. We breakfast at eight, as usual, and lunch at one; at six we dine. The joint or fowl is cold, prepared on Saturday. A salad accompanies it, and a made dish—in winter often escalloped oysters; in summer various dishes of a similar nature that Sarah can prepare before she leaves. She lays the table, and leaves everything in readiness, and then gets out long before her companions, who are clearing away the heavy two-o'clock dinner. I arrange the dinner upon the table myself. Our dessert is fruit in its season, or a cold pudding of some sort, and our little French coffee-pot gives us our *café noir* on the table. Being a one-servant establishment," she added, laughingly, "it is not at all difficult to preserve suitable ceremony, and on Sundays and Mondays we enjoy the same degree of health vouchsafed the rest of the week."

Amphitryon was a gentleman, an Egyptian, whose dinners at Memphis were something almost divine; and his love of good fare made him a hero among the leek-worshipers of Egypt.

Eggs lose their nourishment by cooking. The yolk, raw, or very slightly boiled, is exceedingly nutritious; one slightly boiled, however, is more easy of digestion than a raw one.

*Festina lente* is a good rule, especially when ap[illegible] eating. Without it, digestion is not; and when di[illegible] is lacking, Death is waiting for his prey.

## LITERARY NOTES.

### Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Sergeant Ballantyne is about to publish another volume of his experiences, under the title of "From the Old World to the New."

The title of Tennyson's forthcoming poem will be "Sir Thomas a Becket: a Drama." The title-page will state that the play is "not for acting."

In reply to a note from Mr. Oscar Fay Adams, Mr. F. J. Fargus ("Hugh Conway") writes that the initials in his name stand for Frederick John, and that he was born in Bristol, in 1847.

Mr. Howells's new novel, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," fills some pages of the *Century* with a surprisingly realistic study of a business man. In the title of the story, "September and May," which he has contributed to *Harper*, there is a suggestion of a more romantic interest. The first installment of this *Harper* story will be published in the July number.

Mr. Roswell Smith, of the *Century*, says: "The current story that we have agreed to pay General Grant fifteen thousand dollars for his four battle-articles and fifty thousand dollars for his autobiography, is absurd, though a royalty might possibly give him that. The fact is that we have made no bargain whatever. We shall certainly give all they are worth." The general, himself, whose bodily afflictions are less severe, told a friend that he enjoyed writing more than he ever enjoyed anything else in his life.

The *Overland Monthly* for November contains the usual number of interesting articles. "The Don in Pauper Alley" is a well-written sketch by H. S. Brooks; E. A. Walcott contributes a paper on "Public Debts," a dissertation on the financial policies of various nations; Sherman Day commences a series of papers on "The Building of a State" with "The Blue Tent at San José"; and Colonel Birkedal continues his admirable articles on "The Late War in South America." It is published by Samuel Carson & Co., San Francisco.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "A curious illustration of editorial nervousness occurs in this month's *Longman's Magazine*. Mr. Froude, *more suo*, in the course of an account of his pleasure trip in Norway, lifts up his heel against the formal hypocrisy of the invocation of the Holy Ghost by deans and chapters that they may be guided aright in selecting a bishop already chosen by the Prime Minister. The sneer was deemed too strong by the editor, and Mr. Froude's remark about invoking the Holy Ghost was toned down into a mild reference to seeking Providential guidance."

The November number of the *Popular Science Monthly* is the first of volume twenty-six. The first article is a discussion by Doctor William A. Hammond, the author of "Lal," on "The Relations between the Mind and the Nervous System." Herbert Spencer also contributes an article, a refutation of some statements made by Frederick Harrison regarding the "Origin of the Synthetic Philosophy." The editor comments at considerable length upon the proceedings of the American Association, at their recent meeting in Philadelphia. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

An intimate friend of Edgar W. Howe, author of "The Story of a Country Town," the new novel published in Boston, which has attracted so much attention, says he is a native of Huntington, Ind., a thorough American, and was thirty years old last May. He is the son of a Methodist clergyman, he has been a practical printer, and has had no regular education since he was eleven years old. His training and experience have been entirely Western; he is the editor and proprietor of the Atchison (Kan.) *Evening Globe;* is married, and worth about twenty thousand dollars. He has received highly complimentary letters from Howells, Higginson, Aldrich, and others. His next novel, the "Mystery of the Locks," will be published in January.

Some weeks ago the Appletons were advised by their London agent of the appearance of a new novel, "The House on the Marsh," which was selling as well over there as "Called Back." He forwarded a copy of it, and the presses were run night and day to get the book out with as little delay as possible. In the meantime Mr. Bunce had gone over lists of all the recent publications of the cheap libraries, and could find no trace of its having been republished here. The book was accordingly brought out in a neat, paper-covered volume. After it had been on the market a few days, Mr. Bunce discovered that it had been published in the "Seaside Library" fourteen months before! He was naturally much chagrined, but to his great surprise the book "took hold" at once, and has been a great success, selling beyond the most sanguine expectations of the publishers. Which only goes to show that the American novel-reading public is divided into two distinct classes —those who read the "Seaside Library," and those who do not. Encouraged by the success of "The House on the Marsh," Messrs. Appleton have followed it up with "At the World's Mercy," by the same author, which has also been published in the "Seaside Library." The explanation of their agent's statement that the earlier story has just been published in England is very simple. The story was issued first as a serial, and the "Seaside" edition was reprinted from the periodical in which it originally appeared.

### Newspaper Notes.

We Americans are very apt to believe that we have the best of everything that goes. We are, among other things, fond of boasting that we have the biggest papers and the largest circulations, and we charge the biggest prices for advertising. Yet the richest papers in the world are probably in Paris—that is to say, the papers that pay the biggest profits. We are apt to counterfeit amazement when we are told that the *Sun* makes $200,000 a year, and that Dana's own income is in the neighborhood of $100,000 a year. But that is nothing compared with the income of the Levys of the London *Telegraph*, and certainly not to be compared with the income derived by the proprietor of the *Petit Journal*, in Paris. For a long time past, the head man of that concern, who used to be a workman at three francs a day, has made an average of two million francs profit a year, or about $400,000. His paper is about the size of the New York *Daily News*, and the price is one cent. It is claimed that the *Petit Journal* has a circulation of 800,000 copies a day. But the Paris *Figaro* is the most remarkable paper of all as regards the division of its profits. It has a circulation of not much more than 80,000. On some days—Saturday for instance —the circulation runs up to 120,000. When the late De Villemessant, the proprietor of the *Figaro*, died, he left the paper to the three men who had done the most to aid him. But there were many old contributors on the *Figaro*—men with well-known names, who made an outcry at this division of the property. They insisted they ought to have been consulted, and they threatened to leave the establishment in a body and found a new *Figaro*. This alarmed the three principals, and they made a proposition to the recalcitrant gentlemen. It was to the effect that they themselves should take each $30,000 out of the concern yearly, and that the other men should each have a salary of $6,000 for the work they were to do, and at the end of the year they should draw another $6,000 out of the profits, thus insuring them $12,000 a year apiece, a larger salary than any editor in America gets to-day. Yet these men do not write an average of more than half a column a day each—if, indeed, that much—so that they have a very easy time of it. It is one of the conditions that when any one of them dies his share goes to the others, so that the last who remains will have an enormous income, something like a hundred thousand dollars a year. Beyond salaries and so on out of the profits, there is a large sum put by as a sinking fund. It now amounts to over one million dollars, and they don't know what to do with it. We are apt to consider thirty and forty cents a line for advertising as a pretty high price for advertising in our daily papers. The price the *Petit Journal* charges per line is six dollars, and for reading matter twelve dollars. The regular price of the *Figaro* is four dollars a line, and for reading notices eight dollars. For an article published about the Canal scheme, the company paid $10,000. Another peculiarity of the *Figaro*, and of most of the French papers, is that they rent out the financial column by the year to anybody who wants it. A well-known banking house pays the *Figaro* 160,000 francs a year for the use of their financial column, and puts in whatever it pleases. They have a ten years' contract. But more singular still, from the American point of view, is that the *Figaro* will not mention any watering place in its columns as news. Our papers devote pages during the season to Saratoga, Long Branch, Newport, etc., and consider it a matter of news. Every line the *Figaro* publishes about Trouville, or Dieppe, or Nice, is paid for at eight dollars a line. The hotel keepers do it, and this source of income is one of the largest the paper has. Nor will the *Figaro* mention social events of any sort, excepting the very high-placed people, such as the Comte de Paris, unless they are paid for. There is a man who used to be a strolling actor, who a couple of years ago had a large fortune left him. He bought the title of an Italian duke and the estates, and is very anxious to shine in Parisian circles. He gives splendid receptions, and pays eight dollars a line in the *Figaro* to have the accounts published. He has been worth to that paper for the past year about $25,000 in this way. All his movements are chronicled. As well as we at present remember the name of this man, it is the Duke of Campo-Cenari. But he is one of many people who do the same thing. Thus it will be seen what opportunities the French papers have which our own do not. It is true that in Chicago this system is extensively employed, but nowhere else, and at nothing like the prices charged in France.—*Journalist*.

### New Books.

The latest work of the Rev. E. P. Roe, "A Young Girl's Wooing," is as valuable as the Reverend Roe's works generally are. For sale by Bancroft; published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

"Three Visits to America," by Emily Faithful, the well-known English philanthropist, is not so hastily written as most of such books are. Published by Fowler & Wells, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"Do and Dare, or a Brave Boy's Fight for a Fortune," is the latest work from the pen of that favorite author among the boys, Horatio Alger Jr. For sale by Bancroft; published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

"Bread-making" is the title of the latest of Putnam's "Handy Book Series." It contains precise and full directions for the mixing, kneading, baking, etc., of bread and biscuits, the preparation of yeast, etc. For sale by Bancroft.

No. 13 of Putnam's series of "Questions of the Day" is entitled "Public Relief and Private Charity." It is a compilation by Josephine Shaw Lowell, from the writings of men and women who have written on the subject during the past hundred years. For sale by Bancroft.

The latest numbers of "Harper's Franklin Square Library" are "A History of the Four Georges," by Justin McCarthy; "Thomas Carlyle," by James Anthony Froude; "Mitchelhurst Place," by Margaret Velley, and Part 10 of Stormonth's "Dictionary of the English Language."

The second annual report of the chief executive viticultural officer to the Board of State Viticultural Commissioners has just been issued from the State Printing Office. It contains a great amount of statistical and other information, and, with its three appendices, is an exceedingly valuable book for all interested in viticultural pursuits.

Judge Albion W. Tourgée has at length produced his long-heralded book, "An Appeal to Cæsar." It is a strongly written appeal for greater educational facilities in the South, which, to Judge Tourgée's mind, would best settle the vexed race question. The book is published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"Stuff and Nonsense" is the appropriate title of a volume of humorous sketches, with accompanying rhymes, by A. B. Frost. The grotesque drawings are very amusing, and the book is handsomely gotten up. The illustrations are full-page on heavy paper. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, $1.50.

The Excelsior Publishing House, New York, has issued Burdett's "Dutch Dialect Selections," "Brudder Gardner's Stump Speeches," "The Complete Debater," and "French at a Glance," "German at a Glance," "Spanish at a Glance," and "Italian at a Glance"—four text-books prepared by Franz Thimm, for self-instruction. For sale by the San Francisco News Company.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., of New York, have recently published, in their "Red Line Poets Series," "Selections from the Poetical Works of A. C. Swinburne," edited by R. H. Stoddard. His tragedies, "Atlanta in Calydon," "Erectheus," "Chastelard," Bothwell," and "Mary Stuart" are given in full, and many selections from the latest English edition of his poems, ballads, and sonnets have been made with excellent taste. The book may really be looked upon as a complete edition of Swinburne's non-fleshly poems, all the smut having been omitted. For sale at the book-stores; price, $1.25.

Charles Scribner's Sons have issued the seventh volume of "Stories by American Authors." It shows the same care and good taste in the selections as have marked the other volumes. The contents are "The Bishop's Vagabond," by Octave Thanet; "Lost," by Edward Bellamy; "Kirby's Coals of Fire," by Louise Stockton; "Passages from the Journal of a Social Wreck," by Margaret Floyd; "Stella Grayland," by James T. McKay; and "The Image of San Donato," by Virginia W. Johnson. The "Social Wreck" is one of the cleverest magazine stories of recent years. For sale by Bancroft; price, 50 cents.

Charles Scribner's Sons have produced an authorized edition of James Anthony Froude's "Thomas Carlyle," a history of his life in London, from his arrival there, in 1834, until his death, in 1881. Carlyle had always been greatly opposed to the publication of his life, but finally, "when he saw that his wishes would not, and could not, be respected," he placed in Mr. Froude's hands the material for the book which is now given to the world. Mr. Froude has been heavily censured for his unrestrained use of extracts from Carlyle's MS. remains, some of them showing the sage of Chelsea in a most unpleasant light, but, as he says, "no concealment is permissible about a man who could take on himself the character of a prophet and speak in so imperious a tone." The entire volume is full of interesting comments on prominent men and women of the time. It is for sale by Bancroft; price, $1.50.

One of the most interesting books that have lately appeared is Major Ben C. Truman's "The Field of Honor," a history of dueling in all countries and all times. The subject is an interesting one, and Major Truman has treated it in a most happy manner. He recounts the history of dueling in Europe and America from its origin to modern times; he describes the present customs, and tells of various strange modes of fighting; of encounters in which clergymen and women took part; of dueling in the dark, and of other curiosities of the duello. He devotes considerable space to accounts of noted European and American meetings, and gives a few chapters on "the types of duelists" and "the remorse of duelists." The volume ends with two amusing chapters on the humors and pleasantries of the field. Anecdotes, tragic and humorous, are interspersed, making the book attractive from the first page to the last. This is the first work on the subject which has appeared since Sabine's, which was published, we believe, in 1852, and is now out of print. It is published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Love in Quebec—"Whose 'ittle embezzler is oo?" "I'se oo's 'ittle embezzler."—*Life*.

"Watering-places? An abomination, sir! Why, I've been told of people bathing there '*in puris naturalibus!*'"

"Ah, dessay!—and some not even *that*."—*Punch*.

"I'm fum Misteh Brown, mum—gen'lemen whut lives 'crost de way. He says won't yer please shut dem winders we'n de young lady's a-playin'?"

"But I thought Mr. Brown was musical himself?"

"Thass whut's de mattah, mum."—*Puck*.

It is said that if you have presence of mind enough to face a raging bull and look straight into his eyes, he is powerless to do you harm. We tried this experiment once and found it worked admirably. The fierce animal tore the ground with his feet and bellowed with all his might; but something seemed to hold him back like magic, and he did us no injury. Perhaps we ought to add, in order to be correct historically, that the bull was on the other side of the fence. We never try an experiment of that kind without taking the proper precautions beforehand.

*Miss B.*—"So you went to the theatre last evening?"

*Miss C.*—"Yes, and had such a lovely time."

"Are any noted actresses in the company?"

"Really, I did not notice."

"Strange. What was the play?"

"The play was—let me see. Too bad! I forgot to look at the programme."

"You don't know what the play was?"

"No. You see I was with a theatre party."—*Philadelphia Call*.

The right man in the wrong place: The plumber alighted from his carriage and followed his card into the parlor.

"What's wrong!" he asked.

"The gas leaks," replied the master of the house, humbly.

The plumber turned on his heel.

"You'll have to send to the gas company about that," he said; "I don't know anything about gas. If the pipes should spring a leak, let me know."

And he was gone before the master of the house noticed his bill for twenty-five dollars lying on the piano.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

All the ghost, murder, and explosion stories had been told, and then a grizzly old captain took a fresh chew of tobacco, and observed:

"The narrowest escape I ever see was that of a man who came here in the hold of a vessel loaded with pig-iron. He crept into the boat when she was empty, and went to sleep; and when they came to load her, they covered him up with iron. I suppose there wasn't less than five hundred tons on top of him, and he was in that position for seven or eight days with nothing to eat or drink. When they got down to him they took him out, and a more surprised lot of dock-wollopers you never see."

"How did he work it?" was asked.

"Work what?"

"Why, how did he escape being crushed?"

"He was crushed. He was as flat and thin as that there sail."

"I don't see where the narrow 'scape comes in, then," said the lineman.

"Well, I do," continued the narrator; "and so would you if had seen them just take him out through a seam in the side of the boat."

Then the meeting broke up.—*Chicago Herald*.

"Hit me with a little vitriol mixed with broken glass," said a man who might have been taken for the worst man in the West to an Eighth Street bar-tender, yesterday morning; "and fire in a few rattlesnake stings along with it. I'm from Dead Man's Gulch, I am!"

"That's a Western order, sir; I don't understand it," was the reply.

"Don't you know what vitriol is?"

"Yes."

"Don't you know what glass is?"

"Yes."

"Don't you know what rattlesnake stings is?"

"No."

"Well, throw in a little red pepper. It will make a weak drink for me, but I'll have to go you. It's a mean section of the country, this."

The ferocious style of the man had terrorized a half-dozen listeners in the barroom, and when he lit a rankapee cigar with a whole box of matches the lookers-on were amazed. The Terror spit over the head of the nearest man to him, and shouted: "Come a-running with that wash; you've been long enough to clean out a camp or break a bank."

A boy, who had been dispatched by the barman to a drug store, came hurrying just at that time, and the sound of crushing glass made the scowling Western look up quickly. Suddenly the barman was before him with a large tumbler full of vitriol, broken glass, and red pepper.

"Is the rattlesnake stings in thar?" asked the Terror, with less ferociousness than characterized his former speech.

"It's what you ordered," firmly replied the saloonist.

"I don't want it without the bites," replied the bad man, as he sidled toward the door. A club moved from its position behind the bar, and the wicked man stopped.

"Pay for that or go to the hospital," said the bar-man, with determination

"How much is it?" asked the dangerous man.

"Three dollars."

The money was paid and the Terror sneaked out.—*Philadelphia News*.

The night of the serenade to Butler six able reporters of the New York newspapers repaired to the Fifth Avenue Hotel to write something about it. Some one told them that the procession and Butler's speech were due at eleven o'clock, and, as it was then nine, the boys repaired to the basement and struck into a game of pool to kill time. At a quarter of eleven they returned, and were somewhat astonished, not to say alarmed, to learn that the procession had arrived, Butler had spoken, the people had dispersed, and the candidate had gone to bed. The *Sun* and *Herald* men had been told to report Butler in full; the *Times* wanted half a column, and the *Tribune* and *World* were to give him a fair show. It was a solemn moment for the young journalists, but their intellects came to the rescue. They made a bolt for Ben's room, got him up, explained and persuaded him to repeat his speech. After he had concluded his eloquent and impressive remarks, the boys began to thank him, but, shaking his forefinger at them, he said: "Now, don't you tell the public that I got up to repeat this speech; and I won't tell your employers that you have been neglecting your business."

## SOCIETY.

### The German at the Presidio.

The most important event of the season in military social circles was the german given at the Presidio last night. It was given in honor of Miss Cynthia Yeatman, a niece of General Pope, who leaves to-day for the East. The affair was tendered by the lady's army friends stationed around the harbor. The invited guests assembled at the headquarters building between eight and nine o'clock, and dancing was commenced soon after. The floor was carefully prepared for dancing, and the room adorned with flowers artistically arranged, and flags drooped in graceful folds. The german is rather rare here now, it would seem, being indulged in only at long intervals. However, the participants acquitted themselves admirably, going through many intricate figures with grace and exactness. The favors were unique and pretty, comprising many quaint fancies, and including, among other things, delicate little baskets of flowers, small smilax flags, and souvenir hand-painted satin ribbons. At half-past eleven o'clock supper was announced, and all adjourned to the dining-hall, where a sumptuous repast was served. Dancing was afterward resumed until a seasonable hour, when all retired with expressions of gratification to the officers who had so hospitably entertained them. The First Artillery String Band furnished the music, which was one of the many pleasant features of the evening. Mrs. General Pope did the honors of the evening.

Among the invited were the following:

Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Hopps, Mrs. Collier, Mrs. Cochran, Miss Cynthia Yeatman, Miss Meta McAllister, Miss Theresa McAllister, the Misses Gardner, Miss Fannie Elliot, Miss Kate Elliot, Miss Ella Adams, Miss Nina Adams, Miss Mollie Dodge, Miss Weeks, Miss Andrews, Miss Lulu Holladay, Miss Ruth Holladay, Miss Tubbs, Miss Jennie Flood, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Bessie Sedgwick, Miss Kirkham, Mrs. Pomeroy, Miss Pomeroy, Miss Josie Darr, Miss Haskin, Captain J. H. Dillenback, Captain Russell, Dr. Hoff, Lieutenants Bailey, Robinson, McClernand, Best, Emmett, Brett, Ames, Webster, and Doty; Mr. Will Schofield, Mr. E. G. Peters, Mr. Frank Bingham, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Small, Mr. Harry Tevis, Mr. Wilder Pease, Mr. Spencer Bugbee, Mr. Mountford Wilson, Mr. Donald Campbell, Mr. Winfield S. Jones, Mr. Sheldon, Mr. John Andrews, and others.

### The O'Connor Lunch Party.

One of the most pleasant events of the week was the lunch party given last Tuesday by the Misses O'Connor at the residence of their father, Commodore Con. O'Connor, No. 825 O'Farrell Street. The recipients were fifteen young ladies, all intimate friends, who assembled there early, dressed in becoming costumes. The floral decorations were of exceeding beauty. Baskets and vases arranged in appropriate places contained a profusion of pink and jacqueminot roses that filled the air with their perfume. Covers were laid for eighteen in the dining-room, and the menu was all that could be desired. Before each plate was a tiny wicker basket containing delicate little pink rosebuds, the handle being adorned with pink silk ribbons. After partaking of lunch, all adjourned to the parlors, and pleasantly passed the hours in social converse and the enjoyment of several vocal and instrumental selections rendered by the young ladies present.

### The Balfour Dinner.

Mrs. Robert Balfour entertained a number of her friends last Thusday evening at a dinner party given at her residence, No. 1131 California Street. The florist and caterer endeavored to excel themselves, on this occasion, and the result was a most happy combination. After dinner, vocal numbers were rendered by the hostess and other ladies present, which contributed much to the pleasures of the evening.

### Mrs. Hastings's Dinner Party.

One of the most pleasant events of the past week was the dinner party given last Thursday evening by Mrs. Robert Hastings, at her Jackson Street residence. The dinner was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Gill, the Misses Gill, and Mr. Charles Gill, of New York, who are on this coast on a visit of pleasure. The invited guests were received by the amiable hostess in her usual pleasant manner; and after the exchange of congratulations, all adjourned to the dining-room. After dinner the guests attended Mrs. Fair's reception. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. A.W. Gill, the Misses Gill, Mr. Charles Gill, Mr. Stead, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Garness, Mr. Will Crocker, Mr. Ed. Greenway, Miss Jonas, and Mr. Fitzhenry.

### Pacific Yacht Club Closing Day.

The closing day of the Pacific Yacht Club was duly celebrated last Saturday in a most enjoyable manner. The fleet was photographed off Meiggs's Wharf, and then repaired to Saucelito, arriving about one o'clock. The invited guests, who came over on the ferry, arrived soon after the pleasures of the day were inaugurated. Dancing was indulged in for an hour, when an intermission was had for dinner, which was admirably served and greatly relished. After dinner Ballenberg and Yanke were again called upon, and dancing continued uninterruptedly until seven o'clock. Visits were made during the day on board the yachts, which were decked in gala attire, the visitors being hospitably received and entertained. The attendance was not as large as is usual at the Closing Day festivities, but still all enjoyed themselves, and pronounced it one of the most pleasant events of the season. The committees having the affair in charge were: Arrangements—Mr. A. B. Spreckels, Mr. H. D. Hawks, Mr. C. A. Hug, Mr. Léon Weill, Mr. W. H. Martenstein; reception—Mr. Philip Caduc, Mr. C. W. Crocker, Mr. Samuel Merritt, Mr. James Macdonough, Mr. E. W. Newhall; floor—Mr. K. H. Catton, Mr. W. H Stinson, Mr. W. S. Davis, Mr. F. H. Pray, Mr. F. D. Bates; floor manager, Mr. E. E. Potter.

### Notes and Gossip.

Among those at Monterey last week were Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Benham, Mrs. Volney Spaulding, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Tessie Fair, Mr. Charles Webb Howard, Mr. Creed Haymond, and Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Talbot.

Mr. Rafael Joseffy and Mr. Henry Heyman were the guests at dinner of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Toland, last Saturday evening, at the Palace.

Mr. Harry Dubrow, who has been very ill, is now rapidly recovering.

Mrs. J. B. Haggin held an informal reception at her residence on Taylor Street, last Thursday evening.

Mrs. Robert Balfour received a number of intimate friends last night, at her residence on California Street. A number of choice musical selections were the principal features of the evening.

Mrs. W. W. Dodge, assisted by Miss Edith Chatelain, of Chicago, received a few friends last evening at her residence on Van Ness avenue. The evening was pleasantly passed in social converse, music, and the enjoyment of a supper.

Party calls were made at the residence of Mrs. Theresa Fair on Thursday evening. The majority of the guests at the musicale last week were present.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Mrs. John F. Foster, and Mr. John Shaw, have been enjoying an extended visit through Canada, the Eastern States, and Mexico. The party will return to this city about the 15th instant.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith, accompanied by Miss Muller, of Washington, left on the last China steamer for a trip around the world, expecting to be gone about a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone, accompanied by Miss N. J. Woodward, have returned from New York, and will pass the winter at the Palace.

Mrs. Robert Johnson has returned from Europe, and is now domiciled at her O'Farrell Street residence.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Jones, of Oakland, are at the Grand Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. George Atherton, of Menlo Park, will pass the winter at the Berkshire.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze has returned to her Sutter Street residence.

Mr. William Kohl, of San Mateo, has returned from the East.

Miss Fannie Fargo has returned from her visit to Los Angeles.

Mrs. A. H. Lissak and Miss Mitchell have returned from Sonoma Valley.

Mrs. Colonel Edward Baker, who has been visiting relatives in Victoria, British Columbia, has returned home.

Miss Ethel Sperry will soon leave for the East to visit relatives.

Hon. William Alvord and Mrs. Alvord returned from Del Monte on Mouday last, after a few days' stay at that pleasant place.

Hon. Drury Melone, accompanied by Mrs. Melone and children, who have been enjoying an Eastern sojourn since August last, returned on the 1st instant.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Gibbs went to Monterey on the 31st ultimo, to stay a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Ewing and Miss Ewing are also spending a few days at Monterey.

Mrs. Volney Spaulding, accompanied by Miss Belle Smith and Miss Tessie Fair, have returned from Monterey.

Miss Ella Jennings has returned from her extended Eastern tour.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Smith Jr. have removed from the Palace Hotel to No. 2418 Washington Street.

Miss Minnie Mizner has returned to Benicia.

Miss Helen Houston has been the guest of her cousin, Miss Carrie Pierce, at Santa Clara.

The Misses Corbett have returned to the city from their summer residence at San Mateo, and will pass the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Ella Jennings has returned from the East, after an extended visit among relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Cheeseman and Miss Cheeseman are at the Palace, where they will remain during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Gashwiler, of San José, are at the Baldwin Hotel for the winter.

General Newton has returned from Oregon, and is at the Palace.

Mrs. A. Malpas and family, of Los Gatos, have been passing a few days at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. Alvinza Hayward, of San Mateo, was at the Palace last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Baldwin, who have been passing a week at the Santa Anita Ranch, in Los Angeles County, have returned to the city, and are at their California Street residence.

Mrs. Frank Foster, who has been the guest of Mrs. A. N. Towne for the past six weeks, during a trip through the East, Canada, and Mexico, will return to the city in a few days.

Mrs. William Ward has gone to Europe, and expects to be away about four months.

Mrs. John V. Plume and Mrs. J. H. Stone, of Oakland, have engaged apartments at the Baldwin for the winter.

Mrs. Henry Green and Miss Green, of Portland, Oregon, are in this city on a visit, and have apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Hon. Rollin M. Dagget and wife, of Honolulu, are in Virginia City, Nevada.

Miss Lilo McMullin returned from the Tulare Ranch last Tuesday, and is at the Palace Hotel, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Belvin.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Thompson are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Governor Johnson and Miss Bettie McMullin are still at Paraiso Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Kennedy and Miss Lulu Kennedy have returned from Portland.

Hon. Thomas Fitch has returned to Tucson, Arizona.

Mr. W. F. White, General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, is in the city on a visit.

Mr. P. B. Cornwall has returned from Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Forman have returned from the East, and are residing at the corner of Washington and Franklin streets.

Miss Edith Cosby, of Sacramento, expects to pass the winter in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Weil left for the East on Sunday.

Mr. R. H. Pratt, Assistant General Superintendent of the C. P. R. R., has gone on a trip over the various divisions of the road.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue returned from their Eastern visit last Wednesday.

Mr. A. J. Bowie Jr. returned from the East last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels are occupying apartments at the Baldwin Hotel, awaiting the completion of their new residence at the Mission.

Governor Kinkaid has returned from Portland, Oregon, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Millie Ashe and Miss Magan, have been stopping at the Maltese Villa, near Merced, the guests of Mr. William Ashe.

The Misses Rountree have returned from their visit to Virginia City, and are at the Beresford House.

### Army and Navy News.

Rear-Admiral Thomas S. Phelps, U. S. N., was retired from active service on the 2d instant.

Lieutenant R. H. Galt, U. S. N., who recently married Miss Mears, of this city, has been ordered to proceed to the Midvale Steel Works, as inspector of material, under the direction of the Naval Advisory Board.

Commander J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N., at present at the Mare Island Navy Yard, has been tendered the superintendency of a Nevada railroad.

Chaplain Richard Hayward, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty at the Mare Island Navy Yard on the 10th instant.

Lieutenant George M. Stoney, U. S. N., commanding the Arctic exploring schooner *Ounalaska*, has been spending a few days at San Rafael.

Lieutenant George Barnett, U. S. M. C., arrived from Sitka, Alaska, on Monday last. He returns by the next steamer.

Lieutenant R. M. Cutts, U. S. N., on duty at the Mare Island Navy Yard, has been promoted to the grade of lieutenant-commander.

E. Everts, U. S. A., has been at the Palace most of the week.

C. B. Hoppin and W. P. Richardson, U. S. A., were at the Occidental on Sunday and Monday last.

Captain S. Forney, of the United States Coast Survey, who has been on duty off the southern counties for the past six months, has been in the city during the week.

H. W. Lauton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lauton have been guests at the Occidental during the week.

M. Power and J. S. McCue, U. S. N., were at the Baldwin on Monday and Tuesday last.

Lieutenant-Colonel Basil Norris, U. S. A., is now *en route* from Washington, D. C., to San Francisco, whither he has been ordered as Surgeon in command of the Division of the Pacific. During Colonel Norris's twenty years' practice in Washington, he has been connected with almost every notable case in the vicinity of the capital, and has gained for himself a national reputation.

A romantic wedding occurred at the Paxton House, Omaha, on the evening of October 29th. The contracting parties were Lieutenant F. Jarvis Patten, of the Twenty-first Infantry, and Miss Hattie C. Besse, of New Bedford, Massachusetts. The young people agreed to meet in Omaha on the above date, and were married in one of the private parlors of the hotel by the Rev. Dr. Harsha. The bride, who is a beautiful brunette of stately presence, was attired in a royal robe of white satin, with court train, elegantly trimmed with point lace. She was attended by her sister, Miss Kate Besse, who wore a rich satin dress of street length. The groom and his best man, Lieutenant Coffin, of the Fifth Artillery, were in full uniform, as was also Lieutenant Charles McQuiston, the only guest present. Miss Besse's parents were interested spectators of the ceremony.

### Art Notes.

The Toby Rosenthal exhibition of paintings in charge of a committee of citizens, the proceeds to be given to charity, will open at the gallery of the San Francisco Art Association, 430 Pine Street, on the morning of Thursday next, at eight o'clock, and continue day and evening for nine days, closing on the evening of Saturday, November 22d. The pictures to be exhibited are eight in number, and comprise "Marmion" (the trial of Constance de Beverley), the artist's latest work, "Elaine," "A Seminary Alarmed," "Affection's Last Offering," "The Exile's Return," "Joys and Sorrows of Spring," "Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire," and "The Taking of the Malakoff." Ample provision is being made—by means of an elevation in the centre of the gallery—to enable visitors to view the pictures without crowding. It should be remembered that opera-glasses are useful on such occasions. Those desiring tickets can obtain them from Sherman, Clay & Co., Snow & Co., or at the gallery, 430 Pine Street.

### Musical Notes.

The second concert (fourth season) of the San Francisco Philharmonic Society will take place on Wednesday afternoon, November 12, 1884, at three o'clock, at Platt's Hall. The programme is as follows:

1 Overture, "Genoveva" (first time).....Schumann.
2 Symphony No. 3, in A Minor.....Mendelssohn.
(Scotch Symphony.)
3 Parsifal, "Charfreitags-Zauber" (first time)....Wagner.
4 *a* Duo from "Suite," for strings.....Bizet.
*b* Pavane from Opera "Etienne Marcel"...Saint-Saëns.
(Both first time.)
5 "Kaiser March" (first time).....Wagner.

There will be a rehearsal (open to subscribers only) at Platt's Hall, Tuesday, November 11th, at half-past twelve o'clock.

### Winter Styles.

Mrs. K. A. Deering, the fashionable modiste of this city, whose dress-making parlors are over O'Connor, Moffat & Co., 131 Post Street, has just received the latest European styles for winter, including cloaks, morning wrappers, ball costumes, etc.

— THE ELECTION HAS AT LAST BEEN DECIDED to the satisfaction of some and the dissatisfaction of others, but it was long ago decided, to the satisfaction of all, that the Metropolitan Hall is the best in the State for lectures, concerts, exhibitions, etc.

— CAPACITY FOR WORK, MENTAL AND PHYSICAL, increased. Prolong your life with Celery, Beef, and Iron.

—PERSONS SUFFERING with corns and bunions instantly cured by Dr. Halpruner, 850 Market St.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

## INTAGLIOS.

### Ballade of Maréchal Niel.

Great the glory, sweet the fame,
Won at Solferino's fray!
Praises rang to thy great name,
Gallant hero of the day.
Fair Italia owned thy sway;
Soldiers true with hearts of steel,
Rich libation there did pay,
To thy mem'ry, Maréchal Niel.

Shafts of stone thy deeds proclaim
As enduring marble may;
And a grateful country's claim
Blazons forth in long array
With ornate and proud display.
Thus men show their patriot zeal,
And their willing homage pay
To thy mem'ry, Maréchal Niel.

Soldier brave with heart of flame,
Though thy gallant form be clay,
Many a stately high-bred dame
Wears thee on her heart to-day,
'Mid the gayest of the gay.
On thy rose-heart lays the seal
Of her lips in coy delay,
To thy mem'ry, Maréchal Niel.

ENVOY.

Rose or warrior? Who shall say
What a fond heart may conceal?
'Tis sweet incense, any way,
To thy mem'ry, Maréchal Niel.
—*A. J. Judd in Times-Democrat.*

### Of Misstresse Martha: Her Eyes.

Transfixed & spitted in my hearte
By Misstresse Martha's eyes, theyre darte,
Whyche have withinne me raised a greate
Commotion and uneasie state.
Or are they black, or are they blue
I care not any more than you,
Nor coulde I for a wagerre saye
If theye be hazel, browne, or graye.
But whenne it comes to diagnosis
Of what the outcome of theyre use is
Full, comprehensive and exact,
Is my conception of the facte.
Whenne first their witchere has begunne,
You might be safe if you woulde runne,
But who woulde looke for cause for feare
In depths so limpid, calm & cleare!
Too soone, poore foole, you find you've stayed
Till it's too late to be afrayde.
Alas for himme who thus misreckons,
For friendlye lights, mistaking beacons.
Better it were if he hadde founde
Clarence, his Fate, in Malmsey drounde,
Thanne, Mistresse, in thyne eyes to sinke,
Nor make a teare o'erflow its brinke.—*Life.*

### Epitaph.

[The following translation from the old French is the epitaph, in ballad form, which François Villon wrote for himself and his comrades, expecting to be hanged with them:]

O brother men, who after us shall live,
Let not your hearts against us hardened be,
For if to us poor souls ye pity give
God shall the more his mercy let you see.
Ye see us bound here, five—nay, two times three;
And for the flesh which overmuch we cherished,
It is already quite consumed and perished,
And we, but bones, to dust and ashes fall.
At our ill plight let no one mirthful be;
But pray to God that he forgive us all!

If we cry to you, brothers, then ye owe
Not to disdain us wholly, though we die
At hand of justice. For alway, ye know,
All men have not good wit to 'scape thereby;
Then intercede with steadfast heart, and cry
Unto the Son of Mary piteous:
May His grace tarry not afar from us,
But save us from the infernal thrall.
Dead are we now, our souls abandon us;
But pray to God that he forgive us all!

The rain hath beat and drenched us with its might,
And the sun parched and blackened us by day;
Magpies and crows plucked out our orbs of sight
And torn our beards and eyebrows quite away.
Never, at no time, can we rest or stay;
Since here and there, as the wind varieth,
Unceasing, at its pleasure, us it hath
Still swung a prey to birds that screech and call.
O men, here let not mockery have breath,
But pray to God that he forgive us all!

ENVOY.

Prince Jesus, who o'er all hast sovereignty,
Guard us, that hell get not the mastery;
Thereon must we resolve without recall:
Then be ye not of our fraternity,
But pray to God that he forgive us all!
—*J. W. Holcombe in the Current.*

### The Poet is Immortal.

On the Bicentennary of Corneille, celebrated under the Presidency of Victor Hugo.

Scarce two hundred years are gone, and the world is passed away
As a noise of brawling wind, as a flash of breaking foam,
That beheld the singer born who raised up the dead of Rome;
And a mightier now than he bids him to rise up to-day.

All the dim, great age is dust, and its king is tombless clay;
But its loftier laurel green as in living eyes it clomb,
And his memory, whom it crowned, hath his people's heart for home,
And the shade across it falls of a lordlier flowering bay.

Stately shapes about the tomb of their mighty Maker pace,
Heads of high-plumed Spaniards shine, souls revive of Roman race,
Sound of arms and words of wail through the glowing darkness rise,
Speech of hearts heroic rings forth know not breath,
And the light of thoughts august fill kindling eyes,
Whence of yore the spell of song shadow of darkling death.
—*Algernon Charles Swinburne in the*

### THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

**A Corsage Bouquet.**

Myrtilla, to-night,
Wears *Jacqueminot* roses.
She's the loveliest sight!
Myrtilla to-night —
Correspondingly light
My pocketbook closes.
Myrtilla, to-night,
Wears *Jacqueminot* roses.
—*Life.*

**A Victory.**

"There is a peach," the boy said,
"Dangling on the tree.
It shall no longer dangle—
I'll put it into me."
"Here is a boy," the peach said,
Shaking itself with spleen.
"How he will feel when he finds out
How hard I am, and green!"
And the boy, he plucked the green peach,
And went off on his way
As merry and happy a youngster
As you'll find of a summer day.
—*David A. Curtis.*

**There's No Pocket in a Shroud.**

You must leave your many millions,
And the gay and festive crowd;
Though you roll in royal billions,
There's no pocket in a shroud.

Whether pauper, prince, or peasant,
Whether rich or poor or proud—
Remember that there isn't
Any pocket in a shroud.

You'll have all this world of glory,
With a record long and loud,
And a place in song and story,
But no pocket in your shroud.

So be lavish of your riches,
Neither vain nor cold nor proud,
And you'll gain the golden niches
In a clime without a cloud.
—*John A. Joyce.*

**The Charming Poke Bonnet.**

How much I admire the bewitching poke bonnet,
Which half hides the roses that bloom in her face!
Why, Cupid, I know, has his throne there upon it,
Concealed in its trimmings of mull or of lace.
The style isn't new, for our grandmothers wore it,
And they were not wanting in beauty or grace;
Their granddaughters love it, the young men adore it—
The charming poke bonnet that hides a sweet face—
The ravishing bonnet, the exquisite bonnet,
The bewildering bonnet that hides a sweet face.

The fair, shapely bead is half hidden within it,
And part of the beautiful face disappears;
How often I've kissed the lips glowing warm in it,
The while the coarse fibres were sticking my ears.
Away with the hat with the feather upon it!
Within my affections 'twill ne'er have a place.
Oh, give me the mull-trimmed, the coarse-straw poke bonnet—
The heart-snaring bonnet that hides a sweet face—
The beautiful bonnet, the exquisite bonnet,
The ravishing bonnet that hides a sweet face.
—*Somerville Journal.*

**The Matter with Hannah.**

"Pray Jones, what's the matter twixt Hannah and you?
I'm told that your courtship is over.
What caused you to leave her? She wasn't untrue—
Are you, then, a recreant lover?"
"The matter with Hannah is, twixt me and you,
She's learning to play the piano;
She bangs it unceasingly; sings to it, too,
And that's what's the matter with Hannah."
—*Somerville Journal.*

**The Sealskin Sacque.**

How dear to my heart is the sacque made of sealskin,
A garment adapted to keep out the cold!
'Tis not like the jersey, which fits like an eel-skin,
'Tis loose, graceful, easy, and fair to behold.
How smooth and how glossy! Its beauty enchants me;
What garment so lovely when worn by a belle!
Both waking and sleeping its poetry haunts me—
The sacque made of sealskin that fits me so well:
The sacque made of sealskin—of smooth, glossy sealskin—
The beautiful sealskin that fits me so well!

How many devices I used to obtain it!
How often my husband I kissed and caressed!
What loving contrivances practiced to gain it,
That now I'm ashamed of, it must be confessed!
At length he succumbed, and he opened his wallet—
What joy then possessed me no language can tell!
He purchased the garment, a poem I call it,
The sacque made of sealskin that fits me so well!
The rhythmical garment—the beautiful garment—
The smooth, glossy garment that fits me so well.

And now to be proud I've indeed ample reason,
For with it my form I will shortly adorn.
Cold weather's approaching, the long-wished-for season
When sacques made of sealskin by ladies are worn.
I'll hold my head high when I'm out promenading,
And never be weary of cutting a swell;
Ah, me! 'tis a vision of beauty unfading,
The sacque made of sealskin that fits me so well,
The sacque made of sealskin—of smooth, glossy sealskin—
The garment enchanting that fits me so well.
—*Boston Courier.*

**Beautiful Tailor-made Suits.**

Many of the most beautiful tailor-made suits which are now seen on the street are made by the renowned modiste, Mrs. R. L. Lewis, of 126 Kearny Street, Thurlow Block. Mrs. Lewis has just received all the latest European fashions.


JOS. FIGEL
211 MONTGOMERY ST. S.F.

Offers the

LATEST STYLES
.....OF.....
CLOTHING
.....AND.....
FURNISHING GOODS
FOR GENTS AND BOYS,
READY MADE and MADE TO MEASURE at
REDUCED PRICES.

A Full Line of Desirable Suitings in our Merchant Tailoring Department.

REDUCED
Fire Insurance Rates!

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.
HOME INSURANCE COMP'Y
OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital.....$3,000,000 00
Cash Assets..... 7,488,644 59

PHŒNIX INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Cash Capital.....$2,000,000 00
Cash Assets..... 4,435,048 88

Issuing either Separate or Joint Policies, at Applicant's option.

Now write acceptable business at a material reduction from the present standard rates of the Board of Fire Underwriters.

☞ All persons desiring strong insurance at moderate rates are invited to apply for tenders at the office of the above-named Companies,

323 California St., San Francisco.
ARTHUR E. MAGILL, General Agent.
JAS. W. WHITING, City Agent.

Hunyadi LAXATIVE. THE BEST AND CHEAPEST János

"THE RICHEST OF NATURAL APERIENT WATERS."
Baron Liebig.
"SPEEDY, SURE & GENTLE."
Dr. Roberts, Univ. Coll. Hosp., London, England.

Ordinary Dose, a Wineglassful before breakfast. Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.
NONE GENUINE BUT WITH THE BLUE LABEL.
For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.
No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
24 Post St., San Francisco
COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, PENMANSHIP AND TELEGRAPHY.
E. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.
☞ SEND FOR CIRCULAR. ☜

ALASKA
COMMERCIAL CO.
No. 310 SANSOME STREET,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

MARBLE WORKS.
MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, Colored ITALIAN, and Statuary Marbles, Monuments and Headstones. W. H. McCORMICK, 827 Market St.

$130,000
Paid in endowments to date. THE UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, incorporated August 8, 1881. Home office, 1038 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal. Issue certificates of endowment of $1,000 to $2,000, payable at marriage or maturity. Send for circulars and papers.
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

EDUCATIONAL.

BARNARD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE. Diploma of Mechanics' Institute Fair, 1883, Awarded to this College. Send for Circular. 37 POST STREET, S. F.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL for GIRLS
Will re-open Monday, August 3d.
Temporary location, 1001 Sutter Street, corner of Hyde.

PRIVATE INSTRUCTION
In the English Branches. Bookkeeping and Accounts. Preparations for Examinations a specialty. Call 4 to 8 P. M. B. L. BROWN, 313 Geary Street.

DR. LORYEA'S
NEW HAMMAM
218 POST STREET.

The best and most luxurious Turkish, Russian, Electric, and Medicated Bath House in the city. Open day and night. Single tickets for $1, or twelve tickets for $10. My old tickets good.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
BOOTS AND SHOES
Made to order by
W. F. MEAGHER,
111 Geary St., near Dupont, San Francisco.
Stage and Wedding Shoes of Louis XV. a specialty.

INVENTORS' INSTITUTE,
105 STOCKTON STREET,
Corner of O'Farrell.
PATENTS PROCURED FOR $65, AND PATENTS Negotiated. Send for particulars.

Contract for Fall and Winter Supply
....OF....
COAL.
For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street. Telephone 308.

STORAGE.
Furniture and Pianos, Trunks, Paintings, Mirrors, Carpets, Ornaments,
And other goods received for storage and safe keeping. Goods stored in clean, light, dry lofts. Charges moderate, advances made, insurance effected. California Storage Warehouse, No. 722 MISSION ST., next to the Grand Opera House. THOS. H. ROONEY & CO.

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS
And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,
415 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco

OIL STOVES
NEW A & W MONARCH C for 1884.
Don't buy till you see it!
Or send for Circular.
JNO. F. MYERS & CO.
869 Market Street,
San Francisco.

CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 29th day of October, 1883, an assessment (No. 15) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the second (2d) day of December, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the twenty-third day of December, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco California. Location of works, Virginia Mining Distsict, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 22d day of October, 1884, an assessment (No. 80) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the 26th day of November, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the fifteenth day of December, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

E. L. PARKER, Secretary.

Office—Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

JOE POHEIM,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Makes the best-fitting clothes in the State at 25 per cent. less than any other tailor in the city.

Business Pants made to order from..$ 6.00
Business Suits from..... 25.00
Dress Pants from..... 8.00
Dress Suits from..... 30.00

Other garments in proportion. The best of workmanship and trimming guaranteed. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free to any address on application to

JOE POHEIM,
203 Montgomery, 724 Market,
1110 & 1112 Market, and 11 & 13 Turk St.

C. P. R. R.

Commencing at noon of November 1, 1884, Ferries and Trains will be run by
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME,
As furnished by Messrs. RANDOLPH & CO., 101 Montgomery Street, San Francisco. The new standard will be ten (10) minutes faster than San Francisco local time.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen'l Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass. and Tkt Agt.
J. C. STUBBS, Gen'l Traffic Manager.

SAN FRANCISCO
PLATING WORKS.
Every description of METAL GOODS plated with
Gold, Silver, Nickel, Bronze, etc.
Old work refinished, repaired, and plated equal to new.
653 and 655 Mission Street,
Between New Montgomery and Third, San Francisco, Cal.
E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.

CALIFORNIA
ELECTRO PLATING WORKS,
657 MISSION STREET,
Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating on all Metals.
Table Ware repaired and plated at the lowest rates. Copper Plates silver plated for saving gold. All work in our line guaranteed. KEATING & FAGAN, Proprietors.

W. R. STRONG & CO.
SACRAMENTO.




Wholesale Fruit and Commission Dealers.
Consignments solicited.

FINE
Suits, $25. TAILORING Suits, $30.
Immense Reductions at J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny St.
Suits, $40. TAILORING Suits, $50.
Cheapest House, J. S. HAND'S, 314 Kearny Street.
Suits, $60. TAILORING Suits, $70.
J. S. HAND, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 314 Kearny Street.

VICTOR ROTARY
TRICYCLE.
All parts interchangeable. One machine fits a whole family.
OVER 60,000 IN USE.
Faster than walking. Safer than horses.
GEO. H. STRONG, Agent,
Office of Dewey & Co., 252 Market St.

CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS.
MONOGRAMS, Arms, Crests, Wedding, Reception and Visiting Cards designed, engraved, and printed; lot Papeterie; Albums at great bargain. ROBERTS, 10 Post St., Masonic Temple.
CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS.

WALL PAPERS,
FRESCOING,
INTERIOR DECORATING
WINDOW SHADES.
G. W. CLARK & CO.
645 and 647 MARKET STREET.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Saturday, Nov. 1, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‡8.00 A.M. | ..Byron and Martinez..... | ¶6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " " " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa..... | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Delta, Redding, and Portland. | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Deming, El Paso} Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {and East.....} Emigrant .. | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Galt and Ione, via Livermore... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ..Galt, via Martinez ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ..Kaight's Landing..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Los Angeles and South..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | {Merced, Madera, } ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Fresno, and Tulare} ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Marysville and Chico..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Mojave and East} Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {" " } Emigrant..... | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " ..... | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | {Ogden and} Express..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {East.....} Emigrant..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {Red Bluff } via Marysville.. | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {and Tehama} via Woodland... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers... | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José..... | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Stockton & *Milton via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ..Stockton, via Martinez..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | ..Virginia City..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 8.00 A. M. meets Pacific Express from Ogden at Vallejo Junction; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. meets Pacific Express from El Paso and Mojave at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

¶ Daily from Martinez. Sundays only from Byron.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier)**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

**To EAST OAKLAND**—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

**To FRUIT VALE**—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

**To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)**—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

**To ALAMEDA**—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

**To BERKELEY**—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

**To WEST BERKELEY**—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

**From FRUIT VALE**—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23 *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23 *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

**From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)**—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

**From EAST OAKLAND**—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.37, 8.37, 9.37, 10.57.

**From BROADWAY, Oakland**—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

**From ALAMEDA**—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

**From BERKELEY**—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

**From WEST BERKELEY**—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDELPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 25 and 27 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.


NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

BROAD GAUGE.

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..... Watsonville..... | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.00 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
‡ Theatre train; Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—Sold SUNDAY MORNING, good for return same day.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, September 22, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—9.00, 11.15 A. M., 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P. M. To Saucelito, 7.30 A. M.

(Sundays)—8.00, 10.15 A. M., 1.30, 5.30 P. M. To Saucelito only, 11.30 A. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.45, 9.00 A. M., 12.15, 3.15, 4.50 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.55, 10.15 A. M., 3.30, 4.50 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 9.30 A. M., 1.00, 3.30, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.30, 10.50 A. M., 12.00 M., 4.00, 6.05 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 2.15 P. M.

**11.15 A. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAIN for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through train from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 1.30 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning arrives in S. F. at 6.40 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.





**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.**

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 2 o'clock P. M. for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| Steamer | 1884. | From San Francisco |
|---|---|---|
| **Arabic** | **Tuesday, November 11th** | |
| **San Pablo** | **Thursday, December 18th** | |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Rio de Janeiro** .....**November 22**
**City of Tokio** .. .....**December 6**

At 2 o'clock P. M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Blas** .....**November 15**

At ten o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, SAN BLAS, MANZANILLO, and ACAPULCO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA and LA LIBERTAD, and via ACAPULCO for other Mexican and Central American ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Australia**...Saturday, November 22, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on Nov. 7th, 15th, and 23d, and December 1st, and every eighth day thereafter. The last steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 3000-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

ALAMEDA...SATURDAY, November 15th, at 3 P. M.
MARIPOSA.....MONDAY, December 1st, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

**THE**

## AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**

Office, 208 California Street.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER, J. W. PORTER. Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President;
James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital.....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremon National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

## NATIONAL ASSURANCE COMPANY OF IRELAND.

**ESTABLISHED.....A. D. 1822**

Authorized Capital.....$10,000,000
Subscribed Capital..... 5,000,000

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

**Office, 309 Sansome St., San Francisco.**

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.** Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation** Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company** Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company** Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St. San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

# RUBBER HOSE

—FOR—

**Gardens, Mills, Mines, & Fire Departments,**

Manufactured and for sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard (Maltese Cross) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose (Competition), Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire Engine Hose, Carbolized Maltese Cross Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

**FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.**

**JOHN W. TAYLOR, - - - Manager.**

**No. 15 First Street, near Market.**

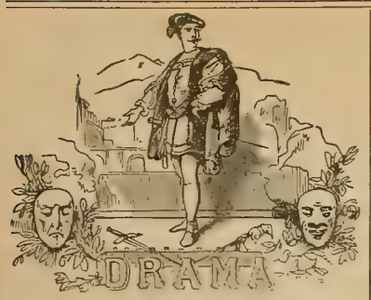
**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**

## THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**
**36 California Street, San Francisco**
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.




This pretty opera of "La Mascotte," with the swinging rhythm of its legend and the tricksy nonsense of its love duet, has all the charm of a veritable talisman, and the singers like to sing it as well as the people like to hear it. We have had it under many and various conditions in San Francisco, from the humble beginning at the Winter Garden, when, as now, the Rocco shone down the Lorenzo, up to the quite resplendent production at the Bush Street Theatre on Wednesday night.

We have had prima donnas array themselves in every fantastic conception of a peasant girl's dress, from the embroidered conventional splendors of the Bernese to the picturesque, meaningless rags of Fay Templeton; but we have never had anything like the real article of peasant until Dora Wiley came clattering in, in a pair of wooden sabots, with a pair of honest, gray, worsted legs to match set sturdily into them, and without the inevitable fleck of color, a red handkerchief or sash to relieve her white cotton smock or her gray cotton skirt. It is a very honest dress, for, excepting in the strictly allowable pigments upon her face, there is not a dash of coquetry. Your wholesome, hard-worked peasant, come she from where she may, has little time for perking, except to go to mass on Sundays. Travelers relate that one must go far into the byways nowadays to find any distinctive costumes among the peasantry of any land, and, when found, they are invariably adapted to their work.

Those living by the sea always wear dark blue. In Japan, the very home of color, the entire nation seems to be clad in the tint of the sea which surrounds their little island, for it is the uniform of the working masses who cluster so thickly in the narrow streets, while those who revel in color live luxuriously and unseen in-doors.

On the New England coast a blue flannel shirt is the principal item of the outfit of every member of a whaling fleet. In Normandy the fisher folk dress all in dark blue, men, matrons, and maids. The women keep whatever touch of vanity heaven has implanted in them for the disposition of their clean, characteristic coifs. In the lowlands of Holland and the vineyards of France, wherever the tilling of the soil is the industry of the country, the workmen's blouses and the women's petticoats are of the color of the soil, for stern necessity holds us all in its grip the world over, and the peasant, in toning the color of his dress to the background of his life, is doing no more than the woman in society, who always wears black silk, the unmistakable uniform of genteel poverty keeping up appearances. It is only in the mountains, the free, high-reaching mountains, that the peasant still is picturesque.

In the Scottish Highlands, in the hills of Hungary, in the mountains of Bohemia, of Tyrol, of Switzerland, wherever the huntsman and the forester are guarding the trees and chasing the deer, you will find the green of the mountain firs in their garments, the plumage of the mountain birds in their hats, with the red of the snow-flower or the Christmas berry in a waistcoat, or a sash, or a neck scarf. And as in the march of civilization, the tourist may swoop down upon the lowlands, but must climb up the mountains, the peasant huntsman of the hill will be the last to take on the uniform of the London tailors.

The sabots which Dora Wiley wears, not unbecomingly, have almost disappeared, except from the mud-flats of Holland and the wet sands of Normandy. Yet it is not easy to place the location of "La Mascotte," for if Dora Wiley is an honest, cotton-clad, real-looking little peasant, Carleton is a splendid creature in that line never to be found out of opera bouffe.

It is very evident that "La Mascotte" is Carleton's favorite opera in his repertoire, and Pippo his favorite rôle. Alack and alas! that it should be so, for it is the degradation of an artist; but, if he himself is willing to come down from his pinnacle, we who benefit by the descent in this individual performance should not complain. He has, at least, entered upon the descent *con amore*.

Not to put too fine a point upon it, Mr. Carleton has tittivated. Not only are his costumes a succession of beautiful things, but he has beautified himself as carefully as a girl might. The eastward and westward slopes of his mustache are curled to the very exactitude of a curve; his complexion is heightened to the very delicacy of a tint; his fifteenth century wig—what a pity there is not a better word to describe the hirsute glory of so radiant a creature—has just the right glint of the sun in its brown. In short, he is beautiful exceedingly with opera bouffe beauty. Yet one can not help but sigh that an artist who might be great as Don Giovanni should come down to be "lovely" as Pippo.

Pippo, by the way, being a shepherd, is but a country bumpkin. But do you think this dashing singer remembers that? Not so; for, when he is made duke of something or other, with a lordly income from the dog-tax, his honor sits as lightly and becomingly upon him as though he were born to the purple, and had worn that crimson velvet, gold-trimmed doublet all his life.

But if Mr. Carleton has made himself beautiful, he has also beautified every one else.

The production in its entirety is the very best performance of the familiar "Mascotte" that we have ever had. True, this is the first Lorenzo we have had who has not been the very ecstasy of badness. Mr. Adolphi is a pretty bad actor. He has the worst faults of Max Freeman, of whom he is stongly reminiscent, grossly exaggerated. He stutters and stammers, puffs and blows over-acts and over-exerts himself. When he forgets his lines—as he did in the "Mascotte" he composes some for himself. In such cases his shaky English is of such a character as to sound like the incoherent ramblings of an irresponsible party at three o'clock in the morning. He is clumsy, heavy, and thoroughly German in his style, but he is not the clownish buffoon who raises one's intellectual gorge that the others all were. He bears the marks of experience, and he is willing sometimes to yield half the stage to Rocco, which no other Lorenzo has done before.

Golden is the prince of extravaganza. As the Marquis Sebastiani he floated through the upper air in this line, and it was a light and fanciful creation. As Farmer Rocco, his feet are solidly set in the plow rigs, and his fun coarser and more broadly amusing. He does whatever he lists, and he lists the most deliciously absurd things that ever crossed a comedian's mind. Withal, he is not entirely original. He has picked up scraps of fun from Crane, John T. Raymond, Nat Goodwin, and perhaps, as a twin, from Harry Dixey. But there is a big golden background, and he understands to a nicety the trick of being sudden. He is the life of "La Mascotte," for, as usual, every one else in the little company is rather grave.

It is well sung, and bears every mark of having been rehearsed. The chorus girls are a perfect delight in the exactitude of their drill, and set off their handsome costumes well—for every costume is handsome, excepting Clara Wisdom's. That is rich enough, but yellow feathers and red hair are an unbecoming combination on this handsome girl, whose manifest duty and business it is always to look her best. She should change either the hair or the feathers.

Miss Rose Beaudet, as Fiametta, has a good deal of dash without any style, and does a good deal of singing without any voice, but fills in well.

It is perhaps the right filling in the general symmetry of the little troupe that has made them so popular. People could have endured another week or two of them with admirable patience. They want to hear Rip Van Winkle, they want to hear Alfa Norman again, they want more of Jessie Bartlett Davis, they want another laugh, a new wrinkle of Richard Golden's, for his characters are each and every one vastly different; but they can not have what they want, and probably this is precisely the mood in which Carleton would select to leave this public.

It is rather curious to go back to see a play almost a month after the first seeing, and reflect that these people have been going through the performance every night ever since. And yet one can find scarcely a shadow of change. It is true, Miss Enid Leslie has gone away and been replaced by Miss Calvert as Mary, but the change is comparatively unimportant. The inflection of every voice is just the same; people stand, move, and walk exactly as they did a month ago. Few even have taken the trouble to correct their faults or improve their excellence. Mr. Frank Weston alone has accepted a suggestion. He no longer carries himself rigidly and immovably, both his eyes fixed straight in front of him to represent blindness. He now turns, as the blind do, toward the person to whom he is speaking, without looking them in the face. The change makes him much more natural and infinitely less painful. Effie Ellsler is a very good actress, who is going about wasting her time for lack of a repertoire. She is distinctly unfitted for the part of Pauline, which she plays only with a pleasant intelligence, and belongs in a small groove of plays. She is physically circumscribed, and her intellectual gamut is short, but in that gamut she is very capable. We shall miss her in "The Private Secretary," for no one has been sent to take her place. Mr. J. N. Long's name in capitals seems to indicate that this farce is for the benefit of a male star. The Baldwin, further, is more abundantly supplied with male than female actors, as "Called Back" has developed. Mr. Wessels is still having a glorious time at playing Macari. His accent is a trifle thicker, and his gestures a shade more acrobatic. It becomes more and more evident that he has not taken the pains to read the book, where Macari is described as a man who speaks English so well that it is difficult to believe him an Italian. Charley Reed's Italian accent is very much better than Wessels's, to say nothing of the Italian expression of his hair. One really prefers Reed's Macari in silhouette to Wessels's villain in basso relievo. If the stage manager would persuade this actor that as an intaglio he would be a finer piece of art, it would help him infinitely, if he is to continue to be a member of the stock company. There is really good stuff in him for melodrama, but he requires a preliminary system of persistent crushing.

George Osborne should put off his Siberian rags with real regret, for he and the scenery have carried this very excellent production of "Called Back."

BETSY B.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Henry Irving went on the stage twenty-eight years ago.

Manager Hayman leaves for the East on November 11th.

Miss Ellie Wilton is playing in Bartley Campbell's "The Galley Slave," at the People's Theatre, New York.

James B. Polk's company starts out November 23d with two new pieces—one by the author of "The Strategists."

On the the evening of November 12th, Signor Baldanza will be the recipient of a farewell benefit at Platt's Hall.

Joaquin Miller's new play, "Tally Ho!" is founded on incidents in the life of Hank Monk, the celebrated stage-driver of the Sierra.

Next week, at the Minstrels, will be produced Charley Reed's farce, "Out All Night," and a new afterpiece, entitled "The Two Tramps."

The late Edward Sothern's youngest son, George, has adopted the stage as a profession, and is playing in "The Private Secretary," in England.

Henry E. Abbey, Charles Coglan, and Mrs. Langtry have formed a partnership for the management of the Princess' Theatre, London, which will be opened January 1st. Mrs. Langtry's dates in this country having been canceled.

Miss Jefireys-Lewis, having made a bad failure in Australia, is coming back to America. She plays four weeks in this city and then goes direct to New York.

Covent Garden Theatre, London, has been leased for a circus. This is regarded as one of the many death blows at Italian opera in the capital of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight are the latest additions to the ranks of those who have a version of "The Private Secretary." Moreover, they intend producing it.

Alice Harrison is advertising in the dramatic papers for an engagement, there being no room for her in "Skipped by the Light of the Moon," which is making her brother rich.

Manager Hayman's lease of the Baldwin Theatre terminates with the year. No announcements have been made as to who will succeed him. It is to be hoped he succeeds himself.

Lillian Russell's real husband is suing her for a divorce. He is the Braham who leads the orchestra at Harrigan & Hart's theatre, and writes all the songs which have half made the fortune of that theatre.

Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis has a younger sister traveling with her who is a member of the Carleton chorus. It is not difficult to pick her out, owing to a strong family resemblance. The resemblance in voice has not yet been tested.

Emma Abbott says she always has her dresses cut with five seams in front, both for economy and shapeliness. But this was said last year. Since then she has been to Paris, and bought seven death dresses from a death specialist.

Henry Irving is playing very unsuccessfully in the East. He killed a goose that would have laid golden eggs by canceling his engagements throughout the West, where they had not seen him, and were willing to pay for that privilege.

The Chicago *News Letter* says that young Chanfrau's attempt to take his father's place was an undoubted failure. Mrs. Henrietta Chanfrau will therefore fill the dates made vacant by her husband's death, Manager C. W. Tayleure having made arrangements to that effect.

The beautiful Maud Branscombe is very ill, and there are doubts of her recovery. A few years ago this announcement would have caused consternation among the photographers, but her looks have been gone for three years, and she has not faced a camera during that time.

"The Private Secretary," which is to be produced at the Baldwin Theatre next week, will be followed in December by W. E. Sheridan in "The Fool's Revenge" and "Enoch Arden"; after which, Rose Eytinge will fill out the month with Trumble and Searle's new play, "Aunt Emily."

When Miss Clara Wisdom was here with the Comley-Barton troupe, she was pointed out as a young girl of sixteen, who was growing so rapidly that they feared she was going to develop into a giantess. She has not grown any upward since then, but she is still a pretty, tidy youngster, considering that she is not yet twenty.

Every one wondered what had become of Richard Golden's English accent when he appeared as Rocco the other night. No one seemed to recognize his portrait of an old Maine farmer with a single perilous gallus and a chronic chaw of tobacco. He dropped the character quite hastily now and then, but resumed the Yankee twang whenever it occurred to him.

"The furthest and utmost departure from skirts that I have seen," says Clara Belle, "is in the burlesque 'Adonis,' at the Bijou Opera House, where the chorus at one juncture appear in tights from neck to heels, with not so much as a square inch of relieving fullness at any intermediate point. But the color is a dead black, and so the effect is not what it would be if the hue were that of flesh."

"The Private Secretary," which comes on at the Baldwin next Monday evening, has had three-weeks' careful rehearsal. Mr. Eberle says it goes as smoothly as if the piece had been played for a week. The play will be produced with new scenery and appointments. Mr. J. N. Long, from the Madison Square Theatre, plays the rôle of the Secretary. He has also superintended the rehearsals.

Patti's letters to America are all filled with a longing for a sight of the Cliff House at San Francisco. She and Nicolini made a pilgrimage to the seal rocks every morning during their stay in San Francisco. Patti was too mad to go to Paris to get her dresses, but retained presence of mind and temper enough to have them sent to her in a box. She will be here again during the Lenten season.

Miss Flora Livingstone has been playing Lady Dolly, in "Moths," in New York, to the intense disgust of the New York critics. She wears the brown brocaded velvet costume in which she traveled to Szarisla, in this city; but even that has not melted their flinty hearts, though it cost seven hundred American dollars in Paris. Miss Livingstone wants to know what the critics expect of Lady Dolly, that a dress at this figure does not fill the bill.

Among the printed rules of the Waco (Texas) Opera House are these: "No gentleman without a coat will be admitted to any part of the house." "Only those who deport themselves as gentlemen will be permitted to remain in the house." "The management would further request that any gentleman, finding it absolutely necessary to his happiness to use tobacco during a performance, will please not expectorate on the floor or carpets. By notifying an usher he can secure the use of a cuspidor."

It is rumored in Philadelphia that a reconciliation is about to be effected between Mr. and Mrs. John McCullough. It is not probable that they will ever resume their suspended relations, but Mrs. McCullough has sent word to her husband's friends that her home is probably the best place for him for the present, and that she is anxious to give him shelter and care until he is restored to himself. No steps have yet been taken, however, to send him there. Mrs. McCullough lives in the suburbs of Philadelphia.

At one time the movements of great actors were chronicled as events of great importance. They were superseded by the playwrights, but the presumption of the minions of literature was shortly squelched, and they passed into oblivion. For a time, a long time, the manager rode on the high wave of notoriety. He was photographed, advertised, cultivated. His reign as an object of interest was long and prosperous, but he is in his turn eclipsed. The only man of any consequence at present in the dramatic profession is the rehearser.

A small, dark, fat, much-bewrinkled, and musty-looking little old woman, dressed with peculiar style, went into Delmonico's to lunch the other day. A Californian sitting at one of the adjacent tables was asked how he thought she looked, but did not remember having ever seen her before. He was one of an enthusiastic crowd of admirers who had sat in the front row of the orchestra when she played "Madame l'Archiduc," for her benefit, at the Grand Opera House, a very few years ago, in a dress of fabulous richness. But he could detect in this wrinkled little old woman no trace of the once brilliant Marie Aimée.

The New Yorkers have not yet discovered that Giannini sings better with Peri than with Damerini, owing to a sympathetic something in the air. They absurdly prefer Damerini because she is the better artist, and have already discovered the fact that Peri does not know how to sing. We did the same thing, but we always overlooked the trifle because we liked her. Giannini is reported to have sung one hundred and sixty times during the last six months, and is said to be in need of a rest. The company are apparently getting business-like in America, for they struck the manager for three thousand dollars the other day without saying a word to Gamboge, Burnt Sienna & Lampblack.

Miss Rose Beaudet, of the Carleton opera troupe, is a Californian, and a graduate of the Tivoli. The Tivoli is the only comic opera school in this country, and its graduates are quite freely scattered through the profession. Miss Helene Dingeon, the present prima donna at the Tivoli, outranks as a musician any American comic opera prima donna before the public. She is a better singer than Lily Post, Alice Oates, Dora Wiley, Catharine Lewis, Mathilde Cotrelly, or any of the lesser stars. It is only because she is lacking as an actress that she has not made greater headway. She retains her present position only because her parents desire her not to leave San Francisco.

Mapleson is sending out his prospectus to California, which means that he will be here before long. He announces six soprani. The only two names well known are Adelina Patti and Emma Nevada. The last-named lady comes third on the list, after Mademoiselle Dotti. Adelina Patti is to resurrect three operas in which she has not sung for a number of years—"La Figlia del Reggimento," "Don Pasquale," and "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." It is announced that in this production of "La Figlia del Reggimento" the entire original music will be sung for the first time in the United States. Emma Nevada will make her first appearance in Delibes's opera of "Lakmé." It is confidently feared in New York that Mademoiselle Dotti will sing Gilda in "Rigoletto," and Galassi has been left in Italy.

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

**Bills and Casts for Week ending November 8th.**

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill: Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr's "Called Back." Cast same as before.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Bill, Monday and Tuesday, Offenbach's "Drum Major's Daughter." Cast as before. Remainder of week Audran's "La Mascotte." Cast as follows:

Bettina, Miss Dora Wiley; Fiametta, Miss Rose Beaudet; Angelo, Miss Clara Wisdom; Luigi, Miss Young; Paola, Miss Bartlett; Antonio, Miss Schroeder; Marco, Miss Boynton; Pippo, W. T. Carleton; Prince Lorenzo, G. Adolphi,; Rocco, R. Golden; Prince Frederick, Alonzo Hatch; Matteo, Ed. Horan; Sergeant, F. Ridsdale; The Doctor, F. Doud.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Closed during the week.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance," and Offenbach's "Marriage by Lantern." Cast for "Pirates" as follows:

Mabel, Miss Helene Dingeon; Ruth, Miss Tillie Valerga; Kate, Miss Pease; Edith, Miss Marchi; Isabel, Miss Wilson; Richard, M. Cornell; Samuel, Harry Neiman; Frederick, T. W. Eckert; Major General Stanley, Harry Gates: Sergeant of Police, E. N. Knight.

Cast for "Marriage by Lantern" as follows:

Peter, R. D. Valerga; Lisa, Miss Kate Marchi; Kate, Miss Hattie Moore; Fanchette, Miss Helene Dingeon; Night Watchman, Harry Robinson.

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—F. W Stechhan, Manager. Standard Minstrel Company, as follows:

Charley Reed, J. Carroll Johnson, John Robinson, Crandall and Eastwood, Keegan and Wilson, Hooley and Thompson, W. S. Mullaly. The California Quartet—Morant, Wetter, Holland, and Wyatt. New Minstrel First Part. The local satire, "Fourth Ward Bon Tons."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Manager. Bill: "M'liss." Cast as follows:

M'liss, Ettie Blane; Clara Leroy, Miss Annie M. Ingham; Clytie Morpher, Miss Lillian Owen; Yuba Bill, E. T. Stetson; Charles Gray, O. Hosmer; Old Bummer Smith, Owen Dale; Rev. Joshua McSnagsley, T. J. Raynor; John Walters, Paul Craig; Morton, W. O'Neil; Dr. Duchesne, F. Belasco; Joe Sloman, W. Murray; Jack Brown, H. Reeves; Barkeeper, T. Dolan; Sheriff, E. Fredericks.

At the Baldwin, next week, "The Private Secretary."

At the Bush Street, next Monday, "Arrah-na-Pogue."

At the California, next week, nothing has been announced.

At the Tivoli, next week, "Pirates of Penzance" and "Marriage by Lantern" will be continued.

At the Grand Opera House, next week, George C. Miln, in "Hamlet," etc.

**CCCXXXV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, November 9, 1884.**

French Vegetable Soup.
Fried Clams, Cold Slaw.
Broiled Curlew, Currant Jelly.
Green Peas. Baked Egg-plant.
Roast Veal. Sweet Potatoes.
Tomato Salad.
Lemon Sponge. Fancy Cakes.
Apples, Pears, Peaches, Figs, Plums, and Grapes.

LEMON SPONGE.—The juice of four lemons, four eggs, one cupful of sugar, half a package of gelatine, one full pint of cold water. Soak the gelatine two hours in half a cupful of the water. Squeeze the lemons and strain the juice on the sugar. Beat the yolks of the eggs, and mix with the remainder of the water. Add the sugar and lemon to this, and cook in a double boiler until it begins to thicken; then add the gelatine. Strain this mixture into a tin basin, which place in a pan of ice-water; beat with an egg-beater occasionally, until it has cooled but not hardened; now add the unbeaten whites of the eggs, and beat until the mixture begins to thicken. Let it thicken almost to the point where it can not be poured, and then pour into a mold and set away to harden. Remember that the whites of the eggs must be added as soon as the mixture cools, which should be in about six or eight minutes, and that the mixture must be beaten until it begins to harden. The hardening is rapid after it commences, so that it will be necessary to have the molds all ready. The sponge will not be delicate and smooth if not poured into the molds. If, for any reason, the mixture should get too hard before pouring, set the basin in another of hot water, and let the sponge melt a little; then beat it up again. Serve with sugar and cream.

**Clearance Sale.**

The California Furniture Manufacturing Company have leased the Wigwam, corner of Stockton and Geary streets, for the week commencing November 10th, for a mammoth sale at auction of parlor, bed-room, library, drawing-room, and office furniture. Goods will be on exhibition Tuesday, November 11th. The sale will be conducted by E. S. Spear & Co., and will commence Wednesday, November 12th, and continue Thursday and Friday. Purchasers for the country can have their goods packed and shipped at cost. We will be prepared at our store to supply bedding or other goods they may need after the sale. This is a rare opportunity to furnish with the best custom-made goods at auction prices.

**The Latest Styles.**

Advices just received from New York and Paris show that all fashionable ladies wear the Parisian model corset and the Patti bustles and hoop-skirts. Crinoline and wire rival each other in popularity. Ladies are cordially invited to inspect the recent invoice of these goods at Freud's Corset House, Nos. 742 and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 Dupont Street. Miss Hannah Freud is now in New York city selecting the newest styles, and all patrons of Freud's Corset House are assured of getting the latest styles of corsets, hoop-skirts, and bustles of the lowest prices.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—LADIES' BAZAR PATTERNS, 215 Dupont St.

—Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

—C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

—THE LARGEST STOCK OF PEBBLES IN THE city. C. Muller, 135 Montgomery, near Bush.

**Filippe's Academy of Languages.**

Established 1871, has removed to more commodious and pleasant quarters, 702 Market Street, corner of Geary. Professor DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. "UNIQUE" method of acquiring foreign languages, where students have not the opportunity to practice. Fine library, and periodicals from Spain and France free to scholars.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**

SECOND CONCERT,

**FOURTH SEASON.**

**WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, NOV. 12, 1884,**

At 3 o'clock, at

PLATT'S HALL.

GRAND ORCHESTRA

**GUSTAVE HINRICHS, CONDUCTOR.**

Sale of seats begins at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store, on Monday, Nov. 10th.

Grand Rehearsal on Tuesday, Nov. 11th, at 12:30 P. M., at Platt's Hall.

**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,**

Eddy Street, near Market.

KRELING BROS.....Sole Proprietors and Managers

This evening and until further notice, Offenbach's charming operetta, in one act,

**MARRIAGE BY LANTERN,**

And Gilbert & Sullivan's comic opera, in two acts,

**PIRATES OF PENZANCE.**

Admission, 25 cents.....Reserved seats, 50 cents

ROLLER SKATING!

**GRAND PACIFIC**
**ROLLER SKATING RINK,**
**Corner Jones and Sutter Streets,**
**NOW OPEN.**

Daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and from 7:30 to 10 P. M. Thronged nightly with delighted and interested visitors. New Skates. New Floor. Most complete accommodations. Good Music. Healthy Recreation.

Admission, 25 cents; skates (extra evenings only) 15 cts. No children under sixteen allowed to skate at night.

MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 10th, Second Grand One-Mile Race for gold and silver medals.

Music by Second Artillery Regiment Band.

J. B. KEYS, Proprietor.

**REMOVAL.**

**MRS. DR. BEIGHLE** has removed to 618 EDDY STREET. **Galvanic Healer—Natural Battery.** Diagnosis without questioning. Hours, 1 to 4; Ladies and Children only.

**CRAPE.**

Old and Faded Crape Veils and Bonnets RE-DYED and FINISHED LIKE NEW at the

**PALACE DYE WORKS,**

633 Market Street, Palace Hotel.

STORE YOUR FURNITURE

**Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.**

BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH

**J. H. MOTT & CO.,**

**735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco**

Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.




**FOR NINE DAYS ONLY,**

**The Toby Rosenthal Exhibition of Paintings:**

**"Marmion"** (the Trial of Constance de Beverley), **"Elaine," "A Seminary Alarmed," "Affection's Last Offering," "The Exile's Return," "Joys and Sorrows of Spring," "Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire," "The Taking of the Malakoff,"**

will be on view to the public at the galleries of the SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION, 430 Pine Street, from

**Thursday, November 13, till Saturday, November 22.**

Tickets may be had from SHERMAN, CLAY & CO., SNOW & CO., or at the GALLERY, 430 Pine Street. Gallery open from 8 o'clock A. M. till 10 P. M. **TAKE YOUR OPERA GLASSES.**

GREAT FREE

EXHIBITION

**ICHI BAN**

**20, 22, and 24 Geary Street.**

.....OF THE.....

ARTS AND MANUFACTURES

.....OF THE.....

# JAPANESE EMPIRE

**Established to introduce to the world the wonderful skill of the JAPANESE in the manufacture of USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL ARTICLES for house furnishing and decorating. The public is cordially invited to inspect this wonderful collection. COME OFTEN. BRING YOUR FRIENDS. ASK QUESTIONS. DO NOT PURCHASE. EVERYBODY WELCOME.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**20, 22, & 24 GEARY ST.**

SACHS, PRUDEN & CO.'S

# FAMOUS GINGER ALE.

This celebrated Ginger Ale is known everywhere, and is as popular in the cold-water districts of Maine as it is in the home of the soft-flowing Bourbon, or on the vine-clad hills of California. Put up in quart bottles. No family should be without it. For sale everywhere. John T. Cutting & Co., Sole Agents, 116 Front Street, San Francisco.

THE SIERRA MADRE VILLA HOTEL,

LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CAL.,

**Is located on the south side of the Sierra Madre Mountains, one thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea.**

**ABOVE THE FOGS OF SEA AND VALLEY.**

It is in the midst of an ORANGE GROVE, overlooking the beautiful San Gabriel Valley. For comfort, a pleasant home, good living, PURE AIR, and sparkling mountain water, it has no rival. The Villa is fourteen miles from Los Angeles, and is reached by rail to within four miles, at San Gabriel station, where the stage meets all trains from East or West. Address by mail to San Gabriel, Cal., P. O., or telegraph to Villa.

**W. GARDNER COGSWELL, Manager.** **W. COGSWELL, Proprietor.**



FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR

—AND—

**CLOTH OF GOLD**

CIGARETTES.

Our Cigarettes cannot be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883.

**13 First Prize Medals Awarded.** **WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

**KNABE PIANOS**

"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*

**A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St., S.F.,** Sole Agents.

ELITE BOUQUET

—AND—

**PECK'S PREMIUM PERFUMES,**

**(ALL ODORS).**

GERSTER GLOVES!

**Elegant, Perfect-fitting, and Durable,**

....AT....

**I. KEINER'S, 32 KEARNY ST.**

**REMOVAL.**

**EDWARD E. OSBORN, Patent Solicitor,** United States and Foreign, has removed to 220 Sansome Street, Rooms 10, 11, and 12, San Francisco.

**COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION,**

**Phelan's Building, Rooms 6, 8, 9, 10, 11.**

**Entrance, 806 Market Street.** Gas Specialists: positively extract teeth without pain; only office that makes and gives the celebrated "Colton Gas;" established in 1863; over 15,000 references; also, performs all operations in Dentistry.

**NOVEMBER STYLES.**

BUTTERICK'S

**Patterns and J. F. Ingalls' Illustrated Books** for Ladies' Fancy Work, Kensington Embroidery, Crochet and Knitted Lace, Patchwork, etc. **H. A. DEMING, Agent, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**

FALL STYLE HATS

Now ready and introduced by

HERRMANN THE HATTER.

**The Largest Hat Store on the Coast.**

**332, 336 KEARNY STREET,**

Between Bush and Pine Streets, San Francisco.

☞ Steam Factory connected with Establishment at 17 Belden St. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free.

**THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!**

**The Light-running**

"HOUSEHOLD"

**SEWING MACHINE.**



Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFERS, which is equivalent to **three months' trial.**

**Samuel Hill Estate**

CITY SALES ROOMS,

**634 Market St.**

Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

**FINEST PHOTOS IN THE CITY**

....AT THE....

IMPERIAL GALLERY,

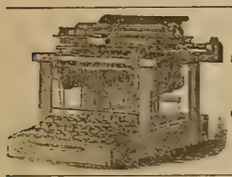
**724½ Market Street.**




See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

**J. W. EVANS,**
General Agent, 29 Post Street.

---



**Remington**
STANDARD
**Type-Writer.**
Again improved and perfected. See them.
G. G. WICKSON & CO.,
539 Market St.,
Opp. Sansome, S. F.

---

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
Commission Merchants,
San Francisco,
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
Liberal advances made on consignments.

---

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

---

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
General Shipping and Commission
MERCHANTS,
309 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

---

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
Shipping and Commission Merchants
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

---

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

---

Steinway & Son's, Kranich & Bach, | Ernest Gabler, and C. Roenisch
**PIANOS!**
**M. GRAY, 206 POST ST.,**
SAN FRANCISCO.

---

**CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY**
OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET.
Works.....Potrero.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

---

**JOHN MIDDLETON,**
**COAL.**
14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.

---

**ROOFS.** SEND YOUR ORDERS EARLY for repairs to H. G. FISKE, THE PIONEER ROOFER.
827 Market Street, opposite Stockton.

---

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
**TILES**
For Decorations.
**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO**
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

---

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

---

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
**HENRY F. MILLER**
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
**HEMME & LONG**
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
**PIANOS!**
**WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.**
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.

---

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**

We beg to inform the trade that we have made arrangements with MESSRS. CANTRELL & COCHRANE for regular monthly shipments of their world-renowned Non-Alcoholic beverages, which we offer in bond or duty paid, in lots to suit.

**AROMATIC GINGER ALE.**
An agreeable aromatic beverage, pleasantly flavored and sweetened. The carminative properties of the Jamaica Ginger render this at once a pleasant liqueur and a cordial tonic beverage, which may be taken at any time and in any weather.

**SPARKLING MONTSERRAT.**
With the pleasant acidity of the Lime Fruit, it combines an aromatic flavor and that proper measure of sweetness which make certain fruits so grateful to the palate and so refreshing to the system.

**CLUB SODA**
(Protected by registration) was originally prepared by Messrs. Cantrell & Cochrane for the use of clubs, and has now become the favorite form of this popular beverage.

**LIME JUICE SYRUP.**
This Syrup posesses all the Anti-Scorbutic and other well-known properties of Lime Juice, which, according to medical testimony, keeps the body in a healthy state.

**ALFRED GREENEBAUM & CO.,**
123 California Street, Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.
MESSRS. HAWKINS & CANTRELL, BELFAST & DUBLIN, Ireland.

---

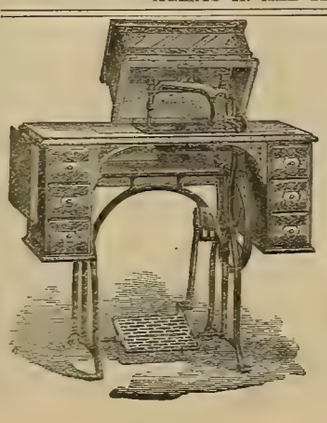
**ICHI BAN**

FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

---

**FIREMANS FUND**
**INSURANCE COMPANY**
OF CALIFORNIA.
THE LARGEST PACIFIC COAST COMPANY.
CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - $750,000
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1883, - - - - $1,500,000
AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

---



Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
[303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

---

**UNEXCELLED!**
Ask your Grocer for
ARCTIC REFRIGERATOR HAMS,
ROYAL BREAKFAST BACON
ROYAL LEAF LARD.
All Guaranteed Choice Family Goods.

---



PRICE'S SAN LEANDRO
**VILLAGE PHAETON, $135.**
Without Top, $110.
Lightness, Elegance, and Durability combined. Guaranteed to ride as smooth as the best four-wheeled vehicle.
Sold subject to approval on arrival. Send for catalogue.
TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., San Francisco.
JACOB PRICE, San Leandro.

---

**PARAISO SPRINGS.**
OPEN ALL THE YEAR.
A Paradise in Winter Time for Tourists.
The curative properties of these Hot Soda and Sulphur Baths are unexceled and are recommended by all physicians. Terms reduced for the winter months. For circulars, terms, and all particulars, address
J. P. REEVE, Proprietor Paraiso Springs, Monterey County.

---

**KELSEY HOUSE.**
This well-known villa has changed hands and has been thoroughly renovated, and is now run in conjunction with the well-known Windsor House. The houses and cottages are situated on most beautiful and spacious grounds. Telephone communication. Cars pass every 7½ minutes; ten minutes' ride from the train. Apply to C. C. Wheeler, proprietor, at Windsor House, Ninth and Washington, or on the premises, cor. Telegraph Avenue and 24th St., Oakland.

---

**NOTICE.**
We have sold R. A. SWAIN & CO. all the stock and good-will of HATHAWAY & CO., No 16 Post Street.
P. N. LILIENTHAL,
W. H. CHICKERING,
Assignees of Hathaway & Co.

In connection with the above notice, we beg to inform the public that having purchased for cash and at a great bargain the
BANKRUPT STOCK
OF HATHAWAY & CO.
CONSISTING OF
Crockery, Glassware, China Fancy Goods, Plated Ware, Cutlery, etc.,
And having added to it largely from our wholesale stock,
Will re-open Monday, Oct. 13th,
For the sale of the stock at unprecedentedly low prices. The public are cordially invited to call and inspect our goods, and may be assured of polite attention.
**R. A. SWAIN & CO.**
THE OLDEST AND ONLY
American Crockery House
IN THE CITY,
16 Post St., 112 & 114 California St.

---

**PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.**
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers,
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

---

**GERMEA**
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. NO. 20. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 15, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: A Glance into the Future of San Francisco—A Long Period of Business Depression Predicted—The Causes of the Hard Times in 1854-8—And again at the Completion of the Central Pacific Railroad—Opposition to Railroads the Cause of the Anticipated Depression—The Lack of Commercial Sagacity among Our Merchants—The Demagogic Measures at the Extra Session of the Legislature—Efforts on the Part of our Merchants Necessary to Save San Francisco's Trade—By the Jealous Opposition to Railroads our Short-sighted Business Men have Cut Off their own Noses—The Attempts to Secure a Railroad Terminus in Mission Street Slough, and again at Goat Island, Defeated by San Francisco's Narrow-minded Policy—When Merchants See that their Interests and those of the Railroad are Identical we may Hope for Prosperity—Some After-thoughts on the Election—Many "Ifs" Considered—The Irish in the National Contest—The "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" Imposture—The Romish Church in Politics—The Local Bosses—And the Republican Boss in Particular—A Man without Courage, Capacity, or Power of Organization—The Degree of Success Received by his Candidates in the Recent Election—He will Soon Retire to his Polititical Grave—Who has Carried New York?—We Desire an Honest Count.....1-3

A DARING FICTION: By Hjalmar H. Boyesen..... 4

"JOHN BULL'S DAUGHTERS: A new Book by the Author of "John Bull and His Island"—Max O'Rell's Opinion of Mrs. and Miss Bull..... 5

THE ELECTION IN NEW YORK: "Flaneur" Catches the Echoes of the Storm—A Pen Picture of John Kelly—The Defeat of Tammany—What it Means..... 6

THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest..... 6

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People all Over the World..... 7

OLD FAVORITES: "The Confessional," by Robert Browning; "The Immolation of Constance de Beverley," by Sir Walter Scott..... 7

STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—Sheridan and his Son—Bismarck's Alarm-clock—Impromptu Definitions—Grand Ducal Etiquette..... 7

"LE SPORT" IN FRANCE: "Parisina" tells about Gay Hunters and Huntresses—Where they Hunt and How—The Proper Hunting Costume.... 8

BILL NYE'S BUDGET: A Matrimonial Ceremony—Musical Differences..... 8

VANITY FAIR: The Beautiful Philadelphia Women—The Decrease of Matrimonial Engagements—The Latest Craze in Hose—The Dancing Man—How some Young Men "Keep up Appearances"—The Beauties of Women who have Ruled the World—Economical Dressing—Stylish Servants—Fashionable Stockings..... 9

THE INNER MAN: A Prima Donna's Oyster Suppers—Count Rumford on Eating—Gladstone's Theories on Mastication..... 9

LITERARY NOTES: New Books—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—Ouida's Home at Florence—Rhoda Broughton's Appearance—The Property Right in Lord Lytton's Letters—Copyright in Max O'Rell's New Book—Clark Russell—The Success of the *Petit Journal*..... 10

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day..... 10

SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip..... 11

INTAGLIOS: "Kismet"; "The New Play"; "The Shadows"; "With the Gypsies"; "Antæus"; "Thought of the Hour"..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record. 14-15

Now that the election is over, it is important that our people should consider other than political matters, should consider other than foreign affairs, should review their own position, and look their own future steadily in the face. We are mistaken if the city of San Francisco is not upon the eve of a very great, and very serious, and very long continuing business depression; we are mistaken if we are not to have the third of the great reactions which have taken place in this city, during which time business will be seriously depressed, real property greatly depreciated, and the real progress of the city greatly retarded. After the sale of the water-lot property in the year 1854, San Francisco entered upon a period of commercial inactivity which did not terminate for a period of four years. This was a reaction from the prosperity which attended our immigration of 1849-50-1-2-3. Our placer mines were supposed to be exhausted, and, as the mountain towns depended largely upon mines for their population and business, after the surface placers began to decline the reaction soon followed, and for five years business was dull, property comparatively valueless in the city of San Francisco, and not until the mines had undergone a change, not until machinery, and deep digging, and gravel sluicing had taken the place of the rocker and the "long tom," when agricultural resources had come to be more fully developed, and the country had begun to reflect its prosperity upon the town, did the city of San Francisco begin to revive and recuperate from its despondent position. The reaction came in time, and came as the result of prosperous business in the country. Another period of great depression came at the time of the completion of the Central Pacific Railroad, and as the result of the building of that road. Up to that period nearly all the business of the State was conducted in the city, which had become the distributing point for passengers and merchandise. When the road was completed, the trade which had concentrated here and given us prosperity was distributed to other parts of the State. People going East had not of necessity to come to San Francisco to take the steamer; strangers, destined for the interior of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Arizona, were not necessarily compelled to come to the port of San Francisco to be distributed to their respective localities. A large part of the business which had formerly been done by deep-sea ships, as well as that of our inland waters, was now transferred to the rail; old channels of business were disturbed by the new distribution. We were disappointed in our anticipated immigration. In fact, all the promises of benefit from the completion of the road had been discounted, and the result was a complete and thorough reaction dating from the hour the golden spike was driven. It would have been to the greater injury of this city had not the railroad discriminated in favor of the long haul, which was San Francisco, the terminus of the road. The interests of the railroad people and the merchants were identical. This discrimination paid larger freights, and gave to our merchants the opportunity to handle merchandise and distribute it back to the interior and to the States and Territories of the Pacific Coast. Of this the interior merchants justly complained; and, strangely enough, the San Francisco merchants had neither the sense to appreciate nor the decency to be grateful for this discrimination. The cause of the depression that we anticipate grows out of the unreasonable and narrow-minded opposition of the Democracy to our system of railroads, and because the press and a majority of the people have encouraged the sentiment of opposition to capitalists, rich men, and enterprises that have been inaugurated for the benefit of this city. Toward the merchants of this city, we are especially indignant. In the just and proper sense—in the broader use of that term—with a few exceptions, there are no merchants in San Francisco; there are agents and middlemen, factors, hucksters, green-grocers, traders, and peddlers, but no merchants. There are but few manufacturers. There is no city in the world whose commercial community so lacks intelligence and enterprise. The highest ambition of our leading traders is to be "sole agents" for beers, baking powder, farming implements, and spool cottons, or to monopolize the sale of some useful article manufactured abroad and protected by patent. They have not had the sense to appreciate the advantages they have possessed; they are traders by accident, and not merchants by education; they are out here upon this frontier post, and have exhibited little enterprise; they began, as a rule, without capital. As a rule without brains, they were incapable of taking advantage of the opportunities offered by their location in this broad and productive empire. Without the sagacity to comprehend, and without the enterprise to seize the splendid commerce of this coast, or to prospect or develop the peculiar trade of the isles of the Pacific Ocean and of the vast commerce that belongs to this port—a trade stretching from Alaska and the arctic North down through Central America and its tropic climes to South America and Australia—many of them became rich in spite of themselves. It was no great trick of the early trader to swap his merchandise with the liberal and careless miner for gold-dust at forty per cent. profit; it demanded no great sagacity for the importer, banker, or dealer in general merchandise, during the time of the war, to enrich himself by the buying of his goods for greenbacks worth forty cents on the dollar, and selling them for gold coin, which gold coin they would invest in Government bonds at forty per cent. on the dollar, and which are now at a premium of from five to twenty-five per cent; it required no commercial sagacity, when our country struggling for its life met with some great disaster on the battle-field, for our merchants to enrich themselves by exchange. These opportunities ended with the war and with the completion of the Central Pacific Railroad, and our business men are now brought into direct competition with the business men of the East. They saw the Northern Pacific Railroad building from the Mississippi to the mouth of the Columbia; they saw upon the completion of this road it was inevitable that the city of San Francisco should lose the great northern trade of Oregon, Washington Territory, Montana, and Idaho. The railroad people, foreseeing the blow that would be struck at their system, endeavored to break its force by connecting the valleys of the Sacramento and the Willamette by railroad; four thousand men were employed constructing the road through the mountain passes that separate us from Oregon. While they were doing it, while they were pushing this work with energy and resolution, determined by its completion to ward off the blow that was being aimed at them, and through them at the trade of the city of San Francisco, the Democracy of this city, blinded by demagogism, and the merchants of this city, reflecting the sentiments of the sand-lot and of the political Democratic adventurers of the class of Wallace, Greathouse, Delmas, Spencer, and English, united and conspired together for the purpose of calling an extra session of the Legislature, with the avowed purpose of arresting this work and impairing the credit of the railroad people by attempting to regulate their fares and freights below a living profit; they endeavored to impose upon these railroad people a system of taxation unjust and illegal; to take from them the protection of the principle of fixing the assessment of their property values upon the same basis as property is taxed to all individuals. This political conspiracy succeeded because it was encouraged by the merchants of this city, not only by their indifference, but by their individual assistance. The Chamber of Commerce and the Board of Trade were asked to pass a resolution recommending that the Oregon land grant be set aside, which, after debate, they refused to do. The commercial class of this city is directly responsible for the suspension of railroad work connecting our city with Portland and the Northern railroad system. The Chamber of Commerce had the folly to reproach the railroad people that they carried freights across the continent so cheaply that it was destroying the shipping of the port; they had the impudence, after long years of complaint in regard to the discrimination of fares and freights, and after reaping the benefit of this policy, to demand of Mr. Towne that he withdraw from the merchants of Los Angeles the benefit they received from their nearness to the Eastern market. The people of Los Angeles have had the good sense to appreciate the favor they had enjoyed from railroads, and they have reaped the advantage of them. The whole southern country has advanced in population and wealth. Its land values have been largely increased by the building of railroads, and it was a great piece of impudence for our Chamber of Commerce to attempt to deprive that part of the State of its natural advantages. We may accept the fact that the port of San Francisco and the merchants of San Francisco have lost an important part of their northern and southern trade; they have lost it through their own lack of enterprise, their own want of sense, their own lack of courage, and because they have not been just and generous enough to appreciate the service that has been rendered them and the people of the city of San Francisco by the railroad builders. The merchants of St. Louis, Chicago, and New Orleans are sending their productions within our borders, and unless our merchants awake to the realization of their peril, and put forth some effort to [illegible] the rest, we think it not improbable that they will still further encroachments upon our trade.

Our commercial community has very much to reproach itself with for the attitude it has assumed toward the railroad builders, from the completion of their road to the present time. It has continually dragged them into politics; it has embarrassed them in every effort they have made in its interest—for the interest of the railroad is the interest of the community in which it does business; it has embarrassed the railroad people by attempting to interfere with the conduct of their business, by establishing for them their schedule of freights and fares. It has endeavored to confiscate their property, and proclaimed that it does not belong to the men who built it. Jealousy and hatred to our railroad magnates were the moving causes of the sand-lot riot, which our leading journals encouraged, and our leading Democratic politicians had not the nerve to oppose. Jealousy and demagogy laid the foundation of a party that changed our constitution, drove capital from our city, and introduced confusion and chaos into our State government. The same motive prompted our Legislature and Board of Supervisors; our prominent politicians and newspapers—noticeably the *Bulletin* and *Call*—to refuse to the railroad people such a change of streets over the Mission Street slough as would enable them to make up their trains, and make that the real railroad terminus in the city of San Francisco. Although the sixty acres of land belonged to the railroad company; although it would have cost millions of dollars to have filled it, thus increasing our business facilities and the taxable wealth of our city—the Mission slough stands to-day an unoccupied, valueless, and offensive swamp. Defeated in this project, the railroad companies endeavored to procure from the Government the use of Goat Island for the purpose of a railroad terminus, agreeing to use it only for railroad purposes. The island is within ten minutes' ferriage of our water-front, and lies within the county of San Francisco. This project was opposed and defeated by our leading journals and our leading merchants, and thus the terminus of the great transcontinental railroad, of which we had hoped so much, was driven from beyond our county and city's borders. It is a most remarkable fact that a commercial city should persistently war against being made the point where ship and car should come together, where the commerce of Asia should be embarked for shipment across a continent. The effort was then made to secure a terminus at Oakland, which was the nearest point to our city. The same opposition manifested itself there, and finally, discouraged by legal vexations and all sorts of opposition, they were again defeated. The result was, that at Port Costa, thirty miles away from our city, is the place for the transhipment of interior produce. At Port Costa, Vallejo, and our upper bay, hundreds of great ships take their cargoes of grain, and wine, and wool for Europe, while our own wharves and grain-sheds lie unused and idle, skating-rinks for rats. San Francisco will never reap the advantages incident to its locality, will never enjoy the benefit of being the terminus of a transcontinental system of railroads, unless our leading merchants, our men of influence of both political parties, have the sense to appreciate that the interests of the merchants and the citizens are identical with the interests of the railroads. San Francisco can not prosper unless the railroads prosper; the railroads can not prosper as they ought unless San Francisco prospers. The period of depression that we anticipate, and that has now begun, will not terminate until there is a different feeling and a more friendly relation established between our railroad corporations and the people who own San Francisco and who are engaged in doing business in this city. As long as we permit the demagogues of either party to attack and destroy their credit and embarrass them in the management of their affairs, or to tax their property upon any different principle than that which governs in the taxation of individual property, there will be no more railroads built in this State. The barriers between us and the great north will not be broken through by the rail, and this city will lose the advantage of her splendid port and the splendid location upon the shores of the Pacific; her trade will be confined within the narrow limits of her own borders. Any party that is inimical to railroad interests is an enemy to the best interests of the city and an obstructionist to its progress and its prosperity. When the people of San Francisco become sensible and generous enough to cure themselves of their mean and jealous prejudices against rich men because they are rich, prosperous men because they are prosperous, and enterprising men because they are enterprising; when they cease, by the petty vexations of their newspapers, the unceasing clamor of their politicians, and the constant and never-ending annoyances of their legislative delegation and their Board of Supervisors to worry those who have accumulated wealth; when the policy of San Francisco shall be to invite rich men and rich women to make and keep their homes in this city, instead of driving them beyond the State; when our city shall call off its legal dogs from barking at their heels, allow their property to be valued for assessment as private property is valued—we shall have demonstrated that we have passed beyond the gossippy village condition and entered upon our career as a commercial city. Unless we determine to do this, we had better lease the town and harbor for a term of years to a syndicate of Chicago drummers, with the hope that they would introduce some greater liberality than now exists, with a covenant in the lease that they would not endeavor to harass, annoy, or drive out of the city every man of brains and money who had better luck than themselves. We should at least indulge the hope that they would have sense enough not to bite the noses off their own faces by preventing the construction of a railway from California to Oregon, and that they would allow the terminus of all the California railroads to be made within the borders of the city of San Francisco; that they would mind their own business and not attempt the impossible by endeavoring to regulate fares and freights. So long as this depression continues, affecting—as it will—all general merchandise, depreciating the rent and values of all real estate, reducing the price of all labor, and making hard times, let our citizens reflect that they have themselves to thank for it all—themselves and only themselves to blame.

It is amusing, if not profitable, after an election is over, to consider the causes that have produced the result. Infinite and complex are the accidents and incidents of the lives of the four candidates for the presidential office. Infinitely complex the lines of their lives crossing each other, as the lines of the hand in the science of palmistry—some deep-seamed, strongly marked; some faintly traced, and all crossing in strange confusion. *If* it had not been for a thousand "ifs," neither had been nominated by Democratic, Republican, Workingmen, or Prohibition conventions. And *if*, and *if*, and *if* ten thousand *ifs* had not occurred since then, Cleveland would not have been elected, and Blaine would not have been defeated; Butler would have got more or less votes, and St. John would have cut a larger or lesser figure in the campaign. The election, which turned upon New York, would not have depended upon that State, *if* other States had voted for Blaine, and they would not have been important except for a "solid South," and a solid South would not have existed except for a civil war, and it had not occurred except for slavery, and slavery not been introduced to the country except for the greed of Yankee traders; and thus on and on, ever backward and beyond—as one may follow the link of sausage back to the original dog, he sees the *ifs* beyond, for *if* the dog had been drowned as a pup, there had been no sausage. Blaine would have been elected, *if* it had not been for New York, and New York would have been carried *if* it had not been for Conkling and the Stalwarts; *if* it had not been for the Prohibitionists; *if* it had not been for the Independents; *if* it had not been for Tammany and the Pope's Irish; *if* the lager Dutchman had not gone back; *if* the lascivious Beecher and his kind of nest-hiders had not stood by each other; *if* it had not been for Cobden tracts, and English gold, importers and jobbers of English goods; *if* it had not been for George William Curtis and his dudes, for Carl Schurz and his kickers. Either one of these causes may have influenced half as many votes as compose Cleveland's plurality in a State casting nearly one million three hundred thousand. *If* any of the classes or the persons named think their conduct creditable to them, let them consider how many competitors they have who are equally entitled to claim the questionable credit of the achievement. *If* Cleveland's plurality is thirteen hundred, and the entire vote one million three hundred thousand, then it took half of one vote in a thousand to decide who should be President. *If* six hundred and fifty-one idiots, or six hundred and fifty-one vagrants, or six hundred and fifty-one criminals, or six hundred and fifty-one paupers, who voted for Cleveland, had voted the other way, Blaine would have been elected. Hence, if there is credit in Blaine's defeat, the idiots, vagrants, criminals, and paupers are as much entitled to it as Conkling and his stalwarts; as St. John and his prohibitionists; as John Kelly and his Irish; as George William Curtis and his dudes; as Carl Schurz and his Dutchmen; as Beecher and his paroxysmal kissers; or as Vanderbilt and Gould, or the Cobden Club, with their millions.

With the question of bossism in the Democratic party, we have none other than a general interest. Among Democratic chieftains we have no choice. Wallace, Delmas, Greathouse, English, and Buckley are all the same to us. Buckley is, in our estimation, the better man and the better citizen of those named. Wallace and Delmas are, in our judgment, the worst, because they are the most intelligent, and of them we had the right to expect better things; the one is ambitious, the other mercenary, and either of them would "burn the world" to attain his ends. It is of the Republican bosses that the *Argonaut* has the right to speak; and it is of them it will write and continue to discuss, and persist in exposing and holding up to contempt, so long as we remain far enough inside the Republican party to take any pride or interest in it. The first article ever written in the *Argonaut*, now more than seven years ago, was directed against Aaron A. Sargent. The bosses of that time were Sargent, Gorham, and Carr. Gorham and Carr have passed out of public life—poor, disgraced, and dishonored. Mr. Sargent has not for some years endeavored to guide the party craft. So long as he acts honorably and takes his chances with other gentlemen in the party, and so long as every movement is open, fair, and above board, he has nothing to fear in our direction. If the Republican party of California is ever to become an united party, this is the only way of accomplishing that end. Our opposition to Mr. W. W. Stow—hastened by an interference in our own personal affairs, which we thought was uncalled for, and which savored of impertinence—was because we regarded him as a boss who was unnecessary and hurtful to the Republican party. We know that the railroad was honestly and earnestly endeavoring to withdraw itself from politics, and, in our judgment, we thought it best that, as Mr. Stow was a little lame, he should start first; we thought it would relieve the railroad people from embarrassment, and would convince the people of the State that they were in earnest, as we know they were, and meant what they said. The only boss then left was Mr. William Higgins, his lieutenant Gannon, and some of his lesser poodles who were employed to fetch and carry for him. He essayed leadership in municipal politics, and, busying himself in precinct clubs, he succeeded in putting up a municipal convention, a majority of which he could not have controlled except that certain strong men, good citizens, and good Republicans, thought it better to agree with him in a compromise spirit than to come to an open rupture with him. An open rupture would have driven his forces to Buckley. Higgins has demonstrated in this election that he lacks all the essentials of a boss. He lacks courage, capacity, and power of organization. He has no quality that enforces discipline, no dignity that commands respect. He lacks the sense and judgment to discriminate among men. He is quick to take offense, and he lacks that tact of character that enables him to forgive the man whom he has injured. And so he sulks and intrigues, and makes promises through a campaign—compromises and fails. When his campaign is ended, he is in all sorts of complications—so that he can not reward his friends, and has no power to punish his enemies. As a boss, Mr. Higgins is a gross failure, and this campaign has demonstrated it. Let us for a moment analyze the result of this his latest effort. His nominee for Sheriff was Mr. Patterson. In order to nominate him he sacrificed John Sedgwick. It is said he paid Patterson's asssessments; it is said that he and his friends sacrificed other men upon the ticket to obtain votes for Patterson. Yet he was defeated, and Mr. Higgins loses the opportunity to appoint sixty deputies. For the nomination of Wadham, Tax-Collector, and Bauer, Treasurer, he was not responsible; Wadham and Bauer were elected, and he is entitled to no patronage from them. Mr. Cashin was his candidate for Recorder, and was elected by a scratch. He made a bargain with the *Chronicle* office and gave the County Clerkship to Jacobs, who was beaten five thousand votes; thus he lost the patronage of this office. Mr. Wilson was *not* his candidate for District-Attorney, and he was elected by over five thousand majority. John Lord Love was *not* his choice for City Attorney, and he was elected. Dr. W. M. Lawlor was his candidate for Coroner; he received less than ten thousand votes, while Doctor C. C. O'Donnell, without any party organization behind him, received little less than twenty-five thousand votes. Mr. E. N. Torrey was nominated as the result of a bargain with George Knight; he was beaten six thousand votes. Higgins's man Tilton, for Surveyor, if elected at all, is elected by a scratch, and in this office there is no patronage worth having. Ruggles, for Superintendent of Streets, was nominated in opposition to his wishes, and elected by nearly five thousand votes. Mr. Higgins will run no sweeping machine, and get no crumbs from that department. The Judges of the Superior Court he could not and did not control, hence a good ticket was nominated and elected. Rix, for Police Judge, was nominated in opposition to his wishes; he was elected by nearly seven thousand plurality. Lawler, a Democrat, defeated his man Nicholson. In the First Ward he did not want Gates; Gates was nominated and elected. In the Second Ward he did want Roy, and even he was Higging's second choice; he was elected. In the Third Ward he did want Kunkler, and he was elected by a handsome majority, because it was understood he was so honest and honorable a man that Mr. Higgins could not control him. In the Fourth Ward he nominated and elected Abbott by less than one-fourth the average majority—another scratch. Mr. Farwell, of the Fifth Ward, who had fought him in the County Committee, and who is a stronger man in the party than Higgins, was nominated in opposition to his wishes, and elected by over two thousand majority. In the Sixth Ward, Pond, a Democrat, was elected. In the Seventh Ward, his man, Williamson, was nominated and elected. In the Eighth Ward, Farnsworth was nominated against his

wishes, and elected. In the Ninth Ward, Heyer was nominated in opposition to him, and elected by nearly four thousand majority; he wanted Russ. His man Gilleran, in the Tenth Ward, got in by the skin of his teeth—six hundred majority. In the Eleventh, McMillan was nominated in opposition to him, and beat James, one of the best and strongest of the Democratic nominees. In the Twelfth, his man Valleau was nominated, and elected by a scratch of four hundred and sixteen. Mr. Higgins can not depend upon more than three Supervisors to compose the usual thieving Supervisorial ring. Among School Directors he had no power in their nominations. We believe this election ends the influence of Mr. William Higgins in municipal politics. He is the last of the litter. Others in time will come up fishing for his place, and, like all that have preceded them in the Republican party, will be defeated and beaten. If there are any of his tools in the Legislative delegation—and we know there are—we commend them to deal with principals themselves. If they desire to sell themselves, let them go to headquarters and get their money, and not fool any of it away by percentages to brokers or bosses. Gentlemen desiring Legislative favors we advise to go directly to the members, without the intervention of middle-men. It is less expensive and avoids misunderstandings. This election has demonstrated that it is dangerous to follow Mr. Higgins. His power is now gone, and in the election two years hence he will have no following.

The result of the election in California has brought overwhelming defeat and mortification to all that class of the Democratic party which obtained control at the Stockton convention. These demagogues succeeded in pledging the organization to the declaration of principles that were utterly disgraceful to a body of intelligent men, and placed such an indignity upon Judge Field as never occurred before in the history of a State convention. These same persons had caused an extra session of the Legislature to be convened, and although they had failed in all their projects and disgraced themselves by the utterance of opinions unworthy intelligent and honest men, they thought to carry themselves successfully upon the popular wave by the sheer force of impudence. They had their own way in the platform; they heaped their insults upon the best man that the Democratic party of California has in national public life, and the result has been that they have dragged their party down from a triumphal majority of twenty-three thousand to a minority of fifteen thousand. While this struggle has been going on the sensible and intelligent people of the State have had time to think, and have, in fact, won a victory over the leaders of both parties. A little more than two years ago Mr. Estee and his conspirators, inspired by the idea that a majority of the Republican party was composed of demagogues, nominated himself for Governor, carried the State convention away from the declaration of right principles, and imposed upon the party a platform that was inimical to the rights of property and in violation of common sense—a platform that alarmed every conservative man who had anything to lose. Mr. Estee and his friends, under the guise of anti-monopoly, made an anti-railroad fight, and the Republican party was beaten by an overwhelming majority. The Stockton convention, under the leadership of Delmas, Wallace, Greathouse, Foote, Spencer, Tarpy, English, and others, tried the same game, and it was attended by the same result. If this election has determined anything, it has decided that the people of this State are the friends of railroads—not of the Central Pacific Railroad alone, but of all roads and all transportation companies, and all enterprises in aid of the material progress of the State. Mr. Wallace has been rebuked in his agrarian doctrine; Mr. Delmas has been rebuked in his law, Mr. Greathouse in his politics. Messrs. Del Valle and Sullivan have been defeated for Congress; Mr. Larue has been beaten for the Legislature by a boy; the crank Sumner was not returned to Washington; six members of Congress—all who went into office upon the anti-railroad tidal wave—have been drowned and washed ashore; popular sentiment in every part of the State has been reversed; legislators elected of both parties will come together bearing their instructions from the people, prepared to act with moderation and common sense in behalf of all corporations. The Sand-lot has had its rebuke, and we may reasonably hope that in the future demagogues will have less influence, and common sense and common honesty will have greater sway, with both political parties in California.

One of the glorious privileges of an American citizen is to do what he pleases, so long as he pleases to act in obedience to the law. This doctrine, broadly stated, secures to every man the privilege of making an ass of himself if it pleases him so to do. The large number of Republicans who have chosen to bolt the nomination of Mr. Blaine and aid in the election of Mr. Cleveland had the unquestionable right to do so. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, ex-Senator Conkling, the Hon. Carl Schurz, and those editors of the Republican journals who have deliberately determined to turn over the control of this government to Southern rebels and Northern copperheads, may each have satisfactory reasons for his conduct; and while it is the privilege of any man, under the law, to make an ass of himself, it is the privilege of every other man to have and express his opinion of the asinine conduct which these gentlemen have exhibited. We do not question the right of Mr. Roscoe Conkling to stand for two hours, bare-headed, in the rain, upon an overlooking balcony, to see a Democratic procession pass, and thus give his silent approval of the conspirators who were compassing Blaine's defeat. All who have heretofore looked upon Mr. Conkling as a great man, and respected him for his great ability, have the right now to consider his whole political career, and estimate him at his real value. It is the judgment of the present, and Mr. Conkling will not live long enough to remove the verdict, that he has shown himself to be narrow-minded, petulant, jealous, and small. Blaine compared Mr. Conkling to a vain and strutting turkey-gobbler more than twenty years ago. Can it be posssible that this wound has rankled in his proud heart all these many years? These two men have wrought each other serious injury in their ambitious careers. Mr. Conkling is accredited with defeating Blaine for the Presidential nomination in 1876, and again in 1880. Mr. Blaine is accredited with driving Conkling from the Senate of the United States. Blaine defeated Conkling's friend, Grant, and nominated Garfield. Blaine was nominated for President in 1884, and Conkling has still power enough to defeat his Presidential aspirations by standing for an hour, bare-headed, in the rain, while a Democratic procession files by. With the election of Cleveland this child's-play must end. We had rather be Blaine than Conkling, for Mr. Blaine has been loyal to his party, his friends, and his country. He has gone down with the defeat of a grand and loyal party. He has done his duty; and in the honored retirement of his private life he is regarded by all as a true man. He will live in history—his eloquence, his patriotic service, his fidelity to party and party principle, all remembered. Mr. Conkling, if remembered at all, will be regarded as a resentful, bitter, beaten party politician, who, for personal revenge, betrayed his party, belied the professions of his life, and lost his personal dignity in the manner of his political suicide. Mr. Conkling has the professional right to accept from the Democracy a retainer to supervise their election returns. The average lawyer finds excuse for almost any conduct that brings him coin. The mistake made by those who have heretofore admired ex-Senator Conkling was that they regarded him as a great man and statesman, and compared him with the great men and statesmen of their own and other countries, and not as a mere money-getting attorney. May James G. Blaine live long and be honored in the land.

The narrowness of the vote in New York is a regrettable fact; it would have been better had the result been more decisive. However, the fact must be accepted as it is. Our Government has provided courts to determine the questioned majority; and the principle which underlies our Government is, that majorities may rule. If those whose duty it is to canvass the vote in New York can not decide, the courts will decide for them, and, when determined, the good sense of the nation will accept the result, abide by it, and fight for it if necessary. The Republicans or Democrats who talk of seating their man, themselves deciding who is entitled to be seated, who talk of blood, and violence, and killing, are of the class of cowardly hounds who embroil brave men in war. If the courts decide that Cleveland is elected President by one vote, President he will be; if by one vote Blaine, President he will be. Such men as Mr. Daniel Manning, Mr. Barnum, Mr. Dougherty, Judge Stanley, and others, who talk of "killing," and of "shouldering their muskets and going to the front," are of the class that brought the nation once into civil war. It was such men as Rhett, Wigfall, Toombs, Yancey, and other fire-eating politicians of the South, who entailed upon us the horrors of a civil war. These men were never heard of in the battle and never found in the place of danger, while other, and better, and braver Southern men, were called upon to perform the promise which these cowardly braggarts had rashly made. Our country has had one experience of this kind of leadership—it wants no more. And whatever the law shall decide in reference to this contested election, these noisy warriors of the mouth will be silenced by braver and cooler-headed men.

The most absurd specimen of empty, ranting, rhodomontade that we have ever seen, at any time, in any place, may be found in the Oakland daily *Times* of November 12th, in the column over which is printed the name of John P. Irish, editor, formerly of Iowa. Our American-Irish friend, John Irish, fairly lashes himself into frenzy over the fear that Cleveland may be defrauded of his vote by Republicans. Our John Irish friend devotes an entire column of his valuable Democratic paper to invective of Blaine and the Republican party that is calculated to make the moon turn pale and tremble in its orb. This very foolish bluster terminates with the following specimen of "Irish" wrath, which we print in capitals that everybody may appreciate the extent to which a Democrat can go when he thinks he sees the possibility of office opening up to his greedy, famished, desperate party: "BY THE GOD WHO MADE THE UNIVERSE, CLEVELAND, BEING ELECTED, SHALL BE PRESIDENT, IF THE STRUGGLE SPEND EVERY DROP OF DEMOCRATIC BLOOD IN THIS REPUBLIC." If John P. Irish will wait a day or two, and place the part that holds his brains in a sitz-bath filled with ice-water, and coolly peruse the editorial we criticise, he will as fully realize as we now do what an uncombed ass he has made of himself. "*We do not care what judgment the courts of New York reach*," says Irish John of Iowa. "*Blaine sits in Augusta the incarnation of scoundrelism*," says the bellicose John Irish of Alameda, and Cleveland is to be President in spite of courts, or law, or votes, by the red right arm of the brave and bloody John P. Irish, of the Oakland *Times*. All this would alarm us more than it does if we had not heard it before; but it is a familiar sound. It is the same old ass's bray crying in the Democratic wilderness. It is the vaporing of a drunken fish-vender going home, blowing his horn over an empty wagon. John P. Irish of Iowa did not fight in the civil war, when brave men periled their lives. He did not fight when that dreadful tyrant, Hayes, murdered the innocents, Tilden and Hendricks, and usurped the crown; and he will not fight if the highest legal tribunal of the commonwealth should determine that James G. Blaine is entitled to receive a majority of the electoral votes, and is thus duly elected President of the United States. After John Irish shall have taken his sitz-bath, we recommend him to reverse himself and soak his head, and reflect what a misfortune it was to himself and the Democracy that the fool-killer had not passed his way before he wrote the most absurd editorial that was ever penned.

The *Chronicle* of Friday, affecting to correct an error of the New York *Herald*, which states that the "Alaska Fur Company" used its money too generously in the late campaign in California, commits as great an error when it says that the Company are endeavoring to promote the election of Mr. Sargent to the United States Senate. The "Alaska Fur Company" did not take any active part unbecoming to its members in the recent campaign, nor overgenerously donate its money to managing committees. It did not go out of its way to defeat Mr. Barclay Henley for Congress, although he acted toward the Company as men sometimes do who desire to be bought off. It is not taking any active part nor any part in promoting the senatorial ambition of Mr. Sargent. It is doing just what it ought to do, and just what every corporation, as a corporation, ought to do—viz., minding its own business, and attending to its own affairs in the interest of stockholders for whom the directors are managing trust funds. The *Chronicle* is impolitic, if not insincere, in pretending to know what it does not know, and to assert what it has no authority for asserting—viz., that the railroad company has enlisted itself for or against Mr. Sargent. George Perkins, M. M. Estee, Aaron A. Sargent, William H. Parks, John F. Swift, David McClure, William M. Stewart, W. H. L. Barnes, and, doubtless, others, are possible candidates for the Senate. They all have a right to be candidates, and they all have an equal right to a fair field. There is no corporation that—as a corporation—has the moral right to use its money or its corporate power for either candidate, nor against any candidate, unless it has reason to know that he is an enemy. "The Alaska Fur Company," whose more prominent directors we personally know, assure us that their attitude, as between candidates, is one of impartial neutrality. We believe the *Chronicle* knows this. If it does not, it may by the asking. Whenever the *Chronicle* allows its passions to overrule its judgment and its personal prejudice to color its statement of facts, it is prudent to copper its opinions and go contrary to its advice.

We are, and for the past week have been, asked forty times a day, whether we think there is any foundation for the claim of the Republican National and New York committees that Blaine has carried New York. We know of no facts that justify us in forming the opinion that Blaine has been elected. These committees are composed of intelligent and honorable gentlemen. Their manifestos have the appearance of confidence; they seem to be predicated upon facts; but if they are, we are not advised what those facts are; there may be reasons for withholding them. Of their sufficiency, we will judge when the bottle is uncorked. We hope they are not deceiving themselves or us. While we look upon the election of Mr. Blaine as most desirabl[e] we do not regard the election of Mr. Cleveland s[o] sirable that any attempt outside the law should [be] to defeat it. Our national and New York politician[s] be well assured that there is an honest majority [for] Blaine before they encourage any unnecessary ag[i]the matter.

## A DARING FICTION.

Written for the "Argonaut" by Hjalmar H. Boyesen,

Author of "Gunnar," "A Problematic Character," etc. Copyright by H. H. Boyesen, 1884. All rights reserved.

[Hereafter the *Argonaut* will place before its readers, from time to time, a number of original short stories by the foremost writers of America, including W. D. Howells, Frank R. Stockton, Julian Hawthorne, J. S. of Dale, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Louise Chandler Moulton, Thomas A. Janvier ("Ivory Black"), H. H. Boyesen, George Parsons Lathrop, Edgar Fawcett, Helen Jackson (H. H.), Helen Kendrick Johnson, W. H. Bishop, J. Esten Cooke, J. T. Trowbridge, Sarah Orne Jewett, and others. The next of the series will be a story by "J. S. of Dale," author of "Mrs. Knollys" (which appeared in the *Century* and has been called the best short story of the last ten years), "Guerndale," "The Crime of Henry Vane," etc.]

### I.

Leipsic is a grim old town with no sentimental associations. Schiller, to be sure, once lived there, but he had a bad time of it, in spite of the slippers and things with which Dora and Minna Stock tried to mollify his existence. The smoke which hangs over the Leipsic chimney-tops is dense, prosaic smoke, which refuses to fashion itself into fairy forms or airy castles in obedience to romantic fancy. Mr. Leonard Grover actually swore (in Latin, of course, for he was too well-mannered to swear in English) that it was the most irritating and pestiferous smoke he had ever encountered since he left his native town of Pittsburg, where a man, by the way, has a fine chance of studying the effects of smoke, both upon linen and temperament. Mr. Grover was, however, cheerful by nature, and refused to be permanently depressed. He was in Leipsic for a practical purpose, and could not afford to indulge in sentimental moods. And yet, in spite of his determination to stick to his science and his laboratory practice, he had unaccountable fits of loneliness, when, from sheer despair, he went to call upon Professor Bornholm, to whom he had had a letter of introduction, and whose family had received him with much cordiality. He would have liked to call upon somebody else occasionally, but the fact was, during the six months he had been at the University, he had made no acquaintances outside of his student circle, except the Bornholms. They seemed to like him so much that they refused to share him with anybody else; they even refrained from introducing him to the friends who might happen to call during his visits. Minchen, who was the artistic daughter and made wax-flowers, usually found some way of disposing of him when inconvenient callers of the gentler sex made their appearance. She usually brought a fictitious message from the professor, who, having entrapped the young man into his study, proceeded to bore him to death with oxolates, and chlorides, and sulphuric acids.

Röschen, the poetic daughter, whose slippers were a little run down at the heel, displaying to advantage the holes in her stockings, was wont to employ her mother as an accomplice, and, on some pretext or other, lured the American into her garden, where there was the most delightful privacy for sentimental confidences. Gretchen, the youngest daughter, who was obliged to devote herself to domesticity, on account of the inconvenient talents of her sisters, was even at less pains to disguise her designs on him, but told him frankly that Minchen and Röschen were —well, not at all as nice as they might be.

In one of these bursts of frankness Gretchen also confided to him that Röschen had written to a lady friend in America—a former pupil at the Conservatory who had boarded in the family, and had received from her a complete biography of his humble self, besides a computation of his income and economic prospects. It then required very little ingenuity on his part to conjecture why the sisters, in spite of their somewhat ostentatious amiability, frequently appeared to have been at loggerheads just as he entered. He had often heard the word Phœnix pass mysteriously between them, and, much as his modesty rebelled, he was forced to the conclusion that he was himself the brilliant bird Phœnix, for the possession of which these fair enchantresses were privately contending. He had never before had the audacity to regard himself as a brilliant *parti*, and he had even had a grudge of long standing against Fate for having equipped him so poorly. Measured by the German standard, however, his modest patrimony suggested princely opulence; and its possessor became conscious of a certain agreeable expansion, peculiar to capitalists. Smile as he might at the smallness of the social conditions which allowed him to play the rôle of a Crœsus in the fancy of love-sick maids, he could not deny that he found it a pleasant thing to be the object of such tender rivalry. It seemed to add a cubit to his height and two to his self-esteem. He reveled in the sense of his desirability, and watched with intense amusement the innocent manœuvres by which his fair entertainers checkmated each other, and, in their zeal, occasionally forgot that he, too, was a rational being, endowed with the faculty of criticism. There was another, however, who made this reflection for them, and that was their mamma—the Frau Professorin. She was becoming alarmed at the discord which prevailed in the family; for, being behind the scenes as it were, she knew a good deal which Grover could not know, and which, perhaps, it would not have been well for him to know. Thus she found one day in Minchen's room a drawing in which the American, in the character of Paris, was holding above his head an apple, with the inscription, "Five thousand dollars a year," while three lovely goddesses, in scanty attire, were stretching out their hands and jumping frantically to reach it. The likenesses were unmistakable, and the situation sufficiently pointed to need no commentary. The Frau Professorin was much impressed by it, and her interest, it is needless to say, was enlisted in behalf of the goddesses. She resented the reserved attitude of the shepherd, and was yet anxious to assist him in arriving at a decision. Minchen, now, with her charming talent for counterfeit cucumbers in wax and sections of hard-boiled eggs, would be just the wife for a practical man like him. She would invest her home with an artistic flavor which he himself would be capable of appreciating, though powerless to supply. And yet Röschen, with her beautiful verses, her nonchalant toilets, and her poetic sympathy for improprieties which, in practice, she was careful to shun, might be even more fitted than her sister to lift and ennoble a sordid American soul. It only remained to be considered whether Gretchen, who could grow enthusiastic over the decline of one cent in the price of butter, might not, after all, be a more kindred nature, and therefore suit him best of all.

The Frau Professorin was deeply engaged in these meditations when the maid handed her a small card, upon which was engraved the name, Leonard Grover. To conceal her agitation she threw a glance into the mirror and gave a few decorative touches to her person before admitting the visitor. Then she put on her company smile and seated herself in a defensive attitude in the large, leather-covered easy-chair. She gave her hand graciously, without rising, to Grover as he entered.

"I hope your buffalo herds are prospering," she said, after the exchange of a few preliminary civilities.

"My buffalo herds!" exclaimed the young man, laughing. Then, as it suddenly struck him that it might be a joke, he continued, with zest: "Oh, yes, indeed, thank you; they are doing famously. They made quite a sensation as they were driven through the streets of New York, the other day, on their way from Chicago to the Kansas plains."

"Indeed," replied Mrs. Bornholm, placidly; "allow me to congratulate you."

"Thank you," he stammered, helplessly.

She had been serious, after all.

A minute or two elapsed, during which he did not muster courage to make any further remarks.

"Are the young ladies at home?" he finally essayed, just as the pause was threatening to become awkward.

"The young ladies," repeated the Frau Professorin, beaming with maternal benevolence; "permit me to ask to which of them do you refer in particular?"

"To all three of them," replied the American, cheerfully.

"That is very kind of you," she retorted, without, however, the faintest tinge of sarcasm. "I know, even though it is their own mother who says it, that my daughters all deserve the admiration which you so impartially bestow upon them. But the fact is, Mr. Grover—why should I not be perfectly frank and open with you?—the fact is—no man can marry three girls," she finished rather lamely. She evidently lacked courage to make the revelation which she at first contemplated.

"I am well aware of that, Frau Professorin," was Grover's somewhat aimless response; "and I assure you," he went on heartily, "that I wouldn't think of such a thing; no, not for all the world."

He had on uncomfortable sensation about his ears, after having made this laudable announcement, and he began to cast about for a pretext for taking his leave. His hostess was, however, not disposed to let him escape so easily.

"The Professor and I," she remarked, blandly, "have observed with much satisfaction your devotion to our daughters. We know you to be a man of character, and we know that it would be far from your intentions to trifle with the feelings of the dear, innocent, and unsophisticated creatures. But our German custom, as you may not be aware, is to confine one's courtship to one, and not to scatter one's devotion among too many. In other countries that may be different; but as you have come here to learn German manners, I thought that I would call your attention to this, and ask you to tell me, in strict confidence, of course, to which one of my daughters you are paying your addresses."

If the ceiling had tumbled down over his head Grover could not have been more astonished. It was a fact, he had been almost a daily visitor in the Professor's house; he had very likely, in unguarded moments, in order to practice his imperfect German, made complimentary speeches to the three young ladies, individually and collectively; and in all probability he had from a German point of view given the Frau Professorin the right to talk to him as she did. And yet, to submit readily to the consequences of his rash conduct did not for a moment occur to him. His instinct bade him rather resort to a stratagem, which, as he concluded, the dire necessity would justify.

"Frau Professorin," he began, solemnly, "I need scarcely assure you that I feel greatly honored by what you have told me. But the fact is, I am not free. I am engaged."

"Engaged!" cried the Frau Professorin, starting forward in her chair. "Why then did you not tell me that?"

"It is a secret engagement."

"A secret engagement! And do your parents know of it?"

"They do not."

"And the lady's name?"

"Miss—Miss—Jones."

Grover had no genius for mendacity, and he was already beginning to repent of his daring fiction. But Mrs. Bornholm, suddenly possessed with some luminous idea, proceeded mercilessly in her cross-examination, feeling that her position, as the wronged party, gave her a right to trample upon conventionalities.

"Is this Miss Jones musical?" she queried, eagerly.

"Yes," he replied, vaguely; "that is, I believe so."

"You will excuse me," she went on; "but I am naturally much interested in this unknown person, because of my interest in you. Would you mind telling me if she is dark or a blonde?"

"She is dark."

"One thing more; have you written to her recently?"

"No; not very recently."

"And has she said anything to you about coming here?"

"Not a word."

The Professorin arose with a triumphant nod and began to pace the floor.

"Miss Jones is a brunette, musical, and rich—I suppose she is rich?" she repeated, with an interrogative glance at Grover.

"She is not poor," he responded, feebly.

"Good," said his tormentor, fiercely, and nodding again with great emphasis, "very good."

Grover began to feel apprehensive that she had taken leave of her senses. The disappointment, the shock to her cherished hopes, had perhaps been too much for her. He arose a little tremblingly, and offered her his hand.

"I am your most obedient servant, Frau Professorin," he remarked, bowing deeply, and backing toward the door.

"We shall no doubt have the pleasure of seeing you soon again, Mr. Grover," she observed, eyeing him with curious significance.

"You are very kind," he murmured, and made haste to vanish.

### II.

It was only three days later that Grover received an invitation to dine at Professor Bornholm's. He had spent the intervening period in meditation concerning Mrs. Bornholm's curious behavior. That she had something on her mind was obvious, and he had no doubt that he would today discover what it was. He felt confident that she had been plotting against him, and had some dramatic surprise in store for him. As he rang the door-bell he had need of all his *sang froid* to quiet his turbulent heart. He was admitted to the inner sanctuary, and was greeted with studious cordiality by the the three goddesses. They seemed all agitated and expectant, though they were striving to appear unconcerned. They lounged and chatted as people do in the introductory scene of a play, with hidden reference to some plot which has yet to be disclosed. To all appearances the plot had some connection with the door to the professor's study, which, contrary to custom, was closed. Minchen repeatedly threw furtive glances at it, and Röschen made her determination not to look at it equally conspicuous. Only Gretchen was frankly curious, and made no effort to disguise it. A strange sense of the unreality of the whole scene, himself included, crept over the young man; he felt like a man in a play, who can murder or make love with equal irresponsibility. He was about to indulge in the latter diversion, when suddenly the mysterious door opened, and the Frau Professorin entered with much dramatic *éclat*, leading a lovely dark-eyed young girl by the hand. The eyes of the three goddesses grew as big as saucers, and Röschen pressed her hand to her heart and nearly fainted from excitement.

"Mr. Grover," said the Frau Professorin, making a most elaborate bow, "allow me to present Miss Jones."

Under ordinary circumstances the introduction to Miss Jones would have been an agreeable incident in Mr. Grover's career, and nothing further. He had met he did not know how many hundred charming young ladies, several of whom had borne the name of Jones, and he had never been in the least disconcerted. In the present instance, however, he showed but imperfect control of his emotion. A guilty blush sprang to his cheeks, and he groped vainly in his embarrassment for the proper phrase wherewith to express his pleasure at making the lady's acquaintance. Miss Jones, too, somehow, seemed ill at ease, and gazed at him with flaming cheeks and a puzzled, pale, half-anxious look in her eyes. The Frau Professorin, who had probably expected a different denouement, looked disappointed, and the goddesses whispered to each other and tittered.

"You will excuse me for a few moments," said the Frau Professorin; "the house needs my attention."

Having learned all that she wished to know, she could afford to be generous. It was plain that the goddesses had displaced Miss Jones in her lover's heart. Hence his annoyance and embarrassment. She could well appreciate his position, and in her heart she began to relent toward him. Miss Jones had evidently, under the pretense of studying music, come to Leipsic to look after her recreant adorer, whose silence had begun to alarm her. The goddesses, too, who had been initiated into the secret, arrived at similar conclusions, and proceeded to dislike the innocent Miss Jones with much vehemence. It was but with reluctance that they heeded their mother's significant scowl, and withdrew in her wake.

"Perhaps," said Miss Jones, drawing a breath of relief as the last of the trains vanished in the doorway, "perhaps you would now have the kindness to tell me what this comedy means?"

Grover lifted his eyes and gazed at her; she was surpassingly lovely. A pair of frank, dark American eyes, half-humorously challenging, put at once his embarrassment to flight, and made him feel a delicious nearness and kinship to their fair possessor.

"Miss Jones," he said, answering promptly the humorous gleam in her eyes, "I shall have to make you a regular confession. I didn't have the remotest idea of your existence."

"Nor I of yours," she responded, quickly; "but what has that got to do with the comedy?"

"Everything. You know, I invented you."

"*You* invented me?"

"Yes, in my dire need, in order to escape from matrimonial persecutions, I invented a *fiancée* in America named Miss Jones. But to be frank, I did not expect you to take me at my word, and turn up over here, in order to regulate my conduct."

"Oh, I see it all!" cried Miss Jones, merrily. "You are in the position of a novelist whose heroine suddenly steps out of the book and takes him to task for his fictions."

"But I hope you won't prove a hard task-master," he retorted, gayly. "In consideration of my generosity in making you beautiful and rich, you ought not to betray me."

"Do you mean that I ought to remain your *fiancée?*" she asked, laughing. "I think that is asking too much of my indulgence."

"You are at liberty to break with me whenever you choose; but until further notice allow the family to suppose that they are right in their conjecture. You need simply say nothing about it. You know our engagement is secret, and we are not expected to show how fond we are of each other."

"That is very fortunate. However," she continued, lightly, as if pleased with the absurdity of the thought, "my fondness for you will probably never demand any very extravagant expression."

"No; but mine may," was his daring reply; "therefore, perhaps, as a measure of self-defense, you ought to break with me at once. Make a scene of some sort, revile

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Prince of Wales is one of the finest lawn-tennis players in England. He is also a splendid shot, and killed seven stags out of nine a few weeks ago, at Glenderry.

Mr. Walker Blaine receives a salary of thirty-five hundred dollars a year as assistant counsel for the Court of *Alabama* Claims. He is also his father's private secretary.

When Count Herbert von Bismarck visited Paris, the papers reprinted the scandalous description of him given in "La Société à Berlin," and the reception accorded him was freezing.

Monsieur De Lesseps announces that on the first of next March there is to be a grand ceremony on the Isthmus of Panama, formally inaugurating the canal works, and it is intended it shall rival the splendor of the old Spanish *fêtes* in those latitudes.

Mr. Wormley, the colored caterer of Washington, lately deceased, was a man of great wealth and generosity. He was well and powerfully built, with perfectly straight features. He is said to have been a grandson of Lord Cornwallis. He was an intimate friend of Charles Sumner.

The feud existing between Lord and Lady Lytton did not end with their separation. She published a novel that was a libelous satire on him. On election day at Hertford he drove up in a chaise, mounted the hustings after him, and poured fourth a torent of invective against him to the assembled crowd.

Prince Bismarck, who erstwhile was troubled with obesity, has reduced his bulk by adopting the rule of never eating and drinking at the same meal. After eating he waits a couple of hours before drinking; after drinking he waits a couple of hours before eating. Most *bon vivants* would rather stay obese.

One of the daughters, by his first wife, of the Duke of Parma, who has just married, the Infanta Marie, is named Marie Immaculée Louise Françoise Praxède Annonciade Thérèse Pie Anne Ferdinande Antoinette Joséphine Lucie Appolonie Philomène Clotilde Emerantiane Marthe Julie. She is a direct descendant of Louis XIV.

Hans Makart's memory will be kept green by the Viennese. A street in the capital is to immortalize the painter's name; a Makart monument, raised by small, popular contributions, is being planned, and a Makart exhibition is already being spoken of, containing every one of the artist's works which can possibly be obtained.

Kido, the attaché of the Japanese Legation at Berlin, embarked not long ago at Marseilles for Yokohama. To make sure that if he died at sea his body would not be consigned to the deep, he took with him a beautiful coffin and everything necessary for embalmment. All his papers and his will in such an event were to remain in a box which was placed in the hands of the captain of the steamer. General Kaweggi, the Japanese Prefect of Police, who was in Paris four years ago, took a similar precaution and died at sea.

Arabi Pasha, the celebrated Egyptian exile, is of noble carriage and lofty stature. His intelligent face is surrounded by a long black beard, his lips are not thick, and his forehead is not low. He converses with the ease and pleasantness of a cultivated gentleman, and praises "the extraordinary energy" of General Gordon. He lives in Ceylon with his wives and his children in luxurious captivity. Egypt, he says, is too near Europe, too directly in contact with modern ideas, to permit of her being subjugated to a state of vassalage like that of the principalities of the Rajahs.

Queen Victoria sent an antique diamond bracelet and a gold breakfast service, and the Prince and Princess of Wales sent a diamond necklace and an India shawl, to Miss Ida Foote, the young American beauty who has just married Lord Montague Paulet, son of the Marquis of Winchester. Victoria's wedding gift to the American belle, Miss Ida Therese Foote, of a diamond bracelet and a gold breakfast service, is fairly extraordinary, since the Queen's usual present on such occasions, even to daughters of nobles, is one of the camel's hair shawls sent to her by the Sultan every year from whoever may be Viceroy of India.

Lord Malmesbury, in his recently published "Reminiscences," says Madame Guiccioli told him that Byron wrote all the last cantos of his "Don Juan" on play-bills, some of which she showed him, or on any odd piece of paper that might be at hand. He had repeated glasses of gin punch at his side when writing. He used to rush out of his room to read to her what he had written, "making many alterations and laughing immoderately." Guiccioli was "very proud and fond of him, but described him as having a very capricious temper, and with nothing of the passion which prevades his poetry, and which he was in the habit of ridiculing—in fact, with a cold temperament."

"Those who listened to Mr. Sala for the first time at the Lord Mayor's banquet Saturday," says the London *World* of October 22d, "did not hear him quite at his best, for his mellifluous tones are somewhat affected by bronchial parseness. But his matter was as good as ever—a delightful mélange of earnestness, humor, and anecdote, and his hearty eulogy of the absent Archibald Forbes was in the best possible taste. With the exception of this speech, Mr. Besant's business-like exposition of the objects of his Society, and Mr. Carr's playfully graceful remarks upon art, the oratory was not of a high class. Nevertheless, the evening was a remarkably pleasant and agreeable one. It was funny to hear Mr. William Black's half-indignant, half-pathetic protest, 'I can't!' when besought by the great Harker to speak louder; and Mr. Gilbert's sardonic declaration that, in returning thanks for the drama, he should be brief, lest, not having prepared a speech, he might inadvertently express his real feelings on the subject, was delicious."

A lady said to a gentleman who was suffering from influenza, "My dear sir, what do you take for your cold?" "Five pocket-handkerchiefs a day, madam."

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The Confessional.

[SPAIN.]

It is a lie—the Priests, their Pope,
Their Saints, their . . . all they fear or hope
Are lies, and lies—there! thro' my door
And ceiling, there! and walls and floor,
There, lies, they lie, shall still be hurled
Till spite of them I reach the world!
You think Priests just and holy men!
Before they put me in this den
I was a human creature, too,
With flesh and blood like one of you—
A girl that laughed in beauty's pride
Like lilies in your world outside.
I had a lover—shame, avaunt!
This poor wrenched body, grim and gaunt,
Was kissed all over till it burned,
By lips the truest love e'er turned
His heart's own tint: one night they kissed
My soul out in a burning mist.
So, next day, when the accustomed train
Of things grew round my sense again,
"That is a sin," I said; and slow
With downcast eyes to church I go,
And pass to the confession-chair,
And tell the old mild father there.
But when I falter Beltran's name,
"Ha!" quoth the father; "much I blame
The sin; yet wherefore idly grieve?
Despair not—strenuously retrieve!
Nay, I will turn this love of thine
To lawful love, almost divine.
For he is young, and led astray,
This Beltran, and he schemes, men say,
To change the laws of church and state.
So, thine shall be an angel's fate,
Who, ere the thunder breaks, should roll
Its cloud away and save his soul.
For, when he lies upon thy breast,
Thou mayst demand and be possessed
Of all his plans, and next day steal
To me, and all those plans reveal,
That I and every priest, to purge
His soul, may fast and use the scourge."
That father's beard was long and white,
With love and truth his brow seemed bright.
I went back, all on fire with joy,
And, that same evening, bade the boy
Tell me, as lovers should, heart-free,
Something to prove his love of me.
He told me what he would not tell
For hope of Heaven or fear of Hell;
And I lay listening, in such pride,
And, soon as he had left my side,
Tripped to the church by morning light
To save his soul in his despite.
I told the father all his schemes,
Who were his comrades, what their dreams;
"And now make haste," I said, "to pray
The one spot from his soul away.
To-night he comes, but not the same
Will look!" At night he never came.
Nor next night. On the after-morn
I went forth with a strength new-born.
The church was empty. Something drew
My steps into the street. I knew
It led me to the market-place—
Where, lo!—on high—the father's face!
That horrible black scaffold drest—
The staple block . . . God sink the rest!
That head strapped back, that blinding vest,
Those knotted hands and naked breast,
Till near one busy hangman pressed—
And on the neck these arms caressed...
No part in aught they hope or fear!
No Heaven with them, no hell—and here,
No Earth, not so much space as pens
My body in the worst of dens
But shall bear God and Man my cry—
Lies—lies, again—and still, they lie!
—*Robert Browning.*

### The Immolation of Constance de Beverley.

A den which, chilling every sense
Of feeling, hearing, sight,
Was called the Vault of Penitence,
Excluding air and light;
But though, in the monastic pile,
Did of the penitential aisle
Some vague tradition go,
Few only, save the Abbot, knew
Where the place lay; and still more few
Were those who had from him the clue
To that dread vault to go.
Victim and executioner
Were blindfold when transported there.
In low dark rounds the arches hung,
From the rude rock the side-walls sprung;
The gravestones rudely sculptured o'er
Half sunk in earth, by time well wore,
Were all the pavement of the floor;
The mildew-drops fell, one by one,
With tinkling splash upon the stone;
A cresset, in an iron chain,
Which served to light the drear domain,
With damp and darkness seemed to strive
As if it scarce might keep alive,
And yet it dimly served to show
The awful conclave met below.
There, met to doom in secrecy,
Were placed the heads of convents three;
All servants of Saint Benedict,
The statutes of whose order strict
On iron table lay;
In long black dress, on seats of stone,
Behind were these three judges shown
By the pale cresset's ray;
Before them stood a guilty pair;
But, though an equal fate they share,
Yet one alone deserves our care.
Her sex a page's dress belied;
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.
Her cap down o'er her face she drew;
And, on her doublet breast,
She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.
But at the Prioress' command,
A monk undid the silken band
That tied her tresses fair,
And raised the bonnet from her head,
And down her slender form they spread
In ringlets rich and rare.
Constance de Beverley they know,
Sister professed of Fontevraud,
Whom the church numbered with the dead,
For broken vows and convent fled.
When thus her face was given to view,
(Although so pallid was her hue,
It did a ghastly contrast bear
To those bright ringlets glistering fair,)
Her look composed and steady eye
Bespoke a matchless constancy;
And there she stood so calm and pale
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head
And of her bosom warranted
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there,
So still she was, so pale so fair.
Her comrade was a sordid soul,
Such as does murder for a meed,
Who, but of fear, knows no control,
Because his conscience, seared and foul,
Feels not the import of his deed;
One whose brute feeling ne'er aspires
Beyond his own more brute desires.
Such tools the tempter ever needs
To do the savagest of deeds;
For them no visioned terrors daunt,
Their nights no fancied spectres haunt;
One fear with them, of all most base—
The fear of death—alone finds place.
This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,
And shamed not loud to mourn and howl,
His body on the floor to dash,
And crouch, like hound beneath the lash;
While his mute partner, standing near,
Waited her doom without a tear.
Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,
Well might her paleness terror speak!
For there was seen, in that dark wall,
Two niches, narrow, deep, and tall.
Who enters at such grisly door
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.
In each a slender meal was laid
Of roots, of water, and of bread;
By each, in Benedictine dress,
Two haggard monks stood motionless.
Who, holding high a blazing torch,
Showed the grim entrance of the porch;
Reflecting back the smoky beam,
The dark-red walls and arches gleam;
Hewn stones and cement were displayed,
And building tools in order laid.
And now that blind old Abbot rose,
To speak the Chapter's doom
On those the wall was to enclose
Alive within the tomb;
But stopped, because that woeful maid,
Gathering her powers to speak essayed,
"I speak not to implore your grace;
Well know I for one minute's space
Successless might I sue.
Nor do I speak your prayers to gain;
For if a death of lingering pain
To cleanse my sins be penance vain,
Vain are your masses, too.
I listened to a traitor's tale,
I left the convent and the veil;
For three long years I bowed my pride,
A horse-boy in his train to ride;
And well my folly's meed he gave,
Who forfeited, to be his slave,
All here and all beyond the grave.
He saw young Clara's face more fair,
He knew her of broad lands the heir,
Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,
And Constance was beloved no more.
'Tis an old tale and often told;
But did my fate and wish agree,
Ne'er had been read, in story old,
Of maiden true betrayed for gold,
That loved, or was avenged like me.
* * * * * * *
And now my tongue the secret tells,
Not that remorse my bosom swells,
But to assure my soul that none
Shall ever wed with Marmion.
Had fortune my last hope betrayed,
This packet, to the king conveyed,
Had given him to the headsman's stroke,
Although my heart that instant broke.
Now, men of death, work forth your will
For I can suffer, and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last.
Yet dread me, from my living tomb,
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!
If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
Full soon such vengeance will he take
That you shall wish the fiery Dane
Had rather been your guest again.
Behind, a darker hour ascends!
The altars quake, the crosier bends,
The ire of a despotic king
Rides forth upon destruction's wing;
Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep,
Burst open to the sea-wind's sweep.
Some traveler then shall find my bones
Whitening amid disjointed stones,
And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,
Marvel such relics here should be."
Fixed was her look, and stern her air,
Back from her shoulders streamed her hair;
The lock that wont her brow to shade,
Stared up erectly from her head;
Her figure seemed to rise more high;
Her voice, despair's wild energy
Had given a tone of prophecy;
Appalled the astonished conclave sate;
With stupid eyes the men of fate
Gazed on the light, inspired form,
And listened for the avenging storm.
The judges felt the victim's dread;
No hand was moved, no word was said,
Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,
Raising his sightless balls to heaven:
"Sister, let thy sorows cease;
Sinful brother, part in peace!"
An hundred winding steps convey
That conclave to the upper day;
But ere they breathed the fresher air,
They heard the shriekings of despair,
And many a stifled groan;
With speed their upward way they take
(Such speed as age and fear can make,)
And cross'd themselves for terror's sake
As hurrying, tottering on;
Even in the vesper's heavenly tone
They seemed to hear a dying groan,
And bade the passing knell to toll
For welfare of a parting soul.
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;
To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled,
His beads the wakeful hermit told;
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couch'd him down beside the hind
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern.
—*Sir Walter Scott.*

## STORYETTES.

### Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An irascible Indian colonel declared, at a game of whist, that he had never held a trump in his life. "That is impossible," remarked a young man; "you must have held a trump when you dealt." "Sir," replied the old Indian, "I always misdealt."

At one of Sheridan's dinner-parties the conversation turned upon the difficulty of satisfactorily defining "wit." Forgetting that he was expected to hear, see, but say nothing, Master Tom informed the company: "Wit is that which sparkles and cuts." "Very good, Tom," said his father; "then, as you have sparkled, you can cut!" and poor Tom had to leave his dinner unfinished.

A Presbyterian doctor of divinity once said to a reporter at a General Assembly: "You newspaper men must have queer views of things. You are always looking on and never taking part. Your knowledge and habits of thought must be very circumferential and superficial. I suppose now your idea of the Day of Judgment is, that you will have a table off at one side and report the proceedings for the morning paper."

The celebrated Abernethy having asked a candidate at his examination what means he would use to promote perspiration in a particular disease, the student exhausted all the resources of his memory and imagination, and still the pertinacious old man continued to bore with, "Well, sir, and if that failed, then what would you do?" The lad, driven to his wits' end, at length exclaimed, "Then, sir, I would send him to you to be examined; and if that did not make him sweat, it is my opinion his case would be hopeless."

The Elector Johann Georg, of Brandenburg, of the noble house of Hohenzollern, had been blessed with a numerous progeny. One day as he sat surrounded by his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, one of the latter, Georg-Wilhelm (who afterward became Elector), amused himself by riding on his hobby-horse round the table, shouting at the top of his voice until his Serene Highness had had quite enough of it, and, turning to the hereditary prince, he said, with a smile: "My dear son Joachim Friedrich, please tell your son Johann Georg that I wish he would intimate to his boy, Georg-Wilhelm, to hold his tongue."

Æsopus, the actor, who was to Cicero, what Quin was to George III., was as great an epicure, in his way, as Quin himself. It is related of him that one day he dined off a costly dish of birds, the whole of which, when living, had been taught either to sing or speak. He was as fond of such a dish as Quin was of mullet; for which, and for some other of his favorite *morceaux*, he used to say that a man ought to have a swallow as long as from London to Botany Bay, and a palate all the way. When the fish in question were in season, his first inquiry of the servant who used to awaken him was: "Is there any mullet in the market this morning, John?" And if John replied in the negative, his rejoinder was: "Then call me at nine to-morrow, John."

Prince Bismarck and Herr von Kleist-Retzow, after a heavy day's shooting, sat together sipping their wine and comparing notes of their day's adventures. Herr Retzow soon complained that he was excessively tired, and would be unable to get up at seven o'clock the next morning to join the sport. Bismarck assured him that he would see that he got up at the right time, whether he would or not. On retiring to their bedrooms, which adjoined each other, Retzow barred and barricaded his door, to prevent his friend from carrying out his threat. At half-past six on the following morning the Chanceller knocked at Retzow's door, calling him to get up. Retzow didn't, but turned on his pillow to enjoy another snooze. Then Bismarck seized his gun, went below into the yard, and fired through the window of Kleist-Retzow's bedroom, hitting the ceiling above the bed, and bringing a shower of plaster down down on the head and shoulders of the sleeper. In the greatest alarm Retzow arose and looked out of the window to see what was the matter. Seeing nobody, he hastily donned his clothes, and ran down stairs. Here he met Bismarck, who gravely bade him good morning, and added: "I hope you have slept well; it is just striking seven."

Impromptu definitions have often the merit of being amusing, whatever may be said as to their correctness. "What on earth can that mean?" asked Hicks of Thackeray, pointing to an inscription over a doorway, "Mutual Loan Office." "I don't know," answered the novelist, "unless it means that two men who have nothing agree to lend it to one another." Said Lord Wellesley to Plunkett: "One of my aids-de-camp has written a personal narrative of his travels; pray, what is your definition of 'personal'?" "Well, my lord," was Plunkett's reply, "we lawyers always consider personal as opposed to real"; an explanation as suggestive as that of the London magistrate who interpreted a "housekeeper" as meaning "a sort of a wife." "Pray, my Lord," queried a gentleman of a judge, "what is the difference between common law and equity?" "Very little in the end," responded his lordship; "at common law you are done for at once; in equity you are not so easily disposed of. The former is a bullet which is instantaneously and charmingly effective; the latter an angler's hook, which plays with the victim before it kills him. Common law is prussic acid; equity is laudanum." An American contemplated setting a lawsuit going; his solicitor said he would undertake the matter for a contingent fee. Meeting Mr. Burleigh soon afterward, the would-be litigant asked that gentleman what a contingent fee might be. "A contingent fee," quoth Mr. Burleigh, "is this—if the lawyer loses the case, he gets nothing; if he wins it you get nothing." So Brough was not very much out in defining a lawyer as a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself.

## "LE SPORT" IN FRANCE.

"Parisina" describes Aristocratic Hunters and Huntresses.

If everything were not superlatively bright down below—I mean the shop-fronts (dear to our feminine hearts) and the gardens with the geraniums and fuchsias still in full bloom, the new wooden pavements with hardly a speck of mud on their smooth surfaces, and *la Parisienne* tripping gayly along in her fresh, warm-toned, autumnal raiment—how dull we should be beneath this leaden sky! The *petit été de St. Martin* is a poor apology for your American Indian summer, and we don't always get that. When it does not freeze before the middle of November we think ourselves fortunate, although the clouds hang gray over our heads, and we need all that shop-keepers, gardeners, scavengers, dressmakers, and milliners can do for us in the way of counteracting the deficiencies of our climate.

In a well-wooded country the gray does not do so badly. Nature tinges the oaks and the beeches, the brambles and the briars, with such vivid coloring that they can stand a canopy of neutrals. Fontainebleau, for instance, is just now glorious in its variegated hues. No frost has touched the palace parterres, and the hunting season promises to be more than usually propitious, in spite of the absence of Maître Phœbus, who is taking holiday after rather a heavy summer term. If anything can improve the aspect of sylvan nature just now, it is the pageant of the hunt as the horses gallop past, following the hounds in full pursuit, and the ring of the bugle as it startles the solitudes of the forest.

The woods roundabout are merry with the echoes of aristocratic hunting and shooting parties. Down at Chantilly, on the broad Condé estates, the Orleans princes and their guests are hunting the stag and potting partridges. The deep blue coats of the Duc d'Aumale's *piqueurs*, the clear, deep sound of the horns, and the baying of the English stag-hounds, fill the verdant avenues and thickets with life, music, and color. You might almost fancy yourself back in the days of Louis IX. or chivalrous Francis; and if Quentin Durward or Dunois the bastard were suddenly to meet you at the corner of a *carrefour*, it would surprise you not much more than the sight of the unromantic gamekeepers of the great Château de Chantilly. The Duc de Chartres with his charming wife and the Prince and Princesse de Joinville are always at Chantilly at this season, and the *fine fleur* of Orleans society is invited in series. The Comte and Comtesse de Paris (the latter only just recovered from her last confinement) have not yet graced their uncle's house with their presence, having their own guests to entertain at Château d'Eu. Chantilly gains somewhat in gayety by their absence; the Comte de Paris was always rather a staid character, and since the death of the Comte de Chambord he has a sort of kingly dignity to keep up, with some kingly worries also to bear. At night the windows of the château are brilliantly illuminated, and now and then you may hear the sound of music wafted from the ball-room overlooking the park, where the duke's guests are forgetting politics in a quiet cotillion.

The presiding goddess at the Château de Rambouillet, another famous hunting rendezvous, is that most daring and amiable of châtelaines, the Duchesse d'Uzès. There is not a pluckier or more graceful amazon in all France than Madame la Duchesse. In her dark-colored, tight-fitting riding habit, with her coquettish hunting cap cocked over her left eye, and her little knife stuck in her belt—to show she is no fancy Diana, and means business—she makes as pleasing a picture as any lover of the chase could wish to set eyes on. It is no easy matter to avoid being "horsey" when a woman knows so much about horses as the Duchesse d'Uzès. But certainly she avoids it perfectly; and when she has leaped from her saddle, and exchanged her habit for her dinner toilet, you would never suspect she was the dashing Di Vernon who an hour before may have swept past you like a whirlwind at the head of the red-coated, blue-breeched Rambouillet hunt.

When Napoleon made Compiègne his country headquarters, the imperial forest was the hunting ground of hunting grounds, throwing even Fontainebleau and Rambouillet into the shade. But that was long ago. Compiègne has lost its glory, and though the old Marquis de l'Aigle still keeps up the illusion with his stag-hounds, the whole affair is rather dull now, like the bluish-gray hunting coats which have been substituted for the dazzling white and gold jackets which just a quarter of a century since enlivened the noble glades of one of the most beautiful woods in Europe.

You will find what might be called "Cockney" hunts much nearer to Paris than Compiègne or Chantilly. At Carnel a pretense is made by Monsieur Meunier, son and heir of the great chocolate millionaire. But the stags look very much as though they had been tamed by a long sojourn in the Jardin d'Acclimation, and sport is merely a pretext for bringing together a set of good fellows, friends from Paris, who may not, indeed, be rivals of Nimrod, but who would beat Nimrod, or Adonis, quite hollow at telling a hunting story after dinner. But this is not surprising, as most of Monsieur Meunier's friends are "gentlemen of the press." Close to Carnel, by the bye, lives the Marquis de Mana, who has lately built himself a princely château, of the Versailles pattern, at Franconville. Monsieur de Mana, however, does not care for reverie. His time is devoted to writing bad comedies, or to acting his bad comedies when they are written, at his club in the Place Vendôme, at Follambray, as we have seen, with the Baronne de Pailly, or in a charming theatre which he has had constructed.

At St. Germain and several other suburban places, partridge and pheasant shooting has been kept up with great spirit. Monsieur Grévy, back from his long vacation at Mont-sont-Vaudrey, went shooting the other day with a large party of friends in that portion of the national domain of Rambouillet which is reserved for the cynegetic exploits of our Presidents. Game is less scarce and cheaper at the Halles than it has been of late years. It is not unusual for ladies to go out after the birds with their lords and masters. Shooting costumes are specially made for them; they don the Lincoln green and leathern doublet—and some among them go so far as to forswear even "divided" skirts, and appear in knickerbockers, high boots, blouse, or shooting jacket, with billy-cock hat tilted over their foreheads.

The boar is still hunted in many of the noble forests which stud the length and breadth of fair France. At Fontainebleau and Chantilly, too, the boars are not the domesticated beasts they are said to be by the malevolent tongues of the *chasseurs* to whom the Duc d'Aumale or Monsieur Eprussi have forgotten to send invitations. The sport is both exciting and dangerous—excellent reasons for its popularity. Even the most practiced woodcraftsmen have to be wary when a solitary porker turns to rend him. And this reminds me of a close affair which nearly ended fatally to Baron de Champchearier, last week. The baron was out shooting at Château Lavallière, one morning—for when over-plentiful it is admissible to shoot as well as hunt boars—when he came up with a fine old porker. He fired, wounding the animal, but, unluckily, the wound was not mortal. Frantic with rage and pain, the boar rushed at his assailant, upset him, trampled on him, and was preparing to save him the trouble of committing "happy dispatch" *à la Japonaise* at any future time, by ripping him up. Several buttons on the baron's waistcoat had already been burst by the tusks of the infuriated beast; the baron had vainly tried to ward them off with the barrel of his gun; and all seemed lost, when, with a singular timeliness, the boar fell on its side heavily, dead. In the impetuosity of its onslaught, it had managed somehow to entangle its forefeet in the steelwork of his double-barreled piece; the trigger had gone off rather unexpectedly, and lodged the contents of the unused barrel in the heart of the redoutable "solitary."

Monsieur Ephrussi, the great financier and grain-merchant, is lord of the Fontainebleau hunting-ground this season, as he was last. His wife, *la belle* Madame Ephrussi—as she has been called ever since that wonderful pastel of poor De Nittis first brought her beauty into relief in Paris—often goes after the boars and stags with him. The other day, at the first autumnal hunt, it was she who administered the *coup de grace* at the *hallali*—an act of courage, or, if you will, of cruelty, for which nobody looking at her pale, delicate features would have given her credit. Talking of that famous pastel, I was in De Nittis's studio—the familiar studio in the Rue Viète, which now seems so desolate—at the time he was at work on the portrait. The Italian painter never did anything better in its way. He was enthusiastic on the subtle and seductive charm, the strangeness, and the grace of his model. And certainly his rhapsodies had plenty of excuse, I think, though probably few women would agree with me. The very faults of the pale Slav features only made the face more attractive. And then the eyes! Such dark, deep, mysterious eyes! They pursued you after you once looked into them with something of the enigmatic fascination of the *Yoconde*. But Madame Ephrussi is more beautiful than the evil woman immortalized by Leonard, and a great deal less cat-like. Nittis had drawn her seated in a Japanese interior, amid the screens and drapery which adorned his own studio. The picture might have been described as a harmony in blue and silver. When it was exhibited, with a few other pastels, at the "Mirlitons," Paris fairly raved over it. Heigho! those times are past now. Nittis has "gone the way of all flesh," and the black dress of his sorrowing widow has added a sombre touch to the blue and silver harmonies of the Rue Viète.

One of the most select hunts in France this year is that at Biarritz. The Duchesse de Tamamès, the Duchesse de la Torre and her daughters, Prince Pignatelli, and many of the officers of the Bayonne garrison ride or drive regularly to meet. In one respect this hunt is peculiar—at all events so far: it will have nothing to do with Englishmen, and the Parisian journals, in chronicling this proceeding, do not (as in decency they might) stigmatize it as inhospitable and rude. I should like to know what they would say if one of the masters of the fox-hounds in England sent French visitors to Coventry in a similar fashion? It is all the more ridiculous that in half the other "swell" hunts in France the English are the very soul of the meets. There was a capital run the other day near Biarritz. Fifty or sixty people, among them Mademoiselle de la Torre and a plucky little lady of fourteen, Mademoiselle Koennel, followed the hounds. Mademoiselle Koennel, who was in at the death, carried off the honors of the day.

The English style of riding get-up prevails in France. A futile attempt was made a year or two since to introduce a more picturesque sort of costume, in imitation of the Empress of Austria, that indefatigable *chasseresse*, who seems only happy when she is in the saddle riding hard and fast over the Hungarian wilds or across a fair English county. The Grand Duchesse Wladimir appeared at one of the Chantilly meets in a habit of the Louis XIV. pattern, and wearing a three-cornered hat. Redfern, who makes for all the fashionable French amazons, sets his face absolutely against any such vagaries. He cuts his habits with extreme simplicity, molding them perfectly to the figure—the cloth being slightly elastic—and the skirt is shaped so as to fit over the pommel of the saddle. No such things as facings, lappels, and braiding would he tolerate for a moment, the only concession being, at times, a fold of colored cloth between the collar of the habit and the band of immaculate linen. The elder princesses of the house of Orleans imbibed the English traditions when they learned to ride at Twickenham, and naturally they give the *ton* in aristocratic circles. The Comtesse de Paris rides well, and as often as the constant increase in her family will allow; but her sister-in-law, De Chartres, is the much more intrepid of the two, and her daughters, the Princesse Marie and the Princess Marguerite, sit their horses with consummate grace and plenty of pluck. I saw them at Chantilly last year wearing dark brown habits and crape on their arms, out of respect to the memory of the Comte de Chambord. And the silver medal hanging on the animal's chest, what of that? Only a fancy of the duchesse's—a couple of fine old silver medals of St. Hubert, the patron saint of the chase, being there for luck. Are the Orleans a lucky race, to have beauty, courage, broad lands, fine houses, plenty of money? Doubtless they would answer "No," as long as Monsieur Grévy reigns at the Elysée.

PARISINA.

PARIS, October 17, 1884.

## BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

Married Without Money.

There are a good many singular incidents connecte with the administration of matrimony, especially as it i dealt out by a justice of the peace in a young territory During eight years of my official capacity as general ager for substantial justice and durable wedlock, I was calle upon a great many times to ladle out my blessing at s much per bless under very trying and peculiar circum stances.

We never had much of the orange-blossom and swallow tail coat business in my studio. I generally invited th couple to sit on the wood-box until I got through with th simple drunks, and then we would call in the marshal an the janitor as witnesses, and proceed.

I remember, one day, a gentleman named Chilbla Henry, came in from the head of the Chug Water, ar brought with him a Mexican woman commonly calle Beautiful Snow Colorado Maduro. She was of a rich nu brown color with a wonderful wealth of raven hair, whi she combed whenever the sign was right, but it hadn't be right for a good while. She was dressed plainly, but nea ly, in an old lap-robe, caught back with safety-pins and he in place by means of a broad horse-hair cinch, which h been an heirloom in the family. She was about forty-eig years old, and I asked her in a bantering tone if she h her parents' consent. She did not understand me, as s only knew a little broken cigar-box English.

Thinking perhaps she might be more familiar with t early history of her race, I asked her if she remember Pizarro; but she only laughed and displayed her totteri ruin of a mouth.

The union with Chilblain Henry did not seem to sat rate her with a great, wild joy. She stood there throu the imposing ceremony with her cute little Mexican f just peeping out from under the heavy drapery of her la robe, and mechanically answered the legal questions p pounded to her, in a rich, deep, and resonant tone voice. Somehow I could not help wondering if she c not love another. Perhaps she had given her young he to some neighboring greaser, and smiled on him, perha and it had thrown him into convulsions from which he h never recovered.

When I got through Chilblain Henry saluted his bri I had heard before that he was a very brave man. Th he cordially invited me to ditto. I told him that it mi occasion talk. He said he didn't want any foolishness funny business. He allowed that a magistrate had right to salute the bride, and it looked kind of outre waive it. He would not pay me, he said, unless I salu the bride.

"Never mind the pay, Henry," I said, "between friends; so it don't matter. Hand it in any time. I dc care if you never pay it. But to tell you the truth, Her I'm afraid to kiss Colorado Maduro. I am a man of str impulses, and I do not dare to salute her. When I cau her in my arms I might forget my own home ties, and l nap your fair young bride, and dash away with her to mountains. I know my own failings, Henry, better t you do. It wouldn't be right, and it would certainly m talk. However, if you insist, I will give my proxy t friend of mind, who is totally blind, and who is acc tomed to all kinds of horrors."

He went away with his wife, intending to come back kill me, he said; but after I had stayed in the office, hind the fire-proof safe, two days, with the doors lock some friends came and told me Henry had done the wh thing on a bet that he would get married and tha wouldn't charge him a cent.—*New York Mercury*.

A Taste for Music.

I have a friend whose tastes harmonize with mine f rate generally; but there's one thing in which we are congenial. We agree upon politics, religion, and tem ance, being radical on the first, temperate as to the secc and in a state of armed neutrality as to the last.

But we do not fraternize on the subject of music. M has been nearer to breaking up our little Damon and P ias business than anything else. He is all soul and s I am sordid and plebeian in my tastes.

This, he claims, constitutes one of the great distingu ing characteristics between the man whose blood is a navy-blue and one who is constructed of common Mayhap. I use the word mayhap here in its broa sense.

A few weeks ago my friend and I had one of these cussions, in which he tried to make me believe that T dore Thomas was musical director when the morning sang together, and I replied with one of my most scat epigrams, after which he curled up like a *retroussé* mer squash. I then invited him to accompany me minstrel performance which took place that evening. disguised himself and went. It was not a troupe of prominence; but the show-bills were very well done, the whole company wore plug-hats. So I judged it w be a pretty good performance. My friend, myself, an other leading citizen suffered through it together.

There were only two of the company who were a facetious, and they were drunk. They were drun special request of the management. After the olio been half rendered, the audience decided that it woul nothing more than right to jump on the stage and kill entire company. On second thought, however, we g up, as they outnumbered us three to one. So we h sit there and stand it.

It was what might be termed an involuntary well performance, for the sheriff acted as property after that, and the company disbanded, some going Minnesota harvest fields, and the rest adopting other cialties.

I saw the clog-dancer last week distributing Paris-g on some potato-bugs on a small farm, wearing a plug and singing "Empty is the Cradle, Baby's Gone."

One of the end-men is driving an ice-wagon in a n boring town, and the clarionet-swallower of the orch is holding down a free claim in Dakota.—*Puck*.

## VANITY FAIR.

The dancing man is made, not born. It is not in private parties that he acquires so wonderful command over his legs. He is the person to whom the professors of calisthenics, etc., both male and female, largely address themselves. Our dancing man frequents the academy of some distinguished skipjack, where the professor receives only advanced pupils. Here our dancing man learns the feats which put you to the blush when your awkward interpretations of Strauss into motion are contrasted with his. Not that the professor or his daughter could do with every one what they have done with our dancing man. He brings his soul to his work, and gives his whole mind to his heels. He picks up steps with wonderful alacrity. He has a kind of phenomenal apprehensiveness for the most recondite of figures. He has memory of exceptional strength for postures. But beside his studies with adepts, the dancing man has twice the experience of the average adventurer into evening parties. He is indefatigable in the season, and never misses the chance of showing his accomplishments out of it. And, oddly enough, it often happens that neither middle age nor marriage cures the dancing man, and his gyrations are perfect to the last. Portliness imparts a kind of graceful swinging motion to his circuits, and any girl, who knows the value of having her own dancing seen at its best, can not do better than keep a waltz or two on her card for the Benedick who, in his early youth and long after the expiration of his legal infancy, had won the admiration of many a ball-room by his grace, expedition, and confidence in the discharge of a fascinating obligation of polite intercourse.

The story is going the rounds that a remarkable wedding party is to be held in Missouri. Twenty-one couples from the northern counties of the State have agreed to get married at the same time and place. There will be a banquet for two hundred guests, and then a bridal tour by the new husbands and wives in company. Fancy a score of brides and grooms crowded into a Pullman sleeper.

The thing that most perplexes the young men about town (says a writer in the Boston *Globe*) is how "to make both ends meet." Their greatest misfortune seems to be that they try to live a life of luxury on a very small or moderate salary. They wear expensive clothes, are often seen at the theatres, frequently dine in luxurious style at some swell restaurant, and all this on salaries averaging not higher than twenty or twenty-five dollars a week. "How do they do it?" is often asked. Rather impertinently, perhaps, I asked a friend, the other day, for information on the subject. He said: "Well, the fact is, I never enjoy myself so much as when living the kind of life that I have passed during the last two days. For instance, Saturday evening, dinner at Young's with a friend. We sat there and talked fully two hours while eating, as if time were nothing to us. We enjoyed a meal such as Vanderbilt might have envied. Then came the theatre. Sunday morning at ten o'clock we were again seated in Young's elegant dining-hall. We sipped our morning cocktail, ate our fruit, and when the other courses were finished it was afternoon. In the evening it was a *table d'hote* dinner in the cosy little private apartments of the French restaurant. I tell you that is what I call enjoying life." "But," I interposed, "how do you manage to do this on your small salary?" "Well," he replied, "two days of the week I live as if I had an income of about four thousand dollars a year. The remaining five I keep myself in seclusion, and move about without a solitary nickel in my pocket. That is my way of enjoying life." And why should this be so? It all comes from the state of society. A young man of moderate income has to dress and live above his means, or else he is not able to reach that position in society that he thinks his education and breeding entitle him to. The youth of the present generation are brought up to believe that wealth and fashion are everything, that thrift and economy are nothing. They are forced to assume an appearance of wealth even if they do not have it.

A Boston lady, who is in a deplorable state caused by "changing servants," received a visit last week from a young person who kindly condescended to earn an elaborate wardrobe by doing "general housework." This young person was ushered into the parlor, and when the lady went to see her did not rise as politeness even between equals requires, but remained seated in the most comfortable chair in the room. Her attire, however, made up for all errors in good manners, and so bewildered the lady that she believed, at first sight, her caller to be some friend. For this emissary from an employment-office wore a perfect-fitting cloth suit, tailor-made, a tall black hat with a profusion of ostrich feathers, in her ears large Rhine stones, a stud of the same in her linen collar, and a dainty lace-pin beneath, long kid gloves, and a jaunty parasol held at regulation angle! The interview was of brief duration, and when the stylish general-housework servant airily departed, the comment was not in her favor. Ladies have patiently seen their silk and satin dresses copied by their cooks, and have also calmly abandoned sealskin sacques and fur-lined cloaks for the same reason, but when it comes to tailor-made suits and the quiet appurtenances of the present street toilet, a line should be drawn. Servant girls, in spending all their wages on their backs, simply follow the example of their betters, but let us pray they may not invade this last refuge of lady-like dress, for if they take to "severity" nothing will be left their employers but a return to gorgeousness.

Fine stockings are always a consideration. The main effort is to have the slipper and hose the same color as the dress. Black retains its old-time favor. White goods are bought only for economy, and solid colors are in great demand. In the array of high colors tints are very delicate, and in both spun-silk and fine threads split soles predominate. In two-ply goods for winter wear the colors are complementary, and as there are neither rights nor wrongs the hose may be turned and either color shown. All kinds of colored stockings are called fashionable, but the design is a matter of taste. There is no more or but little of what artists call object-drawing in the new styles. Lizards, bugs, leaves, berries, cherries, nuts, and shells are no longer called for save by actresses or museum phenomena. There are pretty goods of standard colors mottled like a piece of underglazed limoges. "Richelieu ribs" have the stripes vertical and the combinations are made of standard colors, such as black ribbed with yellow or cardinal, black run on white, a gray seamed with blue, or bands of maroon on a brown ground. In the "London stripes" the colors are run longitudinally and alternate with each other. Occasionally the tints are clouded, but such effects are not popular. The "Orpheus bands" are of the Sing-Sing suit style, designed after the fly costume worn by Jupiter in the opera of "Orpheus and Eurydice."

The beautiful Philadelphia women, from four to five o'clock each afternoon, can be seen in vast numbers on the popular thoroughfare—Chestnut Street. The complexion of the women there—of those under thirty—is as soft, clear, and roseate as a child's. An intelligent physician there, conversing on the subject, said the reason that Philadelphia women were handsomer than the women of other cities, was from the fact that they did less lacing. Female gymnasts and equestriennes are noted for their fine, clear complexion, which is attributable to the fact that their profession precludes lacing. Again, the women there do more walking than they do in almost any other city on the continent. In this they resemble the English women, who are noted the world over for their beautiful complexion. Not only this, but the exercise of walking rounds the form.

In a recent conversation with an expert as to how a woman could dress well on small means, she said: "It is not easy for American women to resist the influence of pretty things, and the only way is not to pay much attention to mere novelties of dress and fashion, but adhere to certain fixed and well-defined rules. Buy good materials, avoid cheap trimmings, select always such colors as will go well together, and have them usually dark. Never wear your best on a secondary occasion, or when it is likely to be subject to severe wear and tear. Have best dresses cut or made by a good dress-maker, and employ your own efforts on your house dresses and washable materials. Use best black kid gloves, ecru or beige tints. They wear better than fancy colors, and the black are better made and can be worn with all dresses. Never buy cheap gloves or cheap hosiery—they are a delusion and a snare. Always have a plain black walking-dress and handsome black dress, and depend upon cut and material more than upon ornamentation. If you can embroider yourself a dress, you can make a thing of beauty with little cost; but otherwise content yourself with the neatness that is the best evidence of refined taste."

The Philadelphia *Times* has the following: "Scarlet stockings? Yes, they're all the go," said a Chestnut Street hosiery dealer yesterday. "But that isn't the latest craze, by any means." "What is the latest fashion, then?" "Why, on Saturday morning I had three young lady customers who came in and bought three pairs of red and three pairs of black hose. I was somewhat surprised, and asked the object. In each case I was told it was not considered the proper caper to wear two red stockings now, any more than it is to wear two black ones." "Well, what on earth were they going to do?" "Wear one of each kind—a scarlet stocking on one foot, and a black one on the other. It's a fact, I assure you. And the fashion is gaining ground, for this morning I have had several more customers on the same errand. Black and red, you know, are striking and at the same time becoming contrasts."

A Parisian writer is moved by the proposed beauty exhibition into a dissertation on the women, homely and beautiful, who have ruled the world. His first and most startling statement is that modern Egyptologists have discovered that the nose of Cleopatra was short, saucy, and celestial. It was the contrast between the *petit nez en air* and the tiresome monotony of the high-bridged noses of the Roman matrons that drove Antony crazy. Then he goes on to tell of several positively homely women who have exercised unquestioned sway. The Duchess of Burgundy, who divided with Madame de Maintenon the old age of Louis Quatorze, had a frightful neck and decayed teeth; Marguerite de Valois had heavy cheeks, like a monkey, two prominent eyes, and a thick, hanging under-lip; the Duchess de Berri, mother of the Comte de Chambord, who drove the Britons wild, had a trumpet-shaped nose and the complexion of a bilious blonde. Her eyes squinted, and while one was blue the other was gray. The three most successful captivators of modern Paris have been the Princess Lise Troubetskoi, the Princess Metternich, and Theresa, all very homely.

The social philosopher of the New York *Sun* observes that in the ultra fashionable circles of our large cities the number of matrimonial engagements becomes fewer every year. This he attributes, in a measure, to the extravagance of the age, the comforts and indulgences of club life, and the unwillingness of men who have pleasures of all kinds and appropriate to all seasons spread out before them, to take upon themselves the cares and the tedium of married life. And one can hardly blame them, in view of the well-known fact that matrimony is by no means always a bed of roses. But in the meantime girls who are not heiresses are obliged to harden themselves against the attractions of young fellows in their own set, and either not marry at all—which is by far the better part—or accept men who are not "in society," but who carry true and honest hearts beneath their unfashionable waistcoats.

Mr. Ayer, a wealthy grocer of Boston, has built on the Back Bay section of that city a two hundred and fifty thousand-dollar pile of granite, the "First Spiritual Temple," to be used by the Spiritualists.

## THE INNER MAN.

London clerks who have their dinners provided for them on the premises of their employers seem to fare very well. The insurance clerks, for instance, have their choice of several sorts of meat, fish when it is in season, vegetables, bread, and pudding for seven pence, and are allowed an hour in which to eat their meal. Many an American girl who earns her living by writing and copying would think herself fortunate if her salary should be increased until she could have a daily dinner of that description, much more if she could have it for less than a dollar a week.

Ever since it has become known that Mr. Gladstone has based his life upon a well-ordered and numerical system of mastication, a change has come over the manners and customs of his devoted adherents. It is now perfectly easy at any dinner-party or *table d'hôte* in England to discern, at a glance, those of the company who profess allegiance to the "Grand Old Man." If you observe them closely you will see that they are dealing with their food in a slow, ruminative fashion; while, by the fixed gravity of their gaze and the beating of one finger on the table, you can see they are solemnly counting the requisite number of bites authorized by Mr. Gladstone—twenty-six for fish, thirty-two for flesh, and so on with vegetables and bread. So the pantomime goes on with all who are stanch in their allegiance to the Premier.

Louis XV. gave the most exquisite suppers at Le Petit Trianon, prepared by his own hands and those of his most favored courtiers, for a thorough knowledge of gastronomy was in those days an indispensable accomplishment to the fine gentleman. All, majesty included, would don the cook's apron, and, assisted by four pages to do scullion's duties, go to work; the king would devote himself to "poulet au basilic" and preparations of eggs, in which he was highly skilled; the Duc de Contant would prepare the salad; the Duc de Coigny would superintend the rôti—each one of the party being famous for certain dishes—and there were never fewer than forty-eight. In the salon above, the tables were splendid with Sèvres, and gold and silver plate, and vases filled with the rarest flowers. Attendants were dispensed with altogether; one course being finished, at the stamp of the foot the table sank through the floor, and another, completely furnished, rose in its place.

In his essay on "The Pleasures of Eating," Count Rumford says: "The pleasure enjoyed in eating depends—first, on the agreeableness of the taste of the food; and, secondly, upon its power to affect the palate. Now, there are many substances extremely cheap by which very agreeable tastes may be given to food, particularly when the basis or nutritive substance of the food is tasteless; and the effect of any kind of palatable food (of meat, for instance) upon the organs of taste, may be increased almost indefinitely by reducing the size of the particles of such food, and causing it to act upon the palate by a larger surface. And if means be used to prevent its being swallowed too soon—which may easily be done by mixing it with some hard and tasteless substance, such as crumbs of bread rendered hard by toasting, or anything else of the kind, by which a long mastication is rendered necessary—the enjoyment of eating may be greatly increased and prolonged." He adds that "the idea of occupying a person a great while, and affording him much pleasure at the same time, in eating a small quantity of food, may perhaps appear ridiculous to some; but those who consider the matter attentively will perceive that it is very important."

A famous European prima donna who visited this country not many years ago, was exceedingly quiet in her tastes and her manner of living, and on arriving on our shores proceeded with her suite of one—her maid—to one of the best and most exclusive hotels of New York. With a fancy for something of a feast after her operatic performance, she determined to test the New York oysters, of which she had heard so much in praise. When the performance was over the songstress returned at once to her apartments at her hotel, and summoned a servant in the customary manner. The waiter soon appeared and some oysters were ordered. Just here it may be said that the maid retired at once to her own room with a headache, so the oysters were ordered for only one. "How many will you have?" asked the waiter. "How many?" said the lady, at the same time thinking, "I feel as if I could eat a thousand, I am so hungry"; but only added—with a manner indicating that she had lived on oysters all her life—"you may bring a hundred!" She noticed on replying that a surprised expression covered the face of the servant, about which she only mentally questioned, and took up a foreign paper while the man was leaving the room. Some time passed the lady wondering at the delay, when a knock came at the door and in walked five men bearing trays half filled with plates containing oysters on the half-shell, lemons crackers, water, napkins, etc. A single glance at the first tray explained to the lady the surprise she had noticed on the face of the servant who had answered her bell; but not a question was asked nor a word spoken. The plates glasses, etc., were arranged on the various tables in the room, and the lady was left alone with her feast. She realized that she had unwittingly played a joke upon herself, which she determined no one in the hotel should know. Her feast ended, and she wondered how in the world she could dispose of the dozens of great oysters left there untouched. In a moment more she opened the window, and, one by one, took the oysters at the end of her fork and threw them out as far as she could, in all directions, until each shell was emptied. Another knock was heard, and answered. The waiters again entered, found the lady alone at the table, reading as before, and not a vestige of an oyster in sight. The look of surprise which met the lady as she glanced at the faces of the servants was ample compensation in every respect for the mistake she had made. She has often told the story since, and assures her friends that she can never forget nor cease to enjoy her first feast of New York oysters.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"An Appeal to Cæsar" is said to have reached its fifth thousand in less than two weeks.

Mr. James Payn is reading the proof-sheets of a new story for boys, entitled "In Peril and Privation."

George Routledge & Sons will have a new Kate Greenaway Almanac for 1885. It will be the size of the first, which was not as large as the one published last year.

Charles H. Shinn, formerly of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, is represented in this month's *Magazine of American History* by an interesting article on California in the early days.

The New York Literary Interchange is proving a great boon both to authors and editors. MSS. are left there, and the author is spared all the trouble of finding a market, while the editor receives a story or poem with a guarantee of its worth. Inferior work is not handled at all, and young writers receive such suggestions and corrections as seem judicious in the eyes of the management of the Interchange.

Referring to the complaint of "Europeanized" Americans, that there is a scarcity of material in the United States for native fiction writers, the London *Saturday Review* says: "Cooper, Hawthorne, Mr. Bret Harte, Doctor Holmes, Mr. Howells, Mr. Cable, and even Mr. James have proved, and are proving, that America is far from a barren field for the novelist. All over the United States, if a man but search dilligently and intelligently, are little nooks and corners where humanity has a color of its own, and has not yet got itself flattened into the usual gray of the nineteenth century."

Mr. Clark Russell, who is busy upon another story of sea life, and whose works are extensively read in America, was born in New York of English parents. There is not much of the sailor in his personal appearance. He is slightly built, with rather prominent features, and very keen dark eyes. His manner is exceedingly quiet, and he looks older than his age, which is under forty. He has an abundant sense of humor, and in his conversation there is a sailor-like frankness and heartiness. His success as a novelist has come upon him as a pleasant surprise, rather than as the realization of long-cherished aspirations. It is no small tribute to Mr. Russell's skill that nautical men read his books with the keenest interest and admiration, and many a kindly message has reached him from the sea, testifying to the correctness of his pictures of life in the merchant service.

Rhoda Broughton, whom the late Charles Reade thought a fine, high-spirited girl some years ago, is now a mature spinster, and does not hesitate to adorn her smooth banded hair with that badge of British matrons and unmarried women of a certain age, the highly respectable, however decorative, lace cap. Her features give an impression of force, sincerity, and humor. Some years ago she was very partial to the Isle of Wight, and resided for some time in a pretty house at Bembridge, near Brading, with which her name is still connected by the impressionable neighbors, keenly alive to the presence of the author of "Cometh Up as a Flower" and "Red as a Rose Is She."

The English publishers of Max O'Rell's new book, "John Bull's Womankind," have had recourse to a very curious and ingenious procedure to guard themselves against a threatened imposition. Soon after the book was announced with the above title, Field & Tuer learned privately that the title was to be stolen for some insignificant pamphlet or other, and then a large sum of money demanded of them for the use of it. To circumvent the would-be thief, therefore, Mr. Andrew W. Tuer instantly wrote a tiny brochure of eight pages on the English law of copyright in general, and this intended invasion of it in particular, and issued it under the title of "John Bull's Womankind," at a farthing—the price, it will be remembered, at which R. H. Horne issued his *Orion*—thus securing the title for subsequent use. Registration of title, according to an eminent authority whose opinion Mr. Tuer obtained and (he adds) paid for, is not sufficient for this purpose; an honest and usual edition of a book must be published and *ready for sale*, for the entry of copyright to be valid. The brochure at once advanced in price to sixpence, and as only a thousand copies were issued, it will probably become a literary rarity. The motto on the title-page of Mr. Tuer's booklet is the line from "Othello," "May his pernicious soul rot half a grain a day!"

"Ouida's" villa, several miles from Florence, is a retreat from which she seldom cares to emerge, save to mingle at intervals in the society of the town. She is said to be a bit of a snob, and unless she takes a particular fancy to a person, only cares to receive and converse with persons of exalted rank. In the society of Florence she is something of a joke, but she makes a charming hostess, nevertheless. Persons whom she honors with an invitation are received at the portals of her villa by two white collie dogs of extreme affability, and a stately footman in white livery; and, these perfectly pure household gods once duly admired, are ushered into a picturesque hall, and thence into a boudoir fitted up in red and crowded with all manner of pretty things, many of which have been sent to Ouida, from time to time, by the Baron Tauchnitz. These "articles of bigotry and virtue" include everything, from a choice bronze to an illuminated Christmas card. Ouida receives in company with Madame de la Ramé, her mother. Ill-natured persons assert that the maternal parent is a mamma at ten francs a day; but shrewd ladies argue that, if this were the case, Ouida would get a more distinguished one for the money. Madame de la Ramé is unmistakably bourgeoise, but decidedly genial. She will tell you that "Ouida" was always the pet name of her accomplished daughter, the unconscious corruption of the infant who tried to lisp "Louise." Her presence is welcome from the fact that it usually saves the visitor from being called upon to admire some remarkable paintings by Ouida, a collection of the most fearful daubs, which, by a strange perversity, she persists in considering her best life-work. She cares less for her books than these masterpieces of the inartistic, which are worse than one could believe possible. Ouida receives attired in a brilliant blue dress covered with cascades of snowy lace. Her hair is not a decided blonde, due to auriferous wash, as has been hinted; but a light brown, which looks as though it might have been fair once, and then have grown darker. The face is most peculiar—it is strikingly parrot-like. The upper part is very bony, the lower part fleshy, and the nose is curved like a beak. This osseous organ and the fleshless temples are in marked contrast to the bag-like cheeks and chin. The charm of Ouida's conversation is marked. She is deficient in the critical faculty, and is the worst possible judge of her own works. She never seems to realize when she is writing trash or when she is producing admirable work; and this, perhaps, is fortunate for her, since she is always as happy as a professed cynic can be. She does not care to be called Mademoiselle de la Ramé, but simply Madame Ouida, and a letter thus addressed will always reach her at Florence.

New Books.

The latest numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are "Beauty and the Beast," a novel, by Sarah Tyler; the second volume of Froude's "Thomas Carlyle," and Part II of Stormonth's "Dictionary of the English Language."

An interesting article, to appear in the December number of the *Overland Monthly*, is entitled "Two Seaports of New Spain." The article is descriptive of Guaymas and Santa Barbara, and is illustrated with original sketches. It was written by Mr. Edwards Roberts, a well-known correspondent of leading Eastern papers.

"Dorcas, Daughter of Faustina," by Nathan C. Kouns, the author of "Arius, the Libyan," is another of his historical novels. It deals with the persecutions and martyrdoms suffered by the early Christians in Rome during the fourth century, and has a deeply interesting plot. It is published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, $1.25.

"On a Margin" is the title of a novel to which the author modestly refuses to put his name, but which, nevertheless, has many good points. It is a novel of life, love, speculation, and politics in Wall Street and Washington. It is published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, $1.25.

Harper & Brothers, New York, have issued the first volume of "A History of the Four Georges," by Justin McCarthy, M. P. It is written in the same strong and graphic style that characterized McCarthy's former work, "A History of Our Own Times," and is thoroughly comprehensive without being diffuse. It is for sale in this city by Bancroft.

In "A Naturalist's Rambles about Home," Charles C. Abbott discusses the many forms of life one meets in a day's walk through the country. Aside from its intrinsic value, as containing much information, the author's love of his subject soon places him *en rapport* with the reader, and renders the book charming from the first page to the last. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Jas. T. White & Co.

A recently issued work of value and interest to musical students, and musicians generally, is the English translation of a "Manual of Harmony" by Herr S. Jadassohn, the celebrated composer and eminent instructor of theory at the Royal Conservatory of Music, Leipsic. The "Manual" is the first of a series of theoretical text-book by the same author, and bids fair to supersede the work of Richter, which it excels by far in clearness, conciseness, and comprehensiveness. These qualities have been carefully preserved and faithfully rendered by the translators, Messrs. P. Torek and H. B. Pasmore, the latter of whom is a musician, singer, and composer of this city; of their work Herr Jadassohn, in his preface, speaks in the following appreciative terms: "The present English translation of my 'Manual of Harmony' has been made in accordance with my special wish and under my supervision, by my highly gifted pupils, Messrs. Paul Torek, of New York, and H. B. Pasmore, of San Francisco. It represents carefully and conscientiously the German text, as well as all the examples and exercises of the original. Heartily thanking the above excellent musicians for their industry and intelligent labor, I hope that this translation of my work will have a wide-spread circulation. S. JADASSOHN." Messrs. Pasmore and Torek are now engaged in translating the second volume of the series, on "Counterpoint," which doubtless will be gladly welcomed by those who are enjoying the advantages of the work on "Harmony" now used by Mr. Pasmore's pupils in this city on the plan pursued at the Leipsic Conservatory. In their preface the translators say: "With regard to the translation . . . . . we have, above all, striven to avoid the to us foremost errors of stiffness and solemn mysteriousness, and have made it our constant effort to be simple, clear, and concise."

## MUSICAL NOTES.

The Second Philharmonic Concert.

On the 30th of June, 1829, Felix Mendelssohn and his friend Klingemann visited Holyrood Palace together. They viewed the scene of the murder of Rizzo, and the chapel with the altar at which Mary was crowned, standing "open to the sky"—as Mendelssohn writes—"surrounded with grass and ivy, and everything ruined and decayed." "I think," he continues, "that I found there the beginning of my Scotch Symphony." The passage which he then wrote down was the first sixteen bars of the Introduction. It recurs at the end of the first movement, and forms what has been called the motto of the work.

It is not unlikely that this memorable 30th of June was very much such a day as last Wednesday afternoon, when the symphony, which had its poetic beginning so long ago, was played in full by the Philharmonic orchestra. Doubtless just such a misty sky hung over the "gray metropolis of the North" as the one which has so lately reproduced the spirit and atmosphere of that by-gone musical birthday, and put one in sympathy with its emotions and memories. Did its effects reach to the players themselves? Or were they so awake to the significance of the beautiful composition that they would have made its meaning clear under any circumstances? At all events, it is certain that their musicianly treatment of the A minor symphony, under Mr. Hinrich's direction, was exceedingly smooth and enjoyable. The brief introductory, *Andante con moto*—to which a special interest attaches when the scene at Holyrood is recalled—was given with most careful attention to color and finish; and the *Allegro agitato*, into which it immediately passes, was also delightful, though lacking somewhat in lightness and precision of attack. The former quality existed more perfectly in the *Scherzo* than the preceding movement would have led one to suspect. The *Scherzo*, however, is so airy and graceful in itself, that to bring it into any existence a certain delicacy of handling is unavoidable. And the music itself is so thoroughly fascinating and inimitable! Mendelssohn's *Scherzos* have no prototypes. They are individual and peculiar tributes to his originality; and this of the Scotch Symphony, with its little skipping melody, first in one key and then in another, here with the strings and there with the wind, is as slender and lovely a minstrelsy as fairies might blow from horns of honeysuckles. For depth of feeling, as well as completeness of execution, the *Adagio Cantabile* took first rank, and was most appreciatively received. Here, as happily as in the *Scherzo*, Mendelssohn's felicitous use of the right instrument in the right place is strongly apparent. The passage allotted to the 'cellos stood out with beautiful effect. Nothing could be more touching at that particular point than their rich, deep tones, so searching and so sad. The concluding *Allegro* and Finale of this symphony have been characterized as "specially splendid and individual"; but though read with much relevancy, and performed with assurance, these final beauties were pressed upon what is inevitable at the conclusion of any symphony—a flagging attention. Then, too, this longest number of the programme had been preceded by an overture, whose interest exceeded the usual mild attractiveness exerted by works of that rank. There exist only two dramatic works of Schumann's intended for the theatre—the opera of "Genoveva," and the music to Byron's "Manfred." Neither are known upon the stage. "Genoveva" was modeled after Weber's "Euryanthe," and was written at a time when Schumann was utterly and bitterly opposed to Italian music. "Let me alone, with your canary-bird music, and your tunes out of the waste-paper basket," he is said to have exclaimed, angrily, when spoken to of that school. As may be easily imagined, "Genoveva" is severely correct. The opera itself is pronounced unworthy of Schumann's genius and discrimination in many ways; but the overture is classic. A thoughtful interpretation and careful playing marked it as a feature of Wednesday's concert.

Also of noteworthy interest was the famous "Good Friday Mystery" music from Wagner's "Parsifal." Much as has been written of the charm and wonder of this last act, the witchery of its accompaniment can not be imagined until heard. From an orchestra with limited resources and opportunities one could not expect the perfection of a Wagnerian presentation. But, at least, an intelligent idea was gained at the hands of the Philharmonic players, and, with the aid of an extract from the plot, the intention and appropriateness of the music became fully apparent.

Other novelties were, the Duo from Bizet's "Petite Suite," for strings only; "Pavane," from the opera "Etienne Marcel," by Saint-Saëns (this amusing little extract being redemanded), and Wagner's "Kaiser March." One could not help feeling that the latter was musical as the Irishman played the violin—"by main force." Its boisterous harmonies were undeniably in contrast to the quietness of the "Good Friday" spell. F. A.

A musicale was given at the residence of Judge and Mrs. Wright, on Lombard Street, last Friday evening. The invited guests assembled at an early hour, and listened to the following programme: Violin solo, Miss Robbie Wright; piano solo, Miss Lulu Joran; scena from "Faust," Madame Julie Rosewald; violin solo, "Air Varié," by Beriot, Miss Louise Bosqui; piano solo, Signor Arrillaga; violin solo from "Ernani," Mr. J. Rosewald; piano solo, "At the Springs," Miss Lulu Joran; duet for piano and violin, Wieniawski "Légende," by Professor Goffrie and Madame Higgs; aria from "L'Etoile du Nord," Madame Rosewald; violin solo, "Il Tremolo," Professor Goffrie. A supper was served after the completion of the programme.

A concert was given last Monday evening at the First Presbyterian Church, on Van Ness Avenue. The attendance was large. The programme was as follows: Organ solo, *a*, "Improvisation," *b*, "Marche Romaine," Mr. Samuel D. Mayer; song, "The Wolf," Mr. W. B. Bartlett; overture, "Die Felsenmuhle," Misses Lulu and Pauline Joran; song, "Ave Maria," Miss Cora Finch, with violin obligato by Mr. Thomas J. Duffy; piano solo, "Variation," Miss Elise Joran; song, "Forever and Forever," Mr. Samuel D. Mayer; violin solo, "Muette de Portici," Miss Pauline Joran; song, "The Children's Kingdom," Miss Kate Woods; ballad, "Angus McDonald," Mr. W. B. Bartlett; song, "L'Arditi Waltz," Miss Cora Finch; piano solo, *a*, "Var. sur un air Allemande," *b*, "The Mill," Miss Lulu Joran.

Mrs. Henry Norton, assisted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, will give a Song Recital at Irving Hall, on Friday evening, November 21st, at eight o'clock. The programme includes nine numbers, and is a most interesting one.

Mrs. Charles Lux gave a musicale last Friday evening, at her residence on Jackson Street. A varied programme was gone through with, which was followed by a supper.

## ART NOTES.

The Rosenthal Exhibition.

The exhibition of Toby Rosenthal's last picture, "The Trial of Constance de Beverley," which took the second medal at the exhibition at Munich, has been the one matter of interest in a dull week.

Toby Rosenthal's career has been so directly upward, so sure, and so brilliantly successful, that San Francisco takes pride as well as interest in the little boy who nourished the germ of his artistic career in this inartistic city, and who still enrolls himself as an American whenever and wherever he exhibits.

The first time I met Toby Rosenthal, the impression was odd enough to leave it permanently on my memory. It was a decade of years ago, and I was at a lady's house where a large and merry company were assembled. A number of games were being played, among others the following: An abstract idea was given out—"avarice" was the one chosen—and the various guests endeavored to give, graphically, a representation of the idea. Few could draw, hence most of the sketches were simply absurd caricatures, but they sufficed to amuse, which was all that any one desired. After all had finished, the various sketches were passed from hand to hand. One seemed to linger on its way. When it finally reached me, I started at it in amazement. It was only a few lines, yet what lines! A weazened, parchment-faced old man sat at a table, dimly lighted by a lamp. Upon it was a bag of gold, and spread out before him were the darlings of his life—a heap of glittering coins. Over them hovered, hawk-like, his fingers—his crooked, clutching fingers. There was gripe in every knuckle—there was greed in every joint. The dim light fell on his sordid, skinflint face; behind him was black shadow.

I stared, I say, in wonder. I turned to my neighbor, and asked:

"Whose is this?"

"Mr. Rosenthal's."

"What Mr. Rosenthal?"

"Why, Toby Rosenthal, the artist—the one who painted 'Elaine,' you know. He's just back from Europe. Why, you were introduced to him a little while ago."

I remembered then that I had been introduced to *a* Mr. Rosenthal—a little, modest, mild-mannered man, whom I had forgotten in two seconds by the clock. But when I saw this little spark cast from his sacred fire, I recognized the master. I looked on the little mild-mannered man with different eyes. And this was how I first met Toby Rosenthal.

It has been claimed by the Americans that Toby Rosenthal would have taken the first medal for this picture but that the jury of artists did not think it right to let the medal go to an alien, whatever his deserts.

Herr Von Peyer, whose picture, "The Discovery of America by Columbus," took the first medal, is a favorite protégé of the whole German people. He is quite a famous traveler, tosses off a successful book in his moments of leisure, and paints only during certain months of the year.

Toby Rosenthal, on the contrary, devoted himself almost exclusively to the study of this picture of "Constance de Beverley," which, dramatic as it is, was exceedingly difficult for an artist's conception. As it stands, there is not an inch of the canvas whereon one may not find deep and conscientious study. The cresset alone, hanging by an iron chain, is said to have given him several months of research. The faces haunt one, the feeling of the moment in each one is so surely caught and transfixed.

Perhaps the best figure of them all is that of the haughty prioress of Tynemouth. One reads that her conscience is as rigid as her fixed and upright body. There is no cruelty in her face, but the judicial remorseless calm of a religious woman set in judgment upon an erring sister. Her face is haughty, aristocratic, strong, and relentless.

The gentle Abbess of St. Hilda, who is many years younger, leans toward the betrayed prisoner with some faint womanly curiosity left in her, and with a touch of pity in her eye. The hard, stern face of the Abbot of Lindisfarne is harder and sterner than that of the old Prioress, since his blind eyes can not look upon the beauty before him, which might have melted a seeing abbott when it could not touch a prioress. The cresset's light falls fullest upon the red gold hair of Constance, the central figure. The obedient monk has just taken off her cloak and cap at the Prioress's command, and the shrinking girl has assumed the position which has been so variously criticized, but which, among the sex, is conceded to be the height of naturalness.

The form of Constance is cast in a most voluptuous mold, and she has that type of face, with its strong lines and cleft chin, that counts the world well lost for love. At this moment in the gloomy vault of Penitence, her face is as the poet describes it:

> "Her look composed and steady eye
> Bespoke a matchless constancy,
> So still she was, so pale, so fair."

There is just one glance of half appeal at the pitiless face of the prioress, and a suggestion of veiled contempt for her groveling companion—groveling for his life. The leering friar who lifts her cloak from her shoulders is but a minor detail, but full of spirit. Her horrible fate is more than outlined by the grim monks, with their implements in the background.

If the picture has a fault, it is in an excess of light; but the difficulties of painting the almost pitch darkness of which the poet speaks were too many even for Toby Rosenthal. It is a gem to hang on any wall.

The other pictures have all been exhibited before, but the bringing of them together shows forcibly what giant strides this artist is making year by year.

Mr. Rosenthal is now married and has two children. He married well, the daughter of a Frankfort banker, I believe, who had a *dot* of something like a hundred thousand dollars—a large fortune in Germany. So he can devote himself to his art, without the need of bread-making, and hence it is that he is able to devote three years to a painting like this of "Constance."

On another page of the *Argonaut*, in the "Old Favorites," will be found an extract from Scott's poem, describing the scene which the painting represents—"The Trial of Constance de Beverley."

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Saturday, Nov. 1, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| ‖8.00 A.M. | ..Byron and Martinez..... | ¶6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " " " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa..... | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Delta, Redding, and Portland. | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Deming, El Paso} Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {and East.....} Emigrant... | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Galt and Ione, via Livermore... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ..Galt, via Martinez ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Los Angeles and South..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | {Merced, Madera,} ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Fresno, and Tulare} ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Marysville and Chico..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Mojave and East} Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {" " } Emigrant.. | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " ..... | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | {Ogden and} Express..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {East.....} Emigrant..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {Red Bluff} via Marysville.. | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {and Tehama} via Woodland... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers.... | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José..... | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‖10.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | ‖3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Stockton & *Milton via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ..Stockton, via Martinez..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | ..Virginia City..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 8.00 A. M. meets Pacific Express from Ogden at Vallejo Junction; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. meets Pacific Express from El Paso and Mojave at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.
¶ Daily from Martinez. Sundays only from Byron.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier)**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‖8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23 *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23 *6.53, 7.23, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52; ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52; ‡12.22, 12.52, 1.22, 1.52, 2.22, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52; 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RAMSDELL & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.


NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

BROAD GAUGE.

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| 8.30 A.M. | | 6.40 A.M. |
| † 9.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 4.59 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| ‡11.45 P.M. | | ‡ 7.50 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | * 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.25 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| | | † 8.15 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | .....Watsonville..... | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Camp Capitola) & Santa Cruz, | 6.00 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.00 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
‡ Theatre train; Saturdays only.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, and Pacific Congress Springs Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets — at Reduced Rates — to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—Sold SUNDAY MORNING, good for return same day.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, September 22, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—9.00, 11.15 A. M., 3.20, 4.50, 6.15 P. M. To Saucelito, 7.30 A. M.

(Sundays)—8.00, 10.15 A. M., 1.30, 5.30 P. M. To Saucelito only, 11.30 A. M,

Extra trip on Saturdays at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.45, 9.00 A. M., 12.15, 3.15, 4.50 P. M.

(Sundays)—7.55, 10.15 A. M., 3.30, 4.50 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 9.30 A. M., 1.00, 3.50, 5.30 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.30, 10.50 A. M., 12.00 M., 4.00, 6.05 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 2.15 P. M.

**11.15 A. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAIN for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through train from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 1.30 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning arrives in S. F. at 6.40 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales, $2.50; Duncan Mills, $3.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.





411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.**

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 2 o'clock P. M. for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer **1884.** From San Francisco

**San Pablo.....Thursday, December 18th**

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Rio de Janeiro.....November 22**
**City of Tokio .. .....December 6**

At 2 o'clock P. M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Blas .....November 15**

At ten o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, SAN BLAS, MANZANILLO, and ACAPULCO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA and LA LIBERTAD, and via ACAPULCO for other Mexican and Central American ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Australia**...Saturday, November 22, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on Nov. 7th, 15th, and 23d, and December 1st, and every eighth day thereafter. The last steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

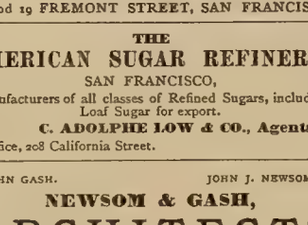
The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

ALAMEDA ...SATURDAY, November 15th, at 3 P. M.
MARIPOSA.....MONDAY, December 1st, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

**THE**

## AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY.

SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**

Office, 208 California Street.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church, Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER, J. W. PORTER.
Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$8,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President;
James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital.....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California: Boston, Tremon National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

## NATIONAL ASSURANCE COMPANY OF IRELAND.

**ESTABLISHED.....A. D. 1822**

Authorized Capital.....$10,000,000
Subscribed Capital..... 5,000,000

## H. M. NEWHALL & CO.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

**Office, 309 Sansome St., San Francisco.**

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.** Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation** Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company** Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company** Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 18**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St.
San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.
W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

# RUBBER HOSE

—FOR—

**Gardens, Mills, Mines, & Fire Departments,**

Manufactured and for sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard (Maltese Cross) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose (Competition), Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire Engine Hose, Carbolized Maltese Cross Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

**JOHN W. TAYLOR, - - - Manager.**
**No. 15 First Street, near Market.**

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**

## THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN**
**36 California Street, San**
Sole Agents for Pac




It is a trite saying that if Cleopatra's nose had been an inch longer the history of the world would have been changed. If the Rev. Mr. Spaulding's trousers had been an inch longer, much of the merriment of "The Private Secretary" would disappear beneath the extra inch. The white, twinkling effect of the reverend gentleman's hose, as he executes a most remarkable series of involuntary exits, is perhaps the chief picture that one carries away in one's mind of this most amusing little farce.

According to the writers of comedies, the three most amusing things in the world, or, at least, the best material out of which stage amusement is to be created, are a baby, a clergyman, and a good old married man gone wrong. We have chuckled over the good old married man in "Pink Dominoes," roared over the baby in "Confusion," and we now scream over this unhappy, redundant young clergyman in "The Private Secretary."

This unfortunate young gentleman is not a familiar subject to the American eye. He seems to belong to the great army of curates who swarm like locusts in England, and who have been made to abound in literature through the pens of George Eliot and Anthony Trollope. But he is exaggerated beyond these with the humorous *Punch* curate, and there is, consequently, something half-familiar in the sleek of his well-brushed hair and the sad shine of poverty in his well-worn, over-large raiment.

"Private Secretaries" are dotting the road pretty thickly at the present reading, and they are, doubtless, all upon one model; but the part appears to be so peculiarly fitted to Mr. Long that it seems hardly possible there is another just like him. The class of the humor of the play is distinctively German. It is neither new nor original, and the wit is as simple and natural as the bubbling of a spring, so that we are rather pleased when the curtain falls unexpectedly—everything's unexpected in "The Private Secretary," that being the trick of it—to find that we have been laughing, like the simple, easily pleased Germans, at a comedy without the remotest spice of wickedness anywhere discoverable in it. We figuratively shake hands with our own morality as with an old friend whom we have not met for a long time, and are pleased to discover some remnant of the angel still in this Augustan age of wickedness.

We are laughing at a clergyman, it is true, but the laugh is not turned against his peccadilloes. We laugh, perhaps, because his religion, which seems to fit him as his coat ought to, never fails him, and keeps him mild and resigned through a bewildering string of adventures; and because the little fellow seems to be perfectly impregnable against surprises. The action drags very tediously when Mr. Long is off the stage. There is no elasticity to the humor of any one else, excepting George Osborne, who is the heavy, apoplectic, bilious, returned East Indian uncle, as he has been handed down to us from Sir Oliver Surface. The other gentlemen, who have been playing melodrama, have been weighed down by its heaviness, and there is not spring enough in them to bound at once into the lightness of comedy. Willie Sims's London tailor is actually grim, but the London tailor is another feature of English life little understood by either American actors or audiences. In fact, the play's the thing in this case, and it is such a delicious tissue of absurdities, and the gymnastics of it have been so carefully rehearsed, that it goes with all the zip that is necessary.

Happiness has been variously defined in this world. Some people profess themselves to be happy in giving pleasure only. Others declare themselves to be happy in looking upon the happiness of others. Let these latter throng to the Grand Opera House in platoons, and when they see the ex-Reverend Mr. Miln strutting up and down the big stage in the soliloquies of Hamlet, they will witness a spectacle of purest and most ecstatic bliss. You can actually see him listen to the sound of his own voice, which is to him as the music of celestial spheres. His Hamlet is a long elocutionary revel in which such small matters as Shakespeare and the complexities of Hamlet's character are forgotten or ignored. Mr. Miln, unfortunately, is quite alone in his own opinion of his voice. To the rest of us, he is simply a stage-struck parson, who has not yet succeeded in getting the pulpit drone out of his voice, and seems to be giving a psalm out to a congregation rather than a soliloquy of Hamlet to an audience. Much as Miln loves his voice, it has all the faults of John McCullough's organs in their most aggravated forms. When he speaks in a natural tone, the sound seems to strike the walls of his throat in hollow places, which give out no resonance; when he wishes to express emotion it gurgles deeply, and when he wants a little applause he rants like a madman. In short, Mr. Miln is a strutting little amateur with the intention to be a Booth, the chevelure of an Oscar Wilde, the voice and intonation of a Western preacher, and the character comprehension of a Friday afternoon schoolboy.

Mr. Miln is supported by seventeen people in various stages of incapacity. The rank and file [illegible]ure in the last stages. Miss Adele Payn [illegible]irst, and there is no positive evidence [illegible]ever get beyond it. The mere fact [illegible]s Ophelia's hair in a Fourth Street [illegible]at least a very limited amount of [illegible] research in these days of American [illegible], when Mary Anderson has outshone [illegible]n his own theatre in the magnificence and realism of the mountings of "Romeo and Juliet." The American girl is said to have reproduced the streets of Verona exactly as they were in 1300. The London archæologists claim that Henry Irving's grand historical reproductions were fanciful pictures got out of artists' heads, rather than the historical verities of Our Mary; all of which has nothing to do with Miss Adele Payn, as indeed nothing of the stage seems to have anything to do with her. She is rather like a nice girl with a tearful voice who might run a Dorcas sewing society; but as Ophelia she is demented before the time comes.

Mr. Miln's repertoire is the usual legitimate list; but any one who wishes to see him need not trouble to make a choice. He will be alike in all.

"Arrah-na-Pogue" has been played so many times by such wonderful casts that a simple little scratch company like the one at the Bush Street Theatre this week calls for little comment. Ward, who takes a perfectly warrantable pride in his privilege of playing the familiar drama without a royalty, is a fair Irish comedian. The O'Grady has a natural brogue, but none of the usual dash of that gallant gentleman. The Fanny Power is evidently a clever school-girl, and Michael Feeny is not so much a travesty as usual. "Arrah-na-Pogue" only fills in a week, as on Monday next Billy Emerson will set up opposition to the house over the way, where his own name will face him, with a new company in a short season of minstrelsy.

It has been an off week at Charley Reed's house, the programme having lapsed into dullness with the withdrawal of "Crawled Back"; but the inexhaustible little minstrel has a new burlesque ready for Monday night. Billy Emerson merely inaugurates his season here as he is bound for the East by the southern way. In any case, he leaves a souvenir of himself, for Carroll Johnson is the most direct copy of a much-copied minstrel that has yet been made.

BETSY B.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

The admirers of Madame Théo are now called "Students in Théo-logy."

Madame Patti has at last secured an absolute divorce from the Marquis de Caux.

The Carleton Company's engagement with M. B. Leavitt ends in Omaha, November 29, whence they return East by way of St. Louis.

Fred. Urban and Ethel Lynton, formerly of the Tivoli, have been engaged by Kate Castleton, whose "All at Sea" Company opened at Portland last Monday.

Messrs. Barton and McVicker have eight thousand dollars already subscribed for the Milan (C. L. S.) Opera Company's season in Washington. The company does not seem to have done well of late.

Paris has an "electric girl." But she is a fraud. Her powers are derived from zinc plates, and other electrical appliances, carefully concealed beneath the dampened carpet on which she stands. The trick is common in the dime museums of this country.

A young man sitting by another young man on Wednesday night, at the Grand Opera House, was distinctly heard to ask his companion the plot of "Hamlet." His companion replied that he didn't know, and didn't want to, as it always spoiled his enjoyment of a play to know the plot beforehand.

At the Baldwin, "The Private Secretary" will run two weeks. On Monday, November 24, Mr. W. E. Sheridan will commence a short engagement, opening in "The Fool's Revenge." The play will be produced on a most elaborate scale, with new scenery and costumes, complete properties and scenic effects.

Although the death of Brignoli is to be deplored, as the silencing of a singer's voice is always a sad thing, there is yet compensation for it. It will be one antique the less in Emma Abbott's gallery of antiquities. She is coming this way in a few months, and she still has the other oldest living tenor with her; but we prefer the species as solitaires rather than in pairs.

A "reception opera" has been tendered to Madame Marie Godine (*née* Miss Mary E. Wadsworth) by her friends and a number of prominent citizens. The affair will take place next Thursday, at Platt's Hall, and the bill is Donezetti's opera, "Don Pasquale." Madame Godini will assume the rôle of Norina, supported by Signor Baldanza, the new buffo Lencioni, and others.

Manager Jay Rial, who resigned the management of the Bush Street Theatre to manage the Carleton Opera Company, was, on last Sunday evening, the recipient of a handsome souvenir in the shape of a jeweled gold "brace," presented by the stage hands of the Bush Street Theatre. Mr. Rial's departure is to be regretted. He is a gentleman, and among managers this is rare enough to make him missed.

It is rumored that Miss Sarah Althea Hill is studying for the stage. Her repertoire will consist of Julia, Juliet, Parthenia, and Camille; but it is most probable that she will make her début in the latter rôle. She is said to be ordering a wardrobe which will astonish the natives, and anticipates that she has talent enough to continue the success into which her notoriety will immediately float her.

Mr. W. E. Sheridan and Miss Louise Davenport have been reported as being on the eve of marrying every week during the last half dozen weeks. The previous report that Mr. Sheridan was already in possession of a wife and family in Philadelphia, where he was long the favorite leading man, did not in any way conflict with it. It seems to be an accepted custom that tragedians shall have wives in Philadelphia.

The lateness of the hour at which the performance closes at the Grand Opera House is attributed to Mr. Miln's fondness for lingering on his syllables. One of his vowels sounds like the long moan of a lost lambkin in a distant field. A whole sentence sounds like the intermittent moaning of the whole flock. When Mr. Miln begins to say "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh," etc., the "dew" comes in as slowly as an election return.

Miss Adele Payn, one of the seventeen of the Miln combination, is reputed to be a young lady of considerable wealth, inherited from some one who made it in the Standard Oil Company. Like Mr. Miln, she is stage-struck, and determined to go to the front rank without that first requisite for dramatic success, experience. Miss Payn has joined her dramatic fortunes with the other novice, and furnishes the money for the experiment. Mr. Miln furnishes the—come to think of it, what does Mr. Miln furnish?

Miss Emma Nevada writes to Mrs. Mills, her sometime preceptress, that "she is as ugly as ever; that her nose is as bad a pug, and her hair in as tight a kink." This sounds very well from Emma herself, but it is related that, having made a somewhat conspicuous failure in oratorio at the Norwich festival, she was badly cut up by the critics next day. Mademoiselle Nevada requested to be introduced to them; brought the full batteries of her pug and her kink to bear upon them, and the whole corps fell prostrate at her feet. The following week an entirely new series of notices began to appear, and at last accounts the converted critics were settling which dresses Nevada should wear at the succeeding concerts.

A group of critics last Monday night, at the Baldwin, were thrown into a cast-iron perspiration because not one of them knew who played the part of The Private Secretary in New York. If there is one thing more than another that our critics pride themselves upon, it is upon being up in New York affairs. When they approached each other with an air of jaunty indifference and said, carelessly, "Oh, by the bye, do you—er—remember who played this part in New York?" each one was stunned to find that the party of the other part didn't know either. There must have been some notable deficiency in the New York papers. "Oh, by the bye—er—wasn't it Whiffen?"

Muldoon is now in Detroit, and was interviewed there the other day by a *Free Press* reporter. The gentle William said: "The idea of having me pose in 'Greek statue' tableaux at the Standard and other San Francisco theatres, originated with me and Powers (*sic*), the California sculptor. I made $1,500 in my three weeks' engagement at the Standard, and received eighteen per cent. of the gross receipts of "The Sea of Ice" at the California Theatre during Jay Rial's management, making $1,200 a week for four weeks. A man is doing well when he makes $6,300 in seven weeks 'on his shape,' ain't he? I intend to pose for a living when I get tired of wrestling." Much of this will be news to Jay Rial, Fred Bert, and Marion Wells, the sculptor.

Monsieur Paul Juignet, who is directing the French dramatic season here, was forced to leave the Baldwin in consequence of another engagement having been made. He announces his next performance at Platt's Hall, for Saturday evening, November 15th. The bill is "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon," a four-act comedy by Monsieur Eugène Labiche. The cast is as follows: Perrichon, Paul Juignet: Le Commandant Mathieu, Edmond Legendre; Majorin, Charles Morel; Armand Desroches, Emile Ortion; Daniel Savary, Louis Imhaus; Madame Perrichon, Mme. Caroline Lassale; Henriette, Mlle. Lucile Villemer; Marguerite, Mlle. Valérie Greth; Joseph, Réné Lafaix; Rutly, Félix Lafaix; Jean, Ferdinand Meunier; Un Employé du Chemin de Fer, Pierre Aubry; Un Facteur, Charles Comtois; Un Voyageur, Claude Provost.

No one, to see Mr. W. T. Carleton as the lithe and agile Pippo, would suppose him to be out of his twenties. Mr. Carleton has been singing to San Francisco, off and on, during the past twelve years, and had a reputation in England before he came here. He is, in fact, looking his fortieth birthday full in the face, but shows no signs of it either on or off the stage. This is due to his following a hygienic regimen, and indulging in no excesses which would impair either his voice or his physique. He is something of an athlete, and, like all Englishmen, keeps himself in pretty good training. While Italian singers are dying of fat and overfeeding, the Englishmen are staving off time and making all the money. Signor Campobello, who only admits to being twenty-eight years of age, is another of these athletic singers. During his stay in San Francisco, the early risers used to meet him every morning in a comfortable suit of knickerbockers, making good time over the Cliff House road or the Presidio hills.

Mr. Sardou's new play, "Theodora," was read recently to the company of the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre, in Paris. It is in five acts and eight tableaux, and, as the period is the sixth century, when Byzantine splendor was at its best, spectacular effects are in eminent keeping with the historical character of the plot. The tableaux are as follows: 1. A hall of the imperial palace at Constantinople. 2. A subterranean hall at the Hippodrome. 3. Interior of the house of a citizen at Constantinople. 4. The Cabinet of the Emperor Justinian at the Hippodrome. 5. A garden. 6. The Imperial Tribune. 7. A room communicating with the cabinet of the Emperor at the Hippodrome. 8. Another subterranean hall at the Hippodrome. The action is based upon Monsieur Segur's narrative in his great work of an episode in the history of the Eastern Empire. The latest date for the production of "Theodora" has been fixed as the 10th of December.

Many of our Eastern contemporaries congratulate the Carleton company on having secured Mr. Jay Rial, *vice* Mr. Will J. Davis, who they say, is continually advertising his wife, Miss Jessie Bartlett-Davis. If the following is from his pen, he is a great rival of Papa Griffin and John R. Rogers. It is from *Freund's Weekly:*

Jessie Bartlett-Davis, now with the Carleton English Company at the Bush, San Francisco, was born in 1860. In 1870 she was stolen by one of the lazzaroni of Chicago, attracted by her lively and vivacious manner, as well as her pleasing voice, and was training her in a small hut in the art of mendicancy and singing, intending to ship her to Philadelphia to a partner padrone after her "education" was completed. When found she was in rags and tatters, her hair had been cut off close, she was dressed in boy's clothes, and, had it not been for certain distinctive peculiarities, one of which was a strawberry mark under her left ear, would have been almost unrecognizable. Her parents, who were almost heartbroken with grief, were overpowered with joy when their darling was returned to their arms, and they then began to give her voice the special training which was needed.

Ristori, who has just come over to make another farewell tour of the United States, has been injudicious enough to permit herself to be seen in public. She is reputed to look as withered and shaky as Mrs. Skewton, in "Dombey and Son," yet she seriously thinks of opening in "Marie Antoinette."

A pioneer declared the other day that he had either met Lotta on the street, or seen the ghost of her youth materialized. As Lotta was at that moment raking in ten thousand dollars a week at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, the ghost turned out to be Miss Alfa Norman. The resemblance vanishes on the stage, but in the street, in a tailor-made costume of Havana brown, Miss Alfa Norman looks very much as Lotta did a dozen years ago.

A young woman remarked airily on the Baldwin stage, the other night, in a high-pitched society voice: "Uncle, dear, the dinner-bell has just rang." Hamlet said, pointedly and lengthily: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy." A gentleman of presumable birth and education—in the play—says, in "The Private Secretary": "There's things in this world," etc. In fact, to compile a list of the grammatical and other errors made on the stage during this dull week would take at least one column of the *Argonaut*.

A young man called at the box-office of the Baldwin Theatre, the other day, and handed the treasurer a suspicious-looking roll of paper.

"Please hand that to the manager," said he.

The treasurer looked at it dubiously.

"I'll give it to him, if you like," he remarked, "but I might as well tell you that he's got more manuscripts now than he can shake a stick at, and he swore the other day that if I took in any more plays he'd"——

"Play!" said the young man, with a snort; "*play!*—why, what do you take me for, young feller? Do you think I'm a play-writer? No, *sir!* I'm salesman in a paper-hanging house, I am, and them is samples of our new lines of papers. *Play!* Well, that *is* gall!"

The treasurer apologized.

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

**Bills and Casts for Week ending November 15th.**

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill: C. H. Hawtrey's "The Private Secretary." Cast as follows:

Rev. Robert Spaulding, J. N. Long; Mr. Catermole, George Osborne; Douglas, George Wessels; Mr. Marsland, E. N. Thayer; Harry, Harry Mainhall; Gibson, William Simms; John, E. J. Holden; Knox, E. Ambrose; Thomas, Mr. Harrison; Edith, Miss Louis Calvert; Eva, Miss Esther Williams; Miss Ashford, Miss Annie Adams; Mrs. Stead, Mrs. May E. Hill.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Bill: Boucicault's "Arrah-na-Pogue." Cast as follows:

Shaun the Post, Mr. James M. Ward; Col. Bagnal O'Grady, J. W. Thompson; Beamish McCool, W. J. Kohler; Major Coffin, Charles Mathews; Mr. Michael Feeney, W. J. Elleford; The Sergeant, John Miller; Olney Farrell, J. H. Burns; Tim Cogan, D. Tracey; Andy Regan, R. Barbour; Pat Flanigan, J. Flaherty; Arrah Meelich, Miss Carrie Clark Ward; Fannie Power, Miss Minnie Young; Katty Walsh, Miss Fannie Young; Mary Finigan, Rose Millar.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Closed during the week.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: Strauss's "Prince Methusalem. Cast as follows:

Prince Methusalem, Miss Hattie Moore; Pulcinello, Miss Kate Marchi; Sophistika, Miss E. Possezi; Sigismund, Harry Gates; Cyprian, E. N. Knight; Vulcanio, M. Cornell; Trombonius, R. D. Valerga.

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—F.W Stechhan, Manager. Standard Minstrel Company, as follows:

Charley Reed, J. Carroll Johnson, John Robinson, Crandall and Eastwood, Keegan and Wilson, Hooley and Thompson, W. S. Mullaly. The California Quartet—Morant, Wetter, Holland, and Wyatt. New Minstrel First Part. Afterpiece, "The Two Tramps."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Manager. Bill for Monday, Daly's "Under the Gaslight"; Wednesday, "Hamlet." Cast as follows:

Hamlet, George C. Miln; Ophelia, Miss Adele Payn; Laertes, William Lloyd; Claudius, John P. Rutledge; Polonius, Andrew Glassford; Horatio, James E. Nelson; Ghost, Ed. L. Snader; Rosencrantz, Charles P. Hall; Guildenstern, George Vernon; Osric, Miss Cora Redfield; First Gravedigger, Lou Hyre; Second Gravedigger, James Carr; Bernardo, Anthony Logan; Marcellus, E. F. Charles; First Actor, Wallace Bennett; Second Actor, Arthur Wilkinson; Priest, Alfred Williams; Gertrude, Miss May Seymour; Player Queen, Miss Fannie Grayson.

Thursday, "Richelieu"; Friday, "Damon and Pythias"; Saturday matinée, "Romeo and Juliet"; Saturday evening, "Macbeth."

At the Baldwin, next week, "The Private Secretary" will be continued.

At the Bush Street, next Monday, Emerson's Minstrel Company.

At the California, next week, nothing has been announced.

At the Tivoli, next week, "Prince Methusalem" will be continued.

At the Grand Opera House, next week, George C. Miln, in "Hamlet," etc.

**CCCXXXVI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, November 16, 1884.**

Oyster Soup.
Broiled Shad, Maitre d'Hôtel Sauce.
Marble Potatoes.
Larded Calf's Liver.
Lima Beans. Stuffed Bell-Peppers.
Roast Venison, Currant Jelly Sauce.
Lettuce, French Dressing.
Pistachio Cream. Lady Fingers.
Apples, Pears, Peaches, Plums, Figs, and Grapes.

MAITRE D'HOTEL SAUCE.—See No. CCXXIX.
LARDED CALF'S LIVER.—See No. CLXXXVIII.

PISTACHIO CREAM.—Parboil eight ounces of pistachio kernels for two minutes in water; then remove the skins, wash and wipe the kernels, and pound them in a mortar with six ounces of sugar and a dessertspoonful of orange flower water; rub the whole through a fine hair sieve, and place the whole in a large basin. Add to the pounded pistachios a spoonful of the green extract of spinach, a pint of whipped cream, and one ounce and a half of clarified isinglass. Mix well together, pour the cream into an oiled mould, and set on the ice.

**Library Cases.**

Cheap and pretty bookcases are now the order of the day, at prices at about one-half of what they were originally sold for, at the warerooms of the California Furniture Co., Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

**Many Beautiful Innovations**

Are now shown at the magnificent dressmaking establishment of Mrs. R. G. Lewis, No. 126 Kearny Street, Thurlow Block. Mrs. Lewis is now making a specialty of tailor-made suits. Another specialty is mourning costumes, which ere made at the shortest notice.

**The Party Season.**

Now that the ladies are preparing for the coming winter festivities, they should call and see the many new styles in the handsome parlors of Mrs. K. A. Deering, the well-known dress-maker, at 121 Post Street, over O'Connor, Moffatt & Co.

**Rachel's Enamel Bloom.**

This exquisite toilette article is now regarded as indispensable to every lady's dressing-table. By its use, the delicate complexion of the blonde or the darker beauty of the brunette may be obtained, as it is sold in two shades by all druggists.

**Never Wear Old Corsets.**

There is one fact regarding the toilet that no lady should lose sight of, and that is never to wear corsets after they have lost their shape. It not only allows the figure to be spoiled, but new corsets are sure to prove uncomfortable after wearing old ones, and corsets are now so exceedingly reasonable in price that there is no excuse for a lady who is neat in her dress to wear shabby ones. Old articles of this description cause a well-fitting dress to lose its set in a short time, which is certainly a misfortune. For variety, style, and material there is not an establishment in America to compare to the great corset house of Freud & Sons, of 742 and 744 Market Street and 10 and 12 Dupont Street, where ladies can try on their corsets in comfortable dressing-rooms with mirrors and obliging attendants, before purchasing them.

**Improved Richmond Ranges.**

Before purchasing a stove, call and examine our celebrated Improved Richmond Ranges. Thousands of them are in use, and every one in working order. For sale only by the agents, Schuster Brothers, 306 Sutter, above Dupont, and branch store, 342 Montgomery Avenue, San Francisco.

**Something Rich.**

Among the most beautiful articles of furniture to be seen at the warerooms of the California Furniture Co., Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street, are the new styles of cable-leg tables and chairs in solid mahogany.

**Exhibition of Rattan and Reed Goods.**

There is on exhibition at Nos. 16 and 18 Second Street, Grand Hotel Building, the finest line of Rattan and Reed goods ever shown on the coast. The line includes over a hundred patterns of chairs and rockers, work-baskets, hassocks, screens, easels, what-nots, centre tables, etc.—all marked in plain figures. Headquarters of Burr Folding Beds at same number. H. H. GROSS, 16 and 18 Second St., three doors from Market.

**Beautiful Ever-blooming Roses.**

All lovers of choice flowers should send to the Dingee & Conard Co., West Grove, Pa., for some of their lovely roses. These roses are certain to bloom, and are the finest in the world. They are sent safely by mail, postpaid, to all post-offices in the United States. This Company is perfectly reliable, and noted for its liberal dealing. They GIVE AWAY in premiums and extras more roses than most establishments grow. Send for their "New Guide," a complete treatise on the rose, 76 pages, elegantly illustrated, free. See advertisement in this paper.

— COLONEL AND MRS. ANDREWS, AND THE Colonel's private secretary, left for New Orleans last Wednesday. Colonel Andrews is Commissioner for California at the New Orleans Exposition, and there is no doubt that he will worthily represent the State.

— SAN FRANCISCO MAY WELL BE PROUD OF its many attractions for tourists and travelers, and has long been celebrated abroad for her fine public buildings—notably the Metropolitan Hall, which has the finest organ on the Pacific Coast.

— HEALTH, VITAL ENERGY AND LONGEVITY to the most enfeebled, young or old, *without medicine or expense*, by Dr. Henley's new and delightful preparation—Celery, Beef, and Iron.

FRENCH FLOWERS AND FEATHERS IN GREAT variety, and all the latest styles, at the Wonder Flower and Feather Store, 1024 Market Street.

—PERSONS SUFFERING with corns and bunions instantly cured by Dr. Halpruner, 850 Market St.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— LADIES' BAZAR PATTERNS, 215 Dupont St.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

—PEARL OPERA GLASSES of elegant designs at low prices. Muller, leading optician. 135 Montgomery Street.

**OIL STOVES** | **Oil Stoves for Heating and Cooking. Oils and Lamps.** JOHN F. MYERS, 869 Market Street, S. F.

**IRVING HALL, 139 POST ST.**

MRS. HENRY NORTON'S

FIFTH

# "SONG RECITAL"

**Friday Evening, November 21, '84.**

**Admission, $1,** including reserved seat. Box office open at M. Gray's Music Store, No. 206 Post Street, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Nov. 19, 20, and 21.

**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,**

Eddy Street, near Market.

KRELING BROS.....Sole Proprietors and Managers

This evening and until further notice, Strauss's comic opera, in three acts,

**PRINCE METHUSALEM,**

Produced in a gorgeous manner, with an excellent cast.

Admission, 25 cents.....Reserved seats, 50 cents

# ROLLER SKATING!

**GRAND PACIFIC ROLLER SKATING RINK,**

**Corner Jones and Sutter Streets,**

**NOW OPEN.**

Daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and from 7:30 to 10 P. M. Thronged nightly with delighted and interested visitors. New Skates. New Floor. Most complete accommodations. Good Music. Healthy Recreation.

Admission, 25 cents; skates (extra evenings only) 15 cts. No children under sixteen allowed to skate at night.

MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 17th, Third Grand One-Mile Race for gold and silver medals.

Music by Second Artillery Regiment Band.

J. B. KEYS, Proprietor.

**Filippe's Academy of Languages.**

Established 1871, has removed to more commodious and pleasant quarters, 702 Market Street, corner of Geary. Professor DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. "UNIQUE" method of acquiring foreign languages, where students have not the opportunity to practice. Fine library, and periodicals from Spain and France free to scholars.

**THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S**

**BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING**

# ROSES

**Our Great Specialty** is growing and distributing **ROSES**—we deliver strong Pot Plants, suitable for *immediate* bloom, safely by mail at all Post Offices, **5 Splendid Varieties,** *your choice*, all labeled, for **$1; 12 for $2; 35 for $5; 100 for $12.** Also **OTHER VARIETIES 2, 3, & 10 FOR $1** according to value. Send for our **New Guide,** 76 pp elegantly illus. and choose from over **500** finest sorts Address, **THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.,** Rose Growers, **West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.**

# ELITE BOUQUET

—AND—

**PECK'S PREMIUM PERFUMES,**

**(ALL ODORS).**

# GERSTER GLOVES!

**Elegant, Perfect-fitting, and Durable,**

....AT....

**I. KEINER'S, 32 KEARNY ST.**

# REMOVAL.

**MRS. DR. BEIGHLE** has removed to **618 EDDY STREET. Galvanic Healer—Natural Battery.** Diagnosis without questioning. Hours, 1 to 4; Ladies and Children only.

**REMOVAL.**

**EDWARD E. OSBORN, Patent Solicitor,** United States and Foreign, has removed to 220 Sansome Street, Rooms 10, 11, and 12, San Francisco.

**COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION,**

**Phelan's Building, Rooms 6, 8, 9, 10, 11.**

**Entrance, 806 Market Street.** Gas Specialists; positively extract teeth without pain; only office that makes and gives the celebrated "Colton Gas;" established in 1863; over 15,000 references; also, performs all operations in Dentistry.

**NOVEMBER STYLES.**

# BUTTERICK'S

**Patterns and J. F. Ingalls' Illustrated Books** for Ladies' Fancy Work, Kensington Embroidery, Crochet and Knitted Lace, Patchwork, etc. **H. A. DEMING, Agent, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**

GREAT FREE

# EXHIBITION

**ICHI BAN**

**20, 22, and 24 Geary Street.**

.....OF THE.....

# ARTS AND MANUFACTURES

.....OF THE.....

# JAPANESE EMPIRE

**Established to introduce to the world the wonderful skill of the JAPANESE in the manufacture of USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL ARTICLES for house furnishing and decorating. The public is cordially invited to inspect this wonderful collection. COME OFTEN. BRING YOUR FRIENDS. ASK QUESTIONS. DO NOT PURCHASE. EVERYBODY WELCOME.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**20, 22, & 24 GEARY ST.**




# FOR NINE DAYS ONLY,

**The Toby Rosenthal Exhibition of Paintings:**

**"Marmion"** (the Trial of Constance de Beverley), **"The Exile's Return,"**
**"Elaine,"** **"Joys and Sorrows of Spring,"**
**"A Seminary Alarmed,"** **"Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire,"**
**"Affection's Last Offering,"** **"The Taking of the Malakoff,"**

Now on view to the public at the galleries of the SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION, 430 Pine Street.

**Admission, 25 cents. Exhibition closes November 22.**

Tickets may be had from SHERMAN, CLAY & CO., SNOW & CO., or at the GALLERY, 430 Pine Street. Gallery open from 8 o'clock A. M. till 10 P. M. **TAKE YOUR OPERA GLASSES.**

SACHS, PRUDEN & CO.'S

# FAMOUS GINGER ALE.

This celebrated Ginger Ale is known everywhere, and is as popular in the cold-water districts of Maine as it is in the home of the soft-flowing Bourbon, or on the vine-clad hills of California. Put up in quart bottles. No family should be without it. For sale everywhere. John T. Cutting & Co., Sole Agents, 116 Front Street, San Francisco.



FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR

—AND—

**CLOTH OF GOLD**

CIGARETTES.

Our Cigarettes cannot be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883.

**13 First Prize Medals Awarded.** **WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

# THE SIERRA MADRE VILLA HOTEL,

LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CAL.,

**Is located on the south side of the Sierra Madre Mountains, one thousand six [illegible] feet above the level of the sea.**

**ABOVE THE FOGS OF SEA AND VALLEY.**

It is in the midst of an ORANGE GROVE, overlooking the beautiful San Ga[illegible] For comfort, a pleasant home, good living, PURE AIR, and sparkling mountain wat[illegible] rival. The Villa is fourteen miles from Los Angeles, and is reached by rail to within at San Gabriel station, where the stage meets all trains from East or West. Address San Gabriel, Cal., P. O., or telegraph to Villa.

**W. GARDNER COGSWELL, Manager.** **W. COGSWELL, Proprietor.**




**J. W. EVANS,**
**GENERAL AGENT, 29 POST STREET.**



**U. S. PNEUMATIC LETTER PRESS**
**G. G. WICKSON & CO.**
**539 Market St., S. F.**

The ungainly and heavy screw and iron press and its necessarily bulky stand must give place to our light, portable, and ornamental Pneumatic Letter Press, requiring but a trifling exertion to operate, no stand, and costing less than an equally reliable screw press. Can be operated by a child and carried with ease. Great variety of styles, ranging from $10.00. A serviceable Holiday Gift.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
**Commission Merchants,**
**San Francisco,**
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
Liberal advances made on consignments.

**WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
**San Francisco,**
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**
**General Shipping and Commission MERCHANTS,**
**309 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.**

**J. C. MERRILL & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
**204 and 206 California Street,**
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**
**Shipping and Commission Merchants**
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**
**(Established 1854),**
**HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.**
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
**39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.**

**Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed**
**TILES**
**For Decorations.**
**W. MONTAGUE & CO**
**311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.**

**LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.**
**Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.**
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

**SOLE AGENCY FOR THE**
**HENRY F. MILLER**
**(Factory Boston, Mass.) and**
**HEMME & LONG**
**(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)**
**PIANOS!**
**WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.**
**101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.**
**Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.**

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**

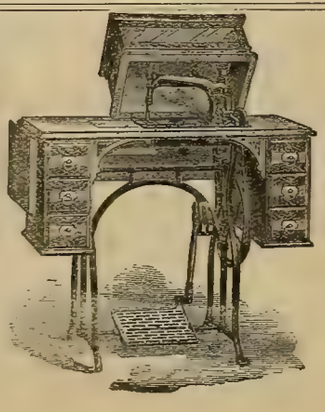
**We beg to inform the trade that we have constantly on hand for sale in lots to suit, in bond or duty paid: GEORGE GOULET & CO.'S Champagnes, in quarts, pints, and half-pints; DUMEZIL & JOLIVET, Bordeaux, a full assortment of Clarets and Sauternes; FRIEDRICH SEYLER, Deidesheim, Rhine Wines of most popular brands; F. DUMEZIL, Cognacs; XEREZ DE LA FRONTERA, Cadiz, Sherries; SILVA & COSENS, Oporto, Port Wines; GEORGE ROE & CO., Dublin, Irish Whiskies; CANTRELL & COCHRANE, Belfast, Ginger Ale; Club Soda Water, Sparkling Montserrat and Lime-Juice Syrup; a full line of French and Amsterdam Liqueurs and Cordials; a full line of Bourbon and Rye Whiskies; H. CLAUSEN & SON Brewing Co., New York, celebrated Export Champagne Lager Beer. Special discount to the trade according to quantity.**

**ALFRED GREENEBAUM & CO.,**
123 CALIFORNIA STREET. SOLE AGENTS.

**ICHI BAN**

**FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.**

**FIREMANS FUND**
**INSURANCE COMPANY**
**OF CALIFORNIA.**
**THE LARGEST PACIFIC COAST COMPANY.**
**CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - - $750,000**
**ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1883, - - - - $1,500,000**
**AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.**



**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.**
**WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.**
**1303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.**

**UNEXCELLED!**
**Ask your Grocer for**
**ARCTIC REFRIGERATOR HAMS,**
**ROYAL BREAKFAST BACON**
**ROYAL LEAF LARD.**
**All Guaranteed Choice Family Goods.**



**PRICE'S SAN LEANDRO**
**VILLAGE PHAETON, $135.**
**Without Top, $110.**
**Lightness, Elegance, and Durability combined. Guaranteed to ride as smooth as the best four-wheeled vehicle.**
Sold subject to approval on arrival. Send for catalogue.
**TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., San Francisco.**

**CALIFORNIA**
**ELECTRO PLATING WORKS,**
**657 MISSION STREET,**
**Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating on all Metals.**
Table Ware repaired and plated at the lowest rates. Copper Plates silver plated for saving gold. All work in our line guaranteed. **KEATING & FAGAN,** Proprietors.

**Contract for Fall and Winter Supply**
....OF....
**COAL**
For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. **CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street.** Telephone 308.

**PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.**
**Stationers, Booksellers,**
**Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers**
**204 Sansome Street, near Pine.**

**Steinway & Son's, Kranich & Bach, | Ernest Gabler, and C. Roenisch**
**PIANOS!**
**M. GRAY, 206 POST ST.,**
**SAN FRANCISCO.**

**CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY**
**OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET.**
**Works.....,.....Potrero.**
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

**JOHN MIDDLETON,**
**COAL.**
**14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.**

**ROOFS.** SEND YOUR ORDERS EARLY for repairs to H. G. FISKE, THE PIONEER ROOFER.
**827 Market Street, opposite Stockton.**

**BOUND VOLUMES**
.....OF.....
**THE ARGONAUT.**
**Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, XIII, and XIV.**
Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volu from the commencement by applying at the Busi Office, No. 213 Dupont Street.

**GERMEA**
**FOR BREAKFAST**
**DELICIOUS.**
**TRY IT!**

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. NO. 21. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 22, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: A Political Conversation—The Opinions of a Southern Democrat, of a Prohibitionist, of an Independent, and of a Hard-shell Republican—Why the Prohibitionists "Interfered"—Why the "Independents" Bolted—The Irish Romanists Repudiated by all Parties—The Importance of the Prohibition Movement—The Southerner Reviews the Condition of the Southern States—And Declares this Election the Breaking-up of the "Solid" South—The Fruit and Flower Mission—A Most Deserving Charity.....1-3
A DARING FICTION. By Hjalmar H. Boyesen..... 4
BILL NYE'S BUDGET: His Experience as a Lawyer—A Powerful Speech.. 5
SULLIVAN AND LAFLIN: "Flaneur" tells Who "Professor" Laflin is—And Describes his Encounter with the Gentle John L.—Not Unlike Robinson's Match—Laflin's Child-like Embrace—New York Gossip Generally..... 6
THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest..... 6
THE FOREST FIRE: A Tragic Idyl of the Mendocino Redwoods. By Robert Duncan Milne..... 7
BERNHARDT AND SEMBRICH: "Parisina" tells of the Discarded Sarah's attempted Suicide—Her Love Affair with Jean Richepin—Marcella's Parisian Début—The Brilliant Audiences at the Théâtre Italiens..... 8
INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People all Over the World..... 8
VANITY FAIR: Gloves in Former Times—The Latest Decorative Craze—Actress' Stockings—Fur-lined Boots for Parisiennes—The Fashionable Jewelry for Weddings—How to Acquire a Fresh Complexion—Rubber-soled Shoes..... 9
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—A Safe Safe—An Egyptian Dance-cap—The Amateur Critic—Braham in a Sad Plight—A Thrifty Jew—A Story on Hume—A Neat Way of Putting It—The Pickpocket's Joke..... 9
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—Some New Books. 10
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day..... 10
SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip..... 11
INTAGLIOS: "Ballade of Christmas Ghosts," by Andrew Lang; "Christmas Violets," by Andrew Lang; "Witchcraft—A. D. 1692" and "Witchcraft—A. D. 1884," by E. C. Stedman..... 13
DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record... 14

After the ladies had retired, the conversation naturally turned upon politics. Our little dinner-party was composed of ten persons—a convenient number, by the way, for a small family dinner; not so large that all may not join in the conversation. Curiously enough, the four gentlemen who were my guests represented each a distinct party.

Mr. Southern was a native of Georgia; physician, and before the war a man of inherited wealth; of Whig family; had never taken any part in politics; was the owner of slaves, and was opposed to the secession movement. When the war came, with his own establishment, a young medical student and friend, his own servants, ambulances, and a wagon devised by himself for surgical apparatus in the field, he entered the Confederate service. He raised over his train the Cross of Geneva, and, as he expressed it, became an "unattached Surgeon-General," with power to go where in his own judgment he could do the most good, and often within the Federal lines. He came out of the war glad it was over, rejoicing in the emancipation of slaves, not sorry that the Southern cause was lost, returned to the practice of his profession in Georgia, and was now a visitor for the first time to San Francisco.

Mr. Drinkwater declared that he was not a Prohibitionist; his not unused wine-glasses bore evidence of the fact. He was a Californian, resident of one of our neighboring valleys, a vine-grower and wine-maker, in favor of controlling and limiting by law the traffic in, and use of, alcoholic drinks. He had voted for St. John.

Mr. Nordwell, of Western New York, also a visitor in California, was a gentleman of independent and inherited fortune, a cultured, traveled man of leisure, who looked upon politics as an unpleasant duty to be discharged by himself only when in *his* opinion the country was in danger. He was a great admirer of George William Curtis, an Independent, a civil service reformer, a Republican, and had voted for Cleveland.

Our neighbor Mr. Trueworthy was a hard-shell Republican, styled himself a "*black* Republican," always voted the straight-outs, hated a bolter, believed in Blaine, regarded Conkling as a traitor, and was never more delighted than when he read that Roosevelt had described him as a "flatulent and puffed-up pouter-pigeon." He charged that the defeat of Blaine was attributable to Conkling, to the Independents, to the rebels, to Beecher and his congregation, to the stalwarts, to the prohibitionists, and, in his forcible and inelegant language, "to the d—d fools generally."

As the ladies withdrew, one of them remarked that in the discussion of political questions she hoped that their withdrawal might not be regarded as in any sense an abandonment of Mrs. Belva Lockwood, for whose sex an ungenerous government had provided in its imperfect system no machinery for election.

"And I wish," said Mr. Trueworthy, "that our electoral system had not provided machinery for the Prohibitionists to air their absurd ideas by giving them an opportunity to vote for that miserable fanatic and humbug, St. John."

"Then I would have been disfranchised," replied Mr. Drinkwater; "for I am one of those unreasonable criminals, now under the ban of Blaine Republicans because I had the courage to express my opinion at the ballot-box in the direction of temperance reform."

"Jupiter Pluvius! you, Drinkwater! you voted for St. John! I never regarded you as one of the heathen who worship the rain-god. Looking at your wine-glasses, I supposed you sacrificed at the shrine of Bacchus."

"I am a temperance man. I drink wine," replied Mr. D. "I am not a Prohibitionist, if I understand what our prohibition friends are driving at. I do not subscribe to the doctrine of 'Touch not, taste not, handle not.' I think there is a safe middle ground upon which this question of traffic in alcoholic drink may be considered. I look upon the question as one of more importance than any other—as a question affecting the welfare of more persons, and as involving higher and more far-reaching consequences, than any other in the campaign; so believing, though not a Prohibitionist and not an admirer of Mr. St. John, I voted the ticket as an admonition to both political parties that this temperance vote must be considered in the future."

"And was this a good time?" I ventured to ask. "Was this a good time to record a moral protest against what all admit to be a great evil, when the result of it was to destroy the party with whom you have acted—the party from whom alone you can expect aid upon this question—and I may be permitted, without offending my Democratic friends, to name as the party of reform and moral ideas?"

"I might suggest," said Mr. Nordwell, "that the party of 'moral ideas' had fallen from its high promises to a very unsatisfactory fulfillment when it gave us Mr. James G. Blaine as the embodiment of a Republican code of morals."

Mr. D.—"I will answer our host by saying that, in my judgment, it *was* a good time to remind the people of this nation that, slavery being disposed of, there was no honest reason for continuing a 'solid South' or a 'solid North,' and no decent pretext for keeping alive sectional politics and sectional feeling over an issue that was dead; that it *was* a good time to introduce a broader question, and one which might divide popular opinion upon questions and interests that were not sectional."

Mr. T.—"I cannot help thinking that your interference at this time was unwise and to the last degree unprofitable, for it is apparent that from the beginning you had no hope of success; and the result demonstrates that, holding the balance of power between the Democratic and Republican parties, although in the main Republican, you deliberately determined to destroy it and bring back to power a party that you professed to regard as unpatriotic and dangerous."

Mr. D.—"The temperance folk have the right to resent your use of the word 'interference' when you speak of their attitude toward the older parties. However, I am not near enough *to* them to speak *for* them. I only answer for myself when I say that, for myself and my political conduct, I am responsible to nobody but myself. I have the right to vote for whom I please, or not at all, if abstention from voting pleases me. I belong to that great floating middle-class who, holding the balance of power, exercises it by voting first with one party, then another, then a third, and then by staying at home. It is this unknown quantity in American politics, this uncertain element, that parties fear, because it is uncertain, because it is independent, and because it is intelligent. I think Mr. Nordwell will agree with me, as I understood that he, being a Republican, voted with the Independents against Blaine, and in favor of Cleveland. I think he will recognize that it is this voting class which the two parties must strive for, and that the only bid which can be made for its support is the declaration of correct principles in party platforms and the nomination of honest, and competent, and representative men as candidates for office."

Mr. N.—"I think with our friend, Drinkwater, that there is an immense truth in what he says. I think that it is to this independent, non-political, intelligent class that the Government owes its stability, and that with this class lies its future hope of permanence. I think that the 'Independents' of the North, who have had the courage to break with their party, are composed of the best brained and the most moral men of the nation. Not belonging to the millionaires or mob, it holds the middle ground between the two, and acts as a breakwater against the surging waves of socialism, and a defense against the exactions and encroachments of a moneyed aristocracy. It is all very well, this newspaper talk about 'Curtis and his dudes,' 'Schurz and his kickers,' 'Conkling and his stalwarts,' 'Henry Ward Beecher and the class of persons who have exercised the privilege of refusing to vote for Mr. Blaine.' I did not vote for Blaine because his integrity in official life was not unquestioned. If the charges brought against him had been sprung after his nomination, I would not have regarded them. If it had been a single charge I would have been indulgent. But when charges were so stoutly made, so defiantly persisted in, so hard to explain, and which had been so long pending, I had the right to demand of the party that it should give me a candidate whose integrity had not been questioned. If the Republican party was the party of patriotism and the embodiment of all that was good, as I believed it was, it had no right to be sacrificed in order to gratify the ambition of any man. Its chances of success had no right to be imperiled for any one man or any combination of politicians."

Mr. T.—"Do you not think Mr. Blaine's character had been fully vindicated by his explanation in Congress of the Mulligan letters? Has he not had a larger experience in public life than Mr. Cleveland? Was he not the most brilliant and eloquent man of our party, and fairly representative of its best and highest motives? Was he not the trusted friend of Garfield? Would he not have given us a better administration than is probable to come from Cleveland?"

Mr. N.—"Your questions come like a flood, but I must answer them categorically. As to whether Mr. Blaine has or has not been fully vindicated in the Mulligan matter there may be a difference of opinion; and in matters of that kind there must be no differences of opinion. As a woman must be above the suspicion of criminal conduct, so must the Presidential candidate be far away beyond reproach. Blaine's experiences in public life carries with it criticism for his conduct in South American diplomacy. That he is brilliant and eloquent beyond most men is acknowledged; but genius, versatility, and brilliant gifts are not indispensable to the Presidential office, nor do they carry with them the highest assurance of safety and success. I do not think he is representative of the best element of the Republican party. Nor do I think the

dence reposed in him by General Garfield is proof that he was esteemed by the best Republicans. The grave silences further consideration of this thought; and in my judgment Governor Cleveland will give to the country the best, purest, most economical, honest, and honorable administration that the country has had since the death of Lincoln. Cleveland has been elected by the best element of the nation."

Mr. T.—"Cleveland has been elected by the most hateful combination that is possible in American politics, and by accidents that come from the most puerile and contemptible of causes. Let us enumerate: Rebellion, Romanism, rum, the treason of Conkling and his stalwarts, the hypocrisy of Beecher and his prayer brigade, the ill-timed intemperance of the Prohibitionists, the assassin blow of George William Curtis. These reasons are all outside the Democratic party, except the 'solid South,' which comes within the general definition of 'rebellion,' and which I am disposed to consider as but the natural result of our recent history."

"I take the liberty," I said, "of questioning the 'Romanism' part of your argument. We know that in California more Irish Catholics have voted the Republican ticket than ever before. In the city of New York the Republican electors must have received a large Irish vote, or else there could have been but few Independents, for New York and Brooklyn did not give an unusual Democratic majority."

Mr. S.—"So far as I am concerned—and I think I speak the sentiment of my oft-derided 'solid South'—I wish you joy of your acquisition. I am glad the Democratic party is rid of the Irish. It is a happy omen of better times that the Democracy is introduced to power without the aid of the Irish or the Roman Church. This ignorant, priest-ridden mob have been a continuing reproach to the Democracy, and it is a good thing to be rid of them. I know that our host thinks, and in his paper declares, that the Irish Romanists are the back-bone, the rank and file, of our party. There is some force in the remark. But let us get rid of them; let us leave them in the ranks of the Republican party; and there will come to us in overwhelming numbers the American native-born. It will secure the South for a generation. It will create an 'American party' that will control the government; and in that American party I would include all foreigners who are intelligent and independent, and who hold neither allegiance nor the gratitude of traditionary memories to any church or any country other than America."

Mr. D.—"Well, I speak for my party, at least for my wing of the temperance reform party, when I say that we don't want them. But I suppose there is too little danger of an Irish accession to the party ranks that prohibits the use of alcoholic stimulants."

"In that, my friend Drinkwater," I said, "you do not show the spirit of your party, that desires to reclaim drunkards and rescue all from temptation. I am not accredited with being over generous to 'my friends, the enemy,' but I am compelled to admit that, in my judgment, the Roman Catholic Church is the most efficient temperance organization we have. The clergy are most diligent in endeavoring to arrest the evils of intemperance. There is another thought that suggests itself. If there is any good ever to come from permitting women to vote, it will first display itself in the influence of wives and mothers over the legislation that concerns the control of the rum trade. It is logical that the temperance movement should declare the policy of its party to throw open the elective franchise to women."

Mr. T.—"Well, I don't agree with you. I think women have kept back the temperance movement. So long as the question is one of religion and sentiment, and so long as it is controlled by preachers and women, it will never advance. The taking of temperance pledges, the forming of teetotal societies—all this Good Templar business—is arrant nonsense. Might as well sit upon the brink of a torrent with a tin-cup to dip away its roaring waters, as to arrest the evils of intemperance by the rescue of an occasional drunkard. This reform must come from legislation, and legislation from party organization, and no temperance party can gain recognition that does not present the question as one of political economy, affecting taxation, touching the pocket, appealing to the money-making interest of the country. When it does that I will be glad to introduce the principle into the Republican party, and take the Irish in to back up the movement."

Mr. D.—"That is just my idea. I am in favor of considering the temperance question as a practical one, and I am in favor of compelling the Republican party to take it up. I would raise vines and make wine, for I look upon cheap, pure wine as a solution in great part of the whole difficulty. I have not traveled, but I appeal to our friend Nordwell if drunkenness prevails in the South of France, in Spain, or the valley of the Rhine, where grapes are grown."

Mr. T.—"You have taken a course in this campaign that renders a union of the Republican and Temperance parties impossible. You have beaten Blaine by your untimely interference, and so far as I am concerned I feel like getting spitefully drunk on bad Bourbon and joining the Democratic party every time I recall the fact of your twenty-five thousand prohibition votes in New York, ninety-nine per cent. of which were Republicans."

Mr. D.—"All the same we will compel you to recognize this question or to remain where you now are—in a minority. With a 'solid South,' New York, Indiana, New Jersey, and Connecticut Democratic, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Michigan, and Wisconsin close, the Republican party is no longer in position to ignore this greatest of all moral and economic questions. You are angry now, and out of sorts. We are all of us old enough to remember how the Abolition party, so long and so often rejected by the Whigs, who refused to have any alliance with the hated fanatics, saw the Whig party go to pieces. The defeat of Henry Clay by Birney and the election of Polk was not unlike the campaign we have just gone through; the Abolitionists were accused, and justly, of defeating Clay; they were abused, vilified, and denounced, but the evil of slavery appealed to humanity, and the Abolition party grew in numbers and influence. The Prohibitionists are now assaulted. I am repeatedly insulted because I had the courage to vote as I pleased; to defeat Blaine was my right under the law, and to organize a temperance party that shall never give another victory to the Republican party until it has the courage to stand up for the reform of this most dreadful of all dreadful evils, is the privilege of those American citizens who love principles better than party, and who have the courage to stand together for their assertion."

"We all recognize," I remarked, "the right of American freemen to exercise their electoral privilege as they please, and, this right once legally exercised, we recognize the duty of cheerful submission to the will of the majority. There has been no spectacle in the history of civilization more grand, nor one more assuring of the worth of republican government, than this we have so lately witnessed. With an empire so vast in its territorial extent, a population embracing more than half a hundred million, with the various interests of its people, just emerging with unsettled controversies from a civil war, we have witnessed a political contest which has stirred the hot blood of contending parties. And yet, with our million of black voters, our two or three millions of naturalized citizens, and enough of American born to make the grand total of over eleven millions of electors, we have passed the campaign without violence, without mobs, in good feeling, and have now, within the election month, settled down to the acceptance of the result. A party, flushed with the triumph of a successful war, holds the control of government for twenty-four years; has a hundred thousand office-holders in its administration; controls a revenue greater than that of most modern nations; under the constitution, the period of four years again recurring, the party of twenty-four years minority, the party which embraces a 'solid South' of fifteen millions of people, in fifteen Southern States, an active minority in all the Northern States, presents to the country the political issues involving the material interests of the people, and the policy of foreign diplomacy—these issues are discussed in the press and on the stump, neighbors differ in opinions, friends agree to disagree, the election is held, and with a result so close that it may demand the adjudication of courts, and there is no other violence than a village broil or a drunken curb-stone riot. Whether the election of Governor Cleveland shall or shall not prove a blessing to the country, depends. I am not quite prepared to agree with our friend Truebody, who thinks the defeat of Blaine is the beginning of immeasurable evils to the country. It may prove one of those special interferences of Divine Providence in our national affairs which so often helped Lincoln out of dangerous positions during the continuance of the civil war. If I knew what influence the result of Cleveland's election would exert upon the too solid South, I could form some estimate of the future."

Mr. S.—"I think I can answer that question with great confidence. You Northern people will never know the South. I beg your pardon in saying that it sometimes seems to me that you do not endeavor or wish to understand us. There is at the South a class of fire-eating politicians, holding offices, editing journals; ambitious, impulsive young men; ambitious, fire-eating, hot-headed old men—a class more numerous before the war than after it—more influential then than now. There is another class of conservative, intelligent, level-headed, Union-loving men; they are patriotic, humane, just, and honorable. The impulsive minority dragged the South into the civil war; the majority was involved before it awoke to the danger. I make no excuses for the one class, and I have no recriminations for the other. The war is ended. Many fortunes have been swept away. Slavery is abolished; the Union is preserved; the negroes are among us—they are of us. We understand our situation; we accept it. We exhibited our bravery in the war; we observed the bravery of Northern men; we have had our conflict, in which the only institution that made us differ from the North has disappeared. The South has no hope of reënslaving negroes; it could not, if it would—it would not, if it could; it will not attempt to disturb constitutional amendments nor disturb anything that is settled; it will not seek to pay the Southern debt, nor to revive any of the questions that we know have been determined. 'State sovereignty' and other old questions of constitutional interpretation are with the South, dead issues. We are now, and from this time forth, members of the same government—brothers of the same nationality. We are, all of us, Union men. The election of Cleveland breaks up the 'solid South' it leaves us free to divide upon political questions with safety. The negro vote, with evenly balanced parties, becomes an important factor. The exercise of the elective privilege will elevate the negro; the possession of political power will bring to him the protection of party organization. Mr. Cleveland will not be controlled by the South the South will not seek to control him. He will, in my opinion, disappoint the Democracy by his conservatism and by his civil service ideas; he will, in my opinion, disappoint the rabid Democracy of the North, and the more he disappoints the political and partisan element of the nation, the better President he will be. In my judgment the election of Grover Cleveland is the dawn of a new and brighter day than we have seen since the deplorable death of the greatest and best American that America has ever produced—Abraham Lincoln."

"Gentlemen," I said, "the hour admonishes us that it is time to join the ladies. Our theme grows as we feed upon it. Let us drink to the American Union—to the united American people—to the hope of peace, progress and an honorable relation to foreign governments for the next four years, under the successful administration of Grover Cleveland, President of the United States."

---

Mr. Blaine has fired his last shot into the ranks of his enemies, spiked his guns, and retired at the head of his well-disciplined army, in good order, from a hard-contested field. At the head of that army, inspired with new courage, he will return at the end of four years to fight again the battle of American labor. No living soldier who fought under his banner will fail to rendezvous when it is again unfurled; new ones will join the standard; old deserters will return, boys will come of age for enlistment and, if God is good to us, our chief will be in the prime of life, with all his splendid faculties at their best. Four years for historical writing, for an occasional speech or letter showing his appreciation of living issues; four years of dignified private life—not in the Senate of the United States, antagonizing partisan chieftains—and Mr. Blaine will again assume the leadership of the Republican party strengthened for a new struggle, knowing the enemies he has to encounter, and the traitors in his own camp that he has to avoid. This remarkable speech which we reprint we are glad to know is not acceptable to the "solid South," nor to the copperhead North, nor to the men who betrayed the party because they were so good, so pure, so temperate that they preferred Democratic party rule to the continuance in power of the Republican party. There is no an asserted fact, nor a stated figure, nor a thought hinted at between lines, which we do not approve, and we reflect the opinion of every brave and courageous Republican whom we know. We print this speech and leave the field of national politics till again we hear the bugle of our chief

*Friends and Neighbors:* The national contest is over, and by the narrowest of margins we have lost. I thank you for your cal which, if not one of joyous congratulations, is one, I am sure, confidence and of sanguine hope for the future. I thank you fo the public opportunity you give me to express my sense of obliga tion, not only to you, but to all the Republicans of Maine. Thi responded to my nomination with genuine enthusiasm, and ratifie it by a superb vote. I count it as one of the honors and gratifica tions of my public career that the party in Maine, after struggling hard for the last six years, and twice within that period losing th State, has come back in this campaign to the old fashioned 20,00 plurality. No other expression of popular confidence and estee could equal that of the people among whom I have lived for thirty years, and to whom I am attached by all the ties that ennoble humar nature and give joy and dignity to life.

After Maine—indeed, along with Maine—my first thought is a ways of Pennsylvania. How can I fittingly express my thank for that unparalleled majority of more than 80,000 votes, a popula indorsement which has deeply touched my heart, and which has, possible, increased my affection for the grand old commonwealth an affection which I inherited from my ancestry, and which I sha transmit to my children. But I do not limit my thanks to th State of my residence and the State of my birth. I owe much true and zealous friends in New England, who worked so nob for the Republican party and its candidates, and to the eminen scholars and divines, who, stepping aside from their ordinary av cations, made my cause their cause, and to loyalty, to principl added the splendid compliment of standing as my personal repr sentatives in the national struggle. But the achievements for th Republican cause in the East are even surpassed by the splend victories in the West. In that magnificent cordon of States whi stretches from the foothills of the Alleghanies to the Golden Ga of the Pacific, beginning with Ohio and ending with Californi the Republican banner was borne so loftily that but a single Sta failed to join in the wide acclaim of triumph. Nor should I d justice to my own feelings if I failed to thank the Republicans the Empire State, who encountered so many discouragements an obstacles, who fought foes from within and foes from without, an who waged so strong a battle that the change of one vote in eve two thousand would have given us victory in the nation. Indee the change of a little more than five thousand votes would hav transferred New York, Indiana, New Jersey, and Connecticut t the Republican standard, and would have made the North as sol as the South. My thanks would still be incomplete if I shou fail to recognize, with special gratitude, the great body of worl

ingmen, both native and foreign born, who gave me their earnest support, breaking from old personal and party ties, and finding in the principles which I represented in the canvas the safeguard and protection of their own fireside interest.

The result of the election, my friends, will be regarded in the future, I think, as extraordinary. The Northern States, leaving out the cities of New York and Brooklyn from the count, sustained the Republican cause by a majority of over four hundred thousand—almost half a million, indeed—of the popular vote. The cities of New York and Brooklyn threw their great strength and influence with the solid South, and were the decisive element which gave that section control of the National Government. Speaking not at all as a defeated candidate, but simply as a loyal and devoted American, I think the transfer of the political power of the Government to the South is a great national misfortune. It is a misfortune, because it introduces an element which can not insure harmony and prosperity to the people, because it introduces into the republic the rule of a minority.

The first instinct of an American is equality—equality of right, equality of privilege, equality of political power—that equality which says to every citizen, "Your vote is just as good, just as potential as the vote of any other citizen." That can not be said to-day in the United States. The course of affairs in the South has crushed out the political power of more than six millions of American citizens, and has transferred it by violence to others. Forty-two Presidential Electors are assigned to the South on account of the colored population, and yet the colored population, with more than one million one hundred thousand legal voters, has been unable to choose a single Elector. Even in those States where they have a majority of more than one hundred thousand they are deprived of free suffrage, and their rights as citizens are scornfully trodden under foot. The eleven States that comprised the rebel Confederacy had, by the census of 1880, seven million five hundred thousand white population and five million three hundred thousand colored population. The colored population, almost to a man, desire to support the Republican party, but by a system of cruel intimidation, and by violence and murder whenever violence and murder are thought necessary, they are absolutely deprived of all political power. If the outrage stopped there, it would be bad enough; but it does not stop there, for not only is the negro population disfranchised, but the power which rightfully and constitutionally belongs to them is transferred to the white population, enabling the white population of the South to exert an electoral influence far beyond that exerted by the same number of white people in the North.

To illustrate just how this works to the destruction of all fair elections, let me present to you five States in the late Confederacy and five loyal States of the North, possessing in each section the same number of electoral votes. In the South the States of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina have in the aggregate forty-eight electoral votes. They have 2,800,000 white people and over 3,000,000 colored people. In the North the States of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, and California have likewise an aggregate of forty-eight electoral votes, and they have a white population of 5,000,000, or just double that of the five Southern States which I have named. These Northern States have practically no colored population. It is therefore evident that the white men in those Southern States, by usurping and absorbing the rights of the colored men, are exerting just double the political power of the white men in the Northern States.

I submit, my friends, that such a condition of affairs is extraordinary, unjust, and derogatory to the manhood of the North. Even those who are vindictively opposed to negro suffrage will not deny that if Presidential Electors are assigned to the South by reason of its negro population, that population ought to be permitted free suffrage in the election. To deny that clear proposition is to affirm that a Southern white man in the gulf States is entitled to double the political power of a Northern white man in the lake States. It is to affirm that a Confederate soldier shall wield twice the influence in the nation that a Union soldier can, and that perpetual and constantly increasing superiority shall be conceded to the Southern white man in the Government of the Union. If that be quietly conceded in this generation it will harden into custom, until the badge of inferiority will attach to the Northern white man as odiously as ever Norman noble stamped it upon Saxon churl.

This subject is of deep interest to the laboring men of the North. With the Southern Democracy triumphant in their States and in the nation, the negro will be compelled to work for just such wages as the whites may decree—wages which will amount, as did the supplies of the slaves, to a bare subsistence, equal in cash, perhaps, to thirty-five cents per day on an average over the entire South. The white laborer in the North will soon feel the distinctive effect of this upon his own wages. The Republicans have clearly seen, from the earliest days of reconstruction, that wages in the South must be raised to the just recompense of the laborer, or wages in the North ruinously lowered; and the party has steadily worked for the former result. The reverse influence will now be set in motion, and a condition of affairs produced which, years ago, Mr. Lincoln warned the free laboring men of the North will prove hostile to their independence, and will inevitably lead to a ruinous reduction of wages. A mere difference of color of the skin will not suffice to maintain an entirely different standard in wages of contiguous and adjacent States, and the voluntary will be compelled to yield to the involuntary.

So completely have colored men in the South been already deprived by the Democratic party of their constitutional and legal rights as citizens of the United States, that they regard the advent of that party to national power as a signal for their enslavement, and are affrighted, because they think all legal protection for them is gone. Few persons in the North realize how completely the chiefs of the Rebellion wield the political power which has triumphed in the late election. It is a portentous fact that the Democratic Senators who come from the States of the late Confederacy all—and I mean all, without a single exception—personally participated in the Rebellion against the National Government. It is a still more significant fact that in those States no man who was loyal to the Union, no matter how strong a Democrat he may be to-day, has the slightest chance of political promotion. One great avenue to honor in that section is a record of zealous service in the war against the Government. It is certainly an astounding fact that the section in which friendship for the Union in the days of its trial and agony is still a political disqualification should be called now to rule over the Union. All this takes place during the lifetime of the generation that fought the war, and elevates into practical command of the American Government the identical men who organized for its destruction, and plunged us into the bloodiest contest of modern times.

I have spoken of the South as placed by the late election in possession of the Government, and I mean all that my words imply. The South furnished nearly three-fourths of the electoral votes that defeated the Republican party, and they will step to the command of the Democrats as unchallenged and as unrestrained as they held the same position for thirty years before the war.

Gentlemen, there can not be political inequality among citizens of a free republic; there can not be a minority of white men in the South ruling a majority of white men in the North. Patriotism, self-respect, pride, protection for person, as well as safety for the country, all cry out against it. The very thought of it stirs the blood of men who inherit equality from the Pilgrims who first stood on Plymouth Rock, and from the liberty-loving patriots who came to the Delaware with William Penn. It becomes the primal question of American manhood; it demands a hearing and a settlement, and that settlement will vindicate the equality of American citizens in all personal and civil rights. It will, at least, establish the equality of white men under the National Government, and will give to the Northern man, who fought to preserve the Union, as large a voice in its government as may be exercised by the Southern man, who fought to destroy the Union.

The contest just closed utterly dwarfs the fortunes and fate of candidates, whether successful or unsuccessful. Purposely—I may say instinctively—I have discussed the issues and consequences of that contest without reference to my own defeat, without the remotest reference to the gentleman who is elevated to the Presidency. Toward him, personally, I have no cause for the slightest ill-will, and it is with cordiality that I express the wish that his official career may prove gratifying to himself and beneficial to the country, and that his administration may overcome the embarrassments which the peculiar source of its power imposes upon it from the hour of its birth.

From all that is apparent upon the surface of the Spreckels-de Young affair, Mr. Adolph Spreckels has been guilty of a deliberate and premeditated attempt at assassination—an attempt at once cowardly and unjustifiable—one for which he should be criminally punished by imprisonment in the State prison, and from which the wealth of his family and the influence of his friends should not be allowed to rescue him. We state the matter as we understand it. The Spreckels family, father and sons, are the sugar factors of the Sandwich Islands; they represent, as owner and agents, great sugar estates, great irrigating canals, a great sugar house, with machinery costing a million and a quarter of dollars, a great refinery in San Francisco—the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company, with a capital of paid up millions. The interest of this sugar syndicate has placed Mr. Claus Spreckels in intimate relations with the King and politics of the Sandwich Islands, which he has guided very much to his own advantage. That his influence has been to the advantage of the kingdom, old resident planters do not concede. The same business interest has seemed to render it necessary for the Messrs. Spreckels to largely interest themselves in the reciprocity treaty between the United States and the Hawaiian Kingdom. Mr. Adolph Spreckels is the younger son of this family. Mr. M. H. de Young is the proprietor of the *Chronicle* newspaper. This journal has opposed, for some months past, the continuance of the commercial treaty of reciprocity. The Spreckels family say that the *Chronicle* has done it for a moneyed inducement from Eastern sugar refineries. We have seen no proof of this assertion. "The Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company" stock a few months ago was worth sixty-seven dollars per share; to-day it is worthless. Among business men, and by men of wealth and character, there is the open accusation that the Spreckels management has been dishonest; that it has been more than a misfortune; that its whole conduct has been a crime—a crime for which the senior and junior Spreckels should be held responsible. This more than rumor, this open accusation, the *Chronicle* reflected in an account of the annual meeting of the stockholders—an article that could not have been interpreted as offensive, unless facts wound. An allusion was made to the elder Spreckels as "Sir Claus." This allusion is justified from the fact that Mr. Spreckels senior has shown the weakness to accept and the vanity to wear the emblem of an "order of nobility" from the fantastic Kanaka king. For this offense, Mr. Adolph Spreckels arms himself, enters Mr. de Young's office, and, without notice, without giving his adversary the opportunity of defense, shoots with intent to kill—we say "with intent to murder." If men who do not like the *Chronicle*, who do not like Mr. de Young, who do like Claus Spreckels, the Spreckels sons, and young Adolph Spreckels, can find excuse for this cold-blooded and cowardly attempt at murder, they have been educated in a code of morals which we can not appreciate and fail altogether to understand. If the wealth and influence of this family can paralyze the arm of criminal justice in this instance, we shall be sorry for it. One of the things that should come logically from this boy's blunder is the thorough and exhaustive examination of the affairs of the "Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company"; the receipt of the first and the expenditure of the ultimate dollar of this venture should be accounted for in a court of equity. If we have rich merchants among us who are thieves, the community at large, as well as their victims, are entitled to know who they are, that in the future they may avoid them. It is time that in California we should begin to punish our wealthy criminals.

We were reminded, this week, by a deputation from the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission, No. 713 Mission Street, that Thanksgiving day approaches, and that with it comes the only period in the year when the young ladies comprising it permit themselves to ask alms; that this day is for them the opportunity of especial exertion. On the few days before Thanksgiving they embrace the opportunity of reminding their old friends, and suggesting to new ones, that their exertions in aid of the poor and sick still continue; that the San Francisco Mission works all the twelve months around to carry cheer to desolate hearts, courage to desponding ones, endeavors to minister creature comforts to the poor, with delicacies to the sick, and to carry sunlight and joy to cheerless homes and chambers, and that it makes a special effort on Thanksgiving day. It will endeavor this year to provide one hundred and fifty dinners to the deserving poor. The Mission can only perform this work and its other charitable labors by the aid of the generous, whose almoners it would become in distributing gifts. The young ladies must have three hundred dollars in money. It seems but a small amount, and it is; but a little money is indispensable in carrying out the beneficent objects of this most deserving charity. We have written often for these young girls, and our efforts in behalf of the Fruit and Flower Mission have met with generous response. Again we make for them our annual appeal. Their wants are now so well known that the merchant, grocer, fruit-grower, the business man, and family matron need only to be reminded that Thanksgiving day approaches. Those who are not in position to dispense gifts from their stores will not need the hint that money will purchase all that is purchasable in alleviation of the sick and suffering poor. Entering the home of a poor gentleman the other day we met two of the Flower Mission girls coming out, when the mother and wife said to them in a low whisper: "Oh, how I thank you for the port wine you sent the poor doctor; it did him so much good." "The poor doctor!" We have known him these more than thirty years. Of foreign birth, he came from a family of more than noble origin, on the shield of whose house was blazoned the arms of a royal line; vast estates were swept away in the whirlwind of civil strife, which the proud owner corned to save at the cost of his political opinions. His son, now the "poor doctor," with filial loyalty, sustained his father through all the vicissitudes of war and prison, till he closed his eyes in death. From his university he went to war, and served honorably and bravely his time of service; returning to his studies, he took successively the highest honors of the three great universities of Europe. Learned far beyond the scholars of the present age, he was the tutor and master of the sons of high nobility. His mistake, his weakness, was that, inspired by a loftier aim than money-making, he conceived for himself the life-work of Christianizing the civilization of his age and country. To this end he sacrificed personal ambition; splendid opportunities of advancement he let go by. His wife, whom he idolized and honored, his children whom he loved, were all made second to this mission which came to him from God. We need not trace his efforts, his triumphs, his mistakes, his failures; how his simple, unsuspicious nature was betrayed; how he suffered for lack of money-making, worldly knowledge; his immigration to America, his admission to the ministry, his immigration to California, his successes, his failures, his sufferings, and his sorrow; his life of endless toil pursuing the phantom endeavor of "doing good unto others." This grand character, this splendid scholar, this brave soldier, this loyal loving, son, this good husband and kind father, this good citizen, good man, good Christian, is now, in his advanced years, poor—how poor none but the most intimate may know—with feeble frame waiting, waiting for his reward. And, while he waits to join six loved children in the bright angel world, how grateful a carriage drive in the sunlight, a bottle of wine, the kind and cheery words of sympathetic girls. This is the kind of charity performed by the ladies of this mission—a delicate, kindly, unobtrusive charity, which falls like refreshing dew upon the bruised and broken plant. We hope our readers will not let it languish for want of three hundred dollars and enough good things to fill one hundred and fifty Thanksgiving baskets, sent before Thanksgiving day to No. 713 Mission Street.

HUENEME, Cal., November 15, 1884.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: We here get news from San Francisco, from friends, that A. A. Sargent will be the next Senator, and that the *Argonaut* will support his claims. I am saying that the statement is a d—d lie, as to the *Argonaut*. Ain't I right?

Yours, as ever, — —

It is a lie, and our friends may make it emphatic by the use of as many and as strong and as profane adjectives as their consciences may justify. If the Hon. James G. Blaine desires to return to the Senate of the United States—and we hope he does not—we would be glad to see him elected from California. There is no law requiring a Senator to be a "citizen" of the State he represents, and there is no reason why any State should not go beyond its limits to choose a Senator, if by doing so it can find better talent than is attainable within its borders. It is our opinion that Mr. Blaine would make us a more serviceable Senator than Mr. Sargent, that he would be more acceptable to our people, and that his election would be attended with less disastrous results to our party.

It is no exaggeration to say that if one of the stories in Froude's "Thomas Carlyle" had been published during the historian's life, no woman, unless possibly one of his kinsfolk as hard as himself, would ever have spoken to him again. His wife, suffering from the combined effects of chronic neuralgia and a terrible fall, with the nerves and muscles of one side entirely disabled, lay on her bed, unable to close her mouth. He came into the room, looked at her, while he leaned against the mantelpiece—an act intensely irritating to a woman not vain, indeed, but proudly desirous not to look ill—and said: "Jane, ye had better shut your mouth. Jane, ye'll find yourse[lf] more compact and pious frame of mind if ye shu[t] mouth." That Mrs. Carlyle endured this gibe, and ward remained near the man who inflicted it u[p] says much for her constancy; but no woman who r[e] crude brutality can afterward be open to convictio[n] there was anything good about Carlyle.

## A DARING FICTION.

Written for the "Argonaut" by Hjalmar H. Boyesen.

*Author of "Gunnar," "A Problematic Character," etc. Copyright by H. H. Boyesen, 1884. All rights reserved.*

[Hereafter the *Argonaut* will place before its readers, from time to time, a number of original short stories by the foremost writers of America, including W. D. Howells, Frank R. Stockton, Julian Hawthorne, J. S. of Dale, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Louise Chandler Moulton, Thomas A. Janvier ("Ivory Black"), H. H. Boyesen, George Parsons Lathrop, Edgar Fawcett, Helen Jackson (H. H.), Helen Kendrick Johnson, W. H. Bishop, J. Estes Cooke, J. T. Trowbridge, Sarah Orne Jewett, and others. The next of the series will be a story by "J. S. of Dale," author of "Mrs. Knollys" (which appeared in the *Century*, and has been called the best short story of the last ten years), "Guerndale," "The Crime of Henry Vane," etc.]

### IV.

If Prince Bismarck or his big dog had come to town, there could not have been more excitement in the Bornholm family. The three young ladies sat upon a bed, with their hair done up in curl-papers, and looked intense. They had hatched a plot of revenge which was worthy of three blonde heads done up in curl-paper. It had been ascertained that Mr. Grover had invited Miss Jones to the artists' carnival, and that Miss Jones had accepted the invitation. He had, moreover, asked the Frau Professorin to chaperone Miss Jones for the occasion, and the Frau Professorin, who was as fond of excitement as a girl, did not have the strength of mind to show him that she resented the slight he had put upon her daughters. She tried to make the daughters believe, of course, that she had; and they would undoubtedly have taken her word for it, if they had not been listening at the key-hole. When taken to task, the Frau Professorin was in such an indulgent mood that she would readily have consented to anything; and when Röschen proposed that she, too, should go to the masquerade, and in exactly the same costume as Miss Jones, her mother only interposed a vague demurrer, which was easily overridden. The interesting complications which might arise if Grover should mistake one Daughter of the Rhine for the other stimulated her romantic fancy, and made her eager as a girl to have the plot carried into effect. What was to be accomplished by it, she did not trouble herself to define; it only gave her a kind of confused satisfaction that she was mystifying somebody who had been mystifying her. Röschen was exactly of Miss Jones's height, and their figures closely resembled each other. So when they were masked, a microscope would be required to tell them apart.

Röschen, who was full of blissful anticipation, went about during the day embracing people promiscuously from sheer excess of happiness. She could almost have embraced Grover, foe though he was, for having afforded her such a glorious opportunity for playing a trick on him. Her adventurous spirit had long yearned for some monumental enterprise, and this had somehow a mysterious atmosphere about it which made it doubly attractive to the admirer of Lucrezia Borgia. As for Miss Jones, she was unsuspicious as a new-born babe, which circumstance heightened the joy of the conspirators, thrilling them with sensations of deep and delightful villainy.

The week before Lent came at last, and the reign of Prince Carnival was proclaimed through the streets by mediæval heralds in gorgeous attire. The procession was watched from windows and balconies, and at last came the evening with its alluring festivities, including the *bal masqué*. The Frau Professorin, as she flitted from Miss Jones's boudoir to that of her daughter, taking notes of the former's costume for the benefit of the latter, felt like an arch conspirator upon whose coolness and address the fate of empires hung. Miss Jones had had her costumes designed by an expert costumer, and the difficulty was to make Röschen's home-made finery as trim and dazzling as the products of professional skill. This feat was, however, happily accomplished, thanks to Minchen's artistic taste and Gretchen's nimble fingers. The Frau Professorin then slipped with a sigh of relief into her black domino, and took her seat at Miss Jones's side in the carriage. Grover, in the guise of King Gunther in the "Nibelungen Lay," sat opposite, arrayed in a splendid helmet and scarlet cloak, endeavoring to make his legs as unobtrusive as possible. The drive to the Schützenhaus was not long, and Miss Jones muffled up to her very eyes, hopped out of the carriage as lightly as Cinderella from her metamorphosed cucumber. The Frau Professorin, likewise muffled, allowed Grover to assist her up the stairs, and was conducted by him to the door of the dressing-room, where there stood a female Cerberus, whose business it was to keep away male intruders. When King Gunther, after doing sentinel duty for half an hour, again caught sight of the swan-maiden, the daughter of Father Rhine, she was so surpassingly lovely that he quite forgot to inquire for her chaperone. The chaperone, therefore, without difficulty, effected a clandestine retreat, found her way to a carriage, and drove home as fast as the spavined *droschke* horse would convey her. Twenty minutes later she slipped into the dressing-room at the Schützenhaus, accompanied by a second daughter of Father Rhine, whom that worthy parent himself would scarcely have told from her lately-arrived sister.

The three floors of the enormous house represented the upper, the middle, and the lower world. The first floor was submarine and subterranean; cool, dimly illuminated grottoes, some in basaltic, columnar rock, some in emerald-glowing stalactite, invited all the fantastic creatures of the sea, both fabled and real, who were promenading about on the floor of the deep, to a sweet, life-long siesta in their softly gleaming recesses. On the second floor luxuriant equatorial palm-groves in startling proximity to the snow-laden pines of the north, and a heterogeneous assembly of all nations and ages poured through the resplendent avenues, chatting and playing pranks on each other with Teutonic good humor.

"Let us go to Olympus," said King Gunther, who was drifting with his snow-maiden through the motley throng. "I may never have another chance of getting there," he added jocosely.

"I am afraid I should not feel at home there," answered the daughter of the Rhine; "you know I belong properly to the lower regions."

"Then let us go to the lower regions," retorted the king, gayly. "You needn't go in search of the Elysian Fields; you carry them with you wherever you go."

"Beware, your majesty," murmured the water-nymph, threateningly. "You are defying Fate. Creatures of my kind are dangerous to trifle with."

"It is you who are trifling, not I," he burst forth; "with me the joke has long ago become serious.

He felt her arm trembling where it touched his; under the black fringe of her mask he saw her lips quiver, and her eyes shone with a strange, moist radiance. The crowd of gay maskers surged about them, and the music whirled away over their heads unheeded, and broke in showers of rippling sound.

"Listen to me," he whispered boldly, stooping to her level—but in the same moment a heavy hand was laid upon his neck, and a burly, gray-haired Jupiter stood before him, with a great train of Olympian attendants.

"I love the daughters of this green earth," said the king of the gods; "or, I should say, the green daughters of this black earth," he corrected himself, touching with a caressing hand the green sea-weeds of the swan maiden's drapery.

"Excuse me, Father Jupiter," Grover began, knowing well, in spite of his chagrin, that pranks of this kind were perfectly legitimate; "you mix up the mythologies. This is not a classic nymph, but a northern swan-maiden."

"By my Olympian beard," cried Jupiter, "that shows your barbaric taste if you do not pronounce her classic."

"I must insist," Grover replied, "that to your pagan majesty a creature of northern fable has no existence."

"Then, by my ambrosian locks, we will give her existence," quoth the father of gods and men. "Mercury, my son," he cried, pointing with his sceptre to a graceful youth with winged heels and cap, "change me quickly this maiden into something classic, but don't change her too much or you will spoil a divine master-piece."

Mercury, with winged speed, came forward, waved his wand over the swan-maiden's head, when, behold! she vanished.

"Why, your magic is too potent, you rascal," ejaculated Jupiter. "I didn't tell you to make her invisible."

He flourished his pasteboard sceptre in mock wrath above his head, dealt Mercury a resounding blow on the head, then marched on, followed by his immortal family and a jovial throng of leaf-crowned Bacchantes. Grover remained standing in the middle of the floor, hoping that, as the crowd dispersed, Miss Jones would naturally again seek him. But Miss Jones had apparently no such intention. She persistently remained invisible. At last, thinking that she had meant her allusion to the lower regions as a hint, he made his way to the head of the stairs and descended, not without difficulty to the first floor. The dancing had commenced above, and the multitude of scaly monsters who had haunted the deep were lured by the airs of Strauss up into the abodes of the daylight. The submarine world was almost deserted (except by a huge lobster and a shark, who were drinking lemonade) when Grover entered upon his quest for the vanished water-nymph. He investigated two or three grottoes, with no result except to tear his cloak on an exposed nail and knock a hole in his helmet. He was just about to resort to a classical imprecation, when the necessity for it was suddenly dissipated. There stood the daughter of Rhine, wonderful to behold, in sweet converse with her chaperone, the black domino. The young man lost no time in making the ladies aware of his presence.

"I hope you are enjoying yourself, Frau Professorin," he said, as he offered his arm, as a matter of course, to the swan-maiden.

"Oh, yes, I thank you. It takes very little to amuse an old woman like me," she answered, pleasantly. "The music is good, and the masks are very entertaining."

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he queried, politely, hoping, from the bottom of his heart she would say no.

"Don't you bother about me," was her amiable reply; "I will take care of myself. I only came to see you young people enjoy yourselves."

He had evidently been unjust to the Frau Professorin, he reflected. She was a very charming old lady. He conceived a sudden affection for her. In a very blissful mood he strolled away under the great festoons of depending sea-weeds, giving now and then a little casual pat to the hand which lightly rested on his arm. By some chance they found themselves in a deserted stalactite cave, where the gas-jets gleamed softly from within emerald cones of glass, and spread a strange magic glamor under the pendent arches.

"Let us sit down," said Grover; and the swan-maiden, whose agitation probably forbade her to speak, silently accepted the invitation. "What a transformation love works in a woman," he reflected, ecstatically; "who would recognize in this sweet, docile creature the rebellious and headstrong girl of three months ago? I have long wished to tell you," he continued, aloud, seizing her hand and drawing her close to him, "that my life would be barren as a desert without you. You have taught me, by your sweet reserve, and your self-respecting coolness, first to esteem you highly, then to admire, and at last to love you. Do not think even now that I take your consent for granted. I only hope that love as strong and deep as mine can not fail to find some response. It is imperious, all-conquering; it fears no more resistance."

There was, obviously, no occasion for such impassioned rhetoric. The swan-maiden had not the faintest idea of offering resistance. She slipped, with a soft and charming suppleness, into his embrace, and received his ecstatic kisses without a murmur of protest. It was not until he made a movement to tear off her mask (whose depending fringe was a great inconvenience) that she suddenly recovered her senses; with a startled cry she stayed his hand, cast a shy glance about her, jumped up, and ran as fast as her feet could carry her. If she had been a real fairy she could not have made a more rapid and unexpected exit. Grover was utter dumfounded. He thought of the old legends about knights who had been loved by mermaids whose kiss was death and their embrace eternal damnation. An uncanny feeling crept over him. But a cheerful second thought soon came to comfort him. He had heard, from the best authorities, that women were enigmatical and incalculable creatures, who were most apt to do what was least expected of them. They had a perfect encyclopædia of eccentricities, if the novelists were to be trusted, and it was not to be expected that his brief acquaintance with the sex should have sufficed to master it. This was a profitable train of thought, and one worth pursuing. Therefore, instead of pursuing his nymph, he leaned back against the wall and pondered.

The nymph, in the meanwhile, after a hurried search below, ran to the dressing-room, where she flung herself, weeping, into the arms of the black domino.

"What in Heaven's name is the matter, child?" inquired the latter. "Was he rude to you?"

"Not at all," sobbed the nymph; "no-o-ot a-a-at all. Quite the co-o-on-tra-ry."

"What then are you crying for?" asked the domino sympathetically.

"He kissed me, mother; he kissed me," answered the nymph, weeping.

"You ought not to have allowed him to do that," said the Frau Professorin with mild reproach.

"How could I help it, mother? He talked so beautifully to me. He proposed to me, and I forgot that I was Miss Jones. I was only myself—and——"

A second flood of tears made the rest unintelligible.

"Are you sure he proposed to you, child?" queried the mother, after a pause.

"Quite sure, mother."

"But then he must have known you. For why should he propose to Miss Jones, to whom he is already engaged?"

"That is what makes me so unhappy, mother, for now I shall never know whether I am engaged to him or not."

"Leave that to me, child. I'll find out."

### V.

The next day Grover had an accident, which cost him upward of two hundred dollars. He mixed something or other, which made a terrific racket and smashed no end of retorts and bottles. When he entered the laboratory again, after having trimmed off the scorched fringe of his whiskers, he found a big card nailed over his place, with the following inscription: "Smoking and being in love in this laboratory is strictly forbidden." The prohibition in regard to smoking was in print; the rest was interpolated with a paint-brush. Grover looked around wrathfully upon the twenty or thirty backs which reared themselves against a background of many-colored bottles; they bore all an expression of unconscious innocence.

The hour was approaching when he might without impropriety call upon his *fiancée*. His toilet, however, needed some attention, after his recent experiment with explosives, and he hastened to his rooms to make himself presentable. On the table he found a letter, addressed in the usual high-shouldered characters of American girls. It read as follows:

My Dear Mr. Grover: Our engagement for mutual convenience being no longer convenient, I grant your request and hereby break it. I would have done so when you first asked me, only I enjoyed your embarrassment, and had, moreover, a desire to punish you for the liberty you took with a lady whom you had not seen until that moment. I trust we shall remain good friends. If you desire a scene of some sort, in order to advertise our changed relations to the household, you may call upon me this afternoon at three. You will understand that I do this only to save explanations. A quarrel, you know, ends everything; is so intelligible and satisfactory; precludes questions and discourages curiosity. Accordingly, my dear sir, I will quarrel with you at 3:15 P. M., promptly, and remain, Sincerely your friend, Louise Jones.

Leipsic, March 12, 187—.

Grover read this enigmatical epistle eleven times without deriving the slightest clue to its meaning. He read it aloud and he read it in silence; he analyzed, scrutinized, and apostrophized it, but without avail. That feminine caprice could reach such alarming dimensions he had never dreamed. That she should want to break with him the morning after she had become really engaged to him could be accounted for by a variety of reasons. But that she should write him a cool and semi-humorous letter, showing no more agitation than one of Bret Harte's heroes who is about to be hanged—that certainly capped the climax of eccentric behavior. And that, after her passionate protests. But hold on! What did she say yesterday that was so passionate? Curiously enough, he could not remember a word of what she had said. It began slowly to dawn upon him that, during the memorable scene, he had himself done all the talking. She had not uttered a syllable. It was odd, but probably not without precedent. Well, if she wanted her quarrel, she should have it promptly on the hour, and with *éclat*.

At 3:15 o'clock he rang the Professor's door-bell, and was ushered into the drawing-room, where Miss Jones stood smiling sweetly upon him.

"I hope you didn't misunderstand my note," she said, seeing the troubled look in his eyes.

"Misunderstand it!" he ejaculated, with ill-suppressed indignation; "if I had arrived as far as misunderstanding it, I should have had respect for my intellect. I doubt if the seven sages could have interpreted it."

"It wasn't necessary that they should," said Miss Jones imperturbably.

"But suppose they had made love to you?" he began argumentatively.

"The seven sages *never* made love to me," remarked Miss Jones, perversely.

"But suppose you had kissed them?"

"I *never* kissed them!"

Miss Jones repelled this insinuation with indignant emphasis.

"It is utterly useless to argue with you," he said, pacing the floor in agitation.

"Then I would not try."

"You are cruel, vain, and heartless."

"If those qualities were contagious, I should know where I got them."

"You mean yesterday, when you kissed me!"

"I must decline to listen to such language. You wi

have the kindness to remember, Mr. Grover, that from this moment our acquaintance is at an end."

Miss Jones arose with flaming cheeks and eyes in which the unseen tears trembled; she made Mr. Grover a sweeping courtesy and moved with a good deal of superfluous stateliness toward the door. He returned her salute, though with much less dignity; then rushed forward to hold her back, but with an impatient gesture she shook off his grasp and hurried out.

"We met to quarrel in jest, and we did it in earnest," he reflected, grimly, as he picked up his hat and opened the door. There was a sudden, agitated rustle of skirts in the hall, and he was just in time to see Röschen's back hair vanish into the dining-room.

VI.

Being engaged is said to be a very delightful thing. You fulfill a pleasant duty to society, and one no less pleasant to yourself. In Germany particularly, the engaged state is one of great honor. You advertise the important event in the newspapers, above the marriages and births; you walk abroad with your *fiancée* arm-in-arm (which is an inestimable privilege); you introduce her, with much ceremony, to your uncles, and cousins, and aunts; you receive congratulations—in short, you become a sort of public character, until some one else goes and follows your illustrious example. Then you become an old story, and lapse into insignificance.

It was this ravishing vision of the engaged state, with its attendant festivities, which had excited Röschen's imagination. She had seen herself a hundred times on Grover's arm, making the round of her whole circle of acquaintance, and introducing him triumphantly to her pet enemies. He would, of course, at a hint from her, be gracious to those who had been kind to her, and politely snub those who had been disagreeable to her. There was a day of reckoning coming for those who had made sport of Röschen's verses, a day of glorious revenge. But the trouble now was, that, although Röschen looked upon herself as engaged, and respected herself accordingly, she did not have the courage to claim her *fiancé*. She was, as it were, anonymously engaged. The uncertainty of the thing tortured her. She was more than once tempted to sit down and write to Mr. Grover, telling him that it was she to whom he was engaged; but the thought that he might, in that case, divine her plot always had deterred her. That he had quarreled with Miss Jones hardly simplified the matter; for a lover's quarrel of that sort is never such a serious affair as the parties involved are apt to think. If only Miss Jones would have the inspiration to go to Berlin, or to Stuttgart, or to Halifax, the road to Grover's affections would be comparatively plain sailing. But Miss Jones, in spite of the most pointed hints regarding the superior musical advantages of other cities, persisted in remaining where she was. She practiced with an odious regularity and indefatigable zeal, which knew neither weariness nor discouragement. She did not grow perceptibly thinner, nor did her complexion show the ravages of sorrow. It was unanimously resolved by the ladies of the household that she was a cold and heartless monster. If it hadn't been for the fact that she paid forty dollars a month (which was put aside for dowries), she would have been told to pack her trunk.

This phase of feeling lasted about three weeks. Then the unfailing charm of Miss Jones's affability began once more to assert itself. Röschen was seized with a sudden desire to kiss her; for she looked so irresistibly cool and lovely as she sat at the breakfast table sipping her coffee, and propounding her neat little German sentences, which were always correct, though with a faint flavor of "Otto." Röschen felt positive that those calm, intelligent eyes of Miss Jones's read them all like a book; and, instead of being indignant at such presumption, Röschen grew repentant. She yearned to fling herself at Miss Jones's feet and confess all her wickedness. She would wear white, with a single red rose in her bosom like La Sonnambula. When she thought of all the heroines of history and romance who had renounced the men they loved, she too felt that she could rise to like heroism in renouncing the man she didn't love, for she did not, for one moment, deceive herself in regard to her sentiment for Grover. It was the engaged state she had been in love with; and he was merely a lay figure, convenient for the occasion—a puppet with whom she enacted the scenes appropriate to the engaged condition.

She was yet pondering the problem, but had not yet nerved herself for action, when one day she was startled at the sound of Grover's voice in the hall. He had handed his card to the girl and inquired for the Frau Professorin. There was a council of war on the spot, and the Frau Professorin sent word that she was "not at home." Grover then asked permission to see "the young ladies." It was a very disappointing message; the plural number was especially disheartening. The sisters, however, were equal to the occasion. Minchen and Gretchen nobly declared that they were "out." Accordingly there was nothing to do, except for Röschen to receive the visitor. She donned her white muslin, stuck a Jacqueminot rose in her bosom, and entered the drawing-room with a quaking heart. The young man shook hands with her without the faintest trace of embarrassment, and begged her to have the kindness to present his "adieux" to the family, as he had concluded to continue his studies in Berlin.

"And you are going to leave Leipsic!" she exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Naturally," he replied; "I leave to-night."

Röschen's heart thumped as if it meant to work its way out through her ribs.

"Now or never!" it said, with an unmistakable plainness, "now or never!"

The Jacqueminot rose fell to the ground; Grover stooped to pick it up. Had he only said: "May I keep this as a souvenir of our friendship," or something of that sort, she would at once have summoned courage to make her confession. But, instead of that, he gravely handed her back the rose, and remarked that he was under great obligation to her father and mother for their kindness to him during his stay in the city. She knew of no appropriate reply to this observation until his silence forced her to invent one. "You have given us no opportunity of late to be either kind or unkind to you," she said, with a blush, which made her feel hot all over.

"The circumstances are at fault, not I," he answered, and got up to take his leave.

"Pardon me," she said, grasping his hand with a desperate clutch; "I think I heard mother come in. I'll be back in one moment."

Several minutes elapsed, however, but neither Röschen nor the Frau Professorin appeared. Then a sudden sound of sobs was heard in the next room, and Grover, fearing that some one was in distress, hastily opened the door. There stood Miss Jones grave and benign, stooping over the weeping Röschen, who was dramatically embracing her knees.

"Oh, it was I—it was I who made trouble between you," sobbed the girl, flinging back her head and gazing imploringly up into Miss Jones's face. "You are so good and noble, Louise, can you ever forgive me? Oh, I wish you would kill me, so that I never could do you any harm again."

"That won't be necessary, my dear," said Miss Jones, soothingly, stroking the penitent's hair and kissing her forehead; then, catching sight of Grover, she instantly recovered her dignity, and disengaged herself from Röschen's embrace. The latter, with a wildly despairing glance at the young man, sprang up and rushed out of the room.

Miss Jones and Grover stood face to face. The reverberation of Röschen's excitement seemed to linger in the room, and they waited for it to pass away before speaking.

"I came to bid you good-bye," he said, at last. It did not occur to him that he had not come for that purpose.

"I am happy to have a chance to—to—beg your pardon," replied Miss Jones, with a heroic determination to crucify her pride. "I was harsh and unjust to you. Röschen has told me all."

"I wish she would tell *me* all. I am as much in the dark as ever."

"The girl to—to—whom you proposed in the grotto—was—was—not I," she faltered, grasping the door-knob for support, and gazing into the mirror with a vain hope to hide her blushes.

He drew a long sigh of relief. That intelligence simplified existence enormously. He had had a hopeless feeling, of late, that life was too complex an affair for him to grapple with. Now, as by a flash, order was restored in his chaotic universe. He stood gazing in rapture at Miss Jones's blushing face, which seemed angelic in its purity and its dignified maidenhood. That there dwelt a sweet young soul behind those blameless features he felt blissfully convinced.

"Miss Jones," he began, "if Miss Röschen has confessed to you, you know what I would have liked to say to you—that night in the grotto. Now, what would you have answered me?"

A little ray of mirth stole over the girl's face, and vanished again.

"I should have said—No," she remarked, smilingly.

The orderly universe again tumbled into chaos. She was the veritable Sphinx, and he not the Œdipus to read her riddle.

"Then I will bid you good-bye," he managed to stammer, extending an unwilling hand, and again withdrawing it.

"Good-bye, Mr. Grover," she said, with heartless cheerfulness; "I hope it is not forever."

"I am afraid it is," he murmured, sadly.

He took two steps toward the door, and laid his hand on the knob.

"Oh, by the way," ejaculated the girl, with a sudden alarm in her voice; "that question you would have asked me in the grotto—why don't you ask it now?"

"You said you would say No."

He had turned about in unutterable astonishment.

"I didn't say that," she retorted, gravely.

"What did you say, then?"

"That I should have said No *in the grotto*."

The scene which followed was of a strictly private and confidential character. I fear Miss Jones would take me to task if I divulged it.

---

The numerous instances of mistaken identity on record are constantly receiving new additions. There is an amusing account of a French lady who was very jealous of her husband, and determined to watch his movements. On one occasion, when he told her he was going to Versailles, she followed him, keeping him in sight until she missed him in a passage leading to a railway station. Looking about her for a few minutes, she saw a man coming out of a glove shop with a rather over-dressed lady. Making sure, from the distance, that this man was her husband, she came suddenly up, and, without a word of warning, gave him three or four boxes on the ear. The instant the gentleman turned round she discovered her mistake, and, at the same time, caught sight of her husband, who had merely called at a tobacconist's, and was crossing the street. There was nothing for it but to faint in the arms of the gentleman whose ears she had boxed, while the other lady moved away to avoid a scene. The stranger, astonished to find an unknown lady in his arms, was further startled by a gentleman seizing him by the collar and demanding what he meant by embracing that lady. "Why, she boxed my ears and then fainted," exclaimed the aggrieved gentleman. "She is my wife!" shouted the angry husband, "and would never have struck you without a cause." And worse than angry words would probably have followed had not the cause of the whole misunderstanding recovered sufficiently to explain how it happened.

---

Wormley, the deceased Washington caterer, introduced terrapin in England while steward to Reverdy Johnson, when he was Minister to England. As Minister Schenck afterward introduced poker over there, it is no wonder that the English are poor.

---

Paul de Cassagnac, prematurely broken, has sworn off from dueling, and intends to withdraw very shortly from public life.

## BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

### His Experience as a Lawyer.

A dear friend in Pennsylvania writes me that he has learned casually that some years ago I was a member of the legal profession, and he asks me to state, if I will, publicly, whether that is true, and, if so, why I abandoned the profession.

It is true that I did practice law in the West for a short time, in a very quiet kind of way. After a few months, however, I abandoned my lucrative practice to accept the portfolio of the Laramie City postoffice. During my brief but tempestuous career as an attorney, I paid out one hundred and twenty dollars for rent, and drew a chattel mortgage, which I was never paid for, as near as I can judge.

My principal reason, however, for abandoning the profession was the sudden death of my client. When a young lawyer has assiduously sat and looked out of his office window for two months, and a client comes in and shows signs of entrusting actual business to him, there springs up at once between the two a warm friendship. Such was the case with me. A middle-aged gentleman came into my office one day, and said he had been referred to me by a party in town, and asked me if I had leisure to attend to him. I said that I would lay aside other matters and attend to him at once if he wished. He said it would be a great accommodation if I would allow my other clients to accumulate in the hall for a few moments, and in the meantime do the business that was on his mind. He had asked Charlie Kitchen, at the Thoretburg House, to give him the name of some poor young lawyer, and Kitchen had told him that I was about the poorest lawyer he knew of, so he had come right to me.

I saw at once that he was a shrewd business man, and I did all I could to please him. He was delighted with the promptness with which I had done the work, and said he would have more for me to do very soon, as he had purchased the controlling interest in a new silver mine over at Jelm Mountain. On the strength of this revival in trade I went down town and bought half a ton of coal.

I then opened a set of double-entry books, which I still retain, and which are almost as good as new. I had just got my new client fairly on the books when he was killed by falling down a shaft a distance of two hundred feet in a perpendicular direction. I then said that the practice of law was invested with too much sorrow and sadness for me. I could not endure the constant sundering of pleasant, friendly ties which an active practice demanded. I sold my revised statutes to a new notary public at Last Chance, and gave my other law book to a warm personal friend. Having thus disposed of my library, I retired from the practice of my profession by taking down my tin sign and nailing it to the front door of the pest house at the close of a beautiful summer day.—*Cleveland Sunday Sun.*

### A Powerful Speech

I once knew a man who was nominated by his fellow-citizens for a certain office, and finally elected, without having expended a cent for that purpose. He was very eccentric, but he made a good officer. When he heard that he was nominated, he went up, as he said, into the mountains to do some assessment work on a couple of claims.

He got lost, and didn't get his bearings until a day or two after election. Then he came into town hungry, greasy, and ragged, but unpledged.

He found that he was elected, and, in answer to a telegram, started off for 'Frisco to see a dying relative. He did not get back till the first of January. Then he filed his bond and sailed into the office. He fired several sedentary deputies who had been in the place twenty years, just because they were good "workers"—that is, they were good workers at the polls. They saved all their energies for the campaign, and so they only had vitality enough left to draw their salaries during the balance of the two years.

This man raised the county scrip from sixty to ninety-five in less than two years, and still they busted him in the next convention. He was too eccentric. One delegate asked what in Sam Hill would become of the country if every candidate should skin out during the campaign and rusticate in the mountains while the battle was being fought. Says he:

I am a delegate from the precinct of Rawhide Buttes, and I calklate I know what I am talkin' about. Gentlemen of the convention, just suppose that everybody, from the President of the United States down, was to git the nomination and then light out like a house afire and never come back till it was time to file his bond; what's going to become of us common drunkards to whom election is a noasis in the bad lands, an orange grove in the alkali flats? Mr. Chairman, there's millions of dollars in this broad land waiting for the high tide of election day to come and float 'em down to where you and I, Mr. Chairman, as well as other parched and patriotic inebriates, can git a hold of 'em. Gentlemen, we talk about stringency and shrinkage of values, and all such funny business as that; but that's something I don't know a blamed thing about. What I can grapple with is this: If our county offices are worth thirty thousand dollars, and there are other little after-claps and soft snaps, and walk-overs, worth say ten thousand dollars, and the boys, say, are willing to do the fair thing, say, blow in fifteen per cent. to the central committee, and what they feel like on the outside, then politics, instead of a burden and a reproach, becomes a pleasing duty, a joyous occasion, and a picnic to those whose lives might otherwise be a dreary monotone. Mr. Chairman, the past two years has wrecked four campaign saloons, and a tinner who, socked his wife's fortune into campaign torches, is now in a land where torchlights is no good. Overcome by a dull market, a financial depression, and a reserved central committee, he ate a package of Rough on Rats, and passed up the flume. He is now at rest over yonder. Such instances would be common if we encouraged the eccentric economy of official cranks. It is an evil that is gnawing at the vitals of the republic. We must squench it or get left. There are millions of dollars in this country, Mr. Chairman, that, if we keep it out of the campaign, will get into the hands of the working classes, and then you and I, Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen of the convention, can starve to death. Keep the campaign money away from the soulless hired man, gentlemen, or good-bye, John. Mr. Chairman, excuse my emotion! It is almighty seldom that I make a speech, but when I do, I strive to get there with both feet. We must either work the campaign funds into their legitimate channels, or every blamed patriot within the sound of my voice will have to fasten on a tin bell and rustle for angle-worms amongst the hens. You hear me?

[Terrific applause, during which the delicate odor of enthusiasm was noticed on the breath of the entire delegation.]—*New York Mercury.*

## SULLIVAN AND LAFLIN.

**The Boston Slogger Knocks Out the New York Heavy-Weight.**

There was a good deal of malice in the enthusiasm that greeted the downfall of "Professor" J. M. Laflin at Madison Square Gardens on Monday night. Laflin has been to New York for several years what the big and lumbering bully is to the average school. Everybody in town knew him, and he built up an immense reputation on what is popularly known as "wind." There may have been more vain and egotistical men in town than the "Professor" before he met John L. Sullivan, but I doubt it. As is always the case with men who blow about their own achievements perpetually, Laflin had hosts of acquaintances who believed him to be a great athlete and a plucky fighter. If a man on every and any occasion announces that he is the strongest man in the world, and that he is fit to defeat any champion the prize-ring has ever seen, he will in the course of time convince a certain number of people that he is right. Some years ago Laflin went to the Vienna Exposition to exhibit himself. In street attire, the "Professor" looks like a respectable citizen, with a good deal of a "corporation," a flabby face, and a bald head. Stripped, he displays heavy muscular development about the shoulders, arms, and legs, but he has not the build around the waist and hips of a man of extraordinary strength. At the Vienna Exposition Mr. Laflin stood on a pedestal, scantily clad, and exhibited himself. Then he came back to New York and began to sell dumb-bells, Indian clubs, rowing-machines, and like appliances for developing the muscle. At the bottom of all of his circulars, in capital letters, was the statement: "Professor J. M. Laflin was pronounced by the Vienna Exposition to be the finest-formed man in the world." It was impossible for Laflin to talk for five minutes, even with a stranger, without bringing in this quotation. The majority of people considered it a huge joke for a time; but in the end, as I have said, Laflin gathered about him quite a body of supporters. Then he gave sparring-lessons. The effect of this exercise on Laflin was to convince him in very short order that he was a greater man than Sullivan, and when the entertainment was given at the Madison Square Gardens, two years ago, in aid of the Ohio flood sufferers, he had a set-to with the Boston champion. He made Sullivan promise not to use his right hand before he agreed to spar with him, even for exhibition purposes. Sullivan let him off easily. This had the effect of increasing his conceit.

When Laflin walks up-town in the afternoon he gazes at his reflection in the shop windows as he passes; he never misses a chance of looking into a mirror, and when he is in the Russian baths, he admires himself with such extraordinary frankness and delight that he is the centre of attraction. An admirable illustration of Laflin's vanity was shown when Mrs. Langtry made her first appearance here as "Rosalind." Mr. Abbey employed Laflin as the Wrestler. When the "professor" came on the stage he smirked at the audience like a ballet-girl, and went through the scene with such an indescribable air of conceit that he was guyed unmercifully. The Finest Formed Man in the World on that occasion looked like a fat and knock-kneed baby in yellow tights. After the show was over, Laflin was found standing in the lobby, in a picturesque position, with his hand thrust in his breast and the same killing smile upon his features, waiting to be admired by the women as they passed out. Laflin bragged so much that Sullivan was obliged to meet him, and about a month ago both men went into training for their match. It attracted about ten thousand people, who paid one and two dollars apiece, respectively, Monday night. Henry Irving and Adelina Patti, both prominent figures in the amusement world, opened that night, but all the first-nighters, men about town, the city officials, and eminent men in every walk of life in New York, were at the Madison Square Garden. They knew that there would be many chances to see Irving and Patti, but only one to see Laflin and Sullivan. When the athletes sprang upon the stage and faced each other, after their gloves had been tied on, the disparity in the size was striking. For the first time, in any of his matches, Sullivan looked like a boy. He has usually been looked upon as a giant, but, in reality, he is a man far from extraordinary size. When he faced Slade he looked small, compared to the Maori, but his perfect build and fine development made him seem powerful in comparison with Mace's flabby giant.

Laflin is bigger in every way than Sullivan. He was trained down to a very fine point, and is as strong as an ox. He was broader, taller, and heavier than the champion, who looked like an erect, active, and perfectly developed young man beside the heavy-weight athlete. Sullivan looks like a Greek statue from the neck down. His arms, trunk, and legs are perfectly molded and are as hard and white as marble. His upper arm is solid and very powerful, but its symmetry is not disfigured by the huge bunches of biceps which rowing men and club swingers are so fond of exhibiting. He fights on his toes, and he is as quick as a French dancing-master. It was seen from the start that Laflin was the rankest sort of a coward. Even the men who have disliked him the most never suspected that he was such a cur. He had evidently been taught his tactics before he got into the ring, and he made a desperate effort to appear courageous. When Sullivan put out his arm good-naturedly to shake hands with Laflin before they began to spar, Laflin seized his hand firmly, and then, when the champion was thoroughly unprepared, yanked him around sideways and gave him a stunning blow on the ribs. This was a cowardly thing at the outset, and Sullivan's face flushed as he staggered slightly from the blow. Then he threw up his hands, and in a second his left arm flew out straight and caught the New York bully on the nose. The blood came, and the professor, with a howl of fear, ran like a frightened cow half way around the ring, and then, just as the champion sprang for him again, he fell piteously on his knees and looked at the referee for protection. Such a howl of disgust went up from the ten thousand throats of the spectators as I never heard before. Laflin kneeled there until he was forced to rise by his seconds, who whispered instruction to him, and then he ran in on Sullivan, clasped him around the neck, and hung there squeezing him tightly. It will, perhaps, be conceded that it is not an easy thing to fight with two hundred pounds dead weight hanging over your chest, and a vice-like grip on your neck, particularly when your hands are encosed in pillow-like gloves. Sullivan tried to get away from Laflin, but the latter clung on him with the desperation of a frightened woman, and he could only deliver half-arm blows. When he did shake him off at last, the Finest Formed, with a face stamped with an expression of agony and fear, dropped on his knees again and turned his sickly and appealing eyes on the referee, who was so thoroughly disgusted that it was about an even chance that he would sail in and do Laflin up himself. Sullivan stood back from the coward and waited for him to rise, but he wouldn't do it until pulled to his feet by his seconds, and by that time the round was over.

The tactics of Laflin were plain by this time. According to the Marquis of Queensbery rules, each one of the four rounds must last three minutes, with a half minute's rest between them. It is against the rules to hit a man when he is down, and Laflin hoped by alternately hugging the champion and then falling on his knees to get through the three minutes of each round without being knocked out. He carried on these tactics for three rounds amid a storm of hisses, and he gave an exhibition of cowardice that I have never seen equaled. I have seen sparring matches everywhere, from dudes at the Racquet Club and waiters in sub-cellar dives in the Bowery to prize fights in the open air among professional plugs, but never in my life have I seen such a rank exhibition of fear as Laflin gave that night. Though he was bigger and stronger than his adversary, he trembled, blanched, and cowered like a timid woman every time he approached him. At last Sullivan succeeded in shaking him off in the third round, and though wearied by the weight he had carried, and half choked, he pounded the "Professor" until that person completely lost his head. Laflin turned his back and ran to his corner for protection, and when Sullivan followed him, he ran out again, made one or two wild thrusts at the champion, and then received a blow in the neck from Sullivan's left that sent him spinning in the air, and landed him on the back of his head on the stage; then he staggered to his corner, and though his second urged him in every way, he feebly pulled off his gloves and sank down in his chair. I don't believe that ten thousand dollars in cold coin would have coaxed him into the middle of that stage again.

The various rumors which preceded the arrival of Henry Irving and his company proved to be utterly without foundation. The English actor has unquestionably improved since his appearance in New York a year ago, and his Shylock is to-day a great performance. Irving's effects —by which I mean the general influences of his acting— are broad. There is nothing of the littleness of Barrett about his work, and though it certainly lacks some of the finesse of Booth, it has a certain majesty and largeness that give it a distinct place in the creations of the stage. Mr. Terriss's place has been well filled, and the Irving troupe still gives the most perfect dramatic performances we have seen in New York within twenty years. The tragedian is this year under the management of Mr. Marcus Mayer, who has discarded the clap-trap system of management, given up all idea of making Irving a great sensation, and is conducting the tour in a dignified and quiet manner. He says the people now go to see Mr. Irving's company not because it is a sensation, but on account of its dramatic excellence. He is right.

The Wallack season was opened last night with a new play by Robert Buchanan, the plot of which was taken from a melodrama by the late Leon Gozlan, and the central situation from Sardou. Most of the dialogue is a rehash of the countless English melodramas of the villain-unhand-me type, but the rest of the play, with the exception of the scenery, costumes, stage management, and the *mis-en-scene*, is by Buchanan. As a whole, the concoction is a failure. No one knows exactly who is to blame. Probably Sardou. Mr. Buchanan sat in a box in radiant evening attire, beside his sister-in-law, Harriet Hay, and waited for a call. He didn't get it. My respect for American theatre-goers grows stronger every day.

BLAKELY HALL ("FLANEUR").

NEW YORK, November 12, 1884.

### With a Rose.

Go to him, Rose, and tell him
All my passionate pain—
Tell him the heart is breaking
Where lately thou hast lain.
Oh, tell him, since I left him,
Moments have seemed like years—
He in the light and splendor,
I in the night and tears.

Unclose thy blood-red petals
Unto his searching eye,
Till warmed by thy breath, his spirit
Breathes forth an answering sigh.
Go to him, Rose, and tell him
All my passionate pain—
Tell him the heart is breaking
Where lately thou hast lain.

ELLA SARA JOHNSON.

The claque is considered a necessary though expensive adjunct to every French theatre. A provincial manager has recently devised a plan to save the expense by introducing a mechanical claque under the pit floor. Four sets of hammers, fixed at distances apart, when put in motion serve to imitate the knocking of sticks and umbrellas on the floor, while a couple of large castanets, covered with parchment and striking against each other by means of a spring, form a capital substitute for the clapping of hands. Strings and wires lead from this apparatus to the cabinet of the impresario, where they are connected with six levers arranged like the keys of a piano. The sound penetrates through openings under the seats of the pits and stalls.

## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[All communications for this department should be addressed, to "Chess Editor Argonaut, 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco. Cal."]

**Problem No. LXXV.—By W. A. Shinkman.—Prize Problem.**

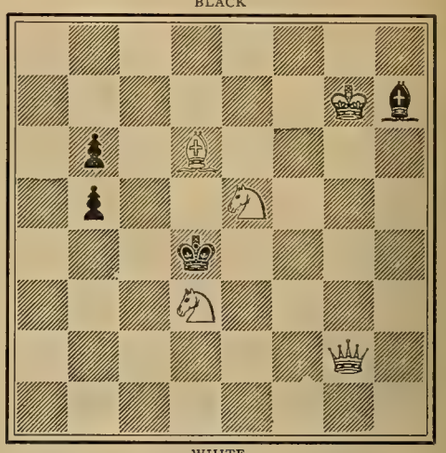
WHITE—King at KKt2; Queen at KKt3; Rooks at KR5, QKt sq; Knights at KB3, QB2; Bishops at K8, QR7; Pawns at Q3, QR3.

BLACK—King at QKt4; Queen at KKt4; Rook at QKt7; Knight at KR8; Bishops at QB3, QB8; Pawns at QR3, QR4, QR5, Q3, KR3.

White to play and mate in two moves.

**Problem No. LXXVI.—By Gian Donato Fonda.**

BLACK



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

**Solution of Problem No. LXVII.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—Q R3 | 1—Any move |
| 2—B, Kt, or Q mates. | |

**Solution of Problem No LXVIII.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—B K4 | 1—Kt x B, or Kt KB4 (a) |
| 2—Kt QKt3 ch | 2—Any move |
| 3—Q mates. | |
| (a) 1—— | 1—Kt x P, or Kt QB6 |
| 2—Q K5 ch | 2—Any move |
| 3—Q or B mates. | |

Our correspondent, Mr. F. H. Curtiss, Petaluma, has *cooked* Problem No. LIV by 1—Q B6; 2 B Kt5 ch, K Kt3, dis. ch, and mate can not be given. The problem is therefore unsound as printed. If White King be placed at QKt sq we think the solution as printed will be correct.

**Game No. 49.**

Played in the Vienna Tournament, 1882. Game and notes from *Chess Monthly*.

| *White.* W. Steinitz. | *Black.* A. Schwarz. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K3 | 17—P x P | 17—P x P |
| 2—P K5 (a) | 2—P QB4 | 18—Q Kt4 ch | 18—K R sq |
| 3—P KB4 | 3—Kt QB3 | 19—Q R5 | 19—Q K sq (h) |
| 4—Kt KB3 | 4—Kt R3 | 20—P Q4 (i) | 20—B R3 (?) |
| 5—P KKt3 | 5—B K2 | 21—R K sq | 21—BP x P |
| 6—B Kt2 | 6—Castles | 22—P x P | 22—P K5 |
| 7—P Q3 | 7—P B3 | 23—B B4 | 23—R Q sq (j) |
| 8—P x P | 8—B x P | 24—QR B sq | 24—K Kt sq |
| 9—Castles | 9—Kt B2 | 25—K B7 | 25—Kt R sq |
| 10—P B3 | 10—R Kt sq (b) | 26—Q Kt5 ch | 26—Kt fr R sq Kt3 |
| 11—Kt R3 | 11—P QKt3 | 27—R x RP | 27—B Q6 |
| 12—Kt B2 | 12—B Kt2 | 28—R QB sq | 28—Kt B3 |
| 13—Kt K3 | 13—P Q4 | 29—R x P (k) | 29—R x B |
| 14—Kt Kt4 (c) | 14—P K4 (d) | 30—R R6 | 30—R Q3 |
| 15—Kt x B ch | 15—P x Kt (e) | 31—Kt x Kt and Black resigns. | |
| 16—Kt R4 (f) | 16—Kt K2 (g) | | |

(a) An innovation introduced by Mr. Steinitz for the first time. So far we consider it of questionable value. Weiss played against it 2—P QB4; 3 P KB4, P Q4; 4 P x P *e. p.*, B x P; 5 P KKt3, B Q2; 6 Kt KB3, B B3; 7 B Kt2, Kt B3, with an excellent game.

(b) Perhaps a little too cautious; it gives White too much time to develop his game. We should have preferred 10—P Q4 followed by P K4 as soon as possible.

(c) Mr. Steinitz has very cleverly taken advantage of Black's "masterly inactivity," and brought his Kt almost from the antipodes into play. This Kt made four moves to exchange the B, while Black has not sensibly developed his position in the meantime.

(d) Premature, as shown by Whi e's next move.

(e) Forced. The Queen cannot take without loss—*e. g.*, 15—Q x Kt; 16 P x P, QKt x P; 17 Kt x Kt, Q x Kt; 18 B B4 winning the exchange.

(f) Mr. Steinitz utilizes his opponent's weak play to the utmost extent, and the remainder of the game is a model of exactitude on White's part.

(g) A very roundabout way of defense. We should have preferred 16—Q Q2 guarding the check on Kt4 first; and if 17 P x P, then P x P. A probable continuation would have been: 18 Kt B5, K R sq; 19 Q Kt4, Kt Q3. If 10 Q R5, then Kt Q3 just the same, and we do not think that Black has any the worst of it.

(h) We do not like the Queen's move; but it is difficult to see anything better.

(i) A very subtle move; it prevents the advance of the QP, and secures a good square for the QB on B4.

(j) Why not to B sq instead?

(k) A very elegant finish. This is one of the finest games which Mr. Steinitz played in the Tournament.

The Rev. W. Wayte, winner of the first prize at the late meeting of the Counties Chess Association, has just received and accepted a challenge from Mr. E. Thorold for a match of seven games up, not counting draws. The match is likely to come off during the Christmas holidays.—*Irish Sportsman.*

Philadelphia now boasts of two chess clubs—the Philadelphia, recently organized, and the Quaker City. An exchange remarks concerning the latter club that the great games in its luxurious quarters are *poker and billiards*.

## A FOREST FIRE.

A Simple but Tragic Idyll of the Mendocino Redwoods.

It is doubtful whether a more terrible or agonizing position can be conceived for a human being than to be compassed around by fire, every avenue of escape barred by the devouring element, and nothing ahead but the horrible certainty of being roasted alive, more or less slowly according to the nature of the surroundings. One generally associates the idea of the most fatal and hopeless conflagrations with buildings, but fraught as the burning of a large hotel or theatre may be with desperate situations, there are occasional instances in the free air and under the open canopy of heaven which may match any fiery ordeal ever bounded by four walls. Nor have we to look so far as the broad plains of Texas or its adjacent territories for instances like these. California sometimes supplies situations which, while they may lack the grandeur or dramatic breadth of the prairie fire, with its herds of fleeing buffaloes, its leagues of blazing grasses, and its desperate horsemen, nevertheless involve conditions of terror and peril comparable, within circumscribed limits, to those evoked by the red demon of the prairie.

The North Fork of the Gualala River, which divides Sonoma from Mendocino County, is one of the principal logging centres of the State. The high bluffs overhanging the stream on either side merge, in their turn, into steep slopes reaching back to interior altitudes covered with redwood forests, and in many places rendered almost impassable by thick undergrowth or brush, known in the vernacular by the generic term *chaparral*.

One sultry afternoon, not many summers ago, the loggers and mill hands in Harmon's mill were taking their customary noontide hour of rest before resuming work. The mill and cabins where the men live are built upon some more than usually level bench-land shelving from the river bank, while above and beyond the country slopes away into cañons and mountain ranges more or less denuded of timber in proportion to their accessibility, and here and there covered, in tracts sometimes of many hundred acres in extent, with dense scrub growth and *chaparral*, through which the wayfarer has to work a slow and tortuous passage, keeping in view the general direction he desires to travel in, and pushing his way between or around the clumps or masses of brush as best he can. Now and again bare patches of a few rods in extent break the monotony of this wilderness of *chaparral*, but these are the exceptions, and not the rule.

"Mighty hot day," remarked Tom Bridges, as he got up from his reclining position, in which he, with half a dozen more of the mill hands, was in the habit of taking his after-dinner "lay-off" on the shady side of the dining shanty. "Goin' to hev a purty tough time snakin' them big logs outen Little Creek Cañon, I guess. Mout's well hitch up them bulls an' be done with it, though," he added, philosophically, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and stretching himself preparatory to taking his departure.

"Seems to me this heat ain't nat'ral," put in Long Jim, the tie-splitter. "There's a sort o' stifle to the air, too, that don't seem to smell right."

"Look up yar!" exclaimed Humpy Dick, pointing up the slope in front; "d'ye see that glimmer in the air? I'll bet that's fire."

The words had scarcely left his mouth when another logger joined the group.

"Boys," he said, hurriedly, "Little Creek Cañon's afire. Ef suthin' ain't done mighty quick we'll lose a terrible pile o' wood, to say nothin' o' the stannin' timber ef she spreads to the back ranges."

The camp was soon in commotion throughout its length and breadth. Parties were speedily organized and set off in different directions, to "head off" the fire and arrest its progress at all the strategic points in the neighborhood. Tom Bridges the bull-whacker, Long Jim the tie-splitter, and Humpy Dick the logger, formed the members of one party that started up the right bank of the cañon. This bank was almost denuded of trees, but thickly covered with brush, through which the flames were now running riot, but steadily moving onward and upward. Suddenly, an exclamation from Humpy Dick caused the party to look in the direction toward which he pointed. There, not five hundred yards ahead of them, but lower down the slope, could be seen the thinly clad figure of an Indian girl, with something in her arms, frantically trying to make her way up the steep side of the cañon to a point which would be out of the reach of the advancing flames.

"I swar!" cried Tom Bridges; "that's Indian Meg. An' she's got her baby with her. Been a-berryin', sure, an' got caught afore she cud get out."

"Keep up the cañon, Meg," shouted Long Jim, making a speaking-trumpet of his hands. "It's yer on'y chance. Ye'll never get out o' the way ef ye try to mount the hill."

Whether it was that the girl did not hear the advice given her by the woodmen, who were now themselves making the best of their way through the *chaparral, above* the track of the flames, or whether she considered that the safer course lay in getting to a position, like theirs, above the fire, it was impossible to tell. The only thing certain was that the poor creature, who was madly trying to steer her way through and around the compact masses of brush wherever opportunity offered, would never be able to reach a point of safety by following a diagonal coupled with an uphill course. Had she kept straight up the cañon, trusting to the woodcraft of the loggers to head the flames off, she might possibly have held her own in the race for life, but as it was, with every yard she progressed the flames were steadily and surely gaining on her.

By this time, by almost superhuman exertions the loggers had gained a point nearly abreast of the front line of the advancing fiery column. Half a mile below them, at the bottom of the cañon, they saw and hailed another party of their comrades, who were preparing to fire the *chaparral* in front of the mass already burnt—employing the old tactics of stopping the fire by depriving it of fuel, at the same time keeping the newly fired brush well in hand, by putting it out after it had run a few yards. Less than two hundred yards below them was poor Indian Meg, now dazed and blinded by the heavily rolling, dense blue smoke from the burning brush scarcely fifty yards behind her, hugging her baby to her breast, and rushing aimlessly hither and thither among the masses of *chaparral* she could no longer see her way out of, but still untiring in her efforts to escape.

"Durn me ef I kin stand that," shouted Long Jim with an oath, making a dash, hatchet in hand, for a dense thicket some fifty feet in advance of the crackling flames. "Follow me, pards, an see ef we can't get to Indian Meg afore the fire. Burn the stuff right ahead o' ye. Let the hull durned cañon go to blazes." And so saying, the woodman disappeared among the blinding smoke. His comrades were not slow to follow him.

A quarter of an hour later, when the party which was beating out the fire from the bottom of the cañon up the slope came upon one of those little open areas, or blue patches, which occur at intervals among the *chaparral*, they encountered a sorrowful spectacle.

They came upon the charred and blackened body of Indian Meg, lying face down upon the ground, every vestige of scanty clothing burned away; beside her stood Long Jim, his face the color of charcoal, not a hair of his beard or on his scalp left, his shirt and overalls in blackened tatters, his boots yellow and cracked, his hands and arms blistered to a jelly, but nevertheless holding Meg's baby, which smiled merrily upon the surrounding group.

"I wuz too late," said Long Jim, in explanation, "to save the poor critter. The flames hed passed over her afore I come. Thar she wuz, jest as ye see her now, but the papoose was below her, an' she died keepin' off the smoke from its little lungs."

It was only an Indian squaw burned and an Indian baby saved. It was only a handful of rough woodmen engaged in fighting a few hundred acres of burning brush upon a Mendocino hillside; but it may be doubted whether the maternal instinct could have been more forcibly exhibited by any representative of the more civilized races, or whether more disinterested heroism could have been shown in fire or battle, than on this occasion by a simple logger of the Gualala, in an effort to save an Indian woman and her baby.

ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

---

A well-to-do bachelor, who is a general favorite with the young ladies in the community in which he resides, has recently completed a handsome residence just across the river from Knight's Landing, in the edge of Sutter County, says the Woodland *Democrat*. His bachelor retreat is adorned with beautiful shrubbery, running vines, rare plants, and exotic flowers, forming a sort of terrestrial paradise. Marriageable young ladies, in passing the place, look toward it with longing eyes. One evening last week the gentleman's friends, old and young, determined to treat him to a "surprise" party and house-warming, and, for the purpose, engaged the services of a string band and "caller," and having provided themselves with baskets of choice edibles, crossed the river in silence and began moving on the enemy's works, having first taken the precaution to throw out an advance guard of young ladies familiar with the premises, to propitiate a Cerberus of a dog which was supposed to keep guard over the premises. The proprietor of the mansion, who is a strict church member and rather adverse to dancing, did not take kindly to the idea of having his house overrun with the sons and daughters of Belial, and accordingly declined the proffered "surprise" with thanks—and a shotgun. The discomfited Terpsichoreans, after holding a council of war, retreated in good order and recrossed the river in boats.

---

A San Franciscan, residing on Pacific Avenue, has a small table which would send half the bric-à-brac maniacs to Stockton if they could put their hands on it. It is a small, solid rosewood, round-topped table, with a shaft and three legs, the feet forming claws. The top is reddish marble, and about two inches around the marble is filigreed brass let into the wood. But it is the history which is curious. In 1770, when Marie Antoinette arrived in Paris, the beautiful bride of Louis XVI., among the thousand and one other bridal gifts was this table, given by the guild of cabinet makers as a specimen of their art. Long after the sad end of the king and queen, and the sacking of the Tuileries, General Lafayette, in strolling about the second-hand furniture stores, which was a habit of his, came across this table, and, recognizing it as once belonging to the queen, he bought it and sent it to General Washington, who gave it to a gentleman (a physician) who had been on his staff. It has descended regularly to the eldest son, and is now in San Francisco.

---

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The question of "How to regulate the traffic in wine, beer, and ardent spirits," does, and should, interest every well-wisher of his country and of the human race. Through the columns of the press I wish to set forth a plan for doing so in a manner that I think is practical. All will agree that if money-making could be taken out of the business of liquor-dealing a large stride would be made in the direction of its control. Therefore,

*First*, remove all taxes on the manufacture of spirituous liquors, and allow every one to make or trade therein, having at least one Government depot in every town where any one could buy at net cost these articles, of standard purity and quality.

*Second*, make it a misdemeanor, with adequate penalty, for any person to keep a saloon or public place where drinking is allowed—hotels and restaurants to serve guests under certain rules that would best carry out the plan of taking money-making out of the liquor traffic.

Under this plan we would have on our side—first, all who wish to get drunk, as five cents per *bottle*, or a trifle over would be the price, instead of five cents per *gill*, and the *quality* would be guaranteed. Second, no one would drink any more because of cheapness, nor would anybody be deprived of his privilege of getting drunk. Third, the public bar, saloon, and corner-grocery—schools of drunkenness—would be closed, and the only mourners would be the owners thereof. On one side would stand the liquor-dealer, and on the other everybody else. That the excessive use of intoxicants is the great evil of the age, most people are ready to admit; but to prohibit their use by law seems to be impossible, and the policy of trying to do so on account of personal rights is undoubtedly wrong. But to close up the saloons and public drinking-places on the ground of public morals and decency is as clearly lawful as it is to prohibit opium-dens or houses of ill-fame. Licensing these things is a disgrace to the Government. The first step, and the surest way of controlling this business, is to take money-making out of it; and upon that alone is a *patent* claimed.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 10, 1884. M. W. B.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

### A Visit from the Sea.

Far from the loud sea beaches,
Where he goes fishing and crying,
Here in the inland garden
Why is the sea-gull flying?

Here are no fish to dive for;
Here is the corn and lea;
Here are the green trees rustling
Hie away home to the sea.

Fresh is the river water,
And quiet among the rushes;
This is no home for the sea-gull,
But for the rooks and thrushes.

Pity the bird that has wandered!
Pity the sailor ashore!
Hurry him home to the ocean,
Let him come here no more!

High on the sea cliff's ledges,
The white gulls are trooping and crying,
Here among rooks and roses
Why is the sea-gull flying?

—*Robert L. Stevenson in the Magazine of Art for December.*

### Two Harvests.

I.

Blossom and fruit no man could count or hoard;
Seasons, their laws forgot, in riot haste
Lavishing yield on yield in madman's waste;
No tropic, with its centuries' heat outpoured
In centuries of summers, ever stored
Such harvests.

Had the earth her sole pearl placed
In wine of sun to melt—one blissful taste
To drain her dead—it had not fuller dowered
This harvest!

She who smiling goes, a queen,
Reaping with alabaster arms and hands
The fruits and flowers of these magic lands,
With idle, satiate intervals between—
Oh, what to her do laws of harvest mean?
Joy passes by her, where she laden stands!

II.

A parched and arid land, all colorless,
Than desert drearier, than rock more stern,
Spring could not find, nor any summer learn
The secret to redeem this wilderness.
Harsh winds sweep through with icy storm and stress,
Fierce, lurid suns shine but to blight and burn,
And streams rise, pallid, but to flee and turn:
Who soweth here waits miracle to bless
The harvest!

She who smiling goes, a queen,
Seeking with hidden tears and tireless hands
To win a fruitage from these barren lands—
She knoweth what the laws of harvest mean!
Blades spring, flowers bloom, by all but her unseen;
Joy's halo crowns her, where she patient stands!

—*Helen Jackson in Atlantic Monthly for December.*

### A Mad Poet.

Ye fledgling bards, that fain on downy wing
Would try with tougher quills to soar and sing!
Young larks, on whom the cage-door ne'er has slammed,
To lock you in, "all silent and all damned!"

Those poets counted great in other days,
If writing now, would have to mend their ways,
They *thought* too much, and, on their thinking bent,
With plain heroic couplets were content.

But woe to him who rashly now repeats
The measure of a Goldsmith or a Keats!
One form, and only one, could serve him worse—
Let no live poet venture on blank verse.

The roundel—the Provençal roundel—try,
That dazzles oft the editorial eye.
You say it's artificial, cramped, my lad?
Take care! I said so, and they call me mad.

The sonnet that was used in ages dark,
For songs of love, by Shakespeare and Petrarch,
Is now appropriate to any theme—
Cant, metaphysics, bricks and mortar, steam.

Oh, not for you the grandeur and the glow,
The language that poetic poets know;
But rather word-confectionery make—
Heap sugar flowers upon a spongy cake.

If you've originality, disguise it;
Be sure that Aristarchus would despise it.
*Keep off the grass!* Remember poor old Walt!
Be insignificant and shun his fault.

Become sophisticate, and ne'er reveal
Aught of emotion you may chance to feel;
'Tis execrable form, 'tis most ill-bred:
Song comes not from the heart, but from the head.

Write Christmas verses in the month of June;
In January sing a summer tune;
Chant elegies before the victim's dead—
For magazines want verse six months ahead.

When, following my advice, you've conquered fame,
Fail not to sign in full your middle name.
My lot in this regard was very sad:
I had no middle name—they thought me mad!

—*Nat Lee in the Century for December.*

### Compensation.

Love came to me, and found me sitting lonely;
Love went from me, left me more lonely still.
"O why," I cried, "does love to us bring only
Some unknown ill?"

My cry despairing, ere forever flitting,
Recalled a moment the light, wanton boy
"Did it not bring," laughed he, "while lonely sitting,
Some unknown joy?"

—*George W. Jones in the Century for December.*

---

Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales are to publish an account of their trips in the *Bacchante* during the years 1879-1882. The book will be made up largely from letters and notebooks. Messrs. Macmillan are to publish it.

## BERNHARDT AND SEMBRICH.

"Parisina" tells of Marcella's Début and of Sarah's Pseudo Suicide.

"My dear, they say she poisoned herself!"

"Polish, is she? I thought she was Russian."

"Sardou tells me she was rolling on the sofa in convulsions when he called."

"Lucia is her favorite part, you know."

"What! you hadn't heard of her liaison with Richepin?"

"Oh, strictly proper; never heard a word against her when she sang in St. Petersburg."

"And he was so disgusted, my dear, that he went back to his wife."

"Rather stale, this sort of thing, but Lucia's certainly very fine. Prefer her to Nevada? Why, of course I do."

"At St. Andresse. She won't let any one in, and they've had to magnetize her."

This was the sort of chatter you heard in and around the boxes of the Théâtre Italien the other night as you entered. And you heard it in all the languages of Europe; for the "Italiens," you know, is nothing if not cosmopolitan. At first it was a trifle confusing. You could not very well make out which part of the conversation referred to Marcella Sembrich and which to Sarah Bernhardt. But things "unmixed" themselves a bit after you had been seated a quarter of an hour, and you yourself were soon adding another note to the Babel chorus which was being hummed around you.

It was an interesting night. A prima donna new to Paris (though in half the capitals of Europe she was already famous) was making her début. It was the first night of the season, and yet the thoughts of the brilliant audience were plainly divided between the "star" who was to be introduced to them and that other "star," as unfortunate as Dido, who might at that very moment be breathing the last breath of her strange, fitful, and most feverish existence, on the heights of St. Andresse.

Happily, since then we have had reassuring news. The queen of Paris, the enchantress with the golden voice, is recovering; she is, or will be shortly, on her way back to town, and we shall hear her yet in "Théodora" this winter. But it has been a very touch-and-go affair, and a very sad affair; none the less sad because Sarah herself brought her trouble on her own head. She had won her poet away from the allegiance he owed to his wife and children. She had woven her spells so skillfully that, forgetful of all but her, he had for over a year been proud to air his name of "Sarah Bernhardt's favorite." He had carried complaisance so far that once, to humor a caprice of his siren, he had actually gone on the stage and acted with her in "Nana Sahib," one of his own dramas. But he could not stand being thrown over, even for a moment, for a rival poet. So he broke with Sarah once and for all, went home to Madame Richepin, was pardoned, and ——. Exactly. The sequel remains to be written.

All we know is this: there was a terrible scene in the bijou villa of the Avenue de Villiers one morning. Sarah's voice—the golden, beautiful voice—pleaded in vain for pity. Richepin was inflexible. With a melodramatic roar of fury, he cast her from him, upon the very divan on which Sardou soon after found her (in his own words) "rolling and biting the cushion—like Niobe, all tears." Now, when a woman of Sarah's stamp is thwarted, either in love or business, she does not take matters as a less hysterical and more commonplace person might do. She loses her head, her senses, grows wild, frenzied, desperate, and horsewhips or—buys laudanum. In the present case the horsewhip would clearly have been useless. There remained the laudanum; and, if rumors may be believed, she did not hesitate to send for it. Her friends got wind of the tragedy just in time, and an emetic was adminstered. Though despairing still, Sarah seems to have swallowed it without resisting. Then the doctors came, and ordered her away to St. Andresse. And there, in her bright little country-seat, overlooking the waves and the valleys of picturesque Ingouville, she has been ever since a prey to fever, heartache, and, alas! remorse.

As to Richepin, he went abroad last week—to Newfoundland, say some; to Asnières *près* Paris, say others. Opinions are much divided as to whether he will fall under the charm again, or not. For my part, I think it more than probable he will. He is a professed Bohemian and vagabond. He scoffs at convention, on the stage and off it, and delights in (at all events poetic) blasphemy. Why should he stay at home, as ordinary, respectable Philistines would do? Might we not also add, why, like ordinary, respectable Philistines, did the author of "Nana Sahib" and "Les Blasphêmes" ever get married?

I must say I can not admire men, however poetic, of the Jean Richepin pattern. It must be so very much easier to "go wrong" with golden-voiced sirens than to resist their wiles, that there really is nothing admirable in it. What world-ignorance, too, what vanity, what blindness, must not that be of any man who, having once thrown decorum to the winds for a Sarah Bernhardt, expects to be the one fortunate, particular person who will never be betrayed by her?

"She exaggerates everything in life," says Sardou—love, work, and pleasure. Can such a bundle of nerves, sense, caprice, and genius be quite responsible? By what right does Richepin quarrel with her faults, having once openly condoned them?

But while we were all discussing Sarah's woes and Sarah's weaknesses the other night, the curtain in Monsieur Maurel's theatre had risen on the second act, and we were soon listening, delighted and astonished, to the sweet notes sung by Sembrich. For my own part, I had come in just as the first act was concluded—having a horror of hurrying myself unduly, whether in dressing or dining—and this was the first peep I got of the prima donna. She was dressed in white and looked very nice, although not exactly pretty, as many Americans have had the chance of seeing for themselves—having been beforehand with Parisians in this matter, as they have got into a way of being lately. I did not envy her, as I saw her glide upon the stage. She had an arduous task to accomplish, for Maurel had engaged her to atone for the non-appearance of faithless Adelina, who, either objecting to appear in Paris while still bound to the marquis, her husband, or else, having prudent misgivings as to the chance of getting paid the exorbitant sum she insisted on, had taken passage in the *Oregon*, and, in a few days more, was to be steaming swiftly across the ocean to the richer and, financially speaking, certainly much safer shores of New York. She passed through the ordeal well, however. Quite well enough for us to be able to prophesy a most brilliant hereafter. Any Parisian audience, and especially that of the Italian Opera, is far too cautious to confess itself subjugated by a diva at her début. And this is Sembrich's début, from a Parisian point of view—reputations that have not been ratified by *le tout Paris* don't count for much with it. It used to be said that it was all owing to the gloved hands that there was so little warmth in the applause in a French theatre—even where, as at the Italiens, the *claque* was excluded. But now it is the fashion for men to carry their gloves pinched between the crown and brim of their opera-hats, and the bare hands of the exquisites, held up aloft and protruding from an ocean of white cuff, make a great show with little noise. I suppose they think clapping vulgar. Moreover, to clap on a first night like this, they must have formed an opinion for themselves; and personal opinions are not what these gentlemen are distinguished for. If they are fortunate enough to reckon a critic among their acquaintances, and can buttonhole him in the *foyer* sometime before the end of the representation, the chances are they may grow warm in their marks of approbation unless their particular critic happens to be a *grincheux*, when, probably, they will be reduced to silence for the rest of the performance.

The critics, however, have shown themselves, on the whole, very favorable to Sembrich. Ever since last Saturday her reputation has been growing. Society begins to see that she is to be the prima donna of the season, and, when pretty sure of its ground, it can be enthusiastic.

"I think she is charming. So-and-So, of the *Figaro*, thinks so too."

"Oh, quite too charming. The baroness—and you know what exquisite taste the baroness has—says she prefers her to Frezzolini."

"Of course. I never heard Frezzolini, but I am sure she is nicer than Albani," cries a lady of a more than certain age, while another compares her favorably with Nilsson. And this is how Parisian reputations are made or unmade while sipping a cup of tea, or between the pears and the cheese.

One thing likely to bring Sembrich into credit with a certain fashionable set is a superstitious turn of mind that is hers. We learn that this part of Lucia is her fetich; and she has always chosen it for her *début* since, at Athens, she scored her first success as the sweet, romantic heroine of Sir Walter. And a wave of superstition is passing over Paris. It has been said that when religion is out of fashion, superstition is in; and sure enough, that very portion of the world that scoffs at devotees and at devotion, is foremost in the chase after thought-readers, somnambulists, and such like; and theosophy thrives since theology is out of favor. People are delighted to hear that the new prima donna has weaknesses of this kind; they would be supremely happy if they knew that she wouldn't look at the new moon through a window for the world, nor pare her nails on a Friday.

It is not impossible that Maurel also has his fetich, and that its name is Sembrich. Certainly he needs something of the kind to help him along in his difficult undertaking. Last year it was Gayarré who sent all the world to the Place du Châtelet. The women, especially, were wild about the Spanish tenor. Alas! he is forgotten to-day, and it is not unlikely that his marriage with a charming Spanish girl has something to do with the shortness of their memories. We do not like our favorite tenors to become Benedicts. If they are married, we prefer that the wife should not engross their attentions entirely.

Pessimists were of opinion that Monsieur Maurel had outrun his luck when he closed the doors of his theatre for the summer recess. The gathering of forces since the re-opening shows that they were wrong. An Italian opera is almost a necessity just now; not, as the reader might naturally imagine, that music is a requisite of certain refined social conditions; no, for a very different and a much more prosaic reason. It is required as a beauty exhibition, and as a show-room for fine dresses. An opera box is the meet frame for a professional belle. Never does she show to such advantage as when enthroned against a background of red velvet and damask in the full blaze of gilding and gas. She can choose her female companions as a set-off to her own charms, whereas at a ball she is only one of a crowd, however lovely a unit. Where better can the *cocodettes* show off the lustre of their pale-hued satins, the soft rich tones of harmonizing velvet, the brilliance and beauty of their gems, to say nothing of the creamy whiteness of their shoulders and the silky sheen of their hair, uncovered by hat or bonnet? So the "Italiens" obtains the suffrage of the feminine majority. The men are drawn like moths to the candle.

When Sembrich made her first courtesy to the public the audience was a brilliant one—not so brilliant, however, as it will be a few weeks hence. A good many of the fashionables and aristocrats are still away at their châteaux; yet it was a fair show enough of handsome faces, high-sounding names, and becoming toilets. You saw Baronne de Poilly—Maurel's kind patroness—with other and younger chips of the imperial block; the Rothschilds mustering strong; the cosmopolitan beauties of the Third Republic dressed far more extravagantly than their elders of the Second Empire, and the vanguard of masculine fashionables. The *boudinés* (or, as they call them now, the *grelotteux*), with their short measure of long cloth and maximum of shirt collar and cuff; and the beaux of an elder generation, real *dilettanti* these, their bald heads keeping time to the sweet rhythm of Donizetti's music. Some of them have applauded Persiani, Pasta, and Lagrange; each and all have a soft place in their hearts for Patti, but they bid the new star welcome with a benignant smile, a lazy clapping of hands, and a murmured "Brava! Brava!"

PARIS, October 31, 1884. PARISINA.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Queen Victoria has nineteen grandchildren.

General Grant forgot to register at his New York home, and so lost his vote.

Frank Chanfrau, the actor, left a hundred and sixty thousand dollars to his wife.

Gladstone, Tennyson, Professor Blackie, Charles Darwin, Mrs. Brownie, and O. W. Holmes were all born in the year 1809.

Lord Lytton, according to his wife's account, always dressed at least five years in advance of the mode as interpreted in Britain, and was the first man to introduce lace frills and canes into England.

The marriage of last year's beauty, Lady Hermione Duncomb, to the Marquis of Kildare, son of the Duke of Leinster, has already come to grief, the husband having seen fit to lock the wife out of his house one night.

Coquelin has in his possession a gilt copper watch that belonged to, and was carried for many years by, Molière. It was found some years ago in a Quartier Latin junk-shop, and, *mirabile dictu*, still keeps time excellently well.

Mr. Singerley, the millionaire proprietor of the Philadelphia *Record*, has a mania for houses. He has already built two hundred and fifty in the northwestern part of Philadelphia, and intends to build seven hundred and fifty more. The thousand will be worth, on an average, about six thousand dollars each.

General Sherman, when introduced at a meeting of a Grand Army post in St. Louis, the other day, objected to the use of his title in such a gathering, saying that in the company of carriage-makers and druggists he did not mind being called general, but when with soldiers he must insist on being a private and comrade.

When Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone now visit at country houses exceptions in their favor in the matter of precedence are universally made, the host taking Mrs. Gladstone and the hostess taking Mr. Gladstone in to dinner, no matter how many duchesses may be present, and regardless of the fact that the Prime Ministership confers no social rank of one sort or another.

Professional autograph-hunters will be dismayed to learn that for many years past Alfred Tennyson has signed his name only to letters to his nearest friends. All other communications, including replies to open or concealed applications for his autograph, have been, and are, penned and signed in his name by Lady Tennyson, who writes a bold, strong hand, much more masculine in appearance than the poet's.

When President Arthur drove up to a polling-place in New York city to cast his vote on the 4th of November, at least a hundred citizens gathered around him. The ballot-peddlers scrambled for the honor of giving him tickets, and the welcome was so warm that he blushed like a girl. His vote was neutralized by that of his immediate predecessor on the spot, a sturdy Irishman, who had just deposited a ballot for Mr. Cleveland.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood was announced to deliver an oration in Binghamton, New York. A crowd of masqueraders, in various striking feminine costumes, gathered to hear her, and she was impersonated by a young man of that city, whose make-up was a close imitation of the celebrated Presidential candidate, and whom a committee of elegantly attired gentlemen received with most distinguished consideration. "Mrs. Lockwood" wore a wig and switches, and her figure was finely rounded by not unknown devices of the toilet. Her speech is described as a mass of witty nonsense.

The *Herald* has made a new departure, and gives a society column every Sunday. Some time ago Mr. Bennett was very much opposed to a society column for the *Herald*, though he had quite a vigorous one in the *Telegram*. He had started such a column in the *Herald* once; but that was when he was adorning New York society himself, and he found it rather disagreeable meeting people whom his fashion reporter was serving up in his paper, so he gave orders to have that department stopped. Now it is revived, and is the most personal of all the society columns, for it gives so much gossip.

A quiet, reserved gentleman of seventy-three years is Admiral Porter. His eyes are still bright, his voice is soft and entirely destitute of the husky, foggy character popularly supposed to attach to jolly old sea dogs. His face is bronzed, and his hands large and knotty, but soft in texture. To relieve the monotony of the not overhazardous duties of a present naval commander the admiral has written a startling novel, which he is now publishing in parts. He has already achieved a reputation as a brave naval officer, an historian, an inventor, an authority on projectiles, armaments, and explosives, the designer of an ingenious and formidable submarine torpedo-boat, besides being somewhat of a politician.

The Prince of Wales is the greatest colonel, in a numerical sense, the world has ever known. To say nothing of his honorary colonelcies in foreign armies, besides the headship of the Blucher Hussars, he is colonel of no fewer than sixteen regiments in his royal mother's armies. He is the colonel-in-chief of all the three regiments of the Household Cavalry and colonel of the Tenth Hussars. In the Indian army he is honorary colonel of the Sixth and Eleventh Bengal Cavalry, the Second Bengal Infantry, the Second Goorkhas, the Guide Corps, the Fourth Madras Cavalry, the Madras Sappers and Miners, the Third Bombay Cavalry, and the Second Bombay Native Infantry. He figures in the army list as holding three honorary colonelcies in the militia, the commands being of the Second Brigade, Eastern Division Military Artillery (Lord Suffield's regiment), the Cornwall Militia, and the Aberdeenshire Militia; and he is captain-general and colonel of the Honorable Artillery Company.

## VANITY FAIR.

Gloves do not appear to have been worn in England before the end of the tenth or beginning of the eleventh century, and their manufacture would appear at that period specially German, as five pairs of gloves made a considerable part of the duty paid to the English sovereign Ethelred II. (979 to 1016), by a society of German merchants, for the protection of their trade in that country—a proof of their great rarity. It is remarkable that no gloves are visible in the Bayeux tapestry, not even on the hands of Harold, who carries a hawk. At the latter part of the thirteenth century the young Normans covered their hands with gloves too long and wide for doing anything needful. The effigies of Henry II. and Richard I. at Fontevraud display gloves with jewels on the back of them; and when King John's coffin was opened, in 1797, at Worcester, jeweled gloves were found on his hands. Jeweled gloves were worn by the clergy, and appear to have been of white silk or linen, and beautifully embroidered. At what time it became the custom to change the color of the gloves according to the color of the vestments is not known. Gloves had come into general use in the fourteenth century among the better classes, who were accustomed to carry them in their hands. It is not, however, till the sixteenth century that we find constant allusions to and frequent representations of them in portraits. Gloves were customary New Year's gifts in the sixteenth century, but, being more expensive than all could afford to purchase, money was given instead, which was called "glove money." The short sleeves of the ladies' dresses in the reign of Charles II. introduced the long kid glove, which has now, after an interval, again become fashionable. Gloves trimmed with lace are mentioned by Evelyn in his description of a lady's toilet. Many ancient receipts are extant for the perfuming of gloves. In these compositions musk, ambergris, and civet were the chief perfumes, and as they were applied inside the gloves, combined with some sort of oil or grease, their use at the present day would be thought intolerable. In the middle of the last century the glovers of Paris were also the chief perfumers, and constituted a considerable community, having statutes and laws dating as far back as 1190. Perfumed skins were imported from Spain and Italy for the making of gloves, and were very expensive, but their powerful odor led to their disuse. A pretty little incident connected with gloves in ancient times is the circumstance that Charles IV., King of Spain, was so much under the influence of any lady who wore white kid gloves that the use of them at court was strictly prohibited. Modern royalty is not so fantastical. In the time of Louis XV. of France the ladies at their toilet thought nothing of of destroying half a dozen pairs of gloves before they got one pair to fit. They were made of white skins, but ornamented with little ribbons and fine rosettes. English-sewed gloves were in the greatest request, and it used to be a common saying that for a glove to be good three kingdoms must contribute to it—Spain for the leather, France for the cutting, and England for the sewing.

The daughter of a millionaire banker in Philadelphia has had a patented machine that is worked with hands and feet and is capable of turning out two pairs of stockings a day, in daily operation for more than two weeks, and she has made stockings enough to start a small shop. They are all composed of silk, and are striped and edged with gold thread. After the young lady shall have turned out a few pairs more, she will proceed to paint upon them lilies, roses, sheaves of wheat, snakes, toads, and all other sorts of bizarre designs. And what will she do with them then, you ask? She will give them around among her friends as Christmas presents. That is the scheme. They are all intended for gentlemen, but, of course, it is understood that they will never be worn. As ornaments for dressing-rooms they must beyond any question be unique and striking.

"Stockings," says a pretty actress, "form one of the chief objects of expense to an actress nowadays. You know, we would not wear anything but silk of the best quality and make, and they are always splendidly embroidered. They cost all the way from five dollars to thirty dollars a pair, and one does not think anything of going through twenty-five pairs in a season. You see, one desires to have plenty of changes, and besides they soil easily. Théo told me the other day that she has ninety-six pairs of silk hose, and she is constantly adding to the number. She has a special trunk, padded and lined with satin, to keep them in. Some of them are beautifully painted, and on the instep of one pair Breton, the famous French artist, has limned two beautiful faces. Minnie Palmer probably has the largest collection of stockings of any American actresses. She always has her eyes open for new beauties. She told me that she had found some gems in a French house in London. She goes in very strongly for stripes and embroidery. Lotta also has a fine collection. She is rather thrifty, however, and her possessions represent rather the natural accumulations of time than an ardent love for the beautiful. She prefers pale blue and salmon. Then there is Lillian Russell. She has a passion for handsome hose. But, bless me! what outre colors and designs she takes up. Sara Jewett loves brightness and poesy, and her stockings are unusually pale pink or ciel azure, and made more lovely by painted birds'-heads or flocks of butterflies. Eleanor Carey has a refined and demure taste. She will only have blacks, browns, grays, or mauves, with perhaps pink or silver thread clocks. Mrs. Florence will wear only lisle-thread stockings, white or brown in color. Madame Janauschek's tastes are still more singular. Her stockings are thick, heavy woolen things, that she knits herself between the acts of her plays or while she is riding on railroad cars."

It may be valuable information for prospective brides to know that colored gems in bridal jewelry are no longer considered fashionable. Until recently only pearls and diamonds were possible with the spotless purity of a bride's attire, and in France even diamonds are interdicted as too glaring and showy, pearls being considered the only suitable jewelry for a young girl to wear at the altar. But an Earl's daughter recently married in England wore a magnificent parure of sapphires and diamonds, which, of course, opens the door to any innovation upon old and unwritten laws. A custom has also become universal in England during the past year, which has only a very modified existence in this country—that of sending costly and often useless presents to the bridegroom as well as to the bride. In the description of an English wedding, to which a list of the presents corrected and indorsed by authority is always appended, the offerings to the bridegroom are frequently more numerous than those that his bride receives; and, as every one knows that a fancy article suitable and acceptable to a man is a very difficult thing to find, the repetition and duplication become positively ludicrous. The Marquis of Stafford, on the occasion of his recent marriage to Lady Millicent Erskine, received not less than forty-three traveling clocks, sixteen gold-mounted driving whips, and six cases of pins—whether scarf-pins, hair-pins, hat-pins, safety-pins, or ordinary toilet pins, does not appear—but in any case to the uninstructed mind rather a curious present to the heir to a dukedom and the possessor of unlimited wealth.

Parisian ladies have already begun to dress for winter. One of the coquettish things done, apparently in dread of Siberian time, is to have carriage boots lined with fur; they come up over the knee like fishermen's boots. The ample trimming of lace at the top or entrance to the boots marks distinctively the difference between the lady's *bota* and the fisherman's.

The *Hour* laments the dull complexions of American women, sensibly finding those who shut themselves up too dull in color, and the hunting and walking ladies too blowsy. Fresh air will not give a fair complexion, though it will give a ruddy one. That delicate, vivid, changing beauty one finds in Lancashire, Arles, Hungary, California, and on the south wall of society everywhere, is a matter of climate or of favorable conditions. Quick temperament, strong circulation, blood thoroughly aërated by deep breathing and pure air, even temperature in the house, moist air and good food produce a fine skin. The grapes and garlic, olive oil and acid wines of their food give Southern nations their material for beauty; sunshine and music do the rest. American girls must learn to eat pure salad oils, instead of made gravies and indifferent butter in such quantities as they use; take vegetables in place of cake, and fruit instead of confectionery, if they would have a fine physique; when, if they dance more to quick music, and learn to sing by the old Italian method, which uses the whole chest, they will know what vitality, high spirits, a perfect complexion, and various other good things mean. Flannel, friction, hot baths, and the water-pan always full on the furnace, to prevent the parched air which dries the skin, are understood. Ponce de Leon wandered vainly and far in search of the fountain of youth, and people nowadays yield to gray hairs without an effort, ignorant that the magic fountain flows from the hot-water pipe of every bath-tub. The virtues of the hot bath are part of the wisdom of the ancients, known to the few who are wiser than their fellows in every age. Lord Palmerston was the youngest beau in England when past eighty, thanks to its use; the Duke of Wellington kept his surprising vigor by it, and the famous beauties of the Continent know how long it keeps a woman young. A hot bath, mind, as hot as the skin can bear, that harmonizes the circulation, supples the stiffening joints, relieves the oppressed brain, the sluggish heart, the disordered chest, and would insure sleep to a bankrupt. Bathing the face often in hot water prevents wrinkles; and if women between thirty-five and fifty knew how to use the hot bath they would forget their age, and, what is more, make every one else forget it too.

The art of making Venetian point lace again! Queen Margherita, of Italy, aided by several great ladies, has just established a regular school of lace-makers. When proficient in their art, the makers are sent into the islands and lagunes of Venice, to teach the mysteries of the bobbin, needles, and patterns. There are already four thousand pupils in the school, and they can execute thirty-four kinds of Venetian point. It appears that by the color alone can a connoisseur distinguish this new lace from the old.

The season draws on when damp and thaw force ladies to the wearing of rubbers as habitually as collars and cuffs, but oh, how troublesome! If you could put them on at the beginning of the season, and wear them straight through like flannels, it wouldn't be so bad. But to clog one's feet with them makes life a burden. Besides, if worn any time, rubbers do as much mischief as damp, drawing the feet and leaving them clammy with moisture. Rubbers are a blessing with the streets in a flood; but every woman wants the new shoe with rubber-inlaid sole, which prevents the need of overshoes mostly. Neither do women want thick-soled, clumpy boots, which weigh frightfully on weak spines, and do more harm than dragging skirts. Heavy boots in themselves prohibit exercise. But for walking, shopping, gardening, and all pleasant out-door employment, give them the new shoe, which is well named the common-sense shoe, shapely and trim as high heel, arched instep, and taper foot need be; of fine straight goatskin, pliant as kid and durable as calf, nice in finish of every point, that gives the protection of a treble sole with half its weight. All appearance of thickness is carefully reduced; but that pretty shoe which looks like a house-boot will outwear the heavy weights. The rubber "tread" and heel take all the wear, defy damp, and what excellent, noiseless things they are! In her walking-boots, your "slim sixteen" rosebud can clatter like a class coming down stairs, but in this shoe of discretion she can't make a noise if she tries. If the school board would only furnish rubber soles along with free books and lead-pencils to the public schools, what an improvement in the general peace. The best of it is, the new rubber sole is not thick, neither is it expensive.

The salary of the Viceroy of India is one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

On the eve of a battle, an officer came to ask permission of the Maréchal de Torias to go and see his father and mother, who were on their death-bed. "Go," said the general; "you honor your father and your mother that your days may be long in the land."

A party of scientific travelers, who had gone out to Egypt to examine the Pyramids, spent a portion of their time in visiting the public elementary schools in Cairo. What was their surprise to see a European "stove-pipe" hat hanging on the wall in almost every school-room. In reply to the interpreter's inquiry, one of the teachers said that the most efficacious punishment for refractory boys was to compel them to wear the hat.

For a wary and thrifty business man, commend us to Moritz Khan, in Westphalia, a Jewish commercial traveler, who the other day received from a wealthy acquaintance in Frankfort a proposal to marry his daughter. The letter added: "Be sure to come; my daughter is an acknowledged beauty, and is sure to please you." Khan wrote back that he was willing to come, but cautiously inquired: "Suppose, however, she does not please me, will you pay my traveling expenses home again?"

There is a theatrical tradition extant to the effect that the late Mr. Braham was once engaged in the representation of a lyric drama, when, clad in evening dress, white tie, spotless gloves, and bearing a crush-hat, he advanced to the footlights and said: "Here I am, wandering in the midst of a primeval forest, unknown and uninhabited. Alas, how terrible! But what is this I see before me? A grand piano? Thank fortune! This will beguile the heavy moments until a ship arrives to rescue me!"

Shortly after the successful appearance of Henriette Sontag at the Italian Opera in Paris, a group of young fashionables, lounging before Tortoni's, were in ecstasies about her, one extolling the charm of her voice, and another her beauty. "She is certainly very pretty," chimed in a third; "but it is a great pity that one of her eyes is smaller than the other." "Smaller!" exclaimed the most enthusiastic of the party; "mon ami, your opera-glass has deceived you. If you had said larger than the other, you would have been nearer the mark."

A victim of street-car pickpockets determined to get even with them, so he put into his pocket a pocket-book containing only a slip of paper, on which was written the words: "This time, you rascal, you've lost the reward of your labor!" He got into the car and waited, resolved to have the first pickpocket that meddled with him arrested. Twenty minutes passed and nothing happened, and, tired of waiting, he got out, having first assured himself that his pocket-book was safe. He opened it, and in the place of the white piece of paper was a blue one, which he unfolded and read as follows: "What a sly joker you are!"

Hume, the historian, passing one day by the back of Edinburgh Castle, where the ground is very swampy, and the footpath narrow, inadvertently tumbled into the bog, where he stuck, not being able to extricate himself. A washerwoman happened to pass at the time, looked at him, and was traveling on, when he shouted after her to lend him her assistance. "Na, na," replied the woman, "you are Hume the Infidel." "Well, well, no matter," replied he; "you know, good woman, your Christian charity commands you to do good even to your enemies." "Na, I winna," said she, "unless you will first repeat the Creed and the Lord's Prayer." Having no alternative, he was forced to accede to the pious woman's terms.

An ingenious mechanic in Birmingham constructed a safe, which he stated to be absolutely burglar-proof. To convince the incredulous of the fact, he placed a one thousand pound note in his pocket, had himself locked in the safe, and declared that he would give the money to the man who unfastened the door. All the blacksmiths, carpenters, and burglars in the country have been boring, and blasting, and beating at that safe for a week with every kind of tool and explosive mixture known to science, and the man is there yet! He has whispered through the key-hole that he will make the reward ten thousand pounds if somebody will only let him out. He has convinced everybody that it is the safest safe ever invented. Fears are entertained that the whole concern will have to be melted down in a blast-furnace before he is released, and efforts are to be made to pass in through the key-hole a fire-proof jacket to protect the inventor while the iron is melting.

A well-known American lady-artist, resident in Rome, relates that, while standing one day near the statue of the Apollo Belvedere, she suddenly became aware of the presence of a countrywoman. The new-comer, a well-to-do-looking American woman, introduced herself as Mrs. Raggles, of Missouri, and then asked, "Is this the Apollo Belvedere?" Miss H. testified to the identity of the work, and the tourist then said: "Considered a great statue?" The interrogated lady replied that it was generally thought to be one of the masterpieces of the world. "Manly beauty, and all that sort of thing?" said the lady from the land of the setting sun. "Yes," responded the now amazed artist, "it is said to be one of the noblest representations of the human frame." "Well," exclaimed Mrs. Raggles, closing her Baedeker, and, with arms akimbo, taking a last and earnest look at the marble, "I've seen the Apollo Belvedere and I've seen Raggles, and gi[ve] Raggles!"

## LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Fargus, the author of "Called Back," is very deaf and a poor talker.

Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie) is said to be engaged on a new novel.

Emile Zola is very fond of narrating how near he once came to actual starvation.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson is writing a romance about highwaymen, which is to be called "The Great North Road."

"Turbid Platitudes" is the gentle epithet applied by the *Academy* to the matter contained in Mr. R. G. White's "Mansfield Humphreys."

Edwin Arnold has just published in the *Independent* a very remarkable poem on "The Cholera in Italy," suggested by Millais's picture of the angel of death shooting a poisoned arrow over the walls girting a sleeping city.

W. Clark Russell says the poets of the great deep can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. This is his list: Herman Melville, Michael Scott, Richard H. Dana, and Captain Cupples, the author of "The Green Hand."

Macmillan & Co. intend to issue toward the end of November a double Christmas number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. It will contain no less than seventy-two illustrations, eight of them full-page plates worked separately on plate paper.

How or why some particular novel has a popular success, it is hard to say. There seems to be no reasonable literary law to explain it. "Called Back" is in no sense a more remarkable book than many which have been publishers' failures—yet in England have been sold a quarter of a million copies.

The magazine *Mayfair*, in which, from time to time, somewhat smart articles have appeared, in addition to stories from the pen of Annie Thomas, and other well-known writers, has just died. The translation of Zola's "Thérèse Raquin," which has run through the periodical since its first appearance, is by some held to have hastened its demise.

William Cushing, 18 Wendell Street, Cambridge, Mass., announces a "Dictionary of Initials and Pseudonyms." It will contain more than eight thousand pseudonyms, with an index to all the real names accessible. The book will extend to more than four hundred pages, and the subscription price will be five dollars. Mr. Cushing was for a long time connected with the library of Harvard College, and is the compiler of the index to the *North American Review*, etc.

The *Overland Monthly* for December contains: "Two Seaports of New Spain"; "The Pioneers of Oregon"; "On the Edge of a New Land"; "Local Government in the Mines," by Chas. Howard Shinn; "A Catastrophe at Bohemia." by Henry S. Brooks; a Christmas story, by Fannie M. P. Deas, "The Voices, the Shadows, and the Bells"; "The Late War in South America," by Colonel Holger Birkedel; and "Letters from Low Latitudes," by Charles Warren Stoddard.

A novel feature of the December number of *The Magazine of Art* will be the page contributed by Miss Alice Havers and Mr. R. L. Stevenson, the former supplying a picture-setting to a verse by the latter. The page will be printed in color. In the same number will appear the commencement of a description of Hatfield House, the residence of the Marquess of Salisbury, fully illustrated, and a paper by Mrs. Fawcett on "The New Forest." An etching by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, will form the frontispiece.

The last Cleveland parade in New York was conspicuous for the number of publishers who took part in it. Every well-known house in the city was represented. The Harpers and Appletons sent the largest numbers, including members of the firms, and also E. P. Dutton & Co., Dodd, Mead & Co., Charles Scribner's Sons, Cassell & Co., George P. Putnam's Sons, Henry Holt & Co., E. & J. B. Young, and James Pott & Co. The publishers of religious books were particularly strong. Mr. Young led one of the battalions, and D. S. Appleton was the marshal of the publishers' section.

"Some years ago," says Mr. Labouchère, "a very young governess wrote a crude dramatic sketch for the amateurs of a small country town. Prior to the date fixed for its production, however, the local managers discovered that the amateurs had omitted to procure the necessary license, and the entertainment had to be postponed. During the delay the excitement cooled down, and when at length the piece was produced, it was to a very limited audience. Some time afterward the governess forsook teaching for the stage, and while at the Haymarket Theatre it occurred to her to turn her play into a novel. The governess, actress, and authoress is Miss Florence Warden, and the name of the novel 'The House on the Marsh.'"

Mr. Henry James is considered to strikingly resemble the Prince of Wales in personal appearance, and tells an anecdote himself of a somewhat remarkable occurrence at St. James's Palace, next door to Marlborough House. Passing, one day, he noticed that the sentry saluted him; it struck him as rather curious, and so he stopped and entered into conversation with the man, who replied, very much to Mr. James's amazement: "Yes, your Royal Highness." "No, your Royal Highness." This amused the author of "Confidence" so much that he continued to converse with the soldier for some moments, and, at the close of their interview, which the sentry will treasure as an historical moment in his career, presented him with a generous gratuity.

There is a prospect that in the next century there may be an author who is a millionaire. The highest prize, by a long way, ever offered for a literary performance will be awarded in 1925 to the successful author of a simple biography. Fifty years ago, it is said, General Arantschejeff, the friend and confidential adviser of the Emperor Alexander I., deposited in the Imperial Bank of Russia the sum of fifty thousand rubles, which is to be allowed to accumulate at interest till the 1st of December, 1925, when the entire amount, principal and interest, is to be handed over to the author of the best work on the life and reign of Alexander I. The St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences will decide on the merits of the different performances sent in, and award the prize, which will by that time amount to the enormous sum of one million nine hundred and eighteen thousand rubles—about three hundred thousand pounds. A fifth of the amount will be deducted for the cost of printing the work. The remainder will go to the fortunate anthor, who, after all, may be cheated by a revolution or republic, and an act of confiscation.

The success of *Le Petit Journal*, whose shares have now reached an unprecedented figure at the Paris Bourse, has been truly surprising. Founded some twenty years ago, it was at first sought after rather on account of the sparkling Parisian *chroniques* it contained than for any other reason. After the Franco-Prussian war the *Journal* fell very low. It was then bought by a stock company from its proprietor, Monsieur Millaud, and remodeled upon an entirely popular basis for the working and middle classes. Its success has become so great that its shares in the past twelve years have increased fifty times in value, its circulation is over seven hundred thousand, and it is probably read every day by more than two millions of people, for each number passes through the hands of several readers. In Paris it is eagerly bought among the popular classes, who follow the interminable adventures of the *feuilleton* with the greatest interest. It must not be supposed, however, that the tone of this paper is coarse. It is, on the contrary, eminently proper, and *Le Petit Journal* is one of the best features in French journalism.

Nearly seven thousand manuscripts were submitted in the competition for the prizes offered by the *Youth's Companion* for the best and second best boys', girls', humorous, and adventurous stories. The competition had these results: Boys' Stories, First Prize, $500—Angelo J. Lewis, London, Eng.; title of story, "Better than Victory." Second Prize, $250—Mary Bassett Hussy, Brazil, Ind.; title of story, "Davy." Girls' Stories, First Prize, $500—Mrs. J. E. Moor, Thomaston, Me.; title of story, "Miss Bashby." Second Prize, $250—Patience Stapleton, Denver, Col.; title of story, "Byer's Folly." Adventures, First Prize, $500—E. W. Thomson, Montreal, Can.; title of story, "Petherick's Peril." Second Prize, $250—Charlotte M. Valle, Denver, Col.; title of story, "Snow-bound in the Mountains." Humorous, First Prize, $500—Frank R. Stockton, Philadelphia, Penn.; title of story, "An Unhistoric Page." Second Prize, $250—H. J. Adamson, Hartford, Conn.; title of story, "Hile Hardack's Newfoundland Pup."

The action brought by Lord Lytton to restrain the publication of the late Lord Lytton's letters to his wife seems likely to have several interesting features. The property in the letters as pieces of paper is vested in Lord Lytton as his father's executor. Such property is generally vested in the recipients of letters; but at the time in question a wife was incapable of holding such property, and even the letters written before marriage vested in her husband on the marriage. Since the Married Women's Property Act letters written subsequently to the Act by a husband to a wife are, as pieces of paper, the property of the wife. The literary property in the letters—that is, the right to publish copies of them—remains in all cases in the writer. This was decided as long ago as 1741, in "Pope against Curll, 2 Atk., 342," when the poet obtained at the hands of Lord Hardwick an injunction against the publisher who proposed to print some of Pope's letters. It has sometimes been said that the recipient of a letter may publish it for the purposes of personal vindication. How far this is law is a question of doubt, and it would hardly apply as between husband and wife, still less as between their respective representatives after the death of both, when the matters in question have passed into the region of history.

New Books.

"Jack's Courtship," one of W. Clark Russell's nautical novels which appeared in the *Ingleside* of this city, has been published in neat octavo form by Harper & Brothers, of New York. It is for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Harper & Brothers have added to their list an edition of Froude's "Thomas Carlyle." This one is a neat library edition, with illustrations, and complete in one volume. It is for sale in this city by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

"Ned on the River" is the title of an interesting story of Indian adventure along the Ohio River during the year 1789. It is written by Edward S. Ellis, the author of a number of favorite boys' books. Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Harper & Brothers have recently issued in their "Franklin Square Library": "The Lover's Creed," a novel by Mrs. Cashel Hoey; "Sir Moses Montefiore," a centennial biography of the great Jewish philanthropist, with selections from his letters and journals, by Lucien Wolf; and part twelve of Stormonth's "Dictionary of the English Language."

"Sketching Rambles in Holland," by George H. Boughton, A. R. A., is the title of a journal of wanderings through the quaint old towns and prim country of the "land of dykes. The book is profusely illustrated with engravings from sketches by Mr. Boughton and his *compagnon de voyage*, Edwin A. Abbey, and is handsomely bound and printed. It is published by Harper & Brothers; for sale by Bancroft.

Mr. H. L. de Bussigny, formerly a lieutenant of cavalry and instructor in the French army, has written a "Hand-Book for Horsewomen." It is a very neat and useful little book, and contains excellent and concise directions by the aid of which ladies "may ride with as much ease and as much control of their animals as men." The last clause is ambigious. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Jas. T. White & Co.

The anonymous author of "Conflict in Nature and Life" has given to the world a second work, "Reforms: Their Difficulties and Possibilities." Like its predecessor it treats of social economies, but contains much more of original thought. The wide range of subjects makes the thorough treatment of each impossible, but there are many excellent points in the work. It is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Jas. T. White & Co.

"Life on a Ranch." by Reginald Aldridge, is a book of notes on the average rancher's life in Kansas, Colorado, the Indian Territory, and Northern Texas. It contains much of interest to the general reader, and will be useful to the young man who contemplates stock-raising, in forming his opinion as regards the suitability of the life in connection with his own predilections and pocket-book. It is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Jas. T. White & Co.

T. B. Peterson & Bros., of Philadelphia, have published a translation of Emile Zola's work, "The Mysteries of Marseilles." According to the publishers, "a wholesale exposure of vice in Marseilles is given, and every thing in the captivating romance is in that style of intense naturalism for which Zola, in 'Nana,' has become famous." This, we believe, is intended by the publishers as a strong recommendation. The book is a reprint of one of Zola's earlier works. It can be obtained in this city of Bancroft; price, 50 cents.

The thirty-sixth volume of "Morley's English Men of Letters" is "Samuel Taylor Coleridge," by H. D. Traill. This is the first complete biography of this celebrated poet, critic, and metaphysician that has been written, although many short sketches of his life have appeared from time to time. And, more than this, it is the first criticism of his works as a whole, poetical, critical, metaphysical, and theological, that we are acquainted with. The story of his life is told in a bright and interesting manner, and the criticisms are distinguished by the same clearness and sound judgment that characterized the author's former work in this series—"Laurence Sterne." It is published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

The first two numbers of Admiral Porter's romance, "Allan Dare and Robert le Diable," have appeared. It was announced that it "has a well-wrought plot, and abounds in remarkable adventures"; and this installment certainly does not belie the latter clause. It tells of the loss at sea of the father of two boys, who are stolen from their mother just before she hears of her husband's supposed death. After a lapse of twenty years, the two young men become prominent—one, a phenomenal detective, who twists iron pokers like wires, and drives his hand through two-inch planks; and the other, a wonderful thief, who is the chief of a perfectly organized band of robbers. We wait in suspense for the next installment. It is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co.; price, 30 cents each.

We have received a pamphlet entitled "The Man *versus* The State," a reprint from the *Popular Science Monthly* of four articles by Herbert Spencer, originally published in the *Contemporary Review*—"The New Toryism," "The Coming Slavery," "The Sins of Legislators," and "The Great Political Superstition." In 1860, Mr. Spencer published an article on "Parliamentary Reforms," in which he predicted "that, unless due precautions were taken, increase of freedom in form would be followed by increase of freedom in fact." His predictions having been verified, he has in these articles set forth kindred conclusions respecting the future, and endeavors to awaken public attention to the threatened evils. Comment on the work is almost superfluous, but we can most heartily recommend it to the perusal of all thinking men. It is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co.; price, 30 cents.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Young Richling from the West*—"Isn't that young girl over there very much painted?"

*Miss B., fresh from school*—"Pas-du-tout."

*Young R.*—"What! Powdered, too! You don't say!"—*Life.*

"Here's an advertisement showing the latest thing in blankets," said the wife, as she consulted the paper. "Now, if I had to write a funny column, I would put in it, 'The latest thing in blankets is a lazy husband.'"

"And a contemporary would retort," the husband answered, "that such remarks are made only by a disreputable sheet."—*Ex.*

"Tobacco sm king," said a traveler, "is so common in Holland that it is almost impossible to distinguish one person from another in a room full of smokers."

"But supposing you want to speak to some one present, how are you to find him out?"

"Ah! in such cases a waiter is sent around with a pair of bellows, with which he blows away the smoke from the face of every person until the right one is found."—*Husvennen.*

Colonel Andrews has secured a section of one of the California "big trees" in the Calaveras grove, thirty-two feet in diameter, which will be taken to the New Orleans Exposition, converted into a dancing floor, and all the Governors in the United States invited to the ball. The spectacle of thirty-six Governors "swinging partners" and crossing over in gubernatorial harmony and grace, with the Governors of the two Carolinas delivering their time-honored orations at frequent intervals, as they go out and come in, will make the exposition a howling success, without any of the side shows. By all means, ask the Governors.—*Eagle.*

A strawberry blonde mulatto ran for a constable in a North Carolina village, but was defeated. Here is what the local paper has to say about the victory: "Once more the children of the Conqueror and the descendants of Alfred and Edward glory in their ancestry, and fling the standard of supremacy to the fragrant breezes of the Southland, and the shouts of the victorious and unconquerable Caucasian ascend in a grand diapason to the eternal throne of liberty. It is believed that when all the precincts are heard from, Colonel Tones will have defeated the Senegambian by at least seventy-five votes."—*Texas Siftings.*

"So old Scrapetill is dead at last," observed David, from the interior of his evening paper; "oceans of money, too." "What did he do with it?" queried Dora. "Oh, left it here and there," said David; "that scrapegrace son gets a quarter of a million. If he doesn't paint the town red now, then I'm a Canadian." "I should think," mused Dora, softly, as she helped herself to another needleful of silk; "I should think that a quart of vermillion might paint a town very red indeed." And David was so astounded that he put his paper in the fire and laid a fresh stick of wood in the very centre of the plush-colored table.—*Rockland Courier.*

"I used to be fond of poker," he said, and the expression of his face became retrospective; "but, sence I got four aces downed out in Missoury, I hev sorter gi'n up playin' the game."

"Your opponent had a straight flush, did he?"

"No; he hed five jacks."

"That's impossible."

"Stranger, hev you ever played poker in Missoury?"

"No, sir."

"Well, if you ever do set down in a game out thar, and a red-eyed man whose clothes smell of cattle whittles a corner off the table, and allows that he hez five jacks, just bunch your kiards in the pack, and say, 'That's good.'"—*New York Sun.*

Anecdotes of Royalty, prepared by the Royal and Imperial Press Agents of *Puck:*

The German Emperor frequently journeys through the country attended only by his private secretary, his chamberlain, and two of Pinkerton's detectives.

Not long ago he entered a little village where the happy peasants were dancing on the green in honor of the Frankfurter sausage harvest, which had just been gathered.

For some time the Emperor remained a silent and unnoticed spectator of the sports. He fancied that no one recognized him; but soon a little boy, who had been eyeing him intently for several minutes, approached the carriage, leading a yellow dog of uncanny aspect. Doffing his cap, the little fellow addressed his sovereign in these words:

"Hay, Kaiser, don't you want to buy a dorg?"

His Majesty was so flattered by the attention, and so pleased with the little peasant's wit, that he purchased the animal at a reduced price, and gave orders to have him tied under the carriage, and so conveyed to the palace.

It was midday when Macaulay's New Zealander found himself in the hands of the ravening hordes at the Barge Office. It only took them a short time to examine his trunks—he wore nothing else—and at four o'clock in the afternoon he made his way up Broadway, pausing from time to time to admire the stately buildings, the intelligent, well-dressed throngs of people, the admirable system of rapid aerial transit, and other evidences of an advanced civilization.

Not far from the postoffice he noticed a heap of ruins and a bulletin-board—all that remained of a once stately building. Amid this pile of crumbling bricks and mortar sat an old man with white hair and beard, and a wild, roving eye. In his hands he held a marking-pot and brush.

"And what is that poor man doing?" asked the New Zealander.

"He is claiming States, Territories, and foreign lands for Blaine," said a by-stander. "There, he's just putting up a new bulletin. Let's go over and see what it is."

They drew near the old man, and read the dispatch which he had just pasted on the decaying board:

"The *Tribune's* special returns from the Great Sahara Desert, with seven oases to hear from, give Blaine a majority of 98,473, and insure his election."—*Puck.*

While so many mammas with daughters and carriages are watching the coachmen, there are a good many mistresses of households who are watching the maids. Few family necessities are so rare as good nurses and chambermaids. Only those who have been brought face to face with the difficulty know what a trial it is to lose a clean, tidy, obedient nurse, who is intelligent and faithful, and who not only takes a great interest in the children, but is liked by them in return. But these, of course, are most likely to be the first ones to go off. For some unaccountable cause the last summer season has been a remarkable one in the number of maids at service in prominent families who have married or made their arrangements to marry before the winter. There are few families that went off anywhere with maids at all attractive but have had their maids matrimonially assailed or completely captured. In many cases the sources of danger were the waiters at the fashionable hotels where the families were staying. Some of these waiters are very gentlemanly and agreeable, as well as good-looking fellows, and they managed to wreak havoc in many of the handmaidens' hearts. There were some very amusing cases, where families ran away from the places they were at to prevent their maids falling in love with the waiters.

## SOCIETY.

### The Van Ness Seminary Reception.

The most important event in society circles this week was the reception given last night by the Alumni and pupils of the Van Ness Seminary, on Pine Street. Considerable interest was manifested in the event during the week. About three hundred invitations were issued, and very few regrets were received. The seminary, which occupies what was formerly the residence of Wm. C Ralston, is exceedingly spacious, being one of the largest private buildings in the city. On this occasion the fine parlors on the first floor, and a similar number of apartments on the second floor, were thrown open, and as the rooms on each floor connect with each other, there was no lack of space. Hanging between each of the many folding-doors were pendant floral baskets, in which reposed a wealth of the choicest flowers. At intervals around the various apartments were arranged flowering plants of every description, from the beautiful *Eucharist Amazonica* to the handsome *Coleus*, the mingled colors of tropical ferns and plants presenting to the eye a most pleasing picture. The chandeliers supported a drapery of smilax, while climbing vines, wound round massive pillars, contrasted their deep-green color with leaves of the richest autumnal tints. The invitations were limited to young unmarried people, with the exception of a few matrons who were present as chaperones. The guests began to arrive about nine o'clock, and were cordially welcomed by Miss Helen Houston and Miss Eva Castle, who did the honors of the evening in a most charming manner. Dancing was commenced soon after nine o'clock, opening with a pretty Polish dance. The first floor was used exclusively for dancing, each apartment containing its quota—eight merry dancers. In the commodious apartments on the second floor there were arranged a number of tête-à-tête tables, which were utilized for card-playing. Those for whom the dance was but a slight attraction also used these rooms for promenading. At eleven o'clock an elegant supper was served in the dining-room, which was one of the pleasant features of the entertainment. The festivities were continued until a late hour. Among the guests of the evening were the following:

Miss Sibyl Sanderson, Miss Eleanor Laidley, Misses Wells, Misses Morrill, Misses Bliss, Miss Grace Little, Mrs. James Searle, Miss Mamie Fay, Miss Fannie Currier, Miss Mattie Gibbs, Misses Thornton, Miss Fannie Crocker, Miss Cora Caduc, Miss Voorhees, Miss Mattie Sheldon, Miss Scott, Miss Roberts, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Doctor Foute, Miss Gibbons, Miss Ashe, Miss Gowie, Miss Martell, Miss Wallace, Miss Van Wyck, Miss Louise Patch, Miss Wickersham, Miss Russell, Miss Haydens, Miss Jessie Shaw, Miss Ada Cousins, Miss Helen Houston, Miss Eva Castle, Miss Laura Little, Miss Hopkins, Miss Bessie Sedgwick, Mrs. Livingston, Miss Daisy Merrill, Miss Maggie Jones, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Gamble, Mr. Will F. Mau, Mr. H. E. Bothin, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. Grant Morrill, Mr. Herrmann, Mr. J. Heath, Mr. A. W. Baldwin, Mr. J. Housman, Mr. B. C. Austin, Mr. James Searle, Mr. A. S. McDonald, Mr. William Bryan, Mr. William Wood, Mr. Charles Searle, Mr. Sanderson, Mr. John Davis, Mr. Price, Mr. H. Gibbs, Mr. Edgar Painter, Mr. Sidney Ashe, Mr. Eyre, Doctor Younger, Mr. Bristol, Mr. William Keith, Mr. Barreda, Mr. Casserly, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Joseph Donahue Jr., Mr. Watson, Mr. Frank Wickersham, Mr. Arthur Painter, Doctor Haynes, Rev. Doctor Foute, Rev. Doctor Miller, Mr. Van Wyck, Mr. De Sabla, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Paddock, Mr. Madison, Mr. G. W. Whitney, Mr. Sanborn, Mr. Wooster, and many others.

### The Johnson Reception.

Mrs. Frank S. Johnson gave a reception to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Thomas H. Williams Jr., on Thursday evening of last week, at her residence, 2020 Franklin street. The event was one of the most pleasant of the season, and was only marred by the unavoidable absence of the recipient of the reception, who sustained a severe fall on that day, and was confined to her bed in consequence. Dancing was commenced at an early hour, and was interspersed during the evening with many excellent musical selections by some of the guests of the hostess. An aria from "Robert le Diable" was sung by Mrs. Johnson, while Mrs. Daniel Bixler, Miss Holladay, Miss May Thorne, and Miss Edith Thorne, and Mr. Ugo Talbo also gave vocal selections. A supper was served at 10:30 o'clock, after which dancing was continued until a late hour. Among those present were the following:

Judge and Mrs. Daniel Bixler, Captain and Mrs. Glass of Mare Island, Misses May and Edith Thorne, Miss Bessie Sedgwick, Miss Sheppard, Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard, General Thomas Williams, Mr. Adolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Eells, Dr. and Mrs. M. Herzstein, Colonel and Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue, Judge and Mrs. Wm. T. Wallace, Miss Wallace, Misses Holladay, Mr. C. Mitchell Grant, Mr. Walters, Mr. Ugo Talbo, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Plate, Miss Plate, and others.

### A New Cotillion Club.

A number of prominent young society ladies have organized a cotillion club, with the object of making the german one of the principal features of social life this winter. A german will be given once a month at the different residences of the members. Those comprising the club are the following:

Miss Laura Pike, Miss Whittier, Miss Grace Jones, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Miss Ilene Ivers, Miss Sallie Stetson, Miss Nellie Stetson, Miss Mabel Pacheco, Miss Sadie Richards, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Nettie Schmiedell, Miss Mattie Peters, Miss Nina Adams, Miss Ella Adams, Miss Fannie Crocker, Miss Bessie Shrieve, Miss Nettie Reynolds, and Miss Lily Thomas. The following gentlemen have been elected honorary members: Clinton E. Worden, Edward Sheldon, Mansfield Lowell, Webster Jones, Frank Carolan, Henry Crocker, Will Crocker, Edward C. Macfarland, John W. Taylor, Walter Dean, Mr. Sherwood, and Colonel Tobin. The membership will be limited to fifty.

### The Janin-Smith Wedding.

Miss May Smith, daughter of the late Hamilton Smith and sister of Mr. Ballard Smith, of New York, was married on October 30th to Mr. Henry Janin, at Georgetown, just outside of Washington, D. C. The contracting parties are well known in this city in society circles. The bride's toilet of white satin trimmed with fine lace was especially elegant. At one P. M. a breakfast was served at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. Grey, and shortly afterward the couple started for New York, where they will spend a week before sailing for Europe. They will spend some months traveling there, and will visit her cousin, Mrs. Reynard, formerly Miss Hattie Key, whose husband, Captain Reynard, of the French army, is stationed near Paris, and belongs to one of the French regiments. It is understood that Mr. and Mrs. Janin will make this city their future home.

### The Goad Dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Goad gave a dinner party at their residence, on Washington Street, in honor of Mrs. and Miss Green, of Portland, on Tuesday evening of last week. Those present besides the above mentioned were Marquis de Testeferreta, Mr. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. William Wayne Belvin, Miss Sibyl Sanderson, Mr. Harry Tevis, Mr. Horace Platt, Miss Goad, Miss Blanding, Miss Lake, Mr. Twiggs, and Mr. Fred. Lake.

### The Jones Musicale.

Mr. Winfield S. Jones gave a musicale on Friday evening of last week at his residence on Hyde Street. Choice vocal and instrumental selections were rendered by Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mr. J. E. Tippett, Mr. Daniel W. Loring, and Mrs. Carmichael-Carr. Refreshments were served before the departure of the guests, and a very pleasant evening was passed by those in attendance. The guests were as follows:

General and Mrs. McDowell, Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mr. Harry McDowell, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Foreman, Mrs. T. H. Holt, Mrs. Wise, Miss Jennie Flood, Miss Theobald, Lieutenant Stoney, Mr. John Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bowie, Lieutenant Best, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Friedlander, Mrs. E. E. Weiss, Marquis de Testeferreta, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. William Howard, Mr. Edward Greenway, Mr. Twiggs, Mr. Charles Baldwin, Captain Dillenback, Mr. Brooks Jones, Mr. E. McAllister, Mr. H. McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Loring, and others.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Senator Farley and family have gone to Washington, D. C.

Mr. E. J. de Santa Marina returned to this city from Paris last Tuesday, and is at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hastings left for the East on Tuesday, and may possibly visit Europe before their return to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Miss Tubbs, and Mr. W. B. Tubbs are at the Palace Hotel, where they will remain during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Yerrington and Miss Yerrington, of Carson, arrived in the city last Sunday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis and Miss Felton came up from Menlo Park last Tuesday, and will pass the winter at the Palace.

Miss Tot Cutter returned to the Rancho los Medanos last Monday, but will leave there next Thursday with her mother, Mrs. B. B. Cutter, for this city. They will occupy the Van Ness Avenue residence during the winter.

Judge and Mrs. Morrison have returned to the city, and are at the Occidental.

Governor and Mrs. Leland Stanford are expected to arrive here soon.

Mr. Charles Kohler Jr. has returned to the city.

Mr. J. A. Muir, Superintendent of the Tucson Division of the S. P. R. R., is at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. Thomas W. Huntington, of Sacramento, has been visiting in this city.

Hon. H. F. Page has gone to Washington, D. D., where he will pass the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Caleb T. Fay have returned from Monterey.

Mrs. Matthew Crooks, Mrs. Susie Gonzales, Miss Ida Crooks, and Mr. J. G. Crooks returned from New York last Sunday, where they have been sojourning for several months, and are now stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Doctor McNulty has returned from the East, and is at the Palace.

Mrs. Eddy and her daughter, Miss May Eddy, will leave for Washington, D. C., on December 1st, which place will be their future home.

Mrs. C. T. Ryland, Miss Ada Ryland, and Miss Hattie Ryland, who have been visiting in this city during the past week, have returned to San José.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Bush, of Sacramento, have decided to make this city their future home.

Hon. and Mrs. A. A. Sargent intend keeping house on the corner of Folsom and Thirteenth streets. Their daughters, Misses Ella and Lizzie, who are now in Europe, will return to this city next August.

Mrs. Thomas H. Williams has almost recovered from the effects of her recent severe fall.

Governor and Mrs. Johnson have returned from Paraiso Springs.

Miss May Willis returned from the East last week.

William T. Wallace Jr., of Martinez, was in the city last Monday.

Miss May Severance, who is visiting friends in the East, will not return to this city until spring.

Miss Whittier is visiting in Sacramento.

Miss Lizzie Crocker has gone East to remain with friends during the winter.

Miss Ethel Sperry, who has been visiting friends in this city during the past month, has returned to her home in Stockton.

Miss Millie Ashe has returned from Stockton.

Mr. A. D. Wilder, Division Superintendent of the Central Pacific Railroad, with his newly married, wife is at the St. James Hotel in New York city. They are expected to arrive here in a few days.

Colonel Peter J. Donahue is in New York city, stopping at the Buckingham.

Mrs. George D. Roberts and daughter have returned from New York after an absence of six months.

Misses Florence and May Pope have returned to the city from their country residence at St. Helena.

Mrs. C. B. Leitch, of New York, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. H. Washburn.

Mrs. J. J. Cook, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Wright, has returned from Wawona.

Judge and Mrs. Waymire will soon occupy their new residence in Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs Edward C. Jobson, accompanied by Miss Tot Cutter, returned from Los Angeles last Sunday; Mr. and Mrs. Jobson have gone to Sacramento.

Judge and Mrs. Charles P. Brainard are at the Grand Hotel.

Mrs. John Swett and Miss Emilie Swett have returned from the East.

Mr. Clinton Jones, Pacific Coast Manager of the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad, returned home from Los Angeles last Monday.

Mrs. Burling is at the Albemarle, in New York city.

Surveyor-General Willey, of San Diego, is in the city.

Mr. Clarke W. Crocker has returned from Sacramento.

Mrs. J. De Barth Shorb, of Los Angeles, is in the city on a visit.

Mrs. W. B. Bourne returned from the East on Wednesday.

Mr. J. B. Haggin returned from the East last Wednesday, leaving Miss Rhita Haggin with relatives.

Mr. Nelson B. Eddy, general agent of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, has returned from Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Green and daughter, Miss Lillian Green, have removed to their new residence in Alameda.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes and family, of San Rafael, have removed to this city, and will pass the winter at 1512 California Street.

Mrs. John J. Valentine has returned from the East.

Miss Dixie Thompson, of Alameda, is visiting the Misses Denman, at Petaluma.

Mr. Charles Shaw leaves to-day for Los Angeles, to inspect the salt works there.

Mr. William Porter, auditor of the Central Pacific Railroad, accompanied by his wife, will arrive in this city next week, after an extended visit to Europe and the Eastern States.

Mr. H. B. Smith Jr., passenger agent of the Missouri Pacific Railway Company, leaves today for Los Angeles, on a business trip.

Mr. James Charlton, general manager of the Chicago and Alton Railroad, will visit this city next month.

Mr. Samuel Miller returned from Los Angeles on Tuesday. He brought with him a large number of the Raymond Excursion party, leaving some at Sierra Madre and at Monterey.

Miss Hattie L. Martin will leave for the New Orleans Exposition next month, and will stay there with relatives until after the Mardi Gras, in February.

Attorney-General Marshall has gone to Washington, D. C., to attend to State legal business.

Mrs. A. J. Stevens, of Sacramento, is visiting friends in this city.

Mrs. George Hearst is at present the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. E. Head, but will soon leave for Boston, where she will pass the winter. It is probable that she will also visit Europe, to secure *bibelots* for the handsome residence she contemplates erecting on her return to this city in the spring.

Mr. W. W. Montague has returned from Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Weller have returned to the city from San Rafael, and will occupy the residence of Samuel D. Mayer, on California Street, during the winter.

Captain R. R. Thompson and family, of Alameda, are now occupying the Hearst mansion, on Van Ness Avenue.

Miss Nina Macondray is visiting Mrs. F. D. Atherton.

Mrs. Mark Hopkins has caused the municipal heart of Great Barrington, Massachusetts, to beat with joy by changing her residence from San Francisco to that place. Her property, which has hitherto been taxed in this State, will be assessed hereafter at Great Barrington, and will cause a reduction of one-half in the tax rate there.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Johnston, of Sacramento, are at the Baldwin Hotel.

Sir John Lester Kaye is at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. S. F. Thorn was brought home last Tuesday, feeling better than she yet has since her recent severe accident. She is able to be around on crutches.

Mr. Francis Berton, the Swiss Consul, is stopping at Yuma for the benefit of his health.

Mrs. McClatchy and Miss McClatchy, of Sacramento, are at the Grand Hotel.

Mrs. General Dietzler and daughter are in Oakland, and will pass the winter at the Windsor.

Mrs. Lillie Coit and her father, Doctor Hitchcock, have engaged apartments at the Grand Hotel for the winter.

Hon. Thomas C. Reynolds of St. Louis, Hon. S. O. Thacher of Kansas City, and Hon. W. E. Curtis of Washington, D.C., who were appointed United States Commissioners to South America, are at the Palace Hotel with their families.

Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, of San Gabriel, accompanied by a sister, Miss Wilson, is visiting in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Long, of Los Angeles, are at the Occidental.

Mrs. Colonel Eddy and daughter leave San Francisco on the 30th instant, for Washington, where they will permanently reside.

Mrs. Doctor McNulty, who has been in New York and elsewhere in the East for several months, returned on the 15th instant.

Mr. J. W. Shaw, of New York, formerly a resident of San Francisco, is at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Crocker have been spending a few days at Monterey.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes and family, of San Rafael, have taken up their winter residence in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Garrett are at the Metropolitan, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Abbott Kinney, who were married in this city last week, have been enjoying their honeymoon at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Coleman returned from Southern California on Sunday last.

Mrs. Doctor MacDougall, of Los Angeles, is visiting her daughter, at the Grand Hotel.

### Army and Navy News.

Captain A. M. Brown, U. S. N., has taken rooms at the Grand Hotel for the winter.

Lieutenant T. S. Phelps, U. S. N., is at the Palace Hotel.

Commander J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N., is at the Grand Hotel.

Doctor Basil Norris, Surgeon in command at the Presidio, has arrived from the East.

Lieutenant-Commander Thomas Nelson, U. S. N., arrived from the East on Thursday last. He sails for China on Sunday, to assume command of the U. S. S. *Palos*.

Assistant Surgeon J. H. Hall, U. S. N., reported for duty at the Mare Island Yard on Monday last.

The orders of Chief Engineer Thomas Williamson, U. S. N., to the flag-ship *Hartford*, have been revoked.

Passed-Assistant Engineer George Cowine Jr., U. S. N., has been detached from the *Hartford* and placed on waiting orders.

Captain John Irwin, U. S. N., with his family, has taken apartments at the Bella Vista.

The U. S. S. *Adams* was docked at the Mare Island Yard on Wednesday.

Chaplain Richard Hayward, U. S. N., recently ordered to Mare Island, has taken up his residence in Vallejo, there being no quarters for him on the Yard.

Lieutenant George Barnett, U. S. M. C., returns to his post, Sitka, Alaska, on Saturday.

J. L. Purcell, U. S. N., was at the Occidental on Sunday and Monday last.

V. P. Van Ness, U. S. A., has been at the Palace during the week.

George Barnett, of the Marine Corps, is at the Occidental.

D. Morris Snyder, U. S. A., has been at the Palace most of the week.

P. M. Bradley, U. S. N., has been domiciled at the Occidental during the week.

### Notes and Gossip.

An entertainment and bazaar will be held at B'nai B'rith Hall next Tuesday for the benefit of the Society of Decorative Art. A number of young ladies will serve tea at tête-à-tête tables, and dancing will be indulged in by those so disposed. Fancy articles of every description will be offered for sale. The affair will be under the supervision of Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Louis Gerstle, Mrs. Robert Balfour, Mrs. Major Rathbone, Mrs. Doctor Cushing, Mrs. Doctor McNutt, Mrs. W. W. Dodge, Mrs. Captain Davis, Mrs. Fisher Ames, Miss Mollie Dodge, Miss Kate Jarboe, Miss Atherton, and Miss Babcock.

The ladies of the Guilds of St. Luke's Church will give a bazaar and entertainment at Saratoga Hall, on Friday and Saturday, 28th and 29th instant, afternoons and evenings. A very carefully selected and well-arranged programme of tableaux will be given on Friday evening, including a representation of Toby Rosenthal's "Seminary Alarmed." A musicale, in which a quartet from the Loring Club, Miss Kate Woods, and Mr. W. H. Keith Jr. will take part, together with recitations by Messrs. Howard and C. S. Trowbridge, and a laughable farce, "I've Eaten my Friend," by well-known amateurs, will form the attractions for Saturday night. There will be dancing both evenings, with music by the Presidio Band. The tickets for evening are fifty cents, and admission in the afternoon will be free. The affair promises to be a social event, and will call out a fashionable gathering.

A number of prominent society ladies who are thirsting for literary information meet every Tuesday morning, at the Bella Vista, and listen to lectures given by Mrs. Florence Williams. Some of the ladies, who are adepts at phonography, take notes of the lecture. So far the Roman Empire has been exhaustively treated. The club members comprise the following ladies:

Mrs. John P. Jones, Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, Mrs. Fisher Ames, Mrs. Milton S. Latham, Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer, Mrs. Bee, Mrs. Gummer, Mrs. Theodore Tracy, Mrs. McMullin, Mrs. Lieutenant Lefevre, Mrs. John Bensley, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. J. D. Yost, Mrs. W. B. Collier, Mrs. Elmer, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Eastland, Miss Mabel Pacheco, and Miss Addie Martell.

A cheerful aristocratic pastime in England is cub-hunting; but still, like other pleasures, it has its disadvantages. Lady Hesketh got rather a severe and shaking fall when out cub-hunting near Somerville recently with the Meath hounds. The horse she was riding is a most perfect fencer, and carried Lady Hesketh brilliantly in Meath and Louth, last year, but owing to the hard condition of the banks he could not secure a foothold, consequently he fell and threw his fair rider.

Colonel and Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. William Wayne Belvin and Miss Lilo McMullin, took a sail up to Martinez in the yacht *Nellie* last Saturday night. Arriving there at ten o'clock, they proceeded to the residence of Mr. William T. Wallace Jr., who was just preparing to retire, and induced him to accompany them to the yacht. They then sailed to Point Tiburon, where they were becalmed, and were obliged to return to the city on the ferry-boat.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jeanette Reynolds and Stuart B. Samuels, of New York, lately returned from a five years' residence in Japan.

A dinner party was given last Thursday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, on Bush Street. Covers were laid for ten guests, and a most enjoyable evening was passed.

The lady members of Grace Church will give a kettle-drum at Saratoga Hall, on December 10th, the proceeds from which will be applied to liquidating the church debt. The affair will be given under the auspices of the following named ladies, from whom tickets can be obtained:

Mrs. Doctor R. C. Foute, Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. H. B. Williams, Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mrs. Doctor O. O. Burgess, Mrs. James de la Montanya, Mrs. S. M. Wilson, Mrs. L. H. Newton, Mrs. Doctor H. H. Toland, Mrs. John R. Jarboe, Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mrs. A. H. Phelps, Mrs. F. McCrellish, and Mrs. James P. Whitney.

### Art Notes.

The attendance at the Toby Rosenthal exhibition has increased daily to such an extent that it is found utterly impossible to close the exhibition this week; consequently it will be continued another week. The picture is one which requires study, and many will avail themselves of this opportunity to see it several times. Applications, too, are pouring in to admit the scholars of the high and grammer schools at a reduced rate.

The Palette Club will open their winter exhibition on the 6th of December. Numbers of new pictures will hang upon the walls.

Next week a number of new paintings will be on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's gallery.

Miss Estelle Hanchette will play at the next concert of the Philharmonic Society. She has had favorable men ion from the German press.

## INTAGLIOS.

### Ballade of Christmas Ghosts.—I.

Between the moonlight and the fire,
In winter evenings long ago,
What ghosts I raised at your desire,
To make your leaping blood run slow!
How old, how grave, how wise we grow!
What Christmas ghost can make us chill—
Save these that troop in mournful row,
The ghosts we all can raise at will?

The beasts can talk in barn and byre
On Christmas eve, old legends know.
As one by one the years retire,
We men fall silent then, I trow—
Such sights has memory to show,
Such voices from the distance thrill.
Ah me! they come with Christmas snow,
The ghosts we all can raise at will.

Oh, children of the village choir,
Your carols on the midnight throw!
Oh, bright across the mist and mire,
Ye ruddy hearths of Christmas glow!
Beat back the shades, beat down the woe,
Renew the strength of mortal will;
Be welcome, all, to come or go,
The ghosts we all can raise at will.

Friend, *sursum corda*, soon or slow
We part, like guests who've joyed their fill;
Forget them not, nor mourn them so,
The ghosts we all can raise at will.

### Christmas Violets.—II.

Last night I found the violets
You sent me once across the sea;
From gardens that the winter frets,
In summer lands they came to me.

Still fragrant of the English earth,
Still humid from the frozen dew,
To me they spoke of Christmas mirth,
They spoke of England, spoke of you.

The flowers are scentless, black, and sere,
The perfume long has passed away;
The sea whose tides are year by year
Is set between us, chill and gray.

But you have reached a windless age,
The haven of a happy clime;
You do not dread the winter's rage,
Although we missed the summer-time.

And like the flower's breath over sea,
Across the gulf of time and pain,
To-night returns the memory
Of love that lived not all in vain.
—*Andrew Lang in December Harper.*

### Witchcraft.—I.

*A. D. 1692.*

Soe, Mistress Anne, faire neighbour myne,
How rides a witche when nighte-winds blowe?
Folk saye that you are none too goode
To joyne the crewe in Salem woode,
When One you wot of gives the signe:
Righte well, methinks, the pathe you knowe.

In Meetinge-time I watched you well,
Whiles godly Master Parris prayed:
Your folded hands lay on your booke;
But Richard answered to a looke
That fain would tempt him into hell,
Where, Mistress Anne, your place is made.

You looke into my Richard s eyes
With evil glances shamelesse growne;
I found about his wriste a hair,
And guesse what finger tyed it there:
He shall not lightly be your prize—
Your Master firste shall take his owne.

'Tis not in nature he shoulde be
(Who loved me soe when Springe was greene)
A childe, to hange upon your gowne!
He loved me well in Salem Towne
Untill this wanton witcherie
His hearte and myne crept dark betweene.

Last Sabbath nighte, the gossips saye,
Your goodman missed you from his side.
He had no strength to move, untill
Agen, as if in slumber still,
Beside him at the dawne you laye.
Tell, nowe, what meanwhile did betide.

Dame Anne, mye hate goe with you fleete
As driftes the bay fogg overhead—
Or over yonder hill-topp, where
There is a tree ripe fruite shall bear
When, neighbour myne, your wicked feet
The stones of Gallowes Hill shall tread.

### Witchcraft.—II.

*A. D. 1884.*

Our great-great-grandpapas had schooled
Your fancies, Lita, were you born
In days when Cotton Mather ruled
And damask petticoats were worn!
Your pretty ways, your mocking air,
Had passed, mayhap, for Satan's wiles—
As fraught with danger then and there,
To you, as now to us your smiles.

Why not? Were inquest to begin,
The tokens are no far to seek;
*Item*—the dimple of your chin;
*Item*—that freckle on your cheek.
Grace shield his simple soul from harm
Who enters yon flirtation niche,
Or trusts in whispered counter-charm
Alone with such a parlous witch!

Your fan a wand is, in disguise;
It conjures, and we straight are drawn
Within a witches' Paradise
Of music, germans, roses, lawn.
So through the season, where you go,
All else than Lita men forget:
One needs no second-sight to know
That sorcery is rampant yet.

Now, since the bars no more await
Fair maids that practice sable arts,
Take heed, while I pronounce the fate
Of her who thus ensnares our hearts:
In time you shall a wizard meet
With spell more potent than your own,
And you shall know your master, Sweet,
And for these witcheries atone.

For you at his behest shall wear
A veil, and seek with him the church,
And at the altar-rail forswear
The craft that left you in the lurch;
But oft thereafter, musing long,
With smile, and sigh, and conscience-twitch,
You shall too late confess the wrong—
A captive and repentant witch.
—*E. C. Stedman in December Harper.*


JOS. FIGEL
211 MONTGOMERY ST. S.F.

Offers the

LATEST STYLES
.....OF.....
CLOTHING
.....AND.....
FURNISHING GOODS
FOR GENTS AND BOYS,
READY MADE and MADE TO MEASURE at
REDUCED PRICES.

A Full Line of Desirable Suitings in our Merchant Tailoring Department.

REDUCED
Fire Insurance Rates!

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.
HOME INSURANCE COMP'Y
OF NEW YORK.
Cash Capital.....$3,000,000 00
Cash Assets..... 7,488,644 59

PHŒNIX INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD, CONN.
Cash Capital.....$2,000,000 00
Cash Assets..... 4,435,048 88

Issuing either Separate or Joint Policies, at Applicant's option.

Now write acceptable business at a material reduction from the present standard rates of the Board of Fire Underwriters.

☞ All persons desiring strong insurance at moderate rates are invited to apply for tenders at the office of the above-named Companies,

323 California St., San Francisco.
ARTHUR E. MAGILL, General Agent.
JAS. W. WHITING, City Agent.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
NATURAL APERIENT
Hunyadi WATER
"Speedy, Janos
Sure, and Gentle."
NONE GENUINE BUT WITH THE BLUE LABEL.
For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.
No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
24 Post St., San Francisco
COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, PENMANSHIP AND TELEGRAPHY.
F. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.
☞ SEND FOR CIRCULAR. ☜

ALASKA
COMMERCIAL CO.
No. 310 SANSOME STREET,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

CRAPE.
Old and Faded Crape Veils and Bonnets RE-DYED and FINISHED LIKE NEW at the
PALACE DYE WORKS,
633 Market Street, Palace Hotel.

EDUCATIONAL.

MME. JULIE ROSEWALD,
TEACHER OF VOCAL MUSIC,
1018 Van Ness Avenue.

J. H. ROSEWALD,
General Director and Solo Violinist, teaches Violin and Harmony and Ensemble Playing, 1018 Van Ness Avenue.

BARNARD'S Business College, 37 Post St., S. F.
Diploma of Mechanics' Fair, 1884, awarded to this College.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL for GIRLS
Will re-open Monday, August 3d.
Temporary location, 1001 Sutter Street, corner of Hyde.

PRIVATE INSTRUCTION
In the English Branches. Bookkeeping and Accounts. Preparations for Examinations a specialty. Call 4 to 8 P. M.
B. L. BROWN, 713 Geary Street

THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!
The Light-running
"HOUSEHOLD"
SEWING MACHINE.

Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to three months' trial.
Samuel Hill Estate
CITY SALES ROOMS,
634 Market St.
Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

FALL STYLE HATS
Now ready and introduced by
HERRMANN THE HATTER.
The Largest Hat Store on the Coast.
332, 336 KEARNY STREET,
Between Bush and Pine Streets, San Francisco.
☞ Steam Factory connected with Establishment at 17 Belden St. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free.

MARBLE WORKS.
MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, Colored ITALIAN, and Statuary Marbles, Monuments and Headstones. W. H. McCORMICK, 827 Market St.

STORE YOUR FURNITURE
Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.
BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH
J. H. MOTT & CO.,
735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco
Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

DR. LORYEA'S
NEW HAMMAM
218 POST STREET.
The best and most luxurious Turkish, Russian, Electric, and Medicated Bath House in the city. Open day and night. Single tickets for $1, or twelve tickets for $10. My old tickets good.

INVENTORS' INSTITUTE,
105 STOCKTON STREET,
Corner of O'Farrell.
PATENTS PROCURED FOR $65, AND PATENTS Negotiated. Send for particulars.

J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS
And Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods,
415 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Bet. California & Sacramento, San Francisco

VICTOR ROTARY
TRICYCLE.
All parts interchangeable. One machine fits a whole family.
OVER 60,000 IN USE.
Faster than walking. Safer than horses.
GEO. H. STRONG, Agent,
Office of Dewey & Co., 252 Market St.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

JOE POHEIM,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Makes the best-fitting clothes in the State at 25 per cent. less than any other tailor in the city.
Business Pants made to order from..$ 6.00
Business Suits from..... 25.00
Dress Pants from..... 8.00
Dress Suits from..... 30.00
Other garments in proportion. The best of workmanship and trimming guaranteed. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free to any address on application to
JOE POHEIM,
203 Montgomery, 724 Market,
1110 & 1112 Market, and 11 & 13 Turk St.

W. R. STRONG & CO.
SACRAMENTO.


Wholesale Fruit and Commission Dealers.
Consignments solicited.

STORAGE.
Furniture and Pianos, Trunks, Paintings, Mirrors, Carpets, Ornaments,
And other goods received for storage and safe keeping. Goods stored in clean, light, dry lofts. Charges moderate, advances made, insurance effected. California Storage Warehouse, No. 722 MISSION ST., next to the Grand Opera House. THOS. H. ROONEY & CO.

CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS. CARDS.
MONOGRAMS, Arms, Crests, Wedding, Reception and Visiting Cards designed, engraved, and printed; lot Papeterie; Albums at great bargain. ROBERTS, 10 Post St., Masonic Temple.


### MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER MINING CO.

Location and principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 11th day of November, 1884, an assessment (No. 28) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the 19th day of Deember, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 8th day of January, 1885, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E ELLIOTT, Secretary.

Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

### CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 29th day of October, 1884, an assessment (No. 15) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the second (2d) day of December, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the twenty-third day of December, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

### SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 22d day of October, 1884, an assessment (No. 80) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the 26th day of November, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the fifteenth day of December, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

E. L. PARKER, Secretary.

Office—Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.


WALL PAPERS,
FRESCOING,
INTERIOR DECORATING
WINDOW SHADES.
G. W. CLARK & CO.
645 and 647 MARKET STREET.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*

# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Saturday, Nov. 1, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| ¶8.00 A.M. | ..Byron and Martinez..... | ¶6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " " " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa..... | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Delta, Redding, and Portland. | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Deming, El Paso} Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {and East.....} Emigrant.. | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Galt and Ione, via Livermore... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ..Galt, via Martinez ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Los Angeles and South..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | {Merced, Madera,} ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Fresno, and Tulare} ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Marysville and Chico..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Mojave and East} Express.... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {" " } Emigrant.. | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " ..... | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | {Ogden and} Express..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {East.....} Emigrant..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {Red Bluff} via Marysville.. | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {and Tehama} via Woodland.. | 6.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers.... | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José..... | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Stockton & *Milton via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ..Stockton, via Martinez..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " ..... | *12.10 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | ..Virginia City..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 8.00 A. M. meets Pacific Express from Ogden at Vallejo Junction; and that leaving at 8.30 A. M. meets Pacific Express from El Paso and Mojave at Oakland Pier.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

¶ Daily from Martinez. Sundays only from Byron.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier)**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23 *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23 *6.53, 7.53, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS.

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.


NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

BROAD GAUGE.

## WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

**Commencing Sunday, Nov. 16, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| † 6.50 A.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. .....Menlo Park..... | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 5.02 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.08 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. ....Principal Way Stations.... | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. ....Salinas, and Monterey... | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..... Watsonville..... Aptos, Soquel (Camp Capitola), ..... and Santa Cruz ..... | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.08 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (Sportsmen's train).

STANDARD OF TIME.—Trains are run on Pacific Standard Time (Randolph & Co.), which is ten (10) minutes FASTER than San Francisco Local Time.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

To Gilroy, San Jose, and intermediate points.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—Sold SUNDAY MORNING, good for return same day.

Also, to Monterey, Santa Cruz, Soquel, Aptos, Gilroy, San Jose, and intermediate points.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

## NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

### TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, November 17, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—9.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.45, 5.15 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M., 1.30, 5.00 P. M. To Saucelito only, 11.30 A. M,

Extra trip on Saturdays at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.45, 9.00 A. M., 12.15, 3.35, P. M.

(Sundays)—7.55, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.15, 5.00 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—3.15, 9.30 A. M., 1 00, 4.15 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.30, 10.35 A. M., 12.30, 3.50, 5 40 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 2.15 P. M.

**11.30 A. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAIN for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through train from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 1.30 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

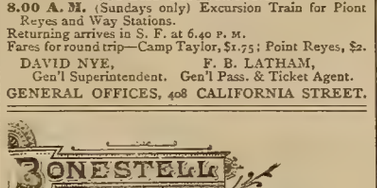
**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Piont Reyes and Way Stations.

Returning arrives in S. F. at 6.40 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Passenger & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.**

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 2 o'clock P. M, for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer 1884. From San Francisco

**San Pablo.....Thursday, December 18th**

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Rio de Janeiro.....November 22**

**City of Tokio .. .....December 6**

At 2 o'clock P. M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Colima .....December 1**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Australia**....Sunday, November 23, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on Nov. 7th, 15th, and 23d, and December 1st, and every eighth day thereafter. The last steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

MARIPOSA.....MONDAY, December 1st, at 3 P. M.

ALAMEDA..... MONDAY, December 15th, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

## THE AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY.

SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**

Office, 208 California Street.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church, Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. K. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER, J. W. PORTER. Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital .....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India. Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

## NATIONAL ASSURANCE COMPANY OF IRELAND.

**ESTABLISHED.....A. D. 1822**

Authorized Capital.....$10,000,000
Subscribed Capital..... 5,000,000

## H. M. NEWHALL & CO.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

**Office, 309 Sansome St., San Francisco.**

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**, Of London. Instituted 1803.

**London Assurance Corporation** Of London. Established 1720.

**Northern Assurance Company** Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.

**Queen Insurance Company** Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 18**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St. San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

# RUBBER HOSE

—FOR—

**Gardens, Mills, Mines, & Fire Departments,**

Manufactured and for sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard (Maltese Cross) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose (Competition), Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire Engine Hose, Carbolized Maltese Cross Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

**JOHN W. TAYLOR, - - - Manager.**

**No. 15 First Street, near Market.**

**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**

## THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.**

**36 California Street, San Fran**

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.




It was my good fortune once to travel for three days by rail with an old gentleman who had spent the better part of his life in the wilds of Australia. Although there had existed a long and well-sustained feud between him and the English grammar, he was one of the most delightful raconteurs that one would wish to listen to. Like all good story-tellers, he was a most stupendous liar, but the more gigantic his lies the more interesting his tales became. Happening one day to remark upon the utter absurdity of Christmas Day falling in midsummer, I discovered that the general topsy-turviness of Australia was a favorite inspiration with him, and that from the slightest beginning he could launch forth upon a series of wonders, beside which the tales of Munchausen would pale and the "Arabian Nights" themselves become colorless and drab. All that he asked was credulity in his hearers. Perfectly willing to render him so small a tithe, I sat, metaphorically, at his feet during the remainder of my journey, with the unquestioning faith of childhood in my eyes, and swallowed the most plumping lie he could present without one betraying wince.

Perhaps any one else could have told the same tales, though not so well; for when I came to look back upon them, they were simply a reversal of the usual order of things. For the savage of the bush in his native state walked backward, the leaves on the trees grew upside down, with the furry side out and the smooth side in, and the animals' tails grew out of their foreheads. There were many other marvelous reversals, but these are a fair sample; and when they were embellished with anecdote told with the simple directness of truth, Australia certainly seemed a very upside-down sort of place.

San Francisco is a kind of dramatic Australia. When it is the season anywhere else it is the dull time here; and when it is the dull time here, the theatres are booming elsewhere. Last week there were no less than five important first nights in New York, where the cream of the dramatic season comes between the first of November and the first of February. In San Francisco this is the period of utter and complete stagnation.

By some freak of fortune we have been having "The Private Secretary" to laugh at this fortnight past, and "The Private Secretary" is really and truly a dramatic novelty, even in the favored East. But his unhappy reverence will have ceased his gymnastics with the close of the present week, and dramatic affairs will again subside into their familiar wintry dullness. We shall not have an actual novelty again until Mr. Hayman opens with the reserved mysterious attraction at the California. As affairs begin to dull in New York all the novelties drift to us. They will come at exactly the wrong time of year, for we are neither heathen, nor savages, nor semi-barbarians, and preserve our Lenten feasts and fasts quite as seductively as though it had been given us to live upon the Atlantic sea-board. If Mapleson comes at all—and it has been his intention to give a six weeks' season in San Francisco—he will be here just during the forty days of Lent.

There are twenty Catholic and about a dozen Episcopal churches in San Francisco. Added to their congregations is a large circle of people who keep Lent quite absolutely, in the way of abstaining from pleasure, merely as a matter of fashion. Their puritan forefathers' righteous old Protestant hairs would stand on end if they knew it. But the fashionables console themselves with the thought that it is not a concession to papistry, but to *les convenances*. If all these people were afflicted with as much conscience as professed religion, it would play havoc with the opera season. They went last year, and relied audibly upon heaven to forgive them, because the unparalleled atttractions of the season were too great a temptation to resist. But we are having duller times this year, and conscience is a plant that thrives upon adversity. Many a one will stay home from the opera this year "because it is Lent" who went last March in despite of it.

With the exit of the opera and the Lenten season, the hegira to the country will begin to take place, since every year people are going away earlier and coming home later. The people in the East leave their homes in summer to get cool, and people in San Francisco leave them to get warm, if they can; and while they are gone all the great attractions of the metropolis will come, and there will be mutual aggrievance. The fashionables wonder why the companies didn't come in the season, and the companies wonder why all the fashionables do not come to see them.

The fact of the matter is, the topography and the area of the country are against us, and we must either accept the novelties in this way, or have them not at all. We are so far away that our theatres are really antipodean in their relations to New York, and this reversal of dramatic seasons is something that can not be helped. We must either hold our souls in patience, or set up a little dramatic principality of our own. Do you not like the idea of those saucy little republics tucked away in a corner or two of Europe, where a king on either side of them might put out his big, grasping hand and rake them in, yet they retain their customs, ideas, and individuality? We have sometimes been accused of a little buncombe in the independence of our opinions in San Francisco, which are never affected in the slightest degree by the verdict of any public. But it is not buncombe or aggressiveness, or any other of the disagreeable things of which we are sometimes accused. Our independence is born of distance. The enthusiasm or the apathy of the city on the other side of the continent cools or warms, or spends itself on the eastward slope of the Rocky Mountains, without reaching us. Few people read the New York papers except during a campaign, and the news of dramatic successes always comes by word of mouth. Our people are a restless, nomadic lot, and are always capering back and forth over the continent, and give only hasty impressions of what they have seen. We are, therefore, driven to think for ourselves.

What if we were to go a step farther in our sauciness and set up an aristocratic code of customs in our theatres? The people of merry England have been accused of taking their pleasure sadly. Yet, in no playhouses in the world are the audiences so brilliant as in the dark, dirty, musty, dingy English theatres.

An American lady, just returned from abroad, relates that, being one of a *partie carrée* who were going to Covent Garden one night, with souls full of anticipation, to hear Lucca and Scalchi sing together, they were denied admission at the door because the gentlemen were not in their dress clothes, and the thirty or forty dollars which they had expended on the tickets politely returned to them. The gentlemen, like any two indignant Americans, declined to change their garments for an evening's pleasure, and deprived the unhappy ladies who had had the forethought to go without their bonnets, of a musical treat which may never fall in their way again. Yet these are the rules that have made the London play-houses, and constituted their audiences the arbiters of the English-speaking dramatic world. No dramatic career is complete without a London success, and that success is not an intellectual triumph, as perhaps it should be; it is a fashionable one.

The English are the most rational people in the world in the matter of raiment, and dress themselves suitably for every occupation and pleasure in life. An English lady does not, therefore, go to an in-door entertainment of three or four hours' duration, during which time she is to sit in a heated atmosphere, with her head tied up in a comfortless structure of wire, velvet, and feathers or flowers. The rules forbid it, if she wanted to do anything so insane, and her own common sense never permits her to want to.

There is no more use or sense in a bonnet in the theatre than in a sealskin at the equator. Yet where is the American manager with pluck enough to forbid them? Besides all this, there is something radically vulgar in an evening bonnet. No one has ever yet seen one with the cachet of a great artist upon it, because in the fashionable centres such a thing is unknown. There are beautiful light summer trifles, to be worn where the sun beats fiercely in the summer months; but they are of no kin to that hybrid structure in light colors known in America as the evening bonnet. Those beautiful imported things which the lucky rich ones buy, under the hallucination that they are evening bonnets, are neither more nor less than French carriage bonnets, and only brought out in the fullness of their beauty, with richly harmonized colors, by the broad light of day.

The bonnet in the theatre, besides being neither useful, comfortable, nor sensible, is strikingly inappropriate. A dramatic representation is, or should be, an intellectual treat. The art itself represents the highest thing in nature, the emotion of the human art. In these days, in the better class of theatres, everything in and about the stage has been made the object of careful study and thought. If it be the revival of a buried time, it is an historical picture. If it be a comedy, there is at least an attempt to give the best manners, customs, and dress of the day in the most refined form. If it be even a melodrama, let it be said of the theatres that they never miss an opportunity to present a landscape with genuine artistic feeling. This, of course, in the first-class theatres. It is right and fair that ladies should go to the minstrels, to the minor theatres, to the lager-beer opera, to the dime museums, if they like, in their bonnets; but it is only meet and appropriate that they should sit in a first-class theatre unbonneted.

It is only by decree of the managers that this can ever come to be. There are no leaders in our little world of fashion. And if any one who is not a leader should attempt to set up such a style she would only be regarded as something queer and Australian, for it is only the Australian ladies whom we ever see in our theatres without bonnets. It is more than probable that the custom will yet reach democratic New York as a phase of Anglomania. Managers fear to try it yet, because it will temporarily interfere with the receipts; but it would be a good stroke of business at last. It gives to the house a gala look which draws. The more pomp and circumstance that people invest in anything, the more enjoyment they get out of it. Human nature is so constructed that people will growl and say it isn't so, but it is.

How many a man do we not all know who inducted himself nightly into his dress clothes with a string of protesting oaths during the Mapleson season, and went like a lamb night after night and couldn't be kept away? How many of these same men spent fabulous sums for boxes and seats who did not know a descending chromatic scale from the screech of a wounded hyena? They were not purchasing the chromatic scale, but the right to be one of a well-dressed, gay throng who enjoyed themselves, one and all, half-way by reflection. Our theatres are brighter, livelier, cleaner—though that's not saying much—than the London houses. The red satin curtain at the Baldwin has needed brushing this many a long day. At both the Baldwin and the Bush Street the passage-ways are so narrow that one becomes a violently compressed sandwich while one's neighbor is making his way to an inner seat. At the Grand Opera House one is set up on a high perch, a blue velvet one, it is true, while one's legs dangle vaguely and irresponsibly in the air. At the California, which is going to receive a touch of renovation, there is no one point from which a good view of the house is to be obtained. But they are all bright and pretty, handsomely painted, frescoed, decorated, and draped, and a brilliant audience looks well in any one of them. A bonneted audience is never a brilliant one.

Our people are actually hungry for occasions. Although there are so many among them who are absurdly rich, they do not seem to have the faculty of enjoying their wealth as people do in other countries. They are not given to continuous entertaining. Now and then they break out violently into a big ball or feast of some sort, and then retire forever from the field. The steady flow of small hospitality which keeps up all the small friction of life is unknown. Some few adventurous spirits essayed the five o'clock tea; but as their husbands came home to dinner at six o'clock instead of eight, after the manner of their English examples, the refection preceded the feast rather too closely, and the custom did not take.

Toby Rosenthal's beautiful picture of "Constance de Beverley" has attracted thousands of people, more than half of whom are attracted rather by the fact of there being some place to go and something to do, than by any genuine passion for art. In such a community theatre-going becomes necessarily a fixed habit, and it would be easier to introduce the refinements of theatre-going in a city of so much wealth and lack of resource for its spending, than in a place like New York, where social events abound. BETSY B.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

### Concert of the Loring Club.

On Tuesday evening the second concert of the Loring Club's eighth season took place at B'nai B'rith Hall, before the large and attentive audience which these occasions unfailingly call together.

The outward and material features of the scene were about as usual, and grouped themselves into that pleasant picture to which our eyes have become accustomed on Loring Club nights—a spacious and symmetrical room, filled with a soft brightness, and well-bred, well-dressed people; artistically printed programme-books; and the floral letters of the society's name (all blooming at this season with Shakespeare's Mary-buds and Marguerites) held above the stage by some invisible suspension. The old-new air of these agreeable details breathes upon one very familiarly. It is exceedingly like the atmosphere of many similar occasions. But it is not so with the music. Even if that is the same in selection, it is never the same in effect. You can not tell why, exactly, yet at one time the first sound of the voices strikes upon the ear like a big, cold trumpet-note. Again, it is like an organ tone; or there have been nights when the opening chord sent such a thrill through every nerve that you started in surprise, with eyes full of unmeaning tears. A delicious sense of out-door freedom and brightness rushed over one with the introductory Abt number, last Tuesday night. "On the Mountains" was as heartily, as accurately, and as stirringly sung as the most exacting musician could desire. This was followed by one of the best efforts of the evening, Rheinberger's "Morning in the Woods." The artistic standpoint from which this composer writes is an extremely delightful one. He undertakes his work with the spirit of a poet, and makes idea preëminent. At the same time he does not disdain a certain degree of imitative execution; and, as a result, his tone-pictures possess not only refined and expressive sentiment, but a large share of that realism which in modern art is the pride of the Parisian schools. The careful distribution of light and shade, the repose, and appreciative feeling with which the selection was given, marked it as a translation of noteworthy excellence. Very much out of the ordinary was the wild and oriental "Chorus of Dervishes" from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens." Its haunting refrain of "Kaaba, Kaaba," its difficult and dizzying accompaniment, and the uncanny visions it conjured up, all struck upon the audience with fantastic effect. People looked at one another questioningly; but as the final "Kaaba" smote the air a genuinely hungry applause burst forth. Its appeal, however, was ignored, and the chorus was not repeated. "On the Water," a second Abt composition, included a carefully sung and well-enunciated solo by Mr. Maguire, who was supported by a charming accompaniment from the chorus. A prominent solo part was also successfully taken by Mr. Walton in the succeeding and most ambitious number of the evening, the "Chorus of Spirits and Hours," from Dudley Buck's music to Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." The addition of a string quintet to the accompaniment of this beautiful and finely written music aided largely in what was a very complete rendering. The composition was repeated, by the way, from a former programme, but at this time with marked improvement. Mr. Moore contributed a pleasant solo in Abt's "May Night," and was supported by the usual chorus accompaniment, given with great taste and finish. The "German Dances" of Franz Schubert, arranged by Richard Heuberger, also embraced a solo part, allotted to Mr. Bettencourt. This number, taken altogether, was tedious, uninteresting, and poorly performed. The soloist was in bad voice, the chorus out of tune, and the ensemble effect uncertain and hesitating. The singers thoroughly redeemed themselves, however, in "The Young Lover," by Koschat. This was given so earnestly, so frankly, and so purely as to be peremptorily redemanded. The programme also included "Evening Rest," an unusually melodious and tender night-song by Hamma, and a closing March by Gungl. F. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Rosewald announce an invitation musicale to be given (with the assistance of Professors M. Espinosa and E. S. Kelley) at Irving Hall, Tuesday, November 25th, at eight o'clock. The programme is as follows:

1. Marcia, (for two pianos).....Goria
   Messrs. Espinosa and Kelley.
2. Concert Aria, (Italian text).....Mozart
   Madame Julie Rosewald.
3. 2d Polonaise, (Op. 21).....Wieniawsky
   Mr. J. H. Rosewald.
4. Andante Spianate e Polonaise, (Op. 22).....Chopin
   Mr. Espinosa.
5. Songs—*(a)* Gretchen am Spinrad (German).....Schubert
   *(b)* Once Again, (English).....Sullivan
   *(c)* Mazourka, (French).....Chopin-Viardot
   Madame Rosewald.
6. *(a)* Love Song.....Hauser
   *(b)* Tarantelle.....Holzhaus
   *(c)* Cradle Song.....Reber
   Mr. Rosewald.
7. Andante con Variazione.....Schuman
   Messrs. Espinosa and Kelley.
8. Variations-Concertant (voice and violin).....Artot
   Mr. and Madame Rosewald.

The Concert-Aria sung by Madame Rosewald, was composed by Mozart, in the year 1788, for his sister-in-law, Madame Lange, a celebrated fioritura singer of that period, and for whom also the rôle of "Queen of the Night," in the Magic Flute, was written. This aria has never before been sung in public in this country. The Variations-Concertant by Artot, were written for Madame Cinto-Damoreau, and played with the celebrated singer by the composer. The theme is by Paccini, and the cadenzas have been added by Mr. Rosewald. This composition is also a novelty in this country.

The *Sun* has lost its musical critic and the Century Club one of its most active members in the death of Mr. Francis Bowman. Mr. Bowman was a lawyer, with a great fondness for music. He was a good amateur performer and a good writer on the subject. He made the *Sun's* musical column extremely readable, and he contributed some notable musical articles to the "American Encyclopædia." The *Sun* prides itself upon having good writers on its staff, and it is saying a good deal for the cleverness of a man's pen that he is on the staff of this paper. The fact that Mr. Dana himself is a writer—and an exceptionally terse writer, too—has the effect of spurring his people to do their best.

After all these years it begins to transpire that solemn, lugubrious old Bach was sometimes actually trivial and frivolous. Some weeks ago a song that he wrote was exhumed and sung here, with most melancholy effect it is true, but still it was a song. It has now come to light that he once wrote a light cantata, called "Der Kaffee Klatch" (The Coffee Party). The plot is not distinctly humorous. It consists in a heavy old father's trying to wean his daughter from going to coffee parties, and promising her a husband if she would stop. The music is heavy, contrapuntal, florid, but it is interesting because it shows that the old man would sometimes have been funny if he could.

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

### Bills and Casts for Week ending November 22d.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill: C. H. Hawtrey's "The Private Secretary." Cast as follows:

Rev. Robert Spaulding, J. N. Long; Mr. Catermole, George Osborne; Douglas, George Wessels; Mr. Marsland, E. N. Thayer; Harry, Harry Mainhall; Gibson, William Simms; John, E. J. Holden; Knox, E. Ambrose; Thomas, Mr. Harrison; Edith, Miss Louis Calvert; Eva, Miss Esther Williams; Miss Ashford, Miss Annie Adams; Mrs. Stead, Mrs. May E. Hill.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Bill: Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Boucicault's "Arrah-na-Pogue." Cast as follows:

Shaun the Post, Mr. James M. Ward; Col. Bagnal O'Grady, J. W. Thompson; Beamish McCool, W. J. Kohler; Major Coffin, Charles Mathews; Mr. Michael Feeney, W. J. Elleford; The Sergeant, John Miller; Olney Farrell, J. H. Burns; Tim Cogan, D. Tracey; Andy Regan, R. Barbour; Pat Flanigan, J. Flaherty; Arrah Meelish, Miss Carrie Clark Ward; Fannie Power, Miss Minnie Young; Katty Walsh, Miss Fannie Young; Mary Finigan, Rose Millar.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, "Inshavogue."

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Closed during the week.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: Strauss's "Prince Methusalem. Cast as follows:

Prince Methusalem, Miss Hattie Moore; Pulcinello, Miss Kate Marchi; Sophistika, Miss E. Possezi; Sigismund, Harry Gates; Cyprian, E. N. Knight; Vulcanio, M. Cornell; Trombonius, R. D. Valerga.

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—F.W Stechhan, Manager. Standard Minstrel Company, as follows:

Charley Reed, J. Carroll Johnson, John Robinson, Crandall and Eastwood, Keegan and Wilson, Hooley and Thompson, W. S. Mullaly. The California Quartet—Morant, Wetter, Holland, and Wyatt. New Minstrel First Part. Reed's burlesque, "The Private Sack-I-Carry."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Manager. Bill: Monday, "Richelieu"; Tuesday, "Romeo and Juliet"; Wednesday, "Damon and Pythias"; Thursday, "Othello"; Friday, "Othello"; Saturday, "Romeo and Juliet," and "Macbeth."

At the Baldwin, next week, W. E. Sheridan in "The Fool's Revenge."

At the Bush Street, next Monday, Emerson's Minstrel Company.

At the California, next week, nothing has been announced.

At the Tivoli, next week, Lecocq's "Heart and Hand."

At the Grand Opera House, next week, George C. Miln, in "The Fool's Revenge."

The testimonial opera to Madame Godini has been unavoidably postponed. It will take place on Friday evening, November 28th. The postponement was on account of further rehearsals. The opera will be Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," in which Madame Godini will assume the rôle of Norina. The support will be Signor Baldanza, as Ernesto; Signor Lencioni, a basso buffo of reputation, as Don Pasquale; Signor Contini, as Doctor Malatesta, and Monsieur Morel as the Notary. Signor Spadina will be the conductor.

To-morrow (Sunday) evening, Mr. Charles P. Hall, treasurer of the Bush Street Theatre, will be the recipient of a testimonial benefit at that theatre. It is said that he will succeed Mr. Jay Rial as manager. Mr. Hall has shown such evidences of capacity in his position as treasurer that he will doubtless make an excellent manager.

The Milan Opera Company are not meeting with much success in the East. Messrs. Barton & McVicker have lost, including fares across the continent, some twenty thousand dollars during the past three weeks. And the Saturday matinée two weeks ago was not performed, as the chorus had struck for their salaries.

Mrs. Frank Chase, the wife of a journalist of this city, has arrived in New York, and will soon appear at the new Comedy Theatre.

James H. Love, the original manager of Emerson's Minstrels, will manage Emerson's new venture.

**CCCXXXVII.—Bill of Fare for Twelve Persons, Thanksgiving Day, November 27, 1884.**

Eastern Oysters.
Ox-Tail Soup.
Terrapin à la Maryland. Hominy.
Chicken Salad.
Beefsteak with Mushroom and Truffles.
Green Peas. Egg Plant.
Roman Punch.
Roast Turkey Stuffed with Chestnuts.
Sweet Potatoes. Cranberry Sauce.
Tomato, Mayonnaise Dressing,
Gruyére Cheese. Mince Pie.
Strawberries and Whipped Cream. Fruit Cake.
Apples, Bananas, Figs, Grapes, Japanese Persimmons, Peaches, Pears, Oranges, Nuts, and Raisins. Coffee.

BEEFSTEAK WITH MUSHROOMS AND TRUFFLES.—Take a large fine sirloin steak; cut into pieces as large as the rim of a cup. Have some butter in a frying-pan which has been thoroughly heated; fry the steak quite brown very quickly, so that it will not become dry. Two hours before you are ready to cook your steak, take two cans of French mushrooms, put them in a saucepan with their juice; let them slowly simmer for an hour and a half, then add some browned flour, two good tablespoonfuls of butter, salt, a trifle of cayenne pepper, half a cup of sherry wine, and two teaspoonfuls of the ground Mexican sweet pepper; slice a couple of truffles very thin, and let all boil for about ten minutes, then pour over the pieces of steak, cover and place on the end of the range, where it will steam but not cook, until needed.

Mrs. Enos Smith, formerly of San Francisco, who has sung for five years in the choir of the Church of the Unity, at Springfield, Mass., where she now resides, has resigned her position, and will sail for Europe in November. Mrs. Smith will remain a year at Paris, and study music with Madame Viardos, one of the famous Garcia family, and later with William Shakespeare, of London.

On Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 27, the Olympic Club will have their annual Olympian games at their grounds in Oakland. A very full programme has been prepared.

A RAILROAD SOCIAL ORGANIZATION.—The members of the Pacific Coast Passenger Agents' Association have organized a social club among themselves for the purpose of promoting harmony and good-fellowship. The club comprises representatives of the passenger department of the transcontinental trunk lines located in this city. Elegant apartments have been secured at 26 Montgomery Street, where they will receive their friends in a hospitable manner. About thirty-five honorary members have been elected, comprising our leading railroad dignitaries. The names of the contributing members are as follows: Chairman, Charles Macable; Secretary and Treasurer, H. B. Smith Jr.; members, Mr. P. G. Beam, Mr. Clinton Jones, Mr. Charles E. Fairbanks, Mr. J. M. Davies, Mr. Peter Harvey, Mr. J. G. McCall, Mr. William Bedell, Mr. J. B. Kirkland, Mr. John L. Truslow, Mr. D. W. Hitchcock, and Mr. N. B. Eddy.

**Rachel's Enamel Bloom.**

Many foolish women have ruined their appearance and impaired their health for life by the use of poisonous cosmetics and grease-paints. Had they been wise they would eave consulted their physicians and used Rachel's Enamel Bloom, a harmless face-wash which imparts a beautiful complexion, while its use can not be detected.

**For the Ladies.**

The best selected stock of rattan and willow wares ever shown on this coast is displayed at 16 and 18 Second Street, Grand Hotel building. Chairs, rockers, fire-screens, what-nots, work-baskets, hat-racks, etc., etc.; all new and fresh, at less than Market Street prices. Burr folding beds in large variety. H. H. GROSS.

**Improved Richmond Ranges.**

Before purchasing a stove, call and examine our celebrated Improved Richmond Ranges. Thousands of them are in use, and every one in working order. For sale only by the agents, Schuster Brothers, 306 Sutter, above Dupont, and branch store, 332 Montgomery Avenue, San Francisco.

**Exhibition of Rattan and Reed Goods.**

There is on exhibition at Nos. 16 and 18 Second Street, Grand Hotel Building, the finest line of Rattan and Reed goods ever shown on the coast. The line includes over a hundred patterns of chairs and rockers, work-baskets, hassocks, screens, easels, what-nots, centre tables, etc.—all marked in plain figures. Headquarters of Burr Folding Beds at same number. H. H. GROSS, 16 and 18 Second St., three doors from Market.

—LOVERS OF MUSIC IN THIS CITY HAVE OFTEN declared that, as a concert hall, the Metropolitan Hall, on Fifth Street, near Market, has no equal on the Pacific Coast. It has a large auditorium and handsome gallery, perfect acoustic properties, and the largest organ in San Fransisco.

— CELERY, BEEF, AND IRON, THE FRIEND OF the disordered and the enfeebled.

**Rachel's Enamel Bloom.**

This harmless preparation not only imparts a beautiful complexion—either blonde or brunette, as it is prepared in both shades—but it is a complete protection against the chapping and roughening of the face by our ocean winds, while its use can not be detected. It is for sale by all druggists.

FRENCH FLOWERS AND FEATHERS IN GREAT variety, and all the latest styles, at the Wonder Flower and Feather Store, 1024 Market Street.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— LADIES' BAZAR PATTERNS, 215 Dupont St.

—PERSONS SUFFERING with corns and bunions instantly cured by Dr. Halpruner, 850 Market St.

—STRELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— BECK'S BINOCULAR ENGLISH MICRCSCOPE, suitable present for a doctor, ornamental and useful. C. Muller, Optician, 135 Montgomery Steert, near Bush.

The Managers of the
**SOCIETY OF DECORATIVE ART**
OF CALIFORNIA will give a
**KETTLE-DRUM,**
—AT—
**B'NAI B'RITH HALL, on Tuesday Evening, Nov. 25th, from 8 to 12 o'clock.**

DANCING. Tickets, $1, for sale by the following managers and at the door on the evening of the entertainment:

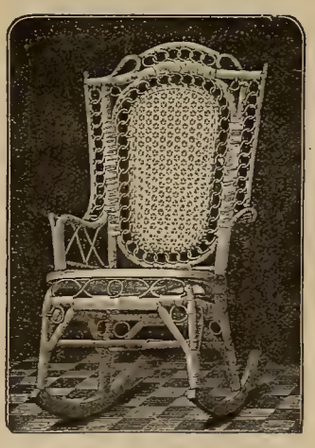
Mrs. L. L. Baker, 1882 Washington Street.
Mrs. Fisher Ames, Bella Vista.
Mrs. Robert Balfour, 1131 California Street.
Mrs. M. Castle, 621 O'Farrell Street.
Mrs. C. Cushing, 636 Sutter Street.
Mrs. J. M. K. Davis, Presidio.
Mrs. H. L. Dodge, 1298 Uan Ness Avenue.
Mrs. Dunn, Black Point
Mrs. Emmet, Presidio.
Mrs. Frank, Alcatraz Island.
Mrs. L. Gerstle, 1517 Van Ness Avenue.
Mrs. J. V. R. Hoff, Black Point.
Mrs. Austin D. Moore, 2121 Buchanan Street.
Mrs. W. F. McNutt, 808 Bush Street.
Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, corner Clay and Hyde Streets.
Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Fruit Vale.
Miss Atherton, 1350 California Street.
Miss Babcock, 11 Essex Street.
Miss Dodge, 1298 Van Ness Avenue.
Miss Jarboe, 917 Pine Sireet.
Miss Pomeroy, corner Clay and Hyde Streets.

**GRAND CONCERT.**
**CHRISTOFORUS,**
A legend composed for soli, chorus, and orchestra, by Josef Rheinberger, will be rendered by the
**LIEDERKRANZ,**
Assisted by the Orchestral Union and the following artists:
MISS DAISY BULLOCK, MRS. E. KEHRLEIN, MISS ALVINA HEUER,
**MR. JACOB MUELLER,**
Under the direction of Professor Wm. Toepke,
**Tuesday Evening, Nov. 25, at Metropolitan Hall, Fifth Street.**

Tickets, including reserved seat, $1: general admission, 50 cents. Tickets may now be obtained and seats reserved at Koerner's, 940 Market Street, under the Baldwin, from 9 A. M. till 9 P. M.

**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,**
Eddy Street, near Market.
KREILING BROS.....Sole Proprietors and Managers
Last Nights of Strauss's comic opera, in three acts,
**PRINCE METHUSALEM,**
Produced in a gorgeous manner, with an excellent cast.
Monday, November 24, Lecocq's comic opera,
**LITTLE DUKE.**
Admission, 25 cents.....Reserved seats, 50 cents

**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,**
**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.**



THE
**WAKEFIELD RATTAN CO.**
**No. 644 Market Street,**
**Have now in stock an immense variety of RATTAN CHAIRS, in all the latest and most elegant designs.**
**Without exception the finest line of Rattan Goods ever offered in this city is now on exhibition in our warerooms. Remember, nothing is more suitable for a CHRISTMAS GIFT than a WAKEFIELD CHAIR.**
**Send for our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. Goods delivered in Oakland and Alameda FREE OF CHARGE.**

**WANTED.**
**SAN FRANCISCO DIRECTORY** for the years 1866, 1872, 1873, 1877, at this office.

GREAT FREE
**EXHIBITION**
**ICHI BAN**
**20, 22, and 24 Geary Street**
.....OF THE.....
**ARTS AND MANUFACTURES**
.....OF THE.....
**JAPANESE EMPIRE**

**Established to introduce to the world the wonderful skill of the JAPANESE in the manufacture of USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL ARTICLES for house furnishing and decorating. The public is cordially invited to inspect this wonderful collection. COME OFTEN. BRING YOUR FRIENDS. ASK QUESTIONS. DO NOT PURCHASE. EVERYBODY WELCOME.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
**20, 22, & 24 GEARY ST.**

SACHS, PRUDEN & CO.'S
**FAMOUS GINGER ALE.**

This celebrated Ginger Ale is known everywhere, and is as popular in the cold-water districts of Maine as it is in the home of the soft-flowing Bourbon, or on the vine-clad hills of California. Put up in quart bottles. No family should be without it. For sale everywhere. John T. Cutting & Co., Sole Agents, 116 Front Street, San Francisco.



**FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR**
—AND—
**CLOTH OF GOLD**
**CIGARETTES.**
Our Cigarettes cannot be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883
**13 First Prize Medals Awarded.** **WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

**THE SIERRA MADRE VILLA HOTEL,**
**LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CAL.,**
**Is located on the south side of the Sierra Madre Mountains, one thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea.**
**ABOVE THE FOGS OF SEA AND VALLEY.**
It is in the midst of an ORANGE GROVE, overlooking the beautiful San Gabriel Valley. For comfort, a pleasant home, good living, PURE AIR, and sparkling mountain water, it has no rival. The Villa is fourteen miles from Los Angeles, and is reached by rail to within four miles, at San Gabriel station, where the stage meets all trains from East or West. Address by mail to San Gabriel, Cal., P. O., or telegraph to Villa.
W. GARDNER COGSWELL, Manager. W. COGSWELL, Proprietor.

**KNABE PIANOS**
"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*
**A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St., S.F.,** Sole Agents.

"Azule"
**THE FINEST**
**Pure Natural Mineral Water.**
Endorsed by the medical profession. For sale everywhere.

OIL STOVES
**Oil Stoves for Heating and Cooking. Oils and Lamps.**
**JOHN F. MYERS,**
**869 Market Street, S. F.**

**Library of Familiar Quotations.**
The Library of Familiar Quotations from English, American, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Latin, and Greek Authors. By Rev. C. T. Ramage, LL. D., and J. C. Grocott. A new and much improved edition. 5 vols., 12mo. Price per set, cloth, $10 00; half calf, $17 50; three-quarters levant moro co, $25 00. The volumes will be sold separately in cloth, as follows:
Familiar Quotations, with parallel passages from various writers. By J. C. Grocott. With Quotations from American Authors. By Anna L. Ward, co editor of "The Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations. $2.co.
French and Italian Authors, with English Translations. By C. T. Ramage. $2.00.
German and Spanish Authors, with English Translations. By C. T. Ramage. $2.co.
Greek Authors, with English Translations. By C. T. Ramage. $2.00
Latin Authors, with English Translations. By C. T. Ramage $2.00
**GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,**
**Publishers, New York.**

**Filippe's Academy of Languages.**
Established 1871, has removed to more commodious and pleasant quarters, 702 Market Street, corner of Geary. Professor DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. "UNIQUE" method of acquiring foreign languages, where students have not the opportunity to practice. Fine library, and periodicals from Spain and France free to scholars.

**ANTI-FAT.**
The Greatest Discovery of the Age, by an English Lady, who has, by close study and practice, found a remedy whereby persons of either sex can be reduced in flesh at the rate of five to eight pounds a month without injury to health or looks, the skin on body and face retaining its smooth appearance. Address Postoffice box 1925, San Francisco.

**REMOVAL.**
**MRS. DR. BEIGHLE** has removed to 618 EDDY STREET. **Galvanic Healer—Natural Battery.** Diagnosis without questioning. Hours, 1 to 4; Ladies and Children only.

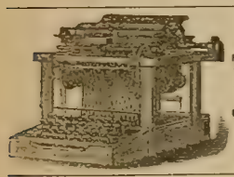
**COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION,**
**Phelan's Building, Rooms 6, 8, 9, 10, 11.**
**Entrance, 806 Market Street.** Gas Specialists; positively extract teeth without pain; only office that makes and gives the celebrated "Colton Gas;" established in 1863; over 15,000 references; also, performs all operations in Dentistry.

**NOVEMBER STYLES.**
**BUTTERICK'S**
**Patterns and J. F. Ingalls' Illustrated** for Ladies' Fancy Work, Kensing on Embroi and Knitted Lace, Patchwork, etc. **H. A. I Agent, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**




See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

J. W. EVANS,
General Agent, 29 Post Street.



Remington
STANDARD
Type-Writer.
Again improved and perfected. See them.
G. G. WICKSON & CO.,
539 Market St.,
Opp. Sansome. S. F

FINEST PHOTOS IN THE CITY
....AT THE....
IMPERIAL GALLERY,
724½ Market Street.

ELITE BOUQUET
—AND—
PECK'S PREMIUM PERFUMES,
(ALL ODORS).

GERSTER GLOVES!
Elegant, Perfect-fitting, and Durable,
....AT....
I. KEINER'S, 32 KEARNY ST.

REMOVAL.
EDWARD E. OSBORN, Patent Solicitor, United States and Foreign, has removed to 220 Sansome Street, Rooms 10, 11, and 12, San Francisco.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.
Commission Merchants,
San Francisco,
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
Liberal advances made on consignments.

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.
General Shipping and Commission
MERCHANTS,
309 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
TILES
For Decorations.
W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

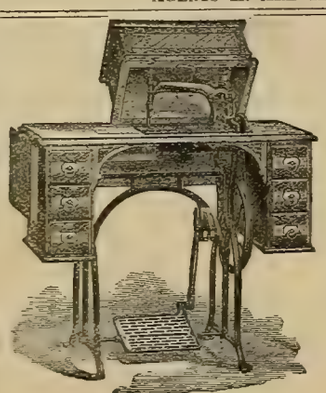
LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.
Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers of FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
HENRY F. MILLER
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
HEMME & LONG
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
PIANOS!
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.
We beg to inform the trade that we have constantly on hand for sale in lots to suit, in bond or duty paid: GEORGE GOULET & CO.'S Champagnes, in quarts, pints, and half-pints; DUMEZIL & JOLIVET, Bordeaux, a full assortment of Clarets and Sauternes; FRIEDRICH SEYLER, Deidesheim, Rhine Wines of most popular brands; F. DUMEZIL, Cognacs; XEREZ DE LA FRONTERA, Cadiz, Sherries; SILVA & COSENS, Oporto, Port Wines; GEORGE ROE & CO., Dublin, Irish Whiskies; CANTRELL & COCHRANE, Belfast, Ginger Ale; Club Soda Water, Sparkling Montserrat and Lime-Juice Syrup; a full line of French and Amsterdam Liqueurs and Cordials; a full line of Bourbon and Rye Whiskies; H. CLAUSEN & SON Brewing Co., New York, celebrated Export Champagne Lager Beer. Special discount to the trade according to quantity.
ALFRED GREENEBAUM & CO.,
123 CALIFORNIA STREET. SOLE AGENTS.

ICHI BAN
FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

FIREMAN'S FUND
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA.
THE LARGEST PACIFIC COAST COMPANY.
CAPITAL, - - - - - - - $750,000
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1883, - - - - $1,500,000
AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.



Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
[303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

UNEXCELLED!
Ask your Grocer for
ARCTIC REFRIGERATOR HAMS,
ROYAL BREAKFAST BACON
ROYAL LEAF LARD,
All Guaranteed Choice Family Goods.



PRICE'S SAN LEANDRO
VILLAGE PHAETON, $135.
Without Top, $110.
Lightness, Elegance, and Durability combined. Guaranteed to ride as smooth as the best four-wheeled vehicle.
Sold subject to approval on arrival. Send for catalogue.
TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA
ELECTRO PLATING WORKS,
657 MISSION STREET,
Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating on all Metals.
Table Ware repaired and plated at the lowest rates. Copper Plates silver plated for saving gold. All work in our line guaranteed. KEATING & FAGAN, Proprietors.

Contract for Fall and Winter Supply
....OF....
COAL
For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street. Telephone 308.

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

Steinway & Son's, Kranich & Bach, | Ernest Gabler, and C. Roenisch
PIANOS!
M. GRAY, 206 POST ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY
OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET.
Works.....Potrero.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

JOHN MIDDLETON,
COAL.
14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.

ROOFS. SEND YOUR ORDERS EARLY for repairs to H. G. FISKE, THE PIONEER ROOFER.
827 Market Street, opposite Stockton.

BOUND VOLUMES
.....OF.....
THE ARGONAUT.
Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, XIII, and XIV.
Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office, No. 213 Dupont Street.

GERMEA
FOR BREAKFAST,
DELICIOUS
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. NO. 22. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 29, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: The *Argonaut's* Position on the Temperance Question—The Republican Party is a Stronger Advocate of Temperance than the Prohibition Party—And the Prohibitionists have deserted the Republicans—The Similarity of the Prohibitionists of 1884 and Abolitionists of 1844—They are Equally Useless for Practical Results because of their Fanaticism and Puerility—We do not Believe in Prohibition, but in Temperance—A Southern Gentleman Comments on Two Sentences in a Recent *Argonaut* Editorial—He Failed to See our Irony—And Brings a Local Example to Disprove our General Statement—Some Thoughts Suggested by his Admission about the Color-line.....1-3

"BILL SHELBY," A Story of the War. By J. S. of Dale..... 4

OLD FAVORITES: Lyrics by Frederick Locker—"Geraldine," "My Mistress's Boots"..... 5

STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—The Honest Auctioneer—He Approved of It—The Irish Patriot—Anecdotes of Tom Corwin and Zach. Chandler—Our American Aristocracy—Telepathy—The Railroad Superintendent and the Tramp..... 5

NEW YORK GOSSIP: "Flaneur" Discourses of Election Bets and Political Parsons—Of Slogging-Matches, and the Wilson-Astor Wedding—And Describes Irving's "Malvolio" and Miss Terry's Stride..... 6

THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest..... 6

THE EYES: How to Read One's Character by those "Windows of the Soul"..... 7

BILL NYE'S BUDGET: The Approaching Humorist—The Board of Trade.. 7

WILSON BARRETT'S HAMLET: "Cockaigne" Discusses its Many Innovations in Text and Acting—And Reviews the Row between Lord Marcus Beresford and the Editor of *Vanity Fair*—As usual, there is a Woman in the Case—An Interesting Budget of Theatrical and Social Gossip from London..... 8

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People all Over the World..... 8

VANITY FAIR: How She was Photographed—A few Words about Tight Boots—A Novelty in Interior Decorations—The Stocking Must Go—Driving Etiquette in Boston—Mrs. Astor's Laces—Fall Fashions in False Hair—An Old Lady's Cosmetic—English and American Modes of Address—The Styles in Kid Gloves..... 9

THE INNER MAN: Wine for the Imperial Table—A Vegetarian Menu—*A la Carte* or *Table d'hote* on Transatlantic Steamers—How Brazilians Eat Oranges..... 9

LITERARY NOTES: Some New Books—Juvenilia—Gossip about Literary People—Miscellaneous Notes..... 10

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day..... 10

SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip..... 11

MUSICAL NOTES: The Norton Recital—The Rosewald Concert..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record... 14

This journal has the right to claim that it is the friend of temperance reform. During the entire period of its existence it has allowed no proper opportunity to pass that it has not availed itself of it to declare its opinions in reference to the use of alcoholic drink. Three years ago, we openly, and as forcibly as we could, advocated the election of a prohibition candidate for Governor of this State. Our motives for supporting Dr. McDonald as against Mr. Estee were mixed, and it would not be ingenuous if we did not so declare; but we should have taken some other course to have made our opposition to Mr. Estee effective if we had not felt that the question of temperance reform was one of importance, and one that, by reason of its importance, demanded the serious attention of practical men. Before that campaign, during its continuance, and since, we have declared that we were not "Prohibitionists." Our position has been in substance this: The use of alcoholic drink is the cause of great evil. Of all the existing evils, it is undoubtedly one of the greatest. It is the most widespread. The poverty and crime that exist in this country are more directly traceable to alcoholic drink than to any other, or than to all other causes. Because it promotes ignorance, leads to idleness and consequent poverty, instigates crime and thereby requires the establishment and support of penitentiaries and prisons, poorhouses and asylums, it comes rightfully within the province of legislative control. It is a politico-economical question, and should be regarded as such by all tax-paying citizens. It is a proper subject for legislation. The vice of intemperance is not confined in its evil consequences to the person who indulges in it. It throws the victim—and all who may be dependent on him—upon the public for support. If the drunkard could crawl to some secret hiding-place and wallow out his debauch, leaving no ill effects upon society, we might leave him to those humanitarians who desire to reform him, or those religious folk who think he has a soul to save. For this kind of people we have great respect; only we think they accomplish precious little good. For now these full fifty years we have watched these temperance societies; and if the temperance millennium is ever to come through the prayers of Christians or the exertions of good women, or the efforts of religious societies, we are convinced that it will come too late for us. The regulation and control of alcoholic traffic, the limitation of the use of alcoholic drink, will come through political action. Hence, it is a practical question, and, like all practical questions, it is one of give and take. The only advance that the temperance movement has made in any of the American States is through political agitation and through legislation. In our judgment, the nomination of a national presidential candidate by the Prohibitionists at this time was a mistake. If temperance makes any advance step of progress, it will be by the aid of the Republican party. To alienate that party is to embarass and hurt itself. Within the Republican party are two kinds of temperance folk—one, a woeful little minority of one-idead men, comprising, in all the States, some two hundred thousand voters. Of the Republicans in all the States, there are nearly six millions. With this band of temperance men there is a very zealous band of women, making up for their energy what they lack in other qualities, but altogether, men and women, a mere handful. An overwhelming majority of the Republican party are thoroughly temperate in their use of intoxicating drinks. Millions of them do not use alcohol as a beverage at all; other millions use it temperately and not to their hurt, and the pervading sentiment of this great national, controlling party has recognized the necessity of legislating in the direction of temperance reform. Maine, Vermont, Ohio, Iowa, and Kansas are the States where temperance legislation has made the most headway; these are all Republican States. The temperance zealots, well knowing that this question was properly a State question; knowing that it could not become a national question for the accomplishment of any practical result; knowing the importance of the presidential election; thinking that the life of the party hung upon the election of Mr. Blaine; believing that they held the balance of power between two great national parties—determined, with prearranged deliberation, to so cast their vote that it would destroy the Republican party organization. In the Democratic party the temperance people had no friends. In it was the majority of their enemies. In Maine, Vermont, Ohio, Kansas, Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, New York, Brooklyn Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco, and Oakland, there had been an effort at temperance reform. All the aid came from Republicans, and all the opposition came from Democrats. Yet this minority of Prohibitionists said to themselves: "We will so use our votes that we will drive the Republican national administration out of power, and we will turn the government of the nation over to the Democracy. Because the Republican party will not at this time go with us—the minority—will not at any time go as far as we desire, and will not go as fast as we wish; because this great unwieldy majority can not, or will not, keep step to our little squad of sharpshooters; because this great army of temperance people, with their heavy artillery, their siege guns, their ammunition wagons, their army stores, their hospitals, and ambulances, because they do not, or will not, hurry up and join us in the skirmish line—we will go over to the enemy and aid the Democracy to destroy them." This is what the Prohibition party has done. It has joined the invading army, which upon its banners proclaims that no restraint shall be put by legislation upon the manufacture or sale of alcoholic liquor, and no limitation by law be enacted for its use. It aids the army of opposition to any kind of temperance reform. It practically allies itself with manufacturers and dealers in Bourbon and beer—with the bummers and guzzlers, the topers and tramps. It says to the *Argonaut* and its readers: we do not desire your aid unless you will subordinate all your opinions to ours; unless you will admit that prohibition is the *only* question in national politics, and that every other must be subordinate to it, we will destroy your party. And what reply will the *Argonaut* and its readers make to this arrogance of assertion and this treason of action? We shall say to Mr. St. John and Mrs. Emily Pitt-Stevens that they are crazy fanatics, and that, although they have punished us, they have not convinced us; though they have betrayed and embarrassed us, they have not destroyed our confidence in our own opinions, and more than that, their treacherous and most ungrateful conduct has not even surprised us. We knew that they were unreliable as allies and unsafe as leaders, and that whether they join the Democratic party or come back to the Republican, or, like the foolish and crazy idiots we consider them to be, they stay by themselves, the Republican party will continue to be the great practical, sensible temperance party, and will move steadily along in its own way. This inexcusable and shameful treachery of the Prohibition people will, of course, embarrass us for a time. Desertion and treason in an army is always an embarrassment. It has caused a great many good temperance advocates to feel very bitter against the St. John following. This threat of the Prohibitionists that they will compel the Republican party to come to them is foolish, idle, and impertinent. Two hundred thousand have no right to undertake to dictate to six millions. The minority has no right to dictate to the majority. Prohibitionists have the legal right to vote as they please; they have the legal right to say that no one shall drink wine, or smoke cigars, or eat hot bread, or read dime novels in yellow covers, or do an hundred other things that are prejudicial to the health and morals of the community; but when it comes to compelling these things by legislation, then they must wait until they get into the majority. If they think they have advanced the temperance cause by this narrow-minded, useless, and ill-tempered assault upon the Republican party, or that they will gain advantage in the future by opposing or wrecking the Republican party, we can only say we think they will find themselves much mistaken.

One of the most absurd positions taken by this small band of hot-headed zealots is when—as they constantly do—they compare themselves to the early Abolitionists. It is in the mouths of them all, women and men, the comparison between the Prohibitionists of 1884 and the Abolitionists of 1844. The Abolitionists accomplished nothing during all their long years of agitation. They would not have accomplished anything to this day if they could have had their own way. It is perhaps true that they precipitated the civil war by their illegal conduct in aiding negroes to escape, and in arousing opposition to the enforcement of laws at the North for the capture of fugitive slaves. It is impossible to estimate the moral force or measure results that come from the agitation of such questions as slavery and intemperance. The Republican party did not spring from the Abolition party; did not accept, nor adopt, nor endeavor to enforce its principles. The Republican party was not organized for the emancipation of slaves. It distinctly disavowed its intention to interfere with slavery in States where it was authorized by law. It was the insolence of the slave power that brought about the abolition of slavery. The Democratic party, under the arrogance of Southern dictation, declared the right of the slave-owner and his intention to carry slavery to the territories, to free soil. To resist this the Republican party sprang into power. It was composed of Whigs, conservative Democrats, and the little band of Abolitionists who had not elsewhere to go. The Republican party was composed of clear-headed, practical men. The Abolition party was composed then, as is the Prohibition party now, of impracticable men and women. The S

clared war against the Union in the interest of slavery, and the result of the war was the emancipation of the slaves. The Abolitionists cut no sort of figure in bringing about the freedom of slaves. Only one Abolitionist—as such—ever entered the Congress of the United States; that was Joshua Giddings. The Prohibitionists of to-day and of California have within their ranks the same kind of cranks. We must not measure all temperance men by the vagaries of the minority that voted for St. John. When Dr. McDonald ran for Governor of California, he received nearly six thousand votes, and this was only a partial expression of popular opinion in the temperance direction. It was a hot contest between Stoneman and Estee, between the Democratic and the Republican parties. At the recent Presidential election in California St. John received in San Francisco two hundred and forty-three votes, and in the State less than three thousand. In the State of New York, out of more than one million three hundred thousand ballots, something more than twenty thousand were for St. John; and out of nearly twenty millions in the broad land, St. John received about two hundred thousand. These figures are too contemptible to justify any threats by the Prohibitionists as to what they will do with the Republican party, or to make it of any serious importance what they intend to do in the future. The accident of the close contest in New York, which made the Prohibition vote seemingly decisive of the result, may not occur again in a generation. As for the Prohibition party in California, and especially in San Francisco, it is too contemptible in numbers, too infirm of purpose, and too dishonest in its political methods, to command the serious attention of any honest man. That the temperance movement has been retarded and reform received a serious set-back by this ill-considered attempt to thrust itself into national politics, we do not doubt. The *Argonaut* has never advocated prohibition; does not and never did believe in it; thinks the party has no higher moral right to prevent its editor from drinking wine, if he thinks it good for himself, than it has to declare that the male community should not eat hot bread, or eat pork, or the female community to wear corsets, powder their faces, or dye their hair as many of them do, and as all have the right to do. It is the desire of those who compose a large majority of the Republican party to aid in promoting temperance reform—in securing the manufacture and allowing the sale of only pure liquors; of taking the traffic in liquors from the family grocery; and of forbidding anybody to sell liquor except he be a man of good character and discretion. Let its traffic be guarded, as is the traffic in poisonous drugs, and licenses should be properly arranged. Option should be allowed to the citizens of different political jurisdictions to determine this question, each locality for itself. Personally, the writer would consent that no alcohol should be manufactured for use, or sold as a beverage, and this he would do in aid of the weak and irresolute who can not control their appetites. But we have not determined that it would be morally profitable to destroy the vines in this country, or that it would aid the weak or irresolute. We are not yet convinced that good, pure wine is not a temperance agent. If it is better to drink wine than brandy, we recommend wine; if lager beer than wine, we recommend beer; if water than beer, then water. There are a thousand practical considerations involved in this temperance question. Men differ concerning them, and they have the right to differ. The temperance question is not the only one, and we are not prepared to admit that it is the most important practical question that can come before the people. It is *one* of the questions that the Republican party ought to consider and eventually determine. Judging from our own feelings at this time, we do not hesitate to say that the little squad of St. John Prohibition idiots will not aid the temperance reform movement by boasting that they have defeated the Presidential election of Mr. Blaine.

Extract from a private letter:

*Clarksville, Tenn., November 18, 1884.*—I have enjoyed the *Argonaut* very much. Many of the articles are strongly written, but the editor is either misinformed on a point or two, or worse. I have great respect for the utterances of an opponent when I am convinced that they spring from candid convictions, and show some vigor of thought and mental ability, and enjoy them though I do not at all agree with the positions taken; and so I have enjoyed the *Argonaut*. But when I have strong reasons for believing that a man lies when there is a temptation to do so, or when it suits his purpose, I at once lose all pleasure in reading anything that he writes, having no confidence in the honesty and sincerity of his utterances. I am very sorry to be able to quote the following sentence from page two of the 8th instant. In speaking of Cleveland the editor says: "Now that there is no further inducement or temptation to lie about him, we may admit that we know of no reason why he shall not make as good an administration as it is possible for any Democrat to make." The editor is misinformed on one point, at least, so far as the South is concerned. I can't speak about California, because I don't know. He says, "We do claim that within the Democratic lines there is a majority of the disloyal, criminal, profligate, and impecunious class." He may "*claim*" that, knowing that his claim is not warranted by the facts. If so, his claim is insincere and dishonest. But if he believes that he makes a just claim, he is misinformed so far as the South is concerned. It is all stuff talking about disloyalty. That is the shallowest bosh and rubbish, fit only to feed to narrow-minded, unmeaning partisans. There is no more disloyalty in our party than another, and none—I take it—in either. But it is an easily ascertained fact, from the inmates of penitentiaries, jails, work-houses, and poor-houses, that although the Democrats in the South largely outnumber the Republicans, fully three-fourths of the criminal, profligate and impecunious class are Republicans and almost entirely negroes. I sincerely hope, etc., etc.

Sincerely and truly, yours, L. R. C.

If the gentleman, from whose letter to a friend we have been permitted to make the above extract, had been a "constant" instead of an "occasional reader of the *Argonaut*, he would have appreciated the satire of the lines he quoted. If he had known that we had gone through a heated canvass, in which there had been an unstinted use of detraction, personal abuse, vilification, and lies; a campaign in which the press vied with the stump in personal defamation, and in which orators and editors of all parties rivaled each other in the effort to libel and slander the candidates; a campaign into which wives and mothers were not sacred from malicious and defamatory assaults; if, we say, he had been a constant reader of the *Argonaut*, and had observed that it indulged in no such blackguardism, but placed its advocacy of Mr. Blaine and its defense of the Republican party upon a higher plane, and that it did not lie about Mr. Cleveland, and sought to make no political capital out of party misrepresentations, this intelligent reader would have understood the "sarcasm." If he could have read the San Francisco *Examiner;* if he did read the New York *Times*, *Post*, *Herald*, and *Harper's;* if he kept himself posted in reference to the accusations against both Presidential candidates—the Mulligan letters, the infamous accusation of the wretched editor in Indianopolis, the equally disgraceful assaults upon the private character of Cleveland, the malignant cartoons of *Puck* and Nast, the whole drift of a campaign distinguished above all other campaigns for the bitterness and vileness of its personalities—he would have appreciated the relief with which we wrote: "*Now that there is no further inducement or temptation to lie, we may admit,*" etc. The "*we,*" as used by us, generously embraces *all* the liars of the press and *all* the liars of the stump who have disgraced themselves and the country by their mode of conducting a political campaign. When we said "that within the Democratic lines there is a majority of the disloyal, criminal, profligate, and impecunious class," we uttered a general truth to which the fact of the criminal and impecunious element of the Southern negro is but exceptional. In almost all of the great Northern cities the Democratic party has the ascendancy. In those cities dwell the great bulk of the idleness and thriftlessness of the country. The Democratic party comprises the great bulk of the more ignorant part of the foreign element—noticeably the Pope's Irish. In the city of San Francisco a very large majority of our criminal and pauper population, a very large part of our idle, impecunious, and dependent classes, are members of the Democratic party. In those States, localities, and communities that are largely agricultural—we mean the communities of small farmers and confine our observations to Northern States—most of the farmers, a very large majority of them, are Republican. We declare that it is our fixed opinion that of the native-born Americans and the foreign-born who are naturalized, if a census could be taken of those who possess good moral character, intelligence, wealth, and who industriously pursue legitimate pursuits, it would be found that a great many more of them are Republican than Democratic. In claiming this for the Republican party of the North we are disposed to agree with our Southern friend as to the truth of his assertions concerning the colored Republicans of the South. It is seldom that we obtain from any source the frank admission that in the Southern States the color line is the party line. Does not this emphasize somewhat the statements and figures contained in Mr. Blaine's last speech? Does it not justify us of the North in accrediting some of the "outrage" statements, and explain the too frequent anomalies of unarmed negroes attacking well-armed whites, and by their offensive and aggressive conduct inviting their own deaths? Does it not seem to afford a colorable pretext for the assertion that there is not a free ballot at many places in the South, and that the ballot-box is not accessible to the black Republican, and that a solid South with its solid one hundred and fifty-three electoral votes is in part attributable to the fact that the party line is the color line? And if the darkies of the South are not as industrious and as provident and as free from criminal practices now as before the war, not as free as when in slavery, we beg to ask whose fault it is? We submit the conundrum, whether slavery, white civilization, the Democratic party, the civil war, the present attitude of the white race toward the black race, are not in part responsible for the immoral practices and the profligate, idle habits of the blacks? That there is more loyalty, or an equal amount, in the South as at the North, we are not so much disposed to question as before the election. In fact, when we compare the brave Southern soldier—of which our correspondent was one—with the contemptible and cowardly Northern Democrati copperhead, and consider the kind and quality of loyalty we are almost persuaded to admit that the North has very little to be proud of. There was a time when brave men in arms were contending upon bloody fields to decide th question, and then we thought that the home of loyalt was in the North and in the hearts of Northern men; bu when we consider the vote of New York, Indiana, Connecticut, and New Jersey; when we think of Tom Hendricks, the copperhead, we weaken somewhat. Most earnestly and most sincerely do we hope that our Souther friend does not place a vain reliance upon the loyalty o the Democratic South, and that in the administration o President Cleveland it may be relied upon to counte balance the disloyalty and treason that still linger amon the cowardly copperhead traitors of the North—a band o vipers, which this unexpected Democratic victory ha warmed into suspicious activity. We mean to be generou in our estimate of Southern men and rebel soldiers. W mean to be honest when we write about them, and, sometimes we err, let the Southern gentleman and soldie remember the disadvantages that beset us The large bulk, and the noisier representatives of the South wh have found their way to California, and who take activ part in Democratic politics, are not gentlemen, and wer never soldiers, or, if soldiers, they limped unwounded fro battle-fields to become willing captives of war. They up hold slavery most who never owned a slave; they prat most of scars who never felt a wound; they are loudest i bewailing the losses of the civil war who had nothing t lose; they talk most—with their mouths—of the "los cause" who never struck a blow in its defense. Whe the gentlemen of the South and the gentlemen of th North—the men of character, intelligence, wealth, an honest pursuits industriously followed—shall come to gether with the honest purpose of loyalty to good govern ment, we shall have a national American party, in whic there will be found but few traitors, criminals, profligates and paupers, and not a single copperhead or Democrat.

In calling attention in last week's *Argonaut* to the at tempted assassination of M. H. De Young by Adolph Spreckels, we began our article by writing, "From all tha is apparent upon the surface," etc. We had heard—fo the community was full of such reports—that betwee these young men there were differences which led to th shooting, altogether independent of the *Chronicle's* criticism upon the reciprocity treaty, or the collapse of the Hawaiia Commercial Company. We know, from the information of a confidential and intimate friend of Mr. De Young that they had no personal acquaintance, had never spoke to each other, and had never met until the time of the ren contre. We have read again the articles that moved the murderous ire of young Mr. Spreckels, and find in them nothing to excuse or palliate the murderous intent of hi most cowardly and inexcusable crime. In reference t the failure of the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company, we find very few who do not hold the elder Spreckel free from any guilty intention or dishonest act connected with that most unaccountable commercial fiasco. It i said that the dividends were declared during his absence at the Sandwich Islands. It will be remembered that there were two dividends, and that information is carried to the islands and returned in less than thirty days, even if the presumption can be entertained that Mr. Spreckels's associates, sons, and directors would take the responsibility of declaring away in dividends a hundred thousand of unearned dollars. It is claimed by Mr. Claus Spreckels's friends that neither he nor his sons have sold any of their stock at the advanced figure, but, as we understand the law, the entire plant, in case of forfeiture of lease, goes to Mr. Spreckels, the owner of the land. If the thirty-years' lease of sugar lands is forfeited and foreclosed, sugar-houses, implements, and machinery, for which some millions have been expended, and for one million of which Mr. Spreckels has become individually liable, will become, as we take it, the property of Mr. Spreckels; and that when the débris of ruin is swept away Mr. Claus Spreckels will find himself the owner of many thousands of acres of sugar lands, well equipped with splendid sugar-mills, machinery, agricultural implements, mules, cattle, roads, water-works, an elegant residence, and homes for laborers, with a well organized labor system. If we are correct, the Spreckels, father and sons, can well afford to hold on to the stock they did not sell at advanced prices caused by their—mistake. We can not at all understand how a commercial enterprise, based upon so old and thoroughly exploited an industry as growing cane and making crude sugars could have come to so sudden and ruinous an end. How, by any honest possibility, this or any other legitimate business enterprise, the capital of which was invested as this money is presumed to have been, in lands and machinery, could have so thoroughly and completely collapsed, we can not conceive. There was nothing like it in the wildest days of our min-

ing excitement. It is altogether anomalous that the shares of a commercial and business enterprise, in which there was no element of gambling, should have so suddenly fallen from sixty-seven dollars to zero. We may be pardoned if we say that those who have made money and retired from this venture, and those who being secured from loss remain in, owe it to those who invested at high prices and withdrew ruined, to explain this business, and that, too, as soon as convenient. These gentlemen of the Spreckels family, their business associates, and friends, who have had the management of these funds, owe it to themselves and to the community in which they live, to give some explanation of what has—without explanation—some appearance of being more than the ordinary miscarriage of a commercial venture.

The remains of young Leland Stanford, who died some months ago at Florence, in Italy, were on Thursday last deposited in the mausoleum prepared for them at the family country residence at Menlo. The imposing ceremonies attending their final disposition and the mournful pageant of their removal across the continent are fully described in our daily journals. The community in which Governor Stanford has so long resided, and for which he has done so much, is deeply sympathetic with him and Mrs. Stanford in their great affliction. The loss of their only child—upon whom was centred all their affections, and the promise of whose youth satisfied all their love and ambition—was to them a deep and irreparable infliction, and for which there is no seeming consolation in this world. California has lost not less than the parents in his early death, for had he kept the promise of his boyhood, and had the love he always exhibited for the place of his birth been allowed to ripen and mature, we can not doubt that the city of Sacramento, where he was born, of San Francisco, the city of his home, and California at large would have enjoyed the benefits of his abnormal fortune and generous heart. All good people who have a spark of human sentiment in their bosoms will sympathize with these bereaved parents in their great sorrow. The inscription upon the sarcophagus reads:

Born in Mortality
May 14, 1868,
LELAND STANFORD JR.
Passed to Immortality
March 13, 1884.

May we not suggest to these Christian parents, in their bereavement, that if human affection could so lovingly nurture their boy during his life, and so fondly care for his mortal remains, they may safely trust to the loving care of the good God his soul's immortal welfare, and, so trusting, let them reflect that there are yet worldly burdens for them to bear, other duties to perform, and sacred obligations yet to discharge.

The air is thick with exaggerations and misrepresentations in reference to the conduct of the Southern people since the election. The first that came to us was that the Legislature of Georgia, upon hearing the news of Cleveland's election, adjourned, and ran up a Confederate flag from the dome of its capitol building. This lie was promptly refuted, and the intelligence comes that the people of Atlanta—*i.e.*, the Democrats of Atlanta—in public meeting, passed a resolution deploring a "solid South" or a "solid North," but favoring a "solid nation," that should be true and loyal to the flag of the stars and stripes. Then we heard of negro rioting at Nashville, of incendiary conflagrations at Eufala and Palatka, "supposed to be the work of negroes"; then of rowdies at Richmond, Va., of stoning a Government fort at Frankfort, Ky.; and we have no doubt that these are only the first pattering drops of a hailstorm of rattling lies that will be dinned about our ears, from the political liars of both sides, and that, when examined, most of it will be found to result from the ruffianism of drunken plug-uglies, Republican and Democratic, white and black. If violence had accompanied the drunken orgy to which the Democrats treated us on the Saturday night after election, we should not have supposed that it signified any deliberate intention of that party to inaugurate a second civil war, or to rebel against the law. We should have simple considered it as another proof of total depravity on the part of the Democracy, and carried it to the general account. We expect from the South sensible, loyal conduct; and whatever amount of lies may be told about it, we shall, until convinced by unquestioned proof, endeavor to believe that the intelligent bulk of Southern men will appreciate that their individual interests, and the interests of the section of the country in which they live, lie in the direction of loyalty to the Government and obedience to the law. We do not fear that there will be any attempt to reënslave the black men, or to pay their owners for them from the national treasury, nor to pay the Confederate debt, nor to pension rebel soldiers, nor to repeal the Constitutional enactments, nor to divide the Union by reässertion of the doctrines of State sovereignty, nor again attempt to settle political differences of opinion by a resort to arms. As we blamed the South and the Democracy for not accepting the decision of a majority of the people that elected Abraham Lincoln to be President of the United States, so shall we blame the North and those Republicans who do not willingly and cheerfully accept the popular decision that has made Grover Cleveland the chief executive of the nation.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, through its special correspondent from Washington, gives what purports to be an interview had with Mr. Augustin Iturbide, son of a once Emperor of Mexico. This entire column of falsehood in reference to Mexican affairs is telegraphed to San Francisco, and, like all false and sensational news, will doubtless produce its crop of editorials upon Mexican affairs. We will venture to prophesy that the whole thing is the lying invention of the unknown writer. If it is not, the young Mr. Augustin Iturbide is a vain fool. If he is the presumptuous idiot which this correspondent makes him to be, the sooner he goes to Mexico and gets shot the better it will be for Mexico and the world. All that is known of this young gentleman forbids the presumption that he entertains or has expressed the views attributed to him by the anonymous correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. He enjoys the reputation of being an intelligent Mexican, who entertains toward his native land only the most honorable of intentions; that he is modest, brave, and patriotic, and a most sincere and earnest republican. The circulation of such a falsehood, as we believe this dispatch to be, creates only evil between the two governments and their people.

The Young Ladies' Fruit and Flower Mission of San Francisco received bountiful gifts, and bountifully disbursed them on Thanksgiving day. Their headquarters presented a most animating appearance as they were engaged in sending out a hundred and fifty Thanksgiving dinners. Any donations of money for use during the year, the *Argonaut* will be glad to receive for account of the Mission. There is still a small deficiency for what is known as the "carriage fund."

## BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

### The Approaching Humorist.

The following letter has been received by me, and as it incloses no unsmirched postage-stamp to insure a private reply, I take great pleasure in answering it through the columns of the press:

CHRISTIAN, Kansas, Sept. 22nd, '84

DEAR SIR: I am studying for a Humorist. Could you help me to some of the Joliest Books that are written? With some of the best Jokes of the Day &c &c &c.

Also what it would be best for me to do for to become an Humorist

I am said to be a Natural Born Humorist by my friends and all I need is Cultivation to make my mark

Please reply by return mail.

Kindly Yours HERMAN A. H.

For some time I have been grieving over the dearth of humor in America, and wondering who the great coming humorist was to be. Several papers have already deplored the lack of humor in our land, but they have not been able to put their finger on the approaching humorist of the age. Just as we had begun to despair, however, here he comes, quietly and unostentatiously, modestly and ungrammatically. Unheralded and silently, like Maud S. or any other eminent man, he slowly rises above the Kansas horizon, and tells us that it will be impossible to conceal his identity any longer. He is the approaching humorist of the nineteenth century.

It is a serious matter, Herman, to prescribe a course of study that will be exactly what you need to bring you out. Perhaps you might do well to take a Kindergarten course in spelling and the rudiments of grammar; still, that is not absolutely necessary. A friend of mine named Billings has done well as a humorist, though his knowledge of spelling seems to be pitiably deficient. Grammar is convenient where a humorist desires to put on style or show off before the crowned heads, but it is not absolutely indispensable.

Regarding the "Joliest Books" necessary for your perusal in order to chisel your name on the eternal tablets of fame, tastes will certainly differ. I am almost sorry that you wrote me, because we might not agree. You write like one of those "Jolly" humorists such as people employ to go along with a picnic and be the life of the party, and whose presence throughout the country has been so depressing. If one may be allowed to judge of your genius by the few autograph lines forwarded, you belong to that class of brain-workers upon whom devolves the solemn duty of pounding sand. If you are really a brain-worker, will you kindly inform the writer whose brain you are working now, and how you like it as far as you have gone?

American humor has burst forth from all kinds of places nearly. The various professions have done their share. One has risen from a tramp, until he is wealthy and dyspeptic; and another was blown up on a steamboat before he knew that he was a humorist.

Suppose you try that, Herman. M. Quad, one of the very successful humorists of the day, both in a literary and a financial way, was blown up by a steamboat before he bloomed forth into the full flush and flower of success. Try that, Herman. It is a severe test, but it is bound to be a success. Even if it should be disastrous to you, it will be rich in its beneficial results to those who escape.

Prepare a few dying words, and forward them to me, so that in case of accident we might be prepared for the worst; then excurt up and down the Great Parent of Waters on its father's side, until the boiler bursts. Then will our morbid curiosity be gratified.

You will either come down one of America's most grotesque humorists, or you will land in such a diversified and concussed condition that it will be no great disappointsment o you, anyway. Try this, Herman, and, if you detire, I will procure the signatures of a large mass of people throughout the United States who would be perfectly willing that you should try the experiment.—*Puck*.

### The Board of Trade.

I went into the Chicago Board of Trade a while ago to see about buying some seed wheat for sowing on my farm next spring. I heard that I could get wheat cheaper there than anywhere else, so I went over. The members of the Board seemed to be all present. They were on the upper floor of the house, about three hundred of them, I judge, engaged in conversation. All of them were conversing when I entered, with the exception of a sad-looking man who had just been squeezed into a corner and injured, I was told. I told him that arnica was as good as anything I knew of for that, but he seemed irritated, and I strode majestically away. Probably he thought I had no business to speak to him without an introduction, but I never stand on ceremony when I see any one in pain.

I got a ticket when I went in, and began to look around for my wheat. I didn't see any at first. I then asked one of the conversationalists how wheat was.

"Oh, wheat's pretty steady just now, 'specially October, but yesterday we thought the bottom had dropped out. Perfect panic in No. 2, red; No. 2, Chicago spring, 73⅞. Dull, my Christian friend, dull is no name for it. More fellers got pinched yesterday than would patch purgatory fifteen miles. What are you doing, buying or selling?"

"Buying."

"Better let me sell you some choice Chicago spring way down. Get some man you know on the Board to make the trade for you."

"Well, if you've got something good and cheap, and that you know will grow, I'd like to look at it," I said.

He took me over by the door where there was a dishpan full of wheat, and asked me how that struck me. I said it looked good, and asked him how much he could spare of it at 73. He said he had fifty thousand bushels that he wasn't using, and he thought he could get me another fifty thousand of a friend, if I wanted it. I said no. One hundred thousand bushels was more than I needed. I told him that if he would let me have that dishpan full, one-half cash and the balance in installments, I might trade with him, but I didn't want him to sell me his last bushel of wheat and rob himself.

"Very likely you've got a family," said I, "and you mustn't forget that we've got a long, cold, hard winter ahead of us. Hang on to your wheat. Don't let Tom, Dick, and Harry come along and chisel you out of your last kernel, just to be neighborly."

I remained in the room an hour and a half, the cynosure of all eyes. There is a great deal of sociability there. Three hundred men all talking diagonally at each other at the same time reminds me of a *tête-à-tête* I once had with a warm personal friend, who was a boiler-maker. He invited me to come around to the shop and visit him. He said we could crawl down through the manhole into the boiler and have a nice visit while he worked.

I remember of following him down through the hole into the boiler; then they began to head boiler rivets, and I knew nothing more till I returned to consciousness the next day to find myself in my own luxuriously furnished apartments.

The family physician was holding my hand. My wife asked: "Is he conscious yet, do you think, doctor?"

"Yes," he replied; "your husband begins to show signs of life. He may live for many years, but his intellect seems to have been mislaid during his illness. Do you know whether the cat has carried anything out of this room lately?"

Then my wife said: "Yes, the cat did get something out of this room only the other day and ate it. Poor thing!"—*New York Mercury*.

### Obscure Intimations.

"C."—It is true that the word "mayonnaise" is generally pronounced "*my*-onnaise," with the long sound of the *y*, by most Americans and Englishmen. That, however, does not make it correct. Here is what Larousse says about it:

MAYONNAISE—(ma-io-nè-ze) du nom de *Mahon*, ville prise par Richelieu. Art. culin. Sauce froide que l'on fait avec, etc.

And here is Littré's paragraph:

MAYONNAISE—(ma-io-nè-z') s. f. Terme de cuisine. Nom donné à une sauce froide qu'on fait avec du sel, du poivre, de l'huile, du vinaigre, et un jaune d'œuf, etc.

ETM.—Quelques auteurs conseillent de prèférer *Mahonnaise*, attendu que le nom de cette sauce vient, disent-ils, de celui de *Mahon*, ville que Richelieu prit.

We do not possess a copy of the Academy's dictionary, but it is not probable that these two great lexicographers differ with the Academy on this point of pronounciation.

"S. B. W.," Austin.—It would take too much space to describe the game. It is about the same as "loto."

"W. W. G.," Oakland.—The address of the paper you want is *Las Novedades*, 23 Liberty Street, New York.

"Mrs. Gilmore's Diamonds."—Declined. MS. by mail.

"Au Théâtre."—Declined. MS. by mail.

"Incognita."—Declined. MS. by mail.

"A Queer Company."—Declined.

"Lesson of Life."—Declined. MS. by mail.

"Empress in Society."—Declined. MS. by mail.

"The Wolf and the Lamb.—Declined.

"A Chance Shot."—Declined. MS. by mail.

"Annals of Gotham Boarding-houses."—Declined. MS. by mail.

"Phœbe," Murnau.—Letter declined.

"S. S."—Declined. MS. by mail.

"A Pacific Breeze," *et al;* J. E. McC.—Declined. MS. by mail.

"The Painter and the Favorite."—Too intensely Oriental. Declined. MS. by mail.

"A. J. McK."—Two poems. Declined. MS. by mail.

"A Pastoral."—Declined. MS. by mail.

"Of History."—Declined. MS. by mail.

"English Aggie."—Declined. Please send correct addr

"A California Waif."—Declined. Writer please send a

## "BILL SHELBY"—A STORY OF THE WAR.

Written for the "Argonaut" by "J. S. of Dale,"

*Author of "Guerndale," "The Crime of Henry Vane," "Mrs. Knollys," etc. Copyright, 1884, by S. S. McClure. All rights reserved.*

[Hereafter the *Argonaut* will place before its readers, from time to time, a number of original short stories by the foremost writers of America, including W. D. Howells, Frank R. Stockton, Julian Hawthorne, J. S. of Dale, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Louise Chandler Moulton, Thomas A. Janvier ("Ivory Black"), H. H. Boyesen, George Parsons Lathrop, Edgar Fawcett, Helen Jackson (H. H.), Helen Kendrick Johnson, W. H. Bishop, J. Esten Cooke, J. T. Trowbridge, Sarah Orne Jewett, and others. The present story is a graphic delineation of the trials of Union men in the South during the war. Its author made the hit of the season with his novel, "Guerndale," two seasons ago. It is an open secret that "J. S. of Dale" is the pseudonym of Mr. Frederick Stimson, a young New York lawyer, who is one of the contributors to *Life*, in conjunction with a number of other bright young Harvard men.]

I never met Bill Shelby but once, and then he gave me a silver half of a dollar. The manner of it was thus: My father's house (I don't mean the present one, which my uncle built; that is wooden, and one-storied, and is but a poor affair, little better than a log-cabin)—my father's old house was built of brick shortly after the Revolution, and was considered, at the time and since, to reflect much credit upon the county. There were not many brick houses in the county even then (for the county has not grown much since); and this one of ours stood in the middle of Laurel Cove, and had five windows in front, with a door in the middle, a high-pitched roof, and a big chimney outside either end. The front door opened into a great hall, with the biggest fireplace of all at the back; and it was said of the staircase and railing that it had been brought from Norfolk. Not that my grandfather was rich; but he had made many friends during the war, and had served well up to Yorktown; and when his duties were over and the Britishers had got their deserts, he came home to settle and get married, and then he brought his wife with him out there. And among his friends were some of those rich Norfolk merchants, with ships coming almost every month from the old country; and they made him a present of the carved staircase and some hangings for the walls. These hangings were the wonder of the county for a long time.

Stair, or Starr, was my grandfather's name; Starr he used to pronounce it, and Starr my father spelled it. My grandfather was born in Maryland; and I believe we are of a good family. I have heard it said that we used to be Romanists, but, of course, we never talked much about that; we were all good Presbyterians by the time I was raised. When my grandfather first came out from Maryland, he put about all he had into this brick house, feeling he must do proper honor to the carved staircase, and start the family well under the republic. But after this he lived mostly by hunting. There isn't much farming in our end of the State; so all my uncles struck out for themselves, and only my father, who was the youngest of the family, stayed at home; and he took to surgery. Dr. Starr he was called; and it was said of him he never lost a patient bitten by a rattler, or taken with the fall sickness, provided he got to him in time. This is about all the sickness we used to have up in our part of the country; we didn't call the ague sickness. My father used to say the fall sickness came from the cows. I don't know how that is; possibly they ate something. It was my father built the mill. He was the most considerate man in that part of the country, and a justice of the peace; so the neighbors used to bring their grist to him to be ground, and their daughters to him to be married, and would send for him such other times as they were sick or got into trouble.

I don't remember all these things very well; you see, I left there, after that meeting with Bill Shelby, and came North; but I remember the old house, and how it stood, in a pretty valley. I am sure the valley was pretty. It was a bright green meadow, soft and level, like a park set in the mountains; and in the spring these mountains flushed rosy as the dawn with the blossoms of the rhododendron and the mountain laurel. The meadow was dotted with our barns, and cow-sheds, and milk-cooling houses, and little benches of bee-hives; the upper end was dry, with good English grass for cows; and down below, near the ford, it used to sparkle on sunny days, where the water spread out among the grasses. The house stood up close to the bridle path, so that travelers might be seen and asked to enter; travelers did not often pass my father's house without tasting his apple-jack; and along by the side of the house ran the brook in a little artificial channel flagged with stone, and then it made an elbow and splashed over the mill wheel overshot. Boys love to play about a mill, and I used to beg my father to let me pull down the slide to turn the water on the wheel, when a neighbor came to grind his corn. When the mill was not in use the great wheel stood still and glistened, wet and mossy, dripping in the flume, and the water ran to waste beneath it, and spread out through the meadow. Since then I have never seen so green a meadow as was this. But I suppose the wheel is now dry like punk, and rotting in the stones for want of use.

This little stream is Laurel Run; farther down it is called Rock Creek, and Rock Creek runs into Limestone Creek, and that into Nolichucky, and Nolichucky and the Holston make the Tennessee. There are many little villages like this of ours; they call them coves in Eastern Tennessee, and Shining Cove, just below us, is on the main road North, and has something to do with my story. This, too, is a pleasant little valley, quite shut in by the mountains; so that the wet meadows make a mist in the air, and the sun hangs in the centre, silvery and near, as if he were a lamp set in the sky for that particular place, and had nothing to do in the rest of the world. Perhaps this is why they call it Shining Cove. The road through it is but a bridle-path, lost among the dense green rhododendrons, with not purpose enough in its direction to stay on one side of the stream; it fords the creek a dozen times in a mile, but such as it is, it is the only highway to be found for twenty miles or more between the two States. For we are Tennesseeans, Washington County men; Unicoi County they call it now, for a reason you will see later on; but the State line runs over the Unaka Mountains, the great ridge just behind us, and Jinkins's, the next house, is in Carolina.

You men in the North don't know what the war meant to us; indeed, I doubt you hardly heard of us at all while the fighting was going on. You see, ours was only a guerrilla warfare; and East Tennessee was not considered worth a great campaign. No pitched battles were fought up in the mountains about us. But we thought very much of our friends in Boston and Cincinnati and other Northern cities, if they knew little of us. I can not say that we were any great Abolitionists down our way. Not that we had many slaves; but most of the families had one or two old negroes in the household, who had, perhaps, they or their fathers, been brought over from Virginia. I understand now that the war was fought by the Abolitionists, and that the praise is due to a few great orators and philanthropists who stayed at home to inspire the nation with their eloquence, and bought the freedom of the negroes with the lives of half a million fellow-citizens. But we did not know it then; we had not heard much of this, and we had too few slaves and were too rude and far away to realize the harm that slavery was doing. The first that any of us knew my father came home from the country town one day, and said that news had come up from Knoxville the week before that the South Carolinians had been firing on the flag at Charleston, and were breaking up the nation. Now, it was nigh on to eighty years before this that my grandfather had come back from Yorktown with the first American flag that had been seen west of our mountains; and we still had this flag, with the thirteen stars in it, though my grandfather was gone, having died a few years before, by the Lord's mercy, as I now see.

My father brought down this flag from its place of honor on the wall of the best room, and we looked at it that evening, and the neighbors came in. There was a star in the flag for South Carolina; but none was there for Tennessee. But we all felt that old Tennessee was there, just the same; more shame for South Carolina, if it was she that left to give her room. I don't remember that anything was said about the negroes that night, or even about State rights, of which I have heard so much since. The simple fact was that that was our flag. I believe, if my grandfather had been there, he would have started off with his old buff and blue coat, just as if it were the first year after Yorktown instead of the eightieth. I know that was what my father did, and most of the neighbors went with him. Off he went to the North the very next morning and left me alone with my mother. He kissed my mother and me, and told us that he would come back soon with the Union soldiers, so we kept the Union flag and waited.

But the year passed, and another year came and went, and the Union soldiers did not come. And all our men were away—away in the Union army. Perhaps you did not know this in the North; I dare say, though, that they knew it in Washington, and it was wrong for them to leave us so. You shall not make me go back of that. All our mountain counties were left to the women and children, as well as in North Carolina and Northern Georgia as in Tennessee; and the women raised the corn and tended the cows and bees, and I turned the mill to my heart's content, small as I was. I suppose you never heard of Carter County, and Washington, Watanga, Mitchell, and Ashe? I suppose you think North Carolina was a rebel State? There were two thousand votes in Carter, by the Government count, but more than two thousand Carter County men and boys were in the Union armies. And as for us of Union—it was called Unicoi, after the war, from Union and Unaka—I believe there was hardly a man, young or old, fighting on the side of the rebels, or even hidden at home. The crops had to grow themselves, mostly. I won't say our men were better soldiers than those of the North, who came down from their mills and workshops; but we were used to hunting and riding (I never saw the Northern man that could sit a horse), and better knew the enemies we were fighting with. It might have gone hard with New York and the moneyed places, which had their theatres, and their tea, and their coffee through the war, without these three hundred thousand clever rifles from the South. No, I do not believe you knew this in the East; but I have heard tell the Government knew it, only it was not thought strategic to send away soldiers to relieve us Union people in the South. It was not a vulnerable point of the rebels; and the Government was trying more to injure its enemies than to save its friends. There were three hundred thousand Southern men in the Northern armies, but the Washington authorities could not spare any even of them for East Tennessee. They were needed on the Peninsula, about New Orleans, at Manassas. Lincoln had heard of us, I know, and wanted to get to us; but Lincoln had not been trained at West Point, and there were simpler words that he understood better than strategy.

So the Southern Highlands suffered for their loyalty, while the Government left them to their fate. But we were far up in the mountains, and no one thought the rebels would ever get to us; and that first summer after my father left, we heard nothing of the war, but only the hum of the bees in the meadows, just as usual, and the plashing of the water on the wheel. News came up, from down Knoxville way, again, that the rebels were getting the better of the fight; and the Union armies were drawn further and further away, and my mother used to read her letters and cry. But I played about the mill, as usual, and wondered what it all meant. I had never heard any cannon, and would have given anything to see some soldiers. I used to look at the old print of the surrender of Cornwallis, in the parlor, and I think I fancied that Cornwallis and his soldiers had come back again, for I asked my mother once if it was them that father was fighting with. I was only twelve years old; and so it happened that I do not remember very much until the morning that I met Bill Shelby. But I know my mother used to make me say my prayers for father every night, and she would try to join in them and hide her tears.

It was in the spring of the third year I met Bill Shelby. We were all happy then, because my father had got a furlough for a week, and he had been staying at home with us, and bidding us to hope and have faith in the end. I did not know it then, but I see now that he must have come home secretly, for he wore no uniform, and stayed in the house most of the time, only seeing many men who came to see him. I suppose he was recruiting; and Uncle Albert had been with us, too. He lived in North Carolina; and one morning at dawn he rode up to the door with some twenty men, stout fellows all, going North. North Carolina men they were—Tarheelers you call them; the only there is no turpentine up in our mountains, nor a sign of the kind of men you call Tarheelers. And I remember the morning that they came my father told me I might play about the mill all I liked, but I was not to leave it, and if any man passed by I was not to tell him that we had any one with us; for there were rebel spies about by that time, and they knew my father was a Union man, and many houses had been burned down on Holston and the French Broad, though the rebels had never come up to our little place.

Well, all those men, with Uncle Albert, came into our house in the early morning; for they had come over the mountains from Carolina in the night, and were on their way North to join the Union armies. They knew that they could stop for a hiding-place in pretty much every house in our part of the country; but it was not safe to travel down in the valley by daylight, and they were waiting in our house till the evening before they started again. I don't suppose (except at weddings or funerals) there had been so many men in our hall since the carved staircase had been brought from Norfolk, after the war; and I remember my father told them the story of this as they sat about the great log fire, drinking apple-jack, and the old flag with its thirteen stars was brought down and lay across the table, and they fell to admiring it, as they had not seen the like in three years.

Our great hall used to have the fireplace on the further side, filling up all that end of the room, and the famous staircase ran up as you entered; and around the chimney-piece were all the guns and rifles the family had ever owned, good or bad, hung on antlers and bear's claws, and the flat stones of the floor were covered with skins. And my father had been reading the Bible and morning prayers longer than usual, for it was a Sunday; and then the men were sitting about the fire. Now, a big log fire is all very well in the early dawn, even of a May morning, in our country wood is rubbish; and on that day, I remember, the highest forests of the mountains were all silvered with the frozen fog. And a beautiful thing this frozen fog is in the early sunrise, especially with the rich pink glow of the flowering laurel down below. But as the sun came higher and shone down to us in the valley, it grew very warm; and after smoking many dozens of corncob-pipes and telling all the stories that they knew, and how the war was getting on, most of the men scattered about in various places and went to sleep—some in the hall, some in the bedrooms, and some even in the barn—for they had been up all night, coming over the mountains from Carolina. It was then my father told me I might go out and play around the mill. And I left him sitting with my mother, she no longer now in tears.

It was a long time since the mill had done any grinding, and already the wheel was getting a little mossy and soft with the rot. I turned on the brook once or twice over the wheel, pushing the slide well out, just to see how the fall would go, and to keep the lilies in the water-way from drooping (and it was well I had the habit of this, for these lilies and long grasses saved a man's life, as you shall see); and then I sat looking across the valley, which was very sweet, just then, with the May morning. The frozen fog had been sunned off the mountains long before this; but the rosy glow of the laurel was deeper and more rich than ever. I was looking down the road toward Tennessee; I believe they had a watchman on the other side of the house in the Carolina side; but no one expected any danger from the North, and one good night's ride would take my uncle and his friends well on, almost into Western Virginia, where they would be safe.

I was growing sleepy with the first feeling of the summer, and my eyes blinked once or twice; and when I opened them a horseman stood beside me, with heavy spurs, slouch hat, a rifle, and an old blanket and strap overcoat of a kind the rebels often used; and as I looked down the road I saw a long file of cavalry, just splashing through our brook in the ford at the foot of the cow pasture. I looked at him and at them; and as I looked he swung himself off his horse and stood beside me.

"Now, sonny," said he, "don't say a word except what I ask you; is this house Doctor Starr's?" He was a great big fellow, with a face terribly sunburned and a bushy beard, looking like my uncle Albert; and he spoke hurriedly, and kept glancing down the road, where the other mounted men were coming.

"Yes," said I, "Doctor Starr is my father. Do you know my father? Shall I call him?" I suppose I ought not to have said this; but, you see, I did not know.

The man seemed almost sorry at my answer, and said "No," quickly. Then he looked down to the ford again where the others were coming slowly, on the walk. "No, don't fetch him, my boy," said he. "Is—is there any other men with him?"

"My uncle Albert is in the house," I answered. "And—but father said I must not tell. What is your name. Do you know my father?" You see, I thought everybody knew my father; and I never took him for a rebel. I thought of the rebels as being off with Cornwallis, at Yorktown.

"No," said he, "I do not know your father; always remember that, my boy. And my name—my name is Shelby—Bill Shelby." And somehow, even then, I felt that Bill Shelby was not his real name. "Now, sonny," he went on, "I want you to come with me and show me the chickens. I like little boys, and I've got one at home just like you." So saying, he swung me up on his great shoulders, and strode off in the direction of the farthest cow-house. I remember telling him that this was not the one where the chickens were kept; but he gave no heed to me, and when he got to the cow-house, he opened the door, carefully closed it again, and tossed me up on the hay-mow, no higher than his head. Then he got up himself, and putting me astride of his great muddy boot, he rode me up and down, like a baby, and began talking to me.

"Now, little boy," he said, "I can't stay with you very

ong; but you stay here until it is dark, and don't you nove on any account. Is there many of you at home?"

I told him we were all of us there—there with father and nother.

"Is your mother there, too?" said the big man; and I said, "Yes," and he sighed. I was about to talk to him of my mother, for I always liked to talk of her, when a crash of musketry made me jump and cry out; but he put his broad hand across my mouth and held me in a grip like a vise. "That's nothing," he whispered to me hastily; 'they're firing at a mark—at turkeys. Don't you stir from here till sundown. Promise me that." And here he pulled out a strange-looking wallet from his gray flannel shirt; in it was a euchre-deck of playing cards, and a few dirty bank notes, and some papers, all mixed well and sprinkled through and through with grains of smoking tobacco; and way down from the bottom he pulled out a real silver half dollar—the only one there was. "Now, sonny, you stay here quiet till dark, and this is all your'n," and he pressed the coin into my hand. "Don't you mind anything you hear; if you come out afore sundown, I'll take that dollar back." I had never seen so much money before; and while I was looking at it Bill Shelby slipped out and closed the door of the barn behind him, and I thought of running to show my half dollar to mother; but another noise or perhaps the memory of what I had promised to Bill (Shelby) made me hold back.

While all this was happening the rebels rode up to the door of our house. It seems that they had heard of my uncle and his men, and had ridden around them to cut them off, and so came back on us by the northern road. And when they got to the front door, their leader, Major—well, we will call him Whichehalse; it sounds better—Major Whichehalse, he knocked on the door with the pommel of his sword. The others did not even take the trouble to dismount, but stood around waiting. Our men within were warned by the knocking, for no honest man up our way ever knocks at a door without coming in, and my father told them all to run for their lives out the back way, and my mother went to the door to try to parley and save time for them all to get away. But my father, he said he would not run like a hunted thing from any rebel, and he stood his ground.

Is Dr. Starr at home? said Whichehalse; and my mother said, no. Then he called her a damned Union woman, and told her that she lied; and as she barred the doorway, he took by the shoulders and thrust her aside, and she stumbled on the flat door-stone and fell upon the grass. And then my father, seeing this thing, came out himself, flinging the front door wide open, and asked Whichehalse what he wanted.

"I want a parcel of Union hounds," said he; "are you one of them?" But there was no need to ask this question; for there before them all, lying on the table in the hall, was the old American flag my grandfather had brought from Yorktown. And by this time a few other men, who had not been willing to leave my father, came out and stood beside him in the doorway, all unarmed, and my mother put her arms around my father's neck.

"Fire!" said Whichehalse; only he said more than this, adding an insult; and then came that irregular crash of muskets; and so my father and three other men, and my dear mother, too, were killed. I have heard that Whichehalse himself fired the shot that killed her. That was the first volley that I had heard as I sat with Bill Shelby on the hay.

Then the rebels scattered around the house and saw the other men flying, in twos and threes, like rabbits, toward the mountains. But the rebels on their horses could make short work of these; and they galloped across the smooth meadow picking our men off, one by one, as if it were a deer-hunt, until all but two or three were lying, as I found them, in little pools of blood among the tussocks. One man—he was afterward shot fighting with other Union men about Atlanta—escaped by lying in the water-way below the wheel, in the water among the long grasses; and the rushes and the yellow lilies bent over him, curtain like, and hid the man from view. Some six or eight others kept together under my Uncle Albert and made a running fight of it, firing back at the rebels on horseback; each one of these killed his man, and the two or three that were not badly shot got safe into the rhododendron thickets and escaped.

Then Whichehalse called his men back, laughing, from the chase; and they set fire to the old house, and the mill, and the barn, and all the offices but the distant cow-houses, in one of which, you know, Bill Shelby had placed me; and the old flag was burned up where it lay, on the table by the fireside. And after it was all done, Whichehalse and his troops rode over the mountains into North Carolina, exulting.

I did not care to come out of the hay-mow until evening, fearing to lose my half dollar, and besides this, fearing something else, I knew not what, but troubled with the noise. And when it grew dark, there was a strange light through the chinks in the barn; and as I lay there, trembling, my Uncle Albert and he that was in the brook came to the door and called my name softly. They had come back for me. I showed them the half dollar, and they told me to keep it, and that it might help me on my way North.

When we came to the house, only one brick wall was standing and the smoking foundation-stones of the barn; and we found my mother and my father lying, both shot in many places, beside their own front door, with the bodies of the men. None of the neighbors dared to come about; so we three buried them all, and started for the North that night, with the others, and got safely into the Union lines, where all the men that were left enlisted, and I was sent to Ohio to be put to school.

After the war I heard that Major Whichehalse went back to South Carolina and became a black Republican, and held high office, and came near to being Governor of the State. I have never seen him, and I hope that I never may. Bill Shelby kept me from seeing him that day. I have often wanted to go back to Laurel Cove, but there are so few people left there that I used to know, and there is a new house, and all the rest, I suppose, perhaps even the mill-wheel, is gone. But if the old flag were there and had not been burned, my uncle's children could keep it now.

I have never met Bill Shelby, as he called himself, from that day to this. I wonder how they treated him in the band when he went back to them after that day's work? I fear he may have got into trouble for deserting. I suppose he was as bad as the rest—perhaps. He was not prominent after the war, like Major Whichehalse. I wish I knew his real name; I should like to meet him. I owe him one silver half dollar. It was all he had.

## OLD FAVORITES.

*Lyrics by Frederick Locker.*

### Geraldine.

A simple Child has claims
On your sentiment, her name's
Geraldine.
Be tender, but beware,
She's frolicsome as air,
And fifteen.
She has gifts to grace allied,
And each she has applied,
And improved;
She has bliss that lives and leans
On loving, and that means
She is loved.
Her beauty is refined
By harmony of mind,
And the art,
And the blessed nature, too,
Of a tender and a true
Little heart.
And yet I mustn't vault
Over any foolish fault
That she owns;
Or others might rebel,
And enviously swell
In their zones.
For she's tricksy as the fays,
Or her pussy when it plays
With a string;
She's a goose about her cat,
Her ribbons, and all that
Sort of thing.
These foibles are a blot,
Still she never can do what
Isn't *nice;*
Such as quarrel, and give slaps—
As I've known her get perhaps
Once or twice.
The spells that draw her soul
Are subtle—sad or droll;
She can show
That virtuoso whim
Which consecrates our dim
Long ago.
A love that is not sham
For Stothard, Blake, and Lamb;
And I've known
Cordelia's sad eyes
Cause angel-tears to rise
In her own.
Her gentle spirit yearns
When she reads of Robin Burns—
Luckless Bard!
Had she blossomed in thy time,
Oh, how rare had been the rhyme—
And reward!
Thrice happy then is he
Who, planting such a Tree,
Sees it bloom
To shelter him; indeed
We have joyance as we speed
To our doom!
I'm happy, having grown
Such a Sapling of my own;
And I crave
No garland for my brows,
But rest beneath its boughs
To the Grave.

### My Mistress's Boots.

They nearly strike me dumb—
I tremble when they come
Pit-a-pat;
This palpitation means
These Boots are Geraldine's—
Think of that!
Oh, where did hunter win
So delicate a skin
For her feet?
You lucky little kid,
You perished, so you did,
For my Sweet.
The fairy stitching gleams
On the sides, and in the seam
And reveals
That the Pixies were the wags
Who tipt these funny tags,
And these heels.
What soles to charm an elf!—
Had Crusoe, sick of self,
Chanced to view
One printed near the tide,
Oh, how hard he would have tried
For the two!
For Gerry's debonair,
And innocent and fair
As a rose;
She's an Angel in a frock,
She's an Angel with a clock
To her hose!
The simpletons who squeeze
Their pretty toes to please
Mandarins,
Would positively flinch
Fom venturing to pinch
Geraldine's.
Cinderella's *lefts and rights*
To Geraldine's were frights,
And I trow
The Damsel, deftly shod,
Has dutifully trod
Until now.
Come, Gerry, since it suits
Such a pretty Puss (in Boots)
These to don,
Set your dainty hand a while
On my shoulder, dear, and I'll
Put them on.

It is said that F. C. Burnand, editor of *Punch*, is coming over to this country on a lecturing tour.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

One day opposing pickets on the Rappahannock agreed not to fire. A brisk conversation arose between a Texan and an Irishman, on the Federal side. "What are you doing in the Yankee army?" said the Texan; "what are you fightin' for, anyhow?" "I'm a-fitin' for thirteen dollars a month; I belave ye'r fitin' for eleven dollars."

"Gentlemen, I can't lie about the horse; he is blind in one eye," said the auctioneer. The horse was soon knocked down to a spectator, who had been greatly struck by the auctioneer's honesty. After paying for the horse he said: "You were honest enough to tell me that this animal was blind in one eye; is there any other defect?" "Yes, sir, there is; he is also blind in the other eye," was the prompt reply.

S. L. M. Barlow, a lawyer of New York renown and a taste for antiquities, owns a lot of Mexican curiosities, which he has loaned to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. A girl apostle of telepathy picked up one of the objects, an embroidered cap, and put it on her head. "Oh," she instantly exclaimed, "I'd be shot in an hour if I wore this." She declared that she knew of no reason for the impression, but that it was vivid and startling. That cap was one which Maximilian wore within an hour of his execution. You may take her word for it, if you have a mind to, that she did not know or guess at the cap's history before the thought flashed into her head with its contact.

A man's animosity toward a political opponent is something so bitter (says the Boston *Gazette*) that it does not cease even when the opponent is dead. A year or two ago a gentleman who had figured most prominently, not only in the history of Massachusetts, but in the history of the country, suddenly came to the end of a long and useful life. On the day of the funeral one of the strongest political enemies of the deceased, and a man whose name is well known to every man, woman, and child in the commonwealth, was asked: "Are you going to attend Mr. ——'s funeral to-day?" "No," responded the distinguished gentleman, deliberately; "but" (dryly) "I wish you to understand I heartily approve of it."

Tom Corwin died with a joke on his lips. The story has been told before, but it is long forgotten. He had just returned from Mexico, where President Lincoln had sent him as United States Minister, and he was giving his views of the country to a crowd who had gathered round. He was especially addressing his remarks to an old friend, and a lull had occurred in the conversation. At this he had turned to this friend, whose hair had grown remarkably thin within a few years, and said: "I am sorry, major, to see that you are growing bald." "Yes," replied the major; "but that does not matter. You know Cæsar was bald." "As for that," returned Corwin, "Cæsar had fits." While the crowd were laughing at this retort, Mr. Corwin was struck with paralysis, and shortly after died.

One of the upper ten thousand, who was visiting America, accepted the hospitality of a gentleman in New York. When taking farewell of his host, the latter asked him what he thought of the American people. "Well," answered the nobleman, "I like them immensely, but I miss something." "What is that?" asked the Yankee. "I miss the aristocracy," replied the Englishman. "What are they?" naïvely asked his host. "The aristocracy!" said the nobleman, in a somewhat surprised tone of voice, "why, they are people who do nothing, you know; whose fathers did nothing, you know; whose grandfathers did nothing, you know—in fact, the aristocracy." Here he was interrupted by the American, who chimed in with: "Oh! we've plenty of them over here; but we don't call them aristocracy—we call them tramps."

It will be remembered that shortly after Zack Chandler had sent his dispatch, stating that Hayes had one hundred and eighty-five electoral votes and was elected, *Harper's Weekly* published a cartoon representing the Michigan Senator as a Colossus standing over a deep chasm, with each foot resting upon a rock, and holding in his hands an elephant labeled "The Republican Party," which he had grasped firmly by the tail. Underneath was the inquiry: "What will he do with it?" A few days after the publication of this cartoon, Mr. Chandler called upon President Grant with a friend upon a matter of official business, and as he was going out General Grant called him back, and said: "By the way, Chandler, what are you going to do with that elephant?" "Well, Mr. President," was the reply of the man of nerve, "if those rocks don't crumble, and they won't, and if that tail don't pull out, and it won't, I'll land that animal!" And he did.

A railroad superintendent, who is bothered greatly by pass-seekers, had a large placard printed recently and prominently displayed on his desk. It reads as follows:

"This is the office of the ——— road. I am the superintendent. The fare on this road is always cash. No passes granted. This is reliable. I have put this card up to keep such beggars as you from boring me to death."

One day a dissipated-looking man entered the office, and reeled up to the superintendent's desk.

"Are you the (hic) superintendent?" he inquired, huskily.

"Read that placard, I tell you," growled the superintendent.

"Can I trouble you for a pass?"

"No, you can't, you infernal dead-beat. Why, you ain't fit to ride on a decent railroad; you're drunk."

"Well," responded the tramp, with a chuckle, "do y (hic) s'pose a sober man would (hic) want to ride ove blamed old road?"—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

## NEW YORK GOSSIP.

"Flaneur" tells of Election Bets, Opera Houses, and the Astor Wedding.

Although there was great talk here by the Democrats about what they were willing to bet, there were really very few men who would put up the collateral. Two and three to one for any amount up to ten thousand dollars were freely offered up town on Blaine up to the very night of election, with no takers. And even when the first reports came in, and the *World* put out its bulletin on election night of seventy thousand majority in New York State for Cleveland, a stock broker named Dickerson jumped on the bar of the Hoffman House, and offered six thousand dollars to two thousand dollars that Blaine was elected, without any takers. There were five hundred howling Democrats around him at the time. This is a Democratic town, but the jubilation over the election of Mr. Cleveland is not great. The solid men and Independents who elected the Governor, seem to be more or less abashed now at what they have done, and they have turned with one accord, Democrats, Republicans, Independents, Tammanyites, and all, toward Dr. Burchard, who just now seems to be the scapegoat of the nation. "Dr. Burchard did it," is the expression on all sides; and the luckless clergyman is more bitterly reviled than any of his cloth have been before in this country at least. The clergy made rather a brilliant botch of it this time. You can depend on their making some sort of a popular error every time they go out of their own pulpits to mix with the world. Beecher and Burchard are striking examples of this. Some of the Brooklyn divine's utterances during the heat of the campaign have been collected and printed in a small book with the title, "Beecher's Opinions on the Seventh Commandment." The extracts are authentic, and they show the leader of Plymouth Church up in a far from favorable light.

By a liberal distribution of red paint, crimson plush, and gold-leaf, the interior of the Metropolitan Opera House has been relieved of the resemblance it formerly had to a canary-colored barn, and now looks warm and comfortable. Mapleson's opera at the Academy of Music is so very tame that people have chosen the Metropolitan as a means of escaping it, and there is no end of a rush for boxes and seats. It is unquestionably the novelty which draws now, however, and in the course of a week or two the opera must depend entirely upon the support of musicians of the Wagner school. There may be enough of this class to fill the galleries, and the society people will take care of the boxes; but who is to fill the body of the house? The unfortunate construction of the building has driven the hundred or two young men who formerly paid a dollar or two apiece for the fun of lounging about at the Academy, and visiting the boxes of their friends, out in the cold. A sort of pen has been arranged for them by removing a number of seats in the rear of the floor of the house, and here they stand with the melancholy consciousness that they are branded as so many men too poor to buy seats and too proud to go in the gallery. Come to think of it, however, they could not go in the gallery if they chose, for there is no way to get to the box tier from the "roost," as it is called, without going outside.

The effort to break up the series of slogging matches which have been laid out for the winter season at Madison Square Garden was a very earnest one. It may succeed for a while, just as it did a year ago, but in the end the exhibitions are bound to go on. Sullivan and his thousands of adorers have enough influence in New York to "fix" things after the excitement has cooled down a bit, and all the proceedings will then appear simply in the light of an advertisement. There is a great cry about the brutality of these glove fights, and the manner in which Sullivan slogs his opponents. Piteous tales are told of the dreadful effects of the champion's blows on the men, but the solid fact of the matter is that no man has ever been injured in a glove fight, and probably none ever will be. What better illustration could have been had than that of Monday night? The police stopped the fight because they said Sullivan was doing serious and vital injury to Greenfield. At that time Greenfield was puffing hard and had been pretty thoroughly battered. He staggered around the stage, and was a fair exhibition of a whipped man. The hearts of the police department were softened, and they stopped the fight so as to save Greenfield from further injury. They also arrested the principals, and Greenfield went to his dressing-room, put on his clothes, and walked over to the police station, a distance of about a mile, with all the briskness of a school-boy. If that didn't prove conclusively that he was not seriously hurt, his five-mile run up the road before breakfast the following morning did. For an athlete in training, the knocking about which he received in the slogging match was not likely to endanger his health. Sullivan has the satisfaction of knowing that he had his man well whipped before the fight was stopped, if that is any consolation to the hero of an unbroken line of successes.

From a slogging-match to the Wilson-Astor wedding is a cheerful transition. Quite as much interest was displayed in the marriage ceremony of New York's richest heiress as in the arrest of Sullivan. This is saying a great deal. The wedding, as is always the case with the Astor entertainments, went off smoothly and comfortably. Such a thing as an unusual incident in the Astor household is unheard of. There are no more Astor daughters to marry, and the family evidently wished to make this entertainment—the only one that can occur for another fifteen or twenty years—a memorable one. How very respectable the Astors are! They are never loud, vulgar, or ostentatious, and their children have never brought any reproaches on the house by marrying coachmen, idiots, or "undesirable persons" of any sort. All four of the daughters have married money, and have added to the social as well as the financial strength of the family. The Wilsons are worth many millions of dollars, and the other sons-in-law, Van Allen, Coleman-Drayton, and Roosevelt are all men of wealth. Besides this the sons-in-law are connected by close family ties with the Ogdens, the Goelets, the Lorrillards, the Stuarts, and other families of wealth in town too numerous to mention. But the two hundred millions of the Astors, guarded as it is by the shrewd descendants of the old Dutch mechanic and miser, is the magnet toward which all the other money flows. When the monarchy which the socialists claim will one day be established in America becomes an accomplished fact, you will find the highly respectable and enormously wealthy Astors sitting all over the throne.

I am at loss to understand the shout of critical disapproval which greeted the first production of "Twelfth Night" by the Irving company in London. It was hissed, and the audience was thoroughly dissatisfied from the rise of the curtain until the final drop. It was the same audience which had cheered the Irving production of "Much Ado About Nothing." Of the two plays the latter is perhaps the more amusing, but "Twelfth Night," if it was played in London with the same care of detail and in as harmonious a manner as it was here, deserves to rank with the best work of the Irving company. There is no company on the English-speaking stage to-day as thoroughly competent to play Shakespearean comedies as that over which Mr. Irving presides. "Twelfth Night" is no novelty in London, but it is here. It is many years since we have seen the play at all, and with the exception of the former work of the Irving company, we have never had Shakespeare so completely and thoroughly presented as in this piece. Mr. Irving's is an entirely new conception of the part of Malvolio. He makes him as vain, pompous, and silly as the lines admit of, but at the bottom of it all there is a certain vein of pathos that wins the sympathy of the audience. This is a peculiar characteristic of Irving's acting, and one that I have noticed particularly this season. Even his Shylock has a certain human undercurrent, which makes the old miser pitiable in his last days. Irving's Louis XI., though it presents the portraiture of a frightfully dissipated old sinner in his last days, has the same peculiar power of pathos. It is perhaps more remarkable that he should succeed in introducing it in such a part as that of Malvolio than in the stronger and more striking characters of Shylock and Louis.

The production of "Twelfth Night" proved that the halting and jerky gait which Mr. Irving exhibited in some of his plays is a pure affectation. As Malvolio, the English tragedian shows a cleanly built and muscular pair of legs, and he walks without the faintest indication of a halt. More than this, Mr. Irving succeeds in making up his face, by the aid of a Vandyke whisker and wig, so that he was on the stage for some moments on Tuesday night before the audience recognized him. Malvolio is not the great part of "Twelfth Night," though the comedy of the play revolves around him, and Mr. Irving played for the most part in the background during the evening. The love interest and the intrigues which went on among Viola, Olivia, and the Duke were brought forward into unusual prominence. Mr. Alexander, who plays this year the parts formerly taken by Mr. Terriss, is not so good an actor as that gentleman, but he is a man of more commanding stature, and has a pleasing personality. There was a certain consciousness about Terriss's acting that detracted somewhat from its force. Mr. Alexander is conscientious and spectacularly attractive. Miss Terry played Olivia as she plays everything. The charm of her manner is still the most potent element of her success. In male attire Miss Terry is not so attractive as when wearing the natural habiliments of her sex. Her means of locomotion, so to speak, are not up to the standard. They bulge at the knee. The grace with which she manages her long skirts when dressed as a woman as she lopes about the stage is always a cheerful thing to look upon, and she seems to miss somewhat the opportunity of disposing of her draperies this way when in doublet and hose. Her figure is not particularly shapely, and the more glaring incongruities are accentuated by the masculine attire. Her costume, however, serves to show exactly how she manages her peculiar walk. It is a sort of a bent-knee movement, and has been copied with more or less success by all the women on the stage. Miss Terry's strides are somewhat extraordinary, but she is never ungraceful, even while taking the wildest lopes. I don't know whether Mr. Irving has copied his extraordinary walk from her, or whether her movement is a graceful modification of his; but the effect of the walk in the entire troupe—even the pages have it—is to further heighten the harmony of the presentation. Irving's season here has been thus far very successful, and Mr. Marcus Mayer is in a correspondingly hilarious condition. Everything seems to be swimming smoothly with Mayer this season. He was one of the few men who put up his money for Cleveland, and he has had a very comfortable pot, besides no end of hats and a house of cigars.

BLAKELY HALL.

NEW YORK, November 20, 1884.

"The little band of plotters headed by Mr. Blaine" says the New York *Times* of November 9th. The little band of plotters headed by Mr. Blaine number something like six millions of adult male voters, and not a traitor or skulker among them; not an unrepentant, unreconstructed rebel among the lot; not a broom-ranging Northern copperhead; not a hypocritical nest-hiding parson; not a dandy dude; not a sulking, snarling stalwart; not a mercenary editor paid from the "English reptile fund." Into the ambuscade of Treason rode the six million; boldly they rode and well. Stormed at with lies, into the jaws of calumny, into the hell of false accusation rode Blaine heading his six million. Then they rode back—the six million; ranks unbroken, not a man dismayed, not a soul disheartened. They that fought so well, came through the jaws of death back from the mouth of hell, all of them—all the noble and gallant six million.

The following question is asked by the *Morning Journal*: "An army of men twenty-five miles in length starts to walk fifty miles. At the moment of starting an orderly starts from his place at the extreme rear of the column, with dispatches to the commanding officer, who is at the head of the column. He delivers the dispatches, and starts back to his place in the rear again, and reaches there just as the army has completed its march of the fifty miles. It is understood that the orderly travels at a uniform rate of speed. What distance did the orderly travel in all?"

## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

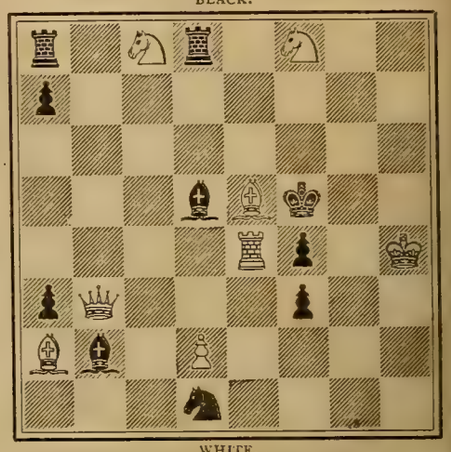
**Problem No. LXXVII.—By J. Paul Taylor.**

WHITE—King at KKt5; Rooks at K2, Q7; Bishop at QR6.
BLACK—King at KR6; Pawns at K3, KKt5.
White to play and mate in two moves.

**Problem No. LXXVIII.—By H. A. Elms, Toorok.**

*First Prize in the "Leader" Prize Tourney.*

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

**Solution of Problem No. LXIX.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—Kt B2 | 1—K moves |
| 2—R mates acc. | |

**Solution of Problem No LXX.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—Q K8 | 1—Kt Kt5 (a) |
| 2—Kt B5 | 2—Any move |
| 3—Q mates. | |
| (a) 1—— | 1—Any move |
| 2—Kt B6 ch | 2—K moves |
| 3—Q mates. | |

Correct solutions received as follows: Problems LXIX and LXXI, from B. M. Parker, Eureka, Cal.

**Answers to Correspondents.**

B. M. P., Eureka, Cal.—You omitted to sign your postal card. In LXX, if K K7, Kt Kt sq ch.

**Game No. 50**

Played in the International Tournament of 1883. Game and notes from the *Chess Monthly*.

TWO KNIGHTS' OPENING.

| *White.* Blackburne. | *Black.* Steinitz. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 14—P B4 | 14—Kt B2 |
| 2—Kt KB3 | 2—Kt QB3 | 15—QR Q sq | 15—P B3 |
| 3—Kt B3 | 3—P KKt3 | 16—B B4 | 16—B Q2 |
| 4—P Q4 | 4—P x P | 17—B x Kt | 17—R x B |
| 5—Kt x P | 5—B Kt2 | 18—P B5 | 18—Kt B sq (c) |
| 6—B K3 | 6—Kt B3 | 19—P K5 (d) | 19—BP x P |
| 7—B K2 | 7—Castles | 20—Kt K6 ch | 20—B x Kt |
| 8—Castles | 8—Kt K2 | 21—P x B | 21—P x P (e) |
| 9—B B3 | 9—P Q3 | 22—Q Kt5 | 22—Q K sq (f) |
| 10—Q Q2 | 10—Kt Q2 | 23—R Q3 | 23—R x P |
| 11—B R6 | 11—Kt K4 | 24—R K3 | 24—Q K2 (g) |
| 12—B x B (a) | 12—K x B (b) | 25—Q R6 ch | 25—K Kt sq |
| 13—B K2 | 13—P KB3 | 26—R B8 ch | Resigns. |

(a) We would prefer 12 B K2 followed up by 13 B x B.
(b) Black should now have combined with 12—Kt x B ch.
(c) Forced, for White threatens to win the QP after 19 Kt K6 ch, B x Kt; 20 P x B.
(d) A very fine sacrifice of a Pawn, which introduces a beautiful conception carried out in Mr. Blackburne's highest style. Nevertheless, we would prefer some preparative move, like 19 R B3, for Black's position is so cramped that there is no danger of his escaping in the meantime.
(e) 21—R B3 would be better, we think.
(f) Mr. Bird, if we are rightly told, suggested here the far superior rejoinder 22—Kt Kt3. We do not think, however, that the move would have won, for White would still retain a fine attacking position.
(g) A blunder, of course, which leaves open a mate in three moves; but Black could not avoid any more decisive loss in material position; if 24—R K2, then 25 Kt K4 (!)

Mr. L. M. Jewett gives the following points on solving to the *Commercial Gazette*: "Attack and defense are the important considerations in solving. Group together the impossible keys and brush them aside. Combine upon the point where, in your opinion, the most successful attack can be made and the defense can be overcome. An apparent key is the rock upon which we often ship-wreck. Test carefully every variation of the apparent key. The obscure pawn moving one or two squares may turn out to be the key of the position. Never resort to testing every move, except in cases where you must have the solution. Never give up, avoid haste, examine and reëxamine at intervals your work, and you will discover many errors not formerly revealed. Suggestions are idle, as the field is too broad; but at this distance, care, patience, good temper, and thorough analysis seem to be the safest criterions."

Mr. Steinitz definitely announces the publication of the contemplated chess magazine, the first number of which will be issued some time during January, 1885. All chess players should unite in giving this undertaking a hearty and generous support, and we call upon all interested in such a project to forward their subscriptions at once to Mr. Steinitz, Nos. 169 and 170 Fulton Street, New York city. The price of the magazine is three dollars per annum.

Doctor Zukertort gave an exhibition of simultaneous play at the City of London Chess Club on October 24th. Twenty-four games were played, of which the doctor won eighteen, drew five, and lost one, all the games having been played in about four hours.

## VANITY FAIR.

The Boston *Courier* says: "A noted photographer recently obtained by surprise a picture of a well-known actress, just as she was stepping, dripping wet, out of the sea to regain her dressing-box. A lady of whom a mean advantage was thus taken had refused to be photographed with a determination that baffled the endeavors of New York photographers, her reason being that she objected to see her likeness in every shop-window she passed. Finding her inexorable, it was resolved to have recourse to an expedient, and one member of the profession ascertaining that she was spending a few days for the purpose of bathing at San Francisco, followed her there with his apparatus, put it in a bathing-machine, and obtained what he wanted unknown to the artiste. Shortly afterward she received a polite note containing her portrait as she emerged from the waves, and the intimation that ten thousand of the same would be put on sale the following day unless she consented to allow herself to be photographed in more becoming attire. She talked, in the first moment of irritation, of appealing to the police, but on reflection she considered it wiser to capitulate, although her annoyance is extreme at the unfair proceedings of her persecutors." Who was the actress, and who the photographer?

Who that has set his heart on a really artistic gas-fixture has not had cause to execrate the straight tubing which seemed to be a necessary evil, but which despoiled the finest design of its best graces, and led to the adoption of endless repulsive deceits? Let all who have suffered from this cause rejoice! A better day is coming, for it has been found that an iron gas tube may be twisted with a rod of iron, the two forming a cable as different in appearance from a hollow cast cable as it is possible to imagine. In fact, recent experiments seem to show that the tube may be braided into intricate knots with solid rods of metal, and that a modern gas-fixture may be as graceful as any chandelier that ever swung in a mediæval palace. Anything is possible with iron.

A vast deal of nonsense (says the *Times-Democrat)* is talked about pretty feet, while, in fact, there are no pretty feet in the modern world. The dainty little extremities that patter along the pavements look slender and symmetrical as they "peep in and out," but pedicures and lady's-maids could tell of toes compressed by the fashion of narrow shoes, into bony monstrosities with as many protuberances and callosities as if their wearers were Chinese women, and not of the number destined to the Imperial harem. Vain mothers imprison the poor little feet during dancing school-days in satin boots that will not "give," and soon the young girl herself hears so much of the necessity of a small foot she becomes a voluntary cripple while she "breaks" the walking-boots, at least a size too small for her, that she has been permitted to purchase and to wear. Southern women, especially, have no excuse for compressing their feet. Nature has given them the slender foot and ankle, the high, arched instep of the Andalusian dame. So little do they appreciate their birthright, they cultivate corns as assiduously as if they belonged to the large-footed races. Now the low, broad heel begins to replace those spine-destroyers known as "Louis Quinze" and "French heels," and one dares hope that the reign of "common sense" has really begun, that it will continue until all women will insist upon boots long enough and broad enough to admit of using the feet with natural grace and freedom.

The caprices of fashion are manifold (says the New York *Sun*), and the reasons for them past finding out. The last edict, which, according to a Parisian journal, had its origin in England, is the banishment of the time-honored stocking from the feminine wardrobe. In future, a lady's delicate extremities are to be clad only in double-soled boots. Modesty, of course, would forbid slippers or the fascinating Oxford-ties under this regulation, so we will hope boots with fleecy linings are to be the only wear. Those who have made the subject a study, pronounce stockings to be not only useless, but highly injurious from a sanitary point of view. We live in an age of reform and revolution, and between "health congresses," hygienic regulations, and other improvements, the garments of our grandmothers will soon vanish from sight.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor is the best-known collector of laces in America. When the boxes containing these wonderful fabrics were opened at the recent New York loan exhibit there were exclamations of rapture on every side. Mrs. Astor is probably the best judge of lace in America. She knows every stitch in the fabric of every country, and can tell at a glance the date, the point, and the value of anything in the line of lace. The tradesman who happens, in his travels in foreign lands, upon something wonderfully rare and beautiful in antique lace, may be confident of a purchaser in Mrs. Astor; but let him beware of attempting to palm off a reproduction or second-rate bit of old point on this most critical judge. He will regret the day he darkened the threshold of this American lady, who is the possessor of jewels and laces in value exceeding those of many royal dames. Indeed, in Mrs. Astor's collection of laces there are two or three flounces and lengths of lace formerly the property of sovereigns—among them a beautiful flounce belonging once to Napoleon's second spouse, Marie Louise, an exquisite and gossamer-like fabric with the symbolic "Bee" wrought in its meshes along with the imperial arms of France. Mrs. Hugh Jewett, the wife of the railroad king, is another lace collector. Her taste runs more to the old Irish and Italian laces, and she numbers some exquisite flounces of old Irish point among her treasures. There is at present in New York seeking a purchaser a marvelous thing in the way of point d'Alençon, an entire dress of exceeding fineness, which must have cost years of patient labor. It has wonderfully wrought flowers and fern-leaves, which form the graceful garlands of the design. Mrs. Langtry is quite a connoisseur in lace, and wears some rare old flounces on some of her stage dresses. She was much amused on being told by a critical observer from a private box that the garniture on a certain gown should be cleansed, as it was so yellow. Every lady knows that the lovely yellow of old lace is one of its great beauties, and the owner of a lovely creamy flounce would as soon think of putting it through the mangle as of whitening it by one degree.

The Hair-Dealers' Association of New York city, after comparing notes among themselves, send to the *Sun* a description of the fall and winter fashions in false hair. "The object of our association," they say, "being to guide the ladies in selecting becoming styles, not to overload their heads with false hair." This is their bulletin for the winter of 1884-5: "The fall and winter styles for ladies' hair-dressing are very becoming. The hair is slightly waved and looped in graceful bows on the top of the head; the figure 8 being the favorite style for ordinary wear, a few light curls fringing the nape of the neck. Ladies who think it becoming may add a long wave curled about two inches at the end, pinned in the centre of the back hair, falling gracefully on the shoulder so as to be seen from the front; another short, wavy curl pinned over the long curl so that the end of it stops at the nape of the neck. This is quite new, and looks well on a long neck. The front hair is arranged in light curls or waves, in the style most becoming to the face, the prevailing style being the fluffy curls on the forehead, extending about three inches to meet the back hair. The fashionable ladies' hair-dressers' stores are replete with ingenious contrivances to save the ladies the trouble, and sometimes the injury to their hair, of the curling and frizzing necessary to dress in the fashionable styles. Front coiffures made of waves and curls woven on invisible lace, dressed in different styles, are becoming a regular article of wearing apparel; some ladies having as many as half a dozen, that they may have a change for every day of the week. Long fluffy tresses made of natural curly hair are also provided for the back hair-dressing; they are arranged in a few graceful loops, and pinned around the twist. Combs and pins made of shell, or silver and gilt studded with Rhine stones, in endless variety, will be used as ornaments in hair-dressing this fall and winter."

This is from F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "An American Politician": "Boston is quite too funny about driving, too. A lady may go out with a man in a sleigh, but you couldn't possibly go with him on wheels—on the same road, at the same hour, same man, same everything, except the wheels. You agree to go out next week in a sleigh with Mr. Vancouver; but when the day comes, if it has happened to thaw, and there is no snow, and he comes in a buggy, you couldn't possibly go with him, because it would be quite too improper."

The styles in kid gloves are not remarkable for any striking departure from the reigning modes. The lengths remain the same. Certainly it were impossible to get them longer, unless the shoulders are to be "kidded." The mousquetaire still reigns, and has as yet encountered no formidable rival. Nothing is more attractive than a pretty arm, and a woman who is so possessed must be pardoned if she dresses it in the most faultless fashion. Now that longer finger-nails have gone out of style, the expenditure for gloves will be less than when the wedge-like nails were cultivated. For ordinary use eight-button lengths are in demand, but for evening wear the number of buttons is limited by the length of the lady's arm. Women make a mistake in buying a tight glove—first, because there is little economy, less comfort, and no beauty in a glove that squeezes the hand and pinches the wrist. The symmetry of the arm and wrist is lost, and, besides, graceful action of the hand is impossible. The glove that fits so tightly as to make every button a valley, and the spaces between undulations of flesh, is a hardship on the taste of the wearer. Bernhardt gloves are largely used for traveling, as they keep every particle of dust from the hands and wrists, and can be removed at the end of the journey in full confidence that the hands will be in good order, which can not be said of any other glove. Suéde or undressed kid gloves are very popular, and extensively worn by a large class of very fastidious persons.

"The only cosmetic I have used," said an old lady the other day, "is a flannel wash-cloth. For forty years I have bathed my face every night and morning with clear water as hot as I can bear it, using for the purpose a small square of flannel renewed as often as it grows thick and feltlike. My mother taught me to do this, as her mother had done before her. No soap nor powder, nor glycerine even, has touched my face, and this is what my skin is at sixty," she finished, touching with pardonable pride a cheek whose peachy bloom and fine soft texture gave effective emphasis to her recipe.

The immense increase in the city population in the last decade and consequent extension of the limits of social life are fast causing the disappearance of an essentially American custom which always struck a stranger as a curious thing. This is the habit—still existing somewhat—that men have of addressing one another by their Christian names—Bill, Tom, Jack, Jerry, or by whatever the prænomen may be familiarly modified into—and this frequently without any claim of intimacy beyond, perhaps, membership of the same club, or both belonging to the Stock Exchange. In the hurry and slap-dash of business a man's surname without any prefix is natural. Was it not Sir William Jones who said that the more common your name the more necessary is it that it should be treated with becoming respect?

> "The gentlemanly man whom you prefer
> Will know you for a year and call you 'Sir.'
> The vulgar being whom you never seek
> Will slap your back and 'Jones' you in a week."

In England men are almost always known among their familiars by nicknames, which they usually bring with them from school or college and carry through life; as, for instance, the late Master of the Meath Hounds was known far and wide as "The Chicken," and no one dreamed of calling Captain Hartopp by his Christian name.

## THE INNER MAN.

Italian wines are becoming very popular.

There are twenty-three well-known brands of champagne on the American drinking market.

Henry Clay used to butter his watermelon, saying that the one was the greatest effort of the animal kingdom, as was the other of the vegetable.

At an Eastern dinner last week the menus were in the form of a book of antique leather, with a solid silver clasp. There were nine pages to the book, each page representing a course, and beautifully illuminated in oil.

Sergeant Ballantyne in his "From the Old World to the New" declares that in American hotels the "cooking is vile, and wines, except being profanely christened with the sacred titles of a former age, bear no relationship to their ancestors."

A new species of oyster salad has been devised in Washington, which is a combination of every kind of cooking oysters, excepting frying. The oysters are cooked, seasoned, pickled for a while, allowed to stand; then potatoes and a few pieces of dried beef are put in, with champagne as a sauce.

The London Vegetarian Society gave a dinner to about one hundred and twenty ladies and gentlemen at the health exhibition the other day. The object of the dinner, which was one of a series, was to show how an ample and varied diet could be procured without the use of any sort of animal food. The menu included, among other dishes, "Chestnutina de Lyon" soup, pea fritter, and fried onions, and barley pudding. After the dinner Dr. Ridge delivered a short address, in which he laid stress upon the fact that it had been abundantly proved that a vegetarian diet was not only possible but profitable, and expressed his conviction that the excessive use of condiments was the cause of a large proportion of dyspeptic illnesses. It was also believed that vegetarians lived much longer than flesh-eating members of the community.

The differentiation of development asserts itself even in devouring oranges. In the region of the Rio Amazonas it is one way, and in the region of the Rio Query it is another. Here the eater begins by transfixing with a fork the vegetable globe in the neighborhood of the south pole. Then, with a sharp case-knife (which is not a cheese-knife, as might be inferred by the etymologist), he makes through the rind a circular cut, which may be likened to the antarctic circle. Next, he slices off the whole of the arctic zone. Then, cutting from north to south, he slices off the rind in meridians, from one polar circle to the other. The rind thus having been removed, and the luscious sphere being still transfixed and held in his left hand before him, the eater, with the knife in the right, slices off the tropical regions and puts the pieces in his mouth on the flat side or pierced with the point of the cutting instrument; in which operation a sixth of the substance of the fruit is wasted in removing the rind, and another sixth in cutting away the core; but with the best of oranges by retail at less than a cent apiece, no matter.

In the private cellars of Cloister Erbach there may yet be found some of the finest Rhine wines. These cellars are now under Prussian administration, which, like the former Nassau superintendence, stores the best and most "characteristic" wines in them. These wines have never got into the trade, but go principally to the Imperial table in Berlin, on payment of a fixed price by sworn appraisers. This price is a pretty high one at times, as may be seen from the fact that the best so-called Cabinet wine, of 1868 vintage, was, some five or six years ago, appraised at thirty marks a bottle, which will not be deemed excessive, when it is considered that upward of thirty women during a whole month carefully selected every single grape. There are but few happy mortals who ever drank pure unmixed *Steinberger*. This wine, like most of its Rheingau growths, is generally "blended" with cheaper wine in the proportion of one to three, or one to four, without thereby causing great detriment to the public. Most of the Rheingau wines, even the best, have a decidedly harsh taste, and, in spite of their fire, their richness in alcohol, and their bouquet, are rather "thin" on the tongue. All these defects, however, vanish when blendid with wine of greater body, thereby increasing the bouquet, since the Rheingau wines are so racy as to impart their character in this respect to three and even four times the quantity of other wine.

A great discussion has recently arisen in England on the subject of food and the method of administering it on board of the transatlantic steamers. A certain Mr. Stillman has made a stir by writing against the present methods of providing for the comfort of passengers on the first-class lines. He opposes the system of *table d'hote* prevailing now, but does not explain how six or seven hundred passengers are to be properly fed at any hour their fancy may select from a ship's galley and by a ship's cook. A kitchen as big as that of a club-house would be necessary, and their pity would have to be extended to the people who would venture on what the waiter would suggest as a "volly-vong" or a "pully sotty," instead of the plain joints of good meat one is apt to meet with on the average steamer table. It is true, that such fare is not intended for seasick people, but they have no business to complain. There is a story that a lady who had come to the table of a Cunard steamer for the first time was suddenly confronted with a large boiled leg of mutton dripping with white caper sauce. She fainted and was carried out, but the other passengers only left the bone. It is quite absurd for healthy people to make a fuss about steamer fare. The very atmosphere they breathe gives them the blessings of appetite and digestion, while the good ship that bears them safely to the end of their voyage is a ship without pretensions to being a hotel. There are some Southern and West Indian boats that a "Casual Observer" would like the grumblers to try—just once.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

An American edition of Hoffman's "Weird Tales" is coming from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is writing a romance about highwaymen which is to be called "The Great North Road."

Miss Anna Katharine Green, the author of "The Leavenworth Case," was married, on November 25th, to Mr. Charles Rohlfs.

The holiday book which will be brought out by Cassell & Co. this year is the "Atala" of Chateaubriand, illustrated by Doré.

Miss M. E. Braddon, one of the most prolific of English story-writers, in private life is Mrs. Maxwell, and owns up to having reached the mature age of fifty-six.

Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes is preparing a series of papers to be published in the *Atlantic* next year. They will appear under the general title of "The New Portfolio."

Martin Farquhar Tupper is living in extreme poverty in London. Old in years, declining in health, the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" lives deprived of the luxuries, and not a few of the necessities, of life.

One-third of the newspapers published in Italy bear the title of "Gazette," the name having been handed down from 1570, when the first gossippy little sheet saw daylight at Venice, and was sold for a small coin, *gazetta*.

Mr. Hugh Conway is so popular an author in England that sixty thousand copies of his latest story, "Dark Days," have been ordered there. As for "Called Back," it has been translated into French, German, Italian, Norse, Swedish, Dutch, Roumanian, and Welsh.

"Guenn," Miss Blanche Willard Howard's latest book, has been dramatized by the authoress, and will be brought out in New York some time during the coming winter. Miss Howard, who is still residing in Germany, has just completed another novel, which will be published at an early date.

While Victorien Sardou's brilliantly successful play, "Les Pattes de Mouche," was being performed for the first time, in Paris, its author spent the evening pacing the sidewalk in front of the theatre in a fever of anxiety. "If it takes," he said, "all right. If not, to-morrow I start for America, to found a French newspaper there." He remained in Paris.

The English people, it appears, are reading cheap American editions of English stories which were wickedly smuggled over their borders. The London *Globe* believes that this systematic defiance of the custom house may, if it continues to be tolerated, make publishers consider whether the high and almost prohibitive prices for books ruling in England are necessary.

The whole number of publications of the world during the year 1883 was, according to official accounts sent out from Leipzig, 15,474 books, pamphlets, etc., and 386 maps, or 429 books, etc., and 40 maps more than during the year 1882. Leipzig continues to be the centre of the book trade for Germany. In that city during the past year 2,624 books and 14 maps were published, while in Berlin 2,484 books and 57 maps were issued. Austria issued 1,944 publications, and Switzerland, 644.

Many writers are engaged regularly in the office of the *Century* on a large and very important work, the making of a great dictionary. They take for their basis the well-known Imperial Dictionary, in four volumes, now sold by the *Century* Company. The Imperial contains one hundred and thirty thousand words, and gives not only definitions and etymologies, but also descriptions and histories. It shows the uses of words in quotations from more than fifteen hundred authors, and it includes at least three thousand illustrations. But the popular value of the Imperial will be exceeded in every way by the dictionary now in preparation.

Mr. Besant's statement that authors might get on without publishers, but that publishers can not get on without authors, is pronounced by the *St. James Gazette* more epigrammatic than true. "As a matter of fact," it adds, "numbers of publishers get on exceedingly well without ever speculating in a manuscript by a living writer; and any publisher who finds living authors exorbitant in their demands can fall back on the dead ones, whose power of attracting readers has in some cases been tested for centuries past." This is, after all, begging the question; for authors, dead or alive, are authors, and provide a living for publishers.

The editors of Dickens's correspondence have ascertained that a most interesting record of his connection with the *Daily News* is still in existence. This is a diary kept by the sub-editor, Mr. Dudley Costello, containing the directions given by Dickens from day to day as to the conduct of the journal. The subjects for leading articles are noted, and directions are given as to the persons by whom they are to be treated, and the manner of treatment. As the editor of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, Dickens is known to have been most careful in selecting subjects and supervising his contributors, and it now appears that he had been equally vigilant when editing the *Daily News*.

New Books.

"Harry Coverdale's Courtship and Marriage, and What Came of It," by Frank E. Smedley, author of "Frank Fairlegh," etc., has been reprinted by T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, 75 cents.

"Sir Moses Montefiore: a Centennial Biography, with Selections from Letters and Journals," by Lucien Wolf, has been issued by Harper & Brothers in their "Franklin Square Library," and is an excellent duodecimo edition, with illustrations. It is for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

The latest issues of Harper's "Franklin Square Library" are: "The Mistletoe Bough," the third series of Christmas stories which Miss Braddon has put forth under this title; Part Thirteen of Stormouth's "Dictionary of the English Language," and Edmund Yates's "Memories of a Man of the World."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, have issued "The Longfellow Calendar" and "The Whittier Calendar" for 1885. They are handsomely illuminated cards, each showing a portrait of the poet and bearing a block calendar, with appropriate selections for each day in the year. They are for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, $1 each.

"The Bassett Claim," by Henry R. Elliot, is the latest addition to Putnam's "Knickerbocker Novels." It relates the adventures in Washington of the Bassett family in their endeavors to have passed one of the many unsettled French spoliation claims. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft; price, paper, 50 cents.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, have issued a popular edition of "The History of Democracy, Considered as a Party Name and as a Political Organization," by Jonathan Norcross, the well-known author of "The Conflict of Labor and Capital," and many other works on political and social economy. It is for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, 40 cents.

Those excellent collaborators, Josephine Pollard and Walter Satterslee, have produced a book called "Artistic Tableaux," a dissertation on that popular form of entertainment, with diagrams and stage directions for the production of forty-five tableaux. The text is by Miss Pollard, while Satterslee has contributed the sketches and the arrangement of diagrams. It is published by White, Stokes & Allen, New York; for sale by James T. White & Co.

"Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland," a memorial biography, with letters and a portrait, has been reprinted by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The book is too well known to require comment at this late day, but the letter-press and binding are very well done, making a handsome volume. It is for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Colonel C. Chaillé Long, an ex-Chief of Staff to General Gordon in Africa, and at one time United States Consular Agent in Alexandria, has written a book called "The Three Prophets: Chinese Gordon, Mohammed-Ahmed (El Maahdi), Arabi Pasha." It is a review of the Soudan question, in which the author states his belief that Chinese Gordon, the Maahdi, and Arabi have been the automatons with which Great Britain has sought to conceal her purpose to annex Egypt and the Soudan, and found in this latter country an African India. It is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White; price, 30 cents.

Cassell & Company have issued in a handsomely bound volume the *Magazine of Art* for 1884. This magazine, now in its seventh year, has won a well-deserved reputation, not only for its high artistic excellence, but also for the literary merit of its articles. The present volume contains, besides many smaller cuts, sixty-three full-page illustrations; among them Macbeth's etching, "Lady Bountiful," G. H. Boughton's "A Field Hand-maiden," two battle pieces, "The Victors" and "The Vanquished," by the Russian artist, Verestchagin, and J.-F. Millet's "Shepherdess." Types of all the modern schools are presented, though the French has but a poor showing, and many of the *chefs d'œuvres* of the old masters are reproduced. An excellent example of the ink-photogravure process is Edward Burne-Jones's "Study" of a woman's head, which admirably shows Mr. Burne-Jones's peculiar style. Among the literary contributions are several poems by Austin Dobson and Robert Louis Stevenson, several interesting papers on "Egyptian Types," by W. J. Loftie, a number of articles on modern artists, among them one on Madrazo, the celebrated Spanish painter, by David Hannay, and two papers by Robert Louis Stevenson, "Fontainebleau" and "A Penny Plain and Two Pence Colored," a genially humorous account of his youthful delight in "Skelt's Juvenile Drama." An important feature of the magazine is the Monthly Chronicle of American Art, which appears at the end of the volume and chronicles all important events in the art-world of America, notably exhibitions that have occurred in all parts of the country. It is published by Cassell & Co., New York and London; for sale at the bookstores.

Four of the daintiest volumes of verse that have appeared for a long time are just out from the press of White, Stokes & Allen, New York. They are: "Lyra Elegantiarum," "London Lyrics," "London Songs," and "Heine's Book of Songs." The first is edited by Frederick Locker; the next two are from his pen. "Lyra Elegantiarum" is a collection of what the editor calls "vers de société and vers d'occasion." Its scope will be best comprehended by mentioning some of the selections: Bayley's "I'd be a Butterfly," Lord Byron's "Girl of Cadiz," etc., Coleridge's "Cologne," etc., Herrick's "Delight in Disorder," "The Night Piece," "Upon Julia's Clothes," and many others; Leigh Hunt's "Jenny Kissed Me," etc., Lovelace's "To Lucasta," etc., Sir John Suckling's "Why so Pale and Wan," Thackeray's "Age of Wisdom," etc., and a quantity of anonymous verse. The volume makes three hundred and sixty pages, with a lengthy introduction, full of interesting notes on verse-making. The book is handsomely printed and bound; its rubricated title has an etched vignette of a court jester communing with a raven. "London Lyrics" and "London Rhymes" are collections of Locker's own verse. They are dainty little volumes, printed on imitation parchment paper, with gilt tops and uncut edges. Each has a portrait of Locker, with rubricated title and vignette. They are collections of the fugitive poems from Locker's pen, which have appeared from time to time in the magazines. Many of these poems are familiar to the *Argonaut's* readers, as we have reprinted them from time to time—in this number, in fact, appear two. It is odd how the poets continue tinkering at their work. Tennyson is noted for the changes in his later editions. In this edition of Locker's work we notice occasional slight changes. In the poem on "Geraldine," for instance, the lines which originally read

> "She's an angel in a frock,
> With a fascinating cock
> To her nose"

are now

> "She's an angel in a frock,
> She's an angel with a clock
> To her hose."

We do not think the change improves the stanza.——"Heine's Book of Songs" is a little volume containing a memoir of Heine, with translations compiled from those of Sir Theodore Martin and Edgar A. Bowring. All the four volumes mentioned above are published by White, Stokes & Allen, New York, and for sale in this city by Bancroft.

Juvenilia.

"The Triple 'E,'" by Mrs. S. R. Graham Clark, is the sixth number of "Lothrop's Young Folks' Library," a monthly publication of stories for little girls. It is excellently printed in large, clear type, and contains two wood cuts. It is published by D. Lathrop & Co. Boston; price, 25 cents.

"Christmas-Tree Land" is the title of a charming fairy story by Mrs. Molesworth. It contains many quaint and curious ideas; and the pleasing manner in which the story is told, together with the illustrations by Walter Crane, make it a delightful book for children. It is published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, 1.50.

In "Left Behind; or, Ten Days a Newsboy," James Otis relates the experiences of a Chicago boy, whose parents start off for Europe, accidentally leaving him in New York. He is adopted by the newsboys of the city, and, after ten days, full of incidents and excitement, is restored to his father. It is reprinted by Harper & Brothers, from *Harper's Young People;* for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

"Charlie Asgarde: The Story of a Friendship," by Alfred St. Johnston, is a tale written on the well-known theme of Robinson Crusoe. It relates the adventures of two shipwrecked lads among the Fiji Islands, and, while there is nothing startlingly new in plot or treatment, it will be interesting to a number of juvenile readers. It is published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, $1.50.

Edouard Laboulaye is a man whose name should be better known to Americans than it is. He was ever a warm friend of this country, and in his book, "Paris en Amérique," a most witty yet thoughtful production, he showed the contrast between the present freedom enjoyed by the American citizen, and the "paternal" surveillance exercised over the European subject. Laboulaye was a professor in the Institute of France, yet he did not disdain to write fairy tales. And such fairy tales! For they sparkled with wit, which sometimes, perhaps, passed over childish heads, to be appreciated only by older ones. Yet were they spangled with most marvelous adventures, which set the childish lips agape with wonder, but did not bore the elders. In short, Laboulaye's fairy tales could be read by any one with interest. Who does not remember "Yvon and Fleurette," the "Prince Caniche," and all the other "Contes Bleues"? Now a new volume has been issued, containing all of Laboulaye's later stories, up to the time of his death, which took place last year. It is called "Laboulaye's Last Fairy Tales," and has been admirably translated by Mary L. Booth. In the pretty little volume are over three hundred spirited designs by French artists of note. Published by Harper & Brothers; for sale at Bancroft's.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mr. Henry James Jr. must be quite too happy for any earthly necessity. He has been mistaken by a real English soldier for the real Prince of Wales. Lardy dah!—*Boston Herald.*

A little town in New York has a skating rink that they call "Niagara." It is supposed that they call it that because the people go there to see the "falls."—*Washington Hatchet.*

A fashion paper says: "The new underskirt pretends to be full when it is not." In this respect it differs somewhat from a man: he pretends not to be full when he really is.—*Philadelphia News.*

The doctors of a Western town have prepared a list of non-paying patients, and will refuse to visit any family whose name is on the list. One undertaker and two tombstone-dealers have advertised their places for sale.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Mr. Vanderbilt has just given his relatives fifty thousand dollars. It is well for a man to begin by giving his relatives small sums. In this way he gradually prevails upon them to accept whatever he wants them to take. Patience will finally overcome the most obdurate kinsman.—*Courier-Journal.*

"My dear," said Mrs. McGill, "I see that General Butler makes five speeches in a day."

"Yes, I believe he does."

"I should think it would kill him."

"It would, my dear, if he was an ordinary man. But he has a cast-eye-run constitution."—*Marathon Independent.*

"It's a powerful hard matter for me to keep my religion," said a church member to his minister. "Every time I think I have an everlasting hold on it, something turns up to make me cuss; so I am kept on a trot between the world and the mourners' bench. This morning I lost all the religion I had while trying to shoot Tom Green. The gun wouldn't go off and I had to cuss.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

"Oh, yes," she said, pettishly; "you've just come from the club, I know. But that doesn't excuse your coming home at such a late hour and in such a condition. The club, indeed! There's danger in clubs; don't you know that the first murder ever committed in the world was caused by a club? Abel was killed by a club."

"You're wrong, my dear, wrong; it wasn't a club that killed Abel; it was only a Cain."—*Ex.*

*Young Artist* (displaying a portrait)—"Well, what do you think of it, old man?"

*Friend of Artist*—"Beautiful! beautiful! Who does it represent; some friend of yours?"

*Young Artist*—"Yes, it's Jones; I thought you knew him."

*Friend of Jones*—"Know Jones? Of course I do. I've known Jones intimately for over thirty years."—*Ex.*

"You've got my seat, sir," said a man on a Texas railroad, who had left his seat for a moment.

"There is nothing to show that you have retained this seat."

"Look up there! There is my hat-box on the rack right over this seat."

"Well, then, you sit up there on your hat-box, if there's where you have retained your seat."—*Texas Siftings.*

"No, sir," said the junk dealer; "I never saw a pair of corsets among the rags. Specimens of every other article of wearing apparel we get, but old corsets never. I can't account for it. I have daughters of my own, and yet I never saw a pair of discarded corsets lying around. They disappear mysteriously, and never turn up among the waste."

"Perhaps," said the visitor, musingly, "it is because they go to waist only when they are in good condition."—*Ex.*

Thus muses a rural correspondent: "When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock, and you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey cock, and the clackin' of the guineas and the cluckin' of the hens, and the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence; oh, then's the time a feller is feeling at his best, with the risin' sun to greet him from a night of gracious rest, as he leaves the house bare-headed and goes out to feed the stock, when the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock."—*Gate City.*

"Pa has always been very successful in his operations in stocks," she said, as they sat together in the parlor, "and I have given so much attention to his methods that I think I could go into the market and operate successfully myself."

"Indeed," he said, with much interest, for he had just drawn a week's salary ahead to pay an election bet, and was wondering how he could make up the deficiency that would make itself felt when his board bill became due; "indeed; then if I wanted to speculate you could, perhaps, give me a few points?"

"I have no doubt I could give you some good advice," she said.

"Then suppose coal was going down and oil was rising, what would be the proper course to pursue?"

"Well, I should say," she replied, as she glanced into the stove and at the lamp, "the proper course would be to put a little more coal on the fire and turn down the lamp the least bit."—*Peck's Sun.*

When the delegation of ministers called upon Mr. Blaine, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and presented an address through the bigoted and egotistical ass, Burchard, suppose Mr. Blaine had replied to it about as follows:

"GENTLEMEN: I am indeed grateful for the kind words expressed toward me by representatives of some of the Christian churches, and thank you; but I ask you, as a favor to me and to the best interests of our country, to retract certain remarks. I do not wish to disturb the hilarity of this occasion, but some gentleman—inadvertently I trust—has got a remark into this address that is a diabolical outrage upon a religion that is as pure as yours and mine. When you characterize the Democratic party as one of rum and rebellion I have not much to say, but when you use the words, 'Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion,' you slur the religion in which my sainted mother lived and died, and which was *my* religion until I arrived at the age of indiscretion. A church, gentlemen, that is always foremost in good works, a church whose angels of mercy are first to appear when the plague raises its head, whose gentle hands minister to the dying of whatever religion, should not be insulted by any old nine-spot; and I want to say to you that I can whip any man, I don't care if he is a hundred years old, who makes such a break as that, who goes off half-cocked when nobody knows he is loaded. All of your remarks about my being a devil of a fellow I endorse, but you want to leave out that 'Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion' business, or you are no friends of mine. That is the kind of a hair-pin I am. Burn this letter."

Well, if Mr. Blaine had not lost his cud, and had made a few remarks like that, at the proper time, he would have been elected President. But he didn't.—*Peck's Sun.*

## SOCIETY.

### The Decorative Art Reception.

The reception given by the Society of Decorative Art, last Tuesday evening, at B'nai B'rith Hall, was a success in every particular. The hall was crowded with a brilliant assemblage, the fair sex seeming to predominate. The beautiful decorations of the hall attracted much admiration. Suspended from the centre of the ceiling, and falling in graceful folds, were long streamers of colored bunting, caught up at the side balconies. The rear of the stage was draped with large American flags, before which was a hedge of emerald-hued vines, dotted here and there with bright flowers. In front of this, encircling the edge of the stage, were massive porcelaine jardinières and other stands, from which issued a profusion of flowers.

The Floral Booth occupied a point of vantage immediately in front of the stage, and was presided over by Mrs. Doctor Hoff, assisted by the following young ladies: Miss Florence Atherton, Miss Lena Haskins, Miss Fannie Bolton, Miss Lizzie Page, Miss Dollie Andrews, Miss Fannie Weeks, Miss Gardiner, Miss Bertha Febiger, Miss Katie Babcock, Miss Bertha Gerstle, Miss Lottie Morrill, and the Misses Elliott. At this table were displayed dainty boutonnières for the gentlemen, corsage bouquets for the ladies, and an endless variety of the most fragrant and choicest culled flowers.

To the left of this booth was a Fancy Bazaar, at which could be obtained articles of fancy needlework, bric-à-brac, and beautiful hand-painted placques and panels. Under the care of Mesdames Balfour, Frank, and Moore, this department did a thriving business.

An immense Japanese umbrella, adorned with small colored lanterns served as the Tea Booth. Mrs. J. H. Perine and Mrs. Michael Castle dispensed the non-inebriating product of the Japanese empire, in the daintiest cups and saucers, and were rewarded with a continuous patronage.

Almost all the south end of the hall was occupied by tête-à-tête tables, where ice-cream, cakes, and lemonade could be obtained. This department was well patronized between the dances, and was attended to by Mrs. Louis Gerstle, assisted by Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. Fisher Ames, and Miss Elliott.

The Bon-bon Booth was located at the east side of the hall, under a canopy of pink and blue. Upon the tables were cunning little receptacles for bon-bons, and an abundance of sweets, which were most persuasively sold by a charming coterie of young ladies, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Henry L. Dodge. Her assistants were respectively Miss Nina Adams, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Nettie Tubbs, Miss Grace Jones, Miss Bessie Shrieve, Miss Daisy Paige, Miss May Holladay, Miss Florence Godley, and Miss Mollie Dodge.

Dancing was, of course, the feature of the evening, and to the music rendered by the band, perched up high in the balcony, the merry dancers waltzed till the early hours of morning.

Though not strictly a full-dress reception, the majority of the gentlemen were attired in full evening dress, while the ladies added to the beauty of the scene, arrayed mostly in light colored silks and satins. Among the many present the following were noticed:

Mrs. George Hearst, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. Charles Peters, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. Henry B. Williams, Mrs. John B. Hager, Mrs. Richard C. Hooker, Mrs. Walter E. Deane, Mrs. Dr. Volney Spaulding, Mrs. Edward Martin, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. James C. Flood, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Louis Gerstle, Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. Dr. Hoff, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Michael Castle, Mrs. J. H. Perine, Mrs. Fisher Ames, Mrs. Robert Balfour, Mrs. Major Rathbone, Mrs. Dr. Cushing, Mrs. Dr. McNutt, Mrs. Captain Davis, Miss Nettie Tubbs, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Daisy Page, Miss Mamie Otis, Miss Fannie Bolton, Miss Lizzie Bolton, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Lillie O'Connor, Miss Bessie Kittle, Miss Dottie Kittle, Miss Laura Willey, Miss May Findley, Miss Florence Pope, Miss Mamie Pope, Miss Kate Woods, Miss Sheda Torbert, Miss Ruth Holladay, Miss May Holladay, Miss Mollie Torbert, Miss Fannie Durbrow, Miss Tony Brandmann, Miss Bessie Sedgwick, Miss Nellie Stetson, Miss Laura Pike, Miss Grace Jones, Miss Belle Jones, Miss Tessie Fair, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Jennie Flood, Miss Matie Peters, Miss Nettie Schmiedell, Misses Nellie, Laura, and Minnie Corbitt, Miss Mollie Dodge, the Misses Elliott, Miss Florence Atherton, Miss Katie Babcock, Mr. Harry Gilmor, Mr. Ricardo Pinto, Mr. John N. Featherston, Mr. Edward C. Jobson, Mr. Ed. Greenway, Mr. Mountford Wilson, Mr. Edgar Painter, Mr. Lindsley Bingham, Mr. Henry Crocker, Mr. Will Crocker, Mr. Frank Carolan, Mr. Frank Hicks, Mr. Webster Jones, Mr. George Shrieve, Mr. Walter Deane, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. Henry Schmiedell, Mr. Albert Stetson, Mr. Charles Brandman, Mr. Will Taylor, Mr. Edwards Roberts, and many others.

### The Deane Dinner.

One of the most pleasant events of the past week was the dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Deane, on Wednesday evening, in their apartments at the Baldwin Hotel. The dinner was given as a compliment to Mr. W. G. Irwin, a prominent resident of the Sandwich Islands, who is here on a visit. Covers were laid for eighteen, and the table was a marvel of beauty. The centre of the table was a bed of cardinal velvet, upon which reposed a floral representation of a four-leaved clover, each leaf being composed of different flowers, namely: Jacqueminot and tea roses, heliotrope, violets, and Eucharist Amazonicas, the stem being of bon-silene roses. At either end of the table were placed respectively a large lover's bow and knot, and an Indian bow and arrow, combined, both pieces being composed of the choicest flowers. Before each lady guest was a miniature floral representation of horseshoes, fans, stars, horns of plenty, and cloverleaves, arranged most artistically, while with becoming taste the gentlemen were allotted dainty little boutonnières of jasmines. Each guest received an elegant menu, embossed in gold on delicately-tinted card-board. The designs on each were different, being appropriate to the occasion. The chandeliers were entwined with streamers of smilax, and from each depended large balls of red pinks and vari-colored chrysanthemums. The decorations, being arranged by a master hand, were in such charming taste as to win the admiration of all. Those comprising the party were: Miss Minnie Corbitt, Miss Grace Jones, Miss Sheda Torbert, Miss Ilene Ivers, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Miss Mollie Dodge, Miss Ella Jennings, Miss Jeannette Reynolds, Mrs. W. E. Deane, Mr. W. G. Irwin, Colonel George Macfarlane, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. E. Macfarlane, Mr. Frank Hicks, Mr. Heyman, Mr. Webster Jones, Mr. Walter L. Deane, and Mr. W. E. Deane.

### The Stetson Reception.

A reception was held last evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, in honor of the début in society of their daughter, Miss Nellie Stetson. Their elegant mansion on the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Clay Street was brilliantly illuminated and adorned artistically with beautiful and fragrant flowers. The affair was one of the most enjoyable of the season. Dancing in the parlors was indulged in until a late hour, and a sumptuous repast was served during the evening. Among the many present were Miss Daisy Paige, Miss Nellie Peterson, Miss Jennie Whittier, Miss Maggie Nelson, Mrs. Walter E. Deane, Miss Laura Pike, Miss May Taylor, Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace, Miss Grace Bradley, Mrs. Bradley, Miss Nellie Stetson, Mrs. J. B. Stetson, Mr. R. B. Wallace, Mr. Ricardo Pinto, Mr. Harry Gilmor, Mr. Lindsley Bingham, Mr. J. B. Stetson, and others.

### Dinner Parties.

General W. H. L. Barnes gave a dinner party last Tuesday evening at his residence on Sutter Street. Ten guests were present, and an elaborate menu was discussed.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wilson gave a pleasant dinner party on Thursday evening at their residence on Pine Street.

Mrs. Newhall gave a dinner on Tuesday evening at her residence on Van Ness Avenue in honor of Mr. W. G. Irwin, of Honolulu. The party of ladies and gentlemen present passed a most delightful evening.

Mrs. E. W. Hopkins gave a dinner party on Thursday evening at her residence on Bush Street to a number of intimate friends.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Hattie Crocker, returned to the city on Wednesday morning *via* the Southern route. They were cordially welcomed home by a number of their relatives and friends, and the parlors at their residence were filled with choice flowers and floral emblems sent by their many friends.

Miss Minnie Mizner, of Benicia, who has been visiting friends in this city, has returned home.

Mrs. Porter Ashe presented her husband with a little girl baby last Saturday. Mrs. Ashe is in Sacramento at present.

Mrs. Henry Edgerton and Mrs. W. B. C. Brown, of Sacramento, were in the city this week.

Mrs. General Kautz has returned from her European trip.

Mr. Antoine Borel, the well-known banker, returned home from abroad on Monday, greatly improved in health.

Miss Virginia Ortiz, daughter of Governor Ortiz, will leave for the city of Mexico in a few days.

Miss Bessie Garvey has gone East, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Gashwiler.

Miss Lizzie Crocker is visiting her cousin, Miss Deming, at Gold Bend, Indiana.

Miss Lottie Morrell is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Major Dunn, of Black Point, having returned from an extended visit in the East.

Governor and Mrs. Leland Stanford, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Ariel Lathrop, arrived at Palo Alto on Thursday, where they will remain for a while before coming to the city.

Miss May Thornton has returned from her visit to Mare Island.

Mrs. General W. H. Dimond and family are at Santa Barbara, where they will pass the winter.

Mr. Colgate Baker returned from Japan last Monday.

Mr. P. B. Cornwall has returned from Portland, Oregon.

Mr. John L. Truslow, general agent of Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, is at Riverside, Los Angeles County, with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourne, of Napa, are at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittan are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Rose Davis, of San José, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Judge Allen, and her cousin, Mrs. S. F. Thorn, at the Grand Hotel.

Doctor and Mrs. Lawler are going to Cleveland, Ohio, which will be their future home.

Hon. Barclay Henley left for Washington, D. C., on Wednesday.

Doctor Hitchcock, father of Mrs. Lillie Coit, is seriously ill, at his rooms in the Grand Hotel.

Sir E. H. Hutchinson, a prominent resident of Japan, who has been visiting in this city, left for England last Monday.

Mrs. Edward C. Jobson, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Freda Cox, will come down to this city from Sacramento on Monday.

Mrs. B. B. Cutter and Miss Tot Cutter are expected from the Rancho los Medanos on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Sperry, of Stockton, are at the Occidental Hotel.

Judge W. C. Wallace, of Napa, is in this city.

Mrs. John McMullin returned to the city on Thursday, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. L. J. Rose, the well-known viticulturist of Los Angeles County, is in the city.

Mrs. William Babcock and Miss Babcock have been sojourning at Del Monte for a week.

Hon. William Alvord and Mrs. Alvord went to Monterey on Saturday last to pass a few days.

Mrs. Lieutenant Greely writes to a lady in this city that she has taken a house in Washington for the winter.

Mrs. M. S. Latham and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Eastland have been passing a few days at Del Monte.

Mrs. S. B. Peterson, Miss H. Peterson, Miss M. Nelson, and Mrs. P. B. Simons were among the guests at Del Monte on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Abbott Kinney, who were married in this city three weeks ago, and who enjoyed their honeymoon at Monterey and Santa Cruz, have arrived at San Gabriel, where they have a beautiful home.

Mrs. Colonel Eddy and her daughter Mary leave for the East to-morrow.

Miss Mary Thornton, who has been visiting at the Navy Yard, has returned.

Hon. T. D. Mott and Mrs. Mott, of Los Angeles, who have been sojourning hereabouts for two or three weeks, left for home on Tuesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles MacDermott and family will winter at the Palace, as usual, leaving their beautiful Oakland home on or about the 1st of December.

Mr. W. J. Broderick, of Los Angeles, is spending a few weeks at the Grand.

### Army and Navy News.

Doctor L. Robinson, U. S. N., has gone to Washington, D. C.

Commander G. D. B. Glidden, recently detached from the command of the U. S. steamer *Pa-os*, Asiatic station, arrived from Hongkong on Monday last.

Orders have been received at the Mare Island Navy Yard to put the exploring schooner *Ounalaska* out of commission. The officers, Lieutenant G. M. Stoney and Ensign J. L. Purcell, have been detatched, and ordered to special duty at Washington, D. C.

Medical Director Somerset Robinson, U. S. N., in charge of the Naval Hospital at Mare Island, Cal., has been ordered to temporary duty at Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant J. W. Summerhays, U. S. A., after a pleasant stay in this city, returned to Fort Halleck on Saturday last.

Acting Assistant-Surgeon G. M. Fenn, U. S. A., now on duty at San Diego, has been relieved by Captain L. G. Loring, assistant-surgeon U. S. A., and will soon return to to this city.

F. E. Taylor, U. S. A., and Mrs. Taylor have been enjoying a brief sojourn at Monterey.

G. Gildea, U. S. A., was at the Palace on Monday and Tuesday last.

B. Norris, U. S. A., has been at the Occidental most of the week.

Assistant Chief-Engineer Davilo, U. S. N., was at the Grand on Tuesday and Wednesday last.

Lieutenant George Barnett, U. S. Marine Corps, leaves to-day for Sitka.

### Notes and Gossip.

A party was given at the Pella Vista last Thursday evening, which was a very pleasant affair. Dancing was the order of the evening, and was continued until after midnight.

It is rumored that a wealthy resident of this city, the happy possessor of an elegant country villa, will soon give a garden party at his rural residence, which, from accounts, promises to eclipse anything of the kind ever given on this coast. A private train of cars will convey his guests to the villa, which in the evening will be brilliantly illuminated with lanterns, etc., and the details of the entire affair will be gorgeous.

### Railway Personals.

Mr. G. A. Van Praag, of the Burlington route, returned from Salt Lake City on Monday.

Mr. S. S. Stevens, General Agent of the Rock Island Railroad, arrived Monday from Council Bluffs with his family, and will pass the winter in the vicinity of Los Angeles.

Mr. Joseph McCall, General Agent of the Erie Road, returned from New York last Sunday.

Mr. D. W. Hitchcock, General Western Passenger Agent of the Union Pacific Railroad, returned from the East last Tuesday.

Mr. George J. Cowan, of the Chicago, Atlantic and Erie Railroad, has returned to the city, after a short visit in Chicago.

The many friends of Mrs. John W. Doherty, formerly of this city, will be pained to hear of her sudden death, at her home, in Columbus, Ohio, on the 21st of this month.

Miss Mamie Short, of Chicago, an elocutionist of merit, gave a recital on Friday of last week, at Y. M. C. A. Hall, in aid of a church building fund. Among the selections which the young lady gave were the following: "De Ship ob Faith," "Death of Minnehaha," "Doom of Claudius and Cynthia," "The Bald-headed Man," "Norah Murphy and the Spirits," and "How Ruby Played." Although suffering from a severe sore throat, the young lady succeeded in giving much pleasure to her audience, which was a large and attentive one.

Foremost among the many attractions announced for the coming month, is the concert under the auspices of the Gounod Musical Society, to be given at Irving Hall, the 18th, for the benefit of Madame Le Hardy, a vocal artist of exceeding excellence, who is suffering from ill health and distressing circumstances. The artists who will contribute to the occasion are: Madame Julie Rosewald, soprano; Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, pianist; Mr. Rosewald, violinist; Mr. E. J. Knell, 'celloist; Signor Villani, tenor; a quartet of members of the Loring Club, and others. The fashionable element having interested themselves in the matter, the affair promises to be a financial success, as an artistic one is already assured.

— A YOUNG LADY DESIRES POSITION IN SOME mercantile house or commercial employment as stenographer or private secretary. For qualifications and character she is permitted to refer to the *Argonaut* office, to which place all letters may be addressed. B.

— AMONG THE MANY BENEFITS FOR WHICH WE of San Francisco returned thanks on Thanksgiving Day, not the least is the presence of the Metropolitan Hall in our city. This hall is well known to be one of the finest in the country, and has the largest organ on the Pacific Coast.

— CELERY, BEEF, AND IRON, A MOST DELICIOUS drink, tonic, and nervine. Good appetite, perfect digestion, and sound sleep.

FRENCH FLOWERS AND FEATHERS IN GREAT variety, and all the latest styles, at the Wonder Flower and Feather Store, 1024 Market Street.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

CCCXXXVIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, November 30, 1884.

Rice and Tomato Soup.
Baked Soles. Saratoga Potatoes.
Broiled Quail.
String Beans. Oyster Plant.
Roast Pork, Apple Sauce.
Cold Slaw.
Custard Pudding.
Apples, Pears, Grapes, Japanese Persimmons, and Figs.

BAKED SOLES.—Skin the black side of the fish, lay in a baking-pan, brush with beaten egg, sprinkle with bread crumbs, pour on some melted butter, lay on some thin slices of pork or bacon, add half a pint of water, and bake half an hour. To make the sauce, take the liquor from the baking-pan, add to it salt, pepper, cayenne, the juice of a lime, a wineglass of sherry, a tablespoonful of butter with a little flour rubbed into it; give it one boil and pour over the fish.

Although it has frequently been asserted that Edwin Booth the elder was of Jewish extraction, it has always been a matter of newspaper surmise rather than a definite fact. An old friend of the elder Booth relates, however, that one night in the early days of California the great erratic actor, in a friendly chat, gave him a glimpse of his family tree. The Booths were originally Spanish Jews, who settled early in the century in Amsterdam, where they were probably diamond-dealers. The family name was then Cabana; but that name being found intractable for use in England, whither some of the family drifted, it became expedient to change it. The Spanish name Cabana being also a Hebrew word, they resolved upon translating it from Hebrew instead of Spanish to English. Any one who wishes to consult the Hebraic Bible will find it in the line, "The Israelites slept in booths," and will discover how the great tragedian came by the name which he has made famous. The family Anglicized the name, but they have never eradicated the race marks from their handsome faces. It disappeared to some extent in Junius Booth, only to be all the more manifest in J. Wilkes and Edwin. The latter, especially, might still be Cabana.

Joe Polk, the comedian who plays the part of Rifflardini, in "French Flats," at the Union Square, in New York, makes up as Giannini. Although Giannini was the tenor of the hour, and the idea is apropos, if the make-up be a good one, the effect must be rather startling. Our adored Giannini is not beautiful. He does the best he can, wears his hair à la Capoul—that great man having had the honor of introducing the male bang—keeps his nails clean, has fine legs, and makes beautiful clothes for himself. Some people even worked themselves up to the idea that he was a pretty tolerable looking fellow when he sang, but these people were in the state of spiritual exaltation into which he threw a large number of musical maniacs, and they were not responsible. Giannini has none of the airs, graces, and affectations of Rifflardini, probably doesn't know a love-letter by sight; and as for looks, this gentle, simple, artless artist looks like a low-browed Roman ruffian.

**Bustles and Hoop-Skirts.**

All the latest advices from New York and Paris agree that bustles and hoop-skirts are the prevailing fashion. No lady's toilet is considered complete without them. Nothing is so much admired as the graceful charm a well-fitting bustle and hoop-skirt add to a lady's form. Ladies should be very careful in their selection of these articles. Unless properly adapted to their shape, they mar instead of improving the appearance. There is but one place on the Pacific coast where ladies can always find a complete assortment of bustles, paniers, and hoop-skirts of the latest styles and at the lowest prices. New invoices of these fashionable goods are constantly arriving at Freud's Corset House, 742 and 744 Market Street. Comfortable dressing-rooms are provided, and ladies are cordially invited to try on the new style. Freud's Corset House closes daily at six P. M., except on Saturdays.

**Improved Richmond Ranges.**

Before purchasing a stove, call and examine our celebrated Improved Richmond Ranges. Thousands of them are in use, and every one in working order. For sale only by the agents, Schuster Brothers, 306 Sutter, above Dupont, and branch store, 332 Montgomery Avenue, San Francisco.

**Rachel's Enamel Bloom.**

The appearance of many women with really fine features is utterly spoiled by a freckled and muddy-looking complexion. To such as these Rachel's Enamel Bloom is a priceless boom, enabling them to appear as beautiful as Venus, while it has no harmful effects on the skin. For sale by all druggists.

**Dead Stock.**

The auction sale at the Wigwam has relieved us of our surplus stock of undesirable furniture, and we are prepared to show the cleanest, newest assortment in San Francisco. California Furniture Co., Nos 220 and 226 Bush Street.

**Stylish Innovations.**

Ladies coming to San Francisco to make purchases would find it greatly to their advantage to call at once upon Mrs. K. A. Deering, No. 121 Post Street, over O'Connor, Moffat & Co., where they will find all the latest London and Parisian fashions. Mrs. Deering is making a specialty at present of tailor-made suits, which have been pronounced the craze of the present season.

**Rachel's Enamel Bloom.**

Ladies can not be too careful of their complexions. Nothing so destroys one's beauty as the use of perfectly apparent poisonous cosmetics and grease-paints, while Rachel's Enamel Bloom can not be detected, and, far from being harmful, is a sure protection against chapping in the wind. For sale by all druggists.

**Plenty Left.**

Notwithstanding the great amount of furniture that was sold at the Wigwam, our stock is complete in every department. New and fresh goods have just arrived. California Furniture Co., Nos. 220 and 226 Bush Street.

—PERSONS SUFFERING with corns and bunions instantly cured by Dr. Halpruner, 850 Market St.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

### Mrs. Norton's Recital.

For lovers of the Lied in its purest and most elevated form—that twin-birth of thought and tone—there are no programmes like Mrs. Norton's. Her selections are drawn from a line of musical literature, the various manifestations and expressions of the song proper, which, at least, one competent critic pronounces "the highest flower of our art. They are invariably presented with taste and refinement, and the attendance upon these recitals of a sensitive and responsive audience is always assured. On Friday evening Mrs. Norton first appeared in Gounod's excited setting of Shelley's equally restless and passionate poem, "The Fountain Mingles with the River," which was followed by an exceptionally delightful rendering of "My True Love hath my Heart," by Randegger. In "Se Non Voleri," a *canto popolare* by F. Marchetti; "Tre Giorni," a Siciliana by Pergolesi; and noticeably in the exquisite "Elégie" by J. Massenet, Mrs. Norton was again the finished and effectual singer, who calculates to a nicety her stress, her accent, and the tiniest vibration of every phrase. But it was not until later that she touched upon a true inspiration. It stands as a strange fact that there are some words which lexicography can not break up into explanatory syllables. The term "inspiration"—so the wise men say—holds a foremost place among these inscrutable expressions. There are some meanings we must *feel*—"as blind men feel the morning light." And in Halfdan Kjerulf's "Last Night the Nightingale Woke Me" such a power seemed bestowed upon Mrs. Norton, to employ and to impart. Her singing possessed the utmost serenity and simplicity, and yet it breathed that deep spirit of tenderness which fills the heart with an unspeakable and sacred joy. Although she was recalled many times during the evening, no applause was so ardent as the praise awarded Mrs. Norton in this exquisite number. "Oh, When she Sings," by Rubinstein, was bathed in the after-glow of the Kjerulf song's distinction. And, as in the Rubenstein selection, her conception of the composer's intention almost invariably agrees with one's ideal of what it should be. "Hark, hark the lark," the morning song from Cymbeline, proved something of an exception to this rule. Although a repetition was urged and accorded, it was sung in both cases with an abruptness as inconsistent with Schubert's "wonderful sweet air" as with Shakespeare's "admirable rich words to it." A group of five songs by Edward Lassen were respectively: "Die helle Sonne leuchtet," "Wenn ich dich seh," "Ich fühle deinen Odem," "Das alte Lied," and "Das Nest." The fourth, "The Old Song," was repeated; but it was not more charmingly given than number two—"Thine Image." All were novelties, and only too brief. "Go not, happy day," an anonymous setting of Tennyson's words, was received with especial favor. Still other selections were: "The Beggar Maid," by Barnby; "When I was Young," arranged by Chorley; also an Ariette from "Roméo et Juliette," by Gounod. Mrs. Carmichael-Carr appeared in her always successful part of accompanist, and played several new selections with her usual care and skill. These were: "Drei Menuetten," by Beethoven, arranged by Von Bulow; "Air de Ballet tiré des Scènes Pittoresques, by J. Massenet; a "Bourrée," by Dupont; and "In the Twilight," by Mary Carmichael. Mrs. Carr has the good sense never to make herself tiresome, which is a deplorably rare trait among pianists in general. As a result of this happy characteristic, she never fails to hold the attention and respect of her audience, and is always greeted with a sincere cordiality.

### The Rosewald Musicale.

At the largely attended musicale, given on Tuesday evening last at Irving Hall by Mr. and Madame J. H. Rosewald, this lady appeared as a vocalist whose chief success lies in her dazzling executive effects. Madame Rosewald's various appearances in opera here have already familiarized the public with this feature of her school and methods, and as a concert singer her specialty was still her stronghold. To admirers of the profusely embellished and highly ornate style it can signify very little that Madame Rosewald's voice is no longer in its first freshness, or that its intonations are throaty in certain lower registers, or harsh upon occasional over-worked notes, for her mechanical command of a fine organ is still all that could be desired. Her intelligent and clean-cut phrasing, her well-managed, though not noiseless respiration, her flexible execution, and her musical *savoir faire* in general, equip her for abundant conquests in a difficult field of art. Unlike the efforts of many singers of florid music, this lady's renditions do not remind one of "an acrobatic performance on the brink of a precipice." Madame Rosewald's technique is under her rigorous and personal control, and she adjusts her powers to the most elaborate situations with an awe-inspiring nonchalance.

Mozart's Concert Aria, "Ah! se in Ciel," given for the first time in this country, was sung by her with great éclat.

Artot's "Variations" for voice and violin, also a novelty, formed an important number; and in the "Russian Nightingale," by Alibieff, Madame Rosewald's showy execution found its appropriate sphere. The Chopin-Viardot mazurka was a similar selection, and the remainder of her share in the programme consisted of "Birds in the Night" (an encore); "Gretchen am Spinrad," by Schubert; and "The King Grown Old," by Rubinstein. In anything of the ballad style, Madame Rosewald is neither successful nor pleasing. Her interpretation as well as her vocalization of such music is lacking in many important requisites. She is far happier among her trills, her roulades, and her embroidered cadenzas.

As a violinist, Mr. Rosewald draws a pleasant and unpretentious bow. His style is not large, and his tone of only medium strength and volume. In Wieniawsky's Second Polonaise, op. 21, he was neat, concise, and painstaking. His other solos, a "Love Song" by Hauser, "Tarantelle" by Holzhaus, and a "Cradle Song" by Reber, were very cordially received. Messrs. Espinosa and Kelly contributed two duos for two pianos; the first by Thalberg, and the second, "Kamarinskaia," by Glinka. Both were conscientious efforts, but exceedingly dull and monotonous—though in point of execution they were what Dr. Johnson would find a very good answer to the Sunday-school question, "Oh, what can little hands do?" Mr. Espinosa's virtues as a solo pianist emphatically consist (contrary to the Scriptural standard of perfection) in letting his right hand know what his left hand is doing. In other words, he is an extremely accurate and literal musician; and though his playing is so quiet and gentle as to remind one of some timid wild thing which has been exhaustively tamed and domesticated, his rendering of Chopin's Andante Spianato and Polonaise was yet a finished, delicate, and refined interpretation. F. A.


JOS. FIGEL
211 MONTGOMERY ST. S.F.

Offers the

LATEST STYLES
.....OF.....
CLOTHING
.....AND.....
FURNISHING GOODS

FOR GENTS AND BOYS,

READY MADE and MADE TO MEASURE at

REDUCED PRICES.

A Full Line of Desirable Suitings in our Merchant Tailoring Department.

REDUCED
Fire Insurance Rates!

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.

HOME INSURANCE COMP'Y
OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital.....$3,000,000 00
Cash Assets..... 7,488,644 59

PHŒNIX INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Cash Capital.....$2,000,000 00
Cash Assets..... 4,435,048 88

Issuing either Separate or Joint Policies, at Applicant's option.

Now write acceptable business at a material reduction from the present standard rates of the Board of Fire Underwriters.

☞ All persons desiring strong insurance at moderate rates are invited to apply for tenders at the office of the above-named Companies,

221 Sansome St., San Francisco.

ARTHUR E. MAGILL, General Agent.

JAS. W. WHITING, City Agent.

CARDS. CARDS. — CARDS. CARDS.
MONOGRAMS, Arms, Crests, Wedding, Reception and Visiting Cards designed, engraved, and printed; for Papeterie; Albums at great bargain. ROBERTS, 10 Post St., Masonic Temple.
— CARDS. CARDS. — CARDS. CARDS.

Apollinaris
THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS

"*Pure water should be available at all times, but this is especially necessary in warm weather.*" Lancet.

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS

*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.

No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
24 Post St., San Francisco

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, PENMANSHIP AND TELEGRAPHY.

C. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.

☞ SEND FOR CIRCULAR. ☜

CRAPE.

Old and Faded Crape Veils and Bonnets RE-DYED and FINISHED LIKE NEW at the

PALACE DYE WORKS,
633 Market Street, Palace Hotel.


## EDUCATIONAL.


MME. JULIE ROSEWALD,
TEACHER OF VOCAL MUSIC,
1018 Van Ness Avenue.

J. H. ROSEWALD,
Orchestral Director and Solo Violinist, teaches Violin and Harmony and Ensemble Playing, 1018 Van Ness Avenue.

BARNARD'S Business College, 37 Post St., S. F.
Diploma of Mechanics' Fair, 1884, awarded to this College.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL for GIRLS
Will re-open Monday, August 3d.
Temporary location, 1001 Sutter Street, corner of Hyde.

THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!
The Light-running
"HOUSEHOLD"
SEWING MACHINE.



Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to three months' trial.

Samuel Hill Estate
CITY SALES ROOMS,
634 Market St.
Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

FALL STYLE HATS
Now ready and introduced by
HERRMANN THE HATTER.
The Largest Hat Store on the Coast.
332, 336 KEARNY STREET,
Between Bush and Pine Streets, San Francisco.
☞ Steam Factory connected with Establishment at 17 Belden St. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free.

STORE YOUR FURNITURE
Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.
BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH
J. H. MOTT & CO.,
735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco
Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

DR. LORYEA'S
NEW HAMMAM
218 POST STREET.

The best and most luxurious Turkish, Russian, Electric, and Medicated Bath House in the city. Open day and night. Single tickets for $1, or twelve tickets for $10. My old tickets good.

INVENTORS' INSTITUTE,
105 STOCKTON STREET,
Corner of O'Farrell.
PATENTS PROCURED FOR $65, AND PATENTS
Negotiated. Send for particulars.

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY
OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET.
Works.....Potrero.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.
General Shipping and Commission
MERCHANTS,
309 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

Contract for Fall and Winter Supply
....OF....
COAL
For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons Prices furnished on application. CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street. Telephone 308.

Steinway & Son's, Kranich & Bach, | Ernest Gabler, and C. Roenisch
PIANOS:
M. GRAY, 206 POST ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

JOE POHEIM,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Makes the best-fitting clothes in the State at 25 per cent. less than any other tailor in the city.
Business Pants made to order from..$ 6.00
Business Suits from..... 25.00
Dress Pants from..... 8.00
Dress Suits from..... 30.00
Other garments in proportion. The best of workmanship and trimming guaranteed. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free to any address on application to
JOE POHEIM,
203 Montgomery, 724 Market,
1110 & 1112 Market, and 11 & 13 Turk St.

W. R. STRONG & CO.
SACRAMENTO.




Wholesale Fruit and Commission Dealers.
Consignments solicited.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.
Commission Merchants,
San Francisco,
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
☞ Liberal advances made on consignments. ☜

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

CALIFORNIA
ELECTRO PLATING WORKS,
657 MISSION STREET,
Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating on all Metals.
Table Ware repaired and plated at the lowest rates. Copper Plates silver plated for saving gold. All work in our line guaranteed. KEATING & FAGAN, Proprietors.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.


### CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 29th day of October, 1884, an assessment (No. 15) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the second (2d) day of December, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the twenty-third day of December, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

### SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining Distsict, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 22d day of October, 1884, an assessment (No. 80) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the 26th day of November, 1884, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the fifteenth day of December, 1884, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

E. L. PARKER, Secretary.

Office—Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.


WALL PAPERS,
FRESCOING,
INTERIOR DECORATING
WINDOW SHADES.
G. W. CLARK & CO.,
645 and 647 MARKET STREET.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*



# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Sunday, Nov. 23, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Delta, Redding, and Portland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Deming, El Paso Express | 10.40 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | and East Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and Ione, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Galt, via Martinez | *10.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Los Angeles and South | 10.40 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| ‡8.00 A.M. | Martinez | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " | *3.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " | 10.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Mojave and East Express | 10.40 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | " " Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Ogden and Express | 11.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | East Emigrant | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | and Tehama via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Stockton & *Milton via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Stockton, via Martinez | *10.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | Tulare, Fresno, | *3.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Madera & Merced | 10.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " | *3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Virginia City | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 8.00 A. M. meets Pacific Express from Ogden at Vallejo Junction, and Pacific Express from El Paso and Mojave at Pinole.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier)**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23 *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23 *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

BROAD GAUGE.

## WINTER TIME SCHEDULE,

**Commencing Sunday, Nov. 16, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| † 6.30 A.M. | | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ....Menlo Park..... | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 5.02 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.08 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..... Watsonville..... | |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, Soquel (Camp Capitola), ..... and Santa Cruz ..... | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.08 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (Sportsmen's train).

STANDARD OF TIME.—Trains are run on Pacific Standard Time (Randolph & Co.), which is ten (10) minutes FASTER than San Francisco Local Time.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs

EXCURSION TICKETS.

To Gilroy, San Jose, and intermediate points.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—Sold SUNDAY MORNING, good for return same day.

Also, to Monterey, Santa Cruz, Soquel, Aptos, Gilroy, San Jose, and intermediate points.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, November 17, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—9.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.45, 5.15 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M., 1.30, 5.00 P. M. To Saucelito only, 11.30 A. M,

Extra trip on Saturdays at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.45, 9.00 A. M., 12.15, 3.35, P. M.

(Sundays)—7.55, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.15, 5.00 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—8.15, 9.30 A. M., 1 00, 4.15 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.30, 10.35 A. M., 12.30, 3.50, 5.40 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 2.15 P. M.

**11.30 A. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAIN for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through train from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 1.30 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

8.00 A. M. (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Piont Reyes and Way Stations.

Returning arrives in S. F. at 6.40 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.

BONESTELL, RICHARDS & CO.

ALLEN & CO.

PAPER WAREHOUSE

411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.**

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 2 o'clock P. M. for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| Steamer | 1884. | From San Francisco |
|---|---|---|
| **San Pablo** | **Thursday, December 18th** | |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Tokio** ..... **December 6**
**City of New York** ..... **December 30**

At 2 o'clock P. M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Colima** ..... **December 1**

At 10 o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Zealandia**..... Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on Dec. 1st, 9th, 17th, and 26th, and Jan. 2d, and every eighth day thereafter. The last steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

MARIPOSA.....MONDAY, December 1st, at 3 P. M.
ALAMEDA.....MONDAY, December 15th, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.

PACIFIC SAW MANUFACTURING COMPANY

17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

**THE**

## AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY.

SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**

Office, 208 California Street.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church, Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER, J. W. PORTER. Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President; James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital.....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremon National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

## NATIONAL ASSURANCE COMPANY OF IRELAND.

**ESTABLISHED.....A. D. 1822**

Authorized Capital.....$10,000,000
Subscribed Capital..... 5,000,000

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

**Office, 309 Sansome St., San Francisco.**

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**
Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St. San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

# RUBBER HOSE

—FOR—

**Gardens, Mills, Mines, & Fire Departments,**

Manufactured and for sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard (Maltese Cross) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose (Competition), Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire Engine Hose, Carbolized Maltese Cross Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES

**JOHN W. TAYLOR, - - - Manager.**

**No. 15 First Street, near Market.**

## "IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."

THE NORTON

# DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**

**36 California Street, San Fr...**

Sole Agents for Pacific Co...



The very air at the Baldwin Theatre was charged with unusual excitement on Monday night, so that the most phlegmatic person in the audience felt intuitively that something unusual was going on. It is true an elaborate production of "The Fool's Revenge" had been announced, and it was stated on the bills, with an intention of emphasis, that the scenery was by Forrest Seabury and assistants, the beautiful costumes by Jahn & Foster, appropriate music by Homeier, and so on down the list of the auxiliaries. These items did not really seem so important as they might be from the fact that the scenery always is by Forrest Seabury, that the costumes always are by Jahn & Foster, and the music by Homeier. This not novel but stupendous announcement having been fairly digested, the curtain went up. We were apparently in the Jardin de Calypso from "Madame Angot," when there entered to us a bevy of young Italians, who began a light and sportive conversation which was apparently addressed to some one in San Bruno. This we gathered from the fact that their voices were pitched so high that they went quite over our heads, and could not have reached this commonplace earth at any lesser distance. The excitement grew apace. Shortly thereafter the stage was inundated, so to speak, by a corresponding bevy of Italian ladies, and the whole company promptly proceeded to dance the minuet. Then we knew we were witnessing a revival. It is quite universally conceded that any play which is more than fifty years old shall be revived with a minuet. It is then fully justified in being called an elaborate production. The prevailing excitement extended to the minuet. The Baldwin company, conscious of their unusual spangles, of their legs—for they have not been wearing their legs in comedy and melodrama—and of the importance of the occasion, danced it *à outrance*. They pointed their toes till they were like toothpick points, and bent back in the rhythm of the dance till it seemed imminent that the whole company were going to fall back and break their necks. The excitement was really growing too much for the unhappy audience, when, soothed at last by the swing of the music, the people fell to dancing like reasonable mortals, and there was quite an interval of calm. During this interval, Miss Elizabeth Rowellan appeared. Miss Rowellan essayed the rôle, as the strictly technical writers say, of Francesca Bentivoglio, Manfredi's duchess. Like many of the duchesses of that period, Francesca has an unpleasant habit of carrying a little bottle of poison with her, even as the ladies of our own day carry their half-yard vinaigrettes; and, like all the poisoners, she is not a very noisy person. A deadly calm is about the proper attitude for a lady of this description; and Miss Rowellan was the only bit of calm in the whole cast. But while the whirlwind was subsiding in her self-possessed presence, there was another stir and attitude of expectancy, and presently Mr. Sheridan, as The Fool, rolled from the steps in the background to the lady's feet, in a very effective entrance for a jester.

With his first word the unusual current in the air was explained. The actor was livid to the lips with excitement, his eyes burned like a madman's, and his words came thick, fast, and almost incoherent. He pitched the jester's humor upon such a high, hysterical key, that every one involuntarily trembled for the later scenes, and the elaborate revival, minuet and all, threatened to be a fiasco.

Why should Mr. Sheridan tremble and turn pale before the kindly San Francisco public, which has always found much of good and something of greatness in almost everything that he has ever done? Bertuccio is certainly not the greatest rôle he has attempted. It calls for less of absolute study than anything in the long list of the legitimate.

The play itself is a revolting one, smacking too strongly, as it does, of the times when lechery and lust strode rampant through the land arrayed in velvet and ermine. Perhaps our princes and our princelings of to-day are no more like Sir Galahad than these tempestuous Italians of mediæval date; but at least they give the lady of their fancy the compliment of a wooing.

Abduction, in "The Fool's Revenge," does not hesitate long for choice of a lady. Their ladders, ropes, and drugs are ready, but they do not make much choice of balconies to scale. We have outgrown such stormy love-making in these our times, and there is something as revolting as dramatic in the taking off of Fiordelisa.

But the play has lived with all its faults and ancient incrustations for sake of the strong human interest in it, the agony of a father over his daughter's undoing, an undoing which he himself has unconsciously helped to work. In the main it is not interesting; but there is not in the English language a more powerful dramatic situation than Bertuccio pleading for admission to the feast. It is, of course, the objective point of the entire play, and aside from this there is not very much in it. The obverse side of a clown's life is trite sentiment, both for the artist and the playwright. The secluded home of Bertuccio, where his daughter is hidden like a secret jewel, gives a pretty picture of girlhood and a father's fond love. Out of pure exhaustion Sheridan came down from his hysterical tension and played the little scene with great tenderness.

With the putting on of the motley again he returned once more to hysteria. If he could have sustained the scene to the end, the very rack of being that the man was stretched upon would have made the power with which he played the scene. As it was, the audience held its breath in wonder as to whether he were acting at all, and half wondering whether it was the very excellence of acting. It was, in fact, a combination of both.

Yet, perhaps, it would be best to leave the part to Edwin Booth, who alone of actors is suited to it. Sheridan's face is cast in too heavy a mould to fit aptly beneath the cap and bells of folly. Booth's is like an old painting—the dream of an artist, with its pointed, peculiar features, its dark, solemn eyes, its gypsy coloring, and its weird intensity of expression. Your clown should never be a clumsy fellow, for princes chose their jesters for their antics as well as their quips, and there is a ponderous gravity in the deliberate conciseness of Sheridan's style which sets him apart from any kinship with comedy, even as a jester in a play. He is, indeed, fitted for better things. The part of Bertuccio is not a study. There is no development of character, no richness of text, no hidden meanings to evolve. It is an uncomfortable rôle, a severe physical strain, a burst of hysterical mirth to cover a breaking heart. The situation is terrible—there is only one situation—and would almost carry mediocre acting. Sheridan's acting is not mediocre; but to Booth alone this especial part belongs while he lives, and no other can give it the peculiar vivid color with which he has enriched it.

Miss Davenport makes a very pretty and guileless-looking Fiordelisa, and shows her training as transparently as a child. This is not disagreeable. Training and experience on the stage are worth bushels of mere talent. Miss Davenport has an expressive face, and a slender figure which slips easily into graceful poses, but Miss Davenport's costume was certainly eccentric. She appeared to have come out of "The Seminary Alarmed," and had apparently dressed herself hastily in the dark, both in her own dress and the other girl's, neither of which went on straight and didn't button anywhere when it was crooked. This set of cross purposes in blue and white was topped off with a pair of 1884 French slippers. They were so obtrusive that they took all mediævalism out of the elaborate production which the minuet had put in it. Notwithstanding the slippers, Miss Davenport "plays dead" beautifully.

Mr. Osborne contributed an Italian complexion and historic make-up to the part of Manfredi, but does not shine in the rôle. He has a high-pitched and thin voice, which needs placing lower in his chest instead of coming from the top of his throat, and its faults are always more observable when he is out of his strong character part.

Tom Taylor had quite an ado to introduce a lover in the play, but brings a pretty troubadour in very aptly. Mr Mainhall seemed slightly over-weighted by the becoming splendors of his Florentine garb, but fell to with an ardor and an earnestness upon the acting of his part which made it quite captivating. This actor has not yet the comfort of ease, but he is polishing gradually, and has that pleasant faculty, call it magnetism or what you will, of making himself liked by an audience.

Although the cast is rich with high-sounding old Italian names, these are all that make the play. A number of ladies and gentlemen are floating about in velvets and spangles; but if one were put upon one's honor it is difficult to quite locate the elaborateness of the production. It is really nothing more than is to be expected from a little theatre whose history is rich with marvelous mountings. Let us hope that "Louis XI." and "King Lear," which are to follow next week, will not be less elaborately produced. They are equally worthy the costumer and scene-painter.

Everything latterly is in braces. No sooner had Mr. Sheridan announced "The Fool's Revenge" than the ambitious young amateurs in the Western Addition announced it too. There are two sets of minstrels playing against each other. At the Bush Street two tenors sit cheek by jowl and listen to each other's high notes, probably with all the pangs of professional jealousy. At the Standard two baritones sit cheek by jowl and listen with a professional spasm to each other's low notes. At the heads of these two companies—but no, here the doubling stops—for all the world went on Monday night to hear Billy Emerson, in Emerson's new band, and no Emerson was there, while Charley Reed was on hand at the other side of the street with a new crazy-quilt jacket and an old song.

Perhaps in the present dullness people had looked forward to a little factional war among the minstrel *clientèle*. The Patti-Gerster war put ninety thousand dollars in Mapleson's depleted pocket, and there are enough people going regularly to the minstrels to have been active partisans either on the side of Emerson or Reed. As it stands, while the little Standard is still devoted to Simon Pure minstrelsy, the Bush Street Theatre is rather a variety entertainment. There are ventriloquists and innovators, acrobats and warblers, and all the various things, excepting the female serio-comic, that made Tony Pastor's fortune. They are all clever in their lines, particularly perhaps the Tyrolean warblers. One of them has possibly been warbling a startling length of time, but she warbles none the less skillfully for the practice; and the plump little German maid on the left is a very jolly little person to look at, and a very agreeable little singer to hear. Nothing more natural has been seen on the stage this long time than the genuine gaucherie with which the young man gives the titles of his songs.

The minstrel first part is decidedly tame, though Ben Clark sings "Robin Adair" beautifully, and Frillman's brief training has rounded his notes wonderfully. Perhaps the fact that the minstrel part of the company is made up of very familiar material deprives the opening of some *éclat*. In New Orleans, whither they are bound, these familiar accomplishments will have the advantage of novelty.

BETSY B.

Miss Estelle Hanchette will play Kullak's Concerto in C minor at the concert of the Philharmonic Society on December 10th. The young lady has not as yet played here, and the concerto has never been heard in San Francisco.

The Veterans' Home takes a benefit from the Toby Rosenthal exhibition on Monday and Tuesday of next week.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Mr. Hayman, manager of the Baldwin, left New York for San Francisco on November 25th.

At the Baldwin next Monday, "Louis XI." will be produced. "King Lear" will be given the end of the week. December 13th, Miss Rose Eytinge and company begin an engagement.

An injunction has been laid upon the production of "Pop" in the East by its confessed author, George Fawcett Rowe. In justice to Mr. Rowe, it must be acknowledged that only pecuniary necessity forced him to the confession.

Patti has been singing "Rosina" in New York, a rôle that she has dropped for some years past. Her support is reported to be quite the worst that Mapleson has yet presented. In the music lesson Patti introduced the *bolero* from "The Sicilian Vespers."

Mr. John A. Stevens has been playing Richelieu in New York. New York is in such a gale of merriment over "Nita's First," "The Private Secretary," "Adonis," "Investigation," etc., that it was not in the mood to take Mr. Stevens *au grand sérieux*, and laughed quite as heartily as it did at all the other burlesques. Mr. Stevens is real mad.

Kate Castleton is having quite a luxurious time as chatelaine of a pretty home in Oakland, where her family are all domiciled. When she requires a little money she takes Ethel Lynton, Mr. Urban, and one or two more, under the name of the "All at Sea" company, descends by turns upon the southern and northern interior, and comes home laden with shekels.

The Lyceum, the new theatre to which Dave Belasco, Frohman, Steele Mackaye, and other Madison Square identities have attached themselves, will be a species of a dramatic college. That is to say, it will give beginners an opportunity to begin with beginners' parts. Experienced professionals will be called in for the leading rôles, in order to make the performance enjoyable, but an infinity of attention is to be given to the minor details, the technique of the profession.

Miss Nellie Calhoun is reported to have been recently promoted to the position of leading lady at the Haymarket, after a long and arduous apprenticeship. She is also said to be sought in marriage by a sprig of the nobility, and that a little American stiff-neckedness on the part of little Nellie has made him very ardent in his wooing. New York heiressess may manage to catch on to the tag-end of the British aristocracy with handsome settlements, but an obscure woman in England only arrives at the inner penetralia of the peerage through the stage door.

Miss Warden, the author of the "House on the Marsh," wrote the skeleton of the book originally for a little play. Private theatricals with home-made dramas are especially popular in England, and the work of writing them frequently falls to the governess. Miss Warden is a governess, or was before her book attained such a remarkable sale. It is also said that she was formerly an actress, but this is probably not true. Governesses may frequently become actresses in England, but actresses become governesses, never. Miss Warden is the bosom friend and dearest chum of Miss Enid Leslie.

Mrs. Langtry, who, together with Charles Coghlan and some one else, has bought a theatre in London, has canceled all her American engagements and will open her new house with "The Lady of Lyons." As an actress, Mrs. Langtry was really successful only in "The Wife's Peril," in which her own identity was so thinly covered that an audience was not obliged to transfer the interest from her own bewildering personality. Mrs. Langtry is so thoroughly and essentially modern that she can not afford to go back one day in history, and is most interesting when she follows her natural bent and goes ahead and sets the fashion, as she has been doing for half a dozen years.

When Miss Emma Nevada arrives in San Francisco she is to be quite extensively entertained. There is a large colony of ex-Nevadans located in San Francisco, many of whom have expressed a desire to socially compliment the little songstress who has sought to shed all the glory that she can upon the Silver State. She has besides a wide acquaintance among "the girls she went to school with," at Mills Seminary, many of whom have married advantageously since she went away, and have beautiful homes in which to receive her. As the protégée of Mrs. Mackay, also, she will be entertained by that lady's friends. In fact, a very high old time is awaiting the little Nevada if Mapleson concludes to come this way.

When J. C. Williamson was in San Francisco, on his way to London, he was observed to take quite a lively interest in leading men, a class of actors who, he said, were the great desideratum in the success of theatricals in Australia. It must be acknowledged that the Australian manager received a series of shocks as he made the rounds of the theatres. De Belleville, who ranked only as a third-class leading man in the colonies, is the star in "The Silver King" traveling combination. It is only required of a leading man over there to be of good form, good style, the pink of fashion, handsome, and versatile. Furthermore, they must be imported from London. What a mine Australia would be for Lester Wallack.

It transpires since the Carleton company went away that this peaceful little band of people, who seemed like a happy family well brought up by hand they were in such good training, were agitated by painful internal dissensions. The grim ogre of jealousy was the cause of all this. Dora Wiley, who is a painstaking, careful, reliable little woman, is nothing more. She is just the one to delight a manager's heart, but she does not magnetize an audience. In fact, the fatuous audiences insisted upon being especially magnetized by Jessie Bartlett-Davis, and this pierced the soul of Dora Wiley and stirred the little woman to a continuous wrath. Mr. Carleton, thinking that for the sake of peace it would be well to part with one of these singers, has decided to let Jessie Bartlett-Davis be the one. It is even whispered that the superb bad just a little professional jealousy of the sparkling Jessie himself.

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

**Bills and Casts for Week ending November 29th.**

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill: "The Fool's Revenge." Cast as follows:

Bertuccio, W. E. Sheridan; Galeotto Manfredi, George Osbourn; Guido Malatesta, E. N. Thayer; Serafino dell Aquila, Harry Mainhall; Baldassare Torelli, William Simms; Gian Maria Ordeloffi, E. J. Holden; Bernardo Ascolti, Fred Corbett; Arcanio, Bartley O'Brien; Astolfo, Mr. Woods; Fiordelisa, Miss Louise Davenport; Francesca Bentivoglio, Miss Elizabeth Rowellan; Brigitta, Mrs. Mary E. Hill; Genevra, Miss Louise Calvert.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Emerson's World's Fair Minstrel Company, as follows:

Billy Courtwright, Bob Slavin, H. W. Frillman, Ben Clark, T. Wilmot Eckert, Madame Emma, Madame Marie and Mr. Adolf Martens, James Tiernay and C. W. Wayne, George H. Wood, Silvo, Duncan, and Callan, Haley and Gallan. Afterpiece, "The Cat Duet."

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Closed during the week.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: Lecoq's "The Little Duke." Cast as follows:

Duke of Parthenay, Miss Hattie Moore; Frimouse, Harry Gates; De Montaland, M. Cornell; Bernard, E. N. Knight; Duchess of Parthenay, Miss Kate Marchi; The Chantonese de Lansac, Miss E. Pozzesi; Governess, Miss Carrie Pfiefer; Helene, Miss Rose Emerson.

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—F. W Stechhan, Manager. Standard Minstrel Company, as follows:

Charley Reed, J. Carroll Johnson, John Robinson, Crandall and Eastwood, Keegan and Wilson, Hooley and Thompson, W. S. Mullaly. The California Quartet—Morant, Wetter, Holland, and Wyatt. New Minstrel First Part. Afterpiece, "Bushel of Bad Boys."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Manager. Bill: "The Fool's Revenge." Cast as follows:

Bertuccio, George C. Miln; Serafino dell' Aquila, J. S. Lindsay; Galeotto Manfredi, John P. Rutledge; Guido Malatesta, Andrew Glassford; Torrelli, James E. Nelson; Bernardo Ascolti, Ed. L. Snader; Gian Maria Ordeloffi, A. E. Hye; Arcanio, Charles B. Hall; Astolfo, George K. Cooper; Francesca Bentivoglio, Miss Adele Payn; Fiordelisa, Miss Jennie Darrah; Ginevra, Miss Josephine Felix; Brigitta, Mrs. Lilian Brown.

At the Baldwin, next week, "Louis XI." and "King Lear" will be produced.

At the Bush Street, next week, Emerson's Minstrels.

At the California, next week, nothing has been announced.

At the Tivoli, next week, Gounod's "Faust" will be produced.

At the Grand Opera House, next week, "A Mountain Daisy" will be produced.

At the Standard next week there will be an entirely new programme, the performance to conclude with Charles Seaman's afterpiece, entitled "Rapid Transit, or 'Frisco to New York in five minutes."

**Buy Stocks when they are Down.**

Fifteen dollars margin buys one hundred shares of any stock on the list. Brooks & Co., 316 Pine Street. ☞Circulars free.

— LADIES' BAZAR PATTERNS, 215 Dupont St.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— ELEGANT THERMOMETERS FOR MANTEL Ornaments, suitable for Christmas gifts. Purchase before the rush. Muller's, 135 Montgomery Street.

**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,**

Eddy Street, near Market.

KREBLING BROS.....Sole Proprietors and Managers

Last Nights of Lecoq's charming comic opera,

**LITTLE DUKE.**

Monday, December 1—

**Signora Zeppilli and Signor Baldanza**

In Gounod's grand opera,

**FAUST! FAUST!**

Admission, 25 cents.....Reserved seats, 50 cents

**CHRISTMAS IS COMING!!**

And so have we come to the front with the finest assortment of

**Table and Pocket Cutlery,**
**Ladies' and Gents' Dressing Cases,**
**Ladies' Scissors Sets,**
**Ladies' Embroidery Sets,**
**Ladies' Manicure Sets,**

And hundreds of new and elegant articles for

**HOLIDAY PRESENTS.**

☞ Also our own make of guaranteed **CARVERS,** best in the world.

**WILL & FINCK,**

**Leading Cutlers, 769 Market Street, S. F.**

**THE HALL TYPE-WRITER**

**Cheapest---Simplest---Best.**

It does better work and in greater variety than any other Type-Writer. Six copies at once by a new manifolding device. Price less than half that of other writers.

**THE PAPYROGRAPH,**

The best copying process in the market. From three hundred to two thousand copies from a single original.

**Agency for the Pacific Coast for the above, Room 34, No. 123 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.**

# SAN LORENZO
## PACKING COMPANY,
A COUNTRY CANNERY.



PACKERS OF PURE
## CALIFORNIA FRUITS
In Syrup made from the
**Best Dry Granulated Sugar.**

☞ Housewife attention is directed to the San Lorenzo **JAMS** and **JELLIES**, which are made from Pure White Sugar and Fruits.
No Glucose or Brown Sugar used in this Factory.

---

## Filippe's Academy of Languages.

Established 1871, has removed to more commodious and pleasant quarters, 702 Market Street, corner of Geary. Professor De FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. "UNIQUE" method of acquiring foreign languages, where students have not the opportunity to practice. Fine library, and periodicals from Spain and France free to scholars.

---

## OIL STOVES

**Oil Stoves for Heating and Cooking. Oils and Lamps.**
**JOHN F. MYERS,**
**869 Market Street, S. F.**

---

**WANTED.**

**SAN FRANCISCO DIRECTORY** for the years **1866, 1872, 1873, 1877,** at this office.

---

## "Azule"

**THE FINEST**
**Pure Natural Mineral Water.**
Endorsed by the medical profession. For sale everywhere.
**Depot, 513 Sacramento St., S. F.**

---

## VICTOR ROTARY
# TRICYCLE.

**All parts interchangeable. One machine fits a whole family.**
**OVER 60,000 IN USE.**
**Faster than walking. Safer than horses.**
**GEO. H. STRONG, Agent,**
**Office of Dewey & Co., 252 Market St.**

---

**FINEST PHOTOS IN THE CITY**
....AT THE....
## IMPERIAL GALLERY,
724½ Market Street.

---

## STORAGE.

**Furniture and Pianos, Trunks, Paintings, Mirrors, Carpets, Ornaments,**

And other goods received for storage and safe keeping. Goods stored in clean, light, dry lofts. Charges moderate, advances made, insurance effected. California Storage Warehouse, No. 722 MISSION ST., next to the Grand Opera House. **THOS. H. ROONEY & CO.**

---

**NOVEMBER STYLES.**
# BUTTERICK'S
**Patterns and J. F. Ingalls' Illustrated Books** for Ladies' Fancy Work, Kensington Embroidery, Crochet and Knitted Lace, Patchwork, etc. **H. A. DEMING, Agent, 124 Post Street, San Francisco**

---

## Library of Familiar Quotations.

The Library of Familiar Quotations from English, American, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Latin, and Greek Authors. By Rev. C. T. Ramage, LL. D., and J. C. Grocott. A new and much improved edition. 5 vols., 12mo. Price per set, cloth, $10 00; half calf, $17 50; three-quarters levant morocco, $25.00. The volumes will be sold separately in cloth, as follows:

Familiar Quotations, with parallel passages from various writers. By J. C. Grocott. With Quotations from American Authors. By Anna L. Ward, co-editor of "The Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations. $2.00.
French and Italian Authors, with English Translations. By C. T. Ramage. $2.00.
German and Spanish Authors, with English Translations. By C. T. Ramage. $2.00.
Greek Authors, with English Translations. By C. T. Ramage. $2.00
Latin Authors, with English Translations. By C. T. Ramage. $2.00.

**GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, Publishers, New York.**

---



**U. S. PNEUMATIC LETTER PRESS**
**G. G. WICKSON & CO.**
**539 Market St., S. F.**

The ungainly and heavy screw and iron press and its necessarily bulky stand must give place to our light, portable, and ornamental Pneumatic Letter Press, requiring but a trifling exertion to operate, no stand, and costing less than an equally reliable screw press. Can be operated by a child and carried with ease. Great variety of styles, ranging from $10.00. A serviceable Holiday Gift.

---

**THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S**
BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING
# ROSES

**Our Great Specialty** is growing and distributing **ROSES**—we deliver strong Pot Plants, suitable for *immediate* bloom, safely by mail at all Post Offices, **5 Splendid Varieties,** *your choice*, all labeled, for **$1; 12 for $2; 35 for $5; 100 for $12.** Also **OTHER VARIETIES 2, 3, & 10 FOR $1** according to value. Send for our **New Guide,** 76 pp elegantly illus. and choose from over 500 finest sorts Address, **THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.,** Rose Growers, **West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.**

---

# ALASKA
# COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 **SANSOME STREET,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

---

## GREAT FREE
# EXHIBITION
**ICHI BAN**
20, 22, and 24 Geary Street

.....OF THE.....

# ARTS AND MANUFACTURES

.....OF THE.....

# JAPANESE EMPIRE

**Established to introduce to the world the wonderful skill of the JAPANESE in the manufacture of USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL ARTICLES for house furnishing and decorating. The public is cordially invited to inspect this wonderful collection. COME OFTEN. BRING YOUR FRIENDS. ASK QUESTIONS. DO NOT PURCHASE. EVERYBODY WELCOME.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

## 20, 22, & 24 GEARY ST.

---

# DODGE BROS.

**ELEGANTLY MOUNTED SATIN AND PLUSH**

# CHRISTMAS CARDS

**FINE LINE OF STATIONERY.**

## 32 GEARY STREET.

---

## SACHS, PRUDEN & CO.'S
# FAMOUS GINGER ALE.

This celebrated Ginger Ale is known everywhere, and is as popular in the cold-water districts of Maine as it is in the home of the soft-flowing Bourbon, or on the vine-clad hills of California. Put up in quart bottles. No family should be without it. For sale everywhere. John T. Cutting & Co., Sole Agents, 116 Front Street, San Francisco.

---



## FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR
—AND—
## CLOTH OF GOLD
CIGARETTES.

Our Cigarettes cannot be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883.
**13 First Prize Medals Awarded.** **WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

---

# THE SIERRA MADRE VILLA HOTEL,
## LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CAL.,

**Is located on the south side of the Sierra Madre Mountains, one thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea.**

**ABOVE THE FOGS OF SEA AND VALLEY.**

It is in the midst of an ORANGE GROVE, overlooking the beautiful San Gabriel Valley. For comfort, a pleasant home, good living, PURE AIR, and sparkling mountain water, it has no rival. The Villa is thirteen miles from Los Angeles, and is reached by rail to within four miles, at San Gabriel station, where the stage meets all trains from East or West. General Sherman says it is the most desirable place on the continent for a quiet rest. Address
**W. GARDNER COGSWELL, San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, Cal.**

---

# KNABE PIANOS

"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*
**A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St., S.F.,** Sole Agents.

---

# SELECT YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

**From the largest and most complete stock of RATTAN and REED goods ever displayed in a retail store on the Coast. All new and fresh. Many new patterns not found elsewhere.**

**Ladies' Chairs.**
**Children's Chairs.**
**Large Chairs for Gentlemen, with or without Upholstery.**



**Plain Rockers.**
**Patent Rockers.**
**Hassocks.**
**Fire Screens.**
**Work Baskets.**
**Tables.**
**Tete-a-Tetes.**
**Baby Carriages.**
**Etc., etc.**

# H. H. GROSS,
Nos. 16 and 18 Second Street, three doors off Market St., Grand Hotel Building.

**Full line of Folding Beds, thirty styles, costing from $13 to $300 each.**

---

# ELITE BOUQUET
—AND—
**PECK'S PREMIUM PERFUMES,**
**(ALL ODORS).**

---

# GERSTER GLOVES!
**Elegant, Perfect-fitting, and Durable,**
....AT....
**I. KEINER'S, 32 KEARNY ST.**

---

**REMOVAL.**

**EDWARD E. OSBORN, Patent Solicitor,** United States and Foreign, has removed to 220 Sansome Street, Rooms 10, 11, and 12, San Francisco.

---

**ANTI-FAT.**

The Greatest Discovery of the Age, by an English Lady, who has, by close study and practice, found a remedy whereby persons of either sex can be reduced in flesh at the rate of five to eight pounds a month without injury to health or looks, the skin on body and face retaining its smooth appearance. Address Postoffice box 1975, San Francisco.

---

# REMOVAL.

**MRS. DR. BEIGHLE** has removed to **618 EDDY STREET. Galvanic Healer. Natural Battery.** Diagnosis without questioning. Hours, 1 to 4; Ladies and Children only.

---

## COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION,
**Phelan's Building, Rooms 6, 8, 9, 10, 11.**
**Entrance, 806 Market Street.** Operatively extract teeth without pain. [illegible] makes and gives the celebrated "Colton" [illegible] in 1863; over 15,000 references; also, [illegible] tions in Dentistry.




J. W. EVANS,
GENERAL AGENT, 29 POST STREET.



PRICE'S SAN LEANDRO
VILLAGE PHAETON, $135.
Without Top, $110.

Lightness, Elegance, and Durability combined. Guaranteed to ride as smooth as the best four-wheeled vehicle.

Sold subject to approval on arrival. Send for catalogue.
TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., San Francisco.

JOHN MIDDLETON,
COAL.
14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.

# SPECIAL NOTICE.

In order to reduce our large stock of fine WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, FRENCH CLOCKS, SILVERWARE, etc, we have concluded to deduct a liberal discount from every article we sell. The goods comprise all the latest novelties in our line, and will remain marked as heretofore in plain figures, from which the discount will be allowed.

An examination of our prices and quality of goods will satisfy purchasers that we are selling lower than any house on the Pacific Coast.

This inducement is offered especially for Holiday Trade.

LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.
119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Store will be open every evening during December.

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE
HENRY F. MILLER
(Factory Boston, Mass.) and
HEMME & LONG
(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)
PIANOS!
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.
Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.

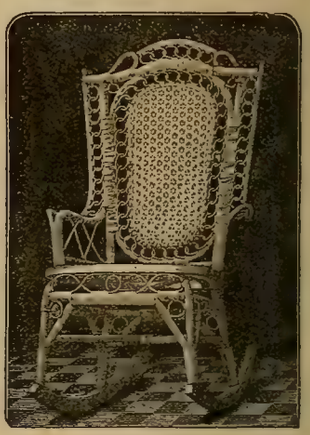
## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We beg to inform the trade that we have constantly on hand for sale in lots to suit, in bond or duty paid: GEORGE GOULET & CO.'S Champagnes, in quarts, pints, and half-pints; DUMEZIL & JOLIVET, Bordeaux, a full assortment of Clarets and Sauternes; FRIEDRICH SEYLER, Deidesheim, Rhine Wines of most popular brands; F. DUMEZIL, Cognacs; XEREZ DE LA FRONTERA, Cadiz, Sherries; SILVA & COSENS, Oporto, Port Wines; GEORGE ROE & CO., Dublin, Irish Whiskies; CANTRELL & COCHRANE, Belfast, Ginger Ale; Club Soda Water, Sparkling Montserrat and Lime-Juice Syrup; a full line of French and Amsterdam Liqueurs and Cordials; a full line of Bourbon and Rye Whiskies; H. CLAUSEN & SON Brewing Co., New York, celebrated Export Champagne Lager Beer. Special discount to the trade according to quantity.

ALFRED GREENEBAUM & CO.,
123 CALIFORNIA STREET. SOLE AGENTS.

UNEXCELLED!
Ask your Grocer for
ARCTIC REFRIGERATOR HAMS,
ROYAL BREAKFAST BACON
ROYAL LEAF LARD
All Guaranteed Choice Family Goods.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.



THE
WAKEFIELD RATTAN CO.
No. 644 Market Street,

Have now in stock an immense variety of RATTAN CHAIRS, in all the latest and most elegant designs.

Without exception the finest line of Rattan Goods ever offered in this city is now on exhibition in our warerooms. Remember, nothis more suitable for a CHRISTMAS GIFT than a WAKEFIELD CHAIR.

Send for our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. Goods delivered in Oakland and Alameda FREE OF CHARGE.

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers
and Blank Book Manufacturers
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

ROOFS. SEND YOUR ORDERS EARLY for repairs to H. G. FISKE, THE PIONEER ROOFER.
827 Market Street, opposite Stockton.

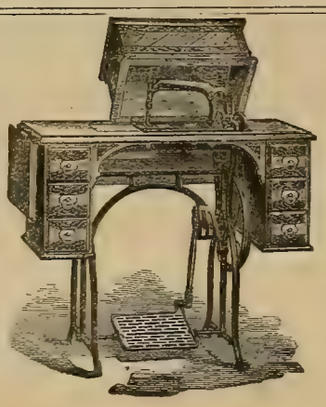
FIREMANS FUND
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA.
THE LARGEST PACIFIC COAST COMPANY.
CAPITAL, - - - - - - - $750,000
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1883, - - - - $1,500,000
AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

ICHI BAN
FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

MARBLE WORKS.
MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, Colored ITALIAN, and Statuary Marbles, Monuments and Headstones. W. H. McCORMICK, 827 Market St.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.
(Established 1854),
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS.
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed
TILES
For Decorations.
W. W. MONTAGUE & CO
311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.



Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
[303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

GERMEA
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. No. 23. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 6, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Cleveland and Civil Service Reform—What he has Done during his Governorship of New York—His Defiance of John Kelly and his Roman Catholic Following—His Probable Attitude toward Civil Service Reform when President—Our Curiosity to Know the Future Political Course of Roscoe Conkling—Will he be a Democratic Senator from New York?—A Fitting Climax to his Career of Political Treachery—A New Era in American Politics—Political "Independents," Past and Present, in National and State Politics—The "Bolters" in our own State—And even in our Municipal Election—In New York and Tennessee—The Movement is Universal—Who are Independents and Why they Are—The Part they will Take in American Politics—The *Post's* Article on the Golden Gate Park and its Management ..... 1–3

A CONFEDERATE IDYL: By Marian Harland ..... 4

EMMA NEVADA IN NEW YORK: "Flaneur" tells of her Début—Victoria Morosini also a Débutante—Anglomania in New York—The Sale of Beauties' Photographs—Gotham Gossip Generally ..... 6

OLD FAVORITES ..... 6

VANITY FAIR: Individuality in Stationery—Purism in Walking-boots—The Looking-glass—English Dining-rooms and Libraries—A War in New York Society—Luxuries in Gentlemen's Underwear—Costly Opera Cloaks—Perfumed Bonnets—The Cane Umbrella ..... 7

THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest ..... 7

VAN ZANDT'S FIASCO: "Parisina" tells of Marie's Failure as Rosina—The Paris Critics Insinuate that the Lady was Tipsy—The Death of a Female Artist—Studying from Nude Models ..... 8

THE ARGONAUT CHRISTMAS ANNUAL: What it will Contain ..... 8

LITERARY NOTES: New Books—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip ..... 9

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day ..... 9

SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip ..... 11

TORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—An American Compliment—How Booth Quieted the Quaker—A Remarkable Answer—Honor among Thieves—How Old he Was—Lord Barrymore's Little Pun—It Occurred in Boston—Hogarth as a Bill Collector—A Ludicrous Command ..... 11

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People all Over the World ..... 12

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record. 14–15

The *Nation*, under the caption "What President Cleveland will do," writes as follows: "We do not believe, *and we have reason for not believing*, that President Cleveland will disturb, or allow to be disturbed, any officer of the Federal Government on account of his political opinions. We believe that as regards the subordinate officers, the Civil Service Act will be faithfully enforced; and as long as it is faithfully enforced there will be no political motive for making removals." "There is," says the *Nation*, "*no legal way at present of putting a* WORKER *into a subordinate office.*" Another editorial article declares "the Independent Republicans of the county have elected Grover Cleveland President." This is also the tone of *Harper's Weekly*, and, indeed, of all the Independent Republican journals and gentlemen who have contributed to the success of the Democratic party. It is true that the Independent Republicans have elected Mr. Cleveland President. It is also true that Mr. Cleveland is an Independent Democrat, and that these bodies have formed a party in New York which for some years has worked together in State politics. This class of politicians are, and have been, avowed and open civil service reformers. Cleveland, as Governor of New York, has deliberately placed himself in open hostility to Tammany. John Kelly, the Tammany sachem, is allied in marriage to the family of Cardinal McCloskey. The Roman Catholic Church of the city of New York has been a blood-sucking vampire upon its treasury. A history of the connection of its churches, schools, and charities with the city politics of New York, the swindling impositions and robberies that have been consummated between Roman priests and Irish politicians, would be a startling chapter for honest men and tax-payers to peruse. If the Roman Catholic Cathedral upon Fifth Avenue has not been filched from the city, and if the leading hospitals and church charities have not been maintained by stealings from the municipal treasury, these Roman priests and Democratic aldermen have been greatly misrepresented. The first open and successful revolt against this conspiracy of rogues was inaugurated by the *Times* newspaper—an Independent journal in this campaign. Tweed and his associates were sent to prison, exile, and death, in spite of their stolen millions. Samuel Tilden aided to break up this robbers' den. Tilden favored the nomination of Cleveland. The strength of the opposition to the Tweed dynasty was among the class of wealthy and non-partisan merchants of the city of New York—a class largely represented in the Independent movement To the Independent Democratic wing Cleveland belonged, and, when nominated Governor of New York, he was nominated without the aid of Tammany, and elected by so large a majority that Tammany votes cut no figure in the result. Cleveland demonstrated that he was a civil service reformer in his administration of the duties of his office as Governor of New York. He never sought a reconciliation with John Kelly. He openly flouted him and his Irish Roman Catholic following in vetoing the bill which would sewer St. Joseph's hospital at the expense of the city. At Chicago, when seeking the nomination for the Presidency, his friends refused to concede anything to Tammany. One of the most satisfactory things about Mr. Cleveland and his political career is that he has had the courage to defy the Pope's Irish. He went through the campaign not attempting to blarney them, and thank God the President of the United States will owe them, as a class, no thanks for aid. We are unspeakably grateful for the promise that grows out of this condition of things, and if it shall prove that we have a Presidential administration of four years which will make no concession to this dangerous class and this dangerous church organization, we shall find in it much to console us for the defeat of Mr. Blaine. If—and it certainly seems probable—Mr. Cleveland will administer the Presidential office under the Civil Service law, and in the spirit of that reform, the change of administration will not be the national calamity which many good men and earnest partisans feared it would be. Never in the history of the American Republic did a President enter his great office with a better opportunity of public service, and never with more earnest and abundant wishes for his success. We will not deny that there is just the least spice of malice in desiring a Democratic President to enforce the Civil Service law so far as it will affect California. Democratic politics is such a nasty thing in this State that we shall take infinite pleasure in seeing its leaders snubbed and disappointed in their scramble for office. The more we consider the situation, the more do we become impressed with the idea that the *Nation* is right, and that President Cleveland "will not disturb, nor allow to be disturbed, any officer of the Federal Government on account of his political opinions." When we remember that such Democrats as Pendleton of Ohio, Bayard of Delaware, Lamar, Garland, Carlisle, Randall of Pennsylvania, Cox, Morrison, Tucker, Hewett, Willis, and others, are Civil Service reformers, and when we reflect that Mr. Cleveland has been rescued from the defeat with which the political traitors within the Democratic party endeavored to overwhelm him, by the assistance of Republican Independents, by the vote of Republican Prohibitionists withheld from Blaine, and by the efforts of an independent Republican press, we shall not be surprised if he should feel that he owes his election quite as much to Republican gentlemen as he does to Democratic "workers." It will not surprise us if, in the distribution of office patronage, he should have more in view the efficiency of the public service than the building up of the Democratic party by rewarding its curb-stone and cross-road politicians.

We think we can see that there is an important political movement now going on in our country which is destined to work out important and beneficial results. It seems to us that there is growing up all over the land an "independent" party that is charged with the performance of political duties calculated to accomplish great good to the entire country. We can not disguise from ourselves, if we would, the fact that party organizations are not as compact and cohesive as they once were; that there is a very large and rapidly increasing number of intelligent and disinterested men who can no longer be regarded as partisans. We are old enough to remember the Democratic party so far back as the time of Van Buren. Our first recollection carries us to the era of "liberty poles" and "mint drops.' We recall with more distinctness the Harrison campaign, when "log cabins and hard cider" were the rallying slogans of the campaign; when one of the most important documents that stirred the hearts of the Whigs was the speech of Ogle, of Pennsylvania; when the patching of Mr. Marcy's trousers was found to have been paid for from the national treasury. We still more distinctly recall the Barnburner movement, in which John Van Buren was a prominent actor, and in which we first heard the pattering of a "free soil" shower that grew to a storm of anti-slavery indignation and culminated in the roar and tempest of a civil war—that led to the emancipation of nearly five millions of enslaved blacks, made the nation free, and consecrated all its territory to freedom. The history of the Republican party, with all its splendid and patriotic achievements, is within the reading and observation of younger men. Before the war the Democrat's fidelity to party was so emphatic that "bolter" was a term of reproach, and the Democrat who for *any* cause or under *any* pretense did not support his party ticket was looked upon as a traitor. After the war, the Republican partisan who did not accept and submit to anything that was done by the party was looked upon not only as guilty of party treason, but he was a traitor to the country. We have a most distinct and vivid recollection of the estimation in which a Republican who did not support General Grant for his second term because he thought Horace Greeley the better Republican, and who opposed his third term renomination, was held by his Republican friends. Some of the best and ablest men of the party and of the nation were sent to political Coventry for life. All this has changed, and there has within the past few years been a growing tendency on the part of the best party men to exercise for themselves independent political opinions. This is especially the case in municipal and State politics. The gubernatorial election in New York three years ago was an important political event, because it emancipated that great State from the thraldom of party rule. The history of our State is full of incidents showing the growth of this sentiment. When the intrigue of Gorham secured for himself the nomination for Governor, he was defeated by the independents in his own party—a class which had the courage to resent the insolence of Carr and the impudence of Gorham. When Sargent, Gorham, and Carr, at a later day, endeavored to bring Federal patronage and personal hate toward the railroad builders to bear upon State politics, and nominated Mr. Phelps for Governor, they again met a humiliating defeat. When Mr. Estee and his friends endeavored to engage the Republican party of the State in a railroad war, with a platform of resolutions subversive of the rights of private property, the same result followed. The Democratic party has had the same experience in this State. A divided organization made Leland Stanford Governor of California. The later history of the Democracy in California has demonstrated that party organization is not strong enough to enable any wing to do mean and dishonorable work without paying the penalty of its political sins. When the Democratic convention at Stockton undertook to reward those leaders who had called a special session of the Legislature for the purpose of urging an unprincipled agrarian war against railroads, the independent men of the party resented it, bolted, and gave to the anti-Field, anti-railroad wing such a drubbing as it will not soon forget. So in municipal politics—the last election seems to illustrate all. In the writer's own precinct, out of some hundreds of votes, there were only seven unscratched Democratic and ten unscratched Republican tickets. It is admitted all around that the Independent

movement in the State of New York was decisive of the Presidential election. A similar condition of things had given a Republican governor to Tennessee, a Republican mayor to St. Louis. All over the land—South and North, West and East—this movement is going on. It was the spirit that prompted the Abolition movement; it is the sentiment that inspires the Prohibition party. In a word, there is an increasing tendency on the part of intelligent men to act independently of the two great national parties. These forces, should they ever come together, would form a strong party; and if they do not act in entire unison, they have become, and will continue to be, an important and controlling factor in American politics. Where parties are as nearly divided as in America, this great, independent, floating vote will often decide the fate of parties—often enough to make all parties bid for its support. We have had two Presidential elections turning upon a few hundred votes. This independent—party, we will call it—already commands the respect of the nation. In comparison with its numbers, it possesses more than its share of the wealth and business of the country. Its members are men of affairs; it has a large percentage of the best element, and more than its share of the gentlemen of the country; from its very nature it can not be sectional; it can not encourage a solid South or a solid North; its members can ask for no offices, no government contracts; they will not be members of Tammany; they will not be found in any of the corrupt rings that infest Washington. Such a party as this is calculated to do great good, as it will necessarily hold the balance of power between contending factions; control to a large extent the nominations of all parties, and in all political matters operate as a great and ofttimes controlling moral force. It will be observed that we claim for this class of independents a wide distinction from the disgruntled mob of soreheaded politicians who follow some disappointed leader like Conkling, or who sulk away from conventions because they can not have their own choice of candidates, like George William Curtis, or our own little Black-and-Tan, who deserts a party because he is kicked out of office. These are not independents, they are the slaves of their own passions. The true independent is one who wants no office, follows no leader, belongs to no party, asks no political honors, engages in no intrigues, and holds himself at liberty at all times and on all occasions to use his influence and cast his vote in the direction where, in the exercise of his best judgment, the best interest of the country will be subserved. This is the party to which we belong. To belong to this party, and to be in good standing in it, it is not necessary to always vote with your fellows, for independence of opinion and its fearless exercise are the true and only tests of loyalty to the independent party. Within the lines of such a party all reforms are possible, all patriotic and high-reaching aspirations may be indulged; with such an organization existing, there is no necessity for labor parties, nor for prohibition parties, nor greenback, nor anti-monopoly, nor for any of the thousand and one ideal organizations that exist. Such a body of independent voters as we have considered would be sufficiently influential to commend all questions to the candid and careful consideration of the two great national parties. The independents, holding such a power, and casting such a vote, would impel the great parties to the embodiment of all popular questions in their platforms. There are in all civilized countries, monarchical or republican, two great parties; there are never more. It is the conservative, independent, floating vote that governs both.

Between the Presidents' messages of to-day and the days from Washington to Buchanan there is a wide difference. Those of our early days were "state papers," carefully studied, treating elaborately of the more important political measures of the day. The message of the present is modeled somewhat after the style of the address from the English throne. It is a brief statement of the condition of national affairs, accompanied by recommendation of legislative action. Hence, we can no longer say of a message that it is "able" or "brilliant." It is intended to be nothing more than a naked epitome of the political condition. The message of President Arthur is simply this. It is a clear and concise presentation of a large number of questions, and, when accompanied by recommendations of legislation, they are eminently wise and just—a far more instructive and useful document than the elaborate and formal disquisitions of our earlier Presidents. Many facts are stated containing information new to the country. The narrowness of the Presidential majorities suggests the importance of precautionary measures for settling such questions in the future. A trade-mark treaty has been concluded with Belgium; our friendly relations with the Chinese Government are referred to; we are informed of the purchase of the Chinese coasting fleet by American citizens; Congress is advised to renew and more correctly define the law restraining Chinese immigration; the International Association at the mouth of the Congo has been recognized, and a commercial agent has been appointed for the Congo basin, a new and friendly government upon the "dark continent"; Congress is recommended to make an appropriation for the Bartholdi statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World." The President very properly recommends the renewal for a term of seven years of the commercial treaty with the Hawaiian Kingdom; that duties be removed from foreign works of art; that commercial reciprocity has been established between the United States and Mexico, and is now awaiting the legislation of Congress to become effective. The Nicaragua Canal is commended to Congressional favor. A convention has been concluded with Spain in reference to the West Indian Islands, and a reciprocity treaty with the Dominican Republic. The President asks for legislation to restrain the fitting out of armed expeditions upon our territory aimed at the peace of a friendly nation, restricting the shipment of explosives, etc., and very properly declares the prompt and thorough treatment of this question is one which intimately affects our national honor. He recommends a revision of our immigration laws in some unimportant particulars. We wish he had had the courage to have suggested their entire repeal. He recommends the suspension of silver coinage; the abolition of all excise taxes, except distilled liquors (why tobacco should escape taxation he does not inform us); the liberal subsidizing of American ocean steamships for carrying the mails; a more liberal policy toward national banks, authorizing them a larger issue of currency upon their present securities; and then follows the reports of departments and various especial commissions—all of which are well worth a careful perusal by those persons who care to keep closely informed in this direction, but too voluminous for us to print. With this session of Congress, Mr. Arthur closes an honorable and dignified term—one in which the nation has been in friendly relations with foreign governments, has been prosperous in its domestic concerns. Honored abroad and prosperous at home, may well be said of the country since Mr. Arthur has been called to its executive administration. His conduct has been personally respectable and dignified. If we were confined to the use of but one word to express our very high appreciation of this, our honored President, we should say he was a "gentleman." May the first of a new line of Democrats do as well as this the last of a dynasty of Republican Presidents. We hope at the end of four years we may write as kindly and think as well of Grover Cleveland going out to make room for Mr. Blaine.

What course Mr. Roscoe Conkling may pursue in politics, or what the character of his future political aspirations, we have no means of knowing. It will please him to know that there still remains in the Republican party, and among his old associates, friends, and admirers, the sentiment of curiosity concerning his future. His vanity may be gratified to know that even this remembrance of his political treachery survives. It is said that he desires to go to the Senate, and that the Democratic minority of the New York Legislature will aid him in that ambition if he can secure enough votes from the Republican party to assure his election. If this should happen, and Mr. Conkling should find himself again in the Senate of the United States, representing the Democratic party, his career will have been sufficiently remarkable to entitle it and himself to be long remembered. He will be regarded as the most prominent and successful of all political traitors, and all who, in the future, shall peruse the history of his public life will wonder what we, his contemporaries, could find in it to admire. We do not at all doubt but that his wealthy clients can purchase for him a reëntry into the Senate of the United States; and we do not question that his fidelity to his wealthy clients would prompt him to faithful zeal in their behalf, and that as a business transaction it would be of mutual profit. And yet, somehow, we can but regret that a life from which we had hoped so much should reach such a pitiful termination. We regret to know that that which we looked upon as "pride"—pure, honorable, lofty pride—has turned out to be mere vanity; that the exhibition of splendid intellectual capacity, which we have waited for and hoped for, has never come, and now can never be expected to come; that that quality of fidelity to party and to principle was, after all, mere selfish egotism, bursting like a bubble and vanishing when tried; that that which we had called high ambition, and clothed with integrity above suspicion, turns out to be but mask and domino, behind which a weak, vain, incompetent politician was masquerading and making love to himself.

The New York *Tribune*, as well as many other of our Republican journals, are exceedingly sore at the result, because it has been brought about by Southern electoral votes representing the colored vote of the South, and asserting that the colored population had not been allowed a free ballot. A Southern friend writes us, admitting the fact that the negro *is* denied the power of his numbers at the ballot-box by physical force, fraud, and intimidation, and declares that this fact is the logical and natural result of the political situation; that the situation was brought about by the Republican party, in its anger, to punish th South, and that it serves the Republican party right tha these African chickens have come home to roost. Th North, not content with freeing the negro, made an electo of him, gave him a representation in Congress and th Electoral College, and is now grumbling over what man think to have been a serious mistake. The South shoul have been kept in territorial subjugation, says one class Republicans. If the Government gave the elective pri ilege to the negro it should protect him in its exercis says another. The time has passed to consider the questions. The South has its electoral vote and its Co gressional delegation based upon negro vot s. The Sou does not let the darkies vote. It never will. The Nor can not compel it, and should not try to do so if it coul Take South Carolina, for instance, with forty thousar more colored than white people. Does any body at t North suppose that the white people of South Carolina a going to submit to negro rule—a rule that would sure lead to anarchy, confiscation of property, and insecurity life, because the negroes are ignorant, idle, and vicious idle and vicious because ignorant? Would any whi Northern minority submit to a majority of idle, vicio and ignorant blacks, just emancipated from slavery, wit out exercising physical force, fraud, and intimidation prevent them from obtaining political power? If Chine could vote and were in a majority in California, would whites submit? We know we would not, and we m look upon this question as a practical one. When we to South Carolina, such is the law, the reply is, "T consequences are not as disastrous to us in disobeying in obeying the law." This negro question, with all conundrums and embarrassments, has passed out of tional control. It is relegated to the States. The peo of the South must dispose of it in their own way. Th interests will prompt them to adjust these questions, a it is perhaps as well that the opportunity of four year now given to the Southern people and politicians to monstrate their ability and willingness to work out solution of the negro problem. Whenever the white p ple of the South are so far emancipated from their th dom to the prejudices of passions growing out of the c war as to be able to cut loose from the Democratic pa and think, and act, and vote as they please, the refon tion will have begun, and the reign of party terror have ended. The Republican party has accomplishe great achievement in liberating four millions of South blacks; its work will not be ended till it shall have becc possible for a Southern white man to express a polit opinion, and cast a political vote, without fear of soc political, and business ostracism. When there shall two parties in the South, and the negroes equally divi between them, the negro problem will have been solve

The total vote cast at the Presidential election was 041,268. Blaine, 4,844,061; Cleveland, 4,838,319; Bu 208,553; St. John, 150,335. Blaine's plurality, 5, Garfield's plurality in 1880, 7,018. The vote would i cate a population of not less than 60,000,000 of peo The closeness of the figures between Cleveland and Bl is very remarkable. Though Blaine receives more v than his leading opponent, he is not elected Presid These figures emphasize Mr. Blaine's position as lead the Republican party, make his nomination by the p in four years a certainty, and his election as Preside probability. Mr. Blaine is fifty-three years of age. labor and prohibition vote does not measure the stre of either class; it only demonstrates that sensible pe have too keen an appreciation of the practical valu the ballot to be stood up with fool's cap and bell be counted in order to please a set of soft-headed and crop-haired, strong-minded, garrulous old wor Mr. Harper is still harping over the defeat of Blaine. If his man Nast and his man Curtis will tinue their abuse and caricature of Blaine until the Chicago convention, Blaine will doubtless engage t to print the second volume of his history. Mr. Blain more votes than Garfield in every Northern State of w full votes have yet been received, 25,000 more in C 19,000 more in Illinois, 10,000 in California, 7,000 in York, 3,000 in New Jersey, 4,000 in Maine, 3,000 in souri; all of which indicates the candidacy of Mr. B in 1888.

Of course, William H. Parks, of Marysville, will be Speaker of the House of Assembly. It is fortunate th members have good material from which to choose fo important position. The Hon. John Yale, of Trinity the Hon. William H. Parks have each filled—and that creditably—the place of Speaker, and it might be e rassing to choose between them if the Hon. Mr. Yal not met with a recent mining accident that has so fa paired his hearing as to disqualify him for performin duties of the position. Mr. Parks made a most satisf Speaker of the Assembly, and should he be reëlect the position of presiding officer of the new Assembly,

is no doubt that he will fill the place with impartial dignity. We know of no man in our State who has a more thorough knowledge of parliamentary law.

The San Francisco *Evening Post* contains in its last Saturday's issue the following very kind and generous article upon the Golden Gate Park and its management, which, for obvious reasons, we take pleasure in reproducing:

A few years ago, when the present Board of Park Commissioners took office, Golden Gate Park was not in good favor with the people; but under their fostering care it has taken its proper place as the grand, open-air pleasure-resort of San Francisco, and, having become popular, legislators and supervisors will find additional reasons for looking after its interests. The reasons for the old unpopularity are generally known. There was but one line of cars to the park, and that not marked for convenience, so the place was looked upon as a pleasure drive for the use of rich men who could afford to keep a team. Besides that, when one had braved the sandhills and reached the park, there was not much pleasure to be found in solemnly parading about a place where the rules of conduct laid down for the visitors were stricter than the rules of the State Prison. The chief design of the then commissioners appeared to be to make the public uncomfortable, and the chief service to which they put the park employees was the painting and planting of prohibitory sings, "Keep off the grass," "Don't pluck the ferns or lupins," "No dogs admitted to the park," "Children must not play on the walks," "No shooting allowed," and "Ten miles an hour the limit of speed," were a few of the signs which glared at the visitor from every side. To enforce the rules there was an army of park police, stern, uncompromising, hard-hearted men, who would arrest a four-year-old child or expel its guardian from the park if it chanced to toddle upon the grass, and at whose approach an unlawfully appearing dog would howl with fear. Now, it chanced that on the day after Mr. Pixley assumed the toga, or whatever insignia of office a Park Commissioner has—a shovel would be more appropriate than a toga—he took an early stroll through the domain over which he had been set in authority. A bright-eyed girl came cantering by on a pony, and as Pixley's trained eye was dwelling fondly on the pretty picture, he heard the rough voice of a park policeman exclaim: "Take that dog out of here at wunst, or O'ill run yez in." The young lady protested, and pleaded that the little spaniel which followed her was quite harmless, and naïvely suggested that, as she and the policeman were the only persons in the park—she had not then noticed Pixley—if the dog was dangerous it could hurt no one but the officer, and she was sure that a big, brave policeman was not afraid of a little dog. "Them's me orders," said the brass-buttoned guardian of the park, drawing his club; "out goes the dog or out goes yez." By the time Mr. Pixley had read the officer an *Argonaut* editorial on manners, the man's life had become a burden to him, and he asked leave to resign. Then the new commissioner had a talk with the others, and at noon that day all the park employees were called together and treated to this as their only rule of conduct, to supersede all the other rules then and there suspended: "Treat the public as though you were gentlemen who owned the park, and they were your invited guests, free to enjoy themselves in any way they pleased, so they did not hurt each other. The first man who shows less politeness to any park visitor than a courteous gentleman would to an honored guest, may consider his place vacant. Children may walk and roll on the grass, when and where they please; if the grass can't stand it, so much the worse for the grass. Dogs are welcome in the park at all times, and they can kill all the rabbits they please." This has been the rule of the park ever since, and in no single instance has it been abused. People have walked over and picnicked on the grass, but with the good sense American people always show, have never broken down the borders or injured the shrubs. The cable cars take thousands to the park now where only tens went a few years ago, yet the force of park policemen has been reduced to a minimum. Occasionally a reckless pawnbroker's clerk or heedless tailor's apprentice has to be gathered in for furious driving or cruelty to a hired horse, but apart from these gentry and a few professional drivers who sometimes do their horse training on the park roads, the visitors need no watching and do no damage.

The official term of the present Park Commission has seen marvelous improvements made in the park for the pleasure of the people—not the carriage-owners, but the great mass of poor and middle-class people who make the park the pleasure-ground and a play-ground for their children—and that has been done with an appropriation wholly insufficient for the work of caring for and improving, with flowers and shrubs, a lot of sand-hills, three miles long and half a mile wide. Experience has shown that while there are a few sentimental young folks, who like to wander off in secluded by-paths, the great bulk of visitors want to be seen and see all that is going on. The people congregate about the main drive to look at the horses and the carriages, and the folks who go riding want to be seen by the folks who go afoot. The secluded bridle paths are seldom used, for gentlemen like Mr. Parker, Mr. Fay, or Captain Bell, who ride beautiful saddle-horses, and ride well, want to ride where they and their horses can be admired, and a very natural and proper desire, too. This being the case, the commissioners have decided to build one broad, magnificent boulevard, stretching from Conservatory Valley to the ocean beach—a boulevard which, when finished, will have no equal in any city in the world. This boulevard, as projected—and already the work has been begun—will be one hundred feet wide, with a strip of turf and flowers down the centre to mark the side on which all must drive going west or coming east. The line of the present road will be followed, but in widening it a great many of the curves will be taken out, and all the sharp corners cut off. It will begin opposite the Conservatory, and the present row of trees to the right will have to come down, for the double reason of widening the road and giving everybody a chance to look at the beautiful flowers in the valley. The old corner as one turns off to the villa will be cut off, and from there the road will go straight to the top of the hill. Then a good bit of cutting and filling must be done to get a broad grade to the foot of Strawberry Hill. The steep grade and dangerous curve there has already been avoided by a deep cut through the quarry, which was yesterday opened to vehicles, and in time will be widened to the regulation one hundred feet. At the end of the cut, where Twenty-fourth Avenue—now open—comes in, there will be a large circular open space to turn in, and thence to the beach there will be but two curves of any size. All the work now being done on the drive is subordinated to this idea, and wherever dumping has to be done, the waste rock and sand are carried to help the good work along. The boulevard, when finished, is intended as a family drive, where folks go not to speed their teams, but to see and be seen; and while the principal part will be given up to carriages, part will be set aside for horsemen, and on each side a nice gravel walk for pedestrians. On the top of Strawberry Hill, the highest point in the park, the commissioners propose to erect the monument to Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," for which purpose the late James Lick left a sufficient sum of money. To complete the boulevard, the Legislature will be asked to permit the Board of Supervisors to increase the park appropriation, and the improvement will be of such universal benefit and pleasure to all that it seems like a waste of words to urge in any way the necessity for giving such a sum as will be needed. The Commission has done so splendidly with the small sum at its disposal, that no hesitation will be shown to trust it with more money.

There is another piece of work connected with the park which the commissioners hope to finish before their terms expire. For a long time there has been a general demand for some place in San Francisco where road horses may be speeded, and a suitable place within the jurisdiction of the Park Commission has been found. It is proposed to lay out about a mile on Point Lobos Avenue, from First to Twenty-fourth Avenue, for a speed mile, where horsemen may drive as fast as they please, with no other rules of conduct to observe except the right of their neighbors and the rule of the road. Though this work is for the benefit of all and a permanent improvement, the city will not be asked to pay for it. The work will be done all, or in part, by subscriptions from gentlemen who take an interest in fine horses. Governor Stanford has intimated that he will contribute liberally, and so have Senator Sharon, Senator Jones, E. J. Baldwin, P. A. Finigan (President of the State Board of Agriculture), J. B. Haggin, G. Hearst, W. W. Stow, W. Bridges, and many other prominent gentlemen. Such a speed road is almost a necessity to San Francisco, and the Park Commissioners wisely concluding that there was no place for it inside the park, which is a family resort, made a wise selection. Of course, any one will be allowed to use the new road; but it being a resort for fast drivers, old ladies will hardly select it for their afternoon jog.

Another piece of work the commissioners want to do is to lay out fifteen or twenty acres for a public recreation and athletic ground, free to all clubs for practice games and public exhibitions when no gate money is charged. The idea embraces a cinder path for foot-racing and track for bicycle-riding. It will not be many years before Golden Gate Park, as a pleasure resort, will compare favorably with any in the world, and a little liberality on the part of the citizens now will be the best possible use to which public money could be put.

## BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

### An Election Reverie.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like a morning flower;
When chilling winds sweep o'er the plain,
They wither in an hour.

How vain and empty are things terrestrial! How void and vacant the whole earth seems to him who buys a plug hat for another man! We think that we can read the signs of the times in the torchlight procession, but we can not. We guess on the general result, and then purchase a new overcoat for a total stranger, while we steer our own arms down into the mysterious linings of our three-year-old coat, and feel sad.

The sight of a new, shining silk hat brings the tears to my eyes.

The American people devote too much thought and too much time to politics. If any man refers to politics in my house hereafter, I will set him up in the requiescat business. The following notice is pasted in the main hall, where visitors present their credentials:

> Parties referring to the late election in a light or flippant manner will please state, before leaving, what size of coffin they wear, and whether they desire to be buried inexpensively or with pomp and *éclat*.
>
> Estimates of pomp and *éclat* furnished on application.

I am no politician, and never was. I am just a plain, unassuming, but talented chap, with a tendency to converse freely on subjects that I don't know anything about. That is the reason why the aurora borealis will look down this season on a tall, amateur politician in my ward, wearing the same under-clothing that he wore last summer.

I have no objection to allowing a professional politician the privilege of betting on election results, but it's poor business for a man of letters. The literati ought to abstain from it. John Bunyan never guessed on Indiana and got left, did he? He was no guesser. He was a writer. Let every man attend to his own business, I say, and shun politics as he would the deadly upas tree.

I think the country ought to be saved, and am willing to do what is right, but I have gone out of the plug-hat business. Parties who have countries that they would like to have saved will be attended to if they will call during office hours, but those who yearn for new clothes at my expense will please call while I am in New Orleans this winter delivering the opening address at the Cotton Carnival.

I visited an intimate friend over in the Stillwater Penitentiary the other day—a friend named Younger—and I said to him: "Cole," said I, "you think you are a little unfortunate and hampered here, perhaps, but I think you are mighty fortunate. Of course, you can't go out much, and you have rather a monotonous time of it here, but you miss the cyclones and the elections. Your life is perfectly safe while your sentence lasts."

After I had told him what I had passed through, and had explained to him the political outlook, and the price of plug hats, he wrung my hand and even smiled. When I left him he was singing softly to himself: "Oh, what shall the harvest be?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Presence of Mind.

Presence of mind is a very rare quality indeed. How few of those we meet, though apparently cool and self-possessed, know just what to do in an emergency. It is a good thing to have an active mind, well stored with useful knowledge, but sometimes it is better to have a less expansive style of mind and have it calm and unruffled at a time when it is needed.

A friend of mine once put a large red poker-chip in the church plate by mistake. Few people would have known what to do; but he just went to the pastor after the services were over and said that he had the money with which to redeem that chip. He told the minister that the chip was worth five dollars up town, and he would cash it at that price. The preacher took the five dollars and said he always knew that these little red souvenirs came high, but he didn't know they were so expensive as that.

Another friend of mine, who had no presence of mind whatever, went to a picnic, and, by mistake, sat down on a baby that was asleep under a shawl in the shade of an umbrageous tree, breaking its nose—the child's nose, I mean. He was a candidate for the Legislature, and did not wish to offend the mother or lose the vote of the father, so he tried to turn the thing off as a joke by saying he didn't nose it was there.

He was terribly snowed under at the polls, and he deserved it, too.

I am rather cool in a great emergency. Some years ago there was a shooting-affray in front of my office which terminated fatally, and no doubt it would have been more so if it had not been for my cool self-possession and undaunted courage.

The city editor, Mr. Barrow, was just reading me a column puff in type of a new bank, and I was carefully revising his grammar with a large mallet and chisel, when we heard a shot in front of the office.

I said: "Barrow, that's a shot." He said he guessed not, and went on reading the puff.

Pretty soon some one said "Bang" again, in a loud tone of voice and about forty-four calibre. Then everybody jumped for the stairs, printers and all. I saw that I could not get down the stairs in time to get shot, so I rushed out on the balcony, and found myself directly over the shootists. Windy Smith was underneath, and had no weapon, while a gambler was on top, armed with a beautiful pearl-handled, self-cocking Smith & Wesson baritone soloist, worth about twenty-three dollars, including freight.

There was a crowd of perhaps one hundred men standing around near by. Not too near, but just near enough. No one seemed to know what it was best to do. Every one saw at once that it wasn't right for those men to be shooting at each other, and, perhaps, giving needless pain, but no one seemed to have any presence of mind. That was the state of things when I came proudly forth upon the balcony. I saw what must be done.

"Gentlemen," said I, in tones that rang out like a bugle call, "take that man's gun away. Can't you see that if you don't disarm the gambler he is going to kill some one?"

Then there was a slight pause, during which everybody seemed to be perfectly willing that the gambler should be disarmed. Finally, seeing that each man seemed to be waiting for the other, I called to a tall, slim man who stood right under me, and told him to take away the gambler's revolver, but he said "No," he was only visiting the town, and the gambler was a total stranger to him. He wasn't acquainted with any one, and didn't want to seem officious.

But I didn't lose my self-control. I kept calling on different ones to disarm the gambler, until finally Baswell, the sheriff, came alone, and he did as I suggested.

Of course, Smith died of his wounds, but remember the thousands of other lives in the town that were saved by this cool, brave act; and still I would do it right over again if the circumstances were the same.

Some of my friends say that, though brave, I am a little rash. One dear friend, who knows me best, and who is very closely related to me by marriage, says that I am so rash that I would "rush in where angels fear to tread." I wonder if she means anything personal by that?—*Courier-Journal.*

The following copy of a letter from Mrs. Martha Washington to Mrs. Fairfax will be read with interest, for its quaint phraseology and its air of antiquity. It is from an autograph copy in the possession of Mr. Adolph Sutro, of this city:

MOUNT VERNON, May the 17, 1798.

MY DEAR MRS. FAIRFAX: Whether you are indebted to me, or I to you [for] a letter, I shall not (because it would not comport with that friendship I have always professed, and still feel for you) enquire; but shall proceed, having so good an opportunity as is offered by Mr. Fairfax's voyage to England, to assure you that although many years have elapsed since I have either received or written one to you that my affection and regard for you have undergone no diminution, and that it is among my greatest regrets now I am again fixed (I hope for life) at this place, at not having you as a neighbour and companion. This loss was not so sensibly felt by me while I was a kind of perambulater, during eight or nine years of the war, and during other eight years which I resided at the seat of the general government, occupied in scenes more busied, tho not more happy than in the tranquil employment of rural life; with which my life will close. The changes which have taken place in this county since you left it (and it is pretty much the case in all other parts of this state) are, in one word, total. In Alexandria, I do not believe there lives at this day a single family with whom you had the smallest acquaintance. In our neighborhood, Colonel Mason, Colonel McCarty and wife, Mr. Chichester, Mr. Lund Washington, and all the Wageners have left the stage of human life; and our visitors on the Maryland side are gone, and going likewise. These, it is true, are succeeded by another generation, among whom your niece, Mrs. Herbert, has a numerous offspring; and as she, Mrs. Washington, of Fairfield, and your nephews Thomas and Ferdinand Fairfax, are (as I am informed) among your correspondents, it would perhaps be but an imperfect repetition of what you receive more correctly in detail from them, to relate matters which more immediately concern themselves. I shall briefly add, however, that Mrs. Washington has just lost another daughter, who lately married Mr. Thomas Fairfax, and is the second wife he has lost—both very fine women. With respect to my own family, it will not, I presume, be new to you to hear that my son died in the Fall of 1781. He left four fine children, three daughters and a son, a fine, promising youth now. The two eldest of the girls are married and have children; the second, Patty, married before her elder sister; she has two fine children, boath girls. The eldest, Elizabeth, married Mr. Law, a man of fortune from the East Indies, and Brother to the Bishop of Carlizle. She has a daughter. Martha married Mr. Thomas Peter, son of Robert Peter of George Town, who is also very wealthy. Boath live in the Federal city. The youngest daughter, Eleanor, is yet single, and lives with me, having done so from an infant, as has my grand son, George Washington—now turned of seventeen—except when at College, to three of which he has been—viz., Philadelphia, New Jersey, and Annapolis, at the last of which he now is. I am, dear Madam, with great esteem and regard, your affectionate friend,

M. WASHINGTON.

The husband of the celebrated Madame Geoffrin was fond of reading, and often had recourse to an obliging friend, possessor of a well-stocked library. Wishing to peruse a certain book of travels, he borrowed the first volume, and, having finished it, took it back to the owner, and asked for the second, which, in a fit of abstraction, he left on the table, carrying away the one he had just returned, and reading it over again without perceiving his error. His wife, seeing him deeply absorbed in the contents, inquired how he liked the work. "It is extremely interesting," he replied; "but it strikes me that the author is rather too apt to repeat himself."

Ellen Terry, in contradicting reports of a falling out between herself and Mr. Irving, says that if such a thing ever should happen it would be all her fault, as Mr. Irving has too sweet a disposition to quarrel with anybody.

Lord Byron is noted by Mr. Hamerton as being one of those perfect correspondents *qui causent avec la plume*

## A CONFEDERATE IDYL.

Written for the "Argonaut" by Marian Harland.

*Copyright 1884, by the Author. All rights reserved.*

[MARIAN HARLAND'S story, in this number, will be followed by one from the pen of J. ESTEN COOKE, author of "Leather Stocking and Silk," "Henry St. John, Gentleman," "The Virginia Comedians," "Hammer and Rapier," and other works. The next in the series will be a story by JULIAN HAWTHORNE, entitled "The Trial of Gideon." After this will come two stories by HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD and GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. We hope to follow them, from time to time, with original short stories by the foremost writers of America, including W. D. HOWELLS, FRANK R. STOCKTON, J. S. OF DALE, LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, THOMAS A. JANVIER, "Ivory Black," H. H. BOYESEN, EDGAR FAWCETT, HELEN JACKSON (H. H.), HELEN KENDRICK JOHNSON, W. H. BISHOP, J. T. TROWBRIDGE, SARAH ORNE JEWETT, and others.]

We had been "out" all day. The weather was soft for November, and so were the red clay roads. Our boots, worn outside of our trousers, were dyed half-way up the legs, and as stiff as mailed greaves. The trudge through the adhesive paste was so disagreeable that we avoided the highways when we could. Miles of tramping at the heels of the hounds, over "old fields" of broom straw and wheat-stubble, and wading in oozy swamps criss-crossed by bamboo briars, brought us to our quarters at nightfall, exhausted and ravenous, just as a leaden pour of rain began.

The house was vast and scantily furnished. The Richmond citizen who bought the plantation, at the close of the war, camped down, rather than lived on it, with his family in summer. For the rest of the year the overseer and his wife occupied one wing, leaving lofty halls and wide chambers to freezing damps and solitudes.

We were there at the invitation of the proprietor's son. He stood at one corner of the hearth, leaning against the mantel, pipe in hand. We had supped upon York River oysters, wild turkey, and partridges, after which we were served with Powhatan pipes and prime Richmond manufactured tobacco. Not a man of us would touch a cigar that week. The table was pushed to the back of the room; a mighty blaze, made lurid by lightwood knots, drew up the chimney with a roar like that of a steady nor'easter. The evening had begun auspiciously. Our bodies were warmed and rested, our hearts mellowed by good cheer and fellowship. For the rest, we had found for ourselves by now what it meant to be Rob Crutchfield's guests.

A slight, well-built man of thirty-eight or forty, but looking at least five years younger, he was to the three New Yorkers of the hunting-party an object of especial attention and interest. During the civil war he was a scout, famous in both armies for his daring and success. His risks and deliverances, his dashing exploits, the coolness that never failed him in the face of sudden death, his generosity, his mad frolics, had been the boast of many a camp-fire tale and post-bellum experience-meeting. A sabre-gash in the edge of the hair above his forehead, and a scarcely perceptible halt upon the right thigh as he walked, were visible mementoes of hair-breadth escapes. "Rebellion keepsakes" he called them. In demeanor he was quietly courteous, talking easily and somewhat slowly. His smile was singularly pleasant, lending kindly or humorous gleams to deep-set gray eyes, and showing a line of white teeth under the drooping mustache.

In a crowd he would be overlooked. With our knowledge of his antecedents, we found him a fascinating study, even before he was beguiled—ingeniously, for his modesty was proverbial—into the relation of personal adventures.

Of the four Virginians present three had served through the war. Two of the Northerners had seen service. To-night the desultory after-supper chat settled down, after a while, upon the relation and discussion of incidents of the national storm that had blown itself out into the tired sobbings of the vanquished, the dignified calm of the victors fifteen years before. It was by such gradual approaches that Rob Crutchfield was drawn on to tell the longest story he had yet given us:

"If my memory serves me correctly, it was the 14th or 15th of December, '63, when I was making my way back to camp after three days 'out.' The other side had had the best of it that year, and was beginning to knot together, length by length, the string of fortifications meant to strangle Richmond. Inside of this line was stretched ours. I thought, sometimes, when I got far enough outside and high enough up to look down upon the two—in the top of a pine-tree on a high hill, for example—that the rebel camps were like the ring we children used to make around the chicken to keep off the old woman in the game of 'chicken-me-chicken-me-crany-crow'—hands joined all around and faces toward the enemy. I wasn't in a fanciful mood that day, however. I had been sent out to get certain information as to one camp in particular, and I hadn't got it. A division had gone into winter quarters in exactly the most inconvenient position (for us) they could have selected. A mile farther to the east, west, north, or south, and the settlement would have been no more to us than a dozen others. If one of you gentlemen had to sleep in a fourth-story room, you wouldn't think comfortably of night alarms of fire after you had heard the key turned on the outside of your door. You might not care to leave the chamber before morning, but in case you should— That camp was our locked door, and, from general down to sutler, we regarded it as the ugliest wart on the face of the earth. As Dogberry says, 'It was tolerable and not to be endured.' Every man of us felt that if there was such a thing as bursting that door off the hinges he'd like to have a run at it.

"I had hung about the skirts of the encampment three days and nights. Fortunately, the weather was very mild. Two nights I slept in tobacco barns, the third under a fodder-stack, rolled up in a Federal military overcoat. I was caught between the two lines. There was an immense bowlder with a fringe of sassafras and chincapin-bushes growing around the base. I had slept among them over the night, being on scouting duty at the time. The firing awoke me and I could do nothing but lie low and keep dark until the rumpus was over. I had on gray pantaloons and hunting-shirt and this overcoat. Half the day I was on one side of the rock wrapped up in the blue cloak out of compliment to the Feds, the other half on the opposite side in my shirt and breeches because the Rebs were having the best of it in that direction. It was the liveliest work I ever did in the way of shifting my political base. The business has become so common in Virginia since that I have given it up as low.

"The old coat was to serve me a better turn on this occasion. For half a mile beyond the outer pickets guarding the objectionable camp, the woods had been cut down, the tops falling outward. This was done before the leaves dropped, and they were now as dry and crackly as so many pieces of writing-paper. I might as well have fired off a musket to give notice of my approach as try to creep inside the lines through this *chevaux de frise*. I was lying on the ground, as cross as a bear, in a thicket of cedars close to the road, when I heard somebody whistling. It's a theory of mine that every man, however near akin to a fool, could do some one thing well if he would only give his mind to it. The weight of this man's intellect wouldn't have strained the backbone of a dragon fly, but he had devoted the best powers of it to one subject. He could whistle more sweetly and clearly, and hold out at the task longer, than any other creature I ever heard attempt it—wild mocking-birds and trained bullfinches not excepted. I distinguished the air in the dead stillness of the war-blasted country while he was an eighth of a mile off. It was the 'Blue Danube Waltz.'

"It may have been because I had eaten nothing that day but two hard-tack biscuits that I turned sick all over, and seemed to hear the thud of my heart as it dropped suddenly and hit hard. The cedar bushes and the blue sky and the muddy road went clean away from me, and I was whirling around the ball-room at Cape May, the band playing the 'Blue Danube Waltz,' the sea booming and shining in the moonlight in the distance outside the windows, and Lucy Deane was my partner. Her dress was some sort of thin stuff that looked like cool, pale, purple mist. She had a bunch of heliotrope in her belt. I begged, and got a piece of it that night when we said 'Good-night' and 'Good-bye.' All that was three years ago last August, when I was twenty-three and she twenty, and neither of us dreamed—much as we were given to dreaming—that Lincoln *could* be elected, or that South Carolina *would* secede, or that the mouth of hell might gape between us before the Christmas I then hoped to spend in New York. Those were the minutes and such were the thoughts that made clean-mouthed men swear in those days.

"By the time I was cool and steady again, the horseman reined up in the road not three yards from my cover.

"'What's that over there?" he said, sharply.

"I was sure he had seen me through the cedars, but I hadn't scouted for two years not to learn to give myself the millionth-part of a chance, if such existed, and I lay still.

"'What, sir?' answered a voice I took to be that of an orderly. I dared not stir, but I knew both speakers were Yankees.

"'Those things that look like fruit on those trees.'

"'Persimmons, sir—a sort of winter plum that grows around here.'

"'Good to eat?'

"'When they're ripe, sir—after three or four sharp frosts. Then they're real sweet and nice.'

"'Go over there, and bring me a handful.'

"As the orderly 'lighted I twisted my head around softly. 'Over there' was a knoll some hundred and fifty yards from the main road, across a gulley grown up with brushwood. The orderly would be out of sight for, maybe, two minutes while pushing through the bushes. Unless he turned, his back would be toward us for five. If we could get away unseen by him I might count upon at least ten minutes' start. In less than fifteen seconds I and my revolver were staring into the officer's face across the orderly's empty saddle.

"'If you speak or move you are a dead man!' was what I whispered, and the pistol silently emphasized.

"Any man would have been startled in the circumstances, even if his holsters hadn't been empty, as I had seen that his *were*. No corpse ever looked up at me out of a trench the day after a battle with a blanker gaze and whiter face than did my prisoner. His teeth chattered, and I could almost hear his knee and elbow-joints rattle. He collapsed into a loose bunch. I was afraid I should have to hold him on his horse. After that spectacle my course was clear, my mind perfectly easy. I kept my hand on his bridle for the first mile, which we took at a right smart trot, to get well out of the orderly's way. Then I brought both horses down to a walk, and took a good look at my prize. Anything more gorgeous in the way of a uniform I had never seen off a parrot's back. He was orange and blue from top to toe. An orange feather in a blue cocked hat; a blue body-coat slashed and faced with orange; orange stripes down blue breeches; orange lining, cuffs, and collar to his cape surtout. There were actually sallow streaks in his blue-white complexion.

"'If fine feathers make fine birds, I have captured the Yankee peacock of the walk!' thought I.

"But my military salute was given in good faith to the prisoner of war—not to his clothes.

"We may as well understand one another, general," said I. It is always safe on an uncertainty to rank a fellow well up the line, and I was dazzled into a notion that I might have in tow the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army.

"'I am neither guerrilla nor highway robber, nor yet a deserter from the Federal army, as you might suppose from my coat,' I went on to explain. 'I am a Confederate scout. You came from the camp on the hill over yonder, I suppose?'

"He nodded, still tongue-tied.

"'Now, general,' I said, slowly, that he might take it all in, "I mean to use you as my safe-conduct through that camp. I know just what my life is worth if I am caught inside your lines in this dress, just a trifle more than yours will be if you, by word, look, or gesture, give me up. Dead or alive, I am going through that camp. If you betray me, I will make a run for life and liberty. I've been in narrower straits than that and got off scot-free. But—*I'll drop you first, certain!* I never miss my mark when I take aim in earnest. If you go quietly along with me I engage you shall receive no damage in life or limb. Now, I expect you to bear yourself like a man and an enlightened citizen of the United States, and make things comfortable all around.'

"The fellow's brain sailed awkwardly for the want of ballast, as I have intimated; but he had the instinct of a gentleman, and acted up to his lights when these had the watch. He returned my salute, drew out his sword and offered it to me.

"'Keep it!' I said. 'I hope you'll live to draw it in a better cause than that which made you buckle it on.'

"Half a mile farther on we espied a picket strolling leisurely from one tree-stump to another and basking in the sun.

"'What's your countersign?' asked I of my friend.

"For one second the thought that fright had driven it out of his head took my breath away. In the next, he had caught at it.

"'Give it!' said I, as we reached the picket, and he minded me without an objection.

"We passed the inner line of posts in the same manner, and rode, side by side, into the heart of the camp, I on the general's right, the bridle in my left hand, the cape of the overcoat drawn forward over the right arm, which was crossed on my chest. The right hand held the revolver. It covered him at half-cock all the time, and my finger was on the trigger. It was a model encampment for neatness and order, military discipline of the best kind, and sanitary provisions. Health, comfort, and quiet reigned supreme. But I made at least one valuable discovery—the force stationed there had been greatly over-estimated by us. The hut doors were folded back, the day being spring-like, and nearly everybody was out of doors. When those we met and passed saluted my general—or his clothes—I humbly touched my cap, proud to be the attendant of His Magnificence. He kept his eyes fixed upon his horse's ears, noticing nothing and nobody, but when we had gone at a snail's trot down one road and up another, and around by a third to the other side of the camp, and passed the last picket, I saw that he held his lower lip hard under his teeth, and his face was red with rage and mortification.

"I was sorry for him from the bottom of my heart. So sorry that had it not been for what he could tell of my reconnoissance and its object, I would have sent him back then and there to beautify the scene we had just left. As it was, I carried him into our lines and gave him up, with my report, at headquarters.

"An hour afterward a saucy lieutenant came to my hut, roaring with laughter.

"'You've done it this time, Crutch," said the rascal. 'Do you know what you've brought in? The colonel of a Yankee play-regiment—a three-monther. It seems he left his men in Washington to be drilled, and ran down in his Sunday clothes to visit a sure-enough camp, where he happened to have acquaintances, bringing his own orderly with him. They got there yesterday, and started off this morning "to see something of the country. Didn't dream they were on rebel territory until he was taken prisoner by what he must consider an unmilitary manœuvre. Wants to be sent back with an apology under flag of truce. Has influential friends under Government, who will not submit tamely to this outrage." If you had fetched in his uniform stuffed with straw it would have been of more account to us. We could have stuffed our beds with that. This creature is not worth the keeping, and we daren't turn him loose. The last batch of Yanks was sent forward to the Libby last night, so your friend will be lonesome, I'm afraid. When I left, the General was swearing like forty troopers because a guard must be detailed to take care of this "sugar-candy cuss." You've drawn a white elephant, my boy!'

"That was the origin of the name that stuck to him like shoemakers' wax. We were hard run for jokes just then, and this one took tremendously. I wished a thousand times a day I had left the orange-and-blue parrot to devour half-ripe persimmons until his mouth was puckered out of whistling order for a month of Sundays. The prison barracks was called the menagerie, and I Barnum, and the usual salutation between two men meeting in my hearing was: 'I say! have you seen the elephant?'

"It took more moral courage than you'd believe to spur me up to the duty of visiting him every day, and there was nothing tempting in the calls themselves. For a few days he was as sulky as a possum; wouldn't eat or speak when anybody was by; just lay on his bunk with his face to the wall. I took him books and tobacco and writing materials (such as we had), and spoke to the guard about treating him well. I couldn't do less—having got him into the scrape. I would have done much more to make his situation endurable, if he had let me. On the first Sunday he spent with us I found him up and writing.

"He glanced around and nodded to my salute.

"'Well, colonel,' said I, 'how goes it? What can I do for you to-day?'

"'I want to send a letter through the lines.' He was gruff, but not sullen. 'I guess *you* can do it, if anybody can!'

"I tried not to smile.

"'I don't know about that! Your pickets are on the lookout for me just now, I reckon, and not in a humor for the exchange of civilities. I have known them on both sides to swap newspapers and tobacco by pitching them across a road or creek. There are ways and means, however. I'll do my best to get your letter through by what we call the 'grape-vine telegraph.'

"He stared hard, but only said 'Thank you!'

"Presently he handed me a letter, directed to '*Mrs Colonel George W. Judson, Orange, New Jersey.*'

"'I thought you were a New Yorker!' said I, before I remembered that it was impolite to see the address, much rude to remark upon it.

"But the 'Orange, New Jersey,' caught my eye, and there were reasons why it should.

"He scowled, as was natural and proper, at my impertinence.

"'My wife is, at present, staying at her father's—during my absence.'

"He jumped up and walked to the door.

"'I have a confounded headache to-day!' he said, in a choked voice.

"I had to remind myself of the preparations on foot to break up the obnoxious camp founded upon my reconnoissance and report, before I could feel like an honest man again, and not a kidnapper.

"'I am mighty sorry for you, colonel—upon my word I am!' I told him in all sincerity. 'I wish it hadn't been a military necessity to capture you, and against military rules to set you free this very minute.' Then—clumsily enough, but I didn't know just how to fetch it out—'I am sorrier still that you are married. Soldiers ought all to be single men.'

"He wheeled about, red and angry—spoke up more like a man than I had thought was in him.

"'My wife and I agreed when the North was invaded, that that was carrying the joke a little too far—that it was time United States citizens of wealth and influence took the field. I raised my regiment, sir. If every Northern man would exert himself as I have done the Rebellion would be stamped out in ninety days!'

"'Upon my soul, I reckon you're about right,' said I, and I was sincere in that, too. 'Mrs. Judson has cause to be proud of having married a true patriot. She must be a noble woman.'

"'There isn't another like her in the universe!' he burst out, choked up again, threw himself face downward on his bunk, and cried like a whipped school-boy.

"It was my turn to look out of the door. The prospect wasn't inspiriting at its best, but I couldn't see it very distinctly now. I don't think it is in the nature of a sheep-stealing dog to feel meaner than I did at that particular minute. I'd have given a year of my life—right out—to be able to transport that overgrown baby, who meant well as hard as ever a man did, to the house of his father-in-law, and leave him there. He loved his country, and he loved his wife, and his wife, for aught I knew, might live next door to Lucy Deane, whose house was in Orange, New Jersey. Military necessity was inhumanity, and I was a brute.

"The prison barracks was removed by four or five rods from the main camp. It was a rough, log shanty, long and narrow; the chinks daubed with mud. At one end was a log-and-mud chimney, at the other the door; cotton cloth was tacked over the window frames to keep out the wind. A soldier would have been satisfied with such winter quarters. But, bless your heart! there was not an ounce of soldierhood in that fellow's body, whatever there might be in his soul. While he cried out his homesickness, I stood with my back to him staring at the waste of red mud around me, on which the rain was beginning to make desolate-looking puddles. The camp collection of huts and log-huts was mean and dreary. The smoke from stove-pipes and chimneys dropped flat to the ground; half a dozen drenched sentinels were the only moving things in sight. A grove of pine trees flanked us on the right; 'way beyond were brown-black hills covered with mournful stumps. And, behind me, the man I had snatched from the paradise in which he wore orange-and-blue and fine linen, and fared on canvas-back ducks, turtle soup, and champagne every day, was sobbing for the young wife, waiting in her father's house (in Orange, New Jersey) for his return, crowned with laurels and such trash by a grateful country!

"By and by he called me.

"'You take me for a coward and a baby, Mr. Crutchfield!' he said, trying to seem dignified; 'but my nerves have been severely tried lately, and I am far from well. This is not a dry location, and I have taken heavy cold. My head, limbs, and back ache intensely. I seldom give way to emotion. I have myself in excellent control usually—excellent!'

"I told all the kind lies inevitable in the circumstances, and set myself to work to cheer him up. I had a roaring fire made in the chimney, hunted up a sutler, and paid ten dollars (Confederate) for enough ground (alleged) coffee to make him a cup of hot drink; finally invited myself to dine, and sent for a double mess to be brought to me there. The colonel thawed out completely under this process; was friendly and forgiving, and talked like a house a-fire. Politics was the first topic; then he gave up the whole history of his life at length and in detail; how his father was a rich merchant, where he went to school and college, how and when gone into business with his father; how he had met and fallen in love with Her in '61, and married her on the 20th of June, '62; of the house built by his father and furnished by hers—and so forth and so on, until I might have thought he was drunk, if there had been a chance of getting at anything stronger than the (alleged) coffee.

"I bore it all like a saint—or the narrator's wife—until dark. Then I ordered in a big heap of lightwood knots to scare away the blue devils I was afraid might return when I left, shook hands with the colonel, and hoped he would sleep well. His hands were hot and dry, his eyes watery.

"'I believe you *have* taken cold!' said I. 'I'll look in after supper and see how you are getting on.'

"'You are awfully good,' said he. 'Hold on a bit!' fumbling in his breast-pocket. 'I wouldn't show it to another Grayback alive. But you have a man's heart, by Jove! and I want you to see what justification I have for giving way as I did a while ago. 'Tisn't like me to give way, Mr. Crutchfield; I have myself in excellent control, as a rule—excellent! *My wife's* picture, sir.'

"It was set in a pocket-case of velvet and gold, and painted on ivory, and as surely as he and I were standing together in that heaven-forsaken mud-hole in the wilderness, Lucy Deane's face was inside that frame!"

Not a word was spoken in the barn-like room as Crutchfield stooped for the tongs and a live coal to lay on the fresh tobacco with which he filled his pipe. His hand shook; he drew strongly and quickly on the stem, until the tobacco was ignited.

"I am a fool, I know. No man knows it better. For I am shivery and achy all over to this day when I recollect what shot through me as the glare of the lightwood fell over that picture. I held it with both hands to steady it for a fair look. Lucy's blue eyes—just the color of the summer sky, that was so fair above us that August holiday. Lucy's hair, rippling about her forehead and looking like a madonna's glory in the sunshine. Lucy's small red mouth. Lucy's smile! Hadn't I got the whole inventory by heart during the month I spent at the sea-gate of heaven in 1860? Having seen and talked with her on an average four hours a day for thirty days, and dreamed of her by night and day ever since, was it likely I should make any mistake as to identity?

"Yet I made certain of this. Straightening myself up—the bending down toward the fire had cramped me queerly—I said:

"'I could be sure I had seen this face before. It reminds me of a young lady I met at Cape May in 1860. By the way, she was from New Jersey, a Miss Deane.'

"'Good gracious, man! why, that was Her! Her maiden name was Deane, and she used to spend a month or so every summer at Cape May. I remember hearing her tell of the splendid time she had that very year. Of *all* the coincidences!'

"I got away somehow—I hope decently. When I found Rob Crutchfield again, he was marching, like a sentinel, backward and forward, on the earthwork surrounding the camp, saying over and over again, like a befuddled donkey: 'Of all the coincidences! Of all the coincidences!'

"I had so few wits left that I could have sworn I smelt heliotrope—the spiced vanilla scent it gives out in a warm room when beginning to droop in a woman's belt or hand. I understood the illusion in another minute. Somebody somewhere was whistling the 'Blue Danube' waltz. It sounded like a funeral march where I was. The wet pine tops complained together on one side of me; on the other the camp-lights twinkled through the drizzle like drowning lightning-bugs. A burying-ground with a dozen new graves gaping for tenants would have been cheerful by comparison with my location and the morgue that was a young man's heart two or three hours ago.

"Mad with pain, I rushed down the earthwork, and through the mud and fog, to the barracks. The door was wide open; that was the reason I heard the whistle so plainly. A broad streak of lurid light struck through the fine, close rain, and turned the puddles into blood. My prisoner was sitting on a block of wood, that served him for a chair, in front of the fire, on which he had piled all the light-wood at once, whistling as for a wager of ten thousand dollars (hard money or greenbacks) a side.

"I shook him by the shoulder.

"'Stop that infernal racket!'

"He laughed foolishly, and hugged his knees with his locked arms.

"'Why, that's Lucy's favorite waltz. You ought to hear her play it once. Lucy's a capital performer on the piano. Beats Hertz, and Liszt, and the rest of the professionals all hollow.'

"He was crazy with fever. I called in an orderly, and, between us, we got him to bed; in the morning I got the surgeon.

"'You've done it yourself, this time, young man!' he said, just as that rascally lieutenant had done. 'Here's the devil to pay. You've drawn a white elephant with a vengeance. This is small-pox! And you've stayed with him all night! You may be a Christian; you are certainly a confounded greenhorn. What's this Yank to you, that you should run the risk of spoiling your manly beauty, or'—with a savage growl—'what is more to the purpose, of depriving the Confederate army of a capital scout? This is what comes of your blamed officiousness. I have a great mind to send you to the guard-house.'

"I stood stupefied, staring at the inflamed face and glassy eyes on the corn-shuck pillow. It was lumpy, and he rolled his head uneasily.

"'What is this man to me?' I repeated. 'My enemy, doctor! There's no doubt about that!' And, stuttering along, led by mechanical memory of good words my mother taught me when a boy, 'my enemy! sick and in prison, and athirst! So I'll give him drink and stay here and take care of him. As you say, I'm in for it, and may as well take my chances here as in the guard-house.'

"They quarantined us, of course, and I had in addition the pleasant consciousness that everybody held me responsible for bringing the much-dreaded plague into the camp, and echoed the doctor's curses upon my officiousness. For three weeks I touched no human hand except the patient's, the doctor's, and that of the orderly who had helped me put Judson to bed the night he was taken ill. The fellow had luckily had the small-pox. For the time this circumstance was the only ray of light I could discern upon present and future.

"No, gentlemen!" for there was audible movement of sympathy and admiration—"there was nothing noble or commendable in my action; I simply did not care at that time whether I lived or died. Sometimes—on nights when I sat up alone with the frightful object his wife wouldn't have known for the superb Hercules she had married—the deadened heart within me would warm and stir under the thought that she might owe his life to me; that I could do this one thing for her; that if she hadn't forgotten me utterly, she might even guess that I had tended him, not as a Christian should the creature made in the image of their common Creator—but for her sake! It wasn't a holy motive. It may not have been an honorable or a manly impulse, but I submit that it was a natural and powerful one. With me it prevailed over loathing and selfish ease and loneliness, kept me from flinching when things were at their worst. I never knew how love for that girl had grown into and wound roots about every fibre of my being until the horrid ordeal of those three weeks tested it.

"There was a brisk skirmish that came near being a general engagement while we were shut off from the world. The camp I had entered was surprised by night, and, after some hours' fighting, the Federals were driven back to a position more comfortable for them and for us. Our men had the longed-for chance to set their shoulders against the locked door, and it went down under the rush. The commanding general sent me a kind note the next morning, acknowledging the 'important service I had rendered the Government and army by the valuable information I had secured in my brilliant and daring exploit.' I read it at Judson's bedside, and threw it into the fire. I was very low of heart that day.

"Last week I saw my three-year-old boy, when a plaything that wasn't his was taken from him, dash himself on the floor and holloa and kick at the offer of another and a better toy. If he couldn't have what he had set heart and head on he wanted nothing, and looked upon even his mother's comforting as an insult. I thought at the time that I knew just how he felt. I was hardly more than a boy when I ate my Sunday dinner in the prison barracks, and amiably swallowed my yawns as Colonel G. W. Judson spun love and political yarns. I came out of my month's quarantine grave, steady, and unhopeful.

"For two weeks it had been an even chance, with a slight tilt on the wrong side, whether my man lived or died. In all those fourteen days he had not a lucid moment, and all the time he was whistling or going through the motions.

"You may laugh, but it was the most drearisome thing you can conceive of. His eyes were swollen shut, his lips were parched and black, but he pursed them together for waltzes, psalm-tunes, negro melodies, marches, quicksteps, sonatas, and 'movements' by the score and hundred—a maddening, diabolical medley, until I thought he'd whistle away his immortal soul. He never held up, except when he was asleep, until the fever, in going off, left him too weak to do so much as a bar of 'Yankee Doodle.'

"He was just able to travel when we broke camp in March and fell back to Richmond. In April there was an exchange of prisoners, and I strained all the poor influence I possessed to have him included. He was wonderfully little disfigured by the disease—I suppose because he was too busy whistling to tear at his face with his nails. We had a capital surgeon, too, as skillful as he was rough spoken, and he had used every possible means to save the colonel's good looks. When I parted with him at the Richmond depot, saw the tears in his eyes, and heard his voice break as he said 'Farewell,' I thanked God fervently that, since the infection was in his veins before I met and took him prisoner, he had been given into my hands; I had nursed him as I would my brother—for his wife's sake. *That* he would never know and I never forget. He was very grateful. There never was, indeed, a better-hearted fellow.

"'As I had to be sick among strangers, it's deuced lucky you happened to get hold of me,' were his last words. 'But for you, my poor girl would be a widow instead of expecting her husband home. I shall never forget your goodness, and she'll love you forever when I've told her all about it.'

"In damp weather the maimed limb aches and throbs. The neuralgic twinge of thought went through me as he said that. The reflection that once—and not so long ago—*that* was not the argument I had hoped to use to win Lucy Deane to love me forever.

"This was in the spring of '64. In April, '65, I went home for good and all with a pass signed by U. S. Grant, U. S. A., in my pocket.

"In May I received a letter from Judson, directed to my father's care. He had, this stated, written to me several times by flag of truce, but I had not heard from him since our parting, a year before. He was sure this would reach me if I were alive, and he desired to put his purse, house, and business influence at my service. There was a flourish of compassionate patronage throughout the epistle that sat ill upon the stomach of a defeated rebel, but the honest good-will and sincere gratitude of the writer were yet more apparent.

"The last page was written by a woman. I saw that as I turned the leaf, and I had to lay the letter on the table to read the rest, so severe was the remembered and familiar neuralgic twinge. All women write pretty much alike nowadays, in what I call the 'hickory splint hand.' I had two or three notes from Lucy Deane in reply to invitations, gifts of flowers, and the like, and recognized the chirography at once.

"'My dear Mr. Crutchfield,' it began; 'although I never had the great pleasure of meeting you in person, I must call you a dear friend, because you were so good to my darling husband.'

"I declare to you, gentlemen, that was the worst cut of all—a savage, jagged tear with a rusty blade. I was a dead man, out of mind, with the only woman I had ever loved—the woman for whom——

"I got up and stamped about the floor like one demented. Up to that instant I had kept my respect for her, if she *had* married a handsome, rich gas-bag. She was never bound to me, although she must have known that I loved her. And no girl ever forgets the man who has once made love to her. But to disown our acquaintanceship, perhaps, because her darling husband was to read what she wrote to the dear friend who had been so good to him was worse than ungrateful. It was unwomanly. Ah, well! I had worshiped an ideal—that was all. Now let us see what the real Lucy Deane—Judson—had to say further.

"It was a neat, cut-and-dried note; commonplace to the last degree of inaneness, dotted with adjectives of gratitude. It was signed, 'L. D. Judson.' The signature set the tombstone above my dead-and-buried love.

"I was folding up the letter—a sadder and a cured man—when I espied a postscript squeezed into the margin at the side and top of the first page:

"'My favorite sister, Lucy, who remembers with great pleasure her former delightful acquaintance with you at dear Cape May, sends her kind regards. My blessed George says you thought my picture very like her. She is ever so much prettier than

'Yours, gratefully, LAURA D. J.'"

The narrative was broken short by round after round of applause, from hands and feet. The only bachelor of the party jumped upon a chair and waved his pipe above his head, huzzahing lustily. When comparative silence was restored, Crutchfield rapped out the dead ashes from the bowl of his "Powhatan" upon the hearthstone; arose, glad and benignant, bowing his thanks.

"Gentlemen, my friends, one and all, we return to town day after to-morrow. On that evening I hope to see each member of this goodly company at my dinner-table. Crutchfield resembles her sister, George Washington's son's wife, in one respect—she is always happy to welcome her husband's friends as her own."

## NEVADA IN NEW YORK.

"Flaneur" Discusses Emma, Victoria Morosini, and Gossip Generally.

Mademoiselle Nevada was a great success as a singer, but she will never go as a professional beauty. She seems to be a nice, pleasant, kind sort of a girl, but she has one of those unfortunate faces which can never be made up into anything pretty on the stage. Her teeth are prominent, she has an extreme pug nose, and her figure is flat and narrow. But she has a voice which makes one forget her appearance, and she really has fair talents as an actress. "Sonnambula" is a tiresome sort of opera at best, and it has grown particularly monotonous of late, through the endless representations given of it by Patti and Gerster. Gerster sang it because of her early success in it, and Patti because it does not strain her voice and gives her little to do. The house which greeted Nevada on her first appearance in her native country was a thoroughly representative one. Society people were there in crowds, and the ultra musical folks forsook the Metropolitan Opera House and came to hear the American singer. They were well repaid. It is evident that Mademoiselle Nevada has devoted a great many years to the culture of her voice. The result is a method that is well nigh perfect. Her expression is admirable, and she apparently possesses that curious faculty which writers on musical subjects are in the habit of calling "soul." Soul means as much in music and the drama as it does in the other walks of life. It is elastic and means anything.

Mitchell and Burke are even more perfectly matched than were Mitchell and McCaffrey. When the two latter pugilists appeared in the ring of the Madison Square Garden they seemed to be as like as two peas, with the advantages in weight and height slightly in favor of McCaffrey. Burke and Mitchell, on the other hand, are absolutely equal, not only in physique but in science. Every time they have met they have fought a draw, and no one has decided who is the better man. It was hoped when they met on Monday night that the long-mooted question would be settled for good and all. For this reason it was agreed that they should fight eight rounds instead of the conventional four. Both men had been training for months, and they jumped on the stage of the Garden in perfect condition. They smiled leisurely at one another, put up their hands carelessly, made a few commonplace passes, and retired amidst a storm of hisses. The police were on hand. Had the men sparred with any life, they would have both been in the Tombs within an hour; so the question of supremacy between them is still unsettled.

Victoria Morosini Schelling-Hülskamp is going about with a brass band singing in country towns around New York, and undergoing the same sort of an exhibition that would attend any other museum curiosity. If there ever was real sympathy for a girl who would leave her family and go off with a common German coachman, it has melted away in the light of the subsequent actions of Mrs. Hülskamp. The story of a beautiful girl who was kept under lock and key, and never allowed to venture forth unless under the supervision of some member of the family or a servant, was certainly rather pathetic. The girl's father made such a wild exhibition of himself that people rather congratulated the daughter in getting away from him, but, as it is looked at now, Mrs. Hülskamp is entitled to very little sympathy. Her mother's health has been completely shattered, and the family has delayed its trip to Europe until the physicians are willing to have her moved. Meanwhile, Mrs. Hülskamp goes about singing in town-halls accompanied by her coachman-husband, her manager, and a liveried brass band. Rather a disappointing termination of a romantic episode in the life of a banker's daughter.

Anglomania has arrived at such a point in New York that it has invaded all branches of trade. Next to Delmonico's, there is a tailor who announces on his gilt sign that he is favored with the patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; around the corner on Fifth Avenue is a wine shop, the windows of which are bedaubed with the arms of Victoria, followed by the merchant's name with the legend, "Caterer to Her Imperial Highness"; all of the yellow cabs are decorated with the three plumes and crest of the Prince of Wales; the English carriage-builders along Broadway have the names of their patrons, from the Prince of Wales down to half a dozen dukelings, lettered in gilt upon their windows, and probably the most popular boot-maker up-town displays the sign, "Nothing but English-made boots and shoes here," over the door of his shop. All the fashionable dress-makers, men and women, pretend to have branch establishments in London, and nothing but English tilburys, dog-carts, gigs, mail phaetons, and coaches are seen on the avenue. English actors are the idols of the dudes about town, and English fashions in dinners, clothes, and even in yachting uniforms and names, are supreme. Every four-dollar-a-week clerk who can afford the expense has a crest printed at the head of his note-paper, and New Yorkers, from William K. Vanderbilt down to the cheap swells who attend dancing schools and live in boarding-houses, affect a dialect which is supposed to be English, has cockney tendencies, and is very difficult to understand. I was thinking of this yesterday when I went into a gun-shop on Broadway to buy a collar for a dog. I hadn't been in the shop for a year or more, and was rather surprised to see that one side of it was taken up with photographs. Two rather weary looking clerks with banged hair and soiled hands waited upon the customers, and shoved out box after box of photographs with an air of utter weariness. The proprietor wanted me to look at a new gun which he had just received from the other side, and while he was getting it out of the case, I asked him about the photographs.

"That branch of the business," he said, unpacking the gun carefully, "astonishes me by its growth considerably more than it does you. I came here with the idea of selling higher class sporting goods, and got into the photograph business quite unintentionally. A cousin of mine in London sent me a dozen pictures of Lady Lonsdale, as an example of what he could do in copying photographs. I put one of them in my window merely in the way of ornamentation, and I had fifty applications for it within a day. I had labeled it 'Lady Lonsdale, the English beauty,' and that was unquestionably what caught the crowd. I sent over to the other side for a complete assortment, and now sixty people come in to buy an English beauty where one asks for anything else. I keep photographs of actresses and eminent men, but by far the greatest sale is done in English beauties. The peculiar thing about it is," he added, with a smile, "that very few of the beauties are beautiful. What do you think of that gun?"

I was in the shop for half an hour, and during that time thirty or forty girls came in and pottered over the photographs. They were all well-dressed, straight-shouldered, erect, and high-colored women, most of them far more beautiful than the pictures they bought, and all of them very English in manner and speech—at least they thought they were. Nearly all of them asked the clerk if he had any of Miss Chamberlain, and the clerk always answered that her father was unwilling to have her photographs sold. A great many pictures of the Princess of Wales were sold, and not a few of the Prince himself The clerks were evidently trying to create a sensation over a Miss Marini, who they claim is the latest craze in the professional beauty line in England, and who had been photographed in every position conceivable to decorum and propriety. One pose seems to be very popular with English professional beauties. It is to lean back and clasp the hands behind the head; then have the picture taken from in front. It is a position which is customary in bar-rooms and corner groceries, among habitual loafers, only they further heighten the effect by having their hats pushed down over their eyes and holding a cigar-butt between their teeth. From the limited observation which I had of the sales, I should say that on an average every woman looked at four hundred photographs before she purchased one. The clerks simply spread them out in piles, and allow the customers to pull them over. They sell photographs for seventy-five cents which cost them about five cents, and I am informed there is a steady sale all day long.

While I was standing there a pert and jolly little woman came in and asked the clerk if he had heard of a new and famous Viennese beauty. The clerk didn't answer her, but shoved out a box containing a hundred photographs or more, smiled mechanically, to show that there was no ill-feeling, and turned to another customer. The Viennese beauty was a Miss Teck, and she has a face that has the same soft, oval shape and softness of outline as that of the Venus de Milo. It is the only face I have ever seen that resembled the famous statue. Miss Teck has caught the poise, the expression of the mouth, and the droop of the eyes of the statue, and I thought as I looked at her picture over the little woman's shoulder that she was one of the few women who had a right to be called a beauty. Then the small buyer spoke to the banged-hair clerk as follows:

"I am very anxious to get some of these photographs because I saw this girl when I was in Vienna, last winter, and she is the most outrageously over-rated and flattered woman in Europe. She is a perfect frump in figure, and she doesn't know how to dress, walk, or dance."

"You don't say!" said the clerk, calmly and without the slightest interest, as he did up some photographs in a rubber band and shoved them behind the counter.

"Oh, yes, I do," said the buyer, vivaciously; "I watched her whenever I had an opportunity. The men perfectly raved over her."

"They did, hey?" remarked the clerk, who was not a masher in any sense of the word, and seemed to find it hard to keep up his end of the conversation. He gathered some more photographs in a bundle, and then happening to think it would be better for him to say something, he muttered, confidentially: "Lady Churchill is goin' like hot cakes."

"Oh," said the little woman with a cry of delight, as she tossed the score or more pictures of Miss Teck ruthlessly to one side, and grabbed the new ones which the clerk held out to her; "she was Miss Jerome, was she not?"

"Yaas," said the clerk, "daughter of Leonard Jerome. She married Lord Randolph Churchill, and here's some more of her." With this he dumped a miscellaneous assortment of Lady Randolph Churchill, formerly a Miss Jerome, on the show-case and turned to the next customer.

The diminutive purchaser bought two of Miss Jerome, one of the Princess of Wales, one of the Duke of Albany, and one of an English beauty named Miss Thompson, paid four dollars and a half, and went away happy.

Just as I went out one of the single-eye-glassed fraternity with a bob-tailed coat came in, and approaching the clerk, murmured:

"Give me the pwince."

"What prince?" said the clerk, who was evidently not an Anglomaniac.

"Him of Wales, of course," was the answer.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 26, 1884. BLAKELY HALL.

---

An entertaining article in the *Revue Suisse*, on the origin of family names, concludes with a prophecy. Families are continually dying out—at least in the male line. Inevitably family names must die with them. The common names will, of course, remain—all the branches of the family can not die; but the rarer names will disappear. We shall be reduced to a dead level of Smith, Jones, Dubois, Martin, Legros, Legras, Leblond, Lenoir. It is an inexpressibly dreary idea, that of living in a world composed of Jones, Brown, and Robinson. But fortunately it is not to be feared. Monsieur de Verdilhac is a false prophet. Convenience alone, if no other reason, would compel some of the too numerous Smiths or the Joneses to take other names. The family appellations that had died out would come into use again, just as a title in the English peerage may be taken up again and again by different families when the attainder of the sovereign or of nature has for the time being left no one to bear it.

---

Tourguéneff, it is claimed, is the author of the word Nihilist in politics. It is disputed, however, by many.

---

The best Cashmere long shawls never cost less than six hundred and fifty dollars in the Punjab.

## OLD FAVORITES.

A Letter of Advice.

*From Miss Medora Trevilian, at Padua, to Miss Araminta Vavasour, at London.*

You tell me you're promised a lover,
My own Araminta, next week;
Why can not my fancy discover
The hue of his coat and his cheek?
Alas! if he look like another,
A vicar, a banker, a beau,
Be deaf to your father and mother,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Miss Lane, at her Temple of Fashion,
Taught us both how to sing and to speak,
And we loved one another with passion,
Before we had been there a week;
You gave me a ring for a token;
I wear it wherever I go;
I gave you a chain—is it broken?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Oh, think of our favorite cottage,
And think of our dear Lalla Rookh!
How we shared with the milkmaids their pottage,
And drank of the stream from the brook;
How fondly our loving lips faltered
"What further can grandeur bestow?"
My heart is the same—is yours altered?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Remember the thrilling romances
We read on the bank in the glen;
Remember the suitors our fancies
Would picture for both of us then.
They wore the red cross on their shoulder,
They had vanquished and pardon'd their foe—
Sweet friend, are you wiser or colder?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

You know, when Lord Rigmarole's carriage
Drove off with your cousin Justine,
You wept, dearest girl, at the marriage,
And whispered "How base she has been!"
You said you were sure it would kill you,
If ever your husband looked so;
And you will not apostatize—will you?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

When I heard I was going abroad, love,
I thought I was going to die;
We walked arm in arm to the road, love,
We looked arm in arm to the sky;
And I said "when a foreign postillion
Has hurried me off to the Po,
Forget not Medora Trevilian:"
My own Araminta, say "No!"

We parted! but sympathy's fetters
Reach far over valley and hill;
I muse o'er your exquisite letters,
And feel that your heart is mine still;
And he who would share it with me, love—
The richest of treasures below—
If he's not what Orlando should be, love,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he wears a top-boot in his wooing,
If he comes to you riding a cob,
If he talks of his baking or brewing,
If he puts up his feet on the hob,
If he ever drinks port after dinner,
If his brow or his breeding is low,
If he calls himself "Thompson" or "Skinner,"
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he studies the news in the papers
While you are preparing the tea,
If he talks of the damps or the vapors
While moonlight lies soft on the sea,
If he's sleepy, while you are capricious,
If he has not a musical "Oh!"
If he does not call Werther delicious—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he ever sets foot in the city
Among the stockbrokers and Jews,
If he has not a heart full of pity,
If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,
If his lips are not redder than roses,
If his hands are not whiter than snow,
If he has not the model of noses—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,
If he does not look grand on his knees,
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,
Hill, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,
If he dotes not on desolate towers,
If he likes not to hear the blasts blow,
If he knows not the language of flowers—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

He must walk—like a god of old story
Come down from the home of his rest;
He must smile—like the sun in his glory
On the buds he loves ever the best;
And oh! from its ivory portal
Like music his soft speech must flow!—
If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Don't listen to tales of his bounty,
Don't hear what they say of his birth,
Don't look at his seat in the county,
Don't calculate what he is worth;
But give him a theme to write verse on,
And see if he turns out his toe;
If he's only an "excellent person"—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

—*Winthrop M. Praed.*

---

Frank Power, the newspaper correspondent with Gordon, in Egypt, bears the reputation of drawing largely upon his imagination. A little while before he went to Egypt, he was sitting with some friends. "You know," he said, "that I once held high rank in the Austrian army." The friends said that they learned this for the first time, and he proceeded: "Well, I went back a few months ago to Vienna, and went to see a play at the Burg Theatre. The Empress of Austria was seated in a box, surrounded by her ladies and gentlemen. She recognized me at once, and sent a chamberlain to desire me to come up to her. I found her majesty alone in a small retiring room behind her box, and she pointed to a seat." Then he paused. "Go on with your story," said a friend. "Gentlemen," he continued, "as an officer and a gentleman, you must allow me to say no more.'

## VANITY FAIR.

A New York society man (says the Brooklyn *Eagle*) remarked: "It is rather amusing to those of us who are in the swim, you know, to see how little newspapers really know of social affairs. Here is a tremendous row going on in New York society—one which has never before been equaled in the history of the town—and yet not a word of it is to be seen in any of the society columns of the papers. If such things were to take place in London instead of New York, *Truth*, *Vanity Fair*, and all of the other society journals would almost go to the point of issuing extras concerning it. Here it seems to have escaped the notice of the papers entirely. How do you account for it?" Perhaps the thing is not worth the attention of the papers." "Isn't it worth the attention of the papers when Mrs. Astor is snubbed and cut dead before fifty people in Newport by Mrs. August Belmont?" "Is it so?" "It is. The history of the quarrel which has already divided New York society into two distinct factions is this: In the first place, Mrs. Astor, as you are undoubtedly aware, is a social leader of great prominence in New York. Her family, which is connected by marriage with the Roosevelts, the Van Allens, the Draytons, and indeed with half the distinctively swell people of New York, stands in the foremost position. I suppose the Astors are the foremost family in America in a social way. Mrs. August Belmont, who is the daughter of Commodore Perry, and comes of a family a hundred years older than the Astors, is also a very influential social factor. Probably she is the only real rival of Mrs. Astor. It has long been understood that there is considerable jealousy between the two ladies. A few years ago the youngest son of the Belmont family, Mr. Oliver Belmont, married the daughter of Mrs. Whiting, and took her to France. They separated, and the bride came back to her mother's. The Whitings are very aristocratic people and extremely popular besides. They are, I am told, distantly connected with the Astors. Whether this is so or not, they are hand in glove with the Astor set, and hence hostile to Mrs. Belmont. Young Mr. Belmont has done his best to get into society, and his mother has pushed him gorously, but it doesn't seem to be a success. Mrs. Belmont declared last summer, at Newport, that the Whitings were the cause of her son's misfortune, and she announced that she would cut anybody who recognized them. Mrs. Astor gave Mrs. Whiting a luncheon a few days after this, to show her contempt for Mrs. Belmont, and the latter cut her dead the next time they met. Each of the ladies exerted her utmost influence among her friends, and society is divided now into two distinct bodies, with New York's two society leaders at their heads." "Who will win?" "Well, the Astors have been winning at everything for the last hundred years, and I think they will keep up their prestige."

The looking-glass, one of the choicest pieces of artillery in woman's arsenal, was loudly denounced by Clemens Alexandrinus. The old father asserts that every woman who looks in the glass violates a divine commandment, for she makes an image of herself for idolatrous purposes. But the Egyptian mistakes the matter widely if he supposes that is the woman who is the idolator. Take it at the very worst, woman commits no idolatry herself, she does not worship her own reflected loveliness—she only gives opportunity for others to do so; she is but the occasion of idolatry to others, but does not herself share in the sin.

Naturally enough every fashionable woman considers her taste superior to that of others. She wants to be characteristic, and consequently not only manipulates her pen as no one else can, and writes her notes and letters crisscross fashion, but adopts a certain style of paper and ink, and these she retains in spite of the vagaries of designers and manufacturers. This aiming at something to give individuality to the stationery is a difficult task, since the regulation thing is a white, thick sheet of paper, cut to suit the fancy, and an envelope to match. No decoration whatever is tolerated by people of reputed good taste, unless it be in the form of some heraldic device or monogram, and then the owner must have indisputable claim to the arrant its use. Aside from this crest there is almost no possible way of throwing a Thomas Carlyle veil about the possessions of Thomas Carlyle as did that individual. Perfumery is permissible, but there is danger of overdoing the matter and making the odor intrusive. Some people have the habit of putting a geranium-leaf or modest violet in every letter they send, and other eccentrics have made themselves conspicuous by putting double postage on the letters they write. There is but one way to humor this fancy and achieve the apparent individuality desired, and that is to adopt a certain kind or variety of letter-paper and envelope, and retain it through all time. The idea is a good one in many respects; it has the advantage of economy, and it is somewhat indicative of stability.

In the dining-rooms and libraries of English houses only one style is permitted. Those who do not have ancient houses furnish their new ones as much as possible in the old style. The lofty chimney-piece reaches half way up the dining-room wall, with the broad mantelpiece overshadowing what is really a "chimney corner," furnished with seats upholstered like the rest of the furniture. This splendid structure is of oak or some dark wood richly carved, large vases and plates of good china or metal decorating the niches and mantel-board. All around the grate, within it, and over, the floor tiles are artistically arranged depicting historical or Bible subjects, or the arms of the house, or the portraits of the founders of the family.

In a gentleman's furnishing store in New York, near the Fifth Avenue Hotel, many wealthy and stylish men buy their linen and ties. The clerks there wear the latest colors, the latest ties, and the latest everything. They look like brokers, and are very stylish. "This winter," the most stylish of them said to a *Sun* reporter, "we have more novelties than ever before, and there is really no reason why a gentleman of refined tastes and with plenty of money should not be very comfortable." "What are these?" the reporter asked, pointing to what looked like ragged fur from the back of a kitten. "Those are the very latest driving-gloves; very ugly, I'll admit, but nothing like them in the world for warmth. They surpass sealskin, buckskin, and everything of the kind. They consist of a background of knitted silk, covered inside and out with the fine silky hair taken from the belly of a raccoon, not the coarse, outer hair, but the fine downy fur that grows beneath. Eleven dollars a pair we sell them for, and two hundred pairs are out already. Now step back this way and I'll show you the most beautiful thing that you ever saw in under-garments." He drew out of a fancy box a heavy mass of knitted silk of the most beautiful blue tint. "Now," he said, as he stretched the garments out into human form, "isn't that the most lovely and æsthetic thing you ever saw? Would you think that any man could have the heart to put such a work of art on his legs? But many have, and they go like wildfire. We sell them at one hundred dollars a suit, and the high price takes the fancy of the young men who have nothing to do but spend money. We have old millionaires for customers, and distinguished statesmen as well; among the latter President Arthur. We had one young gentleman who inherited in one year no less than three fortunes, running from fifty thousand to two hundred thousand dollars. The way he bought things that he didn't want would have done your heart good to see. Here's a lot of plain linen handkerchiefs. They're very fine, just like cobwebs, and sell for sixty dollars a dozen. The young man I spoke of bought four dozen of them, and a dozen of these camel's hair socks, with silk heels and toes. They are only six dollars a pair, and very comfortable; but why he wanted so many I can't understand. We do good business when young men are to be married. They get trousseaus as well as anybody, and they have to pay for it, too. Five hundred dollars is a small price for a good outfit. If you ever jump off, come around."

In the matter of walking-boots the purists lead the van. Nothing could be simpler nor more absolutely unadorned than the foot covering par excellence of to-day. No fancy work, embroidery, stitching, beading, or even irrelevant fancy buttons, are visible. The boot is ornamented only in its quality, which is of kid, the finest and softest. The toe portion is roomy, yet shapely. The heel, with not a suggestion of the "French bend" about it, is yet graceful; and the sole of the foot is broad enough to allow the girl of the period to "set down her foot" emphatically without a wince, or to promenade without having to stop at every other shop-window, apparently to admire the display within the glass-bound cases, but in reality to give a rest to the pinched and rebellious foot.

There never were handsomer or more costly opera-cloaks manufactured than are now exhibited in popular first-class houses. Some of these garments cost as high as six hundred dollars, which is a fabulous sum for an outside opera-cloak worn only in the carriage and from thence to the corridors of the opera house. One of these high novelties is a long cloak with a Newmarket front and dolman back, with hollow plaits caught at the back and fastened with an iridescent passementerie ornament. The cloak is brocaded ottoman, the ground being of a bluish white tinge, the surface two-thirds covered with large shaded roses, and interspersed with fine ferns. The cloak is very long, reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress, and is bordered on the bottom with marabout down shaded to match the brocading on the material.

In stockings, the latest are made of Brussels lace. They lace up at the back by a cord, and cost fifty dollars a pair. ——The hand-bag which the American girl and especially the Philadelphia girl so affects, is the badge in Paris of the manicure. It is never carried by others, which is a gratis hint to ladies who may think of going abroad.——A Paris fashion is to have bonnets perfumed once a fortnight. They are left at the perfumer's, who scents the artificial flowers with which they are ornamented by putting into each a drop of the oil of the blossom it represents.——Though gloves for gentlemen have come in again, gentlemen are chary of wearing them. Only a few years ago all gentlemen wore gloves to the theatre. Now very few of them do, and many not even when in full dress.——English fashion declares that the gentleman's collar must be lower, and America obediently and humbly follows. The dude collar got so terribly high that there had to be a reaction. ——The cane-umbrella has been patented. It is a handsome cane, but touch a spring and a lot of ribs and sticks come forth over which can be quickly and easily placed a cover which is carried within the hollow of the stick, and there you have an umbrella.——The Boston *Beacon* has a story that a young man in that city offended a young lady by sending her as a present one of those elegant little cases containing a nail-polisher, scissors, cosmetics, and other implements and materials for making the hands beautiful. The lady looked upon the gift as an insinuation that her nails needed cleaning, and indignantly returned it. The gentleman then sent the case to another lady, who kept it, but sent him in acknowledgement a cake of soap. Boston is certainly original in its exchange of courtesies.

The power of opera-glasses is from two and a half to five times that of the average eye. That is to say, if you are forty feet away from the stage, an opera-glass will put you on the same footing with those who are from eight to sixteen feet away. There are several simple tests of the power of the opera-glass. The most convenient one, perhaps, is to pin a card on the wall and to look through the right barrel of the glass with your left eye. The difference between the actual distance as measured by your right eye and the apparent distance as measured through the glass, will represent the difference between your eyes and the glasses. Of course, this is only an estimate, but a fairly accurate and sufficient one can be made. The field glasses which many people bring to the theatres range in power from six to nine times that of the eye.

## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

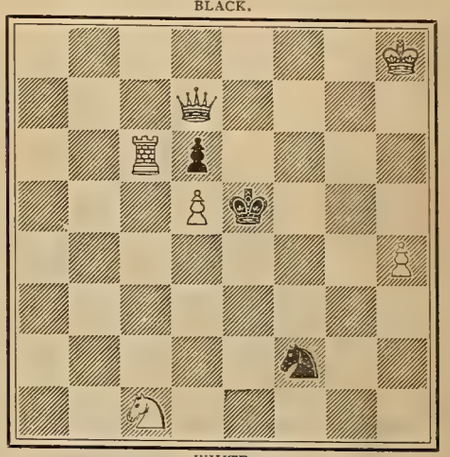
**Problem No. LXXIX.—By Rev. A. M. Deane.**

WHITE—King at QKt4; Queen at KR sq; Bishops at KR2, QB2; Knights at Q2, QB7; Pawns at KB2, KKt5, QB5, QKt3.
BLACK—King at Q5; Rook at KR6; Knight at Q3; Pawns at KB4, Q2, QB3, QB6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

**Problem No. LXXX.—By D. W. Clark, Siberia.**

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

**Solution of Problem No. LXXI.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—R K4 | 1—Any move |
| 2—Q, R, or Kts mates acc. | |

**Solution of Problem No. LXXII.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—Q KB3 | 1—PQ4 (a) |
| 2—Q KB4 ch | 2—K x Q |
| 3—Kt Q3 mate. | |
| (a) 1—— | 1—P x Kt |
| 2—Kt QB4 ch | 2—K moves |
| 3—Q mates. | |

Correct solutions received as follows: Problems LXXI and LXXIII, from B. M. Parker, Eureka, Cal.

**Answers to Correspondents.**

B. M. P.—You are evidently in error in regard to problem LXXV. Kt Q4 is impossible, as the Knights are pinned by R and B.

**Game No. 51.**

*From New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

The following hard fought and interesting game was played August 13, 1884, in the first half of the late chess tournament of the local club. The winning position finally attained by White constitutes a somewhat curious "block."

CENTRE GAMBIT.

| *White.* | *Black.* | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| J. D. Seguin. | J. P. Simpkins. | | |
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 27—P QKt4 | 27—P KR3 |
| 2—P Q4 | 2—P x P | 28—P B5(dis.ch) | 28—K R sq |
| 3—Q x P | 3—QKt B3 | 29—Q R sq | 29—Kt R5 |
| 4—Q K3 | 4—P Q3 (a) | 30—Kt KB6 | 30—R KB2 (f) |
| 5—QKt B3 | 5—Kt B3 | 31—Kt Kt4 | 31—Q KKt3 |
| 6—B K2 (b) | 6—B K2 | 32—R K2 | 32—Kt B4! (g) |
| 7—P QR3 | 7—B K3 | 33—Kt x B | 33—Kt x Kt |
| 8—B QKt5 | 8—Castles | 34—KR K sq | 34—QR K sq |
| 9—B x Kt | 9—P x B | 35—B Q4 | 35—KR K2 |
| 10—KKt K2 | 10—Kt Kt5 | 36—Q B sq | 36—Q Kt4 |
| 11—Q Q2 | 11—P KB4 | 37—Q B3 | 37—P QB3 |
| 12—Kt Q4 | 12—Q Q2 | 38—P QR4 | 38—Kt Q4 |
| 13—P KB3 | 13—Kt K4 | 39—R x R (h) | 39—R x R |
| 14—Castles | 14—P B5 | 40—Q Q2 | 40—K Kt sq |
| 15—P QKt3 | 15—Kt Kt3 | 41—P Kt5 | 41—P x P |
| 16—B QKt2 | 16—P Q4 (c) | 42—P x P | 42—Q KB4 |
| 17—Kt x B | 17—Q x Kt | 43—R x R | 43—Kt x R |
| 18—QR K sq (d) | 18—B B4 ch | 44—Q R2 ch | 44—K B sq |
| 19—K R sq | 19—B K6 | 45—Q Kt2 | 45—Q Kt3 |
| 20—P x P (!) | 20—Q Q3 | 46—Q R sq | 46—Kt B sq |
| 21—Q Q sq | 21—Q KB3 | 47—P B6 | 47—Q B2 |
| 22—Q R sq | 22—KR B2 | 48—B B5 ch | 48—K K sq (i) |
| 23—Kt K4 | 23—Q Q sq | 49—Q Q4 (j) | 49—P KR4 |
| 24—P x P | 24—Q Q4 | 50—P R3 | 50—P R5 |
| 25—P QB4 (e) | 25—Q x P(at B3) | 51—K R2 ! (k) | 51—Q QB2 |
| 26—Q R2 | 26—R Q2 | 52—Q K4 ch | 52—K Q sq |
| | | 53—Q Q5 ch | |

(a) The best defense to this revamped attack seems as yet an unsettled question among the modern authorities. 4—B to QKt5 ch; 5 P to QB3, B to R4, etc., is, we believe, favored by Steinitz. 4—P to KKt3; 5 B to Q2, B to KKt2, etc., was adopted by Winawer in the Berlin tourney of 1881, and has many advocates; while 4—P to QKt3, etc., has been suggested by Captain Mackenzie. We prefer any of these to the text move as here followed up.

(b) 6 B to Q2 seems stronger. Both parties conduct the opening somewhat over-cautiously, we think.

(c) An inviting but premature advance, securing a powerful position for KB, but costing a Pawn.

(d) White has time both for this and to win the Pawn besides, because if 18—P to Q5; 19 Kt to R4, etc.

(e) We believe that White might now have captured the KtP, at least with perfect safety, if not with increased attack.

(f) If 30—R to Q7; 31 Kt to Kt4, R x P (best); 33 B x P ch, K to R2; 33 Kt x B, P x Kt; 34 R x P, etc.

(g) Threatening mate in four, beginning 33—Kt to Kt6 ch.

(h) To be followed, if Black take the Queen, by 40 R x R ch, and 41 B x Kt, with a winning superiority.

(i) It would be even more speedily fatal to return to Kt's sq., on account of 49 Q to R6, etc.

(j) After this Black's every move must simply help to complete the "block" for which White is playing.

(k) A *coup de repos*, which forces the game rather curiously. As will be readily seen, whatever Black play, his move must be suicidal.

An Irish hangman, upon asking a criminal, about to be executed, for the customary bequest, and receiving it, claimed: "Long life to yer honor!" and at the same let the drop fall.

## VAN ZANDT'S FIASCO.

"Parisina" tells of a Singer's Failure and an Artist's Death.

What an unaccustomed roll of carriages in quiet Rue Ampère! It is not at all likely that you know this particular street, for it was in its swaddling clothes yesterday, but the fame of the Avenue de Villiers—its near neighbor—has crossed the Atlantic. Sarah Bernhardt, Munkacsy, and Alexandre Dumas live there, and many an American boarder besides has taken his first peep of Paris from the windows of one of the flats.

"Ring, ding, ding!" goes the bell. One carriage has just driven away, and here is a truck laden with flowers—white flowers, large, loose-petaled chrysanthemums for the most part, but the soft scent of orange-blossoms lingers about the doorway. "A wedding?" did you say; "a bride?" Alas! she who might have been a bride is a corpse to-day. There are wedding favors in plenty, and the bride's robe is white, strewn with rose petals; but there is no smile on the bride's lip, no soft blush on her cheek, and Death is the bridegroom in whose arms she slumbers.

Many a resident, native of the States, has known Marie Baskirtseff. She, too, was a foreigner—a Russian—yet a Parisian by adoption, as so many of them are. The first time I saw her she was barely eighteen, and looked two or three years more. It was in the thoroughly Parisian yet cosmopolitan salon of the Comtesse de Mouzay. She wore a velvet gown and a long fur pelisse. We chatted of politics and the rest, before the candles were lit, the flames of the burning logs glancing over the satin and furniture.

When I heard of her death, my thoughts went back, I hardly know why, to that winter's afternoon, though I have met Marie Baskirtseff many times and oft since in society, always clad in white, at the Salon surrounded by other artists, and at Jullien's. You must have heard of the studios in the Rue Vivienne. Fifty American artists, at the least, have sucked in artistic knowledge, and covered innumerable canvases with the first fruits of their budding genius, between his four walls. Poor Marie was not one of those strong-minded females who, unsexing themselves, braved the worse-than-lion's-den to their feminine modesty—the large studio. She painted from the nude, as all must paint, we are assured by artists who achieve anything, but in the company of other girls. Of course, there was the professor from time to time; but then professors, like doctors, are hardly men—so they say. For my own part I don't see the difference; but they tell me I belong to the old school, and ought to put art above everything. And I certainly did feel squeamish when, politely escorted by Monsieur Jullien, I entered the room and saw on a platform in one corner what I should have taken to be a statue of Eve before the fall, only it breathed.

On that occasion Marie Baskirtseff was putting the last touches to her picture for the Salon—a view of this same studio, with the portraits of several of her fellow-students. It was not her first success; that came later—last year, when the jury awarded her a prize for the study of a head, and this when the same reward was recalled. "The Meeting," a group of street children, life-sized, in grave consultation over a sling, was a work of solid merit. Had the poor child lived, doubtless she would have done better still. With her it was indeed all for art. She worked very hard, early and late, and when others of her set were sleeping away the fatigue of late hours, the Russian was up and doing. In the garden behind her pretty home models sat to her; and her picture for next year's Salon being a democratic street scene on the outer Boulevard, she used to be off in a *fiacre* with her easel and her canvas before the gay world was stirring, and the workmen and workwomen coming down from the heights of Montmartre had a smile for her as they passed—a smile of pity, perhaps. They did not understand the exigencies of art, and in their untutored minds a young woman who had enough to live on, and to spare, and yet who worked as if she was working for her bread, was an anomaly they sought not to comprehend.

I am told this was how she came by her death: Her lungs had been delicate for years. She knew her days were numbered, every winter she passed in these northern latitudes lessened her hold upon life, and yet she had only spent one of them away from Paris. Perhaps, had her mirror reflected the form of a diaphanous, consumptive being, she might have had more pity for herself, as it was, who could believe that such an exuberant creature, with the form of a Juno or of a Croizette, was marked for early death! She caught a bad cold, and in three weeks' time all was over. The brushes lie by the palette, whereon the colors are hardly dry.

Marie Baskirtseff was rich—almost marvelously rich, according to the reckoning here. Her father died last year and left her the mistress of many thousands of dollars a year. She lived with her mother, and also an aunt, Madame Ramonoff, of whom all St. Petersburg heard during the famous lawsuit with her husband's family. Monsieur Ramonoff had made his wife his sole heiress, and relatives of rich men think this hard. But the triumph was hers without reserve. The charming mansion in the Rue Ampère is a recent construction; poor Marie took much pleasure in it. She overlooked the workmen, and, when it came to furnishing, everything most artistic was chosen without thought of expense. Money, backed by taste, will work wonders. But now the Louis XV. chairs and the tapestried walls are covered with white satin; only white flowers bloom in the vases, and the scent of incense loses itself in the scent of roses. "A symphony in white," I heard it called by some one. There are black spots, however, in the picture. What family has not a skeleton! And the skeleton in this case is a spendthrift brother of the elder ladies, who, when his niece lay dead, came clamoring at the door for money, and refused to leave until his sister had supplied his sinister requirements.

During many days *la morte* has lain on her virgin couch; some of the roses have faded and been replaced. Then the waxen figure is lifted with tenderness and laid in its narrow bed—a white velvet coffin beneath a pall of flowers. Six milk-white horses stand ready to convey the remains to their last resting-place. The bereaved mother walks behind, never loosening her hold on the coffin. It will require gentle force to separate her from it when it has been deposited in a corner of the church vault, hung with white damask. There is something savage, untutored, in the expression of her affliction. The Greek "pope," in his glistening garments, has chanted the last dirge; the chapel is deserted. *Requiescat in pace.*

"Look on this picture, and now on that."

We are no longer in the Rue Ampère, nor is this one of the rooms in the dainty little mansion—half Russian, wholly Parisian. Death has not entered here, yet there is despair, almost anguish, impressed on the features of the principal occupant. And who is this, in the pretty velvet bodice and Spanish mixture of pink and black, her hair disheveled, her tiny figure convulsed with sobs? Not yesterday's pet and plaything; not the gentle Fauvette; not Van Zandt!

Alas! yes. The public—the French public, particularly—is not tender-hearted. To-day it will burn what it adored yesterday. It is unforgiving, resentful; no remembrance of former triumphs will render it less exacting. The prima donna who wishes to preserve the good-will of this hydra-headed patron must never waver, never be less excellent; be always in voice, always charming, always ready to give her best, always in good health and spirits.

And what has this to do with the little Dutch-American girl?

Oh, it is all over the town now, and such a scandal! That is the word the French newspaper people use. Has it not been wired across the ocean?—from Paris to New York, from New York to San Francisco? The news is of the highest importance—no telegram from the seat of war more so. What? You don't mean to say that the feelings of the girl ought to be considered? Are not the French a most gallant nation? Would they really hiss a lady from the boards because she had swallowed an overdose of some strong medicine?

To tell the story in a staightforward manner: It was Van Zandt's first appearance as Rosine in Paris. We have applauded her as the dreamy Mignon, as the delicious Lakmé, in the shadow-dance in "Dinora," but she had never sung in "Le Barbier" before. The critics were in force at the Opéra Comique—J with his eye-glass to his eye; V looking venomous; W bland, yet not less dangerous; and X, Y, and Z taking their cue from those who stand higher on the ladder than themselves. They nod their heads over the glorious overture; J, who holds for the music of the future, with kindly intelligence; V, rapturously; W, wisely, and X, Y, and Z in chorus. During the first act Rosine merely appears at the window—somebody made up as Rosine, I have been told; not the prima donna, who has not yet quitted the warm nest wherein she dresses and prepares herself for the ordeal. The curtain rises for the second act. Van Zandt is seated at a table. She rises, walks forward, tottering; her cheeks wear an ashen hue; she opens her lips; despairingly, like a drowning creature catching at a straw, she tries to pitch her voice true, but she can not sing.

Now, had Van Zandt been an old stager, had she been Sarah Bernhardt, or poor Frezzolini (whom they laid in her grave the other day), she would have fallen into hysterics or fainted with more or less grace. But the poor child was not up to these subterfuges, the audience swam before her glazed eyes, her voice seemed to have departed, even the memory of the words had glided from her. Unfortunate, luckless Van Zandt, wherefore have recourse to deadly drugs to sweeten that fresh young voice of thine?—and why not, at least, remain within the letter of the prescription? The doctor, irate, writes to the papers. His globules, according to him, were innocuous, of course. Malibran used to drink porter—a pint pot between each act. So runs the legend. They tell us our Marie is partial to gin and water. Physicians, before now, have been known to prescribe it, and ladies to take it, and yet society has not turned its back upon them. And if they consider a slight stimulant necessary at times, how much more should a woman about to undergo the fatigue of singing a difficult part in an opera, which every one ought to know is one of the most exhausting processes which a frail female frame can be subjected to.

Not a single being in the audience thinks of all this; there is not a grin of pity from gallery to stalls; no commiseration in those hundred eyes. A low murmur arises, which grows with each second, then a horrible clamor arises—they hiss, they bawl like a room full of fishwives. And these are French gentlemen—the *crême de la crême*, the *tout Paris* of the *premières*, the descendants of the soldiers who cried out, so politely, at Fontenoy, "Messieurs les Anglais, tirez les premiers."

Figaro, who has been intent on his own part, at last finds out there is something radically wrong; Bartholo rushes in from the wings, seizes Rosine's unresisting hand, and leads her off the stage; and down goes the curtain, putting a barrier between the victim and her tormentors. While the poor little diva is walking back to her dressing-room, the director and his satellites are wondering what on earth they shall do to satisfy the howling monster outside. Thus the prince and councillors, when the dragon who required a maiden for his daily meal was crying famine outside the city gates. Van Zandt has been sacrificed—is there no one to take her place? Why, of course; here is Cécile Mézeray seated in the stalls. Hitherto no one has thought much of her talents as a singer, and yet she will please to-night. The burst of applause which greets her appearance re-echoes to every corner of the house. That crushed, sobbing little thing up in the dressing-room hears it, and it adds to her misery.

Before the opera is over there is a general stampede among the critics; cabs are called for, the names of different newspaper offices are thrown to the coachmen, and half an hour later pens are scribbling away like mad. The pages reach the printer wet with ink; the special wires are set at work, and on the morrow all the world will learn that Paris has broken its favorite toy. PARISINA.

PARIS, November 15, 1884.

[NOTE.—Although our correspondent touches rather mildly on the matter, it may be of interest to add that the Paris press scored Van Zandt unmercifully, accusing her of being intoxicated. *Le Figaro*, under the heading "L'Ivresse au Théatre," gave an historical review of the various persons who have succumbed to stimulants on the stage; other journals spoke of the young lady as being "exhilarated" or "intoxicated," according to their critics' respective degrees of compassion; while one slangy journal headed its account of the matter with what might be freely translated into English—"Van Zandt on a Beautiful Booze!"—EDS. ARGONAUT.]

## THE ARGONAUT CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.

Table of Contents.


A CHRISTMAS WEDDING AT GUADALAJARA. By ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE. The Plaza by Moonlight—Don Ygnacio's Jealousy and the Padre's Plot—The Electrical Apparatus—Its Devilish Ingenuity—The Terrible Fate which Hung over the Bride and Groom—The Bolt from the High Altar.

THE MOLBOORIE BANSHEE. By LEONARD KIP. Mr. Mulberry, of New York, Orders a Coat-of-arms and a Banshee from the Herald's College, London—He Obtains them at the Trifling Expense of £172 os. 10d.—The Arrival of the Molboorie Banshee at Mulberry Villa—The Habits and Functions of a Banshee—Cousin Lemuel's Skepticism—The Banshee Assumes his Functions—Strange Results of a Banshee's Operations in an American Atmosphere—The Mysterious Appearance.

AN AMERICAN HOUSEHOLD IN JAPAN. By BETSY B. The Arrival in Tokio—What was to be Seen on the Streets—The Extreme Ceremoniousness of the Japs—Plato, the House-boy or Butler—The *Ahmahs*, or Maid-servants—The Interior Arrangements of a Japanese House—The Economy of the Japanese Housewife—A Typical *Betto*, and his Duties—Why Japan is the Paradise of Housekeepers—The Mania for Curios—Our Departure.

AT THE SIGN OF THE "LUZ DEL DIA." By YDA H. ADDIS. The Young Crœsus of Durango and the Fair American—At the Bull Fight—The Dinner at the Padre's—Preparations for the Pre-Lenten Carnival—A Voice in the Crowd—The Festivities at Sangreneuva's House—The Duel with Cascarones—The Failure of Zubiran's Plot—The Fatal Ring.

TROGLODYTIC. By RICHARD H. POND. The Account of an Initiation into a Remarkable Society—The Celebrated Personages who Composed its Membership—Their Singular Remarks—The Menu of their Banquet—A Curious Collection—Some Bizarre Toasts.

SENTENCED FOR LIFE. By FLORA HAINES APPONYI. The Story of a Crime—In the Court-room—The Youth of the Convict's Son—How he Fell in Love—The Scene at the Party—In the Sick Room—The Conspiracy among the Prisoners—The Heroic Sacrifice of the Old Convict—The Appeal.

TWO MARRIED LOVERS. By LUDOVIC HALEVY. A Silly Story of Love and Marriage which Sensible People need not Read—How the Two Married Lovers came to Read the Journals of their Courtship together—His Account of the First Meeting—And Hers—He Exhibits a Deplorable Lack of Business Ability—And She a Surprising Knowledge of Matters Military—His Colonel Assists Him—And Her Grandmother Helps Her—Their Accounts of that Remarkable First Conversation—Why the Diaries Lost Interest at this Point.

ARGONAUT VERSE. "Results," by Thomas S. Collier; "The Princess Ilse," by Tracassier; "Paraphrase from Baudelaire," by Annie L. Townsend.

THE CHESS-PLAYER. A Collection of Choice Problems, Puzzles, and Games—The Great Contest between Bilkum of Milwaukee and the Unknown—Loyd's Boomerang Problem—Shinkman's Mate-without-a-move Trick—A Number of Chess Puzzles—Two Celebrated Games between Anderssen and Kieseritzky, and Anderssen and Dufresne.

ROYAL AND NOBLE BARDS. "Reconciliation," by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; "Love is by Fancy Led About," by George Granville, Lord Lansdowne; "Song," by John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester; "On the Death of her Brother, Francis the First," by Marguerite de Valois; "Song," by Charlotte d'Orleans; "No Captive Knight whom Chains Confine," by Richard Cœur de Lion.

VANITY FAIR. The Expense of a Trousseau—A Worldly Little Quakeress—The Lore and Law of Finger-Rings—The Wigs of Some Famous Actresses.

THE INNER MAN. A Thirsty Company—The Virtue of Mushrooms—The "Plain Cook"—Charles Reade's Gastronomical Tastes—Louis XVIII.'s Cook—The Bibulous Tastes of Former Scholars—Ancient Oriental Banquets—The Oldest Lunch-House in the World—Oysters as a Hygienic Food—A Gastronomical Joke.

CHRISTMAS VERSE. "A Christmas Carol," by Henry W. Longfellow; "In Vain," by John G. Whittier; "Under the Mistletoe," by Charles Mackay; "The Christmas Stocking," and "Merry England," by Sir Walter Scott.

STORYETTES. GRAVE AND GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE. The American Girl Once More—Communicating His Majesty's Displeasure—An Astonished Conductor—The Dog was Ahead—A Decided Faux-Pas—More than Asking Could Do—He had Retired from Active Business—The Canny Scot's Advice—The Genesis of a Definition—An Anecdote of Decatur—Coleridge's Ready Eloquence.

OLD FAVORITES. "The Tragedy," by T. B. Aldrich; "Annabel Lee," by Edgar Allan Poe; "Hurrah for the Next that Dies," by Bartholomew Dowling; "Aux Italiens," by Robert, Lord Lytton; "An Old Miniature," by May Probyn; "The Skaters," by Fitz-James O'Brien.

OUR GIRLS. A Discussion of the Question—Should they be Chaperoned?—The Surprise their Freedom Excites among Foreigners—A Word about Dining and Driving with Gentlemen while Unchaperoned—Some Hints about Traveling Alone.

A STUDY OF TACT. The Mistake in Supposing Perfect Manners mean Perfect Morals—But Tact is the nearest to Virtue of any one of the Graces—Tact must be Largely Innate, not Acquired—Some Amusing Instances of Presence and Absence of Tact—Tact among Children—How Tact Overcomes all Obstacles.

LITERARY NOTES. The Publication of Bulwer's Love-Letters—A Press Correspondent's Feat of Memory—A "Literary Interchange"—How a Concordance to Shakespeare was Written—Froude on Balzac's Heroines—How Justin McCarthy Works.


THE ARGONAUT CHRISTMAS ANNUAL WILL BE ON SALE TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 9TH. IT WILL CONSIST OF THIRTY-TWO LARGE PAGES, AND WILL BE SOLD AT THE USUAL PRICE—TEN CENTS. PERSONS MAILING THE ANNUAL TO FRIENDS OUT OF THE CITY SHOULD BEAR IN MIND THAT THE DOMESTIC POSTAGE UPON IT WILL BE THREE CENTS.

## LITERARY NOTES.

### Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Edwin Arnold has written a long poem for the Christmas number of the *Current*.

Lord Lytton ("Owen Meredith") is fifty-three years old this month. He is writing a new metrical romance.

Forty-eight thousand copies of Max O'Rell's "Les Filles de John Bull" were sold within seven days of publication.

Under the title of "The New Portfolio," Doctor Holmes will contribute a series of papers in his characteristic style to the next volume of the *Atlantic*.

Julia Ward Howe suggests that a collection of photographs of American female authors would make an interesting exhibit at the New Orleans World's Exhibition.

A new weekly, devoted to the propagation of Socialism, has appeared in London, edited and managed by Mr. Michael Davitt, Mr. Henry George, and Miss Helen Taylor. The price is one half-penny.

"H. H." has gone to Los Angeles for the winter. In the milder climate of Southern California she hopes to regain the strength lost in her tedious confinement consequent upon her recent severe fall at Colorado Springs.

The anonymous novel, "Trajan," which was begun in the *Manhattan*, but carried through only twelve chapters, is to be issued in book form by Cassell & Co. soon. The author has not yet decided to print his name on the title-page.

James Russell Lowell has consented to a pen-sketch from Mr. Thomas Hughes's pen. The interview will form the first of a series of "personal and critical sketches" on "Authors at Home" that are to be printed in a New York magazine.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson has just finished, in collaboration with Mr. W. E. Henley, a romantic play entitled "Admiral Guinea." One of the most effective figures in Mr. Stevenson's "Treasure Island" reappears in this drama, which will probably be first seen on the stage.

Mr. William Black's novel, "Judith Shakespeare," has not seemed to hit the popular taste. The London *Globe* repeats a comment often heard and read when it says: "As a story it is deficient in interest and slow in movement. As a picture of the times of the Bard of Avon, although a very elaborate and laborious effort, it fails to please."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic," beginning with the verse, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," was written the morning after a visit to the Union army in Virginia, when she and her party came near being captured by Confederate scouts. To save her eyes she followed her habit of penning her words without looking at the paper.

A letter purporting to give a description of an eye witness of the execution of Queen Mary will be published at the end of the present year. It has been found in a manuscript book among the papers of Lord Eliock, the judge, who died in 1793. The book is all written in one hand, apparently in the first half of the eighteenth century, and the account of the execution is a copy of a letter sent by special desire.

A remarkable book was sold recently in London for the sum of nine hundred and eighty pounds. It is a chronicle of early Norman history in MSS. on two hundred and fifty-seven vellum leaves and highly embellished. The vignettes portray the siege of Chalus, at which Cœur de Lion fell, and the arrival of Rolla at Rouen, the coronation of Harold, and the landing of William the Conqueror, with many others of great interest and value.

The latest addition to the Daniel Boone literature, "The Border Boy, and How he Became the Great Pioneer of the West; a Life of Daniel Boone," W. H. Bogart (Boston, Lee & Shepard, "1885"), is an old book with a new name. It was first published in 1854, by Miller, Orton & Mulligan, of Auburn, N. Y., with the title "Daniel Boone and the Hunters of Kentucky." Several editions of the book appeared thirty years ago, and this new issue has been printed from the old and worn plates.

The Fayum papyri, according to the London *Athenæum*, are yielding further treasure. Much information has been obtained from the Greek ones regarding the chronology of the Roman emperors. They show that Marcus Aurelius, Commodus, and Annius Verus reigned together. The length of the joint rule of Caracalla and Geta is determined by them. Of the Arab manuscripts, fifteen belong to the first century from the Hegira. A new system of cipher has been discovered among the Arab private letters.

William Black will begin a new serial in *Harper's Bazar* early next month. It is called "White Heather." The scene is laid in the Scottish Highlands, and the principal characters introduced are Americans. Another attraction of the new volume of the *Bazar* will be a series of initial letters, designed by Miss Dora Wheeler. They are quite large—four will fill a whole page—and they are intended for painting rather than embroidery. Miss Wheeler has put some of her best and most original work into these designs.

John Ruskin evidently made an impression on "An Oxford Undergraduate," who wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette:* "I had never before realized what the 'ancient eye' of the Ancient Mariner was like, and how the wedding-guest could have been so unnerved as to neglect his engagement, until I saw Mr. Ruskin on Saturday. He looks one full in the face with his clear, quiet gaze, a thing which no other lecturer I have sat under ever did. The main 'Pleasure of England' connected with the lecture was the pleasure of listening to him."

A Christmas annual of a very peculiar nature is announced for publication. The Society for Psychical Research, which has been engaged for some time in collecting properly authenticated ghost stories, examining into the details of them, classifying them, and drawing "psychical" inferences, now proposes to issue a selection from them in the form of a Christmas annual. This can hardly fail to be of a very thrilling nature, and it will be interesting to see truth thus challenging fiction for strangeness on its own ground, in support of the old proverb.

The leading article in the *North American Review* for December is "Labor and Capital before the Law," by Judge T. M. Cooley, of Michigan. To the same number William K. Ackerman contributes some suggestive "Notes on Railway Management," Doctor Schliemann tells what he found in his excavations of the ruins of Tiryns, in Southern Greece, and Principal Sharp supplements his article on "Friendship in Ancient Poetry" with one on "Friendship in English Poetry." The other articles in the number are "The British House of Lords," by George Ticknor Curtis, and "Responsibility for State Roguery," by John F. Hume.

Sims, the successful dramatist, who cleared one hundred and fifty thousand dollars last year, was born in London in 1847, and was placed as a clerk in his father's office when nineteen. Having a literary turn, he tried his hand at stories and poems for the magazines and papers, but was unsuccessful for a long time in obtaining publication for any of his manuscripts. The first guinea he earned was for writing a column of "Waifs and Strays" in the *Weekly Dispatch*. Then came Simpson's establishment of the *Referee*, for which he contributed the articles signed "Dagonet," without intermission from the commencement until now. His first dramatic attempt was "Crutch and Toothpick," which realized seven hundred and fifty dollars. Then came "The Lights o' London," and he found himself famous and rich.

From the time that "The Scarlet Letter" was published, Hawthorne became a sort of Mecca of pilgrims with Christian's burdens upon their backs. Secret criminals of all kinds came to him for counsel and relief. The letters he received from spiritual invalids would have made a strange collection. Some of them he showed to his wife; but most of them he withheld even from her, and all of them he destroyed. Had such a pilgrimage occurred before he wrote his great romance, one might have thought that he had availed himself therein of the material thus afforded him.

### New Books.

Harper & Brothers, New York, have just issued part fourteen of "A Dictionary of the English Language," by the Rev. James Stormonth. It comprises the words from *perspective* to *prism*, both inclusive.

The Excelsior Publishing House, of New York, have published the second number of their "Excelsior Recitations and Readings," and "Dunbar's Complete Book of Etiquette," by M. C. Dunbar. They are for sale by the San Francisco News Company.

E. N. Kirby, a teacher of elocution in the Lynn High Schools, has prepared a hand-book of elocution, entitled "Vocal and Action Language; Culture and Expression." It is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by S. L. Strickland; price, $1.25.

Lee & Shepard, of Boston, have republished, from Bicknell's educational periodicals, Louisa P. Hopkins's "Natural History Plays, Dialogues, and Recitations," an application of Fröbel's kindergarten methods. They are for sale by S. L. Strickland; price, 30 cents.

Clara Bell has published the fourteenth of her slightly wearisome translations from obscure foreign authors. It is "Our Own Set," from the German of Ossip Schubin, and deals with the social life of the Austrian colony in Rome. It is published by Wm. S. Gottsberger, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, 50 cents.

The author of "The House on the Marsh," which recently made quite a stir among the novel-reading public, has put forth a second effort, "At the World's Mercy." It is a smaller book than its predecessor, and not so sensational in its plot. It is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co.; price, 25 cents.

Charles J. Bellamy, the author of a novel, "The Breton Mills," has now published a second book, entitled "The Way Out," in which he offers suggestions for social reform. The ideas are generally good, though perhaps a little too radical, and are clearly and forcibly expressed. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

"Choy Susan and Other Stories," is the title William Henry Bishop has given to a volume in which he has published some of his short stories. They are seven in number, the best being "Choy Susan," "McIntyre's False Face," and "One of the Thirty Pieces." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, $1.25.

"Woman's Manifest Destiny and Divine Mission," is the title of a suggestive and interesting pamphlet just published. It treats the woman question from an entirely new and original standpoint, and at the present time, when this question is becoming more and more momentous, cannot fail to be appreciated. Published by Richardson Brothers, 215 Dupont Street.

Part three of Admiral Porter's "Allan Dare and Robert le Diable" add new complications to this remarkable story. Some new characters, among them a phenomenal boy-detective, are introduced, and others are more thoroughly developed, showing that, with the exception of one girl, whom we have seen but once, all of Admiral Porter's female characters are either quite weak-minded or of a very low state of morals. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co.; price, 25 cents.

The present cry about "yellow-covered novels" and similar reading-matter for the youth of our land would soon be stopped if such publications as *Harper's Young People* were placed in the hands of all children. Brim full of interesting and valuable information, illustrated by the best artists and engravers in the country, with healthy and amusing stories and articles from some of the best writers, *Harper's Young People* is read with interest, not only by the children, but by the grown folks as well. The fifth volume is a large octavo of eight hundred and thirty-two pages, handsomely bound in dark-green cloth, making a valuable and highly acceptable holiday present for the children. It is published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, $3.50.

A handsome holiday book is the Rev. Edward P. Roe's "Nature's Serial Story." It is a large octavo of 430 pages, handsomely printed on heavy paper, and illustrated by W. H. Gibson and F. Dielman, two of the best-known contributors to the pictorial department of *Harper's Monthly*, in which this story first appeared. Though the plot is extremely simple, it is well developed and interesting, and has that healthy tone which is the distinguishing characteristic of the Rev. E. P. Roe's works. The most noticeable feature of this book, however, is the frequent introduction of scientific explanations of the most common phenomena, and of learned, and at the same time interesting, discourses on the varieties of animal and vegetable life to be met with in Northern New York, where the scene of the story is laid. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

George W. Cable's "The Creoles of Louisiana," which has appeared during the present year in the *Century*, has recently been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York. It is an interesting history, from the foundation of New Orleans, in 1718, to the present day, of that quaint people residing around the delta of the Mississippi whom Cable has made the subject of several brilliant romances. Living in Louisiana, and sending representatives and Senators to the Federal Congress, these people have retained the language and quaint customs of their ancestors, and are to-day a most interesting study for historians and students of character. No fitter historian could be found than Mr. Cable, and he has treated his subject in a masterly way. The book is illustrated with many pictures of the French quarter of New Orleans, by L. Pennell and others. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, $3.50.

Quite a number of books of reminiscences have appeared of late. James Payn, General Keyes, Miss Emily Faithful, James A. Froude in his "Thomas Carlyle," and a number of others have given us pictures of the prominent men and events of the last half century, and now two others are added to the list, forming together an accurate and intimate history of the literary and social life of London during the past century. Stuart J. Reid has written a sketch of "The Life and Times of the Rev. Sydney Smith," based on family records and the recollections of personal friends. It follows the career of this illustrious man from his birth in 1771, through his youth, the projection of the *Edinburgh Review*, his life in London and in Yorkshire, and his Canonry of St. Paul's, to his death in 1845. It is a charming book from first page to last, abounding in the anecdotes and epigrams for which Sydney Smith is so celebrated. The pictures of social life are faithful and interesting, and the author has presented the canon's life in a fair and unbiased manner. In sharp contrast with this is Edmund Yates's "Fifty Years of London Life," from his birth in London in 1831 to his change to a country life on the Upper Thames in 1881. It is full of anecdotes, interesting, to be sure, and some of them witty, but they are frequently of such a character, and told with such brutality, as make the reader felicitate himself on not having known Mr. Yates. The book is like a vivisection—interesting to look at, but one pities the subject. Mr. Yates's personality and importance are also painfully prominent. They are both published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft & Co.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Socks with open-worked heels and toes will be worn by bachelors as heretofore.—*Life.*

We no longer sing "'Tis but a little faded flower." It now is: "'Tis button-hole bouquet."—*Life.*

The most accommodating woman we have yet heard of, was one who, according to the *Tribune*, "Shot her Husband for a Burglar."—*Life.*

Recently in Paris, during the session of the congress of Free Thinkers, one eminent member passionately exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I am an atheist, thank God!"—*Ex.*

"Animals are such agreeable friends," said George Eliot; "they pass no criticisms." So sociable, too. The bay steer lifts his hoof and knocks a boy into the jaws of torment. The bay steer passes no criticism.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A dude returned from college to his parents' city apartments. As he was undressing to go to bed at night, he noticed a handsome motto on the wall, "God bless our flat," and it bothered him all night so that he could hardly sleep.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Under the law of entail, young man, the landed property of the father descends to the eldest son, but under the law of cocktail (which is quite an entirely different thing), there is a bar to this descent, and the old man gets away with the property before his eldest son is old enough to smoke. See? Have one yourself.—*Ex.*

In speaking of the girl to whom he was engaged, he referred to her as his "financée."

"You mean your fiancée, I guess. It is pronounced fee-ong-say."

"I don't care how it is pronounced. That girl is my financée. She is worth thirty thousand dollars."—*New York Sun.*

"Are you found of rowing, Miss Smithers?"
Miss Smithers is a Boston girl, and the twain were out in a boat.
"Oh, very fond of it, indeed. I think it is such lovely exercise."
"Have you rowed very much this season?"
"Yes," Miss Smithers replied, with a little cultured cough behind her hand: "I have ridden a great deal."—*New York Sun.*

A Deadwood (Dakota) husband published this notice: "My wife Sarah, has Shot my ranche. When I didn't Doo a thing Too hur an' I want it distinctly Understood that any man That takes hur in an' keers for hur On my account will get himself pumped so Full of lead that some tenderfoot will locate him fur a Mineral clame. A word To the wise is sufficient an' orter work on fools."—*Ex.*

"Experience may be a dear teacher," remarked a clergyman as the contribution-box was returned to him empty, "but the members of this particular flock who have experienced religion have accomplished it at a very trifling cost. The choir will sing the seventy-ninth hymn, omitting the first, third, and fourth verses in order to save unnecessary wear on the organ."—*New York Sun.*

The general wish concerning the long-drawn election dispute is expressed in the answer of old Mr. Timmins, whose wife had long been an invalid, to a neighbor's inquiry, "How is Mrs. Timmins this morning?"

"Wa-all," drawled the old man, "I dunno. She don't seem no better nor no wuss. 'Bout the same, I s'pose. I wish she'd get well or—suthin'."—*Rochester Post-Express.*

The day was young. Two men, each carrying a lot of tools, came slowly up to the corner of —— Street, and there paused. A Milton car had just passed the corner and was fully twenty feet away. "There's our car," remarked one, calmly. "No matter," replied his companion, "we'd have to hurry to catch it. There'll be another in an hour," and they seated themselves in a doorway and lighted their pipes. They were plumbers.—*Boston Globe.*

A funny story is told in New York about the sudden and unexpected introduction to Mr. Burchard of a certain very sore and disappointed Republican politician. The latter, as he heard the name, was taken aback, and exclaimed: "Are you the Rev. Mr. Burchard who talked about 'rum, Romanism, and rebellion?'"

"I am," said Doctor Burchard, uneasily.

"Well," said the other after a pause, slowly, and with deep feeling, "you played h—l, didn't you?"—*Ex.*

Usually, people who are compelled to listen to a brass band that insists on playing in front of their house are so bored by the discords that they give the men a quarter to stop, while the band goes off thinking that the people are pleased with their music. One of these wandering headache producers recently had the tables turned upon them. They had strolled into a large park in Cincinnati, and after blowing away for three hours without receiving a cent, they discovered to their disgust that they had been serenading a deaf and dumb institute. This was more than they had bargained for, and without a word they formed in line and kicked each other out of the grounds.—*Peck's Sun.*

"Slug Ten," called the foreman in the late hours of the night, as he looked down the alleys and saw no familiar bobbing of a head which had grown as old in its place as the ceiling had grown dingy and black.

"Gone home," said his partner back of him.

"Who told him he could go home?"

There was no answer. The only sounds heard were the monotonous ones of the other cases—the steady clicking, as some people call it—and the mechanical voice of the proof-reader.

"Did he empty his stick?" asked the foreman.

"No," the galley-boy answered; "here it is on his case."

"Bring it in and turn up the gas."

The foreman looked at the stick, and read it. It was a part of the Texas election table. And the bottom line read: "I'm getting d—n tired of setting up Democratic majorities."

Slug Ten was no mugwump.—*Chicago Herald.*

Mr. Wilberforce is not a bad man in his way, but he was sorely put out the other morning at breakfast. He had lent a neighbor most of his parlor chairs, and when he entered the room he found but one of these useful articles of domestic economy left.

He immediately called his daughter, and, turning angrily to her, demanded:

"You entertained Augustus Smith for two hours last evening in this room?"

"I did, pa," confessed the maiden, with a blush.

"And where did he sit?"

"On that chair."

"And where did you sit?"

"I—I—I—"

"No prevarication. Where did you sit?"

"I—oh, gracious! I—I sat on the coal-hod, pa."

Mr. Wilberforce says he doubts the statement; but wher the poor girl have sat?—*Evansville Argus.*

## SOCIETY.

### Miss Fannie Crocker's Party.

A few weeks ago a number of prominent movers in social circles formed a club limited to fifty members. The object was social amusement during the coming winter, various members contributing the use of their residences for party purposes. As the club lacked a name, the euphonious title "Eu Thuvu" was adopted, and as such the club flourishes. The initial party of the club was given last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, 1609 Sutter Street, through the courtesy of Miss Fannie Crocker, one of the prominent members of the club. The handsome mansion was brilliantly illuminated and decked in a choice array of fragrant flowers and ferns. The three large reception rooms, *en suite*, were laid with canvas, and the elegant mantels and mirrors were banked and wreathed with buds of every perfume, blossoms of various hues, and streamers of smilax. Upon the arrival of the invited guests dancing was at once inaugurated, and continued until the notes of "Home, Sweet Home," reminded them that the hour of departure had arrived. An elegant supper was served during the evening in the billiard-room on the lower floor. Among those present were the following:

Miss Jennie Whittier, Miss Ilene Ivers, Miss Daisy Paige, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Bessie Shrieve, Miss Lillie O'Connor, Miss Alexander, Miss Jessie Booth, Miss Grace Jones, Miss Sadie Richards, Miss Hattie Peterson, Miss Heyl, Miss Sallie Stetson, Miss Nellie Stetson, Miss Clark of Sacramento, Miss Laura Pike, Miss Mabel Pacheco, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Miss Nettie Reynolds, Miss Laura Weller, Miss Jennie Hanchette, Miss Helen Houston, Miss Lillie Thomas, Miss Edith Hoyt, Miss Maud Estee, Miss Mattie Sheldon, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Nina Adams, Miss Ella Adams, Miss Fannie Crocker, Miss Carrie Ellis, Mr. H. H. Sheldon, Mr. Ricardo Pinto, Mr. S. B. Samuels, Mr. H. E. Hall, Mr. Andrew Jackson, Mr. W. R. Sheldon, Mr. Walter Kenney, Mr. Charles Alexander, Mr. Frank Swain, Mr. Fred. Johnson, Mr. George Shrieve, Mr. Webster Jones, Mr. Walter E. Deane, Mr. Edward Greenway, Colonel Tobin, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. John W. Taylor, Mr. Julien Sontag, Mr. Frank Peterson, Mr. J. D. Phelan, Mr. Everett Bee, Mr. Spencer Buckbee, Mr. Willshire, Mr. Henry Crocker, Mr. Will Crocker, Mr. Stewart Baldwin, Mr. Clinton E. Worden, Mr. Charles Boardman, Mr. J. W. Moulton, Mr. Mansfield Lowell, Mr. George Redding, Mr. McNear, Mr. Louis Monteagle, Mr. Weller, and Mr. Frank Carolan.

### The Cosmos Club Soirée Musicale.

The gayeties of the week opened auspiciously with the soirée musicale given by the members of the Cosmos Club, in their club house, on Powell Street, last Monday evening. There was an elegant and select attendance. Apartments on the second floor were reserved for the disposal of wraps, and on the first floor two parlors were filled with chairs for the convenience of those to whom the musicale was a special object. The parlors and hall were decorated with fragrant flowers that filled the rooms with their heavy perfume. The costumes of the ladies were unusually handsome, and the gentlemen were all in evening dress. Soon after nine o'clock the musicale commenced, the following excellent programme being rendered:

Piano solo, "Barcarole," Rubenstein; vocal solo, "The Wanderer," Schubert; duet, "Contes d'Hoffmann," Offenbach; vocal solo, Ballade by Gabriel; romanza, "Salve Dimora," Gounod; solo, guitarra, by Señor Dorrego; vocal duet, "Ti Convegno," Lucantoni; duo for violin and piano, "Romanza" by Wilhelmj and "Aria" by Paganini; aria, "Ah, 'tis a Dream," Lassen; vocal solo, "I Love Thee," Ludovici; aria, "Si tu mi'aimais," Danze; solo, guitarra, by Señor Dorrego; aria, "Nitocri," Mercadante; trio, "Ti Prego," Curschmann.

The vocal selections by the Misses Holladay and Mr. Ugo Talbo were rendered in an exquisite manner and were warmly applauded. Señor Dorrego distinguished himself in his guitar solos, and the remaining numbers met with the hearty appreciation of the guests. After the musicale Ballenberg and Yanke's dance-music began, and the remainder of the evening was passed in dancing, to the pleasure of all. A collation was spread in the dining-room during the evening comprising all the delicacies of the season. At an early hour in the morning the guests retired to their homes with pleasant remembrances of the reception.

### The Union Club.

The finest club-house west of New York will soon be erected for the Union Club of this city, on the northwest corner of Post and Stockton streets. The club is the oldest in the city, having been organized in 1852, and has occupied its present quarters, on the northwest corner of Montgomery and California streets, for nearly twenty-five years. The officers are Walter E. Deane, president; Joseph Clark, vice-president; William F. Russell, secretary and treasurer; and Walter E. Deane, Edgar Mills, John W. Coleman, George S. Ladd, Joseph Clark, J. W. Hart, Charles Wolcott Brooks, Edgar W. Hopkins, Henry Pichoir, Evans S. Pillsbury, William F. Russell, and Prentiss Selby, trustees. According to the plans of Wright & Sanders, the architects, the edifice, which is in the Renaissance style, is to be four stories high, with a basement, and will be made of pressed brick and granite, with iron pillars and sandstone trimmings. It will be one hundred and thirty-seven and a half feet square, and will cost, when finished and complete, in the neighborhood of four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The lower floor will be twenty-five feet high, and, except an entrance on Post Street nineteen feet wide, leading to a vestibule fifteen by thirty feet, and a servant's entrance on Stockton Street, will be devoted to stores, all of which communicate with one another by means of a gallery in the interior. On the second floor, near the staircase and elevator, will be a reception-room, the secretary's office, a hat-room, toilet-rooms, etc. Fronting on Post Street will be a reading-room, on the southwest corner, the card-room, and the café. On the west side, the café annex, the wine-room, and the dining-room, which latter will be surmounted by a dome of tinted glass, reaching above the third story. On the Stockton Street side, the billiard-room, toilet, and servants' rooms. And the four remaining rooms may be set apart for use as lunch and dining-rooms for the members' wives—rules, however, is not looked upon with much favor by a majority of the members, and will, doubtless, fall through. The third and fourth floors will be fitted up in luxurious style, in suites of private apartments for the members, with all the latest conveniences. Excavations for the foundations have already begun, and in about a year the club will enter upon a ten years' lease, with the privilege of ten more.

### The Charity Concerts.

The promenade concerts given in aid of the Six Charities at the Mechanics' Pavilion, this week, have had somewhat of a depressing effect on society affairs in general. Each successive night the Pavilion has been crowded with prominent people, who seemed to fully enjoy the entertainment prepared for them. The tableaux were well arranged, nicely presented, and met with general approbation, while the military drill and Turn Verein exercises were special features. For this evening a most attractive programme has been prepared, which surely merits a large attendance. On Monday evening, a grand charity ball will be given at the Pavilion, under the auspices of many of our most prominent society ladies, which promises to be one of the most enjoyable events of the season.

### The Charity Ball.

The Charity Ball of the Carnival Association will be under the patronage of the following ladies:

Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Judge Hager, Mrs. Nicholas Kittle, Mrs. Alfred Poett, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Schmiedell, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Judge Sanderson, Mrs. W. H. Moore, Mrs. H. L. Dodge, Mrs. Louis Gerstel, Mrs. L. S. Adams, Mrs. H. L. Newton, Mrs. General Pope, Mrs. James G. Fair, Mrs. J. R. Jarboe, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. H. Dutard, Mrs. J. Durbrow, Mrs. I. S. Van Winkle, Mrs. James C. Flood, Mrs. J. F. Merrill, Mrs. H. M. Newhall, Mrs. Charles Lux, Mrs. W. E. Deane, Mrs. W. F. McNutt, Mrs. J. K. Tabor, Mrs. E. E. Eyre, Mrs. A. L. Bowie, Mrs. A. Easton, Mrs. C. F. Crocker, Mrs. S. M. Wilson, and Mrs. W. M. Irwin.

The following gentlemen will be floor-managers:

Messrs. Hooker, Sheldon, Wilson, Lieutenant Bailey, Carolan, Will and Henry Crocker, Henry Redington, Greenway, and Hicks.

The ball is to be held at the Mechanics' Pavilion on next Monday evening. It will doubtless be a brilliant society event. Tickets one dollar each. Ballenberg furnishes the music.

### The Philharmonic Concert.

The following is the programme of the next concert of the San Francisco Philharmonic Society, which will take place on Wednesday afternoon, December 10, 1884, at three o'clock, at Platt's Hall:

1. Overture, "König Stephan" (first time).....Beethoven
2. Intermezzo (first time).....Bargeil
3. Piano Concerto, in C minor (first time).....Kullak
   Miss Estelle Hanchette (first appearance in this city).
4. Scherzo, "Nordischer Volkstanz" (first time),
   Emil Hartman
4. Larghetto from Quintet (Clarinet, Mr. Wrba)...Mozart
6. Suite Algérienne.....Saint-Saëns

There will be a grand rehearsal, open to subscribers only, at Platt's Hall, Tuesday, December 9th, at 12:30 o'clock.

Seats on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music store, corner Kearny and Sutter streets, commencing Monday, December 8th, at 9 A. M.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

General Houghton and family, of Oakland, have returned from Europe, and will remain at the Palace this winter.

Miss Fannie Crocker will probably leave for Mexico in a few days, to remain during the winter.

Mrs. B. B. Cutler and Miss Tot Cutler returned from Rancho los Medanos last Monday, and are at their residence on Van Ness Avenue.

Miss Mattie Sheldon has returned from Petaluma, where she was the guest of Miss Wickersham.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace P. Fletcher returned from Chicago yesterday, where they have been sojourning for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, of Fruit Vale, will pass the winter at the Palace.

Miss Belle Knox, of Sacramento, will visit New Orleans next month.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head contemplate an Eastern trip, and will probably leave here with Mr. and Mrs. George Hearst.

Misses Florence and Eva Powell, of Vallejo, are at the Grand on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin, of Sacramento, were in the city the early part of the week.

Mrs. George Bradley and Miss Grace Bradley left for New Orleans last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hawes had their little girl christened last week at Redwood City. Her name is Hortense Eugenie.

Mrs. J. H. Thomas, of Fruit Vale, will leave soon for London to join her two daughters.

General and Mrs. Walter Turnbull have engaged apartments at the Palace, where they will remain during the winter.

Mr. William G. Irwin, a prominent resident of the Hawaiian Islands, left on the steamer *Mariposa* last Monday for Honolulu. He has been the recipient of many social courtesies during his visit in this city.

Miss Cora Caduc has returned from Monterey.

Colonel and Mrs. Peter Saxe went to Honolulu on the last steamer.

Miss Freda Cox, of Sacramento, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. C. Jobson.

The Misses Rising, of Virginia City, are expected here this week.

Miss Virginia Ortiz has gone to the city of Mexico.

Miss Hattie Crocker has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. Porter Ashe, in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose, of San Mateo, were in the city last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Rideout, of Sacramento, are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Lizzie Brown has gone East to pass the summer.

Mr. Ryland B. Wallace is visiting in Sacramento.

Miss Ada Pinto left for Central America last Monday, on a visit of pleasure.

Mr. Thomas W. Huntington, of Sacramento, is in the city.

L. F. Curtis, of Milford, Connecticut, is now on a brief visit to his relatives in San Francisco.

### Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant G. M. Stoney and Ensign J. L. Purcell, U. S. N., left for the East on Wednesday last.

Colonel T. W. Sheehan, commanding the First Artillery Regiment, and Captain Frederick Neary, his adjutant, are in the city, attending the military convention.

Lieutenant George Barnett, U. S. N., is at the Occidental.

Battery A, at Alcatraz, has taken station at Fort Winfield Scott. Battery I, from Fort Canby, is at Alcatraz; and Battery F, from Fort Winfield Scott, has gone to Fort Canby.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon J. H. Hall, U. S. N., of the Mare Island Navy Yard, has been transferred to duty at the Naval Hospital at that place.

Lieutenant George F. Emmons, U. S. N., will go to Alaska next month to join the *Pinta*.

The family of Lieutenant Daniel Delehanty, U. S. N., have taken up their residence in Vallejo.

The U. S. exploring schooner *Ounalaska* was put out of commission at the Navy Yard on Monday last.

Colonel J. Drew Gay, U. S. A., and Passed-Assistant Surgeon J. H. Hall, U. S. N., are at the Grand Hotel.

Major Royal T. Frank, U. S. A., has been transferred from Alcatraz to Fort Winfield Scott.

Major A. M. Randol, U. S. A., has been transferred from Fort Winfield Scott to Alcatraz.

First Lieutenant John Pope Jr., First Artillery, and a sergeant of Battery A, First Artillery, selected by him, reported for duty to the commanding officer at Fort Winfield Scott on Monday.

### Railway Personals.

Mr. D. W. Hitchcock, general passenger agent of the Union Pacific Road, is dangerously ill, in his apartments at the Palace.

Mr. Sanderson, general agent of the Union Pacific Road at Salt Lake City, is in this city.

Mr. W. A. Bissell has been appointed Pacific Coast freight agent of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company and the Atlantic and Pacific Fast Freight Line.

Mr J. F Kidder, Superintendent of the Nevada County Narrow Gauge Railroad, is at the Palace.

Mr. Amos Burr has been appointed Pacific Coast agent for the Michigan Central Railroad, with his headquarters in this city.

Mr. C. L. Gage, of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, who is residing in Portland, is visiting friends in this city.

Mr. Fred. Thompson, of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, returned from Los Angeles on Wednesday.

Mr. John L. Truslow has been appointed General Western Passenger Agent of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company, and will have his headquarters in this city.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs, Freight Traffic Manager of the Central Pacific Railroad, left for Chicago on Wednesday.

Mr. P. L. Cable, of Rock Island, President of the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad, arrived here Wednesday, with Mrs. Cable and Miss L. R. Cable. They are stopping at the Palace Hotel, and will pass a few weeks on this coast.

### Notes and Gossip.

The members of the Dirigo Club have at last organized for social purposes, and have engaged the two upper floors of the building 112 Dupont Street. The club is incorporated and governed by a board of nine directors. The membership will be limited to one hundred and fifty members, and the club-rooms are to be fitted up in an elegant manner. The officers elected for the first board of directors are: Mr. W. H. Chamberlain, Mr. E. P. Danforth, Mr. John F. Davis, Mr. W. H. Crocker, Mr. Carroll Cook, Mr. F. V. Bell, Mr. C. H. Jackson, Mr. C. K. Bonestell, and Mr. George B. Knowles Jr.

The guests at the Stetson début party paid their return calls last night. Miss Nellie Stetson received her friends in her usual cordial manner, being assisted by her sister, Miss Sallie Stetson. Dancing was the order of the evening, and was indulged in until a late hour.

Party calls were made at the Van Ness Seminary last night, the young ladies receiving from 7:30 until ten o'clock.

General W. H. L. Barnes entertained a party of friends at a dinner given at his residence, on Sutter Street, last Saturday evening.

A most worthy charity is to be benefited next Wednesday evening by a brilliant entertainment given by the ladies of Grace Church. Saratoga Hall has been selected, and there will be a kettle-drum, followed by dancing. It is given under the auspices of Mrs. Doctor R. C. Foute, Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. H. B. Williams, Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mrs. Doctor O. O. Burgess, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mrs. James de la Montanya, Mrs. S. M. Wilson, Mrs. L. H. Newton, Mrs. Doctor H. H. Toland, Mrs. John R. Jarboe, Mrs. W. F. Goad, Mrs. A. H. Phelps, Mrs. F. MacCrellish, and Mrs. James P. Whitney.

A number of amateurs in Oakland will present a travestie of "Romeo and Juliet" at Dietz's Opera House, Oakland, December 8th and 9th, for the benefit of the Ladies' Relief Society, all the characters being taken by men. The travestie was written by a student of Harvard, where it was first produced, and the music is a pot-pourri of popular and operatic airs.

The next Philharmonic concert takes place on Wednesday afternoon at Platt's Hall.

The concert announced for the 18th, to be held at Irving Hall, under the auspices of the Gounod Musical Society, promises to be a treat to music-lovers. Although the selections have not yet been announced, the artists who will participate are a sufficent assurance as to the attractiveness of the entertainment. Aside from the charitable object, the desire to avail one's self of so delightful an opportunity of enjoyment should be an additional incentive to those who will attend.

The paragraph in the *Argonaut* some months ago concerning the engagement of Miss Eva Mackay to Prince Colonna, of Galatro, Italy, was contradicted at the time by the friends of Mr. John W. Mackay, then in the city. It is now, however, repeated in the French press, and apparently corroborated by Mrs. Mackay.

Nathan Cole Jr., Room 28, No. 48 Broad Street, New York, is the duly authorized agent of the *Argonaut* in that city.


**CCCXXXIX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, December 7, 1884.**

Julienne Soup.
Fried Halibut. Marble Potatoes.
Lamb Chops, Tomato Sauce.
Lima Beans. Cauliflower.
Roast Mallard Duck, Currant Jelly, and Lemon Sauce.
Artichoke Salad.
Puff Pudding. Strawberries.
Figs, Apples, Oranges, Grapes, Peaches, Pears, and Japanese Persimmons.

JULIENNE SOUP.—Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into the soup-kettle; stir until melted; cut two young onions small, fry them a nice brown, add two quarts of good clear beef stock, a little mace, pepper, and salt; let it boil one hour; add two young carrots, and two turnips cut small, a stalk of celery cut fine, two-thirds of a pint of string beans, the same of green peas. Let this boil two hours. If not a bright, clear color, add a spoonful of soy.

**Removal.**

Hills Bros.' Arabian Coffee Mills have removed to 400 Sansome Street. Fine Coffee our specialty.

— NOW IS THE TIME WHEN THE BUSY HOUSE-wife must lay in her store of good things for the table during the holiday season. The young bride and the experienced mother both go to the handsome stores of S. Lebenbaum & Co., on Polk Street, at the corner of California, to purchase all manner of dainties to tickle the palate, and the more substantial good things, which can there be obtained better and cheaper than anywhere else in the city. Instead of inflicting on the family a mass that resembles, in weight and digestibility, a cannon-ball, they purchase a plum-pudding, either English, American, or French, put up in one, two, three, or four-pound tins, according to the wants of the family. Then they can purchase nuts of all kinds—pecans, walnuts, almonds, filberts, etc.—Smyrna figs, extra fine Persian dates, Wiesbaden and French preserves; Camembert, Neufchatel, Stilton, Roquefort, and Cheddar cheese; truffles du Perigord; Royal Dehesas, Imperial Cabinet, and Seedless Sultana raisins; French candied fruits, and everything the most epicurian taste could wish. Besides these, Messrs. Lebenbaum & Co., have on hand a large assortment of trimmings for Christmas trees, the latest styles in sweet-grass baskets, coal-vases, Smyrna rugs and mats, etc., etc. Not the least advantage in this store is the painstaking attendance to the wants of the patrons, and the prompt delivery of goods to all parts of the city. S. Lebenbaum & Co., Nos. 1443-1449 Polk Street, corner California.

**Woman's Chief Attraction.**

As the form is the chief attraction in woman, it should be her constant study to preserve it. There is no portion of a lady's toilet that demands as much care and delicate consideration as the corset. A corset can make or spoil the figure; and in purchasing these articles a lady should always go to the most celebrated establishment—a place where the largest assortment can be found—and then she is sure of finding any style that her figure demands, and there is no better place on this entire coast than Freud's Corset House, Nos. 742 and 744 Market Street, and Nos. 10 and 12 Dupont Street. There can be found every imaginable style of corset, both home-made and imported. And among other things a splendid line of hoop-skirts and bustles, which are now so much in vogue.

**Birch Furniture**

Has become quite the rage. It is really beautiful and sells at the same price as cherry and walnut. To be seen in great variety at the warerooms of the California Furniture Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

**Rachel's Enamel Bloom.**

Wives should keep a supply of this indispensable toilet requisite, not only to preserve and increase their own beauty, but for their husbands to use after shaving. It is perfectly harmless, its use can not be detected, and it softens and protects the skin from sun and wind. For sale by all druggists.

**Improved Richmond Ranges.**

Before purchasing a stove, call and examine our celebrated Improved Richmond Ranges. Thousands of them are in use, and every one in working order. For sale only by the agents, Schuster Brothers, 306 Sutter, above Dupont, and branch store, 332 Montgomery Avenue, San Francisco.

**Buy Stocks when they are Down.**

Fifteen dollars margin buys one hundred shares of any stock on the list. Brooks & Co., 316 Pine Street. ☞Circulars free.

**Cheap and Beautiful.**

The most sensible present for the holidays is a nice piece of furniture. It is both ornamental and useful, and reminds the receiver most of the giver. An elegant assortment on hand and for sale by the California Furniture Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

**Rachel's Enamel Bloom.**

No one need fear to use this preparation, for it is not only harmless but beneficial. Applied extensively it improves the complexion and prevents the face from being chapped, and internally it is an excellent remedy for heartburn, acidity of the stomach, etc. For sale by all druggists.

**The California Christmas Card,**

And a large variety of imported cards, for sale at Snow & Co.'s, 12 Post Street, Masonic Temple.

— MANY PEOPLE OBJECT TO THEATRES AND concerts because they "always catch cold and can't hear a thing, anyway," but they always go to the Metropolitan Hall, where there are no drafts, while the ventilation is perfect, and the least sound on the stage can be heard in all parts of the house.

— A YOUNG LADY DESIRES POSITION IN SOME mercantile house or commercial employment as stenographer or private secretary. For qualifications and character she is permitted to refer to the *Argonaut* office, to which place all letters may be addressed. B.

— CELERY, BEEF, AND IRON—INVALUABLE for brain-workers.

## STORYETTES.

### Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Fifteen years ago, just as an American officer ıd arrived at Vienna, the empress, knowing that : had seen a certain princess much celebrated r her beauty, asked him if it was really true that ıe was the most beautiful woman he had ever :en. "I thought so, yesterday," he replied.

A student undergoing examination in the prinples of mechanics, was asked: "Why will not pin stand on its point?" He returned the folwing answer: "In the first place, a point is deıed by Euclid as that which hath no parts, and ) magnitude, and how can a pin stand on that ıat which hath no parts and no magnitude? In ıe second place, a pin will not stand on its head, uch less, therefore, will it stand on its point. hirdly, and lastly, it will if you stick it in hard ıough."

The Duke of Glo'ster is a great asker of quesons. He asked the Duke of Grafton, who, ıough sixty-six, does not look above fifty, "how ıd he was," before a large company in a country ouse. The Duke of Grafton did not like the ıquiry, but answered. Some time after the ukes met again, and the Duke of Glo'ster reated this question, to which the Duke of Graftn dryly replied: "Sir, I am exactly three weeks ıd two days older than when your Royal Highss last asked me that disagreeable question."

A gentleman went lately with a friend to the cademy of Music, and arrived before the doors ere open. While waiting in the crowd, standg behind his friend, he amused himself by pickg the pocket of the latter, abstracting therefom a handkerchief. Hardly had he done so, hen he was tapped on the shoulder, and on turng round, he saw a gentlemanly looking individal, who handed him his own handkerchief, with polite bow, observing that he never knowingly operated on a brother professional, and was orry that he had made such a mistake."

Hogarth painted the picture of a very plainatured nobleman so true to nature that his lordıip would not pay for it. The great painter sent ıe following letter: "Mr. H.'s dutiful respects ) Lord L. Finding that his lordship does not ıean to have the picture, he is informed again of Ir. H.'s necessity for the money. If his lordship oes not send for it in three days it will be disosed of, with the addition of a tail, to Mr. Hare, ıe famous wild-beast man, for an exhibition ainting, when it is thought it will make an exellent monkey." The money was paid at once.

The learned mathematicians and archæologists ften hampered the progress of the French army ı Egypt. On the expedition into the desert, a warm of Mamelukes suddenly came on the scene, reparing to attack the troops, and the French eneral, who was greatly hindered in his moveıents by the beasts of burden, had hardly time ) pronounce the following word of command: Form square! The asses and the professors in ıe middle!" The general hilarity occasioned by ıose words caused a loud burst of laughter om the soldiers, which so astonished and puzed the Arabs that they turned tail and fled.

Count Staremberg, when he was in England, sed to play at the Union. His English was not uite so good as his luck. Playing one night at *ente et un*, the late Lord Barrymore was at the ıble, and not much delighted with the success of ıe count. His excellency was not very nice in is person, and it was ludicrous to hear him proclaim the state of his hand by saying, "I am *irty!* I am *dirty!*" At last, when he had chieved the best possible hand, he was so elated ıat he almost embraced Barrymore, exclaiming: I am *dirty*, I am *dirty-one*, I am *dirty-one*." Barrymore, who lost by the count's success, and ad no liking for the nasty embrace, said: "Damn , sir, so you are; but that's no reason why I hould be *dirty, too*."

During the first appearance of Henry Irving as ouis XIV. in Boston, a young lady found herelf seated next to a party of three intensely typial Boston girls, who observed the development f the play with that reserved, serene, and critical spect for which their class is noted. The lady as more enthusiastic than they, and at various oints which the actor made was not chary of aplause. At last, when a particularly strong situtıon had been met and mastered, she exclaimed, *otto voce:* "Ah, he is indeed great!" The hree young women who sat beside her immediately put up their eye-glasses and looked at her ı a quiet, but superior way, and the nearest of he party, in a calm and very distinct voice, said: 'Pardon me, but I have not yet experienced any hrill." Afterward, in relating this incident, the ady said: "I had in my dress at the time a long hawl-pin, and I was awfully tempted to jab it ıto the cold creature's arm to see if she would el any 'thrill' at that."

The elder Booth was at times the victim of trange fancies. Once he took a fancy to be an bsolute vegetarian, and while possessed of this dea he was traveling on a Western steamboat, nd happened to be placed at table opposite a olemn Quaker, who had been attracted by the loquent conversation of the great actor. The enevolent old Quaker, observing the lack of iands on Booth's plate, kindly said: "Friend, hall I not help thee to the breast of this chickn?" "No, I thank you, friend," replied the ctor. "Then shall I not cut thee a slice of this am?" "No, friend—not any." "Then thee aust take a piece of mutton; thy plate is empty," ersisted the old Quaker. "Friend," said Booth, n those deep, stentorian tones, whose volume nd power had so often electrified crowded audiıces, "I never eat any flesh but human flesh, nd I prefer that raw." The old Quaker was peechless, and his seat was changed to another able at the next meal.

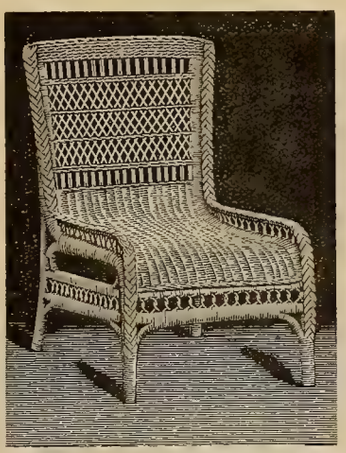

## SELECT YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

**From the largest and most complete stock of RATTAN and REED goods ever displayed in a retail store on the Coast. All new and fresh. Many new patterns not found elsewhere.**

**Ladies' Chairs.**

**Children's Chairs.**

**Large Chairs for Gentlemen, with or without Upholstery.**



**Plain Rockers.**

**Patent Rockers.**

**Hassocks.**

**Fire Screens.**

**Work Baskets.**

**Tables.**

**Tete-a-Tetes.**

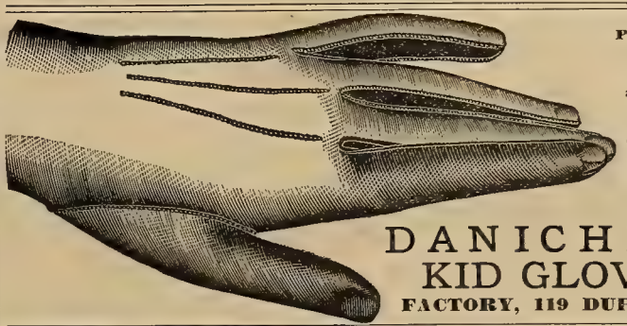
**Baby Carriages.**

**Etc., etc.**

**H. H. GROSS,**

Nos. 16 and 18 Second Street, three doors off Market St., Grand Hotel Building.

**Full line of Folding Beds, thirty styles, costing from $13 to $300 each.**



**Perfect Fitting, Stylish, and Durable.**

**To order and ready-made.**

DANICHEFF KID GLOVES.

**FACTORY, 119 DUPONT ST.**



FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR

—AND—

**CLOTH OF GOLD**

CIGARETTES.

Our Cigarettes cannot be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883.

**13 First Prize Medals Awarded.** **WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

SAN LORENZO

PACKING COMPANY,

A COUNTRY CANNERY.



PACKERS OF PURE

CALIFORNIA FRUITS

In Syrup made from the

**Best Dry Granulated Sugar.**

☞ Housewife attention is directed to the San Lorenzo **JAMS** and **JELLIES**, which are made from Pure White Sugar and Fruits.

No Glucose or Brown Sugar used in this Factory.

**Filippe's Academy of Languages.**

Established 1871, has removed to more commodious and pleasant quarters, 702 Market Street, corner of Geary. Professor De Filippe continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. "Unique" method of acquiring foreign languages, where students have not the opportunity to practice. Fine library, and periodicals from Spain and France free to scholars.

"Azule"

**THE FINEST**

**Pure Natural Mineral Water.**

Endorsed by the medical profession. For sale everywhere.

**Depot, 513 Sacramento St., S. F.**

**DECEMBER STYLES.**

**BUTTERICK'S**

**Patterns and J. F. Ingalls' Illustrated Books** for Ladies Fancy Work, Kensing on Embroidery, Crochet and Knitted Lace, Patchwork, etc. **H. A. DEMING, Agent. 124 Post Street, San Francisco**

**REMOVAL.**

**EDWARD E. OSBORN, Patent Solicitor,** United States and Foreign, has removed to 220 Sansome Street, Rooms 10, 11, and 12, San Francisco.

**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!**

**NOVELTIES**

FROM

**PARIS, OFFENBACH, BERLIN, VIENNA, ETC.**

**H. S. Crocker & Co.**

**215-217-219 BUSH ST.**

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Paul Dana is commonly known as "Young Sunshine."

Thomas Nast, the caricaturist, is to give illustrated lectures this winter.

The Duke of Connaught will return from India next March. He will come by way of San Francisco.

George Bancroft, the venerable historian, has given up his horseback riding by advice of his physician.

It is understood that President Arthur is arranging his affairs for a trip to Europe very soon after the 4th of March.

Victor Hugo intends to purchase a piece of ground in the avenue bearing his name, for the purpose of building a new house.

Lord de Grey, when hunting alone recently on the Yorkshire estate of Lord Ripon, killed three hundred and three partridges in one day.

Jules Verne is now about fifty years old—a gentleman of rather more than the average weight, with iron-gray hair and mustache.

Mr. Winans, of Baltimore, who rents about a quarter of a million acres of deer-forests in Scotland, has this season killed one hundred and fifty stags.

President Grévy is the most expert amateur billiard player in Paris, and the Elysée is superbly provided with all the requisites for playing the game.

The Bishop of Peterborough once said that the most trying sermon of his life was preached in the Queen's private chapel, her majesty and five others forming the congregation.

Queen Victoria has a mania for collecting relics of engagements in war. Among others, she has, mounted in crystal and silver, the musket-ball that ended the career of Nelson.

Besides his rage for cutting down trees, Gladstone has a mania for wearing baggy trousers and abnormally high collars, which indicate his approach long before his features are discernible.

Mr. Gladstone, during his past and present premiership, has disposed of the English primacy and sixteen English bishoprics, as well as of eighteen English deaneries, besides many canonries and livings.

Recognizing the American Government's warm friendship and Minister Halderman's "faithful observance of treaty obligations," the King of Siam has made a gift to the United States of a house and perpetual leasehold interest in grounds for the use of the American Legation at Bangkok.

Gladstone in England, Clemenceau in France, and Boucicault in America are declared to be the greatest tea drinkers in their respective countries, and Boucicault is supposed to infuse his tea in his plays, which accounts for their drawing so well.

Doctor Samuel D. Burchard is an amiable and inoffensive man. He says he has never, throughout his whole life, spoken disparagingly of his Catholic fellow-citizens, either as to their integrity, patriotism, or Christianity. His "alliterative condemnation of the Democratic party made a fuss which considerably surprised him, and produced results which caused him pain." We should smile.

Queen Victoria is sixty-five. King Christian, of Denmark, is sixty-six, and his wife, the Queen, is a year older. The Emperor of Austria is fifty-four, and his wife is forty-six; while King Leopold, of Belgium, forty-nine years old, has a wife aged fifty. The Sultan of Turkey is forty-two; King Oscar, of Sweden, fifty-five; Louis, of Portugal, forty-six; Humbert, of Italy, forty, and President Grévy, of France, seventy-one. The wife of the Russian ruler is three years younger than her husband, the wife of the German five, and the Queen of Italy seven.

Zorilla says King Alfonso's illness will without doubt soon terminate fatally, and then there will be trouble in Spain, for the heiress to the throne will be a child in the nursery, and the Queen-mother, who by law will be Regent during the minority, is a stranger, an Austrian, who has no place in the esteem and affection of the people. Some would then wish to restore the ex-Queen Isabella, and others to bring about an "infantine" marriage between Alfonso's baby daughter and the young son of Don Carlos. Either of these expedients would mean a revolution.

Brignoli was fond of exhibiting a pair of sleeve-buttons with the letter "B" in blazing diamonds, a gift from Nilsson, and a scarf-pin of pearls of different colors, a present from Patti. He was very superstitious, having a horror of the number thirteen. To such an extent did he carry out his hatred of this number, that he would not commence a journey, sign a contract, or take the prime step in any business on the 13th of the month. Friday he regarded with great suspicion nor would he make his first appearance on that day in any place. He also made a point of running against any hunchback he happened to meet, and rubbing his hump for good luck.

Writing of the late Duke of Brunswick, "He stood at the knees of heroes," says the Countess von Bothmer; "his own immediate ancestors are shrined in the Walhalla; the name of Bonaparte was a terror to his childhood; he was the ward of the Prince Regent, and witnessed the early fame of Wellington. He lived to see a Third Napoleon topple to his ruin and a Second Empire crumble into dust; Austria humiliated by defeat, the Hohenzollern dominating the Hapsburg, and a King of Prussia crowned Emperor of Germany in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, 'with tumult of acclaim.' He saw the Pope a prisoner in the Vatican, and the King of Hanover discrowned and dispossessed—a wanderer and an exile. He outlived the Czar, Victor Emanuel, the Prince Consort, and Pius IX., and perhaps saw in the young Napoleon's death at Isandula fateful reprisals for the tragedy in Mexico. Yet he was a youth compared with the Emperor of Germany, Moltke, and Wrangel; and Prince Bismarck is a youth compared with him."


JOS. FIGEL
211 MONTGOMERY ST. S.F.
Offers the
LATEST STYLES
.....OF.....
CLOTHING
.....AND.....
FURNISHING GOODS
FOR GENTS AND BOYS,
READY MADE and MADE TO MEASURE at
REDUCED PRICES.
A Full Line of Desirable Suitings in our Merchant Tailoring Department.

ELITE BOUQUET
—AND—
PECK'S PREMIUM PERFUMES,
(ALL ODORS).

GERSTER GLOVES!
Elegant, Perfect-fitting, and Durable,
....AT....
I. KEINER'S, 32 KEARNY ST.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!!
And so have we come to the front with the finest assortment of
Table and Pocket Cutlery,
Ladies' and Gents' Dressing Cases,
Ladies' Scissors Sets,
Ladies' Embroidery Sets,
Ladies' Manicure Sets,
And hundreds of new and elegant articles for
HOLIDAY PRESENTS.
☞ Also our own make of guaranteed CARVERS, best in the world.
WILL & FINCK,
Leading Cutlers, 769 Market Street, S. F.

THE HALL TYPE-WRITER
Cheapest—Simplest—Best.
It does better work and in greater variety than any other Type-Writer. Six copies at once by a new manifolding device. Price less than half that of other writers.

THE PAPYROGRAPH,
The best copying process in the market. From three hundred to two thousand copies from a single original.
Agency for the Pacific Coast for the above, Room 34, No. 123 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Hunyadi THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
NATURAL APERIENT WATER. János
"A natural laxative, superior to all others."
Prof. Macnamara, M.D., of Dublin.
"SPEEDY, SURE & GENTLE."
Prof. Roberts, F.R.C.P., London.
"Relieves the kidneys, unloads the liver, and opens the bowels."
London Medical Record.
Ordinary Dose, a Wineglassful before breakfast.
Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.
NONE GENUINE BUT WITH THE BLUE LABEL.
For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.
No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco.

WANTED.
SAN FRANCISCO DIRECTORY for the years 1866, 1872, 1873, 1877, at this office.

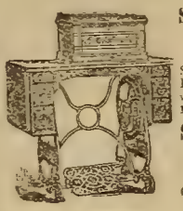
FINEST PHOTOS IN THE CITY
....AT THE....
IMPERIAL GALLERY,
724½ Market Street.

CRAPE.
Old and Faded Crape Veils and Bonnets RE-DYED and FINISHED LIKE NEW at the
PALACE DYE WORKS,
633 Market Street, Palace Hotel.

EDUCATIONAL.
MME. JULIE ROSEWALD,
TEACHER OF VOCAL MUSIC,
1018 Van Ness Avenue.
J. H. ROSEWALD,
Orchestral Director and Solo Violinist, teaches Violin and Harmony and Ensemble Playing, 1018 Van Ness Avenue.

BARNARD'S Business College, 37 Post St., S. F.
Diploma of Mechanics' Fair, 1884, awarded to this College.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL for GIRLS
Will re-open Monday, August 3d.
Temporary location, 1001 Sutter Street, corner of Hyde.

THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!
The Light-running
"HOUSEHOLD"
SEWING MACHINE.

Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to three months' trial.
Samuel Hill Estate
CITY SALES ROOMS,
634 Market St.
Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

FALL STYLE HATS
Now ready and introduced by
HERRMANN THE HATTER.
The Largest Hat Store on the Coast.
332, 336 KEARNY STREET,
Between Bush and Pine Streets, San Francisco.
☞ Steam Factory connected with Establishment at 27 Belden St. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free.

STORE YOUR FURNITURE
Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.
BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH
J. H. MOTT & CO.,
735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco
Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
24 Post St., San Francisco
COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, PENMANSHIP AND TELEGRAPHY.
C. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.
☞ SEND FOR CIRCULAR. ☜

INVENTORS' INSTITUTE,
105 STOCKTON STREET,
Corner of O'Farrell.
PATENTS PROCURED FOR $65, AND PATENTS Negotiated. Send for particulars.

STORAGE.
Furniture and Pianos, Trunks, Paintings, Mirrors, Carpets, Ornaments,
And other goods received for storage and safe keeping. Goods stored in clean, light, dry lofts. Charges moderate, advances made, insurance effected. California Storage Warehouse, No. 722 MISSION ST., next to the Grand Opera House. THOS. H. ROONEY & CO.

ANTI-FAT.
The Greatest Discovery of the Age, by an English Lady, who has, by close study and practice, found a remedy whereby persons of either sex can be reduced in flesh at the rate of five to eight pounds a month without injury to health or looks, the skin on body and face retaining its smooth appearance. Address Postoffice box 1975, San Francisco.

REMOVAL.
MRS. DR. BEIGHLE has removed to 618 EDDY STREET. Galvanic Healer Natural Battery. Diagnosis without questioning. Hours, 1 to 4; Ladies and Children only.

Contract for Fall and Winter Supply
....OF....
COAL
For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street. Telephone 308.

Steinway & Son's, Kranich & Bach, | Ernest Gabler, and C. Roenisch
PIANOS!
M. GRAY, 206 POST ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

JOE POHEIM,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Makes the best-fitting clothes in the State at 25 per cent. less than any other tailor in the city.
Business Pants made to order from..$ 6.00
Business Suits from..... 25.00
Dress Pants from..... 8.00
Dress Suits from..... 30.00
Other garments in proportion. The best of workmanship and trimming guaranteed. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free to any address on application to
JOE POHEIM,
203 Montgomery, 724 Market, 1110 & 1112 Market, and 11 & 13 Turk St.

W. R. STRONG & CO.
SACRAMENTO.


Wholesale Fruit and Commission Dealers.
Consignments solicited.

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

CALIFORNIA
ELECTRO PLATING WORKS,
657 MISSION STREET,
Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating on all Metals.
Table Ware repaired and plated at the lowest rates. Copper Plates silver plated for saving gold. All work in our line guaranteed. KEATING & FAGAN, Proprietors.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

Library of Familiar Quotations.
The Library of Familiar Quotations from English, American, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Latin, and Greek Authors. By Rev. C. T. Ramage, LL. D., and J. C. Grocott. A new and much improved edition. 5 vols., 12mo. Price per set, cloth, $10 00; half calf, $17 50; three-quarters levant morocco, $25 00. The volumes will be sold separately in cloth, as follows:
Familiar Quotations, with parallel passages from various writers. By J. C. Grocott. With Quotations from American Authors. By Anna L. Ward, co-editor of "The Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations. $2.00.
French and Italian Authors, with English Translations. By C. T. Ramage. $2 00.
German and Spanish Authors, with English Translations. By C. T. Ramage. $2 00.
Greek Authors, with English Translations. By C. T. Ramage. $2.00
Latin Authors, with English Translations. By C. T. Ramage. $2.00
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, Publishers, New York.

ALASKA
COMMERCIAL CO.
No. 310 SANSOME STREET,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

WALL PAPERS,
FRESCOING,
INTERIOR DECORATING
WINDOW SHADES.
G. W. CLARK & CO.
645 and 647 Market Street.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Sunday, Nov. 23, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Calistoga and Napa..... | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Colfax..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Delta, Redding, and Portland. | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Deming, El Paso} Express.... | 10.40 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {and East.....} Emigrant .. | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Galt and Ione, via Livermore... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ..Galt, via Martinez ..... | *10.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | ..Knight's Landing..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | ..Los Angeles and South..... | 10.40 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Livermore and Pleasanton..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| ‡8.00 A.M. | ..Martinez ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " ..... | *3.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Marysville and Chico..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Mojave and East} Express.... | 10.40 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {" " } Emigrant.. | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Niles and Haywards..... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | .. " " ..... | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | .. " " ..... | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | {Ogden and} Express..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | {East.....} Emigrant..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {Red Bluff } via Marysville.. | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | {and Tehama} via Woodland... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..Sacramento, via Livermore.... | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " via Benicia..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | ..Sacramento River Steamers.... | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | ..San José..... | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | .. " ..... | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 9.40 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Stockton & *Milton via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ..Stockton, via Martinez..... | *10.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | {Tulare, Fresno, } ..... | *3.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | {Madera & Merced} ..... | 10.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Vallejo ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | .. " ..... | *3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | ..... |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | ..Virginia City..... | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | ..Woodland ..... | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | .. " ..... | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 8.00 A. M. meets Pacific Express from Ogden at Vallejo Junction, and Pacific Express from El Paso and Mojave at Pinole.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier)**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *9.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23 *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23 *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52; 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, 5.45, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 9.45; *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.


**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.


NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

BROAD GAUGE.

## WINTER TIME SCHEDULE,

**Commencing Sunday, Nov. 16, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| † 6.50 A.M. | | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | 9.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 5.02 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.08 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..... Watsonville..... | |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, Soquel (Camp Capitola), ..... and Santa Cruz ..... | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.08 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (Sportsmen's train).

STANDARD OF TIME.—Trains are run on Pacific Standard Time (Randolph & Co.), which is ten (10) minutes FASTER than San Francisco Local Time.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets — at Reduced Rates — to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

To Gilroy, San Jose, and intermediate points.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—Sold SUNDAY MORNING, good for return same day.

Also, to Monterey, Santa Cruz, Soquel, Aptos, Gilroy, San Jose, and intermediate points.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, November 17, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—9.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.45, 5.15 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M., 1.30, 5.00 P. M. To Saucelito only, 11.30 A. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.45, 9.00 A. M., 12.15, 3.35, P. M.

(Sundays)—7.55, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.25, 5.00 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—8.15, 9.30 A. M., 1.00, 4.15 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.30, 10.35 A. M., 12.30, 3.50, 5.40 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 2.15 P. M.

**11.30 A. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAIN for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through train from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 1.30 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Piont Reyes and Way Stations.

Returning arrives in S. F. at 6.40 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.





**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

**STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.**

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at **2 o'clock P. M.** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| Steamer | 1884. | From San Francisco |
|---|---|---|
| **San Pablo** | **.....Thursday, December 18th** | |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of Tokio** .....**December 6**
**City of New York**.....**December 30**

At 2 o'clock P. M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Juan**.....**December 15**

At ten o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, SAN BLAS, MANZANILLO, and ACAPULCO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA and LA LIBERTAD, and via ACAPULCO for other Mexican and Central American ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Zealandia**..... Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on Dec. 1st, 9th, 17th, and 26th, and Jan. 2d, and every eighth day thereafter. The last steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

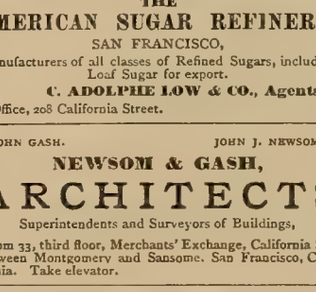
The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

ALAMEDA.....MONDAY, December 15th, at 3 P. M.
MARIPOSA. .....FRIDAY, January 2d, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

**THE**

## AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY.

SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**

Office, 208 California Street.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church, Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER, Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia. J. W. PORTER.

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital**.....**$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President;
James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital**.....**$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremon National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

## NATIONAL ASSURANCE COMPANY OF IRELAND.

**ESTABLISHED**.....**A. D. 1822**

Authorized Capital.....$10,000,000
Subscribed Capital..... 5,000,000

## H. M. NEWHALL & CO.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

**Office, 309 Sansome St., San Francisco.**

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**, Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation** Of London. Established 1720.
**Northern Assurance Company** Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company** Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold)**.....**$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884**..... **759,475 13**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St. San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

# RUBBER HOSE

—FOR—

**Gardens, Mills, Mines, & Fire Departments,**

Manufactured and for sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard (Maltese Cross) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose Rubber Hose (Competition), Suction Hose Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire Engine Hose, Carbolized Maltese Cross Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

**JOHN W. TAYLOR, - - - Manager.**

**No. 15 First Street, near Market.**

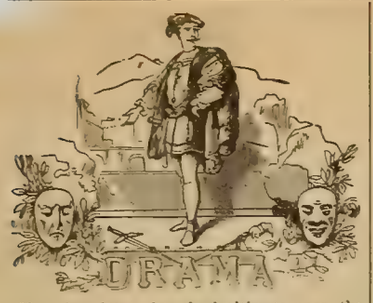
**"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."**

## THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**
**86 California Street, San Francisco,**
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.




Nay, then, let us lay the legitimate upon the shelf, wrapped in the robes of sleep; for if it be not dead, a palsy has stricken it, and until its high priest come this way to perform a miracle, let it be forbidden a resurrection.

For this halting, shivering, uncertain thing, that we have been looking upon at the Baldwin this fortnight past, can never be that strong, virile, passionful creation that we have named the legitimate; that we return to when we are sated and surfeited with light laughter, with lesser passions, with the cheap machine-finished sentiment of the new day.

Even the players, a class of people with a very small bump of reverence divided among them, and that largely over-topped by self-esteem, approach the traditional glories of the legitimate with some respect. They lose in it a certain air of jaunty confidence, peculiar to the profession. For it is written that no woman has ever played, or sighed to play, upon the boards, who did not think, however brief her experience or crude her talent, or, to go to the other extreme, however long her girdle or time-worn her face, that she could play Juliet thrillingly; that no actor has ever thought there was anything more lacking than the opportunity, for him to show the world the greatest of Richelieus. Perhaps it is not all an overmastering vanity with the players. I have known people to serve for many long years at that severest taskmaster—the keyboard of the piano. They have made a holocaust of their time, their nerves, their leisure, their very lives, to express the music that was boiling and burning within them, and have been but wooden, automatic interpreters at last. The music that is in them stays in them, and will not out. Sometimes they recognize the futility of their long labor; then they are pitiful. Sometimes they do not know that the gift of expression has been denied them; then they are bores.

Sometimes a singer will throw a whole soul into a song, and melt the listener to tears. More often the singer will be weeping inside tears while stunning an audience into apathy with the very dullness of expression. Perhaps the players, like these dumb musicians, are stirred to their own depths by the tragic immensity of "Romeo and Juliet," and are so lost in admiration of the seductive beauty of that mosaic in letters, Bulwer's "Richelieu," that they fancy their feelings are conveyed through the poor vehicle of their own unsuspecting littleness.

But it is poor consolation to look at a player who is stirred to his own depths, and can not stir yours. Now and then, by the injustice of heaven, who gives to the most of us so little and to the blessed few so much, the wooden player is swept from the stool, or the automatic singer from a meaningless crescendo or pianissimo, their sole vehicles of expression, by one of those happy creatures called geniuses, with a God-given skill in the fingers or an inborn thrill in the throat, who play upon humanity with such an infinity of ease, and generally with so little drain upon themselves. And so it is among the players.

A Macready shall arise with the brand of unfitness stamped upon his face and marked in the unsymmetrical lines of his body. But a boundless ambition will burn in his breast. The words of the gifted bard are music in his ears, and he longs to breathe in them the mighty passions of the legimate. The pride, the ambition, the deathless lust for power of kings, the wile and craft of king-makers, the madness of a king dethroned, the terrors of a doubting prince, all the royal pomp of passion of the legitimate, Macready attains his ambition by the slow, steady climb of the student. He burns the midnight oil over every doubtful reading. He studies history and the commentators for character lines. He overrides the protesting ugliness that heaven has stamped upon him with the music of a trained voice and the charm of a pure speech. And having reached the topmost rail that is permitted to him, he comes to America. Long before to-day English actors came to America to make money, and American actors went to England to conquer English prejudice.

And in America, a big, burly, lusty lunged fellow, were he a butcher-boy or fireman, or both, in whose huge frame heaven had sown that erratic seed called genius, who had never burned a quart of oil over a book in his life, meets Macready's Richard with another Richard, his Hamlet with another Hamlet, his noble Roman with another Roman, and Macready the student meets his Waterloo.

For your genius plays to the hearts of an audience, and your student to its brains; and as there is more heart than brain in the world, the result is easily told.

Strangely enough, it is the geniuses and not the students who have set the standards for the legitimate. Garrick, Kean, the Booths (father and son), Forrest, and Salvini, all actors by the grace of God, have made its traditions. And it is in reverence for this galaxy of shining names, rather than for the work itself, that the veriest banner-carrier on a legitimate night carries his banner, however clumsily, with an air of responsibility and a recognition of the gravity of the occasion.

Going up the line, how, then, should the star comport himself?—for a star is one of the absolute necessities of a legitimate performance.

We have all been skirting the truth concerning Mr. Sheridan this fortnight past with a fringe of back-handed compliment. The plain, plump truth is, that Mr. Sheridan's acting during the present season has been beneath the consideration of intelligent people. When an actor of his standing and reputation permits the prompter to play half his part, he is signally discourteous to his audiences, or he is seriously ill. In the one case, he is past pardon. In the other, he should be removed from the boards, put to bed, and taken proper care of until he has recovered his health.

There is no excuse for converting the stage into a vast infirmary. No one goes to the theatre in a philanthropic state of mind. The people extended their sympathies willingly enough to this once most delightful actor, his intense nervousness was so palpable. But it seemed to be, and should have been, for that occasion only. Since then, to see him nightly break down, glaring appealingly at the prompter, and gasping for the word, has been a ghastly and uncomfortable spectacle. Besides these lapses, his acting has deteriorated marvelously. All light and shade is gone, and everything is now blare and glare. He rants and tears to split the ears of the groundlings. One fairly aches with each fall of the curtain, and longs to pump a little breath into him. There are flashes of that wonderful Louis XI. which conquered us once, a touch of the old grim humor, a reminiscence of the character of the great bad man, which juts so boldly from the walls of history that he seemed to have stalked bodily upon the stage, and who never seemed to be more faithfully reproduced than in Sheridan as he was. The most disagreeable part of his present performances is this ceaseless rant. Nothing is so weak, nothing so ineffective as rant; for though the gallery applaud a storm of noise because it is expected of them, the period falls weakly when the actor's strength is spent.

But what seems almost malignant mischance, the repertoire for the remainder of the season only calls for more rant. Mr. Sheridan is to play the heaviest characters in the heavy legitimate. He will only be further keyed up when he sadly needs unstringing. An idyl might calm the torrent when the madness of Lear, the terrors of Macbeth, and the wrath of Shylock will only stimulate him to his own further undoing. Where is "Enoch Arden," which was advertised in the beginning of the season?—a pretty, tender little play, not often seen. Besides, the charm of novelty is easily made into a spectacle, and the quiet story of these fisherfolk would be a rest after a season of royal hysteria.

How thoroughly the legitimate goes to the heart of things, and shows just what material is in the company. For all its stilted periods and apparently unnatural action, nothing so absolutely requires experience and training as the legitimate.

The fortnight shows the Baldwin to be stronger in actors than actresses. Miss Louise Calvert is a very nice little girl, who conscientiously does the best that she can, but she is so immature, dramatically, that even the expression of her mouth is not yet formed. She wears a sash and a high-waisted "Mother Hubbard," and screams just right in "The Private Secretary," but it is rather rushing her career to cast her for Marie de Comines just yet.

Miss Rowellan is some four or five weeks old, counting from her dramatic birthday, yet she has been calmly cast as a first heavy. Miss Louise Davenport has really been a very pleasing actress, considered simply as a support. She is most palpably yet in the earlier stages of study, for her speech lapses very frequently into what is apparently her colloquial habit. It is inelegant and provincial, if one may use an English word for which America has not yet furnished a synonym.

But the burr of Northumberland stuck to Adelaide Neilson's tongue until her tired old teacher almost despaired of ever hearing her speak pure English. Yet when she died—too early, alas! for all of us—not only was her English rich and beautiful, but she spoke French fluently.

Miss Louise Davenport is sometimes faintly reminiscent of Neilson, being a woman of much natural grace, as well as there being just a shadow of likeness to her beautiful face.

The actors of the company broke out into a perfect rash of make-up. Corbett as Le Danine, looked like a criminal of the deepest dye, and Harry Mainhall's blonde fairness became densest brunette. Osbourne was not recognized until he spoke, and Wessels, in the king's chamber, looked like a nice little English boy going to have his picture put in the *Graphic*.

These make-ups are not amiss. They make variety in what would soon become monotony, and bespeak a disposition to take some trouble to do well.

It is true, Osbourne's gray hairs and wrinkles were absurdly contradicted when he skipped about with the fleetness of youth like a young chamouni; but it probably required a pretty strong man to bully Louis into proper condition of mind.

Upon the whole, although some might put Mainhall's Dell' Aquilla into the list, the only actors in the entire large casts of the past fortnight who have really struck the audience with that skill and surety of touch which one likes to find even in acting, were E. N. Thayer and Willie Simms. Although cast in comparatively minor parts, they had nothing of the uncertain air of experiment which marked every individual else in the support.

Yet long live the legitimate, for the company has improved more in these two bungling weeks than in a month of "Private Secretaries."

---

At irregular intervals it comes to pass that there is a lull in everything in the world of amusements, and Charley Reed alone occupies the attention. A kind of burnt-cork Selkirk, he is monarch of all he surveys.

Such a time has come about now, but as people in search of pleasure can not patronize the minstrels solely, it has become a good time to invest one's dollar in charity.

Once the November blasts were no special signal for alms-giving in California, and we boasted that gaunt poverty was a thing unknown among us. But it is significant that within the past very few years, so soon as the winter winds begin to threaten, the charities begin to feel the pinch of need.

When Miss Mary Bates first organized that most graceful and prettiest of all the charities, the Fruit and Flower Mission, it was only the kindly thought of a girl who had an inborn love for the beauty of a flower to cheer the couches of the sick poor with its loveliness. These young girls of the Mission did not administer to any crying physical need; but within these few short years their field has been widely extended. When they dispensed their beautiful Thanksgiving baskets, last week, they gave to many a gaunt and hungry one, suffering—great Heaven!—in this free, abundant California, for a day's food.

And this most popular of the charities is the most easily and readily responded to. These young girls, with their fruit and flowers, and visits of cheer, come in contact with the misery of poverty; but the actual horrors of it come within the province of the older and graver charities. The six associations who have banded themselves together have, for their charge, suffering and sinful women in their homes of travail and agony; helpless young, abandoned of their mothers; boys and girls hesitating upon the edge of a career of crime, who only need a helping hand put out to stay them; old women and men who have outlived their strength and usefulness, but whom Heaven does not yet choose to call home, and what not else of humanity that suffers and is weak. Every one in their charge is a unit of almost hopeless misery.

And so they say to the pleasure-seeking world, come and enjoy yourselves for a night, for the benefit of these poor wretches. And it is surely worth fifty cents to so easily do a unit of good for these units of misery.

Saturday afternoon is given to the children, when the mites are to contribute a mite of twenty-five cents each for the baby kettle-drum. And on Monday night this wild carnival of charity is to close with a big charity ball. In New York the proudest lady patronesses are proud to wear their biggest diamonds and their costliest laces at the Charity Ball. It is indeed one of the social events of the season, for the great ones of the avenue consent in a spirit of pure kindliness to go on parade, and the lesser ones of the lesser avenues are perfectly willing to pay, in charity, for a sight of the spectacle. A luxurious way of giving charity this, to go in one's best clothes and dance the night away to the sound of good music. Try it.

BETSY B.

---

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Max Freeman is teaching the "stage-laugh" at the New York Lyceum.

J. B. Polk has a new play by Colonel Milliken, called "Nice and Warm."

Miss Ellie Wilton is making quite a hit as the heroine of Bartley Campbell's "Galley Slave."

The receipts of the first week of Madame Ristori's tour amounted to fully fifteen thousand dollars.

At the close of her engagement at the Baldwin Miss Louise Davenport starts out on a starring tour, in emotional parts.

Mark Thrall, formerly treasurer of the Bush Street Theatre, is managing Lily Clay's Adamless Eden Company, now in Chicago.

Mr. Al. Hayman will arrive from the East on Saturday night, and will next week make an announcement of his contemplated attractions.

The London *Era*, of November 1st, devotes twenty-four columns, or more than forty-five thousand words, to press notices of Wilson Barrett's Hamlet.

Howard P. Taylor has rewritten "La Charbonnière" for Mrs. D. P. Bowers, and is in consultation with Miss Kate Claxton in regard to a new play for her.

James O'Neill is still playing "Monte Cristo." He is at present in New York, at Niblo's. De Belleville is also in New York, and is playing "The Silver King," at the People's Theatre.

A spectacular emotional drama is to be produced at the Grand Opera House on the 15th, under the supervision of George Wessels, with Miss Elizabeth Rowellan in the leading rôle.

Manager Hayman has the refusal of a new lease of the Baldwin Theatre; but even if he should decline it, which is improbable, the theatre will not be closed, as an Eastern manager has also applied for the lease.

J. M. Morton has written a play entitled "Triplets"; the leading man is to play three brothers—a phrenologist, a dude, and an amateur prize-fighter—the brothers being constantly mistaken one for the other.

At the Standard Theatre, next week, Charley Reed has a new finale for the first part, entitled "The Authors' Carnival"; the afterpiece, "Shavings," also by "the plain comedian," will include the entire company in the cast.

Next Monday evening, December 8th, at Irving Hall, an entertainment consisting of operatic, ballad, and instrumental selections, recitations, etc., will be given by the pupils of Madame Viola A. Pomeroy, assisted by Messrs. Harry Loveland and Joe Gray.

At the Baldwin Mr. Sheridan finishes his engagement next week. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, "Richelieu"; Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, "Merchant of Venice." Monday, December 15th, Miss Rose Eytinge, supported by her own company, plays for one week only, producing "Felicia" and "Aunt Emily."

Miss Mary Anderson, as Juliet, is borne to the tomb in a deshabille of white and silver, which is said to ravish the eye when she emerges from the tomb of the Capulets, and finds the two or three families comparatively broken up. Miss Anderson is coming to us in the year of grace 1886. Till then let us strive to preserve our souls in patience.

Lawrence Barrett's progress eastward is a triumphal tour. In a short time Louis James and Marie Wainwright, who have been so long associated with him, will sever their connection and go starring themselves. Juliet is Miss Wainwright's ambition, it being the part in which she made her début. Louis James also aspires to be a star in the strictly legitimate.

Miss Hélène Dingeon will make her reappearance at the Tivoli next Monday evening. Owing to her father's death, she wished to remain off the stage for some months longer, but she has a contract with the management that she can not very well break, inasmuch as her managers have been very kind to her in her recent affliction, having already given her a protracted leave of absence.

Sardou, who is better acquainted with Sarah Bernhardt, her faults, and her virtues, than any man living, although he has never been one of her episodes, declares himself to be daily waiting to hear of her suicide. He is superstitious enough to tremble for the fate of "Theodora" without her. His description of his last interview with her, after the quarrel with Richepin, her last lover, reads very much as if the divine Sarah had unmistakable jim-jams.

Adelina Patti has withdrawn from her New York engagement, but announces her intention to keep all her outside dates, so that we shall probably have our Mapleson season, although the advance notices are not coming along very fast. Patti and Mapleson are both disgusted and indignant with New York. A part of Patti's indignation is due to the fact that she is accused of no being as fine a billiardist as was supposed. Mademoiselle Recetti and Madame Steinbach have both been signal failures, but Emma Nevada has been a great success.

Mrs. Langtry is turning a handsome penny out of the sale of the photos of her little Chinese page. She has just had six new dresses from Felix, and she is to be photographed in each one of them. In her forthcoming production of "The Lady of Lyons," at her own theatre, she will insist upon each member of the cast being dressed with historical correctness. This is actually an innovation, for although Claude Melnotte uses really dresses according to the period, Pauline never does. In this Mrs. Langtry displays a desire to join the fast recruiting band of art managers.

Mrs. John Wood has recently made an enormous success as Mrs. Dick Chetwynd, in the production of "Young Mrs. Winthrop," in London. Mrs. Wood, who is fifty-six years of age, was a great belle in California some thirty years ago, as any pioneer will tell, and she was then a mature woman. She is as perennial as the immortal French Dejazet; her toilets are watched for and reported, and she can make a song popular in London as quickly as the youngest burlesque actress in the profession. The part of Edith, the blind girl, in the same cast, is taken by Miss Norreys, the tiny little ingénue who was here with the Charles Wyndham Company.

---

We give the following from a criticism in the Chicago *Saturday Evening Herald* of a concert recently given at Hershy Hall, Chicago, under the direction of Mr. Clarence Eddy, the celebrated organist: "Two works by the young American composer, Edgar S. Kelley, whose overture to 'Macbeth' Theodore Thomas brought out at one of his last summer's concerts, were a most interesting feature of the programme because they were really beautiful music. The first number was a song, 'Love's Fillet,' which is thoroughly melodious, with a rich and unconventional accompaniment, and was emphatically re-demanded. His 'Grand Polonaise' for four hands, as played by Miss Schneider and Mr. Clarence Eddy, was a brilliant and spirited composition." Mr. Kelley's "Royal Gaelic March, from the music to "Macbeth," for grand orchestra, together with his "Confluentia," for string orchestra, will be produced this season in Stuttgardt, Germany.

---

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

**Bills and Casts for Week ending December 6th.**

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill: "Louis XI." Cast as follows:

Louis XI., W. E. Sheridan; Dauphin, Miss Louise Davenport; Duke de Nemours, George Wessels; Coitier, George Osbourne; Tristan, Harry Mainhall; Francois de Paule, E. N. Thayer; Philip de Comine, E. J. Holden; Oliver, Fred Corbett; Count de Dreux, Mr. Doniga; Marcel, Wm. Simms; Richard, Bartley O'Brien: Officer, H. Woods; Martha, Miss Annie Adams; Marie de Comine, Miss Louise Calvert.

Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, "King Lear."

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. Emerson's World's Fair Minstrel Company, as follows:

Billy Courtwright, Bob Slavin, H. W. Frillman, B. Clark, T. Wilmot Eckert, Madame Emma, Madame Marie and Mr. Adolf Martens, James Tiernay and C. W. Wayne, George H. Wood, Silvo, Duncan, and Calla Haley and Gallan. Afterpiece, "The Watch Dog."

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Closed during the week.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: Gounod's "Faust." Cast as follows:

Margherita, Madame Zeppelli; Seibel, Miss Kate Michi; Martha, Miss Lilly Valerga; Faust, Signor Baldani; Valentine, F. La Fontaine; Mephistopheles, M. Cornet Wagner, E. N. Knight.

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—F. W. Stecher, Manager. Standard Minstrel Company, as follows:

Charley Reed, J. Carroll Johnson, John Robinson, Crandall and Eastwood, Keegan and Wilson, Hooley and Thompson, W. S. Mullaly. The California Quartet—Morant, Wetter, Holland, and Wyatt. New Minstrel First Part. Afterpiece, "Rapid Transit."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Manager. Bill: "Blow for Blow." Cast as follows:

John Drummond, Owen Dale; Josiah Craddock, J. W. Callahan; Charley Spraggs, J. W. Delano; Dr. Grace, Paul Craig; Lieutenant Linden, Edwin Stevens; Mr. Kenwood, W. P. Johnson; Sergeant Brent, Ed. Donaldson; Mildred Craddock and Alice Petherick (twin sisters), Miss Eleanor Barry; Lady Linden, Miss Marlborough; Miss Warbler, Miss Lilian Owens; Miss Moulsey, Miss Alice Hudson; Jennie, Miss Daisy Merton.

---

At the Baldwin, next week, "Merchant of Venice" and "Richelieu" will be produced.

At the Bush Street, next week, Emerson's Minstrels.

At the California, next week, nothing has been announced.

At the Tivoli, next week, Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera" will be produced.

At the Grand Opera House, next week, "Mountain Daisy" will be produced.

At the Standard next week there will be an entirely new programme.

FRENCH FLOWERS AND FEATHERS IN GREAT variety, and all the latest styles, at the Wonder Flower and Feather Store, 1024 Market Street.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—PERSONS SUFFERING with corns and bunions instantly cured by Dr. Halpruner, 850 Market St.

— LADIES' BAZAR PATTERNS, 215 Dupont St.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5.

— GRANDPA WILL BE DELIGHTED WITH A PAIR of gold pebble spectacles for Christmas. C. Muller, Optician, 135 Montgomery Street.

---

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**

THIRD CONCERT

**At Platt's Hall,**

**Wednesday Afternoon, December 10, 1884, at 3 o'clock.**

**MISS ESTELLE HANCHETTE.....PIANIST.**

First appearance in this city.

GRAND ORCHESTRA

**G. Hinrichs, Director.**

Seats on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store.

---

**VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL RECITAL**
**And Dramatic Entertainment**

By the friends and pupils of

Mme. VIOLA A. POMEROY

—AT—

**IRVING HALL, 139 POST ST.**

**Monday Evening, Dec. 8, 1884.**

ADMISSION, 50 CENTS; CHILDREN, 25 CENTS.

---

**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,**

Eddy Street, near Market.

KRELING BROS.....Sole Proprietors and Managers

Last nights of Gounod's beautiful grand opera,

**FAUST! FAUST!**

**Signora Zeppilli and Signor Baldanza**

In the cast

Monday, Dec. 8th, Verdi's grand opera,

**UN BALLO IN MASCHERA.**

Admission, 25 cents.....Reserved seats, 50 cents

---

**Mechanics' Pavilion Skating Academy.**

Daily Sessions (Sundays excepted) commencing Monday, September 22d, from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M., and evenings from 7:30 to 10 o'clock.

☞ Tuesday evenings the Pacific Skating Club has the exclusive use of the Rink.

TERMS—Mornings and Afternoons, 25 cents for admission and use of skates. Evenings, when boys under 15 can rot skate, 25 cents for admission and 15 cents for skates. All improper persons and features interdicted. Full Band in attendance. J. L. WALTON. Actuary.

---

**W. GRUENHAGEN & CO.,**

MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE CANDIES

Pay special attention to

**Quality, Flavor, and Purity in the making of their Candies.**

**Best place in town to get your**

CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

**20 Kearny Street.**

---

# HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

We have this season imported a large stock of standard

**Books at Reduced Prices:**

Dickens's Works, 15 volumes, $22.50, reduced to $15;
Scott's Works, 12 volumes, $ 6 50, reduced to $12 50;
Thackeray's Works, 10 volumes, $15, reduced to $12;
Red Line Editions of the Poets, $1.25 per vol., reduced to 75 cents;
Octavo Editions of the Poets, cloth, gilt edges, $5, reduced to $3;
Also, cheap editions of Hawthorne, Goethe, Thackeray, and George Eliot.

**Elegant Books for Gifts:**

Fine Art Books;
Standard sets in fine bindings:
Rare and Curious Books;
Fine editions of the Poets in tree calf and morocco;
All the new books of the season.

**Imported Vienna Goods, etc.:**

Portemonnaies, Purses, Wallets, Shopping Bags;
Card Cases, Cigar Cases, Glove Boxes;
Writing Portfolios, Scrap Books, Autograph Albums.

**Christmas Cards:**

Original California Novelties, painted by local artists;
Imported English Cards in great variety;
A large variety of elegant Fringed Cards, reduced to 10c, 15c, and 25c each.

Do not fail to ask for a Kate Greenaway Calendar.

**JAMES T. WHITE & CO.,**

**23 DUPONT ST.**

**Agency of D. Appleton & Co., New York.**

OPEN EVENINGS.

---

**COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION,**

**Phelan's Building, Rooms 6, 8, 9, 10, 11. Entrance, 806 Market Street.** Gas Specialists; positively extract teeth without pain; only office that makes and gives the celebrated "Colton Gas;" established in 1863; over 15,000 references; also, performs all operations in Dentistry.

---

OIL STOVES

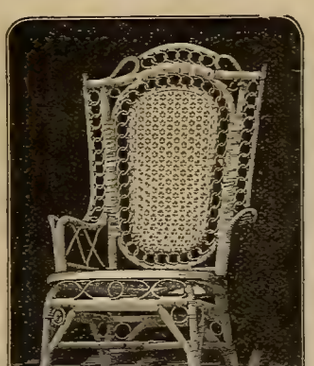
**Oil Stoves for Heating and Cooking. Oils and Lamps.**

**JOHN F. MYERS,**
**869 Market Street, S. F.**

---

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.



**THE**

**WAKEFIELD RATTAN CO.**

**No. 644 Market Street,**

**Have now in stock an immense variety of RATTAN CHAIRS, in all the latest and most elegant designs.**

**Without exception the finest line of Rattan Goods ever offered in this city is now on exhibition in our warerooms. Remember, nothing is more suitable for a CHRISTMAS GIFT than a WAKEFIELD CHAIR.**

**Send for our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. Goods delivered in Oakland and Alameda FREE OF CHARGE.**

---

GREAT FREE

EXHIBITION

**ICHI BAN**

**20, 22, and 24 Geary Street**

.....OF THE.....

ARTS AND MANUFACTURES

.....OF THE.....

# JAPANESE EMPIRE

**Established to introduce to the world the wonderful skill of the JAPANESE in the manufacture of USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL ARTICLES for house furnishing and decorating. The public is cordially invited to inspect this wonderful collection. COME OFTEN. BRING YOUR FRIENDS. ASK QUESTIONS. DO NOT PURCHASE. EVERYBODY WELCOME.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**20, 22, & 24 GEARY ST.**

---

# CARDS!

*Dodge Brothers*

32 GEARY ST.

---

**THE SIERRA MADRE VILLA HOTEL,**

LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CAL.,

**Is located on the south side of the Sierra Madre Mountains, one thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea.**

**ABOVE THE FOGS OF SEA AND VALLEY.**

It is in the midst of an ORANGE GROVE, overlooking the beautiful San Gabriel Valley. For comfort, a pleasant home, good living, PURE AIR, and sparkling mountain water, it has no rival. The Villa is thirteen miles from Los Angeles, and is reached by rail to within four miles, at San Gabriel station, where the stage meets all trains from East or West. General Sherman says it is the most desirable place on the continent for a quiet rest. Address

**W. GARDNER COGSWELL, San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, Cal.**

---

# GHIRARDELLI'S

**SOLUBLE COCOA,**

MADE INSTANTLY.

**Hygienic, Nourishing, and Agreeable. For the Young and Old, Sick and Healthy.**

The Beverage par excellence, Home-made, Fresher, Better and Stronger than imported, and being ABSOLUTELY PURE is DOUBLE the strength of foreign sweet cocoas, and consequently cheaper. One trial will convince. **Sold by all Grocers and Tea Merchants.**

---

**ROBERTS**

**"Cards by the Million!"**

In addition to our elegant stock of Christmas and New Year's Cards, we offer specially admirable flower and landscape studies, autograph and card albums, choice novelties, in papeterie, and solicit inspection of our supplies for the most particular purchaser of social stationery.

**10 Post St., Masonic Temple.**

**CARDS!!**

---

# HOLIDAY GOODS!

STANDARD AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, singly and in sets;
ARTISTIC JUVENILE BOOKS;
FINE ART GIFT BOOKS;
CHRISTMAS CARDS.

**C. BEACH,**

107 MONTGOMERY ST.,

**Opposite the Occidental. Open Evenings.**

---

SACHS, PRUDEN & CO.'S

# FAMOUS GINGER ALE.

This celebrated Ginger Ale is known everywhere, and is as popular in the cold-water districts of Maine as it is in the home of the soft-flowing Bourbon, or on the vine-clad hills of California. Put up in quart bottles. No family should be without it. For sale everywhere. John T. Cutting & Co., Sole Agents, 116 Front Street, San Francisco.

---

W. E. GRAVES. J. W. ROLPH. F. M. PRINDLE.

**F. M. PRINDLE & CO.,**

**14 Post Street, S. F.**

**Jewelry and Fine Stationery,**
**Elegant Plush Cases,**
**Christmas and New Year's Cards.**

---

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**

**Commission Merchants,**

**San Francisco,**

OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.

☞ Liberal advances made on consignments.




See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

J. W. EVANS,

General Agent. 29 Post Street.

---

# BEHNING



## PIANOS

Have stood the test for twenty-one years, and are to-day the leading instruments. 22,000 are now in use.

They are manufactured from the best material, by the most accomplished workmen, and every instrument leaving the factory will be accompanied by an absolute warranty for five years.

KOHLER & CHASE,

AGENTS, 137 and 139 Post Street.

---

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.

General Shipping and Commission MERCHANTS,

309 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

---

JOHN MIDDLETON,

## COAL.

14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.

---

# SPECIAL NOTICE.

In order to reduce our large stock of fine WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, FRENCH CLOCKS, SILVERWARE, etc., we have concluded to deduct a liberal discount from every article we sell. The goods comprise all the latest novelties in our line, and will remain marked as heretofore in plain figures, from which the discount will be allowed.

An examination of our prices and quality of goods will satisfy purchasers that we are selling lower than any house on the Pacific Coast.

This inducement is offered especially for Holiday Trade.

## LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.

119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Store will be open every evening during December.

---

# IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We beg to inform the trade that we have constantly on hand for sale in lots to suit, in bond or duty paid: GEORGE GOULET & CO.'S Champagnes, in quarts, pints, and half-pints; DUMEZIL & JOLIVET, Bordeaux, a full assortment of Clarets and Sauternes; FRIEDRICH SEYLER, Deidesheim, Rhine Wines of most popular brands; F. DUMEZIL, Cognacs; XEREZ DE LA FRONTERA, Cadiz, Sherries; SILVA & COSENS, Oporto, Port Wines; GEORGE ROE & CO., Dublin, Irish Whiskies; CANTRELL & COCHRANE, Belfast, Ginger Ale; Club Soda Water, Sparkling Montserrat and Lime-Juice Syrup; a full line of French and Amsterdam Liqueurs and Cordials; a full line of Bourbon and Rye Whiskies; H. CLAUSEN & SON Brewing Co., New York, celebrated Export Champagne Lager Beer. Special discount to the trade according to quantity.

## ALFRED GREENEBAUM & CO.,

123 CALIFORNIA STREET. SOLE AGENTS.

---

# UNEXCELLED!

Ask your Grocer for

ARCTIC REFRIGERATOR HAMS,

ROYAL BREAKFAST BACON

ROYAL LEAF LARD.

All Guaranteed Choice Family Goods.

---



PRICE'S SAN LEANDRO

## VILLAGE PHAETON, $135.

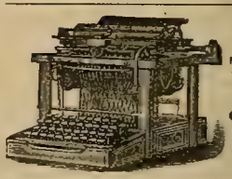
Without Top, $110.

Lightness, Elegance, and Durability combined. Guaranteed to ride as smooth as the best four-wheeled vehicle.

Sold subject to approval on arrival. Send for catalogue.

TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., San Francisco.

---



Remington STANDARD Type-Writer.

Again improved and perfected. See them.

G. G. WICKSON & CO.,

539 Market St., Opp. Sansome, S. F.

---

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY

OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET.

Works.....Potrero.

C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

---

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE

# HENRY F. MILLER

(Factory Boston, Mass.) and

# HEMME & LONG

(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)

## PIANOS!

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.

101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.

Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.

---

FOR FINE HOLIDAY WINES,

## J. GUNDLACH & CO.

Cor. Market and Second,

SAN FRANCISCO.

---

# FIREMANS FUND

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CALIFORNIA.

THE LARGEST PACIFIC COAST COMPANY.

CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - $750,000

ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1883, - - - - $1,500,000

AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

---

# ICHI BAN

FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

---

MARBLE WORKS.

MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, Colored ITALIAN, and Statuary Marbles, Monuments and Headstones. W. H. McCORMICK, 827 Market St.

---

GEORGE MORROW & CO.

(Established 1854),

HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

---

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed

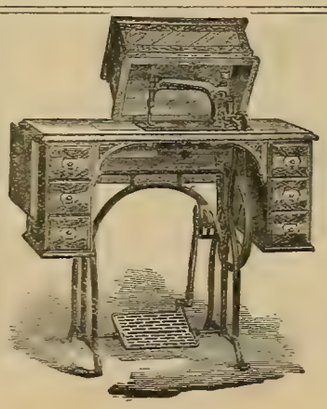
# TILES

For Decorations.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO

311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

---



Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.

WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.

1303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.

Shipping and Commission Merchants

UNION BLOCK,

202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,

Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

---

GERMEA

FOR BREAKFAST.

DELICIOUS.

TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. No. 24. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 13, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS: A Suggestion by the *Chronicle* for the Improvement of our City—Some Greater Needs—What our Wealthy Men have Done—Why they do not do More—How Some of them have been Driven from San Francisco—Another Brilliant Suggestion from the *Chronicle*—The *Argonaut* Suggests some Improvements in the Golden Gate Park—A Chinese Funeral—The Peculiar Ceremonies Observed—And the Disinterment of the Bodies for Shipment to China—An Account of the Disinterment and Preparations for Shipment—A Moral Drawn from the Revolting Practice—A Glimpse into the Political Future—The Questions and Candidates of the Campaign of 1888 Prophesied—The Figures of the Last Election ..... 1–3

CORRESPONDENCE ..... 3

BILL NYE'S BUDGET ..... 3

THE LOVES OF SENSE AND SPIRIT: By Robert Duncan Milne ..... 4

MAPLESON'S MINIONS: "Flaneur" Explains how the Wily Colonel "Stands Off" his Creditors—Madame Patti's Love for the Dear American Public—The German Opera Company—A Dowdy Diva and a Dandified Tenor—Henry Irving's Hamlet—A Gossipy Letter on New York Theatricals ..... 6

THE CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest ..... 7

VANITY FAIR: ..... 7

INDIVIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People all Over the World ..... 6

THE ORDER OF THE GARTER: "Cockaigne" talks of the Latest Recipient of that Honor—And of his Family—A Chuckle-headed Son and an Overrated Daughter—An Aristocratic Black-leg—And his Wife—A Budget of Interesting London Gossip ..... 8

STORYETTES: Brignoli's Idiomatic English—Ochiltree's Motto—Hard on Cartersville—A Quaker's Advice—A Brilliant Messenger—Bob Toombs as an Angler ..... 8

THE MEMORIAL SERVICES OF LELAND STANFORD JR ..... 9

OLD FAVORITES: "In Memoriam," by George D. Prentice; "Beneath the Earth," by William Motherwell; "Sonnet," by Aubrey de Vere; "There are Gains for all Losses," by Richard Henry Stoddard; "The Sleep," by Elizabeth Barrett Browning; "The Hour of Death," by Felicia Hemans; "Life and Death"; "Mutability," by Percy Bysshe Shelley; "Thanatopsis," by William Cullen Bryant; "Over the River," by N. A. W. Priest; "Mortality," by William Knox ..... 1

LITERARY NOTES: Some New Books—Journalistic Chit-chat—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip ..... 13

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day ..... 13

SOCIETY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip ..... 14

THE LATEST VERSE: "Freedom," by Alfred, Lord Tennyson; "Beauty and the Beast," by Andrew Lang; "The Squire at Vauxhall," by Austin Dobson ..... 16

DRAMA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record ... 7

The *Chronicle*—with the characteristic modesty of a journal having the "greatest influence" and the "largest circulation"—SUGGESTS "that nothing is so much wanted in "California as an art gallery in San Francisco." "Such "an institution," says the *Chronicle*, "would exercise a "refining influence that could be hardly overestimated, "and would efface the last vestige of provincialism from "the city and would raise it to metropolitan rank." We think there are one or two other things quite as necessary to establish our metropolitan rank and efface the evidences of our provincialism, and one of these things is the establishment of a respectable cosmopolitan journal, one that could discuss foreign subjects with intelligence, and would write of local affairs in a spirit of fairness and decency. We also think that one of the things desirable for a great commercial metropolis, which is the entrepot of an ocean commerce and the terminus of a transcontinental railroad system, is that provision should be made for the coming together of ship and car. We think there should be such a healthful public opinion that when a railroad company makes an honest endeavor to utilize its own land for a terminus, by filling a malarious swamp and converting it into taxable wealth, or when it would secure a barren and unused island within the city limits and upon which it would expend millions for improvement with a view to bringing business to a city, the merchants, the property owners, and the press would endeavor to aid, and not prevent it; that when the Government of the United States is willing to give land in aid of constructing a railroad which would bring the trade of a neighboring State and three great territories, the Board of Trade, the Chamber of Commerce, the Democratic party, and the daily newspapers would all favor the gift; that when the Government, in opposition to a fixed policy of "protection," opens the port of San Francisco to the free-trade of an oceanic kingdom, it would not find opposition from the journal of "leading influence and largest circulation" in the port and city to be especially benefited. We are also of the opinion that the men and women of wealth, who either by luck or brains have accumulated fortunes in this State, and who desire to enjoy their wealth by spending it among us, should not be discriminated against by unjust laws of taxation, or driven from their homes by the scandalous persecutions of a provincial press or the organized malice of anti-monopoly demagogues within the Republican and Democratic parties, aided and supported by the unwashed, ignorant, idle mob of cowardly sand-lotters. We could fill a page with the description of things which we deem of more importance to San Francisco than a picture gallery. The *Chronicle* "suggests," as Governor Stanford has a picture gallery which contains some "priceless gems," and as Mr. Flood is constructing a new palatial dwelling for his family residence on Nob Hill, that Governor Stanford give his art works and Mr. Flood consecrate his new building for their home, and thus, from the generosity and wealth of these two gentlemen, San Francisco shall secure an art gallery. If there are two men in the world who ought not to do any generous act to the community in which they live until the public press, and political parties, and public opinion have undergone a radical and thorough transformation, it is these two gentlemen, whose every advance step has been hindered by the interposition of every obstacle that the devilish ingenuity of jealous, narrow-minded men and newspapers could suggest. The railroad men—Stanford, Huntington, Crocker, and Hopkins—have made no progress to which the prosperity of State and town has not kept step. The wealth of the bonanza kings came as virgin silver from the mines they developed from the grass roots down. If bankers, business men, clergymen, and servant-maids gambled in stocks and the town went mad over wild-cat mining shares, whose fault was it? Both railroad and bonanza men—Stanford, Flood, and their associates—have invested their money in California. The exceptions are Mr. Huntington, who is engage in Eastern railroad enterprises, and Mr. Mackay, who finds in ocean cables and other large projects a broader field for his capital, and from the Eastern press and the Eastern community a more generous and appreciative welcome than is found in California. All the others have shown a desire to live and enjoy their wealth in California: Governor Stanford, in his Menlo breeding farm for thoroughbred horses and cattle, his great vineyard in Butte County, his city home, his projected university; Mr. Crocker in his splendid watering place at Monterey, his gift of the Golden Gate Park conservatory, his large purchase and improvement of city property, his elegant and hospitable town house; Mark Hopkins in the palace erected for himself upon Nob Hill, and other contemplated schemes which by death he was prevented from carrying out. His widow is driven from her home to find in New England a residence where her personal wealth is more justly taxed. Mr. Crocker, for similar reasons, is now a citizen of New York. The difference between New York and San Francisco is that one invites wealth and the other is hostile to it. There is no man so rich in America that he is not welcomed to the city of New York. Mr. Flood has no dollar of his vast wealth invested outside of California. There is his residence at Menlo; his "palatial" structure now going up on Nob Hill; the Nevada Bank Block; his Contra Costa warehouses, which, except for the *Bulletin* and *Call* would have been built in San Francisco. All that Mr. and Mrs. Fair have expended has been laid out in our city; this is their home and where they desire to live; this is where all our successful business men and millionaires would desire to live, and would live if they could be decently treated by the press and fairly dealt with by the public. The list of rich men driven away from San Francisco is a long one. The *Bulletin* began it; the *Chronicle* continues it. Let us ennumerate from memory. The Garrisons, father and son; Levi Parsons; Frederick Billings, of Vermont; Charles Elliard, of St. Louis; General Halleck; William M. Lent; Captain Ben Hartshorne, Captain Thomas, and Moses Ellis. These are a few of the earlier day. Of the later, C. P. Huntington, Mrs. Mark Hopkins, Charles Crocker, D. O. Mills, and M. M. Hueston. The proof of the argument we make is found in the same issue of the *Chronicle*—Sunday last—which invites Governor Stanford and Mr. James C. Flood to contribute some millions for the establishment of a picture gallery. We might have safely relied upon our readers' recollection of the *Bulletin*, *Call*, *Chronicle*, and *Alta California's* course in reference to the old Hiram Pierson controversy, over Peter Smith and Colton grant titles; the persecution of Jo. Palmer, banker, upon whose final failure no depositor lost a dollar; the "water-front extension job," the "Dutch Flat wagon road swindle," the "Goat Island grab," the "Bonanza thieves" for their "stock-gambling swindles," railroad exactions, discriminations, tyrannies; the new Constitution, bloated bond-holders, Kearneyism, Sand-lotism, Dolly Vardenism, Esteeism, the special session of the legislature, the convention of Democratic lunatics at Stockton—we might, we say, have relied upon this not-forgotten history of newspaper and popular opposition to enterprise and business venture, but the article referred to and found in the same column suggests that the State Government steal these gentlemen's accumulations—in other words, does what Judge Wallace, Delmas, and Billy Foote, the Railroad Commissioner, by the aid of the *Chronicle*, have been endeavoring to do. The *Chronicle*, quoting from its special correspondent at the seat of war in China, says:

"In China 'when a mandarin has grown suspiciously rich, he is told that the Imperial Government is poor and requires so much money. He is quite aware that if it is not paid he will be arrested for peculation.' Now we have a parellel case here. The State Government of California is quite poor; the Governor will announce a deficiency of about a quarter of a million more or less next January, and simultaneously the railway triumvirate and their confederates are 'suspiciously rich.' Could anything be done in the way of an appeal to them to come to the rescue of the State finance?"

In other words, the *Chronicle* "suggests" that the Legislature of California imitate the governments of China, of Mexico, of Turkey, of the African tribes, of tyrannical and usurping governments generally, of despots and tyrants uniformly—viz., that if it has a deficiency in its treasury, it shall *steal* it from Governor Stanford and Mr. Flood, because they are "suspiciously rich," STEAL it from the railway triumvirate and their confederates! If we had all the money of the railway triumvirate and the bonanza kings, we would rather it were grabbed by political thieves, or seized by partisan highwaymen, or extorted by blackmail newspapers, or stolen by sand-lot plug-uglies, than to give it for an art gallery to a community as jealous, narrow-minded, and illiberal as this one of San Francisco has shown itself to be in the treatment of the railroad-builders and the men who developed and worked the bonanza mines. There are other things which it seems to us are more desirable and more easily attainable than a picture gallery. We would suggest a more liberal appropriation for the improvement of streets and drives; the making of our public squares more attractive; the building of a crystal palace upon Union Square, where music, flowers, birds, and innocent amusements would attract our young people of both sexes, and save our street Arabs and hoodlums from the criminal amusements of the streets, the dives, the gin-mills, and gambling hells; a more generous appropriation for our Golden Gate Park than the present beggarly sum, that is grudgingly conceded by our Board of Supervisors; the building of commodious school-houses for the accommodation of the thousands of pupils now housed under sheds or not provided with school-houses at all. We would suggest that the limitation of our tax

to one per cent. of our taxable wealth is false economy. We have fallen into a narrow rut, and the sooner we get out of it the sooner will our city become what it ought to be, and what its location and climate intended it to become—one of the most attractive cities and one of the most desirable for residence of any upon the American continent. We can not better illustrate our meaning than by reference to the Golden Gate Park. We have undertaken to convert more than a thousand acres of unsightly sand-dunes into a pleasure-garden and place of resort for our people, and to this end we appropriate something over thirty thousand dollars annually—less than several gentlemen expend for the adornment and maintenance of their private grounds. This park, with capacities excelling that of any other that we know of in the world, is permitted to languish for want of funds; is under a process of creation and development that will require a generation to work results that ought to be consummated in five years. For lack of funds, it is unfenced, run over by predatory cows; its forestry is suffering for want of thinning and pruning; its waste-places need planting; its roads are narrow, of bad grades, and dangerous; its only beauty—the conservatory—is the gift of private citizens, burned, and rebuilt at the expense of one of the "railroad triumvirate"; its music is provided by private subscription; it has no water system; its ocean front, where at little cost there might be the grandest esplanade in the world, is a naked sand beach. There should be, from the entrance to the ocean, a splendid boulevard, with accommodations on one side for pedestrians, and on the other for equestrians; to the top of its Strawberry Hill, overlooking the sea and the city, walks and drives should be constructed up its terraced sides, and on its summit, protected by glass from the winds, there should be built an overlooking and outlooking pleasure promenade. A thousand cosy nooks in its oak groves should be provided with benches and tables for family picnics; recreation grounds for athletic amusement, and a thousand and one other devices provided for the people who visit it. The added value such a park would give to property; the pleasure it would afford the citizens; the attractions to residence in San Francisco; the children it would rescue from criminal pleasures, and the pleasure it would afford to the poor and middle class—are not to be considered beside the paltry economy that would save real and personal property from the beggarly addition of an added vulgar fraction to our tax bills. The Golden Gate Park might be made, in five years, the most attractive pleasure-ground in the United States, and at comparatively small expense. The climate facilitates the rapid growth of shrubbery and trees, and there is hardly any rare specimen of tree or flowering plant that may not be successfully grown within its boundaries. It has mountains of rock and beds of clay, out of which cheaper and better driveways can be built than any place that we know of. Here is a picture gallery, in comparison with which no "palatial residence" can be built with money, and no "priceless gems of art" be purchased for coin to fill it. Stretching out into the broad Pacific is a marine view which no artist can put upon canvas. It is embosomed in hills that no landscape-painter can portray; at its gate lies a great city, with its lights and shades under a changing sky, bordered by its gateway of commerce, its perspective of bay and mountain views, that make the best efforts of landscape and architectural drawing seem poor indeed. Here is a gallery of Claude Loraines and Turners; upon its greenswards play children and their mothers that Michael Angelo might have chosen for his Holy Families. This gallery the people of San Francisco may build for themselves out of their own money, to have and enjoy in their lifetime, if the press will permit the people to loosen the purse-strings of its taxpayers just ever so little. The *Argonaut* "suggests" these things as better than begging or stealing from the railroad triumvirate or the bonanza kings.

In the midst of civilization we are in barbarism. Riding out last Sunday morning we came in contact with a Chinese funeral upon the Point Lobos road. Stopping for a moment at the Homestead "to see a man," we heard the clamor of Chinese gongs and the din of brazen cymbals, and saw coming toward us a gorgeous hearse with nodding, white-plumed horses draped in funeral broadcloth, exposing only the tips of their noses, their eyes, ears, and feet. The funeral train was composed of seventy-two of our best-appointed and most stylish public hacks. It moved along at a comfortable trot. In each hack were four well-dressed, decent-looking male Chinese. All were smoking, chatting, and having a good time. The grief business was decorously performed by a single hired mourner, who, in habiliments of becoming woe, sat cross-legged upon the floor of an ordinary furniture wagon, surrounded by bundles of clothes and baskets of incense-making punk, and packages of paper rolls with fantastic characters to be burned at the burial-ground. He was faithfully earning his money by paying the strictest attention to his sorrow. Upon the glass on either side of the carriages was fastened a white or red strip of paper, two inches in width by ten in length, bearing Chinese letters. Upon the seat beside the coachman of the hearse an industrious Chinaman, with diligence and in the greatest profusion, distributed similar papers along the highway. We are certain that this dead heathen had a paper of larger circulation than any of our contending dailies, and for the truth of which no affidavits of foremen in the press department were required. We understand there is an existing, and superstitious, belief among the Chinese that printed papers propitiate the devil, keep off evil spirits, and make safe the passage of the soul to the Celestial Kingdom—a function which even our religious journals do not undertake to perform. Another wagon followed in the rear of the procession loaded down with provisions—an appetizing pig, roasted whole, with crisp, well-oiled, and shining skin; chickens roasted to a turn, garnished with ornamental vegetables; crabs, doubtless fattened upon some drowning unfortunate who was undergoing the sea change; tea, Chinese gin, and other dainties. Upon arriving at the Chinese cemetery in a higglety-pigglety sort of a way, the dead Asian was not tenderly taken from his hearse, and with reverent and solemn step borne to his hole in the sand in the northwest corner of a shabby inclosure, which looked more like a corral than a graveyard, but he was incontinently grabbed and suddenly precipitated from his carriage to the grave with a lack of decorum and absence of sentiment that most naturally characterizes a family that has four hundred millions of people to die in a generation of less than thirty years, and that has its well-authenticated traditions of fifteen hundred generations passed away. A good-natured Scotch laborer shoveled the sand over all that was mortal of the heathen, and chatted with the two or three white spectators near a reverend Oriental doctor clad in a long, cheap, cotton robe, which, had it been silk and clean, would have resembled the robe of an Episcopalian clergyman. Upon his head he wore a cap not dissimilar, except that it, too, was vilely dirty, to those worn by the students of the higher English universities. Thus clad and all alone, except his white audience and the grave-digger, he chanted in a musical monotone, accompanied by clashing cymbals, a requiem to the barbarian dead. While this service was going on, the deceased's clothing, with all his personal belongings, was being consumed by fire. In the furnace, or bake-oven, or sacrificial altar, or whatever it may be called, was being burned scrolls of colored paper, which were poked by the iron poker of an attending Celestial stoker. Upon the wooden platform or table was spread the edibles and drinkables, which were not partaken of by any of the Chinese. An occasional hoodlum stepped up, and, in friendly conviviality, waived his prejudice of race sufficiently to help himself to a small porcelain cup of Chinese gin. Over the grave a rooster was let loose. He was quickly caught by one of the moon-eyed barbarians. This for luck. Snatched from the burning pyre a hackman seized a pair of blankets, now doubtless doing duty in some Christian household. And as we all, in hurry-skurry, crowded out of the burial-ground, each person was given a piece of "cash," wrapped in brown paper. Ours was a five-cent piece, American coin. Thus we left our Chinese citizen. He had fallen in a Celestial fight in Chinatown, pierced by sixteen bullets. Two others murdered in the same way were buried on the same day. Half a dozen more wounded men hang hovering over the brink of death. These, and the thousands of other bodies of the Chinese dead, that foul the sands that overlook our Golden Gate, will be left to rot and taint the atmosphere of our peninsula, till from their decaying carcasses the bones can be picked, and packed, and consigned, as freight, back to the Celestial kingdom, from which place alone is it possible to find entrance to the celestial realm. One of our morning dailies gives the following dreadful account of the disinterment of bodies and their preparation for shipment. We publish it in the hope that the disgusting details may impress some hypocritical preacher like Beecher, some super-sentimental old maid, some soul-saving old hen who finds no opportunity of usefulness, or charity, or loving-kindness among the poor, sick, and suffering of her own race, but must busy herself scratching for souls in China. The article alluded to reads as follows:

> There are just now being exhumed the bones of several hundred Mongolians to be sent back to the Celestial kingdom, in accordance with the solemn covenant made by the various Chinese companies with each of their members. From November 17th until yesterday there have been resurrected at the City Cemetery about one hundred and eighty coffins, with their decaying contents, and this number will probably see a large increase before the year expires. . . . . The fact is that one "Sam," a semi-Americanized Chinese, has taken a contract to resurrect several hundred of his deceased countrymen, and that he is now at work carrying out his contract. He has pitched a tent in the plot of the Fook Yam Tong Company, and every morning at seven o'clock he begins blowing a Chinese imitation of Gabriel's trumpet, with the result that toward evening several wagon-loads of bones, and sometimes more than bones, come rolling into town. Yesterday Ah Sam was digging up the women's corner in the plot. Five living Chinese women were ready to welcome the planted ones back to light, and whenever a cover would be knocked off the decaying coffins these Celestial beauties would eagerly bend over the contents, without regard to the direction of the wind, and begin a search for the jewels and money of the late lamented. Generally the bodies proved to be swathed in so much cloth and blanketing that poking with a stick would not reveal the treasures, and in such cases the Mongol dames would daintily deposit their cigarettes upon the coffin's edge and dive into the horrible mass with their fingers. The first article looked for was generally the coin which is placed in every Chinaman's mouth, so that he may get to heaven's gate with sufficient toll to purchase admission. To search for this in the depth of a grinning skull and to find it was pronounced as good luck by these dames, who were said to be respectable married women, as otherwise they would not be permitted to enter the burial plot set apart for the lords of creation. The money found, the earrings were the next prize; and if by chance a little piece of cartilage adhered to the bit of silver and jasper, the living hands would pluck it away as if it were a sweet morsel of prime roast pork. Then the jasper bracelets would be disengaged from the bones of the hand and forearm, and, this done, the professional bone-picker would begin his work. These bone-pickers plainly were not men of sentiment. They went to work in a matter-of-fact way, smoking cigars furnished by the friends of the deceased. Their hands were their tools, no matter how repulsive-looking were the contents of a coffin.
>
> Beginning at the feet, these men pick out of the coffin every bit and sliver of bone, carefully mashing any soft substance between their fingers to make sure that not even a trace of bony structure remains in the land of the white devils. The bones are then cleaned after a fashion, and if it is found that even a joint of the small toe is missing, the grave, the coffin, and the ground are thoroughly searched. When all the bones have been found they are wrapped in pieces of muslin, each part of the body by itself, and then the whole is placed in a little zinc-lined box, which is ostensibly the package which goes to China. It is only ostensibly so, because the law compels the Chinese to solder up their cases before they leave the cemetery, but when these same cases reach Chinatown it is said they are unpacked into large boxes and then shipped to China, and freight paid on these by measurement. Quite often these zinc boxes, which are supposed to have been sent to China, return to the cemetery for another invoice of bones. . . . . The Chinese, however, do not mind the odor. The coins, the rings, and the bracelets are apparently none the worse for their contact with the putrid flesh. Yesterday afternoon the grave-diggers brought back to sunlight a coffin which contained the remains of a woman who had been wrapped up in a red blanket. It was sand that she had been buried in for four years. However that may be, she was all there, barring her eyes, and for lack of them she made up by perfuming the neighborhood for a quarter of a mile to leeward. A Chinese damsel, quite undismayed by the slightly disadvantageous surroundings, coolly lifted up the left hand to secure the bracelet. She got the hand but not the bracelet, for arm and hand separated and she had to make a second grab for the coveted article. When she had secured it she wiped it on a piece of paper and then she clasped it over her arm, where it will probably remain to be eventually buried with her. The rule is not to allow corpses to be taken away unless they are well decomposed. But to ascertain if they are far enough gone they have to be dug up and looked at, which is quite as bad and dangerous as if they were taken away. Occasionally such a coffin and its contents are reburied, but as a rule the Superintendent of Disinterments permits the contractor to turn the contents into a zinc-lined coffin without their being fingered by the bone-picker.

This is the kind of barbarism that some very good, but very ignorant and shallow-minded people, think may be safely introduced to our country without lowering our own high standard of Christian civilization. When we regard our Chinese community, its thirty or sixty thousand adult male barbarians huddled together in filth and discomfort, so different in dress, food, language, and habits, so impossible of assimilation, without virtuous women, without homes or home influence, believing in and practicing the most revolting of superstitions, worshiping graven images, painted idols, and the devil, engaged in gambling, opium-eating, making merchandise of females—it seems incredible that anybody who has common sense and common reason can willingly allow this people to become domiciled upon our continent. It seems to us unaccountably strange that any American citizen who believes in the splendid history of his people, any business man who regards the material interests of the country, any Christian who believes in the teachings of Christ, should wish to encourage this Mongolian immigration to our shores, or should shut his eyes to the ultimate consequences of their finding fixed habitations among us.

The election of Mr. Cleveland has relieved us of a great labor and great responsibility. Had Blaine been chosen President, we should now be earnestly coöperating with the 4,844,060 other good Republicans to provide for him a cabinet. As events have transpired, this duty devolves upon the 4,838,319 Democrats and Independents who united to give him the presidential office. It is a proof of the fact that the Democratic party is not dead that each and every man who voted for Cleveland is now advising him as to his cabinet appointments. Both wings of the party in California are engaged in this business. The descendants of Pocahontas—the blue bloods of Virginia—present the honored name of the patriotic gentleman who gallantly led a division of cavalry through the civil war upon the Southern side. In the language of one of Virginia's most loyal sons, "He may have lived, sir, for a time in Kentucky, or Mississippi, and may have served in Texas, sir; but he is one of the Flournoys of Virginia, by God, sir—one of the best families of Virginia, sir!" Colonel Flournoy is a comparatively new-comer in California, and we should have observed him more closely if we had known that we were entertaining a cabinet officer unawares. We had not even dreamed he was a statesman. The Northern wing of the Democracy, through Mr. Justice Field, presents the name of Samuel Wilson for Secretary of the Interior. If it is such men as Mr. Wilson that Judge Field will recommend, and such men that Mr. Cleveland will call around him for his advisers, we shall find another solace for our hurt caused by Cleveland's election, for Mr. Samuel Wilson is a gentleman and a lawyer, and, though a Democrat, is a man of ability, character, and industry. He would make a good Secretary of the Interior; there could be none better. We must not be understood as recommending Colonel Flournoy, of Virginia, or Mr. Wilson, of California, because, in our

judgment, neither of those gentlemen is a representative man of the Democracy, and neither of them has earned such honor by party service. If our advice *should* be asked, we shall recommend Mr. Christopher Buckley as entitled, by all honorable rules of party advancement, to the first and highest recognition. He did not serve in the Confederate army, and is not a lawyer. We do not even know whether at any time he was ever engaged in an anti-draft riot; but he keeps a whisky saloon; he is the recognized leader of the Democracy of California; he is Irish by descent; he is honorable in fairly dividing and disbursing patronage to his lambs, and in every single particular represents the party of which Mr. Grover Cleveland is President. The reasons why this coast is entitled to a cabinet officer are apparent to all. The Democratic party is so harmonious, so united, so effective in advancing the interests of the national Democracy, so generous to Judge Field, so knit together in sentiments of State pride, such friends of the laboring man, such friends to capital and enterprise, so disinterested, earnest, and honorable are all the more prominent leaders, that the only difficulty the President will have is to select from among so many good men and to discriminate in favor of one clique where all are so deserving. There are seven cabinet officers to be appointed; there is also a private and confidential secretary to be chosen, and it will not be forgotten that, as Mr. Cleveland is a bachelor, he will naturally desire to wive. Thus, there are nine places to fill, and it is undoubtedly the privilege of all Democrats to have a voice in recommending to the President-elect fit persons to sit at his council board, his private desk, and to fill his marriage bed—*the same propriety in recommending to the one place as the other*. The Democrat who will *unasked* thrust his advice upon Mr. Cleveland as to whom he will appoint to the cabinet, or who will seek the place for himself by the common arts of the office-seeker, is, in our judgment, as lacking in good taste and modesty as the female who would *push herself* beside him to the marriage altar. Dividing the cabinet officers geographically seems to us quite absurd. If Mr. Cleveland could find seven able statesmen for cabinet councilors, a private secretary with whom he could establish confidential relations, and a wife who would honor him with her love, and all in one ward of the city of Buffalo, we should be quite content and just as well pleased as though he selected his cabinet, his secretary, and his wife in obedience to the geographical wants of the Democratic party.

Nothing is certain in politics that is four years away. Everything, however, points to the probability that the next Presidential contest will lie between Cleveland and Blaine. If neither gentleman should die—and we never heard of a candidate for the Presidency dying—that part of the Democracy which shall have been provided with office, and that part of the Republican party now in office who shall hold over under civil service rules, the bolters and Independents who will not by that time have seen the error of their ways, will insist upon the second candidacy of Mr. Cleveland, and he will take it, if he can get it—they always do; nobody ever declined a Presidential nomination who ever had the remotest possible show of getting it. The Republicans will renominate Blaine. The nomination of Cleveland will make every Democrat who wants an office and don't get it, mad; and, as they *all* want office, they will, at the end of four years, all be mad. The few in office won't aid in the election, because under civil service rules they can not be assessed and can not be turned out. There won't be any increasing disaffection in the Republican party; all those who wanted change will have had it; those who did not like Blaine voted against him this time. The Prohibitionists have done their worst. Butler is knocked out of time, and will never gain his second wind. It is hoped Beecher will be dead or have experienced a change of heart, and that Mrs. Belva Lockwood will have experienced a change of life. Conkling will have gone over to the Democracy, and by the end of four years he will have driven as many men from the Democratic party to the Republican as he dragged from the Republican to the Democratic this time. It won't rain in New York on the next election day, and every one of the four million eight hundred and forty-four thousand and sixty-one who are then living and who voted for Blaine, will vote for him again; and every young man of the Republican party coming of age within the four years, and tens of thousands of the young men of Democratic parentage attaining their majorities, will vote for Blaine. The South, emancipated from its political and party thraldom, will divide upon local questions, divide the negroes with them, strengthen the Republican party at the South, embolden the negroes to vote, and Blaine will carry Missouri, Tennessee, Louisiana, both the Virginias, the two Carolinas, and Florida. Whenever Georgia shakes the drunken old man of the mountain off its shoulders, and realizes that the Republican party means protection to American industry, and has the courage to vote as the interest of the State directs, it will not give sixty thousand majority for a free-trade Democrat. There is nothing we so much delight in as prophecy, and we now declare, without fear of having this prophetic utterance remembered if it is false, and we will take good care ourselves to bring it forward if not false, that James G. Blaine of Maine will be the nominee of the Republican national convention in 1888, and that he will be elected by a triumphant and overwhelming majority.

The Chicago *Tribune* gives the popular vote of the nation at 10,041,268. Of this vote Mr. Blaine has received 4,844,061; Cleveland, 4,838,319; Butler, 208,553; St. John, 150,335. This gives Blaine a plurality of 5,742. Garfield's plurality was 7,018. In a technical sense this is not an official count, but it is the summary of the vote upon which the Electoral College has acted, and upon which Mr. Cleveland has received the certificate of his election as President of the United States. Mr. Blaine, confronted with a solid South; handicapped by the admitted fact that he must enter the contest with one hundred and fifty-three votes against him; opposed by a most serious defection in his own party, led by Mr. Roscoe Conkling, whose personal enmity toward Blaine led him into an act of treason to his party; deserted by a very large number of independent Republicans, some of whom were honest and some of whom were hypocrites; contending against a pot of English free-trade gold; having arrayed against him the mistaken idea that the temperance cause would be advanced by standing the Prohibition fanatics in a row to be counted; subjected to the accidental utterance of a fact by an indiscreet clerical friend, "rum, Romanism, and rebellion"; and the further incident of a rainy day—Mr. Blaine, notwithstanding all these things, and the admitted and justified Southern policy that disfranchises a million or more of colored voters, and a cowardly public opinion that compels hundreds of thousands of white men to vote with a party whose principles they do not approve and whose party associates they despise; notwithstanding all these things, Mr. Blaine received more votes than his Democratic opponent. Of the votes representing the intelligence, the wealth, the morals, the patriotism, the sobriety, and the honest industry of the nation, we believe he received three-fourths, and yet he is not President. Had he received less than a thousand more votes in New York he would have had a majority of the Electoral College, as well as a majority of the popular vote, and would now be President elect. This makes Mr. Blaine a formidable candidate for the next Republican National Convention. If Cleveland inaugurates civil service reform in letter and spirit, and has the courage to carry it through his term of administration, it is possible that no political organization can be effected to defeat his reëlection. If he lacks this courage, James G. Blaine will be the next President.

The well-known, long-established, and thoroughly respectable jewelry house of Louis Braverman & Co. announces its determinatian to make a *special discount*, during the holiday term, upon their very choice and valuable assortment of jewelry merchandise. This is in the nature of a holiday gift to its old and new customers, gratitude for past favors, and inducements for a new clientèle, and must be accepted as a departure extraordinary and exceptional. We commend our readers to test the liberality of this old and most reliable jewelry establishment by making extensive purchases of holiday presents. The larger the expenditure and the longer the bills, the greater and doubtless the more liberal the discount. It presents the anomaly of making money by spending it. Of one thing we may assure all purchasers, and that is implicit confidence in the honorable dealings of the firm, and reliance upon the truth of all its guarantees.

## BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

### His Experience in Venice.

We arrived in Venice last evening, latitude 45 deg. 25 min. N., longitude 12 deg. 19 min. E.

Venice is the home of the Venetian, and also where the gondola has its nest and rears its young. It is also the headquarters for the paint known as Venetian red. They use it in painting the town on festive occasions. This is the town where the Merchant of Venice used to do business, and the home of Shylock, a broker, who sheared the Venetian lamb at the corner of the Rialto and the Grand Canal. He is now no more. I couldn't even find an old neighbor near the Rialto who remembered Shylock. From what I can learn of him, however, I am led to believe that he was pretty close in his deals, and liked to catch a man in a tight place and then make him squirm. Shylock, during the great panic in Venice, many years ago, it is said, had a chattel mortgage on more lives than you could shake a stick at. He would loan a small amount to a merchant at three per cent. a month, and secure it on a pound of the merchant's liver, or by a cut-throat mortgage on his respiratory apparatus. Then, when the paper matured, he would go up to the house with a pair of scales and a pie-knife and demand a foreclosure.

Venice is one of the best watered towns in Europe. You can hardly walk a block without getting your feet wet, unless you ride in a gondola.

The gondola is a long, slim hack without wheels, and is worked around through the damp streets by a brunette man whose breath should be a sad warning to us all. He is called the gondolier. Sometimes he sings in a low tone of voice and in a foreign tongue. I do not know where I have met so many foreigners as I have here in Europe, unless it was in New York at the polls. Wherever I go I hear a foreign tongue. I do not know whether these people talk in the Italian language just to show off or not. Perhaps they prefer it. London is the only place I have visited where the Boston dialect is used. London was originally settled by adventurers from Boston. The blood of some of the royal families of Massachusetts may be found in the veins of London people.

Wealthy young ladies in Venice do not run away with the coachmen. There are no coaches, no coachmen, and no horses in Venice. There are only four horses in Venice, and they are made of copper and exhibited at St. Mark's as curiosities.

The Accademia della Belle Arti of Venice is a large picture store, where I went yesterday to buy a few pictures for Christmas presents. A painting by Titian, the Italian Prang, pleased me very much, but I couldn't beat down the price to where it would be any object for me to buy it. Besides, it would be a nuisance to carry such a picture around with me all over the Alps, up the Rhine, and through St. Lawrence County. I finally decided to leave it, and secure something less awkward to carry and pay for.

The Italians are quite proud of their smoky old paintings. I have often thought that if Venice would run less to art and more to soap she would be more likely to win my respect. Art is all right to a certain extent, but it can be run in the ground. It breaks my heart to know how lavish nature has been with water here, and yet how the Venetians scorn to investigate its benefits. When a gondolier gets a drop of water on him he swoons. Then he lies in a kind of coma till another gondolier comes along to breathe in his face and revive him.—*New York Mercury*.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### Sweet Charity.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Of the many sad experiences that a man passes through during the course of his natural life, there is none that makes him feel so much like kicking himself as to be "taken in," as the boys call it; that is, to be cheated or swindled out of anything by some one who has more brains and less conscience with respect to a certain kind of business than he has. I have "been through the mill" myself, and for the benefit of some of your unsophisticated young gentlemen readers, who, perhaps, have never seen a pack of cards, and know not the meaning of the word dice, I have a word or two to say:

You may investigate the hidden mysteries of that most interesting and fascinating game which of late years has been the chief food and nourishment of our most intelligent and law-abiding citizens—"stud-horse poker"—and so long as you have sense enough to let the dealer "pack" the cards on you, and let your face change color according to the nature of your hand, you will probably come out all right the *first* time; but don't think of trying it again—for if you do, you will surely get left. You may slip out of the house some night, on a pretense of going to the opera, and drop into a respectable gambling h—l, for the purpose of looking on at a game of faro; but it is best not to take part in the game; and if you should by chance be bitten in the rear by the "tiger," for heaven's sake have sense enough not to return the next night to worry the beast.

You may do all these things, and a thousand and one other little similar acts. But, my dear fellow, never—no, never—even for a moment, think of, or in your sleep so far forget yourself as to dream of, going to a church fair. At stud-horse poker, you *may* win; at faro, you *may* win; and at any other gambling game under the sun, you have, at least, a ghost of a show to win; but at a church fair—you *must lose*. If the sight of a few pretty faces, and a little freedom of action on the part of a number of very fair young ladies, will compensate you for the loss of twenty-five or fifty dollars, by all means go to every church fair in the country; but if you are working for a salary of about fifty dollars a month, and are endeavoring to lay a little aside for the purpose of matrimony or some other kind of business, in the name of good, common, horse sense, stay away—avoid it as you would a friend who never sees you but he wants to borrow money.

I know it is pretty hard to refuse to buy a ticket from a young lady who comes to see you in your office, and declares that you must buy a ticket, and that she won't go until you do; that it is for the church, and that she is expected to sell so many tickets, and that she has counted on you as being one of the purchasers; but even under such trying circumstances, if all other means fail, the law allows you to use a reasonable amount of force in ejecting her from your premises; and even though she proves too strong for you, and pulls a few handfuls of hair out of your head, and mutilates your face, you have still got your money in your pocket—and that's a big consolation. Of course, buying a ticket don't amount to much, so long as you don't go to the fair; so, if your pocket is picked of a dollar, and a ticket put in its place, have nerve enough to throw it in the spittoon, or in the fire, or anywhere, so long as you get rid of it.

A church fair may be generally described as a big collection of side-shows, where every side-show has a different manager. As soon as you enter the door, or, rather, as soon as you are seen at the entrance, the managers (ladies), each and all, make a grand rush for you, and for about ten minutes thereafter it is somewhat difficult to understand what is being said, as they are all talking at once, but it sounds something like this: "Do come and buy some of my ice-cream"; "Don't you want one of my bouquets"? "Here is a raffle-ticket to this thing, and here is a raffle-ticket to that thing," etc. After you have purchased a dozen or two of raffle-tickets, five or six plates of ice-cream, a dozen glasses of lemonade, four or five boxes of candy, two or three bouquets, and fifteen or sixteen kisses (a dollar apiece, and not candy either), you are permitted to leave. It may be that you are a wiser, but you certainly are a poorer man—and money is a greater consideration than wisdom every day in the week. GOSSIP.

The *Dramatic Times* relates that James Gordon Bennett has been paying a brief, spasmodic, and intermittent court to Mary Anderson, and made an offer of his hand, heart, and *Herald* one day so precipitately as to scare Mary out of her seven senses. Mary asked for twenty-four hours to consider, and told him next day that she had only asked for time to get her breath, but that she never could, never would, etc., being wedded to her art, etc. Bennett took his refusal very grumpily, and has since been her bitter newspaper enemy. Perhaps this is the cause of the attitude he has assumed in his newspaper toward the whole theatrical world, an attitude which is highly ridiculous, whatever its impelling cause.

Alma Stuart Stanley once figured as local unemployed talent for some months in California, only coming to the front at Sunday night benefits. Miss Stanley, who is a very beautiful woman, was a specialty artist known as a male impersonator. She was married the other day in London to a rich American; but as she has so long worn the breeches professionally, the fate of the rich American is darkly foreshadowed.

Modjeska is playing Shakesperean comedies in her native language in Poland. She and the Count Bozenta claim protection as American citizens from the eccentricities of the Russian [illegible]. The count's *pied à terre* is in Southern California.

## THE LOVES OF SENSE AND SPIRIT.

Written for the Argonaut by Robert Duncan Milne.

"And so you really believe," said I, "in the existence of unseen forces and energies in nature of which modern science knows nothing, but which may yet be brought under the control of human beings properly constituted or trained to exercise such control, and whose elements and conditions are actually known to some favored few who do actually exercise such control; a mysterious, occult world, in short, coëxistent with the sensible and tangible world in which ordinary beings live and move, and in a manner connected with it, though the bridges forming such connection are rare and require peculiar powers to overpass?"

"I certainly do," responded the person addressed. "I have had actual experience of the fact, and am therefore constrained to have faith in it."

The person who spoke was a young and rising artist of this city, to whom I had lately been introduced through the medium of the Palette Club, and in whose studio I was then seated. Julian Armitage—such was the name of my friend—belonged to quite the class of man of whom ideas like this might be predicated. Tall and well formed, not more than eight and twenty years of age, his high forehead, long and wavy golden-brown hair, and lustrous, dreamy eyes, betokened that he possessed no ordinary share of the poetic and artistic temperament, while his conversation and cast of thought, coupled with the mystic and allegorical themes which usually covered his canvases, at once suggested intimate communion with the realms of the ideal.

"I have always felt a desire," I remarked, after a pause, "to know something more of these mysterious, occult forces which our modern nineteenth century science derides, but to the belief in which so many persons of no ordinary intellectual calibre so closely cling; though, I fear," I added, deprecatingly, "that my practical nature and matter-of-fact mode of life would not fit me for the prosecution of an inquiry demanding, doubtless, a high degree of ideality in the prosecutor."

"Not necessarily so," replied Armitage. "The conditions necessary to the knowledge you indicate are not wholly inconsistent with the vocations of every-day life. Persons living, as you do, in the closest relations with the work-a-day world may become theosophists without interfering with their ordinary occupations."

"Theosphists," I repeated, musingly. "I have somewhere read something about a Theosophical Society as existing, or having existed, in New York some years ago. It was founded, if I remember rightly, by a Madame Blavatsky and a Colonel Olcott, was it not? Its purpose was to inquire into and study the occult forces of nature which are presumed to be still controlled by adepts among the Hindoos and other Oriental nations."

"You are perfectly correct," assented Armitage. "Madame Blavatsky has written a work explaining the scope of that society, and defining the principles of the inquiry on which it is engaged. Would it surprise you to hear that there is a branch of that society here in San Francisco, and that I, myself, am a member of it?"

"You interest me," I rejoined. "I can not say that I am surprised, however. I should very much like to know something of it."

"It is quite a family circle," replied Armitage. "All its members are related, and you can readily infer that it does not court publicity. I shall, however, if you desire it, ask permission to introduce you, and you can then judge for yourself."

Thanking him for his kindness, I took my departure, after promising to meet him again on the following Sunday afternoon.

"I have obtained the necessary permission," said Armitage as I entered his studio next Sunday; "and the members of the society will be happy to receive you, with the one proviso—that you will not reveal their identity until authorized to do so. This course, as you can well understand, is dictated by a desire to avoid the insolent criticism which ignorant prejudice is apt to bestow upon anything not in accordance with the ethical or scientific dogmas by which said ignorant prejudice is molded in any given age or place."

I gave the necessary promise, and, after dining with my friend at a fashionable restaurant, where he confined himself, I remarked, to the simplest and most abstemious diet, and, in reply to a query regarding his health, smilingly said that this was his usual fare, we strolled toward the Western Addition. It must not be supposed, however, that Armitage's ascetic habits saddened his spirit or dulled his sense of enjoyment. His whole demeanor and the tone of his conversation was frank, cheerful, and unaffected. Still, it was evident that he lived and thought in a more exalted plane than others. His ideas were sublimated to a degree; his enjoyments purely æsthetic. He seemed the embodiment of a somewhat felicitous description of the artistic type I remember to have once read—

> "He bears this mission from his birth,
> He knows it as his simple duty
> To follow round the gleaming earth
> The wayward spirit-queen of beauty."

With all this there was neither effeminacy nor assumption in his nature; and such was the effect of even a brief association with him that, after our twenty-minutes' stroll to Van Ness Avenue, I confess that I felt raised to a spiritually higher plane than my ordinary vocations permit of my occupying in a general way.

We paused before a commodious mansion, and, ascending the steps, Armitage opened the door, and we both entered. Passing down a corridor, my friend rapped at a door, which presently opened to receive us. A tall, benevolent-looking gentleman, from whose chin depended a long, white beard, invited us to enter. We did so, and found ourselves in an elegantly furnished apartment, the furniture, hangings, bric-à-brac, and paintings in which betokened wealth; a dim light, admitted only by three stained-glass windows, opening, as I could see through one which happened to be ajar, upon a conservatory beyond, pervading the whole with a species of religious calm. Two ladies rose from ottomans, where they had been reading, as we entered, and I was successively introduced to Dr. Orwell Hathaway, the old gentleman who received us first; Miriam Hathaway, his daughter, and Miss Agatha Howard, his niece.

The former lady was a tall, magnificent-looking brunette, with lustrous eyes and a wealth of blue-black hair. She seemed to be about twenty-two years old, and would have been considered by most judges strikingly beautiful. The curves of her lithe figure were perfect, as was the expression of her features in repose—though these, when animated, gave evidence of a spirit perhaps too passionate and a will too strong to suit the ideal of womanly tenderness and grace. Her cousin, Agatha Howard, was of a totally different type of beauty. Golden-haired, fair-skinned, and of much more slender proportions than those of Miriam's voluptuous form, she possessed a more ethereal and spiritual loveliness. Perhaps the most apt distinction that could be drawn between the cousins would be to say that they respectively realized the ideal of spiritual and sensuous beauty.

The evening was spent in conversation and music, the ladies fully bearing out the character I had instinctively assigned to each at first—Miriam Hathaway's manipulation of her instrument being distinguished for dash and *bravura*, while Agatha Howard excelled in such harmonies as required more delicacy of touch and feeling. The whole evening was so delightfully informal that I caught myself speculating as to when the members of the Theosophical Society I had come to be introduced to would arrive, and, in fact, hazarded a remark to Doctor Hathaway upon the point.

"Your society, I presume," I said, addressing him, "numbers among it some of our well-known social and scientific lights."

"On the contrary," he replied, smiling, "it numbers only those whom you see before you. We are all here. I see," he added, after a pause, noticing my surprise at what he had just said, "that our methods do not tally with your expectations. You expected, no doubt, to witness something mysterious, mystic, occult, and are surprised to find yourself introduced to a very ordinary family circle. All in good time, my friend; all in good time. We shall, I have no doubt, be able to satisfy your curiosity in every reasonable manner, and give you proof of the reality of the existence of the beneficent knowedge we are aiming to acquire.

"Theosophy," he went on, in reply to some further queries on my part, "is perfectly consistent with the conduct of the ordinary affairs of life. We are not ascetics, as you can see; but, on the other hand, our enjoyments are purely of an exalted nature. Any form of self-indulgence—intellectual no less than moral or physical—would be fatal to that serenity and exaltation of mind through which alone we can approach the goal we aim at—a knowledge of and control over the unseen forces of nature. You must not suppose that even the innocent recreation, in which you have taken part to-night, is an illustration of our ordinary mode of life. Such recreation is, indeed, limited and occasional. The progress of each of us depends upon individual effort. We are not equally gifted or equally advanced. It is now four years since our little society was founded by Madame Blavatsky, while passing through this city on her way to India, and Agatha, though the youngest—she is not quite twenty-one—enjoys freer communication with the Brethren in Tibet, and with the intelligences of the unseen world, than I, who am more than thrice her age, and devote even more time and thought to preparation. Even Miriam and Julian excel me in communion with the occult."

"The Brethren in Tibet!" I repeated, inquiringly. "May I ask the meaning of that term?"

"It is the term," replied Doctor Hathaway, "by which we distinguish that august fraternity of Oriental sages in which is centred all that is possible for man to know of the inner workings of nature. The Brethren are the repositories of this secret lore. They form a college, resident in Tibet, on the northern slope of the Himalaya Mountains. They are the fountain-head of all occult wisdom. They cherish and keep alive the ethereal flame of that knowledge which was once—immemorial ages ago—the birthright of the human race, but which, through those successive cosmical convulsions which have, over and over again, whelmed the earth and its races in ruin, bestializing man and perverting his noblest instincts, has long since passed into a forgotten dream. This knowledge which really controls nature, rendering man superior to the ordinary laws of matter, they are willing to confide to such as render themselves, by purity of life and exaltation over the debasing thraldom of sense, fitting recipients for it. It is only after a probation extending over years that they permit initiation into the more profound mysteries of natural law, rightly holding that no one is competent to control nature who can not first control himself. The wisdom of such a provision is obvious, as who can say what evil might not result from abuse of such control over laws of such far-reaching energy."

"The tenets of the Theosophists," I presently remarked, "seem to bear some similarity to what I have read about the Rosicrucians of the middle ages."

"They are one and the same," answered the doctor. "The Rosicrucians, or Brethren of the Rosy Cross, were an offshoot of the august Oriental Brotherhood. Whatever of practical value or actual power over the forces of nature they possessed was derived from the eastern sages."

At this moment a clock upon the mantel tinkled forth the hour of nine. Agatha Howard, who had been playing the piano, stopped short. The others rose. Doctor Hathaway also rose, and simply requesting me to follow, led the way to the door. The party passed out into the corridor and thence into another chamber completely hung with black. Even the carpet was of a black and gray geometrical pattern, and the ceiling was ornamented with dark mosaic. From the centre of the ceiling depended a single bronze lamp, or cresset, of antique design. The chamber was destitute of ornament of any kind, its only furniture being five chairs of some dark-colored wood and a small circular ebony table. Standing out in bold relief from the black background of one of the walls, and covering nearly its whole area, was a figure of the pentacle in red. All took their seats in silence and remained seemingly buried in profound meditation. Five minutes had so elapsed when I became aware of a change going on within the periphery of the pentacle. To my surprise, within the central space bounded by the interlacing triangles, a name was being written in the same crimson coloring of which the pentacle itself was composed. Had it been the veritable handwriting on the wall of Belshazzar's palace the effect could not have been more vivid or real. Letter after letter formed itself successively, as though under the touch of an invisible brush, until the name "Agatha" filled the space. At the same moment a little folded slip of white paper came fluttering down slowly from above and rested on the ebony table. I felt positive that the fluttering paper had not fallen from the roof, but that it had formed itself by some unseen agency, as if from the air, at a distance of a few feet from the table. Doctor Hathaway spoke.

"It is a communication for Agatha," he said, "from one of the Brothers in Tibet. She has asked a question and now receives a reply."

Agatha rose, went to the table, unfolded and read the contents of the paper, while a deep blush overspread her fair features. Was it fancy superinduced by my mysterious surroundings, or did I really see upon Miriam Hathaway's beautiful face an expression of dark and peculiar import as she concentrated her gaze upon the paper her cousin was reading? Agatha Howard put the missive into her pocket and resumed her seat. Again the company relapsed into silence and meditation. Ten minutes more may have passed when a bouquet of beautiful flowers—tulips, roses, magnolias, and ferns among others—suddenly appeared on the centre of the little ebony table, as if laid there by an invisible hand.

"That is the sign," said Doctor Hathaway, turning to me, while the rest of the party rose and Miriam took up the bouquet, "that we shall receive no more communications to-night. The leaving of these flowers is always the intimation of farewell. You have now had a personal experience, though a slight one, of the results which the subtile natural agencies we aim to control can effect. Space, time, and matter are, in effect, held in subordination to that wondrous fluid which pervades nature, and which is itself subordinate to the mind-power of those who control it. The flowers you have just seen mysteriously produced in this chamber grew probably ten thousand miles from here. The letter which Agatha received was doubtless penned among the mountains of Tibet. They were not, however, transmitted here *bodily*, and in the same form as they appeared to your eyes. They were resolved into their elemental forms by the mighty mind-power of one of the Brethren, transmitted in this form through the medium of the all-pervading ether, and reproduced here as if created on the spot."

We had by this time reached the reception-room which I had first entered, and as I saw Armitage bidding good-night to the ladies I did likewise, and, after a cordial invitation to repeat my visit, I accompanied my artist friend into the street.

* * * * * * * *

Six weeks had elapsed since my first introduction to the Theosophical Society. I had been present upon several occasions at their semi-weekly reunions for communicating with the occult world. I had been witness of occurrences and manifestations even more extraordinary and perplexing than those I have already described. I had even gone so far as to intimate a desire to be admitted as a regular member, though nothing definite had as yet been done on that point. Meantime my observations of what was going on around me had not been idle. I fancied I detected a certain tenderness in the natural relations of Julian Armitage and Agatha Howard beyond what was called for by the mere fortuitous belonging of both to the same society. I also fancied that the attentions bestowed upon her cousin by the handsome artist were not pleasing to Miriam Hathaway, and on more than one occasion I thought I detected the same dark and peculiar expression that I observed when Agatha received the letter, on my first night in the black-draped chamber, overclouding her beautiful features. Could it be possible, I thought, that such earthly passions as love and jealousy could have entered into this little family circle, and, if so, would they not sap the foundations of those virtues by which alone the disciples of Theosophy could hope to arrive at the exalted knowledge which they aimed at? Old Doctor Hathaway remained tranquil and serene, presiding with dignity both at the musical recitals and the mystic and select meetings in the black-draped chamber.

I had, meanwhile, brought a good deal of study and thought to bear upon the subject, and, when I could spare the time, had improved my acquaintance with modern theosophical literature, refreshed my memory upon the works of the Neo-Platonists, and dipped into the annals of the Rosicrucian philosophy. It was under these circumstances that I found myself, one Monday afternoon, at the house on Van Ness Avenue. The semi-weekly reunions, I should here remark, took place upon Thursdays and Sundays, and it was consequently an unusual thing for me to present myself at Dr. Hathaway's house upon a Monday afternoon. I had, however, accidentally left some papers there on the previous evening, and, as I had pressing need of the same, was now calling for them. A ring at the door-bell brought no response. A second ring was equally futile, and just as I was about to depart, chagrined at my ill-fortune, the door suddenly opened and I stepped mechanically into the hallway. The door thereupon closed, and, turning to see who had admitted me, I discovered to my surprise that there was no one there. Thinking that the door had been drawn open by the chain attachment common in many houses, I had no hesitation in entering the drawing-room, where I knew I had left my papers. These I found without trouble, and then took a seat to wait for that member of the family who had opened the door for me, and who, I felt sure, would presently enter. Two or three minutes passed without any one appearing, and as one of the windows opening on the conservatory was open, I stepped in and took a seat among the shrubs and flowers. The afternoon was warm, the atmosphere of the place, laden as it was with perfume from

exotic flowers and plants, induced a dreamy languor, and I found myself falling into a reverie.

My train of speculation naturally led in the direction of what I had witnessed in the house I was in. I felt a strange longing to learn more of the mysterious realms of spirit into which the members of the household had penetrated. What if I, too, should knock at the gates of this occult knowledge and explore the arcana within? I already knew that the prime, and indeed necessary, condition for doing so was an earnest desire on the part of the seeker himself. I also knew that the door was always opened if the right person knocked, but remained ever shut to the approaches of mere frivolous curiosity. I concentrated my entire mind upon the subject, and became imbued with it. I felt that I was knocking at the gates—the question was, would they be opened? Not many minutes passed before I experienced a very peculiar sensation—a gentle but very perceptible thrill ran through every portion of my body, as though I had suddenly become connected with the electrodes of a very mild induction coil. The sensation, however, was unlike that which is produced upon the nervous and muscular system by electricity. It was of a much finer and more subtile character, general instead of local, all-pervading—the very spirit and etherealization of electricity, so to speak. At the same time I experienced an unusual exaltation of mind, a joyous sensation, as though I had risen superior to the cares and troubles of earth. Then, in the open space amid the flowers, I saw a human figure dimly shaping itself before me. The head was bare, the face mild and intellectual, but of purely Oriental cast, the flowing beard somewhat grizzled, the loose, light robes falling in easy folds about the person. Strange to say, I felt no surprise at the appearance of this personage in the conservatory, but calmly looked and waited.

"Your invocation has been heard," said the figure, which had by this time assumed a distinct bodily shape, in a mild and musical voice. "I have come to see you."

Could it be possible, I thought, that the presence before me could actually belong to that fraternity of adepts in occult knowledge whose reported home is in the mountains of Tibet, and that it had overpassed the thousands of miles of intervening space with the speed of the electric fluid in answer to my unspoken call? The supposition was calculated to impress one with the profoundest sentiments of awe.

"You have divined correctly," said the figure, as if in answer to my latest thought. "I am, indeed, one of the Brotherhood of whom you have heard so much since entering these doors. Because your aspirations are sincere and not dictated by idle curiosity, I have answered them."

"But how—how," I exclaimed, "have you come here, as I conceive, in bodily form and at such incomprehensible speed? or are you really in bodily form, or merely an apparition projected hither by some mysterious means, while your physical body remains in Tibet? Or are you either, but a phantasm produced apparently before my visual senses, but really merely a creation of my own brain through some occult influence you exercise over it even from that mighty distance?"

"It is possible for me," responded the figure, "to reproduce myself by any of the methods you have mentioned. In the present instance, however, I have come in my own personal and material body, the better to convince you of the reality of the control we exercise over the elements and fluids of nature."

So saying, he approached the place where I was seated and took me by the hand. His own was firm, warm, and solid.

"But," I stammered, "it is incredible—inconceivable!"

"Not more so," he replied, "than the transmission and reproduction of the many articles you have seen materialized in this house. It is simply the working of the same law in the case of organic as of inorganic matter. The current is formed, the body disintegrated at one end, transmitted through it, and re-integrated at the other. It is simply the law of the telephone or the telegraph applied to higher purpose and extended to a wider field. We have heard of the tour of the world in eighty days, and of Puck putting a girdle around the earth in forty minutes. Once our currents are formed—or, to speak to your comprehension, our invisible rails laid or wires set—our speed is only bounded by the possibilities of thought. Will you come with me, intrust yourself to my care, and experience the practical working of this, to you, wondrous and incomprehensible law? Name a spot that you would like to see, or scene you would like to witness."

"I have often speculated," I answered, after some deliberation, "on the problem as to whether, in the removal of objects, for instance, from one place to another by the occult law we have been considering, magnitude or weight does not interfere with its successful application—in other words, whether it is as easy, or as possible, to transmit a house as a bunch of flowers or a piece of paper."

"It is," replied the adept, "as possible, but it is not as easy. Control over the occult fluids and forces of nature are conditioned as inexorably as the physical dynamics of our western civilization. Just as a ten-horse-power engine would be useless to propel an ocean steamer, so the control over the occult fluid, by which we perform the operations of transmission you have witnessed, must be proportioned to the magnitude of the work to be done. There is scarcely, however, a work so stupendous which a combination of forces, on the part of a sufficient number of those who hold them in control, would be unable to accomplish. Come with me, and I will give you proof positive of this."

So saying, he turned—still holding me by the hand—in an easterly direction, remaining for a few moments with eyes steadily fixed on vacancy. My senses became confused, my eyesight dimmed, and a strange noise rang in my ears. Instantly recovering myself, as I thought, I opened my eyes and beheld, with what astonishment can be conceived, that I was no longer in the conservatory of Doctor Athaway's house on Van Ness Avenue. I stood near the margin of a very broad and placid river. At either side of me rose to a dizzy height a colonnade of columns, stretching away, it seemed, for miles into the dim perspective before me.

"A moment ago," said the adept, with a grave smile—he was still holding me by the hand as before—"we were in San Francisco. We now stand amid the ruins of the temple of Karnak, on the banks of Nile, close by ancient Thebes. This is the answer to your question. Think you any architect of modern times would plan, or any engineer attempt to construct these miles of columns, each ninety feet high and each composed of but three blocks of stone, with the appliances which modern science now possesses? The problem yet remains unsolved by modern engineering science. Granting that hydraulic pressure brought from the first cataract, more than a hundred miles to the south, might raise these huge blocks to the necessary height, their adjustment would entail derricks and chains of most extraordinary strength—details which, at all events, are not even supposable in the case of the Cyclopean wall of Tiryns, in the Peloponnese. No: you see before you evidences of that mighty force which, in the days when these august monuments were raised, was not the sealed secret it now is. Hark!" he added abruptly, "I feel trouble in our current. You will now return to the city by the Pacific, and witness some of the perils connected with the study of theosophy. Your experience of to-day will be a lesson to you in more ways than one. It will show you not only the extent of the power that the adepts in theosophical science control, but also the fearful danger to which those are exposed who would pervert its noble energies to sordid or selfish ends."

The adept had not relinquished his grasp upon my hand since taking it in Doctor Hathaway's house. Again he turned and fixed his eyes upon the west. The same sensation of dizziness and blindness came over me as before, seeming to last only a few seconds, and when it passed away, I found myself seated in my old position among the flowers in the conservatory. The adept had gone, however. I was alone. It was night.

This was what I realized first upon opening my eyes. Several hours, then, I reasoned, must have passed in a space of time which had apparently occupied not more than a minute. The moon was shining over an angle of the conservatory in front, leaving the part where I was seated in shadow, while a faint light entered through the curtained windows of the drawing-room on my right. My course was plainly to explain my presence there to the family at once, and narrate my extraordinary experience; but when I essayed to get up to do so, I found I could not move; and when, as a next resource, I tried to speak, I found that my vocal organs were likewise paralyzed. My brain, however, was as keen and active as ever.

Before I had time to speculate upon my strange position, I heard the sound of voices in the drawing-room. Then one of the glass doors was opened, and two figures stepped into the conservatory and stood in the moonlight just where I could see them, myself unseen, through the flowers. They were Julian Armitage and Agatha Howard, and they were evidently unaware of my presence.

"But, dear Julian," said Agatha, in low tones, "remember what we have undertaken to do. You speak to me of love; but, ah me! have we not engaged to keep all such thoughts from our hearts? Is it not a direct violation of the rules under which our society was formed?"

"Think you not, dearest Agatha," replied Armitage, in passionate accents, bending over her golden tresses and gently circling her fair form with his arm, "think you not that there is something grander in nature than mere knowledge; that there are energies more ethereal and more potent than those whose highest action seem to be confined to controlling the mere brute matter of the physical world? What would knowledge be without a peopled universe to enjoy it, and how could a universe become peopled without love?"

"Ah! if I only thought so, Julian," murmured Agatha.

"See those stars," returned Armitage with fervor, pointing upward, "and that cold, pale, shining orb that floods us with its radiance! I swear by these changeless and majestic glories of the heavens, that your love is more to me than all the lore of all the Eastern sages that ever breathed or thought. What is dry, dead knowledge to me, if there is nothing to quicken and vivify it? What would it advantage me if I could stop yon moon upon her path, or pluck these stars from their eternal thrones, and lose your love?"

The maiden leaned her shining head upon his breast.

"Believe me, Agatha," the lover went on, in earnest tones, "our love is not the debasing passion of the animal world, by which moral sense, intellect, and spirituality are alike blunted and depraved. A love like ours is the purest and most ennobling sentiment that can crown humanity. It is the brightest gem in the diadem of virtue, and, whatever theosophy may say, proclaims itself to me as perfectly consistent with the teachings of the highest philosophy."

Armitage bent down and kissed her on the forehead. After a short pause they turned back into the drawing-room by the same door they had entered. I still remained, as though spell-bound, speechless and motionless. Not many seconds elapsed before I heard a faint, rustling sound at the farther end of the conservatory, beyond the spot where the lovers had stood. The next instant a female figure emerged, which I at once recognized as that of Miriam Hathaway. Her face was flushed, her eyes sparkled with an unnatural brilliancy, and her raven tresses fell loosely over her shoulders. She advanced to the place where Armitage and her cousin had stood, stepped cautiously to the door leading into the drawing-room, and looked through it.

"They are gone," she muttered. "It is just as I thought. Fool that I was not to see it long ago!"

She turned and seemed lost in thought. Then her lovely face took on a weird and unearthly splendor as she stood there in the moonlight, like the incarnation of a lost, beautiful spirit. It needed nothing to tell me that I beheld before me a rival of Agatha, even if I had not guessed it before.

Presently she looked up, with a look of determination upon her features. "I will do it!" she muttered. "If they have broken the rules of the society, why should not I? Shall I be bound by ideas which they treat as idly as the wind? Ah," here she started abruptly, "I will do more! I will avail myself of the knowledge I possess to thwart their designs and blast the flower of their loves. I will see whether my power will not suffice to call to my aid One who can help me if he will."

Miriam Hathaway bent down and traced with her forefinger upon the floor of the conservatory some lines, which, however, left no visible mark behind them. She then stepped into the space round which she had drawn the lines, and drawing her graceful and commanding figure up to its full height, remained motionless, looking steadily forward. Then, in her rich, melodious voice, though in a low and concentrated key, she chanted what sounded like a verse or hymn, in some language with which I was not familiar. After about a minute she paused, and seemed to wait for a response. I strained my eyes to see whether anything unusual would occur, but there was neither sign nor sound. Again the beautiful girl raised her arm, and resumed her invocation in what seemed to be even more earnest and impassioned tones than before. As she finished I became sensible of a stir in the air, and an appearance as of a gray, misty vapor between Miriam and the glass wall of the conservatory. This vapor seemed to concentrate, and take on the semblance of a human shape, though so dimly and vaguely that it was impossible to define its outline in the dubious moonlight. A low whisper came apparently from the misty figure.

"What wouldst thou?"

"I desire your aid," replied Miriam, in clear, unfaltering tones, "to bring back joy to my life, to restore and reawaken the love that is lost, to crush out my rival, and win back my lover to me."

"I can aid thee," replied the voice; "but knowest thou the penalty if thou failest or falterest when thou givest the commission to the agent I will send thee? Has thy training yet made thy courage so strong as to fit thee to cope with the beings whose power, if thou canst not control, will destroy thee? Take heed that thy spirit is fearless. Dost thou dare? I send, but I warn thee."

"I dare," answered the dark, beautiful form, with a defiant gesture. "I dare all for the love I have lost, if by that I regain it. Go, I command you."

The misty figure faded slowly away, and again there was a pause of a minute's duration. Then in the space between Miriam and the conservatory wall, where the shadowy figure had been, I beheld another cloud-like emanation gathering. It was not, however, the whitish semi-transparent mist I had seen before, but a black, murky cloud which completely obscured the glass beyond it, and even the moonlight from the figure of Miriam. The cloud seemed to roll sluggishly and convolute upon itself like a mass of slimy, crawling serpents. Was it fancy, or was it fact, what I then saw in broken configuration through and between the flower-stems that partially obscured my field of vision? Was it merely the natural effect of moonlight and shadow projecting a vision upon a strained and heated imagination, or did I actually see a portion of a face so lurid and terrible, so hideous in its awful deformity, with eyes of such piercing and devilish malignity that I instinctively closed my own, powerless as I was to avert my head from the fearful spectacle? I fervently trust that I will never know.

I had scarcely closed my eyes, to escape the terrible impression, when I opened them again, startled by the piercing shriek that rang through the still night air. So awful and blood-curdling was the sound, that I leaped from my seat and rushed forward to the centre of the conservatory. The spell of my paralysis was broken. As I did so Julian Armitage, Agatha Howard, and Doctor Hathaway came flocking through the drawing-room door, in wonder and alarm. There lay Miriam groveling on the floor, her raven tresses floating over her shoulders in disheveled masses, her beautiful features convulsed with ghastly and terrible laughter. The lovely girl was a hopeless and raving maniac.

* * * * * * * * *

On me developed the onus of explanation. To others than members of a Theosophical Society my explanatory narrative, just as I have now detailed it, would have sounded like the maunderings of a weak mind or the vagaries of a diseased brain. To my friends, however, it was ample and convincing. It had a great and immediate effect upon their mode of life. The Theosophical Society of San Francisco was at once broken up. It was carried *nem. con.* that the perils attendant upon the pursuit of occult knowledge, together with the stringency of habit necessary to carry such pursuit to a successful issue, would not compensate the neophyte for the questionable benefits resulting from a control over the secret forces of nature.

It is now a year since the occurrence of the foregoing events, and though old Doctor Hathaway still clings fondly to his old ideas, and sometimes talks of his contemplated pilgrimage to Tibet, my friend Armitage and Miss Howard have married and settled down to the ordinary affairs of life. As for myself, I have no wish to repeat my theosophical experiences, but am quite content to accept the caution of my friend the adept, that they would be a lesson to me in more ways than one, feeling that I already know as much as is consistent with personal safety about the workings of the occult world.

---

A famous aeronaut says that no balloon has ever gone over a second sunset. The moment the sun goes down the gas condenses, and you get through the night better than the day. But the next day, in the presence of the sun, the gas expands, and you mount to great elevations; but every mount the balloon makes cripples its power, and it is only a question of hours, if not minutes, how long you can keep up. If an aeronaut could have forty-eight hours of night, he could travel a great distance.

---

"Gentlemen," said an auctioneer, with true pathos, "if my father and my mother stood where you stand, and did not buy this stew-pan, this elegant stew-pan, going at one dollar—I should feel it my bounden duty as a son to tell both of them they were false to their country and false to themselves."

---

A card (exhibited in a clothing establishment): "Stylish dress coats let out for balls and parties. Price, [illegible] marks per day. With grease-spots, cheaper."

## MAPLESON'S MINIONS.

"Flaneur" tells of the Colonel's Duns and the Patti Reception.

There is a peculiarly Maplesonian institution at the Academy of Music. It consists of two large and flabby Italians, both of whom wear mustaches and goatees, elaborately waxed and indubitably dyed. Little caps, with gold and silver trimmings, tassels, and buttons, rest jauntily on their oiled locks, and they wear white and gold uniforms, with red hussar jackets showily embroidered. Their breasts are decorated with a profusion of medals, which look very much as if they were made of tin and brass. These gorgeous creatures consent for a limited time every night to receive the tickets from the people who care to pay strictly Maplesonian prices, but they do it with an air that indicates very plainly that there are other than pecuniary reasons which urge them to the task. The existence of the two brilliant and picturesque men was accounted for to me the other night by a friend of Colonel Mapleson.

"Thus far, those hussars—which they ain't hussars, you know—have been very effective. They don't understand much English, but they are the most polite men the Colonel could find in Italy. Their real duties are to guard Mapleson from his creditors. When a man arrives at the Academy with a bill, he first runs against Minion No. 1, who rises, salutes, and smiles, and then refers him in turn to Minion No. 2. This minion also treats the Man with the Bill with the most distinguished politeness, and then presents him, after a short wait, to a gentleman who formerly ran a small saloon in Fourteenth Street, but who now officiates as the Colonel's private secretary. The secretary then dispatches one of the soldiers for the Colonel. The soldier salutes, walks into the inner office, winks at the Colonel, who grins in return; then the soldier announces, with sorrow oozing from every pore of his sympathetic face, that the Colonel has just returned to the Gilsey House. Thereupon the secretary shakes the creditor by the hand, the gorgeous soldiers salute him with as much deference as though he were a field marshal, and he is politely shown out of the door. The creditor goes to the Gilsey House, and finds that the Colonel is not and never has been there."

Mr. Mapleson is having his customary tussel with the minions of the law and the horde of hungry singers, musicians, and creditors a little early this season. He made a great deal of money last week. I doubt if opera ever paid better for the time; for besides Miss Nevada's début, there was the twenty-fifth anniversary of Madame Patti's singing in the Academy of Music. How absurd, by the way, a great many of the receptions to public people in New York have become. The reception given to Madame Patti was organized and paid for by a society woman, who has been a warm friend of the diva's for many years. Madame Patti was drawn up Fifth Avenue that night in a coach by four white horses, surrounded by torches and preceded by a military band. When she arrived at the hotel the reception took place. It is undoubtedly true that Madame Patti does not care a rap for New York society, and it may be true that if she cared to go into society she would not be received on account of her vagaries with Nicolini. Be that as it may, the fact remains that Madame Patti has very few personal friends in New York, and it was never more forcibly illustrated than on the night of her reception. After her performance at the Academy, the military band played, and thousands of people rose in the auditorium and shouted their congratulation to the great singer. When she arrived at the hotel, she found Nicolini on hand with a supper already spread on the table. She sat down to eat, while he waited on her. Fire-works shot by the window in a bewildering succession of brilliant colors, and the military band blared lustily. Patti sat there eating heartily, and rose presently to receive her guests. Less than a score of people were present, and it was a melancholy fact that not four of them were of any standing in the social or even financial circles of New York. The most prominent of the guests was a black-mustached broker who had recently made a great deal of money on the "street." His father kept a gin-mill on the east side, and he was himself a hotel clerk until a year or so ago. Then he struck it rich, and he is now trying to do the howling swell without any success. The reception of so world-famed and eminent an artiste as Adelina Patti should, on such an occasion as this, have called out the most distinguished citizens of the country. It would have done so had it not been for the selfishness of the prima donna. She has her five thousand dollars a night, her supper, and her Nicolini, and she doesn't care a tinker's dam for the commendation of American, or indeed any other, society. Madame Patti should join hands with John L. Sullivan. It would form a rather incongruous group, but then they could be placed on pedestals together, and then the public could admire the only two people of eminence in the world who don't care a rap for its opinion.

I dropped in to hear "Fidelio" at the Metropolitan Opera House last Saturday afternoon. It is the only opera Beethoven ever wrote, I believe, and one can not wonder at its unpopularity. The best part of the performance was that of the orchestra, which, under the direction of Damrosch, was superb. There was a fair sprinkling of society people in the boxes, the floor was perhaps a third filled, and the balcony and gallery were almost deserted. Leonora was sung by Marianne Brandt, a woman who combines a voice of amazing purity and power with a face that is positively awful. A lady who sat next to me said that she had positively the *plainest* face she had ever seen—a very mild way of putting it. Brandt—she must be forty-five—does not even try to make up her face. Possibly she believes it would be useless; but still there might be some way of making her a trifle more picturesque. Her figure is somewhat mature, but the lines are not bad; and if she were becomingly clad it would be a vast improvement. She seems, however, to be utterly reckless concerning her personal appearance. Probably she lives only for her art. This would be very well if she sang behind the scenes; but as she comes out in the glare of the calcium lights in one of the most pretentious opera houses in America, it might at least be a clever plan for her to give in a little bit to the conventionalities. The people in the German Opera Company, by the way, are very artistic, and it is a curious fact that the men are more careful about their apparel and their stage presence than the women. Nearly all the tenors and baritones—it is particularly the case with Schott—dress with the utmost care. They are a stately, vigorous, and handsome set of men, vastly more pleasing to look upon than the Italian tenors of Mapleson's company.

Which reminds me, by the way, that I never saw quite so uneasy, over-dressed, and cumbersome an ass in public as Signor Cardinali, Mapleson's first tenor. He is rather a young man with a very long neck, small chin, and a low forehead, over which his hair is banged. When he sings in concert his mannerisms are absurd. First he toys with his watch-chain, then thrusts his hands in his pockets, after which he will feel the stud in the bosom of his shirt, pull down his necktie, and caress his bang. Then, if he recognizes anybody in the audience, he bursts into a cast-iron and glassy smile, and feels for the surface indications of an approaching mustache. In the afternoons, he parades up and down Broadway and Fifth Avenue, staring at the women. He wears an ill-fitting ulster and a small Derby hat of the soap-dish pattern, and looks for all the world like an Italian barber going to his shop. His success with the women has not been astounding thus far.

To return to the Metropolitan Opera House. It seems to be the general opinion that Dr. Damrosch's season will go to pieces very shortly. I mean that this is the opinion among shrewd judges of opera who have no prejudice one way or another. The musicians of the Wagner school predict a great success for the German Opera Company, and those of the Italian school dire failure. The attendance grows rapidly smaller at every performance as the novelty wears away. The production of "Der Freischutz" shows that the class of operas to which that work belongs will not go among the millionaires of the Metropolitan Opera House. They can stand the singing even when they haven't the most remote idea what it means, but they draw the line at the long and monotonous dialogues in German. "Tannhäuser," which has been brilliantly produced, and is, spectacularly, a great opera, is repeated time and time again, and "The Huguenots," which was expected to create a great furor, has by no means come up to the expectations of the management. The gloomy performance of "Fidelio" to a house which was meagrely attended, showed conclusively that there is no appreciation among the opera-goers of the Metropolitan for strictly musical works. They must have a prima donna of the beauty and voice of Patti, or the social popularity of Nilsson, or they must have the spectacular effect of "Tannhäuser." Music, pure and simple, doesn't go with the Vanderbilts, Lorillards, Morgans, Keenes, Goulds, and the rest of the moneyed group who built, and have thus far so disastrously conducted, the Metropolitan Opera House.

Mr. Irving's Hamlet has been very favorably criticised by the newspapers, and I have felt rather bleak and cold when I've stood up, during the past week, among the enthusiastic admirers of his work, and endeavored in a chilling and unemotional manner to point out that the melancholy Dane as portrayed by the English actor is fanatic, unlovable, inconsistent, and in many of his antics utterly absurd. The Irving boom, of which I spoke last week, has quite carried everything before it. It seems impossible for Mr. Irving to do anything now which isn't great, and his Hamlet has come in for an extraordinary amount of praise. When Mr. Irving falls flat on his belly on the northeastern corner of the stage, at the Star Theatre, and watches the King in the mimic play, he follows the tactics of Booth and Sullivan, but he goes these actors one better as the play progresses. He draws himself—apparently by his nails—the whole width and part of the length of the stage, while lying flat on his belly; and when the king rushes from the chamber, Hamlet springs like a hurdle-racer upon the chair which stands upon the throne, and fairly roosts upon the arm, waving his hands wildly above his head like a wild man. One of the cleverest of the men who have written about it has said that the chiefest charm of Irving's portrayal of Hamlet is that one can never forget, when seeing it, that the Dane is a gentleman of distinction and high breeding, and a prince of the royal blood. It may be one of the characteristics of gentlemen of high breeding and royal blood to drag themselves around in the manner which Mr. Irving affects; possibly it's the custom in Denmark, but it is hardly the go in New York. It would be rather a sensational way for a man to enter a ball-room, by the way. All Mr. Irving's mannerisms, including the walk, the curious inflections of the voice, and the stilted gestures, are doubly prominent in Hamlet. No sharper criticism upon his acting could be made than that which he himself utters in the advice of Hamlet to the players.

BLAKELY HALL.

NEW YORK, December 3, 1884.

---

The most beautiful of the European royal women is said to be Queen Olga, of Greece. She is tall and of perfect shape, with exquisite feet and hands, limpid and large dark eyes and long curling lashes, very long dark hair, and a complexion delicate as a flower petal. She is almost as fine an equestrienne as the Empress of Austria. Her husband adores her.

---

An English traveler in South Africa says that it is no wonder that his countrymen dread the rifles of the Boers. He was hunting with a Boer lately, when the Boer fired at a buzzard flying two hundred yards away. The ball pierced the bird's body, but the buzzard continued to flap rapidly along the ground, when the Boer again fired, and this time cut the head of the buzzard clean off.

---

An American, who, following an exceedingly well-known and deplorable custom of his native land, painted advertisements on the fences and walls about Paris, has been fined two hundred and fifty francs for "annoying the vision of the public."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Empress Carlotta's fortune by accumulation has become something enormous.

Mrs. Justice Field is said to be the best read woman in Washington. She has recently organized a class of thirty-two young ladies for the study of Shakespeare.

Ismail Pasha, who five years ago was ruler in Egypt, has been drinking the waters of Marienbad. He is not so rich as he is reported to be, and not half so influential over the Continental press.

The widow of the late Monsieur Vaucorbeil, manager of the Grand Opera, Paris, is to receive from the government a pension of three hundred dollars a year, and the proprietorship of a tobacco shop.

Mr. Frelinghuysen is the shabbiest-dressed man in the Cabinet, just as Mr. Arthur is always the best and most perfectly clad, and Brewster is the loudest and most absurdly robed. The Secretary of State is as quiet as the Attorney-General is explosive and self-assertive.

The cane which President Lincoln carried on the night of his assassination is now the property of Colonel W. H. Harris, of Cleveland, who was with the President on that fateful night. The cane has a bent top, a dog's head of ivory, and a narrow gold band, on which is engraved, "Abraham Lincoln, 1865."

The tithes of some of the richest English bishops are London, $50,000; Durham, $35,000; Winchester, $35,500; Ely, $27,500, and Bath, Lincoln, Oxford, Salisbury, Liverpool, and Worcester, $25,000 each. The Bishop of Sodor and Man, who has neither cathedral nor dean, gets $10,000 a year for doing nothing.

Marie Van Zandt, the American singer in Paris, poses a little as a hoyden, but is thoroughly well-behaved, and is admitted into the best French society. Her cheek-bones are high; her forehead, brows, and eyes show intensity of character and intellect, and her mouth is simply perfect. The hair is auburn, and has narrowly escaped being sandy. She abhors the stage, and sings only because she wants money. She is not luxurious in tastes or habits, and her dream of happiness is "the tranquil life of an American or English home."

Frederick Archer, the celebrated English jockey, now on a visit to this country, is twenty-eight years old, slim, short, of a quiet and indifferent demeanor, and dressed in black. He has mounted more horses than any other Englishman, and has won the Derby three times and the St. Leger four times. His father also was a jockey. He says that Mr Pierre Lorillard's Iroquois is "the noblest animal I ever mounted, kind, gentle, and winning. When I won the Derby with Iroquois, Mr. Lorillard gave me five thousand dollars—which was quite unusual."

All Paris is in hysterics over Madame Hugues's shooting of Morin. The papers appear to have neither space nor type enough to express their emotions. The woman belongs to the celebrated Jacobin stock, is classically beautiful, and is a sufficiently good sculptor to gain admission to the Salon exhibitions. She was almost the only woman of position who distinguished herself last summer nursing cholera patients in the slums of Marseilles. Her husband is the only Deputy who distinguished himself in the same cause. He is a little, dark-complexioned, ecstatic sort of fellow, full of wild gestures. Both might be regarded as lunatics in the sober atmosphere of London or New York, but they are the idols of the hour in Paris. Madame's protest against legal delays in spirit is not unlike that of the Cincinnati rioters, with a tropical dramatic quality added. She will be acquitted with acclamation.

Nearly all the recent premiers of England have enjoyed the advantage of having had wives of great devotion and considerable ability, to whose tender care and sympathy in their ambition they have been largely indebted. The devotion of the Countess of Russell, who is still living, and the Countess of Beaconsfield, had something of romance. Mrs. Gladstone, who is nearly the same age as the Premier, a Stanley before marriage, and through whom Mr. Gladstone came into possession of a country seat and a comfortable fortune, accompanies her husband, as did Lady Beaconsfield, everywhere, and frequently remains in the ladies' gallery to the close of the night's sitting. Lord Palmerston, more perhaps than any other prime minister, however, was indebted for his position and its maintenance to his wife, who was physically and mentally a remarkable woman. Up to her death in 1869, at eighty-five, four years after her husband, she could read without glasses, and talked with all the fire and energy of a young woman of twenty. Her voice was most cheery, musical, and soft. Her eyes were of light blue, and, in spite of the very evident wig, she was a noticeably handsome old lady.

People who are not familiar with the eccentricities of men of genius are marveling at the infatuation of Mr. Gladstone in keeping up any kind of acquaintance with the person of Mrs. Thistlethwayte's antecedents. This lady was the beautiful and notorious Laura Bell, a "pretty horse-breaker," who rode in the park before the days of "Anonyma alias Skittles." When she married Mr. Thistlethwayte his position was that of a younger son; but when his brother, Captain Thistlethwayte, was killed at Inkerman he came into a fine property. Of course, Laura, despite her wealth, was not received at court, or in society, so she tried piety, became a Sister of Mercy, took to preaching to women of her former profession, converted her husband, who also preached, and finally attracted Mr. Gladstone, and, it is said, one colonial bishop to her house. Piety having succeeded thus far, she took up art and modeled a bust of Mr. Gladstone. The extravagance of Mr Thistlethwayte in dress has led to all kinds of disgraceful squabbles between her, her husband, and various tradesmen; but Mr. Gladstone persists in going to lunch now and then on Sundays with the Thistlethwaytes. Truly this great man is in many things of the simplicity of a child. It is due to him to mention that the lady retains no trace of her former remarkable beauty.




Mr. F. Marion Crawford, in his latest and dullest book, "An American Politician," introduces an English girl, a Miss Josephine Thorn, or Joe Thorn, as she prefers to be called. The impression that she gives one is that Mr. Marion Crawford, who has been everywhere and seen everything, and is a connoisseur on all sorts of things, girls included, can never in his wide travels have come across a real English girl. This one has not the first faint mark of the species, or perhaps type would be a better word, though he somewhere distinctly discards the idea that Joe Thorn is in any way typical.

Thoroughly American as this book young woman is in everything else, she is in nothing more so than in her notes and letters. If there is anywhere in the world in which an English girl most excels herself, it is upon paper. Elegant diction is a habit with her, both in speech and writing, and if her notes and letters have all a certain monotony of formality, they are yet irreproachably correct. Miss Joe Thorn's notes are a series of most involved and jerky sentences, with a curious defiance between the lines, and an absolutely rampant Americanism permeating their general tone.

Nevertheless, we are told that she is an Englishwoman; and when she is introduced to the American politician, who is the hero, they promptly proceed to enter upon that international conversation which is a part of the stock in trade of every well constructed international novel.

It is pretty generally conceded that while the English have not as many water-pipes and gas-pipes, and other modern conveniences as we have, they are yet far in advance of us in the art of comfortable and rational living. Miss Thorn, bringing the battery of her English common sense to bear upon our mode of allotting amusements to the seasons, is asking questions concerning the ways of society. Society she classes with the broad generalizing of a girl, as "heaps of men and women, and tea-parties, and staying in the country, and that." She is astonished to learn that these heaps of men and women do not go down into their country homes for rest, and come up refreshed for the season; that they chase each other, when the heat begins, from Boston to New York, from New York to Saratoga, from Saratoga to Newport; and that in that delectable head-centre of aristocracy they hunt the fox in July and August. She infers that it is something like insanity to leave the country in good cold hunting weather and come to town for pleasure, and disapproves of the American way while wholly conscious that she will fall into it, and hunt the fox in August, and go to theatres and cotillions in Christmas-week itself.

All these things, of course, if she lives in Boston. Had Mr. Crawford placed his English heroine in San Francisco, her hostess would have been hard put to it to give her guest a little pleasure in the winter months. Although people have come from their country homes for the winter, entertaining is absolutely at a standstill. As some one said the other day, if a young man wants to go into society, he walks up and deposits his little democratic dollar—there is always to be found a bazaar or a kettledrum going on for the benefit of the poor—and lo! he is in the midst of it. The society reporters are threatened with softening of the brain in this alarming condition of things. For lack of other material they have been driven to make an item of the names of the first-nighters at the theatres, and now even these have failed them. There are no theatres, and correspondingly no first-nights.

The California, a temple of glorious memories, has only been opened once within many months, and that for a wrestling match. The Grand Opera House is empty, for "A Mountain Daisy" does not appreciably fill it—it is only a south-side-of-Market-Street taste that can stand a ceaseless diet of minstrelsy. Lastly, Sheridan is doing the legitimate slowly to death at the Baldwin, and those who love the drama and have admired Sheridan, stay away and are unwilling to look upon such a declining.

It seems mere irony in the midst of such stagnation that one cannot pick up a new book without reading that significant line wherever the law permits its use, "All copyrights reserved." This seems to mean that every new novel is material for dramatization, and that in doing one's light reading nowadays, one is only foretasting one's future theatrical entertainment.

The most successful book of the year has undoubtedly been "Called Back," which was written in all innocence and without any ultimate intention upon the theatres. Stimulated by its extraordinary success, Hugh Conway has written another, called "Dark Days," which was so palpably intended for dramatization that he actually lost in it his skill as a story-teller. It has been dramatized, and is being hawked about New York on sale in its present form, but eager managers are not snapping it up. Ranking after "Called Back" came "The House on the Marsh." This queer little story was so graphically told and was of such curious, absorbing interest, that it was threatened with immediate dramatization; but was not found to be of tractable material, even after it was discovered that it had been converted from a drama into a story. But it made the reputation of the young woman who wrote it, and has caused an immense sale of her two earlier books, "At the World's Mercy," and "Deldie, the Ward of Waringham Hall." They disclose the fact that this young lady invariably pursues one method. Her stories are always related in autobiographical form. She is always a beautiful young creature of paralyzing innocence, who obtains situations as governess with the most remarkable facility. She invariably lands in a nest of villains of the deepest dye, who promptly fall madly in love with her. In "The House on the Marsh" they are burglars. In "At the World's Mercy" they are all drunkards, and the different members of the family are liable at any moment to vary the monotony of their country life by more or less violent attacks of delirium tremens.

It will be seen, therefore, that Miss Warden has returned to the old fashion—now fast coming in again—of writing novels with plots in them. But whether it be that she is too arch a plotter, or that her villains are such very unfragrant rascals, her work has not yet been introduced to the footlights. The successful American books have not fared any better. Howells is to make his Christmas elevator story into a libretto for an opera, but the other American successes are not threatened with dramatizing. "The Crime of Henry Vane," though it closes with a tragedy, is the very apotheosis of commonplace. Those who read "The King's Men" found little interest in it, except to pick out the styles of the four writers, and try to detect the joins. All the world gave J. S. of Dale credit for all the romance and sentiment there was, and certainly no one ever thought of attributing the pressed white rose to any other of the group. But, in "The Crime of Henry Vane" he has had the audacity to name his heroine Miss Baby Thomas. In a couple of marriage notices of New York upper tendom, the other day, the brides' names were published, respectively, as Miss Pet Von Blank and Miss Pussy Von Dash. But there is no excuse for perpetuating this class of idiocy in a book. Miss Baby Thomas is a very commonplace young woman, and Mr. Henry Vane is an even more commonplace young man. He shoots himself at last, and it is related in detail in the tragedy chapter that he committed the fatal deed—as the reporters say—after having dropped two consecutive collar-buttons and groped about the floor for them. Any one who has ever seen a man drop his collar-button and grope for it, any man who has ever dropped a collar-button and groped for it, will recognize the wonderful realism of the touch. If there is any moment of his life in which a man would cheerfully commit murder, suicide, or any crime in the decalogue, it is when his collar-button rolls on the floor. Yet there are little details of life that do not bear putting into a book—how much less into a play. The spectacle of Henry Vane groping on hands and knees under the furniture for his collar-button would appeal so irresistibly to the whole house as to set it off in a roar at the tragical moment. Therefore the little book has not been dramatized.

Nevertheless, it is cleverly written, and abounds in that sort of epigram that has an appearance of truth upon its brilliant face, as "A woman's heart should be taken by siege, not assault," or "The devil himself can't know a woman who doesn't know herself." What woman ever knew herself, Mr. J. S. of Dale? Or, yet again, "A cynic is commonly a snubbed sentimentalist who takes it out in growling." "The most brilliant future a woman can have is a future with a man who loves her." "The natures of American women are like a New England spring—the sun must do a devilish deal of wooing before even so much as a green tendril is visible." "A Frenchman drinks to go to the devil. He rarely goes to the devil because he drinks." But these crisp sentences are not available for dramatization, and "Henry Vane" will be the book of a season only.

Perhaps it is the giving out of material both native and foreign that has left us stranded high and dry, for nothing dramatic has been written even in France since "Le Maître des Forges."

And yet, in the light of events, one can but look upon the managers as a flock of sheep. They one and all let their attractions run down together, and one and all spring their novelties upon a stunned community together. Under such conditions the name "manager" becomes mere irony.

BETSY B.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Stage tippling is now definitely known in London as "Vanzandting."

J. C. Williamson has purchased the Australian rights to "The Private Secretary."

Henry Abbey has settled in London, and will only make occasional trips to America.

Mark Twain and George W. Cable cleared six thousand dollars by their lectures, week before last.

Marie Van Zandt, according to the Paris papers, is going to the country for a few weeks to "brace up."

Irving's engagement in San Francisco was broken on account of Ellen Terry's disinclination to cross the continent.

Charlotte Thompson has secured an adaptation of Hugh Conway's "Dark Days." It is called "Phyllis; or a Snow-storm."

A man in the East, who has just built a skating-rink, calls it "The Mascot," for luck. It has redeemed his implicit confidence in the name.

Eric Bayley is soon coming to San Francisco with a new company and a stock of plays which he brought over from England on his last trip.

Manager Hayman, who returned from the East Saturday, emphatically denies the report that he will not renew his lease of the Baldwin Theatre.

Digby Bell addresses a donkey as "Burchard" at the New York Casino and has consequent rows with the Rev.'s son, who attends every performance.

The incinerated remains of Laura G. Clancy repose in two graves—those of her sister Venie, in Baltimore, and her mother in Burlington, Vermont.

Victoria Hulskamp Morosini has made a succession of failures in concert, and is being as mercilessly scored by Eastern critics as a scarred veteran of the concert stage.

Patti is sixteen nights short on her New York contract. She will probably make them up to Mapleson during the San Francisco season, which will be quite an extended one.

"Un Ballo en Maschera" is being sung at the Tivoli with a very good cast, with a better tenor, a better contralto, and a better bravura soprano than Mapleson carries in his troupe.

A wild, incredible story crosses the continent, that the run of "Hazel Kirke" came definitely to an end the other day, somewhere in the fastnesses of Illinois. She is not dead, but sleepeth.

A Southern correspondent of the New York *Mirror* writes: "As McBeth, Thomas W. Keene worthily wears the buckskin of his illustrious namesake, Edmund." This writer may hope to rival John Stetson in time.

The "Private Secretary," whose career was cut short in the full tide of success, is to be revived during Christmas week, with J. N. Long as the Secretary. He has been held over for this revival, and may remain to become a member of that much-talked-of stock company.

Emma Abbott will open her season at the Baldwin the first week in January. She brings with her the same tenors, the same baritones and bassos, a new contralto, a new secunda, two or three new operas, a dozen new dresses, and a new jeweled crown to wear in "Semiramide."

The Bush Street Theatre, which it is in contemplation to devote entirely to variety business, has an opening on Monday night with M. B. Leavitt's specialty troupe. The variety business in England has taken quite a leap, and one especial brand of nasal variety girl has disappeared altogether. Let us hope this improvement has crossed the pond.

When Miss Rose Eytinge last visited California she became the patroness of little Carrie Wyatt, and carried her off with her to the Eastern shore to give her a wider field. Carrie Wyatt, however, is not one of the Californians who floated to greatness and wealth on her California Theatre reputation, and is still barnstorming in pathos and emotion.

Byrne's *Dramatic Times* relates that a week before the death of Brignoli, the divine Adelina wept bitter tears over her living recollections of the unfortunate and penniless gentleman. And yet to the subscription for raising a monument to his memory she put down, among the many donations of one hundred dollars each, the modest sum of twenty-five dollars.

M. B. Leavitt's new Gigantic Specialty Company, which appears at the Bush Street Theatre next Mouday, will include Mademoiselle Dorina and Signor Rigoli; the Olympia Quartet—Koeugh, Sullivan, Randall, and Mack; Frank Rush, the two Barneys, the Fletcher Trio, Pat Reilley, Frank H. and Lillian White, Valjean, the Fieldings, and Isabel White.

Miss Rose Eytinge commences an engagement of one week at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday evening next. She is supported by her own company, with John T. Malone as leading man. Two plays are underlined for the week—"Felicia," the opening piece, which will be played all the week excepting on Friday evening, when "Aunt Emily" will be produced. Aunt Emily is a middle-aged woman of the world who knows a thing or two, and the part was written especially for Rose Eytinge.

## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

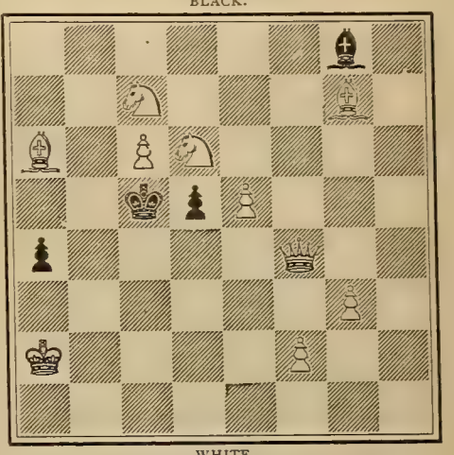
**Problem No. LXXXI.—By Conrad Bayer, Olmutz.**

WHITE—King at KR7; Queen at QKt6; Rooks at KR sq, KB8; Bishop at KKt6; Pawns at Q2, Q5, QB4, QR2.
BLACK—King at K4; Knights at KB4, KKt5; Pawns at QKt2, QR6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

**Problem No. LXXXII.—By J. Berger, Gratz.**

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

**Solution of Problem No. LXXIII.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—B B4 | 1—Any move |
| 2—Q or R mates acc. | |

**Solution of Problem No. LXXIV.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—R QB6 | 1—K K5 (a, b) |
| 2—R K6 ch | 2—K Q5 |
| 3—Kt Kt3 mate. | |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| (a) 1— | 1—B Kt3 | (b) 1— | 1—B x R |
| 2—Kt Kt3 ch | 2—K K5 | 2—Kt B2 ch | 2—Any move |
| 3—R K6 mate. | | 3—P mates. | |

Correct solutions received: Problems LXXV and LXXIX, from E. E. Roberts, Petaluma, Cal.

Note.—In problem No. LXXII add white Pawn at KR6.

**Answers to Correspondents.**

E. E. R., Petaluma—In No. LXXV, if B QB7, then B x Kt. Try again. In LXXX, you have not discovered the key move. Hope you will send solutions regularly in future.

H. H.—See note. By an oversight pawn was omitted. Would be pleased to acknowledge solutions sent by you.

**Game No. 52.**

Played at Adelaide, Australia, September, 1884, between Messrs. H. Charlick and W. T. Harrison. Game from the Adelaide *Observer*.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

| *White.* Charlick. | *Black.* Harrison. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 25—R x P ch | 25—K Kt2 (f) |
| 2—Kt KB3 | 2—Kt QB3 | 26—R Kt6 ch | 26—K B2 |
| 3—P Q4 | 3—P x P | 27—P Q6(dis.ch) | 27—B K3 |
| 4—B QB4 (a) | 4—P Q3 (b) | 28—B x B ch | 28—K K sq |
| 5—Castles | 5—B K2 | 29—P Q7 ch | 29—K K2 |
| 6—P B3 | 6—Kt B3 | 30—R Kt7 ch | 30—K Q3 |
| 7—P x P | 7—KKt x P | 31—R x Kt | 31—P QB4 |
| 8—P Q5 | 8—Kt K4 | 32—B QB4 | 32—P QR4 |
| 9—Kt x Kt | 9—P x Kt | 33—R K6 ch | 33—K B2 |
| 10—Q R5 | 10—Kt Q3 | 34—B Q5 | 34—R R2 |
| 11—B Kt3 | 11—B B3 | 35—R K8 (!) (g) | 35—K Q3 |
| 12—P B4 | 12—P K5 | 36—R x Q | 36—R x R |
| 13—Kt B3 | 13—Castles | 37—B K6 | 37—P R5 |
| 14—B K3 | 14—Kt B4 | 38—P KR4 | 38—P B5 |
| 15—B B5 | 15—B K2 | 39—P R3 | 39—R at R2 QR sq |
| 16—Kt x P | 16—B x B ch | 40—P R5 | 40—P QKt4 |
| 17—Kt x B | 17—P QKt3 | 41—P R6 | 41—K B4 |
| 18—Kt K4 | 18—Kt Q3 | 42—P R7 | 42—P Kt5 |
| 19—QR K sq | 19—P KR3 | 43—B KKt8 (!) | 43—P x P |
| 20—P B5 | 20—P KB3 | 44—P x P | 44—P B6 |
| 21—R B4 (!) (c) | 21—K R sq | 45—P Queens | 45—R at R sq |
| 22—R K3 | 22—B Q2 | | QKt sq |
| 23—R KR3 (d) | 23—Kt x Kt | 46—Q KR3 | 46—R QKt6 |
| 24—Q x P ch (e) | 24—P x Q | 47—Q K3 ch and Black resigns. | |

(a) We prefer Kt x P, taking at once the Gambit Pawn, the continuation being— B B4; 5 B K3, Q B3; 6 P QB3, KKt K2, etc.

(b) Black, we think, should have replied with B B4, then if 5 castles, P Q3.

(c) From this point, White plays with remarkable vigor.

(d) The beginning of an admirable combination, which White carries out to a fine conclusion.

(e) A somewhat similar sacrifice of the queen was made in a game played recently by Mr. Blackburne at the meeting of the Scottish Chess Association.

(f) The only move under the circumstances.

(g) Winning the Queen. From this point Black has virtually lost the game, as he cannot successfully contend against White's superior position.

**CCCXL.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, December 12, 1884.**

Soup, Vegetable with Eggs.
Fried Sea Bass, Maitre d'Hôtel Sauce.
Broiled Teal Ducks. Saratoga Potatoes
Greeen Peas. Aspargus.
Roast Beef. Cold Slaw.
Lemon Pie. Strawberries.
Pears, Apples, Oranges, Bananas, Figs, Grapes, and Japanese Persimmons.

VEGETABLE SOUP WITH EGGS.—Make a stock from a knuckle of veal, and any bones which may be on hand from baked or boiled beef or mutton. Add one small turnip, one carrot, a small onion, a little lemon juice, a small sprinkling of thyme, and a little celery. Let it boil five or six hours, then strain, set it to cool, and when cold remove all the grease. When needed heat it, add a thickening of flour, and to two quarts of this stock add one yolk of egg for each person, and one gill of cream, with pepper and salt to taste. Drop the yolks in whole and let them cook a few minutes. If preferred soft, drop them in just as the soup is dished. Some prefer the latter way, but we do not think it [illegible]

## THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

"Cockaigne" talks of a New Knight and of an Aristocratic Black-leg.

The bestowal of one of the three vacant garters on the Earl of Northbrook has naturally caused some critical talk. The Order of the Garter is the greatest and most illustrious of England's orders of knighthood. Its number is limited to twenty-one, and though in its history several exceptions have occurred, and commoners have been admitted into its ranks, it is an order conferred exclusively on peers. And not only on peers as peers, but on the most illustrious peers to be found in the peerage—illustrious, strictly speaking, being held to mean those possessed of long lineage and vast estates. It is an order, in short, to which in these utilitarian days of common sense and advancement in the cause of the rights and liberties of man, no person of liberal views would give a farthing to belong. Aside from its historic name, the pomp and paraphernalia of its belongings, and its lordly associations, what on earth can there be in it for anybody? What has any Knight of the Garter *as* a Knight of the Garter ever done for either his race, his country, or his fellow-countrymen? I should be pleased to have somebody tell me. I don't know. Or, again, has any hero or philanthropist ever been rewarded by being made a knight of the order? To this query I also pause for a reply. That a liberal peer, a member of a liberal cabinet, and a man of humble origin should desire to be made a knight of the order, exhibits one of those inconsistencies which, it is ever contended by the Tories, a Liberal will always display at the first opportunity.

And they have, unfortunately, a good many instances to prove their words. Take Mr. Knatchbull-Hugesson, for example. An avowed and active Liberal, he never let Gladstone rest, whimpering and whining to him about his services to the party, until the grand old man, worn out with his importunity—to use Labouchère's words—"flung him a peerage," and made him in 1880 Baron Brabourne. As soon as Mr. Knatchbull-Hugesson got his nose inside the hereditary chamber, and found himself safely squatted on the baron's bench as Lord Brabourne with a brand-new coronet on his head, what did he do at the first chance he got? Turned Conservative! Then there is Brassey, the Civil Lord of the Admiralty. Almost a Radical in his anti-aristocracy howls, he accepts a baronetcy without winking, and will get a peerage almost any day. People ask, and not without reason, if these men are so anxious to abolish the peers, why in the name of common sense and consistency do they want to enroll themselves among them? It certainly has a curious look, and does much to weaken the influence of the Radical leaders with people who, in judging of the principles or men, prefer *facta, non verba*.

These strictures apply with some force to the Earl of Northbrook. He is of Flemish origin, I believe, the founder of his family in England, being the son of a Luthern minister, who settled in the neighborhood of Exeter in 1717, and there followed the business of a merchant and cloth manufacturer. He founded the famous mercantile house of Baring Brothers & Co., and, from the great wealth he accumulated, was called by Lord Shelburne, then Prime Minister, "the Prince of Merchants." One of the Barings was created a baronet, and that low grade of title was the only dignity the family could boast till the year 1866, when the present man was made a baron. He went into politics and was made Viceroy of India, and was so fortunate as to fill that post when the Prince of Wales visited that country. I say fortunate, because in recognition of the way he entertained his Royal Highness he was in 1876 made an earl. He is now the First Lord of the Admiralty in Gladstone's Cabinet, and has just returned from Egypt, whither he was sent as a special commissioner of the government to examine into Egyptian finance. What he has succeeded in doing there of any benefit to his country, it would be hard to find any one able or willing to demonstrate. But, all the same, his "services" are to be rewarded by the Garter. From a Tory point of view, it is very hard lines upon loads of other peers in every way fitted for the bestowal of the honor upon them, and men, too, whose acceptance of the dignity would be in thorough accord with not only their family traditions, but their present sentiments. Really, about the last man fit to be a Knight of the Garter, as one is accustomed to regard it, is Lord Northbrook. I dare say Brassey will be made one ere long, and then Chamberlain, the Birmingham steel screw-maker, will doubtless aspire to the position.

Lord Northbrook's eldest son and heir is Viscount Baring, a man of between thirty and forty. He is a member of the House of Commons from Winchester, and has, I believe, during his five years' representation of that ancient city in Parliament, had the courage to address the house once. If ever a young man had the chance and made small use of it, that man is Lord Baring. With wealth and influence to back him and push him on, he is little more than a nonentity, and after five years' "boosting" is not so far on as where other self-advancing men begin. Lord Northbrook has an only daughter, about as stupid and plain a girl as you would meet in a day's walk. Yet she is invited everywhere, and, her father being a widower, does the honors of his house when he entertains the highest people in the land. While other girls, brilliant, beautiful, and patrician to their pointed finger-tips, are passed by and unnoticed, the name of Lady Emma Baring is ever kept before the public as though she were one of England's greatest belles in every sense of the word. To some people it is almost laughable.

Another branch of the Baring family possess the title of Baron Ashburton. The first baron was created such in the last century, and married in 1798 a daughter of Senator Bingham, of Philadelphia. The present Lord Ashburton is quite a different sort of man from his cousin, Lord Northbrook. He leaves politics severely alone, and has enough French blood from his mother to make him more French than English in his tastes. He is a very rich peer, and has a splendid residence in London, as well as two beautiful country places. He lives as much as he can in Paris, and affects the Frenchy in looks. He is married to one of the most beautiful women in England—a daughter of Lord Digby—a woman whose beauty is not hawked about in the society papers like that of Mrs. Cornwallis West or Lady Castlereagh, but is all the same known for her perfection of face and figure. Lord Ashburtown shows his un-English tastes most markedly in one respect. He is an opponent of fox-hunting, and won't allow hunting across his property. Of course, he is not popular in his county, but he has too much money for people to show him any resentment. On the whole, I should say he was—judging from his wife, at all events—a man of taste, and of independence, too, for few men in England can dare to run counter to fox-hunting without the risk of incurring being "sent to Coventry" by their neighbors. Apropos of Lady Castlereagh, she is now the Marchioness of Londonderry, and thus discards a name under which her beauty has become famous. She is a sister of the scapegrace Earl of Shrewsbury.

Rather a commotion in the county circles of the nobility and gentry in the vicinity of Southampton has been created of late by the setting up as a resident there of the Hon. Walter Harbord and his wife. The gentleman—one must call him such for form's sake, I suppose—is the person who several years ago, while a major in the Seventh Hussars, and a great swell generally, was caught ignominiously cheating at cards in one of the London clubs. He had been known for some peculiarly remarkable bits of luck, and was watched, the result being that several cards were found up his sleeves and on his chair between his knees under the table. He coolly said, "It's all up, I suppose." He was cashiered from the army, expelled from his clubs, and cut by everybody; the Prince of Wales, one of whose "pals" he had been, refusing to stand by his friend as he hoped he would. So Mr. Harbord quietly packed up his traps and eloped to the Continent with another man's wife with whom he had been on intimate terms. The lady was no other than a sister of the Earl of Euston, the young man who has so lately distinguished himself by seeking a divorce from a woman of the town he had married some years ago. Harbord subsequently married Lord Euston's sister, and they have been living together at the various gambling places abroad. He has, however, kept up his cheating proclivities, and has become a known "leg."

The arrival of such a pair in the midst of highly proper, straightforward county society can be imagined, and people have been wondering what everybody else would do. The owner of the house which they have rented is really the one to blame. I dare say in time they may be able to creep back into decent associations again. There is never any telling about such things. Society is an incomprehensible mixture of caprice and inconsistency, everywhere. Mr. Harbold has good looks on his side, and the fact that he is a brother of Lord Suffield, the Prince of Wales's equerry, may aid in turning the scales in his favor. It is a curious position for the son and brother of a peer to be in, and an ex-major of one of the swellest cavalry regiments in the service.

Talking of cavalry regiments, I heard a queer story about the Sixteenth Lancers the other day. The Sixteenth is not exactly so swell a regiment as it is a rich one, and certainly, if the story be true, the officers must be as great a set of snobs as ever wore the Queen's uniform—and that, I am sorry to say, is saying a good deal. It seems there was a report that the cavalry were to be dealt with as have been the infantry, and two or more regiments merged into one. When the officers of the Sixteenth heard this, they got together and wrote a letter to the Duke of Cambridge, or some War Office authority, saying that if the plan was carried out, and their regiment joined to any other, they would not only all of them resign their commissions, but, by joint subscription, buy the discharge of every soldier in the regiment. As this would take at least twelve thousand pounds, the swagger of the idea is its most disgusting ingredient.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, November 15, 1884.

---

A remarkable election bet was recently recorded in Kansas City. A young lady of Democratic principles wagered herself—*i. e.*, consented to marry a certain young Republican if Cleveland were elected. The element of excitement and uncertainty is lost when we reflect that she would have married him anyway, but she further provided that he should always vote the Democratic ticket if she won, and she should pay no penalty if she lost. Altogether it was a very neat thing for the girl.

---

Instantaneous photography has gone on, wonderful stride by wonderful stride, until it has come to pass that a Dakota photographer has "taken" a tornado. The photograph, as described, "represents a black, twisting, vertical, aerial spout, at the top and bottom of which is a confused mass, cloud-like in appearance." The achievement will not seem so remarkable when it is understood that the tornado remained in sight from a given point for two hours.

---

La Cañada is a Mexican village. Its stores bear such suggestive titles as "The Saloon of Mercy" and "The True Faith." Every pulque shop, where men and women get mildly exhilarated on the juice of the maguey distilled in divers forms, shows the image of some saint or virgin set up among the bottles. One is called "The Pulqueria of the mother of God," and scores are dedicated similarly.

---

The Louisville (Kentucky) girls are surprised at Mary Anderson's success, as at school, they say, she was neither bright nor pretty, and was awkward and ill dressed. She has bravely recovered from all that now, apparently, and they may as well admit it.

---

Mr. Ruskin not long since remarked that he did not speak of the Celtic race, because he would be expected to pronounce it Keltic, and if he pronounced it that way, the next thing he would have to say would be St. Kekilia.

---

Colonel Ingersoll says that when a man loves a woman she never grows old to him, but through the wrinkles of age and the mask of time he will see the sweet maiden face that he wooed and won.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Colonel Tom Ochiltree once asked a friend to select a motto for him to have engraved with a coat of arms on his letter-heads, etc. The other, having been a victim of some of "Tom's" jokes, suggested "Si non e vero, e ben trovato." The Texan statesman accepted it without stopping to inquire its meaning, and when that was afterward revealed to him he enjoyed the joke hugely.

---

In spite of Signor Brignoli having resided so long in America and the fact that he married an American lady, he never learned to speak our language with any degree of fluency or correctness. At one time when he was staying at a hotel at Long Branch he missed his hair brush; unable to find it he rang his bell, and when his servant appeared he said, in a very serious tone: "Yesterday I was a hair brush; to-day—where am I?"

---

Senator "Joe" Brown is the ruling spirit of a large railroad in Georgia. He was being hauled over it one day in his special car when the conductor came to him with a long face, and informed him that a drunken man was aboard, and he didn't know what to do with him. "Where does he wish to go?" asked the senator, in his quiet, easy way. "He says that he wants to go to hell," said the man of the bell-rope. "Oh, well," replied Mr. Brown, "put him off at Cartersville." And the town has never recovered from the joke.

---

Everybody knows the history of the fighting Quakers during the Revolutionary War. Many of the staid sons of staid sires of the same faith slipped out of meeting during the last war to shoulder a musket. One venerable old Friend in Germantown, Pa., found that three of his sons had gone to this conflict against which his creed arrayed him. The youngest felt that he, too, must go, but fearing to tell his family, he took his gun one day and began to clean it, placing himself in his father's way. The old gentleman saw him, and paced slowly up and down, but said nothing. Presently he approached the young man. "Charles," he said, deliberately, "if the devil has made thee feel that thee needs one of these worldly instruments, spare not thy money, but get the best."

---

During the Polk campaign much interest was taken in Waterbury, Conn., in the result, and party strife ran high between Whigs and Democrats. Waterbury was only a little village at the time, and it had no railway communications. It was also before the days of the telegraph, and a number of politicians made up a purse, and hired Colonel Richard Welton, proprietor of the New Haven stage line, to make a special trip to New Haven and get the returns. The crowd waited anxiously on the tavern steps all through the afternoon of the day of Colonel Welton's trip, and when he came in sight, with horses smoking from their long drive, he stood up in his wagon and called to the expectant crowd: "New York's gone five thousand." "For whom?" arose on every side. The colonel jumped from his wagon, hesitated a moment, scratched his head, and then blurted out: "Well, I swan, I forgot to ask." The feelings of the politicians can be better imagined than described.

---

Robert Toombs, of Georgia, whose chief ambition at one time was to call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill monument, was known as the "unlucky fisherman." When he was a boy he was quite ungainly in appearance, and his companions used to say that he was so ugly that he scared the fish away. All through his career he never had any luck in angling. He would sit for hours on the banks of a stream impatiently awaiting a bite and cursing his luck, while others around him were landing fish by the dozen. After fishing all day in a Georgia stream he drew up a huge mud-turtle. He cut his name in full on the hard shell and threw the turtle back into the water. Two years afterward he was fishing at the same spot and again drew out a turtle. It was the very same turtle on which he had inscribed his name; but he was astonished to find below his name the words: "Too ugly to catch fish." A waggish friend had caught the denizen of the mud and cut the line below. The story went that Toombs caught this identical turtle no less than five times, and the last time, in a fit of rage, cut its head off.

---

Although the belief is general, especially among Americans, that every second man in Paris speaks English, and that a knowledge of French is not necessary to visitors to the gay capital, a singular case has recently been reported by the London papers which shows that this is not the fact. An American, Mr. Theodore Heine, had put up at the Hotel Mars. One day he went out to purchase cigars in the neighborhood, and lost his way. He was unable, like the majority of Americans, to speak a word of French, and found his way into the semi-respectable Avenue St. Ouen. He was unable to find any one who spoke English, being among the French ouvriers or ignorant working people, and attracted a crowd of street gamins who thought he was insane because he could not speak their language. Two detectives or gardiens de la paix were of the same opinion, and took Mr. Heine to the nearest station house. Thence he was conducted, notwithstanding his protests in English, to the Prefecture of Police, when not a single man could be found that spoke anything but French. No one thought of procuring an interpreter, and Mr. Heine was not even allowed to send a note to his wife. From the Prefecture he was taken to a lunatic asylum at Sainte Anne, where he was treated as a madman, until at last his name was published in the list of insane persons maintained at public expense, and this led to his release. Having had to deal altogether with the lower and more ignorant orders, it was natural that he found but French spoken, but it would seem incredible that he should have been committed to an asylum without proper investigation by an interpreter.

## LITERARY NOTES.

### Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Andrew Lang has a new volume of poems in press.

Mr. Edwin Arnold's new volume of poems is to be entitled "The Secret of Death."

Miss Anna Catherine Greene, of Brooklyn, New York, is said to be the best writer of detective stories in this country.

Mr. G. E. Buckle, the editor of the London *Times*, is to be married to Miss Alice Payn, daughter of the well-known novelist and editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

Daudet, the French novelist, has a bulky though not fat figure, and moves about slowly. His voice is soft and his demeanor gentle He has a wife and two children.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth has a home at Georgetown and resides there part of the time. She is now sixty-four years of age, and has written exactly that number of volumes.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford has written some sonnets which are to be published in the Christmas number of the London *Figaro*. No poetry by Mr. Crawford has ever yet appeared in print.

Mr. Blaine's book, it is understood, is in such demand that it is with difficulty that printing-house and bindery are keeping up with it. The author is already vigorously at work upon the second volume.

Mr. W. D. Howells having exhausted the farcical possibilities of "The Parlor Car," "The Sleeping Car," "The Register," and "The Elevator," is now at work upon a similar treatment of "The Smoking Car."

Richard Watson Gilder, the young editor of the *Century*, was born in 1844, at Bordentown, New Jersey. He was the editor of a political paper during the famous Bell and Everett canvass of 1860. He also founded the Newark *Daily Register*. Two volumes of his poems have been published.

Mark Twain has made over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars from his books, which amount he has nearly doubled by investments in real estate and in Hartford insurance companies. His wife's fortune is equally as large.

Miss Tincker's story, "Aurora," now running in *Lippincott*, grows in interest and literary grace with every new chapter. It is, in many respects, the best work this lady has done. The heroine is a beautiful and noble creation.

Thackeray was wonderfully felicitous in his invention of names and titles. He is the godfather of two newspapers—*Vanity Fair* and *Pall Mall Gazette*—and it may not be generally remembered that he ante-dated the creation of a royal dukedom when Major Pendennis gave it as a proof of the social standing of Lady Mirabel that she had been received by Lady Rockminister and the Duchess of Connaught.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* says: "*The Manhattan Magazine* will resume publication soon. The exact time is not yet fixed. The magazine will retain its old form, and no changes will occur either in its get-up or in its general character. The financial difficulties are nearly straightened out. Old subscribers will receive their copies as heretofore. Mr. William Henry Forman will continue as editor."

Mr. Edmund Yates's "Reminiscences" have commanded such an enormous sale as to astonish the worthy and genial publisher, Mr. Bentley. Mr. Yates has established himself permanently as a resident Brightonian. For a literary man he takes a great deal of exercise, doing a regular exercise canter in flannels every morning at seven o'clock, returning to bath and breakfast. Then comes work from half-past nine till twelve, and then a canter over the downs on a powerful black. Luncheon over, there is more work till the hour of driving on the esplanade, and with lamplight comes correspondence and possibly proofs for correction. And so wags the *World!*

Mr. Julian Hawthorne is thus described by the Rochester *Democrat:* "He is somewhat slender in size, weighing perhaps not more than one hundred and fifty pounds, and in height being about five feet ten. He is finely proportioned and makes a pleasing impression. His head is fine and striking. The high forehead, the clear-cut and distinctive features, the well-shaped nose and chin, and rather large mustache make a face that when once seen will not easily be forgotten. His manners are quiet, but wholly unconventional. His voice is low, but his enunciation is distinct. He gives the broad sound to the vowels, but there is little of the drawl in his speech."

Last spring the *Youths' Companion* offered prizes of five hundred and two hundred and fifty dollars for the first and second best boys', girls', humorous, and adventurous stories. These prizes have now been awarded. It is curious to note the distribution of the authors. Two live in Denver, Colorado, one each in Indiana, Maine, Connecticut, Montreal, and London, while one hails from Philadelphia, Mr. Frank R. Stockton, who, it is needless to say, gets the first prize for humor. It will thus be seen that the West supplies the larger number of prize-winners. No less than seven thousand manuscripts were sent in for competition. This means that one in every three thousand of the grown men and women of this country, or nearly that proportion, have entered the field of authorship. Surely no one can say that money reward does not stimulate literary production, if it does not develop genius. The figures are still more surprising when it is considered that even the most widely circulated periodical reaches only a limited number of people. Other competitions of a similar character are going on now which engage the literary ability of other thousands, and it would be idle to attempt to enumerate the thousands of volunteer contributors to the newspapers.

### New Books.

"The Adventures of Prince Idleways" is the title of a little book containing four fairy tales by Mrs. W. J. Hays, the authoress of "Princess Idleways." They are very prettily told and will no doubt greatly interest the little ones. Published by Harper & Brothers; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

An excellent collection of nursery rhymes has been compiled by Mary J. Morrison. They are over one hundred and fifty in number, and are selected from a wide range of authors, from Tennyson to the last newspaper rhymster. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Clinton Scollard, one of the lesser lights of poesy who have sprung into existence in the past few years, has published through G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, a little book called "Pictures in Song." Some of the verses are bright and clever, and the book is very neatly bound and printed. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

"Heartsease" is the title of a handsome Christmas card in book form, consisting of ten extracts from poems on pansies, selected and illustrated in colors by Susie B. Skelding. The cover is handsomely illuminated and it is heavily fringed with satin. It is published by White, Stokes, & Allen, New York; for sale by the American Tract Society; price, $1.

"The Mary Jane Papers" is the title of a series of sketches of child life by A. G. Plympton, told in a simple and amusing style. They have, in part, appeared before in *St Nicholas;* but, as the author says, "a great many people have missed seeing them," so they are "presented to the 'American public' in this little book." It is illustrated by the author, and published by White, Stokes & Allen, New York; for sale by the American Tract Society; price, $1.

"The Elements of English Speech" is the title of a book in which Isaac Bassett Choate discusses the many idiomatic uses of the English tongue. It is not designed as a text-book, as it does not treat exhaustively of any one topic, but is a rambling commentary on the language, intending to encourage study in this subject by pointing out some of its many beauties. Published by D. Appleton & Co.; for sale by James T. White & Co.

"The Mentor" is called by the author, Alfred Ayres, "a little book for the guidance of such men and boys as would appear to advantage in the society of persons of the better sort." It gives excellent advice regarding one's personal appearance, behavior at the dinner-table and in public, conversation, calls and cards, and ends with a chapter entitled "What is a Gentleman?" As in all books of this kind, the reader is frequently surprised at the need of instruction concerning things which he himself intuitively does. It is published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York; price, $1.

The enterprise of Charles Scribner's Sons is well shown in the Christmas annual of *The Book-Buyer*. It has a handsomely designed cover, and for a frontispiece an engraving of Ernest Hébert's "La Vièrge de la Délivrance," by G. Kruell. The reading-matter, consisting principally of book reviews, is by such writers as Donald G. Mitchell, R. H. Stoddard, George Parsons Lathrop, H. H. Boyesen, H. C. Bunner, Frank R. Stockton, and Daniel C. Beard, and many handsome illustrations are taken from the books reviewed. It is for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, 10 cents.

In "Men of Invention and Industry," Samuel Smiles has continued the series begun some years ago with his "Lives of Engineers," "Industrial Biography," and "Self-Help." The first chapters are devoted to a review of the history of England's great ship-building industries, and a later chapter has been prepared by Mr. Harland of Belfast on the same industry in Ireland. The remainder of the book is taken up with an account of the invention of the steam printing-press and its application to the production of newspapers and books. It is published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

A biography of "Abraham Lincoln" has been prepared by Mr. W. O. Stoddart, a neighbor of Mr. Lincoln in his early life in Illinois and one of his private secretaries during the War of the Rebellion. Mr. Stoddart has had rare opportunities to study the gradual development of the character of our great war-President, and the use he made of those opportunities is well shown in the present volume. It is of a more intimate and personal character than any biography of the man that has yet appeared. The principal men and events of the war are incidentally discussed, and the whole is enlivened by many witty anecdotes. It is a large and handsomely bound and printed octavo volume of more than five hundred pages. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale, by subscription, by Phillips & Hunt.

Shortly after the appearance of "Tom Sawyer," Mark Twain promised a sequel to it; but as time passed and he gave the world two new books, we thought he had forgotten his promise. At length, however, it is announced that "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" will be published in the course of a few days. Though we are sorry to see that Tom occupies a very subordinate place in the story, we must acknowledge that the book has the same interest and humor, and will probably be as widely read as its predecessor. The illustrations are by E. W. Kemble, whose work on the New York *Life* is well known, and it is published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York. Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain) has heretofore always published his books through a Hartford house, whose reputation he has made; but owing to some financial difficulty with them he has transferred this work to Mr. Charles L. Webster's firm, Mr. Webster being a relative of his. The letter-press and general appearance of the book speak well for the change. It is sold by subscription by the Occidental Publishing Company.

A fourth edition of Richard L. Dugdale's "The Jukes," with an introduction by William M. F. Round, has been issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, in their series of "Questions of the Day." Mr. Dugdale spent years in collecting the data from which this little book was written, examining prison records, questioning physicians and old residents, and going among the worst classes of paupers in his zeal for the lessening of crime. The result of his labors is a remarkable book. It tells the history of the "Jukes" family, from "Ada Jukes" (a pseudonym for "Margaret, the mother of criminals"), born about 1755, to 1874, showing that from her descended a family of seven hundred and nine persons, of whom the majority were criminals, prostitutes, or paupers, and cost the public in depredations on property and charitable relief more than one and one-quarter millions of dollars in about seventy-five years. The results shown in this book are truly appalling, and are conclusive evidence of the need of a radical change in our prisons and houses of refuge, which Mr. Dugdale declares to be "the nurseries, not the reformatories, of crime."

### Journalistic Chit-chat.

Charles H. Shinn is writing editorials on American politics for the London *Times*.

Josh Billings writes half a column a week for the New York *Weekly*, for which he receives five thousand dollars a year.

Henry Ward Beecher was the editor of the New York *Independent* sixteen years ago. He wrote a few editorials, but soon became tired of the work, and his name was dropped from the paper.

*Truth*, a New York daily, has suspended. It leaped into great notoriety during the campaign of 1880 by publishing the Morey letter forgery. This was soon followed by a great decline in circulation and business.

Japanese newspaper enterprise is making rapid progress. It is stated that no less than three vernacular newspapers published at Tokio and one at Kobe have sent special correspondents to report the proceedings of the war in China.

Murat Halstead is as horrible a penman as was Horace Greeley. Charles A. Dana writes in a small, neat hand, and dips his pen in violet ink. George William Curtis writes an easy, running hand. Whitelaw Reid writes a plain, but uneven hand, which is easy to read.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is the first English daily newspaper to take up the idea of a Christmas number. It announces a forthcoming "Extra," which will contain a vivid ghost story by Mr. R. L. Stevenson—one, it is stated, awful enough to freeze the blood of a grenadier.

Mr. Robert J. Burdette has ended his twelve years' connection with the Burlington *Hawk-eye*, and will make his home permanently at Ardmore, Penn. He says he had no quarrel with the *Hawkeye;* "we still speak as we pass by; but the *Hawkeye* can't come down here to be edited, and I won't go to Burlington to edit it."

The Boston *Herald* printed a larger edition than any other paper in the United States on the morning after election. The figures were 302,030, which "knock out" any of the New York papers by nearly one-third. The largest number of Boston *Heralds* ever printed in a single day before was on September 20, 1881, the day after President Garfield's death, when they printed 270,440 copies.

Colonel Ingersoll's new lecture, "Which Way?" delivered in Kansas City on a recent Saturday night, gave the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* an opportunity to cover itself with journalistic glory. Three short-hand reporters sent from St. Louis took the lecture down *verbatim*, and it was sent by five wires to the *Globe-Democrat*, the address occupying a page in solid nonpareil in the Sunday issue.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*First Wretch:* "How's your wife, old man?"
*Second Wretch:* "Splendid! Bad cold; can't speak above a whisper."—*Ex.*

Photograph-seller, saturated with modernism, to fair customer: *She*—"Have you a photograph of Washington Irving!"
*He*—"Yes, ma'am! but if you will pardon my correction, his first name is Henry."

A pink of propriety: *Ethel*—"Oh, mamma, I've got such a pain!"
*Mother*—"Where, dear?"
*Ethel* (a refined child)—"In my sash, mamma."—*London Judy.*

At the dime museum: *She*—"Oh, look at that Indian, with his feather head-dress!"
*He*—"Yes; fine feathers."
*She*—"Well, why do the Indians wear them that way?"
*He*—"To keep his wigwam."—*Somerville Journal.*

A well-known financier was addressing some good counsel to his son.
"See here, my boy, honesty before all. Why, last evening a customer made a mistake in a payment; instead of paying me four thousand dollars he paid me five thousand dollars."
"Well?"
"I gave five hundred dollars to my partner."—*Acta Columbiana.*

At the *Salon: First Friend* (who doesn't want to parade his ignorance of French, and has just discovered a fifth picture marked '*Hors Concours*')—"Bless me! here's another of 'm. Seems to be a favorite subject over here!"
*Second Friend*—"H'm! Yes; but still capable of a great variety of treatment, I should say."
(Each wishes he could only ask the other what the deuce it means, anyhow.)—*Life.*

A pious father on the West Side entered a Clark Street saloon last evening, and, to his infinite surprise and unspeakable mortification, discovered his only son seated at a card-table and indulging in the wicked game of euchre. He bounced the youth unceremoniously; then, looking at the vacant chair at the table, he noted that his heir had left a very promising hand, and so he sat right down and finished it, and raked in the pot. This is virtue rewarded.—*Chicago Telegram.*

By cable: "How's business with you, Sandy?" asked young Swearhoff, as he met the Czar the other day.
"Oh, it's Russian," replied the emperor.
"Where you Romanoff to?"
"I Moscow home."
"Look out and don't get Dnieper on you."
"Don't be Volga."
"Tar-tar."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

"Do you love me, dearest?" she asked of her crusty old husband.
"Did you pay those bills yesterday?"
"Yes; but do you"——
"Is there anything you want particularly to-day?"
"No; but do you love me, dearest?"
"Well, I guess I do," he then cautiously replied, as he carefully placed a newspaper over the pocket where he carried his money.—*New York Graphic.*

It is said that the latest wrinkle in Spain is to have women bull-fighters, instead of men. It must be a noble sight to see one of those dark-eyed females in the ring facing a mad bull; but how different would be the scene if one of our American girls should attempt it. The sight would bring tears to eyes that never wept before. If any one has ever seen an American girl climb a rail fence at the sight of a cow in an adjoining field, they can form some idea of what she would do if brought face to face with a mad bull. No wall would be too high for her to climb, and you can gamble on it that she wouldn't let any grass grow under her feet while getting into the next county. Of course there are some girls, like Lulu Hurst, for instance, who would take a bull by the tail and toss him over the fence; but the majority of them would want to go home to their ma.—*Peck's Sun.*

"No, zir; I gannod drust you for dot bants."
"Why not, Mr. Grindstein?"
"Pecause you never vill bay me."
"I know, but I've got a scheme by which you can make some money"
"Vat ish dot?"
"You know Goldspeckle, your rival across the street?"
"Yes."
"Well, if I tell him you trusted me for a pair of pants, he'll trust me for a coat and vest. Don't you see? A coat and vest are worth five times as much as a pair of pants. You'll lose only four dollars, while he is losing twenty dollars."
"Vell, on dose gonditions you can have der bants."—*Chicago News.*

Nat Goodwin is an honored member of the famous Hull Yacht Club of Boston, and the experiences of his yacht have been so numerous that they would fill tomes to overflowing. His yacht is, not inappropriately, named the *Sinker*, and it is justly considered the most remarkable craft on the Atlantic coast. Whenever Mr. Goodwin sets sail in it his Boston friends buy pools on the chances of his ever showing up again. It is worthy of note that the chances of never returning are the favorite in the pools.
Mr. Goodwin tells us, and we are inclined to believe him, that his yacht is the only sailing vessel in American waters that can jump a fence. He says that whenever he leaves the Boston wharf and heads the *Sinker* for the mighty expanse of brine due east, every tug in the harbor gets up steam and gives chase, it seeming to be a friendly rivalry among the tugs to see who will earn the ten dollars, and the honor of conveying the *Sinker* back into port when it staves a hole in its hold, or splits its mizzenmast, or loses its boom, or disables its rudder, or meets with any one of the misfortunes which appear to be inevitable when Mr. Goodwin is in practical command.—*Chicago News.*

An Open Letter to the Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks:
DEAR SIR—Pair off with Burchard, and keep your teeth together so that the fog won't get into your lungs. The great throbbing public isn't honing and hankering and yearning and tearing its hair and beating its breast for you. Perhaps you think the little circus that has just terminated was got up solely on your account? That is just where you are off your pedestal, Mr. Hendricks. For while the elephant's tail may hold itself on a proud equality with the trunk, nobody will feed hay to it. You are an estimable man, Mr. Hendricks, but you are lost in the Stygian gloom of underdone error if you think that the recent vivacious campaign was your dog-fight. But if you want some diamond-studded advice with solid silver handles, we can give it to you. Consider the steam-whistle, how it is much beloved in repose. Observe the fog-horn and the steam calliope, which are revered most when they overflow with unlimited silence. You are a man of many virtues, Mr. Hendricks. You have a large collection of assorted good qualities. There are many good things about you, including the Vice-Presidency. And now you will be just fixed if you will add to the lay-out the tender holiness of holding-in-ness and the calm of a sacred subsequency. Yours, in friendship and horse-sense,
I

## SOCIETY.

### The Grace Church Kettle-drum.

The kettle-drum given on Wednesday evening by the ladies of Grace Church, for the purpose of reducing the indebtedness of the church, was in every way a success. Saratoga Hall was filled with the élite of the city, and the attractions were numerous. At both sides of the hall and in the two adjacent rooms were booths for the sale of refreshments, bonbons, fancy articles, and flowers. Each booth had its matronly chaperone, with a corps of able and willing assistants.

The various departments were managed as follows: Ice cream and chocolate booth by Mrs. James de la Montanya; Japanese tea booth by Mrs. Doctor O. O. Burgess; the prize cake by Mrs. H. B. Williams; the fancy bazaar by Mrs. Vandewater and Mrs. Charles Gibbs; the lemonade booth by Mrs. Frederick MacCrellish; the bonbon booth by Mrs. Evan J. Coleman; the oyster booth by Mrs. Doctor J. P. Whitney, and the floral booth by Mrs. Doctor H. H. Toland and Mrs. G. W. Gibbs. In the latter booth each young lady assistant represented a different flower, as follows: Miss Ella Goad, the primrose; Miss Maggie Gwin, the fern; Miss Sophia Gibbs, the scarlet geranium; Miss Sallie Maynard, the chrysanthemum; Miss Susie Morgan, the violet; Miss Mollie Torbert, poppies and wheat; Miss Jennie Sanderson, corn flowers; Miss Laura Bates, the carnation, and Miss Marie Voorhees, the tea rose. Miss Grace Riddle made an efficient cashier, and was kept very busy.

Dancing was commenced at eight o'clock and continued without interruption until midnight, and Ballenberg was heard to exclaim that "he never played so much dance music in such a short time in his life." That his efforts were appreciated by the dancers was very plainly to be seen. It is estimated that over fifteen hundred dollars was realized. Among the many present, exclusive of those already enumerated, were the following:

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Samuel Wilson, Mrs. John R. Jarboe, Mrs. Wm. M. Gwin, Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mrs. Dr. R. C. Foute, Mrs. Frank Goad, Mrs. L. H. Newton, Mrs. A. H. Phelps, Miss Jennie de la Montanya, Miss J. J. Robinson, Dr. and Mrs. Boyson, Mrs. McCuen, Mrs. Fonda, Miss Holland, Miss Perrault, Miss Nettie Roman, Miss Julia Lingley, Miss Lowd, Miss Tarrant, Miss Mattie Sheldon, Miss Katie Woods, the Misses Bolton, Miss Moody, Miss Grace Jones, Miss Mamie Elam, the Misses Martell, Miss Mabel Pacheco, Miss Florence Godley, Miss L. Bradley, Miss E. Will, Miss E. Johnson, Miss L. Gibbs, Miss N. Rogers, Miss Carrie Gwin, Mrs. Wm. M. Gwin Jr., Miss Lucille Thornton, Miss Eva Maynard, Miss Florence Atherton, Miss Maggie Gwin, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Baldwin, Mrs. A. J. Bennett, Miss Sibyl Sanderson, Mr. Harry Tevis, Dr. J. P. Whitney, Dr. Younger, Mr. W. B. Schofield, Mr. John N. Featherston, Miss Crocker, Mr. Will Crocker, Mr. Henry Crocker, Miss Fannie Crocker, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Tessie Fair, Miss Belle Smith, Mrs. Dr. Volney Spaulding, Miss Ruth Holladay, Miss May Holladay, Miss Minnie E. Goldsmith, Mr. Chapman, Miss Winnie Chase, Miss Birdie Uhlhorn, Mr. James de la Montanya Jr., Hon. and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Mr. Bert Morrow, Mr. Ed. Greenway, Mr. Harry Gilmor, Mr. and Mrs. Abbott Kinney (née Thornton), Miss Bessie Sedgwick, Colonel Fred. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Miss Nettie Schmiedell, Miss Matie Peters, Mr. Frank Pray, Miss Kate Jarboe, Mr. Evan J. Coleman, Mr. H. B. Williams, and many others.

### The Selby-Macondray Wedding.

The marriage of Mrs. Elena Atherton Macondray and Mr. Percival Walker Selby, which occurred last Wednesday, was one of the most quiet affairs that has taken place in this city for many a day. The ceremony was performed at the handsome residence of the bride, on Jackson Street, near Gough, which was appropriately adorned with flowers. In the presence of the relatives of both families the nuptial knot was tied, the Rev. Father Prendergast officiating. After the ceremony the happy couple received the felicitations of those assembled, and a wedding dinner was partaken of. Mr. and Mrs. Selby are passing their honeymoon in the country, but will soon return to this city.

### The Goad Dinner.

One of the most pleasant of the many enjoyable events of the week was the dinner party given last night by Mrs. W. Frank Goad, at her residence on the corner of Washington and Gough Streets. The elegant mansion was brilliantly illuminated and adorned with a profusion of rare flowers, that harmonized in their colors with the rich surroundings.

The guests, numbering twenty-one in all, arrived about seven o'clock, and a few moments later dinner was announced. The dining table bore an ornate garniture of lovely flowers and elegant table-ware arranged in exquisite taste. Each lady received a fragrant corsage bouquet of roses, and the gentlemen were decorated with dainty boutonnieres. Favors, imported for the occasion, consisting of fans, baskets of candy, etc., were also distributed. After enjoying a most elaborate menu, replete with the choicest viands and wines, the guests adjourned to the parlors. The remainder of the evening was delightfully passed in social converse and the enjoyment of musical selections by Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Arnold, and others. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Miss Crocker, Mrs. Lucy Arnold, Judge and Mrs. O. P. Evans, General and Mrs. John Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Bowie, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Miss Green, Miss Goad, Mr. Harry Tevis, Mr. Frank Carolan, Mr. Henry Sheldon, Mr. Winfield Jones, and the host and hostess.

### The Howard-Hopps Wedding.

The nuptials of Miss Nellie Hopps and Mr. B. Chandler Howard were solemnized last Wednesday noon at the residence of the bride's parents, 406 Geary Street. The wedding was a very quiet affair, none but the relatives of the bride and groom being present, Rev. R. L. Brewer, of San Mateo, officiating. The bride is known as one of our most promising artists, a young lady whose sterling worth and amiability have made her hosts of warm friends. The groom, through his long connection with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, is well known in society and businesss circles, and is liked by all for his urbane and jovial disposition. Immediately after the ceremony a brief reception was held, after which the young couple departed on the steamer for Los Angeles, where they will pass the honeymoon.

The entire house was handsomely decorated with flowers for the occasion, the prominent designs being a wedding-bell in the embrasure of the bay window, a handsome large floral pagoda, in the center of which was a silver wedding-bell, several horse-shoes, hearts, and other emblematic devices. The chandeliers were wreathed in smilax, and the marble mantles were profusely banked with buds and flowers of every imaginable hue and perfume.

The young couple were the recipients of many elegant presents, among which were the following:

A handsome combination silver dinner-set from Mr. Charles Webb Howard; a Sèvres china punch-bowl from Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Ashton; a Bohemian glass vase from Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Abbott Jr.; silver soup-ladle, Miss Cornelia Kirby; silver berry ladle, Miss Ora Kirby; Bohemian glass and gold jug, Miss Hammond; ivory carving-set, H. T. Teschemacher; gold salt and pepper receptacles and butter-dishes, Mrs. J. W. Raymond; silver fish-knife and spoon, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Crocker; gold paper-cutter, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease Jr.; gold salt-cellars and spoons, Mrs. J. H. Redington; individual salt-cellars of gold, Mr. Henry Pearce; toilet set, Mrs. William Cummings; tête-à-tête table, elegantly embroidered, Miss May Hopps; embroidered lambrequin, Mrs. Wilson; Duchesse lace handkerchief, Mrs. Stark; silver ice-cream spoons, Mr. George H. Howard; silver fruit-knives, Mr. Herbert Hopps; pearl-handled dessert knives and forks with napkin-rings, Mrs. Charles Hopps; silver tea-spoons, Mr. James Watson; silver salt and pepper boxes, Miss Howard; silver coffee-spoons, Miss Jennie Poultney; Japanese tea set, Mrs. Pixley, and many others.

### The McCullough-Witcher Wedding.

Miss Alice Valerie Witcher and Mr. Frank Fenton McCullough were united in the bonds of matrimony last Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's father, at Mastick Station, Alameda. The bride, a petite and handsome brunette, is the daughter of General John S. Witcher, U. S. A., and is well known in social circles on this coast. The groom comes from one of the first families of West Virginia, and is a son of Doctor P. H. McCullough of Huntington, in that State. He is a graduate of the law department of the University of Virginia, and was elected during the recent campaign to the position of County Clerk of Cahill County. Upon his election he immediately started for this coast to claim his *fiancée*. The ceremony was very quiet, only the relatives and a few intimate friends being present. Rev. J. O. Raynor, Chaplain U. S. A., officiated. The floral decorations of the house were beautiful, and the presents elegant and numerous. After the ceremony an elegant *déjeuner* was partaken of and then the happy young couple departed for their distant Southern home. They will pass a few days in Los Angeles, New Orleans, St. Louis, and Cincinnati.

### The Charity Ball.

The closing feature of the recent entertainments given in this city for the benefit of the six charities was a "charity ball," and took place on Monday evening at the Mechanics' Pavilion.

From a financial and numerical standpoint the ball was not a success; from a social standpoint it was perhaps a qualified one.

### The Cheerful Workers.

The Bazaar held by the Cheerful Workers at the Wigwam during the week has been largely attended, and has been a great success.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. Edgar Mills and family have engaged apartments at the Palace, where they will pass the winter.

Judge Rising and family, of Virginia City, will be here about the latter part of the month, and will pass three or four months at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. MacDermott, of Oakland, will winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. A. E. Head, Miss Head, Mrs. George Hearst, Miss Baker, and Mr. Joseph Clark left last Wednesday, on the Burlington route, for New York. They will stop over at Deming, to visit Mr. Head's mines. Boston will probably be their objective point during the winter, and the party will be joined by Mr. A. E. Head in February.

Attorney-General Marshall has returned from Washington, D. C., after an absence of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins returned from the East last Monday.

Senator James T. Fair, left for Washington, D. C., on Wednesday.

Mr. Edward Curtis will soon leave for the East.

Mrs. Isaac Requa, of Piedmont, is at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. James D. Phelan returned from the East yesterday.

Miss Theresa McAllister has gone East, and will pass the winter with relatives.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding will return from Washington, D. C., the latter part of next week.

Mr. Harry Tevis will pay a visit to the Hawaiian Islands, leaving here Monday.

Miss May Fargo has entirely recovered from her late severe illness.

Miss Belle Reis returned from her Eastern visit last Saturday, and a pleasant sojourn of four months in Cheyenne, Chicago, and St. Louis.

Mrs. D. W. Hitchcock returned from the East last Saturday, to attend her husband, who is quite ill in his rooms at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Carey Friedlander contemplates a trip to Shanghai.

Mr. A. D. Wilder, the popular Division Superintendent of the Central Pacific Railroad, has returned from the East with his newly-wedded wife, and is comfortably domiciled in Oakland.

Miss Louise Dearborn, who has been in Australia for several months past, is expected to return here on the 29th instant.

Colonel A. H. Hawes left for the Eastern States on Monday.

Mr. Horace P. Fletcher, who recently returned from Chicago, went to Japan last Monday, on a business trip.

### Army and Navy News.

General Charles Cadwalader arrived from the East last Tuesday.

Lieutenat A. H. Merrill, First Artillery, U. S. A., is at the Palace.

Lieutenant A. H. Merrill, First Artillery, U. S. A., is at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant S. W. Quackenbush, U. S. M. C., arrived from the East on Thursday last, and reported for duty at the Marine Barracks, Mare Island.

Lieutenant Kingsbury, U. S. A., has been ordered to Washington, D. C.

General A. S. Burnett, father of Lieutenant J. C. Burnett, U. S. N., and a veteran of the war of 1812, died on Tuesday last, at Haywards, California, aged eighty-nine.

### Railway Personals.

Mr. T. H. Goodman went to Chicago last Wednesday to attend the railroad convention there. He was accompanied by Mr. John L. Truslow of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad.

Mr. Samuel Miller went to Stockton on Wednesday, returning the following day.

Mr. L. L. Cable, President of the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad, is at Monterey with his family. He will soon proceed to Los Angeles and Fort Yuma.

### Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. John S. Hager will give a german on Wednesday evening of next week, in the parlors of the Palace Hotel. It is given as a compliment to her two sons, who have recently returned from college, and the invitations are limited to a few of their young friends.

The members of the Reliance Club will give another of their enjoyable parties at Saratoga Hall on Monday evening.

A prominent society event in contemplation is the german to be given by the new Cotillion Club at B'nai B'rith Hall next Friday evening. General novelties will be introduced, and there is no doubt but that the german will be a great success.

Miss Jennie Whittier has kindly offered the use of her residence on Howard Street to the members of the Eu Thuvu Club for their next reception, which takes place on Friday evening, December 26th.

The Schumann Club announce a concert at B'nai B'rith Hall on Thursday evening. The high class of music rendered by this club always insures a large attendance.

Mrs. Faxon D. Atherton is quite ill at her residence on California Street.

Mr. H. McLean Martin is convalescing from his recent severe illness, and Mrs. Martin has almost recovered from the accident she sustained last week.

The Misses Ivers entertained a party of friends at their residence, on Leavenworth Street, last Wednesday evening. The hours were pleasantly passed in solving the mysteries of "Commerce" and the enjoyment of a splendid supper.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Miner, of San José, have issued cards for the marriage reception of their sister, Miss Metta E. Abbott, and Mr. Frederic A. Taylor, on Thursday, December 18th. It will take place at their residence, corner Stockton Avenue and Clinton Place, San José.

Ex-Governor F. F. Low, who recently left here with his family for Japan en route for a trip around the world, met with a severe accident while on the steamer. A falling spar struck him on the right shoulder causing a compound fracture. At present he is in Yokohama, and will proceed on his journey as soon as his health permits. Mrs. Low and Miss Flora are in excellent health.

### Art Notes.

A reception was held in the rooms of the Palette Club, on Kearny Street, last Saturday evening, to inaugurate their second annual exhibition. Some hundred pictures were exhibited, among which "El Rodeo," representing a band of cattle being driven across the plain by two herdsmen, a pretty sketch of the redwoods on the Russian River, and a scene representing a volcanic eruption on the Sandwich Islands, by Jules Tavernier; "Moonlight," by Rodriguez; several copies of the old masters by Kunath; a large portrait of a cardinal, by Wores; two studies of heads by L. Roethe; a study of a head in pastel, by Kunath; and some handsome decorative cards by Stanton, attracted particular attention. The exhibition will continue open until after Christmas.

There are a number of Adirondack sketches by Julian Rix in *Harper's Weekly* for December 6. One of the best is called "Dead Timber, Mount Maxon," but all are excellent.

Maximilian Taubles, who was well known in this city as a dilettante—sketching a little, writing art criticisms, and occasionally dabbling in oils—has established himself in New York. There was an article from his pen in *Harper's Weekly* a short time ago on the opera season, and he has issued a series of photographs, which he has copyrighted. He has taken a mannikin crowned with a skull, and draped, posed, and clothed it in various fashions. One is "The Dude," another "The Sport," a third "The Coquette," and so on. The effect of a skull, crowned with a lace mantilla and smirking behind a fan, is most extraordinary. The photographs are peculiar, but ghastly.

Mr. Jules Tavernier leaves next Monday for Honolulu, with the intention of making art studies on the Islands.

Mr. Thomas Hill has taken his departure for New Orleans, and expects to be absent at the Exposition for several months.

---

Thursday next (18th instant) is announced as the date of the concert given by the Gounod Club, at Irving Hall, for the benefit of one of its prominent members, Madame Le Hardy. Apart from the fact that the beneficiary is an artist of merit, the elements of the concert must insure its success. The musicians who so generously give their talent in aid of the undertaking are all favorites of the San Francisco public—Madame Rosewald, the brilliant soprano; Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, the distinguished pianist; Mr Villani, tenor; Mr. Rosewald, violinist; Mr. Emil Knell, 'cellist; with Professor Roekel as accompanist—will present an attractive and varied programme to the lovers of music. Tickets can be had at Kohler & Chase's, Sherman & Clay's, at Bancroft's, and of any of the members of the Gounod Club, and at the door on the evening of the concert.

**California Christmas Cards.**

California wild flowers, painted by our best local artists.

To you, across December's snow,
These summer-breathing flowers go—
The message you already know
Once more repeating.

James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

### The Third Philharmonic Concert.

Out of a programme of six numbers, played at the Philharmonic concert on Wednesday afternoon, four were marked "first time." These novelties were given in an interrupted succession, beginning with Beethoven's overture to "King Stephen," op. 117. This work—uniform in date of composition with "The Ruins of Athens"—was written for the opening of a new theatre at Pesth, as part of the music to a dramatic piece by Kotzebue, and is distinguished by very little of that charm which lies, for example, in the third of the "Fidelio" overtures. Although presented with a reasonable readiness and precision, "König Stephan," as well as the other new numbers, bore palpable traces of insufficient preparation—a lack which heretofore, this season, has not been unpleasantly noticeable. The preponderance of unfamiliar work, however, accounted in a measure for many crudities and unusual jars. In the Schumann-like "Intermezzo," op. 46, Bargiel's carefully elaborated and beautiful treatment of his thought is large compensation for its want of originality. The melody it embodies, with an arpeggio accompaniment flitting uneasily about the orchestra to the violins, the 'cellos, or the bass, is very full and lovely. A single hearing is quite insufficient for one's entire satisfaction, and a repetition at some future time would doubtless insure a more finished handling of the subject matter. The third and important number of the programme consisted of Kullak's C minor Concerto for piano and orchestra. This concerto, which has never before been played in San Francisco, ranks as the irreproachable work of a thoroughly trained musician. At the same time Theodore Kullak was not a writer of many native inspirations. His models were classic, and his style is accordingly bright with reflected glory, as well as with a certain conventional glitter. As a Kullak pupil, it was quite natural that Miss Estelle Hanchette should have chosen to appear in this composition; and her treatment of the piano part (which is, of course, essentially the concerto) showed her to have been a faithful student of a famous method. This, however, is what a great many people have been besides Miss Hanchette. Like her, they have gained an elaborate mechanical dexterity; they have developed an immense amount of technique; they have memorized; they have worn years away above helpless key-boards, and yet, like Miss Hanchette, again, they have not become virtuosos. Her playing was unquestionably the performance of an indefatigable pupil; it was clear, facile, and ready, but, as far as literalness was concerned, it was not without slips and blunders; and in that artistic power which "unlooses those bonds that tie people down to their personality" and sends a flood of feeling flowing through their souls, it was entirely lacking. Virility, imagination, originality, poetical insight are all requisites of artistic attainment. Mere ease of manipulation is, alas! no compensation for their absence. In spite of an orchestral accompaniment, which entered or ceased entirely as its whims of genius prompted it to do, Miss Hanchette successfully concluded the concerto, and was warmly recalled. In the excitement of the moment she yielded to an impulse which, no doubt, her cooler judgment would have condemned, and seated herself to play an encore. With a nervousness which had not before been apparent, she touched a few measures of a transcription from Bach, only to be completely deserted by her seemingly reliable memory, in a most trying and unfortunate manner. In the "Scherzo," by Hartmann, an extremely clumsy-handed spirit of some peculiar nature descended to move upon the strings in a strangely heavy fashion. It also cast an evil eye upon the brass wind, and bewitched it to a sad degree. Prosperity was restored in the exquisite "Larghetto" from Mozart's Quintet, op. 108, the principal part being for clarinet, with string accompaniment. The solo was delightfully played by Mr. Wrba, who exhibited not only fine control of his instrument, but also the utmost musical discrimination and sensibility. The support was always sympathetically modulated, and the number, altogether, was the choice one of the concert. The programme was concluded by the four movements of Saint-Saëns's "Suite Algerienne"—1. Prélude, En vue d'Alger; 2. Rhapsodie Mauresque; 3. Reverie du Soir; 4. Marche Militaire Française. The suite was given last year, but its repetition proved bright and enjoyable.

---

On the 22d of this month a piano recital will be given by Miss Neally Stevens, a young lady who has lately returned from abroad, after prolonged European study. Miss Stevens has been a favored pupil of Von Buhlow, Scharwenka, Moszkowski, Kullak, and Liszt, and these exceptional opportunities have not been enjoyed in vain. Her repertoire includes many interesting works, her technical acquirements are wide and varied, and her musical experiences equally so.

---

A concert by the Schumann Club is announced for Thursday evening, the 18th. Reinecke's cantanta of "The Enchanted Swans" will be given, with accompaniment of piano, harp, two horns, and violoncello. The poetry of the cantata is written after Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tale, by Karl Kuhn, with an English verson by Lewis Novra. F. A.

---

[Communicated.]

Miss Neally Stevens's piano recital at Gray's music store, 206 Post Street, on December 4th, was given for the press and profession. The programe—consisting of Toccata Fugue (D minor) Bach; Tausig; nocturne, Chopin; barcarolle Moszkowski; and Rhapsodie Hongroise of Liszt—was rendered in an artistic manner, and received with much appreciation by most of those present. Miss Stevens has been studying under the celebrated Kullak, Reif, Von Buhlow, and Liszt, and is an accomplished artist, possessing fine conception, good touch, power, and great brilliancy, particularly in octave passages. Miss Stevens is a young American lady from Rock Island, Illinois, here on a visit for the winter. She will give a public recital on the 22d instant at Irving Hall. An interesting programme will be given, and no doubt, from the fervor with which she was received last Thursday, a crowded house may be anticipated. F.

# HOLIDAY GOODS.

We offer this season, in addition to a complete stock of

## DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY
AND
## ARTISTIC SILVERWARE,

A choice selection of

**Decorated Porcelain, Ivory Goods,**
**Bronze Statuary, Onyx Tables and Pedestals,**
**Vienna and Berlin Fancy Goods,**
**Opera Glasses, Rich Clock Sets,**
**Fans, Jewel Cases, etc., etc.**

## GEO. C. SHREVE & CO.
110 MONTGOMERY STREET.



Perfect Fitting, Stylish, and Durable.

To order and ready-made.

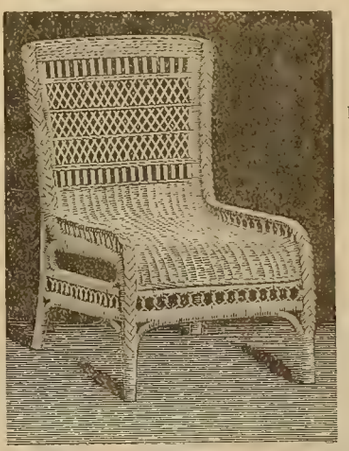
DANICHEFF KID GLOVES.
FACTORY, 119 DUPONT ST.

## CARDS!
*Dodge Brothers*
32 GEARY ST.

## SELECT YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

**From the largest and most complete stock of RATTAN and REED goods ever displayed in a retail store on the Coast. All new and fresh. Many new patterns not found elsewhere.**

**Ladies' Chairs.**
**Children's Chairs.**
**Large Chairs for Gentlemen, with or without Upholstery.**



**Plain Rockers.**
**Patent Rockers.**
**Hassocks.**
**Fire Screens.**
**Work Baskets.**
**Tables.**
**Tete-a-Tetes.**
**Baby Carriages.**
**Etc., etc.**

## H. H. GROSS,
Nos. 16 and 18 Second Street, three doors off Market St., Grand Hotel Building.

**Full line of Folding Beds, thirty styles, costing from $13 to $300 each.**

## KNABE PIANOS
"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*
A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St., S.F., Sole Agents.

## THE SIERRA MADRE VILLA HOTEL,
LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CAL.,

**Is located on the south side of the Sierra Madre Mountains, one thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea.**

**ABOVE THE FOGS OF SEA AND VALLEY.**

It is in the midst of an ORANGE GROVE, overlooking the beautiful San Gabriel Valley. For comfort, a pleasant home, good living, PURE AIR, and sparkling mountain water, it has no rival. The Villa is thirteen miles from Los Angeles, and is reached by rail to within four miles, at San Gabriel station, where the stage meets all trains from East or West. General Sherman says it is the most desirable place on the continent for a quiet rest. Address

**W. GARDNER COGSWELL, San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, Cal.**



## FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR
—AND—
## CLOTH OF GOLD
CIGARETTES.

Our Cigarettes cannot be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883.

**13 First Prize Medals Awarded.** **WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

## SAN LORENZO
PACKING COMPANY,
A COUNTRY CANNERY.



PACKERS OF PURE
CALIFORNIA FRUITS
In Syrup made from the
**Best Dry Granulated Sugar.**

☞ Housewife attention is directed to the San Lorenzo **JAMS** and **JELLIES**, which are made from Pure White Sugar and Fruits.
No Glucose or Brown Sugar used in this Factory.

*Azule*
THE FINEST
**Pure Natural Mineral Water.**
Endorsed by the medical profession. For sale everywhere
**Depot, 513 Sacramento St., S. F.**

**REMOVAL.**
**EDWARD E. OSBORN, Patent Solicitor,** United States and Foreign, has removed to 220 Sansome Street, Rooms 10, 11, and 12, San Francisco.

# CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!

## NOVELTIES
FROM
## PARIS, OFFENBACH, BERLIN, VIENNA, ETC.

# H. S. Crocker & Co.
## 215-217-219 BUSH ST.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

### Freedom.

THE POET LAUREATE'S LATEST.

O thou so fair in summers gone,
While yet thy fresh and virgin soul
Inform'd the column'd Parthenon,
The glittering Capitol;

So fair in southern sunshine bathed,
But scarce of such majestic mien
As here with forehead vapor swayed
In meadows ever green;

For thou—when Athens reigned and Rome,
Thy glorious eyes were dimmed with pain
To mark in many a freeman's home
The slave, the scourge, the chain;

O follower of the Vision, still
In motion to the distant gleam,
Howe'er blind force and brainless will
May jar thy golden dream,

Who, like great Nature, wouldst not mar
By changes all too fierce and fast
This order of our Human Star,
This heritage of the past;

O scorner of the party cry
That wanders from the public good,
Thou—when the Nations rear on high
Their idol smear'd with blood,

And when they roll their idol down—
Of saner Worship sanely proud;
Thou loather of the lawless crown
As of the lawless crowd;

How long thine ever-growing mind
Hath stilled the blast and strewn the wave,
Though some of late would raise a wind
To sing thee to thy grave,

Men loud against all forms of power—
Unfurnished brows, tempestuous tongues,
Expecting all things in an hour—
Brass mouths and iron lungs!

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson, in the Independent.*

### Beauty and the Beast.

The seeds of flowers from isle to isle
The birds have brought, the winds have blown;
The faces of our daisies smile
In meadows of the lands unknown;
And tales our fathers told erewhile
Like flowers through all the world are sown.

The Lover strange, the Lady's woe,
The Prince enchanted and released—
The tale 'neath Himalayan snow
Was chanted by the Vedic priest,
And little Kaffir children know
Their Kaffir Beauty and the Beast.

And here, for English children, here
By him who best knew Fairyland,
Are drawn the gentle Beauty dear
And (changed by the Enchanter's wand)
The Beast, unbending o'er his beer,
His tail caressed by Beauty's hand.

Ah, maidens, mark the moral old:
From ugliness you need not wince,
Nor turn a cruel face and cold
On men who're not Apollos, since
Plain lovers *may* have hearts of gold,
The Husband prove the Fairy Prince.

—*Andrew Lang in Christmas number Longman's Magazine.*

### The 'Squire at Vauxhall.

"I have a reasonable good Ear in Music; let us have the Tongs and the Bones."—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Nothing so idle as to waste
This Life disputing upon *Taste;*
And most—let that sad Truth be written—
In this litigious Land of *Britain,*
Where each one holds "It seems to me"
Equivalent to *Q. E. D.,*
And if you dare to doubt his Word
Proclaims you brainless or absurd.
And then, too often, the Debate
Is not 'twixt First and Second-rate,
Some narrow Issue, where a Touch
Of more or less can't matter much,
But, and this makes the Case so sad,
Betwixt undoubted Good and Bad.
Nay—there are some so strangely wrought—
So warped and twisted in their Thought—
That, if the Fact be but confest,
They like the baser Thing the best.
Take *Bottom,* who for one, 'tis clear,
Possessed a "reasonable Ear";
He might have had at his Command
The Symphonies of *Fairy Land;*
Well, our immortal *Shakespeare* owns
The Oaf preferred the "Tongs and Bones!"

'Squire Homespun from *Clod Hall* rode down,
As the Phrase is, "to see the Town";
(The Town, in those Days, mostly lay
Betwixt the *Tavern* and the *Play*).
Like all their Worships the J. P.s,
He put up at the *Hercules;*
Then sallied forth on Shanks his Mare,
Rather than jolt it in a Chair—
That curst, new-fangled *Lit-le-Ease,*
Which knocks your Nose against your Knees.
For the good 'Squire was Country-bred,
And had strange Notions in his Head,
Which made him see in every Cur
The starveling Breed of *Hanover;*
He classed your Kickshaws and *Ragoos*
With Popery and Wooden Shoes:
Railed at all Foreign Tongues as Lingo,
And sighed o'er *Chaos* Wine for Stingo.
Hence, as he wandered to and fro,
Nothing could please him, high or low.
As *Savages* with *Ships of War*
He looked unawed at *Temple-Bar;*
Could scarce conceal his Discontent
With *Fish Street* and the *Monument;*
And might (except at Feeding-Hour)
Have scorned the Lion in the *Tower,*
But that the Lion's Race was run,
And for the Moment there was none.
At length, blind Fate, that drives us all,
Brought him at Even to *Vauxhall,*
What Time the eager Matron jerks
Her slow Spouse to the *Water-Works,*
And the coy spinster, half afraid,
Insults the *Hermit* in the Shade.
Dazed with the Din and Crowd, the 'Squire
Sank in a Seat before the Choir.
The *Faustinetta,* fair and showy,
Warbled an Air from *Arsinoë,*
Playing her Bosom and her Eyes
As Swans do when they Agonize.
Alas! to some a Mug of Ale
Is better than an *Orphic Tale!*
The 'Squire grew dull, the 'Squire grew bored,
His Chin dropt down; he slept; he snored.
Then, straying through the "poppied Reign,"
He dreamed him at *Clod-Hall* again;
He heard once more the well-known Sounds,
The Crack of Whip, the Cry of Hounds.
He rubbed his Eyes, woke up, and lo!
A Change had come upon the Show.
Where late the Singer stood, a Fellow,
Clad in a Jockey's Coat of Yellow,
Was mimicking a Cock that crew.
Then came the Cry of Hounds anew,
*Yoicks! Stole Away!* and harking back;
Then Ringwood leading up the Pack.
The 'Squire in Transport slapped his knee
At this most hugeous Pleasantry.
The sawn Wood followed; last of all
The Man brought something in a Shawl—
Something that struggled, scraped, and squeaked
As Porkers do, whose tails are tweaked.
Our honest 'Squire could scarcely sit
So excellent he thought the Wit.
But when *Sir Wag* drew off the Sheath
And showed there was no Pig beneath,
His pent-up Wonder, Pleasure, Awe,
Exploded in a long Guffaw:
And, to his dying Day, he'd swear
That Nought in Town the Bell could bear
From "Jockey wi' the Yellow Coat
That had a Farm-yard in his Throat!"

MORAL THE FIRST you may discover:
The 'Squire was like *Titania's* lover;
He put a squeaking Pig before
The Harmony of *Clayton's* Score.

MORAL THE SECOND—not so clear;
But still it shall be added here:
He praised the Thing he understood;
'Twere well if every Critic would.

—*Austin Dobson in Christmas Number English Illustrated Magazine.*


JOS. FIGEL
211 MONTGOMERY ST. S.F.
Offers the
LATEST STYLES
.....OF.....
CLOTHING
.....AND.....
FURNISHING GOODS
FOR GENTS AND BOYS,
READY MADE and MADE TO MEASURE at
REDUCED PRICES.
A Full Line of Desirable Suitings in our Merchant Tailoring Department

*Apollinaris*
*Has received at the*
INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION,
LONDON, 1884, *the*
HIGHEST AWARD
*OVER ALL other MINERAL WATERS, NATURAL or ARTIFICIAL.*
*"APOLLINARIS reigns alone among Natural Dietetic Table Waters. Its numerous competitors appear to have, one after another, fallen away."*
British Medical Journal, *May* 31, 1884.
*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.
No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco.

Steinway & Son's, Kranich & Bach, | Ernest Gabler, and C. Roenisch
PIANOS!
M. GRAY, 206 POST ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
24 Post St., San Francisco
COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, PENMANSHIP AND TELEGRAPHY.
S. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

CRAPE.
Old and Faded Crape Veils and Bonnets RE-DYED and FINISHED LIKE NEW at the
PALACE DYE WORKS,
633 Market Street, Palace Hotel.

EDUCATIONAL.

MME. JULIE ROSEWALD,
TEACHER OF VOCAL MUSIC,
1018 Van Ness Avenue.

J. H. ROSEWALD,
Orchestral Director and Solo Violinist, teaches Violin and Harmony and Ensemble Playing, 1018 Van Ness Avenue.

BARNARD'S Business College, 37 Post St., S. F.
Diploma of Mechanics' Fair, 1884, awarded to this College.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL for GIRLS
Will re-open Monday, August 3d.
Temporary location, 1007 Sutter Street, corner of Hyde.

THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!
The Light-running
"HOUSEHOLD"
SEWING MACHINE.

Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to three months' trial.
Samuel Hill Estate
CITY SALES ROOMS,
634 Market St.
Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

FALL STYLE HATS
Now ready and introduced by
HERRMANN THE HATTER.
The Largest Hat Store on the Coast.
332, 336 KEARNY STREET,
Between Bush and Pine Streets, San Francisco.
Steam Factory connected with Establishment at 17 Belden St. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free.

STORE YOUR FURNITURE
Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.
BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH
J. H. MOTT & CO.,
735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco
Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

ANTI-FAT.
The Greatest Discovery of the Age, by an English Lady, who has, by close study and practice, found a remedy whereby persons of either sex can be reduced in flesh at the rate of five to eight pounds a month without injury to health or looks, the skin on body and face retaining its smooth appearance. Address Postoffice box 1075, San Francisco.

REMOVAL.
MRS. DR. BEIGHLE has removed to 618 EDDY STREET. Galvanic Healer Natural Battery. Diagnosis without questioning. Hours, 1 to 4. Ladies and Children only.

Contract for Fall and Winter Supply
....OF....
COAL
For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons. Prices furnished on application. CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street. Telephone 308

FINEST PHOTOS IN THE CITY
....AT THE....
IMPERIAL GALLERY,
724½ Market Street.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S
BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING
ROSES
Our Great Specialty is growing and distributing ROSES—we deliver strong Pot Plants, suitable for immediate bloom, safely by mail at all Post Offices. 5 Splendid Varieties, your choice, all labeled, for $1; 12 for $2; 35 for $5; 100 for $12. Also OTHER VARIETIES 2, 3, & 10 FOR $1 according to value. Send for our New Guide, 76 pp elegantly illus. and choose from over 500 finest sorts. Address, THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY
OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET.
Works.....Potrero.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.
General Shipping and Commission MERCHANTS,
309 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

JOE POHEIM,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Makes the best-fitting clothes in the State at 25 per cent. less than any other tailor in the city.
Business Pants made to order from..$ 6.00
Business Suits from..... 25.00
Dress Pants from..... 8.00
Dress Suits from..... 30.00
Other garments in proportion. The best of workmanship and trimming guaranteed. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free to any address on application to
JOE POHEIM,
203 Montgomery, 724 Market,
1110 & 1112 Market, and 11 & 13 Turk St.

W. R. STRONG & CO.
SACRAMENTO.


Wholesale Fruit and Commission Dealers.
Consignments solicited.

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

CALIFORNIA
ELECTRO PLATING WORKS,
657 MISSION STREET,
Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating on all Metals.
Table Ware repaired and plated at the lowest rates. Copper Plates silver plated for saving gold. All work in our line guaranteed. KEATING & FAGAN, Proprietors.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

Library of Familiar Quotations.
The Library of Familiar Quotations from English, American, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Latin, and Greek Authors. By Rev. C. T. Ramage, LL. D., and J. C. Grocott. A new and much improved edition. 5 vols., 12mo. Price per set, cloth, $10 00; half calf, $17 50; three-quarters levant morocco, $25.00. The volumes will be sold separately in cloth, as follows:
Familiar Quotations, with parallel passages from various writers. By J. C. Grocott. With Quotations from American Authors. By Anna L. Ward, co editor of "The Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations. $2.00.
French and Italian Authors, with English Translations. By C. T. Ramage. $2.00.
German and Spanish Authors, with English Translations. By C. T. Ramage. $2.00.
Greek Authors, with English Translations. By C. T. Ramage. $2.00
Latin Authors, with English Translations. By C. T. Ramage. $2.00.
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, Publishers, New York.

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.
No. 310 SANSOME STREET,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

WALL PAPERS,
FRESCOING,
INTERIOR DECORATING
WINDOW SHADES.
G. W. CLARK & CO.
845 and 847 Market Street.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Nathan Cole Jr., Room 28, No. 48 Broad Street, New York, is the duly authorized agent of the Argonaut in that city.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Sunday, Nov. 23, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M |
| 8.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Delta, Redding, and Portland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Deming, El Paso and Eastern Express / Emigrant | 10.40 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and Ione, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Galt, via Martinez | *10.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Los Angeles and South | 10.40 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *8.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| ‡8.00 A.M. | Martinez | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " | *3.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " | 10.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Mojave and East Express | 10.40 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | " " " Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Ogden and Express | 11.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | East Emigrant | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | and Tehama via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Stockton & *Milton via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Stockton, via Martinez | 10.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | Tulare, Fresno, Madera & Merced | *3.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | | 10.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " | *3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Virginia City | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 8.00 A. M. meets Pacific Express from Ogden at Vallejo Junction, and Pacific Express from El Paso and Mojave at Pinole.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

### LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier)

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *9.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23 *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23 *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, ‡12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, ‡6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

### CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

## NORTHERN DIVISION SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

BROAD GAUGE.

### WINTER TIME SCHEDULE,

**Commencing Sunday, Nov. 16, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. P. | DESTINATION | ARRIVE S. P. |
|---|---|---|
| † 6.50 A.M. | | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | | 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 5.02 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.08 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | .....Watsonville..... | |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, Soquel (Camp Capitola), ..... and Santa Cruz ..... | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.08 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (Sportsmen's train).

STANDARD OF TIME.—Trains are run on Pacific Standard Time (Randolph & Co.), which is ten (10) minutes FASTER than San Francisco Local Time.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero Stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

To Gilroy, San Jose, and intermediate points.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—Sold SUNDAY MORNING, good for return same day.

Also, to Monterey, Santa Cruz, Soquel, Aptos, Gilroy, San Jose, and intermediate points.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

### SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

### TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, November 17, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—9.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.45, 5.15 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M., 1.30, 5.00 P. M. To Saucelito only, 11.30 A. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.45, 9.00 A. M., 12.15, 3.35, P. M.

(Sundays)—7.55, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.15, 5.00 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—8.15, 9.30 A. M., 1 00, 4.15 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.30, 10.35 A. M., 12.30, 3.50, 5.40 P. M.

Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 2.15 P. M.

**11.30 A. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAIN for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through train from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 1.30 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Piont Reyes and Way Stations.

Returning arrives in S. F. at 6.40 P. M.

Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


BONESTELL, RICHARDSON & CO.

PAPER WAREHOUSE

411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F

**Importers of All Kinds of Paper.**



# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**



## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.**

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 2 o'clock P. M, for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| Steamer | 1884. | From San Francisco |
|---|---|---|
| **San Pablo** | **Thursday, December 18th** | |
| | **1885.** | |
| **Oceanic** | **Thursday, January 22d** | |
| **Arabic** | **Tuesday, February 3d** | |
| **San Pablo** | **Tuesday, March 10th** | |
| **Oceanic** | **Thursday, April 16th** | |
| **Arabic** | **Tuesday, April 28th** | |
| **San Pablo** | **Tuesday, June 2d** | |
| **Oceanic** | **Thursday, July 9th** | |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.



## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of New York** ..... **December 30**
**City of Peking** ..... **January 10**

At 2 o'clock P. M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**San Juan** ..... **Tuesday, December 16**

At ten o'clock A. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, SAN BLAS, MANZANILLO, and ACAPULCO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA and LA LIBERTAD, and via ACAPULCO for other Mexican and Central American ports.

For HONOLULU, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY,

**Zealandia** ..... Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2 o'clock P M

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.



## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on Dec. 1st, 9th, 17th, and 26th, and Jan. 2d, and every eighth day thereafter. The last steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.



## OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**FOR HONOLULU,**

The splendid new 300-ton steamships will leave the Company's Wharf, corner Steuart and Harrison Streets:

ALAMEDA.....MONDAY, December 15th, at 3 P. M.
MARIPOSA.....FRIDAY, January 2d, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

For further particulars, apply to J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Agents, 327 Market Street.



C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.

PACIFIC SAW MANUFACTURING COMPANY

17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO



THE

## AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY

SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**

Office, 208 California Street.



JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.



Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church, Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER. J. W. PORTER.

Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.



## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO

**Paid-up Capital** ..... **$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President; Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President.
James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd



## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital** ..... **$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California: Boston, Tremon National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand: China, Japan, and India Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.



## NATIONAL ASSURANCE COMPANY OF IRELAND.

**ESTABLISHED**.....**A. D. 1822**

Authorized Capital.....$10,000,000
Subscribed Capital..... 5,000,000

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

**Office, 309 Sansome St., San Francisco.**



**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.**
Of London. Instituted 1803

**London Assurance Corporation**
Of London. Established 1720

**Northern Assurance Company**
Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.

**Queen Insurance Company**
Of Liverpool. Established 1857

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.



## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.



## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 18**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY



## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St. San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.



# RUBBER HOSE

—FOR—

**Gardens, Mills, Mines, & Fire Departments**

Manufactured and for sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard (Maltese Cross) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose Rubber Hose (Competition), Suction Hose Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire Engine Hose, Carbolized Maltese Cross Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES

**JOHN W. TAYLOR, - - - Manager.**

**No. 15 First Street, near Market.**



## "IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."

THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**

**36 California Street, San Francisco.**

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast

**Holiday Goods.**

One of the finest displays of holiday novelties that have ever been seen in this city is made by H. J. Levey, in his large store at Nos. 106 and 108 Montgomery Street, corner of Sutter. The stock is of a highly artistic character, the greater portion having been brought from Germany, France, and England expressly for trade on this coast. At all hours of the day crowds may be seen in front of the windows of this store, inspecting the handsome pieces of French statuary, the delicate terra-cotta plaques, the brass-bound mirrors, and the marvelous mechanical figures exhibited there. But the stock inside the store still better repays a close examination. There are artistic pieces of porcelain of the celebrated Sèvres, Faience, and Wedgwood makes, quaint old German drinking-sets, consisting of pitcher and mugs, delicate French liqueur-sets, toilet-sets in great variety and all stages of elaborateness, ingenious work-baskets, brass hanging clocks in a multitude of artistic designs, plaques of all kinds; lace, tortoise-shell, mirabou, and ostrich-feather fans; mirrors of all shapes and sizes, from the pretty hand-glass to the gorgeous beveled French-plate mirror with a decorated ebony frame. It would take too much space, however, to attempt to describe the thousand and one objects that charm the eye at every turn. They have been chosen with such taste that a visit to the store is a small artistic education in itself. Down-stairs they have a number of chairs, tables, fire-screens, cushions, etc., all upholstered in hand-embroidered plush, and a few sets of French osier furniture, especially selected with a view to their introduction on this coast. These latter are really marvels of simple, good taste, and are exceedingly comfortable.

**There is no Card in the Market**

The equal of the California Christmas Card, put out by Messrs. Snow & Co., of No. 12 Post Street. It gives at a glance—lettered with suitable text—the contrast between the winter climate of California and the East, or Europe. It is the only card in the market which can be called strictly a California card.

**Select Your Presents.**

A magnificent assortment of Holiday gifts at the warerooms of the California Furniture Co., Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

**A Great Attraction.**

It will pay anybody to see the very attractive display of new goods made every week at Freud's Corset House. This establishment runs through the block, from Nos. 742 and 744 Market Street to Nos. 10 and 12 Dupont Street, and is provided with spacious show-windows, where are displayed an endless variety of corsets, bustles, hoop-skirts, paniers, waists, and forms. One of the members of this enterprising firm is always in New York or Paris. It is the constant aim of Freud's Corset House to supply the ladies on the Pacific Coast with the best goods at the lowest prices, and the many thousands of patrons of this celebrated establishment show that their enterprise and fair dealing are appreciated.

**Flowers and Feathers.**

An endless variety in all the newest styles of artificial flowers and feathers may be found at the Wonder Flower and Feather Store, 1024 Market Street. The proprietor, J. C. Spencer, having had years of experience, is now able to offer suitable goods of the best style, quality, and quantity, and at the lowest price. He particularly has a choice selection of feathers for ladies' hats.

**Holiday Furniture.**

Those in want of beautiful articles of furniture for Christmas should visit the warerooms of the California Furniture Co., Nos. 220 to 226 Bush St.

**Rachel's Enamel Bloom.**

This is not one of those poisonous mineral cosmetics which irritate the skin, and, if their use is persisted in, permanently disfigure one. It is a delicate powder, prepared from vegetable substances exclusively, which is not only harmless, but is a safe protection against the effects of wind and sun on the face. For sale by all druggists.

**Complimentary Notice.**

Our government can no longer be said to be an experiment. One hundred years of successful existence have established it as a permanent institution. The magnificent conduct of the people during the late election proves their patriotism, and the wisdom of our Constitution. Our immense commercial interests also furnish convincing proof. We know of no better illustration of the success attending honorable and able business methods than the firm of D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich., the leading seedsmen of this country. From small beginnings, thirty years ago, they have built up their mammoth business by strict adherence to their initial principle, of furnishing only the best seeds obtainable. They offer to send their valuable "Annual" free to all who expect to buy seeds or bulbs.

**Rachel's Enamel Bloom.**

This admirable preparation for the toilet should be kept in every household. Not only does the wife use it to improve her complexion, but the husband uses it after shaving, on account of the deliciously cooling sensation imparted. It is sold by all druggists for fifty cents per box, or fifteen cents for a sample package.

— AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY TO OBTAIN handsome holiday presents at remarkably low prices is offered by the auction sale of a large stock of fine diamond work, watches, and jewelry of all kinds in the latest designs, to take place at eleven o'clock A. M., on Thursday, December 18th, at the rooms of Easton & Eldridge, 22 Montgomery Street.

— ATTENTION IS DRAWN TO THE CARD OF S. Lebenbaum, 1447 and 1449 Polk Street, corner California, in to-day's paper, referring to their holiday goods.

**Improved Richmond Ranges.**

Before purchasing a stove, call and examine our celebrated Improved Richmond Ranges. Thousands of them are in use, and every one in working order. For sale only by the agents, Schuster Brothers, 306 Sutter, above Dupont, and branch store, 332 Montgomery Avenue, San Francisco.

**An Elegant Present.**

One of the most beautiful and sensible presents which it is possible to give a friend is a nice article of furniture suited to their station in life. The best place to find it is at the California Furniture Co.'s warerooms, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

**Removal.**

Hills Bros.' Arabian Coffee Mills have removed to 400 Sansome Street. Fine Coffee our specialty.

**Prang's Xmas Cards**

Have been received by the art and book stores.

**Sensible Presents.**

What can be more acceptable as a present than a beautiful article of furniture? Some rare specimens are on exhibition and for sale by the California Furniture Co., Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

— SCHOOLS, AND EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS generally, can find no better place in the city for their Christmas exhibitions than the Metropolitan Hall, on Fifth Street. It is accessible from all parts of the city by lines of street-cars, and is commodious and at the same time conveniently arranged.

— A YOUNG LADY DESIRES POSITION IN SOME mercantile house or commercial employment as stenographer or private secretary. For qualifications and character she is permitted to refer to the *Argonaut* office, to which place all letters may be addressed. B.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

## Piano Recital by Miss Neally Stevens

**At Irving Hall, Dec. 22, at 8 P. M.**

1. Toccata and Fugue (D minor).....Bach—Tausig
2. *a* Song.....Mozart—Kullak
   *b* Nocturne }
   *c* Etude, }.....Chopin
3. Concerto, E flat.....Liszt
   Orchestral accompaniment arranged for second piano.....S. Freidenrich
4. *a* Valse Caprice.....Rubenstein
   *b* Mazurka.....Moszkowski
   *c* Le Rossignol.....Liszt
5. Rhapsodie Hongroise (No. 15).....Liszt

**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,**

Eddy Street, near Market.

KREELING BROS.....Sole Proprietors and Managers

Verdi's grand opera,

**UN BALLO IN MASCHERA.**

Monday evening, Dec. 22d, Complimentary Benefit to SIGNORA ZEPPILLI, and only representation of

**IL TROVATORE.**

Admission, 25 cents.....Reserved seats, 50 cents

**Mechanics' Pavilion Skating Academy.**

Daily Sessions (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M., and evenings from 7:30 to 10 o'clock. ☞ Tuesday evenings the Pacific Skating Club has the exclusive use of the Rink.

TERMS—Mornings and Afternoons, 25 cents for admission and use of skates. Evenings, when boys under 15 cannot skate, 25 cents for admission and 15 cents for skates. All improper persons and features interdicted. Full Band in attendance. J. L. WALTON, Actuary.

## CHRISTMAS IS COMING!!

And we are selling the following goods CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE CITY:

**Table and Pocket Cutlery,**
**Ladies' Scissors Sets,**
**Ladies' Embroidery Sets,**
**Ladies' Manicure Sets,**
**Ladies' and Gents' Dressing Cases,**

And hundreds of other articles for Holiday Presents. Also, OUR OWN MAKE OF

**GUARANTEED CARVING SETS,**

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

**WILL & FINCK, Leading Cutlers,**

**769 Market Street, opposite Fourth.**

## INVENTORS' INSTITUTE,

**105 STOCKTON STREET,**

**Corner of O'Farrell.**

PATENTS PROCURED FOR $65, AND PATENTS Negotiated. Send for particulars.

## ELEGANT RESIDENCE

**IN OAKLAND,**

For sale on easy terms, or to let furnished. Ten rooms, exclusive of bath and laundry, with all modern improvements, and fine grounds. Neighborhood first-class, near railroad station. Address P. O. Box 2044, San Francisco.

## IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE.

There is no reason why a lady or gentleman should be burdened with unnecessary flesh. The radical treatment prescribed at Dr. Zeile's **Russian and Medicated Baths** will remove all superfluous fat, without impairing the general health. Rheumatism and other nervous complaints treated successfully by medicated bathing at

**Dr. Zeile's, 528 Pacific St., near Kearny.**

— PERSONS SUFFERING with corns and bunions instantly cured by Dr. Halpruner, 850 Market St.

— LADIES' BAZAR PATTERNS, 215 Dupont St.

— STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

— C. O. DEAN, D.D.S., 126 Kearny St. (Thurlow Block). Laughing gas. Office hours, 9 to 5

— ORIENTAL PEARL OPERA-GLASSES, suitable gift for young lady for Christmas. Muller has the best. 135 Montgomery Street, near Bush.

## HOPKINS ACADEMY

**OAKLAND, CAL.**

**REV. H. E. JEWETT, Principal.**

The School Year begins TUESDAY, January 6th, 1885.



## TRINITY SCHOOL.

A boarding and day school for young men and boys. Numbers limited. Prepares for College and University. Easter term opens Monday, January 5, 1885. Refers to William F. Babcock, Esq., Colonel E. E. Eyre, Joseph Powning, Esq., William J. Coleman, Esq., George W. Gibbs, Esq. For further information address

**REV. E. B. SPALDING, Rector,**
**1534 Mission Street, San Francisco.**

## THE HARMON SEMINARY

**BERKELEY, CAL.**

A boarding and day school for young ladies. The next term will begin January 8, 1885. For Catalogues or other information, address

**THE MISSES HARMON, Berkeley, Cal.,**
**Or E. J. WICKSON, 414 Clay St., S. F.**

## FILIPPE'S (ESTAB'D 1871) ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES

**702 MARKET ST. COR. GEARY**

Prof. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. "UNIQUE" method of acquiring foreign languages, where students have not the opportunity to practice. Fine library and foreign periodicals free to scholars. Apply from 10 to 11, 3, 5, or 8 to 9 P. M.

## GAS STOVES!

FOR PARLORS AND BEDROOMS.

**DAVID BUSH, 316 Sutter Street.**

## SEWER GAS!

A REMEDY GUARANTEED.

**DAVID BUSH, 316 Sutter Street.**

## PURE WATER!

SANITARY WATER FILTERS.

**DAVID BUSH, 316 Sutter Street.**

## THE GOLDEN STATE

This elegantly appointed five-story private boarding-house, now known as "THE GOLDEN STATE," located at **725 Pine Street, between Stockton and Powell,** which has been thoroughly renovated and refitted, supplied with elevator, American District telegraph, and all other modern conveniences, is now open for the reception of guests. All the rooms are sunny, commanding a view of the bay and city which is unsurpassed. The table will be supplied with the best the market affords, and will be strictly first-class. Parties desiring to locate for the winter in elegant apartments, easily accessible to Kearny Street, only two blocks distant, will find this their objective point. Parties calling soon can secure a choice of rooms.

☞ Baths free to the guests.

## EDWARD S. SPEAR & CO.

**AUCTIONEERS,**

No. 729 Market Street.

# DIAMONDS

## BY AUCTION.

**TUESDAY, Dec. 16, 1884, at 11 o'clock A. M.**

We will sell, by catalogue, in our salesroom,

# $50,000

WORTH OF

## MOUNTED DIAMONDS.

The above sale is a rare chance to purchase magnificent Diamond Jewelry of every description. It is the largest and finest sale of Diamonds ever held by auction in San Francisco. They are sold on account of heavy failures of dealers in Diamonds in this city, and the goods will be sold without reserve.

The goods comprise Solitaire and Cluster Rings, Solitaire Ear-rings, Breast-pins, Bracelets, and Lockets, and are all very elegantly mounted and in the latest style.

The goods will be on exhibition on MONDAY, Dec. 15th, from 10 o'clock A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M., at which time catalogues may be obtained.

**ELEGANT GOODS**

## FOR CHRISTMAS!

**CHRISTMAS CARDS IN GREAT VARIETY,**
**PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,**
**JUVENILE GIFT BOOKS,**
**POCKET CUTLERY,**
**GOLD PENS,**
**ELEGANT PURSES,**
**RUSSIA LEATHER GOODS,**
**Marcus Ward's Irish Linen Writing Papers.**

**We have this year made large Importations of a great variety of goods direct from the Eastern States and Europe, and will be pleased to show our goods, and have customers compare OUR PRICES with those of other similar goods in the market.**

**COOPER'S BOOKSTORE,**

**746 Market Street.**

**COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION**

**Phelan's Building, Rooms 6, 8, 9, 10, 11**
**Entrance, 806 Market Street.** Gas Specially po itively extract teeth without pain; only office t makes and gives the celebrated "Colton Gas;" establis in 1863; over 15,000 references; also, performs all op tions in Dentistry.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

18 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California St
ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,
Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware

# HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS

**We desire to announce that in addition to our previous large stock of DIAMONDS, WATCHES, FINE JEWELRY, and SILVER-WARE, we have added an elegant line of FINE CLOCKS, OPERA GLASSES, and all the latest novelties in OXYDIZED and RHINESTONE JEWELRY. We ask a comparison of prices. Open evenings.**

## W. K. VANDERSLICE & CO.

136½ SUTTER STREET.

## EASTON & ELDRIDGE,

Real Estate and General Auctioneers

OFFICE AND SALESROOM,

No. 22 MONTGOMERY STREET.

**THURSDAY**

THURSDAY, DEC. 18, 1884,

At 11 o'clock A. M., at Salesroom, by Catalogue.

SPECIAL

## HOLIDAY SALE

—OF—

## DIAMOND WORK,

Fine Hunting and Open-faced Gold and Silver

## WATCHES

SOLID GOLD

## JEWELRY,

ETC., ETC., comprising

Diamond Sets, Brooches, and Earrings
Solitaire Diamond Earrings—large and medium stones.
Solitaire Gents' and Ladies Diamond Rings.
Diamond, Ruby, and Sapphire Rings.
Diamond Mounted Bracelets.
Ladies' Mounted Lace Pins, Scarf Pins, Studs, Collar Buttons.

All the above choice goods in new style mountings.

....ALSO....

Hunting and Open-Faced Fine Gold Chronograph, Quarter Second, and Repeating Watches.
Ladies' Hunting-Cased Watches, etc.

....ALSO....

Gold Quartz Jewelry, Ladies' Sets, Earrings, Collar and Sleeve Buttons.
Onyx Jewelry, Etruscan and Plain Gold Rings, etc.

☞ The goods will be open for exhibition on WEDNESDAY, December 17th, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

We invite the attention of all buyers to this attractive sale, adapted to the Holiday Season.

EASTON & ELDRIDGE,
Real Estate Agents, House Brokers, and General Auctioneers, 22 Montgomery Street.

## S. P. TAYLOR & CO.

414 and 416 Clay Street.

Established 1856.

Manufacturers and Dealers in all kinds of

## PAPER

—AND—

## PAPER BAGS.

Also, Agents for Elm Flax Twines.

## W. GRUENHAGEN & CO.,

Manufacturers of FINE CANDIES, pay special attention to Quality, Flavor, and Purity in the making of their Candies. Call early and avoid the rush.

Best place in town to get your

CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

No. 20 Kearny Street.

## THE LOUVRE

BRANCH, EDDY AND POWELL STREETS.

Imported and Eastern Beers, Lunches, Dinners, etc. Family Resort.

JULIUS GRUEN. MAX VOGELSANG.

## ELITE BOUQUET

—AND—

PECK'S PREMIUM PERFUMES,
(ALL ODORS).

## GERSTER GLOVES!

Elegant, Perfect-fitting, and Durable,

....AT....

I. KEINER'S, 32 KEARNY ST.

## HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

We have this season imported a large stock of standard

**Books at Reduced Prices:**

Dickens's Works, 15 volumes, $22.50, reduced to $15;
Scott's Works, 12 volumes, $ 6 50, reduced to $12 50;
Thackeray's Works, 10 volumes, $15, reduced to $12;
Red Line Editions of the Poets, $1.25 per vol., reduced to 75 cents;
Octavo Editions of the Poets, cloth, gilt edges, $5, reduced to $3;
Also, cheap editions of Hawthorne, Goethe, Thackeray, and George Eliot.

**Elegant Books for Gifts:**

Fine Art Books;
Standard sets in fine bindings;
Rare and Curious Books;
Fine editions of the Poets in tree calf and morocco;
All the new books of the season.

**Imported Vienna Goods, etc.:**

Portemonnaies, Purses, Wallets, Shopping Bags;
Card Cases, Cigar Cases, Glove Boxes;
Writing Portfolios, Scrap Books, Autograph Albums.

**Christmas Cards:**

Original California Novelties, painted by local artists;
Imported English Cards in great variety;
A large variety of elegant Fringed Cards, reduced to 10c, 15c, and 25c each.

Do not fail to ask for a Kate Greenaway Calendar.

## JAMES T. WHITE & CO.,

23 DUPONT ST.

Agency of D. Appleton & Co., New York.

OPEN EVENINGS.

## THE HALL TYPE-WRITER

Cheapest---Simplest---Best.

It does better work and in greater variety than any other Type-Writer. Six copies at once by a new manifolding device. Price less than half that of other writers.

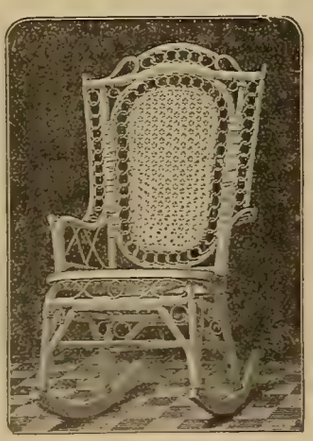
## THE PAPYROGRAPH,

The best copying process in the market. From three hundred to two thousand copies from a single original.

Agency for the Pacific Coast for the above, Room 34, No. 123 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.



THE

## WAKEFIELD RATTAN CO.

No. 644 Market Street,

Have now in stock an immense variety of RATTAN CHAIRS, in all the latest and most elegant designs.

Without exception the finest line of Rattan Goods ever offered in this city is now on exhibition in our warerooms. Remember, nothing is more suitable for a CHRISTMAS GIFT than a WAKEFIELD CHAIR.

Send for our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. Goods delivered in Oakland and Alameda FREE OF CHARGE.

GREAT FREE

## EXHIBITION

ICHI BAN

20, 22, and 24 Geary Street

.....OF THE.....

## ARTS AND MANUFACTURES

.....OF THE.....

# JAPANESE EMPIRE

Established to introduce to the world the wonderful skill of the JAPANESE in the manufacture of USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL ARTICLES for house furnishing and decorating. The public is cordially invited to inspect this wonderful collection. COME OFTEN. BRING YOUR FRIENDS. ASK QUESTIONS. DO NOT PURCHASE. EVERYBODY WELCOME.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**20, 22, & 24 GEARY ST.**

# GHIRARDELLI'S

## SOLUBLE COCOA,

MADE INSTANTLY.

Hygienic, Nourishing, and Agreeable. For the Young and Old, Sick and Healthy.

The Beverage par excellence, Home-made, Fresher, Better and Stronger than imported, and being ABSOLUTELY PURE is DOUBLE the strength of foreign sweet cocoas, and consequently cheaper. One trial will convince. Sold by all Grocers and Tea Merchants.

## ROBERTS

"Cards by the Million!"

In addition to our elegant stock of Christmas and New Year Cards, we offer specially admirable flower and landscape studies, autograph and card albums, choice novelties in papeterie, and solicit inspection of our supplies for the most particular purchaser of social stationery.

10 Post St., Masonic Temple.

## CARDS!!

# HOLIDAY GOODS!

STANDARD AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, singly and in sets;
ARTISTIC JUVENILE BOOKS;
FINE ART GIFT BOOKS;
CHRISTMAS CARDS.

## C. BEACH,

107 MONTGOMERY ST.,

Opposite the Occidental. Open Evenings.

## FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Candies for the Christmas Tree and churches; Cupids of Wax; colored paper Lanterns; gilt paper Balloons; glass Bird Cages, with Bird; Stars of elegant designs in Glass Beads; Pears with moving face; Apples with moving face; Gelatine Ornaments; Slippers, candy box; Gilt Walnuts; Harlequins, candy box; Satin Glass Eggs, with figures; Fruit Baskets; gold and silver Hair, 5 cents a package; Candle Holders, 5 cents a dozen and upward; Glass Candles and Holders combined, burn without extra wax candles; Santa Claus, 25 cents apiece and upward; Candy Boxes, plain, fancy, and comical, 25 cents a dozen, and upward; Surprise Cigar Cases, new and elegant designs in Glass, Ornaments at all prices, brilliant Ornaments and Crowns for tops of trees; Tree-holders, ornamental and everlasting, $1.25 and $1.50 apiece; Sweet Grass Baskets; Chickens, candy boxes; Shaker Baskets, Candies in great variety, Bonbons, 25 cents a dozen, and upward.

## S. LEBENBAUM & CO.

1443, 1445, 1447, and 1449 Polk St., corner of California.

WINTER STYLES.

## BUTTERICK'S

Patterns and J. F. Ingalls' Illustrated Books for Ladies' Fancy Work, Kensington Embroidery, Crochet and Knitted Lace, Patchwork, etc. H. A. DEMING, Agent, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.

Commission Merchants,

San Francisco,

OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.

☞ Liberal advances made on consignments.




See the "DOMESTIC" before buying.

J. W. EVANS,
General Agent, 29 Post Street.

---

# BEHNING



## PIANOS

Have stood the test for twenty-one years, and are to-day the leading instruments. 22,000 are now in use.

They are manufactnred from the best material, by the most accomplished workmen, and every instrument leaving the factory will be accompanied by an absolute warranty for five years.

KOHLER & CHASE,
AGENTS, 137 and 139 Post Street.

---

OIL STOVES | Oil Stoves for Heating and Cooking. Oils and Lamps.
JOHN F. MYERS,
869 Market Street, S. F.

---

JOHN MIDDLETON,

## COAL.

14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.

---

# SPECIAL NOTICE.

In order to reduce our large stock of fine **WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, FRENCH CLOCKS, SILVERWARE**, etc, we have concluded to deduct a liberal discount from every article we sell. The goods comprise all the latest novelties in our line, and will remain marked as heretofore in plain figures, from which the discount will be allowed.

An examination of our prices and quality of goods will satisfy purchasers that we are selling lower than any house on the Pacific Coast.

This inducement is offered especially for Holiday Trade.

## LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.

119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Store will be open every evening during December.

---

## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We beg to inform the trade that we have constantly on hand for sale in lots to suit, in bond or duty paid: **GEORGE GOULET & CO.'S Champagnes, in quarts, pints, and half-pints; DUMEZIL & JOLIVET, Bordeaux, a full assortment of Clarets and Sauternes; FRIEDRICH SEYLER, Deidesheim, Rhine Wines of most popular brands; F. DUMEZIL, Cognacs; XEREZ DE LA FRONTERA, Cadiz, Sherries; SILVA & COSENS, Oporto, Port Wines; GEORGE ROE & CO., Dublin, Irish Whiskies; CANTRELL & COCHRANE, Belfast, Ginger Ale; Club Soda Water, Sparkling Montserrat and Lime-Juice Syrup; a full line of French and Amsterdam Liqueurs and Cordials; a full line of Bourbon and Rye Whiskies; H. CLAUSEN & SON Brewing Co., New York, celebrated Export Champagne Lager Beer. Special discount to the trade according to quantity.**

## ALFRED GREENEBAUM & CO.,

123 CALIFORNIA STREET. SOLE AGENTS.

---

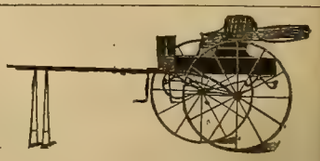
# UNEXCELLED!

Ask your Grocer for

ARCTIC REFRIGERATOR HAMS,
ROYAL BREAKFAST BACON
ROYAL LEAF LARD

All Guaranteed Choice Family Goods.

---



PRICE'S SAN LEANDRO

## VILLAGE PHAETON, $135.

Without Top, $110.

Lightness, Elegance, and Durability combined. Guaranteed to ride as smooth as the best four-wheeled vehicle.

Sold subject to approval on arrival. Send for catalogue.

TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO., San Francisco.

---

E. E. GRAVES. J. W. ROLPH. F. M. PRINDLE.

## F. M. PRINDLE & CO.,

14 Post Street, S. F.

Jewelry and Fine Stationery,
Elegant Plush Cases,
Christmas and New Year's Cards.

---



U. S. PNEUMATIC
LETTER PRESS
G. G. WICKSON & CO.
539 Market St., S. F.

The ungainly and heavy screw and iron press and its necessarily bulky stand must give place to our light, portable, and ornamental Pneumatic Letter Press, requiring but a trifling exertion to operate, no stand, and costing less than an equally reliable screw press. Can be operated by a child and carried with ease. Great variety of styles, ranging from $10.00. A serviceable Holiday Gift.

---

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE

# HENRY F. MILLER

(Factory Boston, Mass.) and

# HEMME & LONG

(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)

## PIANOS!

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.

101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell. J. B. Curtis, Manager.

Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.

---

FOR
FINE HOLIDAY WINES,

## J. GUNDLACH & CO.

Cor. Market and Second,
SAN FRANCISCO.

---

# FIREMANS FUND

INSURANCE COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA.

THE LARGEST PACIFIC COAST COMPANY.

CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - $750,000
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1883, - - - - $1,500,000

AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

---

# ICHI BAN

FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

---

MARBLE WORKS.

MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, Colored ITALIAN, and Statuary Marbles, Monuments and Headstones. W. H. McCORMICK, 827 Market St.

---

GEORGE MORROW & CO.

(Established 1854),

HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

---

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed

# TILES

For Decorations.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.

---



Ladies who are desirous of getting a real **LIGHT RUNNING** and noiseless **LOCK-STITCH** sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the **NEW No. 8**, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.

WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.

303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.

Shipping and Commission Merchants,

UNION BLOCK,

202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco.

Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

---

GERMEA
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

L. XV. No. 25. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 20, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



RED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

NK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

**The Argonaut this week consists of twenty pages.**

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

ORIALS: The Hawaiian Reciprocity Treaty—Its Effects on the Commerce of the Pacific Coast—The Sugar Interests—The Conflict between New York and San Francisco as Sugar Centres—The Treaty Question Considered in its National Bearing—The *Argonaut's* Claims to Inconsistency—Some Examples of "Consistent" Men and Journals—The Burglary in the *Alta* Office—Daring Attempt on Messrs. Johnson and Turnbull—A Circumstantial Account of the Affair—The *Argonaut* on "Old Hayseed"—It Pays its Respects to those it doesn't Like..... 1–3

ESPONDENCE: Music Historically Considered..... 3

NYE'S BUDGET..... 3

CONFESSIONS OF MR. HOBBS. By Edward W. Townsend..... 4

AM'S MEN ABOUT TOWN: "Flaneur" tell how they Live—New York Boarding-houses and Landladies—Restaurants, Tables d'Hôte, and Hotels—Cheap Rooms—Economical Bachelors—A Picture of Masculine Life in Gotham..... 5

VETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—A Cheerful Giver—Talleyrand's Definition of "Militaire"—Some Legal Anecdotes—The Oldest Name—Schopenhauer's Vow—A Story of Stonewall Jackson—A Human Centipede—A Millionaire Borrowing Six Sous.... 5

LATEST LONDON SCANDAL: "Cockaigne" Reveals the True Inwardness of the Adams-Coleridge Libel Case—Lord Manisty's Remarkable Decision..... 6

LATEST VERSE: ..... 6

"ORDERLY PROBLEM": Two Solutions by Two Different Hands..... 6

TY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip..... 7

DELIGHTFUL MAN: How he made himself Agreeable at a Small Evening Party..... 7

NNER WITH MUNKACSY: Our Paris Correspondent describes her Meeting with the Great Hungarian Painter—His Appearance and Conversation—And his Wife's—Some Scraps of the History of his Life—A Graphic Pen-Picture of a Celebrated Artist..... 8

CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest..... 8

MAGNÚS'S GREAT DISCOVERY: By J. Esten Cooke..... 9

CHILDREN'S POETS: "The Light that is Felt," by John G. Whittier; "Christmas Day," by Susan Coolidge; "The Hand-Organ Man's Little Girl," by Helen Hunt Jackson; "Christ Blessing Little Children," by Edwin Arnold: "Good Children," by Robert Louis Stevenson..... 11

TY FAIR: Fashion Jots—Some Suggestions for Christmas Presents—Luxurious Underwear—The Cause of the Vagaries of Feminine Fashion—A Novel Glove—Feminine Billiard-players—Gloves as Indicators—The new French Word, "Demariage"—The Pathology of Lawn-Tennis..... 11

RARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—Journalistic Chit-Chat—New Books..... 13

ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day..... 13

MA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record... 14

IDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People all Over the World..... 14

INNER MAN: "The Gridiron; A Pindaric Ode," by Robert Southey—A Curious Eating-house of Old Paris—Ths *Great Eastern* as a Hotel—The Origin of the American Motto—Notes for Epicures..... 15

TUNEFUL LIAR..... 16

treaty of commercial reciprocity is intended to secure ain special privileges between the citizens of the conting governments. The treaty between the United es and Hawaii contains certain *exclusive* privileges do not extend to the citizens of other governits under what is popularly known as the "most fad nation" clause, and was intended to favor the busis interests of the Pacific States. We think there can o honest difference of opinion upon the part of any lligent person that our interests have been promoted he operations of the provisions of this treaty since its sage, in the year 1876. Our exports to the Islands withhat time have increased from less than half a million lars annually to more than three millions of dollars. social intercourse has become more intimate; our poal relations have become more secure; the islands e become more prosperous; their future outlook has ome promising and hopeful; and if the dying out of the Hawaiian race has not been arrested, it has been at least retarded. If the introduction of Chinese and Portuguese to the Sandwich Islands has resulted from the increased demand for labor, it is better for the world and for our coast that these islands should be thus occupied than that there should be no effective working men left in the Hawaiian Kingdom. If it is true that the benefits of the treaty have accrued to only two classes—viz., the sugar-planters of the Islands and the sugar refiners of San Francisco—we may profitably remember that most of these Sandwich Island sugar-growers are, in all their interests, sympathies, and associations, Americans, and the refiners are our own citizens. But it is not true that the benefits of this treaty have been confined to the two interests named. Every business man engaged in legitimate industry in the Islands and upon the Pacific Coast has been benefited, for the fact is that our trade with Honolulu is only exceeded in importance and influence by that with England and China. If commerce is desirable at all; if San Francisco is advantaged by establishing commercial relations with anybody; if it is a good thing for our traders, and mechanics, and producers to have a market for their commodities anywhere, then it is a good thing to have a market in the Sandwich Islands. If that market is free for our goods, the better. If our port is free to the introduction of Island productions, still the better. We mean the better for San Francisco, for California, and for the Pacific Coast. Whether better for Maine and Florida, or for the general government, we are not considering. We have an annual trade of over twelve millions of dollars with this country. There are more than fifteen millions of dollars of American money invested in the Islands, nearly all of which is California capital. We control the trade, and own the vessels in which it is carried on. American citizens have almost the entire business of the Islands, and handle nearly its entire sugar crop, which is refined in San Francisco. The Sandwich Islands are almost as important to us as though they lay within three marine leagues of our shore, and were within the jurisdiction of our country. If they lay where the Farallones are located they could be of scarce less importance to us in any particular; their people are our people, and have been ever since the missionary days of the Judds and the Armstrongs. They have been the rendezvous and place for the refitting of our whaling fleet; they are the natural half-way house and coaling station for our steam fleet to Australia, to China, and Japan; they are our sanitarium, one of our places for a summer jaunt; their people of wealth and leisure make excursions to our State; their children are educated in our schools; here their ladies do their shopping; we are their Boston, their London, their Paris.

The President of the United States advises us in his last annual message, that he has negotiated a new treaty with the Hawaiian Kingdom, and we learn that it is a substantial renewal of the existing one. The question now is, Shall this treaty be ratified? We are informed by the *Chronicle*—for it is the only mouth-piece of opposition (and just whose mouth it is we can only conjecture)—that there are two reasons against it. One is that Claus Spreckels, the great sugar refiner, is getting rich out of the treaty, and that the consumers of sugar upon this coast pay two cents per pound more than consumers upon the Atlantic coast. To the first objection there is short answer, and that is, if Claus Spreckels had the brains and the enterprise to take prompt advantage of this treaty, and has made money out of it, it was his privilege, and one which it does not become merchants of less energy, and less genius, and less good luck to complain. Claus Spreckels has done just what he had a right to do. After the treaty was negociated he went to the Islands, purchased and leased sugar plantations, made new ones on crown lands conceded to him, made contracts with other planters for their crops, built irrigating ditches and canals, bought wharves and piers and established a line of steam vessels, built in San Francisco a great sugar refinery, thus adding to its taxable wealth, and entered upon the successful attempt to drive Eastern sugar out of the Pacific market in order to make profitable sale of his own production. He has succeeded upon this coast, and is now selling Sandwich Island sugars, refined in San Francisco, in the valley of the Mississippi, at two cents a pound less than he is selling the same sugar in San Francisco. Thomas Selby once sent a cargo of lead to New York, and undersold the market. It was an admonition to the Eastern trade that California produced lead and claimed the control of her own market. Mr. Claus Spreckels is teaching the sugar importers and refiners of the Atlantic coast that San Francisco is a sugar centre, and has trade rights that must be respected; he is doing what he has a right to do, and what we wish more of our traders had the sense and the courage to undertake. We are not paying the added price of two cents per pound upon sugar over the New York market because of this treaty, but because of our distance from New York, the controlling centre of the sugar trade. If the treaty shall be repealed it will not reduce the price of sugar. If the Sandwich Islands planter reaps the advantage of added value to his productions, it is his good luck which the people of every class upon our coast enjoy in common with him. If we do pay two additional cents upon each pound of sugar we consume, by reason of the treaty, we can well afford it in incidental profits coming to us by reason of its existence. Let us illustrate by supposing that the *Argonaut* sends five hundred copies to all the Islands, and that there is a profit to it of five hundred dollars per annum; with this we could pay an added price of two cents per pound upon more tons of sugar than we consume of barrels. The same illustration will be found applicable to every branch of productive industry, and it is unquestionably within the bounds of probability, to assert that there is not one among the host of our traders, or the smaller of our factories, or the less expensive of our grain or fruit farms, and few of our industries of any kind, that could afford to forego the profit arising from the Sandwich Island trade in order to save the two cents per pound upon the amount of sugar consumed by themselves and their employees. We presume, if this question was submitted to a popular vote, that there would not be found three per cent. of our entire population who would desire the abrogation of the Hawaiian treaty. As a national question, our country can well afford to concede all that it gives to the Hawaiian Kingdom for the political influence it has acquired over the Islands, its government, and people. Money can not measure the value of maintaining our political influence over the destiny of this country; and when we make this assertion we mean to refer only to relations that are calculated to promote the best interests of the Hawaiian Kingdom, its government, and civilization. We would not interfere with its political affairs, we would not endeavor to annex or control it, except by establishing friendly social business and commercial relations. We would not meddle with its administration; but at the cost of war or its annihilation, we would not permit any foreign power to acquire an ascendancy upon those Islands that should menace the safety of our coast. These Islands belong first to themselves, and next to America; Kalakaua is "King of the Sandwich Islands," and their Governor-General for the United States. Whenever King or House of Nobles shall administer this kingdom in the interest of any other people than its own and native-born, then will it become a dependency or part of the Government of the United States of America. Until that time comes, and so long as relations are friendly, we shall advocate the maintaining with them of reciprocal commercial treaties of the most liberal character. It is our opinion that it is good policy on the part of our Government to establish with all our weaker neighbors, with all countries in our vicinage whose climatic conditions and the character of whose productions differ from our own, generous commercial interchange, to the end that we may enjoy with them profitable business and friendly political relations. Such treaties should be made with Mexico, Canada, and with all the Pacific and Atlantic islands, and with the Central and South American States; their trade belongs to us by reason of their nearness. Against all the great and strong nations of the world we would maintain the highest protective duties in order to exclude the production of their capital and labor, for the protection of our capital and labor. With all our poorer and less popul

neighboring countries; with all adjacent people with whom we desire to maintain friendly relations, we would act the generous part, even if it were at some cost to our national treasury. While our citizens are crowding in upon all the lands that are contiguous to us, and we are sending our capital and labor to all parts of the American continent and to all the islands that border our shores; building railroads and developing mines in Mexico; purchasing sugar plantations in the Sandwich Islands; treating for a great water-way across Nicaragua; jealous of French enterprise at Panama; seeking coaling stations along our southern border; building a railroad in Guatemala; demanding recognition of our national right to prevent European influence upon our continent; pressing our trade and commerce to every port; interfering in the war between Chile and Peru; asking a National Congress of American republics to meet and consider questions for our mutual benefit, the maintenance of peaceful relations, and the promotion of neighborly feeling; in a word, while the Government of the United States claims, by virtue of the intelligence, wealth, and strength of her population, to dominate the affairs of the American continent, it is little becoming for the Senate to reject a treaty, or the Congress of the United States to refuse to establish friendly reciprocal commercial relations with any of these, her less wealthy, less populous, and less powerful neighbors. It is a very small and narrow, mean and selfish mind that can not rise above the consideration of the added price of two cents per pound to sugar, or interference by Mexican farmers with California fruit-growers, or the fact that Claus Spreckels is growing abnormally rich from refining Sandwich Island sugar, and, by collusion with the railroads, finding a market for it on the plains of Kansas and the Platte, and in the valleys of the Missouri and the Mississippi.

There is nothing the *Argonaut* takes more pride in than the fact that it does not claim to be consistent. We endeavor to be consistent, and even logical, in each article—not separated by a "dash-rule"; sometimes we endeavor to have each separate issue of our paper consistent with itself; but the idea of remaining "consistent" with last year, or last month, or last week, never concerns us; we never give the matter a thought. We do not wish to be consistent, much less to be thought consistent, and we would be ashamed of ourselves if any one could justly say of the *Argonaut* that it was a "consistent journal," or any of its editors, that their writings were "consistent." To be consistent is to be "uniform," "not contradictory." The newspaper that is uniformly dull or wicked is "consistent." The one that does not correct a mistake or admit a wrong is "consistent." The man who tells a lie and sticks to it is "consistent." The Christian who believes in hell and a personal devil, and would rather experience both than deny his belief, is "consistent." The church that finds its dogmas inconsistent with the demonstrations of science and sticks to them is "consistent." The age that believed the earth was flat, that believed in the divine right of kings and in miracles, because these things came transmitted from the ignorance or superstitions of other ages, was "consistent." The man, the journal, the church, the age, that thinks, speaks, writes, and acts upon the information of to-day—the light and the knowledge of to-day—that ignore and forget the beliefs, opinions, and utterances of yesterday—are "inconsistent." While we take pride and comfort in our own inconsistency, we take infinite pleasure in seeing the inconsistencies of others pointed out, and enjoy to the highest degree the painful embarrassment they experience from such exposures. The special cause of our present hilarious and comfortable condition arises from the awful dilemma in which the *Chronicle* has placed the *Bulletin*, in reference to the *Bulletin's* opinions of Sargent when he was the friend of Carr and Gorham, and its present opinions of the same gentleman as candidate for the United States Senate. If Sargent, when in the Senate before, was "*a faithless guardian of the public treasury*," and worked "secretly against the best interests of the State"; if his political career was a "transparent game of fraud"; if at one time he and his *political pals* turned the State over to the Democratic party, and "insured the defeat of the Republican ticket," and made it so dead that "a coroner's inquest might sit upon it"; if the "*impudent and unwarrantable interference of Gorham and Sargent gave offense*" once to the best men of the Republican party; and if "he (Sargent) was up to his eyes in Boss Shepherd's schemes in Washington"—then, we ask, how, in the name of that "consistency" which the *Bulletin* looks upon as a jewel, can that journal wiggle away from the pitchfork upon which the *Chronicle* has pronged it? We are not discussing the senatorial question. We are not criticising the *Bulletin's* "consistency" toward Mr. Sargent, nor Mr. Sargent's "consistency" toward the Republican party; we are not even asking the *Bulletin* to explain how it is that Sargent, having been so bad and so dangerous a public officer six years ago, and having worked such irreparable injury to the Republican party, should now be indispensable to both the public service and the party welfare. We are simply hugging ourselves and congratulating our *Argonaut* that it is so inconsiderately and happily edited that it is never compelled to ignominiously wiggle out of a hole into which it has inconsistently wiggled itself. When we get into a hole, and have gotten far enough in to find that it is uncomfortable, we simply turn around and walk out; we are not even compelled to back out. The "consistent" man tells a lie, and, through cowardice, never goes back of it; the "consistent" journal makes a statement which it finds untrue, and then makes a hundred more rather than suffer the shame of a frank retraction. This kind of folk walk innocently into an open error, and when the facts close around them, and begin to narrow and grow tortuous, they get on their bellies and crawl, and eventually die in their holes. The effort to be "consistent" has ruined more men, more preachers, politicians, and journals than anything and everything in the world besides; it has made more liars, hypocrites, and knaves; it has exposed more ignorance and uncovered more knavery than any other virtue we know of. Thank God we are *not* like other men; that the *Argonaut* is *not* like other journals; that we are not consistent, do not pretend to be, and are consequently happy.

One of the most curious and most inexplicable of human conundrums is involved in the fact that whenever any part of a class is assaulted, there are certain members of it who immediately rush into print to take *upon* themselves and *to* themselves the burden of the attack. We have experienced so much of this thing, and have spent so much of brains, ink, and time in endeavoring to explain that we meant only the lower, and the meaner, and the more ignorant, and the more vicious types of the classes alluded to, and that we did *not* mean the intelligent and respectable foreigner, the native-born and conscientious Romanist, the honorable and respectable Jew, the decent Irishman, the brave and earnest rebel, the conscientious Christian, the enterprising merchant, or the intelligent, earnest, honest, brave, just, generous, and broad-minded of any class, or any country, or any calling, or any religion, that we have now resolved to no longer defend or excuse ourselves, or to apologize, or to back out, or crawl out of, or get away from, the suspicion of meaning anybody who wants to be meant, or who chooses to put the coat upon himself, or who, from any cause, wishes to bring himself within the limits of the classes alluded to. If there is any foreigner who thinks himself alluded to when we speak of the ignorant, pauper, criminal emigration with which our country is cursed, we can not help it. We can not help it if exception is taken when we plead for the repeal of our laws controlling immigration, because they admit Italian beggars, with their organs and monkeys, or Irish political criminals, to hatch their vile conspiracies against England; the Pope's snuff-taking monks, to conspire against our public schools; the lager-swigging Dutch, to turn our respectable Sabbath into a hog-wallow for beer; the tricky and unscrupulous Jew; the dishonest old-country hayseed, with his best and biggest strawberries and potatoes at the top of box or bag; the sniveling, canting, hypocritical Chinese soul-snatching parson, who thinks the spiritual welfare of the barbarian is as important as the temporal gratification of the poor, sick, soul-weary, and despondent of our native land; the pinchback Yankee, with his pious pretensions; the brumagem chiv, from Buncombe County, with his wealth of azure blood never inherited, the loss of slaves he never owned, his boasted courage never displayed; the vagabonds of the political labor class, who never work, who lack the courage to steal, and only labor with their mouths. If, we say, there are any who insist upon considering themselves aggrieved when we criticise these classes, we can not help it; we shall not try to help it; and we shall allow them—each and every one of them—to hug the delusion that they are individually, and personally, and pointedly, and intentionally alluded to. If such a person, or any person, desires to place himself within the category we do not like, we shall accept his own valuation of himself, and only reproach ourselves that we did not know it in time to have mentally embraced him in some mean thing we have heretofore written.

President Arthur and his Secretary of the Interior, the Controller of the Currency, and the Director of the Mint, are all unanimous in their hostility to the coinage of silver dollars. The President, in his late message, says: "I concur with the Secretary of the Treasury in recommending the immediate suspension of the coinage of silver dollars and [the suspension of] the issue of silver certificates. . . . Annually, for the past six years, there have been coined, in compliance with the requirements of the act of February 28, 1878, more than twenty-seven million dollars. The number now outstanding is . . one hundred and eighty-five million, whereof but little more than forty million, or less than twenty-two per cent., are in actual circulation; . . a cogent argument for the repeal of the statute which has made such fact possible, . . that, unless *this coinage and all the issuance of silver certificates suspended, silver* is likely, at no distant day, to become c sole metallic standard. The commercial disturbance a the *impairment of national credit* that would be thus oc sioned can scarcely be over-estimated." The messa contains some more of the same sort of nonsense, excit wonder in the minds of intelligent persons to see so lit statesmanship in the men we have placed in charge of government. Why did not the President tell Congr plainly this truth: that the real reason why the silver d lars are stowed away in the vaults of the treasury is cause of the unholy alliance which has so long existed tween the powers controlling our treasury and the N York clearing-house—ostracizing silver dollars by the means within their power—proscribing their use banks and individuals. The public calamity which President indicates as likely to ensue if they do not rep the law which authorizes at least two million dollars' wo of silver to be purchased and coined each month, is "t silver is likely to become our *sole metallic standard*." then he ought to have added: What will become of S lock, and how can the national banks live and prosp He did not mention the fact that in all these years (e since resumption, at least), while Shylock has been wag war against silver, calling it a base and depreciated rency, the duties on imports have been payable at custom-houses in silver, gold, or greenbacks, at the elect of those paying. And yet a large majority of the m millions paid to the custom-house has been in gold—n than of silver—showing clearly that *silver money* has b and is at full parity with gold money; for if silver could have been purchased at a quarter of one cent. less than gold, that shade of difference wo have been an essential saving on such vast sums. H est John Sherman, the senator from Ohio, thinks i about time for a new deal in this money question. thinks the people have almost forgotten the bankrup and ruin which followed "the little joker" which monetized silver a few years ago, and nobody did it and one was willing to answer for it. The telegraph on cember 16th reports him thus: "Sherman, of Ohio, fended the Controller of the Currency, who, he said, expressed his views like a man. Much demagogism been thrown around the silver question [one truth], the real question was whether the United States co arrest the march of time, and turn the world backward an attempt to make gold and silver equal in value. could not be done." "There's wisdom for you." B by is gone; Sherman still lives—a *prosperous* gentlem who looks out for himself and his friends, and makes while the sun shines. A bill is before Congress now troduced in pursuance of the President's recommendat to stop the coinage of silver, and to suspend the fur issue of silver certificates. There is mischief in it; t is sorrow and bankruptcy to thousands of our people —if it shall pass. Every man who owes a dollar and pects to pay it should protest, at once, so loudly and dignantly as to make demagogues tremble. Every who has land to sell or lease, every man who has wh or cattle, or anything else to sell, should see to it tha such bill shall ever again pass; for it means robbery o people of a large share of the value of all they have to and robbery of the laborer of a share of his wages. I measure inspired by the national banks, who are ene of the people and corrupters of the purity of the gov ment. The Controller of the Currency informs us there are more than two thousand six hundred of t corporations, called national banks. All of them ar terested in making their own paper the exclusive circ ing medium, as far as possible. If they could get gress to sweep out of existence "one hundred and ei five millions" of silver dollars, it would make roo just so much of their paper, and they could issue mu little and control prices as they pleased. Two millio dollars a month in silver added to our currency i small item in the current of business, and it is espec needed at this time of extreme business depression, if that supply were stopped, it would be sorely felt. those who remember the business depression which lowed the demonetization of silver in 1873 look to it the former crime against the people be not repeated.

About four o'clock on Monday morning of last wee building in which the *Alta California* newspaper is lished was broken into, and robbed of everything val found in it. Its types were thrown out of the windo the street, its stands, and stones, and everything conn with the printing-room were destroyed. Having d ished the contents of the printing department, the bu went to the business office, and, breaking open the abstracted four dollars, in addition to a smooth qu two ten-cent pieces, and a nickel carelessly left in t at the counter. Not content with their fiendish worl masked robbers entered the editorial department, ex-Governor Johnson and Major-General Walter H. bull were throwing dice, to see which should go amon

usiness men on the following day to solicit advertisements nough to carry the concern along until Cleveland was inugurated. Both gentlemen were bound, gagged, and earched. In the pockets of Governor Johnson nothing as found; upon the person of the major-general a tailr's bill and a new style of military button. They were oth ransacked, from one end to the other, in search of rains or business sense. Nothing was found, and both ere kicked. The institution was entirely wrecked, and he *Alta* will from this time suspend any further effort at ublication, and no longer endeavor to prolong the strugle for existence which has characterized it through so many ears and so many changes of ownership and editorship.

## THE EYES.

The colors most common to the eyes are brown, gray, lue, hazel, and black, or what we *call* black, for those yes which appear to be black will generally be found to e of a deep yellowish-brown when looked at very narrow; it is the distance only which makes them appear black, ecause the deep yellow-brown color is in such strong conrast to the white of the eye that it appears black. There re also eyes of so bright a hazel as to appear almost yelow; lastly, there are eyes that are positively green. Very eautiful, too, are some of the eyes of this color when they re shaded—as is very often the case—with long dark eyeashes; but, though beautiful, they are not indicative of a *ood* disposition.

Green eyes, although their praises are often sung in panish ballads, show deceit and coquetry. We sometimes see eyes which are a combination of yellow, orange, nd blue, the latter color generally appearing in streaks ver the whole surface of the iris, while the orange and ellow are set in flakes of unequal size around and at some ittle distance from the pupil of the eye. Eyes of this variety of tints show intellect, or at any rate a certain originality of character. No commonplace nature has this sort of eye.

There are eyes which are remarkable for being of what night be said to be no color. The iris has only some hades of blue or pale gray, so feeble as to be almost white n some parts, and the shades of orange which intervene re so small that they can scarcely be distinguished from ray or white, notwithstanding the contrast of colors. The lack of the pupil is in these eyes too marked, because the olor of the iris around it is not deep enough, so that in ooking at them we seem to see only the pupil. These yes are expressionless, for their glance is fixed and dead; hey invariably belong to persons of the lymphatic temperament, and they indicate a listless and feeble disposition, ncapable of enterprise, and a cold and indolently selfish nature.

Blue eyes are more significant of tenderness and of a certain yieldingness of purpose than either brown, black, or gray eyes. Blue-eyed people are not inconstant, like those of the hazel and yellow eyes, but they yield from affection.

Hasty, irritable persons have frequently eyes of a brownish tint inclined to a greenish hue. Although the purely green eye indicates deceit and coquetry, the propensity to greenish tints in the eyes is a sign of wisdom and courage. Very choleric persons, if they have blue eyes, have also certain tints of green in them, and when under the influence of anger a sudden red light appears in them.

Clear light blue eyes, with a calm steadfastness in their glance, are indicative of cheerfulness of disposition, of a serene temper, and a constant nature. These eyes are peculiar to the northern nations; one meets them among the Swedes, and also sometimes among the Scotch. The blue eyes we see among the rare blondes of the South—that is, in Italy and Spain—always have eyes in which there are some greenish tints; and such eyes, though often called light blue, have none of the qualities of serenity and constancy which belong to the light blue eyes of the North. Neither must the pleasant light blue eye with the honest glance be confounded with another sort of eye of a pale blue, almost steel-colored hue, which has a continually shifting sort of motion both of the eyelids and the pupils of the eyes. People with such eyes as these are to be avoided, as they are indicative of a deceitful and selfish nature. Very dark blue eyes, with something of the tint of the violet, show great power of affection and purity of mind, but not much intellectuality.

Gray eyes, of a somewhat greenish gray, with orange as well as blue in them, and which are of ever-varying tints, like the sea, are those which denote most intellectuality. They are especially indicative of the impulsive, impressionable temperament—a mixture of the sanguine and the bilious—which produces the poetic and artistic natures. In England (where there are more varieties of tints in eyes than in any other country) the poets have almost always gray eyes. A biographer of Byron speaks of his "beautiful changeful gray eyes." Shakespeare also had, we are told, gray eyes; Coleridge, eyes of a greenish-gray. Among the artists, too, eyes of this color abound.

Black eyes, or what are considered such, are indicative of passionate ardor in love. Brown eyes, when not of the yellowish tint, but pure russet brown, show an affectionate disposition; the darker the brown—that is, the more they verge on to that deepest of brown which in eyes we are in the habit of calling black—the more ardent and passionate is the power of affection. The brown eyes which do not appear black—that is, which are not dark enough to appear so—are the eyes of sweet, gentle, and unselfish natures, without the inconstancy of the light brown or *yellow* eyes—"golden eyes," as they were called by a lady novelist, and which are very little more to be trusted than the green eyes.

Eyes which show no lines when in sorrow or laughter denote a passionless and unimpressionable nature. Eyes of a long, almond shape, with thick-skinned eyelids which appear to cover half the pupil, are indicative (so says Lavater) of genius. This does not seem probable, unless they are found in conjunction with a brow which is full over the eyesbrows and which has *one* deep perpendicular line between the eyebrows. One frequently notices this combination in the faces of distinguished literary men and artists. The almond-shaped eye, however, even without this peculiar form of forehead, always means a susceptible, impressionable man. Eyes which are large, open, and very transparent, and which sparkle with a rapid motion under well-defined eyelids, denote elegance in taste, a somewhat susceptible temper, and great interest in the opposite sex.

Eyes with weakly marked eyebrows above them, and with thinly growing eyelashes which are completely without any upward curve, denote a feeble constitution and a melancholy disposition. These eyelashes are often seen in people who combine the lymphatic and melancholic temperaments. The eyes of these people are either of a pale, colorless sort of blue, or of a dull black without any sparkle in them.

Deep-sunken and small blue eyes, under a bony and almost perpendicular forehead, are indicative of selfish and cold-hearted natures.

Eyes which show not only the whole of the iris, but also some of the white both above and below it, denote a restless, uncertain nature, incapable of repose or of concentrated thought on any subject.

Eyes that move slowly under heavy lids indicate extreme sensuousness and great capacity for voluptuous enjoyments of every sort. If, with such eyes, the lips are thick, the jower part of the nose fleshy, and the jaw and chin heavy, such a combination would denote gross sensuality.

Round-shaped eyes are never seen in the face of a highly intellectual person, but they denote a kindly, truthful, and innocent nature.

Eyes which (when seen in profile) are so protuberant as to run almost parallel with the profile of the nose, show a weak organization of the body and mind.

Eyes close together show penetration; but eyes very close together denote cunning and an untruthful disposition.

Eyes rather far apart are indicative of frankness and simplicity of purpose—an honest and guileless nature. When, however, the eyes are very far apart—that is, when there is a distance of more than the length of the eye between them—they denote stupidity.

Thick eyelashes having an upward curve indicate good health, cheerfulness, and courage.

Long, silken eyelashes that are quite straight show delicacy of body, and a melancholy, thoughtful, and sensitive disposition.

Very light eyelashes—many shades lighter than the hair—show indecision, weakness, and, to certain extent, deceit—that is, the deceit of a timid, wavering nature.

Want of eyelashes, like want of eyebrows, shows a general want of force, both of body and intellect.

Strong, dark, and short eyelashes show force of charcter and a strong and obstinate will.

Eyes with sharply defined angles, sinking at the corners, show subtlety of mind; the sharper the angle and the more it sinks, the greater the delicacy of perception it denotes; but when very much developed it shows also craftiness amounting to deceit. Well-opened eyes, with smooth eyelids and a steady and somewhat fixed glance, denote sincerity. Lines running along the eyelid from side to side, and passing out upon the temples, denote habitual laughter—a cheerful temperament, or, at any rate, one in which the sense of fun is strong.

We sometimes see (but it is rare) persons whose eyes are of different colors. For instance, one eye will be of a blueish-gray while the other will be so flecked with orange or tawny yellow spots as to appear what might be called a brown eye. This peculiarity of having eyes of different colors is sometimes to be seen in dogs, and very often in cats of the Persian breed, or white cats, but it is very rare in human beings.

## BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

### The Penalties of Fame.

Some years ago, when I was younger, I was very easily approached by strangers, especially if they intimated that they had met me before. The most down-trodden and offensive human failure could borrow my watch and chain then, if he went at it right, and it was a cold day when I wasn't called upon to feed some "great admirer" of mine who had footed it through from Boston to the coast in order to shake hands with me.

I am not so much that way now. I would rather be famed for pants than to pant for fame (stall-fed humor.) When a pale-eyed tramp takes me by the hand and tells me how he has journeyed from Nova Scotia to see me, I perpetrate a little *coop de tat* on him by asking him if he has a dollar in his clothes that I could borrow until next week. After that there is a lull in the conversation that you could cut with a knife.

Many years ago there was a red-headed conductor running No. 7 over the Sherman hill, whose name was Boils—at least that's near enough. No. 7 wasn't really a train of "varnished cars." It was a emigrant train, but had a comfortable caboose on behind with leather-covered seats, and an observatory on top, and oil-paintings in it painted by Michael Angelo Prang, and I used to ride over the mountain with Boils in the caboose quite frequently.

One night there were several of us coming over the hill, and we were having a good, fair, average time smoking Alex Joelman's cigars and telling stories as we poked up the heavy grade of the Union Pacific road from Cheyenne west. After a while Boils went through the train, with a self-cocking punch, and made the usual assessment. Then he came back and told me that there was a lady in one of the cars ahead who had heard in some way that I was aboard, and was very anxious to meet me if I wished. I rose majestically, felt of my mustache to see if it was still there, and then went into another car, where Boils introduced me to a corpulent woman about eighty-seven years of age, whose teeth were made for some one else. She couldn't hear very well either. The train made some noise, and so, when she wanted very severely to hear what I said, she would lean over on my shoulder, with the cold and somewhat soiled rim of her ear close to my face, so that she could catch my words as they fell.

She said she was just returning from the Centennial.

"Ah," said I; "where do you go to celebrate your centennials nowadays?"

"Oh, down to Philadelphy," she said, as soon as she had collected my question into her Jumbo ears.

"I should think you would go to the Acropolis," I said, getting a little weary of my companion, "or to Pompeii, where you could have a kind of reunion of ruins."

"Yes, we went to Injinopolis, too," she replied.

And we chatted along up the hill. While the boys back in the caboose were having a nice, joyful time, I was there yelling playful *bon mots* and such things into the recesses of this old emigrant's ear, who, I afterwards learned, thought I was a foreign missionary on the way to my charge via 'Frisco.

Finally, I asked her to excuse me, as I had to go back to attend to a friend who was dying. It took me a long time to work this palpable falsehood through the labyrinths of her mind, but finally she seemed to grapple it all right.

How I wanted to get hold of Boils, and bring him to a head. At last I got away from the aged conversationalist, and went back to the caboose.

It was locked!

I stood out on the platform, in the cold, all the way down the west side of the hill to Laramie, where we arrived at a little past midnight, as the train was late.

I never felt anywhere near even with Boils until a year or so afterward, when the general superintendent wrote and asked him if he wouldn't be kind enough to resign, so as to give the stockholders a chance. He told Boils that if he would resign and get a job on a rival road, and be as economical about turning in cash fares as he had been with him, the company would present him with a gold-headed cane.—*St. Paul Herald.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### Music Historically Considered.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Music, as handed down to us by the Greeks from the Egyptians, was little more than "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." After these rude instruments of percussion we note the use of reed instruments, followed by the simplest form of lyre or stringed instrument, and, although harmony originated among the people of the north, we find music as an art first nurtured in Naples and Venice, in which cities conservatories were founded toward the latter part of the fifteenth century, the object of these institutions being "to *conserve* the art of music from corruption." Musical erudition was in this age applied entirely to the services of the church, and the art was also taught in the academies of general learning throughout Italy and Rome, and the ecclesiastical centre was in particular the haven of musicians from every land.

In the age of chivalry we hear of the knights and minstrels singing to lute accompaniment, and of the love songs (minnegesang) of Germany. Meantime opera is starting up in Italy and France. As yet the art was without science, and its votaries made use of harmonics, justified only by the beautiful effects produced, and without perceiving the important bearing of harmonic principles upon the subject they treated. Though several theorists made studious attempts to probe to its depths the natural law of this spontaneous and most beautiful art, nature bequeathed its discovery to those two minds possessing that all-powerful insight into the beautiful, which, with no theory to guide, enabled them to pierce to its very foundation the governing principle, and to display in their works its utmost power of expansion.

To the genius of Geo. Fried. Haendel (1685-1759) and Jon. Seb. Bach (1685-1750) we owe the foundation of the art of music as it to-day stands. All combinations of musical notes that down to our time have been used with good effect were written by these two men, born within the same month and within a few leagues of each other. The simple, massive grandeur of Haendel's style, producing always and with certainty the effect aimed at, will ever be loved and honored, and his "Messiah" may be justly classed as the didactic oratorio of the art.

In Bach culminated the glory of a large family of musicians who had for two centuries practiced the art. His compositions are so intricate as to require the most assiduous study, and it has been well said: "His works may be regarded as a double mirror, reflecting the past in his contrapuntal writings, and forecasting the future in his anticipation of modern harmonics."

In the eighteenth century we find the names of Gluck and Papa Haydn, father of that most wonderful orchestral tone-form, the symphony, and of the more purely classic stringed quartet. Then comes Mozart, ever loved and lovely, and Schubert, the brilliant star of the Beethoven epoch, and a galaxy of illustrissimi, who must all be eclipsed by the monarch Beethoven, who closes with majesty the first period in the history of an art the limits of which are still invisible. We also find Weber in the last of the century, but with a strong tendency toward a new school, and he has indeed been looked upon by posterity as the founder of the German romantic, dramatic school. In this transition period we find Mendelssohn (1809) with his romantic soul and purely classic education. At last we discover in Schumann (1810) a decided and new creation, who with Chopin and Liszt sowed the seed of the so-called music of the future, and who is in reality the originator, representative, and promoter of the romantic school as distinguished from the classic.

We have now to record a genius who created the epic in music. Richard Wagner, composer and poet, reaching back to Weber, covering the romantic period, going far beyond the times in which he lived, has been looked upon as mad by people of musical intelligence. Hounded from country to country, impoverished, discouraged, but never disheartened, he brought the musical drama to its culmination with a pure faith in the truth of his own genius, and he lived to note the influence of his works upon scores of our young composers.

What an immense stride from Beethoven to Wagner! Yet there lives still among us the one to whom as a boy Beethoven said: "Du hast mich verstanden, nun gehe hin und mache mich Andern verstaenlich." ("You understand me, go play to the world that others may know me.") The same Liszt, who as man fought for Wagner's recognition and won it, made Berlioz known to Germany, and resurrected many of Schubert's works, as well as neglected compositions of Schumann, Raff, and others. As Beethoven's appointed interpreter, as the devoted friend of Schumann, as the champion of Wagner, Franz Liszt is the living, acting principal of the present progressive age in the art of music. As composer, he stands with Berlioz, Schumann, Wagner, Brahms; and as piano virtuoso, he has never been and probably never will be equaled.

Why can not we, in our little way, like Liszt, love the beauties of each school for themselves, and stop this endless warfare against the light of innovation, curbing that fanatical admiration of one composer to the exclusion of all others? To listen to a Haydn symphony after the intense emotional pleasures of a Wagner overture, is like wandering over a field of buttercups and daisies. That one can experience pure and intellectual pleasure in Bach is no reason why the emotional excitement of a Liszt fantasie should not be enjoyable, and a Strauss waltz is sometimes acceptable after Beethoven, if we have a little time to change our mood. Music is, after all, objective, and he who loves it best loves it best.

RA

SAN FRANCISCO, December 18, 1884.

## THE CONFESSIONS OF MR. HOBBS.

Written for the Argonaut by Edward W. Townsend.

I do not know quite what it was that first set me so decidedly and sternly against women—young and marriageable women, I mean. Let me hasten to assure you, however, of one thing it was not: it was not, as I believe is so frequently the case, a desperate affair of the heart in which some ruthless jilt had forever chilled my young life. Nothing of that kind ever occurred to me. I was heart-whole. I had grown to be a bachelor. Not an "old bachelor," by any means, for the rising forehead and sallow complexion—which both became me, by the way—were due more to hard reading and club life than to years. Still, I knew I was spoken of as a bachelor, and sometimes an "old bachelor," but, as I have explained, the "old" in my case was a mere figure of speech.

From the time I became of age and secured the modest competence which allowed me to pursue my reading and live a leisurely club life—to both of which I was strongly attached—from that time something like a dread of falling in love took possession of me, and worked upon me until it became a morbid fear I find it difficult to explain even to myself. The line of reading I drifted into, and the philosophy of my club life may have had much to do with this fear. I went into society as little as a decent attention to my sister permitted, and when she married and went to Los Angeles to live, I eagerly vowed myself to social exile.

Then, that all apparent danger had ceased, instead of feeling secure and at my ease, I grew even more morbid in the one dread of my otherwise calm life. When the married men of my set invited me to dine with them at their homes, I declined in nervous fear, unless I knew no unmarried women were to be present. I shunned the club fellows I knew to have marriageable sisters, and in buying my seats for the theatre or opera I always made sure to be seated between two men of my set. Yet all these precautions did not serve to quiet my mind or lull my fears. On the contrary, I felt that I was becoming a monomaniac. I heard of the engagement of any of my men friends with the feelings a soldier must have who sees his comrade shot down at his side—"it may be my turn next!" I went through a regular course of reading to prepare my mental defenses against the luckless day when I should find myself confronted with my enemy—for so I considered all marriageable women. I dived in La Rochefoucauld, took shower-baths of Howells, went skating over Henry James, took sulphur baths in Rousseau, gave myself hypodermic injections of Octave Feuillet, supped lightly with George Sand, and dined heavily with Thackeray.

And the more I read the more I felt the terror and strength of the enemy. I found her painted as more adroit in verbal fencing, more skilled in the diplomacy of the *fête-à-fête*, more subtle in the art of heart-snaring, more armed with tact, and more clad in the armor of insincerity, than man. I was taught by my books that woman's universal cleverness alone prevented the disclosure of her universal untruthfulness, and I was taught by the philosophy of my club that marriage was the seed of hypocrisy and a living lie. You may well ask why, after such a course of training, I feared to meet any woman, or why, if I should meet the fairest and greatest of her sex, I should not feel the strength of knowledge which would make her most adroit attacks ineffectual.

Well, then, I must confess I had never fallen in love simply because I had never allowed myself the opportunity. I was so far from being one of those men impervious to woman's charms that I was, in fact, conscious that I should be more easily and deeply affected by them than any man I ever knew. I felt almost as if I was cursed with an hereditary weakness for woman's charms, and that my only safety lay in absolute self-denial of their bitter-sweet. In this most singular frame of mind, I easily became convinced that all my mental defenses would be swept away by the first charge of the enemy, and all my philosophy evanish as uselessly as the powder-smoke from an unshotted gun. I became cynically desperate, and would grin like Democritus when I thought of the weak surrender I should make whenever my watchfulness lapsed, and the enemy approached.

What was the condition of my mind when I first began hearing of Miss Weston, the greatest beauty of Los Angeles? First, my sister wrote me about her, but I tore those letters up and refused to answer them. Then the subject became club talk, and a fellow who had been down to Los Angeles, and had seen the beauty, was the idol of a dinner party one whole evening. I deserted the club. The papers soon took hold of the subject, and I had to go without my morning news. Somehow her name had made me tremble from the first. My sister was intimate with the Westons, and I gave up a projected visit to her on that account. I felt a sinking sensation in my heart whenever her name was mentioned—it was fate's premonition I thought.

But go where I would, do what I might, I could not escape hearing her name, and always her praises were sung extravagantly. In the midst of this, while I was seriously considering the question of escaping what I felt to be an impending doom by a trip to the islands, I received a letter from my sister, which had the following postscript:

"By the way, I forgot to tell you that the Westons will be in San Francisco soon. Now, *don't* be a *bear* about this matter, but call on them and pay Miss Weston some attention. They have been *very* kind to me; done *everything* in the world for me socially, and, of *course*, will expect my brother to at *least* call on them. You know how *particular* I am about the conventionalities, so don't *mortify* me to *death* by being a *brute*. Don't dream that I am imposing an *infliction* on you, for Miss Weston, in addition to being an heiress, is considered by good judges to be the handsomest woman in the world to-day, and she will be a *raging* belle before she has been in San Francisco two weeks; so if you want to be seen with her at *all*, you had better put in your time before *others* monopolize her."

As soon as I had read the sisterly shot the last sentence contained, I sent out and bought a ticket for Honolulu. The steamer was to sail the next day. I telegraphed my sister, and dressed for a farewell dinner at the club and an evening at the opera.

You all remember that night. Patti trilled on and trilled off the stage, but she never suceedeed in drawing half the fire of opera-glasses from the stage-box in which the Westons sat. I had not settled in my seat before I heard that they were there. They were decidedly the sensation of the evening, as every one knows, and the people whose box they occupied were voted to have made the luckiest hit of their lives by capturing the Westons for the night. As for me, I refused to turn my glasses once toward the box, but at intervals of two or three minutes would slyly press my pocket in which I had slipped my steamer ticket as a sort of talisman against all attempted spells. I nervously congratulated myself upon my heroism in having decided upon the trip and my strength in refraining from looking at the tempter in the box. I thought once of quitting the theatre to prove to myself how very strong I was, but I afterward thought that would rather be a confession of weakness, and stayed to the end.

I became separated from my companions in front of the opera-house, and was standing still, trying to locate them, when a not very refined but exceedingly jolly voice, with a German accent, exclaimed in my ear:

"This is Mr. Hobbs, ain't it? Yes; thought I was right. You were pointed out to us in the theatre—to me and Mrs. Weston. Get right inside here—that's right; Palace Hotel, driver; this is my wife and daughter, Mr. Hobbs, but it's so confounded dark you can't see anybody."

While all this was being said, pretty much in one breath, I found myself pushed into a carriage and jammed into a seat by the side of—Miss Weston! One wild determination to jump through the glass of the carriage and run for my life crossed my mind, and then left me in desperate, absolute calm. It was my doom! It had overtaken me. Why resist? With the coolness of one who rests resigned in the hand of fate, I murmured the proper conventional lies about my excessive good fortune, their excessive kindness, my excessive regret that their box had been too crowded all the evening to admit of my calling, the excessive pleasure I felt at thus happily meeting my sisters' friends, whose excessive—etc., etc.

In the short ride to the Palace I felt that I must have made a favorable impression, I talked so well. Mrs. Weston said they were to dine the next day with the Barkers, in whose box they had sat; "and," added Mrs. Weston, "I told Mrs. Barker, who said she was an old friend of your sister, that I would undertake to give her the novelty of your presence at her table if she would send an invitation by me. I've heard how you refuse all invitations, sir, and that's the reason Mr. Weston kidnapped you." Whereat Mr. Weston and Mrs. Weston laughed loudly and heartily.

I went up to their rooms at the Palace. Mr. Weston insisted that I should, to have a glass of wine.

How beautiful that girl was! When she threw off the fleecy wrap she wore, and showed her face, throat, neck, and arms, my heart almost stood still, and for a moment I was breathless and speechless. I was glad to have old Weston ask me which I preferred, dry or sweet wine—it brought me back to earth.

All that I had been forced to hear about Miss Weston's beauty had conveyed no idea of her. The German and Spanish blood in her had produced a style of beauty that was simply dazzling. Shall I attempt what all others have failed in? Shall I attempt to tell how her skin was dark yet clear, and how the blood came surging close to the surface at times, then receded, leaving only a faint flush to mark its path? How her jet-black brows shaded eyes of Saxon blue, and were in turn shaded by deep brown hair, wavy, low, heavy, soft? How the texture of her skin made you think of satin and marble at once? How everywhere were curves that fascinated, lines that entranced, grace that soothed, and action that dazzled?

No; these are things to be described by some one whose experience was not that of Mr. Hobbs.

When I reached my rooms that night I was in a complicated frame of mind.

Not that I for a moment doubted that I should fall a victim to the beauty's charms—no thought so bold as that came to comfort me—and yet I was not entirely uncomforted. I had certainly made a most presentable appearance and satisfactory impression. That was one comfort. And I had held up my end of the conversation surprisingly well. "Ah," thought I, "these belles are matchless in their wit, and superior in their art of snaring where they have the regulation society young man to play with; but it is quite a different thing with a seasoned and thinking man. Take a reading man, who has stored his mind with the philosophy which mocks them, and enriched his conversational abilities with the subtile flashes of cynical wit they find it so hard to parry; take such a man, and your belle has little chance against him. Bless my agitated soul, how well I did talk, and she never got the best of me that I can recall. I don't seem to recall much. Let me see. Well, well! The truth is, Miss Weston, during the whole evening, spoke just two words. When I passed her a glass of wine, she said, 'Ah, thanks.'"

Then I went to bed.

I did not go to Honolulu the next day—I felt the hopelessness of struggle—I went to the Barker's dinner instead. I was in a nervously exalted condition. I knew that the spell I had all my life fought against was about to be exerted upon me, and I was almost hysterically anxious for it to begin. I had no thought of resistance; it was to me like drowning in red Burgundy. I wanted the flood of her adroit verbal fencing, diplomatic skill, subtile art of heart-snaring, etc., to pour forth upon me at once. I knew it would overcome me, but I should taste its delights as I sank. I thanked Mrs. Barker when she whispered that I should take Miss Weston down, and blessed her when she suggested that I might even stroll into the conservatory before dinner "and become acquainted." We strolled. I broke a silence of which I was growing much afraid, as one of an unseen enemy.

"Do you not sometimes think these gloxinia are nature's revels in the beauty of the throat line?" I said, pointing to some beautiful carmine and purple specimens of that flower.

"They are real cute," answered the fair exponent of the art of verbal fencing, gradually drawing off her gloves.

"What did you think of 'Trovatore?'" I next asked, warily, not quite comprehending her tactics.

"It was real cunning," said this terrible mistress of the *fête-à-fête*, dropping both her gloves.

I trembled as I picked them up. "Both gloves at once—this is getting beyond my depths, but it is fate," thought I.

Holding the long, soft kids in my hand, as if reluctant to yield them up, I whispered: "You dropped them both; is it the challenge *à outrance?*"

The beautiful diplomate of the heart gazed wonderingly into my face, put out a small, white, soft hand, giggled weakly, and said:

"You just give me my gloves, Mr. Hobbs."

I gave them, and as I did so dinner was announced, an announcement I received with feelings less like being drowned than wishing to be. I felt, indeed, that I would give my life to be drowned, so to say, rather than face that expanse of dinner hour with this far too subtile professor of the heart-trapper's skill. Nor did the experience of that dreadful hour dispel my gloomiest suspicions. I felt myself sinking beneath a wave, but it was not of Burgundy; it was *vin ordinaire*—oh, so *ordinaire!*

I will not describe that hour. It is enough to say that my fair companion, in answer to my questions, informed me that she thought statuary "mostly horrid"; painting, "just too sweet"; Thackeray, "elegant"; Dickens, "disgusting"; Ouida, "splendid"; Bob Ingersoll, "cute"; the *Century* and *Harper's Monthly*, "cunning," and the Yosemite, "pretty." I stopped asking for information then, and she stopped talking, and through the hour of conversation, over the clink of glasses accompanying the offerings of the orchestra in the next room, chiming in and out through all my other thoughts rang this joyous refrain: "The spell is broken; I have been under fire; I am saved—I am bored!

* * * * * * * *

When I was quite young nothing so fascinated me as the sight of champagne-drinking; no color was so dazzling to my eye as its amber sparkling in the glass; no sound so entrancing as its crisp foam-break. Though young I was a philosopher, and I determined never to drink a wine which would, I felt sure, if I once yielded to its charms, make me a drunkard. The hour came, however, when I fell. But, oh! what happiness! That which had so charmed my eye and ear, when tasted proved to be a sour, thin, vulgar drink, which ever since has seemed to my disillusionized senses rowdy and wholly ill-bred. I drink it fearlessly now, when it would be awkward not to do so, but I prefer brandy and water.

---

The carriage in which the First Napoleon made his famous retreat from Moscow, and in which he, as emperor set out from Paris in the campaign which closed at Waterloo, is now preserved in London among the effects of the Duke of Wellington. It is a two-seated conveyance, and the top, or cover, is lined with thin sheet-iron. There is also a front curtain of iron, which can be lowered at will. The wheels are large and heavy, and the steps at either side silver-finished and of a curious design. The rear seat was the one used by Napoleon. Under the cushions of the seats he carried blankets and pillows. The back of the front seat opens, and at the right hand forms a small cupboard, in which were tin plates, knives, spoons, water-can, and a small fluid-lamp. On the left is a long opening, extending forward nearly to the dash-board, and into which the emperor of the first nation in Europe, and the military autocrat of the world, was wont to extend his feet and legs, in order that he might lie at full length. The blankets, pillows, spoons, knives, and lamp that were used by the emperor are still preserved.

---

A man in West Newton earns his bread and butter by supplying the people of that city with hot water. He has fitted up an immense iron tank and into it has run all the steam-escapes about the place. The steam soon condenses, and makes the softest and purest water in the world. He has also fitted up a tank wagon in which to deliver his stock. Before commencing operations he secured nearly one hundred customers, whom he has served regularly from the start. In the morning he comes around early, and supplies boiling hot water for the breakfast; at noon he makes his second trip, and many a housewife need not bother roasting herself over the fire heating her tea-kettle, but can have hot water left at the door when wanted. Another trip is made at supper, and sometimes in the evening. On wash days very few ladies bother about heating water, but secure their wash water from the vender. His trade has grown so large that he will soon have to put another wagon at work, and his example will no doubt be imitated in many other places.

---

Anent some comments on his English, Mr. Walter Besant, the author of "The Art of Fiction," writes to a gentleman of New York city as follows: "It was a very simple lecture, and if I had thought there was going to be so much talk about it I should have been more careful how to put my points. You are quite right about the colloquialisms. I find that in England some of us are not nearly so careful as you in America to speak and write with precision. At the same time I hardly think that, if you were to take the trouble to read one of my stories, you would find many slips of the kind. So, you see, I 'confess and avoid,' yet allege no other facts which defeat the conclusions of carelessness. But at least I have done fiction a good turn in claiming for it the dignity of a place among the fine arts."

---

Victorien Sardou's mansion, "Verduron," was once the home of Mademoiselle Blondin, one of Louis XIV.'s favorites, and within is still furnished in the style of those days. In a corner of the salon is an old-fashioned harp, on which Mademoiselle Blondin used to play, and by it stands a sedan chair wherein the *roi soleil* was in the habit of sitting. In the ante-room is a richly gilded sleigh, and by the door are four culverines of the eighteenth century, which Sardou bravely loaded and fired with his own hands in honor of his parents' golden wedding, a little more than two years ago.

## GOTHAM'S MEN ABOUT TOWN.

"Flaneur" tells How they Live.

There is a vast deal of mystery about the domestic lives of the majority of men one meets in New York. It is possible for a man to hold a good social, financial, and club position for years without revealing his address to any one, save his washerwoman. I know several men of the world who have certain reasons for concealing their residences, such reasons being not remotely connected with large-eyed objects of affection of a feminine gender who enjoy their society when the men are free from the world. The causes which come up in the courts for breach of promise or divorce sometimes reveal the fact that some man whose face is familiar in the the best clubs, and indeed in many good houses, has been leading a life of sweet and tranquil domesticity in a flat or a small house in the unfashionable and unfamiliar quarters of the town. Then everybody says, "That's curious. I always thought that S—— lived at the—er—the—well, some hotel, doncher-know, or else some bachelor apartment house"—which is exactly the impression S—— sought to convey. Many men in New York have all their mail sent to their clubs or their places of business, and so no one ever bothers about their residences. There is sometimes a deep scheme in all this, but usually it is done for the sake of convenience.

The man who lives with his family in a whole house—no part thereof being sublet to others—acquires a certain air of distinction in New York. It is a sign first that his family has money; and second, that there are marriageable daughters to be mated. The rent of a house in a convenient and respectable part of the town is all the way from three to five thousand dollars a year, and the cost of living very high. People who live well, even if they forego the pleasures of riding and driving, must make up their minds to spend nearly ten thousand dollars a year. That's the reason such a very small proportion of the men one meets about live at home. Boarding-houses, flats, apartments, hall bed-rooms, hotels, and clubs are the "homes" that most men possess, and it is actually astonishing to observe how meanly many men live who are socially prominent. I had occasion not long ago to call on a man in the morning about a short trip we were to take together out of town, and his case furnished a fresh illustration of the difficulties which most New York men experience in making both ends meet. For years, when we parted at night he drifted along Thirty-fourth Street eastward on his way to his "rooms"—they always call it "rooms" in New York, even if it is only a five-by-nine closet on the fifth floor of a boarding-house. The man in question is the managing clerk of a broker's office, and he receives an unusually large salary for a man in his position—four thousand dollars a year. He wears very stylish clothes, and is invariably attired in evening dress after six o'clock. He is one of the placid, prosperous, and popular men that one constantly meets floating in and out of Delmonico's, the Brunswick, the theatres, or clubs, at all hours of the night, and he is known to be in for anything, from a yellow cab race down the avenue to a game of poker at any limit up to five dollars. On his left hand is rather a valuable diamond, and, as I have said, his attire is invariably unexceptionable. One naturally associates such a man with a suite of luxurious apartments or a pretentious home.

So, when he scribbled his address on the back of his card—the face bearing the address of his club—he said, with a smile:

"If you don't mind an unpleasant surprise, walk over to East Thirty-fifth Street to-morrow morning. Better go through Thirty-fourth Street till you get to Third Avenue; it's more attractive."

I found that he lived on the second floor back of a very cheap-looking house in a forbidding sort of a neighborhood. The street was littered with broken ash-barrels, frowsy children, tin cans, and beer kegs. I rang the bell, and a slatternly maid, after eyeing me critically, told me to go up stairs and to look out for a bucket of water on the first landing.

I knocked at the door, opened it later, pushed aside a portière, and found the inmate in high spirits and a monstrous bath robe. The room was comfortably furnished, and decorated in many places by bits of bric-à-brac, small bronzes, charcoal sketches, and photographs. A cheerful fire burned in the grate, and a tray with snowy linen and the remnants of a breakfast, stood on a table near the window. The bed, with a portable bath near it, stood in an adjoining room.

"Beastly place to reach, isn't it?" said the young clubman, pleasantly. "I lived in a hall room on Fifth Avenue till I came here, and suffered from the heat in summer and the cold in winter, until I learned wisdom. Do you know what it costs me here for rooms, washing, and breakfast—good breakfast, too—well cooked and served? Eight dollars a week. Fact! In a fashionable neighborhood the rent of the rooms would be at least eighteen dollars, the washing two dollars, the breakfast four dollars, and the tips about one dollar. That makes—lemme see—eighteen, twenty-four—twenty-five dollars. That's an advance of seventeen dollars a week, which is nearly nine hundred dollars a year. Think of the fun a man can buy with nine hundred dollars!"

By far the larger number of men without homes live in boarding-houses. Fair board with a small room may be had in a good location in New York for twelve dollars a week. This is by far the cheapest way to live, for a good breakfast and a palatable dinner can not be bought in attractive restaurants for less than two dollars and a half a day. This, with the rent of a room, brings living expenses up to twenty-five dollars or more a week, on the most economical basis. So the boarding-house is resorted to, and whenever the boarder can afford it, he goes forth in evening-dress to dine at a restaurant.

Touching restaurants, there are very few that have regular patrons among the men who live about town. Delmonico's, of course, ranks first, with the Hoffman House a close second, and the Brunswick a bad third. Then comes the St. James, Gilsey, Parker's, George Browne's, and the little group of restaurants attached to the up-town hotels, which have been erected so rapidly that even New Yorkers are as yet unacquainted with their names. Of them all, the Hoffman is unquestionably the most brilliant and attractive, as far as decorations are concerned, but there they do not enforce the rule, so long established at Delmonico's, of excluding ladies unaccompanied by men after six o'clock at night. The result of this, combined with other causes, is an array of women at the Hoffman at night that can not be duplicated anywhere else in New York. They usually dine with men who are apparently accustomed to an expenditure of twenty dollars or thereabouts for a dinner for two, and they are the handsomest women in town. Many of them belong to that numerous class of New Yorkers who have great wealth, but no social position. Some are well-known actresses; and there is an occasional beauty, who may, with propriety, be accused of shadowy leanings toward the half-world. The gorgeousness of the room and the excellent quality of the music which floats down from above are the attractions of the place.

He who lives in bachelor's apartments should have a good bank account and a firm grip upon his appetites. Rooms for single men run all the way from five to a hundred dollars a week. Many people hire houses in New York and sublet rooms to bachelors as a means of gaining a livelihood. Young physicians who marry very frequently establish themselves in this way, and not a few of the many men whose fortunes have been wrecked manage to retain their houses by admitting male tenants. Women are never tolerated. They cook, and occasionally play the piano in their rooms, and insist upon receiving in the parlor, which men tenants never think of entering. The erection of bachelor apartment houses goes on rapidly. Some of them are gorgeous in the extreme, and the number of wealthy bachelors in New York may be estimated from the fact that suites of three apartments rent readily for twenty-five hundren and three thousand dollars a year, unfurnished. It is not an unusual thing for a man to expend fifteen or twenty thousand dollars in decorating his rooms.

As for boarding-houses, they are of every conceivable character, from the cheap places where working men and girls are fed and lodged for three or four dollars a week, to the pretentious houses on Fifth Avenue. The most successful establishments of this character in New York are those run by intelligent women, who never soil their hands with housework, and act as hostesses at their own tables. I have several in mind. One is a type of them all. She is a graceful and pleasing woman of most refined manners, and she presides over her house with great dignity. No one is admitted unless he promises to remain during the season, and the butler, a crafty and shrewd Scotchman, arranges the terms and collects the board. This is the best of the many varieties. Perhaps the worst is the conventional "hashery," where it is a neck-and-neck race between the landlady and her boarders, who have but one motto—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. This type of landlady is always having an altercation with the "third floor front"—usually an impecunious but *blasé* young man who knows a boarding-house like a book—or she is in a state of sniveling pathos over her pecuniary troubles.

"I have lived in boarding-houses," said a young dry goods man whom I know, a few days ago, "for nine years now, and I can tell a landlady three blocks away. More than this, I can write out precisely what she'll say before she opens her mouth. I know her," he added, with considerable vindictiveness; "and the temperature is about thirty-eight miles below par when she gets in on me nowadays. She did me up brown when I first came to town, but I'm on deck now every time. In the course of my checkered boarding-house existence I have met many varieties of them, but I think the first landlady I fell up against was about the meanest of the lot. She lived in Thirty-eighth Street, near Sixth Avenue. The house was beautifully furnished and perfectly clean. I didn't know then that a clean house meant a scant table, and *vice versa*, as I do now, and so I went up to dinner fairly tintinnabulating with joyous anticipations, so to speak. I opened the front door at about five minutes to six, and I'm blessed if there wasn't every bloomin' boarder in the house sittin' on the stairs. They smiled on me with the hollow insincerity of hypocrites versed in deception, as I went up to my room. I heard the dinner-bell ring while dressing. It was followed by the rush of many feet, and then there was a dead silence. I fixed myself up in my accustomed style of subdued splendor, and strolled with the tranquil air of a man of leisure down to dinner. The instant I entered the dining-room I knew I was gone. You could fairly *see* the odor of boiled cabbage and corned beef. There wasn't a thing on the table that could be eaten, and the boarders had their glittering eyes on the landlady to a man. There had been an uncommonly close race that night to see who could dispose of his first installment of meat the earliest, so as to stand first chance for a second helping. You see the second plates of meat didn't go round, and the supply was apt to give out if you didn't get home early. Three men had come in nose and nose, and they were giving their undivided attention to the landlady, who was very red and considerably out of breath as the result of her struggles with the corned beef. But she didn't lose her head—you never catch a New York landlady in that condition. She saw me enter, and she kindly laid aside a piece of beef for me. This left one of the three men who was tied for first place out in the cold, and he passed the rest of the evening making personal remarks about me in a hoarse whisper to one of his friends. I had hard work eating that beef, for the eyes of all the boarders in the room followed every particle of it from the plate to my mouth, and when I got up and went forth I felt like a kinky-haired cannibal with a ring through my nose."

BLAKELY HALL.

NEW YORK, December 12, 1884.

A panoramic view of the funeral procession of the Duke of Wellington, sixty feet long, was painted once upon a time by George Augustus Sala, the journalist, and Henry Aiken, the artist.

Max O'Rell thinks the best burglar-alarm is a pretty cook, as with that the police will keep a good eye on the house.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When Judge Gray, of the United States Supreme Bench, told a Massachusetts lawyer who was arguing a case before him, "the law is so and so," the lawyer quickly retorted: "It is the law now, sir, but it was not until you spoke." Judge Gray subsequently acknowledged his mistake in graceful terms.

A lady is showing a visitor the family portraits in the picture gallery. "That officer there in the uniform," she says, "was my great-great-grandfather. He was as brave as a lion, but one of the most unfortunate of men—he never fought a battle in which he did not have an arm or a leg carried away." Then she adds, proudly: "He took part in twenty-four engagements."

Mr. O'Connell, whose arrest by the civil power as he was proceeding to meet Mr. Peel was supposed not to be quite involuntary on his part, was soon after arguing a law point in the Common Pleas, and happened to use the phrase, "I fear, my lords, I do not make myself understood." "Go on, go on, Mr. O'Connell," replied Lord Norbury, "no one is more easily *apprehended*."

There is a story of a man who was tried for stealing a pair of trousers. He was ably defended, and the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. The prisoner's counsel collected his fee, and then said to the vindicated statesman: "Well, get out. You're free." "I'll wait till he goes," returned the victim of slander, pointing to the plaintiff; "I don't want him to see me." "Why not?" "'Cause I've got them breeches on."

Schopenhauer, the German pessimist, was asked one day to dinner by a gentleman who had also invited a number of Prussian officers. Said one of the officers to Schopenhauer: "Why do you put a frederic under your plate?" "I have made a vow," replied the philosopher, "to give this piece of money to a beggar the very first time I dine with the military without hearing talk about women and horses. It is fifty years since I made this vow, but I have not yet been called upon to bestow my frederic in alms."

One day an officer came very late to dinner at Talleyrand's—an unusual negligence in France, where everybody is exact. He made a kind of impertinent apology, alleging that he had been delayed by a *péquin*—the nickname which French soldiers give civilians. Monsieur Talleyrand, himself a *péquin*, asked what a *péquin* was. "Nous appelons péquin," replied the Hector, "tout ce qui n'est pas militaire." "Ah, ah!" replied Talleyrand, "c'est comme nous, nous appelons *militaire* tout ce qui n'est pas *civile*."

The late Duke of Wellington got a letter once from a lady saying she was soliciting subscriptions for a certain church in which she was interested, and had taken the liberty to put his name down for two hundred pounds, and hoped he would promptly send her a check for that amount. He forthwith replied that he was glad she thought so well of him; certainly he would respond to the call; but he, too, was interested in a certain church which needed subscriptions, and, counting upon his correspondent's well-known liberality, he had put her down for two hundred pounds, "and so," he concluded, "no money need pass between us."

Baron Rothschild, one day, when he chanced to ride in a public conveyance, found out that he had "not a red" in his pocket. The driver was furious, and demanded his pay. Rothschild told him his name, and likewise gave him his card. "I never heard of you before, and never want to again; but I want my pay, and must have it," and he looked down threateningly. The money king was in haste. He had an order for a million, and offered the driver a coupon for fifty thousand francs "to change." The driver started, the passengers laughed, and just then an acquaintance came up, from whom he borrowed six sous and paid the angry Jehu.

Not long after the battle of Bull Run a certain Major Sloan, of the rebel army, called on General "Joe" Johnston at his headquarters in Virginia, arriving just in time for dinner, which was served in the general's tent. When the meal was nearly finished there was a movement under the table and something very like a yawn came from beneath it, the major at the same time feeling something heavy roll on his feet. Raising the cloth General Johnston looked down and remarked, laughing: "Jackson smells the dinner at last; I know he must be nearly famished." "It was the only time I ever saw 'Stonewall' Jackson," says the major. "He had been without sleep for three days when he reached Johnston's tent, and, tumbling down in the centre of it, the table was set over him."

Three commercial travelers, meeting at a Virginia hotel one winter evening, had a hearty supper together. Supper over, the three found some difficulty in allotting their respective shares of the bill; but one of them at length cut short the dispute by proposing that whosoever had the "oldest name" among them should go free, the expenses being halved by the other two. This amendment being promptly accepted, No. 1 produced a card inscribed "Richard Eve," which No. 2 trumped with "Adam Brown." Then No. 3, a portly veteran with a humorous gray eye, laid down his card with the quiet confidence of a great general making a decisive movement, and remarked, with a chuckle, "I don't much think you'll beat this 'un, gents." And he was right, for the name was, "N. B. Ginning."

## THE LATEST LONDON SCANDAL.

"Cockaigne" Discusses the Coleridge-Adams Libel.

The talk of the day is an action for libel brought by a Mr. Adams against the Hon. Bernard Coleridge, eldest son of Lord Coleridge, the Chief Justice of England; and Coleridge is a widower with three sons and one daughter, the Hon. Mildred Coleridge, a blushing maiden of eight-and-thirty summers, and of a literary turn. Mr. Adams is a man between fifty and sixty, the son of Sergeant Adams (a prominent lawyer in his day), and a person who has had rather an eventful, if not checkered career. At one time officer in the army, he is now the secretary of a district humane society, to the hum-drum duties of which office he settled down after traveling considerably over the world for his health, at one time favoring California with his presence. While the secretary of this society he was thrown a good deal into the company of the Hon. Mildred, who took much interest in the work of the society, and as the publishing of a paper formed a portion of the society's work, and the labor of editing it fell upon Mr. Adams, she found congenial occupation in assisting him and consulting with him on literary matters in general. The two agreed, also, on religious subjects, and seemed so suited to each other that an engagement to marry was ere long entered into. Although the Hon. Mildred was getting on well in years, and couldn't expect much in the husband line with the small dowry she would have, Lord Coleridge didn't smile upon the marriage. He didn't exactly frown either.

Things ran on for some time in a somewhat indefinite fashion till one fine day the Hon. Mildred received a letter from her brother Bernard. In it he accused Mr. Adams of being cruel, ill-tempered, a hypocrite, a liar, a man discarded by his own family, and in no way fit to be a husband, as he was only seeking an alliance to better his own social position. The letter was a rather low and scurrilous one for a gentleman to write, and the Hon. Mildred wrote back a severe reply, that unless her brother retracted what he said, she would give the letter to Mr. Adams and have him bring a libel suit. The Hon. Bernard refused to retract, and Mr. Adams sued him for ten thousand pounds damages. The trial came on at the termination of the Fortescue *vs.* Garmoyle suit, Mr. Adams appearing alone in his own behalf, Mr. Coleridge being represented by the attorney-general, Sir Henry James, and an array of bewigged counsel. Mr. Justice Manisty, of the Queen's Bench division, was the judge. From first to last it was very clear that the judge favored the Coleridge side. Although no lawyer, and while he therefore was not up in the technicities of "lawyers' law," Mr. Adams showed remarkable cleverness in his conduct of his case; but instead of assisting him, this "upright judge" not only refrained from doing so, but seemed to take every opportunity to thwart and bewilder him—to browbeat and sneer at him. Yet, in the face of all these difficulties, and subject to the constant interruptions of the attorney-general, aided and abetted by the judge, Mr. Adams showed to the jury by unimpeachable evidence the utter falsity and malicious vindictiveness of the accusations made against him by the defendant. Instead of coming up like a man, and either retracting his assertions or making some effort to prove them, the Hon. Bernard Coleridge made no defense except the technical one that the letter was "privileged." Mr. Justice Manisty summed up the case, and left it to the jury to decide whether it was a privileged communication or not; whether, even if untrue, it was not the sort of letter a brother was entitled to write confidentially to a sister. The jury retired, and came back shortly to say they found it was not a privileged communication, as vindictiveness was shown by the Hon. Bernard Coleridge in not retracting what he found to be untrue, even if he believed it when he wrote the letter. Without a word of dissent, the judge then sent the jury out again to find the amount of damages, if any. Out they went again, and soon returned with a verdict for Mr. Adams for three thousand pounds. Mr. Justice Manisty thereupon set the verdict aside as against evidence, and ordered judgment for Mr. Coleridge, with costs.

Such a seemingly remarkable proceeding has naturally caused a great deal of talk. In a country like England, where the equal administration of the laws is a national boast, it has a most questionable look. Even the *Morning Post*, one of the most conservative of papers, calls the termination of the trial "unfortunate." If there was no evidence to support a verdict for Mr. Adams, why did the judge submit the case to the jury at all? It seems difficult to answer that question. Why did he not enter a nonsuit? Instead, he lets the case go to the jury on the evidence of plaintiff alone—none was offered by the defendant—and then when he discovers that they find for the plaintiff, he sets the verdict aside. Does it not look as though he hoped for a verdict for the Coleridge side, and, not getting it, gave them one himself in accordance with his leanings all through the trial? There will, of course, be an appeal; but it quite clearly demonstrates the difficulty of getting fair treatment in the courts when one is pitted against a son of the Lord Chief Justice. Manisty is a man of seventy-five years, and is old enough to know better.

Bernard Coleridge is a barrister, and said to be a rising one. But that his father's influence should have a most potent effect upon his progress in the profession is a most natural conclusion. He is also his father's private secretary, at a salary of four hundred a year. The second son occupies the position of marshal; and the third, the Hon. Stephen, sells "cheap and nasty" wines on commission. Lord Coleridge himself enjoys a snug salary of eight thousand a year, and is perhaps one of the most silly and frivolous judges on the bench of the civilized world. He delights in interlarding his summings up with weak jokes. Altogether he is a sorry successor of such great men as Lords Kenyon, Ellenborough, Mansfield, and Denman. He is said to have proposed several times to Mary Anderson, the actress, going down on his knees to her, and shedding tears to overcome her repeated refusals.

LONDON, November 27, 1884. COCKAIGNE.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

### The Czarevitch.

Son of the dauntless sea-kings,
Heir of the mighty Czars,
What stately crowns his brow may wear,
His breast what jeweled stars!
All night the red aurora flamed
Down from the ice-fields lorn,
And the winds blew swift from the southern steppes
To greet his natal morn;
The guns of the fortress thundered;
The church-bells thrilled the air;
*Te Deums* glorious stole to heaven
By many an altar fair;
A thousand thousand prayers went up
That the Lord might guard and guide
The boy who lay in his mother's arms
By Neva's brimming tide.

God help the lad whose words may bless
Or blight where'er they fall,
From woods Carpathians' winds have stirred,
To China's winding wall;
From Solovetsk, whose crosses gleam
Athwart the frozen seas,
To soft Crimean vales that dream
In balm and summer ease!
God grant that the Russian peasant,
The Khivan by the border,
The roving Kalmuck of the steppe,
The valiant Cossack warder,
The Pole by broad-armed Vistula,
The Tartar by the sea,
And all the countless clans and tribes
Swayed by the Czar's decree,
May find that might and right are one
Within the vast domain,
And dwell in peace and loyalty
When he shall come to reign!

—*Edna Dean Proctor in December Wide Awake.*

### The Star in the East.

From hoary kingdoms of all ancientness,
Led by a Star they came—
A Star that dimmed the lustre of the heavens,
Shaking their fleece of flame!

A splendid caravan, from desert depths
They flashed their royal way:
Gold wrought, in all strange charactery and gems
Their housings caught the ray.

The shining stallions arched their necks and rang
Their jeweled bridle-reins;
The stately camels stretched like monoliths
Their shadows on the plains.

Treasure of perfumes and of precious stones
Weighed them, and wondrous web
Of scarlet cloths, woven at the wane of moon
And at the great sea's ebb;

And oils and gums, the ooze of sacred trees
In sun-imprisoning flecks,
And in their lamps the fire not once relit
Since priest Melchizedek's.

There little Melchior, King of Nubia, came
With gold to signify
Possession of the empire of the earth
And kingship's prophecy.

And Chaldæa's monarch, the old Balthuzar,
Brought incense, for a sign
That prayer and praise should find divinity
In manger or in shrine.

But Jasper, black, and of a mighty make,
And of rich Tarshish king,
Brought neither gold nor incense, but brought myrrh,
For human suffering.

And with them, and before them, the great Star,
That up the eastern coasts,
Outstripping comets and white-bearded orbs,
Came leading heaven's hosts.

While all black art of dark astrology,
With incantations gray
That signs and zodiacs trembled to regard,
Showed where the young child lay—

The young child, who, not yet a fortnight old,
Among the oxen slept,
Where angels hung upon a drooping wing,
And all the sweet watch kept.

Chiefs of old heathenry, how long, how far,
They journeyed on their quest!
What tribute and what treasure did they bring
To greet the holy guest!

What costly travel and what toilsome march
Were theirs, too—that great press
Which followed on the way the Magi led
Up from the wilderness!

But we, on whom for twice a thousand years
The Star in the East has shone—
What hard road do we tread with tender feet
To make the truth our own?

Up from what deserts do we hotly spur
To consecrate our King?
To God, in Christ or in Humanity,
What tribute do we bring?

We look on the immensity of space,
And count all creeds a song;
We let the dungeoned prisoner write in blood
The story of his wrong.

So we but lose no bubble of the wine,
In the rose crush no sting,
We care not for the pierced divinity—
We crown the senses King!

Brief empery, that the bubble breaks,
With the rose fall! whose slaves
Shall revel then but with the loathly worm
And the dark fruit of graves!

Dart forth your white and awful light, O Star!
Wither this King to dross!
Lead us a path like that once trod the feet
We nailed upon a cross!

— *Harriet Prescott Spofford in December Atlantic.*

## THAT ORDERLY PROBLEM.

Two Solutions, giving the Distance the Gentleman Traveled.

Two or three weeks ago we printed a little problem in the *Argonaut* which excited a vast deal of discussion. The discussion resulted in a great many letters to this office. Most of them ran like this:

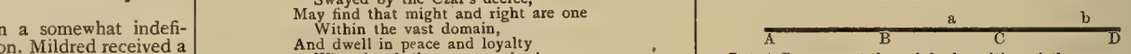
"EDITORS ARGONAUT: The problem is faulty. Not enough factors are given for its solution. The rate of speed of either the orderly or the army should be given. The problem can not be solved."

However, like the military gentleman who insisted that he *could not* be put in the guard-house under the regimental rules, but who found himself there, the problem has been solved. Here is the problem as it was originally printed:

"An army of men twenty-five miles in length starts to walk fifty miles. At the moment of starting an orderly starts from his place at the extreme rear of the column, with dispatches to the commanding officer, who is at the head of the column. He delivers the dispatches, and starts back to his place in the rear again, and reaches there just as the army has completed its march of the fifty miles. It is understood that the orderly travels at a uniform rate of speed. What distance did the orderly travel in all?"

Annexed are two solutions, one much shorter and simpler than the other; but, none the less, the longer is a pretty piece of work. It is probably unnecessary to say that the two were worked independently of each other.

### LT. H.'s SOLUTION.




Let *A B* represent the original position of the army,

*C D* its position at the end of the march,

*a b* its position at the time the Courier reaches the head of the column.

Let $x$ represent the distance *C b*, then 25—x will represent the distance *b D*.

Let $m$ represent the rate of travel of the Courier, and $n$ that of the army.

The army travels altogether 50 miles, and the Courier 50+2x miles, and since $\frac{50+2x}{m}$ represents the *time* occupied by the Courier in traveling 50+2x miles, and $\frac{50}{n}$ the *time* occupied by the army in traveling 50 miles, and these times are equal, we have $\frac{50}{n} = \frac{50+2x}{m}$ (1.)

Since the Courier travels back from *b* to *C* in the same time the head of the army travels from *b* to *D*, we have—

$$\frac{x}{m} = \frac{25-x}{n} \quad (2.)$$

Two equations involving three unknown quantities; but by solving both equations with reference to $x$ and equating the resulting second members, we shall have an equation of condition between $m$ and $n$, arbitrary constants, which *must* be satisfied in order that (1.) and (2.) shall be satisfied by the same value of $x$.

From (1.) $50m = 50n + 2nx \quad \therefore \quad x = \frac{25(m-n)}{n}$

From (2.) $nx = 25m - mx \quad \therefore \quad x = \frac{25m}{m+n}$

Hence $\frac{25(m-n)}{n} = \frac{25m}{m+n}$ or

$$m^2 - n^2 = mn \qquad m^2 - mn = n^2$$

$$m = \frac{n \pm \sqrt{5n^2}}{2} \quad (3.)$$

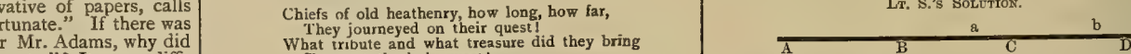
An equation of condition between $m$ and $n$ which can be satisfied by an infinite number of sets of values. Which shows that the value of $x$ is independent of the *actual*, but dependent on the *relative* values of the two *rates* (or arbitrary constants.)

Substitute any value for $n$, and substitute the resulting value of $m$, together with that taken for $n$, in equation (1.) or (2.) The result will be an incommensurable number equal to 15.45+=x.

This value can be constructed geometrically.

The Courier travels 50+2x = 80.9+ miles.

### LT. S.'s SOLUTION.




Let A B represent original position of the army.

Let C D represent position after having marched fifty miles.

Let *a b* represent position of the army as the Courier reaches the head of the column.

Let $bC = x$ represent the distance the Courier returns to reach the rear of the army.

Let $aC = y$ represent the distance the army moves while the Courier moves *bC*.

Let $t$ represent the time it takes to march *aC*.

(It also equals the time the Courier takes to return *bC*.)

A C = 50 miles, the distance the army travels.

Then 50+2x = distance the Courier travels.

*Distance* divided by *time* gives *rate*. Hence—

$\frac{50}{t}$ = rate of army, $\frac{50+2x}{t}$ = rate of Courier.

$$\frac{y}{\frac{50}{t}} = \frac{x}{\frac{50+2x}{t}} \quad \text{or} \quad \frac{y}{50} = \frac{x}{50+2x} \quad \text{or} \quad y = \frac{50x}{50\times 2x} \quad (1.)$$

$x + y = 25$ (Length of army.) (2.)

Substituting value of y in (2.) we have—

$$x + \frac{50x}{50+2x} = 25 \text{ or } x^2 + 25x = 625. \quad (3.)$$

Solving with respect to x we have—

$x = 15.45 +$

50+2x = 80.9+ miles, the distance the Courier travels.

PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO, December 12th, 1884.

## SOCIETY.

### The Hager Reception and German.

One of the most brilliant and enjoyable receptions ever seen in this city was that given by Mrs. Judge Hager last Wednesday evening in the parlors of the Palace Hotel. The occasion was a compliment to her two sons, Mr. Frank S. Hicks and Mr. Victor L. Hicks, who recently graduated from Princeton College. All that wealth, art, and taste could do, was done to make the event a memorable one.

The three spacious parlors and the entire piazza around the courtyard were canvased for dancing and promenading, and the floral decorations were magnificent. The main parlor was a perfect floral retreat. Each of the five crystal chandeliers were connected by heavy garlands of smilax arranged in graceful folds. Under each chandelier depended five floral balls, two white, two yellow, and the centre one of scarlet. The gold-bound picture frames were bordered with smilax draperies. The large French mirror to the left of the parlor was framed in an apt and unique representation of midwinter. Emerald-hued smilax and English holly, with its flaming red berries wound round the borders, being interspersed with rustic branches, from which depended fronds of light green Irish moss. At either side, perched up high amid the branches, were blue and black birds, seemingly as if about to burst into song. In the centre of the mirror was the cipher "H," wrought in azaleas, bavardias, heliotrope, jasmines, and maidenhair, while surmounting all was a snow-white dove, with outstretched wings and half-opened beak. The massive mantle supported a number of golden-bronze baskets which were filled almost to overflowing with a wealth of the choicest exotics. Each basket contained roses—one La France, another Duchess de Brabant, a third the fragrant Bon Silene, while chrysanthemums and bignonias reveled with hyacinths and bavardias, rich in their fine foliage. The grate below was shielded by an array of bird's-nest ferns, in front of which, on a triangular receptacle, was an inverted Chinese hat covered with gold and filled with camellias, orchids, the brilliant poinsettia, and variegated croton leaves. On the face of the other mirror was a large floral mitten of scarlet geraniums with cords of carnations. The Mexican onyx pillars were adorned with baskets of lovely flowers, while ferns and potted plants, arranged in appropriate positions, completed the details of the elegant and profuse decorations.

A little after nine o'clock the rumble of carriages in the courtyard below announced the arrival of the guests, who, upon reaching the main floor, were ushered to their dressing-rooms. They then proceeded to the parlor, and greeted the hostess and her sons, who received their friends most cordially.

When all had assembled, the festivities of the evening began. Almost every one danced, and some of the young couples promenaded around the spacious corridors, while the matrons held court à la Dix-huitième Siècle.

Thus was the evening pleasantly passed until eleven o'clock, when the grand march to supper sounded forth its strains. Four of the private parlors on the same floor were devoted to the banquet, being filled with tête-à-tête tables. One of the apartments contained a large buffet, upon which were many masterpieces of the culinary art. The buffet was filled with fine china ware and glistening crystal glasses, while a further adornment of two immense "pièces montées" of *pâté de foie gras* and two of *dinde truffée* attracted the admiration of all. M. le Chef Harder excelled himself in the appointments of the elaborate menu, while the corps of fifty well-drilled sable servants administered to the wants of all.

After an hour spent in the pleasures of the table, the event of the evening, the german, commenced. Mr. Frank S. Hicks led, and shared the honors with his graceful partner, Miss Marguerite Green, of Portland. There were forty-two couples in the dance, which comprised thirteen figures, ten of which were favor figures.

The favors for the ladies were handsome silk sashes, plumes, fancily painted tambourines with streaming ribbons, and bands of silk velvet ornamented with silver bells. In addition, each lady received a bouquet of natural flowers. The gentlemen's favors comprised cigar-cases, small silver bells, fancy ribbons for their arms, and badges of satin ribbon, stamped in gold with the word "German" and the date. Each figure danced became more interesting, and the time flew by like the winds. When the last figure was completed a comparison of watches showed the time to be 4:30 o'clock in the morning, and an adjournment was in order. When good-byes were said the guests declared it the party par excellence of the season.

The costumes of the ladies were marvels of richness, beauty and taste, and the display of diamonds and jewels was superb. Among those whose dresses were noticed were the following:

Mrs. John S. Hager—An elegant costume of black velvet de Lyon with full court train, trimmed and ornamented profusely with jet passementerie in handsome designs. The corsage was cut décolleté and trimmed with marabout feathers; coiffure à la Pompadour, in which were placed plumes of scarlet marabout tips. A magnificent parure of diamonds completed her rich costume.

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis—A beautiful cardinal satin costume with court train, the skirt being completely covered with draperies of black Chantilly lace. The corsage was décolleté, while superb diamonds ornamented her coiffure, arms and neck.

Mrs. J. B. Haggin—A handsome costume of black velvet, with trimmings of silver and lilac brocade. The skirt was ornamented with cords and tassels of the same shades as the trimmings. A full court train and square cut corsage, with diamond ornaments, completed this costume.

Mrs. H. D. Green, of Portland—A costume of rich black velvet en traine, trimmed with a profusion of Duchesse lace, with bunches of golden rod on the skirt and corsage. Ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. Walter E. Deane—A pretty costume of velvet and satin brocade, en train, of maroon and pink, elaborately ornamented with passementerie in the same colors. Corsage décolleté and filled in with Duchesse lace. Ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. Silas W. Sanderson—A pink satin de Lyon costume, embroidered handsomely with bunches of roses in their natural colors and foliage. Corsage décolleté and filled in with Duchesse lace. Ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. George C. Boardman—A costume of black Rhadamé silk, elaborately trimmed with jet passementerie. Corsage décolleté, and coiffure à la pompadour adorned with scarlet flowers. Ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. John McMullin—A lilac satin costume, en train, entirely draped with black Chantilly lace. Corsage décolleté and adorned with marabout feather; short sleeves. Coiffure high, with marabout tips.

Miss Minnie Corbitt—A pink silk costume, dancing length, with draperies of pink gauze. The sides were ornamented with panels of satin completely covered with apple blossoms. Corsage à la vierge with short sleeves.

Miss Nellie Corbitt—A white silk costume, en train, with draperies of white tulle looped up with bunches of white forget-me-nots. Ornaments, turquoises and pearls.

Miss Crocker—A costume of blue satin, dancing length, with bouffant draperies of blue tulle dotted with blue chenille. Ornaments, a necklace and ear-rings of magnificent pearls.

Miss Jennie Flood—A white satin costume, dancing length, the skirt being trimmed with bunches of tea roses. Corsage décolleté, short sleeves, and ornaments of superb pearls.

Miss Minnie Mizner—A costume of orange-colored satin, en train, cut out around the bottom in square blocks and having draperies of rare yellow lace. Corsage décolleté, without sleeves. Ornaments, diamonds and a large hand bouquet of the most fragrant orchids and camellias.

Miss Mollie Dodge—A white silk costume, dancing length, with lace draperies embroidered with white beads. Corsage décolleté, without sleeves.

Miss Sibyl Sanderson—A costume of Eau de Nile silk, the front of the dress being embroidered in pink roses and their foliage. The draperies were of light green gauze, and the corsage décolleté, with corsage bouquet of bon-silene roses.

Miss Helen Houston—A costume of salmon-colored silk with overdress and draperies of Spanish lace. Short sleeves and corsage décolleté, with a bouquet of tea-roses.

Miss Marguerite Green, of Portland—An Ottoman silk costume with draperies of white crêpe; corsage décolleté, with ornaments of white rosebuds.

Miss Lena Blanding—A costume of pink satin with white lace.

Miss Ilene Ivers—A white satin costume, dancing length, with a garniture of deep violets on the side; corsage décolleté, with bouquet of violets, while a ball of violets was suspended from her arm.

Miss Emma Durbrow—A blue satin costume trimmed with white point lace; corsage décolleté.

Miss Bessie Kittle—A costume of white crêpe adorned with pink bows and embroidered in large lilies.

Miss Dottie Kittle—A costume of orange-colored crêpe, with black velvet bows.

Miss Nettie Tubbs—A costume of pink and blue Pompadour cashmeré.

The married ladies present were limited to a few intimate friends, accompanying their daughters and others as chaperones. The invited guests were as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Deane, Mr. and Mrs John R. Jarboe, Colonel and Mrs. J. H. Withington, Doctor and Mrs. Moore, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mrs. Howard Coit, Mrs. Silas W. Sanderson, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. John McMullin, and Mrs. H. D. Green of Portland.

The young ladies were:

Miss Crocker, Miss Jennie Flood, Miss Maggie Follis, Miss Sibyl Sanderson, Miss Minnie Corbitt, Miss Nellie Corbitt, Miss Laura Corbitt, Miss Minnie Mizner, Miss Bessie Kittle, Miss Dottie Kittle, Miss Marguerite Green, Miss Ilene Ivers, Miss Grace Jones, Miss May Ives, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Helen Houston, Miss Nina Adams, Miss Ella Adams, Miss May Thornton, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Mollie Dodge, Miss Emily Durbrow, Miss Carrie Durbrow, Miss Nettie Tubbs, Miss May Bolton, Miss Fannie Bolton, Miss Sheda Torbert, Miss May Torbert, Miss Newlands, Miss Kate Jarboe, Miss Bessie Sedgwick, Miss Maggie Gwin, the Misses Maynard, Miss Mamie Maynard of San Mateo, Miss Lilo McMullin, Miss Lena Blanding, Miss Florence Godley, Miss Gardner, Miss Jessie Bowie, Miss Blanche Brummagin, Miss Lizzie Hall, and Miss Lulu Otis.

The young gentlemen were:

Mr. Frank S. Hicks, Mr. Victor L. Hicks, Mr. Frank Wilson, Mr. Mountford Wilson, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, the Messrs. Durbrow, Mr. Edward A. Greenway, Mr. Ferdinand Reis, Lieutenant White, U. S. N., Lieutenant Doty, U. S. N., Lieutenant Cantwell, U. S. N., Lieutenant Bailey, U. S. A., Lieutenant Best, U. S. A., Lieutenant Brett, U. S. A., Captain Dillenback, U. S. A., Mr. Walter L. Deane, Mr. Will H. Crocker, Mr. Edwards Roberts, Marquis de Testeferreta, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Allen Lewis, Mr. Webster Jones, Mr. A. C. Reed, Mr. Clayton Burns, Mr. Montgomery Mather, Mr. S. H. Boardman, Mr. E. G. Peters, Mr. A. L. Tubbs Jr., Mr. W. H. Taylor, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. H. S. Dexter, Mr. E. J. Beaumont of England, Captain Fletcher, Major P. G. Vrooman, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Robert Hooker, Mr. Henry Crocker, Mr. Harry Tevis, Mr. Henry Redington, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. D. J. Murphy, Mr. James Phelan Jr., Mr. Joseph A. Donahoe Jr., Mr. Fred Otis, Mr. James Otis, Mr. Neville Castle, and Mr. Charles J. Bandmann.

### The Friday Cotillion Club.

In the month of November of last year a club was organized by six prominent young society ladies. The membership increased, until the list included almost ninety young ladies, and a few of the brides of the previous season only. It was called the Cricket Club, and its invitations were always characteristic of the club, representing the fable of the ant and the cricket, where the latter, on imploring for food, is asked how she passed the summer. "Singing and dancing," she replied, and was accordingly told to dance and sing all winter. See La Fontaine:

> "La cigale, ayant chanté
> Tout l'été,
> Se trouva fort depourvue
> Quand la bise fut venue."

An outgrowth of the "Cricket Club" of last season has appeared on the social horizon, comprising many members of the old club and a few additions, the membership, which is limited to one hundred, now numbering nearly sixty, comprising ladies and gentlemen. The name adopted is "The Friday Cotillion Club," and their object is to create an interest in the german, which will be the prime feature of their parties. The initial party was given last night, at B'nai B'rith Hall, the music being provided by Ballenberg. Dancing commenced at eight o'clock, Mr. E. H. Sheldon leading. The balconies were draped artistically with vari-colored bunting, and the stage was adorned with flowering plants and ferns, while hanging baskets of verdant foliage lent their beauty to the scene. The ladies' toilets were unusually elegant. No favors were distributed—a departure from the regulations of the german which was met with favor by the wall-flowers, but did not meet the approbation of the reigning belles, who are usually loaded down with souvenirs. Dancing was continued until midnight, when an adjournment was made to the supper-room, on the lower floor, where an elegant repast had been prepared. After doing ample justice to the repast, the guests bade each other "good-morning," and retired to their homes. Among the guests invited were the following:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. James C. Flood, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Collier, Mr. and Mrs. James V. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinkard, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton C. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson, Miss Kate Jarboe, Miss Lena Blanding, Miss Jennie Flood, Miss Maggie Follis, Miss Crocker, Miss Florence Atherton, Miss Bessie Kittle, Miss Dottie Kittle, Miss Lulu Otis, Miss Sibyl Sanderson, Miss Maggie Gwin, Miss Nettie Schmiedell, Miss Emma Durbrow, Miss Carrie Durbrow, Miss Katie Babcock, Miss Mabel Pacheco, the Misses Forbes, Miss Ella Adams, Miss Nina Adams, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Matie Peters, Miss Grace Jones, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Mountford Wilson, Mr. Frank Carolan, Mr. Frank V. Hicks, Mr. Spencer Buckbee, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Robert Hooker, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. James L. Flood, Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. Henry B. McDowell, Mr. Will Crocker, Mr. Edward A. Greenway, Mr. Henry Redington, Mr. Henry Crocker, Mr. Webster Jones, Mr. William Taylor, and Mr. R. J. Woods.

### The Newlands Dinner.

A pleasant event of the week was the dinner given by Mr. Francis G. Newlands on Monday evening at his residence, 638 Folsom Street. An elaborate menu had been prepared for eighteen, and the table was artistic in its beauty. A bed of Jacqueminot roses graced the centre of the table, while corsage bouquets and dainty boutonnières of jasmines added their fragrance to the air. After a couple of hours at the table, all adjourned to the parlors and passed the remainder of the evening in social converse and music. Those comprising the party were:

Miss Jennie Flood, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Lilo McMullin, Miss Fannie Friedlander, Miss Davis, the Misses Newlands, Mrs. F. G. Newlands, Mr. Will H. Crocker, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Edward A. Greenway, Mr. Harry Tevis, Mr. Daniel Murphy, Mr. Carey Friedlander, Mr. Johnson Bausman, and the host.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Sir Thomas and Lady Hesketh have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon (*née* Tevis), at their country-seat, in Lancashire, England.

Mr. S. L. Jones, of Gold Hill, is in the city on a visit.

Colonel George W. Macfarlane and George Gray Macfarlane returned to Honolulu last Monday on the steamer *Alameda*.

Mr. E. Carrey, the recently appointed French Consul in this city, arrived from Paris last Tuesday, accompanied by his wife and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Mills, Miss Addie Mills, and Miss Flossie Mills are at the Palace for the winter, having arrived here last Monday.

Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Kohl returned from San Mateo last Tuesday, and are at the Palace.

Miss Pierce, of Santa Clara, was in the city last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sontag took rooms at the Palace on Monday for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Chandler Howard (*née* Nellie Hopps) have returned from Los Angeles, and are at their new home, 1717 California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy W. Selby are at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Lillie Coit returned from St. Helena on Monday, and is at the Grand Hotel.

Countess Telfener (*née* Hungerford), sister of Mrs. John W. Mackay, has left Paris and gone to Rome, where the Count's palace is one of the principal objects of interest to sojourning visitors.

Sir Thomas and Lady Hesketh (*née* Sharon) are expected here in February.

The Misses Jones, of Chicago, have returned home after a pleasant visit in this city with their aunt, Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding has returned to this city, after a brief sojourn in Washington, New York, and other Eastern cities.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Dougherty, of Alameda, are at the Palace.

Misses Julia and Abbie McMullen, of Santa Rosa, were in the city last week.

A Son, of the firm of Son Brothers, went to New Orleans last Tuesday.

Mr. Horace C. Thomas has gone to Eureka on a visit, and will return after the holidays.

Sir John Lister Kaye is again at the Palace.

Mrs. Bettie McMullin has returned to the city.

Judge and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, of Sacramento, are at the Palace on a visit.

Mrs. H. D. Green and Miss Marguerite Green, of Portland, Oregon, who are in this city on a visit, have been enjoying the hospitality of Mrs. Dr. Moore at the Presidio during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Georgé McLane have come down from Calistoga on a visit, and are at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. Albert Gallatin, of Sacramento, was in the city last Tuesday.

Hon. James A. Louttit, of Stockton, Congressman-elect, is at the Grand Hotel.

Mrs. George Atherton, of Menlo Park, has taken rooms at the Bella Vista for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Hastings are in Washington, D. C.

Miss Minnie Mizner, of Benicia, is in this city, the guest of Mrs. Wilson, on Pine Street.

Mr. George Hagar, president of the Bank of Colusa, is at the Palace.

Mr. Charles Eckel, son of Doctor Eckel, has gone to the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. Harry P. Gilmor has returned from Vacaville.

Miss Fannie Houghton, of Sacramento, is visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Edgerton have departed for the Eastern States.

### Army and Navy News.

Captain G. A. Hull, U. S. A., recently arrived from the East.

Lieutenant Henry Johnson, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is at the Occidental.

Second Lieutenant G. W. Van Deusen, Battery A, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been attached to Battery D, at Alcatraz, for temporary duty.

Major P. D. Vroome, U. S. A., is at the Palace.

Assistant Engineer Edgar T. Warburton is at the Grand.

Colonel Andrews, of Benicia Barracks, has been on court-martial duty at Fort Halleck.

Lieutenant Kimball, U. S. A., of Fort Vancouver, has been visiting friends in San Leandro.

Ensign John B. Bernadon, U. S. N., has been ordered to report for duty on the Asiatic station, upon the expiration of his present duties in Corea.

Lieutenant S. W. Quackenbush, U. S. N., has been recently ordered to the marine barracks at Mare Island.

Brevet-Major C. P. Eakin, of the First United States Artillery, who has been stationed at Fort Point for some years past, leaves this week for Fort Canby with his company. Major Eakin, who was lately tried by a court-martial at the Presidio for alleged neglect of duty, after a thorough investigation has been honorably acquitted. It may not be generally understood that this finding bears very much the same relation to a simple acquittal that the English verdict of "Not guilty" does to the Scotch one of "Not proven." An acquittal may be gained by a technicality, but an honorable acquittal entirely exonerates the accused. The result of the trial will be hailed with pleasure by the many friends of this worthy gentleman and gallant soldier. Major Eakin has fought in many battles, whose honorable scars he bears.

The next President will be an important man for the army, because he will have the appointment of two major-generals and six brigadier-generals. Brigadier-General Augur, who now commands the Department of the Missouri, retires next July, and it will depend wholly on the personal wish of the President, after being advised by the Secretary of War and the Lieutenant-General, what colonel shall succeed him. A year later will occur the retirement of General Pope, and then the question will be whether General Terry or General Howard shall be the next major-general. Whoever is appointed, there will be a vacant brigadier-generalcy. Major-General Hancock will retire in February, 1888, opening the way to the promotion of still another brigadier-general. In filling these appointments the President will have to decide between Generals Howard, Crook, Miles, and Stanley, supposing that Terry shall have been appointed to fill the vacancy caused by Pope's retirement.

### Notes and Gossip.

Miss Grace Fisher was the treasurer of the floral booth at the Grace Church Fair last week. By an error the position was attributed to another person.

The performance of the travestie, "Romeo and Juliet," at Dietz's Opera House, Oakland, for the benefit of the Ladies' Relief Society, has been postponed from January 8th and 9th, 1885, to January 15th and 16th.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis paid a pleasant compliment to Hon. W. W. Morrow, last Tuesday evening, by tendering him a dinner party, which took place at their residence, 1011 Bush Street. Almost a score of their most intimate friends were present, and a most enjoyable dinner was partaken of.

Mrs. J. G. Eastland gave an elaborate dinner party, last Thursday evening, at her elegant residence on California Street. A brilliant coterie of friends was present, and the evening was delightfully passed.

The Schumann Club gave its second concert of the season on Thursday night, at B'nai B'rith Hall. The programme was especially attractive, and the audience quite large.

Mrs. William B. Collier gave an enjoyable musicale last Wednesday evening, in her apartments at the Bella Vista.

Mrs. W. B. Wilshire entertained a number of ladies at an elegant luncheon party at her residence on Van Ness Avenue, Friday, December 12th. The rooms were handsomely decorated with flowers, and an elaborate menu was discussed.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin gave a dinner party last Tuesday evening at their residence on Taylor Street. Covers were laid for sixteen, and the menu was replete with the choicest viands.

At Mrs. Hager's german there were four young ladies who made their début in society. They were: Miss Dottie Kittle, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Laura Corbitt, and Miss Maggie Follis.

### Railway Personals.

Mr. W. H. Porter, auditor of the Central Pacific Railroad, returned from his Eastern and European tour last Monday, accompanied by his family.

Mr. J. Meredith Davis, of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, went to New York last Wednesday.

Mr. W. A. Porter, general auditor C. P. R. R., returned from his trip to Europe and the East last Friday. Mrs. Porter, who has been detained in the East by sickness, will return next Tuesday.

### Art Notes.

Jules Tavernier has gone to Honolulu.

Miss Strong, of this city, the pupil of M. Van Marck, is at work on a large picture of a group of dogs, which she destines to the Paris Salon of next spring.

### Obscure Intimations.

"The First Lie Nailed," "Heir-less Man," etc.
—Declined, *declined*, DECLINED, DECLINED!
(Declined.)

Miss Nellie Calhoun, a young California girl who managed to become stage struck away down in the wilds of San Bernardino, has just achieved her first important success, after some years of very hard and faithful work. She has just been appointed leading lady at the Haymarket, and was fortunate enough to be cast as Dora, in the revival of "Diplomacy," for her first part. The *Court Journal* speaks of her triumph in the most glowing terms, but alludes with even more rapturous rapture to her approaching presentation to the Queen. Miss Calhoun has been taken up by James Russell Lowell, out of consideration for the memory of her kinsman, John C. Calhoun. But even so, it is a little doubtful that the pretty Nellie will go to court. Victoria is not willing to abdicate in favor of Wales, except in things theatrical. Her majesty does not like actresses, however well they come accredited, since being of a somewhat sullen disposition she has never recovered from an attack of jealousy brought on by a brief devotion of the Prince Consort to the stage door. The Prince, meantime, is trying scrupulously to make up for all that his father missed.

Of Alexandre Dumas, father, and Alexandre Dumas, son, Edmund Yates tells the story that when the first successful novel of the son appeared the elder wrote to his son, as though to a stranger, congratulating him on his book, and adding that he ought to know something about the difficulties of novel writing, as he had himself been guilty of several. Alexandre Jr. replied in the same spirit, thanking his correspondent for his congratulations, of which he felt specially proud a[illegible] from one of whom he had often heard [illegible] speak in the highest terms.

## A DINNER WITH MUNKACSY.

"Parisina" tells of the Hungarian Painter in Private Life.

Of all the foreign artists who within the last fifteen or twenty years have pitched their tents in the neighborhood of the Parc Monceaux, none has so great or deserved a reputation as Michel Munkacsy, or "Misehka," as his more irreverent friends call him. He has been exceptionally, marvelously fortunate. Fame, wealth, honors, titles, have all fallen to his lot. He owns the handsomest studio in all Paris; and whenever he paints a great picture, a quarter of a million of people flock to the Galerie Sedelmeyer in the Rue de la Rochefoucauld to see it. Like all the rest, I had admired and gaped at his wondrous "Christ before Pontius Pilate"—for the grandeur of which the more circumscribed cleverness of "Milton and his Daughters" had not prepared me. I had shuddered at his gloomy "Day before the Execution," and reveled in the admirable colors of his "Christ on Calvary." But the man, "Mischka" himself, was less familiar to me. At most I had flitted in and out of his studio with a crowd of other women, and exchanged a few insipid compliments, like a hundred others who move in the giddy whirlpool of Paris. You may guess, therefore, with what delight I received an invitation-card the other evening from an artist friend, winding up with the words, "It's understood then? We dine at seven. We hope Munkacsy will join us."

At seven to the minute—being, unlike the majority of my sex, punctuality itself—I rang my friend's bell; and, after divesting myself of my fur pelisse, was ushered into a charming studio, in a corner of which, lounging easily on pile of cushions, I made out a spare, tall, broad-shouldered form, topped by a strange, not to say plain, Magyar face. The broad-shouldered form tumbled out of its reclining position to answer my salutation.

"Monsieur de Munkacsy. You have met already, have you not?"

And in a minute the great man and your humble servant were gossiping together pleasantly, as though they had known each other all their lives. Opposite us sat a lady whom I soon found to be the great artist's wife. A big, showy, rather overpowering, handsome woman, who talked a good deal of her husband's works; branching off oddly now and then to discuss housekeeping and grumble at the growing cost of life in Paris, the villainy of the trades-people in the Plaine Monceaux, and the dishonesty of servants. Our host, a talented génre painter, and his wife, completed the party. Evidently we were quite *en famille* and even *en pantoufles*.

The room we sat in was one of those sumptuous studios which seem to unite the daintiness of the boudoir and the luxury of the harem. The idea of working in such an interior seemed ridiculous. Yet that it was worked in was certain, for hung about on the walls or standing on easels, were ten or a dozen examples of our host's talent, including a very charming souvenir of Germany, which will doubtless make no little stir when it is exhibited at the next Salon. The walls, by the bye, were almost hidden by costly Eastern draperies, exquisitely harmonized, rich Persian satins, and Levantine embroideries. Around the sides of the room, which was lofty, ran a low, soft divan, while here and there were scattered Henri II. arm-chairs, Moorish stools, on which were disposed rare bowls, and vases, and plates from Spain and Africa, so beautiful that the sight of them made one break the tenth commandment, and all apparently thrown into their places haphazard, though, as a matter of fact, they had been arranged most carefully with the intention of proving the truth of the maxim: "Un beau désordre est un effet de l'art." It was glorious disorder artistic to a fault; such disorder as you find at Sarah Bernhardt's, at her friend and crony's, Mademoiselle Abbéma's, and at "Mischka's" own studio, and perhaps at no others. I dare say some of my readers know the interior I am attempting to describe. Munkacsy once occupied it himself, and has painted it in one of his earliest and most successful pictures, "L'Atelier," when his wife was considerably younger and cut not so inartistic a figure in her blue velvet gown.

"Madame est servie!" said the footman, just as I had finished taking in the whole scene, and we moved off to a snug little *salle-à-manger*. Munkacsy is not always in a good humor. He is inclined to be taciturn and reserved, perhaps in contradiction to his lady wife, who certainly has enough conversation—of a certain sort—for both herself and him. But this night I was delighted to see, before we had got half-way through the *potage riz crécy*, that the great man was in a playful and expansive mood. He gossiped and joked with as much lightness as a vulgar mortal, deigning to join even in our feminine chatter about domestic matters—babies, cooks, and the like—and listening with what I fancy was rather unusual indulgence to our weak and timid remarks on art, artists, and critics. I was glad to see him in such spirits. Rumors of his failing health had gone abroad, and he himself indulged in much half-serious banter on the subject, mimicking the pitying looks of several acquaintances who had called on him, apparently expecting to find him quite broken up and ready to exchange his present fame for immortality.

There was a curious twinkle in his Tartar eyes as he spoke. And how very Tartar they are, like the whole of his face! It's a face once seen you are not likely to forget. A broad, intellectual brow, crowned with bristling hair, prematurely gray; oblique eyes, a Mongol nose, with a heavy gray-and-white mustache below, cut off rather short by the barber's scissors, a firm and very sensuous mouth, almost hidden, and a beard tinged with red, which contrasts strangely with the mustache. His manner is slow, sleepy, and sluggish. You might fancy him dull were it not for the sly and humorous light in his eyes. He speaks French imperfectly and with an effort, and often stops to deliver himself of an aside in German.

It is a superstition we cling to, that great men must talk as if they were great. As a matter of fact, few do. The deepest thinkers are often taciturn; the wittiest writers are generally sad; the greatest artists have sometimes little to say for themselves, once you take them outside the charmed art circle in which and for which they live, breathe, and labor. Sometimes they are amusing enough until they have been spoiled by success, until they become members of the Institute, the chosen companions of princes, or the idols of the public, when they not only take upon themselves airs, but drape themselves in a mantle of reserve, and are so afraid of committing or embarrassing themselves unduly that they talk as little as possible. "Mischka" de Munkacsy did not relieve himself of much profoundness at table—he did not flash many epigrams at us. And—to tell the truth—he did not seem to be particularly well informed.

But I must really stop calling him "Mischka." It's all very well for his wife, or irreverent critics like Albert Wolff, to take liberties of that kind, but in future we will give him the title which the King of Hungary—Emperor of Austria—lately bestowed on him, and call him by his proper name, Baron Michel de Munkacsy. His wife, as you know, was a baroness by right of her first husband. She was the widow of a high and puissant Luxembourg noble, who, in the days when the young Hungarian was struggling painfully into notoriety, took him down to his château, and treated him as the Popes did Raphael. It is even rumored—but for the truth of this I will not vouch—that the old man noted a growing sympathy between his young protégé and his wife, and that on his deathbed he joined their hands together, making it pretty clear that if it should suit them, once the obstacle (namely, himself) removed, to join in the holy bonds of wedlock, they were not to be disturbed by any feeling of retrospective delicacy with respect to him. Be this as it may, the widow was not slow to follow the promptings of her heart, and the château, as well as the baroness, have been Munkacsy's own for many a day. He spends most of his summer in the country mansion of his benefactor and predecessor, resting and meditating masterpieces. How strange it must seem to him to look back to the youthful days when he worked in the shop of the Hungarian carriage-builder, and was glad to earn a crust of bread and a few florins by painting landscapes, which would now fetch as much as Corot's and Daubigny's if they could be discovered. The life of the painter of the "Christ before Pontius Pilate" has been a romance—and a tragedy—from the cradle upward. Little "Mischka" was hardly out of his cradle when nearly the whole of his family was murdered in a revolution. He has known thirst, hunger, humiliation, and almost beggary. Who would think it, looking at him as he holds his court on Friday afternoons, *à la* Hans Makart, in his sumptuous studio in the Avenue de Villiers?

After dessert, we all adjourned to our host's studio again for coffee and cigars; we ladies sipping our Mocha and chatting, while the gentlemen, or rather our host—for Munkacsy did not smoke—pulled at his cigar. I asked him what his plans were, when he had settled himself once more on his luxurious cushions, and he said he meant to take things easy for a time. Of his next great picture he would not tell us anything, although I pumped him as adroitly as I was able. I heard, however, from our host, to whom he had been more communicative, that he will soon be at work on a companion to the "Christ before Pilate" and the "Calvary," the subject of which will be "Christ in the Sepulchre." In the meanwhile he is amusing himself by painting "pot-boilers" for Sedelmeyer, the picture-dealer, who runs him like a show here. Meissonier has his "Nemesis" in Petit—not so bad a taskmaster after all, since the artist is often very deeply in his debt; others slave for Goupil; and Sedelmeyer has other familiars besides Michel de Munkacsy—Brozik is one of them, but then he has added to his chains by marrying the dealer's daughter. As for Michel, he is, I fear, bound hand and foot. But, at all events, his chains, if chains they be, are gilded. Little "Mischka"—I can not refrain from offending once more—has blossomed into a prince of art; and though he holds the title of Baron at present, he lives and works amid almost royal splendor. I wonder whether he ever regrets the time when he starved at the carriage-builder's—or those later days when he painted for barren honor and his daily bread, in the studio of his friend and counselor, Knaus, at Dusseldorf? Self-made men have been known before now to place the proverbial wooden shoes beneath a glass case, and to allude with complacency to "the days, you know, when I hadn't a penny to bless myself with." But literary men and artists are somewhat shy of alluding to their small beginnings. It wants a good deal of pluck to do as James Payne does, and recall the refusals of publishers and the harsh criticism of reviewers. As for artists, they fear to lose their *prestige;* besides the love of beautiful things and of all luxuriousness becomes, as it were, a part of their being, so that they are shy of exhibiting themselves in the penurious garb of a *rapin*, against the unattractive background of a whitewashed attic. So may it be with Michel de Munkacsy.

PARISINA.

PARIS, November 28, 1884.

---

"Ladies do not play much and well at billiards, although I know it is popularly supposed to the contrary," exclaimed the manager of a large billiard-table manufactory in New York the other day. "With the exception of Madame Patti, I do not know of one prominent actress or singer who is devoted to the game, and I guess Patti's playing is most frequently done in the columns of newspapers. In Patti's case, Nicolini is the devotee to the game, and Patti buys the tables for him. Nicolini ordered and bought a nine-hundred-dollar table, although Patti paid for it. The fact is, ladies do not take kindly to billiards, and they almost invariably play wretchedly. It requires more time, nerve, calculation, and adaptation to be a good billiard sharp than most women are capable of. Oh, of course the daughters and wives of rich men frequently go into the billiard-room during the absence of the gentlemen of the household and take a turn at the table, frequently attempting a massé shot and tearing the cloth; but they don't care much for it, and never become better billiard than base-ball players. A woman is as awkward with a billiard-ball as with a base-ball. Though some French women play billiards, American women won't go into billiard-halls."

## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

**Problem No. LXXXIII.—By C E. Dennis, Thurlow, Pa.**

*From Mirror of American Sports.*

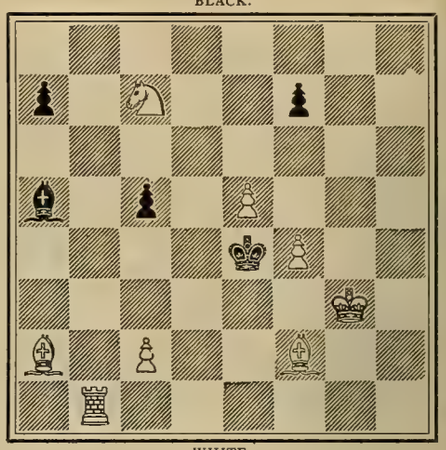
WHITE—King at KK6; Queen at KR7; Rooks at Q6, QKt8 Bishops at QR3, QR4; Knights at K6, KP7.

BLACK—King at K2; Rook at QKt5; Knight at Q sq; Pawn at Q2

White to play and mate in two moves.

**Problem No. LXXXIV.—By M. Oberhansli.**

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

**Solution of Problem No. LXXV.**

1—Q KKt4 1—Q x R
2—Q KB4 mates. Other variations are obvious.

**Solution of Problem No. LXXVI.**

1—B QKt4 1—B x Kt (a, b)
2—Kt QB6 ch 2—Any move
3—B or Q mates.

(a) 1— 1—B K5
2—Q QKt2 ch 2—Any move
3—Kt or Q mates.

(b) 1— 1—Any other
2—Q QB3 ch 2—Any move
3—Q mates.

Correct solutions received: Problems Nos. LXXIV, LXXVI, LXXVII, LXXVIII, from D. Wood, Placerville, Cal.; Problems Nos. LXXVI, LXXXI, LXXXII, from E. E. Roberts, Petaluma, Cal.

Note.—In Problem No. LXXII, take off Black Kt at KB sq. In Problem No. LXXX, add White Pawn at QB3.

**Answers to Correspondents.**

D. W., Placerville, Cal.—Letter received and answered by mail. Accept acknowledgments for your attention.

E. E. R., Petaluma, Cal.—We make amends for error in No. LXXX.

U. Hartnell, Salinas City, Cal.—Letter answered by mail. Hope your interest will be again revived.

**Game No. 53.**

Recently played at the South Norwood Chess Club, between Mr. P. Coles and Captain A. Beaumont. Game and notes from the *Chess Monthly*.

MACDONNELL'S DOUBLE GAMBIT.

| *White.* Coles. | *Black.* Beaumont. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 10—P QB3 | 10—B R4 |
| 2—B B4 | 2—B B4 | 11—P K6 | 11—Kt B4 |
| 3—P QKt4 | 3—B x P | 12—P x P ch | 12—K R sq |
| 4—P KB4 | 4—P Q4 | 13—B R3 (?) | 13—Kt Q6 (d) |
| 5—B x P (a) | 5—P QB3 (b) | 14—B x K (e) | 14—B Kt3 ch |
| 6—B Kt3 | 6—Kt Q2 (c) | 15—Kt Q4 | 15—B x Kt ch |
| 7—Kt KB3 | 7—KKt B3 | 16—P x B | 16—Q x P ch |
| 8—P x P | 8—KKt x P | 17—R B2 (f) | 17—Q x R ch |
| 9—Castles | 9—Castles | 18—K R sq | 18—Kt K8 |
| | | And White resigns. | |

(a) Alexander Macdonnell played here P x P against Labourdonnais, but we prefer the text move.

(b) Approved by the books; 5—Kt KB3 is at least as good.

(c) We would prefer Kt to KB3.

(d) A beautiful stroke which decides matters off-hand.

(e) Of course, this capture leads to immediate defeat, but White cannot avoid serious loss whatever he play: if 14 P Kt3, then 14—B R6. If 14 Q K2, then 14—B Kt3 ch; 15 K R sq, KKt B7 ch, etc.

(f) If 17 K R sq, mate follows in six moves with 17—either Kt B7 ch; 18 R x Kt (18 K Kt sq, Kt R6 ch; 19 K R sq, Q Kt8 ch, and 20—Kt B7 mates), Kt x R ch; 19 K Kt sq, Kt x Q ch; 20 K R sq, Kt B7 ch, etc.

---

A chess match of unusual interest took place, November 8th, at Manchester, England, between eighty players from Lancashire against eighty players from Yorkshire, the match resulting as follows: Lancashire, 74; Yorkshire, 34, with 27 drawn, making a total of 135 games. Play began shortly before 2 o'clock and ended about 6 P. M. The members of the different teams were designated by the wearing of red and white roses, a very appropriate idea introduced in the first match.

---

Mr. K. D. Peterson, of the *Chicago Mirror of Americau Sports*, proposes to publish a group picture of the chess editors of the United States and Canada. We hope he has secured the necessary coöperation, and that the success of the scheme has been thereby assured.

---

It is definitely announced that the forthcoming magaaine, under the direction of Mr. Wm. Steinitz, will be called *The International Chess Magazine*.

---

John Howson relinquishes his long engagement at Wallack's at the close of the present season. Although an Englishman, he has not been a success there, his style being too broad and extravagant for the atmosphere of that exclusive temple. He will go starring with his sister, Emma Howson, who was a prima donna in San Francisco, at the old Metropolitan, where, indeed, the Howson family abounded, there having been no less than four of them at one time. The Howsons start out with a repertoire of two plays—one written by Emma Howson herself, and the other by Clay M. Greene of San Francisco.

## DR. MAGNUS'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

Written for the "Argonaut" by J. Esten Cooke.

*Copyright 1884, by the Author. All rights reserved.*

[The story in this number is from the pen of J. Esten Cooke, author of "Leather Stocking and Silk," "Henry St. John, Gentleman," "The Virginia Comedians," "Hammer and Rapier," and other works. It is a most ingenious romance of the Vernesque school, with the threads of a love-story interwoven, and will suggest to many the style of our Californian writer, Mr. Robert Duncan Milne. The next in the series will be a story by Julian Hawthorne, entitled "The Trial of Gideon." After this will come two stories by Harriet Prescott Spofford and George Parsons Lathrop. We hope to follow them, from time to time, with original short stories by the foremost writers of America, including W. D. Howells, Frank R. Stockton, J. S. of Dale, Louise Chandler Moulton, Thomas A. Janvier ("Ivory Black"), H. H. Boyesen, Edgar Fawcett, Helen Jackson (H. H.), Helen Kendrick Johnson, W. H. Bishop, J. T. Trowbridge, Sarah Orne Jewett, and others.]

In the summer of 1874, I was living in the city of New York, and occupied the position of foreign editor on one of the leading journals.

A journalist who does his work thoroughly has little leisure for amusement, and after a while even loses his taste for it. I had one relaxation only, but that was a great one—music. I was passionately devoted to opera—never missed a first night, and on one of those occasions began the singular series of events related in this brief narrative.

I was seated in the parquet waiting for the rising of the curtain, when I observed two persons enter one of the proscenium boxes—a middle-aged man and a young lady. I was certain I had seen the former somewhere; he was low of stature, had a commanding forehead, and wore a heavily-matted beard, already grizzled, which descended nearly to his breast. The young lady was a beautiful blonde, but her face was entirely unfamiliar to me, while I had certainly met her escort before. Where had I seen him?

I was still looking curiously at the pair when a third person entered the box, and I recognized a well-known officer of the detective force. He approached the young lady's escort, leaned forward, and said a few words to him. His head turned quickly and I could see his eyes flash, but he arose and accompanied the officer to the rear of the box, where they remained some moments in conversation. He then returned, said something to the young lady, and they disappeared from the box.

The whole affair was perfectly plain. The stranger had been arrested, but so quietly that it had attracted no attention, and, after speculating idly upon this rather singular incident, I dismissed it from my mind as of no personal interest to me.

I returned from the opera about midnight, and was about to begin my night's work, when a messenger brought me a note. It was dated from a well-known hotel on Fifth Avenue, and contained these words:

Dear Friend Hartley: I am *désolé* to inconvenience you at so late an hour, but I need a friend to vouch for my character, and find your name in the Directory. Your police have arrested me for theft, and my daughter is much disturbed.

Your friend, Magnus (of Switzerland).

Magnus, of Switzerland! So the stranger was my old traveling companion in the Oberland—Dr. Magnus! He was much changed, but I certainly ought to have known him. I had made his acquaintance about ten years before in the Alps, where he was exploring the glaciers, and from the first he had impressed me as a remarkable person. I knew little of him. From chance speeches I supposed him to be a native of Saxony; that he had graduated as a doctor of something at Gottingen, and had lived in France and England, as he spoke both languages almost without accent. Long association had produced a warm friendship between us, but when I parted with him I had never expected to see him again, and now here he was in New York, indicted on a charge of felony!

A cab was waiting at the door, and I was driven to the hotel, where I found Dr. Magnus in a private parlor, with the police officer seated opposite him.

He rose, and we exchanged a warm grasp of the hand.

"My dear Magnus!" I exclaimed, laughing, "what brought you to the States, and what on earth tempted you to commit a felony?"

A slow smile came to his face, and he replied, with his slight foreign accent:

"I confess appearances are against me. It seems a lady in this hotel has been robbed of some diamonds—she occupied the room next to my own—and, as I took some stones to a jeweler to be set yesterday, I am arrested as the criminal."

I was delighted to meet with Dr. Magnus again, and felt in a jesting humor.

"You took diamonds to a jeweler to have them set? That is a suspicious circumstance," I said.

"It seems so," he replied. "I was not pleased with the styles shown me, and my friend, the jeweler, was offended, I think. He probably saw a notice of the robbery, and this has led to my arrest."

I shook my head.

"Have you the diamonds?"

"Here they are."

He produced a morocco case containing some superb stones of large size and very peculiar appearance.

"These strike me as rather uncommon," I said.

"They are very uncommon."

"They are probably heirlooms, or did you purchase them?"

"Neither," said Dr. Magnus, briefly.

"Then the inference is irresistible," I said, laughing, that you procured them by robbery! But my jests will weary you. You have only to call on the lady to describe her diamonds, and then produce yours. I will remain with you, and in the morning we will clear up the whole affair."

As the officer of police was a personal acquaintance of mine, matters were soon arranged. I gave him my word that Dr. Magnus would duly appear to answer the charges against him, and the officer then retired with a polite bow.

He had scarcely disappeared when Dr. Magnus rose, and going to the door opening into the parlor, called:

"Frederica!"

The door opened quickly, and the young lady whom I had seen with him at the opera came into the apartment. Her beauty, as I then got a good view of her, quite dazzled me. She was tall, apparently twenty, and had brown hair worn low on the forehead, large blue eyes, and an expression of such exquisite sweetness and modesty that it afterwards haunted me.

"*Ma chère*," said Dr. Magnus, "this is my friend Hartley, whom I have spoken of so often. The friend of the father ought not to be a stranger to the daughter."

The young lady held out her hand with a shy smile, and then looked anxiously at her father.

"Don't fear, there will be no further trouble," said Dr. Magnus, in reply to the look, "and now, *ma chère*, go and get some rest; all this excitement is bad for you."

An expression of relief came to her face, and, kissing her father on the forehead, she bowed to me, and returned to her chamber.

Dr. Magnus resumed his seat, and, without waiting for my questions, briefly explained his presence in the city. His wife, a native of England, had died soon after his visit to Switzerland, leaving an only daughter, and, as the child's health was delicate, he had taken her to Teneriffe for the benefit of the mild climate. It had proved, however, too enervating, and, hearing the air and mineral springs of Virginia recommended, he had come to America and taken up his residence in southwestern Virginia, where his daughter's health had become completely restored. He was now returning after a summer excursion through Canada, by way of Niagara.

"Well, I am truly glad to see you again, and hope you enjoyed Niagara," I said.

"Nothing could be more beautiful."

"But I suppose you looked at it from a scientific standpoint, as you used to do at the glaciers."

"Yes," said Dr. Magnus, "all exhibitions of force interest me, and Niagara is immense. Nothing would be easier than to employ the water-power to generate electricity to light the Atlantic cities."

"I see you still have your old tastes."

"Yes, a student is always a student, and I pass a great deal of time in my laboratory. Life is nothing without study of the unknown."

"The unknown?"

"Of the forces of nature. There is nothing else to study but the laws of the material universe, unless you fall into the popular blunder that there is a spiritual universe also."

I looked at the speaker, and remembered our discussions in the Alps, when he had often shocked me by his gross materialism.

"I see you keep your former views as well as your old tastes," I said.

"Certainly I keep them," he replied. "I can only believe in what commends itself to my reason."

I laughed and said:

"And yet you told me, I remember, one day, that you were a firm believer in astrology."

"A firm believer is a strong expression—I will even say that it is too strong. At least, the great Kepler considered it a science, and Lilly was summoned before Parliament, in the reign of Charles II., to forecast coming events."

"By drawing a horoscope," I said, smilingly.

"Yes," said Doctor Magnus.

"And I have the honor of conversing with an astrologer returning to his laboratory to bury himself in mystic studies?"

"On the contrary, my whole attention is given to experiment and material discoveries."

"Discoveries? Well, I hope you have been successful."

"I think I can answer that question in the affirmative."

"May I ask if your discoveries are important?"

"Of the greatest importance."

"In a money point of view?" I said, laughing.

"Yes, though money is a secondary consideration."

"You say that because you have enough of it. Perhaps you have discovered the secret of transmuting metals—of making gold?"

"I never throw away my time on the impossible, and transmutation is impossible," said Doctor Magnus.

"Or of manufacturing diamonds—say the superb stones you have just shown me? I am informed that it is considered possible."

"It *is* possible, since I manufactured them," said Doctor Magnus.

I stared at him, thinking that he was in jest.

"I see you are a little surprised," he said; "but the process is simple. What the world calls a diamond is a vegetable substance, not a mineral—crystallized carbon, in a word. You have only to obtain pure carbon—which is not very difficult—and pass the voltaic current through it, under such circumstances that it will lose none of its intensity, and you have a diamond. You may see for yourself."

He produced the case, and showed me the jewels, which were in the form of octahedrons, and quite dazzled me.

"And these are really diamonds—manufactured by yourself?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, I give you my word they are crystallized carbon, and that they have stood every test as pure diamonds. They retain the shape of crystallization, as all diamonds would, if not subjected to attrition,"

"And these are worth"——

"Half a million, I suppose," said Doctor Magnus, laying the case on the table.

"Well," I said, with a feeling of amazement, "your discovery is certainly wonderful."

"I have made others far more important—one especially, but I dislike to speak of it."

"Dislike to speak of it?"

"It is extremely deadly, and perhaps it is my duty to bury it in my own breast. Bad men are certain to make bad use of it; but, after all, that is not my concern. The student's duty is to extend the limits of knowledge"——

A knock at the door interrupted the speaker, and the officer of police came in, bowing and smiling. He had come, he said, to make Doctor Magnus an apology. The stolen diamonds had been found on the person of the lady's maid, and he returned expressing regrets.

As it was now daylight, I took my leave, promising to call again when my friend had taken some rest. When I returned he had driven out, and I only saw him again for a moment as he was leaving the city.

"Come and see me," he said; "it would be a great pleasure. Stay—I will trace you a *carte de la route*."

And he wrote some words on a card.

"We can then return to the subject we were discussing when we were interrupted," he said.

"I will certainly make you a visit as soon as possible," I replied.

And exchanging a warm pressure of the hand with Doctor Magnus and the beautiful Frederica, I took leave of them.

* * * * * * * *

These scenes took place in August. About the middle of September I was set down by the railway train at a little wayside station in one of the wildest parts of Southwestern Virginia.

I had come to make my promised visit to Doctor Magnus, and was impelled by two motives—love and curiosity.

To come to the point in a few words, I was very much in love with Frederica. I was thirty-three, and had never seriously loved a woman, and now what romance-writers call my fate had come in a single moment. The blue eyes haunted me and the shy smile of the exquisite lips followed me everywhere. One of the most remarkable and commonplace of all human events had occurred. A man had met a woman, passed a few moments with her, and she had become all the world to him.

I need not say that I had an additional motive for my visit—to ascertain the nature of that deadly discovery which Doctor Magnus had alluded to. The man and all connected with him had become a study. He was the strangest combination of hard reason and superstition imaginable. In one breath he had declared that he only believed in what would stand the test of reason, and in the next had quietly announced that he was a believer in astrology. As far as I could make out his theory, he regarded force as a sort of divinity, and I remember how he had often stood looking at the glaciers and muttering "Force! Force!" When I had questioned him, he replied vaguely; and when I had parted with him at Geneva he was as great a puzzle as ever. Now our meeting in New York had followed—the incident of the diamonds—the frank statement that they were the result of a chemical process, and the obscure allusion to another great discovery, which, in the hands of bad men, would prove a curse to the race.

The station at which I had stopped was only a few miles, he had informed me, from his residence; and, as I had telegraphed, I expected that he would be there to meet me. In place of my host I found only his carriage and an old negro coachman, who handed me a note. It was from Frederica, and informed me that her father was temporarily absent; he would return on the same day, however, and be truly happy to see me; and she was "Very sincerely, Frederica."

I read this commonplace note with an absurd beating of the heart, and, getting into the carriage, was driven away by a road skirting the right bank of New River.

I never saw a wilder country—it was like an overturned world. Gigantic piles of granite rose abruptly above the current, and here and there immense masses of rock had toppled over and fallen into the river, which dashed against them, roaring and foaming.

Then the scene suddenly changed. The road left the species of defile clothed in sombre and funereal pines, and descended into a large amphitheatre, which was a marvel of loveliness. The blue mountains held it in their embrace, and as far as the eye could see were upland farms, dotted with white houses and masses of foliage tinted by autumn. Immediately in front, and in the middle of the river, was a small island, resembling a basket of flowers. The roofs of a house rose above the foliage, and ten minutes afterward the carriage had passed through a shallow ford, entered an avenue skirted by tall tulip trees, and on a portico, with white pillars, I saw Frederica waiting to receive me.

She seemed a thousand times more beautiful than when I had seen her in New York, and held out her hand with the old, shy smile. It was only when she colored slightly that I became aware of a simple circumstance—that I was looking at her in silence and still held her hand.

Doctor Magnus returned in the evening, greeted me as cordially as I could wish, and then began the most delightful month of my life. The days passed like a dream. I hunted in the mountains, fished on the river, passed hours in my host's library, full of rare and curious volumes, and took long rides on horseback with Frederica. Of these rides I will not speak—the subject would carry me much too far. Let me come to another—a long interview which I held with Doctor Magnus, and what followed it.

I had seen little of my host since the first few days of my visit. He seemed to be absorbed in some mysterious occupation, and I had found it impossible to renew the conversation broken off in New York in reference to his great discovery. He had grown taciturn and absent-minded; regularly retired after breakfast to his laboratory, and, though he had conducted me to it at once on the day after my arrival, he had revealed none of its secrets to me. I saw only a large apartment filled with machinery, crucibles, retorts, and the usual appliances of an experimental chemist. He always kept the key of the room, which no one entered unless accompanied by him; but the reason for this precaution was unexplained to me, and I could only guess at it.

What was plain was that Doctor Magnus had lost a portion of his cheerfulness, and that his mind was absorbed in something which he felt unwilling to speak of. At times he would take long rides into the mountains and remain absent until morning, and then take to his laboratory, leaving me to be entertained by Frederica.

At last an ardent curiosity got the better of me and I said to him one morning:

"Do you remember what you spoke of in New York—your important discovery? You did not promise to tell me

your secret, but, to be frank, I would like very much to hear about it."

He looked at me absently, and said:

"My discovery? Yes, I remember, and I am about to test it. Come to the laboratory to-night, and we will speak of it."

* * * * * * * *

At a late hour on the same night I was seated with Doctor Magnus in his laboratory. He seemed greatly depressed. The habitual expression of his face was one of philosophic calmness. Now something evidently troubled him, and he was ill at ease.

"You are unwell," I said; "you have lost all your cheerfulness, at least. What is the matter, friend?"

He looked at me with a vague expression, hesitated, and then replied:

"I am not unwell. The trouble you notice is occasioned by a presentiment."

"A presentiment?"

"What day of the month is it?" he asked.

"The 11th," I said, with surprise.

"Well, the 13th of October will be a bad day for me."

"A bad day!"

"Something sinister will occur upon it."

I looked at him with the utmost astonishment.

"You are surprised," he said, "but the horoscope of my life is precise. The hour and minute of my birth were recorded, and I have drawn it carefully. I repeat that the 13th of this month will affect my whole life for weal or woe."

"So you really believe in astrology?"

"Yes, as Kepler did before me. Why not? You once called me a hard reasoner—what unreason is there in this belief? The moon sways the tides, and planetary influences produce a thousand phenomena. I could demonstrate to you, if I had time, that they also affect men's destinies."

He spoke in the calmest tone, and was evidently convinced of what he said. What was I to reply? That he was a mere visionary? That seemed unnecessary, and I changed the conversation. I spoke of the discovery he alluded to when we conversed in New York.

"It is simple, as all wonderful things are," he said. "I have discovered—almost by accident—a combination of the simplest substances which produces an element of destruction of the most fearful character."

Doctor Magnus arose, went to a cabinet, and, opening the door with a key which he kept upon his person, brought back a vial containing less than an ounce of what appeared to be a white powder.

"This is the substance I speak of—no, it would be better not to entrust it to you, though, as far as I am aware, there would be no danger from the concussion if you were to let the vial fall. All the properties of the substance are not known to me, however."

"Then your discovery is an explosive?"

"Yes—but one of such enormous power that all others are nothing in comparison with it."

"You refer to nitro-glycerine, I suppose—that is powerful?"

"Relatively. Nitro-glycerine—that is to say, the yellow liquid produced by combining common glycerine with nitric and sulphuric acid—is merely a slight advance on gun-powder."

"But dynamite—giant powder?"

"That is merely an advance on nitro-glycerine. The employment of kieselguhr, as an absorbent, increases the effect, and as dynamite explodes only at a temperature of six hundred degrees Fahrenheit, it is less dangerous. The blasting gelatine of Nobel is superior to both; but the explosive in this vial is far more powerful than all. The force exerted by it, to speak plainly, is immeasurable and incalculable."

"And you handle it in that careless manner?"

"I should not do so but for one fact—that, as far as I have experimented with it, it can be exploded in one manner only. The only means that I am aware of is by a powerful current of electricity."

I looked at the fearful substance which Doctor Magnus held tightly between his fingers.

"It then explodes," he added, "though the term is, perhaps, inappropriate."

"Inappropriate?"

"The effect produced is by the liberation of a gas—in which, you may tell me, it does not differ from dynamite. But the difference is radical. The liberation is not sudden, but persistent, and of incalculable force. The effect of the explosion of dynamite is comparatively harmless—you will have noticed that the results have been local and inconsiderable. The liberated gas at once escapes, and the effect is at an end. In the case of this substance, I hold the effect continues, and the force exerted is practically irresistible."

"I see your meaning—the discovery is terrible. Is it impossible to use it as a motor?"

"It is perfectly practicable to do so. It has only to be employed on the theory of compressed air to make aerial navigation possible, to drive the largest ocean steamer without fuel at the rate of a mile a minute, to move machinery of every description, and, if used as an explosive, the mountain barrier of Nicaragua in the way of an inter-oceanic canal would disappear in an instant."

"Why, then"——

"Not make it known? Well, apart from its immense power, the gas arising from this substance is deadly and extends to an incredible distance. It would be possible to destroy whole armies by it or the inhabitants of entire cities. From the moment when it fell into bad hands there would be no safety for human life. Great capitals, with their swarming populations, their public buildings, and works of art, would be at the mercy of a few wretches, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the result might be the ruin of civilization, if not the complete destruction of society."

I listened to these words with astonishment, and must say that I regarded my companion as the victim of an hallucination. Had those prolonged vigils in his laboratory affected his brain and produced these fancies? How was it possible that a force so enormous could be exerted by a mere pinch of white powder?

"Well," I said, "as your great discovery is so deadly, you will not reveal it."

"I have not decided. Why should I conceal it? All knowledge is better for the race. And what are men to me? I have found them tigers, and tigers ought to be destroyed!"

As he spoke he looked at his watch and suddenly rose, exclaiming:

"There is no time to lose!"

"No time to lose?"

"If you are incredulous, you will soon believe."

And, hastily restoring the vial to the cabinet, he led the way out of the laboratory up a flight of stairs to the observatory, on the summit of the house.

It was a bright moonlight night, and the view was magnificent. The river shone like a silver serpent between its edging of oaks and firs, and the edges of the mountain, with their buttresses and gloomy pines, resembled sleeping giants.

Dr. Magnus again looked at his watch.

"In two minutes you will see something," he said.

"Something?"

"Do you remember that I was absent yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Well, I had ridden into the mountain and descended into a cavern yonder beneath that peak. In one minute the mountain will be torn to pieces."

As he spoke an immense column of flame rose from the summit of the mountain, and a roar like thunder rolled through the gorges.

"What does this mean?" I exclaimed.

"I mean that an ounce of white powder buried a thousand feet, and, connected with an electric clock, has lifted a million cubic yards of earth and granite."

He spoke quietly, but added suddenly in a low and awe-struck tone:

"Do you see?"

"See what?"

"The smoke! the smoke! It is a girl kneeling and praying."

I looked, and must say that what I saw excited my astonishment. The white smoke from the explosion had risen to an immense height, and had assumed the exact form of a girl upon her knees, looking up with clasped hands, and apparently praying.

"It is like Frederica," whispered Dr. Magnus.

* * * * * * * *

The next day was the 12th of October, and I shall always remember it and the day which followed it.

In company with Dr. Magnus I rode to the scene of the explosion. The mountain was torn asunder from base to summit, and was an immense ruin. It was no longer possible to doubt the fearful character of his discovery.

We rode slowly back, and I recall the solemn and mournful tones of his voice.

"These terrible forces of nature," he said, "profoundly sadden me, for I feel my insignificance. What is the poor pigmy man in presence of them? They sport with him."

"Your pigmy is the master, since he controls them," I replied.

"And the Providence you talk of is the master of both, I suppose," replied Dr. Magnus.

He spoke in a gloomy tone, and added:

"I have tried to believe in your Providence and can not."

"And yet you believe in astrology—in signs in the heavens—why not in that behind them?"

"Signs in the heavens?" he repeated in a low voice. "Did you observe that cloud of smoke last night?"

"In the shape of a woman praying? Yes, and it certainly was remarkable."

"But the resemblance?"

We were at the end of the avenue leading to the house.

"Look!" he said, touching my arm, and speaking almost in a whisper.

I looked, and I confess I was startled. What I saw was the figure of Frederica, clad in a white dress, and kneeling on the grass. She had gathered some wild flowers, and, as she knelt, holding up both hands and arranging the flowers, her figure exactly resembled the strange shape assumed by the smoke, which Dr. Magnus had called my attention to on the preceding night.

An hour afterward I was walking with Frederica on the banks of the island, and this long interview changed the whole aspect of my life.

I knew what I had not dared to hope—that the beautiful girl returned my own affection; that she had seen how much I loved her, and had gradually come to love me in return; and at twilight, when we went back slowly, I held clasped in my own hand the hand of the woman who had promised that she would be my wife.

Frederica had made but one request—that I would defer my interview with her father. He was subject to fits of melancholy, and of late had been very much depressed. Would I please not speak to him of our engagement, at least *not during the next day?* She had a reason for this request which she would afterward explain to me.

Her words had produced a singular impression on me. Did she share her father's belief that something would occur on the 13th of October? I dared not ask her, and simply said that I would obey her wishes.

I passed the evening with Frederica in the drawing-room, and she retired about eleven. I then went into the library, and found Dr. Magnus engaged in writing.

As I entered, he turned his head, and I said:

"I am afraid I disturb you."

"Not at all; I am only writing my will," he replied.

"Your will?"

"To-morrow is the 13th of October, and as something may happen, I am preparing for it."

With these words he went on writing, and I soon afterwards left him.

* * * * * * * * *

The morning of the 13th of October duly came, and I am obliged to confess, in spite of my profound incredulity, I experienced a vague emotion. There is something in earnest conviction which affects the most skeptical; and, though I felt that the apprehensions of Dr. Magnus were visionary, his words had left on me an indefinable impression of uneasiness.

It seemed absurd, however, to connect anything sinister with such a day. The sun had risen without a cloud, and all around was bright and cheerful. The sky was blue and the robins were chirping; a light breeze laughed in the leaves. Now, was it possible to imagine that a scene so peaceful would suddenly be turned into the stage of a tragedy?

Dr. Magnus retained his depression, though I could see that he made a resolute effort to conceal it from Frederica. In this he appeared to have succeeded. She was radiant, and after breakfast said that she had planned a little excursion. Would we accompany her?—she would promise to make herself agreeable.

I looked at her smiling face, and felt that under her gayety there was some earnest purpose. What it was I was unable to divine, but I found it impossible to rid myself of the impression.

Doctor Magnus at first demurred to joining the proposed excursion—he would be occupied all morning, he said, in his laboratory. But Frederica renewed her entreaties—declared that the day was much too beautiful to be passed in the house, and the result was that Doctor Magnus consented to accompany us.

An hour afterward the carriage appeared; we entered and crossed the ford; and then the driver, by direction of Frederica, proceeded due west toward the mountains.

I recall every trifle connected with this day, and especially the exhibition of nervous terror on the part of Doctor Magnus. In a man of his resolute character, his proceedings were unaccountable. He kept his eyes fixed upon Frederica, and seemed to find in every trifle something disquieting. When the vehicle crossed a stream, as it did once or twice, he called to the driver to be careful; and when it made the least descent or leaned sidewise, he stretched out his arms as if he feared that some accident would happen to Frederica. There was not the least danger. The streams were mere rivulets; the roads excellent and perfectly safe, and the fears of Doctor Magnus were evidently the result of pure nervousness.

An hour's drive through a lovely country brought us to a point where the road ascended the mountain, and the carriage proceeded slowly up the steep acclivity. At last it entered a body of pines, emerged from them a few minutes afterward, and I saw before me what took me suddenly back to Switzerland.

It was a little Swiss châlet perched upon a shoulder of the mountain and commanding a view of the entire country for many miles. A winding path led to the door, and we ascended it and entered the châlet. Here a new surprise awaited me. The interior of the rough building was the picture of elegance. The cottage furniture was in exquisite taste, bright rugs lay on the polished floors, wicker chairs held out arms of welcome, and we were met by the smiling faces of the servants from the island, sent in advance by Frederica to prepare for our reception.

A few words explained this marvel. Doctor Magnus had purchased an estate on the slope of the mountain for grazing cattle, and built the châlet as a souvenir of his travels in Switzerland. He had intended it for his herdsman, but Frederica had taken a fancy to it, had proceeded to furnish it as a summer villa, and had ended by declaring that the air of the mountain was far better for her than the humid atmosphere of the island.

As the hours passed on, the laughter of Frederica gradually dissipated my impressions of the morning, and I think they would have disappeared but for a circumstance which I could not account for. Looking attentively at her, I became convinced that her gayety was assumed. She was evidently acting a part, and seemed to be straining every nerve to retain her father at the châlet until night.

What was her object? Was it to remove him from his sombre laboratory on this fatal day—to dissipate his melancholy and foreboding by diverting his mind? I could not determine; but could see that if such were her purpose she had not accomplished it.

Doctor Magnus was gloomy and agitated. Sunset was near now, but the sun was obscured, and he could only tell the time by his watch, which he repeatedly looked at. A storm was coming, and if we proposed to return it was plainly time to do so. An immense black pall swept over the mountains, extending above the amphitheatre, and flashes of lightning, followed by sullen thunder, lit up the wild landscape.

What followed will never be effaced from my memory.

We were standing at the door of the châlet, watching the storm, which was sweeping eastward, when a small clock on the wall of the sitting-room struck the hour.

"The danger is over! Let us return!" Doctor Magnus suddenly exclaimed.

"Oh, no; let us wait!" cried Frederica, throwing her arms around him.

"But there is no one at the island."

"Oh, I beg you!"

And, falling upon her knees, Frederica sobbed and clasped her hands. For the second time I saw the resemblance to the figure in the smoke.

"The day has ended! There is no more danger!" cried Doctor Magnus, clasping her in his arms.

"The clock is too fast," I heard Frederica whisper.

As she spoke a sudden glare reddened the sky, and the ground shook. A roar came from the direction of the island, and I saw what I shall never forget. A flash of lightning had struck the house—no doubt ignited the substance in the cabinet—and the great mansion resembled the crater of a raging volcano.

The 13th of October had had its sinister event after all, and the great discovery had wreaked its vengeance on its author.

---

A member of the British Parliament engaged an agency which does such things to furnish him with clippings of all the derogatory things which the newspapers should say about him for a month. The return was enormous, and cost the member thirty pounds. For the following month he bespoke clippings of all that was printed in his favor, and his bill amounted only to seven shillings and sixpence.

## THE CHILDREN'S POETS.

### Good and Bad Children.

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.
You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain, through all bewild'ring,
Innocent and honest children.
Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.
But the unkind and the unruly
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story.
Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.
—*Robert Louis Stevenson in Magazine of Art.*

### The Light that is Felt.

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly.
"Oh, mother! Take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."
We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.
Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee!
—*John G. Whittier in December St. Nicholas.*

### Christmas Day.

The Christmas chimes are pealing high
Beneath the solemn Christmas sky,
And blowing winds their notes prolong
Like echoes from an angels' song;
Good will and peace, peace and good will
Ring out the carols glad and gay,
Telling the heavenly message still,
That Christ the Child was born to-day.
In lowly hut and palace hall
Peasant and king keep festival,
And childhood wears a fairer guise,
And tenderer shine all mother-eyes;
The aged man forgets his years,
The mirthful heart is doubly gay,
The sad are cheated of their tears,
For Christ the Lord was born to-day.
—*Susan Coolidge in December Wide Awake.*

### The Hand-organ Man's Little Girl.

From nine in the morning till six at night—
A weary march for the strongest feet—
She trudges along, a pitiful sight,
To be seen every day in the city street.
She is tired, and hungry, and cold, and wet;
She trembles with wretchedness where she stands;
But she knows if she falters a moment she'll get
A cruel, hard blow from the cruel hands.
Her tambourine feels as heavy as lead;
She wearily shifts it from side to side;
Her poor little knuckles are bruised and red;
Her pale, sunken eyes show how much she has cried.
But she must keep step to the gayest tunes,
With merry, quick flings of her tambourine;
And watch for the crowds in the late afternoons—
How soon they forget the sad face they have seen!
Oh, how do you think she feels when she sees,
In the pleasant parks on a sunny day,
The rows of nurses, all taking their ease,
With children who've nothing to do but play.
"Who've nothing to do but play!" The thought!
She can not imagine it, if she tries:
Nor how such wonderful playthings are bought—
The dolls that can walk and open their eyes!
"Who have nothing to do but play!" It seems
To her that such children in heaven live;
Not all her wildest, most beautiful dreams
A happiness greater than that could give.
O children, who've nothing to do but play,
And are always happy, do not forget
The poor little children who work all day,
And are tired, and hungry, and cold, and wet!
—*Helen Hunt Jackson in December Wide Awake.*

### Christ Blessing Little Children.

*Picture by Rembrandt in the National Gallery, London.*

Well painted, Painter! Yes; thy colors stoop,
As that they show did, to the root of things!
Thy Christ hath eyes whose weary glances droop,
Marred with much love, and all the tears it brings;
The ring of faces, brightened from His face,
Bear earth's mark deepest, and want Heaven's help most;
The children—soft, albeit, their Syrian grace—
Clasp sun-burned breasts and drink of milk that cost
Sweat to provide it. Yet, how the Divine
Breaks through the clay! how Faith's gold gilds the story!
How longing for Heaven's light makes low things shine!
How glorious—at its dimmest—is Love's glory!
We gaze; we are *with Him* in Palestine.
Lord Christ! these are "the little ones" who come!
Thou spakest "Suffer them!"—yea! thou didst say
"Forbid them not!"—yea! 'mid thy Kingdom, some
Are like to these, thou saidst! Do angels lay
Small, aching heads on sorrow-burdened bosoms?
Do thy young angels work, and starve, and weep?
Is it in Heaven as here that life's first blossoms
Wither to dust so soon, and will not keep
Fragrance and joy, save for so brief a space?
Ah, Christ! those, too, were children, with the eyes
Tear-troubled, toil-worn frame, and wasted face!
What comfort hast thou, what supreme surprise
Of hope for us, who have most need of grace?
Little sweet sister! at his sacred knee,
Soft peasant-sister! sucking at thy thumb,
Touched to thy tiny heart with the mystery,
Glad to be brought, but far too shy to come—
Yes! tremble—but steal closer! let it cover
All of thy head, that piteous, potent hand!
And, mothers! reach your round-eyed babies over,
To have their turn—naught though they understand!
For these thereby are safe, being so kissed
By that Love's lips which kisses out from Heaven!
And we—with "little children" but no Christ—
Press in; perchance a blessing may be given
Through them to us, though we the chance have missed.
—*Edwin Arnold in December Wide Awake.*

## VANITY FAIR.

The following suggestions in regard to Christmas presents are timely. A not overfull purse can be made to go much farther if nimble fingers prepare a part of the presents, and a little thought and ingenuity will often devise lovely gifts which call for but a trifling outlay of money. A present which cost the sender nothing but a little time and trouble was a dish filled with ferns, growing in luxuriant beauty and drooping their graceful fronds over the bed of thick green moss that covered their roots. The ferns were from a woody hill-side endeared by many memories to both sender and recipient, and the dish that held them was a bit of old china highly prized by both. A number of articles suited to the varied wants of both uncles and aunts and cousins, large and small, can be found at the stores. They generally need some embroidery to complete them. For instance, brush-holders to be supplied with straps, brushes with places left on the back for needlework to be inserted, slipper-holders, glove and handkerchief boxes, cigar cases, tobacco pouches, holders for newspapers, waste-paper baskets, etc. A picture is often an appropriate present, and any one who can paint a really good picture can offer her friends acceptable gifts in the shape of small oil-paintings—a bit of winter scenery, perhaps, or a merry child face smiling down from the canvas. A sketch of some place in which both have a mutual interest will serve to keep memories green. Less accomplished artists can paint calendar-backs to hang on the library or sitting-room wall, which can be used from year to year by simply renewing the calendar leaves. Thermometers with backs of painted wood or of embossed metal are nice presents for gentlemen. Any person who can paint on china may make spring flowers bloom on Christmas cups and saucers, and golden wheat wreathe the plate which is to hold the daily bread. An acceptable gift to a housekeeper who appreciates an addition to her stock of table-linen is a set of small napkins to be used under finger-bowls, decorated with outline embroidery, or a tray-cover ornamented across each end with embroidery and drawn-work. A good design is, first a finger-deep fringe made by raveling out the linen, then a border worked in yellow silk, above that a space of fairy-like drawn-work, then a narrow line of embroidery to separate the first space of drawn-work from another above it, and last, more embroidery in yellow silk. A cover for the front of the sideboard made in the same style calls for more work, but is very handsome. Those who would rather work with pen than with needle can ornament a variety of articles, such as covers for small stands, chair backs, tray-covers, and napkins, with Kate Greenaway groups of old-time children done in the colored indelible inks which now come put up in boxes and prepared expressly for such work.

Paris sends over a novelty in the way of a glove, which is fastened all the length of the arm by the means of tiny kid straps and buckles. This is, without doubt, a glove that will prove a boon to ladies who, being the possessors of shapely, plump arms, have long been vexed with the straight buttoned gloves, but little wider at the top than at the wrist, causing the rounding portion of the arm to be pinched and squeezed into a space some inches too narrow for it, and giving the wearer's arm a confined and uncomfortable appearance, with little, feverish-looking hillocks of flesh protruding between each button up the glove's entire length. The strap glove can be made to fit snugly and trimly, while at the same time preserving the graceful symmetry of the arm.

Pure silk underwear ranks among the luxuries vouchsafed to the few who have more money than they can care for. Every piece of underwear can be had now, and, added to the lovely hosiery and French corsets, there are vests, drawers, night-shirts, and skirts of every desirable length in every color, and one has but to word her order to have it filled. This class of goods, however, does not sell for a song, and it is cheaper to replenish the household linen than it is to lay in a stock of silk underwear. A good pair of pure silk stockings can not be bought for less than five dollars, and this is about the smallest item in the trousseau. Nightgowns are cut somewhat after the style of a teagown, and are made of pieces of goods, as pongee, Japanese, polka, and India silk. The prices depend on the trimming, but none are less than twenty dollars. The woven goods are for all the world like a Langtry pelisse, being buttoned from neck to toe and finished with cuffs, pockets, and a turned-down collar. They fit like an eel-skin, and are as supple and elastic as a jersey. Some, also woven, are full in the back and fit like a princess wrapper, the cost being in proportion. Skirts, as a rule, do not sell well. The reason is that they are too clinging, and, unless they are extra heavy, gather up. For short petticoats the cheaper or spun silks are used in place of white flannel.

The Parisians have invented the new word *demariage*, to designate the ceremony consequent upon a divorce. In the case of Patti the affair was quiet. A mayor, girt in a tri-colored scarf, received information of the decree through the attorney of the Marquis de Caux, and inserted the decree on the margin of the register on which the banns of matrimony between the pair had been recorded. Two competitors are already announced for the hand of the liberated bridegroom. One is a wealthy and thrice-titled English dowager, and the other a rich American widow, with no incumbrances beyond two charming daughters. But the dismarried marquis is inclined to remain free, and to continue his life of an intelligent epicurean and cynic. A few days ago a *demariage* was made more interesting by a gay and splendid dinner given by the liberated lady at the house of a mayor. The official first went through all the legal formalities, and then over the walnuts and wine made a very complimentary speech to the fair divorcée, with regrets at the absurdity of the law which compelled her to wait for ten months before she could get another husband. She made a sparkling and neatly turned speech in reply. The dress of the lady was a tunic of feuille morte brocade, trimmed with satin rose crepuscule and guipure lace. The skirt was *en traine*, the ribbons and flounces were in the russet colors of autumn, and tea-roses, which bloom in early summer and last till November, were in a bouquet set fair in the centre of the bust.

Lawn-tennis has its pathological aspects. In England, where the game has become the most popular of out-door pastimes for both sexes, a new class of diseases has appeared. There is "the lawn-tennis arm," caused by a rupture of the muscle known as the pronator radii teres; and in aggravated cases, where players have been too persistent in making back-handed strokes, the musculo-spiral nerve passing around the elbow is strained and impaired. Some physicians, who delight in technicalities, separate this second class of injuries from the first, and give it the special name of "lawn-tennis elbow." When the fine points of serving are too zealously regarded, the player incurs the risk of having "lawn-tennis wrist," which, being interpreted in the language of the wise, implies a straining or undue extension of the annular ligament, accompanied by inflammation of the grooves of the flexor tendons. Then there is "lawn-tennis leg," whenever the plantaris longus, or some other muscle of the calf, is ruptured by violent field practice or rapid serving. All these diseases, it seems, have appeared in England not only as sporadic cases, but have become so common as to admit of classification and scientific recognition.

The late Jules Noriac thus amusingly spoke of gloves as indicators: "The other day I had the good luck to find myself in a railway carriage opposite a charming young woman with a well-bred, vivacious manner, who for a short time was a complete enigma to me. Who could she be? Not one of the upper ten thousand—her gloves were too fresh. Women of that class do not wait until stepping into the carriage to draw their gloves on. They finish their toilet before leaving home, so that, spotless as the gloves are, they have already creased themselves into outlines of their well-shaped hands. Not a woman of the middle-class—the gloves were also too fresh for that. Middle-class women invariably set aside gloves in which to travel, gloves neither very old nor very new—gloves that have been once to church, and once to pay visits in. Could she be——; but most certainly no. There was not a trace of anything equivocal about her; those gloves had never taken a promenade in the Bois, nor a tour around the Lac. I went on puzzling my poor brains, trying to guess, and I could not guess." She must have been another Daisy Miller.

Mrs. Leigh Hunt Wallace discusses women's dress in the London *Queen*, and makes the male sex responsible for feminine follies which offend alike against the laws of health and the canons of beauty. Women, she argues, only deform and disfigure themselves because men like to see them so disfigured. The impression is widespread, no doubt, but it may well be doubted whether it has any foundation whatever in fact. If the male and female population were separately polled on such questions as tight lacing or high-heeled boots, it is more than probable that the vote cast by the men against such absurdities would be heavier than that recorded by the women. Besides, do women really think only of the opinion of men when they attire themselves? They think of what looks nice, no doubt, as they ought to do, and often, alas! cherish very erroneous ideas on the subject. But what approves itself to their own judgment they adopt, in the face of all criticism, whether male or female, and often with a quite heroic defiance of comfort, of reason, and of taste.

Fashion jots: In several private houses in New York, attics have been fitted up as roller skating rinks, and among the entertainments of the season are to be "rinking," followed by a supper and dance.——If you have a middle name, now is the time to trot it out. Initials, merely, are quite *passé*. Write your name in full, no matter what it is, and you are of twice as much consequence in the world as formerly.——The polished and burnished copper coal-scuttles, which cost so much and look almost too nice for the use for which they are made, are now more sought for than those of brass.——Austrian girls, of whatever rank, are educated so as to be independent of cooks and seamstresses, a Viennese lady being expected to be as accomplished as an English governess, as good a housekeeper as a German frau, as witty as a lady of the Parisian salons; and she is usually, moreover, as handsome as an American.——A Frenchman has made the discovery that the two buttons placed on the backs of men's coats are a remnant of barbarism. He says that for three hundred and ninety years men have given up wearing belts, yet the said buttons were meant to support them, and have come down to us from a sword-wearing and bestrapped ancestry. The two buttons must go.——In London the fashionable flower of the day for button-holes is the Neapolitan violet for gentlemen, and the yellow or crimson chrysanthemum, backed by tinted autumn leaves, for ladies.——A London absurdity at present in vogue is leaving the card of one's dear little doggy-poggy, as well as one's own, when one makes a call. The cards are about an inch long and three-quarters of an inch wide, and are engraved with such names as "Miss Belinda Poodle" and "The Hon. Wallace Colley."——The fanciful little lead pencils worn on the watch-chain increase in elaboration. The most convenient and useful are the lawn-tennis racket.——Professor Huxley's daughter Rachel was married in a dress of cream satin, with long, square train, a tight-fitting bodice, and a flounce of Mechlin lace over the petticoat. A spray of myrtle and jasmine rested on her left shoulder. Her five bridemaids wore highly æsthetic costumes of sage-green velvet and satin merveilleux, the bodices of which opened in front and showed satin waistcoats. Chrysanthemums adorned their shoulders.——A caller upon a certain authoress d[illegible] that he found her clad in a suit somewhat like th[illegible] by Grosvenor in "Patience," consisting of a t[illegible] trousers of black velvet, the latter reaching to th[illegible] below which were silk stockings and slippers. [illegible] that skirts were a nuisance, and inferior to knicker[illegible]

# HOLIDAY GOODS.

We offer this season, in addition to a complete stock of

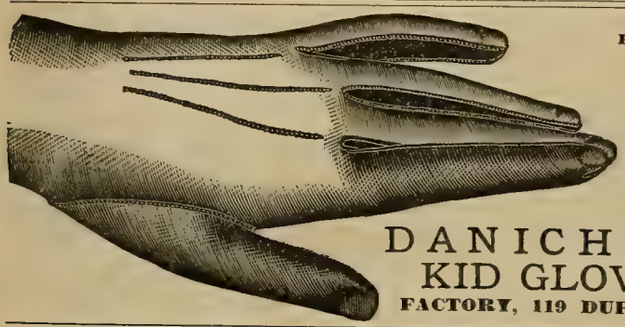
## DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY
AND
## ARTISTIC SILVERWARE,

A choice selection of

**Decorated Porcelain, Ivory Goods,**
**Bronze Statuary, Onyx Tables and Pedestals,**
**Vienna and Berlin Fancy Goods,**
**Opera Glasses, Rich Clock Sets,**
**Fans, Jewel Cases, etc., etc.**

## GEO. C. SHREVE & CO.
110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

---



Perfect Fitting,
Stylish,
and Durable.

To order and
ready-made.

DANICHEFF
KID GLOVES.
FACTORY, 119 DUPONT ST.

---

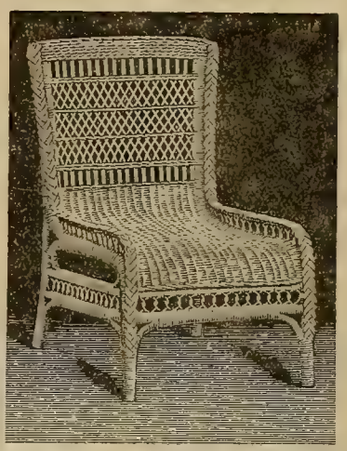
# CARDS!
*Dodge Brothers*
32 GEARY ST.

---

## SELECT YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

**From the largest and most complete stock of RATTAN and REED goods ever displayed in a retail store on the Coast. All new and fresh. Many new patterns not found elsewhere.**

**Ladies' Chairs.**
**Children's Chairs.**
**Large Chairs for Gentlemen, with or without Upholstery.**



**Plain Rockers.**
**Patent Rockers.**
**Hassocks.**
**Fire Screens.**
**Work Baskets.**
**Tables.**
**Tete-a-Tetes.**
**Baby Carriages.**
**Etc., etc.**

## H. H. GROSS,
Nos. 16 and 18 Second Street, three doors off Market St., Grand Hotel Building.

**Full line of Folding Beds, thirty styles, costing from $13 to $300 each.**

---

## KNABE PIANOS
"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*
**A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St., S.F.,** Sole Agents.

---

## THE SIERRA MADRE VILLA HOTEL,
LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CAL.,

**Is located on the south side of the Sierra Madre Mountains, one thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea.**

**ABOVE THE FOGS OF SEA AND VALLEY.**

It is in the midst of an ORANGE GROVE, overlooking the beautiful San Gabriel Valley. For comfort, a pleasant home, good living, PURE AIR, and sparkling mountain water, it has no rival. The Villa is thirteen miles from Los Angeles, and is reached by rail to within four miles, at San Gabriel station, where the stage meets all trains from East or West. General Sherman says it is the most desirable place on the continent for a quiet rest. Address

**W. GARDNER COGSWELL, San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, Cal.**

---



## FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR
—AND—
## CLOTH OF GOLD
CIGARETTES.

Our Cigarettes cannot be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883.

**13 First Prize Medals Awarded.** **WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

---

## SAN LORENZO
PACKING COMPANY,
A COUNTRY CANNERY.



PACKERS OF PURE
CALIFORNIA FRUITS
In Syrup made from the
**Best Dry Granulated Sugar.**

☞ Housewife attention is directed to the San Lorenzo JAMS and JELLIES, which are made from Pure White Sugar and Fruits.
No Glucose or Brown Sugar used in this Factory.

---

"Azule"
**THE FINEST**
**Pure Natural Mineral Water.**
Endorsed by the medical profession. For sale everywhere.
**Depot, 513 Sacramento St., S. F.**

---

**REMOVAL.**

EDWARD E. OSBORN, Patent Solicitor, United States and Foreign, has removed to 220 Sansome Street, Rooms 10, 11, and 12, San Francisco.

---

# CHRISTMAS
# PRESENTS!

## NOVELTIES
FROM
## PARIS, OFFENBACH, BERLIN, VIENNA, ETC.

# H.S. Crocker & Co.
## 215-217-219 BUSH ST.

## LITERARY NOTES.

### Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Edwin Arnold will publish another volume of poems this winter. The title-poem will be "The Secret of Death," from the Sanscrit.

Miss Florence Marryatt, the novelist, is seriously ill at London, Ontario. She is suffering from overwork and from the effects of gas escaping in her room.

Under the title of "The New Portfolio," Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes will contribute a series of papers in his characteristic style to the next volume of the *Atlantic*.

The Boston *Beacon* says Oliver Wendell Holmes remarked recently that he thinks "The Chambered Nautilus" his best poem, and "My Aviary" his second best.

Among the Christmas numbers, the Boston juvenile, *Wide Awake*, published by D. Lothrop & Co., far excels this year the New York *St. Nicholas*, published by the *Century* Company. *Wide Awake* is ahead in every respect—diversity of matter, excellence of letter-press, beauty of engravings, and fame of contributors.

Monsieur Jules Verne is now about fifty years old; a gentleman of rather more than the average weight, with iron-gray hair and mustache. He is an agreeable social friend, and particularly attached to Monsieur Dumas. It is not generally known that Monsieur Verne was a collaborateur with the latter author for a considerable part of his early life.

Two or three anachronisms have been charged to Mr. Howells's "Rise of Silas Lapham," because one of the characters speaks of Daisy Millerism before Henry James's novel appeared, and another is described as using a type-writer in 1875. Mr. Howells meets the charge in an open letter to be printed in the January *Century*, in which he claims that in aiming at contemporary effect "the general truth is sometimes better than the specific."

The second volume of Professor McMaster's "History of the American People" is now well under way, and will probably be ready for publication early in 1885. Beginning where the first volume left off, in 1791, the second progresses to 1806, near the close of Jefferson's administration. Three more volumes Professor McMaster thinks will complete his work, his purpose being to close with the opening of Mr. Lincoln's administration.

The Christmas double number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* is a brilliant one. It has eight full-page illustrations, four of them being after famous pictures by Gainsborough. A poem of Austin Dobson, "The Squire at Vauxhall," is one of the notable features of the number, the admirable illustrations by Hugh Thompson adding much to its interest. Archibald Forbes's "Christmas-tide in the Khyber Pass" is an excellent sketch of wild life. Henry James's "The Path of Duty" is among the best of his recent writings, and the other papers are of a high average order of excellence.

The report of the altered illustration in Mark Twain's new book, "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," has been taken up by newspapers all over the country, and the publishers have received cart-loads of mail matter on the subject. The picture as originally drawn was all right, but some designing engraver made it unspeakable. By far the most unique of the letters received came from the Burlington (Iowa) *Saturday Evening Post*, which gravely offers to insert the entire account for five dollars under the head of advertising. Several hundred copies of the prospectus containing the cut had already been sent out to agents, and it became necessary to recall them. Many were in the hands of lady agents, and the diplomacy required to secure their return would have made a Washington foreign minister blush. Nearly all the objectionable books have been gathered in.

"You can scarcely credit the pains my father has gone to," said Colonel Grant to a New York correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, "to make sure of points on which he has relied on his memory, but which he would not commit himself to until satisfied by comparing notes with others that he was beyond a doubt correct. We have corresponded with soldiers and officers all over the world. The correspondence relative to the battle of Shiloh alone would be something extraordinary for an outsider to see. In several cases my father has sent men to the old battlefields to measure distances. In fact, every assertion contained in these papers can be proved." In reply to a question as to the general's method of composing, Colonel Grant said: "My father never employs a secretary or stenographer. He writes every word himself. Then I usually read aloud to him his manuscript, correcting as he suggests. He himself then copies this manuscript, sometimes adding a great deal. I again go through it, and so careful is he, and so anxious to make this contribution to the war history of our country worthy of the place which, without egotism, he aspires to, that no labor on his part is too arduous for its accomplishment. The paper on Shiloh, which I carried to the publisher myself yesterday, was written and re-written six times before he was willing to give it to the public. Besides these separate articles, my father has commenced a history of the war, which he proposes to have published in book form. He has already written about twelve hundred or fifteen hundred pages of manuscript for this."

### New Books.

Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, have issued the eighth volume of their "Stories by American Authors," containing "The Brigade Commander," by J. W. DeForrest; "Split Zephyr," by Henry A. Beers; "Zerviah Hope," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "The Life-Magnet," by Alvey A. Adee, and "Osgood's Predicament," by Elizabeth D. B. Stoddard. It is for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, 50 cents.

Harper & Brothers have added to their "Franklin Square Library" "Within the Clasp," a story of life among the Yorkshire jet-hunters, by J. Berwick Harwood; "By Mead and Stream," a novel, by Charles Gibbon, and parts 15 and 16 of the Rev. J. Stormonth's "Dictionary of the English Language," the latter number carrying the work through eight hundred and ninety-six pages. They are for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

"A Matter of Taste" is the name of rather an interesting novel, in which George H. Picard preaches a sermon against American girls marrying foreigners, Italian counts particularly. In many parts the dialogue is bright and witty, and the characters are well sustained. The book is embellished with many delicate vignettes, principally Venetian scenes, and the letter-press is excellent. Published by White, Stokes & Allen, New York; for sale by C. Beach.

A handsome holiday book for children is "Stories in Rhyme for Holiday Time," recently published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. It consists of a number of amusing tales told in rhyme by Edward Jewett Wheeler, and illustrated by Walter Satterslee. One of the best things in the book is "Bob's Bicycle Ride," the tale of a modern John Gilpin, who flies through the country on a bicycle propelled by a powerful spring. "Eglantine, or the Magical Gloves," the concluding poem, is a fairy story of considerable length, very prettily conceived and told. For sale in this city by the booksellers.

One of the handsomest and most artistic little holiday books we have seen this season is James T. White's "Flowers from Arcadia." It consists of rondeaux and other verses on sentiments ascribed to the various California wild-flowers, some poems being illustrated by a hand-painted water-color drawing of a group of flowers. The book is further embellished with many pretty engravings, printed on heavy cream-laid paper. The volume is bound in satin, on which the name is printed in gilt, surrounded by a spray of grasses and flowers painted in water-colors by hand. It is published by James T. White & Co., printed by C. A. Murdock & Co., and is undoubtedly the neatest thing of the kind ever produced in California.

Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, have recently published, by arrangement with the author, a volume entitled "Biographical Essays," by F. Max Müller, the celebrated philologist and orientalist. The essays are seven in number, and, with the exception of that on Charles Kingsley, consist of eulogistic biographies of a number of East Indian gentlemen, against whom we know nothing except their names. The book can be obtained of A. L. Bancroft & Co.

The "Poems of Sidney Lanier," edited by his wife and prefaced with a memorial by William Hayes Ward, is a handsome volume from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The poems are all well known to the American public, having appeared in the principal magazines from 1867 to the present time, although his death took place September 7, 1881. The volume contains some two hundred and fifty pages. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, $2.50.

Volumes V, VI, and VII of their new edition of "The Works of Lord Tennyson" have recently been published by Macmillan & Co., New York. These volumes contain "Queen Mary," "Harold," "In Memoriam," "Enoch Arden," "The Lover's Tale," and a number of shorter poems, ballads, sonnets, translations, etc. They are clearly printed on heavy paper, and are substantially bound in dark green cloth. They are for sale in this city, by Payot, Upham & Co.; price, $1.75 per volume.

Mr. F. Anstey, the author of "Vice Versa" and "The Giant's Robe," which created such a stir a short time ago, has collected ten of his short stories which appeared in the English magazines, and published them in a book called "The Black Poodle and Other Stories." They are characterized by the same quaintness of conception that Mr. Anstey exhibited in his other works, and are quite entertaining. Published by D. Appleton & Co, New York; for sale by James T. White & Co.; price, 50 cents.

One of the neatest and most compact of the many convenient series of handy-books that the Putnams have produced is the "Nutshell Series." It consists of six little volumes, two and one-half by four inches in size, containing selections by Helen Kendrick Johnson from "Philosophy," "Epigram and Epitaph," "Wit and Humor," "Proverbs," "Wisdom," and "Sentiment." They are tastefully printed, and each volume is fully indexed. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

"The Common Sense Household Calendar for 1885," by Marion Harland, is a large block calendar mounted on card-board, on which is lithographed a good portrait of the authoress. This calendar differs from any we have seen in giving common-sense advice regarding the management of a house, from the decoration of rooms to the making of "good, plain bread." It is very neatly gotten up, and will be a joy to every housekeeper's heart. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Parts four and five of Admiral Porter's romance, "Allan Dare and Robert le Diable," which have just been issued by D. Appleton & Co., New York, are as interesting as their predecessors. The heroes continue their marvelous feats of strength and cunning, the one as a detective and the other as a philanthropist who robs the rich to feed the poor, and the feminine characters, with the exception of a girl of angelic goodness and insipidity, continue their intrigues and frivolities. The parts published so far may be obtained of James T. White & Co.; price, 30 cents each.

In "Maxims of Public Health" Doctor O. W. Wight, health officer of Detroit, has given the results of six years of personal experience in sanitary administration, in a somewhat desultory form and without much system in the sequence of subject, but in such a way as to make interesting and clear many important sanitary questions. The book is not written in technical langnage for the benefit of medical men only, but is intended to instruct the householder and draw his attention to these vital questions. It is published by D. Appleton & Co.; for sale by James T. White & Co.

"The Story of My Life," an autobiography of Doctor J. Marion Sims, the famous physician and philanthropist of Boston, has been edited and published by his son, Doctor H. Marion-Sims. To quote the opening words, "Doctors seldom write autobiographies," but more's the pity, if they can often write such charming works as this. It is not filled with tales of wild adventures or dissections of his friends' characters, but simply and interestingly tells the story of a famous and good man's life. The autobiography had been written up to 1863, when the Doctor's death, on the 13th of November, 1883, left twenty years of his life untold. This period, however, has been filled in by his son, from letters written to his wife during his visits to Europe. The book is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co.

### Journalistic Chit-chat.

The *Christian Union* is to be enlarged on January 1st to a paper of thirty-two pages.

George W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, lives in an elegant house in Hyde Park Gardens, and is regarded by his fellow journalists as the "king of snobs."

As the editor and one of the founders of *Puck*, Mr. Bunner ought to know what he is talking about. He tells us that each successive rival which has started to "scoop" his paper has resulted in a net increase of *Puck's* circulation.

*Harper's Weekly* will not lose much by its course during the election. Unfortunately it is the best pictorial paper in the country, and its excellence will force it upon the people. The New York *Evening Post* will not lose, for the very patent reason that it has very little to lose. But the other Republican papers which bolted Blaine in the East are sure to feel the effects of their course before long. The opposition of the New York *Tribune* to Grant in 1872 cost it most of its prosperity, and it only finally reëstablished itself in the late campaign.

*The Book Buyer* makes note of a curious discussion that lately took place in London. It was on the relative influence of the morning and afternoon paper. The experience and opinion of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the American ironmaster, formed an important basis for deciding the question. This gentleman owns no less than seventeen daily and weekly papers. They are said, altogether, to reach two million readers a day. Mr. Carnegie believes that the afternoon paper is far greater than the morning paper as a political power.

The impression seems somehow to have gone abroad that Mr. George William Curtis is the editor of *Harper's Monthly*, since it is well known that Mr. Curtis writes the "Easy Chair." This is, perhaps, not unnatural, but with this task Mr. Curtis's connection with the *Monthly* ends. The editor is Mr. Henry M. Alden, a man who shuns society. Singularly unaffected and modest in his manner, he has always managed to keep himself in the background. His sanctum in Franklin Square is an odd contrast to Mr. Gilder's gorgeous office in the *Century* rooms on Union Square. Mr. Gilder is protected from the manuscript people by an associate editor, Mr. R. M. Johnson; an assistant editor, Mr. C. C. Buel, and another assistant, Mr. William Cary.

*Wide Awake* says that "the Christmas and New Year's cards to be issued by L. Prang & Co. this year will exceed in beauty of design and artistic finish all former productions of this famed house. Varied and original is the treatment of the subjects, as is attested by the fact that the following-named leading artists have been collaborators in the work: Miss Dora Wheeler, Mrs. E. T. Fisher, Miss F. Bridges, Mrs. O. E. Whitney, Miss L. B. Cousins, Miss L. B. Humphrey, Mrs. M. B. Forster, Mrs. Sarah E. Whitman, H. Giacomelli, W. Hamilton Gibson, G. B. Le Faun, J. W. Champney, Walter Satterslee, A. Ladier, A. F. Bellows, W. L. Taylor, G. Sherwanjer White, Harry Beard, E. B. Bensell, J. T. Murphy, William H. Beard, and H. Winthrop Pierce."

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Why does a bald head remind one of heaven? Because it is a bright and shining spot, and there is no dyeing or parting there. —*Saratoga Eagle*.

A lawyer recently went into the surf to bathe, and encountered a huge shark. Their eyes met for an instant, when the shark blushed and swam out.—*Ex*.

On the scaffold: *Delinquent*—"No, no, don't cut my head off! Rather hang me, drown me, poison me—anything you like—only don't cut my head off; I can't bear the sight of blood!"—*Klatteradatsch*.

What is the difference between the man who is "transfixed with horror" and a leopard's tail? Answer—One is "rooted to the spot" and the other is spotted to the root. (P. S.—If the leopard's tail is not spotted to the root, this conundrum is declared off.)—*Norristown Herald*.

*Lord Heavydebts*—"I have got to do something, by Jove! and your tin is the needful, you know. I hate your beastly loud voice and manners, but, er—let's marry, you know."

*Miss Doubledollar*—"I like somebody else better; but just think of the style I could put on—well, I am your girl!"—*Life*.

Judge Tourgee, in turning over his latest book, "An Appeal to Cæsar," to his magazine creditors, remarked that between editing a weekly magazine and going to hell, he would select Satan's society. And yet most people who have never tried it labor under the delusion that editorial work may be classed among the lighter pastimes.—*Portrayer*.

The proprietor of a menagerie relates that one of his lions once had a thorn taken out of his paw by a French lieutenant in Algeria. The lion afterward ran over the list of officers belonging to the regiment of his benefactor, and out of gratitude devoured all those of superior grade to the lieutenant, who thereby found himself promoted to the rank of colonel.—*L'Illustration*.

"Some people," said Mrs. Sharpnale, "measure love by gold. I measure it by its quality."

"I measure it by quality," said meek little Mr. Sharpnale, in feeble tones; "I measure it by the peck."

"By the peck, you lunatic; what do you mean by that?"

"By the hen-peck," he gurgled hoarsely, and then all the rest of the night he wished he hadn't said it.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Julian Hawthorne says "E pluribus unum is too frivolous for a national motto; our national motto should be Noblesse oblige!" Front! Carry a new national motto up to Mr. Hawthorne's room; throw the old one into the alley. Anything else this morning, Mr. Hawthorne? No? Very well. Any time you want the Mississippi turned to empty into Lake Michigan, just ring, please. There's nothing you want that you can't have.—*Peck's Sun*.

"Do you print in two languages on that there press?" inquired a bucolic visitor, Wednesday, as he witnessed our big cylinder throwing off sheet after sheet of *Der Wanderer*.

"Oh, yes," cheerfully responded the pressman; "this is a 'two-revolution' press, and it prints Dutch in one of 'em."

This explanation seemed to satisfy the questioner, but it was noticed that he stood farther off from the machine after receiving it.—*Marquette Mining Journal*.

"Go to, villain!" said Lucius Arelius Sejanus, accosting Caius Sempronius Gracchus in a dive at the corner of the Appian Way and Orchard Street, just as the latter was disposing of a large-sized saddle-rock from Tarentum; "go to!"

"One at a time," calmly replied the Roman statesman, as he wiped the pepper-sauce off his mustache and winked at Scipio Africanus behind the bar.

Thus did the noble Roman rebuke foreign interference when he was taking his lunch.

"Father," asked the young son of Deacon Squibbs, "what is the difference between a man who dyes wool on lambs and a New York editor?"

"Well, now, really, my son," beaming benignly on his offspring, "I am not prepared to state. What is the difference?"

"Why, pa, one is a lamb dyer, and the other a"——

"What! what! my son!"

"New York editor," continued the youth, rolling his tongue around in his cheek.—*Ex*.

"Husband," said Mrs. Smith, the other night, fixing her eyes significantly on the seven-year-old pride of the family, "I am afraid you will have to correct Johnny; he has been a bad boy this afternoon."

*Husband* (glancing over his paper)—"What has he been doing?"

"He took his Shawineck rooster over to Mrs. Jones's, and Tom Jones got out his black Spanish, and they let the poor creatures fight for more than an hour."

*Husband* (straightening up)—"Which whipped?"—*Macon Telegraph*.

Skating Flirtation: Lying on your right side, "My heart is at your feet."

Standing on your nose, "I have no objection to a mother-in-law."

Lying on your back, "Assist me."

One leg in the air, "Catch me."

Two legs in the air, "Mashed."

One skate in your mouth, "Crushed again."

Hitting back of your head with your heel, "I am gone."

Suddenly placing your legs horizontally on the floor, like the letter V, indicates, "I am paralyzed."

Punching your neighbor in the stomach with your left foot, "I am on to your little game."

A backward flip of the heels and sudden cohesion of the knees to the floor indicates, "May I skate the next music with you?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

Scene: Refreshment room at railway station.

*Count H.*—"Waiter, bring me the bill of fare!" (Waiter does so.) "Is that all?"

*Waiter*—"Yes, sir."

*Count*—"Horrible! Bring me the wine list." (Waiter brings it.) "Is that all?"

*Waiter*—"Yes, sir."

*Count*—Horrible!"

A student who had overheard the above now called out:

*Student*—"Waiter, bring me the bill of fare." (Reads it.) "Is that all?"

*Waiter*—"Yes, sir."

*Student*—"Horrible! Bring me the wine list." (After reading it.) "Is that all?"

*Waiter*—"Yes, sir."

*Student*—"Horrible!"

Here Count H. gets up in a towering rage, and approaches the student.

*Count H.*—"Sir, are you aware who I am? I am Count H.!"

*Student*—"Is that all? *Horrible!*" (Tableaux).—*Rheinisch Westfälische Zeitung*.




Literary digestion has become so strong nowadays that the practiced reader can swallow the very toughest French novel without a protesting gulp. And these Frenchmen have an extraordinary talent at producing horrors. De Musset's "Rollo" almost pales before the dissections of Flaubert, Daudet, and Delpit, in what are called their "studies." But they do their work with the skill of such cunning craftsmen that none can help admiring as works of art these terrible revelations of the horrible in nature Being perfect of their kind, they should be allowed to stand as they are.

An artist should as soon think of painting trousers on the seven crucified sons in the great exposition picture, as a dramatist approach the fruition of a great French writer's idea with a heavy charge of squeamishness.

Perhaps this vandal squeamishness was never more thoroughly absurd than in the dramatization of "Coralie," as presented at the Baldwin under the name of "Felicia." Coralie, or Felicia, as you will, is represented in the original as one of the most thoroughly abandoned women in Paris. How completely abandoned is best indicated by her son's question in the famous interview between mother and son, a question which she can not answer, and a question which, in common decency, each one of the three dramatizers has been obliged to dodge. Nevertheless, it underlies every one's knowledge of the character, and when this, the worst woman of her day, is described merely as a flirt, the gentleness of the term is simply ridiculous, and weakens the whole structure with vapidity.

It is not intended that the sympathy should go with Coralie. She is not in any sense a victim. Delpit himself has made her, without extenuation, that horrible thing, a prudent Camille, a lorette who lays by the pennies of her wage against a rainy day. It is the one grace of the fallen woman that her hand gives freely, and Felicia "flirting" into a competency of a million francs or so, by careful saving, is not pleasant to think of. The sympathy is all intended for Captain John, whose bob-tailed name, poor fellow, is in itself enough to make one give him the passing tribute of a sigh as well as a suspicion. According to the eternal fitness of things, the loves of this young couple in France could never have been crowned with marriage. Delpit writes the book to show that the shame of a Coralie outlives her life and visits its consequences upon her children. He makes the marriage practically impossible, and then brings it about in order to round off his book comfortably. It is not thus these stories end in real life.

Some twenty years ago, or more, a leading citizen of San Francisco and his wife, finding themselves afflicted with that common disease, incompatibility of temper, resolved to separate. Of course, they were wealthy—incompatibility only prevails among the rich—and the wife took the children to Europe, to educate them. The girls were placed in a convent in France, and the boy at a school in Switzerland. The mother—mother-like—established herself in Switzerland, to be near the boy. Their vacations the children all passed together in their mother's Swiss home, and the girls often brought home with them a lonely young Californian girl who had passed her life, vacations and all, in the convent since her sixth year. Her mother, who was a widow, visited her every two years, and, at her last coming, had given her daughter permission to pass her vacations with her new friends. The natural result came about. The son of the house fell in love with the visitor. The two mothers were apprized, their consent asked and obtained, and the widow crossed the water an extra time to arrange the preliminaries in the foreign fashion. In the meantime it occurred to the leading citizen at home, who did not feel that he had been sufficiently consulted, that he would dare a few weeks of incompatibility, and see for himself what kind of a bride his son had picked up in this haphazard manner, the name of the rich widow, who was confessedly his townswoman, being unknown to him.

He did not take the pains to warn the family of his coming, but entered the gardens of their pretty home, near Geneva, one fine day, unannounced, and found his wife and the widow taking their afternoon coffee under the trees. Strangely enough both women jumped to their feet, crying out, "John, John, is it you?" in very different tones of alarm and disquietude. Suddenly the widow burst into a passion of tears, and fell at his feet crying, "Oh, John, I never meant to harm the children. I meant to send them word of my sudden death as soon after they were safely married as I could. For God's sake, never tell my child who she is!"

The widow was a San Franciscan Coralie, and the marriage never took place. She returned to her home, and lived her life and died her death, and though the story came to California, no one ever knew what became of her daughter. As for the divided married pair, perhaps they were even less compatible after this little event, for they still live divided lives. Their son is not yet married, nor is he suspected of carrying a broken heart in his breast.

In "Coralie" it is considered that the Gordian knot is cut by putting the thrifty Coralie into a convent. In "Felicia," while the lady ultimately seeks the sheltering cloister, she first knocks all the nonsense out of the Mornay family by proclaiming that M. Mornay's brother was an adulterer and the father of her child. This shocking and most unusual circumstance having been sufficiently established, Coralie turns her eyes up to heaven, like a holy St. Barbara, and gives the youngsters her most virtuous blessing.

The first cousins rush into each other's arms, leaving the audience with the impression that the late M. Mornay must have been a very naughty man indeed, and that though Felicia must have been just a little off-color, to use the vernacular, her "flirtations" have, upon the whole, ended very successfully.

It is, in short, such an utter distortion of Delpit's intention that M. Cazauran might just as well have invented a Felicia of his own.

The play, nevertheless, is in parts very well arranged. It is more palatable that Felicia should be driven to confession by the unconscious stress of legal questioning than that she should be forced to it by the sometime companion of her old life, and the interview between mother and son is arranged with great delicacy, yet with great strength. Miss Rose Eytinge and Mr. John Malone both play this scene quite impressively. The frost of time lying lightly upon Rose Eytinge's black locks, makes a handsomer woman of her than she was before; but her acting, as it always was, is tinged with affectation in the quieter parts. There is an affectation of meekness in the overdone gentleness of speech which over-reaches its intention, and suggests the sleeping Tartar in Felicia. There is an affectation of ease in the redundance of gesture with those pretty hands, and an affectation of domesticity in that long black silk working-apron. Felicia, with the theatric instinct of her class, selected the costume of a peasant woman of Auvergnat for her model, but corrected its becoming simplicity with the richness of her fabrics. But when Rose Eytinge begins to weep or her throat to choke with dry sobs, and the feeling of the moment to take full possession of her, she sheds her little artificialities and touches the heart. She is fairly supported. It is true that all the minor people fancy it to be their duty to be comedians, that Mr. Horace Vinton acts like a society villain of the most vindictive type while acquitting himself of a series of the most honorable and merciful sentiments, and that the family lawyer has a bad habit of coming to a full pause in the very midst of a sentence that has not so much as a comma stop in it. These, however, are but details. It was the verdict of Seattle that this was a perfect cast in a perfect play. A few degrees of latitude make vast differences in judgment.

Every one has his own idea of a Christmas play which shall be after his own heart. Some like the pantomime, some the spectacular, some are unhappy without the ballet, and more demand all three together.

But, as for me, give me George Wessels, with some Asiatic drapery, some Asiatic complexion, a curly sword, and a big, broad stage, and no one need say Merrie Christmas to tell me that the Christmas time is here. The man who wrote "Nana Sahib" must have had him in his eye. It is a pretty good melodrama, too—a great romantic military melodrama, I believe the bills call it—and it certainly is alive with trumpet calls and clash of arms. The auxiliaries are badly drilled, or, rather, they are not drilled at all; but with little painstaking, they could give a series of most magnificent tableaux. This beautiful, deep stage has been handsomely mounted, and with a good eye to effect, for each succeeding scene is arranged in tiers, galleries, balconies, staircases, everything to give full effect to numbers. The last, a quaint street, is particularly beautiful. Some of the costumes of the Sepoys, and even of the English soldiers, are indescribably dirty and unfit for use outside of a menagerie, but the principals, Mr. Wessels and Miss Rowellan, are arrayed with great splendor. Miss Rowellan as the Princess Djama looks very handsome, though not very Hindustanese, and plays the capricious Princess quite as well as it demands.

It has rather a curious effect when this beautiful Indian Princess in the warm India country is carried, on what appears to be a cutter without its runners, and well stocked with fur. But, as this is an historical play, an anachronism is imperative.

Mr. Wessels wears two costumes of great splendor, the most striking feature of which is a jeweled scabbard for his curly sword. His part is rich in opportunities for his specialties. He gnashes his white teeth at his enemies; he snaps his black eyes at his slavish countrymen; he calls everybody concerned picturesque elocutionary names, and he leaps and plunges about the stage in the full confidence that there is plenty of area for him, and that he is not likely to be suddenly obscured in the wings in one of his impassioned outbursts; and, lastly, he dies one of his pet deaths

As the English fire upon him, he retreats into the background some forty feet. From that distance he launches himself at the footlights in an extraordinary feat not unlike zampillaerostation minus the trapeze. With the eye of an expert, he takes in the distance to an inch, falls kerflop in the very reek of the lamps; gives three kicks, three jerks, three spasms, and, with a shout of defiance and one last warning shiver, stretches himself out dead. This is Christmas melodrama; this is Christmas Wessels. And it is delicious. Yet, though I could not patiently see another villain attempt one of these involved deaths, all the glory of Wessels is not in "Nana Sahib." His voice is missing. Whether it be that it is lost in the magnificent spaces of the opera-house, or that he has used it up in the legitimate, or that he has a bad cold, or that he contracted a fierce case of rant, his voice, which never failed him before, fails him now.

But there was a little fellow on hand with a voice big enough to atone for the deficiency—one Owen Dale, who is most palpably Barrett-struck.

His grammar is something delirious, and his elocution he has picked up by ear; but the little man has the stuff in him of which actors are made. He is in deep and deadly earnest, too, and honestly does his best. He needs to have the mysteries of the language unlocked to him, to burn the midnight oil faithfully and patiently in his apprenticeship, to labor and to wait, and of a truth there would seem to be a future shining somewhere for this humble little Thespian.

One naturally laughs at melodrama, its action is so exaggerated, its passions are so lurid, its every movement is so highly colored, and its exponents so aptly fitted to these flaming effects. Yet if they were a degree more moderate we should not enjoy melodrama half so well.

Every branch of the mimic art has its technique. What effect could Signor Valjean give his juggling without his pirouettes and twirls, or Frank Bush give his imitations without returning his face to abnormal gravity between the changes? And talking of these variety people, I picked up a programme the other night which some one had already marked thus:

Frank H. and Lillian White in their original comic sketch entitled "The New Coachman." (Nasty.)

Valjean, the phenomenal artist extraordinary. (Very good.)

Pat Reilly, the artistic entertainer, (Very clever.)

The Fletcher trio in roller skating. (Very graceful.)

Miss Isabel Ward in a musical melange. (Very tiresome.)

The Fieldings, in their original sketch, "Josh Z. Beck." (Very, very bad.)

The Olympia Quartet as "The Independent Colored Cadets." (Sing badly; drill very well.)

Frank Bush, mimic and character artist. (Capital.)

Mlle. Jeanette Dornia. (Teeth like an office-holder.)

Signor Famer Rigoli. (Needs dropping *à la* Leona Dare.)

The Two Barneys in "The O'Grady's Début." (Good Irish—tedious sketch.) BETSY B.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Alice Harrison has at last recovered her health, and will soon resume acting.

J. K. Tillotson will shortly have three "Lynwood" companies on the road.

The New York *Life* alludes to the play, "Triplets," as "a domestic tragedy."

"Shadows of a Great City" is to be produced here in the latter part of January.

The New York *Mirror* announces that Lillie Grubb is married to Dave Hayman.

C. B. Bishop is at present in New Orleans, playing in Daly's "Wooden Spoon."

Seats for the Patti nights in New York were to be obtained easily and abundantly at three dollars apiece.

N. D. Long will remain in the city until the departure of the "Mayblossom" Company, with which he returns East.

It is said that Alexandre Dumas intends crossing the Channel to see Mary Anderson, and will there write a play for her.

Lord Lytton accuses the London critics of having been bought over to Mary Anderson with unlimited chicken and champagne.

Billy Emerson's World's Fair Minstrels have gone to the California for a brief season, prior to their departure for New Orleans.

Manager Bert has been "painting the town red," at least a portion of it; the Grand Opera House has a vermilion front now.

John Howson will go on the road with his sister, Emma Howson, in a musical comedy called "Straws," written by Clay M. Greene.

Henry Irving has purchased a play from Henry Guy Carleton, editor of *Life* and author of "Victor Durand," for twelve thousand five hundred dollars.

The latest London success is "The Candidate," an adaptation of "Le Député de Bombignac," by Justin H. McCarthy, M. P., son of the celebrated historian.

Miss Alfa Norman left the Carleton company at St. Louis, and speaks of organizing an English opera company for next season, with Clara Louise Kellogg's old repertoire.

The Allen Sisters seem to have bettered their lot considerably by going East. Louise is playing the title rôle in the Kiralfy's "Sieba," and Rica also has a prominent part.

Mrs. Victoria Morosini-Schelling is taking a course of "Acting in Six Weeks without a Master." She will make her début in Odette, at the Globe Theatre, Boston, about March 1st.

Strangely enough, "Rigoletto" was given by the Milan (C. L. S.) Opera Company in Boston on the same night that Edwin Booth played "The Fool's Revenge" at the Boston Museum.

Nelson Decker, who was a member of the California Theatre stock company in Tom Keene's managerial days, is going to England in a few days to rejoin his wife and retire from the stage.

Emma Nevada and Colonel Mapleson have had a disagreement, the result of which is that he has sued her for ten thousand dollars for breach of contract. At free advertising the Colonel is a daisy.

Mr. E. J. Henley, the English actor whose Duke d'Azeglio was the "hit" of Robert Buchanan's unsuccessful play, "Constance," is a brother of Mr. W. E. Henley, the editor of the *Magazine of Art*.

Marie Jansen returned two weeks ago from England, where she has met with considerable success. She will go back again in the spring, however, as she is under engagement to Charles Wyndham.

"The Private Secretary" will be revived at the Baldwin for the holiday week, beginning next Monday. The cast will remain the same as before, except that William Lloyd will play Douglas Cattermole.

We have just narrowly escaped having "Hazel Kirke" sent out to us once again. The powers that be have concluded to give us a reprieve till next February, in order that Mr. Couldock may take a rest in some other parts.

The Private Secretary in New York is an English actor, especially imported for the production of the comedy. The part of Douglas Catermole, evidently considered one of importance in New York, is played by Herbert Kelcey, one of the male professional beauties among the English actors. This part will be taken by Mr. Lloyd in the revival of "The Secretary," at the Baldwin, next week.

The Milan Opera Company are still in bad luck. It becomes more and more evident that the people do not care for operatic music east of the Rocky Mountains. Their latest manager has lost twenty-five thousand dollars on them.

A new end-man and comedian will appear at the Standard Theatre next week in the person of Matt. Wheeler. The bill concludes with Reed and Seamon's new farce, "I X L, or the Private Secretary's Dinner with Nana Sahib."

William Emerson has decided not to take his World's Fair Minstrel Company to New Orleans just yet, as the theatrical managers want too great a percentage. He will spend the two holiday weeks in this city, at the California Theatre.

To-morrow (Sunday, December 21st) evening, at the California Theatre, will be given the last performance of the year of the French Theatre. The bill will be "Les Domestiques Peints par Eux-Mêmes," an operetta in three acts by Thiboust and Grangé.

Although he has been a dramatist and manager for several years, Leonard Grover first went on the stage as an actor less than two years ago, being nearly fifty years old at the time; but he has made a marked success of the old man in "The Private Secretary."

A Miss Rita Stanford, of San Francisco, who will be remembered as having played a brief engagement in "Whims," at the Bush Street Theatre, has joined the "Adamless Eden" company, in New York. She has already made a reputation as a professional beauty.

Emma Abbott will open the season in the opera of "Semiramide," which she has added to her repertoire since last season. Miss Annandale, who sings Arsace, visited California in the earlier stages of her operatic career, but sang no such important rôle as this, which is one of the most exigent in contralto music, and a favorite part with Scalchi.

"I must be gittin' along." "She learned me this last week." "I fear neither you nor he." "I never doubted but what you would." "I ran acrost him." "Gawd will reward you." "My ambition is well foundered." These half dozen specimens of the language in current use at our theatres are selected at random from some twenty-five noted down during the week.

A young woman coming out of the Grand Opera House was heard to express her contempt for the author of "Nana Sahib," the other night in no measured terms. "The very idea," quoth this young woman, "of a man writing a play and not having any better sense than to kill the hero! And if he had to kill him, why didn't he kill her too? What is she going to do, away off there on one side of the stage by herself?" As the purlieus of Third Street made no response, the young woman bundled her indignation into a North Beach car, and went home to reconstruct "Nana Sahib."

A gentleman, newly arrived from the East, reports that the entire conflict between Mapleson and Mademoiselle Nevada is an advertising dodge, in order to give prominence to that young lady, who has become his principal attraction now that Patti has withdrawn from the New York engagement. Mapleson is also said to be relying once more upon his San Francisco engagement to recuperate him for his New York losses. He has already five tenors in his troupe but he will bring Giannini and possibly Mestres with him. In the latter case he may leave Scalchi behind.

Here is what an hysterical Parisian poet has written about Mary Anderson in Juliet's balcon

"Votre balcon, Mary, est d'une architecture
Qui du passant artiste attire le regard;
Sa forme est merveilleuse, et sa riche sculpture
Semble un morceau daté des meilleurs jours de l'art
Un jeune Amour païen, d'une espiègle figure,
Supporte le balustre en aignisant un dard
Qui, toujours menaçant, fera quelque blessure;
Et vous le guérirez Mary. Tôt ou tard.
Un malheureux attint par l'aiguillon de flamme;
Aux soupirs de la nuit mêlant ceux de son âme,
Viendra sous ce balcon: et comme Roméo,
L'escalade permis, à vos pieds, Juliette,
Il attendra cette heure ou chante l'alouette,
Cette heure des adieux, qui vient toujours si tôt."

It is respectfully submitted to the company now playing at the Baldwin that not one of them pronounces the name of the heroine of their piece correctly. The gentleman who essays the Italian accent is reminded that the Italian name is "Felice," and not "Felichia." The gentleman who trifles with an attempted French accent is reminded that the French name is "Félicie," and not "Felicia" Every one is reminded that "Felicia," as it is written, is a plain English name with a plain English pronunciation—a long worn with honor in its simple English form by a distinguished English poetess, and does not appear in the English shape other than as "Felicia."

Returning to San Francisco in one week more Emma Abbott will bring a company containing most of those who supported her last season, and a number of others as well. She will present the best of the repertory given last winter, with the addition of "Semiramide," "Traviata," "Lucia," "Barber of Séville," "Carmen," "Heart and Hand," and other operas. Among the new faces will be that of the American prima donna, Laura Bellini, who has been on the Italian operatic stage for four years. Miss Annandale, a contralto of some fame, is with the company, and so are the two former favorites, Campobello and Tagliapietra, as well as Castle, Fabrini, Broderick, and Allen. Signor Tomasi will direct the music. The season will open with an opera not often produced, Rossini's "Semiramide," the first ambitious work the company has yet produced. "Martha" will follow; then "Mignon"—in which Laura Bellini in the part of Filina, Annandale as Frederick, and the rest of the cast the same as last season—will be sung Wednesday. On New Year's day, the two ballad operas, "Bohemian Girl" and "Maritana," will be sung. "Traviata" will be the attraction for Friday, and "Heart and Hand," Lecocq's famous comic opera, will close the first week of the Abbott season. Mr. Hayman announces that the sale of seats will begin next Tuesday morning.

## THE INNER MAN.

### THE GRIDIRON—A PINDARIC ODE.

[The following ode was found in manuscript, in Southey's desk, after his death. It was never finished; but the eleven completed stanzas sufficiently indicate its character; and the additional unfinished verses almost make it a perfect composition. It is seldom printed—even in the Laureate's complete works—and may therefore be regarded as almost *inedit*.]

1.

Broiling is best; bear witness, bear witness, gods and men!
Awake my pen;
Promoted from some goose or gander's pinion
To be the sceptre wherewithal I sway
The muses' wide dominion!
And thou, my spirit, for a loftier flight
Than ere the Theban eagle gained, prepare;
Win with strong impulse thine ethereal way,
Till from the upper air,
Subjected to thy sight,
Regions remote and distant ages lie,
And thine unbounded eye
All things that are on earth or were in time descry.

2.

Broiling is best; from Jove begin the strain,
High-thundering Jupiter, to whom belong
The Gridiron and the song.
Whence came the glorious gridiron upon earth?
O daughter of Mnemosyne, relate
When, where, and how the idea uncreate,
That from all ages in the all-teeming mind
Had slept confined,
Received in happy hour its formal birth.
Say, Muse, for thou canst tell
Whate'er to gods or men in earliest days befell;
Nor hath oblivion in her secret cell,
Wherein with miserly delight
For aye by stealth,
She haps her still accumulating wealth,
Aught that is hidden from thy searching sight.

3.

'Twas while the Olympian gods
Were wont among yet uncorrupted nations
To make from time to time their visitations,
Disdaining to leave their high abodes
And feast with mortal men.
To Britain were the heavenly guests convened;
Its nymphs and sylvan gods assembled then
From forest and from mountain,
From river, mere, and fountain;
Thither Saturnian Jove descended;
With all his household duties attended;
And Neptune, with the oceanic train,
To meet them in his own loved isle,
Came in his sea-car sailing o'er the main.
In joy, that day, the heavens appeared to smile,
The dimpled sea to smile in joy was seen,
In joy the billows leaped to kiss the land;
Yea, joy like sunshine filled the blue serene,
Joy smoothed the waves, and sparkled on the sand;
Winds, woods, and waters, sung with one consent;
The cloud-compelling Jove made jovial weather,
And earth, and sea, and sky rejoiced together.

4.

The sons of Britain then his hearty hosts,
Brought forth the noble beef that Britain boasts,
To please, if please they might, their mighty guest.
And Jove was pleased for he had visited
Men who on fish were fed,
And those who made of milk their only food,
A feeble race, with children's meat content,
Whey-blooded, curd-complexioned. But this sight
Awakened a terrestrial appetite
That gladdened his dear heart. The chief
Of gods and men approving viewed
The Britons and their beef;
His head ambrosial in benignant mood
He bent, and with a jocund aspect blest
The brave Boöphagi, and told them broiled was best.

5.

He touched his forehead then,
Pregnant this happy hour with thought alone,
Not riving with parturient throbs, as when
Panoplied Pallas, struggling to come forth,
Made her astonished mater-pater groan,
And call on Vulcan to release the birth.
He called on Vulcan now, but 'twas to say
That in the fire and fume-eructant hill
The sweltering Cyclops might keep holiday,
For his own will divine,
Innihilant of delay,
Should with creative energy fulfill
The auspicious moment's great intent benign.
So spake the All-maker, and before the sound
Of that announcement voice had passed away,
Behold upon the ground,
Self-formed, for so it seemed, a gridiron lay.

6.

It was not forged by unseen hands,
Anticipant of Jove's commands,
Work worthy of applause,
And then through air invisibly conveyed,
Before him upon Earth's green carpet laid.
Jove in his mind conceived it, and it was;
But though his plastic thought
Shaped it with handle, feet, and bars, and frame,
Deem not that he created it of naught;
Nothing can come of nothing; from the air
The ferrean atoms came;
The air, which, poising our terraqueous ball,
Feeds, fosters, and consumes, and reproduces all.

7.

Now the perfect steak prepare!
Now the appointed rites begin!
Cut it out from the pinguid rump,
Not too thick and not too thin;
Somewhat to the thick inclining,
Yet the thick and thin between,
That the gods, when they are dining,
May commend the golden mean.
Ne'er till now have they been blessed
With a beefsteak duly dressed;
Ne'er till this auspicious morn
When the gridiron was born.

8.

Gods and demigods alertly
Vie in voluntary zeal:
All are active, all are merry,
Aiding, as they may, expertly,
Yet in part the while experimentally the expected meal.
Then it was that called to birth,
From the bosom of the earth,
By Apollo's moving lyre,
Stones bituminous and black,
Ranged themselves upon the hearth,
Ready for Hephæstus' fire;
While subjacent fagots crack,
Folds of fog-like smoke aspire,
Till the flames with growing strength
All impediment subdue,
And the jetty gloss at length
Is exchanged for Vulcan's hue.
Now with salt the embers strew,
In faint explosion burning blue.
All offending fumes are gone,
Set, oh, set the gridiron on!

9.

But who is she that there
From Jove's own brain hath started into life?
Red are her arms, and from the elbow bare;
Clean her close cap, white and light,
From underneath it not a hair
Struggles to offend the sight.
A fork bidented, and a trenchant knife,
She wields. I know thee! I know thee now.
Heiress of culinary fame;
Clothed with preëxistence thou!
Dolly of the deathless name!
Thy praise in after days shall London speak,
O kitchen queen,
Of pearly forehead thou, and ruby cheek!
And many a watery mouth thy chops will bless,
Unconscious they and thou alike, I ween.
That thou hadst thus been ante-born to dress
For Jupiter himself the first beefsteak.

10.

O muse divine, of Jove's own line, expound
That wonderful and ever-only birth
Like which the womb of possibility
(Ay, and all-teeming though it be)
Hath brought no second forth.
What hand but thine, O muse divine, can sound
The depth of mysteries profound
Sunk in arcanal ages and in night?
What but thy potential sight,
Piercing high above all height,
Reach them in the abyss of light?

11.

It were ignorance or folly
To compare this first-born Dolly
With Athenè ever young;
Gray-eyed, grave, and melancholy,
In her strength and in her state,
When from her cranial egg the goddess sprung
Full-fledged, in adamantine arms carnate.
Verily produced was she
In her immortality;
This Dolly was a fantastic birth; or, rather, manifestation soon to be
Revoked into nonentity.

* * * * *

(Thus far, apparently, the ode is completed; that which follows is transcribed from loose slips of paper.)

Anticipating all her wishes,
Spirits came with plates and dishes.
Can more be needed? Yes, and more is here.
Swifter than a shooting star,
One to distant Malabar
Speeds his way, and in a trice,
Brings the pungent Indian spice.
Whither hath Erin's guardian genius fled?
To the Tupinamban shore
This tutelary power hath sped;
Earth's good apples thence he bore,
One day destined to abound
On his own Hibernian ground,
Parties to be entitled then,
Gift of gods to Irishmen.

* * * * *

And strike with thunder from my starry seat
Those who divorce the murphies from the meat.

* * * * *

Bring me no nectar, Hebe, now,
Nor thou, boy Ganymede!
He said, and shook his smiling brow,
And bade the rock with porter flow—
The rock with porter flowed.
Not such as porter long hath been
In these degenerate days, I ween;
But such as oft, in days of yore,
Dean of St. Peter's, in thy yard,
Though doors were double locked and barred,
I quaffed as I shall quaff no more;
Such as loyal Whitbread old,
Father of the brewers bold,
From his ample casks preferred
When he regaled the King, the good
King George the third.

* * * * *

For more than silver or than gold
The honest pewter pot he prized
And drank his porter galvanized.

* * * * *

Teetotalers, avaunt! and ye who feed,
Like grubs and snails, on root, or stem, or weed;
Nor think
That by such diet and such drink
Britain should rule the main.

---

That white elephant, the *Great Eastern*, is, after so long a time, again to be utilized, this time as a hotel. Some enterprising parties have hired her for a year for twenty-five thousand dollars, and are going to take her to New Orleans for the Exposition, where she will be used as a large floating restaurant. She will be fitted out in England with waiters and stores, and will contain, among other dainties, some twenty-four thousand bottles of champagne, and other things will be provided on the same scale. There will be a table d'hôte, and the staterooms will be let out to lodgers. The novelty of the idea will, without doubt, make this clever scheme a great success.

---

Representative J. Randolph Tucker, the intimate friend of Garfield, relates that the latter once asked him if he knew where the motto, "E pluribus unum," came from. Tucker admitted that he did not. "Well," said Garfield, "it comes from a description in Horace of the preparation of a Roman salad"; and he turned to it. There, sure enough, was the list of ingredients, and the remark that the result was "e pluribus unum."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. Burnand, the editor of *Punch*, has eleven unmarried daughters.

Senator Mahone, of Virginia, has brought suit against the Southern Telegraph Company, in a business complication involving the sum of $2,500,000.

Mrs. Kate Sprague Chase, the daughter of Chief Justice Chase, is now residing at Fontainebleau, France, devoting herself to the education of her family.

Maud Branscombe, who is believed to have sat before more photograph cameras than any living woman, is to be married at Christmas to a Mr. Crabbe, of England.

James G. Blaine is said to have made two hundred thousand dollars out of his book so far. When the second volume is ready in May, he will go to Europe for a rest and vacation.

A search of the parish register at Windsor, England, for traces of Hawthorne's ancestry, has resulted in the discovery of the following record: "Baptism 1631, Nathaniel, son of Nathaniel Hawthorne."

The Prince of Naples, King Humbert's heir, a lad of fifteen, is weak in mind and body. His parents are first cousins. His greatest accomplishment is talking English, which he learned from English nurses and governesses.

Mrs. General Custer is said to have several times had the nape of her neck and side line of the head taken in photographs for admiring friends, who declare them to be of classic proportions rarely found except on a sculptured form.

Miss Nellie Arthur, assisted by a daughter of Chief-Justice Waite, is busily engaged in raising the funds for a Christmas dinner for a crowd of poor children in Washington, who were the beneficiaries of the same more-favored children last year.

If one has to be a private secretary and work for a living, let him choose a great man for his superior. Montague Corry was private secretary to Benjamin Disraeli, and when the great Jew left the premiership to become Earl of Beaconsfield and enter the House of Lords he made plain young Corry into Baron Rowton, and gave him a seat by his side.

Vera Figuier is one of the Nihilists lately condemned to death at St. Petersburg. She is described as of rare beauty. She is twenty-seven years of age, and has been active in all Nihilistic conspiracies since 1878. It was she who, with Sophie Perowskaja, succeeded in starting the propaganda in the army, and organizing terrorist societies in several regiments, including the Sixteenth Grenadiers. It is believed that the Czar will commute the death sentence.

The inside history of the ambition of the Marquis of Lorne to become lord-lieutenant of Ireland is most probably his ambition to get away from England and the Prince of Wales. The latter has a strong dislike for his brother-in-law, which dislike is said to have been the principal reason Lorne was made governor-general of Canada. It is admitted that Lorne's political prospects were ruined by his marriage with Princess Louise, and, with the future King of England an enemy, it appears that even the lot of a queen's son-in-law is not always a happy one.

Lord Rossmore, who inherited his title and fortune only the other day, from a brother who broke his neck in a steeple-chase, has not found the turf much kinder to himself. This is unfortunate, for he is nearly as handsome as was his brother, who lived long enough to cause a dreadful esclandre at a ball at Marlborough House, when one "professional beauty" fainted dead away with rage and jealousy at witnessing the attention he paid to another "P. B." There was an awful fuss and row, of course. The Princess of Wales behaved charmingly, but the Prince was in a great rage with the "horrid woman" who spoiled the ball.

Leopold II., King of the Belgians and President of the African Association, in regard to whose affairs the Congo Conference is now in session in Berlin, is a full cousin to Queen Victoria, his father, Leopold I., having been the "convenient relative" who brought around the love-match between the young Queen and Prince Albert. Leopold II. is six feet tall, wears a full, dark beard, and has small, black eyes, so close together that there is scarcely room for his nose between them. Like Humbert, of Italy, he is very popular with his subjects, and mingles freely among them. When upon the streets unattended, as he often is, he wears a dark blue broadcloth suit, the coat of which has a full skirt and is belted at the waist, and a jaunty cap, upon the front of which appears the Brabantian lion in gold, with small diamond eyes.

To show what the Harvard annex is doing, it may be well to cite the cases of some of its graduates. Miss Gregory is a professor in the natural history department of Bryn Mawr College, near Philadelphia. Another young lady, who will be graduated next spring, will the following year attend lectures at Oxford. Miss Byrd is professor of mathematics at Carleton College, Minnesota, and had charge of the Observatory of the Time Service when the changes were made which the adoption of the standard time rendered necessary. The operation is said to be one requiring much knowledge, skill, and delicacy; but Miss Byrd performed it successfully. She gained all her practical knowledge in the Cambridge Observatory under Professor Pickering, while she was a student at the Harvard annex. Another graduate was for a time a professor in Washburn College, Topeka, Kansas, and is now in charge of the history department at Bradford Academy, in Massachusetts. It seems strange that woman, who has done so much to found or strengthen colleges for men, should not give more help to the cause of education for women. Mr. Durant founded Wellesley; Mr. Matthew Vassar, the college of that name. Smith is the only college for women which was founded by a woman. A few generous gifts would insure for the annex a perpetual existence and open to women the benefits of a Harvard education.

W. E. GRAVES. J. W. ROLPH. F. M. PRINDLE.

**F. M. PRINDLE & CO.,**
**14 Post Street, S. F.**
Jewelry and Fine Stationery,
Elegant Plush Cases,
Christmas and New Year's Cards.

**ELEGANT GOODS**
**FOR CHRISTMAS!**
CHRISTMAS CARDS IN GREAT VARIETY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
JUVENILE GIFT BOOKS,
POCKET CUTLERY,
GOLD PENS,
ELEGANT PURSES,
RUSSIA LEATHER GOODS,
Marcus Ward's Irish Linen Writing Papers.

We have this year made large Importations of a great variety of goods direct from the Eastern States and Europe, and will be pleased to show our goods, and have customers compare OUR PRICES with those of other similar goods in the market.

**COOPER'S BOOKSTORE,**
746 Market Street.

**GREGOIRE, TAUZY & CO.,**
No. 6 Post Street, San Francisco.

**HOLIDAY BOOKS**
Christmas and New Year Cards,
**ALBUMS.**
Foreign Books a Specialty.
STORE OPEN EVENINGS.

**W. GRUENHAGEN & CO.,**
Manufacturers of FINE CANDIES, pay special attention to Quality, Flavor, and Purity in the making of their Candies. Call early and avoid the rush.

Best place in town to get your
**CHRISTMAS CANDIES.**
No. 20 Kearny Street.

**THE LOUVRE**
BRANCH, EDDY AND POWELL STREETS.
Imported and Eastern Beers, Lunches, Dinners, etc. Family Resort.
JULIUS GRUEN. MAX VOGELSANG.

**ELITE BOUQUET**
—AND—
**PECK'S PREMIUM PERFUMES,**
(ALL ODORS).

**GERSTER GLOVES!**
Elegant, Perfect-fitting, and Durable,
....AT....
**I. KEINER'S, 32 KEARNY ST.**

**THE HALL TYPE-WRITER**
Cheapest---Simplest---Best.
It does better work and in greater variety than any other Type-Writer. Six copies at once by a new manifolding device. Price less than half that of other writers.

**THE PAPYROGRAPH,**
The best copying process in the market. From three hundred to two thousand copies from a single original.
Agency for the Pacific Coast for the above, Room 34, No. 123 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

### THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

**A Pomological "Poem."**

Plum at her face his glance he aimed,
In pear of loving eyes it dips,
Sweeter than nectar ene the kiss
He garners from her cherry lips;
Warm is the currant of his thought,
Vainly he gages her reply,
As with this peach his tongue o'erdrips—
"You are the apple of my eye."

If she'd banana way inclined
To let the man-go from her side—
If sh'addock-casion then to wish
Her papaw in to tan his hide,
She'd'ated very much indeed
To fig-ure out a speech that let
Her tongue thus-tamarind-elight,
"Well, lime enraptured, you can bet."
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

**The Usual Way.**

"From hand to mouth," he gayly said,
And pressed her dainty finger tips,
Which salutation quickly led
To one upon her perfect lips,
As fair as roses in the South,
"From hand to mouth."

So she was won, and so was he;
'Twas something like a year ago,
And now they both are one, you see,
Although which one I hardly know.
They're living somewhere in the South,
"From hand to mouth."
—*Rehoboth Sunday Herald.*

**A Dudelet's Verselets.**

A sparklet of quick electricity,
A raylet of winning felicity,
A chunklet of fresh domesticity,
A typelet of beauty most rare.
The Dudelet must quail at the sight of you,
Be struck by the eyelets so bright of you,
And floored by the witching delight of you,
At winning the smiles of the fair.

Your voicelet's a jewel phonetical,
Your gaitlet a movement poetical,
Your limblet a marvel symmetrical,
Your figurelet fit for a queen.
My mindlet is lost to urbanity,
My brainlet possessed by insanity,
My tonguelet inclined to profanity,
That ever your facelet I've seen.

And now a good-byelet resignative,
My motivelet, though not defineative,
Is no less of passionlet's signative,
The prooflets that I am bewitched.
These mashlets are quite a new thing to me,
And if these my verselets don't bring to me
A notelet from she who did sing to me,
An oathlet I vow, I am ditched.

**A Tale of a Dog.**

A woman stood at a garden gate,
Sing hey for the distant spreading sail!
Sing hey for the dog that hurried by,
With a kettle tied to his tail.

Her neighbor's dog was an écru cur,
Ah, me! and the kettle was new and bright;
And the woman laughed in a rippling key,
Sing hey, 'twas a mournful sight!

"Now, why such haste, good neighbor?" she cried;
"Why after the cur of the ochre tint?"
But the good man ran, and the language he used
Was entirely unfit for print.

And a youth stood by as the good dame laughed,
And the twain together made mirth the while,
"Oh, isn't it funny?" she said, she said,
He answered: "Well, I should smile."

Then the stripling wandered a space apart,
And dropped his eye ere he turned and fled;
(The dog and the kettle were leagues away).
"The kettle is your'n," he said.
—*Unknown Liar.*

**Rondeau.**

Love will come back across the waste of years
With smile—so mocking in the long ago—
A-weary of his wandering to and fro,
Where tender feet left crimson prints in snow,
And tender eyes grew dim; a-thrall with fears
If round his neck fond arms again may grow.
Love will come back.

The poet paused, then suddenly cried: "Blow
The rhyming dictionary and the jeers
Of critics at my chestnuts; now I know
Where I can work them off; hip, hip, three cheers.
Love will come back!"
—*J. P. Bocock in Philadelphia News.*

**Horace, Ode IV., XI., 44.**

Lydia, let Crœsus, he whose coffers swell,
Present to you the alluring caramel;
Let him the pony-phaeton prompt provide,
When your imperial fancy deigns to ride;
His be the gleaming circlet round your neck,
Whose whiteness shows a pearl a sooty fleck;
His be the glittering bracele on your wrist,
Where hungry golden adders writhe and twist;
His gift your pug, warm-blanketed with red,
By his own coachman to its airing led;
His the dull task in converse to engage
Your mother—they are nearly of an age.

Mine the quick glance from out the covert eyes,
Aimed at a heart in such deep language wise;
Mine the soft pressure of your meaning hand,
The while you make Sir Crœsus's coupé stand;
Mine the low word, the blush upon your cheek;
The comprehended thought we need not speak;
Mine the sly signal in the half-lit hall;
Mine the umbrella there—and, most of all,
Mine the dark corner that your eyes make bright,
In the maternal parlor, Sunday night. —*Puck.*

Miss Irving, niece of Washington Irving, has offered to the class of '85, for the Princeton College class ivy at the coming commencement, a slip from an ivy which was planted by that famous author's own hand. The original plant came from Sir Walter Scott's home at Abbottsford.


JOS. FIGEL
211 MONTGOMERY ST. S.F.
Offers the
LATEST STYLES
.....OF.....
CLOTHING
.....AND.....
FURNISHING GOODS
FOR GENTS AND BOYS,
READY MADE and MADE TO MEASURE at
REDUCED PRICES.
A Full Line of Desirable Suitings in our Merchant Tailoring Department

THE GOLDEN STATE

This elegantly appointed five-story private boarding-house, now known as "THE GOLDEN STATE," located at 725 Pine Street, between Stockton and Powell, which has been thoroughly renovated and refitted, supplied with elevator, American District telegraph, and all other modern conveniences, is now open for the reception of guests. All the rooms are sunny, commanding a view of the bay and city which is unsurpassed. The table will be supplied with the best the market affords, and will be strictly first-class. Parties desiring to locate for the winter in elegant apartments, easily accessible to Kearny Street, only two blocks distant, will find this their objective point. Parties calling soon can secure a choice of rooms.
☞ Baths free to the guests.

GAS STOVES!
FOR PARLORS AND BEDROOMS.
DAVID BUSH, 316 Sutter Street

SEWER GAS!
A REMEDY GUARANTEED.
DAVID BUSH, 316 Sutter Street.

PURE WATER!
SANITARY WATER FILTERS.
DAVID BUSH, 316 Sutter Street.

Hunyadi János
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER LAXATIVES.
"SPEEDY, SURE & GENTLE."
Prof. Roberts, F.R.C.P., London.
The most certain and comfortable cathartic in cases of constipation and sluggish liver or piles.
Ordinary Dose, a Wineglassful before breakfast.
Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.
NONE GENUINE BUT WITH THE BLUE LABEL.
For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.
No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.
General Shipping and Commission
MERCHANTS,
309 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
24 Post St., San Francisco
COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, PENMANSHIP AND TELEGRAPHY.
F. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.
☞ SEND FOR CIRCULAR. ☜

FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL
FOR 1885
INVALUABLE TO ALL!
Will be mailed FREE to all applicants and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains illustrations, prices, descriptions and directions for planting all Vegetable and Flower SEEDS, BULBS, etc.
D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT Mich.

EDUCATIONAL.

MISS BISBEE'S SCHOOL
FOR YOUNG LADIES,
1020 Oak Street, Oakland, Cal will re-open Wednesday, January 5, 1885.

IRVING INSTITUTE, 1036 Valencia St., SAN FRANCISCO. The next session will begin Monday January 5, 1885. For catalogue or information, address REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A. M., Principal.

CITY COLLEGE.
119 Haight St. Next term opens Monday, January 5th, 1885. REV. JAMES MATTHEWS, D.D., Principal.

HOPKINS ACADEMY
OAKLAND, CAL.
REV. H. E. JEWETT, Principal.
The School Year begins TUESDAY, January 6th, 1885.

THE HARMON SEMINARY
BERKELEY, CAL.
A boarding and day school for young ladies. The next term will begin January 6, 1885. For Catalogues or other information, address
THE MISSES HARMON, Berkeley, Cal., Or E. J. WICKSON, 414 Clay St., S. F.

BARNARD'S Business College, 37 Post St., S. F.
Diploma of Mechanics' Fair, 1884, awarded to this College.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL for GIRLS
Will re-open Monday, August 3d.
Temporary location, 1001 Sutter Street, corner of Hyde.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!!
And we are selling the following goods CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE CITY:
Table and Pocket Cutlery,
Ladies' Scissors Sets,
Ladies' Embroidery Sets,
Ladies' Manicure Sets,
Ladies' and Gents' Dressing Cases,
And hundreds of other articles for Holiday Presents.
Also, OUR OWN MAKE OF
GUARANTEED CARVING SETS,
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
WILL & FINCK, Leading Cutlers,
769 Market Street, opposite Fourth.

Steinway & Son's, Kranich & Bach, | Ernest Gabler, and C. Roenisch
PIANOS!
M. GRAY, 206 POST ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

STORE YOUR FURNITURE
Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.
BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH
J. H. MOTT & CO.,
735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco
Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

Contract for Fall and Winter Supply
....OF....
COAL
For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons Prices furnished on application. CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street. Telephone 308

FINEST PHOTOS IN THE CITY
....AT THE ..
IMPERIAL GALLERY,
724½ Market Street.

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY
OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET.
Works.....Potrero.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!
The Light-running
"HOUSEHOLD"
SEWING MACHINE.

Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to three months' trial.
Samuel Hill Estate
CITY SALES ROOMS,
634 Market St.
Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

JOE POHEIM,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Makes the best-fitting clothes in the State at 25 per cent. less than any other tailor in the city.
Business Pants made to order from..$ 6.00
Business Suits from..... 25.00
Dress Pants from..... 8.00
Dress Suits from..... 30.00
Other garments in proportion. The best of workmanship and trimming guaranteed. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free to any address on application to
JOE POHEIM,
203 Montgomery, 724 Market,
1110 & 1112 Market, and 11 & 13 Turk St.

W. R. STRONG & CO.
SACRAMENTO.


Wholesale Fruit and Commission Dealer
Consignments solicited.

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in world.

CALIFORNIA
ELECTRO PLATING WORKS
657 MISSION STREET,
Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating on all Metals.
Table Ware repaired and plated at the lowest rates. Copy Plates silver plated for saving gold. All work in our line guaranteed. KEATING & FAGAN, Proprietors

J. C. MERRILL & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H.

FALL STYLE HATS
Now ready and introduced by
HERRMANN THE HATTER.
The Largest Hat Store on the Coast.
332, 336 KEARNY STREET,
Between Bush and Pine Streets, San Francisco.
☞ Steam Factory connected with Establishment: Belden St. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free.

REMOVAL
MRS. DR. BEIGHLE has removed to 618 EL... STREET. Galvanic Healer. Natural Bath... Diagnosis without questioning. Hours, 1 to 4; L... and Children only.

ALASKA
COMMERCIAL CO.
No. 310 SANSOME STREET,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN FUR...

WALL PAPER...
FRESCOING,
INTERIOR DECORATI...
WINDOW SHADES.
G. W. CLARK & C...
645 and 647 Market Street.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Nathan Cole Jr., Room 28, No. 48 Broad Street, New York, is the duly authorized agent of the Argonaut in that city.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Sunday, Nov. 23, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 11.10 A.M |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M |
| 8.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Colfax | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Delta, Redding, and Portland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Deming, El Paso & Express | 10.40 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | and East ... Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and Ione, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Galt, via Martinez | *10.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Los Angeles and South | 10.40 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " " | 8.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Martinez | 6.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | " | *3.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " | 10.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Mojave and East Express | 10.40 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | " " Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Ogden and Express | 11.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | East Emigrant | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | and Tehama via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | *6.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Stockton & *Milton via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Stockton, via Martinez | *10.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | Tulare, Fresno, | *3.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Madera & Merced | 10.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " | *3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Virginia City | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 8.00 A. M. meets Pacific Express from Ogden at Vallejo Junction, and Pacific Express from El Paso and Mojave at Pinole.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

### LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier)

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.52, *8.23 *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23 *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52; 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, *4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

NORTHERN DIVISION

BROAD GAUGE.

### WINTER TIME SCHEDULE,

**Commencing Sunday, Nov. 16, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| † 6.50 A.M. | | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 5.02 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.08 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..... Watsonville..... | |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, Soquel (Camp Capitola), ..... and Santa Cruz ..... | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.08 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (Sportsmen's train)

STANDARD OF TIME.—Trains are run on Pacific Standard Time (Randolph & Co.), which is ten (10) minutes FASTER than San Francisco Local Time.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

To Gilroy, San Jose, and intermediate points.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—SOLD SUNDAY MORNING, good for return same day.

Also, to Monterey, Santa Cruz, Soquel, Aptos, Gilroy, San Jose, and intermediate points.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only: good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

## SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

### TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, November 17, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—9.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.45, 5.25 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M., 1.30, 5.00 P. M. To Saucelito only, 11.30 A. M.
Extra trip on Saturdays at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.45, 9.00 A. M., 12.15, 3.35, P. M.
(Sundays)—7.55, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.15, 5.00 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—8.15, 9.30 A. M., 1.00, 4.15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.30, 10.35 A. M., 12.30, 3.50, 5.40 P. M.
Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 2.15 P. M.

**11.30 A. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAIN for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through train from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 1.30 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Point Reyes and Way Stations.
Returning arrives in S. F. at 6.40 P. M.
Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET


BONESTELL, RICHARDS & CO.
ALLEN & CO.
PAPER WAREHOUSE
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F.
Importers of all kinds of Paper.

# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

### FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 2 o'clock P. M. for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| Steamer | 1885 | From San Francisco |
|---|---|---|
| Oceanic | | Thursday, January 22d |
| Arabic | | Tuesday, February 3d |
| San Pablo | | Tuesday, March 10th |
| Oceanic | | Thursday, April 16th |
| Arabic | | Tuesday, April 28th |
| San Pablo | | Tuesday, June 2d |
| Oceanic | | Thursday, July 9th |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 54, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

City of New York ..... December 30
City of Peking ..... January 10

At 2 o'clock P. M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

Granada ..... December 31

At 4 o'clock P. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

For AUCKLAND and SYDNEY, calling at HONOLULU.

Zealandia ..... Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on Dec. 1st, 9th, 17th, and 26th, and Jan. 2d, and every eighth day thereafter. The last steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.

PACIFIC SAW MANUFACTURING COMPANY

7 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

THE
## AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.

Office, 208 California Street.

JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM

## NEWSOM & GASH,

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.

## INVENTORS' INSTITUTE,

105 STOCKTON STREET,

Corner of O'Farrell.

PATENTS PROCURED FOR $65, AND PATENTS

Negotiated. Send for particulars.

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

## COWEN, PORTER & CO.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church, Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER, J. W. PORTER. Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.

## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Paid-up Capital .... $3,000,000 in Gold

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President. Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President.
James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay

I. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier; Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital ..... $3,000,000

WILLIAM ALVORD ..... President
THOMAS BROWN ..... Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR. ..... Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand: China, Japan, and India Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Lozano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles

## NATIONAL ASSURANCE COMPANY OF IRELAND.

ESTABLISHED ..... A. D. 1822

Authorized Capital ..... $10,000,000
Subscribed Capital ..... 5,000,000

## H. M. NEWHALL & CO.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

Office, 309 Sansome St., San Francisco.

**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.** Of London. Instituted 1803
**London Assurance Corporation** Of London. Established 1720
**Northern Assurance Company** Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836
**Queen Insurance Company** Of Liverpool. Established 1857

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

No. 216 Sansome Street,

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

Capital (Paid up in Gold) ..... $300,000 00
Assets, Jan. 1, 1884 ..... 759,475 13

PRESIDENT ..... J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT ..... J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY ..... CHARLES R. STORY

## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

INSURANCE AGENCY.

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St. San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.
W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.

# RUBBER HOSE

—FOR—

Gardens, Mills, Mines, & Fire Departments,

Manufactured and for sale by the

## GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.

Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard (Maltese Cross) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose Rubber Hose (Competition), Suction Hose Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire Engine Hose, Carbolized Maltese Cross Brand.

VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES

JOHN W. TAYLOR, - - - Manager.

No. 15 First Street, near Market.

"IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."

## THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.



It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.

D. S. BROWN & CO.,
36 California Street, San Francisco
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

## THE DELIGHTFUL MAN.

### How He Made Himself Agreeable at a Small Evening Party.

"I do hope he won't disappoint me," said Mrs. Podgers to her guests; "I want you all to know him; he's really delightful—isn't he, Matilda?"

"He's just too lovely for anything—always so bright and pleasant. I don't know any one who can make an evening pass as pleasantly as he can. He s got such a society way with him, and always says such clever, witty things."

"That man will certainly be famous one of these days," said another guest; "I often tell him he ought to collect his bright sayings, and have them published in a book. Why, it would make his fortune for him. I'm sure of it."

"Oh, is he really coming to-night?" said a giggling young woman of sweet seventeen; "I've never met him, but I've heard ever so much about him. Fanny Caramel knows him, and says he's just too elegant."

At this moment the Delightful Man entered the room, and emitted fitful flashes of wit in the following dialogue:

HOSTESS—"So good of you to come through this awful rain. I was just beginning to despair"——

DELIGHTFUL MAN (*with winning smile*)—"Don't despair, Mrs. P. Besides, it's fine weather for young ducks, and you told me only the other night that I was a duck. You needn't deny it."

HOSTESS (*tapping him with her fan*)—"Oh, you dreadful creature, how can you say such a thing? Now I want to introduce you to all these people. Miss Snooks—Mrs. Lamb—mum, mum, mum—Mr. Toddy I believe you know."

DELIGHTFUL MAN (*bowing in every direction with easy grace*)—"Certainly. How are you, Toddy, old boy? Very kind of you, Mrs. P., to have a Toddy ready for us this wet night." *Murmurs of admiration and approval on all sides.*

HOSTESS—"Now, I want you to sit down and make yourself agreeable. We've been just pining for you all the evening. Sit down here on the sofa, between Miss Snooks and Mrs. Lamb."

DELIGHTFUL MAN (*seating himself*)—"Ah! a rose between two thorns, and a lamb led to the slaughter."

MISS SNOOKS *and* MRS. LAMB—"Te he."

DELIGHTFUL MAN (*striking humorous attitude*)—"This style three for a quarter."

FIRST GUEST—"He's a clever fellow, isn't he? I wish I had his easy, pleasant manner."

SECOND GUEST—"Oh, he's as full of fun as an egg is of meat. Did you hear what he said to Toddy? I tell you, that was a neat bit of repartee."

DELIGHTFUL MAN—"Well, I thought I never *would* get here to-night. In the first place, Vanderbilt kept me half an hour after dinner talking stocks, and then I met a friend of mine, and we got talking about the race to-day"——

UNSUSPICIOUS GUEST—"What race?"

DELIGHTFUL MAN—"Human race." *General hilarity.*

SMALL BOY (*sotto voce*)—"That gag has been going round on crutches ever since I was born."

DELIGHTFUL MAN—"Well, I was over in Brooklyn this afternoon, and coming back I thought I was going to miss the boat. I ran as hard as I could, jumped aboard and—found she was just coming in."

SMALL BOY—"There's been gray side-whiskers on that ever since Washington crossed the Delaware."

DELIGHTFUL MAN (*thinking to take a rise out of the boy*)—"Well, Johnny, why so solemncholy? You've got your mouth open as if you expected something to fall into it."

SMALL BOY—"I thought maybe I might catch some of these chestnuts that are flying round here so lively."

DELIGHTFUL MAN (*changing the subject with great rapidity*)—"Well, let's do something; who's got an idea?"

UNSUSPICIOUS GUEST—"I have."

DELIGHTFUL MAN—"Well, keep it. We're going to have a cold winter."

SMALL BOY—"If that feller went to a decent variety-show once in a while he'd hear something new, maybe."

DELIGHTFUL MAN (*intoxicated with the reception accorded to his dazzling flashes of original humor*)—"I had a most singular experience once when I was at sea. We were shipwrecked and starving, and I was just beginning to think I'd have to die on an empty stomach. While I was standing there eating a piece of beefsteak—I got it out of the bulwarks, see?—I said to myself, 'Now, if I only had a nice soft-boiled egg to go with this, it would be a good thing.' Just then the ship lay to and I got one"——

(Burst of hilarity, in which all join but the Small Boy, who produces a highly-colored joke-book from his side-pocket, steps across the room, and hands it to the Delightful Man, with the admonition)—"Say, you, if you'd just read it out of the book you'd get it better than you do. You've skipped the one about getting the chickens out of the hatchway. You just oughter hear the way Dooney Maginnis uster do that act four years ago."

(Discomfiture of Delightful Man and instant removal of Small Boy.)—*Puck.*

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

### Bills and Casts for Week ending December 20th.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill: "Felicia." Cast as follows:

Madame Dumont and Felicia, Rose Eytinge; Dolores Mornay, May Wilkes; Eleanor Mornay, Miss H. M. Lewis; Mme. Doricourt, Miss Lillian Montford; Captain John, Mr. J. T. Malone; M. Cassagnac, Mr. Horace Vinton; M. Ferri, Mr. W. R. Wilkins; M. Mornay, Mr. Logan Paul; M. Claveral, Mr. J. W. Kail; Corporal, Mr. R. S. George.

Friday, "Aunt Emily."

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. M. B. Leavitt's Gigantic Specialty Company, as follows:

Frank H. and Lillian White, Valjean, Pat Reilly, the Fletcher Trio, Isabel Ward, John and Maggie Fielding, the Olympia Quartet—William Keough, Peter Randall, J. J. Sullivan, and Hugh Mack; Frank Bush, Jeanette Dorina, and Famera Rigoli. Afterpiece, "O'Grady's Début."

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Closed during the week.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill:

Monday and Tuesday, Verdi's "Un Ballo en Maschera." Cast as follows:

Riccardo, Sig. Ernesto Baldanza; Renato, Fritz La Fontaine; Silvano, E. N. Knight; Samuel, M. Cornell; Tomaso, Sig. G. Napoleoni; Adelia, Signora Bernardi; Ulrica, Signora Giuseppina Zeppelli; Edgar, Miss Helen Dingeon.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Verdi's "Rigoletto." Cast as follows:

Gilda, Miss Louise Leighton; Madalena, Signora Giuseppina Zeppelli; Rigoletto, Signor Villani; Duke of Mantua, Sig. Ernesto Baldanza; Sparafucile, Mr. E. N. Knight.

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—F. W. Stechhan, Manager. Standard Minstrel Company, as follows:

Charley Reed, J. Carroll Johnson, John Robinson, Crandall and Eastwood, Keegan and Wilson, Hooley and Thompson, W. S. Mullaly. The California Quartet—Morant, Wetter, Holland, and Wyatt. New Minstrel First Part. Afterpiece, "Clotilda."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Manager. Bill: "Nana Sahib." Cast as follows:

Nana Sahib, George Wessells; Tippoo Rai, J. P. Rutledge; Gamarat, J. Warren Delano; Cimeron, O. Dale; The Yogin, Paul Craig; Vicrami, Burt Leslie; Princess D'Jamima, Miss Elizabeth Rowellan; Lord Whisley, Edwin Stevens; General Edwards, T. J. Murray; Ellen Whisley, Miss Lillian Owens.

At the Baldwin, next week, "The Private Secretary" will be produced.

At the Bush Street, next week, Leavitt's Gigantic Specialty Company.

At the California, next week, Emerson's World's Fair Minstrel Company will appear.

At the Tivoli, next week, "Il Trovatore" and "Prince North Pole" will be produced.

At the Grand Opera House, next week, "Nana Sahib" will be continued.

At the Standard next week there will be an entirely new programme.

The skating carnival held Friday evening, December 12th, at the Grand Pacific Skating Rink, on Sutter Street, under the auspices of the club members, was quite a success. The guests were many and comprised some of our best society people. At nine o'clock the skaters joined in a grand march, which, with the brightly decorated hall and handsome dresses of the participants, presented a brilliant spectacle. Dancing began at about eleven o'clock, and was continued until nearly twelve.


**New Eastern Wall Paper Store.**

108 Post Street, will be opened by Cooks Bros., Decorators and Paper Hangers, on Monday, December 22, 1884.

— A RARE OPPORTUNITY TO PURCHASE HANDsome holiday presents is most opportunely offered by Easton & Eldridge's auction sale of fine diamond work, to be held at their rooms, No. 22 Montgomery Street, next Tuesday at ten A. M. These goods, consisting of matched solitaire earrings, handsome bracelets, solitaire and cluster, studs, rings, scarf-pins, etc., will be on exhibition from ten A. M. to four P. M. Monday, at the salesrooms.

**Prang's Xmas Cards**

Have been received by the art and book stores.

**Rachel's Enamel Bloom.**

This preparation, which is a powder, not a grease-paint or wash, can be applied to the most delicate skin without the slightest harmful effect, as it is composed entirely of pure vegetable substances. It is prepared in two shades, blonde and brunette, and can be obtained of all druggists.

— EDUCATION—SEE PROF. RICHARDSON'S ADvertisement, "Private Instruction" in another column.

**To be Seen to be Appreciated.**

The California Christmas Card put out by Snow & Co., of 12 Post Street, "is *par excellence*," the most characteristic souvenir of Pacific Coast scenery to be found in the market. It gives, at a glance, the contrast between the climate of a California winter and that of the East. It must be seen to be appreciated.

—THE METROPOLITAN HALL IS UNQUESTIONably the best place in the city for lectures, school exhibitions, concerts, etc. The hall is delightfully arranged, and, with the gallery, can hold a large audience, while the acoustic properties and fine organ place it ahead of any hall on the Pacific Coast.

**A Palace of Art.**

Passing along the business streets of our city these holiday times one sees some very handsome show-windows, many of them arranged by professional window-dressers. None, however, exceeds, in beauty of arrangement, richness of material, or power to attract the eye, the windows of H. J. Levey's new store, Nos. 106 and 108 Montgomery Street, which are arranged according to the faultless taste of the proprietor. But by far the handsomest goods are to be seen inside the store, where the polite attendants are ever ready to show visitors its treasures of art. The stock consists of a unique line of foreign novelties, selected with great care and excellent judgment from the art centres of the old world. Germany, France, England, and Austria have each provided their quota. Some examples of the finest porcelain, bearing the stamp of the great Sèvres, Faience, Wedegwood, and other varieties are shown, side by side with handsome brass-work, such as mirror-frames, plaques, etc, from Germany and England. Brass, porcelain, terra-cotta, and all kinds of plaques; hanging-clocks; rare and beautiful French engravings; odd and artistic statuary; glassware of the delicate Bohemian and Venetian makes, are exhibited, together with a crowd of other artistic objects that charm the eye and heart of the connoisseur. Those seeking holiday presents can find no better place to purchase gifts for their friends, as the goods are selected especially for the holiday trade, embracing a wide range of variety and and price, and one is, moreover, sure to obtain the full value of his money.

**Where Ladies Should Call.**

One of the most attractive mercantile establishments in San Francisco is that of Colman Bros., corner of Montgomery and Bush streets. It is a veritable emporium of fashion, and is replete up and down stairs with an immense variety of clothing and furnishing goods for men, youths, and boys. It is the very beau ideal of perfection, not only in the management of the show-rooms, offices, dressing-rooms, and other accessories, but to the great traveling public. The lower floor, which contains a vast assortment of wearing apparel for gentlemen, is connected by an elevator to the floor above, which is exclusively devoted to ladies and children. Here can be procured every article of clothing required for the rising generation, from a boy three years of age up to youths of fourteen and over. This department has been particularly fitted up for ladies, who can take their boys to be fitted for clothing in a quiet and secluded manner, and where they will not be annoyed by gentlemen customers. This room is nicely carpeted and furnished with chairs, mirrors, dressing-rooms, and a desk where pen, paper, and ink will be found close at hand—a great convenience to a lady, if she desires to send a note for her sons to meet her there. All the goods on this floor are the latest styles manufactured at New York and in Europe. There are a great variety of kilt suits for young boys, suits of all descriptions of Scotch plaids with belts, and new style overcoats in every imaginable color and size, ranging in price from the lowest to the highest. Aside from the most dressy suits, there is a full and complete line of school-day clothing. In fact, everything for a lad can be obtained at Colman Bros Shirts, etc, including their collars, a vast array of neckties, hats, and caps, the latest being those of stitched rims, and turbans of plush or velvet of every shade—red, blue, wine, drab, old gold, black, and mixed colors. Colman Bros. have added a great variety of smoking-jackets and morning-gowns to the children's department, for the special convenience of ladies wishing to purchase Christmas presents for their gentlemen friends. These wrappers are seen in every style and color, and at all prices. In fact, it might be safely said that, outside of New York city, there is not in America another such establishment as Colman Bros., on the southwest corner of Bush and Montgomery streets.

**California Christmas Cards.**

California wild flowers, painted by our best local artists.

To you, across December's snow,
These summer-breathing flowers go—
The message you already know
Once more repeating.

James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

**Shakespeare Tables.**

Something really sensible for a centre or card-table. For sale by the California Furniture Co., Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

**Rachel's Enamel Bloom**

A clear, fresh complexion is by no means universal among our San Francisco girls; they expose themselves too much to the sun and wind. Rachel's Enamel Bloom, however, protects the face from freckles and chapping and imparts a delicate glow, while its use can not be detected. It is for sale by all druggists.

**Sold at Last.**

Those Moorish cabinets which were offered at half-price by the California Furniture Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street, are all gone. In their place are new and rich designs at much less price.

**Flowers and Feathers.**

An endless variety in all the newest styles of artificial flowers and feathers may be found at the Wonder Flower and Feather Store, 1024 Market Street. The proprietor, J. C. Spencer, having had years of experience, is now able to offer suitable goods of the best style, quality, and quantity, and at the lowest price. He particularly has a choice selection of feathers for ladies' hats.

**Improved Richmond Ranges.**

Before purchasing a stove, call and examine our celebrated Improved Richmond Ranges. Thousands of them are in use, and every one in working order. For sale only by the agents, Schuster Brothers, 306 Sutter, above Dupont, and branch store, 332 Montgomery Avenue, San Francisco.

**Tea Tables.**

New style, highly finished, and VERY CHEAP, are the qualities which recommend them, and the people appreciate them. For sale at 220 to 226 Bush Street, California Furniture Company.

**A Beautiful Woman.**

The one great question absorbing universal attention is what constitutes a beautiful woman. Opinion is divided as to the part played by the eyes, the hair, and the teeth. All agree, however, that nothing adds so much to a woman's beauty as a lovely form. A handsome figure gives grace and symmetry to the entire appearance. It is to be regretted that so many elegant forms are ruined by ill-shaped corsets. Ladies who wear Freud's perfect-fitting corsets are readily recognized by their beautiful and graceful figures. At Freud's famous corset emporium, 742 and 744 Market, and 10 and 12 Dupont streets, may be seen the largest and finest assortment of corsets in America. It is the sole and direct agency for the best corset factories in the world, and as such offers to the ladies on the Pacific Coast first-class corsets at a trifle above factory prices. Freud's Corset House remains open evenings till January 1st, and all are cordially invited to inspect their holiday attractions.

**Removal.**

Hills Bros.' Arabian Coffee Mills have removed to 400 Sansome Street. Fine Coffee our specialty.

— SOME OF THE MOST SATISFYING CHRISTMAS presents that can be given are to be found in the large stock of rattan and reed furniture sold by H. H. Gross, Nos. 16 and 18 Second Street, three doors from Market. The comfort, beauty, lightness, and durability of these goods make them desirable in every house.

**New Eastern Wall Paper Store.**

108 Post Street, will be opened by Cooks Bros., Decorators and Paper Hangers, on Monday, December 22, 1884.

"REDWOOD AND LUMBERING IN CALIFORNIA FORESTS." Edgar Cherry & Co., publishers, 434 California Street. This book and album combined is of great local importance, as showing the heavy operation of lumbering in the redwood forests of the Coast Range. It also presents views of this noted timber standing in bodies, felled, on the landings ready for the logging trains, on the banks of streams ready to be run to tide-water, and in the booms. One of the most interesting features is the view of "Evans's Third Saw." Especially will these saws be of interest to Eastern lumbermen, where they are known to the trade only by reputation; the invention being one of California's, adapted to the manufacturing of these monster trees into lumber. The work is intended as a practical illustration of this branch of our industry, and makes no pretension to literary effect. The descriptive text, by C. G. Noyes, is well done, and digresses just enough in describing certain characters in logging camps, such as the cook and "bull-puncher," to make it interesting, in connection with the methods of removing the giants from tree to mill. It also contains an essay upon the redwood and its closer relationship to the mammoth trees of Calaveras and Merced, by Dr. Kellog, of the California Academy of Sciences. This article is of an historical character, and will be of interest to the forestry department. There are two dozen views in each book, taken by the photographic process, and, as the publishers say in the introductory, "Inasmuch as engravings are usually cut from sketches drawn by, perhaps, enthused artists, perfect satisfaction is not given; but with photographic views, which cannot lie, argument as to truthfulness is unnecessary." The book is neatly bound, and will grace the centre-table well.

— IN ANOTHER COLUMN WILL BE FOUND A card from Mr. H. H. Gross, of No. 21 New Montgomery Street, the agent for the celebrated Harden Hand Grenade. This wonderful little discovery has leaped into so great a popularity since its introduction in this city some two years ago that the demand for it, for private houses alone, is something enormous.

— NO PRIVATE FAMILY IN CITY OR COUNTRY should be without the Burr Parlor Folding Bed, which combines the solidity and luxury of a "four-poster" by night, with the beauty and small bulk of a cabinet by day. It is sold in twenty styles, costing from $30 to $300 each, by H. H. Gross, No. 21 New Montgomery Street.

—S. S. SOUTHWORTH, DENTIST, SACRAMENTO, Cal. Successor to Brewer & Southworth.

—Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—PERSONS SUFFERING WITH CORNS AND BUNIONS instantly cured by Dr. Halpruner, 850 Market St.

— LADIES' BAZAR PATTERNS, 215 Dupont St.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

— PRESENT FOR THE OLD FOLKS TO SEND HOME —Gold Pebble Spectacles, sure to fit. Muller, 135 Montgomery Street, near Bush.

**Piano Recital by Miss Neally Stevens**

**At Irving Hall, Dec. 22, at 8 P. M.**

1. Toccata and Fugue (D minor).....Bach—Tausig
2. *a* Song.....Mozart—Kullak
   *b* Nocturne } .....Chopin
   *c* Etude, }
3. Concerto, E flat.....Liszt
   Orchestral accompaniment arranged for second piano.....S. Freidenrich
4. *a* Valse Caprice.....Rubenstein
   *b* Mazurka.....Moszkowski
   *c* Le Rossignol.....Liszt
5. Rhapsodie Hongroise (No. 15).....Liszt

**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,**

Eddy Street, near Market.

KREELING BROS.....Sole Proprietors and Managers

Verdi's grand opera—

**RIGOLETTO.**

Monday evening, Dec. 22d, Complimentary Benefit to SIGNORA ZEPPILLI, and only representation of

**IL TROVATORE.**

Holiday Spectacle—**PRINCE NORTHPOLE.**

Admission, 25 cents.....Reserved seats, 50 cents

**Mechanics' Pavilion Skating Academy.**

Daily Sessions (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M., and evenings from 7:30 to 10 o'clock.

☞ Tuesday evenings the Pacific Skating Club has the exclusive use of the Rink.

TERMS—Mornings and Afternoons, 25 cents for admission and use of skates. Evenings, when boys under 15 can rot-skate, 25 cents for admission and 15 cents for skates. All improper persons and features interdicted. Full Band in attendance. J. L. WALTON, Actuary.

**PRIVATE INSTRUCTION.**

**A gentleman of forty years' experience** in teaching, compelled, from considerations of health, to resign the charge of one of the largest and best known institutions of learning in the Southern States, has settled in this city. He will give instruction to a limited number of pupils, either at his rooms or at their homes. Ancient Languages, Mathematics, and Literature specialties. Preparation for any college or university in the United States or Europe. Highest order of references given and satisfaction guaranteed. Interviews with parents and guardians solicited. Call, or address

**D. S. RICHARDSON, 529 Capp Street.**

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
FOR OLD AND YOUNG.



**The Henley Club Skate—Nickel Plated—Spring Steel Bottom and Steel Clamps.**

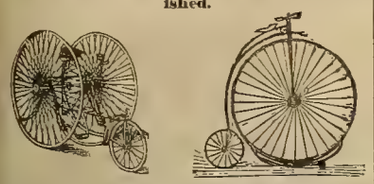
**The Henley Challenge Skate, Wooden Bottom and Leather Straps.**

The Best and only practically Scientific Skate. Elegant in Finish, Light, and Adjustable. Will turn a three-foot circle and all the wheels rest square on the floor. Wheels of Turkish Box-wood, with Babbit Metal Boxes. The Standard and Leading Skates in all the Principal Rinks.

Rinks and Dealers Supplied at Liberal Discounts.

Spaulding's "Manual of Roller Skating," with Illustrations and Diagrams.

**Skate Boxes and Bags, Handsomely Finished.**



**Agents for the Superior Ideal Bicycles for Boys and Adults Agency of the Renowned Columbia Bicycles and Tricycles. The only Tricycle with Power Gear for High Climbing.**

**SCROLL SAWS, all sizes and prices.**



**BOYS' & GENTS' TOOL CHESTS,**
**With Best Steel Tools.**

## OSBORN & ALEXANDER,
Mechanics' Tools, Hardware, and Machinery,
**628 Market St., opp. Palace Hotel.**
**Bicycle Warerooms, 640 Market St., 2d floor.**

## COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION,
**Phelan's Building, Rooms 6, 8, 9, 10, 11.**
**Entrance, 806 Market Street.** Gas Specialists; positively extract teeth without pain; only office that makes and gives the celebrated "Colton Gas;" established in 1863; over 15,000 references; also, performs all operations in Dentistry.

## S. P. TAYLOR & CO.
**414 and 416 Clay Street.**
**Established 1856.**
Manufacturers and Dealers in all kinds of
**PAPER**
—AND—
PAPER BAGS.
**Also, Agents for Elm Flax Twines.**

## IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE.
There is no reason why a lady or gentleman should be burdened with unnecessary flesh. The radical treatment prescribed at Dr. Zeile's **Russian and Medicated Baths** will remove all surplus fat, without impairing the general health. Rheumatism and other nervous complaints treated successfully by medicated bathing at
**Dr. Zeile's, 528 Pacific St., near Kearny.**


**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb. For the half-year ending with 31st December, 1884, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, 2d January, 1885.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.


## EASTON & ELDRIDGE,
**Real Estate and General Auctioneers**
OFFICE AND SALESROOM,
**No. 22 MONTGOMERY STREET.**

**TUESDAY**

**TUNSDAY, DEC. 23, 1884,**

**At 11 o'clock A. M., at Salesroom, by Catalogue, we will sell**

**ARTISTICALLY MOUNTED**

# DIAMONDS

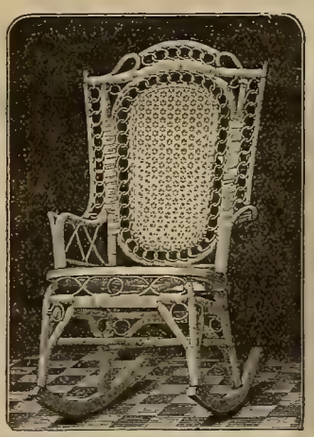
COMPRISING

**Solitaire Matched Ear-rings; Diamond Bracelets; new designs Lace Pins and Lockets; Solitaire and Cluster Rings, Studs, Scarf-pins, etc., etc.**

NOTE.—These elegant goods will be open for exhibition on Monday, Dec. 22d, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., at salesroom.

**EASTON & ELDRIDGE,**
**Auctioneers.**

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,
## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.



**THE**
## WAKEFIELD RATTAN CO.
**No. 644 Market Street,**

**Have now in stock an immense variety of RATTAN CHAIRS, in all the latest and most elegant designs.**

**Without exception the finest line of Rattan Goods ever offered in this city is now on exhibition in our warerooms. Remember, nothing is more suitable for a CHRISTMAS GIFT than a WAKEFIELD CHAIR.**

**Send for our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. Goods delivered in Oakland and Alameda FREE OF CHARGE.**

# HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS.

**We desire to announce that in addition to our previous large stock of DIAMONDS, WATCHES, FINE JEWELRY, and SILVERWARE, we have added an elegant line of FINE CLOCKS, OPERA GLASSES, and all the latest novelties in OXYDIZED and RHINE STONE JEWELRY. We ask a comparison of prices. Open evenings.**

## W. K. VANDERSLICE & CO.
136 SUTTER STREET.

GREAT FREE
# EXHIBITION
**ICHI BAN**
**20, 22, and 24 Geary Street**
.....OF THE.....
# ARTS AND MANUFACTURES
.....OF THE.....
# JAPANESE EMPIRE

**Established to introduce to the world the wonderful skill of the JAPANESE in the manufacture of USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL ARTICLES for house furnishing and decorating. The public is cordially invited to inspect this wonderful collection. COME OFTEN. BRING YOUR FRIENDS. ASK QUESTIONS. DO NOT PURCHASE. EVERYBODY WELCOME.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**20, 22, & 24 GEARY ST.**

# GHIRARDELLI'S
## SOLUBLE COCOA,
MADE INSTANTLY.

**Hygienic, Nourishing, and Agreeable. For the Young and Old, Sick and Healthy.**

The Beverage par excellence, Home-made, Fresher, Better and Stronger than imported, and being ABSOLUTELY PURE is DOUBLE the strength of foreign sweet cocoas, and consequently cheaper. One trial will convince. **Sold by all Grocers and Tea Merchants.**

**ROBERTS**

**"Cards by the Million!"**
In addition to our elegant stock of Christmas and New Year Cards, we offer specially admirable flower and landscape studies, autograph and card albums, choice novelties in papeterie, and solicit inspection of our supplies for the most particular purchaser of social stationery.
**10 Post St., Masonic Temple.**

**CARDS!!**

# HOLIDAY GOODS!

STANDARD AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, singly and in sets;
ARTISTIC JUVENILE BOOKS;
FINE ART GIFT BOOKS;
CHRISTMAS CARDS.

## C. BEACH,
107 MONTGOMERY ST.,
**Opposite the Occidental. Open Evenings.**

## FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
**Candies for the Christmas Tree and churches; Cupids of Wax; colored paper Lanterns; gilt paper Balloons; glass Bird Cages, with Bird; Stars of elegant designs in Glass Beads; Pears with moving face; Apples with moving face; Gelatine Ornaments; Slippers, candy box; Gilt Walnuts; Harlequins, candy box; Satin Glass Eggs, with figures; Fruit Baskets; gold and silver Hair, 5 cents a package; Candle Holders, 5 cents a dozen and upward; Glass Candles and Holders combined, burn without extra wax candles; Santa Claus, 25 cents apiece and upward; Candy Boxes, plain, fancy, and comical, 25 cents a dozen, and upward; Surprise Cigar Cases, new and elegant designs in Glass, Ornaments at all prices, brilliant Ornaments and Crowns for tops of trees; Tree-holders, ornamental and everlasting, $1.25 and $1.50 apiece; Sweet Grass Baskets; Chickens, candy boxes; Shaker Baskets, Candies in great variety, Bonbons, 25 cents a dozen, and upward.**

## S. LEBENBAUM & CO.
**1443, 1445, 1447, and 1449 Polk St., corner of California.**

**WINTER STYLES.**
## BUTTERICK'S
**Patterns and J. F. Ingalls' Illustrated Books** for Ladies' Fancy Work, Kensington Embroidery, Crochet and Knitted Lace, Patchwork, etc. **H. A. DEMING, Agent, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
**Commission Merchants,**
**San Francisco,**
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR
☞ Liberal advances made on consigne




J. W. EVANS,

GENERAL AGENT, 29 POST STREET.

OIL STOVES

Oil Stoves for Heating and Cooking. Oils and Lamps.

JOHN F. MYERS,
869 Market Street, S. F.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS.

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

# SPECIAL NOTICE.

**In order to reduce our large stock of fine WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, FRENCH CLOCKS, SILVERWARE, etc, we have concluded to deduct a liberal discount from every article we sell. The goods comprise all the latest novelties in our line, and will remain marked as heretofore in plain figures, from which the discount will be allowed.**

**An examination of our prices and quality of goods will satisfy purchasers that we are selling lower than any house on the Pacific Coast.**

**This inducement is offered especially for Holiday Trade.**

## LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.

119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Store will be open every evening during December.

# IMPORTANT NOTICE.

**We beg to inform the trade that we have constantly on hand for sale in lots to suit, in bond or duty paid: GEORGE GOULET & CO.'S Champagnes, in quarts, pints, and half-pints; DUMEZIL & JOLIVET, Bordeaux, a full assortment of Clarets and Sauternes; FRIEDRICH SEYLER, Deidesheim, Rhine Wines of most popular brands; F. DUMEZIL, Cognacs; XEREZ DE LA FRONTERA, Cadiz, Sherries; SILVA & COSENS, Oporto, Port Wines; GEORGE ROE & CO., Dublin, Irish Whiskies; CANTRELL & COCHRANE, Belfast, Ginger Ale; Club Soda Water, Sparkling Montserrat and Lime-Juice Syrup; a full line of French and Amsterdam Liqueurs and Cordials; a full line of Bourbon and Rye Whiskies; H. CLAUSEN & SON Brewing Co., New York, celebrated Export Champagne Lager Beer. Special discount to the trade according to quantity.**

## ALFRED GREENEBAUM & CO.,

123 CALIFORNIA STREET. SOLE AGENTS.

# UNEXCELLED!

Ask your Grocer for

ARCTIC REFRIGERATOR HAMS,

ROYAL BREAKFAST BACON

ROYAL LEAF LARD

All Guaranteed Choice Family Goods.

# BEHNING



## PIANOS

**Have stood the test for twenty-one years, and are to-day the leading instruments. 22,000 are now in use.**

They are manufactnred from the best material, by the most accomplished workmen, and every instrument leaving the factory will be accompanied by an **absolute warranty for five years.**

KOHLER & CHASE,

AGENTS, 137 and 139 Post Street.

JOHN MIDDLETON,

## COAL.

14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.



**Remington**
STANDARD
**Type-Writer.**
Again improved and perfected. See them.
**G. G. WICKSON & CO.,**
**539 Market St.,**
Opp. Sansome, S. F.

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE

# HENRY F. MILLER

(Factory Boston, Mass.) and

# HEMME & LONG

(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)

# PIANOS!

## WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.

**101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell.** **J. B. Curtis, Manager.**

Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.

FOR
FINE HOLIDAY WINES,

## J. GUNDLACH & CO.

Cor. Market and Second,
SAN FRANCISCO.

# FIREMAN'S FUND

## INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CALIFORNIA.

THE LARGEST PACIFIC COAST COMPANY.

CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - $750,000
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1883, - - - - $1,500,000

AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

# ICHI BAN

FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.

MARBLE WORKS.

MARBLE MANTELS, made of ONYX, Colored ITALIAN, and Statuary Marbles, Monuments and Headstones. W. H. McCORMICK, 827 Market St.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.

(Established 1854),

HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.

Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed

# TILES

For Decorations.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.



**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.**

**WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.**

303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.

Shipping and Commission Merchants

UNION BLOCK,

202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,

Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

GERMEA

FOR BREAKFAST.

DELICIOUS.

TRY IT!

# The Argonaut.

OL. XV. No. 26. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 27, 1884. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



ERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

ANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

TORIALS: The Third Plenary Council of Roman Catholic Prelates in America—The Results of that Council—Who are Included in the Catholic Census?—The Meaning of the Emigration of Catholics from European Countries—The Difference between Catholic and Protestant Congregations—The Protestant Church encouraging Intellectual Advancement—The Roman Catholic Opposing It—The "Free School" the most Formidable Enemy of Catholicism—The Percentage of Growth in America of the Roman Catholic and Mormon Churches Compared—Other Statistics on which the Roman Catholics found their Boasts of Strength—Some Mistakes of the Plenary Council—Advocating the Passage of Certain Laws—The Questions of Divorce, Education, and Temperance—The Constant Endeavors and Subsequent Failures to Combine the Church and State—Even in Rome the Italian Catholics will have no Interference in the Civil Administration—What Votes were Lost and Gained in the Recent Election in New York and California—What Californian Republicans intend to do with our Irish Democrats—The New York Senatorial Nomination—The Chances of the Various Candidates Considered.....1–3

E NYE'S BUDGET.....3

R INISCENCES OF A CHRISTMAS IN PIONEER TIMES.....3

T HISTORY OF A HOOP-SKIRT: Faithfully Reported for the *Argonaut* by Sheldon Borden.....4

T LATEST MAGAZINE VERSE: "The Last Cast," by Andrew Lang; "Of that Blithe Throat of Thine," by Walt Whitman; "Her Waiting," by Emma C. Dowd; "It is the Season," by Robert Louis Stevenson.....5

VETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise—Lady Lyton's Reply—The Baronet's Nose—Excellent Excuses—Rebuking a New Peer—Scotch Punch and Piety—A Traveling Library—The Actor's Grief—The Lord had Provided.....5

NEW YORK LETTER: "Flaneur's" Budget of Gotham Gossip.....6

ICAL NOTES.....6

TY FAIR: Fashion's Follies—Coming Changes in Gentlemen's Dress—Leathern Garters—A Word in Favor of Homely Girls—Signs of Age in Woman—Where the Husband's Marital Authority is First Exercised—Queen Victoria's Plate—About Opera Glasses—Luxurious Hose—The Coming Dress-suits—Women and their Money—The very Deep Scheme of a Brooklyn Young Man.....7

INNER MAN: A Musical Menu—A Remarkable Will—A Mushroom Fest—The Dinner Hour—The Moscow Tea-houses—Hints on Tableware.....7

N FRANCISCAN IN GOTHAM: He Describes his First Four Days in the Metropolis—How Things have Changed since he Last was There—The People he Met—McCullough and Harry Edwards—The Newspaper Men and their Papers—The Charity Fair at the Hoffman House—A Chatty Letter from one who has not seen New York for Four Years.....8

CHESS-PLAYER: Problems and Notes of Interest.....8

ESCUE VS. GARMOYLE: "Cockaigne" Reviews that Celebrated Case—A Sensible Actress and a Silly Aristocrat—How they Met and Loved—and how his Parents Interfered—Miss Fortescue's Future.....9

VIDUALITIES: Personal Notes about Prominent People all Over the World.....9

RARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—Journalistic Chitchat—New Books.....10

ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....10

TY: Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy News—Notes and Gossip.....11

URY BRIC-A-BRAC: "In Miss Katy L.'s Birthday Book," by Charles Henry Webb; "The Fair Physiologist and the Bachelor of Medicine," by J. H. Benson; "Bessie Brown, M. D.," by Samuel Minturn Peck: "The Half-ring Moon," by John B. Tabb; "Here by My Fire," by Frank Dempster Sherman.....12

TA: "Betsy B.'s" Letter—Theatrical Gossip—Amusement Record...14

The recent convention of Roman Catholic prelates in ary council at Baltimore has inspired the church, its it, and press, to a very general calculation and con- ulation over what it has achieved in this country within last generation. The percentage of its increase is pared with that of the various evangelical churches, the comparison is exultingly made of the rapidly ing strength of the Church of Rome in America. re are other causes for the increase of the Roman olic population than the purity of the doctrines of the al Church, the authenticity of its apostolic birth, or the tual teachings of its priesthood. The growth of the an Catholic Church in America is more apparent real. Its statistics are based upon a false system of calculation. Within the last twenty-four years, or since 1860, when there were only three million of papists in America, there has been a large immigration from papal countries; larger from papal than Protestant countries, because papal countries are less prosperous; less prosperous because of the papal religion. Our largest immigration—by millions—is from Ireland. Portugal, Italy, and parts of Germany, have contributed to the growth of the Roman Church in America. The increasing immigration of ignorant European paupers, who in their destitution and misery are compelled to seek American shores to better their condition; fleeing from the consequences of church teachings and the evil results flowing from the supremacy of Roman Catholic Church power—fleeing from starvation and misrule, even from under the shadow of the Basilica of Rome, and avoiding by escape the insolence of priestly influence and ecclesiastical robbery everywhere—to a country of freedom, where there is no connection between church and state, no enforced religious observances, no sectarianism permitted in the system of an education that is free to all. "No God in the Constitution" is not to be regarded as evidencing the spiritual graces of the Church of Rome. This immigration from Catholic countries in Europe to this land of freedom augurs, if it augurs anything, the unendurable evil of the Roman Church in those countries where it exercises a dominating influence over the State. The growth of the Roman Church in America is explained upon an hypothesis that illustrates that it has become, and is becoming, so objectionable in Europe that it is no longer to be endured. Not only do the more ignorant and superstitious instinctively desire to get out from under its despotic and iron rule, but its more independent and intelligent worshipers are taking themselves and their families to a country whose laws permit the church to exercise no authority in the government, and where they are to a large degree emancipated from the intermeddling of officious priests in domestic and personal affairs. The Catholic community in America has in twenty-four years grown from three to eight millions of souls, not because the Roman Church is so "good" in America, but because it is so "bad" in Europe. We make distinction between the Roman Catholic "church" and the Roman Catholic community. The mode of taking the census of the Roman Church embraces every soul that is baptized into it; and every Roman Catholic baby, by an easy system that enables a servant-girl with her wet finger to mark upon the forehead the sign of the Cross, becomes a member of the church. Roman Catholic Church enumeration embraces all born within the faith. Exclude from this enumeration those who do not believe in its dogmas, who do not observe its ceremonies, and who are indifferent to its teachings, who never attend its ministrations, and never confess to its priests; exclude those who have drifted away from it to the evangelical churches and those who have thrown themselves upon the broad flood of infidelity—which is the natural reaction from unreasonable ecclesiastical nonsense and intellectual suppression—and the boastful figures of the Roman Catholic Church in America would be most sadly reduced from their present false magnitude. To illustrate what we mean by the *false* enumeration of the Roman Church, let us compare the growth of the Methodist Church with the Papal Church. In 1860 there were eight million six hundred thousand Methodists in the United States. In 1874 there were over fifteen million. The original members and the added increase represent only those who, having arrived at years of maturity, have intelligently and deliberately, as resulting from religious conviction, taken upon themselves the solemn responsibility of professing a religious faith. This kind of figuring shows the increase of a church membership, the expansion of a spiritual belief, and indicates the true and proper growth of a church. Subject the papal institution in America to measurement by the same rule, and its proportions are dwarfed by the Methodists with their fifteen million; the Baptists, by their twelve million; the Presbyterians, by their nearly six million. These figures indicate the number of adults who are professing worshipers of the various churches. Roman Catholic figures are simply a census of the Roman Catholic "population." The Roman Catholic Church is *not* growing in worshipers, and is *not* strengthening in any country in the world—and, least of all, is it prospering or progressing in America. The more ignorant and superstitious of the older male immigrants, the more bigoted and unlettered of foreign women who come to the country late in life, children of this class of parents so long as they remain within their influence, attend the Roman Church, and they are very numerous; but of intelligent male adults, of the more intellectual and cultured class, there is a marked absence. This division is constantly becoming more marked and noticeable. Romanism and intelligence, Roman Catholic ecclesiasticism and independence, papal dogmas and reason, are irreconcilable. Let any observing person attend any one of our Roman Catholic churches, and contrast it with any one of our evangelical churches, and they can not fail to observe the intellectual difference of the congregations. The services of Protestantism are conducted in the language of the worshiper. The sermon is intended for his instruction; it is upon the level of his intelligence. Its theological universities and professors endeavor to keep step with the intellectual and scientific progress of the age. Its books and writings must stand the closest criticism of the keenest intellects. It is with this progress that the Roman Catholic Church can not keep step. It is in the United States of America that its ignorance is most noticeable. It is not the fault of its younger clergy, who would gladly be emancipated from its stern, unrelenting old world *semper eadem* maxims; its musty old dogmas, smelling of cave and cloister; its pretense of belief in ridiculous old legends and the thaumaturgic nonsense of the present day. The younger men of the church, and especially the educated young laymen in America, would gladly enter into the intellectual arena, and measure their capacities for science, art, literature, philosophy, and theology, with the best and brightest minds of the age; but the church is too wise to give them this freedom; it dare not do it, for in ten years there would be no Roman Catholic Church in America, and in thirty years it would cease to exist among any intelligent and free people of the world. The best evidence that the Roman Catholic Church can not and dare not risk an encounter with free intelligence is the attitude it assumes toward the free schools of the United States of America. All other churches, all evangelical organizations, hail the free school as the fountain source from which must flow all that is good and beneficent in government and civilization. The Roman Church fears the free school. Its hierarchy in Rome knows that just to the extent that freedom is permitted in Italy, republicanism in France, independence and education anywhere, just in that proportion and to that extent does the influence and power of Rome fade out and disappear. The destruction of our free school system and the installment in its place of parochial schools, with monks, and priests, and nuns, and sisters for teachers, is the great accomplishment for which the papal organization is now contending. The free school is its "gate of hell"; it is the lion in its path of progress. The plenary council at Baltimore, and every gathering of priest or laymen where the life of the church is considered, the "free school" is looked upon as its most formidable enemy. There is not a priest of the Roman faith in America who is not compelled, by his church obligations, to oppose nonsectarian education. There is not a Roman Catholic parent in the city of San Francisco who, having financial ability, sends son or daughter to a free common school, does not offend "the Church." The church is right; it invokes the law of self-defense, for education is to the Church of Rome what dynamite is to the throne of the Czar. The "percentage" of the growth of a church indicates nothing that ought to be satisfactory to an intelligent mind. If the "percentage" growth to the Roman Church, being greater than the percentage of any evangelical denomination, illustrates the superiority of one religious system over the other, or that one is of divine origin and the other not, or that one is destined to survive and the other to decay; if this rule is worth accepting, let us apply it to the Mormon Church in America. *It* is growing faster than the Church of Rome; it has gained more in strength a-

numbers since Jo. Smith translated its golden plates than did the Church of Christ in the same period of time after the crucifixion. Its "percentage" of increase in America within the last twenty-four years has been greater than that of the Roman Catholic Church, so that by the percentage test between the papal and the Mormon churches the polygamous monstrosity of the Latter-Day Saints is "the only holy apostolic church." It is the church at the city of the Great Salt Lake, and not that one at Rome, which is built upon the rock of an impregnable faith.

There is another table of figures, which is also relied upon to demonstrate the growing strength of the Roman Catholic Church in America—viz., the increasing number of church structures; the grand cathedral in New York, the promised one in San Francisco, and those more modest edifices crowned with the cross so rapidly increasing in our manufacturing towns and larger cities. These church edifices indicate the zeal of priests and the generosity of servant-girls much more than they do the growth of religion. Zealous and self-denying members of religious orders contributing to ecclesiastical corporations insure the accumulation of vast wealth. The alliance of priests with politicians have been sufficient in the past to give protection to this wealth; but the time is not so very far distant when a more healthy public opinion will result in a healthy legislation which will accomplish the results that have been attained in nearly all Catholic countries in which the church has gained an undue ascendancy—viz., the secularization of church property, and its appropriation to some honest and honorable public use. The Church of Rome, during the mediæval age, stole the best lands of England for monasteries, abbeys, and priories. These lands and edifices are now the properties of the state and of private citizens. The most splendid of the monasteries of Italy are devoted to public use. The most gorgeous of the churches of Rome are turned over to the public. Our sister republic of Mexico has demonstrated that no church organization can become powerful enough to successfully defy an intelligent public opinion. We commend to our over-zealous, boasting priests and editors of the Roman faith to remember the history of this avaricious, grasping, power-loving, and insolent church, and recall the most prominent fact of its strange and wonderful history—viz., that when it is apparently strongest, it is the most insolent and nearest to a fall; that no order in its organization has ever been strong enough to set at defiance an honest popular opinion; that in no government of earth has it continued to exercise control; that in no age in which it has ever existed—at least not within the last ten centuries of time—has it exercised less influence over the politics of governments and less control over the intelligent consciences of men than it does to-day. The Church of Rome in America is *not* a dangerous organization; it is *not* a formidable political power; its paraded number is a sham; its cathedrals and churches, its cardinals and bishops, its stately ceremonials, its pomps and vanities, its traditions and superstitions are but the bedraggled regalia of a power that has departed—but the shadow of an authority that vanishes in the fierce white light of these days of free thought, free conscience, free speech, a free press, and free schools.

The august assemblage of Roman Catholic prelates, mostly old men, and, from their profession and habits, not presumed to be especially well informed upon other than ecclesiastical affairs, the great majority of its members of foreign birth, and nearly all of them of foreign education, has, at its recent meeting in Baltimore, endeavored to advise concerning many matters that it would have been better if it had not undertaken to meddle with. It seems to us especially impertinent for a convention of foreign priests to attempt to interfere with or counsel concerning the passage of laws to govern American citizens, when we consider that their work must be submitted to Rome to undergo the scrutiny and approval of his holiness the Pope, and their eminences the Italian cardinals, before it can be authoritatively issued. We have not received the full proceedings of the council, and will not till they have made their journey to Rome and returned. We know, however, that the questions of divorce, education, and temperance have been considered. If there was any question which we might have supposed would have commended itself to the consideration of this conclave of holy men, it is that of temperance. But Bishop Ireland is authority for saying that the "council" did not touch upon the total abstinence subject; the reason for not doing so is explained by the understanding arranged between Archbishop Gibbons and the Redemptionist Fathers, by which the Germans are allowed to have beer and other liquors at church fairs and picnics, and even Bishop Ireland, the leading temperance advocate in the Roman Church, deems it impolitic for the church, "as a church," to take action on the temperance question for fear of alienating the German Catholics. This would almost seem to justify our good Republican brother Burchard for having united "Rum and Romanism" in his unfortunate alliteration. Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, whose hobby is education, advocated with learned zeal the encouragement—by the church—of parochial schools, and when the proceedings get back from Rome we shall see if the sending of children to our public schools by Roman Catholic parents is not regarded as an ecclesiastical offense which Rome will not encourage. Bishop McQuaid thus reasoned: "The future "of this country depends upon the morality of its citizens. "Morality can only be gained through religious teaching, "and no child can obtain that training in a public school, "because in it there are no religious exercises, and the "Catholic Church holds that it is a sin for parents to send "their children to public schools." We reserve ourselves from commenting upon the council's work in reference to "divorces" till we are more fully advised as to what it has done. The Church of Rome is endeavoring to control so much of the administration of civil law in all countries as governs the making and annulling of contracts of marriage. In every encounter it has made within the last twenty years, with the governments of Austria, Italy, France, Germany, and Belgium, it has lost. In all encounters that have risen between the ecclesiastics of Rome and their allies and the civil governments of Europe, and we may also say with the governments upon this continent, the church has been worsted. The most marked triumph over Roman ecclesiasticism and its pretensions to civil authority is at Rome itself. The people of the Roman states—Catholics themselves—found the civil administration of the church so shamefully wicked, and so utterly insupportable, that they revolted. And so soon as French bayonets, and Swiss guards, and foreign measures were withdrawn, Rome became the capital of Italy with an Italian king. The government of the vicegerent of God was overturned. In every Catholic country in the world this same revolt is going on; the uprising is universal against the interference of priests; all over the civilized world the protest against the union of church and state is being made, and the movement will not turn back nor stay itself until every government of civilization administered by intelligent men is divorced from the control of this impudent ecclesiastical pretension, that has its bishopric and governmental authority at Rome. Any attempt of Roman prelates to introduce this business into our free country will prove a failure; and if the failure is not already as conspicuous as the endeavor, it only illustrates the contempt in which the movement is held. The layman, priest, bishop, archbishop, cardinal, or Pope, who shall indulge himself with the thought that in the future of the American Republic there is any place for a church establishment which shall be permitted to put its clerical nose into our civil administration, or interfere in any particular with the laws that govern our social intercourse, the education of our children, or the management of our governmental affairs, is a deluded man. When that time shall come, and that attempt be seriously made, there will be interesting politics in the United States of America, and we have the conscience to believe and the frankness to admit that the conspiracy within the Church of Rome will be met, exposed, and defeated by the intelligence and patriotism of the Roman Catholic population of America.

We have the most unquestioned confidence in the outcome of all this business. We have ever maintained the idea that all this fear of the Roman Catholic Church and its influence on our national future was but the evidence of timid, weak, and unreasoning minds. All the secret societies that are, or have ever been, organized in the United States of America, based upon the idea that our institutions are endangered by a conspiracy against our laws or our liberties within the Roman Church are shams. We have belonged, in our time, to several such organizations, and we are profoundly convinced that in the indulgence of our curiosity in joining them we made a fool of ourselves. We are convinced that they do more harm than good, and that, as a rule, they are the result of either demagogues or weak-minded people who delight in thinking that there are ghosts and bogies, but have not the courage to encounter them. We are not quite convinced that secret societies are good for anything, under any circumstances, and are quite certain that if the Church of Rome is dangerous in America, it is because *it is itself a secret organization*, and because of the existence within it of orders that work and plot in secret. We have not less respect for monk, or priest, or brother of cord, and cowl and sandal, and snuff-box, who steals into his monkery, and sneaks off to a gloomy cell to conspire and plot for the advancement of his church, than we have for the cowardly American who thinks he can successfully resist ecclesiastical encroachments by secret grips and whispering pass-words through holes in a door, wearing regalia, and making an idiot of himself in half-lighted rooms, better than by open, courageous, manly, daylight opposition. The order that thus does its work in secret loses half its power for good and all of its dignity. It denies itself the alliance of all that large and splendid band of intelligent young Catholics who are emancipating themselves from that is bad in the church in America, who are thro overboard half its traditions and all of its superstitions, are holding fast to only that which is good. Having thought in mind, we are glad that the plenary counc Baltimore has determined to establish in America a man Catholic theological university for the educatio priests. We are glad that a wealthy young lady has dowed it with three hundred thousand dollars. We b others may do the same thing. Let there be a great versity of "learning" in America, where priests ca taught; an institution that shall not dare to exclude ence; that could not, if its faculty were all monks r rected from the cloisters and graves of the mediæval keep from it the atmosphere of free thought, that penetrate to its innermost recesses wherever it may placed in the United States of America. Give us a t sand intelligent boys in a university near any one of great cities, give them the opportunity of free thou give them emancipation from the terror of superstit and we care not what their course of study, who teachers, or how severe their discipline, they will c out with inquiring minds. They may come out with minds warped or dwarfed; but they will, in their i course, have so sharpened each other, and so incited other to investigation, that it will bring about a gr reformation in the Roman Catholic Church in Am than the one inaugurated by Luther in Germany. W not mean to be understood that the doctrines of the man Catholic religion can not stand the investigation science, nor be successfully submitted to the most haustive researches of the wise and good. What we m to say, is that when these investigations have been when these researches have been made by fearless educated American scholars, born in this land of dom and free thought, all that is bad and dangerou the Roman Catholic Church of America will have eliminated from its teachings and its discipline; if the anything in or about it not in harmony with republ government in the United States of America, it wil made to conform to our laws. If it leaves the Pope any authority at all, it will leave him at Rome Bishop of Rome, with such spiritual authority as come from God to man, with such power as God con upon all whose pure lives and spiritual graces comm them; and it will leave a common-sense church dive of all the superstitious nonsense that ages of abuse of clesiastical power have crystallized around it. The Ro Catholic Church separated from Rome, and cured of propensity to meddle in civil affairs, is neither danger nor uncomfortable. Reform never will come to it exc from within; reform never comes to any church or or ization except from its own membership. The thing w is most likely to bring reform is a broad, national versity, that shall give to the church in America an int gent, highly educated clergy of native-born Americar priests, born to a love of country, which is always stro than a love of religion; a church subordinate to the St a church and a body of canonicals that will take plea in minding its own spiritual business, and not meddle the State or its administration of civil affairs. This char we have the confidence to believe, will be brought ab by the generation of young people who are being e cated and who are to be educated in America, some whom are to become priests of the Roman Cath Church.

We present to our readers a group of figures that are s ply astounding. Within them there is an argument will naturally address itself to every unprejudiced and telligent person. We will not undertake to break the fo of their naked presentation by the suggestion of any spe argument. To those who are sufficiently interested or s ciently curious to push the saloon statistics to a comp son with those of wheat, corn, rice, or any of the ot food productions of the country, we can assure them equally startling results. They are equally applicable all the countries of the civilized world. In them are volved moral questions that ought to challenge the att tion of all who love their kind, and political considerati worthy of careful analysis by all who love their country.

For convenience of reference and comparison, the w ers on railroads have placed them in groups. The N England group embraces all the railroads in Maine, N Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, a Connecticut. The Pacific group includes all the roads California, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, Oreg and Washington Territory.

The entire gross earnings in the Northeast group for year 1882 was $56,188,499. For the same year the gr earning of the Pacific group was $41,754,686. The tc number of miles operated in the first is stated at 6,186, a in the second, 5,812.

The total number of licensed gin-mills operated in New England group for the year ending June 30, 1883, cording to the report of the Commissioners of Inter Revenue, was 16,239. The number operated in the Paci

group was 15,188. The Beer Brewers' Congress, the Association of Liquor Dealers, and others who have made the matter one of careful observation and study, put the average receipts of the saloons throughout the country at five thousand dollars each. Taking this as correct, the "gross earnings" of the saloons in the New England group was $81,195,000; and in the Pacific group, $75,940,000. In the New England States, therefore, the saloon-keepers squeezed $25,000,000 more out of the people for poison than the railroads did for carrying freight and passengers, and in the Pacific States they succeeded in getting $34,000,000 more.

The number of inhabitants in the New England group of States—census of 1880—is 4,010,438, and the cost per head, including women and children, for intoxicating liquor is $20. In the Pacific group, the number of people is 1,479,615, and the average cost of whisky to them is $51 per head.

The total gross receipts of all the railroads in the United States for the year 1882 was $770,356,716. For the year ending June 30, 1883, the number of saloons licensed was 195,869, and their gross earnings, according to the best authority, was $979,345,000; showing a difference in favor of the saloons, as against the railroads, of $208,988,284.

The number of licensed "gin-mills" in this State," according to the report above referred to, was 9,532, the gross receipts of which were $47,660,000, showing a difference in favor of the "gin-mills" of California alone over the entire gross receipts of all the railroads in the Pacific group of $5,905,314. For the same period there were in the State of New York 31,001 licensed saloons, the gross receipts of which were over $155,000,000. The New York Central and Hudson River Railroad owns and operates 993 miles—a four steel-tracked road from the Atlantic to the lakes—and the entire gross receipts for the year 1882 were $27,249,797. The entire assets of that magnificent road are set down at $158,249,797, so that the people of that State put into the tills of the saloon-keepers nearly the entire value of just such a road every year.

The decision by Judge Sullivan, in the case of Sarah Althea Hill against William Sharon, is a great surprise. This case is only distinguished from its class—which is a large one—by reason of the great wealth of the defendant, and the undue prominence which has been given to its trial, the successful effort of its attorneys, on either side, to drag into it extraneous, sensational, and offensive matter, and the pandering of our daily press to the diseased and vulgar appetite. Had the case occurred between a plaintiff of better reputation and a defendant of purer life and less wealth, and had there been less blackguardism in its conduct, less of perjury and subornation of perjury in its evidence, less of nastiness in detail, less of superstition and "nigger Voudooism," and had less extraneous and foreign and improper evidence been admitted, it would have created less attention. It would not have justified even this paragraph from a journal that has given it no notice, and that carefully avoids all sensations of like character. Judge Sullivan should have ordered this trial within closed doors, and punished every newspaper that violated his order with fine and imprisonment. If the "facts" as found by the judge be facts, Mr. Sharon will receive little sympathy. If he has not been the victim of an artful adventuress, and of a conspiracy to extort money, he will not have deserved it. If *all* the history of this case is found in the opinion of the court, the decree would be accepted as a just one. If the object of this trial has been *not* the vindication of female honor or the establishment of the rights of a wronged wife, but the extortion of money from a rich man by false testimony and forged documents, then the result is most unfortunate. We are not thinking of the defendant in this case, and we are not endeavoring to break the force of the wave of popular indignation that just now is beating against him for his folly, his indiscretion, and his defiance of social canons that have their force in the—at least outward—observance of moral practices. We are thinking of the consequences to society that are possible, if the "*holy*" estate can be thus established, if the "*solemn*" contract can be thus entered into, if the "*sacrament*" of marriage can be thus administered. We can not, after reading Judge Sullivan's opinion, at all agree with him as to the law as he has laid it down for this case. It is a misfortune to society if his statements and reasoning are not in error. Judge Sullivan has honorably earned for himself a justly deserved reputation for judicial integrity, for moral courage, and for legal ability, which he has not forfeited, and has not deserved to forfeit, in this most unfortunate and disgraceful trial. Of course, the end is not yet. There will be motions and arguments for alimony and for counsel fees, an appeal will be taken to a higher tribunal, renewed scenes of blackguardism will occur in court, Mr. Sharon will be bled wherever the leaches can find way to his purse, and at the end he will be, by some hundreds of thousands, less a twelve-millionaire than before Miss Sarah Althea Hill found herself in his private office for a business interview.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### "Assassin" and "Assassination" Defined.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Some three weeks ago A. B. Spreckels suddenly and without warning, with murderous intent, attempted to kill M. H. de Young, firing several pistol-shots into his body, whereof he still languishes. The attacking party took his victim by *surprise*, and if the latter had died of his wounds the act had been murder; but if he shall survive, then the attack will have been but an ineffective attempt to murder. The assault above alluded to has been extensively noticed by the newspapers editorially, wherein the attack has been generally referred to as an *attempted* assassination, or an *attempt* at assassination, and the perpetrator of the deed is spoken of as a *would-be* assassin—showing a gross misconception of the meaning of the nouns assassin and assassination, and of the verb assassinate—using the words as if the deed called "assassination" was uncertain or incomplete unless and until the victim should die of the attack. This is erroneous. The truth is, that one who secretly or suddenly, and by surprise, attacks another with the intent and purpose to kill him, is an assassin, and such deed is assassination, then and there, whether such attempt to kill be effective or not. The noun "assassin" is defined by Worcester as "one who kills or *attempts* to kill by violence and treachery, or secret assault." Webster defines is as "one who kills, or *attempts* to kill, by surprise or secret assault"; and the verb "assassinate" he defines: "To kill, or *attempt* to kill, by surprise or secret assault." Therefore, one who attempts to kill another, attacking him by surprise or secret assault, is an assassin, whether the attempt be effective or not—whether the person attacked be killed on the spot, or subsequently die of the assault, or not. Even if such attempted injury be wholly thwarted, the act is assassination, and the perpetrator is an assassin. Writers who have misused these words should "overhaul their log-books, and, when found, make a note on't."

S. W. H.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 9, 1884.

### A Reminiscence of Christmas in Pioneer Times.

Yesterday I passed the old New York Bakery on Kearny Street, near Clay. A delicious spicy aroma came wafting on the air from the kitchen below. I was on hallowed, magic ground, and for minutes stood transfixed to the spot. The gates of childhood were left ajar, translating me to that beautiful time of life set thick with the blossoms of hope. Many years ago my mother, one morning before Christmas, wrapping two slugs in a paper bade me go to a dry-goods store on Clay Street, and pay a bill. I led two brothers, my constant playmates, by the hand, and we idled along inspecting the gay shop-windows.

Meanwhile the money had been shifted from hand to hand before the aromatic fumes of this restaurant had cast a spell over us. Here we halted, with open mouths inhaling the delectable odors of doughnut, fruit cake, gingerbread, and pumpkin-pie. I gather the fragrance to-day, but, ah! not as then, like delicious wafts from Araby the Blest. Every pore of our tender, glowing skins seemed to drink in the nourishing smell, as we stood over the grating and watched the skillful cooks go through the deft, mysterious motions from which evolved seductive cake, from tiny cookie to frosted mountain loaf. What to us was a hundred dollars of paltry gold, as we gazed upon pans of currants, seeded raisins, and citrons sliced? Alas! down slipped the slugs, the golden wheels rolling along and dropping through the grating out of sight.

Quicker than thought we rushed within and down stairs, upsetting jelly tins and steaming mince pies, while tragically rending the air with cries of "Our slugs! Our slugs!" The patient, paper-capped cook, with his assistants, nonchalantly looked around over the floor, and, picking up the gold pieces and handing each a cookie, bade us "trot along."

Continuing around the corner, we discovered a miniature Santa Claus and Christmas-tree in a show-window. We had never before beheld this entrancing picture of what we had heard in story. We had some genius for construction and foreshadowings of executive ability—as our clever civil-engineering among the San Francisco sand-hills could attest; mills, dams, ramparts, and mud-pies had successfully evolved from our industrious digging and upbuilding on drifted acres. Then and there we decided to have a Christmas tree. Why not, with the red-berried holly-bush blossoming over all the suburban hills?

Having again become oblivious of practical things, when we concluded to move on, the slugs were once more missing. However, after much fumbling, they were exhumed from the depths of Marshall's small variety store in his trousers pocket. So we jogged along, paid the bill, procured receipt, and hastened back to the hotel, hungry for luncheon and ravenous for a Christmas-tree.

Old Dick, the darky whom we had brought from the States, and who declared that he had "chawed de food dat fed us," was easily impressed into service. With him we tugged up the banks and over the sand-hills, slipping and sliding, till we reached Pine and Stockton streets; where Dick selected a great, freshly glittering, red-berried, symmetrical holly-tree, and proceeded to use his hatchet with good effect. Then, buttoning up his shaggy coat and shouldering the prize, as the billows of fog rolled in from the Pacific, and the sand blew in our eyes, we slid, and rolled, and waded homeward; Dick, as avant-courier, resembling not a little the Santa Claus with upheld tree which had given this inspiration. Even as the pillar led the children of Israel, so we, in blinding haze, with implicit trust, followed our signal till we emerged from the wilderness of brush and drifting sand.

The tree, probably the first erected in California, was accorded a place in the back parlor. The reading-room and bar-room were filled with men, many of whom had children oceans away, and who at this holy season tried to realize a home feeling in hotel life; but while gathering warmth from the blazing fire and mixed potions in the way of drinks, the inner man was at heart poorly refreshed. The sight of a child would bring a tear, and when it was noised about that the children were preparing a Christmas tree, there was a grand stampede thitherward, and a new light beamed in every homesick man's face.

Taking in the situation, first one man and then another hurried away with a "d—n-the-expense" recklessness, and returned with gifts, until a wealth of treasures were hung upon the branches. It was like a picture from "The Arabian Nights." There were golden lockets, ear-rings, brooches, buckles, a diamond ring, bracelets, a small gold watch and chain of bits of quartz, silver wreaths, and mugs, and spoons, silken gowns, satin scarfs, white kid slippers, silk stockings, ribbons, dolls, tiny boots, entire suits of boys' clothing, hats, caps, swords, guns, cakes, candies, and every procurable variety of toys. A silver casket, holding a necklace of pearls, and an ebony pearl inlaid work-box, with one to match for gloves, and a valuable checker-board with carved ivory chess-men, and a money-box, into which coins were dropped, had place upon the foundation block, which was draped with an elegantly embroidered, deep-fringed, silk Chinese shawl.

I met Colonel Gift at the front door, who led me in by the hand. Ere long he beheld the sylvan scene. Overcome with delight, he went to the bar-room and effusively relieved himself by exclaiming:

"Have you seen George's children and their Christmas gifts? By God! gentlemen, if it ain't mighty nigh the purtiest sight you ever saw! Now I musn't slight the youngsters, but, d—n my soul to h—l, it'll be a hard matter to get anything. Looks mighty like the boys had made a rush on all Duncan's bazaar truck and broke him. To be sure there are trinkets—— And just hold on—let—me—see." Running his hands down into his trousers pockets, he produced several pieces of coin and a big piece of tobacco. Motioning to me, he said: "Look a here, sis, tell your ma to run out and get you something—anything that's purty to be had." He tossed a slug into my upheld apron. There was a hole in it, and as we tied it to a limb, he started off with a smiling face, and while abstractedly walking to and fro, his hands vibrating happily under the tails of his old-school, swallow-tailed coat of blue broadcloth embellished with brass buttons, he ran into General Walker, the gray-eyed man of destiny, who was even then meditating that fatal filibustering expedition.

"Hello, general, howdy? Never had anything like that down in Tennessee, did we? If a youngster hung up his stocking on the chimbly-jam, and got some hoe-cake, doughnuts, hickory-nuts, and a cob of popcorn, he was mighty lucky, and he sensibly got his stuffed turkey at noon. But if one of 'em ketched you with "Christmas gift!" you had to come out with a trifle—candy, or liquorice, or cinamon, maybe."

The general handed both the boys a whistle and sticks surmounted by horse-heads, and as they set up a pandemoniac canter, he slipped a gold ring with a specimen heart upon it on my finger. It was far too large, and even with a rag wrapped around the inner side it was in jeopardy. Lieutenant Derby ("Squibob") peeped in with sphinx-like expression, and disappeared. In half an hour he brought a long blue-yarn stocking, generously packed and labled "Noah's Ark," and hung it on a prominent limb. It immediately provoked inspection, revealing bread and butter and pieces of Bologna sausage; but anger and disgust were turned to joy and huzzaing, as the big foot, even to the toe, was filled with rare candied cats, dogs, pigs—in fact, a sweet miniature zoological garden—which he had discovered down near Cheap John's, on Long Wharf.

Walter Chauncey added a caged dove-colored Polly, who swore like a pirate. Captain Folsom suspended a tiny bag of gold coins, whole, half, and quarter dollars, from a high limb. But perhaps nothing was more tempting to children than the rare, big bell-flower apples that Governor McDougall had secured from a Panama steamer steward, and now rolled from out his red silk handkerchief. Doctor Aldrich balanced a half dollar on his index finger, and cried: "Now, children, heads or tails?" as he whizzed it up to the ceiling; and he continued the temptation until we had won and deposited six dollars in the money-box. Two long-bearded miners, whom even San Francisco civilization did not scare into patronizing boiled shirts, and who recklessly shoveled their victuals into their mouths, running the risk of splitting their palates, having found a big pocket, had run down to the metropolis on a Christmas lark. They had just reëntered at the hotel when the tree excitement was at its height. One of them adjourned to the office-desk, and, ordering his deposited sack of gold, poured out what he judged to be a good, square American ounce, and, tying it up in a piece of buckskin, entered it among the other suspended offerings.

"I'll see you, and go you one better," coolly said the other, replacing his pipe in his mouth, fingering about in his jacket pocket till delivering it of a little paper package, which he gently unrolled, revealing half a dozen beautiful gold specimens.

"I was a-goin' to send them to my little chaps by next steamer, but somehow the happy ones in thar makes me shut my eyes and feel that they're right here—'specially the little girl—though I'll bet a purty high pile on them boys," he continued, as he slipped the gifts almost caressingly into a match-box, and proceeded to tie them on a high branch. The Legislature had adjourned over the holidays, and a grand old Castilian senator, with hidalgo eyes, and whose English was mellifluous to the ear, courteously exclaimed, "Bonito, muy bonito; I shall do myself the pleasure to present one—what you call it?—one remembrance," and he flung, not ungracefully, a rich, long, scarlet silk sash, which he had bought for his waist, across the topmost boughs. A Chinese merchant, one of my father's clients, added an exquisite ivory filigree boat, delicate as a strip of lace, some crêpe handkerchiefs, an elaborate set of tiny dishes, and a lacquered pot of ginger preserves. All Christmas day the whittled waxen candles were replenished, and the glittering tree that touched the ceiling was viewed by hundreds of magnificent men, the very flower of the argonauts of early California days, who looked upon the enchanting scene with mingled delight and heartache as they thought of homes far over the seas.

Three Dutch hurdy-gurdy girls were heard singing in loud, rasping, falsetto tones to the grinding accompaniment of the organ. The music, however, somewhat mellowed by the intervening air as they were edifying the denizens of a gambling saloon not far away, where even the children, in passing on the wooden sidewalk, could see the slugs piled high and behold the flushed, excited faces of the faro-mad crowd. Ere long, having sent around the money-box, one of them shouldered the big organ, and, upon coming to the hotel, were brought into the hall, where they reaped a rich harvest as they finished their *pièce de résistance*, "Come, shange a ring mit me, my love."

Colonel Gift and Doctor Harris, who were at home on the subjects of politics, the ladies, and horses, pronounced it first-rate music, and had them additionally grind out the "Highland Fling" and "Fisher's Hornpipe," much to the edification of the audience, who grew excited as we danced, and threw a shower of coins at our feet.

Jim Dunlap now came along from his studio with "Jeems Pipes," brought his fiddle, and elaborated on "Arkansaw Traveler" and "Gal on a Log," which set ever so many sober "heels a rockin'", and Dick went to patting Juba and dancing a hoe-down in the back hall. But when between the pieces Jim took hold of his long nose and twisted it, making at the same time a harrowing, grating noise with his molars, leading us children to believe that he had deliberately broken that prominent member of his handsome physiognomy, we screamed in agony.

It was growing late as Jim drew his bow impressively and played "Way down upon the Swanee River" and "Do they miss me at Home" in touching tremolo. Nearly all eyes were moist; even Colonel Gift took out his red bandana and blew his nose vociferously, to divert attention from his tearful condition, while Colonel Woodlief impatiently cried: "There's too much hydraulic power in that Jim. Give us something lively. Stick to 'Lucy Neal' and 'Jim Crack Corn.' By heaven! gentlemen, Governor Bigler's apple-toddy out yonder is waiting. It doesn't taste much of the apple, but what it lacks in apple is made up in the best Bourbon in California." Whereupon there was an awakening to real life and a general move on the bar-room.

God bless them all! The greater number tarry no longer as homeless strangers here, but have peacefully entered the morning land, where the Tree of Life is blooming.

MARY V. TINGLEY LAWRENCE.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1884.

Authors are a long-lived race, but there are many exceptions to the rule. Chatterton, Keats, and Kirke White, died in early manhood, Keats was only 26; Artemus Ward died at 33; Byron at 36; Burns at 37; Charlotte Bronte at 39; Edgar Allan Poe at 40; Goldsmith at 46; Balzac at 51; Mrs. E. B. Browning, Shakespeare, and Thackeray at 52; Charles Kingsley at 56; Dickens at 58; Hawthorne at 60; Scott at 61; Boccaccio at 62; Milton and Agassiz at 66; Dumas, senior, at 67; Bulwer at 68; Hans Andersen at 70; Chaucer at 72; De Quincey at 74; Samuel Johnson at 75; Irving at 76; Beranger at 77. Goethe, at 83, lived through three generations.

Those who are interested in studying contemporary French manners will find ample gleanings in the dialogues of Mme. de Martel, better known as "Gyp" of *La Vie Parisienne*. Her volume, "Petit Bob," has passed through nineteen editions; "Autour du Mariage" through fifty-five editions, and her new volume, "Plume et Poil," is destined to the same success. "Gyp's" pictures of society are not only witty, audacious, and smartly expressed, but the avidity with which society reads them proves that society finds its portrait—*Gyp pinxit*—more or less faithful. Her books, however, are anything but clean.

All who subscribe to the *Magazine of Art* for 1885 are to [illegible] an impression from a very delicate and poetic etching by [illegible] S. Monks. It is entitled "Crossing the Pasture," and [illegible] cient temptation to the subscriber, to say nothing of the [illegible] interesting magazine it accompanies.

## THE HISTORY OF A HOOP-SKIRT.

Faithfully Reported for the Argonaut by Sheldon Borden.

A sky parlor in Bohemia. The exact geographical limits of Bohemia are unknown to this deponent, and he is of the opinion that were this world a vast school-room, wherein the pedagogue gave out the following question: "Bound Bohemia!" the majority of us would go to the foot. We all know 'tis a country whose citizens are a little wiser and a vast deal poorer than other people; who practice alchemy in shabbiness and poverty—striving to turn brains into gold, and finding, like the counterfeiter, that the base material is hard to convert, and harder still to put on the market. No prince or potentate rules the realm of Bohemia, and her possessions lie scattered over the busy world, unmarked, unclaimed, and unheeded—rendering no tribute, acknowledging no suzerainty.

Crowded into little alleys, where all the stairways seem to be back steps, and one wonders whether the houses ever had any front, we find small fragments of her dominions; or perched alone on a sandy hillock, the gate in perpetual non-repair, and the doors only two feet wide—exactly the width of its hall—one stumbles here and there on a dwelling which shelters her citizens.

It is nearer the sky, however, that the majority of her population is found—up long flights of stairs, rickety with age or redolent with the odor of departed dinners; through long passages where little doors with numbers on them are so numerous that one can hardly believe there are as many rooms as doors—passages where the gas is forever escaping, as if it objected to being confined in such a dismal place, and where by some inconceivable plan all the doors and windows open where the least light can get to them.

These are Bohemia's palaces, and in the high back parlors—the highest up and the farthest back—are found her vassals working away at their foolish alchemy, each with his little crucible striving to find the lacking ingredient—pouring in Youth and Hope, Health, Happiness, and finally Life.

In such a palace was our sky parlor. It was as spacious as most Bohemian apartments, being about twelve feet square, and having what the Princess, who owned our palace, called a "southern exposure," consisting of one window and a pair of faded green blinds. The view from this aperture was what the Princess termed "extended," and, inasmuch as it was somewhat higher than the surrounding dwellings, it merited the distinction. It commanded a countless succession of back-yards and chimney-tops, and a person of idle mind could have found much food for speculation in endeavoring to determine to what house each back-yard belonged, and from what fireplace each chimney conducted the smoke, so jumbled and confused were they.

All the buildings in its vicinity were wooden—at least in the rear—and the boards had assumed that gray weather-beaten color so pleasing to the eye and conducive to cheerfulness, while here and there a straggling leafless tree seemed to be doing its best to provoke discussion. A pessimist would have said 'twas dead; an optimist that it had shed its leaves for the winter.

From fence to fence there was a cobweb of clothes-lines, and on that uncalendared day known among housewives as "wash-day," sundry garments—literally *sundry*—of various shapes and dimensions, added their charm to the landscape, dangled in hopeless limpness, or swayed and tossed, according to whether the day was foggy or windy.

Above these, another cobweb of telephone wires seemed to hold eternal wash-day, for they were decorated with stray kites, papers, rags, and articles of cast-off apparel, the mystery of the latter being how they ever got there, and how, with the perversity of things inanimate, they stayed there without any fastening or security whatever during gusts of wind, which, despite all precautions of pins and spirals, sometimes hurled to the earth their neighbors of the clothes-lines below.

Close to the solitary window of our parlor—so close that one could almost reach it with his hand—this network of wires upheld its accumulation of antique property, and directly in front of the faded green blinds an old dilapidated hoop-skirt hung dejectedly, as if its life had been one of emptiness and broken ribs. Its cloth covering had nearly all succumbed to time, and the rusty wires peered forth with a skeleton-like effect, as if to illustrate how vain and frivolous a thing is hoop-skirt existence. Gloomily and despondently it hung, never joining in the breezy, joyous flappings of its neighbors, the kites and newspapers, nor rejoicing with them at the imprecations which followed the downfall of their humble imitators on the clothes-lines.

Plainly its existence had been embittered by some misfortune, or, as is frequently the case, prosperity in early life had unfitted it for adversity in later years.

So thought the Bohemian who occupied our sky parlor, as he sat at the window in dressing-gown and slippers—both the worse for service—and his eye wandered over the view which the Princess called "extended," then came back to his own surroundings, and absently contemplated each article of furniture as if he expected some help there. He was in search of an idea, an inspiration—one of the main ingredients in the caldron of these alchemists—but none appeared to be concealed about his apartment, or else he had exhausted them all.

It is true that his carpet might have suggested a poverty-stricken young gentleman at the very lowest ebb of fortune, in love with an equally destitute young lady, represented by the sofa-bedstead, which also illustrated the ups and downs of fortune, being possessed of just enough remaining springs to render their entire absence desirable.

The wall-paper might have furnished inspiration for a tangled, matted forest, in which a villain—personified by a dingy, unpainted washstand—held his orgies, and remarked "Ha!" after the manner of villains ever since the world began.

In fact, with the exception that nothing in the room could possibly suggest the rich and obdurate old father, or the equally wealthy and more persistent rival lover, it seems to me that the Bohemian might have spun a very comfortable orthodox romance out of the material at hand.

Either he did not perceive these advantages, or he had his fears as to the reception an orthodox romance might meet at the hands of the stony-hearted miser who melted up the ingots, for his eye again sought the prospect, and again fell on the superannuated hoop-skirt.

"Ah!" he said, half aloud. "If I could only get the history of that bundle of old wire, I could go down to the office of Clippem & Squeezer with a light heart and a large ingot—enough, perhaps, to make the Princess a present that will keep me here at the palace a few weeks more!"

"If that is the case, young man," said a thin, wiry voice, which seemed to come directly from the hoop-skirt, "if that is the case, I am willing to be interviewed. I remember being in company with a lady who was interviewed by one of you gentlemen, and when it came out in the papers there wasn't a word there she had said. I should prefer your giving my history as I tell it, and not as your exuberant fancy may paint it."

As soon as he could recover his breath, the Bohemian stammered his assurance of absolute accuracy, and the voice went on:

"Passing briefly over the period of my early life, embraced in my manufacture and sale, I will only say that at that time I was considered elegant, stylish, and fashionable. I had many admirers, not only among the ladies, but including many gallant young gentlemen, who followed me around with persistent devotion. These are but empty boasts, and not compatible with my present disgraceful situation. Plunging at once into my story, it was about six weeks after my clothing was completed—*don't* look at me so closely, it makes me uncomfortable to be seen half dressed—that I was first introduced into polite society, at a great ball in this city. I was worn by a most charming young lady—at least I have heard my admirers tell her so hundreds of times—who selected me for the occasion and ordered me charged to Miss Valere, by which I first learned her name. She was a dainty, high-stepping young woman, with a patrician face, and a little rippling laugh that made one like to see her amused, just to hear it. She had her faults, of course—we all have—was capricious and a little haughty at times; besides which she was absolutely useless from a utility standpoint—disposed to an idle, *far niente* life, as if she said, 'All the world's a stage, and I am the audience. Amuse me.' Still, I have often thought, as I hung on a chair in her chamber and watched her before the mirror, that no one could be more beautiful. Aha! I see you grow more interested; but I promise you that you shall hear no betrayal of the secrets of such a sanctuary, young man!

"As I said before, my first acquaintance with polite society began at a large ball, and I was first ushered into a dressing-room where numbers of my fellow-hoops were jostling each other, while their mistresses pinned flounces, tied slippers, brushed, frizzled, and fretted in ante-ball-room anxiety. I heard a confusion of whispers as follows:

"'What a *lovely* train!'

"'*Please* pin my fichu.'

"'Whom did you come with?'

"'Where *are* my slippers?'

"'I just *know* every bit of the curl is gone out of my hair!'

"'Hurry up, girls, and let *me* primp!'

"'How does my skirt hang?' etc., etc.

"Ah, if my mistress could only see how her skirt hangs *now*, she might find pity for an old servant, and take me down.

"All of this was, of course, very novel and very pleasant to me. We—my mistress and I—finally got down stairs, and stood in a long line of people which seemed to terminate at one end of the drawing-room, as if we were speculators and the ticket office was there. I couldn't understand it at all until I heard Miss Valere say:

"'Good *evening*, Mrs. Gossiper. What a lovely party! *So* good you are to young people! They positively ought to adore you—here's one that does.'

"Then, when we passed by, she went on, in an aside to her partner: 'Thank goodness, that is over, and we can enjoy ourselves!'

"'There's only one thing worse in this world,' he replied, 'and that's when you file past a bride and groom at a large wedding for the alleged purpose of congratulations. You have a sense of slowly approaching doom—a shuddering fear that the man in front of you and the man behind you will say exactly what you are going to say; and, as a consequence, when you reach the couple, you mutter something which no one hears—for which you are thankful—you shake hands with counterfeited fervor and slink away in sadness. Or else you prepare a little speech that is rather original—quite neat, in fact—and just in the opening sentence the bride, answering what she supposes is the usual imbecility, interrupts with, "Thank you; I'm very glad to see you," etc. Result the same as before.'

"Then they laughed, and I began to wonder why they did these things, when my train of thought was rudely broken by being whirled round and round, bumped against numberless varieties of masculine legs, crushed almost flat in collision with members of my own family, and otherwise maltreated. This was very perplexing at the time, though I have since learned that they were waltzing, and these were the necessary incidents to that pastime. I remember particularly one pair of trousers—my mistress danced with them, or, I should say, with their occupant—which ran against me cruelly, and seemed to be in trepidation and uncertainty as to where they ought to step—the decision being usually disastrous. I could not account for this, as my mistress kept saying to him: 'How nicely you dance! I never saw any one improve so much!' and many such compliments; nor was the matter explained when he went away, although a young lady who sat by us whispered: 'Who was that frightful dancer you had just now?' and my mistress replied naïvely: 'Mr. Coupon Bond; don't you know him?' at which they both laughed quite heartily, much to my amazement.

"It is quite unnecessary for me to detail the many new and enchanting things I learned in this, my first social experience; the many witty and flattering speeches made to us by young men; the charming way in which I and my sisters congregated together when we were tired of dancing, and squeezed each other into affectionate proximity on sofas and easy-chairs; the reckless way in which we failed to cover up pretty slippered feet, and the admirable tact with which we concealed large or flat ones! Nor is it necessary to dwell on the conquests we made or the havoc we wrought among masculine hearts.

"Stay! There was one whom I *will* mention—a curly-haired young gentleman, of whose feet I never once lost sight, so closely did he pursue us. He seemed to be dancing on air when we waltzed with him, and I heard him murmur: 'For love is heaven, and heaven is love'—the true application of which did not at that time appeal to me. He took us to the refreshment-room, and in his eagerness to supply us with everything eatable managed to upset a plate of terrapin on his trousers, which mishap seemed not to dampen his spirits at all, though it certainly injured his appearance. As we went down the stairs again I fancied he held my lady's hand rather longer and more firmly than her safety demanded, but she afterward said she excused it, as she felt sure it was the champagne, and in the end his devotion was rewarded by a seat in our carriage as we returned home. Here also it seemed to me that I was uncomfortably cramped, although the seat on which my lady and the curly-haired gentleman sat was quite large, and I fancied that the smell of stewed terrapin was unpleasantly close; but it may have been the champagne, or I may have been mistaken, as I never heard her say anything about it.

* * * * * * * *

"What followed during the next few weeks of the season would be more or less a repetition of the foregoing. We were in a whirl of gayety, and I soon wore off the *gaucherie* which made me wonder at many things I saw at my first ball. We went to innumerable parties, and to dinners, and drives, and *fêtes*, and frolics of all sorts, till I became very much attached to my mistress and absorbed in her beauty. The curly-haired young gentleman was constantly at my side, and I began to think seriously as to whether I should discourage his assiduous attentions.

"I had not fully made up my mind when the great crisis of my life came. One evening at the tea-table Mrs. Valere—our mamma, a stout, comely matron—was reading some kind of a magazine, and I heard her say: 'Valentine' (my mistress's name is Valentine) 'I see that hoops for young girls are going out.' ['Why, of course,' thought I, 'while the girls go out the hoops must go out too!'] She continued: 'I was talking to Mrs. Fanglenew to-day, and she said her girls intended to drop them.' ['Certainly,' thought I, 'they could hardly take them off over their heads.'] Mrs. Valere went on: 'And she said to me: "You see, my girls like to be first in the fashion, and *they* do not *need* hoops to improve their contour, like many others!"' 'The idea!' said Valentine, laughing, 'and I suppose she told you not to think of changing *your* daughter's if you feared the loss would detract from her appearance! Didn't she, mamma?' 'About that,' replied Mrs. Valere; 'but I assured her in my blandest tones that hoop-skirts were less becoming to slender, delicate girls, than to stout, fleshy, short-waisted ones; so, if *her* dear girls were going to lay them on the shelf, I thought *you* could also.' ['Well,' thought I, 'I'd just as soon be laid on the shelf as hung on a chair.'] My mistress laughed again: 'Why, mamma,' she said, 'you're a Voltaire for repartee! I'm proud of you.'

"And that was all I heard on the subject.

"Two days afterward I awoke to find myself distending Mrs. Valere's stiff brocade, instead of my mistress's light grenadine, and then it dawned on me that I had been banished—that, in my ignorant security, I had misunderstood the drift of their tea-table conversation, all of which related to my ultimate rejection. Oh, it was a bitter blow! No more parties, no more pleasure—to exchange my mistress's light step and sparkling speech for Mrs. Valere's slow, sturdy gait and plethoric serenity, not to mention other differences of mind and person. I was utterly miserable for a time, but grew gradually more reconciled to the change, though I pined for my gentleman admirers, and particularly for the curly-haired young man.

To my delight, it was only a few days later that the servant brought in his card for *Mrs.* Valere, and we went into the parlor to see him. He had not forgotten me, then; he was still true to me, and had arranged this as a meeting. How good of him! We entered the parlor, and I was alarmed by the pallor of his face, the nervous working of his hands, which betokened suppressed anguish. Ah, poor fellow! he has missed me terribly—he has suffered intensely.

"'Mrs. Valere,' he said, 'I have come—that is—I mean—you have a priceless gem—a treasure which——' [He stops; his voice seems a great way off! He is going to ask for *my* restoration. How frightened he is!]

"'I want to ask you,' he stammered again, 'to permit me—to give me'—[mercy on us! he can't be going to ask a lady for her hoop-skirt for his own use!]—'to give me—to forgive me—and sanction my engagement to your daughter.' [Oh, the traitor! He is not thinking of me. He does not even care for me, except as a part of Valentine. Deceitful man!]

"'Does my daughter know of this, sir?' said Mrs. Valere; and in a moment he had thrown open the folding doors, disclosing my dear mistress, more beautiful than ever, a pink blush on her fair face, and a timid smile on her lips. Her soft robe clung round her closely and lovingly, as if glad that I was no longer there to thrust it away. Mrs. Valere was right—she did not suffer by my exile. Would that I did not, as well. He took her hand in his, and together they knelt at her mother's feet, close to me.

"'Dear mother,' she said, 'put your hands on our heads, and call us your children.' And so she did, with a trembling voice and a touch as tender as my darling's own. And then we went out, leaving them alone together.

"After this interview I began to cast around in search of some crumbs of comfort for myself. It appeared that hoops were only going out of fashion for girls, and when my mistress was married I might hope to be reinstated. O joy! It repaid all my sufferings to anticipate that reunion, and during the preparations for the wedding I had

but one thought—I should be restored. As the day drew near I observed that Mrs. Valere began to dispense with me more and more, which strengthened my hopes of a final separation. It came, but alas! as the homely proverb says, I got 'out of the frying-pan into the fire.' On the morning of the wedding-day Mrs. Valere came out in a magnificent costume of maroon velvet cut like Valentine's, so as to dispense with hoops, and when my darling came into her mother's room I heard her say:

"'You dear old mamma, you look as young as if it were *your* wedding and not a grown-up daughter's!' and she proceeded to embrace and rumple that maroon velvet in a shocking way. Then they held some conversation about Jemima Ann, the servant-girl who had charge of the wedding breakfast, during which I heard: 'That new dress makes her look quite stylish, mamma. I believe she thinks you the most generous creature in the world! Not quite satisfied with it? Why?'

"'Thinks it would be perfectly elegant if she could have "wan o' thim wire petticoats," as she calls them Nobody is wearing them now. I'll give her one of your old ones,' etc.

"From all this I began to feel uncomfortable, and my gloomiest forebodings were realized when, one hour later, Jemima Ann took me down and proceeded to try me on with great satisfaction. For the first time in my life I gave way to grief and despair. I raged—I fumed—I came as near hysterics as ever a respectable hoop-skirt did, and from that time forth I have been a soured, embittered misanthrope—a contemner of fate. Furious with rage and resentment, I seized an opportunity to revenge myself on the unhappy servant-girl. She was coming down stairs carrying a large silver salver full of cut-glass goblets and decanters, when I reached out, clutched one of the stair-rods, and held firmly. There was a shriek—a crash—and she hurled herself precipitately to the foot of the stairs, pursued by a storm of fragments and causing much commotion among the guests. After this unlucky achievement, I was, of course, banished from Jemima Ann's wardrobe, and continued to go from bad to worse. I hung in a garret for long, weary months, and was only taken out at last to be used by a party of little girls who were playing at grand-dames. When they became tired of me, I was thrown across a back fence, and while hanging there a large goat paid his respects to me by eating all the pieces of cloth he could pull off. He tried the wire, but didn't seem to find it palatable.

"My next adventure was as a standard in a mock procession, in derision of a woman candidate for supervisor. I was mounted on a pole and borne aloft through the streets amid a noisy crowd, who wore odds and ends of feminine apparel, and screamed 'The Star-bangled Hannah!' or some such doggerel song. After that I went on the stage; don't look surprised—it was in a very menial capacity, being neither more nor less than hanging on a string and getting jerked through the air on to the stage by the 'eccentric comedian,' who was pretending to fish, to the great relish and amusement of an intelligent audience. Wonder why it is that hoop-skirts, valises, band-boxes, and umbrellas are such strong elements in all comedies? Well, after this I fell into the hands of a group of boys, who tied me to the tail of a kite and treated me to an aerial journey, finally depositing me here—not through choice, but because the kite *would* do it—and here I have since hung in sadness and sorrow, a prey to remorse and the elements—living only in the past—a wretched, half-denuded bundle of wire—

'To have seen what I have seen,
See what I see!'

"I would go on, but"——

"George!" said a gruff voice on the roof right over our Bohemian's head, "there's a blamed old hoop-skirt hanging on the wires! I'll bet that's what has been mixing No. 17 and No. 63 for the Lord knows how long! Put on the climbers and take it down."

With a start the Bohemian arose from his chair just in time to see a swarthy line-man pull down his mournful acquaintance and fling it to the ground. He had been dreaming with his eyes open.

---

With that peculiarly feminine trait of rushing to extremes, when a woman is not supremely careless as to her manner of carrying her cash, she is absurdly careful in her efforts to so dispose of it that mortal man would never ken its place of concealment. It is by no means an uncommon thing, we are told by merchants whose dealings are mainly with the feminine portion of the community, for a lady to suddenly turn her back upon the gentlemany salesman who has just presented her bill, and make sundry mysterious darts and dives into the upper portion of her dress-waist, until she finally resurrects from its snug resting-place a small chamois-skin bag, which she opens, removes a roll of bills, and after having gone through the somewhat lengthy process of restoring everything to its proper place again, is ready to turn around and settle her account with the salesman, who, meantime, has been pretending to be most deeply interested in some little matter that has been going on in an opposite corner of the store. Indeed, it has even been intimated that extremely careful and ingenious dames have discovered even more obscure hiding-places than the cardiac region for the concealment of their wealth, and the thief who would presume to invade such sanctities for loot, though thrice convinced of its actual presence, would be a more hardened wretch than any clad in the horizontal stripes of his native State.

---

The *Atlantic Monthly*—severe to poets, ruthless to poetasters—has this not unkindly notice of Mr. C. T. Urmy, of San José: "'A Rosary of Rhyme,' by Clarence T. Urmy. Mr. Urmy respects his work, and has shown a care in his form which augurs well. If the poems reflect rather moods than states, they have at least the merit of not attitudinizing. He has evidently read other poets, but read them thoughtfully. 'She and I,' for example, recalls Browning's 'Evelyn Hope,' without at all imitating that poem, and there are other coincidences which are not mere echoes."

## THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERSE.

### It is the Season.

It is the season now to go
About the country high and low
Among the lilacs hand in hand,
And two by two in fairy-land.

The brooding boy, the sighing maid,
Wholly fain and half afraid,
Do meet along the hazel'd brook,
To pass and linger, pause and look.

A year ago and, blithely paired,
Their rough-and tumble play they shared,
They kissed and quarreled, laughed and cried,
A year ago at Eastertide.

Her, whom with rude uplifted hand
He did bethreaten or command—
Her, in a somewhat longer dress,
He now would tremble to caress.

Now by the stile ablaze she stops,
And his demurer eyes he drops;
Now they exchange averted sighs,
Or stand and marry silent eyes.

And he to her a hero is,
And sweeter she than primroses;
Their common silence dearer far
Than nightingale and mavis are.

Now, when they sever wedded hands,
Joy trembles in their bosom-strands,
And lovely laughter leaps and falls
Upon their lips in madrigals.

—*R. L. Stevenson in the Magazine of Art for January.*

### The Last Cast.

(AN ANGLER'S APOLOGY.)

One more last cast! How many a year
Beside how many a pool and stream,
Beneath the falling leaves and sere,
I've sighed, reeled up, and dreamed my dream!
Dreamed of the singing showers that break
And smite the lochs, or near or far,
And rouse the trout, and stir "the take"
In Urigil or Lochinvar!
Dreamed of the soft propitious sky
O'er Ari Innes brooding grey—
The sea trout, rushing at the fly,
Breaks the black wave in sudden spray!

* * * * * * *

Brief are man's days at best, perchance
I waste my own, who have not seen
The castled palaces of France
Shine in the Loire in summer green.
And clear and fleet Eurotas still,
You tell me, laves his reedy shore,
And flows beneath his fabled hill
Where Dian drove the chase of yore.
And "like a horse unbroken" yet
The yellow stream, with fret and foam,
By bridge, and tower, and parapet,
Girdles his ancient mistress, Rome!
I may not see them, but I doubt,
If seen, I'd find them half so fair
As ripples of the rising trout
Beneath the budding elms of Yair.
Nay, spring I'd meet by Tweed or Ail,
And summer by Loch Assynt's deep,
And autumn in that lonely vale
Where wedded Avons seaward sweep.
Or where amid the empty fields,
Among the bracken of the glen,
Her yellow wreath October yields
To crown the crystal brows of Ken.
Unseen, Eurotas, eastward steal;
Unknown, Alpheus, westward glide;
You never heard the ringing reel,
The music of the water side!
Though gods have walked your woods among,
Though nymphs have fled your banks along,
You speak not that familiar tongue
Tweed murmurs like my cradle song!

—*Andrew Lang in December Longman's.*

### Her Waiting.

The sunbeams dimpled all the azure ocean,
The robins caroled vows of sweet devotion,
And proudly dipped and rose the snug ship *Starling*,
When young Elisha whispered, "Good-bye, darling!
'Twill not be long to wait."

The dusty bees buzzed in and out the bluebells,
The roses blushed and tossed their heads like true belles,
The sun threw fleeting shadows 'cross the mowing,
The brooklet gurgled softly in its flowing—
And it was long to wait.

Through gay autumnal woods the wind went sighing,
For all his summer sweethearts lay a-dying;
Blue gentians fringed the tiny upland river,
Some late bird-note set one sad heart a-quiver—
And it was long to wait.

The snow fell thick on river, wood, and clearing,
The blasts swept round and round in mad careering,
And out among the rocks, from dusk to dawning,
Sounded the fog-bell's wildest cry of warning—
And it was long to wait.

Spring came again, clad in her beauty royal,
As spring will come to steadfast hearts and loyal,
And lo! the *Starling* into harbor swinging,
While from each hedge and tree the birds were singing.
"It was not long to wait!"

—*Emma C. Dowd in January Century.*

### Of that Blithe Throat of Thine.

[More than 83° north—about a good day's steaming distance to the Pole by one of our fast oceaners in clear water—Greely heard the song of a single bird merrily sounding over the desolation.]

Of that blithe throat of thine, from arctic bleak and blank,
I'll mind the lesson, solitary bird: let me, too, welcome chilling drifts,
E'en the profoundest chill, as now—a torpid pulse, a brain unnerved,
Old age land-locked, within its Winter bay—(cold, cold, O cold!)—
These snowy hairs, my feeble arm, my frozen feet;
For them thy faith, thy rule I take, and grave it to the last.
Not Summer's zones alone, not chants of youth, or South's warm tides alone,
But held by sluggish floes, packed in the Northern ice, the cumulus of years—
These with gay heart I also sing.

—*Walt Whitman in January Harper's.*

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The poor Duke of Buccleuch has an income of only $1,350,000 a year.

The husband of the beautiful young Queen of Madagascar is her grandfather and father.

Sir Henry Bessemer now holds one hundred and fourteen patents on his many inventions. It is said that his steel-process patents brought him six hundred thousand dollars a year for twenty-one years.

Colonel A. S. Johnson was the first native of Kansas to be elected to the State Legislature, and Mr. Edward P. Greer, just elected to that body, is the second. All other Kansas law-makers have been natives of other States.

General Grant says that at West Point "he never succeeded in getting near either the head or the foot of the class. He was within three of the foot in languages, and within five of the head in mathematics. He was at the head in horsemanship, but that didn't count."

It is a singular fact that some of the ablest in the Forty-eighth Congress never had the benefit of a college education. Messrs. Edmunds, Bayard, Pendleton, Wilson of Iowa, in the Senate, and Carlisle, Curtin, Kelley, Randall, and Reagan, in the House, never went to college.

Senator Palmer, of Michigan, whose income is two hundred thousand dollars a year, says: "The only three real substantial things that you can get out of life are a full stomach, a good suit of clothes, and a bed to sleep in. Everything else belongs to the realm of illusions."

A most reprehensible story is in circulation to the effect that twenty-four years ago Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, took a vow not to get married until another Democratic President was elected; and that he is now looking around sharply for a bride. He is sixty-six years old.

The late Jules Bastien Lepage, the great French artist, was short, broad-shouldered, fair and pale, with a frank resolute face, a rather low forehead overhung by sandy hair, and the courteous though self-possessed manner of a man who is—to use a French expression—"somebody."

The suit of Millie Christine against Adam Forepaugh, at Fort Wayne, Indiana, for twenty thousand dollars damages because the manager billed her as "A Negro Monstrosity," when she preferred to be called "A Two-headed Nightingale," which has been pending for two years, has been dismissed at defendant's cost.

Lotta was born in 1848. Mrs. Lingard is thirty-three. Adelina Patti was born in 1843. Rose Eytinge owns up to forty-eight. Mme. Ristori is fifty-seven years old and is proud of it. Mary Anderson was born in 1852, and was twenty years old last month. Maggie Mitchell, who has a daughter on the stage, was twenty-four years old recently. Lydia Thompson was eighteen years old for fifteen years, when she suddenly became fifty-three. As in everything else, she is eccentric.

Robert Stephenson left no family behind. His wife died many years ago, and he remained a widower, so that the direct line from George Stephenson, the eminent engineer, has died out. James Watt, the noted inventor, left no descendants. It appears that the men noted for mechanical genius, like many of those famous in literature, science, and government, leave no children to perpetuate their names. Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton, Harvey, Pope, Mansfield, Pitt, Fox, Gray, Cowper, Collins, Goldsmith, Thompson, Congreve, Hume, Bishop, Butler, Locke, Hubbs, Adam Smith, Bentham, Davy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Byron, Lord Clyde, and others well known to fame have no representatives now living.

King Louis of Bavaria's private Wagnerian performances must be somewhat trying to the actors. During the late representations of "Parsifal," at Munich, for his eccentric majesty's solitary gratification, the performance began at an early hour and continued until three or half-past three in the morning, with an hour's interval at midnight for rest. Not a soul was in the auditorium but the king, whose box was perfectly dark; and further to secure seclusion the actors, when not engaged on the stage, were obliged to stay in their dressing-rooms, and not linger behind the scenes. When the entertainment was over, King Louis returned to the palace by a secret corridor, and sat up till seven A. M., when he went to bed till three o'clock in the afternoon, returning to the theatre soon after he arose.

The late Baron Stieglitz, whose fortune was said to exceed three hundred millions of roubles, was well known for his hospitality and generosity. His magnificent palace on the English quay at St. Petersburg was noted for the splendor of its entertainments, and was a never-failing resource of the poor. The baron, though he did not like to be reminded of the fact, was of German origin, his father having emigrated from Hildesheimer, in Hanover, at an early age. He and his son amassed their immense wealth in various ways, chiefly by speculation and by their cotton mills. In 1854 and 1855 they lent the Russian Government one hundred millions of roubles, and even down to the last the baron continued to exercise great influence over the financial department of the Czar.

Mark Twain has some peculiarities. He is one of the most nervous men in the world. He has constant difficulty in keeping still, and somebody is obliged to go with him to keep him busy playing billards or doing something else so that he will not have to be faced with the horrible alternative of sitting still. Two seats are retained for Mr. Clemens in the drawing-room car on the train by which he may travel. One of these seats is in the smoke-room and the other is in the body of the car. As soon as Mr. Clemens finishes smoking his cigar, he has to get up and fly from the apartment, because he can not bear the smell of tobacco smoke when he is not producing it himself. So he sits a little while in the smoke-room, then trots out to his other place in the middle of the car, and after he has been there half an hour or so, back he runs to the smo[ke]-room again. That is the way he goes on all day lo[ng]

## A UNION CLUB MAN.

"Flaneur" tells of the Trouble he got into, and the Troubles of his Club.

The Union Club has caught it again. This time the offender is a man of considerably more social importance than the now celebrated Loubat. Mr. Henri Braem has for several years been one of the big swells of New York. He is a tall man with a handsome face and figure, dresses in the height of fashion, and moves in good society. He is an Austrian, and a man of a good deal of wealth. At a certain hour of the afternoon, he is to be seen on the avenue, driving a perfectly appointed equipage, and he is an enthusiastic and consistent patron of the opera. His brother-in-law, Herman Le Roy, is a man of high social prominence here. Altogether Mr. Braem may be said to have held an enviable position in New York society. Not only was he a member of two of the most prominent clubs in town, the Union and Knickerbocker, but he was also a vestryman in Trinity Church. To be a Trinity vestryman means a good deal in New York. Trinity is a great church, and its parish is a large one, including many charitable enterprises and a number of imposing churches. The vestrymen correspond to the trustees or board of governors of a club, and have entire charge of the vast financial interests of the church. The twelve or fifteen vestrymen are men of wealth and high financial and social standing, and to be one of them stamps a man with a certain amount of distinction that he can not get in any other way in New York. But Mr. Braem shone best at his favorite club, the Union. Like Loubat, he is fond of giving dinners, spent much of his time at his club, and gained a reputation for liberality and good fellowship. Not that he was in any sense fast—a vestryman could never be that.

When Mr. Braem resigned suddenly from his position at Trinity there was universal surprise, and he was eagerly questioned about it. He refused to say a word, and this started the suspicions of his friends and turned inquiry in the right direction. It was found that he was forced to resign through certain disclosures made by August Belmont, the banker, who proved that Braem had for several years been writing a series of anonymous and scandalous letters to Mr. Belmont's wife and family. The scheme was a bold one, and for a long time the Belmonts were unable to ascertain who was promulgating it, even though aided by experienced detectives. After a prolonged and apparently hopeless investigation they stumbled upon Mr. Braem as the man who had been writing the letters, secured evidence, charged him with it, and he confessed at once. The name of the woman in the case has come out, but as she is of no consequence and is utterly unknown, it would perhaps be as well not to give it. Mr. Belmont and Mr. Braem had been club members for twenty-five years, had moved in the same circle of society, and were presumably friends. It is said that the banker was amazed when he learned that his tormentor was his fellow club-member. Mr. Braem's friends are numerous despite the revelations concerning his methods of annoying Mr. Belmont, and the movement which is on foot to expel him from the Union Club will be bitterly fought. A member of the Knickerbocker Club, who was speaking about the case yesterday, said:

"There will be no mercy shown the man by our club. The Knickerbocker, you will probably remember, was formed by young men who were disgusted with the Union, or who didn't care to wait several years to get into that august institution. When the Knickerbocker was formed the Union consisted, as it does now, of a number of members of the highest social position. The foremost men of the city were in it, but it was observed that these men seldom or never went to the club. There were a lot of red-faced, hard-drinking, and garrulous auctioneers, dry goods men, and Wall Street gamblers, who wore their hats over their eyes and sat in the prominent windows of the club, staring insultingly at women who passed, and talking over absent members' affairs. These are the men whom Mr. Lorillard recently dignified with the name of 'gossiping old hens.' They had the run of the club, and they have it yet. The Knickerbocker aimed at something higher than this socially, and it has attained it. There may be a few moneyed snobs in our club, but it is one of the few organizations of the kind in New York that during its existence has had no scandals to disturb its self-respect. The club will take decisive action in the case of this Austrian, who, though a well-known and popular man, has proved himself a blackguard. It is curious, by the way—I suppose you have noticed it—that the men who do these scurrilous, ungentlemanly, and under-hand tricks are never Americans. If an American has a grudge against a man, he either holds his peace and goes his way, or else he has it out with him to his face, in one way or another. The writers of anonymous letters, the men who torment others by underhand means, and those who blast the reputations of women in a club smoking-room, are invariably imported members of our 'aristocracy.'"

The Union's reputation has been so deeply tarnished during the last few years that the eminence which it once possessed as a club is gradually giving way. It is curious that an organization which has among its members so many eminent men should be constantly dragged into prominence by scandals, cowhiding affairs, duels, and the like, and forced to appear in the courts to defend its reputation.

Speaking of the members of our imported "aristocracy," recalls the little affair of my distinguished friend "Louisville" in the Academy of Music, a night or two since. The Marquis was one of the most conspicuous of the auditors in the Academy that night. He divided the honors and the attention of the vast assemblage with another well-known figure, that of General Daniel E. Sickles of fighting fame. The Marquis de Leuville doesn't often divide anything with anybody, but he was forced this time to divide the honors with Daniel E. Sickles, because they arrived at the same time. General Sickles is not only a man of distinction, as far as reputation is concerned, but he is also a striking figure. He is very broad-shouldered, and has but one leg; he refuses resolutely to wear an artificial limb, and goes about on a pair of huge crutches. He has a huge mustache, and his thin hair is banged. He habitually wears a heavy overcoat, and on opera nights his head is decorated with a light gray billycock hat instead of the conventional crusher. For some reason or other, the General is always late at the theatre and the opera. Immediately after the curtain goes up, however, he enters and goes majestically down the aisle. At such moments the attention of the house is invariably riveted upon him, and the spectators find it impossible to turn their eyes to the stage until General Sickles is well settled in his seat. After this nothing disturbs him, unless it is the arrival of the Marquis de Leuville. It must be said that he quite takes the palm from General Sickles in the matter of attracting attention. Not to look at the marquis when one has the opportunity, is to forfeit a weird and uncanny sensation.

On this particular night Mrs. Leslie's *fiancé* was so elaborately curled and oiled that the house was almost redolent of him. His bang cast that of General Sickles completely in the shade. The artistic arrangement of his side-whiskers, his mustache, and his imperial—he wears them all, and each is independent, in color and contour, of the other—was fascinating. The decoration which hung over his shirt-bosom, and which looked like the badge of the chairman of the floor committee of the Patrick O'Hoolihan Sparkling Coterie and Summer Pastime Association, or, in other words, a red flannel chest-protector, shone like a oriflamme. Up to this point, history which is concerned in the doing of these two great men agrees with rumor; but thereafter the most diversified accounts are afloat. The only thing positively known is, that after the second act there was a wild and unseemly uproar in the foyer, and General Sickles and the well-laced Louisville were face to face and shouting wildly at each other. There was a frightened hush among the spectators, and then the crowd dispersed. After the next act the men met again. Once more there were high words, the police arrived, and bloodshed was averted. Then the belligerents went home, and Patti warbled on serenely.

There is another adventurer around town who is ambitious to follow in the footsteps of that cheerful nobleman Lord Abercrombie, but who has neither the Englishman's genius or *aplomb*. This man is an English Jew, and he says his name is Lange; he has been about town now for perhaps six months, and he has become a familiar figure everywhere. He has two suits of clothes, one is evening dress, the other consists of a pair of loud-checked trousers, a cutaway coat, a beaver hat, and a very high collar. For a long while he spent most of his time at Delmonico's, where he scraped an acquaintance with one or two men, and sponged on them as long as they would have it. After this the place got too warm for him and he took up the Brunswick. He has now gravitated down to the Hoffman. Of course, he doesn't live at any of these places. He has a small room, I am told by a man who is watching him for certain reasons, in a house in a very disreputable quarter of Twenty-sixth Street, where he sleeps; but he manages to be seen about two or three o'clock at the best hotels and restaurants, and he apparently is able to scrape up a dollar two or three times a week, for he is always on hand at the Academy on opera nights. The fact that he owes everybody money, that he has been cut by every man who knew him a month ago, and apparently hasn't a friend in town, is not of much consequence. The reason I speak of him is on account of the success he has had in a social way. At "Favorita," the other night, he walked up to the box tier and had a long talk with a girl who certainly moves in fair society in New York. After he had left her he went to another box, where he was well received, and then he wandered around the body of the house until he had caught one or two more smiles of recognition, and all of them came from girls who, though not in really exclusive society, are still known socially, and of unquestioned respectability. It happened that I met the brother of one of the girls he spoke to later on that night, and I asked him if his sister knew anything about the man's reputation.

"She don't," he said, tartly; "and I never knew that she was acquainted with him until to-night, but she will cut him the next time they meet without a shadow of doubt. I have seen that man about town a good while, and knew his reputation, but never knew his name, and was surprised to learn that he had called at the house two or three times and had written to my sister. One of his letters describes his palace in London of the wildest sort of description."

He said furthermore that his sister had met the man at a reception given by a certain lady at Madison Avenue, and that he had called at the house without an invitation. He supposed it was all right, as he had used the names of many well-known men-about-town as though well acquainted with them.

It is at such receptions as these that adventurers succeed in getting their first foothold in New York. I know of at least four houses where receptions are given six or eight times a season, to which many hundred invitations are issued. Nothing is easier to get than a card to one of these affairs, but, as a card is not always necessary, the adventurer has only to go the house to be pleasantly received, if he has the assurance to brave it out. After he has been seen about a little, people naturally begin to think he is all right, and this is the line on which most adventurers work in New York. They don't last forever, though.

BLAKELY HALL.

NEW YORK, December 18, 1884.

### Mme. Le Hardy's Benefit.

Owing to the efforts of the Gounod Musical Association, under whose auspices the benefit tendered Mme. Le Hardy was given, and also to the kind and cordial assistance of Mr. J. H. Rosewald, the concert on Thursday evening of last week was an entire success. The programme consisted of male quartet, "Always More," by Gade, sung by Messrs. Anderson, Atherston, Stadtfeldt, and Wilson; two 'cello solos, "Romanza," by Fischer, and "Harlequin," by Popper, played by Mr. Emil Knell; the "Bird Song" from "Paul and Virginia," by Massé, was given by Mme. Julie Rosewald; and a piano solo, Valse No. 1 (op. 34), Chopin, by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr.

In the absence of Signor Villani additional selections were rendered by Mme. Rosewald and Mrs. Carr. A violin solo, "Fantasie" from "Robert," by Prume, was played by Mr. Rosewald, who also appeared in a duo for violin and piano, with Mrs. Carr—the composition being an arrangement from "Don Giovanni," by Vieuxtemps.

F. A.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

### The Schumann Club.

On Thursday evening of last week the second concert of the Schumann Club's second season was distinguished by a presentation of "The Enchanted Swans." The poetry of this interesting cantata is by Karl Kuhn, after Hans Christian Andersen's tale, and the music by Carl Reinecke. The poem—or rather, Mr. Lewis Novra's English version of it—fills a somewhat uncommon part in the scheme of the composition, as given on Thursday evening. Its plot is the familiar fairy story of the beautiful young princess Elfrida, whose eleven princely brothers are changed by a wicked queen stepmother into as many magnificent wild swans. Driven from home, Elfrida wanders through a wood to the seashore, where at night the brothers fly to her side, and, freed from enchantment at sunset, resume their human form. Before daybreak they weave a strong net, in which Elfrida is borne by them across the sea, and upon new shores she begins the work of their deliverance by plaiting, in absolute silence, eleven nettle-flax shirts of mail. During the performance of this task she is wooed and married by the king of the country, who has never seen a more beautiful maiden. She dumbly accepts his love, but steals from his side to gather graveyard nettles and finish her weaving. Worked upon by a wily archbishop, the king comes to distrust Elfrida. She is imprisoned as a witch and is about to be burned, when on her way to execution she is surrounded by the swans. The almost-finished coats of mail are beside her in the cart. She throws them over the swans, and her brothers are restored to prove her innocence. The fagots in the fatal pile are changed to a million roses, and all ends happily. This fanciful story becomes, in connection with the cantata, a recitation or reading, which is illustrated at appropriate points by musical settings of its most dramatic situations. It is, in effect, a declamation whose meaning is enlarged and embellished by properly colored tone-pictures. As a composition, there is remarkable harmony between the music and the spirit of the poem. Reinecke possesses a saving sense of the fitness of things. He is far in advance of that method known as the "absolute," in which music is written with a sublime disregard of the meaning of the words, and perhaps so-called—it has been suggested—"because modern works composed in accordance with the method are doomed to absolute oblivion." His adaptations throughout the cantata are charming in sentiment and expression, and their difficulty is not small. The readings on Thursday evening were given by Mrs. John Crocker with much intelligence and a nice appreciation of dramatic points. Her force of tone, however, was scarcely sufficient for B'nai B'rith Hall. In those parts of the room most distant from the stage her utterances could be intelligibly followed with only the greatest effort, and this, of course, largely detracted from a restful enjoyment of the narration.

The choruses were all well sung. These were, "The Song of the King's Children," an introductory number in the style of a prologue; "Chorus of Glow-worms;" "Chorus of Angels;" two "Choruses of Swans," the second of especial beauty and richness; "Chorus of Phantoms;" "Chorus of Mice and Thrushes," in strictly imitative style and very cleverly rendered; a third "Chorus of Swans," and a Finale. Of the solos, "The Queen's Curse," for alto, a number of consistently vengeful spirit and fierce intervals, was ably assumed by Mrs. Van Brunt. "Elfrida's Prayer," "Address to the Sea," and a second "Prayer," assigned to the soprano, all songs of exceptional lyric beauty in themselves, were most unfortunately sung by Mrs. Martin, whose slight though usually reliable voice deflected, through extreme nervousness, widely and painfully from the key. "The Fairy's Promise," for alto, taken by Miss Rightmire, was warmly applauded, and Mr. Howland, in the "Prince's Song," was also cordially praised. The difficult piano accompaniments throughout were reliably played by Miss Bessie Marshall, and delightful additions were made to the support of various numbers by Mr. C. L. Mathieu, 'cello; Mr. F. E. H. Schlott, horn; Mr. F. Arnberger, horn; Mr. M. Solano, harp. Indeed, one of the most enjoyable features of the entire performance was the "Wedding Music," played by all the instruments above mentioned, and following upon the "Prince's Song." In addition to the cantata, the programme included two choruses by Bargiel, "Spring," and "Spring Night," and "Legends," by Möhring. The latter was re-demanded, and all three selections were sung in a manner which shows steady growth and improvement on the part of this enthusiastic and well-trained organization.

### Miss Stevens's Recital.

The piano recital by Miss Neally Stevens took place as announced, last Monday evening, at Irving Hall. The emptiness of many reserved seats bore witness to the violence of the storm which was raging; yet a very fair audience assembled in spite of the disagreeable weather, and a crowded house could not have received more ceremonious consideration than was shown by Miss Stevens in all the details of her performance. The programme played was as follows: Tocata and Fuge (D minor), Bach-Tausig; song, Mozart-Kullak; nocturne (C sharp minor), etude (C minor, Chopin; concerto (E flat), Liszt; valse caprice, Rubinstein; mazurka, Moszkowski; "Le Rossignol," Liszt; "Rhapsodie Hongroise" (No. 15), Liszt. It is probably quite true that no pianiste of precisely Miss Stevens's style, method, and ideas has ever before appeared in San Francisco. Conservatory pupils we have had; crystallized professionals, and players artistically developed under irreproachable home-training; but Miss Stevens belongs to neither of these classes. She is a young American, whose attainments are the result of, first, a strict technical discipline under a German master in her own country; second, an equally thorough, though more progressive schooling under such men as Kullak and Bulow abroad; and, lastly, the receptive pupil whose work bears the impress of suggestions from such musicians as Scharwenka, Moszkowski, and the great Liszt. She also has a mind of her own, the utmost courage and composure, and a physique well adapted to her calling. As an outcome of these many and varied advantages, Miss Stevens's playing is much above the ordinary. Her touch is round and clear; her wrist-movement unusually free and elastic; her octave-playing remarkable for its assurance and dexterity, and her strength masculine.

In the matter of interpretation, Miss Stevens has many times the virtuoso air, but one can not feel that she possesses the virtuoso insight. For this reason it is hard to overlook such slips in the form of false notes, as appeared most prominently, for example, in the Rubinstein Valse Caprice. Rubinstein himself, it is said, is granted an unasked forgiveness for many similar errors; but the poetical fire and irresistible genius of an inspired musician cover a multitude of sins which are not excused in lesser lights. Mechanical infallibility, alas! is demanded up to a point that is very high and very distant. Daring and virility, however, are marked characteristics of Miss Stevens's playing. Her brilliant reading of the Liszt concerto (aside from a rather inauspicious beginning), called forth enthusiastic applause. The orchestral part was sustained on a second piano in a thoroughly appreciative manner by Mr. S. Freidenrich. Aside from the concerto, the programme was entirely memorized, and received loud praise, notwithstanding the small size of the audience. The Mozart-Kullak "Song" constituted a particularly enjoyable number, and the Moszkowski "Mazurka" a striking and original one. The remaining selections were all of interest, though scarcely as unhackneyed as the foregoing. The list, as a whole, was one whose high standard might well be the despair of mere amateurs.

---

Edwards Roberts, whose writings are well known in the East, contributes a second article to the *Overland*, to appear in the January number of that magazine, entitled, "A Glimpse of Utah." Future numbers of the magazine will contain other leading papers by the same writer, on Alaska and the Northwest.

---

The "Occult World" of Mr. Sinnet has reached its fourth edition.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

hose who repose in confidence upon the Divine prom- feel assured that this is not a deluge, but only a pass- shower. If it is not a second flood, we may feel cer- that the prophecy of the Seventh Day Adventists, that world is coming to an end this month, is an unreliable diction. There are only two generally accepted hods for the final catastrophe—viz., flood or fire. If is not a flood, it has made the earth too infernal wet to , and sinners can boom along, spending their money Christmas presents without any immediate fear of ac- nting. We have watched this storm with interest, king upon it as a prayer-gauge to determine the relative ence and strength of the selling or the purchasing s. The shop-keeper prayed with the unction that es from the presence of over-laden shelves for the rain ate; and all of us stingy old paterfamiliasses prayed— ed with a genuine ten per cent. a month fervor—that lus would keep open the south door of his cave of ls, and give us a regular old-fashioned down-pour. pretended that it was for the good of the State and in nterest of the farmers that we demanded rain. Wonder is not true that most prayers are under some false pre- e or other, or that they have lying back of them some sh reservation? The fact is, we hoped it would rain at our wives could not go shopping during Christmas k, and we poured out our supplications with more than nary earnestness. Times are hard, and taxes are due, we have lost the Northern trade, and there is danger repeal of the Hawaiian reciprocity treaty; the wheat ket is depressed, and there is a conspiracy going on at hington between the national gold banks and the poli- ns to demonetize silver and repeal the law for its coin-

And so we prayed for rain, and the traders prayed dry weather, and we won. That is, we would have if it had not been for the artful, and criminal, and rly indefensible conduct of the ladies. Taking advan- of the fact that the rain was warm, and, there being ind, that it came down straight; in utter defiance of he proprieties, and in contempt of the laws of finance the usages of trade; in violation of the climate and in dalous irreverence to the author of all good and the rer of all prayers—they seized their umbrellas, water- fs, and purses, and madly and recklessly precipitated iselves on the shops and bazaars, and spent our money and left. With a logical conscientiousness that char- rizes all generous, loving wives, they expended all the they could command upon themselves, and for the nditures made for presents to their financial halves red the bills sent to their husbands' places of business r the holidays were over). We were not educated to bservance of Christmas day. In the stern old puri- m of our Presbyterian discipline we kept Thanksgiv- and filled ourself with the fat things that came from , dairy, orchard, and farm-yard; we kept the fourth of July, with bonfires, illuminations, and the wing of fire-balls upon the village green; we cele- ed New Year's day after the good old Dutch custom, rted direct from Holland; and all the grandchildren ered into our father's nest, where the old grandfather old grandmother—he venerable in his white hair and s-buttoned, blue claw-hammer, and she respectable stately in the sweet dignity that environed the gentle- en of that early day—and their children and grand- dren, gathered around the table loaded with good gs. There we learned our first lesson in the direction reaking down distinctions of race and color. Our dmother had adopted from the neighboring Indian a tawny-haired, bronzed-cheeked little Oneida len, for whom she exacted the fullest attentions. The who, being "sent to Rome," undertook to skip kissing ittle squaw, soon found himself getting skimp service he good things from our jealous grandmother. We ught on" early, and never missed the bronzed cheek, hich we obtained the largest rewards in shape of pie cake. It was from an ancient squaw of this Oneida , and there in our grandfather's door-yard, and out of well-filled cellar, that came the trite aphorism that is is a wicked, wicked world, but there is a good deal od cider in it." We do not know why our Scotch Pres- rian ancestry did not observe Christmas day, unless it because they looked with something of depreciation the fact that Christ had died for sinners, because preferred that all sinners should have been damned. had an uncle on the English side, and he regarded the ision of a place of eternal torment as one of God's evidences of love for a sinful world. We still believe reordination and predestination; we are a living illus- on of these doctrinal truths. We were foreordained ink this and all kindred hell-fired nonsense was the l teaching of a false and cruel ecclesiasticism; we were estined in this joyful, Christmas holiday week, in- rated to celebrate the birthday of a God whose love ttle children allows them to feast and frolic around yule-log, to kiss each other under the mistletoe, to their stomachs filled with plum-cake and their stock- with gifts, to write our disbelief and detestation of the r, sterner faith.

is claimed, and we have no doubt rightfully, that in two cities of New York and Brooklyn 35,000 inde- ent Irish-American votes were cast for Blaine and n, and in the entire State not less than 100,000. This ates a most important movement in the Democratic ; but as the Republicans, after all this accession of votes, lost the State for Blaine which they carried for eld by 21,000 majority, there remains a very large Re- ican vote to account for. There is no other solution is problem than that the defection in the Democratic was compensated by the accession of more than an number of Independent Republicans; so that we down to the cold mathematical proposition that in York we have swapped off 120,000 Republicans for 00 Irish. Without stopping to consider the respective s of these two classes of citizens, and assuming that are of equal worth, we are compelled to admit that Republicans made a losing bargain in New York, and it would be a good thing if they could swap back. We would be willing to do so if we lived in that State. The Republican party in California made a much better trade. We got about 5,000 Irish-American Democrats, mostly in San Francisco, in exchange for a few hundred disgruntled Republicans, a score of civil-service reformers, and a beggarly dozen of admirers of Henry Ward Beecher. We made a splendid bargain, in reference to both numbers and the moral value of the commodity dealt in. We are often taunted with the question, What are we going to do with the Pope's Irish, now that we have them? Well, in the first place, we are going to keep them; we are going to treat them well; we are going to educate them; when they go right, we are going to blarney them; when they go wrong, we are going to cudgel them with the black-thorn shillalah of good, round, pelting facts, until, from being ignorant alien Democrats, they become intelligent American Republicans. We will treat them well, so long as they behave themselves; and when they cease to do that, we will kick them out of the Republican ranks and cudgel them back to the Democracy. We will keep all the good Irish, and get rid of all the bad.

A position in the Senate of the United States as representative from New York is justly regarded as one of the most important of all the great political prizes. The candidates who are most prominent are President Arthur, Levi P. Morton, William M. Evarts, Hon. Frank Hiscock, Chauncey Depew, and Mr. Warren of Buffalo, and others whose want of reputation beyond their local boundaries renders the mention of their names unimportant. Mr. Conkling seems to cut but a deservedly small figure in this senatorial agitation, although we understand that *his* name has been mentioned by Mr. George Gorham, formerly of California, in this connection. All dogs have fleas. We are not well enough advised of the condition of the internal affairs of the Republican party in New York to form any opinion as to who is likely to become Senator from that State, or who deserves to be. If President Arthur, during the campaign, did all that in honor became him to do to secure the election of Mr. Blaine, and if he did all we think Mr. Blaine would have done in event of Arthur's candidacy for the Presidency, we should be glad to have him succeed. If he did not endeavor to do all that he could have done for the Republican party, he ought not to be further honored by it. Having an unqualified respect for President Arthur, and being unwilling to believe that he did not act the part of a gentleman and a Republican, we sincerely hope he is deserving of a position in the Senate of the United States, and that he may be the successful candidate. Of Mr. Morton we have no other knowledge than that he is a rich banker, has been generous in party support, and has very creditably filled the position of American Minister to France—a position, we take it, that requires deportment, clothes, money, social and scholarly acquirements, rather than brains. By brains we mean brains. William M. Evarts is an able man and lawyer, who has maintained himself with credit in legal, diplomatic, and cabinet positions which have demanded the exercise of large abilities. Mr. Hiscock has distinguished himself in Congress. Mr. Chauncey Depew always distinguishes himself in after-banquet orations, while Mr. Warren of Buffalo is accredited with distinguished political ability as chairman of the Republican State Central Committee of New York. He opposed the nomination of Mr. Blaine at Chicago, and was defeated. If he opposed Mr. Cleveland in his candidacy for governor of New York, he was beaten. If he had upon him any part of the responsibility of the Presidential campaign in New York, he is more illustrious in his defeats than in his victories. Mr. Warren of Buffalo is accredited with one virtue—he is at least loyal; he did not openly bolt, nor cowardly sulk, nor treacherously betray his party. Ex-Senator Platt is mentioned in connection with the senatorial position. He did good service during the campaign, and could he be returned to Washington without having Conkling attached as his "me, too," we should be pleased. We should be pleased whoever is chosen as senator from New York, so that no political traitor or party assassin succeeds.

## VANITY FAIR.

"The ladies wear 'em," said an up-town saddler, handing a Washington *Star* reporter a couple of little fancy straps, buckled together like dog-collars. "They're all the rage. Very neat—eh?" "What are they?" asked the scribe. "Why, don't you see?" and he spread his fingers out in the ring and held it off admiringly; "they are ladies' leather garters. Very handsome and toney. Leather garters are very fashionable with ladies now. Haven't you observed—but, oh, of course not, excuse me. The leather does not bind like rubber—and then, too, these little straps are so much neater. They buckle closely just above the calf and stay always the same. The regular size is eighteen inches—they never go beyond that, and generally they have to be buckled up much smaller. It is very seldom a lady requires the full length. You see, they are lined with soft red flannel. They are buckled close until they sink a little into the soft flesh. They don't make ridges like the elastic will upon delicate skin, and they are perfectly comfortable. Sometimes they are worn above the knee. Yes, men wear them, too, sometimes. Many men wear long hose and garters. Ladies are getting a great fancy for leather. They are wearing it very much for trimming for hats and dresses. Just the other day I sold a fashionable lady leather for collar, cuffs, and broad bands to go around the skirt. They use it just as they would velvet for trimming. One lady bought a piece of leather here all stamped to be cut out like lacework."

From all directions come reports that the days of the claw-hammer coat, yards of starched linen, plain black trousers, and silk hat are short. They give gentlemen of wealth, it is alleged, no opportunity for display either of money or taste, and render them wholly undistinguishable from hotel waiters. In Paris a reform dress association has been formed, having for its object the reintroduction of velvets and many-colored satins for evening wear. Leaders of fashion in other cities also predict that the styles of Louis XV., if not indeed the doublet and hose, will be in quite general wear in society in nearly all the principal cities of the world within the next decade.

"As a rule, the first instance after marriage where marital authority is exercised is on the shoe question," said a wise young matron to the *Graphic's* "Casual Observer" the other day. "You may be wearing the easiest and most sensible of shoes—it does not signify. Two axioms are indelibly impressed upon the masculine mind, from birth, I fancy. One, woman is vain; the other, woman's vanity is most pronounced in her foot apparel. So the young husband, feeling that at last he is in a position to regulate one woman's vanity, at least in this respect, begins the shoe reform at once. Before we had been married a week my husband had informed me that I wore my shoes two sizes too short and one size too narrow, which was really a remarkable piece of news, for I had never had any sort of trouble with my feet, and took my daily tramp with the greatest comfort. The first time I needed shoes he accompanied me to the shoemaker's, and, with his valuable assistance, I procured a pair of shoes so large and easy that they chafed my feet, and at the end of a fortnight I was obliged to discard them, being foot-sore for the first time in my life. It is just as great an error to have a shoe too large as too small. It should fit the foot—no more, no less. Since that one experience," finished madame, demurely, "I buy my own shoes. I think my husband exploded his theory at the first test."

Even the ebony black and obstinately persistent swallow-tailed coat threatens to pass, for the gentleman of leisure, whom "Gyp" delights to portray, are gaining ground in their campaign in favor of color. The red coat and breeches were accepted last season in the country meetings of Paris society. This season variety is to be obtained by the introduction of the blue coat and brass buttons, white waistcoat and light gray trousers, and powdered hair, which latter detail will be considered *extra-vlan*, and by the brown coat and brass buttons, shawl-pattern waistcoat, brown cloth breeches, garters fastened with a diamond buckle, and square-toed high-heeled shoes. The black coat will be worn by the *pschutteux* only at the theatre, and in places where the uncalled-for remarks of the cads might mar the serenity of the spectacle of contemporary calves.

Though you might think at the theatre or opera that opera-glasses were not largely bought, it is estimated that the sale of these instruments has increased threefold in two years. The best are imported, and the most famous makers in the world are Voigtlaender, of Vienna, and Chandler, of Paris, while Lemaine and the firm of Bardou & Fils, both of Paris, have also fine reputations. London makes good glasses, so do a few firms in this country. The cheapest glasses of good shops, which have their reputations to keep up, have brass frames lacquered black, and mountings of seal leather. They sell for from $5 to $15, depending on the size and the number of lenses, six or twelve. Those of the next higher grade range in price from $15 to $50, and have aluminum frames, of a silver color, and never tarnish. Many of them are sold, their lightness making them popular. The next grade includes those with mountings of mother-of-pearl, of smoked pearl, and of Oriental pearl. Prices of these may be anywhere from $13 to $75. Then you reach the more fancy glasses. Some of them are enameled, from $100 to $175; the plain gold-mounted for $150 to $200; silver, $100; etched silver, $130. There are, besides, exceptionally high-priced glasses, which owe their cost to their ornamentation. One of gold, inlaid with diamonds and sapphires, costs $500; another, inlaid with rubies, $5,000. Vest-pocket opera-glasses sell for $18.

In the hosiery department of a New York dry goods store elegant novelties are shown in black stockings. "Show me something nice, please," said the customer. "Here is the latest," replied the clerk, as he placed before the lady a pair of stockings in sombre black. The tops were of plain silk, the feet of escurial lace. "Price, fifteen dollars a pair." "But are they not rather cool for the season?" "We can remedy that; here is something new." A pair of socks was handed down, made to fit the foot only, of exquisite white merino, and are useful to prevent the stockings from crocking the feet, as well as to keep them warm. If those at fifteen dollars did not suit, there were others at twenty-five, and these were really elegant. They were of black silk embossed with silver beads, and a very pretty style laid out for inspection was formed of a white silk leg and black foot, the latter hand-embroidered to represent a leather strap and buckle to encircle the ankle. Others had beautiful designs of flowers, birds, and animals embroidered in fancy colors on them. Black, cardinal, and blue are the leading shades. The stripes and plaids have gone entirely out of style, and silk hosiery is much used both for ladies and children.

Why are homely girls always the best scholars, the best workers, and make the best wives? It is natural enough, isn't it? The girl who is handsome in feature and form concludes very early in life that these are her stock in trade, and with them she enters the matrimonial market. Nine times out of ten she is soon off the books at the head of a house. Her homely sister has hardly entered her teens until she discovers that she is made to stand aside for the pretty-faced girls. All that neatness of dress, elegance of manners, and proficiency of making one's self attractive she does, deliberately and for a purpose, perhaps; or possibly for no other reason than that, Topsy-like, she grew that way. There is among the great laws of nature one known as the law of compensation, and to it the homely girl is indebted for the tastes and dispositions that prompt her to make herself useful when she can not be ornamental

## A SAN FRANCISCAN IN GOTHAM.

Some Gossip about Old Californians in the Metropolis.

For a fellow who has not been in the Metropolis for four years, three days does not seem to be much of a spell; still, one may have time to do the bridge, the elevated, three or four theatres, the newspaper offices, and refresh the inner man at many noted places. And that reminds me that, while breakfasting at Delmonico's yesterday, who should come in but pretty Mrs. Robert Hastings and her husband, who had just arrived from Philadelphia, where they had left the baby with grandma Hemphill.

Delmonico's has certainly fallen off from its former incomparable style, or else the Hotel Brunswick is superior to what the other ever pretended to be. The Brunswick is, by all odds, the handsomest and best restaurant in the United States, and is dearer than its neighbor across the way—in other words, the breakfast that will cost three persons from two dollars and a half to three dollars at Delmonico's will cost at the Brunswick at least half a dollar more. At Delmonico's, fresh mackerel (fifty cents), lamb chops (forty cents), and coffee (twenty-five cents), for one, come to one dollar and fifteen cents; while at the Brunswick the fish and chops are each sixty cents, and the coffee thirty cents—one dollars and fifty cents in all. At either place a nice breakfast for three may be had for two dollars, while dinners may be made to cost a good deal, as at some places we know of in San Francisco.

I met Senator Fenton at the Brunswick this morning, who asked about many things and many people upon the Pacific Coast, from San Francisco to San Diego. He praised the ladies of California, the Zinfandel wines, the railroad builders, our climate, and the oranges of Los Angeles. "Next to my own home," declared the ever-pleasant ex-senator, "I prefer California to any place in the world. I believe there is no such climate in the world as that of San Diego, Los Angeles, and Santa Barbara, while that hotel at Monterey charmed us all beyond description."

I have seen John McCullough—of whom you have heard so much of late—a number of times. He is at the Sturtevant, where he may be seen many hours during the day and evening. He saluted me when we met, Sunday, as in days of yore, and asked after many San Franciscans, particularly Jim Freeborn and Joe Goodman. While he seemed to be perfectly rational, and chatted and laughed naturally enough for ten or fifteen minutes, there was lacking the old-time buoyancy and elasticity which have always heretofore made him so sunshiny among his friends. Lewis Leland said to me, yesterday, that at present he was precisely like any other guest—that he came and went as he pleased, and that no one not much in his company would detect anything out of the way about him. Harry Edwards tells me that John loiters between the Sturtevant and Fifth Avenue hotels a good deal of the time pleasant afternoons, and that they meet and take one or two drinks together, generally, before dinner. Edwards says that his old friend seems perfectly rational to all who do not know him intimately. "But he will never act again," added Harry; "he is getting thinner and thinner every day; there is a dull, vacant look from his eyes; his lower jaw quivers like a woman's when she is about to cry; and, much as I love him, I can see that he is crazy. He is harmless, at present, of course, and could not be placed in an institution against his will, as he could go into any court and demonstrate his ability to take care of himself properly. He might live happily for many years if he could only dismiss from his mind the idea of acting. Only yesterday he came into Wallack's, while we were at rehearsal, and said to me that he had got to commence an engagement at Cleveland on Monday; and I pacified him by saying, 'No, John; not until a week from Monday.'" Mrs. McCullough and John's sister were in New York last week, and stayed several days at the Sturtevant. After taking in the situation quietly, they returned to Philadelphia. Mr. Leland tells me that Mrs. McCullough looked every inch a quiet Quaker lady, at least fifty years old. John had always been very considerate, she said, and she had felt it her duty to come over to New York and look after him, but had discovered that he was fully able to take care of himself. McCullough has one son, about thirty-one years of age.

Of course, Edwards had much to say of California, and particularly of his late trip and of his brother Bohemians. "I blubbered like a child," confessed the genial Harry, "after leaving Oakland. Mrs. Edwards exclaimed: 'Why, you are making a fool of yourself.' 'I know it—and, worse than that, I'm making a damned fool of myself!'" Harry was in great grief over the loss of his mustache, which he had parted with to accommodate a character in "She Stoops to Conquer." But this was not the full measure of the actor's grief, as he had been lately impersonated by a swindler, as the following will show:

Joseph Ahrens, a smart, well-dressed, glib-tongued, plausible-looking man of thirty-one years, was charged at Jefferson Market yesterday with swindling Mr. Edward B. Humphreys, who formerly conducted the College of Heraldry, on Ninth Street, near Broadway, and now keeps a bric-à-brac store at No. 38 East Twelfth Street. In January, 1883, Ahrens went to Humphreys, introduced himself as H. Edwards, an actor at Wallack's Theatre, and said he had been directed to him by Theodore Moss, Wallack's manager. He represented that his wife was very ill, that he was in straightened circumstances, and had been obliged to sell some of his jewelry; but that his father-in-law, a very wealthy man, was on his way from Europe, and on his arrival he would aid him. The reference to Mr. Moss induced Humphreys to lend Ahrens twenty-five dollars on one of McDuff's pawn-tickets. A few days later Ahrens again visited Humphreys, and received another loan on two diamond collar-studs.

The following letter supplemented the newspaper paragraph:

MR. EDWARDS—*Dear Sir:* I most earnestly and sincerely hope you can make it agreeable and convenient to come to-morrow morning, about ten o'clock, to Jefferson Market Court, for the purpose of showing that the person representing himself as "Mr. Edwards, of Wallack's Theatre," is not Mr. Edwards of said theatre. There is no doubt but what there are many who have been swindled by him as I have, and I wish to make an example of him, not only for falsely representing you, but for stealing two diamond studs and a gold watch and chain. Hoping you will respond to my request, as it may save yourself and others from being falsely represented, Truly yours, EDWARD B. HUMPHREYS,
December 8, 1884. 317 West Twenty-second Street, city.

"I would like to see the scoundrel punished," observed Harry, after handing me the letter; "but I don't want to bother in the courts." At this juncture we met Harry Logan going into the New York Club, where we joined him in a pint of Roederer, and soon afterward met McCullough and Florence at the Fifth Avenue bar discussing a favorite beverage. George Smiley, who returned from London a few days ago, soon afterward made one of the party. "Whenever I see you," said Harry Edwards, addressing himself to me, "I think of the only time I was ever hissed in a theatre in my life." I knew what he meant and so did John. Some seventeen years ago, "Romeo and Juliet" was up for a matinée performance at Maguire's Opera House, with Ned Adams as Romeo, McCullough as Mercutio, and Edwards as Friar Lawrence. The house was not large; and, all of a sudden, while I was sitting in Ned's dressing-room, McCullough came in with a demijohn, and soon after arranged that when Harry next went on we should take places in the wings and break him down—or "up," as we would say, nowadays. It was a long time, however, before we could make any impression on the grave old friar, who was never off his guard. In order to get him in proper condition, therefore, we all three marched into Harry's dressing-room with McCullough's demijohn of Bourbon, and compelled Edwards to indulge in two or three slugs. Then we laid for him, and the next time he went on one of us exclaimed, "What shall we do with the brave Benvolio?" Harry turned squarely around, looked us all three in the face for a few seconds, and then shouted, "*Take him into Tim McCarty's!*" Then he burst out laughing, broke completely down, and was hissed off the stage. Ned Adams used to tell of this in his inimitable way until the day of his death. I think it was Adams, indeed, with that matchlessly beautiful voice of his who asked the earnest old friar what was to be the disposition of Benvolio.

I have called upon a number of the editors of the metropolis during the day, and among them Mr. Dana, of the *Sun*. Mr. Dana, who was in California about a year ago, along with Dorsheimer, said some very nice things about our State. The *Sun* still "shines for all," but it shines for about forty thousand less readers than it did one year ago. It is a money-making newspaper, however, and made in one year some thirty thousand subscribers by occasionally displaying that well-known cut of Hayes with the word "Fraud" on his forehead. It lost more than one-third of its readers during the late campaign, and will never get them back, as most of them have gone to the *World*, which is to-day printing more papers than the *Sun*. The *World* is after the Southerners who dropped the *Sun*, and is getting them. Pulitzer, its editor and owner, is the homeliest mortal in New York, and possibly the vainest. He is displaying great journalistic ability, however, and seems to be directing his centre shots at the *Herald*, which is sustaining some injury, of course. I went up into the *Tribune* tower and called on Whitelaw Reid. The *Tribune*, being the only one of the big papers that stayed by the old party, increased its circulation, it getting generally what the *Times* lost. The *Times* will eventually get many of its readers back, it is such a very superior newspaper; but it lost thousands of its old subscribers during the campaign. The *Evening Post* lost a few subscribers, which is a good many to it, as it only has a few at most. *Harper's Weekly* and "journal of civilization" has suffered most on account of its political apostacy, and is feeling it keenly, as the Harpers, as everybody knows, have an admiration and affection for the almighty dollar that seldom exists elsewhere. There is more intensity of feeling against *Harper's Weekly* than against all the other papers put together, and a seeming determination to punish that journal is very plainly seen in Republican camps in this part of the country. The Harpers, beholding this state of affairs, are making great efforts to offset the result, and are advertising in many of the street cars and in all of the coaches, and at all of the stations of the elevated railroads; and are also writing to news agents throughout the country, offering them terms under anything ever offered before.

I called on Joe Howard, who has a suit of rooms in the *Times* building, and found him just concluding a letter to the Boston *Herald*. Mr. Howard, if not so pictorial a writer, or so imaginative, as Mr. Townsend, is more felicitous and more newsy. He has a number of stenographers and type-writers, and makes from three hundred to four hundred dollars a week. It was about drinking time, Joe said, and we crossed over to the Astor, and in Room 5 found what we were after, with a couple of straws. The last time I was in Room 5, in 1859, I spent an hour or two with such congenial fellows as old W. G. Fargo, John Brougham, Judge Barnard, Ned Adams, and Sher. Campbell. In those days Aleck Stetson had set apart Room 5 as a genteel tippling apartment, and kept what was known as Boston brandy, at seven dollars a bottle, or fifty cents a glass. When dear, pleasant Fargo, who never went to bed so long as he could see to drink, and who seemed to have made a treaty with time, got all he could hold, he would take off his coat and tie up his head with a wet handkerchief, order a bottle of "Boston" and go to bed. All of the above have passed over the river; and if they are not strictly on the right hand, they are at least on velvet among the angels fallen. I had never met Judge Barnard before, but remember him now as a very handsome man and a charming story-teller.

I made the usual proper-improper visit with a lady to the Hoffman House to see the bar and its insidious "fix-in's." The lady hesitated, of course, at first, but I quoted: "When you are in Rome," etc., and marched her into the gilded palace of fashionable vice, and met old Chadwick, who kept Willard's, in Washington, during and after the war, and who is chief day-clerk of the Hoffman, I think. Chad. took us all over the Oriental-like caravansary, and, lo! when we reached the new parlors we came across a score or more of young, and not young, ladies, who were holding a fair for the benefit of the Church of the Divine Paternity. My lady breathed freer, and said:

"I thought this was Stokes's house?"

"Yes."

"Isn't he the one that murdered Fisk?"

"Yes."

"On account of a woman?"

"Yes."

"And was sent to the penitentiary for his offense?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is funny, this church fair, in such a place, isn't it?"

I thought it was devilish funny, and I said "Yes," and made some quotations favorable to the church, which I considered the correct thing under the circumstances.

NEW YORK, December 15, 1884. B. C. T.

## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[All communications for this department should be addressed to "Chess Editor Argonaut, 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco, Cal."]

**Problem No. LXXXV.—By D. W. Clark, Siberia.**

*From L'Echequier d'Aix.*

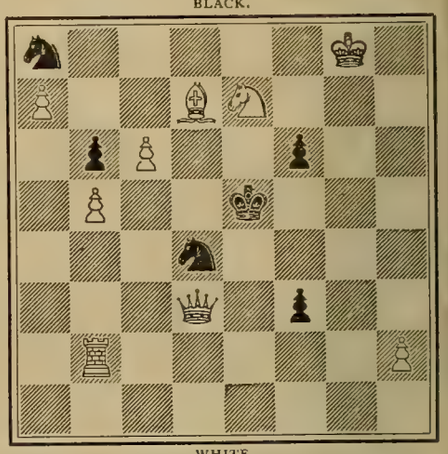
WHITE—King at KKt sq; Queen at QKt3; Rook at KB 4; Bishop at QB sq; Knight at KKt7; Pawns at Q3, KKt2, KR4.

BLACK—King at KKt6; Bishop at KKt5; Pawns at K6, KR4.

White to play and mate in two moves.

**Problem No. LXXXVI.—By C. Planck.**

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

**Solution of Problem No. LXXVII.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—B B8 | 1—Any move |
| 2—R mates. | |

**Solution of Problem No. LXXVIII.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—Q QKt7 | 1—R Kt sq (a) |
| 2—Q QB7 | 2—Any move |
| 3—Mate acc. | |
| (a) 1— | 1—B x Q |
| 2—R x P ch | 2—K x B |
| 3—Kt mates. | |

Correct solutions received as follows: Problems Nos. LXXV, LXXVI, LXXVII. and LXXIX, from B. M. Parker, Eureka, Cal. Problems Nos. LXXXI and LXXXII, from U. Hartnell, Salinas City, Cal.

**Game No. 54.**

The following game, taken from the *Chess Players' Chronicle*, was played at Starey's, Rathborne-place, in 1850, and is said to have never been published. The game and notes are from the Brooklyn *Chess Chronicle*.

TWO KNIGHTS DEFENSE.

| Anderssen. *White.* | Zytogorsky. *Black.* | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 18—P B5 | 18—Q Kt3 ch |
| 2—Kt KB3 | 2—Kt QB3 | 19—K R sq | 19—Kt Q3 |
| 3—B B4 | 3—Kt B3 | 20—B KKt5 | 20—K B sq (b) |
| 4—Kt Kt5 | 4—P Q4 | 21—B x Kt | 21—P x B |
| 5—P x P | 5—Kt QR4 | 22—Q R4 | 22—K K2 |
| 6—B Kt5 ch | 6—P B3 | 23—QR Q sq | 23—P QR3 (c) |
| 7—P x P | 7—P x P | 24—R Q3 | 24—R Kt sq |
| 8—B K2 | 8—B Q3 (a) | 25—Kt R4 | 25—Q B2 |
| 9—Kt QB3 | 9—B KB4 | 26—Kt B5 | 26—P QR4 |
| 10—P Q3 | 10—Castles | 27—KR Q sq | 27—P x P |
| 11—Castles | 11—R B sq | 28—P x P | 28—B R2 |
| 12—P QR3 | 12—B Kt sq | 29—Kt K6 (d) | 29—Q Kt3 (e) |
| 13—P QKt4 | 13—Kt Kt2 | 30—Kt x R | 30—R x Kt |
| 14—KKt K4 | 14—B x Kt | 31—Q K sq | 31—Kt x KP |
| 15—P x B | 15—Q B2 | 32—K x R | 32—Kt B7 ch |
| 16—P B4 | 16—QR Q sq | 33—Q x Kt | 33—Q x Q |
| 17—Q K sq | 17—KR K sq | 34—R mates (f) | |

(a) P KR3 has a more confining effect on White's game.

(b) As he can not well prevent the doubling of the Pawns on the KB file, the King is moved so as to utilize, if possible, the open Kt's file for the Rooks.

(c) A lost move, apparently.

(d) A beautiful and decisive stroke of play.

(e) Should he capture Kt, White wins as follows: 29—P x Kt; 30 Q x RP ch, Kt B2; 31 P x KP, K x P; 32 R x R, R x R; 33 B B4 ch, etc.

(f) A piquant finale.

The experiment of a chess and whist club at Melbourne, Australia, has proved a failure, the card feature causing the secession of a number of the members of the Melbourne Club, and the formation of the Victorian Chess and Draughts Club. A handicap tourney has just been inaugurated in the new organization with sixteen entries, prominent among them being Messrs. Gossip, Burns, and Fisher.

The Counties Chess Association, at a recent meeting at Bath, declined to unite with the proposed British Chess Association, the general feeling being that "no action should at present be taken in the matter by the association itself."

The *Chess Players' Chronicle* of the 26th ultimo has a list of no less than fifty-three events appointed to take place in England during the coming winter months.

## FORTESCUE VS. GARMOYLE.

"Cockaigne" discusses a Breach of Promise Case.

Society is just now taken up with the discussion of two law suits, which have been tried during the past week. Although not involving matters of great public concern or legal interest, they may, from the standing of some of the parties to, and connected with them, together with the scandalous character of the facts adduced, be fairly called —for this day, at all events—*causes célèbres*. It is a curious fact that both cases were tried before the same judge, and one after the other. The first was the Coleridge-Adams case, which I wrote of last week.

The other was the breach of promise suit of the actress, Miss Fortescue, against Viscount Garmoyle, the eldest son of Earl Cairns, ex-Lord Chancellor. The general facts of this case have been public property for some time, and the trial has been looked forward to with keen interest by the theatrical profession, the nobility, and the scandal-loving public at large. The damages asked were thirty thousand pounds, and everybody hoped that the jilted girl might recover them, for she is as popular as Lord Garmoyle is the reverse. Some time ago it was reported that the suit had been settled, the offer of ten thousand pounds having been accepted as a compromise. Although the case still remained on the calendar of the Queen's Bench for trial at the present term, and actually came on in its course for trial, and was partially tried, the report has turned out to be virtually true. The public hearing of the facts was for the sole purpose of showing to the world the true state of affairs on behalf of Miss Fortescue; that a public record of her innocence as a virtuous woman, and her fair dealing as an upright one, might—so far as this case was concerned, at least—be perpetuated; for, after the opening of the plaintiff's case by her counsel, the attorney-general, on behalf of Lord Garmoyle, at the end of a speech full of praise and compliments to Miss Fortescue, formally announced that a proposal to confess judgment for ten thousand pounds had been acceded to by her. So ended the trial, and great was the disappointment of the eager crowd who thronged the court in expectation of much racy evidence being brought out. But though no defense was made and no testimony was taken, the facts of the case as given in the opening statement of Mr. Charles Russell, Q. C.—the leading cross-examiner at the English bar—made public some circumstances not before known, and of a character to reflect anything but credit, not only upon Lord Garmoyle himself, but upon his father and mother, who, it appears, played a most despicable part in the affair. The newspaper-reading public have, as I say, had a general idea of what the suit was all about since its inception some months ago, but naturally in a somewhat indefinite, unreliable fashion, as is almost always the case when rumor and gossip get hold of a thing. But what Mr. Russell told the jury was as authentic in all its parts as it was novel in some of them; and at the risk, therefore, of repeating in a slight measure what people may know already, let me give in addition the facts as he gave them in his opening.

The plaintiff is a young and beautiful girl named Emily Finny. She is the daughter of a coal dealer, who at one time was in well-to-do circumstances in the city. A few years ago he suffered heavy losses in his business and became a bankrupt. Emily, with her younger sister and mother were left penniless, and the entire support of the three fell upon her. She determined to go on the stage, and through the instrumentality of friends she procured an engagement at the Savoy Theatre, under the management of D'Oyly Carte. Under the stage-name of Miss Fortescue she made her appearance in one of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operas in 1880, and was so successful and popular that from three guineas a week her salary was raised to six.

In 1882 she met Lord Garmoyle, and a chance acquaintanceship soon ripening into an affectionate attachment, his young lordship proposed marriage, and was accepted. At first he wanted to keep the engagement secret, but Mrs. Finny having strong objections to this on most sensible grounds, he, after some urging, consented to tell his parents. He did so, and wrote to his *fiancée* that, though not exactly liking the match, they were willing to accept it. Thereupon came a letter from Lady Cairns to Miss Fortescue (as I will now call her), couched in the most friendly and affectionate terms, telling her she was quite satisfied if her son was happy. After that Miss Fortescue visited Lord and Lady Cairns at their country place in Scotland, and was in all respects received and accepted by them as a daughter-in-law. It should be mentioned that prior to this she had given up her profession, having taken a formal farewell of the stage at a benefit performance at the Savoy. And not only this, but her sister, who was studying for the stage, was compelled to forego her career. Lord and Lady Cairns had religious scruples against theatres and players, which they regarded as unholy and wicked. Nice exponents of religion and its teachings they have shown themselves! But that is so often the case with self-righteous Pharisees. Well, so things went on, no mention of the marriage being made, but the greatest good-feeling and kindliness being exhibited by Lord and Lady Cairns toward their future daughter. Lord Garmoyle seemed to grow more in love every day, the fervor of his passion being evidenced by love-letters and gifts of jewels. The latter marks of his devotion Miss Fortescue did all she could to discourage, and her advice to him on the subject—as given in one of her letters to him—was worthy a straight-laced matron, rather than a (presumably, and naturally) vain and giddy girl, whose short taste of public life must have imparted a fondness for display. Lord Garmoyle was preparing for the army, and had some time yet at the Military College at Sandhurst before his final examination would take place. Not to hinder his studies or spoil his intended career in the service of his Queen and country (should he pass), Miss Fortescue consented that he should return to Sandhurst and complete his term, the marriage to be postponed for the present. While working hard for his "exam." he still found leisure to keep up his amorous correspondence with his lady-love, and bright, happy, and full of joyous predictions for the future were the letters which passed between them. She had gone to Brighton with her mother for the sea air, and while there he visited them, going from there to Bowenmouth, where his father and mother were staying in their house near that most modern of British watering-places. Bidding his *fiancée* good-bye in the morning in accents of the fondest love and affection, he sends her by the evening's post a cold and formal letter breaking off the engagement. No reason did he give that should not have been potent enough with him at the beginning to dissuade him from ever entering into the engagement at all. His only excuse was that his family could not like the marriage. He had clearly been talked over, and the kind reception Miss Fortescue had received from his father and mother was evidently but a part of the game they stooped to play in order to disarm him, and achieve by a pretended acquiescence for a time what would have failed had they appeared to thwart his desires at once or by force.

It was a cunning, dirty piece of underhand dealing, as unworthy the high principles of an English earl as it was thoroughly in keeping with the tactics of a low Irish attorney. As Earl Cairns possesses but the title of the one, while he is lavishly endowed with the scheming instincts of the other, one hasn't far to look for the master mind that concocted the plan and so successfully carried it out. No word of regret or explanation has Miss Fortescue ever received from either Lord Cairns or his puritanical Countess. In their joy at having rid themselves of the contamination of a "play-actor" in their pure and righteous family, they forgot common decency. But it cost them, all the same, ten thousand pounds, and people are wishing it had been five times as much. Miss Fortescue has, of course, been obliged to return to the stage in the meantime. Not a breath has ever been uttered against her reputation. She bears a spotless name, and that, breathing as she must the same atmosphere as such stage companions as Nellie Farren, Connie Gilchrist, and Kate Vaughan, is something to be said. She is engaged to be married to a gentleman doing business in the city, and he will get a wife that any man might be proud of. Exquisitely pretty in face and perfect in figure, her character has stood a test that few women in her sphere could have gone through untarnished. Speaking of this case the other day to a lady—the daughter of an earl, by the bye—I said:

"Miss Fortescue is going to be married."

"To a gentleman?" she asked, with the curl of lip of her class.

"Yes," I answered; "*this* time, I believe, she is engaged to one."

Of course, in a technical sense one has to call Lord Garmoyle one; but if actions mean anything as an index of character, he is about as thorough a blackguard as is to be found among the young nobility, and that is saying a good deal. All right-thinking people congratulate Miss Fortescue on her escape from being united to such a person.

LONDON, December 1, 1884 COCKAIGNE.

---

The following history of a curious enterprise is given by the New York *Post:*

About two years ago a young man of Russian descent and Cincinnati birth was standing one morning on a Parisian boulevard, wondering whatever was to become of him. He had only two francs in his pocket, and had already tried in vain every means he could think of for getting a living. While he was contemplating the black prospect for him, a gentleman stepped up to a newspaper kiosk close by, received a copy of a paper costing two sous, laid down a franc in payment, and walked away. It was not for nothing that this young man had been born in America, since to witness this mysterious transaction was for him the same thing as to realize that there was place and fortune for a middleman between the two parties to it. The explanation, as he learned afterward, was that the gentleman was an artist, that the old woman carefully searched each morning's papers for any remarks upon his pictures, and that when she found one he gave her a franc for the paper containing it. What the apple was to Newton, or the deer's skull to Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, this monetary spectacle on the boulevard was to Henry Romeike; in so far, at any rate, as it pointed the way to fame. He managed to get to London, invested his last penny in a copy of the *Daily Telegraph* during the picture season, cut out the notices of artists' works, and positively peddled them from studio to studio. The next day he was in a position to buy several papers, and the next week a large number, and to extend his operations to other persons than artists. At the present moment, so accurate was his *idée mère*, and so skillfully has he followed it up, that his handful of newspaper snippings has become nothing less than "The Artistic and Literary Correspondence, and Universal Compendium of the Press," with offices where a score of clerks, male and female, are busily engaged all day long in cutting up great heaps of newspapers, pasting the cuttings upon printed forms, and mailing them literally to all parts of the world. Three thousand English newspapers, six hundred American ones, and several hundred published on the European continent are thus regularly searched through and dismembered under the direction of the ingenious American. The papers as they come in are examined by Romeike himself or one of his head clerks (French, German, Italian, and Russian are read in the office), passages referring to any person or subject on the books of the bureau are marked, numbered, and a printed slip, correspondingly numbered, and having blank spaces for the date, name, and address of the newspaper, and name of the subscriber, is placed between the leaves, and finally the paper is handed to the boys or girls, who cut out the passages, stick them on the slips, enter them in a book, and mail them. The charge made for one hundred notices—"to see ourselves as others see us," or on any matter whatever—is $5, or $20 for five hundred. From its humble beginnings, the "Artistic and Literary Correspondence" has grown into an institution of recognized merit and importance. Among its 7,000 subscribers are a majority of the members of Parliament, numbers of actors, artists, novelists, poets, institutions, and every person who makes a hobby of any public matter. When Lord Dufferin was appointed Viceroy of India, he telegraphed to Romeike from Constantinople to forward him all allusions to India. Lord Randolph Churchill was provided with eight thousand cuttings about himself in eight months; Barnum received one thousand notices of his white elephant in three days; Mr. Chamberlain has been supplied with opinions concerning the shipping legislation, and Lord Derby concerning New Guinea; the Irish members have a standing order for cuttings upon which troublesome questions to her majesty's ministers may be founded. Not a few persons are actuated by the same motive as the lady (not the major's wife) who writes for all allusions to Major ——, of the ——th, now serving in Egypt; and Oscar Wilde, it need hardly be added in conclusion, has been a patron of the enterprise from the first.

---

The twelve bottles of Rosenwein given to Goethe in 1823 by the city of Bremen were the most costly present ever received by mortal, it is said. The wine was made in 1624, being at that early time worth sixty reichsthaler the oxhoft (an old measure), which, being estimated at compound interest, makes each bottle worth twenty-two million five hundred thousand dollars, if you please.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Sir William Chere had a very long nose, and was playing at backgammon with old General Brown. During this time, Sir William, who was a snuff-taker, was constantly using his snuff-box. Observing him leaning continually over the table, and being at the same time in a very bad humor with the game, the General said: "Sir William, blow your nose!" "Blow it yourself!" said Sir William; "'tis as near you as me!"

A ball was given recently in Paris by a certain Spanish lady of rank whose reputation was something more than doubtful. She invited to it Alexandre Dumas and his unmarried daughter. The gentleman arrived alone at the entertainment. "Charmed to see you, M. Dumas," said the hostess; "but where is your daughter?" "She was unable to come, madame, for two reasons," was the courteous response; "the second was that she had a bad cold."

The Rev. Dr. Paxton observes that the Scotch "are the only people who ever successfully solved the problem on this little planet of how to combine punch and piety." That is pretty well put. Their punch, like their piety, is strong and genuine. The remark recalls the reproachful commentary of a Canadian Episcopal bishop of Scotch birth upon his treatment at the table of a certain rector in Boston: "They were all good people and most kind, I am sure; but do you know, my dear," said the old gentleman, "they gave me water to drink at table and upon going to bed, as if I had been a horse."

I heard a story the other day (writes Byrne in the *Dramatic Times*) about an actor who lost his wife. He appeared to be very much overcome by the event, and at the funeral he took on terribly, weeping and moaning, and beating his breast in anguish. A friend of his who was present at the ceremony did not see the actor again until he met him one day on Broadway. Said the friend: "You have my deepest commiseration. I was present at the funeral of your wife, and you seemed to be terribly broken up. In fact, I don't think I ever saw a man who seemed to suffer so." "Oh, that was nothing," responded the actor, brightening up at this tribute to his genius; "you ought to have seen me at the grave. I raised hell there."

The late Dowager Lady Lytton's feeling in regard to her distinguished spouse may be conjectured from this story: Happening to call at the house of an artist friend of hers the day before the funeral of the old Duke of Wellington, the conversation naturally turned upon the event of the following day, and the crowds which were expected to throng the London streets. "You will have to be up very early, Lady Lytton," said the painter in question, "if you mean to look on at the procession. Are you prepared to get up at five o'clock for the sake of seeing the great man's funeral?" "Not I, indeed," answered the lady, with an unpleasantly significant smile; "there is only one man in the world whose funeral I would get up as early as that to see."

Dr. Lyman Beecher was sometimes absent-minded and forgetful. Mrs. Beecher once received a sum of money, and it was the occasion of great rejoicing that it would enable them to pay a bill for a carpet, so she committed the money to her husband, charging him to attend to the matter immediately. In the evening the doctor returned from the city in high spirits. He described to us a missionary meeting he had attended. "Doctor," said Mrs. Beecher, "did you pay for that carpet to-day?" "Carpet! What carpet?" responded the doctor. "Why, the one I gave you the money to pay for this morning." "There!" said the doctor, "that accounts for it; at the missionary meeting they took up a contribution. When they came to me I said I had no money to give them—wished I had—at the same time feeling in my pocket, where, to my surprise, I found a roll of bills; so I pulled it out and put it in the box, wondering where it had come from, but thinking the Lord had somehow provided."

Professor Porson, the celebrated Greek scholar, was once traveling in a stage-coach where a young Harvard student, fresh from college, was amusing the ladies with a variety of talk, and, among other things, with a quotation, he said, from Sophocles. A Greek quotation, and in a coach, too, roused the slumbering professor from a kind of dog-sleep, in a snug corner of the vehicle. Shaking his ears and rubbing his eyes, "I think, young gentleman," said he, "you favored us just now with a quotation from Sophocles; I do not happen to recollect it there." "Oh, sir," replied the tyro, "the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and from Sophocles, too; but I suspect, sir, it is some time since you were at college." The professor, applying his hand to his great-coat pocket, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he would be kind enough to show him the passage in question in that little book. After rummaging the pages for some time, he replied: "Upon second thoughts, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides." "Then perhaps, sir," said the professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, "you will be so good as to find it for me in that little book." The young fellow again returned to his task, but with no better success, muttering, however, to himself, a vow never again to quote Greek in a stage-coach. The tittering of the ladies informed him plainly that he had got into a hobble. At last, "Why, sir," said he, "how dull I am! I recollect now; yes, now I perfectly remember that the passage is in Æschylus." The inexorable professor returned to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an Æschylus, when our astonished freshman vociferated: "Coachman! helloa, coachman! let me out; I say instantly let me out! There's a fellow here has the whole Bodleian library in his pocket."

## LITERARY NOTES.

### Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Alice O'Connell, a granddaughter of the Liberator, has written a novel which is said to be original and powerful.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett's novel, "Rutherford," has been popular to the pleasant extent of twenty thousand copies, sold within a short period.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who has been ill for several months in Boston, is now rapidly recovering, and returns soon to her home and her literary labors in Washington.

W. E. Norris, the clever author of "Matrimony," has collected a number of his short stories, and will publish them in book form, under the title of "A Man of his Word and Other Stories."

William T. Adams, the "Oliver Optic" of juvenile literature, is an amateur mechanic, and has in his residence, at Dorchester, Massachusetts, a workshop, in which he spends an hour or two every day.

May Agnes Flemming has been dead for years, but the succession of her novels does not stop. One investigator on the subject declares that the present Miss Fleming wears whiskers and trousers.

The *Decorator and Furnisher* for December is so gorgeous as to beggar description. Besides three colored plates, the number contains no end of other illustrations. Altogether it is one of the handsomest periodicals in existence.

"The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys" does not particularly please the English reader. The *St. James' Gazette*, as to the title, remarks that "An ill-natured critic might suggest that it should be changed to 'The Opinions of a Superior Person on the Imperfections of Two Great Nations.'"

The *Art Age* of November 25th brings the magazine to its sixteenth number. A new feature is a series of original drawings by American artists, reproduced in *fac simile* by photo-engraving. First of the series is an admirable figure-subject by Edwin H. Blashfield, one of our prominent artists. It is entitled "The Water-Carriers."

The book publishers and sellers are feeling the effect of the hard times in an increasing and profitable holiday patronage. During the hard times following the panic of 1873, Mr. A. D. F. Randolph, the veteran publisher of New York, sent a circular letter to his brother publishers, admonishing them to make ready for an unusually large holiday trade, on the ground that hard times would drive people to purchase books for presents rather than more expensive things. The result that year proved the sagacity and foresight of Mr. Randolph, and this year the experience is expected again to hold good.

Buchanan Read's poem describing Sheridan's ride from Winchester is said by a friend of the latter to have become the [illegible] his existence. In the popular mind, that little jaunt on h[illegible] is his only achievement. The rest of his gallant services [illegible] thrown into oblivion, so far as the knowledge of the mas[illegible] cerned. Women especially almost worry him crazy on the s[illegible] He is bound, in common politeness, to answer their questions about it, and unnumbered are the albums in which he has been compelled to write a verse of the poem over his signature. He used to decline to do this, on the ground that it was not modest, but he found that his scruples were not appreciated, and so he now scribbles a couplet which glorifies the horse only, with no mention of the rider.

The exhibition of Toby Rosenthal's picture, "Constance de Beverley," at the Art Gallery, and of copies in half the book and picture stores, has been a veritable windfall for the booksellers. Old and cheap editions of "Marmion" were easily sold, then more valuable ones, and finally entire sets of Scott's poems were bought for the sake of "Marmion" alone. One far-seeing house had ordered fifty copies of an *édition de luxe* of "Marmion" from J. R. Osgood & Co., and within a week of their arrival not one was left. Two Eastern publishing houses have gotten out handsome holiday editions of the poem, one at a cost of nearly ten thousand dollars, which arrived here in time to be benefited by the demand. Seventy-five copies of a six-dollar edition of this work were sold, about forty of a more elaborate edition, costing ten dollars, and twenty-five of a twenty-five-dollar edition.

"Ouida" has been the subject of much interest to her readers, but she has held herself so much aloof from public scrutiny that but few have a definite idea of her apperance and character. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* republished a few weeks ago an article from the Boston *Herald* printed in 1881, in which the famous writer is described as something unpleasant to look upon, a bundle of parchment, all in fact that a woman desires most not to be. To obtain an idea of its correctness, a letter was written by a St. Louis lady, and a reply was at once received from Ouida. Her letter was enclosed in a mauve-colored envelope, sealed with a monogram of her name, all within the circle of the O. Her writing was peculiar, the letter being dashed off two words to a line and seven lines to a page. The hand was bold, and the pen must have been a quill. This was the reply: "FLORENCE, Italy, November 11, 1884. I fear you have seen little that is true regarding me in newspapers. The Boston *Herald* some three or four years ago had a long tissue of falsehoods about me, and described my housekeeper as myself. I beg to remain obediently yours, OUIDA (Louise de la Ramée.)"

### New Books.

"Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets" is the title of a little volume of poems which Frances L. Mace has published through Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston. The verses are very neat, but do not show any marked indications of the "divine afflatus." They are for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

"Comforting Thoughts" is the title of a little volume of extracts from the printed sermons, addresses, and prayers of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, arranged by Miss Irene H. Ovington. Whatever else the Brooklyn preacher may be, he is certainly a very eloquent man, and these selections are examples of his best thought and diction. They are systematically arranged under various texts of the Bible. The book is published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Noble Blood" is the title of a pretty little story by Julian Hawthorne, in which are related the love adventures of a young American artist, who, while sketching in the south of Ireland, falls in love with a capricious Irish beauty of Italian descent. She wishes to marry an Italian duke, not for the empty title, but "because the duchesses have it all their own way in this world," but finally she discovers the truer nobility of the heart and marries Ambrose. The plot is simple and the incidents few, but the delicate delineation of the girl's character—a charming combination of Italian fervor and Irish wit—and the pleasing style of the book throughout, raise it above the level of the ordinary short novels. It is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co.; price, 50 cents.

"Custom and Myth" is the title Andrew Lang has given to a series of essays on mythology, some of which have appeared before in English magazines. They have been thoroughly revised, however, and several new ones added. Mr. Lang departs from the usual method of students of comparative mythology; he considers the similarity of the substance of various myths and legends, instead of making a philological analysis of the names. The method certainly has commendable features, and does not give rise to such a bewildering disparity of results as the "orthodox" method. A [illegible] feature of the book is the seeming incongruity of the erudite subject and the wealth of poetical metaphor with which the subject is adorned. It is published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Several books have appeared of late in which the—to some—bitter pill of scientific information is gilded with a thin coating of narrative. One of the best of these is "Tenants of an Old Farm," by Dr. Henry C. M'Cook, vice-president of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia, and author of a number of valuable treatises on the entomology of America. The coating of narrative is somewhat thin, but the style is interesting and clear. The book is said to be "illustrated from nature," but the illustrator, Mr. Dan C. Beard, has let his fancy run riot, and has presented humorous distortions of insects which remind one of Church's and Bellew's work. The execution and conception of these illustrations are good, but they are *not* from nature. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

### Journalistic Chit-chat.

The largest newspaper man in the United States is believed to be Major A. W. Edwards, of the Fargo *Argus*, who weighs three hundred and forty pounds.

Lieutenant Greely, the arctic explorer, will prepare for the *Current* an account of how he and his companions kept Christmas on an ice-bound island of the Polar Sea.

The oldest editor in New York State is said to be Mr. Beman Brockway, of the Watertown *Times*. He began his editorial career on the Mayville *Sentinel*, half a century ago, and is still in his chair.

In the course of recent legal proceedings the fact leaked out that the profits of the famous Parisian journal, *Le Figaro*, were for the year 1880, $300,000, and that they now reach the enormous figure of $500,000.

In his letter to the amateur journalist, Robert J. Burdette offers some sage advice regarding the starting of newspapers. Says he: "If he start a newspaper in a town where nobody wants a paper; or where there are already five papers in a two-paper town; or, if a long-primer man tries to run a nonpareil paper; or, if he try to run an eight-column paper on a two-column basis; or, if he skin his home advertisers and cut rates for foreign ads; or, if he start out by giving a three-dollar puff for a ten-cent comb; or, if he start a paper because he has failed at everything else—then, indeed, hath he bitten off more than he can masticate, and his paper, beloved by the gods, will die young and fresh."

A contemporary calls attention to the great differences that exist between journalism in France and journalism here, and the comparison is by no means wholly favorable to ourselves. It has become a fashion to depreciate the French daily paper as being excessively light in tone, or else ultra political; and, in fact, the sheet that appears upon the breakfast-table in Paris is very different in scope from the enormous pages which greet us in our homes here. But then, on the other hand, is there not a far greater chance that the modest sheet will be really read and enjoyed than that one out of twenty recipients of our gigantic dailies will do more than turn the pages over, glance at the things that interest him personally, and throw it aside? It would be impossible to compute the mass of printing that appears every day and is literally read only by the proof-readers. A great French paper puts before its readers a bright summary of the affairs of the day, and a résumé of all that is doing in various circles.

## BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

### "I Spy."

Dear reader, do you remember the boy of your school who did the heavy falling through the ice and was always about to break his neck, but lived through it all? Do you call to mind the youth who never allowed anybody else to fall out of a tree and break his collar-bone when he could attend to it himself?

Every school has to secure the services of such a boy before it can succeed, and so our school had one. When I entered the school I saw at a glance that the board had neglected to provide itself with a boy whose duty it was to nearly kill himself every few days in order to keep up the interest, so I applied for the position. I secured it without any trouble whatever. The board understood at once from my bearings that I would succeed. And I did not betray the trust they had reposed in me.

Before the term was over I had tried to climb two trees at once, and been carried home on a stretcher; been pulled out of the river with my lungs full of water, and artificial respiration resorted to; been jerked about over the north half of the county by a fractious horse whose halter I had tied to my leg, and which leg is now three inches longer than the other, together with various other little early eccentricities which I can not at this moment call to mind. My parents at last got so that along about two o'clock P. M. they would look anxiously out of the window and say: "Isn't it about time for the boys to get here with William's remains? They generally get here before two o'clock."

One day five or six of us were playing "I spy" around our barn. Everybody knows how to play "I spy." One shuts his eyes and counts one hundred, for instance, while the others hide. Then he must find the rest and say "I spy" So-and-so, and touch the "goal" before they do. If anybody beats him to the goal the victim has to "blind" over again.

Well, I knew the ground pretty well, and could drop twenty feet out of the barn window and strike on a pile of straw so as to land near the goal, touch it, and let the crowd in free without getting found out. I did this several times, and got the blinder, James Bang, pretty mad. After a boy has counted five hundred or six hundred, and worked hard to gather in the crowd, only to get jeered and laughed at by the boys, he loses his temper. It was so with James Cicero Bang. I knew that he almost hated me, and yet I went on. Finally, in the fifth ballot, I saw a good chance to slide down and let the crowd in again, as I had done on former occasions. I slipped out of the window and down the side of the barn about two feet, when I was detained unavoidably. There was a "batten" on the barn that was loose at the upper end. I think I was wearing my father's vest on that day, as he was away from home, and I frequently wore his clothes when he was absent. Anyhow, the vest was too large, and, when I slid down, that loose board ran up between the vest and my person in such a way as to suspend me about eighteen feet from the ground in a prominent but very uncomfortable position.

I remember it yet quite distinctly. James C. Bang came around where he could see me. He said: "I spy Billy Nye and touch the goal before him." No one came to remove the barn. No one seemed to sympathize with me in my great sorrow and isolation. Every little while James C. Bang would come around the corner and say: "Oh, I see ye. You needn't think you're out of sight up there. I can see you real plain. You better come down and blind. I can see ye up there!"

I tried to unbutton my vest and get down there and lick James, but it was of no use.

It was a very trying time. I can remember how I tried to kick myself loose, but failed. Sometimes I would kick the barn and sometimes I would kick a large hole in the horizon. Finally I was rescued by a neighbor, who said he didn't want to see a good barn kicked into chaos just to save a long-legged boy that wasn't worth over six bits.

It affords me great pleasure to add, that while I am looked up to and madly loved by every one who does not know me, James C. Bang is the brevet president of a fractured bank, taking a lonely bridal tour by himself in Europe, and waiting for the depositors to die of old age.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they most generally get there with both feet. (Adapted from the French by permission.)—*Detroit Free Press.*

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Don't fret if you can not get into society. The oyster is often present at a supper when he would perhaps prefer to be at home in his bed.—*Boston Courier.*

A country correspondent of a Michigan paper gets off the following: "Our journey up Salt River has been very much retarded by the large number of suckers coming down, some of whom have been up there twenty-four years."—*Ex.*

*French Officer*—"Ah! mademoiselle, I have so sorrow that you are to go. Must it have been so?"
*Fair American* (proud of her French)—"Oh, oui. Mamma and I must go to Aix-les-Bains, pour suivre un regiment."—*Life.*

The wife of a celebrated English poet, lately on a visit to Boston, in the course of a conversation with a lady, remarked: "I am so glad to get to America at last, for now I shall have the long-wished-for pleasure of tasting a 'canvas-backed clam.'"—*Boston Advertiser.*

An exchange gives the following version of it: "Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said: 'I'll go and paint the city red'? And when the inky night has fled, rose from his hard and painful bed, and said: 'O heavens, what a head!'"—*Peck's Sun.*

Money doesn't always make the mare go.
*Fat Man* (who is in something of a hurry)—"I'll give you five dollars to get me to the station in three minutes."
*Cabman* (with provoking slowness)—"Well, sorr, you might corrupt me, but you can't bribe that horse."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Mrs. Bridget Farley, of Stratford, Connecticut, who is over one hundred and four years old, "recently visited a neighboring town on a shopping tour." There is probably no other object under the sun that would induce a woman of that age to venture so far from home. Nothing but death will prevent a woman from going a-shopping.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Texas editor ran for a county office at the late election. He got only two hundred and thirty-six votes. Referring to this, he says: "We have seven hundred and fifty-nine subscribers in the county, and the only way we can explain it is that the five hundred and twenty-three who didn't vote for us were afraid we would leave the newspaper if we were elected."

President Arthur writes but little for publication, but the literature that he does produce, whether humorous, pathetic, or pastoral, is widely copied. His article on Thanksgiving was republished by the leading journals of the country, every one of which gave proper credit. We are pleased to notice that the American press is becoming more honest.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

*Justice Walsh*—"How old are you?"
*Witness* (a lady)—"Thirty."
*Justice Walsh*—"Thirty! I have heard you give the same age in this court for the last three years."
*Witness*—"Yes; I am not one of those persons who say one thing to-day and another to-morrow."—*Brooklyn Standard.*

*Mabel*—"Do you try to observe the golden rule, Mr. B——?"
*Tall Senior*—"Yes, indeed; do you?"
*Mabel*—"Yes; I always try to do as I would be done by, but I sometimes fail. If I were to try now I should fail."
*Tall Senior*—"Indeed! Why?"
*Mabel*—"I am not tall enough to reach."
No cards.—*Ex.*

*Young Mr. Smith*—"Are you an admirer of Tennyson, Miss Boston?"
*Miss Boston*—"To which Tennyson do you refer?"
*Young Mr. Smith*—"There is but one Tennyson."
*Miss Boston*—"Pardon me, but there are two—Alfred Tennyson and Lord Tennyson. The former I admire very much indeed."
*New York Sun.*

A married lady recently sent a note to a newspaper to get a recipe to cure the whooping cough in a pair of twins. By a deplorable mistake a recipe for pickling onions was unconciously inserted and her name attached, and she received this answer through the "Answers to Correspondents": "Mrs. L. H. B.—If not too young, skin them pretty closely, immerse in scalding water, sprinkle plentifully with sali, and immerse them for a week in strong brine." She didn't do it, however, as she thought it would kill the cough nineteen times out of twenty, and the children nine times out of ten.—*Ex.*

Prospectus from the Luling *Wasp:* C. B. Collins is editor-in-chief of this paper, and we have quite a corps of assistants. The local editor is an observant young man of varied attainments, and the agricultural editor doesn't know a pumpkin from a potato bug, but he will learn during next crop season. Our musical critic runs a genuine Cremona in the orchestra at Bowers half, and our marine editor has a scow on the San Marcos River. Our distinguished war correspondent, Sir Garnet Wolseley, is now in London, while our political editor has gone to interview Mr. Cleveland. We have no religious editor.

That boy: If his sister is kissed by any one, he is always the person to witness the performance, and tells of it before a crowd. He is always the one to give to the world the fact that his sister uses powder and wears false teeth, and is thirty-two years old. If there is a mortgage on the place, the boy hears you speak of it, and then goes around talking about it as though it were something to be pointed to with pride and pleasure. Everything you say in the bosom of your family that should not be repeated the boy repeats, and always has the faculty of repeating it at the wrong time and to the wrong person.—*Ex.*

A party of Israelites went out in a small yacht on a pleasure excursion. A gale arose, and they were blown off the land. They were several days without food, and, despairing of being rescued, resigned themselves to die. They sank into a state of lethargy, and were nearing dissolution, when the captain in charge of the little craft espied a vessel. He sprang to his feet exclaiming:

"A sail! a sail!"

"A sale?" echoed one of the Israelites, feebly; "a sale? Vere ish de gatalogue?"—*Boston Courier.*

It was an Arizona man. With steady hand he filled the can; for, as was usual with him, he filled the chalice to the brim. Appalled, affrighted, and dismayed to see the wholesale liquor raid, the gentleman behind the bar, in trembling tones, exclaimed:

"Look hyar! You are mistaken, pard, I'm thinking. That isn't cider that you're drinking!"

The stranger's face grew dark and sad, he looked as though he had it bad. In tones of grieving, mild rebuke, he said, with a reproachful look:

"You're mighty right, stranger. Good heavens! I wouldn't drink that much cider for fifty dollars."—*Ex.*

## SOCIETY.

### The Euthuno Club Reception.

The members of the Euthuno Club "are now fairly launched into the gayeties of the winter season. The first party of the club was given at the residence of Miss Fannie Crocker, a few weeks ago, when the announcement was then made that the next party would be held at the residence of Miss Jennie Whittier, which is located at the corner of Folsom and Twentieth streets, and is one of the best-adapted houses in the city for party purposes. Situated as it is on the summit of a gracefully sloping lawn, bordered with handsome cypress trees, it presents a picturesque appearance without, while the interior is delightfully arranged. On the occasion of the reception, last Tuesday evening, the rooms were heightened in their beauty by a holiday garb of verdant foliage and fragrant flowers. The large plate mirror in the main parlor was banked with La France and Marechal Neil roses, many-colored chrysanthemums, violets, bavardias, pinks, and hyacinths, while in the centre, reflected in its depths, was the name "Euthuno," wrought in flowers that contrasted their colors with a pretty effect. The mantels were covered with masses of the choicest exotics, and every point of vantage in the various rooms had received an embellishment of beautiful flowers. The guests arrived before nine o'clock, and were received by Miss Whittier. Dancing commenced soon after, and the canvased floors were filled with a merry throng, whose tripping feet kept time to excellent music. At eleven o'clock supper was announced, and the guests were ushered to the upper floor, where a sumptuous repast was served. After the enjoyment of the numerous delicacies, dancing was resumed until one o'clock. Farewells were then said, and the carriages were soon conveying their precious burdens homeward. By a happy forethought, a long canvass awning was erected from the edge of the sidewalk to the front door, thus shielding all from the rain. The costumes worn by the young ladies were elegant and pretty, a description of some of them being as follows:

Miss Jennie Whittier—A costume of deep cherry-colored surah satin, dancing length, with bouffant draperies, the edge of the skirt being finished in rows of small fine box plaiting; corsage décolleté, with a bouquet of bavardias, and coiffure à la Pompadour.

Mrs. W. Frank Whittier—A black velvet de Lyon costume trimmed with black Chantilly lace; corsage à la Pompadour, and ornaments of magnificent diamonds.

Miss Edith Whittier—A costume of white nun's veiling with flowers of white lace.

Miss Laura Pike—A combination costume of pale blue brocade and cherry-colored satin, dancing length; corsage décolleté and ornamented with scarlet and blue marabout feathers; ornaments diamonds.

Miss Alexander—A costume of canary satin brocade with flounces of point lack; corsage décolleté and ornamented with a bouquet of Jacqueminot roses; ornaments diamonds.

Miss Maud Estee—A canary-colored silk costume draped profusely with Oriental lace; corsage décolleté, and adorned with a bouquet of bon silene roses.

Miss Katie Grimm—A white silk costume with draperies of white lace.

Miss Helen Houston—A light blue satin costume flounced with white point lace; corsage décolleté.

Miss Daisy Paige—A costume of ciel blue satin brocade with bouffant draperies and flounces of white lace; corsage décolleté, and coiffure à la Pompadour; hand bouquet of delicate tea roses.

Miss Nellie Joliffe—A costume of black grenadine with front of white satin draped with Chantilly lace; corsage décolleté.

Miss Grace Jones—A pink satin brocade costume ornamented with pink ribbons; corsage décolleté.

Miss Mabel Pacheco—A white satin costume with draperies of white Spanish lace; corsage décolleté.

Miss Jennie Hanchette—A costume of white French crêpe draped from the neck à la Grecian.

Miss Fannie Keeler—A white silk costume with draperies of white lace.

Miss Nellie Stetson—A costume of pink cashmere draped with lace.

Miss Sallie Stetson—A costume of white satin brocade and point lace. Corsage décolleté, and ornaments diamonds.

Mrs. Gus Spreckels—A white satin costume embroidered with roses in their natural colors and foliage. Corsage V-shaped, and adorned with red marabout tips. Ornaments diamonds.

Miss Jessie Richards—A costume of white brocade with swerdress of white satin. Corsage décolleté, and ornamented with passementerie. Ornaments diamonds.

Miss Ilene Ivers—A costume of fine white mull, with inantile corsage. Hand bouquet of English holly and red berries.

Miss Ella Jennings—A white silk costume with draperies of pink crêpe.

Miss Carrie Klink—A costume of white surah satin with white cashmere draperies.

Miss Fannie Crocker—A combination costume of red velvet and white lace. Corsage décolleté.

Miss Bessie Shrieve—A canary silk costume with draperies of Spanish lace. Corsage décolleté.

Miss Maud O'Connor—A combination costume of red velvet and crushed strawberry cashmere, trimmed with lace.

Those invited were:

Miss Laura Pike, Miss Alexander, Miss Daisy Paige, Miss Ilene Ivers, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Bessie Shrieve, Miss Lillie O'Connor, Miss Grace Jones, Miss Sadie Richards, Miss Hattie Peterson, Miss Heyl, Miss Sallie Stetson, Miss Nellie Stetson, Miss Mabel Pacheco, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Miss Jeannette Reynolds, Miss Laura Weller, Miss Jennie Hanchette, Miss Houston, Miss Edith Floyt, Miss Maud Estee, Miss Fannie Crocker, Miss Carrie Ellis, Miss Fannie Keeler, Miss Florence Godley, Miss Katie Grimm, Miss Ella Jennings, Miss Carrie Klink, Misses Minnie, Nellie, and Laura Corbitt, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Gus Spreckels, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mrs. W. F. Whittier, Miss Edith Whittier, Miss Jennie Whittier, Mr. Edward A. Greenway, Mr. Harry Gilmor, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. Gus Spreckels, Mr. Adam Grant, Mr. Stuart B. Samuels, Mr. H. E. Hall, Mr. Andrew Jackson, Mr. W. R. Sheldon, Mr. Walter Kinney, Mr. Charles Alexander, Mr. Frank Swain, Mr. Fred. Johnson, Mr. George Shrieve, Mr. Webster Jones, Mr. Walter S. Deane, Mr. John W. Taylor, Colonel Tobin, Mr. Julien Sontag, Mr. Frank Peterson, Mr. J. D. Phelan, Mr. Everett Bee, Mr. Spencer Buckbee, Mr. Wilshire, Mr. Henry Crocker, Mr. Will Crocker, Mr. Stewart Baldwin, Mr. Clinton E. Worden, Mr. Charles Boardman, Mr. J. F. Moulton, Mr. Mansfield Lowell, Mr. Louis Monteagle, Mr. Weller, Mr. Frank Carolan, Mr. George Duval, Mr. Frank Hicks, Mr. Edward Mizner, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Bert Morrow, Mr. C. J. Burns, Mr. Ansell Easton, Mr. A. L. Reed, Mr. William B. Hamilton, Mr. Warren Clark, Mr. John Wood, Mr. Charles Walton, Mr. Fred. Lake, Mr. Will Wheeler, and Mr. W. Frank Whittier.

### Washington Notes.

Hon. Frank Page and Mrs. Page arrived in Washington a few days ago, and have taken apartments on Lafayette Square for the winter.

Miss Clark, of Sacramento, who arrived in Washington on the 6th instant, as the guest of Miss Sturgis, daughter of General Sturgis, went to her first reception on the 11th instant, which was in the shape of a dinner given to General Miles by Justice and Mrs. Miller. She again appeared in society at a reception given by General and Mrs. Sturgis, at the Soldiers' Home, on the 25th instant.

General and Mrs. John F. Miller gave an informal reception, at their residence, on Connecticut Avenue, on the 12th instant.

Mrs. A Patten, who lived at the Palace for a number of years, has taken a suite at the Arlington for the winter, and will introduce her daughter into Washington society.

Mrs. Peter Decker has also taken apartments at the Arlington for the winter.

Mrs. William M. Stewart, who is at present occupying her residence in Washington, gave an informal reception on the evening of the 11th instant. Mrs. Hooker and Mrs Fox, who are with their mother, will remain in Washington all winter.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Truman were entertained at dinner by Lieutenant and Mrs. Greely, at their residence in Washington, on the evening of the 11th instant. Mr. and Mrs. T. left on the following morning for New Orleans.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Greely have taken up their permanent residence at the national capital, at 1909 I Street.

Mrs. Colonel Eddy and daughter, who left here for Washington a short time ago, have taken up their residence at the Ebbitt for the winter.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Mark Hopkins and party arrived in this city last Tuesday from Great Barrington, Massachusetts, in a special car.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Newhall are in New York city.

Mr. Charles N. Shaw returned from Los Angeles on Monday.

Mr. A. Calderon, of Menlo Park, was in the city this week.

Mr. Walter M. Painter has returned from Lake County, and will remain with his family during the holidays.

Governor George Stoneman is in Los Angeles.

Mrs. W. A. Porter, accompanied by her daughter, returned from her European tour last Tuesday, after an absence of several months.

Mrs. G. L. Bradley and Miss Grace Bradley are in New Orleans, and will soon be joined by Mr. Bradley. They will visit Washington during the inauguration.

Mrs. D. S. Lathrop, Miss A. M. Lathrop, and Misses Jennie and Amy Lathrop, arrived here last Saturday from Albany, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Gertrude Stanford, who came with the Lathrops, is the guest of Governor and Mrs. Leland Stanford.

Mr. Charles Baldwin is in New York city at present.

Senator James G. Fair is in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. N. P. Cole returned from the East on Tuesday.

Mrs. H. D. Green and daughter, Miss Marguerite Green, of Portland, Oregon, who have been the recipients of many social courtesies during their brief visit in this city, returned home last Saturday.

Mrs. Walter E. Deane has been quite ill at her apartments in the Baldwin Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. W. Frank Newlands (*née* Johnson) have returned from Paraiso Springs, and are the guests of Mr. Francis G. Newlands, at his residence on Folsom Street.

Governor and Mrs. Leland Stanford, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Newman, Mr. Ariel Lathrop, and their relatives from Albany, have been visiting Governor Stanford's vineyard at Vina.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bancroft have returned from their visit to Colorado, Utah, and New Mexico.

Senator James T. Farley will not leave for Washington until after the holidays, on account of sickness.

Miss Louise Dearborn is expected on the next Australian steamer.

Colonel Peter J. Donahue arrived from the East last Tuesday, after an extended absence.

Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard returned this week on the steamer *Mariposa* from Honolulu.

Mr. J. P. Whitney, the well-known capitalist of Boston, is in the city, on a visit with his family.

Mr. L. J. Rose Jr., of the San Gabriel Mission, near Los Angeles, is at the Palace Hotel.

Judge Rising and family, of Virginia City, are expected here in a few days, and will remain at the palace during the winter.

### Army and Navy News.

Chief-Engineer H. S. Davids, U. S. N., so long stationed at Mare Island, is visiting his mother at Norwalk, Conn.

Major Sanger, U. S. A., who was stationed at the Presidio for several years, was in Washington on the 14th instant.

Pay-Director Fulton and Mrs. Fulton are in Washington, where they will remain for several months.

The rosters of the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the Eighth United States Infantry, Colonel August V. Kautz, headquarters at Angel Island, have been received.

Second Lieutenant Samuel Rodman Ir., First Artillery of Battery M, Fort Mason, is one of the detail for torpedo instruction at Willett's Point, New York Harbor, commencing January 1st, 1885.

Colonel J. F. Hammond, U. S. A., has been placed on the retired list, having reached his sixty-fourth birthday.

Passed Assistant-Paymaster W. W. Barry, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Swatara*, and placed on waiting oaders.

Assistant Surgeon L. W. Curtis, U. S. N, has been ordered to the Naval Hospital at Chelsea, Massachusetts.

Second Lieutenants J. G. McWharter and T. C. Prince, U. S. M. C., have reported for duty at the Marine Barracks, Mare Island, Cal.

Orders have been received at the Mare Island Yard to fit the United States steamer *Mohican* for sea at once. She will probably be ready about the 1st of March

Surgeon T. C. Heyl, U. S. N., of the receiving ship *Independence*, is spending the Christmas holidays with his family in this city.

Lieutenant (junior grade) R. H. Galt, U. S. N., has been ordered to report for examination, preliminary to promotion.

### Railway Personals.

Mr. D. W. Hitchcock, of the Union Pacific Railroad, is convalescing after his recent severe illness.

Captain N. T. Smith, Treasurer of the Southern Pacific Railroad, has returned to the city.

### Notes and Gossip.

Lent commences next year on February 18th, and concludes on April 5th.

Mrs J. B. Haggin gave a pleasant dinner party to a few friends last Tuesday evening, at her residence on Taylor Street.

Miss Nellie J. Paddock, of this city, who has just completed her musical studies in Boston, was married December 17th, in Denver, Colorado, to Mr. James A. Fleming, a well-known citizen of Denver.

Skating still retains favor with our society people, and shows no indication of being on the wane. The Tuesday evening reception at the Pavilion rink was well attended, notwithstanding the tempestuous weather. The Skating Club at the Sutter Street rink will hereafter have one evening set aside for the exclusive use of the members and their friends.

Mrs. Tewksbury was in New Orleans on the 19th, on her way to Philadelphia to visit her daughter.

Mrs. Brooks and Mrs. Gouveneur Morris, of San Francisco, and Mrs. Thomas, of Sutro, were in New Orleans on the 19th instant.

Mr. and Mrs. Raum were in Richmond, Va., on the 17th instant, on their way to Jacksonville, Florida, where they would remain about ten days, and then go to New Orleans, leaving the latter city early in January for San Francisco.

The Poet Laureate is familiar with tobaccos, Latakia, Connecticut leaf, Perique, Lone Jack, Michigan, Killikinick, Highlander, "or any of the English brands." How does he take the gentle weed? At his feet is a box full of white clay pipes. Filling one of these, he smokes until it is empty, breaks it in twain and thrown the fragments into another box prepared for their reception. Then he pulls another pipe from its straw or wooden enclosure, fills it, lights it, and destroys it as before.


**New Eastern Wall Paper Store.**

108 Post Street, will be opened by Cooks Bros., Decorators and Paper Hangers, on Monday, December 22, 1884.

**Pretty Goods,**

And wonderfully cheap. New designs, new material. For sale by the California Furniture Co,, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

**Rachel's Enamel Bloom.**

Ladies whose faces have been chapped by the recent stormy weather will find that Rachel's Enamel Bloom not only affords relief, but is a safe protection against future chapping. and at the same time improves the best complexions. It is sold by all druggists; price, fifty cents per box.

**A Welcome New-Year Gift.**

Here is what the San Francisco *Bulletin* says of Freud's great Corset House: "No article would be more appreciated by the ladies as a holiday gift than Freud's celebrated corsets. The high reputation attained by Freud's perfect-fitting corsets and fashionable bustles makes them an indispensable part of every lady's toilet. They are without doubt the most welcome gifts that can possibly be made to any lady. It will repay you to visit Freud's Corset House, 742 and 744 Market Street, and see their magnificent display of holiday goods. Elegant silk and satin corsets of all colors, in beautiful boxes, all ready for delivery to any address. Freud's Corset House remains open evenings till January 1st."

**Improved Richmond Ranges.**

Before purchasing a stove, call and examine our celebrated Improved Richmond Ranges. Thousands of them are in use, and every one in working order. For sale only by the agents, Schuster Brothers, 306 Sutter, above Dupont, and branch store, 332 Montgomery Avenue, San Francisco.

**Furniture.**

The California Furniture Co., Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street, are offering some of the most beautiful furniture ever exhibited in the city. Prices very low.

**Prang's Xmas Cards**

Have been received by the art and book stores.

**Removal.**

Hills Bros.' Arabian Coffee Mills have removed to 400 Sansome Street. Fine Coffee our specialty.

— AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF THE GRAPHIC arts as applied to advertising is the "Catalogue of Seeds, Trees, etc.," recently issued by W. R. Strong & Co., of Sacramento. The letter-press (by Lewis & Johnston, Sacramento) is excellent, comprising many accurate wood cuts of the various vegetables, and the book contains several artistic lithographs of similar subjects from the Schmidt Label and Lithographing Co., of this city.

— LADIES WHO INTEND TO RECEIVE CALLERS on New Year's Day should obtain their refreshments from S. Lebenbaum & Co., Nos. 1443-49 Polk Street, corner of California. In addition to their customary large stock, they have a fine line of delicacies for the holiday trade, including a number of choice table wines. The goods are all of the best quality, and are sold at remarkably low prices.

— ONE OF THE GREATEST CONVENIENCES OF this age of invention is the Burr Patent Folding Bed. It occupies little space during the day and is an ornament to any room, and at night it is a luxuriously comfortable bed. It is sold by H. H. Gross, 16 and 18 Second Street.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts,

W. E. GRAVES. J. W. ROLPH. F. M. PRINDLE.

**F. M. PRINDLE & CO.,**

**14 Post Street, S. F.**

**Jewelry and Fine Stationery,**

**Elegant Plush Cases,**

**Christmas and New Year's Cards.**

**GREGOIRE, TAUZY & CO.,**

**No. 6 Post Street, San Francisco.**

**HOLIDAY BOOKS**

**Christmas and New Year Cards,**

**ALBUMS.**

**Foreign Books a Specialty.**

**STORE OPEN EVENINGS.**

**W. GRUENHAGEN & CO.,**

**Manufacturers of FINE CANDIES, pay special attention to Quality, Flavor, and Purity in the making of their Candies. Call early and avoid the rush.**

**Best place in town to get your**

**NEW YEAR CANDIES.**

**No. 20 Kearny Street.**

**THE LOUVRE**

**BRANCH, EDDY AND POWELL STREETS.**

Imported and Eastern Beers, Lunches, Dinners, etc. Family Resort.

JULIUS GRUEN. MAX VOGELSANG.

"Azule"

**THE FINEST**

**Pure Natural Mineral Water.**

Endorsed by the medical profession. For sale everywhere.

**Depot, 513 Sacramento St., S. F.**

**ELITE BOUQUET**

—AND—

**PECK'S PREMIUM PERFUMES,**

**(ALL ODORS).**

**GERSTER GLOVES!**

**Elegant, Perfect-fitting, and Durable,**

....AT....

**I. KEINER'S, 32 KEARNY ST.**

**IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE.**

There is no reason why a lady or gentleman should be burdened with unnecessary flesh. The radical treatment prescribed at Dr. Zeile's **Russian and Medicated Baths** will remove all superfluous fat, without impairing the general health. Rheumatism and other nervous complaints treated successfully by medicated bathing at

**Dr. Zelle's, 528 Pacific St., near Kearny.**

**THE HALL TYPE-WRITER**

**Cheapest---Simplest---Best.**

It does better work and in greater variety than any other Type-Writer. Six copies at once by a new manifolding device. Price less than half that of other writers.

**THE PAPYROGRAPH,**

The best copying process in the market. From three hundred to two thousand copies from a single original.

**Agency for the Pacific Coast for the above, Room 34, No. 123 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.**

**REMOVAL.**

**EDWARD E. OSBORN, Patent Solicitor,** United States and Foreign, has removed to 220 Sansome Street, Rooms 10, 11, and 12, San Francisco.


**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb. For the half-year ending with 31st December, 1884, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, 2d January, 1885.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

## CENTURY BRIC-A-BRAC.

*From the December Century.*

### In Miss Kate L's Birthday Book.

We parted, and mine eyes were wet;
Thine, too, I think, were brimming.
With tears or brine? Love, I forget.
Could it be both? I think not. Yet,
You know we were in swimming.
—*Charles Henry Webb.*

### Here by My Fire.

Here by my fire, which cracks and glows,
Idly I sit, while fleecy snows
Are lying on the earth's cold breast,
And muse on all that I love best,
Forgetful of my wants and woes.

Soft-footed sleep a touch bestows,
And weary eyelids part way close,
And fitfully I wake and rest
Here by my fire.

The flames are full of friends and foes;
The mute procession comes and goes,
Led by a form divinely dressed:
Of her I dream. The girlish guest
May share my seat some time—who knows?
Here by my fire.
—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

### The Fair Physiologist and the Bachelor of Medicine.

A LAY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"Oh, tell me, gentle maid," he cries,
"Whence flows that falling tear,
Why all-suffused those glist'ning eyes?
The cause I fain would hear."
"The cause," she says, with downcast eye,
"Unless my mem'ry fail, is
Intensified activity
In the *Glandula Lachrymalis*."

"But oh, methinks that from your breast
There heaves a gentle sigh,
Refusing, too, to be repressed;
Sweet maiden, tell me why?"
"I think," she says, "a sigh is due
To deepened *Inspiration*,
And this, again, is owing to
Some *Reflex Excitation*."

"But, mantling on your cheek, I see
The lovely damask rose.
Declare, oh, dearest one, to me
Whence this rich lustre flows?"
"Blushing is caused," the maid replies,
"As Huxley well observes,
By much-dilated arteries
And *Vaso-motor Nerves*."

"But tell me farther, maiden dear,
Of all these signs the reason.
Do not a blush, a sigh, a tear
Point to some *central lesion?*"
"Their cause" (she faintly makes reply)
"As yet escapes detection,
Unless—perchance—they signify
Some—*cardiac affection*."

"Ah, maid, your diagnosis true
To sure proof is subjected,
Since, by contagion caught from you,
My heart, too, is infected.
And now, to cure us both, I trow,
One med'cine and no more is,
Oh, take the sweet prescription now:
*Sume Aurantii Flores.*"*
—*J. Harper Benson.*

* Take orange flowers.

### The Half-ring Moon.

Over the sea, over the sea,
My love he is gone to a far countree;
But he brake a golden ring with me,
The pledge of his faith to be.

Over the sea, over the sea,
He comes no more from the far countree;
But at night where the new moon loved to be,
Hangs the half of a ring for me.
—*John B. Tabb.*

### Bessie Brown, M. D.

'Twas April when she came to town;
The birds had come, the bees were swarming.
Her name, she said, was Doctor Brown;
I saw at once that she was charming.
She took a cottage tinted green,
Where dewy roses love to mingle;
And on the door, next day, was seen
A dainty little shingle.
Her hair was like an amber wreath;
Her hat was darker, to enhance it.
The violet eyes that glowed beneath
Were brighter than her keenest lancet.
The beauties of her glove and gown
The sweetest rhyme would fail to utter.
Ere she had been a day in town
The town was in a flutter.
The gallants viewed her feet and hands,
And swore they never saw such wee things;
The gossips met in purring bands
And tore her piecemeal o'er the tea-things.
The former drank the Doctor's health
With clinking cups, the gay carousers;
The latter watched her door by stealth,
Just like so many mousers.
But Doctor Bessie went her way,
Unmindful of the spiteful cronies,
And drove her buggy every day
Behind a dashing pair of ponies.
Her flower-like face so bright she bore,
I hoped that time might never wilt her.
The way she tripped across the floor
Was better than a philter.
Her patients thronged the village street;
Her snowy slate was always quite full.
Some said her bitters tasted sweet;
And some pronounced her pills delightful.
'Twas strange—I knew not what it meant—
She seemed a nymph from Eldorado;
Where'er she came, where'er she went,
Grief lost its gloomy shadow.
Like all the rest, I, too, grew ill;
My aching heart there was no quelling.
I tremble at my doctor's bill—
And lo! the items still are swelling.
The drugs I've drunk you'd weep to hear!
They've quite enriched the fair concoctor,
And I'm a ruined man, I fear,
Unless—I wed the doctor.
—*Samuel Minturn Peck.*


JOS. FIGEL
211 MONTGOMERY ST. S.F.
Offers the
LATEST STYLES
.....OF.....
CLOTHING
.....AND.....
FURNISHING GOODS
FOR GENTS AND BOYS,
READY MADE and MADE TO MEASURE at
REDUCED PRICES.
A Full Line of Desirable Suitings in our Merchant Tailoring Department.

THE GOLDEN STATE

This elegantly appointed five-story private boarding-house, now known as "THE GOLDEN STATE," located at 725 Pine Street, between Stockton and Powell, which has been thoroughly renovated and refitted, supplied with elevator, American District telegraph, and all other modern conveniences, is now open for the reception of guests. All the rooms are sunny, commanding a view of the bay and city which is unsurpassed. The table will be supplied with the best the market affords, and will be strictly first-class. Parties desiring to locate for the winter in elegant apartments, easily accessible to Kearny Street, only two blocks distant, will find this their objective point. Parties calling soon can secure a choice of rooms.
☞ Baths free to the guests.

*Apollinaris*
*Has received at the*
INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION,
LONDON, 1884, *the*
HIGHEST AWARD
*OVER ALL other MINERAL WATERS, NATURAL or ARTIFICIAL.*
*"APOLLINARIS reigns alone among Natural Dietetic Table Waters. Its numerous competitors appear to have, one after another, fallen away."*
British Medical Journal, *May* 31, 1884.
*Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Wat. Dealers.*
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
For sale by A. F. EVANS & CO.
No. 16 Front Street, San Francisco.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.
General Shipping and Commission
MERCHANTS,
309 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
24 Post St., San Francisco
COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, PENMANSHIP AND TELEGRAPHY.
F. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.
☞ SEND FOR CIRCULAR. ☜

SAN LORENZO
PACKING COMPANY,
A COUNTRY CANNERY.



PACKERS OF PURE
CALIFORNIA FRUITS
In Syrup made from the
Best Dry Granulated Sugar.
☞ Housewife attention is directed to the San Lorenzo JAMS and JELLIES, which are made from Pure White Sugar and Fruits.
No Glucose or Brown Sugar used in this Factory.

EDUCATIONAL.

MISS BISBEE'S SCHOOL
FOR YOUNG LADIES,
1020 Oak Street, Oakland, Cal., will re-open Wednesday, January 7, 1885.

IRVING INSTITUTE, 1036 Valencia St., SAN FRANCISCO. The next session will begin Monday January 5, 1885. For catalogue or information, address REV. EDWARD B CHURCH, A M., Principal.

CITY COLLEGE,
119 Haight St. Next term opens Monday, January 5th, 1885. REV. JAMES MATTHEWS, D D, Principal.

HOPKINS ACADEMY
OAKLAND, CAL.
REV. H. E. JEWETT, Principal.
The School Year begins TUESDAY, January 6th, 1885.

THE HARMON SEMINARY
BERKELEY, CAL.
A boarding and day school for young ladies. The next term will begin January 8, 1885. For Catalogues or other information, address
THE MISSES HARMON, Berkeley, Cal., Or E. J. WICKSON, 414 Clay St, S. F.

BARNARD'S Business College, 37 Post St., S. F.
Diploma of Mechanics' Fair, 1884, awarded to this College.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL for GIRLS
Will re-open Monday, August 3d.
Temporary location, 1001 Sutter Street, corner of Hyde.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!!
And we are selling the following goods CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE CITY:
Table and Pocket Cutlery,
Ladies' Scissors Sets,
Ladies' Embroidery Sets,
Ladies' Manicure Sets,
Ladies' and Gents' Dressing Cases,
And hundreds of other articles for Holiday Presents.
Also, OUR OWN MAKE OF
GUARANTEED CARVING SETS,
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
WILL & FINCK, Leading Cutlers,
769 Market Street, opposite Fourth.

Steinway & Son's, Kranich & Bach, | Ernest Gabler, and C. Roenisch
PIANOS!
M. GRAY, 206 POST ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

STORE YOUR FURNITURE
Boxes, Trunks, Pianos, Paintings, etc.
BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY, WITH
J. H. MOTT & CO.,
735 Market St., opp. Dupont, San Francisco
Fine Brick Warehouse. Advances made.

Contract for Fall and Winter Supply
....OF....
COAL
For your House and Store. Special rates for five tons Prices furnished on application. CHAS. R. ALLEN, 120 Beale Street. Telephone 308.

FINEST PHOTOS IN THE CITY
....AT THE....
IMPERIAL GALLERY,
724½ Market Street.

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY
OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET.
Works.....Potrero.
C. SPRECKELS, President.
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE!
The Light-running
"HOUSEHOLD"
SEWING MACHINE.



Send or call for our Price Lists and SPECIAL OFFER, which is equivalent to three months' trial.
Samuel Hill Estate
CITY SALES ROOMS,
634 Market St.
Opposite Palace Hotel, S. F.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

JOE POHEIM,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Makes the best-fitting clothes in the State at 25 per cent. less than any other tailor in the city.
Business Pants made to order from..$ 6.00
Business Suits from..... 25.00
Dress Pants from..... 8.00
Dress Suits from..... 30.00
Other garments in proportion. The best of woakmanship and trimming guaranteed. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free to any address on application to
JOE POHEIM,
203 Montgomery, 724 Market,
1110 & 1112 Market, and 11 & 13 Turk St.

W. R. STRONG & CO.
SACRAMENTO.




Wholesale Fruit and Commission Dealers.
Consignments solicited.

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.
Stationers, Booksellers,
Commercial Printers and Blank Book Manufacturers
204 Sansome Street, near Pine.

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
San Francisco,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ASTORIA, Or., LONDON
Have agents in every prominent commercial city in the world.

CALIFORNIA
ELECTRO PLATING WORKS,
657 MISSION STREET,
Gold, Silver, and Nickel Plating on all Metals.
Table Ware repaired and plated at the lowest rates. Copper Plates silver plated for saving gold. All work in our line guaranteed. KEATING & FAGAN, Proprietors.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants
204 and 206 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Regular Dispatch Line of Packets to Honolulu, H. I.

FALL STYLE HATS
Now ready and introduced by
HERRMANN THE HATTER.
The Largest Hat Store on the Coast.
332, 336 KEARNY STREET,
Between Bush and Pine Streets, San Francisco.
☞ Steam Factory connected with Establishment at 17 Belden St. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free.

REMOVAL.
MRS. DR BEIGHLE has removed to 618 EDDY STREET. Galvanic Healer Natural Battery. Diagnosis without questioning Hours, 1 to 4; Ladies and Children only.

ALASKA
COMMERCIAL CO.
No. 310 SANSOME STREET,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

WALL PAPERS,
FRESCOING,
INTERIOR DECORATING
WINDOW SHADES.
G. W. CLARK & CO.
645 and 647 Market Street.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*The Argonaut is published every Saturday, at No. 213 Dupont Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.*

*Subscription, $4.00 per year; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents.*

*News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post St., above Dupont, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed.*

*Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses.*

*The American News Company, New York, are Agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe.*

*Nathan Cole Jr., Room 28, No. 48 Broad Street, New York, is the duly authorized agent of the Argonaut in that city.*

*Address all communications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Dupont Street, San Francisco."*

*A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.*


# C. P. R. R.

**Time Schedule, Sunday, Nov. 23, 1884.**

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT, SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE FOR | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE FROM |
|---|---|---|
| 8.00 A.M. | Benicia | 6.40 P.M |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M |
| 8.00 A.M. | Calistoga and Napa | *10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | " " " | 6.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Colfax | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Delta, Redding, and Portland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Deming, El Paso, Express | 10.40 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | and East, Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Galt and Ione, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Galt, via Martinez | *10.40 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | Knight's Landing | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Los Angeles and South | 10.40 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Livermore and Pleasanton | 5.40 P.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| ‡8.00 A.M. | Martinez | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " | *3.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | " | 10.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Marysville and Chico | 5.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | Mojave and East, Express | 10.40 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | " " Emigrant | 6.10 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Niles and Haywards | 5.40 P.M. |
| 10.00 A.M. | " " | 3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " " | 9.40 A.M. |
| *5.00 P.M. | " " | *8.40 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Ogden and Express | 11.10 A.M. |
| 7.00 P.M. | East, Emigrant | 9.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Red Bluff via Marysville | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | and Tehama via Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Sacramento, via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | " via Benicia | 6.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 11.10 A.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " via Benicia | 10.10 A.M. |
| *4.00 P.M. | Sacramento River Steamers | *8.00 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | San José | *3.40 P.M. |
| ‡10.00 A.M. | " | ‡3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | 9.40 A.M. |
| 7.30 A.M. | Stockton & *Milton via Livermore | 5.40 P.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | Stockton, via Martinez | *10.40 A.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | Tulare, Fresno, Madera & Merced | *3.40 P.M. |
| 3.30 P.M. | | 10.40 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Vallejo | 6.40 P.M. |
| *9.30 A.M. | " | *3.40 P.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | " | |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |
| 3.00 P.M. | Virginia City | 11.10 A.M. |
| 8.00 A.M. | Woodland | 6.40 P.M. |
| 4.00 P.M. | " | 10.10 A.M. |

Train leaving San Francisco at 8.00 A. M. meets Pacific Express from Ogden at Vallejo Junction, and Pacific Express from El Paso and Mojave at Pinole.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

**LOCAL FERRY TRAINS (via Oakland Pier)**

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *9.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 6.30, ‡11.00, *12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, ‡9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, ‡8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, ‡1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23 *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23 *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, ‡6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, ‡10.22, 10.52, ‡11.22, 11.52, ‡12.22, 12.52, ‡1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, ‡10.15, 10.45, ‡11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, ‡9.15, 9.45, 10.45, ‡12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, ‡4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewlers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

BROAD GAUGE.

## WINTER TIME SCHEDULE,

**Commencing Sunday, Nov. 16, 1884,**

And until further notice, passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, betwen Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

| LEAVE S. F. | DESTINATION. | ARRIVE S. F. |
|---|---|---|
| † 6.50 A.M. | | 6.35 A.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | * 8.10 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ..San Mateo, Redwood, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| 4.30 P.M. | .....Menlo Park..... | 3.36 P.M. |
| * 5.15 P.M. | | † 5.02 P.M. |
| 6.30 P.M. | | 6.08 P.M. |
| 8.30 A.M. | | 9.03 A.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Santa Clara, San Jose, and.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Principal Way Stations.... | 3.36 P.M. |
| 4.37 P.M. | | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.. | *10.02 A.M. |
| *3.30 P.M. | ....Salinas, and Monterey... | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | | *10.02 A.M. |
| * 3.30 P.M. | ...Hollister and Tres Pinos... | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | .....Watsonville..... | |
| *3.30 P.M. | Aptos, Soquel (Camp Capitola), ..... and Santa Cruz ..... | 6.08 P.M. |
| 10.40 A.M. | ..Soledad and Way Stations.. | 6.08 P.M. |

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only (Sportsmen's train).

STANDARD OF TIME.—Trains are run on Pacific Standard Time (Randolph & Co.'s, which is ten (10) minutes FASTER than San Francisco Local Time.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Also, to Paraiso and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

To Gilroy, San Jose, and intermediate points.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—Sold SUNDAY MORNING, good for return same day.

Also, to Monterey, Santa Cruz, Soquel, Aptos, Gilroy, San Jose, and intermediate points.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

For points on Southern Division and the East, see C. P. R. R. Time Schedule.

**SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via**

# NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

**Commencing Monday, November 17, 1884,** and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL and SAUCELITO (week days)—9.00, 11.30 A. M., 3.45, 5.15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M., 1.30, 5.00 P. M. To Saucelito only, 11.30 A. M.
Extra trip on Saturdays at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.45, 9.00 A. M., 12.15, 3.35, P. M.
(Sundays)—7.55, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 3.15, 5.00 P. M.

From SAUCELITO (week days)—8.15, 9.30 A. M., 1 00, 4.15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.30, 10.35 A. M., 12.30, 3.50, 5.40 P. M.
Extra trip—From Saucelito, on Saturday at 2.15 P. M.

**11.30 A. M.** Daily, Sundays excepted, THROUGH TRAIN for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through train from Duncan Mills arrive in S. F. at 1.30 P. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning, except Mondays, for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino, and all points on the North Coast.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Fairfax, $1; Camp Taylor, $2; Point Reyes, $2.50; Tomales, $3.50; Duncan Mills, $4.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

**8.00 A. M.** (Sundays only) Excursion Train for Piont Reyes and Way Stations.
Returning arrives in S. F. at 6.40 P. M.
Fares for round trip—Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.

DAVID NYE, Gen'l Superintendent. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

GENERAL OFFICES, 408 CALIFORNIA STREET.


BONESTELL, RICHARDS, ALLEN & CO.

PAPER WAREHOUSE

411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F

**Importers of all kinds of Paper.**



# PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**



## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 2 o'clock P. M. for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

| Steamer | 1885. From San Francisco |
|---|---|
| Oceanic | Thursday, January 22d |
| Arabic | Tuesday, February 3d |
| San Pablo | Tuesday, March 10th |
| Oceanic | Thursday, April 16th |
| Arabic | Tuesday, April 28th |
| San Pablo | Tuesday, June 2d |
| Oceanic | Thursday, July 9th |

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at C. P. R. R. Co.'s General Officers, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 202 Market Street, Union Block.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.



## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail:

For HONGKONG, via YOKOHAMA,

**City of New York** ..... **December 30**
**City of Peking** ..... **January 10**

At 2 o'clock P.M. Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For NEW YORK, via PANAMA,

**Granada** ..... **December 31**

At 4 o'clock P. M., taking freight and passengers to MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS.

For AUCKLAND and SYDNEY, calling at HONOLULU.

**City of Sydney** ..... January 16, at 2 o'clock P M

Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

Ten dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage.

For freight and passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.



## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

For VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 10 A. M., on Dec. 1st, 5th, 17th, and 26th, and Jan. 2d, and every eighth day thereafter. The last steamer of each month connects at Port Townsend with the Company's steamer for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, every second day; excepting SAN DIEGO every fifth day—A. M.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY STREET.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.



C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.




17 and 19 FREMONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO



## THE AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for export.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO., Agents.**

Office, 208 California Street.



JOHN GASH. JOHN J. NEWSOM.

**NEWSOM & GASH,**

# ARCHITECTS

Superintendents and Surveyors of Buildings,

Room 33, third floor, Merchants' Exchange, California St., between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco, California. Take elevator.



# INVENTORS' INSTITUTE,

**105 STOCKTON STREET,**

**Corner of O'Farrell.**

PATENTS PROCURED FOR $65, AND PATENTS Negotiated. Send for particulars.



Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137.

**COWEN, PORTER & CO.**

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS,**

118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite Starr King's Church. Finest Funeral Furniture on the Coast.

J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER, J. W. PORTER.
Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadelphia.



## THE NEVADA BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

**Paid-up Capital.....$3,000,000 in Gold.**

DIRECTORS.

James C. Flood, President: Geo. L. Brander, Vice-President;
James G. Fair, James L. Flood, John W. Mackay.

J. S. Angus, Secretary and Cashier: Geo. Grant, Assistant Cashier.

New York Agency, 62 Wall Street.
London Correspondents, Union Bank of London Lim'd.



## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**Capital.....$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

**AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremon National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.**

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.



## NATIONAL ASSURANCE COMPANY OF IRELAND.

**ESTABLISHED.....A. D. 1822**

Authorized Capital.....$10,000,000
Subscribed Capital..... 5,000,000

**H. M. NEWHALL & CO.**

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

**Office, 309 Sansome St., San Francisco.**



**Imperial Fire Insurance Co.** Of London. Instituted 1803.
**London Assurance Corporation** Of London. Established 1720
**Northern Assurance Company** Of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
**Queen Insurance Company** Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

A Joint Policy of the Four Companies issued on the Pacific Coast. ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Pacific Branch Office, S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.



## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

**FIRE AND MARINE.**

Principal office, 439 California Street, San Francisco (Safe Deposit Building).

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.



## HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

**No. 216 Sansome Street,**

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

**Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00**
**Assets, Jan. 1, 1884..... 759,475 18**

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY



## HUTCHINSON & MANN,

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**

322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St. San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.

W. L. CHALMERS, Special Agent and Adjuster.



# RUBBER HOSE

—FOR—

**Gardens, Mills, Mines, & Fire Departments,**

Manufactured and for sale by the

**GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.**

**Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard (Maltese Cross) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose Rubber Hose (Competition), Suction Hose Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire Engine Hose, Carbolized Maltese Cross Brand.**

**VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER**

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

**JOHN W. TAYLOR, - - - Manager.**

**No. 15 First Street, near Market.**



## "IT IS ALMOST HUMAN."

THE NORTON DOOR-CHECK & SPRING.

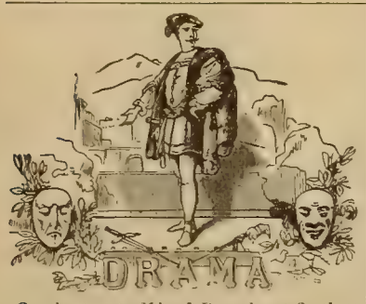


**It is PERFECTLY NOISELESS, and renders the slamming of doors and the breaking of glass absolutely impossible.**

**D. S. BROWN & CO.,**

**36 California Street, San Francisco**

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.




On the twenty-fifth of December, 1984, three young people, arrayed in the flowing draperies of the classic Roman time, were seated in graceful, statuesque attitudes, in a beautiful room whose windows overlooked the Pacific Ocean. The house they dwelt in stood upon the tall bluff which looms up between the Seal Rocks and the Golden Gate, and was only one of many noble palaces that lined the shore. Their architecture was composite, but in them was to be found no trace of the Swiss châlet, the Eastlake absurdity, or the other comfortless structures that disfigured the older part of the town.

These three young people—aged, respectively, fifteen, twelve, and ten—were talking to an elderly matron, whose lint-white locks contradicted the ruddy freshness of her skin and the supple elasticity of her movements.

"Tell us, great grandmamma," spoke the elder, "just what San Francisco looked like a hundred years ago to day. I have been over in the old town, walking among its comfortless houses and ugly streets, and trying to fill them with people. What did they wear in those days, grandmamma? What did they look like?"

"A hundred years ago to-day," spoke grandmamma, musingly. "Why, that was Christmas Day, and easily remembered, for I think it was in 1884 that the decadence of the dear old feast set in. And what a week of weather it was! The skies rained seas, and the streets ran rivers."

"But if Christmas was a feast-day which they wished to celebrate out-doors, why did they not turn off the rain, as we do, and let it fall at night?"

"We had not learned to manage the weather in those days, my dear; and it is not the Christmas Day I speak of, but the week of preliminary shopping. As I said before, it was the beginning of the decadence of the day. Vast armies of people, in gossamers and goloshes, and carrying umbrellas, thronged the streets. They all had bad colds—for physicians still thrived in those days, and people had not learned to take care of their bodies—and they went about croaking to each other that the hard times had really come at last. Like the boy's cry of 'Wolf! Wolf!' the call had summoned them, and they did not mean to make any presents this year, but still they were looking 'for some little thing for So-and-so.'"

"What were gossamers, great-grandmamma?" queried the second, whose draperies were the most gracefully festooned of the three, and whose fancy listed chiefly to the beauty of raiment.

"Gossamers, my children, were a hideous, useful invention, sprung upon an unoffending world by an enterprising India-rubber man. They were long, shiny, straight, slinky, vile-smelling things, that enveloped a woman literally from head to foot, for they were topped off with capuchin hoods, and thousands of women went about the streets wrapped up in these things like a band of India-rubber friars, and each one so exactly like every other that a man couldn't tell his own wife, and a lot of distracted shoppers were constantly losing each other. The only variety upon the streets was at the windy corner by the old fountain, still known as Cape Hatteras. Here a large crowd of idle men assembled daily during that dreadful week to see the wind play havoc with the gossamer-shrouded ghosts. First, as the ghosts crossed the street, it attacked their umbrellas. When these had been turned inside out, the ribs shattered, and the affair rendered otherwise useless, the wind attacked the gossamers, turned them inside out, revealed such variations as hosiery and petticoats permitted, then shuddered and flapped the gossamer down again."

"And did women dare to go about the highways offending the eye with ugliness?—and were they not remanded to the schools to study beauty? Did men marry these women, great-grandmamma?"

"Yes, my child. In our new, our wonderful and complete civilization, we have garnered the best fruits of all the ages. But though I have spent a hundred and twenty years upon this round earth, I have never known the follies of women's dress to interfere with marriage. It is the one custom which seems to survive everything."

"And what did this gossamer-clad people buy, great-grandmamma, when they went shopping?"

"Why, now, my dear, you put me to a confession which I do not care to make. I had hoped that you might always think the horror of which I am about to speak antedated my time. But, alas! in the good Christmas-tide of 1884, the people bought chromos! I speak feelingly, for I loved the Christmas festival, and have always felt that the chromo dealt its first death-blow."

"In what way, great-grandmamma?"

"It belonged to the reign of vulgarity, snobbishness, cheapness, machine-made beauty, machine-made feeling, a dynasty under which we went for so many years, and to which, indeed, we owe something, for it brought about the reaction which restored us to healthfulness, simplicity, naturalness, and purity.

"The Christmas time, the merry Christmas, the Christmas of the children and of the hearth was the Christmas of Germany. Germany and England, in my time, my loves, were quite important countries, and not shone down, as now, by the splendor of the United States. The Germans were as simple and natural in their affections as we of to-day, and took the Christchild in his humanity into the bosom of their homes, and celebrated his birthday on the hearthstone as well as with the light of tapers and the swing of incense-burners. Santa Claus, Kriss Kringle, St. Nicholas—whatever name you like to call the good old Christmas fairy—was a German. The Christmas tree was German, with its laden branches of pretty little gifts, not one of them the vulgar blazonry of wealth that afterward destroyed the festival, but little things wrought by loving hands, or trifles that appealed to the habits or the taste, 'nipsacher,' as they called them, with a wealth of love and good feeling rolled up in a tiny packet. When Christmas went to France, the Frenchmen, with their taste for confections, converted it into a day for an interchange of sweets, and lavished their taste and fancy on the bonbonnières that contained them. As these grew in richness the feast became a vulgar tax, and eventually its celebration died out. In rural England once again Christmas became beautiful—a season of good-cheer and good-wishes. With the English, I believe, when the waits went out, originated the pretty custom of sending Christmas greeting on a card. With the English, too, began the Christmas play, initiated on Boxing Day for a privileged gallery, and long an institution of the country."

"But where are the chromos, great-grandmamma?"

"Alas! child, when Christmas came to America it lost its character. It arrived at the age of reason, it grew old, *blasé*, tedious, and died out. The Christmas card became a chromo, and helped to kill it. But it died the death when the Christmas play went out of fashion. The Christ-child's birthday belonged to the children, and everything pertaining to the feast should have been furnished forth for them. In England the Christmas pantomime held its own for many succeeding years. Christmas after Christmas the theatres were lined with tiers of happy, rosy, fair-haired children, and the swelling choral in a church was not a more beautiful sound than their ringing, hearty, catching laugh over the mishaps of Pantaloon and the tricks of Clown. By the way, my dears, these English children all wore bangs, even as you wear your hair now, though you give it a different name. A hundred years of raillery, jest, disapproval, caricature in the comic papers, all the paraphernalia with which men fight a fashion, availed nothing, and the bang still waves triumphant on woman's brow."

"But the pantomime, great-grandmother," cried the three, patting their bangs approvingly; "what became of the children's pantomime?"

"It grew up and grew old, like everything else in those days. People themselves only lived till three score and ten except in rare instances, and everything else correspondingly grew old quickly. People of a larger growth intruded on the children's holiday. A horrible class of entertainments, called specialties, which I will not define, became engrafted upon the pantomime, and it became desirable to keep the children at home. Out of the specialties grew the spectacle. The spectacle had a series of names taken from the 'Mother Goose Melodies,' which gave them an innocent, child-like appearance on the play-bills. But the little Red Riding-hood and Cinderella of the stage were not recognized at all by the little ones, while clubmen and veterans seemed to return quite willingly to a new and altogether different sort of childhood."

"What was this spectacle made of, great-grandmamma?"

"Legs and spangles."

"No bing more?"

"Oh, yes. Pink clouds, and blue clouds, and—er—a—well, that's about all."

"Were these legs uncovered?"

"Oh, yes; always."

"And was the undraped leg considered beautiful and modest?"

"Oh—er—er—a—yes," doubtfully.

"And did they give separate performances for men and women?"

"Well, no. You see this was during that long period when modesty was considered affectation. Eventually people wearied of the legs, they were all so much alike. They were made principally by one manufacturer, who had ideas of his own. These ideas disagreed radically with the antiques, which became very much the fashion when traveling became general, and the burlesque leg went out. Then the Christmas spectacle became more and more involved. A lot of managers wrecked themselves on scenery and dancers' dresses. The true cheer of Christmas receded before vulgar expense, even in the theatres. They finally began announcing any sort of play, from a tragedy to a cheap melodrama, as a Christmas play, but the children were ignored in all of them—and Christmas without children is a dry-as-dust skeleton, which is not even horribly humorous. The feast died slowly, gradually, till as last the Christmas eve of 1884 arrived, and in all the land of America it was not the opening night of a real Christmas play. Thenceforth it was a doomed feast-day, and perished finally in the winter of 1901."

"I wish I had been a child before 1884," spoke the youngest.

"I am glad I did not live in 1884, when San Francisco was unbeautiful," said the eldest.

"And I, that fate never condemned me to do Christmas shopping in a gossamer," said she of the graceful draperies. BETSY B.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Christmas matinées were given at all the theatres.

Madame Camilla Urso is now giving violin lessons to advanced pupils in Boston.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says of Mary Anderson: "Her Juliet is physically perfect, and intellectually far from despicable."

The total disbandment of the Milan Opera Company is threatened, by the rupture caused by Giannini's refusing to go to Havana.

The New York critics are unanimous in their praise of Henry Guy Carleton's new play, "Victor Durand," which was produced Thursday, December 18th, at Wallack's Theatre.

Emma Abbott will be followed at the Baldwin theatre by "Shadows of a Great City," which is expected to run four or five weeks. The production will be superintended by Mr. Shewell.

It is rumored that an Eastern manager will take a lease of the Grand Opera House and follow the plan of Manager Hayman of the Baldwin Theatre, producing the latest successes with a stock company.

The privilege of taking and selling photographs of Adelina Patti cost a New York photographer one thousand dollars. Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs. Langtry come higher—fifteen hundred dollars each—"but we must have 'em."

"Henry Irving says he has commissioned H. Guy Carleton, the author of 'Marmion,' to write a melodramatic play for him."—*Sunday Chronicle*. Our esteemed contemporary should advise H. Guy to sue Sir Walter Scott for violation of copyright.

Manager Bert went East last week to secure attractions for the Grand Opera House for the spring and summer, and also to arrage with Col. Mapleson for the dates of his opera season. By the way, it is rumored that Giannini is to be the tenor of Colonel Mapleson's company.

The antiquity of the minstrel joke is well illustrated in "Cinders," a sketch given at the Standard Theatre last week. The plot is identical with the thirty-first tale of the "Gesta Romanorum," a collection of tales made in the thirteenth century. The story is derived from that of the hunchbacked tailor in the "Arabian Nights," making it more than a thousand years old.

The acting in "Nana Sahib" at the Grand Opera House, is very realistic. For instance, Wednesday night, in the massacre scene, a Sepoy, in his zeal for the proprieties, pointed and fired his gun directly at an English soldier. As the wad of the gun hit the latter in the eye, he, with wonderful simulation of nature, dropped his musket and chased the Sepoy into the wings, determined to get revenge in the good old English way—with his fists. They were separated, the irate Britisher pacified, and then the other acting went on. It was very realistic.

Considerable amusement was afforded the audience at the Tivoli on Monday night. Signora Rossetti, who sang Lenora, was *not* in good voice, and the effect of the *Miserere* was considerably marred in consequence. However, the audience loudly called for an encore. Signora Rosetti seemed delighted, and wished to sing again, but Baldanza (Manrico) positively refused. Amid mingled applause and hissings, Signora Rosetti hung around the wings, smiling ingenuously at the audience, for about ten minutes, when Villani (the Count di Luna) came on and commenced his song the third time. As he continued to sing, Signora Rossetti finally retired with a decidedly chagrined air. She had her revenge, though, for in the last act, just as Baldanza and Signora Zapilli (Azucena) were about to repeat "Si M'Ami Ancor," in response to repeated calls of the audience, Signora Rossetti appeared on the stage, and, with her ingenuous smile once more, calmly proceeded with her part. The audience was somewhat disappointed, but nevertheless enjoyed her retaliation.

Some notes concerning the new members of the Abbott company will not be without interest. Laura Bellini is from Cincinnati, which now claims to be *the* one of the many "musical centres" of the United States. Her voice brought her into notice and she went to Italy to study, remained there eight years, during four of which she was on the stage. She appeared at Milan, Genoa, Turin, Trieste, Florence, Venice, and other cities, in "Ione," "Un Ballo," "Lucia," "Faust," and some thirty other operas. Since her return she has appeared in concert in the principal Eastern cities, and in opera at the Tacon Theatre, Havana, and in some of the larger Mexican cities. Miss Bellini is described as a tall, handsome brunette, of pleasing manners and graceful stage presence. Her voice may be classed as a soprano, the lower register, however, being much fuller than is usual in such a voice. Lizzie Annandale made her apearance in San Francisco when very young, some ten years ago, with the Richings-Bernard English Opera Troupe. She is a native of Baltimore. During the last season in London she was the contralto of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, being particularly successful as Siebel, in "Faust." Her present season with Abbott has also been a continued succes.

The costumes that Emma Abbott procured during her recent stay in Paris are said to be remarkably handsome and costly. They are from the establishments of Worth, Pingat, and other leading Parisian dressmakers. They are thus described by a fashion writer: "In 'Semiramide' Miss Abbott's costumes are exceedingly rich. The robe worn in the throne scene was made by Mme. Richemont, of Paris, after correct historical plates. It is of white Chinese silk with red overdress and sweeping train. It is covered with a wealth of fantastic embroideries, every stitch of which was done by hand with gold thread. She wears a pair of shoes after the pattern of the Assyrian bas-reliefs, made of white silk and gold lace. The four 'Traviata' dresses are also beautiful; the first is a Worth dress, and is of rose-colored embossed velvet, embroidered with silver, covered with rich dark red roses on the light background. The second is from the Compagnie Lyonnaise, and is a pale blue surah covered with Valenciennes lace. The third was made by Pingat, and is a beautiful bridal dress. It is of white moire-antique, lavishly embroidered with pearls and raised velvet flowers, and has a Queen Anne collar. The fourth dress was made by Mlle. Louise, of the Porte St. Martin, who makes all of Bernhardt's *robes à mourir dedans;* it is of white crêpe de chine, with cascades of point d'Alençon lace and angel sleeves. Another dress was made by Roderigues, and is of pale blue embossed or chiseled velvet, ornamented with white flowers. The front is of lace embroidered with gold; it is trimmed with cascades of lace at the sides, and has a court train."

## AMUSEMENT RECORD.

**Bills and Casts for Week ending December 26th.**

BALDWIN THEATRE.—Al. Hayman, Manager. Bill: C. H. Hawtrey's "The Private Secretary." Cast as follows:

Rev. Robert Spaulding, Mr. N. Long; Mr. Catermole, Mr. George Osborne; Douglas, Mr. William Lloyd; Mr. Marshland, Mr. E. N. Thayer; Harry, Mr. Harry Mainhall; Gibson, Mr. William Simms; John, Mr. E. J. Holden; Knox, Mr. E. Ambrose, Thomas, Mr. Harrison; Edith, Miss Louise Calvert; Eva, Miss Esther Williams; Miss Ashford, Miss Annie Adams; Mrs. Stead, Mrs. Mary E. Hill.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—M. B. Leavitt, Lessee; Jay Rial, Acting Manager. M. B. Leavitt's Gigantic Specialty Company, as follows:

Frank H. and Lillian White, Valjean, Pat Reilly, the Fletcher Trio, Isabel Ward, John and Maggie Fielding, the Olympia Quartet—William Keough, Peter Randall, M. J. Sullivan, and Hugh Mack; Frank Bush, Jeanette Dorina, and Famera Rigoli. Afterpiece, "Our Christmas Party." Cast as follows: Mike Casey, Barney F. McNulty; Mary Ann Casey and Pat Driscoll, Master Barney; Bridget Casey, Miss Lillian White; Johnny Casey, Frank White; Mr. Smith, Peter Randall; John Mutton, M. F. Sullivan; Jim Mason, Hugh Mack; Buck Neach, William Keogh; Harry Reilly, B. S. Hodges; James Burke, Frank Bush; Fred Dowse, Pat Reilly; John Creaham, William Fletcher; Alice Johns, Miss Isabel Ward; Sadie Bowers, Miss Lillie Fletcher.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—F. W. Bert, Lessee. Emerson's World's Fair Company as follows:

Silvo; Callan, Haley and Callan; Bob Slavin; Duncan; Tiernay and Wayne; Frank and Zola Monroe; Marie, Emma, and Adolf Martens. Afterpiece, "The Power of the Press."

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill:

Monday and Tuesday, "Il Trovatore." Cast as follows:

Leonora (Monday) Signora Rossetti, (Tuesday) Miss Louisa Leighton; Inez, Signora Marchi; Azucena, Signora Giusseppina Zeppelli; Manrico, Signor Ernesto Baldanza; Count di Luna, Signor Villani; Ferrando, Mr. E. N. Knight; Ruiz, Mr. A. Mesner.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, "Prince North Pole."

EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE.—F W Stechhan, Manager. Standard Minstrel Company, as follows:

Charley Reed, J. Carroll Johnson, John Robinson, Crandall and Eastwood, Keegan and Wilson, Hooley and Thompson, W. S. Mullaly. The California Quartet—Morant, Wetter, Holland, and Wyatt. New Minstrel First Part. Afterpiece, "I. X. L., or The Private Secretary's Christmas Dinner with Nana Sahib."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—F. W. Bert, Manager. Bill: "Nana Sahib." Cast as follows:

Nana Sahib, George Wessells; Tippoo Rai, J. P. Rutledge; Gamarat, J. Warren Delano; Cimeron, O. Dale; The Yogin, Paul Craig; Vicrami, Burt Leslie; Princess D'Jamima, Miss Elizabeth Rowellan; Lord Whisley, Edwin Stevens; General Edwards, T. J. Murray; Ellen Whisley, Miss Lillian Owens.

GRAND PACIFIC RINK, corner Sutter and Jones.—J. B. Keys, Manager. Fancy skating, races, etc.

MECHANICS' PAVILION SKATING ACADEMY.—Fancy skating, races, etc.

At the Bush Street, next week, Leavitt's Gigantic Specialty Company.

At the California, next week, Emerson's World's Fair Minstrel Company.

At the Tivoli, next week, "Prince North Pole" will be continued.

At the Grand Opera House, next week, "Nana Sahib" will be continued.

At the Standard next week there will be an entirely new programme.

At the Baldwin, next week, the Emma Abbott Opera Company will appear.

The repertoire for the first week of the Emma Abbott Opera Company at the Baldwin Theatre is as follows: Monday, December 29, "Semiramide," with Abbott as Queen of Babylon," Annandale as Arsace, Fabrini as Idreno, and Campabello as Assur; Tuesday, "Martha," with Abbott as Martha, Annandale as Nancy, Fabrini as Lionel, and Campobello as Plunkett; Wednesday, "Mignon," with Abbott as Mignon, Bellini as Filina, and Annandale as Frederick; Thursday, "Maritana" and "Bohemian Girl"; Friday, "La Traviata," with Abbott as Violette, Castle as Alfredo, and Tagliapietra as Germont; Saturday night, "Bohemian Girl."


### A San Francisco Industry.

Acting on the advice of several members of the engineering corps of the United States Army, the Government has purchased a number of the celebrated Thompson and Evans crank fly-wheel steam pumps, which have been put in and are now in successful operation on artesian wells on the Government reservations in Arizona, Indiana, and at the Presidio in this city. The advantages of these pumps over other varieties are many and great. In the first place, they have but one valve, which is so simply constructed that, in case of accident, it can be repaired by an ordinary machinist. Then a full and even stroke, making a high rate of speed possible, is insured by the crank movement; the fly-wheel, by maintaining a smooth and regular movement, allows steam to be used expansively, thereby effecting a considerable saving in fuel; and the pump may be used for the ordinary purposes of a light engine by passing a belt over the fly-wheel or a pulley on the shaft. These pumps took the first premiums at the Mechanics' and State Fairs in both 1883 and 1884. They can be examined at the foundry, Nos. 110 and 112 Beale Street, where the proprietors, Messrs. Thompson and Evans, will be glad to explain them to visitors.

### Agent Wanted.

— A VIENNA BOOT AND SHOE HOUSE, MANUfacturing only hand-sewed goods of the best style and finish, and well known for the solidity and excellence of their work, wish to meet with a good firm which could give large orders and make advances on consignments. Apply, with references and particulars, by letter, to Messrs. Jac. Fridezko & Bruder, Boersegasse, Vienna, Austria.

### The Card for sending East

For New Year is that which is sold only by Snow & Co., 12 Post Street, Masonic Temple, "The California New Year and Christmas Card."

### Rachel's Enamel Bloom

It is, of course, useless to paint the lily, but those who have not perfect complexions can rival their fairest sisters by using Rachel's Enamel Bloom, a harmless, vegetable powder, which imparts a delicate glow and can not be distinguished from nature's handiwork. For sale by all druggists.

### New Goods.

A great variety of new and desirable goods in our line now opening. California Furniture Co., Nos. 220 to 226 Bush Street.

**New Eastern Wall Paper Store.**
108 Post Street, will be opened by Cooks Bros., Decorators and Paper Hangers, on Monday, December 22, 1884.

—S. S. SOUTHWORTH, DENTIST, SACRAMENTO, Cal. Successor to Brewer & Southworth.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5

— LADIES' BAZAR PATTERNS, 215 Dupont St.

—STERLE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,**
Eddy Street, near Market.
KREILING BROS.....Sole Proprietors and Managers

This evening and every evening until further notice,
**PRINCE NORTHPOLE**
A grand operatic spectacle, abounding with magnificent scenery, sparkling music, handsome costumes, realistic effects, and a beautiful transformation scene.

Admission, 25 cents.....Reserved seats, 50 cents

**Mechanics' Pavilion Skating Academy.**
Daily Sessions (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M., and evenings from 7:30 to 10 o'clock.
☞ Tuesday evenings the Pacific Skating Club has the exclusive use of the Rink.
TERMS—Mornings and Afternoons, 25 cents for admission and use of skates. Evenings, when boys under 15 cannot skate, 25 cents for admission and 15 cents for skates. All improper persons and features interdicted. Full Band in attendance. J. L. WALTON. Actuary.

**VAN NESS SEMINARY,**
**1222 PINE STREET.**
**Trinity Term begins January 7th, 1885.**

**PURCHASING AGENCY,**
**34 West Fourteenth St., New York,**
For the benefit of parties residing out of the city, will purchase goods of every description at **Lowest New York Prices.** The most charming stylish Bonnets, Dresses, Jewelry, and artistic furnishings, by experienced buyers. Information free Send for circular. Address **Mrs. H. M. HOLDREDGE.**

# NEW YEAR
## GIFTS.
**A most extensive assortment of NEW YEAR CARDS and SOUVENIRS at the lowest prices. Presentation Books in plain and ornamental bindings at reduced prices.**

**JAMES T. WHITE & CO.,**
**23 Dupont Street, San Francisco.**

**COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION,**
**Phelan's Building, Rooms 6, 8, 9, 10, 11.**
**Entrance, 806 Market Street.** Gas Specialists; positively extract teeth without pain; only office that makes and gives the celebrated "Colton Gas;" established in 1863; over 15,000 references; also, performs all operations in Dentistry.

DUBOS FRÈRES
★ ★ ★
BORDEAUX.
**The SAUTERNES and CLARETS of the above FAVORITE BRAND in cases QUARTS and PINTS, for sale in quantities to suit by**
**EM. MEYER, STEINER & CO**
**413, 415 PINE ST., S. F.**

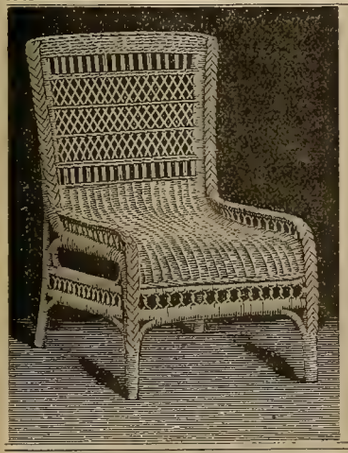
**FILIPPE'S (ESTAB'D 1871) ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES**
**702 MARKET ST. COR. GEARY**
PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. "UNIQUE" method of acquiring foreign languages, where students have not the opportunity to practice. Fine library and foreign periodicals free to scholars. Apply from 10 to 11, 3, 5, or 8 to 9 P. M.

**S. P. TAYLOR & CO.**
**414 and 416 Clay Street.**
**Established 1856.**
Manufacturers and Dealers in all kinds of
# PAPER
—AND—
## PAPER BAGS.
**Also, Agents for Elm Flax Twines.**

**WINTER STYLES.**
# BUTTERICK'S
**Patterns and J. F. Ingalls' Illustrated Books** for Ladies' Fancy Work, Kensington Embroidery, Crochet and Knitted Lace, Patchwork, etc. **H. A. DEMING, Agent, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.**

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.**
**Commission Merchants,**
**San Francisco,**
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR STREET.
☞ Liberal advances made on consignments.

**THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S**
**BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING**
# ROSES
**Our Great Specialty** is growing and distributing **ROSES**—we deliver strong Pot Plants, suitable for *immediate* bloom, safely by mail at all Post Offices. **8 Splendid Varieties,** *your choice,* all labeled, for **$1; 12 for $2; 35 for $5; 100 for $12.** Also
**OTHER VARIETIES 2, 3, & 10 FOR $1**
according to value. Send for our **New Guide,** 76 pp elegantly illus. and choose from over **500** finest sorts
Address, **THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.,** Rose Growers, **West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.**



**SELECT YOUR**
## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
**From the largest and most complete stock of RATTAN and REED goods ever displayed in a retail store on the Coast. All new and fresh. Many new patterns not found elsewhere.**

| | |
|---|---|
| **Ladies' Chairs.** | **Large Chairs for gentlemen with or without Upholstery.** |
| **Children's Chairs** | |
| **Plain Rockers.** | |
| **Patent Rockers.** | |
| **Hassocks.** | **Fire Screens.** |
| **Tete-a-Tetes.** | **Work Baskets.** |
| **Baby Carriages.** | **Tables, etc.,** |

**H. H. GROSS,**
**Nos. 16 and 18 Second St., three doors off Market St., Grand Hotel Building.**
Full line of Folding Beds, thirty styles, costing from $13 to $300 each.

# KNABE PIANOS
"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*
**A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St., S. F.,** Sole Agents.

# HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS.
**We desire to announce that in addition to our previous large stock of DIAMONDS, WATCHES, FINE JEWELRY, and SILVERWARE, we have added an elegant line of FINE CLOCKS, OPERA GLASSES, and all the latest novelties in OXYDIZED and RHINE STONE JEWELRY. We ask a comparison of prices. Open evenings.**

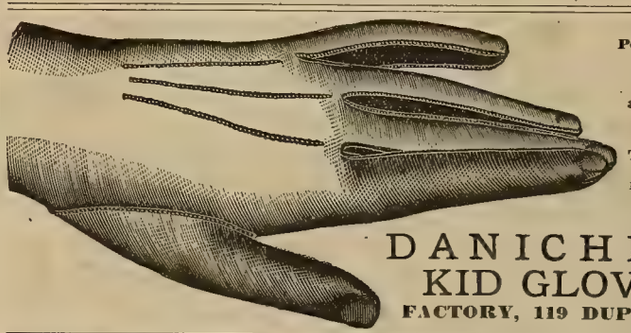
## W. K. VANDERSLICE & CO.
**136 SUTTER STREET.**

GREAT FREE
# EXHIBITION
**ICHI BAN**
**20, 22, and 24 Geary Street**
.....OF THE.....
# ARTS AND MANUFACTURES
.....OF THE.....
# JAPANESE EMPIRE
**Established to introduce to the world the wonderful skill of the JAPANESE in the manufacture of USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL ARTICLES for house furnishing and decorating. The public is cordially invited to inspect this wonderful collection. COME OFTEN. BRING YOUR FRIENDS. ASK QUESTIONS. DO NOT PURCHASE. EVERYBODY WELCOME.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**20, 22, & 24 GEARY ST.**

**ROBERTS** | **"Cards by the Million!"** In addition to our elegant stock of Christmas and New Year Cards, we offer specially admirable flower and landscape studies, autograph and card albums, choice novelties in papeterie, and solicit inspection of our supplies for the most particular purchaser of social stationery. **10 Post St., Masonic Temple.** | **CARDS!!**



**Perfect Fitting, Stylish, and Durable.**
**To order and ready-made.**
**DANICHEFF KID GLOVES.**
**FACTORY, 119 DUPONT ST.**

## THE SIERRA MADRE VILLA HOTEL,
LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CAL.,
**Is located on the south side of the Sierra Madre Mountains, one thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea.**
**ABOVE THE FOGS OF SEA AND VALLEY.**
It is in the midst of an ORANGE GROVE, overlooking the beautiful San Gabriel Valley. For comfort, a pleasant home, good living, PURE AIR, and sparkling mountain water, it has no rival. The Villa is thirteen miles from Los Angeles, and is reached by rail to within four miles, at San Gabriel station, where the stage meets all trains from East or West. General Sherman says it is the most desirable place on the continent for a quiet rest. Address
**W. GARDNER COGSWELL, San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, Cal.**

# CARDS!
## Dodge Brothers
**32 GEARY ST.**

## FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
**Candies for the Christmas Tree and churches; Cupids of Wax; colored paper Lanterns; gilt paper Balloons; glass Bird Cages, with Bird; Stars of elegant designs in Glass Beads; Pears with moving face; Apples with moving face; Gelatine Ornaments; Slippers, candy box; Gilt Walnuts; Harlequins, candy box; Satin Glass Eggs, with figures; Fruit Baskets; gold and silver Hair, 5 cents a package; Candle Holders, 5 cents a dozen and upward; Glass Candles and Holders combined, burn without extra wax candles; Santa Claus, 25 cents apiece and upward; Candy Boxes, plain, fancy, and comical, 25 cents a dozen, and upward; Surprise Cigar Cases, new and elegant designs in Glass, Ornaments at all prices, brilliant Ornaments and Crowns for tops of trees; Tree-holders, ornamental and everlasting, $1.25 and $1.50 apiece; Sweet Grass Baskets; Chickens, candy boxes; Shaker Baskets, Candies in great variety, Bonbons, 25 cents a dozen, and upward.**

## S. LEBENBAUM & CO.
**1443, 1445, 1447, and 1449 Polk St., corner of Californi**




J. W. EVANS,

GENERAL AGENT, 29 POST STREET.

---

OIL STOVES

Oil Stoves for Heating and Cooking. Oils and Lamps.

JOHN F. MYERS,
869 Market Street, S. F.

---

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,
Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

---

# SPECIAL NOTICE.

**In order to reduce our large stock of fine WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, FRENCH CLOCKS, SILVERWARE, etc, we have concluded to deduct a liberal discount from every article we sell. The goods comprise all the latest novelties in our line, and will remain marked as heretofore in plain figures, from which the discount will be allowed.**

**An examination of our prices and quality of goods will satisfy purchasers that we are selling lower than any house on the Pacific Coast.**

**This inducement is offered especially for Holiday Trade.**

## LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.

119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

**Store will be open every evening during December.**

---

# GHIRARDELLI'S

## SOLUBLE COCOA,

MADE INSTANTLY.

**Hygienic, Nourishing, and Agreeable. For the Young and Old, Sick and Healthy.**

The Beverage par excellence, Home-made, Fresher, Better and Stronger than imported, and being ABSOLUTELY PURE is DOUBLE the strength of foreign sweet cocoas, and consequently cheaper. One trial will convince. **Sold by all Grocers and Tea Merchants.**

---



## FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR

—AND—

## CLOTH OF GOLD

CIGARETTES.

Our Cigarettes cannot be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883.

**13 First Prize Medals Awarded.** **WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

---

# UNEXCELLED!

**Ask your Grocer for**

ARCTIC **REFRIGERATOR HAMS,**

ROYAL **BREAKFAST BACON**

ROYAL **LEAF LARD**

**All Guaranteed Choice Family Goods.**

---

# BEHNING



## PIANOS

**Have stood the test for twenty-one years, and are to-day the leading instruments. 22,000 are now in use.**

They are manufactnred from the best material, by the most accomplished workmen, and every instrument leaving the factory will be accompanied by an **absolute warranty for five years.**

KOHLER & CHASE,

**AGENTS, 137 and 139 Post Street.**

---

JOHN MIDDLETON,

## COAL.

**14 Post St., and N. E. cor. Geary and Mason.**

---



**U. S. PNEUMATIC LETTER PRESS**

**G. G. WICKSON & CO.**
**539 Market St., S. F.**

The ungainly and heavy screw and iron press and its necessarily bulky stand must give place to our light, portable, and ornamental Pneumatic Letter Press, requiring but a trifling exertion to operate, no stand, and costing less than an equally reliable screw press. Can be operated by a child and carried with ease. Great variety of styles, ranging from $10.00. A serviceable Holiday Gift.

---

**SOLE AGENCY FOR THE**

# HENRY F. MILLER

**(Factory Boston, Mass.) and**

# HEMME & LONG

**(Factory corner Clay and Polk Streets, San Francisco)**

## PIANOS!

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.

**101 STOCKTON ST., cor. O'Farrell.** **J. B. Curtis, Manager.**

**Illustrated Catalogues Mailed Free on Application.**

---

FOR
FINE HOLIDAY WINES,

## J. GUNDLACH & CO.

Cor. Market and Second,
SAN FRANCISCO.

---

# FIREMANS FUND

## INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CALIFORNIA.

THE LARGEST PACIFIC COAST COMPANY.

CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - $750,000
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1883, - - - - - $1,500,000

AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

---

# ICHI BAN

**FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 15.**

---

**MARBLE WORKS.**

**MARBLE MANTELS**, made of **ONYX**, Colored **ITALIAN**, and Statuary Marbles, Monuments and Headstones. **W. H. McCORMICK**, 827 Market St.

---

**GEORGE MORROW & CO.**

(Established 1854),

HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION **MERCHANTS.**

SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

**39 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. Telephone No. 35.**

---

**Art-Painted, Plain, and Glazed**

# TILES

**For Decorations.**

**W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.**

**311, 313, 315, and 317 Market Street.**

---



**Ladies who are desirous of getting a real LIGHT RUNNING and noiseless LOCK-STITCH sewing-machine are especially requested to examine the NEW No. 8, pronounced to be, by those who have used it, superior, in every way, to all other machines. Endorsed by thousands of people throughout the civilized world.**

**WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.**

**1303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.**

---

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.

**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.**

**Shipping and Commission Merchants**

UNION BLOCK,

202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,

Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

---

**GERMEA**

FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

# THE ARGONAUT



## CHRISTMAS

PRICE, - - - - - - - - - TEN CENTS.

# The Argonaut.

VOL. XV. CHRISTMAS, 1884. No. 27.

## A Christmas Wedding at Guadalajara.

By ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

### I.—THE PADRE TALKS.

It was moonlight in the Plaza de Armas, the great square of Guadalajara, the second city in Mexico. The moon was in the second quarter, and now, at seven in the evening, in the month of December, and the day before Christmas, its soft effulgence was mingling with and rapidly taking the place of the mellow twilight which crowned the arcades on the south and west sides of the plaza. The façade of the Government House on the east was still in shadow, but the flying buttresses and pointed arches of the cathedral, whose lofty spire towered above the square upon the north, were flooded and brought out in bold relief by the pale radiance that streamed athwart them from the south. The time was seven. It was Christmas Eve of the year 1853, but—a thing unknown in chill northern climates—throngs of people were still out of doors enjoying the equable temperature, which renders the twilight hour, even in the heart of winter, so grateful in the dreamy, sensuous *tierra templada* on which the city of Guadalajara is situated. Such of the shops and stalls in the arcades—or *portales*, as they are called—as laid themselves open for nocturnal custom, had already began to light up. A fair proportion of figures, principally women, might be seen bending their steps along the various approaches leading to the cathedral, to take their part in the evening services peculiar to the day. The archbishop himself had just entered the sacristy by a side door, followed by three *padres*, when two male figures might have been seen promenading slowly in the shadow of the Government House, their faces toward the cathedral. One, the younger of the pair, was dressed in the ordinary fashion of a wealthy Mexican *caballero*, save that perhaps there was an excess of ornament, in the shape of gilt and silver, upon his loose short coat and trousers, and that there was a certain bravado in his step that made his spurs jingle unnecessarily upon the flags as he walked. The face, too, which looked out from beneath the broad brim of his *sombrero* had a sinister and furtive expression which did not impress one favorably; an expression which was not in any degree improved by the close-cropped black whiskers and beard, which rather emphasized than concealed a heavy, sensual mouth and jaw. His abstracted air and close-knit brows caused this man, who might have been but thirty, to appear several years older, and gave token that the topic under discussion with his companion was one of peculiar interest. That companion was considerably older, and was attired in the ordinary walking-dress of a priest. His face was clean shaven, but the immobility of feature which distinguished it, and the thin, compressed lips, gave no clue to what might be passing beneath that impenetrable mask. He did not seem to be laboring under the same abstraction as the other, but kept his eye steadily fixed upon the figures that were entering the cathedral.

"And you say, Don Ygnacio," remarked the elder of the two—the one clad in the garb of a priest—"that you are prepared to go any length to effect the removal of your rival?"

"*Caramba!*" returned the other, addressed as Don Ygnacio; "most certainly. Action must be taken, and that at once. The wedding is fixed for to-morrow. Don Eulojio must be put out of the way. But how to do it without my appearing in it?—that is what worries me."

"You say truly," returned the padre. "A personal encounter would never do. Were you to pick a quarrel with Don Eulojio and kill him, the fair Angela would never speak to you again. Were he to kill you, matters would not be improved. From all I hear, your rival is a skilled swordsman and a crack shot. It is your place to risk nothing."

"Yes, and I can get no one else to run the risk," observed Don Ygnacio, bitterly. "After the way in which he trounced the *ladrones* at the bridge of the Santiago, money won't buy any one to attack him. I'm out of pocket by *that* affair some thousand dollars, and all it has done has been to put him on his guard."

"Open violence will not do," remarked the padre presently. "It might be traced to you, and that would ruin all. I take an interest in you because of your ill fortune. Besides, I wish to repay you for the service you did me when I arrived here, a stranger, a week ago. Accident revealed to you at the *fonda* that I am not what I appear to be. It would have gone hard with me had I not had your countenance and introduction to the archbishop, as a *padre* with whom you were well acquainted in Ures."

"But you must remember," returned Don Ygnacio, "that my sympathies were by no means disinterested. The letter which you let fall in the *fonda*, and which I picked up, showed me certainly that instead of the Padre Geronimo from Ures on a journey to Mexico, as you claimed to be, you were one of the worst scoundrels and outlaws that the State of Guadalajara ever produced. But it showed me more. It showed me that your present disguise, backed by my endorsement to the archbishop, would give you access to the house of Señor Antonio Durazo, and with this access and the authority of the church, there was no saying what you might not accomplish with the Señora Barbara and the fair Angela, as I myself had been, for the past month, barred out. *That*, Miguel Rubio, was the true reason of the sudden interest I evinced in you. Your education and address have had the desired effect with the archbishop, but, after a week's endeavor, you have made no headway with either the parents or the fair Angela."

"And it is for the very reason that I have been of no service to *you*," rejoined the other, whom we shall still call the padre, "while you have been of signal service to *me*, that I do not consider my debt canceled. I have evolved an idea and framed a plan by which I think I can still restore the fair Angela to your arms."

"The only mode by which that can be done now," replied Don Ygnacio, moodily, "is by putting Don Eulojio out of the way."

"And that is what I propose to do," returned the padre, with animation, "by a simple and effectual method which will leave no trace of its action behind it."

"Poison?" queried Don Ygnacio, stopping short and glancing furtively at his companion.

"Surer and safer than that," replied the padre. "But see," he continued, abruptly, pointing at the same time to the cathedral, "there goes your Angela, with her father and mother, just entering the doorway. Ah! and there, hurrying after them, not ten yards behind, goes Don Eulojio Moreno. Well," he added, as Don Ygnacio made a step forward, "I see you are anxious to follow them, so I will not detain you at present. If you will meet me in an hour at the house of Doctor Bernardo Gomez, in the Calle de los Santos—you know the doctor—I will unfold my plan at greater length. Till then, *adios*."

So saying, the pair separated, the padre moving toward the *portales* on the west, while Don Ygnacio Contreras took the direction of the cathedral.

He entered the building a little in the rear of the party to which his attention had been called, and which consisted, in the first place, of a middle-aged gentleman, Don Antonio Durazo, and the Señora Barbara, his wife, and a little behind them their daughter, Angela, a charming maiden not yet out of her teens, whose dark hair, lustrous eyes, and graceful carriage, with the clear, pale skin which is the surest sign of Castilian blood, evidently constituted no small part of the attraction which kept at her side a young *caballero* of handsome face and gallant bearing, already referred to by the padre as Don Eulojio Moreno. It needed no unusual penetration for even the casual beholder to discern at a glance that the pair were lovers. The tender solicitude with which the young man watched every movement of the maiden, and hastened to re-pond to every wish before it was even expressed, was a sufficient indication of the fact; such, for example, as adjusting her *rebozo* more closely, as they encountered at a certain point in the transept a cross draught, and the care with which he spread the best bit of carpet procurable for her to kneel upon, when the party arrived at the shrine of the particular saint they had visited the cathedral that evening to invoke. This ceremony accomplished, the party, with a final genuflection, made their way back to the entrance and passed out, followed by Don Ygnacio Contreras at a convenient distance.

The hush and calm of a tropical night slumbered over the city as the lovers—walking slightly in the rear of Don Antonio and his wife—strolled slowly along the *paseo* leading to the alameda. The alameda of Guadalajara is the beau ideal of a Mexica plaza. Tastefully laid out in irregular alleys, the intervening spaces bright with Castilian roses and dense with acacia, juniper, and other shrubs of tropical growth, while the air is heavy with the fragrance of orange blossoms, it is small wonder that the alameda should be the favorite resort of the townspeople in general. Wrapped in their own thoughts, arm in arm and silent, Don Eulojio Moreno and the fair Angela traversed the groves and winding shrubberies, inhaling the delicious perfumes wafted to them from every side, sometimes strolling dreamily beside the rippling streamlet which flows round the borders, sometimes pausing to watch the glittering spray as it rose upward from the fountain in the centre, showering its diamonds fitfully to this side or that in the moonlight, but all unconscious of the presence of a *caballero* in a long *capote*, who dogged their footsteps with stealthy tread, under cover of the acacias and palms, and in whose breast burned the most vehement and insatiable of all passions with which humanity in youth is cursed—the jealousy springing from unrequited love. Let us do Don Ygnacio Contreras justice. Utterly unscrupulous villain as he was—murderer, in intent if not in fact, as an attempt, shrewdly supposed to have been made by bandits in his pay, to assassinate Don Eulojio Moreno at the Santiago River, not long before, went far to demonstrate—he loved the Señorita Angela Durazo with all the sincerity of which his ignoble nature was capable. Originally betrothed to her, when he himself was a youth and she a child, by their respective parents, his subsequent excesses, aided by a natural repugnance which Angela had felt toward him when she arrived at a knowledge of her own mind, had caused her parents to annul the engagement. This had taken place six months before, and the fact that it had been followed by a second engagement to Don Eulojio Moreno, based upon natural affection, had maddened the firery southern blood of Don Ygnacio with the shafts of mingled love and jealousy, as the bull is maddened by the darts of the *picador*. He had not, however, reached that stage when resentment takes the place of love, and the former object of affection comes to be regarded with hate and loathing. The very fact that he still entertained a hope of regaining his lost love showed that he still regarded her with tender sentiments. He would doubtless have defended her to the death had he been called upon to do so.

Suddenly Don Ygnacio Contreras remembered his engagement with the padre. More than an hour had elapsed since he had promised to meet him at the house of Doctor Bernardo Gomez, in the Calle de los Santos, so he left the moonlit alameda, with the lovers gazing meditatively at the stars beside the plashing fountain.

### II.—THE PADRE TALKS MORE.

When Don Ygnacio Contreras separated from the padre in the Plaza de Armas, and entered the cathedral, the latter took the direction of the arcade on the west of the square, and proceeded thence toward the Calle de los Santos. The Calle de los Santos, like most of the streets of Guadalajara, is flanked with houses of one story in height. After walking some fifty paces up the street, the padre turned into an open doorway, and asked a woman, just coming out, whether Doctor Bernardo Gomez was within. Upon receiving an affirmative reply, he passed into the square court-yard, which is the interior feature of most Mexican houses, and, walking up one side of it, knocked at a door with which he seemed to be familiar.

"Enter!" said a voice from within.

The padre opened the door, and found himself in a rather spacious chamber, at a table near the centre of which was seated a middle-aged man, reading. Upon tables and benches along the walls were retorts, vials, mortars, and a profusion of other chemical apparatus, indicating that the chamber was the laboratory of a doctor or man of science. The man at the table rose, looked keenly at the padre through his spectacles, then bowed courteously, and asked wherein he could be of service to him.

"You do not recognize me, then, Doctor Bernardo Gomez?" asked the padre, after a pause, during which he stood perfectly still for the inspection of the person addressed.

"Pardon me," replied the doctor; "I have, doubtless, the honor to address the new padre whom the archbishop has been expecting from Mexico. I am proud of the honor of your acquaintance." And the doctor made another courteous inclination.

"Do you remember Miguel Rubio?" asked the padre, slowly.

"Miguel Rubio!" repeated the doctor, in a tone of bewilderment, "Miguel Rubio!"

"I am he," said the padre.

"Miguel Rubio!" again exclaimed the other; "and in

a priest's dress!" A light seemed to dawn upon the doctor. He evidently recognized the man before him.

"Do you not know that it is as much as your life is worth to be seen in Guadalajara?" continued the doctor, after a pause.

"I am perfectly aware of the fact," returned the other, calmly. "But as *you* have failed to recognize me after an eight years' absence, without beard and in an altered dress; and as Don Antonio and the Señora Barbara Durazo have failed to recognize me, after being a daily visitor at their house for a week, I scarcely think anybody else will."

"But suppose I should hand you over to the authorities," rejoined the doctor. "You know there is a reward of a thousand *pesos* for your capture. It is much to a poor man like me, and I do not see why I should shield you, simply because we happen to be cousins."

"I will show you how you can make twenty, yes, fifty thousand by keeping quiet," returned the padre, impressively, at the same time taking a seat.

The doctor's eyes sparkled. It was evident his visitor had struck the right key-note.

"Does any one else know of your presence here?" he at length asked, guardedly.

"None but Don Ygnacio Contreras," returned the padre, "and he, like yourself, would never have penetrated my disguise had it not been for a letter I was fool enough to keep about me, and which he picked up by accident in the *fonda* where I am staying."

"He loves money," said the other, reflectively, "and will betray you."

"On the contrary," replied the padre, "he will assist us. It was he who introduced me to the archbishop and the Durazos as the Padre Geronimo from Ures."

"He must have had some selfish motive for doing so," said the doctor.

"Assuredly," returned the other. "He wishes to regain the affections of the fair Angela. He could not enter the Durazos' house—I could. He is now persuaded that the only way by which he can gain his object is by the removal of Don Eulojio Moreno, to whom, as you are of course aware, the señorita is to be married to-morrow. He will be here shortly to discuss with us the necessary measures."

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed Doctor Bernardo, with a start; "what did you say? Discuss measures for the removal of Don Eulojio Moreno in my house! Do you take me for an assassin or the accomplice of assassins?" and the doctor held up his hands with a pious shudder.

"No," responded the padre, coolly; "I take you for a man of science and a man of sense. As a man of science you have distinguished yourself, on more than one occasion, in matters which the law would doubtless have taken cognizance of, had they been brought before its notice. If you will refresh your memory about certain proceedings in the Cardenas household some years ago, you may perhaps come to the conclusion that the real distinction between Miguel Rubio, the outlaw, and Bernardo Gomez, the doctor, lies in the character of the former having been ascertained and of the latter not."

The doctor did not reply at once to this ironical speech, but leaned his face on his hand and meditated.

"Aside from all moral considerations," he said, at length, "while nothing could induce me to take part in any such transaction as you hint at, I do not see what *you* can gain by the removal of Don Eulojio Moreno. That Don Ygnacio Contreras might be the gainer, I admit. In the event of his wedding the Señorita Angela Durazo, he would not only secure such a bride as any man might envy, but would also eventually acquire the great wealth of the Durazos by inheritance. The silver mines in Guanajuato alone yield a revenue of more than a hundred thousand *pesos* a year," he continued, abstractedly; "but I would not trust Contreras for a dollar if he got the property. As soon as he had employed you to effect his ends, he would repudiate all connection with you. He would not speak to the outlaw Miguel Rubio, and the outlaw Miguel Rubio would have no redress."

"Do you think," returned the padre, in measured tones and with a smile of scorn, "that I am working for Don Ygnacio Contreras? I am working for Miguel Rubio and—if you choose—for *you!*"

"For *me!*" repeated the other, in surprise. "How can the—the removal of Don Eulojio Moreno affect *me?*"

"Simply because I propose that the Señorita Angela Durazo shall accompany Don Eulojio. It would be a pity, you see, that lovers should be separated," rejoined the padre, with a humorous chuckle.

The doctor regarded the double-dyed villain in priest's clothes who sat there, unconcernedly proposing the assassination of two innocent persons, with sincere and undisguised horror.

"We are cousins, are we not?" continued the padre.

The doctor assented by a nod of his head.

"We are also cousins of the fair Angela, are we not?"

The doctor again nodded.

"Both of our mothers were sisters of Señor Antonio Durazo, were they not?"

The doctor nodded.

"Now," continued the padre, impressively," in the event of the demise of the fair Angela without issue, to whom does the Durazo property, including the mines that pay a hundred thousand *pesos* a year, revert?"

The doctor was silent.

"I will tell you," said the padre, slowly, and emphasizing each word by rapping with his knuckle on the doctor's knee. "The Durazo property, including the silver mines in Guanajuato, which yield one hundred thousand *pesos* a year—do you mark me?—will naturally go to the children of the Señorita Angela; but if the Señorita Angela has *no* children, then the property reverts to Doctor Bernardo Gomez and Don Miguel Rubio."

The doctor was still silent, but it was evident that he was impressed. The poison instilled by the padre was working.

Suddenly he started from his seat.

"Miguel Rubio!" he exclaimed, excitedly, "you are the most heartless and consummate villain upon earth. I tell you once for all that I will not lend myself to the diabolical machinations which you propose; on the contrary, if you are not careful, I will deliver you over to the authorities."

"And lose your half interest in the mines of Guanajuato," cynically remarked the padre. "To-morrow the fair Angela will be married. Compose yourself, my dear doctor," he continued, as the latter relapsed into his chair. "I do not mean—I do not wish—that you should take any part in the transaction I propose. I know that your morality would be shocked by your doing so. I merely wish you to furnish—to lend me, in fact—a piece of apparatus which I believe you to possess. You have, of course, no interest in knowing for what purpose I desire this apparatus—that is my business."

The doctor sat buried in meditation. It was clear that the arguments of the padre were having their effect.

"I will supply you with no drugs," he at length said, decisively, looking up.

"I do not desire them," answered the padre, reassuringly.

"Then what, in heaven's name, do you want?" queried the other.

"I desire you to lend me the electrical machine and battery of large Leyden jars, with which you used to experiment when I was a youth at college here in Guadalajara. It is many years ago, certainly, but I do not doubt you have them yet," replied the padre.

The doctor relapsed into thought. At that moment a knock was heard at the door, and Don Ygnacio Contreras entered, and, saluting the others, sat down beside them at the table. The doctor excused himself for a moment and left the room.

"What cheer?" asked the padre of Don Ygnacio.

"I left them just a moment ago, in the alameda," returned the latter. "Oh, I am on fire! My blood boils. I can not contain myself."

"Rest content, my dear sir; the doctor is willing to help us, and the means we use shall be such as will leave no trace behind them. It will take money, though," added the padre, thoughtfully. "The doctor is poor, and will not let us have the necessary apparatus without some consideration."

"*Caramba!*" growled Don Ygnacio. "Money—nothing but money! That affair at the Santiago *puente* cost me more than a thousand dollars. Clean thrown away, too. I am short—terribly short," he added, in lugubrious accents.

"But consider, my dear señor," objected the padre, in his most persuasive tones, "the fortune of the fair Angela. It is worth while to bait with a sprat to catch a salmon. You have not a pack of cowardly *ladrones* to deal with now, but genuine science—science that makes clean work every time, and never fails."

"If I thought so——" remarked Don Ygnacio, dubiously.

"Well, then," interjected the padre, following up his advantage, "I do not think the doctor will object to a thousand *pesos*, half down and your note for the balance. Ah, here he comes, and we will ask himself. Doctor," continued the padre, addressing that personage, "Don Ygnacio is willing to pay one thousand *pesos* for the use of your electrical apparatus for twenty-four hours—five hundred cash down, and his note for the remaining five hundred, to fall due when he returns the apparatus."

The doctor and Don Ygnacio looked at each other in an undecided way.

"I have not got such a sum upon me," stammered the latter.

"I think," said the padre, quickly, "if you will examine your *bolsa* you will find it. I saw you change a *doblon* in the *portales* this morning, when you purchased a new saddle. There were then at least fifty *doblones* in your purse. But, *por Dios*, if you have not so much, the doctor will accept what you have."

Finding himself cornered, Don Ygnacio drew out his purse, with a very bad grace, and counted out thirty-three *doblones* on the table.

"Now, doctor," said the padre, pushing the money toward him, "while you are getting the apparatus ready, Don Ygnacio here will make out his note for the remainder of the sum."

The whole bargain had been led up to and manipulated so adroitly and rapidly by the padre, that the contracting parties themselves scarcely realized what they were about till they found themselves compromised. The doctor gathered up the gold mechanically, yet in a manner which showed that he was fully conscious of its value, and, retiring to an alcove of his laboratory, began to busy himself with some apparatus. Don Ygnacio, in an equally mechanical manner, leaned over the table, and began drawing out his note.

In the course of half an hour the doctor, assisted by the padre, had unearthed from a pile of heterogeneous material, where it looked as if it had lain undisturbed for years, a large plate-glass electrical generator, some three feet in diameter, which they soon furbished up and provided with fresh silk pads. A search was then instituted for Leyden jars, a dozen of which, of a capacity of a gallon each, were found in different corners of the laboratory, and forthwith subjected to a fresh coating of tin-foil. The jars were then placed in a square tray, and their knobs connected by chains in the usual manner, so as to form a battery, which being done, the doctor and the padre surveyed them with a certain degree of pride, while Don Ygnacio maintained a discreet silence, not unmixed with that awe with which an unknown quantity is always regarded by the ignorant.

"It is now eleven o'clock, Don Ygnacio," observed the padre, consulting his watch. "It will be necessary for me to go to the cathedral, and perhaps remain there during the night, to make certain preparations for the solemnization of the sacrament of marriage, which will take place to-morrow, between our esteemed friend Don Eulojio Moreno and the Señorita Angela Durazo, in a fitting and proper manner. It would gratify me much if Don Ygnacio Contreras would accompany me, as I may need his assistance in perfecting certain details. I will send a conveyance for this apparatus, doctor," he continued, "at the close of the midnight mass, as I do not care that the ordinary public should have any inkling of the surprise that we have in store for the happy couple, and it will be well, therefore, to convey the apparatus into the sacred edifice in secrecy. I have, as you know, the freedom of the place through the courtesy of the archbishop. Meantime, Don Ygnacio, will you favor me with your company for a moonlight stroll? The Padre Geronimo from Ures would fain see the nocturnal sights of Guadalajara under the tutelage of so competent a Mentor."

The pair shook hands with the doctor, and moved toward the door. At the door the padre turned.

"Doctor," said he, "there are twelve gallon Leyden jars in the battery we have just constructed. Tell me—suppose these jars were charged with electricity to their utmost tension, and should be discharged instantaneously through the medium of a human being, what would be the result? We must be careful in dealing with a force we know little about—eh, Don Ygnacio?"

"When these Leyden jars are fully charged with electricity, gentlemen," replied the doctor, gravely, "you are in presence of a thunder-cloud. Just as the tree that rears its top nearest to the thunder-cloud is blasted by the lightening that issues from it, so would the first human being that served as a conductor for the fluid contained in these Leyden jars be blasted like the tree, and by the selfsame lightning. One-third of the force contained in these jars would be more than sufficient to paralyze the nerve centres of the most powerful man that ever breathed."

"Thanks, doctor, for the caution," returned the padre. "Don Ygnacio, we must be careful. Come, let us see the sights of Guadalajara."

### III.—THE PADRE ACTS.

At one in the morning of Christmas Day, in the year 1853, high mass was over in the cathedral of Guadalajara. By fifteen minutes past one the last of the choristers and vergers had left the vestry; the last of the congregation had passed out through the main entrance, the sleepy janitors having shaken up the tardy suppliants at the various shrines and images from their knees, and given them to understand that they would have ample opportunity for adoration when the edifice opened in the morning. At twenty minutes past one a *carro* drove up to the priest's entrance to the chancel, presently followed by the Padre Geromino, otherwise Miguel Rubio, and Don Ygnacio Contreras. The padre approached the door, key in hand, and unlocked it. He then returned to the wagon and helped Don Ygnacio and the driver to lift out the electrical apparatus before described, consisting of a three-foot circular plate, with pads and conductors complete, set upon a low pedestal; and a square tray, three feet by two, holding twelve Leyden jars, of the capacity of a gallon apiece, ranged side by side, their knobs connected by chains in the usual manner. These, together with a bundle, they carried through the door, and, passing through the chancel, set them down beside the high altar, the padre holding a lantern while they did so. He then paid the driver and dismissed him.

"Now," said he, lighting several of the candles on the high altar, "let us get to work. The probability is that some of the younger *padres* may enter the building to do their devotions at Prime, this being Christmas morning. If so, we can not count on being undisturbed after three o'clock. It is now nearly one."

So saying, he lifted up the heavy velvet altar-cloth at the side high enough to permit of passing beneath it in a stooping posture, and looped it up with a piece of cord. Don Ygnacio then assisted him to carry through the passage thus made, first the tray containing the Leyden jars, and next the electrical generator. These together occupied a space of some seven feet by two in area, while the top of the circular glass plate rose three feet and a half from the floor. Thus, though there was plenty of room longitudinally, the high altar of the cathedral being more than ten feet in length, there was but little space left to work in, as the altar was but five feet in width, of which the apparatus took up fully half. It was also necessary for any persons concealing themselves beneath it to remain in a stooping or kneeling posture, as the top of the altar was not more than five feet high.

"We shall find ourselves tolerably cramped for a few hours," remarked the padre, as he led the way into the imprisoned chamber, of which the altar-cloth formed the walls; "but that does not matter, when we consider the importance of the end to be accomplished. The end justifies the means, you know. Now," continued he, setting the lantern on the floor, "you see this large circular plate-glass wheel. You see that it is turned by this handle, or crook. You see that when I turn it—so—it rubs against these pads of stuffed silk set at each side. You also see these metal cylinders set on supports on the pedestal, their nearest ends being close to the edge of the glass wheel, while their other ends are connected with the knobs of those jars by that chair you see there. Very well. Now, if we keep turning that glass wheel, it generates electricity by friction against these pads, and this electricity passes from the wheel into the conductors, and from the conductors into these jars, where it remains until it is set free or discharged. Very well. Now, the longer we turn the wheel, the more electricity will be collected in these jars. I will leave you to turn the wheel. Turn it briskly, and when you get tired, leave off for a minute or two; but whatever you do, do not approach these jars. To do so is certain death. Do not begin to turn till I tell you, as I have still some connections to make with the jars."

So saying, the padre undid the bundle which they took from the wagon, and took thence a coil of some material, which he explained to Don Ygnacio was copper wire wound round with silk thread. Several yards of this he straightened out, and then cut into two pieces, each about twenty feet in length. The end of one of these pieces of wire he placed near the chain that connected the knobs of the Leyden jars in the tray, and the end of the other near the other chain communicating with the tin-foil coating of one of the jars of the battery. This done, he raised the altar-cloth and pushed the other ends of the two wires to the outside. He then went round to the front of the [illegible] raised the carpet with which the marble pave[illegible] covered, and laid the wires beneath it, parallel

other, and about three feet apart, till he reached a spot which he had previously marked after a close scrutiny of the carpet.

"Here is where they stand, and here is where the ends of the wires must be laid," he said, stooping down and making small incisions in the carpet with his pen-knife, through which he pushed the ends of the wires. He then rolled back the carpet into its former position, took from the bundle a beautifully wrought rug of embroidered silk about five feet long by three in width, through the back of which he pushed the wires as he had done through the carpet, pulled them out about three feet along the top of the rug, parallel to each other, bent their ends down so as to fasten them into the silk, and then, rising, surveyed his work with a satisfied air.

"Ha!" he said, "the marriage of Don Eulojio Moreno and the Señorita Angela Durazo is no ordinary marriage, and it is not supposable that they should stand like simple folks upon an ordinary carpet. What kind friend has furnished this elegant and costly piece of silken embroidery for the happy pair to stand upon, and has taken such care that it may not be displaced as to actually bind it down to the carpet with wire?" he added, grimly, as he bent down and uncoiled the silk from the ends of the two wires, leaving them bare for about three feet to the point where they passed through into the carpet. He then blew out the lights upon the altar, undid the loop that held the altar-cloth up at the side, and passing under it sat down beside Don Ygnacio Contreras. During the next two hours the wheel turned noiselessly, both men taking turns at the crank. The padre then approached the jars with an electrometer and announced that the battery was fully charged.

"Now," said the padre to Don Ygnacio, "for your life do not approach the jars until I instruct you."

"Are you sure, Miguel Rubio, that no harm will befall the Señorita Angela?" said Don Ygnacio, in a threatening tone. "I warn you, you will not escape me if there does."

"Pshaw!" returned the padre; "trust to me."

For a moment he seemed absorbed in thought, then muttering: "There is enough for all. Besides, the whole will be attributed to him. I should have thought of that before"—he reached over for one of the wires, and cutting one of the threads of the silken coil about a foot from its end, he unwound it a few times, exposing about a sixteenth of an inch of the copper wire. Another victim was doomed by the diabolical ingenuity of the padre.

At six o'clock the matin chants rang clear through the cathedral. At half-past seven the archbishop presided at early morning service. At nine the Litany was sung; and immediately thereafter it became apparent that a joyous procession was coming up the nave.

"Here they come," whispered the padre, applying his eye to a minute hole that he had cut in the front of the altar-cloth.

The procession approached, and broke ranks in front of the altar. The choristers formed a circle and sang an anthem. The thunder of the organ swelled, drifted off, and died away in the groined arches. The glorious Christmas sun streamed through one of the stained glass windows of the chancel, as the Señorita Angela Durazo and Don Eulojio Moreno took their stand upon the rug of embroidered silk, which the bride viewed with evident signs of gratification. Old Señor Antonio and the Señora Barbara stood beside their daughter; several male friends and relatives beside Don Eulojio. The archbishop himself stood between the happy pair and the altar, and the marriage ceremony progressed.

"Now is the time!" hissed the padre, in concentrated tones, still keeping his eye applied to the hole in the altar cloth. "He is about to put the ring on her finger. Here, take hold of that wire, putting your thumb just *there*," at the same time indicating the spot where the metal was left exposed; "and when I touch the tinfoil on that jar with my wire, do you touch one of the knobs with yours. *Now!*" whispered the padre, taking his eye from the hole.

When the padre took his eye from the hole the doomed lovers were standing with their feet fair upon the copper wires, Don Eulojio holding the ring which he was just about to put upon the maiden's fingers—a position which would, of course, complete the electrical circuit between the ill-fated pair—insulated as they were by the silken rug upon which lay the wires—and send a mortal shock through their frames as soon as their fingers touched, the jars being, at the same time, discharged. A moment later, contrary to custom, and impelled by love, they had approached and embraced, *their feet now resting upon the space between the deadly wires*. Don Eulojio was putting the ring on the finger of his bride, when a shriek and the fall of a heavy body sounded from below the altar. For an instant the bridal party stood motionless and speechless with astonishment. The next instant there was a general rush to the altar. The Padre Geronimo was found beneath it, stone dead, and Don Ygnacio Contreras a hopeless paralytic beside the apparatus.

At the moment when the padre took his eye from the hole and said "*Now*," Don Ygnacio (as he afterward confessed) had, in his hurry and excitement, while leaning forward to apply his wire to the knob, overbalanced himself, and at the very instant of making the connection, stumbled against the padre, thus completing the circuit, and effecting the discharge. In consideration that he was completely paralyzed for life, no proceedings were taken against him; nor could any collusion in the plot be traced to Doctor Bernardo Gomez, who supplied the apparatus. As for Don Eulojio and the Señora Angela Moreno, now past middle age, and though not averse to speaking of it, they still look grave when any reference is made to that fateful Christmas wedding at Guadalajara.

---

The first makers of tea were often sorely perplexed with its preparation. It is related of a party to whom was sent, as a present, a pound of tea, that they boiled the whole at once in a kettle, and sat down to eat the leaves with butter and salt, and wondered how any person could like such a diet.

---

One of the fashionable New York schools now instructs young ladies in the art of "slumbrous comeliness."

## CHRISTMAS VERSE.

### A Christmas Carol.

I hear along our street
Pass the minstrel throngs;
Hark! they play so sweet
On their hautboys, Christmas songs;
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

In December ring
Every day the chimes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Shepherds at their grange,
When the Babe was born,
Sang, with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

### In Vain.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around;
In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound,
The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope thy canticles,
And its obedience praise!

—*John G. Whittier.*

### Under the Mistletoe.

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast fading year;
Ye who by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here!
Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now—
Be links no longer broken—
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister, and friend, and brother,
In this fast fading year;
Mother, and sire, and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come gather here!
And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow;
Old loves and younger wooing
And sweet in the renewing,
Under the holly bough.

—*Charles Mackay.*

### The Christmas Stocking.

Long years ago this Christmas time,
My little one—my all to me—
Sat robed in white upon my knee,
And heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me, my little golden head,
If Santa Claus should come to-night,
What shall he leave my baby bright,
What treasure for my boy?" I said.

And then he named the little toy,
While in his round and mournful eyes
There came a look of glad surprise,
That spoke his trustful, quiet joy.

And as he lisped his evening prayer,
He asked the boon with childish grace,
And toddled to the chimney-place,
And hung his little stocking there.

That night as length'ning shadows crept,
I saw the white-winged angels come
With heavenly music to our home,
And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his baby prayer,
For in the morn, with anxious face,
He toddled to the chimney-place,
And found the little treasure there.

They came again—one Christmas tide—
That angel host so fair and white,
And, singing all the Christmas night,
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock—a little toy—
A little lock of golden hair—
The Christmas music on the air—
I'm watching for my baby-boy.

And if again that angel train
And golden head come back for me
To bear me to eternity,
My watching will not be in vain.

—*Anon.*

### Merry England.

On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the woods did merry-men go
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all.
The fire, with well dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving man;
Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Then came the merry maskers in
And carols roared with blithesome din.
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

## A STUDY OF TACT.

"The mistake I made," explains one of Mr. Fawcett's heroines, who had suffered severely from her fondness for the tinkling cymbals of society, "was in supposing that perfect manners must mean perfect morals." It was a very natural mistake. Nothing could ever originally have been established as etiquette which could possibly wound the feelings; and although the hollowness of society, so lamented by Mrs. Skewton, has undoubtedly arisen from the habit of learning to save one's own feelings, or the feelings of a friend, or of a friendless blunderer, by "telling no lies, but not overmuch of the truth," as George Macdonald puts it, the fact remains the same, that tact is the nearest to virtue of any of the graces.

We have called it a grace, but, although its development is the primary object of social culture, it is a grace which must be partly innate, and which often exhibits itself in its very highest form where there has been no possible training for it, where it is wholly the instinct of a refined and sympathetic nature. Children sometimes exhibit it in perfection. We remember a little maid of eight years old to whom we had promised to bring a little fan from Niagara, who came rushing out to meet us with the cry: "Oh, auntie! did you get me one of those with a little bird in the middle?" Our crestfallen face betrayed us before we answered, and instantly the little woman controlled her voice to its steadiest tones, as she added: "I'm glad you got me one without a bird, auntie, because, you know, *the little birds come off so easy!*" Another little girl, appealing to her aunt, whom she was visiting in Cincinnati, for something to put into her letter home, was advised to tell how hard it was to keep anything clean in a city where they used so much soft coal. "Oh, no!" she replied, "I can't write that!" And when pressed for an explanation, she confessed, "I don't think it would be polite, when I am visiting you, to write that you live in a dirty city."

Tact in "getting along" with people of different interests from your own does not by any means imply a "mush of concession." We can think of no better illustration of tact in carrying one's point than that of a brilliant young society-girl who married into a Quaker family. It was an impossibility to give up her crimps or her pretty dresses; she must win them over in some other way, but let them understand her standpoint at the very beginning. On the afternoon of her arrival, she ran out of her room to her sister-in-law with the request: "Oh, Mary, could you give me a match? My hair is all out of curl, and I want to light the gas to heat a slate-pencil." The family waited for the coming curls with a stern displeasure, that melted away completely and forever before the evening was over, under the charm of the young lady's added prettiness and the brightness of her conversation. The husband had warned her that some of the deacons of the church would call to remonstrate with him on having married among the "world's people." When, one afternoon, three of them appeared, she swept into the parlor with her longest train and one or two extra bangles, so radiant, so charming, so delighted to see them, that they stayed an hour, and the only remonstrance the amused husband received, as he followed them to the door, was the observation from one of them: "Friend Charles, *thee has married exceedingly well!*"

Nor does tact by any means imply constant and evident watchfulness over others. The tact of silence is often quite as grateful as the tact of sympathy. A young girl, traveling in Europe with some friends, failed to receive any letters when a large package was sent from the banker's at one of their stopping-places. She was sensible enough to think nothing of it at the moment, but when the entire family attacked her with sympathy—"what *could* be the matter?—was she sure she had given her friends the right address?—did her mother know she was to be in Berlin that week?—might it not be that her father had sent to the post-office instead of to the banker's?—should they send and see?"—the poor child fled to her room in a tempest of sobs at the appearance of having no friends, or friends who had neglected her. In less than an hour the missing letters, delayed by a mistake, were brought to her.

An innate tendency to tact is indispensable. If you are a Mr. Toots by nature, no amount of admission to the best society will ever make you understand that your conversation and manners are not all that they should be. No amount of aristocratic ancestors or constant experience of good society could make the young English baronet realize his mistake when he tried to emphasize his affection for the fair American barbarian to whom he was proposing, by telling her that of course when he first saw her it never occurred to him to marry her!

In American life, as we live it, very few of our society "buds" make one bound from the nursery to the drawing-room. They enter society, when they are through with school, almost as fully posted upon etiquette as their mothers. "Come out?" inquired a gentleman on hearing of the social début of a young friend; "I didn't know that Sallie had ever been in!" But if a girl has been carefully hedged in from the world, to emerge perhaps from a convent-school to her first dinner party, where it may be, too, that circumstances make her, in spite of her youth, the guest of the evening, perhaps few social agonies are greater than what she will endure in wondering whether the dainty doyly under her big-oyster shell is to be removed before she administers lemon, or which of the small forest of wine-glasses at her plate is to be turned first for the obsequious butler waiting with a decanter. The host who is conscious of her infinitesimal hesitation, and relieves her mind by carelessly removing his own doyly, whether he originally intended to remove it or not, or who turns his own glass in readiness before his turn, or who, seeing her embarrassment as to whether she is to take the whole plate of tiny bonbons or only one of them, lifts one from the dish for her, saying carelessly: "Oh, you mustn't refuse those—they are really delicious!" or the young man on her right who, seeing that she has taken a larger bunch of hothouse grapes than she would if she had understood their cost, deliberately sacrifices his own reputation for knowledge of society by taking a still bigger one, that she might not find herself awkwardly alone—shall we not say of these that their tact is not only a grace, but a virtue?

# The Molboorie Banshee.

By LEONARD KIP.

MULBERRY VILLA, November 30, 1874.

*To the Directors of the Heralds' College, in the City of London:*

GENTS: I have just completed my new residence in the village of Bleaksborough, and State of New York. It is a granite house with freestone trimmings, is ornamented with battlements and corner turrets, and encloses a spacious quadrangle. It is said, by many of my friends, to have very much the appearance of a baronial castle. However that may be, it is undeniably a somewhat imposing edifice; and I am informed by my architect that, as time darkens its tint, its resemblance to the feudal structures of the middle ages will be greatly increased. There is a level sward outside, through which, in the event of labor riots, a moat could easily be constructed; and a recess in front, where no doubt a portcullis might be adjusted.

In the centre of the front is a broad and richly decorated porch, upon the arch of which a large shield has been sculptured, with a smooth surface. Upon this I intend that the family arms shall be carved, as soon as I can ascertain in what they consist; and it is with reference to this that I now desire to consult your honorable corporation. It has been suggested to me that the Mulberrys having originally emigrated from the British Islands, bringing with them certain pleasing, though confused traditions, may possibly claim high and honorable descent, and, as a collateral branch, be entitled to assume the arms of some family of distinction and influence. Please give this matter your most careful examination. It may be as well to state, for your guidance, that the first of our line in this country was my grandfather, Timothy Mulberry, who came over in 1738.

I would further, though with great hesitation, invite your honorable body to the consideration of one other matter. I have read that in the Old World baronial castles are often noted for the presence of certain incorporeal visitants—ghosts, fairies, and the like—which, for some reason or other, have attached themselves to the domain, and own fealty to the family. It has seemed to me that the possession of such adherents, which doubtless perform their necessary part in carrying out the the especial purpose of the family career, must naturally confer great distinction upon any residence. To the best of my knowledge we have nothing of the kind in the United States; but there seems no reason why, as the country grows older and families become more permanent, a class of familiar spirits from the invisible world should not grow up around them and prosper. May it not be that your honorable association, in its investigation of the arms and titles of distinguished families, may naturally become learned in the origin and history of these peculiar adherents, so as to be able to tell under what circumstances they can be introduced into our midst, and there induced to take up their settled abode?

I remain, yours, very respectfully,
CORNELIUS MULBERRY.

---

HERALDS' COLLEGE, London, December 15, 1874.

*To Cornelius Mulberry, of Mulberry Villa, in the Village of Bleaksborough, and State of New York:*

DEAR SIR: Your communication of November 30th has been received and put on file. We find, upon a close and exhaustive examination of our records, that in 1278 one Cathol Molboorie lived in Ireland, with the title of Earl of Thormond. During the next century, owing to political troubles, the title became in some manner extinguished, and the then head of the family, Clomond Molboorie, scraping together a few small remnants of the ancestral property, fled to England. There, under the name of Clomond Mulberry, he began to build up the line anew, and, in one way or another, he and his descendants managed to maintain a not unenviable reputation in the County of Kent during the succeeding four centuries, the Irish origin of the family gradually being entirely forgotten. In 1738 renewed reverses seem to have stripped the family of all its remaining estate; and it was then, as you are aware, that Timothy Mulberry emigrated to the North American colonies. It will thus be seen that, though the title and family property are gone, you are the lineal descendant of Cathol Molboorie, and entitled to bear the Thormond arms. We take pleasure in sending you an emblazoned copy of the same, the cost of which is the sum of £93 11s. 8d.

We also note the suggestion in the second portion of your favor. You are correct in supposing that though our business is mainly connected with the search for arms and pedigrees, its prosecution naturally leads us into the knowledge of other appurtenances and appanages of titled houses, including some acquaintance with their occasional incorporeal and ghostly adherents. Through our psychological clerk we have already been brought into communication with many of this class, some of whom have been on duty for centuries in families still extant; and others, feeling themselves unfortunate in the cessation of their service in families which have long been broken up, have passed out of recollection. In the line of fairies we can not promise to do anything. By reason of their diminutive stature, it is not easy to communicate with them; and it has been further ascertained that they could only be moved in communities, while the flora of the New World is so different from that of England that it is not probable they could reconcile themselves to it as a suitable surrounding for their midnight dances. As for ghosts, they also are peculiar in not admitting of transplanting, being sustained only by local interests. They are generally the result of extraordinary homicides, and we know of no other way to produce a proper ghost than the commission of a curious and original murder upon the premises desired to be haunted by it. At the same time it must be understood that our knowledge of the nature of ghosts is as yet so limited that the most remarkable tragedies will often fail to correspond with the necessary conditions for their development, so as to insure their appearance. But it is with great satisfaction that we are enabled to inform you that we have succeeded in tracing up and engaging in our interest the Banshee of the first Earl of Thormond. He is represented as a very faithful creature, who has long been disconsolate at the presumed extinction of the family, and now hails with delight and satisfaction the opportunity of again attaching himself to it. We have this day directed him to report at Mulberry Villa. For our search and other services in the matter, we feel authorized to draw upon you for the further sum of £78 9s 2d.

With great respect, I remain, yours,
JOHN CANONWRAITHE, Secretary.

When I had finished reading this letter, I folded it with great deliberation and carefully put it away in my side pocket. Then, without uttering a word, I slowly ate two eggs and three pieces of buttered toast, and also finished my second cup of coffee. I did this, so that when I spoke such a sufficient time should have elapsed that Mrs. Mulberry would not be apt to connect my remarks with the letter. For the present, at least, I preferred that she should remain in ignorance of the source of the information I was about to impart to her.

"My dear," I then said, laying down my knife and fork, "I had almost forgotten to tell you that we are about to have a banshee in the family—probably the first banshee that has ever come to the United States."

"And what is a banshee?" was her rejoinder. "Is it a carved china closet? For you know that is what I have been wanting."

"I think," I responded, a little aghast at this, "that you had better look for yourself in the encyclopædia and find out. After such a surprising exhibition of ignorance on your part, I fear that any information I can impart will prove of little value. Meanwhile, as this is Christmas day, and the preparations for our house-warming this evening are not yet completed, I will leave you to yourself."

With that I arose and strode away with great dignity and self-possession, leaving Mrs. Mulberry crushed, as she so well deserved. But, to tell the truth, I did not exactly know what a Banshee was myself. And how and when was he to come? And in what manner was he to be treated? He was, of course, some creature from the other or invisible world—so far as I could safely judge; but what was his nature, and in what consisted his functions? I felt that I had better myself take a peep into the encyclopædia, and then I would be prepared either to instruct Mrs. Mulberry or laugh at her ignorance, as the humor of the moment might induce me.

Accordingly, after an affectation of looking at the barometer, and with a glance or two at the sky, I sauntered with a careless and purposeless air into the library. This is the largest room in the house, and fitted up with especial reference to æsthetic beauty. The ceiling is slightly arched, and cut into panels with ornamental borders. The windows are long, reaching nearly to the floor, and with low seats at their base. There is a cabinet of shells at one side, and opposite is a cabinet of Indian curiosities. My fishing and hunting materials are tastefully arranged on hooks along the two longer walls. At either end of the room are full length portraits of my ancestors. These represent my father standing beside a globe, with his finger resting on Venezuela, in commerce with which our fortune was made; and my grandfather, in big cuffs and lappels, cocked hat, and powdered wig, in the attitude of looking at Washington taking the oath of office. These are all the ancestors I have at present. I made up my mind that before long I would add the portrait of my great ancestor, the Earl of Thormond. It was, of course, very doubtful whether his features survived on canvas or elsewhere, but I might cause him to be painted in full armor on a battle piece. His face would be concealed behind the bars of his vizor, which would dispose of that difficulty, and the family arms emblazoned upon his shield, turned broadcast in front, would sufficiently fix the identity. In one corner of the library was a small case containing books—some works on horses and dogs, a set of mercantile reports, and an encyclopædia which I had purchased instead of any other, because the agent had told me that it was the best.

Settling myself upon a low chair in front, I opened volume after volume, examining every heading which I thought might bear upon the subject, but somewhat to my indignation could find nothing whatsoever about banshees. At last, after fully half an hour's labor, I gave up the search and cast my eyes carelessly toward the fireplace, to note the time of day. This fireplace, by the way, is the choice feature of the room. It is very large, being purposely made broad enough for logs, should we ever become inclined for logs, and has on top a large clock encased in the same kind of wood, so as to seem a portion of the mantel. It told me that it was half-past ten, but I scarcely noted the information, being very much startled at seeing a strange figure crouching alongside the fireplace. It was the figure of a little old man, in a coarse snuff-colored suit, and with a pointed hat. He was bowed almost to the point of being a hunchback, and his legs were small and shrunken. He was sitting upon a low stool that he must have dragged over from the other side of the room, and appeared to be taking not the slightest notice of me—not even seeming to be aware of my presence, but occupied only in gazing abstractedly at the tips of his not very delicately modeled shoes. At my approach, however—for, of course, I arose at once and walked over to the mantelpiece—he raised his eyes, and gave me a sort of familiar nod, but still kept his seat. Then I saw that he had a queer, quaint little face, wrinkled as with old age, but with bright black eyes, shining like beads; and, as I leaned with my elbow upon the mantel, I judged that he must have been little over four feet in height. I looked at him inquiringly, and he looked back at me. At length he spoke:

"I am the banshee," he said.

"Oh, yes; the banshee," I rejoined. "From the Herald's College—the old Molboorie Banshee, is it not?"

He nodded.

"Exactly. Well, Banshee, I am very glad to see you. And will you give me some idea of your functions? For you must be aware that in this country there are few who, like myself, claim noble descent, and as yet we are somewhat ignorant of the nature of banshees."

"I sit by the fire and toast myself, and nobody sees me," he said. "Then, when it is time for any one in the family to die, I summon him."

"That means?"

"It means that, having the information in advance, I come before him to let him have it, too. Not speaking a word at all, mind you, but rather crossing his path, and looking him knowingly in the eye. And he, feeling pretty sure who I am, having all his life heard of me, understands at once that he has got to go, and quickly at that."

"Exactly. And the purpose of it all?"

The banshee shrugged his shoulders.

"That's as it may matter," he answered. "Isn't it something to have a little more time in which to write out your will, if you haven't already done so? Isn't it something to have an hour or two to make your peace before you go? And, more than all that, isn't it right that in proper families some things may be done a little different from others, even though no one can give a good reason for it at all?"

"Perfectly, Banshee." And I must confess that I wilted a little under the reproof which my extreme utilitarian, unaristocratic habit of thought had justly brought upon me. "Yes, of course, we of high lineage should not always be inquiring into the use of everything. It is sufficient that there may be circumstances—— Well, let that pass, and tell me a little about yourself. I must confess, do you know, that if I had set to work to imagine you before seeing you, I should have—that is to say——"

"That I am other in looks than you would have thought?" he said, with a quiet grin. "Well, when you know us better, you will come to understand that banshees differ, according as they may be placed. In England, now, we commonly come in the shape of tall, straight women, with long white robes, who float about without seeming to take any especial steps at all, and look as grave and proper as the saints themselves. In Scotland I know a banshee who always comes out in full plate armor. That is because he attends upon a family who in the old times lived in camp, and somehow they have got to like the look of it, and are rather more easily taken with an armed banshee. But in Ireland, where I was first assigned, they seemed to like us different yet. You see, it was not looked upon as such serious business to die, but rather something of a frolic, and naturally, therefore, it was not considered exactly the right thing for the banshee to come in such a solemn manner as in other countries. Something queer and quaint—after my own get-up in fact—was better liked. And sometimes it grew to be expected that the banshee should enlarge his duties a little, and appear in plain sight at the wake; and then he must be gotten up gay and easy-like, so as to sit behind the mourners and enjoy the sport with them."

"I understand. Well, we must then take you as you are, I suppose. And so, your only duty is to notify the several members of the family when they are about to die?"

"That's about it. I stand in front of the one who has got to go, and I give him the cue; and when he has taken it I disappear until the next time comes. No one else sees me or ever will. Though it may be that I may now and then come to you, as the family head, if wanting any information."

"And as for your own comfort, Banshee? My own duty to you as host?"

"Never you mind about that," he said. "Be sure that I will always take good care of myself. I may be here or there, or anywhere about the house; all that concerns nobody else, as long as I do not let anybody else see me. Whether I eat or drink, or whatever I do—that, too, is nobody else's business but my own. If I want a thing I may help myself to it, and no one be the wiser; and if I don't want it it is all the same."

"It is very easily managed, then, for anything that I can see," was my response, and I began slowly to move away. "But, Banshee," arresting myself for the moment, "you should by this time have had a long experience in the family, and from looking at their faces from generation to generation have become quite expert in tracing family likenesses. Now, tell me, do you—that is to say, does it occur to you that—that any resemblance, any of the ancient lineaments of the race—in fact, that I bear any likeness to the first Earl of Thormond?"

"Not the slightest," he answered, and it seemed to me with a queer sarcastic grin that he might very well have dispensed with; "unless it may be a peculiar redness at the tip of the nose, which"——

"Which is only temporary," I interrupted, "the result of the reflection from the sun. You see, we are to have a family Christmas party to-day, and my preparations for it have led me much outside in the glare of the sunshine, and so—well, make yourself comfortable; that is all."

With that I left him, and, if the truth must be told, felt myself in rather a cross humor. I was inclined to think that while I was to have a banshee, it might have been of better variety. The tall banshee in white, though probably somewhat chilling in aspect and demeanor, would have been more to my taste, as a thing of greater dignity. The knight-like banshee, with helmet and shield, would have been hailed with delight, as in itself almost a proof of nobility. But that this queer little man, with the thin legs and pointed hat, should have been accorded to me, seemed rather a slight upon me as the only representative of a distinguished lineage. Even though he might have been well enough at the time and to the taste of the thirteenth century, I felt that he might have been allowed gradually to change as the centuries wore on, so as to adapt himself better to new aspects and usages. And yet, I further reasoned, in a desperate attempt to bring myself back into comparative contentment and composure, it was a great distinction to have a banshee at all, and therefore I shall not be too captious about his appearance. It would be something to have it known that the family was so honored, and in telling the story I could very easily say nothing as to the way he looked. I might even, perhaps, and of course without fear of detection, credit him with the

Scotch banshee's suit of armor. No other member of the family than myself would ever see him, except just before death; and it was not likely that the one so doomed would feel that he had time to put on record a description of his unpleasant visitant. So it was probably very well as it was, and all I had to do was to announce here and there, as occasion admitted, the great honor that had been done our family.

The first person whom I chanced to meet was Cousin Lemuel. He had just arrived, having driven out from his place ten miles off. He was a sturdy and practical gentleman of sixty-five, with fixed opinions of his own on every subject, and a certain sarcastic way with other people's views, and sometimes I felt a little afraid of him when under disagreement in argument. I was somewhat fearful now that he would treat the banshee question with ridicule, and I was almost persuaded for the moment to pass him by with an affectation of not seeing him. But, after all, the truth must come out in the end, and it were better that he should hear it from me; and possibly some leaven of family pride might induce him to take an equally warm interest in the matter, and then he could help me along very conveniently in the revelation of it to others.

"Am glad to see you, Cousin Lemuel," I said, "and glad, too, that you have dropped in early. Dinner at six. There will be twenty-two of us, all told. Meanwhile make yourself as comfortable as possible while I am necessarily away from you, attending to a few remaining preparations; and, by the way"—as though it were an almost forgotten circumstance accidentally brought to mind—"I must tell you something very singular. You must know that we have a banshee in the family."

"And what may that be?"

I did not cut him down and refer him to the encyclopædia, as in the case of Mrs. Mulberry, but proceeded to give him a little detailed statement of the purposes and usages of banshees, describing them, moreover, as in the guise of tall, sad women in white, or of knights in full armor, as the case might be, but carefully avoiding anything in the way of description of my own banshee.

"It is the strangest thing in the world," I concluded. "I have never, of course, had the slightest idea of such a thing. But it seems that an intimate friend of mine in Europe, who gives great attention to the subject of family descent, and has a very large library bearing upon those subjects, while making some investigations upon his own behalf, accidentally discovered that I was the lineal representative of the first Earl of Thomond. The family has long been supposed to be extinct, but the missing link has been found in the person of our grandfather, who came over in 1738. Think of it, Cousin Lemuel! But for political troubles, many centuries ago, which led to the suppression of the title and the confiscation of a large portion of the property, I should at this moment be the Earl of Thormond, with an immense estate in the north of Ireland."

"Think of fiddlesticks!" muttered my Cousin Lemuel.

It certainly was not encouraging, but I hurried on, affecting not to hear him.

"I expect to show you the family arms in a few days. My friend is having them properly emblazoned, and I suppose they are now on their way across. And meanwhile the family banshee, cast for the past two centuries ruthlessly upon the world and without a home, at the supposed extinction of the house, proposes to reside with us and take up his long suspended functions. Poor fellow! his honest and heartfelt joy at finding that the family was not after all extinct"——

"I thought you said it was a tall woman in white," my cousin interrupted.

"Or a knight in full armor," I explained. "They come in both styles. Well, Cousin Lemuel, with such an honor fallen upon our line—the first and only instance in the United States—you must naturally comprehend that I can not but feel very much gratified—I and—and all of us, in fact."

"Meaning me, also, I suppose. But let me tell you I am not a bit gratified. I can not, for the life of me, see the use of having a white woman and a knight in armor running about to tell people they are going to die. To my mind there are enough ways to let you know—pains, and aches, and the doctor trying too look gloomy, and all that—so that I don't see the use of any additional source of information. And another thing, Cousin Cornelius: the story is a little queer, and, with any other than myself, somewhat hard to credit. Of course I believe it all, since you have told me so; but I would suggest that you should not too freely impart it to others. They might say that as it is Christmas day people are somewhat inclined to celebrate, and that, with too free celebration, the imagination very readily comes into play, and so—— Well, my Lord of Thormond, enough of that for the moment, I suppose. I will leave you and look up my cousin the countess, whom I have not yet seen."

With that, Cousin Lemuel strolled away, whistling and with his thumbs in his vest pockets. It was not at all encouraging. It was evident that not only would I not have his assistance in disseminating the tidings of the great family honors, but that my own efforts in that direction might be frustrated through some ridiculous impression that I was merely the victim of a too liberal celebration of the day, and so the whole thing of the banshee be looked upon as only a coinage of my brain. I had never thought of it in that light before; but, as Cousin Lemuel stated it, really it seemed somewhat probable, the world is so incredulous and uncharitable. I began to conclude that I had better postpone my immediate development, and let the story leak out after Christmas, and by slow degrees. With that intent, I endeavored to put it entirely out of my thoughts, and not being able altogether to do so, went about my other business in an irresolute and unenthusiastic manner, feeling oppressed all the time with the weight upon my mind of something unpleasant and troublesome, and which, with every exertion of the will, I could not, somehow, shake off.

Slowly moving, I visited the stable, and saw that all was ready for the horses of my visitors; then descended to the wine-cellar, unwired the champagne and decanted the other wines; then to the dining-room, where I took a glance at the table, to see that nothing had been forgotten; then again to the library. Here it was intended that after the dinner we should have a dance. There were still to be sconces for candles put upon the walls, and a few evergreens twisted around the picture frames, and six or eight stands for the musicians stationed at one end. It was now about five o'clock, and, to my satisfaction, I saw that during my labors at the stable and in the cellar, all the preparations had been satisfactorily finished. The workmen had gone, taking with them all their tools and waste material; the fire had been properly replenished with the largest logs that could be fitted in. Nothing seemed to be neglected. Pleased with the effect, I paced the length of the library floor once or twice before going out, turning for a farewell glance. And it was then that I saw I was not alone, for beside the blazing fire sat the banshee, winking at me to invite my attention.

"You still here?" I exclaimed, and feeling for the moment a slight thrill of apprehension. For might it not be that he had appeared to summon me to death? As if reading my thoughts he hastened at once to reassure me.

"Business only, this time," he said. "You know I said I might now and then want a word or two with you, outside the regular line of duty. Now tell me this: Is there a Jane Mulberry around these parts?"

"Jane Mulberry is my maiden aunt. She lives with me, and will continue to do so, I suppose, until she dies."

"Well, it won't be for long," the banshee said, and it seemed to me with a faint flicker of enjoyment in the corner of his eyes, as though pleased with the coming of actual business into the dull routine of his existence. "For you must know that she goes to-night, and I must soon get off this little stool of mine, and look her up, and summon her."

"Now, this is most arrant nonsense!" I exclaimed. "Aunt Jane is only seventy-three, and all her family have lived to ninety. She is well and strong, and can yet walk her five miles a day. She has nothing at all the matter with her, and not even a suspicion of heart complaint, the only thing I know of that can kill at short notice. So you are evidently making some mistake. And let me tell you further, that you are now proposing to act in a most indecorous manner. You should remember that the cordiality with which I have received you can not authorize you to presume beginning business so hastily. Some day or other these things must come to a head, I know, perhaps within a year, perhaps two or three years hence; but that upon the very day of your reception here you should dare to invade our happy family circle and tear from it one who"——

"See here!" the banshee interrupted; "do you think for a moment that you are talking sense? And do you mean to go on forever believing that I have the arranging of these matters? Don't you know that they have been put down for me in advance, and that I must go through it all according to the established rule, whether I care for it or not, and whether it is this week or next century? Can you read, now? And, if you can, look there and tell me what you see."

I could read, of course, but not what the banshee displayed for me. It was a tightly rolled scroll which he drew from beneath his coat—a parchment scroll, it seemed, though so torn and worn and discolored that it was difficult at first sight to determine its substance. It was filled with queer characters, written in old English apparently, and scratched in here and there at random and in all sorts of distortions, until the Rosetta stone was copper-plate to it. It might have been a thousand years or so old, and probably was; for from a few muttered words of the Banshee and his action as he unrolled the scroll, I made little doubt that it was the set record of his lifelong task, the authority and guidance for his action. When or by whom furnished—whether this mysterious scroll had been put into his possession long before the first Earl of Thormond, as the arbiter of the whole family's fate, or whether from century to century new mystic letters of instruction were placed in the banshee's keeping, as old ones had been executed and ran out—all this could not be known. It seemed enough that for the present the scroll was authority for his deeds, and that apart from it he could allow himself no discretion.

"Look for yourself, now," he said, putting his finger upon one particularly discolored portion. "What do you read? Don't you see it plainly?—December 25, and 1874? On the same line, Jane Mulberry, seventy-five? And is not that her age?"

"That is her age, it is true; yet why"——

"And if that's she, and that her age, and that's the date, what mistake can there be about it? And though she seems so healthy as you say, how can all that help her, now that she's booked to go? It's heart disease, I suppose, though you say it isn't. They may not know it, but it's generally the reason for a sudden call, all the same."

"Well, if it must be, it must," I said. "But, Banshee, deal with her as gently as you can."

"I'll not hurt her feelings or frighten her more than needful, if that's what you mean. But as she'll probably go to-night, I must give her a little time to think it over. What say you to my coming in at dinner?"

"And break up the dinner?"

"Sure, there's nobody will see me but herself, not even you, since it's not a matter of any business or information that I want. Just at the end of dinner, say, when every one is filled and don't mind an interruption, should old Jane Mulberry interrupt at all. Before the ball, too; a neat little spare quarter of an hour or so, when there's nothing especial doing. Wouldn't that, now, be the neatest way?"

"Have it as you please, Banshee; in all this I am powerless."

"And as for yourself," he said, "if you take care not to say a word there's no one will know that you saw the thing coming."

With that he rolled up the scroll again and popped it beneath his coat, and his business with me having been satisfactorily finished, disappeared as in a flash. An instant, and the little stool was vacant, and there was nothing left to show that I had had a visitor. He could not have gone up the chimney, for it was too small; the windows and doors were all closed; there could be no remaining doubt, had I been disposed to cherish any, of the supernatural character of my guest. But this assurance for the moment only added to my disturbance. Since I could not discredit him in his peculiar character, how could I longer put away belief in the tragedy which overhung my house?

There was nothing, however, but for me to go on and affect ignorance of any impending calamity. In that respect the advice of the banshee was sound. If I did not betray myself by any unguarded admission or warning, I could appear to be taken by surprise as well as any of my guests, and certainly not be held accountable for anything that happened. Meanwhile, I was spared, at least, the misery of much prolonged thought upon the subject. Already the hour for the dinner was at hand, and the earlier guests were arriving. A carriage had already driven up, and a second one was entering the avenue. I hurriedly drank a glass of sherry—and then another one—to steady my nerves, and joined Mrs. Mulberry in the reception room. For a few moments there was too much confusion of coming and greeting for any one to give much thought to anything other than the business so immediately in hand; and in a little while, all having arrived and the hour struck, we paired into the dining-room and seated ourselves.

I think—I please myself now in looking back upon the scene as an assured success—that nothing had been forgotten to make the occasion an especially festive one. New forms of light and new variations of flowers; silver and china for the first time displayed, and only defective in not yet having been decorated with the Thormond arms; everything was provided which might tempt the palate, including, of course, the choicest wines that could be procured—nothing, surely, was wanting to make the scene one of unexampled brilliancy. Surely I should have been satisfied with its success, and wore a smile upon my face as I received the encomiums of my well-pleased guests. But as I sat at the head of my table and the usual settled order began to replace the momentary confusion of our entrance, troublesome thoughts began to assail me, and my face, which should have borne its pleasantest expression, became clouded with apprehension and gloom. How could I help it, when it seemed as though I could never glance forward without having my eyes rest upon Aunt Jane at the middle of one side, directly in front of the door that led into the library, and seeming therefore almost purposely to have been placed by Fate in readiness to look full in the face of the messenger of her doom!

I did not like Aunt Jane. She was living in my house only because there seemed to be no other place to which she could go. Advance of years had gradually increased her fretfulness and her encouragement of queer notions, and there were often times when, under the pressure of constitutional peevishness, her remarks were more frank than engaging. If in the course of events the time had come for Aunt Jane to die, and she had gone out of the house to do it, or had even done it quietly in the house, so that we might wake up some fine morning and find that the duty of her departure had been accomplished noiselessly and without unnecessary confusion, I felt that I could easily have submitted myself to the inevitable, and, after a suitable time have allowed myself to recover my spirits. But that on this festive Christmas occasion, and in the very midst of a select company of choice kindred and friends she should——

I caught Mrs. Mulberry's eye as I reached this point in my reflections, was aroused to my neglected duty, passed the Madeira, took a glass myself, and then another for the better recovery of my spirits, and then relapsed again into reflection.

And after all—so ran the new current of my thoughts—why should I pity Aunt Jane, when she seemed to be doing me all the injury she could, in being there at all? It was preposterous to believe that, in some manner or other, she did not have an inkling of her danger. Heart disease, indeed! Could there be any sudden fate, even in that, without some degree of inward premonition? A little twitch or twinge, perhaps; at least enough to furnish a foreboding of what might come, and so induce her to stay away, rather than thus obtrude herself into unsuitable surroundings. Would it not have been better for her, in the privacy of her own room, and with good books around her, to——

Again Mrs. Mulberry's significant glance to bring me up to my duty, and I passed the claret, taking a glass myself to compose my nerves, and after that, another. In such manner the dinner progressed, broken up from time to time with absent-minded speculations, so that little by little I found that my guests were becoming inoculated with my own depression, and relapsing into silence and rigidity. In vain, as I could not help marking the effect of my own manner, I made fugitive attempts to correct it. I might coax to the surface a sparkle of liveliness, perhaps, but almost at once it would fade away, leaving me once more abandoned to my unhappy train of thoughts as the hour of doom came nearer; and I finally gave up the useless effort, and surrendering myself to the mood of the moment, sat vacantly rapping a glass with my fork, and gazing expectantly at the closed door that led into the library.

At last the dinner, which, beginning in cheerfulness, and intended thence to glide into ringing mirthfulness, was changed through my perversity into morbid dullness, came to an end. The last glass of wine had gone around; my guests were sitting silent over their coffee; I felt a sudden chill go through me; I knew that the destined moment of trial was approaching. Then the library door swung slowly open, as though moved by the wind. One or two of my guests, noticing the movement, seemed surprised, as not understanding how there could be such a powerful draft; but I knew that it was the banshee, and that though I could not see him, he was standing there all the same, and waiting to receive Aunt Jane's recognition.

Would she turn pale, or would she shriek? Not the latter, indeed, for as yet she knew not about banshees or their propensities, and therefore would not realize that her life was involved. But would she not naturally be startled at the sudden appearance of that quaint little figure with its thin legs and high-crowned hat, and, being startled, give vent to her feelings in exclamations sure to arouse the

whole company into apprehension of impending trouble? She had been idly toying with her spoon, her eyes upon her cup. Now she looked up. I watched as her gaze became fixed upon the open doorway. I bent forward to catch the first parting of her lips and the tone of her irrepressible cry.

But there came no parting of the lips or note of suprise or dismay. If she had been calm before, she was still more so now. Never had I seen her features so wrapped in dreamy repose. It was not as though she saw not the banshee, but rather as though, in listless, irresponsive spirit, she saw nothing at all. No sign of repression or self-control; rather a look of vacant abstraction, like the gaze of the Memnon statue resting motionless upon the burning desert. For a moment I remained silent myself, intending to let the matter work itself out; then the reaction from my infused repression became too strong to be resisted, and I cried:

"Do you not see it, Aunt Jane?"

"See what?"

"The banshee."

"How can Aunt Jane see what has not yet come?" Mrs. Mulberry interrupted. "At least, if it has come, I have not yet heard about it. You must know," she continued, smiling around the table, "that a banshee is the new name for a china closet."

"A banshee is not a china closet," I rejoined; "and it is well to get the idea out of your head. I told you as much this morning. It is a spirit," I added, helping myself to another glass of wine to assist me in my explanation. For though I had been so disposed to reticence a moment before, it really seemed to me that now had come the time for full and candid explanation. When could it be better done, in fact? The truth must soon come out. No more favorable time than now, when all the family were assembled, and could learn the exact fact from myself, rather than be obliged to hear a garbled account from others. "Yes, it is a spirit—or, perhaps, might be called a ghost—or probably a demon—really, I do not know very well what we can call it, except that it is a something from the invisible world that tells us—tells us, I may say, what we don't want to know. It is the only family banshee in the United States—and that is a great deal to say, and we should be very proud of it, I should think—that is, those of us who are Mulberrys."

I noticed that a queer look had been gathering around the table as I spoke. I felt a little proud of it, for it seemed to give evidence that the attention of my guests was becoming properly awakened. What would they say when I told them more particularly the nature and purpose of a banshee? I helped myself to a thimbleful of brandy, to clear my utterance, and continued:

"When I say that the banshee tells us what we don't want to know, I mean that it forewarns us of our deaths. There is not one here—of the Mulberrys, I mean—who, after this, can die without the banshee coming a little before and letting him know about it. This is a great satisfaction, of course, and should make us mentally gratified, or, as the world goes, this is a great distinction. As for Aunt Jane, who, I am sorry to say, goes first, it is hard for her, I know, but then there is a certain satisfaction, one may say, in being the first to inaugurate a new family sage; and if she now properly feels it so, why then"——

"I am afraid that Cousin Cornelius is not well," interrupted Cousin Lemuel, at that moment rising. "I have noticed that he was too much out in the sun this morning. I would not more than hint at the danger of sunstroke; but perhaps a timely precaution"——

"Sunstroke at this season of the year? Nonsense!" I cried. Then, as the rest of the company followed his example, we all rose from the table. "But at least we must have our dance. Never mind the banshee now, if you do not care about hearing. I will tell you later. It was the banshee of the first Earl of Thormond, by the way. But I will let that pass, too. We will only think about the dance now—in the library—next room."

They did not wait an instant for all that I could say. Possibly I had not raised my voice so as to be heard by all, but if I had I do not think they would have been influenced by it. After the ill-mannered interruption of Cousin Lemuel, they seemed struck with impoliteness as by a contagion, and not one of them tarried a moment in his place. They had begun to go before I spoke; by the time I had ended I was the only person left in the room. I know of no such sudden clearing of an apartment than at other occasion when, in "Hamlet," the wicked king sees the point of the play and does not feel satisfied to stay.

For a few moments I remained drumming upon the table, and uncertain what to do. Then it occurred to me that, since no one would listen to anything I might say, the best thing would be to set the orchestra at work in the library. Doubtless the inspiring strains would soon entice my company back, and in the mazes of the dance all trouble about the banshee would be forgotten. But when I entered the library, the band was not there. The candles had all been lighted up, the whole room glowed lightly in its new character of ball-room, but not an instrument of music was to been seen. The players had been called off, or perhaps were prevented from entering. It mattered little which, so long as the dancing seemed to have been withdrawn from the programme. I was alone, and dropped despairingly into a chair, to think it all over once more.

Through the open door I could look into the hall, and, in connection with the low windows, out upon the lawn. Somewhat to my astonishment, I saw that my guests were already leaving. I had supposed that they would have gathered in the drawing-room for a while, until their feelings could be composed, and that then the Christmas festivities might go on as originally intended. But it seemed that though Cousin Lemuel's random utterances about a sunstroke must have frightened everybody, they were all so eager to leave the house. Why it should be so, I could not imagine; surely, sunstroke, even if I had had it, would not have proved infectious. But there was already a carriage at the porch and another one waiting beyond, and quite a little throng of great-coated and cloaked guests were gathered at the door, uttering their adieux, and as fast as they went others descended from above, so that it seemed as though in a very few minutes the house would be entirely cleared. From where I sat I could hear the ordinary leave-takings—the so-glad-they-had-come, and such-a-delightful-dinner, and all that; but I noticed that not one of them spoke of me or appeared disposed to look me up, so as to say good-bye to me as well. It was really very queer.

As I sat, I fell into a gentle doze. It seemed only a minute before I awoke—in fact, it must have been ten or fifteen minutes. When I rubbed my eyes and looked out again, I saw that the last carriage was driving off. A few guests, who had come on foot, were nearing the gate by the lodge, and on the path leading over the hill I could see in the moonlight the gleam of brass. It was the band; they must have received their discharge and were now on their way home. I felt a little hurt that any one but myself had dared to dismiss them; and again, even more hurt that none of my guests had cared enough for me to come and bid me good-bye. And then, turning my gaze from that disagreeable contemplation, I saw that once more I was not alone.

The banshee was sitting on his low stool beside the fire. His little, thin legs were curved under him, and his face for the moment bent down, so that I could not well examine his features, but I could see that he was rather cross and fretful—the manifestations of it showing themselves in nervous twitchings and inarticulate gaspings. I had never from the first very highly approved of his appearance—certainly not after I had learned that in some parts of the world elegant and refined banshees in long white robes or in glittering armor were to be had. Now that I began to have a suspicion that somehow he had led me into all my trouble, I gazed upon him with aversion. He was poring over his soiled and faded old scroll, and the more he pored the more he seemed to twitch and gasp with dissatisfaction.

"Well, what now?" I said.

"There is something wrong here," he responded, not for the moment looking up, and not appearing at all surprised at my presence. "A mistake somewhere; but I can't make out where it can be. That old Aunt Jane of yours—I certainly gave her ample opportunity to see me, and yet she didn't seem to. I didn't merely stand there to let her take me in, I went further than I have ever gone before with any of the family—I opened and shut my mouth at her and waved my arms; and yet she didn't even look. You are sure her name is Jane?"

"Of course, I am."

"Well, here she is, then—December 25, 1874—Jane Mulberry—seventy-three. That's her age, isn't it? No possible room for error, I should say. Look for yourself. There is a *j*, and an *a*, and an *n*, and here is a spot where the *e* comes—a little discolored, perhaps, but, of course, we know that"——

"I do not wish to look at your infernal old scroll," I broke in. "It may all be true, and then, again, it may be false. It may have come down to you from Adam, and from its condition I should judge it has; and then, again, it may not be a year old and been rubbed by you in dust and ashes to impose upon me. All I know about it is that this day, through your infernal devices, you have brought me into more trouble than I can set right in a year, and that I want no more of you."

"Hey? Did you say?"

"I tell you that I want no more of you! Go! Leave my house, infernal demon that you are! Go back to those who sent you, and tell them to impose you upon others who can endure you better! I will have your miserable image haunting my premises no longer! Dare but to utter a word to me—even to look at me—and, if possible, I will so punish your wretched person that you will remember it for a thousand years to come, should Fate continue you upon the world so long!"

Transported more and more into rage, I advanced as I spoke, brandishing my arms, and endeavoring to seize the banshee by the throat, and at least go through the act of strangling him and casting his worthless body beneath my feet. But as I came near he disappeared, and my fingers grasped only the air. Then I felt a hand laid upon my arm, and, turning, saw Mrs. Mulberry.

"That it should have come to this!" she cried, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, and sinking back upon the banshee's low stool. "That after acting as you have done and driven all your guests from our doors, you should continue your disgraceful conduct! What would the servants say if they came in and caught you making faces and talking to the mantelpiece! Oh, Mr. Mulberry! how dreadfully have you mortified me this day!"

* * * * * * * * * *

HERALDS' COLLEGE, London, January 2, 1875.

*To Cornelius Mulberry, Esq., of Mulberry Villa, Village of Bleaksborough, and State of New York:*

DEAR SIR: Since our letter of December 15th, certain facts have come into our possession which we find it necessary to communicate to you. In the course of a further search into your family history, it has transpired that the banshee, whom we forwarded to you, though unquestionably the banshee of the first Earl of Thormond, had proved himself so unreliable and inefficient, and so habitually to involve the family in difficulties through his mistakes and carelessness, that in the time of the third earl he was necessarily cast adrift and a new banshee substituted. What has become of this second banshee since the abolition of the earldom, we have not been able to ascertain; but, all the same, we have judged it proper to recall the one now in your possession, as unworthy of our confidence and endorsement.

In connection with this circumstance, it becomes our further duty to inform you that our late researches have developed the previously unsuspected fact that in 1693 an older branch of the Mulberrys than that from which you claim descent emigrated from England into Holland, and there reëstablished itself. Until very lately this branch has been represented by one Jan Mulberry He died very suddenly at Amsterdam last Christmas evening, aged 73, and leaving a family of seven sons and four daughters. It will thus be seem that even had the title and estates come down unimpaired, you could not have inherited them, but that they would have descended through the older line; and by the same rule you could not rightfully lay claim to the possession of the new banshee, were he now accessible or existing.

We are pleased, however, to be able to inform you that we can furnish your estate with a capable substitute Within the last week our psychological clerk has been able to place himself in communication with the ghost of the third Earl of Thormond, who was murdered by his tenantry, his body being secretly buried at an angle of the castle wall. For many generations thereafter his ghost was accustomed to walk at midnight, but after the demolition of the castle, in 1427, it found its occupation gone, and ever since has naturally been discontented and unsettled. We have ascertained that the ghost will gladly remove to your villa, and walk the passages of the same at any hour of the night, on condition that you will first transfer thither its bones, the location of which, it intimates, it can easily point out. Our fee for searcher and for furnishing the ghost, not including the expense of disinterring the bones, will be £43 8s 1d.

I remain yours respectfully,

JOHN CANONWRAITHE, Secretary.

MULBERRY VILLA, January 12, 1875.

*To the Directors of the Heralds' College, in the City of London:*

GENTS: Accept my thanks for your favor of January 2d, and permit me to decline your offer of a ghost. With your Jans and your Janes, and the trouble into which they have brought me, I find that the experiment already made has abundantly satisfied me, and I feel myself indisposed toward any further experiments of that character.

Upon receipt of this please strike my name from your somewhat costly correspondence; and furthermore take notice, as my permanent and unalterable decision, that I must hereafter decline offering Mulberry Villa as a residence, refuge, or resort for any banshees, ghosts, spectres, witches, warlocks, demons, fairies, dwarfs, trolls, changelings, pixies, brownies, or in fact for any being or object, material or immaterial, of similar character or purport whatever.

Yours, very respectfully,

CORNELIUS MULBERRY.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Petroleum V. Nasby is the shaggiest and most uncouth specimen of manhood that can well be thought of. He is short and very broad, and his face is a red, red sun.

Jefferson Davis is the last of his line. A nephew died recently who was the last male descendant of the name. The ex-Confederate chief is now seventy six years old.

Prince Bismarck never uses any pens save those made of goose-quills, and dries his writing with blue sand. Steel pens and blotting-paper he deems inventions of the enemy.

Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, is of medium size and quite broad. He cares little or nothing for dress, and delights in wearing a drab stiff hat and a suit of clothes none the better for wear.

The Hon. Flamen Ball, of Connecticut, retiring from active law practice recently, took down the old gilt sign of "Chase & Ball," hung up more than half a century ago by himself and Salmon P. Chase.

Mr. McCulloch is probably the oldest man who ever undertook the duties of the Secretary of the Treasury. He was born at Kennebunk, Maine, in 1811, and is now, therefore, seventy-three years of age.

Miss Gabrielle Greeley, the youngest daughter of Horace Greeley, is possessed of considerable artistic talent. In one of the fashionable residences of Washington there is a beautiful pencil sketch of a sleeping baby, taken from life, and drawn by her.

The late Duke of Brunswick confirmed the familiar German saying that "no Duke of Brunswick ever dies at home." His brother died at Geneva, his father at Ligny, his grandfather at Ottensen, from wounds received at Auerstadt, and his ancestor Julius Leopold was drowned in an inundation of the Oder.

During his young and callow days, Stuart Robson, of Robson and Crane, had an idea that he was cut out for heroic parts, and essayed the character of Claude Melnotte. He worried through to the middle of the third act, and, breaking down, walked to the footlights and sang "I Want to be an Angel."

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is a well-preserved old lady of over seventy years of age. Her figure is not heavy, her face of a thoughtful cast, with features expressive of some decisiveness and strength of opinion. Her gray hair is plainly arranged. She dresses with simplicity, and has an air of New England domesticity.

It is stated that Dr. Sir W. Gull recently received five thousand dollars cash for two visits to Pau, and seven thousand five hundred dollars for going to Perthshire and remaining a week with a patient. But the highest record—made in 1768 by Dr. Dinesdale—has yet to be beaten. For inoculating the Empress Catharine and her son at St. Petersburg he received sixty thousand dollars in cash, a life pension of twenty-five hundred dollars, and the rank of baron.

It is a decided distinction, says the London *World*, to be an honorary freeman of the city of London. There are not a dozen living individuals who can bost of the privilege, first conferred upon the great Earl of Chatham and last upon the philanthropic Earl of Shaftsbury. Among them are Lords Napier of Magdala, Wolseley, and Alcester, Monsieur de Lesseps, Sir Henry Bessemer, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Premier, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. There is not one purely literary man on the roll. The nearest approach is Lord Brougham.

Doubtless the late Postmaster-General of England owed his success largely to the ability, energy, and devotion of his excellent wife, but there is no truth in the current story that she once had her finger crushed in the carriage-door hinge as she was riding to the House of Commons with him, and bravely endured the torture in silence rather than disturb him with the knowledge of it and thus imperil the successful delivery of the great speech he was about to make. Such an incident did indeed occur, but Mrs. Benjamin Disraeli was the heroine of it, and but for her fortitude then her husband perhaps never would have become Earl of Beaconsfield. The story was first told to the American public many years ago, by the late N. P. Willis.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett has improved immensely in appearance. He is not only decidedly handsomer, but very distinguished-looking, and he carries himself with a certain dignity that has heretofore been wanting, says an observer. A year ago he was round-shouldered, his face was pallid, and he seldom walked a block; he was attended by his valet, who carried his wraps in winter, and, though his manners were always delightful, he seemed insufferably bored by the fact that he was obliged to exist. Now he has gained twenty pounds in weight, and stands as erect as a soldier. He has a capital figure, and his hair and mustache are a silvery gray. He has not taken a drop of wine or liquor for six months, and his life on the ocean in his yacht has given him a bronzed and ruddy color, which throws his hair and mustache in sharp contrast. He is a man who would attract attention anywhere.

Martha Skelton, the beautiful wife of the red-headed and freckled Jefferson, had been dead nineteen years before her husband was elected. Hannah Hoes, the consort of the foxy Van Buren, lay in her grave seventeen years before President Jackson made him his successor. Rachel Donelson, the wife of the hot-headed but courtly General Jackson, had her dresses made to take her place as mistress of the Executive Mansion, but died three months before Old Hickory was inaugurated. President Arthur's first wife will have been buried five years next January. She was married to him in St. John's Church, Washington, which he now attends, and where he has placed a window to her memory. He occupies the same pew she sat in when she was a little girl. The Presidents' wives now living are Mrs. Polk at Nashville, Mrs. John Tyler at Richmond, Mrs. Grant in New Jersey, Mrs. Hayes in Fremont, and Mrs. Garfield in Cleveland. Of these the widows, Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Tyler, and Mrs. Garfield, draw from the Government pensions five thousand dollars a year each.

# The Chess-Player.

### Bilkum vs. Zukertort.

Wiggins strolled into the chess club up in Milwaukee the other evening, wondering if he could find a fresh victim to try his new gambit on, when who should he behold behind the stove but Bilkum. "Well, old boy!" he exclaimed, as he seized his partner's hand, "this is a delightful picnic, and no mistake. Where have you been hiding all this while? Hope you haven't lost that king you confiscated so abruptly last time you were here?"

"Not much," said Bilkum; "here's your king, but I never imagined you'd be such an ass as to go and put all that rot about me in the papers. Why, way down in Buffalo I was introduced to a long-haired pedagogue, who actually had the cheek to ask me what I had done with that black king!"

"It wasn't me!" insisted Wiggins; "I never breathed a word to any one about it; it must have been that bald-headed chess editor. But you don't know how we've missed you at home here. If you could only have taken a hand in our match, we wouldn't have got so unmercifully scooped."

"Hang your matches!" shouted Bilkum, vehemently; "none of your one-horse concerns for me. Why, Wiggins, you ought to have seen my match with Zukertort; that was something to be proud of."

"Your match with Zukertort!" replied Wiggins, incredulously. "Why! Did you actually venture to tackle the champion?"

"Venture to tackle him! Well, I should remark. It was about the warmest reception he had in the town, too, and don't you forget it."

"Did you beat him?" timidly inquired Wiggins, in whose eyes Bilkum had now become a greater hero than ever. "Did you lay him out?"

"Well, no, I didn't exactly lay him out, so to speak. The fact is, he beat me; but I tell you, old boy, it was a glorious game."

"How did it happen?" said Wiggins. "Tell us all about it."

"Well, as I was wandering about Chicago, I strolled into the Chicago chess club, and there sat a little man with a reddish beard, devouring a bowl of steaming hot coffee. One of the fellows marched me up to him and introduced us. He called him Doctor something, but I didn't quite catch his words, and as I hate to appear stupid, I let the name slide. Besides, I never expected to see him again, so how could it matter to me what his name was? Well, the stranger wiped his mouth and shook hands with me, and remarked that he had heard of some of my exploits before, when, to cut him short before he could dish up that black king business for the benefit of the Chicago boys, I inquired if he could play chess?"

"That was rather cool," suggested Wiggins. "What did he say to that?"

"He didn't say anything," replied Bilkum; "he *looked* at me."

"Did he look mad?" asked Wiggins.

"No, not exactly mad, but rather queer; as if he pitied the object he was gazing upon. Presently he beckoned me over to a chess-table, and we sailed in. Before commencing he ordered some more coffee."

"Never heard of coffee as a diet for chess-players," interrupted Wiggins; "that must have been a new wrinkle for the Chicago lads. I suppose the doctor offered you the first move?"

"Not much he didn't," retorted Bilkum; "I didn't even give him a chance. There's nothing mean about Bilkum, and, as I was the challenger, I told him to shoot ahead. We started off like this":

| *White.* Zukertort. | *Black.* Bilkum. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 6—B x P | 6—Kt Kt3 |
| 2—Kt QB3 | 2—B B4 | 7—B K3 | 7—P Q3 |
| 3—P B4 | 3—P x P | 8—B QB4 | 8—Castles |
| 4—Kt B3 | 4—Kt K2 | 9—Castles | 9—Kt B3 |
| 5—P Q4 | 5—B Kt3 | 10—Kt KKt5 | 10—Kt x P |

"Good enough, old boy!" broke in Wiggins, who had followed the game with intense interest. "That was a clever trick of yours."

"So I thought," continued Bilkum; "but just then my opponent's coffee gave out, and as he hammered on the table for more, he looked up, with a smile, and remarked: 'Ah, I see what you want. You want to give me double check. But no matter; I have known many persons who have had double check and survived it.' Then what do you suppose he did? Look at this for cheek":

| | |
|---|---|
| | 11—Q R5! |

"That's easily managed," said Wiggins; "shove up your pawn."

"So I did," said Bilkum.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 11—P R3 |
| 12—Kt x P | 12—R x Kt |

"As I took the knight," added Bilkum, "my queer antagonist gave utterance to a most incomprehensible exclamation. Wiping off his chin, he muttered, slowly: '*Sonderbare Mixtur von Genie und Leichtsinn.*'"

"What in thunder does that mean?" asked Wiggins.

"Well," reluctantly replied Bilkum, "I suppose a literal translation would be: 'Marvelous combination of genius and stupidity.'"

"Rather a left-handed compliment," added Wiggins, provokingly. "Of course, he took the rook."

"Yes; and the knight as well," sighed Bilkum.

| | |
|---|---|
| 13—B x R ch | 13—K R sq |
| 14—KB x Kt | 14—Kt K7 ch |
| 15—Q x Kt | 15—B x B ch |
| 16—Q x B | 16—Q K2 |

"I was badly rattled by this time," explained Bilkum, "and was going to bring my queen clear out, but he stopped me by lookir g up between two sips of his infernal coffee, and ejaculating: 'Not too far, or else I might see the mate, you know.' So I just dropped the queen on the first square she came to."

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 17—R B7 | 17—Q Q sq | 20—R x B | 20—Q R5 |
| 18—QR KB sq | 18—B K1 | 21—Q QB3 | 21—R KKt sq |
| 19—Kt Q5 | 19—B x R | 22—Kt K7 | |

"Crowding you pretty close, wasn't he?" maliciously observed Wiggins.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 22—Q Kt5 |
| 23—P KR3 | |

"Why, he could have mated you in three moves!" shouted Wiggins, delighted to have caught the champion in an oversight. "Why didn't he bring down his queen and capture your pawn?"

"That's exactly what he remarked a second after he shoved the pawn; but he wasn't quite quick enough. Anyhow, it didn't make much odds, for he got in his work just the same next move."

| | |
|---|---|
| | 23—Q Kt4 |
| 24—Q x P ch | 24—R x Q |
| 25—R B8 ch | 25—R Kt sq |
| 26—R x R mate. | |

"That was about the end of your little racket," said Wiggins, as Bilkum concluded. "I suppose you'd tumbled to him by that time, hadn't you?"

"Tumble to nothing," said Bilkum. "I examined the position a minute, and, as I rose to leave, remarked: 'Well, stranger, you gave me a tight pull of it this game, but I shall expect my revenge sometime when I'm down here again.' He looked up with that queer expression on his face, and replied, slowly: 'I think you are under a little mistake, sir, I don't believe you understood my name. I live in London, and am called Zukertort.'"

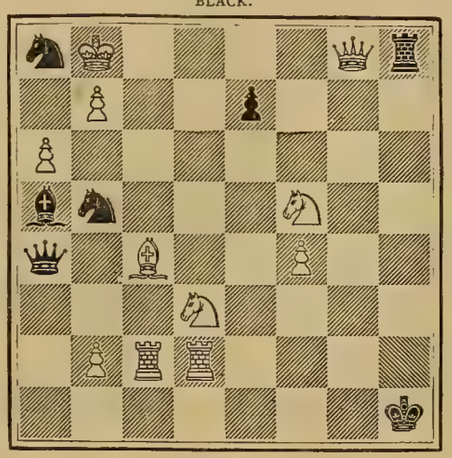
"And what did you have to say to that?" asked Wiggins, anxiously.

"Say!" cried Bilkum; "what could I say? I didn't say anything. I *looked* at him!"

Many years ago, when the old "Morphy Chess Rooms" were in full blast in New York, the problem man, Samuel Loyd, was a daily visitor to that resort, and almost every afternoon did he show a new and curious mate of his own composing. Now, a great many of the habitués of the "Morphy" were people of no very alarming chess skill, and the consequence was that very often Samuel's mates found no solution from the crowd. Loyd soon noticed that in every instance after the solution of a problem was shown, either by himself or some of the more experienced of the players, that two or three of the crowd, who never solved anything correctly, always said, with an air of wonder, "Why, we thought the Pawns were going the other way," the inference, of course, being that had they known the true state of the Pawn's march they would have solved the thing in a jiffy.

Loyd said nothing to all this, but one day he walked into the rooms, and after the thought-the-pawns-were-going-the-other-way crowd had assembled he said to them: "Gentlemen, I made a little problem this morning that I would like to have your criticism on. The condition is for White to checkmate in one move, and you will, of course, readily solve it. I will therefore set it up, and have your judgment on it." He then placed the position thus:

BLACK.

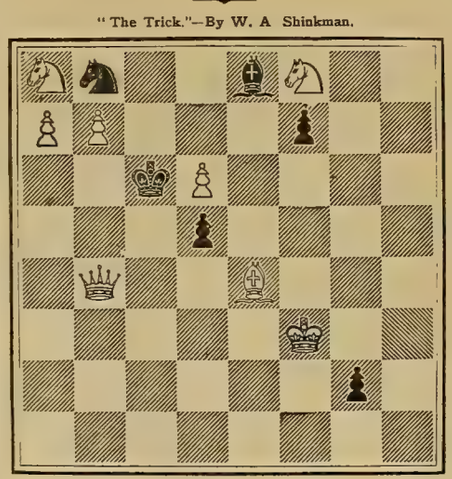


WHITE.

"Mate in one move!" said one of the crowd; "why, anybody can do that. All you have to do is to move Q to Kt2 mate." "You can't do that, the Queen is pinned," said Loyd. "Oh, well," said another, "I can mate with either Rook." "In that case," responded Loyd, "either Queen or Bishop interposes." And so they went on, ineffectually trying B to Q5 ch, Kt checks, Q takes R ch, etc., but it was all of no use. At last they gave it up, and Mr. Loyd said: "I will now show you the solution. Mate can be accomplished in one move by P takes Kt, becoming a Queen, mate." "Oh, that's it, is it?" said the disgusted crowd. "We thought the Pawns were going the other way." "You did, did you?" chipped in Loyd, quick as a flash. "Well, if you thought the Pawns were going the other way, why didn't you mate in one move by Queening the other Knight's Pawn next to the Rook?"

The joke of the position is that Loyd had arranged it so that mate could be given in one move no matter which way the Pawns went.

### "The Trick."—By W. A Shinkman.



Mate without making a move.

### Problem—By Joseph N. Babson.

WHITE—King at K Kt6; Queen at Q B5; Rooks at K Kt5, Q Kt2; Bishops at Q R sq, Q5; Knights at K B4, K B5; Pawns at K R7, K Kt3, K B7, Q3, Q7, Q R7.
BLACK—King at K4; Bishop at K sq; Knight at Q Kt sq.

White has a choice of forty-seven different ways of mating on the move.

### A "Variety Show"—By W. A. Shinkman.

WHITE—King at Q R7; Queen at K4; Bishop at Q B4; Pawns at Q B2, Q B7, Q R3, Q R4, Q R6.
BLACK—King at Q B4; Pawns at Q Kt2, Q R4.

Mate in one move with Queen.
Mate in two moves with Rook.
Mate in three moves with Bishop.
Mate in four moves with Knight.
Mate in five moves with Pawn.
Mate in six moves by moving the King alone.

### Puzzle—By F. S. Ensor.

Place Black King at his Q R sq. Use three White Queens placed at Q sq, B sq, Kt sq. Mate in seven without moving either Queen from the royal line.

### Chess Puzzle.

BY REV. A. CYRIL PEARSON.

[In placing the pieces for the puzzles, notation for White only to be used.]

WHITE—King at Q Kt4; Knights at Q R3, Q B3.
BLACK—King at Q B sq; Knights at Q2, Q Kt2.

Change the position in as few moves as possible, so that White will occupy Black's squares, and Black those of White, White and Black playing alternately, and not moving either of the Kings into check; the moves to be confined within the sixteen squares in the left-hand corner of the board made by R sq R4, Q4 and Q sq.

### Zig-zag Puzzles.

BY ANONYMOUS.

King at R2; Queen at R3; Rook at R sq; Bishops at Kt sq and 2; Pawns at Kt3, B2 and 3. Use only the nine squares made by B sq, B3, R3, and R sq. The Pawns are immovable. Move the five pieces so that the King can reach the only vacant square—B sq. The King must not, however, at any time move to the centre square, and the pieces must be moved according to the laws of chess governing their movements.

BY DR. F. S. SAVAGE.

WHITE—King at KR4; Queen at K sq; Rooks at KB sq, KKt sq; Bishops at KR3, KKt3; Knights at KR2, KKt2; Pawns at Q2, K2, KB2, 3, 4, KKt4, 5, 6.
BLACK—Bishop at KR sq; Knight at Q sq; Pawn at KR6.

Use only the thirty squares made by Q sq, Q6, KR6 and KR sq. In how few moves can King capture the Knight without moving a pawn or making a capture, except on the final move? Black not to move.

BY W. A. SHINKMAN.

WHITE—King at KR2; Rooks at KR sq, KKt3; Bishops at KKt sq, KKt2; Pawns at K2, KB2, 3, 4, KKt4, KR3, 4.
BLACK—Knight at K sq.

Use only the sixteen squares made by K sq, K4, KR4 and KR sq. Capture the Knight with King in twenty-seven moves without moving a Pawn, Black Knight not to move, and King not to move in check.

Game played between Messrs. McDonnell and De Labourdonnais. The notes are by Mr. Howard Staunton:

KING'S BISHOP'S OPENING.

| *White.* Mr. McD. | *Black.* Mr. De L. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 28—Kt QR3 (f) | 28—B KB3 |
| 2—B QB4 | 2—B QB4 | 29—B QKt2 | 29—P KKt5 |
| 3—P QB3 | 3—Q K2 | 30—Kt QB4 | 30—P KB6 |
| 4—Kt KB3 | 4—P Q3 | 31—Kt K5 ch | 31—B x Kt |
| 5—Castles | 5—B QKt3 | 32—P x B | 32—P KR5 |
| 6—P Q4 | 6—Kt KB3 | 33—QR Q sq | 33—P B7 ch (g) |
| 7—Kt QR3 (a) | 7—B KKt5 | 34—K R sq | 34—P KR6 (h) |
| 8—Kt QB2 | 8—QKt Q2 (b) | 35—R Q3 | 35—R KKt sq |
| 9—Q Q3 (c) | 9—P Q4 | 36—P Kt5 | 36—P Kt6 |
| 10—P x P | 10—P K5 | 37—P x P | 37—R x P |
| 11—Q Q2 | 11—P x Kt | 38—R Q4 | 38—QR KKt sq |
| 12—R K sq | 12—Kt K5 | 39—P K6 ch | 39—K Q sq |
| 13—Q KB4 | 13—P KB4 | 40—QR Q sq | 40—P KR7 |
| 14—P x P | 14—P KKt4 | 41—P K7 ch | 41—K Q2 |
| 15—Q K3 | 15—Kt K4 (d) | 42—P Q8 ch | 42—P x P |
| 16—B QKt5 ch | 16—P QB3 | 43—P x P ch | 43—K x QBP |
| 17—P x B | 17—Kt x KKtP | 44—P K8 (Q) ch (i) | 44—R x Q |
| 18—Q K2 | 18—P x B | 45—K x P | 45—R K3 |
| 19—P KB3 | 19—QKt KB3 | 46—R Q8 sq ch | 46—K Kt4 |
| 20—P x Kt | 20—Kt x P | 47—P QR4 ch | 47—K Kt5 |
| 21—Q x P ch | 21—Q Q2 | 48—B Q B3 ch (j) | 48—R x B |
| 22—Q x Q ch | 22—K x Q (e) | 49—R x R | 49—K x R |
| 23—P QB4 | 23—QR K sq | 50—P Q7 | 50—R Q3 |
| 24—P QB5 | 24—B Q sq | 51—K Kt2 | 51—R x QP |
| 25—P Q6 | 25—P KB5 | 52—R QB sq ch | 52—K Q6 |
| 26—P QKt4 | 26—KR B sq | 53—K B sq (k) | 53—K K6 |
| 27—R KB sq | 27—P KR4 | And Mr. McDonnell resigned. | |

(a) B KKt5 appears to me a better move.
(b) Taking the KP would evidently have been unwise, because White could have replied with 9 B Q5.
(c) A remarkable error for such a player in such a match to make.
(d) The learner will do well to note the resource of these two great masters in a position so complex and difficult as the present.
(e) Mr. McDonnell seems now to have overcome the difficulties which his ninth move involved, with wonderful success. It will be found, however, that his position is not so secure as it looks.
(f) If 28 P KR4, then probably would have followed —Kt Kt6; 29 R B2, P KKt5, etc.
(g) Mark how finely these pawns are manœuvered.
(h) The natural move is 34—P KKt6, but then followed 35 P KR3, and it is not easy to see a way out of the dead lock.
(i) How fine is all this! The study of a few such games is almost a liberal chess education.
(j) He had no better move.
(k) If 53 R Q sq ch, K K7 wins.

The following game is considered by many the most beautiful on record:

KINGS BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

| *White.* Anderssen. | *Black.* Kieseritzky. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 12—P KR4 | 12—Q KKt3 |
| 2—P KB4 | 2—P x P | 13—P R5 | 13—Q Kt4 |
| 3—B B4 | 3—QR5 ch | 14—Q KB3 | 14—Kt Kt sq |
| 4—K B sq | 4—P QKt4 | 15—B x P | 15—Q B3 |
| 5—B x KtP | 5—Kt KB3 | 16—Kt QB3 | 16—B B4 |
| 6—Kt KB3 | 6—Q KR3 | 17—Kt Q5 | 17—Q x QKtP |
| 7—P Q3 | 7—Kt KR4 | 18—B Q6 | 18—B x KR |
| 8—Kt KR4 | 8—Q Kt4 | 19—P K5 | 19—Q x R ch |
| 9—Kt KB5 | 9—P QB3 | 20—K K2 | 20—Kt QR3 |
| 10—P KKt4 | 10—Kt KB3 | 21—KtxKtP ch | 21—K Q sq |
| 11—R KKt sq | 11—P x B | 22—QB6 ch, mates next move. | |

A chess masterpiece played between Anderssen and Dufresne:

EVANS GAMBIT.

| *White.* Anderssen. | *Black.* Dufresne. | *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1—P K4 | 1—P K4 | 13—Q QR4 | 13—B Q Kt 3 |
| 2—KKt B3 | 2—QKt B3 | 14—B QKt2 | 14—B QKt2 |
| 3—B QB4 | 3—B QB4 | 15—QKt K4 | 15—Q KB4 |
| 4—P QKt4 | 4—B x KtP | 16—B x QP | 16—Q KR4 |
| 5—P QB3 | 5—B QR4 | 17—Kt KB6 ch | 17—P x Kt |
| 6—P Q4 | 6—P x P | 18—P x P | 18—KR KKt sq |
| 7—Castles | 7—P Q6 | 19—QR Q sq (a) | 19—Q x Kt |
| 8—Q QKt3 | 8—Q KB3 | 20—R x Kt ch | 20—Kt x R |
| 9—P K5 | 9—Q KKt3 | 21—Q x QP ch | 21—K x Q |
| 10—R K sq | 10—KKt K2 | 22—B KB5 ch | 22—K K sq |
| 11—B QR3 | 11—P QKt4 | 23—B Q7 ch | 23—K B or Q sq |
| 12—Q x QKtP | 12—R QKt sq | 24—B x Kt mate. | |

(a) The commencement of one of the most beautiful combinations on record. Pages of analysis have been devoted to the position from this move, the result being that Anderssen's combination has been found to win in every variation.

# An American Household in Japan.

By BETSY B.

The strangeness of Yokohama, the great seaport of Japan, wears away in a brief day or two. The *jinrikisha* coolies, running about in the hybrid costumes—half native, half foreign—soon become familiar things. For the rest, unless you cross the bridge to the native town, it is easy to forget that you are in the quaint little country which has become the fashion. The narrow streets, lined with two-storied buildings of brick and stone, whose windows make lavish display of nicknacks from all creation, might easily belong in one of our own small towns. The hotels are of superior excellence, and it is possible to live quite sumptuously in the French style for three dollars a day. The foreign residences are all clustered upon "The Bluff," for the Japanese will not sell a rood of land, and prescribe to an inch where the civilized western invaders shall live.

As for the foreigners themselves, it seems to be the effort of their lives to forget, so far as may be, that they are exiles, and they pass their easy hours in one continual round of mild pleasure. They are delightfully hospitable to the stranger who comes accredited. They will wine him, and dine him, and never leave him a lonesome hour to hang heavily; yet he sees but little more of the country he is visiting than a new race of domestics—numerous, silent, light-footed, and strangely polite.

But in Tokio, only twenty miles away—old Yeddo, as it once was—one may still find something left of old Japan. And when a welcome little note came, one stormy morning, inviting us to a pleasant household in the big capital, we began to feel that we were indeed in Japan. It was a wild March morning when we arrived in the big city, with its million souls and its romantic history. There was a driving rain pelting the travelers as we stepped from the little English railway carriage. We seemed to have entered a new world. There was the rattle of a hundred pairs of clogs down the long walk, and the babel of a musical but utterly strange language in our ears. It seemed to have no kinship with the tongue of any land, and a horrible sense of helplessness and dumbness was beginning to assail us, when we caught sight of the fair Saxon face of our hostess up at the detaining wicket. It shone like a white star among the glossy black top-knots, the snapping, bead-like, black eyes, and the dark, smooth skins of the Japanese who swarmed around her, and it was almost like a home-coming to hear the blessed English of her welcome. She gave our checks, without a word of command, to a small imp in blue at her elbow, and he darted away like a flash. His haste seemed promising, but a good hour had sped when he returned, and found his mistress quite unruffled by the delay. She laughed merrily at our wonderment.

"Ah," she said, "no one hurries who has lived long in Japan. Hurry gives the Japanese apoplexy."

The time-table had worked sad havoc with them when the trains first began to run, she told us afterward. They sauntered to the station in the leisurely way in which they do everything, and groups of them could be found, an hour after starting time, utterly dazed at the idea that the train had gone without them. It was a good six months before they fell into their philosophical habit of saying "shi ka ti nai" (it can't be helped), and a full year before they learned to catch a train; but they have not learned to hurry yet.

The blue-clad *betto* was quite unconscious of delay when he came back and announced the *jinrikishas*. But we had passed the hour pleasantly enough, for we had had a glimpse at the customs of the people. In all the big *shinbashi*, the imposing name by which all, natives and foreigners, call the railway-station, there were no white faces but our own. But there were Japanese of all ranks, from the graceful salaaming courtier down to the cart coolies, who are more like beasts than men. They are one of the first sights in Japan, even in Yokohama, for they regard the horse as too noble an animal to bear ignoble burdens. They are the most abject and miserable of the race, and they looked more deplorable than ever in the wet March morning, as they walked away in fours with a long string of big-wheeled carts heavily laden. There was a melancholy limp in the fluttering blue rags of their *kimonos* as they fell against their bare brown legs, and their tired eyes looked more ox-like than ever, as the leaders took their places in the shafts and pulled, and tugged, and cried, alternately, "Haida hoi! Haida hoi!" that ceaseless chant with never a falling inflection, which rings through the Japanese streets all the day long. The pushers at the back make no articulate sound, but keep time with a steady "grunt, grunt, grunt," until the passer-by aches for them.

When the crowd had thinned somewhat there was a stir about one of the carriages which had not yet been opened, and a string of well-groomed Japs, in the bifurcated garments of the privileged *samurai* class, began to pour out. There were friends of their own rank upon the platform to meet them, and then began such a bowing and bending, such an exaggeration of politeness, as is left only in the land of the Rising Sun. One old lady and gentleman in particular were evidently of the old school, and were proud of it. The younger generation gazed at them with wide, admiring eyes, and the wider they gazed the more grandiose—from a Japanese point of view—the old people's manners became. They would bow long and slowly until their brows almost touched the very stones of the floor; then, beginning quite as slowly to rise, they would meet each other's eyes half way, and, shocked at their own haste, down would go their heads again. This occurred some eight or ten times before the requirements of formality had been sufficiently observed, and then, by carefully avoiding the meeting of the eyes, they gradually assumed the perpendicular.

The Japanese bow is a thing of exquisite grace in its own country, where the loose garments and flowing sleeves lend themselves so happily to the bending of the figure. A Japanese in the foreign apparel, which they admire so fondly, loses his dignity, his grace, and his symmetry, while the grave courtesy of their sweeping, formal bow becomes an awkward bend accompanied by a funny little duck of the head.

We began to see at last what all the stir was about, for presently, from some mysterious recess, there appeared a gayly caparisoned little *norimon*. This ancient Japanese conveyance is of the palanquin family, but rarely seen now, excepting in the theatres. This especial one was of finest lacquer, with delicately wrought blinds of split bamboo, and swinging curtains of silk. They lifted into it a tiny, shriveled, little old woman, dressed more richly, though in dark stuffs, than any one we had yet seen, and her long gray hair was worn in the court fashion. The decorous crowd polished their brows with the pavement as she was borne down the long walk and through the *shinbashi*, to a rusty old American carriage, which stood in waiting at the door. The *betto*, who was something of a sensationalist, whispered to us that the old lady was the mother of her mighty highness the Empress of Japan. It might have been, for I think it was through the windows of this same rusty old hack that, three days later, we got a glimpse of the Empress herself, all in scarlet satin, and taking the air, surrounded by a shabby-looking lot of mounted guards.

For ourselves, we were tucked into three *jinrikishas*, covered with oiled paper, to protect us from the outer storm; and with the *betto* running ahead to clear the way, we started across the magnificent distances of Tokio. We were bound for the Legation Hill, we never knew how far away, for we passed long lines of black *yashikis*, once the city homes of feudal barons, bowled across an arched bridge, passed the big parade ground where the army is reviewed, and saw dozens of funny little squads of funny little Japs, in zouave costume, before we came to *Urakasu-miga-seki*—which, in the English, is to say, "On the misty hill beyond the tiger's gate." In all this long ride we had seen but one Caucasian face. We strangers exclaimed, in a breath, "Oh, there goes a white man," but got such a reproval as made us remember forever that any one who was not a Japanese was a foreigner, and that the Japs themselves recognize no color line.

The rain had stopped when the *jinrikishas* rattled up to the house door, with all the clamor which we afterward found to be necessary to the coolies. The house-boy salaamed at the door, drew in his breath with that strange form of politeness which is in such universal use with them, and gave us welcome in an exceedingly fine specimen of Japanese rheteroic. At least we were told it must be so, for Plato was accounted a fine scholar and a very pink of politeness. Plato had been with his master ten years, and his Japanese name had been buried a decade ago, when he himself had discovered his own resemblance to a photographed bust of the great Greek philosopher which the professor had carried over seas to hang in his study, for our host was a professor in the Imperial University, and had been one of the first upon the ground when the Japanese began to clamor for western civilization. There are but three hundred foreigners altogether in Tokio, and they are all either diplomatic people or in the employ of the government—not a shopkeeper among them, as it was the pride of the element to boast.

We were rejoiced at such an opportunity to get a deeper insight into the home-life of people abroad than we could possibly have found in state dinners and ceremonious tiffins, and to be able to get a sunny view of the servant question in the one country where it is not a vexed one. We had been told often that the house-boy is the keystone of the arch in a Japanese household, but it was only when we fell under the sway of Plato for a pleasant fortnight that we realized how absolute is the reign of the genus.

Plato stood between his mistress and the entire financial world. He dispensed all the moneys, hired all the servants, and provided the repasts without other consultation than settling up at the end of the month. The snows of many winters had fallen upon his head and given a patriarchal charm to his graceful politeness, so that we felt almost as if Plato himself were a host, when, after a due amount of bowing, he permitted us to step from the little porch-way into the house. There was a shadow of disappointment at first, for the professor had told us in Yokohama that he lived in a Japanese house, which he greatly preferred to the bungalow, usually the desire of the sojourning foreigner. We had caught glimpses of the quaint fashions of their architecture through the ever open door-ways, and had rejoiced at the idea of spending a week in one of such funny little wooden toys as they seemed to be. A great golden six-leaved screen, across which flamed a brilliant peacock, divided the hall-way, but we stepped into a little drawing-room which was as ultra-American as anything you could find at home. Our hostess must have seen the flash of disappointment cross our faces, for she laughed, and said:

"Oh, I have the curio fever as badly as any one at times, but I have banished everything Japanese from this one room, and here I come to sit and sigh, and dream I am in America when I get homesick. But we have a Japanese room for you. It is only the front of the house that is foreign."

Two pretty *ahmahs* came in to lead the way, and help us to dispose of our hats and traveling wraps. The *ayah* of India becomes the *ahmah* in Japan, for there is a certain kinship in terms all through the Orient, as we found from the moment we sat down to tiffin, the mid-day meal, until our friends gave us good-bye at the French "hatoba," on the "Bund" in Yokohama. The two *ahmahs* chanced to have one name, "Nobu." The elder Nobu was the baby's *ahmah*, and had long forsworn cosmetics and all the vanities of her little world. Her eyebrows were shaven and her teeth were blackened, to show that she was a married woman, and she had no charm left but the inherent politeness of the race, which makes them fascinating, however old and ugly they may be. Nobu the younger had been married, too, only last year, but her teeth were gleaming white, and there was a short straight line over her shining black eyes. She mentioned once, with great candor, that she had married a fool, but that she had left him as soon as she found it out. I believe the process took but three short months, and Nobu confessed with great frankness that as soon as she found a wise man she would marry again. Being asked in what her husband's folly consisted, she gave answer naïvely that "he did not know how to make money." Wise Nobu!

The Japanese room was delightful. It was in the second story, and, as Japanese houses are usually one-storied buildings, their staircases are not triumphs of the builder's art. They are, in fact, narrow, dark, and precipitous, but as a Japanese lamp stood at the head and foot, not the imported swinging lantern, but the tall light used by the people in their houses, one felt as if living out a bric-à-brac episode and enjoyed it all the more. The room was a sixteen-mat room, divided in two by a sliding screen, and abounded in the oddest little nooks and crannies. There was not a peg to hang anything upon, for the Japanese fold everything. There was not a latch nor a bolt, for everything slides. It was the lightest and airiest-looking place imaginable, for the white wood was neither stained nor painted, the floor was of light matting, and the doors and windows (they are one) of rice paper.

M. and I felt a genuine pang as our French heels ground into the soft, matted floor that first day, and thenceforth reverently removed our shoes and slipped our feet into bath slippers at the door. We began to understand why we had been stumbling over sandals and clogs in every hallway since we had landed. The Japanese will not walk upon their soft, yielding, matted floors except in their stocking feet, and either habit or politeness prevents their wearing sandals or clogs upon a hard floor when entering a room to serve their masters. They drop their shoes at the doorway, and as there are so many servants about a household, the hall-ways hold an odd collection of footwear.

The foreign furnishings in the Japanese room looked strangely enough in such setting, but as we had not learned to sleep in the fashion of the country—rolled up in a quilted "futone" and resting upon a wooden pillow—we submitted patiently to having the bric-à-brac harmonies disturbed with a civilized bed. There was a tall lacquered screen with a panel of split bamboo to reconcile us, and over against the opposite wall a bigger, six-leaved screen, where storks, and dragons, and lotus leaves were curiously involved. Just in the centre of the room stood the great brass *hibachi*, or fire-bowl, which is the hearthstone of the Japanese. It was filled with white ashes, and every morning, before we waked, one of Plato's assistants brought live coals and laid them on the ashes. We heard him opening the sliding wooden outer doors—rude contrivances which protect the pretty paper panes from the weather—and then would come two of the women, with a small wooden bathing-tub, shaped like the little porcelain tubs which one finds for sale at home in the Japanese stores.

When we descended the dark little staircase in the morning, a light-footed lad would start suddenly from out of the shadows, and disappear in the direction of the kitchen. He was posted there to let the cook know that we were ready for coffee. There was no gathering of the family at the breakfast-table, for the professor was off to the university at an early hour, and the mistress of the household always spent the morning with her children, while M. and I went browsing among the shops till tiffin time.

It must have been on the second morning that Plato brought in the coffee with a peculiarly triumphant air, an air which was fully explained when he flanked the coffee-pot with a heaping dish of American buckwheat cakes. While discussing them I caught sight of an eye sparkling with pride in the door-crack. Plato met my wondering glance, and told me, with many blushes, that the eye belonged to the cook, and the cook belonged to him—was, in effect, his wife. She was called "Umé," which in the English is Plum-blossom, and was as tiny and pretty a little Japanese woman as one would meet in a long day's travel. She was many years younger than Plato, and he confessed, in his best English, that she was "the boss." The trained Japanese cook entirely in the French style, and a female cook is rare; but Umé had a fondness for finery, and was willing to work to get it. She toiled for seven *yen* a month. A *yen* should be a dollar, but in the financial condition of the country it is not so much; therefore I was surprised indeed, one day, when she took me into a remote room, and opening a lacquered box, displayed her treasures—a beautiful lavender *obi*, or sash, for which she had paid twenty-seven *yen*, and a set of equally extravagant hair-pins. She laughed heartily, and declared money to be no[illegible]d in

the pocket. "It is well to be pretty," said Umé, with a sly glance at herself. Plato had wanted her, when she entered the family and became an old man's darling, to follow the traditions of her country, and shave her eyebrows and blacken her teeth; but she had chosen rather to do like the *oka san* (the mistress), and remain pretty.

Yet, for all her love of finery, Umé was an economist, and put by for a rainy day. And she carried her economy into the kitchen. She gave us a long succession of courses each day, both at tiffin and dinner, but she furnished each course to go around once to a nicety, and nothing distressed her more than to have her mistress put any one's name in the pot at too late an hour.

We had a good laugh at table, one day, when M. had gone to Yokohama to stop a night. We found one potato less, one paté less, one croquette less, one less of everything that could be so divided, and, when I went up-stairs at night-time, there was one pillow taken off the bed.

She never permitted anything to go to waste more than an accomplished French cook would, and there is not in any case the pilfering of provisions which goes on at home, for out of their small wages the Japanese servants provide their own food. We used to visit them sometimes at their dinner-hour to get a look at their prettily served meals. There were two *hibachi* and a set of low tray tables in the room, and here, sitting upon their heels in the fashion of the country, were the five chatting merrily, for they are a happy people and much given to table conversation.

Umé, for a consideration, prepared the fish and rice for the table-boy, but the other *ahmahs* did their own cooking. Their dishes were all quaintly pretty in shape, and never a one of them without an ornament of some kind. Many of their forms of politeness in eating are something shocking to a foreigner, but they have pretty customs in drinking, and when one of them holds out a tiny shell cup on two fingers, and wishes you good health in her liquid language with eyes and lips, you would drink the awful *saki* though it tasted like boiled beer instead of boiled sherry, as it does. The *betto* did not eat with the others, but lived with his family in a lodge at the gate, and we often stopped to see his queer little babies, like steps of stairs, with their heads shaven according to their years, for Tomo, though he looked like a lad, was the father of three children, a large family in Japan. Possibly his training had something to do with his youthful appearance, for the *bettos* are a distinctive race, and the trade comes down from father to son. They are trained to run from the time they are out of the cradle, and grace and style are studied among the better class of them, as well as endurance. Tomo, his black hair cut short in the foreign fashion and waving in the wind like a field of rice, as he ran down the smooth, narrow streets, was a picture. He still wore the white crest of the family to which he had belonged in the feudal days, and his name in long letters, curiously arranged, adorned the back of his blue *kimono*. His gait was a queer little trot, which did not seem to cover much ground, but carried him along right speedily. He flung his heels high in air with each step, and his hands hung limply from his bent arms. When I expressed my admiration of his style, the professor told me that it was entirely cultivated, and that he was quite celebrated as the most artistic runner in the neighborhood. He interpreted my compliment to Tomo, who, having the gentle, childish vanity peculiar to his people, was greatly pleased, and ever thereafter when I rode behind him, flung his heels more fabulously high and held his hands more fabulously limp. He looked like a new Mercury dashing down the streets, his hair flying as he cried, in long monotone, "Hai! hai! abanai, abanai!" (Get out of the way!) to the reckless foot-passengers who walk always in the middle of the street.

The duties of the *betto* are manifold. He grooms the pony, takes care of the trap, and polishes the family *jinrikisha*. But his main business is to lead the way when his mistress drives, for the Japanese pony is an obstinate little beast, and has never yet been broken to the rein. The ladies hold reins as a mere matter of form, but the pony declines to be managed by them. He follows the *betto* like a lamb, and neither is to be hurried out of the little dog-trot characteristic of them. The pony shares with the Japanese people the idea that it is undignified to be in a hurry, and I never saw a Japanese pony lose his dignity for a single moment. It looks strangely enough at first to see every equipage preceded by a foot-runner, and stranger yet when one begins to observe that the pony will only go where the *betto* leads. But one soon becomes accustomed to this odd condition of affairs, and feels singularly safe in streets where a runaway is unknown. Besides his duties as hostler, the *betto* is the family interpreter, runs all the errands, and carries all the "chits," for everything in Japan is a "chit," from a letter to a bale. The chit-book is the household's mainstay. It was found to be a necessity in a country where *dolce far niente* is the motto of each man's life so far as he can afford to indulge himself, and a Japanese coolie is quite as likely to drop a letter or packet into the canal, to get rid of it, as to deliver it. But the chit-book, a little volume which the ladies sometimes make as fanciful as an album, is as telltale as a District Telegraph boy's slip. The owner describes the parcel sent, and the receiver signs his name against it, so that the coolies are quite outwitted.

But Tomo loved to do his mistress's commissions, for he knew just enough English to understand when people said he was a handsome runner. She complained that the pony grew thinner day by day, and she was compelled finally to change style for fodder, for it came to pass that Tomo was discovered pilfering from the pony's bin, but that was after we had left Fujiyama long behind us. While we were there he took an especial pride in the travelers, and he delighted to go browsing among the shops with us as guide and interpreter. And the rascal knew well where to look for pretty things, although every one went to Plato when a curio man was in demand. I do not remember what Tomo's wages were, but I know the six servants and the pony cost less than forty dollars per month, and there was absolute peace in the household from the drawing-room to the servants' hall.

As nurses, the Japanese *ahmahs* are incomparable. They will take an infant from its mother's arms at birth and care for it tenderly and well. They love their little charges fondly, and the foreign children reared in that heathen land have learned so little of the evils which are familiar with home children that their innocence is really staggering.

Some of the foreign residents say that the Japanese are the cleanest servants in the world, while others dispute their absolute cleanliness, but admit that they are the most orderly. At all events, this one household seemed to move on grooved wheels, and the programme of the day would rout a modest home *ménage* root and branch. Coffee, eggs, and toast were served whenever people chose to get up—whether by ones, twos, or threes. Tiffin at one o'clock was an affair of, at least, four courses. There was tea at four o'clock, or whenever a guest chanced to drop in, and a long dinner at half-past seven or eight, for English customs prevailed altogether. A dinner party is frequent in the most ordinary households, and there are always at least twelve guests.

We used to enjoy the night ride when invited out to dine. The darkness fell early, and all the little night stalls, decked with fantastic lanterns, which begin to spring up at sunset like night mushrooms, lined the narrow streets. We liked to see the seething, trafficking throng part before the shrill *"abanai!"* of the *betto* as we dashed by them.

The servants are as hospitable as their masters, and treat the coolies to unlimited *saki* out doors while their lords are dining within. Their wits have frequently gone woolgathering when it is time to start. And I remember going with fear and trembling along the dark roads of the tree-lined Shiba district one especial winter night, with a drunken coolie in the shafts, for, although the *jinrikisha* is the most comfortable conveyance ever man rode in, it is curiously easy to upset. We found them to be larger in Tokio than in Yokohama, and it was not uncommon to see a Japanese family of four stowed away in one, but they are a tiny people, and two average sized foreigners would have been uncomfortable in the same space. In Yokohama, when you take two coolies, one pushes and the other pulls, but in Tokio they run tandem, and the effect from a distance is exceedingly picturesque. Sometimes at the foot of a hill you are obliged to engage an extra man to push the *karuma* to the top. He asks five cents for this bit of service, and as the regular price is ten cents an hour, there is always a haggle at the end of the ride if you are an unprotected traveler. But Plato always settled the bills at the door, and we never suffered from overcharge in Tokio. Many a long ride we had behind the patient coolies in the bright, crisp weather, but never saw half the sights. We faithfully did the big bazaar and all the temples, and went once through beautiful Uyeno Park, an oriental Fontainebleau, and once through the emperor's garden. We left our *jinrikishas* at the gate, for wheeled vehicles are not allowed upon the roads of this marvelous landscape garden—every grove, every waterfall, every rocky glen of which is the work of human hands. The Japanese are most ardent worshipers of nature, and would shudder over a well-laid-out lawn and garden in other lands. The emperor's garden showed on a large scale what the smaller gardens are intended to be—copies of bits of landscape which have caught the artist's fancy.

We opened our eyes every morning upon a typical little Japanese garden, which, with its dwarfed and contorted pines, its little rolling uplands, its small rocky glen, and tiny cascade, was a miniature of a well-known bit of landscape a few miles out of Tokio.

One morning we heard the delighted cries of the children, and, looking out, saw three small tumblers pirouetting on the grass. The *ooshi-shi* the children called them, and the *ahmahs* treated them now and then to this circus in little. The small Japs were guiltless of garb, excepting short red jackets and red caps, and they carried bells with them like the town-crier. Their bare brown limbs looked hardy and rugged, and they seemed reckless of the biting winter air. Indeed, the Japanese all find their clothes very cumbersome, and they give little favor to the edict passed since the invasion of the foreigner, who objects to nakedness, that the coolies in the towns shall go clothed on the streets. They evade it as much as possible by tucking their *kimonos* into their belts, and the *jinrikisha* men shed their wardrobe in a twinkling when they get out of the town. The uniform of the *bettos* is a blue cotton pantaloon, which fits almost as closely as tights, and they object to them most stoutly.

We went one afternoon to make a call in a district of the town five miles away. There were three of us, and we took three coolies apiece, for speed, besides the *betto*. Our caravan was of most imposing length for a brief call, and we observed all our attendants glancing gloomily at a threatening sky. While we were sipping our tea the rains drops began to patter, and we made a sudden start for home. There was a wild chattering going on out on the veranda of the bungalow, and we found our ten attendant quietly doffing their blue tights and sandals, and cursing the weather in choice Japanese. They stowed their clothes away under the seats of our little carriages, covered us carefully with oiled paper, and dashed away through the mud and rain in bare feet and legs. We were dry as powder, but they were sorry sights as we clattered up to the house door. An hour later, Tomo, clean and radiant, and fresh from a dip in a neighboring bath-house, presented himself at the drawing-room door, ready for orders to make a fresh start. But calling was over for the day, although Tomo knew, to a hair, just how many were due. He had become used to the punctilious foreign element in this matter, and his mistress might easily have kept her social accounts square by trusting herself blindly to his guidance.

Calling is a pleasant pastime in that far land, for every resident is more or less a collector, and they have always something beautiful to show you, though it be nothing more than a new teacup. They are all connoisseurs in the mystic art of porcelain. I recall one charming room which held some fifteen thousand dollars' worth of treasures in porcelain, carvings, and lacquer ware, and the owner, who had been long in Japan, had lost by fire, some years before, a collection which had cost him twenty thousand dollars in money, to say nothing of years of search and the impossibility of replacing many of his treasures.

Every one takes up house, bachelors and benedicts. We visited one pretty cottage, a bachelor's, newly built. It was in the Japanese style, but the owner had discarded their soft matting for carpeted floors, and had replaced their small, paper panes with glass; but the architecture remained the same. He had the black tiled roof with its parabolic curves, the many-paned windows, the big eaves, the uncovered rafters, and the white, unpainted, unstained, native wood with its fine grain and its almost polish. He had even used the Japanese wooden pegs instead of nails in the building of it. He had covered the peg-heads in one room with tiny fans in repoussé bronze, in another with small porcelain plaques in old blue, and so on, with a different finish in each room. His drawing-room table-cloth was an old embroidered *kimono*, and from the door-way to the roof one stumbled across a Japanese treasure at every step. He was given rather to the curious belongings of the people under the *ancien régime* than their modern works of art. He had a complete set of the lacquered chests of the old *daimios* in the hall-ways. On the landings were swords and spears in their racks, armor, arquebusses, and all the paraphernalia of ancient war, and on the walls *kakimono*, which had hung in the temples hundreds of years. He had the steel mirrors and lacquered mirror-stands, a Japanese belle's most choice possession in the olden time; the big, square, deep tray in which their folded garments were laid; and, in one room, a tall lacquered rack, something like a towel-rack, but four times as large. It was shaped like the temple gateways, highly polished, and handsomely inlaid, and it was upon this that some great *daimio's* obsequious servants had once spread the gold-embroidered robes of state that would not bear a fold. In short, he had all the furnishings of a baron's house, and to go through his treasures was like stepping into the old life of the country for a half hour.

The curio hunter will find little left in Japan that is valuable for its age. There were but three hundred barons all told, and their possessions were long since scattered to the ends of the earth. There are still quantities of the old swords, but even the Japanese no longer prize these as they once did, for the name of the maker imbedded in some curiously concealed place, but sell them to the vandal stranger for the lacquer work on their scabbards, and the bronze ornaments on their handles.

Plato introduced a couple of curio men, whom he declared to be *ichi ban*—which, literally translated, is "number one," and is the highest meed of praise they bestow upon any one. They came frequently, with bale after bale of curios, but rarely the article sought for. They always polished their brows with the floor, and acknowledged, with the deepest humility, that they had not the article that day, but would find it though they scoured all Japan for it. But it rarely came. Indeed, shopping in Japan is a most difficult thing, and the inexperienced will do far better in New York or San Francisco. There is very little commercial interchange between the Japanese cities. Tokio uses its own products; Hakodate its own, and Nagasaki is equally independent. And they are all overrun with buyers for foreign markets.

The Japanese themselves are beginning to realize, with a pang, that they have parted with choice possessions, and pounce now upon a real article of virtu with all the avidity of a foreign collector. Indeed, Plato whispered to me one day, in confidence, that I might make a neat speculation by parting with my latest shopping trophy, as a Japanese gentleman had his eye upon it for a long time; but, with the deliberation of his race, had omitted to snap it up. I declined the tempting offer, and brought my bargain in triumph to America.

I longed often to bring an *ahmah*, and a house-boy, and a *betto*, and a *jinrikisha*, and a pair of coolies as well; but the *ahmahs* will not leave their hair-dressers, and the house-boys will not leave sweethearts and wives, and the *jinrikisha* coolies are liable to drop down at any moment with heart disease. And the harmony of the servants' hall does not bear transplanting.

So I forbore. I have been glad many times since that I did not try the experiment, when I have met some of these poor exiles. They lose their individualities altogether in a new land.

Time to go came all too soon. When we had spoken our reluctant farewells to our kind hosts, we found the entire household, under Plato's dignified direction, assembled in the little porch to give us good-bye. Tomo, his brown skin gleaming clean and his locks flying their wildest for the occasion, superintended the line of *jinrikishas* waiting to take us to the *shinbashi* for the last time.

We shall never say good-bye to a kindlier group than that little flock of moon-eyed servants, who had so heartily done their mistress's bidding for our pleasure during that pleasant fortnight in old Tokio.

---

Few of our fair readers know that their fastidiousness in the choice of the herb which cheers but not inebriates is the cause of the establishment of a profession called "tea-tasting," which is as certain death to a man as the continued practice of opium-eating. Each of the large importing houses in Great Britain and American employs one of these tasters. The success of the tea broker, or taster, depends upon the trained accuracy of his nose and palate, his experience in the wants of the American market, and a keen business tact. If he has these qualities in high cultivation, he may make from $20,000 to $40,000 per annum while he lives, and die of ulceration of the lungs. He overhauls a cargo of tea, classifies it, and determines the value of each sort. In doing this, he first looks at the color of the leaf and the general cleanliness of it. He next takes a quantity of the herb in his hand, and, breathing his warm breath on it, he snuffs up the fragrance. In doing this, he draws into his lungs a quantity of irritating and stimulating dust, which is by no means wholesome. Then, sitting down at the table in his office, on which is a long row of little porcelain cups and a pot of hot water, he "draws" the tea and tastes the infusion. He thus classifies the different sorts to the minutest shade, marks the different prices, and is then ready to compare his work with the invoice. The skill of these tasters is fairly marvelous; but the effect of the business is, as has been said, ruinous. They grow lean, nervous, and consumptive. At the end of a hard day's work they feel and act as fidgety and cross as a hysteric old maid.

# At the Sign of the "Luz del Dia."

By YDA H. ADDIS.

Pedro Sangrenueva was the richest young man in the city of Durango. His father—from the scientific point of view it was safe to infer that he had had a grandfather, but genealogically and socially speaking the fact was all unknown—his father, whose existence was a well-assured matter, had been strongly suspected of complicity with the bands of *ladrones* infesting the roads from Chihuahua, and El Valle, and Saltillo, and, in fact, all the avenues leading into the city. A suspicious corroborative circumstance was the rapidity with which Pedro the elder had waxed opulent. At that time, before the incursion of the American legion, and the brisk trade following their administration of the adjacent mines, Durango was a slumbering old city, self-maintaining and self-contained, with few opportunities for the making of fortunes. But, from being a merchant in the smallest of ways, displaying a single *arroba* of white sugar and a few brown cones of the coarser, richer *panoche* under a little booth on the market street, Sangrenueva had attained the leading commercial status in the ever-loyal city, and had added discreetly to his worldly belongings such property as came into market from the financial decadence of its owners; so that at his death young Pedro fell heir to a vast deal of real estate in the city, and ranches moreover, besides the shop of "La Luz del Dia," and to the tradition of the dubious probable source of these possessions.

Sooth to say, the suspicion did him no especial injury. If Pedro the elder had been the leading spirit in those comprehensive enterprises of the knights of the road, the exigencies of that profession certainly demanded both astuteness and valor—attributes which appeal most forcibly to admiration in the Mexican nature. And there was nothing to prove that the son followed the father in office, as in emolument. But the shop—that was a stumbling-block, albeit Durango was far less patrician than other cities of the free and sovereign republic, as to both constituency and policy. But there were families who declined, and with the consistency of descent, to receive young Sangrenueva. Their marriageable daughters perhaps regretted this conservatism, when Sangrenueva stoically ignored their very existence at the mild *tertulias*, where they sometimes met on neutral ground; but young Crœsus made no sign of discontent. So that the tacit forbiddance of *sangre azul* came to have the air of gratuitous, ungracious, and somewhat fussy prematurity.

The merchant was a personable fellow of twenty-six or twenty-eight, rather too tall and too slender for perfect symmetry, but with an assured and un-self-conscious carriage that redeemed his build. Facially, somewhat cold and saturnine; skin more opaquely white than olive, with broad square brow and eyes well set beneath; cheeks wide and somewhat gaunt; a mouth and jaw whose firmness was masked by Spanish conventional imperial and mustache. As to manners, Sangrenueva was a gentleman, polished, if something grave. Indeed, in a community more analytical, there would have been marvel as to where he got the knowledge of *bienséances* that sat so easily on him. In tact and self-control he surpassed his race and generation.

His natural correct taste asserted itself strongly one morning, when he encountered in the Plaza de Armas two strangers who attracted all his interest. Foreigners—of what race he could not tell, lacking the power of comparison to discern the independence and confident poise that mark the American woman. This was a tall, well-modeled shape, with the delicate features and wild-rose coloring of the American pretty girl, with blue eyes and chestnut hair. Seen on her native ground, she would have seemed of no uncommon cast; but she might readily appear almost as an angelic creature to a gaze a trifle dulled to the charms of its own dark Southern types. All the young men loitering on the broad stone walks of the Plaza de Armas, or reclining on its red stucco benches, turned to watch her as she moved away, timing her free long step to the short, heavy pace of her stout old companion; some even sauntered after the receding pair. Sangrenueva saluted an acquaintance near and linked his arm with the other's, thereby deciding the youth's indecision whether to go or stay.

"Are we to have no more *toreos* this season, Valmaseda?"

"Who knows?" the speaker shrugged, and spread his hands, palm downward, with the usual facial accompaniment. "You know the ring is heavy for riding now; no bulls are in, I fancy, and money is saving for the carnival."

"Ay, true; yet Florestino mine, are we not dull and moping? Does it not seem to you well to feel the *va y ven* once more? As for the bulls, Conde's ranchito is not so far away, and Mariano himself is of the most obliging. Come, my soul, let us to see the *comisionarios;* thy father has most influence of all. Come, ours shall be the distinction of organizing *toreo* at this season. Mine be the most expense; I do not use a quarter of my income."

It was not often Sangrenueva mentioned his wealth; even less often did he lavish it. Valmaseda was flattered by the other's allusion to the Valmaseda executive qualification; he was always clay in Sangrenueva's hands. And Valmaseda plumed himself as for his own on the originality of the conception and the promptness of execution that arranged a bull-fight for the following Sunday. Sangrenueva was content his tool should have the glory. He was too sensible of the charm of the picturesque not to be confident that foreigners sojourning in the city would be drawn into attendance at the novel sport.

The two, indeed, were there. Sangrenueva found himself brought beside them with the movement of a new arrival. The girl, without turning, spoke to him, in a tone of strong distaste:

"Ah, you have come back! I fear there will now be shocking sights! See those old, useless horses coming in? It is meant the bulls should gore them, is it not? Come, uncle, let us leave."

She spoke rapidly, in perfect Spanish. Sangrenueva lifted his hat, hesitating how to reply, and at his silence the girl looked at him.

"Señor, I beg your pardon; I took you for our friend, Señor Zubiran."

Any other young man in Durango would have mouthed an impertinent platitude of his pleasure in being taken for her friend. Sangrenueva only bowed in grave ackowledgment.

"But—pardon, señorita, the freedom—have no distress about the horses; they will not be molested."

He moved away. Ten minutes later there was a hitch in the business of the ring; the attendants led out the worthless animals expressly brought for slaughter, and replaced them with fine horses which the *picadores* would be chary of having hurt. Sangrenueva had said a word in the ear of the *administrador*.

Returning from the Plaza de Toros, the young man told himself plainly that he loved this young *gringa*. He recognized the intense, absorbing, and unalterable force that does sometimes characterize a sudden passion. He had seen her, had spoken to her, had learned the name of a mutual acquaintance. Ay, but of all men in Durango, this Lino Zubiran was his most implacable foe. The Zubiran family was of those who, becoming impoverished, had seen their estates pass into the elder merchant's hands. True that Lino, the eldest son, had always made a point of maintaining amicable relations; but Sangrenueva had an instinctive feeling that this subserved inimical purposes.

Revolving the situation, he walked with downcast eyes, and stopped short only when, turning a corner sharply, he almost struck against a group standing on the flags under the wide-arched corridor of the Casa de Juzgado. They were the strangers and Padre Contreras—the cleverest priest in Durango, and the most popular, and the most immoral, and the most successful. His churchly zeal was a fine trait that in some measure compensated for his dissolute private life.

"Ah, it is thou, my son! Then stay; we are well met. I am just at a loss, and thou wilt set me right. Come home with me to dinner. I have the honor to entertain these American friends, who do me the favor to overlook formality in a bachelor—and a *cura*." Then the father formally presented the young man to the Señor Don Roberto Ward, and his niece, the señorita, "how do you call it—Maud? *Valgame, pues*, how shall one translate your romantic pagan names, which own no names in all the calendar?"

"You retrogade, my father," said the girl; "you have ceased to study English, else you would know that my 'pagan' name is derived from sainted Magdalena."

"Ah, well," quoth the padre, in excellent English, "out of Boston, one leaves off Bostonese. I speak your tongue when I am in your country—I forget it like a patriot when I come home." He lapsed back to the common language. "You will let me acknowledge the hospitality you showed to me last year. It will go hard but you see novel doings; your countrymen lose the most picturesque of Mexico by an excess of discretion. One should doff straight-laced prejudice in travel. Happily, as I know, you both are liberal-minded."

They dined in a large, lofty *sala*, with painted, paneled walls, and ceiling crossed with heavy cedarn *vegas*, rough-hewn in olden workmanship, with incut pattern lines of tarnished gilding. The *padre's* artistic taste had left the room its virginal belongings. There were queer triangular corner tables, with odd side-frames of crimson silk, fluted to a brass central ornament; quaint old-fashioned chairs, upholstered in faded silken damask; unique cabinets of Spanish make, and some of native design, semi-barbaric in finish. Some concession to modern taste the *cura* had made, by the addition of pottery and weapons; but no foreign incongruities marred the harmonious whole. The floor was still of small tiles, red and square, and the room was warmed by a charcoal fire that burned in pyramid form on a squat earthen brazier, wide and shallow, fanned, when it died down, with a blower of woven reeds wielded by a brown *muchacho*, who scanned the *gringo* guests in blankest wonder.

The *cura* was a thorough man of the world, as all true churchmen should be. It suited some purpose of his own that his guests should stand well with one another, and his infinite tact continued to present each in the most attractive light. Mr. Ward's utilitarian plans took on the guise of pure philanthropy; and when his niece made consequential little dips into the conversation of her elders, Sangrenueva, himself quite ignorant of the themes, found her girlish wisdom marvelous. And the *cura* drew him out also. On the resources and manners of his country, the young man could speak forcibly and well; and these were the topics best calculated to hold the American interest.

"Oh, we shall find such land as you wish to purchase," said the *padre;* "a twelvemonth hence, you, Don Roberto, will be a *Mejicano* naturalized. Such citizens would go far to reconcile our masses to annexation. We are not fools; we can see practical advantage. And Maudalena here might even peace-make farther," he added, slyly.

"Indeed, that well might be," the girl asserted; "witness the wife of General Corona. American though she is, the people love her."

Sangrenueva found no repulsion, only charm, in her unabashed acceptance of the *padre's* hint.

"And you are very fortunate in the season. Lent is so near that our decorous old city is taking what she may of festal life, lest Easter shall not come. Pedrito of my heart, shall we not show our friends good social cheer?"

"You, no doubt, will so do them honor. But I, as you well know, *muy señor cura mio*, am not a social sponsor. I am *comerciante*—a trader."

"*Pa*, then! you must crack that shell of defiant pride. Talk of hidalgo blood—your haughtiness excels them all. You have no right to fling disdain in the teeth of the world thus, *hombre*. We must tame this haughty spirit, shall we not?"

And Maud looked into Sangrenueva's eyes with pretty audacity, and promised willing aid.

"Now, there are laymen," said the *cura*, dryly, a droll twinkle in his keen, black eyes, "who would bar the poor clergy from all worldly pleasure. Why, we are only men! Now, as for me"—he gave the usual shrug—"I see no harm in simple temporal joys. I am a social soul, and love to meet my kind. In this recess between retreat and Lent, I shall mingle, modestly, in the gatherings of the season, and thou, Pedrito mine, shalt come with me."

And in effect, whether spontaneously or at the *cura's* instance, Sangrenueva found himself included in every company where the tall priest appeared.

"You must go everywhere," the *cura* said, at the close of a long confidential interview between himself and Pedro. "Say what you will of woman's love for the hapless! The victorious man, the successful in the world, is the one who wins with women. Let Lino Zubiran appear to outrank you, and Lino Zubiran will wed your lady. Look you, my son, your willing aid to the good cause is mighty; I would fain help you to obtain your bride. Compel her to respect you and your power, and let her never witness your defeat."

So Sangrenueva met the Wards at every turn, for they were omnipresent. The *cura* was indefatigable in reciting the hospitality uncle and niece had shown him in his ever-memorable journey to "Nueva York." So much of attention! such sympathy! such distinction! to a foreigner, and a poor, obscure *cura!* The priest's spare, towering form took an added height of proud humility. But his most telling *coup* was the announcement of Sangrenueva as his proxy in a reception to be tendered the Wards on the last night of Carnival, Wednesday of Carnestolendas. The case insured acceptance of every invitation Pedro should issue; none could afford to slight the representative of the *cura's* hospitality.

* * * * * * * *

Meanwhile the Wards went everywhere, with the true travelers' confident promiscuity. Pedro and Zubiran both hovered near, as if to balk each other's opportunity.

"Why are those women mincing bits of paper?" queried Miss Ward, standing in the quaint Plaza de Mercado. All down the market's length the mellow sunlight slipped in golden shafts between *petate* shafts, spread out to roof each huckster's little space. Mats lying on the stone flags held the wares. Beside, on her sheepskin rug, or bamboo stool covered with undressed ox-hide, mottled, red, or brown, the good *marchante* sat. And every woman, chaffering over her *chiles*, or her little heap of yarns, held a tray, a dish, or a basket, whereinto she busily snipped infinitesimal bits of gaudy paper and a crisp, rustling tinsel. The mass looked bright, and soft, and dainty. Of what use could it be?

"That is the paper," Zubiran responded, "for *carnestolendas*, the filling for *cascarones*."

"Then, what are *cascarones?*"

Pedro took up the theme. He had a better gift of speech than Lino. He told how all the year the populace save and hoard up all egg-shells, emptied through one small aperture; how, cleansed, and stained of brilliant hues, the brittle shells received this powdered paper, and sealed, served as munitions for the carnival's merry warfare. What the *confetti* are to the Roman revel, what floral missiles are at Mardi Gras, what showers of flour in *tierra caliente*, that is the *Durangeño cascaron*. Observing the explanation in progress, some of the market-women came near, and, with the inherent courtesy of their race, presented their clustered sheets of paper, cut into fringe as fine as thread, to show the clipping process.

"She will see! They will show!" chuckled the smiling dames. "Ay, but such a fair señorita is like to be buried in *carnestolendas*."

And Miss Ward was made to understand that *cascarones* would be crushed above her head in direct proportion to the admiration she commanded. If the two gallants beside her were fair examples of Durangeño ardor, it was safe to infer she would suffer no neglect.

* * * * * * * *

On the eve of Carnival, Sangrenueva came to the stopping-place of the Wards, and presented himself in the *sala* before Maud.

"Will you like to come down into a *callejon?*" he said, "to see the people burn Judas? It is a custom with our lower orders. Shall I then fetch Don Roberto?"

He brought them to a side street, thick-laid with dust from many trampling feet. An eager crowd surged in that narrow limit. All the plebeian tenants of the quarter, with many an added gazer; fruit-venders, with broad, flat wooden trays balanced upon their heads, high-he

varied fruits—figs, plantains, custard-apples, cacao-nuts, and alligator-pears, huge, purple, sleek; boys hawking savory cheese-cakes; sellers of Guadalaxara's fragrant *loza*, jars, water-bottles, flagons, quaintest toys; alms-askers for the churches, bearing print or effigy of tutelary saints, enshrined in glazed tin cases, with receptacle at top for offered tribute; criers of sweets and comfits, forgetting to vaunt their wares in the absorbing interest of the moment. Here and there was a *cargador* of water, his little donkey loaded with bent-wood paniers, holding four smooth, red *cantaros*—classic jars, such as might have been classic amphoræ, or mayhap the vessels borne by Rebekah and her maidens; even one or two *carboneros*, from the mountains, belated in disposing of their loads, rested a heavy hand on the great bags of charcoal, lashed, three on a side, on the patient little *burros*. A rope was stretched from roof to roof across the street, and from it Judas hung, an effigy of life-size, dangling a little way above the crowd, and whirling helplessly, now fast, now slow, as they cuffed him, struck him with staves, flapped him with broad-leafed hats, pinched him, spat upon him—any and every indignity they could offer without damaging his construction. It was curious to observe that the waxen face of the image had naught of Semitic cast. To the betrayer Iscariot—type of all they held most execrable—the *naïf* vindictive people had given a characteristic countenance of the hated Gacloupin, the once o'ermastering Spaniard.

The tumult partially subsided as some men near the figure lifted on high a butcher of coarse aspect. His long black hair streamed over his swart, fierce face like the unkempt locks of a madman; his loose white cotton drawers, and short shirt worn outside them, were stained and splashed with blood from his victims of the shambles. His voice rang high and wide in screeching accents:

"What is fit to be done to the wretch who sold the Lord?"

The crowd responded, in every tone and key: "Why, singe him!" "Burn him!" "Roast him!"

"Ay, *mis amigos todos!*" the butcher cried again; "that will we, then! Burn we his body here as the devil broils his soul in hell forever!"

A long howl of rage and hate went up, like the cry of infuriate beasts. This was the signal they had been awaiting. A hundred brawny arms were tossed aloft. From coals snatched out of braziers in the houses, from clashing flint and steel, from cigarettes, from the dainty waxen double-ended matches of the country, at a hundred various points the dangling shape received a touch of fire. Then tiny tongues of flame lapped, withered, and crackled; the figure whirled with the force of heated air, and all at once, from head and hands and feet burst forth a shower of *cohetes*—little native rockets, that hissed and hurtled waspishly among the multitude.

At the unexpected detonation, Miss Ward made an affrighted, involuntary start, and drew close to the merchant. For a moment it almost seemed he would shield her in his arms. His cold and austere face took on a tenderness that transfigured the man, no longer mocking and defiant.

The exploding rockets flew, with smoke and clatter, until, with a great burst and roar, the whole figure blew into scattered pieces amid the crowd. Then all the barbarous instincts broke their bounds, and, with a horrible ferocity, savage, brutal, tooth and nail the people fell upon the fragments, and bit, and rent, and tore like ravening beasts. The figure's former human semblance made the spectacle sickening. Miss Ward put up her hands to her eyes, revolted.

"Oh, let us hurry home! This sight is frightful!"

Pedro's long, mighty arms parted the crowd, as a strong swimmer cleaves the water. Maud, falling through the struggling mass that filled the narrow pavement, caught a whisper that pierced its way through the confusing clamor distinct as a serpent's warning:

"Upon the long upstart a thousand curses! Shall we not crop his crest three days from now?"

And the speech was made in French; a tongue she knew that neither of her companions understood. She quickly turned and caught a glimpse of Lino Zubiran, bending forward in speech with a man she did not know. Then the surging mob closed in between and hid them from her view. Certainly they must mean Sangrenueva; no other man in the street was remarkable in stature.

"I will tell him as we go homeward," she resolved. But the kaleidoscopic street-pictures of the season interposed and drove the matter from her memory.

* * * * * * * *

Two days later she sat on a balcony looking into the Plaza Mayor, and watched the populace a-frolic in the teeming streets below. For once was dropped the national languor and melancholy. The people raced and romped through the wide archways in gay hilarity that mocked the stately columns. It was almost as if a variegated snow lay in the broad paved corridors under their fluted arches. The very streets were carpeted with brilliant débris of broken *cascarones*. Every sinewy peasant from the outlying *campos* had a mass of bright *carnestolendas* powdering his black shock of hair, every olive-skinned girl was thickly crowned, every waddling *tamalera* had her share.

"But your *gente de razon?*—they hold aloof," the girl complained. "I like better the way of Rome, where high and low meet once a year upon common ground."

The *cura*, standing near her, shook his head. "The Durangeño stomach heaves with pride. We others war with *cascarones*, too, but statelily, apart, among ourselves. Wait, you will see to-night. But on the streets, ah, no! Only such as play to serve an end, like Zubiran out yonder."

"Lino out!—where? I do not see him, father."

The *cura* pointed Lino out, and Maud sprang up with a startled air.

"Who is the man with him? Oh, father, listen what I heard them say."

Padre Contreras looked grave at her recital. "I know the man; 'tis Colonel Juan Gallardo. His troops are keeping out the newly elected Governor of Durango. I doubt not he and Zubiran are plotting mischief, and Sangrenueva is the governor's friend. Would you had told me sooner!"

But at this very note of battle the *cura's* aggressive lip grew tense with resolution. He hastened away. Ten minutes later the noblest horse in Chato Uina's corral sped out toward Ojo del Agua; Chato's hardest-riding courier bestrode his back, bearing a dispatch to General Quesea.

* * * * * * * *

It was surely an access of bravado that made Sangrenueva that night close the great cavern doors of his superb *zagrean*, having his guests shown in by a side entrance, that flaunted the shop in their eyes with all the emphasis of added lights. If the conservative came hither grudgingly, still they came, curious also.

"We come to-night to see Padre Contreras," said Clara Zubiran, Lino's pert younger sister. "And as for this long mercer!—to have danced in his house makes no obligation to receive him in ours."

Her mother chid her candor. Clara's philosophy, no doubt, was as the view of the world; but one need not expound one's principles of action. Pedro's splendid great *salas* were gorgeous to behold. No matron there but felt a twinge of envy, seeing their magnificence, that excelled her own.

"*Por Dios!* Not an altar in Durango has such lace, has such gilding, such painting! But that so rich a man should be thus careful of his carpets!"

For Sangrenueva had caused to be laid a canvas for the dancers; and, like most innovations, that convenience met with misapprehension.

The sumptuous supper was ended—and many had lingered long at its rites. Returned the dancers to the bright salons, mysterious burdens appeared upon the chairs, the broad window ledges—in every nook and corner of deposit. Staid elderly hidalgos, grave and stately, bore, each in back-turned hand, hatfuls of eggs, gaudy as cactus-blossoms. Dapper young dandies, simpering with importance, sidled and slipped from group to group, holding silk handkerchiefs, tied into trampers' bundles, with bulbous outlines telling of their contents. Mantles and scarfs, burnous and gathered draperies, attested the ladies' superior arts for contraband traffic. Still, not a *cascaron* was broken. The band struck up "La Habanera." The dance went once around the rooms, measured and graceful as old-time minuet. Then Don Felipe Villareal, taking his partner's hand in the salute, bent his stately silvered head to kiss her slender fingers, and, as she rose up from her courtesy, he held his left hand over her shining locks, crushing a brittle shell, and gently cast aside the fragments, while the cut paper sifted in bright drift upon her head, a unique decoration. Then half a score of hands met over her and rained their perfumed siftings. The young American had brave initiation.

The signal once given, in an instant the whole room was the scene of a pretty warfare. If a trace of formality remained, it gave an added grace that redeemed the play from objectionable freedom. Every person in the room made a point of breaking at least one *cascaron* with every acquaintance present. Beyond this, many gentlemen went armed with little caskets, from which, with a smiling, courteous "Permit me?" they scattered pinches of powdered gold-leaf also. The fine-cut paper-snow lay thick on hair and raiment, harmless as air, and beautifully effective, as myriad tiny points of tinsel glittered, catching the light in new display with every breath and motion.

Padre Contreras moved among the guests, suave, urbane—to the eye serene, untroubled. But he was ill at ease as any flagellated *penitente*. Early in the evening he had caught a fragment of conversation between Colonel Gallardo and Zubiran: "*Get him into the garden at three; we'll take him thence.*"

From that moment the *cura* showed a fondness for the soldier's society that could but be conspicuous.

"The *cura* is courting the *militario*," said some of the less reverent of his parishioners and guests.

"Then is his wooing proxy for his brother," quoth the more discerning. "Thou blind one, hast forgotten the padre and General Quesea are children of one mother?"

"*Ay, deveras!* it is thus; and the governor elect is barred out of his capital, and needs the soldier's backing. But Juan Gallardo is of the opposition, and a Sinaloense—the stubbornest they of donkeys."

"Ay, but our *cura* is a man of ways. Whom the bit will not stop, the whiplashes must hasten."

Colonel Gallardo also was ill at ease. He wore a shame-faced look that deepened into misery when near Sangrenueva. He finally sought out Lino Zubiran.

"My good friend, we must modify our plans. To apprehend the man who is my host—it is unworthy gentleman or soldier. We can do this to-morrow——"

"*Basta de esto!* Nothing of to-morrow. *Conducta* from Chihuahua comes to-morrow. That train brings fifty thousand dollars to open the gates to General Quesea. Once distributed those *pesos fuertes*, the padre's brother may walk into the city on the prostrate bodies of your men. We'll take this self-appointed treasurer to-night."

Padre Contreras went to Maud, as the hour was nearing three.

"Thou art remiss in courtesy, my daughter. Thou hast broken no *cascaron* with Lino Zubiran. There is a marvelous little painting in the cabinet behind the *comedor*. Go, bid him show it thee."

"Ah, *señor cura*," said the girl, "tell me what reason?"

"God save us!" cried the padre; "how you are difficult! A Mejicana would just obey her director. Mark me," he said, with sudden change of tone, "the reason is Pedro's safety. On his life, keep Lino by your side until I set you free!" Then the padre went back to the warrior of his devotion, and clung to the hero's side, to his discomfiture.

"*A la hora!*" the hero muttered, as the clocks were striking three. "And Zubiran missing this good quarter hour. Well—forward to gulp my bitter draught, though this blackcoat eye my grimace."

He set out for the ample, dusk gardens, his very tread telling his reluctance. When half way down the long Mauresque corridors, swift footsteps beat behind the nervous pair. Foam-flecked, dust-stained, a courier sought the padre. He whipped off his broad hat, trembling with haste and fatigue, till every little bell on his leathern trousers tinkled.

"I killed your *pinta* mare!" he gasped; "forgive me! She fell in the road at Santa Rosalia."

"The dispatches?"

"*Ay, si, señor;* I gave them to your brother. And coming back, I got only *mestaños*, and winded every one, as San Roque hears me!"

"*Sordo!*" cried the *cura* in exasperation; "stupid Indian thou art! Dost thou ride thirty leagues and back to tell me of the horses? What said he? Is he coming? Have you letters?"

"Coming? Ay, he is come! Yes, *señor cura*, we set off together; but the general far outrode me—me! a rider of *carreras!* He said: 'Tell him we win!'"

Over the courier's half-indignant accents; over the murmur of voices in the *sala*, and the echoing peals of music, from far away the clear vibrant note of a bugle soared above the housetops, and floated into the court, sounding a saucy strain from a song of the people, "Mi Tio Nicolas."

"What can that mean?" exclaimed Gallardo.

"It means," replied the *cura*, "that Nicolas Quesea is in command of the garrison, and I have the honor to offer you, in my brother's name, the protection of the new government. And now, pray call your men in from the garden. I will explain to them, and give them work. I suppose there is an *ayudante* with them?—the business they contemplated was hardly in keeping with their rank and station."

Gallardo winced at the priest's unsparing thrust. But himself virtually a prisoner, he could hardly oppose the padre's plans. The *cura* led the way to the little cabinet behind the dining-room; the soldiers ranged in stolid file behind him, creatures of him who latest came to power. Maud Ward retreated at the *cura's* glance. It was patent her interview with Zubiran had been both sentimental and stormy. Lino gave the start of a man reminded of his duty.

"It is now past three o'clock," the *cura* observed, in an impartial manner. "These honest soldiers should have a chance to offer their allegiance to Quesea. They will be the more welcome for delivering a prisoner whose treasonable designs have happily been thwarted."

"What does this nonsense mean?" said Zubiran.

"Ay," echoed Sangrenueva, entering with Maud clinging to his arm; "what does it mean, indeed? I would be glad to know."

"It means," replied the *cura*, "that my brother to-day made a *paseo à caballo*, and his ride, hasty and somewhat lengthy, has saved you, Pedro, fifty thousand dollars. For Quesea, finding the *comandante* gone from the barracks, made his own fluent arguments with the men. Thus you retain the funds your loyalty has offered to the government."

"All this is vastly well," said Sangrenueva. "Pray you receive for Governor Quesea my best felicitations. But is not Señor Zubiran detained?"

"Detained—ay, in arrest. He has been in treasonable part with the usurper. For public safety I have given him up."

"My friend and father," then said Sangrenueva, "I countenance no discourtesy to my guest. To me the law of hospitality is supreme. Take, if you must, Señor Zubiran to-morrow. He must not be dragged hence."

"He had planned," said the *cura*, sternly, "to have you imprisoned by martial law, for complicity with bandits. You know the old, foolish, trumped-up story? That he revived to remove you from his path."

"That shames not me," the merchant answered, simply; "I must maintain my honor to myself."

"But, Pedro, the traitor was bidden here for me."

"My roof must not be outraged by my friend."

"He has been wooing ardently, a moment since, your wife."

For the first time the generous man was stung; he made a brief pause, doubtful.

"Oh, love!" cried Maud, "be not unfairly biased! He does not know. I only am to blame. I asked him to come here—encouraged him to speak."

Sangrenueva turned to her, his eyes dull with pain."

"It was the *cura's* fault!" she cried; "he made me! But"—her face lost its frown—"he was right. It was for your sake."

The true heart of the man spoke out again: "All the more reason to protect my guest, if his jeopardy has been compassed by any connivance—however innocent—of my wife."

That word, twice spoken, roused Zubiran from the state of utter apathy and indifference that had held him. He looked at Maud with steadily deepening pallor. "His wife! Ah, no! not that!—*su novia, tal vez!*—perhaps his sweetheart! How can she be his wife?"

"She is his wife," replied Padre Contreras. "Since no one weds in Lent, I married them to-day in my own chapel, to compensate him for your evil scheming."

Zubiran, bending down his face, was examining abstractedly a heavy ring he wore—Maud knew it well—a bit of crude native workmanship, in gold without alloy, soft, pure, and yellow, with a tiny crucifixion graven on its flat central oval. Fingering it idly while the padre spoke, he laid his white lips suddenly upon it.

"Poor soul! he is kissing the cross!" Maud whispered to her husband.

Pedro drew her in haste outside, and bade her return to the *sala*.

"But Lino may be shot if they take him hence prisoner! Wilt thou not save him, dearest of my heart?"

"Lino shall not be shot. More, he will never breathe a prison air. Art now content? Then go!"

Pedro pushed her gently on. For he had understood that fatal kiss, and would not have her see the lifeless Thing that lay within the cabinet.

From his knees beside the dead man Padre Contreras looked up at Pedro, entering. He held out Lino's stiffened hand, with the lid of its ring open.

"These subtle Indian poisons haunt the land like Satan. Lino, no doubt, got his from the beldame nurse of the Taraumas tribe that they still keep on at *casa* Zubiran. Pedro, he felt some gratitude to you. As he fell he said, 'Thank him!'"

# Troglodytic.

By R. H. POND.

I have rather an indistinct recollection of certain proceedings of mine on returning to my den last Saturday night from one of the fifty-three lodges and secret societies which are honored by my membership and my twice-told tales. I was somewhat bewildered, limp, and confused, from taking too many degrees perhaps in one night, and imagine that the sudden precipitation of myself into a padded easy-chair was not so classically graceful as it might have been. I am as positive as a man can be, laboring under such bewilderment, that I fell into a doze, whose duration was doubtless brief. After indulging in a string of disconnected reveries, such stuff as dreams are made of, in which initiations, skulls, and cross-bones predominated, I awoke and found clutched in my right hand a paper. "How did he git thar?" as John Hay says. I unfolded it and read the following:

"Your application for admission to the Troglodytes received. You are requested to attend their meeting this Saturday evening, at nine P. M. The carriage awaiting at your door will carry you to their reunion. By order of the C. T.:

"PAUSANIAS OF CERAMIS, Secretary."

I never had heard of such a society, and certainly never applied for membership thereto. My curiosity, however, was aroused. There might be some formula of initiation unknown to the fifty-three lodges and secret societies. I accordingly arose from my chair.

I donned a dress-suit, affixed a boutonnière, put on a light overcoat, seized my hat, ran down the stairs, and jumped into the carriage awaiting me. I was driven with great rapidity a long distance, and to a quarter altogether unknown to me. When at last we halted, and I alighted, I found myself in front of a large stone edifice bearing the inscription, "The Cave of Harmony." Entering by a low door, I went straight on until I came to a flight of broad stone steps, which I went down until I reached a level, where were two large portals. On one of these was engraven:

"All intellectual souls are exempted from Atropos' scissors.—*Rabelais.*"

And on the other:

"Nature will lie buried a long time, but will revive on the occasion or temptation.—*Bacon.*"

I gave one rap, but no more. The portals swinging gently open on their hinges displayed a numerous assembly. A gentleman silently conducted me to a seat. The meeting had been evidently just called to order, and Pausanias of Ceramis commenced reading the minutes of the last meeting, as follows:

"Annual meeting of the Troglodytes, held at the Cave of Harmony, Monday evening, December 24, 1883. The Chief Troglodyte in the chair. The proceedings of the previous meeting were read"——

Here Artemus Ward arose and suggested that owing to the hilarious character of the previous meeting, a slight change in orthography might be in order, and r-e-d would be more correct on the records. He, however, murmured: "This is sarcasm, let that pass."

Bacon stated that generally the "minutes" was the word used instead of the "proceedings," and he could only account for such rendering on the ground that "neither the births nor the miscarriages of time are entered in our records."

Pollock insisted that the "proceedings" should stand. "Time was," he cried, "but Time shall be no more."

N. P. Willis claimed there had been so many interruptions thus far that he now deemed this "bruised reed is waiting to be broken," and therefore moved that further reading of the record of the last meeting be dispensed with, which was carried.

The doors were then locked, and Ethiopians of most robust appearance were stationed at every window, in deference to the suggestion of Montesquieu, that "Fortune enters by the door, but flies out by the window." The members were then deprived of their loose and other change.

Burke approvingly remarked that "a government without the means of change is without the means of its conservation."

The Prince of Denmark then demanded an interchange of the grip. "Must give us pause," was the forcible expression he used.

The members then proceeded to the buffet, "each shouldering for a smile," as Alexander Smith remarked.

"Over the bar and its moaning," muttered Kingsley.

"Will you go drink?" cried Beaumont and Fletcher in a mutual inspiration.

"I never look at water when I can get wine," exclaimed the Duke of Wellington.

"Name, sir," said Gay to Carlyle, "the wine that most invites your taste."

"Oceans of Hockheimer!" growled Carlyle.

"Give me a cup of sack," roared out Falstaff; "I'm a rogue if I have drunk to-day."

Desaugiers gave in ready verse his preference for champagne:

"Champagne, ton nom flatteur
A bien plus d'attraits, je pense,
Sur la carte du traiteur
Que sur la carte de France."

Voltaire, joining in, said:

"De ce vin Français l'écume petillante
Est de nos Français l'image brillante."

Longfellow nodded, and added, encouragingly, "Golden wine will make you whole," to Béranger, who, reminiscent, hilariously exclaimed:

"Ivre de Champagne
Je bats le campagne,
Et vois de Cocagne
Le pays charmant."

And Molière, raising the bottle well above his glass, murmured:

"Bouteille jolie!
Qu'ils sont doux
Vos petits gloux-gloux."

"Champagne's for women," shouted young Clive Newcome; "I stick to claret."

"Claret for boys! Port for men! Brandy for heroes!" affirmed Doctor Samuel Johnson, sententiously, liberally helping himself to the last.

"Then give me claret," said Burke; "I like to be a boy, and partake of the honest hilarity of youth."

"Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?" accusingly murmured Shakespeare.

Tom Hood humorously suggested:

"Why, tourists, why
With passports have to do?
Prythee, stay at home and pass
The port and sherry, too."

Tennyson said, promptly: "I hold thee dear for this good pint of port."

"'Tis too much for sinners!" exclaimed Lawrence Sterne.

And Thackeray, mindful of Lawrence Sterne:

"He never would shrink
From any sthrong dhrink.
Was it whisky or Drogheda ale,
I'm bail
This Larry would swallow a pail."

"Vich wanity do you like the flavor on best?" asked Samuel Weller.

"J'aime le Bordeaux, surtout dans sa vieillesse," replied Alfred de Musset.

"C'est le lait des veillards," pronounced Aubertin.

"Quaff! oh, quaff this kind nepenthe!" cried Poe.

"Well, since you are pressing, perhaps I don't care if I do. You may give me the same, Jim—no sugar," said Bret Harte.

"In draughts of Rhenish wine," suggested the Prince of Denmark, "Cold as thy chastity."

Sheridan happily noticed the presence of the prince:

"The Prince came in and said 'twas *cold*,
Then put his head to the rummer,
Till *swallow* after *swallow* came,
When he pronounced it summer."

"Drink one cup of wine," urged young Lochinvar.

"Thanks, but just now," said Holmes,

"I felt the old convivial glow (unaided) o'er me stealing,
The warm champagny-old particular-brandy-punchy feeling."

Wordsworth, scanning the assemblage, remarked that there were "some sipping punch."

Lamb, eager to catch all that fell from the lips of Wordsworth, turned inquiringly to Barham, of the "Ingoldsby Legends," who whispered:

"I could not distinguish the words very plain,
But 'twas all about 'Cole,' and 'jolly old soul,'
And 'fiddlers,' and 'punch,' and things quite profane."

"Punch! brothers, punch! Punch with care," warningly cried Mark Twain.

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us,"

fervently exclaimed Burns.

A Benedicite was asked from Holmes, who, raising his hands over the carved punch-bowl, pronounced these words:

"May the cherubs on its face preserve me from the sin
That dooms me to those dreadful words, 'My dear, where have you been?'"

"Considerable liquor concealed about my person," whispered Artemus Ward, as the Chief Troglodyte's gavel summoned the members to their seats.

My initiation was the next proceeding. An ascertainment of some of my individual tastes, preferences, and predilections was obtained by questions written on scraps of paper. The sign-manual consists in simply holding up the right forefinger.

Montaigne gracefully explained: "There is so great connection among wise men that whoever does but hold out his finger, in what part of the world soever, all the wise men upon the habitable earth feel themselves assisted by it."

During my term of probation, which will last many cycles, I am permitted to recognize the sign of support, but not to extend the same.

We then adjourned to the banquet hall; and, being seated, Pausanias of Ceramis, the secretary, arose. He asked a plenary indulgence for the *menu*. It had been entrusted to his supervision. Although his friend, Gay averred that

"Earth, sea, and air
Are daily ransacked for a bill of fare,"

he feared that, even with such liberal resources to draw upon, he had played the dickens with it.

The carte was as follows:

"What the dickens does he mean?"—*Congreve.*

## MENU.

"My friends, what is this spread before us? Refreshments. Do we need refreshments? We do."—*Mr. Chadband: "Bleak House."*

"'Il fo manger.' That's the French saying, and mangering is as necessary to me as it is to a Frenchman. Or more so."—*Jobling: "Bleak House."*

*Huîtres.*

"What a delicious thing is a oyster!"—*Noah Claypole: "Oliver Twist."*

"Werry good power of suction; you'd 'a' made a uncommon fine oyster, Sammy."—*Old Weller: "Pickwick."*

*Vin Blanc.*

"Open to a modest quencher."—*Dick Swiveller: "Old Curiosity Shop."*

*Potage—Tortue.*

"Make way, there! Make way! Turtle for the Board!"—*Janitor of the United Metropolitan Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company: "Nicholas Nickleby."*

*Poisson—Saumon Bouilli, Sauce Portuguaise.*

"'It wasn't the wine,' murmured Mr. Snodgrass, 'it was the salmon.'"—"*Pickwick.*"

*Pommes de Terre à l'Anglaise.*

"Another boy whom he introduced to me by the extraordinary name of 'Mealy Potatoes.'"—"*David Copperfield.*"

*Sherry.*

"Sol Gills, lay to, my lad, upon your own wines and fig-trees."—*Captain Cuttle: "Dombey and Son."*

"Upon my word, Mrs. Nickleby, fine beginnings."—*Ralph Nickleby.*

*Poulets Braisés à la Dantzic.*

"Now, Joe, the fowls. Damn that boy! he's gone to sleep again."—*Mr. Wardell: "Pickwick."*

"'The fee?' said Steerforth. 'Five bob,' replied Miss Mowcher, 'and dirt cheap, my chicken.'"—"*David Copperfield.*"

"I say there's fowls. Not skinny. Oh, no."—*Bailey Junior: "Martin Chuzzlewit."*

*Navets.*

"It was as true as turnips is."—*Barkis: "David Copperfield."*

"Now I find what a regular inkredulous turnip I must have been."—*Sam Weller's Valentine: "Pickwick."*

*Claret.*

"Give him music, mutton, coffee, landscape fruit in the season, and a little claret, and he asked no more."—*Harold Skimpole: "Bleak House."*

*Ris de Veau.*

"Mrs. Pipchin's constitution wouldn't go to sleep without sweetbread."—"*Dombey and Son.*"

*Agneau de Printemps, Sauce Menthe.*

"A dem'd savage lamb."—*Mr. Mantalini: "Nicholas Nickleby."*

"But the way she spoke of Betsy Harris, lambs could not forgive."—*Sairy Gamp: "Martin Chuzzlewit."*

"To melt some scraps of dirty paper into bright, shining, tinkling, dem'd mint sauce."—*Mr. Mantalini: "Nicholas Nickleby."*

*Pommes de Terre Nouvelles.*

"This, she said, would leave her at full liberty to concentrate her mind on the potatoes."—*Mrs. Crupp: "David Copperfield."*

"I like the plan of sending 'em with the peel on. There is a charm in drawing a rich potato from its element."—*Dick Swiveller: "Old Curiosity Shop."*

*Burgundy.*

"Number one may take a drink."—*Squeers: "Nicholas Nickleby."*

"Pass the rosy wine."—*Dick Swiveller: "Old Curiosity Shop."*

*Grenouilles.*

"Say, have fiends, in shape of boys,
With wild halloo and brutal noise,
Hunted thee from marshy joys
With a dog
Expiring frog!"
—*Mrs. Leo Hunter: "Pickwick."*

"A limb of the law, Sammy, as has got brains like the frogs, dispersed all over his body."—*Old Weller: "Pickwick."*

*Canards Rôtis.*

"In the course of their correspondence Mr. Sanders had often called her 'duck,' but never 'chops,' nor yet 'tomato sauce.'"—*Susannah Sanders (for plaintiff) in Bardell vs. Pickwick.*

*Salade Mayonnaise.*

"Now, ma dear, the salad's ready."—*Bella Wilfer: "Our Mutual Friend."*

"Her first proceeding was to bring out several bottles and pour out some of the contents of each in my mouth, for I am sure I tasted aniseed water, anchovy sauce, and salad dressing."—*Betsy Trotwood: "David Copperfield."*

"In the salad days of Jemmy Jackman."—"*Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings.*"

*Ponche à la Romaine.*

"What's your name?" "Cold Punch," murmured Mr. Pickwick.—"*Pickwick Papers.*"

"Mr. Bob Sawyer ordered in the largest mortar in the shop, and proceeded to brew a jorum of punch."—*Sawyer, late Nockemorf: "Pickwick Papers."*

*Pâtisserie.*

"Do you remember what you told me about her making all the pasties?"—*Barkis: "David Copperfield."*

*Champagne.*

"Demnition sweetness!"—*Mr. Mantalini: "Nicholas Nickleby."*

"In a simultaneous glass of cool champagne all round the table."—"*Little Dorrit.*"

*Pudding—Gateaux Assortis.*

"Thank you, Guppy, but I don't know but what I will take a marrow pudding."—*Mr. Jobling:* "*Bleak House.*"

"Soft seedy biscuits, also, I bestow on Miss Shepherd."—"*David Copperfield.*"

*Crème à la Vanille.*

"Even cream, sugar—even they have their moral."—*Pecksniff:* "*Martin Chuzzlewit.*"

*Fruits—Noix.*

"Face like a peach. Quite tempting. I'm very fond of peaches."—*Miss Mowcher:* "*David Copperfield.*"

"My essential juice of pine-apple."—*Mr. Mantalini:* "*Nicholas Nickleby.*"

*Café—Thé.*

"He topped with coffee and a small glass."—"*Somebody's Luggage.*"

"Do you take tea or coffee, Mr. Gargery?"—"*Great Expectations.*"

*Cognac.*

"Ben, put your hand in the cupboard and bring out the patent digester."—*Sawyer, late Nockemorf:* "*Pickwick Papers.*"

"Mrs. Harris, I says, leave the bottle on the chimney-piece—but let me put my lips to it when I am so dispoged."—*Sairey Gamp:* "*Martin Chuzzlewit.*"

*Cigares.*

"Now, Mrs. Quilp, I am in a smoking humor, and shall probably blaze away all night."—*Quilp:* "*Old Curiosity Shop.*"

"Somebody was smoking—we were all smoking."—*David Copperfield's Party.*

"Alfred, my youngest, has voluntarily enlisted himself in the Infant Bonds of Joy, and is pledged never through life to use tobacco in any form." ("The little recruit was stolidly and evenly miserable.")—*Mrs. Pardiggle:* "*Bleak House.*"

---

"I beg your pardon; Oliver Twist has asked for more."—*Mr. Bumble:* "*Oliver Twist.*"

---

*Home, Sweet Home.*

"I hadn't the least idea what we had for dinner, besides Dora; my impression is that I dined off Dora entirely."—"*David Copperfield.*"

"We got as merry as grigs (whatever they are), and I went home."—*Mrs. Lirriper:* "*Lirriper's Lodgings.*"

---

The following were the toasts:

AMERICA.

"Nay, best of all, some happy continents like the Western one, wherein whoso has four willing limbs can find food under his feet and an infinite sky over his head."—*Carlyle.*

"Chris meant well, but he put his foot into it when he sailed for America."—*Artemus Ward.*

CALIFORNIA.

"All the distinctions of profession and habit ended at the mines. All the world took off their coats and worked in their shirt-sleeves. Lawyers went and came with pick and wheelbarrow; doctors of medicine turned teamsters; stray clergymen kept the bar in saloons; professors of colleges sold mince pies, matches, and so on."—*Emerson.*

DIVINITY.

"The queen of professions, to which all the rest are but handmaidens."—"*Anatomy of Melancholy*"—*Burton.*

THE LAW.

"Law is beneficence acting by a rule."—*Edmund Burke.*

THE PRESS.

"Is not every able editor a ruler of the world, being a persuader of it, though self-elected, yet sanctioned by the sale of his numbers?"—*Carlyle.*

THE ARMY.

"Bravery never goes out of fashion."—*Thackeray.*

"To have him come home like a Colossus of Rhodes, with one leg in New York, and the other in Chelsea hospital."—*Sheridan.*

THE NAVY.

"The wandering tar, who not for years has prest
The widowed partner of his day of rest,
On the cold deck far from her arms removed
Still hums the ditty that his Susan loved,
And, while around the cadence rude is blown,
The boatswain whistles in a softer tone." —*Sheridan.*

"Il est bon de tuer de temps en temps un amiral pour encourager les autres."—*Voltaire.*

EDUCATION.

"'Educate the people,' was the first admonition of Penn to the colony which he had founded. 'Educate the people,' was the legacy of Washington to the nation whom he had saved. 'Educate the people,' was the unceasing exhortation of Jefferson."—*Macaulay.*

"Had I a thousand daughters, I'd as soon have them learn the black art as their alphabet."—*Sheridan.*

COMMERCE.

"L'homme marchand est une vigoreuse vertu."—*Paul Féval.*

WOMAN.

"Intercourse with woman is the element of good manners."—*Goethe.*

"Dieu vous le savez s'est trompé sur la seule femme qu'il eut a gouverner, et qu'il avait pris soin de faire."—*Balzac.*

OUR WIVES.

"Should God create another Eve,
And I another rib afford,
Yet loss of thee would never from my heart."
—*Milton.*

"In marriage as in war, it is permitted to take every advantage of the enemy."—*Douglas Jerrold.*

OUR SWEETHEARTS.

"Nay, might I utter my conceit
'Twere after all a vulgar sort,
For she's so simply, subtly sweet
My greatest rapture does her wrong."
—*Coventry Patmore.*

"Courtin' is like strawberries and cream—wants to be did slow; then you git the flavor."—*Josh Billings.*

BOHEMIA.

"No excellent soul is exempt from a mixture of folly."—*Aristotle.*

"Qui rit sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il croit."—*La Rochefoucauld.*

OURSELVES.

"Good company constrains us in the most delightful manner to recognize the measure by which, and up to which, our inward nature has been shaped by culture."—*Goethe.*

While the last toast was being responded to, there seemed to be a general collapse of *ourselves* and of everything; a hurrying of men and things through space. I rubbed my eyes and found myself collapsed on the floor of my own den, leaning against a padded arm-chair.

## ARGONAUT VERSE.

### The Princess Ilse.

*From the German of Heine.*

I am the Princess of Ilse,
And dwell in Ilsenstein;
Come with me to my castle,
Soft transports shall be thine!

My white arms round thee twining,
Thou on my faithful breast
Shalt revel in thrills ecstatic
Of ancient, storied zest.

I will embrace and clasp thee,
As erst I clasped and pressed
The loved, imperial Henry,
Now dead and gone to rest.

The dead are dead—they bide so—
Only the living have life;
But I am young and blooming,
My heart with ardor rife.

At every passionate heart-throb
Is heard a crystalline voice
From my castle, where knights and damsels
Are dancing, and squires rejoice.

The silken trains rustle gently,
The brazen spur jingles near,
The dwarfs are trumpeting, singing,
And viol and bugle sound clear.

But thee shalt mine arm encircle,
As it oft held the emperor bound—
I closed his ears that he heard not,
Whene'er the trumpet should sound.

December, 1884. TRACASSIER.

### Results.

When Nero, in the streets of Rome,
Laughed as the flames about him roared,
He saw her battle-vintage foam
A fierce libation for the sword.

The towers that tottered to their fall,
The red fire licking at their base,
Echoed some captive monarch's call,
Death-stricken in the lonely place.

And marble palaces, that shone
Resplendent in the lurid glow,
Faded in ashes, to atone
For some fair land's swift overthrow.

Time reaches forth through fated days,
And claims the bitter tithes of wrong;
And justice, in her narrow ways,
Scourges the cruel tyrant throng.

The men who die, that kings may see
Their banners float on rival towers,
Build with their blood each firm degree
That forms the base of freedom's powers.

Rulers who blast the sterile land
Will reap the wrath their will has poured,
And by the peasant's brawny hand
Feel the swift vengeance of the Lord.

Lo, empires rise like flaming stars,
And conquerors scorn a prostrate world,
Till fate their further progress bars,
And both are to oblivion hurled.

The sword that wins a stubborn fight
May shiver with a single blow;
And flags that proudly greet the light
Soon form the drapery of woe.

The pennons, heralding the morn,
From spears that gleam all free from rust,
At eve may flutter, stained and torn,
And trail amid the victor's dust.

Yet through the blood, and pain, and tears,
That mark the weary ways of life,
The sunlight shines along the years,
And Love becomes the lord of strife.

Ay, kings and rulers come and go,
And nations flicker for a span;
Yet, when the storms are past, they show
The upward, onward march of Man.

December, 1884. THOMAS S. COLLIER.

### Paraphrase from Baudelaire.

Angel of joy, what should you know of grief,
Of shame, of anguish, and of weariness,
And vague nocturnal terrors that oppress
The heart with longing for the dawn's relief?
Angel of joy, what should you know of grief?

Angel of love, what should you know of hate,
Of scalding tears, and hands clenched secretly,
When Vengeance sounds the infernal reveillé,
And takes command in sullen murderous state?
Angel of love, what should you know of hate?

Angel of light, what should you know of pain,
Of lingering fevers haunting hospitals,
Whose shades pass threatening down the bleak white walls,
Seeking rare sunbeams, muttering?—ghastly train!
Angel of light, what should you know of pain?

Angel of youth, what should you know of care,
The dread of growing old, the riving woe
Of gazing into eyes that loved us so,
And reading horror, masked by duty, there?
Angel of youth, what should you know of care?

Angel of light, in this our world astray,
From thy fresh beauty Israel's dying king
Would have asked life—I ask not anything
Save this: to be remembered when you pray,
Angel of light, in this our world astray!

December, 1884. ANNIE L. TOWNSEND.

---

An interesting feature of a recent Franchise demonstration at Inverness was the weaving of a plaid by the workmen of Holm mills. It was forwarded to Mr. Gladstone with this dedication:

"This plaid we weave for you, Willie,
You'll catch nae caulds nor chills
By wearing this memento
Frae the weavers of Holm mills."

## OUR GIRLS.

### Should They be Chaperoned?

A great deal is constantly said, and is said especially abroad, and in the circles it is desirable to please, where manners are tolerably perfect, about the free and easy manners of young American women. The entire freedom of their mode of life is mentioned with a sort of surprise that is always followed by full and free admission of the absolute purity of their minds and morals.

It is always a little vexatious to the American ear to hear this admission made, the circumstance that it seems necessary to make it being a sort of impertinence, as if the fact were not something to be taken for granted, as much as the purity of mind and morals of the maids abroad, who, because held in seclusion, as it is maintained, have no chance to be other than innocent. Possibly, in view of this style of remark, the increasing custom of chaperonage in our best society is destined to be very beneficial. Beneficial it certainly must be in every other view, for the nice and innocent girl can not object to it, and the girl who is not nice certainly needs it.

There can hardly be a doubt among right-minded people that the American mother, as a general thing, has been far too careless of her possessions in her daughters. She has remembered her own youth very likely, and the fact that she came to no harm, if that were so, and she does not stay to observe that the habits of society, in the great growth of wealth and luxury, are so changed from those of a generation ago that what was all very well for herself in her day is not very well for her daughters in their day. And in consequence of this her daughters go as they please, and attract far more attention than is good for them. But having called this change in the habits of society into question, the mother of any good breeding or cultivation herself takes care that her daughters do not depart from the strict care of herself or of some other matron when exposed to the chances that may occur while they are absent from her.

In none of our larger cities at present is it thought advisable for young ladies to go to balls, parties, dinners, drives, or other things of the sort, unless in the care of an older lady, and the gentleman who meets a girl so unattended feels justified in thinking her either ignorant of the usages of society or much more careless of appearances than it is desirable a young girl should be. Nor does a young lady of respectability dine or lunch alone with a gentleman, except in extraordinary cases, at restaurants or public lunching-places; she would have to run the risk of being thought of Bohemian tendencies if she did, and would assuredly be classified in her unprotected state as in a lower stratum of society than she would like; for there is a certain unlovely and underbred boldness about the young girl who, unless in those rare instances where a principle is at stake, sets at naught the opinions and customs of those about her. Thus the young girl who is in the frequent habit of accepting a gentleman's escort to a place of public entertainment of any kind without the company of her mother, or elder sister, or some other person of presumed authority, can not help placing herself in a wrong light, although she does nothing wrong in itself.

The same principle is involved in the matter of driving. On horseback or afoot the parks and highways are as free to her and her escort as another; but driving, except with an acknowledged lover, is to be done with caution, and if the other occupant of the vehicle is a married man, it is seldom to be done at all, except at the serious risk of reputation, for it is not in the least strange that the girl seen too often anywhere with a married man who is not her near relative should become an object of suspicion, and deservedly so. It is usually, indeed, the wives and women of station who control the habit of thought in society, and wives are notably jealous of their rights, one of their rights being the absence of young women about their husbands, and it is not surprising if they characterize their presence there in such strong terms that young women who respect themselves take care not to become the subject of such remark.

The universal civility of railway and station employees makes obligation to others unnecessary, and the young lady who is not able to travel with a maid, and has no chaperon, had better travel alone, always being sure of respect and attention throughout the length and breadth of America. Of course, there are always cases that excuse the breach of rule, but as the case is apparent and the explanation is not, care is to be taken to avoid the need of anything to explain. In short, a young lady who was able to have the full liberty of the fields when living on her father's lonely farm, now that the farm has become a crowded city, can not take too great care of herself; she must not only avoid the appearance of evil, but the appearance of its possibility; for let her be as spotless as any nun, the tongue of the envious, or of the detractor, or of the censor, or even of the virtuous wife and mother who dislikes forbidden example set before her own daughters, will be ready with the sharp word. The tender bloom of innocence is so beautiful in the young that we long to preserve it by any means in our power; too early contact with the world is not calculated to keep it untouched, nor is it wise care to leave this young innocence at the mercy of any gallant in attendance, be it one or another, or to let it be supposed to be so left.

For the middle-aged woman, the woman of public occupation, or even the woman who has declared her intention of leading a single life, many of these rules are inapplicable, and to such a freedom is allowed that is utterly forbidden to the young and tender daughter shielded by her home from the public, and also shielded from much by her youth. About this young and tender daughter people are begining to think the lines that keep off the rude touch of the world can not be drawn too closely, or the safeguards made too many. Less restriction may be hers at an age when she is supposed to be better acquainted with the world and with herself; but in her early youth she is to honor and obey certain rules, which, beginning in the etiquette of courts, end by holding morality as well as civilization in question.

# Sentenced for Life.

By FLORA HAINES APPONYI.

*"It is therefore the judgment of this court that Philip Avery be sentenced to confinement in the State Penitentiary during the whole term of his natural life."*

The words rang like a knell throughout the court-room. There was a stir among those assembled. Many eyes sought the place occupied by the prisoner's family. Helen Avery sat with stony face in the chair she had occupied for so many weary days. All through the trial they had bravely fought every inch of ground, but honestly. She would not have it otherwise. From the first she had resolved that she would sanction no equivocation, no evasion. She would plead in his behalf with all the eloquence of a loving woman's heart, would urge his irresponsible condition when the crime was committed, the maddening influence of liquor on his brain, his remorse when he had learned what he had done. She would steadfastly uphold to judge and jury his many redeeming traits, and endeavor to persuade them that, with this terrible lesson before him, his future would be blameless. All this, and more, she had done, for in their pity they had allowed her to transgress formal bounds, and callous hearers had been moved to tears by her fervent appeal. But judge and jury had a duty to perform to society none the less. The crime had been clearly proved—even she must admit that—and, for the sake of example, a heavy penalty should be imposed upon one who had lightly valued a human life and brought the desolation of bereavement upon a happy home.

She dared not look toward the prisoner at the bar. She dared not think of the life that stretched out before him. Henceforth these two would be more widely separated than if merely a coffin-lid and the sod were placed between them. Would that for her the pain and agony were forever silenced in the eternal peace that only the dead know. Existence possessed no longer a single charm. Every personal hope and ambition—and she had been an ambitious woman—was hopelessly wrecked. There was nothing more to live for.

Their boy. His father's namesake! The thought came like a heart-stab, and she turned to find him regarding her with sad, questioning eyes. For his sake, O heart, be still! Let all this inner strife, this bitter rebellion be hushed, and help her to lend strength and courage to those little feet in the thorny path they were destined to tread.

She stretched out her hand to him with a gesture that was half-appealing, half-sustaining, and together, with eyes averted from friendly and curious gaze alike, they left the court-room.

During the days that followed, stunned and bewildered, she was unable to meet and face the future. Meanwhile, her friends, with well-meant zeal, mapped out her course. When she rallied she found them unanimous on one point. By availing herself of the law of California she could become a free woman; and so, untrammeled even by the odium of his name, she could remove to a distant place, where no knowledge of her husband's sin would follow to cloud her own life or check her son's career.

They encountered unexpected opposition. Helen Avery had resolved that in San Francisco, where the crime had been committed and he had been tried and condemned, they would stay, his wife and son, and live down its memory, unshielded by any title save that which law and right made theirs. If a name had been disgraced, there was a name to be redeemed. Protests were of no avail. They expostulated with her, cried over her, met her resolution with stern disapproval. They accused her of indifference to her son's welfare. Her reply was conclusive.

"How can I hope to have my son become a brave, honorable man, if our first step is founded upon deceit and cowardice?"

Then they dropped her. They did not take it kindly that she should reject their advice; moreover, a society needs be very irreproachable in itself to defy the menace to its own reputation involved in association with the wife and son of a convict. There were a few who remained loyal, but even these found it difficult to express the sympathy they felt. Helen Avery was a woman of resolves—a common enough feminine creation—but possessed of the nerve and ability to execute them, which is rare. She had determined that none of her friends, in their first flush of sympathetic ardor, should be compromised by an intimacy with her. Only those should be admitted to a close friendship who proved steadfast through the test of time.

The years that followed were marked by many sore struggles for mother and son. Intrenching themselves behind an over-sensitive pride, the isolation in which they came to live amounted to self-proscription. To many who had known them well in happier days their proud humility seemed like abasement, and, by degrees, others grew accustomed to deny them the respect and consideration to which they seemed to have revoked all claim. When the taunts and jeers of his playmates stung the boy beyond endurance, the mother took him from school and entered with glad zeal upon the education and discipline of the bright young intellect; and when he went beyond her depth she still accompanied him as a fellow-student, so that her own mind, day by day, attained a riper culture. As the years advanced he learned to appreciate and honor his mother's course. Her unselfish devotion to him, her pure life, the deeds she quietly and unostentatiously performed, and her complete separation from all that was gross or frivolous, invested her with a peculiar sanctity in his mind. Her true nature appealed to what was finest and best in his own character, and when his soul arose in a noble indignation against the injustice which he felt was done her, it was the mother herself who stilled the tumult and taught him a gallant fortitude which met the affronts of daily life with an armor of steel. Hence it came to pass that, although separated from the companionship of boys of his own age, and borne down with the sad incubus of another's crime, life still had its compensations.

Was there some secret thought of reparation in the mother's mind which sought to make her son a preserver of human life? Not even the boy could tell; but he entered with enthusiastic liking upon the study of his profession, and shortly after receiving his degree was appointed physician and surgeon on the Pacific Mail steamship *Corea*, regularly plying between Panama and San Francisco.

The peculiar course pursued by Helen Avery had served to perpetuate rather than efface the memory of her husband's crime. Upon the steamer the story was told and re-told as the vessel swept downward into the hot, vibrating air of the tropics, or glided northward into the cool breezes and invigorating atmosphere off the California coast—told also with exaggerations and embellishments, so that one familiar with the simple facts of the case would scarcely have recognized it beneath the veil of romance and mystery in which the tale was enshouded. True or inaccurate, it served its purpose, and helped to while away the monotonous hours of travel.

Margery Field, coming up from Panama one hot midsummer, was probably the only passenger on board who had not been entertained with an account of the young surgeon's history. Tossing about on the hard mattress in her narrow berth, consumed with a deadly, burning fever, contracted on the Isthmus, she became at length conscious of one face that bent over her more frequently than any other, of a voice which banished the wild delirium that led her reason captive, of a hand holding to her lips cold draughts of water to allay the intolerable thirst. When convalescence came at last, strong arms carried her, like a child, to the deck, where the cool sea-breezes refreshed and restored her. The day before they sailed into port she heard his story, told by a chance acquaintance, to the long, languid pulsations of the sea. The narrator was one of the officious women of the world, and she had conceived it to be her duty to enlighten this young stranger. Her auditor listened in silence, but with a curious tightening of the lips. So far as she could, the lady placed the young surgeon's character in the most unenviable light. She concluded with an insolent query:

"What do you think of a man with such antecedents presuming to offer us his services?"

Margery Field unmasked the batteries of a pair of large gray eyes full upon her questioner.

"I think he is a hero," she said.

It was this knowledge that moved her to step a little beyond the demands of ordinary courtesy and invite him to call upon her in San Francisco.

The singular isolation of young Philip Avery's life had by no means made him a susceptible man. His exclusive knowledge of pure womanly nature had rather taught him to be exacting in his ideal of womanhood. But these influences combined had been paving the way for a powerful absorbing affection for the woman who should some day touch his heart. And now the time had come. He was honest with himself. This frail girl, over whose sick bed he had watched for a fortnight, would henceforth be all in all to him. Beyond this he would not go in thought. He had long ago resolved that no other life should ever share his burden and disgrace. Her unexpected cordiality took him unawares. Before he realized what had been asked of him the invitation had been seconded by her San Francisco relatives, and an implied acceptance left his lips.

A sharp struggle with himself ensued. He knew these people by repute. They had resided in the city but a short period. The time was now long past when the deed was committed which had flung its blight over his youth. Eighteen years had heaped above it the dust and ashes of oblivion. Was he not justified in ignoring it for a while, and reaping what happiness he could from the opportunities Fate had flung before him?

Yielding to this sophistry of the heart, he met her again and again during his periodical vacations, and by degrees became one of the gay circle in which she moved. He surprised himself by a newly revealed gregarious instinct, and assumed his place in society as easily and nonchalantly as if he had held it all his days. He knew he was playing a false part, but he told himself, bitterly, that he alone would be the sufferer. Conscience was stilled, but it only bided its time. Its day of reckoning was drawing near.

Upon the list of guests invited to a fashionable dinner party the following December, Philip Avery's name was placed. The occasion was a tribute to a literary man of high repute, sojourning temporarily in the city. The invited guests included some of the most cultured as well as most aristocratic people in the community. The young surgeon, whose ship had only come into port the preceding day, realized that exceptional honor had been shown him, and felt as lightly exuberant over it as any other young fellow could have been. He had ceased to question whether society received him on false grounds, or would change its gracious looks to frowns if his whole history were divulged. It was enough that it had taken him to its bosom, and he basked in the sunshine of its smiles.

The quiet mother watched his preparations to go out that afternoon with a wistful look. She rejoiced to see him assuming his rightful place, for to her fond mind no favor which the social world could confer upon him was beyond her boy's deserts. But her thoughtful mind forecast the future with a foreboding of pain. He stooped and kissed her as he left the house.

"Don't sit up for me, little mother. It may be very late when I come home."

The hostess of the evening, with rare good taste, had refrained from introducing her distinguished guest to a company too strongly tinctured with congenial spirits, who would have engaged him in dry philosophical discussions, or devoted their energies to ascertaining his opinions on various popular questions. Instead, she had drawn together a circle of people who, combined, presented a typical picture of San Francisco life among the better classes. There was an agreeable sprinkling of wit and learning, and a slight flavor of genius, but a large proportion of the company was composed of men and women of no great intellectual pretensions, with a considerable number of young and charming girls. Margery Field, with fair, pure face, shone like a star among the rest.

Conversation progressed pleasantly and harmoniously. The young physician found himself seated beside Margery Field, while the lion of the day, separated from them by nearly the length of the table, was surrounded by a bevy of merry girls who engaged him in animated conversation. With a morbid tendency to dwell on sober topics at the most unseasonable moments, one of them at length precipitated a discussion of a pet theme with the man of letters. The debate grew warm and excited. At last, impaled upon the horns of a dilemma, the young lady turned to find an ally.

"I will appeal to"—her eye roved round the table, and rested on Phillip's intelligent face—"Dr. Avery."

"And not appeal in vain! What is the question?" he gayly responded.

"My friend, Miss Van Husen, and I have a little difference of opinion, and she calls upon Dr. Avery to act as umpire," lightly returned the learned guest. "The question is whether the punishment of a felon should be directed with reference to the protection of society or to the reformation of the guilty."

All eyes turned to Philip Avery. There were many present who waited in dread and suspense, praying that he would dismiss the matter with a light and indifferent response. In the instant that elapsed before he spoke, he grasped the whole situation and weighed the alternatives open to him. Only one course lay before him as an honorable man. If he wished to preserve a vestige of self-respect it was his duty, at no matter what cost, to then and there confess his misfortune.

He pushed his chair back and rose to his feet, a pallor on his face like that of a man in mortal agony. Gazing at his questioner with the absent eyes of a man absorbed in bitter inner strife, he quietly replied:

"I fear you do not know that I am a convict's son."

A servant who had entered a few moments before and stood by the hostess' side, biding his time to speak, staring in open-mouthed astonishment the while, now made himself heard.

"A message for Dr. Avery," he announced.

Bowing to his hostess with a grave decision which seemed to anticipate and repel any token of commiseration, Philip Avery retired, apparently more composed than the company he left.

The call came from a poor woman whose child he had once treated when he was acting as physician for a charitable society. Hearing that he was in town, she had sent for him in her need. It was a strange proceeding, but she did not send in vain. The place was a miserable hovel on Telegraph Hill. The case was one of those wretched instances frequently brought to the notice of philanthropic societies. The drunken father had been arrested while beating his wife and dispatched to jail. The scene in the room when the doctor arrived beggared description. What little furniture there was had been flung about in the man's insane rage until not a whole chair remained upon which the wretched wife, carrying a sickly infant in her arms, could rest. In its hopeless accumulation of filth the apartment rivaled the Augean stables. On a heap of offensive rags in the corner a sick child lay, moaning at every breath.

The physician bent gravely over the child, examining her as tenderly as if she had been the daughter of wealthy patrons. The closest observer would have declared that his whole soul was absorbed in the case. His diagnosis complete, he gave her appropriate remedies and quieted the half-demented mother. With the assistance of respectable neighbors who had appeared on the scene, the room was partially cleaned, a fire kindled in the stove, and fresh bedding procured. With his own hands the doctor bathed the little sufferer and put clean garments on her. When he left it was long past midnight, and the child had fallen into a quiet sleep.

On reaching home he opened the front door with his latch-key and stepped into the cosy parlor. Drawing a match from his pocket, he lighted a single burner of the chandelier. Secure from any human gaze, at last the mask dropped from his face.

Rising from a low chair beside the fire-place, his mother stood and confronted him.

"Philip!" Her voice was sharp with agony.

"Yes, mother," he replied. Her fears were realized. At last the iron had entered his soul.

When his ship sailed on her outward voyage, the last of the week, for the first time in his experience he felt glad to be leaving port. His own pain and disgrace were subordinate to the shame he conceived he had brought upon his

hostess, and the discord he had caused in an harmonious company. It might have been some small comfort if he could have known of certain remarks that were passed after his hurried departure. There had been a momentary hush. Every tongue seemed paralyzed. The lion of the evening, with a nobility of heart infinitely superior to the most polished social tact, hastened to throw himself into the breach. He addressed himself to the hostess:

"I must beg your pardon, madam, for the needless embarrassment I have brought upon your guest. My ignorance must be my apology. His conduct"—he had turned again to the party at the table, and his bright glance seemed to address them severally and collectively—"was little short of heroic. Jupiter!" he added, almost under breath, "it was the bravest thing I ever saw!"

Philip Avery felt a deeper interest in his patients than the average physician. When his vessel sailed into port, a few weeks later, it was natural for him to make a detour from his usual course to look in upon his small ward on Telegraph Hill. As he neared the house he was gratified to see the little one, with cheeks like roses, playing out of doors. He would have passed on without stopping, but the small creature looked up into his face with a sudden smile, as if in possession of a rare bit of intelligence.

"Baby's dyin'."

"Dying?" His face was shocked and grieved.

"Yessir." He climbed the steps, and finding the front door ajar, pushed it open and quietly entered. With his first glimpse into the house a sense of some great change stole over him. A spirit of order and cleanliness had taken up its abode in the squalid home. The sound of a woman's sobs came from the inner room, and the poor mother met him at the door, but turned as if in disappointment as she recognized him. The dying baby lay upon the lap of a lady, who raised her face with a quick, imploring look at the sound of his footsteps. It was Margery Field.

"Can you do nothing to save her?"

He shook his head in silence. Already the end was drawing near. Together they solemnly watched the soul fade from the little form, and crossed the tiny hands upon the innocent breast. As they laid it gently upon the snowy coverlets of the bed, heavy steps sounded without, and a man entered followed by two policemen. He had been a good-looking fellow in his younger days, but a dissolute life had set its seal upon his countenance, though it still bore a look of rough good humor that seemed to promise gentle dealing, provided reason maintained its sway.

The woman turned to him with a bitter cry:

"Oh, Jim!"

The man faltered and fell back, as if he could not face what lay before him. His rough features were convulsed with grief.

"No that, Ellen, not that," he said.

The young people turned to go. At the door the doctor consulted in a whisper with the officers.

"How long a leave have they given him?"

"Two hours, sir."

The desolate home stood on the eastern side of the hill, and was one of a succession of dilapidated cabins, burrowing into the hillside in the rear and mounted on tall stilts in front. When they had descended the long flight of rickety steps leading to the street, the young man lifted his hat to his companion.

"Where are you going now?" he asked.

"To the city hall, to ask a remission of that man's sentence. He will turn over a new leaf if he has a chance. I mean to see that he has the chance."

She looked at him wistfully, and as she did their eyes met.

"But I shall first see you safely home," he added.

His strong arm supported her as they toiled up the steep elevation. Upon its summit there was an abortive attempt at a park, but neither shrubs nor plants had thrived on the bleak exposure, and even the grass appeared only in sickly patches. They stopped to rest where a low stone wall afforded some protection from the merciless wind which came wailing in from the sea. A heavy fog hung above their heads and cast its dark shadows over all the city. Looking out upon the water, they beheld the foam-capped breakers come rushing in from the ocean, dashing themselves with impotent rage against the rocky walls that barred their progress, then falling back, spent and wasted, into the eddying channel. The doctor turned and faced his companion.

"Now," she said.

The word fell like a challenge, and seemed the echo of his own thoughts. The time had come when all must be made clear between them. Abruptly he began and told the story of his life, not sparing the most painful detail. Like a man struggling with some horrible dream, he described his father's dreadful crime, and portrayed with painful stress the social ban and disgrace which had followed those who bore his name.

The girl listened, with half-averted face. He dreaded to read the grief and distrust he knew he had awakened; but when she still remained speechless, he arraigned her for her silence; not in reproach, for he felt that to him belonged all blame, but better the outspoken confession of a shattered trust, he told her, than this silence, pregnant with untold bitterness of contemptuous indifference.

There were tears on her face when she turned it to him.

"I see nothing but a picture of noble endeavor, suffering, and wrong. Knowing the story imperfectly when we first met, I honored you." He started, but did not speak. "Now hearing it from your own lips, told with the humility and unsparing self-reproach of a lofty nature, honor becomes reverence."

He grasped her hands and drew her to him for a moment; then he put her gently away.

"The remembrance of this trust and honor will make me glad and proud in all the years to come—the long years that I must spend alone. If I could allow another to knowingly assume a share of my burdens, I dare not forget that the brand of shame must never descend to other and innocent lives."

There was a brief silence. Then a voice answered, richly reverberant with womanly tenderness and purity:

"A child could ask no richer heritage than the example of such a father."

In that moment a sacred bond of union was consummated between their hearts which all the forms and ceremonies of priestly service could not consecrate. Into the young man's face slowly dawned a strength and courage he had never known before. The honor of the woman he loved seemed to purge from his soul some accursed stain.

Together they stood on the isolated crest of the hill and watched the fog, like a phantom host, steadily recede to the sea, while the dense veil overhead was suddenly rent apart, and the sunlight, in a flood of gold, poured down upon them like a benediction.

He recalled afterward that, as they passed through a small public square, on their way home, a newsboy brushed by them, crying the evening papers, and, as he passed them, called out:

"Exciting news from San Quentin!"

At another time the young man would have snatched eagerly at the paper and scanned its columns with morbid apprehension. Had he done so on this occasion, he would have seen, in flaring headlines, his father's name.

Something in his mother's manner, as she met them at the door, impressed him strangely and arrested the words he would have spoken before they left his lips. She received the young stranger with singular pride and dignity, free from the embarrassed restraint which usually characterized her. By some intuition she seemed to understand what they had come to tell, and drew the girl tenderly to her and kissed her. But they saw the glitter of unshed tears in her eyes, and her son was perplexed to hear her say:

"We must start at once, Philip, or we shall be too late for the boat."

* * * * * * * * * *

Meanwhile, for some weeks past, San Quentin had been the seat of considerable agitation. Serious charges had been preferred against the prison management. A commission of investigation had been appointed by the Legislature, and a court of inquiry had been called. All this was an old story to the people of California, but the public had been astonished at the course pursued by this commission. Previous assemblies of the kind had been accustomed to convene in San Francisco, where the city members could attend to their business without hinderance, and country representatives were enabled to have a good social time, and yet spare an hour or so a day for their official duties; where cigars were plentiful, wine flowed like water, and the accused officials were afforded a rare opportunity to prove their good will toward the State by their liberality to her representatives.

This commission was composed of a different set of men. There had been a general titter in some circles over their appointment. There was not a professional politician among them. One of them was an editor, a man of aristocratic tastes, but generally accredited with qualities not universally bestowed upon the journalistic fraternity of the Pacific Coast—sound and incorruptible principles. Another was a minister, somewhat notable for his practical benevolence. The third and last was a man hopelessly obscure, a small farmer whose fruit ranch lay somewhere along the banks of the Sacramento River. They had gone to work in a raw way from the first. Assuming that the truth could be better ascertained on the spot, the commission had been convened at San Quentin, and various members of the political fry whom it behooved to keep a close watch over such matters, as well as rich contractors and prominent State officials whose testimony was desirable, were thereby put to most scandalous inconvenience. The regular residents of San Quentin, not being deeply interested in the public welfare, but much concerned where their own interests were involved, did not, as a rule, approve of commissions. Not that they were liable to result in any material change of management, but the large outlay made upon such occasions by their guardians had to be retrenched somewhere; and a very appreciable decline in the quantity and quality of their rations was usually noticed. Moreover, at such times it was customary to observe more rigidly the existing laws of prison government, and greater difficulty was encountered in smuggling liquor, tobacco, and opium within the gates. As a consequence, the price of these luxuries inside of the establishment took leaps that would have delighted a Pine Street speculator, often advancing a hundred per cent in twenty-four hours.

Upon the appointment of the present commission, mutterings deep and ominous were heard among the more reckless of the prisoners. The most bitter protests came from the long-termers. However necessary for the protection of society, the life-sentence pronounced upon a man frequently has the effect of eradicating every redeeming trait in his character. Hope is a necessary stimulus to worthy effort, and the man whose existence is doomed to be spent within prison walls is a man without hope. Among these men a hideous plot was conceived, a desperate plot, involving destruction of life and property, with no small peril to themselves.

In the long building occupied by the officers and facing the wharf, separated from the prisoners' quarters by an open passage, was a cellar, used at that time for storage of ammunition. Windows and doors were heavily barred, and guards stationed near to resist seizure in the event of a concerted revolt. A prisoner named Dugan occupied a cell in the south wing of the prison quadrangle, abutting on this passage-way. Dugan was a heavy-browed, stolid-looking fellow, who had so distinguished himself in various sanguinary encounters as to earn the sobriquet of "Red-handed Mike." This man, with several of his comrades, determined to explode the magazine. They were reckless men, and although dimly realizing the peril to which they were exposing themselves, they did not hesitate to take the risk. It was enough for them that in the inevitable panic which would ensue lay some chance for escape and freedom.

That some fatuity had located this store of explosives directly beneath the officers' dining-room, now liberally patronized by the commission and its attendant satellites, enhanced the zest with which they laid their plans.

"We'll teach them to send us their commissions," they said.

Cunningly Dugan and his cell-mate went to work, tunneling from their cell down beneath the wall and in the direction of the dangerous stores. Working craftily at night with various implements smuggled from workshop and table, it was easy to conceal their progress. The cell was so located that there was small possibility of escape by under-ground avenues, and thus rarely subjected to examination by the guard. The dirt excavated was removed by their confederates. At length the job was successfully completed and the conspirators made ready for the grand finale.

Philip Avery had been taken into their confidence as a matter of necessity rather than choice. His cell adjoined Dugan's in Murderers' Row. It would have been impossible to carry out their plans without awakening his suspicions, and they argued that it was better to have him enlisted as a friend than foe. But they distrusted him, and resolved to give him no opportunity to betray them. He knew that he was under vigilant surveillance, and that if he attempted to speak with a guard vengeance might follow so swift and sure that his object would be frustrated.

Day after day went by. Everywhere his footsteps were dogged. Their watch was never once relaxed. The day and hour arrived for the fruition of their plans. As a last resort he feigned sickness and kept his cell.

The conspirators had manufactured a slow fuse, and planned to light it just before twelve o'clock at noon, when the prisoners were marshaled to their dining-hall in a distant angle of the buildings. As the last man filed by Philip Avery's cell, he cast an ugly look of suspicion upon its occupant. Dugan had never liked this man who held himself aloof from fellows every way his equal, who never indulged in an oath or cracked an obscene jest, and who now obstinately stuck to his cell with the menace of death and destruction near by. He needed watching.

As the sound of their footsteps died in the distance, Philip Avery rose with feverish haste from his bed, and hailed a guard close by.

"For God's sake, let me into No. 1. Then run and tell the yard overseer to clean out the officers' dining-room. A fuse has been laid to the gunpowder. I'll do all that can be done to stop it."

He did not stop to calculate his own chances. Had he done so he would probably have regarded his own life little worthy of preservation. His one absorbing thought was that many lives were imperiled, and with him existed their only chance of preservation. Perhaps some dim fancy flitted through his mind that if he saved these lives at the risk of his own, the old sin might in some way be blotted out.

On hands and knees he crept along the narrow excavation, at times blinded by a fall of loose earth. He reached the end at last, caught at a spark of fire wedged in between two casks, and crushed it beneath his heel, just as a warning splutter of flame told him that in another moment he would have been too late.

Faint and weak from the strain of excitement through which he had passed, he crept back, and was climbing through the narrow aperture which led into Dugan's cell, when he confronted a heavy-browed, brutal face, eyeing him with tigerish ferocity.

"O God!" Quick, sharp thrusts in breast, and throat, and head. Warm streams flooding his face and body, and dripping on his nerveless hands. Then a merciful unconsciousness which stole over him like sleep.

Out on the lawn in front of the prison gates, an excited group of men discussed the danger from which they had just escaped. Men of prominence and worth were there, for an important stage in the proceedings had been reached, and numerous witnesses summoned who were in attendance.

They were not callous-hearted men, and they valued their lives. Some thought tenderly of wife and children it would have been hard to leave. A bruised and mangled form was brought out on a stretcher, and a whisper ran around.

"The man who extinguished the fuse."

Witnessing the tortures that racked the frame of the convict who had saved them, their hearts grew sore and pitiful. There was a whispered consultation between the governor of the State, the warden, and the surgeon. The injuries were fatal. He could not live, at most, but twenty-four hours.

"He must die a free man."

It was the governor who spoke. The little group nodded approval.

Yards of red tape must first be covered, a petition drawn up and signed, an endorsement made by the court in which his sentence had been passed, and other legal formalities observed. When the documents were finally ready for the governor's signature, the same boat that conveyed them brought the prisoner's family.

Philip Avery had grown easier and quiet when they arrived. There came a new light into his face as his wife knelt beside him—his wife, faithful through so many years of shame, misery, and despair. It was something to have at last this chance of atonement, to leave her some legacy besides shame and obloquy; to raise his maimed hand and place in hers this document whose import he knew:

"For noble and heroic service rendered the State and her public servants, for which no adequate recompense can ever be made, this full and free pardon is issued to Philip Avery."

She read no further, for her eyes were blinded with sudden tears, the first she had shed for many years.

He lived until sundown. Lived to feel the pressure of more than one friendly hand, and to hear words of respect and gratitude falling like dew upon his soul, parching for years beneath a withering sense of guilt and shame. Lived to bless his son, who had been true to a noble standard of action, and to know as his daughter the pure-hearted girl who would henceforth wear the name he had redeemed.

And when the last rays of the setting sun transformed the bay into a sheet of molten gold, and illuminated the hills beyond with a sudden radiance, his eyes closed, and, with a smile on his wan face, he sank into the sleep that in this world knows no awakening.

## STORYETTES.

### Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"You Americans," said an Englishman to a young lady, "have no ancestry to which you can point with pride." "That is very true," she assented; "most of our ancestors came from England, you know."

During the Franco-Chinese war, in 1866, there appeared a cartoon representing a number of Chinese soldiers arranged in single file, each bestowing a kick on the man in front. Appended were these words: "The Emperor of China establishing a line of communication which enables him to testify to his generals his august displeasure."

One rainy day, recently, an old lady hailed a horse-car on one of the muddy streets, when the gentlemanly conductor stopped his car where there is usually a dry cross-walk, and the old lady stepped up on the platform, walked across, and then stepped down the other, remarking, as she did so, that she "didn't know what she should have done if it hadn't been for that car."

Years ago a Vermont farmer lost many sheep through the depredations of wolves. He journeyed to Boston, and returned with a wolf-dog which cost him many dollars. He started out the next day, and soon his dog was following up a scent rapidly, and disappeared in the woods. The farmer, on horseback, followed, and met a chopper. "Wall, stranger, did yer see e'er a dog and a wolf go by?" "Yaas." "Wall, how was it?" "The dorg was a leetle ahead."

Every one knows the story of the gentleman's asking Lord North who "that frightful woman was?" and his lordship's answering, "That is my wife." The other, to repair his blunder, said, "I did not mean her, but that monster next to her." "Oh," said Lord North, "that monster is my daughter." With this story Frederick Robinson, in his usual absent, enthusiastic way, was one day entertaining a lady whom he sat next to at dinner, and lo! the lady was Lady Charlotte Lindsay, the monster in question.

That even our "poor sisters" have an eye for the main chance is shown by an anecdote told in *Gil Blas* by the Baron de Vaux. A lady who was visiting the famous abbey of Le Grande Chartreuse, on one of the Catholic fast days, asked one of the nuns for a glass of water as she was very thirsty. "Madame, it is *quatre-temps*. No refreshments can be served before noon." "But I see several persons drinking Chartreuse," answered the lady. "Oh, we have a special dispensation from the Pope for that, and I can fetch you some at once if you like."

When Louis Philippe was staying at Richmond, near London, he walked one day by himself to Twickenham, for the purpose, he said, of seeing some of the old tradesmen who had served him when he resided there. As he passed along the road a man met him, pulled off his hat, and hoped his Royal Highness was well. "What's your name?" inquired the king; "what were you when I lived here?" "Please your Royal Highness," replied the man, "I kept the Crown," the name of an ale-house close to the entrance of Orleans House. "Did you, indeed?" said Louis; "why, my good fellow, you did what I was unable to do."

"Yes," he remarked to his friend, "since I"—— "Telegram, sir," interrupted his clerk; "Wabash up one point." "Wire Smith to sell ten thousand. As I was about to remark, since I"—— "Another telegram, sir," again interrupted the clerk; "Union Pacific is down three points." "Order Smith to buy three thousand. Yes, since I"—— "Mr. Wilson wants to know whether you will be at the bank meeting this afternoon," interrupted the clerk for the third time. "I'm going down at once, tell him. As I was about to say," he continued, "since I retired from active business, I have never felt better in all my life."

The Liberal party in Scotland, who were under great obligations to Alexander Russell, the editor of the *Scotsman*, for his advocacy as a journalist, had subscribed very handsomely to present him with a testimonial in hard cash. He was not a rich man, but he had doubts as to whether he should accept a gift which might destroy or weaken his prestige, and he consulted a fellow-countryman upon the point. The advice, as he told it with infinite relish, was as follows: "If it is five thousand pounds, my mon', tak' it; if it's less than five thousand pounds, don't tak it, and say you wouldn't have taken it if it had been fifty thousand pounds."

When the French Academicians were busy with their famous dictionary the members of the committee were at odds as to defining *de suite* and *tout de suite*. Bois-Robert suggested that they should adjourn to a restaurant and discuss some oysters and the question together. On arriving there Bois-Robert asked the attendant to open *de suite* six dozen oysters, and Courart chimed in with: "And serve them to us *tout de suite*." "But, gentlemen," said the woman, "how can I open your oysters *de suite* and serve them *tout de suite?*" "Easily enough," answered one of the party; "open six oysters *de suite*—that is, one after another—and serve them *tout de suite*—that is, as soon as you have opened them." His definition of the two phrases was adopted by acclamation. There is nothing like practical illustration to bring home the meaning of things.

The following anecdote of Commodore Decatur was told at a recent meeting of the Sons of the Veterans of 1812 held in New York city. Decatur, commanding the frigate *United States*, while stationed at Gibraltar before the outbreak of the war of 1812, became acquainted with Captain Carden, of the British frigate *Macedonian*. The air was full of the coming strife, and the two officers often discussed the situation. "I'll bet you a silk hat," said Carden, one day, "that if we ever come into action together I'll take your ship." Decatur took the bet. They did meet not long after war was declared, and after a hard fight the *Macedonian* struck her colors. Carden, much humiliated, presented his sword to the victor, in the presence of most of the officers of both vessels. Decatur, drawing himself to his full height, said, in a tone loud enough for all to hear: "Captain Carden, I do not want your sword—but I'll take that hat."

It is said that Chief Justice Coleridge first obtained notice as a lawyer by the following simple incident, while he was pleading the cause of a man on trial for murder. In the course of his long argument a candle in the jury-box flickered and went out, leaving the court-room in darkness. He stopped speaking, and the silence in the court for a moment was oppressive. The scene, with its dark shadows, its grim faces, the scarlet robes of the judge, and the haggard face of the murderer, was worthy of Rembrandt. The usher replaced the light and Coleridge resumed his address. "Gentlemen of the jury, you have a solemn duty, a very solemn duty, to discharge. The life of the prisoner of the bar is in your hands. You can take it—by a word. You can extinguish that life as the candle by your side was extinguished a moment ago. But it is not in your power, it is not in the power of any of us—of any one in the court or out of it—to restore that life, when once taken, as that light has been restored." A thrilling effect was produced, and the case was won.

## ROYAL AND NOBLE BARDS.

### Reconciliation.

Come, let us now resolve at last
To live and love in quiet;
We'll tie the knot so very fast
That time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove
Who free from quarrels live;
'Tis the most tender part of love
Each other to forgive.

When least I seemed concerned I took
No pleasure nor no rest;
And when I feigned an angry look,
Alas! I loved you best.
—*George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.*

### Love is by Fancy Led About.

Love is by fancy led about
From hope to fear, from joy to doubt;
Whom we now an angel call,
Divinely graced in every feature,
Straight's a deformed, a perjured creature;
Love and hate are fancy all.

'Tis but as fancy shall present
Objects of grief, or of content,
That the lover's blest, or dies;
Visions of mighty pain or pleasure,
Imagined want, imagined treasure,
All in powerful fancy lies.
—*George Granville, Lord Lansdowne.*

### Song.

My dear mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art
And her eyes she did enslave me.
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks;
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.
—*John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.*

### On the Death of her Brother, Francis the First.

'Tis done! a father, mother, gone,
A sister, brother, torn away,
My hope is now in God alone,
Whom Heaven and earth alike obey.
Above, beneath, to him is known—
The world's wide compass is his own.

I love—but in the world no more,
Nor in gay hall, or festal bower;
Not the fair forms I prized before,
But Him, all beauty, wisdom, power—
My Saviour, who has cast a chain
On sin and ill, and woe and pain!

I from my memory have effaced
All former joys, all kindred, friends;
All honors that my station graced
I hold but snares that fortune sends;
Hence! joys by Christ at distance cast,
That we may be his own at last!
—*Marguerite de Valois.*

### Song.

I stood upon the wild seashore,
And marked the wide expanse;
My straining eyes were turned once more
To long loved, distant France.
I saw the sea-bird hurry by
Along the waters blue;
I saw her wheel amid the sky,
And mock my tearful, eager eye,
That would her flight pursue.

Onward she darts, secure and free,
And wings her rapid course to thee!
Oh, that her wing were mine, to soar,
And reach thy lovely land once more!
O Heaven! it were enough to die
In my own, my native home—
One hour of blessed liberty
Were worth whole years to come!
—*Charles d'Orleans.*

### No Captive Knight whom Chains Confine.

No captive knight whom chains confine
Can tell his fate, and not repine;
Yet with a song he cheers the gloom
That hangs around his living tomb.
Shame to his friends!—the king remains
Two years unransomed and in chains.

Now let them know, my brave barons,
English, Normans, and Gascons,
Not a liege-man so poor have I,
That I would not his freedom buy.
I will not reproach their noble line,
But chains and a dungeon still are mine.

The dead—nor friends nor kin have they!
Nor friends nor kin my ransome pay!
My wrongs afflict me; yet far more
For faithless friends my heart is sore.
Oh, what a blot upon their name,
If I should perish thus in shame!

Nor is it strange I suffer pain,
When sacred oaths are thus made vain,
And when the king, with bloody hands,
Spreads war and pillage through my lands.
One only solace now remains—
I soon shall burst these servile chains.

Ye Troubadours, and friends of mine,
Brave Chail, and noble Pensauvine,
Go, tell my rivals, in your song,
This heart hath never done them wrong.
He infamy—not glory—gains
Who strikes a monarch in his chains.
—*Richard Cœur de Lion.*

## THE INNER MAN.

At a recent European banquet there were present twelve hundred guests who consumed thirty-five hundred bottles of wine.

Mushrooms, like charity, cover a multitude of sins—gastronomical sins in the way of short-comings in cookery. A tyro in the art throws a lot of mushrooms into a sauce, thinking thereby to cover up an ill-cooked dish.

What is commonly self-called a plain cook is a cook who spoils food for low wages. She is a cook, not because she knows anything about cookery; but because she prefers the kitchen-fire to scrubbing floors, polishing grates, or making beds.

Charles Reade, the novelist, was fond of bonbons. His idea of an orgy was a feast of sugar-plums; and, like young ladies, he loved sweet champagne. One of his lady friends complained to him that the sun was spoiling her complexion. "Not at all, my dear," he answered; "you look like a nice ripe peach."

When the cook of Louis XVIII was reproached by His Majesty's physician, with ruining the royal health by savory juices, the dignitary of the kitchen sententiously remarked that it was the office of the cook to supply the king with pleasant dishes, and it was the duty of the doctor to enable His Majesty to digest them. The division of labor, and the responsibilities of office, could not have been better defined.

Roger Ascham, the schoolmaster, instructor of Queen Elizabeth in 1550, says in one of his letters from Germany: "Tell Mr. Maden I will drink with him now a carouse of wine; and would to God he had a vessel of Rhenish wine, and, perchance, when I come to Cambridge, I will so provide here, that every year I will have a little piece of Rhenish wine." Master Ascham, in another letter writes: "The emperor drank the best that I ever saw; he had his head in the glass five times as long as any of us, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine." Schiller, the German poet, loved to write by candle-light, with a bottle of Rhine wine upon the table. "These," says Longfellow, approvingly, "were scholars and gentlemen."

The banquets of the ancient Oriental kings were something that would cause our modern caterers to open their eyes with astonishment. But whether the cheer, voluptuous as it was in all its accessories, would meet the requirements of the nineteenth century epicures, is a matter of considerable doubt. Rome, in her luxurious days, had her delicacies, which might be considered anything else but delicacies now, and the table customs of the Athenians, who were noted for their taste and eagerness in the way of anything new in the shape of cookery, are not likely to find many followers even among those whose wealth and leisure would permit it. It is very pleasant to read and talk about the luxuries enjoyed by the ancients, but it is also very certain that a majority of our modern palates would have to be somewhat modified, or reconstructed, to enable them to grow ecstatic over some of their dishes, especially if the owners of these palates were obliged to eat them in a recumbent position, even though they were reclining in the midst of perfumed light and on the royalest of purple couches.

The Rathskeller, in Bremen, enjoys the distinction of being probably the oldest lunch-house in the world, its establishment dating from the twelfth century. It is almost a labyrinth in its extent and irregularity, and the resemblance is heightened from the fact that it is subterraneous, its rooms being a series of excavations below the surface. The wines obtainable are of the choicest and oldest, the vintages being strictly preserved in ancient succession. The plant is owned and controlled by the city, although frequently under lease to individuals, and it is a particularly interesting place from its antiquity and generally curious and unique aspect. In striking contrast to the habitués of this cavernous *café* must be the lofty restaurants recently opened in New York in the top floors of buildings whose height is measured by ten and twelve stories. A luxurious elevator takes one swiftly and easily to the banquet-hall, where a magnificent view of the city in its water-setting combines with the other accessories of choicest viands and perfect serving to make the operation of eating as near high art as seems possible to attain in such an ordinary every-day occurrence.

Dr. Leroy was in the habit of swallowing every morning before breakfast two dozen oysters, and used always to say to his friends, presenting them with the shells "There! Behold the fountain of my youthful strength!" Percy relates having seen a large number of wounded persons, exhausted by the loss of blood and treatment, who were entirely kept up by eating oysters; and Dr. Lenac, a worthy authority, considered them the most nourishing food in existence. Oysters are strongly recommended to all persons suffering from weak digestion; and Dr. Pasquier adds, that "they may be given with great advantage to persons of intemperate habits, who, by inefficacious medical treatment, have fallen into debility and lowness of spirits." He also recommends oysters to all who are suffering from the gout. The writer knew of a person last winter who was suffering from influenza, which, from his being an aged man, threatened most serious consequences, who was entirely cured by eating oysters. Oysters increase the blood without heating the system, and hence when a wound has caused much loss of blood, the eating of oysters not only prevents fever, but replaces the loss which no other remedy can effect.

"Did you ever hear of the joke some New Yorkers played on a famous fish dealer of London a while ago? Well, let me tell you about it. This man, of course, was familiar with oysters, but had never seen any of our champions; so some of the friends to whom he brought letters determined to show him what could be done in America in the way of oysters and clams. I believe there were about twenty at the dinner, and after the soups the door was thrown open with a bang, and with much confusion two waiters appeared, bearing an enormous plate, upon which were a dozen oysters on the half-shell. Each one was over thirteen inches in length, being the famous Long Fox oysters from Old Point Comfort. One would have served a man for three meals. The dish was finally placed in front of the astonished fishmonger, who anxiously inquired if it was the custom of one man to eat so much, and so many. He was answered that it was, and was gravely informed that they would give him an appetite for the clams, with which the waiters were now struggling. They were the celebrated Groducks that have been quite lately discovered on the northwest coast, and you can imagine the effect when I tell you that each one was over a foot long, eight inches wide, and some were ten, and all weighed from six to eight pounds. A dozen of these steamed were placed before him by the two men. 'Ye don't expect me to eat all this, do ye?' he shouted. 'Eat it?' retorted the chairman; 'why, bless your soul, that's what we take to give us appetite for the deviled clam;' and at that moment three waiters came in bearing the shell of the great clam known as the Tridacna, an East Indian clam. The one valve that the men brought in weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, and was filled with lobster salad. This was lifted up on the table that creaked and groaned again. This finished the Englishman. He pushed back his chair, and nobody knows what he was going to do or say, when all hands burst out into a roar of laughter, and, being a jolly fellow, he saw the joke, and joined the others in laughing over it."—*Philadelphia Times.*

## VANITY FAIR.

For the convenience of such as may be contemplating matrimony, and also as a fund of reminiscence and comparison, the following list of articles in two classes of wedding outfits are appended in a form convenient for cutting out:

| | |
|---|---|
| One wedding and reception dress | $100 |
| One calling costume | 75 |
| One tailor suit | 75 |
| One black silk suit | 65 |
| One morning gown | 20 |
| One house dress | 30 |
| Two pair shoes, at eight dollars | 16 |
| One pair slippers | 3 |
| One-half dozen cotton hose | 3 |
| One-half dozen silk hose | 15 |
| One satin corset | 15 |
| One cotton corset | 2 |
| Muslin undergarments | 100 |
| Under flannels | 12 |
| Two flannel skirts, at three dollars | 6 |
| One pair evening gloves | 5 |
| One-half dozen street gloves | 15 |
| One seal-skin cloak | 150 |
| One brocade mantle | 100 |
| One cloth jacket | 50 |
| Two dozen handkerchiefs | 20 |
| One lace handkerchief | 15 |
| Laces | 100 |
| Toilet articles | 25 |
| Jewelry—indefinite; traveling conveniences | 25 |
| Fare | 5 |
| Shopping bag | 5 |
| Hats and bonnets | 50 |
| | $1,102 |

While the above may be read with longing, and perhaps a touch of envy, the next will have a much more vital and personal interest for most young girls:

| | |
|---|---|
| One cloth traveling-suit | $30 |
| One silk calling-costume | 50 |
| One street-costume | 40 |
| One morning-dress | 15 |
| Two pairs shoes, at five dollars | 10 |
| One traveling-hat | 5 |
| One dress-bonnet | 8 |
| Three pairs gloves | 4 |
| One cloak | 50 |
| One-half dozen stockings | 3 |
| Flannels | 6 |
| Muslin undergarments | 30 |
| Two pairs corsets, at $1.50 | 3 |
| One and one-half dozen handkerchiefs | 5 |
| Waterproof and rubbers | 3 |
| Collars, cuffs, and ruches | 2 |
| Toilet articles | 5 |
| Traveling-bag | 5 |
| One umbrella | 3 |
| Total | $277 |

It is very funny to see the tenacity with which certain Philadelphia young men of Quaker descent cling to some of the distinctive marks of the religion of their childhood. There is a charming little Quakeress, the life and flower of a small dancing class in Philadelphia, whose life is proof in point. She is a dainty brunette, with dancing black eyes and a perfect carriage. Her father, who was a member of one of the chief Quaker meetings, died and left her more than one million dollars that he had accumulated in the dry goods trade. She was petted and spoiled, and all sorts of concessions in the way of dress were made to her. She was taught painting and music, too, and her devoted old papa was almost fired out of meeting for having a piano for her in his house. She loved him quite as tenderly as he loved her, and when he parted from her for all time her grief was unaffected and touching. However, she had lost all taste for the life of routine and self-restraint imposed upon the disciples of Fox. She had gone in strongly for the beautiful and elegant in social intercourse, and her munificent income permits her to gratify all her tastes. She wore twenty-eight different toilets last season, and she said the other day that she was about importing twelve new ones for the winter. Although she has apparently given up the Society of Friends in everything substantial, she yet insists on using the "plain" language. There is a current suspicion that she is quite conscious of the fact that she adds to her charm by the use of her quaint "thees" and "thous." Fancy a bewitching little creature saying: "Is thee my partner for the lancers?" or, "I have so many names down on my dancing card that I don't know when thy name will come, Friend Jones."

It is understood that a gentleman who desires to marry wears a plain or chased gold ring upon the first finger of the left or heart hand. When he becomes engaged the ring passes to the second finger. After marriage it passes to the third finger. If, however, the gentleman desires his lady friends to clearly understand that he is not "in the market," and does not wish to marry at all, he wears the signet upon his little finger. This will inform all ladies that he is beyond reach. With the ladies, a plain or chased gold ring on the little finger of the left hand indicates "not engaged," or ready for an offer. When engaged the ring passes to the third finger of the right hand. When married the third finger of the left hand receives the ring. When a young lady wishes to defy all suitors she places rings—one on the first and one on the fourth finger. A writer on the subject of rings says: "Though the ring of gold has long been looked upon as a necessity in the marriage ceremony, it is by no means indispensable, and civil marriages may be celebrated without it. The Puritans abolished the ring, or rather, tried to do so; they looked upon its use as superstitious and of heathen origin. Quakers generally object to the ring on account of its heathen origin, but the ladies of that persuasion have shown a decided preference for its continuance on account of the invidious position in which a married lady might be placed for want of it. Wedding-rings are placed on the left hand to typify obedience. The converse is probably the reason why the engaged band is placed on the third right-hand finger of a *fiancée*, who still possesses a large amount of freedom, and frequently exercises her power in an arbitrary manner.

Nearly every actress and theatrical singer wears wigs. The real hair is done up in a number of small braids twisted round the head, and the different parts of the artificial edifice are then attached to it by hair-pins or strings. Sarah Bernhardt is inseparable from her wig, which comes down low on her forehead. She likes to be at home exactly what she appears on the stage. Théo is also perpetually bewigged. Leonide Leblanc is capricious and varies her hair-dyes. She also reinforces her hair with tresses fetched from Brittany. Theresa is of the opinion that real hair is always stupid-looking. The ex-coiffeur of the Varieties is of her mind. "Impossible," he says, "to be so daring in working in a real as in a false chevelure." George Sand had in youth a luxuriant head of black hair. She could never reconcile herself to the whitening action upon it of time and cerebral activity. It therefore remained dark to the end. Hating caps, she reinforced it with a borrowed chignon, and waved the front hair with irons. She used to wear in summer a broad-brimmed hat, or merely protect herself from the sun with a parasol; a hood of woolen stuff was her winter headgear. The baldest man in France, Monsieur Charles Edmond, was, toward the end of her life, one of her best friends. "Why is his head so much barer than yours?" asked her grand-daughter Aurora. "Because he sits up at night and thinks so much." "That's not it at all," replied the youthful demoiselle; "it because when men grow bald they must stay as they are, while women can heap upon themselves as much false hair as they choose to wear."

## LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Swinburne suggests as a piece of "benevolent despotism" that it should be made a penal offense against literature "for any writer to affix a proverb, a phrase, a quotation, but, above all things, a line of poetry, by way of tag or title to his novel or to hers. Scripture and Shakespeare should be specially prohibited."

Every one who has a large correspondence must have noticed that type-writers are gradually coming into very general use. Most of these, however, are worked by pressing knobs, which is fatiguing. But news comes from Berlin that a Herr H. Noeh has succeeded in making a writer in which it is only necessary to move a needle around a quadrant on which are marked the letters of the alphabet, as in some old-fashioned telegraphic machines.

At No. 15 Ebury Street, London, Mr. Justin McCarthy does his literary work, sitting at a type-writing machine in his sky-parlor study. There are a few books in the room—the fewer the better, Mr. McCarthy thinks—and several objects of curious interest, chief among which is a dinner-bell. Mr. McCarthy gleefully declares that in regard to that object he vanquished his friend, Mr. William Black; for Mr. Black has for a dinner-bell a cow-bell from the Roman Campagna, while Mr. McCarthy's is a camel-bell from Jerusalem.

In "The Hunting Cats of Connorloa," Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson describes how a wealthy gentleman, settling in California for the sake of his health, employed a colony of pussies to wage a war of extermination on the gophers and rabbits which infest his rancho. The gophers go for the garden and the cats go for the gophers, much to the amusement and pity of Mr. Connor's Italian nephew and niece. There are a colored waiter named Jim, a band of Chinese servants, and a family of Indians, all of whom contribute their share to the interest of the story.

Mr. Froude declares that he objects to being brought into the society of people in a book whom he would shut his eyes rather than see in real life. He was taking a voyage when he first read Balzac's "Le Père Goriot." "My impulse after it was over was to plunge into the sea to wash myself. As we were going ten knots there were objections to this form of ablution, but I felt that I had been in abominable company. The book seemed to be the very worst ever written by a clever man. Monsier Balzac's heroines are so base and low that it would be a compliment to call them devils."

Messrs. Scribner have decided to extend the series of "Stories by American Authors" to include ten volumes. When this is finished it will show a singularly complete representation of the best known and best recent writers of fiction in this shorter form. The fifty-four or fifty-five authors who will then have contributed to it comprise all but the three or four, like Mr. Harte and Mr. Cable, whose best work has been from the beginning published in books of their own, and so placed beyond the reach of such a collection. The series has gained a success beyond even the prophecies of many of its friends.

Mr. Clark Russell, who has been so critical in regard to the accuracy of nautical terms used by novel-writers, gives vent to his feelings in the current *Contemporary Review*. He is much disgusted at the jumble of sea phrases employed by the writers of "sea stories." An unkind critic in the *Bookseller* (London) calls attention to the fact that Mr. Russell does not judge his own performances by the rigid rules he applies to others. "Though his slips may be trifling," says the writer, "they will readily be detected by the reader who, like himself, may have spent some portion of his life in stowing royals and slushing down."

A "Literary Interchange" has been opened at Room No. 145 Temple Court, New York, its purpose being to act as agent for authors seeking a market for their work, or a professional opinion as to its availability and literary merit. Its relations with artists and engravers enable it to estimate upon and supply illustrations and designs for book-covers if desired. A moderate charge is made to authors for examination and criticism, and manuscripts that are considered worthy will be recommended to such publications as are likely to make use of them. Estimates will also be made for authors who wish to publish at their own expense.

Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's mode of writing her concordance to Shakespeare: "I had a separate portfolio for each letter of the alphabet, and these portfolios were ranged around in front of me, on my writing table. I opened my father's copy of Shakespeare at my side, having two pages in view at a time. I took the first word that presented itself at the top the first page (we will suppose this word to begin with 'a'), and entered each word commencing with the same letter on the manuscript page which was headed by the word, and placed it in its respective portfolio, going thus, alphabetically, through the whole of the two spread-open pages, until every salient word therein was duly culled and registered. I generally worked from four to six hours per day, and always before and after breakfast until dinner-time." When half-way through, she heard that somebody else was doing the same work. She sadly abandoned her task. But she soon learned that the rumor was unfounded.

As a feat of memory, Monsieur de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, relates an incident which occurred in 1873, before the *Times* had a special telegraphic wire. Monsieur de Blowitz had been with Mr. Delane to Versailles, on an occasion when Monsieur Thiers made a great speech; and, as the correspondent was accompanying Mr. Delane to the Northern Railway Station the same evening, Mr. Delane said: "What a pity we can't have a speech like that *in extenso* in the *Times* the morning after its delivery!" Monsieur de Blowitz, who had simply listened attentively to the speech, without any intention of reporting it, took advantage of this opportunity of showing his editor what he could do, saw Mr. Delane into the Calais express, drove to the telegraph office in the Rue Grenell, sat down at a table and wrote Monsieur Thiers's speech from memory. When Mr. Delane arrived at Dover and opened the *Times*, he found Monsieur Thiers's speech—occupying nearly two and a half columns of the journal—a full, nearly *verbatim* report.

The publication of Bulwer's love-letters, with which the world has been threatened so long, has finally come to pass, and Miss Devey, the executrix of the dowager Lady Lytton, has retaliated for the unkind things related in the Bulwer biography of that unhappy lady, by forcing upon the world some of the most disgusting, inane, and silly letters ever written by that class of amatory snobs to which the writer belonged. Though there are printed here several hundred of these letters from Bulwer, we hear of none written by Lady Lytton, so that it must be taken for granted that Miss Devey suppressed them for an excellent reason. It was hardly possible that even the most love-sick suitor could go on through hundreds of pages transmitting to paper his violent passion without some answering token from his lady-love. It would be an exceedingly sad narrative if it were not so nauseating and ridiculous a story. The publication has hardly, we think, done much for the fame of Lady Lytton. There is no question that she was a badly treated wife, there was no sort of doubt about the real character of Bulwer before his papers were published, and certainly no honor is bestowed upon the lady as the recipient of these letters.]

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"How silent the stars are to-night, George?" she said, softly, gazing at them over his shoulders. "Y-yes," he replied; "but do you think they are any more silent than usual?"—*Ex.*

"How does the new girl strike you?" asked a citizen of Detroit at a dinner lately. "She hasn't struck me as yet," answered the wife, meekly; "but she has done almost everything else."—*Boston Herald.*

"Look here, James, just you do a little lifting and not so much grunting. I'll do the grunting. I'm older than you and can grunt better," remarked a father to his son, as they were trying to roll a log over.—*Brooklyn Times.*

"Is there a row inside?" a policeman asked of the ticket-seller at the box-office. "No row, I guess." "There's a disturbance of some kind in there, certain," the officer insisted, half-drawing his club. "You are mistaken," said the ticket-seller; "it's only a theatre party."—*New York Sun.*

"I have read every book in my husband's library. I really don't know what to do for something to read," said a newly married woman to a friend. "Why don't you get another husband?" was the reply of the other party, who had some experience. The above is said to have occurred in Chicago.—*Ex.*

We do not now remember where we heard it, but it is so good we repeat it without any authority. It was in an Illinois court: "Have you," asked the judge of a recently convicted man, "anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?" "No, your honor," replied the prisoner; "my lawyer took my last cent."—*Bloomington Eye.*

"Why, Mary, have you come back to be a hired girl again? I thought you left us to get married and have a house of your own?" "So I did, mum." "Well, what have you come back for?" "Well, ye see, mum, John's done purty well, an' we kep' a hired girl, too, an' I'm kind o' tired av the way of life. I thought I'd like to come back an' be boss agin fur a while."—*St. Paul Day.*

"Suppose," said an examiner to a student in engineering, "you had built an engine yourself, performed every part of the work without assistance, and knew that it was in complete order, but when put on the road the pump would not draw water, what would you do?" "I should look into the tank and ascertain if there was any water to draw," replied the student.—*Ex.*

"I see you advertise goods to be sold for a mere song," said he, as he stepped into a furniture store on Washington Street. "Yes, sir," answered the gentlemanly proprietor. "Well, now, let me see; I like that red plush sofa there, and I'll sing you 'When the Robins Nest Again' for it. At last accounts he was able to sit up in bed, and if he continues to improve he will probably be out in a week.—*Boston Post.*

"Do you think this disease incurable, doctor?" "He is a poor man, isn't he?" "Hasn't got a dollar." "Yes; medicine won't do him any good now." "He has a rich uncle who has agreed to pay all expen"—— "Excuse me, if you please," interrupted the physician, waving his hand; "never mind about the rich uncle. As I was saying when you interrupted me, I don't think medicine will do him any good; but I never give up a patient until he is dead."—*New York World.*

"Look heah, Ransom," said an old negro to a young fellow, "I doan' min' yer 'sociatin' wid my daughter, but I druther yer wouldn' come roun' my house no mo'. Time 'fore de las' what yer wuz heah I missed er water-bucket, an' de las' time de bridle wuz gone, an' now, ez I has a use fur de saddle, I druther yer wouldn' come heah. I doan' say dat yer ain't hones', fur de Lawd knows I b'lebes yer is, but such cuis things happens while yer is in de neighborhood, so jes' ter pleas er ole man, whut ain't enjoyin' very good health, pleas doan' come roun' dis house no mo'."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

His heart was full of a burning desire to say something not only complimentary but brilliantly suggestive. So, after revolving the matter in his mind during a ten-minutes' burst of silence, he said, gazing into the crackling fire: "Ah, Miss Eunice, why is the andiron so like myself?" And Miss Eunice, looking so solemnly demure that the clock stopped, said that she didn't know, unless it was because it had a brass head. He was groping blindly for the front door before she could catch her breath, and it didn't appear to relieve him a bit when she followed him down the hall to tell him that she wasn't good at conundrums, anyhow. He only went out into the starlight and held his throbbing temple by the bits, and wished that he had died when he was a laughing, innocent babe.—*Hawkeye.*

"My dear friend," said a temperance advocate, "can not I induce you to sign the pledge?" "I believe I will sign it," was the reply; "I am afraid that liquor has such a hold on me that I will never be able to voluntarily give it up." "And you will sign it now?" the temperance man asked, eagerly. "Well, not just now; you see Thanksgiving is here, and that's a legal holiday; and then there's Christmas and New Year's, and after them comes Washington's Birthday, and that brings us close on to the 1st of May, when bock beer is ripe, and Decoration Day, that must not be overlooked, and then the Fourth, the glorious Fourth, no loyal American citizen should neglect that day of all others. I haven't much confidence in myself," he went on, "and, considering that all these holidays come together in such a bunch, I'm afraid I might break over. Come around and see me about ten o'clock on the morning of the 5th of July."—*Ex.*

Maybe a man feels happy, and proud, and flattered, and envied, and blessed among men when he sees a pretty girl trying to raise a window of a railway car, and jumps up and gets ahead of the other boys, and says: "Allow me?" oh, so courteously; and she says, "Oh, if you please; I would be so glad," and the other male passengers turn green with envy, and he leans over the back of the seat, and tackles the window, in a knowing way, with one hand, if peradventure he may toss it airily with a turn of the wrist; but it kind of holds on; and he takes hold with both hands, but it sort of doesn't go to any alarming extent, and he pounds it with his fist, but it only seems to settle "a little closer into place"; and then he comes around, and she gets out of the seat to give him a fair chance, and he grapples that window, and bows his back, and tugs, and pulls, and sweats, and grunts, and strains, and his hat falls off, and his suspender buttons fetch loose, and his vest buckle parts, and his face gets red, and his feet slip, and people laugh, and an irreverent young man in a remote seat grunts and groans every time he lifts, and cries out, "Now then, all together!" as if in mockery, and he bursts his collar-button, and the pretty young lady, vexed at being made so conspicuous, says, in her iciest manner, "Oh, never mind, thank you; it doesn't make any difference," and calmly goes and sits down in another seat; and that wearied young man gathers himself together, and reads a book upside-down—oh, doesn't he feel just good! Maybe; but don't be fool enough to extend any of your sympathy. He doesn't need it.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

# Two Married Lovers

By LUDOVIC HALÉVY.

FREELY ADAPTED FOR THE ARGONAUT BY JEROME A. HART.

[The following little sketch is admitted to be one of Halévy's masterpieces. It will be interesting to those who believe that in France young people never fall in love; or that, if they do, it is only after marriage, and then with the wrong husband or wife. Seriously, it is instructive as well as amusing, for it shows—what many worthy people do not believe—that there exist in France virtuous wives, pure young girls, loyal lovers, and happy homes—just as in other lands.]

He wrote every morning and evening—without any particular attention to style, and very much in the manner of a telegram—a sort of programme and diary of his day. He had begun it when he was twenty years of age, the third of October, 1869, and this was what he wrote on that important day:

"*I have received my commission as sub-lieutenant in the Twenty-first Chasseurs.*"

When the 31st of December came, he put his little book in a drawer, and began a fresh one.

She, with infinitely more pains and care, in little volumes bound in blue morocco, and furnished with locks which were ever scrupulously closed, kept a minute record of her life. She had begun when she was sixteen years of age, and her first entry, dated the 17th of May, 1876, ran thus:

"*To-day I wore my first long dress.*"

On the 17th of August, 1879, she was married, and then she stopped. Nothing more was written in the little volumes bound in blue morocco, but she preserved them. Those which related her life between the months of May, 1876, and August, 1879, were carefully placed in a secret drawer—those relating the story of the months which came between her first long dress and her marriage.

He also was married on the 17th of August, 1879, but he had not ceased to keep his daily notes. In one of the drawers of his desk were thirteen little books, in which his life was narrated, day by day, with the utmost exactness, despite the dry form in which it was couched. Sometimes he amused himself by opening one of the little volumes, and reading at hazard ten or fifteen pages, thus bringing up the past, and confronting yesterday with to-day.

Now, on the 19th of June, 1881, our sub-lieutenant had become a captain, and was first on the list for promotion. He was alone in his study one evening, about ten o'clock, and there, seated at his desk, his head resting on his hands, he was asking himself whether it was in the spring of '79 or the spring of '78 that he had published an article in a military magazine on "The Reorganization of the Military in Austro-Hungary." As he reflected, it occurred to him that he would probably find the date of publication referred to in one of his diaries. He opened the drawer, and by chance there came to his hand the year 1879. He carelessly turned the leaves of the little volume. Page after page went by, when suddenly he stopped and read one passage with some attention. He smiled as he read. He rose from his seat, went to an easy-chair, and, seating himself, continued to read. It was evident that he was thinking no longer of Austro-Hungary or of military equipments. Old recollections were coming up to him, and they brought smiles to his lips and at the same time traces of emotion to his eyes. Two or three times, in fact, this captain of cavalry was forced to stop, and to remove from the corner of his eye, with his little finger, what looked suspiciously like a tear.

He was still plunged in his reading when one of the portières was lifted, and a pretty blonde head appeared—a deliciously pretty blonde head, framed in the rich tapestries.

"What could he be doing there in the big chair?" reflected the little blonde head. Was he asleep? Only a half-hour ago he had pitilessly sent her away—in the first place because he wanted to work, and in the second place because when she was near him the ideas which came into his head were not those of work.

With infinite precautions, then, her supple and willowy form, wrapped in a white muslin peignoir, glided into the room, and the little blonde stole softly up to him on tip-toe. No, he was not asleep—he was reading, and with close attention, for he had not observed her.

"Ah, he had told the truth, then; he was at work, for is not reading working?" thought the little blonde.

She held her breath as she stole toward him—softly, softly. As she went, she was deliberating upon a momentous question. She was scarcely more than a child, and she was very much in love. Let this be her excuse, for here is the question she was pondering:

"Where shall I kiss him?—on the forehead, or on the cheek? or shall I kiss him where chance may make my kisses fall?" And she blushed as the thought passed through her mind.

She approached him. Already her hand was extended to caress his hair, and she had almost decided to leave the kisses to that delightful hazard of which she had been thinking, when she suddenly turned pale, and recoiled. Upon the two open pages of the little diary before her she read these words:

"*June 16—I love her!*"

"*June 17—I love her!!*"

There was a single point of exclamation after the first; there were two after the second. Evidently this passion had augmented between the 16th and 17th.

She uttered a cry, and would have spoken, but words failed her. She felt that her strength was giving way. She would have fallen had he not supported her. She freed herself from his grasp, however, and bursting into tears she cried, in a voice broken by sobs:

"'*June 16—I love her! June 17—I love her!!*' And it is to-day the 19th. You love another woman. Oh, I could not have believed it!"

And she covered her face with her hands, and abandoned herself to her grief. But he kissed away the tears, and said, tenderly:

"Look, little one—foolish little woman, look!"

He opened the book at the first page, and it bore in large characters the date "1879."

"Oh," she cried, joyously, through her tears, "it was I—it was I, then!" And with the utmost imprudence, she added: "So you have kept a journal, too?"

"What? I too? So, then, it seems that you"——

Silly little woman! She had betrayed her secret. She was obliged to avow that she too had written "I love you" in little volumes bound in blue morocco. And then she said:

"Let me see it. I want to see whether there are three points of exclamation on the 18th, and four on the 19th."

"Agreed," he replied; "but on condition that you show me yours. We will compare journals, and see who has the most exclamation points."

She was obliged to yield. Not that she wanted to show hers, look you, but that she wanted—oh, so much!—to see his. So she left the room to bring her journal of 1879, and soon returned with three volumes of very respectable size.

"Three volumes!" cried he, in amazement.

"Yes," she replied, "for the first three-quarters of the year. Why, you have only one ugly little book for the whole year."

"Oh, a great many things can be said in very few words. You will see. Come and sit beside me here. There is room for both of us in this big chair."

"Yes, if I sit on your lap. But that will never do."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because."

"Because what?"

"Because, sir, there may be things in my journal that you must not see."

"Perhaps," said he, "there may be things in mine which you must not see. You are right. We will sit opposite each other, at a proper distance, and we will read only what we wish to read."

"Then we can skip?"

"Agreed. You begin."

"No, you begin, to give me courage."

"Very well. Where shall I begin?"

"Begin where I did."

"No, I must begin a little before that. Let me see—I must commence with Jupiter."

"Oh, yes, I had forgotten. Commence with Jupiter."

"Listen, then: It ought to be during the first half of May. Oh, yes, here it is:

> Thursday, May 15.—Went to the sales-yards to see Jupiter, advertised as a bay horse seven years old; catalogue says: 'good saddle horse; excellent action; good jumper; has been ridden by a lady; to be sold the 21st of May.'

Two pages further on:

> Saturday, 17th May.—Saw Jupiter. Looks like a good horse. Go at twenty-five hundred francs, perhaps!

Four pages further on:

> Wednesday, May 21st."——

"The day we met in the cars. I remember the date."

"Yes, you are right."

> Wednesday, May 21st.—Went to the Ministry of War. Went to my sister's. Bought Jupiter; price, nineteen hundred francs. Coming back on the train I saw a most ravishing young girl, who was seated opposite me.

"Is that there? Have you read it just as it is? Are you sure you have not revised it a little, out of—of—politeness?"

"No, indeed; I have changed nothing." [*With masculine surprise.*]

"Let me see it." [*With feminine distrust.*]

"Look, then."

"Yes, I see it—'*ravishing*,'—there it is—'*ravishing.*'"

"It's your turn, now. You must have written something on the 21st of May."

"I hope not, I'm sure. Do you suppose I went home and wrote that I saw a ravishing young man seated opposite me on the cars? The idea!"

"No, I don't suppose you did; but you must have written something. Look, anyway."

"Well, I'll look, to satisfy you; but I'm positive as I can be that I didn't write a thing about you. See:

> Wednesday, May 21st.—At the Louvre. Went to my aunt's. Went to the Salon.

You see there is nothing. I told you so. Stop—I believe there is something here. Let me see."

"I told you so. I knew you noticed me."

"Well, this is all:

> On the train to-day a young man was seated opposite me. He kept looking at me all the way. When I raised my eyes, he lowered his; and when I lowered mine, he raised his. When we passed Chatou I no longer dared to lift my eyes; I could feel that he was looking at me all the time. I had an English novel in my satchel, so I took it out and tried to read. But when I commenced it again, at home that evening, I found that I had to read over again all that I had read on the train."

"But that isn't all; there is something else there."

"Yes; but it's of no interest."

"Read it, anyway; I read you all mine."

"You read everything—did you? But yours is different from mine. Yours consists only of dry, little memoranda, while mine is full of details. I'll tell you why mine is so full: When I quitted school Mademoiselle Guizard, my teacher, gave me this advice: 'My dear, you write very well, but you could write better. Practice is necessary in forming a style as well as in learning to play the piano. Acquire the habit of writing three or four pages every day, upon any topic you may choose, no matter what—the events of the day, the visits that you have paid or received, and so forth.' So, being a good little girl, I did what Mademoiselle Guizard recommended me to do."

"Well?"

"Well, I'm making these explanations because I see plainly what you are going to think. Just now I could see by your eyes that you thought you saw frenzied passion and exalted sentiment in every line."

"But did I not?"

"No, of course you did not. What you saw was merely an exercise in style—my method in practicing the acquisition of a good style."

"Yes; but what is this that follows '*He looked at me all the time?*'"

"That—oh, that is nothing—at least, nothing about you. Listen:

> Is it true, what grandmamma said yesterday? "It is extraordinary how pretty little Jeanne has suddenly become." And then there was a long conversation between grandmamma and grandpapa; he reproached her for talking before me in that way, lest, he said, it should make me vain and conceited.

It wouldn't interest you, really. Now *you* read."

"I haven't anything on the 22d."

"Nor I either."

"Here is something on the next day:

> May 23.—Jupiter came home. Tried the nag. Found him excellent.

"And about me?"

"Nothing."

"Ah, that is a little humiliating, for I have something about you:

> May 23.—The young man who looked at me yesterday in the train is an officer. He passed by just now on horseback, in full uniform. I said that he passed—he did more than pass. What I am going to write is very absurd—but never mind, it is only for my own eye. I wonder if he really observed me yesterday in the train? I wonder whether he knows who I am? I wonder if he knows whether I live here? I wonder if he wanted me to see him? He remained at least a quarter of an hour out there, exercising his horse, making him leap, pirouette, run, trot, walk, etc. Can he be wanting to show off before me? If he expects to dazzle me by such means, he must be a very vulgar fellow."

"What injustice! You see in my book it says, '*Tried Jupiter. Found he had received an excellent training.*" But go on."

"Very well:

> In the evening, after dinner, I said to George—who, despite his twelve years, continues to play with little toy soldiers, and who knows everything about the army:
>
> "George, what is an officer who wears three gold stripes on his sleeve?"
>
> "That's a captain."
>
> "Is it nice to be a captain?"
>
> "That depends. It's nice at twenty-five; it's very disagreeable at fifty."
>
> Twenty-five; perhaps he's a little more than twenty-five—but not much. Grandmamma was listening; she heard me, and she said:
>
> "What's coming to pass? Jeanne is asking information of George about the army."
>
> I turned just as red as I could be. Then there followed a long discussion. Grandmamma declared that she was fond of the military; but mamma said that she loathed them, and that she'd sooner see me dead than married to a man who would drag me all over the country, from garrison to garrison. I wonder why I write all these things in my journal? Well, it must be because Mademoiselle Guizard told me to do so.

There, now, it's your turn."

"It's only two lines:

> May 24.—Met in the forest to-day the young girl I saw on the train. She was on horseback. Rides decidedly well. Pretty, too."

"Dear me! How very concise we are! You ought to have a commentary with it."

"We'll have a commentary, my own. There! and there! and there! But you are right. My notes are, indeed, of a most appalling dryness. But listen, Jeanne, if I did not fear to be ridiculous I would tell you something."

"Go on; there's nobody listening."

"I could tell you that what is not written there is written on my heart. That May morning—that meeting in the forest—ah me! To-day, after two years have flown by, I recall it in its every detail. The regiment had been drilling for two hours in a most horrible dust. I headed my squadron to the barracks, I put up my charger, and I took Jupiter. Fifteen minutes after I was galloping through the long and wooded alley near Val. Suddenly I saw a little cavalcade appear—it was composed of you, mounted on Nellie, your black mare; George, on his roan pony; and old Louis behind, riding a rawboned gray. You see, I remember everything so well that I can even tell the colors of the horses. You approached. Like a flash I recognized you. The little cavalcade passed right by my side. I can see you yet, with your gray habit, your jaunty little black hat, and the vagrant curls of blonde which had escaped from beneath your veil. As you passed me I said to myself: 'There can not exist in the world a more charming creature than that young girl.' And what did you say?"

"What did I say? I don't remember what I said; but this is what I wrote." And, with a voice which trembled slightly, she began:

> I met him again this morning, near Val. He was galloping by, but as soon as he saw me he brought his horse to a walk. Yes, it was just as he recognized me—I saw it plainly enough. I know what it is to bring a horse to a stop at a full gallop. Well, he brought his horse up brutally, without the least warning, almost upon his haunches. He passed right by us. I did not dare to look at him, but I felt that he was looking at me. He was scarcely ten paces from us when that little wretch of a George cried out:
>
> "O Jeanne, look at him! How funny he is with that dust all over him. He looks like a clown! It's a captain of the Twenty-first. I can see the number twenty-one on his collar."
>
> I was perfectly furious at George. I hope he didn't hear him."

"But I did hear him. I remember it all now."

"Well, it's your turn now."

"Very well:

> Wednesday, May 25.—Saw the unknown again. She lives in one of the houses on the terrace. I was passing in a carriage, and saw her at the window. She saw me, too, and I think it was because she saw me that she abruptly quitted the window and closed it. Heavens, how pretty she is!"

"Your notes are not so dry as they were; they are becoming a little more interesting. You are using a few verbs now. You are beginning to write in an intelligible fashion."

"Perhaps it was because I was falling in love. It's your turn."

"So it is. Well, here is what I wrote:

> May 25.—I was standing at the window to-day, when I saw an English dog-cart approaching, drawn by a perfect love of a little pony, black as jet. On the seat there was a little groom, in the most irreproachable of liveries, and beside the groom was *he*—I mean the captain. I oughtn't to have budged. I ought to have stayed right there at the window. But I couldn't. I said to myself, "He will think I'm looking at him." It scared me so that I ran away from the window. Grandmamma said to me:
>
> "What's the matter, Jeanne?"
>
> "Nothing, grandmamma," I answered.
>
> But George was at the window, too, and he cried out:
>
> "O Jeanne, look. There's the dusty fellow we saw yesterday—the captain who looked like a clown!"

"The clown was I."

"On the 26th of May I had absolutely nothing. Oh, you can read if you like. It's not about you. See: '*Tried on my pink silk to-day. It fits pretty well, but I think a flounce,*' etc., etc. You see, I was thinking only of my new dress. I was not entirely wrapped up in you."

"On the 26th I had only two lines, but they are most eloquent: '*Gave Picot twenty francs. He is a profound diplomate.*'"

"I think I need a new commentary here."

"Well, this is what it means: When I was at breakfast that morning, I said to Dubrissay, who is always riding around the forest: 'Do you ever see in your rides a young girl who goes about with a little boy of twelve, accompanied by an old servant?' 'Let me see—she rides a black mare, doesn't she?' 'Yes,' replied another, 'and the little fellow a roan pony.' 'Yes, and the old servant a gray,' added a third. Then followed a long discussion on the merits of the horses. 'But,' said I, 'I was not speaking of the black mare, or of the roan pony, but of the young lady.' 'Oh,' responded all the three, in unison, 'we didn't notice the girl, we only saw the horses.' I had not made much progress. I went home, and about three o'clock I saw my servant, Picot, loitering in the courtyard. He is a Parisian, Picot, and a keen one, too. I called him to the window. 'Picot,' said I, 'see if you can find out, without attracting attention, who it is lives in such a house on the terrace.' 'Very good, captain.' 'If you find out, let me know in the morning.'

"You were not very impatient, it seems to me. You might have told him to come back right away."

"Exactly what he did. An hour after he returned to me triumphant. And he delivered himself of such an extraordinary discourse that I amused myself by transcribing it just as he had told it me. This is the way it ran:

> "Captain, I know all. Only I beg of you not to interrupt me by questions after I get started, for it always mixes me all up. Well, I started out, and thought it over as I went along. The house, it seems, was leased three weeks ago by a Parisian family. The head of the family is a certain M. Lablinière, an engineer. He builds locomotives and all that sort of thing, I believe. The family is composed of his mother-in-law, his wife, and two children—a young girl of nineteen and a boy of twelve. Lemme see—I think I can remember the names of the children—Jeanne and George. The family is enormously rich; they keep five horses, three carriages, four men servants, a cook, three maids, Julie, Adèle—but that's all right, captain; you don't care for the names of the maids. Their Paris house is No. 28 Boulevard Haussmann. How did I learn all this, you say? Now, don't interrupt me, captain, or I'll get all mixed up. I see what is troubling you, captain. You are afraid that I have done something foolish—that I have allowed them to find out that you had sent me. Not at all. You are saying to yourself, 'How did that great lump of a Picot manage to learn all this?' Oh, it was easy enough. I strolled up to the door, with the air of a soldier who is just sauntering around, and I says to the concierge, says I:
>
> "'Whew! how hot it is.'
>
> "'Yes,' says he, 'it's very hot.'
>
> "'I believe,' says I, 'that it's hotter than it was yesterday.'
>
> "'Yes,' says he; 'I believe it is.'
>
> "There it was, you see; the ice was broken, and we began to talk. Just as I was about to ask him what I wanted to know, I saw a young girl descending the staircase to the court-yard—a girl as pretty as she could be, captain—with a piece of bread in her hand.
>
> "'Who's that?' says I.
>
> "'It's the daughter of the new tenant,' says he; 'a gentleman from Paris.'
>
> "So then he commenced to tell me all about it, as I have just told you. He was talking yet when the young lady come back.
>
> "'There she is again,' says he; 'she goes every day at this hour, and gives some bread to her horse.'
>
> "The young lady went up the stairs again, but very slowly, and looked at me as she went. She seemed surprised to see me there. She seemed to be saying to herself, 'What can this chasseur be doing here?' Then she went into the house. While she was going up the stairs the concierge began praising her—and how he did praise her! He told me how good she was—how kind to every one—to the horses and dogs as well as to human beings. For instance, when the family first arrived here, some three weeks ago, the little daughter of the concierge fell ill. Well, would you believe it?—but I beg your pardon—all these details about the concierge's family don't interest you, of course. But it does, you say? Very well, then; I'll go on. Well, as I was a-saying, this young girl come to see the concierge's daughter every day while she was sick, and brought her gruel, and beef tea, and all that sort of stuff; she brought them herself, and made them with her own hands, so the concierge said. And when she was getting well, she stayed there for hours in the shabby rooms of the concierge, and brought her playthings, and told her stories. Oh, she's a good one, I can tell you. The concierge was a-telling me all this when the maid come along—a mighty pretty girl that maid is, too, captain. Well, she come along, and she says to the concierge:
>
> "'Are there any letters for mademoiselle?'
>
> "'Oh, no,' says he; 'whenever there's any letters for mademoiselle, I always send 'em up right away, you know.'
>
> "Well, says I to myself, 'Look here, Picot, perhaps you might get something out of this maid in the way of information.' So I commenced:
>
> "'It's rather warm to-day, mademoiselle,' says I.
>
> "'Yes,' says she.
>
> "'Not quite so warm as yesterday," says I.
>
> "'Not quite,' says she.
>
> "So we got started just the same as it was with the concierge. After a while, the maid she asked me if I knew a fellow named Camus, who was a sergeant in the Tenth Hussars. So we chatted away; but suddenly she cried:
>
> "'Oh, I must go. My mistress will be waiting for me.'
>
> "'You're afraid she'd scold you, then?' says I.
>
> "'Oh, no," says she; "nothing of the sort. She never scolds. She's the best young lady in the world.'
>
> "So she went away, and after a few moments I followed suit; I saw that there wasn't nothing more to be got out of the concierge. I asked him, though, before I left, what the maid's name was, and he told me it was Julie."

"And that is all?"

"That is all."

"So you set spies on me?"

"Exactly. But let me hear your account of the 26th."

"This is it:

> Monday, May 26.—In the afternoon I was going to take some bread to Nelly. As I descended the staircase I saw a soldier standing talking to the concierge. I was at the stables about five minutes; when I came out I saw that he was still there. I went up to my room again, and found there Julie. Oh, I was just dying with curiosity. I said to Julie:
>
> "Julie, I am expecting a letter from Paris; go and see if there is one at the conciergerie." She went, and did not return for a long time. I went to one of the windows which looks upon the court, and I saw her there talking to the same soldier. At last she returned.
>
> "There was no letter for you, mademoiselle."
>
> "You were very long, Julie."
>
> "Oh, no, mademoiselle."
>
> "Yes; I saw you talking there to a soldier—an hussar."
>
> "Oh, no, mademoiselle."
>
> "But I saw you, Julie."
>
> "Oh, no, mademoiselle; he was not an hussar. He was a chasseur. There is a difference in the uniform. The hussars wear white plumes, and the chasseurs black. Besides, the hussars wear a plain collar, while the chasseurs have a red one."
>
> "But how do you know all this Julie?"
>
> "I have a cousin in the hussars, mademoiselle. There are only chasseurs here—two regiments, the Twenty-first and Twenty-second, which are brigaded together. The soldier I was talking to was a chasseur of the Twenty-first."
>
> Of the Twenty-first! *His* regiment.
>
> But my conversation with Julie on military topics was designed to have deplorable consequences. Toward six o'clock mamma and I went out to take a walk on the terrace. We met two officers of the chasseurs. Mamma said:
>
> "Those are handsome horses those hussars are riding."
>
> Without thinking, I replied:
>
> "They are not hussars, mamma—they are chasseurs. The hussars have white plumes, and the chasseurs black. Besides, the chasseurs have a red col——"
>
> I did not finish. Mamma was staring at me with the utmost stupefaction.
>
> "And where, pray," she began, "did you acquire all this information, if I may ask?"
>
> I became perfectly crimson.
>
> "Why, mamma, it was Julie told me—she has a cousin in the hussars."
>
> "A most extraordinary subject of conversation for you to indulge in with your maid," said mamma.
>
> And there, fortunately for me, the conversation ended.
>
> When papa got back from Paris in the evening, and we were all at table, he said:
>
> "I met an officer on the train to-day, my dear." [Ah, if it were he!] "A colonel." [Oh, it is not he!] Papa went on to say that he met this colonel at a watering-place somewhere once, and they struck up quite an intimacy. They used to play whist together. They renewed their acquaintance, and papa invited him to come to dinner next Wednesday, the 4th of June. I said to papa:
>
> "Is this colonel's regiment here?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> "Is he colonel of the Twenty-first or Twenty-second?"
>
> "Why, are there then two regiments here?"
>
> "Oh, yes, papa—the Twenty-first and Twenty-second—they are in barracks together."
>
> Papa was even more surprised than mamma.
>
> "Why, who has been telling you all this?"
>
> "Julie, papa—she has a cousin in the hussars."
>
> "I can't understand it," interruped mamma, "for some time Jeanne has talked of nothing but hussars and chasseurs."
>
> Grandmamma burst out laughing. "Ah," said she, "perhaps she has already picked out some handsome officer."
>
> I turned as red as fire, and I am afraid I replied rather pettishly. I began to be extremely angry at this unknown officer, who is giving me so much trouble without my even knowing his name. What right had he to stare at me in the train? What right had he to go through his feats of horsemanship under my window? What right had he to bring his horse to a walk the other day when he met me? The next time I see him I shall whip up, and leave him at a gallop. Alas! I am afraid, though, that poor Nelly's galloping days are over—she is growing old, poor thing. So papa has promised to give me another horse for my birthday.
>
> I wonder whether it is *his* colonel who is coming here to dine on Wednesday?

This was the last that was written on the 26th of May. She turned over a dozen pages of the journal without finding anything.

"From May 27th to June 3d there is nothing about you—absolutely nothing."

"And I," he replied, "have nothing about you either. It was because we were so unfortunate as not to see each other during those eight days. I was not here. A score of the officers of the two regiments, with the general and colonels, had gone to the manœuvres near Rouen. I took Jupiter with me, and my journal for the week is filled with notes concerning him and his irreproachable conduct. On the 3d of June we returned, and on the 4th—you see I had not forgotten you—occur these two lines:

> I wonder if I shall see her again—the little blonde of the terrace?

"And here" she said, "is what I have on the 4th of June:

> I know his name. This evening the colonel came to dinner. My eyes went at once to the collar of his uniform. It bore the number 21. It was indeed *his* colonel. During dinner the conversation was perfectly stupid, but after coffee it changed.
>
> "Colonel," said papa, "you can do me a favor if you will. I want to get a horse for this young lady here. Now, if you know where I could get a good nag, perfectly steady"——
>
> "Not *too* steady, colonel," I cried; "I ride very well, and I don't want a nag that is too awfully steady."
>
> "I'll see," said the colonel, "I'll see what I can do. By the way, one of my officers has just the horse you want. I tried him the other day, and he would suit the young lady perfectly."
>
> "If he wished to part with him," said papa, "the price would be no object."
>
> "I am afraid," said the colonel, "that the price would be no object to him either, for he is very wealthy. He is a captain—a Captain de Leonelle."
>
> "A captain, and rich?" cried little George. "He must be the one we saw the other day in an English dog-cart, with a little pony."
>
> "Yes," said the colonel, "that is he."
>
> "Oh, we know him, Jeanne and I. We've met him two or three times."
>
> The colonel looked at me. I felt that my telltale cheeks were red, and I knew he saw it, the odious thing! He went away at ten o'clock, and as he left he said:
>
> "I will speak to Captain de Leonelle, but I have no great hopes of succeeding. He adores his horse."
>
> So matters have rested there. I wonder if I am going to buy *his* horse? Papa has opened an account of three thousand francs for me.

"We have arrived at the 5th of June—the decisive day—the day we met at the photographer's."

"And your first visit. Begin:

> Thursday, June 5.—After drill, this morning, the adjutant told me the colonel wanted to see me. I went to him, and he said:
>
> "Captain, have you any desire to sell your horse?"
>
> "No, colonel; he suits me very well."
>
> "Not even at a round price?"
>
> "Not even at a round price."
>
> "Suppose it was to a very pretty young lady—one who knows you."
>
> "One who knows me, colonel?"
>
> "Yes. She has met you several times riding and driving on the terrace; she seemed to know you, for when I mentioned your name yesterday she blushed in a manner which I could not fail to observe."
>
> "But who is she, colonel?"
>
> "She is the daughter of an engineer, a Monsieur de Lablinière."
>
> "A blonde?"
>
> "Yes, a blonde."
>
> "Does she live in a house on the terrace?"
>
> "Exactly; I see you know her."

"But by sight only, colonel."

"Very well—think it over, and see whether you are willing to sell your horse to the pretty little blonde who lives on the terrace. Au revoir, captain."

Sell Jupiter? To any one else, never! But to her—I hesitate. So she blushed when she heard my name, did she? Pooh—the colonel must have been dreaming. But—I wonder why she blushed?

My sister Louise arrived at eleven o'clock today. She came and wanted me to go with her and the children to the fair at St. Germain. The first thing the children wanted to do was to have their photographs taken. So, as there was a peripatetic photographer near at hand, we entered his booth. The first person I saw, on entering, was the little blonde. There she was with her mother, her little brother, and a big black English spaniel. The boy was kneeling on the ground beside the dog, endeavoring ineffectually to make him keep still long enough to allow the photographer to take his picture.

"Voyons, Bob," said he, "ne bouge pas—c'est pour faire ton portrait."

But Bob paid no attention to him, and, losing patience, he turned to his sister:

"Come, Jeanne," said he, "you speak to him; you're the only one who has any authority over him. And speak to him in English—he understands it much better than he does French."

"Don't be ridiculous, George," said she.

"Oh, come on, Jeanne," replied the boy, impatiently.

So, looking at Bob severely, she held up her finger, and said to him, in English:

"Now, Bob, be obedient—look at me—so—now be still."

In truth, she had considerable authority over Master Bob, for he held himself rigidly until she took her finger down.

She has a most sweet voice. And her face, now that I was able to contemplate it at my ease, is a marvel of grace and beauty.

"Stop—let me see that."

"Why?"

"I am afraid you have been adding a little."

"You are wrong—see?"

"Yes, yes. Go on."

She shall have Jupiter. As she was going, she said to my sister: "I beg your pardon, madame, for having made you wait so long."

I ought to have been able to find something to say, but I didn't. I must have seemed absurd. I bowed—stiffly, I am afraid—and she made a slight inclination of the head and left the tent.

"What a charming young girl!" said my sister

"Charming, indeed!" I cried. And then I plunged into it. I told my sister what her name was, where she lived, that her father was a distinguished engineer, etc., etc. I couldn't help it—I wanted to talk about her. Conceive the stupefaction of my sister.

"Why," said she, "I believe you're in love."

"In love—nonsense!"

"Yes, you are—I know you are. I'm going to find out all about it. She would make a charming sister-in-law."

I took Louise back to the railway station. My sister is wrong. I'm not in love. But she shall have Jupiter. An idea strikes me. It is true that the dealer told me the horse had been ridden by ladies, but I think I'll see for myself. Nothing like being certain. Suppose ar accident should happen to her? Poor little girl—it makes me shudder to think of it. I had in my stable a lady's saddle, which my sister was in the habit of using whenever she came to St. Cloud. I said to Picot: "Put the side-saddle on Jupiter, and take him to the exercise ground. Take a blanket with you." A quarter of an hour after, I had mounted Picot, woman-wise, on Jupiter; I had wrapped his legs in the horse-blanket to represent the amazon's riding-habit. Picot put him through his paces.

"Ah, captain," he cried, "he knows what he's about. He's been ridden by a lady." But still I wasn't satisfied; I wanted to try it for myself. So I wrapped myself in the blanket, and, mounting, tried him at a trot, a gallop, etc. While I was doing this I thought to myself:

"This is a pretty position for a captain of chasseurs to be in, is it not?' And all because I met on a train two weeks ago a little blonde who was reading an English novel."

Decidedly Jupiter had been ridden by a lady. And she shall have him. But how to give him to her. Would it be the proper thing to place the horse at the disposition of my colonel? No—I'll go and see for myself.

So said, so done. We started, Picot following me, leading Jupiter. We arrived, and entered the court. I looked at Picot, and I could see by his knowing air that he was saying to himself: "Ah, now I see why it is the captain sent me here to take notes and pick up bits of information." I rung the bell.

"Is Monsieur Lablinière in?"

"Monsieur is at Paris."

"Madame Lablinière?"

"Madame is at home."

"Take her my card, if you please, and tell her I come on business connected with the sale of a horse."

The servant announced me. "Ah," thought I, "suppose she is not at home." But she was. Yes, there she was, with her mother, her grandmother, her little brother, and her little black dog. I don't remember very well what took place. I only know that I must have seemed supremely ridiculous. I recollect vaguely that we discussed the merits of running as against ring martingales. I believe I told her that the horse was called Jupiter, and that she could try him for a week, for two weeks, for a month—some ridiculous speech. We were at last obliged to speak of the price. The words scorched my lips. However, I couldn't *give* her the horse—I was forced to take money—money from her! We descended into the court, and there, standing beside Jupiter, we continued the conversation, which on my side was as idiotic as it had been in the house. I was dying to say to her: "You are an angel, and I adore you." Instead of that I had to content myself with saying: "As for feed, you must give him," etc., etc. I delivered myself of the most astounding idiocies. I remember saying, among other things, that the horse needed a light weight, and that he would be happier with her than with me. I must have made the impression that I was half fool and half lunatic.

At last, when I left with Picot, I was in such a condition that I talked to him about her, for I had to talk to somebody. And he moved my heart when he said:

"Ah, the pretty little blonde! I caught her looking at me out of the corner of her eye, and I know she recognized me as the soldier who was talking to the concierge the other day. That is the little blonde, captain—the one I was telling you was so good to the little sick girl."

"So Picot, it would seem, had something to do with the making of our marriage?"

"Indeed, yes—he was the first to give me any trustworthy information regarding you."

"Think of poor me, who had no information at all concerning you, and who had to fall in love with you without any information at all. Listen, and you shall see:

Thursday, June 5.—Events are hastening. How will it end, I wonder? I have his horse. It is called Jupiter. It's in the stable now, between Nelly and George's pony. Let me see if I can't get things arranged in order in my poor head. How many things have happened in this single day! After breakfast this morning George said:

"Jeanne, you know that to-day we are going to a photographer's, to have Bob's picture taken."

"You and mamma can go without me, George."

"No, you must come; for Bob won't be quiet unless you do."

So I resigned myself, and we went. At the very moment Bob began posing, who should enter, of all persons in the world, but *he*. And not alone—there is a woman with him, a young and pretty woman. I wonder who she is? But there are two children with him. They call him "Uncle." Ah, it is his sister, and these are her children.

George could not manage Bob, and so I was forced to play a ridiculous rôle there, under his eyes. He must have thought me a little fool. George made me talk to Bob in English, and I had every appearance of a showman with a learned dog. I left the place red with shame and confusion. I went home furious, and I locked myself in my room. But I had to leave it at five o'clock, to go to tea. I had scarcely entered the room when Pierre brought in a card.

"Who is it?" asked mamma.

"It is an officer, madame—a captain of chasseurs."

"A captain of chasseurs? I know no captain of chasseurs. I came to the country for peace and quiet, and the house is literally overrun with soldiers. A colonel yesterday, a captain to-day; to-morrow I suppose we shall have a whole regiment. What does this captain of chasseurs want?"

"Madame, he says he comes on business concerning a horse."

"Just look at that card, Jeanne," said mamma. "Why, what is the matter with you? You are as red as fire—you must have a rush of blood to the head."

"No, mamma."

"Very well, then, take the card and read it."

I picked up the card and I read, "Count Roger de Leonelle, Captain in the Twenty-first Chasseurs."

Count! So he is a count, then. I never should have dreamed it.

"Leonelle," cried George; "why, that is the officer who is coming about the horse for Jeanne."

"So it is," said mamma; "the colonel mentioned his name yesterday; and only to think, your father isn't here. But he must be received, this gentleman, anyway. Tell him to come in, Pierre. But you are the one who must talk to him, Jeanne, because I know nothing of horses."

He entered; he saluted us; and mamma, after some words which were amiable enough, but which might have been more so, said:

"Jeanne, it is about your horse. Arrange matters with the gentleman."

So there we were, face to face. All the weight of the conversation fell upon me. He was simply charming! What grace, what tact, what simplicity! As for me, I was stupid—positively stupid. I felt like a fool. I am going to try and remember what we said during this conversation—this unfortunate conversation which must have given him such a deplorable idea of me. We were seated there, as I said, face to face. Fortunately for me I had my back to the light. He began:

"My colonel spoke to me this morning, mademoiselle, and told me that you were looking for a horse."

"Yes, monsieur, papa is going to give me a horse for my birthday present."

[Now, wasn't that stupid? What need was there for me to tell him that? But the words that I sought would not come to me, and in my confusion I said all sorts of idiotic things.]

He continued: "I can place at your disposition a horse which I think will suit you perfectly."

"I thank you, sir, but the colonel said yesterday that you were much attached to this horse, and I certainly would not wish"——

"True, mademoiselle, he is an excellent horse. Of course, if he were not I would not permit myself to offer him to you. But he is scarcely up to my weight. A light weight would suit him better."

[He was fibbing, I know he was, because the colonel had ridden this horse, and said he went admirably. If the horse can carry the colonel—Great Heavens! the colonel is not a light weight—he is perfectly enormous. And that remark, "*a light weight would suit him better*"—was it not a dainty compliment?—concealed, withal, beneath a discreet form. I knew perfectly well what he meant. He meant this: "You are dainty, you are delicate, you are a feather weight."]

He went on to say: "The work we cavalrymen put upon our horses is often very hard. The horse will be happier with you."

"*Happier with you!*" He uttered that with a caressing intonation, almost a tender one; it was a subtile way of saying: "One could not be other than happy when with you. Every one must be happy with you, even a horse." Could any one imagine anything more ingenious or more delicate?

Here Jeanne suddenly stopped. "So you didn't remember those nice things you said to me?"

"No."

"But you really meant them?"

"Yes."

"Really and truly?"

"Really and truly."

"Very well, then, I will go on."

And after all his courteous speeches, in return I only dryly said: "Very well, monsieur, I accept. When can I try the horse?"

"Why, I have brought him with me. He is here, mademoiselle. I am going to leave him with you. You shall keep him on trial a week, a month, two months—as long as you like. One never can try a horse too long."

"Oh, monsieur, you are too kind. I shall try the horse to-morrow, and papa will tell you the result."

"No, mademoiselle, I beg of you, keep the horse at least two or three days before deciding. I do not need him at all."

"Very well, monsieur, I am much obliged to you."

He rose, bowed, and was about to go, when suddenly mamma said:

"Why, Jeanne, what can you be thinking of? You haven't mentioned a most important thing—the price of the horse."

[Good heavens! I love mamma, I love her dearly, I love her with all my heart; but for a quarter of a second I hated her. But it was only for a quarter of a second, and then she was right after all, was mamma. The horse was worth at least four or five thousand francs, and my pin-money would never have permitted me to negotiate directly with the owner. Oh, that miserable question of money; it disgusted me; but I had to say something, so I said: "Yes, mamma."] Then, turning to him:

"It is true, monsieur, the question of price"——

And then he said, *so* kindly: "Oh, mademoiselle, the horse is not worth much."

"The reason I speak of it is because papa only gives me three thousand francs."

"Three thousand francs! Oh, mademoiselle, the horse is not worth three thousand francs. I only paid nineteen hundred for him, and when one sells a horse he does not always expect to get all his money back."

It was then that I said to myself, "He loves me; I know he does. This horse which he is so fond of he wishes to sell to me at a loss, only for the pleasure of letting me have it." And I was so confused that I replied:

"Why, the idea! On the contrary, you should get more than you paid. You ought to make a profit."

"I shall profit greatly, mademoiselle, if I am happy enough to do you a service. Only see if the horse suits you; and I assure you that your father and myself will agree upon the question of price."

He rose, he bowed, he made a circular salute—to grandmamma, to mamma, to me, to George, to Bob, to everybody. He was just about to go, when suddenly on the threshold he stopped. He *didn't want to go—I know he didn't.*

"And you were right. But I didn't know you knew it."

He stopped, and said that he wished to give some explanations to our groom about the kind of bit which best suited the horse. Then grandmamma said—she was just as sweet as she could be, was grandmamma, but then grandmamma is not like mamma; she does not hate soldiers—grandmamma said:

"Let us go down with the gentleman, Jeanne. We will look at the horse. Louis must be down in the court-yard."

So we went down together—grandmamma, George, Bob, *he*, and I. The horse was standing there, with a chasseur holding his bridle-rein, and on the horse I saw a lady's saddle. The captain observed my astonishment.

"I have always kept a side-saddle," said he, "for my sister who sometimes come to see me at St. Germain, and who is fond of riding. Just now, as I would not for the world expose you to any danger, I had the horse taken to the exercise ground, and there I had my orderly ride him sidewise, as a lady does"

I looked at the orderly. It was the same chasseur who was here the other day; the chasseur who was talking with the concierge. The chasseur recognized me; I recognized the chasseur. I became perfectly crimson, and the captain, too, blushed. I think he saw that we recognized each other—the soldier and I. But never mind. The orderly interrupted and said:

"But the captain also rode the horse sidewise, with a horse-blanket wrapped around him for a riding-habit. The captain wished to be perfectly certain himself that the horse was safe for a lady to ride."

Then the captain became as red as I was, and the orderly opened his mouth and stared at us as if his eyes would pop out of his head.

I was moved; I know there were tears in my eyes as I stammered: "Ah, you are too good, monsieur, you are really too good to take so much trouble."

And he stammered, too, as he replied: "Not at all, mademoiselle; not at all."

And grandmamma looked at us closely, with a faint smile in her piercing eyes—eyes which are kindly, though piercing. And just then, thank heaven, Louis came in. He had not been in the court-yard, so George had gone to seek him. And then we had some more technical conversation before Louis. I don't remember exactly what we said. *He* explained to us that the horse needed a very easy bit. I interrupted him to ask:

"A curb bit?"

"No," said he; "not a curb—a simple snaffle." He also said that the horse needed a running martingale rather than a ring martingale—or else the other way—I don't remember which. And he was so kind as to give us the most minute directions about the horse's feed—so much hay, so much barley, so much oats, etc. And then again for the third time he bowed and was about to go. I made a step toward him, so he stopped. I wished to say something pleasant to him—something suitable, yet colorless; but I simply stared feebly at him, and the words refused to come, to me. He stood there waiting, and said, interrogatively:

"Mademoiselle?"

The situation was perfectly intolerable. I had to say something, and this is all I found to say:

"Pardon me, sir, but what is the horse's name?"

"Jupiter, mademoiselle."

"Thank you, monsieur."

And so he bowed and left me. His orderly, the chasseur, followed him, carrying upon his back the side-saddle. This soldier's name was Picot. George went into the stable with Louis; I was left alone with grandmamma, who said:

"Jeanne, my dear, come let us take a walk in the garden."

So we went into the garden together, and there upon a rustic bench grandmamma succeeded in making me confess everything. Yes, I told her all. All, did I say? That is, nothing, for there was nothing to tell; and yet this nothing was really something. Grandmamma said:

"You are a foolish little woman, Jeanne. What strange ideas are those you have in your head?"

"Why, I have no strange ideas in my head, grandmamma. I know very well that all I have told you means nothing, and is the result of nothing but the merest chance. But I beg you won't say a word to mamma; she would make fun of me, I know. And then she isn't a bit like you, grandmamma, because she doesn't like soldiers."

"So, then, you think that I"——

"Yes, grandmamma, you know perfectly well you do, and I have often thought that it wouldn't be disagreeable to you if I were to marry an officer."

Grandmamma said nothing, but tapped my cheek, and we went back into the house.

"So here you are at last," said mamma; "tell me what took place. It seems that our court-yard was full of soldiers."

"Oh, no, not at all, mamma, they were only the captain and his orderly."

"His *orderly!* dear me! Where did you learn so much barrack slang?"

"Why, mamma, that is what the captain called him. I only heard it just now."

"Humph," said mamma, picking up his card as it lay on the table, "he is rather nice looking, this gentleman. Why, he is a count. Did you notice that?"

"A count?"

"Yes, look."

"No, I had not noticed it."

I told a dreadful story when I said that, but mamma did not notice my confusion, although I fear grandmamma did. My mother is just as good as she can be, but she has one weakness. If I were to become a marquise or a countess she would be delighted. As for me, I don't attach much importance to such things. I know that a title wouldn't make me love any one that I didn't love before. But then, though, it wouldn't prevent me from loving some one that I loved already.

"Have you finished?"

"Yes—it is enough, isn't it, for one day? It is your turn now."

He:

Friday, June 6.—I must be more discreet. I will not go into the forest. I will not ride upon the terrace. I will wait.

She:

Friday, June 6.—I tried Jupiter this morning, and I was perfectly delighted with him. The horse is splendid; he is a perfect marvel. Grandmamma was in bed when I left the house, so when I came back I went into her room to say good morning. She was writing. She had not heard me open the door. So, wishing to surprise her, I came up behind on tiptoe.

He: "A habit of yours—you caught me so just now."

She:

Grandmamma was writing a letter which began with these words, "My dear General." That is all I saw. She hid the letter as soon as she saw me. I remember now that grandmamma knows a general who occupies an influential position in the Ministry of War. What is grandmamma writing to him this morning for, I wonder? And, above all, I wonder why she hid the letter?

After dinner we were talking about the horse. Papa is not going to Paris to-morrow until the noon train. He says he will have to go in the morning to call on Captain de Leonelle about the horse. While we were talking the door opened. It was the colonel, and he also began speaking of the horse. Papa said that the visit intended for the morning would put him out a little because he could not go until the noonday train.

"Don't put yourself out then," said the colonel. "I will see Captain de Leonelle, and I will arrange the matter for you. As for the price, it is nineteen hundred francs. You may readily see from the price that he has not wished to make a business matter of this. He sees that I know you. He has therefore wished to be agreeable to his colonel. It is very neat of him; very delicate indeed. Now, not to be outdone in courtesy, you ought to do him some little favor. Invite him to dinner. Very probably he will refuse. He is a hermit, a savage, a veritable bear; he never goes anywhere, and stays home evenings to read and write. But invite him anyway. It is a harmless courtesy, and what matters it if he refuse?"

Will he refuse? *I don't believe it.*

He:

Saturday, June 7th.—We dismounted this morning at half-past eight, in the barrack court-yard. The colonel came to thank me for my courtesy in the matter of the sale of the horse. He thinks that my deference is entirely on his account. The matter of the price was arranged in two words, and then the colonel added:

"I believe that the family will invite you to dinner in a few days; but that's all right. You can refuse. I told them that you were a savage, a hermit; that you never went anywhere, and that you fled from your kind."

"But, colonel"——

"Well, isn't it true? You refuse all invitations."

"I may not refuse this one, colonel."

"Aha! Perhaps I haven't seen through this. You sell for nineteen hundred francs a horse that is worth at least four thousand; a horse that you told me a while ago you wouldn't part with. Aha! my boy, I begin to understand. She has, in truth, bewitching eyes, the little blonde." And the colonel poked me in the ribs, with a chuckle.

"Yes, colonel, I think her eyes are indeed bewitching."

This escaped from my lips involuntarily, but I wanted to talk about her so much. To have Picot for my only confident was a little hard.

Just at this moment we were interrupted by the weekly report being brought to the colonel. While the sergeant was reading such important events as that such a mare had received a kick; that such a man did not turn up at roll-call; that private So-and-so was in the guard-house for being drunk; that such a horse had been bitten—during all this time the colonel looked at me with a fatuous leer, twisting the ends of his big mustache. After the report was read he went away; but before he went he gave me another poke in the ribs, and said:

"Ha, ha, ha! I said you were a savage, but I think the savage is going to be tamed."

He is an excellent man, the colonel, but he is dreadfully talkative. My secret will soon be the secret of the whole regiment.

She.

Saturday, June 7.—During the day I rode Jupiter again. He pleases me better than ever. I saw nothing of *him*; he discreetly keeps out of the way. After dinner, the colonel reappeared. When mamma heard him announced, she made a little face, which meant "What! a soldier again!" The colonel told us that the affair of Jupiter was all arranged at nineteen hundred francs, and then he began to manœuvre in such a manner as to lead papa off to smoke a cigar in the garden. A quarter of an hour passed away, and mamma grew impatient.

"Tut, tut," said she; "what can your father be thinking of, walking around with that colonel? He'll catch cold, I know he will, for he is bareheaded. Carry him his hat, Jeanne, and try and get him to come into the house."

"Yes, mamma."

I went into the garden, and I heard this from the colonel's lips: "*A pearl—a perfect pearl, I tell you!*" And then, "*Hush—take care.*" They changed the conversation at once.

I wonder what they meant? Is it possible that he can have already proffered a demand for my hand through his colonel? Is that the way they do in the cavalry? It would be going a little too quickly, it seems to me. The idea!—after a single interview, which related only to hay, barley, and oats.

Well, the colonel and papa came back into the house, and then the colonel went away. Papa seemed very much preoccupied. At eleven o'clock, as I was about to kiss him good-night, he took both my hands in his, and said:

"And how do you like the horse, Jeanne?"

And I replied: "Why, papa, Jupiter is perfectly adorable."

I am afraid I said that with a little too much animation, a little too much fire; at every moment I fear to betray myself. When I speak of his horse it seems to me that I speak of him. And the pearl—who is the pearl, what is the pearl? Is it he, or is it I?

He:

Sunday, June 8th.—I received, this morning, the following letter from my sister:

"I can do no more; I have passed two entire days in making calls; I have made at least forty visits. Whenever I could so arrange it, this sentence would glide into the conversation: "Do you happen to know a family called Lablinière?" I obtained five or six replies. All were admirable. "Very nice people, plenty of money, which is never disagreeable, but money well come by." As to the young lady, all say the same—"she is an angel." So take heart of grace, my soldier brother, and try and win her."

I was stupefied; is it so plain, then, that I am in love? My sister seems to know all about it. At six o'clock there came a letter from her father. I am invited to dine there next Wednesday—on Wednesday, the 11th. Should I reply at once? No, that would look too eager. I shall reply to-morrow.

She:

Sunday, June 8.—Early this morning I came down from my room. The postman had just come, and there was a pile of letters on the table in the hall. Were there any for me? No. But there was one for grandmamma—a great, big official looking letter, with a great red seal upon it, and on this seal I read: "Ministry of War." Only to think that my destiny is in that letter, for I am just as sure as I can be that grandmamma has been making inquiries of her friend the general at the Ministry of War. A servant came in, and I fled like a thief. Ten o'clock has come; grandmamma must be awake by this time, and she has probably read her letter. I go up to her room.

"Ah, it is you, little one."

She seemed very lively, did grandmamma, and she kissed me tenderly, more tenderly even than was her wont. The general's letter must have pleased her.

It was Sunday, and papa had not gone to Paris. After breakfast grandmamma said to him:

"I have something to say to you, Robert,"

"Is that so? Why, I have something to say to you."

So they went together into papa's smoking-room. What did grandmamma go into the smoking-room for? I'll wager that she shows the general's letter to papa. Grandmamma is very patriotic. I have often heard her say that there is no more noble career than that of arms, and that mothers who prevent their daughters from marrying soldiers are false to their country. Grandmamma has a horror of that species of gentry whose only merit consists in killing a great many pigeons in the spring, and a great many patridges in the fall; while mamma adores that very kind. On this subject mamma and grandmamma are constantly at feud.

At last the day passed away; in the middle of dinner papa said, in an ostentatiously negligent way:

"He has really been very, very courteous, this young officer. I have invited him to dinner for Wednesday next."

"For Wednesday," cried mamma, "and why so much haste? Do you want to bring the whole army here? He is charming, I will admit, but I am afraid he may bring the rest of the regiment."

He:

Monday, June 9th.—I am becoming imbecile; I consumed an entire hour this morning in writing eight lines of acceptance to that invitation. I wrote it over ten times—twenty times—and, at last, when my letter was gone, I suddenly bethought me that I had twice used the word *pleasure* in those eight luckless lines.

She:

Monday, June 9th.—He has accepted. While we were breakfasting, this morning—our breakfast-room looks out upon the court-yard—mamma suddenly cried:

"Well, I declare! There is another soldier lurking around our court-yard."

I looked out of the window, and, without thinking, said: "Ah, it is Picot."

And then you should have seen mamma! You should have heard her!

"So, young lady, it seems now that you know the nicknames of all the soldiers of all the companies of all the regiments in the city."

"Of one, mamma," said I, meekly, "of only one. It is the man who brought Jupiter here the other day."

Grandmamma burst into a fit of laughter. It seems to me that grandmamma is very lively this morning. On the staircase, a little while ago, she was singing. I wonder what there was in that letter that she got? I think it must have pleased her, whatever it was.

After breakfast I took possession of his note. It was charming in its simplicity. This is the way it read:

"MONSIEUR: I have received the invitation that you did me the honor to address me for Wednesday, the 11th of June. I accept with the greatest pleasure and the greatest cordiality. I have learned with much pleasure that your daughter is pleased with the horse. I have the honor to be, monsieur,

Yours, most sincerely, etc."

He has repeated the word *pleasure* twice. He did it on purpose, I'm sure. He knew that I would see his letter, and he wished to dwell upon the word.

He:

Tuesday, June 10th.—I dine to-morrow at her house.

She:

Tuesday, June, 10th.—He dines here to-morrow.

At last we have arrived at the great, the important day of the dinner. Now, you tell about the dinner."

"No, my little Jeanne, let us stop here for to-night. Look and see what hour it is."

"Good heavens! it's two o'clock in the morning."

"Yes, two o'clock in the morning; and that in itself is a good enough reason to stop, but it is not the only one. From now on I fear that our two journals would become terribly monotonous. It would be love, and yet again love, and always love, and nothing but love. There is nothing but that in my journal, Jeanne."

"And so in mine."

"And it ceases to be so interesting because it is love like everybody's love—love with the liberty to see each other; love with the privilege to speak together. When I could see you at my ease, what merit was there in seeing you as you were?—that is to say, as the sweetest, the prettiest, and the best of women. What merit is there in having loved you when I could not help it? No, Jeanne, what was rare, what was romantic, what was delicious in our love, was its beginning. We loved each other as if it were instinctively; we loved at first sight; without the need to speak to or to know the other, we both loved; in your eyes I read your soul, and I knew that you loved me. From the 11th of June, the day of the dinner, up to the 17th of August, the day of our marriage, we have exchanged many words; we have babbled into each other's ears many sweet confidences; but never, my Jeanne, was there between us conversation more tender, yet more impassioned than that absurd dialogue in the court-yard near the stables, before Jupiter and Picot. From that day and from that hour I knew what my fate would be; I left that court-yard with the certainty, with the fixed belief, that you would be mine, and that my life, and all of my life, would be passed in trying to make you happy. That was two years ago, Jeanne; have I done so until now?"

She did not answer—that is, not in words—but she threw her arms around his neck, and they read no more that evening.

THE END.

The following significant suggestions may be useful to unwary youths who are in love: The female thumb is said to be an important index of the female character. Women with large thumbs are held by phrenologists, physiognomists, etc., to be more than ordinarily intelligent—what are called sensible women—while women with small thumbs are regarded as romantic. According to certain authors, who profess to have been observers, a woman's hand is more indicative of a woman's character than her face, as the latter is, to a certain extent, under control of temporary emotions, or of the will; whereas the former is a fact which exists for any one who understands it to profit by. Consequently, a few hints about the proper reading of a woman's hand may be very useful to certain of our readers, especially married men, or men contemplating matrimony. Women with square hands and small thumbs are said to make good and gentle housewives. This sort of women will make any one happy who is fortunate enough to win them. They are not at all romantic, but they are what is better—thoroughly domestic. Women with very large thumbs have a "temper" of their own, and generally a long tongue. There is a hint to the lover. Let him, the first time he seizes hold of his mistress's hand, examine, under some pretext or another, her thumb; and, if it be large, let him make up his mind that, as soon as he becomes a married man, he will have to be a good boy, or else there will be the very deuce to pay. Again, if a young man finds that his lady-love has a large palm, with cone-shaped fingers and small thumb, let him thank his stars, for in that case she is susceptible to tenderness, readily flattered, easily talked into or talked out of anything, and can be readily managed. But, if she is a woman with a square hand, well-proportioned, and only a tolerably developed thumb, why, then, she is either one of two distinct classes of women—she is either a practical female who will stand no nonsense, or she is a designing female; she is a woman who can not be duped, or a woman who will dupe him.

It is stated that the yearly renewal of small silk flags in one of the state apartments at Windsor Palace is the sole condition upon which the Duke of Marlborough and the Duke of Wellington hold their titles and estates, and that a failure to pay this tribute would cause forfeiture.

Kaiser Wilhelm is having constructed for his own use a coach, the entire upper portion of which will be of glass, so that he will be able to see everything about him without fatigue or exposure to the weather.

A monk named Rivalto mentions, in a sermon in Florence, in 1305, that spectacles had then been known about twenty years. This would place the invention about 1285.

**The most popular Historical Work ever published:**

## DR. JOHN LORD'S

## "BEACON LIGHTS OF HISTORY"

**Complete in five volumes.**

(The fourth volume just published). For terms and circulars, address

**A. ROMAN, 120 Sutter Street,**
General Agent for this Coast.

**Also, Choice Holiday Books. Cyclopædias, and the Standard Books of the Season.**

## LADIES

CALL AT THE

## WONDER

## FLOWER AND FEATHER

## STORE,

**No. 1024 MARKET STREET.**

**Largest Stock, Newest Styles, and Cheapest House in the State.**

## GRANOLITHIC

## PAVEMENT.

## STUART'S PATENT.

**For purposes of**

**OUT-DOOR ORNAMENTATION,**

**It has no equal in its particular adaptability for**

**Garden Statuary, Fountains,**

**and similar adornments, as it can be beautifully molded and takes a perfectly smooth surface. For**

## PRIVATE DWELLINGS,

**Sidewalks and Paths, it is the best for its**

**DURABILITY.**

**MR. SOMERVILL takes great pleasure in explaining, and giving all necessary information, at his office,**

422 Montgomery Street.

## IMPROVED

## RICHMOND RANGE.

Before purchasing a Stove, call and examine our celebrated Improved Richmond Range. Thousands of them are in use, and every one of them in working order. For sale only by the Agents,

**SCHUSTER BROS.,**
306 Sutter Street, above Dupont.

Branch Store, 332 Montgomery Avenue, San Francisco.

**Rachel's Enamel Bloom.**

The beautiful complexions of our San Francisco girls are a source of constant wonder to fair Eastern visitors, who find their faces tanned by our hot sun and chapped by our ocean winds. They do not know that our city belles use Rachel's Enamel Bloom, a sure protection against sun and wind. It can be obtained from all druggists.

## REMOVAL.

**MRS. DR. BEIGHLE** has removed to **618** EDDY STREET. **Galvanic Healer—Natural Battery.** Diagnosis without questioning. Hours, 1 to 4; Ladies and Children only.

**FREUD'S CORSET HOUSE.**

**A Splendid Line of Corsets, Hoop-skirts, etc., for the Christmas Trade.**

The immense corset house of Freud & Sons, which is so centrally located at 742 and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 Dupont Street, have arranged their large stock of goods in a most tempting array for the holiday times. Never before have they made such a display of magnificent corsets of every style and material. During the past few years Messrs. Freuds' trade in corsets has become so extensive as to enable them to establish their own corset factory in New York. They have also made favorable arrangements with all the leading corset factories of Europe to represent them on the Pacific Coast, and they have secured the sole agency for all the best and most approved patented corsets. Every lady should send for a catalogue, wherein are simply arranged styles and prices, which make it a valuable reference guide for those wishing a comfortable, perfect fitting, and superior corset at the most reasonable prices. Hoop-skirts, paniers, and bustles are here shown in a number of varieties; the very latest in bustles being the rubber bustles filled with air. They are certainly invaluable to every toilet, being as light as a feather, and can be arranged to any desired size. A lady would be indeed difficult to please who could not be suited at Freuds' corset house.

**Rachel's Enamel Bloom.**

"Oh, hubby, won't you get me that beautiful sealskin sacque?" "Well, dear, you look so charming, I really can't refuse you. By the way, how your complexion has improved lately!" And the happy wife flits away to order another dozen bottles of Rachel's Enamel Bloom from her druggist.

— THOSE CONTENPLATING GIVING CHRISTMAS entertainments on an extended scale, would do well to remember the many advantages of Metropolitan Hall as a place for public entertainments. It is easily accessible from all parts of the city, has a large seating capacity, and, where music is a feature of the programme, is unrivaled. It has splendid acoustic properties, and the finest organ in San Francisco.

**Rachel's Enamel Bloom.**

"Oh, how chapped my face is, Clara! I don't see how it is, these winds never affect your face in the least." "My dear, it's the simplest thing in the world; I always use Rachel's Enamel Bloom, which protects the face perfectly, and can be obtained from all druggists."

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic Gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont sts.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

**Rachel's Enamel Bloom.**

"Tom, who is that pretty girl? She has a beautiful complexion." "Why, that is my sister. Strange, she is always in the sun, but never freckles now; and she used to have a complexion like a pepper-box." Tom did not know that his sister used Rachel's Enamel Bloom, which is for sale by all druggists.

**Rachel's Enamel Bloom.**

Why so many women poison themselves with perfectly apparent grease, paints, and cosmetics, is a wonder, when they can obtain clear and delicate complexions by the use of Rachel's Enamel Bloom, which is made from harmless vegetable substances and can not be detected. It is for sale by all druggists.

**THE**

## HARMON

## SEMINARY,

**Berkeley, Alameda County, Cal.**

**A FIRST-CLASS BOARDING-SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.**

**The Character of the Institution:**

It is the aim of this institution to furnish the best attainable education for young women. The imparting of useful information and mental culture is attended by the most intelligent effort to develop true womanly qualities, and to instill principles of good taste and sound judgment. Thus the institution possesses a family character in its best sense. The charges for tuition and board are made as low as possible without sacrificing excellence, so as to place the School within the reach of those whose means are moderate. It is not an ambition of this School to bring together a large and imposing array of pupils. Its numbers are limited; hence, each pupil receives close personal attention and instruction.

**The Next Term will open January 8th, 1885.**

For Catalogues or other information, address **MISSES HARMON**, Berkeley, Cal., or **E. J. WICKSON**, 414 Clay Street, San Francisco.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS' MATERIALS,

Mine and Mill Supplies. Also, Druggists' Glassware.

**Rachel's Enamel Bloom.**

"I wonder how that actress preserves her complexion. She looks as well off the stage as on." "My boy, she uses Rachel's Enamel Bloom." It was a fact. Instead of poisonous cosmetics and grease paints, she always used this harmless face-wash, which can be obtained of all druggists, in either shade, blonde or brunette.

In the Paris postoffice a large room is set apart for people who may desire to write letters. It is furnished with maps, guide-books, dictionaries, and directories, and has a supply of pens, ink, and blotting-paper. An attendant supplies stationery at cost price, and two cents is charged for the accommodation.

Dr. Delauney, the French physiologist, declares that a person sleeping on his right side has incoherent and absurd dreams, but if sleeping on his left side his dreams are intelligent.

— LADIES' BAZAR PATTERNS, 215 Dupont St.

— BEAUTIFUL THERMOMETERS for Christmas Gifts just received. Muller, 135 Montgomery St.

## NATIONAL ASSURANCE

## COMPANY

## OF IRELAND.

**ESTABLISHED - - - A. D. 1822.**

Authorized Capital.....$10,000,000
Subscribed Capital..... 5,000,000

## H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

**GENERAL AGENTS**

FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

**OFFICE,**

**309 Sansome St., San Francisco.**

## FANCY GOODS.

We are constantly receiving, direct from the importer, many novelties which, having been purchased so late, we have the choiae of the newest

## HOLIDAY GOODS,

Consisting of selections from all the best markets by our resident partner East; and having been purchased during the excitement of the election at very low prices for cash, and which added to the

## BANKRUPT STOCK

**OF HATHAWAY & CO.**

And to our Wholesale Stock, makes our variety unequaled in the city, and at prices that defy competition.

THE OLDEST AND ONLY

## AMERICAN

## CROCKERY HOUSE

**IN THE CITY.**

## R. A. SWAIN & CO.

**16 Post St., 112 & 114 California St.**

## CORRECT

And inviting novelties in the Card line await you. Christmas and New Year Cards for this season surpass the best previous designs. Fringed and Plain fancies, from the most economical to the most expensive. Not only all of Prang's choice Art products, but also most careful selections from all Foreign Makers. No more excellent custom was ever conceived than that of exchanging souvenirs at Christmas-tide. And no class of souvenirs carry more joy for the money than these we offer.

The demand for "studies" by both Amateur and Professional Artists, has induced us to specially endeavor to serve such purchasers.

The wants of the Writing-table we also undertake abundantly to supply. We offer elegant papeterie, convenient ink-stands, comfortable ink, and peaceable pens. The tasty and the most ultra particular, we undertake to furnish with exactly the right style of Monograms, Correspondence Cards, Visiting Cards, and other Social Stationery. We have heard say that "*a pleased customer* is the best advertisement in the world." We believe it. Prove us.

## ROBERTS

**10 POST STREET.**

**Important to Property Holders!**

**THE CALIFORNIA**

## ARTIFICIAL STONE

PAVING CO.

**The Patent of Mr. Schillinger.**

## DURABILITY

**Is its Greatest Virtue.**

Examine the Merits of the Pavement and SAVE Trouble and Continuous Expenses for Repairs.

**The only GENUINE Patent of these Desirable walks in the United States.**

## FOR PRIVATE DWELLINGS

**It has No Equal.**

All necessary information can be had of

**GEO. GOODMAN, Superintendent,**
**420 MONTGOMERY STREET.**

## PALACE HOTEL.

**A. D. SHARON, Lessee.**

**The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the Finest in the city.**

# S. P. TAYLOR & CO.

Manufacturers and Dealers in all kinds of

## PAPER,

## PAPER BAGS, TWINES, ETC.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

Proprietors of the PIONEER PAPER MILLS, Taylorville, Marin Co., Cal., making Manilla;
SAN GERONIMO MILLS, Taylorville, Marin Co., Cal.
Capacity, 10,000 lbs. daily, Manilla and Book.

ALSO, SOLE AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED SOUTH COAST STRAW AND CHEMICAL PAPER CO.'S MANILLA.

PRINTING MANILLA PAPER AND PAPER BAGS

A SPECIALTY. We have the largest and best assortment of Cuts and Electrotypes for this work on the Pacific Coast.

As agents of the ELM FLAX MILLS, we are in a position to meet the TWINE trade in the closest issue.

THE "ARGONAUT" IS PRINTED ON PAPER MADE AT OUR SAN GERONIMO MILLS.

The Pioneer Printing Ink Manufactory of the Pacific Coast.

# E. J. SHATTUCK & CO.

(SUCCESSORS TO SHATTUCK & FLETCHER),

## PRINTING AND LITHOGRAPHIC

# INKS

OF ALL COLORS,

ROLLERS, ROLLER COMPOSITION,

Lithographic Stones and Material.

OFFICE AND WORKS:

520 COMMERCIAL STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

The Inks and Rollers used by the "Argonaut" are manufactured by us.

# OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

## STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

# JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 2 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG, connecting at Yokohama with steamers of the Mitsu Bishi Steamship Co. for SHANGHAI and JAPANESE PORTS, and at Hongkong with steamers for all EAST INDIAN PORTS.

Prompt attention paid to Telegraphic Reservation of State Rooms or Berths. Cabin plans on exhibition and passage tickets for sale at the Company's office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

| STEAMERS. | COMMANDERS. |
|---|---|
| ARABIC, - - - - - - | CAPT. PEARNE. |
| OCEANIC, - - - - - - | CAPT. METCALFE. |
| SAN PABLO, - - - - - | CAPT. REED. |

Tickets on sale and general information furnished by the following agents:

F. Knowland....287 Broadway, New York | Alex. Center.....Yokohama
F. E. Foster.....Hongkong | Agency Mitsu Bishi Mail S. S. Co., Shanghai

# PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR

## YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG

Connecting at Yokohama with the steamers of the

MITSU BISHI STEAMSHIP COMPANY

FOR SHANGHAI AND JAPANESE PORTS,

And at Hongkong with steamers for all

EAST INDIAN PORTS.

S. S. City of Tokio, - - - December 6, at 2 P. M.
S. S. City of New York, - December 30, at 2 P. M.

For MAZATLAN, ACAPULCO, CHAMPERICO, SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA, ACAJUTLA, LA LIBERTAD, and PUNTA ARENAS, taking passengers and freight.

S. S. Colima, - - - - December 1, at 10 A. M.
S. S. Granada, - - - December 31, at 10 A. M.

For MAZATLAN, SAN BLAS, MANZANILLO, and ACAPULCO, and via Acapulco for Lower Mexican and Central American Ports, calling at SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA and LA LIBERTAD to land passengers and mails.

S. S. San Juan, - - - December 15, at 10 A. M.

## FOR AUCKLAND AND SYDNEY,

CALLING AT HONOLULU,

S. S. Zealandia, - - - December 20, at 2 P. M.
S. S. City of Sydney, - - - January 17, at 2 P. M.

Or immediately on arrival of the English Mails.

Ten Dollars additional is charged for Upper Cabin passage. For freight and passage, apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., General Agents.

# FOR HONOLULU AND THE VOLCANOES.

## THE PLEASANTEST VOYAGE IN THE WORLD!

# OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## SAN FRANCISCO AND HONOLULU,

CARRYING THE UNITED STATES AND HAWAIIAN MAILS.

THE NEW 3000-TON IRON SCREW STEAMSHIPS

**ALAMEDA,** CAPTAIN MORSE.

**MARIPOSA,** CAPTAIN HAYWARD.

LEAVE THE COMPANY'S PIERS ON

THE FIRST AND FIFTEENTH OF EACH MONTH FROM EACH PORT.

**RATES OF PASSAGE:**

CABIN, $75; STEERAGE, $25; EXCURSION TICKETS, $125 FOR THE ROUND TRIP, GOOD TO RETURN BY ANY STEAMER WITHIN THREE MONTHS.

For Tickets and all information, apply at the Company's office, 327 MARKET STREET, CORNER FREMONT.

W. B. DAVENPORT, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT.

## J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS., GENERAL AGENTS.

# CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY.

**WORKS, POTRERO.**

OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

PRESIDENT, - - CLAUS SPRECKELS.

VICE-PRESIDENT, - - JOHN D. SPRECKELS. SECRETARY, - - ADOLPH B. SPRECKELS.

# GHIRARDELLI'S
## SOLUBLE COCOA,
MADE INSTANTLY.

HYGIENIC, NOURISHING, AND AGREEABLE.

FOR THE YOUNG AND OLD, SICK AND HEALTHY.

The Beverage par excellence, Home-made, Fresher, Better and Stronger than imported, and being ABSOLUTELY PURE is DOUBLE the strength of foreign sweet cocoas, and consequently cheaper. One trial will convince.

**Sold by all Grocers and Tea Merchants.**

---




CACHET BLANC, Tres Sec,
CACHET BLANC, Extra Dry, and
CABINET GREEN SEAL

**CHAMPAGNES.**

## CHARLES MEINECKE & CO.,
**Sole Agents, 314 Sacramento Street.**

---

## COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION,
**PHELAN'S BUILDING, ROOMS 6, 8, 9, 10, 11.**

**ENTRANCE, 806 MARKET STREET.**

Gas Specialists. Positively extract teeth without pain. Only office that makes and gives the celebrated "Colton Gas." Established in 1863. Over fifteen thousand references. Also, performs all operations in Dentistry.

---

# GERSTER GLOVES!
**Elegant, Perfect-fitting, and Durable.**

Also, a fine line of the Latest Styles in Leather Goods, Albums, etc., Perfumery, etc.

## I. KEINER'S, 32 KEARNY STREET.

---



## CUTTER'S

$\frac{1}{16}$ OUNCE TWIST does NOT work LIGHTER in making button holes.

CUTTER'S $\frac{1}{8}$ ounce SEWING SILK is strong, smooth, and twisted to match the most delicate fabric.

CUTTER'S $\frac{1}{8}$ ounce SEWING SILK is dyed and twisted by his best workmen. This is the reason why his $\frac{1}{8}$ ounce spool is so popular among the dry goods trade of the Eastern and Southern cities.

**REID & FORD,**
**26 New Montgomery Street, under Palace Hotel, San Francisco.**

---

THE ORIGINAL

# SWAIN'S BAKERY

ESTABLISHED 1856.

ICE CREAM, CHARLOTTE RUSSE, EXTRA MINCE PIES.

LADIES' RESTAURANT.

**213 SUTTER STREET, - - - - - - SAN FRANCISCO.**

CAKES FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

In addition is a beautiful large DINING ROOM, handsomely furnished, making the family department one of the most complete in the city.

---

# FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

**Wiesbaden and French Preserves, Smyrna Figs, fine Persian Dates, Fresh Nuts, Pecans, Almonds, Walnuts, and Filberts. Fresh Imported Raisins.**

Scotch Jellies and Jams; San Jose Preserves;
Camembert, Neufchatel, Stilton, Roquefort, and Cheddar Cheese;
Plum Pudding—1, 2, 3, and 4-lb. tins, American, French, and English;
New Irish Bacon, from Belfast, Ireland;
Choicest Truffles du Perigord, in bottles;
New Pennsylvania Buckwheat, extra bolted;
New Maple Sugar, the very best in this market;
New German Ginger Bread, in large variety;
New Extra Pulled Figs;
Choicest Butter, 70 cents per roll;
Extra heavy New England Maple Syrup.

---

# LATEST NOVELTIES.

# TREE TRIMMINGS

In great variety, wholesale and retail. Great variety and latest styles of

SWEET-GRASS BASKETS.

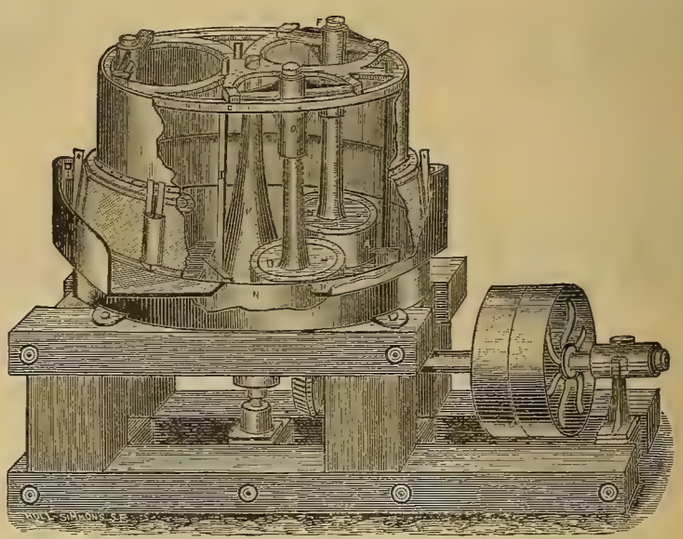
**Fancy Coal Vases, Smyrna Rugs and Mats,**

## S. LEBENBAUM & CO.

**1443, 1445, 1447, and 1449 Polk St., corner of California.**

---

# F. A. HUNTINGTON'S
## CENTRIFUGAL
# ROLLER QUARTZ MILL.



**Economy in Expense of Plant. Economy in Cost of Working. Economy in Saving Gold. Economy in Transportation of Machinery. Economy in Cost of Erection of Mill at Mine. Economy of Time required to Establish Plant,** one day only being consumed.

The Huntington Mill has passed entirely through the experimental stage. Two years of continuous use at a large number of mines on the Pacific Coast has enabled the inventor to perfect and improve the machinery until he feels justified in assuring the public that he has reached THE ABSOLUTE in the construction of a perfect Quartz Mill.

**F. A. HUNTINGTON, 45 Fremont St., San Francisco,**

**And FRAZER & CHALMERS, Chicago, Ill.**

**Send for Testimonials.**

# The Anecdote Corner.

### The Truth about the Cherry Tree.

"George," said his father, with countenance more in sorrow than in anger, "George, some one has cut down my favorite cherry tree; do you know anything about it?"

Young Washington did not quail before his father's accusing glance. He looked him straight in the eye, and an expression of honest resolution gleamed in the clear eyes and frank countenance.

"My father," he said, "I will not deceive you. I do know something about it, but that is not the issue at all. You have, in effect, charged me with being privy to the destruction of your favorite tree. Now, the question is, since you have filed information, and laid this charge against me, what do you know about it?"

"I know that you have a hatchet," replied his father, sternly. "I know what a boy with a hatchet is liable to do. I know that some one has cut down my favorite cherry tree"——

"Stop right there," interrupted the father of his country. "You say this was your tree?"

"I do."

"How came it yours?"

"I planted it."

"Now, sir, are you certain it was not on this farm before you came here?"

"No, sir, it was not."

"Then why did you say so?"

"Why did I say what?"

"That's right; evade, quible, crawl out of it somehow. All right. If you don't want to answer a fair, plain, simple question, you don't have to."

"But I didn't say it was on the farm when I came here."

"Oh, very well, deny it. Is there any other retraction you would like to make?"

"I don't retract anything. I merely declare that I never said that tree was on the farm when I came here."

"Oh, well, father, don't get excited and talk loud. You may go back on your entire statement if you wish. Perhaps you will next try to make us believe this farm wasn't here either, when you came."

"Why, of course it was here. I don't"——

"Didn't you say a moment ago that it wasn't?"

"That was the tree."

"Ah, yes; you turn it off on the tree now. You've been talking about the tree all this time, then?"

"Why, certainly I have."

"Then you just admitted that it was here when you came here?"

"No, my son; that was the farm."

"But not half a dozen questions ago you admitted that. You said in these very words: 'Why, of course, it was here,' did you not?"

"I said those words, but I was speaking of the farm."

"And yet you said but this very moment that all this time you had been talking about the tree. It is useless to continue this examination. My father, of all human vices lying is the commonest, and I doubt not it is the worst. It blunts our moral sensibilities; it leads us to distort and exaggerate simple statements of fact; it blurs our powers of intelligent observation, until even a man of ordinary scholarship and intellectual development is unable to tell whether he is talking about a farm or a cherry tree. The complaint is dismissed. I doubt very much if you can even establish the fact that you ever owned a tree. Go to the nursery, and if you intend planting a tree in the place of the one you imagine you have lost, you had better take a man with you to show you the ground lest you might plant one tree in your hat. You may go."

Sadly the old man turned away, but he told the man who helped him plant the new tree that if he had a hundred boys he wouldn't let another one of them study law.—*Burlette.*

### Two Pairs of Pants.

Sibley and Ramsey were the gubernatorial candidates in Minnesota in 1858, and party feeling ran high—that is, votes became high, because they were mighty scarce. The partisans of each candidate were worked up to a great pitch in their endeavors to have the honor of electing the first Governor of the new State. When the returns began coming in, it appeared that Ramsey would walk away with the State. There were a few of Sibley's men who smiled in a quiet way, as they sat back and waited for precincts in the northern part of the State to be heard from. Away up near the British line, and just across from Pembina, Manitoba, one Wilson had been sent in the interest of Sibley. According to an organic provision, Indians were allowed to vote if clothed as legally qualified citizens. In that locality there are several thousand redskins, who had been overlooked by all the politicians except Wilson, who was a genuine specimen of a genus of frontier statesmen who have passed away with the advent of the baser practices of a more refined civilization. He would talk French to the half-breeds from the Hudson Bay region, Sioux or Chippewa to the aborigines, who then were spread all over the Northwest. When he reached the place where the Indians were the thickest, election day was only ten hours away, and what he proposed doing had to be done quickly. During the night he skirmished around, trying to procure two pairs of pants, but the settlement couldn't produce a single spare pair. Wilson was nearly despairing of working his game successfully, when two old whisky-logged frontiersmen volunteered to keep to their shanties during the day for a couple of bottles of the best. Wilson was well supplied with this, and the next day the two old topers were missed at the polls, but their breeches were in the hands of Wilson, who appeared on the scene as soon as the sun rose. With one assistant, he marshaled the Indians in line, and, in a jargon of Indian and English, explained what they should do. The first savage was robed in the pants of the old chap who was then playing old sledge with his "pard," robed only in blankets. While this first vote was being cast, the other pair of pantaloons was being hung upon the limbs of the next noble red man; and while this fellow was dropping in his ballot, the breeches were taken off the first Indian and put on number three. So the entire line was gone through with, and when the hour for closing arrived those trousers had covered hundreds of strange legs. When that district reported, Sibley's election was assured; and when Wilson arrived from his successful northern tour, he not only got a grand reception, but even the sobriquet of "Pembina," that clung to him for years.

### A German Bill Stumps.

A German antiquary once made the delightful discovery that a stone placed over a stable-door bore the inscription of 1081.

"I must have this stone in my collection, cost what it may," thought the savant.

Calling a tenant farmer, who was the proprietor, the professor said to him, eagerly:

"Did you not obtain this stone from the castle ruin on the hill yonder?"

"It may be that my grandfather fetched it thence when he built the stable," was the reply.

A somewhat exorbitant price was fixed upon, and when, in due course, the farmer brought the stone upon a truck, the zealous antiquary turned it over to refresh his eyes with a sight of his venerable chronological inscription, not without anxiety that it might have been damaged in its removal.

"Why," he exclaimed, "what is this? This is not the right stone. On the stone I bought from you was the date 1081, while this bears the very modern date 1801, which proves that the other was exactly seven hundred and twenty years older than this."

"Do not trouble about that, sir," said the peasant. "The masons, you see, sir, turned the stone upside down when they set it in the doorway, because it fitted better that way. You can turn it whichever way you like. But, of course, I must have the money agreed upon."

The professor, it is said, at once paid the whole sum, and gave the man a present beside to take away the stone and say no more about the matter.

### Lord Salisbury's Trousers.

During his journey north, Lord Salisbury, the Conservative leader in the House of Lords, changed his costume for a full Highland rig-out, intending it as a delicate compliment to the Land of the Kilt. But when he looked at himself in the glass, he found that the tailor had cut his petticoats, or whatever they are called, too short. So he made up his mind to put on evening dress. He changed his upper garments and then sat down for a few moments to read up his speech. This sent him to sleep. He only woke with a start to find himself running into the station. Forgetting what had happened, he thrust on his hat and appeared at the window bowing, and this was how he was dressed: He had a full Highland costume as far as his waist, above was a white shirt and swallow-tailed coat, and the entire edifice was crowned with a chimney-pot hat, upon which he had sat down without noticing it. His lordship's horror when he stepped on the platform and felt the keen wind cutting his bare legs changed to absolute agony when his valet appeared, scrambling out of the carriage with a pair of trousers in his hands, waving them wildly and exclaiming: "My lord, my lord, you've forgotten these!"

### Carlyle's Omnivorous Reading.

It is said that Thomas Carlyle having gone to spend an afternoon and dine with a new acquaintance, and arriving several hours before his host, he entered the library, upon which the gentleman prided himself, as it contained a number of rare and curious volumes. The host came, and dinner was eaten. After leaving the table he told the author that he should be happy to show him his books. "I've read 'em," was the laconic answer; and it proved that Carlyle had actually absorbed in the time before dinner all that was valuable to him in the well-chosen library.

When Charles Dickens had decided to write "A Tale of Two Cities," knowing that Carlyle had made special studies for his "French Revolution," he asked the latter to send him a few books that would be best worth consulting. Judge of the novelist's surprise when a large van drove up to his door and discharged its load of volumes, in five or six different languages, to his amazement and dismay! That was Carlyle's notion of a few books—really enough for a moderate library.

### Keeping up Appearances.

Lord Lytton tells a story of a groom married to a rich lady, and in constant trepidation of being ridiculed by the guests in his new home. An Oxford clergyman gave him this advice: "Wear a black coat, and hold your tongue." The groom was soon considered the most gentlemanly person in the county. There is often considerable difference of opinion as to the best mode of keeping up appearances. A bricklayer once came into a witness-box to give evidence in his shirt-sleeves.

"Really, witness," said the judge, "you ought to have made yourself more respectable-looking before coming into court. You might, at least, have put on a coat."

"My lord," was the ready answer, "if it comes to that, I am just as properly dressed as yourself. You came into court with gown and wig, which are your working-clothes, and I have come in mine."

### The Pluck of American Reporters.

The remarkable coolness of the "special" in time of peril is worthy of note. On the ever-to-be-remembered 12th of July, when the Fenians of New York turned out some thirty thousand strong, resolved that three hundred Orangemen should not parade the streets, as they had done on the previous St. Patrick's day, the Empire City witnessed a scene of carnage which is never likely to be seen again.

Protected by the Ninth, Seventh, Sixty-ninth—an Irish regiment—and one or two militia regiments, these three hundred men marched past the Grand Opera House surrounded by a yelling multitude, who fired revolvers and darkened the air with brickbats. At last, patience ceased to be a virtue. Several soldiers had already fallen desperately wounded. The colonel halted his men, and gave them orders to fire at the mob. The writer was one of a numerous band of specials, sworn in as constables. A friend in the ranks shouted, "Look out—we are going to fire!" a warning which was sufficient to cause him to throw himself flat on his face. The mob vanished; but what was his surprise at seeing Pember, of the New York *Times*, in the midst of the fire, calmly roll over on his side, produce his note-book, and go from one wounded man to another, jotting down his name, age, where he lived, and the nature of his hurt. This, while bullets were flying, and unfortunate specials were menaced by the military on one side and the mob on the other. This reckless exposure of life and limb was in order that the journal Pember represented might be the first to have the "List of Killed and Wounded!" on its bulletin-boards.

When the Siamese twins died, Philadelphia surgery had the honor of dissecting them; and under the peculiar circumstances—one having died of horror consequent on his brother's death—the public were in a fever-heat of expectation to learn whether they could have existed apart. Various were the artifices resorted to by the specials to gain a knowledge of this fact—the doctors having declared that they would not admit the press, as it looked like pandering to the morbid appetite of the public. Hospital porters were offered premiums to vacate their positions for one day only. But all was of no avail; the doctors closed the doors, and the operation began. At its conclusion it was ascertained the twins could have undergone a successful severance in life. At that interesting moment, or in the debate which followed, one of the doctors observed an unusually life-like hue upon a subject waiting for dissection. But what his horror, and indeed the horror of them all, as the remark fell from his lips, to observe the corpse suddenly jump up and make for the door. He opened it in time and fled, followed by the enraged doctors. A hack was waiting outside, and into this hopped the supposed corpse, to be driven like mad to the railway station, where the complacent special arrived with the knowledge that he had made a big "beat."

### A Telegrapher's Peril.

A party of men were telling stories in St. Louis, when one of them said he had seen a good deal of service on the border, and had had a good many adventures, only one of which ever impressed him much. Down at Granada, on the Santa Fé road, when it was first opened, he had had a circus all one night with a party of robbers.

"I was in the office in the evening," he said, "getting ready to close up, when four or five hard men came in. They didn't say much at first, but seemed to be looking the ground over. We were always on the lookout for that kind of chaps, and as the machine was ticking I pretended that somebody was asking me a question. I laughed a little, and, seizing the key, I broke in with: 'Everybody—don't stop the express at Granada to-night, whether signaled or not. Robbers here.' They eyed me sharply, but said nothing. The sounder kept up a merry click, and I leaned back in the chair. They fooled around for half an hour, and then one of them asked me what time the train was due. 'Eleven five,' I said. 'Well, we want it,' one of them replied. I told him that I would signal it. About half-past ten o'clock I got out the red lantern and lighted it. Just as I got it fixed two of them jumped up with revolvers in their hands and said they would save me the trouble. While one of them covered me with a pistol, the others tied me flat on my back on a settee. I could not move hand or foot. After they got me there I began to think what sort of a scrape I had got myself in. The train would come presently and would go flying by, and then those cut-throats would murder me just for the fun of it. I had thought the thing over when I heard a sharp whistle and a roar. The men ran out to the platform with masks on and revolvers in hand. One of them had the lantern, which he swung vigorously. In going out on the platform they had left the door open, so that I could see things pretty well. I began to hope that the train would stop, for I knew that it contained men enough to do up that crowd if not taken too much by surprise. The roar came nearer and nearer, until at last I knew by the sound that they were not going to stop. With the whistle blowing at full blast and the dust flying in clouds, she swept by like a streak of lightning. It was all up with me, I thought. The robbers dropped the lantern and began to swear. Then I could hear them talking, and pretty soon I made up my mind that the train had stopped down the road a way, and that they were watching it. Before long they took to their heels, mounted their horses, and were gone. When the train men came up to the depot, all armed with Winchesters, I was the only occupant. They released me and I told them what had happened. A couple of them stayed there with me and the train went on. If any express ever came any nearer being robbed without going through the mill than that one did, I'd like to know when and where it was."—*Ex.*

# Old Favorites.

### The Tragedy.

[The following poem first appeared anonymously in *Harper's Weekly* during 1857. It was written by T. B. Aldrich, then a struggling young journalist in New York. It has appeared in a lately published volume of his works, amended, and with eighty-four lines expunged. In this latter form it appeared in the *Argonaut* for April 9, 1881. Its republication in its original form will not be without interest.]

"The Dame with the Camellias"—
I think that was the play;
The house was packed from pit to dome
With the gallant and the gay,
Who had come to see the tragedy,
And while the hours away.
There was the faint exquisite,
With gloves and glass sublime;
There was the dull historian,
And there the man of rhyme,
And the snarling critic, front to front
To see the play of crime.
And there was heavy Ignorance,
And Vice in Honiton lace;
Sir Cœsus and Sir Pandarus—
And the music played apace.
But of all that crowd I only saw
A single, single face.
'Twas that of a girl whom I had known
In the summers long ago,
When her breath was like the new-mown hay,
Or the daintiest flowers that grow—
When her heart was light, and her soul was white,
As the winter's early snow.
'Twas in our own New England
She breathed the morning air;
'Twas the sunshine of New England
That blended with her hair;
And Modesty and Purity
Walked with her everywhere.

* * * * * *

The years went by, and the maiden grew
Like a hairbell in the glade;
The chestnut shadows crept in her eyes—
Sweet eyes that were not afraid
To look to heaven at morn or even,
Or any time she prayed.
She was the light of the cottage then;
She was the golden sun
Of her grandsire's life—the poor old man
Whose toil was nearly done.

* * * * * *

He watched her in the clover-patch,
And among the tasseled corn,
And in the lawns where apple-blooms
Were falling night and morn;
And he saw the holy thoughts that grew
Within her eyes like dawn.
She walked with him to the village church,
And his eyes would fill with pride
To see her walk with the man she loved—
To see them side by side.
Sweet heaven! she were an angel now
If she had only died!
If she had only died! Alas
How keen must be the woe
That makes it better one should lie
Where the sunshine can not go,
Than to live in this pleasant, sunny world,
Where the happy flowers blow!
Would she had wed some country boor
Before the luckless day
When her cousin came to that simple home—
Her cousin, Clarence Maye,
With his city airs and handsome eyes
To lead her soul astray!
God dropped a pearl in his path of life,
The heart of that sinless child,
And he threw it away with a cruel laugh—
He murdered while he smiled!
Oh, but his words were soft as dew,
And his voice was frank and mild.
One night they left the cottage—
One night in the mist and rain;
And the old man never saw his pet
Nor Clarence Maye again;
Never saw his pet in the clover patch,
In the meadow, nor the lane.
And day by day he looked for her,
This pitiful old man;
At last he died, and they buried him
Where the silver waters ran.
Many a time, like milk-white birds,
The daisies flew away,
And we never heard of her who fled
In the night with Clarence Maye—
Never knew if she were alive or dead,
Till I met her at the play.
And there she sat with her great brown eyes—
They wore a troubled look;
And I read the history of her life
As it were an open book;
And saw her soul, like a slimy thing,
In the bottom of a brook.
There she sat in her glistening silk,
With emeralds on her wrist,
And on her brow a slender thread
Of pearl and amethyst.
"A cheat, a gilded grief!" said I,
And my eyes were filled with mist.
I could not see the players play;
I could hear the music moan—
Moan like a dismal winter wind,
That dies in the woods alone;
And when it stopped I heard it still,
The mournful monotone.
What if the Count were true or false?
I did not care, not I;
What if Camille for Armand died?
I did not see her die.
There sat a woman opposite
Who held me with her eye.
The great green curtain fell on all—
On laugh, and wine, and woe—
Just as death some day will fall
'Twixt us and life, I know.
The play was done—the bitter play—
And the people turned to go.
And did they see the Tragedy?
They saw the painted scene;
They saw Armand, the jealous fool,
And the sick Parisian queen;
But they did not see the tragedy—
The one *I* saw I mean.
They did not see that cold-cut face,
Those golden braids of hair;
Or seeing her jewels, only said:
"The lady's rich and fair."
But I tell you, 'twas the Play of Life,
And that woman played Despair!

### Annabel Lee.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me,
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

—*Edgar Allan Poe.*

### The Next that Dies.

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they shout back our peals of laughter
It seems that the dead are there.
Then stand to your glasses, steady!
We drink in our comrades' eyes;
One cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,
Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold, as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
And soon shall our pulses rise;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
And many a cheek that's sunk;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
Then stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis here the revival lies;
Quaff a cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we laughed at others;
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers,
Who hope to see them again.
No! stand to your glasses, steady!
The thoughtless is here the wise;
One cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall, 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink.
Come, stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis this that the respite buys;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing,
'Tis the hurricane's sultry breath;
And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of Death.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
For a moment the vapor flies;
Quaff a cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul can sting no more?
No, stand to your glasses, steady!
The world is a world of lies;
A cup to the dead already—
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
When the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest are most behind—
Stand, stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize;
One cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

—*Bartholomew Dowling.*

### Aux Italiens.

At Paris it was, at the opera there;
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the "Trovatore";
And Mario can sooth with a tenor note,
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
"*Non ti scordar di me?*"

The Emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave, as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress, too, had a tear in her eye:
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well, there in our front-row box we sat,
Together, my bride betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad;
Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
So confident of her charm!

I have no doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
I wish him well, for the jointure given
To my Lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love,
As I had been thinking of aught for years;
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood, 'neath the cypress-trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot);
And her warm white neck in its golden chain;
And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast;
(Oh, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!)
And the one bird singing alone to his nest,
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring;
And it all seemed then in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing.

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over;
And I thought, "Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things are best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned, and looked: she was sitting there,
In a dim box over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full, soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast.

I was here, and she was there;
And the glittering horseshoe curved between;
From my bride betrothed, with her raven hair,
And her sumptuous, scornful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade,
(In short, from the future back to the past),
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,
I traversed the passage, and down at her side
I was sitting a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then!
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still;
And but for her—— Well, we'll let that pass;
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face—for old things are best;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say;
For beauty is easy enough to win;
But one isn't loved every day.
And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But oh, the smell of that jasmine flower!
And oh, that music! and oh, the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
*Non ti scordar di me,*
*Non ti scordar di me!*

—*Robert, Lord Lytton.*

### An Old Miniature.

"You showed me, Rob, the other day,
A miniature so full of grace
That it hath stol'n my heart away—
I long again to see that face.

"Find it for me before I go;
The eyes had caught the heavenly hue;
The proud lips give you Cupid's bow;
The brow was steadfast, strong, and true.

"A regal robe she seemed to wear,
In newest fashion of our day;
And on her neck, so nobly fair,
Splendid old-fashion laces lay."

"I'll look, my boy. Was it this one?
(Her eye is blue as china-ware);
Or this? (Her face is like the sun.)
Stay! Here's the likeness, I dare swear."

"No; none of those, Rob; none of those.
That's Lizzie Courtenay, this is Jane;
I know her well—and little Rose;
Good creatures, though they're rather vain.

"'Twas none of these did steal my heart:
For them I never breathed a sigh;
Or, sleeping, wakened with a start
From thrilling dreams that they were nigh.

"Oh, seek once more the portrait rare;
In yonder cabinet it lay;
Then breathe my lady's name and where
Her knight may follow her to-day."

"Your fond impatience urges me
To seek the fair enchantress' face—
Yet here lies all my gallery;
Not one is absent from its place;

"Or only one an artist friend
Begged as a loan from me last night;
It lies apart, half-packed to send—
Glance at it ere we lose the light.

"What! That is she? O strange, weird fate!
My boy, your stricken heart lies low
Before the lovely Countess Kate,
Who died a hundred years ago!"—*Anon.*

### The Skaters.

Like clouds they scud across the ice,
His hand holds hers as in a vise;
The moonlight strikes the back-blown hair
Of handsome Madge and Rupert Clare.

The ice resounds beneath the steel;
It groans to feel his spurning heel;
While ever with the following wind
A shadowy skater flits behind.

"Why skate we thus so far from land?
Oh, Rupert Clare, let go my hand!
I can not see—I can not hear—
The wind about us moans with fear!"

His hand is stiffer than a vise;
His touch is colder than the ice;
His face is paler than the moon
That paves with light the lone lagoon.

"Oh, Rupert Clare, I feel, I trace
A something awful in your face!
You crush my hand—you sweep me on—
Until my breath and sense are gone!"

His grasp is stiffer than a vise;
His touch is colder than the ice;
She only hears the ringing tune
Of skates upon the lone lagoon.

"Oh, Rupert Clare! kind Rupert Clare!
For Heaven's mercy hear my prayer!
I could not help my heart, you know—
Poor Willy Gray—he loves me so!"

His grip is stiffer than a vise;
His lips are bluer than the ice;
While ever thrills the ringing tune
Of skates along the lone lagoon.

"Oh, Rupert Clare, where are your eyes?
*The rotten ice* before us lies!
You dastard? Loose your hold, I say!
O God! Where are you, Willy Gray?"

A shriek that seems to split the sky—
A wilder light in Rupert's eye—
She can not, can not loose that grip;
His sinewy arm is round her hip.

But like an arrow on the wind
The shadowy skater scuds behind;
The lithe ice rises to the stroke
Of steel-shod heels that seem to smoke.

He hurls himself upon the pair—
He tears his bride from Rupert Clare—
His fainting Madge, whose moist eyes say,
"Ah! here, at last, is Willy Gray!"

The lovers stand with heart to heart—
"No more," they cry, "no more to part!"
But still along the lone lagoon
The steel skates ring a ghostly tune.

And in the moonlight, pale and cold,
The panting lovers still behold
The self-appointed sacrifice
Skating toward the rotten ice!

—*Fitz-James O'Brien.*

# BARNARD'S

BUSINESS COLLEGE,

37 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

DAY AND EVENING SESSIONS.

A Scholarship Receipt for a complete Business Course, or for a Course in Penmanship, is the most USEFUL PRESENT a parent or employer can make.

Diploma of the Mechanics' Institute Fair, 1884, awarded to this College.

"OUR COLLEGE LEDGER"

Contains full particulars regarding the College Departments, Courses of Study, Terms, etc., etc.

Send for a Copy.



# TRINITY SCHOOL

A BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL

—FOR—

YOUNG MEN AND BOYS.

Numbers limited. Prepares for College and University.

EASTER TERM OPENS MONDAY, JANUARY 5, 1885.

Refers to Wm. F. Babcock, Esq.; Col. E. E. Eyre; Joseph Powning, Esq.; Wm. T. Coleman, Esq.; Geo. W. Gibbs, Esq.

For further information, address

REV. E. B. SPALDING, Rector,

1534 Mission Street, San Francisco.

# COMMERCIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE:

439 CALIFORNIA STREET,

(Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital, fully paid, | $200,000.00 |
| Assets, September 30, 1884, | 455,239.84 |
| Losses paid since organization of Company, over | 1,092,383.88 |

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

# COOKS BROS.

DECORATORS IN

# FRESCO AND WALL PAPER

108 and 110 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO,

And 85 and 87 EUCLID AVENUE, CLEVELAND, O.

Just opened with a very large and fine assortment of Wall Paper of the latest designs.

# KNABE PIANOS

"I have never seen their equal."—*Clara Louise Kellogg.*

A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market St., S.F., Sole Agents.

# STEINWAY

KRANICH & BACH,

C. ROENISCH, and

E. GABLER & BRO.

# PIANOS!

BURDETT,

DOMESTIC and

WILCOX & WHITE

# ORGANS!

Musical Instruments of Every Description. Largest Assortment of

SHEET MUSIC

On the Pacific Coast. For sale by

# M. GRAY,

206 Post Street,

The Leading Music House on the Pacific.

# HOPKINS ACADEMY

Oakland, Cal.

REV. H. E. JEWETT, Principal.

The School Year begins TUESDAY, January 6th, 1885.



Remington STANDARD Type-Writer.

Again improved and perfected. See them.

G. G. WICKSON & CO., 539 Market St., Opp. Sansome, S. F.



U. S. PNEUMATIC LETTER PRESS

G. G. WICKSON & CO. 539 Market St., S. F.

The unsightly and heavy screw and iron press and its necessarily bulky stand must give place to our light, portable, and ornamental Pneumatic Letter Press, requiring but a trifling exertion to operate, no stand, and costing less than an equally reliable screw press. Can be operated by a child and carried with ease. Great variety of styles, ranging from $10.00. A serviceable Holiday Gift.

# THE OHMEN-SIMMONS AUTOMATIC ENGINE.

Gold Medal awarded at the Mechanics' Fair, 1883, for Best Cut-off Engine in Motion.

AUTOMATIC ENGINES

Built and running with a saving of fuel of 30 to 40 per cent. over engines replaced since January 1st 1884.

I also keep on hand a large stock of

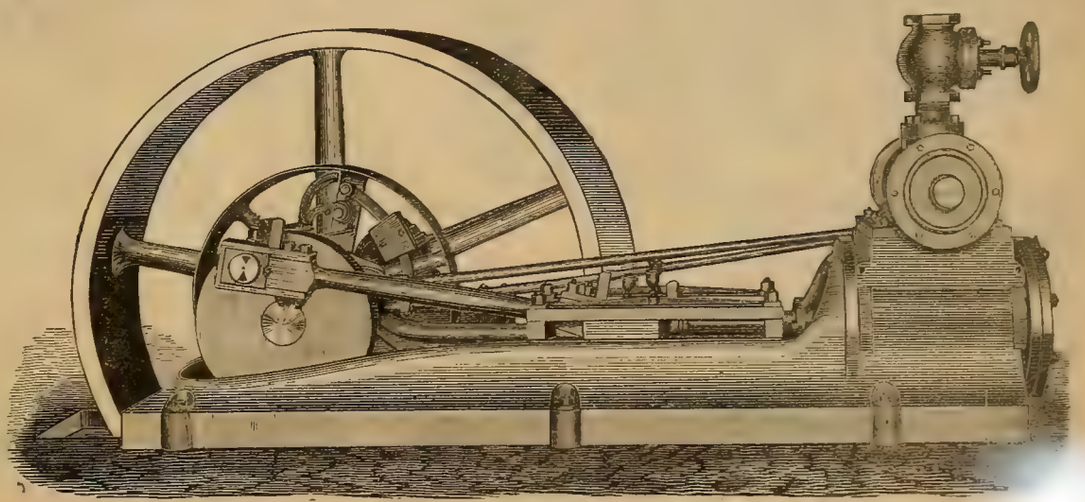
PLAIN SLIDE-VALVE ENGINES,

From four to seventy-five horse-power, ready to ship at short notice.

W. H. OHMEN, Proprietor,

WORKS,

109 and 111 Beale Street, S. F.



## THE HALL TYPE-WRITER




**Simplest---Cheapest---Best.**

Does the best work and in greatest variety. Six copies at once if desired. Handsome, light, and easy to learn. Equally adapted for use in business or the family. Just the thing for a Holiday Gift: only $40. Pacific Coast Agency, **Room 34, No. 123 California Street,** San Francisco, Cal.

## C. V. GILLESPIE,

**SEARCHER OF RECORDS,**

**409 Montgomery Street.**

**36 YEARS**

**Continuous Practice in San Francisco.**

**Titles Searched in all the Counties of this State.**

**GO TO THE**

**ARGONAUT BOOKSTORE**

**And buy your**

**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!!**

**A large variety of**

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Photograph | A | Christmas | B | Christmas | Cards. |
| Autograph | L | Poetical | O | New Year's | Cards. |
| Stamp | B | Historical | O | Birthday | Cards. |
| Scrap | U | Juvenile | K | Sentimental | Cards. |
| Card | M | Standard | S | Picture | Cards. |
| | S | Romantic | | | |
| | | Picture | | | |
| | | Holiday | | | |

Also, a large assortment of Foreign Postage Stamps, Sheet Music, Portfolios, Diaries, Pocket Books, Purses, etc. Twenty pieces of Music of your own selection in a handsome Portfolio for $2.50.

**RICHARDSON BROS.,**

**215 Dupont Street, San Francisco.**

## ANTISELL PIANOS

*Most Complete Piano and Organ Factory in the World.*

*200 Pianos of other makes, some of which are in use only a short time, half price.*

Pianos to Rent—Instalments or Cash.

*Factory, 24, 26, 28 Ellis St., S. F.*

**MECHANICS' PAVILION**

**SKATING**

**ACADEMY.**

Daily Sessions (Sundays excepted) commencing Monday, September 22d, from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M., and evenings from 7:30 to 10 o'clock.

☞ Tuesday evenings the Pacific Skating Club has the exclusive use of the Rink.

TERMS—Mornings and Afternoons, 25 cents for admission and use of skates. Evenings, when boys under 15 cannot skate, 25 cents for admission and 15 cents for skates. All improper persons and features interdicted. Full Band in attendance. J. L. WALTON. Actuary.

**W. R. STRONG & CO.**

**SACRAMENTO.**




**Wholesale Fruit and Commission Dealers.**

**Consignments solicited.**

# FINE FURS.

## H. LIEBES & CO.

**Manufacturers of**

## FINE FURS!

**IMPORTERS AND EXPORTERS OF SKINS.**

**SEAL-SKIN**

**AND FUR-LINED GARMENTS A SPECIALTY.**

**NOS. 111, 113, 115, AND 117 MONTGOMERY STREET,**

**SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**

## HARTFORD

**STEAM BOILER INSPECTION AND INSURANCE CO.**

**Pioneer Steam Boiler Insurance Co. of America. Organized 1866.**

Paid Cash Capital, - - - - - - - $250,000
Cash Assets, - - - - - - - - 475,000

**J. M. ALLEN, President; Gen. WM. B. FRANKLIN, Vice-President; J. B. PIERCE, Secretary.**

**HUTCHINSON & MANN, GENERAL AGENTS,**
Office, 306 Sansome Street.

## REDUCED FIRE INSURANCE RATES!

**PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.**

**HOME INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.**

**Cash Capital, $3,000,000.00; Cash Assets, $7,488,644.59.**

**PHŒNIX INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD, CONN.**

**Cash Capital, $2,000,000.00; Cash Assets, $4,435,048.88.**

Issuing either Separate or Joint Policies at applicant's option. Now write acceptable business at a material reduction from the present standard rates of the Board of Fire Underwriters. All persons desiring strong insurance at moderate rates are invited to apply for tenders at the office of the above-named Companies,

**221 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO.**

**ARTHUR E. MAGILL, General Agent.** **JAS. W. WHITING, City Agent.**

## THE GOLDEN STATE

This elegantly appointed five-story private boarding house, now known as "THE GOLDEN STATE," located at

**725 Pine Street, between Stockton and Powell,**

which has been thoroughly renovated and refitted, supplied with elevator, American District telegraph, and all other modern conveniences, is now open for the reception of guests. All the rooms are sunny, commanding a view of the bay and city which is unsurpassed. The table will be supplied with the best the market affords, and will be strictly first-class. Parties desiring to locate for the winter in elegant apartments, easily accessible to Kearny Street, only two blocks distant, will find this their objective point. Parties calling soon can secure a choice of rooms.

☞ Baths free to the guests.

## UNION IRON WORKS

**Successors to Prescott, Scott & Co.**

**OFFICE, 401 MARKET ST., CORNER FREMONT.**
**Location of Shops and Shipyard, POTRERO.**

**Cars come to our Works. Ships come to our Wharf.**
**Best Facilities on the Coast.**
**Save Drayage and Wharfage by ordering Machinery from us.**

GEORGE W. PRESCOTT, President.
HENRY L. SCOTT, Vice-President.
J. O. B. GUNN, Secretary.

IRVING M. SCOTT, General Manager.
GEORGE W. DICKIE, Manager.
GEORGE E. AMES, Agent.

## TOBIN & CO.

**PURE**

**CALIFORNIA**

**WINES**

**AND**

**GRAPE BRANDY.**

We have on hand the following fine "Old Table Wines," which can be relied on for PURITY and DELICACY:

| | |
|---|---|
| **Zinfandel,** | **Riesling,** |
| **Burgundy,** | **Gutedel,** |
| **Port,** | **Chasselas,** |
| **Sherry,** | **Hock,** |
| **Madeira,** | **Muscat,** |

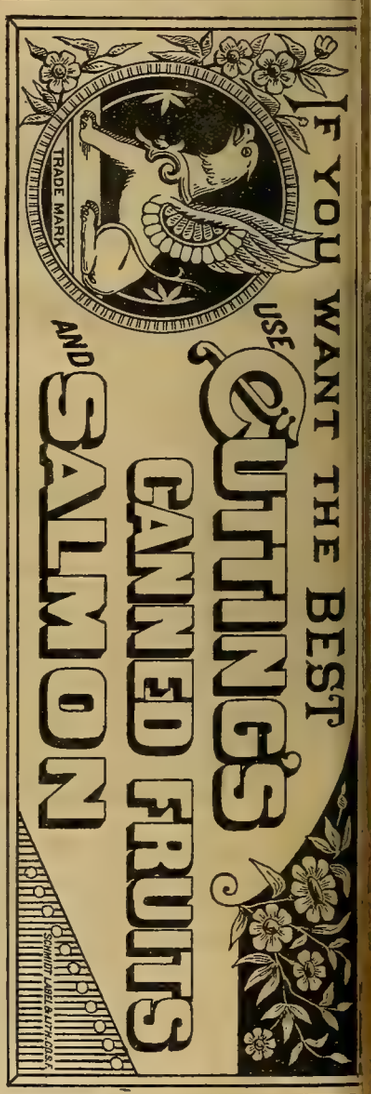
**Mount Vineyard.**

☞ Families supplied with the choicest Wines for the Holidays.

**T. & M. E. TOBIN & CO.**

**WINE VAULTS,**

**Corner Stockton and O'Farrell Sts.**




## WALL PAPERS,

**FRESCOING,**

**INTERIOR DECORATING**

**WINDOW SHADES.**

**G. W. CLARK & CO.**

**645 and 647 Market Street.**

# THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE

## COMPANY OF ORANGE, MASS.,

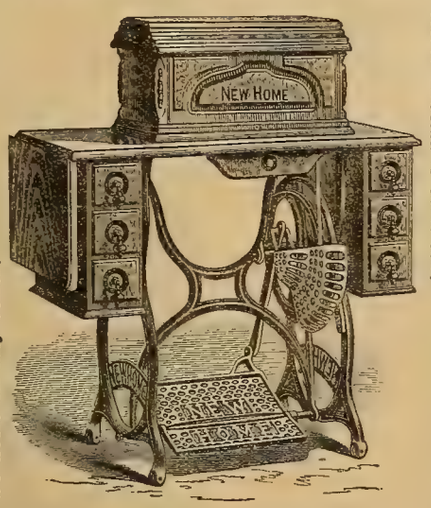
**Will open a BRANCH OFFICE, at 108 and 110 POST STREET, San Francisco, Cal., on or about December 10th, 1884,**

**For the sale of the POPULAR and LIGHT-RUNNING**

## NEW HOME SEWING MACHINES.

Always Ready! Never out of Order!

**Our New Attachments are especially designed to do Ruffling, Braiding, Fine Tucking, and all kinds of Fancy Work now in fashion. You can do any kind of work on the NEW HOME that can be done on any machine, and some kinds of fancy work that can not be done on any other.**




**There are a number of sewing machines offered by different companies, all of which have their points of merit, but the NEW HOME is the only one on which ALL of the recent improvements are combined in one machine. A personal examination of the NEW HOME is solicited.**

Do not buy until you see the NEW HOME, the best machine manufactured.

Live and active agents wanted in every town on the Coast. Call on or address

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

**108 and 110 Post Street, San Fran isco, Cal.**



# THE SIERRA MADRE VILLA HOTEL,

## LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CAL.,

**Is located on the south side of the Sierra Madre Mountains, one thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea.**

**ABOVE THE FOGS OF SEA AND VALLEY.**

It is in the midst of an ORANGE GROVE, overlooking the beautiful San Gabriel Valley. For comfort, a pleasant home, good living, PURE AIR, and sparkling mountain water, it has no rival. The Villa is thirteen miles from Los Angeles, and is reached by rail to within four miles, at San Gabriel station, where the stage meets all trains from East or West. General Sherman says it is the most desirable place on the continent for a quiet rest. Address

**W. GARDNER COGSWELL, San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, Cal.**

# W. LITTLE,

## CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

**Agent for the**

# MAGIC WINDOW SCREEN.

**old comfort in the house, with the flies on the outside. Call and examine at**

128 GEARY STREET, between Dupont and Stockton.

# HUTCHINSON & MANN

**Agents for the Pacific Coast for the following**

# INSURANCE COMPANIES

**N. E. COR. CALIFORNIA AND SANSOME STS.,**

**SAN FRANCISCO.**

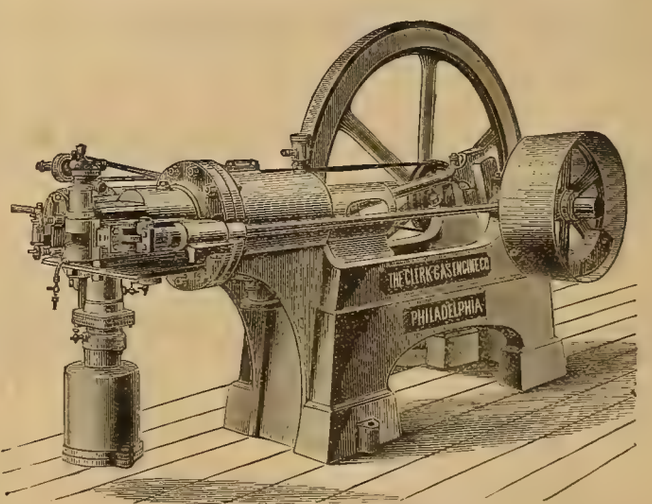
Agricultural Insurance Company of Watertown, New York;
Allemannia Insurance Company of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania;
Boatman's Insurance Company of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania;
Citizen's Insurance Company of St. Louis, Missouri;
Farragut Insurance Company of New York;
Firemen's Insurance Company of Baltimore, Maryland;
Fire Insurance Association of London, England;
German Insurance Company of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania;
Girard Insurance Company of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania;
Germania Insurance Company of New Orleans, Louisiana;
Metropolitan Plate Glass Insurance Company of New York;
Mechanics' Insurance Company of New York;
New Orleans Insurance Company of New Orleans, Louisiana;
Pennsylvania Insurance Company of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania;
People's Insurance Company of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania;
St. Paul Insurance Company of St. Paul, Minnesota;
Teutonia Insurance Company of New Orleans, Louisiana;
London and Provincial Marine Ins. Co., L'd, of London, England;
Fonciere Marine Insurance Company of Paris.

**COMBINED ASSETS, OVER $25,000,000.**

# JOSHUA HENDY

# MACHINE WORKS,

Nos. 39 to 51 Fremont St., San Francisco, Cal.




CLERK GAS ENGINE.

**Manufacturers of NEW and Dealers in SECOND-HAND Boilers, Engines, and Machinery of every description.**

**Agents for the sale of the celebrated**

**"Cummer" Engines; Clerk Gas Engines;**
**Porter Manufacturing Co.'s Boilers and Engines, connected;**
**Rotary Pressure Blowers;**
**Blaisdell & Co.'s Machinists' Tools.**

# HILLS BROS.

ARABIAN

COFFEE AND SPICE

**MILLS,**

400 SANSOME STREET,

—AND—

424, 426 Sacramento Street.

**Fine Coffee our Specialty.**

# DOANE & HENSHELWOOD.

## HOLIDAY GOODS.

We are now offering for the HOLIDAY TRADE a superior stock of Fine Handkerchiefs for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, comprising all grades of Printed Borders, Fine Embroidered in Colors and White, Silk Hemstitched for Gents, etc., all our own importations.

Elegant Silks and Velvets, in all Colors and Black; Russia Leather Goods, in Purses, Bags, Card Cases, Letter Cases, Manicure Sets, Music Rolls, etc.; FANS of every description, including Feather Tips in all shades; Painted Fans on white, black, and colored grounds; Russia Leather Fans, etc.

FOSTER KID GLOVES, new hooks, in all shades, 5, 7, and 10 hooks, at $2.00, $2.25, and $2.75 a pair. These Gloves are the best in the market.

SILK UMBBELLAS for Ladies and Gentlemen Elegant stock and very low prices.

SILK HOSIERY for Ladies and Children, all shades, and Black and Fancy Silk Hosiery in expensive grades.

Our stock is now complete in all departments, and will be cheerfully shown at all times.

**132 KEARNY STREET, CORNER SUTTER.**

POMMERY & GRENO SEC

**Fresh shipments of this favorite brand of Champagne constantly received by the Agents,**

WOLFF & RHEINHOLD, 506 Battery Street.



OUR SAN LEANDRO

# VILLAGE CART

**(WHITECHAPEL STYLE)**

**Important Improvements in Construction and Finish of the new lot now ready.**

It is unjust and misleading to call the beautiful and luxurious vehicle illustrated by the accompanying engraving a cart. It has all the characteristics of a good buggy, except that of cramping and upsetting if the team should get fractious and back up too far.. The body moves up and down, level and with perfect freedom, being entirely disconnected with the shafts, and it is as free from the bobbing or horse-motion as the best four-wheeled vehicle; hence, it would be a better name for it to call it a two-wheeled buggy or phaeton. The smooth easy motion of these carts over rough ground is something that surprises every one who experiences it for the first time, and it is produced wholly by the use of the supporting springs, and the peculiar method of hanging the body, **and without the aid of any coiled, rubber, or spiral springs**, or other triggers that disfigure the carts of so many makers with their useless and expensive complications.

Another distinguishing peculiarity of our carts is the instantaneous leveling device, by means of which (without the use of tools of any kind) by adjustment at one point only, the body can be instantly made level, whether a large horse carrying the shafts high is used, or a small one carrying them low is employed. This feature is covered by a broad and special patent, and is worth twenty dollars to every cart to which it is applied; for if there is a real objection to two-wheeled vehicles, it is that they slant back or forward, according to the size of the horse, and thus get out of balance and look awkward. Our leveling device effectually remedies this difficulty, and provides for a construction by which shafts can be substituted for a pole in a few minutes, exactly as the shafts of a buggy are changed for a pole.

OFFICE S. F. CHRONICLE, Sept. 1, 1883.

DEAR SIR: After a trial of five months and a ride of 3,000 miles, I am thoroughly convinced that there is nothing made that I could have bought that would have been of so much comfort to myself and ease to my horse as your Gentleman's Driving Cart.

Yours, respectfully, R. B. PHILLIPS,
Gen'l Traveling Agent S. F. "Chronicle."

For handsome illustrated catalogue, containing full descriptions of twelve different styles, price list, freight charges, etc., etc., address

**TRUMAN, ISHAM & CO.,**

**511 Market Street, San Francisco,**

Manufacturers and Importers of Carriages, Buggies and Farm Wagons.

# THE NEVADA BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO,

**SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**

## PAID-UP CAPITAL, - $3,000,000 GOLD.

DIRECTORS:

**James C. Flood, President. George L. Brander, Vice-President.**
**John W. Mackay, J. L. Flood, James G. Fair.**

**Secretary and Cashier, - - J. S. Angus.**
**Assistant Cashier, - - - George Grant.**

**Agent at Virginia, Nevada, - - - - - - - - J. F. Bigelow.**
**Agent at New York, 62 Wall Street, - - - - - E. C. Platt.**

Issues Commercial and Travelers' Credits, available in any part of the world.

Makes transfers of Money by Telegraph and Cable, and draws Exchange at customary usances.

Exchange on the principal cities throughout the United States, Europe, Japan, China and the East Indies, the Australian Colonies and New Zealand, and on Honolulu, Hawaii.

**London Bankers, - - The Union Bank of London.**

# E. MARTIN & CO.

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALERS,

PROPRIETORS OF THE FOLLOWING POPULAR WHISKIES:

**ARGONAUT,**

**J. F. CUTTER,**

—AND—

**MILLER'S EXTRA**

# OLD BOURBON WHISKIES

No. 408 FRONT STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.